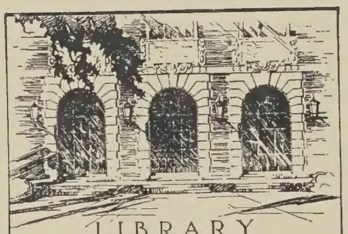

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Grand Opera Played on Football Gridiron

People Deprived of Revolutionary Paintings

No Civic Suicide for Ohio Village of Osborn

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n Money, Goods Cost Nothing, Net Most

Returns of Corporations, for Federal Tax Purposes, Reveal That Finance Yields Greatest Percentage of Any Group Classified by the Government

By AARON HARDY ULM

WHAT CORPORATIONS DO WITH THE BILLIONS THEY HANDLE

Compilations made by the United States Internal Revenue Bureau from income and profit tax returns for the year 1919.

Industrial groups	Total number of returns	Total gross income	Cost of goods	Compensation of officers	Interest paid	Domestic tax
Agriculture and related industries	8,298	$791,457,611	$373,580,196	$17,969,650	$24,323,670	$15,772,209
Mining and quarrying	18,469	4,677,648,366	2,548,019,468	50,069,196	79,457,833	69,218,977
Manufacturing:						
Food products, liquors, and tobacco	12,332	14,039,811,805	11,288,287,771	102,735,418	125,565,737	118,842,064
Textile and textile products	8,469	7,135,660,624	5,114,912,127	150,406,756	52,777,813	38,081,292
Leather and leather products	1,849	2,198,996,476	1,661,719,750	39,405,788	19,231,745	8,303,662
Rubber and rubber goods	660	1,166,858,521	794,115,008	9,589,245	13,288,021	6,969,179
Lumber and wood products	6,614	2,472,763,513	1,615,917,359	63,668,296	32,051,353	25,630,389
Paper, pulp, and products	1,514	1,191,056,327	826,981,145	25,292,607	12,334,746	12,744,338
Printing and publishing	7,181	1,281,344,929	530,434,036	55,119,332	9,309,786	8,668,607
Chemicals and allied substances	5,102	4,557,150,465	3,229,900,998	59,375,415	43,278,047	30,360,140
Stone, clay, and glass products	3,220	837,615,911	498,042,058	23,811,517	9,283,189	6,509,502
Metal and metal products	13,118	13,514,140,383	9,044,525,883	203,724,391	122,447,338	126,560,917
All other manufacturing industries	7,793	3,894,177,829	2,607,968,759	89,556,357	30,463,616	27,805,284
Total manufacturing	67,852	52,289,576,783	37,212,804,894	822,685,122	470,031,391	410,475,374
Construction	8,242	2,010,073,820	1,228,488,764	59,053,423	18,273,016	7,214,710
Transportation and other public utilities	20,547	[1]5,153,415,493	[1]1,144,599,732	[1]66,558,816	[1]469,185,982	[1]111,686,294
Trade	70,159	25,438,135,019	19,857,264,572	604,292,570	251,974,803	94,355,275
Public service—professional, amusements, hotels, etc	15,723	1,471,142,754	392,422,350	75,200,701	26,496,905	22,990,719
Finance, banking, insurance, etc	72,813	6,459,366,141	------------	263,322,092	837,231,516	180,555,222
Combinations—predominant industry not ascertainable	9,721	1,599,883,787	1,053,275,858	33,112,921	29,830,400	16,372,527
Concerns in liquidation	335	21,452,631	11,800,186	615,393	505,599	2,794,910
Inactive concerns	28,039	6,596,439	4,160,391	219,582	383,428	149,998
Total	320,198	99,918,748,844	63,826,416,411	1,993,099,466	2,207,694,543	931,586,215

[1] Gross income and total deductions incomplete.

FOLLOWING instructions from Congress, the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue periodically takes all the income tax returns made to the Federal Government and consolidates the figures in them into elaborate studies which supply a species of information never before available.

The last complete one deals chiefly with the income and profits tax returns for the year 1919, with some comparisons with those of the three previous years.

The study, for example, gives the combined figures appearing in all the returns made by corporations. Those figures show the gross income of those corporations as a whole and also for groups of them made on the basis of the kind of activity engaged in. They show what proportion of gross income—that is, of all money taken in the course of business—was paid for the goods handled, how much went to the compensation of officers, how much to taxes and how much in the form of interest on borrowed capital.

Thus we find, for instance, that the 12,332 corporations, which in 1919 dealt with good products, liquors and tobacco, had a gross income of slightly more than fourteen billions of dollars. Yet more than eleven and a quarter billions of the intake, or 80.41 per cent of it, was absorbed by cost of goods. The remaining proportion, or 19.59 per cent, met all other expenditures. Officers drew less than one per cent in the form of salaries. Domestic taxes—that is, city, county, state and all taxes other than Federal, took nearly one per cent. Exhaustion, amortization and depletion absorbed 1.20 per cent. Miscellaneous expenses, including such things as rents and wages, took 12.16 per cent. Their average net income before deducting Federal taxes was 8.11 per cent of all money taken in; after those taxes were paid the net income was 5.64 per cent. It is well to note the close margins, which, of course, are for all the corporations of that class, including those that lost as well as those that made money during the year in question. They are the smallest on the whole shown for any group of corporations, particularly so in the matter of difference—as noted, less than 20 per cent—between what was paid for and received for goods handled.

There is one group which has a singular distinction. *In the blank for "cost of goods" there are no figures. Those corporations are classified as "finance, banking, insurance, and so on," of which a total number of 72,813 made Federal tax returns in 1919. They are the corporations which deal in money or something similar—their "goods" in the main being intrusted to them for safe-keeping or investment and, therefore, costs them nothing in the sense that the goods handled by a grocer are paid for by the grocer.* In another sense, the "goods" handled by the finance group of corporations do cost them something, but that cost is put down under the interest heading. That is, what they pay for their "goods" is distributed mainly in the form of interest, in the same manner that the groceryman who borrows money from the bank to meet a bill for goods pays interest on that money.

The total gross income of the finance group of corporations making returns in 1919 was $6,459,366,141. This did not include all money taken in as in the case of other groups but only all taken in over and above the money of others—or, in other words, gross earnings.

Let's see what became of those funds. We find that the compensation of officers absorbed 4.08 per cent, or slightly more than twice the proportion for the average of all corporations. Domestic taxes took 2.80 per cent; exhaustion, and so on, 1.67; miscellaneous expenses, 67.61, and interest, 12.96.

It is well to bear in mind that "interest" in that case substantially was "cost of goods," being what was returned to those who supplied the funds with which business was carried on. In many cases, of course, those funds were borrowed even from banks as in the case of other businesses, but in the run of cases it is as presumable that they were supplied in the form of deposits or premiums. Thus out of $6,459,366,141 of gross earnings only $837,231,516 went to those who supplied such "goods" as were dealt in. That, of course, was for the use of and not for the purchase of the "goods."

The finance group of corporations in 1919 had an average net income of 10.88 per cent, one of the highest of all groups, before Federal taxes were paid. After all taxes were paid the earnings averaged 9.21 per cent, the highest for any group.

The point illustrated by the figures is that the best earning corporations were those which did not buy and sell goods as a merchant or manufacturer does, but those which dealt in intangibles, chiefly money belonging to others. The group included real estate and development as well as banking and insurance companies. And of all those reporting, 20,538 claimed to have enjoyed no net income for the year in question.

The report gives many other interesting compilations that have to do with income and its distribution. For example, *all corporations paid out directly in interest the stupendous sum of $2,207,694,543. It was two and one-third times the amount paid in domestic taxes; itself a tremendous item, nearly one billion. The Federal Government's tax yield from the corporations was slightly less than their expenditures in interest. From the reporting corporations, interest took a toll nearly a quarter of a billion greater than went in the form of salaries to the officers of the corporations. The interest item was more than one-third as much as net income, that is to say, ultimate profits after all charges were met. And that is the year when corporation profits are supposed to have reached the highest point on record.*

So much for the returns of corporations.

Let's glance at like compilations having to do with those of individuals. We get there the reverse of the interest factor; for those compilations show what was received rather than what was paid out in interest by individuals.

A total of more than 5,000,000 persons filed income tax returns in 1919. They reported a gross income of more than $22,000,000,000. The sources of that income reported by persons are divided by the Internal Revenue Bureau into two general classes; personal service and property. The first covers salaries, wages, commissions, bonuses, directors' fees, and so on, which items alone, in 1919, accounted for 47.93 per cent of all personal income reported. It also covers earnings from trade, commerce, partnerships, farming and profits from incidental sales of real estate, stock, bonds and other property, which latter items accounted for 29.90 per cent of all personal income reported in 1919. This left 22.17 per cent to be accounted for by "pure" returns from property, or earnings that not necessarily resulted from some measure of individual effort or initiative. It is surprising to find that—despite the then arising howls against landlords—only 4.54 per cent was accredited to rents and royalties. Dividends appear to have yielded 10.94 per cent of all reported. Interest on bonds, notes, and so on, yielded 6.69 per cent of all, or one-third more than was reported under the headings of rents and royalties and two-thirds as much as for dividends—itself in many respects an interest item.

It may astonish many to learn that the aggregate of income reported from dividends shrunk between 1917 and 1919. *But interest gained hugely, or a total of nearly $600,000,000 during the two years.* The aggregate of all personal income reported as derived from interest in 1919 was $1,500,779,100 against $936,715,456 in 1917. Even the increase in the aggregate return from rents and royalties was not so great.

Who received the bulk of the interest thus reported as forming more than six per cent of all taxable income going to individuals during the year 1919?

An average of more than 10 per cent of income received by persons who reported $40,000 or more was derived from interest. From that income upward there was little variation in the proportion of income so derived by the different groups as arranged in the bureau's pamphlet. Below the $40 000 figures for personal income, the proportion derived from interest varied from 4.87 per cent in the case of those who reported from $1,000 to $2,000 to 9.88 per cent for those in the $20,000 to $40,000 class. Dividends show more extreme variation for the different classes of income takers. For the lowest they yielded only 1.4 per cent of the average income, while the highest, 61.10 per cent, came from that source.

It may be curious to note how rents and royalties supply much smaller proportions of big incomes than do interest or dividends but larger proportions of the smallest incomes. Those who reported incomes of $1,000,000 or more did not credit more than an average of about three per cent to rents and royalties, while those who returned incomes of $3,000 to $5,000 stated that rents yielded 4.33 per cent of all they received.

The following table shows the distribution of personal income in 1919 from each of the sources a grouped in terms of percentages:

Income class	Wages and salaries	Business	Partnerships and personal service corporations	Profits from sales of real estate, stocks, and bonds	Rents and royalties.	Dividends	Interest and invest- mer inc
$1,000 to $2,000	77.25	8.95	1.503	2.300	3.830		
$2,000 to $3,000	69.14	16.31	2.539	1.708	4.337		
$3,000 to $5,000	52.50	23.97	5.14	3.66	5.6		
$5,000 to $10,000	36.60	26.03	9.22	6.26			
$10,000 to $20,000	32.70	16.89	12.14	6.79			
$20,000 to $40,000	28.36	12.40	14.30	6.3			
$40,000 to $60,000	23.39	10.57	16.83	6			
$60,000 to $80,000	20.33	10.32	18.47				
$80,000 to $100,000	19.25	8.60	20.83				
$100,000 to $150,000	15.40	8.88	23.1				
$150,000 to $200,000	12.41	7.74	24.1				
$200,000 to $250,000	11.26	8.20	27.				
$250,000 to $300,000	9.80	6.55	29				
$300,000 to $500,000	8.19	8.12	2				
$500,000 to $1,000,000	5.38	4.41	[illegible]				
$1,000,000 to $1,500,000	1.34	7.73					
$1,500,000 to $2,000,000	8.54	6.40					
$2,000,000 and over	.32	------					
Total	47.94	17.28	8.				

The above figures do no
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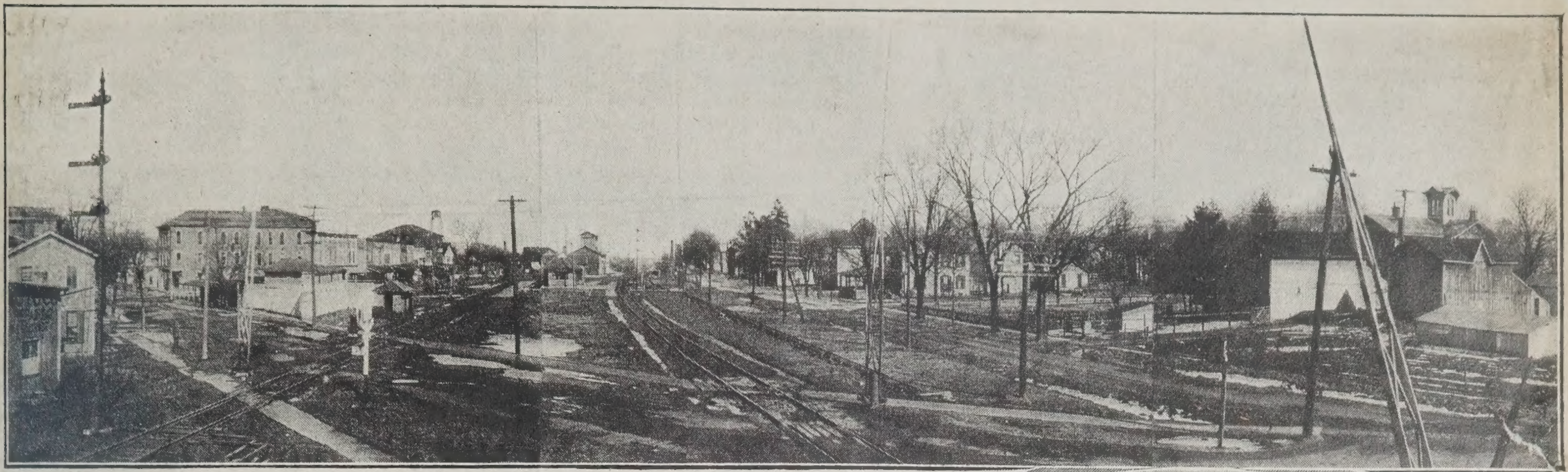
No Civic Suicide for Ohio Village of Osborn



Osborn as it appeared in February, 1920.

By HARRY PENCE

MARK TWAIN once remarked something about the reports of his death being grossly exaggerated and Osborn, Green County, Ohio, has had the same experience, to which it has made a very similar response.

Osborn isn't going out of existence after all. This ought to gratify all who have the welfare of American municipalities at heart, for it is a splendid illustration of how potent civic spirit may become, what even a small community can do when its people pull together in co-operative harmony. It also proves that, despite the words of a great poet, there is much in a name.

After the Miami Valley flood of 1913, which took more than 400 lives and inflicted a property damage in excess of $60,000,000, the people of the valley determined that such a disaster must never recur if human intelligence and energy and money could prevent it.

A way was devised and the great Miami Conservancy project was the result. A feature of that undertaking is that though the flood did not damage Osborn to any extent the flood-prevention plans provided for her complete destruction.

The main feature of the project consisted of five big retarding basins created by dams across the valleys of the upper water courses. These dams were designed to hold back the water and permit its flow into the main stream only in such volume as its channel could carry.

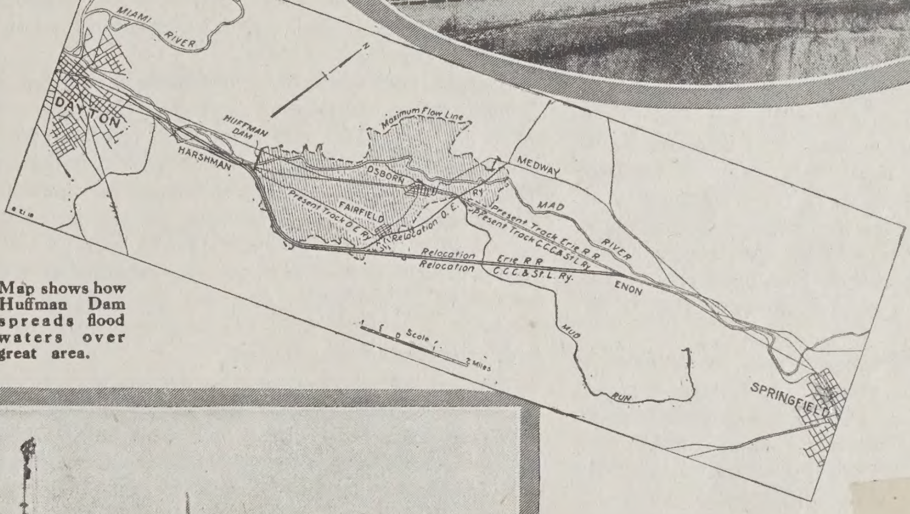
Osborn, a pleasant, thrifty village, on the main lines of the Big Four and the Erie railroads and the Ohio Electric traction line a few miles east of Dayton, lay in one of these basins. If, after the dam were built, there came a flood approaching that of 1913 a lake would form behind the dam and water would rise above the upper floors of the tallest building in Osborn.

There was no help for it. The complete safety of 400,000 in the valley below and property worth a quarter of a billion dollars depended upon these dams. One little village could not stand in the way. Nor—very evidently—could it remain.

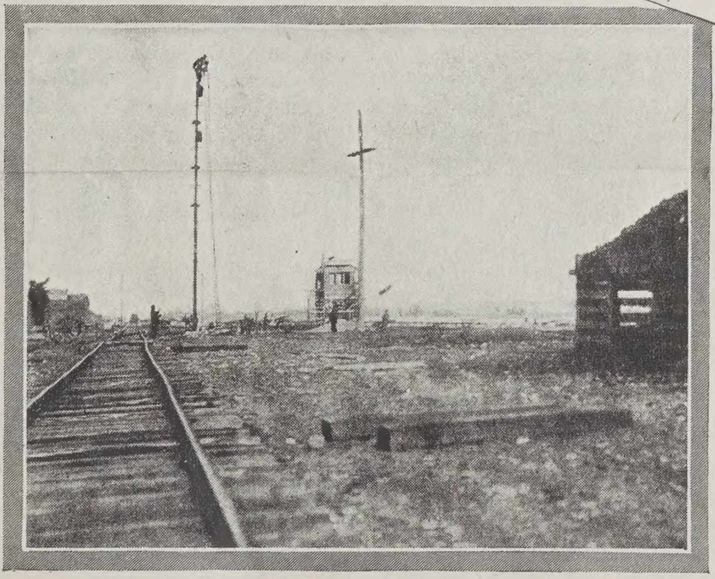
Osborn didn't want to go out of existence by fire, water or any other means. She had grown and become, because of her rail and trolley connections, the metropolis of the surrounding country. In population and volume of business she had outstripped her older neighbor, Fairfield, which remained undisturbed by the flood-prevention work. She sought relief in the courts, but provisions for the greater good of the greater number prevailed, so, when it was realized that the railroads and the traction lines would eventually be "relocated," Osborn sold herself out. The directors of the Conservancy district bought all the public and private real estate of the place and then turned their attention to other details of their gigantic undertaking.

But, as subsequent events demonstrate, the Osbornites are not migratory or rambling people. Their sense of location and love of home are unusually well developed. In the main they lived on in homes they no longer owned and tried to pursue the even tenor of their ways as if nothing had taken place. They realized, as the Huffman Dam, four miles below, grew to greater and greater heights and as the "relocated" rails were laid that would soon take their means of communication from them, that the break-up and the parting of the ways could not be indefinitely postponed.

Huffman Dam, four miles below Osborn, holds back the flow of Mad River and creates a little flood that covers three and one-half square miles.



Map shows how Huffman Dam spreads flood waters over great area.



Site of new Osborn, February, 1920.

Then the village of Fairfield, about half the size of Osborn, and, heretofore, very naturally the object of mild jealousy and ridicule in Osborn, invited the Osbornites to come over and make a bigger and a better Fairfield.

This seemed to crystallize an idea that had been half-formed in many minds. If their general removal to Fairfield was practical or desirable, why shouldn't they all move to some other place where they could retain the name and the community spirit of Osborn? And if so, why shouldn't they find a near-by location to which to move their homes as well?

The movement took on a businesslike aspect at once. A number of former property owners formed a corporation to direct and finance the undertaking and these were joined by practically all the heads of families of the village.

The corporation, which is practically an association of former property owners, planned the entire undertaking on a co-operative, non-profit basis. It bought back the buildings of the town in a lump at a very advantageous figure and also purchased a tract of land, adjoining Fairfield, which was almost ideal for the purpose. It lay above the highest anticipated flood stage, on level ground, with the traction line on one side and the railroad on the other.

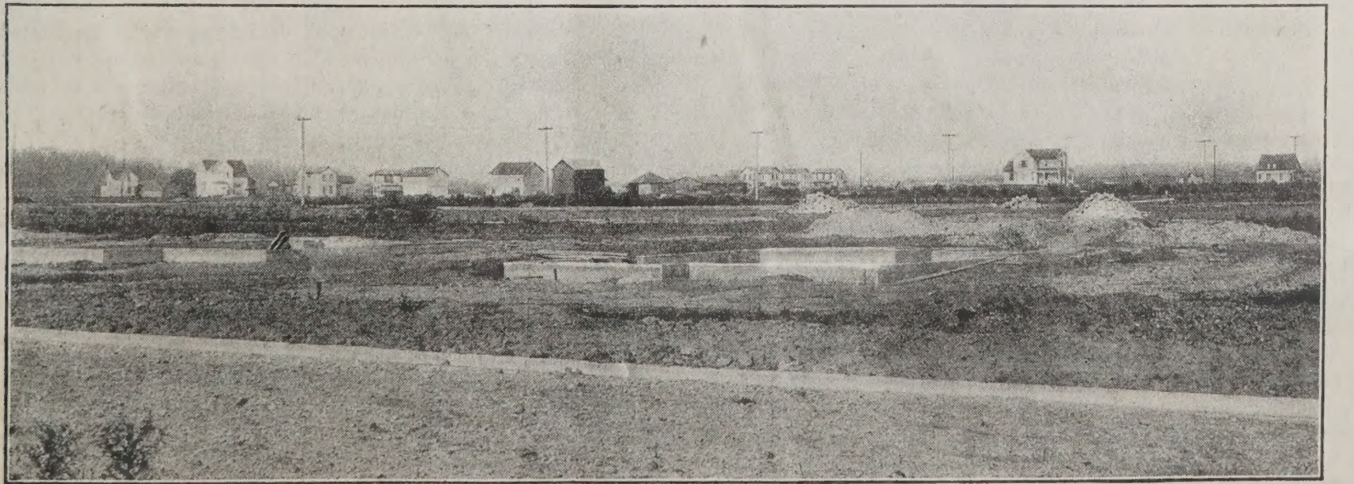
Architects and town planners were consulted and contractors invited to give estimates on the various lines of work.

The costs, as they will finally fall upon the individual property owner, are much less than the owners could have hoped for had each of them acted independently.

The contract for the moving was let to a single firm at a similar ultimate saving to the householder.

For months the work on the streets and foundations for the new town has been in progress. Nearly 100 foundations now await the houses for which they were built. The street work has progressed satisfactorily.

Aside from a scattered cluster of houses on a wide field, and row after row of cement curb-and-gutter, there is not much to show the casual passer-by what the new Osborn will look like, but the arrangement of the streets inicates that care and thought have been expended. The plan provides for gently curving thoroughfares instead of painfully regular, rectangular "blocks."



The new Osborn, some months later; note the excavations completed for the placing of homes from old Osborn.

Grand Opera Played on Football Gridiron

California Looks Forward to Annual Open-air Musical Festivals

By HARRY H. DUNN

ON A FIELD which had lately echoed to the shouts of football elevens, and to the cheering thousands of grads and undergrads, grand opera in the open air was tried out for the first time this summer, and proved to be an artistic, social and financial success. Where cheer-leaders had been the stars of the vocal effort on the football field of Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California, Don José sang to his Carmen, Faust to his Margherite, and Beppe and Nedda harlequined their way through Leoncavallo's lighter notes.

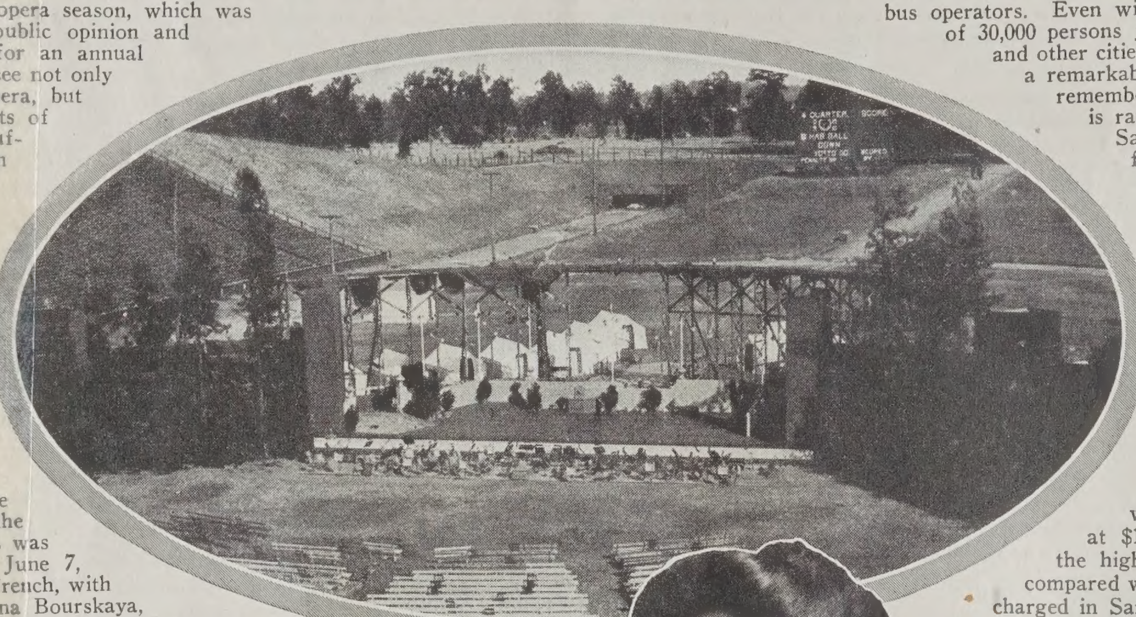
The great Stanford stadium, recently completed, with a seating capacity of about 40,000, was selected as the scene of the open-air opera season, which was in the nature of a test of public opinion and patronage, and a beginning for an annual musical festival which should see not only the presentation of grand opera, but instrumental and vocal concerts of large size. The results were sufficient to attract attention throughout the state and to insure a similar season of opera in the same place next year.

Four performances of opera were given on the regular program, and the results achieved were so gratifying that a fifth and extra presentation was made on the night following the fourth opera. "I'Pagliacci" was sung in Italian, on the night of June 3, with Giovanni Martinelli as Canio and the beautiful Bianca as Nedda (the Columbine of the play). This was followed, on the evening of June 7, by Bizet's "Carmen," sung in French, with the young Russian soprano, Ina Bourskaya, in the title rôle, and Martinelli appearing as Don José. "Carmen" was repeated on the evening of June 16, and on June 10 "Faust" was sung, also in French, with La Saroya in the rôle of Margherite, and Martinelli as Faust. Gounod's famous opera was repeated the following night, June 17, with the same cast, as an extra production, and this brought the season to a close. On the first night, following the short two acts of "I'Pagliacci," a ballet divertissement, arranged and directed by Natale Carossio, was presented.

Virtually all the profits of the season were turned over to funds at Stanford University, including the endowment fund, the Stanford Clinic in San Francisco, the fund for the enlargement of the organ in the memorial church, and the home for convalescent children on the Stanford campus. The university furnished the free use of the stadium, and the assistance of a number of students. This arrangement was found satisfactory to both parties and will be followed again next year by Gaetano Merola, who originated the idea, financed the project and directed the operas. As a first-time presentation of the always difficult open-air production of opera the season was an unqualified success and Merola added greatly to his reputation in the musical world as impresario.

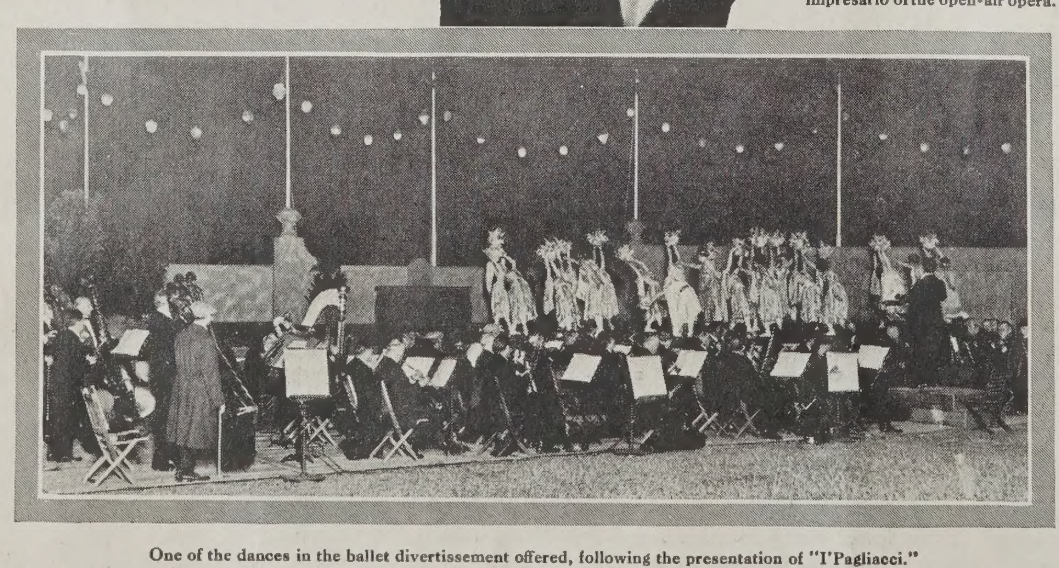
Almost as interesting as the singing of the eight operatic stars from eastern centers, or that of the chorus of 150 voices recruited in San Francisco, was the method of presentation of the opera, the first ever attempted in such a locale. The stadium, sheltered by its high earthen walls, towering far above even the proscenium arch of the stage, furnished an auditorium of even temperature, and climatic studies were made to show just the days on which there was least probability of rain, and when there would be a full moon for much of the period. Then a stage, 80 feet wide and approximately 30 feet deep, was constructed across the northern end of the stadium, so that three-quarters of the great bowl lay in front of it, and one entrance to the back. Large trees were transplanted, forming wings on either side of the stage, and a wooden backdrop was provided. Tents, set in a semicircle back of the stage structure, furnished the dressing rooms, and it was found early in rehearsals that the rear walls of the stadium, converging toward the northern entrance, formed such an excellent sounding board that the acoustics could not be improved by an artificial back-wall.

The ingenuity of electricians and motion picture projection experts was then called in, and, in lieu of a curtain of cloth, a curtain of multicolored light was provided, projected from two high wooden towers, set one on each side, about midway down the stadium, in front and at either wing of the stage. This curtain of light completely closed the stage to view from the front between the acts as perfectly as any actual curtain could have done. Varying lights and motion picture scenes were used in the operas, in place of elaborate scenery. For instance, when Faust came singing down the village street, that street was a motion picture—still, of course—thrown on the stage, and through it Gounod's hero strolled to meet his Margherite. The effect was novel, perfectly satisfactory, and will be used in other outdoor productions of plays and song-cycles in San Francisco and Berkeley. So far as known, this is the first time that motion pictures have been synchronized to furnish the scenery for operatic productions, and very little rehearsal was necessary for the various singers to step "into the picture" as naturally as though they were walking amid stable scenery set upon the stage. Ray Coyle, of San Francisco, was responsible for the curtain of fire and the scenic use of the motion pictures, and was aided in working out the details by the technical department of Stanford University.



Looking from the "gallery" into the "dress circle" and across the stage of the theater in the stadium of Stanford University.

GAETANO MEROLA, impresario of the open-air opera.



One of the dances in the ballet divertissement offered, following the presentation of "I'Pagliacci."

Another lighting feature was that of keeping such sections of the stage as were not intimately involved in the action of the opera in the background by means of dull lighting, and then bringing them out more brightly as the action moved to and about them. This has been done before, but never on the scale it was accomplished on this stage, which was approximately three times the width of any San Francisco theater stage, and, therefore, allowed the use of real trees, and of life-size scenery, where scenery was necessary. The orchestra consisted of 110 pieces, made up of members of several orchestras from San Francisco. Plans had been made for an orchestral and vocal concert, with 100 musicians and the choir from the College of the Pacific, with Doria Fernanda and Vicente Ballester, of the opera company, as soloists, on June 4, but this idea was abandoned in favor of the extra production of "Faust" on the night of June 17. Public demand favored the opera.

Seats were provided for 18,000 persons, and, while the attendance never reached one-half this number, the audiences were considered extraordinarily large for a production so far from the center of population of this section. Transportation methods were very inadequate, and this was responsible for the fact that the attendance was not so large as had been hoped. Next year the transportation arrangements will be in the hands of an experienced transportation expert long before the season opens, and it is hoped that greater co-operation can be obtained from railroads, electric lines and motor bus operators. Even with poor transportation a total of 30,000 persons journeyed from San Francisco and other cities to attend the five productions, a remarkably large attendance when it is remembered that the Stanford stadium is rather more than 30 miles from San Francisco, and still farther from the city of Oakland, and the musical, artistic and educational center of Berkeley, on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay.

The point brought out by the entire production is that opera, even under difficult and unusual conditions, can be made attractive to large numbers of persons, and can be made financially profitable, if handled on a business basis. One factor was the scale of prices. There were thousands of good seats at $1; thousands more at $2, and the highest price charged was $5, as compared with the $3 to $10 prices usually charged in San Francisco and other western cities for opera. Careful arrangement of the seats, the large size of both stage and stadium, and the excellent lighting and sound-carrying effects gave every one of the 18,000 a good seat.

The company which sang the five programs consisted of Giovanni Martinelli, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera Company; Ina Bourskaya, Russian soprano, of the Metropolitan; Vicente Ballester, baritone, Chicago Opera Association; Bianca Saroya, soprano, Boston Opera Company; Leon Rothier, basso, Metropolitan; Doria Fernanda, contralto, San Francisco concert and operatic singer; Georgianna Strauss, mezzo-soprano, and Marsden Argall, a young baritone. The ballet of 50 members, like the chorus, was recruited largely in San Francisco and other Northern California cities, under direction of Natale Carossio, of the Metropolitan and Chicago Grand Opera companies. Incidental dances were presented by this ballet, led by Miss LeMain, with each of the operas. Merola personally directed the orchestra.

Gaetano Merola's love for his own city inspired the open-air opera. Merola was reared in San Francisco and received much of his musical education in that city. He sang and played and directed his way through Europe and the Eastern United States. About three years ago, he began working on the plan of the annual music festival, which crystallized into the outdoor production of opera. Adopting a somewhat different plan than that usually followed in presenting a season of opera, Merola financed the bringing of the singers to the coast, and the cost of erection of the stage and other preparations for the productions. This businesslike method of handling the whole project attracted the attention of San Francisco music-lovers, business men and others who are not usually connected with the regular ring of those who finance by subscription the social event known as a grand opera season each year. All these gave Merola extensive and permanent support, and present indications are that the permanent result of this unusual musical affair will be an annual presentation, not necessarily of opera, and probably not always in the Stanford stadium, but regular in its appearance, near San Francisco, for the benefit and entertainment of all music-lovers of Northern California.

It is understood that prices for the seats are to be kept at the comparatively low level of this production, so that the affair will not degenerate into a social event for the few who can afford it, but will be available to the majority of the people. There are certain indications, too, that the city of San Francisco, and, to some extent, other cities around San Francisco Bay, will help in the establishment of an annual musical festival, to be held in the out-of-doors in June of each summer.

Official Apathy Deprives People of Old Masters

Paintings of Revolutionary Heroes Held in "Storage" in Philadelphia

By WM. A. M'GARRY

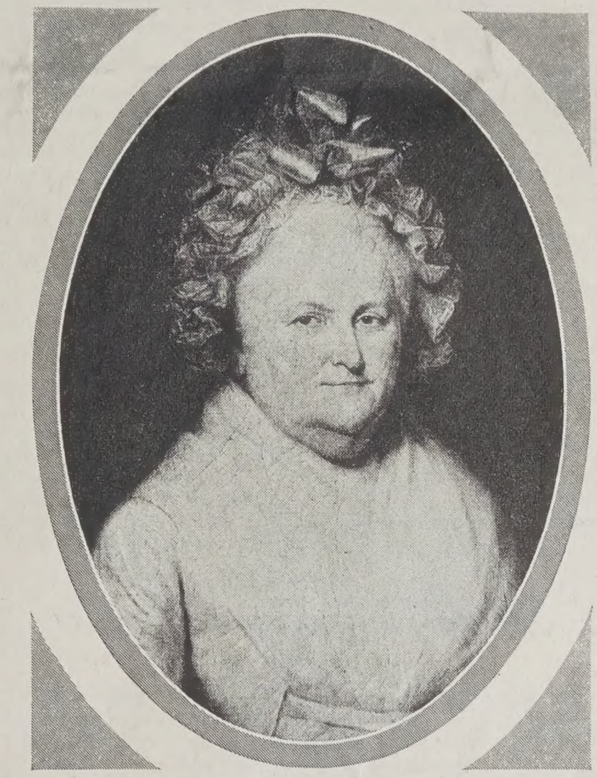
HOT and cold storage for the priceless paintings of old American masters has become so much a matter of course in Philadelphia that residents of that city have ceased to protest about it. One collection, appraised at more than four million dollars, has no interest for outsiders save from an artistic point of view, and since it is owned by the city they have no right of protest except possibly on esthetic grounds. In the other, however, every American citizen has a birthright that has been denied him by tardiness of some city officials and usurpation of power by others for more than five years. That is the collection of paintings by leaders of the profession who lived just before and after the Revolutionary War, and who painted signers of the Declaration of Independence, great American generals and other characters inseparably bound up with the struggle for American freedom.

Until 1917 that collection was exhibited to the public on the walls of Independence and Congress halls. Since then it has been packed away in dark rooms and cellars, its famous works of art gathering dust, the paint cracking and scaling away, while politicians and autocrats of art in Philadelphia wrangle over the expenditure of funds and other matters with which the bulk of the American public has no concern. Citizens of Philadelphia are, of course, responsible by their indifference for that condition, but in justice to them it should be said that they do not realize what an insult it is to national patriotism. To them Independence Hall is so familiar that they rarely give thought to its historic significance and the inspiration it furnishes to those who see it but once in a lifetime. Some earnest patriots may deny that assertion, but let the record of what has been done there speak for itself.

Neglect has been the lot of that famous group of buildings for the greater part of its existence. It should be a national shrine, under government control. Instead, it is and has been for years the plaything of politicians, "restored" again and again, parts of it at times almost falling apart, used for years by all sorts of organizations as a meeting place, and now partly closed during another "restoration" on which hardly any work has been done for a year.

Independence Hall—as readers will remember who have seen some of the familiar photographs of it—comprises a group of structures; the main or central building, two arcades connecting it with two-story buildings or wings, and two larger buildings just beyond the wings. The building to the west is Congress Hall, where the Continental Congress held its sessions while Philadelphia was the capital of the nation. That to the east is a replica of the same structure, and is the place where the first Supreme Court of the United States held its sessions for many years. When the Capitol was removed to Washington it became the City Hall of Philadelphia. Still later it became a dilapidated wreck, restored only within the last few years.

The business of restoration has been a profitable one for contractors down through the years. But nothing that has been done in the hall itself is so much of a menace to national relics as the treatment given the paintings. If all the buildings were destroyed, it would be possible still to recreate them from the plans. The paintings could not be duplicated. In some cases they represent the only copies known. It is said that if all the other collections of Revolutionary paintings in the country were brought together they would not equal in number, variety and historic importance the group that Philadelphia has kept in the dark for five years.



MARTHA WASHINGTON

By Rembrandt Peale.

It was just after the United States got into the World War that the paintings were taken down from the walls of the two buildings. The collection comprises about 120 examples of genuine early American works. In addition, there were nearly 300 later paintings, copies and copies of copies, made by modern artists. It was the consensus of opinion among artists and historians that such later works had no proper place in the two halls, and for some years a fight had been waged for their removal. During all of that time the Independence Hall Advisory Board, which then controlled the buildings, kept right on buying portraits as they were offered by certain favored artists without much regard for the artistic value of the work or the historic importance of the subject.

As a result, the walls were covered with portraits of men who took but a minor part in the Revolution. There were many French officers whose main contribution to the cause was good will. Surgeons, Congressmen and others were painted until there was no more room on the walls. Then racks were set up on which to place the new paintings, thus hiding the view of the masterpieces on the walls. The collection became cluttered with fakes and paintings wrongly attributed. A painting of Joseph Whipple was palmed off somehow as that of William Whipple. Another of Captain James Cook, the English circumnavigator who followed the great explorer Drake around the world, was unloaded as a portrait of Patrick Henry. It was so marked and cataloged. A portrait of Arthur O'Connor, leader of the Irish Guards in Napoleon's Army, was put up as a portrait of Charles Lightfoot Lee.

An appropriation for the restoration of Independence Hall exactly as it was during Revolutionary times gave opportunity for the removal of all the spurious and unimportant paintings. That was accomplished, however, only with a great deal of secrecy. The Advisory Board never had any real legal authority, but it was politically potent. Members of the Art Jury took charge. That is an organization created by the state legislature, but it, too, is without any very tangible legal authority save what it grabs. The collection was separated into two parts, the genuine works of historic interest in one group, and the modern stuff in another. Then the Art Jury put both collections into storage. And so heedlessly was the work done that the masterpieces were given no more care than the daubs and fakes. That was shown a few years ago when it was discovered that mice had been destroying some of the really valuable paintings. Mice, of course, did not eat the paint. They were attracted by the presence of flour paste which had been used by somebody to repair cracks in the pigment.

All of that would seem ridiculous if it happened in some building of none but local importance. Independence Hall, however, is unquestionably the chief historic relic of the United States. That is shown by its record of visitors. The turnstiles show that it is the mecca of tourists, more than a million persons passing through its doors every year. And for five years guards have been monotonously informing those visitors that the paintings, about which so many of them have read in their school histories, are in storage, and nobody knows when they will see the light of day again.

In 1802, the legislature granted permission to Charles W. Peale, the famous portrait painter, to establish a museum on the second floor of the central building. It contained a number of portraits of distinguished persons painted from life by Peale himself and his son, Rembrandt Peale, and collections of birds, insects, fish, minerals and fossils. After the Capitol was removed to Washington, Philadelphia purchased the entire property for $70,000. Congress Hall was fitted up for the state supreme court, and the second floor of Independence Hall became the meeting place of the city council in 1854, being used for that purpose until 1895. In 1854, the city purchased from the heirs the remnants of Peale's Museum. Nearly 30 years later the commission named to prepare the historic group of buildings for the Centennial Exposition found 13

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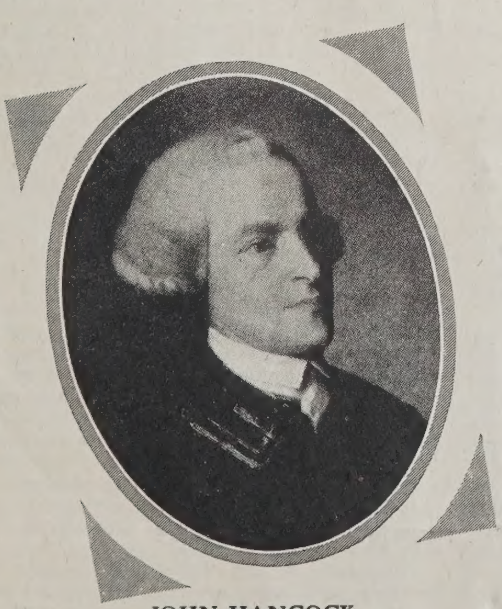
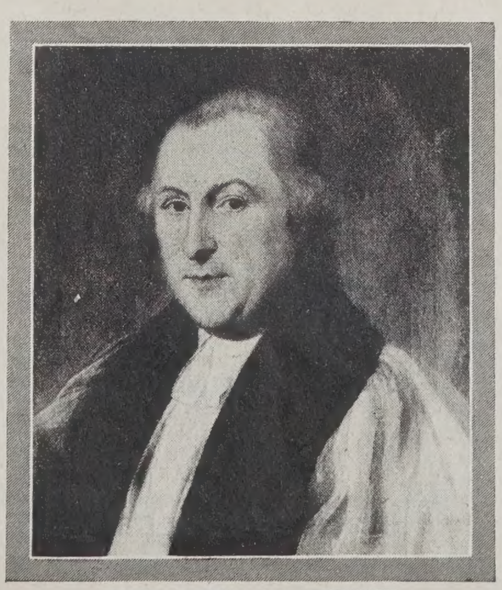


JOHN HANCOCK

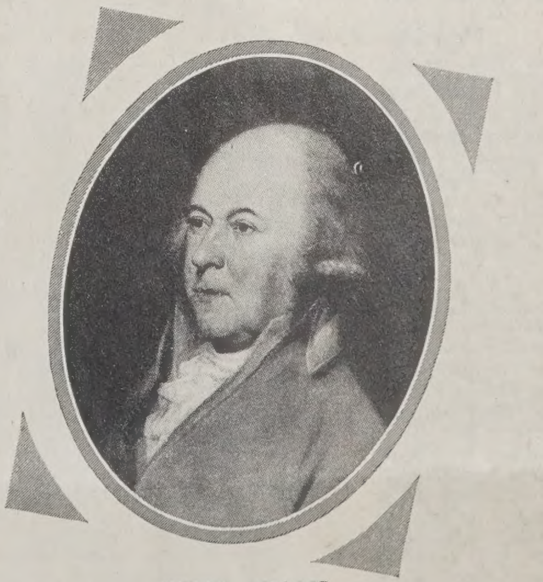
By John Singleton Copley.



BISHOP WILLIAM WHITE

Chaplain of Congress.

By Charles Wilson Peale.



JOHN ADAMS

By Charles Wilson Peale.

Paris, the Sham and the Real, of Post-War Days

Stories in Which France Is Brought Into Relief by Trained Observers

Hunting a Job—High Pay $40 a Month—Impressions of Frenchwoman After a Two-Years' Sojourn in United States

IT'S A SOFT, cool day, neither summer nor autumn, as we have many in France after a storm. I am writing under a peach tree, whose branches, weighted down with fruit, seem to try to kiss the ground at each swing of the wind. This makes a delightfully cool summer house for me, my pillow and my ink bottle. The breeze is nicely blowing its breath through the leaves, and from time to time a peach falls and rolls on its velvet robe toward me.

I am enjoying a concert. Jazz? Oh, dear, no! A kind of a very soft and trembling music, somewhat like a ukelele string touched with a violin bow. The bashful artist, hidden behind the deep red roses and lavender balsamines near the stone wall, is a *cigale* (grasshopper), a fairy insect with wings of gauze, twice the size of a bee, a southerner by taste, as all the musician artists are, and by temperament; for, when the sun denies us his summer beams our *cigale* creeps under the golden leaves of autumn and dies unseen. Roses of all colors, from deep red to a very pale tea yellow, are my horizon, and on my left is a forest of giant balsamines, odd flowers that look like lion's heads. Mingling their foliage with them, the white Christmas flowers are snowing over the poppies. The rear of the garden is such a tangle of cherry and peach and vine leaves that the stone wall which marks the end of my kingdom is completely hidden as behind a virgin forest.

Surrounded as I am by such beauty, there is ever the lurking regret that there is no one to enjoy it with me. All my friends here have gone—most of them are dead. Of the 19 girls of my class, six died in the last three years. One is so sick in the house near mine that the doctor said she won't last overnight. Broken heart, they say; her brother and fiancé were killed in 1915, and her father the day before the Armistice. The others of my friends contracted tuberculosis, for they were not strong enough to stand winters without coal or food in '17 and '18, and even '19 and '20. It's the same among boys, especially those who were 12 or 13 at the beginning of the war. It's an obsession. I avoid going out, for I am sure to meet some poor, black-veiled mother who cannot help weeping when she sees me.

America has given me "new" eyes. I am seeing things so differently than before that going through Normandy I shared the eagerness of my American friends not to lose a speck of the landscape. It is so different! The beautiful pastures are separated by walls of flowers and the little farms in stone have stone walls around their borders. As it was sunset and time for the cattle to go back to the stables, the little girls in wooden shoes and black pinafores, two braids of hair dangling down their backs, were driving cows and sheep with a stick of ash five times as long as themselves. For the first time I noticed the wonder which makes the hills look like patched pieces of material, the patches being taken from the family rag bag, as shown by the hundreds of different colors. You see, each farmer takes pride in raising a little bit of everything, enough for his own consumption. So he divides his few acres of land in a chess-board manner and summer makes them rainbow-colored.

And the Seine gently flowing under its old bridges! I can't remember ever having admired this lovely stream as I did from the train. Then Rouen, with the spire of its cathedral like a shadow on the clouds. And then Paris! A volume could be easily written about Paris, and some day I may attempt it, but now I am thankful about one thing: I didn't get run over. It is more difficult to escape this fate than you think. Although most of the cars are down at the seaside, or in the country with their owners, at this time, it's a problem to cross streets and especially squares. Automobiles rush under the very noses of the policemen, and should those unfortunates try to reprimand the drivers, the crowd is ready at hand to enjoy the show, a course in Parisian slang free for all foreigners. There is absolutely nothing to do about it; even the American "techniciers" (specialists), who came over to paint streets with red lines, "gave their tongues to the cat," as we say; that is, gave it up. You know, over here streets were twisted around before automobiles were born, and are narrow enough for two bicycles, but too much for two Rolls Royces.

Anyhow, even with the thrill of being squashed flat any minute, Paris is delicious. I remained there two weeks, partly enjoying it, partly cursing it. I enjoyed it when I tried to get around thinking of nothing but Paris, showing its wonders to my American friends; I cursed it when I had to go hunting for a job. This is terrible. There is nothing, nothing, nothing to do. And *in case* there was something, I would get—guess how much! Well, because I have a secondary education, and because I know English, I would get $40 a month. Were figs and herrings not so expensive, I could live on that if I got back to my old menu of the Latin Quarter, 10 figs and two herrings a day. And without joking, that is what I am going to be obliged to do. I have discovered something cheaper than figs and herrings. Could you give me an idea? Tomatoes? Dear, no, in winter they are 20 cents apiece. Celery? In Paris, it is for the "nouveaux riches." Horse meat? I wish I could get that, but it is $1 a pound. Well, I'll do what the little "midinettes" and shop girls, who get $18 a month, do; live on coffee and bread. But since the first of September, bread is black, made with I don't know what, by order of the government, because we don't have money enough in the treasury to buy flour.

I got so discouraged during those sterile searches for work in Paris! Business is dead. Again and again employers, talking to me very seriously, told me: "We don't try to earn anything just now; all our efforts are toward *trying* to cut our losses."

I had some hope for the American Library in France, but no, there was nothing for me to do there just now. As the librarian said, "You would be the girl I need if there were friends enough to pay you. We need to open another branch in the library and we need a more extended children's library, but there is no money."

As long as I was looking for a job, I couldn't think straight in Paris. There certainly are changes in France; it's worse than when I left two years ago. People are really suffering and it's a wonder how they can get along at all with money so scarce and foodstuffs and clothes so expensive.

By an American Observer

WHEN you hear or read about modern Paris these days such places as Place de la Concorde, Longchamps, Eiffel Tower, Boulevard des Capuchins and Montmartre inevitably stand out as the chief points of interest or the center of the "gay" capital's activities. In the order named, whether you have been there or merely revive mentally pictures of those places at random, you beget an idea of space surrounded by public buildings, gardens, bridges; or a vista of open country with its geometrically perfect racing track and grandstands; or the tall framework of steel that rises nearly a thousand feet into the air and that makes a good radio broadcasting station; or a section of a multinamed avenue that stretches from the Madeleine to the Opéra and that is the favorite loitering place of rich and poor; or, last but not least, that more or less fantastic and picturesque district whose gay or grotesque nomenclature is so frequently copied by New York's alleged duplicates of those places of pleasure.

Those are fragments of principal districts or scattered points of interest, ever old and ever new, but those, any and all, are the least representative samples of the Parisians' Paris. A few Parisians, but mainly Frenchmen, will be found among the crowds that, except for a few hours just before the dawn, never seem to thin out; the others are all strangers, even though they are not all foreigners. Those are the places whither one goes to spend money and not necessarily time, but the visitor to Paris who has seen only those places, or places of the same type—for there are imitations of the boulevards and the "hill" elsewhere in the city—cannot say that he has seen or knows Paris and its Parisians. He has merely been there, physically, and has seen little more than can be seen, at less expense and much more comfortably, at the "movies."

Only the Gayety of Any City

THE gayety of Paris is, after all, an imaginary state. Paris is no more gay and no more sorrowful than any other big city. It was so years ago and it is so now. There are epics in the history of Paris when gayety not only existed not at all but was unknown—and by the same token there are districts and streets today where gayety is represented by whatever stray beams of sunshine filter through for a few fleeting hours.

It is no passing state or attitude, and it has nothing to do with the war, although this may have accentuated it here and there. It is merely the state of being of the fringe of a big city—of any big city. Conditions vary, circumstances differ, but it is the real Paris—as real as the boulevardier's Paris is sham.

One sees fleeting, serious, modest humanity; men and women and boys and girls, not too well dressed, rarely shabby-appearing, going somewhere or returning from somewhere, but this going and coming has to do with the business of life and not with the business of killing time along adjacent neighborhoods. This man is what the Europeans call an "usher," but which we call a messenger, with a well-worn black leather portfolio, containing papers and money and notices and receipts. Because it is a position that presupposes responsibility, the man wears a black suit and what appears as a starched shirt, but is only a dicky superimposed over a percale negligee. Dickies are almost universally worn in Europe by men who must maintain a front and find haberdashery and laundry charges too dear.

Follows a young woman holding a little girl by the hand. One may stop and wonder what that little girl's future has in store for her, but it is evident that the mother is one of those countless women who must manage their domestic dominions somehow, hurrying for the bargain that means the saving of a sou, alert against the temptation or possibility of spending more than is necessary. One may almost surmise that she—countless are those she's—is an ambulant human calculating machine, who starts out of a morning with a sum fixed in her mind, split in various ways for as many items that must balance to the centime at the end of the day. No business man was ever more particular about inventory than is such a woman, except that he undertakes his stocktaking once or twice a year and she does it every day of the year. These are the women who have more hero-stuff in them than all the soldiers.

Ah, a working boy, with his ill-fitting trousers and a dark blue "veston" that is much too large for him, but that will protect his garments underneath. He looks like the sort of boy removed from the ragamuffin class in that he has a job and is self-supporting in a business-like way, but there is something missing in his care-free air. He sways back and forth, zigzags along in uneven and erratic steps, suddenly flattens his nose against a window full of knickknacks dear to a boy's heart and his glance is fixed upon a watch with exposed movement.

As we plod along these side streets of the real Paris we see real people; the kind that—to explain it universally and briefly—you can transplant from any one city under the sun to any other city under the same sun and find that they fit or "belong." It is representative humanity, that part of it which has no time or patience with organized perpetual amusement and idleness.

Of course, it is reported that "gay Paris" is an income-producing idea. Idea is the right word because Paris sells atmosphere and very little more in the way of gayety. Her amusements may be somewhat erotic, although most of this is mental attitude with no actual reality, but Paris has no monopoly, and their counterparts are to be found elsewhere. But what is, for comparison's sake, the relation of New York's Gay White Way as an income-producing district of the metropolis to the aggregate remaining income? Answer that and you answer the other.

Undoubtedly Paris, as a municipality, benefits from the fame it has acquired, and yet it is true, all too true, that seven-eighths of the people do not know how the other eighth lives. There are many Parisians who are strangers in Paris, once they trespass into wards that are as foreign to the one in which they were born or reared.

One would imagine, judging from current reports of semi-tourist type, that Parisians have nothing to do but think of which cabaret to spend the day, which café to select the next day, and which "girl" show to witness the day after that.

But the last thing Parisians think about is the pleasures, such as they are, that are devised or invented in their own city. There are Parisians who have never been to a *bal*, or a famous café, or some Coney-Islandish amusement that the average tourist jots down in his schedule as the first place to see after leaving the train.

In a city that is supposedly unmoral, where free love is supposed to be rampant, where the now disintegrating and fast-disappearing Latin Quarter of half a generation ago was supposed to be the cradle of numberless escapades, where apaches are supposed to spin their women like whirling dervishes and call it a dance, and summing these things together, plus a host of others, you beget an aphrodisiac city, but what is really the case?

The fact is that Parisians, like Detroiters, think marriage and home, like all other normal human beings. It is only recently that an informal organization of young women was started with a view of inviting marriage. The organization—I do not know how extensive it is—taking a hint from the Legion d'Honneur but a different color—requires its members to wear a green ribbon. It is intended to confer upon the wearer recognition of marriageability, which means that men are supposed to know that she is a prospective bride.

Army of the Green Ribboners

AS IN Paris, according to late census figures, there is a majority of 100,000 women out of a total of both unmarried sexes of 1,200,000, the "green ribboners" would constitute quite an army. And those figures do not include 235,000 widows!

But what are their chances? About two-thirds of the men receiving unemployment allowances in France reside in the area of Paris. Very few of the men that would like to marry and have homes of their own can satisfy their ambition, due largely to the economic improbability of making ends meet. Those whose financial position is better suffer from what I consider the most retarding influence of all, not only in France but in other European countries; the fashion of the dowry. Too many marriageable men have an eye on the dot instead of the woman. There is a tendency to ignore this inherited custom, but not enough as yet to show any result in vital statistics.

Along the Rue de la Paix, in the neighborhood of the fashionable and world-famous dressmakers, or along the neighborhoods of the finer shops and department stores, one sees a somewhat conspicuous, over-fashionable, blasé type of Parisian girlhood, the type that is photographed and thus exposed to the world's gaze, with the hint that she is careless, free, debonnair, that she snaps her pink fingers to the tune of an *Ooo la la* or two. This type exists, but it is not representative; not any more than is the American prototype that idles in the West Forties of New York. The majority adopt the pose, but in reality they are half scared to death, and they hurry home as soon as possible after leaving their places of employment.

The fact is that French girlhood, in Paris and out of it, is predominantly domestic stock, notwithstanding that nationally motherhood is on the decline. Give the average French girl a bare room and she will turn it in a jiffy into a nest—which in her mind is a superlative of home. She likes the frills that add to attractiveness; she likes to potter around.

But such is life; the chances to give full sway to her ideas and hopes are few, and she cannot be blamed if, due to economic conditions or other causes, she emerges as the common-law wife of an honest and God-fearing gendarme. But the green-ribbon movement is one in the right direction, and it is quite a commentary—a most encouraging commentary—of the at-

(*Concluded on page 15*)

What the Einstein Test Can and Cannot Prove

Fact That He "Forgot" to Credit Others Before Him Can't Be Overlooked

By ARVID REUTERDAHL

ANOTHER attempt was made September 21 to prove the correctness of the so-called "Einstein Theory." Astronomers from many parts of the world then observed the eclipse of the sun to determine the exact scientific value of the contentions of Einstein. Observers were stationed at Maldive and Christmas islands, at Cordillo Downs in Central Australia, and on the northwestern coast of Australia. The scientific fate of Einstein, it is claimed, depends upon the photographic evidence gathered by these astronomical expeditions. Two sets of photographs are now being compared. One set was made some time before the eclipse and the other at the time of the eclipse. Both sets of photographs show the same field of stars. Cable reports received at Lick Observatory state that the observations were successful. That does not mean that the Einstein Theory has been vindicated but that the weather and sky conditions were such that it was possible to produce good photographs.

It is natural for the average man to wonder why another test of Einstein's Theory was necessary. In view of the many laudatory works on Einsteinism why should costly expeditions be made to procure a few photographs. In spite of all the flattering comments, unadmitted doubts concerning the truth of the theory must exist even in the minds of the Relativists, for otherwise there would be no need for representatives from their camp to partake in new observations. Criticism of Einsteinism has appeared despite the efforts of the controlled publishing organizations to prevent the publication of anything unfavorable to the tenets of the prophet of Relativity. The majority of our American scientists are unaware of the fact that a large number of works against Einstein have been published in Europe. These works are not to be found in any of our libraries. They have a peculiar way of not reaching the shelves of our American book collections. The well-organized Einsteinian Relativists have cause for serious alarm at the rapid growth of anti-Einsteinian literature in Europe. Fair-minded thinkers have protested so vigorously against the enforcement of Einsteinism upon the world that more tests have become the order of the day.

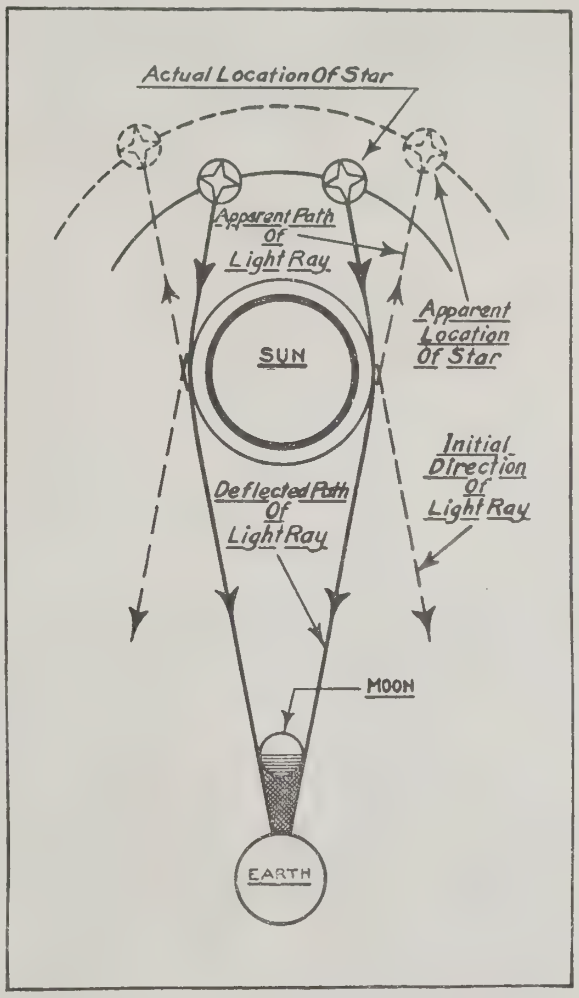
Vagueness Aids Einsteinism

EVEN now everything which concerns the theory is in a state of confusion. What the recent test *can and cannot prove is not defined.* Vagueness and indefiniteness are the strongest bulwarks of Einsteinism. The Einsteinian Relativists are feverishly hoping that the results of the latest tests, which are now being computed, will confirm the calculations of Einstein. Then they will loudly announce to the world by cablegram and radio and by a flood of publicity of which they are the controlling masters that Einstein has been completely vindicated and that Einsteinism is the greatest scientific achievement of the ages. No fair-minded person will hesitate to bestow honors upon anyone that has justly earned the right to such recognition. But the bestowal of honors upon one man must not be done at the expense of justice to others even if the multitude clamors for the glorification of a popularized idol. Honors cannot justly be dispensed without thorough knowledge of all the facts involved and these facts must not be brushed aside lightly to accomplish a prearranged end.

What then were the issues at stake in the latest astronomical test which was conducted September 21, 1922? Let us assume that these tests will show reasonable conformity with the computations already made by Einstein. Will that fact be sufficient to prove the truth of Einsteinism? If we reply in the negative to this question then what will be the exact worth of the results of the new tests? In the following I will define the precise significance of all the involved issues. My statements will be based upon unprejudicial facts which cannot be gainsaid because they are supported by undeniable evidence. He who fails to admit the truth of this evidence will find himself either in the unenviable position of a prejudiced, and, therefore, unfair partisan, or a spineless beneficiary of a corrupt condition.

The questions involved may be limited, at the outset, by a division of the content of Einsteinism. We, therefore, ask the question: Was the total content of Einsteinian Relativity involved in the recent tests? Emphatically no! It should be easily comprehended that only that portion of Einsteinism which deals with the same physical factors and actions which were involved in the test was at stake in the new trial. What then were these elements?

Certain stars beyond the sun send out light rays which reach the earth. When the sun is shining brightly, as at midday, we cannot see any stars, no matter where they are located. The sun's disc will shut off from view certain other stars directly back of it. These we do not expect to see under ordinary circumstances. Stars just within and ordinarily hidden by the sun's disc can, however, be seen, provided that the dazzling light of the sun is cut off by some physical means. The moon serves as a shutter, cutting off the sun's light at the time of a total eclipse. On May 29, 1919, this phenomenon happened and the observations were made which gave the greatest impetus to Einstein's Theory. If the light rays from the stars, which are hidden by the sun's disc travel in a straight line, they will pass beyond the earth's surface and therefore be invisible to any observer located on the earth. The only way to force these rays to reach an observer stationed on the earth is by actually bending them around the edge of the sun and thus causing them to converge upon the earth's surface. It is logical, therefore, to infer that if stars which are actually hidden by the sun's disc become visible to an observer on the earth, their light rays must have been bent around the sun permitting them to converge upon the earth. This actually happened at the time of the famous eclipse of May 29, 1919. The fact was ascertained by photographing the actual and the apparently displaced positions of these stars. The actual positions were contained within the area enclosed by a line which passed through the deflected positions. This fact agrees then with the assumption that the rays from these stars were actually bent when they passed the sun's disc. The manner in which the apparent outward displacement is produced ought to be evident from the diagram. The amount of the displacement may be measured by a comparison of the astrographic plates for the actual and the displaced positions. When the distances from the earth to these stars are known the angles of deflection may be calculated.


Actual Location Of Star
Apparent Path Of Light Ray
Apparent Location Of Star
SUN
Initial Direction Of Light Ray
Deflected Path Of Light Ray
MOON
EARTH

In the year 1916, Einstein published an article in *Annalen Der Physik* in which he calculated this angular deflection to be 1.7" (second) for the case of rays passing near the edge of the sun (See "Grundlage der allgemeinen Relativitatstheorie," by A. Einstein, *Annalen Der Physik,* 1916, No. 7, page 822).

According to the Newtonian theory of gravitation this deflection should be half of the Einsteinian amount, that is, about 0.85" (second).

Would Discredit Newton

THE actually observed deflections as calculated from the observations at Sobral and Principe, May 29, 1919, were: for the Sobral test, 1.98" (second) and for the Principe observation, 1.61" (second). Therefore, it seemed that the Einstein calculation harmonized better with fact than the Newtonian. It was then and for this reason the Einstein was acclaimed a "greater than Newton."

Similar tests were made on the 21st day of September of the present year. Suppose that these new observations will give results which agree substantially with the results obtained at Sobral and Principe; can we then say positively that the Einstein Theory of Relativity is correct and the Newtonian theory is wrong? The partisans of Einstein are very desirous that this question shall remain in the form here stated. Justice, however, will not be served properly if we permit the question to rest as stated without modification. Moreover, in its present form, the question serves to lead us away from the consideration of the work done by others to whom Einstein has accorded no credit. The great majority of the Einsteinian Relativists have also adopted the suppressive methods of their master and refuse to mention the now well-known contributions of Einstein's predecessors. Whatever Einstein says on the subject of Relativity is regarded as oracular but if the same statements have been made by others before him then these earlier contributions are regarded as of no particular value.

The history of science is replete with cases of formulae based upon certain assumptions giving results which agree well with the results of observations. Later the assumptions have been found to be erroneous therefore necessitating a revision of the mathematics to conform more closely with the new ideas. No one can deny the truth of these statements. We ought to learn from experience. We should examine and appraise the assumptions of a theory with even more care than the alleged correspondence of their resulting formulae with observed facts. Still another factor must be considered. Observed facts always involve an observer and certain instruments of observation. Here then are two sources of possible errors. The observer, no matter how well trained, may err in his interpretations of the observed phenomenon and the instruments may lack the required precision. At a later date improved types of apparatus may prove the previous observations erroneous.

We cannot, therefore, ignore the suppositions and assumptions which serve as the background of Einstein's formula for the bending or deflection of light. The validity of his theory cannot be appraised upon the single item of mere agreement of certain observations with a derived formula. Rather must the worth of the theory be evaluated by considering it in its entirety. In the light of scientific history we are justified in questioning a theory if its assumptions are antagonistic to common sense and contrary to fact, even if its crucial formulae give results which apparently accord with the best experimental evidence that present observations can produce.

Consequently we are constrained to refuse to judge between Einstein and Newton merely on the trivial basis of a mathematical formula. We must ask the further question: What actual physical relations are involved in Einstein's formula? If a deflection of the light rays occurs when beams of light pass near the sun's surface, what reason does Einstein assign as sufficient to account for the phenomenon? According to Einstein, light rays are composed of material particles. Through a subtle mathematical scheme the path described by these particles is made to depend upon their material environment. They will be deflected toward such large aggregations of matter as composed the sun. They will travel along what Einstein calls "geodetic or geodesic lines" which he regards as tracks of motion in the universe. The actual amount of the deflection in the vicinity of a great material aggregate like the sun is represented in terms of a mathematical formula, generally accredited to Einstein but due originally to a man whose name he has never mentioned in his works.

What Einstein Has Contributed

TO APPRAISE the value of the alleged contribution of Einstein we must candidly examine the historic records to ascertain: first, the precise amount due to Einstein; and second, the actual value of his portion of the contribution. The particular averred discoveries of Einstein which are now under investigation involve the following issues: first, the assertion that a ray of light is composed of matter; second, that particles of matter are deflected toward matter groups; third, the magnitude of the actual observed deflection; fourth, the formula submitted by Einstein for its calculation; fifth, the assumptions upon which the formula is founded and evaluated; sixth, the agreement of this formula with observation; and seventh, the resulting status of the ether hypothesis.

First. Einstein cannot lay claim to priority in regarding light to be composed of material particles. The corpuscular theory of light advanced by Newton stands solidly in the way of any claims of this nature which Einstein may advance.

Second. The deflection of matter toward matter is not an Einsteinian discovery. Newton defined this phenomenon in his law of universal gravitation. If light rays are composed of matter then they will be appreciably deflected by large bodies of matter like the sun. In his "Opticks," Newton asks: "Do not Bodies act upon Light at a distance, and by their action bend its Rays, and is not this action strongest at the least distance?" In view of this plain statement of Newton, the priority in the matter of "bending of light" belongs not to Einstein but to Newton. In the year 1902, the writer presented a universal theory of interdependence which involved the deflection of light rays when passing in the vicinity of large aggregates of matter acting as intense force fields.

Third. Einstein is antedated in his attempt to calculate the amount of the deflection of light, for it is a well-known fact that Henry Cavendish (1731-1810) made such calculations basing his work upon the Newtonian theory of gravitation. J. Soldner, in the year 1801, calculated the deflection of light on the basis of the Newtonian law of gravitation.

Fourth. Einstein first published his formula for the deflection of light in the year 1911. (See *Annalen Der Physik,* 35, page 908.) J. Soldner first published his formula in the year 1801. The formula of Einstein is identical with Soldner's formula. Concerning this startling circumstance Professor E. Gehrcke, director of the Physical and Technical Imperial Institute of Berlin, writes in a special article contributed for my "Fallacies of Einstein": "The bending of light rays near the sun, as disclosed by Einstein, was made known by the mathematician Von Soldner over 100 years ago. It is very remarkable that Von Soldner's and Einstein's formulae for the amount of the deflection of light should coincide. This historical discovery was recently published by the well-known Heidelberg physicist and Nobel Prize winner, Lenard. But there is more to the story.

(Concluded on page 12)

Sympathy Propaganda and Emigration Facts

Europe's Governments Would Shove Undesirables Upon Us

By A. R. PINCI

THERE are too many men in the city streets of Europe. In support of this statement, made without bias, I need only state that there are too few men in the country. In the boulevards and avenues of towns and capitals alike the keen observer soon becomes aware of an excessive number of natives, whereas the wide expanses of country separating those urban centers bespeak their estrangement from man.

During the last few years the American reading public has been treated to all kinds of opinions about what is the matter with Europe, but the real trouble has been quite neglected. The fact is that the average European population today is at odds with the natural resources of its country, whichever this may be, and is, nationally, attempting to carve out for itself the kind of labor that, in the aggregate, is economically inadequate. In most cases these European crowds are out of their element.

As it is from this group, and this group alone, that the migrating classes spring, it is not difficult to perceive why they would be twice removed from their native element once they gained admission to the United States or Canada. How they live now is a mystery, or almost one. One would like to know who these men are; where they intend going; what they are doing.

One need not detract one iota from their individual worth. The percentage of undesirables, from an economic standpoint, is negligible, as long as they remain where they are. As soon as they are [illegible] into groups, however, their individual [illegible] vanishes, to be substituted by a sort [illegible] ness that renders them anything but welcom[illegible]

Mingle in any of these crowds. No matter [illegible] their spoken word—Dutch, French, German, [illegible] Czech, and so on—and no matter what they [illegible] becomes aware of a peculiar and novel [illegible] drifting. In fact, it is a drifting crowd. It drifts mentally if not otherwise. There seems to be, though not always discernible so, too much lost motion. This trait is not exclusively European; it exists in Canada and in the United States at this time, and it goes without saying that an additional invasion of this kind is not desirable.

With minor exceptions aggregate groups of this type have become [illegible]. Here we encounter a paradox. Able-bodied and willing men are about, everywhere. They want to work. They chafe under the conditions that oblige them to [illegible] lost motion, as it were. But their [illegible], their outlook, their ambition, are softer than was the case a generation ago. Under one guise or another, they [illegible] determined not to do what [illegible]

The [illegible] the emigration problem today [illegible] adopted a selective [illegible] to find what they want [illegible] to emigrate, usually to [illegible] quest would be [illegible] to denote one out- [illegible] There may not be [illegible] wage earner, but at [illegible] than there are workers. [illegible] sort of hard work that [illegible] there is a surplus of idleness. [illegible] catered to a great evil of the [illegible] now ceased to be an emer- [illegible] bit—the unemployment dole. [illegible] these doles on the continent [illegible] their existence has not had a salutary effect upon the masses that, obliged to work, go looking for it conditionally. In a nutshell, European masses are looking for employment, but not wholly for work.

They Don't Like Restrictions

THIS attitude, intensified ethnically and racially, is what disturbs the leading statesmen of Europe, each in accordance with the circumstances and conditions extant in their respective territories. They would not mind unburdening themselves of inhabitants that *think* work instead of doing it. Those statesmen may realize, but will not admit, that both Canada and the United States have a bit of this problem to contend with on their part. No matter where you go in Europe, if you are an American or a Canadian and offer the chance for an argument, intelligent natives will criticize North American restrictive immigration laws as unjust, selfish and intolerant. You will hear these intelligent Europeans say that the war diminished their man-power, but if you refute them with facts and their own lamentations of excessive population today, they will glare. As a matter of fact, the average European, especially if he belongs to the property-holding group, is obsessed with the idea that natives who do not happen to be profitable are entitled to an asylum overseas. If either Canada or the United States, ready to offer asylum to certain desirable elements, suggests mandatory naturalization or some such self-preserving law, then there follows a squeal.

What has really happened is that the war killed off or invalided the flower of the hard-working individuals of the last generation. This was the worker who knew, to his own profit, how not to exceed his powers and abilities. He endeavored to beget of his life all that environment, plus experience, plus education, plus opportunity, put within his reach. That type of worker never drifted. That is the type that could not be separated geographically, which wrought the two industrial empires of North America.

Looking at another aspect of the thing, the war destroyed the element that is most difficult to replace—the agricultural workers. Population, numerically, has increased faster than the war diminished it, but the newcomers are preponderantly consumers. They are middlemen. They have one ambition, generally speaking, and that is to settle in urban centers. Hence, there is a shortage of homes in every city and town that I visited, from Denmark to Italy, from England to Poland. In the same measure, there are deserted homesteads and abandoned fields—so many of them that they are causing depreciated currencies and increased dole-lists.

Prior to the war a government job in the average European city was regarded ambitiously by a few individuals who underwent many privations to accumulate the necessary diplomas required of every applicant, but what of today? Today every European seems to pine for a government job, with the result that European governments have been debilitated by an excessive number of employes who muddle everything that they touch officially. The rubber-stamping fever is at its height.

It being impossible for the European powers to create more government jobs without risk of having more governors than governed, there being no work of the kind demanded, and there existing an unwillingness to get down to earth, literally and figuratively, European statesmen look longingly toward American shores. They look for themselves after a fashion, and for those of their fellow men who have to be provided for. They do not want it to be known that they look longingly, and some go to great pains to have it appear otherwise, fortifying these objections by means of rather involved regulations and laws.

Europe's Problem - People

THE daily newspapers that we read here feature so much the international situation from a peace-treaty standpoint that the American reading public regards said problem as the political sore of Europe, but nothing political, diplomatic or commercial so worries its statesmen, big and little, regulars and coalition, professional or temporary, as what to do with their populations, growing and not diminishing, a good part of which, not having the jobs that it likes, likewise has no faith, politics, party. Occasionally, in some nations more than in others, these dissatisfied groupings unite, merge or coalesce, or are brought together by chance, born of need and want, and become known as exponents of this or that new school of self-determining government.

It becomes an obsession, and if it has not attained tragic proportions except in Russia, it is because the fractional elements are too diversified, too widely separated, too immiscible—as yet. But every experienced traveler is conscious of this new atmosphere, and that is why, upon returning to America, he refers to it indirectly. It is the *something* occult, elusive, indescribable, perhaps, that overnight might change a smiling crowd into an angry mob. Not that this change will take place. The turning point has not yet been reached, and if statesmen—or those who call themselves that—revise their methods and really intend to accomplish by cooperation that which they are staving off by contrariness, the peril will remain, historically, imaginary. And the statesmen know it. Thus they have adopted a new system, new for Europe at least, that of playing to the galleries.

The ruthless methods of ante-war times are no longer in order; no governing official in Europe will dare to be curt with *his* public, when this selfsame public is split into many categories. Thus we can understand more easily why it becomes easier for them to blame everything upon another people or another government, and why this new political cult is intensifying the schism between Europe and the United States.

Let it be understood that it is not all ill will on the part of Europeans that is being bequeathed to Americans, because it is not; in the main it is a pose, dictated by exigencies. The only danger will be that the pose will develop into a sort of second nature.

It may have been noticed that the bulk of returning travelers who visited any of many European countries has made what may be termed a stock statement about conditions in that continent. It is a pessimistic statement. It is the statement, however, that the powers that be, plus the press, in those countries, wish reported back in the United States, and the best reporters happen to be these returned Americans. Thus these Americans are pro-European propagandists, paving the way for other propagandist attacks, political or financial, in the near future.

But do these travelers know what they are saying? Have they engaged in a real inquiry away from the beaten track of the tired business man who is obsessed with the idea that he is not a business man or a social bulwark unless he "does Europe" each summer? Going to Europe has become a habit, and not a very good habit, since very few Americans are courageous enough not to patronize in Europe and not to sympathize once they are back home.

The last thing Europe needs is sympathy, and yet that is what she thrives on today. Every day that passes, plus a delusion that the morrow will bring something that does not have to be worked for, prolongs the period of instability. Too many Europeans—of course the situation varies as between countries—almost believe they are as down and out as maudlin American sympathizers say they are.

It is a touchy and delicate matter to refer to American aid—governmental or private—to needy Europeans, but I—as a native European—do not hesitate to say that it is in general the worst possible service America can render. Every such aid is preceded or followed by some sort of a drive. So good Uncle Sam is considered good Uncle Samaritan. He always comes across. He is lavish with money and grain and other things in the throes of disaster brought about by European diplomacy and intrigue. The assurance that American aid is not slow in forthcoming is a great protection and temptation too to many intrigants.

The war was supposed to have decimated the various populations, but the fact is that population is much greater today than it was a decade ago. There is more work to be done in Europe today, from within, than there ever was before, and a very large proportion of its inhabitants could be put to work if any and all were not too busy killing time.

But even under present conditions, Europe is very well off. Europe is doing nicely. There is want and there is privation and there is disease and there is the "something wrong" that keeps people in turmoil, but in the aggregate the people are not so discontented as reports would have it. If any European mentions America, it is in terms of the dollar and not in terms of home or ideals. No matter how bad the situation is at any one point, the only temptation America offers is King Dollar—and no more.

Only a few days ago, I loitered about the bridge exit of the Cambrai Steel Company at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. It was five o'clock and the day shift was leaving the works. Very few young men—mainly men in the thirties and forties. They were foreigners, most of them, of the type that came over a few years ago, strong of arm, broad of chest, powerful of body, men who know how to work and will work. Steel mills are hard-work mills.

How many men of the same type could be drawn from Europe today? Not many, because there are not very many in Europe. The few that exist are employed and are quite happy in their present bailiwicks. I have watched the citified recruits from the country, which they left behind because its demand upon their time and physical powers did not agree with their idea of easy work.

Is it any wonder that Europe wishes to get rid of these undoubtedly interesting, pleasing, and otherwise ultra-modern chaps who prefer to wield a cane instead of a pick, who are one step removed from manicuring and a thousand away from the grime of honest toil?

At present they manage and they manage nicely—although not always in a way that can be understood—where they are. Mendicancy is almost a lost art; at least, it is not practiced as generally as before the war. The laboring classes abroad are the classes that live on the fat of their land because industrial conditions are in their favor. The good carpenter, the good mason, the good stoneworker, the good machinist, and all the other allied artisans, need not pine for work, and certainly the cost of living is of no consequence to them. It is not this class that breeds, at present, emigration recruits.

Waiting for the "Break"

EVEN the white-collared poor, of which Europe has an abundance, having become accustomed to existing conditions, is waiting for a turn of the tide. There are a few scholars among them, and many half-baked technical experts, mainly the product of the war, who, unable to find their industrial level, drift about and begin to think of North or South America, in the order named, with a view of exploiting their "knowledge." In this respect Europe differs not a whit from our own United States, where the proportion of unschooled scholars, impractical technicians and inexperienced experts, is still greater than it should be.

North America could, at present, absorb many thousands of honest-to-goodness skilled workers. Washington and Ottawa, in attempting to work out scientific immigration laws, have independently concluded that selective laws are essential, since the mere restrictive laws are inadequate and unscientific. But where are those workers? Europe has very few of them, available for export, so few that they need not even be considered. Moreover, foreign governments, by means that differ but whose object seems to be the same, have duly protected themselves against the loss of such workers.

Through the courtesy of Mr. E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Mr. G. M. Bosworth, chairman of the Canadian Pacific Steamships, I was enabled to observe at first-hand the foreign activities of those companies toward gathering together desirable emigrants to Canada. Offices are maintained in the principal cities of Europe. Officials, high and low, of the company at Montreal, are traveling back and forth between the continents to lay the foundations for the right sort of migratory humanity. The company looks at it from the standpoint of dollars and cents, but not in cash. It builds up on the future value of immigration's productiveness.

Unfortunately, the good offices of the company bring results very slowly. Where the Canadian immigration laws are not an obstacle—which happens to be the case in many instances now through the letter and not the spirit of the law—the way is barred by foreign governments either through local laws or other obstructive tactics.

In a score of the leading cities of Europe I have seen prospective emigrants making the rounds for the necessary formalities of departure from Europe or entry into North America. For the few that gained their object there are the many, the very many, who failed to open the doors at this end or failed to open the exits at their end.

Having had experience with passport authorities at various times, both here and abroad, I can state that, premeditatedly or not, foreign governments undoubtedly have some sort of general classification for their nationals upon which to base their decision as to whether

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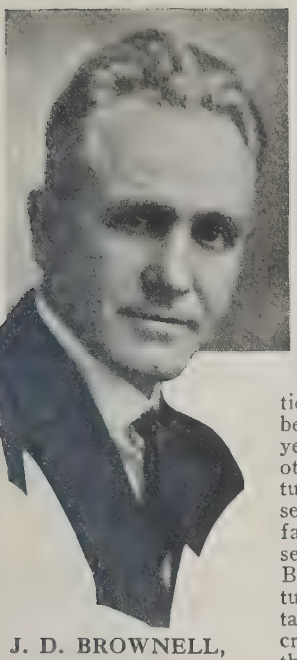
Northland—the College of the Stump Lands

Prize Herd of Cattle and Pumpkin Pie Help Young Folk to Education



J. D. BROWNELL,
President of Northland College.

By FRED L. HOLMES

LATIN and Greek and higher algebra are all very well as prerequisites for a college education, but in Northern Wisconsin there is a requirement that is even more fundamental—hands that are willing to do manual labor.

Northland College at Ashland, Wisconsin, is an educational institution that has sprung into being in the past few years. It is unlike any other educational institution in the state. For service to the pioneer families of the sparsely settled acres it rivals Berea College, of Kentucky, where the mountain boys tramp over creek beds and canyons, through gulches and gullies, for miles to get to the college that furnishes an education in return for part-time work. The Berea labor idea dominates at Northland. Ninety per cent of the students work their way through school. The boys operate the 160-acre farm; run the print shop, make cement blocks, do college janitor work.

The girls operate the dining halls, do all the cooking, dish washing and the necessary household work of the dormitories. Northland students have college athletics, debating societies and glee clubs. They do not have fraternities and sororities.

Girls at Northland College find the art of making a good pumpkin pie or baking good white bread more of a requirement than dancing at a social function.

The ability to milk cows, or make cement blocks is here a necessary part of the boys' education and the rôle of the "lounge lizard" and "tea hound" is unknown among Northland College boys.

Just on the outskirts of Ashland, where the chilling winds from Lake Superior and Chaquamegon Bay sweep across, Northland College is located. Not far away, on Chaquamegon Bay in 1665, the venerable Father Claude Allouez founded the first settlement in Wisconsin, and for four years labored among the Indians. Then he gave up his educational task. Two hundred and fifty years later there are 300 communities in Northern Wisconsin that do not have high school facilities. Northland academy was started in 1892 to meet this need. Fifteen years ago a collegiate course was added to the curriculum.

Northland had humble beginnings. On August 5, 1891, a group of people interested in education met at Pratt, now Grand View, in the heart of the forests and decided that an educational institution was necessary. A site on Chaquamegon Bay was selected and the academy was started the following fall. Rev. Mr. E. P. Wheeler, Beloit, was one of the mainsprings back of the movement and one of the halls had been named in his honor.

This institution now has an attendance of about 160 students. Of this number about 100 are taking the academic courses, which upon graduation admit the students to other universities. There are 60 doing four-year college work.

Three large buildings grace the campus: Dill Hall is the girls' dormitory; Wheeler Hall is the main college building; Woods' Hall is the men's dormitory.

Settlers of Northern Wisconsin have little money to send their boys and girls away to school. It is 250 miles to the nearest down state college. The boys and girls must find work. Thirty students who have attended Northland academy or college are now at the University of Wisconsin completing their studies.

"The boys who come to Northland are not aiming at the highest positions in the world of affairs," said Jean A. Fortier, a Northland graduate, who is now attending the University of Wisconsin. "They have a deep idea of service. When they have completed their education they return to their home communities to become teachers and farmers. It needs the help of educated men to build up Northern Wisconsin. The students have the idea that their opportunities in the world, their chance to render service, is in the communities from which they came."

"How much money do you need to attend Northland?" Mr. Fortier was asked.

"The academy tuition is $30 a year and the college tuition is $35," he replied. "All that many have is the price of the railroad ticket. They earn the rest as they go along."

Many students find work on the 160-acre farm. A prize herd of cattle provides work for a number of the young men. The best methods of agriculture and dairying are taught. Some do janitor work in the halls, peel potatoes, work on the farm, dig ditches to drain the land, and others find work about the city.

"Save me some work," wrote a girl last summer. "I would like some kitchen work, helping with the dishes."

Most of the girls find work in the dining halls. All of the cooking is done by them. To be a member of the "dishpan brigade" is considered an honor.

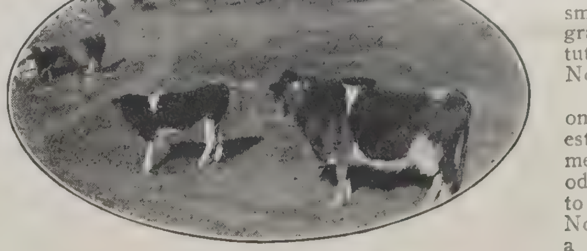
Aside from the labor in operating the college, two industries have been established. There is a printing plant that employs a dozen boys. They print the college annuals, the student publications and some of the commercial work of the city. There is also a cement block manufacturing plant, where the boys make blocks in winter. Two of the college buildings have been erected from this work and the contractors of Ashland buy the surplus product.

"Just what did you do to work your way through college?" one graduate was asked.

"I did all sorts of manual labor," came the reply and there was a gleam of pride in the answer. "I have done janitor work in all of the buildings, I have helped to make cement blocks, I worked on the farm, and for a while I did secretarial work for the city Y. M. C. A."

Students who come to Northland have a definite purpose in view. Defects in their early education make most of the students older than boys entering other universities. The college sophomore averages 22 years.

This letter from an Austrian immigrant tells the story of the yearning for an education among the young men and women of the north woods:



Above—Dill Hall, the Northland girls' dormitory.

Right—Student dairyman at Northland, holding a brand new calf.

Below—Scene on college farm where thoroughbred cattle are raised.

"Dear Sir:

"I thanking you in adwance will you be so kindly please to answer me and please to help me out to put my boy to your school he is seventeen years of age and was working to high school for two years and this spring I have come to a farm here where is no high school for him to go he is a good student and good worker and if he could not find a chance for himself to go to school in September I believe he get crazy. He want it to go to high school and I am to poor to pay his Expenses I have got six children and I have write to several places allready and to county Supt. and to State Supt. at Madison and he advise me to write to you. Now Dear Sir will you be so kindly please to help me out and take him to your college. I wish to have him finish his studies, he is willing to work for his board and room and I will help all I could do. please answer."

That young man is now at Northland and is making good.

One day President Brownell received this letter:

"Dear Mr. Professor President

I am intend to come. I have in this country three months been to school I want work Give me my Chance.

CHARLIE."

That was all. "Charlie" was given his chance and he was in a few years graduated with honors from the academy. Today he is a progressive American farmer on his own farm in Northern Minnesota.

One young man wrote: "I am a little lame, but I can work very hard."

He came and has demonstrated for two years that he can work very hard. This son of Russian immigrants is, in conjunction with his college work, becoming a skilled printer.

While the college is operated under the Congregational board, there is no bar to students of other faiths. All seem to be represented at Northland—all of the leading Protestant denominations and Catholics.

Some of the funds to operate "the college of the North," as it is called in the college literature, is obtained in the East. Last year a quartet of four students, Stacey Greene, Alfred Hornigold, Alden Smith and Jean Fortier, accompanied President J. D. Brownell on an eight weeks' tour of the East to enthuse New England in the work that the college is doing. President Brownell was in the East again last spring raising funds.

The college has not operated long enough to have a long list of graduates. Felix Gustafson, who attended the college and later the University of Wisconsin, has earned his doctor's degree and is an assistant in biology at Michigan University. Most of the students take up work in the communities of the North and many seem to believe they can render the best service in the teaching profession.

War depopulated the Northland College classes. There was not a boy in Northland, who was of age eligible to go into the service, who did not go. The college had no graduates during the war period and the institution claims a 100 per cent record for war service. Of the class of five, two girls and three boys, who graduated last year, all had been in the service.

Northland has only one-tenth the students to be found at Berea, but both work along the same lines. The problem of Northland is to turn the human material of undeveloped Northern Wisconsin into right channels of action. It tries to spread knowledge of how to live better in the pioneer communities, how to grow more crops, how to build better communities. Northland has adapted itself to the needs of the district it serves. If a boy or girl needs training to become a teacher in the district school, he or she receives it. And when the boy is ready he is given the collegiate work which will put him on the same educational plane as the graduate of a great college. Because Northland is but a poorly endowed college, with her main revenue the contributions of friends which have been solicited from time to time as the necessity arose, she has had to watch hundreds of these children who might be reached turn away from her gates.

For the poor families of Northern Wisconsin, Northland is rendering a service in the cause of education not unlike that which is given at Berea in Kentucky. In both institutions labor holds a place of honor.

"And the highway shall be there—"

This passage from Isaiah is the motto of the school. Among the pioneers of Northern Wisconsin, where within a great radius from the institution less than five per cent of the land is under cultivation, and where brawn and muscle, integrity and ingenuity, are needed in the next decades to turn this waste into smiling crops of alfalfa and grains, they call the institution "the college of the North."

The characteristic of the pioneers of which we are proudest is their self-reliance. They meet the conditions; ask no odds; accept a fighting chance to win. As a "college of the North," Northland is rendering a pioneer service.

What the Einstein Test Can and Cannot Prove

Concluded from page 9

Soldner, as Lenard noticed, made a slight mistake in his calculations in that he neglected the factor 2 in his formula. That was in the year 1801. In the year 1911 Einstein was overtaken by the same misfortune, that is, he also omitted the factor 2 in his formula." Through the courtesy of Dr. Lenard and Dr. Gehrcke, the author has all the evidence before him as he writes this article. This most unfortunate blunder, on the part of Einstein, in including the error of Soldner, was adroitly camouflaged in a subsequent article which appeared in the year 1915 (Berl. Akad. 1915, page 834). These astounding revelations cast a lurid light on the alleged discoveries of Einstein and enable us to understand the peculiar relations which exist between the computations.

Fifth. The formula of Einstein rests entirely upon mathematical speculations concerning an imaginary complex "Space-Time," conceptually spun out of fibers gathered from the fairyland of four-dimensional space. The program of Relativity outlined by Einstein is like a labyrinthian track which begins everywhere and after innumerable fantastic detours ends nowhere. Upon this bubble of the imagination rests a formula whose antecedents are doubtful. The specter of Soldner's work will forever darken the artificial radiance which has been massed around Einstein by his followers.

It is possible to calculate the deflection of light from simple assumptions which are grounded directly in physical facts. Why then are we forced to listen only to the siren song of Relativity to the exclusion of the voice of Common Sense?

Nowhere in the Einsteinian assumptions do we find a genuine dynamic element. It is all a matter of "geodesic" tracks artificially produced. Somehow the more naïve notion that if rays of light, in the vicinity of large matter groups, are bent, then real interaction between the two systems is the cause of the deflection. For Einstein, however, the deflection is a causeless event in a chimerical world of unsound mathematical speculation.

Sixth. The formulae of Soldner and Einstein are absolutely identical in form and meaning and almost identical in their use of letter symbols. Soldner's final formula which referred to the total angle of deflection was derived from an expression for only half of the angle. He failed to take account of this fact in his calculations. Herein, evidently, lies the source of the later confusion of Einstein.

Soldner and Einstein

THE numerator of Soldner's final formula consists of the product of *2K*, and *M;* and the denominator is composed of the product of *c* (to the second power) and *R*. The numerator of Einstein's formula also consists of the product of *2K* and *M*; whereas the denominator is composed of the product of *c* (to the second power) and the Greek letter "Delta." The meanings of all the corresponding letters are identical. Soldner's large *K* is identical in meaning with Einstein's small *k*, and Soldner's *R* has the same significance as Einstein's Greek letter "Delta."

Soldner, in his computations, failed to remember the fact that his formula referred to the entire angle of deflection. Consequently he gave the value 0.85" (second) for only half the angle, whereas it actually refers to the total angle. Einstein's formula, published in 1911, being the same as Soldner's, must give the same result. Subsequently, in the year 1916, a most extraordinary thing happened. In his article entitled "Grundlage der allgemeinenen Relativtatstheorie" (*Annalen Der Physik*, 1916, No. 7, page 822) Einstein gave the value 1.7" (second) as the value of the angle of deflection. Again we have the pernicious factor 2 in evidence because 1.7" (second) is twice 0.85" (second). I will refrain from pronouncing judgment, leaving the reader free to draw his own conclusions from the undeniable evidence here presented.

It is interesting to recall that the Sobral and Principe tests of May 29, 1919, gave 1.98" (second) and 1.61" (second), respectively. The average of these observations is 1.8" (second), whereas, according to the Newtonian theory of gravitation the amount is 0.85" (second).

Seventh. It is a well-known fact that Einstein, in the year 1919, stated positively that there is no ether. In his lecture at the University of Leiden, May 5, 1920, he modified this statement by first assigning the rôle played by the ether to this new conceptual creation. The tangible background for a genuine mechanical process is entirely missing, however, in this conceptual Space-Ether. Light is a real physical phenomenon and cannot be satisfactorily explained without assuming physical interaction between actual physical elementals of some definable type. The writer antedates Einstein in the contention that there is no ether. In his lecture before the American Electrochemical Society (Philadelphia, 1902) he pointed out the self-contradictory nature of the old ether hypothesis. Perhaps the most exhaustive criticism of the ether hypothesis which has ever been published appeared in the writer's work, "Scientific Theism Versus Materialism, The Space-Time Potential" (1920). Since the year 1902, I have regarded Space as a universal principle of mediation in physical phenomenon. Einstein entertains the essence of this same idea in his Leiden lecture but errs in his expressed hope that the mechanism of light can be explained solely upon this basis. Einstein's claim of priority cannot be substantiated in view of the writer's 1902 lecture. Einstein has failed utterly in providing a mechanical model for the physical changes involved in the production and transmission of light. The writer, in his work referred to above, outlined the possibilities of primordial neutral matter interacting with active matter in the transmission of light and electromagnetic phenomena. The eminent American astronomer, Dr. T. J. J. See, in his remarkable work entitled "New Theory of the Aether" (1920), has, with rare skill, presented a somewhat similar view of a corpuscular medium. Many of the most eminent physicists of Europe and notably Professor P. Lenard, of Heidelberg, Dr. E. Gehrcke, Dr. H. Fricke, of Berlin, Dr. Sten Lothigius, secretary of the Swedish Physical Society, Stockholm, Sweden, Professor Edouard Guillaume, of Berne, Switzerland, Professor Stjepan Mohorovicic, of Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia, and Dr. J. Comas Sola, of Barcelona, Spain, have protested vigorously against Einstein's attempts to account for the phenomenon of light by means of the Space principle only. We cannot get away from the necessity of something tangible in Space which may serve as the real physical conveyor or transmitter of that manifestation which we call light.

If the recent observations fail to confirm Einstein's speculations then a serious blow will have been delivered against his doctrine of Relativity. At present, about all that he can justly claim is that the formula which he has succeeded in connecting with his name gives results which apparently conform with one set of observations (May 29, 1919). The fantastic theory upon which it is based, however, has little, if anything, in common with actual demonstrable facts. If the results of this latest test should happen to conform with the calculations of Einstein that fact cannot be considered as conclusively significant when weighed against the enormous improbability of his speculative foundation. Moreover, this matter of the deflection of light constitutes only one member in his structure. We cannot pronounce the entire Einsteinian Theory correct if merely one member of the structure is found to be sound. It must be shown that every feature of his theory is correct. Unfortunately for Einstein, however, the collapse of one member will cause the destruction of his entire edifice. This he has already admitted. Agreement of the observations of September 21 with Einstein's predictions can only give him temporary comfort because the germs of inconsistency will eventually bring about the total destruction of his artificially vitalized theory.

Sympathy Propaganda and Emigration Facts

Concluded from page 10

they are at liberty to emigrate or not. Otherwise how can one explain the unvarying frequency of inadmissibility of "free" emigrants at point of departure or the admissibility of anxious emigrants who are not at liberty to leave their own country?

One country especially encourages the frequent return of expatriates that they may be reminded of their nationality, and since it represents the second largest group of aliens by nationality in this country it means that this agitation renders more difficult the process of Americanization. The country is Italy. Italy, moreover, is merely pioneering; other countries represented here are doing the same thing or are about to begin.

It would seem, if we wish to be inquisitive about it, that a country like Italy or Greece or Japan, each unable to attend to its nationals within the frontiers, has some ulterior motive in attempting to extend its paternalism overseas, especially when this paternalism is uncalled for and unnecessary. Aliens in the United States, to be frank, are beyond the need of paternalistic solicitude on the part of their governments. They are here, presumably, to better their economic condition and future, and the chances are that they are doing it.

European governments regard the American laws as exceeding good taste, to put it mildly. A prominent official used that phrase in a discussion with me, and he had discussed the problems with colleagues of other governments. By and large, they cannot see—barring individual cases—how immigration can be restricted or otherwise selected without "offending" the nationalities involved. Just as industry sometimes sells "run of the mill," so would European governments release emigration.

Crisscrossed with emigration are the more or less personal interests of the officials involved in the administration of the laws, to say nothing of the financial and other interests of various organizations interested in the problem. Influence, favoritism, expediency—these are the three cardinal rules by which emigration is urged or restricted, as the case may be.

But, perhaps, most important of all is another phase that has to do with man-power, that so far has not been hinted at in connection with expatriation, and that has to do with military service. This, not in the sense of yesteryear, when governments required able-bodied men of military age to do their duty under the colors, because said governments are less strict about retaining the younger male element in its late teens or early twenties than it is about losing its grasp over men who have seen service in or during the war.

And herein enters the gloomiest color of the picture. At the time that man power should be measured in terms of reconstruction, not only in Europe, but wherever such man power could be absorbed with profit by all concerned, government officials are crossing their fingers. These tried men are needed in Europe. They are needed—for what?

They are not under arms, they have done their time, so to speak, and yet they are looked upon lovingly, tenderly, reassuringly. They are wanted because war clouds have not been dissipated. With probably two exceptions, no country actually wishes to engage in another war, but if another war begins, no matter how local or how apparently inconsequential, it will witness the partial or complete mobilization of about every military power in Europe. And by that is meant every power, England included.

Trouble in the Air

THUS European governments, each in its way, with much trouble or with little difficulty, have managed to plod along under economic difficulties, and by various means have bridged the chasm of actual want. They have done it so well that it should be considered a marvel, except for the secret purpose that has dictated it. Said governments have suffered the flower of their male population—their productive population—to live from hand to mouth, without a future, without a thought for the morrow, with no definite policy toward national reconstruction, for the sake of having it near in case of emergency.

The worst of it is that the emergency is not only expected but that it is likely to come at any time. The Turkish-British snarl is a mere breeze. The serious part is yet to come. Some startling realignments will be seen when that moment arrives.

This surcharged atmosphere of impending trouble may be felt anywhere in Europe. It is miasmatic. The newspapers speak of national rights and of patriotism, but generally the official organs play upon masked declarations.

Enough of the cry that Europe is in the throes of disaster.

Europe is Europe, little differing from the Europe of 10 years ago, except in so far as the war changed fashions, just as it did in the United States. If Europe will go to work, the kind of work that must be done, emigration as a problem will take last place. But unfortunately for Europeans, the work that they don't want to do in their own countries is the sort of work that alone is available in North America.

Europe needs virtually nothing from the United States, under present circumstances, and the reiteration that Europe is lost if the "United States does not go to her rescue" is sheer nonsense and unmitigated propaganda.

Across the Campus of Indiana

The campus of Indiana University is ranked by artists among the three finest natural sites of educational institutions in the United States. The others are Cornell and Wisconsin.

Ocean Voyages for Crippled Slum Children

Boston Floating Hospital Gives Unfortunates Daily Health Trips

THIS is the story of the Boston Floating Hospital, the only institution of its kind. True, New York City has a floating hospital for children, a converted barge, which is towed down the harbor loaded with sick babies and older children from the slums, to give them a breath of the salt sea air. But Boston has the only especially built and fully equipped hospital ship, owned and operated by an organized charity, for purposes similar to those of the New York barge hospital.

It is a model, too, of what a mercy ship should be. There are two spacious decks, the upper devoted to two large main wards fitted with cribs for sick babies and two smaller wards, one on the after deck and one on the forward deck.

It is a wonderful institution, too. When you see 150 different babies getting 150 different kinds of food, each prepared by the most careful and solicitous of cooks, trained to this sort of work, and administered by trained nurses under the watchful eye of physicians who have diagnosed each little case, you marvel. A hospital to the smallest detail, complete in equipment, even to telephone connection with uptown phones up to the moment the ship leaves the dock. Full of sympathy and kindliness and cheer, from the chief engineer to the newest interne or the steward's boy and the deckhand—for there is a complete crew, as well as a complete hospital staff, aboard all through the summer and early fall—as long as the hot weather lasts.

It is a hospital with every nook and corner of the boat utilized; a hospital that steams down the harbor under its own power, with a fine set of twin engines, then anchors and comes back in the afternoon only to make another trip at night and, remaining at anchor all night, to come back at daybreak and repeat its daily performances of mercy.

To see the little stunted babies and pathetic looking sick toddlers, some of the former in tiny hammocks fastened to the sides of the crib, with abdominal bandages and little socks fastened to their legs from the sides of the crib to keep them from moving and injuring themselves in restless fever and pain, is a sight to make the heart ache. And then to watch them improve from day to day—some even as soon as the salt air begins to blow gently over them—is a wonderful experience.

The fresh air that they get away from the hot, crowded slums is one element that contributes toward their regaining health. Many of the children who are simply ailing grow better untreated after a few weeks out on the vessel's open decks.

The work extends beyond the decks of the vessel. For every tiny form stretched on an immaculate white cot there is an on-shore nurse seeking in its home for the cause of sickness and trying to arrange for future health. Besides the hospital staff, a chemist is constantly studying and working out formulae for the preservation of infant life.

The Boston Floating Hospital at her pier.

Aside from the cases of infant disease and malnutrition, combined with bad air and the handicaps of hot weather, there is the type of cases in which the patient's condition is due to improper food. Strange as it may seem, with all that has been written, spoken and taught about the proper food to eat, for both old and young, there are still many people who cannot see the difference between feeding a baby six months old on fresh milk, and on watermelon rind. The idea seems to be—give him what he wants. A baby generally wants what it sees, and will make a try at anything. And watermelon rind was never good, even for grown folks. So that by the time he has been given a taste of everything the family has to eat, he is ready for medical treatment. This type of patient, coming from districts that are overcrowded with people who haven't the slightest idea of how to care properly for their own health, to say nothing of a baby's, form a respectable percentage of the cases brought to the Floating Hospital.

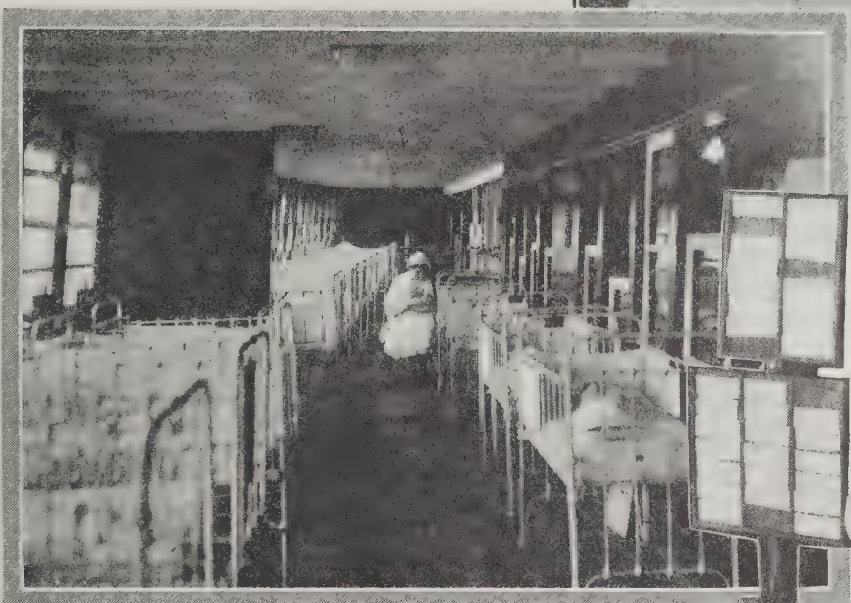
The day-patients are in a much less serious condition than the permanent cases, which are kept on board day and night until they are in a condition to be taken ashore.

Each patient is accompanied by his mother, who is permitted also to bring another child under five years of age, in good health. The patients are carried on the open upper deck, each in a separate crib. Here, under supervision and with such nursing attendance as the physicians may direct, the mother may care for her own child. Nourishment is administered to these babies by the nurses in accordance with the staff physicians' formulae. At noon a hearty lunch is served to the mothers and their well children in a large dining room on the lower deck. Most of the mothers bring along with them packages of lunch, but they are required to deposit these in a basket as they come aboard, and are not allowed to use them. The packages are checked and returned when they leave the boat.

Every precaution is taken to guard against infectious diseases, although each case is supposed to have been recommended to the hospital by a physician. Many cases, however, come without previous notice, so, on the dock, prior to leaving for the anchorage, the staff establishes a desk with a nurse to tabulate, a physician to make the necessary examinations, and such interpreters as can be secured for examining orally those mothers who cannot speak English. All necessary information as to home environment is added for use of the on-shore nurse as social worker.

The permanent patients are placed in the various inclosed wards which occupy the main deck and are cared for day and night by doctors and nurses. Practically all the permanent cases are serious, and the nursing staff has therefore to be very large—an average of one nurse for every four babies. So serious do most of these cases seem to the visitor that it is difficult to realize that the total death rate of the hospital for the season of 1915, for example, was but four and six-tenths per cent. The on-shore department follows up cases that are handled during the summer, visiting the children's homes to see that they are receiving proper care during the fall, winter and spring.

Being primarily a summer hospital, the institution deals largely with acute summer upsets in infants, the hospital's annual report showing by far the largest number of admissions to be due to gastronomic disorders. In connection with this phase of the work, the hospital is carrying on a series of special investigations in metabolism of an importance that can hardly be overestimated.



(C) Boston Photo News Co.
Above—A snapshot of the patients, their nurses and the "little mothers" on the day deck. At the left, one of the main wards, with some of the permanent patients in cribs.

The hospital makes a practical application of the most advanced methods of infant feeding. Every patient placed on an individual formula has this modified from time to time according to the indications recorded on the exhaustive clinical record kept by the nurses for every patient. And in this connection one of the most interesting departments of the vessel is the diet laboratory. Here the various milks, cereals and other diluents are kept in elevated containers from which they are drawn as required by each formula. Only one feeding is prepared at a time, the dietitian filling each formula as the baby requires nourishment. This laboratory is fully equipped for steam sterilization, and this requirement is rigidly adhered to.

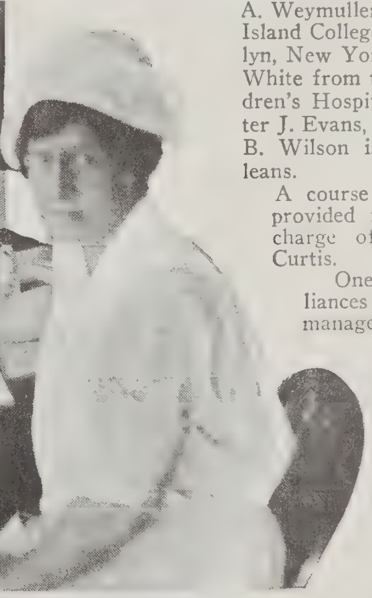
Each patient has a number, which is repeated on his formula, and this number goes on his order blank, which is filled out by a physician with the necessary changes from time to time. This order comes into the food laboratory and when the bottle is delivered to the attending nurse, the order is fastened to the bottle.

This is one of the activities that has grown up. There are on hand such specialists as an otologist, pathologist, stomatologist and bacteriological director, a chemist and two assistants, as well as several surgeons.

In the on-shore department, besides, are included eight physicians, all men of the highest standing in their profession. Dr. Charles A. Weymuller is from the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, New York; Dr. Harvey L. White from the St. Louis Children's Hospital, as is Dr. Lester J. Evans, while Dr. Thomas B. Wilson is from New Orleans.

A course of instruction is provided for nurses, under charge of Miss Anna L. Curtis.

One of the great reliances that the hospital management has is the "little mothers," as they are called, the young girls who frequently come in charge of a sick baby when the mother is unable to come. These and other little girls who are attending school, are taught how to care for the babies and told what they should be fed; what should be done when they are slightly ailing and what sanitary conditions mean. They are the one hope where the parents are ignorant and obstinate. They frequently can influence the older people to follow out instructions, and convince them by translating what they have learned, when an older person can get no results. They remember what they are taught, and gradually educate their parents to better standards of health.



Preparing the nurse's record.

(C) Boston Photo News Co.
Children from the slums waiting for the late arrivals.

The Boston Floating Hospital was started 25 years ago, by Rufus B. Tobey, of Boston, who raised a sum to finance three harbor trips for ailing children in the congested tenement districts. With volunteer Sunday school workers they were carried out in increasing numbers each summer. An old barge, the *Clifford,* converted from a Penobscot picnic boat, was chartered for the work. Since then, day by day, there has been activity and progress. A nurse and a doctor began to make the trips with the sick, and the corps of nurses grew and the number of children taken on the trips increased until the old barge was outgrown. Finally came the present great hospital ship, with a capacity of 250 patients and their attending mothers. George C. Lee, a prominent banker, became treasurer and G. Loring Briggs became the manager, continuing to the present time. The scope of the work was extended, the educational field broadened and standards raised with the new ship and complete equipment, which is constantly kept up to date. The volunteer staff of physicians increased, until some of the most famous doctors in the world were on the visiting and daily staff, together with internes from leading medical schools.

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Terrifying Mars—the Inventor's Mad Dream

The Never-ending Effort to Destroy War by Making Its Engines More Horrible

By T. M. VESEY

AMONG the many fallacies upon which is based the curiously contradictory doctrine that "if you want peace prepare for war," not the least mischievous has always been the inventor's daydream of creating an instrument of death so tremendous and awe-inspiring that the bare contemplation of its use against mankind would cause an amazed universe to recoil in utter horror. Hotchkiss, Nordenfeldt, Gatling, Maxim, Lewis, Mills and a hundred others have all, in greater or less degree, been victims of this obsession. All have made humanitarian claims for their inventions, and to date none of the claims have been proved to be other than woefully unsound.

All human experience would seem to indicate that this daydream is destined to remain permanently in its legitimate realm, the clouds. The broad aspect of the matter is this: that whatever else the history of war teaches, it assuredly makes patent the fact that the invention, development and preservation of engines for wholesale destruction encourages the ultimate use of them. More, it renders their eventual use apparently necessary. If Jones, conceiving himself to have been injured by Robinson, vows he will have the latter's blood for it, and, the matter coming to Robinson's ears, that ultra-prudent gentleman endeavors to insure his immunity by taking his walks with a shotgun over his shoulder, it must be fairly evident that he is only safe until such time as Jones, likewise, acquires a shotgun. After this, neither of them would be recommendable as an insurance risk; and a very short time finds them both actively engaged trying to bore holes in one another from selected coigns of vantage.

Most naval authorities now regard the submarine as a *sine qua non* of modern warfare. Similarly, army experts believe that poison gas has come to stay, despite that it has once again been banned—for the experts have not forgotten that it was banned long ago, and subsequently used as a matter of course.

The Case Against Gases

THE various lethal compounds, technically known as battle gases, constitute one of the most efficacious instruments yet known to science for the destruction of life on land. And if we examine the case against them, as far as the last war exhibited it to us, it will be readily discernible that awful possibilities for widespread destruction were barely missed—and by oversight, be it noted, not by design. The contention of the advocates of gas warfare was (and still is, for that matter) that it was no greater crime against humanity to asphyxiate an enemy than to blow him into inch pieces with high explosive, or to drill him as full of holes as a colander with machine-gun bullets and shrapnel balls; and this, on the mere face of it, seems to be fairly sound—as far as arguments for killing anybody can be said to be "sound."

The real defect, in this instance, lies in the circumstance that the numerical possibilities of destruction by gas are inconceivable, while with explosives, the action of which is necessarily localized to some extent, the possible results are not entirely beyond computation. But there was an alternative hypothesis. Some "experts" frankly admitted the atrocity of the thing, asserting that the realization of this feature would result in a rapid termination of the war, thus insuring a lower aggregate total of deaths than would otherwise be the case. This, of course, is again the inventor's daydream. One weak point in it is that it is based upon the illusion as to the possibility of winning a war by destroying a large percentage of the enemy with such startling rapidity that the terrified survivors will be intimidated into instant submission.

There is no evidence that any of the belligerents intended at the commencement of the war to bring asphyxiating compounds to the aid of their arms. It is, indeed, practically certain that the Germans, who were the first to decide to use gas, did not make this decision until some months after the opening of hostilities. But having once made it, they hurried forward their preparations for the manufacture of the gas—and they did this in so ill-conceived and haphazard a fashion that the first consignment to the western front (the chlorine cloud directed against the French Colonials and the Canadians on the twenty-second of April, 1915, in the Ypres Salient) was emitted long before the possibilities of gas as a weapon were sufficiently recognized, either by chemists or military commanders, to render the use of it highly effective, much less decisive.

This haste on the part of the Central Powers was possibly due to the not unnatural fear that, having made the descent of Avernus themselves—and with such facility—their enemies would be likely to make it too: perhaps even had already made it and might at any moment discharge rolling clouds of death against the soldiers of the Fatherland. Or—and this is not improbable either—they feared that preparations extending over a much greater period could not continue to be kept sufficiently secret, and that the object in view, that is, the wiping out, wholesale, of Allied troops, might be defeated owing to the latter's being forewarned and, therefore, forearmed. But whatever the reason for the grossly inadequate preparation prior to this initial gas attack, the fact remains that they permitted practice to outstrip theory.

The result of this error of judgment was that gas warfare was given time and opportunity to develop more or less in the light of day, just as machine-gun fire was. The latter, for example, which at the beginning of the war was so crude in its action as to be scarcely more effective than the combined rapid rifle fire of a company of well-trained infantry, developed so enormously under the guidance of experts that, toward the close of the campaign, properly co-ordinated machine-gun fire, with enfilade, direct, overhead, cross and liaison action, was so destructive as to render the spaces it covered well-nigh impassable to attacking troops.

Now, had the German researches been pursued in secret until, say, March of 1918, the Allied forces could have been practically annihilated. Had the enemy only waited until the summer of '16 before letting their "Angel of death spread its wings on the blast" they could, without doubt, have gassed a path to the coast. As it was, their initial efforts were, in the light of after-developments, positively trumpery. And it was no great length of time before the Allied chemists were well able to beat the German ones at their own game. Both in the defensive and offensive branches of gas warfare the Entente quickly wrested the "honors" from the Central Powers. Progress (sic!) was rapid on both sides. Phosgene followed chlorine. It is less apparent, more subtle, in its action. The chlorine chokes its victim, and he dies, in agonies, from suffocation; while phosgene clogs the flow of his blood and death from heart failure ensues. Beautiful examples of humanitarian war preventives these! Both are a fruitful source of recurrent sickness in after life, where the initial dose did not immediately prove fatal—which means that there is a doom hanging, like a sword of Damocles, over the head of many an ex-soldier who was gassed—not severely, as he thought—during the war. Men are dying today from the effects of it.

Di- and tri-phosgene were still more complicated and lethal variations of the basic gases. Dichlorethyl sulphide (the infamous "mustard-gas," or Yellow Cross) proved to be yet more lethal, and more underhand, in its action—and so on. At the close of the war we were making far more deadly Yellow Cross than the Germans were, and we had, ready to use, a still worse one when the Armistice was declared. Thus it went. Without entering into more detail, which is highly technical, as to the development of battle gases and their method of use, the fact is sufficiently established that this development was not secret.

Whither Does It Lead?

SURELY the illusion that such weapons as these can make war impossible should have been shattered by now. Gas is merely a typical example. With every other modern instrument of offense (or "defense") the argument can with equal facility be traced to its logical and inescapable conclusion—disaster to mankind. Whitehead invents a torpedo. It will blow so large a hole in a ship that the ill-fated vessel will sink in a few minutes, giving those on board no time in which to attempt to save themselves. Splendid! There will be no more naval warfare, for no people in the world will face certain destruction. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will take the fighting chance, and take it with a smile; but not one in a thousand will face the grim certainty. Thus argue the advocates. But what actually happens? This: another mechanical genius comes along and exhibits a net he has invented, which, flung around a battleship, will enmesh the deadly torpedo and render it as innocuous as a ripe banana. Better still! The nets are bought (with the public money, but this merely by the way) and once again we congratulate ourselves. The torpedo net likewise precludes the possibility of war, by taking the sting out of the torpedo. Obviously it is of no use fighting if you cannot damage your opponent. That is the theory. But wait. The next torpedo appears on the scene with a most useful accessory attached to it, in the shape of an ingenious cutting machine, that will shear its way through the protecting net as easily as though the steel meshes were made of stuff as flimsy as that from which a spider's web is fashioned. Magnificent! Again wars and rumors of wars fade into the distance—to the vanishing point, in fact—for the enemy can once again be destroyed with thoroughness and dispatch.

These are the gems of wisdom frequently offered by the advocates of "peace with a gun in your hand." And so the game goes—the game that nobody can ever win. Whither does it lead?

Official Apathy Deprives People of Old Masters

Concluded from page 7

portraits of the signers of the Declaration stored in a corner with a lot of rubbish.

Those paintings formed the nucleus for the present unmatchable collection. Seven more of the original group were found in Hartford and New Haven. Heirs of the subjects produced others. As a result of the efforts of the commission, portraits were obtained of all but 10 of the signers, and it was proved that none of the 10 ever sat for a likeness. The collection by that time contained examples of the work of the two Peales and works by James Sharpless, Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Robert Edge Pine, Thomas Sully, Allan Ramsay, Bass Otis, George and James R. Lambdin, E. D. Marchant, George Polk, E. L. Henry, George Etter, B. T. Welch; the famous full-length wood carving of George Washington executed by William Rush, and works by other celebrities of noted Revolutionary characters.

All the quaint chairs originally used by the signers were recovered. The commission then set about the task of restoration. When the Centennial Exposition was ended, however, nearly everybody lost interest and nothing was done until long after the city offices were moved into the new city hall. The second floor of the hall was closed for years and used as a storage house. Artists and historians protested until finally the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects became active. In 1913 Congress Hall was restored. It was found that a great deal of the previous restoration had been done along the interior decorating ideas of the restorers, with very little regard for the actual original arrangements.

An example of what is done with public collections, in which the whole art world has an interest, is furnished by what happened to the Wilstach collection, owned by the citizens of Philadelphia and exhibited in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park. On order of the park commission, which controls the collection through a board of trustees, 167 of the paintings were sold. After the sale employes indicated that the pictures had not been sold. A large number had been sent to New York and when some of those interested checked up they found that all had not been returned. Finally 100 examples were traced to New York art dealers, where they were on sale at prices far above what was paid for them and more commensurate with their value.

It is by interlocking art management that the public has been denied access to the famous Independence Hall collection. Futile efforts have been made to interest the National Government to take over the shrine and its precious relics. Joseph Pennell has led a campaign to have established a Secretary of the Fine Arts in the President's Cabinet. There is no question that the record of indifference and inefficiency, that has marked the city control of the hall where the American Republic came into being, proves the need of some other form of management.

Terrific Fear of Germany Basis of French Policy

Whole Country Believes Defeated Nation Must Not Be Permitted to Recover

By PAUL TYNER

IT IS difficult for the American to be other than sympathetic with France. There is the saying that "every man has two countries: his own country and France." The late Tom Appleton, of Boston, uttered a *bon mot* which found general response when he said that "Good Americans go to Paris when they die." It is not merely that we cherish grateful memories of Lafayette and of France's substantial aid in our own struggle for independence. The *entente cordiale* depends on no merely historical associations. Much more it may be traced to a kinship of spirit. We are sister republics and there is much of French derivation in the Declaration of Independence. Since the close of the war especially, our Fourth of July is celebrated with éclat in all France and we are far from being cold to the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. We have held in high regard French culture. Molière and Racine, Corneille, Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, *pére et fils,* are mental nutriment of both American and French youth. Americans thrill at Napoleon's name. Joan of Arc is almost as much American as French.

Whatever prejudices we may have in the dispute over the reparations problem are in favor of France and against Germany. We are inclined to feel hurt at the suggestion that France's magnificent sacrifices, her heroism and sufferings can be ignored or minimized by Americans. All the same, our plain common sense forbids us to be blind to the facts involved. With the cooling down of war frenzy, we do not take it for granted that the Peace Pact of Versailles is to be swallowed whole. Even "punitive damages" must find some basis in reason and cold facts. So before allowing our enthusiasm for our French friends to carry us away we desire to examine the account and go over the figures. We are not so particularly solicitous about the Germans, but we do not approve of the tactics of the boy who, when remonstrated with for beating a dead dog with a club, replied: "I know he's dead, but darn him, I want to meller him!"

Say Germany Can Pay

WHAT is the French attitude? Simply that the sum total of the indemnity of 133 billion gold marks to be exacted from Germany, is less rather than more than the total of France's losses occasioned by German invasion of her territory and that of Belgium. A recent writer in the *Revue de Deux Mondes,* sets out to demonstrate the further claim that Germany is abundantly able to pay the 133 billions and more.

During the last year or so, M. Poincaré and supporters in Parliament and the press have abandoned emphasis on mercenary and commonplace considerations of the economists. The French attitude and the French point of view is avowedly not one of common sense "business" adjustment of the debt but an appeal to *national safety,* honor and greatness. Not that France may obtain just payment of the milliards from Germany, but that France shall through all coming time be absolutely insured against the peril of a repetition of German aggression, it is demanded that the "sanctions" of the Versailles Treaty shall be enforced to the letter. It is insisted that German industrial and commercial prosperity is a terrific menace to France. That German workmen should today be busily employed in production and hard at work is hotly resented as a plain threat against the French frontiers. The smoke issuing from German factory chimneys is regarded almost as gravely threatening to France—to the very life of the nation—as if it were issuing from the mouths of Krupp guns pointed at Paris.

In a word, the entire French nation seems to be utterly hypnotized by fear of a reconstructed and economically strong and stable Germany. It is this terrific national fear that is at the bottom of French policy as framed and directed by Raymond Poincaré.

This is a fair statement of French national policy and, what is more, of French national feeling.

It may all sound childish to many on the other side of the Atlantic. But this amazing state of panic is a very stern and unescapable reality to the French. Indeed, it is difficult for American friends of France breathing its atmosphere to quite avoid the contagion of fear of German aggression that pervades the very air.

Another international conference on which great hopes were placed ended in a fiasco. The Hague meeting, like that at Genoa and that at Cannes before it, proved abortive. Its failure was the logical outcome of the failure of the Paris Conference of International Bankers which, under J. P. Morgan's leadership, seemed to promise so much in the direction of giving an actual start to the long-delayed task of economic re-establishment in Europe.

Not So Courteous as Once

THE war, it has been remarked, is probably responsible for a marked deterioration of amiability and good manners in many of the belligerent nations. Precisely because of the fame of French politeness, any experience of rudeness, and especially of rudeness directed toward Americans, comes with something of a shock. But it is nothing uncommon for Americans—even American women—to be unceremoniously elbowed and bumped against by Frenchmen of the higher as of the lower rank on the sidewalks, at crossings, in the underground stations, or in getting on or off auto busses and street cars. The Frenchman's tip to a waiter in a restaurant or café, or his *pourboire* to a taxi driver or railway porter, is received at least with a murmured *"merci monsieur";* but it often happens that when an American bestows a tip twice as big, he is indignantly told that it is not enough. At times the tippee surlily turns his back without a word, or is heard remarking to another waiter in an audible *sotto voce* that these rich Americans expect to be treated like kings, but are too mean to let go of a few sous! Yet it should be noted that Americans who know their Paris and who frequent the more modest establishments, say those of the Latin Quarter, note no lack of the ancient politeness and the ancient human *camaraderie.* And the Paris policeman is always polite and patient, invariably touching his hat and saying "Monsieur," or "Madame" when addressed and showing kindly readiness in imparting directions to the wayfarer.

Truly, it is far from an uncommon experience to have a Frenchman of whom the visiting American happens to ask a direction lift his hat and insist on accompanying the stranger perhaps half a mile.

At heart, the French people love the Americans quite as strongly as the Americans love the French, although they take different ways of showing their affection. After all, we Americans started the revolutionary republican movement. The men and the events of 1776 in America had considerable influence on the course of events that led to the French upheaval of 13 years later. Thomas Paine wrote the French Bill of Rights only after he had sharpened his pen on "The Crisis" and other pamphlets to which Washington attributed a share in the success of the cause of American independence not second to that due his own sword. In fact, the attitude shown by the French in the matter of their country's money debt to the United States may be taken as rising from a sort of family affection. One does not entirely reconcile oneself to the idea of having to pay back a loan from one's own sister or brother, especially if the money has been spent in a common cause.

Unfortunately for the early and satisfactory solution of the whole big problem of economic reconstruction in Europe, it is difficult to reconcile French emotionalism and Anglo-Saxon common sense. Just now this solution seems likely to be further delayed and complicated by the rather insidious and effective propaganda that is being conducted under official and semi-official auspices for the extension of France's emotional attitude to America. There have been in Paris just now 87 members of a so-called "Good Will Delegation" of self-supporting American women chosen by newspaper ballot in about as many centers in our West and Middle West. They were fêted and taken about and impressed at every possible point not simply with the beauty of Paris and the greatness of the French, but with the devilishness of the Germans as displayed in the devastated regions and along the old battle fronts. Good will between French and Americans is all right. But does it imply an intensification of ill will toward a beaten foe?

Said one of these young teachers to me: "When I think of what the kaiser has done, I think he ought to be set on a cake of ice and towed out to the ocean." Another cut in: "That would not be half bad enough for him; he should be burned alive or boiled in oil." And they meant it!

The Devastated Regions

I WAS reminded of what a well-known American I met at Oberammergau said when something was said in appreciation of German hospitality and kindliness. "I find myself almost ready to forgive the Germans," he declared, "until I remember the devastated regions in France!" And his gentle wife and mother at the table gave this sentiment their full approval. The French must certainly be given full credit for keen perception of the value of suggestion. So the devastated regions seem likely to serve the militarists here for a long time to come as "the bloody shirt" served the radical Republicans and would-be crushers of the South after our Civil War. This consideration may throw some light on the mystery of France's refusal of the offer made by the German trades unions three years ago to rebuild the ruined districts with German labor and material. If the offer had been accepted, the 40,000 American tourists who are this summer having their souls harrowed by gazing on these scenes of ruin, havoc and desolation, might not think so badly of the Germans, while thinking no less of the French. There is, of course, the "economic" reason that such a rebuilding of the war-wrecked zone by German labor and material would have deprived French contractors of rich profits and French banking concerns of the profitable bond issues which they have floated for "reparations" purposes.

Paris, the Sham and the Real, of Post-War Days

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titude of French womanhood. If marriage is not brought to them, if circumstances do not permit them to meet single men at home or through friends, conventionally, they will advertise their celibacy.

While some of my friends were sitting at a table in the very front row of the Café de la Paix I took a long walk from the Place de la Concorde down the Rue de Rivoli until this became St. Antoine, turning at the Place de la Bastille until I reached the street that skirts the Seine, known as Quais of differing names. I turned back at Charenton. Those who know Paris know that this is quite a walk, especially when undertaken after 11 o'clock at night. It was dawn ere I entered my hotel in the Rue Cambon.

Rue de Rivoli was quite deserted and dark. From time to time a splash of illumination would meet the eye, usually from the door and window of a café. The virtually endless vista of archways of colonnades, with their many shadows and turnings, gave it an atmosphere of monastic gloom. It was not the scene that a tourist would care to pass his time in. Yet it was—and is—Paris. Here and there the wide avenue already revealed signs of the following morning's business activity.

I was thirsty, so I hied myself to *Au Barometre*—where coffee was sold for 20 centimes, or exactly 1 franc and 5 centimes less than the place I had just left at the corner of Place de l'Opéra. A few stragglers, recruited from a class of French provincials who seldom stray into the fashionable boulevards, remained. Here were two men playing dominoes; there a group of three were discussing French politics; near me a family consisting of pa, ma, a kid and a kiddie—you know what I mean, the kind that raise "young hopes"—was discussing food. *M. le proprietaire* was busy polishing the zinc water trough and looking with alert eye for the sign of another order.

What the marital status of the men in the other groups might be was conjectural. They might be brothers, sons, nephews with some household responsibility, and one or two might be orphans. But they were men of the earth, men who worked for a living, and were just now passing the time peaceably among themselves.

But to return to my walk. One could have stood in the semi-darkness of the square which once graced the most famous prison of Europe and which now bears its name, and drawing upon one's recollection of the French Revolution, have communed with the ghosts of those hordes that made so much history six generations ago. This, too, was Paris, far removed from the boulevards of light-hearted visitors.

The square itself hardly bears trace of any such upheaval as is recorded by history, but who knows whether the man on the corner beyond may not be a direct descendant of those restless and oppressed ancestors?

Then the Seine. It makes serpentine turns through the French capital. The cobbled quais are hard under the feet as they are under taxi-tires or steel-tired carts. Benches. A sign announcing races at Caen, "to encourage horse-breeding of medium quality," which means the breeding of medium-quality horses. An ancient bearded man, with a sack and two or three miscellaneous bundles, dozing or asleep. He is old but he is not a wreck; somehow the lineaments are sharp; he may have seen better days or he may have been most of his life a street waif, but the years have not misused him and he is still hale and hearty, even if he lacks a roof. Could he reveal a hectic life-tale or merely a drab one?

Cart after wagon after taxi—taxis often shoot along the quais on the way to the Gare de Lyon—and more signs of a new-born day, because it is now after one. A milk-cart, farther down some street cleaners, but they are sporadic outbursts of life. The city is yet asleep.

On the left I see a light in a doorway and I find a woman, about 42 years of age, sitting and sewing beneath the dim light. Probably the wife of the concierge—or his widow.

I manage to engage her in conversation with the pretext of asking for directions to the station. Does it not hurt her eyes to strain them so under so uncertain a light?

"Monsieur, what will you? It must be done. It costs much to live."

I realize that she is patching a pair of trousers belonging to a future man at present aged about seven to ten; size is no criterion.

That was Paris, too; and it is Paris, away from the beaten track of the outsiders.

These scenes repeat themselves; they become commonplace; they are commonplace. They are not set to music, not set to flags, not played up by varicolored incandescent bulbs, not set off by laughter and song. One hears even the silence, because it is the silence of a tired city after a day's hard work that soon after must do another day's hard work.

If one can only get to understand these persons—these families—which make up the bulk of the populations of the countries that seem not to have had enough of war, according to some of their muddling and meddling officials, war would become quite impossible, because those people—those real Parisians, in this case—think and live the same problems that are thought and lived by Americans, Germans, Russians, and Chinese.

One may disregard the garish side of Paris, which is a mere mask and a false measure of the city within.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The first gold to arrive in Canada since the signing of the Armistice has been received from New York. Formal announcement was made by the New York Trust Company that it had shipped $500,000 in gold to the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

More than 6,000,000 persons in the United states engage annually in hunting during the open season.

Up to September 16, Montreal elevators had unloaded 93,881,325 bushels of grain from lake vessels, and had at the same time loaded ocean vessels with 88,849,941 bushels, according to records of the Harbor Commissioners' office.

All cabinet ministers of the Manitoba government who took office recently are Scots, or of Scotch extraction, and they are Presbyterians.

A red cap at the Grand Central terminal in New York City was body servant to Lord Kitchener for a dozen years and was the head interpreter of the Roosevelt big game expedition to Africa. He is familiar with 13 languages and five African dialects.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha is the son of a Turkish father and Jewish mother. He is a blond, with piercing blue eyes. He wears a closely cropped, diminutive flaxen mustache.

Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador to the United States, speaking at a dinner in New York recently, stated, "America coming into the war as she did when she did, played a great rôle, a great part in ending the war. The man or woman who says otherwise is one of three things, ignorant, malicious or just a fool."

The Izaak Walton League has inaugurated in Chicago a monthly periodical, supported by contributions from scores of Izaak Walton chapters. No one connected with the publication receives pay and a half-dozen famous novelists are contributors. It is devoted to the preservation of angling, hunting and other outdoor sports.

More than 5,000,000 persons in the United States alone derive their incomes, in whole or in part, from "tips," or gratuities.

Lenin is reported to have said, "Our Communists are often mighty fine theorists, but they are no good as far as practical labor is concerned. Our worst enemy nowadays is the Communist-orator, who is put in high positions. We must do away with agitators and propagandists, who know how to break down, but who are unable to put something else in the place. These people are a hindrance to the proletariat."

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

The Hawaiian Civic Club, composed of leading Hawaiians, recently adopted a resolution in Honolulu denouncing "exhibitions given in Hawaii and the mainland under the name of the ancient Hawaiian hula, in costumes alleged to be typically Hawaiian, as being indecent parodies."

The air mail service has just completed 10 consecutive weeks of performance with no break in the regular schedule and no trips defaulted. During that period the mail airplanes flew an aggregate of 321,600 miles, carrying 13,200,000 letters at a rate of more than 100 miles an hour. When the airway between Chicago and Cheyenne, Wyoming, is lighted, mail will leave New York at 1 p. m. and will arrive in San Francisco by 3 p. m. the next day.

A transcontinental journey in Australia by rail from Perth to Brisbane involves five changes due to break in gauge. The distance is 3,480 miles with the greater part of the railway mileage constructed on the 3 feet, 6 inch gauge.

In Bulgaria, education is free and compulsory from the age of seven to fourteen. More than 700,000 students attend the schools of Bulgaria.

As a result of the serious depreciation of the mark in Germany, barter is replacing the use of money in various parts of that country. Agricultural schools at Triptis and Marksuhl have fixed the tuition for the winter term in rye instead of in money. Thuringians will pay 1½ zentners (hundredweights) for the semester, and non-residents of Thuringia two zentners. The power company at Auma has announced that it will gladly receive 10 eggs, three pounds of wheat flour or a quarter of a zentner of potatoes for each kilowatt hour of electricity consumed.

State roads and schools are to share in the receipts from the National Forests. Governors of 28 states have been notified that 25 per cent of the $3,421,531 received from the sale of timber, grazing permits, and other sources of national forest revenue for the last fiscal year will be distributed among them. Ten per cent of the total receipts is transferred to the Forest Service to construct roads and trails within the forests.

More than half of the sugar consumed in the United States comes from foreign sources.

The outstanding feature of the King immigration policy of Canada is the restriction of immigration to agriculturists, to encourage, first of all, the immigration of boys and girls in their "teens" from the British Isles, and to co-operate with provincial governments and the Canadian Colonization Association.

An extensive propaganda is being made in Russia in favor of growing Indian corn instead of rye and wheat, because it resists drought better than the latter grains.

Members of the Danish nobility, a count and his wife, recently hired out to a Saskatchewan farmer posing as laborers. They decided that to journey to Canada as a laborer and his wife would be a novelty, and so they came, traveling by a harvesters' excursion train to Regina from the East.

A new dam across the Blue Nile at Sennar, 150 miles above Khartum, will be built by a well-known British contracting firm. The dam will be more than two miles long and approximately 650 miles of drainage and irrigation canals will be constructed. The land so reclaimed will be used for the cultivation of cotton. When the work starts nearly 7,000 hands will be employed and it will take three years to complete the project.

When a child is absent from school in the Virgin Islands, without a proper excuse, the parents are fined 20 cents for each day's absence. They are also fined 10 cents every time a pupil is tardy.

Coal is plentiful in Skowhegan, Maine. This town established a municipal fuel yard several years ago, and at the end of each season a surplus of from 500 to 1,000 tons of coal is purchased, to guard against strikes or other emergencies. Consequently, there is plenty of coal to supply the needs of every householder.

Immediately on his election, the speaker of the British House of Commons is entitled to receive 2,000 ounces of plate, two hogsheads of claret, $5,000 equipment money and $500 a year for stationery.

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

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Answering "Work Sunday"

American Business Men Turn Backs
on Sales Manager's Plea to Agents

The Lodge Myth Exploded

The Icicle of the North, Who Always
Represents the Established Order

Here Are Facts About Coal

Straight Account of the Business
That Tips You Over Every Winter

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

A Sales Manager Said—"Work on Sundays"!

What American Business Men Say in Reply to Questioning; Shall Sunday Become "Agents' Day" in American Homes?

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

R. J. STRITTMATTER is a very clever letter writer. As sales manager of the Apex Electrical Distributing Company, of Cleveland, he prepares a weekly sales letter, which is mailed to 9,000 dealers and agents engaged in selling household electrical appliances. This communication contains confidential information, and "ginger up" exhortations intended to increase the activities of the men in the field. In letter No. 87, dated May 20, 1922, Mr. Strittmatter urges his men to make Sunday calls at homes for the purpose of closing sales. His general argument is that Sunday is a good day for doing business, because the "man of the house" can generally be found at home at that time, and the salesman can deal with him directly in place of "selling" the wife first, and depending on her to "sell" the husband. In supporting this proposition Mr. Strittmatter says:

> "There are, without doubt, many who today are taking the Fourth Commandment too literally. Just a few days ago the manager of our Cleveland Rotarex Department remarked that one of his retail salesmen had closed 12 washer sales on the previous Sunday. Too many of us feel that Sunday was made to rest. Some misguided disciples of the blue laws would do away with Work of any kind on that day. But in this business, evenings and Sundays are the most valuable portions of the week to salesmen who attain big earning power."

Doing business on Sunday, if practiced generally, would lead to the invasion of thousands of homes on Sunday by agents with something to sell. The way to test a matter of this kind is to ask: "What would happen if everybody did it?" The answer is so apparent that it is not necessary to discuss it even to the extent of a single paragraph.

After reading Mr. Strittmatter's letter, the writer culled the choice paragraphs quoted, and submitted them, with three questions, to representative business men, who are active in the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

THE QUESTIONS

1. Do you know of any other instances where concerns are advising their salesmen to do business on Sunday?

2. What is your opinion of the effect on society in general of a business policy which advocates or requires Sunday selling of any kind? Do you think Sunday business pays in the long run?

3. What is your definition of "necessary business" on Sunday?

Replies are herewith given from men engaged in widely differing lines in all sections of the country.

O. L. HARRISON,
Sales Manager, The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio.

1. I do not know of any instances where concerns are advising their salesmen to do business on Sunday. This might apply to motor car dealers, when their salesmen took prospects for demonstration rides on Sunday afternoon.

2. An opinion, unless based on facts, is of absolutely no value. I have no definite information regarding Sunday business.

3. Necessary Sunday business consists of a sufficient amount of business to enable the entire community to be happy.

W. J. DEAN,
Nichols, Dean & Gregg, Iron, Steel and Hardware, St. Paul, Minnesota.

I am very much surprised at the contents of your letter. I know of no business, nor have I any friends engaged in any business, the prosperity of which is dependent on Sunday work.

We employ a large number of salesmen and as far as we are able to control them do not encourage any solicitation on Sunday. We believe the present-day indifference on the part of some people to the observance, at least in some respects, of Sunday will result in the breaking down of our institutions. We do not believe that Sunday business pays and if our prosperity were dependent on Sunday work we certainly would try something else.

We believe the only necessary Sunday business is such work as is done by the police department and other public works.

Of course, in a case of public necessity or anything of that nature we would be glad to open our place and put our entire force to work.

I have before me a copy of a letter written by President George B. Stewart, of the Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, New York, to the Honorable Bayard Henry, Philadelphia, relating to the railroad strike—the last paragraph of which reads as follows:

"A part of the indictment against the present tendency in this country is that we are all so crazy for peace, international and industrial peace, that we will surrender any principle and resort to any device to secure them. Peace is not a goal in itself. Any organization, or group, or country that seeks peace as an ultimate goal forgets that peace comes as a by-product and not as a direct result. What we must put as our goal is righteousness and fair dealing and then if peace comes we can be grateful, and if it does not come then let us accept the consequences without cowardice or shirking."

If the word "business" were substituted in several places for the word "peace" this paragraph would express our sentiments better than anything we know.

H. G. FRENCH,
Vice-President, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This company has always been quite definitely opposed to Sunday work and unless the exigency is very great we adhere strictly to this rule.

We would answer your three questions as follows:

1. We have no knowledge whatsoever on the subject.

2. In our opinion the effect on society in general of a business policy which advocates or requires Sunday selling is unwholesome. In the long run we think Sunday business in the sense you describe it is poor business and is not warranted from a business standpoint.

3. Our definition of "necessary Sunday business" is that caused by emergencies which cannot be foreseen and otherwise provided for.

F. C. DILLARD,
Head, Dillard, Smith, Maxey & Head, Attorneys at Law, Sherman, Texas.

1. I do not know of any instances where concerns are advising their salesmen to do business on Sunday.

2. I think the effect on society in general of a business policy which advocates or requires Sunday selling, generally, is bad. While I am by no means a Puritan, nor an advocate of the blue Sunday, I do think there should be paid a decent respect to the Sabbath day, not only out of regard to those who revere it as a holy day, but because I think, in addition, that the utter breaking down of all regard for the Sabbath—the treating of it as any other day in the week, or, worse still, as a gala day—tends very much to break down the morale of the community. I do not believe that Sunday business pays in the long run.

3. I answer this question indirectly. I have indicated above that I do not believe in a blue Sunday and that I do not believe in a gala Sunday. Sunday is the only day that many of the working class have for recreation, and I think that the art galleries and museums should be kept open on this day, and that there is nothing wrong in the indulgence of seemly recreation, but I do not believe it best to have Sunday baseball games, open theaters and picture shows, and things of this kind on the Sabbath day. As to the kind of business that should be done, this, in my judgment, should be confined to drug stores, restaurants, and places of that kind.

A. B. FARQUHAR,
A. B. Farquhar Company, Limited, Manufacturers of Farm Implements and Heavy Machinery, York, Pennsylvania.

1. I know of no instance where concerns are advising either to do or not to do business on Sunday.

2. My idea of doing business on Sunday is the same as that of the Savior, who gathered corn on Sunday and said the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. I thoroughly believe in a day of rest, and I should not like to see it commercialized. If a salesman has had plenty of rest, there is no objection whatever to his discussing business on Sunday with anyone who wishes to talk with him about it. I would not advocate regularly going out for business on Sunday. Of course, there is no objection to traveling on that day.

3. Necessary business on Sunday would be only business that could best be done on that day, meeting a party on that day that you could not meet on any other day. Railroad and street car service is, of course, a necessity on Sunday. To stop street car traffic on Sunday would be an injury to the health of the people and interfere with their church attendance. It is better for the people to have a day of rest, a cessation from activity, though I approve of Sunday walks, healthful games, such as golf, but do not approve of the Continental or wide-open Sabbath. I believe on the whole a quiet Sunday, with quiet pleasures, and church attendance, is better for all concerned. I do not think Sunday business would pay in the long run.

LOUIS GOLDSTEIN,
President and Treasurer, Louis Goldstein & Sons Company, Wholesale Distributors Dress Goods, Furnishings, Ready-to-Wear, Notions, New Orleans.

1. I know of no instance where salesmen are urged to do business on Sunday other than the one which you quote.

2. I should think a business policy advocating Sunday selling of any kind would mark a step backward and would not in any sense add to the general welfare of society.

3. My definition of "necessary business" on Sunday is rest, recreation and meditation.

W. B. HEINEMANN,
President, B. Heinemann Lumber Company, Wausau, Wisconsin.

This company does not make a practice of doing any Sunday work, and just rarely calls on any of its employes to do anything on Sunday. There are times, of course, when necessary repairs must be made around the plant to keep it going, and then there are conditions making it necessary occasionally to do some Sunday work caused by the elements, but aside from that it is not customary for any of our employes, aside from watchmen, firemen, and so on, to do any Sunday work.

ROGER W. BABSON,
Eminent Statistician, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

1. No.
2. No, nor in the "short run."
3. Things that people want on Sunday, like milk, transportation, and so on. People don't want salesmen to call upon them on Sunday.

C. M. KERR,
President, The Farmers' Fire Insurance Company, of York, Pennsylvania.

1. I do not personally know that business concerns are advising their salesmen to do business on Sunday, but, as I travel very greatly myself, I know that many salesmen try to do business on Sunday if they find a customer who is willing to do business with them.

2. My personal opinion of the effect on society in general of a business policy of any concern that advocates selling of any kind on Sunday is that it is not the kind of policy that I could endorse or advocate. I do not believe that Sunday business pays nor do I believe that the business of any man who tries to operate continuously seven days in the week will prove a success. In the first place I believe public opinion by a large majority would be against Sunday work of this character and labor of any character needs at least one day of rest from work.

3. To draw a sharp line as to just what defines necessary business on Sunday would be very hard to do, as many of us would differ to a very great extent in our views. Necessary work on Sunday might be required sometimes, but the balance of the year it would be absolutely unnecessary. For the general good of mankind I am opposed to Sunday work and I believe it should be curtailed as much as possible.

MELVIN PATTISON,
Vice-President and General Manager, The Brown Hoisting Machinery Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

1. No.

2. The effect of Sunday work on society in general would be very bad. Every working person needs one day in the week for rest and recreation. I am sure that Sunday work does not pay, as a working person will do as much in six days with a day of rest as he will in seven without the day of rest.

3. Emergency cases only, but no continuous Sunday work week in and week out.

T. E. JACKSON,
Southwestern Manager, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Dallas, Texas.

1. I have never heard of any concern actually soliciting business on Sunday.

2. In my opinion no permanent progress will be made by attempting to carry on business transactions on Sunday, and a concern that ignores the Sabbath not only works injury upon its own organization but may be responsible for more drastic legislation.

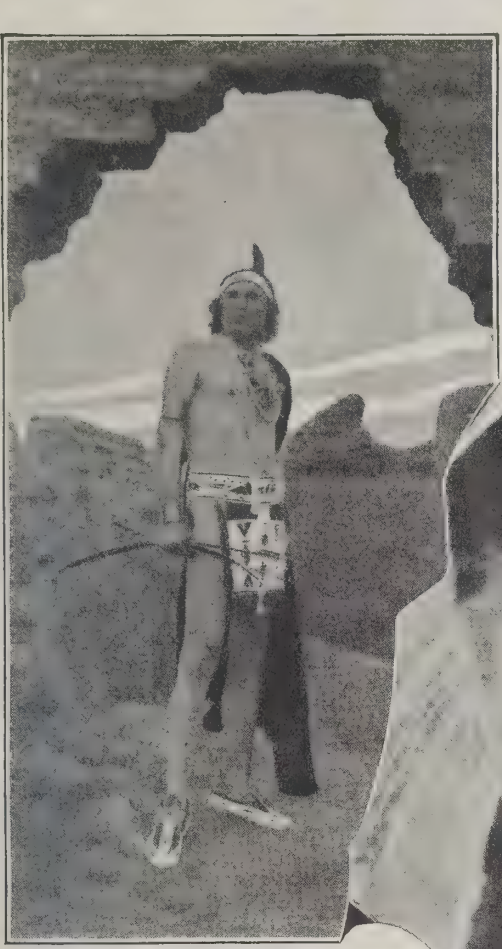
3. Under "necessary business" I would classify such commodities as may be required by the sick and for the operation of public utilities.

(*Concluded on page 14*)

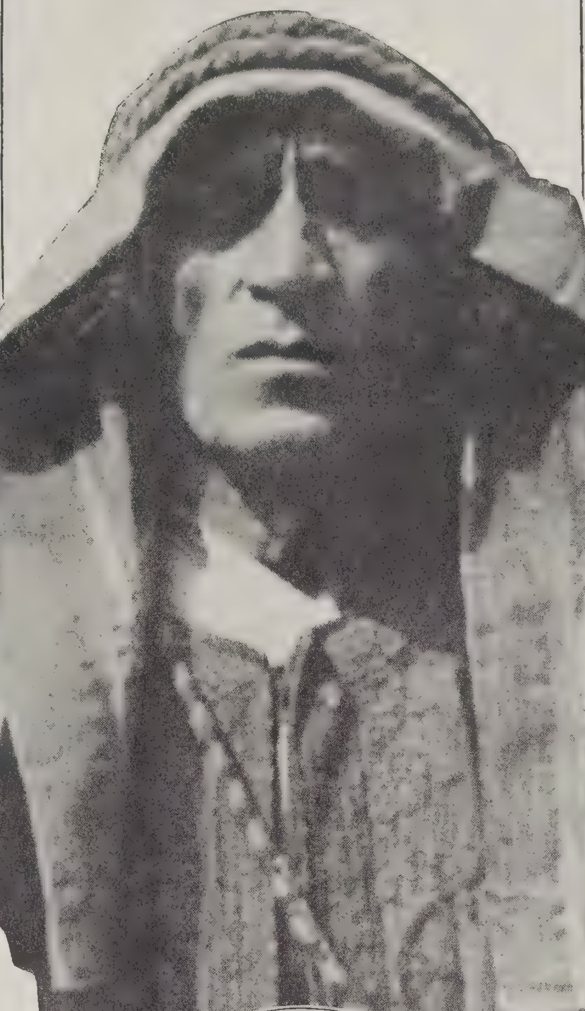
Antonio Corsi—the Man of a Thousand Faces

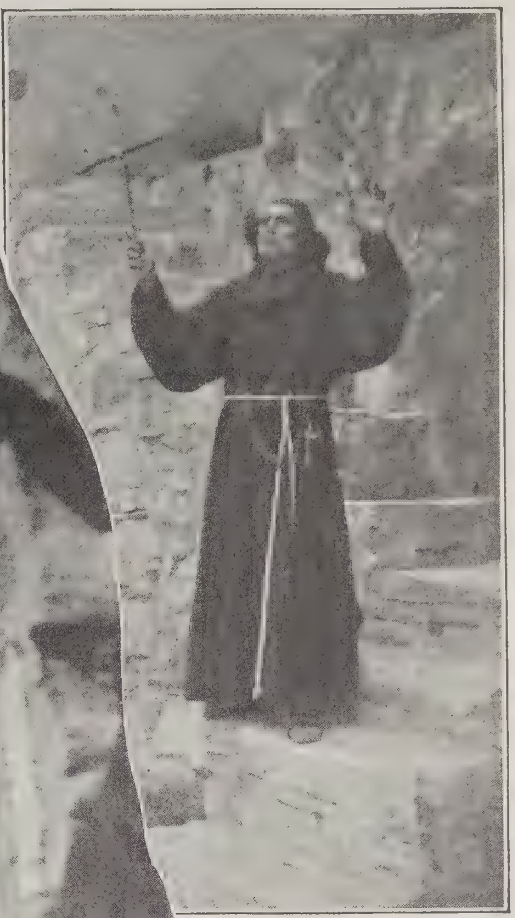
World's Most Famous Artist's Model Lives Simply in California Bungalow

By HARRY H. DUNN

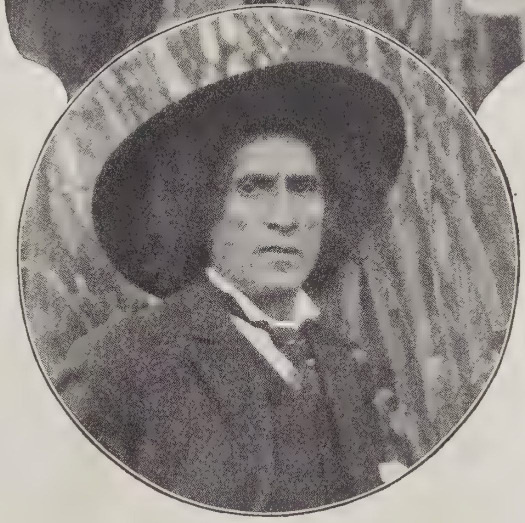


"The Last of His Race," posed by Corsi for a recent motion picture.





Corsi as the famous Padre Junipero Serra, founder of the Spanish missions of California.



ANTONIO CORSI,

The most widely known artist's model. Above—Corsi, as a Bedouin fresh from the desert, posed for a motion picture, to which Corsi has turned after 40 years of posing, as a model for artists, in more than 1,000 canvases.

LIVING simply in a little, rose-covered bungalow in Southern California is a man who has had his remarkable, changeable face and pliant figure painted and sculptured more times than any other person. His name is Antonio Corsi, and he is the world's most famous artist's model; indeed, it is doubtful if any other character, either mythological or real, ever has been painted so many times as this dignified yet companionable son of Italy, who, for more than 40 years, has been posing for the leading painters and sculptors of the world.

Corsi, then 11 years old, was playing with a band of wandering minstrels—his father, three brothers and sister—in Italy, early in 1882, when his striking face attracted the attention of Felix Moscheles, who carried him to London, and there started the lad on a career of posing which has put his face or figure, or both, into more than 1,000 canvases and pieces of sculpture. Established as an indispensable factor in the studios, Corsi later traveled through Continental Europe, posing for many of the world's most celebrated artists, and forming relations of friendship with these painters and sculptors unusual as between artist and model. He had the faculty of study and of adaptability; he studied the eccentricities and the particular demands of each artist, and adapted himself to the needs of each, so that he was called in for all manner of poses, some of them hours in length, one, done a number of years ago, lasting three hours and 20 minutes in one position, and believed to be a record for this sort of work.

Doubtless every one who reads this brief story of Antonio Corsi and his art—for he is no less an artist than the painter or the sculptor who limns or models him—has seen his face in some favorite painting, or in some group of statuary. It is Corsi who appears as the Christ on the cross, in "The Crucifixion," the painting by Princess Louise, then Duchess of Argyle; and it is Corsi who transforms his face into that of the Devil, in Baron Ariald Rosenkratz' painting, "The Tempter."

His piercing black eyes hold your gaze within the white draperies of Hosea, the most widely known of all the many prophets painted by John Singer Sargent; the figure of Sir Galahad, in Watts' painting of the glorious young knight, is Corsi, and again he appears as the St. George of Burne-Jones' famous "St. George and the Dragon." Also, it is Corsi again in the pain-tortured body in the same artist's "Wheel of Fortune." Holman Hunt used the Italian lad for his model in "The Light of the World," and two of Sir John Millais' most celebrated pictures—"The Runner," and "The Order for Release"—show Corsi as the principal figure.

Eleven of Sargent's "Prophets," as painted for the Boston Library, are from posings by Corsi, while he appears in 58 different poses, taking the characters of as many knights, in Abbey's painting, "The Holy Grail," the various suits of armor having been made to fit him by an old armorer in Gloucestershire, where Abbey did most of the work on this masterpiece. Abbey's "Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester," made that artist a member of the Royal Academy, and it was Antonio Corsi who posed for all the male figures in that painting.

As a model, Corsi traveled through Italy, France, Switzerland, Germany, Spain, Morocco, Egypt, England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Denmark, the West Indies and the United States, and, now, like many artists and sculptors, he finds that the demand for art is not so great as it once was, and, consequently, the calls of his services as a model have decreased. But, unlike most members of the world of art, he took care of a portion of his earnings, and, consequently, can live in comfort in his own flower-bowered home, with only an occasional character engagement in motion pictures, or a semi-occasional call from some studio on the Pacific Coast. He has posed for nearly 150 artists, and has collected 100 different costumes, from the scanty apron of beads and bow and arrow in which he has posed many times as the American Indian, to the all-enveloping brown garment in which he impersonates the revered Padre Junipero Serra, father of the Spanish missions in California. At Carmel-by-the-Sea, he now and again poses for art classes, and of his posing, here and there in the world, he tells a frequent good story, for the memory behind the wide forehead and beneath the great mass of coal-black hair is as brilliant and sparkling as the deep-set black eyes.

"One morning at Carmel," said he, "when I was posing for a picture of Father Serra, several persons, passing, paused to look at me, not seeing the artist, who was half concealed behind a near-by bush, where, as a matter of truth, he could get a little shade, though I had to stand in the doorway of a ruined building where it was all sun. One woman asked, 'Father, when do we have services?' and when I turned my eyes on her to reply, another crossed herself, and drew backward, as if she had at first thought me a statue, and then, seeing my eyes move, concluded I must be the Devil in a monk's garb."

Corsi also posed for Frederick Leighton, Countess Fedora Gleichen, the late Empress Fredrica, of Germany; Jean Leon Gerome, Alma Tadema, Alphonse Le Gros, William Adolphe Bougereau, Hubert von Herkomer, and scores of others, all of whose autographs he has in his "Book of Names," into which is written the name of every artist and sculptor before whom the once wandering Italian minstrel boy has posed since 1882. Corsi came to America in 1901, and, his reputation having followed him from Europe, he was warmly welcomed in the art colonies of the eastern states.

Moving westward, he posed for many of the figures which adorned the buildings and grounds of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. In "The Nations of the West," "The Court of the Universe," and other groups at this exposition, it is Corsi's face and figure that appeared, while he was the model for the statue of "The Scout," which attracted more attention than any other single piece of similar work at the big fair. Today, he is preparing for more posing, for figures, murals and paintings for the Portola Festival, which is to be made an annual fête in San Francisco, similar to the Mardi Gras of New Orleans, and the Rose Carnival at Portland.

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Mr. Lasker Reveals Himself

WHEN the bigger Harding emerges, he will reconsider Mr. Lasker's qualifications to head the Shipping Board, as based upon Mr. Lasker's keen and helpful interest in the debts of the National Republican Committee. Or, if cause for action would be embarrassing, were it to go back so far and so intimately into party affairs, the Chicago speech of Lasker, with its appalling evidence of utter divorcement from the American idea, might serve as sufficient cause. Mr. Lasker has not yet got the atmosphere of this country. Not only that, but true to his type he insists that the rest of us get his atmosphere. He is one with those who would throw America into the international melting pot and broil it until it comes out unrecognizable from the Balkan mess that swarms upon us. Inconvenient as it may be for Mr. Lasker, we cannot consent to make daily exceptions in the Constitution of the United States for his type of immigrant, the type for which he pleads so lustily. We don't want the type of immigrant who demands that we amend the Constitution before he will step ashore, and we don't want that type of mind at the head of the Shipping Board. It cuts American pride to the quick to see that type of individual made free of the White House, even to being the personal escort of the President's family. Certainly no single thing has done more to cheapen the whole *ensemble* of the Harding Administration. And it is the more unfortunate because it was so unnecessary.

At the Chicago banquet table, the President might have seen, had he been there, two men of whom his Administration cannot too soon be rid. One administers the Constitution in a way that gives the impression that it is a most loutish document, and the other regards it as a piece of inconvenient ancient history. These men are not either of them or both of them together strong enough to be a menace; they are simply cheap insults to the nation—and the very dignity they achieve as insults is drawn from their proximity to the confidence and power of the President.

Going Fifty-Fifty on It

A GENTLEMAN from England was in the office the other day, and toward the end of the conversation, so far toward the end of the conversation that for once it seemed that the remark was not to be made, he remarked about "our" having all the money and Europe having all the debt. He was only repeating, of course, what everyone in Europe is saying, and perhaps we ought not to take it too seriously; it is natural for harassed statesmen to seek a scapegoat for their unsolvable problems.

The reply that was made to the gentleman from England was this: If it would mean anything to the *people* of foreign lands for the United States to remit the debts, the probability of its being done would be greatly increased. If the people of the United States felt that their just claims were really the cause of hunger and distress among the peoples of Europe, the impulse of the American people would be to wipe the slate clean at once, or let the account stand indefinitely without interest. But it is perfectly well known that remission of the debt would not make an iota of difference with the people of foreign lands, for the easement would not be passed on to them. The principal effect such remission would have would be merely to release pressure on international bankers, who in turn would see their war claims on the peoples of Europe mount in value, and who would lose no time in pressing for collection. The people would not be benefited in the least. And the American people are instinctively aware that remission is a game proposed by the international financier for his own benefit. The people behind the whole propaganda of remission are the agents of international bankers. And it is these bankers who are turning away scrutiny from themselves by pointing at the "rapacious Americans." The Americans are not "rapacious." The American people will not benefit by the repayment of loans, nor have they greatly suffered from the making of the loans. If some way can be devised to permit the benefit of remission to pass directly to the plain people of Europe, America would be in a much better mood to consider it. This is not a business between peoples, nor even between peoples' governments, but between the various branches of international banking houses.

Senator Ladd has made a proposal which mingles financial honesty with human justice, and is replete also with the element of mercy. He proposes that the international bankers go fifty-fifty with the United States and other governments in this policy of remission. "Let the big bankers cancel an amount of war securities of each of their respective nations equal to the amount their nations cancel of foreign debt. And then let the big bankers of Germany cancel an amount of German war securities held against the German people, equal to the reduction that may be made in the indemnity."

This is sound sense. It at least presents a test of honest intention, a test of desire to share in the work. So far, Mr. Barney Baruch's Williams College Conference and the American Bankers' Association have not felt that much practical sympathy, though they have expressed a great deal of oratorical sympathy, with the plain people of Europe and the world.

Daugherty on the Defense

ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY is on his defense before that greatest of all juries, the American people. He realizes that his most recent acts have been of a character hitherto without the precedent of high official sanction, new in the practice of criminal law, and a challenge to the American spirit of justice. Even among the interests in whose behalf the acts have been committed there is lack of unanimity in their justification. Criticism by those interests ranges from the characterization of "mistake" to "downright stupidity": and this from the class who would like to see the Daugherty actions sustained is pretty serious criticism.

Mr. Daugherty has been speaking in his own defense. In so doing he accepts the arraignment and pleads to the issue. That he will not hesitate to use subterfuge is shown by his claim that the parties against whom action has been brought are in rebellion against the government. This is not the case. *The individuals whom he seeks to prevent exercising rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States are a part of the government* as are those with whom they have differences. If Mr. Daugherty believes that the "Government" is the little group of men who sometimes meet at night in the McLean residence at Washington, he is as yet uninstructed in the elementary facts which every lawyer should know.

Yet in his precipitation Mr. Daugherty may accomplish something he has not intended, something of immense benefit to American citizenship—he may have awakened an apathetic public to the necessity of that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty. The encroachments of privilege on individual rights has made alarming headway in late years, and it may have needed the shock of just such maladministration of government to arouse the people to what will surely happen if such encroachment is not ended and a return made at once to the fundamental principles of the great American democracy.

Another Treasury Juggle

IT WOULD seem that government officials believe the people are so easily deceived that no matter how open their statements to criticism, they will be taken as truth without question.

In the face of the fact that President Harding was compelled, in his veto of the bonus bill, to acknowledge that the roseate view expressed by the Treasury Department in July was unwarranted, the same juggling of accounts is used in the report for September to convey to the public the impression that conditions are better than they really are.

The fact that customs receipts totaled much more than was anticipated for the quarter ending September 30, is made the basis of a statement of debt reduction which is not borne out by facts, for it must be remembered that the increase came because of excessive importations *to avoid the new tariff act*, and must in the end represent a loss to the Treasury. This loss will not affect the prices to the consumer; prices will be the same as if the higher duties were paid under the new tariff law, which the importers evaded.

Premier Plays His Last Card

THE so-called "fall of Lloyd George" is more like the sidestepping of Lloyd George. It might have been a fall, but for his fast foot-work. He is probably the last of an intermediate type of statesmen who are more noted for their movement than for their achievement. Roosevelt was of that type, though Roosevelt left behind more solid accomplishments than Lloyd George can do. It is impossible to connect Lloyd George's name with any great outstanding work of statesmanship—unless, of course, one is willing to forget the Old Contemptibles and say "he won the war." Lloyd George did not lead Britain into war and he did not lead her out—she is still in. In a series of world-thrilling spectacles he has tried this and he has tried that, and his record from Versailles to Geneva has been a record of abject moral failure. It was not the greatness of Lloyd George, it was the Britain behind him, that allowed him to act as ringmaster of Europe as long as he did. A lethargic people, his vigor delighted them; a desperately logical people, his inconsequentiality intoxicated them; a tongue-tied people, his volubility hypnotized them. But when Britons saw the yawning gulf of a Mohammedan war at their very feet, they awoke with a start, the voice of popular authority rang out and broke the spell of Georgian hypnotism. And then the premier played his big card—he resigned. But Britain goes on.

The resignation itself may be only a move in the game. In America, its significance is easily misunderstood. The situation may be stated briefly: Lloyd George owed his supremacy to a coalition between British parties; that is, the British people agreed to forget parties during the war. It was the same spirit which in America dropped partisanship during the war. In the ordinary course, the Coalition would have dissolved immediately the war was ended. But it was just there that Lloyd George's world-thrilling activities began. He shouted far and wide that the kaiser must be tried, and Germany punished, and the persons guilty of starting the war hanged to the highest gibbet. Well, the kaiser wasn't tried. Nobody was found guilty. Nothing, of all the things Lloyd George promised and demanded, was done—nothing. But something else was done. The Jewish Program was put through at Versailles, in India, in Palestine, in Poland and throughout the Balkans with a skill and a precision that worked silently while Lloyd George held the attention of the world with his ballyhooing. Two Jews were put over India, and the India defection is the result. A whole department of Jews was put over Palestine, and the very serious and menacing Arabian defection, approaching world war again, is the result. The British people know this now. The prolongation of the Coalition could not have better served the plans of the International Financiers if it had been mapped out in advance—but, quite probably it was. And because of the group behind him, neither British, nor anti-British, nor anything but Jewish, it will probably be impossible to tell just how able and resourceful a man Lloyd George is in his own right. His footwork is undoubtedly his own; but his head-work was often the suggestion of the inside group.

The British people know this now. Like a rosary of tragedy they tell the blunders of Lloyd George: the alienation of India, the bloody stupidity of Ireland, the separation from France, the breaking of faith with the Mohammedan world—the breaking of Britain's sealed and given word; and, finally, the abject retreat before the Turk and agreement with his humiliating terms. And in the midst of it all, a gross scandal at home regarding the sale of honors. In all this, the historian will search in vain for one moment when Lloyd George rose to the stature of a world statesman, for one act in which Lloyd George served his own Britain or the world, for one word in which he enshrined the thought or the hope of his generation.

His resignation means that, to cover up the toll of his failures, he has allowed the Coalition to lapse; he has allowed Britain to go back to the checks and balances of the party system. It may not mean his elimination from politics, for he is now a candidate—whether for election by one of the old parties, or by a new Third Party, it is impossible at this writing to determine.

It would be pleasant to be able to say more praiseful things of a man who has held the stage so entertainingly and for so long. But what has he done? That is the question which turns the whole show inside out—what has he done? A somewhat bewildering silence follows it. And yet, in the general scheme of things, in the development or chastisement of Britain, in setting the stage of the next world war and allowing The Internationals to foment and regiment the Mohammedan East, Lloyd George may have been the instrument of a Destiny whose outlines are yet to appear. But even that will not make him great nor deserving of praise; Judas also served Destiny.

Mr. Ford's Page

AMERICA today is the most hopeful country in the world because of all countries she has the soundest foundation for hope. Here we have never felt that we were at the end of our rope and have never felt in danger of catastrophic judgment, and the reason for our freedom from incipient despair is this: we have always known that there was a check-rein on our more dangerous evils. Confidence in the self-corrective spirit of American life has not been lost. Elsewhere in the world this spirit has been lost and, with the possible exception of one other nation, Great Britain, the countries of the world are helplessly looking for help from without.

Of course, we have had our discontents and our dire forebodings, but a study of these will serve to illustrate and prove the point just made. Take the story of American discontent and follow its development. At the beginning of the nation the principal discontent was political and hinged upon the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country.

That matter settled by the country securing its political independence, the next form which the discontent of the people took was moral. Two great questions monopolized between them the public mind previous to 1860, and these questions were Liquor and Slavery. Unless we go back to those times we cannot realize how vivid those questions were. The actual abolition of the liquor business was not nearly so exciting as the campaigns against it previous to the Civil War. But of the two great questions, Slavery became first and was settled first, leaving the other to run for more than 50 years. New lease of life was given the liquor business by reason of its being tied into the taxation system to pay the expenses of the Civil War, which thus made it one of the supports of the Government. But even that partnership with government did not save it in the end. Nor will the law violators' partnership with government officials save the business of bootlegging.

It is characteristic of our country that it is the moral motive that mostly moves it—that is, in those matters where the decision and will of the people are essential.

Only within recent years has the discontent of the people become economic. And to say that is to say more than appears on the surface. There was a time when this nation had surplus attention and energy to give to the moral aspect of things, to regard the condition of a bond people, to measure the morality of the liquor business, to assert itself in behalf of the oppressed on a neighboring island. When was that time?—it was when this nation was comparatively free of economic discontent. But we are now in a time when the world is saying that we have no time or attention or sympathy to give to the oppressed and suffering of the world. And as our people hear the charge and look at themselves, they are half persuaded it is true, they are amazed at their own unlikeness to themselves, they ask themselves whence the change. What is the difference between the time when we had a surplus of attentiveness and helpfulness, and the present time when we are charged with not having even a decent degree of these qualities? The difference is here—this nation, this people, is burdened now by a sense of economic distress which imprisons its natural sympathies.

It is contrary to human nature that the milk of human kindness shall flow freely when fear and pinching calculation become the outlook and occupation of the people. And these economic pressures are not caused by the increase of our population, for production has increased still more amazingly; it is not caused by the higher standard of living, for we are capable of sustaining a much higher standard than we have attained. It is caused by a system of financial drainage and servitude which was fastened upon the people in the period succeeding the Civil War and which is now beginning to show its worst effects. Our financial system is an imported one which was imposed upon this people 50 years ago, superseding the system under which we became and for 80 years remained a free, frank and open-hearted people. That is the explanation. Put a man in fear of his livelihood and in money difficulties and you change the aspect of the man's spirit toward the world: this is what has been done to our nation.

But that is not the end of the story. The development of our economic discontent may be traced with considerable benefit to our thinking. At first it showed itself in an ugly mood, one of jealousy and hatred. The complaint was against those who had anything at all. Whether the root of the possession was cunning or skill, service or speculation, did not matter. The mere fact of possession constituted the crime. There were, of course, many influences which contributed to that thought. Men who had money, simply had money; we heard of the So-and-So fortune, and the This-and-That fortune; it was just money heaped up and glorified. The men who had it did not know what to do with it, it did not occur to them that money was not a private vice to be enjoyed but a public implement to be used.

However, the very ozone of America became fatal to that form of discontent and it speedily changed. It became a discontent of ambition instead of a discontent of jealousy. Instead of complaining that a few had possessions, instead of making possession to be the crime, the complaint became that the many did not have possessions, and non-possession became the crime. There was enough for everybody, everybody should have enough. It was not necessary to take away, but rather to increase the distribution. And this form of discontent was much more wholesome.

Now, it is that form of discontent that is going to rend the present system, for the present system is not founded on the principle of the utmost service to all. It is not the increase of a poor class, but the increase of an economically comfortable working class that is going to work the change. The House of Want is falling into ruins, the House of Have is springing up everywhere, and it takes a different financial system, a different productive system, a different political system to serve a nation of prosperous freemen than it does to serve a nation of downcast and dispossessed people. Not different in form, so much, but different in purpose, different in spirit. The new system will probably work with most of the old tools, but the purpose in it all will be not only more human but more scientific, and not less businesslike but more so.

It is amazing the dislike which some people have for that term "business." They think it is the exact opposite of all the poetry of life. They are wrong—business is the only possible guaranty of the poetry of life. Business is the organization of the material side of life, which heretofore has always been getting into the way of the higher life. Bad business is, of course, not business. It is a fact that many of the fundamental business principles of the day are not business at all, they are bad business. It is bad business that is in ill odor. It is bad business that makes "business life" the ruthless, uncertain thing that it is. It is bad business that throws all the machinery of supply and distribution into confusion every little while. Some day the fools and the criminals are going to get out of business, business principles are going to be allowed to rule in business; that thing called "principle" which most of us are publicly polite to and privately despise is going to have its rightful place, and not only will the rewards of business be great, but added to that will be the honor given it by the whole people whom it will be serving. The function of finance and commerce and manufacture and transportation is to insure the harmony and prosperity of the people's life, and the era of "good business" will not be here until they do.

PEOPLE used to complain because a few possessed the comforts and advantages of life. The enmity was against the comforts and advantages. But that form of discontent has changed: people now complain because everybody does not possess the comforts and advantages of life. And that is the right kind of discontent—to make prosperity and not poverty the standard. Things would be unutterably worse if all were reduced to the same level of poverty, as some have proposed to do. The better way is to elevate all to a high degree of independence and comfort. That is the true function of finance, manufacture, commerce and transportation, and until these do function primarily to such ends, they will be in danger of constant change. The new discontent has the power of a higher civilization behind it.

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The Myth of Henry Cabot Lodge Exploded

The Icicle of the North Who Ever Has Represented the Established Order

By HAROLD D. CAREW

WHEN Henry Cabot Lodge arrived at his grandfather's house in Boston in 1850, a potential star appeared in the political firmament. It was a star of manifest destiny. Like all scions of Boston's "first families," young Cabot, who was given his mother's family name, was nurtured under the sheltering influence of a stern Puritanism. His people's people had long been known as respectable tradesmen, and by the time the child Cabot came they had risen to affluence.

Henry Cabot Lodge was born into the Established Order, when all New England was divided on the slavery question, and was destined for a career in politics before he was out of his swaddling clothes. As with all sons of aristocratic Boston he was sent to a select private school in his native city to prepare for Harvard. At Harvard he developed a hobby for writing, which was acquired rather than inherited, was graduated at 21 with his bachelor's degree, received his LL.B. four years later, and the next year, at 26, was admitted to practice law and made a doctor of philosophy. While he was at the law school he edited the *North American Review*, lectured on American history from 1876 to 1879, and the following year became a politician by getting himself elected to the Massachusetts house of representatives.

His fondness for the Established Order had led him in his youth to select Alexander Hamilton as his political patron saint, and in 1882 he blossomed out as a biographer of the aforesaid Alexander. At the State House on Beacon Hill he learned his first lessons in practical politics, and it was in those years that the Great Myth, the Infallibility of Lodge, came into being. Understanding Lodge has to do with the Great Myth which is responsible for the fiction that the senior Senator from Massachusetts is the embodiment of her traditions.

To say that Lodge represents the Massachusetts tradition is to say something that is not true. The militant men of Massachusetts who are remembered in history are the liberals of a vanished day—men who put principle above expediency, men who refused to play the game, to pussyfoot, to straddle. Mr. Lodge is not in their class. His training and environment are against him. To understand Lodge you must orient your mind, not to historical fiction, but to historical fact.

Mr. Lodge does not represent the Massachusetts tradition, for to be its representative he must represent Sam Adams and Hancock, Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and Charles Sumner and those other political liberals who first put Massachusetts on the map. Mr. Lodge would have blushed with shame to be seen in their company, and the first families of Boston would have shuddered at the spectacle of another good boy gone wrong, just as they did when Phillips, son of Boston's first mayor and heir to a comfortable fortune, threw himself into the abolition crusade. Only birds of a feather flock together, and Mr. Lodge isn't that kind of bird.

Holds Hamilton as Ideal

ENGLAND put a price on the heads of Adams and Hancock in 1775 because they dared to counsel rebellion. Listen to Mr. Lodge, the orator for political effect, speaking in the Old State House at Boston the other day at exercises commemorating the 200th anniversary of the birth of Adams: "Both Adams and Hancock were looked upon as extremists and dangerous men. . . . Adams went to Philadelphia as one of the delegates to the Continental Congress. Think of the atmosphere of suspicion he encountered there!"

By whom were Adams and Hancock looked upon as "dangerous men"? Not by the inhabitants of Boston who enlisted in the patriot cause, but by the Tories, the standpatters of that day, the straddlers who counseled compromise. If they were living today, Adams and Hancock would still be shouted down as "dangerous men," and Henry Cabot Lodge would be on the side lines egging on the shouters. The Lodge complex admits of no other deduction. Mr. Lodge venerates the memory of these "dangerous men," but they look safer to him 147 years away.

As usual, Mr. Lodge let the cat out of the bag. In that same address, he added: "It is true, however, that Adams was not a constructive man of the type of Hamilton." Here Mr. Lodge runs true to form. Hamilton is Lodge's political ideal—Hamilton, the leading standpatter of his day and generation, who stood out against all his colleagues in the first Constitutional Convention for the enthronement of a monarchical form of government for the Colonies!

Wendell Phillips and those other men who made Massachusetts history during the nineteenth century were the political outlaws of their time. They, too, were regarded by the standpatters of their day as "dangerous men."

Phillips and his confreres opposed chattel slavery. Just where would Mr. Lodge have stood on the issue? The Lodges and the Cabots loomed large in the social registers of a bygone generation, but they played no part in the great epochs which have made Massachusetts what she is historically. Their wealth gave them eminent respectability, but eminent respectability in Boston during the last century was not lined up with great causes. They were conservatives sired of the old stock that "viewed with alarm" and "looked forward with apprehension." Their social eminence kept them out of the great political movements of their time, and it is reasonable to suppose that Henry would have followed in the parental footsteps.

Phillips and his friends were ardent prohibitionists. Mr. Lodge is lined up with the crowd in Washington that votes one way and drinks another. Phillips and the rest of the old Boston liberals were pioneers in the fight for equal suffrage. Mr. Lodge was one of the Old Guard die-hards who opposed equal suffrage to the last ditch. He was always consistently inconsistent, and he is now urging the women of Massachusetts to exercise their inherent rights of citizenship by going to the polls and rolling up a big majority for Henry Cabot Lodge, candidate for re-election to the Senate of the United States.

In 1835 a mob made up of the "best people" of Boston dragged William Lloyd Garrison through Washington street in Boston with a rope around his waist, threatening to lynch him. In 1860 another mob in broadcloth led by Boston bluebloods whose fathers' bank accounts had been put in jeopardy by the anti-slavery movement, followed Phillips from old Music Hall, where he had made a ringing speech against Northern mill owners who were growing rich out of slavery, to his humble home in Essex street, threatening to hang him to the nearest lamp-post.

All these episodes are part of the record which embodies the Massachusetts tradition. Henry Cabot Lodge is no rightful heir of these Massachusetts men who are best known to history. They stood up in their boots and fought. Henry Cabot Lodge only pretends to. Politically Lodge is 50 years behind Phillips and Phillips has been dead 38 years. How much of a liberal does that make of Mr. Lodge? He does not represent the Massachusetts tradition as the Great Myth would have us believe. He does not belong genealogically or temperamentally to that race of men, although he has been cashing in on their glory for nearly 40 years.

But He Is a Politician

NO, NO! Make no mistake! The verdict of history stands. Mr. Lodge does not represent Massachusetts tradition. He is the political descendant of New England's rum-and-codfish aristocracy that made its fortunes in the East India booze trade when Boston drank rum as unashamedly as Washington drinks contraband today. He is the political descendant of the old Boston conservatives. He thinks as they thought, feels as they felt, and if anybody thinks he hasn't acted as they would have acted, let him look at Mr. Lodge's record. During his career as a Senator from Massachusetts the voice of Lodge has been the echo of the howling pack that damned every liberal movement of the last century.

Massachusetts is proud of her traditions, and rightly so. Her traditions are America's traditions. The Massachusetts of the fathers was liberal. The faith of the fathers (a phrase Mr. Lodge uses for the political effect he thinks it wields) was a liberal faith. The sleepy conservatives, of whom Lodge is fundamentally a prototype and a counterpart, are not even remembered except as the political obstructionists of their day. Lodge is theirs by training and by thinking. The mantle of the Immortals does not fit him. The vaunted claim that he is their spiritual heir and assign forever is spurious.

Whatever else Mr. Lodge may be, he is a consummate politician. He could not help being one if he tried. The character of the man is so much the character of the politician that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. But like the ghostly procession that paraded through Richard's dream on Boswell's Field, he has been paraded through the public prints for so many years as "the scholar in politics" that people have begun to mistake the politician for a statesman.

Mr. Lodge represents a unique type and he himself is the master specimen. The outward Mr. Lodge is an amiable man, as politicians go, with an ingratiating smile. But it is a cynical smile that somehow doesn't ring true when the subject is politics. He will discuss literary subjects readily enough, but when it comes to politics he crawls into a shell. That is to say, you can't pin him down. He prefers to leave the catechising for smaller fry. There is, however, no more practical adviser when it comes to devising campaign ways and means of putting Henry Cabot Lodge across. And on the stump he has all the political artifices of a clever evader. He never hesitates to employ the tactics of the professional politician. Why should he? He himself is a professional of professionals.

With him abstract political ideals have no place in the category of Things if they conflict with political expediency. This was never better exemplified than when the chief prohibition enforcement officer for Massachusetts swooped down upon a banquet, given one night last November to Governor Cox by a group of party leaders at the historic Quincy House, and seized a large quantity of liquor. The liquor was being served in a private dining room directly over the banquet hall. A prominent Boston attorney and friend of Mr. Lodge was the doorkeeper who admitted the thirsty ones, according to the allegation of the raiding official. The story of the unceremonious raid on the banquet was printed on the front page of every newspaper in the state except the Boston *Herald*, organ of New England standpatism, which makes itself ridiculous every now and then by its editorial contradictions. Massachusetts was thrown into an uproar and when the news reached Washington it created consternation. The prohibition officer, whose appointment only a few months before had been recommended by Mr. Lodge at the behest of the Anti-Saloon League, declared over his signature that he was told by one of Lodge's henchmen the night of the raid that he would be "fired." The raid was made unostentatiously, but the newspapers played up the story in a sea of printer's ink and the fight was on. The political powers that be in Massachusetts declared that the prohibition chief must go.

Great mass meetings were staged all over the state on behalf of the prohibition chief, who appealed to the churches for support, declaring that as an official sworn to enforce the law he intended to enforce it from the top down instead of from the bottom up. Fifty clergymen headed by the Rev. Dr. A. Z. Conrad and the Rev. Frank Kingdom, of People's Methodist Temple, staged a noonday rally in Tremont Temple, one of the largest auditoriums in Boston. Dr. Conrad characterized the Republican banquet as a "bacchanalian orgy" and a disgrace to the party leaders. Resolutions protesting the threatened dismissal of the prohibition chief were adopted by the 3,500 men and women present and telegraphed to Lodge. Hundreds of telegrams and letters poured into Lodge's office at Washington from all parts of the state. One telegram, which was given to the press, called upon Lodge to stand up in his boots in defense of a man who had done his sworn duty, declaring that "a Republican party propped up by whisky barrels and beer kegs cannot survive."

And what did Mr. Lodge do? Did he stand by the man whose nomination he had approved? *He did not. He passed the buck.* He "washed my hands of the whole affair." He had no power to act in the matter! It was something for Internal Revenue Commissioner Blair to settle. Here again we get a glimpse, not of a statesman, but of a past master in the science of practical politics. It was a ticklish matter to be settled, especially when public opinion had become so aroused; for even those who boasted of being "wet" were all with the prohibition chief who had the courage to expose public officials present in a hotel where liquor was being served illegally and in defiance of the Constitution. The question would be settled, and those who know how politics is played in Republican Massachusetts had no misgiving as to how it would be settled. Commissioner Blair stepped in. The political wiseacres advised him to wait until public indignation had died down. He did. It would never do to make a bad mess worse when so many ministers were prodding Lodge to do his plain duty. *But a month later the prohibition chief got his walking papers.* He was dismissed for "insubordination"—whatever that might mean. Lodge, the dictator of Federal patronage in Massachusetts, could have prevented the dismissal with a wave of the hand, but the young prohibition chief had committed an unpardonable sin. He was kicking up too much of a rumpus, and a rumpus, to Mr. Lodge's way of thinking, does not make for party "harmony."

A far-fetched commentary on Mr. Lodge? Not so far-fetched as it might be. It helps to explain Mr. Lodge.

Mystery and Alibi

THERE are two marked elements which, taken together, explain Mr. Lodge: Mystery and Alibi. The first is taken care of by the Great Myth. The second—what shall be said of it? Mr. Lodge has been a Senator for so many years that he has come to regard the office as his by divine right. But for all that he is politically superstitious. He lives on flattery and adulation, but he cringes under criticism, even though the outward Mr. Lodge doesn't betray what is surging within. He has no interest in other men's political fortunes except as they affect his own. His convictions, if he has any, are deep-dyed secrets. Secrecy is one of the attributes of the Lodge complex. Political principles, like party platforms, so far as he is concerned, serve only one practical purpose. They are like the steps of a train—something to get aboard on. As a professional politician he knows their value. He is no theoretical idealist. He has no illusions. The school of politics in which he was trained admits of nothing but practicality.

His political creed may be summed up in one word—Protection. He believes in Protection with a capital P. He believes in it commercially, industrially, politically. He is an Organization man from start to finish. And why shouldn't he be? It is the Organization that has kept him where he is. That is why he bows to the wishes of the Organization, which he regards as the backbone of the party, instead of to the demands of public opinion. He ignores public opinion and trusts in the Organization, the perpetuator of the Great Myth, to explain to the voters that Henry Cabot Lodge is first, last and foremost the world's greatest champion of all that is righteous. And for some unexplainable reason the charm works.

The men of little minds who make up his Organization are ready to do his bidding. To them Lodge is a fetish. They are the official explainers, the alibi disseminators who exalt the scholar in politics. Behind the Organization is an inner circle—the circle of interests that keeps the Organization well oiled. The inner circle is made up entirely of the industrially great of Massachusetts, the Powerful Few who reap their profits and amass their fortunes because Henry Cabot Lodge can always be depended upon to stand without hitching.

Mr. Lodge talks much of the "New England conscience." It is one of his favorite topics, especially when he is bidding for what the clever politicians are pleased to call the "church vote." Here again the Great Myth comes to the rescue. No one knows its value from a political standpoint better than Mr. Lodge. It is a force to be reckoned with. And we find, not a statesman but a politician who knows all the tricks in the game. Not that Mr. Lodge cares for the "church vote" as such, for he doesn't. It helps to swell the total of votes sufficient to keep him at Washington. And so Lodge is heralded by the claquers of the Great Myth who extoll his moral virtues. It makes no difference that he is against prohibition, that he is forever "non-

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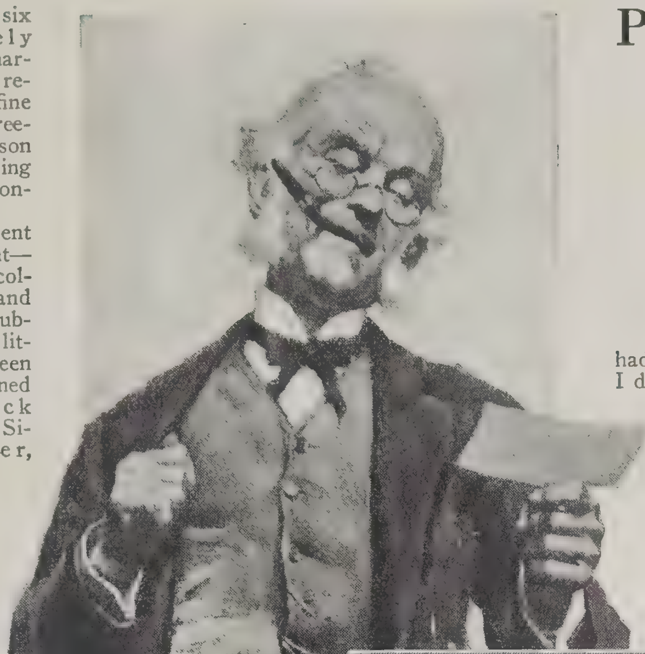
The "Grand Old Man of American Fiction" and the Author Who Brought Him to Life

Peter B. Kyne on Necessity of Earning a Living by Some Other Means While Learning Job That You Love

By LEE D. BROWN



"By the Holy Pink-Toed Prophet — where there's a will there's a lawsuit or a heartache!"

WHO are the six most widely known fiction characters created during recent years? What a fine chance for a rousing free-for-all fight Mr. Edison missed by not including the query in his questionnaire!

To an accompaniment of verbal bombardment—from reviewers and colyumists, professors and preachers, women's clubbists and long-haired literati—there'd have been one grand old-fashioned riot, with Sherlock Holmes, Mark Sabre, Simon nicknamed Peter, Babbitt, the Sheik, and a phalanx of feminists commanded by Carol Kennicott dimly recognizable through the clouds of dust.

But who would have come off with first honors and fewest scars? Well, what six would you pick? Balzac called fiction "the private history of a nation," and if it is that, its best-known character, and his or her author, should be well worth knowing.

It would take a prophet or an election to place the laurel wreath definitely, but, having access to neither, I've recently asked several of the best-known editors of fiction magazines which character *they* think is most famous and their unanimous opinion may at first seem surprising to some readers.

"Just as Charlie Chaplin has become better known throughout the world than Julius Caesar ever dreamed of being," these editors said, in substance, "so has Peter B. Kyne's lovable old character 'Cappy Ricks' reached and gripped the attention of a larger audience, over a longer period of time, than any other character in recent fiction—probably than *any* previous fiction character in the world's history. His circulation has been enormous, running into many millions a year for over a decade—both Cappy and Charlie have enjoyed better circulation than any of the earlier celebrities in their own or any other field. In fact, Cappy has successfully invaded Charlie's field, the movies, as a result of his original success in print and he's still going strong in both. Needless to say, both Cappy and Charlie have had to display a high degree of what movie producers and editors alike call 'drawing power,' to be able to gain and then retain such a gigantic following."

So that's why they're beginning to call Cappy Ricks "The Grand Old Man of American Fiction." He isn't a "highbrow"—he couldn't be so popular if he were—but he has become such a real personality that unless you pause for a moment when you hear the name you're likely to forget he was born in a fountain pen, and you'd hardly be surprised at seeing his name listed as among those present at a business men's annual dinner.

On looking up the man who had been able to create such a personality out of words, pen and ink, and imagination, I found him about as surprising as the unexpected endings for which his Cappy Ricks stories are noted. He isn't a product of any ultra-modern cult or school of thought, and his parents did not, in his infancy, set aside large sums of money to provide their young hopeful with a "literary education." They raised him on a farm.

Kyne is a practical and good-natured California Irishmen who has discovered—more or less accidentally he thinks—that one of the best things on earth not to worry about is the necessity of earning a living by some other means while preparing for the work you love.

If it had not been such an uphill struggle for Kyne, Cappy would probably be less ingenious about getting out of tight places. His author's first "tight place" was a one-room schoolhouse in San Mateo County, California.

"At 15, or perhaps a trifle before that," says Kyne, "I left school because the same room couldn't hold me and algebra, and shortly after my sixteenth birthday I took the country boy's customary step out into the great world. I 'accepted' a position in a general-merchandise store in a neighboring village, worked from six a. m. 'til eight p. m. seven days a week at a variety of things, and received the princely sum of $20 a month and 'found.'

"About the time the Spanish War came along, I had made up my mind that if I didn't get out of that village, the village would get me for life; so I enlisted as a private in a regular infantry regiment. After a year of active service in the Philippines I returned to my home, where it was discovered that soldiering had left its mark upon me. I was a bit fly and worldly and full of self-assurance, so I was sent to a business college to work it off. I stayed six months and acquired a smattering of double-entry bookkeeping and learned to be a fast and capable stenographer and typewriter.

PETER B. KYNE,
Creator of "Cappy Ricks." He's 42—a Californian of Irish descent—and into the hectic career of his famous character, "Cappy Ricks," he has packed the experience and business wisdom that come from years of disappointment.

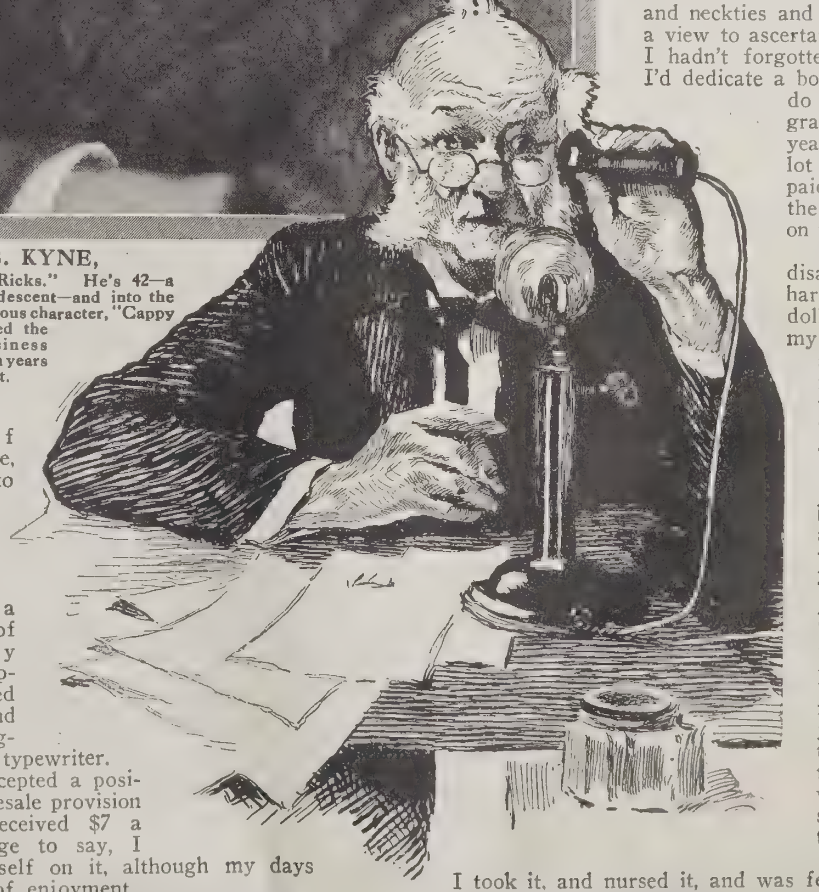
Then I accepted a position in a wholesale provision house and received $7 a week. Strange to say, I supported myself on it, although my days were barren of enjoyment.

"Presently I left that job and entered a wholesale lumber and shipping office at $30 a month. At the end of six years I was worth $250 a month but was making only $90, which discouraged me.

"I was a private in a troop of militia cavalry when the fire and earthquake destroyed a third of my native city. In the afternoon of that memorable day I managed to locate my troop and reported for duty policing the city. With a gun at my hip and a good horse under me, there came over me a feeling that I was free at last. No more double-entry for me. Somewhere in those smouldering ruins lay a better job and a broader future.

"With my job and one-third of the city gone, I decided to go into business for myself. Not having one nickel to rub against the other, I borrowed $250, rented a little store in a temporary shack on the San Francisco water front for $125 a month, hired a manager at $100 a month, wired it, papered it, built a show window and wooden fixtures, put in a meager stock of men's furnishing goods, and was my own man. This is the Arabian Nights period of my life, and I do not like to write about it. I stocked that store on 'jawbone,' as we say in the army. I was absolutely unknown, yet I performed that miracle! The reason? Well, San Francisco is just—San Francisco, and a very tender, tolerant, whole-hearted San Francisco she was in those days of terror and misfortune.

"I lasted 23 months. I think I might have lasted longer, but I didn't want to. I had an idea that all the money I found in the cash register was profit, and spent it accordingly. That business was a side issue, anyhow—the result of a wild impulse. Everybody had those wild impulses after the great disaster. Mining-camp stuff. Three months after I had started that business I hated it, and hoped it would burn up so I could get the insurance, pay my bills, and quit. But I was crippled with rheumatism and couldn't work for anybody else, so I had to stick. As soon as I was able to walk, however, I went back into the lumber and shipping business and let my manager run the store until one day a strange man came and pasted a notice in my window and started sorting my socks and neckties and counting them with a view to ascertaining the assets. If I hadn't forgotten that man's name I'd dedicate a book to him. I could do this with good grace, because some years later I wrote a lot of short stories and paid for that failure at the rate of 100 cents on the dollar.



"Shortly after my disaster in Yiddish hardware, I got a few dollars together, quit my job in the lumber and shipping business, spread $40 worth of gold lettering on two neat offices in California street, and set myself up as a lumber broker. My beer-and-skittles days were over; I was 28 years old and something had to be done about it. How I worked! And how I worried trying to do business on nerve and jawbone! I did it, too. I was making the grade nicely, when I couldn't resist the opportunity to take a little flyer for a big profit. So I took it, and nursed it, and was feeling happy until I got chopped down with pneumonia in the midst of the deal—whereupon, like Cardinal Wolsey, I cried, 'Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!' Two months later I returned to my offices to pay the rent, sell my furniture, scrape the gold lettering off the windows and the black lettering off the doors. Then, like the ro-

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You Want the Facts About Coal, Don't You?

A Straight Account of the Business That Tips You Over Every Winter

By A. R. PINCI

AMONG the many pastimes devised for self-amusement while traveling by railroad, constant travelers, especially salesmen and actors, play a modified "poker" game by selecting, haphazard, the numbers on the sides of freight cars, jotting each down, and comparing results. The highest or best "poker" hand, of course, wins. As freight-car numerals are often faded or blurred, it requires keen vision to catch them on the fly, especially because they run in sixes. As a result, wise players prefer gondola freight cars—generally coal cars—because the white numerals stand out better against a black background.

Yet that is not the only game that is played on the basis of a car number. What concerns you and me and everybody else in the United States is the sleek player who calls himself a broker and actually sells a coal-laden freight car by number. He buys said number, and turns it over as often as possible, or some other brokers in the same business do it, until it reaches the ultimate consumer. Every time this number is pyramided the price of the coal goes up, on paper.

Selling such a number does not always come within the province of what is known as "back and forth" selling. Back and forth sales mean the reconsignment from one shipper to another after each sale, a practice that is about to be restricted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and may be restricted by the time this appears in print. To what an extent the Interstate Commerce Commission can impede this inter-brokerage coal peddling remains to be seen, since the brokers themselves are ready to stand on their constitutional rights, as they call them, averring that they deal with coal on rails as the stockbrokers do with certificates or bonds.

The broker who contracts for 1,000 or 100,000 tons of coal at the mine gambles upon his ability to sell said coal at a premium. This varies from a few cents to as much as a dollar a ton. In certain instances a higher premium per ton has been exacted, but that happens in times of "shortage" or in the case of special coal.

As the number of brokerage transactions is sometimes startling, it goes without saying that each involves a premium to gambling middlemen that is paid by the ultimate consumer. The number of brokers who go "broke" in this business is not great—at least the writer found no evidence of high financial mortality among them—because they develop a sixth sense that enables them to predict with marvelous accuracy just what the coal market will stand, where and how. It would be wrong to say that together these brokers dominate the coal market, but they influence it, and this influence is especially noticeable during periods like the present, when the industry is in the throes of disorganization.

Right here we face the extremely complex nature of the coal trade. In general it has been labeled as a seasonal trade. Why it should be seasonal is a mystery, and just about now *the Congress of the United States is officially wondering if this idea is not wrong.* The coal industry is to a large degree the key industry of the nation; it governs industrial prosperity and it governs the operation of our transportation and distribution systems.

The coal-mining industry is run on a haphazard basis. Little seems to be known about it except that there is a great discrepancy between cost at the mine and consumer's price. The operators claim losses, the mine workers claim inadequate wages, and all that seems to be a fact is that the coal industry is at as low level of efficiency and public service as it was 20 years ago, when President Roosevelt took a hand.

Industry Is Overcapitalized

PUBLIC sentiment is hostile to the coal industry. Unfortunately, this sentiment is seasonal. It finds expression or feeling when coal is needed late in the fall, and as promptly subsides with the first summer zephyrs. If the coal bin is full its owner worries not about the situation at the mines. If the coal bin is not full—as happens to be the case right now in millions of homes and modest factories—then follow semi-panicky conditions, state and Federal control, apparent shortage, limited distribution, warnings against careless use, but nothing is done to prevent similar conditions from recurring.

There have been many suggestions about methods of improving our coal situation. Just now the two favorite ones are "government control," mainly by price-fixing and official distribution, and taxing the "brokers" out of existence.

Government control may or may not be good; it is not for the writer to say, while taxation may or may not stamp out the evil practice aimed at. Omnibus legislation of regulatory character is never efficient. The former may lead to the agitation for nationalization of mines, with consequently increased bureaucracy, and the latter may mean eliminating the legitimate broker without actually eliminating the speculator.

Coal is a natural monopoly. *The center of coal resources of continental United States is in the middle of Nebraska,* while the center of *coal production* is in Eastern Ohio. Eastern coal, therefore, is being used faster than are the coal resources of the whole United States. Moreover, the best coal is being used; in some mines as high as 50 per cent of the bed is left underground, the amount depending upon the ease of mining.

It is well known, of course, that the coal industry is heavily overcapitalized, bearing in mind the fact that this means the best-paying companies, because it is current gossip that "coal paper" is not gilt-edged security in the banking world. The best mining properties are closely affiliated with Wall Street, and while bank-railroad-mine interlocking directorates are no longer as evident as a decade ago, the ownership remains virtually the same. Overcapitalization means high prices and low wages.

On the other hand, impartial authorities admit that there are between 150,000 and 200,000 more men in the coal industry than it needs if it were stabilized, of which at least half—and often more—make up the ranks of dissatisfied and striking workers. Put together, overcapitalization, overmanning and inefficiency in general bring on such horrible affairs as the massacre in Herrin, Illinois, and the murders of Mingo County, West Virginia.

According to official data, there are in round numbers about 11,000 coal mines in the United States, 5,000 of which are small, producing less than 10,000 tons a year. About half the total yearly production comes from 800 mines.

In the opinion of Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the United States Geological Survey, the simplest plan to stabilize the coal industry is to store coal and control its distribution by means of a fixed supply. Dr. Smith declares that coal can be stored without danger. Moreover, the proper and adequate storage of coal would mean an even and continual production, obviating the necessity of opening new mines, of which 1,000 were added in one year recently between Altoona and Pittsburgh. In the interest of efficiency, according to Dr. Smith, it is better to work old mines with proper railroad sidings and facilities than to add to the already excessive number of so-called wagon mines, which are not commercial concerns.

There is talk at present of coal costs mounting up to fantastic heights. There is no truth in this. Coal-mining costs have risen, but there are hundreds of companies that sell their coal, f.o.b. mines, at less than $3 a ton, and hundreds more that sell at less than $4 a ton; and these two groups alone deliver about 77 per cent of the total coal output for the given period. During that period, however, 16 companies sold their coal, f.o.b. mines, at $10.98 a ton, but this group's production was about 13 per cent of the total for the country. Thus the companies selling coal at less than $3 averaged 28 cents a ton profit, whereas the last group averaged $6.67 a ton.

Where Money for Coal Goes

THE last group, however, includes producers of special purpose, very high-grade coal, which commands a premium in any coal market, and because of the higher quality of this product, producing costs are relatively higher.

The margin between cost and selling is not net profit. "Sales realization" over mine costs is what determines average profits.

The writer has visited the main anthracite and bituminous mining districts of the East. To hear the operators, coal is being sold at a loss. To hear the miners, they work at a loss. The ultimate consumer, who studies the problem from the standpoint of what he must pay for coal, actually pays the operators for excessive overhead due to unscientific organization and distribution and the miner for more or less enforced idleness. The number of miners that could normally be kept employed every working day in the year need not be as many as are enrolled. The labor of an excessive number of men sporadically employed cannot be stretched to provide liberal living wages for all.

A great deal of the coal sold averages less than $1 gross profit per ton, from which must be deducted Federal and local taxes, borrowed money, investment, materials, supplies, general expense, selling expense, operating charges and wages. Wages is only one of the more than 200 items which the operator must pay to put a ton of coal in a freight car for shipment. Moreover, operators do not own the mines. There is such a thing as the coal landowner (the famous Girard estate is one of the biggest holders) or the mine owner, and not always are the coal landowner and the mine owner one and the same.

The middlemen that the industry must be rid of are of two kinds—speculators and local "dealers."

Before taking up either group a word of explanation is necessary in behalf of the legitimate broker already referred to. A coal mine is a ponderous and unwieldy industry. Its profits depend upon knowing extent of production and marketability. A mining company could not possibly hope to sell to consumers directly, or even to retailers directly. The items would be too fractional and involved. Even wholesalers in the smaller communities would be unable through local orders to make much of a dent in an operator's output unless the latter belonged to the wagon-mine class or in the baby-mine class.

The operator wants to know, as a good business man, how much he can sell and at what price. This knowledge is desirable before production rather than afterward. It is, therefore, the duty of the big wholesalers (distributors) on their part and brokers of a kind on their part to order what they require. The wholesale distributors differ from the brokers in one sense only; that the distributor actually buys the coal and handles it and screens it and delivers it, whereas the broker seldom sees the coal. He buys a given quantity and in turn accepts orders for the same, plus a margin for his trouble.

The evil, however, begins when what may be termed the wholesale or primary broker splits his order and sells to other lesser brokers for resale as the market may absorb, each reconsignment, of course, meaning a heavy commission.

In 1920 the coal production of the United States was: 89,000,000 tons of anthracite and 557,000,000 tons of bituminous coal. Of this, roughly, 48 per cent was used by the industries (coke included), 25 per cent by transportation systems, and the balance for domestic, gas and export purposes.

A large part of this coal is "contract coal," which means a price that was jointly considered fairly reasonable at the time the contract was made, but may be less or more than current market price of coal. Sales price at the mine, and "spot coal" are both higher than contract prices. Railroads and industries take nearly all of the contract coal, and among these there are concerns that under favorable circumstances get coal at less than cost, whereas the small consumer must pay more.

But what happens? Do all contract purchasers get their coal under the terms of their contract? No, especially in times like the present. Important concerns are unable to obtain their contract coal from a given source but can get spot coal—which means a higher price—from the same source, or a source not far removed.

Under the present arrangement, with numberless brokers taking their meed from each transaction, coal prices have skyrocketed, and one thing is evident—that current quotations are out of all proportion when compared to average f.o.b. mine prices. Do brokers get it all?

Let's take the case of John C. L. Ritter, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Ritter, who was a builder of vans and automobile special bodies, decided to go into the coal business a short time ago. Because he sold thousands of tons of coal at almost two dollars less a ton than the price "fixed" by the retail dealers of Washington, he was frozen out of his lucrative business—and lucrative on the basis of reasonable profit.

Mr. Ritter at first bought from local wholesalers, but gradually found his sources of supply being curtailed, all the while checked up by "individual members" of the retail dealers' association, every one of whom urged him to raise his price to the association figure. In due time Mr. Ritter was compelled to go to the mines direct to get his coal but even these failed him, and eventually he was obliged to call on individual small-scale operators whose output was of an inferior quality. The two or three big wholesale and retail dealers of the capital, without actually showing their hand, were enabled to control the situation either by virtue of their influence or their buying power.

If Mr. Ritter in a year was enabled to work up a demand in excess of 50 000 tons of coal for several reputable industries and hotels of Washington and felt that he was amply repaid for his efforts by demanding $6.95 a ton against the association price of $8.75, it is evident that association dealers have been mulcting the public in their city to the extent of $1.80 a ton.

The retail dealers' association is not made up of brokers, but of actual dealers, some very modest dealers among them, who sold coal in fractional parts, even by the bucket or bushel. It is clear that the association price is arrived at by some sort of an agreement, no matter how informal, but certainly very potent if it can "kill" an aggressive dealer like Mr. Ritter with so little ado.

And the People Pay

SOME of Mr. Ritter's testimony was before a Congressional committee, and it looked as if on the face of it evidence of conspiracy and price-fixing in restraint of trade would have justified further proceedings.

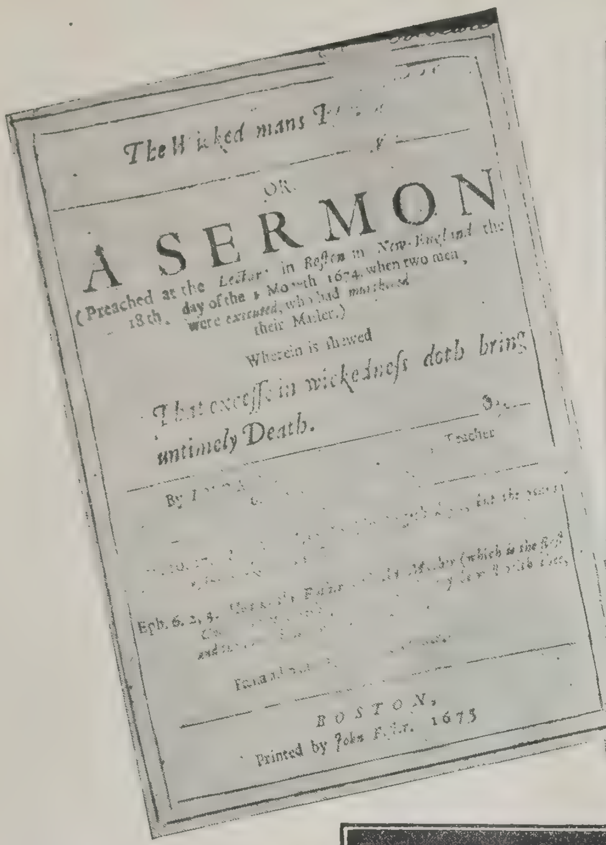
It is beyond doubt that similar combines exist in every little and big city in the United States. Of course, the dear public pays.

What Mr. Ritter refused to add to the selling price—$1.80 a ton—represents for the association dealers a superprofit, because the former's profit was included in his rate of $6.95. Upon a business of more than 50,000 tons the difference involved was about $100,000—a no mean sum, which in the pockets of the association members, where it now goes, penalizes the coal industry by so much in the public mind of one city alone! Under the circumstances it would be unfair to assume that all the profiteering in coal is done by brokers. There are brokers who perform legitimate work in this sense; they seek countless orders, and enable the mines to work with a fair degree of security. They are guarantors of sales to the mines. As these brokers—they are very few but they exist nevertheless—consign loaded cars from mine to consumer, they act as wholesalers. Of course, they get a commission, or in most cases sell at the best fair price that which they were enabled to contract for at the mine at lowest cost. If such a broker did not exist, no saving would follow, because either the operator would have to provide a sales organization, or the regular wholesaler would displace the broker. And this much is clear—that *wholesalers without storage facilities are perhaps worse than mere brokers.* The wholesaler with facilities for 1,000 physical tons of coal a year is likely to speculate if he handles 10,000 tons on paper.

Whether it is possible by law to reach the middleman, whether dealer or broker, is conjectural, since there are always ways to operate within the law or devise new systems.

It is, of course, imperative to destroy the profiteer, under either of those guises, who pockets from $1 to $3 a ton for no other work than to order so many cars

(*Concluded on page 12*)


The Wicked mans [illegible]

OR

A SERMON

(Preached at the Lecture in Boston in New-England the 18th. day of the 1 Month 1674. when two men were executed, who had murthered their Master.)

Wherein is shewed

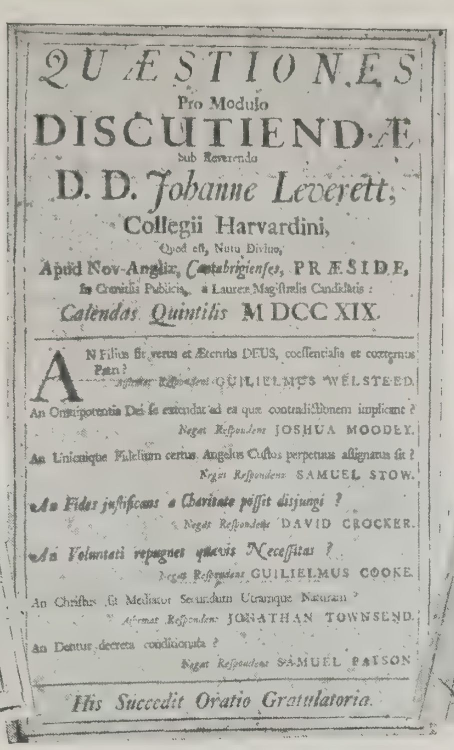
That excesse in wickedness doth bring untimely Death.

[illegible]

BOSTON,

Printed by John F[illegible]. 1675

A sermon by the Rev. Increase Mather, a famous Colonial minister. It was preached at the execution of two indentured men for the murder of their master and was printed in 1675. The subject was, "That Excess in Wickedness Doth Bring Untimely Death."


QUÆSTIONES

Pro Modulo

DISCUTIENDÆ

Sub Reverendo

D. D. *Johanne Leverett*,

Collegii Harvardini,

Quod est, Nutu Divino,

Apud Nov-Angliæ, *Cantabrigienses*, PRÆSIDE,

In Comitiis Publicis, a Laureæ Magistralis Candidatis:

Calendas Quintilis M DCC XIX.

AN Filius sit verus et Æternus DEUS, coessentialis et coæternus Patri?

Affirmat Respondens GUILIELMUS WELSTEED.

An Omnipotentia Dei se extendat ad ea quæ contradictionem implicant?

Negat Respondens JOSHUA MOODEY.

An Unicuique Fidelium certus Angelus Custos perpetuus assignatus sit?

Negat Respondens SAMUEL STOW.

An Fides justificans a Charitate possit disjungi?

Negat Respondens DAVID CROCKER.

An Voluntati repugnet quævis Necessitas?

Negat Respondens GUILIELMUS COOKE.

An Christus sit Mediator Secundum Utramque Naturam?

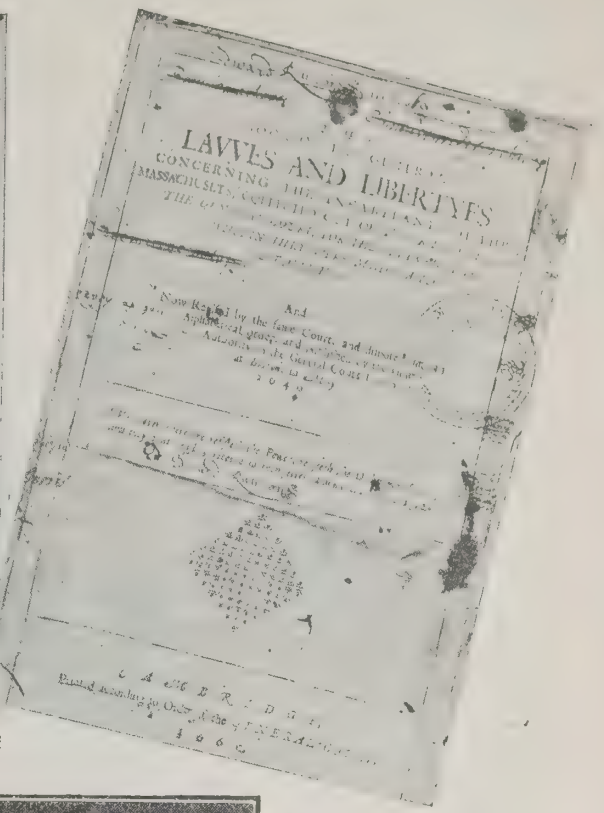
Affirmat Respondens JONATHAN TOWNSEND.

An Dentur decreta conditionata?

Negat Respondens SAMUEL PAYSON

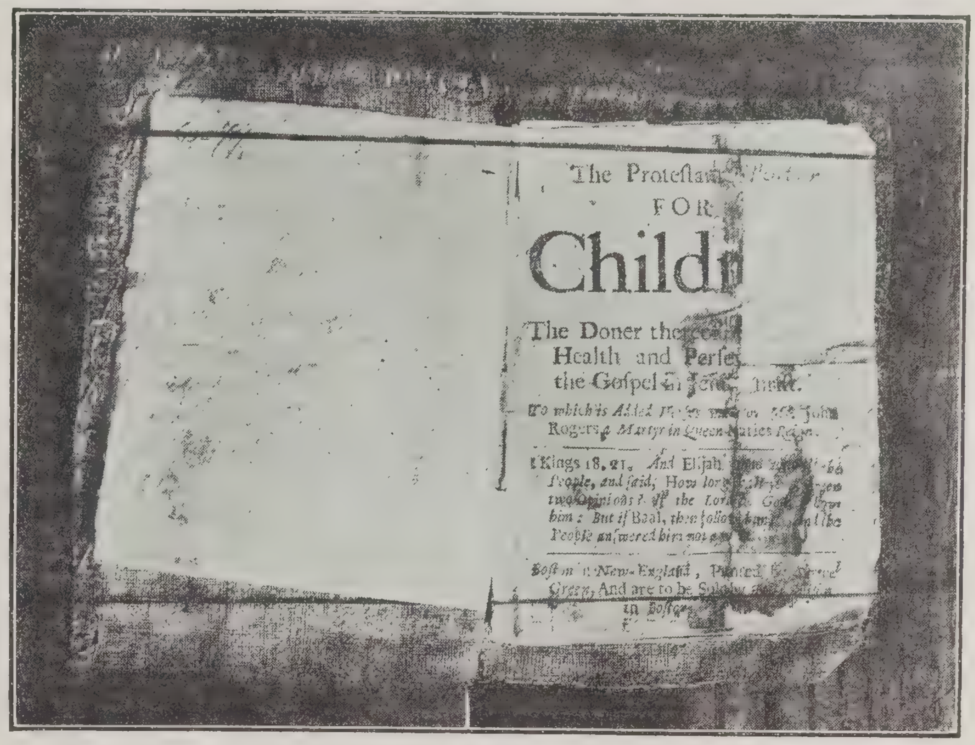
His Succedit Oratio Gratulatoria.

A book by the Rev. John Leverett in the collection of Americana of the American Antiquarian Society.


LAVVS AND LIBERTYES

[illegible]

Title-page from a copy of the old Massachusetts Laws in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society. This was compiled from the acts and resolves of the General Court and printed in 1660, at Cambridge, then the center of printing in the Colonies.


The Protestant [illegible]

FOR

Child[illegible]

The Doner the[illegible]

Health and Perfe[illegible]

the Gospel [illegible]

To which is Added [illegible] John

Rogers, *a Martyr in Queen Maries Reign.*

1 Kings 18. 21. *And Elijah* [illegible]

People, and said; How long [illegible]

two Opinions? If the Lord [illegible]

him: But if Baal, then follow him [illegible]

People answered him not [illegible]

Boston in New-England, Printed [illegible]

Green, And are to be Sold [illegible]

in Boston.

A children's primer, entitled "The Protestant Tutor for Children," the only existing copy of the American edition.

Bay State Houses Richest Collection of Americana

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

PROBABLY the greatest and most valuable collection of Americana in existence is housed in the home of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts. After more than a century, the Society has a majority of the examples of material printed in America prior to 1824. Many historians have worked from the Worcester collection and George Bancroft, the great American historian, Professors Hart and Channing, of Harvard, James Ford Rhodes and John Bach McMasters found access to the collections greatly to their advantage.

In the collection is a copy of the "Book of the General Lawes and Libertyes," compiled from the records of the General Court, as the Massachusetts legislature was then and still is called; the first book printed in America, a sermon by Increase Mather; and a copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, one of the first products of the Cambridge Press. Other gems are a copy of America's first newspaper, the Boston *News-Letter* and the first New England primer, "The Protestant Tutor," which is the only known copy in existence of the American edition of this book.

The volumes, broadsides and other material are splendidly housed in a fine, fireproof building with a capacity of nearly 300,000 volumes. Many lines of work are being carried out daily in this building, all directed toward an ultimate realization of the Society's aim that nothing that was printed in America before 1820 shall be absent from its shelves, if it is possible to obtain it.

The date 1820 was selected as the latest date, because in most of the larger towns of the country, printing presses had been established before that time and because it covers a large part of the most important and interesting events in the formative period of the country's history. Estimates seem to warrant that before 1820 there were printed in the United States about 75,000 titles of books.

One great undertaking on which the Society is still at work is a compilation of a list of all the newspapers that were published in America up to 1820. This list will contain an historical sketch of every paper dating between 1690 and 1820, with the title, date, name of the editor or publisher, the frequency of issue and other facts of importance, which are now known by only a few scattered issues. In addition, files of all such papers in libraries will be listed, and a complete check list kept of all copies in the Society's collection. These latter are bound in handsome style and kept in fireproof vaults, but instantly accessible.

The great John Carter Brown Library at Providence, now the property of Brown University, is noted as a great library of Americana, but it is only 50 per cent as complete as that of the American Antiquarian Society. Those of other great institutions, such as the Library of Congress, the New York and Boston public libraries, are below even the percentage of the John Carter Brown collection.

Organized in 1812, the American Antiquarian Society had its birth in the famous old Exchange Coffee House, Boston, and Dr. Isaiah Thomas, a printer, was its first president.

Another part of this collection includes old printed songs and ballads of 1812. Every victory of that war had its song, an elegy on the death of Lawrence and songs on the battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, the story of the *Java*, the *Enterprise*, the *Constitution* and the Battle of Lake Erie. Nearly every broadside of these songs, which were generally printed in that manner, carries a woodcut of the ship.

On a title-page of a bound volume of these broadsides appears an autograph statement by Thomas that his own collection, now owned by the Society, had been purchased from a ballad printer in Boston and bound up to show what "Articles of this kind were in vogue with the Vulgar at this time, 1814."

Among the treasures locked upon screened shelves is a series of Indian tracts of rare value. One little book contains a copy of Thomas Shepard's "Sincere Convert," translated by John Eliot, for which Isaiah Thomas paid 50 cents, but for which collectors would pay almost any price asked, if obtainable now.

The collection of early schoolbooks is unequaled anywhere, approximately 7,000 volumes in all. There is a remarkable shelf of old shorthand books, and the finest collection of old arithmetics in existence. Also, the Society is rich in old almanacs. There are some in German printed by the old Pennsylvania Germans at Philadelphia, Lancaster, Reading and Somerset. There are splendid specimens of early printing with woodcuts, and rubricated titles. These show a high degree of scholarship in both the authorship and the printing.

A few years ago the society acquired a rich collection of early American bookplates, many of them interesting, with Revere & Hurd (Paul Revere) as the chief makers. Almanacs were printed in America even before the "Bay Psalm Book," but no copies of these early almanacs are known to exist, and anyone who can find a copy can get thousands of dollars for it. The earliest extant American almanac is that of Samuel Danforth, printed in 1646, contained in the Henry E. Huntington collection. The earliest almanac owned by the American Antiquarian Society is "An Almanack for the Year of Our Lord 1656, by T. S.," printed by Green of Cambridge in 1655. This is the only known copy of this work.

This library is a storehouse of American life, history and customs, as set forth by the printed page unequaled in America, and impossible of duplication if millions were spent to do so. Yet it is free to the historical student and researcher who wishes to avail himself of the opportunity to work among these treasures.

Proud Cattle Families in the Blue Grass

Herefords Finally Break Into Exclusive Kentucky Breeding Circles

By HARRY E. BARNET

Above—Woodford 61st, of the Kentucky Woodfords, you know. Below—A herd of rising young heifers on the Hereford Farms.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, cattle fanciers from everywhere began to seek leaders for their herds from the Blue Grass of Kentucky. At that time it was a pure-bred cattle country, as well as a country of spectacular horses. And it was up in front with numbers and quality. Later, the West took away the advantage of numbers, but quality remained. There has been no let-up to the business of furnishing herd leaders to cattle fanciers.

Glory, and with it constructive economic progression, came into the industry when cattle families were established. The plan was simple. Sires and matrons with rare qualities were assembled on immense estates, and given family names. Their progeny inherited these rare qualities. For this reason, the members of Blue-Grass cattle families are as aristocratic as are the human heirs to the soil. When they are sold and taken into all parts of the world where love for a good animal is uppermost, the qualities of trump ancestors are passed on by their descendants. Moreover, as a romantic fact, it is easy to trace through the histories of these families a sort of a parallel to the handicaps and the triumphs of men and women who made the original Caucasian Blue-Grass record.

The top crust of this progression is the "Woodfords." Any story about them merges all there is to say generally about the manner of origin, the surroundings, and the treatment of cattle families. And, because of Woodford ownership and environment, as well as the history of the breed, there is plenty of individual dash as lagniappe in the story.

To begin: Woodfords are Hereford cattle. They exclusively occupy Hereford Farms, near Versailles, in Woodford County. The owner is Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, himself one of the last of the sturdy and picturesque Blue-Grass Colonels. Whatever he does is planned and finished substantially. When he was well over 80 years old, Colonel Taylor founded the Woodford cattle family, and he has looked after it through a period of nearly 10 years. As for Woodford County, from which the cattle family gets its name, years ago Senator Blackburn said it is the asparagus bed of the garden spot of the world. At any rate, if you can honestly say, "I'm from old Woodford," you can go as far as you like in the Blue Grass. This boast is for animals and human beings.

Herefords had the most trouble getting a foothold in that country. North of the Ohio River they did very well. New England and Illinois, as an example, favored them. Elyria, Ohio, was known as "Herefordshire of America." But for a long time Herefords could not cross the Ohio River to colonize on the south side of it. Tradition and temperament in the Blue Grass favored Shorthorns, which gave other breeds a slim chance to nose their way in. Henry Clay tried to go against this current in 1817. He imported the first Herefords of which there is record, and put them on his Kentucky farms. The herd was crossed with Shorthorns, and lost sight of, because there was no way of keeping it intact, except by inbreeding.

About 50 years later, Cassius M. and Brutus J. Clay, who were Shorthorn enthusiasts, challenged William H. Sothern, a Hereford breeder, to a breed contest. The Clays failed to back their challenge. Nevertheless, Sothern brought 14 Herefords to the fairs at Lexington and Louisville. Special classes were made for the visitors, and some prizes were hung up for them. They won these prizes, because there was no competition. Personally, Sothern received all the courtesies that go with Blue-Grass hospitality. But as a breed, his cattle were merely tolerated at the fairs. They made one dent in the opposition they faced; Robert Wickliff, of Lexington, paid $100 for a yearling bull.

The next big attempt to settle the breed in the Blue Grass was in 1886. Illinois breeders took Herefords to the Shelbyville and Lexington fairs. As a matter of courtesy, a few prizes were offered, and won by the cattle. But the idea that Herefords ever would amount to anything in that country was considered a huge joke. No Kentuckian with enough standing to command respect for the breed would have anything to do with it. In that spirit, a Hereford bull, watch-charm size, was made of silver, and given to one of the exhibitors as a souvenir.

Herefords were back the next year. Fifty of them stayed in the Blue Grass. About the same time, Colonel W. H. Curtice, of Eminence, bought a registered Hereford bull. Colonel Curtice had the prestige that made the breed respected, and for 20 years he upheld it. Other stock raisers came gradually from behind the prejudice against Herefords, until Kentucky became noted for them.

When Colonel Taylor paid $12,400 for Beau Perfection 24th, a bull of the Curtice herd, in 1914, the breed went headlong to notoriety. This was the highest price ever paid for a Hereford on the American continent. The name of the animal was changed to Woodford 500,000, and he was settled on Hereford Farms to be the head of the Woodford cattle family. The matrons were daughters of the greatest sires of modern times. They were assembled from American and foreign herds. During the World War, when ocean travel was most hazardous, Imported Renown, said to be the highest type bull ever produced in Herefordshire, and 41 others, some from the king's herds, were brought to the United States by Colonel Taylor. These cattle were absorbed in the Woodford family.

Hereford Farms and the Woodfords represent an investment of more than $500,000. In the matter of bringing returns, the Woodfords have not been idlers. Four years after he established the family on Hereford Farms, Colonel Taylor held in a circus tent, seating 2,000 cattle fanciers, the largest auction sale of beef cattle on record. At that time, a cow from the family was sold for $13,850, a price yet unmatched; and 62 Woodfords were sold at an average of $3,010 each. A son of Woodford 500,000 has been sold for $15,100. At the sale, hundreds of men who were accustomed to attend auctions of blooded cattle, and to buy sires and matrons to mingle with their herds at what they say are "reasonable prices," sat on the circus seats without uttering a word. The prices were far beyond them. The significance of these figures is this: any cattle family can beat a record price paid for one or all of its members, if the owner has the means to do this, but when that same family tops all selling records you have something entirely different. There is a romance of animals in that

A herd of heifers posing for the camera man on the Hereford Farms, at Versailles, Kentucky. It will be noted all are too well-bred to continue their luncheon while being photographed.

country you'll find in no other region. It comes out of a whim of Nature, when she made the Blue Grass—Nature, in a word, fashioned it to be a roomy animal pattern shop. That is to say, the climate, the water, and the soil there produce a good creature, whether a horse, a cow, a sheep, a hog or a fox hound. This is a point about the Blue Grass that is new to the average visitor, because the prominence of Kentucky horses has overshadowed details about other animals.

In the case of Woodford 500,000, his potential value at the time of his death was estimated to be $200,000. When he died the event was of sufficient importance to be sent as news throughout the world. His body was casketed in a manner appropriate to his qualities and his fame, and buried beneath a big tree in the front lawn of the mansion house on Hereford Farms. A slab of finest marble, big enough to cover the grave, and deeply carved with the name of Woodford 500,000, a list of the prizes he won, followed by the main events in his life, will shortly be erected with ceremonies, and in the presence of dignitaries, similar to those that attend unveiling a monument to any dead.

"Woodford, the admiration of international Herefordom, is dead at seven years of age," the obituary of Woodford 500,000 begins. "Marked even from his very birth for distinction . . . . flying constantly at every step of his career the banners of distinguished individual destiny, he perished in majestic isolation on October 3, 1918, in the dead of the autumn night, enveloped in the giant flames which burned to the ground the magnificent barn Colonel Taylor had recently erected as a fitting home for him.

"Though Woodford is indeed dead at seven years, he passes in the fullness of fame—a fame that reaches from the Blue Grass to the pastures of the Wye and the Severn; from his native country to the land in which the breed first struggled for that type which has come into its own in America, and found in him its noblest expression.

"Bulls are noted for this virtue or that. Woodford seemed beyond faulting. No artist could improve upon his head and neck. His strong back and loins and rump were as smooth as could be produced by the chisel of a sculptor. The white upon his head and crest and bosom were like silk. His horns were perfect, and combined grace and beauty that fascinated with a masculinity that dominated his whole tremendous impressiveness. He was a bovine Apollo, worthy of the honor which has been accorded him by the agricultural colleges of the country that have his picture hanging upon their walls.

"Woodford, the wonderful, is gone. Lord Wilton hails him on the Stygian beach. Anxiety 4th raises his head in the Elysian fields to greet his peer. The Grove 3d and Garfield gaze on his majestic form and feel his brotherhood. Sir Bartle Frere and Fowler and the mighty group make room for him in friendly comfort, for Woodford has joined those marvelous makers of the breed in the untroubled meadows of eternal fame."

Above is a view of Hereford Farms with stone bridge hidden beneath rose blooms. In the circle is Col. Taylor, 88 years old, famous among other things for his fine Hereford cattle.

Homes of cattle families are dramatic contrasts. That is to say, things very old, and characteristically Blue Grass—yet, for the most part dapper—neighbor it with things so modern that the exuberance of their youth beside sedateness hits you a sharp blow in the eye; for instance, the stone fences.

Before the war between the states, the spare time of slaves was taken up by gathering from Blue-Grass fields flat pieces of rock—not bowlders—averaging, if they were exactly squared, a foot to 18 inches on any side, and ranging from an inch to four and five inches in thickness. These pieces of rock were laid flat on one another in a row two or three feet wide, and about waist high to a man of ordinary stature. Surmounting this row, flat rock pieces were piled diagonally, thus making a fence. These fences are typical of the Blue-Grass country. They mark the boundaries of estates there, and divide them into pastures and cultivated lands. Near Danville is a stone fence of this kind that is unbroken, except by gateways, in a distance of seven miles. No binder, such as cement or mortar, was placed between the rock pieces, but so carefully were these fences put together that only within the past few years have they begun to deteriorate. In place of repairing these picturesque boundary lines, a good many farm owners are selling them to road builders, who crush the rock to make fancy thoroughfares. Wire fences replace some or all of the stone structures. This, as passing comment, is one of the details among the many that are doing away with the old-time look of the Blue Grass.

Again, description must come back to the home of the Woodfords.

Hereford Farms is an estate of 2,200 acres, made up of 13 smaller farms purchased from various owners. The stone fences separating and dividing them were preserved in the original wherever this was possible. In other places the fences were rebuilt, the rock pieces bound with cement, and the joints pointed with mortar. The various homes on the farms were repaired where necessary without sacrificing the original outlines and character. The home of the foreman is more than a century old. It is a typical "mansion house" of the Blue Grass.

Entrance to the farms from the pike is between high stone pillars, another Blue-Grass characteristic that is slipping slowly into oblivion. Time was when pillars were at the entrance to every Blue-Grass farm, because they meant its owner and his family were "folks," even though the pillars were insignificant piles of stone. But even on Hereford Farms, stone fences end abruptly, and wire fences pick up the boundary lines, and follow them.

Hereford Farms resemble the skyscrapers, one-story buildings, and all-height structures of a modern city. There are hills, and little rises, and deep valleys, but there are no raw places. Rich blue grass capsules the crudities. Springs are the headwaters of innumerable brooks. Macademized roads ribbon the green surface of the farms. Clumps of wild flowers appear, wave a high-colored welcome, and are gone as you ride along these roads. Where nature is handicapped, what might be unsightliness is masked by the work of Colonel Taylor. An instance: On the boulevard, which is Blue-Grass talk for the roadway leading from the pike to the mansion house on any farm, is a stone bridge over a brook. With the exception of the ends of its stone pillars this bridge is hidden beneath trailing rose bushes, as carefully looked after as if they were on the lawn of "Thistleton," the Colonel's home near Frankfort. Relieving the monotony of green smoothness are little natural forests, and groups of nut-bearing trees, planted to provide shade for the Woodfords. The soft-tone red and white of Hereford groups is the last touch to the panorama.

While the original boundaries and divisions of the 13 farms included in Hereford Farms were practically undisturbed, additional paddocks and pastures of varying acreages are inclosed. Barns are placed in advantageous places. The interiors of these barns are divided into roomy box stalls for the matrons and their calves.

There are concrete bathing tanks near the barns, and each paddock and pasture is provided with water tanks, so that the cattle take no chances drinking from flowing streams. Water is pumped from the springs to these tanks. The principal spring is located beneath a stone house, built in 1819, since put in good shape, and used as the office building. Water flows from this spring through a pipe into a big tank.

This care for Blue-Grass cattle families is not an impulse; neither is it a contest between owners as to which one can build up the showiest spectacle. It is planned in cold blood, simply to raise two pounds of beef where one pound of beef was raised before. Contentment is as much a part of this result as good food or sanitation. Beautiful surroundings are a help. The Woodfords are not dairy cattle. Their members are bought to improve range herds and other herds in this country and abroad. When a calf is born, it is turned over to a nurse cow as soon as possible, and after that time the mother's milk supply is reduced, and soon ceases. In other words, Hereford Farms is devoted exclusively to the production of cattle which upbuild the breed.

Entrance from the pike to the Hereford Farms. No Blue-Grass estate is complete without its stone pillars.

Are the Bankers Reliable Public Educators?

Once Before They Undertook to Mold Public Opinion, and Did It

By W. H. ALLEN

ACCORDING to a statement in the New York *Times* (July 12) a country-wide campaign designed "to warn the American people against the printing-press money theories recently propounded by prominent men" is to be undertaken by the American Bankers' Association. *Though started in Chicago** this movement is really of eastern origin and the principal organizers are New York bankers. These bankers look upon the new plans for currency reform as a menace to our gold standard policy. They hold up the gold act of 1900, which they foisted upon us, as proof of their financial wisdom; and exploit the panic of 1893 as a warning against the evils of silver and currency inflation.

The banker's theory of the cause of that panic was widely exploited at the time and was the chief factor in influencing legislation for the repeal of the Sherman law and the adoption of the single standard. But certain facts which came out later throw a new light on the matter, and prove beyond all controversy that the arguments which the bankers used to discredit the Sherman law were absolutely false.

The campaign of education for the gold standard was really started with the attack on the Sherman law. Gold had been going abroad for several years previous but at first there seemed to be much uncertainty as to the cause of its going. This is shown by the statement in the New York *Advertiser* (March 10, 1893) that "It is probable that 99 men out of 100 have but little idea why gold is being shipped abroad in such vast quantities in these last three months. In the average mind the question, Why is it shipped, and what is given in its place? must naturally arise. As to the theory that foreign liquidation might explain the movement the *Advertiser* states that at that time "not a single American security was being realized upon, and yet every week saw some steamers sail away with millions of our gold." But later on when signs of trouble began to multiply, the theory, that foreign liquidation on account of our silver policy was the disturber, was started on its travels and has been kept going ever since. Foreign bankers started it, financial writers gave it publicity and the scientific economists and university professors added their unqualified indorsement.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin in his "Principles of Money" says: "Again in 1893 a money and banking panic overtook the United States, due to fears that then existing acts of Congress would bring in the silver standard. Foreigners sent our securities home to be sold to obtain gold if possible before the coming of silver payments. The mere fear of a silver standard caused a rush of liquidation."

To the same effect Alexander D. Noyes says: "It was through these eastern banks that the 'run' began with 1893 on the government's gold reserve for the redemption of legal tender notes. It was on the eastern stock exchanges that foreign investors for two years continuously poured their holdings of American securities."—*Political Science Quarterly,* March, 1894.

Again in his book, "Thirty Years of American Finance," the same writer says: "And back of all the superficial reasoning of the day the unwelcome conclusion began to force itself forward that the gold expulsion was an index as truly as the gold expulsion of 1862, to a disordered and inflated currency."

But They Didn't Look Up Facts!

PROFESSOR LAUCK, of the University of Virginia, who has discussed this question very fully, asserts that the liquidation took place in 1892 and 1893, and that it was due to the Sherman law. The $59,000,000 gold exported in 1892 calendar year went to cancel returned railroad securities.

The general opinion was that this foreign liquidation took place on the New York Stock Exchange and that the bulk of it was for account of English investors. Mr. N. T. Bacon, a recognized authority, writing in the *Yale Review,* November, 1900, in reference to liquidation and losses by English investors, says: "But it is probable that their heaviest loss was in the panic of 1893, which was immensely aggravated by their dumping all manner of securities on the New York Stock Exchange for anything they would bring."

It is a curious fact that while all these experts were so cocksure that there was an immense liquidation in 1892 and 1893, and that it took place on the New York Stock Exchange, not one of them seems to have taken the trouble to look up the facts. Professor Lauck has devoted more space to this question than any other writer, but he does not seem to have the remotest idea of what stocks came back or whether they were sold on or off the Stock Exchange. He frequently refers to the *Financial Chronicle* as his authority; but that publication does not appear to know any more about the matter than the professor does. To my request for information the *Chronicle* replied as follows:

"In answer to your inquiry of the 18th, we beg leave to state that we cannot now give you the names of the banking houses which sold more of our securities for foreign account than they bought during the months preceding the panic of 1893 or what securities came back. It is a well-known fact, however, that European holders of American securities were alarmed at the results of our silver legislation and that they sold these securities freely presumably on and off the Stock Exchange. Sgd., William B. Dana Company, by Geo. B. Shephard."

Professor Lauck also quotes the London *Economist.* But neither does that authority say where the liquidation took place.

Failing to get any exact information from these sources, I decided to do a little investigating on my own account. Messrs. Noyes and Bacon having stated that the liquidation took place on the Stock Exchange, I looked up the reports of such business for foreign account in the *Evening Post* and other New York newspapers. Here are the transactions for foreign account in each month of these two years.

Excess of Purchase Shares

	1892	1893
January	89,000	61,000
February	33,000	97,000
March	11,000	68,500
April	95,000	86,000
May	103,000	140,000
June	34,000	45,500
July	8,000	95,000
August	13,500	107,500
September	31,500	5,000
October	61,000	*15,500
November	69,000	40,000
December	43,500	76,000

Net excess of purchases for 1892 591,500
Net excess of purchases for 1893 821,500
*Shows excess of sales.

These figures of transactions *inside the Stock Exchange* certainly do not indicate a dumping of securities.

Now as to what was transpiring *outside the Stock Exchange,* this is the account of transactions as far as I could find them.

For the year 1892. January—15,000 shares of Louisville securities shipped abroad. February—Foreigners bought $400,000 worth of Atchinson incomes. Kuhn, Loeb & Company, loaned $1,000,000 (foreign money) to Norfolk and Western. "If Europe has been selling this year it has not been done in the open market."—(*Post,* February 10.) April—Heavy buying of bonds for foreign account. Also large blocks of Reading and Atchinson railway bonds. German bankers buy $6,500,000 worth of Ontario and Western bonds. Foreigners buy Philadelphia sugar mills. London buys $2,000,000 worth of Atchinson bonds. June—Bank of Montreal buys 3,000 shares of Lake Shore. August—5,000 shares of Laclede Gas Company sold abroad. September—Heavy buying of bonds for foreign account. Nashville & Chattanooga bonds bought for English account. Heavy buying of Reading Incomes for London. October—*Post* predicts gold imports because foreigners had bought considerable bonds. November—Much Reading and Atchison bonds bought. December—Speyer sells 5,000 shares for foreign account.

For the year 1893—Transactions outside the Stock Exchange. January—Speyer & Company (foreign banker) loan $6,000.000 on Reading Railroad trust bonds. "Foreign houses report a steady demand from abroad for high-class bonds yielding fair returns which are shipped from here as soon as the orders can be filled." February—"Houses with large foreign connections report a brisk movement in bonds and dividend paying stocks for European investment account. It is said that they have shipped from $500,000 to $1,000,000 worth of bonds, on each of the steamers leaving last week."—*Post,* February 1. "One gold exporting house reports that it would ship $2,000,000 worth of stocks instead of gold."—*Post,* February 16. "Foreign houses continue their purchases of bonds." April—Panama railroad stock offered in Paris at $50 a share. May—Speyer & Company buy $4,000,000 worth of Pennsylvania Railroad bonds. July—"Large amounts of stocks and bonds are known to have been bought within the last few days for foreign account."—*Tribune,* July 28. "The only elements of strength to the market was the buying of London."—*Tribune,* July 27. "A large amount of stocks estimated at 100,000 shares will be shipped to London by Saturday's steamers."—*Post,* July 27. "On the Stock Exchange foreigners bought everything in sight."—*Press,* July 27. There is not one report of foreign liquidation in such volume.

The panic came on July 26.

There was still heavier outside buying after the panic but I am only concerned with what happened before.

In view of this showing the question suggests itself, Where did these parties get this theory of foreign liquidation? Professors Lauck and Laughlin and the *Financial Chronicle,* as we have seen, got their authority from the foreign bankers. But Mr. Noyes also quotes W. C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, who in his annual report estimates the net purchases of stocks for foreign account in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, at $100,000,000. Where this liquidation took place is not stated. But my reports show that in this same fiscal year the net foreign purchases totaled 743,000 shares, nearly 600,000 of which were taken in the latter half of the period, that is, from January 1, to June 30, 1893, and the biggest amount, 140,000 shares, was taken in May when matters were beginning to look serious.

Where the Gold Really Went

IF THE above named economists had studied the directions of the gold movement they might have found reasons enough to shake their faith in this liquidation theory. The banker's theory had it that most of the securities were returned by British investors. If this were so *the bulk of this gold should have gone to England.* But such was not the case. *The bulk of it went to Austria via France and Germany.* And yet Austria held none of our securities, but she did have a vast army of Hungarian immigrants here who were hoarding up millions and sending them home every year.

"The learned," says Elbert Hubbard, "can see everything but the obvious." Especially is this the case when they don't want to see it. Financial writers, public officials and others shut their eyes to plain facts and accepted the theory that silver and paper money inflation was the cause of all our woes! The big bankers, who are supposed to know it all (and to tell all they know), had originated this theory and the aforesaid financial writers and others accepted it as gospel.

In exploiting this theory the bankers had several objects in view. The first object was to hide the fact that the chief cause of the trouble in 1893 was these invisible foreign debts for alien hoards, tourists' expenses, interest dues, and cost of ocean freight in foreign vessels. The second object was to make silver and paper currency inflation the bogie and thus pave the way for the demonetization of silver and the establishment of the gold standard.

But the facts herein set forth prove that it is a brazenly false theory. It is refuted by these reports of foreign business in our stocks and also by the directions of the gold movement.

I have given a brief history of this matter in several magazine articles and its correctness has never been questioned, and it cannot be questioned. It is very essential that these facts of financial history should be recalled. For it is the same group that is now leading this new campaign of education to discredit financial policies which do not originate in Wall Street. Their campaign involves the same misrepresentation of facts. They proceed on the theory that "a lie well stuck to is better than the truth half told." And they will continue to hold up the crisis of 30 years ago as a financial bogie, and a warning against any plan of currency reform that may seem like a departure from the gold-standard policy as defined by the money brokers.

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*Note:—This is a well-worn strategy and it indicates Wall Street's recognition of the distrust in which it is held by the country. It is common for a Wall Street scheme to be handled from rented offices in Chicago. The House of Warburg, for example, could tell several interesting stories of New York interests working out of Chicago to influence legislation at Washington—especially Federal Reserve legislation. It is proper to inquire how long Chicago will enjoy being a stool pigeon for a certain section of Wall Street.—Editorial Note.

You Want the Facts About Coal, Don't You?

Concluded from page 8

of coal at the mine and sell them to the highest bidder. It is a silent auction, because these profiteers receive orders by mail or telegraph, and they in turn can select the best offers.

An investigation throughout the eastern mine district, no matter how superficial, will convince any one that a *coal shortage is an impossibility.* Whatever of it exists is imaginary or geographical. I have traversed three or four coal states, and the most frequent landscape before my eyes was a vista of coal-laden cars on sidings that could not have been used very recently, if one judged by the rusty rails on which they reposed. It would be a good guess—and a better gamble perhaps—to say that for every moving coal-laden car there were twenty—

Yes, what are all these stationary cars of coal doing? How many are standing still for lack of motive power to move them? And how many are standing still because they are cars containing contract or option coal in the name of speculators who are waiting for the "right order" to move them along?

One hears the old singsong about car shortage, but is that as real an evil as it is made out to be? There are many idle empty coal cars on every line. Is normal traffic impeding their movement? Who owns or leases them—and who controls their destiny? There are not so many such empty cars now as in the spring or early summer—but there are certainly enough to make these questions pertinent.

When this follows then the "snowbird" mine is developed—small mines making a profit under these favorable conditions which in turn breed a flock of "snowbird" brokers.

If so conservative an authority as Dr. Smith declares it to be his opinion that too many mines and too many miners are operating today, it is to be concluded that *there can be no coal shortage.*

It is my belief that much of this surplusage of "speculation coal" is on the rails. "Dealers' bins" are empty or almost so. In a few cases they are empty because coal has been moved, but in not a few cases *they are empty because they were never intended to be full.* These "dealers' bins" are for effect.

The President in a recent letter to Conrad E. Spens, Federal fuel distributor, considers the coal problem as one of transportation rather than production. It is to be doubted if it is a problem of transportation. It is possible and probable that at given points given systems may have been unable to move all the coal in sight, but it is too much to ask one to believe that every railroad has failed in this, and that said failure, where it has occurred, was not based upon preference, profit or premeditation. It is part of a vicious circle, in which not everyone concerned is responsible—that is, operator, railroad, wholesaler, retailer—*but somehow somewhere somebody is responsible.* The condition is not one that "just happens" because it happens too frequently, too regularly, and always bears the same earmarks.

De-inking Newspapers to Save Our Forests

Salvaging of Print Stock by New Process to Relieve Paper Shortage

By FRED L. HOLMES

OLD newspapers will soon be used for other purposes than starting the fires in the country homes each morning, or filling office waste baskets which city janitors must lug to the paper press in the basement.

By a new discovery made at the Federal Forest Products laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, old newspapers can be de-inked. Their preservation for sale will soon check the annual denuding of the forests of 5,000,000 cords of wood annually which when manufactured produces 2,200,000 tons of print paper to supply the news presses of the nation. The salvaging of old newsprints is expected to furnish relief to the present paper shortage.

The main building of the Forest Products laboratory. This and five other buildings are needed to house the experimental equipment of the laboratory, and its staff of 100 technical men and assistants.

Every year the pulp and paper situation in the United States has become more acute. Its products weave into every other industry and almost every other activity of the nation. Only a few species of trees are adapted to pulp manufacture. Discovery of new trees that can be utilized must be made and strong-arm methods of conservation must be adopted or peril lurks in the future.

Into this large vat newspapers are placed for the de-inking. Sidney D. Wells, the discoverer, is shown standing near the tub.

"Under present methods of converting trees into pulp this industry is dependent for its raw supplies upon three per cent of the standing timber remaining," says C. P. Winslow, director of the Federal laboratory, in the official records of the forestry department of the government. "This is due to the fact that present processes are commercially adopted to a very few species only. This accounts, in part, for the fact that the paper mill industry in the East and lake states faces exhaustion of local timber, and the future of the industry as a whole rests with new methods to conserve the supply of pulp by re-using old print papers and upon the development of processes which will make it commercially practical to use species other than those now being used, especially western woods which comprise more than 60 per cent of our remaining timber."

That authoritative statement summarizes the pulp-paper situation. It emphasizes the importance of any discovery which will make possible the reworking of present discarded paper stocks and wastes.

The process of de-inking is so simple that it can be utilized by every commercial newsprint plant in the country without the installation of a dollar's worth of new machinery. The old papers are soaked in water, run through a beater, like that operated in every paper mill, and then bentonite, the new American clay, is introduced. This clay acts on ink particles like a magnet on a horseshoe nail. It loads a particle on its back and floats it off through the waste pipe leaving the mushy pulp, restrained by sieves, white and clean. It gives at once an exemplification of the Biblical phrase "old wine in new bottles."

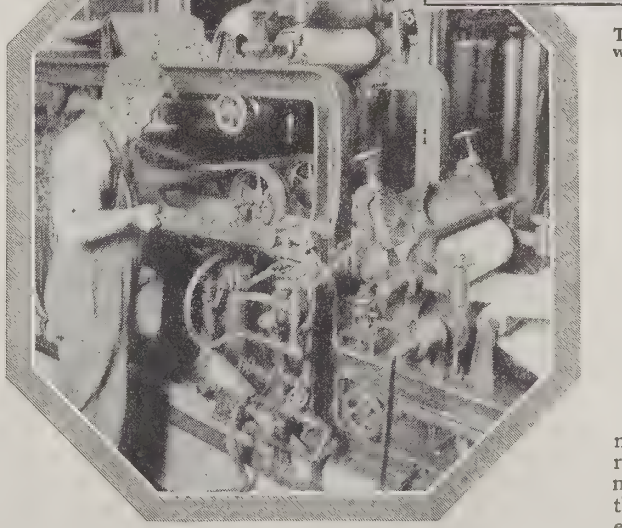
Bentonite is the new American clay which the laboratory heralded a year ago as a substance to give a fine enamel to book paper. It exists in large deposits. When this clay is used with English China clay, the retention of the English clay is materially increased, and the paper produced has a superior finish and appearance, and a more velvety feel. The admixture of this clay similarly improves the retention of other fillers, and is especially desirable with some which have a low retention.

For two centuries scientists have been attempting to find some process for de-inking newspapers. First mention of a process to accomplish this is made by George Balthasar Illy in Denmark as early as 1695. In 1765, Dr. Jacob Christian Schaffer mentions its use in his "Papier Versuchen."

"How did you come to make the discovery and what is bentonite," I asked Sidney D. Wells, engineer of the laboratory.

"We were making use of bentonite in experiments on book-paper enamel," he replied. "One day when some old newspapers around the office were being turned back into pulp I dropped some of this clay into the vat. This clay remains in solution a long time and seems to have affinity for ink particles. I noticed that clay particles would fasten to ink particles and when the pulp would strike the sieves, or skimmers, the clay and ink particles would float through, leaving the pulp behind. Down the waste pipe went the old ink. Here was the very process we had been attempting to discover for years.

"In de-inking printed paper, and especially newspaper, it is comparatively easy to loosen the carbon black by dissolving the varnish of the printing ink by means of alkalies such as sodium carbonate or caustic soda, using as little as 40 pounds of sodium carbonate to a ton of paper and temperatures as low as 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Such treatment will not injure groundwood pulp and if the carbon black could be completely washed out after liberation a satisfactory material would be obtained. Unfortunately, the fibers of the paper stock serve as a very effective filter to mesh the particles of carbon and there is no method that permits their complete removal without excessive losses of pulp or expenditures of time, power and water that are prohibitive. In fact, a point seems to be reached beyond which it is impossible to remove the remaining traces of ink. The problem is entirely different from the removal of solution impurities such as cooking liquor or bleach residues, and the successful methods for handling impurities do not answer the purpose. With bentonite, however, we have a substance that will pass through ordinary filters and carry the carbon black with it."



Paper mill at Forest Products laboratory used for experimental purposes. Old newspapers, de-inked, are being run off.

Before he went on with his story, Mr. Wells showed me a pile of creamy-white clay. That was bentonite from the beds of Montana and Wyoming. It is cheap, selling for $20 a ton. One ton of bentonite in solution will clean up ten tons of discarded and pulped newspapers.

"What kind of clay is it?" I asked.

"Bentonite is defined by the United States Geological Survey as a transported, stratified, volcanic ash that has been altered shortly after deposition," came the reply. "It is very fine-grained and has the property of swelling in contact with water to several times its original volume into a jelly-like mass which on further dilution forms colloidal solutions which will remain in suspension indefinitely in mixtures as dilute as one part of bentonite to 50 parts of water. It is a mineral akin to kaolin although generally yielding on analysis more silica, less alumina, and more magnesia, and has been found to be an excellent filler for paper. Its physical properties render it of most value in de-inking paper."

Comparative tests with an excellent deposit of Wyoming bentonite, English China clay, and Georgia China clay, in which one part of each was mixed in 100 parts of water, gave the following results on standing 24 hours:

	Parts remaining in suspension
Wyoming bentonite	.78
English China clay	.001
Georgia China clay	.01

This shows that bentonite remains in solution, while heavier clays settle quickly to the bottom, like sediment in an inactive pool.

The Forest Products laboratory, where these official experiments were conducted, is an arm of the Department of Agriculture. It was founded 12 years ago to devise means to check the wood waste of the nation. Forests were being denuded and the lumber supply was being rapidly exhausted.

"All told, we demand of our forests about fifty-six billion feet of timber annually, aside from more than one hundred million cords of small material for fuel and various chemical products," declared William B. Greeley, national forester, in an official statement at the laboratory recently. "There is nothing comparable to this enormous use of wood in the history of the world. We are pre-eminently a wood-using nation. It is wood that has developed our farm lands, that has largely built and equipped our railroads, and that supports many of our most valuable and distinctive manufacturing industries.

"We use from two to four times as much wood—for every member of our population—as the most highly developed countries of Europe. We cannot face the future without a sober and intelligent consideration of that fact. Three-fifths of the timber originally in the United States is gone. We are taking about four times the amount of wood out of our forests every year that we are growing in them. We are cutting more of every class of timber than we are growing. We are even using up the trees too small for the sawmills, upon which our future lumber supply depends, three and one-half times as fast as they are being produced."

Two handfuls of bentonite clay, creamy-white and porous, is the magic ingredient used in de-inking.

The Forest Products laboratory is the nation's scientific wood conservationist. For several years it was the only institution of its kind in the world. At the institution a corps of experts devotes its efforts to discover every possible use to which wood waste can be put. It has discovered that sawdust, when subjected to scientific cooking processes, can be utilized as an edible cattle food; that woods when properly seasoned have a longer livelihood; that certain treatments of creosote will preserve telephone poles and railroad ties and that packing boxes when correctly constructed stand up longer under the strain of shipments. Hundreds of similar discoveries, all tending to save the wood of the nation, have been made. The de-inking of old newspapers is the most important conservation innovation to be made.

Rising prices of print paper have been a nightmare to publishers. The discovery of de-inking will relieve much of the tension. Thousands of tons of old newspapers can be gathered in cities each month under the stimulus of a reasonable price. More efficient gathering channels of the waste product must be developed.

"The possibilities of a process for the recovery of old newspaper stock such as had been described are apparent to any one familiar with the paper industry," continued Mr. Wells. "When the price paid for old paper stimulated collection it is reported that about twenty-five thousand tons a month were collected in Chicago of which 40 per cent was news. In our metropolitan centers probably twenty-five hundred tons a day were collected which would furnish a very considerable portion of our daily consumption of approximately seven thousand tons of newsprint. The source is furthermore at the place of consumption and the saving in freight is a very important item. The color requirements of the publishers at the present time are very severe and any process that does not thoroughly remove the ink cannot be successful. While considerable difficulty was encountered in meeting these requirements the results obtained as the process has been finally worked out seem to justify our belief that they can be met."

A Sales Manager Said—"Work on Sundays"!

Concluded from page 2

Rt. Rev. Francis J. McConnell,
Bishop Methodist Episcopal Church, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Replying to your inquiry as to the social effect of Sunday business, may I say that in general I consider such business anti-social. I cannot satisfactorily define *necessary* business, but nothing is necessary which tends to rob the laborer of one day's rest in seven. The extension of Sunday work certainly tends to do that. My primary interest is in the extension of humanizing principles to industry, and the general extension of business to Sunday certainly would make for the de-humanizing of industry. In the essential tasks of communication and furnishing of food supply, the work of the laborer can be so adjusted as to give him one day a week, not so if everything is to be construed as necessary.

CHARLES E. LEE,
Consulting Engineer, New York City. Formerly General Superintendent of Boston & Maine Railroad.

Having been all my life engaged in conducting transportation, it is somewhat embarrassing for me to express an opinion on the subject of your letter. I have worked Sundays much of my business life. I do think there is more work done on this day than is necessary for the well-being of the nation, and am also firmly of the opinion that no good purpose is served by doing this unnecessary work.

1. I know of no specific instance where concerns are advising their salesmen to do business on Sunday.
2. I do not think unnecessary Sunday work pays in the long run, and the effect on society would be bad if this were to become a policy in business.
3. Necessary business is that work necessary to enable the masses to enjoy rest, recreation, and facilities for study on that day.

JAMES C. WILSON,
Vice-President, James S. Kemper & Company, Mutual Class Insurance, Chicago, Illinois.

It appears to the writer that this question, as well as all others on which business hinges, resolves itself into one of satisfying the buying public.

There are innumerable lines in which it seems necessary to serve the public on Sunday. None of these lines were in existence when the Bible was written, hence they could not foresee the necessity of electric lights, telephones, gas, transportation, and so on.

1. We know several business firms training men especially to handle Sunday business.
2. Our opinion of the effect on society in general of Sunday selling is that it is in keeping with the times, is beneficial to all, and that it pays.
3. Necessary business on Sunday means to us serving the general demand in whatever it requires.

MARSHALL N. DANA,
Editor, Oregon *Journal,* Portland, Oregon.

1. I do not know of firms that advise their salesmen to do business on Sunday.
2. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." I think it would have an injurious effect on society to turn the seventh day over to business solicitation. I do not think that Sunday business in the long run pays.
3. My definition of necessary business on Sunday is transportation, communication and recreational operation. I believe that everybody ought to have at least one day's complete break from work in every seven.

L. S. GILLETTE,
President, Plymouth Investment Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

1. No.
2. Effect on society is bad, and the habit of making golf a business all day Sunday is bad. Its effect upon church attendance is particularly noticeable. Its influence upon the young is bad. It has resulted in disrespect of the Sabbath. Unnecessary violation of the Sabbath cannot be justified.
3. Necessary business on Sunday may be defined as such as could not have been done some time during the preceding week and cannot possibly be postponed until the coming week.

FREDERICK W. TAYLOR,
Agriculturist, Los Angeles, California. Chief Departments of Agriculture and Horticulture, Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

In the first place, I am not a preacher, nor the descendant of a preacher, so far as I know, in the more than a hundred lines that come into my nine generations of American ancestry.

All my ancestors are of New England, but I was born in the far West, as it was then, and have lived most of my life in the West, with a few years in the Asiatic Far East. So I have had a good deal of opportunity to observe.

Answering your first question, a great part of the sale in real estate, in and about Los Angeles, is pushed specially hard on Sundays, and I note a disposition to do the same in many other places, not only as to real estate, but in the case of almost any business with those who are engaged, regularly, during the week.

Second. My feeling, based on many years of observation and study of the question, is that the business use of Sunday is a mistake, from the standpoint of the seller, as well as of the buyer. And, in the long run, I cannot recall a single person or firm, following this particular form of hustling, who has benefited noticeably, if at all, by the practice.

They lose, without knowing it, much business from those who are not in harmony with the practice, their salesmen cannot keep in good trim without a day of rest, and the deadly and continuous grind dulls their faculties, and reduces their business acumen.

Third. I have not a specially clear idea as to exactly what is "necessary business," but I think that there is very little of it. Certain transportation, passenger and freight, as well as mail, may come under that heading, but I doubt whether a quarter of that used is really very necessary.

Newspapers are somewhat a necessity, but the hundred-page nightmares that we so often get, are certainly not a necessity on Sunday or, for that matter, on any other day of the week.

Hotels, restaurants and household activities are necessary to a proper extent, as probably is street car transportation.

I personally believe that practically all business should stop on Sunday, looking at it simply from the human standpoint, leaving out the religious question entirely. . . .

We all need more poise, more thoughtfulness, more of many qualities that can be got best, if not only from adherence to some religious teachings, and these things are not compatible with the rush and hurlyburly of seven days a week work. And the substitute of a rest day, other than a Sunday, does not fill the necessity.

WILMER W. SALMON,
President, General Railway Signal Company, Rochester, New York.

1. No.
2. Generally bad. Not enough data to warrant an opinion.
3. Transportation, hotels, drug stores, and so on.

JOHN H. GRAY,
Department of Economics, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Any one who has studied the industrial and commercial life of this country since the cruel war, must have reached the conclusion that what is vainly called Commercialism has run riot. The human race cannot stand the pace for another fifty years. We must reform industry or industry will do our civilization away. It has destroyed family life, set up false ideas in the minds of the young, lowered the moral tone of business, and abolished Sunday. Sunday labor is merely one phase of this orgy. At the point we have now reached, unless one has some special privilege or monopoly power, he is driven out of business if he does not descend to all the tricks and wickedness of his worst competitor. This necessarily means Sunday labor, adulteration of quality, false representations, and other untold evils, including nerve-breaking stress.

You cannot say what is necessary Sunday labor for one man until you know what his competitor does on Sunday. But you may be very sure that we do more business on Sunday than is good for mind, body or soul—more than any civilized or Christian nation can do if it wishes to survive. Read the chapter in Sydney and Beatrice Webb's "Industrial Democracy" on the "Higgling of the Market."

H. A. WHEELER,
Vice-President, Union Trust Company, Chicago, Illinois.

1. No.
2. A business policy which advocates or requires Sunday selling lowers the moral standard of citizens. I do not think Sunday business pays in the long run.
3. Necessary business on Sunday embraces Transportation, Public Utilities, Food Services and perishable commodities.

H. E. HACKENBERG,
Assistant General Manager, Western Clock Company, La Salle, Illinois.

1. We know of no instances where firms are advising their salesmen to do business on Sunday.
2. The effect on society in general of a business policy that requires Sunday selling would, in our opinion, be harmful for moral and religious reasons. We think decidedly that Sunday business does not pay in the long run, not only because the human machine requires rest and repair and would, therefore, not render as good service if worked continuously, but also because Sunday solicitation would be resented by the buyers as soon as it became prevalent enough to amount to anything.
3. Our definition of necessary business on Sunday is business which, if not done, would result in a disproportionate loss. We might add that we do not work Saturday afternoons nor on holidays. We close our plant for two weeks in July and all employes who have been with us 10 years get paid for these two weeks. Those who have been with us five years are paid for one week. All salaried employes get two weeks vacation with pay.

The Myth of Henry Cabot Lodge Exploded

Concluded from page 6

committal" on great issues, that he is habitually trying to play both ends and the middle in his clamor for votes, that he refused to stand by the prohibition chief who did his duty as the law required. The purveyors of the Great Myth hail him as a modern Daniel fighting corruption in a lions' den. They acclaim him the living embodiment of the New England spirit of stern virtue, the defender of the Massachusetts tradition. And straightway his erstwhile opponents bow in obeisance. Verily, the Great Myth is mighty!

Like all well-trained politicians Lodge poses as a friend of Labor, but his long record in Washington does not disclose a single instance where he championed Labor's cause unless Labor's cause chanced by some twist of fate to be linked by a business boom with big profits and dividends for the Chosen Few of New England industry. He prates much on "international policies"—an abstract subject for a state campaign—but he is ominously silent on the coal situation, a vital question just now with those who labor. But that doesn't faze Mr. Lodge. What, anyway, are specific issues to a mental gymnast who is capable of jumping from generality to generality as a Cape Cod sand flea jumps from pebble to pebble? Verily, the Myth is mighty!

It has been said that Mr. Lodge has an inherited dislike for England. New England, being provincial, is slow to forget some things. Among them is England's attitude toward the Northern cause during the Civil War. She has never been fully forgiven for what she did nearly 60 years ago. The memory of it still rankles in the old boys who fought under Lincoln, although it doesn't much affect the younger generation. But the population of Massachusetts is represented heavily by Americans of Irish ancestry. This racial element is today essentially the Democratic party in Massachusetts. Wherefore Henry Cabot Lodge's dislike of England is not so much because he cherishes a spirit of antipathy but because the pretense of it is politically beneficial. It is his trump card, and he always has one up his sleeve. That is why he signed the protest to Lloyd George on behalf of the Irish people, the protest which Lloyd George replied to by telling the signers to mind their own business. His signing the protest could be easily explained to those who might object to his insolent interference or unwarranted meddling, or whatever you choose to call it, by the senior Senator from Massachusetts. The Great Myth would take care of it. The old war vets wouldn't be upset by it and it would please the friends of Irish freedom. Wherefore Lodge's heralded dislike of England. It helps to attract votes and votes for Lodge are what are needed every six years. The claquers are in a position to tell the Democrats how warmly Mr. Lodge's heart beats for Ireland, when if the truth were known Lodge wouldn't give a rap if England towed Ireland out to sea and sank her.

Lodge, the poseur, understands the power of suggestion. He knows the psychology of crowds. He knows that in our voting, for instance, we are moved as a nation by slogans. Lodge is cold and calculating. Indeed, some wag has described him as the Icicle of the North. He has no sense of humor but he has been taught by other men what most pleases and catches the popular imagination. He cannot sway great masses like a Borah or a Beveridge except when he is pleading for personal political sympathy. Anybody who tugs long enough on the heartstrings of human folks like New Englanders is sure of a response, and Henry knows how to make a 100 per cent plea for sympathy. When he talks straight politics he talks a language not so understandable, but he usually manages to throw a scare into his audience by ringing in the ancient full-dinner-pail argument so popular and effective in the national campaign 26 years ago. He cannot move large gatherings unless a brass band has first crashed down upon the audience and let loose the spirit of the bleachers. Getting ready for Lodge to speak is a work for cheer leaders and claquers. Mob psychology is always needed, and someone is sure to tell the story of the Great Myth.

It is not by the stature of a statesman that Lodge's political success may be gauged but by the subtle power of a fiction repeated often enough. That is why Lodge could vote to seat Newberry without qualms of conscience. The senatorial declaration that the spending of huge sums of money would in future be dangerous to the perpetuity of free government was intended as a sop for people who think. It makes no difference apparently to Mr. Lodge that the public sense of decency and honor has been outraged. The Great Myth will take care of that when the time comes. In this instance, as in many others, he has overlooked the fact that every political wrong is a social wrong and, therefore, a moral wrong. And he seems contentedly oblivious of the fact that responsibility for a political wrong cannot be evaded by a technicality. But that doesn't matter, for it will be taken care of by the all-powerful Myth, the Infallibility of Lodge. It was taken care of in the Republican primary campaign when Lodge's opponent, former Speaker Joseph Walker, of the Massachusetts house of representatives, called for an explanation. Lodge's vote on the seating of Newberry was all explained by Secretary Hughes, counsel in the case, and the pamphlet was sent broadcast throughout Massachusetts with Senator Lodge's frank upon it. Then, when the time came for filing primary campaign expenses, Henry Cabot Lodge reported that he had "spent nothing." This, too, helps us to understand Mr. Lodge's moral values as applied to practical politics. It helps us to understand Lodge.

So much in evidence to explode the Great Myth which paints Lodge in the mantle of the Immortals. Lodge is a product of a peculiar environment. He lives in the heart of New England, and New England, you must understand, to understand Lodge, is the healthiest country in the world for standpatters. It always was and probably always will be. But her prophets and not her standpatters are remembered. Her standpatters succeed because New England, unfortunately, is slow to move. She wakes up to honor her prophets long after they have gone, and not until the rest of the world has discovered their greatness. Massachusetts erects statues to her "dangerous men." Her standpatters creep into nameless graves and are remembered no more except for the evils they have done. When we recall that history has a way of repeating itself, we wonder what the verdict will be a century hence. And, too, we wonder what chance of immortality Henry Cabot Lodge will have in the shuffle.

The "Grand Old Man of American Fiction"

Concluded from page 7

mantic Arab, 'I silently faded away.' I had resigned my job and made a splurge on my own in California street, and while scarcely anybody knew anything about it, I was young enough to think they did. And I was too proud to accept the good jobs that were offered me; I was sore from soul to suspenders, and my bruised spirit sought surcease from woe by reviving my old boyhood ambition, to wit, authorship. There had never been any authors in our tribe, there had never been any soldiers, and there had never been any business men. I had tried soldiering and business, so why not try writing?

"I was still ill. I had a temperature. Perhaps I was excited. At any rate, I went home and, using an incident that had come under my notice in the shipping business, I wrote my first short story and called it, 'A Little Matter of Salvage.'

"I enjoyed writing it; to me it was almost real. But when I had typed it I knew it was a failure, because I was a failure, and nothing profitable could come out of my crazy head. So I tucked it away and took a job as assistant business manager to a syndicate of half-wits who purposed establishing a morning newspaper in San Francisco. They didn't have money enough to pay me my first week's salary! It's a fact. But they had youth and imagination and energy and courage, sans business ability, so they put it over, and we lived a dog's life for nearly four months. I worked in the business office by day and in the local room by night, for our reportorial staff was limited. With the glad abandon of idiots, we got behind a political cripple for governor and perished miserably with him. I remember that my first assignment as a cub reporter was to cover the Republican state convention that nominated his opponent. The other morning papers had four men each on the job, with automobiles and messenger boys; I played a lone hand and shorthand and used the telephone, and if my story suffered by comparison with those of my competitors, I never heard about it.

"In the meantime, however, owing to the difficulty of collecting my weekly stipend, I had resurrected my salvage story, rewritten it, and, with a sigh for the wasted postage, had mailed it to the *Saturday Evening Post*, which promptly accepted it and mailed me a check for $250 in payment of same. Inasmuch as I have always required more money than I have possessed, I soon wrote another story for the *Post*, and when they accepted that and still another, I concluded I was fixed for life. So I married and have lived happy ever afterward.

"When I lost my newspaper job I hadn't a penny in the world. That was the night of November 29, 1910—and our rent was due on December 1. We had a landlord who could be depended upon to call on the morning of that day. I had come home from the deathbed of the newspaper at seven p. m. and desired, above all things, a quiet spot in which I might weep, for I had been working 18 hours a day for four months and I was nervously exhausted. My good wife fed me well, however, and appeared to consider our plight in the light of something less than nothing. So I set my typewriter on the dining-room table after dinner and hopped to it. That night I wrote an 8,000-word newspaper story entitled, 'The Failures,' and it looked good to me. After breakfast I walked 40 blocks to the office of *Sunset Magazine* to sell it, and after delivering it I walked 10 blocks more to a friend of mine and borrowed $5.

"I did not sell that manuscript to *Sunset Magazine*. It didn't appeal to them at all, and when they told me so next day, I thought I'd die. I had banked on that story. It appeared that what they wanted was a humorous sea-story. Well, I needed the money, so that night I wrote them a humorous sea-story—and I felt as humorous as a funeral. But the editor laughed at it next day and gave me $200 for it, so we faced the landlord on the morning of December 1. Afterward I wrote that good man 10 more stories, all dealing with those same alleged humorous characters.

"Since that day I haven't tried to do anything except write for a living. I'm happy at it, so why change? Between times, just to prove myself a human being, I have wooed fortune via the oil-well and mining-stock route, endorsed a few promissory notes, and been sued for plagiarism. Once I so far forgot myself as to write a motion-picture scenario, but it was a poor thing and the director rewrote it. Moreover, I have lived that down. At the end of the war I emerged from a year and a half of service as a captain of field artillery, and about the only effect that has had on me is to make me a little careful where I throw my cigar butts and burnt matches."

But one of the most significant facts about this instinctive story-teller's career is that, seemingly, not a single atom of his varied experience has proved to be wastage. All of these experiences have found an important place in the stories which have brought him the fame and fortune that his original business efforts failed to produce.

The secret of his popularity is the downright "averageness" of the people he paints in words, and of their lives, and ambitions, and whimsical inconsistencies. They inherit a good deal of their author's quick Irish wit, but their experiences are the same as their readers either have met or would like to meet.

"Ah, but that fellow Kyne would make a great business man I'll bet!" I recently heard one of Cappy Ricks' admirers exclaim.

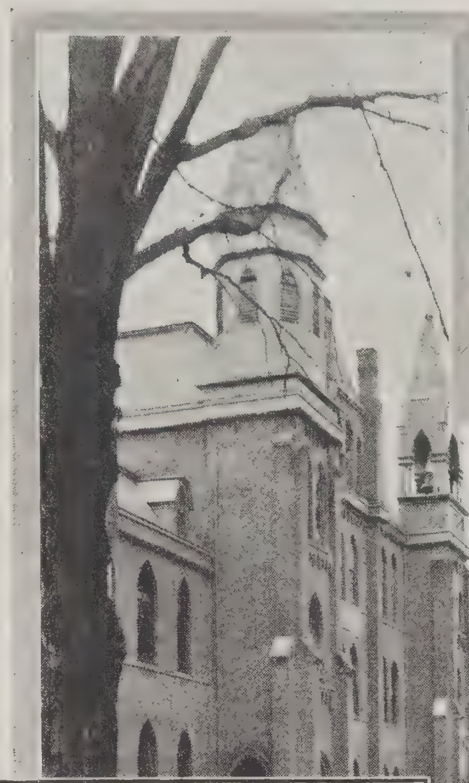
And Peter Kyne's personal estimate is that, when he tried it, he made the worst business man in California. If pressed on the subject, he'd probably admit that he didn't include enough territory.

"Little Hub of the Universe"

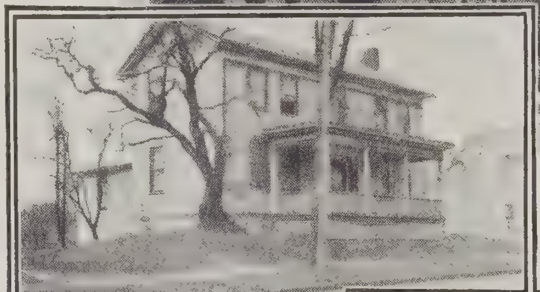
That's What Some Call Westerville, Ohio

By ED. J. RICHARDSON

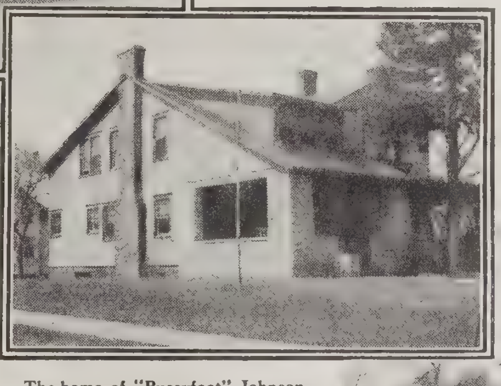
Right—Residence of Ernest H. Cherrington, LL.D., General Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism and General Manager of the American Issue Publishing Company.



Administration Building Otterbein College.



The residence of Peter Westervelt, one of the founders of Westerville. It is about the only "original" house remaining in the village.



The home of "Pussyfoot" Johnson, the noted prohibition crusader.

The offices of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

WHEN that sturdy family of Westervelts came from New York in 1818 and one of them, Matthew Westervelt, founded the village of Westerville in July, 1839, doubtless no one prophesied that the village would become almost as well known 'round the world as New York or London.

Nevertheless such fame has come to the little Ohio town of a few less than three thousand souls. The chamber of commerce calls it "The biggest little city in Ohio"—partly because it has more miles of paved streets in proportion to population than any other municipality.

A great reform has put Westerville on the world map and it is a shrine for those who rejoice when anything happens further to mar the visage of King Alcohol. But even a great reform cannot eclipse other notable items of interest connected with the history of the community.

To the visitor there is pointed out the old Stoner House which was erected quite a while before the Civil War. It stands very close to the site of the old mill, and is on State street about midway between Plum and Walnut streets. It is a two-story brick building containing about 16 rooms, the main portion fronting 40 feet on State street, while an "L" extends in the rear.

The Stoner House was one of the links in the old chain of taverns between Columbus and Cleveland. Many notables have slept under its roof, yet its chief claim for a place in the public eye is in the fact that it was a part of the famous "Underground Railway" by which Negro slaves escaped from the South into Canada before the Civil War. Many a Negro found safety within its walls, and it used to be said of Westerville, and Oberlin, farther north, "If a slave ever gets into Westerville or Oberlin even the devil can't get him."

Before the sixties, the Stoner House thus figured in efforts to free the black man; in these latter days it has become the property of the Anti-Saloon League of America, and has been used as a part of the equipment of the prohibition forces of the United States for freeing the nation from alcohol. In this connection it is of special interest to note that on the walls of the Stoner House there have been hanging combined pictures of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee whose names supply the title of the total abstinence department of the Anti-Saloon League, namely, the Lincoln-Lee Legion—for both Lincoln and Lee were total abstainers.

From the earliest days of the town there had been a strong sentiment against both slavery and liquor. So when one day a man came to town, armed with a license to sell "red-eye," it can be well imagined that the community was dumbfounded.

Moral suasion, petitions and entreaties were all applied to the saloon man, but he was unshaken. Then he was insistently given to understand that he and his institution were quite undesirable. Very strong and pointed suggestions to "move on" were offered, and various attempts through court proceedings made the liquor seller more obdurate. At about this juncture an explosion occurred one night immediately beneath the offending barroom, and the next morning citizens viewed with more or less equanimity a hole in the ground and considerable debris on the site. To this day no one has been found to declare that the destruction was not due to spontaneous combustion.

Westerville is pre-eminently a "home town," but it has a number of worth-while industries, including one of the pioneer "novelty" establishments of the country. The village is 12 miles northeast of Columbus and is the center of one of the best auto road systems in the state.

In addition to the old high school building, which will be later used for grades, a junior high school building, costing about $150,000, is under construction. It will be modern in every particular, and is prominently located on the principal street of the village.

Westerville is becoming more and more the center of world prohibition activities. By correspondence and through representatives, the World League Against Alcoholism keeps in close touch with the temperance situation in practically every country.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The first woman Senator is from Georgia. Governor Hardwick named Mrs. W. H. Felton as Senator to succeed the late Thomas E. Watson, until the November elections, when a successor will be chosen at the polls. Simultaneously, in announcing the appointment of Mrs. Felton, Governor Hardwick announced himself a candidate for the unexpired term of the late Mr. Watson. Mrs. Felton is an exponent of woman suffrage and an active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is reported that the Stinnes group of Germany has received a concession to repair the wharves and houses of Petrograd—a task requiring several years' work. A shipbuilding firm of Germany is rebuilding the Volga merchant-fleet for Russia.

A large deposit of a volcanic ash, suitable to manufacture cleaning compounds, has been found in British Columbia. Experiments prove that it can be used to polish gold and silver plate.

A high-grade oil is to be manufactured from dogfish which swarm in Pacific waters. A newly formed company in the Queen Charlotte Islands, off the mainland of British Columbia, will catch the fish in traps and extract the oil by a new and patented process. The traps will not interfere with the salmon and other food fish.

A Chinese junk, the *Amoy*, recently crossed the Pacific Ocean from Shanghai to Victoria, British Columbia. As far as is known this is the first time in history that a junk ever crossed the Pacific. The *Amoy* has three masts, without auxiliary power, is 69 feet over all and 48 feet on the water line. The *Amoy's* master is a Dutch-Canadian who married a Chinese woman. His wife operated the ship during the 91 days it took to make Victoria.

Short skirts, short sleeves, low necks and high heels in feminine apparel have caused several Swiss insurance companies, which insure against illness, to raise their premiums 15 per cent for women.

Carriages fitted out in silk, velvet and leather, with ivory and nickled fittings, costing at one time $15,000, were auctioned off in Knoxville, Tennessee, recently, for $20. The carriages once belonged to Tim Sullivan, Anthony J. Drexel and other distinguished citizens. Several horses sold for from $5 to $51 each.

The finger printing of every person in the United States is recommended by the New York State Chamber of Commerce as a protective measure to make difficult "the evasion of clever and dangerous aliens sent here for the purpose of spreading discontent among the unassimilated portions of our population."

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

No point in Scotland is more than 40 miles from sea water.

The president of Dartmouth College has asserted that too many men go to college. He deems it necessary "to define the individuals to whom in justice to the public good the privilege shall be extended, and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld." He believes there is "such a thing as an aristocracy of brains made up of men intellectually alert and intellectually eager, to whom, increasingly, the opportunities of higher education ought to be restricted."

During the administration of Evangeline Booth as head of the Salvation Army in the United States, nearly 20 years, the students in the Army's training school have increased from approximately 70 a year to 500, while the assets of the organization have risen from $1,500,000 to $23,000,000.

A spoken newspaper is the latest innovation in France. The *Parole Libre,* formerly the *Libre Parole,* has given up its type and presses and will present its news orally instead of typographically. Subscribers are welcome to semi-weekly lectures where current events are read off by the editors. Experts and men in the public eye discuss questions of moment. This discussion is considered a substitute for the editorial page. The staff is paid on a time basis.

A college for domestic service and the useful arts has been established in England. A graduate will know all about cooking, needlework, laundry work and general housework. Attention is also given to singing and piano playing. A sum of $250,000 has been set aside for the establishment.

Japan says it will restore the leasehold of Kiaochow to China December 2. On that date the Chinese flag is scheduled to be raised over the district for the first time since Germany acquired the territory in 1898. At that time Germany was given a 99-year lease of Kiaochow and the territory surrounding it when two of her missionaries were killed in Shantung. The lease ceased to operate when the war broke out and Japan occupied the property. The territory comprises 250 square miles and possesses an excellent harbor.

The Rockland Lake lighthouse on the Hudson River began to lean shortly after it was built. It was caused probably by the washing out of an old oyster bed. The lighting machinery has been adjusted so that it functions properly.

The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs has refused to allow the manuscript of Goethe's "Faust" to be sold at public auction. The manuscript will be returned to Germany. This manuscript was on exhibition at the Lyons Exposition when the war broke out, having been loaned by the German Museum at Frankfurt. Later it was sequestered by the French Government as enemy property.

The $15,000 bond of William D. Haywood, convicted I. W. W. leader, has been ordered forfeited and deputies ordered to collect the bonds. Haywood fled to Russia and has never returned.

The delay of the French and Italian governments to ratify the documents of the Washington Arms Conference treaties has been a matter of discussion in Japan, and informally her representatives have talked with American officials regarding the desirability of rewriting the treaty and the so-called Four-Power Pacific Pact so as to make them applicable to the three countries which have ratified, leaving Italy and France out of the naval treaty and dropping France from the Four-Power Treaty.

The old battleship *Kearsarge* has been cut down and made into a crane ship, the only one in the world. The massive crane has a lifting capacity of 250 tons and is capable of tugging from its moorings an object weighing 500,000 pounds.

Coal prescriptions, signed by physicians, are deluging Chicago coal dealers. These prescriptions urge that certain consumers, because of illness or other emergencies, be preferred in coal distribution. In the belief that each instance must be one that demands special consideration the dealers are complying with the demand and furnishing the coal on prescription.

Large deposits of coal have been discovered on Lake Tanganyika in Belgian Congo.

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 — Dearborn, Michigan, November 11, 1922 — Single Copy Ten Cents

Wall Street Control of Prices Costs Cotton Planters Millions

"BEER AND WINE" NEVER AMERICAN

Old-time Feud of Distillers and Brewers Recalled by Those Watching Efforts of the Group Seeking to End Prohibition

Misery of Real Poverty Stalking Educators Brings Wives' Protest

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"Beer and Wine" Are Not American Tipples

Political Ignorance of Persons Advocating Dry Modification Amazes Those Who Recall Feud of Brewers and Distillers

By LEWIS HARPER

THE political ignorance of the neo wets now being ranged under the "beer and wine" banner is at once profound and amusing. They evidently do not understand that in adopting the slogan of "beer and light wine" they are reviving a feud which was largely responsible for the early advent of prohibition, and at the same time are running counter to a profound prejudice—almost an instinct—of the American breed—the folk of the small towns and the country who after all still rule this nation.

It will probably be news to the "moists" that it was the internal strife in the liquor trade between the distillers and the brewers that brought about the enactment of prohibition in state after state. This bitter feud—based on irreconcilable differences in economic interest and racial temperament—caused the enactment of "war time" prohibition which was the prelude of the Eighteenth Amendment. By their championship of "beer and wine" they are renewing this old chasm. By their avowed preference for "beer and wine" and vociferous repudiation of whisky and distilled liquors they are not only alienating a very large segment of wet strength but are emphasizing *the ALIEN character of the wet movement.*

The merest political tyro, it would seem, ought to know that even 10 years ago the fight for prohibition was taking form as a battle between the American and alien elements of our population. There were many reasons for this—some historical, some biological. It is pretty well understood today that the Nordic races are subjected to a more rigid selective process by the use of alcohol than are the less highly developed races whose low nervous organization gives them apparently a relative immunity to the vice. The enactment of the prohibition amendment was the greatest political victory scored by conscious American nativism in half a century. American dry sentiment was always just as hostile to "beer and wine" as to whisky. Probably more so, for whether it be more or less pernicious than the undistilled forms of alcoholic liquors, whisky was the native drink and the saloon was an American institution.

Wine and Beer Not American

WINE is not now and never was an American drink. Beer was an alien importation and a recent one at that. The brewing industry was only an insignificant exotic up to 1876. Following the development and commercial adaptation of artificial refrigeration about that time it began to grow, taking enormous strides year by year. For a long time, however, it was confined to the alien population and despite its rapid conquests in the nineties it never attained a firm foothold outside the towns. There was always something foreign, something suggestive of a cultivated taste, about beer to the American, especially the country boy who came to the city to live. Whisky was the native tipple and there long survived among drinkers the feeling that it after all was the real he-man's drink. Bourbon in most of the South, rye in Maryland and the North, were felt to be the natural heritage of the sons of the soil. It is interesting to note that the immigrants from the British Isles also took to the native whisky and, except on the Atlantic seaboard, did not generally introduce their ale, stout and porter.

Even the second-generation German was fast becoming a hard liquor consumer as any one who ever sat around a "Dutch" saloon until late in the evening could readily see. Starting out on beer it was becoming the regular thing for the second-crop Teutons to wind up on high balls, until Mr. Volstead put out the lights forever.

Although the champion whisky drinker of the United States is supposed to have been a gentleman who lived at Guthrie, Kentucky—his name was long celebrated in barroom lore—the best hooch hoister I ever saw hailed from St. Louis and bore a name that would not have been out of place on the Wilhelmstrasse. Incidentally, the Kentuckian eventually died of acute alcoholism but the St. Louisian survived, reformed, and is today the father of an interesting family.

Before the Beer Age

IT IS not merely a coincidence that the rise of the saloon as a social institution and its alliance with the city politics, which rested on the slum power, was closely connected with the growth of the brewing industry. Before the Beer Age, which was also before the steerage, the dramshop, while distinctively American in tone, was insignificant, politically and economically. Whisky was mostly sold in groceries like molasses or kerosene and consumed at home. With beer came the expansion of the social saloon, also its transformation from a simple dramshop to an institution linked with many side lines—usually in the way of illegal privilege. Also came the variants of the saloon—all un-American—the rathskeller, the beer garden, the dance hall, the "family entrance" and finally the close interlocking of liquor vending and commercialized vice.

It was not long before the brewers, who were making more money than they knew what to do with, were reaching out and syndicating the saloon business. It is not worth while to recount this evolution—or rather degeneration. Every American over 35 years old who ever lived in a city knows or should know all about it. Suffice it to say that the chain saloon antedated the chain store or the chain newspaper. The saloons became fiefs of the brewer. The big brewing barons soon occupied a relation to the city and state governments similar to that of the feudal barons of medieval Europe to the puppet kings of that age. They early began to install foreigners in the saloons and were hard at it up to the day that the saloon was outlawed. They displaced saloon keepers of their own race for the more pliable breeds from the Mediterranean littoral. The Irish were the first to go, the Germans followed fast and by the time prohibition came, it was only a few expensive rathskellers and some neighborhood places in pinochle neighborhoods that remained in German hands.

Whisky had become a side line to beer—then the Jews gained control of it, first of the wholesale liquor business and then of the distilleries. Whether they would have pushed their conquests into the brewing field and thence into control of the chain saloons must remain a moot speculation as their first essays into brewery finance came too late in the day to affect the line-up at the booze Armageddon.

War Brings Taps for Booze

BUT their control of whisky was fast becoming absolute in the closing days of the trade. Here and there an American, Scotchman or Irishman held out as a high-grade liquor merchant or importer, and in Maryland and Kentucky a few of the older stock continued to distill whisky—that is, pot-still whisky. But the alien manufacturer and his compatriot rectifiers were driving "straight" whisky off the market. The makers and vendors of "blends," using the neutral spirit manufactured in the murderously scientific fractional still, had taken more than 85 per cent of the spirit trade by 1909 and American drinkers were tippling a counterfeit—chemically equivalent, but with the natural "velvet," "boquet" and physiological adaptability of the straight product gone.

Then came the war—the bugles which sounded assembly for the national armies were sounding taps for booze.

The Anti-Saloon League, the most realistic and effective political machine that ever functioned in America, was quick to seize upon the value of the war in crystallizing American nationalism against the liquor element. The latter did nothing to meet the new attack and continued to send lobbyists with German names to appear before Congressional committees, and to encourage leaders of the Brewery Workers' Union from Milwaukee to make threats of strikes and labor shirking, if beer were interfered with. The old breed of clergymen, from whom the league recruited most of its leaders, were shrewd men educated in an iron man-making school, far different from the seminaries that are turning out so many flabby parsons today.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, America's most highly paid journalistic pretender, was the author of the crowning *faux pas* which gave the Anti-Saloon League such deadly ammunition in the early days of the war. It was in connection with the discovery that a brewing syndicate, headed by Christian Feigenspan, of Newark, New Jersey, had bought the Washington *Times* for Brisbane, paying out $800,000 for it, that the Anti-Saloon League received and adopted the suggestion that it would be a good plan to link up beer and anti-patriotism.

Brisbane Helped Prohibition

BRISBANE, of course, unthoughtfully, gave an excellent background for this Anti-Saloon League propaganda by using the *Times*, which the brewers had bought for him, to propagate subtle anti-ally sentiments throughout the summer of 1917. Although Mr. Brisbane evidently did not appreciate the fact or did not hear of it, this was the very period in which the tide of war sentiment among the American people was rising fast.

By the next spring even Mr. Brisbane understood that the American people were roused to the fighting pitch and changed the tune of the *Times*, but the damage had been done—right under the eyes of Congress at that. The brewers' investment of $800,000 in Brisbane's beer and wine *Times* at the capital in 1917 was thus in effect an investment of $800,000 of beer money in first-class dry propaganda. For this they can thank Brisbane's egregious underestimate of the spirit of the American people. However, this is not the first time he has failed to gauge what Americans think. There are so few Americans in his circle that the mistake is every now and then inevitable.

While thus engaged in giving the wet cause a knockout blow, Mr. Brisbane had also been denouncing whisky and crying for a national policy of light wines and beer, with the elimination of distilled liquor. In connection with this phase, Mr. Brisbane belabored the Demon Rum right manfully and used his imitative vocabulary and endless volubility in painting pictures that made Ten Nights in a Bar Room pale by contrast.

However, this was an old brewer policy—whenever they believed they could get away with it—and this brings us to the heart of our story. Brisbane and the brewers' course were watched with supreme disgust and resentment by the whisky lobbyists then stationed at Washington. The natural ill-feeling between the distillers and the brewers, the contempt of the whisky men for what they had long felt was the treacherous and "yellow" tactics of the beer magnates, was heightened by what they saw was the very climax of stupidity. They saw their own cause imperiled by this dangerous trifling with the patriotic sentiment of the people, and indeed there was a patriotic resentment on the part of many distillers—Americans who survived in the business and whose Americanism survived the business.

It is one of the curious facts of American history, one unexplainable on the theory of economic determinism, that most of the heavy fighting against prohibition was done by the whisky distillers and dealers—NOT by the brewers. This, despite the fact that the brewers had the greater investment, and were in control of the saloons through which the whisky men had to dispose of their product. Through their control of the saloons the brewers were also in more immediate contact with the voting masses and nearer to the impact of public opinion on the trade. But nevertheless it was the whisky men who maintained the more alert and aggressive political and publicity organizations. For years before the final prohibition crash, the brewers were heartily cursed at every gathering of whisky men, first for creating the conditions in the saloons which were turning the people against the whole liquor industry, second for "laying down" and "quitting cold" whenever the conditions they had created resulted in a political battle to eliminate the trade.

Double-Cross Brothers-in-Arms

IN SEVERAL states, Tennessee for instance, the brewers practically double-crossed the wet cause and left the whisky men to do practically all the fighting. Even when the two forces were apparently fighting side by side, the whisky men always had the uneasy feeling that their allies were always ready to quit or betray them to the enemy. More than a quarter of a century ago, the whisky people became aware that the brewers cherished the hope that they would some day be able to drop their whisky associates and to secure legislation eliminating distilled liquors. Two purposes were back of this. The brewers desired to acquire a monopoly of the alcohol trade. They believed that the danger of ultimate prohibition would be avoided forever if the nation could be put on a beer and wine basis. They believed that whisky, not beer, was the cause of prohibition sentiment and figured that if they were rid of whisky, there would be an end of dry sentiment.

Undoubtedly, the propaganda of the brewers for their product, which was so often connected with propaganda against whisky, contributed greatly to the sentiment against all alcoholic liquors. It is interesting to recall that the brewers never did in fact secure in any American state a law limiting the alcoholic content of potable liquors—all their propaganda for such beer laws went for less than nothing so far as their own purposes were concerned. What they did was to create prohibition sentiment and earn the distrust and hatred of the hard-liquor men—their unwilling allies in many a hard-fought battle.

As the drys advanced their lines, the brewers instead of perfecting their alliance with the whisky men, were more and more disposed to strike out for themselves and to attempt to get beer laws passed. After the revival of the prohibition campaign in 1907 when Georgia went dry and started a chain of state dry victories, Mr. Hearst began an intensive campaign in his newspapers against whisky—with the intent of aiding the brewers to put over a wine and beer program. Like his man Brisbane, Hearst saw his efforts produce results which were the reverse of his intention. The American people NEVER DID and probably never will "fall" for the beer and light wine fallacy. *Science as usual is confirming popular instincts, and is about ready to indorse the old American prejudice against beer.*

Distillers Came Out All Right

THE Congressional roll calls will show that at the critical points in the fight for "war time" prohibition—which made the Eighteenth Amendment inevitable—the votes of the representatives from the distilling districts of Maryland and Kentucky were cast so as to put the brewers out of business in the name of grain conservation. Whisky went too. But, Oh, what a joyous departure! It was a gorgeous, gilded leave-taking for the distillers. Cached in the bonded warehouses they had something like 250,000,000 gallons of ripening booze and the law gave them time in which to sell at least two-thirds of it—AT THEIR OWN PANIC FAMINE PRICE.

But the poor brewers. Alas! they had only about six months' supply on hand when the law cut off their supply of grain.

Needless to say the feud is not dead, as the neo wets now crying for "beer and wine" will find out in due time.

How popular that "beer and wine" thing will find itself in the distilling sections—in Peoria, for instance, or Nelson County, Kentucky!

Politically, "beer and wine" is not even a good joke—there is nothing very entertaining in a gab fest of amateur statesmen over a dead issue.

Wall Street Control of Cotton Prices Costs Southern Planters Millions Yearly

Speculators, Who Never See Staple, and Never Buy It, "Deal" in Futures

By WM. BUTLER

FEW understand the technical operations of cotton exchanges, and the inside machinery conducive to the manipulation of prices. To this lack of knowledge may be partly attributed the deficient legislation that has from time to time been enacted against cotton exchanges.

Exchanges in general, and the New York Stock and Cotton Exchanges in particular, are like giant spiders spinning an interminable web over the commercial economy of the nation, catching the unsuspecting adventurer in business. The spinning has been carried on so long, and has so many ramifications of political strength, that the threads of the web have become like cables of steel, which can be cut and destroyed only by the steel-saw of public opinion sharpened to the actual truth of the case.

The mystery of cotton exchanges—their history, function, use and abuse, and how these giant gambling palaces keep within the law and thrive, constitute a story well worth the relating.

At the feast of the New York Cotton Exchange in 1920, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its organization, a pioneer member told how cotton exchanges came into existence. He said that back in the fifties and sixties, cotton merchants traded in a more primitive way, more from hand to mouth, and had not developed the great modern system of buying and selling for future delivery, of contracting for heavy deliveries far ahead, which system, as we know, gives a tremendous expansion to business, and, furthermore, instills into it a high sense of honor and trust, and develops business acumen. Their trading was on a narrow scale because they lacked the protective facilities for large-scale trading, such as highly organized insurance companies to assume the risks on their stocks.

As the demands of trade grew, however, one New York merchant took the initiative by offering to deliver cotton to a foreign buyer, at a fixed price on a future date several months ahead. That transaction was the forerunner of the establishment of the New York Cotton Exchange. A few years later, in 1870, the Exchange was established. Thus, the cotton world was given a liquid trading center for dealing in cotton for future delivery.

There are two official cotton exchanges, the New York Cotton Exchange, which is the leader, and the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. These are known as cotton-future exchanges, since they are markets for trading in "futures," that is, cotton for future delivery.

There are four great cotton-future exchanges in the world, the two in America, one in Liverpool and one at Alexandria, Egypt. Cotton-future exchanges have also been established at Havre, France, Sao Paulo, Brazil, Yokohama, Japan, and at New Bedford, Massachusetts, the latter for trading in cotton of long staple variety, such as the fancy varieties grown in the far West and off the coast of the Carolinas. These exchanges are of minor significance as speculative markets when compared to the four first named.

Cotton Futures and Market

A SEAT on the New York or New Orleans Cotton Exchange sells as high as $18,000. The New Orleans Cotton Exchange occupies a magnificent new structure, a show-place of that city. The New York Cotton Exchange is constructing a two-million-dollar building for its future home. Thus, the official exchanges are preparing for an expansion of speculative trading, and are apparently confident of the future.

There is a distinction between a cotton-future exchange and a regular cotton market where the world buys supplies of cotton. Cotton markets are located principally in the southern states, near the heart of cotton-growing sections, in cities such as Galveston and Houston, Savannah, Montgomery, Memphis, and so on, and are called "spot markets." Great quantities of cotton are shipped to these markets, where it is sold to street buyers and merchants, or stored in warehouses to be sold to factors and mills. The lifeblood of the cotton-growing world flows through these big spot markets, where transactions for actual cotton take place.

On the future exchange, however, cotton is never seen. A visitor to one of the exchanges has the impression at first, that he is entering bedlam, or perhaps a wild animal show. A dense crowd of 50 or 60 men are hovered over a sunken pit, waving arms and yelling in hoarse voices, loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers. Their yelling is wholly unintelligible to the visitor. The uproar continues from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. They are the brokers of the Exchange *and are trading in cotton on paper,* that is to say, are auctioning off contracts, which represent one hundred bales of cotton each, 500 pounds to a bale, *the cotton supposedly to be delivered at some future date. But owing to the elasticity of the contract, only a very small portion of it is ever delivered.*

When a contract is sold over the official trading pit, the price per pound and month of delivery named in the contract are immediately marked on the blackboard of the Exchange, and this quotation is then flashed by wire to all parts of the cotton world, as the latest official price paid for cotton for future delivery. Contracts thus bought and sold are called "futures."

"Futures" excite in man the passion to gamble on the outcome of the future. The majority of traders, and in fact brokers themselves, see so little of raw cotton that they lose appreciation of its merits, and do not seem to know or care whether they are trading in cotton or chalk-marks. *Their consuming purpose is to grab profits on contracts as quickly as possible.*

The future exchange, as we see, is the gambling side of the cotton business, and, therefore, the rotten side. It is more of a sham than an essential cotton market, a clearing house for gambling in fictitious cotton. It has certain beneficial features which will be shown later.

As an illustration of how some business men regard the vocation of broker and speculator, a story comes to my mind about a cotton broker who went to considerable effort to compile and print an elaborate booklet on cotton speculation and prices, endeavoring to show his clients what he knew on the subject. He mailed several thousand copies to them, and then waited to receive their complimentary remarks. The first reply was from a business man in Texas, who returned the booklet with the following words written across the title-page: "Why don't you go to work?" Although the broker would laugh when telling this story, he confessed that the words aroused in him deep chagrin.

Markets, like individuals, cannot move in an orderly way without a recognized leader, some leading market to guide the smaller markets in quoting prices. The New York Cotton Exchange, although from 1,000 to 3,000 miles from the eastern and western sections of the cotton belt, *and handling less than five per cent of the whole crop,* holds the distinction of being the all-powerful leader of cotton prices. *Its sway over the southern spot markets is so far-reaching and inexorable, that cotton merchants in those markets cannot afford to buck this influence and keep solvent. Consequently, when prices at New York decline, prices in the southern spot markets invariably decline.*

Accept New York Prices

WHY this power? Because the commercial world accepts the New York Cotton Exchange as the head of operations, the official trading center of the cotton world, the index of supply and demand. And the powers behind the Exchange have the money and organization to hold this recognition, in spite of the fact that it is an ignorant delusion.

The Liverpool Cotton Association was the mighty leader of prices until the outbreak of the World War. This leadership resulted from the fact that three-fourths of the cotton raised in America was exported to Europe, chiefly to England, and also because London was the money and trade-acceptance market of the world. Liverpool was more or less the dictator of prices. If prices at Liverpool declined, but American markets failed to follow, London financiers, who were the source of most of the loans on cotton stocks, would often get busy by calling the loans, *forcing up rates on money,* and in this way compelling American holders to dump cotton and break the American market. The financial powers of England employed every means to wrest cotton from American growers as cheaply as human ingenuity could get it. Southern planters received 20 cents a pound, as an average, for their products for 30 years after the organization of this association. Thus, kept in poverty, they were forced to sell the greater portion of their crop in the autumn, at or below the cost of production. Naturally, they were slaves of perennial debt.

The war changed this monopoly and shifted the balance of power from London to New York, the present money market of the world. American consumption of cotton has increased 50 per cent in five years. American mills now consume as much of the southern crop as foreign mills combined.

If English interests attempt a conspiracy to force down prices, they can no longer effectively employ the machinery of Liverpool and the aid of London bankers to do the trick, but must secure the support of New York interests and manipulate the New York Cotton Exchange by wholesale short selling, a nefarious method of trading with evils that are not fully understood.

The fluctuation of prices offers a strong temptation for easy money. Fluctuation invites speculation, which in turn creates greater fluctuation. Both the fluctuation of prices and speculation have increased in recent years, aided by the elaborate wire and cable systems which make the world a homogeneous unit. As an illustration of how quickly inhabitants of remote regions can trade on New York and Chicago Exchanges, the following occurrence is given from my personal experience: I purchased corn "futures" on the Chicago Board of Trade, through a broker of Birmingham, Alabama. I then went for an outing in the southern part of the state, about 100 miles from Birmingham. On Saturday, a few minutes before the close of trading on the Chicago Board of Trade, I called over long-distance telephone and asked the Birmingham broker about the market. He informed me that a jump had occurred in corn prices. Thereupon, I directed him to rush an order to Chicago to sell my purchase before the close of trading, if possible. The time was then one minute before the close. He had a direct private wire to New York, but none to Chicago. So, he had to send the order via New York. It reached the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade and was executed before the close of trading, while I, 1,500 miles from Chicago, was holding the telephone receiver.

A trader may either buy or sell, play the market either way, whether or not he owns a bale of cotton. This form of speculative selling is certainly abusive to the interests of the cotton grower. The trader may "short sell" any amount of cotton he so desires, provided he has sufficient funds to margin the sale. For instance, Mr. A requests a broker to sell 1,000 bales for December delivery at 20½ cents a pound. The broker makes the sale on the Exchange, and then gives Mr. A a statement, reading: "We have this day sold for your account 1,000 bales, December delivery, 20½c." On the back of the statement, the following condition is printed: "All orders for the purchase or sale of any article are received and executed with the distinct understanding that ACTUAL DELIVERY is contemplated . . . ." Thus, the transaction is given the flavor of a legitimate trade and is made within the law.

Although Mr. A has made a tentative pledge to deliver 1,000 bales in December, he has no intention whatsoever of doing so, as he probably never owned a bale in his life. Any moment during trading hours, before the month of December arrives, he can close his trade, take his profit or loss, and be relieved of the obligation to deliver in December, simply by buying back as many bales as he sold.

Short selling, although conducted on paper, has as much weight in depressing prices as though actual cotton were being sold. Mr. A exercises as much weight upon the price level when he "short sells" 1,000 bales as a farmer does when he sells 1,000 bales that he has produced by the sweat of his brow, on 5,000 acres at a cost of some $75,000. Mr. A is allowed to "short sell" 1,000 bales on a capital of $7,500, which is the usual margin required by brokers, and which is exactly one-tenth of the amount the planter has to pay to produce and sell 1,000 bales. No wonder the planter is discouraged, when the whole world can sell cotton, speculatively, at one-tenth the cost of production.

That is the serious reason why short selling distorts the basis of supply and demand. The cotton world looks to future exchanges to register prices that truly reflect supply and demand, but when nine-tenths of the turnover on these exchanges are paper sales, fictitious cotton, supply and demand become a mockery, since a spurious price prevails that falsifies true values.

If a crop of 10,000,000 bales is raised, how may planters receive a legitimate price for it, when speculators are allowed to "short sell" 25,000,000 bales, and paralyze the price and demand?

Selling of this nature spreads discontent throughout the economic world. Farmers become depressed, refuse to raise bumper crops, and emergency organizations spring up and spread propaganda urging farmers to hold down acreage and automatically force up prices. The evils of short selling should not be tolerated by the Federal government. In fact, in 1918, the United States Department of Agriculture temporarily stopped short selling, after English spinners and speculators had "short sold" 1,000,000 bales on the New York Cotton Exchange, and had broken the price 10 cents a pound, or a loss of a half-billion dollars to the South.

Handle Little Cotton

SHORT selling represents the "short side" of the market, which is usually the side on which professional traders operate, as quicker profits can be made on this side. Prices fall faster than they rise. Therefore, it is the shortest way to profit. The other side of the market is called the "long" or buying side.

Short selling should be permitted only as a protective measure, to enable growers to hedge and insure the price of their crops. It then makes the cotton-future exchange what it should be—an insurance market and not a gambling hell. But as a weapon in the hands of the speculator, it too frequently means a stab in the back to the cotton grower.

If speculation could be eliminated from exchanges, the great spot markets of the South would then become the rightful leaders in quoting prices.

Attempts have been made to regulate gambling on exchanges. Statutes such as "An Act to tax the privilege of dealing on exchanges," and later in 1916, "The United States cotton futures Act," were passed at Washington.

Legislators who drew these acts realized that speculation was so impregnably intrenched in future exchanges that the time was not opportune to try to dislodge it altogether. Their object was to narrow the scope of future exchanges, and in turn reduce gambling and minimize the harm in short selling.

The United States cotton futures act forbids some of the lower grades from passing through the exchanges, such as cotton below the grade of Good Ordinary, or less than seven-eighths of an inch in length of staple. Speculators are thus prevented from buying up cheap, unspinnable cotton and dumping it on exchanges to break prices. The act undoubtedly has beneficial features, such as requiring the Secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture to set up official cotton standards, and giving to him some authority over future exchanges. The act does not reduce the volume of speculation, which is the crux of the whole situation.

Only a small amount of actual cotton is handled by future exchanges. The exchanges never did and probably never will function as markets for the sale of real

(Concluded on page 13)

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"It's a Long Lane—"

JUDGE HAND, of the Federal Court in New York, has ruled that American steamships cannot carry or sell liquor in any part of the world. He further said that "it would be a curious thing if a country professing under its fundamental law to forbid use of intoxicants was to allow them without stint upon ships that sailed under its flag."

Judge Hand refrained from touching upon the curious action of a high Federal official who, through some strange personal interpretation of what the Constitution of the United States means, first permitted, and then indorsed the selling of liquor on American government-owned vessels operating directly under his orders.

There is something most peculiar, almost touching on the sinister, in the manner in which the enforcement of prohibition is being *bungled* under the present Administration. This publication has viewed with considerable wonderment some of the activities of the official Washington mind in dealing with infractions of the law, and a checking-up in certain quarters has revealed a most alarming and unsatisfactory state of affairs. It is to be hoped that the publicity which will be afforded some of the things now going on in Washington will have a curative effect. It is most discouraging to record, however, that the Administration seemingly at no time has evinced a desire to get in step with the people, a step of far different cadence than that of the crowd with which it has been in line.

The recent seizures of British ships outside the three-mile limit because of the fact that they carried cargoes of liquor are indicative of the trouble-making propensities of those who are interested in "putting across" certain designs. The seizures resulted, of course, eventually in the freeing of the ships and the restoration of the cargoes. Had not some one at some time displayed some good sense, the incidents might well have been magnified into a serious unpleasantness with the British Government. And that would have been pleasing to certain elements that are ever active.

We have official bootleggers in the Administration who were willing to compromise the basic law of the country solely because of ulterior motives and designs. Their intent was to lay a foundation upon which renewed efforts to obtain the passage of ship subsidy legislation could be attempted. This foundation has been laid. The cry already has gone out, "Without liquor it is impossible to operate American ships in competition with foreign-owned passenger-carrying vessels." Therefore, a subsidy, to permit the "successful" operation of these ships.

Honesty has suffered such a tremendous eclipse in Washington that the good work of fleecing the all but helpless people probably will continue.

Such practices cannot go on forever. You will answer, "they always have," and there will be considerable truth in the retort, but one also recalls that at times that changes *actually were imperative,* those changes came about.

A change is coming.

An Alleged Shortage

CERTAIN sections of Big Business are beginning a campaign for the abandonment of immigration restrictions, alleging a threatened shortage of common labor. The inconsistency of this with high tariff legislation to keep out the product of European labor is so apparent that a mere allusion should be sufficient. It is the paradox of economics that Big Business claims to champion the American wage-earner by excluding the product of foreign factories, while bringing into direct competition here the foreign labor itself. It is equally paradoxical to expect to maintain an American wage level, with the foreign market closed or partially closed in retaliation.

But the plan is neither paradoxical nor inconsistent, when the motive is realized. Big Business seeks cheap labor, not only to gain larger profits, but to hold the threat of unemployment over American workmen. Nothing so subdues a worker as an army of job-hunters hungry for his place. So, the emergency Congress is to be called upon to open wide the gates, not to actual immigrants desirous to make homes and become citizens, but to hordes of every class who cross the ocean only to gather together what seems to them a fortune, with which some day to return to the homeland and a life of ease they could never wrest from home employment.

They will endure privations here for a time to amass the means of enjoying the future. Many will be disappointed, for the lure is a false one; many will become, if not already, recruits to the ranks of the lawless; many will return despondent; while our own labor will be degraded. But if Big Business wins, the transatlantic liners will be crowded, and unscrupulous immigration agents will reap a large harvest.

The process is simple, but sure, as experience of the past teaches.

What One Reader Did for His Town

SAYS a DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reader: "My copy of the paper has been worth $50,000 to our town." How is that? How can one dollar and a half become worth $50,000 to a town?

In this instance the town of B—— was about to bond itself unreasonably and thoughtlessly; it was proceeding in the same mood which blinds all towns on similar business—when a reader of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, who had been following the series of articles on municipal debt and the insupportable load of interest charges, began to show his copies around, and the people began to ask questions.

The first thing they found was that only three men in town knew anything about the matter—a couple of councilmen who had been in office for years, and the town banker.

Nobody even knew what the system of bonding was. No one knew that the town of B—— was binding itself to pay $60,000 in interest for the use of the $50,000—a total of $110,000 in all. No one knew that the utility to be installed was already passing out of use and that it represented a deal between moneyed interests to unload one more on a "hick town" and insure an income for 30 years out of the labor and taxes of the people of B——. No one knew that because no one had told it. The town was about to do what the wiseacres said that all towns did in similar circumstances. But THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reader, having the facts of other towns' experience, was able to start the community mind working.

The principal cause of our political mistakes is our failure to ask questions and our lack of power to compel answers. We assume that official action is always wise. We assume that frequent precedent is a sufficient safeguard. We assume that civic responsibility can be satisfied by the phrase, "It's what they all do." What is needed is a citizenship that will ask questions and not be bluffed into a confused state of mind by the contempt with which questions will at first be received. If every township had a Socrates, a questioner, more light in government would come.

To Buy Another Whistle

NOW the government has practically completed the restoration of the silver dollars sold England during the World War, the silver mining industry is alert to discover some means for keeping up the market price of the product of domestic mines.

It will be remembered that silver bullion on the metals market is worth about 60 cents an ounce. A trifle more, perhaps, at times, but it would be less save for legislation. For, in directing the purchase and coining of the silver taken from the Treasury vaults, the law was made to specify that American silver only be so purchased and coined, and that the price paid should be a dollar an ounce. This means a subsidy of 40 cents an ounce to the producers.

It is now proposed that some 80,000,000 more ounces be purchased and coined, and loaned to China as a means of gaining her trade and establishing relations with that great empire which would give this country an advantage.

Eighty million ounces of silver will coin into about $96,000,000. Thus the loan should be nearly a round $100,000,000, for the silver dollars would be receivable at face in this country; yet the proposition includes the surrender of the money at cost, or a dollar an ounce.

Two points may be considered in the plan, the first being quickly disposed of by the statement that the primary inspiration for the suggestion is the profit of $40,000,000 the silver producers would net from the sale.

The second is more complicated. China would receive about 100,000,000 perfectly good American silver dollars, which, worth a hundred cents each in this country, would buy but 60 cents each worth of goods in any other country. This would net her 20 cents on each dollar in repaying the loan. As she can buy silver at 60 cents an ounce and coin it herself, it is a question if the profit would induce her to borrow here unless she were unable to buy the metal in the competitive market.

But the United States, in any event, will pay a fat price for an extremely small whistle, if the project is put through, for she will have added a hundred billion of fiat silver to the amount she now holds. This, to the belief of many reformers, would not be a loss in itself, but it would be fatal to the theory held by all advocates of the present money system except such as are beneficiaries of the silver subsidy.

Taxation of Church Property

THE chief study of those responsible for fixing the tax burden in these days is to discover new sources of revenue, rather than to the more simple plan of devising means to reduce the burden. At present there is a fair prospect for the renewal of the demand that church property be placed on the assessment roll, under the idea that in some way communities suffer from its exemption.

Not only is this a false notion, but if it prevailed it would make no difference with the weight of the burden, except to add to the inequity. As well might schoolhouses, township, village and city jails, lock-ups and other municipal buildings, courthouses, jails and almshouses, together with state property of all kinds, be placed on the rolls. Neither public property nor church property would pay the taxes thus laid, but the people would, just as they do now.

There would be greater inequity than now exists, in several ways, among them the burden of specific taxation, already unfair, would be lightened in states where it depends on the ratio of taxation. Addition to the amount of assessable property lowers the rate of the tax without reducing its amount. This reduces the actual specific tax in proportion.

A second injustice would be to such organizations as maintain separate schools and charitable institutions. These already pay their proportion of the general tax and assume a self-assessed burden to maintain their own schools and hospitals. Add to this double burden the volume their investment in property would cost if placed on the rolls, and their enterprise, which now acts to relieve the whole from increased facilities, would be too great to be borne.

There is no source of added revenue save in added taxes. The quest should be for means to reduce expense. Cut out every nonessential. Refuse to add to the burden of interest on public bonds. Pay up and keep out of debt. In this path only may be found relief.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE world is full of wise and unwise talk about simplifying methods. This talk is always unwise when it limits itself to methods and ignores mind. Simplifying the mental processes until the clearest simplicity of vision is attained, is the first thing to be desired, and having done that, some of the methods we have been trying to simplify will not be simplified at all—they will simply be abolished. It is most pathetic to see men striving to learn a better or a different way to do some things which very soon will not be done at all.

Many well-meaning minds are busy trying to devise machinery which will settle strikes or snuff out disagreements that may lead to strikes. Every now and again the country is interested to hear of some new enterprise along this line. The number of good men and women working at what we may call post-mortem jobs—things that cannot possibly do any good—is quite extensive. It would almost seem that some greater, simpler master mind had planned a lot of useless activity into which these good people could empty the energy of their good intentions and be blinded to the uselessness of their work by being kept busy.

> *MANY people are busy trying to find better ways of doing things that should not have to be done at all. There is no progress in merely finding a better way to do a useless thing. There comes a time when, instead of making dead branches less ugly, the ax should be laid at the root of the tree. In our industrial life we are instituting courts and boards and other agencies to settle matters that should never arise. Instead of going to the root of the matter and eradicating the evil cause we make elaborate arrangements for permanently dealing with the distressing effect. This, of course, is nonsense. It would almost seem that a good deal of this halfway work is purposely invented to steer people away from the real causes of things.*

The number of those who square away from the whole business and scrutinize it from a distance, is very small. Very few ever take time to detach themselves from the fog which hovers over the general thinking and look at life and its institutions as a stranger with strange eyes, and then tackle the matter according to what they see in that examination. No, most of those who are generous-spirited enough to busy themselves with problems of our common life, just march into a previously prepared blind alley, and make themselves believe they are doing something useful because they are discharging an emotional desire to do something useful. If they would only stop to ask themselves who should want them to walk into this hole or that, who should be happy to see all the world given up to this half-baked plan or that fantastic attempt, they might learn something by that method.

Take the machinery for settling strikes, as it has recently been set up in one part of our country. It doesn't pretend to abolish strikes, but to settle them. It assumes that there will be strikes. It expects that there will be strikes. It is founded on the belief that every little while something will come to the surface to prove the fallacy of industrial practice as at present conceived, and that it will be a chance for a few wise men on a Board to show their wisdom by soothing that outburst without interfering with the general wrongness out of which that outburst came.

Now, it is to be admitted, of course, that settlement of a strike by the Board is a great simplification of the older method of settling a strike by violence and hatred and loss and dire need. But would it not be a much greater step in the way of simplification if matters were arranged so that there would be no strikes to settle? But, of course, to say that is entirely too "simple" for those who want to continue a bad condition for the sake of the work and the glory of putting it temporarily right.

Recently a gentleman of excellent ability in his profession and the best of intentions was appointed to be a sort of general "settler" or "simplifier" of industrial questions in his part of the world. He was a good man. He meant well. He wanted things to be right. But he had not an idea in his head that he had not read or heard from the professional reformers. He thought the labor question was a matter of tennis courts and parties around a manufacturing plant. He was still in that stage of "uplift" where a dance hall in the shop or a free turkey at Christmas represented to his mind peace and good will between what he called "capital and labor."

Now this man set out upon his travels, lured by the tale of a shop that had never had a strike. "There," he thought to himself, "I shall find the newest and the latest and the best devices for keeping workingmen from striking." So he came and inquired. Was there a library? No, there was no library—a shop wasn't a reading room. Well, was there a swimming pool? No, there was no swimming pool; the men earned enough to possess bathtubs in their homes and to belong to swimming clubs. Well, then, perhaps the good will of the employes was kept by organizing them into singing societies, or getting up baseball contests between them? No, nothing like that in this factory at all; we're here to do things and to make the doing pay every doer, that's all.

The man was plainly bewildered. His idea was that industrial peace was maintained by passing cookies among the workingmen. He thought that the atmosphere of the ice cream social was necessary to productive, profitable and peaceful industry. Why did he think so? Because he had read it; he had heard theoretical reformers say so. And so he had set out to discover the newest methods of namby-pamby stuff which is supposed to be the real reason for industrial peace. It was what he had been taught to expect. He was prepared to do nothing more than to show employers how to be "nice" with their men in a very cheap way. It never seemed to enter his head that, as a free man, he was at liberty to dig deeper into the subject of industrial rights and industrial wrongs if he wanted to.

He was of that type which is afraid to suggest to employers or employes that there is something deeper. He was afraid of the employers, of course, because they put him into his job. They put him there merely to act as a sort of social secretary between bosses and men. That is, he was to perfume and be-ribbon conditions that needed the ax at the root of them. He may be somewhere yet pursuing his journeys in search of lollipop "solutions" of the "question of capital and labor"—one more good man kept busy on a wild goose chase.

The first step in "shop welfare" work is to pay the men enough to provide for their own welfare. That's the first step in simplification. But it is usually the last step taken. Take that step and you may dispense with your industrial tribunals, your industrial police, your industrial organizations which raise just as bad tyrants on one side as there are on the other; you may dispense with your insulting interference in the men's personal affairs; you may dispense with the whole army of "welfare workers" who are really a tax on the people whose "welfare" they seek. Why, by taking that single step of paying a sufficient wage, you wipe out automatically the whole strike situation with its complex organizations and its enormous taxation.

Why don't employers take that step? Because it means harder work for them. The best wages can only be paid where managers have sweated their brains to find the best methods of making the very best utility at the very lowest cost—and that is not the easiest thing to do. In a sense every strike begins in the incompetency or unfairness of the front office—for incompetency and unfairness in the office very soon sends the same sort of spirit down through the organization. When management finds ways of enabling labor to do what it can do, it can find ways of paying what labor needs and earns. There is no industrial situation which ultimately does not come to a head in the matter of wages, for wages represents livelihood, and a livelihood is at the very basis of civilization. Why not, then, go to this fundamental matter first, and make unnecessary this whole hodgepodge of "welfare" and "sociological" experiment? As good social engineering, why not?

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Three Centuries of Fame on Boston Common

Where Witches Burned, Cows Grazed, Red Coats Strutted and Patriots Died; Where the Regicide's Cheese and Mop Triumphed Over the Duelist's Rapier

By MAY B. WHITING

BOSTON without its Common is as unthinkable as a pot of beans without the pork. It is the mirror in which the grave old city has watched itself at work and play for almost 300 years, the stage on which has been acted, in shifting pageantry, the most striking episodes from the history of the Commonwealth. "Most used and most abused park in the world," is its title, and we can add with equal justice, "most dearly beloved."

In 1634 the land was bought from William Blaxton, the original settler, as a "trayning field" and for the "feeding of cattell." Then the Common was hilly pasture land, with one or two straggling trees, a pond, and the "great elm," already full-grown when the white men first saw it. Marshes on the south extended to Charles River and Back Bay, with a little beach at one end used by people coming by boat from Cambridge or Roxbury. Oliver Wendell Holmes thus pictures it:

"With spongy bogs that drip and
fill
A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
Lies wet and low the Shawmut
plain."

But those old settlers took their Common, like everything else in life, seriously. They passed a law forbidding any one to "annoy" it. It soon became the social center of the town. Women used to do their washing under the "great elm," bringing water from the Frog Pond and building fires to boil the clothes. The young fry used to gather about the wishing stone, a bowlder near what is now the Joy street entrance, and, after sunset, it was the favorite resort for strollers. At nine the curfew rang, and after that the constable went around to "gather in the loose people."

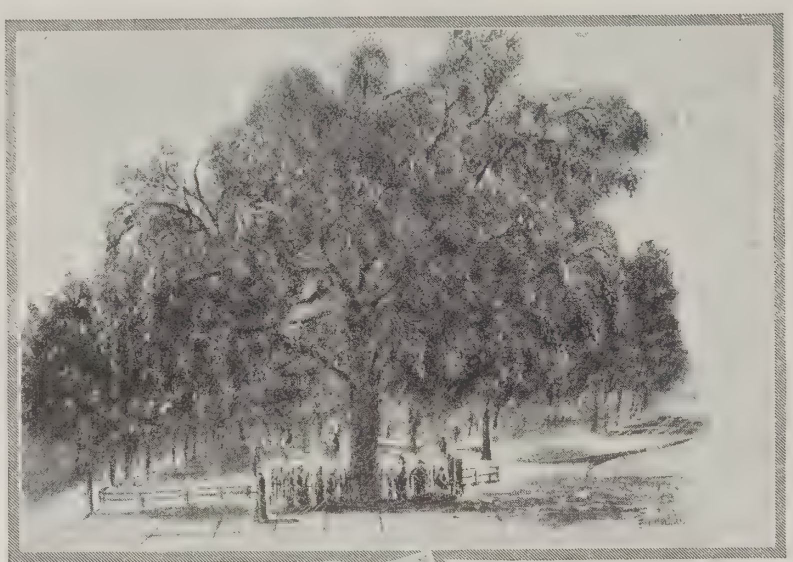
About the middle of the seventeenth century a fencing master came over from England to dazzle the rustics. He set up a platform on the Common and strutted up and down upon it, defying any one to cross swords with him. It happened that General Goffe, an escaped regicide, was then in Boston and he accepted the challenge. For a shield he carried an enormous cheese wrapped in a cloth, and for a weapon a mop which he wet in the gutter. He received the first thrust of his antagonist in the cheese which held the blade long enough for him to wield the mop with telling effect. The braggart, dripping with dirty water, was obliged to abandon the stage amid the jeers of the delighted onlookers.

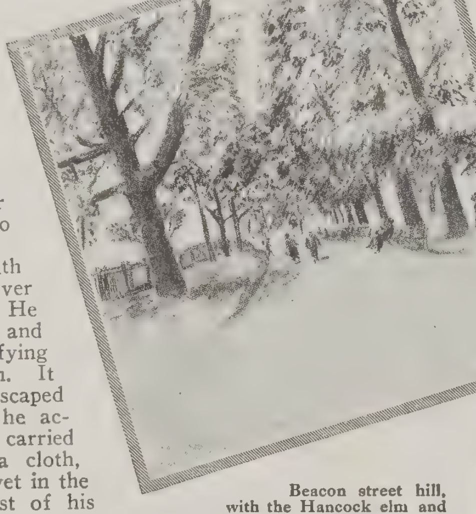
But few of the "acts" on the Common were farces. On the branches of the "great elm" two witches were hanged, and beneath its boughs a whole band of traitorous Indians were shot and buried. It was the rendezvous for several duels, the most notable being between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips. Young Phillips escaped to France where he died, within the year, of remorse, and Woodbridge lies buried in the Granary Burial Ground close by, so near the sidewalk that you may read the inscription on his grave between the palings.

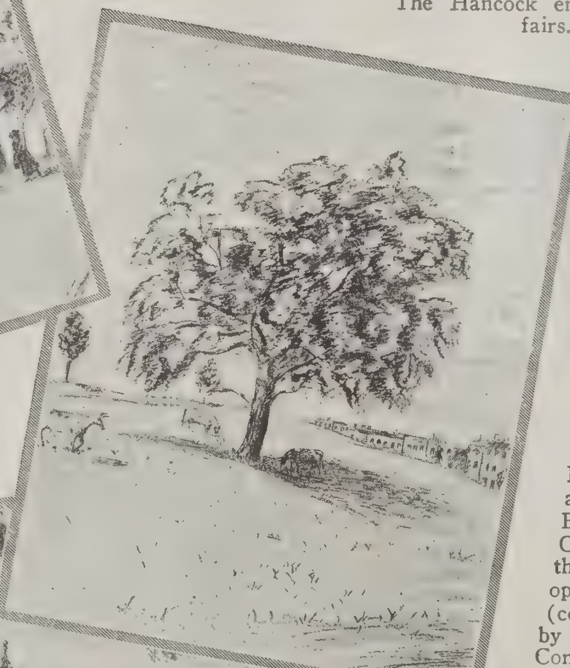
The eighteenth century staged many a stirring episode on the Common. The year 1701 was welcomed in typical Puritan fashion. Judge Samuel Sewall has the record in his diary: "Just about Break-a-Day Jacob Amsden and 3 other Trumpeters gave a blast with the Trumpets on the Common near Mr. Alford's. Then went to Green Chamber and sounded there till about sunrise. Bell-man said these verses a little before Break-a-Day which I printed and gave them." The verses are poor enough but we can imagine that Bell-man was not lacking in fervor when, at Break-a-Day that wintry morning, he read, "Tame Thou the rigor of our clime."

One of the prettiest "turns" of the Common must have been that of the spinners. It was the hobby for women to repair to the Common in the afternoon with their spinning-wheels, and the Boston *Evening Post* of August, 1753, gives an account that makes interesting reading, especially between the lines. "In the afternoon," it says, "about 300 Spinners, all neatly dressed, and many of 'em Daughters of the best Families in Town, appeared on the Common, and being placed orderly in three rows, at Work, made a most delightful Appearance. And a long Train of Gentlemen of Note, both of Town and Country, walked in Procession to view the Spinners."

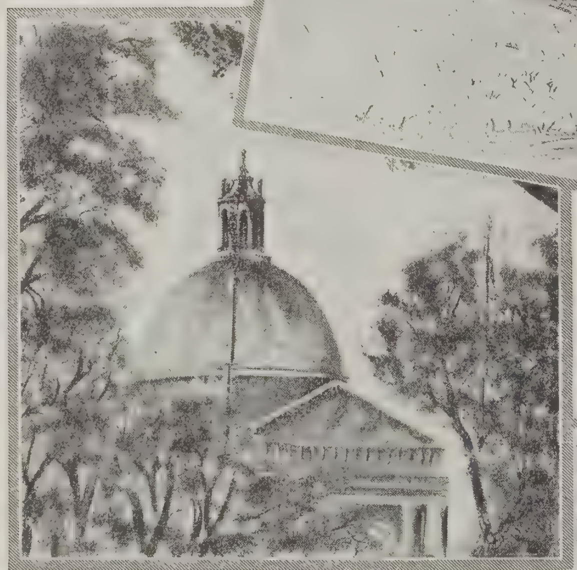
In 1729 the first trees were planted. They were set out parallel to Tremont street and the walk was called the Great Mall to distinguish it from the walk along the Burying Ground, known as the Little Mall. Thomas Hancock built his mansion on what is now Beacon street and just below him lived the artist, Copley. Gradually the life of the community began to drift from the water front up the hill.


The "great elm" in 1865.




Beacon street hill, with the Hancock elm and Gingko tree in foreground.

A hundred years ago on Boston Common


The "Gilded Dome" from across the Common.

From the very year of its purchase the Common was used for military purposes. The colonists were always in fear of an attack by the Indians and kept a beacon surmounted by a tar barrel in readiness. In 1745 Sir William Pepperell assembled his men on the Common and sent them off for the capture of Louisburg. This "uncommonly rash adventure" was successful and was celebrated with "good liquor" and bonfires for the "less polite." The French sent a fleet of vessels for revenge and soon 6,000 men appeared on the Common, each with a pack containing a bushel of corn, provision for 14 days. But a tempest scattered the fleet and the men returned home, their mettle untried for the present.

Before long the stage was set in earnest for a military show. Troops trained daily on the Common, and, according to a certain John Andrews, with no small success. "I assure you," he writes, "to see 'em you'd scarcely believe your eyes, they are so strongly metamorphos'd. From making the most despicable appearance, they now vie with the best troops in his majesty's service, being dressed all in blue uniform, with drums and fifes to each company, dress'd in white uniforms, trim'd in ye most elegant manner."

And presently the Common was thick with Red Coats. So closely were they huddled together that disease was rife among them and many were buried in trenches in the Burial Ground adjoining. On the highest mound, where now stands the imposing Army and Navy Monument, they placed their guns during the siege. From the foot of the Common they embarked on their luckless expedition to Lexington, and from it they marched to their scarcely more fortunate encounter at Bunker Hill. But their desecration of the Common was what roused the animosity of the citizens. The schoolboys waited on General Gage in defense of their right of coasting, and when the soldiers cut down or mutilated the trees, the ire of the townspeople knew no bounds. The newspapers, fairly beside themselves, referred to Gage as "that Crocodile and second Pharoe," and to his men as "Lobsters and Canabels."

At the close of the Revolution life lost a little of its strain and took on something of ease and grace. John Hancock, who inherited his uncle's estate, was a man fond of elegance and ceremony. He set out a row of lime trees on the Common and provided a band for the afternoons. But the Sunday vigilance was not relaxed and even the governor himself was fined for taking a turn there on the Lord's Day.

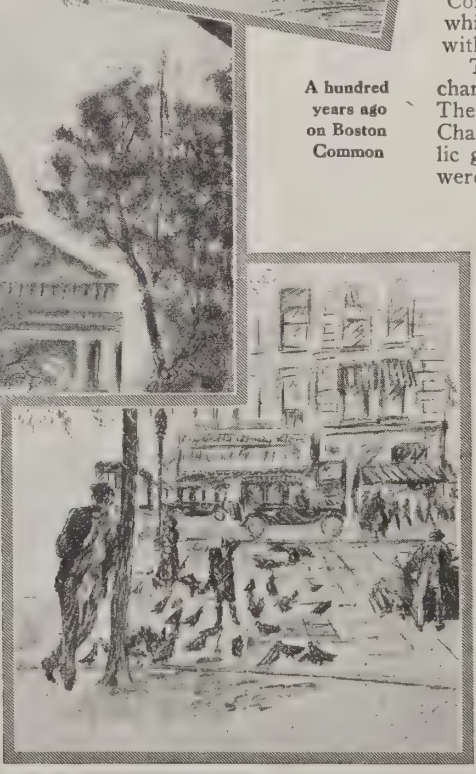
The Hancock entertainments were wonderful affairs. There should have been a chronicler to preserve the fame of the old mansion as Hawthorne did that of the Province House where the royal governors lived. At one time Hancock invited d'Estaing of the French fleet to breakfast. The admiral accepted, but asked leave to bring his officers, and Madam Hancock, put to it to serve 300 men on short notice, sent out her servants with pails and pitchers to milk all the cows grazing on the Common.

During the Civil War the Common was the scene of recruiting, of receptions to returning regiments, and musterings-out. The Webster Regiment, commanded by Daniel Webster's son, Fletcher, sang, as the story goes, "John Brown's Body" for the first time on the Common, as "America" was sung for the first time in Park Street Church opposite. Colonel Shaw's Fifty-fourth (colored) Regiment is commemorated by one of the finest monuments on the Common, the bronze by Saint Gaudens, which depicts in bas-relief the soldiers with their leader.

The nineteenth century saw many changes in the aspect of the Common. The marshlands, extending below Charles street, were filled in and the public gardens set out. Not until the '30's were the cows banished and 20 years later Smokers' Circle, where users of tobacco were obliged to withdraw, was abolished. The children flew kites in summer, skated on the Frog Pond and coasted on the long malls in winter. The sleds were elaborate, some, like the Highlander, costing more than $200. Bridges were erected for pedestrians, but accidents occurred, and the sleds finally went the way of the cows.

But strolling is a pastime that has flourished through the centuries. Daniel Webster, Edward Everett Hale, and Rufus Choate always took their daily turn on the Common. On one of its malls, Emerson tried to persuade Whitman to omit portions of his "Leaves of Grass." Dearest of all strollers are Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Schoolmistress. The Autocrat thus recounts the most momentous walk of his life:

At last I got out the question—"Will you take the long path


On Boston Common.

(Concluded on page 11)

Poverty That Forbids Fresh Eggs, Bars Babies and Creates Misery Told by Professors' Wives

Young Matrons Declare They Cannot Afford Families on Small Salaries Paid University Instructors

"Slums of Culture" Hideous Reality Amid California Plenty; Conditions Same Everywhere, Is Charge

By ZOE PARKER HOFFMAN

IN A document unique in collegiate history, young wives of University of California faculty members charge that economic pressure and low salaries have driven them into lives of poverty and privation that make it impracticable for them to have children. They charge that:

Economic reasons have caused the preaching and practice of birth control in university circles.

Some families of faculty members have had no eggs for months at a time and some have used butter substitutes for years.

One couple with a baby sleep, eat and cook in the same room.

The children of the laborer of the present day are better off financially than those of the college professor.

The only economy that in time enables them to live on their salaries is to have no babies.

Wives of faculty members wear old clothes and are ashamed. A woman with a child of 12 is still wearing her trousseau.

Wives and children of some well-known faculty members are dressed entirely by the charity of friends and relatives. One woman has not had a pair of high shoes in five years; one has worn the same winter hat for seven years.

It is five years since some of them have been to a theater or even a movie. Many do not have money to cross the bay to San Francisco twice a year.

It never occurs to any of them to buy a book. They must save by skimping, doing all their own washing without washing machines, denying themselves all things of the "higher life," and, finally, the joys of motherhood.

Have Figured It All Out

FAMILIES of professors and assistant professors are living in crowded quarters and in garrets in beautiful Berkeley, under conditions of greater denial than practiced by the families of laboring men. The document, a protest, an appeal and a defi, was issued by wives of faculty members banded together to attract attention to their plight. It was published in the current issue of the *University Chronicle,* the official academic quarterly of the campus.

The young matrons have declared a virtual strike against motherhood under present conditions. "Give us more money and we'll have children," is the defi of the wives, through their spokesman, Mrs. Harold Bruce, wife of Professor Bruce of the English department.

In Berkeley, machinists get $10 a day, chauffeurs $8, milk wagon drivers $8, coal men $7. The young college instructor gets $100 a month. Last year a new schedule was arranged calling for $1,800 a year, but a shortage in funds has made the increase impossible in many instances. Under the present salary schedule, Mrs. Bruce and her associates point out, no wife can afford to have children until her husband becomes an associate professor, which is usually when he is about 40, and his wife is a few years his junior. The salary then received is $275 a month.

The statement of the wives is entitled, "The Prospects of a University Professor's Wife," and in addition to Mrs. Harold Bruce, the following signed the document: Mary Woodle Adams, wife of Professor G. P. Adams of the philosophy department; Amelia S. Allen, wife of Professor J. T. Allen of the Greek department; Mattie Zander Bell, wife of C. H. Bell, assistant professor of German; May Chase Freeborn, wife of Stanley Freeborn, assistant professor of entomology; Katherine S. Linforth, wife of Professor I. M. Linforth of the Greek department; Grace Montgomery, wife of Guy Montgomery, assistant professor of English; Ruth Petersson, wife of T. Petersson, assistant professor of Latin, and Kathleen Tolman, wife of E. C. Tolman, assistant professor of psychology.

"The birth of two babies at $500 each would cost the instructor $20.80 a month for four years," the statement says. "The birth and care of two children in four years would add from $40 to $50 a month to the already numerous expenses of the instructor."

Older faculty women, wives of professors of highest salary, endorse the statement fully, and declare it is impossible for younger instructors to live decently and to have families on the salaries they receive.

The statement came in the nature of a shock to the state at large and to the members of the board of regents of the university in particular.

The one note of cheer to University of California officials was that other universities are "in the same boat."

"It is true not only of California, but of universities all over the country, that professors do not receive salaries that are conducive to the support of a family," says Mrs. E. Dershaw, wife of Assistant Professor Dershaw, of the physics department. In this connection, Mrs. John P. Buwalda, wife of Professor Buwalda, of the geology department, says:

"Professor Buwalda and I were at Yale University last year and we saw very little difference in the salaries paid there and here, and there was little difference in the standards of life of professors there and here. It is a known fact that professors' salaries are outrageously low. By common consent faculty wives stint and save and do without in order to get along. Magazines have long poked fun at professors and their wives and their hard struggle to make ends meet."

Coming to the defense of the university is President David P. Barrows, soldier and veteran of the Siberian campaign. The head of the university in a statement declares his belief that the present budget plan is "adequate and may stand indefinitely until social conditions in America appreciably alter. It may be said at once and positively that universities cannot compete with the financial rewards of private business. The attractions of a university career to men of intelligence and personality must remain other than financial. The university professor, like the man who enters the army or navy, must, unless he has independent means, be reconciled to the prospects of remaining a relatively poor man."

In the meantime, instructors are compelled to take odd jobs outside of their regular work at the university, to work late afternoons and evenings at all sorts of occupations to add to their meager income, according to their wives.

Running through the document of protest is the note of despair at facing old age, the ghost of ever-present want, the sacrifice and privation in families where there is one or more children. And dominant throughout is the hint that what Margaret Sanger tried to do in vain on account of the interference of United States laws, the women of the university are doing openly and gladly—limiting motherhood. They are doing it, they say, against all their most influential instincts, against the longing that they have for happy family life, the laughter and the companionship of children. Grim necessity compels it. This they say repeatedly in the course of their signed statement. Babies are termed as "luxuries."

Old Age Haunts Poor

THE specter of old age looms in the statement that one faculty member was dying and was supported only by subscriptions taken up from the faculty. Another professor after 20 years of service suffered a complete breakdown and his wife, after 20 years of housework and children, is now trying to support him and her three children by making lamp shades and flowers.

Debt, haunting, inescapable debt, often invades the households of faculty members. "Most certainly, it is not only instructors and assistant professors with children who find it impossible to live on their salaries," says the statement. "To take a not unusual case, a man who has been an associate professor several years, who has no children but who has a wife, a partly dependent relative and slightly more than the average amount of illness in his family, in spite of doing without pleasures, books and proper clothes, is obliged to spend every month from $30 to $50 more than his salary. In consequence, he can give little time to research, and although he and his wife are well over 30, they have to face the fact that they cannot yet afford to have a child."

Ill health and accidents are a calamity of double moment, it is pointed out. "Unhappily it is not possible to live always without dentists or doctors or even operations," the statement continues. "But the wives of some professors simply have not had necessary operations. Yet all that is not enough. The only economy which in time enables us to live on our salaries is for us to have no babies."

Not only the instructors, but their wives also, are compelled to do outside work, they declare. "More and more faculty wives are going to work outside their homes, some because their earnings are absolutely necessary to keep the family going, others because they prefer mental work to the monotony and physical hardships of housework." Practically every faculty man, they declare, must do work other than his university duties. The result of this, it is declared, is that he is overtaxed physically and mentally and has no time to devote to necessary research activities.

"The wife must make most of her own dresses and all her nightclothes and underclothes. She must make her husband's nightclothes, use the tails of his shirts to patch the necks and turn his cuffs. If the wife is clever and if she knows how to sew, it allows them to have clothes of a quality sufficiently good to keep them from being constantly ashamed."

"Minimum" Budget Prepared

OTHER faculty wives have hastened to add a word to that of those who signed the protest. "The dollar of 20 years ago is worth about 50 cents today," asserts Mrs. Alex F. Lange, wife of Professor Lange, dean of the school of education of the university. "Families of professors were never very large, but it is only in the last five or six years that economic reasons have caused the preaching of birth control in university circles. Certainly it does not seem fair that a man who has given years of preparation to his work should not be granted some of the privileges of other classes. To be born in the professional class means the immediate assuming of certain responsibilities. There are no large families in university circles. The largest family I know of in this present generation consists of three children. Two is an average family. Children simply are not being brought into the world, that's all, for the simple reason that the younger people to whom we look for the propagation of the race cannot afford to have them."

Mrs. Bruce, leader of the protestants, has, with the assistance of her collaborators, prepared a budget of a minimum on which two people can live comfortably, denying themselves luxuries. It calls for $153.25 to $155.25 a month. The budget is based on the first year after marriage, when both parties have their trousseau clothes. This allows from $6 to $7 a month for meat, $3.60 for milk, $3.50 for eggs and $20 for groceries. Rent is fixed at $35 and operating expenses, light, gas, fuel, telephone, and so on, at $32.50. Newspapers, magazines, club dues and general "development" call for $28.10, including charities. Ten dollars is allowed for a "rainy day," life insurance, and so on, and $8.50 for bank savings. The second year expenses increase considerably.

As a result of the statement leaders among women's organizations and other civic bodies have been considerably agitated, seeing a menace in a situation affecting the leaders in American educational life, those upon whom it devolves to teach patriotism and loyalty to American institutions. Mrs. W. H. Marston, president of the second district, California Congress of Mothers, was prompt to ask:

"What is to become of our nation if these leaders in the intellectual and moral development of the present day refuse to bring children into the world? College graduates are taking the question of motherhood seriously. I know of one sorority at another university where a definite check is being kept on the number of children born among its members. The cry is for better childhood, yet if these fine people represented in our American universities are not encouraged to have children and the other irresponsible group continues at its present rate of multiplication—what is the answer to be?"

As a result of the protest of the faculty wives it is expected that universities throughout the country will have attention drawn to the California situation and will await with interest the result of the effort to increase faculty salaries. In the meantime, other universities are expected to follow in the wake of the western institution in investigating the problem.

American Woman Gives Her English Estate for Cause of World Peace

Victoria Martin, Exiled at 33, at 83 Honored as Pioneer of Anglo-American Friendship

By PAUL TYNER

In oval—Victoria Woodhull Martin in 1877 when she began her English career. Below—Elizabethan manor in Worcestershire presented by Mrs. Martin to the Sulgrave Institution.

A RECENT cablegram tells us that "Mrs. Woodhull Martin has given her splendid Elizabethan manor in Worcestershire to the Sulgrave Institution, formed to foster friendship between Britain and America." This announcement followed close on the report that at a meeting of the board of governors of the Sulgrave Institution at the American Embassy in London, steps were taken to form an International Sulgrave Board, of 50 Americans and 50 British members and to vest the Sulgrave Manor property in a joint British and American board of trustees of 18 members. It was also announced that President Harding had promised to give to Sulgrave Manor an elm tree from Mount Vernon and Mrs. Harding a cutting from Martha Washington's rose tree to be transplanted to the grounds of the home of Washington's ancestors in old England.

Perhaps not one newspaper reader in a thousand realized the greatness of the gift of that Worcestershire manor and the illumination it sheds on the character of the donor, for more than 40 years its chatelaine. On the merely material side alone, it means the endowment of the Sulgrave Institution, "formed to deepen and foster friendship between the peoples of Britain and America," with an estate worth probably $100,000.

In the center of a beautifully wooded demesne on the slope of Bredon Hill, the old manor house is a massive gray stone and ivy-clad structure of Tudor architecture dating back to the early part of the sixteenth century. It has sheltered generations of lords and ladies, squires and dames. Its upper windows command one of the most beautiful of English landscapes and one about whose broad spread of moor and undulating valley cluster historic associations of largest interest. Only four miles away where the Avon and the Severn join their waters and within a stone's throw of the ancient Abbey of Tewkesbury, was fought in May, 1471, one of the most decisive battles in English history. It was at Tewkesbury that the hopes of the House of Lancaster were shattered by the crushing defeat of the beautiful Margaret of Anjou, the Queen of Henry VI., whose young son, Edward, Prince of Wales, was murdered soon afterward. So ended the long-drawn-out Wars of the Roses, the Red Rose of Lancaster crumbling in disaster while the White Rose of York was born in triumph by the victor who mounted the English throne as King Edward IV. Overlooking the fair valley of Shakespeare's Avon, Norton Hill also overlooks the scenes of many hard-fought battles between Roundheads and Cavaliers in and about Worcester only a dozen miles away.

I shall not soon forget a visit I made to Norton Park one autumn day in the first year of the war. My hostess met me in a motor car at Eckington station, little more than a two-hour run from London, and took me to Norton Park by a road that wound through woodland and meadow. It was dusk when we arrived and the somber anxiety that oppressed all England at that time, with a dawning realization of the desperate nature of the gigantic struggle upon which the nation had entered, seemed to be reflected in the heavy gray skies and the damp chill of the air, as in falling russet leaves. The pale, thin, black-garmented figure beside me seemed almost a wraith—a visitant from another world. She had been living in retirement in this country home of hers for some 15 years and the impression of frail health was perhaps emphasized by the fact that she was only just recovering from the effects of a serious automobile accident. Already in her seventy-fifth year, it was difficult for me at first to identify her with the Victoria Woodhull who in 1872 ran for the Presidency of the United States, waging a whirlwind campaign that stirred the country from center to circumference and made her a national figure hardly less conspicuous in the public eye and ear than her opponents, the Victor of Appomatox and the veteran founder of the *Tribune*. Yet, as we talked in the car and later while seated in her comfortable library before the cheerful blaze of a log fire, an occasional flash of the eyes, or a quick movement of the hands, reminded me vividly of this remarkable woman as I first beheld and listened to her—a spellbound boy—during a campaign speech she made in Cooper Institute, New York. She was then in the very ripeness of her powers, a strikingly handsome woman of 33. She had a dynamic personality to which her short hair and what was then considered "mannish" dress but lent added intensity. Endowed with a voice of rich mellow tone, admirably modulated, and speaking with the earnestness of deep conviction, great self-command and an evident knowledge of her subject, she commanded close attention, gradually working her listeners up to a pitch of enthusiasm that burst into frequent and hearty applause.

Victoria Woodhull had already gained fame as a courageous pioneer of the movement for woman's emancipation. A short time before, she had presented a memorial to the Senate and personally argued the cause before the House Judiciary Committee, insisting with decided force and logic that there was no basis in the Constitution for withholding the ballot from women.

Those were the palmy days of the "Lyceum" in America and, as a lecturer on social reforms, Mrs. Woodhull had established a reputation that placed her beside such popular lecturers as Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Theodore Parker. When a mere girl she had begun her platform career as a Spiritualist speaker, riding the crest of the wave of Spiritualism that swept over the country following the famous "Rochester Rappings." She was, indeed, then as pronounced a champion of Spiritualism as Sir Conan Doyle is today. She was the candidate of the newly organized "Equal Rights Party" and her running mate was the late Frederick Douglas, that valiant leader of the colored race in America. The ticket received a popular vote of respectable proportions. Grant was the regular Republican nominee; Horace Greeley headed the Liberal Republican ticket which had been indorsed by the Democrats. Issues carried over from the war were still dominant; but the currency question was beginning to define itself in the assertion in some quarters that "the money that was good enough for the soldier fighting the country's battles should also be good enough for the bondholders"—a cry met in the platforms of the two major parties by protests against "direct or indirect repudiation of the nation's obligations." Demands for the allocation of public lands to actual settlers instead of to railroad corporations and for reform in the civil service also stood out conspicuously. Woman Suffrage was then regarded as an extremely radical idea and too visionary to figure as an issue in practical politics. In the platform of the Equal Rights Party, and in the speeches of its candidates, it was frankly made the chief issue and linked up with unassailable logic to the cause of Negro emancipation, for which the greatest civil war in history had been fought, and declared to be inseparable from all earnest advocacy of justice, liberty and genuine government of, by, and for the people. "Are women not people?" was the question propounded.

The platform of the Prohibitionists, alone among the other party platforms, also came out squarely for equal suffrage, declaring that "the right of suffrage should be conferred without regard to sex."

For years, she told me, she had been engaged in the preparation of memoirs which would constitute a history of her own time from the angle of the social evolution of woman.

People generally in Britain at this time were predicting that the war would be ended in a few months; that the boys in khaki would be out of the trenches and back in England in time for their Christmas dinners. But Mrs. Martin clearly foresaw that it would be a long and bloody struggle beyond all precedent. She also foretold to me that the United States would enter the war on the side of the Allies and that our entrance would be the decisive factor. Even the date of our coming into the struggle was predicted with what proved a remarkable approach to exactness.

She nourished the conviction, however, that even out of the black frightfulness of it all, great good was sure to come in an ultimate drawing together of the nations in friendly unity and cooperation, a rapprochement which would be initiated by the example of America and Britain, following a deepening and strengthening of the ancient blood ties between these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people that should arise out of their comradeship in arms and common love for peace.

Mrs. Martin had, in fact, been a pioneer in Anglo-American friendship. She was a prime mover in the movement for the marked celebration of the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent—of the hundred years of peace between Britain and the United States preserved along a 3,000-mile frontier without a fort or a gun. This movement in England centered around the purchase and dedication of Sulgrave Manor, the English home of the Washingtons. And it is significant that it was Mrs. Martin who gave the first thousand pounds for that purpose.

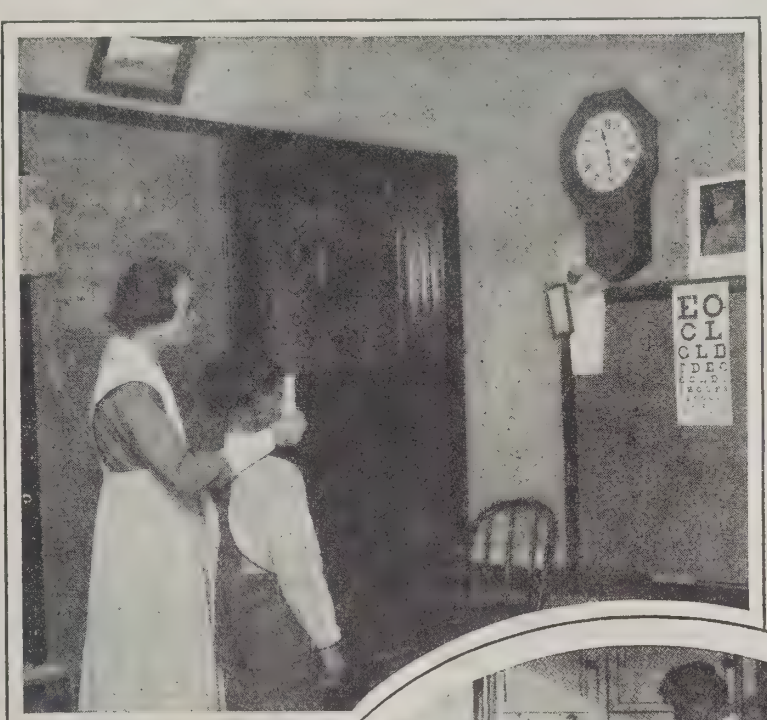
For Healthy Manhood and Womanhood

All Free on Child Welfare Special With Its Way Stops Everywhere

By FRED L. HOLMES

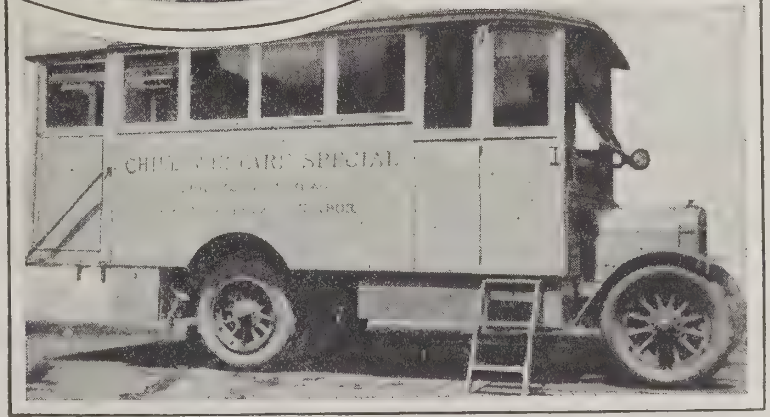
YOUNG, healthy children, with ruddy cheeks, and strong virile manhood, with sun-tanned face, are almost always associated with the country. Fresh air, fresh milk, fresh vegetables, abundant opportunities for exercise—natural living, all make us believe that life in the country does not require the social agencies that the congested unnatural life of the city needs. These impressions or associations of country life are to a considerable degree unfounded.

Draft statistics of rejected men from rural communities aroused the country to the existence of a rural health problem. Since then nearly every state has sought for remedies to relieve conditions. It is a problem national in its scope. It touches every home. It is a proposition of how to save 100,000 babies of the nation who now die annually, through neglect and failure to understand properly the health rules; how to restore health to thousands of others whose young lives are blighted by curable maladies.



At left—County health nurse testing child's eyesight.

Below—Testing baby's heart in public health clinic.



The Child Welfare Special, the state and national governments' answer to the need of health education and hospitalization in rural communities.

To teach the mothers the care of children; to instruct the pupils in the care of their bodies and health; to inculcate into families lessons on sanitation, have been the mainsprings back of the movement in several cities and states to solve the problem. The "Child Welfare Special," fostered by national and state governments, and the county health nurse are the government agencies of the solution offered. Both are accomplishing results.

The "Child Welfare Special" is the name of a big government truck operated by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. It is being used as a movable child welfare station to carry to remote regions the gospel of health hygiene. In utilizing this plan the Federal Government followed in a general way the experiments made by the traveling dispensaries used in Cleveland, Ohio; Vermont, Connecticut, New York and Michigan, and especially of that used by the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute in Cook County, Illinois.

This rural health car weighs four tons and is propelled by a 35-horse-power engine and the body of the car is mounted on a one-ton chassis. It is a hospital on wheels. The exterior of the truck is painted battleship gray and the interior enameled white. The main room of the truck body is 6 by 9½ feet and is used for a conference room, especially equipped for the examination of children. A utilization of the chauffeur's cab provides a dressing room. The truck is lighted by four windows, two feet square, sufficiently high to be beyond the reach of prying eyes. For night work this traveling hospital is equipped with electric lights, supplied by current from the truck's own batteries or by some convenient building near by that has electric power. The two electric heaters keep the car comfortable in moderate weather.

Many of the conveniences of the modern hospital have been provided. There is a 15-gallon tank of water piped to a stationary washstand in the front corner of the car. Around the walls of the cab are stereopticon slides and miniature models showing good ways to bathe, clothe and feed young children. Large posters hang from convenient places illustrating various phases of child welfare work.

In most of the states, and especially by the Federal Government, these "child welfare specials" are in charge of a staff composed of either a man or woman physician, who has practical knowledge of rural people and conditions and who has aptitude for advising young and inexperienced mothers in the care of their health. There is a special nurse, who can give mothers practical information on the feeding of children in their rural home.

Besides the Children's Bureau at Washington, four states and several cities are now using the "Child Welfare Special" plan to combat the high mortality death rate among children. Specials are used in the following places:

Cleveland, Ohio—Bureau of Child Hygiene on the Municipal Health Board, Dr. R. J. Ochsner, director.

North Carolina—State Board of Health, Raleigh, Dr. W. S. Rankin, secretary and state health officer.

Minnesota—State Board of Health, St. Paul, Miss Frances V. Brink, supervisor of nurses. (This is a traveling baby clinic, active for some three years.)

Indiana—Division of Infant and Child Hygiene, Dr. Ada M. Schweitzer, State Board of Health, Indianapolis, director.

Wisconsin—State Board of Health, Dr. C. A. Harper, Madison, director.

While these states have been moved to activity in utilizing the new plan, the Children's Bureau Special of the Department of Labor has been doing extensive health work in five states. In Indiana, a complete tour was made of Shelby County; in Kentucky, it toured the counties of Union, Madison, Jefferson and Daviess; in Illinois, the counties of Morgan, Greene and Williamson; and in Arkansas, the counties of Jefferson, Faulkner, Pope, Pulaski, Saline, Nevada, Columbia and Washington. How the health special has aroused interest in Cleveland is shown by the following report:

"The Children's Special caused persons in all walks of life to think about baby conservation. It was a popular publicity feature and so became educational by catching the attention of all sorts of people. The mother who naturally shuns the baby welfare center had for once the center brought to her in so attractive a form that she was deeply interested and immediately became a convert to the policy of seeking help from the center whenever the baby needed attention."

From Connecticut came the statement:

"Perhaps the most far-reaching accomplishment of the Baby Special was the arousing of the small and rural communities to their need of child welfare work. Before the coming of the Special, many of these communities had thought their children were well taken care of, because they had plenty of fresh air and milk. Many of the towns that were so apathetic and indifferent now realize that these things alone do not make for healthy and strong children, and a number are making plans for permanent child welfare agencies."

As the Child Welfare Special of the Federal Government has been working only since 1918, few health statistics in communities visited can be obtained. But the reduction of the infant death rate as a result of educating mothers is demonstrable from other sources.

Reports from the Boston Dispensary, made by Michael A. Davis, director, show a remarkable reduction in death rate for infants under one year of age where the mother was given preliminary instruction and care. The records give the death rate of infants under one month of age per 1,000 births as follows:

Prenatal Care

1914	17.3
1915	25.9

No Prenatal Care

1914	46.5
1915	39.7

This is a record which shows the saving of from 12 to 29 lives out of every 1,000 births by reason of an educational campaign.

The results obtained at the Maternity Center Association in New York City were similar. Records were compiled by L. I. Dublin, statistician. Out of 4,496 supervised cases, the death rate to infants under one month per 1,000 births was 19, while the Manhattan rate, where no supervision was given, averaged about 45 per 1,000. The death rate among mothers was equally pronounced at the Maternity Center in New York. Out of these 4,496 supervised cases there were two deaths out of every 1,000 mothers, while in Manhattan the death rate was 5 per 1,000 births.

Striking figures were furnished by J. H. Larsten, of the New York Milk Committee, showing results of an experiment in prenatal care carried on during 1912-1916. Out of 3,077 supervised cases there were 86 deaths among children under one month of age, or a rate of 27.9 per 1,000 births. The infant mortality for Manhattan, where 349,688 cases were unsupervised, were 13,621 deaths, or a mortality rate of 39 per 1,000 births. Supervision and prenatal care resulted in preventing nearly 11 deaths out of every 1,000 births, or a reduction of death rate of 28.4 per cent per 1,000 cases. Among mothers the supervised cases resulted in a death rate of 1.5 per cent per 1,000, while in the city at large the death rate among mothers was 4.9 per 1,000.

Cities lead the way in community nurse movements. Rural sections are just awakening to the plan. The introduction of the health nurse into rural communities is doing much to battle down high death rate among children. Wisconsin is the only state in the Union that has a compulsory community health law. The plan has not been put into complete operation, but when it is every county in the state will have a nurse to wage a campaign against disease and to teach prevention lessons to the younger generation.

More than 30 counties have the plan in operation. Traveling from home to home, from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, from community to community, the Wisconsin county nurses have found that they have a big health program. Rural school children get the same medical inspection as city children, and if parents are too poor to have their children treated the county health nurse finds a way. She is truly a health angel.

With the county as the health unit, co-operating with the state department of health, it has been possible to push the work into the most inaccessible Wisconsin rural districts. By the terms of the law, county committees are created to co-operate with the nurses.

In the schools and at county fairs in Wisconsin the children are being weighed in the presence of their parents and the defects of the child pointed out. In hundreds of schools the children are being fed a certain amount of milk each day.

All school children are given a physical examination. The rural health nurses report the occurrence of diseases; teach first-aid lessons in case of accidents; instruct the mothers in the care of their infants, and help to get the blind and the defective into institutions where they may be cared for. Some of the counties have established medical and dental clinics for the treatment of poor children, a plan operated so successfully in many of the larger cities of the nation. Children who are kept fit have little trouble with school work.

Deeds, Few Words, Mark Advance of Fascism in Taking Over Italian Power

New Force, Unique in National Movements, Rapidly Attains Domination

By A. R. PINCI

WHO are the Fascists? Fascism is a new word in modern political nomenclature, based upon an ancient Latin symbol, and because it became current shortly after the English language was enriched by the addition of similar war-born expressions and designations, its exact meaning has remained obscure. But perhaps that is not solely the fault of lexicologists; even in Italy the word is somewhat elastic, comprehensive but not quite definable. The reason is not difficult to find; fascism today is a symbol that awaits to be translated into action, and that action may follow swiftly and positively.

Fascism, briefly, represents the awakening of the youthful element of young Italy, an Italy that seems to have little in common with its present government, its national religion, and its fancied aspirations. Fascism is sponsored by the element of the male population that believes in having something to do and doing it; it is anti-Socialist, anti-Communist, anti-clerical and anti-bureaucratic. It is as yet rather mixed, but it is undeniable that its aims are modern and progressive. If it fails in bringing about a new order of things as rapidly as critics would have it, it is due to the impossibility of fostering—as history repeatedly proves—a nationalistic movement of any kind against vested or potential interests.

To understand fascism it is important to remember that Italy is a new nation that is emerging from its ancient and thick chrysalis of feudalism, bourbonism, ignorance and clerical autocracy. That Italy, during the 52 years of its unity, could have done much better than it has done in this regard, goes without saying, but this progressive evolution has been obstructed by neighboring governments, by foreign interests and by the virtual impossibility to gather together men capable of governing during this formative period.

Italy Seeks Another Crispi

ITALY has had one Crispi; Italy awaits another Crispi. The *Fascisti* believe that there is not only such a man in Italy today, but that there are any number of them. To bring him to light and to confer upon him the office of statesman it is necessary beforehand to get rid of the driftwood and the bureaucracy that is strangling the kingdom.

What the fascists are trying to do in Italy today is just about what Americans in the United States, Britons in England, and Turks in Turkey are endeavoring to bring about. One hears much against the Democratic and Republican parties, or rather, what is left of them, and along comes the suggestion to create a new group that would know how to give the nation its just dues; in London the murmurs against the last sad remains of a coalition government are becoming definitely anti-Lloyd George; and the Turks, thanks to the nosiness of foreign meddlers who consider the Turk a person to be freely insulted, are rallying in the name of a modern and efficient Ottoman nation.

The fascists can best be described as anti-monopolists. Whether they in turn, given that they will achieve national power, as now seems to be the case, will become monopolists, is conjectural. At this time they have shown unusual, in fact, surprising, restraint since they have been obliged to counteract the evil effects of a Soviet-inspired Bolshevism in a few Italian communities, and they had to meet force with force. Work which strikers abandoned they have undertaken to do, plus this novelty—that the loafers were forced to leave the towns where they expected to command as bosses.

The fascists, moreover, are young men, the majority being on the nearer side of 20 than of 30, but all of whom in their present state of mind regard their lives as worth nothing in their eagerness to attain their ends. It was this trait that made them such irresistible adversaries in communistic Genoa last July.

Act Promptly in Strikes

I HAVE seen them run the street cars of a city. The uniformed conductors and motormen, who had decided to strike for some fancied grievance, did not look upon these chaps as strike breakers, for they were not. The fascists have no intention or inclination of serving as strike breakers. They are not looking for work, and whatever work they engage in is incidental with the particular reform they are undertaking Of their earnestness of principle and intention of seeing it through, strikers and communists have had no opportunity to doubt, because in every case they have submitted to this new army. It is worth noting that violence throughout these difficulties has been noticeably insignificant. Most of it has taken the form of corporal chastisement.

The fascists, among other things, are trying to prevent the ominous, if not suspicious, readiness with which workers, governmental or private, coerced their employers or intimidated government (national or municipal) officials to grant their obstreperous demands. In this, of course, they saw the bond between communistic and socialistic deputies in the Chamber. It is undeniable that representation—though this was not intended—of both Communists and Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies gave comfort and security to the bands that affected these imported doctrines. As usually happens when ignorant masses experiment with novelties of this sort, they were unknowingly the tools of men higher up, both in office and out of office, seeking office or determined to stay in office.

The Socialist movement reached its zenith under Nitti in 1919. At that time fascism was under way but not yet developed. The nearest thing to it was Irredentism, sponsored by the soldier-poet D'Annunzio. I happened to be visiting Rome the very day that the latter's dramatic flight to Fiume was announced; a few days afterward I had an opportunity to analyze French reaction in Paris itself. It became evident to me then that Italian observers belonging to this new school of national thought were stationed in Paris as, indeed, they have visited other international centers. The march of several thousand fascisti the first week of October into Trenth and Bolzano is a direct and related result of the Fiuman incident.

D'Annunzio's coup was a direct challenge to the Nittian group; the recent occupation is a direct challenge to Facta, Giolitti and Nitti. The latter two ex-premiers are mere wire-pullers, but they manipulate marionettes that the fascisti are minded to eliminate once forever. There have been reports, rather laborious, that the Council of Ministers was ready to adopt repressive and severe measures against the fascisti, even to the extent of naming "cavalry and artillery." To those that are informed these reports must have occasioned a dozen smiles, for the very thing that the Italian cabinet is not sure of is the army, since most fascists are ex-soldiers.

The cabinet itself is far from being unanimous about ways and means against fascism, this because there are two or three members who are in utmost sympathy with its aims and ideals. Moreover, Premier Facta and the men behind him (or some of his cabinet colleagues) are quite apprehensive over the results of measuring steel with the fascists. Thus the government is beaten before starting. The government is on the defensive. It seems disinclined to permit the deciding of the issue by lawful methods—the elections, while the fascists, through Benito Mussolini, their leader, are demanding a showdown through suffrage.

With the fascists willing and anxious to submit their case to the voters, and with the government itself unwilling to agree, it would appear that the government is hardly sure of itself. The cabinet, as constituted at the time that Mussolini made his declaration, represented an invisible government contested by two factions: Giolitti and Nitti.

Against Present Government

THE fascists, of course, are decidedly against the government, for the reason that it is not a government but a mask for the factions headed by the two ex-premiers. The present government has lacked stability, confidence, purpose and policy. It has endeavored to attain all four. The results have been dismal.

In reality, therefore, the present struggle is between the representatives of this new movement and the representatives—tried and found wanting—of defeated and even desecrated former governments. Giolitti had to flee for his life nearly eight years ago, and that Nitti still lives to hope for restoration to popular favor he owes to the army that protected his life, as premier, three years ago.

Giolitti and Nitti are representative examples of that governing class known the world over as long on promises and short on deeds. What Giolitti has promised that he has failed to deliver is a long list—not to count his deliveries of that which he had not bargained to bring and that nobody wanted. Nitti, a few years ago, as Minister of the Treasury, sponsored a program for the economic resurgence of Italy, but when he became premier and had both opportunity and authority to try his panaceas, he forgot all about them. Meanwhile, he is writing books—as seems to be the general malady with public and ex-public men of Europe now—about saving the world.

If fascism, therefore, is taking pains to show impatience against this sort of political buncombe, it is merely putting into action what, for instance, countless American citizens are feeling against broken party promises and eternization of cheap politics. Italians have had less experience at self-government, in point of time measured from the beginning of the present kingdom, than any other nationals of a first-class power, but despite this inexperience the public in general looks forward to the advent to power of the fascists without trepidation. What the fascists could and would do was the chief topic of discussion on trains, and I traversed a good part of Central and Northern Italy lately. Many persons believe that Italy's resurgence is a problem of new thought and new action, while nearly all others, apart from entertaining any hopes of perfection in government, are quite ready to support the party which holds out the promise of doing things, for better and for worse, considering that the present negative condition is due to the misgovernment of former cabinets.

Another matter of paramount importance is that which deals with foreign help of financial nature. For two or three years Italy has received a great deal of foreign money from more or less mysterious sources. Russian gold has been merely incidental, and has not amounted to as much as energetic publicity would have us believe. Not all "Russian" gold came from Russia. Not a little of it was from a much closer source. Money, needless to say, is always the mainspring that gives energy to subversive movements, and most of the communistic troubles of the kingdom have been *paid for.* One half of this gold has paid for wine, wine that has flowed and is still flowing too freely in the thousands of *osterie* (wine shops of vulgar type) and those who have tasted of this wine are elements that the better class of thinking Italians has recognized as political free lances, adventurers and spies.

If perchance there is any one disposed to question this utterance I shall give in advance this counter argument; that not one of the strikes, disorders, and campaigns has been waged for the sake of economic betterment or for lack of bread. Socialists and Communists, each in his way, have sought, it is true, to obtain a greater share of worldly goods, but only by means of Sovietism and division—by taking from those who have; not one has suggested to work for it. The masses, on the other hand, despite prevailing difficulties, have not lacked bread; food was never so plentiful and extravagance never so obvious.

Has 4,000 Millionaires

ITALY has her poor, but she has also her millionaires, which exceed 4,000! Two own more than 50,000,000 lire; 1 more than 40,000,000; 18 between 20,000,000 and 40,000,000; 69 between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000; 467 between 4,000,000 and 10,000,000; 332 between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000; 860 own 2,000,000 and 3,369 own between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000. These are real millions, not printing press millions, even though they represent a depreciation from pre-war parities.

The fascists do not belong to the school of easy-money getters; that is, they do not profess to believe that Socialism, radical or moderate, is logical. If anything, they represent a diametrically opposite view, because they foresee that furthering the socialistic doctrine may lead the people at large to obtain something for nothing. It is their aim, by means of efficient administration and rationally assigned work, to provide a living income for those willing to work, in contradistinction to the present state of affairs, where the most prosperous "men about town" are those without visible means of support.

Of course, no one foresees absolute success in this, for if the fascists were able to bring about such a nearly utopian state of affairs in their own country, they would soon be overwhelmed with requests from foreign countries to "clean up house." It is undeniable, however, that the absolute zero of incompetence in governmental efficiency in Italy is near. If Italy cannot go forward something is bound to happen because there is not much leeway for going backward.

The Fascists Are Young Men

UNFORTUNATELY it happens that the fascist movement, as well as motive, is quite misunderstood abroad. For this one may account, in part, for the propaganda countenanced by governments inimical to Italy. The secret disbursements of these governments for the purpose may never be known, although they have been the talk of foreign offices for some time. Even in Washington official circles there has been some knowledge of it.

In addition, many editors have shown singular apathy with regard to a venture in new government that should be of especial interest, for news reasons alone if nothing else, at this time of universal lukewarm government. It is only recently that the editors of a very important American daily, in reply to a reader's query, explained that the fascists are a sort of male flappers! Then, of course, we marvel why readers are unenlightened. Another explanation that I heard, from the lips of a serious American, was that they represent a new type of Communist executioners because their symbol is an axe.

Fascismo, to repeat, is a borrowed arbitrary term, based upon the *Fasces,* bundles of rods usually made of birch, with an axe (*securis*) projecting from the middle, which were carried before the chief magistrates of ancient Rome as symbols of their power. Valerius Publicola directed that the fasces be lowered at the assemblies of the people as an acknowledgment of their supreme power.

The men who have rallied under this symbol are a rather odd lot. Many of them are ordinary wage earners who go about on their own business until such time as they are called to duty. In this respect it is not unlike the army system. These breadwinners respond to the call, perform their duty, disband and return to their employment. Of course, there are any number of them who are unemployed, and there are many more who receive compensation from property owners who have recognized in these young men the spirit of policing that, aimed against insurgence among the mob, is the province of the army proper to disband.

The fascists, however, are not constituted into an army but into a political party that at a moment's notice can become an army. That there is an invisible bond between them and the rank and file of the army is undeniable, but it is undeniable, too, that their intentions are peaceful and nothing more. Had the fascists ever intended to start a revolution the opportunity existed often and long ere this.

Gyro-Stabilizer Ends "Roll" of Huge Ships

120-Ton Wheel Acts Quickly, Takes Up Motion of Seagoing Craft

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

OUT of a child's toy that has been the foundation for many another useful device in recent years, science now has developed a machine to prevent seasickness. Equipped with it, the largest passenger liner, or the smallest, will be able to plow on a relatively even keel through heavy seas so that even the poorest sailor among her patrons may laugh at *mal de mer*. The machine is not an experiment. It has been tested on yachts, battleships and transports, and now for the first time it is to be applied to the passenger liner.

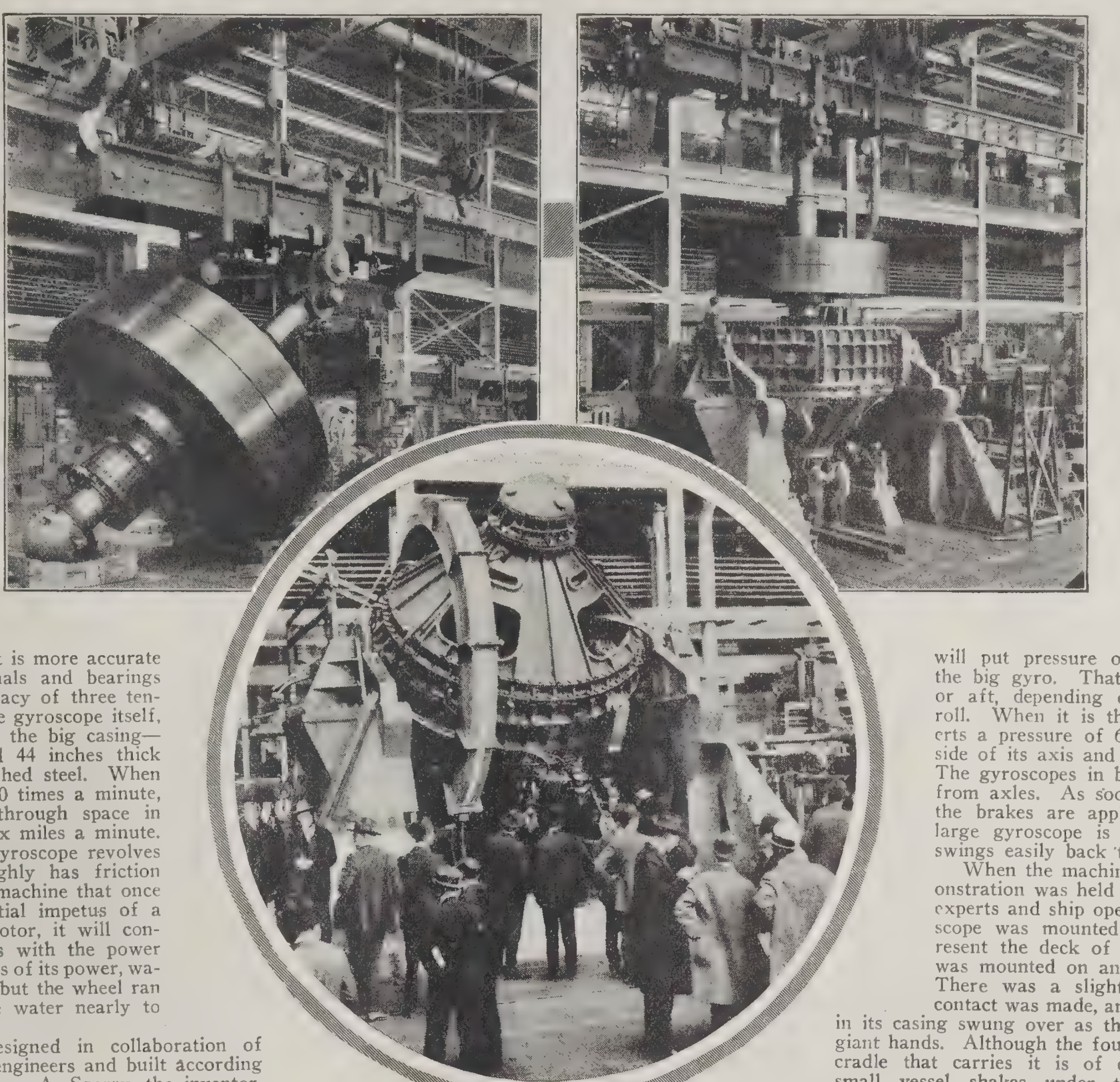
The machine is the Sperry gyro-stabilizer, which, roughly speaking, is nothing more than a highly intricate and delicately balanced improvement on the familiar gyroscope top of childhood days. At the South Philadelphia plant of the Westinghouse Electric and Machine Company workmen have just put the finishing touches on the largest gyro-stabilizer ever built, and within a few weeks the device will be installed in the 20,000-ton liner *Hawkeye State*, operated by the United States Shipping Board between Baltimore and Honolulu.

Despite the fact that it weighs approximately 120 tons, the huge gyroscope is so well balanced that it is controlled by another gyroscope weighing but 150 pounds. In some respects it is more accurate than a fine watch. Journals and bearings were machined to an accuracy of three ten-thousandths of an inch. The gyroscope itself, or rotor—the wheel within the big casing—is 13 feet in diameter and 44 inches thick and is made of solid, polished steel. When in action it will revolve 800 times a minute, the outer edge traveling through space in the casing at the rate of six miles a minute.

As is well known, the gyroscope revolves in a vacuum. So thoroughly has friction been reduced in this great machine that once the wheel is given the initial impetus of a 250-horse power electric motor, it will continue to spin for 18 hours with the power shut off. Recently in the tests of its power, water was applied as a brake, but the wheel ran for five hours, heating the water nearly to the boiling point.

The gyroscope was designed in collaboration of Westinghouse and Sperry engineers and built according to the specifications of Elmer A. Sperry, the inventor, chiefly famous for his gyroscopic compass and his gyro-shells. The first installation of his gyro-stabilizer was in the U. S. S. *Widgeon* in 1914. Since that date many installations have been made in smaller vessels, such as the yacht *Lyndonia*, owned by Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Degar Palmer's Diesel electric-driven schooner *Guinevere*, and many other pleasure craft. When the transport *Henderson* was launched it was so equipped. Of 10,000 tons, it was the largest vessel up to 1921 to have a gyro-stabilizer. The machine worked so well that a number of other installations of similar size have been made on naval vessels.

The application for a stabilizer for the *Hawkeye State*, however, marked an epoch in ocean travel. That vessel is 535 feet long with accommodations for about 700 persons, including passengers and crew. There was no mechanical problem that had not been solved in the earlier installations, but some additional developments were made. One thing the gyro-stabilizer will do for the *Hawkeye State* is to roll her when necessary. Frequently a big vessel runs into a shoal and much time is lost before she can be drawn off because of the rapid filling in of the silt around her keel. With the stabilizer she will be able to rock from side to side in such a manner as to wash out a new channel to deeper water.



Left—The huge wheel before being put into casing. Right—Lowering gyroscope into casing. Circle—Test of the gyro-stabilizer at Westinghouse plant. In its inclined position the machine is exerting a pressure of 600 tons.

The big gyroscope will be installed aft of the engine room and parallel with the decks of the ship. The smaller machine will run parallel with the side of the ship. Two machines are used to save power and provide quick action. The small one revolves 5,000 times a minute. It is so sensitive that it registers a ship's roll a fraction of a second after it starts, and through the electrical control panel, starts the big stabilizer in a direction that counteracts the effect of the roll in less than a second and a half. With the machines in action it is contended by the experts that it will be impossible for the ship to roll more than two degrees in either direction off the level, and that amount is so negligible that even a poor sailor cannot notice it uncomfortably.

The principle of the gyroscope is well known and it is the only thing involved in the stabilizer equipment. Any change in equilibrium is resisted by the centrifugal force exerted by the spinning wheel. The greater the speed of the wheel, the more sensitive its response to a loss of exact balance. That is the reason that the small control gyro is used. When the roll of a ship starts, due to the action of a wave, the small gyro by seeking to retain its balance will put pressure on the switches, starting the big gyro. That can be swung forward or aft, depending on the direction of the roll. When it is thrown off balance it exerts a pressure of 600 tons, upward on one side of its axis and downward on the other. The gyroscopes in both instances are swung from axles. As soon as the roll is checked the brakes are applied and the tilt of the large gyroscope is stopped, after which it swings easily back to an upright position.

When the machine was completed a demonstration was held in the presence of many experts and ship operators. The small gyroscope was mounted on a platform to represent the deck of the ship, which in turn was mounted on an axle and slightly tilted. There was a slight flash as the electrical contact was made, and then the 120-ton wheel in its casing swung over as though moved by invisible giant hands. Although the foundation beneath the steel cradle that carries it is of concrete, it shook as a small vessel shakes under the impact of a great comber.

Operators of passenger vessels expect the installation on the *Hawkeye State* to be followed by many others. The patronage given larger liners which are less responsive to roll indicates how much of a part seasickness and the fear of it plays in the inhibition of travel, and shipping men are hoping that with the stabilizer in general use that fear will be eliminated. The stabilizer will not prevent the pitching of a vessel, of course, which is generally so gentle, at any rate, that it causes little discomfort. The trouble is due mainly to the side roll or the combination of uncertain movements.

Three Centuries of Fame on Boston Common

Concluded from page 6

with me?" "Certainly," said the schoolmistress, "with much pleasure." "Think," I said, "before you answer; if you take the long path with me now I shall interpret it that we are to part no more." The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement as if an arrow had struck her. One of the granite blocks used as seats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree. "Pray sit down," I said. "No, no," she answered softly, "I will walk the *long path* with you."

As Judge Sewall ushered in the eighteenth century, so under the guidance of her beloved citizen, Edward Everett Hale, Boston welcomed the twentieth. At a quarter before midnight there assembled on the State House balcony, overlooking the Common, 200 singers and four cornet players. Sewall's hymn was sung, and Old Hundred, and Dr. Hale read from the Book of Psalms. When the bell on King's Chapel gave the hour of twelve, the vast throng recited in unison the Lord's Prayer and sang "America."

It is now the fourth century of Boston Common. Its first darling, the "great elm," is no more. Its old age was attended by every care but it succumbed to the gale of 1876, and a scion of the old landmark flourishes in its place. Its oldest inhabitant is now the Hancock elm, set out in front of his mansion and directly opposite the Gingko tree, by the distinguished first signer of the Declaration of Independence. At least two links bind the Common of today closely with the past. On the Parade Ground, west of the Frog Pond, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery still go through their evolutions in the picturesque costumes of the colonial army, and here the schoolboys hold their annual drill. Both the Ancients and the Latin School are vigorous survivals of pre-Revolutionary days.

During the World War the Common was the seat of varied activities. Contrary to all precedent, buildings were allowed to be erected on its sacred soil, and welfare huts and cottages dotted its green. But there is no danger of its being wantonly violated, for its place is secure in the affection of the people. An esteemed citizen, George F. Parkman, who lived for years beside it, left about $5,000,000 for its benefit.

Unique among the parks of the world, Boston Common is enjoyed by practically every citizen. As in France, there are birdmen who daily feed the doves and sparrows. Its green is a sort of front yard for the handsome houses on Beacon street, and, in hot weather, the poor come up from the tenements and sleep on the grass. Its benches offer refuge for those chronically or occasionally weary, and its malls are always thronged with strollers, each one of whom will tell you that there is no finer vista in the world than across its wooded slopes to the gilded dome of the State House.

Ideal Currency Is Paper Currency

HERBERT SPENCER said:

ENGLAND herself does not in reality base her currency on specie nor could she without bringing all business to a dead stop in a very short time. She just mixes enough of this specie basis fiction in her finances to continually or periodically divest the laboring classes of their earnings for the benefit of the nobility. But for the real basis of value to her currency, she makes the notes of the Bank of England, as well as her coins, a full legal tender for the payment of debts, but not the notes of the other banks. From this we see that even in England specie basis is a mere fiction, a false pretense.

Depression Cuts Labor's Interest in Unions

Figures Just Brought in England Show Marked Decline in Trades Memberships

By W. P. CROZIER

J. R. CLYNES, the ablest of the English "moderate" Labor leaders, has just asked: "Are there still men who are ready to pocket all that a union can get for them and keep in their pockets the little they should pay to help the union to get terms which all men are eager to share?" This question might very well spring, though in fact it did not, from the publication a few days ago of the official figures of trade-union membership in England. Everyone knew, more or less clearly, that the trade unions had lost members heavily during 1921 and are still losing them. But the actual figures surpass all expectations. Between 1913 and 1920 the total membership of English trade unions more than doubled:

	Males	Females	Total
1913	3,747,000	442,000	4,189,000
1917	4,663,000	890,000	5,553,000
1920	7,131,000	1,362,000	8,493,000

In 1921 not less than 20 per cent of the total dropped off. The decrease in a single year was 1,700,000, of which 1,371,000 was represented by men and 329,000 by women. The causes were various, chief among them, of course, was the trade depression and consequent unemployment, so that many members could not afford to keep up their subscriptions, but there was also the powerful fact that the trade union movement is rather under a cloud. There have been long and disastrous strikes and the greatest of all, that of the miners, ended in the terrible fiasco which broke up the much (though unnecessarily) dreaded Triple Alliance of miners, railwaymen and transport-workers. It is not very astonishing if large numbers of the rank and file of labor, seeing that their leaders have been so unsuccessful in conducting their affairs, have economized on their subscriptions to the trade unions. English commercial history during the last 18 months may be read pretty plainly in the roll call of lapsed members:

Men	Lapsed	Percentage of membership
General labor	491,000	36
Coal miners	211,000	
Shop assistants, clerks, etc.	166,000	44
Railwaymen	111,000	
Engineers, shipbuilders	82,000	
Builders' laborers	76 000	43
Agriculture	61,000	29

Among women several industries showed a decrease of nearly half the membership:

Women	Lapsed	Percentage of membership
General labor	95,000	54
Shop assistants, clerks, etc.	63,000	49
Tailoring and other clothing	38,000	40
Woolen and worsted	25,000	32

As it happens, just when these figures have burst on a depressed labor movement, the trade union authorities have published the results of an inquiry into the various methods and machinery by which English labor makes trade agreements with employers. Mr. Clynes's reproach is addressed to all non-union people—and especially, no doubt, to all the lapsed members—calling on them to observe all the benefits which the trade unions obtain for their members by the manifold forms of collective bargaining which this report surveys. It is an interesting report, and comprehensive: something that has not been done before, giving a sort of bird's-eye view of the way in which English labor settles with the employers the wages and conditions of its work. *

All the highly organized trades of the country operate through voluntary agreements. These are made simply by the workers' associations negotiating with those of the employers, or through the so-called "Whitley Councils" representing a whole industry or through some other form of conciliation or arbitration board. But not all trades are highly organized or indeed organized at all. In some cases, therefore, decisions about wages—rates are legally imposed and the decisions have to be carried out or the offenders can be prosecuted. This is the Trade Board system. The Trade Boards were first established in 1909 to fix a minimum wage in "sweated" industries. (A beginning was made with tailoring, paper-box making, lace-finishing and chain making.) Inquiry had shown in 1906 that in 27 out of 32 textile or clothing trades under investigation, adult women were earning not more than 15 shillings ($3.50) a week a head and a large number earned less than 10 shillings ($2.50) a week. The Trade Board fixes a minimum which should be at least a living wage. In 1918 the system was extended to cover many more trades which have no adequate machinery for regulating wages and by the middle of 1921 there were 61 Trade Boards at work and about 3,000,000 workers came under their protection. This is one of the most beneficent pieces of legislation that we in England have had in recent years and it has done incalculable good to the "sweated" worker. Some employers detest the Trade Boards and not long ago there was a deliberate attempt to ignore their decisions and to cut wages below the minimum. A few salutary prosecutions put this right. But there is still, unfortunately, a movement against the Boards, due partly to the trade depression, and a government committee has recommended that only the lowest-paid workers should have their wages legally fixed, the wages of the other grades being left to voluntary agreement. This means that the wages of the "other grades" would soon be cut down. To all such proposals the reply ought to be made that an industry which cannot pay a decent living wage does not itself deserve to live.

In the field of voluntary agreement there are 70 "Whitley Councils," the formal title of which is Joint Standing Industrial Councils, and 32 similar bodies called Interim Industrial Reconstruction Committees. The difference between the two is that the Whitley Councils are intended to apply to the better organized industries and accordingly they consist entirely of representatives of the employers and the employed in equal numbers. The committees, on the other hand, being intended to deal with industries that are less organized, are supplied with representatives of the Ministry of Labor to assist in producing agreements. There is thus an ascending scale in these negotiating bodies:

(1) for unorganized industries, including those recognized as "sweated"—Trade Boards, whose decisions are enforceable at law.
(2) for industries with weak or inefficient organizations—committees on which the Ministry of Labor assists the two sides with expert advice. The agreements are voluntary.
(3) for organized industries—the Whitley Councils where employers and employed settle their problems without official interference. Here, too, agreements are voluntary.

The joint bodies (2 and 3) together look after the interests of 3,500,000 workers. The miners, ironworkers and cotton operatives stand outside, having their own elaborate machinery for negotiation. (These two classes, together with the 3,000,000 under the Trade Boards, account pretty well for the whole trade union world.) "An indication of the activity of the Whitley Councils on wage questions," says the Labor report, "is seen in the fact that between December, 1919, and May, 1920, 46 national wage agreements were concluded by Whitley Councils." About a dozen sliding scales of wages were also established by them. More generally, they are regarded as valuable because they have brought the workers of different unions into co-operation and because they are at work all the time and not only when a dispute is afoot.

A word should be said about the sliding scales of wages, which have already been mentioned. There are at least 80 in operation and the total number of workers covered by them is estimated at 2,750,000. They were devised as a means to avoid the incessant disputes which sprang from the chase of wages after prices. Even before the war the rise in the cost of living had led to a great increase in industrial disputes, since prices always tend (in England at least) to keep well ahead of wages. From 1906 to 1913 the index figures give the following results:

	Wages (1896=100)	Retailed Food Prices (London) (1896=100)	Number of Disputes
1906	109.4	111.2	486
1907	113.2	114.5	601
1911	111.9	119 3	903
1912	114.6	124.9	857
1913	118.0	125.2	1,497

With the war, of course, prices began to soar skyward and that wages might advance in some regular relation to prices, the first sliding scale was established in 1917 (by a section of the Lancashire textile workers). The scale is really based on the cost of living index number calculated by the Ministry of Labor, and both employers and employed criticise it severely on the ground that, having been compiled nearly 20 years ago, it requires to be overhauled and a fresh calculation made. The principal objection offered by trade unionists to the sliding scale is that it tends to stop any "basic increases" in wages.

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*Note—"Industrial Negotiations and Agreements," published by the Trade Union Congress and the Labor Party, London.

The Sugar Plum of the North Platte and Who Gets It

By GEORGE C. PORTER

A FEW years ago the writer first entered the irrigated section of the North Platte Valley. Water was running everywhere it was needed. Bounteous crops and brilliant prospects were on every hand. The land was rapidly settling with the sturdiest pioneers. Hopes were high.

Today the water still runs and there are good crops, but the settlers are bankrupt or on the verge of bankruptcy. They are unable to pay the reasonable charges of the government for water and the government has deferred payments. It is true that certain politicians have had their fingers in, to the disadvantage of the settlers, but there have been repeated concessions made by the government, and others are in prospect. Politicians try to center the feeling of discontent against the government-owned irrigation project; but granting everything suggested along this line and the root evil is untouched. Mortgage foreclosures are increasing in frequency. Within approximately a year five banks have failed in this district. The banks failed generally because the patrons of the banks had first failed.

Freight rates on potatoes are now so high as more than to absorb the farmers' profits and in many cases prevent shipments. Aside from potatoes there is another staple crop—sugar beets. If the sugar industry were managed on a live-and-let-live policy its monopoly and large profits could continue indefinitely and the farmers would prosper. This policy is spurned. To support this last statement I want to present some figures and draw some conclusions therefrom:

The Colorado court records show, over Mr. Havemeyer's name, the following statement of the cost of producing a hundred pounds of beet sugar, exclusive of the cost of the beets:

Operating expenses	.81
Maintenance	.275
Interest	.038
General expenses	.048
Total	$1.171

A short time after Mr. Havemeyer furnished these figures, Mr. Petriken, another representative of the beet sugar interests, advised a committee of Congress that, at the later date, the cost of producing 100 pounds of sugar was eight cents less than the Havemeyer figures. This reduced the total cost at the later date to $1.091 for making a hundred pounds of sugar, exclusive of the cost of the beets. There have been some variations in cost since that time, but improved machinery and methods, as compared with later showings, justify the conclusion that the figures quoted are essentially correct for today. I prefer to use the company's own figures.

From an article printed in local papers in this vicinity by the Great Western Sugar Company in February last, I find a statement in the Morrill *Mail* under date of February 9, 1922, in regard to the yield in tons per acre of beets. The statement is made at the close of the beet-sugar-making season and by the sugar company, that the average tonnage per acre in the vicinity of Mitchell and Morrill for last year was 10.84 tons.

The price paid growers for beets this year is $5 a ton.

I am credibly informed by retail merchants at Morrill that they now pay the jobbers at Scottsbluff $8.21 a hundred pounds for sugar, and that the jobbers buy direct from the sugar company at its factory, and with no freight charges paid, at $7.71 per hundred pounds of sugar.

Using the above data as a basis we find the following:

Entire cost of manufacturing 100 pounds of sugar		$1.091
Cost of beets for 100 pounds of sugar		1.613
Note: 15½ per cent sugar means 310 pounds of sugar in a ton of beets.		
Total cost		$2.704
Selling price to jobbers at factory $7.71		
Pure profit on each 100 pounds of sugar		5.006
	$7.71	$7.71
Pure profit on each acre of beets		$168.22
Note: This is obtained by multiplying $5.006, the profit in 100 pounds of sugar, by 3.10, the number of hundred pounds of sugar in a ton of beets, and then multiplying that product by 10.84, the average tonnage in an acre of beets.		
The farmer received, at $5 a ton and an average tonnage of 10.84, a gross return an acre of		$54.20
From this must be deducted outright for contract labor for thinning, weeding and topping		18.00
This leaves the farmer an acre		$36.20

From this $36.20 the farmer has to furnish the land which must be built up several years to be fitted for the intensive farming required for sugar beets. He runs the risk and expense from insects which prey on the leaves of the plants, and from windstorms which frequently destroy the beets when the plants are young and tender. He must deduct outright for seed, irrigation water, taxes, use of machinery, feed and all labor costs, except contract labor, including the cost of hauling to market.

Farming in the irrigated district of the North Platte Valley does not pay. The sugar company had a number of choice farms near Scottsbluff and close to their first factory. They sold them. Gross returns an acre of $36.20 with all the risk, expense and labor to be deducted therefrom before there was a copper for profits did not look good to them. They preferred the present peonage system. It paid better. They preserved $168.22 pure profit for every acre of beets and the handsome additional profits from by-products of which no account is taken in this story.

A New "Richest Village" Displaces Hibbing

Mining Companies of Minnesota Range Practically Sole Taxpayers

By CHARLES NICHOLLS WEBB

FRANKLIN, MINNESOTA, a Mesaba Range village, with a population of 807, has fallen heir to the title long held by another Northern Minnesota community and, although it has no civic organizations to advance its claims, makes the boast, nevertheless, of being the "richest village in the world."

The richest village has not a business district and, with the exception of the village hall and the school building, has not a single public edifice to crown its glory. Its sole industry is iron mining, but the per capita taxable value of real and personal property in the village is $29,247, or more than four times that of Hibbing, formerly the "richest village," which is $5,626. The mining companies which are almost the sole taxpayers have no complaint as to the way the money is spent in Franklin. In 1921 it cost Franklin $763.35, per capita, for governmental purposes, or 25 times the government per capita cost for St. Paul.

The village government was economically administered, the tax commission finds, despite the fact that the 1921 government cost per family was $3,200.

Another village in Minnesota, bearing the name of Franklin, spent one-thirtieth per capita what it cost its namesake in St. Louis County in 1921. The less prosperous Franklin is in Renville County.

The per capita taxable value of Franklin, St. Louis County, is $29,247 as compared to $687 for Minneapolis, $648 for St. Paul, and $728 for Duluth. Much of the mining property is owned by the state and is under lease to the mining companies. Franklin is what is commonly termed, "a mining company town." It adjoins the city limits of Virginia, having a population of 14,022, and gets its mail from that city, having no post office of its own.

Hibbing, farther west on the Mesaba Range, has a population somewhat larger than Virginia, according to the last census. Through its liberal expenditure of public moneys for various improvements and utilities, Hibbing has received a considerable amount of publicity during the past few years. This publicity was invariably accompanied by the slogan, "The Richest Village in the World." Recently, Hibbing was moved bodily by the Oliver Iron Mining Company, to carry on mining operations where the town stood, and the new village was laid out on a scale even more elaborate than before with handsome business houses, well-paved and well-lighted streets, a park system, a million-dollar high school, and the finest hotel in Minnesota outside the Twin Cities. But, at almost the same moment, it acquires this new magnificence, Hibbing loses its title of the "richest village" to a community of mine location houses, which does not even boast a post office.

Scarcely a greater contrast between towns can be seen anywhere than between Hibbing and Franklin. Franklin consists of miners' homes, huge open pits where iron ore is scooped up in five-ton mouthfuls by steam shovels as if it were sand, and the skeleton-like head frames of underground mines.

The mining companies operating in the village are: The Oliver Iron Mining Company, an operating branch of the United States Steel Corporation, The Inter-State Iron Company, Corrigan-McKinney & Company, Coates & Tweed, and The Republic Iron & Steel Company, included in the recently announced merger with Midvale and Inland Steel Company. Most of the mine operation is by the open-pit method, the ore being dug from huge excavations by steam and electric shovels. The largest of these open pits is that of the Oliver Iron Mining Company.

The mining history of Franklin is intensely interesting and epitomizes much of the industrial history of the Lake Superior region.

It is said that a break between John D. Rockefeller and his brother, Franklin, followed a dispute over the Franklin mine, which was named after Rockefeller and which, in turn, gave its name to the village.

The old Franklin mine, which ceased operations some three years ago, began producing ore in 1892 under the management of Franklin Rockefeller. Rockefeller had embarked in the ore business with James Corrigan, of Cleveland. They had purchased the Franklin, had put $300,000 into a fleet of lake boats, and had gone on a hunt for other iron-ore properties.

In the early nineties the iron business suddenly struck hard times. Corrigan borrowed heavily from John D. Rockefeller, first $46,000, then $80,000, and then $45,000. Still larger sums followed. The result was that Mr. Rockefeller soon had all of Corrigan's interest in the oil trust in his hands, according to chroniclers of this period of industrial history.

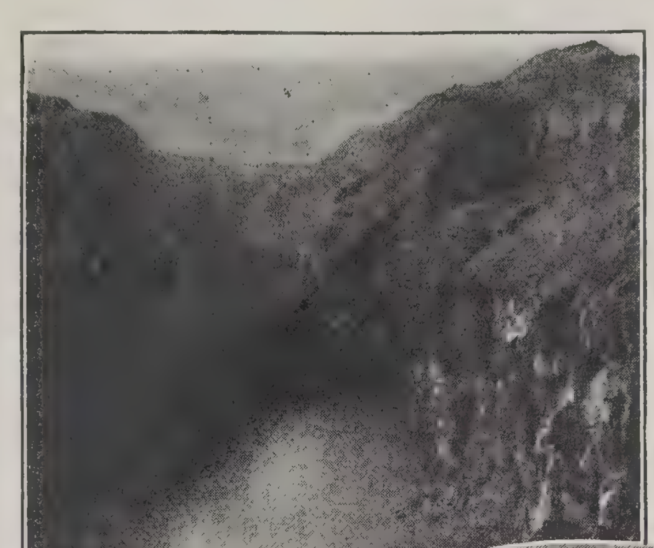
Later, when Corrigan was hard-pressed, Franklin Rockefeller, his partner, went to John D. to obtain his aid and the brother is said to have obdurately exclaimed, "Corrigan is going to the wall, Frank. I might as well have his stock as anyone."

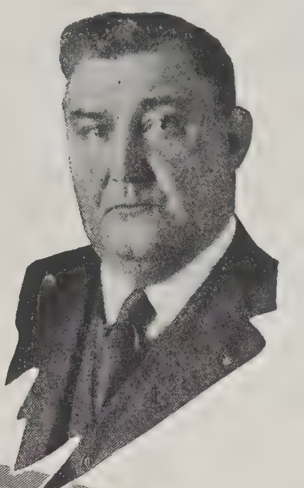
According to Ida Tarbell, this marked the parting of the ways for the two brothers.

Franklin was not the "richest village" when Rockefeller had an active part in its mining affairs. It was an unorganized tract and later included in the township. Its incorporation as a village took place some eight years ago and was bitterly opposed by the neighboring city of Virginia, which coveted the rich taxable value of its ore lands.

Franklin Rockefeller was a frequent visitor in the early days. His private car was often sidetracked for weeks at a time near the Franklin mine. He was fond of sitting on a stump or a bowlder at some distance from the mine, silently watching the surface work for hours at a time. He was plain and unostentatious and showed a keen interest in the industry in which he had embarked at such an unfavorable time.

Although he was keenly aware of the great wealth of the district, he did not dream that the squalid location of miners' houses would some day be called, "The Richest Village in the World."





Top, left — The Norman pit, no longer operated, showing the depth of open-pit mines, and the manner in which they fill with water when abandoned. Right -- Captain John Dickinson, President of the Village of Franklin. Oval —The Missabe, a mine owned by the state and operated by the Oliver Iron Mining Company.

Another view of the Mesaba Mountain.

Wall Street Control of Cotton Prices Costs Millions Yearly

Concluded from page 3

cotton. The small proportion of real to fictitious cotton dealt in on the New York and New Orleans Cotton Exchanges may be known, when we consider that the total sales on these exchanges per annum aggregates 75,000,000 bales. There is no way to secure accurate figures on this subject, as the clearing house of the New York Cotton Exchange is a secretive organization, giving out no information whatever of the total sales. Even brokers of the Exchange do not know the approximate amount. Some light was shed on the volume, when an auditor of the clearing house of the Exchange testified at a recent trial of a smaller cotton exchange in the Criminal Court of New York that the sales on the New York Cotton Exchange approximated 45,000,000 bales a year. Therefore, for both the New York and New Orleans Exchanges, the estimate of 75,000,000 bales is probably correct. Of this colossal amount hardly a half million bales* represents real cotton, which goes to show the enormity of speculation involved, or 99 per cent of the trades based on "paper cotton" as against only one per cent on real cotton for the legitimate needs of trade. And these exchanges act as barometers of the state of demand for cotton!

Future exchanges cannot function as essential markets so long as speculation is allowed to crowd out legitimate trading. The needs of the situation call for Federal laws to strike directly at speculation, especially short selling, by compelling the seller to furnish a receipt showing that he owns spinnable cotton, or holds an option on the amount that he wishes to hedge.

Free speculation, as now exists, causes prices to be radical, uncertain, illegitimate, up 100 points one day and down 100 the next day, and forever nerve-racking to the trade. In recent years, prices have covered a wide range and speculation has grown to such proportions that the Exchanges have had to pass rules forbidding prices to fluctuate more than 200 points from the close of one session of trading to the close of the following session.

Speculation has cost the farmer, who is the backbone of American commercial and social progress, *more than fifteen billion dollars in the past 30 years.* Short selling costs him from 25 to 40 per cent of the profit on his product. It is the grim reaper of the profits that he should have.

There are many reasons exchanges should be rigidly controlled or else abolished. Prices are no more or less than a commercial structure built on confidence. Trade activity expands and prices rise as confidence swells in the business outlook. Prices may be compared also to a fabric in which there are interwoven the movements of prices in general.

Operators on such leading exchanges as the New York Cotton Exchange can form a pool to break the market. They begin by heavy short selling, in such volume that the trade cannot absorb it. Prices break. What is the next result? Prices in the southern spot markets drop. Trade buying in the dry goods market hesitates. The New York Cotton Exchange is looked upon as the barometer of the cotton and commercial outlook. If the hammering of prices continues, buying in the spot and dry goods markets shrivels up, and buying disappears in allied trades. Prices in those markets sympathetically fall. Business can be and is wrecked in this way.

The farmer is the first sufferer. His suffering extends to the retail merchant from whom he must necessarily buy less. The retail merchant in turn cuts down his purchases from the wholesale merchant, who then cancels his orders to the mill. Stagnation in trade comes. All of this because a group of operators in Wall Street seized the opportunity to break the cotton market.

Cotton-future exchanges, on the other hand, can be useful as insurance markets. Growers owning cotton can protect its price by hedge sales on the exchanges, that is, by selling contracts against their stocks. Should a break occur in the market, they are protected, as their cotton has been sold on contract at higher prices.

Future exchanges belong with race-track betting, political trusts, the days of Tweed, houses of vice and liquor selling. The new conscience must not permit vicious speculation to wreck the fortunes of agriculture and endanger American prosperity. Future exchanges should function only as markets of insurance.

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*Note—The Exchange publishes reports of the amount of raw cotton traded in, but gives no estimate of the trading in speculative cotton.

Loan to Liberia Means Domination by U. S. of Rich Coast Region of Africa

Affairs Would Be Placed Completely Under American Control; Nearly 40 Per Cent of Amount Suggested Takes Up Old Obligations

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN THAT quaint part of Washington, D. C., between the Capitol and the modernized area east of the Treasury, there stands, among many others of musty age, a structure which has been identified with the history of one of the last hundred years' most interesting ventures in philanthropy. Now only the first floor is occupied by a merchant who rents it for a storeroom. The upstairs where once there were busy offices and where many of the most thoughtful persons of the country used to meet and plan with regard to the American Negro problem now contains only unused furniture laden with dust. The building, located at Pennsylvania avenue and 4½ street, N. W., is the old headquarters and still the property of the American Colonization Society, now more than 100 years old, which promoted the movement that brought into existence the Republic of Liberia in Africa.

Virtually all other organizations formed prior to the Civil War to contribute to the solution of the Negro problem have ceased to exist. But the colonization society, which held its first annual meeting in 1816, continues to function, though its operations in recent years have been very limited. And the miniature republic it promoted also survives as among the most novel of the world's governments. It is in a bad way in some respects, however, and is appealing to its "next best friend," the United States, for aid which its representatives say is vitally needed. There now pends in Congress a bill authorizing our government to extend a loan of $5,000,000 to the unique republic in equatorial Africa. The bill passed the House at the last session of Congress and but for adjournment before a vote was taken there, it is probable that the Senate would have given it approval. The measure is sponsored by the present national administration which probably will continue to insist upon its being adopted.

Our African Stepchild

WHATEVER its merits, if adopted the measure will clear up our relations with this country's informally recognized and supported African stepchild. Though for a hundred years the United States has been, unofficially, the protector of Liberia, our government so far has avoided the taking of any step that would make that country officially a dependency of ours. While the proposed Liberian loan measure doesn't so make it, the surveillance it establishes in substance amounts to Liberia becoming temporarily and perhaps permanently an American colony.

In most non-governmental respects Liberia has been an American colony since civilized settlements were established there in the early part of the last century. When the slave trade was prohibited in 1809, the Navy often captured illicit slavers on the high seas. What to do with the pitiful Africans who were rescued became quite a problem. There was no place for them as freemen in America and to return them to their old homes in Africa usually meant a worse fate than the slavery from which they were saved. For as a rule they had been purchased from native chiefs who would have taken them back only for slaughter. So it was arranged to repatriate them to African localities from which they did not originate and where they would have protection. Many were carried to Sierra Leone, where the British had established authority; then, later, arrangements were made whereby they were located in settlements set up in what is now Liberia.

Colonization Urged in 1773

BUT long before that time the colonization of American Negroes in Africa had been urged by many of the ablest students of the then just developing Negro problem in this country. It was first advocated as early as 1773 by Samuel Hopkins but soon gained the support of leading public men, chiefly Virginians like Thomas Jefferson and Marylanders like Charles Carroll. Jefferson believed that it or something like it was the only possible solution of the slavery and race problems.

The movement took on practical form largely because of the agitations of Jehudi Ashmun, who, in 1816, founded the American Colonization Society, with Bushrod Washington as its first president and Henry Clay one of its first vice-presidents. It was followed by the formation of colonization societies in several states, North and South, one of which, the New York Society, still exists, or did a few years ago.

Those organizations were not interested primarily in freeing the American Negro slaves, though Abolitionists gave them support. They dealt chiefly with manumitted slaves and other freedmen whose situation under pre-Civil War conditions often was more distressful than that of the enslaved Negroes. Many wealthy slave owners, mainly in Maryland and Virginia, gave financial and other support to the colonization movement. Agents were sent to North Guinea, where, in exchange for payments made in rum, guns and trinkets, settlement rights on the coast south of Sierra Leone were purchased from native chiefs who ruled over the wild tribes inhabiting the region.

In 1820 the first emigrants were given passage to the Negro haven. All money came from contributions, which never were large. The American promoters of the movement supervised the settlements and aided the settlers who knew many troubles, arising from the climate, the sometimes contentious natives and the lack of facilities for procuring many of the needs their experience in civilization created among them. At first there were numerous settlements distributed widely along the coast. Some of these had identities corresponding to the states from which the settlers had been repatriated. In 1847 they combined into two governments, one taking the name of Liberia, which word was invented in 1824 by Rev. R. R. Gurley, one of the first promoters of the movement, and the other taking the name of Maryland. After a few years of separate operation, the Maryland part became a county in the Liberian establishment and so remains today.

Recognized Along With Hayti

RECOGNITION of Liberia was given quickly by Great Britain, France and other European governments, but, oddly, was withheld by the United States until the Civil War gave a new complexion to the National Government's view of the Negro question. It and Hayti were recognized as independent nations at the same time.

But the subsequent history of Liberia has differed much from that of turbulent Hayti. The African republic has not experienced a single armed revolution. The system of government, patterned after that of the United States, still prevails as first established. Fair educational standards have been maintained. Economically, however, the African venture has met with no notable success. They have developed no industries. The Negroes derived from America live in towns along the coast, the largest, and the capital, being Monrovia, named for James Monroe who was President of the United States when the experiment was begun. The American-Liberians now number between 15,000 and 20,000. The total immigration promoted by the colonization society totals nearly 15,000 for the hundred years of operation. For several years prior to the Civil War it averaged about 500 annually, and right after the Civil War the resources of the society were taxed to handle all who applied for passage. It was able to take care of about 600 a year, though its reports for that period say that a million American Negroes were ready to go to Liberia provided means were furnished. During the last 20 years only a comparatively few immigrants have been handled. There has been some immigration to Liberia from the West Indies and South America. What many regard as the ablest man the republic has produced, Arthur Barclay, who was the country's president in the early years of this century, belonged to the West Indian group. He was a full-blooded Negro, as is President King who visited Washington last year to negotiate the loan now pending. J. J. Roberts, a notable president of the republic, was nearly white. Out of that small civilized group there have come several men who were notable as writers and men of intellect—men like W. E. Blyden, a native West Indian, who, being denied admission to all large American universities, went to Liberia to complete his education and remained there.

Since the Civil War many Liberians have attended colleges and universities in the United States. One, P. G. Wolo, made a good record at Harvard a few years ago. He came from the native population, about 40,000 of whom have become more or less civilized and help those of American source to run the country. About 1,000,000 uncivilized natives of varying racial groups, of which the Kru—noted as seamen—are the leaders, still inhabit the hinterland. Cannibalism is believed to exist among some of the native stock who live chiefly in the forests, of which Liberia has some of the most magnificent in the world.

Natural Resources Undeveloped

THE natural resources of the country are largely unexplored and only slightly developed. The borders of the land are not well defined except on the South and North and this has caused several controversies with Great Britain and France which control adjacent territory.

In all of Liberia's serious difficulties with other countries, the United States has exercised the relation of "next best friend," which was the term used by Secretary of State Bayard in President Cleveland's day in defining our interest in the premises.

The Liberian government's chief difficulties have been of the financial kind. These became critical about 12 years ago when President Roosevelt sent a commission to inquire into conditions there. It recommended that our government send experts to reorganize the government and specialists to help develop the country's industries. It also recommended that we help the Liberians procure a loan with which to put its finances in shape. The loan, about $1,200,000, was made by New York and London bankers and is still outstanding.

The finances are again in bad shape; hence the proposal that the United States Government advance Liberia $5,000,000. It is claimed that this was promised when Liberia, following our entrance into the World War, declared war on Germany. The country took no part in the conflict beyond sending peace delegates to Paris, for whose expenses $26,000 was advanced by the authorities in Washington. A part of the proposed loan will be used to refund the country's present outstanding indebtedness, a large amount of whose interest is now in default.

The loan bill provides for the virtual taking over of the management of Liberian affairs and for their direction through Washington agencies. An American receivership, functioning through a financial commission to be sent from this country, will be established. The commission will have complete supervision of Liberian finances, internal and external. The custom receipts, the country's present chief source of revenues, already are collected by agents representing the United States, France and Great Britain. The proposed financial commission will include a commissioner general of the interior and director general of sanitation.

If the loan bill goes through, very little in the way of important authority will be left to the government of Liberia pending repayment of the loan, which at the best will take many years.

The loan is urged by its advocates, headed by our State Department, largely because of our historic relation to the Liberian experiment—and experiment it still is, according to those who have studied it, despite its century of operation.

Far From Being a Success

ALTHOUGH it is the most successful of governments yet conducted along civilized lines exclusively by Negroes, and is by no means an outright failure, Liberia is far from being the success that its early promoters expected of it. They believed that within a century it would be a highly developed country with a civilized population of millions drawn from the black peoples in America and the native stocks. Its natural resources are immense. From the beginning, white men have been ineligible to citizenship and for officeholding under the Liberian government. This wasn't owing to racial prejudice but only to caution advised by white patrons in America to insure to the Negroes full opportunity to work out their own salvation without undue interference from adventurers. They have had help from sources other than the colonization society, several churches maintaining schools and missionaries.

Underlying the reasons for the new relation the measure now pending in Congress would establish between the United States and Liberia are considerations, which, however, are other than purely sentimental or philanthropic. One, it is charged, is the bankers' loan made the country 12 years ago, now amounting, with accumulated interest, to a claim of about $1,650,000, and in default. The repayment of this to a banking house would be the first slice out of the proposed $5,000,000. The other reasons are world trade and world politics.

Borah Opposes the Loan

IN THE division and distribution of African territory which have been going on since Henry M. Stanley explored what were until recently vast unknown regions of that continent, the United States has taken no hand. American citizens, however, have developed big interests there, chiefly in the Congo. The tremendous undeveloped resources of the continent make Africa an inviting field for big financial and industrial operations. Those carried on by European nationals, particularly the British and French, are expedited by the extended governmental jurisdiction their countries have established. It is natural that Americans with like interests or ambitions in or with regard to Africa should want to see our government gain a lasting foothold there. A hint of these more material considerations is put forth in the document through which the State Department submitted for approval its loan agreement with the Liberian government to Congress. It sets forth that to refuse the loan "would be most lamentable for Liberia; and . . . . it would forfeit to the United States an opportunity which ought not to be held as the chief motive in entering into this enterprise, but which we can very properly consider, an opportunity which confers without prejudice to the interests of the people of Liberia certain natural advantages from the association which the making of this loan would create.

Those "natural advantages" would be perhaps an enduring foothold in one of the richest regions of Africa, meaning very probably the extension of our territories or possessions to that remote part of the world.

In the Senate the proposed loan met with considerable opposition, led in the main by Senator Borah, who caused the measure to be amended so as to appropriate $20,000,000 of government funds for reclamation development in the West. It was largely because of that amendment that the Senate failed to act on the measure before adjournment.

The fight for the loan no doubt will be renewed when Congress reassembles.

No Christmas "Nixies" This Year Is Plea

By THOMAS J. MALONE

GRANDMA EMERSON never received Eileen's Christmas present of last year. At the bottom of her kindly old heart she feared that Eileen had overlooked her, in the confusion of shopping and doing up and addressing and seeing that every one was attended to—purely an accident, of course, Grandma Emerson tried to assure herself. Hence, in her letters to Eileen and to Eileen's mother, whose gift to her had been received, she never even so much as hinted that no package, gay with holiday seals and tinsel, had come to her from Eileen as such packages had come regularly for many Christmases before. How could she?

Now Eileen, despite her harum-scarum 15 years, had not overlooked her grandma. She had actually spent many hours crocheting for her a very smart lace cap and had mailed it to her as much as six days before Christmas in the first armful of packages carried to the drug store housing the branch post office.

It hurt Eileen that Grandma Emerson had not acknowledged her gift, an inattention of which she had never before been guilty. But then, Eileen reasoned, not only was her grandma getting old, she was old, and she must have forgotten to do it and forgotten that she had not done it. Very likely she really thought she had done it. Wherefore, Eileen never referred to it in her own letters—she would not hurt Grandma Emerson's feelings for a thousand Christmas gifts. Eileen's mother approved this course.

So there was the situation: Grandma Emerson in Norwich, Connecticut, 1,600 miles away, feeling a bit neglected and worn-out, even indulging in a little sniffle now and then until her good Yankee judgment came to her rescue; and Eileen Emerson in Minneapolis, 1,600 miles away, wondering why grandma hadn't mentioned that scrumptious cap. What made it worse, if possible, grandma's gift to Eileen, the book that she wanted most, had been received Christmas Eve. Eileen had written her acknowledgment on the great day itself.

What had happened to that cap and to the message of love and cheer that accompanied it? This had happened.

Eileen had put the cap and the message into a small paper box, had wrapped the box in a thin white paper, almost tissue—a regular "holiday" paper—and tied it securely enough. But the paper was too thin to take ink, so she had written the address on a label and pasted the label on the wrapper. The result—tragedy.

For the label, not sufficiently moistened in the hurry of preparing dozens of packages, fell off somewhere in the journey from the post office branch to the outgoing department of the main post office. No one saw it fall. If it was found—in a mail sack, on the floor of a truck or on a sorting table—as was probable, there was no way to connect it with the right one among scores of unaddressed parcels piled up with certain other mail matter, all referred to by post office clerks, mysteriously, as "nixies."

Grandma Emerson's cap had become a nixie.

What's a nixie? The Standard dictionary gives it as the feminine form of "nix," which it defines as "A water-sprite who is able to assume a human form . . . usually malevolent, but capable of being appeased by presents."

Ha! This evil-wishing sprite can be appeased by presents! What more likely than that at the Christmas season, the period when presents are most numerous, the nixies leave the water and roam abroad in the land seeking to be appeased? There would be plenty of reason for flocking to the post offices. Some nixie, perhaps, tried on Grandma Emerson's cap.

Post office clerks as a class, however, take a more practical view of nixies, thinking little if at all of their fairy nature. The name, as most of them understand it, comes from the slang word "nix," meaning "not" or "nothing." To them "nixies" are merely mail matter that for any reason is undeliverable. A piece of mail addressed to a place that is not a post office is a "nixie"; so is a piece addressed to a post office that does not exist in the state or territory given, or that is addressed to some person who has removed and left no forwarding address. Also, any article "found loose in the mails" without destination mark, as a sled that has lost its tag or a locket that has worked its way through the envelope, ceases to be a sled or a locket or a something else and becomes a "nixie."

Nixies, as he knows them, are everyday things in the post office clerk's life. They are always bobbing up, cluttering up the place and giving trouble, week in and week out, all through the year. Never is there a time in a large post office when there is no undeliverable mail on hand. But in the Christmas season, when the fairy nixies can be imagined to leave the water in their zeal to be appeased by presents—when the grand shopping, packing and mailing rush is on and so many people live largely in an atmosphere of panic and delirium—the post office nixies are far more numerous than at ordinary times in virtually every post office in the country.

A post office nixie is due to just one thing, according to the much-enduring post office clerk—carelessness. If you value the gift you are sending, if you want it to reach its destination and please its recipient, why not, he'd like to know, take pains to wrap it securely and give it the correct address, one that won't come off?

Perhaps it should be said right here that the mischievous present-seeking fairies single out and attach themselves only to orphan mail matter, those pieces lacking clearly stated destinations. The other mail they leave strictly alone. It is the mail of the careless folk they are after. There is that relationship between the two kinds of nixies. Parcels without sufficient addresses and without addresses of senders are opened by nixie clerks in a search for clues as to destination or source. Thus the record books disclose the nature of their contents, as well as of articles found loose, and what writing, if any, was found with them. One day's entry in the nixie book in late December may read like this:

> "Hdks (2) Mother from Pearl
> Silver pin—to Emma from Grandma
> Baseball bat Am Boy K553
> Toy T-sets (6) 5 sets White Alco 1 set of blue
> One toy Tinker doll—Beth from Aunt Hettie."

And so on.

The range of Christmas nixies is wide; it is that of Christmas gifts, anything that can be sent by mail. The accompanying photograph of a typical page from a nixie book suggests the variety.

What questions it raises! Did the Cleveland young lady send another photograph, or was she so much put out over the failure of the Minneapolis friend to acknowledge its receipt that she cut him—if it were "him"—off her list and never wrote to him again? What of the boy who still misses the "harmonica" that never came, and so has been unable to invite, or challenge, the neighborhood to "listen to the mocking bird"?

The sample of oats and the padlock keys indicate that not all nixies at Christmas are the gift kind. The world's routine business is going on, too. Items from a page of a nixie book outside the holiday season have little sentimental suggestion. Here are some for July, 1922:

> "Tool, like patent knife sharpener
> Spectacles, 1 pair tortoise shell rims, gold bows
> Needles for machine—1 short, 1 long
> Films, 1 can {6 reels The Devil / 1 reel Spot Cash
> Handle for crosscut saw
> Rubber heels, 1 pair
> Army breeches, size 30 O.D.
> Metal sign 3x5 MN"

The list is prosaic, businesslike.

Some of the mail matter at first classed as undeliverable is eventually delivered or returned to senders; but the ratio of such disposition is low, because clues are generally lacking and people are said to be sadly lax in making inquiries about delayed parcels. If more persons would check with post offices on overdue matter, much of the "undeliverables" would be cleared out.

What, then, actually becomes of the bulk of the nixies?

Perishables are destroyed at local post offices or, if of a kind not offensive or injurious to health, may be distributed to charitable or reformatory institutions.

Other nixie articles are held for one month at the post office where found, then sent to the post office that is the headquarters of the division of the railway mail service in which the source post office is located. There are 15 such divisions in the United States. At the headquarters' office the nixies go into storage for six months, subject to claim. After the six months, they are sold to the general public at auction, the proceeds going to the government.

Sales of Christmas nixies, which take place in the late summer or autumn in all 15 divisions, attract many bidders. Articles to be offered are put on display for several days before the date of the advertised sale so that bidders may look them over in advance and gauge values. Small articles, as toys, are lumped in bags and sold by the bag, while articles of considerable value, like fur coats, rugs, firearms and so on, are sold separately.

A bargain hunter, looking over the accumulation of these articles—on floor, tables, shelves; in boxes, bags, stacks—puts aside his colored glasses. He realizes that the fairy creatures have been unable to take them away or devote them to any uses of their own; that they do not cling to the presents but, being fickle, relinquish or desert them, once appeased.

Small dealers in Christmas notions attend these sales, some coming from outside towns. They are often able to buy for very little last year's Christmas goods and sell them profitably as the new crop.

Grandma Emerson's lace cap may adorn this coming Christmas the equally proud head of some equally dear grandma in Minnesota.

Nixies are a concern of the post office the year round, but they are an especial bother at Christmas. How may they be eliminated, saving the department much work and expense, assuring delivery of every parcel put into the mails this holiday season and obviating the Emerson-Emerson kind of heartaches? Any nixie clerk will give the answer, in about these words:

"It all rests with the sender. Let him give 'character' to his packing, put 'backbone' into it. If your package is worth sending, it is worth good wrapping and packing. Therefore:

"Wrap with tough paper. This paper should be folded, not once only, but several times around contents. If tissue paper is used, it should be inside.

"Tie with stout cord, several strands each way round.

"Write or print a plain address with ink.

"Place return address in upper left corner.

"Attach the address to the article itself inside the wrapper.

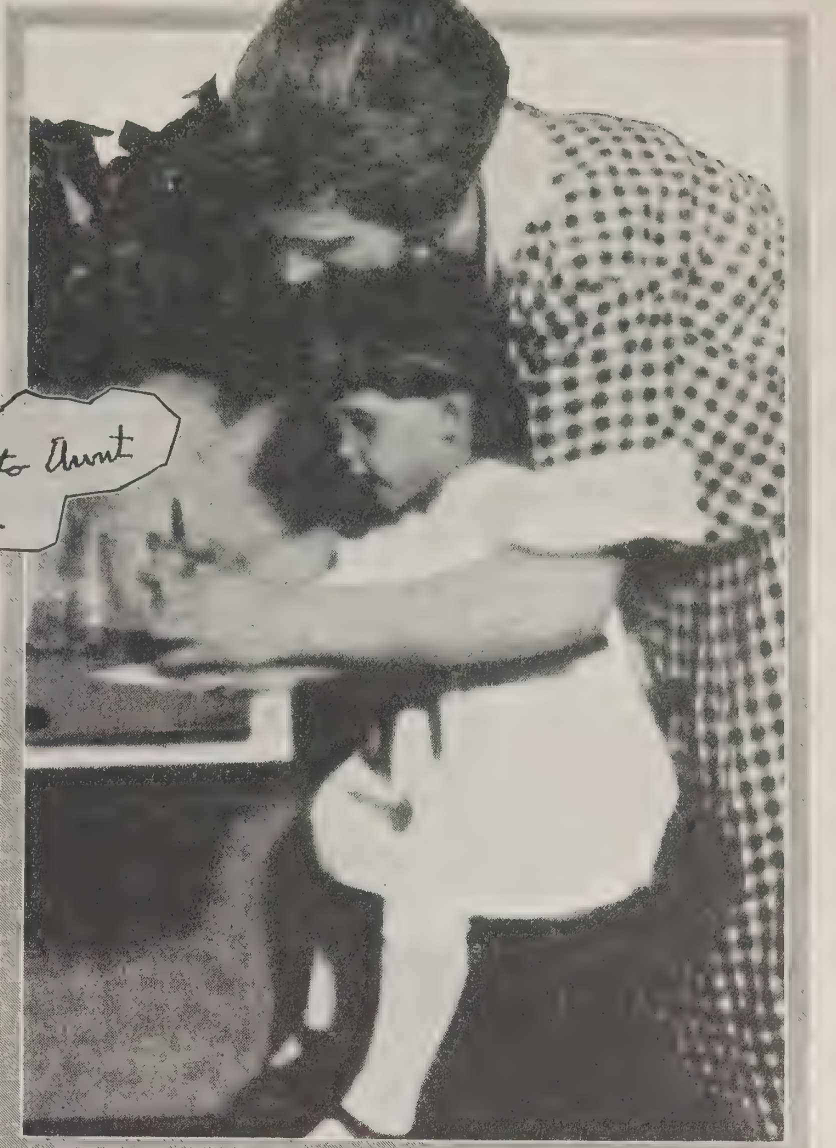
"Inclose articles liable to breakage in corrugated paper or wooden boxes and pack in excelsior or similar substance.

"If contents are perishable or fragile, mark package conspicuously or have mailing clerk do it for you.

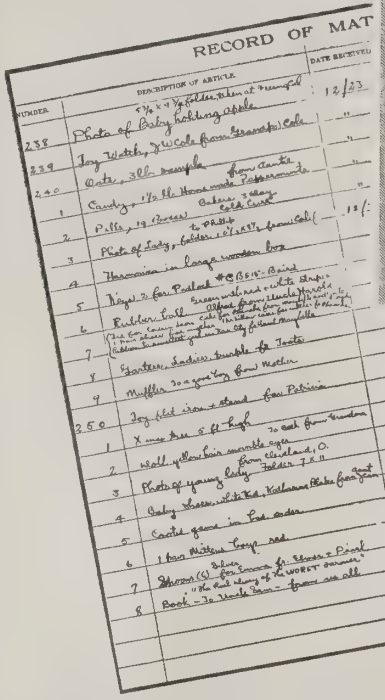
"Think of the miles your package must travel, rubbing up against other parcels, handled and rehandled."

These are the instructions for safe and sane mailing issued by the head of all the nixie clerks, Dr. Hubert Work, the Postmaster-General. And to these he adds that, when ready to mail, one should give the parcel the "once over" for address, return address, stamps, wrapping and packing.

That should outwit or discourage any malevolent fairy, however adventurous or avid for presents.


From Dorothy to Aunt Jane

Writing the card to go with the Christmas gift.



What a "Nixie" book page looks like just before Christmas.

RECORD OF MAT

NUMBER	DESCRIPTION OF ARTICLE	DATE RECEIVED	
238	Photo of Baby holding apple 5⅞ x 9⅞ folder, taken at [illegible]	12/23	
239	Toy Watch, J W Cole from Grandpa Cole	"	
240	Oats, 3lb sample	"	
1	Candy, 1½ lb Home made Peppermints from Auntie	"	
2	Pills, 14 Boxes Bakers 3 day Cold Cure	12/[illegible]	
3	Photo of Lady, folder, 10½ x 8½ from Calif to Philip		
4	Harmonica in large wooden box		
5	Keys 2 for Padlock #C B 515 - Baird		
6	Rubber ball Green with red & white stripes Alfred from Uncle Harold [illegible]		
7	[illegible] Garters, Ladies, purple for Toots	"	"
8	Muffler To a good boy from Mother	"	"
9	Toy flat iron & stand for Patricia	"	"
250	X mas tree 5 ft high	"	"
1	Doll yellow hair movable eyes To [illegible] from Grandma	"	"
2	Photo of young lady from Cleveland, O. Folder 7 x 11	"	"
3	Baby shoes, white kid, Kathleen Blake from Aunt Jean	"	"
4	Castle game in box [illegible]	"	"
5	1 pair Mittens Boys red	"	Oats
6	Spoons (6) Silver for Emma fr. Ethel & Pearl	"	
7	Book - To Uncle Sam - from us all "The Real story of the WORST swimmer"		
8			

THE LIBRARY OF THE
U'IV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Angora is a city a thousand or more years old. It occupies the site of Greek and Roman towns, whose ruins are met on all sides. The municipal bath which is still in use was built by the ancient Romans.

Large herds of wild caribou swimming the Yukon have interfered with the progress of steamers in that river. Thousands of them are now swarming over the hills through the suburbs of Dawson, Yukon Territory, for a radius of 50 miles from that town. The great herd treks through the district annually on its way northward. Every home in Dawson is provided with fresh meat.

An estimate made in behalf of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace shows that the cost of the Great War exceeded $335,000,000,000. This amount is equal to the combined wealth of the United States, France and Great Britain when the war began.

Paper pulp, ether, alcohol, oil, tannin, fertilizer and stock food are some of the products made from the southern water hyacinth so much dreaded by the navigator of the bayous and looked upon as a nuisance by irrigation men. This plant chokes the smaller streams of Louisiana, blocking navigation. The enormous volume, rapid growth and cheapness of the raw material will prove a blessing to both the manufacturer and shipping interests.

More than 1,000 miles a month has been the rate of growth of completed Federal-aid roads during the present working season. The mileage completed August 31 totaled 19,308, of which 6,401 miles have been added since the beginning of the year.

The former kaiser's intended marriage has caused him to change his rule of living at the Doorn Castle. Formerly only a few were permitted to visit him, but now he invited, on October 5, 40 persons to take tea with him. To those who accepted the invitation—all people of high standing—he said that from now on he would be glad to see them often, assuring them that he and his future wife would return their visits.

Ex-Premier Clemenceau was at one time a librarian in New York City.

Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of New York, have this year received in gold from Europe, up to October 1, $36,625,000.

China's cotton belt is very wide, extending from 18 degrees to 43 degrees north latitude. Pink bollworm and the club-leaf disease are the principal enemies of cotton in China.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

A special residence tax for foreigners has been fixed by the Thuringian government, according to reports from Weimar, Germany. Americans will have to pay from $2 to $50, according to the length of their stay. Residence of more than three days will cost from $2 to $4; for a month, from $4 to $10; for more than six months, from $30 to $50. Other foreigners are to be taxed in proportion.

A honeybee, Achievement Girl, worth $300, is owned by a man in Amenia, North Dakota. She is a prize queen bee, a member of a colony which last summer set one of three world records for honey production. She is being sent to Alabama where she will pass the winter.

"A Soviet messenger, who this week arrived in London to buy books for the Russian government, said that the Soviet government is against the campaign which the Jewish commissariat, or 'Jewseke,' is waging against the Hebrew language and against Jewish erudition in general. But because the Jewish commissaries have set their mind on persecuting all that is Jewish, the government is with them. It is, however, an established fact, that the government has decided to abolish the Jewish commissariat."—New York *Jewish Daily News.*

Water marks are made by the pattern on the wire cloth mold, on which the paper hardens from the pulp.

The Tokyo police have issued deportation orders upon approximately 2,500 Chinese laborers in that city, because they entered Japan with passports issued them as merchants. It is said that they threatened the livelihood of Japanese manufacturers and proved to be "a menace to Japanese labor interests."

Fifteen masked men entered a motion picture building in Leipzig, Germany, and carried off at the point of their revolvers, two reels of the scenario "Todesreigen" (The Dance of the Dead), in which the misery under the Soviet government is depicted.

"Save the boys from the fascination of the military career, if you would save the world from war." This was the substance of an address delivered by Dr. William L. Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, at a national Boy Scout executive conference held recently in the East.

Historic Monticello, the Virginia country place of Thomas Jefferson, is for sale.

"If my colleagues in the United States Senate could have seen me in my kitchen the morning after I was appointed Senator, hunting my old apron to put on before preparing my own breakfast, undoubtedly they would have exclaimed, 'What are we coming to?'" Thus spake Mrs. William H. Felton, first woman member of the Senate in a recent interview. "The call of the age is for partnership in the family, in the church, in state and national affairs, between men and women. It is not myself," she said, speaking of her appointment, "it is the recognition of womanhood and what it will mean to the incoming generations."

The center of Negro population of the United States has moved northeast. It is now located in the extreme northwestern corner of Georgia; approximately 9.94 miles farther east, and 19.4 miles farther north in 1920 than in 1910. Former movements have been southwesterly.

Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the famous orthopedic surgeon, has returned to this country to continue his charity work among cripples and to introduce a new bloodless operation claimed to relieve the sufferings of hitherto hopeless cases.

One hundred and forty newspapers and periodicals went out of existence in Germany during a single month last summer. Among them was the *Tagliche Rundschau,* a Berlin daily founded 40 years ago, which maintained the highest literary standards and had the most cultivated circle of readers of any newspaper in Germany.

Coal is being salvaged from the ocean bottom off the coast near Narragansett Bay. It is believed that between 5,000 and 6,000 tons will be raised to relieve the coal shortage in Newport, Rhode Island. Twelve coal barges have been found, some of them sunk 12 years ago, in water ranging from 100 to 155 feet in depth. A steam lighter equipped with a dredging bucket is the equipment used.

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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WALL STREET PLOT TO CANCEL DEBTS

But the Country Bankers Are Too Clever!

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CHRONICLER OF THE
NEGLECTED TRUTH

TALKING TURNIPS DANCING DOORNAILS

Hindu's Fairyland Shows Amazing Wonders

Wall Street Directs Nation-wide Drive in Plot to Cancel Allies' Debt to United States

Country Bankers Too Clever to Be Caught; Start of the Warburg Scheme to "Educate" the People

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

NEVER before in the history of Manhattan has the out-of-town banker received such a welcome as at the annual convention of the American Bankers' Association, held in New York during the first week in October. From Wall, Broad and William streets, and up Broadway and Fifth Avenue to above Forty-second street, banners greeted him, offering the felicitations of Father Knickerbocker. The event was extraordinary and unprecedented. Entertainments, receptions, dinners, theater parties, sports—everything possible that hospitality suggested was arranged for him.

Wall Street is foresighted. Whenever it wants anything, it spares no pains or efforts to get it. It wanted the country banker, and today it is sending him back home to spread the gospel of its propaganda, for the vast machinery of the American Bankers' Association is probably the most influential body ever organized to mold public opinion in the United States.

The views of financiers on public questions are rarely in accord with public opinion, and with respect to this particular campaign they are exactly contrary to those of the Administration, but the bankers of New York's financial district naturally have their own interests at heart. And the medium they have taken for the purpose of crystallizing banking opinion throughout the country is the convention of their association, held in the metropolis for this purpose for the first time in 18 years.

Eighteen years ago—that is, in 1904—an American bankers' convention was held in New York. *At that time little attention was paid to the men from the interior banks.* Their wives were left sitting in hotel lobbies, ignored at social events and neglected by New York hostesses, while the bankers themselves attended perfunctory meetings in which small attention was paid to what they said. It was a cut-and-dried affair, in which no rare enthusiasm developed, and Father Knickerbocker showed himself an indifferent host, because Wall Street at that time had little use or need for the banker from out-of-town.

But the Bankers' Association meeting of this year was a far different occasion. The country banker has lately become an important factor in the estimation of Wall Street. The financial district made an unusual exertion to impress its guests. As the delegates began to pour into New York, on special trains and chartered steamships, more than 1,200 persons were engaged in registering them, 50 at a time being assigned to meet the onrush of newcomers at the registration desks. The clerks were worn out so quickly that new shifts had to be put on duty every little while.

Wall Street in Lamb's Clothing

ONLY two conventions in the history of the United States surpassed this one in point of numbers. The attendance at the bankers' convention was 3,000 more than was expected, for the total number of persons who registered at headquarters reached 11,503. Out-of-town banker delegates aggregated 3,633, including some women. There were 2,196 women guests from outside the city and 1,502 men guests. The record attendance at previous conventions of the association had been 4,600.

Smokers, fashion shows, dinners, sight-seeing excursions by motor and boat were arranged. Social affairs were organized to pay special attention to the wives and daughters of the delegates. Wall Street feasted its guests, toasted, flattered and cajoled them. A partner of the leading banking house tried to persuade the astonished delegates that New York was "just like their own cities, except for size, and that Broadway was just another Main Street," and he begged them not to give way to sectional feeling against New York.

In fact, the financial district showed its best front. But this about-face where country banks were concerned was adopted for a reason, since Wall Street invariably acts with a purpose in view. It had an ax to grind, and having in mind a country-wide campaign, it needed the help of the thousands of bankers who had come from every part of the Union.

A fight by independent bankers against the branch banking system was one of the big issues at the convention, and the agitation over this question was one of the reasons for the record-breaking attendance. Although a large majority of the out-of-town bankers, who make up most of the membership of the organization, are against the branch system, a bitter minority, aligned with the great financial institutions of Wall Street, was prepared to favor the branch system and oppose the convention taking any action against it.

Representatives of some of the big banking institutions made advances looking toward a compromise, which would have put the convention on record as merely opposing a further extension of the system, and recognizing the right of national banks to establish branches in states which have passed laws permitting state banks to have branches.

Leaders of the independents rejected the compromise plan. Their stand was supported by a mass meeting held the day before the convention, at which resolutions were passed and speeches made denouncing the branch banks as an un-American attempt to monopolize the money power of the country in the hands of a few centralized interests.

One of the speakers compared the traditional American banking system, consisting of many independent banks, with the Continental idea of a few banks with branches and one great institution acting as the fiscal agent of the government, and with the Canadian and Scotch branch bank systems. "The branch bank system of expansion," he argued, "is a centralization of money power in a few hands; the American system is one of decentralization of money power, but with organization and mobilization of reserve available to all. Theirs is a system of centralization, ours is a method of co-operation. The one is a domination of money power by a few, the other an organization of the resources of the many, uniting all independent banks into one cohesive whole."

This Canadian illustration was given:

"Nothing illustrates this better than the retarded growth of the western cities and cities in the maritime provinces of Canada. Her natural riches are extensive. She has a great and resourceful people. And yet most of her cities and towns are farming and fishing centers. There is a noticeable lack of factories and other industrial enterprises outside of her few banking centers. The financial resources of her outlying districts, cities and villages are tapped and brought to a central reservoir, with the result that the cities of Montreal and Toronto profit at their expense.

Country Bankers Win First Round

THE speaker then made this important statement concerning our own country:

"The control of great financial resources in a few banks, with their associated insurance companies, trust companies, securities and investment companies, even today means control of railroads, mines, steel mills and other industries. **Furthermore, in a democracy money power always has and will carry with it corresponding political power, which is reflected in legislation, executive acts and frequently even in judicial circles. ALREADY 46 PER CENT OF THE NATION'S MONEY AND CREDITS IS IN THE HANDS OF ONE PER CENT OF THE BANKS."**

The fight, in effect, was declared to be one of *city against country,* of a "chain-store" bank system against the individual small-town bank. A summary of the arguments against branch banking included the following:

"Shall 10 per cent of bankers force branch banking upon 90 per cent?"

"Branch banking would make a tool of the Federal Reserve System."

"The Controller of the Currency deplores branch banking—but aids it greatly."

"The past of branch banking is monopolistic—can its future be different?"

New York interests were somewhat staggered by the general attitude of hostility against branch banking. Although several prominent financiers spoke in favor of the idea, yet, finally, in general session, the convention adopted a resolution against the system:

> "Resolved, by the American Bankers' Association, That we view with alarm the establishment of branch banking in the United States and the attempt to permit and legalize branch banking; that we hereby express our disapproval of and opposition to branch banking in any form by state or national banks in our nation.
>
> "Resolved, That we regard branch banking or the establishment of additional offices by banks *as detrimental to the best interests of the people of the United States.* Branch banking is contrary to public policy, violates the basic principles of our government and concentrates the credits of the nation and the power of money in the hands of a few."

The vote of the convention, taken by acclamation, was overwhelmingly against branch banking. The delegates from the small-town banks, who had swarmed to the convention from all parts of the country, many of them for no other reason than to fight the encroachment of the powerful banks and their branches upon their own little institutions, applauded and cheered their victory.

The opposition of Wall Street had been much less than had been expected.

The out-of-town bankers were enthusiastic over their supposed triumph. Whatever views the financial powers have regarding branch banking, they relegated them to the background for the time. They permitted their guests to score an easy victory, for they had in mind the solution of a problem of more immediate importance to themselves. *Wall Street financiers are anxious to cancel the Allies' debts, and the real purpose of the meeting was to induce the assembled bankers to exert their country-wide influence in helping to shape public opinion to that end.*

Roughly totaled, the Allied indebtedness to the United States aggregates $11,000,000.000. The greater part of this huge sum was not actually handed over to the foreign governments. It was deposited to their credit in the large financial institutions of Wall Street to pay for war material, railway equipment, foodstuffs and supplies that were sent abroad. Eminent banking houses, which had become the purchasing agents for foreign governments, placed the contracts for the manufacture or purchase of such goods and materials. They had full control of the disposal of the billions raised by the sale to the public of government bonds. The contracts were placed in munition plants, steel mills, railway equipment and other industrial corporations organized and controlled by financiers. *It is through these funds that the wealth of Wall Street has been quintupled since the war.*

Within the last few years the financial district has adventured into an untried field. Its international banking houses have established branches in the countries of Europe and Asia, where they have engaged in the business of making foreign loans, even to the as yet unstable governments of newly created nationalities. Whether this speculative enterprise is for good or ill remains to be proved. *Wall Street is exacting a huge tribute from these distressed countries. Its profits are immediate and enormous. Only the contractual parties can tell what banking commissions are being paid.*

These risky Czecho-Slovak and other foreign bonds are listed in large amounts on the New York Stock Exchange. *Generally they pay from seven to eight per cent. Wall Street is not a bond buyer, but a bond seller. The investment public takes the risk.* However, should the Allied governments be called upon to pay their obligations to us, most of them would be unable to borrow money through foreign loans. *Wall Street would lose this profitable business.*

But those eleven billion dollars must be paid. That debt is represented by outstanding obligations of the United States Government. If they are not paid by our foreign debtors, they will be paid by the American people through the continuance of high taxation and heightened cost of products. The international bankers are content to see this done. This in a nutshell explains their attitude.

"Big Guns" to Stampede Them

THE two chief speakers at the American Bankers' Association convention were Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company, and Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the British Exchequer and now Chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank. The powerful publicity batteries of the A. B. A. devoted their entire ammunition to what these two men said, and both of them spoke almost exclusively on the duty of the American public to cancel the Allies' debts.

Mr. Lamont, in his opening address to the bankers, said:

"Emphatically, let us figure to see whether the payment of these debts (which inevitably must mean a great increase in our import and a heavy decrease in our export trade) is going to prove an asset or a liability for American business."

Mr. McKenna's address was referred to by the bankers' publicity men as the "big" speech of the convention. The English banker, himself a representative of one of the debtor nations, warned the American bankers that an attempt to enforce the payment of the war debt beyond the ability of the debtor nations to pay would result in serious consequences for the United States as well as the countries of Europe. There would be an inevitable injury to the international trade of the world, reduced profits, lower wages, unemployment, lower standards of living.

Steps were at once taken by the convention to influence Washington opinion through the expressions of the two bankers. The response was immediate and unsatisfactory to the convention. Administration leaders expressed dissatisfaction over the political situation in Continental Europe. Certain European governments, they said, which are heavily in debt to the United States, were maintaining large military establishments, keeping themselves actually on a war footing, and making no real effort to reduce expenditures in attempts to balance their budgets and otherwise seeking to put themselves in a position to meet their obligations. They held that the United States would be derelict in its duty, not only to its own people but toward civilization, in permitting debtor nations to maintain extravagant military establishments on borrowed American money.

Since then, other spokesmen for the Administration, notably Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce and a member of the Allied Debt Commission, have declared that Europe can pay and should do so.

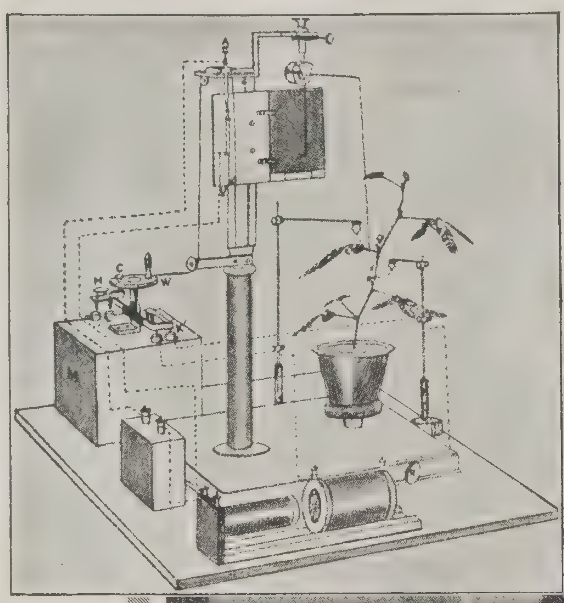
At the close of the convention, it was announced officially that "the bankers are now ready to guide the public." It will be useful and instructive for the country to observe closely the conduct of the proposed campaign of propaganda by the American Bankers' Association in educating the public mind.

Talking Turnips and Dancing Doornails

Noted Hindu Scientist, Knight and Companion of Indian Empire, Finds That Vegetables Can and Do Curse Right Heartily

Fairyland Created by Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose in His Laboratory at Calcutta Reveals Amazing Wonders

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL



At left—This is the machine that enables plants to write. Doctor Bose's Resonant Recorder.

Below—Doctor Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, F. S. R., leader of India's Scientific Renaissance, lecturing on his discoveries before the Royal Institution, London.

HOW often have you said, with an air of finality, "as dead as a doornail?" How often have you described an unusually silent acquaintance as being "as dumb as a vegetable?"

Well, you were wrong. Metals are not dead. Vegetables have speech, feelings, even temperament. Carrots can swear in anger, and purr with pleasure, and visibly register both reactions; potatoes or turnips can get drunk, and suffer headache and remorse. A tin pan can expand, and, in its own way, sing with joy: a doornail can, under provocation, shimmy like a flapper; "money talks," and it also grows weary, and dies—money minted from copper, silver, gold.

A world-famous scientist reveals these wonders. He is a Hindu, Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose.

In his laboratory in Calcutta, near where the palm-parasoled Ganges River is caught in embrace by the blue-robed Bengal Bay, the lay visitor finds himself in a new fairyland. He sees vegetables, trees, shrubs, metals, behaving like cats, dogs or men.

To make sure that this is so, numerous rigid scientific tests are applied, a few of which, shorn of technicalities, are presented here:

Fill the glass-chamber, in which, during the term of the experiment, the plant is housed, with the vapor of alcohol. After some pause, the plant conducts itself thus. First, it leaps with delirious hilarity; then, it jogs onward with a funny, wobbly gait, like that of a soused sailor; at last, it slumps down, registering the depressive reaction, the morning-after feeling, headache and remorse. The plant keeps a daily cycle of sleep. But, more after the manner of a fashionable man given to the nightly gayeties of a city, than of an early-rising country squire. The plant Mimosa, the sleep-habits of which Doctor Bose especially probed, keeps very late hours. Not till well past midnight does it retire. The dawn, when she alights from her starry boudoir, finds our plant, and leaves it, profoundly asleep. Morning is indeed far advanced before the plant very slowly arises. At noon, finally, it is fully awake and astir.

In temperament, a plant varies according to whether it is stout or thin. If stout, it responds, as to the provocation of a blow struck, or some acid spit at it, in a leisurely, trailing way. If thin, it comes back forthright, abruptly, hysterically, and soon outpours its pep.

A plant was brought up in a little palace of glass. It was nourished with all care. From the vulgar touch of dust and buffets of wind it was completely shielded. On coming of age, so to say, it appeared prosperous, sleek, irreproachably groomed. But when it was tested as to efficiency, with Dr. Bose's uncannily subtle instruments, this plant turned out to be a sluggardly moron, a lazy idiot. It was smitten with blows. And that changed its character considerably. It stiffened up all round, became alert and snappy in responses. Hard knocks, forsooth, do a tree a deal of good.

The rose vine's life is by no means all a couch of roses. The living days of a plant have many shadows—depressive moods, ailments, and not infrequently, capital tragedies—hovering over them.

Whenever a cloud in the sky muffles out sunshine from it, that tree, from out there in Doctor Bose's laboratory-campus, sends in radio signals indicating "low spirits."

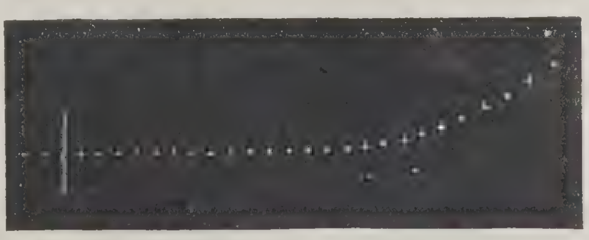
Inside the laboratory, the plant often gets a spell of "blues," because of the incessant questions of its scientific interviewers, or persecutors. To one or two, or even ten, questions, the plant replies with pleasure. But when they put to it the same query over and over again, why, of course, the plant is bored to annihilation. To use Doctor Bose's own words: "When excessively tired, it temporarily loses all power of perception; in this condition, the plant requires at least half an hour's absolute rest to regain its equanimity."

The leaf-stalk of a plant being chilled with ice becomes utterly numb. It remains frozen after the ice is removed. In fact, it is paralyzed. When, however, a series of electrical shocks, not too violent, is administered, it recovers.

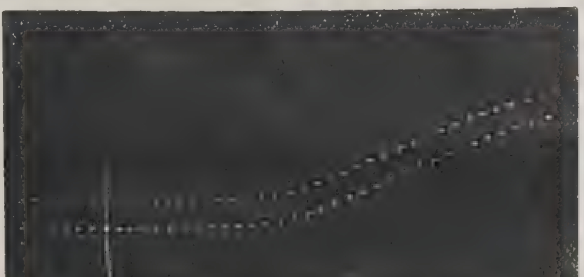
How even trifling indiscretions with heat and cold, water, soil and fertilizer, upset the plant, retarding its growth, is revealed with astonishing accuracy and frankness by one of Doctor Bose's instruments, the Crescograph. Ever so many things, indeed, disturb the plant's liver, even though it has no liver.

Carbonic acid gas, the foul air men and burning candles exhale, is pernicious for the plant. The notion that it is not is wholly erroneous. It suffocates the plant, as it suffocates man. And when into its chamber, smudged with carbonic acid gas, is pumped some fresh air, oxygen, the delighted plant gasps with relief and brightens up. As for ozone, double-oxygen, formed in the atmosphere after a thunderstorm, it has the same exhilarating effect upon a tree as upon a human being.

Oh, but to think of mown hay being in agony. Of course, there is this consolation: that we are in an age of painless surgery. And Doctor Bose's experiments have shown that ether and chloroform deaden sensibility in plant tissue as in animal.



A normal response to stimulus, a regular answer to an honest question, in plant's own handwriting.



Same question asked twice, same answer returned twice: *question*, the verticle white stick; *answer*, the dotted lines.

Downright calamities come to the plant from these pungent chemicals that bear coils and coils of ungodly names . . . . *sulphureted hydrogen, potassium cyanide* and the rest. They are poisons. They kill the plant.

A plant is in the throes of death. Each stage of the crisis is clear. The plant's curve of response suddenly heaves up, as though it is singing its swan-song at the top of its bursting lungs. Then, sharply, its movement is reversed; it falls, so to say, face-forward. Its thrills of pleasure and pain; its moods, gay and sad; its touchiness, obvious even to the naked human eye if the plant is Mimosa; its rhythmic pulsation, like heartbeats, plainly visible in the leaves of the Telegraph-plant, a native of Bengal; its nervous clutch and closure if the tree is Dionoea, the leaves of which close upon and crush to death any fly that might sit on them; in short, all its ordinary and extraordinary sensibility or power to respond has gone forever: the plant is dead.

In Doctor Bose's laboratory, Mr. Tin and Mr. Iron and Miss Platinum, Madam Silver and Master Gold also comport themselves like animals. They respond to stimuli as do living things. And their responses vary, like those of animals and plants, according to whether they are weary, depressed, poisoned, paralyzed, or, on the contrary, exhilarated.

It would be wrong to think that Mr. Tin is not subject to moods. At times, Tin answers not a question; the question being, of course, a stimulus of some sort, a faint blow or a touch of some drug or a shock of electricity. Is it paralyzed? Dead? Put the question, exactly the same question, again. And again and again. Suddenly, Tin shoots back an answer. The last question gets Tin's goat. Now, note: the answer Tin gives is not simply to the last question. It is not a one-step answer to a one-step provocation; it is rather a long-drawn affair, a whole series of steps, a full staircase: Tin responds to all questions at once.

And to metals also comes the moment of the great departure. Some treacherous poison, perhaps, has brought on the crisis of death, that is seen to be exactly similar to the death-crisis in plants and animals.

Simple in principle, but exceedingly difficult to make, because of their extreme delicacy, are these instruments of Doctor Bose.

Take these two: one that is especially useful for eliciting confessions from vegetables; the other that enables plants to write.

Number one: It is a highly sensitive galvanometer or electrical dial. Its ends are pushed into the sides of, say, a carrot. Impulses from the body of the excited vegetable, excited as when pinched hard, pass to the instrument's indicator, setting it in motion. To the indicator is attached a tiny mirror that reflects a pencil of light. With every impulsive quiver of the mirror, the pencil of light makes shimmering, luminous figures that can be caught on a screen and photographed. Each of these figures has a definite meaning. It is a code of light-signals, remarkably trustworthy. You simply can't fool the carrot.

Number two: The apparatus is the recorder, the resonant recorder. It is a sort of combined pen and tablet. The pen is not a pen, but a needle. For the tablet, there is a glass-plate coated with smoke. The needle's tip touches the plate's dark surface. The stem of the plant, under examination, is connected to the recorder's needle by a fine silk filament. When the plant reacts, its impulses, passing through its silken arm-and-hand, move the needle to and fro, at the same time that the plate slides downward, at a set speed. Thus, the writing-needle's sharp fingernail scratches off the plate's smoky rouge in a calculated manner. Each scratch, be it arc or dot or dash, represents invariably the same thing: this is indeed a true stenographic script, marvelously certain.

Doctor Bose has pulled down with scientific blows the partition that has so long divided the animal and the plant, and the living and the non-living generally.

Vital Force, Life Force, has disappeared from the stage of modern science. The power that enables a man to yell is not essentially different from, and more mysterious than, the power that appears as heat, light, electricity or magnetism. Frederick Soddy, the great authority on radium, says:

"Energy, like money, has many denominations, but these are honored at fixed exchange ratios throughout the universe, whether in the living organism or in the non-living world. The power by which we live and move and have our being is none other than that which drives on the stars in their courses and maintains their splendors over the long epochs of cosmical time."

Ultra-modern as it sounds, the idea of the kinship of all nature has a past.

More than 60 years have passed since Darwin stirred the world by his idea of evolution; of a common and continuous origin of all living beings, plant and animal and man.

But a whole generation before Darwin, an English poet, Shelley, had sung that everything, from stone and herb to man, was infused with one and the same plastic force. "The one remains, the many change and

(Concluded on page 12)

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Drifting—Whither?

THE situation in the Near East is not proving so amenable to reason as some of the world politicians recently assured us it would. Agreements reached one day have become the center of disagreements immediately succeeding, and preparations for violence balked one day have shown surprising progress on the next. The whole matter is so complex that nothing but the plain truth could render it simple, and that truth is not likely to percolate as far as the people. The world is too much taken up with New Jersey murder cases and local aldermanic squabbles to pay much heed to the mutterings of a coming world war, as these mutterings roll up, mixed with strange names, and involving strange geography, from the Near East.

This running sore is kept open by constant irritation from several sources. The Palestine policy has its part in it, because of the agitation which has spread throughout the Arab world, and thence throughout the Mohammedan world, by reason of the sudden and drastic Judaization of Palestine in direct violation of every written agreement made with the Arabic peoples during Allenby's Palestine campaign. The war ejected the Turks, the Balfour policy has practically ejected the Arabic peoples whose home Palestine has been for 2,000 years, so that this narrow strip of land is really the center of the storm, though as yet the storm has only touched its borders.

To this must be added the trouble which British Administration is enduring in India—and which it is causing, too, as facts require us to add. New cause has been given to the rising unrest of India through the British authorities' resort to violence in an attempt to break up the natives' temperance campaign. As is well known, the Mohammedan eschews alcohol. In the Punjab a part of the administrative revenues come from liquor taxes. The natives, in concern for their brothers who have fallen into the white man's drinking habit, as well, no doubt, in desire to affect the government revenues, have stationed men at the doors of the drink shops to plead with Mohammedan customers to respect their religion and refrain from patronizing the places. This, on every count, the natives have a perfect right to do. But the British officials have seen fit to meet them with a violence which ought to rouse extreme moral indignation in the British homelands. The news of this treatment circulating through Islam, together with the other elements of vital interest to the Islamic peoples, is creating a solidarity among them that has never been approached in their history. No one can view it without seeing into what catastrophic possibilities it may yet head up.

It is profitable to reflect that liquor, the cause of so much difficulty at home, is now being transplanted to create trouble abroad. The sudden appearance of the discarded American bar everywhere in Palestine, upon the operation of the British mandate, made a wound which cannot easily be healed.

On the other hand are the formerly latent and now active jealousies between the French and British statesmen, egged on by their men of money. The friendship between France and Britain has been a thing of necessity, which the Armistice soon stripped of any temporary generous elements it may have possessed. England has been casting a weather eye toward France for several centuries, because France has been thinking thoughts of conquest toward England, and there is more than sufficient data to prove that a military alliance against Germany is quite distinct from a natural friendship. France has more of an affinity toward the colored races than has Britain, and it was something more than politics and policy, it was something akin to sympathy, that ranged France with Turkey when at the Strait the Mohammedan world in Kemal Pasha faced the Western world in General Harington, and stopped just short of drawing the sword.

There are agents of destiny, though moved by motives of immediacy, behind the whole disturbance. Moneyed men glide in and out, one man of fabulous wealth even the name of whom the world had never heard until six weeks or two months ago. For purposes of their own these men are playing their part in the arrangement of the chessboard upon which the world is yet to play another mammoth game of destiny. And as yet, there is not a single power which can reach out and check one of those men, there is not a single power that is brave enough to challenge the whole preposterous disposition of the world which was made at Versailles—and so the situation just helplessly drifts.

It would be an excellent thing if the intelligent people of the United States would withdraw their breathless attention from New Jersey murder cases for a time, and try to understand what is transpiring with regard to the peace of the world.

The First Note of Christmas

"To The Editor:

"As a regular reader of The Dearborn Independent, and one who appreciates its progressive policy and influence, I am writing to express the hope that, as the Christmas holidays draw near, The Dearborn Independent will say a few words in its editorial columns regarding the preservation of our beautiful native holly.

"The advent of the automobile has made even the most remote woods and swamps accessible, and since the holly tree cannot flee and hide itself, as do the wild birds and animals, its utter extermination is only a matter of a few years unless our people can be aroused in time to save it.

"The cutting down of whole trees, leaving the useless stumps to rot, in order lavishly to decorate department stores, club rooms, and other large buildings where potted plants or artificial decorations would serve the purpose, is indefensible.

"Rich in legend and history, and symbolical of our Yuletide happiness, the holly tree holds a secure place in the affections of the American people, and its preservation seems to be a patriotic duty."

This seems to be a plea that cannot easily be disregarded. What would Christmas be without holly? And if the ruthless destruction of the Christmas symbol is going forward, as our correspondent says it is, it is time for Christmas folk in the holly-producing regions to do their duty by the rest of us.

Truck vs. Rail Transportation

RAILWAY AGE sees such a loss in railway freight shipments as seriously to affect railroad revenues, due to the rapid completion of hard-surface highways and public encouragement of cartage by motor. And in so saying, *Railway Age* doubtless voices the fears of railway management generally.

Steam roads had already lost much of the traffic available for truck transport, such as light package and short haul freight, to the electric lines; and it would seem that now the latter are in greater danger from the new competition.

If competition shall injuriously affect the rails, it will be much on the order of compensation inevitable in human affairs. Had steam lines always been conducted on business principles, had they not been burdened with stock-jobbing operations by the parasitic class, they could have forestalled such competition as they now fear. Had the freight business been carried on as John Jones must carry on his cartage business, neither trolley nor auto truck could be the menace both are now. A locomotive can haul freight for less money than can either of its competitors; but when it must earn profits on wind and water, the handicap is too great within the limitations of the operation.

Both trolley and auto truck have one advantage in the closer delivery to the consignee, which would offset the lower cost of steam rail service to some extent; but it is safe to say that the railways, had they been content with a modest return for the service, might have avoided the competition to a large degree. At any rate they must meet it now.

How U. S. Could Escape Interest

A READER of our editorial, "Watch the Interest Grow!" in the issue of October 28, writes to ask "how a loan could be negotiated by the Government to avoid the Interest." Interest, as The Dearborn Independent has pointed out, is the great burden from which the country is suffering.

Let it be understood first that every dollar in our currency system is a dollar because Government makes it so. Issued under the various authorizing statutes by banks, it is guaranteed by Government, which accepts as security for its endorsement the deposit of certain securities, including some classes of commercial paper.

The liberation of the Government from the Interest burden can be effected only by the Government issue of the currency itself, or in providing means whereby currency may be issued without cost to the people. Interest is a burden upon Government because Government has transferred its constitutional monetary functions to private groups of financiers.

There are two direct issues of paper money by Government each of which is a natural obligation. The first is the Treasury note, redeemable on demand and made a legal tender for all debts, public or private, which maintained its parity with coin from the start. These notes, or their reissue, have never been retired.

The second is the United States note, or greenback, which was not a full legal tender at first, but was given that quality by law in 1879, since when it has been as good as gold, and is in almost every citizen's pocket.

These two elements of our currency represent a portion of the Government debt *upon which no interest has been paid, and which is still serving as money, sixty years after it was issued.*

Of the remainder of the public debt, the National Bank notes, secured by Government bonds, bear the lowest rate of interest of any issue which Government has made, yet every bond markets above par. If you compare the rate, two per cent, of which one-half per cent is rebated as a circulation tax, with the four and one-quarter per cent bonds just reissued to refund some of the war obligations, which fluctuate with the market, it becomes clear that our Government has not only the method but the constitutional basis for avoiding the fatal drain of interest.

The only bonds bearing what is termed the circulation privilege—that is, the only securities upon which a bank is entitled to issue currency—are, in the case of National Banks, the consols maturing in 1930, and in the case of Federal Reserve and Federal Reserve bank notes certain other securities, most of the $23,000,000,000 of the national debt not being available for the purpose. The statute providing for the issue of Liberty bonds, the bulk of the big debt, specifically denies them the circulation privilege.

If, instead of the delegation of the power of currency issue to a banking monopoly, the Government would confer on every bond outstanding the circulation privilege, and extend that privilege to every incorporated bank in the land, thus quadrupling the number of banks of issue, and suspend the interest during the time the bonds remain in the Treasury as security for circulation, the billion dollars in interest now paid annually would in large part be saved.

The correspondent must realize that Government is not borrowing money, but credit, which has supplanted money; that the Government itself provides the credit and then pays for the privilege; that since the whole fiscal system is sustained by Government's power to collect taxes, upon its ability to produce wealth, there is no reason why it should pay interest.

This argument is in lieu of that really better, but not so popular, argument, that a direct issue of currency by Government would meet all demands.

How Tariff Cuts Both Ways

THE heading of a trade report published last February furnishes an object lesson to farmers which should be most carefully studied. In the midst of the emergency tariff régime, in which farm produce was "protected" by heavy duties, in contrast with their place on the free list under the Underwood Act, prices of grain had dropped more than half!

The title referred to reads, "Imports Lowest in Years," and refers to the foreign trade of 1921. That there is a close connection between the market for our grain surplus and the demand in this country for commodities originating abroad will not be denied by any economist, whether a protectionist or free trader, but it must devolve upon the individual to decide whether the natural law of barter and exchange shall operate or restrictions prevail, and whether such restrictions are of advantage or disadvantage to his own welfare.

Business will adjust itself to any conditions imposed on trade, but in that adjustment it will be found that no exclusive advantage to one class can be attained without disadvantage to another. There must be a reciprocity in barter and exchange.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHAT we call ethics in business is only the basic adjustment to the laws of business; it is not something deliberately imported from outside for the sake of making better something which is naturally bad. Business is naturally good, must be in order to continue, and the chief difficulty with it is that something from outside has been imported into it, disease germs are invading it, wholesale upheaval threatens it.

Most business men regard ethics as a refinement, a sort of moral manicure, a nice ornamental attachment which business can afford after it has become sufficiently prosperous to stand it. Ethics are esteemed as a sort of generous gesture toward the squeamishness of a world that is not yet entirely hard-boiled—"We'll have a department of ethics, just as we have a department of store-dressing or shop welfare!"

As a matter of fact, most people regard ethics as something lugged in on the strength of authority, as a code which religion imposes, as a troublesome system by which the weak are not required to struggle against the strong—or, worse than that, as a system by which the strong are to curb their aggressiveness to the limitations of the weak. They imagine that "right" and "wrong" are the standards of women at home, of the weak, of a religious system that is looking out for the riffraff of humanity—that they are the rules of a pleasant game and not the laws of a burly life.

Of course, the view of ethics as the voice of a supreme authority, as the legislation of religion or as the self-protective system of tender consciences, has been exceedingly useful, and still is. The history of moral improvement has always been that men have *felt* a thing to be wrong before they have *known* it to be wrong, and they have *known* it to be wrong before they have known *why* it is wrong. That is the method by which new visions of right and wrong have come. Beginning far up in the luminous mists of the moral consciousness, they have finally become the hard matter-of-fact practices of an efficient economy. The first outcry against slavery was the outcry of the religious mind, which had little of the *why* or *wherefore* about it; but presently politics and sociology and finance came along, and what was first the vision of moral faith became at last the economy of common practice. It was the same with Prohibition; it began with women and "cranks"—it was a moral wail in the wilderness; now it is the practice of every department of activity that once was ranged against it. Why? Because it came to be seen, not as an artificial standard of goodness imposed from the outside, but an inherent and neglected part of the fundamental law of effective living.

We talk a good deal about "the faith of our fathers," but a large part of our fathers' faith has ceased to be faith—it has become knowledge. It is the function of faith to descend out of the mists of *believing* and establish itself on the concrete plane of *knowing*. We shall be as good as our fathers were, not by imitating the subjects of their faith (most of which subjects are matters of faith no longer, but matters of knowledge) but by keeping a wide sky-space above for our own faith to brood and form, that in time our faith too may become the treasures of sound knowledge for our children.

Business ethics was one of the elements in our fathers' faith. They were honest because they felt it was the honest thing to be honest. They did not overreach, because they felt that it was contrary to some delicate code to do so. They built their businesses soundly because they had a pride in their names and they had a personal desire to hand down the name not only untarnished, but respected, to their sons. A man's name was his principal asset: we had not then reached the practice of using trade names to conceal personal connections. There was a certain intangible quality of tremendous dignity which was called "honor" and in American society it counted above everything else. The best men could afford to be poor, but not dishonorable.

Now, of course, the situation is different. Business is no longer exclusively in the control of the class just described. We have witnessed a complete change in business, some of it for the better. Business as a *means* and not as an *end,* represents the greatest change. And the difference between goodness and badness is found in answering the question, "a means to what?" With too many, business is regarded as a means to a quick fortune and an early retirement. There are fortunes in the public; business is a means of milking the public; speed up the milking!—and then leave the ruins and the recrimination to those who follow. The reputations of whole sections of business have been ruined by this method. Some lines of business have become a byword for crookedness. We have an increasing number of clever men who enter business after business, not for any love for any business, but because they have heard "there is money in it." And what they leave behind them is wreckage. Curiously enough, they themselves continue on their way apparently unscathed. This will always be the case where a certain alien type of mind is permitted to do business. A man, who builds a house to "sell" and not to live in and therefore builds it of inferior material and workmanship, is exactly like the man who enters business for what he can get out of it and not because he is seeking a place where he can do the best that is in him. Jerry-built houses and jerry-built businesses are alike. They are profitable immediately and unprofitable forever. They are bombs leveled at the soundness of the economic order. The true "Reds," those who have real power to work damage, are men who are defying every principle of plain honesty in their business. They are literally knocking the props from under society. The anarchist never has been able to achieve any harm, comparatively speaking; society is being constantly weakened by its own reckless disregard of primitive honesty.

It is not a question of ethics; it is a question of natural law. An ethical question may be involved in putting a hundred-pound weight on a timber that will only support fifty pounds, but there is first involved the law of strains. Ethically, it would be wrong to sell such construction to families, where women and children would be under the menace of death or maiming every moment; but, practically, how can any business of building be constructed by following such methods? In time the people would distrust houses and go back to caves. The business would kill itself. But on the quick dash of building and selling, fortunes could be made under even a bad method, and the immediate profit will always blind a certain type of mind to the future welfare of the business. That type of mind must get out of business. Good business men must drive it out. They must drive it out of themselves first.

In other times, people trusted business men as to quality and prices and terms. As this trust grew, the people themselves became less capable of judging. And as the people grew less capable of judging, the temptation to cheat them became greater. The buying public needs to be educated by the good business man. People need to be educated how to disregard the price tag and judge the quality. Merchants of substantial material are constantly being shoved to the wall because an ignorant buying public is attracted by the flashy show windows of other stores which appear to offer "the same thing" at a lower price. Of course, the customer is stung; but the shoddy merchant gets the profit, and while the public is learning, many a good merchant suffers. Educating the public as to qualities and values, ostracizing the quack business man just as we have ostracized the quack doctor and the shyster lawyer, will set business back in its proper circle of service and success and confidence.

> *THE first element of business efficiency is what used to be called Business Ethics, but which may be better described as the fundamental adjustments of business to natural law. There is a law by which things go ahead, and a law by which things go to pieces. This used to be only a faith with most of us, it seemed to have its sanction from above; now it is knowledge with many of us and is seen to have its foundations from beneath. Unless faith is always becoming knowledge, there will not be room for new faiths. Ethics in business is no longer sanctioned only by the "Ought" of good will, but by the "Must" of the Law. We not only Feel but we Know, and what is better, we Know Why.*

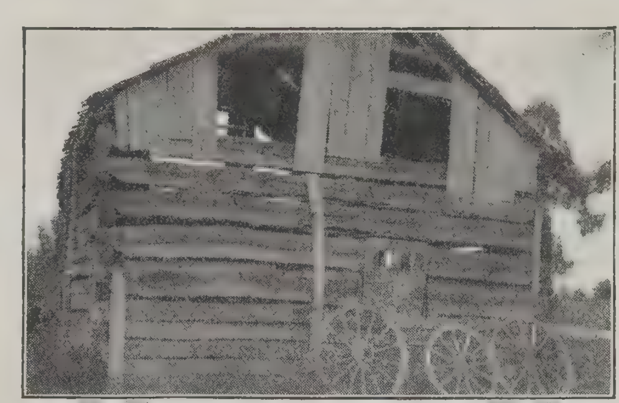
A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Marion—The City That Never Came True

In This Little Story of the Disappointments Suffered by a Dreamer of a Century Ago Lies a Charming Bit of Our Early American History

Today the Public Square Is Crisscrossed by Cow-paths and Ducks Paddle in a Low, Puddled Corner—But It Might Have Been Different

By LEONE KENTON LOWDEN



One-time house of hand-hewn logs, now used as a barn near Marion.

"The public square takes the dust from two pikes."

One of the pioneer log homes built a century ago at Marion.

INDIANA abounds, as I presume does every other spot of the universe, in evidences of misplaced judgment, unfulfilled expectations, weed-grown castles-in-Spain, and in dreams that never came true. And down in the heart of it, lies an unknown town that hoped to be—well, who knows, but the greatest metropolis of the Middle West?

The public square takes the dust from two pikes; its grass is crisscrossed by cow-paths and dotted with stakes; ducks paddle in one low, puddled corner; and the chicken-hawk soars above it. And the leisure of the bovine tribe that browses there is interrupted only by automobilists who scurry by, seldom remembering the frustrated hope that lies buried under the sod of Marion's citadel.

On the east side of the square stand the schoolhouse and the church, still doing service in a shamefaced manner. They had been dignified and august edifices in their time, as was also the blacksmith shop on the north, but age and constant bickering have worn wrinkles in their placid countenances, and one is apt to murmur, as at all things whose youth lies far behind, "They are out of date!"

I have often wondered what was to have been erected in the center of that public square. Perhaps only a monument, dedicated to the city's founder, was to witness the fact that "the good a man does lives after him." Whatever it was, surely it would have been a worthy object to rest in the heart of a city laid out in such minute detail, such infinite love and tenderness, such vaulting hopes, as Marion.

How decidedly more yielding to an historian's pen is the story of a successful city, such as Chicago which grew up like a mushroom with scarcely any foresight at all and but meager solicitude on the part of the settlers, who simply laid hands on an opportunity when it was forced upon them! It is always easy to tell about a favorable termination of anything attempted, or a life that made good—but the town that failed! Who has the courage to recollect that, any more than the story of the man who scrubs our floor and who missed a fortune by one hour?

There isn't a modern home in Marion. Why should there be, indeed? The houses, as well as the habits of the inhabitants and their conservative instincts, have all "been heired." There is no call for progress—that lies dead and buried like a bachelor's love-affair. And the secluded remnant of Marion sheds its leaves in autumn just as it did 100 years ago, without an outward sigh.

Back of Marion, as back of all results either good or bad, lies a cause, and, as frequently happens in the upward-reaching steps of human progress, that cause lay in the heart of youth.

Henry Hanna was a boy as full of dreams as the locust tree with bees or the woods with wild turkeys. He was only a typical pioneer lad, trapping in the winter-time, clearing and planting and harvesting in the summer; Henry never rested, for even in his sleep was he forever forging ahead, capturing the bear, selling the hides, tilling new lands, burning untouched brushwood, conquering the unknown. In his imagination Henry did the most impossible feats. And in this was Henry more than the pioneer—he became an explorer and an inventor.

Henry loved the woods but he craved humankind. The Gleam shone in his eye and his steps were firm as those of Civilization's tread. Though he worked without a protest, yet was his soul in constant turmoil of discontent; at times his feet could scarcely carry the foundation of his castles that builded themselves about his head. And more than all else did Henry Hanna crave what he knew could never be attained on the banks of Whitewater, an everlasting name for himself in the world of affairs.

So it was with more or less of a mental start he heard, one autumn day when he took a bag of grain over to Fairfield to trade for ammunition, that the titles to the lands west, over on Blue River, had been finally taken from the Delaware Indians and were to be extinguished in October of that year, 1818. It was rumored that one Jacob Whetzel would leave Brookville in a few days to explore this new El Dorado.

At once the fervid imagination of Henry Hanna leaped across the forest, and he was blazing a trail through the underbrush and swamps, into the uplands, plowing the mire, fording the gurgling streams, hewing timbers to the right and left of him. A new land! And he, Henry Hanna, the first to set foot on it! There would he erect a house, stake his claim—and build a CITY!

Already in the villages along Whitewater were customs established, ideas confirmed by a few years' time, standards set up not to be disputed; it was a section in the hands of that enemy to youth, conservative age. Henry definitely realized that only in conquering a new area did his opportunity lie. He determined to set out for Blue River at once.

Because of his immature years, he realized that his parents would never consent to his going alone. So that same night he consulted with his nearest friend, Samuel Logan, and begged him to go along. Logan consented provided he could obtain leave of his employer, James Wilson, and promised to ask for it at once.

But Mr. Wilson, who was interested in the young man's information that the savages were to be excluded from the Blue River territory, instead of giving him a leave of absence, proposed that he himself go with the boys and see the fertile region.

It is needless to say that Henry was somewhat disappointed, for he had dreamed of a kingship in the forest with one subject. But his good sense soon came to his rescue, and he knew that not only would it be expedient to have an older man with the expedition but it was almost necessary in order to persuade his father that he might go at all. So matters were quickly arranged and in November, Wilson, who had experience in these matters, led out, accompanied by Samuel Logan and Henry Hanna, the would-be trail-blazer who felt as if he were now a trail-follower.

But Henry offered no complaint because of this discouraging start on the road of his fortune. He appreciated the efforts of his father's neighbor in his behalf, realizing that Wilson could not be entirely disinterested in the matter, and was going to do a bit of fishing for himself. What his motives in going on this venture were, soon became apparent to Henry. He intended setting up a fur-trading post on Blue.

Before this time there had been frequent discussions by the state legislature, meeting at Corydon, on the subject dear to the heart of the pioneer, internal improvements. Two national roads were proposed and a railroad talked of. Young Hanna had listened with eager interest, for months before, to the conversations of his Uncle Ezra Sleeth on this growing question of transportation. But two nights before his journey was to begin, Henry had walked over to his uncle's home six miles away and asked for a copy of a surveyor's guide which he knew his uncle possessed. He recalled many statements his uncle made to him that night.

"If you ever locate, Henry, and feel that you would be at the heart, the throbbing center of this great state of Indiana, set up your cabin where I point on the map." And he touched the parchment with his forefinger; it was only a crude estimate, that map, but it served the purpose.

"Over there is a river, called Blue," continued Mr. Sleeth, "and somewhere about—I've heard William Whetzel tell it and he got it from old Snake Crawl that lived with his father—there is a knoll of dry land—that's the spot as near as I can figure it. If you hit the Jacob Whetzel trail, stick to it, for he's going that way. Now, through that spot will pass two national roads, my boy, two roads and a railway. I'll stake my life, that if there hain't shananigan work done, in a political way, I mean, that spot'll be to make the man famous that builds a city there. Right here, Henry, as near as I can figure it, right here, when you come to the cross of the trail over Blue! Whetzel will follow the Indian path mighty close; and you follow him. He plans to go beyond Blue, but you stick there!"

The words fired the boy's spirit. He fairly quivered with excitement at the possibilities of his venture. The great question in his mind was whether he should tell Wilson or Logan what his uncle had said, or should he return there later? He decided to tell no one the hope of his heart and the only evidence that he gave of the memory of his scheme was the fact that in his bag with his ammunition he carried several sheets of brown paper and several lumps of charcoal.

The pioneers did come to the Whetzel trail, blazed through with axes. Logan was for striking out anew but Wilson decided to follow in the footsteps of a trusted explorer of the wilderness. Hanna, remembering his uncle's words, sided with Wilson and the trail was followed.

A soggy autumn rain and hailstorm one chill night settled down on the travelers just as they built a temporary raft to cross Blue River, or what they presumed was Blue. By the time they reached the opposite shore, their bearskin clothing was almost soaked. It was a miserable night to be out, with a cold wind rising that froze the very marrow in their bones.

In spite of the muscle-ache and cold in his body, Henry Hanna could have cried out for joy. This was the "spot" and it seemed almost as if Providence had sent this miserable rain. It was his secret, but with the gusto of realization he grabbed his ax and struck a tremendous blow to the nearest hickory tree.

"Here goes for the first log for the first home in the city of Marion, future capital of the state of Indiana!"

Logan laughed uproariously; Henry was welcome to his little jokes but for his part he wanted a fire and wanted it quick.

"I'll lend a hand, Hanna, but I reckon we'll dry our feet by the first log of the future capital."

But with the peevishness of a child, Henry refused to allow the log to be cut for firewood. He left his ax and assisted in gathering brushwood for kindling purposes. But the next day the log was cut by Wilson and Hanna, and was the first to be laid in Marion, Indiana, as a rude beginning of a cruder hut which was to serve the party temporarily. They laid in a store of game and cleared a patch on the knoll, which to Logan was a temporary hunting site, to Wilson, a home and a fur-trading station, and to young Hanna, a foundation of a city that should be the Mecca of the West. Oh, for the dreamer of big dreams! We should still be in the savage state were it not for them.

Hanna sprained his ankle and stayed behind when the other two departed. He had a scheme all his own for the future Marion, and with a jealous spirit welcomed an opportunity for working it out in quite his own way. Was he afraid of remaining alone in the nest of the wild? Not a whit! Well-provisioned and sure of himself, Henry Hanna waved his friends a cheery goodby as they started on their return trip.

"Now, keep the wolves and the Indians out of the house," called back Wilson to Hanna leaning heavily against the rude doorpost, "and don't let anything hurt you. I'll bring the boys back with me in a few weeks—"

And that was the last the world ever saw of Henry Hanna!

When Wilson returned with his sons, he could find no trace of the late inhabitant of the shack that had been burned to the ground; and to this day the mystery remains unsolved. Later, under a stone, Wilson found a paper with crude markings on it, which he reckoned to be the plan of a city, drawn by the dreamer in his lonely hours. It of all else belonging to young Hanna had not been utterly destroyed.

But the dream of the young pioneer became the heritage of James Wilson. With the rough brown paper came a realization of the ambitions of the youth; and the possibilities of a city here in the wild woods became in a measure the hope of Wilson. When he came back, he brought only his three sons with him because he feared the cold weather would undermine the health of his wife and the baby.

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Secluded Mountain Lake in Western Canada Well-guarded Home of Last Trumpeter Swan

Beautiful Wild Bird, Long Given Up as Extinct, Found in Wilds and Protected

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

Gannets on Bonaventure Island.

Left—Gannet Ledge on Bonaventure Island.

A LAKE within a sheltering valley in one of the western provinces of Canada, the whereabouts of which is a secret known only to a few officials and bird lovers, constitutes the last refuge of one of North America's largest and most beautiful birds, until recently believed by ornithologists to be extinct—the trumpeter swan.

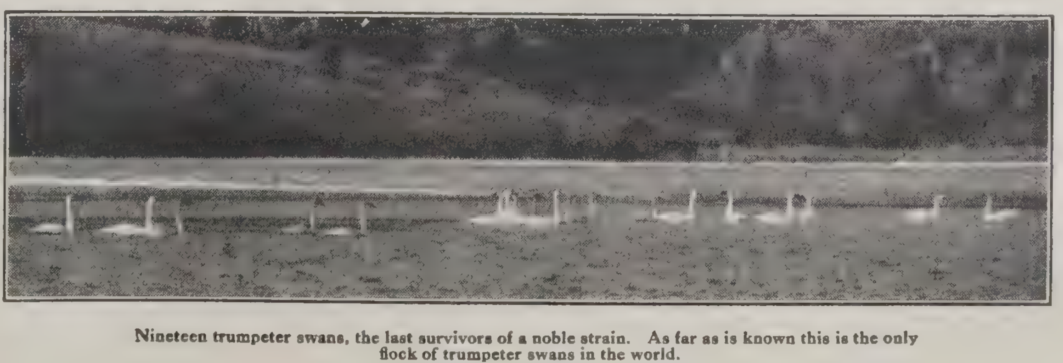
This great bird, pure white but for bill and feet, which are black, with a wing-spread frequently measuring 10 feet, formerly ranged from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains and from the Arctic to Texas on the eastern watershed; and from Southern British Columbia to Southern California on the western slope. It was purely a western bird, very rarely being seen east of the Mississippi. It reared its young in the Far North, building its nest of grass, rushes and feathers near the water, in which from two to six eggs were laid; and with the approach of winter sailed southward, its great sonorous cry, said to resemble the note of a French horn, heralding its approach for miles in advance. But not much more is known about its habits, because before the books on American ornithology were written it had become extremely rare.

Its exceptional size undoubtedly was one of the principal reasons for its undoing. Weighing from 20 to 30 pounds, and sometimes as much as 38 pounds, the trumpeter swan offered much more than the usual inducements to the huntsman. And then it is quite probable that the number of these birds was never at any time particularly great, for its size would again most likely handicap it in periods of food scarcity. At any rate, while yet the passenger pigeon, now extinct, was darkening the skies with its clouds, the trumpeter swan had begun to become scarce. And for many years, until quite recently, ornithologists have classed it with the great auk and the wild pigeon. They studied specimens preserved in museums and little hoped ever to observe one in actual life.

Then one day about two years ago word came to the commissioner of national parks at Ottawa that a flock of trumpeter swans had been discovered in this western lake. On previous occasions similar messages had been received. But in each case on investigation it was found that the supposed trumpeters were none other than the comparatively numerous whistling swans. The commissioner, however, had not entirely given up hope that some day in some part of the Dominion's vast unexplored, or little explored, territory a flock of these birds might yet be found. And he therefore ordered a careful investigation by a competent ornithologist. Back came the report: Without a doubt they were trumpeter swans! Aside from their great size they possessed the other characteristics, the long and comparatively narrow bill and the peculiar horn-like cry.

Immediately a guardian was appointed whose duty it was to see that the swans were not molested; and arrangements are at present being made to have the district surrounding the lake reserved as a bird sanctuary. A set of motion pictures was taken of the flock so that in the event of any disaster overtaking the birds a record of them would be preserved for posterity. A copy of the film has been presented by the Canadian Government to the United States National Museum. But it is hoped that the trumpeters will continue to increase under the protection of the Migratory Birds Convention, of which Canada and the United States are mutual signatories, backed by a sane public opinion; and that in the not far distant future these beautiful birds may again be seen, not only in a secluded mountain valley of Western Canada—where they remain at present both winter and summer—but more generally distributed over the great interior of the continent from the Arctic to the Gulf of Mexico which was once their native territory.

Perce Rock, a great mass of rock rising 400 feet, long has been a bird refuge.



Nineteen trumpeter swans, the last survivors of a noble strain. As far as is known this is the only flock of trumpeter swans in the world.

What so nearly came to pass in this case has made lovers of wild life stop to consider the plight of many other fine birds that without protection of some sort would doubtless go the way of the trumpeter swan. The gannet is a case in point.

The gannet, or as it is sometimes called, the solan goose, belongs to the same general family as the cormorant, the pelican and a number of others whose toes are similarly webbed. It nests along the ledges of precipitous rocky islets, but 15 all told in the world, of which only two are in North America—in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

When Jacques Cartier visited the New World in 1534 he found gannets on the Bird Rocks (belonging to the Magdalen group), Percé Rock and Bonaventure Island, off the Gaspé peninsula. At that time a number of other gannetries existed along the coast from the Bay of Fundy to Labrador, but the birds have since been exterminated from all of these but the Bird Rocks and Bonaventure Island.

Along the Gaspé coast the most striking feature is Percé Rock, a great mass of reddish stone splashed with tints of yellow, blue and green, rising abruptly from the sea to a height of 400 feet, about 1,200 feet in length and of an average of 80 feet in width. About midway between the center and one end is a great arched opening rising 100 feet above the surface of the sea and completely piercing the great ledge, from which the rock takes its name. The sides are so steep that without artificial means it is unscalable. On the top of this great rock and on the narrow ledges to be found in places on

(Concluded on page 14)

The Community's Open Door of the Future

The Wayside Park—Development of Tourist Movement Along Highways Brings Co-operation of Progressive Cities That Welcome Tourists

By FRANZ A. AUST
Professor of Landscape Design, University of Wisconsin.

ONCE, a mere handful of Americans suddenly felt the call of gypsy ancestors. Furthermore, they were lured by their faith in a lot of fun at little expense. So they boldly commenced with one accord to pack the family into the back seat, to tuck in the tents and the coffee pot, to turn on the "gas" and chug away to "vacate" in the great out-of-doors. The mighty tourist movement along our national highways was begun!

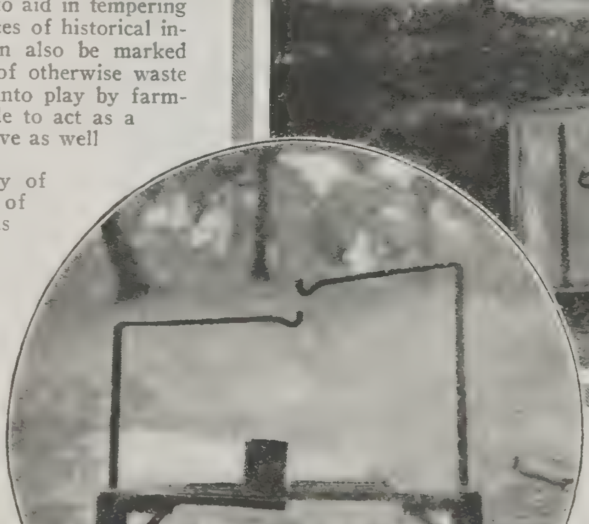
That was three or four years ago. About that time, Denver opened the doors of Overland Park, a site of 160 acres, costing $250,000, as a free tourist camp ground. Denver probably has the honor of being the first city to comprehend the need of a place to pitch those tents and to hang that coffee pot. But she has not been the last.

Today, millions are joining in the new world sport of taking to the country by means of the highways, and in almost any section during the motoring season you have only to pick up a state paper to learn of one or two more new camp sites, the conveniences of which are free to America on wheels. Like proverbial toadstool shelters, thousands of them have sprung up overnight, and there will be many more. Some will be of short-lived growth, while others have come to abide with us, to be a blessing to the community, to the state, and to the nation as a whole. The wayside park, well-selected, well-planned, well-furnished, and well-supervised, is a wayside park well-born.

It often happens that when the chief citizens of a community begin to realize that tourists leave behind in their smoky trail each year something of substantial money value as well as the odor of the "national perfume," they feel that it is time for them to act. The very first question to ask, therefore, in selecting a camp site is: How useful is it going to be? For the best and most lasting wayside parks today are those which serve local town and country folk as well as folk from afar who halt to pitch camp for the night in a quiet, sheltered spot.

Most wayside parks naturally are established along the great trunk highways. Wherever possible, then, these sites should be so chosen that they will preserve, both for now and for the years to come, the beautiful things of nature. A spot which gives a view across a landscape framed by large trees is well selected; or an inspiring survey of the country from a hilltop. A fine piece of virgin timber or of second-growth timber can be preserved to add to that tree-growing area which every farming community should have to aid in tempering weather conditions. Places of historical interest within a state can also be marked and saved. Even a bit of otherwise waste ground can be brought into play by farmers, and this can be made to act as a forest and a game preserve as well as a camp-fire site.

In the coulee country of Wisconsin is the county of La Crosse, made famous by the tales of Hamlin Garland. It is the place where the author lived when a boy. This county has set aside 16 wayside parks, from one to five acres in size. Most of these were given by public-spirited citizens to be play and picnic grounds for the communities in which they live and to extend the welcoming hand to the stranger who motors that way. A clear, bubbling spring, a brook trickling over its stones, a view across a fruitful valley, the sight of the great Mississippi from the top of a bluff, an old Indian trail; these have often been suggestions for choosing the little park's ideal location.


One of the delightfully convenient open fireplaces to be found in Minneapolis parks.

Many country and small-town localities in many states have had no place to "play" until the incoming of tourists has made the park, large or small, seem a necessity. Every wayside park can have homemade swings and teeter-totters for the children; it can be a place to encourage the "community-family" picnic and the joys of the wiener and the corn roast. Never has the get-together-out-of-doors spirit been so strong within us as it is today, and this very spirit is going to be a mighty bond toward a stronger national life.

If the wayside park is to furnish best comfort for those who are seeking the gypsy life as well as for the stay-at-homes, however, there are certain special details to consider. There must be trees to shelter from storm as well as from heat. But this shelter must be such that it will never be a danger to those who are stopping there. Virgin trees, especially, must be chosen with care, for they are sometimes likely to break in severe gales where the stand has been cut from around them. Trees of second-growth timber, on the other hand, are often ideal because they better withstand the attacks of the king of the winds. A variety of trees is always good because this is likely to insure a permanent stand.

CAMPING GROUNDS
KEEP THEM CLEAN
PUT OUT FIRES
PLACE RUBBISH IN CANS
"The wayside park, well-selected, well-planned, well-furnished and well-supervised, is a wayside park well-born."

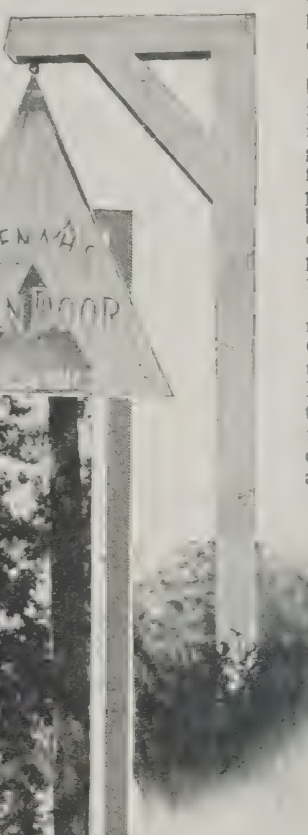
A place which will remain fairly dry even though heavens or lakes or streams open their floodgates is another item of comfort gratefully received by those who dwell for the time in canvas halls. Drainage must be good, therefore, and the banks of lake or stream sufficiently high. That facilities for pure drinking water, on the other hand, are of greatest necessity needs only to be mentioned—"lest we forget."

Some wayside parks already established are to be commended on account of their excellent sign systems which clearly point the way. In one state the road markers of the highway commission are used two or three miles distant along the road which leads to camp. Across the center of one of these markers appear the words, "Camp Site" with an arrow pointing the way. Arrows within the gates of the park are almost always sufficient to mark the direction toward water supply.

And then, of course, every well-planned wayside park has posted rules to maintain sanitary conditions, to help in the care of rubbish, and to give direction for the building of fires. One inoffensive signboard even delicately suggests:

"That little children following you
May through life's leisure hours
Share lavish nature's treasures, too,
Please, tourist, spare those flowers."

One of the first sight-seeing trips the hungry traveler or picknicker takes is to find the place where he may build a fire and hang that coffee pot. Some parks provide a carefully prepared and sheltered stove and supply abundant wood. The camper's kitchen and rest room, well furnished, are a convenience indeed greatly appreciated in wet and stormy weather. But what is there within every man, woman and child of us which bids us delight in the blaze of the open fire?



The sign of the community's "Open Door" at Neenah, Wisconsin.

The parks of Minneapolis have met this primitive longing most efficiently. There, iron racks are provided with gratings extending over the fire. These can be used for pots and kettles, or they can be lowered, and swinging cranes then furnish the suspension place for pails and for that treasured coffee pot.

At Butte, Montana, a recreational park in Columbia Gardens has gone still further with the open-fire idea. Here a fireplace large enough to accommodate ten or fifteen families at a time has been carefully built with chimney and main body lined with fire brick.

A wayside park, even though it have all the finest equipment of electric lighting, pavilions, rest rooms, kitchens, fireplaces, is better never established unless it can have proper supervision and policing. This is a problem which each community must work out for itself. Only in this way can the park be a safe privilege for the visitor. Only by this means can it be a boon to the home folk living near.

There are two especially effective ways of policing a camping site. One means is that of giving the caretaker of the grounds the powers of an officer. In addition to his other duties, when tourists drive in he asks them to register, and soon they expect to do so just as guests in a hotel expect to register. Another method of efficient supervising is carried out in some places where a farmer lives close by. He serves as officer and is paid for his work by the town in whose interest the tourist park exists. He, too, sees that all visitors register; he sees that lights are turned out in the park at a certain hour at night; he attends to the locking of the gates when 10 o'clock comes.

Unless private parks are properly policed, they should be licensed as a hotel is licensed. But where they have neither supervision nor license, they also, like the unpoliced public park, should not for a moment be allowed to exist.

The closer mingling of the folk of one state with those of another cannot but make us a nation more closely united. What is better advertising for a state than that a well-satisfied visitor go to his home feeling kindly toward that state whose communities have cordially opened their doors to him by way of a well-equipped camping place? What is there which widens the portals of the outside world for the folk of any rural or city community so much as meeting and mingling with the America of other parts? The doors of a wayside park can indeed swing both ways.

In the capital city of one of our states, the business men's clubs send two of their members to act as hosts in their tourist park each evening during the summer season. Here where tourists from nearly every state in the Union halt to spend the night, these business men make themselves known and welcome the strangers to their city and to their state. America has been criticized for having allowed the hospitality of her homes to become a lost art. No longer, it is said, do we play the genial host to the chance stranger as our ancestors did. If this is true, perhaps it is in order that we may step into the realm of that greater hospitality—community hospitality—and hang out our latchstring on the branch of a great sheltering tree in America's new institution—the Wayside Park.

"An Old-fashioned Winter? Yes, Sir-ee!"

Any Day Now You May Read the Gooseboner's Dire Prophecy That All the "Signs" That Never Fail Point to a Long, Hard Winter

By GEORGE S. BLISS

WITH the first feel of crisp November mornings, people begin to concern themselves with winter. The winter-weather forecasters, "who haven't missed it in 30 years," flash into the limelight to deliver their several prognostications.

They are usually press-agented by space writers, and their dope is published, with full knowledge that it has no significance, simply because "people like to read that sort of thing, you know."

Said forecasters are often referred to as "gooseboners," but the goosebone is losing its hold generally on the reading public, and it is becoming the proper thing to be a "nature student," whatever that may imply.

With little or no reliable data to fortify their statements, but with faulty memories and firm convictions, these would-be forecasters invite attention to numerous "sure signs" that indicate the character of the coming winter.

Mayhap it was a good season for nuts and acorns, and the squirrels stored an unusually large supply. If so, then the "nature student" surmised that the squirrels had received advanced notice of a long, hard winter, and were prepared accordingly.

Possibly heavy rains had filled the ponds to their brims just at the time when the muskrats were building their houses. They built them large and high enough to get a dry chamber above the water, which subsided later and left large houses in view. Large muskrat houses are said to be the old Indian sign of a hard winter, and they are so interpreted by many persons at the present day.

Seldom Pick Mild Winter

SOMETIMES early frosts destroy the food supply on the northern breeding grounds, and in consequence the birds begin their southern flight a little earlier than usual.

Whatever the "signs" may be, these forecasters invariably overlook the fact that they are the result of past weather rather than indications of that which is to come.

A warm March will force early blooming of the fruit trees, only to be frosted later. In other words, Nature endeavors to heal her wounds, but she does not fortify herself against *unusual* conditions. For that reason the so-called "signs" have little or no significance.

On rare occasions these forecasters may predict a mild winter, but they generally foresee a "hard one." It would never do to forecast an ordinary winter. It must be something unusual, one extreme or the other, and they have learned that forecasts for a severe winter attract attention and arouse greater interest than the other sort.

Readers remark that "it seems like we are going to have a real old-fashioned winter. The paper says that Mr. So and So, of Bucks County, hasn't missed a forecast in 30 years, and he says we are a-going to have a corker. He is a nature student, and after all that is what counts. Old Dame Nature generally looks out for herself. We haven't had a real winter for a long time. Why, I can remember when I was a boy our first heavy snows used to come about Thanksgiving time, and we would have sleighing until near the end of March. Those were real winters, believe me."

Forecasts Soon Forgotten

REGARDLESS of how much interest or confidence the forecasts may arouse at the time of discussion, they are soon forgotten by the average reader after the paper is laid by. For that reason, if it were possible to forecast the character of a coming season, which it is not, it is doubtful if it would alter the plans or preparations or daily life of Mr. Common People to any great extent.

After they have obtained the desired publicity, the forecasters themselves think little more about the matter unless a severe cold wave occurs. In such case, when the cold has prevailed for three or four days, and all preceding mild conditions have been forgotten, they come again into the limelight. "Didn't I tell you it was going to be a corker? When the corn husks are as thick as they were last fall we always have a cold winter. I never knew it to fail."

Weeks of mild weather may follow the cold wave, and the winter as a whole may accumulate a comfortable temperature excess, but it all passes by without notice because it causes no inconvenience. The forecasters concluded, at the time of the cold wave, that their claims were verified, and later mild weather could not change them, and another successful year was added to their unfailing record.

But returning to the prevailing idea of an old-fashioned winter, the kind we are forever expecting, and the kind we can all remember, but the kind we never seem to get any more. What about it? Is our climate moderating?

If it has changed so much within the memory of those now living, is it a regular change, and if so then what must it have been a thousand years ago, or even in early colonial days? A change at such a rate would soon take us back to the ice age, and we know that the ice age was a long time before the age of man.

If the change is a recent one, then what is the cause of it? Has something broken loose in the universe? Or, are we mistaken about it after all, and is the old-fashioned winter a creation of the imagination? If the climate is not moderating, then how are we to account for the idea being so prevalent? What are the facts in the case, and how can we determine them?

The United States Weather Bureau has completed records for 50 years in nearly all parts of the country. In many places these official records are supplemented by earlier ones that reach back beyond the memory of any living man.

Records are a dependable means for determining such questions, whereas memory is fleeting. In fact, it appears as if there are few things more unreliable than the "memory of the oldest inhabitant." Unless something unusual occurred, there are few persons who could give from memory an accurate description of last week's weather.

It so happens that, at Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Hospital kept a very good set of weather records for 50 years before those of the United States Weather Bureau were begun. It is known that similar ones were made at a few other places in the early days, but for this discussion, on a century basis, the Philadelphia records should serve admirably.

It is true that in large portions of the country the winters are more severe than those experienced in Philadelphia, but it is also true that in a large portion they are less severe. However, that feature does not affect the one of climatic change, for if the climate is changing it cannot be a local condition. If it is moderating in Philadelphia, and in Boston, and in Detroit, and in many other places as many would have us believe, then it is reasonable to suppose that it is moderating in all parts of the country.

Half-degree Variation

CONDITIONS from day to day may and do vary considerably within comparatively short distances, but when the records for several places in the same country are compared by years, or series of years, such as is necessary to determine climatic conditions, we find them fairly constant in their relations to one another.

We could hardly expect a mild winter in Philadelphia and a severe one in Baltimore or Washington at the same time. Much less could we expect a series of years to show such a discrepancy. A search of the Philadelphia records should furnish reasonably satisfactory evidence as to whether our winters are moderating or not.

The question may arise at the start regarding what period constitutes the winter season. There is a more or less gradual change from midwinter cold to midsummer heat and vice versa. The division of the year into four seasons is an arbitrary one. For our purposes it seems well to consider as winter the period during which freezing temperatures or snow may, at least occasionally, be expected.

In Philadelphia there is little such winter weather in November or April, and the winter season may fairly be considered as embracing the months of December, January, February and March.

On the above basis, the winter mean temperature for the 50 years of the Pennsylvania Hospital records was 35.2°, and for the next 50 years of Weather Bureau records it was 35.7°. This seeming difference of one-half degree may readily be attributed to the difference in exposure or in the character of the instruments.

If we accept it as being exactly as indicated, and conclude thereby that the climate has moderated to that extent, then we must admit that such a slow change would not be perceptible for a period encompassed by the ordinary memory.

A satisfactory method of observing the progress of temperature conditions is to compare the means by decades. This largely eliminates the accidents of short-time periods.

On that basis the winter means at Philadelphia during the last century run in the following degrees: 35.5, 34.6, 35.1, 35.6, 35.1, 34.9, 35.6, 35.3, 35.7, 37.0; and exhibit a rather remarkable uniformity. The higher mean for the last decade was due to the accident of two mild winters within the 10-year period, that of 1912-13 with a mean of 41.1°, and that of 1920-21 with a mean of 41.5°, the latter being the warmest winter on record. This occurrence may be partly responsible for the prevailing belief that our climate is moderating, although the idea was as predominant 10 years ago as it is today.

The average winter in Philadelphia has about 26 inches of snow, which is generally the total of some eight or ten storms. The snow usually melts off within a few days, so the ground is snow-covered about 26 days, or one-fourth of the time. The temperature falls to freezing or below on about 73 days, but remains below freezing on only about 16 days, and those not in consecutive order. Zero temperatures are recorded on the average of one year in four.

This doesn't sound much like the popular idea of an old-fashioned winter, and yet it is the average condition for a century. Averages are midway between extremes, so while this understates the conditions for the occasional severe winters, on the other hand it overdraws the severity of the conditions for the occasional mild winters. Extremes of either type are the exception, and the vast majority of our winters are just the plain ordinary kind.

Three "Hard" Winters in 100 Years

WHEN looking over the records for the last century, three winters stand out prominently as representatives of the severe type. The first in 1855-56, the second in 1874-75, and the third in 1917-18. These closely approximate the idea of an old-fashioned winter, but few persons will remember the first one.

During the winter of 1855-56 the ground was snow-covered for 48 consecutive days, from December 29 until the middle of February. There were 100 days with freezing temperature, although midday temperatures were above freezing at frequent intervals. Freezing occurred on every date, with three exceptions, from December 26 to March 20 inclusive. The coldest was four degrees below zero January 9.

The winter of 1874-75 was equally severe, there being 103 days with freezing. Freezing occurred on every date from December 29 to February 20, fifty-four consecutive days, and the longest period of its kind to be found in the record. The coldest was five degrees below zero January 10.

The more recent winter of 1917-18 had 48 consecutive days with freezing, from December 21 to February 6 inclusive. The coldest was four degrees below zero December 30. There was a total snowfall of 36.9 inches, and the ground was snow-covered for 45 days.

If we consider individual months we will find the extremes fairly well distributed through the century. The warmest Decembers occurred in 1848 and 1889, and the coldest in 1831 and 1876. The warmest Januarys were in 1870 and 1913, and the coldest in 1857 and 1893. The warmest Februarys were in 1834 and 1890, and the coldest in 1838 and 1885. The warmest March records appear in 1859 and 1921, the coldest in 1843 and 1885.

Season Shows No Moderation

THE longest period in which no zero temperatures were recorded was 11 years, from 1841 to 1851 inclusive. The next longest was seven years, from 1905 to 1911 inclusive. The greatest number of consecutive days with constant freezing was 13, from January 10 to 22, 1893. The heaviest winter snowfall was 42.9 inches in 1904-05, and the greatest 24-hour snowfall was 22.4 inches on December 25-26, 1909. The worst winter storm on record was the blizzard of March 12, 1888.

In the final analysis it may be said that there is little to encourage the belief that our winters are moderating. The mistaken idea is largely due to better living conditions that have robbed winter of its sting.

Our memories are impressed chiefly by unusual events. We remember the severe storms and the unusual periods of heat and cold, while moderate and seasonable conditions are soon forgotten.

We remember the times when, as a boy, we got out after a heavy storm and wallowed in the snowdrifts, or tunneled under them, but we do not remember the conditions during the remainder of the winter. We sum up the events that our memories retain and conclude that "it is a long time since we had a real old-fashioned winter."

What Gold Standard Law Did—and Did Not Do

Agitation for Passage of Act Brought Many Promises—Few Performances

By W. H. ALLEN

THE currency act of March, 1900, was the result of *seven years of agitation by foreign bankers* and Wall Street interests. The bankers were opposed to the Sherman Silver law, but it was not until after the panic of 1893 that they found an excuse for advocating its repeal. Having used the panic as an argument against this law, they next proceeded to use it as an argument in favor of the Gold Standard.

The advantages claimed for the newly adopted Gold Standard (1) That we would have no more high money rates; (2) there would be no more great panics like that of 1893; (3) no more clearing-house certificates or suspensions of payments; (4) our big trade balances and this law would restore our credit abroad and enable us to draw plenty of gold from Europe to maintain the gold standard.

But experience proved that not one of these predictions was fulfilled. High money rates did not disappear. We had dear money varying from 25 per cent to 125 per cent on numerous occasions after March, 1900. The prediction that we would have no more great panics like that of 1893 fell far short of fulfillment. We narrowly escaped a great crisis the very next year. Thus Philip King, financial editor of the *Sun* (October 7, 1901), says: "It is now manifest that only the bond purchases of the Secretary of the Treasury averted a money panic of the first dimensions in the business world." Matters must have grown worse a year later; for in the *Sun* (October 2, 1902) the same writer says: "There is perhaps, as yet, small popular realization of the fact that the action taken by the Secretary of the Treasury a week ago for the relief of the money market averted what the wisest men in the financial community declare would have been the greatest panic Wall Street had ever seen."

In extending this aid, the Secretary of the Treasury was only doing just what he did during the one-day panic of December 16, 1899, over two months before the gold standard was adopted. That law had not helped matters a particle. Panics were due in each of the next four years but we staved them off *by averting the exports of gold through the sale of securities abroad,* and *by getting more aid from the Treasury.*

The panic finally came in 1907. In fact, we had three of them in that one year, something we never had before 1900. The last one in October was the worst. Of this crisis, Francis Hirst, editor of the London *Economist,* says: "The crisis which broke out in New York in October, 1907, was the most formidable of its kind ever known. There had never been such an enormous demand for gold." The panic of 1914 was another black eye for the gold standard prophets. As one prominent authority declared: "It was the most sweeping demoralization of credit the world has ever seen."

The crisis of 1907 disclosed another failure of the prophets. They had told us that with the act of 1900 in force there would be no more clearing-house certificates, which meant a suspension of cash payments. But they were issued in 1907 and were out three weeks longer than in 1893, and in much larger volume.

"Most of this currency," says Professor Sprague, *"was illegal. In plain language it was an inconvertible paper money without the sanction of the law."*

In other words, it was fiat money of the very worst kind, such as Jerry Simpson or William J. Bryan never dreamed of.

How We Actually Got Gold

WE WERE also told that the act of 1900 would restore our credit abroad and enable us to borrow gold whenever needed. But here again the prophets came to grief. In less than a year (1901) France rebuffed our great financiers when they tried to borrow more. Other European bankers rebuffed us again in 1906, 1907 and 1912. In 1907 the Bank of France refused to lend us gold unless our government would guarantee payment in gold. President Roosevelt could not give that guarantee and so the panic resulted.

After the panic we got gold by pledging New York City bonds abroad and by rushing grain exports.

The truth is that instead of strengthening our credit, the act of 1900 seems to have weakened it. Ever since that act was adopted nearly every corporation mortgage has had a clause providing for payment in gold. Our power to draw gold from abroad seems to have weakened, too. In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, we imported $59,000,000 of gold. But in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, we actually exported $3,693,000 more gold than we imported. In the three years ended June 30, 1899, the net imports of gold were $200,000,000, while in the three fiscal years ended June 30, 1902, the net imports were only about $12,000,000. In the fiscal year of 1898, we imported $104,000,000. We never approached that figure again until the World War.

Friends of the gold standard always insist that the act of 1900 has fully justified all expectations. But the foregoing history shows that it has failed in every important particular. Now I proceed to show why it failed.

For the four fiscal years ended June 30, 1901, our exports of merchandise netted $2,345,000,000, while our imports of gold netted only $164,000,000. *What became of the remaining $2,181,000,000?* What did we get in return?

The current explanation given out by the highest authorities was that about $250,000,000 of each year's balance went to cancel our annual foreign debts, for interest due foreign inventors, tourists' expenditures, and the cost of foreign freights, and that the remainder went to repurchase American railroad stocks returned from abroad and to invest in foreign bonds and foreign enterprises. According to Frank A. Vanderlip, we had in these four years repurchased from abroad $1,200,000,000 worth of our stock. In an article in *Scribner's Magazine* (January, 1902) he claimed that we were also investing large sums in foreign enterprises. Another authority, N. T. Bacon, writing in the *Times,* January 1, 1902, estimated that in the 30 months prior to January 1, 1902, we had bought back $525,000,000 worth of our stocks. He also claimed that we were investing many millions in foreign bonds and enterprises.

These several estimates did not agree with my theory of the matter and in articles in the *Banker's Magazine,* July, 1902, and the *Swanee Review,* July-September, 1903 and 1904, I contended that our trade balances were not big enough to offset even our annual foreign debts. Hence, so far from having a surplus of several hundred millions we were running that much behind every year, and selling or pledging our stocks abroad to avert gold exports in the settlement of the deficit.

Foreign Debts Responsible

OPPOSING the claims of the foreign liquidations of our stocks, I gave the reports of the dealings for foreign account on the New York Stock Exchange in every month of the four years ending with 1901. These reports showed an excess of purchases of stocks for foreign account in every one of these four years. The total excess for the entire period amounted to 3,743,000 shares, having an estimated value of $250,000,000. I also gave the reports of foreign investments in our stocks and properties off the Stock Exchange. These amounted to more than $300,000,000. In other words, instead of a liquidation of $1,200,0000,000, as claimed by Mr. Vanderlip, the thrifty foreigners must have gobbled up more than half a billion more of our properties. These are the only detailed reports of such business ever published and, excepting an error in regard to the Rock Island issue, their correctness has never been questioned.

In the second *Swanee Review* article I estimated our annual foreign debts at $750,000,000, and growing. As this was just three times as high as the current estimates it was scouted in financial circles. But later on it was confirmed by some very high authorities. These authorities gave out the following estimates:

1908—Charles F. Spear, financial editor of *Evening Mail*	$ 650,000,000
1909—T. Barlow Walker, banker and capitalist of Minnesota	1,000,000,000
1910—J. T. Talbert, vice-president of National City Bank	1,000,000,000
1911—M. M. Reynolds, financial editor of the *Tribune*	1,500,000,000
1910—Wharton Barker, banker and capitalist of Philadelphia	1,650,000,000
1913—John A. Gardin, vice-president of National City Bank	2,000,000,000

In 1913 the *Wall Street Journal* published an average estimate of bankers which placed the debts at $1,400,000,000. They were indeed growing.

Mr. J. Talbert, in his lecture on "Our National Vice," was the first among the foreign bankers to let in a little light on this matter. But his figures are confusing. He allows $300,000,000 for ocean freights, $200,000,000 for tourists, and only $400,000,000 for interest dues, expatriates, exported heiresses, and alien boards. The most interesting part of Mr. Talbert's view was that "our national vice" was our extravagance in the use of automobiles! "The cost of automobiles," he says, "is not less than $250,000,000 a year: the upkeep amounts to as much more." This vast sum is equivalent to more than the value of the property destroyed in the San Francisco fire. The consequence of such enormous waste may be postponed for a time, but ultimately they must be faced and settled, and so on.

The idea of charging our most serious financial ills on the poor autos seemed to tickle Wall Street and it was much exploited at the time by all the leading financial writers.

Real Financial Situation Hidden

A COUPLE of years later in his "Look at the Facts" Mr. Talbert changed his mind and admitted that the main cause of our financial ills was, not autos, but these foreign debts. These debts, he said, exceeded our yearly trade balance by $500,000,000, and to avert exports of gold in settlement of the deficit we had been borrowing abroad on finance bills, short-term notes, and long-term bonds.

Mr. Talbert admitted that there had been a good deal of misinformation spread abroad about the matter, but he forgot to admit that the sole source of this misinformation was his own associates, the international or foreign bankers. Furthermore, even if we accept Mr. Talbert's lowest estimates of the debts, it follows that all these stories that had been circulated for 10 years previous, about our having hundreds of millions to spare for investments abroad or in foreign bonds, were just barefaced lies intended to deceive the people, and to hide the financial situation. Mr. Talbert's figures fully confirmed my explanation of these fake transactions as set forth in the various articles 10 years before. They were also confirmed by Professor Von Halle, of the University of Berlin, Hartley Withers, and Sir George Paish, of London, all of whom admitted that most of our alleged investments in foreign bonds and enterprises were really financed with foreign capital. The *Banker's Magazine* (April, 1915) made the same admission, although it gave little heed to my explanation as expressed in its own columns 13 years before.

The claim that we were a creditor nation was first heard in 1899 and 1900. In June, 1900, Congressman Jefferson Levy, the banker, estimated that Europe owed us $300,000,000. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, estimated that we had bought back $200,000,000 worth of securities and still had large amounts due from abroad. The *Times* (October 28, 1900) claimed that hundreds of millions were owed to us by Europe. In its article on the "Financial Situation" (January 7, 1901) the *Times* says: "Exports outrun imports by hundreds on hundreds of millions. And the apparent showing is that something like $500,000,000 of American money is left on balance abroad. That the actual sum is tremendous shows significantly in many ways and in many quarters. International bankers lay stress on it. New York no longer has to contrive ingeniously and continuously to obtain loans abroad. New York has become the lender. Foreign money markets no longer levy taxes upon borrowers here; the concessions come this way, foreign traders, foreign bankers, and foreign governments come across the ocean for financial accommodations." Addressing the Bankers' Club of Chicago (March 12, 1901) George H. Roberts, Director of the Mint, declared that "our trade balances are so large that to attempt to collect them in cash would ruin our customers. A nation with power to amass such credits becomes of necessity an investor in all parts of the world."

These cheery views did not dovetail with my estimate of the situation and I expressed my dissent in several letters to the press in 1900 and 1901. The last letter, which appeared in the *Times,* May 8, 1901, was as follows:

ARE WE "A CREDITOR NATION"?

To the Editor of The New York Times, May 8:

In a recent editorial on "The Liquidation of Trade Balances," you state that "speculation as to how Europe will settle her enormous balances with this country are complicated by uncertainty as to how such settlement has been effected in the past."

Now, I suggest that if our financial experts will look in an entirely opposite direction, and put a common sense construction on what they see, their "speculation" will be, not as to how Europe will settle its balances with us, but as to how we will settle our balances with Europe.

According to the current theory, about one-half of our trade balances is needed to cancel our annual foreign debts for freights, interest dues, and tourists' expenses; the rest goes to pay for returned securities, or is being loaned abroad. But I contend that this theory is wrong. A careful study of the question has convinced me that in recent years these annual foreign debts have grown so enormous that now they more than offset our trade balances, and so we have to export specie and mortgage securities and properties to square the account.

Of course, I know that this pessimistic view will provoke a smile of derision from those who believe in all the fine talk about our becoming a "creditor nation," but, nevertheless, the course of events in the next few months will, I am convinced, prove that it is a correct view of the matter. W. H. ALLEN.

Brooklyn, May 5, 1901.

Just two weeks later the financial world was startled by a dispatch from the Paris correspondent of the *Post* (May 22, 1901) to the effect that American bankers were borrowing immense sums abroad. But the *Post* was so infected with the creditor nation lunacy that it wouldn't believe its own correspondent, and the next day it quoted foreign bankers in denial.

Gold Demand Causes Trouble

BUT a day later, May 24, the *Sun* published the statements of other bankers showing that we had been borrowing heavily abroad. According to Professor Von Halle, "More American finance bills were being floated abroad at that time (1901) than ever before."

It became known later, that in May, 1901, we owed Europe about $250,000,000. So that I was from $500,000,000 to $750,000,000 nearer the truth than the great financial authorities at that time. If any financial writer had made as good a guess, the event would have been made much of as a great beat. But it happened to be an outsider who made the guess and the great newspapers were not likely to exploit a matter which convicted them of being ignorant or dupes. It seems inconceivable that Secretary Gage and George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, and other government officials, could be so blind in this matter. But there are the facts.

The foregoing plainly shows that the Act of 1900 failed to justify the predictions of its advocates. *It was foreign debts, not the want of a gold standard, that was the main cause of our financial troubles.* It was these debts that caused high money rates and panics.

The cash in settlement of these debts flows from all parts of the country into the foreign banks of New York. These banks usually invest most of this cash in our stocks and properties and in loans to other banks and on the Stock Exchange. (*More of our gold is used for this speculation than for commercial purposes.*) When there comes from abroad a demand for gold in settlement of the debts, these loans have to be called in. And then the trouble begins. The foreign demand

(Concluded on page 14)

Women War Against Wild Beasts for Uncle Sam

Hardship and Peril Lot of the Trappers

By JOHN L. VON BLON

AMERICA, with her population of 107,000,000, her many great cities and her tremendous and intensive development, yet is the home of many dangerous animals upon which relentless war must be waged. This condition is mainly due to the immense mountainous area—almost a million square miles—that affords a comparatively secure shelter for the predatory beasts. So serious became their incursions with the advance of civilization into the newer regions and closer to their strongholds that the Federal Government itself began a campaign of extermination in 1915. The most extensive and complete organization in the world is effecting satisfactory decimation. The prosecution of this difficult and dangerous work, in which hundreds of expert trappers and hunters are constantly employed by the Bureau of Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, requires men inured to hardship. Such are those I have met in that elemental life of the primitive fastness, matching human wits against animal cunning; but in sheer pluck, resourcefulness and stamina I have found none the equal of two women, until recently in this exacting service—Mrs. Anna Newman and her daughter, Miss Anna Schneider, a dainty girl still in her 'teens.

When America entered the war, Carl W. Newman, a government trapper, was among the first to go, with a number of co-workers. These red-blooded, rough-and-ready boys of the outdoors made deadly sharpshooters, but their absence crippled an important branch of the Biological Survey. It had been the policy at Washington to have only males in this field but in the exigency four women with special qualifications were engaged, and October 18, 1918, the wife and daughter took up the work Mr. Newman and others had left. Miss Schneider was only 16 years of age. They entered upon their duties determinedly in harsh, forbidding territory, the desert side of the Sierra Nevada, made an unparalleled record, and were happy in their strenuous task. Assuredly it was a strange, seemingly impossible sphere for the gentle sex, but these gritty frontierswomen see nothing unusual about it. Many of their exploits appear incredible but I readily verified them. The cold facts in the official archives attest their efficiency.

Miss Anna Schneider, woman trapper, in two characteristic costumes. Above she is shown with captive coyote.

Though thoroughly trained in their uncommon calling the mother and daughter started under handicap in Mason Valley, Nevada. Paid $90 a month each and required to meet their own expenses, they soon were out of funds. Ranchmen donated horses which they themselves could not master. Mrs. Newman has handled such animals since her childhood and is a superb horsewoman. She broke them to saddle and harness and either was well rewarded by the original owners or sold the reformed equines at good prices. Of two particularly handsome horses that had been fed and labored with two years and then pronounced hopeless she made a spanking, valuable team. She had thrilling experiences and scores of narrow escapes but no failures.

Miss Schneider kept busy with the traps. Since then they have disposed of nearly 400 coyotes, mountain lions, lynxes and bobcats, the principal pests in their large district, operating mostly in Nevada but having their headquarters at Benton, a little Eastern California mining town at the foot of Mt. Montgomery, a stupendous peak more than 14,000 feet high. Together they used 200 No. 3 steel traps, which hold anything smaller than a bear. Each trapper must furnish 50, the government supplying the others. One hundred traps constitute a "line" of five to ten miles. They rode their lines in all kinds of weather, braved blizzards and faced avalanche and swift, icy rivers; were cut off for weeks by roaring storms on heights and in gorges; battled against freezing at high altitudes and fought for breath in engulfing sandblasts on blazing, pitiless wastes; had encounters with fierce animals and endured the innumerable discomforts of "roughing it" in desolate places.

When I called at their cabin at Benton during a spring snow-flurry, Mrs. Newman was at home looking after the live stock. Roughly attired in khaki shirt and breeches, boots and sombrero, she was strikingly youthful in appearance.

Miss Schneider had started at daybreak, on horseback, for a certain canyon 45 miles distant, with an extra mount, two pack animals, camping outfit, grub for three weeks, and a hundred traps. Alone she would be all that time, covering 15 miles daily through three feet of snow, and sleeping at night on a bed of piñon boughs in a tent! Miss Schneider invariably kept within reach a repeating rifle and a heavy revolver and has the reputation of never missing a fair shot. Picking off a coyote at 500 yards is as simple for her as it is for a carpenter to hit a nail on the head. She is a slender, lithe, laughing-eyed girl who attended school at Notre Dame Academy, Alameda, California, until she was 14 and then chose the doorless open, trapping for two years in Arizona, where her mother, too, commenced at 15.

Herd of wild horses on the Nevada desert. Mrs. Anna Newman and her daughter roped and tamed several of these animals.

On one occasion Miss Schneider had captured an old coyote of extraordinary size and concluded to take it to camp alive for study. The enraged "wild dog" made an unexpected attack, got its long, sharp fangs over one of her hands and raked and split it from wrist to finger tips. She was 12 miles out, alone, and the wound was as painful as it was dangerous. She doctored it as best she could and a few hours later came in with the brute that had inflicted it, as nonchalantly as though nothing untoward had occurred. At another time a coyote made away with one of her traps and she trailed it eight days, finally overtaking it.

Early in the spring while moving camp in Mason Valley, Mrs. Newman undertook to ford the Walker River at a point where it appeared shallow, leading her mount and driving two pack horses. Ice in large quantities floating down the stream had caused the water to scoop out at this particular place and she went in to her neck and was nearly drowned by the swift current, the animals also escaping with difficulty. Mrs. Newman rode seven miles with her clothing literally frozen about her.

In addition to their trapping, the energetic and enterprising woman and girl dealt in horses and raised colts for sale, doing a profitable business. At Benton they had 14 head. They kept up their supply by buying unbroken stock and soon "taking off the rough edges," as they expressed it, or going out and capturing wild ones. This they accomplished by building corrals about springs, not closing them entirely, and lassoing the pick of the herds when they came to drink. Like her mother, Miss Schneider can ride a bucking broncho, but one they had just acquired threw her 20 feet into the sagebrush before she could get her feet in the stirrups. Scratched from head to feet she mounted again and rode 25 miles. The next day she used the animal on her "line." While she was attending to bait, the horse broke away and she followed him four days, finding him back in a wild herd. She rode him home and still had him at last accounts. A wild colt caught and transported eight miles in a motor car purchased by the intrepid western heroines now is a fine buckskin.

These wild horses, which most persons believe to belong to fiction, are no more a myth than were the buffaloes half a century ago. They are a spectacular reality, thousands remaining after years of effort at extermination. Their range extends practically all the way from Canada to Mexico. In the Okanogan hills, Washington state, are several thousand of the untamable cayuses. Formerly ranchmen tried corralling and shipping the captured steeds to eastern markets but the expense was found to exceed possible profits so the plan of shooting was adopted, and this has reduced the numbers. In some remote parts they cause settlers on agricultural lands no end of trouble, nipping the range so closely that nothing remains for cattle. They demolish fences, stallions entice away domesticated mares, and sometimes large herds chase cows and sheep to death. Domestic horses which mingle with the wild speedily revert to the outlaw nature and become a menace rather than a blessing to man. Until a year or two ago the state of Nevada paid a bonus for their destruction, and what is considered the last great roundup was made by Clark Ringling and his men, who slew 700.

The origin of these animals is an entertaining story. The earliest Spanish explorers and conquistadores brought with them horses and naturally some strayed. These shifted for themselves under favorable conditions and multiplied rapidly. They were descended from old Moorish stock, which originated in Arabia, and, though comparatively small, possessed the Arab's unvarying energy and carrying ability. That strain became the Indian pony of the lands west of the Mississippi, the wild horse of the Far West, the cayuse of the Oregon and Washington country. Through lack of selection in the sires it degenerated in appearance but retained its stamina and small feet.

The fight against dangerous animals, in which Mrs. Newman and Miss Schneider had a part, is carried on by the national government, the methods being trapping, shooting and poisoning. From the first two, satisfactory records can be obtained and these show that since the inception of the work in 1915 about 135,000 beasts have been killed and accounted for, while it is believed that by poisoning as many more have been destroyed. This does not take into consideration the extremely heavy execution wrought by states, counties, cattle associations and individuals, which is beyond reckoning. Many of the states and even counties work in co-operation with the Federal authorities.

Compulsory Education and Separate Schools

Are Private Schools a Menace? A Question of Present Public Interest.

By ROY FRANKLIN COTTRELL

"UNLESS I am utterly mistaken," said Edgar M. Cullen, the retired chief justice of the Court of Appeals of New York, "there is a strong tendency in courts, in legislatures, and, worst of all, in the people themselves, to disregard the most fundamental principles of personal rights.

"Judicial decisions are made, statutes are enacted, and doctrines are publicly advocated which, when I was young, would have shocked the people to the last degree. In those days liberty was deemed the right of the citizen, to live and to act as he thought best, so long as his conduct did not invade a like right on the part of others . . . .

"It has been said that the great misfortune of the day is the mania for regulating all human conduct by statute, from responsibility for which few are exempt; for those who resent, as paternalism or socialism, legislative interference with their own affairs are often most persistent in the attempt to regulate the conduct of others. That there has been of late years a reaction from the faith in individualism which was almost universal in free countries in the middle of the last century is certain."

True words are these. Parliaments and legislative assemblies are now generally expected to furnish a panacea for almost every moral and physical ill; and our own land is not immune from this "mania" that would sweep the world. In certain states today there is being agitated a certain issue which is fraught with unwholesome excitement, distress and danger—it is usually called "Compulsory Education" propaganda. But the real issue involved is, *WHERE* shall the children receive their education?

We heartily endorse compulsory education. For its own well-being and security, the state has a right to demand that all children within its borders be accorded the privilege of a modern education. We maintain that the state is wholly within its just prerogative when it sets certain standards in education, when it requires a stated degree of proficiency in the teaching force, and when it insures that adequate facilities be provided for the health and development of the pupils. But when it prohibits a parent placing his children in a private or church school, which fulfills all of the state's wise educational requirements, then the state clearly transcends its sphere, and violates the liberty of its citizens.

This propaganda is not confined to specific localities, for the proponents of the measure regard their present activities as merely preliminary to a crusade which shall sweep the entire nation and eventually place this legislation upon the Federal statute books. Nor would their efforts necessarily terminate here. Should they destroy the system of church and private schools, a logical continuance of the crusade would bring them into the same antagonism to the secondary Christian school and college, to effect the complete secularization of all such in these United States.

In ancient Sparta, as will be remembered, children were considered the property of the state. At the age of seven, the youths were committed to the charge of public officers who aimed to develop "a nation of soldiers who should despise toil and danger and prefer death to military dishonor." In like manner, prior to the Great War, Prussianism required all children in the grammar grades throughout Germany to attend the public schools—none others then being permitted to operate. In Bolshevist Russia all education is under the arbitrary and absolute control of the state, in order that the Lenine and Trotsky ideals of paternalism, communism, and atheism may be effectually instilled. With their plans and program, the proposed legislation would harmoniously accord; but do we desire to Prussianize or Russianize the public school system of America?

Three centuries ago our forefathers chafed beneath the oppressive and arbitrary yoke of the Old World régime, to escape which they braved the hardships, the privations, and the dangers of the American wilderness. At length, to sever completely the chains that bound them, they waged a desperate warfare; they were victorious; and in their new-found freedom established "a church without a pope and a state without a king." Symbolizing this, on the reverse side of the great seal of the United States they engraved the inscription—*Novus Ordo Seclorum*—meaning "A New Order of Things."

In colonial days, the schools were established and maintained by the churches, and the stalwart builders of the new republic were the product of those Christian colleges. A correct view of things civil and religious was maintained. Even in our own day, statistics give approximately 500 Christian colleges in America, and further show that a very large majority of the prominent men of our land received their collegiate training in sectarian institutions.

"England and America," in the words of another, "use education to establish and defend the ideals of liberty, justice, and righteousness"; and in harmony with this policy, a system of public instruction has been developed in our land of which every red-blooded American is justly proud. Public, private and sectarian schools are equally protected under the Constitution, which, according to the language penned in the Preamble by the fathers, was ordained to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

Today, a new and grave situation confronts us. William Allen White, in his recent article in *Collier's*, entitled, "What's the Matter with America," makes this analysis:

"For a hundred years we have pinned our faith to two improving agencies in this country: education and a rising economic status.

"We have said that we can take the low-grade stock of Europe and teach it three years of Latin, spherical trigonometry, a year of physics, a modern language, some United States history, and Longfellow's epics, and make it fit for a self-governing democracy; if only you give it modern plumbing, fresh air, motor cars, a living wage, and a helping hand.

"But these things are not working. The motor car bandits, grafters, thugs, city hall bosses, and municipal tyrants of various sorts, all live in the pink-cotton and tinfoil environment to which we have pinned our faith. Indeed, most of these rascals have been educated through our taxes, and so taught to undo us.

"Education and environment will help, but they will not cure. For we are missing something somewhere."

Mr. White emphasizes the generally accepted scientific truth that acquired characters are not transmitted to offspring, and that only natural characteristics born with the individual are in turn passed on to the succeeding generation. He continues:

"We are taxing ourselves by the million to teach the children absolutely nothing that will help them in their relation to the state . . . . Does the average high school graduate know more than an idiot about practical civic morality, as we of the last century like to imagine that we knew civic morality? We keep feeding our beloved progeny educational folderol and fudge, and wonder why our children have no stamina, why they are morally undernourished."

The things we are "missing" in our modern curriculum is moral stamina and the stabilizing influence of religion. The family altar in the American home is fast becoming antique; the church concerns itself principally with adults, not with children; and in one brief hour once in seven days, the Sunday school cannot be expected to build sufficient moral and spiritual fiber to compensate for the remaining portion of the entire week.

So well qualified an authority as the United States Commissioner of Education, the Honorable Philander P. Claxton, in a lecture dealing with this question, spoke as follows:

"I believe in the public school system. It has been the salvation of our democracy, but the private schools and colleges have been the salvation of the public schools. These private institutions have their place in our educational system. They prevent it becoming autocratic and arbitrary, and encourage its growth along new lines." Again he said:

"In this country we have, and I hope we shall continue to have, separation of church and state. It is not the prerogative of the public schools to impart religious teaching under our system of government. I take it for granted that no one here would want what some other countries of the past ages had . . . . The object of our public schools is to make good citizens for the state . . . . It is the business of the churches to teach religion."

Marion—the City That Never Came True

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The fur-trading post became popular and neighbors of Fairfield were urged to come. Through those years, James Wilson did not give up the goal he had set his heart upon, partly from selfish motives but largely because a boy had dreamed of a city in the wilderness that should bear the name of his hero of Revolutionary fame. Wilson wrote to legislators and those who might be interested or influential in gaining the location of roads in this section of the country; at night he worked upon and improved the original plat made by Hanna, who would never return or need it. With the advent of settlers, Wilson began to spread his message of Marion which was to be the county seat of the unformed county. The believers took up the cry of their leader.

But with all his activity, Mr. Wilson saw the first lopping off of his adopted dream, when a site for the state capital was selected a number of miles north of Marion. A number of incidents had prevented the surveying of the section by authorities; the county was not yet organized due to uncertain political manipulation. But undaunted, James Wilson, by the aid of John Sleeth, at last "laid out" Marion and the plat was recorded December 27, 1820. History says: "It was surveyed by H. P. Wilson of Franklin County. The town originally consisted of 56 lots and a public square." There must have been mistakes of a peculiar nature in the recording of the plat for the history tells us that the streets were to be 132 feet wide and the lots of an absurd size. Would the young Hanna have done a better job? Probably not, for with the loss of the capital-dream, it is possible he would not have laid out the town at all.

But Wilson and his friends still thought of Marion as the county seat of the new county to be organized. Until 1821 hopes were not yet given up for a state road and a national road to pass through Marion. But the Michigan road did not pass through Marion, and later, the National road went by way of the state capital, instead of the out-of-the-way village. And one by one, James Wilson saw his dreams being shattered.

But there was yet one opportunity. The county would be organized and Marion was the logical place for its chief town. Night after night, as they sat on the backlog before the bright fire, did Wilson and his energetic sons talk and plan how it would be best to enlarge Marion making it fit for the influx of population just as soon as it was named as the county seat.

December 31, 1821, the state legislature passed an enabling act whereby Shelby County could be organized. By this Act, Section 4, it was stipulated, "The circuit and all other courts of the County of Shelby, shall meet and be holden at the house of David Fisher, near the town of Marion, in the said County of Shelby, until suitable accommodations can be had at the seat of justice." It almost looked like a sure thing, didn't it? But wait and see. Later we read:

"The commissioners (follows names of said men), appointed by the legislature to locate the seat of justice of Shelby County, met at the house of David Fisher on the first Monday in July, 1822. They proceeded to examine the several proposed sites, namely; first, Marion, which was the geographical center of the county, second, the farm of Isaac Lemasters who offered a donation of 40 acres, and third, the present site of Shelbyville. . . . . After four days of arduous labor the last-named site was selected. The wisdom of the selection was questioned and the action of the commissioners openly criticised by many. For at that time and for many years subsequent, the present site of Shelbyville was covered with water for a considerable portion of the year, while Marion was comparatively dry."

So Marion lost a crown and a dreamer lost a dream, all through no fault of his own. As a town, that day in July just 100 years ago, Marion sang its swan song. It tried to survive and we must give it credit for the trace that is left of it today.

But the isolated and fenced-in graveyard, in a field just east of the public square of Marion, now holds the most of these useful citizens of a city-that-might-have-been. The gravestones totter over with age and the wild rose bushes grow thick and high. Rich farming lands, owned for the most part by city dwellers or absentee landlords, have taken the place of the interminable forests.

All this may seem sectional and local but is it not also world-wide? Somebody erred in the case of Marion, but who would venture to point one finger of scorn at any who builded in those foundation days either for good or for ill? Their lot was rigorous at the best, and we give them credit for the good they have accomplished. Marion is only one "if" in a world that is full of them.

Talking Turnips and Dancing Doornails

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pass." The one? Shelley calls it the "spirit of Nature."

Shelley had derived many of his thoughts from the philosophies of ancient Greeks and Hindus.

Some 3,000 years ago, the sages of India had startled the ancient western and southern Asiatic world by speaking of Brahama, the sacred reality. They said: "The Real—Brahama—is one: it appears variously." "Brahama is in fire, and in water . . . . penetrates the whole world . . . . is in the annual crops . . . . in the trees." Yes, Brahama was like the sea; while various things in nature were like foam and waves on the sea's surface. Foam and waves come and go; but the sea abides.

Brahama of the ancient Hindus. Shelley's spirit of Nature. The modern scientist's Energy, perhaps electronic Energy.

Does it seem strange that modern scientists should be talking like early Hindu and Greek sages, and at times even like Medieval alchemists? Well, science has now advanced to the point where it can fulfill actually what the ancients merely dreamed of, and yearned for: namely, such an understanding of the cosmic *power* as would enable man to control that power in his own interest.

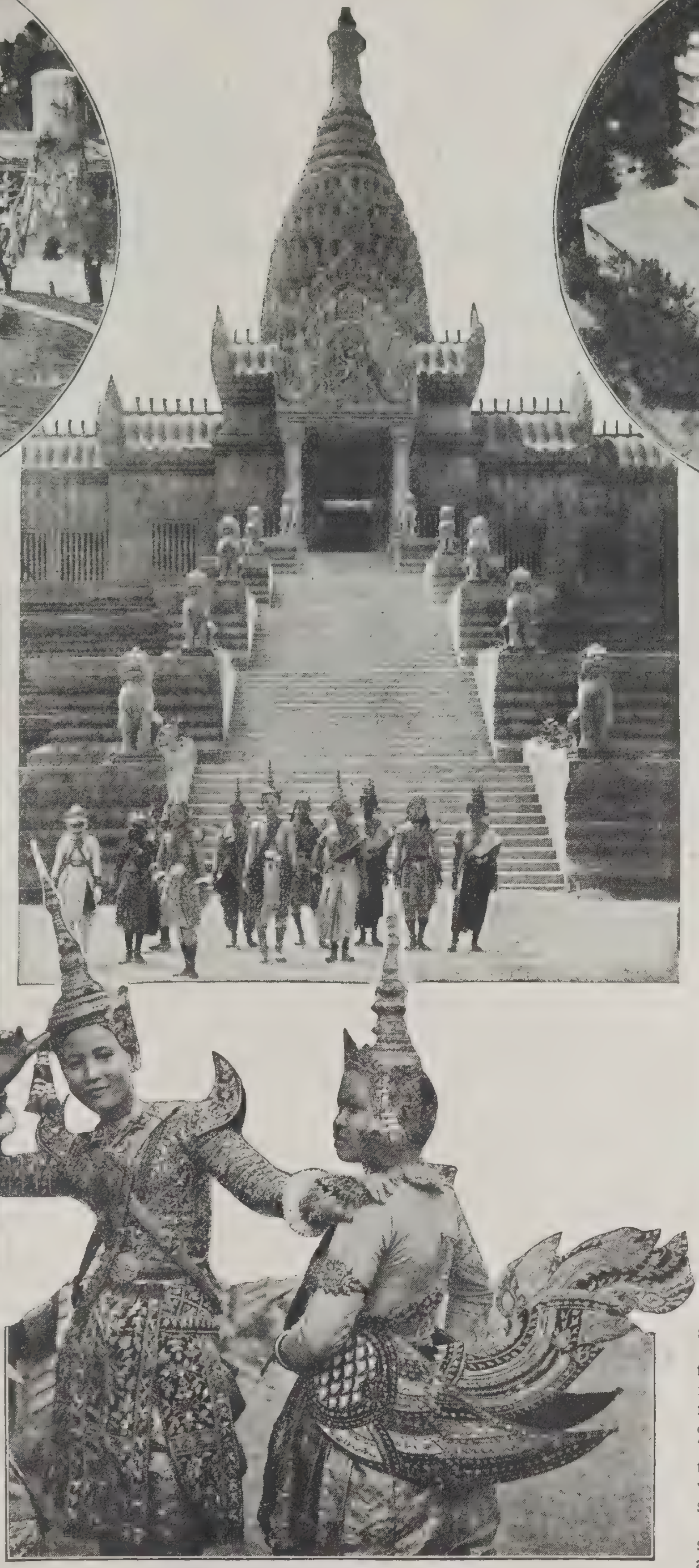
The alchemists of the Middle Ages, eager to create "wealth," labored, but in vain, to transform mercury into gold. And now, in the twentieth century, scientists are again bent upon a similar venture. Before this century closes, they will, probably, have accomplished the feat of turning lead into gold. In the process of this transformation will be released tremendous energy that man would use to lighten his labor and create his wealth.

Having converted the "spirit"—that is, the stored-up energy in the atom—of one metal into that of another metal, the scientists will press onward in the same direction. Presently, they will be puzzling out how to transform the energy of carrots into that of rats, or the other way round. Watch for the miracles of science.

Doctor Bose proposes to study man himself by the method he has developed to study the behavior of metals and plants.

Science has triumphed, where ancient wisdom, despite all its noble poetry and idealism, had failed, because science climbs up steadily, but unceasingly, from the dust at its foothills to the shimmering snows at the lofty peaks, from simple "sensibility"—"responses"—of doornails and turnips to the mysteries of the human self.

In the Black Village of West Africa.



Algerian mosque palace from the air.

The Tunisian palace.

Entrance to Algerian palace.

Above—The Indo-China palace, Angkor-Vat Temple. Below—Cambodian dancing girls, Indo-China Exhibit.

Where the Sun Never Sets on French Colonies

By HAL WALKER

FRANCE has gathered in Marseille the peoples and exhibits of her far-flung empire. France's Colonial Exposition reveals the wonderful diversity of peoples and products which thrive and prosper under the French régime from the north temperate, through the torrid and into the south temperate zone.

Few persons realize that these colonies cover an area slightly larger than the entire area of continental United States. Her possessions extend from St. Pierre et Miquelon, which has figured as a clearance station for liquor smugglers since prohibition in the United States, in the North Atlantic, through Martinique and Guadeloupe in the Antilles, to Guiana on the South American Coast, thence to the islands of Oceanica in the Pacific, southward to the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, farther northward to the Asiatic Coast to the big territory of Indo-China, to the east coast of Africa, in Somaliland, and south again to Madagascar, an empire in itself, to Reunion Island, thence to West Africa, to the Gold and Ivory coasts in the swelter of the equator, northward to Morocco and eastward to Algeria and Tunis, these three presenting another vast empire, and then to the Levant, to Syria, which she holds under mandate from the League of Nations.

Gathered into 50 palaces and pavilions scattered over 90 acres of ground, the exposition is not so large as that at San Francisco in 1915; it is more like the San Diego affair. It is a wonderful record of the expansion of a country which at the end of Napoleon's reign had lost everything overseas, by sale or otherwise.

With true French artistry, each palace is constructed on a model of some famous building in the land whose exhibits it houses. Most pretentious of all is the palace of Indo-China, a reproduction of the center part of the Angkor-Vat Temple, and which forms a square of 230 feet. It is one story, erected on a 33-foot base, at the four corners of which rise towers in the shape of tiaras more than 130 feet from the ground. The central spire of the temple is 180 feet high; eight monumental staircases lead to the porticoes of access and a central flight of 60 steps leads to the main entrance. All the buildings are covered with bas-reliefs cast from models of the original temple in Indo-China.

This exposition opened in April and closes this month. In the Grand Palace and the Palace of Machinery the manufacturers and exporters of France are exhibiting their products which can be of use in the colonies. In the colonial palaces are gathered the products of the soil, of the mines and of the handiwork of the people of each colony, giving the average Frenchman and foreign visitor an opportunity to grasp the possibilities of the over-sea lands. Besides these two there are smaller pavilions in which French home goods are on exhibit, as well as a gallery of Fine Arts displaying the work of Provencal and Colonial Orientalist artists, and the Marseille Palace of Arts where collections of Arts and Crafts dating back to the eighteenth century and earlier are on view.

Algeria, the nearest French colony and only 25 hours across the Mediterranean from Marseille, has a home in a typical North African mosque built around central courts, all glistening white except the glazed tiles on the floors of the courts. This most prosperous of the French colonies has a wide range of exhibits, mostly from the soil, for the country is rich in grazing and farming as well as being a heavy producer of cork.

Tunis is housed in a series of restorations of palaces and mosques, together with the reproductions of streets and markets, the Souks of Kairouan, artisans working in metals, the rug and brass dealers of the bazaar, and a Moorish café where three male musicians, when not dozing over too much coffee, strum everlastingly on stringed instruments, chanting the meanwhile.

Morocco has the reproduction of the battlements of a town with a minaret 120 feet high, inclosing Moorish gardens, paths paved with mosaics, basins and fountains with a copy of one of the finest old fondouks (inner court) of Fez. The exhibits include the handicraft of the natives. Illuminators, painters on wood and stone, weavers and mat-makers work along a native street of Fez.

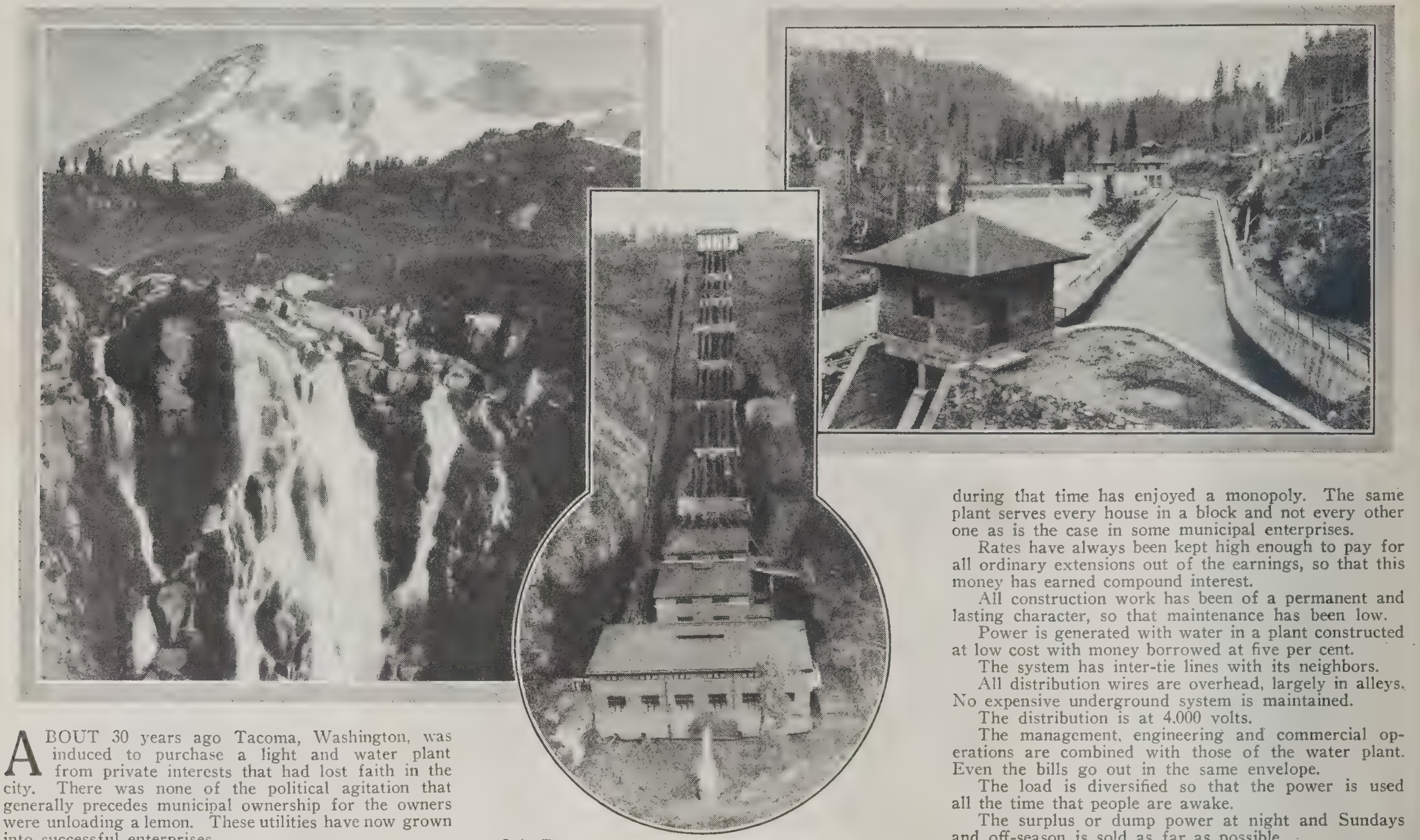
Indo-China, the palace of which was described already, has a large amount of fine lace and silk embroideries, native furniture and the original hardwoods in a special building. To add to the realism of Indo-China there are a number of native boats on the lake surrounding the palace, a real Annamite street, female Cambodian dancers and male dancers from Hué. There are pelicans and bright-hued birds in enclosures in the gardens and two small elephants parade for the delectation of visiting children.

Equatorial Africa has a display of ivory and hardwoods, the latter being also displayed in the manufactured furniture by Marseille firms which import the wood from the tropics. There is also a village made from the native woods which at the close of the exposition is to be presented to a French village in the devastated regions. The main building includes the mairie in the center and a school for boys in one wing and for girls in the other.

It is in the French Western Africa palace that a step is taken back into savagery. This palace is of red stucco with an exhibit hall at one side in which are displayed rare ivories, and wonderful hardwoods, as well as some native handiwork. The enclosure, of which the exhibit hall makes only a small corner, holds villages of Laos, the High Niger and the Congo. Kinky-haired blacks abound. A Soudanese street lined with small shops of artisans working in metal, leather and ivory, as they squat on their heels, leads to the Black Village which is built of straw houses so low that one must stoop to enter and cannot stand upright when once inside. Long, skinny men in red turbans squat in the sunshine weaving native cloth in the same crude fashion with their hands and feet as the Chinese weave silk in the small factories of Canton. There is a corral of camels, goats and sheep to lend realism to the scene.

France found, during the war, that she can rely on her colonies for everything necessary for her existence which she herself cannot supply, when some of these colonies are more developed.

Tacoma Gets Cheap Current With M. O. Plant



Left—The mountain is the source of the river which supplies the electricity. Tacoma calls it Mount Tacoma.

Center—Power house, forebay, gate house and pressure pipes. The hill is 400 feet high.

Right—Headworks, showing dam and diversion gates and settling canal.

ABOUT 30 years ago Tacoma, Washington, was induced to purchase a light and water plant from private interests that had lost faith in the city. There was none of the political agitation that generally precedes municipal ownership for the owners were unloading a lemon. These utilities have now grown into successful enterprises.

Tacoma supplies its people with light at five cents, cooking current at one cent and heating current at one-half cent a kilowatt hour. These are the rates for the past seven years with no increase during the war. It costs the average electric home about $155 a year for light, heat and cooking electricity.

The electric heating of homes is of especial interest. There are now 2,229 electric heating customers with an average load of 6.6 KW.

This heating rate is possible because the climate is mild and each customer's demand is small. There is a diversity of use so that only about 50 per cent of the heaters are used at once. This diversity is caused by the different habits of the people, people being away, and auxiliary use. Then, too, the commercial use stops about the time of day that the greatest use of residence heaters begins. The rate was established to use up the surplus of a water-power plant.

For those cities who want to know how Tacoma rates are possible, the following reasons may be assigned:

The plant has been publicly owned for 30 years and during that time has enjoyed a monopoly. The same plant serves every house in a block and not every other one as is the case in some municipal enterprises.

Rates have always been kept high enough to pay for all ordinary extensions out of the earnings, so that this money has earned compound interest.

All construction work has been of a permanent and lasting character, so that maintenance has been low.

Power is generated with water in a plant constructed at low cost with money borrowed at five per cent.

The system has inter-tie lines with its neighbors.

All distribution wires are overhead, largely in alleys. No expensive underground system is maintained.

The distribution is at 4,000 volts.

The management, engineering and commercial operations are combined with those of the water plant. Even the bills go out in the same envelope.

The load is diversified so that the power is used all the time that people are awake.

The surplus or dump power at night and Sundays and off-season is sold as far as possible.

The wide use of electricity has been encouraged by low rates after the expenses of service are covered.

The operating and constructing crews are well paid and work efficiently with very little turnover.

Foresight provided for the future so that the plant went through the pressure of war with power to spare and money in the bank.

The management has the benefit of the brains of the whole community, for the engineers, bankers and public-spirited men of the city watch the actions of the city officials so that it is hard for them to go far wrong.

The finances of the electric system are in fine shape. A report shows a surplus of $3,536,341.37, of which $660,707.27 was added in 1921.

Secluded Mountain Lake in Western Canada

Concluded from page 7

its sides gannets once nested, but modern firearms have proved too much for them and gannets are no longer to be found there. It is still, however, the nesting-place of innumerable herring gulls and cormorants, and for this reason as well as its impressive grandeur and striking beauty it, with the Bird Rocks and Bonaventure Island, was created a national bird sanctuary in 1919. During the nesting season its thickly clustered cap of gulls gives it the appearance of a snow-crowned peak. With protection, the gannets may some day again take up their ancient abode on Percé Rock.

Bonaventure Island lies about three miles offshore southwest of Percé Rock. It is roughly circular, about three miles in diameter, and on the east and south rises in perpendicular cliffs in some places as high as 400 feet above the sea. On these cliffs great numbers of gannets, murres, razor-billed auks and puffins build their nests, but the great majority are gannets.

Bird Rocks, comprising three in number, the largest of which has an area on top of about seven acres, lie farther out in the Gulf and provide a home for about 15,000 sea birds, including about 2,500 gannets.

The gannet is one of the most magnificent birds to be found in the world. Its plumage is a rich, creamy white, excepting for the outer edge of the wings, which are jet black. It is a large bird measuring on an average five feet from tip to tip.

Gannets live to great ages, some authorities even going so far as to hint that they might live beyond the century mark. One ground for this belief is the fact that they take fully three years to reach maturity. For the first year the plumage of the young bird is almost black, and this gradually changes until by the conclusion of the third year its adult plumage of pure white has been attained.

At the age of about three months the nestling tries out his pinions for the first time and essays a flight out over the ocean. Occasionally the bird misjudges its strength and tumbles down the face of the cliff to the next ledge, sometimes with disastrous results.

Mackerel, herring, cod and, in fact, any fish that the gannet can get down its gullet—and it has been known to bolt a fish up to 17 inches in length—are its natural food. Its eyes are placed in such manner that its sight with both eyes is forward and it is exceptionally keen-visioned. As it flies above the surface of the sea it suddenly drops straight down upon its prey beneath the waves, sometimes from a height of 100 feet or more, frequently penetrating the water to an equal depth as has been demonstrated by its being caught in herring nets set at such depths below the surface. A flock of these beautiful birds diving into the sea above a school of mackerel or herring is most imposing.

A peculiar feature of the gannet is the presence of subcutaneous air-cells practically surrounding the body, but particularly over the breast and abdomen, which are capable of considerable distention. These are supposed by certain authorities to be for the purpose of softening the jar occasioned by its entry into the water from such great heights, but it is just possible that they might also be storage cells for use while the bird is submerged under water.

Of the 15 breeding places of the gannet which are known, nine are on rocks off the coast of the British Isles, four are in Iceland and the Faroes and two are in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, already referred to.

To the untiring efforts of a citizen of the United States, Dr. John M. Clarke, director of the state museum of the University of the State of New York, who for many years past has taken a very great interest in the gannetries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and a few devoted bird lovers in Canada, credit is due for the establishment of Bonaventure Island, Percé Rock and the Bird Rocks as sanctuaries for the feathered creatures, let us hope for all time to come.

What Gold Standard Law Did—and Did Not Do

Concluded from page 10

for gold, and the resulting calling of loans, has been the cause of high money rates and all the great panics, and most of the near panics in our history; before and after the adoption of the gold standard.

The act of 1900 did not reduce any of these foreign debts. On the contrary it fostered their growth, and so worsened matters.

If this act had not been adopted the bankers argued that gold would go to a premium and our silver and paper money would depreciate in value 50 per cent. But suppose it did; what then?

Among the first to feel the effect would be the importers and the consumers of foreign goods and luxuries, expatriates, tourists, migratory aliens, foreign steamship owners, foreign investors and foreign bankers. As to the effect on imported goods we could prosper without them. There is no other country in the world with such varied resources and so independent of other countries as the United States. Substitutes for some of these goods could be made here and thus furnish employment to our idle labor. *In this way the discount on our dollar would have all the effect of a protective tariff.* In one respect it would be more effective as it would bear heavily on our luxuries and gewgaws. Expatriates and tourists would suffer, as every dollar they spent abroad would cost two dollars of our money. But the great body of our people who stay at home would not suffer and it is their interest we are considering here. Foreign investors would suffer, too, but we can provide our own capital under a proper currency system. The last, sometimes the first, to suffer would be the foreign banker. The 50 cent dollar *as we now see* would discourage importation of foreign goods, expatriates, tourists, migratory aliens and foreign investments. This, in turn, would greatly lessen the demand for foreign exchange and for those bankers who promote foreign investments in our stocks and properties. Small wonder that these bankers fought against the American silver or paper dollar.

If these bankers had told the truth, and explained that it was the annual debts, not the want of a gold dollar, that was the cause of our trouble, the people would never have adopted the act of 1900. Instead they would have taken prompt action to lessen these debts in every possible way. But the bankers persisted in their tale, and now we see the result. The debts grew by leaps and bounds from $500,000,000 in 1898 to $750,000,000 in 1904, $1,000,000,000 in 1909 and $1,400,000,000 in 1913. Thus our great railroads, banks, our largest industrial plants, and much of our mining land and real estate has passed under the control of these same foreign bankers and foreign capitalists.

Summed up, we were suffering from the same old-fashioned complaint that has brought nations and individuals to grief from time immemorial. We were living beyond our means. Our outgo exceeded our income. We have played the part of prodigal and we are reaping prodigal's reward. The other fellow has the money and the goods; we have the experience. Will we learn from this experience?

Mountaineering a Month in Memory of Muir

How 300 Californians Take to the High Sierras Once Each Year for 30 Days at an Average Cost of $100

By HARRY H. DUNN

THIS year there moved out of San Francisco and Los Angeles two miniature unarmed armies, traveling by train and descending on the town of Visalia, Tulare County. This united force of some 300, meeting in the shadow of the far-flung peaks of the Sierra Nevada, consisted of both men and women, was organized into divisions, commanded by captains, led by guides, followed by mule trains, and accompanied by as well-managed a commissary as ever fed a regiment of real troops on the march.

At Visalia, the Pullmans were abandoned, an electric railroad commandeered and the whole party carried to Lemon Cove, where, parked in long lines, stood motor stages sufficient to take the party as far up the middle fork of the Kaweah River as roads would permit. At the end of the road, each member picked up his or her duffel bag, limited to 35 pounds, and marched four miles to a point in the Giant Forest, where four cooks, a line of sheet-iron stoves, rustic tables, and abundant camping space awaited them beneath the arching branches of the largest redwood trees in the world.

One month later, this army came out of the Sierra Nevada but in the meantime it had traveled some 200 or 300 miles through the lofty mountains, climbed half a dozen peaks, saw the crystal lakes wherein head the Kings and Kern and Kaweah rivers, crossed the K-K-K divide, living in the open, sleeping without tents, getting intimately acquainted with America's loveliest mountains, and seeing America first at first-hand. They were the same men and women who went into the mountains, and yet they were not the same. They had come closer to the changeless creations of nature, nearer to the eternal hills, and had been carried back, for a few weeks at least, to the elemental form of life. The result was greater admiration for the wild world, increased knowledge of their own state and their own country, and augmented strength for the work of the remainder of the year.

One division of the Sierra Club being barged across a river on its way into the highest mountains on the Pacific slope.

The month had cost each one approximately $100 for outfit, food, transportation and incidentals. No one of them could have lived so well in his or her city as he or she had lived in Nature's boarding house, with the earth for a couch and the star-dusted heavens for a roof. They were in good health when they went in; they had to be so or they could not have stood the month of wandering on foot over the ranges, but they were far stronger and better when they came out.

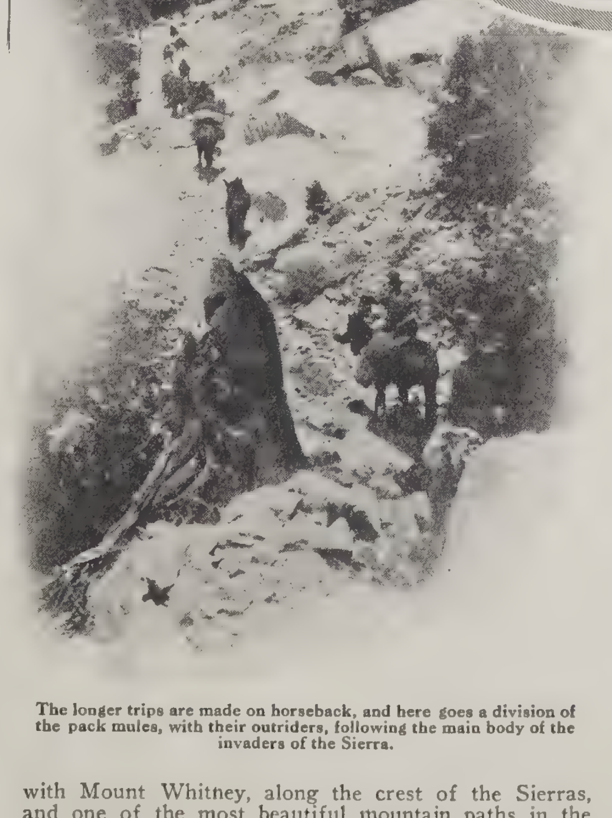
These men and women were of the annual mountain expedition of the Sierra Club, an organization with headquarters in California, but with more than 2,500 members scattered over all the country. Organized in 1892, "to explore, enjoy and render accessible the mountain regions of the Pacific Coast; to publish authentic information concerning them; to enlist the support and co-operation of the people and the government in preserving the forests and other features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains," the Sierra Club has held 21 of these yearly trips. Members, as individuals and in parties, were the first to explore the most inaccessible regions of the Sierra Nevada. There are few among the scores of lofty peaks in California, whose summits have not felt the pressure of the tireless feet of these mountaineers.

These Sierrans have been pioneers into the headwaters of the Kern, Kaweah, Kings, San Joaquin and a score of other rivers; every year the club records the discovery of some new pass, the finding of some unnamed lake, or the ascent of some hitherto unclimbed peak. In geography, geology, forestry, and mammal and bird lore, the members are constantly contributing to scientific and popular knowledge, and the annual bulletin is replete with the records of these discoveries.

The club attributes its origin to the widespread interest in the creation of the Yosemite and Sequoia National parks, in 1890. Two years later, the Sierra Club was formally organized. John Muir, who had led the movement for national parks, was elected the first president of the Sierra Club, and retained that office until his death in 1914. He gave virtually all his time and thought to the building up of the club and the spreading broadcast of those objectives for which it was working. Under his direction, the Sierra Club became a factor in bringing about the re-cession of the Yosemite Valley from the state to the nation in 1905, resulting in vast improvements to that park, and in appropriations, increased from year to year, until now they total nearly a quarter of a million dollars, to maintain this playground.

Thus, the Sierra Club in general is a living, working memorial to John Muir, while its annual trips are especially memorials to him, filled with anecdotes of his life, and often following trails over which he traveled. To every movement establishing a national park or monument, this club gives support, and, at present, is engaged in the task of keeping the national parks of California free from exploitation for commercial purposes. It also is working for the preservation of the last groves of redwoods, the "giant trees" of the early explorers of California, yet standing in Humboldt County. It is mapping the Sierra Nevada, planning trails, and is co-operating with the United States Forest Service in building these trails. An important accomplishment was its obtaining $10,000 to construct the John Muir Trail, connecting Yosemite National Park with Mount Whitney, along the crest of the Sierras, and one of the most beautiful mountain paths in the world. The Sierra Club also is co-operating with the California Fish and Game Commission in stocking fishless lakes and streams. The famous golden trout of the Mount Whitney region have been widely distributed from their original breeding place through the efforts of this organization.

Photo by California Fish and Game Commission.
Mount Shasta, California, the mecca of trips by divisions of the Sierra Club in various seasons. This is only one of the scores of high Sierran peaks conquered by these persistent mountaineers.



The longer trips are made on horseback, and here goes a division of the pack mules, with their outriders, following the main body of the invaders of the Sierra.

The club is working to teach Americans that it is unnecessary for them to go to Europe to find peaks sufficiently difficult to conquer, or to obtain mountain scenery of grandeur and stupendous beauty. Those who have made one trip with the Sierra Club seldom seek mountains of other countries, for they have been introduced to those American ranges in which there are still innumerable undiscovered gorges and unclimbed pinnacles. To bring this opportunity to all the people, the Sierra Club has so organized and so well managed these trips that their cost is nominal.

This year, the Sierra Club directed its steps to the Kern-Kaweah-Kings divide. Establishing its first camp in the Giant Forest, the party traveled up the middle fork of the Kaweah River to Cliff Creek and up Cliff Creek to a small flat, where the second camp was made. Then they went over Black Rock Pass into Little Five Lake Basin, camping there for several days, whence parties and divisions of the main expedition made side trips to Mount Needham, Columbine Lake, and Sawtooth Mountain. Surrounding them were the Five Lakes, the Kaweahs and the Red Spur, with Lost Canyon to the east, and the watershed of the middle fork of the Kaweah to the west.

From this place the party dropped down into the Big Arroyo, climbing up again to Chagoopa Plateau, where a three-day camp was made at Moraine Lake. Thence side trips again were made to the Kaweah Peaks and Red Spur. The next movement was down in Kern River Canyon to Junction Meadow and another camp of a few days, with equally interesting short trips, even into the Kern-Kaweah Canyon, which is as beautiful as the Yosemite, though not so wide a valley. From this point the expedition climbed to Crabtree Meadow, at the base of Mt. Whitney, whose altitude is 14,501 feet. From this camp many made the ascent to the summit of this, one of the highest peaks in North America, and after a few days, the expedition moved on to the head of the Tyndall Creek, close to Mounts Tyndall and Williamson. They then crossed the very crest of the Sierra Nevada at Shepherd's Pass, and took the John Muir Trail around the eastern slope of Junction Peak, crossing the range again at Junction Pass, 13,300 feet above the sea, into the head of Center Basin, which drains into Kings River.

No tents are carried unless members of the party desire to take their own individual tents, when advance notification is given. The club issues a list whose contents weigh 29 pounds, leaving some six pounds for fishing tackle and last-minute comforts. Food and cooking utensils are carried by the commissary department. The club list, which is of value to others who contemplate going into the wilds for a few weeks, is as follows:

Articles	lbs.	ozs.
Sleeping bag (wool comfort or eiderdown)	8	0
Sheet of waterproof silk, 6x7 feet	1	10
Clothing, in addition to that worn:		
Sweater	1	8
Pajamas or nightgown	0	14
One suit underclothing	1	2
Pair light shoes	2	0
Six bandanas	0	8
For Men—		
One pair trousers	1	8
One overshirt	1	0
Six pairs socks	1	0
For Women—		
One pair trousers	1	8
One waist	0	10
Six pairs stockings	1	0
Miscellaneous:		
Toilet articles	2	0
Towels, one bath, two face	1	4
Knapsack or pack harness	1	6
Pocket roll (denim)	1	2
Dunnage bag (3 ft. by 18 inches)	2	0
Candles or flashlight	1	0
Collapsible canvas water bucket	0	10

The Sierra Club maintains several lodges and permanent camps in the mountains, to which the members, individually or in groups, make frequent trips.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

It is said that Governor Cox, of Ohio, went about the gardens of the Tuilleries in Paris in the cool of the evening with an interpreter, sounding the man-in-the-street for his views on the League of Nations.

Fifty years ago platinum was worth but half the present price of silver.

The "antique" furniture trade flourishes in the town of Dinan, France. Wonderful "ancient" Jacobean sideboards, chairs and spinning wheels may be purchased in profusion. The dealer makes and carves his furniture, copying the originals of many periods. Rain and sun impart the necessary semblance of antiquity to the pieces which stand outside the shop in all kinds of weather.

The Soviet government, hesitating to wreck the statue of Alexander III, standing on a square in Petrograd, has caused the following legend to be hewn into its base: "Your father and your son were executed by the people. You have died peaceably, but to serve as a scarecrow."

Of the 530 men and one woman who are at present members of the House of Representatives and the Senate, more than 300 are lawyers.

A rope 19 feet long, made of 3,000 ground squirrel tails, was recently shipped to the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. It was made by the Blackfoot Indians who live near Browning, Montana. Fifteen hundred of the pests were killed by the Indians during the spring and summer.

Siamese women stain their teeth black with betel nut to denote their married state.

It will soon be possible for night passengers to view the country through which their train is passing. Powerful flood lights on the roof at the rear of the observation car will uniformly cover a radius of at least 160 degrees, with height and depth sufficient to catch canyons and rivers, mountains and lakes as the train leaves them behind in its onward rush through the darkness. It is possible the lighting system may be extended along the roofs of all coaches lengthwise so that passengers throughout the train will have the benefit of the view on one side or the other. Dynamos driven by the axles of modern Pullmans generate more electricity than is required for present purposes; hence there would be no added expense for current.

A pocket canister or gas mask in the form of a respirator has been invented to alleviate the discomfort and danger to engine crews when they come in contact with the sulphurous locomotive smoke in tunnels. They are cheap and effective and stand up under tests.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Comparative study of photographic plates made at the Arequipa station of the Harvard College Observatory in Peru, has resulted in the discovery of several new variable stars and a large quantity of nebulae. It is said that some of the new stars are thousands of times brighter than the sun.

Benjamin Franklin's first Philadelphia home, where the philosopher took up his residence upon his arrival from Boston, is to be torn down to provide for the approach to the new Delaware River bridge. The house is a ramshackle shanty and the street on which it is situated is only an alley. The windows and panels of the old building, all splendid examples of colonial workmanship, will be preserved by the curator of Independence Hall.

Rubber-block paving is to be placed on St. Martin's Lane, London, England. Rubber, in addition to being noiseless, gives a hard, solid foundation, and lasts longer than ordinary paving material, although the initial expense is greater, according to paving experts.

Shells from heavy guns at Fort Sheridan ripped and tore through the exclusive section of Lake Forest, north shore suburb of Chicago, recently. Four shells struck the residence of Francis V. Farwell and others landed on the Cyrus H. McCormick estate. Terror-stricken servants ran screaming from the Farwell house when the bombardment began. The commander of Fort Sheridan rushed to the suburb to make an apology on behalf of the United States Army. Investigation proved that some new recruits trained their one-pounders in the wrong direction and instead of shooting out over Lake Michigan the "rookies" bombarded the suburb.

"Every boy and every girl ought to learn to cook, and every girl ought to learn all the domestic arts included in sewing, the cutting of clothes and the making of garments generally," declared Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, in an address to the Woodrow Wilson Club at the university.

An oil-well shooter narrowly escaped death near St. Marys, West Virginia, recently, when a charge of nitroglycerine exploded in a well while he was preparing to lower another shot. When the first shot went off the shooter covered the can of shot number two with his body, lying on the ground. He was covered with a shower of small rocks but the nitro under his body did not explode. The derrick was wrecked and a masthead from the rig fell close to a wagon which contained 60 quarts of nitro. It is believed a stone caused the shell to go off as the well had not been cased.

A Negro boy 13 years old is to be electrocuted in Oklahoma, November 17. The boy murdered a white woman because his brother-in-law had promised him a pig to do it. The brother-in-law was convicted of complicity in the murder and given a life sentence. The 13-year-old boy is held in the Oklahoma penitentiary at McAlester, according to a dispatch.

In the alleged transfer of 80,000 gallons of alcohol by Louis and Abraham Auerbach, and others, of Cleveland, more than $15,000,000 changed hands in a little more than a year. The Auerbach brothers, Abraham Limbert, Morris Moss, Samuel Selker and Moritz Cohen entered pleas of not guilty to indictments charging them with a conspiracy to evade the prohibition laws. The government alleges the defendants withdrew 80,000 gallons of grain alcohol on Federal permits paying about $6 a gallon on the ground they were using it in toilet preparations. It is alleged they sold it to bootleggers for $26 a gallon. The bootleggers, it is said, then diluted it one gallon to three, colored and flavored it and sold it for $64 a gallon.

A touch of realism is added to fire drills in Chicago public schools by the explosion of "movie" bombs causing smoke to flood the corridors and exits. There is no fire but the pupils are not aware of this fact. The conduct of the pupils during the drills is excellent.

A Frenchman, Dr. Gabriel Bidou, has discovered methods to replace paralyzed and useless muscles with mechanical equivalents. In most cases the "artificial muscle" is a spring, so adjusted that when the weight of the body is released from the limb affected, it is brought forward as it would have done had the muscle contracted naturally.

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

When Gold Gamblers Sold the Country Short

How Stock Exchange Grew From Hayloft to Marble Palace

What Our Wars Have Meant to Wall Street

Amazing Revelation of How Finance Profits in Times of National Stress

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

IN A small building, formerly a stable run by an Englishman named Jauncey, about 20 men gathered daily, behind locked doors, in a room on the second floor which had formerly been a hayloft. Their transactions were sworn to secrecy. Such was the New York Stock Exchange of 85 years ago.

Today the home of the Exchange is an impressive structure of white Georgian marble, in the style of Roman renaissance, with an elaborately sculptured façade, and a colonnade of fluted Corinthian columns, between enormous pilasters supporting a pediment containing a celebrated group of marble statuary.

In 1837, the membership fee of the Stock Exchange was $100. Today it costs from $95,000 to $100,000.

In the time when brokers wore high stocks, swallowtail coats and tall chimney-pot hats, they traded in about nine different issues, such as stocks in banks, gaslight, coal and canal companies. They called it a busy day when 400 shares changed hands.

Nowadays more than a thousand issues are listed on the Exchange, and the transactions often exceed a million and a quarter shares.

The financial district started from humble beginnings, and developed slowly with the country, the growth of agriculture, the building of canals and railroads. Its wealth has increased by sudden leaps, and always as the aftermath of wars. During the few years that have elapsed since the last one, it has quadrupled its resources, tripled its stock sales and the scope of its gambling operations. The World War made Wall Street fat.

In the days when the brokers met in Jauncey's stable, which was on the site of the present No. 43 Wall Street, their president, at half past eleven in the morning, called out the names of the few securities traded in. The men quickly struck their bargains and left for the day. Business was not brisk, but it was legitimate.

Civil War Brought Speculation

BUT 25 years later, during the Civil War, saw the birth of those speculative frenzies that have ever since characterized the financial district. Stock exchanges were suddenly multiplied by the war. The New York Stock Exchange occupied quarters in Lord's Court. While it then had only 100 members, it was a "close corporation," and still traded behind locked doors. The brokers, many of them elderly and dignified men, marched into their board room before every call, followed by clerks carrying books in which the records of the trades were kept. Tickers and Atlantic cables were still unknown.

Adjoining the board room was a small chamber leased by an outside group of brokers who conducted a speculation of their own. This was known as Goodwin's Room. On payment of a consideration, one of these outsiders was permitted to sit on a high stool in the vestibule of the board room, where, by placing his ear to the keyhole, he listened to the quotations, which he shouted back for the benefit of his brethren in Goodwin's Room.

A third exchange flourished in the open at William and Beaver streets. But other markets were called into existence through the speculative excitement of the time. There was the New York Gold Exchange, the Mining Exchange, the Open Board of Brokers, and the Coal Hole, a gloomy basement in William street, to which anybody had admission who paid the price of an annual fee.

But frantic speculation from morning to night did not content brokers or speculators. They craved further excitements, and after dinner they frequented the lobbies and halls of uptown hotels, indulging in bids and offers. Later they resorted to "Gallagher's," an elaborate stock and gold gambling hell established at Twenty-fourth street and Broadway.

Wall Street traveled at a killing pace. After consuming a hasty breakfast, the broker studied the stock quotations while riding downtown in the stage. Then he rushed into the arena of one of the exchanges, where he shouted and gesticulated until the luncheon hour, when he ran out to the lunch counter for a few indigestible mouthfuls. Back again then to his treadmill, where he traded until close upon six o'clock. He rode uptown to his evening meal, talking or thinking stocks on the way, and after a dinner consumed in haste, he set out for the night market.

It stands to the credit of the New York Stock Exchange that trading in gold was not popular among its members, for the man who bought gold in Wall Street during the Civil War, openly displayed his distrust of the Union cause. In buying gold and selling it at a profit, he was weakening his government's credit and betting on the defeat of his country. Since this attitude was considered unpatriotic by the 100 members of the Exchange, they finally abolished trading in gold on their board.

However, Wall Street was filled with brokers and gamblers, *and financiers of foreign birth,* who had sympathy neither for the cause of the war, nor for the future of the nation, *so long as they saw a profit to be made.* It was through the influence of this element that the Gold Room and many of the additional exchanges were created, that they might take advantage of the opportunity to sell the country "short." These disloyal gamblers "cornered" gold, and manipulated the market for a rise in the price of the metal. Through their operations, gold rose to 120 in July, 1862. It was quoted at 160 by the following January, and a year later it touched 250. In other words, the Street had succeeded in pounding down the American dollar to a value of 40 cents.

The man who bought gold was really selling greenbacks. So whenever gold ascended in price through the manipulations of financiers, the laborer and the salaried man watched its ascent with dismay. To them it meant poverty and distress. Merchandise costs went higher, and they could buy less with their money.

Congress passed a law against speculation in the metal. Fist fights often occurred on the floor of the Gold Room between those who stood for the Union and those who worked for its downfall. But the quotations on gold still rose, encouraged by heavy withdrawals of the metal by European banking houses, whose representatives in Wall Street were buying the gold for export.

A visitor to the Gold Room in those days compared it with a rat-pit running at full blast, with 20 to 30 men ranged around the rat tragedy, each with a canine under his arm, yelling and howling all at one time. The furniture of the room was extremely simple. It consisted of two iron railings and an indicator. The outer rail fenced off the "lame ducks" and "dead beats"—men who had once been speculators, but who had now been cleaned out. Day after day they came and ranged themselves along the iron grating, looking over at the pit. Among the gamblers three things were in demand—lungs, notebooks and pencils. "Wow-wow-wow, yah-yah-yah," from 20 to 30 throats all at once, from morning to night, from Mondays to Saturdays.

At the same time, "Gallagher's," the uptown speculative hell, attracted dense crowds each night. On the payment of an admission fee of 25 cents, visitors passed beneath the sculptured heads of bulls and bears which decorated the entrance, and watched the scenes in the Gold Room. Speculators, on payment of $250 per annum, gained the privilege of gambling by night as they had already gambled by day. Once the doors opened at half past eight at night, trading proceeded at a furious pace. Speculators rushed from their seats and crowded down the aisle, surging against the tribune. Often they seized and shook one another by the arms and shoulders to gain attention to their bids. Madness prevailed.

A series of scandals and crimes ensued at the height of the gold speculation. On Good Friday, April 14, 1865, which had been a stock and gold holiday in New York City, President Lincoln was assassinated. Early the next day, hungry Wall Street speculators, ignoring their country's loss and the horror of the civilized world, greedily plunged into what they reasoned was a chance to make money. They bought gold heavily from 153 to 160. But on the following Monday morning, the price of the metal fell to 148. The gamblers sustained losses averaging ten points, which wiped out most of their margins.

New York Not So "Hard" Then

GALLAGHER'S night exchange came to an end shortly after the discovery of three financial crimes of speculators who had frequented his resort. Peter R. Mumford, a gold operator and a respected church trustee, suddenly failed and was arrested for drawing a worthless check for $28,200. Two days later, several Stock Exchange houses failed, among them being that of Ketchum, Son & Company. Edward B. Ketchum, junior member of the firm, fled with a hand-satchel full of greenbacks and securities. He had forged checks amounting to millions. He was captured. His aged father, visiting the defaulter in prison, exclaimed: "My son, my son, you have ruined me, but I forgive you."

In those days New York was not hardened to the contemplation of such financial crimes, which today cause only passing comment in the Street. The conscience of the community was shocked. Public resentment rose high against the gold gamblers. The Stock Exchange and the Open Board of Brokers hurriedly adopted resolutions forbidding their members, on pain of expulsion, to deal in the night exchange. Gallagher's was compelled to close its doors.

It was estimated that the financial district had been transacting an annual business in gold and stocks of $6,000,000,000, or about $20,000,000 a day, in a country which at that time had a total population of 35,000,000. The firm of Hallgarten & Herzfeldt headed the list of operations with a yearly business of $169,232,939. Trading in gold lasted for many years thereafter. Great fortunes were founded on it. With the Union cause triumphant, foreign financiers, who for years had opposed it by every means in their power, followed the tide of victory and established themselves in New York. Wall Street's expansion assumed phenomenal proportions. But always a sort of unhealthiness accompanied its growth.

The aggrandizement of the financial district after the Civil War, however, was as nothing when compared with that which has taken place since the World War. Wall Street today is at the very height of its power. But during the latter half of 1914, its prospects seemed dismaying. With the foreign bourses closed, the Stock Exchange suspended its operations, and forbade its members to trade in securities. With streets deserted, the banking lobbies lifeless, a morgue-like atmosphere about the Exchange, a pall of gloom rested for months upon the financial district. Only in New street, at certain hours of the day, one could hear the lugubrious voices of "wildcat" brokers, trading in stocks which distressed speculators were surreptitiously selling out for cash.

But with the turn of the year, the Street awakened to new life. Scores of new corporations were being organized to provide supplies and munitions of war to the European combatants. Now began the period of foreign loans. For the first time in its history, the United States had become a lending country. With our entrance into the war, there succeeded a wild period of industrial activity. Most of the billions raised through government loans were deposited in Wall Street.

The great underwriting banks and trust companies increased their capital with the vast swelling of their deposits. Banking quarters were enlarged, facilities expanded and personnel increased. The National City Bank, the Chase National, the Guaranty Trust Company, enlarged their respective capital stocks by $15,000,000, the Bankers' Trust increasing its capitalization by $10,000,000.

Wall Street's expansion was fast making the United States the money center of the world, which it is today. European, Asiatic and South American government securities became listed in huge quantities on the Stock Exchange, and nations formerly financed by Europe, turned to America for aid. Nowhere was this expansion more marked than on the New York Stock Exchange. Stocks listed on the Exchange in 1913, had amounted to $611,992,230. In 1920, the listings had jumped to $2,155,398,653, an increase of $1,543,406,423.

Some Interesting Figures

THE sales of stock on the Exchange aggregated in 1913 the number of some 83,000,000 shares, with an approximate valuation of $7,170,862,086. Seven years later, in 1920, stock sales aggregated 226,640,395 shares, with an approximate value of $16,511,351,748, or an increase of 275 per cent.

The growth in resources of Wall Street financial institutions can be estimated from the following table:

Banks	1913 Total Resources	1921 Total Resources	Increase
Mechanics & Metals	$ 65,079,000	$173,848,000	$108,769,000
National City	209,793,300	605,035,000	395,241,700
Amer. Exchange	49,928,000	95,921,000	45,993,000
Commerce	146,278,800	318,827,000	172,548,200
Park	103,787,000	163,463,000	59,676,000
First	126,217,200	246,845,000	120,627,800
Trust Companies			
Bankers	117,689,900	284,345,000	166,655,100
Guaranty	141,849,200	425,589,000	283,739,800

The increase in the extent of the banking business in Wall Street since the war can be illustrated by the bank clearings, which, in 1913, aggregated $94,634,281,984 as compared with $243,135,013,364 in 1920, an expansion of nearly 150 billion dollars.

The total resources of the New York City Clearing House banks and the trust companies in 1913 aggregated more than two billions. In 1921 they had grown to nearly five billions. The actual increase in resources of New York City Clearing House institutions in those eight years is represented by the sum of $2,548,872,000.

In truth, the financial district has already outgrown itself. The swollen banking houses can no longer find room for their expansion in the old Wall Street section of the city. They have already overflowed into Broadway, and beyond that thoroughfare into Trinity Place. Even the great Stock Exchange has been compelled to spread beyond the confines of its marble building.

A Wall Street that has made the United States the greatest financial center of the world is a matter of pride to the country. But a Wall Street that because of its accumulated power and resources presumes to dictate to the country and shape public opinion to its own ends, is less pleasant to contemplate.

However, it is a far cry from the old Wall Street hayloft, in which some 15 brokers were wont to foregather to trade in their nine stock issues, in 1837, to the present, when 1,100 board members, whooping and yelling on the floor of their white-and-gold-decorated trading room, watch the annunciator boards to note whether their numbers are being flashed—a sign that they are called to communicate with their brokerage offices. *The bursting money vaults of Wall Street, and the ornate magnificence of its banking houses, are due historically and fundamentally to wealth accumulated during human conflicts, and this fact, whether it spells for the good or ill of the country, the country may as well recognize.*

Illustrated Bible Was Printed in Latin in 1527

Rare Volume, Skillfully Done, Now Reposes in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Library

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

A RARE volume, probably the only one of its kind, has just become the property of the Cambridge, Massachusetts, Public Library through the generosity of a private benefactor.

The book is believed to be the only copy of an early sixteenth century Latin Bible, the work in 1527 of Peter Quentel, a printer of Cologne. The editor was John Rudelius, a graduate of the University of Frankfort, who writes the foreword in good scholastic Latin, dedicating the book "to the most distinguished city of Frankfort, and to the Consuls and Senators most highly esteemed and always to be honored by me, their student and disciple."

The book is in nearly as good condition as when issued from Peter Quentel's press. It introduced the title-page in the front of a book, with a synopsis of its contents. On the title-page is an autograph that is hardly decipherable, of an owner of the book who evidently prized it and possibly had it bound. The binding, with the fastening of the vellum covers and boards to the paper core with a rope, reveals an old method.

This volume is skillfully printed; the text is in Black Letter with numerous woodcuts by Anthony of Worms, and there is rare, devotedly painstaking work in the letterpress. The pages are as bold, black and clear as anything modern printers can do today, while the binding still remains good. The vellum cover, mellowed with age and stained, is perfectly sound. As a specimen of early sixteenth century printing, it will be of interest to American craftsmen, and in rarity and intrinsic value as an ancient book and example of printing, it bids fair to rival the famous Mazarin Bible, for which Henry E. Huntington, the capitalist and collector of rare books, paid $65,000.

Some of the woodcuts in this book, which are much better than the average woodcuts of the period, were used in printing the Grenville copy of Tyndale's English New Testament, published in 1526. Four of the woodcuts are of special interest, as they appear as initial pieces at the head of each page of the Four Gospels. These cuts were evidently made out of blocks of wood before the invention of movable type and cuts, and show an excellence of design and finish that is surprising. They are probably much older than the book itself, or at least the designs were. The four evangelists are represented with their apocalyptic figures—Mark with a lion, Luke with a bull, John with an eagle and Matthew with an angel dipping his stylus in the sunlight.

Coincident with the printing of this book were the ancient book fairs of Cologne and Frankfort, with publishers, printers and scholars coming there from all parts of Europe twice a year, in April and October, to buy and sell books. Booksellers of all nationalities were to be seen there, mingling with scholars who wished to keep informed on the trend of literary thought, and with burghers and others who flocked there to buy picture books of the time, Bibles, histories and chronicles that were offered for sale at the many stalls.

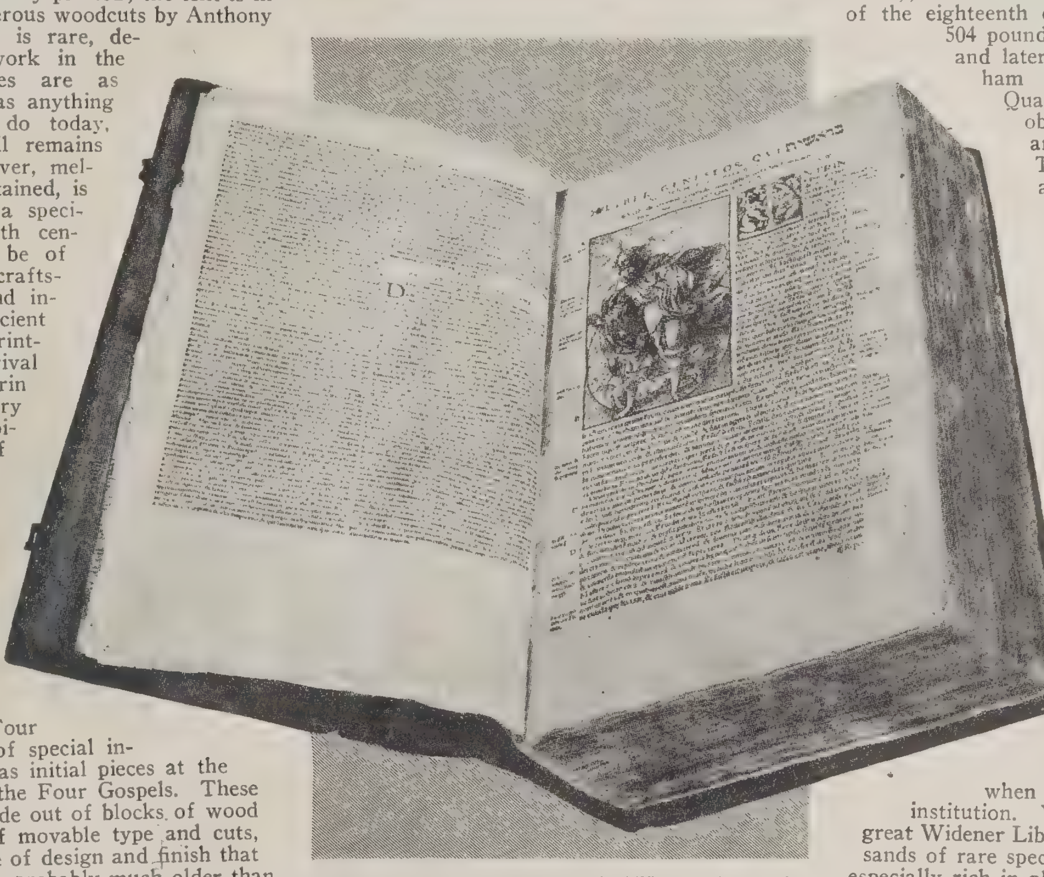
The book quarter of Frankfort was quite extensive, and is described by Etienne as the Athens of Frankfort, but it was inadequate to accommodate the number of people who frequented it. Shops were installed in vacant private houses, cellars and other merchandise shops. The printers stored their books in the Carmelite Monastery, overflowed from the Buchgasse into the neighboring streets and even set up booths and tables in front of St. Leonard's church.

Even in those days pirating of books was common. In fact, this is almost as old as the art of printing. Luther's works, printed at Wittenberg, in 1534, were pirated by Egenolff, of Frankfort, along with Behon's woodcuts. Feyerabend, another printer, became a notorious pirate, and was the target of a special broadsheet issued against him and cried out in the Leipzic book market.

The Hollanders, too, were great pirates of books, and German publishers suffered heavily from books that were reprinted as soon as issued and sold in German markets. Copyright laws were not in force then, and there was no redress from this evil.

Little is known of the history of this Cambridge Bible. In "The Annals of the English Bible," by C. Anderson, is the comment: "At the press of Quentel, in Cologne, it will be remembered that Tyndale was succeeded by his enemy, Cochlaeus, but Rudelius, last year, 1527, succeeded him, and to far better purpose, by a beautiful folio Latin Bible, *"juxta Herbraicam et Graecam veritatem."* In another part of the same set of books, but Volume II, Anderson says: "Rudelius, John, professor at Marburg in Hesse, author of the first edition of the Vulgate, corrected by the Hebrew and Greek, and published at Cologne, early in 1527, before Pagninus, in 167. Rudelius, who died at Lubeck in 1534, dedicated the Bible, not to the Pontiff, as Pagninus did, but to the Senate of Frankfort."

Masch asserts that this book is a reprint of A. Oslander's edition of 1522, with some alterations, and a few original features. But this first edition mentioned by Masch has been entirely destroyed in the 400 years since then, so that this is believed to be the only copy of a Protestant Latin Bible in existence. No other, it is said, has ever turned up. And how the giver of this rarity to Cambridge got hold of it is not given out.



The Rudelius Latin Bible, printed in 1527, the only copy in existence, now in the Cambridge Public Library. Opened at the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, Old Testament. The figure represents God creating the world.

Certainly, as an example of early printing, it is one of the finest copies in existence in this country, at least. The width of its margins shows that when first printed it was much used. It is dog-eared and the title and front pages are rather worn, while the edges have become that deckled appearance so much affected in de luxe editions of books of the present day.

Many persons have the idea that because a book is very old it must be valuable. Thus, when Huntington paid such a big price for the Gutenberg Bible, hundreds of old family Bibles were brought forward and offered for sale in the belief that they were valuable. It is not age alone that makes a book valuable. Its rarity, or its condition, or some special feature about it that differentiates it from some other book of the same general class, aids in increasing value.

Collecting rare books is as old as the art of making books themselves. In the days of the Gutenberg Bible, when Cologne, Frankfort and other cities were the centers of the publishing business, people flocked to these places from all parts of Europe to buy finely printed books for their collections. Kings, princes, dukes and feudal barons counted rare books among their treasures, while monasteries bought many volumes that are in their libraries today. As far back as the Egyptian kings, book collecting was a passion. Not all the specimens were secured by legitimate means—buying and paying for them the price asked. Ptolemy Soter, King of Egypt in 280 B. C., stocked his famous twin library at Alexandria, known as the Bauchium and Serapeum, very largely from books confiscated from travelers who came to that city.

Big prices have been paid for rare books. The "Morte d'Arthur" printed at Westminster in 1483, and known as the Morgan Caxton, brought $42,800 from J. P. Morgan for his collection, because it was the only perfect copy known. Sir Robert Harley, the first Earl of Oxford, paid the equivalent of 60 cents for it when it was put up for sale in 1698. From his hands it passed successively to Bryan Fairfax, Francis Child, grandfather of the Countess of Jersey, to Quaritch in 1885, and thence to the Hoe collection, when it brought 1,950 pounds. Finally Mr. Morgan secured it through his agents.

The Gutenberg Bible bought by Mr. Huntington (this is sometimes known as the Mazarin Bible), has a history as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1823 it sold for 504 pounds to a brewer named Perkins and later at auction to Lord Ashburnham for 3,400 pounds. Bernard Quaritch, a London book dealer, obtained it at auction in 1897 and priced it at 5,000 pounds. The Hoe collection acquired it and from that it went to the Huntington collection. It is now the property of the state of California. There are said to be 20 copies of the Gutenberg Bible in existence that are authenticated, and seven known fakes.

It is the intention of T. Harrison Cummings, librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, to make a collection of rare and unique Bibles. He has a small nucleus, not only of this early Latin Bible, but several others, one a huge tome that is as much as an ordinary man can lift. This and several others are unique and rare for various reasons. He sees no reason why even a small library like the Cambridge library may not possess such rare treasures, especially when they come as a gift to the institution. While not trying to rival the great Widener Library at Harvard, with its thousands of rare specimens of printing of all kinds, especially rich in playbills, theatrical subjects and kindred matter, contained in the Quincy A. Shaw collection, or the valuable collections of Americana in the Boston Public Library and the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society at Worcester, he means to make the Cambridge collection, just founded, a notable one.

Many discoveries of rare books come entirely by chance. Once reading that the only known copy of Edgar Allen Poe's "Tamerlane" was the property of the British Museum, a clerk in a Boston bookstore, believing this to be improbable, hunted for a second copy. Inside of a half hour he had found one, during his lunch hour at a secondhand bookstore, in a rummage collection on a counter. Soon afterward he sold this copy of "Tamerlane" for $1,950. Later it was resold for $2,050 and again for $2,400. A later sale brought $11,000.

According to a writer in the *Mentor,* the "Mazarin" copy of the Gutenberg Bible is the most celebrated book in the world. It was found by a French bibliographer in the library of Cardinal Mazarin in Paris by mere chance. This is the only real copy of the Gutenberg Bible that can be called a Mazarin Bible. There are other Gutenbergs, but they come from other sources.

While some collectors prefer first editions, others only perfect copies and still others only Americana or special authors. Mr. Morgan's collection specialized in Caxtons, as far as possible. It included between 20 and 30 when his librarian was sent to London to secure the 17 in the library of Lord Amherst of Hackney, put up for sale in 1911. The entire collection was secured for but little more than was paid for the one Hoe Caxton volume, in competition with the British Museum and other buyers.

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A New Kind of Revolution

IF YOU want a light on what has happened in Italy, read A. R. Pinci's article on Fascism in the November 11 issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. A very great thing has happened in Italy. Italy was chosen for the next seat of Bolshevism. The explosion had already begun. Money furnished by the International Financiers was flowing like wine, *for all such outbreaks are paid for.* In Italy and elsewhere many of the chief movers in revolutionary activities were not Italians. We have photographs of some of them, and certainly they are no more Italian than Trotsky is Russian; they are the International Revolutionists who belong with the International Financiers.

The world waited, as you will remember, for Italy to fall, and for the fire of destruction to sweep onward from that point. The revolution was heralded; the zero hour of catastrophic upheaval actually struck. But in Italy, as elsewhere, there are two races; one of them the backbone of order and progress, the other tinder for any kind of strife. And the stronger race rose in an organization known as the Fascists—signifying a bundle of spears bound together by singleness of purpose. It was really Italian citizenship rising against non-Italian mutiny. Our American newspapers, of course, never gave the truth about it, because they were not aware of the truth. So far as the average American was concerned, it was just one more Revolution proceeding in Italy. It was nothing of the kind; it was Italian citizenship stamping out the fires of Revolution. It appeared like an attack on the government and to a certain extent it was. The Government, bound hand and foot in allegiance to the International Money Power, was sitting idle while the destroyers of Italy had their way. *Nothing harmful ever can happen to any country if the members of the Government are awake.* Against that kind of government the Fascists proceeded, either to arouse it or to supplant it. In this instance, the King of Italy, recognizing the patriotic purpose of the Fascists, took the initiative and asked them to form a Government. Public opinion as a power has been greatly demonstrated in Italy.

This is not an endorsement of all that the Fascists may do. It is to call attention to the fact that the world is astir, that there resides in common citizenship power enough to save the state in spite of the treason of a government which will listen first to the International Money Power. The last report is that Moscow, alarmed at the spread of Fascism in Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Poland, Hungary and Rumania, is endeavoring to combat it. Fascism seems to mean, in a way "the rule of the proletariat" never could mean, the right of citizenship to save the citizens' rights.

Still Looking to Ultimate Redemption

THE *Citizen,* published at Salt Lake City, sees in the restoration of silver to the world's monetary systems a panacea for the credit breakdown which it claims is impending, and which it alleges will be the result of an under-supply of the metal of final redemption. So far as the restoration of silver to currency systems is concerned, expansion of the money base might make easier the liquidation of present obligations. In this, if the expansion is great enough, inequity might be suffered by creditors, just as now debtors are suffering from inequities. The contraction of the money volume now is a wrong and increases every debt contracted while money was cheaper. Broadening the base to a point where money becomes so much cheaper than when the debt was contracted would be partially to repudiate a debt, just as now the creditor receives more than his due.

Literally, a double money base is impossible. During the entire time when the law recognized silver and gold at a given coinage ratio as equivalent, the real money unit was the dollar of whichever metal happened to be the cheaper at the time. The dearer metal was hoarded. Thus it has occurred that in every war, paper has become the real money in use, both gold and silver hiding.

The rehabilitation of the world cannot be accomplished until there is a realization that no commodity redemption of money is needed. It is as much an error to base a currency on gold and silver as on wheat, or corn, or rye, or cotton. Of course, silver and gold are indestructible to a greater degree than other commodities, but they are of fluctuating value, and they are easily "cornered," giving power into the hands of their possessors.

Ultimate redemption is largely a myth. It means that the *money basis* is wealth, while money is not wealth, merely its representative, its measure, by which the relative values of those articles comprising real wealth are gauged. The difficulty in keeping that measure stable and equitable lies in two factors: the possibility of a sufficient supply and the ability of individuals or groups to control the supply, the latter being a source of grave danger, since by combination its power to purchase is controlled to the direct injury of every owner of real wealth.

Government is the authority for *all* money, whether it be made of a commodity worth something in itself or a mere worthless piece of paper stamped to represent the measure of relative values. The fault with present systems is that Government has delegated its authority to favored groups, and, after delegating this power, borrows and pays interest on the notes it has endorsed, accepting other security than its own bonds for its endorsement. To do this it must rest its power of endorsement upon its own resources, reliance upon which should be sufficient to carry its own debt without interest.

It is folly to say a nation is bankrupt, so long as it has natural resources and other means of production. The danger of bankruptcy lies in the absorption of its production by the interest charges, leaving nothing for itself.

With these ideas of money and its function, it will be seen that the problem of an equitable medium of exchange, either national or international, is not difficult. The trouble is, we give a false importance to money, and put its control into the hands of those who use that control for their own profit.

"Refined Highwaymanship"

IN AN effort of the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland to coerce the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Catlettsburg, Kentucky, to affiliate with the Federal Reserve System, the maneuvers of the Cleveland institution have been branded as "refined highwaymanship" by Federal Judge Cochran, of Covington, who has granted the Catlettsburg bank an injunction against further interference by the Federal Bank or its agents. The restraining order will be made permanent unless the Cleveland directors make a better showing than in the preliminary hearing.

According to the *Mid-Continent Banker* for November, Judge Cochran's review of the case relates the following facts:

The injunction is granted as a result of a suit filed July 15, 1921, by plaintiff, alleging methods to have been resorted to by defendant and its agents in seeking to have plaintiff enter the Federal Reserve System and to adopt the par collection plan.

Plaintiff continuing its refusal to accede to the demands of defendant, the latter was charged with employment of collection agents at Catlettsburg, and that an agent from Cleveland came into the plaintiff bank and in "domineering, dictatorial, boisterous manner," created a disturbance; that another agent of defendant came to the plaintiff bank in a gocart and with a gun "for self-protection"; that the latter was frequently accompanied by dogs.

Defendant was also charged with espionage from a store across the street, with holding checks on plaintiff bank until a large amount could be presented at one time and with discrediting plaintiff bank in other ways. This resulted in loss of credit by plaintiff bank, in humiliation to its officers, and necessitated the maintaining of an extraordinary cash reserve, entailing loss in earning power.

In granting the temporary injunction, Judge Cochran declared the methods of the Cleveland Federal Reserve Bank were those of "refined highwaymanship and a holdup," according to the magazine quoted.

The Election

ELECTION is over, and the surprises far outrun the predictions. Not only did the people vote, but they voted emphatically and with discrimination. There does not remain even the politician's comfortable explanation that it was "a landslide." There was no landslide, no blind revulsion rushing angrily in one direction, no passionate torrent of national resentment. The election more resembled a patient application of patient public intelligence to a tangled problem with a view to finding what knot to untie first. It was distinctly an independent election, it was not a swing toward any party. If Republicans suffered it was not because they were Republicans but because their party had the misfortune to be carrying the burden known as Newberryism. Democrats tainted with it were retired as well. The action of the people was moral rather than partisan; Democrats were defeated who might have been elected, but for their Newberryism; and Republicans were defeated for the same reason. States overwhelmingly Republican certainly had some strong reason to return Democrats to the Senate; and it could not have been a political reason, for there are no politics this year; it is indeed the political deadness of things which makes the election the more amazing.

Political majorities have not been changed, but moral majorities have been changed most radically. Moreover, the unexpectedness of the people's action has added a most solemn emphasis of warning to the change. Where defeat was not the penalty, the castigation was made more humiliating than defeat could ever be. It is not difficult to imagine that, wholly defeated, Henry Cabot Lodge might have maintained his pose as the scholar in politics, but going back to Washington by the skin of his teeth, beaten to the ground by a candidate by whom it is no honor to be beaten but only because that candidate offered the only convenient instrument with which to castigate Henry Cabot Lodge, that is humiliation compared with which defeat is something desirably heroic. Re-entering the Senate with a few tail-feathers is worse than being plucked clean.

A total of 10 pro-Newberry Senators went down to defeat—three of them failed of renomination in the primaries, seven of them failed of majorities in the election. In Indiana, where Beveridge defeated New in the primaries, New's pro-Newberry vote being an issue, Beveridge was in turn defeated; and two incidents in the campaign were Beveridge's refusal definitely to say where he stood with reference to Newberryism, and his opponent's freely stated intention of dealing with that kind of political rottenness as he would with any other. It is impossible to interpret the Senatorial elections without reference to this matter which runs like a line of division through the results.

It can be safely said that where the "wets" were not defeated by votes, they were fooled by votes. It is questionable whether a candidate for a minor or even a major office is not subject to prosecution when he announces, "Vote for me and get light wines and beer." We have "blue-sky laws" to prevent the people being buncoed by fake stock speculators; it would seem that in principle the same law ought to protect them from candidates of this caliber. It is equally to be questioned whether citizens who are fooled by their claque are intelligent enough to have the ballot. The fallacy, of course, is found in the inability of these candidates to do anything whatever in the fulfillment of their promise. The two high spots of the "wet" and "dry" contest were California's reported turnover to a "dry" attitude, and the defeat of the author of the Volstead Act. The former was in contradiction of all the prophecies, for California was held to be the one state that would never, no never, acquiesce in the Eighteenth Amendment. But she did. As for Mr. Volstead, though the personal spite of the booze interests was concentrated against him, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the candidate who defeated him is, if possible, "drier" still. The New Jersey incident is susceptible to several interpretations. Before a verdict is pronounced it will be necessary to know whether New Jersey loved Freylinghuysen less or Edwards' "light wines and beer" more. Whether Newberryism defeated Freylinghuysen, or boozism elected Edwards; whether the voters of New Jersey put a premium on frankness, choosing one who is frankly "wet" rather than one who is personally "wet" and publicly "dry"—these are questions for decision.

On the whole, the general election, as it affected Congress, gives great ground for hopefulness. The people have acted efficaciously and without hurrah. The "third party" that has emerged is the Independent Vote in both parties. No group of politicians has won—both groups have lost: the voice of the plain people is heard in the land.

Mr. Ford's Page

MAN is civilized in the degree that he organizes the material concerns of his life. If he is always the victim of pressure, if he is always waiting to be forced from without, he is still in an earlier stage of freedom and privilege. When men could only sail in the direction the wind was blowing, navigation was not a very satisfactory thing. When they learned how to use the wind to sail against the wind, then they were able to organize routes and trade.

Most of what mankind has done until this time is the result of pressure. There has not been much foresight, not much careful organization of means to ends—that is, in a large social way. Some degree of these things has come in private affairs. Once in a while you find a young man who is definitely steering his life toward some goal. Families tend more and more to watch their affairs and defend their interests—much more than they did when everything ran more loosely than it does now. And in business—business being largely private in the motives which move it—there has been effected a very considerable advance in organization for the sake of producing more profitably and of conserving more efficiently.

HOW much we need the discipline of individualism, the hunter type of life, and how long it will survive, no one can say. It will doubtless continue to be the ruling type for as long a time as we need it. Even so, we know that it cannot last; but many of the qualities which it creates will last and will pass over into a type of life which is ruled by design more than by pressure. Most of the improvements we are trying to introduce by way of moral teachings will appear automatically as soon as we study the mechanism of society and the daily service of society which we know as business. Society is a circulatory system and has a circulatory necessity, and most of the "wrong" things are those which interfere with the circulation.

But in the general interest, in the whole generality of individuals and families and businesses, we may gauge our progress by the sense of direction which we have and the degree of directive effort which we exert. It is marvelous that with so little of common direction our multifarious life fits together so well. A city, a nation, is a miracle of a certain workable arrangement emerging from a situation that is made up of all sorts of divergent and antagonistic motives. The explanation is, of course, the outside pressure. We are working in response to Need, and every sort of fulfillment, whatever its motive, finds its place there.

We are constantly catching glimpses, however, of what could be made of all this effort if only it were possible for men to lift their eyes from their own pursuits—from the selfish aspects of their own pursuits—and see how much unnecessary labor, friction and loss there is because we possess no controlling pattern, no unifying policy, no Great Plan for all this energy we are generating. There is, it is true, a zest in individualism that contributes something to life, and maybe it still has much work to perform in the world. By individualism is meant the hunter style of life. The world is regarded as the forest and individuals are huntsmen. The head of the family goes out and fights for what his family needs, and when he carries it home there is the feeling of something won, something plucked out of adverse circumstances. The business house goes out in the same spirit, to round up business, and its winnings are counted great spoil because they are gathered out of competition and all manner of adversity. The central feature of our philosophy of life as at present popularly conceived is just this: that the livelihood is there, that the business is there, that all the things we need are there in that outer jungle of the world where multitudes are scrambling; but our chances of getting these good things depend on our fighting abilities. That is about as far as our philosophy has come, popularly: the comfortable fact that the desired good is there; and then the urgent note to fight for it. If you don't get it, another will; if you are a weakling, another will get it anyway. That is individualism, and doubtless it has its compensations. It has never been successfully wiped out, no not under the most favorable circumstances. The fact would seem to indicate that maybe this form of life is to persist for some time to come, and, if so, it will be because it is the best form of life for the time through which it survives.

But it is time for business to look around and examine its circle. Business has been going according to pressure long enough, it is time to begin to go according to design. Business is in the beginnings of honesty. While honesty is not by any means the general practice, it is recognized as an ideal. It is not ruled out entirely, as it formerly was. It is even a fashion now to speak of Ethics of Business. But honesty is such a terrible thing, it runs its lines in so many directions, it challenges our practices at so many points, that it is hardly surprising that considered merely as honesty, merely as something that *ought* to exist if convenient, it lags sadly in spots.

The fact is we shall not become entirely honest until we *see the whole circle* of the service which we call Business. We don't see it now, most men only see that break in the circle through which they are able to snatch what they want. We think of business as a wheel turning round before us—a vast wheel of fortune, only never stopping. We are a trifle off the fact, there. We are on the wheel, we are going round the circle; we are a part of the circle of service, and our grabbing off has been in the nature of injury to ourselves. But it is proof of the power of a wrong philosophy that, following its terms, you can injure yourself and not realize it at once.

We have made the process break down time after time. In our most highly organized and most trustfully regarded affairs, at the very top of our professional money handling, there have been such blunders and breakdowns and widespreading disaster that one is amazed when one stands back far enough to behold it. Suppose Medicine broke down as often as Banking does. Suppose Engineering broke down as often as Banking does. Suppose Transportation broke down as often as Banking does. And right there, using the word "transportation" as a clue, we come upon the point. Transportation did break down when it was used for something other than Transportation. Medicine exists for the cures it can make, it lives by its cures. Engineering lives by the durable results it can achieve, it lives by its sound achievements. Banking, a profession capable of the highest honor and usefulness, should live by the service it is fitted to render in lubricating the processes of life and its glory should be its success in keeping the community's affairs moving harmoniously and prosperously. It is fitted to do this and it would do this if it regarded itself as part of the circle, instead of just another snatcher sitting beside the wheel, raking off what it can.

The fact that is being driven home to us is that we can't sit by the side of the wheel, or even wrongly think that we are sitting there, and rake off all we can get, without wrecking the whole process and ourselves suffering in the wreckage, for the process itself is circular and interference with it is ruinous. The business community is a living body. Interference with circulation is death. And that is just what we do whenever we pass substitutes for value, whenever we take out more than we put in, whenever our relation with the business process consists in selfish withdrawal more than in serviceable contribution. The system is exceedingly sensitive and these practices break it down.

Maybe it is too early for the grab-all type to see it, but it is none the less true that there can be no merely private increase of wealth. No one is rich in Russia, not even the man with countless billions. Why? Because there is no community wealth. No one grows wealthy unless the community grows wealthy. The poverty of the poor takes value out of every dollar of the rich man's hoard. But the prosperity of the people makes riches real and potent. When you corner wealth, it is like tying up arteries—you are on the way to strangulation of life. Circulation is life.

If we knew this, honesty in business would not be an exotic virtue lugged into it; it would be the logical necessity of business principle. Dishonesty in every form is a crime against circulation upon which the health of business and the prosperity of society depend. That is what makes it so hideous a thing. It is not merely "wrong"; it is stupid.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

"Senatorial Courtesy!" It's a Changed Brand!

Today the Term Has One Meaning: "Keep Off My Political Preserves"; Exchanges Similar to Those Now Heard Once Would Have Meant Duel

By STEPHEN POOLE

SENATORIAL courtesy! A phrase suggestive of politeness on the part of members of the "greatest forum on earth" toward one another. But the casual visitor who spends a few days in Washington and drops in at the Senate galleries sometimes receives a shock when lawmakers, whom he has pictured as dignified and courteous in debate, are found shouting challenges back and forth to settle a controversial matter outside the chamber.

"Senatorial courtesy" in these times merely means that a Senator will not poach on the patronage preserves of a colleague by insisting that a presidential appointee, who, for political or other reasons, is not wanted by a second Senator, be confirmed for office in the latter's state. Nothing so arouses senatorial ire and provokes bad feeling as interference in patronage matters by a Senator from another state. Senator Phipps, of Colorado, a first-term Senator, had this forcibly impressed on him a few weeks ago when a brother Senator assaulted him verbally in violent language. It developed that Phipps had been making inquiries by letter concerning the fitness of several post office nominees in a state for which he had been appointed a "subcommittee" of one by the Senate Post Office Committee. The Colorado Senator, recently recovered from a serious operation, was met in the rear of the Senate chamber with the invitation to "come outside and I will knock your face in." He declined the issue and a brawl just outside the main Senate entrance was averted.

Outbreaks almost as violent took place several times during the session just concluded. The "short and ugly" word was hurled across the chamber on more than one occasion, but invariably deleted in the "copy" prepared for the *Congressional Record* after the offending member had time to cool off.

In the old days before the Civil War the House of Representatives acquired the name of the "Bear Garden" because of the many brawls which took place there, but the Senate has been the scene of most of the recent excitement.

Lacks the Dignity It Once Had

"THE Senate is not the dignified body it once was," said a veteran attaché of one of its committees, who has had acquaintance with Senators stretching back more than a generation.

"I verily believe," he continued, "that if men in the old days had said the things reflecting on one another that are said here now it would mean death to them. Men were more jealous of their honor and reputations in those days, and the language which has become common on the Senate floor in recent years would have meant bloodshed in the days when men were more sensitive in these matters."

This is also the judgment of other veteran observers of the Senate's conduct. The members of this formerly dignified body appear to have become used to a lack of decorum that formerly did not exist. Even the House of Representatives, with its larger membership, is on the whole better behaved. Limitation of debate in that body gives its members less time to indulge in personalities. Occasionally there have been scenes of turbulence in the House, but not nearly so often as in the Senate.

"Senatorial courtesy" we still have with us, but it takes such forms as inserting in the much-abused *Congressional Record* a political speech delivered outside of Congress by a colleague. This makes it frankable and saddles the expense of postage on the taxpayers at large instead of on the man who delivered the speech.

Still another form of "senatorial courtesy" which is not extinct is to have a colleague, in the course of a speech on some pending bill, digress to mention what a wonderful legislator and faithful public servant is Senator Blank, who happens at the moment to be engaged in a primary contest for renomination. Once more the franked envelope is brought into use to place this you-tickle-me-and-I-will-tickle-you praise before the candidate's constituency.

The late Senator "Tom" Watson, of Georgia, who died at his home in Washington, three days after Congress adjourned, was the storm-center of many of these verbal combats which almost culminated in violence. He possessed an exceedingly sharp tongue along with a keen intellect, and he never hesitated to call any Senator to task who, he felt, had reflected on him or contradicted any statement he had made. It was he who denounced Senator Phipps, of Colorado, in unparliamentary language, following a difference over "senatorial courtesy" as applied to post office nominations in Georgia. The fiery Georgian issued a similar defi to Lenroot, of Wisconsin, during a clash on the Senate floor. He notified Lenroot that he must never speak to him directly or address any remarks to him on the floor thereafter.

Another incident which caused a scene was when Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, and Senator "Jim" Reed, of Missouri, had an exciting set-to. After goading McKellar into a fury which caused the Tennessean to question Reed's veracity, Reed said, in his characteristically cold and measured tones: "The Senator from Tennessee has lost his head, what little head he has."

During a night session over the tariff, when Senators' nerves were worn to a frazzle by the interminable debate and long hours, Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, and Senator "Joe" Robinson, of Arkansas, would have come to blows but for the prompt intervention of colleagues. The flare-up came so quickly that the men were almost at each other's throats before other Senators could get between them. That so dry a subject as the tariff should beget such excitement seems extraordinary, and in this case the trouble arose merely over the question of procedure.

Senator Heflin, of Alabama, resented the allegation of Senator Glass, of Virginia, that he had made "six misstatements of fact" within a few minutes, in discussing the Federal Reserve System, and brother Senators were once more called on to restore harmony.

Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, addressing his remarks to Senator Nicholson, of Colorado, during a recent debate on reclamation, said:

"And the Senator and his Republican colleagues sink into insignificance by the side of the name of Theodore Roosevelt, and their record looks like a decimal point by the side of a mountain when their records are compared with the wonderful record embodied in the reclamation policies of Theodore Roosevelt."

Discussion of the nomination of Nat Goldstein as postmaster at St. Louis and its subsequent withdrawal provoked acrimonious discussion in open session of the Senate. It was found impossible to bring about his confirmation owing to charges growing out of the handling of money in the Republican pre-convention presidential campaign.

Here are a few of the *bon mots* exchanged by Harrison and Spencer in the course of this discussion:

Mr. Harrison: All I want to know is, Does the Senator mean that I made a cowardly attack upon Goldstein?

Mr. Spencer: I mean to say that the things which the Senator said—and he knows how I love him personally—

Mr. Harrison: That may be true, but—

Mr. Spencer: The things which the Senator has said about an absent man, in a forum where that man has not access and from which he cannot speak, is a cowardly mode of attack.

Mr. Harrison: Mr. President, I submit that the Senator has not any right to say that I have made a cowardly attack.

Mr. Spencer: May I ask the Senator from Mississippi whether he thinks it is a brave way of attacking a man?

Mr. Harrison: The Senator knows that I would not any more fear Nat Goldstein, or saying what I have said to his face, than I would the Senator himself, and the Senator must remember that when this nomination came in I made a motion to have it considered in open session of the Senate. The Senator tried to cover it with darkness. He would have employed every cloak of secrecy. He wanted to shut the doors, so that what might be said would not reach the public.

Mr. Spencer: Mr. President—

Mr. Harrison: My whole action in this matter has been in the open, on the square, and the Senator knows it. I abhor the consideration of nominations for public office in secrecy. No nominee whose skirts are clean can fear it, and none but whose record is stained dread it.

Closed Sessions Bring Acrimony

MR. SPENCER: I hope the Senator will not get away from the point we are now discussing. Does the Senator think it is a brave thing to attack a man on the floor of the Senate, where he has no opportunity to answer, under a privilege which does not extend to the individual attacked? Is it not unusual on this floor—

Mr. Harrison: The Senator is asking me a question—

Mr. Spencer: But it is not a brave thing to do. It is a cowardly thing to do.

Mr. Harrison: Of course, the Senator knows that accusations of "braver" and "cowardly" can be settled outside the Senate chamber, but the Senator has asked me a question. When a nomination comes in such as this, which stenches to high heaven—and the Senator has admitted recommending this nomination—the people will never know, unless it is discussed in the open, and they are informed of the manner of man being nominated. That is what I have attempted to do in the Goldstein matter. If the Senator had thought that he could possibly put over this nomination, he would today be fighting here for the confirmation of Nat Goldstein.

In executive sessions of the Senate, where nominations are considered behind closed doors, there are many discussions such as this, only, according to those who have heard them, the language is much more to the point than in this instance. If the debates in open session grow more peppery than they have been in recent years, there will have to be additional sergeant at arms appointed to preserve order.

Upon one occasion, a few sessions back, Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, now deceased, in answer to an inquiry from Senator Norris, of Nebraska, on a pending post office appropriation bill, said: "I can give the Senator information, but not intelligence."

Norris retorted: "Of course, it would be impossible for the Senator to impart that which he does not possess."

Recently, when Senator Heflin, of Alabama, after having his discourse before an open-air gathering on the Washington Monument grounds drowned out by the droning of a commercial airplane overhead, offered a resolution to regulate the air by making it unlawful to fly over assemblages, he made a spirited speech in behalf of the measure. He alluded, at one point in his speech, to an Alabama "mouse-colored mule." Whereupon Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, remarked that, after listening to the Senator's speech, "I am absolutely compelled to say that the Senator from Alabama is absolutely mistaken about the mouse-colored Alabama mule's particular personality and localization. Is not that about the kindest way I could put it, the most charitable way that I could put it?"

A few weeks ago, Senator Carraway, of Arkansas, who had been standing for some minutes waiting for recognition by the chair, threw the chamber into commotion by suddenly shouting at the top of his voice, "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman!" and when recognition did not come forthwith, he launched into a severe scolding of Vice-President Coolidge, in the chair.

"The chair can see only the Republican side of the chamber," shouted Carraway. "I have been on my feet while a dozen Republican Senators have been recognized. If it is to be the practice that only that side of the chamber is to be recognized, I want to know it."

A half-dozen Republican Senators came to the relief of the chair by shouting for "regular order" in tones that drowned out Carraway's high-pitched voice.

Duels were frequent among members of Congress in the days before the Civil War as the result of exchanges on the floor. One of the most memorable was that of William J. Graves, of Kentucky, and Jonathan Cilley, a new member from Maine. Mr. Cilley, in a speech in the House of Representatives, in February, 1838, charged that James Watson Webb, editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer,* had received a bribe from the Bank of the United States. A few days later Mr. Graves addressed a note to Mr. Cilley, in which he said: "In the interview with you, when you declined to receive from me the note of Mr. Webb, asking whether you were correctly reported in the *Globe,* did you not say, in substance, that, in declining to receive the note, you hoped I would not consider it in any degree disrespectful to myself, and that the ground on which you declined to receive the note was distinctly this: That you could not consent to get yourself into personal difficulties with conductors of public journals for what you thought proper to say in debate, and that you did not rest your objection on anything personal to Mr. Webb as a gentleman?"

Was Finally Patched Up

MR. CILLEY, replying to this letter, said he neither affirmed nor denied anything in regard to Webb's character, and added: "But when you remarked that this course on my part might place you in an unpleasant situation, I stated to you, and now repeat, that I intended by the refusal no disrespect to you."

Graves replied: "I have to inquire whether you declined to receive Mr. Webb's communication on the ground of any personal exception to him as a gentleman, or man of honor. A categorical answer is expected."

Mr. Cilley replied, regretting that his note was not satisfactory, and added: "I cannot admit the right on your part to propound the question to which you ask a categorical answer, and therefore decline any further response to it."

This brought another note from Graves as follows: "As you have declined to accept a communication which I bore to you from Mr. Webb, and as by your note of yesterday you have declined on grounds which would exonerate me from all responsibility growing out of the affair, I am left no other alternative but to ask the satisfaction which is recognized among gentlemen. My friend, Henry A. Wise, is authorized by me to make the arrangements suited to the occasion."

In acknowledging receipt of this note, Cilley named his friend General George W. Jones to "make the arrangements suited to the occasion." The "arrangements" were made and the old dueling ground at Bladensburg, Maryland, just out of Washington, was selected for the settlement of this difficulty. Rifles were the weapons chosen, and, after two exchanges of shots had been without result, Cilley fell dead after the third exchange of fire.

An anti-dueling act was enacted by Congress growing out of this affair, but history shows that this did not entirely end the dueling practice.

Another memorable instance of a clash between well-known Senators which nearly resulted in bloodshed was that between Senator Clay, of Kentucky, and Senator King, of Alabama. This had its inception in the effort to remove, by a Senate resolution, the firm of Blair & Rives as public printers the day following the inauguration of General Harrison as President, March 5, 1841. Senator Clay spoke for the resolution. Senator King offered a resolution reciting that whereas this firm, having been duly elected, should not be removed by a step which meant the abrogation of a government contract. Said Senator King, in defense of Blair:

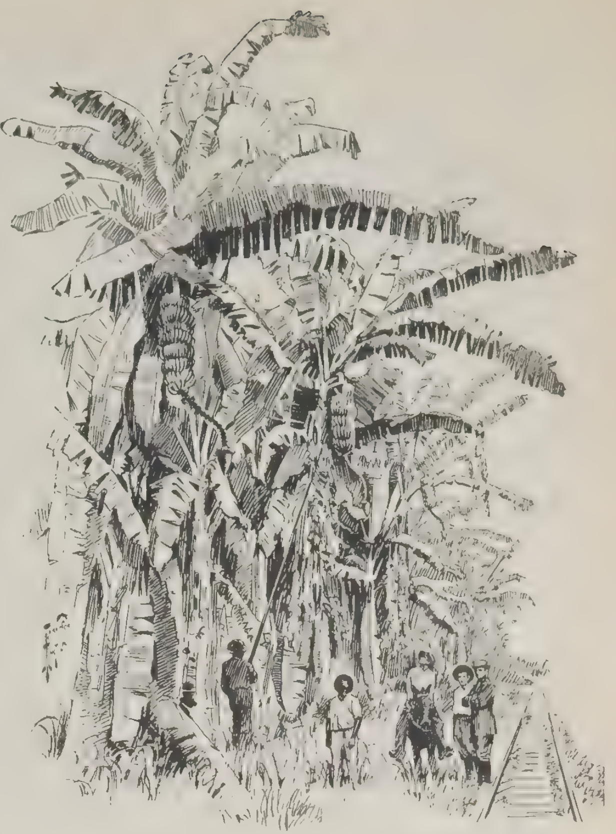
"Who is this Mr. Blair, who has been so violently assailed on this floor? If my recollection serves me aright, this man Blair resided years ago in Kentucky, where he figured as no inconsiderable personage. He was then the political friend of the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Clay), his intimate associate, and, if I have not been misinformed, his confidential correspondent. Was he infamous *then,* as now pronounced by the Senator from Kentucky? I presume not. I knew nothing of Mr. Blair, or his character, until he made his ap-

(*Concluded on page 15*)

How We Utilize the Sun Energy of the Tropics

The Banana Is a Delicious Pure-food Package of Bottled Sunlight

By GEORGE H. HEALD, M. D.

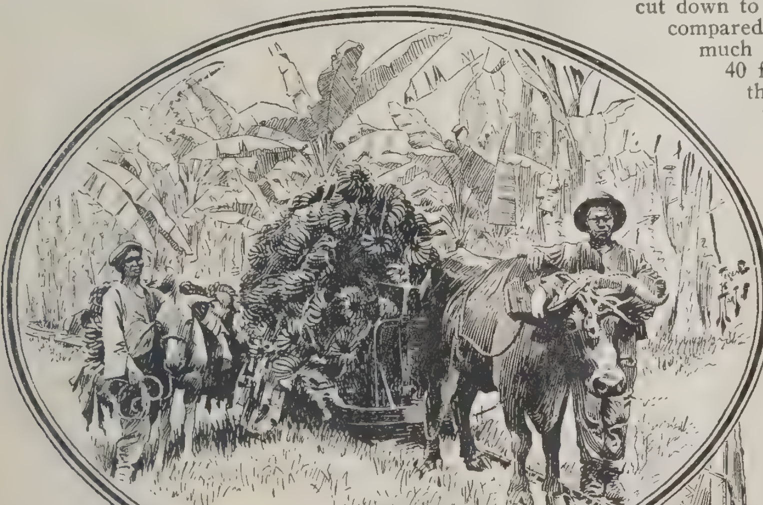


Harvesting the first crop 12 or 14 months after planting.

FOOD is about one-tenth body builder and nine-tenths body fuel. This fuel represents sun energy. The leaves of plants capture the sun energy and transform it into food energy—starch and sugar. Why not utilize to better advantage our greatest reservoir of sun energy—the tropics—in the production of food energy? That is what we have learned to do in the banana crop. A banana is a pure-food package of bottled sunlight, captured by the broad leaves of the banana plant.

Regarding the first use of the banana for food and the first efforts to improve the native species, nothing is known. The reader can take for what it is worth the suggestion that the botanical names of two species of banana, *Musa paradisica* and *Musa sapicntium* (Fruit of Paradise, and Fruit of Knowledge), seem to point to a former tradition that this fruit was present in the Garden of Eden.

The banana plant may have been indigenous to both Asia and Africa. At least it was familiar in ancient India, and the monuments give evidence that it was known to the Assyrians and the Egyptians. But in those far-off days of slow transportation the banana never found its way far outside of the tropical regions. It was not used by the Greeks in Europe; and though the luxurious tables of imperial Rome requisitioned delicacies from the most distant lands, they never had the banana. As to the origin of the banana in the New World, there is a difference of opinion. Introduced by the Spaniards into the island of San Domingo in the sixteenth century, it spread rapidly to other islands and the mainland of Mexico, Central America and South America. But there seems to be a native tradition, widely spread, to the effect that there were at least two species of banana in America before the coming of the white man. And the fact that the various native languages have names for the fruit which bear no relation to the European name is confirmatory evidence.



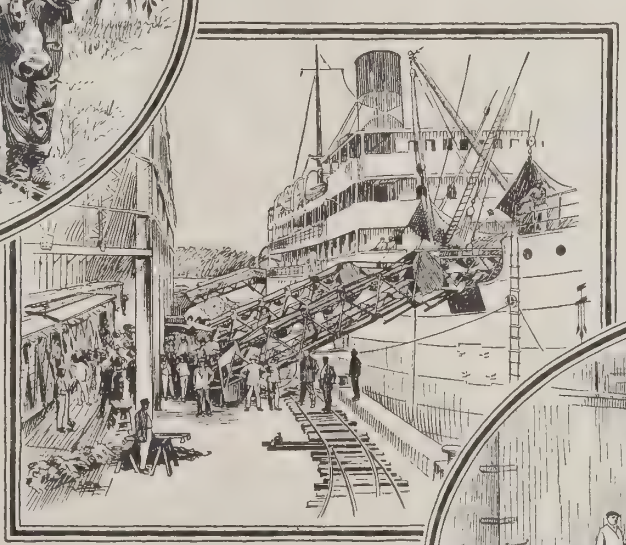
Hauling bananas by ox team from the plantation.

No part of Continental United States is well adapted for raising bananas, and with the possible exception of the Pacific Coast, this country was practically unacquainted with the banana half a century ago. At the first, a few bunches were brought to seaport cities on schooners. In 1872, the first shipment of 250 bunches of bananas entered New Orleans, and for a few years the banana trade was small and fluctuating. Some time in the eighties steamers replaced schooners in carrying bananas. Since that time the banana business has been thoroughly organized into a system which embraces the growing, transportation and distribution of this valuable fruit—a huge business, spread over a vast territory, drawing its supplies from all around the Caribbean region and the Hawaiian Islands, and reaching every section of this country.

Of the 60-odd known species of banana, four are of commercial importance. The common banana that is found in our markets, *Musa sapientium,* is characterized by its fine flavor, and its excellent shipping qualities. *Musa cavendishi* is the principal banana of the Canary Islands (used largely in Great Britain) and of China. *Musa acuminata* is used largely in the East Indies and the Malay Archipelago. *Musa paradisica* is not a banana, but the plantain, a related starchy fruit which is cooked and eaten as we might eat a potato. It is not considered a fruit.

For favorable growth, the banana requires a warm climate free from all danger of frost, and an abundance of moisture. Owing to the comparative lack of moisture, some tropical locations selected for the raising of bananas have been given up and put to other crops. The banana is an important export from several of the Central American republics, Panama, Colombia and Jamaica. Mexico and Cuba also have a considerable export trade.

The banana grows, not on a tree, but on a fleshy plant which develops one bunch of bananas, and is then cut down to the ground. The banana plant may be compared to our common garden canna, but is much larger, sometimes reaching a height of 40 feet, and a diameter of 18 inches. Like the canna, it has a rootstock, which is the real stem of the plant, from which the leaves are developed. What appears to be the trunk of the "tree" is composed of the bases of the different leaves which have come out of the rootstock, and which are wrapped onion-like around a common center. The leaf differs from the canna leaf in its great size, from eight to twelve feet long and as much as two feet wide, and in the fact that the veins run crosswise from the midrib instead of lengthwise. The action of the winds often breaks up the leaves into fine ribbons, as will be noted in some of the accompanying illustrations.



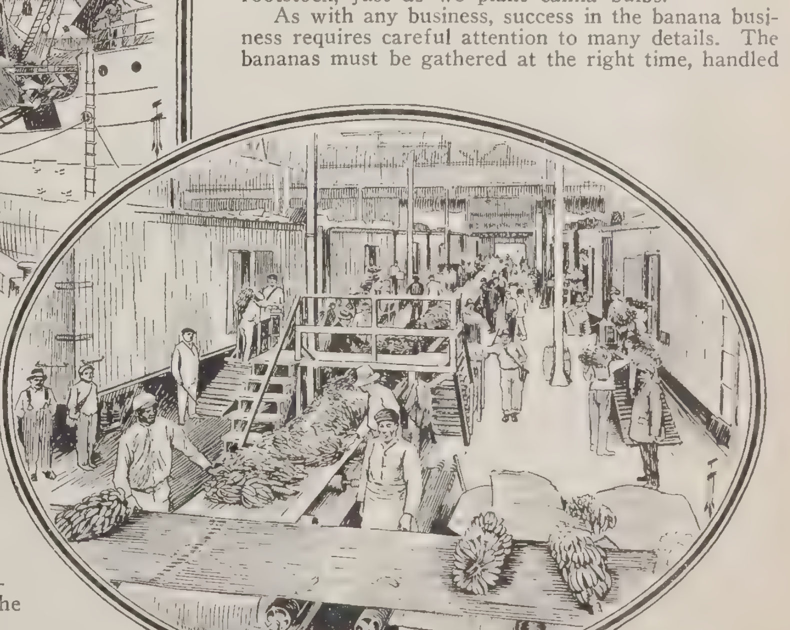
Arrival at the port. Loading aboard steamship continues day and night until completed, cargoes of 75,000 bunches being loaded in from 12 to 15 hours.

In establishing a banana plantation in Central America, it is the practice in some places to clear away the undergrowth in the virgin forest, mark out the rows, and plant the pieces of rootstock, and then cut the trees, which, in this warm, humid climate, soon decay and add to the richness of the soil. Cultivation consists largely in keeping down the wild growth and preventing the inroads of the banana gopher. This is no small task.

In favorable climates the banana grows very rapidly, attaining in a few weeks a height of six or eight feet, with a widespreading top. In a few more weeks, the plant is fully matured, the leaves cease to grow, and from the rootstock there springs up through the center of the plant a shoot bearing on its tip a blossom. This develops into a long spike with a large number of flower clusters, each cluster being protected by a bract. Only the upper of these clusters—from six to fifteen or more—are fertilized; the others wither away. Each cluster later forms one of the hands of bananas. As the spike has bent over with its own weight, it hangs reversed to the position it usually occupies in the stores, the individual bananas growing upward instead of downward, as one would naturally imagine.

Something like a year after the formation of the blossom, the fruit is ready for cutting. Thus a bunch of bananas requires more than a year to develop after the plant first appears above the ground. After the fruit has been removed, the plant is cut down to the ground to make room for the next shoot. The rootstock being a perennial, the old plant is succeeded by another, and this will continue for a number of years, after which it is more profitable to break new ground. The edible banana being a seedless fruit, all propagation is by means of pieces of rootstock, just as we plant canna bulbs.

As with any business, success in the banana business requires careful attention to many details. The bananas must be gathered at the right time, handled without bruising, kept at a low temperature during transportation, and reach their destination within two weeks of the time they are gathered. The gathering of millions of bananas, a very perishable fruit, in widely scattered plantations, and delivering them to the cities, towns and hamlets all over this country in a marketable condition, and without serious loss, necessitates the development of a highly trained, well-equipped and efficient organization.



Horizontal conveyors working in conjunction with unloading machines (New Orleans).

Bananas can be made to mature at all seasons; and large plantations are divided into zones so timed as to their maturity that the process of harvesting may be continuous.

The bunches must be cut from the plant while they are still as green as grass, and "as hard as a nail," and

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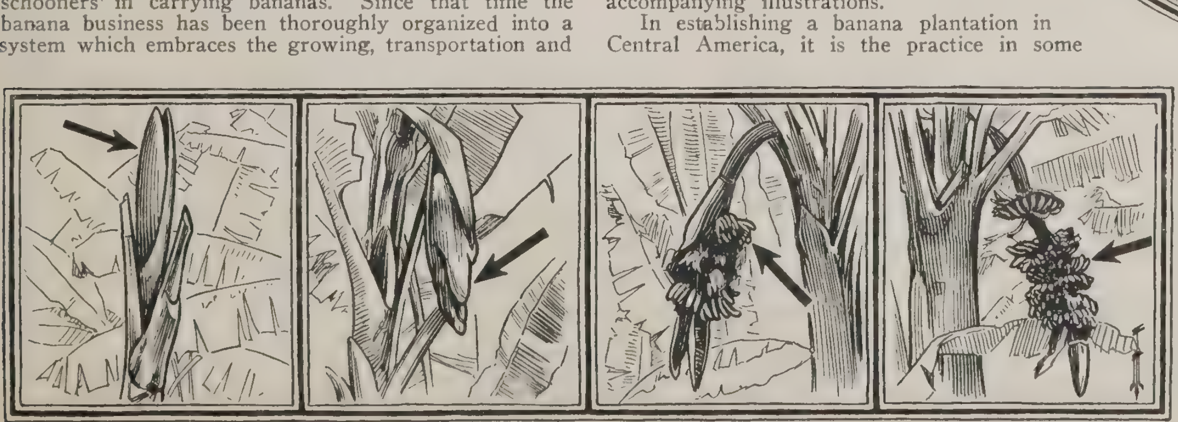

Flower bud as it emerges at top of "trunk." After emerging, but just before bracts have fallen. Bud a few days after bracts have fallen. Bunch with all bracts off, showing fingers starting upward.

Advertising Did It!

Climate, Oranges, a Little Climate, Missions, Incomparable Climate, Movies, and Oh, Yes! Our Climate! And What's the Result? Right!

By PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

The "Robin Hood" set at Hollywood.

Los Angeles' aqueduct delivers 265,000,000 gallons of water daily and furnishes cheap electric power.

Plaza church, where Los Angeles was founded.

TAKE a flock of climate, a few good-looking oranges, a sleepy pueblo of old Mission days, a Chamber of Commerce and a large quantity of advertising; stir 'em up well and add more advertising; throw in some oil wells and a lot of ballyhoo; then add a harbor and equal parts of advertising; let the mixture boil a few years and then put in a $23,000,000 aqueduct and several million agates of press agent holler; add the movies and a half-dozen "high class" murders and some more ballyhoo—and what do you get?

The answer is Los Angeles, the Topsy of all the cities, the horn-tootingest town in the world, the municipality which advertised itself into a population of 775,000*.

"We just can't help it," they tell you at the Chamber of Commerce. "There's no stopping Los Angeles now, what with its wonderful harbor and its industrial future and its climate and its—well, everything. In 1925 there'll be 1,000,000 inhabitants within the city limits. And it's only a question of time before New York and Chicago will be the only larger towns in this country."

More ballyhoo chatter? Afraid not. As a human being who was brought up in the San Francisco region, possessing all the traditional dislike for Los Angeles that goes with such a rearing, this writer would like nothing better than to stand up on his hind legs and cry, "Bunk!" But if he did so he would be talking that very thing—bunk—and the Southern Californians would only grin amusedly and mention something about sour grapes. So all one can do is give the devil his due and reserve the personal right of hating this wonder town of the Southwest.

For it *is* a wonder town—wonderful because it had no business to grow up into a city at all. Just contemplate the municipal brat as it lay in its cradle, some five or six generations ago. It is 1781, and the soldiers have just marched over from San Gabriel Mission with the standard of Spain at their head. There are a few choristers and musicians, carrying a cross and a candlestick and other implements of the church, and with them is a priest.

The latter says mass. The soldiers, bored and blasé, shoot their muskets in a perfunctory salute. Governor de Neva makes a speech. Then the entire procession, marching once around the plaza, heads back to San Gabriel; and thus was founded the Pueblo de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles—the City of Our Lady the Queen of the Angels—since contracted by general usage and California charter and the space limitations of our postmarks to Los Angeles.

It wasn't much of a birth for a town that expects to be No. 3 on the country's population list. A small conglomeration of Indians, Negroes, whites and half-breeds comprised the citizenry, and not one of them could read or write. Their sole notion of advertising was to hang their spare shirt on a willow limb to advertise to the neighbors that they owned more than one such garment. And to lean against the trunk of the same tree—with the other shirt on—to verify the fact.

But that, of course, was before the Chamber of Commerce came along. It was founded in 1888—more than a century later—when the erstwhile pueblo had achieved about 50,000 inhabitants. The earlier discovery of gold and the land boom of '87, with Chicago real estate men conspiring with the railroads to sting unwary settlers, had accomplished this population growth. For a time the trains brought homeseekers from the Middle West at a dollar a head.

Then the boom days began to die. The land was good for farming, to be sure, and the view of brown hills beyond the mesa, with the Sierra Madre rising far in the distance, was soothing to look at; but 50 000 people seemed about the limit. After all, why should a town grow larger when it was situated on a dinkey creek called a river, with a harbor 25 miles away? To this day no one seems to know any good reason for Los Angeles growing where it did.

"There *is* less wind velocity in this particular section of the landscapes," some Angelenos will tell you in a lame effort at explanation, but that's about the best they can do.

The Chamber of Commerce was started in a frantic effort to keep the boom from waning. In desperation its founders looked about for something to propagandate over, and in the midst of that look they glimpsed a magic word: climate. It was seized with avidity. It was crooned over, hoorahed over, prayed over.

"It's about all we've got—that and the orchard land—but we'll make all the noise we can about it," said the discoverers. Little did they realize that this small word, elaborated and illustrated and eulogized and super-press agented, would be hurled at the world in thousands of magazines and newspapers and pamphlets and what not until both hemispheres accepted as a settled fact that climate is the exclusive property of Los Angeles and environs. It's still among the most cherished of the Chamber's sacred cows, although now there is such a lot of other things to ballyhoo about.

But back in '88 the Chamber of Commerce had only two tunes to play. Frankly acknowledging that Los Angeles possessed no industrial future, the boosters concentrated upon tourists and farmers. The former were lured with pictures of a snowless, flawless winter climate; the latter found enticement in statistics anent oranges and lemons and how they loved to grow in Southern California.

"The founders of the Chamber did a startling thing that first year," declared Morris Rathbun, who is now manager of its extensive publicity department. "They ordered 10 000 booklets describing the glories of our region. Think of it! Ten thousand booklets! Why, that's just about a day's supply now."

It was in this first year that Frank Wiggins entered the Chamber. Like many another Angeleno, he had been sent out from the Middle West to die. This he refused to consummate, however, preferring to stick around and inhale the climate. Meanwhile, he had an idea of visual advertising which he wanted to try on the tourists—an idea that is now immortalized in every dusty Chamber of Commerce throughout the nation.

"You're shouting about your big oranges and cabbages and other stuff," said Wiggins. "Why not get an exhibit together and show these tourists just how big they *do* grow? When they see actual samples of what our soil and sunshine can do they'll begin to get interested."

So Wiggins was given the job of driving about the countryside and corraling every husky specimen of agricultural product that he could spy. He became a citrus sleuth, gumshoeing from orchard to orchard and bearding the mammoth orange in its den. The result was even more far-reaching than Wiggins had foreseen. The state and the railroads became interested in the idea, and joined hands in financing the first exhibition train ever organized. It invaded the East, proclaiming from railroad sidings everywhere the glory that was California, the grandeur that was Climate.

Each county had been allotted a certain amount of space on this train. Some—notably the northern counties—lost interest. It was too much bother to maintain the exhibits. Besides, they weren't doing any good, anyway.

The mournful smile of an undertaker who has just discovered an extra corpse in the ruins began to play upon the face of Wiggins. He lurked around a wilting exhibit, ready the instant some laggard county relinquished its space to take possession in the name of Southern California. In time the train was almost exclusively climatic in representation. The result, of course, was a steadily growing stream of Los Angeles-bound tourists.

All of which enraged the state legislature, which was a strictly northern body. It viewed with anguish the crowd of deluded easterners who rushed to Southern California and it neglected to renew its appropriation for train money. The jealous feud between San Francisco and Los Angeles dates from that time.

Soon came the announcement of the World's Fair at Chicago. Wiggins, the demon booster, began to rub his hands in glee and utter triumphant chortlings.

"Here's our chance to get before millions," he gurgled and set to work preparing the California exhibit. Samples of everything but the climate were conveyed to Chicago, and there were pictures of that. It was a little too early for the bathing beach beauty basking on the beach in February, but photographs of oranges blooming when the east was snow-bound served the purpose pretty well in those non-flapper days. Wiggins hasn't missed an opportunity to exhibit Southern California ever since that World's Fair year. He's secretary of the Chamber now and still yelling like a circus barker.

With the discovery of petroleum the Chamber of Commerce became busier than ever. The organization concentrated its efforts upon good roads, a harbor and an aqueduct. The twentieth century was well on its way; the Panama Canal was nearing completion. Los Angeles eyed askance the fine bays which were San Diego's and San Francisco's and began to curse the Spanish founders who placed their city so far from the ocean. A harbor must be had at any cost.

"Well, there's San Pedro sleeping down by the beach," suggested the Chamber of Commerce. "If worst comes to worst we can sneak down there some dark night and take its harbor away from it."

Worst failed to come to worst, however. The towns of San Pedro and Wilmington listened to reason. They saw that the harbor at their feet was too big for them to handle, and so in 1906 they consolidated with Los Angeles. The Queen of the Angels tied these two to her apron strings by means of a narrow strip of land, known as the "shoestring," and straightway proceeded to lay traps for commerce. The region is now known in the local papers as the Los Angeles Harbor District, and it's a capital offense to allude to it in any other terms. San Pedro is like Rogers Park in relation to

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*According to latest estimate based on school census.

Chicago, or like the Bronx to New York, or like Jonah to the whale. It's been swallowed whole, and Los Angeles is doing a lot of spouting about its comparatively new harbor.

So much for the sudden transformation into a "seaport." There was still another water problem to be solved, for, while the salt aqua of the species had been finally taken care of, Los Angeles needed lots of the fresh variety. It took $23,000,000 of the city's money to turn the trick. Owens River water has to travel 250 miles, proceeding by tunnel, by aqueduct and by open ditch, before it reaches the chosen city. Incidentally it has washed in several hundred square miles of new territory and given cheap municipal electric power.

In 1914 Los Angeles was tenth in population but ranked twenty-sixth in factories.

"We'll have to inform the world some more," said the Chamber. "We'll start an industrial department and give it a nice big megaphone of its own."

The new department immediately instituted a survey of the local situation. Instead of raising its voice in a general holler of "Come on to our town; the prospects are won-n-nderful," it made a scientific analysis of what was needed. It found, for instance, that a large rubber corporation was shipping $12,000,000 worth of tires to the Pacific Coast each year; that a shoe concern was sending footgear worth $6,000,000 from its factories in the East. Why not manufacture these products in Los Angeles, thus eliminating freight charges and giving thousands of workmen the benefit of fresh-made climate? The suggestions sounded good. The factories were built.

Thus we find oil and water, with the attendant cheap electrical power, making Los Angeles a city of factories. But the water did even more; it made this town cover a greater area, according to the Chamber's claims, than any other city in the world. A shrewd stipulation in the aqueduct charter was responsible for this.

The charter provided that, inasmuch as the great Owens River project was being paid for by Los Angeles, not one drop of water could be purchased outside the city limits. Surrounding towns looked thirstily at the rushing mountain liquid and yearned vainly for a drink. The San Fernando Valley, through which the huge pipes passed, cried for water to irrigate its fertile ranches.

"Aw, let us have some," was the plea.

"Can't do it. You're not part of Los Angeles," came the answer.

Airplane view of central portion of Los Angeles harbor; part of the Pacific Fleet is at anchor in the outer harbor. East basin and connecting channels extend two miles to left of portion shown in this picture. West basin extends one mile to the right of portion shown.

Then the rush began. Hollywood and other near-by communities had foreseen the benefit of annexation even before the water project was completed, and they crawled in under the city limits rope only a few years after Wilmington and San Pedro entered with their harbor. In 1915 no less than 168 square miles of the San Fernando Valley became part of Los Angeles in one fell swoop.

"Come on in; the water's fine!" was the shout, and the little towns are still voting themselves in. The result is a strange, amorphous municipality spread over an area of 365 square miles. To go from one section to another you ride through a mountain pass. One of the city policemen travels a beat which takes him a week or so to traverse; if a murder occurs the day after he passes a certain point, the corpse is an Egyptian relic by the time the copper finally comes around to it. What is said to be the largest olive orchard in the world—1,500 acres in area—is within the city limits.

Now bear in mind that all these square miles are peopled with nothing but boosters. The virus ballyhoous is in their veins. They've been psyched into a hoorah frame of mind which knows no scoffing. With the Chamber of Commerce and the newspapers and the railroads leading the band and everybody else joining in the chorus, your Angeleno involuntarily loses the inalienable right of every human being to be a crab. He finds himself performing with the rest of the trained citizenry in the rendition of that immortal song:

"Adam lost his Eden, but we found it over here."

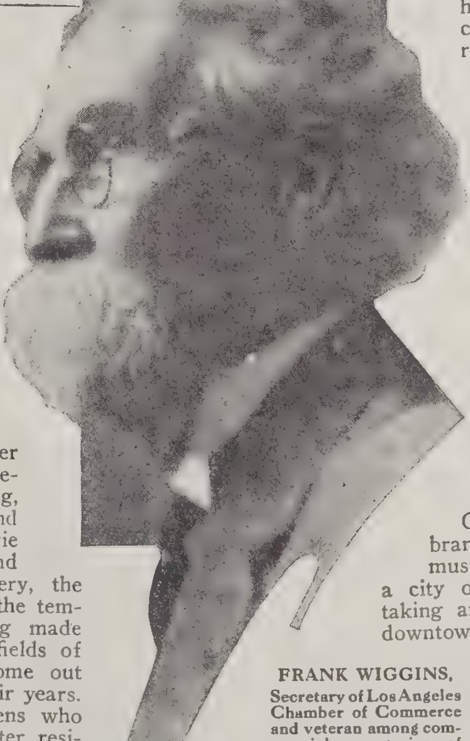
The result is a perennial hegira to Los Angeles. Paris has lost its lure. "See Los and die," is the slogan of the world. Half a million tourists throng annually to the metropolis of the coast, impelled apparently with the idea that there lies concentrated all the glamour of the Golden West. And advertising has done it!

The films have helped a lot, of course. Besides giving to Los Angeles its greatest industry, they are casting a magic spell over the city. Mary Pickford and her agile consort, Gloria Swanson, Chaplin, Tom Meighan, Viola Dana and the rest intrigue Mr. Average Guy's fancy more than President Harding, Babe Ruth, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Harold F. McCormick and all the other newspaper immortals you can name. He and his wife and daughter want to gaze enraptured at the highboard fences which surround the studios; they must poke their heads into iniquitous Laurel Canyon and see the lodges where the celluloid heroes hold their orgies; they want to drink in the view of Doug's and Mary's home; they haunt the beaches where bathing gals are supposed to strut their stuff. Your orthodox tourist's first move, after registering at a hotel, is to hotfoot it for Hollywood. Later he may, if he has time, journey out to San Gabriel Mission and contemplate the quiet little structure from which marched the founders of Los Angeles.

The San Gabriel Mission, founded in 1771, called "Queen of the Missions" on account of its beautiful architecture.

With all these Lorelei props—the climate, the movies, the pictures of palm trees and bathing beaches—it would seem that God had been good enough to His, as the Chamber of Commerce would say, chosen city. But no! As if Los Angeles had not received more than its share of publicity, along came a flock of "high class" murders and scandals to cinch its claim to fame. The Kennedy slaying, with its subsequent series of mistrials; the "Fatty" Arbuckle case; the unsolved Taylor murder, strongly spiced with cinematic naughtiness; the "love killing" of one woman by another, a hammer being the medium of extinction—all of these interesting affairs, crowding with numerous lesser cases into the space of 12 brief months, have elevated Los Angeles to the status of a "hot" news center and inspired a large middle-western paper to establish one of its stars as a permanent correspondent there. True, the Arbuckle case belongs to San Francisco, but "Fatty" belongs to the movies and the movies belong to Los Angeles and Los Angeles reaps the glory.

And so the tourists stream in, some to remain and form part of the 15 per cent population increase which has been recorded each year of late. This flapper city, so uninterestingly new despite its ancient Spanish founding, seems to appeal to the eastern and middle-western taste. Prairie farmers and business men find contentment in the hilly scenery, the smooth and dustless highways, the temperate atmosphere; and, having made their little fortune in the cornfields of the Mississippi Valley, they come out here to enjoy the balance of their years. Then there are wealthier citizens who build handsome homes for winter residence. Many of the country's best-known writers have also answered the siren call of the Chamber of Commerce and its confederates.



FRANK WIGGINS,
Secretary of Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and veteran among commercial secretaries of the country.

Why they like the town is a mystery. Save for the old plaza, where stupid-eyed Mexicans foregather and gaze across the street at the secretive precincts of Chinatown, there is nothing picturesque about Los Angeles. Here is its only kinship with the glamour that is San Francisco's and New Orleans', with the romantic halflights that are found in Lower Manhattan and in the near-north side of Chicago.

Yes, Los Angeles is too clean and precise to be interesting. All its streets are perfectly paved. Its homes are beautiful, stretching in mile upon mile of boresomely unending pulchritude. Unique architecture is rampant. A typically Angelesian arrangement, reminiscent in a way of the flat dwellings of the East, is seen in the bungalow courts. These consist of two rows of tiny, one-story homes, all facing a mutual sidewalk and garden. At the end of the walk, farthest from the street, sits a larger house, for all the world like a papa watching his kids. Hollywood is particularly epidemicked with these dwellings.

Last year more than 17,000 homes were built within the city limits—the major part of a constructive offensive totaling nearly $108,000,000 in value. Tracts are being opened up everywhere. Middle-aged women, acting as steerers for the real estate sharks, accost you on Hill street with free tickets for a dozen sight-seeing rides.

"There's absolutely no obligation," they tell those who tarry at their solicitation. Then the non-obligated one learns how he is to be shown the old plaza and Pasadena's "millionaire row"; how he is to get a view of the orange country and have a wonderful boat ride; how he is to receive a "ranch dinner" and a lecture on homesites—all free, absolutely free." All he need do is step into the waiting rubberneck as the real estator's non-obligated guest. One promotor not only gives a radio concert and a "monster barbecue" at his Sunday lot-selling fiesta, but his full-page "ad" tells of a Ford to be raffled off among those present.

"Just a big, good looking, overgrown village—that's Los Angeles," is the frequent comment about our coming third city. Certainly it lacks the metropolitan air, despite its great industry and size. So rapidly has the city grown, indeed, that it has been unable to keep up with itself.

Consider, for example, the public library. How mortified Mr. Carnegie must feel when he looks down to see a city of three-quarter million inhabitants taking an elevator to the top stories of a downtown office building to borrow books! The city hall, sandwiched between a confectionery establishment and a cut-glass store, is lost in the middle of a Broadway block, pathetically inconspicuous in comparison with that movie theater a few rods down the street. The sewage-disposal system was built 25 years ago for a city of less than 100,000. The schools are so overcrowded that last term there were three pupils for every two desks, and a special educational bond issue of $17,500,000 had to be voted. The phone service is awful. Why, there isn't even a public morgue to house the "high class" murder victims!

Particularly flagrant, however, is the street car "service" and the sluggishness of traffic in the business district. Cars, perpetually jammed with Angelenos and tourists, poke along in a manner most ruinous to the mental poise. They turn corners, ramble a few blocks, turn another corner and then waltz around some more, until the motorman's head is in a whirl. "A street car never knows where it's going to end up at in Los Angeles," is a wheeze they pull in vaudeville.

(Concluded on page 14)

The Flexible Tariff Invites Graft Lobby

When Is a Lobbyist Not a Lobbyist? Are Not Members and Senators Supposed to Be Lobbyists for the People?

By TOM EVERRITT

A LOBBYIST, who has plied his trade in Washington since the early days of the tariff bill that recently became a law of the land, lately had this to say to one of my friends: "Two months ago my mind was made up to leave Washington immediately upon the tariff bill becoming a law; but the special provision in the act giving the President authority to raise or lower any rate in the bill not to exceed 50 per cent of the rate carried in the bill, and to apply the American valuation plan, opens up such a rich field that I have decided to remain indefinitely."

He advised my friend to get busy and make a few connections with interested concerns in the United States, and go into the lobbying business, assuring him that the years during which the tariff act will be in effect will be the richest and most fruitful in the history of tariff lobbying at the national capital.

But it probably will not be so easy as that, for tariff lobbying has changed from the coarse methods of a decade ago, when whisky and wine, dinners and dollars, and women and witchery brought home the bacon for the lobbyists. Those old, raw and disreputable days are past.

Tariff lobbying is now one of the fine arts, except that none of the other fine arts is quite so lucrative.

The "flexible" tariff arrangement places decisions as to increases or decreases in rates in the hands of the Federal Tariff Commission and the President of the United States, and they will be subjected to the wiles, smiles, importunities and arguments of the lobbyists, and this situation will require a smoother and more expert individual to deal with them than with Senators and Representatives "on the hill."

We'll See Permanent Lobby

IT WILL not be a very wholesome spectacle—this thing of a flock of lobbyists soliciting the President and the Federal Tariff Commission, for it may be expected that additional swarms of specialists and experts in various chemical, industrial and other lines will be found permanently camped in Washington after the Fordney-McCumber tariff act shall have gotten into full operation, as the "flexible" provision in that act opens up possibilities hitherto undreamed of.

It may be of interest to attempt to learn just what a lobbyist is and what lobbying is, and in the pursuit of this information let us go back to 1913, when the Underwood Tariff Bill was being considered, and when exhaustive hearings were had before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the "Maintenance of a lobby to influence legislation," Sixty-third Congress, First Session.

Every member of the United States Senate at that time appeared before the committee, and each was subjected to a set of questions in the form of a printed questionnaire. One of the questions was as follows: "What do you mean by the words 'lobby' and 'lobbying'?"

These Senators were men of experience, and it will be interesting to know how some of them, who are, with two exceptions, in the present Senate, defined the subject. Let us take them in alphabetical order.

Senator Ashurst, Democrat, of Arizona, said: "A lobbyist, I consider, is a man who attempts to influence the action of a member of Congress by means other than a printed or written argument or appearing before a committee of Congress. If a man wishes to urge a measure, he should go before a committee. The occasional lobbyist may come to Washington to do a definite job. The lobbyist who makes it his business to live in or stay about Washington for the purpose of influencing legislation, making his living in whole or in part, is the most odious.

"A lawyer or expert who comes here to represent a special interest upon a legitimate employment, where he uses no improper methods, uses only legitimate argument either before a committee or before individuals, is not a lobbyist."

Senator Borah's Definition

HE DIVIDED them into three distinct groups, the "occasional," the "professional" and the "legitimate."

Senator Borah, Progressive Republican, of Idaho, is much in the public eye at this time, and his definition should be of special interest. He said: "I suppose, in popular parlance, we mean by 'lobbyist,' a man who is employed, paid professionally to influence legislation concerning a matter, not because he is interested in the matter, not necessarily because he thinks it right, but because he desires to earn his salary, and is paid like a lawyer sometimes to argue a bad case, to do the best he can in the situation. That is my idea of a lobbyist."

Borah generally goes to the point clearly and succinctly, and he seems not to have deviated from that habit here.

Senator Brandegee, Old Guard Republican, has been in the Senate nearly 20 years, and probably has had considerable experience in various ways, so that his viewpoint ought to be worth something. It was this: "I think the word 'lobby' is a word that is rather loosely used. If no qualifying phrase or phrases are used, it would mean a retained, hired set of men who were soldiers of fortune and whose profession it was to try to influence legislation.

"But I think the word is frequently used to mean a man who is favoring a measure, or a man opposing a measure, who gets his friends to come down and interview legislators. I should call that a lobby, too, although not a paid one. I do not think there is any exact definition of it."

Brandegee seemed to lean to the idea that the old-fashioned legislative adventurer, whom he terms a "soldier of fortune," is still doing business around Washington. There are few of his sort left. He is almost defunct. He has been replaced by the more skilled manipulator—the specialist or expert.

One only has to scrutinize the directory of tenants of the office buildings in Washington to become convinced of the great change that has taken place in the business of lobbying. We find listed the "American Society" of this and of that; the "American Institute" of this and of that; the "National Association" of this and of that industry, besides a veritable army of individual lobbyists.

Thus has the old "soldier of fortune" given way to the highly organized group of specially trained men and women fitted to handle the legislative affairs of the particular industry in whatever way may seem best for the good of the cause.

Senator Cummins, erstwhile Progressive Republican, of Iowa, had this to say: "I observe that there is the widest difference of opinion about what a lobbyist is. I think that, no matter what the word formerly meant, no matter what its derivation might have been, a lobbyist, according to the public understanding now, is a disreputable creature, who is pursuing either an avocation or a method that the ethics of the people condemn. I think a lobbyist is one who attempts to influence legislation by other consideration than an appeal to reason, right or justice. There are thousands of ways in which these things can be done."

Let us leave the Senate for a moment and go over to the Department of the Interior. Honorable Albert B. Fall, Republican, of New Mexico, the present Secretary of that department, was in the Senate in 1913, and he said: "I have no information as to the use of money to maintain a so-called lobby. It is well known that certain industries have agents here in Washington and have had when tariff legislation was pending. I suppose, of course, those agents are paid a salary and have their expenses paid."

"Of the Past" Penrose

BY REASON of the authority vested in the President to change and alter any rate in the Fordney-McCumber tariff law, and to apply the American valuation plan, it is perfectly clear that no duty upon any article or class mentioned in the act can be said to be permanently fixed; therefore, it may well be said that the Fordney-McCumber tariff law will remain "pending" during its life. Thus, it would seem quite natural that the "agents" spoken of by Mr. Fall will have quite a lot of business in Washington for many months to come.

Senator Penrose, reactionary Republican, now dead, did not say a great deal about lobbying. It was not his habit to talk very much about anything. He could be most optimistic under very unfavorable circumstances. So, when Washington had out the "standing room only" sign for lobbyists, he said: "As far as the uncertain term 'lobbyist' is concerned, my own opinion is that the lobbyist is very largely an incident of the past." Which is terse and to the point and requires no explanation, especially when one knew the Penrosian mental slant.

Returning to the Senate, let us hear the opinion of Senator Lodge, standpat Republican, of Massachusetts, who was at that time minority leader in the Senate. It was as follows: "As to the meaning of the words 'lobby' and 'lobbying,' of course the words are very loosely used. I think that the word 'lobbyist' implies a person who frequents legislative bodies for the purpose of influencing legislation.

"It usually, I think, in the public mind, is associated with the idea of something improper. It may be improper or it may not," which would seem to be a fair proposition. No one can dispute that lobbying may be or may not be improper, just the same as no informed visitor to Washington can deny that lobbyists frequent our legislative bodies. If they would do nothing more than merely to "frequent" them, there would be no basis for this story.

Likened to Lawyers

THE venerable Senator Nelson, plain Republican, of Minnesota, who told me, some months back, that no man of his age—74 years—ought to be a member of the United States Senate, as the work required of a Senator these days calls for younger and more vigorous men, appears to put the Senate in the class of a court room, for he said: "In reference to the academic question, what is a lobby, or a lobbyist; in a broad sense anybody who comes here to advocate or oppose legislation is a lobbyist; but in the more pertinent and legitimate sense, I think a lobbyist occupies the same relation to legislation, tariff or any other legislation, that an attorney does to a lawsuit; that is, that he is hired in some way to come and appear and present that case.

"As a matter of fact, there is lobbying going on in matters connected with all legislation."

It was left to Senator LaFollette, Progressive Republican, of Wisconsin, to point out an actual case of improper lobbying, in which he recited that: "Four years ago, I was interviewed on the subject of hides and leather, and the interviewer informed me that he had already engaged a page or two of advertising space in the weekly magazine which I publish. I told him he should get to the telegraph office as quickly as possible and cancel that contract, and I would probably be in advance of him."

He then continued, giving his interpretation of lobbying, which was as follows: "The people who are here in very constant attendance upon the session are either expending a very large amount of money themselves or are being maintained here at the expenditure of goodly sums of money.

"To my mind, lobbying consists in influencing legislation by argument or otherwise. I think it is as much lobbying when those engaged in it are the owners of a business, as it is when made a business or profession.

"At the same time, I do believe that many times the very strongest influences that can be brought to bear upon legislation, and in some instances, the most pernicious influence that has been brought to bear upon legislation, either in state legislation or congressional legislation, has been exerted directly by owners of the business."

"Lobbyists and Lobbyists"

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE makes clear the relationship of the owner of the business or enterprise to the game of lobbying. The professionals are employed by, and receive pay from, somebody, and standing in the background of the picture is the manufacturer, producer or other business man, who does the hiring and who does the paying.

Senator Owen, Progressive Democrat, of Oklahoma, who possesses one of the keenest minds in the Senate, had this to say: "Some men mean by 'lobby' those who are engaged in a sinister effort to influence legislation by improper personal means, either by appeals to personal friendship against the general welfare, or to personal interest, direct or indirect, and in that sense, of course, the term 'lobbyist' is an offensive term and would mean a person who did not have a nice sense of honor.

"There are others who use the term 'lobbyists' to mean simply any persons who are engaged in discussing questions before Congress . . . . I believe the great interests of the country, in some cases, have men employed on a wholesale plan, systematically to persuade public opinion against the truth, against the actual facts, by a false statement of fact, by fictitious reasoning to persuade public opinion against the interest of the public in favor of their own private interests."

Senator Owen had in mind, no doubt, when he spoke of men being employed on a wholesale plan to persuade public opinion against the truth, the tremendous volume of propaganda of various kinds issued from Washington, for nearly all the associations and organizations of different industrial and other groups have their Washington publicity bureaus.

I have given what may be considered an assortment of thought selected from eminent senatorial minds, and with this symposium of views of these men of both political parties, who evidently have had many kinds of actual experience, it is easy to form the composite idea that there is considerable importance to be attached to this thing of the "lobby."

"On to Washington," the Cry

SO, DURING the coming days, in the administering of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law, we well may expect such a steady growth of the art of "lobbying" by paid "lobbyists," that it will assume such proportions and so firmly intrench itself in official circles that it will become an accepted part of the machinery of government at Washington.

Frequently, it is heard in Washington that this Fordney-McCumber tariff measure, declared by many thoughtful men to be an economic crime, with the special provision for raising or lowering tariff duties, may be used as an instrument for extracting Republican campaign funds from the purses of those interested in obtaining higher or lower tariffs; but it is not believed the chief executive of our nation will lend himself to anything of the kind.

But, if only a small part of the dire results prophesied take place, then there will be an open field for those who, as Senator Borah puts it, are "employed, paid professionally to influence legislation," and it is certainly now believed by those who are familiar with the methods of the "insiders" in Washington, that a veritable horde of professional, unprofessional, special and other uncataloged lobbyists are horsing themselves in battle array in a country-wide "on to Washington" movement, where the results of their sordid activities will be kept under such a cover of secrecy that the public will never know how or when it is being trimmed by these men, the most of whom are cunningly plotting constantly and everlastingly against the welfare of the people in behalf of their own personal gains.

Making Shady Roads for Future Generations

How Minnesota Is Lining 7,000 Miles of Highways With Trees

By EARL CHRISTMAS

IF YOUNG lovers of the future do not take to the air for their summer joy rides, they will find ideal conditions for romance by driving along the highways of Minnesota. Long, smooth stretches of road, shady lanes and stately trees—all will be there. Minnesota is building a 7,000-mile state trunk highway system, and is lining the roads with trees.

"A state of tree-lined highways"—such is the goal of W. T. Cox, state forester, who has set out to prepare Minnesota for this rather pleasant distinction. During the past year, with the co-operation of the State Highway Department and interested citizens, he has planted 30,000 trees along the highways of Minnesota. But that's only a start. As quickly as possible, he is to plant trees along all the 7,000 miles of the state trunk highway system. It will take some years to finish the job, and require many thousands of trees. After that he hopes to extend the work to all the local and connecting roads. Every highway in Minnesota lined with trees—that is the ultimate goal.

Consider the prospect, a paved or graveled road through a continuous lane of trees. Sounds inviting, doesn't it? So it did last spring when Mr. Cox launched his campaign. Civic and commercial organizations were quick to join in the movement. So were the municipalities. The Boy Scouts and members of the American Legion enthusiastically took up tree planting.

All Mr. Cox and his assistants had to do was to furnish the trees. He found everybody ready to put them out. In fact, he couldn't begin to supply the demand.

Because of this co-operation and partly because of a fortunate purchase, planting one of those trees at the side of a Minnesota road cost the state just a little more than two cents. For $678, it planted trees along more than 100 miles of highways, and retained a generous number for replacements next year.

Now, there's a valuable lesson in that, not only for Minnesota, but for other states. It suggests a most effective way of making our highways attractive, almost without cost, and at the same time it constitutes a splendid illustration of reforestation, now so much needed in this country.

Suppose we look into the future a bit, and see what we may expect from that $678. In the highway planting in Minnesota this year, black walnut was used. Later, other varieties of trees are to be planted, depending upon conditions in the localities where the planting is done. But the first year's work was confined to black walnut trees, which were set out in Southern Minnesota.

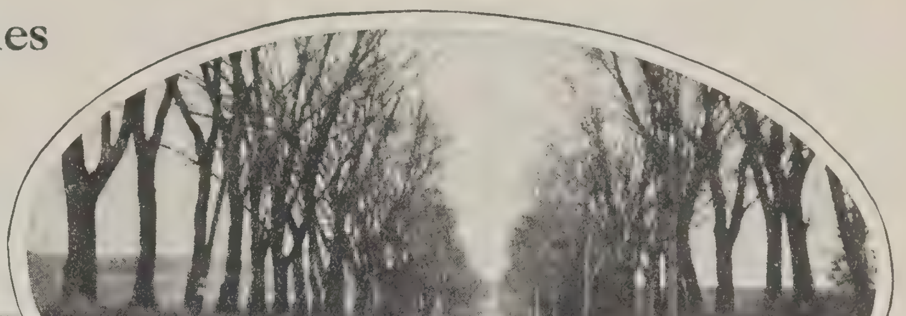
In 20 or 30 years, these highways will be lined with fine, big trees. For that $678, the state will have more than 100 miles of roads bordered with attractive trees. Nor will the improvement be of passing moment. The walnut trees will live from 150 to 200 years, according to Mr. Cox. The other varieties selected for highway planting likewise are long lived. Thus, one of these two-cent trees will go on shedding its benefits upon succeeding generations. Indeed, lining highways with trees makes a very impressive monument for the future.

P. O. Anderson, silviculturist of the Minnesota Forest Service, put the case this way:

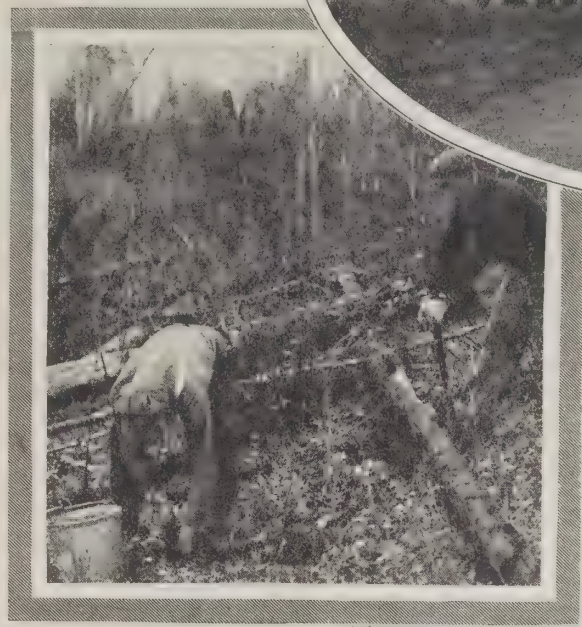
"Trees along the roadside protect the traveler from the direct glare of the sun and the hot, dry winds of summer. A journey through a region barren of tree growth over a hot, dry, dusty road will soon convince anyone that roadside planting is almost as necessary as road improvement. It increases the value of the state as soon as such a planting is started, and it continues to increase it yearly as the trees grow. The people are beginning to appreciate this. I have known road commissioners even to leave individual trees in the center of the road, and no interference with traffic has resulted."

But beautification of the roads, desirable as that may be, is not the only idea back of the movement. Providing for the comfort of the future traveler is something. Raising walnuts for him may be of some moment. But there is something else back of the program.

"We want to make the roads attractive," Mr. Cox said. "But in addition to that, we want to encourage people generally to plant trees. Every man who plants a tree becomes a friend of forestry in other lines, and right now we cannot have too many people interested in planting trees. We must plant more trees. We should have more trees on the farms, and there are vast areas of cut-over timber lands that need to be reforested.

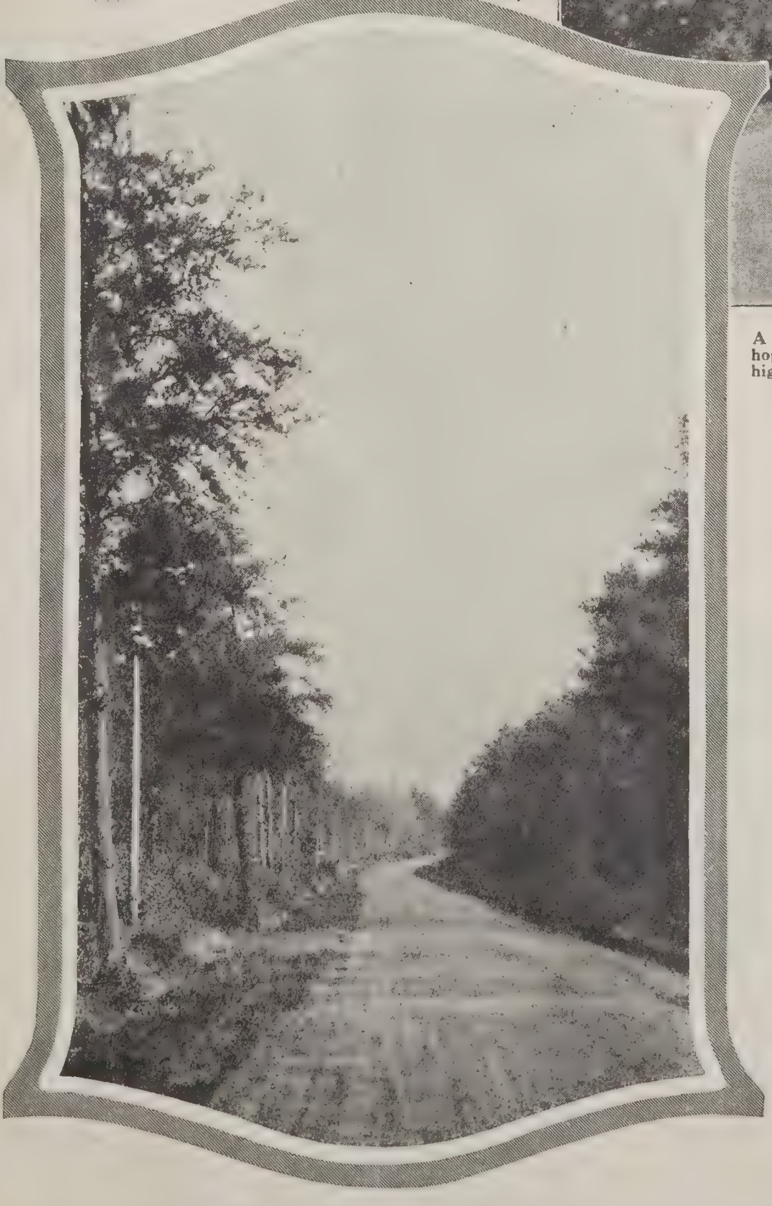


Winter scene along Highway No. 20, north of Rochester, Minn.



Many thousands of acres of cut-over lands are waiting for the tree-planting crews.

A tree-lined highway such as Minnesota hopes to develop from each road in its trunk highway system. This is the Dodd road leading into St. Paul.



St. Louis County, Minnesota, has carried on an extensive campaign to keep its highways green. It has taken steps to preserve the trees with which nature lined the roads, has planted many more and taken considerable pride in keeping the roadways clean. This is an example of what is being accomplished. Minnesota is starting out to line all its trunk highways with trees.

"Twenty years ago, Minnesota was at the top of the lumber-producing states. Now, it is sending out of the state $30,000,000 a year for timber products. We are hauling timber 1,000 to 2,000 miles from the West Coast or the South. Take Iowa, for example. Iowa pays $18 freight, a thousand feet, or something like that, to get its lumber from the coast, whereas, it might get it from Minnesota at $4 if we had it.

"Now, we can just as well raise all our own timber, and have some for export. If we stop the fires, adopt conservative methods of logging, and reforest, we can supply Iowa, Illinois and the Dakotas with great quantities of timber. For every $12 spent now in the planting of an acre of forest, there will be a saving in imports of approximately $1,200 for Minnesota in 40 years.

"Timber is being cut over and destroyed in Minnesota at the rate of 200,000 acres a year, while only 100,000 acres are being cleared. The original stands of old timber in the state are few and far between. At the present rate, it will be practically all cut over in 15 years or so. Unless more planting is done and the forests protected from fire, 20 years will see Minnesota practically eliminated as a lumber-producing state. The timber we have now is inadequate to stand the constant drain of eastern and middle-western consumption.

"So, you may see why we are so anxious to encourage the planting of trees in every way we can. Of course, we have great areas of young timber coming up, but many thousands of acres are barren because of improper logging or subsequent fires. Much of this cut-over land is unsuitable for farming, and should be reforested.

"We have wasted great areas of timber. This is true not only of Minnesota, but of nearly all states which once had great forests. We have allowed the forests to be logged clean, instead of preserving the young timber, and fires have destroyed big areas.

"It's time we did something definite to reforest these lands. We need to realize in this country that timber is a valuable crop. European countries have reforested lands that for centuries were regarded as untillable and only waste. There are forests in Europe that have been furnishing timber for hundreds of years, and they have just as many trees as in the beginning.

"Plant trees, plant trees—that's what we need to do! We want to get people in the habit. Every farm should have a woodlot. And then, there is the shelter belt.

"More and more, farmers are realizing the value of placing a shelter belt of dense and low-branched trees along the side of their fields. It increases the yield by reducing evaporation, beautifies the farm, aids in weed control, and provides a nesting place for birds that eat insects. This may affect the crop over a whole field of 40 acres. The crop is noticeably better in the lee of the growth. Evaporation increases with the square of the velocity of the wind."

The trees are set about 50 feet apart, being "staggered," or alternated. This gives opportunity for circulation of air, and the shade will not be dense enough to interfere with drying of the road.

Are We Flat-wheeling the Railway Post Office?

Charged That Administration Still Cherishes Burleson Tactics

By ROBERT KENTON

HOW many persons know the full significance of and appreciate the intricate services rendered them by that branch of our postal service which is known usually by the initials R. M. S.? The evolution of the R. F. D. system, by which about 75 per cent of all rural residents of the United States receive mail daily at the hands of carriers, is familiar to everyone. Even the average school child is well acquainted with the introduction of the airplane in long-distance mail carrying. But with all its immensity, the many tens of thousands of miles covered by the more than 40,000 carriers who daily traverse their routes, the rural free delivery branch of the mails renders services that in volume and difficulties are small when compared to those rendered by the Railway Mail Service.

Ninety per cent or more of all mail passes through the hands of the approximately 20,000 persons who man the R. M. S. They compose the one group of postal workers who are cut off almost entirely from direct contact with the general public. Rarely does the sender or recipient of a piece of mail see one. Though most of them are ever on the go, their work is as isolated as if it were done on a remote island of the sea inhabited by railway mail clerks alone.

It is because of their work that a letter dropped among thousands into a mail box, say, in New York early in the evening, is delivered to its addressee, say, in Washington, nearly 200 miles away, early next morning. To do that isn't merely collecting that letter along with thousands of others, putting it and them into bags and throwing the bags on fast trains. That alone would mean such confusion that the letter in question never would be delivered. With it are mailed letters destined for places north, east, west and south, with innumerable sub-deflections. With the short time the sorters in the New York post office or its branch stations have before the fast trains leave, all that can be done is to give that mail more or less general routing.

R. M. S. Neck of Bottle

THUS the letter in point would be put in a bag marked for trains going south, or, at best, in a bag marked merely Washington. If the first is done all the letters in the bag must be sorted on the train so that only those with Washington addresses may be thrown off upon the train's arrival at the capital. Likewise must those in bags coming down to New York from New England points for delivery southward be resorted. Even with the bag containing only Washington matter collected late in the day in New York, expedition requires that its contents be sorted in transit. For if thrown off in the shape received the night before, the clerks in the Washington post office would have to hold its contents for several hours, until the mail was so sorted that it might be correctly distributed among the hundreds of carriers operating through the various sections of the city. Therefore, as the train blazes a pathway through the night the railway mail clerks, standing among a small forest of gaping bags with curious pigeonholed boxes above them, must arrange the mail addressed to Washington in packages for the different carriers. Thus when the train reaches Washington, the mail for local delivery there may be thrown off in such shape that each carrier as he arrives for work will find all his route's mail segregated from all other, so that he immediately may arrange it in his bag and hie forth upon his rounds and put letters poured into the reservoir in New York on the evening before accurately on desks in Washington before 9 a. m.

The R. M. S. is the slender and narrow neck to the great bottle of the postal service. The mail must flow through that neck with such precision as will insure transport and delivery almost in perfect consonance with the means of movement—if perfect postal service is given. The mail has to be then poured through the neck so perfectly that it will come out in manifold streams which flow unimpeded in as many directions as the innumerable ones from which it came. And the eye and hand of the Railway Post Office Clerk make it possible for such to be done. Experienced clerks often have to know the post offices of several states, as they know their alphabet, and frequently know the layouts and addresses in detail of city routes on which they never put foot. It is not unusual for one to give specific direction to as many as 8,000 separate pieces of mail during a single night's tour of duty.

The railroads alone receive about $90,000,000 a year for the single item of transportation. About $40,000,000 additional is paid in salaries to the post office department employes who man that branch of the service. It was established in 1863. Prior to that year mail was transported on the railroads in bulk very much as common freight. Then came the crude rolling post offices of the early days. Ultimately there evolved the big 60-foot long mail cars, and smaller ones, equipped for carrying crews of from one to six or more clerks and equipment for the sorting and distributing that must be done in transit if mail congestion is avoided at terminals. The R. M. S. grew to the point where nearly all mail, especially that of any large volume, was distributed in detail on the trains, thus cutting to a minimum the time intervening between the mailing of an article and its final delivery. Then, in 1916, came the Burleson passion for postal economy. The chief point of attack was the Railway Mail Service. It is probable that wasteful and unnecessary practices had grown up in that branch of the postal system; certainly, the passing of time had rendered some of its customs antiquated. But the feeling for dispatch which marked its evolution still governed it.

Railway carriage of the mails was paid for until 1916 on a weight basis. This enabled those directing the R. M. S. to use as many trains as they needed, and generally as much space, without additional cost to the government. But in the year in question change was made to the space basis for payment. Thus a railroad collects for the number of cubic feet of car space used by the Post Office Department and not for the actual mail freight handled, or its character.

The space method of payment may be the more equitable system, but it made leeway for economies which many critics say are more apparent than real, and which, they also say, are achieved at undue cost to the total efficiency of the entire postal system.

The Burleson administration instituted a campaign to cut down space used on the trains. This meant, of course, fewer mail cars and fewer mail trains. It brought about the necessity for handling more mail as mere freight, that is, in closed pouches and even locked cars, which cut down the volume of distribution done on the trains. This, of course, shifted much distribution from the trains to the post offices, with a saving no doubt in its cost but with inevitably increased delay in delivering mail thus affected. There developed what are now important appurtenances of the Postal Service—the establishments known as terminal post offices. These are places set up at the railroad stations in important distributing centers for sorting and routing mail which arrives at them in bulk but must be resorted and rerouted to get through properly. The terminal post offices are stationary railway post offices. They save on railway car space and somewhat on clerk hire. But mail handled by them is delayed.

Mail Greatly Delayed

THE Burleson administration sought to limit such delayed mail to the less important classes. First-class mail, including daily newspapers, continued to be given mail-car distribution as before, or at least such was presumably the case. As a fact, it is charged, the rage for economy went so far that much first-class mail could not be distributed on the trains and was thus delayed at terminals or at delivering post offices.

There, of course, was much complaint from the public, as well as postal employes. One of the firmest pledges made by the present administration was that all of Burleson's allegedly false economies would be abandoned. In truth, for the first year or two of its life, a better spirit at least was generated within all branches of the Postal Service and public complaint on the score of inefficient handling of mail all but ceased.

Now, it appears, some phases of Burlesonism have been retained or revived. And, as during the administration of the former Postmaster General, the chief point of application seems to be the remote and, to the public, isolated R. M. S., the narrow neck which connects the gigantic collecting and distributing reservoirs of the Postal System.

The neck of the bottle again is being squeezed to smaller size. Since 1916 the total number of miles covered annually by Railway Post Office cars has been cut from 340,479,600 to 280,728,833. Most of that cutting was done by the Burleson administration but more than 4,000,000 miles reduction has been made since the present administration went into office.

Number of Clerks Cut

IN 1912 the number of clerks assigned to road duty, that is, on trains, was 15.328; today the number is about 14,000. It is estimated that the volume of mail has increased at least 75 per cent since 1912, and perhaps 50 per cent since 1916 when the slashes in the Railway Mail Service began to be made. Since 1912 the number of clerks assigned to terminal duty has increased from 448 to 3,058. These figures are supplied by H. W. Strickland, industrial secretary of the Railway Mail Association, which is the organization of the employes of the R. M. S. The meaning of those figures is that more and more mail, as far as rail transportation goes, is treated as mere bulk freight. The distributing is done while it is standing still, which means an extension of the time intervening between delivery to and final delivery by the Postal Service. In continuation of that Burleson policy the present administration recently cut the Railway Mail Service train forces about 350 in number and threatened to make it one thousand. Protest upon the part of the clerks, it has been charged, was followed by threats of repression similar to the kind which the Burleson administration was accused of employing.

"The mail cars that are operated today are usually so jammed full of mail that distribution is retarded," declares Secretary Strickland of the Railway Mail Association, which in only secondary sense is a union, in that it is a "no strike" organization. He declares that crews frequently have to leave undistributed at least 25 per cent of the mail which still is supposed to be handled for quick delivery on trains.

"The R. M. S. was once a prideful organization," says Mr. Strickland. "From the highest officials down to the newest 'sub' the effort always was to get the mail to destination by the quickest possible train. 'Schemes' of distribution and schedules of mail trains were the constant day-and-night companions of the men who 'worked' the mail while the trains ran. Under the system of weight pay for mail transportation any and all trains on all railroads were available. Fast mail, limited passenger and slow freight trains were used, according to the need of the service. The whole idea was to get mail 'home' at the earliest hour transportation facilities permitted.

"Under the space system the less numerous the trains the less the cost. If the people on a branch line had been getting mail from two trains a day and sending it out on an equal number, the Post Office Department could reduce the cost by carrying all the mail on one train in each direction, and such, in many cases, was ordered to be done. Where two or three or four trains in each direction had been carrying postal cars in which the railway mail clerks distributed the mail in transit, postal car service was reduced and the mail carried in the baggage car which was cheaper or held for a later train, which was cheaper still.

"Republicans and Democrats alike criticized Postmaster-General Burleson and his policies. In the last campaign it was promised that those policies would be changed and, particularly, that the Railway Mail Service would be restored. But now after more than two years it has not been done.

"The railway postal clerks are more than willing to take off their coats and give the people a good postal service. But under present restrictions they cannot do it. No degree of efficiency on the part of the employes can overcome the handicap to the postal service that has resulted from the curtailment of post office mileage."

Thus, if the complainants are right—and they present convincing figures in corroboration of their charges—Burlesonism marches on, at least within the realm of the little-known but exceedingly important R. M. S.

Japanese Emperor's Summer Palace

(C Gilliams Service

This remarkable marble boat was built by the Empress Dowager as a summer palace and is a favorite of the present Emperor, who spends many hours on it.

Her Microscopic Photos of Tiny Organisms Have Done Much for Scientific Research

Her Work in Searching Out Parasite Is Held of Great Value in Fighting Bubonic Plague

Now in Her 80th Year, Has Been Honored by Many Scientific Societies for Unselfishness

MISS MARY ALLARD BOOTH

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

THE only living woman photomicrographer is nearing her eightieth year and her name is Miss Mary Allard Booth. The family residence in Springfield, Massachusetts, is still Miss Booth's home, and the family coat of arms bears this insignia, "What I hope to accomplish, I shall accomplish," which at once leads to the remarkable history and accomplishment of her whose work so powerfully aided the government in ridding the country of the bubonic plague.

With the furtherance of science uppermost, Miss Booth has, in 40 years of photomicrographic work, delved deeply into study of parasites, of animals and of vegetation, and the fruits of her labor compose an encyclopedia.

With only that tragic outlook of a bedridden life before her, Miss Booth, at the age of 20 years, made a trip to the seashore one Sunday, being carried from carriage to train in her father's arms. While sitting there a good fairy appeared in Miss Mary Halliday, of Brooklyn, who picked up bits of seaweed and by her explanation and the young girl's interested examination, sowed the seed for microscopic study that resulted in a woman scientist of such mature knowledge that the doors of scientific societies, once open to men only, have admitted her. Recovering, Miss Booth has for many years traveled, collecting and adding to her vast assortment of microscopic slides.

While insect anatomy has been the principal object of her study, Miss Booth has also extensively photographed many other subjects purely for the portrayal of exquisite design.

It is through her photomicrography of disease-carrying parasites that Miss Booth has been enabled to give great aid to humanity. The eminent Pasteur said, "It is within the power of man to rid himself of every parasitic disease," and at a later date Professor Irving Fisher said that at least 15 years could at once be added to the average human lifetime by the science of preventing disease. It was by photographing the bubonic plague fleas on the rats of San Francisco at the request of Surgeon General Blue, that Miss Booth nipped in the bud the spread of the plague.

From the study of these highly magnified disease-carriers, science learns what it did not know heretofore. Photomicrography allows of unlimited expansion in the field of bacteriology, and in the treatment of germ diseases great strides have been made with the help of these clear-cut photographs of the smallest parts of insects, often so minute as a whole as to defy discernment with the naked eye. In many instances a disease is identified by the mosquito or other insect that spreads it, as, for example, a malaria-breeding mosquito may immediately be recognized by its photomicrographed wings. Besides having fulfilled numerous Federal orders for her work, Miss Booth's photomicrographs are in demand at universities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and her exhibitions have been many times seen at museums.

Photomicrography necessarily calls for a broad knowledge of zoology and botany, as well as expert photography. Scientific perfection is the goal which must be striven for, and this requires long and arduous labor. Pictures such as Miss Booth takes are often made only after hours of patient adjusting and scrutinizing, until the perfect reproduction is the result. These photographs appear to be the most exquisitely drawn pen and ink sketches, yet are actually much superior to drawings, for absolute truth is essential if these likenesses are to be of benefit to science.

Miss Booth showed the writer marvelous little pictures which would delight any bacteriologist. Among them were the gizzard of a cricket, the pygidium of a flea, parasite of an ox, flea of a mouse and that of a hedgehog, a sheep tick, bird lice, fleas of a woodchuck, the parasite of a loon and that of the snowy owl, and the beautiful tongue of a fly.

Many interesting facts relating to the life of insects reveal themselves to the observing eye of this photomicroscopist. For instance she took note that a bumblebee when out gathering pollen, takes only one kind on a trip, passing by all flowers not furnished with that especial "brand."

Such photographs as that of the eye and the foot of a spider, the foot of a caterpillar and the tongue of a butterfly would be of interest to the orchardist, whereas a cross-section of a piece of mahogany and a transverse section of blackberry stem are made chiefly as adventures into a realm of beauty, entrance to which may only be gained by the door of the microscope.

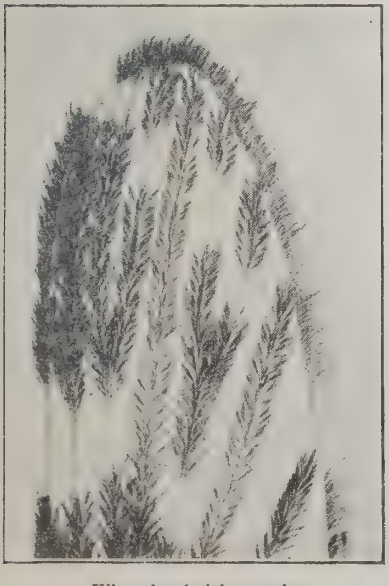
It was in 1877 that Miss Booth obtained her first miscroscope, and it was not many years thereafter that she had gathered about her a complete working apparatus for photomicrography. So well-rounded are her resources and equipment that it is possible for Miss Booth to finish the process of mounting, photographing, and developing, all within an hour's time of the gathering of the subject. Equipped with a license from the city of Springfield, Miss Booth is further enabled to procure subjects from park ponds.

This tall, well-dressed and thoroughly feminine scientist has also perfected herself in the art of preparing lantern slides by the use of the microscope and the camera. Illustrative of the development of photography, Miss Booth is preparing a collection of photographs which will be added to the National Museum.

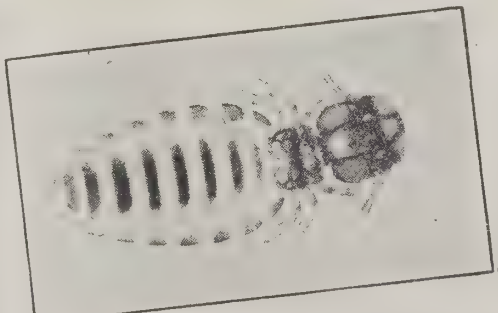
Upon the death of Miss Booth's father, who was a collector of microscopic slides, the head of the Entomology Bureau at Washington declared it a pity that such a collection should be lost. Thereupon the daughter set about to complete it for the National Museum. Stupendous, indeed, is the task of Miss Booth in arranging some 1,000 microscopic slides of diatoms, with as many as 100 diatoms to a slide. The national curator has declared that when this collection is completed, it will represent the second largest of microscopical organisms classed as seaweeds and possessing characteristics of both plants and animals in that, unlike other plants, they have the power of voluntary motion, and unlike most animals they possess chlorophyll.

Besides appearing in the American "Who's Who" and various other compilations, Miss Booth is mentioned in "American Men of Science." This talented, persevering woman is also a member of the Royal Microscopic Society of London, the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, and, at 75 years was made a member of the New York Microscopical Society. The first exhibition of her work was in 1886, at the New Orleans Exposition, where she received a medal. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, a large space was taken up by Miss Booth's photomicrographs, and her work was awarded the grand prize in the educational exhibit.

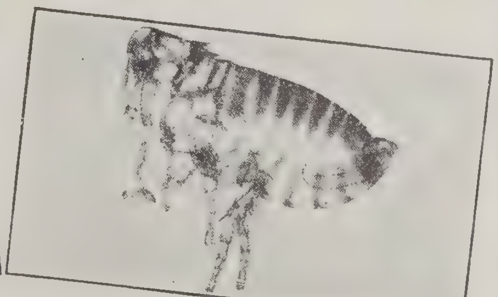
The preservative influence of science on the human mind is aptly illustrated in the case of Miss Booth whose attitude toward her work is described by her words that "every new discovery is a new revelation of God."



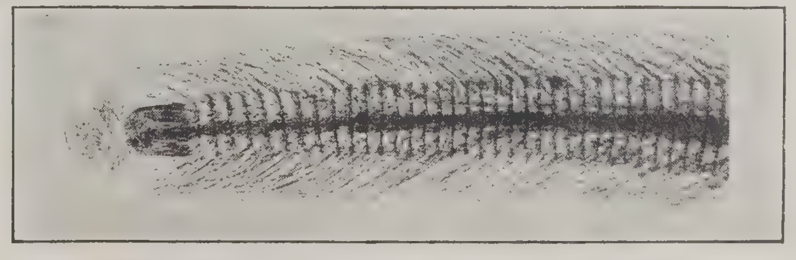
Wing of malarial mosquito.



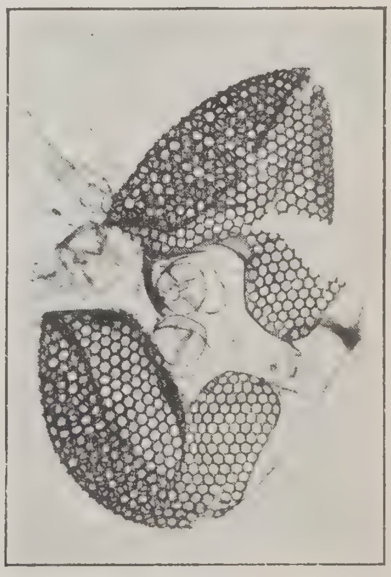
Parasite of horse.



Flea of rabbit.



Tip of tongue of bumblebee.



Eyes of mosquito.

Advertising Did It: The Story of Los Angeles

Concluded from page 9

Some day, of course, the Chamber of Commerce will take up the matter of transportation and traffic, and then things will begin to hum. At present that civic dynamo is concentrating its efforts upon expansion of industry and the harbor. Characteristic of its aggressiveness is the excursion of a large delegation of business men to Hawaii to preach the desirability of trade with Los Angeles. The writer's interview with the Chamber's publicity director was interrupted the other day by one of these booster guys.

"I want you to get me up a bunch of statistics about Los Angeles," he said. "Population, exports, imports, temperature, number of rainy days, and all that stuff. I want to make about eight hours of speeches when I get to Honolulu. I'll weave in the fluff if you'll just give me some of the hard facts."

That's the way they do it. It was more than a month before a direct steamship line was to be opened up between Hawaii and Los Angeles, and the booster hounds were already on the job. Before they get through, the islands will be lying about two feet deep in fancy literature anent Southern California, and the Honolulu gals will be deserting the beach at Waikaiki to swim at Santa Monica and Venice.

No less than 28 publications, including a monthly magazine called *Southern California Business,* are issued by the Chamber of Commerce. Its offices remind one of a thriving corporation, and there is symbolism in the fact that one of the daily newspapers is published in the same building. The faint rumble of the presses carries up to the ears of the Chamber folk as if in constant reminder that printed propaganda made Los what it is today.

9,000 in the C. of C.

INCIDENTALLY the Chamber claims to be the largest commercial organization in the world. Nine thousand citizens, each paying an annual fee of $25, comprise its membership. It is divided into 12 departments, under the direction of experts. Foreign Trade, Industrial, Agricultural, Marine, Industrial Music—these are some of the departments that shout the glories of Los Angeles and serve those who come to the chosen city.

Other Southern California communities are following the big town's example. No place so small that it hasn't a Chamber of Commerce, ballyhooing at the top of its voice. And no place so small that it doesn't bristle with its own dignity and importance.

"By the way," cautioned the city editor when this writer first began work on a Los Angeles newspaper, "we never speak of the little towns around here as anything but 'cities.' They resent it if we call 'em 'villages' or 'towns,' and the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce immediately indites a hot letter to me. My mail's too large as it is—so kindly have a heart."

Santa Monica and Venice, lying side by side as the aquatic playground of Los Angeles, are perhaps the livest of the hoorah "cities." The palisades of the former fringe a bay which, back in '75, was scheduled to make it the "maritime metropolis of the Southland." Excursion steamers came down from San Francisco. Los Angeles, then a hopeless young town minus a Chamber of Commerce, sent a wee crowd of its own.

"The zenith city by the sunset sea"—that would be Santa Monica, according to Tom Fitch, who was brought there for the occasion because of his silver tongue. He painted a wonderful picture of the future —a picture full of "white sails of commerce dotting the harbor," with "products of the Occident and Orient unloading at the wharves"—a picture shadowed by "factory smoke darkening the horizon." Barren lots, attaining great dignity through the oratory of Fitch, sold for as high as $500.

Santa Monica Is Astir

BUT look at Santa Monica now! The factory smoke is back in Los Angeles, which started out on an agricultural and meteorological foundation, and the twentieth century version of "white sails" is seen in its harbor at San Pedro. Santa Monica itself, under the guidance of the Greater Santa Monica Club, is running full-page advertisements in the Los Angeles *Times* to inform the world that Santa Monica is "A National Playground."

"Located in the front yard of Los Angeles, 45 minutes from the central business district," says the advertisement, and there are half tones of bathing girls, sloops, speed boats, golfers and shady roads to prove that Santa Monica's aspirations to become the "maritime metropolis of the Southland" have suffered a sea change into something entirely else again. It acquired a Chamber of Commerce too late in the game!

Now the good folk of Southern California, not content with squeezing the eastern pocketbook during the winter months, are megaphoning for summer tourists. An organization known as the All-Year Club, composed of business, hotel and railroad men and affiliated with the Chamber, has been formed to conduct the new ballyhoo. It opened up its campaign last spring by spending $150,000 in magazine and eastern newspaper advertisements.

"You see, we have always boomed Southern California as a winter resort," explained Rathbun, the publicity shark. "The natural inference, of course, is that Los Angeles and vicinity is a bit hot in the summer. As a matter of fact, we Angelenos regard it as the pleasantest time of year. There's no reason, particularly with the summer excursion rates, why we shouldn't have a bunch of tourists throughout the warm months, too. We're out to get 'em."

Then, being a candid sort of fellow, Rathbun divulged the Chamber's theory of advertising. He quoted Sarah Bernhardt, who is supposed to have made the naïve query: If the world does not continue to hear of Bernhardt, how will it know she still lives?

"It's the same way with us," said Rathbun. "We keep Los Angeles continually before the world. We let it know we're part of the map. If a local florist develops a new rose which takes a prize in Paris, we shout about it. We send out a picture of the rose and tell how it was born and bred in Los Angeles. Our idea, you see, is not just to give out propaganda, but to make decent copy with a fair percentage of news value to it."

This municipal horn-tooting is beginning to have an echo from north of the Tehachapi Mountains, that boundary line between Southern California and the benighted part of the state. Yes, San Francisco is finally realizing the value of advertising and is setting out a bait for the tourists. A campaign committee has been organized, with the president of the Standard Oil Company of California as its chairman, and within less than a year the boosters hope to be far enough along to command a cool million from communities north of the Tehachapi to carry on their ballyhoo.

Even the enemy country is being invaded. The writer has before him a neat, two-column "ad" clipped from a recent issue of a Los Angeles paper. The text states that San Francisco's "salt air and sea breeze effect a bracing, comfortable and invigorating climate for your vacation," which is quite true, and then it mentions something about amusements and sports. It might have added that, although some other California cities may be overstocked on climate, San Francisco has atmosphere. And a metropolitan air, besides.

It is a curious study, that of these two coast cities, San Francisco is California; Los Angeles is the East and Middle West. The latter's population is heterogeneous, with practically every state in the Mississippi Valley represented by a society of its former residents. Ninety-six per cent of Los Angeles' citizens are from elsewhere, and a considerable portion of these transplanted inhabitants have had a way of looking over their new home town soon after arriving and saying:

What Los Angeles Is

"WAL, now, you ain't got the kind of traffic signals we use back on the main street of Prairieville. They worked out right well, too. Why don't you try 'em here?"

And so the suggestions streamed in and this eastern colony on the mesas of California, aided and abetted by the god of ballyhoo, grew into a great city that is a municipal composite of Wichita (Kansas) and Des Moines (Iowa) and Lincoln (Nebraska) and Peoria (Illinois) and Whatnot (United States of America). Meanwhile San Francisco, wrapped in its proud mantle of Native Sondom, stood aloof and smiled disdainfully at the spectacle of a town advertising itself into greatness. Yes, the Golden City, with the most wonderful bay in the world, watched Los Angeles build up a harbor and a commerce, becoming a maritime capital despite the fact that the imports and exports have to be hauled a score of miles overland to get from the docks to the rest of the city! It watched Los Angeles lure industry to Southern California, although San Francisco itself is more centrally located on the Pacific Coast and its bay is fringed with perfect factory sites.

These two California cities remind the writer of a pair of towns in Tangipahoa Parish, Louisiana. One of them, Hammond, is a hustling community with a flock of industries and a lot more coming. Its streets are paved, and it has several movie theaters, and more of each are in prospect. The other town, Amite, is the parish seat of Tangipahoa—and that about lets it out. The cinema is a Saturday-night rite in Amite. It's so sleepy that only the daily spectacle of the Panama Limited, thundering through on its dash to New Orleans, keeps the citizenry from pulling a complete Rip Van Winkle. The Panama *stops* at Hammond.

"She should be stopping here," the editor of Amite's weekly paper told the writer. "She *would* be stopping here, too, if we hadn't been so stiff-necked and exclusive back in the '80's and '90's.

And Frisco's Growing, Too

"DO YOU know," he went on glumly, "this was the big town of the parish when Hammond was a pup. Then Hammond began advertising for northern settlers and northern capital. They welcomed the folks from Illinois and Wisconsin, whereas we of Amite put up the bars to them. We had the start. We could have been the big city of the parish and had the Panama stopping here, but we turned down our chance."

The analogy is a general one. San Francisco, although hampered by a great fire and by a particularly cankerous labor situation, is still growing. It showed its stuff when—in 1906, the year Los Angeles started affecting a harbor—it picked itself out of the ashes and immediately began relaying the municipal foundations. It showed the rest of the country the pure quill in convention jobs when it handled the Democrats at their last national powwow with a hospitality never before dreamed of. It showed the world how-come at its great exposition not so many years ago. But—

San Francisco, like the little town of Amite, sat smug too long in its pride of birth. Until recent years you had to be a native son to get the gladeye and the helping hand. Outsiders were greeted with the icy stare and the ammonia-piped shoulder. They were glared at in San Francisco and slapped on the back in Los Angeles. The latter, like Hammond, advertised for 'em to come and then hung out the sign of welcome.

There is significance in the fact that they've finally instituted a ballyhoo north of the Tehachapi. It shows they're waking up—and waking up just in time, too. Otherwise, sure as there are little oranges to put in the bottom of the box, San Francisco would fall in line behind San Pedro and Hollywood one of these days and become annexed to Climatetown!

How We Utilize the Sun Energy of the Tropics

Concluded from page 7

before they are fully grown, or they will be overripe when they reach their destination. After their removal from the plant, they continue to grow, by absorbing nutrition from the stalk. It is important not to gather them when they are too green, or they will be tasteless. But the bananas destined for points at a distance from the seaport, requiring a longer time for their transportation, must be gathered in a less mature condition than those which can reach their destination in a shorter time.

Banana bunches must be handled very carefully to prevent bruising. A padding of banana leaves serves as some protection. The men must be trained to handle the banana bunches so carefully as to reduce bruising to a minimum.

Tramways bring the bananas from different parts of the plantation to the banana railway. By the banana railway, or sometimes by river or canal boats, the bananas reach the shipping port, where they are transferred to the large ocean steamers by means of mechanical conveyors, at the rate of several thousand bunches an hour. Refrigerating plants on the steamers maintain a low temperature, and retard the ripening process. Fruit destined for points some distance inland is transferred from the vessel to special banana trains, which are arranged to give forced ventilation to the fruit. Removing the warm moist air holds back the process of ripening. From the vessels, the fruit is unloaded by conveyors, which effect a saving of time and labor, and reduce the handling and the consequent bruising to a minimum.

During the ocean trip, the fruit is carefully inspected, and again as it is being unloaded. Any fruit that is nearly ripe is sent to a near-by market, and that which is fully ripe goes immediately to the peddlers, thus minimizing the loss from overripe bananas.

There is a somewhat general notion that the bananas marketed in this country are inferior to those eaten in the tropics. This may have been the case in the early days of the banana trade when bananas were shipped here in tinfoil, and were possibly a month or more on the way. But with the modern methods of handling the fruit, one who buys a banana in Denver may have just as delicious a morsel as the native of Panama—provided he allows his banana to ripen before eating it. Bananas ripened on the plant are not superior to, or more palatable than those which have been picked green. Natives of the tropics never leave the bananas on the plant until they are ripe, for if allowed to mature on the plant, they lose flavor. Moreover, they are liable to split and become a prey to insects.

There is a general impression that edible bananas grow wild in the jungle. Some authorities deny this, saying that the wild bananas are seeded varieties that even the natives will not eat if they can obtain the cultivated varieties. There is some reason, however, to doubt this last statement, for persons who have lived long in Northern South America say that there are good bananas among some of the wild tribes away from the influence of the white man, where there is no probability that there has been any cultivation.

Another misconception regarding the banana is that it is ready to eat when it is yellow. But the banana is not mature and at its best state until the outer skin is partly darkened, and the pulp mellowed. One reason why many suppose the banana to be indigestible is that it is eaten in an immature state. To do this is the equivalent of eating apples not fully ripe. Some persons may get by with it, but many cannot. There is no reason why bananas fully ripe but not overripe should not be fed to children. Bananas baked, whether with their skins or peeled, make a delicious custard, excellent for children as well as adults.

In food value, the banana excels the potato, and almost equals the sweet potato. Being edible without preparation, it has a place all its own as a source of carbohydrate. It is a veritable pure food, packed in a sterile package. With the exception of the grape, no common fruit has a food value at all comparable to it.

Dried banana is a most delicious food, something like dried fig, but without seeds, and with a delightful flavor all its own. Because of its excellent keeping qualities, its ease of transportation, the possibility of shipping it long distances, even into the arctic regions, and the possibility of using bananas for drying which are not suitable for shipment, such as small bananas, small bunches, bruised bananas, and the like, and bananas grown on islands too remote to be within the reach of a good market for fresh bananas, there is no good reason why a profitable and useful business could not be developed handling dried bananas. Once properly introduced, dried bananas should find a steady and growing market.

"Senatorial Courtesy!" It's a Changed Brand!

Concluded from page 6

pearance in Washington some years ago. Since that time I have been on terms of social intercourse with him, and have observed his conduct in the social and private relations of life, and I feel bound to say that for kindness of heart, humanity and exemplary deportment as a private citizen, he would probably compare with the Senator from Kentucky, or with any Senator on this floor by whom he had been assailed."

Senator Clay again took the floor, and after describing what he described as the "infamies" of Blair and his newspaper, the *Globe,* he met the personal issue as follows:

"For the Senator from Alabama to undertake to put me on an equality with Blair, constrains me to say, it was FALSE, UNTRUE and COWARDLY."

Senator King arose quickly and addressing the chair said: "Mr. President, I have no reply to make—none whatever." He then withdrew from the Senate chamber. Later a page came in and whispered to Senator Linn, of Missouri, who went out with him. Linn soon returned and handed a note to Mr. Clay, who wrote something and handed the paper to Mr. Archer, of Virginia. This was subsequently understood to be a challenge by King and its acceptance by Clay. Friends of the great Kentuckian, however, perceived that he had done King an injustice and foresaw that a duel, if it did not encompass their idol's death, would seriously hurt his political prospects and they sought to bring about an amicable understanding. King would withdraw his challenge only on condition that Clay apologize from the floor. This was at first met with a positive refusal on Clay's part and several days were consumed in arriving at an understanding which averted the duel. Senator Preston, of North Carolina, played a prominent part in the conciliation. He finally arose in the chamber and referred to the "unpleasant collision." He pointed out that Mr. Clay thought the language of Mr. King was intended to be injurious to his character and personally offensive, and, with that feeling, Mr. Clay had retorted in language of direct affront, using language which Mr. Preston said he was convinced he would not have used except under a deep sense of injury. Furthermore, he thought Mr. Clay had misconstrued the remarks of the Alabama Senator and, from information in his possession, he was sure Mr. King intended no personal affront. He announced it as his confident belief that as the whole affair grew out of a misapprehension, there would be an adjustment "which was earnestly demanded by the Senate."

This preliminary explanation having opened the way for the amendé honorable, Senator Clay arose and said he shared with the Senator from North Carolina the regret he had manifested by reason of the occurrence which had disturbed the harmony and good feeling of the Senate. He explained that while Senator King was speaking he thought there was a studied effort to cast reflection upon him and his character, and when the speaker closed by comparing him to a man whom he had the day before branded as infamous, there was no doubt in his mind that his object was personal offense. But, he concluded, he had received information upon which he placed implicit reliance that such was not the intention of the Senator from Alabama and that it was not his purpose to cast the slightest imputation on his honor or character. He was ready at all times to repair an injury, and it was with pleasure that he withdrew everything he had said reflecting on Senator King's honor.

Senator King followed with the statement, that he concurred in the declaration of the Senator from Kentucky that it was every Senator's duty to the body of which he was a member studiously to avoid all personalities, and that it had not been his intention to reflect in the least on Clay's character, and that he accepted with pleasure the olive branch thus extended. Senator Preston expressed his satisfaction at the harmonious ending of the misunderstanding. While Preston was speaking, Mr. Clay rose from his seat, crossed the chamber, and, arriving in front of Mr. King's seat, is said to have exclaimed: "King, give me a pinch of your snuff." King sprang to his feet, held out his hand, which was cordially grasped by Mr. Clay, while the galleries and Senators applauded.

The Brooks-Sumner affair, growing out of discussion of the slavery question, in which Representative Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, assaulted Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, with a cane on the floor at the conclusion of a Senate session, was another memorable one. Sumner had arraigned in severe terms Senator Butler, of South Carolina, a kinsman of Brooks, who was absent from the Senate, and also, in the opinion of the assailant, had reflected on his state. An ineffectual effort was made to have Brooks expelled from the House. This failed, but he was fined $300 in the criminal court. Coming at the time it did, this affair helped inflame public feeling, North and South, over the slavery question and contributed to the unfortunate conditions which followed.

The painful impression is left on the casual spectator to the Senate galleries that the decorous days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun are of the past and that a new order prevails in the Senate with a modern standard of senatorial courtesy. When the Senators of Civil War days had their occasional clashes they usually grew out of the discussion of questions that shook the Republic to its foundation. The dueling code has gone, but the Marquis of Queensbury rules may have to be substituted unless the Senate's behavior improves. Dueling was barbarous, but it had the virtue of making gentlemen careful of imputations against the honor of one another. It causes one to wonder whether the continual infiltration of foreign stock into American life has brought about a condition that is thus reflected in the Senate.

Her Work in the Red Cross Has Been Inspiring

By J. H. WALTON

MISS IDA F. BUTLER

MISS IDA F. BUTLER, whose official title is "First Assistant to the National Director," is located at the National Headquarters of the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C. It is here the task of maintaining the numerical strength and morale of nearly 39,000 Red Cross nurses, assigning them to service, directing their activities and constantly renewing their inspiration by means of wise and sympathetic counsels, is carried on.

A graduate of the Hartford Training School for Nurses, and for 12 years the head of the Maternity and Gynecological Department of the Hartford (Connecticut) Hospital, she had succeeded to the position of supervisor of probationers there when the World War gave her the opportunity to undertake foreign duty under the American Red Cross Nursing Service. The unit of which Miss Butler was head nurse arrived in Paris in March, 1918, just when the great German drive was nearest to Paris. Miss Butler was detailed by the American Red Cross Nursing Service to establish a hospital at Lyons, and to reorganize a second at the same place. At the conclusion of her service in France Miss Butler came to National Headquarters, where she was chosen for the Chautauqua lecture series by which the Red Cross was seeking to stimulate throughout the country a wider interest in their peace program which was largely concerned with health education.

The true value of Miss Butler's present service to the American Red Cross is best appreciated by a close-up of her everyday routine at National Headquarters. Avalanches of mail pour ceaselessly over her desk. Peeping over her shoulder, let us learn at first hand the nature of the correspondence. The first letter discloses the problems of a young nurse struggling to create an up-to-date conception of community hygiene and sanitation in one of the West Indian groups of A. R. C. nursing activities. With the warmth and responsiveness born of her vivid imagination and far-seeing judgment, bred by her years of technical training in the same field of human uplift, Miss Butler dictates a reply that goes forth to the lonely, discouraged nurse with the cordial intimacy of a handclasp and a smiling "well done."

Hailing from the far-off Philippines, the second letter appeals for a nurse, "tactful, dignified, mature in experience, with elasticity of mind, preferably one accustomed to tropical conditions but energetic; possessed of initiative but willing to subordinate her own ideas and desires absolutely to whatever policy may later become necessary; with long training in maternity cases, some background as a school nurse, and having qualifications also for supervisory and instruction work."

Quite a large order, we who are unacquainted with the facts would think, but Miss Butler does not even consider this an unusual or difficult assignment. The American Red Cross roster of 39,000 picked nurses, augmented monthly by an average of 100 new enrollments, furnishes a variety and richness of human material and professional experience that guarantees the right person for the particular niche, no matter how exacting and multifarious the requirements.

"Miss Butler has given me enough helpful suggestion and encouragement in half an hour to carry me through my work for the next six months," was the tribute of one grateful nurse, who emerged with radiant face from an interview with the first assistant. "You can confide in her and know that she understands."

The Racial Facts of the Money Question

Americans Never Agreed With System Which Originated in Oriental Mind

BANKING and finance have always seemed strange, "foreign" or mysterious to Americans. We have always felt a sense of identity with our other political and industrial institutions, even when we have discussed their faults. But as to finance there has always been popular distrust. Since Hamilton imposed his ideas on the young Republic, American political history has been punctuated with revolt against the banking and fiscal system. The Jacksonian epoch was one expression of this. The state bank experiment was another. After the Civil War, greenbackism and then free silver were expressions of this profound conflict between popular instinct and the fiscal system based on the gold standard or its later development into "asset" currency—the "assets" being the least tangible of all industrial values—commercial credit.

Perhaps the fiscal system is the only institution which has survived for so long a time a general popular suspicion. But even in its survival there have been considerable periods in which it has been in abeyance, while experiments—usually hampered or ill-conceived—were attempted in the effort to supplant it.

Perhaps the disharmony between the ideas of the American people and the fiscal system, with which they have been in daily contact for about four generations, may lie in the incongruity of that system with the racial genius of the American people.

Americans in the main are still a North European folk. The mind of the North European man is essentially synthetic—indeed, objective. He is an adventurer, explorer, experimenter and PRODUCER. Mastery of THINGS, dominance of the outer world, is his life aim. He concerns himself comparatively little with what is going on inside his own brain, or the brains of his fellows. In industry, this racial characteristic is shown by the pre-eminence of the North European as a farmer, manufacturer or engineer. He is concerned with the conquest of Nature, rather than with the manipulation of human relations or the control of human thought. *As a merchant, politician or diplomat he has never been the equal of the more subtle man,* of the races which prevail on the Mediterranean littoral and which have left persistent strains throughout the British Isles and the other North European lands. The artistic superiority of the Mediterranean man is another expression of this racial difference.

Now banking, finance and all that sort of thing were originally Mediterranean, not to say Levantine. They were developed by the trading races of the south, whose main idea of wealth accumulation was that of bargaining or manipulation, rather than extraction from the earth and the forces of Nature. Reared in a region where Nature was more lavish, the necessity of conquering her was not so pressing for these races as in the homelands of the North European man.

The very vocabulary of finance, like the three balls over the pawnshop, comes from Italy or beyond. The law of banking and commercial paper is still known to lawyers as the *lex mercatoria.* It is a lately adopted child in the Saxon family of the common law, a waif laid on the doorstep of medieval England by the swarthy strangers who brought their wares and their usury to the fairs of "Merrie England."

This may explain a great deal of current history when thought out.

Last winter there were farmers in Illinois, possessed of hundreds of rich-producing prairie acres, who could not borrow a $5 bill at a bank.

At this very time on Halsted street, Chicago, olive-skinned merchants from the Ukraine or the Levant, could find ready financial accommodation, even though the laurels of more than one successful bankruptcy were still to be found entwined in their hair.

Such is the difference between "liquid" and "frozen" assets in the fiscal system which now prevails in the United States.

It is primarily a system created by trading peoples for purposes of trade. *It is not adequate for a race of pioneers and producers.*

OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Kiss clinics for marriageable girls, to solve America's divorce problem, are advocated by a noted Parisian stage beauty who is visiting Chicago. "A woman's whole heart should be put into every kiss she gives her husband," she declared. "A kissable woman will keep any normal man anchored at home. Too many wives think they can hold their husbands through their stomachs. Scientific love is more practicable than domestic science."

Montreal's bachelor tax, yielding $100,000 a year, was voted down. The vote stood 23 to 8 in support of an appeal to the provincial legislature to repeal the law.

The "Christ of the Andes" is a statue of the Savior, cast in the bronze from the cannon of opposing Argentines and Chileans, standing nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the sea at Cambre Pass, on the mountain frontier between Argentine Republic and Chili. It was placed there in March, 1904, as a symbol of the perpetual peace which was then sworn to by the opposing nations. An inscription on its base reads, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than shall the people of Argentine and Chili break the peace which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

In the interior of Argentine, cattle are so plentiful that beef on the hoof often sells for less than two cents a pound and cattle are sometimes given to the butcher on condition that he shall return the hide to the owner.

An office manager of a large corporation uses a method all his own for discovering to what mental type applicants for positions as clerk and stenographer belong. He strews the anteroom with the latest copies of magazines ranging from *Zippy Tales* and *Cinema Scandals* to the more staid and worth-while publications. Ofttimes while waiting, the applicant picks up the periodical interesting him or her most.

The Vatican has issued a warning to prelates not to take part in politics.

A gasoline substitute, made from prickly pear juice and mixed with other chemicals, has shown remarkable results. It is known as "spring bok," motor spirit, and is made in South Africa.

A muskrat was the cause of Stevenville, Ontario, going without electricity for three days. Workmen searching for the trouble dug down to the underground cable and found that a muskrat had chewed the cable to get the beeswax inside the insulation and had been shocked to death.

The parlograph, just invented by a German, may be described as a dictaphone and telephone combined. Sitting at your desk you can, by using this instrument, do business with any person located elsewhere. The parlograph, after being connected with your telephone, gives a permanent record of what is said and done, by both parties to the transaction.

A blue-winged teal, banded in Lake Scrugog, Canada, 16 miles from Lake Ontario, was found in Trinidad, 3,000 miles away, two months and seven days later.

A manufacturing company shipping its product long distances from the factory by truck utilizes this means of transportation every hour of the day and night by providing a sleeping compartment above the seat of the driver. One man sleeps and the other drives. The bed is similar to a Pullman berth with windows on three sides to provide ventilation. In this way practically all bills for lodging are eliminated and considerable time is saved on the way.

Big Ben, the clock in the Parliament tower in London, is wound by an electric motor. The bell of the clock was cast in 1858.

Five thousand dollars was paid for a single branch of red apples in Ferrell, New Jersey, by a nursery firm. A record and agreement of purchase have been filed with the county clerk. The owner received $1,000 outright for the purchase of the apple branch, and will receive $4,000 additional in installments at the rate of two cents each for every tree budded from this branch, which is to remain on the tree in the orchard, according to reports.

A man in Gratz, Austria, who had hanged himself from a tree, was cut down by a farmer. During the operation one of his legs was broken, caused by his landing in a ditch. He sued the farmer for hospital expenses. The lower court granted his demand. The superior court, however, considered that the farmer had done a good turn to the man who wanted to die, and his duty as a Christian citizen. The higher court held that he could not be held responsible for the consequences of his act and denied the would-be suicide his claim.

Automobiles and launches of Brazil are successfully using alcohol as fuel.

Snow has melted from the cross which gives the Mount of the Holy Cross its name. The Mount of the Holy Cross is in Colorado and the snow has melted on the cross for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. However, the outlines of the cross are discernible 20 miles distant.

The center of alien white population in the United States moved westerly for the first time in 30 years. The new center is in Allen County, Indiana, about 10 3-4 miles east of New Haven and 16 miles east of Fort Wayne. It is due to the increase in foreign-born white population in California, Texas and Arizona, according to the Census Bureau.

The British Government got out a new half-penny stamp for the West Indies, containing a picture of Christopher Columbus looking through a spyglass as he discovered the islands in 1492. Columbus died more than a century before the first telescope was devised.

Indian characters, centuries old, cover the walls of an Indian cave hidden away from the white man's eyes and recently discovered on the estate of Valentine Hememan at Boothbay Harbor, Maine. The cave runs back 40 feet under the hillside and can only be reached by a sudden drop of 15 feet over the ledges.

Holland and her colonies have no tariff and believe in free trade

The owner of a shoe store in Amsterdam has announced that during one week he will pay for men's and women's shoes 2.50 guilders and for boys' and girls' shoes [illegible]50 guilders to each customer who buys a new pair of shoes from him. The old shoes, which must be repairable, will be given to the local poor commission for distribution among the needy.

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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Failure Or Fraud?

Kemal's War Cry

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"Allah Achbar: Mohammed Resoul Allah!"

War Cry of Kemalists Brings Union of Moslems to End White Suzerainty

By CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

"GOD is Great! Mahomet is the Prophet of God!"

Such is the war cry of a people numbering upward of two hundred and thirty million souls. Although a medieval war cry, it was not like other medieval war cries; it did not become obsolete when mailed men and horses went out of fashion at the muzzle of the gun. Fanatical or not, as you choose, it is an expression of religious faith; it is at once a sermon, a prayer, a defiance—it is more, it is the rallying-cry of the Faithful.

Sped on by that thrilling cry, the Arab Moslems, in the hundred years following the death of the Prophet, trampled down all the proud old dynasties of the East, extended their empire and their faith over immense regions of Asia and Africa, including the land of the Khosrus, great territories in India, Syria, the kingdom of the Pharaohs, the whole of North Africa to the Atlantic shores of Mauritania, and, more remarkable conquest, overran Spain and Portugal and fought a battle for the control of all Western Europe on the plains of France less than 100 miles from the walls of Paris.

Five hundred years later, urged by the same war cry, the Turks, at first a little band of less than five hundred fighting men, began a career of conquest which absorbed all the power of the Arab and Persian and carried them to the walls of Vienna. In two hundred years the boundaries of the Ottoman Empire ran from the peak of the Persian Gulf to Azov on the River Don; from Azov to Lemberg and Buda; from Buda to the Adriatic. Syria, Arabia, Egypt and North Africa bowed to the Sultan, and his fleets swept the Mediterranean. Yet greater glory, the Caliphate of Islam sat in Ottoman Constantinople; the Sultan was the Defender of the Faith—he was also the Emperor of the East, the successor of Constantine and Hadrian.

Christendom, in the last 400 years, has worn down the power of Islam until the Sultan-Caliph is a mere prisoner in his Mosque at Constantinople, his empire is but a fragment of Asia Minor, and the great hordes of the Faithful are subjects of infidel powers. The religion founded by Mohamet is changeless, thus medieval; its followers maintain its spiritual strength, but its princes have lost their temporal power.

Islam Challenges Christendom

HOWBEIT, Christendom is once more alert, because today a militant minority of that great host of Islam has sprung to arms and raised that age-long rallying-cry: "Allah Achbar! Mohammed Resoul Allah!" Nor has that rallying-cry lost its potency. For the Turks of Anatolia have swept the Greek forces from Asia Minor and are now muzzle to muzzle with the British army spread along the high banks of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. More, they are soon to return to Europe. Once more Islam challenges the might of Christendom.

This is no mere bid for a place in the sun; it is the impatient gesture of a mighty sect bent on reclaiming its high estate in the affairs of mankind. Let there be no mistake about this revival of the Prophet's war cry. After centuries of humiliating shrinkage at the hands of decaying dynasties the Faithful have found a leader to rebuild their temporal structure. Well may western diplomacy tremble at locking horns with eastern religious fanaticism.

This Turkish Nationalist movement embraces more than the reclamation of Thrace, more than the repossession of latter-day Turkey in Europe, more than the reoccupancy of Asia Minor; it aims at the complete restoration of Islam. The keynote of the whole effort of the Turkish army is found in the "Nationalist Pact" of January 28, 1920.

Read the very first Article of the "Pact." "Those territories of the Ottoman Empire populated by an Arab majority and being, at the time of the Armistice (October 31, 1918), occupied by the enemy armies, shall be ruled according to the will of the local population." Those territories are Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Arabia and Egypt. And, according to the Koran, the will of the local population is the will of the Caliph, none other than the Sultan of Turkey. To realize this political change Turkey must fight, and must win from Great Britain and France.

To continue: 'Those parts of the Empire situated on the Armistice line, inhabited by a Moslem majority, united by religious and cultural ties and animated by a similar desire for the establishment of their ethnical rights, *form a complete whole with us which shall suffer under no pretext whatsoever any dissociation."* These territories embrace Cilicia, recovered to Turkey by the Franco-Turkish Treaty of October 20, 1921, and the Mosul province of Mesopotamia, now in the hands of the British and garrisoned by British forces. It is needless to ask the question: "Will Britain give up the Mesopotamian oil fields without a struggle?"

This startling "Pact" from the almost dead "sick man of Europe" throws some negative sops to the powers concerned. From Article Two we glean the thought that the Turkish Nationalists are eminently fair: "In the case of the three sanjaks which united themselves to us by vote when they were first free, we accept a second plebiscite *if necessary."* This refers to the sanjaks of the Caucasus and covers territory in addition to that regained by Turkey through the Treaty with Russia and the Treaty of Kars with the Soviet republics of Azerbiajan, Georgia and Armenia signed by the Angora Government. Again in Article Three, the "Pact" provides that: "The juridical status of Western Thrace, *which has been made dependent on the Turkish peace,* shall be effected in accordance with a free plebiscite."

In the Nationalistic demands concerning Constantinople, there appears to be a willingness to compromise; the Fourth Article of the "Pact" reads thus: "The security of the city of Constantinople, which is the seat of the Caliphate of Islam, the capital of the Sultanate and the headquarters of the Ottoman Government, and the security of the Sea of Marmora must be effected. This necessity, once put and admitted, the Ottoman Deputies are ready to subscribe to any decision which may be taken by the Imperial Government, on the one hand, and the interested powers on the other, with a view to assuring the opening of the straits to world commerce and international communication." Here is a sop to the powers, but a deliberate bid for Russian assistance as well.

For sheer "buck passing" the Fifth Article of the "Pact" may be considered a glorious example, yet, if sincere, contains the remedy for deportations, massacres, and political slavery on both sides. It states: "The rights of minorities will be confirmed by us on the same basis as is established in other countries by conventions hitherto concluded between the powers of the Entente, their adversaries and certain of their associates. At the same time, we have the firm conviction that the Moslem minorities of other countries shall benefit from similar guaranties." This affects about 20,000,000 Moslems in Africa outside of Egypt; 26,000,000 in the islands of the South Seas and those large islands adjacent to the Asian mainland, including our own Philippines; 130,000,000 in Asia outside of those territories specifically mentioned in the "Pact"; and approximately 5,000,000 European Moslems scattered through the Balkan States. As a matter of fact, the Moslem population of India, about 70,000,000, is something more than a contemptuous minority—at the present moment it is a particularly disquieting minority, a tail about to wag the dog.

Coming to the sixth and final Article of the "Pact" we discover the Turkish, hence the Moslem, "Declaration of Independence." The Nationalists repudiate all so-called Capitulations which give foreigners in Turkey a diplomatic status and "go the limit." They proclaim: "With a view to assuring our national and economic development, and with the end of giving the country a more regular and economic development, and with the end of giving the country a more regular and modern administration, the signatories of the present pact consider the possession *of complete independence and liberty* as the *sine qua non* of our national existence. In consequence, we oppose all juridical or financial restrictions of any nature which would arrest our national development. The conditions of settlement of our proved debts shall likewise not be contrary to these principles." Here is defiance to international land-grabbing diplomacy, and to international financial consortiums as well. The entire "Pact," from beginning to end, is a plain declaration to the world that Turkey wants her independence here and now, and that such independence is meaningless without the restoration of her empire in Western Asia and Egypt.

Europe's Squabbles Kemal's Gain

WHILE admitting that the "Pact," as a state paper, ranks high and will long be of supreme interest in diplomatic circles, one wonders how the Turks can entertain any hopes of seeing it put into effect. At first thought, it seems impossible that such a program can be other than a "bluff," a mere trading schedule for regaining Thrace and the control of Constantinople. Yet even a brief survey of the general situation in the Near East will reveal a condition of affairs which provides grounds for Ottoman hopes. Rest assured that Kemal Pasha has something up his sleeve more tangible than diplomatic audacity; that he holds a few trumps in this dangerous game he has undertaken, and that the time has come, in his judgment, for him to throw down the leading card.

Perhaps the strongest card in Kemal's draw is the chaotic hodgepodge now obtaining in the relations between the various European nations; their hesitant policies are astounding in the extreme; their contradictory moves precluding united action in any respect; their itinerant conferences proclaim that "will-o'-the-wisp" character of European diplomacy and the sad weakness of Christendom. Just such conditions made it possible for the Arab Moslems to conquer half the known world in their day, and just such conditions allowed the Ottoman Empire to become a fact in the sixteenth century—disorganized Europe has always been the signal for the Prophet's war cry and the brandishing of the sacred sword. Taking the facts relating to the two former Moslem conquests as criteria, it is not difficult to understand why Kemal Pasha pursues the advantage which European disorder so surely offers.

At the time of the Armistice, the Allies had things all their own way. The Quai D'Orsay saw the creation of new Balkan nations, a rejuvenation of the Slavic elements of that section of Europe; it saw the Greeks on the road to reclaiming their lost empire; and there was a comparative unity of action among the Allies which boded ill for the Turks. Italy, France and England fell in with the schemes of the Greek Solomon, Venizelos, and guaranteed the restoration of Greece at the expense of Turkey. Greece was given all the Turkish territory in Europe, extending up to the very defenses of Constantinople; she was presented with the Bulgarian territory bordering on the Aegean; she was assisted to occupy Smyrna, especially by the British; she was granted Northern Epirus, part of Albania, and the Dodecanesus Islands in the Aegean. As for Turkey, she was pushed across the straits and left, a sad remnant of her former glory, a little portion of Asia Minor with her capital at Angora. Constantinople was internationalized, so was the shore on either side of the straits—Turkey was out of Europe at last.

First to upset this plan was Greece herself, the nation who had the most to gain by its continuance. An election swapped exiles. The exiled king, Constantine, was brought back to the throne and Venizelos became an exile. Since that day Greece has been on the downward road. This was due partly to incompetence chargeable to the Constantine régime, and partly to a change in Franco-British relations, the whole complicated by Italian rancor.

France changed her governmental leaders and, as many a new broom sweeps clean whether desirable or not, the new leaders started at once in a reversal of French relations with Greece and Turkey. Personal spite against Constantine, fear of Greek expansion becoming an agency of absolute control of the eastern Mediterranean by the British, and the desire to protect the French mandate of Syria against Turkish raiders caused the French Government to repudiate Greece and make a separate treaty with Turkey. This treaty gave back Cilicia to Turkey, guaranteed Turkey French support against Greece, and supplied Kemal Pasha with munitions to raise his army. Italy, alarmed at the rapid rise of Grecian power, for precisely the same reasons as those which prompted France to support Turkey, also made a separate treaty with the Angora Government. Despite British assistance, Greece fell before the revitalized Turkish power. Greece swept from her feet, England alone opposed the victorious Ottoman troops.

Turks Need Munitions

KEMAL and his Nationalistic followers in Angora raised the Prophet's war cry; all Islam responded. Nerved by that cry, the whole Moslem horde in British India and Egypt have promised aid to the Ottoman cause. British aid to Greece and British harshness to the Sultan have weakened British prestige with the Moslems of the empire. The inevitable return of the Turks to Thrace and Constantinople will further weaken Britain's hold on the volatile Moslem elements of her vast dominions in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia and India. This is more critical than at first sight appears. Any tranquillity in those areas is due to force of British arms. To quiet Egypt, that people claimed by the Turkish Nationalists, Britain has set up what purports to be an independent nation; the new rule, however, is not accepted by the majority of Egyptians, and their chosen leader is in exile.

Small wonder that Kemal relies on the divided policies of the Allies and the unrest of the British Moslems as his trump card. But he has other cards in his deck to support the trump. Italy fears the rise of Slavic power in Southeastern Europe. Hence she opposes the diplomacy of Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, enemies of Turkey. Jugo-Slavia threatens the Italian colonies on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, the Slavs need a seaport; Czecho-Slovakia and Italy are at odds over the fate of Austria and the nationalist scramble of the Magyars; this eliminates the Little Entente of Middle Europe as an immediate danger to Turkish enterprise. To the west, Bulgaria, war-time ally of Turkey, presents the only direct problem for Kemal to solve. The return of Bulgaria's Aegean seacoast, turned over to Greece at the Quai D'Orsay, will answer for peace between that nation and Turkey.

One great handicap to Turkish Nationalism remains; the Turks have no munitions. They possess no great manufacturing centers to provide their armies with the sinews of war. Even should all Islam rise and join the Turkish army the Ottoman Empire has no facilities for equipping such a force. Here enters Russia. Kemal has already made treaties with Russia and the Soviet republics of the Caucasus, and echoes of these pacts have reached the Allies in the Russian demands that no lasting disposition of the Straits and Constantinople can be made without Russian participation. To back up this demand, Russia announces that she has re-established compulsory military service on all male citizens between the ages of 20 and 40, and that she proposes to raise a huge air force and also build up a large navy. Enemies of all social order other than their own, stung by their, so far, ineffectual attempts to gain recognition by the European powers, the Soviet leaders of Russia are ripe for vengeance. Hence the possibility of Kemal gaining reinforcements and acquiring needed munitions from Russia. In semi-official circles in London this contingency has been discussed since the winter of 1920—to forestall such action the British Government has made overtures to Russia for economic understandings, and did not stand in the way of Russian participation at the Genoa Conference. This Russian phase of the Near Eastern crisis may be denominated as Kemal's "right bower."

Often, the writer has heard it stated in military and naval circles, both in America and abroad, that the Turk is a degenerate and thus a poor fighting man. This is all bosh. All Moslem soldiers, the Turk in particular, are brave, dashing, and inveterate fighters. They have traditions which are fully as inspiring as any people in the world. In addition they have the words of the Prophet, equally a command and a promise, a shrewd combination of religious zeal and temporal reward, if the Moslem *fights*.

(Concluded on page 13)

"Let Law Go to Hell and Study Judges"

How Courts Illegally Legislate by "Interpreting" the Law

By C. C. DANIELS

of the New York Bar.

ON THE sixteenth day of September, 1893, the "Cherokee Strip" was opened to settlement and became a part of the territory of Oklahoma. Governor Renfrow appointed me county attorney of "L" (now Grant) County, and the duty of organizing the new county fell upon the appointed officers.

The day of "the run" (as the opening day is referred to by "old-timers") was an epoch in the lives of thousands who looked with longing eyes to the opening of the strip as their opportunity to obtain a home.

As it was my desire to do a general practice, in addition to performing the duties of county attorney, my "shingle" as "Attorney at Law" was hung against the wall of the tent that furnished a place of abode, as well as an office for the transaction of business, and was sometimes used as a jail where prisoners were chained up to the tent pole to await trial.

Shortly after the "opening" a man came in my tent office and retained me to represent him in a suit. The right of possession was involved to a quarter section of land which both parties claimed the preference right to enter and acquire title to, and this right of possession was being contested in an injunction suit. The attorneys representing both sides went before the judge of the district, who decided against my client. I thereupon advised him to "maneuver around" until he got in the position of his opponent. This he did, and we went before the same judge upon the same state of facts, with the same parties and the same lawyers, but with positions reversed. The judge, not to be outdone, promptly reversed himself, and decided against my client a second time.

Judges Have More Power Than Congress

RECOGNIZING the autocratic power of the judge to wield the "night stick" of contempt proceedings, I asked if court was adjourned, and stated that if court was not in session I wanted to ask a question. The judge said court was not in session, and I asked him to please tell me how a lawyer could advise a client in his jurisdiction when he reversed himself on the same question upon the same state of facts, between the same parties in less than 30 days.

His answer was not very satisfactory, and the attorney representing the other party said to me as we walked out—"There is one thing you must learn in this western country; let law go to hell and study judges."

During the nearly a quarter of a century that has elapsed since this advice was given me, I have found that the application of the advice is not confined by territorial limits, but that the study of judges is as necessary in the East as it was in the West, and that it is of far more practical importance than the study of law.

Someone has said, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." A wise newspaperman has said, "Let me write the headlines of a newspaper and I care not what you put under them." *But those who name the judges of the nation exert more power than does Congress and all the state legislators combined.* Congress and the legislature may pass the laws, but the judges determine and limit their scope and effect, and often emasculate and change them, so that the lawmakers would not recognize their own handiwork.

Judges "legislate" under the camouflage of "interpretation" upon almost every proposition that vitally affects the public.

The bench, in my opinion, contains the good and the bad—the good by far outnumbering the bad. There are remarkably few judges who are either corrupt or dishonest, and the very few who are corrupt or dishonest are eventually correctly appraised by the people and accorded the sincere contempt they richly merit.

A lawyer, in court, who had been treated with the grossest discourtesy by the presiding judge, started to walk out of court, when the judge railed out at him and said—"Do you mean to show your contempt for this court?" The lawyer politely replied—"No, your Honor, I am going out to keep from showing it." There are times when to retire from court is the part of wisdom and a way of refuge.

Examine Jurors—Why Not Judges Too?

WHEN an intelligent lawyer has for trial a case involving large interests, he carefully scrutinizes the jury list, and hours of the time of the court are spent questioning the members of the panel for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not any of the jurors have financial interests that might affect their judgment in rendering a verdict; their social and political affiliations, and the organizations they belong to; and any other fact or circumstances, calculated to prejudice them in rendering a verdict, are carefully inquired into and considered. Ample provision is made for this examination of jurors, and it is not considered a reflection on a prospective juror to ask questions calculated to bring out the facts.

If the same questions were asked of or concerning the judge presiding at the trial; if questions were asked that seemed to suggest that the judge himself might not be free from prejudice, because of reasons for which the judge would sustain challenge to a juror and decline to permit him to serve—unless such questions were very diplomatically framed, the lawyer would be in serious danger of punishment for contempt. *And yet the judge is the "thirteenth juror" rendering the verdict.*

In an address delivered some time ago, a New York Federal Court judge solemnly warned the members of the bar against criticism of judges, and intimated that one who indulges in criticism of the judge was an enemy of society, engaged in tearing down the bulwarks of civilized government.

The placing of the judicial robes upon the lawyer who has been the trusted attorney of crooks and scamps and who has exerted his brain in enabling dishonest men or corporations to secure property and money that in good conscience they were not entitled to, or to escape liability for contracts that common honesty demanded they should meet—*does not change that lawyer's character.*

It is true, however, and very pleasant to record, that the responsibility and dignity of newly acquired judicial position often brings out in men who go on the bench a latent capacity and integrity that their closest friends did not realize they possessed.

There are others who go on the bench and yield to the seductive effect of flattery and power, to the astonishment and disappointment of their closest friends, who believed them to be immune from such influences.

Judges who actually take bribes or who actually sell judgments are rare specimens. There are many on the bench—and by far the larger portion—who bring to the performance of their godlike duties, keen intellects, intense application, learning, courtesy, courage and integrity. These men do not mind intelligent criticism. They recognize that the good judge must bear some of the odium of the bad; that when the judicial robe is treated as too sacred to permit the average man to use his intellect in appraising what the robe covers, the robe may sometimes be used for purposes that arouse criticism.

The judge who attempts to force jurors to decide questions of fact, of which they are the sole judges, in accordance with his views, is himself guilty of contempt of court—for the jury is as much a part of the court as is the judge. Jurors are not responsible to the court for the exercise of their honest judgment on facts submitted to them, and when the judge invades their sphere and attempts to control the exercise of their conscience, he deserves the censure of all law-abiding citizens. *Of course there is no machinery provided for the punishment of the judge when he shows contempt for that portion of the court represented by the jury,* but he is morally as guilty as those the court punishes for contempt of that part of the court represented by the judge.

It is well to begin the study of judges years before they are appointed or elected. If an X-ray could be taken of the processes utilized by those who control the appointment of Federal judges, the student of public affairs would learn something of the care and scrutiny exercised to make certain that the views on public questions entertained by the man under consideration are *in harmony with those who control the appointment.* A most careful analysis is made of all that the prospective judge has written or said; his speeches, briefs and decisions (if he has been on the bench) are carefully scrutinized for the purpose of ascertaining not only his character, reputation, capacity and fitness, but also whether he puts the emphasis on property rights or personal rights.

Appointing Senator White

DURING the administration of President Taft, a vacancy occurred on the United States Supreme Court bench, by reason of the death of Chief Justice Fuller. The opportunity was presented to President Taft to name the man who would sit at the head of the court which exercises more power than any court in the world.

President Taft determined that the man designated by him for this exalted position must be a man of unblemished character against whom no breath of scandal had ever blown; that he must have pre-eminent ability; be a vigorous thinker whose training and capacity would command the respect and esteem of the world. He found those qualities in Associate Justice White, and appointed him Chief Justice.

But there were others who possessed these qualities and we must look for other reasons moving the President to designate one who had been a lifelong Democrat and who had been a soldier in the Confederate Army.

President Taft knew from Senator White's record that there was little danger of his judicial opinions being out of accord with the Republican policy of a protective tariff, and that, therefore, from the Republican standpoint, he was "safe and sane."

The Sherman anti-trust law was invoked in the Northern Securities case. There was a division of the court of five to four. Justice White was one of the dissenting judges who insisted that the court should do what Congress had refused to do and write in the act "unreasonable" restraint of trade, thereby emasculating the law and changing it from a "rule of action" to a mere declaration, depending for its force upon the conviction or bias of the particular judge before whom the case should come. The five outvoted the four, and the law was sustained in its integrity. The court upheld the Constitution which provides that the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the government shall be separate, and that the Congress of the United States was the legislative body, and that duty had not been transferred to the courts.

When President Taft came to consider the appointment of a man to succeed Justice Fuller as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, he had every reason to believe that Justice White would do his best to write into the Sherman anti-trust law words which would weaken, if it did not destroy, the law; that Justice White was committed to the policy of *judicial legislation* and sought so to change the law as enacted by Congress as to remove the menace from combinations and trusts in their ruthless work of destroying competitors and thereby reap a rich harvest from the destruction of individual effort.

President Taft appointed Justice White Chief Justice.

The Sherman anti-trust law came before the United States Supreme Court in 1911 in the cases against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company.

It was my good fortune to hear the American Tobacco Company case argued. Chief Justice White, as I recall the incident, asked Assistant Attorney-General MacReynolds (who has since filled the office of Attorney-General of the United States and is now one of the justices of the Supreme Court) whether he would write into the law "unreasonable" restraint of trade. Mr. MacReynolds replied that he would neither add to, or take from the law as passed by Congress.

The opinion in these two cases was rendered by Chief Justice White, and he wrote into the law the "rule of reason" which is another name for "unreasonable" restraint of trade which he endeavored to write into the law in his dissenting opinion in the Northern Securities case. The opinions in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases are vigorous, able and denunciatory of the methods used by these trusts. They paint a vivid picture of the ruthless destruction of competitors and the denial of the right of others to do business. But with all the harsh and denunciatory language, the judgment of the court destroyed the certainty and efficiency of the law, gave the trust immunity for the past and made it clear that the only thing trusts and illegal combinations need do is to "study judges" and see to it that the judge before whom Sherman anti-trust law cases come are "safe and sane."

Why Justice Harlan Dissented

JUSTICE Harlan wrote the opinion of the court in the Northern Securities case in which the court "construed" the law as enacted by Congress, and refused to "legislate" under camouflage of "interpretation." He wrote most vigorous dissenting opinions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, in one of which, among other things, he said:

"This court is asked to do that which it has distinctly declared it could not and would not do, and has now done what it then said it could not constitutionally do—*It has, by mere interpretation, modified the act of Congress, and deprived it of practical value as a defensive measure against the evils to be remedied.* The court intends to decide that its deliberate judgment, 15 years ago, was not in accordance with the 'rule of reason.' I have the authority of this court for saying that such a course of proceeding on its part would be 'judicial legislation.'"

Congress has recently provided for an increase in the number of Federal judges, and the President will have the appointment of more than 20.

That the Department of Justice prefers taking its special cases before judges who have been recently appointed by the same power that named the Attorney-General, is a fair inference from the fact that the Attorney-General made his application for injunction in the recent strike troubles before Judge Wilkinson, of Chicago. Judge Wilkinson had until recently been officially connected with the Department of Justice, and those who pass on and recommend for appointment as judges, had every opportunity to study Mr. Wilkinson. It was their duty to do so before he was appointed judge, and there is reason to believe that they were satisfied that the Department of Justice could draw a correct conclusion as to the way he would view questions raised in the application for injunction. Evidently the Attorney-General made no mistake in his "study" of Judge Wilkinson, for the judge granted an injunction so broad and far-reaching, that many thoughtful men stood amazed at the lengths to which matters had gone.

Open Session Would Help

IN APPOINTING the new judges authorized by Congress, the President will exert an influence on the life of the nation more far-reaching than any law enacted during his administration. Federal judges are appointed for life, and the people have practically no voice in selecting these important officials. Although these men hold their courts and administer the law, or by interpretation modify or change it; although they protect and uphold or take away and destroy the people's rights, yet the people have no word in choosing them.

If the confirmation of judges was considered in open session of the Senate, the public might have a "look-in," but sessions of the Senate considering nominations are secret, and facts brought out with relation to those nominated for judge are withheld from the public. With so large a number of judges to be considered at one time, it is reasonable to assume that there may be some "logrolling" between the different Senators whose friends the President has designated to fill these judgeships.

I would not have anything said in this article construed as minimizing the duty and necessity of earnest, persistent and intelligent study of the law, but the purpose is to emphasize the necessity of "study of judges" as well as the *law.*

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Lest We Forget

IN THE midst of appeals that come from the distant parts of the world—some sections of which are now being better fed on American charity than ever they were fed by their own industry—it is well to remember the suffering, perhaps a keener suffering, which millions are undergoing in those parts of the world for which large collections are not being asked nor taken. Take this for example:

> "The recent continued spell of cold weather, with its northerly and easterly winds, has greatly increased the hardships and miseries endured by the very poor in East London. Children are terribly underfed and underclad. Their fathers seek work and seek it in vain. Their mothers are unable to secure sufficient food and warmth for either their little ones or themselves. The nights are cold and wretched, too, as well as the days, for many homes are destitute of bedding."

Indeed the bulk of household goods which the refugees of various Near or Far Eastern parts are shown by the photographs to be moving hither and thither, would spell wealth for tens of thousands of families in our own lands.

The distress of far-distant lands, however, is amenable to charity—perhaps that is why it is more popular than the distress nearer home. The distress at home will make greater drafts upon us than mere gifts grumblingly flung to appease the insistence of some too zealous collector. The distress of London, and of American cities, too, requires justice to alleviate and remove. And it is easier for us to be temporarily charitable than it is to be continuously just. The shame spot of the world is not the sufferings of distant peoples who have never achieved a settled and productive civilization—the shame spot of the world is among ourselves, among the most highly civilized people of the world. And already heathen Turk and Hindoo are pointing at us and saying, "Physician, heal thyself."

Aiding the Poor Oil Men

IT WILL be impossible, probably, to find an effort on the part of government to curb the profiteering in commodities necessary for general use, except that during the war the prices of farm products were closely controlled. Even then the wildest speculation was permitted in *the finished product of grain,* but it was made a criminal offense for the dirt farmer to hold his crop for a higher price than set for it at Washington.

Taking sugar as an example, the consumer was compelled to pay five or more times the normal price of granulated for an inferior product, under a plea of a shortage, when it finally proved that warehouses were bursting with oversupply. There was not a moment during the war that there was need for rationing or more than a moderate increase in price.

The ability of the authorities to control the grain distribution is evidence of a like power in every case of the kind, and it gives point to prevailing instances of like discrimination in which agriculture is not accorded treatment under which favored interests are benefited.

A dispatch from Oil City, Pennsylvania, announces a new ruling by the Federal Reserve Board, by which producers may store their oil until a favorable market and at the same time enjoy *the use of half the money investment it represents.* Storage certificates are changed in form to warrants issued by the pipe line and storage companies, and member banks are permitted to loan the holders up to 50 per cent of these warrants, which the Federal Reserve banks will rediscount with *currency issued and guaranteed by government,* in the name of the Reserve Bank. The Pennsylvania Oil & Gas Association, which made the announcement, is naturally elated.

For many years agriculture has begged for a system of storage by which at least a part of the money value of the crops might be available for immediate use, but it has never been granted, yet here is the exact plan in full force in favor of the oil industry! Moreover, when an emergency gave the farmer opportunity to await a natural rise by providing his own storage, he was told that he must sell at a figure which was out of ratio with other commodity prices which were soaring. This was virtual conscription of property but applicable only to agriculture, just as selective draft was a conscription of men but not applicable to stocks of gold.

Port docks are lined with bonded warehouses, where imports are permitted to remain with tariff taxes unpaid until the importer has found a market and withdraws them. This is but a variation of the practice of government in dealing with Big Business.

To call attention to this new scheme to help the oil industry is by no means to class it as harmful or dangerous. The point is that with agricultural resources as great as this nation has, and with a debt as easily monetized, the practice should be more common and include other lines of commodities. Such a relief to agriculture would exceed all the clumsy loaning possibilities yet created as far as actual practical good is concerned.

Standard Oil needs the accommodation, too, since it recently has been compelled to distribute stock dividends of several hundred per cent, to disperse a cash surplus subject to special taxation because of its size, incidentally saving a tax of millions without reducing cash holdings.

"The Great Gold Myth"

THE truth is gradually seeping through. The following from the pen of St. John Ervine, in the London *Daily Mail,* presents a point of view which is surely spreading across the thinking world:

I remember a year ago, in Paris, being presented with a postage stamp, inclosed in a disc with an advertisement of pills on its back, for change. I remonstrated with the man.

"Surely," said I, "the Republic of France can do better than this!"

He shrugged his shoulders—Frenchmen *do* shrug their shoulders—and showed me a silver coin, the only one he had, which looked as if it had been knocked about by Big Bertha. And yet, despite its lack of gold, the Republic carries on.

Few of us have seen gold coins for several years. There must be thousands of young men and women in England today who have never seen a gold coin. But we survive.

And suddenly I realized that one of the great economic myths had been blown up. We used to be told that the richest nation, the most *secure* nation, in the world was the nation which had the largest gold reserve. The United States is so impressed with this theory that it actually keeps large quantities of unminted gold for emergencies.

But we have now discovered that a gold reserve may actually be ruinous to a nation. The United States possesses nearly half of the total gold of the world, and its unemployment figures are double those of this country!

Mr. Hoover lately asserted that the Allies could pay the whole of their debts to America *in gold.* I doubt it, but if they could and were to do it, they would probably ruin America; *for the gold game is only a good game for so long as everybody consents to play it.* If the rest of the world is content with paper money, then a gold reserve of any dimensions is useless.

But the plain truth, becoming clearer every day, is this, that it is not gold reserves that make a nation rich, but *work.* If every piece of gold we possess were taken from us, we should still retain riches while our people have industry and the will to work. When this fact penetrates the skulls of political economists and politicians a revolution will have been made.

A Wise Judge

IT IS not a new idea that there may exist an irreconcilable difference between the administration of *law* and the administration of *justice.* The law ought to be the broadest expression of the profoundest sentiments of justice which inspire our best minds. Of course, the majority of our laws are made without the most distant reference either to our sentiments of justice or our best minds. Anyone with carfare may witness a city government make laws; anyone with more carfare may witness a state legislature make laws; anyone with still more carfare may see the national government make laws; and, after doing so, anyone may say whether the statement just made regarding justice and minds is true.

With admiration, therefore, do we record the appearance of a just judge in California, one who in justice tries to repair a wrong done, without doubling the wrong. A man killed another through careless automobile driving. The verdict was manslaughter. The law ordained a prison sentence. Now, it happened that the man who was killed had a family, and the man who was guilty of the killing had a job. No earthly use could possibly be served by committing the man to jail; to do so would be but to remove one more man from the ranks of the useful producers of the world. Besides, there was the problem of the family robbed of its breadwinner, which problem remained as stark and cruel as ever, not altered in the least by the written law being obeyed as to the imprisonment of the offender.

So the judge, in whom there must be a profound sense of justice, as well as a very good mind, set the law to heal as much as possible the rent made in society, instead of tearing a wider rent by wrenching the man from his job and making him a convict. He said, "You are sentenced to remain on your job and pay this widow and her fatherless children one-half of your wages. Of every dollar you earn for five years, 50 cents of it shall go to help perform the responsibilities of the man of whose death you were the careless cause." The man only earns $5.50 a day, but he agreed. If he is a right-minded man, he doubtless is truly satisfied that he can expiate in a more helpful way than by mere stupid prison life.

There is something about Justice which we haven't yet grasped. Justice does not merely penalize. Justice also sets right, it repairs, restores. It is Justice that the damage should be restored. How much Justice is there in our common codes?

A Farmer's Letter

FOLLOWING is a letter from a farmer, printed here without comment:

"The agricultural chiefs have come and gone, and as Dr. Spillman stated, have found no remedy for the farmers' ills. I am no chief. Am only a common dirt farmer, but I am human enough to know when I am hurt and intelligent enough to know what has hurt me. This year it has been the government crop reports. I was ready to dig my potatoes in July. The price was around $1.25 a bushel. I had a good crop and thought I was assured a profit, but on the 10th the government report came out, showing 440,000,000 bushels, and the price immediately dropped to 40 cents, and has been around this ever since. There were no glutted markets, nor could there have been until October, when the bulk of the potato crop is marketed. The government report and nothing else killed this crop. On November 13 the Minneapolis *Journal* published a forecast from the University of Minnesota, which stated that for the last 20 years government figures on acreage of potatoes have been worthless. It would seem that they are entirely worthless, for report of October 27 gives shipments from Minnesota and North Dakota as 6,029 less than last year, and from all the northern states as 13,000 cars under last year at same date, and yet the price is less than one-half that of last year. If the papers would put on a good big campaign to stop those government guesses it would do more good to the farmer than anything else. Let the government publish one report, and that when the crop is marketed. Change Federal bank rules so that long-time agricultural paper can be rediscounted. Preach to the farmers that if they will seed down 10 per cent of their plow land, they will reduce wheat yield 80,000,000 bushels, oats 140,000,000, corn 300,000,000, potatoes 40,000,000, and so on, and will receive more money for the 90 per cent acreage than now at full 100 per cent of their land. They can all use a little more pasture and hay land to good advantage.

"If you will broadcast this program you will receive the everlasting thanks of the farmers, and should have that of the business men, as well."

Mr. Ford's Page

IT HAS always been a hope of the people that when elections change the personnel of the officeholders, the condition of public affairs will also be changed for the better. Hence, for many years the energies of the people have been mobilized at intervals to get one set of people out of office and another set of people into office. And each change has been heralded by prophecies of the good it would accomplish, which prophecies have gradually melted to protests, and another hopeful turning to the next election.

In England they have had quite an overturn and multitudes of people were cheered. There is still pathetic faith that a political overturn infallibly means economic and moral improvement. The pathos is not in the faith—it is undoubtedly possible that removing political hindrances and using the power of the government to abolish the pressure of injustice upon the people, great public good could be made to flow to all classes—the pathos is in the fact that this faith is so often disappointed. In England the hopefulness was somewhat checked when the people looked up and saw that the new government coming back was really the old government that went out. The new faces were surprisingly few.

IT IS not at all certain that the newly elected Members of Congress were chosen to make new laws. It is quite possible that they may have been chosen to unmake some of the laws that exist. What an immortal Congress that should be which would adopt the policy of undoing all the laws which in any way permit the practice of any privilege which bears heavily upon the plain citizen. We don't need laws to prevent our troubles; we need the repeal of laws that permit our troubles. Most of our oppressions are legal—they have been legalized by laws passed permitting them. New Members need not be too anxious to learn how business has always been done at the seat of Government. Let them learn how it ought to be done.

This, of course, is explainable as far as England is concerned. The election was held to decide, principally, a question of leadership. A partnership of parties had dissolved, and the question was, which party should be regarded as leader. This was very definitely settled, but it did not involve the bringing of new men into the work of government. As a consequence, many are wondering whether the affairs of the common citizens will be improved. It is only in the degree that politics has hindered the life of the common citizen that he expects politics to help him: and the intensity of his expectation indicates the degree of the hindrance.

American elections are somewhat different. More new men enter American official life at any one of our elections than appear in England in 20 years. Take this year's election; it has projected into important office hundreds of men who have had no experience of office at all, not even minor office. Farmers, workmen, business men, professional men, many of whom were candidates only as a protest and with no expectation of being elected, these are the types which every year, and especially this year, make their bow to public life.

This, of course, is always creative of hope among the people. They have a faith that the new man coming in will never lend himself to the games which the man going out has played. This hope is what it ought to be. Our election system, our devices for bringing the will of the whole people to bear on the personnel and policies of government are ground for such hope. The persistence of the people's belief in the good purpose of our American institutions is a wonderful fact to contemplate. In spite of the manner in which the purpose of these institutions has been thwarted, the people still believe in them. And their belief is evidence that American institutions, unshackled, and let to work, and used to the utmost, are sufficient for all our problems and for all our needs. One of these institutions is the Election; another is the Constitution, in the letter and spirit of which the elected men are supposed to work.

For a long time in this country elections did not mean much. The Invisible Government had always two sets of men—the public could take their choice. The Invisible Government supported and governed both parties—the public could elect either, as they chose. It will be worth billions of dollars in actual cash to the plain people of the world when they discover how readily the Invisible Government allows them to organize to propagate any idea whatsoever. Let the Conservatives organize. Let the Progressives organize. Let the Radicals organize. And then subsidize them all—that is what the Invisible Government does. And while the parties are arguing it out, and voting it out, it is the Invisible Government that always wins. It won principally because of the pathetic faith of the people that voting one set of men out and voting another set of men in, made a material difference.

But it is beginning to dawn upon the people, and that dawn is rising with marvelous swiftness, that the change must be deeper. The same set of men, moved by a better purpose, might do just as well as a new set of men, if it were not for the testimony of experience that men who have become the servants of one motive are not easily made over into servants of another. Hence, our people have been choosing not merely a new set of men but new men with new or better motives.

The danger which besets the new man in office is that he comes into an atmosphere of tradition. If a man goes to Congress, for example, he feels that he can best put in a part of his early months in learning how Congress does things. He wants to learn, very probably, in order to do things just that way. Now, unless Congress has shown itself to be a model of expedition and an accurate servant of the public will, there may not be much good in learning the past processes of that body. And then again it may be very much worth while to learn from the accumulated experience of that body. The point is that the new man enters into an atmosphere of tradition and is likely to become a member, and only a member, of what exists independently of him. There is a sense in which the Country and the Constituency cease to be the thing, and the Body which the newly elected candidate enters becomes Everything. There is a sense in which a man may become merely a Member of Congress and not a Member of his own District back home. That is, the great thing may be Washington, and not Homeville. A man may be more overcome by the thought of where he has been elected to, than where he has been elected from. It is this which supports the wrong traditionalism of the Invisible Government; it is this which explains the futility of so many good men in Washington. The Government ceases to be Select Citizens and becomes a System.

Perhaps there has been a beginning made this year in the work of selecting men who will not be muffled by the atmosphere of Washington, who will not be content to be carefully ushered through their terms as if they were guests at a funeral. Maybe they will not know as much about procedure as some of the stately servants of the Invisible Government who have preceded them; but this possibly will not make much difference, because "procedure" may be reversed.

We have been passing laws and passing laws for generations. Suppose that there convenes a Congress which deliberately adjourns the business of making laws, and takes up the business of undoing some of the laws that never should have been made.

Let this Congress, for example, pass a law giving $50,000,000 a year to speculators who don't know enough about their own business to run it profitably—and the next Congress will recall the law and the $50,000,000!

It can be done. The regrettable thing is that there is not enough of that kind of legislation—legislation that will legislate wrong laws off the books.

Most of our national troubles do not arise because there are no laws to prevent them; they arise because there are certain laws which permit them. And when our people trace their troubles back to the laws that permit them, then such laws can be abolished. It can be done. It is very likely to be done, for there is nothing more direct than the mind of the common people once it sees the path between two points.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Parcel Post—A Mere Failure or a Sheer Fraud?

Set Up for Farmers, Service Costing Millions for Townspeople

POST OFFICE Department officials used to take pride in a picture of a western bank building that was transported, in packages of building material, to its present site by the parcel post. When they found that certain western mine owners were using the parcel post for transporting raw ore and discovered a shrewd Arizona farmer who was using this government facility for delivering baled háy to far-away customers and gave careful scrutiny to statistics bearing on the distribution of all parcel post mail, they were rendered less prideful. Those figures indicate that, excepting as an incidental convenience, the parcel post has proved to be nearly everything but what was claimed for it by its promoters. This may be due to mismanagement, as many of its partisans claim. But the 10 years of parcel post operation to date show quite clearly that extensions of governmental activity do not always work along the lines which theory lays out for them.

By ROBERT KENTON

JOHN SMITH, Ohio farmer, markets some of his products through the parcel post. He sends a ham, let us say, directly to a purchasing consumer in one of the big cities. When he ships that ham, properly packed, he is required to pay so much a pound for its transportation and delivery to his customer, the charge depending, generally speaking, on the distance between the two points.

The government's biggest item of service in connection with the delivering of that ham is railroad carriage. It is transported along with other mail in a railway mail car, which is rented on a space basis from the railroads. Thus the government collects for transporting that ham on a basis of weight but pays for its rail transportation on the basis of size.

The singularity of that operation may be illustrated by drawing a parallel between the parcel post handling of that ham and a similar handling, say, of the farmer's wife's annual spring hat. She purchases it by letter, let us say, from a merchant in the same city to which the ham is sent. The merchant when shipping it pays postage on a basis of weight and the government in transporting it pays the railroads on the basis of space.

Now there is considerable difference between a cubic foot of ham and a cubic foot of feminine headwear. In truth, the amount of ham which could be stacked in the same space that a dozen boxed-up women's hats would fill should return in postage from 10 to 50 times as much as would the hats. Other costs, as well as risks, of handling the hats naturally are much greater than in the case of hams. If the shipper protects himself against risks, he pays for it on the same value basis in either case; parcel post insurance on $10 worth of ham is the same as on $10 worth of hats.

"I have seen hats for carrying which the government received $5 occupy space in a railroad mail car for which the government paid $50," a former employe of the Post Office Department told the writer recently.

Yet, despite such a contradictory system of charging and paying, Post Office Department officials at times have been bold enough to say that they could tell what it costs the Federal Government to operate what is known as the parcel post. There have been some who made announcements, in concrete figures, of profits on parcel post.

What's the Cost? None Knows

IT IS virtually impossible for anybody to tell what the parcel post branch of the postal service costs. But most students of the subject now declare that it costs considerably more than it returns to the government. Representative Steenerson, chairman of the House committee on post offices and post roads, has been quoted as saying that the government's losses on that branch of the postal service's operations are as much as $200,000,000 a year. Other authorities have placed the loss at from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000.

"It is my opinion that the parcel post by no means pays for itself," declared Will H. Hays, while Postmaster-General. The Post Office Department during the last several years has paid out from $60,000,000 to $140,000,000 more than it has taken in for all postage. The operations of the department now cost about $600,000,000 as against about $240,000,000 in 1912 when the establishment of the parcel post was authorized by Congress. The increase in total costs is not due alone to the parcel post branch of the service. Salaries have been increased considerably, as well as the rates paid the railroads for hauling the mails. And there hasn't been increase in the number of employes correspondingly with growth in postal business due to the parcel post. The deficits of recent years may or may not be due to losses on parcel post. It is well to remember that, though nearly everything else has gone up, all postage rates are practically the same as before the war, while most postal costs have increased. However, it is not disputed that most classes of mail pay their own way; in fact, first-class letter mail always has more than paid its way. The biggest losses no doubt are on fourth class, or parcels. These are made up for through the absorption of profits earned on other classes or directly out of the United States Treasury, through which all taxpayers have to take care of annual deficits in postal revenues.

It is very evident that the parcel post as now operated by the government is not a financially profitable venture, whatever it may have been during some of the years past. Its aggregate losses comprise a subsidy. To whom? That will be discussed later. It is needless, almost, to state that the venture was not undertaken for money-making purposes. Its purpose was to provide a transportation and distribution facility that its sponsors claimed would be of general benefit. It was to lighten the heavy hands of the express companies, which in a measure it has done. But the prime reason for its establishment was to give the farming population an easy medium for buying by mail in the big markets and for selling farm products directly to consumers. It has been and still is used for both purposes, but to an extent so small as to prove it, as an aid to the farming population, a ponderous failure, if not a palpable fraud.

There are now transported annually via the parcel post approximately 2,500,000,000 packages. This is about five times the number handled by the American Railway Express Company, which controls most of the private express business. But a comparison by weight would show up better for the express company, as the average package handled by it is much larger and heavier than that handled by the postal service. When the last statistics were collected by the Post Office Department the average weight of packages handled by the parcel post was only a little more than four pounds. A year before it was only a little more than three pounds. Up to 1916 the average never reached two pounds. The parcel post, it might be said, handles most of the small packages, while the express companies handle most of the large ones.

But the most astonishing fact disclosed by Post Office Department statistics have to do with the origins and destinations, the distribution, of the immense number of packages handled by the parcel post. They show that this facility, established and operated at great cost to the general public ostensibly for the benefit of farmers and the ultimate consumers of farm products, is predominately a medium for business between urban communities.

The statistics have been collected regularly through an elaborate system of counting and weighing carried on for several years during the first half of each April and October and lately in October only. At the 50 largest post offices, the ones at which more than one-half of all postal revenues are collected, all parcel post packages handled during those periods are checked up in full detail. The same is done at a sufficient number of other offices, second, third and fourth classes, to afford data for estimates of the entire parcel post operations of the postal service.

During the first half of October, 1920, when the parcel post appears to have reached the highest volume attained during any counting period now of record, there were mailed in all post offices a total of 55,352,860 packages. More than two-thirds of them originated in the 50 cities that have the largest post offices. In all first and second class post offices there were mailed 51,372,038 of those packages. From the third and fourth class post offices, through which the bulk of farmers' mail clears, there were dispatched only 3,950,822 of those packages.

Now let's see where the packages went. More than 10,000,000 of them, or one-fifth, were delivered to patrons of the 50 largest post offices. Nearly one-half of them were handled by city delivery agencies of city post offices, that is, beyond all peradventure of doubt, actual city residents received them. Other statistics show that of the others only a small percentage went to actual residents of rural communities.

Only 10 Per Cent to Farmers

THOSE statistics—special ones of the kind—were collected in July, 1920, during which month all classes of mail handled on rural routes were counted and the figures consolidated. Those figures showed that only 22,822,562 pounds of parcel post mail was delivered on rural free delivery routes during that month. This would mean that approximately 275,000,000 pounds of parcel post mail went to rural free delivery routes that year. The total weight of parcels mailed that year was approximately 3,400,000,000 pounds. This means that only about eight per cent of all parcel post mail went to the nearly 30 per cent of the population served by rural free delivery—the ones for whose benefit the parcel post was especially established. During the same period the rural free delivery patrons dispatched only 3,698,625 pounds of parcel post mail. If that month were fairly representative of the year, the figures mean that at the highest direct-from-the-farm products have constituted only from one to two per cent of all the parcel post carried by Uncle Sam's postal service.

At best not more than 10 per cent of the services rendered by the government through the parcel post reaches that large element of the population for whose special benefit the services are provided.

The rural route figures were gathered at the end of a long campaign, abetted by the peculiar conditions of the time, on behalf of "farm to table" distribution by farmers through the Post Office Department. Later figures indicate that the present divergence is even greater than it was in 1920. The October, 1921, statistics show that parcels mailed at fourth-class post-offices fell off one-fourth as compared with the October of the preceding year, and totaled less than one per cent of all parcels mailed at all post offices.

Hence as a medium for escaping the exactions of middlemen the parcel post has been of virtually no aid to farmers as a whole. Here and there no doubt some have built up successful mail order businesses in food products; it is evident that the number of those individual cases has grown smaller. For buying from the big markets, the parcel post has been of greater service, than for selling, to the farmers. But even there it has been of inconsequential service as compared to that rendered by it to urban residents—not in buying directly from the farms but in purchasing chiefly from mail order houses in cities other than those in which they live. While, no doubt, savings have been achieved by both urban and rural people who have used the parcel post in buying things they needed, it still is impossible to point out a single important product, of either farm or city store origin, whose distribution on the whole has been simplified or lessened in cost by the parcel post. Unless reductions in express rates, which perhaps were brought about through the establishment of government competition, may be so classed, one cannot point to a single benefit to all the population produced by this expansion of Federal Government activity. Of course, the parcel post is an incidental convenience occasionally to most people, as when dispatching Christmas gifts. But to the public generally it is an incidental convenience only and not a facility that simplifies and improves the daily economy of existence, as was expected of it. If there have been any savings on the score of reduced express costs, they were absorbed, at least very largely, by indemnities paid the express companies during the several years they were operated with the railroads by the government. Moreover, express rates could have been controlled, as they now are, by regulating agencies like the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Mail Houses Benefit Most

IF AS an incidental convenience it is worth its vast cost then, of course, it is a success and justifiable. But even there the beneficiaries, chiefly urban residents, derive undue benefits, for the cost has to be borne equally by the farmers who use it in far less ratio than do urbanites.

But the great beneficiaries are not city folk as a class or those individuals who make more or less regular use of the parcel post in buying and selling. They are those persons engaged in the specialized form of merchandising, known as the mail order business. The parcel post cost is little more than a public subsidy granted to that form of business, especially so when the business is carried on by expert methods on huge scale. Scarcely any other form of business activity has so increased in both volume of transactions and in earnings since the parcel post was set up as that which is typified by the big mail order houses.

In 1911 the biggest of the mail order houses did a business of $66,867,783. By 1916, with three years' operation of the parcel post, its business grew to $146,838,507; in 1919 its gross revenues reached $233,982,584. In 1911 its profits were $6,984,967; in 1919 they amounted to $27,920,416. In addition to regular dividends of from seven to eight per cent on common stock, the company declared a stock dividend of 50 per cent in 1915 and another of 25 per cent in 1917.

The business of another mail order house grew from $39,725,712 in 1913, the first year of the parcel post, to $62,044,336 in 1916 and to $101,745,271 in 1920. Net earnings rose to $5,094,170 in 1919.

Many other big mail order concerns experienced similar growth in business and as large increase in earnings, proportionally, as these two cited. Hundreds of smaller ones, ranging from little establishments dealing in single articles to great distributing stores like those operated by the leaders, were established under the beneficent egis of Uncle Sam's liberality in the matter of transportation of goods.

No doubt they deliver goods, as a rule, to consumers at prices below those of the average retail stores, but despite the vast growth in their operations there is no evidence anywhere that they have affected in the least the general price levels. In the matter of price the mail order house has an advantage over the ordinary retailer even without the aid of a public subsidy. This is shown by the big development which took place in that class of business even before the parcel post was given it as an aid. That development proves that the mail order house needed no subsidy from the government to enable it to perform its undoubted valuable part in the national economy.

Unfortunately, no figures are available to show where the parcel post sales of the big mail order houses are chiefly distributed. It is generally assumed that they go in the main to rural and small-town residents, but that assumption certainly is not borne out by the Post Office Department figures.

The failure of the parcel post to produce the benefits that were expected of it is admitted by many of its most ardent advocates. Some of them claim that it is owing to inefficient management, which, no doubt, in some part is true.

The biggest one, perhaps, is contained in the fact that though the government has operated this big business now for 10 years it has made no mechanical provision for carrying it on, except where such simply had to be done. In other countries where there are parcel posts like ours, special cars and special means of collection and delivery are provided generally for handling the business. Our Post Office Department still endeavors to carry the parcel post virtually the same as first-class mail or printed matter is handled.

The most extended investigation ever made of the subject is now being conducted into all branches of the postal service. It is being made by a joint congressional committee and the Post Office Department.

"Every Day in Every Way I Am Getting Better"

A Visit With Emile Coue, Founder of French School of Autosuggestion, Whose Slogan Is the Rage and Whose Teachings Are Restoring Many to Health and Promise to Revolutionize Education

By PAUL TYNER

A STRIKING vogue has been attained by the method of psychological healing taught and practiced by Monsieur Emile Coué, of Nancy. In almost every city in Europe it has come to be almost a habit for friends to greet each other smilingly. with the question: "Have you done your Coué this morning?" or even less formally, "Have you Couéed?"

Instead of the conventional, "Very well, thank you," it is not unusual to hear in reply to the greeting, "How are you?" on the street or at the breakfast table, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better," intoned with distinct emphasis.

When I was in London everyone was talking of the "miracles" performed by M. Coué during his week of lectures and treatments earlier in the spring. Learned psychologists of the universities were warmly discussing pro and con the Coué "method." The papers were full of him and several books upon the man and his method were published. Such lively interest was roused in my mind that I then determined to take an early opportunity of journeying to Nancy to observe M. Coué's work at first hand and if possible have a talk with the man whose methods, in the opinion of many, "are destined. in conjunction with the teachings of psychoanalysis, to effect a renovation in psychology, medicine and education."

Arriving at M. Coué's home on the Rue Jeanne D'Arc, a stone's throw from the Nancy Passion Theater and passing through the little garden surrounding his modest domicile, I crossed a path which led into an inclosure lined with flowers and shrubbery, one corner of which was occupied by what might once have been a stable or garage, but which was now a pavilion. It was not yet 9 a. m., but people were coming from all directions; some afoot, others in taxis or private motor cars, some in wheel chairs or on crutches, helped in painful progress by friends or relatives. The large upper room of the garage was already well filled and some were sitting on the stairs while others waited their turn seated on benches and chairs in the garden.

Coué's clinic was already in full swing. He is a typical Frenchman, chubby, and comfortable looking, of medium height, clear complexion, bright twinkling black eyes and, despite his nearly 70 years, shown in white hair, mustache and imperial, alert and active in his movements. After a brief preliminary talk, which could hardly be called a lecture, he outlined the underlying principles on which he has steadily and surely built up the practical methods of what is coming more and more to be called the "New Nancy School"—this in contradistinction to the older school of suggestion which made Nancy and its university world-famous and which has for more than 30 years been identified with the names of Liebault and Bérnheim.

Coué's system is simplicity itself. It consists in bringing the individual into realization through actual demonstration in practice of autosuggestion as a force as old as the world and one inherent in all of us—a force of incalculable power for good or evil.

"Autosuggestion" is defined as "the realization of an idea in the subconscious mind."

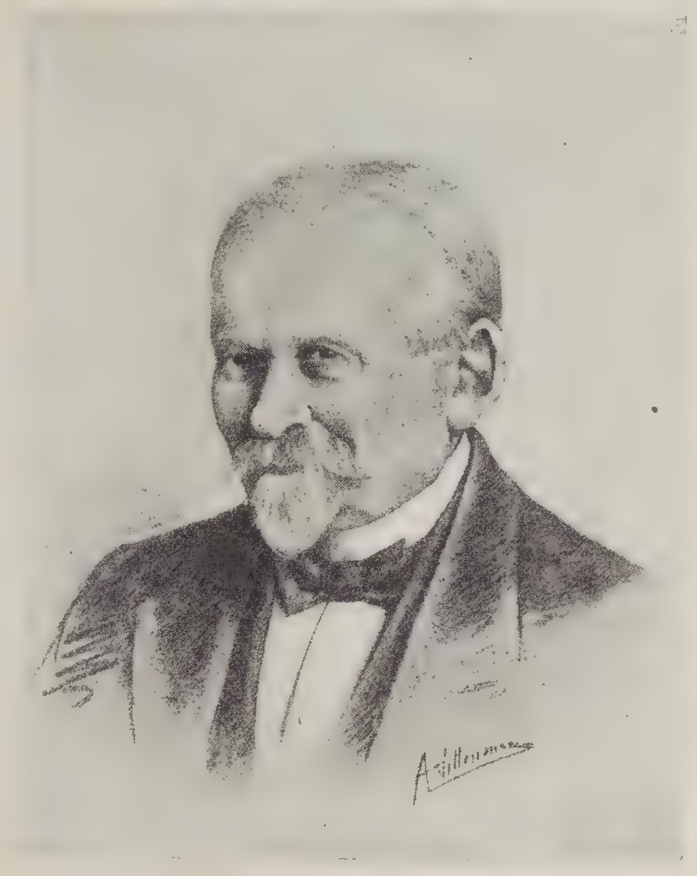
We are all practicing it consciously or unconsciously all the time in every word we utter and every thing we do.

Autosuggestion, according to Coué, is based on the fact that in every man there exist two distinct selves, both intelligent. One is conscious and the other unconscious or subconscious. These selves are not in opposition to each other, but are complementary. They differ not in one being "good" and the other "evil," but rather in the fact that one is *conscious* and the other *unconscious*. Just because the subconscious mind, or self, is unconscious it generally escapes notice and with most people fails to receive the recognition that is its due.

Coué is unique in the position that it is through the *imagination* and not through the *will*, that this unconscious or subconscious mind, which presides over the functioning of the individual organism, is also the active and dominant agent in *all our actions* of whatsoever nature. In this, he challenges and controverts practically all the teaching of the psychology of our day. In fact, he declares that all the voluminous popular writings that emphasize *the cultivation of the will* are mistaken and mischievous. The dictionary definition of will as "the faculty of freely determining certain acts," he insists is utterly false, the will we so proudly boast *always yielding to the imagination* when the two are in conflict.

In a little talk I had with Coué privately in his garden seated under a tree, he very quietly and surely called my attention to certain familiar facts of everyday experience and observation that support this seemingly paradoxical attitude. Lay a 12-inch plank 30 feet long on the ground, and almost anyone would easily walk from one end to the other of it without stepping off. But if this plank is placed at the height of the towers of a cathedral, few would be capable of advancing even a dozen steps along it. Before one had taken the third step one would begin to tremble and in spite of every effort of the will one would certainly fall to the ground. You *imagine* that you cannot advance, and you cannot; that you will fall, and you do fall. Vertigo attacks persons at great heights because of the picture created in the mind of falling, and this picture transforms itself into fact in spite of all the efforts of the will. Moreover, all the efforts of the will only intensify the tendency to fall, and the more violent and strenuous the efforts of the will, the quicker do we bring about the very *opposite* of the result desired.

Another familiar illustration of this "law of reversed effort," which is Coué's immensely important contribution to the great realm of our knowledge of applied psychology, he points out in the case of a person suffering from insomnia. If the sufferer makes no effort to sleep, but lies quietly in bed simply thinking that he is going to sleep, he will soon go to sleep. If, on the contrary, he tries to force himself to sleep by an exertion of the will, he will remain awake, and the more he *tries* to sleep, the more restless he becomes.



EMILE COUE

Have not most of us noticed that the harder we try to remember a name or date or quotation that we have forgotten, the more it eludes us, until at last we give up trying to remember and substitute in our minds the idea, "I shall remember it presently," for the idea "I have forgotten." Then the name pops up of its own accord without the least effort.

It is to this all-important control of the imagination that Coué leads us through the conscious and practical knowledge and use of the tremendous power of the subconscious mind, by *autosuggestion*.

How to saddle and bridle the unbroken horse of the imagination and break it into carrying us safely and surely to the goal we really desire to reach is the problem which Coué solves simply and with scientific certainty. He tells us: "If you persuade yourself that you can do a certain thing (a thing within reason, of course) you *will* do it, however seemingly difficult or even impossible it may appear. If, on the contrary, you *imagine* that you cannot do the simplest thing in the world, it becomes impossible for you and mere molehills become unscalable mountains. The neurasthenic who *believes* himself incapable of walking even a few steps without becoming exhausted, finds it impossible to walk. We bring all our weaknesses, miseries, and diseases "bad luck" and incapacity, on ourselves through yielding to unconscious wrong autosuggestions; all these ills may be removed by consciously giving ourselves the right autosuggestions. There it is in a nutshell.

Coué's direction HOW TO PRACTICE AUTO-SUGGESTION is as simple as Columbus' standing of the egg on end, and as easy as rolling off a log. Here it is in his own words:

> "Every morning before getting up and every evening as soon as you are in bed, shut your eyes and repeat 20 times in succession, moving your lips and counting mechanically on your fingers, or better on a string with 20 knots, the following phrase: 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better.' There is no need to think of any particular trouble you want to get rid of, as the words 'in every way' cover everything.
>
> "Further, every time in the course of the day or night that you feel any distress, physical or mental, immediately affirm to yourself that you will not consciously contribute to its continuance and that you are going to make it disappear. Then isolate yourself as much as possible, shut your eyes and, passing your hand over your forehead, if the trouble is mental, or over the part affected if it is a bodily pain, repeat with extreme rapidity: 'It is going away, it is going away,' keeping this up as long as it may be necessary. With a little practice, the distress, whether mental or physical, will vanish in from 20 to 30 seconds. In practicing autosuggestion, it is extremely important *carefully to avoid any effort.*"

To return to the clinic of the Monday morning of my visit. Having completed the little talk of which the foregoing forms the gist, Monsieur Coué paused to roll a cigaret with the dexterity of Bill Hart and, lighting it, took a few whiffs with evident enjoyment. Then he turned to one after the other of his patients and in kindly tones and sympathetic gave one after the other individual attention.

"And what is your trouble, Madame?" he inquired of a lady evidently in much pain.

The lady, a newcomer, declared that she was suffering from a raging headache. The trouble had been chronic with her and all ordinary methods had failed to give relief.

Coué smiled sympathetically and passed his hand over her forehead saying rapidly—so rapidly that it sounded like a bit of unintelligible jargon, suggestive in a way of the mumbled *cooing* of a dove—*"se passe, se passe."* Telling the lady to keep on with this affirmation, he passed to a heavy-set man who had come in leaning on a stick and supported by a friend. This man declared that he feared he was a victim of creeping paralysis. He was barely able to move his right arm or leg.

"That is because you *think* you cannot move them," said Coué pleasantly. "So long as you believe that you cannot and tell yourself and other people that you cannot, you will not be able to do so."

The man protested that he did not quite see what his thought had to do with it. There was his limp leg and arm; they had been that way for months and no matter how hard he tried he could not move them.

"An ounce of the right autosuggestion," said Coué, "is worth a pound of effort of the will—a ton of such effort. *The harder you try the more impossible it will be for you, so long as you believe you cannot.* Let me show you that you cannot do what you think you cannot do and that you can do what you think you can do."

And he took hold of the man's hands and joined them with fingers interlocked squeezing them together. "Now," said Coué, "hold your hands together; tighter, tighter. Keep on holding them together tight and think, think hard: 'I cannot get them apart.' Well, you cannot, can you?"

The patient tried till his face was suffused with blood from the effort. "You see you cannot because you think you cannot and the harder you try the harder your hands close. Now *think* (with sudden sharpness) 'I *can* open my hands—of course I can!" And the man quickly drew his hands apart and joined in the general smile.

Coué then seemed to forget him and turned back, as by hazard, to the lady, saying, "How are you now?"

She started. "Why, I am quite well; my headache has quite vanished."

And so he went on around the circle, accompanying his directions and assurances with a pleasant smile, smoking nonchalantly the while. Suddenly he turned back to the partially paralyzed man and told him to lift his arm. The man, a bit shamefacedly, said he could not.

"You can if you think you can; I know you can!" The healer spoke with a tone of absolute conviction. "Now stop trying and think, think hard: 'I *can* lift my arm.' Shut your eyes and don't think anything else. Say it and believe it. Now lift your right arm!"

His eyes still shut, the man slowly lifted his arm about an inch. "Higher!" commanded Coué. "Higher, still higher!" Coué kept on until at last the man had his arm well up in the air. Again the healer turned to other patients with gentle, encouraging assurances and insistent and explicit direction. After a while, he again turned back to the supposed paralytic with suddenness and told him to stretch forth his right arm, having him repeat the action several times. Then he was called

(Concluded on page 12)

In Phantasmagoria, Where All Things Happen

When the Truant Mind Gets Its Wish, or Encounters Its Pet Horror, Pictures of Imagination Come in Sleep to Satisfy Ungratified Desires

By W. M. HAY

HAVE you ever dreamed of a pink snake with purple feathers on it—and it was after you, and you couldn't get away—an' then—just as the fearsome reptile, every feather erect, was about to seize your bare ankle, you woke up, panting and sweating and ready to swear?

Dreams are funny things—sometimes. Scientists, for obvious reasons, have never had any very secure and accurate data on which to base reasoned conclusions and assured facts about them. In dealing with the dreams of even normal persons, difficulties arise from faulty memory, from temperamental peculiarities, or from previous circumstances either untraceable or not scientifically calculable, such as excitement, fatigue, food or hunger, or the general condition of the health. In the case of the non-normal, such as the neuropathic or hysterical, the blind or deaf, epileptics or alcoholics, the difficulties are infinitely increased. Another disturbing factor is the possibility of telepathic or hypnotic influence, the phenomenon of hyperesthesia, and self-suggestion. Robert Louis Stevenson, in "Across the Plains," tells us that he used the latter method to work out some of his plots.

There is still another reason for lack of dream data—that we have all been snubbed when about to relate a dream. Nobody is interested in the other fellow's dream. We read that Joseph's brethren "hated him" when he told them his dreams. And the man who persists in telling his dreams soon becomes even more of a bore and a nuisance than the proud narrator of his infant's cleverness. So we have come gradually to the opinion that the rest of the world thinks "there's nothing in 'em." We thought there was, but reluctantly, under the force of snubs, we have admitted the rest of the world must be right. And yet—

Dreams Most Often Experienced

IS THERE a man or woman who reads this who cannot, out of all the forgotten dreams, recollect one, at least, that came true, tragically or happily true, a dream that *did* "have something in it"? Granted that 99 were rubbish and humbug, attributable to pickles or a draft, yet the hundredth faced you up to the undoubted fact that life has mystery in it, and that dreams are not its least mysterious element.

Well, you are quite right in your private opinion that dreams are not all nonsense, due to an outraged and insulted digestive apparatus. Herbert Spencer—but wait till I mark down the eight most common abominations met with in dreamland.

1. Not Enough Clothes. This dream is often suffered by clergymen. The cleric suddenly finds himself preaching to a big congregation, and dares not step out from behind the pulpit, for he discovers he has nothing on but a shirt or a coat or even less. The agony comes in thinking how on earth he is to get away when the sermon is over.

2. Back at School Again—back in the dear old insanitary school of years ago. Dressed in Prince Albert coat, with side-whiskers and gold-rimmed glasses, I hear the titters of the boys and girls as I fail to give the capital of Sahara or to spell "sieve." I shrink into nullity, as in the old days, under the terrible glance of the virtuous teacher.

3. Passing an Examination. This dream is closely allied to the last. You find yourself in the examination room. A paper on Integral Calculus is set. On the result hangs the job, the car, the hand of the heiress, the European trip, and everything. And you don't even know what Integral Calculus is or are, can't even spell it without looking—and you've got to pass head.

4. Shy Man's Dream. You hurry to the great music hall, where a mighty throng awaits your coming. You are to play the guitar before that vast expectant assembly. For days the papers have advertised your coming; tonight's the night; and you stand in the wings in utter anguish. How did you get let in for this? You can't figure that out now, the time's too short. Somehow you can't find a flaw in the sequence of events that has brought you to this horrible moment—there you stand, the audience is waiting, and you don't know whether a guitar is played by bowing or blowing. Oh, boy!

Do You "Fly"? Avoid Fresh Bread

5. Flying—Getting tangled up in the phone wires and falling—falling—falling . . . . Very bourgeois, this dream—avoid fresh bread.

6. Facial Operations, that never improve the countenance. You are in Port Said, trying to cash a check to ransom your daughter from the Manchurian bandits who stole her from you in Peru; and the only man who can identify you won't believe it's you, because of that operation on your nose.

7. Pursued—by wolves, bill collectors, relatives, anything. This is an awful dream. Every gate is locked, every road ends in a precipice, every window is 12 stories high, every lane is blocked with overturned vans.

8. Some Unspeakable Folly. What man has not dreamed this dream? You have stolen or murdered or abducted, or sunk your lifetime's savings in a dead concern; or set off the fuse without looking to see if your little son was safely out of the way of the coming explosion; or lost a letter that would forever damn you in the eyes of decent men. What man lives who hath not moaned himself broad awake from this dream to thank God that it was but a dream, that it wasn't true, that there in solid, comforting reality was the bed, the pillow, the clock, and there in his crib the little son peacefully asleep?

Herbert Spencer found in the phenomena of dreams, as experienced by primitive and savage races, the explanation of man's belief in the soul, the future state, and the whole circle of ideas generally associated with religion. The savage, he says, identified dreams with realities. When, in a dream, he saw a person he knew to be dead, he concluded that person was still alive "somewhere." When he woke in the morning, after hunting in dreams, through the night, and yet knew, by his companions' testimony, that his body had lain motionless all night in his tepee, he argued that it must have been his "soul" that had been out hunting. And the souls outside man eventually developed into gods.

Get Your Wish in Dreams

THE Bible is the world's greatest and oldest dream book, and it makes no apology about it. From the vision Jacob had of the angels who visited him in his loneliness, down to the Revelation made to St. John, the Bible consistently represents men as learning various lessons through dreams. The great offer to Solomon was made in a dream; the prophets turned their dreams to good account; and, according to the book of the Acts, it was Paul's dream at Troas that first brought Christianity to Europe.

Dr. Freud's interpretation of dreams is that they always symbolize an unfulfilled wish. Thus, Joseph's dream about his brothers doing obeisance to him was interpreted by them as a reflection of some wicked little thoughts that had been running through Joseph's head.

The argument goes like this: We never get everything we want, and even in all we do get there is an element of unsatisfactoriness. So in even the best circumstances we have a great many wishes that are unfulfilled and are likely to remain so.

But imagination comes to our aid and gives us what reality refused. In our daydreams we see ourselves achieving the impossible, conquering the unconquerable, attaining the unattainable, and playing Jack the Giant-killer very creditably. The poor man is washed, the blind man sees, the rejected lover is no longer checked, the rejected poet *is* checked. In fact there is no wish so absurd, no longing so unreasonable, that imagination is unable to satisfy it.

This tendency to satisfy with pictures of the imagination the desires that reality leaves ungratified—a tendency that plays an enormous rôle in the daily life even of the most prosaic—does not become inoperative as soon as we fall asleep. Cravings and wishes persist from the day and, if intense enough, serve to disturb our slumber with dreams.

Some Dreams "Come True"

THIS theory that daydreams and dreams are quite analogous gets its rudest shock from the familiar fact that most of the things we dream about have no possible resemblance to anything we ever wished for. For instance, your daydream is about a new spring suit. You have thought hard about it, trying to decide on a check or a stripe—then at night you dream about walking down Main street at high noon clad in pajamas and a silk hat. Did you wish for that?

Among the many hypotheses that have been advanced to account for our dream-activities, that of Dr. Hudson, in his "Law of Psychic Phenomena," is very widely held. He maintains that we each possess a dual mind, that there are powers in the soul that lie dormant during our waking hours and only come to their full activity when we fall into that psychic condition we call sleep.

Another theory, not contradictory to Dr. Hudson's, is that the second or dual personality that is involved in some of our dreams is a reality, an intelligence, outside of our own, which temporarily makes use of us as its instrument. Students of hypnotism are well aware that such a use of our physical and mental organs by another will and intelligence is quite possible. But if one person can thus "possess" and use another, there is nothing, in logic or in fact, to deny the possibility of our being "possessed" by intelligences that are beyond the sphere of our knowledge. In fact, it is along this very line that many modern scholars are interpreting the doctrine of the "inspiration" of the prophets and of the Apostles.

But whatever the explanation of dreams may be, and however ridiculous most of them are, none of us can get away from the fact that some dreams "come true"—that is, they actually and very vividly sometimes prefigure events that are yet in the future.

It is said that President Lincoln himself had a presentiment in a dream that some disaster was imminent. On the afternoon of the day on which he was murdered he attended a meeting of the Cabinet. All present were struck by his unusual gravity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "something very extraordinary is about to happen. For the third time I have dreamed the same dream. I dream that I am drifting on a great, broad, rolling river. I am in a boat, and I drift—I drift. But this is not business; let us proceed to business."

A few hours later he was dead. Twice before, the dream had come to him, each time presaging important military events.

Another dream of historical importance is that which foreshadowed the Phoenix Park murders. On May 6, 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were stabbed to death in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by unknown assassins. On May 3, three days previously, a man in London had a dream that impelled him to warn the authorities that a hideous tragedy was impending in the Irish capital.

This man, it was proved later, had never been in Dublin in his life, nor could he by any possibility have had any personal knowledge of any of the members of the Invincible Society. Yet he drew, from memory, and handed over to the Scotland Yard inspectors, sketch portraits of three men whom he had seen in his dream.

Little importance was attached to all this at the time, but when, nearly a year afterward, the murderers were arrested, the sketches were produced in evidence. They were found to be very fair representations of the countenances of Joe Brady, the man who actually struck the fatal blows, of Tim Kelly, who assisted him, and of Dan Curley, another of the gang, all three of whom were afterward hanged.

The Death of Major Andre

MOREOVER—and this, perhaps, is the most remarkable part of the whole remarkable business—in the dream the plotters were in a room across the center of which ran a partition. This information was placed in the hands of the Crown at the trial, and on it were based certain telling questions that utterly astounded both the witnesses and the prisoners; for it transpired that this partition had actually existed in the room in question at the time the conspirators met there, although it had been removed shortly after the murders had been committed.

The death of Major André, whom Washington had to hang as a spy, was foreseen by a Mr. Cunningham. In conversation with a friend, Mr. Cunningham spoke of the circumstances of a dream he had had the night before which affected him so much that he could not shake off the recollection of it.

He said he was standing in the midst of a forest that was entirely strange to him. Presently he perceived a horseman approaching him at great speed. As the latter came opposite the spot where the dreamer stood, three men who seemed to be lying in ambush sprang up and, seizing the bridle, ordered the rider to dismount. They then carefully searched his person and led him away.

The face, figure and bearing of the horseman made so deep an impression on Mr. Cunningham's mind that he awoke; but, falling asleep again presently, he dreamed that he was one of a throng of spectators near a great city, that he saw the same horseman brought out between files of soldiers, who marched him to a gallows and there hanged him.

Later in the day, Mr. Cunningham was introduced to Major André who was then in Britain, and was horror-struck to discover in his person the very man whose arrest and execution he had witnessed in his dream.

There was an accurate anticipation of events that actually happened within 12 months later, and more than 3,000 miles away.

One That Told of Death

A MULTITUDE of strange coincidences, premonitions and warning dreams come under observation in connection with the late war. One of the most remarkable stories concerns the battle of Loos. The parents of a noncommissioned officer in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders had a wonderfully realistic dream which unfortunately proved to be too true. During the night of September 25 the father dreamed that he saw his son charge along with his companions. Right up to the barbed-wire entanglements they went, and here a pause took place. The leader turned to encourage his men, and the father saw him fall quite distinctly, and marked his every feature, but only for a moment. A shell burst where he stood, and presently not a living soul was seen.

On the same morning the lad's mother had a somewhat similar dream. Neither told the other of the dream, fearing consequent anxiety, but both related their experience to neighbors. And when the news came of their son's death it was then they made the disclosures, for his death had taken place during the great charge on the morning of Sunday, September 26.

"Make Reader Cry, Laugh, Thrill, Learn"

Gerald Beaumont Says It Took Double Pneumonia to Give Him Slant That Brought Success

By RALPH PARKER ANDERSON

GERALD BEAUMONT and his daughter.

"KNOW your subject, love your characters, write plainly and sincerely."

That's the advice of Gerald Beaumont, who wrote his first story less than three years ago, and is today advertised by his publishers as "the most successful new writer in America."

Beaumont practices what he preaches. Capitalizing a decade of experience as a sporting editor of a metropolitan newspaper, he entered the field made famous by the late Charles E. Van Loan, and, because he loves his characters, he has given the public an entirely new interpretation of the sporting world. Hitherto, so-called "sporting fiction" has held very little sweetness, romance, pathos or sublimity; humor and slang have been its chief characteristics. Beaumont has introduced a new type of sporting story, stressing the human values in a manner that leads one publication to hail him as the successor to an earlier Californian—Bret Harte, who wrote so unforgettably about the rough mining men of '49.

How successfully he has pleased the public may be judged by the fact that he was on the open market only for a few months before there was an editorial scramble for his work. He appeared in *Leslie's Weekly, Saturday Evening Post* and *Everybody's.* Then Karl E. Harriman, of the *Red Book Magazine,* arranged to supply the readers of that publication with a Beaumont story in every issue for four years, which is quite a record in itself.

Newspaper Cub at $6 a Week

DODD, Mead & Company, New York, has brought out Beaumont's first book, "Hearts and the Diamond," a collection of baseball stories, which was recommended from the pulpit by a distinguished San Francisco clergyman. Appleton & Company will publish "Riders Up!" stories of the turf, this autumn. Other volumes will follow. George Broadhurst, the New York playwright and producer, presented Beaumont's "Wild Oats Lane" to Broadway in September. This play was founded on "The Gambling Chaplain," by Beaumont.

"The Referee," has been picturized and other Beaumont photoplays will follow.

Even England, which formerly has not been partial to American sporting tales, has accepted this young Californian readily. British magazines are featuring his work in republication form.

All this is intended to make you realize that it should be worth while to know "how he did it." He told me recently in his home near San Francisco. Incidentally, it is worthy of note that Gerald Beaumont is still a young man. He was born in London, of American parents, in 1884. His parents returned to America when he was still a small boy.

In his home near San Francisco, he recently told me the story of his writing experience—a story as interesting as any he has written.

"I'm a sort of creature of circumstances," he explained. "In my boyhood I aspired to become a cab driver, a cop or a cowboy, but instead I went to college and emerged with a fine education and no money.

"I broke into newspaper work at $6 a week. My first 'beat' included the town jail, the emergency hospital and the morgue—a sweet atmosphere for a guileless and trusting youth! I spent years in intimate touch with the tenderloin as a police reporter, then graduated to city editorships, and finally switched to the sporting department as a more wholesome, out-of-door field.

Stories Are Largely Fact

"EVEN the sporting department had its drawbacks, for, as the official referee for two fight clubs, I learned what it meant, more than once, to have a mob raining invectives upon my head and calling lustily for my blood. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why I sympathize so keenly with men and women in the sporting world; they are usually 'more sinned against than sinning.' In the business and social world, people speak and act with due regard to custom and convention; we are polite to people we dislike; we say one thing when we mean quite another. Most of us behave artificially.

"But in certain classes of the sporting world, where men and women are unconventional and free of restraint, whatever else their faults may be, you will find them very human. Given the right sort of opportunity, they respond eagerly to the author's tests.

"Strangely enough, I didn't at all appreciate the value of the years I spent in company with ball players, prize fighters, racing men, and all the 'color' to which a sporting editor has such ready access. I considered the time as absolutely wasted, especially when I left newspaper work to serve as a publicity man for a large railroad. It took double pneumonia, and a long period of convalescence with plenty of spare time, to give me the right perspective on all that I had been through. Then I started writing and have been at it ever since." I asked Beaumont the old question about where and how he obtained his best ideas.

"Most of them," he answered, "are actual incidents, or are suggested by actual incidents.

"Often I start from a title alone. Or it may be a colorful phrase which crystallizes an idea in my mind. Again, an unusual character may fairly demand expression in a story."

You may have noticed that most of the Beaumont stories start off with a clever verse. "There's a reason" for this.

"I generally write an original jingle at the start," Beaumont went on, "because it serves for me the same purpose that the keynote serves the musician. I want a poetic concept—a verse which will form the pitch, if I may call it so, to which my story will respond. It also serves to put me in the proper mood.

"When I've selected a subject, I read about it all that I can at the local libraries, and I get various angles from my own notebooks.

Some Beginners' Mistakes

"I LET an idea develop in my mind at least 10 days before I sit down to put it on paper. During that time, my subconscious mind, I suppose, takes charge of the idea. When I start to write, the characters and the story are very real to me."

Beaumont does not advise blind following of old masters. In his own case, he finds that reading dead masters disturbs him, while reading his contemporaries is likely to confuse him in his own style and ideas. One reason he has succeeded is that he has let his own distinctive mannerisms have free rein.

His thoughts about technique are similar. If he follows its rules, he does so instinctively. His stories are too real to him to permit thinking about technical details of story construction.

"Too many writers," in his opinion, "become so immersed in technique that they can't see the human values."

"The greatest mistake made by beginning authors" —and Lord knows that Beaumont is visited by enough of them—"is in what constitutes story material. On this danger point many promising writing careers have been wrecked. The writer thinks that unless he utilizes murders, thrilling adventures in South Africa, and unbelievable experiences, he isn't writing a story. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"The first essential to success in writing is that the author write on a subject he knows better than his readers. Almost always, there's some sport, or business, or type of character that the writer knows more about than the average reader. If he can't qualify there, he can at least go back to his schooldays, or he can write about—himself! Surely he knows himself better than anyone else.

"Unless an author knows the people he writes about, his characters don't ring true. They're puppets—as little credit to the author as to themselves. When you write about people you understand, you can sympathize with them, believe in them, and love them.

"Countless writers gaze off to the horizon for story material, when there's a field rich in possibilities under their noses. They write about detectives, when they ought to be writing about the policeman on the corner. They write about sailors, when they ought to be writing about street car conductors. They write about crooks, when they ought to be writing about clerks. Write about your own ambitions or about your friends and neighbors!"

Beaumont then compressed into one sentence the main reason for his remarkable success: "My formula is to try to make the reader laugh, cry, thrill and learn."

There are probably thousands of men who have had opportunities at least equal to Beaumont's to know the ring, the diamond and the race track. But he is one of a half-dozen men who fully understand the human sides of the men who follow these sports as a business. When you meet him, it's easy to understand that this ability to see below the surface is inborn. Beaumont is a fellow who might best be described as an ideal 'big brother." His kindly eyes, his sensitive mouth, his lack of formality and pretense—all combine to make him lovably human. It would take a mighty big hall to hold all the people he has helped in one way or another.

"Don't overlook the human side!" he emphasized. "The fighter and the ball player have wives and children who mean more to them than the ring or the diamond. The policemen is eight hours on duty and 16 hours off duty. If you must write about policemen, don't take the ordinary things they do because they're policemen. Tell something that a policeman does in spite of the fact that he's an officer of the law!

"When you stop to think about it, you realize that O. Henry followed that policy. He wrote about people exactly like those we meet every day, but he fictionized their human phases that you and I were too blind to see."

To illustrate his points, the author told me about a gambler who had sent eight boys through college, and about a young Portuguese boxer who had to fight tuberculosis as well as pugilists, but who, when the disease finally "got" him, left enough money to support his mother and 11 brothers and sisters.

How He Gets Material

BEAUMONT doesn't get his baseball stories by sitting in grandstands. He visits the players at their training camps. He eats with them at their homes, and knows their wives and children. He chats with everyone from "sub" to manager. When he's near a race track, he has no scruples against getting down on his knees and shaking dice with a group of colored boys. He learns the human sides of the judges, the jockeys and the stable hands.

Does all this pay—this making pals out of the people he writes about? The best answer is to read a Beaumont story. If you don't grin and then feel a lump coming up in your throat, then laugh and finally wipe a tear away—if you don't do these things, then I say, "Go to a doctor," for there's something wrong with you!

That Beaumont's characters are true to life is evidenced by some of the many letters he receives from readers who proudly state that they personally know the original of So-and-So in a late story! One could fairly see the tears between the lines in the letter of one reader who said that his father had been the counterpart of an eccentric old man who lived in the pages of a Beaumont story.

These true-to-life characters are possible only because the author knows his people and because they are vividly real to him. He laughs with them, cries with them, loves their faults as well as their virtues. More than once, he has had to stop writing to take a nervous walk around the block because he felt so keenly the sensations of his fiction children.

"Write about people and things you are more familiar with than your readers are! And always look for the human side!"

How Young America Has Become a Publisher

More Than 5,000 School Newspapers and Magazines Train Pupils

By GEORGE W. GREENE

"SEE Pat Meyers and find out what the basket ball schedule is going to be," commanded the young high school editor. "Write 500 words about it, quick. Make it good, Jack, because we need it for a main story on page one this week."

That doesn't sound like the way you learned English in your high school days, does it?

But more than 5,000 high schools are today teaching English—and many other things—in this manner. School publications, ranging in character from daily newspapers to monthly magazines of professional quality, published in schools of from 39 pupils or more, are a new and interesting development among the youth of America.

"The only way to learn to write is by writing" is an accepted axiom and forms the basis for many English teachers' assignment of themes. But the pupil writes without enthusiasm, because he has to, and grumbles to himself, "Aw, what's it for? Who's going to read it, anyway?"

Compare this with the school newspaper office, with its editor-in-chief, sports editor, society editor, "colyumist," staff of reporters and all the machinery and spirit of a real newspaper's city room. Here there is an incentive to write accurate, interesting English, for companions are near to say, "Good story" and the whole school will soon read his story, printed in his paper.

The student reporter is on his own initiative—"it is up to him" to get and write the story. Everyone is working together for one result. There can be no shirking or the next issue will clearly indicate it. If the paper contains live news and some real humor the entire school world knows it, and treats the staff accordingly. If the paper is full of stall, dull material, carelessly handled, every student reader realizes it.

The rapid increase in school publications during the last few years is largely due to the fact that teachers have been quick to recognize their value. Miss Clara C. Ewalt, Department of English, East Technical High School, Cleveland, Ohio, speaks enthusiastically of such papers.

"English that is to the point, English that is accurate, English that is readable!" is the way she puts it. "A course in news-writing will go further toward realizing this ideal than will any other course in the curriculum. Such a high school problem, moreover, in which the pupils' project is the getting out of a weekly newspaper is the most real problem in English offered in the schools of this country today."

Reporting for the school paper teaches the pupil accuracy. Let him or her make a mistake in an account of a class meeting, for example, and his classmates will make his life so miserable that future errors will be unlikely. Personal honor is developed, for friends will "tip him off" to news he must not publish prematurely. To break his word means loss of his usefulness as a reporter in the future.

On the business side of the publication other pupils are learning by practice the fundamentals of accounting, salesmanship and advertising, for most scholastic publications are self-sustaining. Subscriptions must be secured and papers delivered. The advertising manager and his solicitors must prove that advertising space in their publication is worth real money to the merchant. The era of "charity-advertising" in student publications is nearly over and no foresighted staff can afford to cheapen its paper by letting any advertiser feel that in buying advertising space he is merely "helping the kids out." Pupils in accounting keep the books in order; students in typewriting and shorthand act as stenographers for the editor and other executives.

Many newspapers and magazines are not only edited and managed by the pupils, but are printed in the school print shop by the pupils themselves. Here again the paper or magazine is an advantage. The very fact that the publications will be read by the whole school makes each "printer," "make-up man," and "pressman" strive to produce a perfect job. Loafing on the job is prevented because the paper must come out on time—or the printing class will be overwhelmed with complaints and possibly ridicule.

The news-writing class in English often forms most of the staff of the school paper. In such instances a goodly portion of the class period is devoted to the actual work of writing and editing copy for the paper under the direction of the editor, with the aid and advice, when necessary, of the teacher.

The aim of these news-writing courses is not to turn out finished newspaper reporters and editors. Many of the students, after graduation, do make creditable showings as regular reporters, a result which indicates the practicability of their training, but the teachers recognize the need of their pupils for additional broad, college education before these boys and girls are ready to enter upon a professional career. The term "journalism" is not widely used in naming the high school courses, perhaps due to the suggestion some time ago by the American Association of Teachers of Journalism that secondary school courses be called "news-writing" or "journalistic writing," leaving the title "journalism" for the college courses.

This print shop at Manual Training High School, Kansas City, Missouri, where the ***Manualite*** is published by students, shows that school publications are printed by students under conditions identical with those existing in real print shops.

Interscholastic rivalry, which is largely responsible for the intense interests in athletics, has been introduced in the school publication field. Many colleges and universities, including the University of Kansas, Iowa State College, the University of Washington, Ohio State University, and Cornell University sponsor annual state contests between the school newspapers and magazines. The Central Interscholastic Press Association, backed by journalism students at the University of Wisconsin, promotes an annual all-American publications contest. This organization has more than 400 members in all parts of the country and endeavors to furnish advice, criticism, and information to its members by mail. As part of this work the association issues a monthly bulletin called the *Scholastic Editor,* devoted to the interests of school editors.

A correspondence course in elementary journalism will be offered the high school editors of Ohio by Ohio State University this coming year, university officials have announced. Enterprising newspapers in Cleveland and other parts of the country offer trophy cups for the best school papers in their territories.

Competition and interest in these contests is unusually keen, for the winning of a place means national or sectional recognition as well as local praise. Papers entered in these contests are generally subdivided into classes, according to the enrollment of the schools publishing them, so that all contestants will have equal opportunities.

The young editors take their work of school editors seriously and their professional spirit is marked. State organizations are common. Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and other states have associations of high school editors. Their annual meetings are generally held at their state university where they discuss their common problems and interests, with university journalists and newspapermen to aid them in solving their difficulties. The Central Interscholastic Press Association holds an annual national conference. Nearly 300 editors from 17 states attended the last meeting of this organization. City and county editors' associations have been organized in several localities, such as Cook County (Chicago), Illinois. The advisers, by the way, attend the conventions and discuss their angle of the matter with one another.

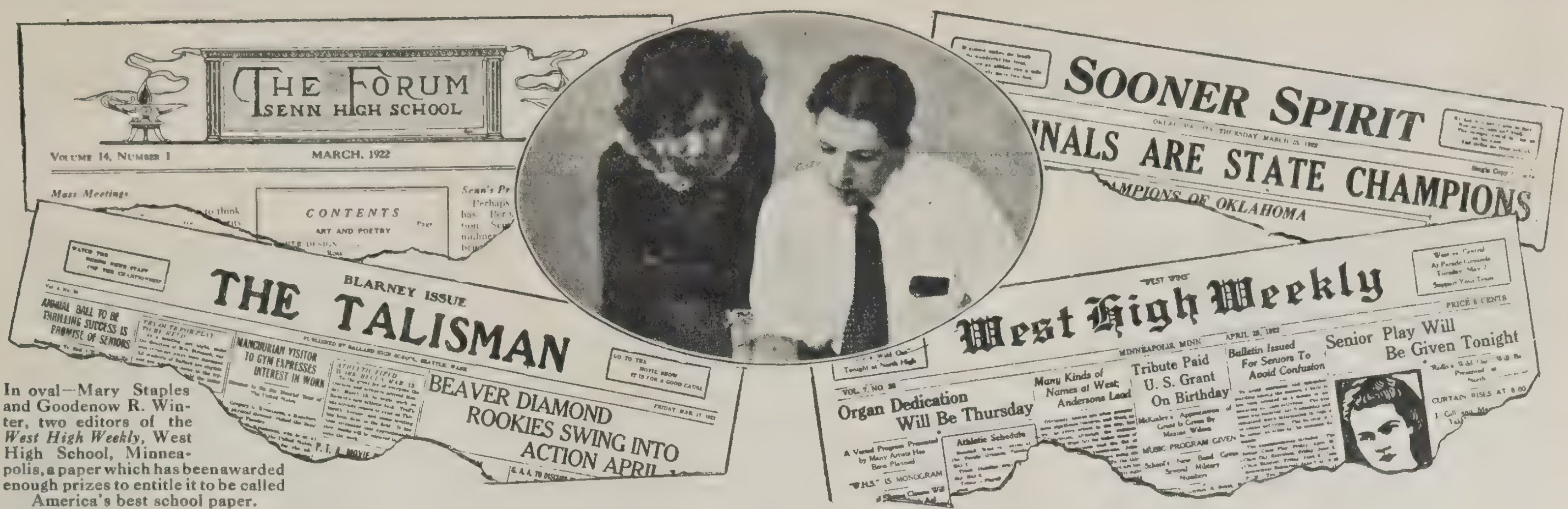
The Western Wireless Press Association is an example of the high school editor's spirit. The *North Central News,* published by North Central High School, Spokane, Washington, promoted this organization, which has as its aim the exchange of school news by radio between the members of the Association. By means of school radio sets and student operators news is thus exchanged between publications almost 2,000 miles apart.

News and features which will interest his readers are just as vital to the aggressive school editor as they are to any editor. All the "stunts" and circulation building devices of the regular press are being adopted by the school editor. An information bureau, supplying true information, is a regular department of the *Weekly Scarab,* issued by East Technical High School, Cleveland. Prize essay and short story contests have been successfully conducted by several enterprising papers and magazines. A book review supplement consisting of four pages, regular newspaper size, is a feature of *The Southerner,* published by South High School, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Comic strips and even full pages of comic strips by student cartoonists have been used to interest student readers. The pink sheet extra, carrying the latest sporting news, is used by the *Senn News,* Senn High School, Chicago. A rotogravure section, which is thought to have been the first published by any school paper, was put out for the homecoming football game by *The Blackhawk,* Davenport, Iowa.

Teachers, under whose direction high school publications are edited, attend university summer sessions to take courses in journalism. The teaching of journalistic writing in high schools and the publishing of school papers is such a recent development that many of them had no opportunity to prepare themselves adequately for the work. Now special courses on the teaching of journalistic writing in high schools, with special reference to the publishing of papers and magazines, are given in many university summer sessions.

The enrollment of a high school is no criterion of its ability to publish a paper. *Le Sourire* is issued by a high school at Carson, North Dakota, in which only 39 pupils are enrolled. Perhaps a dozen other schools with enrollments under 100 publish papers. Weekly and biweekly papers in schools with enrollments of from 100 to 500 pupils are legion. Junior high schools have already commenced to enter the field and the number of publications issued by the junior schools is rapidly increasing.

Daily papers are now published by some of the larger schools. The *University High School Daily,* Chicago, and the *Shortridge Daily Echo,*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MARCH, 1922
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In oval—Mary Staples and Goodenow R. Winter, two editors of the *West High Weekly*, West High School, Minneapolis, a paper which has been awarded enough prizes to entitle it to be called America's best school paper.

Indianapolis, Indiana, are two instances where schools are publishing a paper every school day.

Both a monthly magazine and a weekly newspaper are frequently published by the same school, in some cases, where the enrollment is large. Magazines are not quite so popular as newspapers, but offer an excellent outlet for the school's art work, poetry, short stories, essays, and the like. Some of these magazines are excellent enough in their typography and art work to be worthy of a place alongside national periodicals. *The Forum*, a monthly magazine published by Senn High School, Chicago, is superior in many respects to the average college or university magazine. School magazines in many cases are printed in the school print shops.

But back of all these more or less apparent advantages of the school publication is a secondary, and perhaps even more vital service which they are rendering. This is the elementary journalistic training which they are affording a considerable number of high school pupils each year. In years to come the influence of this contact with journalism will, many believe, become apparent.

The present rise of school publications means that each year from 50,000 to 150,000 young men and women in our high schools are obtaining elementary training in journalism.

These students, after they go into the offices, factories, farms, and homes will be more intelligent readers of the newspapers than their parents. They will be one step nearer being the ideal reading public.

Mencken's Maryland!

By WILLIAM RUFUS SCOTT

MORE than two months spent in the home state of H. L. Mencken justifies the synonymous and possessive assertion—Mencken's Maryland. Before going to Maryland one has a definite impression of Mr. Mencken as the embodiment of a sneer and a snarl at what he sees as the idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical zeal of the American people for moral crusades; one cannot be in Maryland a bare 48 hours, particularly in Baltimore, without discerning that the state by a decisive majority has embraced his concept of the American people.

Maryland has been listening to Mr. Mencken's preachments against the idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical, emotional Americanism of moral crusades for many years. It may have been Billy Sundayism, it may have been prohibition, it may have been censorship of one kind and another, but in season and out Mr. Mencken has poured into the ear of Maryland, and into the national, and international ear, the suggestion that the one, the supreme demerit of Americanism is this penchant for moral crusades. Recently Mr. Mencken has gone to the Berliner *Tageblatt* to explain to the Germans this idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical proclivity of the Americans for uplift ideas.

Now Mr. Mencken is very much behind Mr. Creel's proposed Joint Committee for the Promotion and Protection of Art and Literature. He believes with Mr. Creel, as quoted in an interview, that censorship as such "no matter what its form or manifestation" must be abolished. Mr. Creel's statement that the proposal of a literary censorship "is admirably illustrative of the characteristic American passion for laws" is the gospel Mr. Mencken has been propagating.

The visitor in Maryland, however, whatever his views upon censorship, gains some impressions not flattering to Menckenism. Mr. Creel asserts what Mr. Mencken has been asserting for a long time that if "this spirit of beadle-ism (this idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical craze for moral crusades Mr. Mencken would put it) is allowed to continue without opposition it will in time crush everything in life that savors of truth and beauty." But Maryland is opposing this American spirit of beadle-ism and how much of truth and beauty is Maryland exemplifying? Are we to take Maryland as a sample of what America would be if, instead of Mencken's Maryland it becomes Mencken's America?

Under the philosophy of Menckenism the historic state of Maryland, the state with a brilliant past, is throwing its magnificent energies, focusing all its passionate desire—for what? For truth and beauty? No. For Light Wines and Beer! There is no other issue in Maryland. You are smashed in the face with it at every turn. Not so crushingly in the rural districts as in Baltimore, but since Baltimore is a large city in a small state, Baltimore is virtually Maryland. Mencken's Baltimore more decidedly than Mencken's Maryland, but both Mencken.

The visitor is oppressed with the immense obsession of the state over its alcoholic thirst. The tariff, the strikes, the nation's foreign policy, the bonus (except as it may through the lure of liquor taxation bring back intoxicants) are completely subordinated in Mencken's Maryland to Light Wines and Beer. "To recover man's God-given right to drink good alcoholic beverages," as an advertisement in the Baltimore papers recently stated, is the one, the predominant, the absorbing passion of Mencken's Maryland!

Presently the visitor would not be startled to hear the noble state song revised to the theme:

> Thy scorching thirst shall soon be quenched!
> Maryland, my Maryland!

Nor, in the light of Maryland's whole-hearted embracing of Menckenism is the visitor surprised at the official and private appraisal of Maryland as "the wettest state in the Union." It must be the crowning satisfaction of Mr. Mencken's literary career to have that characterization, because to Mr. Mencken it means the "sanest" state in the Union. But translated into literal English it means also "the most lawless state in the Union." The utopia of the bootlegger Maryland has become under the gospel of Menckenism which has dinned into Maryland's ears the idea that prohibition is just another of those idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical moral crusades of the American people. Defiance of the Constitution, of the enforcement codes, becomes the inevitable consequence if you are convinced that the amendment and the codes are the work of idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical zealots.

But if a passion for laws is a characteristic passion of the American people, as Mr. Creel asserts, and as the overwhelming ratification of the Prohibition Amendment proves, it is not something to sneer over and snarl about. It is something to examine soberly, for it is the genius of the American people. Mr. Mencken would eradicate this characteristic passion for idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical moral crusades and substitute for it what he advances as an unemotional, unrepressive policy. He would, in fact, engraft some European brand of nationalism upon America—any brand except the English brand!

Is it not significant, Messrs. Creel and Mencken, that so far from spending itself in the achievement of prohibition, the moral impulse of the American people is proceeding to a house-cleaning in baseball, motion pictures, the stage, and now the printed word? And so far as the characteristic passion for laws is concerned, it must be admitted that the American people did not legislate Messrs. Landis, Hays and Thomas into their positions as censors of baseball, motion pictures and the stage. The owners of baseball, motion pictures and the stage may have been endowed with extraordinary prescience, and voluntarily passed self-denying ordinances to head off a budding moral crusade of the idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical type. But then again they may have seen some basis for such a crusade. At any rate, there they stand, Landis, Hays and Thomas.

Mr. Creel is not promoting and protecting art and literature in defying this characteristic passion for moral crusades. He is getting art and literature in the way of a terrific legal jolt if art and literature do not take a hint from Landis, Hays and Thomas, and begin cleaning house. If there is anything being printed that outrages elemental decency Mr. Creel will be doing much more to promote and protect art and literature by striving to have that eliminated than by embracing Menckenism—the concept of the American people as idiotic, fanatical, hypocritical in their moral inclinations and ways of accomplishing their moral purposes.

For as surely as art and literature defiantly defend everything styling itself art and literature, the spirit of beadle-ism will not be stopped, nor the characteristic American passion for laws be thwarted; it will merely be made more certain that an aroused and perhaps angered public opinion will hit out hard, and in the hitting the good in art and literature will suffer along with the drastic pruning of the evil.

There is much more than guesswork to the estimate that in our 100,000,000 population the number for moral crusades is about 65,000,000 to about 35,000,000 who want the unrestricted state of things Mr. Mencken idealizes. Now 35,000,000 is a sizeable minority, but 65,000,000 is a conclusive majority as majorities go, in America. Hence, if art and literature become Menckenized and give the 65,000,000 the impression that art and literature are aligned with light wines and beer, the symbol of Menckenism, all of us who write (including a humble newspaper reporter like this writer) are in for some rough sledding.

The temper of the 65,000,000 is being hardened by things reported from Mencken's Maryland. Newspapers say that Baltimore policemen have stood idly by and allowed Federal prohibition agents to be roughly handled in the streets of Baltimore. That was the Constitution of the United States being roughly handled, Mr. Creel. That is ominous business, Mr. Creel. You are taking a grave risk in giving even the appearance of lining art and literature up with that, Mr. Creel. You think you are not lining art and literature up with that, Mr. Creel, but you are publicly scolding the American people for presuming to supervise art and literature, as they have presumed to supervise the alcoholic thirst, or baseball, motion pictures and the stage, and the 65,000,000 will not draw hair-line distinctions. They will classify your organization with the other organizations so vocal for license. You will be serving art and literature much more wisely if you re-name your organization the Joint Committee for the Expurgation of Vulgarity from Art and Literature.

Mencken's Maryland, "whose gospel is their maw!" But not for good. The now virtually inarticulate better side of Maryland will find a voice, and in time the state with the brilliant past will shake off its obsession, and whether wet or dry, will be so legally, and will seek its objectives by ways characteristically American—not Mencken!

What Would "Bob" Toombs Have to Say Now?

Quotations From the Record of the Ablest Man in Congress in the Fifties Would Sound Strange Today

By AARON HARDY ULM

> *"I have not been sent here to ask the public money for my constituents. For the eleven years I have been in the two Houses of Congress my constituents have never asked me to introduce one bill for their benefit, or the benefit of their pursuits, neither special nor general, and I have never introduced one."*

FICTION? No. Though the quotation sounds like one from a political novel of the Honorable Peter Sterling vintage, it comes authentically from the *Congressional Record,* or its predecessor.

And the following quotation is not from some history of the first Roman republic:

> *"If you are going to spend money wrongfully, if you are going to spend it profligately, I wish you to do it anywhere else but within the borders of my own state."*

Those words, like the ones in the first quotation, actually were uttered by a member of the United States Senate. The last were spoken in opposition to an appropriation for the continuance of a Federal Government activity in the Senator's state.

But neither group of words was spoken recently. They were uttered in the eighteen fifties by Robert Toombs, of Georgia, an outstanding national political figure of that time and regarded by many students as one of the four or five ablest public men of the period. Savoyard, the noted Washington correspondent, has written that in his opinion Toombs was the ablest man of that day.

Many changes have occurred since Toombs battled against wasteful spending and needless extension of governmental activity from Washington. Toombs, though a Congressional leader for nearly 20 years and the intimate friend of Daniel Webster, is now scarcely remembered as a statesman of national identity. Even when his career in Congress is recalled, his defense of Negro slavery is chiefly remembered. He resigned from the United States Senate when his state seceded in 1861 and the Confederacy was formed, and, unlike many other southern statesmen who survived the Civil War, he never made any effort to return to national public life. In fact, he became so embittered that he died without taking an oath of reallegiance to the Federal Government, though he lived for nearly 20 years after the Civil War ended and took active part in the politics of his state.

Thus his notable long fight against every Congressional move partaking of political "pork" has been obscured by the more striking features of his later life. And, instead of the scholarly statesman which on the whole he really was, he is remembered chiefly as a "fire-eating" Secessionist, which in reality he was not. He opposed secession until it was apparent that it could not be avoided, and while he was an intense proslavery-ite he admitted that there were many weaknesses in the South's "peculiar institution." Though he was given to the use of picturesque language, he never said that he expected to call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill.

But regardless of Toombs' identity with the defense of slavery and his ultimate leading part in the secession movement, it is interesting to revive some of his utterances and actions on national matters having naught to do with those two mighty questions of 75 years ago.

Toombs was among the last of American statesmen to contend that the "general welfare" clause of the Federal Constitution did not authorize Congress to raise for and spend money on anything it pleases.

"Rivers and harbors bills were abominations in Toombs' sight," says Ulrich B. Phillips, his most recent biographer, "because he considered them unconstitutional as well as corrupt. Again and again he resisted their enactment, now with fiery determination and now with unrestrained vehemence."

Discussing one in 1854, Toombs declared:

> *"The whole system is formulated on robbery, plunder and unequality and is supported for no other reason than because it is unjust. If the money which is appropriated to these improvements had to be paid out by each locality they would prefer a more convenient method of doing it; but it is because they expect to plunder other sections that they ask to pay themselves out of the common fund."*

On another occasion, discussing a proposal that the Federal Government spend large sums on Mississippi River improvements, Toombs said:

> *"Senators, is it just? I tell you as God lives it is not just, and you ought not to do it. There is manhood in the people of the Mississippi Valley. Let them levy duties for their own rivers and ports . . . . and charge the people who use them for the benefits conferred.*
>
> *"Let the honest farmer who makes his hay in Vermont, who gathers his cheese, who raises his meal, be not taxed to increase your magnificent improvements of nature and your already gigantic wealth. Senators, it is unjust."*

When confronted with logrolling methods of getting appropriations through Congress, Toombs said that the "letting of this sluice from the public treasury and letting it run at the will of the majority, I deem it so important that it may be worth an empire. We are called upon, on the idea of everybody helping everybody's bill, to vote for them all. There certainly can be no greater abandonment of public principle than this here presented."

How many members of Congress would dare repeat as their own the following words uttered by the famous southerner on the subject of legislative trading?

> *"If any man votes for one appropriation to get another, he votes corruptly and is unworthy of a seat on this floor. It is against the principles of legislation and against all principles of honor."*

What would Toombs who, when the cost of the Federal Government reached that sum, declared that $30,000,000 a year was "more than any government on earth is worth" say of the present cost which is 400 times that amount? Would he repeat, without qualification, the following charge?

> *"I do not believe today there is as corrupt government on earth as that of these United States. And most of this corruption is in the legislative department."*

But in view of the increasing number of appropriations made from the United States Treasury to the states on condition that they raise similar amounts and surrender certain prerogatives to the Federal Government, Toombs undoubtedly would reassert, with additional emphasis, the following statement:

> *"When the system shall have finally been established that the States are to enter into a miserable scramble for the most money for their local appropriations and that Senator is to be regarded the ablest representative of his state who can get for it the largest slice of the Treasury, from that day public honor and property are gone, and all the states are disgraced and degraded."*

The insidious danger in practices now probably insuperably imbedded in our governmental scheme is shown by the following eloquent passage in a speech delivered by the Georgian while still a member of the United States Congress:

> *"The Constitution is based on the idea that where the interests of particular localities are at stake, men are not to be trusted; majorities are not to be relied upon; they are unjust; they will take advantages; the whole history of human life is daubed and blackened by the injustice and wrong of power."*

Toombs' last public service was to frame the present constitution of the state of Georgia, which is notable for the checks it places on those in power with reference to the raising and spending of public funds. When he had finished the job, Toombs, drawing on his talent for epigram, declared: "I have locked the state treasury and thrown the key away."

"Every Day in Every Way I'm Getting Better"

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on to stand up. The patient reached for his stick, but Coué put it out of his reach and declared, "You know you can stand up if you will kindly favor me by just *thinking* you *can,* instead of you *can't.*"

Soon the man was on his feet and Coué taking him by the arm told him to honor him by taking a little walk around the room. At first slowly and a bit painfully, but soon with more assurance and ease, the man was walking. Then Coué withdrew his grasp from the man's arm and as he was about to seat himself said quietly and very gently, but firmly, "Now you see that you really have the use of your arms and legs. Don't be afraid to use them. Just to prove it to yourself and to me double up your right fist and hit me a good strong blow on the chest."

Joining in the general smile, the whilom paralytic raised his fist and struck out with such force that Coué would have been toppled over if he had not caught and braced himself. By this time, the whole room was laughing heartily and Coué seemed to enjoy the joke as much as anyone.

To a person who complained of fatigue, Coué said, "Well, I know what that is. There are days when it tires me to receive people, but I receive them all the same and all day long. Do not say you cannot help it. One can always overcome oneself. The *idea* of fatigue brings fatigue. But the idea that we have a duty to perform always gives us the strength for it."

To another he said, "The cause which prevents you from walking, whatever it is, is going to disappear little by little every day. You know the proverb: 'Heaven helps those who help themselves.' Well, stand up two or three times a day, supporting yourself on two persons, and say to yourself firmly: 'My kidneys are not so weak that I cannot stand; on the contrary, I can because I think I can.' All that we think becomes true for us. We must not allow ourselves to think wrongly."

To a patient suffering from diabetes, he said: "Continue to use therapeutic treatment. I cannot promise to cure you, but I can tell you how to cure yourself. All you have to do is to make your autosuggestions night and morning. Under this faithful use of autosuggestion, I have known diabetes to disappear completely."

"You, Monsieur, tell me that you are in pain; but I tell you that from today forward, the cause of this pain, whether it be called arthritis or anything else, is going to disappear with the help of your subconscious mind, and the cause having disappeared, the pain will gradually become less and less and in a short time it will be nothing but a memory."

I had an interesting talk with a famous Edinburgh preacher who had gone all to pieces with nervous prostration following severe war and after-war strain, so that he had been obliged to give up his work. He told me that he had suffered for many months from acute insomnia and restlessness. He suffered tortures and felt that he was on the brink of madness or suicide. One after the other, eminent physicians had proved incapable of helping him beyond giving temporary relief by the administration of anodynes. So he had journeyed from Scotland to see what Coué could do for him. He confessed to skepticism as to the new autosuggestion, but coming to the clinics day after day for two weeks, the apparent miracles that he witnessed in hundreds of cases had brought him to the realization of the power within himself to conquer his trouble and he was, in fact, tremendously encouraged and beginning to get a sure grasp on himself through the new hope kindled in his heart by witnessing these facts. He looked confidently forward to taking up his church work again with more energy and deeper understanding than ever.

In our chat after this afternoon clinic, M. Coué told me that he had treated more than 250 cases in the course of the day and that the day was an average one. He was not at all tired and declared he could go on until midnight if necessary. In fact, after an early and light dinner—he is practically a vegetarian and lives very simply, rising early in the morning to work several hours in his garden before his clinic begins—he disposes of a considerable correspondence answering personally 30 or 40 letters from patients and disciples. Many of the most remarkable cures effected through his method have been in the cases of persons living at a distance from Nancy and who had simply read and followed the directions printed on a leaflet for free distribution and which I have quoted above.

I have been under the impression that he was a professor in the University of Nancy and that he had, as a "psychologist of the chair," simply developed and carried into practical application the teachings of Liebault and Bérnheim, in which I had myself been much interested as long as 30 years ago. He surprised me by telling me that he had never been a professor or teacher; that while living at Troyes he had, during certain brief visits to Nancy, attended one or two of Bérnheim's famous free clinics, subsequently reading Bérnheim's book. But his own life-work had, for the most part, been in the field of industrial chemistry, in which field he had invented and put upon the market about 100 processes and preparations that are today widely used. Almost from the first, he had reached the conclusion in his own mind that not the hetero-suggestion of the hypnotists of the old Nancy school and of that eminent American practitioner, Professor John T. Quackenbos, formerly of Columbia University in New York, but *autosuggestion* was the real agent in the marvelous healing and correction of moral and mental defects and delinquencies credited broadly to "Hypnotism." This conclusion was strengthened by his reading of several American exponents of what has come to be known as the "New Thought" movement.

About 20 years ago, he retired from active business to devote his entire time and energies to "helping sick and suffering people to help themselves," as he put it. *He insists that he never healed anybody in his life,* that what he accomplishes is not due to any special gift in the way of personal magnetism, or unusual powers of any sort. Blessed with an excellent constitution, he has never had a serious illness. Asked if that meant he had not first tested his method on himself, he laughingly replied: "Oh, yes; for instance, one cold damp day last spring while I was bending over for a long time bottling wine in my cellar. I had what might be called a touch of lumbago. Interrupting my bottling for a few moments, I rubbed my painful back and said, as I instruct my disciples to say: 'It is going away, going away, going away,' (*se passe, se passe, se passe*). And it went away—and did not come back."

I mentioned several books about him and his method which are just now the talk of Paris and London. "I have not read them," he declared, "I am so busy with my work of showing people how to help themselves in what seems to me the simple, common sense, as well as certainly scientific way, that I have no time to read.

"I do not know anything about psychoanalysis, and I do know, as a result of practical work with thousands of sufferers from all parts of the world during the past 20 years, just what my own method is and what it will do. So, believing in the wise old saying, 'Cobbler, stick to thy last,' I am content—for the present at least—to hold fast to its divine simplicity."

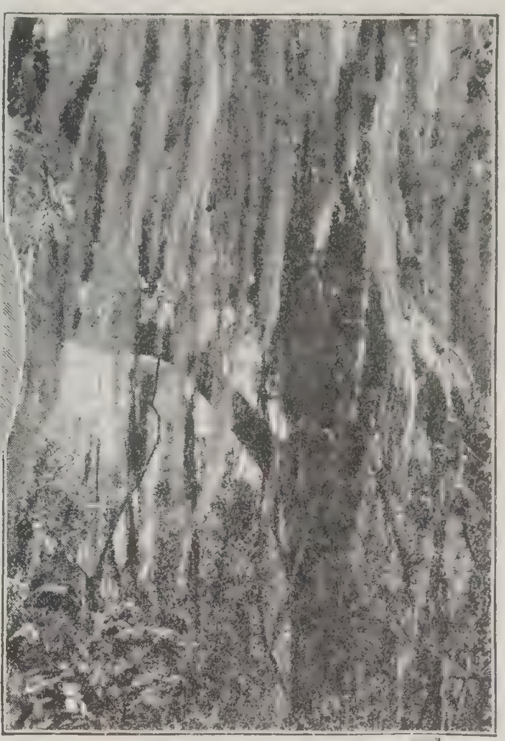
Call of Florida Coast Soon Will Lure Northerners

Beauty of the East Coast Near Miami Attracts Many in Winter

Palms sway languorously on the edge of the Atlantic surf.

Photos by Edw. E. Sheppard, Miami Beach, Fla.

Where northerners find a haven from the blasts of winter.



Spanish moss hanging from trees offers many a weird setting.

Some of our northern conservatories have specimens of the lovely palms that everywhere grace a Florida setting.

"Allah Achbar! Mohammed Resoul Allah!"

Concluded from page 2

Here are the words of the Prophet of God: "I, therefore, the last of the prophets, am sent with the sword! Let those who promulgate my faith enter into no argument nor discussion, but slay all who refuse obedience to the law. Whoever fights for the true faith, whether he fall or conquer, will assuredly receive a glorious reward. The sword is the key of heaven and hell; all who draw it in the cause of the faith will be rewarded with temporal advantages; every drop shed of their blood, every peril and hardship endured by them, will be registered on high as more meritorious than even fasting or praying. If they fall in battle their sins will at once be blotted out, and they will be transported to paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of black-eyed houris."

As if the foregoing were not enough of an incentive to make the Moslem terrible in battle, the Koran adds the Thar, or doctrine of Blood Revenge. "O true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you for the slain; the free shall die for the free." This is the command which gave rise to the terrible battle cry: "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth!" These fighting attributes of the Moslem soldiers are what makes a "Holy War" so dreaded. Well-equipped and well-led, the Moslem fighter must be practically annihilated before he can be conquered—the experience of the British at Gallipoli and the Greeks before Smyrna bear witness to this truth; history abounds with proofs.

Speaking dispassionately, putting aside religious and racial considerations, and admitting the truth, it must be allowed that Kemal Pasha has the best of the argument with the Allies when he pleads in justification of a war to enforce the provisions of the "Nationalist Pact," for he can point to the fact that he is patriotically fighting for the preservation of his country, while the Allies can only claim, justly, a desire to maintain possession of stolen property, won by conquest or diplomatic chicanery. Mesopotamia, Syria, Arabia, Palestine, Egypt; none of these lands are an integral part of England, or France, or Italy; they are an integral part of the Ottoman Empire—thus thinks Kemal Pasha and thus think the millions upon millions of Moslems throughout the world. Islam enters the lists with this thought. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just!"

At this writing, Kemal is yielding nothing; the Allies are granting him Thrace to include Adrianople. He is restraining his troops, and right willingly, for he is reaping the fruits of recent victories and saving men and munitions for future use. The Allies will salvage the "open gate" through the Straits, the "Pact" grants them that much, otherwise they will meet the terms of the Nationalists. Will Kemal stop there? Will he be satisfied with Constantinople and Thrace? It is doubtful. Every inch he gains from the Allies makes him so much the stronger with the Faithful; every inch the Allies yield reduces their prestige with their Moslem subjects, and, by the same token, weakens their control of those subjects. Kemal will undoubtedly consolidate his present gains, and then cut off another section of the territory enumerated in Article One of the "Pact"; thus he will rebuild the Ottoman Empire section by section, and, when fully prepared, will launch his war for the complete fulfillment of the Nationalist program—the independence and freedom of the Ottoman Empire.

Such a war will involve all Europe and most, if not all, of Asia, together with Northern Africa and Egypt. The islands of the South Seas are too remote to be drawn in, but the same may not be true of America. The only hope of escaping a "Holy War" rests with the Allies; they must unite and present a solid front completely to head off Kemal Pasha, and that means giving up their selfish exploitation of the Near East.

Why the Canadians Enjoy Living in Canada

A Picture of the Winter Life of Quebec Reveals the Color and Beauty That Go to Make Up the Snow Sports of the French City

A parade of the snowshoe clubs up Dufferin Terrace.

By E. L. CHICANOT

THERE seems to exist a tacit agreement among Americans that it is distinctly bad form, and apt to endanger a straining of peaceful relations, to bring up the subject of the Canadian winter. One may discuss Canadian prohibition from any of the angles it permits of without any apparent danger of causing Canadians to rise up on their hind legs, but when an American meets a Canadian his painfully dexterous avoidance of the topic of winter is positively heart-rending to witness.

The American, in general, finds it difficult to understand how a people he regards as otherwise normal, and possessing the average degree of sanity to be encountered on the continent, can passively remain in their country throughout the winter months without doing something drastic to alter climatic conditions, like bringing the Gulf Stream up the St. Lawrence. They find it impossible to comprehend why individuals who have the money and leisure to get out and go to Florida or the Bermudas don't do so. American tourists flood Canada throughout the summer months, for reasons best known to themselves, but at the first suggestion of frost, indeed, before the first leaf has turned color, they scurry back to their steam-heated apartments as at the approach of some deadly scourge whose breath is mortal. They have, in fact, been fed on too regular a pabulum, by the press, of lost balloonists, mounted police-Eskimo stories, dog derbys, and fur-trade history, until their perspective is many degrees out of line and their mental pictures a fantasy of exaggerations.

Canadians, taken as a body, cannot be convinced that there is anything seriously wrong with their climate. They do, however, appreciate the difficulty of popularizing their winter, for authors and scenario writers have done their work only too well. These calumnies used to enrage Canadians until they came to realize the inevitableness of it all. Now they merely sigh, as in bright *capuchons* and sweaters and gaudy *ceinture fléché,* moccasin-clad, gayly disporting themselves on skis and snowshoes, with Switzerland and Norway at their very doors, they fervently wish they could drag up across the border half of the American populace, and send them back to educate the other half to Canada's winter joys.

When they run across a particularly harrowing story in the press, purporting to portray the frightful rigors of the Canadian winter, and in imagination see thousands of credulous readers hunching their shoulders in a shiver, the many who know it must think of Quebec when winter has resumed the throne there. Quebec and winter seem indissolubly associated so that the one suggests the other, like ham and eggs. Visualizing the quaint old French city, with its narrow streets deep under snow, its cathedrals and churches in all manner of unexpected places, its Old-World atmosphere and Continental leisure, one wonders what the fate of that historic old spot would have been were Canada's climate other than what it is.

Quebec is beautiful in summer, when hosts of tourists flock there to gaze down the Heights of Abraham, where Wolfe fell, to the mighty St. Lawrence below, and, indeed, its medieval charm and historic interest will attract and enrapture at all seasons, but in winter it is a different city. Wrapped in its snowy garments, each spire and minaret snow-tipped, flashing with a thousand lights and colors, it seems to contain the concentrated essence of winter joy. The visitor gets the impression of its having been created solely as a locale for winter sports, with a setting for hibernal gayety which leaves not a thing to be desired. Winter and Quebec! They cannot be separated.

Life is casual in Quebec. The inhabitants move in a casual manner as if life were quite a pleasant affair, to be enjoyed calmly and not rushed through. The street cars even have a casual manner, though their sudden appearance round the corners of the narrow, crooked streets is at times extremely disconcerting and has developed a new winter sport peculiar to the locality. The taxicab is an anachronism, being several periods of history ahead of its time. The tardier sleighs fit more harmoniously into the picture, and they are to be seen everywhere, the air resounding with the joyous tinkle of their bells, the sound of which carries for miles.

It is peculiar of Quebec that the entire population enters unanimously and whole-heartedly into the revels of winter, as if it existed on earth for nothing else. Nothing else seems to matter very much. Everyone seems to be above the necessity of toiling for a living, or at least can make this subservient to the real reason of living in winter. Other Canadian cities have their winter sports but they are merely incidental to the main purpose of extracting a livelihood. In Quebec one thinks, moves, and lives in terms of winter enjoyment and such things as serious purposes in life are rendered purely secondary considerations.

Quebec is a small city, concentrated on a series of hills, the eminences, depressions, and sides of which are equally intensively utilized. The area of its winter gayety is much smaller. The unique feature of the city's winter revelry is, in fact, its compressed, centralized form. Herein lies possibly the greatest attraction of this quaint little spot to the visitor from the outside world curious to see how Canadians disport themselves and, in true tourist fashion, anxious to observe or participate in as great a variety of these winter frolics in as short time as possible. Granted the disposition, the physique, and the stamina, one may here turn from one sport to another in ceaseless action and run the entire gamut of Canadian winter revelry, and never depart from the solid comforts of an ultra-civilization. A week-end is sufficiently prolific in incident and crowded with event to furnish after-dinner conversation of a mild order for at least a year.

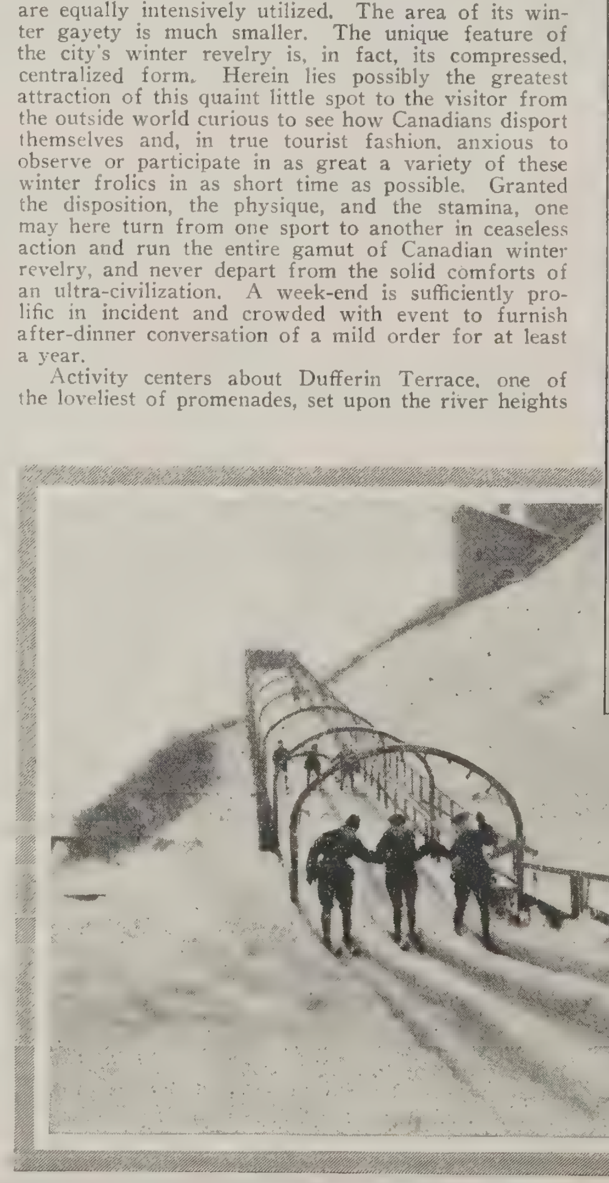
Activity centers about Dufferin Terrace, one of the loveliest of promenades, set upon the river heights overlooking the St. Lawrence far below and the town of Levis on the other side. During the winter months this is the pivot of a restless energy, thronged with people of all ages and conditions who have at one time or another become imbued with the conviction that the Canadian winter climate was intended for other purposes than to produce rich furs and the summer's ice. The locality is a riot of color as it is a prime object of indulgence in winter sports to present as flaming and conspicuous a picture as possible for the frame of white snow. Each snowshoe club has its distinctively colored *capuchons* and combinations of colors in its *ceinture fléché.* Sweaters and scarfs appear which would cause a riot at any other time of year. There is no hard convention in the matter of what is proper in winter sports' attire and the result is a pleasing variety of costume.

The atmosphere of gayety and spontaneous joy existing where a large proportion of the crowd is French-Canadian is quite indescribable. For buoyancy, light-heartedness and irresponsibility it can only be likened to a carnival of Old France. The sun shines down upon sparkling snow while the sports' area becomes an almost solid mass of humanity burdened with the various implements of pleasure. For about it is a regular chain, each link of which is a different sport interlocking into one gigantic winter revel.

The open-air skating rink is hidden behind walls of snow and it is only when that peculiar sound of skates cutting ice falls upon the ears of the passer-by that his attention is attracted to heads appearing above the bulwarks apparently floating in thin air but in reality attached to the bodies of skaters below. His attention to these is apt to be abruptly and startlingly diverted by a skier careering down the hill sacred to the sport and missing him by one of those miracles common to sport. Over the brow of the same hill snowshoers may appear at any minute, returning from a hike or race.

Down the side of the hill and along Dufferin Terrace is a toboggan slide which once traversed is a lifelong memory. The three runs are molded in solid ice and there is no synonym for their quality of slipperyness. One starts, and it is all over, though looking back it seems impossible that such a variety of emotions could have been crowded in what is no space of time at all. Three toboggans are released together and throughout the

Cercle Frontenac Snowshoe Club initiates a new member.



Thrilling and exhilarating.

A rally of snowshoers from all parts of Quebec province.

entire day series of trios, on toboggans of various sizes and capacities are shooting down the terrace in less time than it takes to tell about it.

Skijoring has become very popular at Quebec and the narrow, crooked streets, with the confined space for navigation, add considerably to the thrills of the sport, for there is bound to be a certain amount of excitement when the horse disappears suddenly round a corner and the skis evince not the slightest inclination to follow. It is not an unusual thing to find a skijorer in the heart of the city contesting the right of way with a tramcar, or propeller and propelled parting company to avoid taking part of the traffic away with them.

Gliding effortlessly along the same streets a less active visitor may be seen borne along in a trapper's sleigh by husky dogs, with Indian driver urging them on in that curious mixture of French and Cree which has come to be the vernacular of the northern trails. It is a perhaps not inappropriate manner in which to visit the old ramparts or travel to the Plains of Abraham or up Citadel Hill.

At night the terrace is illumined by a thousand colored electric lamps, the varied tints of which the snow reflects back. Circles of light inclose the toboggan slide which, with its icy troughs gleaming in the glare, seems more alluring than ever. A dull volume of light falls upon the river and stray fragments of floating ice throw back some chance gleam. Young and old are disporting themselves in one way or another, enjoying the Canadian winter as it was meant to be enjoyed.

More can happen in a Quebec week-end in the way of event than the average law-abiding citizen finds in a hard-earned annual holiday. Quebec believes in doing a good thing thoroughly. Excitement never wanes until the last hours of Sunday night, for Quebeckers have their own conception of the reason for the creation of the Sabbath. All the time skating rink, ski-jump and toboggan slide are crowded with devotees to a positively perilous extent and the very air is so intoxicating that the most misanthropical finds it difficult to maintain a grouch.

The city and countryside have their several ski and snowshoe clubs, and a deadly rivalry, of the boisterous, vociferous kind that is typically French-Canadian, exists between them, finding its expression in the contests and competitions at the week-ends. Some really excellent ski-jumping is to be seen and the complications of the plain snowshoe mush constitute an art. French-Canadians cling tenaciously to the old sport of snowshoeing which, has elsewhere lost popularity as its place was usurped by skiing. Snowshoe meets in Quebec are elaborate affairs, comprising races of all descriptions, marathons, and hurdle contests, the participants' costumes bringing together a collection of colors that make a rainbow look a dull affair. Such meets inevitably end in a certain amount of horse play, forming human pyramids, tossing the blanket, the while the quaint old folk songs of old French Canada follow one another in rapid succession.

The impression may perhaps be created that all this winter dissipation is staged for the benefit of tourists and other visitors. Nothing is further from the truth. The average French Canadian doesn't care one snowflake whether other people come up to dissipate in his country, and the people of Quebec City are really slow in taking advantage of what is undoubtedly an asset of inestimable worth. Their first idea is to enjoy themselves. If visitors come they are glad to have them join in, but they don't go out of their way to tell them about it.

There is nothing forced about the excitement of winter sports in Quebec, nothing to suggest a straining after effect, to show other people what a fine time it is possible to have. The spirit of winter enjoyment is inherent and dominant and those who do not care to indulge in the more strenuous and youthful sports at least do not shun the open but become imbued with the same carnival spirit and help create the same atmosphere of fun and good fellowship.

For the visitor to Canada who wishes to see for himself as much as possible of Canadian winter sports and pastimes, and absorb the utmost of winter enjoyment, in a limited space of time, Quebec is an ideal city. Stepping from a modern train he is transported instantly into surroundings redolent of most romantic Europe and from thence to the microcosm of Canadian winter gayety. A week-end there is crowded with incident and event from arrival to departure, and the visitor may come to appreciate to some small extent what can be made of the Canadian winter, and why Canadians continue living without protest in their country.

The Money's Worthless But It Buys a Lot

German Mark at Store Purchases More Than American Dollar Does

By WALTER M. WOLFF

THE individual who, as far back as 1915, began to invest his savings in German marks, has dropped his good American dollars through a hole in the floor. He will never see them again; they're gone. He has but one last chance in the world to catch "value received" by the tail, but he must hurry. The German mark is headed downward and no one can today sound the pit into which it is falling. If a man waits too long, and continues to hold on to his German marks, the day is about to break when he will be unable to buy the matches to burn them up. Such is the situation for countless thousands of misguided investors who sought to outdo "G-R-Q" Wallingford by buying and holding German paper marks.

But what is the actual condition of affairs in Germany today? Has money there any value left at all? The answer is: Yes and No. It is a little-known fact that the valuta situation of foreign countries today has produced a big assortment of freaks. A most illusory one is the fact that the face value of German paper marks cannot be figured in dollars and cents any longer—unless one takes only the largest denominations. *In* **purchasing power,** *however, the German mark has from* **two** *to* **50** *times its intrinsic value.*

And herein lies the secret of the "value" of the German paper mark, as well as the "freakiness" in it. At the present writing the dollar has become worth more than 3,000 marks, or, vice versa for the German, the mark has dropped to 3,000 to the dollar. Let us stop a minute to realize just what this means. Our smallest coin (with which the familiar postage stamp, box of matches, or stick of chewing gum is purchased) is the copper penny. In school we learned that 10 mills equal 1 cent; 10 cents equal 1 dime; 10 dimes equal 1 dollar or 100 cents. But we seldom speak of "mills" in our daily business life. It is very seldom, comparatively speaking, that financial experts make much use of them. But in Germany today ONE MILL IS WORTH THREE MARKS!! In other words, *one mark* has a value of but one-third mill (and even less)!! Is it any wonder a German hesitates to emigrate to the United States; that he cannot now buy American food, American clothing, American raw materials, and so on? It simply cannot be done, and German-American commercial activities are destined very soon to fall into a grave state of lethargy.

The German mark today worth less than ONE-THIRD OF A MILL! Why, a newsboy would have to take THIRTY MARKS before he could give back to a German ONE CENT in fair *exchange*. And if that same newsboy were in Germany the next minute, he would have stories to tell that would make his pals' eyes pop out with astonishment five minutes later. And why? Because for 30 marks he could have purchased two good cigars, or a bar of chocolate, or a pair of leather shoe strings, or a big toy, or, or—well, *lots of things that ONE CENT wouldn't begin to touch in U. S. A.*

But to come back to the MARK. With its intrinsic value of less than one-third mill on the world market, it still has the *purchasing power* of from ONE-HALF TO THREE CENTS (on the average) in Germany. The pretty 50-mark note would bring but one and two-thirds cents *on the bourse*, but one can still buy a railroad ticket, a big loaf of bread, a fine glass of beer or wine, *two* tickets to the best movies in town, or a big bouquet of flowers with it—IN GERMANY. Take the larger denominations—the 1,000-mark note. It has an actual value *in exchange* of about *thirty cents*. Thirty cents will buy a good laugh in the States; but 1,000 marks in Germany will feed a tubercular child for TWO WEEKS and milk now costs 60 marks a liter. ONE THOUSAND MARKS will give you a five-hour ride on the fastest train; it will buy you five good square meals (but you must do without champagne). One thousand marks will also enable you to rent a fairly good furnished room in any German city for ONE MONTH! Think of it!!

The largest denomination Germany has today is the TEN THOUSAND MARK certificate. If the mark falls still further, Germany will soon need ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MARK notes, but let this be as it may. It is enough for us to know that 10,000 marks are worth but a little more than three of our dollars. On account of the shortage of currency of large denominations, it is very hard to get a 10,000-mark note changed in Germany even at the large banks. Imagine a man in New York or Chicago running all over the city trying to get change for *three dollars!* And three dollars just *begin* to represent some value to us. Some of us have to work a whole DAY to earn this amount. Others spend it in one evening for an opera ticket, or for taxi fare.

But in Germany—AND ONLY IN GERMANY—the equivalent 10,000 marks will *buy* all sorts of things, from a diamond ring to a couple of choice shares in any good German industrial concern. It will also enable a small *German* family to live *tolerably* well (with strict economy) for ONE MONTH! An American family has more or less of a hard time living on $3 a day!

Everything is far cheaper in Germany today than it ever was before, NOT EXCLUDING the peaceful days prior to 1914. *BUT* the German receives so little wages today, compared to the cost of commodities that to him everything is exorbitantly out of reach. And it does not take a prodigy to know that an average wage of FIFTEEN OR TWENTY thousand marks *a month* is nothing when shoes cost *five*, suits *twenty*, and overcoats *thirty* thousand marks.

Right now every German is worshiping the Almighty Dollar. He has already begun to take *only dollars* in payment for his wares or services in many instances. If the government did not prohibit the buying of and speculating in dollars, every German would immediately dump his paper marks on the exchange market for what they would bring IN DOLLARS. It is one salvation for Germany that speculation in this respect is somewhat curbed.

It is also true that many profit and grow fat at the expense of their fellow men. Large industrial enterprises in Germany are declaring enormous dividends, and many a director or stockholder is a paper milliardaire. But, as is always the case, the unbearable burdens of debt fall not upon him who has the money with which to pay, but upon him who has it *not*. And the big, underpaid, overworked majority has it *not*.

As for the American coming over with the hope of reaping gain from the buying power still left to the mark (which the German *should* but *does not* get), my candid advice to him is *stay at home;* he isn't likely to be welcome under the present circumstances. And if he has by chance still a batch of paper marks which he considers a part of his assets, let him dispose of them. I know a man who bought *ten thousand dollars'* worth of marks about four years ago. He paid SIX CENTS for every mark, and for his money secured a little more than 160,000 marks, which was still quite a bit of money in those days. His investment, however, cost him $9,950, for today his paper is worth scarcely FIFTY DOLLARS! Almost unbelievable, isn't it? Nevertheless, it is APPALLINGLY TRUE!

There never was a bigger soap bubble than the German-mark investment scheme into which thousands of Americans fell and fell deep. Only the lucky tourist who passed through Germany or sojourned there last summer succeeded in benefiting somewhat from the valuta. (Don't aggravate him by asking him what his hotel bills were, or what he had to pay for a stop-over in Bavaria, or what the customs authorities did to him)—but some things were give-away cheap, anyhow.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Next to the main entrance of the Doorn city hall, there is a small space on the wall, covered with glass, in which, according to the prescripts of the Dutch law, are published the names of each couple intending to be married within two weeks. In this little square there was pasted, recently, the marriage announcement of the ex-kaiser and Princess Hermine of Reuss, both "without occupation." The groom's title and domicile are given as "Emperor and King Wilhelm II, age 63 years, living in Doorn."

The Canadian government is considering plans for the electrification of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The water power in the North, much of which is undeveloped, would, if developed, effect a considerable saving.

Prohibition department chemists at Washington have developed a process making impossible the redistilling of wood alcohol and denatured alcohol into alcohol for beverage purposes.

St. Anne de Beaupré basilica will be reconstructed next summer, it was learned from the Redemptorist fathers. The new church should be completed by the spring of 1924. The old church ruins have now been removed.

Rye is to be the medium of exchange in the German free state of Oldenberg. "Rye notes" will be issued based on rye value and will be worth a certain amount of rye. The holder of the notes, after four years, will receive the gold value then prevailing for the amount of rye indicated on the notes.

To prevent destructive activities on Hallowe'en night by youngsters, Independence, Kansas, gives a big party for the children, the agreement being that they shall run the town to their hearts' content on that day. A big bonfire ends the day's play and the children go home and stay there They have parades, and school is dismissed early in the afternoon so all can participate. Merchants and business men foot the bill.

A new fruit called peachmond, combining the luscious qualities of the peach with that of the edible kernel of the almond, has been perfected by the Mexican federal agricultural department. Freestone peach cions were grafted with the papershell almond common to California to produce the new fruit.

George Bernard Shaw is a vegetarian.

The author of "Black Beauty," a Quaker girl, wrote the story on her sick bed and sold it for $100. More than 3,000,000 copies have been sold in America alone The writer died one year after the book was published.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

China consumes the entire herring catch of the British Columbia coast, which averages about 40,000 tons annually. The fishing season is now in progress.

There is an ancient British-built railway in Sinaloa, Mexico, which has ties of ebony. The Southern Pacific's tie contract for its Mexican branch calls for mahogany among other kinds of wood.

Senator W. H. Felton, of Georgia, the first woman named to the United States Senate, speaking in defense of Abraham Lincoln, said: "I'm as much a Daughter of the Confederacy as any woman in the South, but it is ridiculous to charge that Abraham Lincoln fomented the war between the states. With all deference to southern historians, the charge that Mr. Lincoln caused the Civil War is not sustained by the facts of history recorded more than 50 years ago. I cannot remain silent when the truths of history go to prove that Mr. Lincoln did not inaugurate the Civil War."

Waterproofing cloth by means of applying the fresh sap of the rubber tree direct to the cloth with a brush, as a coating, is a success. The sap must be less than 24 hours old and after being applied to the cloth it is passed over the smoke of an ordinary wood fire. The product gives satisfactory service.

The Iceland poppies at Banff and Lake Louise, Canada, blossom continuously from early in May until October. They were first planted by Princess Louise at Lake Louise about 10 years ago and now cover acres there. They are the first green things to show above the soil.

A two-seater land-type flying machine landed on the deck of the man-o'-war, United States Steamship *Langley*, off the Virginia Capes recently, while the vessel was going at six knots. A 30-mile wind was blowing and the plane, landing at a velocity of 45 knots, was stopped by the arresting gear within 25 feet.

The University of Michigan is classed by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, as one of the six "national" universities of the country, the other five being Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia and Chicago. In Professor Hart's own words, "They come nearest to being national academic melting pots, and so help to make the world acquainted."

Duty on distilled spirits in the United States during the past year amounted to $50,000,000.

A woman in Montreal, more than 100 years old, has outlived all the beneficiaries in her will, her husband and her two children, as well as the executors of the will and the notary public who drew up the document.

Sunken ships are now being raised by means of compressed air.

Edmonton, Alberta, owns its utilities and a paving plant. It is now planning to obtain leases of tar sands deposits at McMurray and prepare its own road materials.

Switzerland plans to electrify all its railroads within 30 years.

In spite of excessive floods in the northern part of the Changsha district of China, excellent harvests are now being brought in. Severe famine conditions existed for over a year throughout this district but a short time ago.

Dates are being produced in commercial quantities in California.

The people of Rhodesia, Africa, have decided to maintain their present status and not incorporate in the South Africa Union.

The former Kaiser William's memoirs, handsomely bound in cloth are selling for seven cents a copy in Berlin. The books are a good quality of linen paper with substantial covers.

Benito Mussolini, Italy's new premier and head of the Fascisti, says: "We intend to follow a policy of national dignity in our relations with foreign countries, not a policy of adventure, but one of friendship to those nations displaying friendship for us. Please emphasize that we are not anti-proletariat."

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Farmers of Kansas Are Happy, "Chunk's" Going to Topeka

Mr. Davis and his party mule.

This Cincinnatus Was Husking Good Kansas Corn When Word Came That a Republican State Had Chosen Him to Go to Capitol

DAVIS' ELECTION CALLED NEW LEASE

THE Kansas farmer, who for three years has been fighting hard to keep his nose off the grindstone of financial difficulties, today is sitting alongside his fireplace, puffing long green in huge clouds of tobacco smoke, and smiling to himself. That self-satisfied look is typical on the face of virtually every farmer in the state. For every farmer has felt the depressing times of the three years about as hard, if not harder, than the average business man.

But out in Kansas the farmer today feels as though he has been given a new lease of life. "Why?" you might ask.

"Jonathan McMillan Davis is gonna run things down at Topeky the next two years, starting January first," will be the farmer's reply. And then he'll smile some more.

TWO men sat in the "front room" of a typical farm home in Bourbon County, Kansas. There was a fireplace in which a big log burned, an old-fashioned "secretary" on which lay a well-thumbed "Life of Theodore Roosevelt," a sewing machine and some comfortable rocking chairs. An old-fashioned rag carpet was on the floor.

Outside almost a flock of buildings and pens stretched away. In front of the two-story house, painted white, was a road. None too good, it led to Bronson, a railroad station a few miles away. Beyond the roads were barns and pens. There were hogs, cattle and farm implements. It was as typical a farm scene as may be found in the Middle West.

As the men talked a woman entered and left the room repeatedly, carrying away newspapers, clippings, letters and circulars. Occasionally she would ask one of the men if he desired certain papers kept. She was just such a motherly woman as may be found on many farms. But it was plain she was more proud of her husband than the average farm wife. And she called him "Chunk" while he retaliated with "Molly."

And well she might be proud. Only a few days before, her husband had been called from the field like a modern Cincinnatus and informed he had been elected governor of Kansas. Cincinnatus, however, was plowing when the news was brought to him. The governor-elect had been husking corn. He had stayed in the field, he said, because he desired to have the farm work completed as early as possible so he would be ready to move to Topeka, the capital, with less confusion.

The new governor-elect, Jonathan McMillan Davis, will be the third Democratic governor Kansas has had since she found her way "to the stars through difficulties," as the state motto proclaims. It seemed to Kansans almost unbelievable, a few days after the election, that he had been elected. There had been nothing to indicate it was a Democratic year in Kansas. It was not. Every other candidate on the Republican state ticket had been elected. The Republicans controlled both houses of the legislature at the same election which made Jonathan Davis governor instead of a man on the majority ticket, much more widely known and personally popular.

In 1882 Glick had been elected as Kansas' first Democratic governor. He defeated St. John, a candidate for the third term in a race in which Prohibition was the issue. Hodges was elected in 1912 when the Bull Moose movement divided Kansas Republicans and Wilson carried the state. But Davis had no such upheaval to help him through. He says he won because he was a farmer and other farmers trusted him for that reason. Certainly they voted for him.

In his campaign Davis visited the farmers. He made few speeches. He pledged himself as against the industrial court, an experiment Kansas has been making in adjudicating labor troubles by forbidding strikes and providing a court wherein labor or employers might take complaints for adjustment; for reduced taxes, in favor of abolishing the Kansas state utilities commission, the state's rate-making body, against tax-exempted bonds, excessive appropriations for any purpose, for the enforcement of the laws against tax-dodging and for "the repeal of all obnoxious laws."

"If my opponent is elected," he told his campaign crowds, "and his wife goes to Kansas City she will step into a taxicab and direct the driver to take her to the——————(the finest hotel in town). If I am elected and my wife visits Kansas City she will go to the——————(a fourth-rate hotel). When she arrives she will look around and say, 'Isn't this grand?'"

And so Davis made his campaign. Every other week he tried to get home, if only a few days, to "make a hand" in the field. For he really is, as he claimed to be, "a dirt farmer." It was crop-growing time and help was expensive. The deflation that hit other farmers in 1920 didn't overlook Davis.

He spent virtually no money in the campaign except his traveling expenses. He had little organization. The so-called party leaders didn't help him to the point where they could be accused of tearing their shirts for him. They didn't expect him to win. A more polished candidate had made the race for the Democratic nomination on a platform calling for a Federal price guaranty on everything the farmer produced that would insure a profit. He had been beaten by Davis. But the other candidate had been more of a politician. He had held lucrative Federal appointments. And farmers just turned to one of their own kind.

The Davis family is an old one, as families go in Kansas. The governor-elect possesses one attribute not now essential but a requirement a few years ago. He was born in a log house. It stood on what now is a part of the Davis farm, just across the road from the present Davis home. His grandfather was a shoemaker, coming to Kansas from Illinois after leaving Pennsylvania. The governor-elect says of him that he had "lots of children and lots of dogs." The grandsire settled on a quarter section on which the log house already had been built, making the move in 1866. Welsh, Scotch, Pennsylvania and Holland Dutch make up the stock back of the governor, who was born in 1871.

Governor Davis attended the University of Kansas three years. He planned to get his degree from the University of Nebraska and began his fourth school year there but the death of his father, in an accident in 1893, called him home. Since then the governor-elect has been in charge of the farm.

What is known in Kansas as "the Buckfoot incident" reveals the strength of character of this owner of 1,700 acres of Kansas land. Members of the Republican legislature, already boasting they will "make a monkey of Davis," might do well to consider it.

In 1901, still young, he became interested in a young man working as a farm hand in the neighborhood. There was to be a foot race at Webb City, Missouri, a few miles distant. Davis and others went. It was said Davis bet on the race. He stoutly declares he did not. But he did lend $5,000 to some new acquaintances, he says, on the word of a Webb City banker who said "it was all right." The cornfield foot racer lost. The friends said Davis had bet and refused to repay the loan.

Davis investigated. He studied the thing. He knew legal efforts to recover the money meant scorn, ridicule and possibly danger from members of the gang which, he had learned, had swindled persons in many places on similar schemes. Three years after the incident he filed his suit. The case was bitterly contested. Davis was maligned, persecuted, threatened with death, but he kept up the fight. One of the leaders of the gang, reputed a "killer," made an appointment with Davis to meet him in a back room of an obscure St. Louis hotel. Friends warned Davis not to go. But he kept the appointment, was cursed, threatened, and finally offered a cash settlement. He wanted vindication in the courts, however. And he won the case. Through his encouragement, example and help, other victims of the gang recovered more than $100,000 of which they had been swindled. The case

The Davis farm home.

resulted in Davis long being known as "Buckfoot." The nickname was applied in derision. Sometimes it still is used. But, he pointed out, Missouri has a law requiring suits for gambling debts to be filed within 90 days. Davis filed his suit after three years. And he won it.

Politics is not entirely a new game to the governor-elect. His first political job came from a Republican President, he proudly recalls. In earlier days a post office known as Eve was maintained at the Davis home. The mother of the governor-elect was postmistress. Young Jonathan was commissioned her assistant by President McKinley.

He resigned his first political job, under a Republican President, to run for the legislature on the Democratic ticket. He was elected to the lower house in 1901. Later he was returned to the legislative session in 1907. He was re-elected in 1909 and 1911. Following those terms he served in the upper house until 1920. Two years ago he was a candidate for governor and was beaten by 100,000 votes. That will indicate the turnover in the Kansas vote on governor this year.

"But I knew it was coming," he said. "I felt this was the year. You see, I talked to farmers and they told me how they would vote. The Republicans didn't know."

Mr. Davis married Mary Purdon in 1894. They have three children. Russell Gordon Davis, 26 years old, is the apple of his father's eye. Russell will run the farm while his father is running the state. A fall in a gymnasium several years ago resulted in the younger Davis suffering what commonly is known as a broken neck. He was in a hospital 18 months, but he recovered. He served in the aviation corps in the war.

Mary Frances, now Mrs. Dewey McCormick, whose husband is a farmer living near Ford, Kansas, was the second child. Lola Nelle, the youngest, is teaching her first school in Linn County, near home. All went to school in the same district in which their father received his elementary education, known as the Davis school, and all were born on the same farm on which their father was born.

The Davis farm is operated along modern lines. There are hogs and cattle as well as fields of wheat and corn. And there are many acres in grass. There is a modern accounting system and the bulletins from agricultural colleges and farm magazines are studied.

Mrs. Davis could not, by any stretch of imagination, be called a society woman. At the time of the visit she was ridding her home of the accumulation of campaign litter preparatory to moving to the governor's mansion in Topeka in time for Mr. Davis' inauguration, January 14. One of her worries was about her home-canned fruit. She put up 400 quarts of it this summer. It was a good fruit year in Kansas where fruit is an uncertain crop and Mrs. Davis said one wasn't just canning fruit for another year. It was to be canned to last until another fruit crop. Would that fruit keep in the cellars of the executive mansion? That interested her greatly. She didn't care anything about the pattern of the wall decorations. She was proud of her husband, happy in his success, but visibly relieved because the campaign was over and she could clear away the litter from the front room.

"My chief concern is for the farmers," Governor-elect Davis said in discussing what was to be his policy while governor. "They have been hard hit. I know their condition. I pledged them I would reduce taxes. I'm going to make every effort to carry out that pledge.

"Taxes are too high. Government has been costing too much. The farmer, in Kansas, carries the main burden. The Kansas farmers are hit hard. They can't afford to pay high taxes."

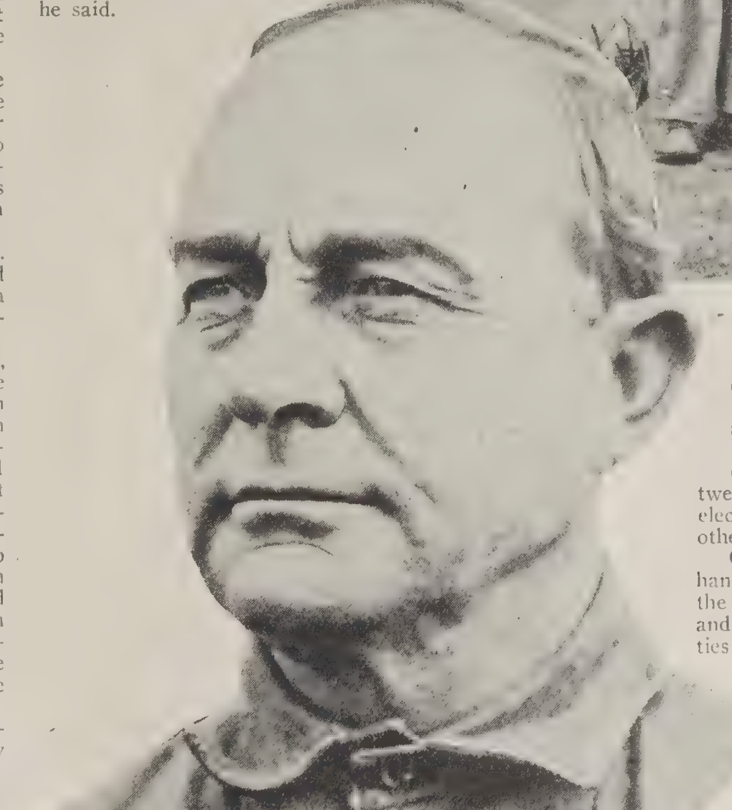
He said it in a way that made the listener understand better why farmers believed the campaign pledges were made in sincerity. It helped one understand why this man had carried rock-ribbed Republican strongholds, his opponent's home county and every county joining it.

"This is one election where the politician cut mighty little figure," he said. "Neither the Republican nor the Democratic leaders control me."

There was something in the way the jaws of the governor-elect closed that suggested the snapping of a steel trap.

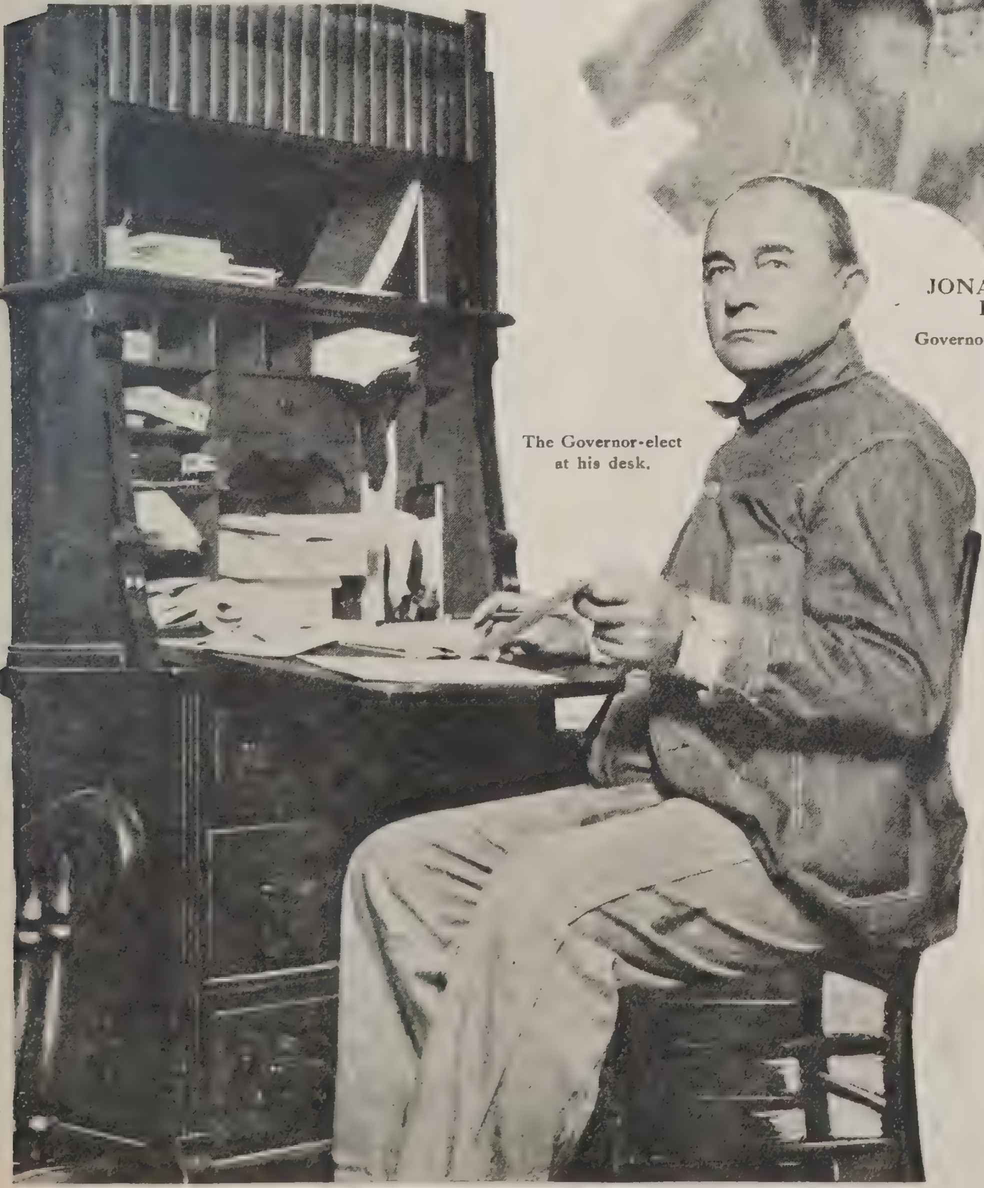
"I am not obligated to any politician or set of politicians," he said.

Chunk and Molly.



JONATHAN M. DAVIS,

Governor-elect of Kansas.



The Governor-elect at his desk.

What would he do about the industrial court? Labor centers, as well as agricultural communities, had given him a big vote because of the opposition to the court in the Democratic platform.

"I would like to work out a plan whereby a court of district judges could sit as a commission in labor cases," he said. "I would not take away entirely the right to strike but I would make it impossible except as a last resort. I favor allowing labor to quit work when it desires. But the matter of taking a club and driving the other fellow away, when he desires to work, is different.

"The public utilities commission should consist of one man, standing as a buffer between the railroads and the public," the governor-elect continued. "I would turn the control of other utilities back to the cities, where it belongs."

Governor Davis is expected to have his hands full getting some of his proposals through the legislature. Both the house of representatives and the senate have sufficient Republican majorities to override any executive veto. However, should the legislature desire to fight the new governor, it might be to his advantage, as the two main problems deal with taxation and labor questions, both vital to the common folk of Kansas.

However, should the legislature override the new governor's proposal to abolish the industrial court, Mr. Davis will have the power to appoint men of his own choice, and in this case, should he please, he could pick $1 a year men to serve in that capacity, and it is not altogether improbable that this is what he will do.

The governor-elect is opposed to "style." Pressed pants and stiff collars mean nothing to him. A few days after his election he attended the Kansas-Nebraska football game. There he passed unnoticed by the thousands of football enthusiasts. His soft collar was unbottoned, his pants bagged at the knees, his coat was wrinkled and his hat looked as though it had seen its best days.

"But that's when I feel the best," is the way the new executive puts it, "and that's the way I am going to feel as long as I live. Comfort in what one wears is about the easiest thing one has to get out of this life, anyway."

Down in Bourbon County the farmers are rejoicing. They're happy because they believe they were instrumental in "putting Jon'than over," as they say it.

In the Davis home there are both happiness and sorrow.

All the Davises are "glad that daddy won, but just think, we'll have to give up the farm and get into the whirl at Topeka," said Mrs. Davis.

"Who'll attend to my chickens?" she asked. "I guess we'll have to get some help, or maybe I can stay here while Jonathan goes to Topeka and works as governor."

"Oh, we'll attend to that, Molly," broke in Jonathan affectionately.

Then Mrs. Davis began making excuses for the appearance of her home.

"You'll just have to excuse us," she said, "but you know Jonathan never picks up a thing. He gets a letter and then he reads it and then he lays it down. He never puts anything in place."

Then she turned to the governor:

"Jonathan, what do you want me to do with this stack of literature?" she asked as she pointed to a bundle of political propaganda.

The Davis home has also been the home of some orphan boy or homeless old person the last 25 years Six boys have been reared or partly reared by Governor and Mrs. Davis—one just can't help wanting to say "Pa and Ma Davis." Felix Kelly, an old man, stayed at the Davis home 15 years, until he died.

It is hardly believable that a man, almost unheard-of out of his home state, could have the following at home that Jonathan M. Davis really has.

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Time to Resist

WHATEVER the fate of the Shipping Subsidy bill may be, its endorsement by President Harding and its furtherance by every device at the command of the "crowd" is significant of the complete demoralization that has overtaken the advisors of the Government. The same persons whose consciences would not permit them to grant a bonus to the soldiers are eager to grant endless subsidies to the marine speculators. The peripatetic and highly diverting Lasker, most lavish of all Washington's post-Volstead entertainers, must be allowed to make his contribution to the present Administration's record of statesmanship. The Administration must be equipped with a strong stomach, to judge by what it has swallowed without gagging. The veto of the soldiers' bonus; the high tariff; Lasker's high ship subsidy—the latter two being sheer legalized robberies of the daily income of the plain people. These are the three high peaks. One can understand that Mr. Harding may have done the first from a sense of duty; one can understand that party dominated the second; but in the name of Country AND Party what accounts for the third?

It is very bad policy for the Administration to use this special session in an "After me the deluge" spirit. Mr. Harding ought to understand that what the next Congress will not do, the country does not want done. Mr. Harding ought to understand that if this special session does what the next Congress would not do, there may come such a series of undoings as will banish the Republican party for a decade. It almost seems that the President doesn't care; he sometimes appears like a man who has already thrown up the sponge. And constantly the situation is changing. A few months ago the President would have found it necessary to initiate and carry through some policy to regain strength with the people. But that time is past. The only path open to the President now is the Path of Resistance. He can still deserve well of his countrymen if he will steadfastly resist the pressure being brought to bear on him now. Certain self-seekers, who call themselves friends of the President, think that they foresee defeat in 1924. Therefore they are pressing the President with all their force to get certain questionable things done before that time. They fear the deluge. If the President rises like a rock and blocks the rush of wrong policies—if he refuses his favor and *fights against the wrong* as in the last two years he should have fought for the right, 1924 may yet be kind to him—but whether or not, he will in the meantime win a public respect and affection which have not yet been evoked.

Why Not Elsewhere Too?

PACIFISTS may be right in their teachings, yet not in their motives. That is, they may preach unpreparedness (which is regarded as a synonym for pacifism) merely for the purpose of leaving one nation unarmed against the attack of another. That kind of pacifist does exist, that kind of pacifist work has been carried on, although it is by no means true that all pacifists are of that kind.

Again, pacifists may be right, but in the wrong place. There is no doubt whatever that if an international ballot were taken in America and Europe, on the two questions, Do You Want More War? and, Do You Vote for Wars to Cease?—the overwhelming vote on the first would be No, and on the second, Yes. There is no question about that. The Christian world at least needs no persuasion as to the greater desirability of peace. So far as any one can see, none of them is looking for war. But in the event of that statement being questioned, it may be confined to the only two nations that matter now in questions of world peace and war, Great Britain and the United States—there is no question that neither of these nations is seeking war.

So, the thought sometimes comes unbidden whether the pacifist works had not better be moved out of the peace-loving, peace-seeking nations, into the midst of the nations that still glorify war. Why collect large funds and endow numerous secretaryships and support hosts of lecturers and writers to urge upon us the desirability of that which we already desire? Why permit this pacifist mission to degenerate into professionalism? There is Turkey, for example, where a peace propaganda is seriously needed. There is also Russia with its exceedingly large and cruel army, its schedule of future wars and future victims all made up. There is—but why recite the whole list? The profitableness of peace, the beauty of peace, the possibility of peace, the general desirability of peace—these are all true doctrines; probably even a German professor would accept them now; but why act as if the United States and Great Britain were the only countries specially in need of this teaching?

Could not pacifist propaganda be spread abroad into Asia and the islands of the sea, whence the next war seems to be surely rising?

A California Farmer Tells It

"To The Editor:

"A general belief among a large number of us farmers of California is that the automobile had more to do with California going dry than any other one thing.

"So many people have been killed by drunken drivers that the old cry of 'personal liberty' has been changed to one of PERSONAL SAFETY at least among us moderate drinkers. Gas and booze won't mix and there are too many machines now to take any chances on drunken drivers. And so long as they can get booze—either bootleg or good corn liquor—we will have drunken drivers. So for our own personal safety we simply can't let them have it, and that is why we moderate drinking farmers put California dry."

Money Rentals Higher

THERE is much complaint in commercial and industrial circles that interest rates are again rising, and that money is growing more difficult to find. The difficulty is easily located. The power to issue currency lies in the hands of interests to which tight money means increased profits. Government, unable to pay such of its obligations as mature this year, has been in the market for the sale of new bond issues at an attractive figure. Oversubscription was hailed as a sign that the country was flooded with money seeking investment, a belief not exactly warranted. The desire to secure as large a block as possible of government bond offerings leads to subscriptions exceeding the amount a syndicate expects will be apportioned, with the idea that such apportionment may be increased to an amount more in accord with the available funds it has to invest. This is safe, since any excess can easily be absorbed by others not so fortunate as to secure enough.

The embarrassment to commerce and industry is in being obliged to compete with government in the securities market, a competition which stiffens the interest rate. Outstanding securities also suffer, the holders finding lower quotations in case they desire to realize. Thus the Liberty issues, other than those now maturing, suffered a decline.

This situation presents another argument for the abandonment of the interest system so far as public securities are concerned, a way to which has already been pointed out in these columns. With every government bond carrying the circulation privilege, and every incorporated bank permitted to use it in that manner, the United States could be relieved of its interest burden as rapidly as outstanding securities mature, and in 30 years, the life of this year's issue, or sooner, if there is an option of earlier redemption, government could be freed from *its interest burden, now about a billion a year,* while interest rates to commerce and industry would find a lower level.

Do We Own Or Do We Owe?

IT IS not often that this paper calls its readers' attention to articles appearing in its pages. The articles we print have merit enough to make their own way to the readers' attention. But occasionally, because of a familiarity with titles, a reader may overlook an article in the belief that he has explored the subject before, in which case it becomes a service to direct his attention.

This week The Dearborn Independent prints an article which should be read and pondered by all serious people. It is, in its way, a most daring article, without having any of the atmosphere of sensationalism about it. It goes clean contrary to one of the most exploited statements of recent financial propaganda, namely, that the United States is *the* creditor nation of the world because it has all the gold in the world. W. H. Allen, the author, challenges the statement, shows the figures, and withal does a piece of work that deserves the consideration of every business man and every thinking citizen. Is the propaganda true? If not, why is it put forth? Mr. Allen is the as yet unchallenged contender for a point of view which seems to be in entire accord with the facts. After reading what he has to say this week, the reader may have appetite for more, in which case he may turn to The Dearborn Independent of November 4, page 12, and November 18, page 10.

The Money Question as handled in this paper goes to the root of the thing. We have no new theory to exploit. We have no cut-and-dried system to spring upon the people. We are not enthusiasts for any of the hundreds of "solutions" which have been invented. Our great desire is to induce the people to turn their eyes on our Money System and see what it is—that is all. We want the common sense of America, and the sense of justice of America, to examine the Money System. We want the plain man and woman to get the bottom facts, the indisputable A B C of the matter. Here is a place and a good time to begin. We are being told that we own the world, that all the world owes us, that the gold of the nations has all flowed into our coffers, that *we are THE creditor nation.* Well, are we?

In the Investors' Supplement of *The New Witness,* published in London, the able editor discusses the financial situation and records hopefully that the British have at least one thing to be thankful for, namely, that they have ceased borrowing money. He says:

> "We have, at any rate, ceased borrowing money, but *we are the only country in the world that has,* **for even the United States continues to borrow."**

The emphasis of type is ours. "The United States *continues to borrow.*" That is a story entirely different from the one we have been told for years since the Armistice.

Now, let us have the truth. Are we a Creditor nation? or are we a Debtor nation? It matters greatly to you, whether what you earn is being absorbed outside the country, or whether it is increasing the prosperity and stability of your own country. It means a great deal to you whether there is a powerful group engaged in telling you one thing over and over, to prevent your suspecting the truth.

It would not be a bad idea for you to get out all your copies of The Dearborn Independent for months back, and read all the articles on this important question.

'Dry' Enforcement Begins at Home

PRESIDENT HARDING and his Cabinet are reported to have been in serious conference regarding ways and means of enforcing the "dry" laws. Will the gentlemen permit a suggestion? Why not begin at Washington? Why not begin in official circles? Why not begin in those sumptuous homes which entertain the very highest personages in our government?

This is not a taunt, it is a serious and respectful suggestion. Everyone knows what has transpired at Washington since Prohibition arrived. Only the loyalty of certain men to the sentiment of respect for the personages of the government has prevented a crashing scandal at times. To these men whose forbearance has been intensely patriotic it has come with hopefulness that the Cabinet meeting may result in Obedience to Law in the City of Washington.

Let the word go forth that members of the Executive and Administrative branches of the government have set themselves a rigid standard of obedience to the letter and the spirit of the law—and see what a difference it will make in Washington.

Mr. Ford's Page

A BOY'S magazine is urging, with commendable foresight, that the boys of the present generation "make politics their job." That is the slogan, "Make Politics Your Job." It is stimulating to think of the results to the country if the growing generation should really go in for an intelligent interest in public affairs. But it must be plain to everyone that this counsel should be amplified.

There was a time when this advice was not needed by young men. They were all informed, all interested, all active in the public affairs of the country. Politics was a citizens' affair. It was as much a part of common life as was daily work; no one thought of politics as a separate profession. People did not "play politics," to use a modern expression; they thought politics and acted politics and were sincere about politics.

What changed all this? It was the coming of the thing that we today know as "politics" which drove the people out of Politics, and gave the very word an ill odor. Politics is the business of living together as a nation, in prosperity, peace and security. Just how that business can be counted vile or unimportant, no one can understand. It must be that the thing which has come to be known as "politics" is not really Politics at all.

This is a matter to be clearly understood when we advise boys to study politics. Leaving the name aside, what is it that we wish them to study? Everybody has a feeling that the advice is right in part, but there is a hitch in it. If it means that boys should study the methods of the local precinct boss, or the inside philosophy of the county committee, or the mechanism of deals between candidates and "interests"; if it means that boys should understand the gentle art of getting the men without a conscience to do what men with consciences will not do, though the men with the consciences are the beneficiaries; if it means that boys should study the whole system of the scramble for paltry public clerkships which are supposed to carry a little "political power" with them—then it would be just as well to oppose that advice. But, of course, that is not what is meant. Yet this is what comprises a large part of practical politics as they exist today. The whole machinery of selecting officials has fallen into the control of the least desirable class, the most cunning class. Oh, yes, the ballot is free enough and clean enough, but the ballot is only the last touch; all the real work has been done before the ballot is used. That is one point that has so greatly exasperated the people. It is a very bad situation when the people see that the ballot's power is limited, that it can occasionally stop something the people do not want, while it can hardly ever give them what they do want, the simple reason being that issues and elections and candidates are not arranged with a view to giving the people what they want.

> *SHOULD a young man study Politics? Yes, if he will make up his mind what Politics are to be twenty years hence. To study today's so-called politics would be waste of time—they are obsolete. Politics, in the true sense, have to do with the prosperity, peace and security of the people. What has the county or state committee to do with these things? How much has the prosperity of the country been advanced where Government has touched the things pertaining to it? The Politics of tomorrow will deal directly with these things. Politics will become an administration of the people's affairs in the people's interest. If a young man wants to fit himself for the Politics of tomorrow, let him fit himself into essential industry for the purpose of learning how best to conduct it for the whole public good.*

Now, it is a pretty good rule, when dealing with young people, to fix it strongly in their minds that what exists now, what is popular now, what is in the ascendant now, is not a pattern to follow. Tell them to look ahead 20 years to what shall be. It would be a sheer waste of time for anyone to make himself proficient in politics as they are now played—because they are not going to be "played" that way much longer. We do not realize the immense damage we do by taking young men and making them believe that if they would be successful they must begin to do as we are doing. If there is any hope of progress at all it is in their *not* doing what we are doing. Let them construct their own country, let them try out their own vision—for they have one.

Before speaking of their vision, however, let us mention one or two things we ourselves can see. We can see a rising Politics that will have no place for the "politicians" of today—literally no place for them. Presumably there has been a place for them heretofore, else they would not have been here. But when you consider that Government itself is going to change, that it is going to cease to be a mere taxation system for the purpose of keeping in session more or less irrelevant bodies and for the supply of hosts of jobs—when you consider that Government is going to change amazingly in the direction of serving the prosperity and peace and security of the people, that politics are going to become as non-political as farming or manufacturing, then you get a glimpse of the new sort of man whom we shall find in politics.

Just take an example: Government ownership of railroads is bound to come. The railroads of the country must be placed in one system, operated as a whole for the benefit of every corner of the land. The branches that pay must support the branches that do not pay. It must be a vast union of service. That is coming. But it is recognized that if Government remains as it is, it would be infinitely better if Government ownership never came. The time is past when people believe that there is any magic in Government to make things go. Government, as an entity, resolves itself into a few men, and Government is wise or foolish, able or weak, as those few men are wise or foolish, able or weak. If the Government is ever to take over public business successfully, its personnel must be changed to include men who can manage that business. Lawyers and spellbinders and successful county politicians cannot qualify to manage public utilities whose management makes or breaks the people's prosperity. Look at railroad management: it has absolutely dictated the lives and misfortunes of tens of thousands of farmers.

Young men can get ready for the new Politics by learning to do something on a wide scale, by learning the secret of management for the public benefit. The Government of 20 years from now will be made up of men who really know how to do things. Railroad men, miners, water-power engineers, farmers—men from every great national line of endeavor will make up the Government. What possible room can there be for the county politician under such a system?

Young men ought to be asked to visualize the kind of world they would want to see, the kind of country they would want to see. You can trust the disinterested, unspoiled vision of the young. Let them set up an ideal country, and then teach them to fit themselves for the duties they would like to perform in that ideal country. Certainly, "politics" as we know it will be no part of the ideal. Nothing is more destructive of young men than to be initiated into the schemes which older men tolerate in politics; it is the ruin of many young men who get the idea that crookedness is an essential element in success.

What kind of a money system would young men say was the most just and serviceable money system? Young men ought to be encouraged to study the money system at first hand—not out of books. At the best, the books try to explain a system which is so imperfect that it cannot be explained; and at the worst, the books try to defend the system. Young men ought to take up the question at first hand, making original research, settling first the question whether the present system is just and equitable, and, second, what improvements are needed to make it so.

Every kind of question affecting the public life and prosperity—transportation, monetary efficiency, fuel, marketing—these constitute the future Politics. These are the things which future Statesmen are to direct. The present time will be looked back upon as a period of struggling stupidity. Observers of the progress of the nation will mark the time when the "work" idea got into Government, pushed there by the necessities of national life, as the time when the old "politics" disappeared and the new Politics came in. National life must be organized—not regimented, but organized for efficient service—and then general prosperity will come, and with it the disappearance of our most vexed economic problems.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Checkers More Than "Your Move," Says Champion

Newell Williams Banks Tells of Intricacies That Confront One in a Scientific Contest

By H. G. SALSINGER

NEWELL WILLIAMS BANKS

For twelve years Newell Williams Banks has held the title of American match champion at checkers. During that time he has never been challenged for the title. He began playing checkers at six and when seven he gave exhibitions of playing simultaneous matches while blindfolded. He has been playing 26 years.

NEWELL WILLIAMS BANKS says that a child can learn to play checkers in 10 seconds but will be unable to master the game in a lifetime.

Mr. Banks learned to play checkers at the age of six. When seven years of age he played so well that he gave exhibitions, playing blindfolded, simultaneously against a number of opponents. He was 21 years of age when he became America's match champion. He is 33 years old and he still holds the title. As a matter of fact he has never been challenged for it.

He has never mastered checkers. No man ever mastered the game before him and he is certain that no man will ever master it in the future.

Checkers, according to Mr. Banks, was played 2,000 years before Christ. It has passed down through the ages, not always the same game but never with any drastic variations.

One time a noted scientist tried to figure out how many moves were possible in checkers. After spending a long time in study and research he said that more than 170,000,000,000,000,000 moves were possible.

Asked the same question one day a master of checkers told his questioner to get a grain of wheat. The next day he was to add a grain and each day he was to double the number of grains he had. At the end of one year he would have gained a fair idea of how many moves were possible in checkers.

Checkers, according to Mr. Banks, is the most remarkable method in the world for developing certain mental faculties. Among these are visualization, imagination, caution, memory, control of temper, concentration.

Take visualization in his own case: He plays blindfolded against 20 opponents. Each opponent is seated before a checkerboard that he cannot see. He has to develop a mental vision of each of the 20 boards. He plays the first board and then completely removes the mental picture of the first board and visualizes the second board and continues until he has played the 20 boards. Then he begins the round again. He has to depend upon visualization plus memory from now on. He has to recall the picture of the first board after the opening moves and make his next move. Then he must recall the second board while dropping the first from the mind. He concentrates on the second board, plays that and then on to the next. So he continues until every game has been won, lost or drawn.

The average number of moves in a checker game is 40. Since every move means a different picture the mind must, in playing against 20 opponents, present during the three or four hours required to play the matches, 800 pictures. Eight hundred moves are made but these moves all have variations and it is therefore necessary not alone to have in mind the moves that are made but the possible variations and during the progress of these matches some 6,000 possible moves will also enter the mind.

This requires imagination as well as concentration.

Checkers teaches caution. Many big checker matches have been lost when they were apparently won. With a few moves left, the apparent winner, due to the effect of his success, became careless and made a hasty move that wrecked an otherwise finely played game. A quick move, without the usual deliberation and consideration for possibilities and consequences, paid the price of over-confidence in defeat.

Great checker players were always men that perfectly controlled their tempers. Many checker players lose matches because when making a bad move they lose their tempers and a mental hazard is created which brings on other bad moves and defeat. No player ever became great at the game before he fully controlled temper.

Checkers teaches one to be careful. The man who learns the possibilities of checkers learns the value of thinking well before reaching a decision. He concentrates and visualizes consequences and possibilities.

Most of the leading professional men in America play checkers more or less. The game stimulates the mind as well as develops it. Checkers does for the mind what the "Daily Dozen" does for the body.

The vast majority of us have played checkers and nearly all of the vast majority have failed to realize its possibilities.

Before a man can become a good checker player he must know the 300 fundamental end games of checkers. All the openings and mid-game formations are developed to terminate in one of 300 formations at the finish of the game. Among these 300 final formations are an even dozen positions which are generally arrived at. These 12 positions are known as the 12 great masterpieces and they have been developed by the foremost players of the last 200 years.

In playing checkers 12 pieces are used on a side. There are 64 squares on a checkerboard but only 32 are used in playing. On a regulation board the squares are one and seven-eighths inches each way and the checker pieces are one and one-quarter inches in diameter. This makes them symmetrical and suitable to the eye. Playing checkers over a prolonged period is a hard strain on the sight.

The depth of the game will appeal to the imagination when one considers that no one, even when spending a lifetime, can count the number of moves possible over the aforementioned 32 squares and although the possible number is beyond human count, from 45,000 to 50,000 different moves are generally used to arrive at the 300 possible end formations.

Chess is generally regarded as a much more difficult game to learn than checkers. Nearly everybody has or does play checkers but only a few people play chess. According to Mr. Banks, who is proficient at chess as well as being a champion at checkers, the latter game is by far the more difficult.

"In chess there are more than one hundred times as many possible moves as in checkers but you work for something tangible," he explains. "It is much easier to learn checkers than to learn chess. It takes but 10 seconds to learn checkers; it takes more than two weeks to learn the first step in chess but, at the end of six months' time, the man who is learning chess will be a far better player at his game than the man who is learning checkers, provided each man is of equal mental ability and each devoting the same amount of time to practice.

"Checkers is more of a test of memory. It is necessary to memorize 10 times as much in checkers as in chess. You can generalize in chess but you must be specific in checkers. In checkers there are fundamentals just as sound as any in arithmetic. There are certain moves that can have but one result, nothing more and nothing less. You do not find this condition to the same degree in chess. You use intuition to a great extent on certain positions in chess. In checkers knowledge must be absolute.

"Comparatively few people play chess and still there are a great many more masters of chess than there are of checkers.

"To illustrate what knowledge must be had at the beginning of a checker game: Under the modern two-move restriction style of play there are seven distinct replies to seven opening moves. In some tournaments there are six openings barred, in others four of these are permitted. Besides this you have two opening moves that are never played because a piece is sacrificed. Being absolute losses these two moves are discarded, so where no opening moves are barred there are 47 possible openings. Since each opening move has 10 plausible variations that may be played you can readily see how many moves you have to be groomed on. There are hundreds of possible moves, any one of which may be made at the immediate start.

"In checkers you never hear of young prodigies like the latest sensation, Samuel Rzeschewski, a marvelous chess player who came out of Russia to this country at the age of eight and played the best amateurs in America. Rzeschewski began playing chess at the age of five and two years later he had obtained a fair mastery over the game. We have several young chess marvels in this country, one a girl of eight, but you never hear of child wonders at checkers.

"Among the chess fundamentals the king, knight and bishop checkmating your opponent's lone king is the most difficult ending where in checkers what is known as the third position and in which two kings and a single piece win against two kings is at least two times as difficult as the position I have described in chess. It takes 10 times as long to master the third position in checkers as the most difficult position in chess and any amateur player may try it to prove my assertion. Or let those that have mastered one position try to master the other and you will discover that those who have mastered the play in checkers will learn the play in chess in one-tenth the time that those who have mastered the position in chess learn that in checkers."

Checkers, widely known, is still but faintly understood and its infinite possibilities have escaped millions that have moved pieces over a checkerboard. The game is probably the oldest played in America and we are just beginning to realize what it offers.

The game has developed in the last few years inasmuch as more good checker players are developing than at any previous time. Checkers has taken hold and the result is apparent at the many tournaments.

It has always been the impression that Europe supplied the great chess and checker masters. There are, in Europe, among the leading professional men some noted masters of both games. Every continental country furnishes several. A large number are found in England and Scotland. Some of these chess and checker masters are famous in medicine, arts and science. The predominating number of the masters are followers of chess, few play checkers.

Mr. Banks won the American match championship from Hugh Henderson in 1910. Mr. Henderson was a Scotchman. He was a master of checkers in his own country and when he came to America he continued the game with great success.

The greatest chess master the world has seen was Paul Morphy, of New Orleans. He won the world's championship when he was 21 years old.

Chess is being played more now than in previous years. Checkers is being played better. If the mental caliber of a nation is to be judged by the success of its chess and checker players, and that seems to be the basis for judgment in a number of quarters, the United States should continue to hold her own among the intellectuals.

CHECKERS HAS WORDS CREATED FOR ITS USE

Checkers carries its own vocabulary. Among the more common terms and their meaning:

SACRIFICE—Where you give a piece for positional advantage, to win a game or to draw it. The word has a parallel meaning in baseball.

COUNTER-ATTACK— Starting an attack on your opponent's double corner when he starts one on yours.

WAITING-MOVE — Making a move to draw your opponent from a weak position. Inducing him to remove the possible protection of the position before you attack it. This play has its fellow in the delayed steal in baseball or the delayed pass in football.

FLUKE—An error or a blunder. Carrying the same meaning that the word fluke carries in other sports.

STROKE—A jump that captures two or more pieces.

COOK — The development of hitherto unknown play. Once played, the Cook becomes a part of published Checkers history and is added as a recognized opening or development of play.

STAR MOVE—A move designed to compel victory or prevent loss for the player making it.

Lakes of Peru, Long Cache of Inca Treasure, to Yield Gold Conqueror's Perfidy Lost?

Hundreds of Millions of Dollars in Pure Metal, Fashioned in Ornaments, Lying at Bottom of Sacred Lakes in Central and South America

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

THREE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS' worth of pure gold is lying at the bottom of sacred lakes in Central America and Peru, or buried in caves in the mountains of those countries. For 300 years, since the Spanish invaders gave up the quest of that wealth after sending back to Spain more than $83,000,000 in golden ornaments and bullion, the precious yellow metal has been awaiting the fortune hunter, but not one concerted, well-financed effort has been made to locate the treasure.

In one of those sacred lakes there is a huge chain of solid gold, as thick as the anchor chain of a ship. It was once strung from posts around the palace of the Inca at Cuzco, Peru. It was so heavy when removed that 200 Indians were required to carry it. The carriers were on the way from Cuzco to Caxamarca in 1532 to deliver the chain to Pizarro, one of the Conquerors, when they learned that the king it was intended to ransom had been strangled, so they abandoned their journey and threw what is now a fortune into the lake.

Four hundred other Indians in charge of as many pack loads of gold were trooping over the mountains to pay the ransom of the Inca, and they, too, threw tons of golden ornaments into lakes or hid it in mountain caves. Since then millions of dollars' worth of those ornaments have been picked up in small lots here and there, but although three centuries have passed, not more than a negligible part of the total treasure has been discovered.

If the foregoing summary had been taken from some work of fiction its truth might well be doubted. But as a matter of fact it is drawn from a report by a scientist of international standing and reputation, Dr. William Curtis Farabee, curator of the South American Section of the University of Pennsylvania, one of the noted ethnologists who helped to remake the map of Europe after the World War. It is based not only on the knowledge Dr. Farabee has acquired from books in becoming a world authority on the ancient history of South America, but also on the information gleaned in three exploring expeditions during which he discovered 20 tribes of Indians never before known to civilization.

Dr. Farabee is now again in South America at the head of an expedition that may yield millions in ancient golden ornaments. The occasion for his report on the prospects was the fact that the museum had obtained by purchase two great collections of South and Central American gold, which together make the largest in the world. The value of the two collections has been estimated at five million dollars. But in the days when it was fashioned into all sorts of ornaments it was as plentiful relatively as silk is today.

One collection was obtained by Dr. George Byron Gordon, director of the museum, in Paris. It contains examples of all the ancient American gold-working civilizations from Mexico to Peru, and is of particular interest because it consists of gold that was sent back by the Spanish Conquerors of those countries five hundred years ago. Since then it has been handed down through various families until it finally found its way into the possession of a wealthy Frenchman, who was forced to sell it because of the loss of his family fortunes.

The other collection consists of a group of objects recently excavated in the mountains near Ayapel, Antioquia, Colombia, where they had been buried by the Indians in some remote time. It is described by Dr. Farabee as the greatest discovery of buried treasure that has taken place in South America since the days of the Conquest. A native farmer found the entire collection while digging fence posts. He came to a small mound with which he was quite familiar, but which he had never taken the trouble to excavate. It was necessary for him to dig a hole at the edge of the mound, and in so doing his spade struck a small pottery jar. That excited his curiosity. He dug farther into the mound and came to the edge of a huge, oblong pottery urn shaped somethink like a trunk. And the following is what he found when he opened it:

Three breastplates of thin beaten gold 22 inches across.

Five circular breastplates of beaten gold from 10 to 13 inches in diameter.

A girdle three feet long and seven inches wide, made of 138 solid gold bars each four inches long and from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch thick.

Eight fan-shaped nose rings cast in solid gold, four and a half inches wide and two inches high.

Six solid staff heads in the shape of birds, a jaguar, a monkey—one of which is seated in a golden chair—all of gold.

Four handbells of gold two inches high.

Sixteen solid gold nose or ear ornaments of various sizes from a half to an inch and a half across.

Nine strings of gold beads, one made of 41 small bells, one of 26 bells, and one with 135 cylindrical beads.

Eight plain bracelets, one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

Ten gold nose ornaments.

Twelve discs or bosses of plain gold.

One funnel-shaped ornament three inches high and two and a half in diameter.

Gold arm band three inches broad embossed at both ends.

A helmet of plain gold, in fragments.

Six sheets of thin beaten gold 16 by 20 inches in size, with perforations by which to hang them on garments or walls.

All those pieces, wondrously wrought and embossed, are from the famous Chibcha Empire, invaded and destroyed by Quesada, who crossed the Opon Mountains, 6,500 feet in elevation, with 200 men and 60 horses. It is a matter of history that he landed in 1535 at Santa Marta on the Magdalena River, and the terrible hardships he suffered before reaching the "Valley of Palaces" also is of record. At Chia the Conqueror found the palace of the Zipa, as the ruler was called, forsaken and the treasure gone. But at Tunja he got $600,000 worth of gold and silver and 1,815 emeralds.

"It is estimated that the ancient cemetery near Bugaba, Costa Rica, has yielded $50,000 worth of gold objects in the form of birds, frogs, fish, alligators and numerous anthropomorphic forms with human and animal elements combined," says Dr. Farabee, "the most common being the human body with the head of an alligator, jaguar or parrot."

According to the same authority, Cortez seized gold worth seven and a half million dollars from the palace of the Aztec king in Mexico. Pizarro got even more, in his conquest of Peru. "Learning of Pizarro's love for gold," says Dr. Farabee, "the Inca offered to fill the room in which he was confined with pure gold as a ransom for his freedom. The offer was accepted and the gold soon began to pour in from all directions. When the room had been filled to the height a man could reach, the cupidity of the Spaniards could stand the strain no longer. The gold, valued at ten to fifteen million dollars, was seized and divided among the leaders and the men in proportion to their stations. The royal fifth was sent to Spain under the care of Pizarro's brother. But the Inca, his ransom paid, was not released. He was tied to a stake, baptized and suddenly strangled with a bowstring.

"In the meantime Pizarro had sent a brother to Pachacamac, where he stripped the temple of 27 loads of gold, but he was unable to find the 400 loads which the chief had previously sent away for safety. When the news of the Inca's murder reached the pack trains bearing additional gold for his ransom, the men turned aside with their treasures and hid them away from the Spaniards.

"At Cuzco, the temple occupied one whole side of the great court. The cornice of the walls, a yard wide, outside and in was plated with gold, as were the inner walls also. At the eastern end a great plate of gold, representing the sun, spread from one wall to the other. This great image was not taken for the ransom, but when the Spaniards afterward returned to Cuzco, it had disappeared and it was never found. Ranged beneath this sacred symbol on golden thrones, dressed in their royal robes, sat the desiccated remains of the Inca Rulers. The High Priest wore a grand tiara which included a circular plate of gold representing the sun and a half moon of silver. His headdress was adorned with feathers of the macaw and covered with gold and jewels. His loose sleeveless tunic reached the ground. Over it was a shorter garment of white wool trimmed with red which came to his knees and was covered with plates of gold and precious stones.

"Besides the worship of the sun, the Incas had special personal deities in whom they placed great confidence. They were in the form of animals or birds some of which were of large size. That of Pachacuti was sent in pieces for the ransom. Each member of the royal family had his special deity which he called 'brother.' These were always buried with their owner. Some were found by the Spaniards, but that of Huayua Ceapac, a golden image of great value, was never found, although much sought after."

One figure, obtained by Pedro de Heredia from a temple in Darien, weighed 150 pounds. This explorer rounded up a golden treasure of $3,000,000 and missed perhaps 10 times as much. But it remained for Sebastian de Belalcazar to find the territory of the Quimbaya, the race of goldsmiths, adjoining that of the Chibchas, in Colombia. It is there, in the myriad lakes

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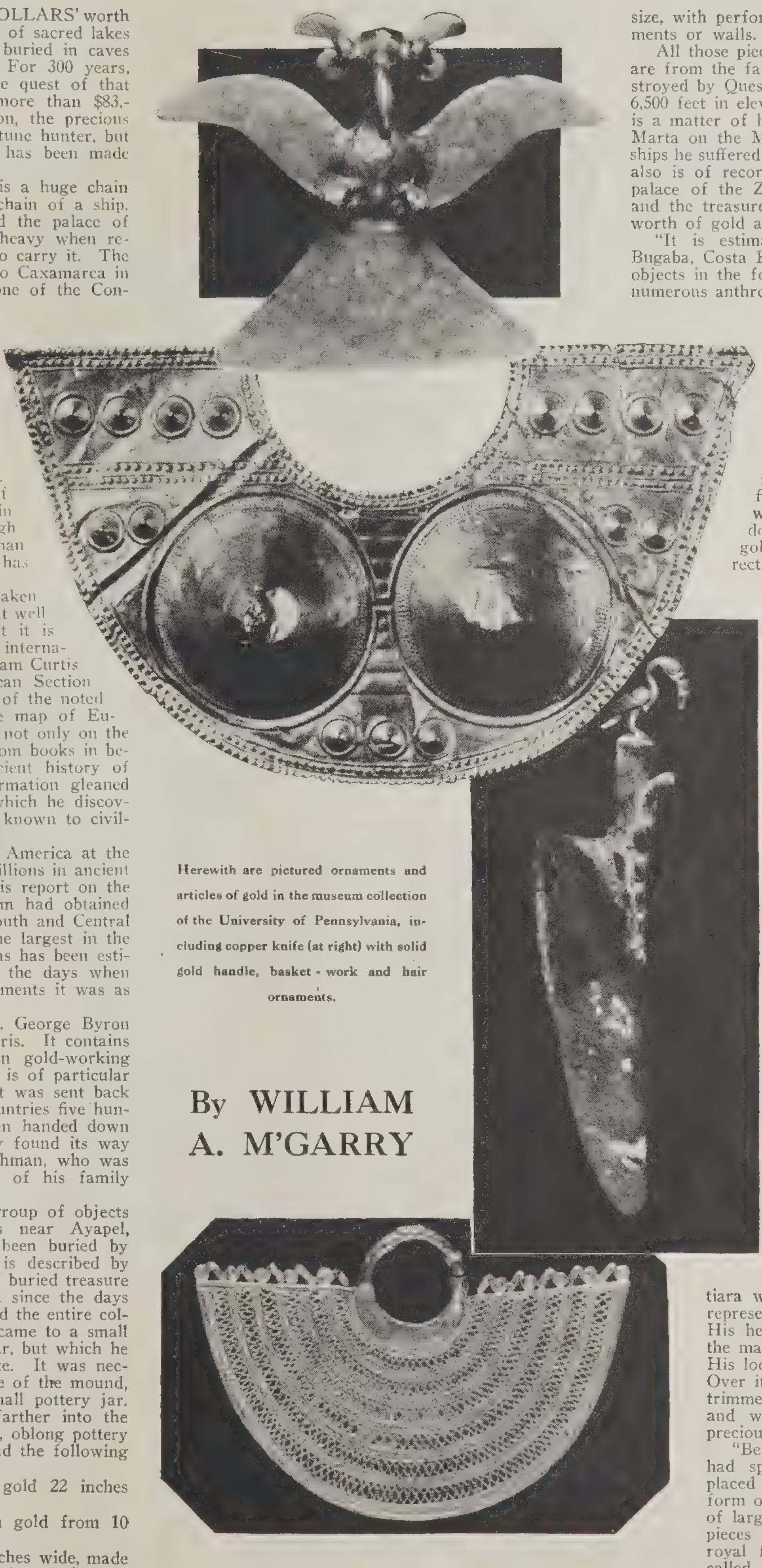

Herewith are pictured ornaments and articles of gold in the museum collection of the University of Pennsylvania, including copper knife (at right) with solid gold handle, basket-work and hair ornaments.

Where Are the Reptiles of the Everglades?

Beautiful Homes and Profitable Trucking Come When Swamps Are Drained

By OLIN W. KENNEDY

THE Everglades of Florida are not what several million persons think they are. The picture that naturally arises in the minds of those who have not seen the Everglades is of a vast swamp, overgrown with saw grass and scrawny trees; in fact, of a land wholly unsusceptible to mastery by the hand of man.

The real picture is vastly different. Not only along the edges of the Everglades are there beautiful homes and productive groves and farms, but in the midst of the Glades are thriving towns and prosperous ranches.

Piercing the Glades are canals emptying into bay and ocean. These have drained the land to an extent where it is entirely susceptible of cultivation for all the tropical products usually produced in Florida. Most notable of these is that known as the Miami canal from Miami, through the Glades, to Lake Okeechobee. Another canal is being dug, alongside of which a highway known as the Ta-Miami Trail is being built. Over this trail, already 23 miles long, travel in automobile is not only practical but is considered by many a genuine pleasure as a sightseeing trip. An early morning trip is a revelation in bird life. Thousands upon thousands of birds and fowl of many varieties roost near the canal, where thirst may be quenched with water as pure as that from a mountain stream. On the approach of an automobile the thousands of birds will rise in flight as if a cloud had suddenly risen from the earth. The canal fairly teems with fish. Fishermen find the early morning a propitious time for landing bass and snappers.

Ta-Miami Trail, the name being derived from the first three letters of Tampa and the last four letters of Miami, has been projected as a thoroughfare between the cities of Tampa and Miami. Completion of the trail is promised by January 1. It will shorten the automobile driving distance between Tampa and Miami from 20 hours to 7 hours. The two cities look forward to the completion of the trail both as a means of travel for tourists between what are known as the East and West Coasts—from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico—and as a thoroughfare for freight between the two ports. The Everglades' basin, extending from Lake Okeechobee to Miami and westward to the Gulf of Mexico, contains more than two and one-half million acres. The Everglades are larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. The area is mainly surrounded by dunes of sand and ridges of limestone rock. The ridges are covered with pines. Between the ridges are small glades on the edge of the main or big glade. Before the canals were dug, what are known as hammocks appeared to be small islands. Now these hammocks are not unlike the rolling ground of the middle states.

The proposition a few years ago to drain the Everglades was met by derision. It required unusual efforts to obtain resources from the state for the venture. It was predicted by many that it would be impossible to drain off the water sufficiently to protect any considerable area from overflow. In the opinion of the opponents of the drainage plan the Everglades would forever continue a dreary waste of bog and morass. Not only has the drainage system proved successful in taking off the water, but in some instances the land somewhat removed from the canals has become so dry as to require irrigation.

Everglade land which but a few years ago was a swamp is now selling at prices higher than much of the farm land in the North. It is rather difficult to write about the reclamation of the Everglades without being accused of being a land boomer. Properly to describe the reclamation it is necessary to picture both beautiful gardens and modern cities.

On the shores of Lake Okeechobee are four prosperous and growing towns—Okeechobee, Pahokee, Moorehaven and Clewiston, but more remarkable than all of these is the city of Hialeah, on the eastern side, several miles from Miami. Less than two years ago Hialeah, which is now a city of several hundred houses, was only a ranch. Not only is Hialeah now a city of beautiful and modern homes, but it is the center of the motion picture industry of the South. Hialeah boasts a studio that accommodates 12 motion picture companies at one time. Pictures made in this studio are now being shown throughout the country and some notable stars will use it this winter.

A few miles north and west of Hialeah, a one-thousand-ton-a-day sugar mill is being rushed to completion, while within a few miles of the mill thousands of acres of sugar cane is developing for crushing this fall. The sugar mill owners did not start construction of their mill until after a four years' test of the sugar cane. In all directions in that vicinity ranches and groves are dotting the prairie-like country.

About and below Lake Okeechobee, around which it was believed that all kinds of horrible reptiles and animals had their home, and that miasmas and yellow fever and mosquitoes made it impossible for man to live there, are civilization, cultivation, happiness and contentment. Indeed, so fast is the settlement of Glades lands going on that the real problem, the only thing hampering progress, is the lack of sufficient transportation facilities to move the harvests. Miami and West Palm Beach, both on the east coast, are competing for the first railroad across the Glades.

Actual cultivation around the lower part of Lake Okeechobee this season consisted of 7,500 acres, and the production from that acreage was:

Potatoes, 125,183 crates; corn, 71,051 bushels; tomatoes, 267,890 crates; beans, 171,360 hampers; peas, 8,730 hampers; cabbage, 7,008 packages; peppers, 8,270 packages; eggplant, 13,401 packages; onions, 16,769 packages; fish, 75 tons; chickens, 5,475; eggs, 1,800 dozen; hogs, 876, and only slightly less quantities of other produce. This is exclusive of the produce for which there were no transportation facilities. This report was from 276 landowners.

Above—A canal, known as the Miami, 70 miles long, pierces the Everglades.

Circle—The home of Arthur Pryor, bandmaster, just completed in the Everglade city of Hialeah, cost $15,000.

Below—The city of Hialeah, in the Everglades, now the center of an extensive motion picture industry.

There is one railroad running down the state's center to the southern point of the lake.

Hard roads for automobile travel are gradually being built in. From both sides the distance is being lessened each month between the termini of the finished highways. Water transportation facilities are also provided, the canals from the east coast, and the one from the west side, being able to handle considerable freight and some passenger traffic all the year round

An example of what can be done by a family in moderate circumstances toward making an attractive little home in the Everglades is shown in the work of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Steer and their son, Earl.

The place is located on the canal near Clewiston. Mr. and Mrs. Steer are natives of England and on first approach one perceives an atmosphere of the home country.

A row of mulberry, papayas, bamboo and palm intersecting each other on both sides cuts the places off from the fields on either side. From the canal bank a maze of crisscrossing white shell walks lead through little garden plots where dozens of flowers bloom, both of the northern and the tropical varieties.

Back of the garden and directly in front of the house is a green of St. Augustine grass always kept cut close to the ground and forming a turf that would be the envy of any golf ground keeper. On either side of the house is a row of shade and fruit trees and a clump of giant bamboo that will attain a height of 80 feet, it is said, at maturity. In the rear is another garden with fig trees and a nicely started grape arbor with several varieties of grapes now reaching the bearing age.

The house itself is a pleasantly designed building of five rooms. It was built 10 feet from the ground and this brings it up into the clearer atmosphere where it is more easily reached by the breeze. And undoubtedly the porches of the Steer home are as pleasant a place at any season of the year as can be found anywhere. They are almost unbelievably cool and delightful on summer days and only seldom in winter is it too cold to sit out in the open.

Just 18 months ago the land was cleared and this house was built. In that short time the trees set out have in many cases attained a height of 20 feet. The flowers and shrubs are thriving and one would think the ground had been cultivated a score of years rather than one. An indication of the variety they have growing is given in the following partial list:

Trees: Catalpas, papayas, bananas, Washington and coco plomossa palms, California pepper trees, paper mulberry, Royal Poincianas, figs, eucalyptus, an unnamed variety that is very pretty with fine leaves and yellow flowers, constantly in blossom, and several others that escaped our eye.

Plants and shrubs: Hibiscus, giant and variegated bamboo, roses, red cannae, ribbon cane or gardener's garter, poinsettias, Spanish bayonet, elephant ears, grapes, guavas, date palms and many others too numerous to mention.

On the southeastern shore of Lake Okeechobee there is a thriving little farming community of 2,000 persons and 50 tractors—Pahokee—that is growing by leaps and bounds and producing so fast that it would seem it has mastered the golden touch that old King Midas failed to bring under control. In four years it has made wealthy men of farmers who went there soon after the fertile muckland was drained with hardly enough cash to make the first payment on five or ten acres. In this short time its production and population have doubled every year and the farmers are so optimistic that they refuse to estimate a limit on next year's crops. This season they have shipped more than 1,500 cars of vegetables, their returns on tomatoes alone amounting well over the $100,000 mark.

The variety of fruits and vegetables raised is really remarkable. Bermuda onions, as many as 900 bushels to the acre, were raised last year and brought $5 a bushel. There are about 1,000 acres of tomatoes, and another 1,000 acres of sugar cane is under cultivation. String beans, Irish potatoes and sweet and field corn are alternated with the tomatoes, being planted as each crop begins to go down. There is sweet corn in April and field corn six feet high that was harvested in July. On one acre of beans this year, one farmer's gross receipts were $1,896.12. English peas, which bring as high as $8 a hamper and lima beans, selling at $7, are grown, pineapples are being experimented with and they are said to grow into large fine fellows with an excellent flavor. Many acres of avocadoes are being developed and there are trees four years old from the seed, now 20 feet in height, that have yielded as high as 1,000 pears to the tree. Acres of bananas, the equal of any grown, are being raised. Peach trees three years old, five inches in diameter and 12 feet high, have borne big, red fruit on the 18th of April. Besides these, there are lemon trees three years old that are loaded the year round, lime, orange and grapefruit groves.

Every farmer has his field of cattle, hogs and chickens and many of them bees. Gristmills, here, too, are common sights. With all these things, the farmers have grown to be almost independent of any other section. Grocery bills of some last year did not exceed $7 a month and they skimped not a bit.

The country surrounding the city of Okeechobee and

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Spirit of Jesse James Goes Marching On

Glorification of the Outlaw Reflected in City Banditry of Today

By E. B. CHAPMAN

A WELL-DRESSED, well-mounted stranger, carrying two six-shooters in a belt, stopped at a village near Nashville, Tennessee, one day in 1881. Entering a small restaurant he ordered oysters and liquor. As he drank and ate he became abusive. When the marshal told the visitor he was under arrest the visitor put his hands on the six-shooters and said:

"Stand back. I'm an outlaw. My name is Tom Hill. Don't try to arrest me."

A young Tennesseean, with the marshal, seized the stranger's arms so that he could not use the six-shooters. The bad man was subdued, disarmed, taken to jail and searched. A money belt he wore yielded $1,800. It was part of the loot that had been taken from an army paymaster at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. It was believed then the stranger was one of the robbers and he was held.

The young Tennesseean did not dream that he had captured Bill Ryan, second only to Jesse James himself in desperation, bloodthirstiness and daring in the most notorious band of robbers the world has known since the days of Robin Hood. A score or more of men had been killed since the Civil War trying to do what he had done. And history records only that his name was Earthman.

Thus was the first step taken toward breaking up the band that had terrorized the Middle West 15 years.

Ryan had been living with Frank and Jesse James, and Dick Liddil, near Nashville, following the disastrous attempt to rob the bank at Northfield, Minnesota. He was known as Tom Hill, Jesse James as J. B. Howard, Frank James as B. J. Woodson and Liddil as Charles Underwood. When they learned Ryan had been arrested and had disclosed his identity, they fled to the home of an uncle in Kentucky and later West to their old haunts, near Kansas City, in Jackson County and Clay County, Missouri. There hundreds of friends, formerly associated with them under Quantrell, were ready to give aid.

With their return, the robbery of banks and trains became frequent. Men sent out to find the robbers invariably were found slain. It was customary to profess ignorance as to who committed the crimes. The bandits had visited terrible vengeance upon those who had "talked too much."

William H. Wallace, a young Democrat who was a candidate for prosecutor of Jackson County, startled an audience in the eastern part of the county in a campaign speech one night.

"People tell you they don't know who is committing these robberies," he said. "I know. I'll tell you. It is Frank and Jesse James, Dick Liddil, Ed Miller, Bill Ryan and another whose name I do not know. I know who they are and if I am elected prosecutor I'm going to send those fellows to the penitentiary."

After the meeting there was talk of hanging the candidate. He was warned the next day not to repeat the speech. He repeated it. He continued to repeat it. And he was elected.

Soon after his election came the arrest of Ryan. When the Kentucky authorities learned the identity of their prisoner they gave him to Missouri for trial. He was the first train robber to be tried, the first of the James gang to be captured, and the first of the men Prosecutor Wallace had promised to send to the penitentiary that appeared before a jury.

Perhaps such another trial never was held. Friends of the gang, many of them guerrillas of the border to whom the sight of blood and death was no novelty, came by the score. They jammed the courtroom day after day, sleeping on the courthouse grounds at night to be on hand early the next day. Others couldn't get places. In his plea to the jury, when that came, Prosecutor Wallace often struck them with his hands when making gestures. They were armed and menacing.

Railroad officials, whose companies were chief sufferers at the hands of the gang, gave little help. They urged on Wallace the uselessness of the hearing.

Wallace issued attachments for the witnesses. But they were of no value. They couldn't remember, they couldn't identify anyone. One was so terrified he wouldn't speak above a whisper. When finally released he actually trotted away.

Sky rockets sent up at night signalled this news and that to Jesse James and his gang, hiding near by. Messages were received by Wallace and others threatening their lives if Ryan was convicted. But the task of obtaining a jury proceeded until it was completed.

There were reports of plans for a rescue by the band. Wallace had seen to that. Captain M. M. Langhorne, former Confederate soldier in Shelby's brigade, was selected to guard the prisoner. Jesse James knew Langhorne's courage was equal to that of any man and that he could and would shoot straight and rapidly. There was no attempt at rescue.

The chief witness against Ryan, tried for participating in a train robbery at Glendale, Missouri, a short distance from Kansas City, was Tucker Bassham. Bassham had been a member of the gang that night. A green country boy, he had been picked up by the band because six men were required in their scheme of train robbery and there were only five in the gang. Dropped by the bandits after the robbery he was arrested, confessed and was sent to the penitentiary. He was pardoned to testify against Ryan. His part in the robbery had been to load and fire a shotgun to frighten passengers. Bassham told in detail of the robbery. The feeling against him was so intense his house was fired and his family forced to flee while the trial was in progress. A man as daring as Langhorne guarded him throughout the trial. After it ended he took his family and fled.

Besides Bassham, the express messenger testified.

Ryan was convicted, sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary and hustled to prison.

JESSE JAMES

House in St. Joseph, Mo., where Jesse James was killed. At the left, Judge W. H. Wallace who prosecuted Frank James.

For the first time in their bloody careers the members of the James gang began to get acquainted with a new enemy—fear. It had been demonstrated a member of the gang could be convicted. The foreman of the Ryan jury had been an ex-Confederate soldier. That showed the "lost cause" wouldn't save the robbers if they were caught. Memories of Quantrell's gang didn't appeal to the former soldiers.

"The verdict struck terror to the boldest band of cutthroats the world ever had known," Judge Wallace says. "Immediately following the trial Langhorne, and other men as daring and determined, formed posses and began beating the brush for the bandits. They didn't know it but their race was run."

Associates told later how Jesse James began to fear his own men. He was afraid they would deliver him to the law to buy their own pardon, much as Bassham had done in the Ryan case. His suspicion fell on Liddil and Liddil fled. Then Jesse was convinced he was right. He sent word to Wood Hite, James's cousin, to kill Liddil on sight, saying he, Jesse, would kill Liddil if he saw him first. Liddil and Hite stayed at the same farmhouse one night, unbeknown to each other. As Hite came down the stairs the next morning Liddil and Bob Ford, now taken into the gang and destined to play an important part, fired. Hite fell dead.

Then Liddil opened negotiations for a surrender. He offered to assist in wiping out the band in return for a pardon, just as Jesse suspected he intended to do. Through Martha Bolton, a sister of Bob and Charley Ford, arrangements were made and Liddil gave himself up to Sheriff Timberlake of Clay County.

The plan made for the capture of Jesse James, for whom rewards running into thousands of dollars, dead or alive, now had been offered, hinged upon still further treachery in the gang. Bob and Charley Ford were members of it, with Jesse under the name of Howard, in St. Joseph. They were planning to rob a bank at Platte City, ostensibly, but really awaiting a chance to get word to Sheriff Timberlake where Jesse might be found and taken. The frightened, wary bandit chief, however, watched them so closely they could not give the signal for Timberlake, waiting on a special train, near St. Joseph, to come.

But let Bob Ford tell the story of what happened, as he told it later:

"On the morning of April 3," he said, "Jesse and I went down town to get the papers. We were to go that night to Platte City to rob the bank and I had made up my mind that I was in for a raid on the bank sure enough. We got back to the house at eight o'clock and sat down in the front room. I looked over the Kansas City paper and the first thing I saw in the headlines almost a foot long on the first page was the story about Dick Liddil's surrender. I had told Jesse I knew nothing about Liddil's whereabouts, and knew if he saw the paper he would suspect my purpose. Just then Mrs. James came in from the kitchen and said breakfast was ready. My only thought was to hide the paper. Beside me was a chair with a shawl on it and quick as a flash I lifted the shawl and shoved in the paper. Jesse couldn't have seen me, but what did he do but walk right over to the chair, pick up the shawl and toss it on the bed, taking the paper with him into the kitchen.

"It was fate. While Mrs. James was pouring the coffee Jesse opened up the paper and saw the headlines. He looked across at me with a glare in his eyes that I knew meant death—I had seen it there before. 'Young man,' he said, 'I thought you told me you didn't know where Dick Liddil was?' I told him I didn't know, that it was all news to me. But I knew he didn't believe me. I expected the shooting to begin right then and there. But Jesse was foxy and cunning. I could see that he was making up his mind to throw me off my guard and get me later. I could read that in his mind. I knew he was not going to kill me in the presence of his wife and children but I knew just the same I was a marked man. He was not the kind that took chances. So his game was to throw me completely off my guard. I went into the front room pulling my gun around within easy reach. He followed and began joking.

"All at once he looked at a picture and said, 'That picture is awful dusty.'

"He had a belt around him with four guns in it—I never saw it off him. He unbelted it with a quick, nervous movement and tossed it on the bed. I could hardly believe my eyes. But there came to me immediately the thought—he is doing this to show his confidence in me. I knew then it was either his life then or mine later. He stood upon a chair and started to brush the picture with a little brush. I said to myself, 'It is now or never, if I don't get him now he'll get me tonight.' The thought and the movement of my hand were simultaneous. I pulled and shot, cocking the gun as quickly as I leveled it. He turned his head at the sound but the bullet caught him just behind the ear and I knew when that bullet struck it was all up with Jesse"

Of course, the Fords were pardoned immediately.

Meanwhile, Clarence Hite, another member, had been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. Ed Miller had been killed by Jesse James. Only Frank James remained and there was a reward of $10,000 for him, dead or alive. A surrender was arranged and he gave up his pistols to Governor Crittenden at Jefferson City, being returned to Kansas City for trial on a charge of murdering a detective. Instead of being tried on that charge he was taken to Gallatin and tried for the murder of a passenger killed when a train was robbed. He was acquitted after a trial which eclipsed even the Ryan case. A judge laid aside his ermine to defend Frank James. A carefully selected jury, picked by the sheriff from a list given him, heard the evidence. The addresses to the jury still are kept as classics throughout the Middle West. But James was acquitted.

The surrender of Frank James ended the gang. That was 40 years ago this October. Jesse was killed 40 years ago last April. The James gang was no more.

But the spirit of Jesse James goes marching on, according to Judge Wallace. Banditry today traces back to the operations of this gang of robbers.

"Songs were written extolling them," he explains. "Stories of their daring handed down from generation to generation. Books by the score told of their prowess. Sensational weeklies named after them purported to recount their exploits. The youth of country and city grew up on these things."

The deeds of modern bandits make the exploits of the James boys, at this distance, seem less daring. The amounts stolen today make the earlier robberies seem the work of "pikers."

"The men committing the robberies now are just as they were then," Judge Wallace says. "They are young, smart, unwilling to work, and desperate."

How Heavy Is the U. S. Mortgage to Europe?

A Startling Challenge to the Propaganda That We Are "A Creditor Nation." Facts That Cannot Be Ignored

By W. H. ALLEN

IMMEDIATELY after the close of the World War the great bankers concocted a scheme to promote the work of reconstruction with the financial assistance of the United States. Europe was to furnish the brains and the leadership, and our government was to put up the cash. The scheme is explained and defended by Professor John Foster Bass in an article on "America and the Balance Sheet of Europe"; in which *it is contended that we are a creditor nation,* having bought back practically all the American securities held in Europe, and now, to put the world on its feet again, we must cancel the Allied debt, contribute a portion of our gold reserve for the restoration of the gold standard in Europe, and make additional loans for purely reconstructive purposes.

As I happen to be the original and most persistent opponent of the claim that we are a creditor nation, I may say that the parties who are behind this scheme to help Europe at our expense are most in need of advice. They are the prime movers in the campaign of education to warn the American people against the so-called "printing press theories of money." They masquerade as American bankers, but they are more properly known as foreign bankers, because *they represent foreign interests;* and their schemes to aid Europe and to combat "printing press money theories," are in behalf of foreign interests against the welfare of the American people. *A recognition of the fact that these bankers represent foreign not American interest will go far to unravel the most important financial problems of the day.*

These bankers originated the several claims, exploited by Professor Bass, to the effect that (1) we have bought back practically all American securities, that (2) we are a creditor nation, and rich enough to cancel the Allied debts, and lend much of our gold to restore the gold standard to Europe.

They Were Wrong Once Before

THE same bankers originated the claim of liquidation in 1893.* They asserted that foreign investors were returning our stocks because they had become alarmed over the Silver law. But it was shown that at that time foreigners actually bought more of our stocks than they sold.

Again in 1898 and 1901 these same bankers exploited the claim of foreign liquidation. Frank A. Vanderlip (one of the great authorities cited by Professor Bass) claimed that in these four years this liquidation amounted to $1,200,000,000. But I showed that instead of this huge liquidation, foreign investors actually bought more than $600,000,000 more of our stocks and properties than they sold. Mr. Vanderlip was more than $1,800,000,000 out of the way. And neither he nor any one else has ever attempted to disprove my figures. At that time, these bankers originated the claim that *we had become a creditor nation,* Europe owing us several hundred million dollars. *But in the summer of 1901, it came out that American bankers had been borrowing large sums abroad!* They had borrowed more than $250,000,000!

The scheme to help Europe includes *a restoration of the gold standard.* But these bankers made such a poor fist of it when they established that policy here in 1900, that the chances of their success in Europe are mighty slim. When they were advocating the gold standard they told us that it would do away with high money rates, panics, clearing-house certificates and revive our credit abroad. But every one of these predictions fell far short of fulfillment. The only real effect of the currency act of 1900 was to encourage that extravagance which has been the chief cause of our financial troubles ever since.

How Much of United States Does Europe Own?

AND these are the authorities who now tell us, through Professor Bass, that we are a great creditor nation, and can afford to cancel the Allied debts and lend millions of our gold to put Europe on its feet again. The basis for this estimate of our financial strength is to be found in a statement of our pre-war debt which was compiled in 1915 at a conference of bankers of which Mr. L. F. Loree was chairman. This statement showed foreign investments in the United States as follows:

British investments in U. S.	$2,800,000,000
French investments in U. S.	150,000,000
Dutch investments in U. S.	150,000,000
German investments in U. S.	150,000,000
Total foreign investments in U. S.	$3,250,000,000

This table is ridiculously below the actual figures, as the following facts will show:

Late in 1916 German bankers gave it out that Germany had withdrawn about all her investments from this country. The *Post World* and other newspapers indorsed this view; and the *Tribune* (February 7, 1917) quoted "one of our foremost foreign exchange bankers" to the effect that German investments here at that time did not exceed $50,000,000 and her cash resources were not more than $5,000,000. *But a few months later when Alien Property Custodian Palmer got busy he found German property here to the value of $750,000,000.* And Mr. Palmer didn't half look—he merely scratched the surface. A more thorough search would have revealed German-owned property worth many times that amount. *But what he did find was $300,000,000 more than the bankers had allowed for all Continental Europe.* It was five times as much as they allowed for Germany alone; and it was 15 times as much as the *Tribune's* banking authority had allowed only a few months before.

This was enough to prove that the Loree estimate was utterly worthless not only as to German, but as to all other investments. Writing of this matter in *Woody's Magazine* (July, 1915), I estimated that foreign investments here amounted to not less than $17,000,000,000, and from information gathered before 1914 I am convinced that this figure was not too high.

Discussing British investments in 1908 Francis W. Hirst, editor of the London *Economist*, reported that American stocks having a par value of $9,000,000,000 were listed on the London Stock Exchange. Allowing the usual difference of 15 per cent between par value and actual value, our debt to England at that time was $7,500,000,000. *England could withdraw that from us. She owned it and we owed it.* We were that much in her debt. That amount of property in the United States was not American but British. This does not include the vast sums in finance bills, short-term notes and long-term bonds held in the strong boxes of English investors. Short debts in the sum of $1,310,000,000 came due in 1914 and 1915.

As Mr. Hirst's figures of listed stocks were taken from official records they could not be disputed. Dutch investments in our stocks were officially reported at $240,000,000 in 1900, and $750,000,000 in 1908. French investments, in 1900, placed at $120,000,000 must have grown rapidly, for between 1906 and 1912 they placed $500,000,000 in our securities. As to Germany, Dr. Von Gwinner, the eminent financier, reported in 1911 that $450,000,000 of her surplus capital was going into our securities *every year.* Dr. Delbruck, another high German financier, stated that there was no way to prevent these investments; but he did not dispute the correctness of Dr. Von Gwinner's figures.

The amount of foreign capital in our country is a debt, it represents what we must pay—it can be taken out of our country whenever the owner of it so determines. And the point to emphasize here is that it is a debt which grows out of a debt. It is a case of borrowing to pay debts. Sir George Paish ("Trade Balances of the United States") tries very hard to prove that these investments are of benefit to us. He makes no distinction between the case of a man who mortgages his plant to enlarge his business and the prodigal who mortgages his estate to pay extravagant debts. The former gets the temporary use of cash to buy raw material, and so on, while the latter gets his cash to be paid over to his creditors. The one increases his power to produce more wealth; the other decreases his power to produce wealth. Most of the foreign investments of the 40 years are the result of our annual foreign debts for interest dues, tourists' expenses, alien hoards and ocean freights, and so on.

Who Owns American Railways?

AN AVERAGE banker's estimate published in the *Wall Street Journal* in 1913 placed these debts at *$1,400,000,000 a year.* With favorable trade balances of $500,000,000 *we were running behind $900,000,000 every year.* Instead of exporting gold in settlement of this deficit, we sold finance bills and short notes. This is usually called our short debt to Europe. But when any part of the amount due on the deficit is invested in long-term securities or in our properties, it became *our permanent debt abroad.* This is how the pre-war debt grew. Taking Mr. Hirst's figures of British investments and those of Dr. Von Gwinner for Germany as a basis, and the fact that we were piling up this deficit of nearly a billion a year, there are valid reasons for the belief that *our pre-war debt amounted to fully $17,000,000,000, or more than five times as large as the banker's estimate.*

According to the National City Bank Bulletin, January, 1919, foreign investments in this country on that date did not exceed $1,000,000,000. This estimate is, of course, based (1) on the assumption that our pre-war debt was only $3,250,000,000 (see table above) and (2) that foreigners have withdrawn $2,250,000,000 of this capital from our country. But no facts are presented to verify the claims of such withdrawal or liquidation. Most of the reports to that effect were followed by contradictions. Thus in the *World* (November 28) the *Post* (November 30) and the *Tribune* (December 16, 1914), I find reports of London, Paris and Amsterdam buying our stocks and short-term notes. In the *Evening Sun* (July 16, 1915) a prominent broker expressed the belief that "not at any time has there been the extensive foreign liquidation that has been reported." Two days later the Brooklyn *Eagle* stated that "Europe has at no time sold our stocks in the volume we have been led to expect." After exploiting liquidation for a whole year the *Times* (March 22, 1915) says, "In at least some directions they ('foreigners') have increased their holdings. Thus, the Pennsylvania Railroad reported that it had on its books 160 more stockholders than at the same date in 1914." If there is one equally clear case of foreign liquidation in that period it has escaped my notice. The *World* had outdone all the other papers in exploiting the liquidation claims, but it often publishes some facts which point the other way. January 20, 1915, it is stated in big type that "foreign bankers are resorting to every possible expedient to avert exports of gold in payments for commodities." Then, in an adjourning column, under the head of "Europe Buying American Securities," it states that, "in spite of the fact that demand sterling was at 4.83½, a condition which ordinarily encourages foreign liquidation, Europe is buying, rather than selling, American bonds and stocks." Five months later, the *World* reports that, "Instead of decreasing their holdings of American stocks, investors in France and England have been substantially increasing them." Study of financial history of the next three years of war shows the same results. There is more proof of an increase of foreign investments.

If liquidation had reduced foreign investments from $3,250,000,000 to $1,000,000,000, the effect would appear in a changed control of our great railroads, and in a decreased activity of the foreign bankers, who are agents of foreign investors. But all the evidence points the other way. One very clear case was seen in *the retirement of the American Goulds from* the control of the Missouri Pacific Railroad in 1915, *and the entrance of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and Blair of New York, and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin* to the control of the road. The two firms are just as much agents of German capital as is the Deutsche Bank. As to the other bankers who are known as agents of foreign investors, Speyer, Seligman, Ladenberg, and Thalmann, all of them were just as influential at the end of the war as they were at the beginning. And they are still more influential today.

Our Enormous Interest Payments

THE National City Bank authority makes a big mistake when it leaves out of the account our foreign debts incurred during the war period. Having "bought back practically all our securities," as Professor Bass puts it, the item of interest due is considered unimportant. But there is much to prove that it was a very large item. It is well known that *foreigners made heavy investments in our mines and manufacturing plants* for the production of war supplies, and their profits on the same were enormous. They also earned higher dividends on all their investments in railroads, industrial enterprises, and so on, than in any former period. This item of interest dues was estimated by John E. Gardin, vice-president of the National City Bank, at *$500,000,000 a year before 1914,* and it certainly *was much larger during the war.*

Another factor left out of the account was the net unfunded balance of $2,057,000,000 in favor of foreign countries at the end of the war. After expressing surprise at the existence of this huge balance, the editor of the *Harvard Journal of Economics Supplement* (June, 1921), remarks that, "the cash balances in New York banks, and the credit of foreign government banks are known to have been very large at the end of the war." Early in 1919, it transpired that the *Bank of Japan* had $500,000,000 on deposit here, and the British-owned *Canadian banks* had $169,000,000 invested in call loans at New York. Possibly these two items are included in the "cash balances in New York banks." Assuming that this was the case, the account in favor of foreign countries at the end of the war was as follows:

Annual foreign debts for 4½ years ($1,400,000,000 a year)	$ 6,300,000,000
War expenditures abroad	2,000,000,000
Unfunded balances due foreign countries	2,057,000,000
Total	$10,357,000,000

Aliens Could Take All Our Cash

THIS is a very different showing from that which is presented by the bankers. But the events of the first year after the war tend to prove that it is nearest the truth. In February, 1919, Director Stewart of the Department of Labor, who had been instructed to look into the matter, reported that the amounts hoarded by aliens during the four and a half years of war reached the enormous total of $4,000,000,000 (four billions of dollars). The Savings Banks' section of the American Bankers' Association had faith enough in this report to form a "Stay at Home Movement" to urge the aliens to remain here. **If they all went away at once, it was declared that they would take all the gold and paper money in the national banks with them.** The National City Bank Bulletin, July, 1919, remarked that Director Stewart's figures were extravagant, but it gave no reasons for thinking so. As these hoards were estimated at $500,000,000 a year in 1913, as millions of alien laborers were marooned here during the war, and as these aliens earned from two to four times as much during the war as ever before, it is evident that the Stewart estimate was not very far out of the way.

Governor Harding informs me that so far as he knows there are no estimates of these annual foreign debts for 1914 to 1918. This is, indeed, an astounding admission. It gives an insight to the happy-go-lucky methods of solving international money problems which prevail in the highest financial circles. *It affords a good illustration of the methods of those who claim we are a creditor nation and able to cancel all debts, and lend millions of gold to Europe.* They magnify the assets and forget the liabilities. If our net exports

(*Concluded on page 15*)

***See "Are Bankers Reliable Educators?" on page 12 THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Nov. 4, 1922.**

Another View of the Turks and Their Menace

The Scene Is Afar, But the Affect of It May Be Felt Very Near Home:

The Meaning of the Recent Challenge to the Western World

By HERBERT A. GIBBONS

Editor's Note—The comment and challenge aroused by Mr. Bowerman's article in* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *of October 7, finds authoritative expression in Mr. Gibbons' article, here printed. With these two views at hand the reader will be able to see why the popular conception of the Turk is held.

NOTHING is truer today than that Americans are sick of propaganda. In regard to our late comrades-in-arms and foes alike, we are a bit impatient about their troubles and their problems. For the impression is general that we did not get much thanks for intervening in the World War, and that its aftermath has demonstrated an incompatibility of temperament and a conflict of ambitions so hopeless and bitter that we are jolly well out of the whole business. Did we accomplish any real good by the sacrifices we made? If there is doubt as to the correct answer to this question, it is foolish to speak of a new intervention, this time in the Near East, where British, French, and Italian interests are clashing.

But the student of world affairs and international relations, as well as the humanitarian and the idealist, feels impelled to point out that we cannot be indifferent to what is going on in Europe and the Near East. Why "cannot"? Simply because the United States seems to have reached the place in her economic development where foreign trade has a direct bearing upon the prosperity of the nation, and also because most of the European nations are heavily in our debt. As manufacturers and agriculturists, with surplus products to sell, and as creditors with interest and principal of loans to collect, we are forced to interest ourselves in prospective customers and actual debtors. If the Near Eastern situation is leading to war or to an indefinite prolonging of the conditions that provoked the war of 1914, it is decidedly to our interests to inform ourselves of what is going on and to ask ourselves if anything we can do will prevent or mitigate evils whose harmful influence we shall be among the first to feel.

His View of Treaty of Sevres

THE Treaty of Sèvres, which the Conference of Lausanne has been called to renounce and to replace by another treaty favorable to the claims and demands of one of the nations vanquished in the World War, is a part of the general peace settlement. Much as our French friends would like to have it so, this document cannot be dissociated from the other. The question arises: Was the Treaty of Sèvres unjust in spirit and impracticable in its terms? If so, all the other treaties are unjust and impracticable. Or is the Treaty of Sèvres being renounced because the vanquished have become strong enough to defy the victors, and now refuse to abide by the terms of peace dictated to them? In this case, we see the handwriting on the wall. The Entente Powers, confessing their impotence, herald their willingness to give up the fruits of victory rather than fight again to retain them.

The facts in the Near Eastern situation must not be obscured by special pleading on behalf of Moslem or Christian, Turk or Greek. For some one to write that the general run of Turkish peasants is better than the general run of Greek bankers and shopkeepers or Armenian rug merchants is not to the point. Ever since 1914 one could have written about the general run of Germans what is being written today about the Turks. What we need to keep in mind is the great fact that people have to be held responsible for what their government does and that a nation's place in the civilized scheme of things depends upon its institutions and its accomplishments and not upon the affability of a few officials or the simple honesty of its peasantry.

Calls Kemalists Pro-German

IN 1914 Turkey entered the European War on the side of Germany, and stuck to her ally right to the bitter end. With very few exceptions, the Kemalist Turks were enthusiastic believers in Germany and the advantages their country was going to win by the feats of arms of the Germans.

The Turks prayed and worked and fought for the defeat of the Entente Powers and the United States.

If we read the speeches of their leaders and the editorials of the Angora press, and if we study the decrees issued by Kemal Pasha, we shall see that the Turkish Nationalists nourish an insane hatred of the British and are maintaining a close understanding with Soviet Russia.

They are directing the anti-European propaganda in the Arabic-speaking portions of the former Ottoman Empire, and have secret understandings with the Asiatic kings and princes and sheiks who have opposed consistently western ideas.

Do we want to invest our capital in these countries? Do we want to sell our goods to these countries? Or are we interested in the maintenance of our educational institutions, which represent and spread our political ideals and culture as well as our religion? The countries of the Near East will be barred to our economic or cultural penetration if the Turks have their way at the Conference of Lausanne.

Holds Facts Are Different

THREE misapprehensions are being spread in the United States by radical agitators, who see in the triumph of Kemal Pasha the ultimate triumph of Lenin in Europe and America; by anti-British, who rejoice in the discomfiture and the approaching peril to the British Empire; and by a certain number of well-intentioned but misinformed persons who believe that they are being fair and generous by espousing the Turkish cause. To correct these misapprehensions, I wish to point out that:

(1) *The Greeks were not carrying on an imperialistic war of aggression for the purpose of dominating Turkish lands.* Thrace, Constantinople, and Asia Minor (western part and back seacoast) were Greek lands from the earliest days of history. During the five years of Turkish domination the Greeks maintained their language and religion and formed a considerable element of the population. Smyrna was always called "the ghiaour (infidel) city" by the Turks. Its whole aspect was Greek. Though neither race has the actual majority, there are more Greeks than Turks in Thrace. Constantinople and the sea of Marmora have never lost their Greek population. The Greeks went into Asia Minor and Thrace at the invitation of Messrs. Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George, as representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers.

All Turks Not Kemalists

(2) *All Mohammedans are not Turks, and all Turks are not Kemalists.* The great confusion in statistics is due to the fact that they are based on religious, not racial grounds. The so-called Turkish population of Thrace and Constantinople is very much mixed. The Pomaks in Thrace, though Mohammedans, are Bulgarian in language and characteristics. Large numbers of Albanians are indignant when confused with Turks. The Circassians of Asia Minor and Thrace, whom Kemal Pasha includes in his population figures as Turks, not only hate the Turks, but made common cause with the Greeks against the Turks. The Arabs consider the Turks as cultural inferiors. The Kurds have always defied the authority of the Turks.

Many writers express their sympathy with the Turks on the belief that they are fighting for self-determination and that fanatical religious interests among the Christians have been the cause of a misrepresentation of the Turks to the outside world. In fact, the calamities of Turkey under the Young Turk régime have been due more to rebellions of Mohammedan coreligionists against Turkish oppression and pretentions to domination than to European or Balkan intervention. To prove this we have only to cite the Albanian rebellions of 1910 and 1911, and Arab rebellion of 1911, and the great Arab secession, led by the Sherif of Mecca, in 1916. This last event—a wholly Mohammedan affair—was the most powerful factor in the collapse of the Ottoman Empire. Even among the Turks themselves there is great dissension. When Kemal Pasha gets possession of Constantinople, foreigners and native Greeks and Armenians will not fear him as much as large groups of prominent Turks, including members of the imperial family.

(3) *In the massacres it is not a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other.* It is flying in the face of the truth to assert that Greeks and Turks or Armenians and Turks are equally guilty of atrocities. As an old campaigner, who has been through many wars, I do not put much stock in atrocity stories. For I know from personal observation that with an invading army it is human nature that is at fault. One regrets to have to say that all armies are guilty of atrocities, and that it is hard for the pot to call the kettle black. Greeks have undoubtedly been guilty of killing and pillage and burning. None denies that they have done bad things in Asia Minor. But what the world rightly pillories the Turks for is *their wholesale massacre and systematic and cold-blooded persecution and cruelty when and where no fighting at all was going on.*

Massacres Branded Deliberate

THE Turkish government, on several occasions, has deliberately planned and carried out the extermination of hundreds of thousands of its defenseless subjects. The massacres of 1893-95, 1909, 1915, and 1921-22 did not have the excuse of provocation, and they were carried on a stupendous scale under the direction of officials of the government. In every instance the evidence of guilt is overwhelming. When the Armenian who assassinated Talaat Pasha in Berlin was tried, evidence of Talaat Pasha's personal direction of the Armenian massacres in Constantinople was introduced. The German jurors broke down and cried, so horrible was the crime proved against the dead man, and they acquitted the Armenian student. Much has been said by Turkish sympathizers about the events on the day the Greeks landed in Smyrna in 1919. But less than a hundred were killed in that affair. When the Turks returned in 1922 they killed 100,000 and burned the town! (Concerning responsibility for the burning and extent of the killing, Mr. Gibbons offers no evidence.—Ed.)

The statements I have made above in endeavoring to correct the three misapprehensions are not given on secondhand authority. Ever since the Young Turk revolution of 1908 I have been in close touch with conditions in the Ottoman Empire. I lived there four years before the World War, and have been back and have traveled in the regions occupied by the Greeks in Asia Minor not long before their expulsion. I hold no brief for the Greeks in particular. But I feel very strongly that all the non-Turkish elements in the Near East have suffered too much from the misrule and persecution of the Turks to make possible a renaissance of the Ottoman Empire.

And, except in the interior of Asia Minor, the Nationalist Turks themselves are too few in number and too hopelessly mixed with those who have no faith in them and no love for their ideals to make possible the strong and united Turkey that is the Kemalist goal and that seems to call forth the sentimental enthusiasm of some who know neither the past nor the present of the Turkish race.

Little to Expect of Lausanne?

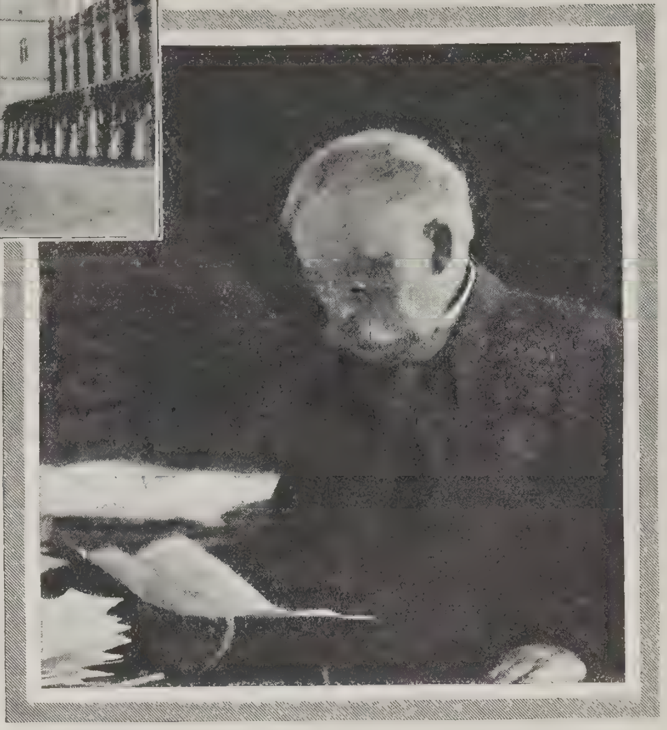
AND now, if what I say be true, there is little to expect of the Conference of Lausanne other than the beginning of the end of all the peace settlements made since the war. November 11 can hardly be celebrated as an event which changed the history of the world on the eve of a conference in which one of the defeated peoples asserts its right to reject the results of the greatest appeal to arms the world has ever known. The people of the United States, unaware of the gravity of the European situation and of how it is going to affect them, leave the task of putting out the fires that are causing the Near Eastern cauldron to bubble over to France, Great Britain and Italy. These fires, if not put out, will blaze forth soon into another world-wide conflagration. It goes without saying that we do not want to see that! But how are we going to be sure that the fires will be put out?

Historic Oxford Transplanted Upon an Illinois Prairie

University of Chicago Sets a New Pace in Higher Education

By J. V. NASH

Mitchell Tower, University of Chicago.


DR. HARRY PRATT JUDSON,
The second and present president of the University.

TO THE ordinary American, Chicago—bustling, noisy, aggressive Chicago, the home of the packing industry, and the country's greatest railroad center—would seem the last place on the continent where one might expect to find an American counterpart of the historic Gothic architecture and the academic atmosphere of Oxford.

It is one of the many paradoxes of the amazing Metropolis of the Lakes that structures as diverse as a great modern stockyards and university buildings redolent of the Middle Ages should rub elbows as friendly neighbors. Both institutions are located on the South Side of the city, within a few minutes' ride of each other by trolley or "L," and each is, in its own way, typical of the spirit of Chicago. Chicago's packing house products are no more nationally and internationally famed than its Doctors of Philosophy. Whether you are seeking physical or mental food, Chicago is prepared to supply your wants, in small lots or in carloads, quality guaranteed.

To get a "close-up" of the University one travels out to Fifty-seventh street. This is now a busy thoroughfare of shops, stores and studios. Back in 1890, this prosperous and well-built-up neighborhood was a wind-swept sandy prairie, the floor of prehistoric Lake Chicago, dotted with morasses from whose depths there arose nightly the doleful croaking of frogs, and clumps of gnarled, weather-beaten scrub oak trees through whose bleak branches the winter winds shrilly whistled.

As early as 1856, before the city of Chicago was 20 years old, provision for higher education had been made by its enterprising citizens. In that year the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, whose name is so indissolubly linked with that of Lincoln in Illinois history, gave a tract of land between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets—a location in those days "way out in the country"—as a site for a university.

This "Old University" had an interesting history of 30 years. It, however, had the misfortune to begin its career at an inauspicious time. Before it could graduate its first class the Civil War broke out, and the little college gave 100 young soldiers to the nation. After the war it made another start, and then the fire of 1871 temporarily wiped Chicago from the map. Followed years of nation-wide financial depression, beginning in 1873.

The trustees worked with heroic zeal to keep the institution alive, but it proved a losing fight. Money was sorely needed for rebuilding the city. The campus finally had to be mortgaged, the trustees could not meet the mortgage when it fell due, the property was sold by the holder of the mortgage (a large insurance company), the college buildings razed, and the land cut up into business blocks, the city meanwhile having grown southward around the university property. The curtain was finally rung down on the old university in 1886.

Connected with the old university, there had been a small divinity school which held property of its own in the southwest suburb of Morgan Park. When the university proper closed its doors, this divinity school still held on. Upon its staff at this time were two remarkable men—Thomas W. Goodspeed and William Rainey Harper. Dr. Goodspeed was secretary of the institution, and Mr. Harper, professor of Hebrew, from which he was called in this same year to a professorship at Yale University.

Dr. Goodspeed (hale and vigorous and in the service of the new university today at 80) had been a student at the old university as early as 1859, and naturally he felt its dissolution keenly. He believed that its failure should not be considered final, and that just as Chicago itself had arisen from the ashes and had entered upon a larger life, so the university should be reborn to fulfill an infinitely greater destiny.

There were innumerable conferences, there were hurried journeys to distant cities for interviews with men of influence, there was much figuring and planning. At last, in 1888, the interest of the American Baptist Education Society was enlisted and in May, 1889, the Society "formally resolved to take immediate steps toward the founding of a college in the city of Chicago."

The alliance with the Education Society was the turning point which assured the success of the project. The secretary of this organization, Fred T. Gates, was in touch with John D. Rockefeller, before whom, in company with Dr. Goodspeed, he placed in full detail the plans for a new University of Chicago. Mr. Rockefeller was at this time (1889) just 50 years of age and beginning to contemplate the making of large public benefactions.

Following a number of conferences with Mr. Gates and Dr. Goodspeed, Mr. Rockefeller agreed to subscribe $600,000 (a much larger sum in 1889 than now) toward an endowment fund, on the condition that $400,000 should be pledged by others before June 1, 1890. A campaign for the raising of the additional amount was immediately begun (it was probably the first large educational "drive" on record) and the sum, great as it was for those days, was soon raised. The result so impressed Mr. Rockefeller that shortly afterward he added $1,000 000 to his former subscription. In September, 1890, the University of Chicago was incorporated and a board of trustees chosen.

The university now had $2,000,000 in ready money, and it had acquired an ample campus site in the then open country between Fifty-seventh and Fifty-ninth streets. But it had no buildings, no president, no faculty, and no students.

It is at this point that William Rainey Harper appears again. This extraordinary young man was in 1890 but 34 years of age. He had entered Muskingum College in Ohio at 10, was graduated A.B. at 14, became a graduate student at Yale, and at 19 received the degree of Ph.D. from Old Eli. In the same year he married, and at 22 we find him established as professor of Hebrew in the Divinity School at Morgan Park, lecturing to students, many of whom were older than their professor. He was just 30 when called to one of the highest professorships at Yale.

At the first meeting of the board of trustees of the new University of Chicago, in 1890, William Rainey Harper was unanimously elected president, and took up the duties of his office on July 1, 1891.

This young educational and administrative genius created the University of Chicago as it exists today. A scholar of almost fabulous learning, to whom Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were as familiar as English, he was likewise a born administrator, and threw himself with a feverish zeal into the work.

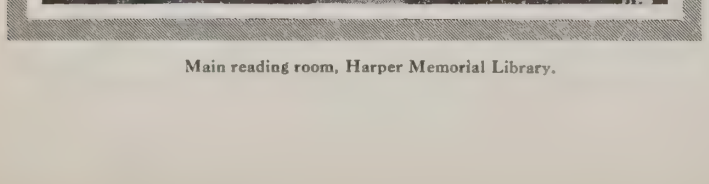
His first task was to collect a faculty and from the leading universities of the East, one by one, he enticed professors to Chicago. Not content with mere professors, he succeeded in bagging the presidents of several universities—President Robinson of Brown, President Chamberlin of Wisconsin, and President Small of Colby—as heads of departments. But even this did not satisfy him. He decided he must have some distinguished European scholars on his faculty. Professor Richard Green Moulton of Cambridge was in America on a visit. President Harper approached him. "Utterly impossible!" exclaimed the English savant when the proposition was placed before him. But President Harper could not take "No." Finally, the Cambridge "don" agreed to come to Chicago under a purely temporary arrangement—"just for a few months"—to help President Harper get things started. He remained 25 years!

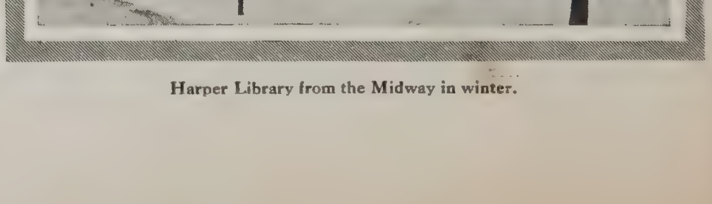
From the University of Freiburg, Germany, President Harper secured, by means which apparently have never been explained, Professor Hermann Eduard von Holst, who had been a member of one of the German legislatures and was the author of a monumental "Constitutional History of the United States." He became head of the Department of History at Chicago. Professor Moulton retired after a quarter of a century as head of the Department of General Literature and returned to England, but Professor Von Holst after more than 10 years died in the service of the university.

President Harper boldly threw overboard the old "academic year" from October to June, with the long three months' vacation in between. He did not believe in excluding students who could not attend college for nine months at a stretch, and he did not believe in allowing a valuable educational plant to remain idle 25 per cent of the year.

He, therefore, took the calendar year and cut it up into four quarters of approximately three months each, with a short vacation in September. At the beginning of each quarter, in October, January, April, and June, there is a general registration for courses. All the work is completed within the quarter and credit recorded.

Harper Memorial Library, erected 1910-12 at a cost of approximately $1,000,000.

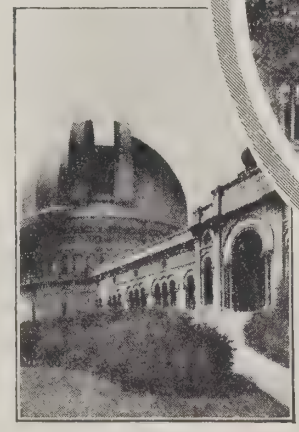

Main reading room, Harper Memorial Library.


Harper Library from the Midway in winter.

Ida Noyes Hall, Women's Recreation Building, given by LaVerne Noyes, 1916.

Delta Kappa Epsilon, a leading fraternity, at the opening of college, October, 1922.

In the graduate quadrangle.



Yerkes Observatory Great Dome.

West Stand Stagg Field.

Then a student may register for more courses at the beginning of the next quarter, or he may drop out for one or more quarters.

The summer quarter is of the same length as the other quarters and offers courses of the same value as credit toward degrees. This furnishes an opportunity for thousands of teachers to supplement their earlier training by working for university degrees during the long summer vacation. By attending the university three quarters in each year, a student completes his college course in the regular term of four years. But an ambitious student may, by enrolling for four quarters annually, earn his degree in three years, thus saving an entire year's time.

Some humorist in the early days of the university compared President Harper's quarter system to an educational moving sidewalk. "You get on whenever you are ready and get off at just the point you want to reach." Then, too, the curriculum offered so many educational novelties, that jesters found great merriment in dubbing the new university "Harper's Bazaar." If cafeterias had been known in those days, an observer might have discerned a certain analogy between those useful modern institutions and President Harper's novel educational system.

From the beginning President Harper was resolved that the university should be frankly co-educational. This was an innovation which to educational authorities in the East appeared highly revolutionary. It would doubtless have been characterized as "bolshevik," if that handy term had been available in 1892.

Again, President Harper eliminated the old four-class arrangement—freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior—existing at other universities, and instituted instead the junior and senior colleges, the first including the freshman and sophomore years, the second, the junior and senior years. In the junior college the student's work is rather closely supervised, and his studies are largely a continuation of the high school curriculum.

Upon entering the senior college the student is introduced to work of true university character and is expected to plan his own program of studies. Upon completing the work of the junior college students are awarded diplomas at formal graduation exercises.

Such is the force of long tradition, however, that the old divisions have unofficially crept back, and today at Chicago you will find freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, just as at other universities, with their class officers and group activities.

Another of President Harper's innovations was the Correspondence-Study Department, by means of which the university broke through the walls of the campus and carried its educational service not only into every city and hamlet in the United States but to all the far corners of the earth. Through the Correspondence-Study Department students who are prevented from attending the university in person are enabled to pursue college courses, to prepare themselves for advancement in their chosen work or to obtain partial credit toward degrees.

President Harper established at Chicago the first university press in the United States, and the press has been one of the most flourishing departments of the university. Today all the great universities of the country maintain presses organized on a similar plan.

Chicago, likewise, was the first American university to organize its athletic work as a regular department of the university, giving to its head coach the rank of a full professor. Since the beginning the athletics of the university have been directed by A. A. Stagg, who won his spurs on the Yale field in the later '80's, and has been affectionately known to Chicago students for the last 30 years as "The Old Man."

At Williams Bay, Wisconsin, some 75 miles from Chicago, is located the great astronomical observatory of the university, with its marvelous 40-inch telescope, which is visited by thousands every season.

As the years wore on and the university began to run on well-oiled machinery, under its own steam, it might have been expected that President Harper would have welcomed a lightening of his labors. But his craving for work increased rather than diminished; in the course of time his activity became almost pathological in its intensity. Many stories are told of his extreme restlessness in these later years. He would pack his grip and catch an express train for New York, and, arriving at his destination, he would turn round and rush back on the next train. At last the goaded constitution snapped. He collapsed on the platform in the midst of Convocation in the autumn of 1905. The doctors diagnosed his disease as cancer of the stomach.

With uncanny prescience he predicted the exact day of his death and with his characteristic thoroughness and passion for doing things himself he prepared in advance all the details of his own funeral. And so when the final call came, on January 10, 1906, although not yet 50 years old, he could feel that his work was finished.

During President Harper's entire administration the second officer at the university had been Professor Harry Pratt Judson, who had come to the university in 1892 from the University of Minnesota. He became head dean of the colleges and later dean of the faculties. He had been President Harper's right-hand man, taking his chief's place whenever business called the latter away, and during the final illness serving as acting president. When the trustees met to elect a new permanent president there was naturally no other name to be considered. Dr. Judson was formally elected president of the university early in 1907. For 15 years he has guided its destinies with signal success, and the end of the university's thirtieth year of service finds him still at the helm. During his term of office the attendance at the university and its financial resources have more than doubled.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER,

First president of the University of Chicago.

The University of Chicago is still the youngest of great American universities; yet it has already, in its brief 30 years, matriculated 87,000 students, graduating 10,000 bachelors, 2,000 masters, 1,200 doctors of philosophy, and 600 doctors of law. From the initial $1,000,000, its assets have grown to $50,000,000.

The university was from the beginning not a local, but a national, and even an international institution. All sections of the United States, as well as many foreign countries, were represented by contributions to the original endowment fund. That the first graduate student to receive the degree of Ph. D. in 1893 was a Japanese—Eiji Asada—was prophetic of the new university's international mission.

In the first year, 1892-3, there were 744 students enrolled at the university. In 1920-21 the number was 11,385. The first year 31 degrees were conferred; in 1921 the number was 1,111.

While the undergraduate department has steadily flourished, special emphasis has been placed from the start upon graduate work, and today Chicago as a graduate university is rivaled only by Johns Hopkins.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, after a careful study of the large universities of America, has reached the conclusion that there are only six really national universities in the United States. These are Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, and Chicago. "No great university," he says in the Harvard *Alumni Bulletin,* "is completely national unless it draws its lifeblood from all parts of the Union and sends that impulse springing back through a thousand arteries to the remotest states." He points out that most of our universities are local in scope, serving small sections of the country or limited groups of students. Speaking of Chicago, he adds: "It is the only northern university that has a strong hold on the South."

The alliance of the University of Chicago with the South has been one of the most interesting phases of its history, probably little known to the public at large. Last year there were enrolled at the university 1,216 students from the southern states. The attendance from Texas during the summer quarter is so large that the Texas delegation comes through to Chicago from the Lone Star State on two chartered trains. Harvard and Yale lost their hold on the South at the time of the Civil War, and the great body of southern students has never returned.

One of the most interesting and distinguishing features of the university is the architecture of the buildings. Whereas at most of our American universities the halls are of widely different design, and scattered about as though dropped from the sky, at Chicago an architectural plan was adopted by the trustees before ground had been broken for the first building. Into this plan, which has remained essentially unchanged, the buildings have been fitted one by one—they now number some 40—with most pleasing and harmonious effect.

The English collegiate or perpendicular Gothic, as exemplified at Oxford and Cambridge, was the architectural style adopted for the new university. The buildings have not been slavishly copied from the English models; the latter have served rather as a source of inspiration to the architects. The general effect is particularly suggestive of Oxford, as if the ancient university had been born again on the prairies of the West. The buildings are of Indiana limestone, originally white but gradually weathering to a bluish gray, capped with dark red roofs of composition slate. With the approach of spring the tender green of the climbing ivy envelops the walls, changing to crimson and russet as summer turns to autumn.

Such is the University of Chicago, the ultimate potency of whose influence upon the destinies of America and of the world one hardly dares to predict. As the visitor takes leave of those enchanted quadrangles, the lines of Edwin H. Lewis enshrine a mental picture never to be dimmed:

> "But yester-eve here closed the prairie flower
> Whose trivial beauty is forgot today.
> The plain has blossomed into hall and tower,
> And viewless dreams are visible in gray."

Guggenheim Ship Interests Take Heavy Toll of Alaska's Victims of "Public Be D–d" Policy

Would Do No Good to Let People Know Too Much, Bureaucracy's Argument

By THOMAS B. DRAYTON

THIS story, which is really an interview given THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT by John Rustgard, attorney-general of Alaska, ought to be illuminating despite the circumstance that many supposed facts are not available; and, indeed, even the more important facts given in this interview seem to have been extracted by the attorney-general with great difficulty, as the following official communication would indicate:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
ALASKAN ENGINEERING COMMISSION

Anchorage, Alaska, May 4, 1922.

Hon. John Rustgard,
Attorney-General, Territory of Alaska,
Juneau, Alaska.

My dear Mr. Rustgard:

In reply to your letter of March 9, to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, requesting copies of joint passenger and freight tariffs between Seattle and points along the government railroad, I am pleased to send you joint freight-tariff No. 30, and local passenger tariff No. A-18, which are the latest tariffs published for our guidance.

You request in your letter to the Secretary of the Interior a statement of the percentages or amounts of rates established paid to the steamship companies. This is a confidential agreement between the steamship companies and the Alaska railroad, and is not for general publication nor for the public. It would apparently answer no good purpose to give this out and would be a very distinct violation of the agreement arrived at.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Frederick D. Browne,
Engineer in Charge.

To get a proper perspective from which to scan the attorney-general's remarks, and to give a fair and even break to the Guggenheim steamship people, to the bureaucrats running the government's railroad, and to the people of Alaska, a preliminary survey of the Alaskan shipping situation is necessary.

Guggenheim Owns Big Line

ALASKA shipping trade is monopolized by two steamship lines. The Guggenheim line is the big line and maintains a regular 10-day service ordinarily. The smaller line runs boats presumably as traffic offers, and copies Guggenheim rates identically, for both passenger and freight traffic. When, therefore, Alaskans discuss ocean transportation and ocean freight rates and allied matters they have in mind the Guggenheim shipping interests, which they regard as having virtually a monopoly in Alaskan waters.

The Guggenheim people claim to earn but *seven per cent* annually from their ships in the Alaskan trade. Alaskan shippers maintain that the Guggenheim ships pay *86 per cent* annually and have done so for many years. The Guggenheim people claim that Alaskan shippers have a cheaper rate than some other buyers of ocean transportation. The Alaskan shippers answer that Guggenheim service in Alaskan waters is, according to classification of merchandise, from 70 per cent to 183 per cent higher than any other ocean service.

The attorney-general, as will be seen, points out that the Alaskan Engineering Commission, the bureaucratic agency representing the United States Government in the operation of its Alaskan railroad project, has joined with the Guggenheim people in a joint traffic scheme to mulct the public out of from 17 per cent to 50 per cent in excess of former rates, and that this increased burden upon the people goes to the Guggenheims and not into the public treasury.

The Engineering Commission, as will be seen by the introductory letter, takes the position that it is none of the public's business what rates it fixes, and if the public doesn't like it—well, the public may take it or leave it alone just as it pleases.

An Interview With Rustgard

THE Alaskan people, on the contrary hand, maintain that they are vitally interested in rates exacted by common carriers, and have a moral right to be interested in such rates, seeing that excessive charges, in common with honest charges, are passed on down to the shoulders of the consumers.

Attorney-General Rustgard, admittedly one of the ablest men in the Territory, presents the Alaskan shipping situation to the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in the following authorized statement:

"After an examination of the joint freight tariff, fixing the rates of freight charges on through routing from Puget Sound points to Alaska points via the government owned and operated Alaska railroad and the present steamship companies, I find it my duty, as attorney-general for the Territory of Alaska, to request that an effort be made to secure a material reduction of the rates published, and to suggest a method by which a reduction may be secured.

"The proper rates for the government railroad haul are obviously those which promise the greatest return to the investor—the American people. What those rates should be, must, in the nature of things, be a matter upon which judgments differ, and my office has, therefore, no suggestion to make on that subject. The same observation, however, does not apply to ocean rates. The conclusion seems irresistible that the latter are unjustifiably high—so much so as to be oppressive and a material and unnecessary burden to the people of the Territory as well as a distinct disadvantage to the government railroad.

"The distance from Seattle to Anchorage is approximately 1,400 nautical miles. The basic charge (that is, the charge for general merchandise) on that route is $17.00 a ton in carload lots. On less than carload lots the charge is $18.70 a ton. It is probable that more than 90 per cent of the general merchandise will move in less than carload lots.

"The rate on the same class of freight from Seattle to New York via Panama, a distance of more than 6,000 nautical miles, is $10.00 a ton. On this freight the ship pays a toll of $1.20 a 'net vessel ton' at the canal.

"The rate from Seattle to Hong Kong, a distance of approximately 6,000 miles, is, on flour and wheat, $6.00 a ton.

"From Seattle to the United Kingdom or the Continent, a distance of 8,500 miles or more, the rate is about $7.00 a ton; and to Baltic ports, a distance of close to 10,000 miles, about $12.00 a ton—the ships always paying the toll at the canal.

"It will now be observed that over the comparatively short haul from Seattle to Anchorage the rate is 70 per cent higher than on the Seattle-New York route; 183 per cent higher than on the Seattle-Hong Kong route; 143 per cent higher than on the Seattle-Liverpool or Bremen route; and 42 per cent greater than on the Seattle-Baltic route.

"At the hearing before the United States Shipping Board a year ago the steamship companies contended, and successfully, that the ton-mile standard was the only equitable measure of the reasonableness of freight rates.

"Computation of the ton-mile rates on the above-mentioned routes will disclose that on the Seattle-New York route, after deducting the toll at the canal, the ton-mile rate is $0.00145; on the Seattle-Hong Kong route it is approximately $0.001; on the Seattle-Liverpool route, deducting the Panama Canal toll, the rate is slightly more than $0.0007; while on the Seattle-Anchorage route the ton-mile rate is, on carload lots, $0.0122. In other words, the ton-mile rate on the Alaska route is more than 840 per cent greater than on the New York route; more than 1,200 per cent greater than on the Oriental route; and more than 1,700 per cent greater than on the Liverpool or Bremen routes.

"By the water rates thus agreed upon by the government's Alaskan Engineering Commission and the steamship companies, the ocean end of the Alaska railroad is placed about 70 per cent farther from Seattle than the latter is from New York, and about three times as far from the nearest United States port as is Hong Kong. Anchorage is put about twice as far from Puget Sound as is New Zealand from the Golden Gate, and 42 per cent farther than the latter port is from the port of Riga.

Fair Dividend Record

"THIS is too much of a handicap for a territory of even the natural wealth of Alaska to overcome.

"It may well be admitted that there are features of a local character which render operations on the Alaska routes more expensive a ton-mile than on the other routes above mentioned. But does it cost, mile for mile, 8½ times as much to operate a steamer on the Seattle-Anchorage route as it costs on the Seattle-New York route, 12 times as much as on the Oriental route, or 17 times as much as on the Seattle-Liverpool route? No shipping man will believe that. Nor will the public.

"An examination of the records of the Alaska Steamship Company shows that when this corporation was organized the stockholders put into the enterprise $2,500,000 in the form of property. Nothing further has ever come from the stockholders into the treasury of the company. All increases in the holdings of the company have come from its earnings. The records of that corporation show that during the six years immediately preceding 1921 it had:

Paid in cash dividends	$1,900,000.00
Paid in stock dividends	1,500,000.00
On hand undivided profits	834,264.81
On hand depreciation reserve	1,347,744.83
On hand insurance reserve	222,205.35
Total	$5,804,214.99

"This is equal to 232.2 per cent on the investment or 38 2/3 per cent per annum for the years in question.

"But during all those years the company carried the copper ore of its holding company, the Kennecott Copper Corporation, for $3 a ton except during 1920 when it charged $4 a ton. A very low charge for carrying this ore, compared with other freight charges, would be $6 a ton. If this be taken as the measure it will be found that the steamship company earned for the holding corporation, in the form of indirect rebate, the additional sum of $2,191,575. This will raise the net earnings of the steamship company to 53.29 per cent per annum on the capital invested by the stockholders.

"The calculation of the reserve is, of course, based upon the book value of the accumulated property of the company, which at the end of 1920 was reported by the officers as $4,740,288.87, apart from the current working assets. At the hearing before the United States Shipping Board in 1918 the company introduced expert evidence to prove that the book value was more than $5,000,000 below the actual value of this property. At the hearing in 1921 the company made the same assertion, and the company's attorney, Frank Law, repeated it before the Senate Committee on Territories during November, 1921.

"It is perfectly fair to the company, therefore, to accept this statement as the present value of the company's accumulated assets. This means that at least $5,000,000 must be added to the amount reported as undivided profits—an increase of 200 per cent upon the capital invested. The net profit of the company is thus shown to have been 86.63 per cent per annum for the six years in question. That it does not cost from eight to seventeen times a ton-mile to operate on the Alaska routes as it does to operate on the other routes is, if not self-evident, obvious from this data taken from the company's own records.

"The remedy I suggest is for the Alaskan Railroad Commission to ask for bids for service on the Alaska routes, and then give an exclusive contract to the lowest and best bidder for a period long enough to justify a company in organizing a fleet of boats for the route. Academic objections may be raised, but the system suggested would reduce rates, improve the service, and be good business.

Contracts Net Big Returns

"AS TO the absence of competition on the Alaska routes, it is due to the fact that the present companies have what amounts to perpetual and exclusive contracts with the principal shippers along the coast. The Alaska Steamship Company is assured the tonnage of its holding company, the Kennecott Copper Corporation, and the latter's varied allied companies. The other company has placed its stock with many of the principal shippers who again each control many allied or associated shippers. A new carrier finds there is little to compete for except the transient trade, and it would be at a disadvantage in attempting to secure the latter because of inability to get support from the large shippers. One carrier who has an absolute guaranty of, say, 50 per cent of the traffic, who has to compete for only the other half, has the advantage of a 50 per cent handicap over one who has to compete for all his business. With equal facilities a new line could not under such conditions reasonably expect to secure more than half of the unpledged 50 per cent of the traffic, or 25 per cent of the whole. But a carrier that could secure only 25 per cent of the traffic if facilities were equal cannot for long maintain facilities equal to those of a carrier that holds 75 per cent of the traffic. Hence competition is out of the question It is probable that a guaranty of 30 per cent of the traffic to one carrier on a particular route will give that carrier an absolute monopoly, where the volume of the business is no larger than at present on the Alaska route.

"If, however, a new carrier can be assured a reasonably large tonnage by the government's Alaska railroad it can afford to enter into competition for the rest of the trade. In this fact is found the solution for the present Alaskan transportation problem.

"It seems reasonable to believe that the Department of the Interior, through its Alaskan Railroad Commission, has it in its power materially to reduce the rates on all the routes in Alaska."

"Is it not true that the joint traffic deal between the government's bureaucratic railroad builders and the Guggenheims increases rates far beyond the sum of the separate rates originally in force, and that this increase is handed over to the Guggenheims?"

Just Facts, Not Speculation

"I WILL answer that question," replied the attorney-general, "in the following words: The joint rates for less than carloads to the interior of Alaska are from 17 per cent to 50 per cent higher than on carloads. For instance, on grain in carload lots from Seattle to Nenana the rate is $40 a ton; in less than carload lots $51 a ton; on flour, $42 as against $51; on cement, $32 as against $51; on hay, $42 as against $59; on explosives, $84 as against $168. Generally the steamship companies do not draw any distinction between carloads and less than carloads, and when they do it is only $1 difference a ton. Nevertheless, under the joint through-routing agreement they are able to share in the enhanced rates on less than carload lots—an arrangement which at the expense of the public greatly augments the earnings of the steamship companies without any extra expense or service by the latter.

"To prevent misunderstanding a partial modification of this situation should be noted: The steamship companies draw a violent distinction between carloads and less than carloads on merchandise carried for the canneries."

(*Concluded on page 15*)

How Heavy Is the U. S. Mortgage to Europe?

Concluded from page 10

of goods total $1,000,000,000, and we get no gold in return, then Europe must owe us $1,000,000,000 and we are a creditor nation to that extent. There you have it simple enough. The bankers started this method of settling the debt question in 1915, when they gave out their report that we owed Europe only $3,250,000,000. They carefully avoided all mention of our temporary debt abroad which amounted to $1,300,000 000 in short-term notes, and finance bills. Secretary McAdoo found that $450,000,000 of this short debt came due in 1914. The debt was renewed, and finally canceled by our exports of merchandise, later on. But the optimistic financial writers overlooked these short debts and figured that the exports went to cancel our permanent pre-war debts; and the bankers didn't undeceive them.

The movement of goods and specie in 1919 was of itself enough to prove the dishonesty of the creditor nation claims. When the embargo on gold exports was lifted in June, the Treasury and Federal Reserve Board officials predicted that all danger of such a movement had passed and we could easily spare all the gold that was likely to go abroad. But events proved that they had a poor grasp of the situation. The outflow that followed was a trouble breeder from the start. The embargo was lifted on June 7, and in less than a week call money rose to 12 per cent, the highest rate since the formation of the money pool. June 15, stocks fell from 1 to 23 points on an advance in call money to 20 per cent and *the bank reserves showed a deficit* of $656,000 for the first time since the Federal Reserve System went into effect. Matters kept growing worse as gold went abroad and, on November 12 money rose to 30 per cent. "The effect" (says the *Sun*) "was one of the wildest days Wall Street has ever seen, with breaks in stocks running as high as 68½ points. The trouble was due to the calling of loans by the Reserve banks. These institutions were compelled to take this course by *the demand for gold for export to the Orient, in settlement of adverse trade balances*." Referring to the situation two months later, in 1920, the *Post* says, "The simple facts are that money is in strong demand, while the supply is relatively low. The country has *for a year past been exporting more gold than it has imported*, and it has been increasingly difficult to maintain bank reserves." In January and February, the money situation, according to the *Post*, was "the *worst in fifty years*."

What a situation for a great "creditor" nation!

One of the curious incidents of that period was that *while money was worth 15, 20 and 30 per cent in New York, it was described as being "dirt cheap" in London, the rates being as low as 2½ and 3 per cent.*

Now this situation is wholly inconsistent with the claim that the end of the war found us a great creditor nation. The boast of Treasury and Federal Reserve Board officials that we could easily spare all the gold that was likely to be exported was based on gross ignorance of the facts. The fact that the loss of only $300,000,000 out of a total gold stock of more than $3,000,000,000 could thus paralyze the money and stock markets fully justifies the belief that *we were a debtor rather than a creditor nation* at that time. *Foreign laborers and foreign bankers had credits enough here to command every dollar of gold, silver and paper currency in the banks and still leave us in debt.* We were doing business on borrowed money and masquerading as a money lender. This is the only rational explanation of the conditions which prevailed in 1919, exports of $300,000,000 in gold, the high money rates and panics in the face of a favorable trade balance of $4,000,000,000.

In view of all this talk about helping Europe to restore the gold standard it may be well to call attention to another fact: In January, 1919, the miners' appeal for a bonus to stimulate the production of gold was refused on the ground that "The principal problems arising out of *the fear that the gold standard throughout the world might not be maintained* have been largely removed by the cessation of hostilities." Secretary McAdoo approved the report and declared that "*the gold standard was now secure.*" His successor, Carter Glass and the Federal Reserve Board also approved the report. But the disastrous effects of the gold outflow *later in the same year* proved that these high authorities were wrong again.

And curiously enough *it was bankers who expressed the strongest doubts of the security of the gold standard.*

These doubts were most frequently heard around the beginning of 1920 when, as already noted, the money situation was described as being "the worst for that period in 50 years." In an article headed, "Reserve Officials Weeding Out Loans," in the *Sun* of January 17, reference is made to the huge expansion of bank loans and the urgent need of their curtailment. Then after stating that, "*We may have to drop the Gold Standard,*" the article quotes a prominent banker as saying that, "The whole situation can be summed up in two words—gold and psychology. Either the entire banking situation must be deflated, which is being accomplished in part by the effect of psychology, and in part by the clearing of the path toward a rise in discount rates, *or the gold standard must be abandoned.*" That there can be no doubt of the bottom cause of those fears for the gold standard is plainly shown by this item published in the same paper of about February 22. "Here and there throughout the Street, the steady flow of gold from this center *is viewed with general alarm.*" In this connection one banker declared that, "*'Stop the gold shipments' should be the stentorian demand in this country.*"

All apprehensions for the safety of the single standard were quieted by the reversal of the golden tide in 1920, and the bankers shrewdly avoided all open discussion of the matter by diverting public attention to the need of lending a portion of our surplus cash to promote the restoration of the gold standard throughout the world. As for our government officials at Washington they seem to be blissfully ignorant of the dangers that menaced the money market three years ago. No mention is made of it in their annual reports. They don't appear to know yet that at the very time they were proclaiming the security of the gold standard *our whole stock of the metal was mortgaged twice over to foreign bankers and foreign laborers.*

If Professor Bass is really desirous of spreading the truth and doing away with "evasion, concealment and pussy-footing" he should begin at Washington and after discussing "America and the Balance Sheet of Europe," he might turn his attention to America and the Balance Sheet of America.

Lakes of Peru, Long Cache of Inca Treasure

Concluded from page 7

and mountain caves, that Dr. Farabee and other explorers believe will be found the great bulk of the huge treasure which was thrown into the water, not only to prevent the Spaniards getting it, but also as part of regular religious ceremonies.

"Among the Quimbaya," says Dr. Farabee, "only those of high rank, the chiefs, priests and war leaders, were allowed to wear objects of gold. They wore cotton garments ornamented with gold plates. The doors of the palisades were hung with plates of gold which gleamed in the sun and clashed melodiously in the wind. The gold plates for the door of Sogamoso palace were valued at $80,000."

In Dr. Farabee's opinion it is possible to locate all the lakes that were considered sacred in ancient days, by means of Indian legends which have been handed down to the present day. There are many explorers familiar with some or all those legends who might lead the way to untold treasures, but few men of capital who care to risk their money in the attempt.

Many lakes are not shown on the most modern maps, and their names mean nothing save to the explorer and the native Indian. The sacred lake of Guatavita is known and has been the scene of some successful treasure hunting.

"The Colombian treasure in the museum," Dr. Farabee points out, "was unearthed in the department of Antioquia not far from the famous sacred lake of Guatavita, into which enormous quantities of precious objects were cast as offerings to the gods at the annual festival of the people.

"Priests with treasures of gold and emeralds proceeded on a raft to the center of the lake, burned incense and sacrificed the offerings. The high priest, who had been sprinkled with gold dust until he appeared a gilded man, the 'El Dorado' of the Spaniards, cast himself into the sacred waters bearing the treasures of all the people, deposited them at the bottom and returned to land. When the ruler of this region was compelled to submit to the Spanish conquerors he is said to have sacrificed to the lake two tons of gold and precious stones. The collection at the museum may well have been a temple accumulation which was hidden away to prevent its falling into the hands of Quesada, who began the conquest of Bogota in 1536."

In the later days of the Spanish treasure-hunting period various clumsy efforts were made to drain some of the lakes. The sacred lake referred to, however, is 150 miles long and drainage would be a prodigious feat of engineering there. In other sections it would be relatively a simple matter. One authority asserts that untold millions could be located at the cost of $25,000 for exploration work. In the larger lakes, which are very deep, the method would be to drag them, making frequent lifts. Since the gold thrown into the lakes to prevent the Spaniards getting it was nearly always thrown in one place, or in large quantities, as soon as one piece was discovered the rest would be easy.

Most of the gold used by the ancients came originally from the streams and was obtained by a system of placer mining. There are now two great American companies working in the Andes, but by far the majority of the streams which still yield heavily are unworked.

Where Are the Reptiles of the Everglades?

Concluded from page 8

the lake is alive with those who have realized and demonstrated the possibilities that lie there. The city, at the upper end of Lake Okeechobee, is the natural headquarters for the region. It is the shipping point of a great fishing industry that supplies the inland now with five to six million pounds of fish a year. Four large ranches on which 50,000 head of cattle and 4,000 sheep are grazing are located to the north and west.

The extent of the fishing industry is indeed amazing. During the season that closed May 1, more than 2,000 carloads of catfish were shipped. Kansas City, Missouri, is the market for this supply.

But it is of agriculture, fruit growing and cattle producing that the big minds are thinking—thinking and dreaming of the time when three million acres will be added to the producing area of the United States. And all of this territory within 60 hours' rail freight haul of New York.

And Miami no longer dreams of a harbor for ocean-going vessels, but actually has a harbor into which large freighters from New York, Baltimore and Havana are now steaming for cargoes of the products of the Everglades—a territory not a short time ago believed to be impossible of any other production than of Seminole Indians, alligators and snakes.

In Miami they call it "The Back Country"—a back country of more than two and one-half million acres; a back country larger than Porto Rico.

(C) By Fred. H. Kiser, Kiser Studio, Portland, Oregon.

The Wahkeena Falls, on the Columbia River highway, are about 29 miles from Portland. They are 242 feet high and form a beautiful cascade.

Guggenheim Ship Interests Take Heavy Toll

Concluded from page 14

"You mean, do you, Mr. Attorney-General, that the fish trust has bluffed the carriers into according them a more favorable rate than the public can get, by threatening to put on its own boats otherwise?"

"I mean only this," answered the attorney-general, "that the rate on cannery supplies and products in carload lots varies from $5 to $7 a ton, and that the same things in less than carload lots have a rate varying from $13.50 to $15.50 a ton. The rate in less than carload lots is thus about 180 per cent higher than when shipped in carload lots. This means, of course, that the cannery people have a rate accorded them of about one-third of that exacted from the permanent residents of the Territory who, of course, do not buy such merchandise in carload lots."

"If the steamship companies can afford to carry the freight of the canneries for $5.50 a ton, I submit that the rates which the Government's Railroad Commission have agreed to award the steamship companies out of the joint through traffic are unreasonable. And I may add that when we take in due consideration the proportionate vast amount of freight which the commission has had to have transported both during the construction period and up to the present time, and we add to this the other very large quantities of freight consumed by the operations of the government in the coal fields, and we find that the government, nevertheless, has paid approximately three times as much a ton in freight as was paid by small canneries at Seldovia, Snug Harbor and other places on Cook Inlet, the impression left on the contemplative mind is decidedly disagreeable."

"Now, Mr. Attorney-General, these railroad people have been drawing fat salaries from the United States Treasury for many years, and nobody doubts they will maintain the Treasury connection for many years to come. What could have been their impelling motive to frame up such a deal as this?"

"I will not indulge in speculations touching motives," answered the attorney-general, "and must not be quoted in any way through which it might be inferred I had done so. You asked me for the facts in this case. I assume full responsibility for those facts, but no responsibility for inferences anybody may draw from them."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Trout from Scotland have been planted in the ice cold waters of the rivers around Mount Kenya, British East Africa, on the equator. The fish have grown to enormous size and thousands of trout ova are being placed in the hatcheries for planting in the many streams in that section which lies east of Lake Victoria Nyanza.

American banks are after the issue of bonds which Belgium is putting out for public works in the Congo. Fifteen or twenty millions of dollars are being raised for this purpose:

Three beautiful lakes, covering several acres, have been discovered in Southern Colorado in the land of sand dunes. A forest ranger of the San Isabel National Forest found buried cairns, stone bowls, carved pedestals and arrowheads in profusion on the lake shores, proving that at one time Indians inhabited the region. The lakes are situated among the sand dunes within an area of 80 miles of loose sand and are very difficult to approach.

Every pint of brandy a steady drinker takes shortens his life by 11 hours, and the average drink he consumes curtails his earthly sojourn by 25 minutes, according to statistics compiled by scientists of Denmark.

Rather than miss a football game at Coaldale, Pennsylvania, 10,000 persons remained in their seats and refused to desert the game to fight a fire which destroyed a house on the outskirts of the town. Appeals were made for firemen to respond, but not one moved. Coaldale tied Shenandoah 6 and 6.

Prineville, Oregon, owns a broad-gauge railway 19 miles long. It connects with the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company and Oregon Trunk Railway at Prineville Junction. It is operated by a gasoline motor and is capable of hauling 10 carloads of cattle in regular standard stock cars. It serves the rich cattle country along Crooked River and the headwaters of the Deschutes and pays.

Twenty-five thousand dollars was paid for a first folio of Shakespeare in London recently. A rare first edition of Gray's "Elegy" brought $3,000.

The National Council of Catholic Women has announced its determination to fight the proposed legislation establishing complete legal equality between men and women, which is sponsored by the National Woman's party. Their opposition is based on the belief that it would endanger the present rights and privileges enjoyed by married women, the laws for the protection of women in industry, the wife's legal claim to support from her husband and that it threatens the stability of the home.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

A farmer in Switzerland withdrew his savings of a lifetime from the bank and hid it in the barrel of his shotgun. A rabbit stopped outside his door and the farmer grabbed his gun and fired. He got the rabbit but it cost him 2,000 Swiss francs, about $365, the amount he had stuffed into the gun and forgotten about.

A photograph, 96 feet long and 10 feet high, has been completed by the curator of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, in Lincoln Park, Chicago. It is one of four immense panorama photographs showing the Lake Michigan shore at Miller Beach, near Gary, Indiana, the famous Indiana sand dunes, the Grand Calumet River and the swamps stretching around the southern environs of Chicago. A picture of this size can be produced for less than $100 and tinting in transparent oils costs but a small amount additional, as compared with the thousands of dollars an oil painting would cost.

The modern racing airplane of today moves faster than did the cannon ball used in the Civil War. The cannon ball of that time averaged but 200 feet a second and the airplane does 360 feet a second.

New "dead lines" including both Wall Street and Maiden Lane, comprising the financial and jewelry centers, have been laid down for the protection of merchants and shoppers in New York City. Men with criminal records will be arrested on sight if found in the uptown area running two and a half miles from Ninth street to Fifty-ninth, and spreading out to include Fifth Avenue and Broadway, Lexington and Sixth avenues, thus taking in the department stores, hotel and theater district, regarded as the richest field for enterprising criminals.

The Roscoe Arbuckle films have been permanently scrapped. The Paramount management decided it would be unprofitable to release the films.

A pilotless army airplane has made successful flights of more than 90 miles with only an automatic control device steering it. Experiments show it to be possible to "shoot" bomb-laden planes, without pilots, at targets either on or off the ground with surprising accuracy.

Iron constitutes 4.2 per cent of the earth's crust.

A total of 1,007 newspapers were in operation in Canada in 1920. The language of publication is stated as English for 912 papers, French for 66 papers, German 5, and 24 newspapers representing 12 foreign languages.

A new gold strike has been made on Hills Barr Creek, in the Hope District, British Columbia, consisting of three quartz vein outcroppings in the creek, varying in width from four to fifteen feet and for more than a mile showing free gold with a little chalcopyrite. Samples run as high as $1,300 a ton, the average values for the three outcroppings run close to $25 a ton in gold.

A wealthy Japanese, owning 170 houses in one quarter of Tokyo, has, according to report, offered to sell these houses to his tenants on the installment plan, the renters to pay double their present rent for five years, at the end of which period they are to own their own homes.

Preparatory to its improvement, a survey of the Yangtze River is shortly to be undertaken. A hydraulic engineer to the Philippine Government, and formerly of the United States Reclamation Service, has been engaged by the Yangtze River Commission as survey engineer.

The vicar of St. Keverne, in Cornwall, England, found a vestment chest of Spanish workmanship, 300 or 400 years old, in a load of firewood delivered to him.

A new electric fly-killer consists of a panel frame connected with a transformer which is attached to a lighting circuit. Parallel rows of wire, carrying a current of 500 volts, cross this frame. The frame is placed where flies congregate and as they are attracted to the wires they are killed by the high voltage. Rat traps along the same lines have been perfected.

Approximately $1,000,000 has been spent by the United States Government during the last year in developing poisonous gases for military purposes.

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Calling a Spade a Spade: The Bonus Demand

In Which a Clean-cut Analysis of the Facts as They Were Is Made

By ALEXANDER M'CAIN

THERE came a time when the Roman legions, as they returned from the wars, began to demand their share of the loot. At the same time Rome climbed on the sled and started pell-mell for the rocks below, where she arrived in due course and whence she has never returned. This action on the part of the legions, while not the basic cause of Rome's decline, was certainly corollary to it and an unmistakable sign of the times. Her ruin was due primarily to the fact that the race of people that made her great was gradually bred out and finally overwhelmed by inferior races. Similarly the race which has made America great is being crowded out of its own country and sooner or later, unless prompt and drastic measures are taken, will this great nation disintegrate into rotten fragments owned and ruled by hordes of worthless mongrels.

But it is not my purpose in this paper to discuss that big subject of race nor to touch upon the absurd theory that any good can come out of the melting pot. I shall try to confine my remarks to the subject of the soldier bonus, the clamor for which I firmly believe to be one of the worst signs of our time.

When the United States declared war in 1917 the land forces consisted of the regular army and the national guard, both considerably below war strength. Most of the men in uniform at the time were willing to sail for France at once—as a matter of patriotic duty or of professional and personal pride, or of both.

Recruiting posters flooded the country, but Mr. Bryan's millions were slow to spring. True, the noncombatant branches of the army rapidly filled their gaps; and when Congress raised the pay of a private from $15 to $30 a month even the cavalry patrol on the Mexican border reached maximum strength. Most of the men who came in with such a rush on this swell, however, were unable to say "horse" in English. Be it said to Mr. Bryan's credit that, as hard pressed for money as he always was, he did not wait for this raise in pay. The declaration of war caught him at Jacksonville, Florida, I think it was, and forthwith the headlines in the morning papers carried the great news, "Bryan Telegraphs the President, Volunteering as a Private." Now there was a recruiting office at that time in every city of any size in America, and had Mr. Bryan hied himself to the one down the street the sergeant on duty might have called the bluff.

But again, I must not get off the subject; though some day I hope to make a special case of this.

I do not know the official figures nor are they available to me, but I venture to state that the field artillery never reached war strength by voluntary enlistment, much less did the infantry—the "over-the-toppers." Yet many did volunteer to fight, to their everlasting honor, the glory of their country and the pride of their posterity.

The bald fact is, the bulk of the American Army was the result of round-ups personally conducted by draft boards.

The army fought well—bravely, nobly. On the whole, individually and collectively, the conduct of the men was such as the country may well be proud of for all time to come. But the reasons for these things are quite simple.

The Units That Fought

THE units that did the actual fighting were composed of men in whose blood the racial strain was predominantly Nordic. In fact, the Nordic race has ever produced the fighting man par excellence of the world. Let there be no mistake about that. Right there I have made a statement which I know to be unpopular in many quarters, but whether a statement be popular or unpopular should matter not at all to me so long as I know it to be true.

Another and most excellent reason why the American soldiers made such a splendid showing is that they were organized, trained and disciplined by officers and noncommissioned officers of the regular army. That is another statement that will elicit little or no applause, but just the same all ex-service men know that it is true. In refusing to interfere with Pershing and his staff in their conduct of the war, Mr. Wilson did a very, very great thing, one which no war president before him ever had the nerve to do. The results: political commanders were scarce indeed; the war was shortened at least a year; the saving in life and treasure was so immense that it cannot even be estimated; and there were practically no episodes in this war which wrought disgrace on the prestige of American arms such as were conspicuous in nearly all previous wars in which the country had been engaged—the stampede at First Bull Run, for example.

At any rate, for a dollar each a day and up, with board, Uncle Sam got together several million men to do with as he pleased. They ceased to be individuals and became mere pawns in the great practical and scientific game of war as played by the General Staff. They could not quit the job; quitting would be desertion. They could not strike; striking would be mutiny. Nor could they even threaten to strike for threatening would be insubordination. So with native good sense and sportsmanship they subjected themselves to discipline and played the game, with the result that Germany lay down about a year ahead of schedule.

All this time the boys were away from home and had but little fun and less money. Getting into the army and out and away from the home ties is in itself quite a hardship. There is none other quite like it, and to appreciate the quality of its hardness one has only to test it by personal experience. But, as a matter of fact, the majority of men in the service never reached France at all, and of those that did get across a very great many got no farther than port of debarkation or at farthest the S. O. S. It will be seen therefore that only a minority of the total in the service ever reached the front, though perhaps a majority of this minority did get through the real mud and on over the top. Ah, but they are the boys! As to that vast majority that never got anywhere near the front lines, it is only fair to say that it was not their fault that they did not, since they were simply pawns in the game and moved only as they were played. And it is just as fair to say that, not having been sent to the front, they really suffered no hardships more serious than homesickness and having to do as they were told every day instead of as they doggone pleased. On the contrary, they were made fairly comfortable and given wholesome and sufficient food. They were fêted, dined, danced with, cheered, photographed, thrown on every screen in the land and then cheered some more. They were Red-Cross-Nursed, Y-M-C-Aided and Socially-Welfared generally. They were given systematic drill and scientific exercise, and consequently became of more rugged health and stronger day by day. Also, and more to the point, they had instilled into them at every turn, patriotism, square dealing, self-respect and respect for authority. It is true that most of them left the army better men, more upstanding and self-reliant than when they were drawn into it by the scruff of their necks.

Bonus? They are not entitled to a cent. When we get right down to brass tacks they owe Uncle Sam, and in their hearts they know it. Congress knows it, too, but hasn't the cleanstrain sand in its craven craw to get up in meeting and say so.

What They Found on Return

BUT the men up front had a terrible time of it; often short on food and sleep; frequently cold and wet, tired and no place to rest. Any one who has never been cold and wet and tired and sleepy and hungry all at the same time is as yet unacquainted with simon pure hardship. And the mud and blood and brains and mud and mud and mud. Ask any old doughboy that lived through it. Then after all these things and after burying many of their comrades on the field of battle, the braves came back, were mustered out and sent home.

And what did they find? The country, their country for which they had suffered, gone mad. Luxury and extravagance rampant. Ham and eggs, a day's army pay; bread and butter extra. Ideals shattered, sex barriers breaking down, feminism and bootleg liquor. Stay-at-homes become wealthy by shrewdness, cleverness and rascality; the wealthy become millionaires. The profiteer abroad in the land and robbing with ease. They, the ex-soldiers, had been taken by the government and pushed willy-nilly into the army, a kind of service that entailed all the risks of life and limb and at a small and fixed rate of pay, whereas Samuel Gompers and his gang of cutthroat lieutenants had organized another kind of army which they maintained could not be pushed or pulled anywhere without its own consent, or, even with its consent obtained, then only at rates of pay hitherto undreamed of in the history of the world. While the soldiers were sleeping fitfully under wet blankets and hostile bombers these downtrodden sons of toil were snoring serenely under eiderdown and their own unpunctured shingles. While fighting men were waiting patiently in a damp billet for even a post card *from* home, these shirking men were waiting impatiently for a fat pay envelope *at* home. While men in the ranks of the army were smoking a breakfast cigaret before falling in behind a rolling barrage, these men in the ranks of labor were smoking an after-breakfast cigar over the family hearthstone, waiting to fall in behind the eight o'clock whistle. While many gallant boys were adjusting gas masks to their well-chiseled features, some of these lowbrows were waving their hats in the gas emitted from the treasonable platforms of radical meetinghouses. While heroes were laying down their lives for their country in a foreign land, these slackers were laying down the law to their country's government in their native land. While the army was striking the enemy for the sake of liberty and democracy, Organized Labor was striking for higher wages for the sake of its own bulging pocketbook.

When the boys returned from "over there" and saw the profiteer and union labor dividing the spoils between them and, at that, squabbling over the division, they became mighty mad. And who shall blame them? Had they but started in then and there to restrain these bandits and to set them an example in patriotism, the country would be well on the road to complete recovery by now. Instead, their anger turned to envy and their envy to greed.

The legions are demanding their share of the loot. It is sheer poppycock to call the bonus "adjusted compensation" or by any other high-sounding name that glides so trippingly off the tongues of sleek politicians. That kind of bunc is just as buncomby as a few years ago it was to refer to the draft as "selective service." Let's call a spade a spade.

The soldier bonus bill is nothing more nor less than a written proposal to legalize the wholesale looting of the United States Treasury.

If the veterans of the Great War succeed in getting this bill on the statute books they will have put through a deal that will make the lifetime operations of the Civil War veterans look like puerile pilferings. And would this raid be the last? Certainly not, if we may judge the future by the past. Banditry pays well, and once successfully begun is apt to become a habit. Witness profiteers, union labor and the James boys. Even the watchdog of the Treasury, Congress, has become a cringing cur hunting with the coyotes.

Nothing worth saving was ever saved without sacrifice. That truth, in peace no less than in war, is quite applicable to the case of this Republic. The strength and stability of any nation stand in direct ratio to that proportion of its citizenship that will stand to the rack, fodder or no fodder. Our young men, on Flanders Field, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, made noble and unselfish sacrifices. Are they now, in peace, quite unwilling to deny themselves these few miserable dollars? It appears so, to their own and their country's shame and to that of their children and their children's children. It is inconceivable to me and I simply cannot, in spite of all newspaper reports, believe that the American Legion is in favor of this thing. I wonder that their members should be willing to dim the luster of their war records with such peace-time selfishness.

But in 1917 I wondered that so many men waited to be drafted and I wondered that their sweethearts did not curl their crimson lips in scorn of them when they failed to volunteer. I am a pessimist; I have ceased to wonder and am afraid to hope. It is a fact that this weak thing we call a man has two main anchors buried way down deep and out to windward: faith in woman and faith in God. When she severs the cable that binds him to her in the bonds of inherent chivalry he, in sheer desperation, though unconsciously, is apt to cut himself loose from his last hope, the Rock of Ages. Unfortunately, the women have been clipping cables riotously for the past several years. (No, girls, my middle name is not Adam.)

Most of the arguments for the bonus and against it are based on money. Can the Treasury afford to pay it? That seems to be the issue. It is all wrong to discuss the subject from any such viewpoint. It is a matter of principle which goes far deeper than our purses. Our forefathers, the men who founded this Republic and made it what it is, bequeathed to us some things of much greater value than money and the opportunity and ability to make money, among which may be mentioned valor, chivalry and patriotism. Are our ex-service men now trying to convert their valor into cash? Is the chivalry of a soldier a thing of a past generation? And patriotism, that rarest of flowers, having its roots deep down in the rich soil of *home* and growing to fragrance and beauty only in the pure atmosphere of *unselfishness,* shall it be cut down and bartered away in the marts of graft and greed? It will be a sad, sad day for our country whenever these questions are answered in the affirmative.

Some Pertinent Questions

EVERY one who considers himself or herself a good American might, in the best interest of America, ponder the following questions:

1. What was the actual strength of the army on Armistice Day?
2. Of this number how many volunteered?
3. Of No. 2 how many applied for the infantry?
4. What was our total killed and wounded in action?
5. How many of No. 1 got any nearer the front lines, in actual combat, than division headquarters?
6. How many of each of the above classes had all four grandparents born in the United States? How many had two? Aye, one?
7. Subdivide each of the above classes and sub-classes into terms of race. And when I say race I do not mean nationality, as English, French, German, and so on. I mean *race,* as Nordic, Mediterranean, Alpine, Jew, Negro, and so on. (Where no individual is of a single race in its purity—very few persons are—place him in the column of that race which is dominant in him.)
8. How many now living of each of the subdivisions resulting from the above are agitating the bonus?

Answers to some of the foregoing questions are doubtless in the archives at Washington, but any attempt to dig them out and publish them would be howled down by the inferior racial groups that infest our land, their cowardly tools and ignorant dupes. Anyhow, no authority short of the Recording Angel could furnish all the figures, so what's the use? But set before us in black and white, such figures would be most illuminating on the general subject of what is the matter with the country that we are prone to call God's.

What a splendid thing it would be if every American Legion Post in the country should meet tonight and pass a resolution in effect as follows: "Congressmen, no one can expect your narrow and selfish minds to be able correctly to 'interpret the heart of America'; we don't want your dirty bribe. Mr. Wilson was right when he said we went into this war in the spirit of crusaders battling for the right."

Such a resolution would be heard round the world, even to every council chamber in Europe. And the heart of every good man and woman in America would once again swell large with honest and patriotic pride.

From the shore of the Potomac—The Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument and Dome of the Capitol.

(C) Bailey & Benson, Washington, D. C.

Washington Contrasts: 1922

By ROLAND HUGANS

THE new Lincoln Memorial stands severely by itself, with its back to a bend in the Potomac, at the western end of a wide park. As you approach its marble pillars you note that workmen are still cleaning the basin which will later become a long lagoon stretching toward the Washington Monument. The Memorial itself is already complete, a great Doric temple on a green eminence, flanked with tall boxwood. The eye lifts with approval. At the top of the stone stairs you pause and turn, to gaze along one of the most gracious vistas in America. An umbrageous mall extends over two miles to the national Capitol. From a mound about three-quarters of a mile away the Washington Monument rears itself against the sky. These three white structures lie in a direct line, so that from where you stand the square shaft of the monument blots out the dome of the Capitol, leaving only two wings visible. This quality of unswerving straightness is always arresting—in Washington.

The interior of the Memorial appears to be almost bare. Its properties are restricted to essentials, so that the attention is sharply focused. A huge, square stone room; light streaming down from lofty panes of mottled color; and at the far side a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln; that is all. The figure of the Great Emancipator sits in a mighty stone seat, mounted on a pedestal much higher than your head. One foot thrust a little forward, arms resting on the supports, hands half relaxed, eyes gazing straight ahead; the bearing suggests both dignity and ease, as is fitting. It was Emerson who remarked that the truly great "sit carelessly in their chairs." Here is sculpture which is adequate to its subject; and in this instance there can be no higher praise.

Two tall alcoves are marked off by rows of pillars, to the left and the right. On the south wall is chiseled, in large and legible letters, the Gettysburg Address, while opposite, on the north wall, is carved the Second Inaugural. The Address covers one entire stone panel and the Inaugural occupies three panels; for the commissioners have had the consummate good taste to reproduce these texts in full, subtracting not one syllable. How refreshing, how reassuring, come the familiar phrases!

—"It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us."

—"That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

—"That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

—"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other."

—"The Almighty has His own purposes."

—"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

—"With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

—"To do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and all mankind."

A Memorial That Measures Up

WHERE is there language more worthy to be chiseled on rock? You are struck once more with the lucidity, the justness, the balance, and the intellectual force of this man's utterance, and above all with the close-woven logic of his argument. At the core of every tremendous reputation lies some element of competence; and so it is with Lincoln.

The Memorial measures up. To say as does its inscription that herein "the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever," is to make no hollow boast. Here undoubtedly the spirit of Lincoln will take up its abode. In the daytime, while streams of tourists pass in and out, you can see only eloquent stones. But at night, after all human presence has withdrawn, what echoes may go through that temple—when Lincoln walks! Does the great shade come to the marble portals and gaze wistfully, through the moonlight, in the direction of the executive mansion and the halls of Congress, with sad and puzzled eyes?

Going down the slope of steps your mind runs back, as to an anticlimax, to the simple and unimpressive ceremonies with which the Memorial was dedicated last May. Except for the high official position of two or three of the speakers, the exercises of dedication held no imposing features: a complete lack of eloquence, pomp and stateliness. These are dull days at the capital. The present régime follows consistently the precedent set by its cheap Inaugural, and is likely to be remembered, if for nothing else, as the Administration of Shabby Ceremonies. Perhaps some future administration, less obvious of spiritual values, will rededicate the Memorial with appropriate rites and honors.

Unmeaning? No, No, Mr. Wells!

BUT you press on, through sunshine and shade, to the Washington Monument. This high, unadorned tube of stone was undoubtedly meant by those who designed and erected it to symbolize the stark and lofty simplicity of the character of George Washington; yet few structures have received, on the score of architecture, more abuse. It seems especially to have irked H. G. Wells, who described it, in his book on "The Future in America," as "that stupendous unmeaning obelisk that dominates all Washington." This was in 1906. Seven years later, in 1913, Mr. Wells published a book entitled, "An Englishman Looks at the World." By this time the Washington Monument had sunk, in the opinion of Mr. Wells, to "an idiotic colossal obelisk." One hates to think of the contemptible aspect that this obelisk must have worn to the eye of Mr. Wells as late as the winter of 1921—1922, when he was in Washington to report the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. But after all, is the fault chiefly with the Monument or with Mr. Wells? Here it stands, solidly enough, soaring 550 feet, and covering 3,000 square feet of ground at its base. Is it, then, so unmeaning? True, it is enriched by no statuary and embellished by no quotations. But an American may fill the gap from his memory, and reflect, as he stands dwarfed at the foot of this mammoth stone finger, on the character, the deeds and the words of the Father of his Country. That fountain-head of inspiration has not yet run dry:

"The preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people."

Is there not something here that still may be taken to heart?

Or again:

"In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion be enlightened."

Today thick books are being written to elucidate that point.

Or once more:

"Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair."

Who in all these decades has given America a better motto? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair! Let us build a citadel around which the wisdom and honor of mankind can rally! If this be the significance of this obelisk, it looms none too colossal.

From the base of the Monument it is but a few steps across the ellipse to the White House. You skirt the iron fence that surrounds the executive grounds until you find an open gate, and enter that cool inclosure. You are fortunate, and see the President himself. He emerges from the recesses of the executive mansion to greet various groups of visitors. Now he is posing for his picture in the center of a bevy of commercial travelers. Now he is reviewing the parade of a fraternal order, bowing again and again, and making signs with his hands. And now he is accepting an invitation to become an honorary member of the tribe of Flathead Indians in Montana. To this easy-going cordiality there seems to be no limit. You reflect, however, that the wives and children of political prioners received an exceedingly cool reception at the White House, and you cannot imagine Gorky at the head of a group of Russian intellectuals being greeted by Mr. Harding with the same warmth as he displayed to the Flatheads.

With a glance at the State, War and Navy Building, and at the Treasury, you resume your walk. You pass the Department of Agriculture and the Smithsonian Institution. You tramp east along a narrowing mall, keeping warily to the paths lest you be warned off the grass, for these public lawns are to be traversed only with thine eye. Across the Botanical Gardens, past the statue of General Grant, and up an easy incline, and lo, you are at the Capitol itself, the abode of the Congress, and the heart of the Federal political scheme.

The Capitol building fills the vision. For so huge a structure it is well proportioned; and although much fun might be poked at its Corinthian porticos and its allegorical decorations, the total effect is one of massive symmetry. The central portion is nearly a hundred years old; while the wings and dome were added a half century ago. Altogether it cost $20,000,000, which is a great deal of money, nearly one-half, in fact, of the cost of one modern battleship. Entering at the middle doors you encounter first of all the dim canvases of the rotunda, and next the grotesque denizens of Statuary Hall. But these will not detain you long. In this edifice you seek to observe the living government in operation.

Politicians and Ideals

YOU have been prepared, no doubt, for the spectacle before you; your expectations are not too high. Only schoolboys from distant states think to find in the Congress of today something of the accent and gesture of Webster, Clay and Calhoun. From the gallery of the Senate chamber you look down on a listless debate, carried on by the remnants of a deliberative body whose real business is apparently elsewhere.

You wander over to the House wing. There things go at a sprightlier pace. Debate is limited, and the speakers try to cram more words into their allotted time.

You seek the fresh air again. A welcome breeze is springing up. H. G. Wells, in one of his gloomy animadversions on our national capital, says that "It seems an ideal nest for the tariff manipulator, a fester-

(Concluded on page 12)

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Davis Tells Them!

"I AM NOT at all impressed by the widespread agitation against the immigration law."

The words are those of the Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis. Mr. Davis is not impressed because he knows the character of the agitation and whence it originates. He knows, too, that in the final analysis the manufacturers and large employers of labor who are advocating repeal of the three per cent legislation are having the wool pulled over *their* eyes in the same fashion it has been many times before.

The summing up of the situation by Mr. Davis is well worth widespread publication. "There is an impression," he says, "that the so-called three per cent law has operated arbitrarily to limit our immigration from all European countries. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"At any time since the law has been in effect, workmen for our industries of the racial strains which have made America great, which have up to the last two decades made up the bulk of our immigration, could have been admitted by the thousands. They did not seek admission. They are not coming to America. In the last fiscal year only, less than one-half of the quotas that could be admitted under the law have come from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, from Holland, from Germany: Denmark, 57.6; United Kingdom, 55.2; Norway, 48.7; Sweden, 43.8; Germany, 28."

The publications that are spreading the propaganda designed to break down the present immigration restrictions will, immediately upon reading Mr. Davis' statement, decry it as that of an "anti." An "anti" these days is a person who cares enough for this country and its institutions and ideals to want to see them perpetuated, not swept away and engulfed by the alien tide that has taken over New York and has reached out into every great city of the country.

The keenness of Mr. Davis in recognizing the problem for what it is and his courage in coming out that the truth may be known are a splendid commentary on the caliber of the Secretary of Labor.

Engineering and Honesty

THE newspapers have carried the story of an engineering student who found that he had been credited too highly on his examination papers. He returned the papers to his professor, called attention to the error, and received the lower marking which his work deserved.

To draw a moral of honesty from such an instance would be to lose sight of several things. Engineering *is* honesty. This student may or may not have acted on a consciously ethical and moral impulse. He may or may not have returned the papers because his stock of religious inhibitions were wholly against his availing himself of an undeserved credit. These matters could only be decided after conference with the student himself. But, in any case, it is precisely what he should have done *as an engineering student*. Engineering *is* honesty. It is the science of the truth of materials and their use. As an engineer this young man would know better than to place a 2,000-pound strain on a 500-pound strength. It is just as fatal to the general concerns of society for anyone to place 100 per cent confidence in what is 50 per cent deception. A whole community was plunged into ruin the other day, years of its time and labor and incalculable values of a more delicate kind were destroyed, because the people placed 100 per cent dependence upon a banker who was only 25 per cent dependable. A course in engineering would have been good for that banker—and maybe for that whole community. All of us ought to know on what we are resting the life of the community and the nation, all of us ought to know whether the institutions on which we depend are strong enough to carry the load.

With more of the engineering type of mind in public affairs there would be more general safety. Engineering is edifying—that's its business. It enters into all building, it is the technique, in one form or another, of The Race of Builders. If our politicians were tinctured a little with the a b c of engineering we should not only have honesty (that goes without saying) but efficiency, the kind of efficiency that knows that national life cannot be built on a foundation of wind-bags, and that a national monetary system cannot be made the corner stone of private concessions.

This country wants engineering types, not only in every field of industry but in finance and legislation and in public health and in all our economic and educational affairs. Because the engineering type goes to the foundation and builds up honestly, knowing that only honest building will stand.

Lawmakers Break the Law

"*THE SEARCHLIGHT*," one of the few American magazines that tell the truth, or that know enough of the truth to make it worth telling, has an article which includes the following statements:

"There is no unit of American life today where studied disregard of the Volstead Act is more in evidence than among the lawmakers on Capitol Hill, unless it be among the administrative officers charged with the solemn duty of enforcing the laws. It is a matter of common knowledge that there are many places in the Capitol building today where whisky, wines and even beer can be obtained in violation of the law. Senators, Congressmen and their clerks are serving intoxicants to callers . . . . Senators and Congressmen who voted for the Volstead Act are the worst offenders . . . . In the closing hours of the Senate at the recent session, there were evidences of drink on every hand . . . . A group of newspapermen witnessed an orgy through a window of a committee room that seemed incredible to the average American citizen. . . ."

And yet, because we are so jealous of the good name of what remains of the remnants of our old-time people's government, we count it a duty to withhold the facts. Suppose the duty to speak becomes clear! Could those responsible to the people survive for one moment the avalanche of disgust and outraged confidence that would follow?

The United States has gone "dry." It is time for Washington, D. C., to follow suit.

This Must Not Be

A PIECE of legislation known as the Bursum bill and supported by the Administration, having passed the Senate, will, if it becomes law, wipe out the 8,000 Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. No more sinister betrayal of the rights and privileges guaranteed to the helpless charges of the United States Government ever has been attempted in the long record of evils perpetrated upon our wards.

The Bursum bill, introduced by a Senator from New Mexico, would validate the claims of all squatters now illegally possessing lands of the Pueblos taken and held by the squatters despite all attempts of the Pueblos to remove them. One person responsible for the authorship of the measure is an attorney who represents claimants to the Indian lands; the co-author is a Special United States Attorney, a person who in the past has said: "Our local courts have yet to show, in my judgment, where an Indian has ever received a square deal."

The Bursum bill makes it impossible for the Indian to receive any kind of a deal, inasmuch as the legislation provides that the United States court is ordered to accept present claims of holdings as "secondary evidence" in proof of title.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in the past has published articles having to do with the plight of the Blackfeet Indians of Montana who have been the helpless victims of the Indian Bureau for some years. Since the exposé of conditions in the Blackfeet reservation, first published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, other publications have taken up the battle, and there is reason to believe that conditions may become somewhat ameliorated for these far-western dupes of our bureaucracy. Now comes this new outrage, sponsored by the Administration, one of the members of the Cabinet, a plum-holding Federal officer, and a Senator from New Mexico *whose job, of course, is dependent on votes. The Indians can't vote.*

Financed His Own Farm

THE *Southland Farmer* relates how by co-operation a farmer was able to make needed improvements to his buildings, fence his land, and finance his coming crop of magnolia figs from a position of deflation to the bare land.

Texas laws do not permit an owner to mortgage a homestead, thus the farm had remained clear of liens. The banker to whom the farmer applied for a loan was satisfied with the risk, and knew a way in which the land could be made available as security. It was a trick to evade the law forbidding the validation of a mortgage, and this was the way of it: Mechanic and labor liens against the property were legally permissible, so a contractor was secured to take the job of completing the house, erecting a barn and necessary sheds, and building the fence. The contractor received liens for work and material, the liens being transferred to the bank to be drawn against as the work proceeded.

The farmer's table had been provided for the winter, and he needed very little cash for expense during the idle season; but where was he to get the amount needed to finance his crop?

The banker had thought of that, too. And here is where banking brains proved to be creative. This banker insisted that the contractor employ the farmer on his own job, rough carpentering, driving his team in hauling material, excavating, and on whatever work the farmer was competent to do.

When the contract had been carried out, Mr. Farmer had a much better property than before, more than cash enough to finance his crop, and was able to discharge the liens from the season's produce.

The banker had gained interest on more money than the farmer would ordinarily have borrowed; furthermore this interest was obtained upon security which the banker could not have used in obtaining funds from the Federal Land Bank; and, besides all this, the farm had practically improved itself.

Of course, the same evasion of the mortgage law might be taken advantage of to rob the owner of a homestead, but the banker who appears in this narrative was a true servant of his community, following a policy that dictated helpful treatment of patrons. If this were more generally the case there would be much less reason for bitterness when farmers are out of money.

The Jews a Nation

THE New York *Jewish Daily News* of November 20, offers the following editorial:

"The International Court of Justice which is seated at The Hague, the capital of Holland, is now in the process of reorganization. It is proposed to make such changes as will enable the United States to appoint a member of the court. The court consists of 15 members, 11 judges and four deputy judges. This number may be increased to a total of 15 judges and six deputy judges. We are told that the 11 judges represent every phase of jurisprudence and many nationalities. Among the different forms of civilization and systems of law represented are: English, American, French, Iberian, Germanic, Dutch, Mohammedan, Japanese and Chinese. What about the Jewish? Jews as Jews should have a member of the court and the Jewish system of law should have its spokesman. There must be full equalization of the Jew before the world will revise its attitude toward the Jewish people. Moreover, the basic Jewish law has had important bearing upon the codes of law of other peoples."

Yet, when it comes to the immigration law, the Jews say they are "English, American, French, Iberian, Germanic, Dutch," and even "Japanese and Chinese," and not Jews at all.

Not the Only Case

LITIGATION in the Kentucky Federal court between a non-member of the Federal Reserve System and the regional bank at Cleveland, in which the latter is charged with malicious persecution, is not the only case of the kind. In the United States District Court at Portland, Oregon, the Brookings State Bank has filed suit for $30,000 actual and $100,000 exemplary damages against the San Francisco Reserve bank because of similar treatment.

The Brookings bank alleges that persecution arose in its refusal to clear the Federal bank's collections at par, insisting on its usual fee of one-tenth of one per cent, sufficient to cover bookkeeping and remittance expense. The Chicago *Banker,* which reports the case, gives no other details, but in another item speaks of the practice in Chicago of charging a fee of five cents for each check handled in banks in that city.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT WOULD be amusing, if it were not so tragic, to witness the disturbance of the politicians. They are frankly at a loss to understand what is occurring in their chosen field. These men, who have prided themselves in knowing human motives so thoroughly that they never had any doubt as to what string to pull, are confessing that they are now completely at sea, that the people have them not only guessing but gasping for air. The old explanations do not explain; the old alibis do not give any comfort. The politicians are up against a situation which does not lend itself to solution by their methods—for they are up against the end of their world.

For one thing, politics does not bulk as large as it once did. Politics does not matter so much. Politics has come to be a scramble for seats in government offices—an auction of jobs. And not very desirable jobs at that. Politics has become a side street in national affairs. Sometimes, to call attention to itself, politics meddles with the real affairs of the nation; but as for really affecting the life of the nation, that is a power that politics no longer has. There was once a time when the country stopped to listen when a statesman said anything. Nowadays not even the statesman's own colleagues listen. Visit the Senate some day and it will be clear that the Senate does not believe that what is said in the Senate is worth listening to. Now, there is a reason for that. And the fact itself means something.

For another thing, the honor has largely gone out of political position. There was a time when the position shed luster on the man. No matter who the occupant of the office might be, he became of note, he was thought worthy of respect merely because he held the office. That is no longer the case. With not a single exception, from the highest to the lowest, our seats of power have been so badly occupied for so long a time that they have ceased to mean what once they meant to the American people. The President is no longer the President—he is a citizen who ably or weakly occupies the Presidency. It is now recognized by high and low, by the whole mass of the people, that the Presidency itself is unable to confer ability upon the man who occupies it. If a man has nothing in him, the office cannot put something in him. If a man has no power in himself, all the power which the office may confer will not serve to cover his own weakness. Nothing so discovers a man's weakness as to put into his hands power which he is too timid or too weak to use. We have reached a time in the world's affairs when even the King is not a king unless he is kingly without his crown, and strong without his scepter.

DO NOT be alarmed if from this time forward the mental atmosphere of the country becomes more tense. There is a great heading up of contending forces. Some groups which believe they are fighting against each other are not fighting against each other but against the common enemy of both. The politicians think it is political, the religious leaders think it is religious, the economists think it is economic; it is none of these, and yet it is all of them—it is evil in every stronghold making the fight of its life. The fight will be bitter; evil is never a nice fighter. False friends will be unmasked and the plain people will suffer great confusion of mind. Let them give their allegiance to what appeals to their souls as RIGHT; for it is easier to think wrongly than to feel wrongly. Their sense of Right is the people's best defense.

But there has always been this to console the country: in every legislative body there has always been, and in the higher reaches of government position there has sometimes been, an individual who shone like a lamp, to show what the office could be made when manned by a man. These have been beacons of hope, perhaps, pointing to the time when offices again would be wholly manned by men.

Now, along with these changes have come others. The fact that legislators are not representative does not shut down the legislative machinery. The form of popular government continues and the power to make laws is not decreased. So that with the people's loss of interest in the actual machinery of government, and their total loss of confidence in the superior wisdom of government, and what is more serious still, their steadily disappearing trust in the good intentions of government, there has stepped into control the selfish powers which can still use the government to complete the control of what has been called "the invisible government" of those who regard the United States as a huge money-making mill and nothing else. It is alarming to consider how much of the power of the people's government is absorbed in legalizing practices and privileges which are not in the people's interest. The large grist of laws has been referred to by all observers of our national welfare as one of the most conspicuous signs. Laws by the hundreds and thousands are turned out of the mill, and other hundreds and thousands are waiting their turn, and in spite of them all the condition of the people does not greatly improve. Indeed, it is only three months ago that the business men of the country had to demand, peremptorily, the repeal of a certain law that was actually tying the country into a double knot for the benefit of the coal bootleggers.

That brings to mind the other tendency which has appeared in our government, the habit of making rules which are not even laws, but which have to be obeyed as if they were laws. We have all sorts of boards and committees and commissions and bureaus ruling us and telling us what we must do, until Prussia in her palmiest days appears as a free country in comparison. Only our rules are not of the "verboten" kind, they are of the regimenting kind. There are any number of things that we must do if we are to walk in harmony with what a few busy job-holders in Washington think we ought to do. Large sums of the public money are expended on these extra-governmental activities, while bona-fide departments that render genuine service to the nation are neglected. The story of the treatment which the United States Government accords the scientific men in its service would almost make a companion story to the stupid cruelties and injustices which have marked the government's control of Indian affairs. Bureaus, as catch-basins for all the ragtag and bobtail ideas which the rulers of the Government wish to play with, are nearing the end of their already too long lease of life.

Then, there is another development that should not go unnoticed, and that is the tendency of the "invisible government" to take its best men out of the elective field and put them into the appointive offices. Does it occur to the average citizen that the representative, for whom he is permitted to vote, does not have one-thousandth part of the power that an appointee of the head of the Shipping Board has? In the practical business of the country, the people's vote has next to nothing to say. It can accomplish nothing. Can the people's vote have anything to do with the distribution of money to the farmers? Not a bit. Yet this is being done, and certain men for whom the public would never vote are making the distribution, and they are doing so according to a plan of their own, a plan which has its objectives and offshoots of which the public hasn't the slightest inkling. Let there be no misunderstanding: the people have not even a distant voice in the matters which most vitally concern them. Even Congress has no voice. Congress is not in control. There is a very perfect mass of machinery to prevent Congress gaining control. It is a disturbing situation when you see it clearly.

Of course, the people do not see this nor do they understand it, but they sense it. That seems to be the ultimate protective faculty of the people, their power to *sense* things. They feel the drift, even though they cannot explain it. The soul of the people becomes extremely sensitive at times, and it is entirely this soul of the people that the politicians never knew. There is a heading up, a focusing, a culmination of two forces, and presently they will be in collision. The people will endure, and the false edifices built by misuse of their delegated power will fall. Hatred and cunning and the extreme efforts of evil propaganda are now being put forth; the enemy is being revealed; all disguises are being cast off; the lines are being tightly drawn; both camps will be large and the fighting will be desperate; but the camp of the people will endure.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Lifting Grapevine to Reveal Bootlegger

Volstead Act Voted Into Law of California, Crushes Violations

By ROBERT MORGAN

Behind this beautiful screen the liquor interests of California sought to defeat the Wright Act, which makes the Volstead Act a part of the law of the state. More than $300,000 was spent in the campaign against the Wright Act.

Stills and liquors found by operatives of the California State Law Enforcement League in a Japanese house.

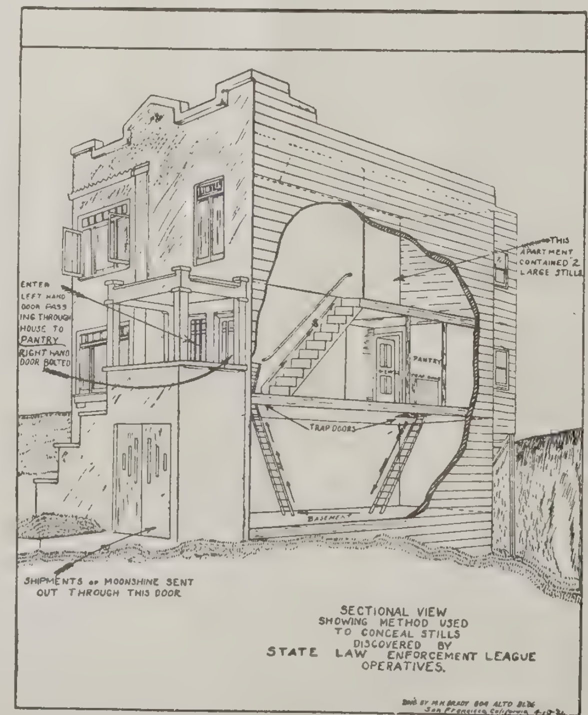
BY A majority of considerably more than either the prohibition forces or the liquor interests had believed possible, the people of California at the general election of November 7 brushed aside the grapevine defenses of the distillers, the brewers and the bootleggers, and voted the Volstead Act into the law of the state. This was done by adopting the Wright Prohibition Enforcement Act, passed by the last session of the state legislature, and carried to the electorate on a referendum by the liquor interests. Two years ago a much stronger measure, the Harris Act, which made California bone-dry, regardless of Federal laws, was defeated by a majority of approximately 65,000 at the general election.

Thus, this year's vote of the people—422,085 for the Wright Act and 390,122 against it—shows an extremely important change of opinion in California, the leading wine-producing state of the Union, in regard not only to prohibition, but to prohibition enforcement. Though out of a state registration of 1,532,384, only about 813,000 actually voted, there are evidences abundant enough to show that practically all the wet vote went to the polls, while the great majority of those who did not vote, would have voted dry—that is to say, for prohibition enforcement—had they cast their ballots.

The Wright Act, in brief, makes the Volstead Act a part of the laws of California, and if the Federal statute be repealed, amended or altered in any form, the Wright Act also is simultaneously and automatically repealed, amended or altered. That is to say, California, under the Wright Act, remains dry only so long, and in the same degree, as the nation remains dry. The state law just adopted makes not the slightest difference in prohibition in California, but it does make a tremendous difference in the enforcement of prohibition. It directly commands some 400 state, county, city and township courts to bring to trial and sentence violators of the Federal prohibition law, in addition to the three Federal courts now so employed. It makes imperative the enforcement of the prohibition law on nearly 4,000 sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and city and town policemen, in addition to the 40 Federal prohibition agents now engaged in this work. Every peace officer in California will be a prohibition-enforcement officer as soon as Frank C. Jordan, secretary of state, signs the Wright Act, making it the law, which will be about the third week in December. At the same time, every court becomes a court of authority and jurisdiction to try violators of the Federal prohibition law. And the picture is very, very depressing to the bootlegger, who, under the guise of the wine industry, behind the screen of the grape vineyards, and in spite of the best efforts of a handful of Federal agents, has flourished like the wineries of 10 years ago throughout this state.

There are, in the Federal courts of San Francisco alone, approximately 1,500 cases charging violation of the Volstead Act. It is estimated that these cases, if tried at the rate of one a day—almost an impossibility, since all are entitled to jury trials, if demanded—would require five years, with the courts sitting every working day. Meanwhile, other similar cases are piling up at the rate of 10 to 25 a day. But, under the Wright Act, these cases can be transferred to the state, county, city and township courts, and new cases brought directly to these courts, so that the violators of the prohibition law may be brought to trial as rapidly as arrested.

Therein lies the sting in the Wright Act; therein is concealed the reason that the liquor interests of California, disguised as grape growers, expended more than $325,000, circularized nearly 900,000 voters, and worked day and night for more than a year, to defeat the Wright Act. They wanted to protect the bootlegger, not the grape industry, and to save the maker of moonshine rather than the legitimate wine producer. To the women of California goes the credit for the defeat of the liquor interests and the passage of the Wright Act, just as to the women of the United States, banded together in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, goes the ultimate credit for the 50-year campaign of education which resulted in national prohibition.


ENTER LEFT HAND DOOR PASSING THROUGH HOUSE TO PANTRY
RIGHT HAND DOOR BOLTED
THIS APARTMENT CONTAINED 2 LARGE STILLS
PANTRY
TRAP DOORS
BASEMENT
SHIPMENTS OF MOONSHINE SENT OUT THROUGH THIS DOOR
SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING METHOD USED TO CONCEAL STILLS DISCOVERED BY STATE LAW ENFORCEMENT LEAGUE OPERATIVES.

The cleverest bootleg joint in San Francisco, consisting of two separate apartments, upstairs and down, originally not connected in any way. The person coming to call at the upper flat, would find the door locked, and, to all appearances, the place unoccupied. Going to the lower flat, the detectives were allowed to search the house, but, naturally, found nothing, the blind door into the second flat being well concealed. More than two months were required to solve the problem of this distillery.

Due to the inactivity of the California branch of the Anti-Saloon League, which was in charge of the campaign for the Harris Act in 1920, that act was defeated by a majority of about 65,000. The same inactivity characterized the campaign for the Wright Act, this year, except for some personal work done by various members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in San Francisco and Los Angeles, until Mrs. Kathleen Norris, the novelist, realizing that the Wright Act, if defeated, could not be brought before the people for at least two more years, organized in San Francisco the Committee of One Thousand, all women. This committee, in turn, organized a Committee of Five Thousand, also women. These women worked day and night to counteract the propaganda of the liquor interests, carried the arguments for prohibition enforcement into thousands of homes, interested thousands of other women in the battle, and in the months of September and October, when bets of two to one were being made against the passage of the Wright Act, turned the tide in its favor and made California the forty-seventh state to adopt provisions for the enforcement of the Volstead Act.

The Wright Act, of course, is not to be allowed to become law without a legal fight on the part of the liquor interests. Money has been raised and plans laid for test cases, to be carried to the supreme court of the United States, if necessary, to defeat it, since, if enforced, and sustained by the higher courts, it spells the doom of the bootlegger, the bootlegging winemaker, the importer of liquor, and the most dangerous of all, the bootlegging Jew, who, as a rabbi, sells "sacramental" wine to his "congregation." It is estimated that there are 15,000 bootleggers in California, of whom more than 5,000 are located in San Francisco, Oakland and other cities and towns around San Francisco Bay. Indeed, the operations of the bootleg liquor interests in California, both to perpetuate their nefarious industry, and to thwart the enforcement of prohibition through defeat of the Wright Act, is of even greater interest to the people of the United States than the purely local contest to put the Volstead Act into the laws of California.

This fight by the liquor interests was made, without exception, behind the innocent grapevine, and appeared in the open as a plea, persistent not only in California, but in every state in the Union, that, because of prohibition, the grape industry is dying a slow but certain death. As a matter of fact, however, supported by figures which the California liquor interests cannot evade, the grape industry has just had the most prosperous year of its history. It is true that the shortage of freight cars and refrigerator cars has brought large loss to the grape grower, but that has nothing to do with the fact that he sold his grapes—even though, owing to rail conditions, he was unable to deliver them—at $75 to $135 a ton, whereas, before Mr. Volstead got into action, this same grower was overjoyed with $15 a ton, and usually accepted $10 or $12 as a fair price. When he received $20 a ton for his grapes in the old days, the grape grower became wealthy overnight; today, he will not halt his chauffeur-driven motor to speak to the buyer who attempts to flag him with less than $100 a ton for his grapes and $75 for the culls. That is the true condition of the grape industry today; that is the reason that the honest grape grower is a prohibitionist, and that, too, as will be seen later, is the reason that the "grape growers' associations" now fighting prohibition in California are composed, not of grape growers and vineyardists, but former distillers, former liquor salesmen, and former saloon keepers.

That, too, is the reason that the coat of arms of the California bootlegger is a bunch of grapes ripening on the vine, symbol of an honest industry, which in itself holds no hatred for prohibitionists and no opposition to prohibition, since it is today more prosperous than it ever has been, even though the grape plantings for the past year have increased the area devoted to vineyards *by more than 60 per cent*—all and solely because of prohibition. The power of these liquor interests in San Francisco may be judged, in a degree, by the fact that, on the same day on which California voted prohibition into its statutes, the electorate of San Francisco voted a mandate to the board of supervisors instructing that body to memorialize Congress to permit the return of wine and beer!

If wine and beer should be "returned," as these disguised liquor interests demand, what would happen to the grape grower? He would go back to pre-prohibition prices for his grapes; that is, the winery operator would pay him from $10 to $20 a ton for grapes for which the vineyardist is now receiving from $75 to

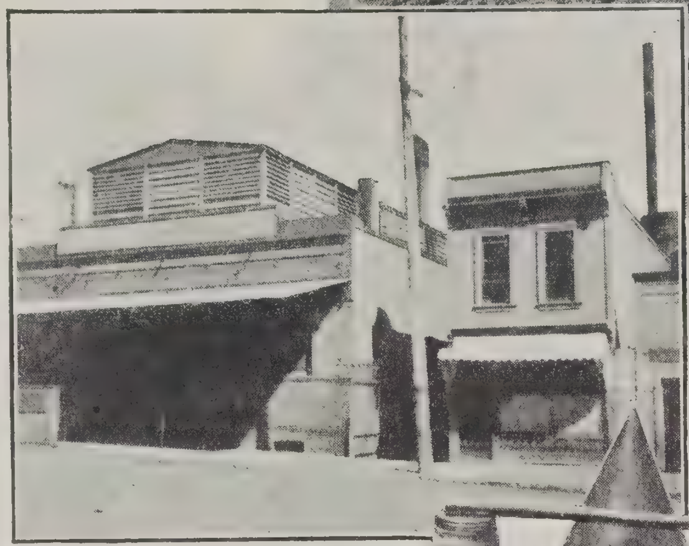
$135 a ton. And yet there are hundreds of thousands of persons in California who have been so "educated" by the liquor interests that they believe the grape growers are back of this movement for the return of wine and beer. There is, of course, in the liquor ranks, an occasional bootlegging wine maker, and, more rarely, now and then a grape grower who is supplying the bootlegging winery man with grapes, but these are not one to the thousand of grape growers in California. The latter find three markets for their grapes: First, to the person who makes his own wine for his own use, as he is allowed to do under the law; second, to the winery which makes legitimate wines for sacramental uses, and grapejuice; and, third, for raisins. For all these purposes, the vineyardists are receiving higher prices, with far wider markets, than ever before. They are not, and never have been, aiding the distiller and former saloon keeper in their support of the bootlegger.

The better to carry on this fight against prohibition, and also to bring together, in so far as possible, the legitimate grape-growing interests of the state in an apparent effort to advance the viticultural industry and its well-being, the leaders of the former legitimate liquor industry and the present illegal liquor industry, organized the California Grape Protective Association. Then, within this association, was created the heart and brains of the anti-prohibition movement in California, under the name of the "Vineyard Products Protective Association," incorporated, according to its own published announcement, "to work for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; to urge an amendment to the National Prohibition Act which will permit the manufacture of light wines for beverage purposes, and the sale and delivery thereof direct to the homes; and to oppose intolerance."

As has been explained, if this Vineyard Products Protective Association should accomplish the objectives it outlines for itself, it would immediately and automatically reduce the price of grapes to the former basis of the legal wine days. The result of this is that the grape grower is not now, never has been, and never will be, joining or supporting such an organization, pledged to obtain a result which means reduction in the price of his product. This fact in itself lays plain to the world the further fact that the real supporters of the fight on prohibition in California —which is by no means ended by the passage of the Wright Act—are the bootlegging wine makers, the bootlegging rabbis, the former distillers, the former saloon keepers, and the two classes of whisky bootleggers, those who make their own so-called whisky in hidden stills, and those who import it from Canada or Mexico.

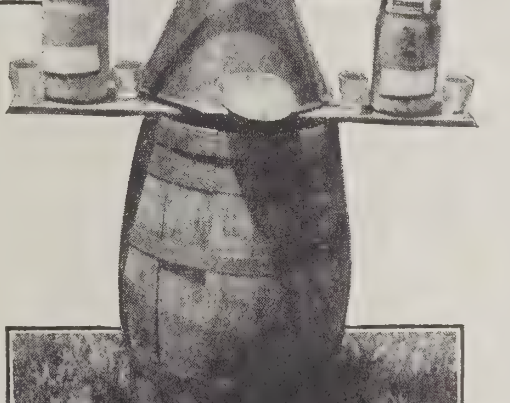
These members of the lawless element are in great majority foreigners, of late not infrequently Japanese, but never possessed of Anglo-Saxon names, unless they have adopted them. It is of interest to note that S. Federspiel, head of the Federspiel Wine Company, of San Francisco, is president of this Vineyard Products Protective Association, which is seeking to destroy a section of the Constitution of the United States. The headquarters of the association — not in the same building with the Grape Protective Association—is in an office which bears the name of Edgar Sheehan, in the Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco. On the board of directors appear the names of J. A. Barlotti, George Dondero and Maurice Selig. Theodore Gier, millionaire wine man of Oakland, just across the bay from San Francisco, who was a member of the executive committee of the Grape Growers' Association, a delegate to the meeting which resulted in the formation of the Grape Protective Association, and also to the later organization of the Vineyard Products Protective Association, is at this writing under arrest like a common bootlegger, on charges of conspiracy to violate the national prohibition law. Government investigators found a shortage of many thousands of gallons of wine in his establishments and Gier's wines and wineries were seized. Gier so far confessed his part that his attorney made an offer on his behalf to pay all the taxes and the civil penalties if the accused be relieved of the criminal charges.

The Central Vineyard Company, of San Francisco, and the Holy Rosikrucian Church, of the same city, when raided by Federal prohibition enforcement agents, yielded up, in each instance, men who had been and still are prominent in the so-called "grape organizations." That is to say, their interests as bootleggers, and as "grape growers"—since no one of them owned an acre of grape-producing land—made them highly eligible for prominent parts in the Grape Protective Association, and in the Vineyard Products Protective Association as well.



Above—The raisin grape industry, now prospering as never before, wants prohibition to remain, as do also the grapejuice makers.

At left—The former brewery of Henry Widenmann, of Vallejo, near the Mare Island Navy Yard, California.



Above—A Japanese still. The Japanese, who have long been the most numerous and most successful violators of the law against the bringing in of habit-forming drugs, are just beginning to get into the illicit liquor trade.

At left—Every one of these seven buildings in Auburn, Cal., was occupied by a bootlegger at the time this photo was made by the California State Law Enforcement League.

Dr. Arthur H. Briggs, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, California branch, discussing this effort on the part of the organized liquor interests to protect and preserve the bootlegger, an effort which is to be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, said:

"The first smoke screen sent up was the wine and beer resolution adopted by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the Stock and Bond Exchange and the Board of Supervisors. The action of these bodies was so timed as to give it the appearance of the spontaneous expression of a movement. No argument was made to show that the Wright Act was in any respect an obstruction to the movement, but it was implied that the defeat of the Wright Act would insure wine and beer. Supporters of the Wright Act at once challenged the good faith of the promoters of the wine and beer resolution, pointing out that if they really wanted such an amendment to the Volstead Act, they should be organizing a campaign in the congressional districts to get votes for it, instead of a campaign against the Wright Act, of which the bootleggers would be the sole beneficiaries. The challenge was never answered.

"In connection with the wine and beer movement a propaganda was started to put over an interpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment which would sanction the restoration of wine and beer. The common sense of the state smothered this.

The Nemesis of the Blind Tiger

Here is the complete text of the Wright Prohibition Enforcement Act:

Sec. 1. California hereby recognizes the requirements of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States for its concurrent enforcement by the Congress and the several states. To that end, the penal provisions of the Volstead Act are hereby adopted as the law of this state; and the courts of this state are hereby vested with the jurisdiction, and the duty is hereby imposed upon all prosecuting attorneys, sheriffs, grand juries, magistrates and peace officers in the state, to enforce the same.

Sec. 2. All acts or omissions prohibited or declared unlawful by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States or by the Volstead Act are hereby prohibited and declared unlawful, and violations thereof are subject to the penalties provided in the Volstead Act.

Sec. 3. California hereby recognizes that its power to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States should at all times be exercised in full concurrence with the exercise of the like power of Congress; and to that end, whenever Congress shall amend or repeal the Volstead Act, or enact any other law to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, then the provisions of sections one and two of this Act shall apply thereto.

Sec. 4. Nothing in this act shall be construed as limiting the power of any city or county, or city and county, to prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation or possession of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes; and all fines and forfeitures collected under any ordinance now or hereafter enacted in the exercise of such power shall be paid into the treasury of the city or county, or city and county, whose ordinance is violated.

Sec. 5. The phrase "Volstead Act" as used herein is defined as title two of the Act of Congress enacted October 28, 1919; such title two being enacted under the authority of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and providing for the enforcement thereof.

Sec. 6. Should any section or any portion of any section of this Act be found unconstitutional, the remainder shall continue in full force and effect, it being expressly declared that such is the intention.

"The next offensive attempted was to make the Wright Act appear a camouflaged Harris Act (the latter having been defeated in 1920), but it was shown by the supporters of the Wright Act that the very objections which the liquor interests made to the Harris Act in 1920 were met by the Wright Act this year, so that, one way or the other, the liquor interests were and are insincere. . . . .

"The bootleg graft in San Francisco uncovered by the energetic prohibition director, Samuel F. Rutter, has been a factor in revealing the source and character of the opposition to the Wright Prohibition Enforcement Act. San Francisco has been the stronghold of opposition to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment since the outset. Social aristocrats cannot indulge in intoxicants as before prohibition came in, without certain consequences, and these consequences are that they become the accomplices of the wine maker, who commits perjury by making false reports to the government, and of the bootleg retailer, who bribes policemen to protect his business."

Paving Prison Road—Ease, Luxury, Smartness

Defects in Character and Training Most Frequent Causes of Crime

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

IT HAS been the opportunity of the writer of this article to come into close contact with certain types of criminals, and to put them under analysis to find out "what made them thus." Any one would furnish material for several thrilling novels.

The purpose is to present a study of cases without deductions in support of any particular theory. Some say that crime is the product of heredity, others that it is the product of bad environment. I can show glaring exceptions to both rules, which simply cannot be explained. Dope, drink, degeneracy, idleness and moral weakness are the underlying causes apparently, and yet some criminals are singularly free from the so-called common vices. A desire to get rich quick, willingness to take chances, and a feeling that it is easy to escape punishment with the aid of crooked lawyers, are outstanding features of the crime situation today. Judges and prison authorities in a score of leading American cities agree that most of the lawbreakers of today are younger than those of 10 or 15 years ago. They are also more numerous. In some sections many are physically undersized, and a large percentage are mentally inferior.

A New York judge says: "Modern criminals are practically young men between the ages of 16 and 26. When I was growing up here in the Metropolitan district, burglars and highwaymen were all matured men, and big burly fellows with significant nicknames. The lithe, sharp-featured, fairly well dressed young criminals of today, with their handy guns and unlimited nerve, were practically unknown. The old-timers got drunk on whisky. Today most of the younger criminals are dope fiends, who will do anything to obtain a supply of drugs. They are recruited from the loafers who throng our streets. They have made up their minds that they will not work. They loaf in pool rooms, hang around bookmakers, bet on the races, shoot craps, sponge on their mothers and sisters, and prey on unfortunate women. Life with them is a gamble."

The Criminal of Today

THE professional criminal of today lives in apartments or hotels, and is often a man of family. He dresses well and mixes well; in general conduct attracts no attention. Every development of science has been appropriated by him for criminal operations. The motor thief has taken the place of the horse thief, and the highwayman of today makes his get-away in a car. The safe-blower is being crowded out by the forger who obtains bigger results with a pen and ink and a blank check, than he could with a drill and nitroglycerin. Pickpockets and sneak thieves are taking business away from burglars and housebreakers, and bootleggers are becoming rich. Killing by proxy has become a fine art. Gunmen are available who will kill your man for a price, and escape unpunished.

Lawbreaking is an organized business. Expert criminals have lawyers retained in all the large cities to look after their interests—to provide bail and "beat the case." Politicians and criminaloids among business and professional men are ever ready to take care of the younger criminals who are willing to do dirty work for the higher-ups in exchange for protection.

In several cities crime has been openly recognized as a business, and organizations have been formed to fight lawbreaking with business methods. To that end all known criminals and public officials are card indexed, and a daily record kept of their activities, together with information about new crimes. This system does not actually prevent lawbreaking, but it does fix responsibility for any inactivity or irregularity on the part of police or courts. Officials in the cities named can no longer let criminals off with little or no punishment, and escape the consequences. They are kept in line by the fear of press publicity, based on what the card records show.

It is the opinion of men having most to do with criminals that punishment alone does not cause a change in character. Every year the prisons receive many thousands of men and women who have served sentence after sentence. These include not merely those addicted to the undermining and destructive vices, but those who commit serious crime, and are punished with longer sentences.

Mother Takes the Blame

FOR the foregoing reasons judges lay great stress on probation and indeterminate sentences as a means of effecting reformations in criminals. They advocate custodial care for the mentally deficient, or the defectives. Likewise, they say hardened criminals should be locked up for the protection of society.

If it is true that criminals are unable to profit by experience or example, then capital punishment as a crime preventive is a failure. An important preventive measure, say the experts, is to provide employment for prisoners so they will have something to do as soon as they have been released.

Julius Aborn, alias "The Wizard," was caught and put on trial for murder in the first degree, for participating in a pay-roll holdup, in which two men were killed in cold blood. Aborn testified against others in the gang, and three were executed. Inasmuch as he had been of service to the state, there was a disposition on the part of officials to let Aborn off with imprisonment for life, if he would enter a plea of guilty to the charge of murder in the second degree.

But the public demanded blood, and it was thought best to delay action until the cry had subsided somewhat, so it would be safe for the judges to be lenient. Not a particle of evidence was produced to show that Aborn had any part in the killing. He was merely one of the gang, and not very active at that. While the matter was pending the writer met Aborn's mother, his half sister, his brother and his stepfather. It was a strange mixture of human qualities. The mother was from Southern Europe. She was a woman of imperious will, keen intellect, consuming ambition and utter fearlessness. She had quarrelled with her son and her husband, and had decided that her daughter should marry a certain young man, not wanted by the girl. The girl and Julius were great chums, and the girl was determined to save Julius. The uncertainty got on the nerves of all. One morning in the courthouse, the mother suddenly raised her hands in oriental fashion and cried out:

"Let them send me to the chair! Let them send me to the chair! I am the guilty one. I made him what he is. Let them punish me, and not my boy."

Over in the county jail was Julius, with frank, open face, putting in his time over a pile of books. He looked and talked like anything but a killer. The little half sister, with her dark eyes and pretty face, and utterly devoted to Julius, was equally studious. She always carried a book which she read during the hours of waiting. The other brother did not give much time to books, but was a hard worker. All he thought of was to save his brother.

Later I had a talk with the mother. She was much subdued. At length she agreed to tell her story.

"In the old country," she began, "I was a rich young woman. I came to America with my husband expecting great things, but was terribly disappointed. He could not get into a money-making business, and we lived on my money until it was all gone. Then we had the boys, who were very little. I was ambitious. I wanted to make money, but thought I could not do it here. So I went to other cities, leaving the boys behind. They got into trouble on the streets and the juvenile court took them. When I came back I would fight with the court to get them back. Then I would go away again. Finally they got big enough to strike out for themselves."

Julius had been mixed up with a gang. The other son had gone straight, and earned a living. Both had been neglected while young. As they grew older they took different paths. What is the explanation? Was it a throwback in heredity that made them different? Theoretically, as a result of environment, both should have become criminals.

Julius said his life had been filled with disappointments. On the night the robbery was planned he had been home. His mother had nagged him for the way he had been living. Discouraged, he went to a pool room, met some of the gang, and in his despondent mood exclaimed, "What's the use?" and fell in with the plans. The fact that he sought consolation in a pool room is significant. He did not become a criminal by sudden impulse, nor because he was naturally vicious. He got in with the wrong crowd.

Stolen Money That Didn't Stick

HARVEY BARNES is doing time somewhere on the Pacific Coast. He says he is the victim of a "frame-up" by San Francisco politicians, but the records tell a different story. When he was 18, Barnes placed wagers on the ponies at St. Louis races and won, and he became a professional gambler. In 20 years he traveled all over the world, and won and lost $10,000,000—mostly on horses. At one time he conducted a big swindling scheme in Chicago, consisting of a mail-order plan for placing bets on races. It was much simpler than a handbook. Patrons merely sent him their money in response to clever advertisements which promised vast returns.

His state of mind was bad enough, but what about those willing to profit by his stealings? He cleaned up $800,000 in one year, during which time he paid $50,000 for protection. When the time came to raid his place, he was given notice at 9 a. m. by the police that they would call at 3 p. m. to arrest him. That gave him time to get his associates out of the way and to have a bondsman ready. His arrest did not discommode him in the least. It was a mere formality. He gave bail at once, jumped his bond, and later reimbursed his bondsman, all part of a prearranged plan.

Finally, Barnes quit the game and became a reformer. He visited the big cities of the East, and participated in crusades against race-track gambling. The government frequently used him as an investigator. His knowledge of the underworld enabled him to get information beyond the reach of ordinary operatives. Eventually he turned up as manager of an oil stock concern in New York, where he made good money until put out of business for alleged misrepresentation in advertising.

The writer of this article was intimately associated with Barnes for five or six years, and had unusual opportunities to study the operations of his mind. Barnes could tell most amazing things about coming events in the "upper reaches" of the criminal underworld, which includes some men active in big business and politics.

One prediction related to John R. Walsh who was doing time in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, and C. W. Morse who had been sent to Atlanta for 15 years. Barnes told the writer months before it happened that both Walsh and Morse were to be pardoned so they could die outside the walls of a penitentiary. He even explained how the deal had been fixed, and how much it cost. Later Walsh and Morse were released as Barnes had said they would be. Walsh died soon afterward, but Morse recovered and made another fortune.

Barnes did not consider himself a criminal, merely smarter than the other fellows. The point of view which regards downright criminality as justifiable shrewdness is responsible for a great deal of high-brow crime—the kind committed by the "rich and respectable" folks. It is regarded as perfectly all right by many to disregard prohibition when they want something to drink. They would not think of engaging in liquor running themselves, but they are ready to pay another man to break the law. There are others who would not steal, rob a bank, or kill, but they are willing to encourage such crimes. And yet the man who incites others to crime feels that he is superior to the roughneck who does the dirty work.

Barnes had a keen mind of the quality that makes a great manager, but there was a singular kink in it. He had to make money by hazard or a turn of chance or he was not satisfied. The ordinary processes of industry were irksome to him.

During the days when he was a "high roller" on the turf, he formed luxurious habits. It was that combination of defects—the love of a hazard, luxurious living, and fondness for excitement that prevented him making a place for himself in the business world, after he gave up racing. He did not have any vicious habits. He was not immoral, and he did not drink. He was not profane nor vulgar. He had a splendid wife and an adorable mother. In a burst of confidence he told me one day that his mother had taught him to say his prayers, and that he still prayed every night before he went to sleep. He had been a man of prayer all through his career.

"Something for Nothing"

"A LITTLE different twist in his mental make-up, and he might have been a great success in another direction. His mind had acquired a fatal quality as the result of gambling—love of easy money and luxury—which has practically ruined his usefulness.

Once a young man develops an appetite to get something for nothing, and to get it quick, he simply cannot fit into the grinding routine of honest industry. It matters little whether the hazard is taken in shooting craps, playing poker or flirting with the stock market, the effect is just the same.

Dan Morton had a mentality of a different type. He got his start in a newspaper office, and eventually developed ability as a clever advertiser. He knew how to frame small ads that brought orders from all over the country for his love powders, advice to lovers, and similar questionable offerings. Finally he ventured too far, and Uncle Sam got him. He was tried in New York and convicted, the penalty being a year in the penitentiary and a fine of $1,000. He gave bail which he jumped and went to Europe, where he stayed for a year. When he came back, apparently everybody had forgotten him. He obtained work as a printer, and got along fairly well as long as he stayed sober. He was a periodic drunkard, and went on a spree several times a year.

After wandering for years, Morton came back to New York. He could not resist the fascination of the place where he had been found guilty and sentenced to prison. Hovering over him was the fear that he might be caught, but as time passed that fear vanished. While on a prolonged spree Morton was put in a cold room in a New York hotel, and almost perished from exposure. He was rescued by a missionary, through whose influences he became a Christian. Morton quit drinking, and became active in the missions of New York.

Helping the Penitent

ONE night Morton awakened to a realization of the fact that he was a hypocrite. He knew that he belonged in prison. Then he did a heroic thing. He told his associates what he had done, and announced that he had decided to give himself up and serve his term. Every one advised him against such a course. The judge sent Morton to Blackwell's Island. While there he was very active in religious work. He made a vow that when he got out he would expose dishonest advertisers. Morton was pardoned by President Wilson after a few months. Then a business man who had heard of Morton came forward to give him a job, and later staked him for the initial number of a magazine that Morton had vowed to publish. He began his publication practically on faith, for he could not see further ahead than the first number. A desperate struggle followed in which failure stared Morton in the face for several years, but now his magazine is a paying proposition. Swindling advertisers fear this man more than they do the police. Morton is one of the few men who have really "come back" in middle age, once started in the wrong direction.

Now comes a story in which the score is against environment. I was talking with a noted detective about the best way to handle young men who steal from their employers.

"In such cases," said the detective, "my plan is to give the offenders another chance. First I obtain a written confession, and a promise to return the stolen money. Then I help the young man to get a job, in which he will not be required to handle money. This arrangement is always made with the full knowledge and consent of all the parties interested. I have cared for 75

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What Oxford Does for the Rhodes Scholar

Learns to Seek Out the Best in Whatever Engages His Attention

By PAUL BOWERMAN

I FIRST came across Rhodes Scholars in Italy, in a little village at the northern end of Lake Garda. Going into an ancient cathedral one morning, I noticed two Americans inspecting the carved stone that made the church worth seeing. In the next moment we were acquainted, and before the day was over, plans had been formulated for a pilgrimage to Venice—a typically American proceeding. In the fortnight that followed I had ample opportunity of noting in them a point of view toward things artistic that was strikingly different from that exhibited by the average American boy of their age. From what I could gather of their life in a small Ohio county seat and of their college days in an obscure Middle-West institution, it was obvious that their taste and discrimination and catholicity of viewpoint had been fostered elsewhere. And that had been, of course, at Oxford.

Magdalen College

Later I met others in places ranging from Stamboul to Normandy, and invariably they made the same impression upon me. Their personalities differ, but their point of view was strikingly identical. They had learned to seek out the best in whatever engaged their attention, and they brought to this selective process a critical standard that was refreshingly sound. At heart they were as thoroughly American as could be found anywhere—good-natured, aggressive, and occasionally tumultuous. In outward appearance and behavior they represented the American college boy at his best. The subtle difference, I decided, was the impress of Oxford.

"Surely," said Hawthorne, "the world has not another place like Oxford; it is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime and more than one, to comprehend it and enjoy it satisfactorily." The sheer beauty of the town alone would be enough to instill a heightened appreciation of things most worth while, and to foster a love of the beautiful for its own sake.

The beauty of Oxford is the result of the application of culture and refinement throughout centuries of slow growth and improvement. It is not the charm brought forth at a given moment by the skill of an architect, but by the intermittent and overlapping efforts of a succession of inspired dreamers.

The Quadrangle.

There is a small college not far from Chicago which has sent three Rhodes Scholars to Oxford. I know it by sight and reputation—a row of red brick buildings separated from a dusty highway by a plot of ground set with scrubby trees. In front, an incessant honking of automobiles all day long; behind, the roar of suburban trains at eight-minute intervals. I had the pleasure of seeing one of these boys in his new quarters. The walls were hung with prints and etchings. The shelves were full of books that spoke for themselves. From his window I could see a patch of velvet lawn surrounded by ivy-covered cloisters, and at one side a lazy brook wandered among a profusion of flowering shrubs. Two mottled deer were running beneath a grove of giant elms, their hoofs making no sound on the turf.

"A bit different from——," I remarked.

He smiled. There was no need of an answer.

Founder's Tower.

His was an extreme case. There were others who had been more favored in their preparation for Oxford, ones whose early environment had closely approximated its charm. Yet even these favored few were keenly conscious of that subtle difference which distinguishes the old university town from anything to be found in America or any other country.

Three years of constant association with beauty cannot fail to leave their impress upon the least susceptible mind. Peace and tranquillity hover over the ivy-wrapped cloisters and the quiet waters of the Cherwell and the ancient quadrangles. However bustling and animated may be the traffic in the town, there is always a restfulness behind the protecting walls of the colleges, a feeling of aloofness from the cares and worries of the world outside. The student has time to read, and to dream over his reading. He has time to train his mind to reason coolly and dispassionately. He has ample opportunity to cultivate his taste for the best things of life. He has both time and opportunity to find himself and the niche he is best fitted to fill in the later years.

To a lesser degree this is true of every college the world over. Oxford and Cambridge approach perfection. The tendency among American colleges during the last decade has been to emphasize the utilitarian phase of education at the expense of the cultural, although a reversal of the pendulum seems imminent. Oxford has never swerved from its original purpose, clinging tenaciously and sometimes absurdly to its archaic organization and routine. The Rhodes Scholar who goes to England to equip himself for some definite activity in the world of finance labors under a delusion that is soon destroyed. Nothing could be farther from the aim of the learned men who control the destinies of the various colleges.

The difference is that between an educational institution and a seat of learning, between "studying" a certain branch of learning and "reading" in that subject. There are no classroom recitations at Oxford, examinations are infrequent, and the student's connection with the faculty is limited to a weekly conference with his tutor and occasional attendance at a lecture. He spends the morning in reading, the afternoon on the athletic field, and the evening in conversation.

From the point of view of many of us, it would seem a great waste of time and money. Yet behind the apparent ease and leisure, there is an amazing intellectual activity among the undergraduates— an activity that is not dissipated upon a score of outside interests. I should like to recall a few incidents that came to my notice to illustrate this point, for if we base our judgments upon results, they are interesting in themselves.

One evening I found myself one of a group of students who had gathered by chance in the rooms of an American. They were in no way different in age and appearance from a group of seniors in any college. The charm and polish of their conversation alone distinguished them. Before a very pleasant half-hour had slipped away I discovered that one of them had just published a first volume of poems which had been highly praised by the best critics of the day, and, in addition, that he had a play running in one of the London theaters. Still more interesting was the discovery that another of the group had already produced two novels and conducted a literary column in a newspaper of world standing. Still another had won first honors in the examinations for the diplomatic corps and was only waiting to complete his course before assuming a responsible position in an important embassy. A fourth had exhibited etchings in the National Gallery. The others, without exception, had accomplished something of but slightly less prominence. Their ages ranged from 21 to 24, and they came from widely varying stations in life. Surely something more than mere chance had a hand in developing those minds to such a maturity. The best part of it all was their unassuming manner, their love of cricket and tennis and rowing, and their enthusiasm for the better things of life. The more I went about Oxford and met various groups, the more I was convinced that such men as these more nearly approached the rule than the exception.

The Union is an honored institution in the university. Here are held the debates between undergraduates or between undergraduates and men of political prominence, at intervals throughout the college year. I had the privilege of hearing a debate between a member of the present Coalition Cabinet and an undergraduate. The latter attacked the policy of the cabinet in no uncertain terms, driving home several telling points, and quite unabashed by the prominence of the man he was challenging. In response, the minister was forced to exert himself to the utmost to defend himself and his colleagues, knowing full well that his speech would be quoted word for word in every London paper the following day. It was no easy task. By the brilliance of his thrusts and the coolness of his argument, the undergraduate had presented his case as cleverly as any Member of Parliament could have done. In the minds of the referees the minister won his case by a slight margin, and he returned to London satisfied that he had justified the existence of the Coalition Cabinet; for the Union debates are a matter of national importance.

A very large proportion of the men prominent in political life received their early training at Oxford and Cambridge, and the two universities are thus a natural beginning for the men who conduct the affairs of the British Empire. The undergraduate who decides on a political career enters upon his task with a high seriousness, leaving no stone unturned in his efforts to equip himself for the position he hopes ultimately to attain.

There is a very strange attitude toward debating in most of our American colleges. A student who devotes himself to that branch of activity is looked upon in much the same light as the one who dabbles in poetry. His prestige on the campus, his popularity with his associates, suffers from it. I believe this attitude to be the result of our method of conducting classes in oratory and training debating teams. In general the student is taught the mechanical tricks of oratory—the gestures, the stance, inflections of the voice. To practice these newly acquired tricks he is given selections from Daniel Webster or Robert Ingersoll to recite—a form of public speaking which is as obsolete today as a coach-and-four, except in those parts of the country where the spirit of the last century still flourishes. The inevitable outcome of such a training is to make the student of oratory a mechanical machine, a speaker whose interest is more concerned with the details of correct delivery than with the subject-matter of his speech. Our intercollegiate debates are for the most part uninteresting for that reason, and the average undergraduate is prejudiced against it. Thus arises the attitude toward the student who interests himself in that activity.

An interesting comparison was afforded last year when the debating team of a New England college, prize winner in an intercollegiate competition, was sent to Oxford to speak against a group from that university. It is a humiliating fact that the Americans were a laughingstock for the rest of the term, and the Rhodes Scholars blushed whenever the word "debating" was mentioned. The English boys spoke in a natural offhand manner, without a great deal of preparation, without mechanical gestures, with no election-campaign tricks of inflection or thundering climaxes. Instead, they relied upon a combination of good sense and delightful humor to carry the day, and they did it with an ease and coolness that made us seem ridiculous.

The Americans conformed to the teaching of their instructors and coaches, memorized their speeches word for word, and found themselves utterly at a loss when confronted by the necessity of making a slight alteration in a preconceived plan of attack. They had been taught to speak, but they had not been taught to think. The outcome was not only a reflection upon our methods of debating; it furnished food for thought in considering the comparative maturity of mind among the undergraduates of England and America.

There are no two colleges in America which hold a position comparable to that enjoyed by Oxford and

(*Concluded on page 1/*)

A Neglected Science—Picking an Employer

Accident Too Frequently Selects the Job, Failure Is the Doom

By EARL R. BUELL

WANTED: A high-class employer, willing to attend to business, honest, energetic, gifted with foresight, intuition, and capable of understanding the position and requirements of his employes. Must have considerable capital and furnish best references from leaders in the community. Apply Post 41.

Nobody ever saw a "want ad" like that, and as likely as not, nobody ever will; yet on every hand we find newspapers full of columns of "help wanted" advertisements in which the employers demand all these things from their prospective employes.

The hiring of one employe is of minor importance to the employer, while a new boss means the difference between prosperity and poverty, happiness and misery, perhaps all his life, to the employe. Why should the employer do all the picking?

Does it ever occur to anybody to ask why Alfred Larson is driving a truck, while George Albright is the manager of a wholesale fruit house?

It is probably not because Alfred Larson had any great and uncontrollable desire to become a driver of a truck. Nor is it probable that George Albright set out definitely and directly to become manager of a wholesale fruit business. It was all tossed into the lap of fate in the great gamble of the job.

George Albright's father and Alfred Larson's father, coming home together by an unexpected way, found George and Alfred shooting craps in the alley behind the drug store. Each parent seized his offspring and administered, besides a liberal massage treatment at the base of the spinal column, a woodshed lecture of high moral tone, touching on the evils of gambling, on the demoralizing effects of games of chance, and each flatly ordered his son to go forth on the morrow and get a job.

"Get Something to Do"

"YOU go to work," George Albright's father said. "You start out tomorrow and get something to do. I don't care what it is. Take any job that you can get, just so you can get some kind of a pay envelope on Saturday night, and don't let me catch you doing any more gambling."

Alfred Larson's father told him, "There is a sign 'Boy Wanted' down on Thirty-second street somewhere, about four doors above Twelfth avenue. I don't know what kind of a store it is, but you go down and apply for that job, and don't come back here till you get it, or one like it."

The sullen boys started out next morning, as it happened, together, and at the same moment Lady Luck, seizing a pair of celestial cubes, made a divine pass and sevened. Alfred Larson found the sign at a grocery store on Thirty-second street, and came back home that night a delivery boy. George Albright began on the following day his career in the wholesale fruit business by mailing 75 letters, running eight errands, and swiping the chewing gum that belonged to the stenographer.

In less than six weeks Alfred Larson proved his total unfitness to deliver groceries. He reported at home with a blue envelope and was ordered to try again on the following morning. He hadn't the slightest idea where to go and presented himself next day at an employment agency, paid a registration fee and asked for a job.

"What have you been doing?" he was asked. Alfred told them. "Well, here's a grocery on Eighty-seventh street that wants a delivery man." Alfred got the job, and held it for six months, and then he was an experienced man in the grocery business. Two or three grocery stores later he began driving a delivery wagon. And that's how he came to be a truck driver, ultimately a truck driver for the wholesale fruit company, managed by George Albright.

Why George Got the Job

THE strange thing is that George Albright is not much of a manager. He worked up into the manager's job simply because he wasn't sufficiently interested in anything else to fail at the things he was instructed to do. He got by as an office boy. He was made a clerk in the sales department, and working with half or a third of his ability was no better or no worse than other clerks in the department. Pete Hawkins, the sales manager, liked him, mostly because he shot a pretty good game of pool. They hung around together a good deal, largely because Hawkins wouldn't hang around with the salesmen who might get too familiar. One of the salesmen fell down once too often and George asked Pete for the job.

"You couldn't do any worse than that fellow," Pete said, and gave it to him.

But because he was a likable cuss and had just enough interest in his new job to make calls, he hung on as a salesman. Hawkins got a better job a few years later, and for the sake of the old Kelly pool games, recommended George to be his successor.

The manager who made the selection was a slow thinker and George was just enough faster with his mind to command his respect. When he got to be sales manager, George did have sense enough to watch the sales expense. When he found that a man wasn't going right or didn't seem to fit in, he did him the kindness of turning him loose and hiring somebody else. By keeping up this process he finally picked out of 30 or 40 men the ones who were conspicuous for ability, and made himself quite a reputation as a sales manager.

His showing at the end of five years was such that when the old manager resigned, George was given the job. Once again he got by, mostly because he was too indifferent or too lazy to interfere with the people who were doing the jobs he couldn't do. Taking his own experience as something of a guide, he picked the poorest salesman he had and made him sales manager, mostly because he didn't want to take a good salesman off the road. It just happened that the man had more organizing ability and directing enterprise than anybody else in the place, and the combination worked out all right.

But all this time George was dissatisfied. He wanted to be a magazine writer, and kicked himself constantly for letting business interfere with this desire. His job paid him $100 a week and he had a family by this time, so he couldn't quit.

Alfred Larson, driving the big truck for the house, used to look enviously into the manager's office every time he went by and George would greet him with a wave of the hand or a prodigious wink as a sort of acknowledgment of the mutual memory of the crap game in the alley. Then one day Alfred drove the truck home with a grind in the differential and cost the company more money to get it fixed than he had ever drawn down in wages. George fired him.

Alfred looked at him a minute and then he said, "What good will that do?"

"Well, it will save the next truck anyhow," George said.

"I don't know whether it will or not," Larson responded. "You'll probably hire somebody else that has no more business driving a truck than I have."

"What do you mean by that?" the manager inquired.

"You hired me, didn't you?"

"Well."

"Well, I had no more business driving than I did playing a violin. Somebody made a driver out of me, or tried to, and I let them. My trouble was that I didn't go to selling long ago. Now I'm going to do it, if I starve in the attempt."

"Why didn't you say so? How did I know you wanted to sell? And what do you want to sell?"

"Anything at all. I don't care if it's books. All I want to do is to rub up against the right people and see if I can't find the ones that want to buy from me."

"Huh! Why don't you sell fruit?"

"I don't care what I sell. I can sell more fruit than a lot of your salesmen, but I don't suppose you would care to take a chance."

George pondered.

Alfred Starts to Sell

"WHY not?" he said presently. "The worst you can do is to lose a couple of good customers for us, and that won't be much more costly than jamming up a brand new truck. You've been here long enough to know something about fruit. You know where it goes when it goes out of here, and there's just a chance that a rotten truck driver may be able to do something right."

There are plenty of Georges in the world, and plenty of Alfred Larsons. Half a dozen failures point in the general direction of success. They teach a man at least the things he ought not to attempt. If a man fails often enough he will at last find the thing he can do.

Ask a few business men about the jobs they failed to hold and you will be surprised. By far a worse thing than failure is a merely moderate success. There are some men who seem to be able to do almost anything passably. They can write almost well. They can speak fluently. They can handle men with apparent facility. They can plan activities with fair success. They can carry out a plan in a reasonably competent way. These are the men who fall far short of big success.

Physical disabilities have saved some men from failure. The finest telegraph operator I ever knew was a former brakeman who had lost his leg under a train. Many a wounded soldier will forever bless the wound which made it impossible for him to follow his old line of work and practically forced him to choose something better.

But thousands of men are caught in the swift current of the line of work which is distasteful to them, in which they could not succeed if they lived and worked a thousand years, but which, try as they will, they seem unable to escape. A newspaper man of my acquaintance worked for years as an incompetent stenographer, mostly in railroad offices. Again and again he was discharged from one railroad office only to find himself a few weeks later in a similar position with another road.

Again and again he tried to get into other work besides stenography. But it was only by determining upon the career of a newspaper man and taking a job in a newspaper office at $12 a week that he was able to get free of the railroad business, and even then his first newspaper assignment was to the railroad run.

I know another man who was such a good stenographer that opportunity passed him up again and again to select for a good job some person less indispensable at the typewriter. He finally broke away from the machine by going to a new town and pretending that he could not write his own name on the typewriter.

For the man who is without family responsibilities there is an easy way out of the line of business that is distasteful to him. He has only to resign the job and refuse to take work of that kind again. But to be sure of getting out of one current of life and staying out, it is virtually necessary for him to get into another, and it is here that his ingenuity may be taxed.

In order to avoid getting into a similar predicament in some other line, it is necessary for him to make a careful preliminary study of the line he believes acceptable to him. Unless he has a definite urge to become some one thing, the selection of his new career is for him a matter of deep concern. It is not alone enough for him to select the line of business in which he would like to become interested, but he must, to steer a proper course, determine just what department or what position and with what company he would prefer to affiliate himself.

In determining to become a bank president it is well to know something about a bank president's duties and responsibilities. It is advisable to study as far as possible into the difficulties which beset the embryonic bank president in the early stages of his career, and to decide whether or not the game is worth the candle.

A great many men all over the country have decided without any particular cerebration on their part that they wanted to be advertising men. Some of them have only the slightest conception of the duties of an advertising man, of the talent required, or of the serious effort involved. If those persons who wish to become advertising men were first to seek, in the libraries and magazines, information concerning the advertising business or the advertising departments of businesses; if they would talk with advertising men and with persons in the offices of advertising departments, they might learn that the barber trade was far preferable. It is proper to suggest, therefore, that men decide cautiously what careers they wish to pursue.

Find Out What You Want

IF, HOWEVER, the man has a great outstanding desire to become one thing and is confident within himself that he will never be satisfied until he becomes that thing, it is highly probable that he will find the way to his goal, and that in the struggle to attain it, he will become qualified.

Having determined then the position one wishes to achieve, it is necessary only to set out in the direction of the goal with the firmest possible purpose, taking advantage of every natural gift, of all previous experience and of all intuition, imagination or concentration possible to seize the desired position. For those who have failed in many things, a great surprise is in store, for if they have chosen wisely and correctly the thing which delights their heart, the same kind of a current which sucked them irresistibly along against their will before is now sweeping them on with almost as much resistless force toward the goal of their desire. When once they have been picked up by an eddy from this current and drawn into the main stream, they are carried with it as greatly to their delight as formerly to their chagrin.

Delighting in the work, they do it well, and doing it well, they delight in it more and more. Enthusiasm rises high. Disappointments serve only as momentary setbacks. They are as little affected by them as is the drifting leaf by the pebble which catches it for an instant and then lets it hurry on.

Hours of effort that were leaden fly by on wings, and the worker ceases almost entirely to take account of the amount of work he does and the length of time he spends in doing it. He accomplishes more and is anxious to work more than ever before.

It is at this point that the absolute necessity of the right choice of an employer becomes more important. The right kind of an employer takes account of this new enthusiasm, this forgetfulness of time and effort, and rewards the worker accordingly, basing the ratio of the reward to the amount of work accomplished, the quality of the work and the value of the work in the organization involved.

Working for Own Interest

THE finest workman in any line cannot expect to receive full value for his services if he is working for a company that cannot make the most of them. For this reason the choice of an employer means as much the choice of the company to work for as it does the choice of the man under whom the work is done. In a general sense the big man will be found at the head of the big company or developing a small company into a big one. It is far better to work for a big man who is developing a small company into a large one than it is to work for the big man who is at the head of an organization already formed and unlikely to make any great change in his policy or increase in development.

The great question next arising is how to tell a big man when you see him or have dealings with him. The methods to be used by the employe in such a case as this follow naturally the methods used by a bank in determining the desirability of making him a loan. In addition to these methods the employe should take into consideration other matters having to do with the attitude of the employer toward his employes, his history as regards the advancement of employes and his talent for developing employes to the limit of their capability. These matters, of course, should be taken into consideration by a bank in making a loan to the business man, but it is not often that a bank can go this far in its investigation of a man's responsibility.

External characteristics of the man are not always to be relied upon. The employer who is studying his employes most carefully may be the preoccupied type who fails to speak to them when he meets them on the street. The employer who is most affable in granting an interview to a prospective employe may have only

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Interest—The Nation's Old-Man-Of-The-Sea

Unescapable Under the Present Money System! James Holden's Reaction to the Facts of Everyday Business

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

Editor's Note—The following article is not presented with any purpose save to throw a light on Interest. Holden's reaction to the question in his proposal of land certificates may or may not be wise—on that we say nothing. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *is not proposing any cut-and-dried solution. It is primarily interested in encouraging its readers to look the Money Question in the face. To this end it publishes articles from all angles.*

"MANY years ago I was in the business of lending eastern money to Kansas farmers. I loaned a million and a half dollars and I watched those farmers sweat over their rich soil to pay the interest. It was my business to get that interest, so I watched them closely and I know what it meant to them. Then one day it struck me as absurd that these men who owned their land, their horses and their tools should have to hire the money with which to carry on their work. Why shouldn't they own their money too? It was but another tool of their trade! I then discovered that Congress provides only a small fraction of the money that producers require to carry on production, and that the dearth of money forces the use of bank credit in commercial transactions."

In the foregoing words James Holden explained how he, a real estate agent and usurer, was transformed into a reformer and opponent of interest; like Paul of Tarsus he was smitten to his knees by a great light; he saw the "vision splendid" of a liberated humanity.

The record of his struggles against poverty, apathy and countless obstacles while fighting for the recognition of his remedy would transcend the bounds of human belief if one did not know that in every prophet is a Mother-Calculus which measures its joys by its sacrifices.

The inspiration was complete when Holden realized that all the banker does is to *monetize the value of the farm!* And as there must be an entering wedge to every movement the prophet proclaimed his doctrine of land currency. The government says that *currency issued on gold* shall be legal tender; Holden would add valuable land and other forms of wealth.

Dr. Crane a Convert

ONE of Holden's converts is the journalist, Dr. Frank Crane, who, in a magazine article, says:

"The proposal is to base currency, not on gold, which varies in quantity, but upon the MOST STABLE, GET-AT-ABLE AND THE MOST INDESTRUCTIBLE THING KNOWN, to wit, LAND! Let any man owning a piece of land—town or country—go directly to the government, *monetize*—not mortgage—his land to it at one or two per cent, and receive 40 per cent of its value in government bills, which shall be legal tender for everything. This land currency can be issued without disturbing present conditions and without introducing any new and debatable principles in finance. Every dollar would be worth a dollar; it would be sounder than the present gold dollar. The plan would enable any man with property to get what money he needs without going to the banks and paying interest. Vast sums of interest would be saved to the people! War is not the only relic of barbarism that robs the human race. All business carries an Old-Man-Of-The-Sea on its back. This incubus is the CREDIT-MONEY manufacturer to whom we pay a colossal load of interest."

In an endorsement of the Holden plan, Mr. Arno Dosch-Fleurot, at present European correspondent of the New York *World,* writes:

"Holden holds that the dearth of legal tender is the cause of poverty! According to Holden, the root of all evil is not money, but the lack of money. He wants us to issue money on land because he feels land is safe backing. But his primary object is to create enough money to go around! We are always up against it for money BECAUSE THERE IS NOT ENOUGH MONEY. The dollar is elusive because *there are six owners of each real dollar!* We cannot get what does not exist! Five of us are bound to be disappointed! More than five—as it has worked out—*are* disappointed, because MOST OF IT HAS ALREADY BEEN CAUGHT. We are compelled to borrow it of those who have been clever or canny enough to corner the scant supply. In course of time they have accumulated more than their share, and, if we want any of it, we must pay them for the use of it and HELP THEM TO ACCUMULATE MORE! This process has been going on for centuries! In every new country it starts anew. That is why the wealth of the world concentrates in few hands, and the older the country the harder the conditions of life! INTEREST DOES IT, and, as things stand, we must pay the interest annually on more than 30 billion dollars—30 thousand millions—of bank credit substitutes for real (legal tender) money!"

"The Ravages of Interest"

THE writer might have said that this TRIBUTE is paid to the banks by the people ON THE PEOPLE'S OWN MONEY!

Paul Thieman, former editor of the Denver *Post,* in an editorial review of Holden's book, THE DISTURBING FACTOR IN HUMAN AFFAIRS, says:

"Holden's proposition is not humanitarianism; it is not confiscation; it is not socialism—it is something new and unique, though simple, that fits with the present laws and order of society. He traces the origin of all social ills to a FUNDAMENTAL CAUSE, namely, to the RAVAGES OF INTEREST! Interest the UNESCAPABLE! Unescapable under the present money system. Why unescapable? For the simple reason that all business is transacted with *a circulating medium that is limited in amount,* and no matter how much *wealth* you possess you must pay interest to the owners of the fixed circulating medium! Why, to be sure, whether it's the gold standard, free silver, or even the old greenback party idea, the same would be true, namely, a circulating medium for which interest must be paid! I saw clearly the distinction—the enormous and utterly complete distinction BETWEEN WEALTH AND MONEY! I saw the startling point that while civilized society possesses wealth so vast that the figures mean something incalculable, it transacts business with a meager fraction of that wealth in the form of dollars of gold and silver. And this man in calm words was pointing out that the gigantic fabric of modern society was the victim of the rude money system of our barbaric ancestors."

Another convert to the Holden plan was Albert Talmon Morgan, who wrote:

"Your contention that the 'thrall of civilization' is INTEREST; and that interest for money is 'legalized tribute' which can be abolished by 'changing the wording of the Coinage Act of 1792' arrests the attention and tempts the mind to test the character of the arguments put forth to sustain your claim. You marvel that intelligent human beings have for so long been content to pay for the use of a medium for exchanging products of their labor a sum that absorbs their surplus earnings from year to year, and you make it clear to the attentive reader that society will avoid the impoverishing exactions of the usurer whenever it shall provide itself with a volume of legal money equal to its commercial needs. Whether as a nation we have reached that state of mental development, however, which will enable us to throw off our shackles, will be answered by the reception accorded your demonstration—that since gold and silver are simply forms of wealth, by law entitled to money representation in the public circulation on application of the owner; and since certain bonds are also granted such representation, common sense as well as common honesty demand that OTHER equally suitable forms of property be given money representation, to the end that the supply may respond to the requirements of commerce. I venture to say that the logic of your thesis is irresistible; and that the practicability of your proposition as a means of eliminating the charge for currency (while not affecting hire for the use of property) grows upon the mind of the reader and upon his understanding the more he thoroughly weighs the meaning of the terms you employ and the more he perceives the true relation of money to the development of our civilization. That you have solved the great problem by pointing out a feasible remedy for poverty among the industrious will be clear to students of the subject who are ready to accept the truth."

Prosperity Held Impossible

OTHER well-known publicists have signified their acceptance of this philosophy and have written inspiredly on the subject. But the most helpful presentation of the proposed system is to be found in the author's own writings, from which we have selected the following extracts:

SPARKS FROM A PROPHET'S ANVIL

We have officials whose duty it is to provide an adequate supply of money.

Durable wealth may be monetized by the certificate process more effectively than by the coinage process.

Uncle Sam requires security, but no INTEREST, for money obtained from him *directly.*

Should civilized people pay interest to bankers for currency the banks get from OUR government without interest?

Under a sane financial system it would be unnecessary for *producers* to get in debt to *non-producers.*

Society's chronic troubles are MONEY troubles; yet what statesman is seeking the cause where it must obviously reside—namely, in the MONEY SYSTEM ITSELF!

A condition of general prosperity is impossible among a people who see nothing wrong in the act of paying private individuals for the use of their PUBLIC circulating medium! Original recipients—by giving security—get currency from the government without interest; but at present the only "original recipients" are gold owners and a few bankers! No interest is paid by the favored few who get money direct from the government!

What Oxford Does for the Rhodes Scholar

Concluded from page 9

Cambridge in England. They are distinguished from the others by a prestige that has never been challenged. The other universities scattered about England afford equal opportunities for education, some of them even boasting stronger faculties and a more efficient organization. The universities of London, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and others are quite on a par with the two older institutions in these respects, but they are conducted on lines more closely resembling the American universities, with the most modern equipment, highly paid professors, and affording almost unlimited opportunity for specialization in technical work.

Oxford is not a democratic university, in the usual sense of the word. It is expensive. It does not encourage students who are not self-supporting, unless they are holders of an adequate scholarship. It is highly individual in character and fosters that spirit among its members. It is made up of a score of independent colleges, between which there is very little intercourse. Its members are presumed to be gentlemen of a definite social standing, with all the significance that the word conveys in England. Of late years, and particularly since the war, there have been changes in this last respect, but the spirit prevails.

The undergraduates of Oxford are the cream of English youth—and when I speak of Oxford I must necessarily include Cambridge—the sons of those families which make up the upper class in the stratified system which England clings to despite all efforts to break it down. They come from families of culture and refinement, and generally of means. They have had every opportunity and advantage in their preparatory work. They do not come to Oxford raw and unfinished, but are at that time as far advanced as many of our college graduates. They have already mastered the studies which take up the first two years in an American college and are ready to devote themselves almost exclusively to the subject which most appeals to them—literature, history, law, economics, or any other.

Some Rhodes Scholars going to Oxford with diplomas from representative American colleges are chagrined at the thought of having to begin anew as freshmen. The delusion is soon dissipated, for the 18 or 19 year old English boys fresh from the best of preparatory schools are a match for them in all but a few branches of study, and are often better equipped to discuss art or literature or topics of the day.

Being the sons of the leisured class they have an advantage in this respect over the scholar, who, however rich he may be in potentiality, has rarely had lavished upon him the care and attention that is the outgrowth of many generations of intellectual superiority and financial ease.

It is the privilege of the American at Oxford, whether he is a Rhodes Scholar or an ordinary undergraduate, to be thrown in intimate contact with this carefully chosen group. If he is to derive the greatest benefit from the opportunity, he must have a genuine love of study, an eagerness to glean as much as possible from the rich heritage of our civilization; he must cultivate the social graces that he may take his place with young men to whom these things come as a matter of course; he must conform to the conventions and traditions so dear to the heart of an Englishman, many of which seem to us futile and even absurd, in our youthful impatience and our passion for system; he must give proper attention to the athletic field, devoting some part of his afternoon to the sport of his choice.

If he fails in any of these respects, he jeopardizes his opportunity to derive the greatest benefit and defeats his own purpose in going there. He will find it impossible to break through the reserve inherent in the English boy, who makes few advances and those only after a period of some length. The Englishman has not the disposition to encourage casual acquaintanceship, but he has a rare gift for friendship of the highest quality, which he offers to those who inspire his confidence in their ability to return it in kind.

The American who fails to inspire this confidence, by not entering into the spirit which pervades Oxford or by not observing the niceties demanded of a gentleman, finds himself shut off from social intercourse with the best element of Oxford by a barrier that can never be surmounted. By doing so, he can never hope to catch a glimpse into the hearts and feelings of the finest product of our Anglo-Saxon civilization. That will remain for him a sealed book forever.

(C) By Fred. H. Kiser, Kiser Studio, Portland, Oregon.

The Forestry Service has completed an auto road to make Elk Lake, Oregon, accessible. It is about 35 miles southwest from Bend and is now greatly frequented by campers and fishermen. The lake is three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. South Sister peak, 10,352 feet high, is seen 11 miles away.

A Neglected Science

Concluded from page 10

the slightest conception of what his duty is to the employe who enters into association with him, while the abrupt business man who accords the prospect scant courtesy, apparently, in the first interview may give far more attention to his development and advancement when he has actually entered the employ. The attitude of the employe in entering into employment with the right kind of a superior is of the greatest importance to his success in that employment.

It is folly for the employe to forget that in the last analysis he is working for his own interest. It is ridiculous to ask an employe to forget himself and work only for the interest of his company. No right-minded employer would accept that kind of service for an instant. The company, if it is the right kind of a company, can afford to pay for the interest of the employe, and to pay full price.

But the right kind of employe will readily recognize that when he is employed by a company, his highest personal interest is bound up absolutely with that of the company. If the company or his own department in the company fails to make the proper progress, the effect on his own position, on his own salary, and on his own prospects is disastrous. The employe, therefore, needs no more to be urged to loyalty and devotion in his service to the company than he does to be asked to be loyal and devoted to his own bread and butter, or to his own wife and family.

As a matter of fact, the analogy is close. The devotion of an employe to his company naturally is for his own best interest fully as strong as his devotion to his wife, if he has one, and for that reason it is not only proper but most important that he select his employer with as great care as he does his wife.

In considering the matter of remuneration for any given work, the worker should not lose sight of the intangible values, difficult to compute in money, which may be worth fully as much to him as a money return.

It is no revelation of a state secret to say that newspapermen are often underpaid, or that they would be able to earn more money by the exercise of the same ability and the same industry in another business. At the same time, it is not an easy thing to hire a newspaperman away from the newspaper business. It is sometimes necessary to pay him double the salary he has been receiving to get him.

The newspaperman feels that by virtue of his job he occupies a sort of exclusive position in the business and economic world. He feels that while his power is not great, his influence in the world of affairs is considerable. The association with great men, his constant touch with noted or notorious persons, his opportunity to study every phase of life, make up for him to some extent the rather slim salary he may be getting.

The worker then who is doing the thing he likes to do and feels that his mental or spiritual growth is made possible by his task, rightly considers these things a part of his compensation and does not measure his whole success by the monetary return.

The prospect of future reward can be a very satisfactory incentive for a worker, provided he does not lose faith in the promise.

The chain store employer who definitely arranges that a certain clerk of today shall be the assistant manager tomorrow and that the assistant manager of today shall become the temporary manager tomorrow, and that the temporary manager may become tomorrow a permanent manager with an interest in the business, will find men willing to become clerks and to work as clerks for a considerable time for wages not ordinarily sufficient for clerk hire. He may be able to keep an assistant manager well satisfied with the salary ordinarily paid to a clerk, and the temporary manager in view of the immediate prospect of an interest in some branch of the business and a permanent managership may be perfectly willing to work for the salary that might otherwise have to be paid to an assistant manager.

There is one other method of getting out of one line of business into one more desirable from the standpoint of the worker, and it is especially valuable to those who have taken obligations which make it impossible for them to resign a lucrative position to take one of a lower rank in the line to which they aspire.

A man who has achieved a reasonable degree of success in one line and is well paid may be dissatisfied. He may feel that he is not exercising his abilities in full and he may have a special interest in some other form of endeavor which he feels meets this need. The easiest way out is to take up the new line of work as a hobby, perfecting himself gradually in his spare moments until he has risen to a point where he may turn to the hobby as a regular business, laying aside the position he formerly held.

The value of a hobby is readily recognized by employers of men in almost any business, and it is important for the employe to consider his hobby from the standpoint of its possible development as a remunerative trade or pastime. It is usually just as cheap to support a hobby which eventually may become remunerative as it is to expend a large amount of energy and interest in one which requires a constant outlay without any prospect of return.

So that the choice of a hobby by a person engaged in any sort of endeavor which is not entirely satisfying to him is a matter for careful consideration and earnest study. In fact, it becomes fully as important in this line as the choice of an employer and the choice of a company or line of business. Perhaps the ideal combination is where the hobby and the vocation supplement each other, each lending interest to the other and developing the character of the man and his economic strength.

Paving Prison Road

Concluded from page 8

young men in that way, and all but one or two have made good.

"There are two excellent reasons for this policy. One is that it saves the man, and the other is that it protects society. If I should send every first offender over the road, he would become embittered, and probably leave prison a confirmed criminal. His only thought would be to get even by robbing people. That would make more trouble for everybody.

"Most of the young men with whom I deal do not intend to do anything criminal. They live beyond their means, gamble a little, or maybe drink, and "borrow from the boss with the expectation of paying back." That is the way they sugar-coat embezzlement in their own thinking. In giving them a new chance, I make sure that they have quit the habits that caused their downfall. Once a cure has been effected at that point, the rest is easy."

A police judge once made a decision that has a direct bearing on the subject. In the south end of the city there lived some boys who were full of mischief, and often had a good time destroying property. One night when the city was all stirred up over a possible end of all things as indicated by Halley's comet, these youngsters saw a rare opportunity to enjoy themselves. They reasoned that if there was going to be a blow-up, they might as well have some fun. So they spent the night stealing gates, pulling down fences, and other pranks. Finally they came to a foundry on the edge of a gulch, and finished up by rolling a lot of valuable castings into the gully. On the following day the owner of the foundry had all the boys arrested on the charge of malicious destruction of property. They were clearly guilty, and under the law the judge could have sent them to jail. But he had a better plan.

"Boys," he said, "this thing that you have done is pretty serious, and I may be obliged to punish you severely. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll continue the case for 30 days, and if the castings have been returned meanwhile, maybe you won't go to jail."

That suggestion was enough. Those youngsters went to work and returned the castings to the place where they had found them. One or two castings were missing or had been broken, and the boys raised money to pay for the missing pieces. In carrying the castings back up the hill the boys were obliged to endure the taunts and ridicule of other boys who had not been in the gang. Ordinarily such remarks would have called for a fight, but the guilty boys had resolved to pay no attention to remarks until the castings had been restored. Then they would square all accounts. When the case came up at the end of the 30 days, and the facts were laid before the judge, the owner of the castings withdrew his charge and the case was dismissed.

What happened after that? The boys stopped breaking up property just for fun, and formed the Comet Club. They met regularly for years and worked out a program for self-improvement that enabled them to gain positions of honor and trust. Good sense was used by that judge. He could easily have started those thoughtless lads on the wrong course just by imposing a routine sentence. But he obtained justice for the foundryman, and saved the boys from the stigma of the reform school, and a possible life of crime.

Washington Contrasts: 1922

Concluded from page 3

ing corner of delegates and agents and secondary people." Perhaps there is something in that!

At the top of a long flight of steps on the western side of the Capitol building you can look back over the route along which you came. There in the distance stands the Monument, neatly bisecting the Lincoln Memorial behind it. You find it difficult to shake off a feeling of depression. The exhilaration with which you started has evaporated; the inspiration has oozed away. Yet what did you expect? The broad facts of American political development in the last half century are known to everyone. It is hopeless to imagine that in a horde of place-seeking, time-serving politicians you can discover any adumbration of the ideal Commonwealth.

Yet, back there at the other end of your short Odyssey, it did not seem so hopeless. After all, the Republic still lives, the oldest and strongest republic in the world. That tradition, that faith, may still have power to stir us. You see it now: we have walked in the wrong direction. We should have gone from the Capitol to the Memorial, and we should have marched all Congress with us. Let us try an experiment. Let us summon the Senate; let us summon the House of Representatives; and let us organize a crusade to the shrines of America. And let us call together all the bands there are in Washington, and go with drums beating and flags flying. And as we march along let us call to the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of State, and let us send for the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, and for the Secretaries of War and Navy and Interior and Commerce and Labor and have them fall in with us. And let us seek the President, and press him to join us too. And massed at the foot of the Washington Monument let us doff our hats and repeat in unison:

"We have raised a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; and this standard shall be our standard."

And when we have come to the Lincoln Memorial let us kneel down and make a vow; let us here highly resolve no longer to smirch and disgrace the ideals we all inherit with our pettiness, malice and greed; and let us here dedicate ourselves to the task remaining before us, that of supplanting injustice with justice, and intolerance with tolerance, and hate with charity, to the end that civilization itself may not perish from the earth!

Higher Education Comes to Merchandising

Master of Science in Retailing Is the Latest University Degree

By J. OLIN HOWE

The metropolitan department store is the laboratory of those who take college courses in the science of merchandising.

COLLEGE training for the bargain-counter rush. Oh, not for the rushers. Theirs is footwork more than headwork and could best be trained for in a gymnasium or on the football field. But for the rushee, the man or girl behind the counter and the store executive, who do the thinking. And leading to a degree, Master of Science in Retailing.

This is no Alice in Wonderland fantasy, please note. Indeed, no. Far from it. It's plain business. It might even seem that linking up the university and the department store in such manner was the height of practicality in education—which is precisely what it is.

The store executive-to-be, who has put in his—or her, it matters not—three or four years at college or scientific school which complete the customary meed of higher education may now add to that an intensive two years in New York University's School of Retailing and acquire specialized knowledge of merchandising—get the very last word in how to run a retail shop, that is to say. Just as an embryo doctor or lawyer gains the special knowledge necessary to his line of work in medical or law school.

The first degrees of M.Sc.R. ever given went to the graduating class at the commencement of this school last June. The members of the class were graduates of colleges and universities in many parts of the country. More than half of them were women, but this is not true of the class which will graduate next June, and which is more than twice as large.

In each class there are a very few who are not college graduates—"persons of mature years who can satisfy the college entrance requirements and who have had business experience"—but these are not candidates for the degree.

There is even a night division, which takes as students those who have had a four-year course in a recognized high school or have the 72-count academic or commercial certificate of the New York board of regents which would show the equivalent of such high school course. And it, also, takes special students without these qualifications.

Its regular students gain a degree at the end of a four-year course—Bachelor of Commercial Science, B. C.Sc. It takes them twice as long to get it because theirs is undergraduate work, while that of the day division is graduate work. And to be permitted to write B.C.Sc. after their names they must satisfy the faculty that they have had at least three years' successful business experience while in the school. Their degrees are awarded by the University's school of commerce, incidentally.

"There is no contention," to quote the Bulletin of the School of Retailing (and this is the language of Dr. Norris A. Brisco, the live-wire Ph.D. from Iowa, who is its director and professor of merchandising). "There is no contention that it is possible to turn out a trained store executive, any more than it is possible for a law school to turn out an experienced lawyer or judge.

"It is nevertheless contended," he goes on, "that a grounding in the fundamental principles underlying retailing and their application will give young men and young women a vision and an analytical power that will enable them to grasp more quickly the problems which arise and make rapid progress possible."

School, Mornings; Store, Afternoons

THESE students spend their mornings getting the theory of retailing in lectures and gaining the book knowledge related to their work. But they spend their afternoons actually behind the counters of New York department stores. Behind the bargain counter, very likely, where there is much human nature to the cubic inch; or in the bundle wrapping room or out on a delivery truck. Or in the accounting or advertising or complaint departments.

Not as observers. No, no—as workers. Each must have had at least eight months of actual work in stores before he or she can gain the degree. And in the stores there isn't a thing in the world to differentiate the university student from any other clerk or cashier or bundle wrapper.

If you trade in New York's department stores, as many do who live elsewhere all the way from Bangor to San Diego, the chances are a hundred to one you have been waited on, mayhap even in buying a paper of pins, by a highbrow with letters after the name. There would be nothing whatever to indicate it to you.

We have been coming to this sort of thing for longer than one only casually acquainted with the situation might realize. For a number of years the New York City high schools have been training pupils in salesmanship and in what makes for efficiency behind the counter.

And this kind of practical education has been taken up by high schools in many other cities.

It started with the head of the personnel department in one of the largest retail establishments in the metropolis, who was responsible for various class work in his own store, who believed much time could be saved by applying high school work to everyday needs and who convinced the New York board of education he was right. An essential point in the scheme was that these high school students be given the opportunity for practical experience behind the counter.

One result has been a demand for teachers of salesmanship in American high schools. Several American colleges and universities have provided courses in which such teachers are trained. They have ceased to be a novelty.

But all such training really aims only at producing salesmen and saleswomen. To be sure, once they become that, they may grow competent to assume responsibility and graduate to executive positions. A good many have, in the aggregate. And there are big stores in New York and Chicago which have their own training classes for store executives, which have turned out many a successful department store head without advertising the fact.

One young man, the son of the owner of a large store in a midwestern city, was in the course of such training when he went home for the Christmas holidays. Next morning after his arrival his father called him before a gathering of the store personnel, exhibited an advertisement which would run in the next day's newspapers to the effect that his son was succeeding him in the management of the business and turned the place over to him.

Much Can Be Taught

"YOU'VE learned the business in New York," said the father. "Now go to it. Your mother and I are going to California."

Of course, it adds to the story to say that the son made a success of the job, but that happens to be true.

College training for store executives—managers of stores, heads of departments, all those who have the responsibility for successful conduct of the business—while having points of similarity with this other is, however, a distinct departure and altogether new. It is the logical outcome of present-day conditions, which demand not only that young men and young women be given a broad mental foundation for their life work but that they be shown how to turn this to account before they try to do it.

Yet what can a college teach about selling over the counter? Much. Ah, very much. In the thousands of years we humans have been trading with each other men have learned a vast lot about it and a deal of this is in books and in shape to be imparted to the coming generation. True, in 40 years of carrying on a retail business one could learn most of this, but to get it in a couple of years and have it ready for application from the beginning should certainly make for a greater measure of success.

The courses of the School of Retailing speak for themselves. As one might expect, its students learn the principles of retail salesmanship. These include the elements of and steps in a sale, creating good will, analysis of goods, use of motives and appeals, personality, types of customers, the question of price, and so on.

They study textiles and non-textiles, thoroughly and in detail. The four common textile fibers, wool, silk, cotton and linen, they take up in order—their spinning, weaving, knitting, netting, felting, dyeing and printing, with special attention to adulteration and substitution.

Products manufactured from non-textiles are gone into as carefully, the history of the material, its sources of supply, how it is handled and the uses of the finished article. Wood, paper, cellulose, coal-tar products, rubber, leather, ceramics, ferrous and non-ferrous metals and alloys are but some of these.

And then they go into ethics, how to "apply the principles of formal academic ethics to the practical problems of business," which isn't half as ponderous as it sounds. Co-operating retail merchants have furnished actual problems dealing with shoplifting, return of goods which have been used, spying on their stores, selling below cost to friends, false statements to customers, misleading facts in advertising, placing greater temptations before employes and the public than they can withstand, and so forth.

These students give time to color and design, too, and go exhaustively into the economics of retailing and into personnel relations. This last takes them somewhat into psychology, but they go into that more deeply. They have a particular course in the psychology of retailing, taught by the head of the university's psychology department. They learn, as well, how to make a variety of reports, how to gather, handle and present retail data.

All these subjects, and more, are in the regular curriculum of the school of retailing, and its students have the opportunity to take many a special course in subjects related to their work. They may take up accounting, advertising and marketing, general economics, finance, commercial law, French or Spanish, interior decoration, costume design or store display, if they wish. Or even general courses in trade and transportation, which include the technique of import and export trade.

Their store service is more interesting to the rest of us, naturally. Service fellowship is the phrase for that. Service fellowships are open only to students in the day division, who must spend half their time in the stores except in December, when they spend all their time there.

During the two years' course they are assured the opportunity to serve in at least four different stores. They are simply turned over to the stores to be placed wherever seems most advisable, but it is only natural that the student's own wish as to that should be given weight. And they are paid by the stores.

"Why not install wash basins in the haberdashery department and require clerks to wash their hands after each sale?" asked one of them of the store council in one of New York's largest stores. "I notice that many collars are smooched in the handling necessary to make sales and the cost of having these relaundered must come to a considerable item."

Not "Smooched," Now

OF LATE, men's collars are handled in tissue paper. That is the result of this suggestion. The solution was found, not in frequent ablutions, but in small sheets of tissue.

One Master of Science in Retailing of last June's commencement, a girl this time, reorganized the tube room of another great department store, the place where converge the pneumatic tubes through which cash carriers are hurled, just previous to the Christmas rush last year. She had studied the situation there from the time she entered the store and a suggestion she made showed such a grasp of it as to convince the manager he had found just the individual to do a piece of work he had had in mind.

Many of the school lecturers are drawn from executives of big stores in New York and Brooklyn and Newark. Most of these stores are represented on its advisory council, which includes, as well, high officials of the boards of education of these three places and the co-ordinator who has charge of placing high school students in stores on behalf of the board of education.

The theses the students have to turn in before they are eligible to the master's degree contain a wealth of their experiences in the stores. They see the real inside of department store mechanism, and they do a lot of good on their own account in the course of it. Their theses cover a wide range of subjects and one finds among them titles which arrest the attention—"Human Instincts in Retailing," "Good Will as Applied to Retailing," "Store Responsibility toward the Employe" and "Purchasing Power as the Guide in Buying."

There are 4.600 department stores in the United States and 1.250,000 persons are employed in them. Seven and a half billions of American dollars are invested in them. There is a single store in New York whose doors have been entered by more than 250,000 persons in one day and this store has made more than 700,000 sales in a week.

If such figures don't furnish sound reasons for higher education to give heed to merchandising, for the scientific training of those upon whose shoulders are to rest the responsibilities of a business of such magnitude and which so nearly concerns us all, what could? And more college graduates have been taken into the department stores of New York and vicinity in the last year than in the 10 years preceding it.

500 Years of Tapestries in One Exhibition

American Display of Extinct Art Held to Be Greatest Ever Made

By HARRY H. DUNN

ALTHOUGH the art of the making of tapestries is a child of Europe, where it occupied, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as high a place as painting ever did, it has remained for the United States to present the greatest, most comprehensive and most valuable exhibition of this master craft of the weaver ever assembled in the world. San Francisco, in the Palace of Fine Arts, on the grounds which once bore the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and under the management of J. Nilsen Laurvik, director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, this year gathered an historical exhibition of 80 tapestries covering chronologically tapestry-making in Europe.

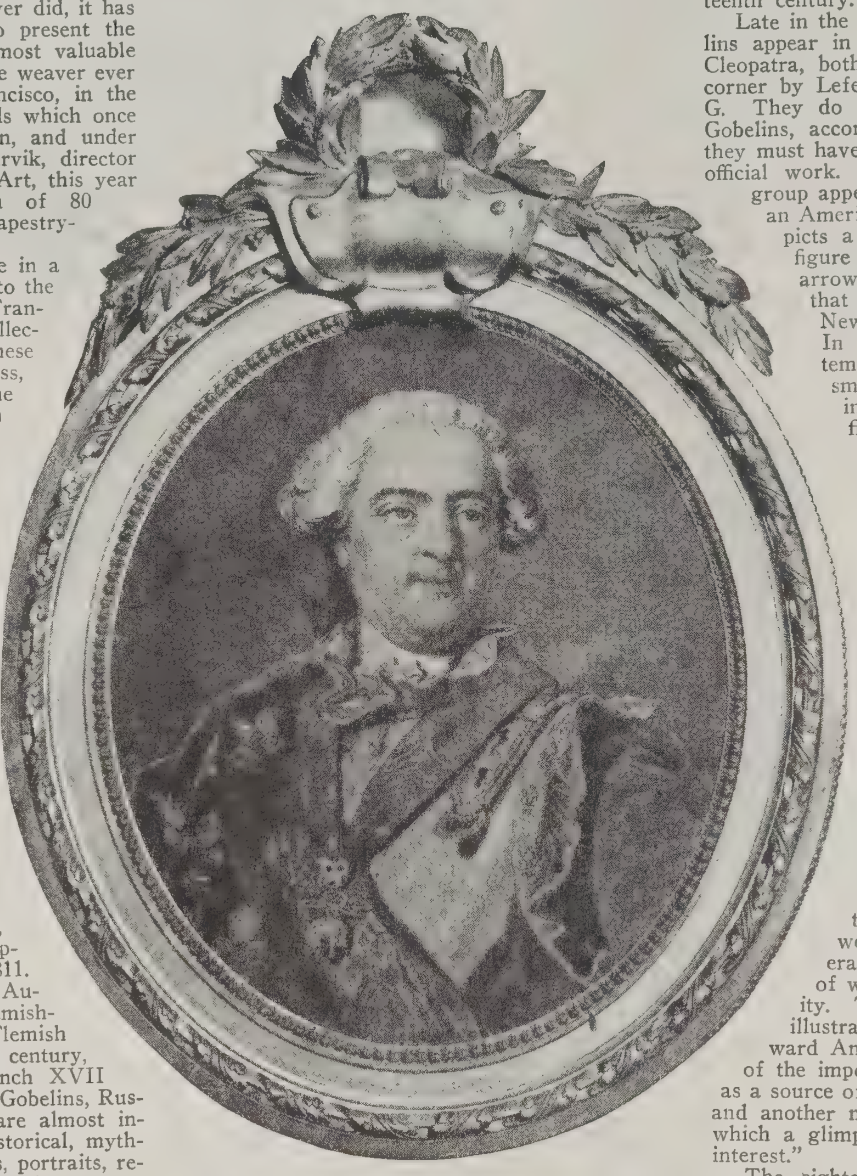
The tapestries, which were made in a period from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, were brought to San Francisco from a score of private collections. Mr. Laurvik borrowed these tapestries, many virtually priceless, and all ranking in value with the greatest of the known paintings. In fact, for every genuine tapestry of authentic weave and origin now extant, there are a thousand good paintings, though tapestry, as an art, exists no more, largely because tapestries are very expensive to produce, and require a long time in the weaving. The art appears to have died more than 100 years ago, the last good tapestries having been made in Spain and Russia about 1810 to 1815.

The tapestries hung in this exhibition fill eight large rooms and one may follow easily the entire chronological record of tapestry-making from a huge Franco-Flemish piece, probably made at Arras, depicting the Annunciation, and dating from the end of the fourteenth century, down to a full-length tapestry portrait of Catherine the Great, woven at the Imperial Russian Tapestry Works, St. Petersburg, in 1811.

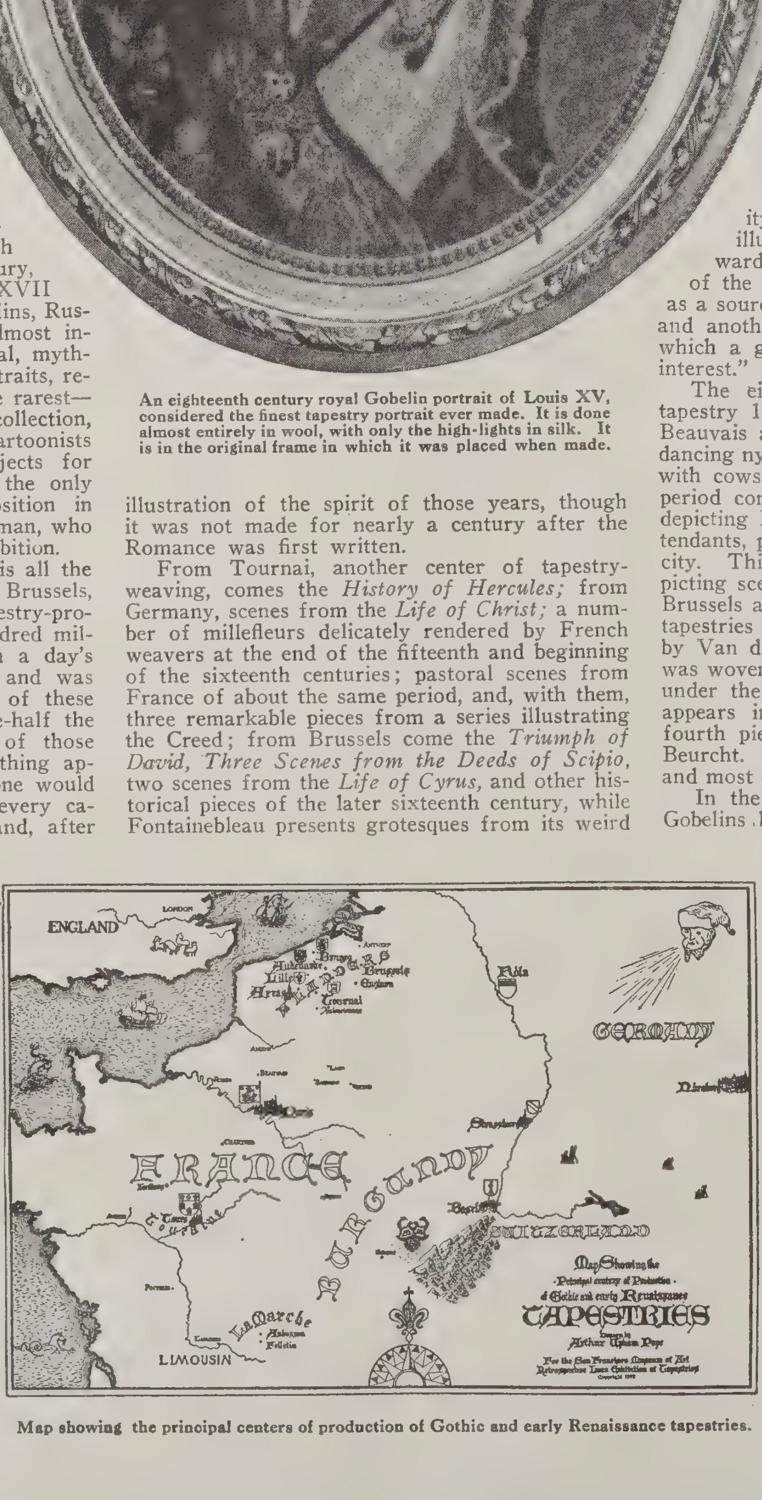
Fourteen looms are represented: Aubusson, Beauvais, English, Flemish-Gothic, Flemish-Renaissance, Flemish XVII century, Flemish XVIII century, Fontainebleau, French-Gothic, French XVII century, German and Swiss Gothic, Gobelins, Russian and Spanish. The subjects are almost innumerable, allegorical, classical, historical, mythological, armorial, genre, landscapes, portraits, religious, and even two still-life pieces, the rarest—though not the most valuable—in the collection, since few tapestry workers, either the cartoonists or the weavers, selected still-life subjects for their studies. In fact, these two are the only recorded examples of still-life composition in tapestry, according to Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, who prepared the catalog for the present exhibition.

This American exhibit of tapestries is all the more remarkable, when it is recalled that Brussels, situated in the very heart of the tapestry-producing region, with more than one hundred million dollars' worth of tapestries within a day's ride, attempted an exhibition in 1910, and was very proud of an exhibited collection of these products of the loom of less than one-half the size and one-fifth the historic value of those shown in San Francisco. To see anything approaching this San Francisco exhibit, one would have to tour all of Europe, visiting every cathedral, every museum, every palace, and, after that, every dealer's sales and show rooms in every large city on the Continent. In addition to the exhibition, lectures on the tapestries, the history of tapestry-making, the story of each tapestry, and something of the location of the principal products of this vanished art, were delivered each day in the exhibition rooms by Dr. Ackerman, who traveled from New York to San Francisco to talk to the people at this exhibit on these subjects.

The earlier figures from the Franco-Flemish school of the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, are notably religious in character. By the middle of the fifteenth century one comes on such gems as the *Scene from the Romance of the Rose*, the first part of which was written in 1337 by Guillaume de Lorris; the second part in 1378 by Jean de Meung, and both translated into English by Chaucer. Here a scene from this morality play in verse has been preserved in tapestry, virile, cruel, yet moralistic, a typical illustration of the spirit of those years, though it was not made for nearly a century after the Romance was first written.



An eighteenth century royal Gobelin portrait of Louis XV, considered the finest tapestry portrait ever made. It is done almost entirely in wool, with only the high-lights in silk. It is in the original frame in which it was placed when made.



Map showing the principal centers of production of Gothic and early Renaissance tapestries.

From Tournai, another center of tapestry-weaving, comes the *History of Hercules;* from Germany, scenes from the *Life of Christ;* a number of millefleurs delicately rendered by French weavers at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries; pastoral scenes from France of about the same period, and, with them, three remarkable pieces from a series illustrating the Creed; from Brussels come the *Triumph of David, Three Scenes from the Deeds of Scipio*, two scenes from the *Life of Cyrus,* and other historical pieces of the later sixteenth century, while Fontainebleau presents grotesques from its weird designers and Paris offers one of the famous Artemis series, designed for Marie de Medici by Toussaint du Breuil, in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Late in the sixteenth century the Royal Gobelins appear in two scenes from the history of Cleopatra, both signed in the lower right-hand corner by Lefebre, with the fleur-de-lis and the G. They do not appear in the record of the Gobelins, according to Dr. Ackerman, and "so they must have been done by Lefebre outside his official work. In the late seventeenth century group appears one of the most interesting to an American of all the tapestries. This depicts a tropical landscape with a heroic figure of an Indian seated with bow and arrows, caressing an alligator—except that the cartoonist, unfamiliar with the New World saurian, drew a crocodile. In the background is a hill with a temple or mission surmounting it. Two small, nude Indian children are smoking pipes beside the large Indian figure. In the foreground is a heap of fruits and flowers symbolic of the wealth and productiveness of the newly discovered Americas. There is a border of fruits and flowers, with corner medallions representing the cardinal points of the compass. On the lower selvage is the Brussels city mark, and the signature "I. V. D. Beurcht."

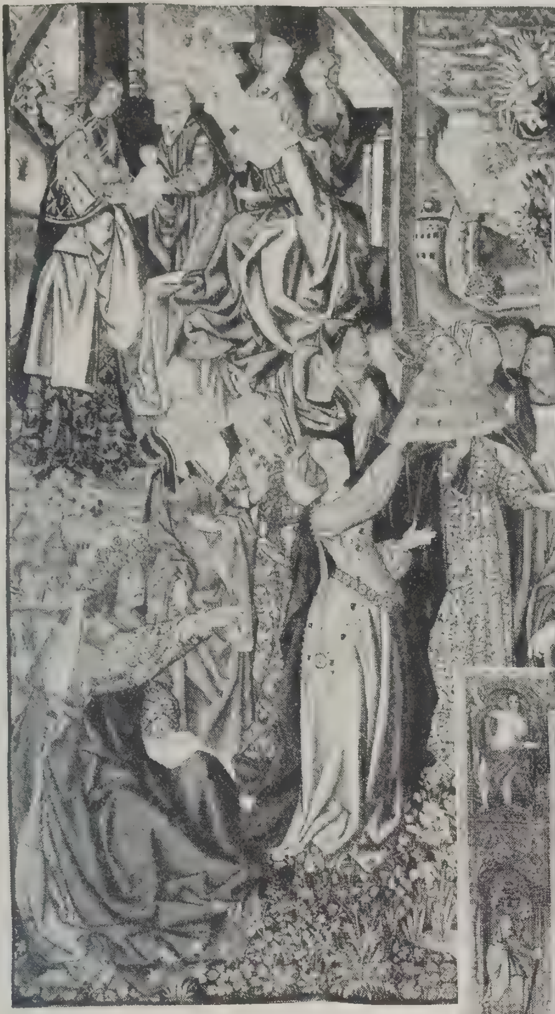
Regarding this interesting tapestry, Dr. Ackerman says:

"The piece is one of a set of four representing the four quarters of the globe. It was woven by Jean Van der Beurcht, one of the great weavers of Brussels, who is known to have been working between 1690 and 1710. The Van der Beurcht family for several generations had been painters, Jean being the first to turn to the profession of tapestry-weaving. He was followed by several other members of the family, all of whom did work of the highest quality. This particular piece is a splendid illustration of the romantic attitude toward America at the time, and a reminder of the importance America had to Europeans as a source of wealth. The 'mission' on the hill, and another mission settlement in the valley of which a glimpse can be caught, are of especial interest."

The eighteenth century is introduced by a tapestry 11 feet wide by 13 feet long, made in Beauvais and portraying a green landscape with dancing nymphs, and beyond them an open pasture with cows grazing. Also from Beauvais at this period comes a tapestry in wool, silk and gold, depicting Louis XIV on horseback, with two attendants, pointing with his cane to the siege of a city. This piece is one of a set of seven, depicting scenes in the life of this monarch. From Brussels at the same time is shown a set of four tapestries depicting the siege of Lille, designed by Van der Meulen for Lord Cobham. The set was woven in the Royal Manufactory at Brussels, under the direction of Leynier, whose signature appears in the border of three pieces; in the fourth piece is the Latin signature of Van der Beurcht. This is considered one of the strongest and most effective sets in the exhibition.

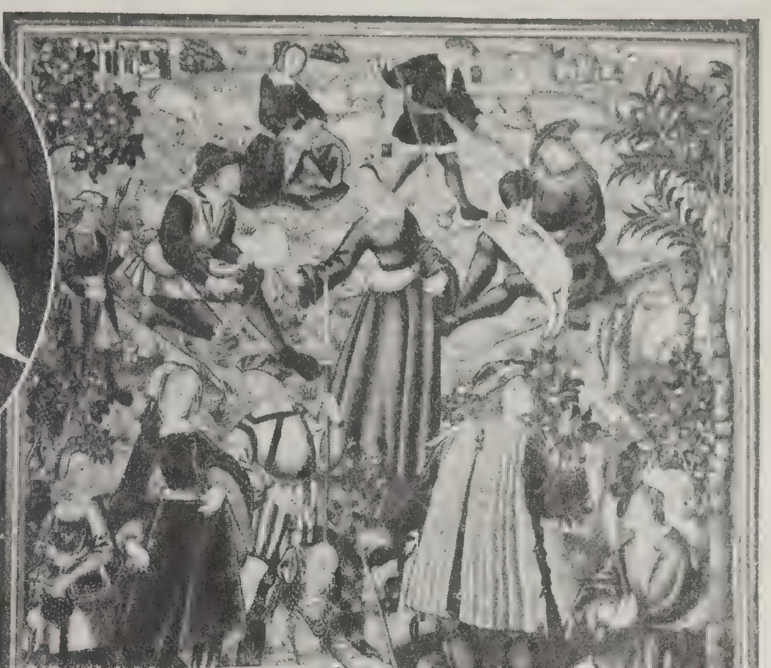
In the middle of the eighteenth century the Gobelins begin to appear in numbers, and there is an odd Chinese grotesque from Beauvais, designed by Berain and woven under the direction of Behagle. An illustration from "Don Quixote" forms the theme of a tapestry about 10 feet square, woven in the middle of the eighteenth century at Aubusson. It bears the signatures of M. R. D'Aubusson, director of the works; Mage, a tapestry merchant in Paris in 1746; and of Picon, a dyer to the king from 1748 to 1756. The scene depicted is that in which the priest and Cardenio meet Dorothy, with Don Quixote lying exhausted on the ground, while the faithful Sancho Panza pleads for his return to Toboso.

The latest productions of the tapestry looms are The Card Players, woven in Madrid at the end of the eighteenth century, one of the seldom-seen products of the Santa Barbara looms of Madrid, and an almost perfect imitation of a painting in the collection; and the portrait of Catherine the Great.

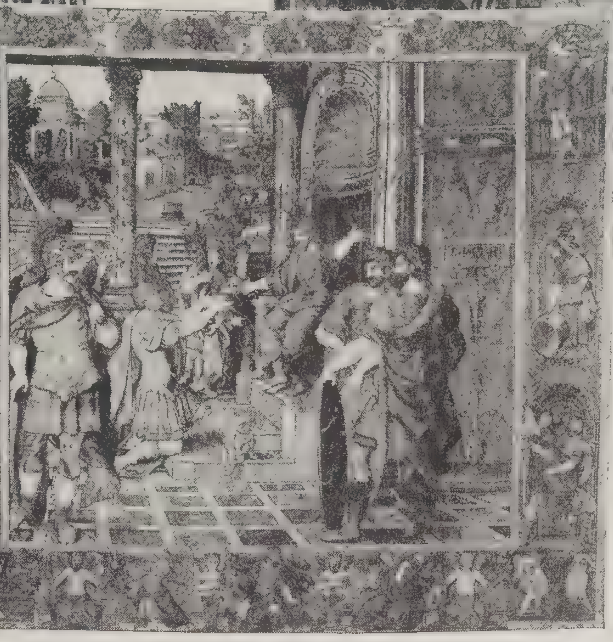


The Assumption of the Virgin, one of three huge pieces in a series illustrating the Creed. Evidently there was originally one more scene at the right of this tapestry which has been cut off, and the piece re-bordered. The weaving was done in Flanders, probably at Brussels, about 1510, from cartoons by Maitre Philippe, but the weaver himself is not known.

J. NILSEN LAURVIK, Director of the San Francisco Museum of Art.



Pastoral scene in France, in the late fifteenth century, an excellent example of the clarity of French design in tapestries of this period. This piece shows two ladies, with their lords, walking in the country, apparently on the way to a hunt, and stopping to speak to a group of peasants herding their flocks. The maker is believed to have been the same man who made the drawings for the stained-glass windows of St. Etienne du Mont, and of St. Germain-L'Auxerrois, but his name is not revealed.



Scene from The Deeds of Scipio, showing Scipio enthroned, offering the mural crown to Caius Laelius, and woven by Hubert de Mecht, from cartoons by Giulio Romano, in Brussels, in the second quarter of the sixteenth century. There are 18 pieces in this set, while two subsequent sets—the Triumphs of Scipio, and the Fruits of War—make a total of 35 pieces in the complete history, one of the largest sequences ever attempted in tapestry.

Ruthless Cutting Imperils Our American Holly

IN THE progress of the great conservation movement there is danger of entirely overlooking a very important member of our forest family—the American Holly.

Within the area of one of our large cities, there are perhaps hundreds of persons who have never seen the rolling swell of the sea, nor breathed in the fragrance of the magnolia, nor heard the silvery song of the wood thrush, but few indeed are unfamiliar with the holly and its sweet significance. Little children love it for its association with the annual visits of good old Santa; and in their later years, when contact with the seamy side of life has rubbed much of the bloom away none is too cynical to feel the charm of its symbolic beauty.

In the dim forest legends of Central and Northern Europe, the ruby holly berry is seen gleaming in the midst of pagan festivals. The holly branch was a token of good will between the tribes. When Christianity came to Europe, the holly tree took on a deeper significance at the Yuletide season. The day on which the Divine Babe was born became a festival of peace and good will. Because of its thorny leaves and warm, red berries, the holly tree was accepted as a symbol, and was displayed in Christian homes to denote the spirit of hospitality and charity that prevailed at Christmas time. Thus it became known as the Christ Thorn, or Holy Tree, which explains the origin of the name by which it is now known—Holly Tree. Among the brightest pages of English literature are those which tell of the Yuletide festivities in Merrie England, of revelry within the ancestral halls, and holly hanging high on the castle walls.

The actual baggage brought over by the hardy pioneers who colonized America was scant; not so, however, the precious burden of history, tradition and legend which generations had stored up. Familiar birds, animals and trees found in the new land were joyfully recognized and welcomed into the places once occupied by similar objects in the old home, and so it was that all the ties of sentiment and symbolism which the years had woven about the European Holly were transferred to its kinsman of the American forests. At this season no tree or shrub holds a warmer spot in the hearts of the American people than does the holly tree. The cheery holly wreath in the window or over the fireplace has become a necessary part of our Christmas atmosphere. If holly were missing a part of Christmas would seem to be gone.

Yet the utter extermination of the holly is only a matter of a few years, if the present rate of destruction continues.

The magnitude of the traffic in holly which has sprung up in recent times is difficult to imagine. Several weeks before Christmas, the holly cutters go out into the woods, armed with ax and saw. If only a few branches were judiciously pruned from each tree, very little harm would result; but financial gain, of course, is the only thing considered by most of those engaged in the holly traffic. The scarcer the holly, the higher the price obtained for it. No forest is distant enough to escape the pillage, and thousands of trees are cut down to the ground, stripped of their branches, and the trunks left to rot. The branches are shipped by the carload to the cities, where they are used as lavish decorations for large department stores, clubrooms and churches. In a few days the leaves wither, and the branches are taken down and piled together to be burned—a sacrificial bonfire to waste and thoughtlessness.

While it is the "holly business" that is rapidly bringing about the extinction of the Christmas symbol, Mr. Average Citizen must also bear a share of the blame. Going out after holly is one of the first and most delightful pleasures of the Christmas season in sections of the country where this beautiful evergreen is found. Before the automobile became common, the jaunt had to be made in the old-fashioned family surrey, with dependable old Dobbin furnishing the horse power. When the whole family was bundled in, little or no room was left, and so after one or two small sprays of holly had been gathered the return journey started, amid much excitement and merriment. But, as the popular song goes, those days are gone forever. Nowadays, everybody who has an automobile (and what is so rare as the man who has not one or two?) goes out and brings back as much holly as he can possibly pile onto his car. As a result, instead of the old-time holly wreath of greeting and good cheer, the home is filled with a profusion of boughs.

In the northern part of its range and along the Atlantic coast, the holly rarely reaches its maximum size, but down in the southern woodlands, where it thrives best, the growth and character of the holly tree is typical of our great nation. Springing up in the shadow of the aromatic pines and gnarled, moss-draped old oaks, it grows slowly but steadily until it reaches a height of 40 or 45 feet. Gay, erect, symmetrical, it is as handsome as a young monarch surrounded by his sage and bearded counselors. The noblest fairy prince that rode through the mystic lands of folklore and mythology could have been no more modest than is the holly tree when it opens its small white blossoms in response to the caressing warmth of the southern sun, nor bolder than when, in the midst of the winter's siege, it flaunts its radiant colors and steadfastly withstands the onslaughts of the blizzard. Many a feathered mite has partaken of its generous hospitality and returned the favor by carrying afar the seed.

Its comparative hardihood and outstanding beauty, at a time when nearly all other forms of floral life have bowed before the might of winter, make the holly ideal for ornamental planting.

Somewhat resembling ivory in color and texture, the wood of the holly tree is much sought after by the engraver and the interior decorator.

In the home it is a cherished friend, and witness of all the intimate activities that center about the hearth on the happiest holiday of the year. We should strive to preserve our native holly for all time as a treasured portion of our national heritage.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

In addition to a prison sentence for speeders, a Detroit municipal judge has the violators taken through the children's ward of Receiving Hospital that they may see at close hand what suffering the speed craze has wrought. The judge also promises to take the speeders to the county morgue, there to view those who have been killed by reckless drivers.

President Harding broke White House records of several months standing when he shook hands with 1,450 persons in a recent reception.

"Please don't remove your hat in this elevator. Keep it on and help speed up elevator service." This is a sign the mayor of Cleveland proposes to place in all elevators in that city. "Fellows who have to be so polite and take off their hats just jam things up," said the mayor. "They hold their hats over their stomachs and take up room that other people should have and block the way in getting in and out of elevators."

Beavers of Alaska are felling telephone poles where the poles stand near the waterways. Several poles have been destroyed in this manner and the linemen protect the remaining poles by wrapping them with wire to a height of several feet.

The Chilean earthquake broke open an ancient graveyard, within 10 miles of Copiapo, which may reveal valuable data.

Among the most marvelous pieces of recent art is the new bronzo statue of Theodore Roosevelt unveiled in Portland, Oregon, a short time ago. The figure of the ex-President and his horse towers nearly 18 feet above the granite base and depicts the spirit of the West in a splendid manner. A. Phimister Proctor, a New York sculptor and friend of the former President, did the work.

Marion Talley, age 15, the daughter of a telegraph operator of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, is an American vocal prodigy, according to the decision of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company. She is to study for four years before attempting seriously to become a great artist.

When an American offered the Passion players of Oberammergau a million dollars for the privilege of filming the Passion Play without a change in cast, the players sacrificed their locks and saved their self-respect and honor. Owing to the depreciation of the mark, the temptation to violate a sacred tradition was great. Anton Lang's philosophy is that riches do not bring contentment and happiness, two assets the players now possess.

Fingerprints are now sent by radio by means of the Belin system.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

It is recorded that in the desert of Arabia north of Hail, in the foothills of the Skammar Mountains, in February, the thermometer fell from 78 degrees a little before sunset to 18 degrees a quarter of an hour after. Variations of from 30 to 40 degrees in an hour are not unusual.

Compulsory vaccination in Denver as a preventive of smallpox, was declared in effect recently. There have been 100 deaths from smallpox in Denver within a few weeks.

Whitehall Court, the home of the National Liberal Club, is 110 feet high, the highest building in London.

When Isadora Duncan danced in Indianapolis, Lew Shank, the mayor, stationed four policemen in the wings of the theater to see that the famous dancer appeared on the stage costumed according to Indianapolis standards.

A solid train of 14 cars of silk, valued at $5,000,000, recently made an unbroken trip from Seattle to New York.

Maxim silencers are not used on guns exclusively. They are used on gas and oil engine exhausts and suctions, air-compressor suctions, air hoists, air and steam discharges or safety valves, steam traps, and so on.

Depth bombs, exploded in Puget Sound near Tacoma, by Federal prohibition agents, thwarted expected attempts to recover from the water a large quantity of liquor which was recently thrown overboard by a smugglers' launch. The bombs were shot at the spot where the bottles were seen to sink.

White ants are destroying the beautiful old temples of Nikko, Japan. The temples, built of wood, sculptured and lacquered, are going fast under the attacks of the insects.

The German Government permits certain firms to print their own money in small denominations. During the reign of George III of England, the amount of copper coin in circulation was totally inadequate, and tradesmen of Great Britain issued tokens of their own. One manufacturer in Birmingham issued more than 9,000,000 pennies and the amount of "tokens" in circulation in 1780 outnumbered the genuine coinage.

Japanese water bags of rice paper are more durable than similar articles of rubber. Resin is used between the layers of paper, which is soft and flexible. The outside is covered with lacquer.

Calvin Coolidge says: "In these days, children get about what they ask for, not what the wise judgment of their parents should dictate. Their pockets are filled with money and out they go to purchase pleasure, all the pleasure their easy money will buy. The taste for pleasure is formed as the taste for thrift and work is killed. Later on, in a natural development of things, the taste for pleasure becomes so strong that it must be satisfied at any cost. If crime has to be resorted to, that price is paid."

A speed of 1,200 miles an hour will be entirely possible in aircraft within the next 25 years, according to Professor F. W. Pawlowski, of the aeronautical engineering department of the University of Michigan.

There are enough motor vehicles in the United States to take the entire population for a ride at one time.

A tourist in passing through four states recently was required to purchase four different sets of lenses that his headlights would comply with state laws. Uniformity in highway regulation is needed.

Zebras are to be bred on a farm near Millbrook, New York.

Colorado has a silver highway. The material of the highway from Durango to Silverton was taken from the dump piles of abandoned silver mines. The hard surface of the highway contains an appreciable amount of silver in its native state.

The German landlord of the Rumanian Embassy in Berlin bricked up the door and stood outside to tell the tenants they could not enter until six months' rental in arrears had been paid.

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"Musical Moonshiners"

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Two Christmas Stories That Are a Bit Different

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Swindles of the "Musical Moonshiners"

How Fake Song Promoters Mislead Amateur Writers and Steal More Than a Million Dollars Annually

By WILL G. CALDWELL

CONSERVATIVE estimates, based upon records of copyrights granted, indicate that at least a million dollars a year is being obtained under false pretenses by what the legitimate music publishers call "musical moonshiners."

Perhaps you have seen advertisements offering to write music for and publish song-poems. Usually the advertisements read something like this:

> "Write the words for a song. We will compose music, secure copyright, and publish. Submit poems on any subject today."

Thousands of these advertisements have been published, many in reputable publications. As proof that they have brought tremendous returns we have but to consult the records of copyrights granted. The 16 leading music publishers of unquestioned reliability filed in 1920 but 2,669 copyrights for songs, yet there were more than 31,000 song-copyrights granted in that year. A check-up of three of the leading "musical moonshiners" shows that they filed 7,794 copyrights in the same period, proving beyond a doubt that the song-writing swindle has assumed the proportions of a real industry as far as volume of business is concerned.

The records of copyrights do not indicate the full extent of the scheme, for many of these "musical moonshiners" do not even trouble to copyright the pitiful compositions submitted by their victims. One promoter who recently fell afoul the Federal authorities is said to have profited to the extent of nearly one million dollars in three years as a result of his activities in inducing credulous persons to pay him for having a few copies of their song-poems printed.

Differing only in details, most of the schemes worked by these fake promoters are surprisingly alike. To anyone familiar with the mechanics of music publishing their promises mean nothing, but to the average uninformed and perhaps illiterate victim they appear to be a heaven-sent opportunity to become rich and famous overnight.

It goes without saying that the average person who thinks he can write an acceptable song-poem without any experience or previous training in the business is credulous to say the least—usually ignorant or illiterate would better describe him. But be that as it may, the fact remains that there are thousands of people—mostly romantic-minded women—who are convinced that the poem they have written is another "After the Ball," "Silver Threads," or "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Most of the compositions offered are of the ballad type, although no type of song is slighted, there being every sort of poem offered, from the coon-shouting jazz number to the most pitiful attempts to imitate the favorite sentimental ballads.

The "Come-on" Literature

WHEN one of these earnest but misguided persons answers one of the advertisements, similar to the one quoted in the second paragraph of this article, a circular is sent him or her by the fake promoter. Usually this circular tells of the wonderful and fabulous sums that have been earned by certain popular songs, known to almost everyone. One circular before me tells how George M. Cohan was paid $25,000 for "Over There," and how another song called "Bubbles" brought $15,000 cash to the author. Page after page is devoted to making the prospective victim believe that there is a great shortage of songs, and that almost any old song-poem published will sell rapidly and pile up a fortune in royalties for the author.

In one circular we find the following glittering promises of rewards to the song writer: "No field of literature offers the possibility of reward for the amount of effort expended that song writing holds. Every day you hear a new song being whistled, played and sung. As each sweeps across the country thousands of copies are sold and material reward in the form of large royalties checks is going to some author." With this, and a vast amount of similar "come-on" talk, the amateur song writer feels that his or her song is bound to make a fortune. Reading the proposition offered by the "musical moonshiners" they are convinced that their song only has to be printed to achieve success.

The proposition offered by these fake song promoters is, to the amateur, remarkably liberal and fair. To those who know, it is nothing more than a downright swindle, at times common ordinary robbery, protected by the ignorance of the victim, and technicalities of wording never understood by the victim. Although many of these fake promoters have been put out of business by the postal authorities they usually so word their contracts that they can prove that they have done everything agreed to, and thus elude the law.

What is this wonderful proposition they offer? Briefly, it is to compose the music for the song-poem submitted by the victim, copyright and print a certain number of copies of the completed song, submit it to all the leading publishers, music dealers, and make an effort to sell the songs to the leading stores and chains of stores operating music departments. More than that, they agree to place copies of the music in the hands of all the leading singers in vaudeville, on the musical comedy stage, and with bands, orchestras and the various manufacturers of music rolls for the mechanical pianos, as well as the manufacturers of talking machine and phonograph records.

All these valuable services will be rendered for the small sums of $25 to $90. If the victim fails to respond to the first letter, a vigorous follow-up system of mailing is begun, each successive letter or circular making some sort of concession in price, or a "SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER," ostensibly good only for a few days.

To paraphrase a leading cartoonist, all these promises of services to be rendered "don't mean anything," even though they are carried out to the letter. Let us consider each promise and see how it is disposed of.

The Music Publishers' Protective Association has issued a bulletin which says, "any hack musician of experience can grind out commonplace music by the yard. With song texts set before him on the piano rack, and plenty of music paper he will wearily work all day on one or two formulas, till sick of them, then use another, always basing his scheme on the popular music of the hour. This heartless mechanical piffle is what these 'set-your-poem-to-music' grinders sell at a good profit to their ignorant victims. We have positive evidence of the same music being sent to different victims in different states at the same time."

"Composed" 1,948 "Songs" in Year

THE same bulletin is authority for the statement that a certain New York faker entered his own name in the copyright records at Washington as composer of 1,948 songs in 1920. Think of it—more than six songs a day for every working day in the year. When we consider that two or three hits a year is the record for even the most prolific of our most famous writers of popular songs we have to hand it to this gentleman for industry, if not for honesty, and for quantity, if not for quality.

Now that gives us an idea of the sort of music we can expect our amateur song writer to get from these fakers. The next promise is that the words and music will be printed, that an attractive pictorial cover will be designed and printed in colors for the song. It costs but a few dollars to have any music printer set up the words and music for a song and run off, say 200 copies, which is the number called for in the average contract. The covers are simply printed from stock plates, with a space left blank for the title of each new victim's song to be printed in. Hundreds of songs are sent out each year, all having the same cover page, except for the small space at the top where the different titles are printed in.

When the amateur receives his consignment of copies of his song, with the flashy cover, and his name in large type as author, he gets a thrill that is, to him, perhaps, worth the money he sent the grafter to print the song, after "setting it to music," but the vicious part of the whole scheme is the fact that few of the victims have the money to spare. Most of them are in moderate circumstances—many of them borrow the required $25 to $100 which they send to the fakers. When their song is received they are led to believe that its chances for success are almost assured. One of these fake promoters has a whole series of letters—form letters, printed in quantities—designed to work the victim's enthusiasm up to a white heat. When the printed songs are sent, a letter is also mailed, stating that a "certain nationally known publisher has expressed interest in the song and that negotiations may be completed at any moment." In the meantime, the victim is given to believe that the faker is making prodigious efforts in behalf of the song.

He is often led to believe that the song will be submitted to all the leading publishers of popular music. As a matter of fact it has been proved that the only method used to submit these songs to the publishers is that the fakers usually—to protect themselves in case of investigation—mail a copy of the song to the leading publishers. They receive no consideration whatever in the offices of these publishers. Perhaps a few copies of the songs are mailed to certain stage-folk, who, of course, never consider them.

An Expensive Undertaking

PUBLISHING and popularizing a song is an expensive and difficult undertaking, and to think that these "musical moonshiners" lead their victims to believe that their pitiful attempts at song writing can hope to meet with success is almost as amusing as it is regrettable.

Investigation shows that the average legitimate music publisher is not interested at all in the efforts of amateurs. Usually he has a staff of skilled and experienced song writers who are familiar with the situation from all angles, who, in collaboration with experienced musicians, are constantly working to turn out a song that will sell. One of the leading publishers of popular songs frankly states that all unsolicited manuscripts are returned unread. Then what chance have these effusions of amateurs in competition with the combined efforts of famous writers, noted musicians, and experienced publishers and their staffs of skilled promotion men? None whatever.

It may be said that any publisher who demands a payment for the publication of any song is either operating a fraudulent scheme or not dealing fair and square. Do not confuse "publishing" with "printing." There are many legitimate concerns in the music printing business who will, for a sum, print your song, from music furnished, but "printing" and "publishing" are entirely different activities. It is entirely legitimate for any printer to print a song—just as much so as it is for him to print a calling card—but these firms who offer to compose music, print, and publish your song-poems, and submit them to the stores, musical organizations, and talking machine record companies are downright frauds, for their business success is founded solely on their ability to make you think they are rendering a service of value, whereas their services are totally without value. Their whole scheme is first to make you believe that your poem has merit, second that the music they compose is of value, third that their efforts (?) in marketing the completed poem are of value, and fourth that they will actually make any determined effort to sell the song when printed.

One investigator composed a poem that was actually as silly and pathetically sentimental as he could make it. This was submitted to one of these musical moonshiners who promptly wrote back that the poem seemed to have genuine merit, and that it held great promise of becoming the rage of the hour if set to appropriate music, and "published." He actually said published, but he should have said "printed." His price was $65 for which he offered to criticize, write music for, publish 600 copies, copyright, and promote the song when completed. His "promotion" (?) services were to comprise the following activities:

Two hundred copies to be sent to the author for his or her own use.

Two hundred copies to be mailed to 200 performers and theaters located outside of New York City.

Eighty copies to be submitted to 80 different music publishers.

Copies also to be mailed to leading manufacturers of phonograph records and music rolls, and the balance of the copies to be filed in the professional department for use in the permanent demonstrating portfolio.

This faker also agreed to advertise regularly in theatrical papers inviting professionals to call and hear the various songs demonstrated. In this connection it may be said that even the mediocre members of the profession who sing songs in their acts are literally hounded by the agents of music publishers in their effort to place their songs. "Song pluggers," as they are called, are sent to sing even the successful songs in theaters, dance halls, music stores, department stores, and public gatherings of all kinds. Even though half a million copies of a song are sold the publishers stand to lose money on them, due to the enormous expense of promotion, advertising, and "plugging." What, then, can the amateur hope to achieve with the paltry hundred he or she hands over to a fake?

"Royalty" Check for Nine Cents

ONE of these "musical moonshiners" had an ingenious scheme—so ingenious that it attracted the attention of the Postal Inspectors who issued a fraud order against him—for pacifying his victims. He had printed, in large quantities, checks for nine cents. These checks were supposed to represent the month's royalty—three cents a copy on three copies. A letter was sent stating that the music business was temporarily very dull, and that the song was seemingly not in demand "at present." The faker generously offered to donate to the victim the printing plates used in printing the song. Usually the amateur, having visions of popularizing his own song, through his own efforts, accepted the offer and wrote for the plates. In signing a receipt for the plates the victim virtually signed a release, absolving the faker from all responsibility.

In the governmental investigation it was shown that every victim received the nine-cent checks, proving beyond a doubt that none of the songs ever sold, for the three copies which were supposed to have been sold, were never sold at all.

Here is the warning sent out by the legitimate publishers of music to all amateur writers.

1. Anything can be set to music of some sort from the cheapest jingle to the most wonderful poem.
2. Music written to order is, as a rule, valueless, and is rarely, if ever, actually published.
3. Professional copies, so-called, are worthless to the legitimate publisher, and promptly go into the waste basket.
4. Printing is not publishing.
5. No high-class, genuine music publisher takes orders for publishing. They only accept music they are willing to invest in, they themselves assuming all the risk and expense of publishing, besides paying the composer for his work, whether in cash or royalities.

There are literally thousands of persons who are laboring under a delusion that they have ability to write songs or song-poems. Any reader who knows one will do him a favor to explain the workings of the hundreds of shyster firms that operate. If the amateur writer simply must submit his or her poem to some one, it is not necessary to have it printed, or even copyrighted. Simply go to any music store and obtain the names of the publishers from the copies of music on sale. If your poem really has merit—chances are it has none—there is perhaps a remote chance that it will happen to be accepted, but the chances are remote indeed; just as remote as it is for an amateur baseball player to jump from the sand lots direct to the big leagues.

Rocking-horse Passing as Home Shrinks

Germany Stages Come-back in American Toy Market

Wouldn't Johnny like to get in here?

By E. I. FARRINGTON

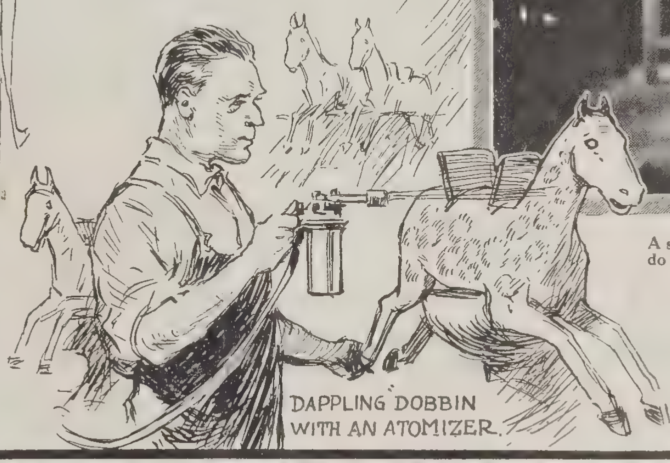
TOONERVILLE TROLLEYS made in Germany! Sounds rather anomalous, even though they are toys, for the Toonerville Trolley is distinctly an American institution. Yet it is an indication of the effort being made by Germany to regain its old-time ascendency in the toy business. The Germans are making toys cheap, far cheaper than they can be made in this country. The Toonerville Trolley car, which is a most amusing miniature of the antiquated vehicle seen in the newspaper cartoons and in the movies, having the same limp, and the same bewhiskered motorman, was invented by an American, who gave the Germans the job of manufacturing the toy because they could make it to sell for a dollar.

American manufacturers had an opportunity to take the toy market away from the Germans as a result of the war. They failed to do it, either from disinclination or because they did not look far enough ahead. So now conditions are gradually taking the same shape as before the great conflict, only that the German factories cannot fill the demands of American dealers.

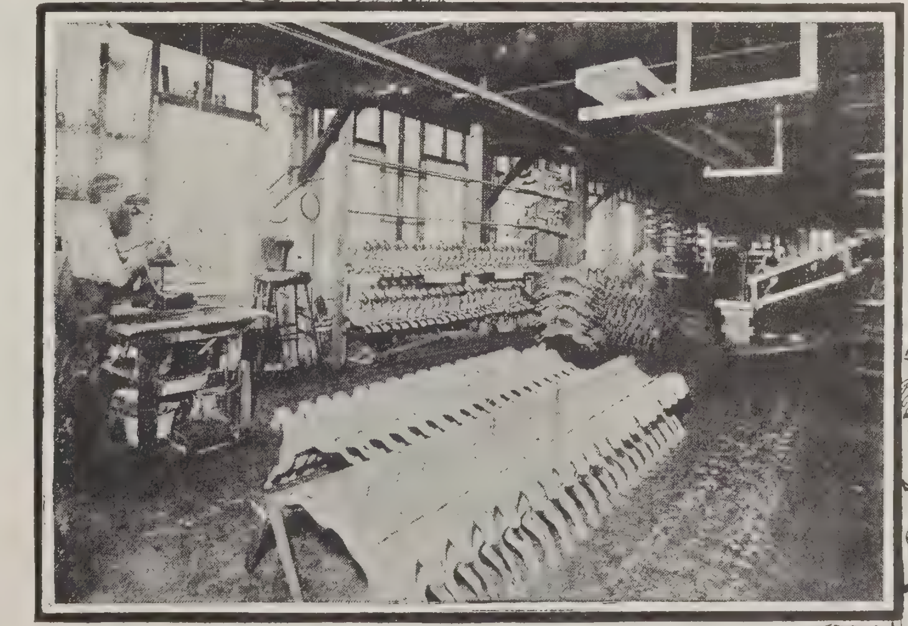
Dolls must always take first place in the toy industry. Five dolls are sold to one toy of any other kind. And the doll with the bisque head is now, as it has been for years, the favorite doll of little girls and their mothers—and it may be said in passing that the mothers seem to get quite as much pleasure out of shopping for dolls as do their daughters. Practically all the dolls with bisque heads come from Germany. American toy makers had five or six years in which to learn the art and develop the process, but they didn't do it. They preferred sticking to the composition doll heads, which they can make and sell at a lower price.

There never was any real competition between American and German toy makers, and apparently the business is getting back on its old-time basis, the Americans having passed up the opportunity to beat the Germans in their own lines. The American factories turn out composition dolls and the German factories bisque dolls. The Germans make cheap mechanical toys and the Americans mechanical toys which are relatively expensive. There is no great rivalry here, except that the cheapness of the German product cuts down the demand for domestic goods.

A smart factory owner would get all the little girls in town to come and do the job for nothing. As it is, he'll pay to have their clothes put on.



War memories fade quickly when business gets into the saddle. I myself wrote only a few years back that Germany had lost its toy business for all time in America, at least; and the toy makers approved. Now the toy buyers of the United States are grabbing up all the German toys on which they can get their hands and grieving that there are no more. It is just business. The successful buyer goes where he can get the best bargains. To be sure, the new tariff makes a difference, but a large proportion of this season's toys were in before the tariff went into effect. The increase is considerable. The rate before was 35 per cent. Now it is 70 per cent. Before the first of August a dollar toy cost $1.35. Now it costs $1.70. This will make a difference in next season's profits. As far as the German toy maker is concerned, however, the question is, "Will there be any next season?" The constant decline of the mark is gradually putting him out of business. The sum which paid last season for the material from which his toys were made, will not nearly pay for the same amount of material this season.



A corner in the rocking-horse room.

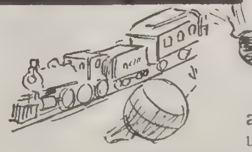
Toy factories in this country have been running at full blast this year at a time when they would like to see their orders pretty well filled. That is because the retailers refused to buy in the spring, as is the normal custom. They were waiting for prices to drop. The manufacturers said prices couldn't be dropped. The buyers shrugged their shoulders and continued to wait, or else sent their orders across the water. Yet the domestic factories are having a good season. In former times nearly $9,000,000 worth of toys came to this country from Germany. This year imports are probably not one-third of that amount. And people will buy toys, even though they cannot pay their house rent. At the same time buying is not what it was just after the war. In 1919 the workers of the country were having an orgy of spending and that year saw the peak of the toy trade.

It is in the making of wooden toys that the American factories enjoy the greatest supremacy. The number of these toys turned out is almost beyond belief. A big pine tree lasts only an hour when it gets into one of the toy factories, and then, presto, it appears in the form of rocking-horses, dolls' furniture and playhouses, enough to fill a room.

Rocking-horses were once among the most important of all toys, and still sell well, but in greatly lessened numbers, owing to the modern custom of living in tiny apartments, where a real boy's size rocking-horse would occupy the space required for something much more utilitarian. Rocking-horses are now for the farm house and the suburban home.

There is a town in Northern Massachusetts commonly called Toy Town, because toy making is the chief industry of its 6,000 inhabitants. It appears on the map as Winchendon and it is recognized as the train passes by a huge rocking-horse 17 feet high, standing beside the tracks. A large proportion of the rocking-horses sold throughout the country come from this town. Enormous quantities of lumber are used to produce them, while butchers far and wide are looked to for cowhides to cover the bodies and for cow tails to make the waving manes. Rocking-horses, like most other wooden toys, are practically machine made. A block of wood is fed to the machine, the power is turned on and sharp knives carve the wood into the exact shape of a wooden model at the other end of the machine, over which little mechanical fingers move as though guided by a human brain. The operator simply takes off the finished body and puts on a new block of wood. The legs and head are fashioned in much the same way, but the shaping of the nostrils has to be done by hand as no machine has been invented which will perform this delicate piece of work.

The painting is done by dipping the horses into a great vat of thin color, after which the wooden animals are stood upon racks to dry. The dapple gray, which color seems to be preferred for all wooden horses, is obtained by means of an air pump which sprays liquid lamp black over the white paint. The glossy coats are produced by the free use of varnish.



The cowhide coverings are reserved for the higher priced horses, while there is an intermediate grade on which plush is used. The eyes of the most expensive animals are made of glass, and are slipped into little sockets cut to receive them. Most of the horses boast handsome saddles and bridles and sometimes whole battalions of gayly caparizoned horses are to be seen lined up on the factory floor as though only awaiting riders before starting for the front. The rockers are put on last of all and are made of carefully selected wood shaped in steam ovens, for it is on the rockers that the greatest strain is bound to come. As made today, American rocking-horses are the best in the world.

One big concern has come out with dolls entirely of wood. Of course, these dolls are indestructible, but in addition they have jointed arms and legs and are made up with carefully designed faces.

(Concluded on page 8)

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Christmas, 1922

IT IS the fifth Christmas since the Armistice. It comes upon the world without the world's consent, perhaps against the larger part of the world's desire, but still it comes without asking leave. It comes because it celebrates something that began once upon a time and is yet to be completed in the fullness of the times. Christmas is not traditional, it is prophetic. Historically, it is probably true that Christmas is not the natal day of Christ; as nearly as that event can be fixed it fell in our September; but as September is nine months after the Christmas season, the event that befell on Christmas was more mystical than the birth of a child. It was never claimed for Christ that His birth of a woman was the unique fact of His coming, but that He was divinely conceived. So that Christmas as a natal day may pass, but as a time more significant still, it remains. Its virility against the paganism that would rob it of its essential meaning is worth thinking about.

Christmas comes in times of war as in peace, in times of plenty and in times of need. When it comes in troubled times, it points the world beyond the troubles. And when it comes in times when the more obvious troubles have ceased, it leaves men restless that they have come so short a distance on the way. Christmas had a much different aspect in war times than it has now; we were unfeignedly glad to see it then; it represented in our minds the Armistice of God. But now, it chides and challenges us, our "peace" is so little like the Christmas peace.

Christmas contains the formula of peace. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly soldiers chanting, Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." The world talks about peace; propagandists weary us by their propaganda against war when they ought to know we do not want war. But with all our talk about peace we still cling in our social and economic systems to those things which produce war. War is not produced by soldiers, but by economists and philosophers. War is the explosion of wrong thought. As high explosives are made silently in the laboratory of the chemist, so is war produced by national thinking in time of peace. The angelic formula of peace takes care of that. When the divine purpose and will are set in the highest place, when it is shadowed forth in common good will among men, then there is peace. Good will is the only good thing we can attain. Will is not will, unless it be good; it is not will unless it be strong. The angels who sang were not lily-fingered choir boys let out of heaven for an hour—they were "multitudes of the heavenly soldiers, singing, Peace!"

A Third Party

IT IS interesting to follow the efforts of publicists to reach a conclusion about this third party business. Every one seems to be saying that a third party will have no chance, but they say it with the air of men who are anxiously peering to see if the third party is coming round the corner. Politicians are saying that a third party is impossible, even while they eagerly ask for news of the third party movement. The only possible conclusion at present is that the political sharps know nothing about it.

In the absence of knowledge, the politicians have therefore set out to decide upon a policy with regard to the nonexistent, impossible third party. Here, unfortunately, the same lack of unity and wisdom are apparent. There are two policies: one is to encourage the third party movement—that is, get all the "nuts" and their candidates into one bloc, and then gently but firmly sweep them all into the discard. This is the astute policy of certain gentlemen who always place their bets on the trick stunts in politics. The disadvantage of this stunt is that it has been worked before, and like "old stuff" it may not work this time. The last time the third party movement became a menace to the organized scoundrelism which we know as politics, it was deliberately fostered by the politicians. It was encouraged. It was brought to its fullest strength. And then it was wrecked. It was wrecked in a way that honest people cannot understand. The stand pat conservative money powers handed out orders to certain sections of the red rampant radicals, and the thing was done. Honest people never can get that coalition through their heads. They think that the conservative money powers and the red radicals must be enemies—they simply must be enemies. But they are not. Russia was financed by International Financiers. They work hand in hand with the revolutionaries. The two ends of society (as most people conceive them) are really joined in one purpose. They are both destructive. These gentlemen would like well enough to see a third party, because they think they know how it could be prevented from accomplishing anything.

Then, again, there are politicians who desire a third party, that the two old parties may be cleared of the progressive elements which are now uncomfortably apparent among them. Democrats who think and Republicans who think are mighty inconvenient passengers on the party ship. If they could be lightered off on a third party, the blustering of brutal captains and the errors of ignorant mates might be continued in peace a little longer.

That fairly represents one of the policies which have resulted from the politicians' attempt to read the signs of these politically bewildering times.

The other policy represents a higher quality of political wisdom: it is a policy which stands out against third partyism as the most dangerous thing that could be encouraged. A considerable number of serious politicians are frightened at the possibility of a discontented populace flowing into any voting bloc that offers. These politicians do not utter so glibly the stock trick about "organizing them by themselves and then bumping them off." They have visions of nothing being left of the older organizations, should once a third party movement be launched, except those elements that have not yet discovered that the Civil War is over.

In the midst of it all, nothing is being done within the parties to clean up. It is a safe guess that there never was a third party program that did not have as its original purpose the cleaning up of the two older parties. Third parties are made up of the decent elements of older parties. And if it shall occur that these decent elements prefer to stay within their party lines to clean up inside, all the better—two parties are saved, and there is much less clutter in the political field.

A safe principle to remember is this: parties that spring out of candidacies instead of out of issues, die aborning. The last conspicuous example of this was Roosevelt's attempt to organize a party around his personality. Candidates are important only as they incarnate issues. That is the importance of parties, too. If the two old parties stood for anything definite, that would be a most important novelty in recent political life. Apparently they stand only for office. The next election will be controlled by issues, and not by candidates or parties.

Everybody Pays

SHELBY M. CULLOM, when he was a power in the United States Senate, once became suddenly—or perhaps inadvertently—candid. He declared himself opposed to a Federal income tax because of its great revenue-producing capacity. It knocked one argumentative prop out from under his advocacy of a high protective tariff.

Today we have the Federal income tax, a high protective tariff *and an inadequate revenue.*

Nor do we foresee the end either of oppressive taxation or of the necessity of an increased Federal income.

Whether this burden is shifted or not everybody pays. If the surtaxes are not reduced the prices of commodities rise to meet the tax and the cost of its collection—and the cost of collection is very liberally estimated in fixing selling prices.

This, however, is incidental. The crux of the situation is that we are paying for our war and will go on paying for years to come. We don't pay equally or equitably. The unorganized mass of consumers foot the final bill.

A nation which a generation ago had open to it a choice of methods by which to raise revenue for its government today finds itself at least seemingly unable to eke out enough from *all of them* without "oppressing the public" on one hand or "paralyzing industry" on the other. And the country goes on as calmly as if the great day of reckoning did not steadily approach.

Daugherty's Concealed Enemies

THIS paper has been plain in its discussion of the case of Attorney-General Daugherty, but it does not propose to be fanatical regarding him. It does not propose to exalt him to the dignity of a national sacrifice which, if obtained, will augur national well-being ever after. Nor does it intend to be drawn into the hue and cry, as some others are, to such an extent as to forget to scrutinize some of the enemies of the Attorney-General.

What THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is striving to do is to prevent landsliding the American Mind on any issue. It has an ideal of the American People standing calmly with all the facts—*all the facts*—in hand, and giving judgment without passion. This is the direct opposite of what is sought by most of the propaganda now operating. The people are not given *all the facts,* most of the propagandists themselves could not stand an examination on the most elementary of the facts—to appeal to American intelligence is too hard a job for the hired press agents of the persecution; to appeal to prejudice is too easy. It is dangerous to appeal to prejudice, besides risking a reaction which sometimes achieves the opposite objective.

It is only too plain that certain public scavengers are jumping into the Daugherty case to obtain for themselves the doubtful glory which will be theirs if they can grab off a little of the credit for his downfall—supposing that he should fall. There comes a time when a minor justice is satisfied by rebuking these loudly self-appointed stewards of justice and by refusing to work with them. Or better, perhaps, by proposing that some of them be investigated, too. The spectacle of that inveterate and parasitic publicity glutton, Sam Untermeyer, pushing himself in to assist at the judgment of an American Cabinet Officer, is a little too strong even for stomachs habituated to the actions of the International Financiers and their lawyer subordinates.

We get glimpses of the fray, now and then, which reveal that, of the two groups, Daugherty's and his assailants', Daugherty is the whiter man. A horrible spectacle of alien impudence is being made in some parts of the case, and it is to be hoped that those in charge will rebuke it.

This is no whitewash for Daugherty. If there is anything for him to answer, he ought to answer. It is only fair to say that he has never refused to answer. The fact that he could not be frightened to retire under fire, is indicative perhaps of a much more complete answer.

What THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT knows is this: Daugherty's case might not have commanded the adverse attention of the International Financiers if he had been less faithful to the interests of the United States in certain matters that have deeply touched the Internationalists.

Clemenceau's Tour Has Failed

IF IT IS not impolite to say so, Georges Clemenceau's trip to the United States has not been the success that he hoped. He has been received with the honors and the cordiality befitting a distinguished representative of France and our former ally. His picturesque personality would have won for him an interested hearing even if the years of war had not heaped official dignity upon him. And now that his errand is fully known, the personal kindness still continues, but he will not get what he asks.

M. Clemenceau appears to have prepared for this trip with considerable care. He has apparently studied the strong and the weak points of all the official and unofficial ambassadors from the other nations which had preceded him to these shores. He apparently made a point of looking into our psychology, too. And it is interesting to note that, as a result, he has modeled himself upon the British method of approaching us, not on the French. Clemenceau is not a Mediterranean Frenchman anyway. He perceived in the British approach something superior to that of any other people. It is not likely, however, that he made the mistake of thinking that this was due to art, the art of diplomacy or duplicity or any other. Clemenceau was shrewd enough to see that it was the naturalness of kin speaking with kin in the kindred tongue.

But he doesn't understand. Probably he will never understand. He is one of the men who failed, miserably failed, but he does not know that yet. His part is played; his afterpiece will have no effect. America will never heed the appeal of men like Clemenceau because their language belongs to vanishing things; even when they speak for the League of Nations it is not the League that the people of America dreamed during the war.

The press is too polite to say so, but Clemenceau's tour has failed. Everything undertaken in behalf of the Internationalist Financiers will fail henceforth. They picked a strong one when they chose Clemenceau, but not strong enough to overcome American common sense.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE President's Message of December the eighth, which he addressed to the special session of Congress, has that strong quality of directness which makes it also a message to the American people. For the first time, in this manner, has the President shown a master-mechanic touch with things. For the first time has he come out from the circle of mere political ideas and talked about actual circumstances, the real things of the people's daily life.

Now, if besides seeing what the problem is, the President can go ahead and solve it, he is the man the country has been looking for. But it is so short a time since the ship subsidy message was delivered, that it is difficult to believe they both come from the same mind. Or, perhaps, we may ascribe one to the political pressure brought upon the President, and the other to the popular pressure. Here is hoping that the popular pressure will grow so strong as completely to crowd out the political.

In tackling transportation the first thing, President Harding shows a true understanding of some of our underlying difficulties. Of course, there is something still more underlying, but it does not often come to the surface in political discussion. The railroad situation is bad, and the reason for its being bad is the impossibility of a road being a good railroad proposition and a good speculative proposition at the same time. The time arrives when you have got to become either a railroad or a gamble, and when most of our railroads reached this point their banker owners got the better of their railroad operators, and the railroads became mere adjuncts to a speculators' game.

The President notes the extent to which Government has been forced into railroad regulation on account of the importance of railroads to the country and on account of their failure to render service. And in noting this he does well, for it will enable the public mind to see the connection between the national interest and the railway situation. But it is also worth while noting that Government attention has been focused exclusively on the operative side to the serious and important neglect of the financial side. Railroading is bad, not because railroaders do not know their business, but because they cannot serve the railroad and the speculative demands at the same time. That side of the question would bear investigation.

> *MR. HARDING goes very far in his message of December 8, much farther than in any other utterance. He begins to see the problem, not all of it yet, but he has gripped it by the practical end; and that is the beginning of accomplishment. Seeing is no guaranty of doing, but it is preliminary to doing. At any rate, he sees that the problem is economic and not political; and being so, what can the politicians do about it? Mr. Harding will find that once the right economic conditions are obtained, there will be no need of commissions with power to force men to accept them: right economic conditions make their own way and people accept them as naturally as they breathe.*

This is one of the disappointing parts of the message, it sees so clearly one side and seems to be in the dark about the other side. The President is right when he calls for co-ordination in the operation of railways. An "allied command," so to speak, of all our transportation facilities would be a great improvement. He is right when he summons to a wider use of waterways and motor transports. It is refreshing to hear him advocate the abolition of the Railroad Labor Board—although the pleasure is somewhat dampened by the reason he gives. Taking it all in all, the President has given some straight talk about the whole matter, and it is to his credit that he has set forth so clearly the terrible calamity which the farmers have suffered from transportation mismanagement.

But all this is certain to lead nowhere, even in the hands of a man capable of dealing with the practical question, unless the other end of the problem is considered too—the speculative end which demands its pound of flesh at the expense of efficient railway operation. It is the failure to consider this other end of the problem which leads the President to give as his reason for desiring the abolition of the Railroad Labor Board that it lacks power to enforce its decisions.

Here is a cardinal principle to bear in mind: *right economic conditions never have to be enforced.* They make their own way. Men do not require force to accept just wages and proper working conditions. But just wages and proper working conditions cannot be given when the business itself is under such bonds to a speculative ownership and control that it cannot build itself up in its own strength. That is where the problem leads directly back to the elements with which the President's Message does not deal. It would be worth a great deal to the country if the political rulers could only see that to refrain from examining these matters is not to defend what is sometimes called "the existing order" (that is, the American order), but to jeopardize it, for it requires no unusual wisdom to see that it is the anarchy, the economic and industrial anarchy of financial speculation, much of it in the hands of International Financiers, that is really jeopardizing order here. Business is the operation of service; to make "an attack on business" one does just what speculative finance is doing—making it impossible for business, railway business or any other, to render service. The real attack on business has been made by high finance. And the President cannot really see to the core of the railway problem until he explores the speculative end also.

These observations do not in any way qualify the satisfaction with the direct way in which the President handles the problem as far as he can see it.

The President is absolutely sound on the question of child labor; but when you trace this also you find it ends in the anarchy of conscienceless and irresponsible speculative finance. We know where the losses of child labor go, where do the profits go? If industries were not being pumped dry of their very life by absentee interests, child labor would not be resorted to. How long shall we be in seeing that all these things head up in an unholy system which permits the largest returns where no service is rendered?

As to the alien element in our country, that alien element which comes to do harm instead of to share and help us increase the degree of economic and political security which is the aim of civilization, the President seems to have some thoughts. What they are in their entirety is not clear. Accompanying them there seem to be other thoughts unfriendly to certain movements which indicate awareness and resentment of alien influences here. Together they seem to indicate that the country has awakened to the situation earlier than the Government has, and that the Government resents it. But this nation is in the hands of its people and not exclusively in the hands of the residents of Washington. It is true that the American people have been alarmed for some time back, not only at alien influence in the country, but in the Government. The alien influence which is meant is that which would not be considered politically expedient to name as alien. Let the President be open and fearless in this matter; let him not fear truth—there is no prejudice, there is no injustice, there is no hyphenation in truth—and then his plan for alien registration may come to something useful. Otherwise, all that the country has now is the hopefulness which even the President's notice of the matter gives. Let us be open-doored and open-hearted to all who come to throw in their lot with us, all who recognize America as an established idea; but let us not be longer imposed upon by those who come to make our land a base of operations against Christian civilization.

The President's stand on our international attitude is correct and noble and exhibits no shadow of uncertainty. He has stated the true American tradition in these matters. We rob the world of nothing as we stand, and we prevent ourselves being used for the base designs of others. It is not possible that those who have been led by a mistaken idealism to take the opposite view can really know what are the influences which most feverishly desire the United States to be in armed alliance with policies which, as long as we remain American, we can never sanction.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

No Nation Is Free While in Money Bondage

People of the U. S. Doing Business on Private Money: $1,000 in Checks for Every $1 in Cash: Corner on Money Nothing to Corner on Credit

By PAUL G. LEWIS

EVERY now and then in the past, our country has been visited by economic pests, plagues of panics and industrial depressions, so that it has become a common thing for some men to forecast their arrival.

Our country seems to have followed with considerable regularity pendulum movements swinging from the one extreme of so-called prosperity to the opposite extreme of disaster, peril, distress and great suffering.

That such economic movements have been and are still taking place, has never been better sensed by any public-at-large than by that of the present time.

There is in reality just as much reason for having panics and industrial depressions with their consequent national disturbances and upheavals, as there would be for having a return of the black plague to our modern and sanitary cities.

When we take a square look at only the most fundamental economic structure of our society during all times of national peace we notice that:

(a) There has always been in existence a great abundance of all kinds of raw material and manufactured commodities.

(b) There has always been a full measure of every kind and class of physical and intellectual labor, willing at all times to work in his or her respective sphere.

(c) There has always been great need that every man should work, not only for the purpose of contributing his share toward the support and progress of his nation, but that such nation may thereby acquire in the fullest measure a maximum market for everything offered for sale. For a man out of work, and out of money, is out of every market where cash is necessary.

$1 in Cash for $1,000 in Business

WHY is it then that in a land of plenty, and a general willingness to keep it so, we are so often afflicted with acute panics and depressions, while the greater part of the time we are never entirely free from some sort of chronic unemployment among the masses?

We have never been able to place the blame upon raw material or manufactured commodities. Too much raw material or too many manufactured commodities have never created a single panic or depression; neither has a lack of sufficient raw material or manufactured commodities had economic power to create panics or depressions.

We have not been able to place the blame upon labor for it was always willing to work although unwilling at times to overwork or be underpaid for its work.

This brings us to the only remaining economic factor in the life of any nation, namely the FINANCIAL means whereby all production, transportation and distribution of every form of wealth from raw material to finished products, and so on, is effected or consummated.

This factor embraces not only any form of medium of exchange, but also all banking institutions extending the privilege of Discount to their customers.

In considering the most important medium of exchange in everyday use, we find that checks of individuals are used to such an enormous extent that their importance in the machinery of business is most amazing to the uninitiated who supposes that business is done with money.

In order that we may have some authoritative information regarding the approximate extent to which checks are used in the place of money, it would be well to refer to the 1916 Report of the (United States) Controller of the Currency, Volume 2, page 918, wherein it is stated that for the satisfaction of every $1,000 worth of economic exchanges for which personal checks were given through the New York Clearing House in one year, there was just the small sum of $1.78 in all of the 34 New York Reporting Banks. Business to the extent of $1,000 was done with $1.78 cash. The foregoing does not, of course, take into account the vast amount of checks which neither passed into nor through that clearing house.

We are therefore confronted with the facts which justify the assumption that nearly the entire economic business of our nation is discharged financially by means of checks drawn against banks; and that every drawer of a check is enjoying the special privilege of making his own medium of exchange, whereas his respective bank, also a private person (association), is engaged in establishing a quasi legal tender value for every such check whenever the bank's O. K. has been granted thereon.

It is certainly a most wonderful privilege conferred upon individuals which the political government cannot help but see; and that government must realize, if not wholly, then partially, the dangers which are sure to arise from the exercise of a power by individuals which is not only intended for but absolutely belongs to the government.

The power of depositors with the aid of their banks to issue something (checks) which may be used in the place and stead of the United States Government's mediums of exchange for the purposes of extinguishing financial obligations, will no doubt be held not to be in conflict with Section 10 of the United States Constitution which provides that "No state shall make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts"; for the reason that this power is exercised by "individuals," and NOT THE STATE; and perhaps justified also on the grounds set forth in Article 10 of the Amendments to the Constitution as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are RESERVED to the States or to the PEOPLE."

Whether or not authorized by the Constitution, the fact remains that one of the very important functions of the government has been and is daily being exercised by banks which are thereby able to wield a most tremendous power for good or ill at their discretion.

The fact that depositors of checking accounts are able to issue their own medium of exchange is of little economic value to themselves outside of their (checks') convenience, as compared with the O. K. of a bank which imparts to such checks a quasi legal tender value. It puts the money power of a check into the hands of bankers. Yet that is by no means all the power which banks employ. The most important power exercised by a bank is the one which furnishes the necessary credit which those customers receive whose deposit is derived via Discount, and at the same time yields the enviable profits of the stockholders of the bank.

The banks in extending the privilege of Discount to their customers, thereby enlarge also the field against which checks may be drawn.

Figuratively speaking, it might be said that such banks are each operating a sort of a mint where the I. O. U. of customers are merely exchanged for the I. O. U. of the banks, and a credit is coined in favor of each borrowing customer.

A "Credit Corner" Worse Than "Cash Corner"

WE HAVE here a wonderful and most powerful monopoly which the banks can operate or refuse to operate at their own discretion, with reference to "credit" via discount; and by this means they can at any time open or close the mint of credit, just as they please, and to whom they please, provided the ratio of Cash Reserve to Deposits is not thereby dangerously disturbed or violated.

In plain language, the banks of Discount have a "corner" on credit, giving or withholding it from the business world.

When we consider that every economic exchange requires for a full satisfaction, at some time or other, some kind of a medium of exchange, it must be evident that a control of or "corner" on the issuance of checks, or a "corner" on the control of credit, presents a state of affairs which is a hundred thousand times more dangerous than any corner on staple commodities.

A nation can survive a corner on wheat by living temporarily on other cereals; or survive a corner on beef or pork by eating eggs or fish, and so on; but when the power of the medium of exchange (checks) and credit become vested in private individuals operating banks, these possess a monopoly or "corner" not only on the gold and silver and credit, but a corner on the WHOLE LIFE of every man in the nation, because it is only by means of an unrestricted flow of the medium of exchange that a nation willing to work can live.

Not Free While in Financial Bondage

CLEMENT JUGLAR, in his book published in 1893 by Putnam's Sons, New York and London, entitled, "A Brief History of Panics and Their Periodical Occurrences in the United States," has the following on page 127:

> "The study of a single section of the balance sheets (banks), that of discount and loans, has allowed us to follow the periods of prosperity, of panics, and of liquidation."

and again on page 93:

> "Panic of 1873 . . . . It relapsed on September 1st, and requests for accommodation redoubled until the sharpest moment of the panic. On that day there were no quoted rates; money could not be had at any price: some few loans were made at 1 1-2 per cent PER DAY."

The economic history of our nation has not only been indelibly written into the account of Loans and Discounts, but the same account has also been responsible to an almost inconceivable extent, for the making, shaping, molding and guiding the evolutionary progress of our country.

The report of the (United States) Controller of the Currency, dated June 30, 1919, embracing all reporting banks in the United States and Possessions, numbering in all 29,135, and including the 12 Federal Reserve banks, shows in round numbers as follows:

Total Deposits	$33,921,734,000
Loans and Discounts	27,114,262,000

After the banks have deducted the interest charged for discounting the notes of their borrowers, the balance is credited to the checking account of such borrowers who thereby also become "depositors." In other words, out of the 33 billions known as DEPOSITS, about 27 billions represent the I. O. U. (notes) of borrowers, whereas the balance of about seven billions represents real deposits of both checks and money.

To put it another way, the deposit of 27 billions is merely a *promise to deposit* at some future time; and such deposit therefore rests upon a DEBT. Hence our economic life and activities are sustained and supported largely by DEBTS.

More than 80 per cent of the commercial business of our country, including speculations, is transacted upon the foundation of I. O. U. paper for which the banks of discount give "credit" (less interest); and against this credit checks are drawn. It ought not to be difficult therefore to understand and fully realize the enormous power owned and exercised by men engaged in the business of banking, for these have permitted the entire structure of our nation to be placed over 80 per cent in debt bondage.

We are therefore compelled painfully to admit that as long as our country is in financial bondage, no matter to whom, we are as yet not a free nation.

Did not Europe very recently demonstrate to us that even nations must submit to the economic yoke of the financiers if credit is desired? And did not this same power in our own day present a most frightful concentration, when a single individual can assume a dictatorship in finance which makes nations and principalities fear and tremble more than did any king, kaiser or potentate?

Whatever may be said or done in the interest and welfare of the nation, there is nothing which could more illuminate the dark path of our economic journey than to place the operation of our banking system and the character and quality of our every kind of medium of exchange into the bright light for public observation and careful study.

It is almost needless to state that no progress is possible as long as attention is directed toward individuals instead of their occupations, which latter alone is responsible for the very undesirable results complained of.

Thus the public ought to view the banker and his business apart, praising him for his character and personality where he deserves it, but censuring his banking system where it has not yet been able to bring about a Constitutional General Welfare, or where it actually hampers the life of the people.

Ever Hear of a Fish Line?

(C) Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Truckman Foley has a fish and bread line all his own. Introducing Mr. Richard Foley, truckman, and his fish and bread line near Fulton Market, New York City. The "line" is getting fish and bread on Friday. The stout man in the picture is Mr. Foley, who furnishes the fish and bread—good fish and bread, too. The slender man is John Walsh, who hands out the fish for Mr. Foley. Once a week Mr. Foley gives fish and bread to a long line of women from very poor homes.

Story of a City Whose Glory Lies Chiefly in the Past

Stands Now a Common County-seat "Like a Ragged Beggar Sunning"

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THIS is the story of a city that was, of one town whose glory lies chiefly in its past. Rome needed 400 years to decline, fall and die; but this Hoosier town, be it said, is not imitating ancient Rome. No, indeed! The place still carries on very cheerfully; in fact, it has a warm, pleasant sort of a personality that will bewitch you if you give it even half a chance.

My ticket read "Indianapolis to Madison, Indiana." The train bumped along in the fashion of the usual two-a-day-each-way. It was commonplace and frowsy, totally lacking in character and it did not care. But at North Madison, about three miles from my destination, I sensed a change. There seemed to be a steady, sharp descent with the locomotive holding back as if it had acquired a balky mood. Later I discovered that this apparent stubbornness had saved us from a plunge into the Ohio River.

The first picturesque thing you spy after the tumble out of the coach reminds you of the town's former greatness. It is an old bell on the lawn of the railroad station. On approaching it you observe that it hangs in Indian camp-fire fashion from the apex of three bark-covered posts. The piece bears a crack not unlike that of our cherished Liberty Bell. A neatly painted board at the top of the support anticipates your desire for an explanation. "Bell cast in 1849," it tells you, "and hung in the station at Madison, Indiana, on the old Madison & Indianapolis, later the J., M. & I., and rung 30 minutes before train departed."

The old days are very dear to the older residents, for then Madison was a boom town. The packets were very active. The whistles of the steamboats told the thriving village it would soon be a metropolis. The piers were piled high with freight. It was the terminal of the only railroad in Southern Indiana. Madison became the "first city of Indiana" because it was first in commerce, population, wealth, literature, law, religion, politics and social enjoyment.

During the fifties the big river steamboats lay in lines beside the wharves stacked with bags of wheat. Warehouses were filled to the roofs. Countless barrels of mess pork were packed for shipment to the South as far as the Gulf of Mexico and to the East as far as the British Isles and into the mainland of Europe.

The Crimean War of 1853 to 1856 was fought largely on Madison-packed pork. In fact, Madison rose in those years to world eminence as a pork-packing city with a record of 200,000 hogs handled there each month.

The influence of railroads as a vital factor in the making and unmaking of localities can be seen in the decline of "The Gateway to the State." During the thriving fifties the lone railroad brought the business of the interior to this favored city on the Ohio River. Then the B. & O. and other lines invaded the territory. Madison fought bitterly for self-preservation, but it was a selfish cause that could not win. Madison lost its profitable monopoly, went down but not out.

The former first city in the state has long since taken rank far down the scale. The packing plants are gone. Its chief fame now consists of its being a quaint and charming place bespeaking a picturesque past. It may be called picturesque now without offense to its residents who rejoice in its repose and natural beauty, and do not complain because the wharves are not as busy as they used to be. Despite its reverses, Madison has some remnants of its pristine glory. The social life, which had a distinction all its own in those other days, possesses much of that distinction yet; and the wealth that accumulated there in the long ago has left evidence of its existence in the numerous quaint mansions which stand to the present day.

The informality one meets in Madison is truly delightful. You go into a restaurant and find the place crowded; therefore you sit down at a table beside a man or a woman whom you have never seen. Pretty soon your fellow diner avows it is "a nice day." You did not need to be told, you knew it already; yet somehow it breaks the ice, as it were, so that the prosaic process of eating becomes a delicious adventure.

The barbers are loquacious in Madison. They believe in entertaining their customers. If I were a barber, however, I think I would install a phonograph and save my jaw; perhaps some of the patrons would vote for the mechanism that can be stopped whenever you wish.

A rumbling wagon with a bawling calf and a half-dozen squealing pigs constituted my alarm clock the first night I was there. I like to be waked up in such picturesque style. I mentioned it to my neighbor at breakfast; straightway the old resident was reminded of the glorious days, and he told me the story of how the town had held the proud position of the world's principal pork-packing center "back in the fifties."

If you ever drop in on Madison, you are almost sure to like it because it will make you feel at home; and yet you will sense a certain atmosphere of forlornness that betokens a town with a wonderful past now dead. It is somehow forever looking back; if it could live fully in the present, it might stage a real revival. If I were to diagnose its ailment, I might say something about the number of retired residents and conclude that it is "mainly psychological."

You cannot deny that Madison is a beautiful spot for retiring when life's work is done. Everywhere you look you see trees, broad and magnificent, shading the homes and streets. Many of them are graceful elms. The trees are very attractive in themselves, but they have certain high-lights that enhance their charms. The orioles love them and weave their nests to the swaying branches. The wrens choose manufactured homes, but when they sing they go into the shrubbery and lower parts of the trees. The redbirds add a dash of color, as do the merry bluebirds; and the chickadees chatter cheerily.

Jefferson County, especially the region around Madison, is noted for its wealth of scenery and romantic spots. A few miles northwest of Madison lies Clifty Falls with its glen. The series of falls is more than 200 feet in height, the principal drop being 80 feet over a jutting ledge of rock. Clifty Falls has a beauty peculiarly its own. Between North Madison and Hanover are a number of falls bearing such picturesque names as Dead Man's, Crow's, Chain Mill, Hart's and Butler's.

You are not surprised that artists dwell in Madison; you would be surprised if such a pleasing place had none. William McKendree Snyder immortalizes the beech groves of the country, and contributes other real memorials of its picturesqueness to Indiana art. F. A. Genter owns a photograph studio, but he spends a share of his time in recording on canvas the loveliness of the tree-clad hills and winding waterway. George Gray Barnard, the famous sculptor, lived his youth there and there got his first artistic inspirations.

Incidentally, I may mention that Madison is a city of beautiful women. You will see more pretty faces and figures on its streets than in any other town of 10,000 population that I know. Mr. Genter's sister, Victoria, is one of the girls that gave the town its enviable reputation, as she invariably wins a high place in any beauty contest.

Despite its apparent languor and easy-going ways, Madison possesses some factories. There are cotton, woolen and flour mills. Other products include candy, ice cream, crackers, furniture, glue, nails, tacks and cigars. The pearl-button factory is now inactive largely because the mussel fishers have fished the rivers clean, also because what few workers there are can get better prices by shipping the shells.

The railroad grade from Madison to North Madison is said to rank along with the steepest of its kind. I know that going into Madison you fall forward, and that on going out you hope the back of the seat will not give way and let you tumble heels over head.

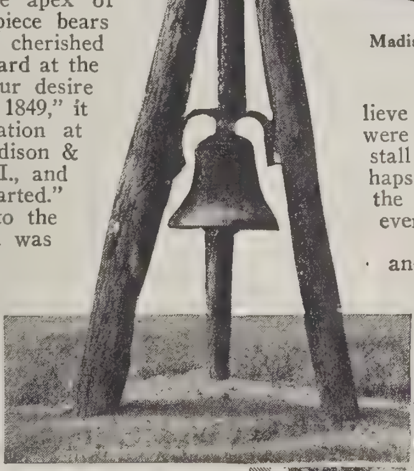
Madison would like to regain its former glory. Perhaps it could if it would specialize.

The young people, joy-riding, speed by, singing,

"My home town is a one-horse town
But it's good enough for me."

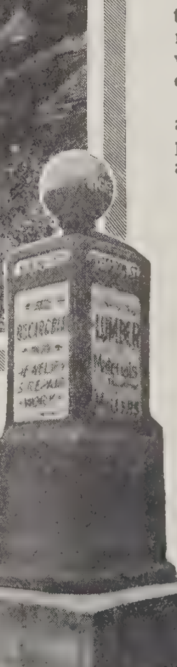
The main drop, over 80 feet, of beautiful Clifty Falls.

Madison nestles in a curve of the placid Ohio River.



The old signal bell on the railroad station lawn.

The Shelving Rock and Cascades on the North Madison pike.



Traffic posts pay for themselves by carrying ads.

Why "Little Bob" Rode In on an Avalanche

La Follette Triumphant in Face of the Most Bitter Battle of His Life

By H. E. COTTON

THE re-election of Robert M. La Follette to the Senate last month, after one of the most strenuous campaigns on the part of his opponents that Wisconsin ever saw, proves an entirely different set of facts from those which some distant and less interested watchers profess to see back of it. It proves that the voters in this state have been trained to observe and think for themselves. The free public schools are functioning exactly as the founders of the American public school hoped they would. The people of Wisconsin, a fair proportion of them being native-born descendants of New England pioneers, know what the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution say. They believe that these instruments mean what they say. Moreover, these citizens know what they want, whether or not they know what is good for them. They want the representative government to be really representative. They know that what was offered to them by the opposition forces which met La Follette was not representation of a majority of Wisconsin voters.

The ancient Romans would have called Wisconsin an agrarian district. The voters are mainly agricultural in their interests. The percentage of farm owners is high. The business interests depend mainly upon direct dealing with farmers. The towns are pretty largely "farming towns," dependent for their business life upon the patronage of farmers.

But Wisconsinites are well posted, as the saying is. The schools are pretty effective. The university, through its far-famed extension division, comes into close contact with every community in the state. The people have been slowly but steadily learning how to think. And the election of 1922 showed a more thoughtful mood among Wisconsin people than has any previous election. And it showed them better informed.

La Follette was elected absolutely upon his record, including his war record. Plenty of people voted for him who doubt his ability to do what he believes ought to be done in the Senate. Many voted for him who even doubt his entire sincerity. They voted because of what they *know* he has done. And I know from close contact with hundreds of the people in the small towns of Wisconsin that there are no more loyal people in America than the people of Wisconsin.

The people of Wisconsin are loyal to the ideal America. They are insistent that America shall make good as a true exponent of democracy. What was called "Wisconsin's disloyalty" during the war was merely Wisconsin's intelligent refusal to be hoodwinked into upholding the monstrous practices of profiteering and "patrioteering" which prevailed in some parts of the country.

There are few large cities in Wisconsin—no really large centers of population. The leading people in any Wisconsin city form a group where each is known by his first name. Few illusions or misapprehensions regarding the character of any one of them can long exist in the minds of the others. Every voter in most of the counties knows the county officials as friends and neighbors. The farmers are personally acquainted with the members of the legislature who represent them, the lawyers, judges and leaders in the community life generally, in their own and neighboring counties.

When, during the early days of the war, an incompetent or dishonest politician was appointed chairman of a county council of defense, the people in his locality passed immediate and competent judgment upon the fitness of the appointment. They watched him, in more than one instance, using the position for his own aggrandizement, and their loyalty to America—the ideal America—which some of them had entered as a refuge, but which the ancestors of more of them had built as a haven of liberty, was outraged and insulted. Nor were they fooled by his blatant professions of "one hundred per cent Americanism." They saw the growth of a self-constituted and self-advertised class of "hundred per cent Americans," who kept their own sons out of the army by hook or by crook. They saw the two hundred per cent Americans who were one hundred per cent Americans on the platform, and took one hundred per cent profit (or more) on everything they did to help win the war.

These people opposed America's entry into the war, but when America was in the war, they sent their sons and their money to war in serious earnestness. The "glory" and parades, the pomp, the clap-trap and the holiday phases of the early preparations disgusted the thinking people of Wisconsin. They realized from the first what a grim horror war was bound to be. This also was due to the success of the public schools.

The attitude of La Follette had practically no bearing upon the internal affairs of the state during the war. Many of us felt, as he felt, and as many others felt, that our success in the undertaking would have been better assured and more likely to endure if the truth had been told to the nation—if the foundation for the whole business had been one of truth instead of the sheer fabric of falsehood that it was.

The Americanism, that promised to take care of the soldiers during and after the war, is Wisconsin's sort. The Americanism that says we can't afford to pay the soldiers any sort of bonus or adjusted compensation, and at the same time reduces the taxes on stolen fortunes and billions of graft, is not Wisconsin's conception of what the Constitution-makers intended. We Badgers believe in honesty. That is, a sufficiently overwhelming majority of us do, so that La Fallotte received the biggest vote this year that he ever did. And the voters who cast that huge preponderance of ballots are at least as loyal to America and as desirable a lot of citizens as the ones, for instance, who sold their votes to Newberry over in Michigan.

The people who fear excess profits taxes have spread many lies and misconceptions about La Follette. They talk about his appeals to unworthy motives. They try to brand him as a Socialist. They call him a demagogue. They seek to cast doubts upon his sincerity. This last election disproves the whole list.

The majority that practically wiped out the Democratic party in the Wisconsin primary, and that swept all other candidates into the same sort of limbo, cannot *all* be Socialists. They cannot *all* be seeking unworthy and illicit things. It is impossible that they are *all* deceived as to his sincerity. Their average intelligence is high. No demagogery could possibly fool them all.

The whole opposition is preposterous. Wisconsin people, as I know thousands of them personally, are loyal Americans. They love the America that the Puritans founded and the Revolutionary heroes freed. They revere the America of Lincoln and Webster, of Roosevelt and Wilson. But they are freely and frankly disgusted with the greed and the graft and the insincerity of the America that goes on talking one thing while it deliberately plans another.

May I introduce a personal experience by way of illustration? In the county where I owned a weekly newspaper during the war, a certain lawyer-politician had charge of the Liberty bond selling campaigns. It was a hard job, and he did it well according to his lights. But he was making use of his position and the power it carried to further his own financial and political interests. I undertook to warn the readers of my paper against his personally directed efforts along this line. He had me summoned to appear before the state director of the Liberty bond campaign to answer for interfering with the sale of bonds.

The people in my section of the county were mostly of Welsh and English descent. Several of us were directly descended from the Pilgrim Fathers. This man was the son of an immigrant from a country that was opposed to America in the war. He was an opponent of La Follette and a blatant "hundred per center."

My neighbors had held the record in the county for oversubscribing their quota in the first three campaigns. They had hung up one or two state records. I was able to show the state director that instead of "interfering with the sale of bonds" I was encouraging it, and was interfering only with this man's schemes for private profit and advancement improperly derived from such a position of public trust and service. Again the people of my neighborhood oversubscribed their quota of bonds on the first day of the campaign.

But that man still holds that in interfering with his strictly private plans for self-aggrandizement I was interfering with the sale of Liberty bonds. He cannot separate the two in his mind. He is typical of the opponents of La Follette. In their thinking they cannot separate the welfare of the Republic from their own enjoyment of special privileges. La Follette can. And he does. Hence their opposition to him, and hence also its violence and bitterness. It may cost them some money.

And the straight-thinking people of Wisconsin can separate the two elements. They did it when they disregarded party lines and voted for him, ignoring what they considered minor issues, like the beer-and-light-wines rainbow or the repeal-of-prohibition will-o'-the-wisp.

La Follette's triumph in Wisconsin is not a triumph of Socialism or Bolshevism. It is a triumph of Americanism—the sort of Americanism which tries to come closer to the Golden Rule and farther from the rule of gold. It is a triumph for the sort of Americanism which would *give each person a vote instead of giving each dollar a vote.* Whether they voted for the right man to put this sort of Americanism into effect or not, that's the sort of man Wisconsin believes him to be. And, anyway, that's exactly what the most of Wisconsin voted for when "Little Bob" was re-elected to the Senate in 1922.

Rocking-horse Passing as Home Shrinks

Concluded from page 3

This is the only country which makes dolls with composition heads. These heads are an American invention and are fashioned by a secret process. It is aimed to make them practically unbreakable, while light and true to life. The molds are made of starch and modeled from designs which have been prepared with the greatest care and after weeks of study and experiments. When the heads have hardened, they go to the tables of the artists who decorate them, where some of the work, like that of tinting the hair and applying a delicate blush to the cheeks, is done with an air-brush. Each operator is a specialist. One paints in the white of the eye and another puts on the tiny dot which makes the pupil. These may seem like simple things to do, and yet the way in which that dot is applied determines the expression of countenance which the doll will wear as long as it exists. Another expert puts the carmine on the lips and another the extra touches which are required by dolls of a special character.

Meantime the bodies, as well as the arms and legs, are being fashioned. The bodies are made of cloth which is cut into the right shape by men armed either with huge shears or great knives. Fifty or more squares of cloth are placed one on the other and all cut by the same motion and the cloth is so utilized that there is almost no waste. Next the bodies are sewed by girls working at sewing machines operated by electricity and they go to men who stuff them with cork dust or excelsior.

In former times sawdust was the material used, as most children learned by investigation, but has now given place to filling which is more satisfactory. After the bodies have been filled, the heads, arms and legs are attached and then all that remains to be done is to put on the clothing, which work is given over to young women seated at long benches. Much time and thought are given to the designing of the apparel in which the dolls are to be arrayed, for a few details often make no little difference in the sale of a doll. It is an interesting fact that most of the employes in the doll factories are Italians, both men and women.

Many doll makers endeavor to impart as likelike an expression as possible to the gentle products of their factories, but few go to the trouble taken by an Italian in Paris, whose dolls are sold and highly prized in this country. This man, who is actually an artist, goes into the streets and when he sees a child with a face which attracts his attention, he makes a quick sketch. From many hundreds of these sketches he selects a few dozen which are to give him his season's models. Then, when the dolls are made, he dresses them in quaint and lovely gowns, giving them a charm and distinction which is unique. Comparatively few French dolls are sold in this country, but those which appear in the stores are distinguished by the general elegance of their appearance and especially by the richness of their attire. As a rule, though, French dolls, while pretty in a vacant-eyed sort of way, seem to have no character. The wooden-bodied jointed dolls were invented in France and made there exclusively for several years, but American manufacturers soon caught the idea and improved on the models.

In Toy Town, much attention is given to doll furniture. More than half the toy trunks made in America come from there. A year's output placed in line would reach fifty miles, and if piled one on the other would reach 25 miles into the air. This season cedar chests have been added. They are made of genuine cedar and will effectively keep the moths away from Dolly's winter clothing.

Toy Town had the kind of beginning one reads about in stories. Morton E. Converse was in the woodenware business many years ago, and when paper collars came into fashion he began making wooden boxes for them. It occurred to him to whittle out a little table and see how it would look in the center of a box. Then he had another inspiration and added a set of dishes to go on the table. He began putting these novel playthings into his collar boxes for the children of the men who bought the collars. Immediately orders began to come and he set up a factory with 25 men. There are more than 500 employes in the present Converse shop.

It did not take Mr. Converse long to realize that there was more money to be made from toys than from woodenware. He added new kinds and the business grew rapidly.

A great many mechanical toys are made in this country and some of the metal toys commonly sold in the past as importations from Germany, France or Switzerland were actually made in New York City. In many instances, though, the makers are actually German, French or Swiss workmen who have come to this country, bringing their trade with them. One large metropolitan toy maker arrived in New York a few years ago with but five dollars in his pocket. At first he peddled tin toys on the street, but now he has a business which provides work for more than 3,000 persons in this country and in Germany, where he has a branch.

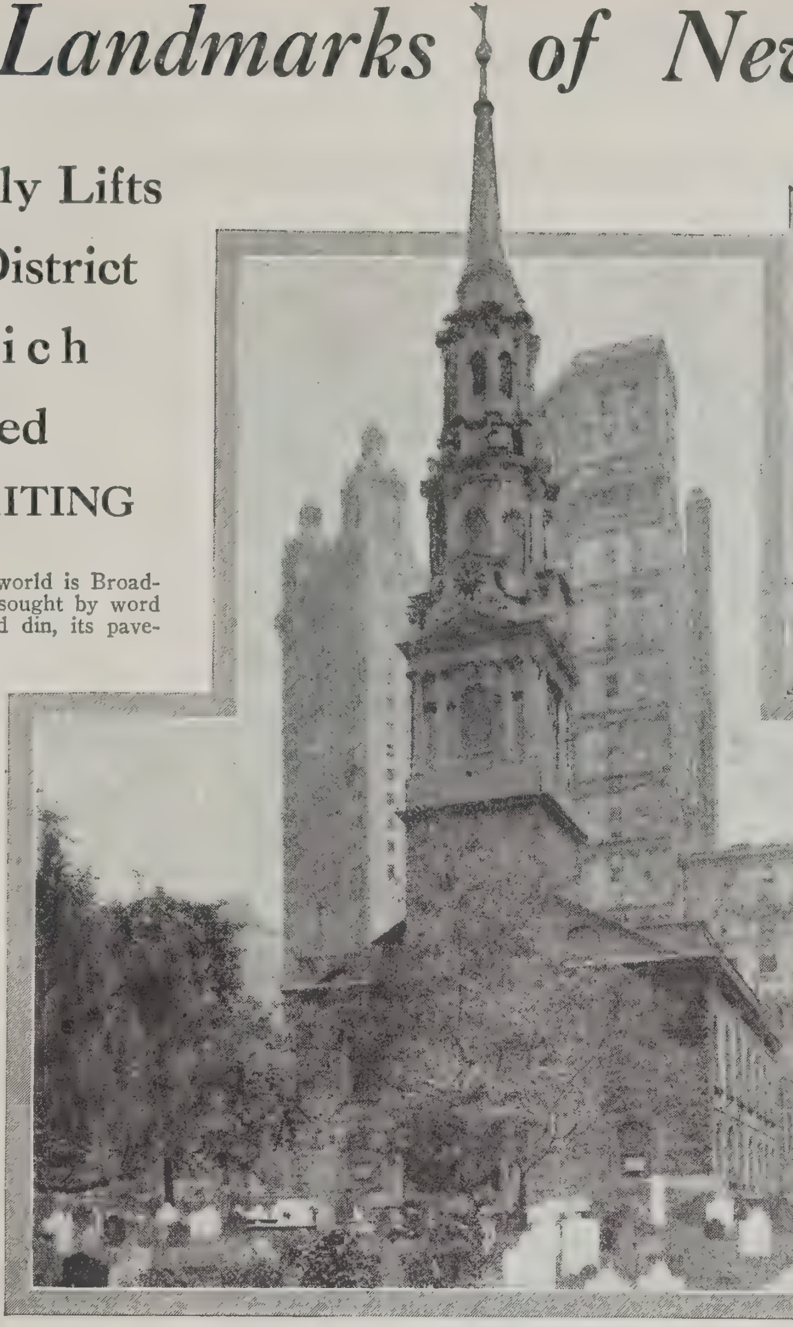
Some years ago a Brookline woman began making rag dolls and now hires many girls to help her make them. Another woman has built up a large business in colored dolls, although it has been established as a fact that the larger proportion of colored children prefer white dolls if the choice is left to them.

Occasionally a toy comes into being through a very unusual circumstance instead of being deliberately invented to make money. The Whang Doodle doll is an illustration. Everybody knows these dolls with their short bodies and their immensely long, thin legs, which can be tied into knots if desired. They have been very popular with college girls for some months and are to be seen even on Fifth Avenue. To tell the truth, they sell more readily in the women's departments than in the toy shops, for children are not pleased as a rule with toys which are grotesque or bizarre. The Whang Doodle dolls had their genesis in the mental attitude of the women of Austria. While facing privation and misery they began making these eccentric dolls as an indication to the world that they were not dismayed nor broken in spirit. The world, or that part of it which knew the situation, began buying the dolls as an indication of their admiration. Now imitations are being made in this country, but the long-legged absurdities are being imported in large numbers, especially by dealers who know that they are made by women of birth and breeding who have been reduced by the war to want and suffering and whose heads are being kept above water by cloth-covered, cotton-stuffed dolls.

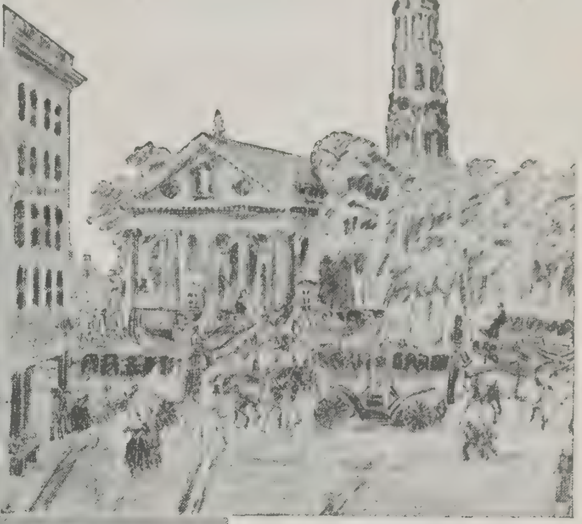
Colonial Landmarks of New York

St. Paul's Serenely Lifts Its Head in District From Which Soul Has Fled

By MAY B. WHITING



St. Paul's, at Broadway and Vesey streets.

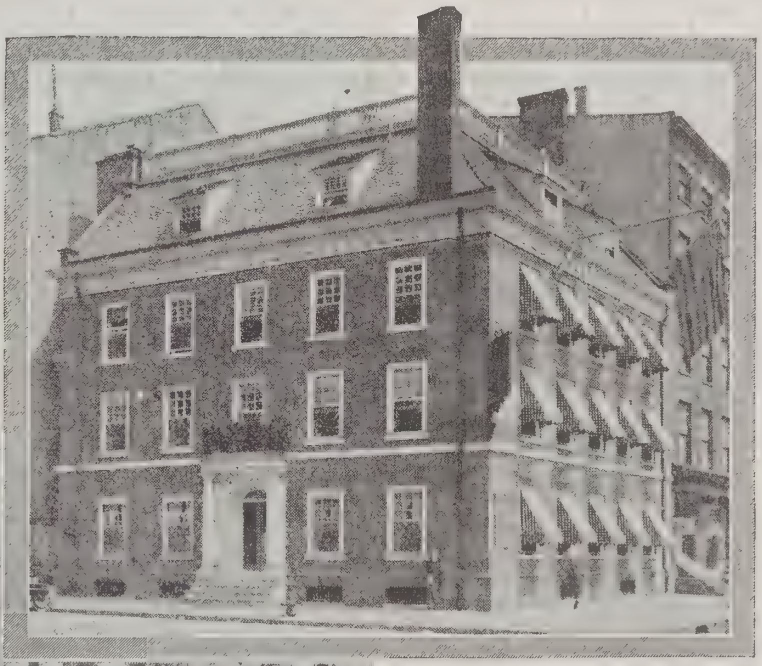


The Broadway coaches that went out past St. Paul's in 1800.

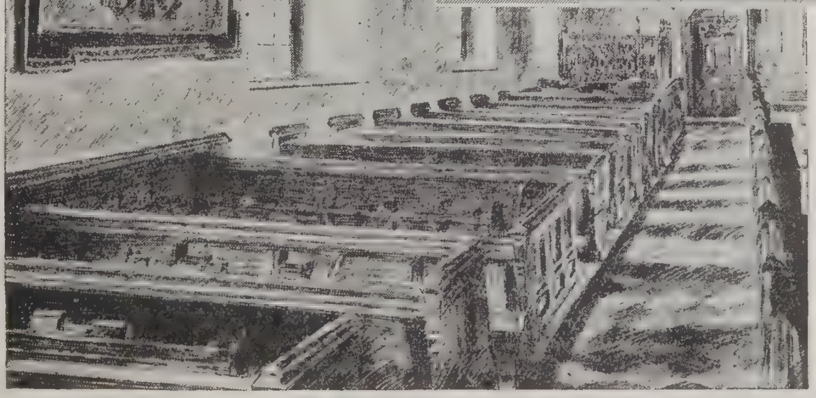
THE most famous street in the world is Broadway. A thousand artists have sought by word or color to catch its surge and din, its pavements swarming with men like ants, its lust for money, even its bit of heaven hacked into grotesque outlines by impudent skyscrapers. And yet, where the tide runs swiftest, between Fulton and Vesey streets, is a haven where grass grows and ivy entwines crumbling stones, and once proud monuments, worn into hollows, serve as bird baths after every shower. Serene in its churchyard, Saint Paul's lifts its head, patiently pointing upward with spire blackened by age and smoke, as if stained by the sins of those who pass beneath its shadow.

Saint Paul's in the Fields it used to be, for when it was built, in 1766, the sod that was upturned was green with the growing wheat. A lawn sloped to the bright river which then came up as far as Greenwich street, with a pleasant beach, along which Jonathan Edwards used to stroll, declaiming his sermons, during his ministry in Wall Street. All about were orchards and groves, while splendid horse-chestnut and elm trees dotted the churchyard. When one of them was cut down, George P. Morris was inspired to write his poem, "Woodman, Spare That Tree." Cows grazed at will about the chapel, and once, on a warm Sunday, a horse walked in at the open door and paced halfway down the aisle. Indeed, the vestry of Trinity Church was very severely criticized for building so elaborate a structure in so lonely a spot, so far from any possible center of population, and so difficult of access.

The architect was a Scotchman, Thomas McBean, a pupil, tradition says, of Sir Christopher Wren. He took as his model Saint Martin's in the Fields in London, which stands back of the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square. When it was completed the new chapel was considered a paragon of elegance. The élite of the city were of its congregation and Lord Howe, Major André, Lord Cornwallis, and the midshipman who was later William IV of England, worshiped there.



Fraunce's Tavern at Pearl and Broad streets.



The Washington pew at St. Paul's.

On the night of the British occupation Trinity was burned, but Saint Paul's was only scorched, and was kept open throughout the war, patriot or Tory preaching from its pulpit as the fortunes of war varied. With the coming of peace, seats were reserved for the legislature and the common council. The governor of the state had his pew there, and, in 1789, when New York became the capital of the Federated Commonwealth, a pew was set aside for the President.

Washington was always a regular attendant. From 1789 until 1891, as often as Sunday came around, his diary bears the record, "Went to Saint Paul's in the forenoon." A writer of the day tells of "walking into the country" and climbing to the gallery for the sake of seeing the stately pair enter their pew. No doubt it was a sight worth a far longer journey. The Father of His Country always had a soft spot in his heart for the formalities of life and was never averse to a bit of dignified display. At that time there were only half a dozen coaches in New York, and the Washington coach was a very grand affair, pale canary in color, drawn by white horses and attended by footmen in livery.

Something of the serious grace of those days lingers about the interior of Saint Paul's. In its dim sanctuary, mellow with age, one feels very far away from the hurrying world, veering around the corner. The pulpit is still surmounted by the feathers of the Prince of Wales, supported by a crown, the only emblem of royalty, it is said, which remains in the city. On the south side of the nave is the pew of Governor Clinton, marked with the coat of arms of the state hanging above it. Directly opposite is the Washington pew, bearing the monogram G. W. Beside it, on the wall, hangs the seal of the United States, beneath which is a wreath sent over not long ago from Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family, by the British members of the Sulgrave Institution. At the right is a bronze tablet put up by the Sons of the Revolution and the Society of the Cincinnati to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Washington, and another at the left, in memory of his inauguration. Even on that day of days the First President turned aside from the excitement and praise of the moment to worship humbly at the familiar shrine.

The most curious decoration of the old church is an allegorical design above the chancel, depicting the solid sheets of lightning which attended the giving of the Decalogue on Mount Sinai. The story is one of the most interesting connected with the chapel.

On Christmas Day, 1775, General Richard Montgomery, then in the flower of youth, stormed Quebec. On the narrow, snow-blocked path beneath the icy cliff he fell, and the enemy, for chivalry had not then passed out of warfare, gave him honorable burial. In 1776 Congress ordered a cenotaph which was shipped by way of South Carolina to avoid capture by the British, and in 1818 Governor Clinton asked permission to remove the hero's body to his native land. As the boat, bearing his remains, sailed up the Hudson, past Rhinebeck, where his bride of 40 years before still lived a widow, it paused and a salute was fired. Mrs. Montgomery had asked to be alone for the moment and her friends found her unconscious.

General Montgomery was buried beneath the chancel window of Saint Paul's and the vestry ordered a suitable monument. But when it was put in place above the Broadway portico, the rough, unsightly stone of the back showed through the stained-glass windows. Colonel L'Enfant, an architect of repute, was called upon to solve the problem, and, after considerable deliberation, a sort of screen was devised on which the awful thunders of the Mount play continually above the peaceful chancel rail.

The peculiarly cosmopolitan character of the city, even in its earliest days, is revealed in striking manner by the graveyard of Saint Paul's. Scotch, Dutch, Irish, French, German, Swede, Hebrew, lie buried side by side, and there are epitaphs in almost as many tongues. And there is a certain decorum about it all that is lacking in old Puritan burying grounds, where impish angels and jovial skeletons disport themselves with small regard for the gravity of their calling. Nor are the epitaphs so startlingly original, but rather keep to such familiar themes as, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!" and the less harrowing, "Death comfortably ends a well-spent life."

The epitaph of George Frederick Cook, of Drury Lane, the first male star to come to America, was written by Fitz-Greene Halleck, and in addition there is this legend, "stone repaired by Charles Kean, 1846; E. A. Sothern, 1874; Edwin Booth, 1890."

(Concluded on page 11)

Christmas in a Town of Merrie England

A True Record of One Man's Memories of the Yuletide of His Boyhood: The Gleam and Glory of Mankind's Chief Festival

By A. G. WALKER

> **A Famous Christmas Scene**
>
> **At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.**
>
> **"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us."**
>
> **Which all the family re-echoed.**
>
> **"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.—*Dickens' Christmas Carol.***

WITH the beginning of December the approach of Christmas was definitely recognized. By the middle of the month it had arrived and its departing glories lingered with us until the middle of January. The last week of the Christmas term at college was given up almost entirely to sport, dinner parties and masquerade balls. I am not defending it, I am simply stating history. Traditions of Robin Hood and his Merry Men haunted every part of our community. Sir Walter Scott knew our village well and revelled in its dramatic records. The ruins of the old castle gave wings to his imagination and became the center of one of his immortal books. It was the one thing we held against Oliver Cromwell that he had stormed the castle from the opposite hill so that it had become uninhabitable. But Sir Walter's genius had rebuilt it and filled it again with all the rough life, rough love and dare-devil adventure of feudal times.

It was an established fact that every year on the twelfth of December precisely at midnight a cavalcade of headless horsemen led by a coach and four, driven by a headless groom, emerged from the high, closed and barred doors of "The Hall" grounds and rattled over the macadam of the High street and around the castle and vanished amid the deep shadows of a wood of ageless oaks. As I see it now this annual event was really the arrival among us of the Christmas spirit. In this vague way the Spirit arrived in that coach as it had done for generations. Next morning there was a general attitude throughout our village life as though an important personage had arrived overnight.

The Lordly Beeves of Christmas

WILLIAM RUSHTON was our chief butcher. In front of his shop I met Christmas again. Standing in a heap of straw, with a rug tied over its back to protect it from the biting wind, and halted to a tying post, was a magnificent Durham steer. Around its beautiful neck were tied the ribbons it had won at the Christmas Fat Stock Show. William had given a big price for this animal which had been fed by His Majesty the King. A card printed in large letters and hung from one of the ribbons assured us of this awe-inspiring fact. If the King did not come to see us for Christmas, we had, thanks to William Rushton's enterprise, a distinguished representative. He cannot be said to have borne his honors blushingly but he certainly bore them meekly and, alas, briefly.

Our home was known as Rawson's House. We were not wealthy and it was not a big house. It was a double-fronted, red-brick house with stone facings, standing in its own grounds. The front door was approached by a winding gravel driveway and commanded an uninterrupted view of the castle grounds and ruins. The ivy-covered tower and chancel of the eighth century church were seen from the side window of the drawing room. The river was not visible but we could see the valley and we could see with the mind's eye the water running swiftly and coldly in the depths of the valley. It rarely froze thick enough to allow of skating. Beyond could be distinctly seen the high bluff from which Cromwell pounded the castle with his cannon while his soldiers besieged it on every side. Here on the very spot where our house stood he had had a camp and in the church his cavalry had stabled some of their horses.

Anybody with the ordinary senses of a Christian could have smelled Christmas at three hundred yards from our house at any time within 10 days of Christmas Day. This was true of every house from the squire's to that of the squire's groom.

Christmas Wishes With a Wooden Spoon

"ROWDY, you are just in time for the pudding ceremony," said my mother. In our latitude the twilight that had lasted all day became darkness shortly after three o'clock. My four younger brothers and sisters had come tumbling in breathless and rosy from school. By good chance my father, who had been at Joseph Whitgift's farm sale at Whemby, came in a few minutes later. We were, as the ceremony required, all there. And on the big white kitchen table, the high altar dedicated to soap, sand, scrubbing brush and elbow grease, was an immense wooden bowl. It had been shaped from the solid wood and had served in at least three generations of our family. Christmas pudding not mixed in that bowl would have been a very shortcoming thing. The mysteries that go to making a plum pudding had been carefully selected and to a certain extent blended by mother. The blending had been brought to the point when it was difficult to identify any content. Then mother advanced to the bowl with a large wooden spoon, she closed her eyes, stirred the contents, made her secret wish, then turned and wished us all a Merry Christmas. It was father's turn next to repeat in exact order this ritual. Then each one present, including the lisping infant of two years, followed as mother summoned us by name . . . . Just before it was my turn my eyes met for a moment Mary Hartley's. . . . I gave such a vigorous swirling to the spoon that some of the contents flew over the side and a chorus of voices cried, "Careful, Rowdy, or you'll spill your wish." I heard a merry laugh from Mary and I had surely registered my wish. What would she have done if she had known what it was? However, I fulfilled my office and calmly meeting her merry blue eyes said to her, rather than to the company, "I wish you all (a rather limping 'all')a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

What intense interest was concentrated into the few remaining days. Shop windows were polished and redressed with the red berried prickly holly, and speckled holly, and mistletoe—the latter somewhat sparingly, because imported from Norway at a price rather dear for a slender purse. Still no one would have been content to be entirely without it. Observers of the art of city window dressing would have voted ours a sorry effort. But our tradesmen, I'm sure, had little thought of the commercial element, it was rather their little offering to the spirit of good will.

The men folk had the easiest time. They could suspend any task to tell or listen to a Christmas yarn. However, they did gather up holly and Christmas trees; they also made sure that the Yule logs were plentiful and big enough and dry enough. They must also find the remnant of last year's Yule log. It was the custom, whose origin was lost in antiquity, on the morning after Christmas day to pick out of the fireplace any remains of the log, carefully wrap and store them away for the following year. So when the Christmas fire was kindled, the charred remnants of last year's log were reverently used. Thus a continuity was preserved from year to year. The blazing Yule was definitely linked with that of a hundred or five hundred years ago, and had the religious character of an undying fire.

The Gaffers Have Their Jolly Night

ON THE night of the twenty-third, Christmas began in our house in real earnest. It was our custom, dating from my grandfather's days, to entertain on this night 12 of the oldest men of the village. There was no organization, not even a secretary, all was unconventional. Breaks in last year's company, caused by death or sickness, must be filled and new guests duly prepared and presented. It was not a charitable event, not to us anyway, but a symbol of Christian brotherhood. They walked into the kitchen by the kitchen door at eight o'clock; you couldn't have bribed them to enter by the front door. All were more than 70 years of age. What faces they had! Some were broken physically and one or two were not as bright mentally as once they had been, but most of them were amazingly vigorous, clear-eyed and alert. John Lamsden, the village stonemason, a sturdy, kindly man with a bright grayish blue eye, was one of our guests. John, who neither smoked nor drank liquor, a rare man with us in those days, could talk intelligently about anything that came within the scope of our village life.

There was also Tubby, humorist par excellence. He was the shape of a tub but that was not the explanation of the nickname. In his younger days he had sailed all the seas as a ship's carpenter but finally had settled in his native village as repairer and maker of tubs. Besides, he was often wanted as extra help at the village brewery. Tubby could tell stories with all the lurid lights of a ship's forecastle or all the pathos of a revivalist. Besides he had the gift of discrimination and knew the taste of his audience at a glance. By 10 o'clock that night Tubby was out at sea with all canvas spread. He had a sailor's reserve. While others were laughing to the point of apoplexy, his face showed no change: you might have caught a twinkle in his one eye and a little shuddering at the base of his portly vest. We boys loved to get into his workshop, and learned more geography from him than from the schoolmaster. Church-warden pipes and tobacco ready to hand and a drop of whisky, Scotch or Irish, with hot water, sugar and slices of lemon, for those who needed a warming. In those days you could not get through any arduous task, not even preaching, without a drop to sustain you. Dinner was served on a highly decorated table. The clock struck 12 in the old church tower while they were still eagerly restoring to life and action generations who had long rested in the old churchyard. Those dear old fellows have also gone to the land of silence.

For more reasons than the old men's dinner this was a very important night in our Christmas doings. After dark you might have seen all sorts of almost formless shapes gliding about our back streets and lanes as though they were contemplating theft or murder, or seeking to escape from guilty deeds. This was the night when the spirit of Christmas stole around, to cottages where there was sickness or big families and poverty, with baskets and hampers and bundles. We were a cold-looking people, and maybe reserved in our demeanor, and were proud of it.

The day before Christmas was the decoration of the church, a most important function. It was done with a due sense of following in a line that extended back to the Middle Ages whose achievements had been great though now forgotten. Sister Sue and the Vicar's daughter, a plump and rather severe looking lady of, say, 35, had charge of the work that year. I knew that Mary Hartley would be there, which was the chief reason for my going. Bob Lund was there and Bob was not an excessive churchgoer. Standing at the foot of a stepladder, on which I could distinctly see the trim little feet of Mary, he was diligently passing to her the evergreens and string with which she was garlanding a stone column, yellow and chipped with age. Sue was doing a piece of pretty work on the front of the pulpit, in which some of Cromwell's men had slept. The cold stonework and rough worm-eaten rafters had become things of life and beauty. A few seasonable mottoes were displayed at suitable points. The Vicar said it had never been done better. Laughing and teasing we passed into the village street together.

The Alehouse Choir Preserves Tradition

ELEVEN o'clock Christmas Eve found us a reduced family group around a blazing fire. Father had stolen up to the bedrooms of the children and brought the stockings into the kitchen. These had been duly filled with mingled tenderness and mischief and as surreptitiously restored to their former positions on the bedposts. The Christmas tree was in the center of the drawing room; one dim gas jet alone was burned tonight to allow safe visits of the members of the family who should at intervals steal in and hang their gifts upon the branches. All this had been done. We were a weary, silent, sleepy company, yet we were listening. . . . . Almost together we exclaimed, "There they are." All made for the front door and out into the still moonlight. Clear and strong from the castle ruins came the sound of singing. Male voices were singing the Christmas hymn:

"Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new born King
Peace on earth and mercy mild
God and sinners reconciled."

No stranger could have guessed the makeup of this invisible choir. Once they were surpliced choir boys in the village church and had received instruction in the rudiments of music. Grown to adolescence they had slipped out and drifted to the village alehouse. The leader was the proverbial prodigal of the village. He was harmless enough but terribly given to drinking. Straight from the village alehouse, which by legal extension of time for Christmas Eve did not close until 11, they had gone first to the center of the venerable ruins. This was an entirely spontaneous performance. By some strange intuition it preserved a custom, if tradition may be trusted, that Christmas music had not failed annually within those walls for 700 years.

It has always been a curious memory to me, and I can't help wondering even now whether they have pitiful successors continuing the custom.

Alleluia! In Excelsis Gloria!

AT 10:30 on Christmas morning the church was crowded and a minute later all were lustily singing

"Christians awake, salute this happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born."

The tremulous voice of the aged Vicar, his hair white with the snow of more than 70 winters, led us in morning prayers and collect. Psalm and gospel were read by the highly respected inspector of schools. From the choir Mary Hartley's voice began: "And behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son and his name shall be called Emanuel, God with us," and the choir chanted, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." A group of school children sang,

"Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed
Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for its bed
Mary was that mother mild
Jesus Christ her little child."

Then the congregation sang, "Hark the herald angels sing," reverently received the benediction, knelt a few moments in silence, and left the church as the organist tried the utmost powers of his instrument with the "Hallelujah Chorus." Once outside the church, greetings and introductions of visitors were the order of the day and all this again to the peeling and rolling rhythmic sound of the merry Christmas bells.

The Strangest of England's Prime Ministers

His Be-Quiet, Do-Nothing, Remain-Tranquil Policy Declared a Poser

By W. P. CROZIER

ANDREW BONAR LAW is unlike any prime minister that England has ever had within living memory, and probably at all. To go back a good many years, Disraeli was the actor and the radical, masquerading in the fine clothes of a Tory, but Law is no actor and no radical and the act of masquerade is a thing unknown to him. Gladstone was the moralist and old man eloquent, and Law makes no parade of lofty idealism and has no eloquence. Lord Salisbury was the embodiment of traditional English conservatism with order and caution ever before his mind, but Law is neither English nor even in the old sense Conservative, for it was he above all others who bound the Tory party to the wheels of the revolutionary chariot that Sir Edward Carson drove so violently in Ulster in 1913-14.

No more can one find a parallel to Bonar Law in our more recent premiers. Lord Balfour was in the Salisbury tradition, but he was more of the philosopher, the fine spinner of dialectics, than the downright man of affairs. He was sometimes like the Oxford professor, R. L. Nettleship, who could see so much to be said on both sides of a question that he could never make up his mind which side to take. Law is always the plain, blunt, honest man. Asquith was massive, sonorous, eloquent, using words with great skill to conceal his real intentions. Law not only has no rhetoric, he has no gift of words except such as are absolutely necessary to express most simply the processes of his reasoning.

As for Lloyd George, there never was a greater contrast between two premiers than between him and his successor. The Welshman is mercurial and impulsive, acquisitive of power, dominating and aggressive. The Scotchman is even of temperament and sober in action. In some ways Campbell-Bannerman is the only premier to whom Law bears any shade of likeness. In principles they are the poles apart, for "C. B.," as many say, was "the last of the Liberals," and Law has most affinity with the extreme wing of the Tories. Both might be described as earnest and tenacious Scotsmen of frank and outspoken speech. But Law carries frankness to the point of indiscretion. He thinks aloud and in uttering his thoughts includes those which other men would think but leave unspoken.

"He is an honest fellow," says one man admiringly.

"True," says another, "but he will 'put his foot in it' once a week when he is premier."

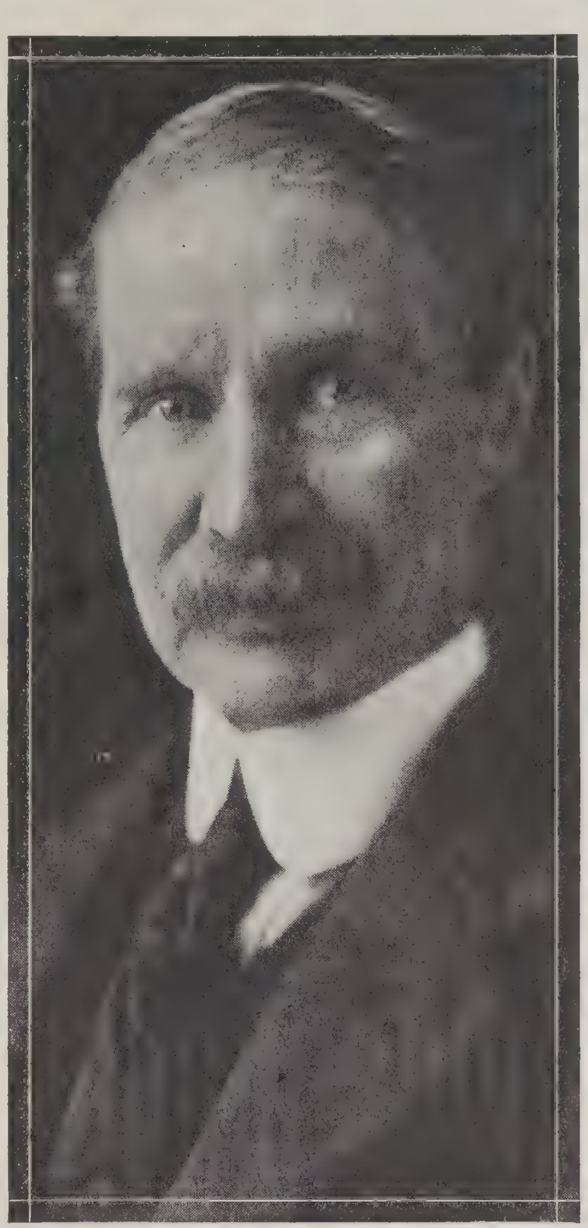
A Glasgow Ironmaster

HIS letter, declaring formally that if France would not co-operate more sincerely with England, England would have to withdraw from Europe and confine her attention to the empire, is not thought, now that suddenly he is premier, to have been the happiest contribution to Anglo-French relations, though many sympathize with it.

Bonar Law was a Glasgow ironmaster and first made a reputation by the protectionist speeches which he delivered as a private member. He was not, like Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, first and foremost a believer in Empire preference; he was just an orthodox protectionist, believing in the virtues of a tariff against foreign goods. In the days when the Unionist party was riven by discussions over free trade, Law's sincerity and practical common sense made a deep impression and when Mr. Balfour resigned and the Tory party could not decide between the clamor of Mr. (now Lord) Long, who represented the old Tory interest, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who was the leader of the Liberal Unionists, they compromised on the plain-spoken, hard-hitting Bonar Law. And so he became leader and had to decide where the party stood when the Asquith government passed the Home Rule bill and Ulster organized armed rebellion under Sir Edward Carson.

It would be perfectly true to say that as much as any other man Bonar Law was responsible for bringing Ireland to the verge of civil war. For his part was to place the whole Tory party in England, Scotland and Wales behind the movement of rebellion in Ulster and to promise its absolute support however far Sir Edward Carson went in his readiness, as he himself said, to break all laws. When the treaty with the Sinn Feiners was made by the Lloyd George government some months ago, Bonar Law was no longer a member of the ministry, but he has since expressed approval of the treaty and it was, above all, the support of the treaty by the Tory party which made possible the Irish settlement. The Ulster Unionists, with Lord Carson at their head, stigmatized it as "betrayal." It meant that Ulster's game was finally played out. Had Bonar Law chosen to intervene he could have broken the treaty, which has always been unpopular with the Tory rank and file. Many people, remembering his record in 1913-14, believed that he would summon the Tory party once more to the support of Ulster's wild men. But he had learned a certain wisdom; he knew that the general sense of the country had turned against him. And today, happily, as premier he declares in favor of the treaty. "Our word is our bond." That is one stroke of good fortune for a sorely troubled country.

He has been a great wrecker of cabinets, though he has figured little in the limelight. Twice he has torpedoed Mr. Asquith and once Mr. Lloyd George. In 1915, when the British Army in France was short of shells, Mr. Law told Mr. Asquith, then at the head of a purely Liberal ministry, that he would recommence party warfare against him unless the Tory party were taken into the government. In that way the Coalition was born. In 1916 when Lloyd George revolted against his chief, Mr. Asquith might have dared him to do his worst but again Mr. Law tipped him the "black spot" and told him that his time was up. For the third time now, and this time in the interests of the Conservative party, he has upset the ministerial apple-cart—an astonishing rôle for a man of whom his best friends can only say that he is honest and frank but entirely undistinguished.


(C) Harris & Ewing

ANDREW BONAR LAW

The truth is that Bonar Law has always emerged as a blunt, trustable man just when the Conservative party—and especially the old-fashioned, true-blue section of it—was feeling itself divided and betrayed. It was so in 1915 and it is so now. The world is almost falling about us and we are struggling with desperate problems at home and abroad. Something surely must be done. Mr. Lloyd George made all sorts of experiments and some of them were not very successful. The Labor party says we must nationalize mines and railways, tax the middle and upper "classes" to the utmost and make a great levy on capital. It may all be wrong but at any rate it is a policy. Mr. Law has no policy. He says himself that his policy is negative—do as little as possible, legislate as little as possible, leave things alone. It is not unpopular with his party. After all, that is English conservatism of the old style. But the world is not old style, it is changed, a large part of it in our neighborhood is in ruins—and nothing must be done! We wonder ourselves whether Mr. Law is not after all purely a party politician, for this is not statesmanship nor even intelligence, except perhaps in a purely electioneering sense.

The Policy of Negation

SOME of those who know Mr. Law would say that this sketch has been much too friendly to him, and that he is little more than the average "stupid Tory" raised to power not by merit but by circumstances beyond his control. One such acquaintance has written of him in the *New Leader,* a Labor paper:

"All the ironmongers thought he was a great politician and all the politicians thought he was a great ironmonger—the business man at last arrived. As a matter of fact he has very little capacity for business at all and never made a great success of it. We never got angry with his fertile abuse and violence, because we knew that he would be the first to confess that this was only part of his trade. The dispirited Tory party wanted this sort of thing and he gave it them indifferently and without variety, as a glue merchant ladles out glue or a soap merchant grease.

"One who was in the cabinet with him had told me that he was useless in counsel, partly because he had no ideas, and partly because, if he had an idea, he was never sure whether it was right or not.

"He has never shown any interest in social reform, and, like most of the money-makers of Glasgow, despises the poor except when they are making themselves active in revolt; in which case he hates them.

"Still, he will plod along, with his weak, amiable smile and his weak, amiable courtesy; accepting cheerfully the contemptuous statement of Lloyd George that he was 'honest almost to the point of simplicity'; and killing the fighting spirit in the more violent of his supporters by his obvious dejection, his obvious apology for his own existence, his obvious timidity, in the great post to which time or some 'fostering star' has called him through no fault of his own."

This is a severe judgment and one might reasonably ask how it is that a man so ill-equipped for leadership should be at the head of the historic and still most powerful Tory party. The answer is that, above all, the instinct of the Tory party is to stick together and therefore it wants someone who will put party unity before all other considerations and who will not divide the party like such radicals and democratic Tories as Joseph Chamberlain or Lord Randolph Churchill. Bonar Law is their man. He has no revolutionary ideas, and not many of any kind. He will be content to sit tight, doing nothing and trusting for support to the truly conservative bent of the average citizen. He talks of rest and tranquillity as his goal and ideal during his premiership. But how if events assert themselves and refuse tranquillity? A mere negation, a mere doing nothing, is a pretty poor policy when political and social earthquakes shake the ground beneath our feet.

Colonial Landmarks of New York

Concluded from page 9

The obelisk of the Irish patriot, Thomas Addis Emmet, on the Broadway side, bears inscriptions in Latin, English and Gaelic, and, with an odd mixture of the matter of fact, on the fourth side it records the latitude and longitude of the city.

The stone of one Alexander Thomas proudly tells the world that he was "a native of Boston," and there is a pathetic little slab to "Robertina" without other name to identify her. The Sieur of Rochefontaine, Etienne Marie Bedet, reposes under an elaborate monument with a long inscription in French. Last September, when wreaths were laid on the statue of Lafayette on the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne, earth from his native city of Ay and water from the Marne were poured on the grave of the gallant Frenchman who, in 1782, commanded the artillery and a corps of engineers in the Federal army.

The gates of the churchyard are always open and visitors may stroll through its paths or rest upon its benches. The moment one treads its sward it is as if he stepped on the magic carpet which transports him in a twinkling far from the city's din. By a curious paradox, here, amid the crumbling memorials of past generations, one gains a sense of the worth and permanence of life.

Fraunce's Tavern, on Broad and Pearl streets, is another bit of colonial architecture remaining in New York. Etienne Delaney, a wealthy Huguenot, built it in 1719, and from him it passed to Samuel Francis who opened the Queen's Head Tavern there. Francis was a West Indian and probably a mulatto. During the British occupation a shell pierced the roof and a popular couplet of the day reads:

"At first we thought it was only a sham,
Till it put a hole in the roof of Black Sam."

During colonial days the tavern was the resort of fashionable society and, in 1868, the New York Chamber of Commerce organized there. But on December 4, 1783, occurred the event that makes it a sort of shrine for those who trace the steps of Washington.

In its famous Long Room, on the second floor, the great Commander-in-Chief bade farewell to 44 of his generals, among them Greene, Knox, Wayne, Hamilton, Koskiusko and Moultrie. The last named has left us the story of it in his journal. In silence almost oppressive they ate together, then one by one took their leave of the captain whom they loved. "Such a scene of sorrow and weeping," the account concludes, "I have never before witnessed and hope I may never be called upon to witness again." There is no truer test of a man than the measure of esteem and affection that his subordinates bear him.

On the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's farewell, the Society of the Sons of the Revolution was formally organized in the Long Room. Not long afterward they bought the Tavern and reconstruction was begun. This work was carried on with greatest care. It was necessary to send to Holland to match some of the tiles, and brick was obtained from a building of about the same date in Baltimore. On December 4, 1907, the one hundredth and twenty-fourth anniversary of the farewell, the Tavern was formally opened, and now, in a city where the tide of change runs swiftly, it remains a worthy reminder of the past and especially of our great First President and his steadfast aims.

Minus Plumpness and Laugh—1922 German

Solemn, Contemplative, Is This New Type of Citizen of the Vaterland; Even the Mustache That Curled to the Sky or Caressed Beer Is Gone

By A. R. PINCI

STAND on any street corner in such representative and widely separated cities as Dresden, Berlin and Hamburg, and if you happened to be in Germany 10 short years ago, you will now remark one elemental and quite universal change. The German embonpoint, especially of masculine gender, is gone. One still sees comfortably stout women, but one must squint to find a plump man. If he is found, he remains an exception, and may as well be put down as one of the new Germany's novelties.

With the passing of the said rotundity of body there has passed another ancient German custom; the smile that was laughter. Yes, only a decade ago one could hear it, distinct and sonorous, echoing from countless recesses in old Berlin, in the neighborhood of the Kroegel, or Gartenplatz, northward of Unter den Linden, where the same mirth, in more subdued but no less hearty pitch, announced to the world passing by that to be a German was to be a happy individual.

Today the restaurants and beer houses are full of Germans, but they drink less and they laugh almost not at all. The ancient and honored containers of frothy beer and the two-foot pipes with porcelain bowls are difficult indeed to discover. The latter are not even visible in the tobacco stores. As for beer, I have seen that which 10 years ago would have been deemed improbable; a schoppen of beer unconcernedly left behind half-filled by a modest diner who wanted no more than he had partaken of.

With the embonpoint and the laughter has gone another thing that was considered a sacred Germanic institution; the mustache that curved downward over the lips or the one that shot upward toward either eye. Such mustaches as one encounters are the mustaches that one sees anywhere else in the world. They don't protrude so far as to encounter the foam atop of their pilsener.

There is something pathetic in this outward transformation of the population. A scrawny American or a lanky Englishman or a fastidious Frenchman once upon a time secretly envied the heavy-boned, over-avoirdupoised German whose whole body trembled like gelatine beneath his clothes whenever he laughed. I tried to discover if I could in the course of a swift but extended peregrination the type that was—the middle-aged German reading *Simplicissimus* or the *Tageblatt*, sitting on the edge of a chair out on the sidewalk, smoking quietly, occasionally peering over the page to look, if his contour permitted, at the inevitable dachshund squirming between his huge feet. This man would have a skullcap, sometimes plain, sometimes adorned with a tassel, which crowned a rather huge head superimposing a wide expanse of fancy waistcoat.

If such a man is in Berlin I failed to find him. And if he was not somewhere out in the street, at the accustomed place of places, it means that he must have passed as other types and figures have passed, into memory. What is very likely the case, the man exists, but he is not so stout, he is not so happy, and he is not so prosperous.

It has been said by men who have made a scientific analysis of such matters that so far as reducing overweight the war has been a godsend to Germany. They fear one thing alone; that they may become too solemn. And that is a well-grounded fear. They are overserious. But after all this may prove to be a sign of the times. They are obliged now to do a great deal of thinking for themselves that a paternalistic government used to do for them. The time that they were putting in drinking down heavy beer they are now devoting to the problems of 1922 and the hereafter.

A Five-mark Premium

THEATERS like the Komische Oper, or the Komödienhaus am Schiffbauerdamm, where musical comedies are given, or the variety houses, are doing a fair business, but the opera and the Theater in der Königgrätzerstrasse, where the wonderful "Geschichten des Kapellmeister Kreisler" is presented with the new stage system, are patronized to standing room.

The desire to attend a performance at the former royal opera house came upon me 10 minutes before the performance was scheduled to begin, and I hurried thither with a taxi, but it was seven o'clock, the doors were being closed to shut out the street noises, and the curtain was drawn across the box-office window. Not a seat! I tried to wheedle and cajole, but nary a ticket. I was anxious to see the Magic Flute and so I commenced to move about so as to reveal to him, if such a person happened to be about, that speculating against me in the sale of a ticket would have been good business. But no speculator appeared on the scene; only a few stragglers: when each in turn knocked at the window, the man within would say *Nicht*, the patron outside would repeat *Nicht*, and after three or four *nichts*, it was agreed and understood that nothing in German theaters means nothing—even out on the sidewalk.

For once I appreciated the ticket speculator as an institution. The highest single place cost 400 marks, or exactly 33 cents, and I felt that I could multiply this sum by 10 and still get my money's worth. The principle may have been wrong, but it was drizzling outside and the evening was long and they were singing within. What was 4,000 marks under these circumstances?

And as I was brooding thus a gentle voice said something to me in German. It was an inquiry. He wanted to know if I wanted to buy a ticket. Did I? It was not the price that I was worried about, however; it was the fear that drastic German law—the ancient and inexorable Verboten—might cause me trouble, and I said as much. The sale was subject to a warranty of admittance. He would convince me through no less a personage than the ticket seller. But the latter proved to be useless; he retorted that he did not care to say anything about it. So we went to the doorkeeper—not the inside one, but the six-footer in a frock coat and gold braid and brass buttons and a decorated cap. He assured me the sale would violate no rule, but that it could not be made within the lobby. So we stepped out into the street, where I was prepared for the worst. How much?

"Hundred-sixty marks!" It was the third gallery, but the ticket was right over the former imperial box. I saw its location on the diagram hanging on the wall. And the box-office price was 155 marks, extras included. Now a five-mark premium on an opera ticket is rather unbelievable, but that is what I paid and the seat so located that at the box office I should have paid 10 times the price, if need be, without a murmur. Now this story ought to stop right here, but to show that foreigners are not always tricked the sequel is more important.

As the usher preceded me upstairs he calmly informed me that that was his ticket. I began to feel foolish and almost self-conscious about it. After double precautions had I been sold a ticket of doubtful title? Happily that was not the case. The ticket had been given to the man who sold it to me by the usher, and the recipient thereof did not want to go and decided to sell it, giving the donor 20 marks out of the "80 marks he got for it." Yes, 80 marks, because "sold after the performance had started." Without thinking I assured the usher that I had paid 155, whereupon he muttered some nice adjectives in German which in essence conveyed the information that if that man ever received another complimentary ticket it would be over the donor's dead body, or something like that. I assuaged his grief with a 50-mark note, for which he chased downstairs to steal a program from some careless person, because there was not another to be had for love nor money.

A Visit to a Coffee House

NOW here was an instance of German tricking German, notwithstanding my suspicion, afterward abandoned, that it was a sob story to extract *funfzig* marks or so from a kind-hearted stranger. I dread to imagine what would happen to a "rich" foreigner eager to enter if he lolled in the lobby of the Metropolitan in New York. I have been asked $10 for an even exchange on a $7 seat, and that was supposed to be a modest fee.

The performance was interesting, but the audience was even more so. Berlin, to my recollection, happens to be the only city where an audience actually holds its peace until the curtain is nearly down before it applauds, and doesn't annoy any one by deafening noise in the haste to show "appreciation" when the tenor hasn't finished his little piece. The applause was unstinted but not extravagant and certainly well intoned. The opera being allegorical and in parts comical one expected much laughter—but I have already said that the Germans are not laughing any more, not much.

We were in the street before 11 o'clock. So I hied me to the Vaterland Kaffee Haus, in Potsdamer Platz. I had been there the evening before but I wondered if Sunday night might reveal a differing attitude. It's a huge hall, where beer, coffee, ices, liqueurs and sweets are served. A wonderfully good orchestra plays on a balcony, in the glare of thousands of electric lights. It is not a place for and of the rich. Anything but that. It is a tarrying place for the everyday German; one sees young couples and solitary men and elderly persons and whole families. One takes the seat that most suits, regardless of who happens to occupy the other space, for each table means four chairs. Men salute each other gravely, silently, raising their hats solemnly, a bow of askance on the one side and of acquiescence on the other, as a matter of form and of courtesy. It may mean the first step to an hour of conversation and it may mean nothing more than an occasionally stony stare.

In other words, this Kaffee Haus is what we would term a popular amusement resort. One would expect at such a place the latest jazz music. But not so. It was classic after classic; chamber music, symphony, cavatina, waltz. Dancing? Nary a step. In the United States a resort of this kind that did not cater to dancers would have to close within a week. But one and all, the men and women present were passing the time quietly, modestly, economically. Laughter? Nary a bit of that, either. At least, it could not be called laughter. And as for giggling, the thing does not exist.

Tall conical glasses are used for beer, and I noticed that a beer order is not worth, evidently, the compliment of a tray, because three or four glasses are brought between the fingers, but if you get a cup of what is called coffee then you get with it several trays. In order to disguise the taste I have been obliged to order several "zuchers" because one portion of sugar would intensify the insipid flavor of whatever it was they served me. Every such extra zucher was duly marked down and charged for. One may hear, in this wise, three dollars' worth of a miniature philharmonic orchestra rendering choice programs for about 30 to 50 marks, depending upon whether one takes coffee, beer or a liqueur.

I dined on one occasion in style in one of the fashionable Unter den Linden restaurants. The feast cost me slightly more than 800 marks, or 70 cents, which included a very good native wine. Surprising as it may seem, one is safer in ordering native wine in Germany and getting unadulterated juice of the grape than would be the case in wine-producing countries like France and Italy. I refer, of course, to ordinary wines; not the liquids that depend upon labels, vintage year, temperature and chromatic glassware.

The self-contained attitude of the Germans of today may or may not mean anything with regard to the fortunes of the nation. One thing is beyond doubt; they are annoyed by the vast numbers of foreigners swarming the Vaterland. It is not the visitors, with certain exceptions, that they object to; it is the spirit with which they come. It is patent that they would prefer fewer visitors.

The most amazing side of German psychology is their utter indifference to the French—an indifference that pains the Gallic observers more than would a cordial hate. I may be wrong, but as I see it the German today still regards the French with tolerance and on their part the French feel the very thing that the Germans want them to feel.

It were a brave observer who would hazard with finality an opinion about the German idea of government. The republic is now more than three years old, for one should not consider the semi-chaotic year that followed the kaiser's flight to Holland. President and chancellor are holding forth patiently but firmly. There are rumors of impending disaster, politically, and there are occasional economic plunges, but as a country, and particularly as a people—which is more important—everything runs smoothly.

One enters a bookstore, an art shop or a post card emporium. On every side one sees books about German history, past and recent; biographies of the dynastic personalities so dear to the Teutonic heart. There are etchings and lithographs and photographs of the imperial family and of all of the princelings. The post card shops sell a large quantity of likenesses of the Hohenzollern family, and even at this late day find ready sale for *in memoriam* cards of the late kaiserin. Does it mean that the dynasty is still supreme in the German idea?

It might be possible that such a condition was the result of careful propaganda by the adherents of the throne and that it served the ends of that group that is actively, if quietly, engaged in the attempt to restore the monarchy. If you have asked your taxi driver or German guide to point places of interest you may remember the vim with which he indicated the Siegesallee, or avenue of victory, with its equidistant monuments flanking both sides, forming semicircular recesses against the Tiergarten's foliage. There are more than 30 such monuments of German rulers representing all the reigning members of the Hohenzollern dynasty from the Middle Ages. No matter where you turn, there is a statue of some German hero, from civil or military life, confronting you. In the face of such ubiquitous reminders, it is well-nigh impossible to eradicate from the German mind the puissance of the men who wrought Germany—and Germany is still Germany. The war has not altered the Germany that the Germans know. They no longer regard the military as infallible, but they are yet proud of their country, which is as it should be. It is that very pride that augurs well for the future of Europe, because it presupposes an undying spirit and an indomitable will. It is well to recognize these two traits and to say that they exist.

No Parading Being Done

UNLIKE Paris or Vienna, Berlin makes no attempt to dress up Unter den Linden as its chief boulevard in an exclusive sense. Although it is regarded as an exclusive avenue it is full of Germans that are not on parade. If you have been in Germany did you notice or not that no place in Germany is on parade? That no one dressed up to be on parade? That no false atmosphere has been created for the benefit of outsiders? That there are no silk stockings?

The average American or other foreign visitor cannot obtain a true picture of Germany or penetrate the German mind by tarrying at the Adlon or the Esplanade. It cannot be done by looking up fellow countrymen, getting together for a party, going to see the sights, and keeping up this monotonous program. Yet that seems the best that the investigators from overseas can undertake. No one walks away from the beaten path. No one will take trouble to go upon the very legitimate and engrossing errand of perambulating the city while it sleeps, to watch the fleeting cab, to submit coldly to the once-over by a German policeman who seems tempted to ask what your business is and then passes on. That is the time when derelicts appear according to romancers, but Berlin is shy on nocturnal wanderers. Those one meets are evidently bent upon some errand or are hurrying home. The droschke follows you, because the driver cannot understand why any man should want to foot it if he has money, and horse-cabbing is very cheap.

Money as Weapon Conquers Seminoles

Only Indian Tribe Refusing to Recognize the Government Succumbs to Offers of Work

By OLIN W. KENNEDY

Seminole family canoeing through the Everglades.

SEMINOLE INDIANS are beginning to realize the value of the American dollar. They are turning from fishing and alligator hunting to daily toil for the white man.

Long reputed as the only Indian tribe refusing to recognize the American Government, the Seminoles have, within the past year, changed many of their customs and, while they continue to pretend contempt for the government at Washington, they are mighty glad to take jobs with white men which will yield them American currency.

Pleased to call themselves "the only unconquered Indians in America," they really have been conquered by the power of money.

For many years the Seminoles have been content to obtain their living from the sale of fish caught in the Everglades and dried under the hot Florida sun and by trapping alligators and selling them alive to the alligator farms. They also raised some grain and vegetables for home use, but in later years they have shown such a fondness for canned goods that they preferred to abandon gardening and devote their energies to fishing and trapping. Now they have taken up day labor for the whites.

Lucien A. Spencer, for many years dean of an Episcopal cathedral, but who has been an Indian agent for a long time, has just completed a trip to all the Seminole Indian villages. He reports that the Seminoles are not only taking to labor but that they are relinquishing their tribal forms of government and, saddest of all, that their moral standards are falling.

For as long as white men can remember the Seminole women have been extolled for their constancy and their intense devotion to the men of their own race. Recently there have been exceptions to this reputation.

As indicating how tribal laws are collapsing, it is said that little attention has been paid to moral lapses. Not long ago, when such offenses were extremely rare, it was the custom to sentence the offenders to self-inflicted death. They were commanded to go deep into the Everglades and die by starvation or by the bite of the rattlesnake or some other poisonous reptile. As the three more serious offenses the past year occurred among Seminoles who had gone to the towns, it may be taken for granted that had the offenders returned to the Everglades some kind of punishment might have been meted out, but probably not the death penalty of the past.

In taking up white men's work, the Seminoles also are gradually discarding their picturesque apparel for "store clothes." A young Indian named Willie-Willie is said to have led the way from the Everglade varied-colored costume to white men's clothing. About two years ago Willie-Willie blossomed forth in the most stylish clothes he could buy in a men's shop in Miami. He became a real Beau Brummell and as such was made much over in the Florida resorts. Willie-Willie's success turned the heads of the young bucks back in the Everglades and one by one they have started wearing clothes of the famous advertised brands. The women were slow to change but here and there squaws have adopted modern dress. Quite a number of the Seminole girls have sought housework in the towns that they may dress like white women.

The older Seminole women last season started to work in the bean and tomato fields. The Seminole has never given a great deal of attention to education and as a result only a few have the ability to read and write. Denying themselves the privilege of becoming wards of the government, through their deep-seated feeling of injury at the hands of the whites in the early days, no system of compulsory education has been possible. Occasionally a chief would insist on his children learning to read and write. There is some difficulty in handling the Seminoles as laborers. They have no sense of time nor of figures. It is necessary to pay each woman bean or tomato picker as each hamper of vegetables is brought in. If they pick twenty hampers a day they necessarily must be paid twenty times a day.

Agent Spencer says that the Indian lack of sense of time is illustrated by the fact that if one of them is told to drive a drove of hogs 80 miles the hogs will each weigh five pounds more at the end of the trip than at the beginning, for the reason that the Seminole will take several days to make the drive and allow the hogs to forage on the way, whereas a white man would hurry the trip through and the hogs would weigh several pounds less at the end of the trip than when they started.

Common labor was scarce for a time this autumn in Miami when considerable work was necessary in building new golf courses. The contractors appealed to Willie-Willie, the Beau Brummell of the Seminoles. He fared forth in the Everglades and brought back a number of young bucks. They proved good workers with pick and shovel. As a result Miami has probably the one golf course in the world made by Indians —"unconquered" Indians, at that.

Seminole Indians have always been held in high esteem by the white people of the east and west coasts of Florida. A Seminole has never been known to lie. His word is his bond. They have been trusted by storekeepers in many towns and although the accounts might be allowed to run three or four months and often a year, the Seminoles would finally come in and pay in full.

A Seminole hunter.

LUCIEN A. SPENCER,
Indian Agent in charge of the Seminoles in Florida.

Willie-Willie, the Beau Brummell of the Seminoles. He was the first to wear white men's clothes. Other young bucks "like his style" and are going to work to buy clothes.

A Seminole bridal procession. This procession was led by Chief Jack Tigertail, who, a few days later, was assassinated by a white man. The bride is at the side of the chief; the groom is following.

Last winter a Seminole sub-chief named Jack Tigertail was assassinated by a white man. Jack left a squaw and seven children. The white people of Miami raised $1,600 as a trust fund for the widow. There were three contributions of $100 each. This fund is in bank and it is estimated that it is sufficient to supply food for the widow and her younger children for at least 10 years. According to Seminole mourning custom, the widow has worn her hair down over her shoulders for a year.

The slain chief was the first Seminole to be buried in an established white cemetery. His favorite gun was laid on the casket and at the head of the casket was placed a box containing all his jewels and trinkets. Many white persons attended the funeral.

Until recently it has been difficult to obtain a correct census of the Seminoles in Florida. Agent Spencer explains that it was only a short time ago that he discovered the reason for this. It was that on the east coast a Seminole had one name and had another name on the west coast, and perhaps a third name out in the Everglades. Agent Spencer finds that there are now 467 Seminoles in the state, an increase of 10 in one year.

Notwithstanding the Seminole defiance of the government, the Department of Interior has set apart three reservations for them in Florida. The largest, in Lee County, consists of 22,400 acres; the second in Palm Beach County, 1,900 acres, and the third, in Broward County, 300 acres.

The inclination of the Seminoles to take white men's work, in the fields and nurseries mainly, may relieve the government of the necessity of appropriating large sums for their maintenance, but Agent Spencer is of the opinion that the government will be required to give considerable attention to them for many years—at least more attention than in the past four or five years. He fears that many males may take up life in the towns and cities and leave their families in the Everglades. This will mean that the aid will have to be given the squaws to keep their children. The slacking in morals also gives him concern and leads him to believe there may have to be closer supervision.

Agent Spencer is of the opinion that if the Seminoles are to be kept in tribal control and not scattered in small groups it will be necessary for the government to appropriate enough money to establish herds of cattle and hogs on the Lee County land. The land is adaptable and the Indians take interest in that work.

Clear View of the New Status of Ireland

Famous Catholic Economist. Returning From a Tour of Study, Gives Illuminating Outline of a Vexed Question

By REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D.

THE constitution of the Irish Free State has been adopted by the Irish Provisional Parliament, sitting as a constituent assembly and ratified by the British Parliament. On December 6, it went into effect without further formalities, and the Irish Free State was fully established.

The constitution sets up what is known as the parliamentary system of government; that is, the executive will be elected by the chamber of deputies and be responsible thereto, as in England, France, and most of the countries of Europe. It includes a liberal form of the referendum, and provides for the establishment of the initiative either by the Parliament, or by the people, in case Parliament fails to act in the matter. Perhaps its most striking feature is the nature of the Senate. The members of this body will be elected by the voters of the whole 26 counties acting as a single constituency, and the senators are intended to represent conspicuous national achievements and the important classes of the nation. The senate will have no power except advisory over money bills. Other bills passed by the chamber of deputies the senate can delay for 270 days if it does not endorse them; or it may require them to be submitted to a popular referendum.

The Powers of the Irish Free State

THE feature of the constitution which is least acceptable to the majority of the Irish people is that which lets in the British King. Through his representative in Ireland, the governor-general, he is empowered to veto bills passed by the Parliament, or to reserve them for consideration before giving his approval. However, this power is an empty form, inasmuch as the royal veto and royal reservation must be exercised "in accordance with the law, practice and continual usage prevailing in the Dominion of Canada." This means that there will be no royal veto nor any reservation of bills for a possible royal veto; for nothing of the kind happens in Canada. The governor-general is also authorized to appoint the members of the cabinet, which is to be known as the executive council, the heads of government departments, and the members of the judiciary; but in all cases he is required to appoint those who are nominated by the chamber of deputies or by the executive council. In other words, the King will exercise as much actual power in the legislative and executive departments of the Irish Free State as he exercises in Great Britain or Canada—which is exactly none at all.

Not all the powers of the Irish Free State are set forth in the constitution. Some of the most important subjects of legislation are dealt with in the treaty which was approved by the *Dail Eireann* December 6, 1921. It is in the treaty that we find whatever restrictions prevent the Free State from being completely independent. These give Great Britain facilities in certain harbors when she is engaged in war. With this reservation and with the further reservation that apparently the Free State will not send diplomatic representatives to foreign countries, the Irish Free State does not differ essentially from an independent republic. Its government will be able to do anything that can be done by the government of any sovereign state for its people in the fields of finance, industry, education, morals, religion, politics and general welfare. Indeed, it will be able to enact laws for the benefit of the laboring classes, which neither our separate states nor our Federal government could enact without a change in our Constitution. In this connection, it is worthy of note that the provision in the Free State constitution for its own amendment is more liberal than similar provisions in either the national or the state constitutions of the United States. A majority vote of the two Houses of Parliament is sufficient to submit a proposed amendment to the people. For the amendment to be adopted and to become a part of the constitution all that is necessary is that (a) a majority of the electors should vote on the proposal, and (b) either a majority of the electors or two-thirds of those voting should record their votes favorably.

Then, Why the Continued Trouble?

SINCE the Irish people (except the inhabitants of the six northeast counties) will soon have a state which is a republic in everything but the name and a government which can do practically everything that any people wants a government to do, how comes it that a minority has for several months been in active rebellion against their own government? The answer is, of course, that these men dislike the continuation of the British connection, and want their country to be completely independent. They think that the status of the United States is preferable to that of Canada, and they are so intensely attached to this preference that they are willing to make their country a desert rather than accept the Free State. More than three months ago, it was estimated that the damage done by the insurgents to the civil and economic interests of the country was sufficient to provide a decent dwelling for the many thousand inadequately housed families in the Irish towns and cities. Since then, the work of destruction has been greatly increased. The Irregulars burned a condensed milk factory in Tipperary which employed 250 persons, and was the main industry of the town. I myself saw the ruins of the admiralty house, the barracks, and the military and naval hospital in Queenstown, all wantonly set on fire by the Irregulars as they were leaving that city. These are only samples. Wherever the insurgents were in control, they indulged in the same criminal acts of devastation. In the words of the recent pastoral letter of the Irish bishops: "They have wrecked Ireland from end to end, burning and destroying national property of enormous value, breaking roads, bridges and railways, seeking by this insensate blockade to starve the people, or bury them in social stagnation. They have caused more damage to Ireland in three months than could be laid to the charge of British rule in so many decades."

The insurgent forces are composed of various and contradictory elements. Apparently the leaders are, for the most part, sincere fanatics. The same may be said of a considerable portion of the rank and file, but probably the majority of the latter are either adventurers, loafers, the intermittently employed, or actual or potential criminals. The numerical strength of the insurgents is very difficult to estimate because it has not only varied in different months since the fighting began, but it varies even from day to day. Between 6,000 and 8,000 of them have been incarcerated by the Free State Government in various prisons. A recent estimate places the number of those who are still in active rebellion, at least now and then, at seven thousand.

Insurgents Are Tories, Not Democrats

ALL the insurgents and their supporters in Ireland admit that the vast majority of the Irish people want the Free State, rather than any further attempt to get absolute independence by fighting Great Britain. When I was in Ireland the lowest estimate that I heard of the proportion of the people in favor of the Free State and against the insurgents was 85 per cent; the highest was 98 per cent. That was last July. With the increase of the destruction perpetrated by insurgents, the percentage of the people opposed to them has likewise increased. It is now at least 95 per cent.

How do the sincere fanatics among the insurgents attempt to justify their opposition to the will of the majority, and their repudiation of majority rule as a political principle? Partly by shallow sophistry and partly by invoking the principle of toryism. They contend that the majority have accepted the Free State under "duress," that is, through fear of a renewal of British warfare in case they should refuse to accept the treaty. Of course, the "duress" is very much exaggerated by the so-called republicans. The degree of freedom and political autonomy obtained through the treaty is so much greater than the vast majority of the people had ever hoped to obtain that their acceptance of the treaty was to a very high degree spontaneous, and with very little consciousness of duress or compulsion. In any case, every genuine democrat believes that the people have a right to choose between such alternatives as are offered them. If they regarded the treaty as an evil and the alternative of renewed warfare with Great Britain as an evil, they must on democratic principles be accorded the right to choose between these evils. The man who refuses to abide by their choice in such a situation is not a democrat, but a tory, for he acts upon the tory principle that the superior minority has a right to dictate to the "unthinking" or the "cowardly" majority.

An Inside View of Irish Political Tricks

VERY few of the insurgent spokesmen are honest enough to admit that they are, in reality, acting upon tory principles, by arrogating to themselves the custodianship of the majority. Most of them fall back upon a sophistical technicality. No formal vote, they contend, was ever taken by the Irish people on the question of accepting the treaty. One answer is that the people elected last June the members of the present Dail, or Provisional Parliament. Of the 120 odd persons chosen, some 86 are in favor of the Free State, and have been meeting regularly since the ninth of September. It is they who recently considered and adopted the new constitution. Although the people did not vote on the treaty itself, they voted for a majority of pro-treaty representatives. They chose some 30 independent candidates, labor, farmer and other, every one of whom is for the treaty and defeated a candidate opposed to the treaty. Had independent candidates offered themselves in all the constituencies previously represented by anti-treaty members, it is practically certain that not five of the latter would have been elected. The relatively small number of anti-treaty men chosen at the June election owed their success at the polls to two facts: first, the Collins-DeValera Pact by which pro-treatyites and anti-treatyites agreed not to put up candidates for the places then occupied by their respective opponents; second, the failure of men to enter the lists as independent candidates in many of the districts represented by opponents of the treaty. In brief, the people went as far as they were permitted to go in declaring themselves for the treaty.

Why was not a plebiscite held on that precise issue? Because the Irish republican army, then controlled by the anti-treatyites, had openly declared that it would not permit such a plebiscite. The excuse was that a new register of voters should first be made to admit those who had come of age since the last election in 1918. But there was not sufficient time for this, since the Dail had bound itself to consider and adopt a constitution and take all other steps necessary to set up the Free State before December 6, 1922. The so-called republicans were well aware of this difficulty; hence their demand for a new register of voters was merely a subterfuge to gain time and make the carrying out of the treaty impossible. Their insincerity in this demand was shown by their refusal to permit a popular vote on the treaty which vote was to be recognized by both parties as having no legal binding force. The party favoring the treaty proposed this arrangement as a means of determining how large was the majority willing to accept the treaty. They knew that the majority would prove so overwhelming that even if all those not on the register but otherwise qualified were to be regarded as opposing the treaty, a plebiscite on a full register would still show a great majority in favor of ratification. The anti-treatyites were likewise aware of this situation; hence they were resolved to prevent by force even this informal and informative kind of plebiscite.

The Attack Upon Free Speech

ANOTHER indication of the contempt for democracy and its institutions entertained by the so-called republicans is seen in their treatment of the *Freeman's Journal*. At one of the meetings of the executive council of the army in Dublin, before the provisional government had undertaken any military action, it was decided that the army should not take orders from the provisional government. As is well known, that government had been created by a majority of the Dail Eireann. Although these army bosses were setting up a military dictatorship, they had not the courage to let their action become known to the public. When the *Freeman's Journal* got hold of and published a copy of the resolution adopted by the army executive, the latter raided the *Freeman's* printing establishment, and destroyed more than $200,000 worth of machinery and other property.

One of the most widely circulated falsehoods perpetrated by the so-called republicans is that the provisional government attacked them in the Four Courts building, thus beginning the civil war, on the written order of Winston Churchill. No evidence is ever offered of the existence of any such written order. Of course, no order was necessary. No government with any self-respect, or any expectation of functioning effectively, could have long tolerated defiance by an armed force occupying one of the public buildings. Some of the apologists for the so-called republicans profess to believe that a reconciliation would soon have been effected between the recalcitrant army and the provisional government. All the evidence negatives this assumption. As a matter of fact, the provisional government moved against the Irregulars in the Four Courts at the time that it did move for the very good reason that it had learned of an impending attack by the Irregulars upon the British forces that had not yet gone out of Ireland. The object of this dastardly plan was, of course, a renewal of war with the British Government, and a repudiation of the treaty which the representatives of the people had adopted several months before. In other words, the provisional government had to deal, and deal promptly, with the attempt of a military dictatorship to violate the national faith, and set at naught the will of the people.

An Armed Minority Coerces Majority

TO PUT the present situation in a few sentences: An extremely small minority of the Irish people is in armed rebellion against the majority. Their methods are those of what is known as guerilla warfare, developed, or degraded, to a level of criminality and recklessness that has seldom, if ever before, been reached. The apparently wanton and senseless destruction of public and private property has been carried on from the beginning on the theory of "making government impossible." In plain English, this means to make not only government but normal economic life impossible, with the hope that sooner or later the outraged and impoverished people will turn in sheer despair to the insurgents, crying, "Take charge of the government yourselves, take anything you want; only put an end to this horrible devastation." If the Irish people could be coerced by such diabolical persecution, they would necessarily have become a different people from the generations that resisted the British oppressor for seven and a half centuries. But they will not submit. The insurgent forces are now merely isolated bands who are kept out of the cities and whose principal exploits are the occasional destruction of roads, and plunder of shops and banks. Within a few weeks, these performances will have ceased to be formidable either in number or in effects.

Memorializing World War Conflicts in Maps

More Than 200 Scenes of American Triumph and Sacrifice to Be Marked

By S. R. WINTERS

THE battlefields of Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, Meuse-Aisne, Cantigny and other blood-drenched areas in France, Belgium, and Italy, are to be marked with enduring memorials commemorative of the valor of American soldiers. The recommendation of President Harding to Congress that legislation be enacted creating a Battle Monuments Commission gives definite cast to the project. Plans have been formulated for placing suitable markers on battle scenes.

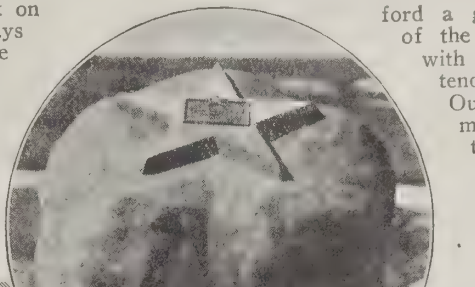
The undertaking will require more than five years and will involve an aggregate expenditure of $538,103. A Congressional appropriation of $125,000 will suffice in conducting the operations of the first two years. Eighty relief-map monuments, 50 outline sketch memorials, 12 special monuments, 10 tablets, 3 large index maps, and 50 replicas of small-scale maps, are the variable forms of markers which will serve to identify the battlefields where the American contingent fought. The legislation creating the Battle Monuments Commission likewise vests it with authority to make photographs of the grounds on which American blood was shed. The project had its inception with the Federal Government. The original legislation was drafted in the War Department by the Battle Monuments Board, of which Colonel John McA. Palmer is president and Xenophon H. Price is the executive officer.

The Battle Monuments Commission, in the formulation of plans and estimates for memorializing the areas traversed by American soldiers, was without a chart or trustworthy guide from experience of other wars. The Civil War gave no precedent. The commission, however, did not overlook the opportunity to investigate the Civil War markers. The composite opinion of this commission is that the respective memorials were influenced by the wealth of the individual community and the military organization it supported. Obviously, the completed system was conspicuous for its absence of unity of design. The story of the visitor to the battlefield of Gettysburg whose impression of the memorials of that military engagement reflected the viewpoint that it was waged between the Confederate states and the state of Pennsylvania illustrates the confusion arising from the absence of a unified system of marking battlefields.

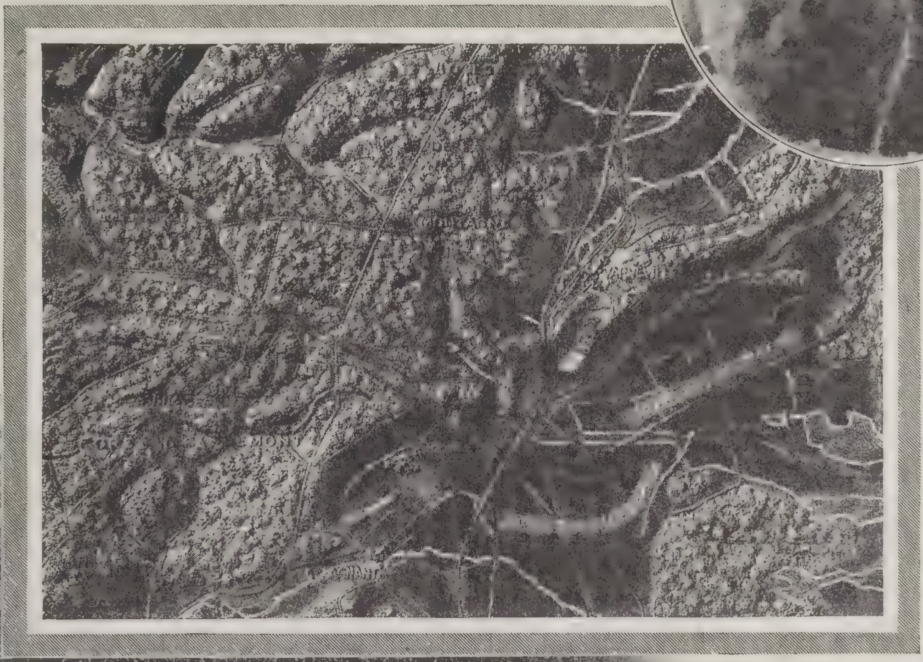
The Battle Monuments Commission in its activities in France will be guided by well-defined principles. Uppermost among these are that the project shall be a national undertaking, fostered solely by Congressional appropriations, and each battlefield shall be accorded the treatment which the significance of the particular military engagement merits. "Dignified simplicity," is the term employed by the commission as the objective which shall be constantly in mind in its creation of memorials. Expressed recognition of the beauty of existing French monuments and the inability of America to compete with these in the absence of lavish appropriations partly determined the pursuit of a policy where dignity and simplicity would be economically combined. The atmosphere surrounding the Washington Monument offers a pleasing model and one in which the American spirit is typified. Then, too, when memorials are being perpetuated on foreign soil, modesty in its attitude toward achievements should characterize the claims advanced in maps, bronze, or what not.

The usefulness of the particular monument to be erected is stressed in the plans of the Battle Monuments Commission. Historical significance should determine the placing of the marker—in other words, a minor military engagement should not be magnified by placing a memorial out of proportion to the real achievement. The spirit of letting each triumph speak for itself is regarded as a policy conducive of enduring recognition. The information on the monuments will be marked by clarity—where comprehension by the tourist is possible even though he has scant knowledge of military history and military science. The text on the memorials is to be supplemented in other ways to explain battlefield history. Pamphlets will be prepared indicating the location of all monuments and setting forth data relating to the military operations.

A monument containing a relief map is a novel conception. The relief map, in fact, is to form the central theme of the over-sea memorializing project. The application of an oriented map on a monument is not of fresh conception; a striking illustration being found in the map of the city of Washington on the monument to L'Enfant in the Arlington Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia. Similarly, the use of maps in memorials is on the walls of Langres in France and in observation towers of battlefields of the Civil War. However, now for the first time a relief map is to be employed as the outstanding feature of a monument. This map will be a veritable sightseeing bus to tourists, indicating as it does the maneuvers in battle which took place on the soil included in this map.



Battlefield marker erected by Second Division northwest of Somme Py.



Relief map which is essential feature of projected battlefield markers.

Marker erected by First Division.

The map will be cast in bronze, a model having already been constructed by the Engineer Reproduction Plant of the War Department at the Washington Barracks. The daily battle lines and the designations of the American troops according to military divisions will be portrayed. The scale will be 1/20,000, and each unit will embrace a section of about 8 by 10 kilometers. Portions of the map are to be ornamented with colored enamel, bringing out outstanding objects. The combination of bronze and enamel will require experimentation, although experience of museums is that relics thousands of years old have been preserved thus. A solid stone block, the top surface of which embraces a larger area than the map itself, will serve as a support for the map. The face of the supporting block will have inscribed thereon the national coat of arms and the words, "United States of America."

Relief-map monuments will be planted at points in Europe where the American contingent either sacrificed or gained ground positions. There will be 80 in all. Prominence and accessibility to tourists are factors that will determine the exact locations. The model of the memorial has received the approval of the National Commission of Fine Arts.

Front battle lines along which troops from the United States trained or occupied sectors will be represented in enduring form by outline-sketch monuments. One will be erected for each division for each time it occupied a more or less stable portion of the front line. The distinctive thing about this design of marker will be an outline sketch-map in bronze, scale approximately 1/40,000. Other than on the front, this representation will indicate the towns, waterways, railroads, and principal highways in the territory which it purports to outline. The purpose of such inclusive features is to afford a general orientation of the front battle lines with respect to its attendant conditions. Outline-sketch monuments will be stationed at accessible points, probably in proximity to divisional headquarters. Tentatively, the number of these monuments to be erected is 50.

Markers will identify points of historical significance where relief-map or outline-sketch monuments cannot be appropriately erected. The spot where the first American soldier was killed in Europe will be appropriately marked as well as the place where the first American soldier was wounded. Other events in the world-wide carnage to be suitably signalized are: The area of the raid by German troops or the first division of the United States Army on November 3, 1917, during which encounter the first American soldier sacrificed his life and the first American soldier was captured; the soil on which the Eleventh United States Engineers fought at Cambrai; the sector which was held by the Sixth United States Engineers during the German offensive of March 21; markers commemorating the signal activities of the 369th, 370th, 371st and 372nd infantry regiments which served with the French; a point near Casarsa, Italy, where the 332nd United States Infantry was engaged; a marker at the town of Hamel, indicating that units of the 33rd Division assisted in its capture on July 4, 1918. Designs for these miscellaneous monuments will be determined at a subsequent date, the place and event to be marked influencing the kind of memorial.

The Battle Monuments Commission will attempt to centralize the significant events of the conflict in three pretentious commemorative monuments. These will be located in the areas of St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and Meuse-Aisne. These memorials will indicate on small-scale bronze relief maps the daily battle-front lines of the American contingent and the location of other monuments of the project contiguous to these centrally situated markers. The design of this monument will bear similarity to that of the Battle Monument at West Point. The locations of these monuments, however, are perplexing the minds of the commission and the plan may be finally abandoned. Substituting for this once contemplated arrangement will be the reservation of a room in the main building at each cemetery for the display of relief maps and additional data relating to the monuments and operations in the vicinity. The three American cemeteries suggested for this purpose are those located at Romagne, Belleau Wood and Thiaucourt.

Battlefield monument erected by the 37th Division in the Meuse-Argonne area.

Monument erected by 27th Division to those who fell in operations late in September, 1918.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, both broken in health, are patients of the famous Emile Coué, autosuggestion healer, of Nancy, France.

A bill providing that the seller of liquor that kills a person who drinks it shall be adjudged guilty of murder is directed at the unscrupulous alien who has gone into peddling of poison for profit. Such a bill will be introduced at the coming session of the New York legislature.

Eight times the volume of water that flows over Niagara Falls was recently turned loose in the Panama Canal, to test the 14 spillway gates.

Several thousand birds alighted on the decks of the Cunard liner, *Scythia*, when the vessel was about 400 miles out of New York on her voyage to Liverpool. Among them were wild canaries, redbreasts, thrushes, sand pipers and Juncos. It is presumed that they had been blown to sea during migration from North to South and Central America. A number were still flying about the vessel's deck on her arrival at Liverpool.

When a locomotive rounds a curve the rail suffers from the pressure of 60,000 pounds a square inch.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that Japanese cannot be naturalized in the United States and cannot become citizens of this country. This new ruling will affect not only Japanese in this country, but also all Japanese who by reason of Army or Navy service with American forces during the late war were granted citizenship.

An entire point of land 30 feet high and four acres in area disappeared into the upper Big Eauclaire Lake on a chain of four lakes located 18 miles east of Gordon, Wisconsin. Geologists surveying the spot found that the entire point from the sloping shore line to the 30-foot embankment had dropped into the lake leaving a precipice 30 feet high. Trees 30 feet high are barely visible above the water of the lake.

"The business woman of today should do away with strongly scented perfume, take off her silly clothes and dress in a sensible fashion that will keep her mind on business," declared the president of a prominent business college in Ohio. "The woman who goes out of a business college and into offices looking for a job has a small chance of getting away with a recommendation if she is one of the hand-painted, baby-doll type," he continued.

A Saint Andrews Roller canary trained to sing and stop on command has been presented to Mrs. Harding.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

For the first time in 105 years the Planters hotel of St. Louis, Missouri, recently stopped receiving guests. The "Old Planters House" will be converted into an office building after New Year's Day. This old hostelry in the '40's and '50's was considered the social center of the Southland.

Timothy Healy, the governor-general of the Irish Free State, is the first untitled person to be chosen as the King's representative in any British dominion. The governor-general's aids will be officers of the Irish army instead of officers holding commissions from the King, according to recent dispatches.

"Extra girls" from Middle West farms, factory towns in New England and the plantations of the Mississippi Valley are thronging the streets of Hollywood, waiting for an opportunity to break into the films. Many are facing heartbreaking social and financial situations with but little hope for the future.

A West Indian hurricane was recently followed for two weeks over a distance of more than 5,000 miles by means of reports made to the Weather Bureau. The storm originated somewhere between West Africa and the Windward Islands, and traveled to a point about midway between Porto Rico and Bermuda. It then swung north and east, finally breaking up on the west coast of Europe.

"Drive safely. A fatal accident occurred here." A number of signs bearing that inscription have been posted on a Massachusetts highway near Boston, at points where persons have been killed by automobiles.

The Pennsylvania Railroad serves approximately 10,000 meals daily in its dining cars.

Abundant fruit crops in Holland failed to benefit the growers, as Germany is not able to buy and Britain is well supplied. Consequently the fruit is selling for extremely low prices.

Anthracite in sealed box cars is being shipped to western cities. This is necessary to assure full shipments reaching destinations as otherwise the cars may arrive with about one-half the original shipment, after going through communities where coal is scarce.

A pair of trousers, said to have been the property of the American hero sailor, Captain John Paul Jones, sold at auction in London recently for $90.

An airplane photograph showing 336 square miles on films 100 feet long was recently taken by the Bureau of Mines. It required 450 mosaics and 16 hours of flying to do the job. Some of the richest oil-bearing reserves on the public lands are included in the area pictured. These included the Salt Creek and Teapot oil fields in Washington.

British antiquaries are rejoicing over the finding of an ancient Egyptian palace in the "Valley of the Kings" on the site of ancient Thebes, near Luxor. The gem-studded throne of Tutenkhamun, one of the heretic kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty, was found directly below the tomb of Rameses VI. This throne is described as one of the most beautiful art objects ever found. Furniture, robes and statues were also found as well as important papyri which are expected to clear up many important points relating to conditions as they existed there about 1350 B. C.

The followers of Emiliano Zapata, the dead rebel leader of Mexico, are to be given a tract of land in the state of Morelos by the Federal Government. One of Zapata's aids will head the colony, in which 150 former Zapatistas and their families will live.

Honduras has dropped out of the League of Nations because of the high cost involved.

Japan is to have a symphony orchestra, headed by a Russian director.

Mt. Everest climbers find that an exhausted man does not recover his strength quickly in descending the Himalayan mountains as is the case in the Alps which are much lower.

Eggs sold in Denmark are numbered so that each can be traced to the farm from which it originated.

Christmas Season 1922

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The selection of gifts which express adequately the donor's sentiments and are yet inexpensive, presents a real problem. Last year, thousands of our readers availed themselves of the suggestion that they send THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT as a Christmas Gift. The cost for a year's subscription is so small compared to the many hours of pleasurable and instructive reading which THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT offers that it solves the problem immediately.
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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

OTHER SPLENDID FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE:

That Billion of Gold—Who Owns It?

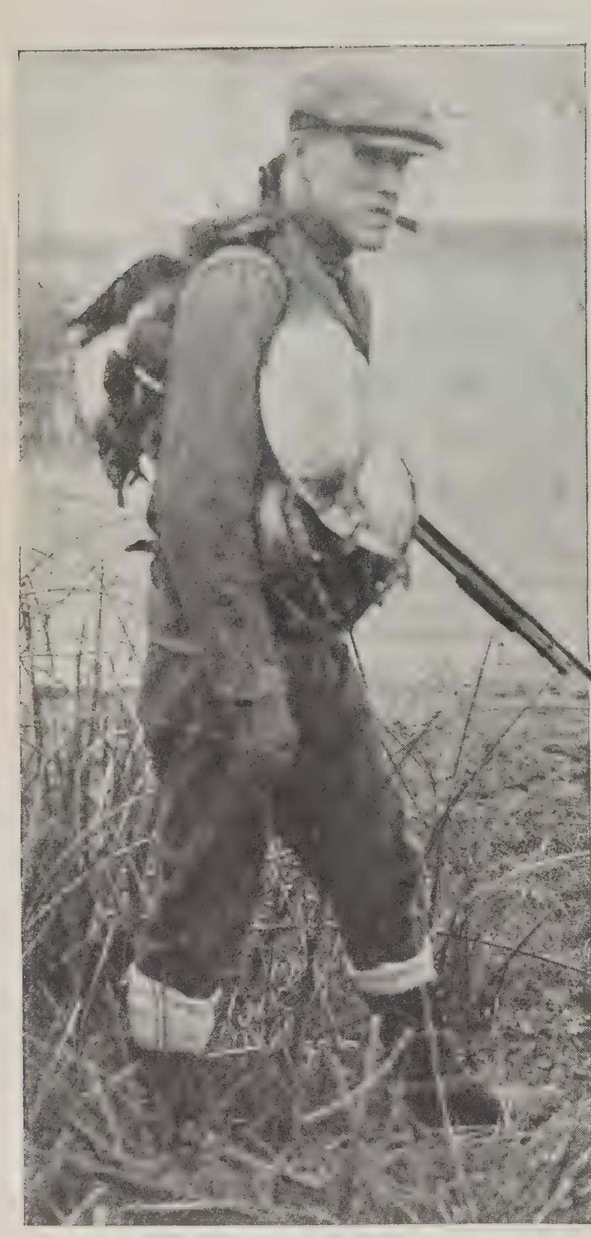
Bringing the World to Our Easy Chairs

Back Thro' the Centuries to Days of Sumer

Shipstead, in Whom Farmers of Minnesota Believe

Tragedy of State Reflected in Senator's Election

By J. M. MILLER



DR. HENRIK SHIPSTEAD,

As a duck hunter. After the recent election he sought rest in his favorite sport. He uses a 20-gauge gun.

ALTHOUGH several weeks have passed since the election last November the professional politicians are still trying to explain how, why, and what it was that happened to them. In Washington and throughout the country the bosses, the politicians and their touts are still trying to explain.

The other day the writer met the venerable Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, and Senator Cummins, of Iowa, together. This was said to Senator Nelson: "Minnesota has become extremely radical, hasn't it, Senator?" He didn't have time to answer for Senator Cummins shouted this: "At that, not so much so as Iowa." Senator Nelson laughed heartily.

"But Senator-elect Smith Wildman Brookhart, of Iowa, was elected on the Republican ticket and Henrik Shipstead, of Minnesota, on a third party ticket," Cummins was reminded.

"That doesn't make any difference as regards the rank radicalism rampant in Iowa," said that state's senior Senator, disgustedly.

This is given as a sample conversation that is constantly going on in administration circles in Washington, sometimes behind closed doors but often openly. These questions are asked in the desperation of the politicians:

Have party lines been forever broken down?

Won't the people any longer pay any attention to the campaigning of the Administration's Cabinet officers and its other heavy oratorical guns?

And why, in many instances, did the people vote against the advice of our leading newspapers?

The following men elected to the United States Senate are called radicals, and even harsher names, by the professional politicians: Wheeler, of Montana; Howell, of Nebraska; Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa; Frazier, of North Dakota; Shipstead, of Minnesota—not to speak of La Follette, of Wisconsin, who was reelected by overwhelming pluralities. No one has, as yet, appeared to place Senator-elect Ferris, of Michigan, in the "radical" class. But his election by a substantial plurality stunned the administration politicians as severely as the political revolution in any other state. Senator-elect Edwards, of New Jersey, is not designated as a radical except on one question, which was his only issue, namely: "I would make New Jersey and the nation as 'wet' as the Atlantic Ocean." Senator-elect Copeland, of New York, who snowed under Senator Calder, the administration candidate, with a great avalanche of votes, was unknown as a politician.

The election has demonstrated, perhaps more than any other we have ever had, that the people are determined to throw the professional politicians into the discard.

From what the writer had previously heard and read about Henrik Shipstead, Senator-elect of Minnesota, he had almost come to visualize him as a wild-eyed, long-haired "Red." The other day a strong and able-bodied friend in Washington asked me if I would like to be introduced to the Senator-elect. "Is he civilized?" he was asked. "I'll protect you," he said laughingly.

Shipstead is a tall, rather stately and trim-appearing individual. He has the appearance of one coming from the ordinary run of mankind that gives a true American character to the Middle West. His father and mother were born in Norway and he is one of a family of 12 children. He was born in Minnesota 41 years ago. He talks with a rich and quaint Scandinavian accent. When he talks rapidly he does not pronounce his "th's." For instance, in haste he may say "tink" for think. He beat Senator Kellogg by 87,000 plurality. Mrs. Oleson, it will be remembered, was the Democratic candidate for United States Senator. Her candidacy, it is claimed, had the effect of bringing out the female vote on all three tickets; Republican, Democratic, Farmer-Labor. Dr. Shipstead (he is a practicing dentist in Minneapolis) is the only United States Senator elected on a ticket independent of either of the two old parties. "How much did your campaign cost, Senator?" I asked him.

To my surprise the answer came: "It cost millions of dollars and was bought and paid for during the two years before election day by the farmers and toilers of Minnesota. Besides millions in dollars, my election cost much bloodshed," he said.

"Did your election cost more than that of Senator Newberry, of Michigan?" he was asked.

"Far more," he answered, "but I will explain that.

"The farmers of Minnesota left thousands of acres of potatoes in the fields to rot—thousands upon thousands of acres, and the country needing cheap food. They could not afford to dig them for there was no market for them!—think of that, no market for them! The freight rates, and the men who control the markets are such grafters that the potatoes would not pay for the transportation alone. Every piece of business machinery that the farmer came in contact with seemed to have one design—to prevent food reaching the people.

"There were several hundred suicides among the farmers of the Northwest. Eight took place in one township. The farmers are now unable to pay their taxes and their farms are being sold for the taxes and the mortgages foreclosed. *There is a horde of men from the East who have heaps of ready cash and are in Minnesota buying tax receipts, or certificates, when the homes and land of the farmers are sold by the authorities for taxes. On these tax certificates these speculators get a very high rate of interest and eventually will get the homes and land of our people. They ruined our people first, and now they come in and take away their land and homes. You people in the East cannot realize what goes on within our own borders—our own United States.*

"Thus my election has cost the good people of Minnesota millions of dollars—and bloodshed. As regards the campaign, I paid out just a little more than $1,500."

"What did the people of Minnesota think of Senator Capper, of Kansas, coming up there for the administration and speaking for Senator Kellogg," he was asked.

"I would rather not comment on that matter at this time," Senator-elect Shipstead said.

A friend, however, was not so reticent. "I will tell you what they thought," said he. "The people of Minnesota were amazed. You could hear them saying everywhere: 'Why, we thought Senator Capper was on the level. He has pretty nearly the same situation in Kansas as we have in Minnesota and here he is speaking for this administration and Senator Kellogg, all of them, owned body and soul by the big corporations. Capper has turned out like the most of them; he is on the political treadmill, with the professional politicians and the corporations."

In reply to a request for a statement of his political opinions and career, Senator-elect Shipstead said:

"Two years ago I withdrew from the Republican party, as Roosevelt did in 1912, and ran as an Independent candidate for governor. The progressive men and women of Minnesota, irrespective of party affiliations, approved of my action to such an extent that they gave me a total of 281,000 votes.

"At that time I made the following statement: 'We are facing a crisis in our political and business life. We believe that the immediate enactment of legislation to alleviate the coming disaster is of such urgent need that we must use all honorable means to insure its passage now rather than wait two years.'

"Later, in speeches, I pointed out the disaster that would come to business and agriculture because of the arbitrary action of the Federal Reserve Board and the passage by Congress of the Esch-Cummins railroad bill. Time has since vindicated my judgment.

"Last year a pre-primary convention law was passed by the legislature of Minnesota. It was enacted for the purpose of keeping the old reactionaries in power by handicapping progressive candidates who might file in the primaries. Therefore, this group of 281,000 voters, who so nobly withstood the poison gas propaganda in the last campaign, nominated me as their candidate for the United States Senate on the Farmer-Labor ticket.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Senator-elect and Mrs. Shipstead.

Mrs. Shipstead and 13-year-old Weston Shipstead, the only child.

The Mysterious Killing of Major Cronkhite and Amazing Actions of Captain Rosenbluth

Attempt to Undermine Faith in American Administration of Justice Held Without Parallel in Our History

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE singular circumstances attending what is known as the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case, comprise the latest of a series of events which, because of their bearing on racial collisions or social cleavage, mark epochs in a country's life.

For nearly two years a campaign of publicity, so voluminous and widespread that it can scarcely have had its parallel in our history, has testified to the attempts that are being made to undermine faith in the administration of American justice. Appeals to the elements of discontent, virulent attacks upon law officers of the government, have marked this propaganda; and what is still more unfortunate, thousands of aliens, ignorant of our country's language and its ways, are being taught in their vernacular press that the United States is persecuting deliberately a member of their race.

When such an expenditure of money and effort has been made to cast a smoke-screen of obscurity about the facts in this case, and to create an "atmosphere of persecution," it would seem time that an accurate account be given of these remarkable circumstances, together with all such relevant and authoritative information as is at present obtainable and permissible to use. This seems the more necessary, because what previously was merely a campaign of mischief, now approximates a dangerous form of propaganda, more especially since the heads of a powerful and countrywide organization, the American Jewish Committee, or, New York Kehillah, have intervened in the legal proceedings. This organization will undoubtedly prove its supreme test of power if it accomplishes its efforts to nullify the acts of public officers and destroy the functioning of one of the greatest departments of the United States Government.

ON OCTOBER 26, 1918, a dispatch was sent by the Associated Press from Camp Lewis, Tacoma, Washington, that Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, of the 213th Engineers—son of Major-General Adelbert Cronkhite, in command of the 18th Division, then at the front in France—had accidentally shot himself on a pistol range in the camp with an automatic pistol, dying within two minutes.

At the time of his death, the young major—he was but 24 years old—was in the company of two men who were the only witnesses. The scene of this tragic occurrence was a lonely trail through the woods, where the major had gone to reconnoiter, and where he was hidden from the sight of his men by a fence and a screen of thick underbrush some 50 yards in advance of his column. The two witnesses were Captain Robert Rosenbluth and Sergeant Bugler Rolland Pothier, on whose testimony, subsequently, a military board at the camp reported a finding of "death in the line of duty," from the accidental discharge of a revolver.

West Point Graduate and the Son of a General

THE young man who met his death under the mysterious circumstances, subsequently to be detailed, was descended from a long line of military ancestors. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point, in 1915, near the top of his class, and was assigned to the Corps of Engineers. While he was still captain, he knew the personal history and troubles of every man in his company. "His three years of service," to quote from the *Army and Navy Journal* at the time of his death, "earned him the reputation of being one of the most efficient and brilliant officers of the Corps of Engineers." One of his lieutenants wrote of him: "Major Cronkhite represented to the junior officers and men in the ranks, the ideal commander. He formed our regiment. He took our enlisted men fresh from the draft, the officers directly from the training camp, and built the organization. He knew every noncommissioned officer and was the living, driving force of our regiment." To quote from letters of his colonel: "I had only recently rated his qualification card, and had given him the highest rating I have ever given any officer, and I doubt whether there are many officers in the service whose rating is as high. His loss to the regiment has been very great, and his death a great grief to me personally. He was so clean in his life and thought, so thoughtful of others, so considerate of his men and so efficient in the performance of his duties, that I considered him one of the most capable officers I have ever known."

Major Cronkhite was the grandson of Colonel Henry McLean Cronkhite, United States Army, and Major-General Alexander C. M. Pennington, United States Army, class of 1860, United States Military Academy, who actively participated in the operations of the Army of the Potomac throughout the Civil War. His great-grandfather was Professor John W. French, who was chaplain of the United States Military Academy and professor of ethics for many years. The young man was descended from one of the oldest and most prominent families in New Jersey, two members of which, William S. and William Pennington, were governors of that state, the latter having been speaker of the United States House of Representatives; and his great grandfather, Alexander C. M. Pennington, also served as a member of that body. During the year 1918, there were three generations of his immediate family on the active list in the regular service.

Did Captain Rosenbluth Resent Cronkhite's Criticism?

MAJOR CRONKHITE trained many hundreds of engineer officers for service in the war, as senior instructor at various training camps. Assigned to duty with troops, he organized, as has been mentioned, the 213th Engineers at Camp Forrest, Chickamauga Park, Georgia. This was early in the summer of 1918, and it was here, toward the middle of August, that he first met Captain Robert Rosenbluth. The latter, then a man about 40 years old, had attended the officers' training camp at Plattsburg, New York. Both Captain Rosenbluth and Sergeant Pothier were at Camp Forrest throughout the summer of 1918.

In the beginning of October, Major Cronkhite's regiment was ordered to Camp Lewis, Washington, to join the 13th Division, which, after an additional period of training, was scheduled for over-sea duty within a few weeks. On arrival at Camp Lewis, the major was taken ill with the influenza on the morning of October 9, and remained in hospital until noon of October 21. Four days later, on Friday, the morning of the 25th, he went out on a tactical march with his regiment.

The column was in command of Captain Rosenbluth, as senior line officer present. Major Cronkhite was senior instructor and umpire. His was the duty of giving the tactical problems for solution, and to criticize the manner in which they were executed. He had established the reputation of having that peculiar faculty of making criticisms and suggestions without incurring any man's unfriendly feeling. But his fellow officers state that in this respect there was one exception. According to their testimony, the major had felt called upon to direct some criticism to the work of Captain Rosenbluth, on previous occasions, and that the latter, for three days or so before this ill-fated march, had seemed to be nursing resentment about it.

From the time the regiment left the post that Friday morning, Major Cronkhite, in giving out his problems, had trouble with Captain Rosenbluth. The latter appeared confused, and, according to the stories of the men, he got the troops all mixed up.

"What are you trying to do—kill all your men?" asked the major. And he pointed out to the captain that if they had been in a real battle in France at that moment, the regiment would have been wiped out.

Some of the men have stated that they overheard the captain exclaim: "It's none of his d—— business. I'm running this outfit." However, to judge from numerous post-bellum stories, occasions for friction of this sort were quite frequent at times when thoroughly trained young West Pointers were called upon to supervise the work of much older men who had had advantage only of the more hurried instruction in officers' training camps.

Troops Lose All Sight of Three Officers Ahead

THE column had now reached the site of an abandoned schoolhouse. It should be stated here that the county government of Pierce County, Washington, considering that the residence of a body of troops would be of pecuniary benefit to the community, had obtained by condemnation proceedings, at the expense of the county, a tract of land of approximately 70,000 acres in the vicinity of American Lake, and had donated it to the United States, as a mobilization, training and supply station, to be garrisoned by Federal troops. This matter had been approved in January, 1917, and by the terms of the act, the lands were vested in the United States on the recording of the deed in Pierce County, by the chairman of the board of county commissioners. This tract had thereupon been named Camp Lewis. It consisted of forest and woodland, cleared and cultivated fields, orchards, farms and a variety of buildings, all of which had by this time been abandoned.

From this point on, the route of the column followed the trail from the schoolhouse. As shall be shown later, the characteristics of this particular section of the government reservation had an important bearing on the subsequent developments of the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case. Captain Rosenbluth, calling attention to the fact that the hour for luncheon had arrived, suggested that the column continue up an unused road, which led to an abandoned group of farm buildings, once known as the Schuffert farm.

An argument ensued in front of the schoolhouse. The captain was familiar with the topography of this part of the reservation. The major, not knowing the nature of the country traversed by the unused road, had expected that another route would have been chosen, leading along a good, open road in the direction of Nisqually Lake. The captain meanwhile had led the column to the top of a hill, and the major, overtaking Rosenbluth and Pothier, continued up the trail, and was soon lost to sight behind the heavy fringe of trees and bushes that inclosed the long disused cart track. He was evidently bent on reconnoitering the ground before the regimental column reached there.

Captain Rosenbluth, who had at first started to accompany his superior officer, now fell back and instructed Pothier to halt the column. The sergeant bugler, having obeyed these instructions, continued after the captain and the major, and immediately all three were lost to the sight of the regiment.

The order to halt had come so suddenly and unexpectedly that the officers looked at one another in surprise, wondering what was the matter up in front. Scarcely had the halt been made effective, when three sharp pistol shots rang out. A tense and apprehensive silence fell upon the column. Lieutenant Elmer W. Seaburg, of the Medical Detachment, and several of the line officers, left their positions and went over to the fence that lined the cart track. They strained their eyes ahead, but the thick shrubbery prevented their catching a glimpse of the major and his companions.

Major Dies of Wound From a .45 Caliber Revolver

TEN slow minutes passed, and then suddenly Captain Rosenbluth came tearing down the cart track, calling for Dr. Seaburg. The doctor, calling to two of the medical men to accompany him, double-timed up to the scene of the shooting. Captain Rosenbluth had returned, and was holding up the head of Major Cronkhite, whose body lay stretched on the ground. The major was pulseless. Strychnine was administered, and artificial respiration attempted, but quite uselessly, for the young officer was dead.

The reader must bear in mind that the immediate scene of the occurrence was in front of two gateposts leading to the abandoned Schuffert farm. The farm was inclosed and subdivided with picket fences. To the left stood the farmhouse, and beyond it sheds and a well. Beyond again stood a hen house and an inclosed chicken run. To the left were stockyards, with a large shed and a big barn. To the rear of these numerous buildings was an orchard, surrounded by cultivated fields. The entire farm lands were surrounded by heavy pine woods.

Major Cronkhite had been killed by a shot in the right breast, from a .45 caliber, jacketed, revolver bullet.

There are persons who, under the influence of a high nervous tension, talk incessantly and voluminously. They talk, and talk, and talk. They ask: "What is your theory about this? How do you suppose it happened?" The talkers suggested that Major Cronkhite had had an attack of heart failure. That he had been weakened by the "flu," the pistol had turned in his hand, and he had shot himself. They reasoned that he had a "double-jointed wrist," which made it possible for him to shoot himself in an impossible place. Later they tried to cast discredit upon the dead man, by circulating a report that the young officer had committed suicide.

Rosenbluth's Story of the Death of His Superior

AT SUCH times, men of normal minds say nothing, but listen, and perhaps suspect. Such was the attitude of the men of the 213th Engineers.

No sooner had the young man's body been taken to the base hospital, than the men of the regiment knew that their major had not shot himself.

The account given by Captain Robert Rosenbluth, after the shooting occurred, was that there had been no one near the major at the time excepting himself and Sergeant Bugler Pothier, who had been acting as the major's messenger. He did not think the men of the regiment could have seen the shooting, as they were at least 50 yards away.

According to the captain, several times during the march, and while giving problems, the major had taken out his revolver and pointed it without shooting. Apparently he had no bullets in his gun at the time, be-

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Why Don't They Tell?

STRAIGHTFORWARD dealing would go far to clear up the American mind on the subject of help for Europe. There is a gulf of distrust between the People and the persons who are supposed to represent them, and mere statement will no longer do. For one banker, and then another banker, and then a third banker, and then a whole group of bankers, followed by flocks of distinguished speakers and writers who are employed by associations which are supported by bankers—for this crowd of forceful brains to hammer on one string, "America is not helping Europe," is insufficient. It doesn't mean anything to our people, and they are suspicious that it may conceal a great deal.

It has apparently never occurred to the publicists that the People want to know more about this matter, and they have a right to know more. Or—maybe it has occurred to honest publicists, and maybe the real powers behind this propaganda have vetoed it.

The People of the United States have been allowed only the vaguest idea of what it is all about. It would seem the most primary suggestion of successful pleading simply to tell them what it is about.

If someone who knows will plainly tell the American people

(1) Why Europe needs help.
(2) What kind of help she most needs.
(3) What kind of help the United States can best send.
(4) Through whom this help would go.
(5) In what form and by what means it would finally come to the People of Europe

—then the American people would be in a position to consider the matter.

As it is, the American people do not know. They do not know whether Europe most needs money, or seed, or factories, or food, or efficient American supervision for the reorganization of its industries. The American people have a shrewd suspicion, however, that the principal need of Europe is to get the International Financier off her neck. And if it is proposed that the People of the United States pay blood money to the International Financier, there is doubtless another guess coming.

Will someone who is known as an honest man, and who can certify that he has all the facts, please rise somewhere in the United States and tell us, in full detail, just what would happen if the United States should make a colossal money gift or loan to Europe?

Tell the People exactly what the process would be.

Tell them where the United States Government would get the money, and how much interest it would pay.

Tell them who (giving full names and connections) would transmit the money to Europe, and how much would be paid them for doing so.

Tell them who would receive the money in Europe and how much they would charge for doing so.

Tell them exactly where the money would eventually arrive, who would control it, what it would be used for, and on whom the direct touches of its benefit would fall.

If these matters were not surrounded by such an air of false dignity—stage setting to deceive the plain and honest people of the country—THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT would *dare* someone in authority to tell these things.

Is there anyone who will take the dare? Is there anyone who can point to a single effort made to inform the people of the details of a deal which in any other proposal would be the first things outlined?

"But Europe is going to collapse!" the concealing propagandists cry. Probably. The system now ruling in Europe ought to collapse. At the present time, American money will only perpetuate the most hideous Thing in the world, that baleful power that is hanging on the neck of Europe, sucking her blood, and calling to the United States to effect a transfusion of American blood that the veins may not run dry. The American people instinctively do not intend to nourish that Thing any longer.

It is up to the propagandists to show what our help would be, where it would go, what would be its first and principal uses.

Will they tell the People?

Will anyone who knows tell the people?

Children and Divorce

THE wail of those who cry because certain classes are not furnishing any children to society may be soothed by reflection on society's good fortune not to be blessed by reproductions of those classes. It is a wonder that societies have not been organized to send formal letters of thanks to those who have preferred to let their kind of humanity die out of the world with them. It would be a happy solution if all the useless human strains could be eliminated as easily.

There is, however, a problem complicated by children, and that is, the divorce problem. All that can ever be said about divorce itself has been said, and saying will not change it. It is a disease that will run its course until all those susceptible to it have either resisted or succumbed to it, and then like other diseases, its soil being exhausted, it will be less common.

Children are a sufficient reason for self-imposed restraint upon those intending a resort to the divorce court, but the sad fact is that this restraint is seldom exercised. Indeed, an ugly development has come in the status of the "divorce child." It was quite bad enough when the growing boy, home from college for the Christmas holidays, went round to one house to see his mother who was married to another man, and then round to another house to see his father who was married to another woman. That was so bad that the mixture of selfishness with the tragedy made it a shuddering circumstance to all properly sensitive minds.

But that is not the worst. Children are now appearing in divorce courts as pawns. If the woman can get the child or children, she can use them to hold up the man for money. If the man can get the child, then he may go free of money obligation to the woman. The possession of the child, its money value to the case, has been so disgustingly apparent in a number of instances that recently a Detroit judge broke forth into righteously indignant speech about it, charging the wrangling parents that neither of them loved the child or they would never have dragged its innocent fortunes as far as the divorce court.

The divorce lawyer, a peculiarly questionable type, has learned the strategy of the "divorce child." It is time for divorce judges, who have seemed to be a little slow in the matter, to learn the strategy of the divorce lawyer.

Taxes Eat Up the Timber

"AMERICA'S forests are inexhaustible," said our forefathers, and their attitude has been handed down from generation to generation. Like prodigals we laid waste our heritage until great areas became denuded. Floods, hitherto unknown, spread over territory that before had been shielded by friendly trees that absorbed and gave out moisture as needed. Other great spaces became arid and barren by the same token.

No alarm was sounded in behalf of our forests until recent times. Fortunately, an "about face" is taking place. Our government manifested interest in the matter. The public was informed that wide tracts of our remaining forests had been set aside as forest reserves and that reforestation had been encouraged.

It is, therefore, a distinct shock to learn that large areas are being denuded and others are withheld from reforestation because of the prohibitive tax on standing timber. It has been estimated that accumulated taxes on a growing forest as it matures would amount to more than the timber would be worth, or else make manufactured lumber a luxury. A large number of owners of cut-over land, unsuited for agricultural purposes, have declared their willingness to put into effect a reforestation policy, but are held back because *"Taxes eat up the timber."* One owner of large tracts of land stated: "When they don't tax us to death we will gladly reforest. Taxation is all that stands in the way of reforestation."

A proposed system of taxation on the land value basis is strongly advocated by many economists and favored by the National Forestry Association. Under this system, all standing timber is regarded as an "improvement," and is not taxed; growing forests are also exempt. Consideration of this problem would seem to have become necessary.

Cities Against the Country

IT IS significant that the proposal for a League of Cities should come from the least American city in the United States, the City of New York. *The proposal is that the Cities be leagued against the Country.* Students of the alien trend in our national life should keep an eye on this movement.

The proposal to league the Cities against the Country is much older than either of the gentlemen who have just been named. In those amazing documents called the *"Protocols,"* which in spite of their being called "forgeries" have a most disconcerting way of getting themselves fulfilled by agents of the very forces which deny them, it was long ago decided that *City and Country should be arrayed against each other.* For more than two years certain Jewish gentlemen have been very active in organizing the farmers of the United States. Most of the agricultural organization carried on in this country during the past two years, most of the new agricultural movements started, even to the new control of the agricultural press, has been the able work of able Jews. The Country is being already steered into line. Now comes—from New York!—the proposal to league the Cities. The Cities are being told that the Country Districts rule the Nation, foisting Prohibition on it and what not. And the Country Districts are being told that the Cities exist to oppress the farmers. There are various ways to divide country.

It is very remarkable. As was just now said, the "Protocols" are called "forgeries," but why do their prophecies keep coming true? And why always by easily identifiable agents? For example, in Protocol the Twelfth:

> "Our calculations reach out into the country districts. There we must arouse those interests and ambitions *which we can always turn against the city,* **representing them to the cities as dreams and ambitions for independence on the part of the country.** It is clear that the source of these will be precisely the same and that it will come from us."

How marvelously clear do these "forgeries" state events that are just now coming to pass. And if they tell truth as to the event, may they not also tell truth as to the meaning of the event?

Depending on Our Rulers

HISTORY has furnished, and is furnishing illustrations of the folly of seeking greatness in men that they may be elevated to positions of power. To demonstrate ability is often to incur the enmity of those who have seized the machinery of preferment. Mediocrity is more readily trusted and more easily placed in the seat of power. Of our Presidents, for example, how many have been chosen for party expediency?

Washington was the natural and unanimous choice for the executive office. He might have been a king, with full hereditary succession. Adams, patriot and aristocrat, perhaps the strongest exponent of federalism of his day, without doubt one of the best qualified for the position, was denied a second term. Jefferson narrowly escaped defeat by Aaron Burr, then a man most wonderfully equipped, save for moral character, of all the great men of his day. Jackson objected to the presentation of his name as a candidate, pleading that he was a soldier and not equipped for statesmanship; yet his Presidential record is one of the brightest and most American in the pages of our history.

Repeatedly, however, have the jealousies of party leaders defeated the ambitions of the recognized statesman, and given place to men of unknown merit. Webster, Clay, Cass, Douglas, Seward, Chandler, Blaine, Seymour—these are a few examples of the wrecks of political fortune among the better class of men in public life.

Lincoln himself, today standing with Washington in the honor and respect of all, was the compromise candidate of his party, and elected only because of the desertion from the regular ticket of the southern wing of the Democratic party. Grant was the choice of opportunism—or something worse. Hayes, perhaps the most conscientious man his party ever seated, and for that reason most distasteful to the machine—had never a following. Cleveland ran on his record. Benjamin Harrison on that of his grandfather. Wilson against his party's will the first time, and as a God-given man for the times on his second. Harding because the popular choice was a man whom the managers of his party hated and feared.

Rarely has the undoubted popular desire appeased. The "hidden hand" has really dictated the nation's choice of executives as well as the course of legislation.

And yet the Republic has sailed its course in safety, because of the quiescent nature of the people.

Still it is safe to say the instinct for being ruled, so dominant, is dangerous to national life. Its sequence is the creation of government by class, and *that* is as near monarchy as any monarchy that prevails today.

Mr. Ford's Page

ALL that we are here for is to get experience, and the product of experience is character. We think we are doing a number of new things and leaving the old behind; but what we are really doing is this—we are constantly returning to the old things, bringing our increased experience with us, and discovering after all that the "old" things are the newest in the world. There is really nothing new, but the old is seen at new angles; the old objects are reached by new methods; the old facts are approached by new generations. The staple of our everyday life—the staple basis even of the artificial life of the time-killing class in New York—is old, old as the race.

There is nothing new except new appreciation, new understanding; and these are the result of experience, and the result of experience can only be character.

That statement by itself, however, may have no practical bearing, but it is capable of endless application, and its clear understanding would liberate us into a great deal of useful knowledge. The routine of life is crushing unless we have an interpretation. In the Good Book there is a pessimist who saw the ceaseless round of life and wondered what it meant. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth remaineth the same. The sun riseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about to the north; it whirleth about continually, and returns to its circuit again. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again." What is the use of it all?

WE ARE here for experience, and experience is a preparation to know the Truth when we meet it. We shall know that we have reached Truth when we are free. Everything that helps make man a little freer is headed along the highway of Truth. This does not mean books and ideas only, it means mechanics and commerce and science. Even the motor car is an element in the liberation of mankind and will rank higher than many a philosophy in its effect on human destiny: it is freeing more men, freeing them into more different regions, than most book systems do. We are mixing our experiences more than ever before, which ought to result in our making swifter progress toward the twin Objects of Experience—Truth and Character.

Experience, that is the answer. One class goes out of the school of life, another class comes in; the school remains. What is the answer? Experience. That is what the school is for. Take the rivers mentioned by the pessimist. They ran into the sea, they returned in clouds of rain, they cleansed and watered the earth. It was a ceaseless round, but it was accomplishing something. The rivers needed to be run into the sea for their own cleansing; then they came back to keep the earth fruitful. Why? That the human business of Experience might keep moving on.

The basic things, then, are very old. Nothing that was ever useful passes away. If a light-headed group comes along and imagines that they have found a new morality, and if they draw to their books and plays and strange philosophies a following of other light-headed groups, serious people are inclined to believe that the old morality has passed away—the good old type of goodness, they say, is gone! It is a rather foolish position to take and causes needless worry. When the false prophets of commercial book-making have been forgotten, there will be enduring quality found in a straight saying like that which Irving Bacheller lately made: *"Either you have the old morality or you have none."* There is not anything new in the basis of human life. The seeming newness is confined within the reactions of our own experience in learning the reality of the old.

Now, there is a basis, something that remains unchanged, and it is the chief object of life that we should find it. Because people do not find it in one lifetime, it has been thought that a lifetime is not the full term at school, but only a day's session. However that may be, it is perfectly clear that the highest result of life is that men should find the basic truth about things.

How do we know when we have found it? How do we know when we have not found it? What should be our attitude toward the things we are doing while we are trying to find it?

We shall know that we have reached Truth when we are free. We shall know that we are on the right road toward Truth when the things that we are doing make men a little freer than they were. We shall know whether we are on the right road or not by examining what our motives are. Mistakes may be committed with right motives, but the general direction is right when the motive is right. These are things that we may be perfectly sure of. These principles belong to the very basis of things.

In some instances we are doing right things in the wrong way, and because the method is wrong and the wrongness begins presently to show in wrong results, people are quick to draw the conclusion that the whole thing is wrong. They want to wipe it all out. They want to overturn all the machinery of social or political life. Well, if that were the right thing to do, then it would be the right thing to do. May we never be fearful of the cost of the right thing, but may we also remember that the cost of the right thing is not high in those values that count.

It will be one of the great surprises of human experience, when the Truth comes everywhere, to see how near we were to it all the time and did not recognize it. It will be a great surprise to see how little (and yet how vital) were the changes to be made in our exterior mode of doing things. The fact is, we have headed along the main lines of service and truth now, but we have infected what we do by wrong motives. Take what the people probably regard as the most suspect of all lines of activity—finance. It is true that our present system is a hodgepodge. No one understands it because it is no more understandable than is Chaos. And it has many and many a loophole for the game of illegal and immoral profit. Of all things, Money in the mass ought to be the last that anyone should be able to play games with. With the money in his own pocket, if it be there by right, a man has a certain degree of liberty. But to take the nation's stock of money and subject it to such tricky manipulation that it is squeezed a little here, and leaks a little there, and sometimes disappears almost entirely—there is no one will say that a system which permits this is a perfect Monetary system. There is no public opposition to the footrules and the yardsticks and the peck measures of the nation. Only to the Dollars and those who manipulate them.

And yet, when a system based on Truth arrives, there will be footrules and yardsticks and peck measures; common life demands them. Why should there not also be Dollars as stable in their use as a footrule is or a yardstick? We never hear of any deflation of peck measures? The people have laws to punish the deflation of peck measures by unscrupulous merchants. Yet the Dollar is the open field for all the tricks that avarice and cunning can play; tricks that would be absolutely ruinous if the tricksters did not have the industry and continuity of human society to fall back upon.

Now, it is clear that in a system based on Truth, business would be done, and the service which financial institutions are supposed to render to business would be needed and would be given. The financial machine is kept in its present condition because it enables the operators to play tricks with it. Operators whose real business was the service of the business of the world would fix up the financial machine, so that it would work smoothly and efficiently, with benefit to all and with danger to none.

If there are to be banks and bankers in a social system based on Truth, it is evident that in the financial system we are already headed along a highway of necessary service, and all that we need is a different motive behind the operation of the institutions.

That seems simple enough to say, but do you know that it is easier to destroy the whole system than to get a different motive in it? Yes, much easier, because men are so dim in their minds. What seems the simplest thing to say is the hardest thing to do. The reason it seems so simple is that our eyes are glued on the exterior thing and our pride is fastened on our own blind way of doing things.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Bringing the World to Our Easy Chairs

Humanizing Dry Pages of Science Brings Success to American Society

By D. JAY CULVER

THE most remarkable society in the world has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Once famous for its exclusiveness, it now has more than 750,000 members. The charter members were scientists connected with the technical branches of the government in Washington. Now any person may join who is interested in the broad field of geography and can be recommended by one already a member of the society. These members are scattered over the earth's surface from Ceylon to San Salvador.

In 1888, a small group of men, brought together by their common interest in science, met to discuss plans for a permanent organization. They wanted to meet regularly to exchange ideas and to discuss their various problems. Upon organizing, they decided to adopt as their name, "The National Geographic Society." The group met at frequent intervals for 10 years and listened to formal discussions and reports from their learned members. But these reports were so highly technical that only a trained scientific mind could appreciate them.

At a meeting of the executive committee one day, the late Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, a founder of the society, tossed a bomb into the midst of "this little group of serious thinkers." He suggested that the bars be let down so that the citizens of the nation might join them. This was too radical an idea for them to grasp immediately.

Had any one else proposed so revolutionary a step, he would have been promptly and severely frowned upon. That would have ended it. But they had too much respect for Dr. Bell's opinions to scoff. They appreciated his intense earnestness and listened.

"There is no more fascinating subject than the universe in which we live," he declared. "Everybody would like to go wandering about the world, to see its marvels, and to become acquainted with its strange peoples. Only a very few of us are able to do this. Let us bring the world to them!"

He showed that if the geographic knowledge gathered by the society were presented in an attractive manner and the technical padlock removed, the American people would be eager to get it.

After lengthy debate, the board of directors voted to adopt Dr. Bell's plan without reservations. They wisely chose him to discover ways and means of carrying out his own project. He began the search for a man combining editorial genius and a sixth sense of organization to reconstruct and humanize the society's magazine. The man he sought must be conversant with science; with that, he must be a skillful executive and a man of vision who could act.

Dr. Bell was in no hurry. A year passed and he had found no trace of the man he was seeking. One day an article in the *Century Magazine* on the latter-day sciences attracted his attention. The writer was unknown to him. A month later, another article on the same subject appeared and Dr. Bell was firmly convinced that here was the man he needed. From the editorial offices of the *Century,* he learned the writer's address and he wrote to him, requesting an interview. Meanwhile, he gathered what information he could from his friends regarding the author of the articles. He found that he was the son of a distinguished Amherst professor and that he and his twin brother had won all the available scholastic honors at Amherst in their senior year.

But Dr. Bell was scarcely prepared to have a young chap of 23 walk into his office and introduce himself as Gilbert Grosvenor. He had expected at least a middle-aged man. Recovering from his surprise, he outlined his plans for the reorganization of the National Geographic Society. He made it clear to young Grosvenor that he would be expected to devote his whole life to the task; that there were infinite possibilities for the development of the society although nothing had been done as yet to prove it. He further assured him that he would be given every moral support, but the society's financial cupboard was bare and they could offer him but a small salary. Mr. Grosvenor asked for time to consider the proposition. The next day he returned with his decision. He would tackle it and risk the ultimate compensation.

When Mr. Grosvenor assumed his duties as managing editor of the society's expansion activities, in 1899, he rented a small office and there started to formulate his plans for a national organization. The circulation of the magazine which was sent to each member, was at that time less than a thousand. Frequently he addressed the magazine wrappers himself because he could not afford to hire an office boy. Today a clerical force of 500 is needed to carry on the multifarious work of the society's offices where the records of 750,000 members are kept, 70 clerks doing nothing save effecting changes of addresses!

The early issues of *The National Geographic Magazine* were as dry as dust to the average reader. Tables of statistics were the only illustrations used. It was purely a scientific journal. Mr. Grosvenor's first editorial act was to rewrite the learned treatises so that they could be understood by the layman interested in other lands and peoples. Photographs were just beginning to be used sparingly as illustrations in other magazines. The editor of the *Geographic* appreciated their appeal to human interest and adopted their use in his publication. As the photographs began to appear, the readers became interested, and when they discovered that the articles did not go over their heads, they became still more absorbed in the romance of geography. As money from annual dues came into the treasury, the editor sought to improve his magazine both in its scope and mechanical excellence. He was especially particular about the reproduction of the photographs.

DR. GILBERT GROSVENOR,
President of the National Geographic Society.
At the top—The home of the National Geographic Society. The society's vast work is centered in these dignified buildings, 16th and M streets, Washington, D. C.

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY
DECEMBER 15 1909
A SPECIAL MEDAL
APRIL 6 1909

The Peary special medal.

Dr. Bell's original idea had been "to increase and diffuse" geographic knowledge and Mr. Grosvenor decided to go a step further and "humanize" it. The young editor did not, however, center his whole attention on the magazine. As a result, the National Geographic Society in its 35 years of existence, "has sailed the seas, climbed the mountains, pushed into frozen zones, explored volcanic craters, and studied the past of the earth in quest of facts to spread upon the page of human knowledge."

Were you aware that the National Geographic Society is to be thanked for preserving the Big Trees of the Sequoia National Park? In 1916, Congress appropriated $50,000 to buy certain private holdings in the park, but the owners asked $70,000 for their property. The National Geographic Society subscribed the necessary $20,000, and thus made possible the purchase of 667 acres, all of which became the property of the United States Government, to be held for the people for all time. In 1920, three members of the society gave more than $25,000 to buy an additional tract of 609 acres, which was also given to the people. And in 1921, 1,000 acres more were bought by members and friends of the society at a cost of $55,000, and deeded to the United States Government.

About six years ago, in Alaska, Professor Robert F. Griggs, of Ohio State University, in charge of one of the society's expeditions, discovered what has been called the eighth wonder of the world, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. It is situated a few miles from Mt. Katmai, which is the largest active volcano on the globe. It was once a peaceful valley of trees and flowers, but has been transformed, by the opening of countless small vents, into a magnificent inferno. Picture all the steam engines in the world, assembled in one valley, blowing off steam at once! That is its effect! This valley is now a national park, by presidential proclamation.

Another expedition discovered the hidden ancient city of the Incas, Machu Picchu, perched high on a ridge of the Andes, where it was built centuries ago by that wonderful people as a place of refuge. The finding of this lost city has been regarded as one of the most important archeological discoveries of 300 years.

After the eruption of Mt. Pelée, in Martinique, the society sent out parties of scientists. It did the same thing a few years later when the great earthquake devastated Messina. The society thus aids in gathering, bit by bit, the related facts upon which science hopes ultimately to be able to forecast these dire events.

The Society awarded the Hubbard Gold Medal to Peary for his farthest North in 1906; to Amundsen for achieving the Northwest Passage and locating the North Magnetic Pole in 1907; to Gilbert for his physiographic researches in 1909; to Shackleton for his Antarctic explorations in 1909; to Stefansson, who added one hundred thousand square miles to the world's known area in the Canadian Arctic. It has also awarded special gold medals to the discoverers of the North and South Poles, Peary and Amundsen, and to the builder of the Panama Canal, General Goethals.

When the World War broke out the National Geographic Society was deluged with questions: What is the population of Helgoland? How far is Liege from Paris? How do you pronounce Przemysl? Where is Togoland? What are the Falklands? And so on and on.

These questions came, not only from individuals but from newspaper offices. To handle the demand, it organized a research and information bureau and began to prepare daily Geographic News Bulletins, from 500 to 1,000 words in length, covering the subjects brought up by the day's war news. These bulletins were mailed without charge to 550 of the leading daily newspapers. The service met with immediate favor and was continued throughout the war. When the Armistice was signed, the society felt that the bulletins would not have any special interest for people. But, to make sure, a questionnaire was sent to the editors; and, practically without exception, they asked to have the service continued. This meant considerable expense to the society but when they considered that it was their aim to increase and diffuse geographic knowledge, they saw that it was worth while. These bulletins are regularly providing 12,000,000 readers of the 550 daily papers with a vast people's extension course in geography.

The Geographic Society has also made possible a constructive and far-reaching service to the public schools—a service which supplies 70,000 teachers and 3,000,000 school children with information concerning new boundaries, new nations, and changing conditions at a time when accurate teaching of geography is more vital than ever before. It has, with the co-operation of the United States Bureau of Education, provided the same bulletins for the teachers that they furnish to newspapers. Any teacher requesting the bulletins for school use receives them without charge.

The society, in 1919, instituted a pictorial geography, consisting of 288 of the choicest color and half-tone illustrations from all the volumes of the magazine.

Back Thro' the Centuries to Days of Sumer

Oldest Recorded Writings Translated by French War Veteran

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

A SCHOLAR whose special field of research is a language that was dead when the Patriarch Abraham was a boy has recently come to America. His work is in the translation of the oldest recorded writings of human beings, in a tongue so new to modern civilization that not more than six or eight living men have learned to read it. How he learned to read and translate the language without losing the human touch is a narrative of accomplishment that for sustained effort is seldom equaled by the most energetic business man or industrial leader.

The scholar is the Rev. Dr. Leon Legrain, French war veteran. At the beginning of the World War he was professor of Assyriology at the Catholic University of Paris. He still holds that post, and also that of curator of the Babylonian Section, University Museum, in Philadelphia. Within the last few months he has rediscovered the framework of more than 2,000 years of history, written on clay tablets in Nippur, the Holy City of Babylonia, more than 4,000 years ago.

To scientists Dr. Legrain is known as one of the world's half-dozen Sumerian scholars. But his chief interest in the popular mind is that he has humanized archeology. Instead of living in the past he has caught the knack of relating man as he was in the beginning to his descendants of today. Out of the fragile, patched fragments of clay on which were written with painstaking care the daily records of how people lived and loved and died 5,000 years ago, this young scientist is drawing, bit by bit, the story of that mysterious lost race, the Sumerians. Most histories do not even mention Sumer. But archeologists have shown that for thousands of years before any of the patriarchs named in the Scriptures, a non-Semitic race thrived in Southern Mesopotamia, reaching a height of culture and civilization equal in some respects to that attained later by the Greeks. They were the Sumerians.

Without going too deeply into history, it may be said that first intelligible records of this people were found on Babylonian tablets containing inscriptions in two languages. For years after scholars had learned to decipher the cuneiform script of the later Babylonians, the other language on these tablets remained a mystery. Very slowly and through years of controversy it was established that these strange words were those of some ancient people preceding the Babylonians. It was shown also that the Babylonian inscriptions were copies of the earlier ones, meant very evidently to preserve treasures of liturgy and law. Later, at Nippur, at Lagash and at scores of other excavations of ruins in Mesopotamia, tablets were found containing nothing but pure Sumerian.

It is on those tablets that Dr. Legrain is working at the university museum. And the average man who thinks that the abstract scholar has an easy time will probably change his mind after he reads what the scientist has to study to become an expert in this field, and the tremendous amount of detail work he must do in translating tablets. One of the penalties of success in any abstract field is that the man who reaches it must travel far beyond the common understanding of his time. When a scientist arises who can translate archaic facts into matters of general human interest he stands out sharply as a personality.

Any student of ancient Assyrian must begin with the five Oriental languages—Arabic, Hebrew, Syriac, Ethiopian and Assyrian. Before that he must master Greek, as well as his native tongue. Dr. Legrain speaks all those languages, his own French, and also German and English, a total of nine. He was familiar with all those before starting the study of Babylonian, after which came Sumerian. There is a hitch there, however, for the men qualified to teach that language are few and far between. And even the best of the teachers can do little more than start the pupil.

It is now 20 years since Dr. Legrain made up his mind to master Sumerian. By the time he was 21 he was expert in 10 tongues. He has been working at Sumerian directly for not more than 10 years, however. And in that time he has made his own dictionary, a grammar and a pictorial record of the people. To date he has 40,000 words or signs, each on a small slip of paper which he has carefully filed and indexed, and each showing the Sumerian sign for the word. In some instances as many as 60 different meanings are found for one sign.

"The difficulty of Sumerian," says Dr. Legrain, "lies in that, and in the fact that it is a picture language. I do not mean that the word signs are pictures, necessarily, although they were evolved from pictographs. The language itself conjures up general pictures, rather than specific details. It is a reflection of a time so early in the history of man that he had not yet learned to use the spoken word for such minute details as he can today. So his descriptions were general. All of his words, in a sense, were generic and broadly applied.

"How men were able under those restrictions to write the wonderful religious poems and psalms rediscovered within the last few years is one of the marvels of history. For it must be remembered that the scholars of that day had none of the wealth of earlier study and research on which to draw that we have today."

Much has been written about the Nippur collection, but very little about the detail of the labor involved in translating its tablets. When the line reproductions of Sumerian texts are published they look like engravings. One unfamiliar with the process gets the idea that they are copied from the tablets by photography, or by some similar mechanical method.

THE REV. DR. LEON LEGRAIN

What really happens is that every single line is copied by hand with a drawing pen. Archeological research workers become so expert at that that they can accomplish a tremendous amount of work. Merely as an instance, Dr. Legrain has just published a book containing drawings and texts from six hundred tablets from the famous French collection dug up at Susa. He has in his index boxes thousands of drawings from seal cylinders of ancient Babylonia and Sumer. They show that there is hardly any variation of bird or animal used on coats of arms in later days that did not have its origin in ancient times. A symbol frequently used was the eagle. First attempts to produce a frontal view of it resulted in a bird with outstretched wings, and the face of a lion.

Dr. Legrain specializes in history. His first book—the volume that won him the right to be called a Sumerian scholar—was entitled, "The Time of the Kings of Ur."

Readers of the Bible will remember that city as the ancestral home of Abraham. The book came out two years before the war, and Dr. Legrain then was appointed teacher of Assyriology at the Catholic University in Paris. When the war started he went into service as a stretcher bearer, remaining in that branch for two years. He was then transferred to the Thirty-second British Division as an interpreter, in which capacity he served on the front line until the Armistice was signed. At 42 years of age, he is recognized as one of the youngest men in his unusual profession.

Enthusiasm for his work fairly radiates from Dr. Legrain. He has virtually no hobbies. His recreation is his work, and he takes real delight in explaining how each year it grows more absorbing. "The study of Sumerian after one has mastered the Babylonian texts," he says, "is like venturing off first base. You do not know what may happen next. There are three grammars of the language now in existence, one by Dr. Stephen H. Langdon, professor of Assyriology at Oxford, in English; one in French and one in German. Nearly every time I copy a tablet I find some new use of a sign, some new meaning to a sound. All that information is then copied on a small slip of paper and placed in the cabinet containing my own dictionary of the language.

"It is only within the last 20 years that definite progress has been made in the study of Sumerian. It must be remembered that even in the time of Gudea, about 2,500 B. C., this was a dead language. At first bilingual texts of the Babylonians, offering easy translations, were of great help. But we are learning now that the work must have been as difficult for the scholars of later Babylonia as it is for us, and they made mistakes or differed in their interpretations.

"It is true that hours of painstaking detail work are necessary. The labor of copying alone is prodigious. That is done so that many copies may be made of the text, and to make easy the study of the signs. As they are cut into the curved clay of the tablets it is difficult to decipher them. It is better to spend some time making an accurate drawing of the entire text before starting to translate.

"But the work is not dull. It is intensely interesting from the scientific point of view, and it has its human side. What pictures it conjures up of the thoughts and actions of men who were on this earth 5,000 years ago! In the Sumerian text we are finding the originals for many ideas that were thought to be of modern development, and that have merely trickled down through the ages to the present day, many of them through channels now lost to us. Thus Abbé Scheil has written for the *Museum Journal* an account of some passages in Sumerian tablets copied and reproduced by Dr. Frederick Lutz, of the University of Pennsylvania. On these, the work of schoolboys, are found laws in many respects identical with those in the famous Code of Hammurabi, who reigned about 2000 B. C. From these we learn that Sumer had evolved the laws and that the later Babylonians merely copied them. Scholars have shown the relation between the Code of Hammurabi and the Mosaic Code; also the 'law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, neither do they change,' as the Scriptures have it.

"Some of the tales that come to the translater of the tablets are far more astonishing than the latest news in the newspaper headlines. Not long ago I found an account of a Babylonian marriage contract. It was customary for a poor suitor to indenture himself to the father of the girl of his choice for seven years. The suitor named in the tablet signed a contract to that effect. Then the father sent his older daughter, presumably under heavy veils, to the wedding ceremony. When the young man found he had been tricked he signed up for another seven years to get his sweetheart, the younger daughter."

Dr. Legrain's description of the source of all this information—the plain of Mesopotomia—gives some idea of what the archeologist sees in store for future explorers. "It is now desert and swamp," he says, "with the tels, as the Arabs call them, rising from the plain. Embankments on the sides of dry canals are so many that the horseman has difficulty in making progress. The tels are sand hills, generally flat on the top, with sharp edges gullied by the winds. And each one represents a forgotten city.

"There is no map locating all of these cities. There is not even a list as yet to show the number, let alone the names, of the entire group. From the tablet records the names of the largest and most famous cities of Sumer and Akkad, the latter the country to the north, are familiar to us, yet we do not know the location of some that were among the largest and most important. Some day they will be found and excavated, and new treasures of literature and information about the life and customs of ancient times will be opened to us."

Various projects have been put forth from time to time for the restoration of the glory of ancient Mesopotamia. Dr. Legrain and other experts assert that it would require relatively little work, since the intricate system of canals is still virtually intact. It would be necessary to dredge some of the dry beds, and to install machinery for control of the water. But, roughly speaking, this famous system is still available for use, although some of its channels have been in existence for more than five thousand years.

Heretofore the excavation of buried ruins in Babylonia has been a hazardous affair, because of the roving tribes of Arabs and the difficulty of doing business with the Turks. The war meant the beginning of the end of that menace. British soldiers are making remarkable headway, through diplomatic treatment, in pacifying and civilizing the Bedouins. It is only a question of a few years, in the opinion of those in touch with the situation, until man will again begin to cultivate the earth that was perhaps the birthplace of civilization.

What treasures those ancient, lost cities will yield can only be conjectured. It is the opinion of Dr. Langdon that Ur of the Chaldees contains the world's first library. Dr. Legrain agrees with him that it is one of the most important sites in Mesopotamia. Some exploration has been done there, but it has been only of a superficial nature. No thorough-going effort has been made to penetrate through all the strata of various dynasties, as was done at Nippur over a period of 12 years by the university museum.

It has been stated that Dr. Legrain specializes in history. When he first came to the University Museum more than two years ago the Babylonian scholars could trace the succession of kings back only to about 2000 B. C. The framework for their lists came from work by earlier scholars on the Nippur tablets. Names of

(Concluded on page 11)

1922—A Year of "Unfinished Business"

Controversies Extending Through Entire World Go Over Into 1923

By HARRY PENCE

AS IT has drawn to a close, I have, for a considerable period, reviewed the events of every year and endeavored, modestly, to appraise its happenings and developments.

Each of these years has manifested characteristics describable in a single phrase applicable to it and no other.

These tags or labels thus attached to passing years even before they were entirely spent have not been invariably accurate, or rather, it should be said, entirely adequate. A longer perspective, permitting comparisons and the elimination of the unimportant, makes it necessary to revise some of these hurriedly formed characterizations, but in the main they have stood the test of time.

A tag is waiting for 1922 and that tag reads—

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS."

Of course every year has passed on a greater or lesser accumulation of unfinished business, but in this respect this year is particularly noteworthy and from present indications that is its most noteworthy characteristic.

First and foremost must come the matter of German reparations. A full treatment of that subject would monopolize all the space that can be devoted to this article, leaving much unsaid and saying its little with misgivings and uncertainty, for the evidence is conflicting.

One certainty, however, is glaring. The war-devastated areas of France and Belgium are being restored by means and money from other sources and the French budget is the despair of French governmental economists.

Repeatedly throughout 1922 as during 1921 only the refusal of assent on the part of her allies restrained France from the effort to collect by force. Equally persistently, and without avail, her allies have tried to point out to France the inconsistency of imposing paralyzing restrictions upon a defeated enemy and at the same time demanding of this enemy a colossal indemnity. From the French point of view either policy is justifiable but the rest of the world seems rounding to the belief that the enforcement of both is impossible.

As the year wanes the crisis in the Near East has crowded the reparations issue somewhat into the background where, for a time, it must remain, for Europe cannot devote its united energy and intelligence to the vital problem of holding the Turk in check and hope to make Moslem re-entry into Europe endurably safe while the Franco-German agitation continues to ferment. But though temporarily sidetracked there can be no doubt that as soon as this later obstruction is removed France will demand for it the right of way on the main line.

Issue Goes Over Into 1923

THE visit of Georges Clemenceau must be regarded as having this as at least a part purpose, for the burden of his message is that Germany is anxious and is now or soon will be able again to upset the peace of the world; that she therefore is able to meet the demands upon her and would do so if America joined with the other powers in sustaining French demands.

The present purpose is not to sift all this mass of testimony, pro and con, and undertake an authoritative interpretation. The issue will not and cannot be disposed of, even to the extent of an accepted program for its ultimate solution, in the year 1922, which is the fourth year of "the peace," and it will have to go over as a part of its unfinished business.

On November 11, 1921, the third anniversary of the Armistice, the representatives of nine nations assembled in Washington for a conference on the limitation of armaments and the solution of unsettled matters in the Orient and Pacific.

Adjourning that day to participate in the ceremonies attending the burial of the Unknown American soldier in the national cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, this illustrious body of men gathered on November 12, a date that ought to be and may became memorable in world annals, for it was then that Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, head of the American delegation, flew in the face of all diplomatic tradition and opened an international conference with a bold, a definite, a concrete and a comprehensive plan for a naval construction holiday, or vacation, of 10 years.

Unprecedented in substance as well as procedure this proposal provided for such reductions in the capital ships of this country, England and Japan as would necessarily relieve these nations of a great financial burden and at the same time maintain an equitable ratio of relative strength.

Japan for a time held out for a larger allotment and France, when the provisions of the proposed pact were extended to her and to Italy, resented her relegation to comparative naval insignificance but before the passing of 1921 the consummation of this agreement, so far as the conference was concerned, was assured.

The conference stretched into 1922, holding its final session February 6, when the treaties it had formulated were signed.

These pacts included, besides the celebrated limitation of capital ships on the part of America, England, France, Italy and Japan, an agreement that the submarine must not be used as a commerce destroyer, even against merchant ships of the enemy in war, the abolition of poisonous gas in warfare, a four-power act concerning the rights and movements of America, England, France and Japan in China and environs, an agreement between Japan and China for the return of Shantung and the removal of other causes of friction, the settlement of or the erection of machinery for the settlement of other issues concerning China and the Far East.

Although all effort to limit land armaments was abandoned when France insisted that her peculiar position required the maintenance of a great army the achievements of this conference were monumental in dimension and significance.

But they nevertheless still belong to the world's unfinished business of 1922. The United States began the operation of her parts of the various pacts immediately by quitting work upon uncompleted warships and the Senate, with more promptness than might have been anticipated, ratified the treaties, the last pact receiving this sanction March 30. England and Japan also officially ratified and have been carrying out the provisions of these agreements.

As this is written, however, France is still debating her ratification with much opposition developing against it.

France is still resentful because it was not possible at Washington to obtain an alliance with this country or a binding obligation to co-operate with her in event of war with Germany, or at least so flows the current of unofficial diplomatic opinion, and the French sustain the advocates of dissent who insist that her quota of capital ships is insufficient.

Even if she ratifies the treaties, Italy has passed into the hands of a government pledged to the utmost aggrandizement of Italy's territorial and martial aspirations. With internal complications of staggering proportions to face, with quarrels with her neighbors imminent, if not inevitable, and with a vital interest in the Turkish tangle, it is not to be expected that she will enter into any restricting obligations in the interest of world peace.

At the outbreak of the Near East storm our own Navy Department halted her scrapping of warships and in recent weeks the British admiralty publicly proclaimed her purpose to do the same in a statement expressing regret that she had already outstripped the other countries in discarding important units of her war fleet.

The unanimity with which the nations involved sought mutual justification for abandoning a pacific policy at the very first threat of international discord can but instill doubt as to the power of agreements formulated in peace to bind countries facing an immediate fear of war.

In July, 1921, that great international peacemaker, Jan Smuts, of South Africa, visited Ireland. By what suasion he accomplished his end he never fully revealed, but the result was a series of conferences which resulted in the leaders of the Sinn Fein movement accepting a compromise by which the southern counties of Ireland remained in the British Empire on the status of a dominion with self-government similar to that of Canada, Australia and South Africa.

This pact led to a division among the Irish, the more radical of them following the former leader Eamonn De Valera in opposition to any settlement short of independence. At the end of the year the Dail Eireann, the national assembly of South Ireland, was in adjournment without a decisive vote on the issue.

On January 7, 1922, the Dail Eireann ratified this agreement and a few days later set up a provisional government in conformity with it. De Valera withdrew and devoted his efforts to a defeat of the Free State movement by the people in the forthcoming election.

Guerilla War of Erin

ENGLAND released all Irish political prisoners and declared an amnesty, British troops were withdrawn and in March the House of Commons passed an act approving the Free State, but reserving the right to pass upon the constitution which the Free State was to adopt. England also co-operated in negotiating a program for the settlement of the inevitable border controversy with Ulster.

Taking advantage of every opportunity for obstruction the republican opponents of the Free State precipitated a border warfare with Ulster and it was not till May 20 that the rival factions came to an understanding about the election.

This election on June 16 resulted in the selection of a working majority of Free State adherents to the Irish assembly but the rioting that attended the elections continued until, a month later, after a hundred or more had been slain, and several hundred injured, the Free State organized an army to cope with the situation.

Driven from other larger cities the republican forces made a stand in Cork and great damage was done there when they were forced to evacuate on August 10.

Guerilla warfare has followed. The Irish cause suffered a serious loss in the death of Arthur Griffith, formerly an enthusiastic Sinn Feiner, of which movement he was the reputed founder, but afterward a leading Free State supporter, who died as a result of overwork and exposure August 12; and another blow to the cause was the assassination of Michael Collins, head of the provisional government, August 22.

W. T. Cosgrave succeeded Collins September 9, and work on the Irish constitution continued until that fundamental law of the Free State was finally formulated October 12. By an odd irony of fate this constitution is now pending ratification at the hands of a British ministry and parliament dominated by the party that has always opposed any liberality of policy toward Ireland. At this time its ratification without consequential modification seems certain, but even with the form of government officially settled government in fact is still far from established in that part of Ireland which has so long been in rebellion against English domination.

The restoration of industry and establishment of civil rule and education must wait upon restoration of peace, and the republican forces still have an "army" in the field. Its chieftains declare that the Free State ignores the "established laws of warfare," denounce the military tribunal erected to try insurrectionists and proclaim as martyrs the leaders of their armed opposition who have been executed, instead of being held as prisoners of war. Ireland, that is, Southern Ireland, has, for the present, given up fighting the English and seems to be divided into two hostile and desperate armies fighting one another, one for a limited and attained freedom, the other for outright and complete but unattained independence.

The Free State of Ireland has a government that as yet does not govern Ireland and this also is an item of unfinished business which the year 1922 passes along.

He who undertakes to speak of China risks being party to the dissemination of more misinformation than fact. The wonderful people that comprise one-fourth of the world's population and possesses a civilization which, even if it does not conform to our concepts of civilization, has for ages become so traditional that no political division, no foreign invasion, military, commercial or cultural, can make an appreciable impress upon its adhesive unity—to such a people the happenings of the last few months seem but passing incidents. Yet empires have been wrecked by smaller disturbances.

The dismemberment of China has been connived at and, it is frequently asserted, practically agreed upon in the chancelleries of old Europe but more than mere fear of a disturbance of the balance of power, more than mutual jealousies as to the distribution of the dismembered fragments blocked this stupendous game. Its immensity alone sobered the dismemberers and restored their sanity.

The Situation in China

CHINA has never had a strongly centralized government. Its size and the difficulties attending travel and communication have made it impossible. The governors or the rulers of the various provinces have therefore wielded power in proportion to their ambitions and their capacities. A superman among them might dominate China, but it would require a superman, for his first aggression would engender a coalition of lesser chieftains in opposition.

This was demonstrated when in January of this year General Wu Pei-fu, governor of Hunan and Hupeh provinces, demanded changes in the cabinet of the government at Peking. The matter simmered but did not evaporate, as subsequent events revealed, for General Wu of Hunan and General Chang Tso-Lin, governor of Manchuria, cherished different ideas and plans for the unification of China by an amalgamation of the government at Peking and the South China Republic of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, with headquarters at Canton.

These differences baffle occidental comprehension, but the individual ambition of neither champion of unification was entirely submerged in the crusade. Each sought the co-operation of South China but Dr. Sun joined fortunes with General Chang, who in April moved on Peking in his campaign of benevolent assimilation.

General Wu promptly took the field in opposition, defeated General Chang in battle May 4 and 5 and dictated the resignation of the premier of China. On June 1 he brought about the overthrow of President Hsu Shi-chang and on June 3 former President Li Yuan-Hung, who was deposed in 1917, was restored to such power as remained attached to the title and office.

A brief truce interrupted the fighting but the war soon shifted to South China where the government at Canton was overthrown and Dr. Sun became a fugitive. In July and August fragmentary reports from China, obscure and often conflicting, suggested that the factions, eliminating General Chang, who had retired to Manchuria and declared the independence of that province, had opened negotiations for a settlement.

It was further reported that this settlement contemplated the establishment of a federation of the Chinese states in a union and under a constitution modeled upon that of the United States of America and that this movement was under the leadership of Dr. Sun.

Subsequent dispatches have thrown doubt upon the reports that Dr. Sun had recovered any degree of leadership. This turn of affairs has been a disappointment to many Chinese in foreign lands, especially in America, for generally their interests and sympathies have been with Dr. Sun.

To hazard speculation as to the ultimate outcome of the Chinese civil war of 1922, especially since uncertainty exists as to whether the actual warfare has terminated, would be folly.

It can, however, be said with authority, that China owes and realizes that she owes her difficulties to foreign interference. It is also certain that her leaders realize the necessity of modernizing her government and her industries. Much progress has already been made in this direction.

In both she feels the need of borrowing ideas from the outside world. Her contact with the outside world has not tended to inspire liking or confidence. Of all the nations with which she has been compelled to deal America alone has not sought to take advantage of her backwardness to exploit her resources. America excludes her immigrants, it is true, but she welcomes her students. That stream of Chinese students to the

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Drowning Jazz With the Chimes of Normandy

People of San Francisco Bay Region Respond to Revival of Operas of Generation Ago

By
HARRY H. DUNN

OUT on the Pacific Coast, normalcy in music, songs, humor, and theatrical entertainment seems to be returning. In the midst of a group of cities set round the shores of San Francisco Bay, a 12-week season of revivals of comic operas of 15 to 25 years ago has been so successful that it has been extended to 18 weeks; arrangements are being completed to make this offering of clean fun, beautiful music, tuneful songs, and jazzless melodies a permanent annual event, and civic, commercial and social organizations are uniting to supply a theater which shall be the home of the stock company which has driven out syncopation with songs from "The Chimes of Normandy," "Wang," "Robin Hood," "Woodland," "The Mikado," "The Idol's Eye," "The Wizard of the Nile," and a score of others that once were the leading musical shows of the world.

The season began late in May and has attracted so much attention and so great attendance that it is now "making money," to turn for a moment to the financial side. Musical and dramatic critics of the Pacific Coast press take this to mean that the people are beginning to demand something for their money besides groans from the trombone, wiggles from the chorus and jokes of double and doubtful meaning from the comedians. Attendance has averaged from 1,500 to 2,000 every night at the theater in the municipal auditorium in Oakland, where this musical show revival is being conducted. And a rather careful checking over by the business management indicates that approximately half the audience is composed of boys and girls, younger than 20 years of age.

That is to say, these clean musical shows are *new to this generation,* and as attractive to them—even more attractive—than the less clean productions sent out from Broadway to pollute the dramatic atmosphere of this country. It indicates that *when the opportunity is given* the youth of this generation, they will attend and enjoy the old and the clean shows, to the exclusion of the degenerate modern type. This is an important discovery which has been made out at Oakland, for it disproves the argument so often advanced by modern producers, modern managers, modern playwrights, modern composers, that "the people demand the music and the songs and the shows of the underworld and we must give them to them."

Ferris Hartman as the Toymaker, in the revival of the comic opera of the same name.

MISS LILLIAN GLASER,
Prima donna for the company.

Ferris Hartman, for some years retired, and, many years before that, the leading comedian of the Pacific slope, playing from Vancouver to San Diego in the very vehicles which he has now revived, is largely responsible for the victory of melody over jazz. With him is Paul Steindorff, choragus of the University of California, a conductor and composer of note, to whose firmly grounded belief that the syncopated music of the days since the war is a passing phase of life, is due not a little the organization of the stock company which is putting on these revivals. Back of these two stand the business and professional men and women of Oakland, the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Exchange, the Builders' Exchange, the Real Estate Board, and even the city government, which has promised to extend every aid to the permanent establishment of the company in a theater.

Hartman has made of Gaspard and Wang and the Blue Jay and Abel Conn and all those old comic-opera heroes of standing, characters that live again as vividly as they did in the years of a generation ago. Steindorff has produced a chorus in which voices and legs are at least equally symmetrical, with the possibility of the voices getting somewhat the better of it, with the result that the singing is a separate and distinct joy in each production. Another factor in the popularity of these revivals probably is the cost of admission, the highest-priced seat selling at $1, with a book of 12 tickets for these best seats offered at $10, and good any night.

"If we are to compete with jazz," says Steindorff, "we must furnish something better than jazz, and sell it at the same or a lower price." There must be some force to this argument, for before the curtain went up on the première production of the season—which was "The Idol's Eye"—enough of the $10 ticket books had been sold to guarantee the costs of production for the whole 12 weeks. This means that all individual seat sales, outside the ticket books, and many ticket books bought afterward, gave clear profit.

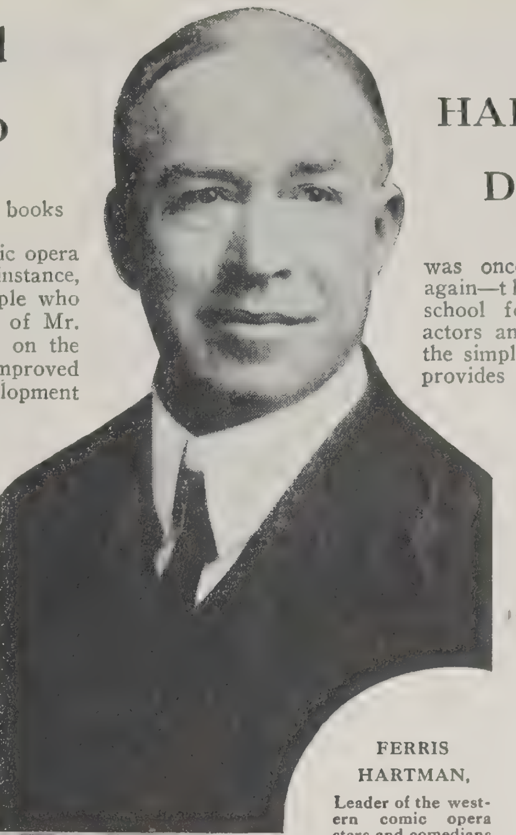
Back of all this movement toward the comic opera successes of another day, local in this individual instance, but apparently general in the minds of the people who make up the audiences, there is, in the opinion of Mr. Hartman, a demand for new and better talent on the stage, which will supply such an outlet for improved dramatic ability as to make possible the development of actors and actresses, singers and comedians comparable with those of 15 or 20 years ago.

The writer, whose last memory of Hartman was of at least 25 years ago, in the old Grand Opera house in Los Angeles, when the noble Elephant broke in two in the middle of "Wang," found the comedian curled without regard to years or joints on a table just off stage, listening to Lillian Glaser rehearsing "Just Look at This," in "The Chimes of Normandy."

Hartman has decided opinions on the stage, the audience, the worthlessness of jazz and a number of other things, and he speaks these opinions right out on the stage or off it.

"Some pessimists," said Mr. Hartman, "claim the stage is going into a decline. This is not true. The simple fact is that there is as good material for the making of capable actors and actresses today as there ever was, but this material, scorning to stoop to the baser effort needed to attract attention now required of the actor or actress, has been latent, has not sought expression on the stage. In other words, artistic talent on the stage—in drama or in musical shows, in comedies or in musical comedies—has had no outlet for itself. The time has come for the opening of that outlet, and to say that the people will not patronize the best on the stage is equivalent to saying that they will not read the best in books, that they will not buy the best in pictures, that they will not furnish their homes with the best in furniture, or that they will not supply themselves with the best of food. All these other necessities and luxuries of life have been and are being supplied to them in the best form, but the best the stage is capable of producing has not been supplied to them—and, if they sought entertainment, they had to accept what was offered, an offering which for the most part has not been even mediocre, far from being the best. Offered the best, the people will take the best, you can be well assured of that, and on that premise our offerings are based.

"The old-time stock company, which is coming back, was once—and will be again—the training school for the best of actors and actresses, for the simple reason that it provides the only opportunity for one person to play many rôles, thus developing versatility, and familiarity with many characterizations, some of them diametrically opposed to others. My opinion is that the salvation of the stage lies in the stock company, partly because its limitations are such that it must present standard plays, partly because its stability attracts the best and most earnest of the player-folk, and partly because its audiences, becoming familiar with and friendly to each member of the stock company, voice their demands for the better productions. There is many a prima donna, many a comedian in the million or more people who live around San Francisco Bay, just as there is in every other large center of population, but the door of opportunity is closed to them because they are not jazz dancers or contortionists, or will not stoop to unclean comedy to 'make a hit.'



FERRIS HARTMAN,
Leader of the western comic opera stars and comedians of some years ago, heads a successful revival of the old-time favorites.

"In the cycle of popular favor as entertainment, musical comedy is coming back to its own—our experiment here in Oakland proves that. There is no cleaner, more enjoyable form of entertainment, and it seems a shame that the public has been denied so long the pleasure of seeing and hearing those melodious gems which will never grow old because they possess the heart and soul of eternal, clean-living, clean-thinking, clean-laughing youth. Had Ponce de Leon only known it, he could have ended his search for the Fountain of Youth by going into comic opera. We are trying, here on the Pacific Coast, to revive and perpetuate those old operas, and we believe we are succeeding. We believe, the whole company of us, that we are giving the people something in the place of jazz shows, and the attendance assures us that the people are accepting the substitute, and enjoying it. With this revival of the old musical shows, we are trying, also, to bring back some of the old spirit of beaming friendship and jovial good nature that marked the patrons of the old Tivoli, in San Francisco, for years before and up to the great fire of 1906. That was a get-together feeling, where everybody knew everybody else in the audience and where to become a regular attendant at the comic operas was like joining some neighborhood social club. You know, you cannot have that feeling of brotherhood, that sense of neighborliness and friendship, when you go to a modern scrambled-up jazz show; it isn't put together for that purpose, and the prices charged make the seat you occupy a sort of standard of your financial ability—or common-sense inability—whichever way you look at it.

"The point of attraction in the comic opera is that it is essentially human; it points the foibles and the fads of men and women as they are; it has the appeal of ordinary manhood and womanhood, with all its errors and mistakes, to the manhood and womanhood out in the audience. This is an appeal no jazz and dance and low-comedy show ever can have, because to the average man and woman these things are unreal; they are not parts of their daily lives, they are introduced from an underworld of unreality to the average man and woman, and they can have no permanent attraction for the majority of those persons of either sex who make up the great American nation.

"It is my belief that jazz, a musical abnormality brought into being by abnormal conditions, and kept alive by those who sought solely to make money out of it, will pass as rapidly as it came on, and that it already has begun to leave us. It is necessary, however, that a clean form of entertainment be offered in its place. I think the musical comedy, the comic opera, with good music, melodious songs, presented by competent actors and actresses is supplying that very need, and supplying it rapidly."

That Billion of Gold—Who Owns It?

Another Mystery for the Metal Money-standard People to Solve

By W. H. ALLEN

THE turn of the golden tide in 1921 has brought to our shores more of the yellow metal than ever came in any similar period of our history. The movement has furnished a basis for innumerable boasts and predictions of the great benefits that were to flow from this huge addition to our metallic wealth. We were told by financial forecasters that money would be cheaper, and easier to borrow, and as there would certainly be a vast increase of purchasing power there naturally must be a great revival in all lines of trade industry.

And, according to all precedents, there were valid reasons for this optimism. In every former period a large increase of gold has brought easier money conditions, more loanable funds, greater demand for farm products with resulting increase of the farmer's buying power, which in turn causes a wider demand for all kinds of manufactured products, thus promoting general prosperity in every line of trade and industry.

According to the National City Bank bulletin (May, 1921), this gold came here in payment for merchandise exports. If that were true the bulk of it should have gone West and South, and it would certainly have produced this great revival of prosperity. But it did nothing of the kind. To begin with, there was no big shipment of gold to these sections, and the influx from abroad was not followed by easier money conditions. Tight money seems to have prevailed all over the West and South in 1921 while this great amount of gold was coming here. Here are a few items from New York publications which bear out this conclusion.

"In New York, money on collateral for 90 days is from seven and one-half per cent to eight per cent. Call money is six per cent to seven per cent. Money is tight the country over and while liquidation is going on in some lines, requirements elsewhere are increasing." National City Bank bulletin, March, 1921.

It Didn't Get Out West

KANSAS CITY, March 10. "Credit Stringency Grips the West. Debtors want accommodations till the next harvest."—New York *Post.*

Kansas City dispatch, May 12. "Narrow market for western securities; county and municipal issues can only be floated at high rates. Several issues this week have been sold on a basis of six per cent which is the highest rate paid for money in many years."—New York *Post.*

Kansas City dispatch, April 21. "Western business still marks time; wage problems, frozen credits, dear money and curtailed buying delay stabilizations." —New York *Post.*

Chicago dispatch to New York *Post,* November 24. "Credit tight in the West and farm debts only partially liquidated, while prices for products still decline. Great need for long-term accommodations."

That was the situation pretty much all over the West and South in 1921. Even here in the East, where most of this gold is stored away, the money situation was not much better except at times in Wall Street. For instance:

"Money is not as tight as in 1920, but it is dearer and far less easy to obtain than in 1919 or in war time." New York *Times,* July 4.

During the latter part of May "the money pool which was the dominating factor during the war and after the Armistice was again called into operation in the last two weeks. Heavy calling of loans was noted in every day of the last week with the greatest disturbance to banking accommodations coming after noon yesterday, followed by an advance in call money to seven and one-half per cent, the highest rates reached since last February. The time money situation narrowed down to the smallest *amount of business known* in generations." —New York *Post,* May 28.

Money rates grew somewhat easier later in the year but not so much as might have been expected *considering the great influx of gold.* And general business continued to grow worse right to the end of the year and for months after.

Figures in Failures Tell Tales

STATISTICS compiled by R. G. Dun show 19,652 insolvencies for indebtedness aggregating $627,401,882. This is exclusive of banking suspensions and personal bankruptcies. In 1920 there were 8,881 failures with indebtedness of $295,121,805. In the last quarter century there has been only one year, 1915, when the number of failures exceeded the number for last year. But the total liabilities for 22,156 failures in 1915 were only $302,286,148. The increase of commercial mortality was marked in every section of the country. The year's defaults were 92, eight per cent larger in number than those of 1920 in New England; 81, nine per cent greater in the Middle Atlantic states; 186, three per cent more numerous in the South Atlantic group; 195, five per cent in the South Central division, and 143, six per cent in the Central East. In the southern district of New York, 2,355 bankruptcy petitions were filed during the year. This is 853 more than in 1920, and is the largest number filed in any year in a decade.

What is the explanation of this paradoxical situation—these high money rates and declining trade and industry in the face of this huge increase of gold?

The banker's explanation is that it is all due to Europe's poverty, the exhaustion of her buying power and the need of our aid. But in most cases, dull business causes idle money to pile up in banks. There is a falling off in the demand for loans and interest rates decline. But as already noted none of these conditions prevailed last year. Again, despite Europe's poverty *she sent us this seven hundred thousand in gold* and her buying power should have been greater than in any former year, and very much greater than in any year but one in our history. But apparently it had no more effect on general business or money conditions than if it had been dumped into the Atlantic Ocean. Commenting on the negligible effect of the great influx, the Mechanics and Metals Bank bulletin (May, 1921) says: "To date it has not altered materially the terms quoted for credit in the money market. *Commercial money rates* are not noticeably easier, generally speaking."

Now the solution of this mystery of dull business, and money scarcity, in the face of an enormous influx of gold, carrying with it a potential expansion of credits of 10 to 1, is to be found in the simple fact that **the new gold is not American owned.** It did not come here in settlement of commercial debts. It represents *financial,* rather than *commercial,* transactions. Referring to the great influx of 1915, a leading financial authority said that most of the gold was coming here for sure investment, to establish working balances with other countries, and for safe-keeping. This statement also applies to the movement of the past two years. Part of the gold will be used to establish balances with other countries in South America and the Orient; and part will be used for investment purposes and for safe-keeping. Germany, for instance, has sent a good deal of the gold here to keep the Allies from seizing it in case of threatened difficulties. It is much easier to make it appear that the coin is not German owned if it is lodged in New York banks than if it is in Germany. Besides it lends plausibility to her plea of poverty when appealing for postponement, or for reductions in the amounts to be paid.

The fact that much of the gold is really foreign owned is clearly shown by such statements as these: "One reason for the easier money rates is that the governments of Great Britain, France and Canada are money lenders at present, having established credit balances by shipments of gold to New York. The latest shipment arrived yesterday on *Saxonia*: it amounted to $4,000,000. It was the third shipment in three weeks, the total amount exceeding $14,000,000." (From the *Herald,* December 3, 1920). Discussing the "renewed money tension," the *Post,* October 1, 1921, remarks that "Holdings of cash for account of foreign governments reached an *aggregate far beyond any estimates* that have been made." The Canadian Government just now is carrying large amounts of cash in this city. (British Canadian banks had also at their last reports $190,000,000 invested in call loans at New York.)

These items suggest several questions:

(1) If, as Treasury officials constantly assume, all the gold that comes here is American owned, where do foreigners get so much to lend here?

(2) If foreigners are so poor, how is it that they can afford to lend here?

(3) If we are such a rich creditor nation, why in heaven's name do we need to borrow at all?

Showing It's Not U. S. Owned

THE National City Bank bulletin (May, 1921) says that the gold is not being used as a basis for credit and is not needed for that purpose: but on the opposite column it says that "the Boston (Reserve) bank has been lending to the Reserve banks of the South and West. There is a desire to make conditions as easy as possible in the agricultural districts *where conditions are very tight."*

These several statements do not dovetail with the theory that any considerable part of the new gold was American owned. On the contrary, they give more support to the belief that the gold is foreign owned and was sent here for investment, or to establish working balances, or for safe-keeping. And the first payment of the German reparations goes far to confirm this belief.

When it was announced that the first payment of the German reparations, $80,000,000, was to be made at New York, people wondered where the money was to come from. Bankers had insisted all along that Germany had no funds here available for that purpose. Thus the *Tribune* of March 18, 1921, stated there was little German wealth here: and it quoted bankers as saying that what little cash there was belonging to Germans could not be made available for such payments. (Two years before, in 1919, the same paper quoted bankers to the effect that German holdings of our securities amounted to only $5,000,000.) But at the appointed time the money was promptly handed over to agents of the Allied nations.

Now come the curious features. Instead of causing trouble on the German money market, as might naturally be supposed, the payment seems to have *caused most trouble here.* For weeks before and after May 31 *our* money market was upset and rates were high. It was on May 28 that the time money situation narrowed down to the smallest amount of business known in generations, and call loans were up to seven per cent. The rates were higher still for several weeks after, and the stock market experienced two or three near panics as a result. During this period, money was reported as being easier in Germany, and bankers there explained the plentiful supply as being due to foreign loans; *rates in Germany were as low as four and one-half per cent as against seven and one-half per cent in New York!*

The payment of the first installment of back interest on the British debt to this country (October 16, 1922) was still more of a mystery. The transfer of $50,000,000 gold, equal to $500,000,000 in credits, from London to New York *should have made money dearer in London and cheaper in New York.* But much to our surprise it appears to have *had the opposite effect.* Thus when the payment was made, *money was five and one-half per cent in New York and only one and one-half per cent in London.*

Another freak incident of the day was a marked decline in Liberty bonds, in spite of this addition of $50,000,000 to our Government's resources. The payment of the second installment of interest on this debt (November 15) seems to have brought a second installment of grief, as the stock market reports announced that "calling of loans helped bears, selling of bonds renewed." "Liberty loans decline to new low records, and market closes unsettled."

This calling of loans was done by the agents of the British Government whose funds were being loaned on the Stock Exchange, as noted by the *Herald,* December 3, 1920, and the *Post,* October 1, 1921. The funds were part of the gold which had come from abroad. If the gold had come in settlement of commercial debts, as the National City Bank bulletin asserted, it would have gone West and South where it was needed to relieve the strain in those sections. But, instead, we find it lodged in financial banks that furnish about all the funds available for Stock Exchange speculation. *And it is all foreign owned.*

German Credits Held Huge

I ADVANCED this theory of the matter in several articles in the *American Economist* (June 21, 1921 and February 17, 1922) and it was confirmed by information gathered before and after those dates. A statement given out by Treasury officials (March 16, 1921) was to the effect that *"the Reparations Commission had decided to have German payments made in this country so as to enable Germany to call upon the vast credits which it is said to hold through private agents in the United States. Information gathered by Reserve banks showed that since the Armistice Germany has been amassing credits in United States National banks, holding the funds in the names of individuals."*

In his address at Williamstown, Massachusetts, July 20, 1922, Raymond Recouly, editor of *Reveu de France,* claims that Germany has sent to foreign countries for investment 10,000,000,000 German gold marks.

It is not easy to determine the exact amount of German capital abroad because it is designedly hidden from public view. The movements of such capital are camouflaged the same as they were during the war, when $1,700,000 was traced from the Reichsbank in Berlin to the Deutsche Bank, thence to Ainsinck & Company, where it appeared as German funds, then to the Royal Bank of Canada, the deposit being made by the cashier's check, which concealed its origin, and thence to J. P. Morgan & Company, and Madame Bolo in Paris, the German clue being still further lost in these moves.

But the Reparations payments let in a great deal of daylight on the question and forced the bankers to admit that Germany had more credits here than they had led people to believe. Professor L. V. Birk, of the University of Copenhagen, claims that Germany has from $1,000,000,000 to $2,500,000,000 invested in call loans in other markets. It is a safe guess that the most of this money is invested in the United States and forms part of the "vast credits" which Germany has here.

Furthermore there is much to prove that other foreign bankers are investing large sums in call loans and in our stocks and properties. This evidence, as already noted, is to be found in the regular stock and money market reports.

But the amazing thing about it is that our Treasury officials at Washington do not appear to have the slightest knowledge of the facts.

From the Banks to Allies

THESE officials must know that the money for Reparations payments was taken from our banks and handed over to the Allied agents who deposited it in the Reserve banks. *And yet these same officials in their reports assume that all the gold in these banks is American owned.*

If, as this statement of March 21, 1921, says, Germany has vast credits in the United States, then all such credits call for payment in gold and hence *constitute a lien on our gold stock.* The reports give the total stock of money in the country on June 1, 1922, at $8,128,000,000. Of this amount, $3,774,000,000 is gold coin, bullion and gold certificates; and $589,000,000 of it is supposed to be in hand-to-hand circulation.

But it is safe to say that there is not one-twentieth of that amount outside of the banks. And these institutions never pay out any gold.

A good part of this gold and certificates has been carried out of the country by migratory aliens. In 1913, $400,000,000 of the metal was in savings banks in Italy, according to their last reports.

Other large amounts, in the shape of gold certificates and national bank notes, are also held abroad.

It is also assumed that the product of our gold mines is American owned, in spite of the well-known fact that foreigners, mostly British, own most of our largest mines. British capitalists put $500,000,000 into these properties between 1880 and 1894.

The product of Canadian mines which comes to New York is also counted as ours, although it is lodged in British-owned banks and invested in call loans.

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The Mysterious Killing of Major Cronkhite

Concluded from page 3

cause he had snapped the trigger once or twice, without any resultant discharge from the weapon. The time for luncheon having arrived, he informed the major. They picked out a place, and having reached it, the captain, who was with the regiment, about 50 yards behind the commanding officer, called out to him and suggested that it was the appropriate spot. The major, he said, turned around and signalled to hold the place.

Major Cronkhite then, according to Captain Rosenbluth, drew his revolver and shot it off. The captain said he feared there had been an accident, because no shots had previously been exploded, and so he ran toward his commander. He asked the latter at what he had been shooting, and the major responded that he had aimed at a tin can on a post. The captain commented that it had been a clean miss.

Immediately afterward, so said Captain Rosenbluth, the major raised his weapon and fired again, the can dropping from the post. He stated that the young officer lifted his weapon once more, and, turning or twisting to the left, observed "that he had got it that time." The captain reasoned that the major's extra movement must have twisted the pistol down, for the weapon went off, the bullet penetrating his breast. "My God, I'm shot!" exclaimed the major, and fell back into the captain's arms. Sergeant Bugler Pothier, he added, was possibly four to six paces away at the time. The shooting occurred at about 11 o'clock in the morning.

Pothier's story was to the effect that the major and he were walking through a path in the field, when Major Cronkhite, picking up an empty tobacco tin, placed it on a fence post, saying that he was going to try a shot. He shot and missed, while Pothier turned around and looked for the company.

Sergeant Bugler Pothier Describes Supposed Accident

THEN, continued Pothier, the major fired another shot, saying to Captain Rosenbluth "that he had got it that time." The sergeant bugler stated that he turned around to see whether Captain Rosenbluth was near by, at the same time hearing another shot, followed by a statement from the major, saying that he was shot. He was about six paces away. He did not see Captain Rosenbluth until after the major was shot, and then the captain had run up and was taking the major's pack and coat off.

The sergeant bugler said he then assisted the captain in his task. He was not quite certain how many shots the major had fired, but he believed there had been three reports, and the third report had sounded just as loud as the others.

Such were the stories of the two witnesses, told shortly after the death of Major Cronkhite.

The finding of the Military Board had been: "That the death of Major Cronkhite was in the line of duty. That death was not the result of the deceased's own willful misconduct."

To all appearances the case was closed, and time passed—a long period of time.

At the entrance to the old Schuffert farm in Camp Lewis, a cenotaph was erected to the memory of young Major Cronkhite, who had been born in Fort McHenry, Baltimore, in the very shadow of the monument of Francis Scott Key.

Major-General Adelbert Cronkhite, the stricken father of an only son, was fighting for his country on a European battleground. He had won the Distinguished Service Medal in January, 1919. In June of that year, he received the Cross of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George. In the following year he was appointed major-general. He had returned to the United States.

Sergeant Bugler Pothier, obtaining his discharge from the army, had flitted into the wide unknown.

Captain Robert Rosenbluth had left the country to travel in Russia and Turkey.

There is some mysterious law, operating since the earliest days of civilization, which keeps fresh the memory of a human being over whose death hovers the cloud of suspicion. The beautiful legend of the "Cranes of Ibycus" became a proverb among the ancient Greeks as a sign of the agency of Divine intervention in revealing crime.

Medical Experts Hold Cronkhite Could Not Kill Self

NEITHER the comrades of Major Cronkhite, nor the heads of the Department of Justice, had been satisfied with the explanation given of the young officer's death, as being due to "accidental shooting." For two years, agents of the department worked in accumulating evidence bearing on the major's death, in tireless investigations, from day to day, from week to week, from month to month.

One of the chief reasons for these researches was a sinister fact which has often loomed large in the annals of criminal cases. It was the opinion of experts, who had examined the official autopsy in the surgeon-general's office, that it would have been impossible for Major Cronkhite to have shot himself in the manner described.

So profound became this conviction, that the remains of Major Cronkhite were exhumed.

On July 9, 1920, in the crypt at the chapel at West Point, an autopsy was performed upon the remains by Dr. O. F. Schultze, who, in the practice of his profession, had performed 5,000 autopsies, many of them in cases of bullet wounding, and had witnessed numerous experiments in observing effects of the discharge of bullets at various distances from various arms. One-time medical assistant to the district attorney of New York County, he became member of the faculty of the Medical College of Cornell University, first as instructor in pathology, then as assistant professor in pathological anatomy, and later as professor of medical jurisprudence.

The official diagnosis of Dr. Schultze was as follows:

From the observation of the bullet wound, from entrance on the right side of the chest, through the third rib, one and one-fourth inches from the armpit, and the course of the bullet through the organs of the chest, to the left third rib, in the middle of the armpit, in my opinion, the wound could not have been self-inflicted with a firearm in the hand of the deceased."

A search was instituted for the two men who had been present at the death of Major Cronkhite. On March 19, 1921, Pothier, the former sergeant bugler, who had been found working as brakeman on the New Haven Railroad, was arrested, charged with the killing of Major Cronkhite. He made a confession, admitting that it was a bullet from his weapon that had caused the young officer's death. Arraigned before United States Commissioner S. A. C. Matteson, at Providence, Rhode Island, he at once pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter, and was committed to jail.

On March 23, Rosenbluth, one-time captain of engineers, was arrested in New York on a similar charge, and locked up in police headquarters. He maintained his innocence.

It is an axiom at law that no innocent man would be at all likely to plead falsely to the charge of slaying another man. Captain Rosenbluth had given sworn testimony that he had been standing close beside Major Cronkhite during the firing of the second and third shots. The third shot resulted in the death of the young officer, and Pothier had confessed to the firing of that shot. The inference was obvious. Captain Rosenbluth must inevitably have been aware that Pothier had shot the major, and therefore his sworn testimony was held to have been false.

Here ended the first phase of the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case. But the developments of the second phase, as will be shown, were still more significant.

It is necessary to call the attention of the reader to an event which became known on September 19, 1922, and which is destined to have an important bearing on the mystery. It was discovered that fire had burned over the scene of the fatal shooting of October 25, 1918, and that many features that were of value as evidence had been wiped out. The barn and posts referred to were burned down; the houses and fences all destroyed.

What Caused the Fire That Did This Destruction?

Much thought has been given to this suspicious fire which destroyed the entire farm buildings and equipment. From soldiers and men employed in logging on the reservation, close to the farm, it was gathered that the fire occurred in August—the late summer, they say. It was noted that north, east and west of the buildings, there are extensive open spaces, across which the fire did not approach—sparks could not come from a forest fire to the east or north of the farm. They did not come from the west, as the trees are not burned there, and besides, the fields back of the buildings show no sign of having been burned over.

The orchard was not touched by the fire. This leaves the south as the only side from which the fire was communicated to the buildings, and the strange thing is: the fringe of trees and bushes along the north side of the cart path (south of the farm) has not been burned. The woods on the south of the trail show plainly that the forest was on fire and burned extensively to the south of the trail. The significance of this was at once apparent.

The gatepost upon which the tin can target is said to have been placed, is burned to a short butt, and the opposite post is also badly burned, but the surrounding bushes and trees are untouched.

It looked decidedly as though each building was set on fire separately and the hen houses overlooked. Were the buildings standing today, no jury would believe that army men went into that place for target practice.

A second installment of this amazing fact narrative will appear in an early issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Back Through the Centuries to Days of Sumer

Concluded from page 7

many kings were known, but it was impossible to place them as to time. The same was true of some dynasties.

The first discovery of world-wide scientific importance by Dr. Legrain was of a tablet filling in all the gaps back to 3000 B. C. That was in effect a contemporary record of those days in Babylonia. It was drawn up at or about the time of King Hammurabi, who ruled during the time of Abraham, about 2000 B. C. It gave the names of all the kings and all the dynasties back for a thousand years. There the tablet was broken.

The search for the other fragments of it was interrupted when Dr. Legrain returned for further war service. He was assigned to the difficult task of relocating French farms. As everyone knows who has read anything of history, the farms of France were broken up into extremely small parcels of land under the Napoleonic Code, designed to keep the land in the hands of the peasants. French farmers sometimes have two or three different plots a mile or two apart. Often the shapes of these plots are irregular.

In the regions devastated by four years of high explosive every landmark apparent to the ordinary observer has been obliterated.

"It looked difficult," said Dr. Legrain, "but only to those who did not know the French peasant. There was really little for me to do. I had only to find the original owner of one farm in a given district. Nine times out of ten he could show me exactly where his land lay. To the ordinary observer the surface would be completely changed. But after the peasant had tramped over the general location of his plot for a little while he would come to some sign that meant nothing to anybody else. That gave him his bearings. After that it was merely a matter of pacing off the extent of his property. And, of course, the peasant knew the owners of all surrounding farms, and once one was located the rest was easy."

On his return to the United States the scholar resumed his search. A few months ago he published the translation of another fragment of clay tablet adding more names to the list of kings, and also the names of additional dynasties. And within 30 days of that publication he had found another fragment of a chronological tablet giving the place of each dynasty all the way back to the Flood. It should be stated here that modern scientists do not accept the figures of the early Babylonian historians, who often attributed a reign of 18,000 years to one king.

According to the Babylonian belief, handed down to history heretofore through Greek writers, the world was created about 432,000 years B. C. The Flood occurred in 32,000 B. C. The Babylonians believed that their kingdom had existed for that length of time, of course, under various conquerors. Their historians made up chronological lists, obviously handed down by earlier writers, giving the name of each dynasty and the name of each king. It was these lists that Dr. Legrain transcribed. He located in all eight dynasties never before heard of by modern archeologists. Here and there the name of a king was missing, but the tablets gave the length of nearly all the individual reigns, and also the total for each dynasty. By assuming that when the Babylonian historian said year he meant month, it is possible to account for the extraordinarily long reigns. And that method of computation brings the chronology back to beyond 5,000 years before Christ.

That Billion of Gold—Who Owns It?

Concluded from page 10

As shown in my last article, the $3,165,000,000 gold in the country on June 30, 1919, was counted as being all American owned, although an official investigation by the Department of Labor showed that alien laborers had some $4,000,000 in credits here at that time. It was also shown that foreign banks had credits here in 1919 for $6,357,000,000. So that, including alien hoards, the total foreign credits here amounted to $10,357,000,000.

But the financial officers of the government—the Secretary of the Treasury, the Controller of the Currency, and the Director of the Mint—do not seem to have had the slightest knowledge of this huge lien on our money supply. Not a word is said about the matter in their annual reports. Hence we should not be surprised when they take no notice of the movements of Reparations gold and count every dollar of specie and paper money as belonging to American citizens.

The experience of the New Haven Railroad with its French bondholders must have given a severe jolt to those who think we are a great creditor nation. *Last February officers of the road appealed to the French holders of its $27,000,000 loan for an extension of time, offering an advance in the rate of interest from four per cent to seven per cent.*

But the offer was refused.

Then the officers tried to borrow the necessary amount of New York bankers but here again they were met with a rebuff.

Next an application was made to the government and this, too, was turned down.

The explanation of this matter, as given out by several financial writers, was that the French holders of the bonds were in need of funds and were unwilling to grant an extension of time even with the higher interest rates.

But this does not explain why a great American railroad was unable to borrow money from banks that were fairly glutted with (alleged) American-owned gold!

The most likely explanation of the matter is that the gold was foreign owned and was needed to meet foreign requirements. There was no real American money to spare for the New Haven loan.

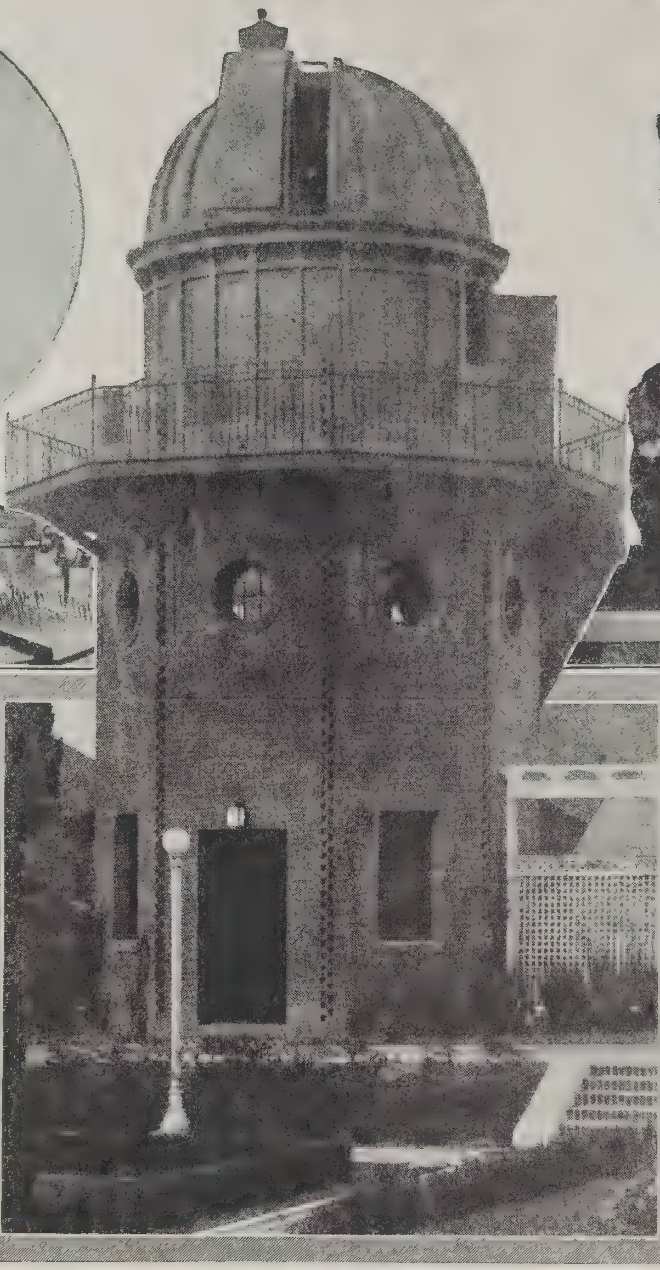
Finally, it would not alter the case to admit that perhaps some of the gold, say 10 per cent, came to make Reparations payments or to pay the interest on the British debt. If, for example, $100,000,000 of the metal came for these purposes in the calendar year 1921, the other $600,000,000 ought to have produced a good effect on the money market and general business. But, instead, we find money scarce and dear, a widespread depression in trade and industry, and an enormous increase of failure and bankruptcies with larger liabilities. *If this gold really belonged here, if it came in settlement of commercial debts as was claimed, these conditions of money, trade and industry would be an economic impossibility. There is no getting around that simple fact.*

There is no instance in the history of any country where such conditions followed an abnormal increase of its metallic currency.

Will the leaders in "this campaign of education against printing press theories of money" kindly offer their solution of that great mystery?

To Tell the People of Our Heavens' Wonders

Dr. Baumgardt at work in his laboratory making a large plaster model of the moon.



The Clark Observatory.

One of the largest meteorites west of Chicago. It weighs 357 pounds. Miss Boeckmann is pictured.

Maps Worked Out by Curator Afford Splendid Presentation of Phenomena of Other Worlds

Observatory Is Erected and Maintained to Give Instruction to Interested Lay Folk

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

NOT perched upon some far mountain height to which a pilgrimage means many laborious hours, but nestling in a garden a half hour's ride from the heart of Los Angeles, inclosed within red-brick walls, is a 60-foot observation tower, placed by William A. Clark, Jr., son of the former United States Senator. The tower was erected expressly to interest and educate the general public in the vast, star-flecked cupola that forms our night-heavens. With Dr. Mars F. Baumgardt as curator this unique institution has established a record in permitting the entrance weekly of thousands of persons to partake of the privileges set before them through the public spiritedness of Mr. Clark.

"They are too busy at the great observatories to bother with the public," says Dr. Baumgardt of the professional astronomers. "It is Mr. Clark's intention, as well as my own, to let the public know a little about astronomy without being bored by reading a great many books."

An enchanting feature under the dome of this tower—a dome made entirely of copper—is the display of star maps, an invention of Dr. Baumgardt.

In interviewing the doctor, we stood on the little iron balcony that extends around the tower at the third-floor level. Presently he stepped inside and then, reappearing, handed me a map on which the identical stars, seen off there in the arching night sky, seemed to twinkle and twinkle, only on a miniature scale. It was a black map on which twinkled the stars and glowed the Milky Way.

The key to the wonder of these maps is radium. For years Dr. Baumgardt had sought a suitable way to make illuminated maps, maps whereby the location of the stars might be studied at hand. There came to him the thought of using radium, and it is this which has brought the young curator fame in no small way.

To make his stars, the doctor used radium bromide mixed with zinc sulphide according to the degree of brilliancy of the star to be depicted. This powder is sprinkled on sheet celluloid which has been painted with ether. The sprinkling is done in spots to minimize the waste of radium. Punches similar to those used by street-car conductors are employed in punching the various sized disks required to represent the stars.

Thirty-three star maps have been made by the curator; there are to be 155 when the entire lot is completed. Most of the maps are of a small size, convenient to handle, but Dr. Baumgardt has made one map with dimensions of three or more feet each way. These maps are loaned to schools for study when such request is made.

Another invention of the young curator's is a plaster-of-Paris model of the moon on which he is working in his laboratory. By projecting lantern slides of the moon upon this globe with a stereopticon, absolute accuracy is obtained. Then begins the task of cutting out the contour of the moon by means of dental drills. There are many hundreds of craters, mountains and valleys. When this model is completed, the geographical details of the moon may be seen by the aid of a powerful electric light exactly as they would be viewed upon looking at the original through a telescope. Dr. Baumgardt expects to continue this work of moon-making, restricting the areas of the moon reproduced. These lunar landscapes will then be mounted in exhibition chambers down a hall and placed in proper setting.

The average spectator would have no idea of the labor and material expended on erecting this little observatory. There are three floors and a vault chamber, with each floor given over to astronomical displays.

The first floor of the observatory displays photographs of various phenomena, such as the solar eclipse, sun spots, star clusters, meteors, and so on. The largest meteorite west of Chicago is also found here. It weighs 357 pounds and was discovered near Cañon Diablo in Arizona of which place Dr. Joseph A. Munk, collector of the Library of Arizoniana, the largest collection of books relating to Arizona in the world and now lodged in the Southwest Museum at Los Angeles, has written at length in his book, "Sketches of Arizona." Because of the tremendous velocity with which meteorites enter the earth's atmosphere—the average rate is from 10 to 40 miles a second—only one in many millions ever reaches earth. They are consumed by friction with the air when whirling along at such fearful velocity.

In an underground room in the observatory are numerous photographic transparencies of astronomical subjects. Another of Dr. Baumgardt's innovations is the illumination of these photographic transparencies with a bluish or reddish light, as it may be, thereby giving the natural appearance as seen through a telescope. Some of the country's most notable astronomers, who have visited this unique institution, have been very much pleased with this display. The pictures show the nebulae, star clusters, comets and great spiral systems—probably island universes. Dr. Baumgardt believes positively in the theory of distant island universes.

Lately some very extraordinary photographs made at Mt. Wilson, and not yet shown elsewhere, have been on exhibition at the Clark Museum. Altogether 500 photographs and 1,100 lantern slides, all relating to astronomical subjects, belong to the Clark Observatory. Many slides were made at this observatory; here, also, are the best works in slides from all the great observatories of the country.

One portion of this vault chamber is reserved for a cell containing a radium display. Most of the radium is procured in Colorado and Utah.

On the second floor of the tower, the diameter of the dome, which is 12 feet 5 inches, is used as the standard, and represents the sun. Suspended in the open square formed in the center of the room by the four steel girders supporting the telescope on the floor above are the eight planets, all made to scale with the circle of steel about the room which represents the sun. The models have been painted by Dr. Baumgardt in exactly the way they appear upon looking through a telescope. On the platform beneath the planets is a planetarium. This is an interesting feature, for with the tiny planet models made to scale, their position about the sun is shown during each succeeding week.

On this floor is a mechanism which shows the model of the moon, sun and earth in their revolutions about each other; a superbly accurate machine is this contrivance.

An iron stairway leads up to the floor under the dome where the six-inch refracting telescope is mounted and equipped with every facility for astronomical observation and discovery. In fact, many of the most important astronomical discoveries in the past have been made by a telescope of this size. It is held aloft upon a structural steel foundation embedded many feet below the ground in a concrete block 12 feet square. Nothing more than a bit of felt padding comes in contact with this supporting structure of the telescope, thereby eliminating all vibration, although the street car runs not more than 200 feet away.

The other equipment found at the Clark Observatory includes: four portable telescopes, one eight-inch reflector, one five and one-half-inch refractor, two four-inch refractors, a two-inch twin objective glass, three prism binocular field glasses ranging from three to twelve power, a periscope, three stereopticons and a motion picture machine. One item of interest is a reel of 1,800 feet of film which depicts the construction, transportation and operation of the equipment of the Mount Wilson Observatory located on Mt. Wilson in Southern California and which is one of the two largest observatories in the world. Twenty-five mechanical slides portray the change and cause of tides, the eclipses of the sun and moon, comets moving about the sun, and so on. A library of more than 100 astronomical books of recent publication, and 300 magazines, pamphlets and other printed matter dealing with astronomy, form a part of the observatory's equipment.

This photograph was made on the second floor of the observatory. Suspended are models of the eight planets made to scale; on the platform beneath is a planetarium. Photographs of views taken on the moon are also displayed.

The little ball dangling from the string represents the earth; to the right is a model of Jupiter; to the left, a model of Saturn. Dr. Baumgardt, curator of the observatory, in the photograph.

1922—A Year of Unfinished Business

Concluded from page 8

schools and colleges of the United States is due in a large measure to our release and forgiveness of the Boxer indemnity and it is understood that some of the young men now imbibing education and democratic aspirations in the United States owe their opportunity to funds which otherwise would have been appropriated in payment of that penalty.

As an aspirant to a place among the powers of Europe, Italy is beset by many obstacles. Approximately as populous as France her area is much smaller and much less adapted to agriculture. Without minerals or coal she could not hope to become a great manufacturing nation despite the known tendency of her people toward skillful handicraft.

Socialism, always a factor in Italian politics, took a syndicalistic turn, the workers agitating the taking over of the management and ownership of industries on a basis similar to the so-called Plumb plan suggested for the railroads of this country.

Then a secret society came forward to act as strike breaker in industrial conflicts which the government had been unable to suppress; organized and disciplined members of this order occupied a number of Italian municipalities and forcibly removed their socialist officials, when the members of this order carried arms which, when opposed, they did not scruple to use.

This society—the Fascisti—was composed originally of young soldiers returned from the war and younger men who had been too youthful for that service.

On October 27 the Facta ministry resigned and the following day King Victor rejected the proposition to declare martial law and risk a possible mutiny in the army. The king met and welcomed the black-shirted hosts and on October 30 intrusted to Benito Mussolini the formation of a new ministry.

The economic stabilization of Europe has for some years been the desire and the hope of the world. Closely interwoven with German reparations it has been dependent, European statesmen maintain, upon the cooperation of the United States. It was anticipated that a world's economic conference might attain the end. While the Washington Conference was in session the Allied premiers met at Cannes again, as on previous occasions, seeking to obviate armed intervention in Germany. The United States had been asked to take the lead but President Harding definitely declined to do so. Three days later, January 6, England and Italy issued the call for such a conference at Genoa in March.

The sudden resignation of Premier Briand disrupted French plans and she insisted upon a postponement till April. On March 8 the United States formally declined to participate, but the meeting convened April 10. Russia and Germany sent delegates and before the main conference was well under way it was discovered that Germany and Russia had entered into a treaty mutually canceling all claims for damages due to the war and renewing diplomatic and commercial relations.

As France maintained that the matter of German reparations had been definitely and finally fixed by the Treaty of Versailles and the Reparations Commission which it created, this subject could not be discussed, but some adjustment of affairs with Russia looking toward the assumption by the Soviet government of the debts incurred under the Czar was undertaken. The Russian delegates responded that against these must be accounted the damages which Russia suffered through the invasions of Denekine, Kolchak and Wrangel with Allied encouragement and support. And as Germany would not barter her new agreement with Russia for a seat at the council table she was barred from sessions at which Russian affairs were discussed. Pope Pius XI urged the conference to proceed more in the spirit of mutual conciliation but after a month of idle talk the conference adjourned to meet at The Hague in June and renew its efforts to adjust matters with Russia.

The Hague conference met June 20 and wasted another month, so that the economic restoration of Europe in general and the collection of debts from Russia in particular must pass as unfinished business over to 1923, if, indeed, they can be brought about or be put in the course of adjustment then.

The crisis in the Near East is still in the acute stage. A Turkey believed to be banished forever from Europe returns triumphant, demanding her old homestead, and the powers of Europe seemingly find themselves both unwilling and unable to deny her the same boundaries in Thrace she held before the World War.

What safeguards can be erected, what guaranties demanded, news from the Lausanne conference gives little information. This conference may or it may not solve the problem, but it is certain that the Turkish question, with all its menace for the present and the future, will go over with other unfinished business.

But Europe and Asia have not furnished all the world's unfinished business. Congress enacted a tariff bill but it didn't settle the tariff issue.

The soldiers' bonus did not die when President Harding vetoed the bill. It also will claim its share of congressional attention in 1923.

As this is written the House has passed the ship subsidy measure and it is pending in the Senate. It may be enacted into law or it, too, may go over. In either case the operation of the law will not put a ship to sea in 1922 and subsequent months will determine its wisdom if it is enacted.

The final disposition of Muscle Shoals remains undetermined.

Two big strikes disrupted progress in 1922. Both walkouts of shopmen and miners were settled by truce.

Peace in the coal industry depends on no such uncertain contingencies. Its termination is definitely provided for. On or before these dates new wage scales agreements are to be negotiated. Unless the national coal commission now investigating the coal industry can shed such enlightenment upon it as will compose the long standing misunderstandings of miners and operators, and do so before next April, a coal conflict left over from 1922 may recur in 1923.

Shipstead, in Whom Farmers Believe

Concluded from page 2

"I entered the campaign at the request of progressives, regardless of party, who felt that there should be an entirely new deal in both our home and foreign affairs.

"American diplomacy and foreign policy must be absolutely divorced from high financial influences. We must not allow ourselves to be used as a club for suppressing small nations.

"The transportation and coal questions are at present two of the most vital ones that confront our people. I believe that the power of monopoly which gives owners and operators of these branches of industry the power to inflict hunger and suffering on the citizens should be taken away from them for the protection of the whole people.

"When the Federal Reserve Banking Act was passed, we were told that it would prevent panics and hard times, due to a scarcity of money. In practice it has proved a very clever device for giving a few men control of the people's money and credit. These men have used this law to bring about the very conditions that we were told the law would prevent.

"This was accomplished by encouraging inflation through liberal extension of credit by increasing the supply of money in circulation and by issuing large amounts of Federal Reserve notes, during the years 1918 and 1919. People were encouraged to extend their credit. Then what happened? In 1920 these loans were called on desperately short notice. Credit was shut off and the worst business depression in the nation's history was precipitated. This was done at a time when the Federal Reserve System had, according to the *Wall Street Journal,* a credit expansion power of $20,000,000,000.

"The power controlling the money and credits of the people holds the economic life of our citizens in the hollow of its hand, and the Federal Reserve Board holds that power. They determine where money and credits shall go, whether to agriculture, mining, manufacturing or speculation.

"I charge the Federal Government with the responsibility for seeing that the Federal Reserve System shall not repeat that shameful act this year, nor next year and that a fair share will be fixed for the farmer.

"The Esch-Cummins transportation act gave the railroads the power to raise rates 20 per cent and *freight rates 35 to 40 per cent,* by permitting the railroad companies' own valuation of $20,000,000,000 to be used as a basis of rate making. *This law legalizes $8,000,000,000 of watered stock!* The Esch-Cummins railway act and high financiers' deflation of agriculture and business has intensified the struggle for existence. As a consequence more women are forced to leave their homes to enter industrial employment, and thus compete with men for work. The mothers of our future generations must be liberated from this necessity by compelling industry to pay a living wage to the husband, or breadwinner of the family. We must safeguard the American home. If we fail in this the nation is lost.

"I am opposed to the ship subsidy and the abuse of the injunction power in courts in labor disputes. I am most positively opposed to the Fordney-McCumber tariff law, which claims to establish the highest tariff on record. Such a law serves only to make the trusts and monopolies richer and the people poorer.

"Our commercial and political life has divided the people into various groups or blocs. And whether we like it or not some of these political groups have existed and functioned for many years. For any candidate to say that he will represent all the people, if elected, is mere buncombe. Some of these groups are already well represented in the Senate by the Standard Oil bloc, the mine owners' bloc, the steel trust bloc, the railroad bloc and the financial bloc.

"I shall not seek, when I take my seat next March, membership in any of these blocs. But with such progressives as Borah, La Follette, Frazier, Brookhart and others, it shall be my endeavor to participate in the work of the farmers' bloc, the labor bloc, the legitimate business man's bloc, the soldier's bloc and the mother's bloc.

"We cannot blame any particular party for the present deplorable condition of the country. The Federal Reserve Banking Board is composed of both Republicans and Democrats. Democrats and Republicans alike voted for the Esch-Cummins bill and a Democratic President signed it.

"But both of the old parties are playing rotten politics. Both will be cleaned up from within or the people will sweep them out of existence. The day of reckoning is not far off and it will be an awful smash. The probability is that the men in power in governmental matters, at present, will not take heed soon enough, or it is not in them to change their spots, to ward off the wrath of the people that will destroy them completely."

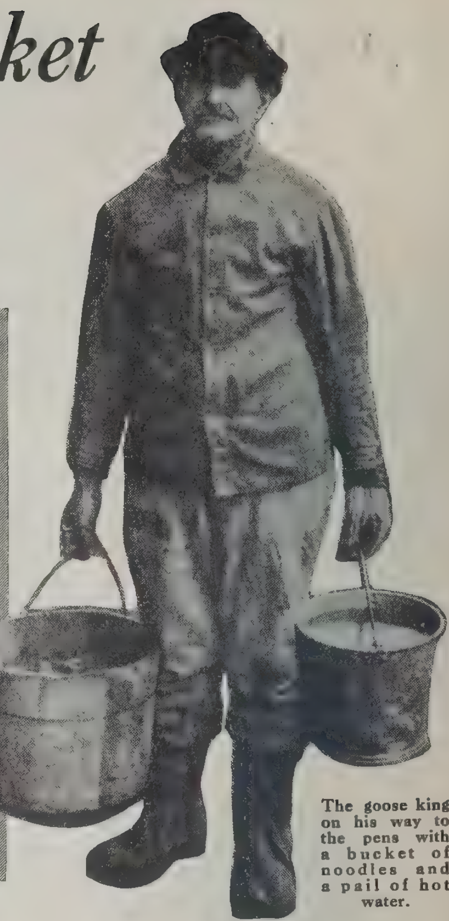
With every newspaper in Minneapolis and St. Paul fighting him desperately, except one struggling labor paper of Minneapolis, Dr. Shipstead received a plurality of 5,000 in the former and 10,000 in the latter, or rather in the counties in which these cities are located.

With the exception of some of the small country weeklies, the newspapers throughout the state were nearly all against him. But practically every small banker of the state, the farmers, the laborers and railroad men were for him. Usually a strong Republican state, the elements named, for the most part, deserted the Republican party, joining the Democratic progressives, who also deserted their party, to vote the third party, or Farmer-Labor ticket.

The Nation's Greatest Goose Market

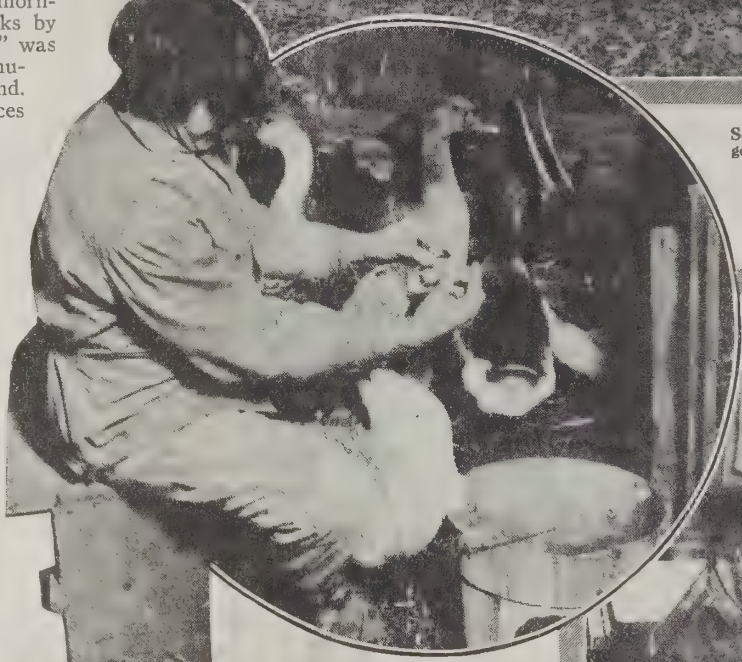
Farms of Watertown, Wisconsin, Supply World's Holiday Tables With Stuffed Fowl

By FRED L. HOLMES



The goose king on his way to the pens with a bucket of noodles and a pail of hot water.

Several members of the goose flock on their way to the feeding sheds.



Fred Albrecht, goose king at Watertown, feeding a bird.

The noodles are cooked in wash boilers and drained by the boiler sieve.

GOOSE farms of Watertown, Wisconsin, supply the world's holiday table. Wherever one travels, South or East, during the winter, the eye catches the sign: "Watertown Stuffed Geese." Railway dining cars and large hotels carry simliar notices.

Out of Watertown, a thriving city of 10,000, once the home of Carl Schurz, soldier, orator and cabinet official, and other noted forty-eighters from Germany, there is a countryside where thrives an industry, the like of it to be found nowhere in the United States. The rolling prairies of Dodge and Jefferson counties with their big red barns, and pastures of Holstein cattle, still continue one of the oldest and most curious of vocations—the stuffing of geese. The farmers of this industrious community, rich in dairy products, have developed it to such an extent that the neighborhood has become the greatest single goose market in the world.

There was a time, 50 years ago, when the "goose girl" who went forth in the morning and evening, assembling her flocks by the calls of "woodie, woodie, woodie," was as symbolic of the life of the community as the milk maiden of Holland. That day is gone. Woven wire fences now restrain the goose flocks, and a new conception of the work of women has taken many to the cities. The farmer and the housewife who remain. still use the same old call notes, and the industry has gone forward, in spite of the retirement of the "goose girl."

Watertown geese develop the largest livers of any geese brought into market. That is why Watertown heads the industry. To produce a goose of 30 pounds, with a liver weighing four pounds, is, to these farmers, an achievement as great as the raising of a cow to become one of the world's greatest milkers.

Geese are developed to this enormous size, with large livers, by forced feeding. The raisers call it "noodling," because a pasty mixture, rolled in the form of noodles, is forced down the fowl's throat every four hours to hasten the fattening process.

A century and a half ago, this strange method of forced feeding of geese had its origin in Alsace to satisfy the appetite of a sovereign.

Two methods are used by the Watertown farmers in raising geese. Stall-fed geese are placed in pens; given grain and water and allowed to eat as they desire. About 500.000 pounds of this class are sold from the locality. The firmness of their flesh makes them a desirable bird for food.

Stuffed geese are forcibly fed, and compelled to eat a certain menu. About three-quarters of a century ago, there was an exodus of Germans from the Fatherland. The first leaders came imbued with a love of liberty. With them they brought their Old-World customs, habits and industries, including the custom of raising and "stuffing" geese. About 100,000 pounds of "stuffed" geese are shipped from Watertown annually.

The goose industry is highly specialized. Early in the spring the largest eggs are selected and placed under hens for incubation. From four to five eggs are used in a setting. It has been found that a hen is more attentive to her nest; that she will leave it only for a few moments each day and that she is not given to excursions of fighting with her neighbors, as is the custom among geese. When the eggs are hatched this foster mother is as solicitous for the flock as she would be of chicks.

Three breeds of geese are raised—Toulouse, Emden and African. The Toulouse and African both have slate-colored backs and white bodies. The Emden is pure white. The African differs from the Toulouse in having a black bill.

Most of the goslings are hatched in April, or early May. Clean quarters are provided, and a pond in which to swim. The fastidious old hen spends much of her time scolding her strange children, who take to the water and dive and puddle around the pond for their food. Three or four weeks later, the hen refuses to mother them longer.

The making of the noodles for the fattening process is the key. The flour of three grains, barley, rye and wheat, is mixed into a paste that looks like putty. By using an old sausage stuffer, this pasty substance is molded into strings about the size of small wienerwursts, an inch in diameter and four inches in length. The noodles are cooked in a wash boiler, drained by a boiler sieve, cooled by immersion in cold water to prevent crumbling, and then put into a cold place until ready for use.

All is now ready for the feeding. With a bucket of noodles and a pail of hot water, the farmer goes to the stalls. Sitting on a box, he takes a goose between his legs and after dipping the noodle into the hot water, holds the goose's head in one hand and with the other introduces the noodle into the fowl's mouth and gently pushes it down. During the first few days, three noodles are fed every four hours. Some member of the family has to be awakened at night to attend to the feeding. Two or three weeks later a goose will be able to eat from 30 to 36 noodles a day. One man can stuff 35 geese an hour.

Feeding of noodles to the geese makes them thirsty and gallons of water are drunk by them; a 25-pound goose drinks two gallons daily. It requires from three weeks to 25 days before the "stuffed" bird is ready for killing. After the second week, the geese are too heavy to walk and sit near the drinking trough until the next feeding.

The dressing of the "stuffed geese" for market requires a skill equal to that employed in the feeding. The feathers cannot be removed from the tender skin either by picking the feathers dry or removing them by scalding. The birds are placed in cloths above a steaming boiler and kept there until the feathers come off without abrasing the skin. The bodies are singed over by an alcohol flame and then hung up in a cool place until the following morning, when they are packed for shipment.

Because of the value of the liver for the making of *pate de foie gras,* or goose-liver pie, these are often removed and placed in sealed glass jars for shipment. These livers are a pale red due to the fattening. The skin is often used as a delicacy by being browned.

Most of these "stuffed" birds weigh from 25 to 35 pounds each when prepared for market. Some of the geese are sold by a method that has been in vogue for a quarter of a century. Before the war, a goose weighing 25 pounds would bring 25 cents a pound; for every pound above that, the dealer would pay an extra cent, so that a 35-pound bird would bring $12.25. These price scales have been greatly changed since the war. Dealers are offering this year from 20 to 30 cents a pound above average weight. A 30-pound goose will now bring a farmer from $16.50 to $18. Long before the time for stuffing the birds comes, the agents are in the field making offers and the goose flocks are usually sold months before they are brought to market. An over-supply of geese at the Watertown market has never been known.

Unique among the leaders in the goose-raising industry of Watertown is Fred Albrecht, who has made goose feeding the chief part of his farm work for 30 years. Among the other farmers who stuff geese, Mr. Albrecht is "king." Owner of a modern farm with large barns, automatic milking machines, and prize Holstein cattle, he nevertheless likes to raise geese. Not alone for the profit does Mr. Albrecht continue this work amid all the modern conveniences on his farm, but because he "likes to work with the birds."

On his farm, the geese come to his call of "woodie, woodie, woodie" as quickly as a dog obeys his master. They are anxious to be fondled. He will take them under his arm, and there is no struggling to be released from his grasp.

"People do not often realize the great benefits conferred on mankind by geese," said Mr. Albrecht. "If a list of the benefactors of mankind were compiled the goose would be in high rank. There is hardly a part of the bird but has served some useful purpose."

There is a great deal of homely philosophy about geese from the lips of this king of the goose raisers of America. He points out that for centuries, the quill of the goose was used as a pen and the fate of many a nation has been sealed with a few strokes of the quill. Nor does he forget the legend that cackling of the geese saved Rome.

Two weeks before the Christmas season, the quiet city of Watertown takes on the bustle of a busy market place. The packing of the geese for shipment to the eastern cities requires considerable time. Every effort is made to place the shipments in cartons that will insure transit without damage.

It is during this season of the year that the talk on the market turns to "geese," just as the visitor at New Orleans during the same season must listen for hours to long discussions of the habits and succulency of oysters.

In spite of all the allurements of modern farming which have come upon the community, the goose farms have not been abandoned, but there has been a steady increase in the size of the flocks, due to the increasing demands. Watertown prides itself on being the largest goose market in the world.

Veteransville—A Community of Silver Stars

Minnesota Project in Which Rehabilitation Is Self-starting

By GRACE E. POLK

ITS name is Veteransville, and there is no other town in the United States exactly like it. It is made up of 31 veterans of the World War, and every one is a silver-star man. Veteransville is Minnesota's answer to one of the problems of rehabilitation. Just at present the town site looks very much like any other cut-over land in Northern Minnesota, but if the hopes and plans of its founders materialize, in half a dozen years, it will be one of the busiest little co-operative towns in America. The idea is unique and was conceived by D. D. Mayne, head of the University of Minnesota Farm school, and worked out jointly by him and the Veterans' Bureau of the Tenth District. They planned, but it remained for "the boys" themselves to put it across. If the energy and the co-operation hold out—and the 31 say they will—Veteransville will become a model for many such ventures in the United States.

All the men of Veteransville are rehabilitation men, and are being educated by the government in farming. This education includes a three-year course at the Minnesota University Farm school with summers spent in practical demonstration on farms of the state under the supervision of government and farm-school experts. With several hundred former soldiers expecting at the end of their three years' course to make a living from the soil, Mr. Mayne, who has long been interested in trade schools and co-operative projects for rural districts, believed that some plan could be evolved whereby these men could buy their own land, work it during the summer months, and so have something to show for their efforts when they finished their education, instead of merely having put in their summers on land of others. As few of the soldier students have any means except their government pensions, and not many are capable of doing regularly the heaviest farm work, the project required, first of all, co-operation for its successful conduct.

Nobody on "sick call" at this formation of veterans.

The first plan suggested was the joint purchase of a large tract of land to be worked co-operatively and owned by an association, but to this plan the Veterans' Bureau refused its sanction, as impractical. The present plan was then evolved by which an option was to be secured on a large tract of land, the land divided into smaller tracts, according to its best uses, and each man given an opportunity to buy a tract on small payment down and "long time." There were to be no unnecessary restrictions, no picking of men for the project: any soldier student, who should be adjudged physically fit for farm work, was to be allowed to come into the association and share in the purchase of land. Though so entirely democratic in principle, the scheme, in its working out, did actually result in the association getting the pick of the rehabilitation men, for only those who were taking farming seriously and who were willing to assume responsibilities to succeed, cared to enter the association.

This plan for organization was O. K'd by the government, and on these lines an association was formed and three of its members sent out to look up a suitable tract. The tract settled on lies 15 miles east of Mille Lac Lake, second largest in size in Minnesota, in the center of Eastern Minnesota and midway between Duluth and the Twin Cities. The district was once heavily wooded with white pine and 25 years ago was the center of vast lumbering projects. The tract as originally chosen included 4,500 acres, and would have cared for a much larger colony than the present one but nearly two-thirds of the land was thrown out after inspection by the Veterans' Bureau on account of swamp, stone or other defects. The remaining 1,580 acres has already been taken up, either by actual purchase or by option, by the 31 men now at Veteransville, so that the colony can be enlarged only by obtaining neighboring tracts. Several of the men have taken 40-acre tracts with an option on an adjoining 40, for which the rules of the association provide. The land was obtained for slightly less than $25 an acre, and the men have five years in which to pay for it, so that with their average pensions of $100 a month, they should have no trouble in doing so.

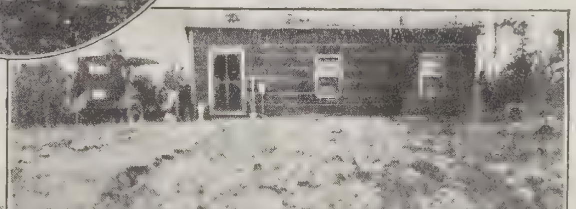
On a central 40 of the tract is an old lumber camp, with a dozen or more log buildings still standing. Twenty-five years ago they were used as headquarters for 3,000 men who logged in this region. Fire has been through the country several times since then, and two years ago it swept out of existence the 26 settlers' houses which formed the town of White Pine. A clearing about the old camp buildings and about the one-room schoolhouse saved them from the flames, and these buildings form the community center of the new town of Veteransville. This central 40 has been reserved, and option secured on it, and as soon as the association has been incorporated, it is planned to buy this 40 for the town site. Such, in brief, is the plan for the building of the silver-star town of Veteransville, and here is how the plan has worked out so far.

On May 1, the men arrived on the location. Some of them had already picked out their farms and had their projects passed on by the government. The rest were ready to do so as fast as they could. Eight of the men are married, and their wives either came with them or joined them soon afterward: several others are planning to get married within a short time.

When they arrived the land was rather a desolate looking place. Snow still covered it in patches: snags of pine trees, blackened by the fires, stuck out everywhere: the old buildings were what old lumber camp buildings always are, dirty—and worse: water from the Snake River covered all the land adjoining the future town site.

But the men came armed with enthusiasm and picric acid. In an undertaking of this sort, one is about as necessary as the other. On the second day after their arrival, they blew out the dam, which the old logging company had built, and by a few hours work reclaimed many acres of good pasture land along the river front. The unmarried men took over the main bunk house for their sleeping quarters, and the married men divided up the smaller shacks, settling two families to a shack, where feasible. The lumber company from whom the land was bought contracted to continue the "company store," and also to board the former soldiers, with a few of their own men still remaining, until January 1, 1923, at $16 a month. These arrangements have solved the living problem for the present, and given the men all their time to put in on their land.

"Fatigue" duty which none dodges.


The first arrival at Veteransville.

Co-operation squads of four work alternately clearing each other's land.

Co-operative farming colonies usually fail. The ideal seems good, but human frailties intervene to its destruction. Ever since the establishment of Brook Farm, groups of people in America have been banding together to do, in various ways, much the same thing that these 31 wounded soldiers of the war are doing. Two things have made Veteransville successful so far, and it is these two things, if anything, that will carry it forward to permanent success.

The first thing is that these men, with from one to three years' training in the University Farm school, are taking with them into this north country knowledge of the best ways in which to do their work and the spirit of scientific investigation which will lead them to try out their land for its best crops and its best method of cultivation. As an example of the latter, one of them has already, with a great sense of fun in the game, cleared out little patches here and there on his land and planted them to corn and various sorts of vegetables "just to see what will happen." With charred pine stumps the main impediment to cultivation of their land, the veterans immediately ordered in a carload of picric acid and began the "blowing-out" process.

The majority of the veterans have been on their land now for a little less than two months and they have an average clearage of three acres. Clearing in this case does not mean that the land is ready for the plow and crops, but that the stumps are out and the first grubbing done. The ordinary "jackpine farmer" in this neighborhood, grubbing out laboriously by hand, gets an acre a year cleared and is soon too discouraged to keep it up. Old settlers look with amazement on what has been done by these "boys" in a few brief weeks. Men from the Farm school and the Veterans' Bureau have kept in close touch with the work as it progressed, and helped with their kindly advice and suggestion. J. J. Dahlberg, of the bureau, has been detailed to remain at Veteransville a part of each month throughout the autumn and summer, and M. J. Thompson, of the Northeast Experiment Station, is a frequent visitor. E. O. Buhler, who sold the land to the men, has also taken more than a real estate dealer's interest in forwarding their welfare.

But the real thing that is making Veteransville a success is the spirit of co-operation. It's the old wartime spirit that men who fought in the trenches of France know so well. These men come out of fighting divisions. They have learned, not to forget, what it is to be near death, to be in pain, and yet to be courageous and helpful. Three of the 31 men lived through to tell the story, first-hand, of the famous "Lost Battalion": their big president, Knute Lothberg, went through every engagement in which the Fourth Division took part, from its organization until it was disbanded. Another man fought with the British tank corps and was wounded every time he went into action. No wonder every man is every other man's buddy and ready to help him in time of need. They take pride in what the others have accomplished. With the boyishness that characterized the men of the American Army, they even take pride in each other's wounds. "Now, you wouldn't think it to see him," said one man, "but that guy there's carrying 17 wounds. There wasn't much left of him but wounds when he came off the line."

When there's any work to be done for mutual benefit, they "pitch in" and do it together. They have put a fine hardwood floor into the big bunk house, taken out the old roof supports, which neighborhood wiseacres said couldn't be done, and hung the roof from the walls, and now they have the finest town assembly room and dance hall anywhere in the country. One of the first things they did after getting moved in was to put up the tallest flagpole they could find in the neighborhood. On Memorial Day, the women of the colony made a cross of flowers and Veteransville held the only Memorial Day program the farmers thereabout have seen since they moved in.

Co-operation is organized as well as unorganized. Buying in carload lots has saved them considerable. They hope to have an extension branch of the farm school opener at Veteransville.

"We're all bosses, so we all work," was one man's way of putting it.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Synthetic camphor, made from the turpentine of the pine forests of the South, is expected to remove Japan's control of the supply. The new process does not require elaborate machinery and can be made in plant units, and a by-product, which is the result of this synthetic treatment, has a commercial value almost equal to the cost of the original turpentine.

The Fascisti of Italy forced each landowner to hire a stated number of laborers for every hundred acres of land he owned or operated. This was done to abolish unemployment and increase production.

Premier Bonar Law outlining his anti-Coalition policy during the great parliamentary contest said, "The argument put forward that, in view of the pressure and danger from Labor, it was necessary to keep up even the name of a Coalition when the reality was gone, believe me, is a profound mistake. If we had succeeded in setting up, on the one hand, one party representing everything opposed to Labor, and, on the other, Labor alone, you could have done nothing which would have added more to the force of Labor, and you would have made it certain that, as an alternative government must come, the next government would have been a Labor government."

A 25-year-old ordained minister and his wife have entered grammar school in the seventh grade at Beaumont, Texas. Regular attendance at school was denied them during their childhood because they lived in an isolated district. The theological seminary is his educational goal as he wishes to qualify to minister to larger congregations.

A grub of the wood-boring variety is threatening to destroy many of the ancient architectural wonders of London. Westminster Abbey, the Guildhall and Saint Paul's Cathedral are among the buildings being attacked.

A newly discovered fiber known as "arghan" may take the place of flax and cotton in the manufacture of textiles. It is said to be half as strong again as the best flax and hemp, weaves into fine cloth that bleaches and dyes easily, resists the action of sea water and has unexcelled wearing qualities. It is derived from a plant of the maguey or pineapple type which originally grew only in South America. It is being transplanted to the Malay states, Ceylon and India by manufacturers who plan to bring it to perfection.

Experiments carried out in Seattle have developed a wood briquette that equals anthracite coal in heating value, according to reports. The new fuel is made of sawdust, bark and mill refuse now considered a total waste.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Scientists of Germany have synthesized a new chemical drug of importance in tropical medicine. This new drug, known as "Bayer 205," is antitoxin for sleeping sickness so common in Africa. The government of Germany has been called upon to safeguard this discovery, and not to grant the use of it to other nations except on condition that Germany's lost colonies be restored to her. Although Germany has no African colonies she appreciates the value of pharmacological research.

A skin suture, that leaves no unsightly scars in surgical operations, has been invented. The new suture is called "equistene" and is made by treating silk with chemicals so that the tissue cells cannot penetrate the meshes of the silk.

Ninety-seven per cent of Africa is ruled by the European.

"Lady Jewel," of Woodland, Washington, is the world's champion hen. She has broken all records by laying 335 eggs in one year or 11 times her own weight in eggs.

In Mukden, Manchuria, there is a street car line over which little dilapidated cars, each drawn by three Mongolian ponies, run from the walls of Mukden to the railroad station in the Japanese zone. These same cars were used on the cross-town lines in New York City 30 years ago. When New York discarded them they sold the cars to Tokyo, Japan, and when Tokyo adopted the electric system the cars were sold to a firm in Mukden.

Women were placed on a jury case in the supreme court in Red Deer, Alberta, for the first time in the history of Canada.

President Alvaro Obregon of Mexico travels extensively. He rarely journeys more than a day's ride from the capital but there is never a day of fiesta in any community of importance within that radius that the president doesn't attend. He plans to spend Christmas in his native state, Sonora.

Gray Gables, on Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, for years the summer home of Grover Cleveland, is to be cut up into lots and sold on the market.

Easter Island in the South Pacific is virtually devoid of vegetation and without bird life of any kind. Heavy winds prevent birds and trees from existing on the island which is triangular, 12 miles by 9 by 7. Two hundred Polynesians living there suffer perpetually from hunger. There are many high, carved stone images on the island, the origin of which never has been determined.

"Vibrac" steel is a new steel made in Manchester, England, which never tempers brittle and is absolutely reliable in behavior under any ordinary treatment.

Chief White Elk, Indian lecturer and head of the tribes of British Columbia, is on his way to England to present to King George the grievances of the Indians of the Pacific Coast of Canada. He is a Carlisle graduate and accompanied the Prince of Wales on his American tour in 1919. The Indians of British Columbia desire many reforms, chiefly in the direction of facilities for education.

Buildings of the University of Vienna are becoming unfit for use due to neglect and lack of money for repairs. The roof of University Hall has not been repaired since before the war and the rain is coming through, loosening the plaster, cracking the mouldings and staining the fine frescoes with dampness.

More than 700,000 pounds of honey was harvested in British Columbia during 1922.

The first form of an automobile made its appearance in the United States in 1795, according to an advertisement appearing in the *Columbian Sentinel* of Boston, October 14, 1795. It was heralded as the first moving carriage to appear in this country and the admission charge was three shillings.

Contractors who own the site on which London Bridge is built threaten to remove it, offering to set it up again in another place. To which proposition, lovers of old London reply, "A monument is not of masonry alone; it is the masonry plus the site."

A GOOD START FOR 1923

The next issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT starts the fifth year of its publication under Mr. Ford's ownership. During the past four years it has grown from a small village weekly, with a local circulation, to one of the foremost magazines published, with a world-wide circulation of more than a quarter of a million subscribers. These facts speak for themselves. If you are not already a subscriber to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, join our growing family today and start the New Year right. If you are a subscriber, call our publication to the attention of your friends and neighbors and urge them to subscribe.
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* * *

Power of Money and Credit

Of Every $1,000 Cleared by Banks in Year, There Was Just $1.78 in U. S. Money on Hand

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Now the Government Must Tax Itself!

With One Hand It Has Extended the Tax Net; With the Other It Has Provided Means of Escape; Now It Must Curb Itself

By AARON HARDY ULM

AT LAST it has come to the point where government in these United States must tax itself!

And in making it possible to do so there must be added—by the mere stroke of a pen—at least a billion dollars of value to the sales worth of mere paper. The paper is beautifully engraved and of very fine texture but, particularly in respect to that added value which is to be given it, is only paper.

And that isn't the only curious phase of the newest realm in the realm of national and general taxation.

Perhaps the most singular one is that virtually all schools of political thought favor it, most of them urging it as absolutely necessary. The extreme radical advocates it no more heartily than does the crabbed reactionary. Even those of that class which presumably is to be most affected by it are for it. Why shouldn't they be? The moment it is adopted it will make them considerably richer, at least potentially.

The proposal is contained in what, if adopted as it probably will be, is known as the Twentieth Amendment to the United States Constitution. The amendment would authorize both the Federal Government and the states to tax public securities, that is, national, state, city, county and all other bonds.

It wouldn't permit any additional taxing of those outstanding now or at the time of the amendment's adoption. In the main they are tax exempt, and to change their status would be a violation of contract. But just as soon as it is fixed in law that all future issues of public securities will be taxed, those outstanding will increase in sales value, say experts, in the amount of five to 10 per cent. This will be because of the enhanced "scarcity" factor in the tax-exempt quality adhering to these securities.

It is that tax-exempt quality which has confounded the best-laid plans of recent years with regard to taxation. It is a rather long story and somewhat involved but one that every citizen should know.

> **TAX-EXEMPT securities are drying up the sources of Federal taxation and they are encouraging unproductive and extravagant expenditures by states and municipalities. There is more than the menace of mounting public debt, there is the dissipation of capital which should be made available to the needs of productive industry . . . . public borrowing . . . . if left unchecked may soon threaten the stability of our institutions.**
> **—President Harding.**

It goes back in a way to the beginning of what is known as public credit, which, as used today, is a quite modern creation. The practice of borrowing on the public credit began, substantially, with the modern banking system, with which it grew up and expanded.

It was held until recent years that for a government to make its own tokens of debt taxable would be a foolish if not a costly procedure, and it rarely was engaged in.

If a government, for example, asked for a loan, say, of a thousand dollars, the interest it would have to pay was believed to depend somewhat on whether it taxed its promise to pay—as it usually did other like obligations, such as land mortgages and industrial securities. If the tax amounted to, say, one per cent, it would have to pay one cent more interest, or such was believed to be the case. Thus before the tax was collected, the government, it seemed, would first have to pay the money in the form of added interest to the borrower, which would be merely a swapping of dollars in which it was thought more would be lost than gained.

Therefore, most of the public securities that have been issued in this country were and are wholly or in the main tax exempt. The Federal Government's bonds always have been wholly exempt from taxation by the states or other auxiliary governmental units. While a large proportion of those now outstanding are subject under certain conditions to Federal income taxes there are, at least for the present, such wide exceptions that one of the best political economists in the country declares that, practically, scarcely any taxes have as yet been paid on any of them.

Congress once attempted to impose a tax on the bonds of states and cities but John Marshall, the famous Chief Justice, held that such was not permitted by the Constitution. In practically all the states bonds issued or authorized by them are tax exempt when held by their own citizens. In a majority, however, bonds of other states held by their citizens are subject to taxation.

For accuracy's sake, it is well to point out that public securities are not exempt from estate or inheritance taxes. This is because those taxes are held to be not on property but on the right to inherit property. These taxes do not amount to a great deal as far as bonds are concerned; nor do the taxes imposed by many states on bonds of other states held by their citizens.

It is probable that the $30,000,000,000 to $40,000,000,000 worth of domestic public bonds now outstanding in or for the various governmental units in this country are exempt in actual practice to at least 90 per cent measure from taxation of all kinds. That is, the holders of fortunes invested exclusively in them scarcely need to know that there is any such thing as a tax collector. They need not worry in the least, as far as their personal interests go, about the wastefulness of legislators or public administrators, unless it goes to the point, which rarely has happened in this country, of causing default in payment of interest or the principal of public debt. They can put their bonds away, and forget business, industry, government—everything. *And there are many such persons in this country now and the number has been greatly increased during recent years.*

The conditions which make their situations possible caused no great concern, to either political economists or reformers, until within the last few years. The problem was brought to focus by the effects resulting from the operations of the Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

That amendment went into effect about 10 years ago. It empowers Congress to "lay and collect taxes on incomes from whatever sources derived . . . ." Some able lawyers say that under that amendment Congress might tax bonds, but others contend that the Supreme Court has nullified the effect of the words "from whatever source derived" in so far as they relate to other than Federal securities.

The prime purpose of the Sixteenth Amendment ostensibly was to reach the tax shirker, to adjust Federal taxation more equitably to the rule of ability to pay. But many students predicted that evil as well as good would result from it. This, even its best friends now admit, has happened, though they claim and no doubt rightly that much good also has come from it.

Evils which even its critics didn't fully anticipate have flown from that amendment.

One is the buttressing in its tax-escaping security of a large part of the very wealth which the amendment was to make bear more fully its proper share of the governmental burden. The effect of that on national economy has gone much further than mere loss in revenues. For it has caused much so-called tax-avoiding wealth to turn "slacker" in an industrial as well as a tax-paying sense.

And the oddity of it is that in both directions it has been aided and abetted by government itself—so much so and so irretrievably that government now sees no way out of the dilemma except to check its extravagant use of it by taking its own credit and thereby itself.

Does the world of imagery present an example of more amusing contradiction, anomaly, and confusion than that?

The proposed Twentieth Amendment will thus be a supplement to the Sixteenth. The sacredness of contract prevents it from correcting any of the existing evils it aims at; it is expected only to curb or prevent them in future.

Those evils are typified by the tremendous increase that has been made in public securities, that is, national, state, county, city, school district and all other kinds of bonds, in the main tax free. In 1913 all those bonds amounted to a face value of only about $5,000,000,000. At that time less than $500,000,000 worth were issued and sold on the average during each year. Today they total somewhere between $30,000,000,000 and $40,000,000,000. In 1921, a year of financial depression, new ones totaling more than $1,300,000,000 were sold by the states, cities, counties and other units outside the Federal Government. Political economists say that unless some way is found for checking this orgy of public debt-making that within a few years the income of the nation will be absorbing annually from $2,000,000,000 to $3,000,000,000 worth of new public securities. And in that, they say, there would be a most direful social and economic threat.

Why this rampage of debt-making? No doubt there are several contributory reasons, such as wild public demand for improvements to be paid for by later generations and the belief of many public officials that the easiest way to make good popularly is to spend money which their successors will have to raise.

But the controlling reason for it is the demand for public securities.

And the underlying reason for the tremendous demand for public securities is the taxes imposed by authority of the aforesaid Sixteenth Amendment—namely, the income and so-called profits taxes.

For those taxes can be escaped, legally and morally and ethically, as ethics generally are interpreted, by taking money out of productive enterprises and putting it into tax-exempt public bonds.

And because of that fact the bonds sell better and possibly at lower rates of interest than otherwise would be the case. Therefore, more of them are issued and sold; and to get money to pay the interest on them the ordinary taxes, which the operation of the Sixteenth Amendment was expected to reduce, have grown at a rate never before known in the history of the country. And where $1,000,000 of wealth escaped all taxes before the amendment was adopted now tens of millions escape all tax burdens. And those who must borrow money to build homes or equip factories have greater difficulty getting it and must pay higher interest rates because the tokens of these kinds of debts are taxable—and those who owe them as a rule must pay the taxes in the form of bonuses or higher interest.

This, let the writer say, is no attack on the income tax in principle or practice. The only aim is to show by undisputed facts the curious results and effects which nearly always flow from even the best intended adventures taken by government along new roads. Undoubtedly many results in this particular case are, as now generally declared, good, possibly in measure sufficient to offset the evil.

But the evil, according to some of our leading political economists, is sufficient to carry a serious threat to the basic institutions of the country.

The evil is inherently destructive even of the good in the process. Although during the last half-dozen years large individual fortunes grew as never before in this country, the income tax books would indicate a phenomenal decline in them. In 1916, 1,296 persons and concerns reported taxable incomes of $300,000 or more. In 1919 there were reported only 679 such incomes. The drop in the total of income reported by that class was from $992.972,986 to $440,011,589. And there have been similar drops in substantial taxable incomes all along the line, both in income reported and actual taxes paid on it.

Did those incomes decrease as a whole in any such degree by reason of the high taxes or otherwise? Not at all. The sources of them were merely shifted to non-taxable avenues, paved with the tax-exempt public security.

The reason for that is illustrated clearly by figures prepared by specialists in the United States Treasury Department. They show that if a man has $1,000,000 to invest it is necessary that he put it into a taxable investment that will earn not less than 10 per cent if he is to get from it a net income equaling the net yield of that sum when put into five per cent non-taxable public bonds. The bigger the investment, the bigger must be the earning if the public bond competition is met.

The Federal Government, now on a fixed scale of operations that makes it necessary to look largely to big incomes for its revenues, is forced out of sheer protection of the revenues to favor a curb like that proposed in the suggested Twentieth Amendment. The adoption of the measure has been urged by both President Harding and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who, singularly, have the support of persons belonging to schools of political thought with which those two officials have little sympathy.

Therefore, there was little opposition to it when considered in open hearings by the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. It has been reported favorably for passage and if acted on by the present Congress it very probably will be passed. If it goes over it will have even better prospects in the new Congress.

What the state legislatures, which will have to ratify it, will do is not so certain. There is reason to believe that the plea of State rights is more of an article than a real ground of opposition. The amendment as now proposed gives to the states equal power to tax Federal as the national government seeks for taxing bonds issued by or on the authority of the states.

The real opposition is based in the theory that some sections can benefit at the expense of other sections.

Most public bond issues in the South, for example, are sold in the East. Under present tax exemptions they can be disposed of at lower interest rates than if they were fully taxable. Authorities say that the difference in interest would amount to one-half to one and one-half per cent. This would have to be paid, say the Southerners to the Eastern purchasers.

There undoubtedly is validity in the contention that the taxing of public securities—though in essence it amounts to taxing public credit—will tend to curb the development of a peculiar class of idle and non-taxpaying "coupon clippers." It also will discourage the issuing of public bonds.

It also will make more secure the tax-raising facilities possessed by Congress and given almost revolutionary enlargement by the income tax amendment. This of itself may or may not be good, depending on whether Congress should have an unlimited field for raising and spending money.

Though it extends Federal power there is scarcely any alternative except abandonment of the income tax.

One affected interest—holders on large scale of outstanding mortgages on the public—will be immediate gainers, through the increased sales value given the bonds already procured by them. That, however, will not be a toll on the taxpaying public, as the increase will be wholly in sales value.

The new tax proposal is approved, not because it is excellent *per se* but because it is the only way by which legislators can correct gigantic evils resulting from things already established.

"Truth Crushed to Earth"

A Second Chapter of the Amazing Story of the Killing of Major A. P. Cronkhite

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

Harris & Ewing

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. CRONKHITE

WHILE a United States Army officer of high rank—a divisional commander—was leading his country's troops to action on a foreign battlefield, his young son was shot and killed on an army reservation in a western state. The young man was a major in the 213th Engineers, which he was training at the time for service abroad. He was 24 years old, and only three years before had been graduated from West Point. He was regarded by the junior officers and men in the ranks as the ideal commander. He was of an old and distinguished family, whose representatives had served their country in posts of honor for many generations.

The death of this young man was mysterious. It took place on a lonely and unused trail through the woods which he had been persuaded to penetrate. There were but two witnesses, and these swore before a military board of inquiry that he had shot himself by accident. About two and one-half years later, one of these men confessed that it was a shot from his pistol that had killed the major. He at once pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter before a United States commissioner. He implicated his fellow witness, and both men were indicted by a Federal grand jury.

But while proceedings were pending for the extradition of the two indicted men in New York City, a powerful racial organization, with fanatical leaders and unlimited resources, intervened, and asserted that one of the men should never be brought to trial. There is evidence to be presented, and there are witnesses to be examined. But this organization promises that the evidence shall never see the light, that the witnesses shall never be heard.

Beclouding the Public Mind

BY EXPENDING great sums of money, and inaugurating a publicity campaign unparalleled in scope, it is trying to becloud the public mind from the true issue, while in the courts its lawyers, with every quibble and loophole known to law, are tying the hands of prosecutors. They assert that, if need be, they shall bury the case for years by appeals to the Supreme Court of the country. In obstructing the course of justice, they have set up a plea that the United States has no jurisdiction in trying men wearing the uniform of the United States Army, who are charged with shooting their officer, while he was engaged in training his troops on an army reservation in time of war.

When a man confesses manslaughter and incriminates a supposed accomplice, the public officers who failed to proceed with the case would be liable to removal. But because they insisted upon the performance of their duty, an avalanche of attacks has been launched upon the chief law officers of the government, from the Attorney-General to the United States attorneys of the Federal districts, down to the agents of the Department of Justice who, in one way or another, have been identified with the case in widely separated parts of the country.

In this campaign, aspersions have been cast upon the young officer who was killed, his father has been attacked, and even his mother has not been spared.

One of the accused men has had the temerity, in public prints, under his own name, to charge that government officials promised him to drop the case if he would get his rich friends to put up money, and he has predicted a coming impeachment of the Attorney-General. **Is it possible that any organization in this country has the power to obtain, for racial reasons, the impeachment of a United States Attorney-General** because he is active in the performance of his duty?

In view of the fate that overtook a one-time governor of the state of New York, in similar circumstances, several years ago, this would not seem so improbable. An unfortunate youth, who had offended a Jewish Wall Street banker, had been sent to state's prison for the fearful term of 30 years. Time passed, but the cruel story came to light. A grand jury exonerated the convict, and pronounced him not guilty of the crime that had been charged against him. He was released from prison by the governor. But the father of the banker, himself a financier of wide influence, was infuriated by the fact that a public official had dared pardon the unfortunate, and it was on his testimony—which he had the power to withhold, had he so wished—that this same governor of the Empire State was impeached and removed from office. *Persons identified with this heartless affair were members of the same organization which is now protecting Rosenbluth.*

The other day I asked a prominent official of the government, "Do you believe these people will go to the length of obtaining a habeas corpus writ, and appealing their case to the Supreme Court?"

He responded quickly: "It would be a foolhardy act. *If they maneuver to keep these men from pleading to the indictments found against them in Tacoma, the Rosenbluth case will never be forgotten—it won't die in men's memory.*"

Statements made by a former member of the 213th Engineers, started agents of the Department of Justice on a hunt for Robert Rosenbluth, once captain, and Rolland R. Pothier, former sergeant bugler of the regiment—the two witnesses to the death of Major Cronkhite.

Robert Rosenbluth is a man now from 44 to 45 years old. He is rather short and thickset, and inclined to be careless in his attire. In appearance he shows his descent from an East European race. He has earned himself the reputation of being a great talker.

Left the Country Hurriedly

THE department agents learned that, after he had been mustered out in January, 1919, Rosenbluth immediately made haste in getting out of the country. He was away for more than a year and a half, evidently on some private mission of his own. When he returned to the United States, he was kept under surveillance for several months, and was then arrested, in March, 1921. When arraigned before United States Commissioner Hitchcock, in the Federal Building, New York City, Assistant United States Attorney, John E. Joyce, stated that the government had in its possession evidence sufficient to hold the man on a charge of murder.

At the time of his arrest and arraignment, Rosenbluth said that *he had been in Siberia, Turkey and other countries, engaged in collecting information and statistics, which he sold on his return here, to cover his traveling expenses. He told the agents that he could not understand how a shot by Pothier could have killed Major Cronkhite, because he had been standing between the two men when the shot was fired. His version of the shooting was that a bullet which struck a metal can had been deflected, killing the young officer. "I have absolute confidence in Attorney-General Daugherty," he said. "I am willing to return to Tacoma immediately and face any charges. I demand an open hearing and a real investigation."*

The above statements of Rosenbluth have been italicised, because, as shall be shown, later, in view of developments, he absolutely reversed them all.

Rolland R. Pothier is a short, stocky man, with a dark complexion, 28 years old, and of French-Canadian descent. Eight months after the shooting of the major, he was discharged from the army. He disappeared, was heard from in various sections of the country, and was finally located in Rhode Island, where he was working as a brakeman on the New Haven Railroad.

A man in the position in which Pothier then found himself, questioned and harassed by agents of the government, is like a trapped animal. He turns this way and that, he prevaricates, he contradicts himself. But the testimony of former comrades was quoted against him. His young wife pleaded with him to tell the Federal agents everything. Father Liberté, the priest of his church in Central Falls, Rhode Island, visited him and besought the wretched man to bare the truth. It was to his priest that Pothier first confessed that he had shot Major Cronkhite. Then, finally, a confession of the entire circumstances was forced from his reluctant lips.

Statement made by Rolland R. Pothier at the Providence County Jail, Howard, Rhode Island, March 24, 1921.

I, Rolland R. Pothier, on oath, depose and say that about four or five days before the shooting of Major Cronkhite, Captain Rosenbluth called me over to a space behind headquarters company and asked me if I was any kind of a shot, and if I ever handled a pistol before; that I answered, that the only time I ever handled a pistol was at target practice and he asked me where, and I said at Panama; that he then said: "You don't have to be an expert for what I want you to do"; that I did not ask him what that was; that he then said: "All right, I will see you later"; that I then left him and went to my quarters.

That on the next night, or the night after, I again met Captain Rosenbluth at the same place; that he asked me if I was going out with the school of reconnaissance and I said that I had heard nothing about it; he told me that it was for all noncommissioned officers, and he didn't see any reason why I should not go; that I said: "If that is so, I guess I am included with them." He then asked me if I remembered what he had said to me the other night about firing a pistol; I answered "Yes," and he then asked me if I had any idea what it was for, and I answered "No"; that he then said: "I want to get Major Cronkhite"; that I asked him what he meant, and he said: "I want you to kill him"; that I asked him what his reasons were, and he said: "Because we want to get him out of the way"; that I asked him why he wanted to get the major out of the way, and he said: "You never mind. You will find out later"; then I asked him whom he meant by "we," and if I was included in it; he said: "No, you are not included in it"; that I then said: "How am I going to get out of this thing if they put the blame on me?" and he said: "Never mind, I will see that everything will be all right"; that I then asked him how he would see that everything would be all right; he answered: "If you get sent to jail, I will get the best lawyers I can to get you out of it"; that I then asked him about the disgrace on my father and mother, and he said that he could not say anything about that; when I told him I was the only one who would suffer, he told me that he would see to that, and I need not worry about it; that I then asked him how I was to do the job, and he then asked me if I had ever been to this place before (meaning Camp Lewis) and I told him that I had not; he then said: "I have looked over the maps, and from what I could see, I think I have found a good location for it (meaning the killing of the major) and when we get there I will tell you. Be sure that you get him in a good place, so that he won't have a chance to say anything"; that I asked him where he wanted me to shoot him, and he said: "Of course you will be standing on his right side, and it won't be a bad idea to get him about here" (pointing to a spot about even with his heart); that I asked him what I was going to do after I shot him, and he said: "You never mind, I will be somewhere around, and when I see him fall, I will run up and grab him"; that he said further: "Then I will yell for a doctor and get him down there, and we will go about it just as if he shot himself. If there are any questions asked, I will tell them that he shot himself accidentally," and that I was to say nothing; that I said: "Suppose they ask me how it happened?" and he said: "You tell them it was target practice, and that the major shot himself accidentally, and everything will be all right"; that he then said:

(Concluded on page 13)

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Hollywood Again

IN SPITE of the press agent stuff which followed the Arbuckle scandal, and the assurance then given the country that Moviedom was a quiet place where the people drank tea and went to bed at 9 o'clock and attended church on Sunday—in spite of that, and emphatic of the falsity of all that, scandal has broken loose again.

And it is going to break loose again and again and again. There is no stopping it now.

Because, the whole business is enmeshed in stupidity. Two years ago, men who were really interested in restoring or creating a decent reputation for the business, took up with the chief rulers of Moviedom this very dope business. Also, one of the chief figures was named on a Federal warrant and was about to be arrested. What happened? Why, the chief rulers, aided and abetted by the social and political lights of Los Angeles ordered "hands off!" and even the Federal warrant was not served.

These things are known. Things still worse are known.

The most hopeless element in it all is that the newspapers know all this stuff beforehand, yet never lift a hand concerning it until it "breaks," as they say. And then they wax tremendously indignant about it. But, of course, the newspapers, like the movies, are paying for that kind of betrayal. Public confidence in a newspaper is in direct ratio to its public service. The newspapers render all kinds of propaganda service, but very few of them know what public service is.

In the midst of all this, the country turns to that good Presbyterian elder, Will Hays. His Presbyterian eldership is not referred to in a spirit of flippancy. Frankly, it was the most hopeful fact about Will Hays when he threw in his lot with his present employers. There is something about sound Presbyterianism that unmistakably asserts itself when it comes in contact with organized rottenness. Which, of course, is only one way of saying the same thing about Christian taste and temper generally.

And what was Will Hays doing about this time? He was dickering for a return of Fatty Arbuckle to the central circle of the American Film! And he was handing out sob-stuff about other doubtful persons. It is not that Will Hays has actually ordered the return of Arbuckle, nor that he has done other things—these are not the fatal elements; the fatal element was that he thought he could do it and make it stick. It proves conclusively what many have suspected, that Will Hays' fundamental disqualification is his inability to understand the psychology of the American people. And this is the more surprising because it was upon that supposed ability that his reputation has been built. Whether Hays has been kidding himself, whether he has made himself believe that maudlin sentimentality is moral sentiment, whether the success of his make-believe personal friendliness by letter in his mail-order campaigns and his capacity to stage effervescent good will has deluded him into thinking that he could pursue that course forever, are questions which a few observers have answered in the affirmative from the beginning.

He has made not only a serious mistake, but a fatal one. Perhaps it was inevitable. If his employers hired him to smooth things over, they have got what was coming to them. Any man, "white, free and twenty-one," whose mind could harbor the thought that he could work the Christmas Good Will feeling to bring Arbuckle back into the eye of the American people, into schools and recreation centers and public halls of entertainment, for the sole purpose of loading hundreds of thousands of dollars on that over-rated young man, and millions of dollars on his "owner," shows an incurable defect of judgment. It might go in politics; Will Hays has seen it work in politics many a time; but it wears out. It has worn out now. The American people are not vindictive nor would they hound poor Arbuckle. They would not prevent his earning a living. Only they object to his being established in the easiest chair in the national parlor, so to speak; they think it would be better taste if he were to work out his salvation in more modest ways. The net result is that the hard common sense of the American people has made Will Hays' Christmas nonsense look pretty sick.

In the midst of all this, what is to become of Mr. Hays himself? His employers do not like to retain stage failures. And he has failed, right in front of the footlights, with all the Christmas scenery falling on him. It has been predicted for months that Will Hays would do one of two things. Either he would pull off some superficial improvement in Moviedom and then resign in a properly press-agented blaze of glory, bowing to the American people and declaring that he had accomplished the great work he had set out to do; or, failing to get his employers to improve even superficially, he would pull the indignation stunt and throw up his munificent salary, protesting to the American people to witness the integrity of his soul by his sacrifice. After the Arbuckle incident, it is difficult to see how he can do the first. And, after the Arbuckle incident, it is more difficult to see how he can do the second.

It appears that Hays' employers have jockied him into an awkward position. They are experts at that.

All that remains now is another deluge of publicity dope telling how really nice Moviedom is.

Then—Crash!—with the next scandal.

Put Up or Shut Up, Mr. Kahn

OTTO H. KAHN, who likes to have Europe regard him as the financial ambassador of the United States, and who usually talks as if he were, although goodness knows that the people of the United States are not aware that they have the honor of being represented by him, is at it again, advising the people of the United States as to the course of conduct they should pursue with regard to the war debts.

In whose interest, that is, in what national interest, Mr. Kahn may be speaking, is not clear. Born a German citizen, acquiring British citizenship, and at a recent election having his assumed American citizenship called in question, it is not clear what nation is the proposed beneficiary of Mr. Kahn's remarks, although the natural presumption is, Germany. Mr. Kahn's firm has never relinquished its close German relations; indeed, Mr. Kahn's firm may be described as the American branch of a German-Jewish house—none of the partners, that is, none of the "American" partners, being American-born, nor even distinctively American in their thought.

It may be thought a trifle indelicate to make these allusions, but it is nothing to the indelicacy of Mr. Kahn in assuming to speak to or for this American nation. The man's vanity is somewhat overdue for a pricking, and it is certainly the duty of someone in authority at Washington to drop a word at London and Paris that Mr. Kahn's canned statements on international financial affairs may be perfectly legitimate as propaganda for the plans of the house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, but are certainly not the unofficial utterances of any one in authority. On second thought, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT would become rather insistent that a sufficient authority at Washington do this very thing, quietly and effectively. The spectacle has gone too far for our national dignity as it is, much too far.

The only right which Mr. Kahn has in the matter of debt cancellations is to cancel some of the obligations which he and his partners hold. Unless he thinks the public is too great a fool, it must occur to Mr. Kahn at times that his fervent pleas for financial aid for the countries abroad in which he is interested would come with much better grace if he and his associates were to set the example.

The people are well aware by this time that the reason bankers of Mr. Kahn's type want the government to do certain things is that these bankers may then have easier squeezing of the debts which will not be canceled. It is comparatively easy to be generous with the Liberty bond dollars—but what about the same policy with reference to a few Kuhn, Loeb dollars? It would at least purchase Mr. Kahn the right to talk, a right he does not possess.

The Bonus

ONE fact concerning the soldiers' bonus has never been disputed: the money lenders will get more than will the soldiers. That is a fact which should be kept to the front of the discussion. Amid all the propaganda, ranging from the veriest melodrama to the stern assertion that a certain organization has demanded the bonus and is going to get it if for no other reason than to prove its power with the United States Government, amid all the drifting talk for the bonus and against it, let that fact stand out and let the soldiers themselves face it.

The whole bonus question has fallen into an unfortunate posture. What should have come, if it had come at all, as a gift from the people, a national gesture of gratitude, has become instead a demand, and, much worse than that, a political football. The whole bonus aspect of the matter has been wiped out. The spirit of generosity and gratitude has been completely eliminated. The question has descended to the region of cold finance, and the ugly fact confronts us that whatever sum may be given to the soldiers, a much larger sum will be given the money brokers.

If the question should be put up to the service men in this form: *Are you in favor of giving the money brokers another big chunk of war profits in the shape of a bonus larger than Congress would give you?*—would the soldiers vote for it?

It is well understood that one of the grievances the returned soldier has against the whole business of which he was a part, is that while he was giving himself to the army, the profiteers at home were looting the country. The expression of this grievance is justified. No more hideous form of gain exists than that which coins the war distresses of a nation. Not the soldier only, but the nation joins in the condemnation of it.

Yet, it is to these money brokers, the chief beneficiaries of the war, that the United States Government will have to go to borrow money for the bonus, and in borrowing will agree to a rate of interest which will certainly give the brokers about 25 per cent more than the soldiers would receive.

In one of the states, a bonus was given the soldiers of that state. The sum given was $30,000,000. The sum which the money brokers will eventually collect will be $57,000,000. It will cost the soldiers resident in that state as taxpayers just $87,000,000 to handle $30,000,000 in very small driblets of dollars per man.

There ought to be some expression of opinion on this aspect of the question from the prospective beneficiaries of the bonus. They represent the generation which will be paying the bulk of the taxes during the life of the loan. For the next 30 to 50 years the soldiers who may receive the bonus will be paying it back—nearly double. And the interests to whom they will be paying will be the same interests that have already swamped the world by their unholy profits.

Do the soldiers vote to give them another big slice of war swag?

The likely thing is that, from this point of view, the soldier would vote No.

This does not necessarily dispose of the bonus. Does young America as represented in the disbanded legions have no suggestion to offer which would eliminate the money brokers? Does the young soldier relish the spectacle of his Government being compelled to go down to the money barons and beg for money, paying a stiff rate of interest for the very money which the government certifies, and gives these same barons the right to issue and circulate? Does the soldier, honestly witnessing such a spectacle, feel that it is just right? Does it not strike him as being wrong somewhere, even though he may not be able to say just where it is wrong?

Does he think he is justified in forcing the government to do that, if there is another way?

Does he not think that one of the greatest services the legions can render the country is to set its multitude of minds to work to liberate the Nation from bondage to the masters of money? Would it not be the winning of another great war, the conquest of the cause of all wars, if the legions could restore to the United States Government control over its own money?

It is a question which will repay the serious thought of every man who saw service in the army. Here, in connection with the bonus discussion, is another service that may be rendered the country. Let the legions ponder it.

Mr. Ford's Page

ONE IS sometimes asked what is the greatest hindrance to a satisfactory life. A satisfactory life is one that fulfills up to the highest measure one's capacity for achievement and the sense of accomplishment, and then widens and deepens and develops that measure so that the man shall become better and bigger than his success. The only value of success is that it has made the man bigger, and anything that makes him bigger in power of mind or keenness of insight has been a success. This, of course, will differ with different people. We can only have the experiences we are able to receive and make use of, the rest slips by us.

The first thing to do is to get the material aspect of the question out of the way. We are rapidly moving out of that stage of human experience where success meant that a man had enough food and comfortable furniture. We get a sidelight on human nature when we remember that these were once thought the prizes of life. All that is changed: we believe that these creature necessities and comforts are the rights of all who work; and the steady readjustment of industry, wherever its leaders are awake, is toward the guaranty of these things. We are approaching a stage where success will be measured by something besides the fact that one man has a comfortable chair to sit in and the other hasn't. When both have chairs, because they both ought to have them, then the measure of success will be based on something higher.

So, with that taken care of, what are the chief hindrances to men finding that satisfactory adjustment between work and their own minds which is the essence of happiness? The chief hindrances are Fear and Pride. We hear a great deal about Fear, almost everyone has learned what a corroding influence it is, and everyone condemns it—but how many have succeeded in getting from under it?

Nothing is easier than to tell a man to get rid of fear. To tell him *how* is another matter. No one can *tell* him anything about it, but it always happens in the good providence of things that when a man has come to the point where it is possible to liberate him, some person or some idea is there waiting for him to help him accomplish it. Those are emancipated who are ready and willing.

Most men were born with fears of one kind or another. Some few have never known a fear. When men are young in fear, it is the Thing which they cannot see that frightens them—they are afraid of the dark. And the Thing they fear is never there. Then they grow older and they begin to fear many other things, and the difference is this—the Thing they fear is *there*, but it isn't worth fearing. The Thing that is there, tangible, understandable, is never worth fearing. That is the difference between childhood and maturity regarding the things they fear; in childhood we fear the unknown, in manhood the known. The one is fear of mystery, the other is a species of cowardice. We are gentle with the child in its fear, but with men the only treatment is to tell them to "come out of it!" Cowardice—too cowardly to face the experiences that everybody faces—Fear is too high a name to give it. Men, who do not fear God and yet fear men, need not be given too much dignity as to their emotions.

Pride is something of the same thing. Men are constantly getting out of the cowardice they misname fear, but Pride presents another problem. Half the opposition to industrial reorganization comes from Pride. You go into a shop and try to put it on a basis of successful operation and you will find nine times out of ten that the things you have to change are the very things in which someone takes an inordinate pride. Very recently the rebuilding of a broken down industry required the change of a certain practice. Analysis of the matter showed that this practice was at the core of the whole failure. The manager wanted to save this practice at any cost, because it was his, he had a pride in it. The clash came right there. Pride was stubborn and blind, and it had to be overridden. But the factory began to pick up immediately, like a patient which had never had right treatment before.

> *THE wrong kind of pride has wrecked many a career. It usually roots in the wrong thing. Observe for yourself and see if it is not so, that a man given to pride is usually proud of the wrong thing. Some men are so proud of their method, their system, that they think it is more important than the job itself. Touch their method and they bristle with indignation, although it may be that their method is ruining the job. The job is the thing. Become more job-centered and less self-centered and there will be less friction, less personal "touchiness" in business. Be ready to revise any system, scrap any method, abandon any theory, if the success of the job requires it.*

The instances where Pride has proved the hindrance in business are so numerous that one could go on quoting without end. It is peculiarly the hindrance of the professional type of mind. There is something about professional training which, in some natures, not in all, breeds a very unpleasant feeling of superiority. That is, it is unpleasant to one seeing it from the outside, and it must be extremely unpleasant for anyone to carry around inside himself. You set this type of mind at a task and presently you see it building up methods, and methods, until it is encased in a castle of methods, and very soon the operation of the methods takes so much time and energy that nothing is left for the main job. This type of mind likes sheets of paper more than people, and written reports more than first-hand performance. After awhile, if you try to release it from its castle of card indexes, if you try to liberate it from its delusion of office fussiness, then you come against that mighty obstacle—Pride. Ah, the man takes pride in his system! he revels in his method! Touch that, and you touch his life! He will be blind while you show him that his system does not reach farther than the four walls of his office; he will be deaf while you tell him that achievement must show elsewhere than on paper—the obstacle of Pride is there, and another clash is imminent.

We have just spoken of Pride as the obstacle, but that should be explained: it is an obstacle only to the man who lives on it. Its weakness is that anyone can wound it, and only a little authority can completely overthrow it. Its weakness is that it usually roots itself in the wrong thing. Practice a little observation and see if it is not the case that a man given to pride *is usually proud of the wrong thing*. He plants his pride where he cannot defend it, where it cannot defend itself.

Now, in business the job is the thing. When men are job-centered they are less self-centered and there is therefore less soil for the interference of personal likes and dislikes, personal prides or personal prejudices. If there is any pride, it is centered in the job. If there is any prejudice, it is with reference to the job. The job is the thing. Any method is willingly revised or abandoned, any cherished theory is immediately scrapped, any personal element is completely sunk, in the great central importance of the job. If a job isn't big enough to command this sort of allegiance in a man, he should make it big enough, and if he can't do that he should find one that is big enough. There are many jobs that must disappear too—picayunish jobs that do not contribute to the general welfare; jobs that drain the real job, jobs that cannot compel the loyalty and admiration and zeal of men. The time is coming when men will not merely demand the right to work, but they will demand the dignity of a work that counts for something. Society is already getting rid of the things that do not contribute, and industry will speedily get rid of the spirit that does not contribute.

The wrong kind of pride does not contribute. It deceives the man who harbors it and hinders everyone within the radius of its malign influence. It has wrecked careers that might have been useful. When a man falls in love with his way, his method, his system, and exalts them to the place of chief importance; when he resents competent criticism and change designed to focus his attention and efforts on the central job, he is then on the downgrade. Employers will know what this means, and so will many employes. Get rid of the wrong kind of pride. To be sure that you have the right kind of pride, just examine whether it focuses on the job.

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The Mummers' Parade—an American Event

Nothing Like Philadelphia's New Year Spectacle Anywhere in World; No Program, But Attracts Million

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

Winner of one of the many mummer prizes offered by the city.

Hobbyhorse mummers.

ACROSS section of the beauty and splendor of barbaric pageantry common to all races of man in the early days of their development has just been staged in Philadelphia. It brought together approximately 5,000 volunteer performers, some as individuals and some in groups or clubs, in the weirdest collection of costumes imaginable, ranging from the flimsiest of dancing girl tights to elaborate cloaks weighing hundreds of pounds and requiring the assistance for the wearers of scores of pages.

Philadelphia witnessed on New Year's Day all that color and spectacle in the form of the annual Mummers' Parade. There were more than a million spectators. A quarter of that number were visitors, many from points as far distant as Chicago.

There is nothing quite like the Mummers' Parade anywhere else in the world. Historians assert that the general idea back of the parade can be traced far back into the dawn of history. Specifically, it is an unconscious revival of William the Conqueror's first riotous Christmas in England and of the festival directed by the "Lords of Misrule" who came after him a few centuries later.

Although the Mummers' Parade has become almost a national event, it has no directing head. The truly amazing feature of it is its absolute spontaneity. During the 70 years it has been held a number of clubs have been organized and developed, but in addition there are hundreds of individual participants. Another curious fact is that all the paraders, until recent years, came from a single district; and even now fully 90 per cent of those in line are from that unique section of Philadelphia locally known as "The Neck." The original city was located between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers about five miles from the junction of those streams. The land widens with bends of the rivers just before the junction is reached. For years uncounted that territory, never fully built up, has been a great truck-farming section. Just to the north is the melting pot, with every race in the world represented, but in "The Neck" nearly all the residents are American-born, many of them tracing their ancestry back far beyond the Revolution.

Some explanation may be found for the imagination and dramatic ability back of the Mummers' Parade when it is stated that "Neckers" and their offspring in South Philadelphia are generally credited by vaudeville comedians with the invention of a great majority of the slang terms in general use. All the great stage comedians take occasion to visit the pool rooms and other gathering places of the section every year or so. There they pick up snatches of slang and "smart cracks" to be retailed later all over the country. That is the background of the Mummers' Parade.

The procession moves over a stretch of about 15 miles on Broad street, nearly the full length of the city, and sometimes continues on leading business thoroughfares. Attempts to describe it have been made time and again, but always they have failed to do justice. In general terms, it is a peaceful riot. It has many of the features of the circus, including clowns. Clubs go to elaborate lengths in the building and equipment of floats to satirize some national or local issue. Traditions that underlie the custom in this country have been changed and corrupted by time until the parade, in addition to all of that, is a curious combination of festivals that originally bore no relation to one another. Yet it is remarkable for the methods and ideas of celebrations that it has preserved intact.

Historians have definitely traced the origin of many of the mummers' features back to the Battle of Hastings in 1066 and to Taillefer, one of the Norman minstrels, who rode in front of the invading army, singing the song of Roland, Charlemagne's heroic captain, as he charged the English line. Taillefer has been called the "king of all the mummers." It is held by some authorities that Taillefer's death was commemorated the following Christmas, when the Conqueror was crowned king of England, with a magnificent feast, which was later imitated by his barons with their minstrels and jugglers. Longfellow has sung of those old Christmas celebrations;

In the Hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
    Many a carol, old and saintly,
        Sang the minstrels and the waits.
And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen
    That the storm was heard but faintly
        Knocking at the castle gates.

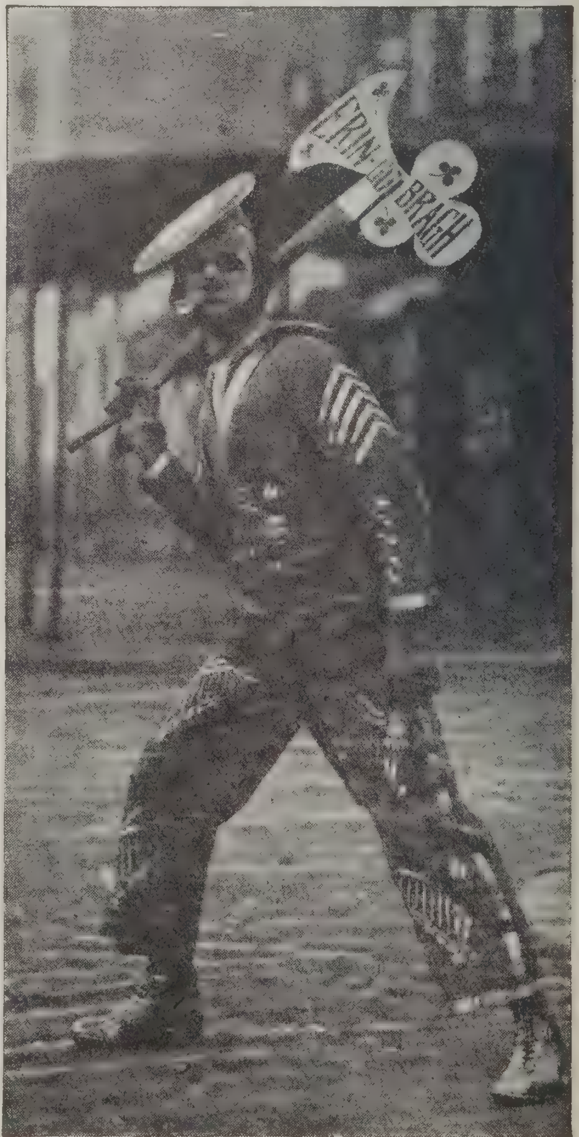
"Within a couple of centuries," says one historian, "the festival was extending over weeks, and the English kings, with a joyous people helping them, were celebrating all the way from Halloween, in the latter part of October, to the day after Purification, early in February. The very Halloween disguises we indulge in nowadays belong to those ancient days. When Edward III held his grand Christmas Festival at Guildford, orders were given to manufacture for the Christmas sports 80 tunics of buckram of different colors, and a large number of masks, some with faces of women, some with bears, some like angel heads of silver. There were mantles embroidered in heads of dragons, tunics wrought with heads and wings of peacocks.

"A lord of misrule was appointed, who reigned during the whole of the period, and was called then the master of merry disports. There was nothing but a succession of masques, disguisings and dances of all kinds. All the nobles, even the Mayor of London, had an officer of this king chosen in their households."

Historians agree that bone-breaking features of the festival were abandoned during or after the time of Henry VIII, after which the celebration in England became a splendid pageant with extravagant set scenes and a curious medley of nymphs, savages, heathen deities, Christian saints, giants and hobgoblins. The type of men that took part in the celebration in those days is described in one of King Henry's regulations for the liberties of the lower classes in popular games, and allowing for differences in definitions the description fits the Philadelphia mummers. The monarch put into the "lower classes" all manner of "artificers or craftsmen of any handicraft or occupation, husbandmen, apprentices, laborers, servants at husbandry, journeymen, or servants of artificers, mariners, fishermen, watermen or any serving men."

It was during the reign of Edward VI, however, that the "mummeries" came into the greatest splendor. That was due in great part to the rise of George Ferrara, as the "Lord of Misrule" of whom Mollinshed wrote:

"By order of the Councell, there was a wise gentleman and learned named George Ferrara, appointed to the office of Lord Misrule, who, being of better credit



One of the mummers who attracted considerable attention.

MRS J
MRS M
AST.
BEEF D.
C

A feature of the 1922 Mummers' Parade that called forth much favorable comment.

and estimation than commonlie his predecessors had been before, received all his commissions and warrants by the name of the master of the King's pastimes. Which gentleman so well supplied his office, both in show of sundry sights and devices of rare inventions, and in acts of diverse interludes, and matters of pastimes plaied by persons, as not only satisfied the common sort, but also were verie well liked and allowed by the Councell, and others of skill in the like pastimes, but best of all by the young king himselfe, as appeared by his princelie liberalitie in rewarding that service."

Philadelphia now owns virtually all that is left of the ancient outdoor English Christmas, for the last survivors beyond the sea are some lads who, distinct from the mummers, yet closely akin to them in origin and time of observance, are the sword actors of the annual open-air play, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," in the vicinity of Leeds. Disguised with false beards, they dress in costumes appropriate to the occasion as their knowledge and finances will permit.

As originally revived in Philadelphia the mummers offered little more than a reminiscence of the English saturnalia celebrated under the direction of the first lords of misrule. How the custom developed here the historians never have been able to determine accurately. It is known only that 70 or 80 years ago, in the sparsely settled sections of South Philadelphia, parties of young men dressed in fantastic garb appeared on New Year's Day, going from house to house and demanding dole, and reciting rhymes explanatory of their customs. One historian writes of the early Philadelphia mummers:

"These mummeries, however, did not find favor with all the people. In fact, Christmas itself was not generally observed. The Quakers did not incline to the commemoration of holidays, nor did the more rigid of the Protestant sects, especially the Presbyterians."

Nevertheless the custom flourished. About 50 years ago some of the independent bands parading the streets of their home sections began to join for more elaborate processions into the more built-up districts of the city. But it is only within the last decade that the Mummers' Parade has become a real institution, and even in that period its continuance has been threatened. Nobody knows definitely until the day of the parade how many clubs and individuals will be in line.

Each year the city council of Philadelphia hangs up about $12,000 in prizes, and in addition various business men's associations now encourage the celebration by appropriate prizes of cash and merchandise. The total value of all the prizes, however, fails to equal the cost of the spectacle. Therefore, while its commercial value to the city runs into the millions, the celebration itself has not been put on a commercial basis. Some of the mummers spend all their leisure time from one year's end to another preparing for the parade, without any hope of reward in money. The affair has even taken on, indirectly, some of the brutality of early celebrations, although that is more accident than design. Nearly every year there are deaths of mummers as a result of exposure. The female impersonators particularly take desperate chances with the weather. Last year three of them collapsed from cold before the parade had reached the center of the city. They were clad in ballet costumes offering no protection from the weather. Dancing through 15 miles of sleet in such a costume is not exactly conducive to good health. Police regulations have been made from time to time in the effort to protect such performers, but they have been rescinded at the last moment because if there is any interference the whole parade stops and the clubs refuse to march.

Attempts have been made also to transfer the spectacle to other cities and to new routes. New York business men once offered a quarter of a million dollars for a parade of the dozen leading clubs and the prize-winning individuals, but as soon as the Philadelphia parade was over the mummers lost interest and refused to go. Many other incidents might be recited to show how deeply the roots of the spectacle are lodged in a single section—South Philadelphia. Every year new clubs turn up from other sections, but as a rule they disappear after a year or two. It is a saying in the Quaker City that mummers are born only in South Philadelphia.

Life in the Hungarian Capital in 1922

BUDAPEST, the one-time proudest city in Europe, is today the most humiliated. The treaty of Trianon is the underlying reason for the misery in all Hungary, and especially in its most beautiful city. The perspective of the tourist, however, is different. He sees only luxury, happiness and gayety; he mingles with the crowds in hotels; the personality of the city is wrapped up in the poorer neighborhoods and its inhabitants.

The cafés which made Budapest famous are filled with guests from 4 o'clock until midnight where a band of Gypsy music plays Hungarian rhapsodies, folk songs, American jazz, and Oriental selections of the Broadway variety. The other night in the Café Palermo I enjoyed the "Poet and Peasant" even more than I did last year in Carnegie Hall, played by some Russian artist. These Gypsies play by ear, never having studied notes, and yet their music is as sweet as Mischa Elman's or Fritz Kreisler's. They are not paid but are permitted to take up collections, and they do this quite diligently.

The well-to-do of course are the leading class in the better houses. They come with their wives and grown-up children. The clerks are next. They come merely to be seen among the rich. This is a typical disease in Budapest. A clerk may have no more money in his pocket than the price of a tea or black coffee (35-50 crowns, 3-5c) but he will go to a café after he is through with his day's work. It is, as they have called it here for years, the "Budapest way of finishing the day."

Another class is the commercial agents who meet their clients to close a deal. Not infrequently the café is the stock exchange in Budapest. Whenever the National Bourse (exchange) is closed, all its activities are transferred to the café. One meets his friend or makes appointments. In a word, every man has his favorite café. The poor men, the working class, have their own clubs, which are not quite so neat as the old American saloon. They sit around little tables, spending but the price of a glass of beer (2c), discussing the outlook. Politics are the most favorite theme in these places. One must watch, however, for secret service men, for a little remark against the existing government brings jail without a trial. It happens often that one is sent away to some internment camp without being tried before a legal court and there he is kept indefinitely.

As in other European countries today, so in Hungary, one pays many extra taxes, but I know of no other country where eating an evening meal is considered a luxury by the government which collects from 10 to 20 per cent taxes for it. In some restaurants a special tax is charged for tourists at any meal, the dining cards in the first-class hotels are so made up that the food prices are marked in Swiss francs and its equivalent in Hungarian money. If the exchange changes, the prices too are changed. And this holds true of everything one buys in the stores. It happens quite often that one prices a pair of shoes to learn they are 10,000 crowns, the same pair upon inquiry the following day are 11,000 or 12,000 crowns. I never yet have noticed that prices were cut. When I arrived here last May, I paid for a room in a first-class hotel 1,500 crowns a day for which the charge is now 6,500 to 7,000 crowns. Prices are up at least 400 per cent since last May, and are still going up. A suit of clothes last May was 30,000 to 35,000 crowns. Today it is 100,000 to 150,000 crowns. (The dollar is equivalent to about 2,500 crowns)

It is law that no oranges can be brought into the country. The reason given is that they are a luxury and the people must spend no money for things that are not absolutely essential. The secretary of the national treasury holds that if we buy oranges our money is bound to depreciate because it goes to Italy in payment of the southern fruit. One firm smuggled through a cargo of oranges but the government confiscated the whole shipment and destroyed the fruit. There are other things which, although brought from foreign countries, are sold. Such articles are: Tea, cocoa, dried fruit and sardines. The middle class cannot afford to drink tea, milk is scarce, coffee is substituted, and so the people do not enjoy these things at all.

According to law recently enacted it makes no difference as to how much the excess amount may be in an allegation of profiteering, the severest punishment is meted out to whomsoever the law catches as an offender. The fines consist of money and goods to be restored, plus a prison sentence from one month to two years. Whenever one is thus found guilty, a daily occurrence, the charges and sentences are posted in conspicuous places as well as in the offender's own shop or store for 60 days. On such posters the name, age, occupation and religion are given.

Children born during the war do not know the taste of fresh milk. Only the rich can afford to drink milk. The milk supply is very limited, philanthropic institutions are not supported, hence the misery among the poor children.

If one sits in a café, restaurant, church or railroad car he will always meet the beggars. Some are ex-service men, crippled, of course, others are pre-war beggars, old women, men and children. They go from table to table, leaving out no one. People get so used to giving that seldom is one turned away. The strange thing is to see little boys and girls of six, seven, eight or ten years, ragged, shoeless, with two or three boxes of matches to sell, but chiefly soliciting alms for a sick mother or blind father.

These children, as well as the underfed adults, betray a very marked degree of feebleness and stupidity. Their moral life is at par with the habitual criminal, according to numerous tests made. Generally speaking, there is no society nor individual morality left in the country. Everybody seems to believe that it is of no use to be good or kind.

Budapest had the best lighted streets in the world. There were acetylene, gas and electric systems in use at once. Lamps were 10 yards apart, and higher up, about the third floor, were the 500-candle power electric lights 50 feet apart, and the acetylene lights every 100 feet. These looked like moons above the streets. All gas lamps are gone; they have been sold for old iron. Only electric lights remain. The city is quite dark. This is due to the coal shortage. The treaty of Trianon allotted all coal mines to Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary has to buy coal from the Czechs.

Confidential orders from the ministry of the interior to the various police chiefs (police are under the supervision of the minister of the interior in Hungary) call for the registration of all Jews of alien origin within 48 hours to ascertain the percentage of those who came into Hungary prior to the war. Later, it is stated, these will be returned to the country of their birth. The order mentions only Russian, Polish, and Galicians. All this is done, according to the order, to save Hungary from the Jews. Only last night the government party held its regular weekly meeting and the Jewish Question was discussed very critically. This is one of the greatest problems in Hungarian national politics, how to solve the Jewish Question. There is no official anti-Semitic program in Hungary, and members of the government deny such intentions, but there is a serious Jewish Question.

Picking a National Flower Is a Pretty Problem

Plenty of Possibilities, But Opinionated Public Just Can't Agree

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

FRANCE'S national flower is the lily. Germany swears devotion to the bachelor's button which got its name from the custom of love-smitten swains to tuck it in a pocket when they a-wooing went; supposedly, no sweetheart could resist the combined charms of the dainty blossom and the artful Romeo. Egypt's emblem, the lotus, has the romance of Germany's with the purity of France's selection; for it is

> "A flower delicious as the rose,
> And stately as the lily in her pride."

Italy loves the daisy as the sweetest bloom that grows. India, as might be expected, adores the gorgeous poppy. In Holland, the culture of the tulip has been carried on since the seventeenth century. The classical olive brings sentiment to the heart of a Greek. The blossom of the orange is Spain's favorite, and the people of Peru prefer the gold of the sunflower.

The Sunrise Kingdom has never been able to make up its floral mind. Both the cherry blossom and the chrysanthemum, which the Japanese call "long-lasting plant," play a leading part in their arts and decoration.

Evidently two flowers are one too many; yet Great Britain claims three. In the British coat of arms the rose, thistle and shamrock grow from the same stalk. The shamrock represents Ireland. The rose is England's; it was adopted after the "War of the Roses." The thistle belongs to Scotland.

There is a stirring legend of how Scotland got its emblem. According to the common tradition, warring Danes attempted an assault on Staines Castle one night in the year 1010. Their footwear must have been in poor condition; for one of the invaders tread upon a thistle, gave an involuntary exclamation of pain at the sharp pricking of the spines and thereby gave the alarm to the unsuspecting Scots. The defenders then immediately attacked the enemy and gained a complete victory. In gratitude to the thistle that had probably saved them, the valiant fighters cherished the blossom thereafter to such an extent that they wore it on their coats.

With one exception, each of the foremost among the world's nations has a flower all its own. That exception is the United States. You may wonder why we are, in any respect, behind the other powers; we should not be, yet the situation can be explained logically enough.

A member of Congress has some constituent who is a devotee of a certain flower. He or she suggests that a bill be introduced to make it the emblem of the nation. An impressive petition may accompany the plea. The Congressman can see no harm in the measure; so he prepares it and starts it on its course. Advocates of other blossoms unite to oppose it, and the bill dies painlessly in some committee room. If jealousy does not end its life, the steering committee gives it the once-over and justly decides that it will not put more coal into family furnaces this winter or reduce the number of strikes or render any vital service to mankind. Congress has a habit of talking and talking until the final minute, then discarding every bill that cannot be classified as important. We need a Congress that has time to consider the esthetic side of our national life.

Only a few months ago Representative John Kissel, of New York, introduced a bill naming the demure daisy, poetically known as the eye of the day and euphonically as the day's eye. What happened? The measure was lost in the shuffle. Anyhow the daisy is not the national flower, and almost certainly it never will be.

Why should we take Italy's selection? Though assuredly not copyrighted, we ought to have sufficient pride and originality to get a flower distinctively our own. Furthermore, the farmers do not like it because it works a lot of harm by strangling timothy and clover; and what the farmers detest can never become popular. It is not a native of this country but came here in the hay imported for the horses of the Hessians who fought for hire to squelch our aspiration for independence. A better magnifying glass than has yet been invented would be required to see any patriotic association in that history.

The rules for the selection of a national flower are most exacting, but quite rightfully so. More than a quarter of a century ago delegates appointed by the governors of the states met at Asheville, North Carolina, to consider the selection of a national flower. It was resolved that it should be a native of the United States and grow wild over a greater part of its area, bloom on one or more of our national holidays, be capable of easy cultivation in any garden, should not be a weed or in any way offensive or harmful to health, should bear a flower and not be merely a foliage plant or one chiefly valued for its fruit, should lend itself readily to floral decoration, should have distinction and be conspicuous when arranged with other blossoms, should neither have been used by any other people as their emblem nor resemble such a flower in general form and should possess patriotic associations.

On the mountain slopes "the clustered laurel blooms."

The delegates did not make any recommendation. An informal vote, however, revealed their preference for the columbine or wild honeysuckle as the only plant that meets all of the requirements.

The blue columbine, state flower of Colorado, is not the wild honeysuckle which has petals shaped like cornucopias and are true horns of plenty for those visitors possessing a tongue of sufficient length to penetrate to the end of each spur. The largest of the bees can feed from the columbine's depths but the smaller ones must satisfy themselves by nibbling the pollen from the yellow anthers; occasionally, however, a bee with an extra share of resourcefulness will drill a hole into the honey pocket. The ruby-throated humming bird qualifies as the special friend of the columbine. Wearing a red tie, he consistently prefers to raid the nectar treasury of a red flower. Though this chumminess with birds and bees has never been named as a requirement for the national honor, there is something of a poetic nature attached to the blossom that pleases with its beauty and also makes itself useful by supplying food to its friends.

Frederick LeRoy Sargent, the artist, was probably the first advocate of the columbine's virtues. At the Columbian exposition in Chicago he urged its adoption partially because the flower contained the forms of five doves and therefore connoted the dove of peace. Linnaeus, the Swedish botanist, gave it long ago the scientific name of *aquilegia canadensis* because the spurs of the flower resembled the talons of the eagle. The Latin for dove and eagle is *columba* and *aquila,* respectively. Dr. Pryor, of England, bestowed the name of columbine; therefore he must have seen in the flower the images of doves. It evidently symbolizes not power alone nor peace alone but possibly the power to enforce peace.

The red and yellow dancer successfully defies good taste with its exquisite blending of these difficult colors. It may be found in every state and in all altitudes. It has never been considered a weed. Blooming as it does in May and June it heralds the approach of Mother's Day, Memorial Day and Flag Day. Perhaps the graceful, nodding blossom has been best pictured as

> "Skirting the rocks at the forest edge,
> With a running flame from ledge to ledge,
> Or swaying deeper in shadowy glooms
> With a smoldering fire in her dusky blooms
> Bronzed and molded by wind and sun,
> Maddening, gladdening every one
> With a gypsy beauty full and fine,
> A health to the crimson columbine."

A lover of this flower alleges there are just 13 species native to this country. In this connection he points out that the original states and the stripes of our flag are both 13 in number. But he may be overzealous; certainly at any moment the discovery of a new species would wreck this precarious simile.

The trailing arbutus or mayflower has patriotic associations that cannot be denied. It grows abundantly in proximity to Plymouth, Massachusetts. It constantly reminds its beholder that it was the first flower which greeted the Pilgrim Fathers after their fearful, heartbreaking winter. It therefore betokens the reward of endurance and persistence.

"The quaint blush of the arbutus in the midst of the bleak March atmosphere," Donald Grant Mitchell wrote, "will touch your heart like a hope of heaven in the midst of graves."

It is the best-loved flower in New England where the white or pink-tinted blossoms have been so often picked as to render it already comparatively rare. If it were selected as the national emblem, the sudden increase of popularity would lead to its extinction. As the fragrant beauty is not found farther west than Minnesota, it may properly be regarded as too sectional to be a true representative of the nation.

The goldenrod has a host of friends who aver it grows wild in all parts of the nation, blooms from July to October and symbolizes by its color the national wealth. With 80 species here and only two in the Old World it qualifies as distinctively American. Its botanical name, *solidago,* means *to make whole.* There is a certain sturdiness about it and a volume of bloom that endears it to most of us. Some observers see the yellow as clustered sunshine or bundled cheerfulness. The color gives it an appealing warmth which wins practically all except the calloused and hard-boiled. Personally I like this rhymed interpretation:

> "Columbia's flower, the goldenrod,
> On hill and valley grows;
> The gold is for one who earns,
> The rod is for her foes."

Those American residents who can never summer free from the pestilential hay fever are relentless enemies of the plumed plant that brightens our meadows and roadsides. Its pollen and that of the ragweed are the prime propagators of the disease; yet if one of the best authorities on this subject can be believed, the goldenrod is responsible for only 15 per cent of the cases whereas the ragweed ranks as the major offender with a count of 85 per cent. The sufferers maintain, however, that it aggravates the cases started by the ragweed. One thing is evident: the goldenrod will never be a unanimous choice.

The goldenrod has a loyal following. It leads in the number of state supporters inasmuch as it has been elected to sectional honors by Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Kentucky and Alabama. Four states have adopted the violet and three have declared for the rose; these two hold second and third places among state favorites.

(C) Boston Photo News Co.
Top, left—The chrysanthemum shares honors with the cherry blossom as the floral favorite of the Japanese. Top, right—The ubiquitous sunflower is the floral emblem of Peru. Below—Indiana and Ohio have adopted the carnation, also the favorite of McKinley.

The columbine, red-and-yellow dancer with a "gypsy beauty full and fine."

Black-eyed Susan is one of our prettiest daisies.

(C) Boston Photo News Co.

An Experiment in Democracy—By H. T. DOBBINS

A REMARKABLE thing occurred at the election in Nebraska. Nothing like it had been recorded in the political history of that state before, and in but a very few instances has its counterpart been reported in other state elections. More than 100,000 voters crossed party lines and cast their ballots for Robert Beecher Howell, Republican, for United States Senator, and for Charles W. Bryan, Democrat, for governor.

Thousands of Republicans deserted Mr. Howell, their party nominee, because he had a record of opposition to corporate influence in politics and is a pronounced advocate of public ownership of utilities in a limited way. Thousands of Democrats deserted their party nominee for governor, Mr. Bryan, because he had exactly the same kind of a record as had Mr. Howell, upon those questions.

But the Republicans who went over to Bryan and Democrats to Howell vastly outnumbered the procession in the opposite direction, with the result that Mr. Howell was elected by more than 70,000 votes over Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock, and Mr. Bryan by more than 50,000 over State Senator Charles H. Randall, both outstanding citizens of character and ability.

The explanation of this electoral phenomenon —70,000 majority for a Republican and 50,000 for a Democrat at the same election in a state where, outside the 1920 landslide, 10,000 to 15,000 either way is regarded as being a surprise—is a simple one. The Progressives of the state had the opportunity to vote for two men with known progressive records, and they refused to recognize the party label of either, but voted for the men.

This result was not accomplished, however, without organization and effort. The deflation of 1920 bore heavily upon the agricultural West. The farmers, as a class, believe today that they were deliberately chosen by the great financial powers, operating through the Federal Reserve System as the first victims of the deflation process. The fact is that the farmers bore the first brunt of the price decline, and from wheat at $2.20 and corn at $1.90 at the peak, prices declined until in 1921 wheat was selling at a third and corn at a tenth of those figures.

The result was that a number of the weaker banks in the state fell like a house of cards, and every other bank braced itself for a hard storm. All found themselves with loans to farmers made on a basis of war values of farm products, and with most of their assets frozen they were unable to function in any helpful way.

A regular session of the state legislature, made up almost entirely of Republicans, only four Democrats out of 133 members of the two houses, was held in 1921, and, oblivious of the gathered storm, it proceeded to increase state taxes.

The farmers rose up en masse to protest against this additional burden. They were backed by organized labor. Their leaders and spokesmen declared that both of the old parties had shown themselves incapable in the face of a situation that called for genuine appreciation of the problems of the people and for progressive action. The organization of a third party, local in scope and dealing with state questions only, was urged. The idea took like wildfire, and at Grand Island a year ago more than 500 farmers and workers from the shops and factories gathered and launched the Progressive party of Nebraska.

Within a few months, however, the Progressive party was wrecked by dissensions between the leaders and the aspiring politicians who had hitched their wagons to the new political star.

The final blow to the hopes of a third party was given when Mr. Howell and his Progressive supporters and Mr. Bryan and his group of Progressives advised that each party primary be made the battleground.

The more radical element declined to agree, and placed a ticket in the primary of the Progressive party. The less radical element matched this with a ticket of its own. At the primary election the mid-roaders lost, and the Progressive party nominee for Senator, Judge Arthur G. Wray, withdrew in favor of Mr. Howell, who had won the Republican nomination.

The Republicans had nominated for governor Charles H. Randall, who had been a member of the last legislature and who had voted for several measures denounced by the Progressives. He was a banker of considerable wealth, and while by no means a reactionary he lacked the clean-cut progressivism of his opponent.

In the Democratic primary Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hitchcock had effected a truce. In past campaigns they had been bitter opponents. Because of his opposition to Prohibition, suffrage and a number of progressive measures, Mr. Bryan and his powerful brother had denounced Senator Hitchcock as a reactionary. Mr. Hitchcock, through his influential newspaper, the Omaha *World-Herald,* had said many uncomplimentary things about the Bryans. Charles W. Bryan found himself opposed in the primaries by a dirt farmer with a Progressive legislative record, and while Senator Hitchcock did not need the Bryan support at the primary, he faced the fact that he had no hope of election in November without it.

In the Republican primary Mr. Howell found himself opposed by Congressman Jefferis, a reactionary, and Attorney-General Davis, who had a fairly satisfactory Progressive record. He won handily. The Progressive issue did not enter into the Republican contest for governor, and Mr. Randall emerged with a few hundred majority.

While both candidates kept their party regularity straight by speeches in which they supported the entire ticket upon which they were running, the result was never at any time in doubt. Both were men of known Progressive records, each pledged to a program entirely satisfactory to the Progressives of the state, and each ran almost equally well in country and city.

The Progressives of Nebraska gave a Progressive Republican candidate for state railway commissioner 80,000 majority, and elected a Democrat secretary of state by 20,000. They defeated a referred law which aimed at the destruction of the direct primary method of making nominations by 105,000 and one which required every farmer in the state to register, a device of the professional politicians to restrict his freedom to move about freely from one party primary to another, by almost as large a vote.

The Nebraska election was a successful experiment in democracy, and demonstrated that with the issues clearly drawn as between men representing definite policies, the Progressive majority found a way to register effectively and accurately its wishes.

Economic Power of Money and Credit

What Does Gold Standard Mean When, of Every $1,000 Cleared in Year, There Was Just $1.78 in U. S. Money on Hand in the 34 Banks Reporting

By PAUL G. LEWIS

A FAIR working knowledge of money may be obtained by understanding the most prominent features connected with its origin and development.

In our colonial days the Indians used as their money strings of black and white beads made from sea shells; and the black beads were worth twice as much as the white.

What began to puzzle the Indians in their trading with the early settlers of our country was the methodical and mathematical disappearance of white beads as if these had been swallowed up by some mysterious being or power.

Finally they discovered that their civilized brethren were engaged in the profitable industry of dyeing all white beads into black ones, thereby enabling them to purchase twice as much of the commodities offered for sale.

Although we are no longer dyeing beads, yet the principle of getting twice as much as we are morally and ofttimes legally entitled to has not changed one whit.

Next to be used as money were the products of the soil such as cotton, tobacco, tea, rice, and so on, mostly of a perishable nature; and thereafter warehouse receipts relating to the above were used as mediums of exchange.

Later the land of the Great Northwest Territory, as it was then called, was used as a basis upon which the colonial banks issued their notes.

Still later the Constitution of the United States provided for the use of only gold and silver coin; and finally we find that instead of such coin the government issued gold and silver certificates.

The Beads Possessed Value

IT IS very apparent that money, from the earliest period of our country down to the Constitutional days, always possessed intrinsic or natural value of some kind, or was representative of such value.

The beads, though purely ornamental, possessed a value placed upon them by the Indians for exchange purposes. Every exchange constituted a special form of barter wherein the beads performed the special function of money. It was no different when cotton, tobacco, tea, rice, and so on, were used as money. Later when warehouse receipts of the foregoing were used as money, we find a different kind or type thereof put into circulation.

The warehouse receipt, although possessing no intrinsic value, did, nevertheless, represent something of value.

In the use of a warehouse receipt as money, we had an instrument which certified to the character, quality and quantity of that special kind of property, mostly of a perishable nature, which was stored in the warehouse mentioned.

This particular form of money was far from being a convenient medium of exchange on account of the frequent necessity of checking up each time for exchange purposes, the property represented thereby, because any deterioration, damage, or loss of property, certified to in the warehouse receipt, materially affected its use as money.

The Colonial bank notes constituted another particular form of money, also based upon property, and although the property, being land, was of an imperishable nature, the value was nevertheless most uncertain and speculative, so that this particular grade of money met with little favor; and many of these notes became worth little more than 10 cents on the dollar.

The next important change with reference to money was that which was embodied in the United States Constitution.

Adequate Foundation Needed

UP TO this time the colonists had tried out everything exchangeable which could be used as money. With this wide range of experience in money, the framers of the United States Constitution made a final selection from among all different kinds of material property known to man, by the adoption of gold and silver coin.

> "No state shall . . . . make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts."
>
> Art. 1, Sec. 10, No. 1, United States Constitution.

We have often heard it said that history repeats itself, and this statement applies most aptly to gold and silver coin.

We could hardly have expected a higher grade of money than beads which constituted ornamental property when we consider that the making thereof was left to the poor ignorant Indian, but when THE HIGHEST TYPE OF THE EDUCATED WHITE MAN who for centuries had tried out as money all kinds of material property which at all times was most essential for the sustenance of the race, FINALLY FALLS BACK AGAIN INTO THE SAME PIT by again using *ornamental property*, or gold and silver, for his money, then we had forced upon us again the same old principle of PLACING OUR MONEY UPON SOMETHING "WITHOUT" WHICH EVERY NATION COULD LIVE.

The theory that money should be based upon or be representative of something of intrinsic or natural (utility) value has been so firmly established during the centuries of constructive evolution that there is no longer any logical reason for the existence or promulgation of theories which dispense with "value" as a foundation for money, or which advocate the theory that money should be based upon a non-interest bearing indebtedness.

There is nothing in all the world used as a means which is so extensive and has so wide a range of application in its practical operation as money.

Everything movable and immovable, capable of having its inherent, utility or natural value expressed in terms of dollars and cents, comes within the broad range of the science of money.

It is now up to the economists and philosophers, with thousands of years of experience to draw from, to ascertain what really constitutes the highest value known to humanity in order that its people be provided with an adequate foundation for a medium of exchange of the highest type.

In other words, what is it without which humanity in its civilized state could not have continued to exist, but with which it has weathered all storms; and which must be the sustaining power of all time to come?

All Forms So Far Failures

EVERY civilized nation in the world has tried out every form of money based upon some kind of property, and every such form has been a failure; more particularly is this true of the present character of money.

The evolution of money had exhausted itself so far that it could not be longer based on property, when the United States Constitutional selection of gold and silver coin had been made; and for that reason we are now compelled either to find a value which is "greater" than gold and silver, or we must forever remain on the gold standard, together with the use of some silver.

In other words, we must find a better foundation for our money.

Our wise forefathers wore the knee breeches of a boy, and were of the firm opinion and belief that there would always be plenty of gold and silver metal for coinage purposes at hand and to be discovered, wherewith to discharge all financial obligations.

However, the economic necessities, which arose from the extreme shortage of gold, caused other forms of money to be invented and adopted, the outcome of which no government officials and no textwriters had anticipated.

Instead of the government exercising exclusively the function of making and issuing money, we find that today nearly everybody with a few hundred dollars to his credit in a bank ledger, with a small check book, and with a fountain pen, is issuing his own medium of exchange which today is accepted with as much welcome as gold coin was in the western coast country during bygone days.

Overwhelming Use of Checks

THE money issued by individuals as evidenced by their checks is based upon a credit for which the bank is liable in United States money, on account of some kind of a deposit received by it.

A deposit which entitles the depositor to a credit in a bank's ledger may consist of coin or their certificates, circulating notes of the government or banks, checks of all kinds, and *lastly*, but by *no means least*, the *thirty, sixty or ninety day I. O. U. notes of depositors.*

The last-named deposit is one known as "discount" which means that the bank becomes indebted to the depositor for the amount placed to his credit in the bank's ledger in exchange for the depositor's I. O. U. note.

The bank makes no distinction in giving credit to a depositor whether such deposit was United States money, or whether such deposit was individual checks, or whether such deposit was an I. O. U. (debt), for in each and every case the depositor gets his credit as long as the bank is willing to accept his deposit regardless that a deposit in United States money constitutes an ASSET whereas other deposits are liabilities, whether of other banks (as in the case of checks), or of persons, as evidenced by his I. O. U. note.

As banking is conducted today, *an I. O. U. note of a depositor when within the reserve limit, is much more desirable than a deposit of an ASSET in United States money, because the I. O. U. depositor pays interest to the bank,* and that makes banking profitable, *whereas the depositor of an asset receives interest from the bank* whenever he agrees to allow his credit to remain at the bank for six or twelve months as the case may be.

That the reader may get some tangible idea of the enormous extent to which "checks" are used instead of United States money, a reference is here made to the 1916 report of the United States Controller of the Currency wherein it will be observed that for every thousand dollars ($1,000) of exchanges which passed through the New York Clearing House from September 30, 1915 to September 30, 1916, there was just one dollar and seventy-eight cents ($1.78) in United States Money on hand in all of the 34 New York reporting banks.

Exchanges in New York Clearing House September 30, 1915, to September 30, 1916, as per report of the Controller of the Currency for the year 1916, Vol. 2, page 918	$147,180,709,461.
United States money in all 34 New York reporting banks; same report and volume, pages 658-659	$261,466,556.

That is, check exchange was $146,919,242,895 in excess of all the cash available in New York banks.

It is also of great interest to know the total deposits in all of the banks in our country, including the 12 Federal Reserve banks and those of our island possessions, as well as the amount of loans and discounts which (less interest deducted) is credited to depositors and therefore included in total deposits.

Likewise, it is of importance to know the amount of United States money in all of these banks wherewith to discharge their obligations to depositors primarily, and secondarily the obligations of these banks to their stockholders for their investments.

From the reports available this information is to be found in the 1919 report of the Controller of the Currency, Vol. 1, page 179, dated June 30, 1919, as follows:

General deposits	$33,180,744,000
Loans and discounts	27,114,262,000
Cash on hand	3,213,609,000
Liabilities to stockholders	5,577,478,000
Total liability of banks	$52,903,455,000

Although the general deposits on June 30, 1919, in all of the reporting banks of the United States and island possessions, including the 12 Federal Reserve banks, amounted to 33 billions in round numbers, yet it must be remembered that about 27 billions out of the 33 billions is not money at all but represents deposits of I. O. U. notes.

Credit 10 Times as Great

THE credit given to depositors equaled more than 10 times the amount of cash on hand in all banks mentioned, not taking into consideration the liability of banks to their stockholders which in round numbers is more than five billions.

The total liabilities of these banks amount to nearly 53 billions, so that these banks *with only about three billions in cash* would find it exceedingly difficult in troublesome times to liquidate their obligations of 50 billions in cash with nothing but bonds, mortgages, and other securities with which to do it.

At least one thing ought to be apparent—our national wealth is not in money: and most of our trouble comes from trying to make believe that it is.

The banks are drawing interest on 27 billions as represented by their loans and discount account in addition to interest and profit on investments, and yet have only three billions of cash on hand.

The economic status of our country is certainly in a seething turmoil, for

> Strong in the PRODUCTION OF RAW MATERIAL;
>
> Strong in the PRODUCTION OF ALL MERCHANTABLE COMMODITIES;
>
> Strong in the LABOR that produces; for the production, transportation and the distribution of the foregoing;
>
> BUT UNSAFELY AND ALARMINGLY WEAK IN FINANCE AND BANKING thereby making it impossible to have a GENERAL WELFARE among the people of the United States.

The reason for the existence of "credit" is that there has never been enough of the Constitutional gold and silver coin to satisfy the country's economic demands.

Brought New Kind of Money

IT WAS this extreme shortage of gold coin (national money) which compelled a birth of a new kind of money whereby each individual (amateur) could make his own by issuing his personal checks.

In short, it became necessary in order to transact our business to augment the constitutionally weak and inadequate provisions relating to money, with personal checks.

The fact that by far the greatest percentage of business is financially discharged with checks, and the further fact that only men of property-wealth are able to discount their I. O. U. notes, have made it possible to bring about and establish firmly the greatest DISSIMILARITIES wherein profit was expressed in terms of money and included in every selling price, and interest charged for every debtor's promise to pay at some future time.

The banks thrive upon the economic ills and ailments; for these, like doctors, prosper only when and where their communities are in great pain and suffering, BUT WOULD STARVE TO DEATH IN A HEALTHY PLACE.

The money problem strikes at the very life of every nation; and it therefore behooves us and other nations to look long, carefully and studiously at every phase of the science thereof; and then take steps to adopt that highest and best grade of money which during its operation would tend to bring about a GENERAL WELFARE instead of many SPECIAL WELFARES as now for special individuals.

Moctezuma—Asleep in the Sun

Mexican "'dobe" in Heart of Sonora Desert

By MARSHALL SOUTH

The plaza and church, Moctezuma.

Where the glory has departed. A street of ruined and deserted buildings.

A patio.

THE golden glory of the desert sunshine floods the somnolent silence of its dusty streets; the fierce, infrequent desert rainstorms, scouring across the mesas, beat upon the carved façade of its ancient church and refresh the grateful branches of the thirsty cottonwoods; the seasons come; the seasons pass, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest; but lulled by the cooing of her thousand doves; soothed by the whispers of her desert winds—Moctezuma sleeps on.

Less than 150 miles south of the Arizona border, where by day and night the throbbing pulse of industry and the trailing smoke clouds of giant copper smelters attest the restless activity of the *gringo,* this quaint Old-World city, steeped in the picturesque atmosphere of Moorish Spain, lies tucked away in its little corner of the Sonora desert—"the world forgetting by the world forgot."

You come upon the city suddenly. A turn of the crude and rugged road that winds and bounces its way across the stony plain and in the distance an ancient dome of weathered stone lifts suddenly above the thorny summit of a stunted mesquite clump. *"La Ciudad de Moctezuma,"* says your Mexican, extending his hand dramatically, *"La Iglesia."*

And presently, rounding several more clumps of thorny brushwood and dipping downward across the bottom of a dry, sandy *arroyo,* you are beneath the shadow of this same *Iglesia*—the massive ancient church which for close upon four centuries has stood sentinel-like in the silence of the desert, guarding the quaint squat roofs and dusty *calles* that sprawl about its base.

Moctezuma lies in a wide, dry valley, sprinkled with mesquite trees and shimmering with the hazy undulations of the heat waves that play across the dry and dusty earth. Flanking it in the distance to east and west rise low barren mountain ranges, a play of bewildering brown and purple shadows and within whose canyons and caverns the bear and the dreaded *tigre* still keep their haunts.

The river bed beside which the city stands has, in common with most of the streams of Northern Mexico, but little water in it, save only during the brief *estacion de aguas* when on occasion it becomes a raging torrent whose brown flood pours to unite with the headwaters of the Yaqui—river of ominous repute.

Great clumps of trees dot the windings of the river channel and line the banks. The graceful heads of cottonwoods waving high above the greenery of lower vegetation, with here and there an ancient date palm thrusting upward its tall and feathery crest—for here the elevation of the country is much lower than the high Arizona tablelands to the north and in the dry sub-tropic climate the palms and oranges planted by the Spanish *padres* flourish in unchecked luxuriance.

For, though it be not always apparent on the surface, there is water here. Within the cool, heavily walled *patios* of Moctezuma's houses the old stone-faced wells open their cavernous depths, cool and inviting, toward the clear and limpid waters of the lower strata, and on the rich river bottoms the vivid green splashes of tiny fields of corn and garden stuff attest the fertility that follows the union of water and soil.

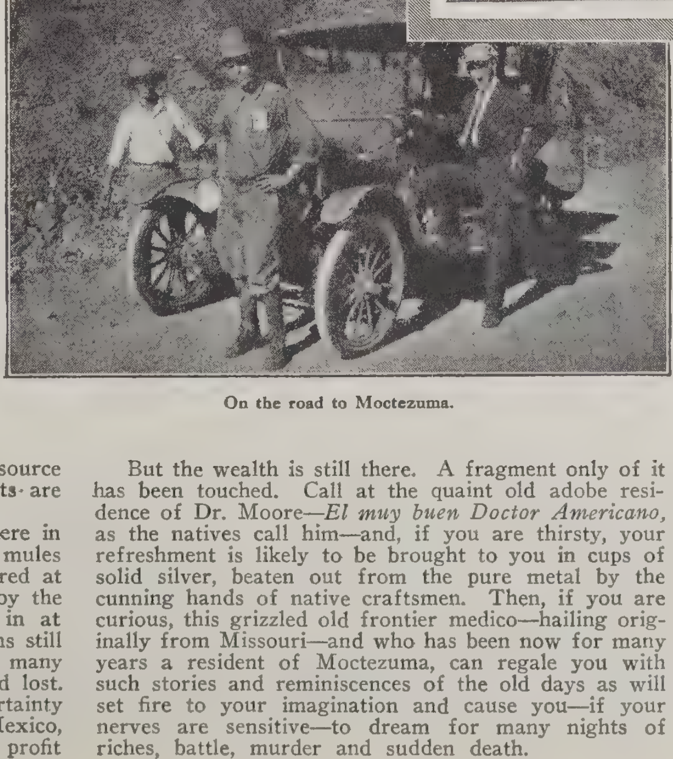
But though the soil is rich and the water is within reach it is upon mining, not upon agriculture, that the glory of Moctezuma has arisen—and decayed.

The surrounding country is rich in minerals. The mountains bulge with silver and many another metal, the lure of which, acting as a magnet, drew hither the old Spaniards and was responsible for the founding of Moctezuma, the proud and aristocratic gem of the northern desert.

But Moctezuma has fallen upon evil days. Silver declines, political upheavals, revolutions, all have laid their heavy hands upon the source of her greatness and today her once busy streets are deserted and her glory has departed.

Today, around the great bare dusty plaza where in the palmy days of old as many as 1,800 pack mules laden with ore from the mines have been tethered at one time, the same pack mules now come but by the half-dozen, by threes and by twos; straggling in at uncertain intervals and the nature of their burdens still more uncertain. Most of the mines are closed; many are ruined and destroyed; some are forgotten and lost. In a turmoil of upheaval, revolution and uncertainty such as the last two decades have brought upon Mexico, mining is a hazardous business and with but little profit attendant upon the hazard.

Interior of the ancient church of Moctezuma, almost four centuries old.



On the road to Moctezuma.

But the wealth is still there. A fragment only of it has been touched. Call at the quaint old adobe residence of Dr. Moore—*El muy buen Doctor Americano,* as the natives call him—and, if you are thirsty, your refreshment is likely to be brought to you in cups of solid silver, beaten out from the pure metal by the cunning hands of native craftsmen. Then, if you are curious, this grizzled old frontier medico—hailing originally from Missouri—and who has been now for many years a resident of Moctezuma, can regale you with such stories and reminiscences of the old days as will set fire to your imagination and cause you—if your nerves are sensitive—to dream for many nights of riches, battle, murder and sudden death.

For the walls of the old church have looked down upon many things. Wrapped in its mantle of desert sunshine and the stillness of moonlit nights the city of Moctezuma drowses on, but many a fierce turmoil and eddy has torn the peaceful current of its stream of existence—only to be blotted out again and forgotten in the sleepy spirit of *manana.*

The dreamy stillness has not always been unbroken. Rifle fire has crackled vengefully along these dusty streets and the faces of the old buildings have been scoured and shattered by storms of flying bullets. The handsome equipages of Mexican mine and cattle barons have passed majestically beneath the shadow of those crumbling old walls and many a dark-eyed *senorita* of wealth and position has been courted by a romantic Romeo—"playing the bear"—as is the Mexican saying—before her barred window in the moonlight.

The sinister crack of the rifles of execution squads have echoed through these quiet streets—if you are morbidly inclined you may still see the splintered door and the bullet holes in the adobe wall which mark the spot of the recent execution of a Federal judge and his private secretary—but these sounds, together with the clattering hoofs of galloping revolutionary cavalry, have died away and been swallowed in the silence. Moctezuma dreams on.

The glory of Moctezuma has departed but she still dreams hopefully of the day when her vanished prosperity shall return. Sooner or later will come the railroad. It would have come ere now but for the blighting hand of the revolution. The roadbed had already been graded for many miles to the southward of Nacozari—the present rail terminus—when political conditions suspended the work. Much of the grading will have to be done all over again but eventually it will be done. Eventually, some time in the not far-distant future, the steel rails will come creeping southward to unite with the Mexican system at Tonichi and giving access to the West Coast through connections with Guaymas, Topolobampo and Mazatlan. And when this time comes, so say the optimists, Moctezuma will once more return unto her own. The mines will be reopened. The refugees who have fled will return. Their palatial Moorish-Spanish residences, many of which are now ruined and deserted, will be rebuilt in as fine a style as ever. The long streets of crumbling adobe houses of the peons will be repaired and retenanted. Industry will once more raise its head and commerce will be resumed. Yes, of a surety, *"Muy pronto, Senor. Pasado Manana,* maybe if *Dios* so wills it, Moctezuma will return again to her prosperity."

Moctezuma's residents are slowly learning the lesson of rapid transit and efficiency. The Ford car is displacing the sure-footed mule, even on the rugged and rough trails which lead to Moctezuma's outlying mines.

Meanwhile, Moctezuma dreams on. The desert moon rises and floods with silvery light her deserted streets and among the inky black shadows cast by half-ruined walls the wandering burros, nosing in the dust for a scant meal of stray corn shucks, disturb with the soft shuffle of their dragging hoofs the solemn silence of the desert night. No other sound disturbs the stillness. Wrapped in her dreams, and peopled by the ghosts of her past, Moctezuma sleeps on.

Everyday Doings at the Animal Fair

National Zoological Park, Champion in Raising Baby Wild Beasts

By GEORGE H. DACY

This trio of baby bears affords amusement to the zoo visitors when they frolic and cut capers.

HOW would you like to tackle the job of doctoring a sick and ferocious tiger? It was a nice, full-grown tiger, big as a Shetland pony and as vicious as these jungle beasts are before they become accustomed to the restraint of steel cages. The tiger was suffering with acute indigestion. He was in such agony that he had fallen to the floor of his cage. The head keeper, a famous animal expert, knew that if he entered the cage he would be torn to pieces. What could he resort to to introduce a dose of medicine into the tiger's mouth? Finally, he hit on the scheme of getting on top of the cage to tickle the animal's nose with the long lash of a whip. The tiger—greatly irritated—snapped repeatedly at the lash. The keeper substituted a stream of castor oil for the lash. The tiger snapped at the descending oil and before he knew it he had swallowed enough to remedy his ailment.

This resourceful head keeper was William H. Blackburn, of the National Zoological Park, Washington. D. C. He is an expert animal raiser and trainer. He cut his eyeteeth in the wild-beast breaking business years ago with a famous circus and for 40 years has devoted all his time and attention to the study of jungle beasts, their haunts, habits, likes and dislikes. For three decades Mr. Blackburn has been in charge of the wild animals at Uncle Sam's zoo in Rock Creek Park. To him credit is owing for the success of this national project and its championship honors as the outstanding zoological park in raising and developing baby wild beasts. The national capital zoo has had greater success in raising its young than any like institution in the country.

If you revel in true tales of real adventure, it would do your heart good to sit and talk with Mr. Blackburn for an hour or so. He has faced death and braved danger as frequently as most of us get a haircut. Once he was in the midst of an elephant stampede, following the collapse of a circus tent in a cyclone. A baby elephant ran far and fast; finally he stopped at the doors of a large iron foundry. It looked warm and inviting. The trespassing beast ambled in and caused a stampede among the laborers. Soon the elephant had the place all to himself. After he spent the night stumbling into foundry fires and getting badly burned, he was very docile and anxious to be led away by his keeper when that worthy appeared next morning.

Thirty-one years ago Mr. Blackburn escorted two full-grown elephants out to Rock Creek Park from the Smithsonian Institution and chained them to large trees. "I staked the beasts out fore and aft to make sure that they didn't break loose and run amuck over the fashionable residence section adjoining the park. It was five months before I obtained government funds to construct sheds and stables for the beasts, and, in the meantime, I had assembled five elks, five buffaloes, a half-dozen deer, as many bears and a few other animals at the park to keep the elephants company," said Mr. Blackburn. "Originally my herds contained a predominance of male animals and it was some years before I was able to reverse conditions by raising many females. The second winter I made arrangements with Forepaugh's circus to winter 75 animals for them. This filled all my available cages and pens and attracted great interest. People came from all sections to visit the wild animals in Rock Creek Park. Our present National Zoological Park is the logical outgrowth of these pioneering efforts to establish a creditable wild animal station in Washington."

The infant mortality record at the Washington Zoological Park is small indeed. For example, during the 1922 season all but two of the 137 youngsters that were born in the cages and dens of the Federal zoo lived and prospered. It was the fault of a neglectful mother that two of the three lion cubs died. Usually the first two or three litters which the young lioness bears are not easily raised as the young mother has not yet learned how to care for her young. It so happened that the cubs in question were the first borne by this particular lioness.

"What is the most difficult wild animal to raise?" I inquired of Mr. Blackburn.

"That is hard to say," he replied. "Many tigers and lionesses neglect their babies. Pumas and leopards frequently eat their young. Recently, I have had trouble raising young peafowls, as there are some wild raccoons and possums in this large park which prey on the peafowls. I had to take four tiger cubs from their mother about a year ago and raise the youngsters by hand because their mother was beginning to get tired of them and would cuff and pummel them about. I raised the baby tigers on ground pigeon's meat. They did well and today are a fine quartet."

"What kind of a mother is that hippopotamus?" I asked, pointing to an enormous hippo from East Africa that weighed 4,800 pounds.

"A dandy," responded Mr. Blackburn. "Since 1917, she has raised three fine youngsters. One of them is now in the St. Louis Zoo in Forest Park. Another is with a professional circus. The third is here. We have to run the babies with their mothers until it is time to dispose of them as we have not enough extra pens to separate them sooner. The baby hippo soon learns to nibble at hay and the grain ration including ground oats, bran and chopped vegetables. It is not long before the youngster is eating his or her fill of these staples."

Mr. Blackburn has raised many wild animals—orphans or waifs that were abandoned by their mothers—on the bottle. It only takes a day or so to introduce the hungry youngsters to the proper combination on the nursing bottle. Thereafter, the little fellows guzzle cow's milk with keen relish and wax fat and healthy in the doing. Camels weigh about 30 pounds at birth. They usually are weaned from the bottle system of feeding at 10 to 12 months. At that time they are accustomed to grass, hay and grain.

For some time, Mr. Blackburn had been admiring a large, healthy boa constrictor that was one of the finest snakes at the national zoo. One day he walked by the glass case where this snake was quartered. He stopped in amazement and for the time being thought he was "seeing snakes." In the case were 62 little boa constrictors which the stork had brought the previous night. Now, if you think it is easy to get rid of enough boa constrictors to terrorize the leading cities of the Atlantic seaboard, just tackle the assignment. By art and artifice, Mr. Blackburn finally gave away, traded and sold his curious collection of baby "boas" and when the family was finally dispersed, this head keeper solemnly affirmed that "all the king's horses and all the king's men would never get him into the snake business again."

Elephant cows, as a rule, are good mothers. Their young soon learn to eat hay, grass, bran, apples and bread and milk. They are particularly fond of bread and milk, the plum pudding of the elephant family. Even under jungle conditions, infant elephants are very friendly. In case of a stampede in which some of the youngsters are left behind, it is easy to capture and train them to follow their masters about like dogs. Elephants mature slowly and do not attain their full growth until they are about 25 years old. An elephant is not considered old until the animal has passed the half-century mark. Many attain the age of 80 years or more. They are unlike other wild beasts in developing as most of the inhabitants of the jungle make their greatest growth between the ages of one and two years.

The animal keepers are invariably up against a knotty problem when any of their charges get sick and require doctoring. The wild beasts are most suspicious of any strange smell or odor. Hence it is very difficult to put medicine in their food and get the animals to consume it. When zoo inmates show signs of illness, the usual practice is to give them no food or water for a day. The animals that cannot be handled, such as lions, tigers, pumas, leopards and the like, are given large doses of epsom salts in water. The animals are so thirsty that they will gulp down the medicated water after their fast. The keepers also pour castor oil over the noses, heads and fore feet of the sick animals. The beasts will lick off this material and in that way get much of it into their stomachs.

Mr. Blackburn tells of a nearly bald tiger which the proprietor of a leading circus once gave him. The beast was troubled with mange. Placing the tiger in a cage, Mr. Blackburn mixed up a novel bath for the tiger. He climbed to the top of the cage and showered the beast with a mixture of sweet oil and sulphur. He repeated the applications until the animal was cured and became as sleek and glossy as a grizzly bear. This tiger lived to be 30 years old and was one of the most admired animals in the Washington Zoological Park.

Animals like camels and llamas, which can be handled by a keeper, can be drenched from a bottle when it is necessary to give them medicine. For the most part, buffaloes and deer have to be handled like timid and excitable domestic live stock when they need the services of the doctor. Mr. Blackburn has had interesting experiences in mending the broken bones of some of his wild pets. On many occasions, he has set the broken bones of deer and buffaloes in plaster of Paris casts so that the injury again knitted and the animals finally gained full use of their legs. He has also played dentist whenever necessity demanded. One of his recent exploits was to pull an ailing tooth almost as large as a potato from the mouth of his best hippopotamus.

A quartet of baby tigers and one of their playfellows. The young tigers are docile as dogs and frolicsome as kittens at this age.

Many llamas have been raised at the National Zoological Park.

Introducing Mrs. "Hippo," who weighs 4,800 pounds, has raised three fine youngsters since 1917 and is one of the prize matrons of the Washington Zoo.

Mr. Blackburn, head keeper at the National Zoological Park, and one of the young, little old men that he is raising.

"Truth Crushed to Earth"

Concluded from page 3

"That is all. I will see you on the day of the march which will be the day after tomorrow."

That on the morning of October 25, 1918, after the company had been dismissed on the way back to my quarters, Captain Rosenbluth stopped me and asked me if I had forgotten what he told me the night before; that I said: "No"; that he then asked me if I had a gun, and I told him that I had not; that he then said: "You want to borrow one then, and get ammunition, too. The person from whom you borrow the gun must not be told what you want it for, and when you get the ammunition, put it in your pocket, and when the company falls in, you know where your place in line is, and after we get on the march, I think we will have some advance guard problems, and I will talk this over with you when we have these problems. That is all for now"; that we then started on the march, and had proceeded about two or three miles from the camp and started doing advance guard problems. In the meantime, Major Cronkhite showed up and apparently assumed command; that I then asked Captain Rosenbluth if it would be all right to go with the major now, and he said: "Go ahead"; which I did; that while engaged in advance guard problems, Captain Rosenbluth said to me: "If anything comes up after the shooting, you explain that he was engaged in target practice, and that he shot himself accidentally. If they ask how it happened, you say that the major was holding his gun barrel up a little, inclined to the rear, and that his gun twisted in his hand, and as he went to catch it, he accidentally shot himself"; that the captain then told me to go with the major and stay with him; that we came to a place where a trail led off to the right of the road, and the company was assembled, and the major and captain went in front of the company, and I was about six paces behind both of them, and the head of the column was about 50 yards behind me; that we had proceeded to a point about four miles from camp by this time, and while going down a slope, Captain Rosenbluth dropped back and told me to go back and halt the company. In the meantime Major Cronkhite kept on walking until he arrived at this little open space behind some bushes, and stood there with his back to the road; that I met Captain Rosenbluth as I was on my way back to join the major and the captain; that the captain told me to go get him now; that I then joined the major in this open space, and when about two feet behind him, I loaded my revolver with the three shells; that I fired one shot into the open field, and as the major was turning around in my direction, I fired my second shot at the major, hitting him in the right breast; that about this time I heard another shot from behind where I was standing; that Captain Rosenbluth came rushing upon the scene and picked the major up and dragged his body so that it lay in a position parallel with the road; that Captain Rosenbluth then drew his gun from his holster, the flap of which was unbuttoned, and shot a hole through a tobacco can and said: "Do not forget about this being target practice, and that the major shot himself accidentally, and if any questions are asked about this, let me do the talking, and you keep still"; that I did this; that Captain Rosenbluth then looked over Major Cronkhite and said: "I think he is dead"; that he then called for Dr. Seaburg and about 10 minutes had elapsed between this time and when the major was shot; . . . . that I accompanied the body to headquarters in the ambulance and then to the hospital, where I was ordered by the officer of the day to make a statement concerning the shooting; that Captain Rosenbluth and Dr. Seaburg were also requested to write out statements; that these statements were each written in a separate room and handed to the officer of the day after they had been written; that before leaving the hospital, Captain Rosenbluth stopped me on the way out after I had made the statement, and told me to meet him the night after, the following night, after tattoo, in the same place where I had met him on several occasions previous to the shooting; that on this night I met Captain Rosenbluth as requested; that he told me not to forget about explaining the shooting as the result of target practice, and that the major shot himself accidentally, and for me not to fear, as everything would be all right; that I later went before the board of inquiry when it met, and testified the way I had been told by Captain Rosenbluth.

(Signed) ROLLAND R. POTHIER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of March, A. D., 1921.

(Signed) JOHN J. RICHARDS,
Notary Public.

Witnesses:
THOMAS J. CALLAGHAN,
Special Agent in charge
JAMES J. LEE,
Special Agent.

Whether this sworn confession be true or false can never be determined until testimony is given concerning it before a judge and jury, directed by a prosecutor and counsel for the defense. That is Anglo-Saxon law. Unfortunately, there is only one race in the country that refuses to submit to it.

In this case two facts stand out like white patches on a black curtain. They are the work of stealthy hands, of men hidden in dim backgrounds.

The uniform of Major Cronkhite was burned, thus destroying the evidence of powder marks and the direction of the shot.

The second fact is that, after the confession, and the arrest of the accused men, when it was seen that their testimony hinged upon the proximity of the scene of the shooting to the gatepost of the Schuffert farm, incendiary fires were started to destroy the fences, posts and buildings.

In describing the third phase of the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case, details will be given of the organized assault upon the law forces of the United States Government. Agents of the Department of Justice are hated, feared and reviled—by wrongdoers. Those familiar with the work of these men, know how generally they are actuated by a stern sense of responsibility.

During the years in which the government agents were working on this singular case, they came upon many strange discoveries, which have not yet been brought to light. One of the most significant "finds" was the existence of a secret code—one designed for use in obtaining trade advantages and concessions in countries with which trade at that time was prohibited by the United States.

This code, whose numbers run from one to two hundred and ten, is in part as follows:

173. Aside from the general contract . . . .
174. Part of our general contract . . . .
175. Situation now justifies our showing our hand, and I so recommend.
176. Proposition re liquidating foreign claims and goods in warehouses here excellent.
177. Proposition re liquidating foreign claims and goods in warehouses here is still being negotiated.
178. Proposition re liquidating foreign claims and goods in warehouses here is dead.
179. I am to be chairman of commission to arrange settlement of foreign goods now here. Others on commission are . . . .
180. Also including all other claims of foreigners.
181. You are to be general agent America, duty to bring in every person with such claims.
186. Soft coal mine and general character coal mining rights in . . . .
187. Private owners organizing to come in according to our plans.
189. Railroad to mines to be constructed or reconstructed within . . . . months.
190. Railroad to be entirely reconstructed and equipped.
201. Secured concession with full rights and guaranties, according to principles laid down by us for years.
202. Secured concession with full rights and with the following guaranties . . . .
203. Secured concession with full rights and with the following guaranties and securities in properties and otherwise.
204. Secured concession with the following principal conditions . . . .
207. Minimum amount of money to be deposited . . . .

The method of operating a code such as this, is by having alphabetical characters representing the different number groups. If for instance 179 were represented by the letter W, 176 by the letter H, 175 by the letter S and 201 by the letter O, the following message sent by cable or wireless:

SHOW, Braun, Jonas, Rabinovitch

would read, when decoded:

> Situation now justifies our showing our hand, and I so recommend. Proposition re liquidating foreign claims and goods in warehouses here excellent. Secured concession with full rights and guaranties, according to principles laid down by us for years. I am to be chairman of commission to arrange settlement foreign goods now here. Others on commission are Braun, Jonas, Rabinovitch.

The question that now arises in the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case, is what is the meaning of

The studied assault that is being made upon the law forces of the government;

The secret destruction of evidence, the smothering of testimony;

The deadly fear shown of permitting witnesses to plead to a Federal grand jury indictment;

The sudden appearance of hordes of lawyers to defend one of them;

Their threats to impeach the Attorney-General of the United States if he insists on proceeding with the case?

These facts incline one to the belief that this affair is more involved than may appear on the surface, that there may be "men higher up"—men of wealth and importance—concerned in enterprises which they are determined must not see the light of day.

The third chapter of the Cronkhite-Rosenbluth mystery story will appear in an early issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Variations in the High Tariff Shibboleth

Consistency of Argument Not the Jewel in Protection Claims

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

WE HAVE heard a great deal of a "scientific tariff." But we have never had such a thing. A scientific tariff would be one with rates of duty based entirely upon differences of labor costs—never so great as is assumed—here and abroad. These could be ascertained only by long studies in comparison. To make it really scientific, rates of duty should vary from month to month, almost from day to day, to meet wage fluctuations. How this is to be done has not yet been discovered, so to anticipate the advent of a really scientific tariff is a vain hope.

Like the poor, the tariff we always have with us. And one protective tariff does not differ greatly from another. Always they are the result of compromise between interests clamoring for favors; the stronger the interests, the greater the concessions they are enabled to win from the tariff-makers.

From the log-rolling that takes place, the schedules emerge as top-heavy monstrosities, with their combinations of ad valorem and specific duties which make it almost impossible for the average man to determine just what is the actual rate, and with all the absurdities and complexities inseparable from the practical administration at the ports of entry.

But while tariffs have not changed, either in their incidence or origin, what have changed are the arguments in support of protection. It will be of interest to review these, and show their kaleidoscopic character. The advocates of high protection have agreed that you cannot fool all the people all the time with the same arguments, but you can do this very successfully by varying the "reasons" from time to time as they become "shop worn."

The "High-wage" Cry

"WE NEED A TARIFF BECAUSE OF OUR HIGHER WAGES HERE." It will surprise those who are not close students of the shifting tariff argument that Alexander Hamilton and Henry Clay did not advocate the tariff as a means of raising American wages. On the contrary, their contention was that wages here were too high. Their idea of a tariff was to encourage the investment by foreign capitalists in infant industries here, and thus promote the immigration of cheaper labor from foreign countries. Hamilton urged this argument with perfect candor, though it is to be observed that he regarded high tariffs as temporary expedients and not as permanent policies.

But Henry Clay was more frank. He said: "I am aware that the public domain constitutes an impediment, in the opinion of many, by its tendency to prevent the reduction of the wages of labor."

But the most incredible thing of all is that Clay urged that the system of protection actually increased poverty and the number of great fortunes, and that this condition had its advantages. We quote from what he said on March 30, 1824:

"As to the poor rates, the theme of so much reproach without England and so much regret within it among her speculative writers, the system was no less a proof of her unbounded wealth than her pauperism. What other nation can dispense, in the form of requested charity, the enormous sum, I believe, of 10 or 12 million sterling? The number of British paupers was the result of pressing the principle of population to its utmost limits, by her protecting policy, in the creation of wealth, and in placing the rest of the world under tribute to her industry. Doubtless the condition of England would be better without paupers if in other respects it remained the same. But in her actual circumstances, the poor system has the salutary effect of an equalizing corrective of the tendency to the concentration of riches, produced by the genius of her political institutions, and her prohibitory system."

Less than a generation after these words were spoken Great Britain had abolished every vestige of her protective tariff!

From Days of 1860 to 1900

"WE NEED A TARIFF TO PRESERVE OUR HIGHER WAGES." This was an admission, at all events, that the somewhat higher wages prevailing in this country were due to other causes than the tariff. Note that the argument had shifted. It was used with effect from 1860 to the days of McKinley. Why wages here were higher as compared with wages abroad, was not indicated. The true cause was pointed out by Clay in the paragraph quoted, in which he refers to the great public domain which for a long period furnished an outlet for labor and tended to keep up wages. This explanation was advanced by Adam Smith writing before we were a confederation, and, therefore, before any tariff here could have existed save the one for the protection of British industries against which we revolted. How wages are determined, the fact that wages are always higher in a new country, and that tariffs have little or no relation to the causes governing the compensation of the workers, were ignored even if they were understood by the advocates of high protection.

"PROTECTIVE TARIFFS CREATE HIGHER WAGES." Again the argument had shifted. High wages, instead of being a disadvantage, as Clay had argued, were now to be preserved at all hazards. Observe that this argument inferentially denies the validity of the former plea. It counted nothing to the advocates of protection that immigration was unrestricted, that there was no bar to the incoming "pauper labor" of Europe, that wages in the more highly protected industries were the lowest paid, and that a theory which relied upon the manufacturers paying higher wages voluntarily out of their increased profits was not likely to work out in practice. It was demonstrable that high wages were not due to protective tariffs. Protectionists, however, pointed to Great Britain as an awful example of free trade. But wages were as much higher in free-trade England over those in protectionist Germany or France as they were higher in protectionist America and over free-trade England. So the argument had several loopholes—in fact, was much like a sieve. It needed to be strengthened by several other arguments, such as

"MONEY PAID FOR GOODS HERE REMAINS IN THE COUNTRY." This contention has the support of Adam Smith, who in a moment of inadvertence spoke of domestic trade as having the advantage of being an exchange of two capitals within the country, and, therefore, more profitable than an exchange of a domestic for an imported commodity.

The subtlety of this fallacy offers difficulties to the average mind, of which protection advocates were quick to take advantage. Yet obviously what is exported is the excess production of a commodity after the domestic demand is supplied, in exchange for something else which is in greater demand. Obviously, too, this serves the purpose of greater satisfaction to the people, and all exchange in the absence of artificial interference takes this course normally because it does serve the larger satisfaction. International trade is like domestic trade, and is engaged in only because it conduces to the greater satisfaction of buyer and seller. The talk of exchange of two capitals within a country as being more profitable than foreign trade is the sheerest form of concealed nonsense, even if it does have the support of the great name of Adam Smith.

"BRITISH GOLD IS SENT HERE TO DESTROY OUR PROTECTIVE TARIFF." This was a favorite argument in the eighties. There was an organization in England composed of a few hundred members, known as the Cobden Club, and named after Richard Cobden, the eminent Englishman who was a devoted friend of the United States when we needed friends. They were free traders, and they were supposed to be vastly interested in the result of American elections—why, no one ever satisfactorily explained. But the Cobden Club and British gold were long a convenient bugaboo which had its influence upon Irish-American voters and served its purpose for quite a period until abandoned for its sheer inanity.

"PROTECTION IS THE AMERICAN SYSTEM." This was for many years an attractive shibboleth. In view of the fact that it was as old as England, which had protection down to 1846, as old as Spain, where the protective system had been so effectively applied that even the export of gold was forbidden, it was something of a tax on the credulity of the American voter to call protection the "American system." But this argument served for a while until it, too, was abandoned. Mr. McCumber does speak of his brand of tariff as an "All-American tariff," thus recalling the old phrase. The habit of substituting phrases for thought, which Walter Lippmann calls "mental stereotypes," is to be noted in the tariff argument at all times.

"PROTECTION MAINTAINS THE FAVORABLE BALANCE OF TRADE." The balance of trade is the *pons asinorum* of political economy, and offers difficulties not easily resolvable. Under the terms of this fallacy it is assumed that any excess of exports over imports shows a favorable balance, and is, therefore, a good thing for the country. It is remarkable how many acute minds fell under this delusion. It was tacitly assumed that this "favorable balance" was paid by the debtor nation in money or gold. But even this amount is received not as money but as bullion. The material of which this is composed is assayed, and the bullion value, not the money value, is credited. So that even ultimate balances of trade are settled in commodities.

But if after all accounts are settled it can be shown that we have such a so-called "favorable balance," or an excess of exports over imports, it must follow that we are giving something for nothing, which, of course, would show that we are that much poorer. This argument of a "favorable balance" has been relegated to the discards. It belongs to another era.

And so the argument has shifted. We have got a long way from the argument of Henry C. Carey (sometimes known as the father of American protection), who wished that the Atlantic Ocean had been an unnavigable sea of fire, thus fulfilling the ideal of the high tariff advocates of an earlier day. We have traveled a long way from the actual protection practice when British custom officials thrust sticks covered with tar into imported firkins of butter to protect the domestic dairy interests!

They're Not Dismayed, Though

WE HEAR no longer the plea that "the foreigner pays the tax." If that were so there would be no need of any further argument. It would then be good public policy, apart from possible ethical considerations, to levy the entire expense of government on the foreigner. But nobody believes that any longer. The "infant industry" argument has been abandoned, though it is occasionally heard when protectionist Congressmen talk of the dye industry. Nor do we hear in these days much of the "home market" argument, the need of establishing the factory side by side with the farm. The latter argument lost its force when the growing agricultural industries moved further west and away from the factories.

But the high protectionists are undismayed. The new argument is that depreciated currencies abroad and high exchange rates make it possible for foreigners to undersell us in the domestic markets. But, of course, the same discrepancy in exchange rates would continue under the McCumber Tariff. As long as we were a debtor nation some of the reasons for a high tariff were at least plausible. But now that we are a creditor nation, with foreigners owing us billions of dollars, pleas for a high tariff seem fantastic. For they cannot pay us in gold; we do not want their gold: we have enough of it already, and more of it would invite disaster. We must take goods in payment, and it is now proposed to make this payment doubly difficult by the erection of higher barriers against goods coming in. This policy is, practically, to make a present to the debtor countries of what is owing us. It is protection run mad.

Things in the Making—Needles

THE use of the needle dates back to the dim ages. Historians tell us that in the remnants of the Stone Age, there have been found stone needles, with the hole in the opposite end from the point. The earliest needles, however, did not have holes in them, but were used like awls to make holes through which the thread was drawn or pushed. In the reindeer caves of France, bone needles with eyes in them have been discovered.

Steel needles are believed to have been first used by the Chinese.

In the early part of the eighteenth century metal-eyed needles were made with a stamping machine, but it was not until some 50 years later that they were made entirely by machine.

The ordinary sewing needle is made of soft steel wire, which is first cut into lengths of eight feet. The wire is coiled in such a manner that there are exactly 100 pieces in each half of the coil when cut.

These bundles of 100 wires are then cut again to the length of two needles. The wire through the coiling process is somewhat curved, and must be made exactly straight. This is done by making the short lengths of wire into bundles and placing them in two iron rings, which hold them loosely together. Now they are softened by heat and are put upon an iron plate, and by means of a curved bar, termed a smooth file, rolled back and forth until they are perfectly straight. Both ends of the wire are now pointed, on a grindstone.

By means of a die and counterdie, two grooves are stamped on each side of the wire, which is now pierced under a press with two holes, which form the eyes. The needles are now cut in two. They are still in the rough and have to be polished and tempered, and their heads ground into shape.

All the processes which a needle must pass through until it has reached its finished state, are now done mechanically, and an enormous quantity can be turned out in a day. Just where all the needles go has been a problem, as many millions of them are manufactured and sold every year.

Needles for use in machines, such as the ordinary sewing machine, and for coarser work, are made by a process similar to that of the hand sewing needle. A special machine, which is a marvel of mechanical art, is used for their manufacture. Charles R. Gibson, in his account of the automatic needle maker, says:

"We find great reels of steel wire from which the sewing machine needles are to be made. The wire is fed into the machine which straightens it and cuts off one inch at a time, while a little metal arm with two fingers catches the little bits and places them in a miniature rolling mill. The one-inch wire is rolled out to about one and a half inches, leaving at one end a small shank of the original thickness of the wire.

"The next process is to cut a groove for the thread on both sides of the needle, so the little rolled pieces are handed over in bulk to the grooving machine. This machine feeds the pieces forward, one at a time, toward a little arm, which closes its two fingers upon the shank end of the needle and lifts it over to a pair of cutters. While these cutters are making the groove, the little arm has returned to bring a second needle, and while it is doing so a second pair of fingers takes hold of the first piece and lifts it out of the cutters, placing it upon a sloping tray, and releasing its fingers so that the needle rolls down into a collecting box.

"It still remains to pierce the little eye in the groove near the point. The needles are fed along by a spiral screw, so that they lie side by side at a little distance from each other. The first difficulty is that the machine must not merely pierce a hole in the needle, but this eye must be through from one groove to the other. The needle is caught by a pair of fingers, which turn it around, so that it lies with the grooves in their proper position. A second pair of fingers places the needle absolutely straight, so that the hole is pierced exactly where it is required. It is worth while to take a look at a sewing machine needle through a magnifying glass. It is remarkable how regular and well shaped the eye and the grooves are made."

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Einstein and the Nobel Premium

BY THE provisions of the will of Alfred B. Nobel, the Swedish oil magnate, who died December 10, 1896, a fund of 1,750,000 pounds sterling was placed under the control of the Nobel Foundation Directorate. The will provided that the interest which accrued from this fund should be devoted to premiums given in recognition of exceptionally meritorious achievements in science, literature, and in the furthering of the cause of universal peace. The Nobel Foundation Directorate is composed of five members. The King of Sweden appoints the president of the directorate.

The intent of Nobel in creating this foundation was of the highest altruistic order. Intellectual achievement was raised to a type of dignity which could be appraised by those who estimate human values only in monetary terms. The recipients of the premiums acquire independence which permits them to pursue their work unhampered by the burdens imposed by the struggle for existence.

A great responsibility rests upon the Nobel Foundation Directorate. In the past this responsibility has been met with calm deliberation and in most cases with eminently fair decisions. The record of the directorate is not beyond reproach, however, as the sad case of Ibsen bears irrefutable testimony. It has been definitely charged, and the allegation is undoubtedly true, that politics guided the award of the Nobel premium to the Norwegian author Bjornstjerne Bjornson in preference to that great Norwegian master of the drama, Henrik Ibsen, whose dramatic genius has not been equaled since Shakespeare. Bjornson was an able writer but he was also a noteworthy political figure. He was given the premium and the great master Ibsen died without receiving the well-earned award. This breach of faith of the directorate with the intent of the donor of the foundation caused vigorous protest at the time and should have served as a warning against similar flagrant departures from duty in the future.

Recently the Nobel Foundation Directorate awarded the Nobel premium for distinguished achievement in physical science to Albert Einstein. Uninformed and uncritical opinion will, undoubtedly, concur with the directorate in this choice. Biased opinion, created by world-wide propaganda, will heartily agree with the directorate in its decision. In this instance, however, the directorate has deliberately conferred a unique distinction and set its seal of approval upon a man who has been definitely and publicly charged with plagiarism through the medium of the international press and in such scientific journals as still retain their freedom of expression.

It may be thought that the award to Einstein was based upon ignorance of the actually involved facts and that the directorate may be exonerated on the plea of lack of information. It must be admitted, however, that in this case ignorance of facts should not and cannot be accepted as a defense of the award. The plea of ignorance cannot be allowed because of the all-important reason that the directorate's attention had been definitely called both to the charges made against Einstein and also to the unbiased appraisal of his alleged achievements.

One of Sweden's most eminent scientists, Professor O. E. Westin, published in the well-known Stockholm paper, *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* (October 22, 1922), an article entitled: "Einstein, the Coming Nobel Prize Winner.—Can Einstein justly be regarded as a scientist of note?—And has he shown himself honest in his researches?" This communication appeared in *Nya Dagligt Allehanda* some weeks before the prize was awarded to Einstein.

DR. O. E. WESTIN,

Famous Swedish savant, formerly Professor of Mechanics at the Royal Technical College of Stockholm, who warned the Nobel Foundation Directorate against awarding a prize to Einstein.

Dr. O. E. Westin has written extensively on the fundamental principles of mechanics and physics. Among his most noteworthy contributions are: "Reality and Abstractions in Theoretical Mechanics," "Einstein's Theory of Relativity," "Mechanical Questions." Professor Westin writes English, German and Swedish with equal ease. For many years Dr. Westin was professor of mechanics at the Royal Technical College of Stockholm. He has now retired and resides at Amal, Sweden, where he devotes his time to writing on his favorite subject, the foundations of science.

With rare and commendable courage Dr. Westin calls the attention of the Nobel directorate to the flimsy foundation upon which the claims of Einstein to scientific greatness are built. Westin's summary of the situation includes the following pertinent criticism:

1. Einstein claims that he has discovered the fact that there is no absolute motion. This discovery was made long before the advent of Einstein and he has not advanced the theory one iota.

2. Another alleged discovery of Einstein is that time is relative. This, again, is an old idea which cannot be accredited to Einstein. He has, however, tried to foist upon sensible people the reason-twisting mathematical manipulation of his intellectual affinity, Minkowski, by which an imaginary value becomes a real time. From this perversion there followed another intellectually thrilling fallacy that the world is four dimensional. Our world is three dimensional and every physical fact bears testimony that this is true despite the so-called super-intellectual wishes and desires of the Einstein-Minkowski cohorts.

3. Westin points out, in this connection, that Einstein after accepting the four dimensional hallucination of Minkowski became so intellectually intoxicated that he forgot the doctrine of his master and literally annihilated two of the dimensions with the result that our world must now manage, as best it can, to survive with two dimensions instead of four, as originally intended by Minkowski. In this manner did the magician Einstein transform the world into a two-dimensional surface whose area can be computed, by this super-scientist, by dividing the volume by the weight of the matter in the surface. This type of fantastic speculation is supposed to represent the super-reason of the twentieth century. One may readily understand why it is so difficult to distinguish genius from insanity.

4. According to Lorentz and Einstein a moving body becomes shorter in the direction of its motion. This contraction theory of Lorentz, adopted and fostered by Einstein, receives a staggering onslaught at the hands of Westin who shows that if this theory is true then many celestial bodies would be annihilated because of their velocity.

Dr. Westin's powerful article points out many other glaring irrationalities in Einsteinism. He concludes his article by citing definite charges of plagiarism against Einstein, including the notorious case of the identity (including errors) of Einstein's formula for the bending of light with that of Soldner (1801). Westin also cites the charge made against Einstein that he owes his alleged discovery concerning the motion of the planet Mercury to the earlier work of Paul Gerber (1898).

Dr. Westin concludes his communication with the following statements:

"From these facts the conclusions seem inevitable that Einstein cannot be regarded as a scientist of real note; that he is not an honest investigator; and that no valid reason can be assigned for awarding him the Nobel premium. It behooves the Nobel directorate carefully to examine all the charges of plagiarism made against him before taking an irrevocable step which later may be regretted."

Was Einstein brought before this tribunal to defend himself against these charges of plagiarism? We understand that he was far away from Sweden at the time the award was made. Has Einstein ever flatly denied the charges made against him and has he ever tried to show that they are not true? If he had, the world would have known it by every means under the control of his supporters.

It would seem that the same sinister influence which forced Einsteinism upon the world has controlled the decision of the Nobel directorate in its recent award. In view of the timely warning of the fearless and honest savant, Professor O. E. Westin, it is difficult to find any justification for the directorate in bestowing the Nobel premium in physics upon Albert Einstein.

Miniature Gas-manufacturing Plant at Smithsonian

PRACTICAL lessons are taught at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington by means of little models. Many of these mute instructors may be found at this institution. The rapid depletion of natural gas caused the Smithsonian Institution to build a little model of a gas-manufacturing plant which would serve to educate consumers concerning the method and equipment employed in manufacturing and delivering gas for consumption in the home. This little faithful replica of a large gas-manufacturing plant, although complete in every detail, is so small that it takes no more room than is afforded on the top of an ordinary table. The story of how gas is manufactured is silently told by the little model. The miniature plant traces the reduction of coal to "gas house coke" and impure gas. It shows how the ammonia, sulphur and iron impurities of the gas are removed. The volume of pure gas generated by the plant is then measured by the station meter and passed on to the large storage holder.

(C) Harris & Ewing

This little gas-manufacturing plant is complete in every detail. It stands on the top of a table in the Smithsonian Institution.

The gas holder is so constructed that it equalizes the input and output. A governing device converts the variable intake pressure into a constant pressure at the distribution point. From the governor the gas flows into the street mains and finally it reaches the various household-consuming appliances. We are indebted to S. R. Winters for the description of this model.

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

BRIEFLY TOLD

Bonar Law, Prime Minister of Great Britain, is the son of a frontier Presbyterian clergyman who came from County Antrim, Ireland, and settled in the Richibucto district in New Brunswick. In those pioneer days the father farmed as well as preached. The house which the family occupied, a little wooden story-and-a-half dwelling, still stands.

Mount Vesuvius, at night, is white to the edge of the crater; the reflection of the eruption glow on the snow is visible many miles out at sea and makes the city light as if from moonlight.

A "campaign of kindness" has been inaugurated by coeds at Northwestern University. Eighteen sororities have voted to discontinue their regular semester dance, and to use the $2,500 or more saved in this manner for a Christmas fund for Evanston's poor children.

A verdant inaccessible valley of approximately 640 acres has been discovered by a miner high up in the Salmon River mountains in Siskiyou County, California. The valley is walled in by jagged granite rocks. A creek meanders through the valley and falls 800 feet over a precipice. A view of the valley was obtained by means of a spy glass from the top of an adjoining peak.

The temperature rarely goes below 10 degrees above zero in Western Iceland.

It is now possible for aircraft to cross the Sahara Desert safely by means of a buried cable through which an electric current flows. The current influences delicate apparatus on the plane or airship so that the pilot is able to tell his exact position at a glance.

Great Britain, France, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia have agreed jointly to lend to Austria one hundred and thirty million dollars, of which thirty millions are for repayment of previous loans made her by these states, for rehabilitating her finances, and placing her currency upon a stable basis. This loan will be secured by the Austrian customs, the tobacco monopoly and other assets.

Less than two per cent of the Scottish orphans who are brought to Canada by the Quarrier Homes are, according to government statistics, failures in after life.

A sanity test will be given all persons arrested for speeding in Indianapolis. Those held for an examination by the sanity commission will await the test in jail, the state law providing that they cannot give bond.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Two years ago slaves were sold and bought in the bazaars of Afghanistan. The Ameer of Kabul ordered all slaves to be set free in that city in January, 1921, and by March of that year, 21 men slaves and 673 women slaves had been emancipated.

"Jail the flirt," is the slogan of the Anti-Flirt Association which was organized recently at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City to prosecute a campaign against the masher. Through publicity, the association intends to educate public opinion to the point where a woman will consider it her duty to prosecute the masher who attempts to force his attentions upon her. The association intends to have its own counsel who will aid in prosecuting all masher cases.

Monkeys showing clear traces of having suffered from smallpox have been found by explorers of the Brazilian wilds.

The Bureau of Fisheries five years ago planted Atlantic coast lobsters in Puget Sound marking them with the mark "E-17." One of the marked lobsters was recently taken from the waters of Oregon, 500 miles south of Puget Sound.

A "talking movie" device, invented in Italy, which is based on the principle of phonetic and optical simultaneity, was successfully tested in Rome recently.

A training school for nurses will be built in Paris and administered by the American Committee for Devastated France. In preparation for the work of administration in the new school, three French nurses are attending special classes at Columbia University.

A sheep can exist for 280 days solely on a diet of prickly pears, according to experimenters on the government agricultural farm near Johannesburg, South Africa.

Dr. Duncan Spaeth, professor of English at Princeton University, says, "I think that public opinion ought to control the whole matter of the motion picture, because it touches the life of the growing generation and brings about new experiences in a way which nothing else does."

Important crime news is barred in Japanese papers in the belief that the publication of facts may assist the criminal to escape.

A claim for possession of more than 1,500,000 acres of oil land, located in the Panhandle section of Texas, will be presented to the Texas legislature by attorneys for the Texas Cherokee and other kindred bands of Indians. The claim is based upon a treaty between representatives of the existent Republic of Texas and the Indian tribes nearly a century ago.

The fur market of Paris is flooded with specially prepared rabbit hides masquerading at high prices as rare Hudson Bay and Russian furs.

Carbon tetrachloride, a common and cheap chemical, has been developed into a cure for hookworm by a scientist connected with the United States Department of Agriculture. Reports from the Fiji Islands and Ceylon show 100 per cent of success in thousands of cases. All persons treated show a great amount of increased vigor.

A youth of 23 was chosen secretary of Yale University.

Vote or do jury duty is the program in Cleveland. The city clerk is going to have juries selected from a list of 65,000 citizens who failed to register at the last election. He intends to get the registration lists for the last two years, check 2,500 who did not register this year and put their names in the jury wheel. He thinks his idea is a good one to increase exercise of the franchise and enrich the treasury where all citizens who register must pay a poll tax.

Twenty-five secretaries deal with the Pope's daily mail which averages 22,000 each day.

A gold strike 60 miles up the Nahanni River, a tributary of the Mackenzie River, has started a wild rush of claim stakers from Fort Simpson and other trading posts along the Mackenzie. More than 100 claims have already been staked and the trails along the South Nahanni are cluttered with gold seekers.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 Dearborn, Michigan, January 13, 1923 Single Copy Ten Cents

Motion Picture Industry Enters Politics

"The Shover" Tells Why Counterfeiters Fail

Trying a Case in the Newspapers

Our Newspaper Men Become "Journalists"

The Great University Down-state in Illinois

Inhale a Nail? Bronchoscopy Will Save You

How Our Fathers Met a Money Emergency

ON GUARD!

Alien forces in American life which in the past have succeeded in creating smoke screens of propaganda in behalf of selfish and sinister purposes, are continuing actively their attempt to break down the present all too inadequate restrictions against immigration. Seldom has there been witnessed in this country a finer example of the success of cleverly directed propaganda. "Manufacturers Associations" and "Farmers Organizations" are going on record here and there as favoring the letting down of the bars against immigration. The cry is that "farmers are needed on the land." Bankrupt American farmers should take cognizance of this alarm. The cry is that "cheaper labor is needed if we are to compete with the world." The truth is that unrestricted immigration would bring neither *cheaper labor* nor *farmers. It would bring new swarms to the cities that are fast being swallowed up by the aliens already permitted entry.* Let American voters take heed now. Tell your Congressman to listen to Americans instead of to paid alien propagandists.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"The Shover" Tells Why Counterfeiters Fail

Old-timer Believes Silk Fiber Paper Has Much to Do With Failure

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON

"THE SHOVER," they call him at San Quentin prison, although strictly speaking he wasn't a shover at all. He had gained entrée to the select society of the "big house" by usurping the governmental prerogative of making $100 bills. He had served his term and now he was to be freed.

I saw Jake Emerson as he came through the gate. Other convicts had been coming and going through the same portal of the medieval tower. As they passed out, the guard at the door would say, "one out, warden's office" or "one out, stables" and his words were taken down by another guard.

The counterfeiter, gray, stooped, careworn, his body shaking with the palsy of over-eagerness, hurried through the steel gate as if afraid that it would close upon him. The guard did not count him. A released felon did not figure in his official routine.

Jake wore a suit of old civilian clothes. The trousers were too short and the coat too baggy. This attire had been taken into the prison by some short, corpulent person and now it was given to "The Shover" in accordance with prison custom.

"It ought to be easy to make counterfeit bills," I suggested after we were seated on the electric train, San Francisco bound. "Why do you fellows fail?"

He glanced furtively around.

"It is easy," he said in a low voice. "You've been a good friend of mine and I don't mind telling you that I've found a way of beating the game.

"Don't you believe I've been mooning away my time in a cell for two years for nothing. Keep this under your hat but watch for the big clean-up."

Jake Gets a New Bill

HE REFUSED to say more and laughed at the suggestion that he should take honest employment.

"Once a counterfeiter, always a counterfeiter" is an axiomatic expression.

I knew Jake's history and I was not surprised to find that he planned to go back to lawlessness. There is an irresistible lure in this form of outlawry. The "old-timers" cannot put aside the feverish urge to make their own money.

First Jake had served time in Pennsylvania for "base metal" work, making silver dollars out of a lead mixture. Three years in a cage gave him opportunity to reflect upon his mistakes and he left prison firmly convinced that he would have succeeded had he made bills instead of coin.

Emerson spent the next few years studying steel engraving, was arrested with plates in his possession and given another prison term. Before his incarceration, however, he was a fair engraver.

Out of prison, Jake decided to "shoot square," as the convicts call it, and went to work on a dairy ranch. For five years he worked steadily, putting his money aside, establishing a reputation for honesty and sobriety. During all that time he was mulling over in his mind the mistakes he had made and thinking what fine money he could manufacture. He was unable to break the spell.

One day he saw a small printing press and line engraving outfit advertised for sale. The price was within his means. He cast the temptation aside at first but some time later he drew his money from the bank. There were five $100 bills and some change. The bills were all crumpled and soiled.

Jake threw one of the soiled notes back and said:

"Give me a brand new bill for that, won't you? I like the new ones."

A counterfeiter must have a new note to work with.

Emerson placed this new bill in a folder so it would not crease. Each night after milking he studied this $100 bill. He dreamed and planned feverishly.

Jake met "Denver Slim" and "Little Mac," two ex-cons and former cellmates, and in a hotel room over glasses of liquor they listened to his plans.

And that week Jake Emerson quit his job and went into the counterfeiting business.

Plans to Make a Million

FIRST Jake made the steel engraving. It was a difficult process and he worked at it for months, discarding plate after plate for some imperfection. The two jailbirds became impatient and cursed the master workman for his procrastination, but he made them understand that it was his game. At last, however, he brought forth a product that was near-perfection. Then he set about to make the plate for printing the other side of the bill.

Proofs of the engravings caused "Denver Slim" and "Little Mac" to go into the wildest ecstacies. They wanted to take the crude proofs out and try to pass them at once.

"We will make 10,000 bills, totaling $1,000,000, before we pass any," said Jake Emerson. "When we have a million, we will split it three ways, destroy our plant, dies and all evidence and then unload our $333,333 each as quickly as possible. By traveling day and night we can put the bills in circulation in a week and when the Feds start looking for us, none of us will have a single bad note and the plant and dies will have vanished in thin air.

"That's what I call 'covering up.'"

Apparently both accomplices agreed.

From his paper samples, Emerson picked out a bond that was as near like the government paper as possible, but only one-half of the weight. He cut several thousand pieces of this into sizes a bit larger than a bill and proceeded to print his plates, using a dark ink for the bill proper and touching up the seal with blue. The serial numbers he had to put on with a rubber stamp in blue also.

"Denver Slim" and "Little Mac" both developed skill at the work, so that in two weeks each conspirator had $5,000 worth of bogus paper money, which he was pledged not to pass until it had grown to $333,333.

The temptation was too strong for the ex-cons. One night they went out on a jamboree and put $10,000 in circulation. Even the banks accepted them. But there was one class of money handler who could not be duped. And these were a few women. Emerson's currency got into the United States Treasury. Here it fell into the hands of the women money-counters, through whose fingers millions of dollars pass daily. They can tell the denomination of a bill by the feel, without looking at it. Paper money slides through their hands with machine-like rapidity and precision. When they find a counterfeit they throw it out of the pile without losing the cadence of their count.

One came upon an Emerson note. She threw it on the counterfeit pile with a glance. United States Secret Service men took that bill, studied it and then sent out a description of it and a warning. Presently, scores of the notes came pouring in, all having their origin in San Francisco. A description of the two men who had passed them was compiled through information gained from their victims and the local authorities identified "Denver Slim" and "Little Mac."

The first thing that Emerson knew of the treachery of his companions was when a couple of Secret Service agents crashed their way into his plant, slipped a pair of nippers on his wrists and confiscated $100,000 worth of bad money. He pleaded guilty and was let off with two years' imprisonment and was sent to San Quentin instead of to McNeil's Island. I met him at the expiration of the term.

"Watch my smoke," said Jake, as we got off the ferry boat that had carried us across the bay to San Francisco. "I'll be driving up to your place in a limousine one of these days."

Six months later I received a telephone call from him.

"I'm down in the city jail," he said. "Come and see me."

He was the picture of despair as he sat behind the steel grating with his head in his hands.

"I told them it was perfectly good money; that I had made it myself," joked Jake, grimly, "but they wouldn't believe me. What makes me sore is that I had worked out a scheme that would have made me rich just when they nabbed me for publishing a few measly government checks. I hate to get picked up on a piker deal like that just when I had enough coin to start work on my big scheme.

Life of Bogus Note Short

"REMEMBER I told you one time how much trouble I had imitating currency bond and making good steel engravings? My big idea was to make the government do all that for me.

"My plan was to 'raise' the bills instead of manufacturing them," he continued. "Here is a $1 bill. I can make it $10 in an hour's work. I don't need plates nor other junk. The secret part is the chemical I use to take the coloring out of the note.

"You can't beat the game, Jake," I said. "One would naturally think that with modern methods, even a mediocre mechanic could copy and reproduce currency and government bonds at will. Yet you counterfeiters are detected almost before you get under way. Why is it?"

The old fellow was silent for some time. His wrinkled countenance displayed no emotion.

"I wish I knew," he answered. "I've done a lot of time because I can't answer that same question.

"Charley Ulrich, one of the best of the old-timers, used to say that there was something about cutting a counterfeit plate that made it impossible to do a perfect job. I have experienced the same thing. You tell me what it is. Do you think that concealed inside of all of us there is a moral force that fights against any crime? Or is it just fear?"

He drew from his pocket a $5 bill.

"See that," he said, flipping it with his hand. "If that very same bill, just as it is, were a circular you wanted reproduced, I could do a job on it so that you could not tell the original from the copy. Just because it happens to be government currency my hand loses its cunning.

"Yet I believe it is the silk fiber paper that is the downfall of the most of us."

One factory in the United States is permitted to manufacture the silk fiber paper used in making American currency. This plant in Holyoke, Massachusetts, operates under the strictest supervision, secret service operatives being present at all times to see that none of the valued parchment is taken away or is shipped out except to government money printing plants. A fine of $5,000 and 15 years imprisonment is provided for any person found with this paper. The paper is the very finest and toughest of bonds, but the distinguishing feature is the silk fiber woven into its texture. This is manufactured by a secret process. No one man holds the key to this process, thus no disgruntled employe could flee to Mexico or some other land and start making currency bond. One individual knows certain details of the secret but it requires the co-operation of several trusted experts to put out a perfect product.

If the government engravers want to make and throw away a hundred plates before they secure one, they may do so. One man could not do that. Thus a lone workman cannot equal them in craftsmanship and the result shows in the product. Any one of them would be better than the best worker on the outside and when you take the combined genius of all, they cannot be approached.

Even if a counterfeiter could secure the silk fiber currency paper, he would not be able to imitate the art exhibited on government money closely enough to deceive an expert bank teller.

The life of the bogus bank note is short. It is put into circulation. To the man on the street it appears to be genuine. But the minute it passes into the hands of a bank teller or cashier it is betrayed as a fraud by the blurred lines, the irregularity of the numbers, the unfamiliar thickness of the paper, the harshness to the touch of the parchment or the imperfect coloring or shape. The genuine is perfect in all these respects.

Curiously enough these experts who detect counterfeits so easily rarely study them. Few tellers or cashiers have ever seriously studied counterfeit notes but they do know the genuine. For the year ending June 30, 1922, 39 new counterfeit notes were discovered. Most of them were photographic reproductions and none had been out more than a few months. This is a record-breaking figure.

1,025 Arrests in Single Year

THE Secret Service is responsible for the short lives of these contraband notes. For the year ending June 30, 1921, government detectives made 1,025 arrests for offenses against the currency, coinage and government checks. Of the total, 324 had raised the figures on bills, 259 had falsified government checks and the remainder were counterfeiters. In this year, $196,993 worth of bad currency was confiscated and $12,279 in lead dollars destroyed.

Realizing the necessity for safeguarding the currency of the nation, banks and commercial houses report promptly to the Federal authorities when they receive a bogus bill. The Secret Service has the country divided into districts and it is the duty of each chief operative to keep his district clean. Immediately a counterfeit issue is discovered, every agency is put to work to locate the author of it. All known offenders, whether free or on parole, are placed under surveillance. Descriptions of the counterfeit are printed and sent broadcast. Everyone is on the lookout for it.

In the old days the chief of the Secret Service could tell who had made a counterfeit frequently by merely looking at it.

"This is the work of Miles Ogle (or Charley Smith or Charley Ulrich). Bring him in," he would say. The veteran steel engraver left his trade-mark on his work just as surely as the pen and ink artist identifies a portrait by his style. But cameras know no style.

Although Federal judges seldom impose the maximum, they may at their discretion sentence a man to a term which equals life imprisonment. The maximum term on one count that can be doled out to the currency counterfeiter is 15 years and $5,000 fine. For a coin counterfeiter it is 10 years and $5,000. However, the criminal may be given 15 years and $5,000 for passing the note, another term of the same degree for making it, still another for having the note in his possession and several more such sentences for making the plate and having possession of the plate. They needed only one count, however, to put old Jake Emerson away for life. The judge gave him 15 years which means that "The Shover" will die in prison. There will be no "next time" for this optimistic crook.

Note raising has become the favorite of the counterfeiter. The crime is on the increase, despite the fact that anyone can distinguish the frauds by the numbers in the corners of a note.

How a Combination Works

THE counterfeit combination considered best is that which involves a "maker," a "dealer," a "boodle carrier" and a "shover."

The dealer buys the counterfeits direct from the maker in large quantities for about 60 per cent of face value. He then retails them to the boodle carrier who hires a shover to pass the stuff on the unwary.

The boodle carrier may have several thousand dollars' worth of bogus money in his possession at one time but he personally will not try to "shove" any of it. Instead he gives the "shover" one bill at a time and hides out within eyesight while the latter puts the currency into circulation. After the "shover" has passed a bill, the "boodle carrier" meets him surreptitiously and hands him another counterfeit.

If the shover is arrested, he has but one bill and he can plead that it was given to him in change. The "boodle carrier," watching, flees and warns the dealer if the "shover" is arrested and the dealer in turn notifies the counterfeiter. Even if the shover squeals he can involve no one but the boodle carrier.

Theoretically, this system protects the criminal. In reality the suspect who passes even one bill at a time may be convicted if the prosecution can locate several of his victims.

There are three distinct types of counterfeiters. They are the steel engraver, the photo-engraver and the coin counterfeiter. Few steel engravers are encountered today. Photo-engraving has supplanted other processes.

The Motion Picture Industry Enters Politics

Seeks to Repeal Ohio Law Because of Trash Censors Have Eliminated

OHIO has had a motion picture censorship law for a decade. In years gone by it was only a name; now it is anathema to those producers and distributors who wish to unload upon the state their salacious trash under the high-sounding and impressive slogan, for advertising, of "million dollar features."

The law and the censors, being in the way of the aims of the industry, must, perforce, go; and that is the object of a quiet, very quiet campaign which is being waged in Ohio today.

Producers, distributors and local-theater managers awoke, a little less than 18 months ago, to the fact that Ohio had a censorship law with teeth and a chief censor not afraid of the wrath of those less interested in public morals than private profits. She was Mrs. Evelyn M. Snow, of Mt. Vernon, representative of Vernon M. Riegel, head of the department of education, under which the censorship division operates.

The censorship activities of Mrs. Snow, her drastic measures to insure clean films for Ohio, and her campaign of education attracted attention for months. She was bitterly attacked by the industry, internal dissensions broke out and these led to her removal about June.

Film men heaved a sign of relief, but it was short, for in the act of the heaving they got a new shock.

"What do you think of the present Ohio censors and the censorship law?" a local manager of state-wide reputation was asked a few days ago.

"Worse and worse," he answered disgustedly.

Rejecting the "Super-feature"

HE HAD advertised a "great" feature to open in a few days, one said to have cost $1,500,000 to produce. It had been shown in other states and the reports were that it was a box-office attraction of the first power. The name was a drawing card and the star one of the most popular on the screen. All Ohio theater managers who had booked it expected a land-office business.

"Rejected," was the telegram received by each from the Board of Censors and this means that this attraction will not be shown in the state unless it is so reconstructed as to meet the approval of the censors.

Why was it rejected? Let the censors give the reasons.

"We saw the film several times. It was difficult for us to make up our minds because it had many fine parts to it but we reached the conclusion that while it might be perfectly harmless for adults, it would have a corrupting influence on the child. We rejected it and the director (Mr. Riegel) sustained us."

The censors, too, want to uphold the law which says that "only such films as are in the judgment and discretion of the Board of Censors of a moral, educational or amusing and harmless character shall be passed."

And these censors, who are the targets for more concentrated criticism than any other public official in the state, are merely two young women, neither much more than 25 years of age, eager to do their duty to the state as they see it. A week before Mrs. Snow was dismissed they were named as assistants from the Civil Service rolls. Miss Mary Edith Luethi, of Columbus, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, is a Presbyterian. Her associate is Miss Susannah Warfield, a graduate of Ohio State University at Columbus. She is a Methodist.

"The motion picture industry is in politics," one of the foremost church leaders in Ohio said only a short time ago and there is every indication that he knew what he was talking about.

Seeking Sunday Appeal

ONE law on the statute books prohibits the showing of motion pictures on Sunday. It is enforced in some cities; in others it is not. It is part of what our "liberals" term the "blue laws." An attempt will be made to have it repealed at the session of the legislature starting January 1, 1923, provided the motion picture interests see any hope of success. One of their representatives in the last few weeks has been traveling throughout the state, urging local managers to feel out public sentiment and to get the attitude of the county's representative in the legislature on the proposition of repeal. Their idea is not only to legalize the showing of motion pictures in the state in houses already established but to open up new theaters in the smaller communities for Sunday showings only.

Failing in this, they will agitate strict enforcement of other so-called "blue laws" in those cities not now permitting motion picture exhibitions in the hope of forcing public sentiment against officials, who, in turn, will allow theaters to open.

Succeeding in this, they will go one step further; it may be presented at the session of the legislature starting the first of the year; if conditions are favorable, they hope to marshal sufficient votes to repeal the censorship law. There is little likelihood of this being done, however, and the politicians of the motion picture industry know it, so the great idea on which they are centering their forces is for a popular vote on censorship.

Ohio has the initiative and referendum. It's no trick to get sufficient signatures to obtain a vote on almost any proposition. All you have to do is to get some petition peddlers, send them throughout the state, wait a little while and they will return, provided their expense money holds out. But the motion picture men will be saved this expense. The petitions will be placed at the theaters and patrons urged to sign.

They have hopes that the people will reject censorship. This is based on the vote in Massachusetts when the industry fought the churches and the legislature and obtained freedom of all restrictions; this, too, after the legislature passed a censorship law by an overwhelming majority.

This defeat is attributed largely to the well-planned and carefully organized campaign of the film promoters, who, with their wonderful and unsurpassed facilities for advertising and an unlimited amount of money, were able to get their message across to the people. The opposition forces were disorganized and lacked these extensive means of publicity. Protestants and Catholics working together were unable to meet the campaign of producers. One side was fighting for dollars; the other for a great moral issue and it's easier to fight when your pocketbook is affected than when your neighbor's morals are endangered.

The campaign in Massachusetts, and the quiet, almost whispering campaign in Ohio, lead one to think that there is a master politician directing the affairs of the industry. One pauses to ponder the tremendous salary paid to that astute political manager, Will H. Hays, to "clean up the movies" in the light of his recent action, and to wonder if his services in another line are not proving more valuable to his employers.

The censors of Ohio believe heartily in censorship. They believe it should be national in scope, instead of, as now, limited to a few states, seven to be exact, and a number of cities in other states. Censorship admittedly does not solve the problem of clean pictures but it is a long step in the right direction. It helps to awaken the public conscience to the danger of such licentious pictures as are flooding the market.

Censorship in Ohio alone has cost the industry millions. A charge of $1 is made for each reel of 1,000 feet or less censored and no film can be shown unless it has received the approval of the censors. From 20 to 50 reels are reviewed daily; eliminations are ordered in probably an average of 10 per cent; some are returned with instructions to be revised or reconstructed; some are rejected entirely.

Add to this the fact that many films which the producers know to be objectionable are not even sent to the state. They refuse to take the chance.

"One of the chief benefits of censorship in Ohio," the censors say, "is the refusal of these producers to send films here which they know stand no chance of being approved. If it were not for this law, the state would be flooded with pictures unfit for anybody to see.

"The producers or distributors often tell us that the local manager demands pictures that are risque. The local managers tell us they do not want pictures of this type; that their patrons do not approve of them. We believe the managers. They know their people and the manager with an eye to his future prosperity does not want pictures that offend good taste."

"Triangle" Film Frowned On

THE censors realize the difficult position which they hold. They know no picture can please everybody and that what they may consider unfit would be passed by some one else. They are merely trying to see the pictures through the eyes of the law.

The storm which has been waging about the division since Mrs. Snow assumed her duties took on added velocity recently when Director Riegel called a halt on the "eternal triangle" film, on which his censors had reported. Many of these have been shown with the ultra-salacious portions eliminated and others had been rejected. Mr. Riegel notified distributors that censorship of these would be even more vigorous than in the past. Here's his letter:

"Motion picture productions may have various objectionable qualities that bring them within the scope of the censorship law enforcement. However, we think the one great, outstanding, objectionable feature of the motion pictures, and the one that is most menacing to the welfare of society is the sex question involving the love triangle and other illicit love affairs. It will, therefore, be our policy in the future to censor such films strictly. Legitimate love-making scenes that do not border on licentiousness, salaciousness or lewdness will not be banned. We shall be as liberal in our censorship in general as is possibly consistent with the proper performance of official duty, but strict censorship of pictures involving illicit sex questions will be our policy in the future."

In the last six months 24 screen productions have been rejected; others have been revamped, and all have involved the sex question to a greater or less degree.

One favorite bit of what the producers are pleased to call comedy is to place the Protestant minister in a ridiculous, ludicrous and occasionally a risque situation. Sometimes he is made to kiss a bride. At other times he is smoking cigarets, drinking or put in some undignified position. Ohioans do not know how many times the producers try to put this across; the censors do and only in the most unusual cases is it permitted to go to the public.

Here is a typical order of the censors:

"Cut out all scenes of minister represented as a comic character marrying couple and all scenes of bee stinging minister on head and his head swelling."

Not so many months ago, the country was entertained by newspapers and rotogravure sections of Sunday papers picturing "the most beautiful legs in the world," showing a petite feminine visitor to America. Of course she was screened and the pictures shown in many states. But not in Ohio. The censors rejected this so-called feature. It is one of the commonplaces of the silver sheet to show women with as little clothing as possible. Clothing is a requirement of the Ohio censors in approval of pictures.

Pictures displaying too much of the human anatomy, bootlegging, girls smoking cigarets, long passionate embraces, gatherings of the Ku Klux Klan, cruelty to animals, arson, crime—all these are either taboo or reduced to a minimum.

Use of the name of the Creator in a vulgar sense is not encouraged; seldom allowed. Even "hell" and "damn" are eliminated.

Scenes which are obscene, salacious, immoral or teach false ethics are not permitted.

Here are only a few of the orders of the censors in the last six months:

Cut out scene where Brainerd kisses mayor's wife on neck.

Cut out scene showing Jack Johnson and all subtitles referring to him.

Cut out all scenes where women are drinking.

Cut out scene of prisoner taking saw out of banana.

Cut out scene of man pouring liquor down woman's back.

Cut out scene of woman lying on couch and man bending over her.

Cut out scene of woman in transparent gown before burning building.

Cut out all scenes of Night Riders.

Cut out subtitle, "Making moonshine where the sun shines," and cut out all scenes and subtitles relating thereto.

Cut out all scenes of girl shimmying.

Cut out scenes of girl pulling up her garter.

Cut out subtitle, "Bedtime and use your own imagination."

Cut out all scenes where boy is shown with gun.

Cut out all burlesque scenes of Heaven.

Cut out subtitle, "Does your womanly intuition give you any idea of what is going to happen now?"

What is the effect of such scenes and subtitles on the public conscience? What of public morals? What influence will it have on the next generation?

The Contest That Is Shaping

OHIO censors hope the producers will co-operate with them and send clean pictures to the state. If they do not co-operate it will be their loss. Ohio is demanding a higher grade of motion pictures. The producers are preparing to fight. They do not want to be interfered with in their demand to present such pictures as they see fit regardless of public morals and the effect they will have on the mind of the child.

The contest has not reached that stage of development where it is receiving the attention of the newspapers. Perhaps it will during this session of the legislature and if it does, the public should be fully informed as to the value of this law on the statute books. When they do know the facts it may not be difficult to predict, at least, that the representatives in the legislature will be advised to vote for the right.

Ohio's situation is different than that in Massachusetts. Ohio has the law and, to a certain extent, there is public sentiment behind it; the Bay State had no such law in force. It is easier to defeat a measure proposed for law than to repeal a law, the benefits of which have been accepted by many.

It will be a contest between the motion picture producers, distributors and managers on the one side and the forces of moral righteousness, led by the churches, on the other. Ohio, to its honor, has a strong church federation with headquarters in Columbus. Its leaders are aware of the campaign to repeal the Sunday closing law and also the censorship statute. They have not been caught napping and the result in Massachusetts has taught them that it will not be an easy contest. Therefore, they are preparing, and the state may see a contest rivaling in interest that of last November when an attempt was made to vote a wine-and-beer clause into the Constitution. The attempt failed by 200,000 but interest was greater than in any other issue or for any office.

The Managers Are Difficult

THE progressive manager, the man with a vision, will not show films that are suggestive. Some of the more conscientious cut out certain parts themselves. One, a few weeks ago, called in a committee of women and had this committee make selections for an entire week. But a great many, a majority by far and large, take the big features as they come, regardless of the effect they have on the minds of the young. His eye is solely on the box office.

When Mrs. Snow was censor a remark attributed to her and later denied was that 75 per cent of the people were unable to act as censors of the pictures they see. The movie fan goes to his theater for entertainment and not for criticism. If he sees an unusually objectionable scene, he comments on it for the moment and thinks he has forgotten it. He does not think of the effect of a repetition of such scenes on the youthful brain or even the influence on his own character.

Ohio gets cleaner motion pictures because of its censorship, but the situation is not ideal. The censors are fallible. They pass scenes which in some cases it seems they should not pass and they also reject scenes which in the opinion of many should be permitted. Their ideal is to approve only such pictures as are moral, educational, amusing and to bar the suggestive and the salacious, or those which teach or elevate crime.

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The Stir at Washington

THE allegation of American "aloofness" from European affairs has been punctured. But so general has been the assumption that our government was aloof that even the ranking member on the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate made a proposal that the Government take a certain line of action looking to a finding of facts with regard to the condition of Europe.

That, in brief, is the meaning of the Borah resolution. Its presentation exposed a strange situation and action followed. Consider that had Henry Cabot Lodge been defeated (which came within an eyelash of occurring) Senator Borah had succeeded to the head of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Consider that Senator Borah, so far advanced on that committee, introduced a resolution counseling action. Consider further that he did so in ignorance that anything was transpiring in the Executive mind—and there you have a complete picture of the way our own Government functions. Upon hearing of Senator Borah's action, the President communicates with Senator Lodge deploring such action, because, as the President said, the Executive had a helpful plan which should not be interfered with. Whereupon, of course, Senator Borah gracefully withdrew. Then the second thing occurred: on the evening of December 29, Secretary of State Hughes made his New Haven Speech, which really deserves reading. Although the whole matter is veiled in lies and concealments and delusions, Secretary Hughes does state in unmistakable terms the attitude—we may say the entirely correct attitude—of the United States Government.

The funny element in the chaos is that Senator Borah was led to action by the naval amendment. The question of armament was up, the United States was arming again (quite properly perhaps) when the Senator was moved by the inconsistency of the thing. There had been a Disarmament Conference, or something of the sort, at Washington recently, had there not? Yes. Well, then, why go on arming? Because Europe was in such a commotion. Then why not call another Conference to deal with Disarmament and Europe? These conclusions of a direct mind are embarrassing. Senator Borah may be wrong, but he is consistent. The Administration may be right, but it is not consistent; it keeps telling the people one thing, or permitting the people to believe one thing, while it is really proceeding along another line. The American people are the worst bamboozled people on the earth today. Every other nation is "on to" the tricks of Governments, except our nation. We're still the babes in the woods. Maybe it is providential that we are; maybe the awakening will be the more effective for that. Anyway, Senator Borah stirred up the worst kind of an alarm by making the most innocent kind of a suggestion.

What the Administration now proposes to do, as its reason for asking that Borah withdraw his plan, is to supersede the League of Nations in the matter of reparations: it proposes to call an Economic Conference. The Administration is perfectly correct in so far as it assumes that no conference of European Premiers can ever settle the Reparations Question. Not because they do not know how, but because they are not free agents. No Premier of Britain or France can go into conference on German reparations and pretend to be honest. His whole job is to maintain his balance between the facts as they are, and public opinion at home. The interested nations would destroy a Premier who worked the problem out scientifically, and would repudiate his undertakings. That fact is recognized by the Administration, and it is a fact.

But whether the United States has anything to do in the matter is another question. What about the League of Nations? Isn't there a League of Nations? Have not we been besought for years to join the League of Nations, the great Court of the World's Justice? Wise observers have been convinced for a long time that the Reparations Question is on its way to the League of Nations: why hinder it with another Conference?

Secretary Hughes has done this service: he has made coldly clear the fact that the United States regards the Reparations Question and Europe's Indebtedness to America as two separate matters, not to be mingled or confused. He points out that the Reparations Question would be precisely the same if there were no European indebtedness to America. In this, Mr. Hughes has checkmated the obvious intention of International Financiers to rope in America and flimflam her: and the International Bankers who propose to do this are resident in the United States.

Now, although it appears plain that the proposal of the President to call an Economic Conference (not to sit at Washington but at Brussels) is a concession to the pressure brought to bear by International Financiers, it is equally plain from the statement of Secretary Hughes these gentlemen are not to have it all their own way.

If such a Conference is called (and no one except the International Financiers will be overly enthusiastic about it) the best counsel we can give to President Harding is to be careful, mighty careful, more careful than he has ever been about anything before, whom he chooses as America's representatives. Let them at least be American and free of allegiance to any alien banker.

Taking the Tariff From Politics

RECENT news dispatches from Washington, evidently inspired, are that President Harding is to confer with the tariff commission with a view to settling such changes in the Fordney-McCumber Act as are necessary to make the schedules workable and more equitable. Apologists for the Administration say it means the removal of the tariff issue from politics.

Does it? And if so what is the nature of the power, if not political, which hereafter will regulate the tribute domestic industry may wring from the people in the guise of protection to home manufacture?

The power granted the President to increase or decrease the schedule rates on imports is susceptible of very ill use. It gives power to insure liberal financial support of candidates, or punish where such support is refused. It not only does not remove the issue from politics, but it makes it more difficult for the people to select the legislative members of government who will decide the issue as they wish. It means the strengthening of the hands of organized monopoly by making it more easy for it to control.

It may be said that the other extreme is possible, that a courageous President can protect the people from the grafters. But the people are unorganized, unsettled in conviction, and disagree as to the causes of national ills. The interests, or that portion which will be active, are united and join in a common cause. They are powerful and really make and unmake Presidents. They control all major parties indiscriminately, while the poor dupes of imagined or real principle worship at the shrine of party fealty, unmindful of the truly tragic fact that party sheds principle as readily as men discard worn clothing.

No national issue should be out of politics. It is not the fault of our form of government that politics is abjured by many as dirty.

If the tariff has been taken from politics it will be replaced when politics shall have been purified by the liberal injection of the limpid waters of principle, and the dregs of impurity drained into the soil of democracy, to be absorbed as earth itself absorbs the fertilizing constituent, leaving the poison dead and powerless.

The Winters of Former Years

THOSE of middle age observe the remarkable revolution the last two decades have wrought in winter amusements. The automobile and motion picture have been leading causes. Concrete roadbeds do not furnish the foundation for miles of smooth, slippery track; automobiles have supplanted the spirited horses; the sleighs, "bobs" and cutters rot in storage, while the merry bells hang silent. The city swain taxis to the theater the country lad has his car, the concrete road is soon rid of the thin coating of snow and the closed all-winter car silently rolls along without hint of the buoyant happiness of the passengers.

Hayrack rides are no more save in country districts, where at least one ceremonial ride may be taken by the young folks every year. Even the clear, bright skies, with the moon a wintry silver and stars snapping frostily seem to have been displaced by fog and cloud, while river and pond seldom offer ice skating. Indeed, skating is in danger of becoming a lost art, since professionals have taken charge of youthful sports, to dictate games and drag the growing children through tiresome pageants to show them off.

Perhaps the modern youth, blessed beyond the comprehension of his predecessor of two generations ago, is as happy; perhaps the club skate is a vast improvement over the wood-bottomed "mooley" of our youth and its automatic fastening; perhaps special shoes are ahead of the straps which must be so tightly buckled as almost to paralyze the feet; perhaps the skating costume and the heated rest room make for greater enjoyment, but certainly it is all less picturesque. Why? Do you remember the old pond? Do you remember the rivalry of skill? Fancy skating is almost forgotten. Even on "moolies" the lads could spin, write their names, cut circles, grapevine, and spread the eagle in style requiring agility and speed. How many today could gain a local reputation by "cutting the figure 8" or beating the wind on skates?

The girls could skate, too. The games of pull-away, crack-the-whip and follow-the-leader led the younger ones into danger at times, and tested their skill in maintaining an equilibrium always.

Exhilarating? It was, beyond anything now imaginable. Fatiguing? Yes, of course. But it was wholesome, and brought strength and poise of carriage: it gave purity to the blood, roses to the cheek, and a depth of slumber which millions of gold could not buy.

Youth of that day knew little of dancing, if what is called dancing today deserves the name. In these days of syncopated tunes that admit of no foot accompaniment but a languid slide, real dancing is impossible.

The adolescents learned the square dances, Virginia reel, money musk, the ordinary and fancy polkas, the varsouvienne, schottische, and the stately lancers. No prettier dances than these, taken in perfect step to special music, ever were seen. Now and then, where normal folk do congregate, you see these dances, and they appear like beautiful, vivacious memories emerging from a rapidly receding past.

No, our winter sports are not the same. Neither are our winters. Even the snow is measured out less bountifully. And while youth is always self-sufficient, there are some of the privileges of youth which one could wish had remained. But, as nothing good passes entirely away, we may hope for the world a revival of all the best of what once was youth's.

Oases in the Dry Desert

THE Oakland, California, *Observer* is a keen one; for at that distance it has descried the reason for the willingness of national statesmen to remain on the job in Washington during the holiday season. And the *Observer* speaks by the card, claiming to know from participation rather than from observation.

Of course the press announced there would not be the usual recess because of "national exigencies," but that, it seems, was pure bunk. It did not mention whether any of the Senators or Representatives refused mileage, either. A brief news dispatch spilled the beans.

The dispatch announced the arrival of a British steamer in New York, the interesting part of its cargo under government seal and consigned to several embassies "on consular service." Those words are notice that the boxes and their contents are duty and inspection free and have priority rights to delivery.

That the essential cargo was of service, in a proper way, may be vouched for; and if there were any object in mellowing the relations between this country and others, who can doubt the rare wines of foreign vintage might have that effect?

So while the country went its tolerably dry way at Yuletide, the boys at Washington sacrificed the pleasure of home-coming and made frequent pilgrimages to foreign soil, sometimes no farther than across the street, to work for better international relations.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are people who turn away their attention whenever they see or hear the word "Europe" for it has become the synonym of endless problems and incurable disorder. And for thus turning away their attention, they are likely to be scolded or lectured for being devoid of world spirit. It is, however, worth considering whether the instinctive repulsions and attractions of the people do not mean something in themselves. After all, the great human masses have nothing to fall back upon except their instinctive feelings about things. This they feel to be right, this they feel to be wrong; this they feel to be immediately important, this they feel to be unripe as yet.

What we have missed is this: perhaps these feelings are important guidances to the facts of the situation—the larger facts. It may be, it may well be, that there is such a thing as premature activity on the part of America. It may well be that still other, and maybe unforeseen things are yet to occur in the world, before America will be free to march out on her full World Mission—before the inner promptings of her spirit will tell it that It Is Now Time.

It may be the part of wisdom to wait until the people are sure that the time for action is come. When Springtime comes, everyone knows it; we don't need special propaganda societies and squabbles in Congress to make us aware of the fact. And in some such silent way the people may be aware of the coming of the right moment.

One thing is lacking yet, and that is a definite idea on the part of Europe as to what she needs, or as to what we can do to help her. And one reason for this is that Europe does not yet think as Europe. We in America, in the greater part of America at least, think as America. But Europe has not the European sense, that is, does not think as a whole. Everywhere you are crossing frontiers, and not political frontiers only, but racial frontiers, psychological frontiers—a succession of little worlds bristling with animosity each toward its neighbor.

In such a condition as that there can be no sense of the real need of Europe, the need that is common to all parts. And yet today there is no community, except the community of need.

The commonest cry that would come from Europe in reply to the question, "What do you need?" would be "Money." Of course, that is what every wastrel, every prodigal wants. It is "the easiest way" all over again—Money! What do they want money for? Simply to perpetuate the very things which have brought them to their present condition.

UNTIL Europe discovers what it is she needs, nothing vital can be done for her. The common cry is that she needs Money! That cry is encouraged by dealers in money, who live off that largest tax-roll in the world, that most unremitting tax system in the world, the interest system. Money was the ruination of Europe; something else will have to prove her restoration. So far, Europe says nothing for herself as a whole. There is no inclusive European sentiment or thought or sympathy. Europe is one name given to a dozen irreconcilable things. Europe has not been fused by war, nor by the sufferings of the peace. Europe is yet to be born. Then she can be helped.

And, our International Bankers, hearing Europe's cry for "Money!" prick up their ears and say, "Yes, that's it—Money! Money! Money! Fabulous national loans and large percentages of interest, running as a mortgage on endless generations. Money!"

Then follow political whisperings and pullings and haulings, and presently we hear of a "conference" being called (that most popular way of deceiving the people just now) and the International Bankers have put over their plan! Is Europe any the better off? No, but the whole world is much the poorer off.

The most amazing thing about Europe is that she has not learned anything in the last half century. Some day, observing men will mark the time when Europe ceased to be the teacher of the world, and began to sink into that pride-sick condition where she absolutely refused even to learn any more. The attitude of the better classes of Europe today is simply that of a refusal to learn. If they assume the attitude at all, it is usually for the purpose of wheedling us into a better frame of mind with regard to—Money! Europe and her leaders are still trying to re-establish what God Almighty has destroyed for them; they are still butting their heads against the stone walls of destiny; they are still searching for the familiar paths which the recent cataclysm destroyed. Europe is leaderless. What is worse, all her sorrows and sufferings have not melted her into the least semblance of spiritual sympathy or unity.

Naturally, we of America first ask, What can be done? Well, when you look over a wreck you usually know what can be done, but you can see no clue in the European wreck, because it is not a wrecked unit. A wrecked unit can be repaired, but Europe never was a unit in the first place. If your wreckage consists of such a jumble as a wrecked car, a wrecked business, a wrecked character, a wrecked jar of jam, a wrecked temper and a wrecked confidence in things—how are you going to put that wreckage together again? It can't be done. It is not an accident to be repaired, it is just something that has come to an end, that is all—simply come to an end! There is nothing to do, except the elementary things, the fundamental things on which life, mere human life, is founded.

What is still necessary to enable Europe to find herself, no one can say, not even those who talk most about it. There never was so much counsel without wisdom, as there now is. There are, of course, plenty of plans. There are always plenty of plans. Few men could not plan out the whole business if everybody concerned would agree to follow the plan. The big task is to provide a plan in which everyone concerned will see his own advantage, and which everyone concerned will agree to follow. This has not been done. It will not be done. The time has not yet come for it. Europe apparently has still more experience to undergo until she becomes willing to learn a few of the elementary things.

The utmost that can be done now is to make use of the power of necessity. The first necessity is to produce the raw material of life, to plant, to manufacture, to transport. The first necessity, to express it another way, is to get a job. And this necessity has been pointing the way to leaders for a long time: their duty is to make jobs. Poor, helpless leaders that they are, the moment they think of making jobs, they look toward the money-brokers—the cursed obsession of Money again! They look at exchange, and loans, and notes and all the other belongings of ordinary business. But it is really a matter of potatoes and wheat and leather and cheese and flax and spinning and baking and other services. These are all present and involve no money at all—if there were only leadership.

But that "if" intervenes, and it cannot be changed. It is probably up to Americans to make jobs for Europeans, to show them what to do and set them to work. It is true that we in the United States have lately put ourselves down upon the European level of mind by erecting a high tariff wall—but doing the very thing that hinders trade and makes it hard on both sides of the tariff wall—but even in spite of the folly of our own government (and we are just as destitute of real leaders as is Europe) it is our privilege to give Europe work if we want to.

That much is true in the noise of the propagandists: America may have a big hand in saving Europe; but not in the way the propagandists imagine—Money! Not money, but Work. Money is responsible for what flame remains in Europe today. Money explains the Greek and Turkish troubles. If Europe were utterly and finally financially bankrupt, she would be in better condition, so far as looking forward to future unity of effort is concerned, than she is now. While now she has not much money at hand, she is still under the delusion that Money will save her. No. Money did not create Europe. But Money did destroy her. And now, if she is to be recreated, it must be by that which created her first, not Money but a common high purpose and work.

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Crossing the Rockies in the Locomotive Cab

Thrill-Charged Scenes of Mountains Look Different From Front End

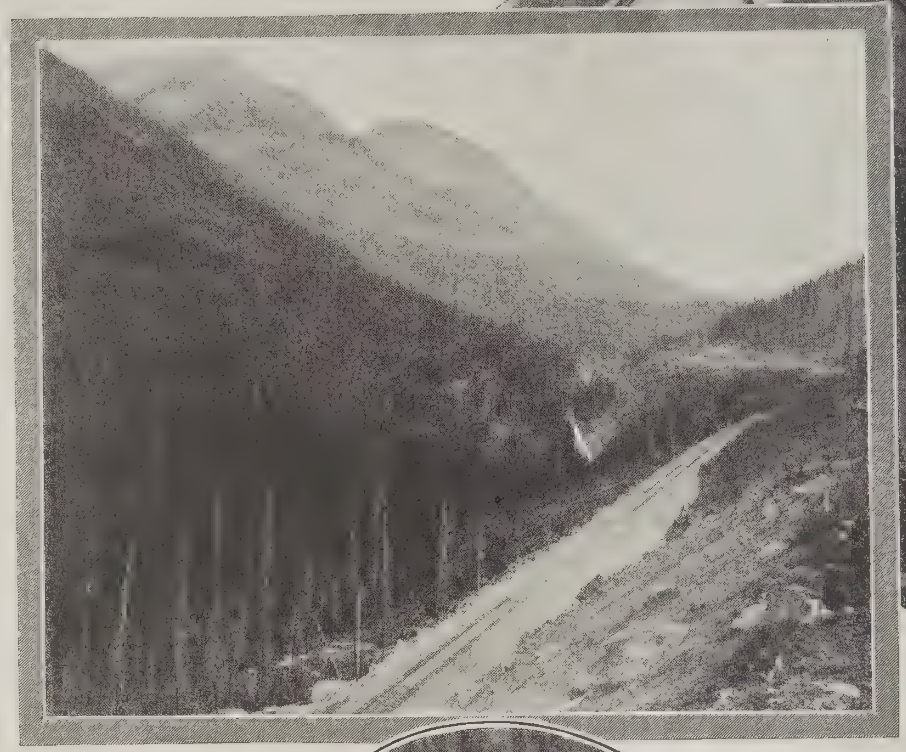
By A. R. PINCI

ACCOMPANIED by mighty sternutations of smoke, steam that had coursed through the elaborate veinwork of the locomotive began to move the heavy transcontinental train westward. The bell ceased jangling, nodding to and fro silently on its pivots as though in recognition of its inadequacy in the midst of a confusion of noises. Snorts and wheezes, at first disconnected and discordant, attuned themselves as forward motion became accelerated, and presently subsided into an opaque echo of new but decipherable sounds—that of metal on metal, metal against metal.

And then began our dance—that of the fireman and myself, each pivoting on either or both feet, as a lateral swaying forced us out of equilibrium. The engineer, resting easily on his perch, a hand skillfully caressing the air-brake lever, watched ahead—a blur in the foreground, because the day was cloudy and mists hung low, fringing mountain tops and pines emerging amid their loftiness, the track visible in sections as we twined our way along a serpentine maze, skirting here a tiny torrential stream, crossing there a barren rocky bed, but always contesting a difficult grade, first upward and then downward.

A sheer drop of 1,900 feet in 12 miles, through baby canyons, above high valleys, through spiral tunnels—two of them—at one time a panoramic vista of many miles beneath us, for either of us could have stepped into eternity during any of those 55 miles of arduous piloting. That WAS a sensation that I felt as I rode on the engine, but that I missed when I made the trip safely and comfortably ensconced on the rear platform of the observation car.

For this is what I wanted to know—what of the road ahead, as it met the eye, instead of the road behind, as it disappeared from sight? There is always a difference between meeting a thing and leaving that thing behind, and I wanted to see what the engineer saw—that which the most timid passenger, even, fails to think about while gazing upon scenes of panoramic grandeur that have been rendered safe by man's engineering skill.

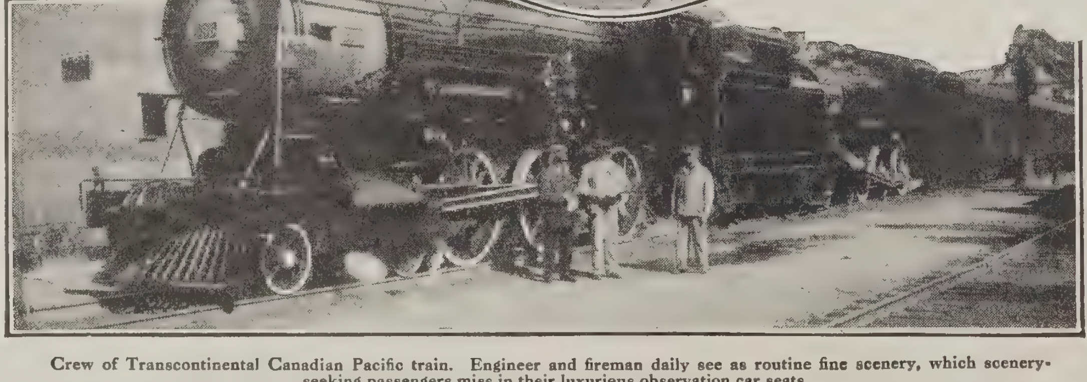


The Prince of Wales with the engineer on the locomotive pilot. At the left—Yoho Valley, through which the ride was made. Circle—A party viewing the mountain scenery from the rear of the train.

There was no time or thought for scenery forward. It was the same view that travelers 300 or 400 feet behind us would soon gaze upon; the same towering peaks, the unkempt hanging gardens, the same streams, the same bridges, the same crumbling cuts, but we approached with care, that which passengers soon after greeted with enthusiastic carelessness.

It was not, this, my first experience of the sort, because several years ago I made the run on a crack Pennsylvania train, between Washington and New York, in the locomotive, but 228 miles in five hours could be hardly comparable to the quartered distance between Banff and Field—the one in Alberta and the other in British Columbia, in half the time. One was a gondola run; the other a ride on a camel suffering from indigestion. I am speaking of the psychological effect, because engines and bed differed little in riding comfort—or discomfort. If I slipped from my Pennsylvania locomotive I would have been hurled on tableland, but if ever I slipped from my Canadian Pacific 564 I would have dropped—just plainly and simply dropped. The distance to bottom might have varied—but it was distance.

Of course, the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railroad did not favor my request for this ride. It was all very well a few years ago "when trains plodded along a few miles an hour," but at higher speed—well, the risk was too great and they would not consider it. Of course, I had assured them of my willingness to sign away their responsibility.



Crew of Transcontinental Canadian Pacific train. Engineer and fireman daily see as routine fine scenery, which scenery-seeking passengers miss in their luxurious observation car seats.

Permission was finally granted. The station master at Banff gave me a paper to sign. The dream of childhood abides in grown-up days, and not one of the fellow passengers who knew about my reportorial task, either before or after, but did not wish to "try it sometime." Parenthetically, I might say that a "train of locomotives" might save the day, but an important official said that it wouldn't do—because every mother's son of them would want to ride in the "front locomotive." So to please all and satisfy none—unless the rare exception is worth considering—they let it be known that it is too risky or some such thing.

But the fact is that neither engineer nor fireman likes to have anybody around while the regular train is in motion—not within their three-by-six empire. The Pennsylvania train crew was quite frigid toward me—so much so, that I thought it quite a miracle the water could boil at all. And was the Canadian Pacific crew any colder? Just a little. The rest of the chill I'll blame on the glaciers and snow-topped mountains about us.

If the officials did not welcome my proposal, I confess that it was nothing in comparison to the engineer and the fireman, each of whom read and reread the formal and official authorization to "hang around," furtively looked at me, looked me over, and wondered.

On board it was up to me. They offered no encouragement. I stood upon the laminated steel floor that bridges tender and locomotive itself, where, despite my poor terpsichorean skill, I was obliged to try steps and humps that must have been quite funny, only I couldn't see them. I was looking at something, but I knew that if I kept looking at the fireman as he fed coal into the furnace I would have been little better off than if I had called upon my New York apartment-house janitor. I tried to make myself inconspicuous. When you are not wanted, those present don't mind letting you know it, and as I reached out a hand—well, I was beginning this time to believe that the advice of "Don't do it" was safe and sane.

For I happened to rest two fingers—fortunately not more than two—upon the six-foot poker which only a few moments before had been flirting with the sizzling coals, and I realized quite painfully that interrupting any flirtation is dangerous business, especially when it is so logical as that of poker and fire. I could not stand upright anywhere; first, because there was no place to stand, and second, because I didn't care to dance anyway. Besides, we had covered five or six miles by now—I could tell because Castle Mountain was becoming more castellated—and if I wanted something to write about I'd better find myself a perch.

If at any time locomotive-riding will be made a popular outdoor sport let us hope that the powers that be will provide suitable perches, at least provide one. For there was not even one. Moreover, I did not like the frequent hot blasts emanating from the grate as the bisected gravity doors swung apart in response to the fireman's left foot on an operating lever. I had to think quickly, too, because the latter presently began to water the coal dust, the dampened boards steaming unpleasantly. This time I put out my right hand—and, of course, I got it nicely wetted, for the water-tank had rid itself of its overfullness. I tried a lateral hand-bar, and this time it was nicely smeared with soot—or "sot," if I am to believe a friendly Canadian. But anyway it was oily black—and so was my hand.

So far, instead of seeing anything ahead I was seeing things about myself, and that was defeating my purpose. I could not displace the engineer, to see what he saw, because unfortunately for me he was needed and the travelers in the cars behind me might have objected to his removal. The eye of the fireman quite succeeded in convincing me that his seat was no place for me—that he needed it to rest his tired back—though the handicap was against him in this rest business.

The ice wagon simile is apt. One foot on the wet and worn step, a hand grasping the scale-chain, and the rest of the body devoted to ways and means—ways to jump from the lash's reach and means of getting the sliver of ice for parched throat. Thus the inner and ancient child solved the outer and modern man's problem. My rejuvenated eye singled out a nice (except for the dust and soot), iron bar, very solid, if I could judge of rivets, and having thus found a place for my hands I looked for a foothold. There was no such thing. The best thing offered was a wooden platform just about fitting a pair of No. 7 feet, but I admit that they crowded the step. It wasn't uncomfortable for the step but it was uncomfortable for said feet. One is all I could spare, and as levitation of this sort was anything but natural—and we had yet 47

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Trying a Case in the Newspapers

The Third Phase in the Death of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite and Indictment of Captain Robert Rosenbluth as the Murderer

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE question to the forefront in this case is not whether Rolland R. Pothier, or Robert Rosenbluth, both under indictment by a Federal Grand Jury in Tacoma, Washington, as responsible for the death of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, is guilty or innocent. That is for judge and jury to decide. They are presumed to be innocent until pronounced guilty. It is doubtful whether there is a man, woman or child that desires the conviction of these men. On the contrary, the country would experience relief on witnessing their acquittal of the grave charge that rests against them. If pronounced innocent, undoubtedly they would be cheered as they left the court room. For that is the spirit of the American public.

No, the question at issue is whether one race, through a series of highly organized attacks upon a wide number of public officials, by fanning an unfounded hatred among an emotional people, and attempting to blind the public in a press campaign conducted on a grand scale and with unlimited expense, in newspapers, periodicals and pamphlets, can overturn the laws of a constituted government, nullifying its legal procedure in criminal cases.

The known facts are as follows: During the progress of the Great War—or to be more exact, on an October morning in 1918—a battalion of the 213th Engineers was led out on a hike through the United States Army Reservation at Camp Lewis, Washington, to study advance guard problems. Captain Robert Rosenbluth, a man of about 40 years, who had been trained at Plattsburg, New York, was conducting the maneuvers, under the direction of Major Cronkhite, 24 years old, who had been graduated from West Point three years before. It was the duty of the young major to give the problems and criticize their execution.

Had Received Highest Rating

MAJOR CRONKHITE had only recently received the highest rating that his colonel had given any officer, and it is said that there were few men in the service whose rating was so high. His principal work was to weed out officers who, as a result of examinations, had been found not qualified to hold commissions abroad. It has been published that Captain Rosenbluth was marked just over the minimum considered necessary to "pass," and that the hike of this morning was to be the final test to determine whether he would be continued to command. Men of the battalion say that during the maneuvers, the major called the attention of Captain Rosenbluth to the fact that had he been handling his troops on a European battlefield, they would all have been wiped out.

Several hours later, Rosenbluth notified the major that the time for luncheon had arrived, and he suggested a location in a hitherto unfrequented part of the camp. Major Cronkhite went up an old, unused cart track to inspect the place. The battalion was halted, and the captain, accompanied by Sergeant Bugler Rolland R. Pothier, followed the major. These three men, now some 50 yards in advance of the column, were hidden from sight behind a wall of dense shrubbery.

Three or four shots rang out ahead. Ten minutes passed. The men of the battalion, made uneasy by the halt and the unexpected firing—for the order had gone out to take no loaded weapons on the march—looked over an adjoining fence, and tried to peer through the shrubbery. There ensued the silence of apprehension, no one knowing what had happened. Then came a call for a doctor. Three medical men went forward, and found Major Cronkhite lying dead in the arms of Captain Rosenbluth. He had been shot through the right breast.

The two sole witnesses to the shooting, Rosenbluth and Pothier, testified before a Military Board of Inquiry that the young major had shot himself accidentally while firing at a tin can set on a gatepost. But immediately after the officer's body had been taken to the base hospital, the 213th Engineers knew that his wound was not self-inflicted. The explanation had seemed incredible to them from the start, for it was inconceivable that a trained West Pointer could kill himself by accident while handling a revolver.

Cronkhite Uniform Burned

UNACCOUNTABLY, shortly after the major's death, his uniform was burned, thus destroying the evidence of powder marks and the direction of the bullet. The Department of Justice, not satisfied with the account given of the shooting, began an investigation which extended over many months. Major Cronkhite's body was exhumed, and Otto F. Schultze, professor of medical jurisprudence, medical college of Cornell University, after performing an autopsy, swore to the opinion that "the wound could not have been self-inflicted with a firearm in the hand of the deceased," and his opinion was corroborated by several leading gunshot experts.

Meanwhile, the two witnesses soon after left the service, one of them, Rosenbluth, going abroad, to Russia, Siberia and Turkey, where he remained for about a year and a half.

Two and one-half years after the shooting of Major Cronkhite, Pothier, the former sergeant bugler, was arrested on a Federal warrant. He admitted that it was a bullet from his gun that had killed the young officer, and he at once pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter before a United States Commissioner. Later he made a sworn confession, in which he stated that his fellow witness, Robert Rosenbluth, had instructed him to shoot the major. He detailed how he had borrowed a revolver from a sergeant, and had taken several bullets from the sergeant's bag. "It was wartime," said Pothier. "My captain told me to shoot Major Cronkhite. Orders are orders in the army."

Rosenbluth, who had returned from abroad several months before, was thereupon arrested in New York City. He denounced Pothier's confession as "a gross, stupid lie." He insisted upon the truth of the "tin can" story. He was at first quoted as expressing the belief that, while Major Cronkhite was shooting at a can placed upon a gatepost, a bullet was deflected and caused his death. Later, he asserted that the major had "a double-jointed wrist," and that his hand had twisted, so that the fired bullet entered his body.

But the parents of the slain young officer, and his comrades, had never noticed this alleged infirmity, and Dr. Otto F. Schultze, who had performed the autopsy, when interrogated on this point, said bluntly: "I have never seen a double-jointed wrist."

Two days after Rosenbluth's arrest, a group of wealthy New York financiers of his own race "interested" themselves in his case, and offered him their support. They offered bail for him in any amount, and he was released on their bond for $25,000. Under the terms of the bail bond, Rosenbluth was directed to proceed to Tacoma to answer charges in the Western District of Washington. At the hearing, an amended complaint was introduced, charging him with the premeditated murder of Major Cronkhite.

Rosenbluth, when first arrested, expressed his eagerness to return to Tacoma and face any charges. Ever since then, however, he has been fighting his extradition from New York to the state of Washington, by means of an expensive staff of lawyers who have been placed at his disposal.

A conference was now held in New York City by an organized racial group, which adopted the contention—but quite unreasonably—that the charge against Rosenbluth constituted a reflection on their race. They reached three conclusions. *The first was that Rosenbluth must not be permitted to return to Tacoma. The second, that a widespread publicity campaign should be instituted, to convince the American public that Rosenbluth was being made the "victim of race prejudice."* The third conclusion, and the most important, was *the urgent necessity for casting discredit upon Pothier's confession.*

In the execution of these designs, they made use of a newspaper publication, owned by members of their own race, and which for decades has been at their service in such emergencies.

"Inside Stories" and the "World"

MANY years have gone by since old Charles A. Dana directed his editorial thunders against the "School for Crime under the Brass Dome" of the Pulitzer Building. Mr. Dana felt that the New York *World* did not live up to the ethics and traditions of American journalism. The *World,* however, has thrived exceeding well in appealing to the tastes and predilections of New York's East Side, where it obtains a large and profitable circulation.

It has been the traditional policy of the owners of the *World* to feature some member of their race, prominent in public life, who could deliver "inside stories" on important events in return for favorable publicity. In the old days, the *World* thus favored a then prominent New York lawyer—Edward Lauterbach. But Lauterbach became involved in a disgraceful episode with a notorious character of the underworld—"David Lamar, the Wolf of Wall Street." Lamar was sent to a Federal prison, and Lauterbach was censured by a high judicial tribunal. The *World's* owners then centered their attentions upon another corporation lawyer.

Some years ago, while leaving a Wall Street office building in the company of Samuel Untermyer, the latter confided to me that he considered the New York *World* the greatest newspaper in the country. The admiration is evidently mutual. The *World* features Mr. Untermyer in its cartoons, "plays him up" in its editorials, and stands ready to boost him for any public post he may desire. In return, it gets its *quid pro quo.*

Attention will be devoted subsequently to a series of attacks, published under the signature of Robert Rosenbluth, which were launched against the Department of Justice, and in which intimations were made that if the proceedings against him were not dropped, his defense would be undertaken by a "great constitutional lawyer," Louis Marshall, and steps would be taken to impeach the United States Attorney-General. The firm used to be Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall. Old Mr. Guggenheimer died many years ago, but his remaining partners are very much alive. Rosenbluth's predictions have been partly fulfilled. Samuel Untermyer, whose promotion of the Strawpaper Trust was condemned by the venerable Vice Chancellor Pitney as of an "intrinsically fraudulent character" (Court of Chancery, State of New Jersey, April, 1905), has threatened to impeach the Attorney-General, while Mr. Marshall, head and spokesman for the American Jewish Committee, with a numerous staff, is fighting Rosenbluth's extradition to Tacoma.

Shortly after Pothier's confession was made public, groups of politicians and officeholders, whose New York careers are dependent upon racial support, undertook pilgrimages to Washington, D. C., where they were engaged to use all the influence at their command in convincing the Attorney-General of the innocence of Captain Rosenbluth. It is a significant fact that, on April 22, 1921, the *World* quoted one of these politicians as giving the first intimation that "Pothier had retracted his confession."

But the *World* did not begin its operations to discredit the confession until several weeks later. It is probably the only morning newspaper in New York that would have been willing to tamper with a government witness in a case of this kind.

Here is the gist of the *World's* story, as published May 23, 1921:

Pothier has completely repudiated his confession, in the story he has told the *World.*

Pothier was found by the *World* reporter in Central Falls, Rhode Island, just out of Providence, where he and his wife live. He is a short, stocky man, of French-Canadian descent, 28 years old, with a dark complexion. His manner is resentful.

Pothier said: "Lee and Callaghan picked me up and asked questions. Finally I came out and told them that it was my gun that did it. I told them that I was emptying cartridges out, and it went off.

"Later Lee came with Father Liberté, the priest in my church out in Central Falls. They had me in Howard Prison. Lee left us alone and Father Liberté told me I'd better tell the truth about everything and I admitted to him I'd killed the major accidentally."

Pothier continued that Lee, Callaghan and United States Attorney Vannon came with a stenographer and he told them the story "because I was sick of being pestered all the time." Then he signed the confession.

No Retraction Exists

"THEY took me to New York and to police headquarters, under the name of Joseph Brown. The next day I told them I wasn't going to stick to that confession about Rosenbluth."

Everything having now been accomplished according to schedule, the next move in the case was to have been expected. Jonah J. Goldstein, of Goldstein & Goldstein, then attorney for Robert Rosenbluth, made a demand upon Colonel Francis G. Caffey, at that time United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, for the discharge of Rosenbluth's bail, presenting an affidavit in which he alleged, on information and belief, that the statements in the New York *World,* concerning its investigation of the case, were true. Colonel Caffey refused to accede to this demand. Mr. Goldstein was informed that a sworn statement in the possession of the Department of Justice was a very different matter from a conversation alleged to have been obtained by a newspaper reporter.

The truth of the matter is that there is not in existence a retraction of Pothier's confession.

Recently I went to Providence to see Mr. Davis G. Arnold, who has been counsel for Pothier ever since the latter's first arrest. I asked him: "Has Pothier ever retracted his confession?"

Mr. Arnold replied: "Yes—to me. But I have never officially filed a retraction with the Department of Justice. They have no retraction from Pothier."

"How about the New York *World?*"

"The *World,*" said Mr. Arnold, "sent me word that they wished to interview my client. Their man came to Providence, and he saw Pothier in my office, while I was present."

"Do you think there is any race prejudice against either Pothier or Rosenbluth?"

The lawyer's reply was: "I don't know what the people in New York base their contention of race prejudice upon. But personally, I don't believe any question of race prejudice enters into the matter."

"Mr. Arnold," I said, "I would like you to give me an opinion of your client, Pothier."

Pothier Not a Defective

"WELL," he replied, "Pothier is not defective, in the sense that he is not responsible for his acts and statements. But he is of low mentality. *He is easily led, and responds to suggestions.* He's in jail now. I have told him that I would resign as his counsel if he talked any more. *Pothier thinks that a bullet either from the major's gun or from his own gun, caused the officer's death. I don't believe he knows which.*"

There appears to be more than a mystery in the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case. There are grave and serious discrepancies that demand explanation.

The first article of this series presented the exact testimony of former Captain Rosenbluth and Pothier, the sergeant bugler, as taken shortly after the shooting of Major Cronkhite. It will be recalled that Rosenbluth testified that he was standing close beside the major when the latter fired the second and third shots at a tin target on a gatepost, and that the third shot caused the officer's death. Pothier's testimony was to the same effect. But Pothier has since pleaded guilty to involuntary manslaughter, on the admission that it was a shot from his weapon that killed the major. This pleading is independent of the authenticity of his sworn confession incriminating Rosenbluth. Pothier also confessed to Father Liberté that his bullet killed the major. And Pothier's counsel, Mr. Arnold, says

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The Background of the Story of Evangeline

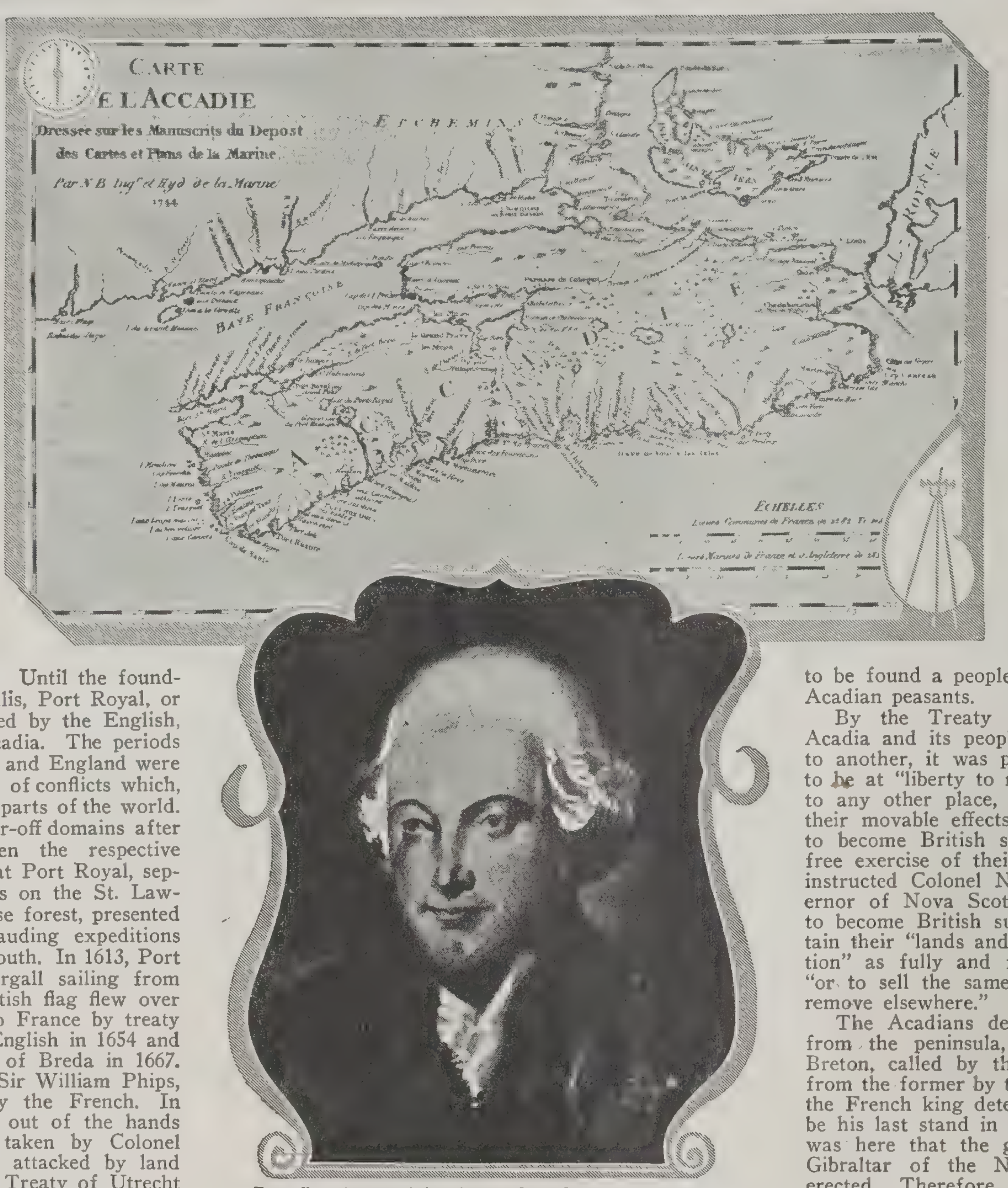
Longfellow Poem Typifies Accurately Experiences Acadians Suffered

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IT WOULD be hard to say whether, in his Evangeline, Longfellow had immortalized the tragic story of the expulsion of the peaceable and home-loving Acadians, or whether the latter had immortalized him; but it is more than probable that millions of people the world over, to whom history as it is written is more or less a closed subject, owe what little they know of this tragic episode in the life of a people to the beautiful idyl which is known and loved wherever the English language is spoken. There is little doubt that numerous actual cases existed such as are typified in the experiences of Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lajeunesse; while historically the poem is essentially accurate.

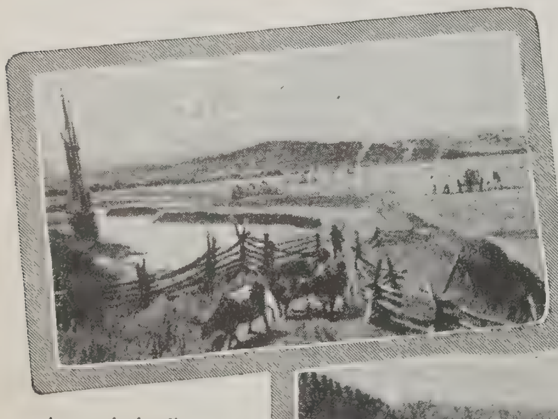
The territory known to the early French settlers as Acadia comprised what now constitutes the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and parts of the province of Quebec and the state of Maine; but the name is more generally associated with the peninsular portion of the province of Nova Scotia.

Colonization was first undertaken successfully in Acadia in 1604 when the Sieur de Monts established a settlement called Port Royal on the southern shore of, what later became known as the Bay of Fundy. Until the founding of Halifax in 1749 by Cornwallis, Port Royal, or Annapolis Royal, as it was renamed by the English, was the seat of government in Acadia. The periods when peace reigned between France and England were but breathing spaces in a long series of conflicts which, begun in Europe, were waged in all parts of the world. Quite often hostilities continued in far-off domains after peace had been restored between the respective courts. The struggling settlement at Port Royal, separated from the French settlements on the St. Lawrence by hundreds of miles of dense forest, presented an irresistible temptation to marauding expeditions from the English colonies farther south. In 1613, Port Royal was ravaged by Captain Argall sailing from Virginia and for 19 years the British flag flew over the capital of Acadia. Restored to France by treaty in 1632, it was recaptured by the English in 1654 and returned to France by the Treaty of Breda in 1667. Again in 1690 Port Royal fell to Sir William Phips, but was subsequently regained by the French. In 1710, however, Port Royal passed out of the hands of France forever when it was taken by Colonel Nicholson, of New England, who attacked by land and by sea. Three years later the Treaty of Utrecht gave all of Acadia "within the ancient boundaries" to England. The French contended that the territory ceded comprised only what is now the peninsular portion of Nova Scotia; while the English claim extended to the St. Lawrence River.


CARTE
E L'ACCADIE
Dressee sur les Manuscrits du Depost des Cartes et Plans de la Marine
Par N B Ingr et Hyd de la Marine
1744
BAYE FRANÇOISE
ECHELLES

Early French map of Acadia and Gov. Charles Lawrence, the man responsible for the tragic eviction of its inhabitants.

At the time of the cession the population of Acadia was approximately 2,000, most of whom were descendants of the settlers in the early years of the preceding century. Owing to the indifference of the French court, colonization had been greatly neglected. By 1671 there were only about 400 settlers in Acadia, three-fourths of whom were at Port Royal. But as their numbers increased, necessitating the subdivision of lands to the point where further division was no longer practicable, they began to remove to other places favorable for settlement. The most populous of these developed on the shores of the Basin of Minas, where were the villages of Grand Pré, Riviere aux Canards, Pigiguit, and a great many smaller communities. At Cobequid, now Truro; at Beaubassin, now Amherst, near the head of the Bay; and at Petitcodiac and Memramcook, north of the Isthmus of Chignecto, other settlements were established.



A scene in Acadia.

Agriculture was the principal industry. The salt marshes, won from the sea and protected by dikes against the famous tides of the Bay of Fundy, were wonderfully fertile: fruits, vegetables and grains grew in abundance; the undiked marshlands and uplands provided luxuriant pasturage. The men were expert and thrifty husbandmen. The women took pride in the arts of the home; on spinning wheels and looms they spun and wove the products of the flax-crop and the wool-clip.

Communication between different settlements being difficult, each community became more or less autonomous. There were times when the settlers at Minas or Cobequid hardly knew whether the English flag or the French flag flew over the ramparts at Port Royal. And what is more, they were not greatly concerned. They held strongly to the religion and the traditions of their fathers. They paid homage to the French king, but in reality France and the Bourbon dynasty meant little.

Life tended as well to become communistic: there were none very rich, though many were well-to-do; and poor were unknown. Longfellow is not indulging in poetic license when he says:

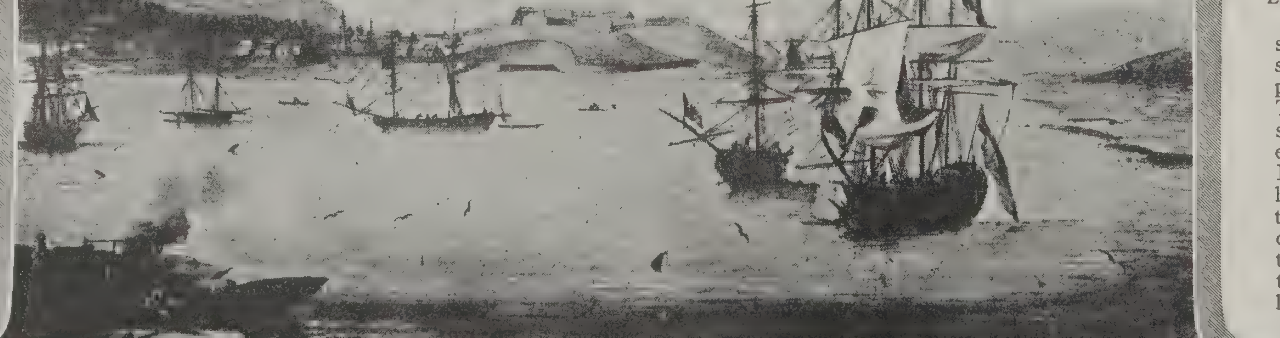
> "There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
> "All things were held in common, and what one had was another's."

Education as it is known today hardly existed. Still in the documents of the period that have been preserved few names were signed with a cross. The curé was their spiritual and temporal adviser. The notary drew up their agreements and kept their legal affairs in order. Most of their disputes arose out of the necessity for the division and subdivison of lands among the many children of the large families. Of serious crimes, the records contain hardly an instance. Nowhere was there to be found a people as happy and contended as the Acadian peasants.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, which transferred Acadia and its people from one European sovereign to another, it was provided that the Acadians were to be at "liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place, as they shall think fit, with all their movable effects." But those who were willing to become British subjects were to be allowed the free exercise of their religion. Queen Anne further instructed Colonel Nicholson, who had become governor of Nova Scotia, that those who were willing to become British subjects should be allowed to retain their "lands and tenements without any molestation" as fully and freely as other British subjects, "or to sell the same, if they shall rather choose to remove elsewhere."

"Evangeline"

The Acadians decided to move. France, driven from the peninsula, still held the island of Cape Breton, called by the French, Ile Royale, separated from the former by the narrow Strait of Canso. Here the French king determined to make what proved to be his last stand in the territories of Acadia; and it was here that the great fortress of Louisburg, the Gibraltar of the New World, was shortly to be erected. Therefore, every inducement was offered to the Acadians to emigrate to Ile Royale. The latter, on their part, sent emissaries to investigate the nature of the land and the conditions of life which they should have to assume in their proposed new home. The report does not seem to have been entirely favorable. Indeed, it would have been difficult to find natural conditions as ideal as those in the land they were asked to leave. And why should they leave?



A view of Annapolis Royal in Nova Scotia, made in 1751.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Our Newspaper Men Become "Journalists"

Except for Desk Cats There Are Few Frock Coats and Canes to Be Seen But the True Reporter Type That Gets the News Seems to Be Vanishing

By LEWIS HARPER

"JOURNALIST" is a word that American newspaper men never apply to themselves except in raillery. For outsiders—folk who believe that reporters carry notebooks like they do in the movies—the word may be all right. Occasionally an ancient editorial writer—usually one who was never a reporter—may employ the word otherwise than in banter, but even this is rare and mostly rural.

Consequently I expect some brickbats for writing this "story" which will be an "article" to most of those who read it—because I am going to say and try to prove that American newspaper men are fast becoming "journalists," owing to the new tendencies in the newspaper game.

Of course, American "journalists" do not wear frock coats, like the pictures of European journalists disclose. Only a few desk cats, mostly dramatic critics and that sort, even dare affect a cane and Windsor tie. To the he-reporter these are something even worse than "journalists." No American correspondent has ever yet started a story from Washington like this one from London, "I saw Lord Sydenham last evening and he informed me——," but for all their Anglophobia, the Hearst papers now feature the personal pronouns and opinions of Mr. William Hard. Washington correspondents are getting a lot of phrases out of the American weekly edition of the Manchester *Guardian*—witness their use of "die hard" in the rail strike stories last summer. Incidentally, it was the "die hards," in the strike over here and the election over there, who didn't do the dying—so this little imitation of British journalism has implications, aside from those of diction, as to the reportorial ability of the advanced "journalistic" wing of American newspaperdom.

Industry Rests on Reporters

OUR whole newspaper industry rests finally upon *reporters.* The product of newspapers is *news.* Reporters furnish the material. The other processes of manufacture are incidental. What kind of newspapers we are going to have will be determined not by publishers, editors, advertising men, mechanical men and processes—*but by what kind of reporters is available.* American newspapers have been distinctive and in many respects superior, because the American reporter has been a type—if not unique—certainly different, from the prevailing type elsewhere.

An American newspaper man was sent to Paris to cover the Dreyfus trial for a chain of newspapers that had no European connections at that time when foreign news was relatively unimportant. He advertised in the Paris papers for a reporter—or thought he did. Next day his suite at the hotel was crowded with stately or vivacious gentlemen wearing top hats and long-tailed coats. They were all critics, editors, leader writers, book reviewers—"journalists"—exactly what he had advertised for. He was in Paris for several months but he never found a reporter. When he told me this story some years ago he said that he had seen more "journalists" at that hotel than he had seen in the entire United States. Leaving out the costume, I believe he can find quite a crowd over here today.

The vitally important characteristic of the true reporter is *ruthless impersonality,* which leads to the sacrifice of all personal views, preferences and temperamental bias in seeking and writing facts.

Naturally, the laws of mental symmetry associate with such a characteristic others which contribute to the type—such as coolness, quick thinking, courage and persistency.

The true reporter is ectrospective in that he seeks adventure, analytical in that he understands human nature—even natures with which he has little or nothing in common.

The Rewards of Service

THE reporter type is usually more interested in the game than in the proceeds. Shortsighted publishers who have noted this have kept the rewards so low that recruits of the right type are becoming scarce. While reckless of self in the pursuit of news, the reporter is individualistic. When reporters are seen hunting in packs, it is an unfailing sign of bad reporting and an inferior staff. The very life of the game is in the rivalry—"scoops"—and when men say that scoops are becoming rarer, they admit right there that reporting is on the decline and that newspaper men are becoming "journalists." Now this individualism of the reporter, at a certain point, will check his passion for the game, and if pay is kept *too low* and promotion *made too slow,* the right types will leave the business—or not enter it at all. Today reporters' pay is higher than formerly, but still the average is not far above the salary of the unionized mechanical employe. The ad salesman gets better pay. His is a sort of ability that can be picked up anywhere. Real reporter talent is not only rare, it tends to become more scarce as American life gets away from the self-help of the pioneer and approaches the automatic specialization toward which civilization is marching.

As reporters are replaced by "journalists," newspapers will tend to become "journals." When the American reporter has become extinct, the American newspaper will also join the Great Auk and the Dodo. It may look the same but it will not be.

Are reporters becoming scarce?

I believe they are—and I know American newspapers are losing their grip on their readers—the last election returns in many states disclose that the voters are in most states going strong in the other direction from the editors. I believe this is because the newspapers are becoming journals and reporters are becoming journalists.

Two years ago I had occasion to talk to a good many managing editors and city editors from Cincinnati to Los Angeles. While they were not unanimous, the general run of comment was something like this: "Why don't we get good reporters any more? Have they stopped raising them?"

"Willie Boys" of Today

CUBS were scarce, although in every office one or two of the old quality were reported—frequently lads who had started in as office boys on the paper. Some city editors talked this way: "I am through trying to train cubs. All we get now are a bunch of willie boys—generally from schools of journalism—who want to start in on salaries that an editor used to be glad to get. One story a day is their idea of output—why, we used to hustle 'em all day, now they want to play golf after the Home edition has gone to press."

In many cities it was evident that only experienced men were being given jobs—old, hard-boiled men were in demand and staffs were often being reduced in size. Fortunately, the suspension of many papers supplied veterans for the time being, but the ever-growing army of press agents and publicity men is absorbing the old-timers.

Some city editors blamed the public schools. They said that the average cub nowadays never knows anything about the geography of his own state, scarcely anything about local governments. Few know the difference between a county and a congressional district—most of them never heard of a judicial circuit and all without exception have the idea that the Federal Government has power to intervene in any sort of situation.

Here and there the schools of journalism were rapped and rapped hard. Perhaps this is the prejudice of the men who learned the game when there were no such institutions. There is certainly a suspicion abroad that the schools of journalism are too true to their name, and are turning out "journalists" only.

Other theories were aired. Some thought that the complaint was all based on the natural tendency of old-timers to sigh for the "good old times" and paint the past in rosier colors than it deserved. Others thought that American youth is becoming effeminate—and reporting is mostly a man's game. The growth of socialism, and the epidemic of work phobia which accompanies it were cited by others. Perhaps there is truth in all these diagnoses.

But little was said about the newspapers themselves being to blame. I have cited their failure to make the reporter's pay attractive. In addition to that I believe they are destroying the news atmosphere in which the reporter thrived best. As newspapers become "journals" they will, of course, become less congenial to newspaper men. Now just as the primal characteristic of the newspaper man is *impersonality,* so the distinctive characteristic of the newspaper, as contrasted to the "journal," is impartiality.

Newspapers today are becoming more and more vendors of views rather than news. When it is not the views of their proprietors, it is the propaganda which is pumped into them from a myriad sources. I know that this is blasphemy of the deepest dye against all the idols in the modern editorial Pantheon. Now, as never before, do newspapers parade their impartiality and independence. They decry the partisanship of the party organs of the past. How many thousands of times have editorial writers told us that the old partisan paper was a thing of the past.

Editorializing Our News

NOW it so happens that this is *true of technical party politics,* but not otherwise. The *editorial pages* are more impartial and independent—even the news columns are freer of *political* bias. But while the partisanship of the editorial pages has declined the news columns are becoming editorialized. Propaganda is subtly diffused throughout the news columns. This is not true of all newspapers. Certainly not. But it is true of an increasing number and is a growing tendency in the papers which make an especial appeal to the mass of the people.

The tendency of rich men like Hearst and Munsey to buy up newspapers—although both may claim to be newspaper men everybody knows that they have other interests—is not conducive to the running of newspapers as newspapers only. Many newspaper properties built up in the last generation by men who were newspaper men only and were heart and soul in the game, have been inherited in recent years by young fellows who did not get their views of life in a newspaper office.

Compare the treatment of public questions a generation ago—with a typical Hearst "campaign" for ship subsidy or for beer and wine. Note how every news story on the chosen subjects for weeks is written in hortatory style. See the flocks of interviews piled into the paper in behalf of the chosen policy.

And Hearst is only the biggest—his imitators from whom he got his best hunches, are too numerous for anything shorter than a catalog.

What does the great array of "signed stories" in the newspapers mean? Merely window dressing? Sometimes it is a device to reward a reporter without having to raise his pay or give him a bonus. But by and large the increasing use of signed stories is a method to obtain more editorializing in the news. When a signature is placed over a story, it is a subtle method of disavowing a part of the responsibility and this gives freer reign to bias and argument in what purports to be a news account. The same thing is true of the increasing number of special correspondents and special news services. These are not fettered by the iron-clad rules of the Associated Press against opinion stuff.

Although the Associated Press was never more efficient, faster or more reliable than it is today, many of its clients use less of it than they ever did. They are willing enough to pay for it, because it is an invaluable check on the accuracy of their other stuff, but it does not carry the "color" and "sparkle" of the special correspondents.

But what are the "color" and "sparkle" if not "journalism"—the injection of personality—the very antithesis of old-school reporting? The signed stories, whether of the local staff or the correspondents, veer away from the reporting ideal the moment they are signed, for the signature is the beginning of the end of impersonality.

"Coloring" Wire Reports

THAT "journalism" is supplanting newspaper work is evidenced by the growth of two rival wire services, neither fettered by the rules of the Associated Press—and the rules of the Associated Press were evolved from the rules of editing and reporting as practiced in the best newspapers of that day.

One of the big wire services today got its great start to prosperity from its reports of a strike some years ago. The chief executive of the service openly declared that he did not claim that his reports were "uncolored"—contending that it is impossible to be impersonal and that *live* news must reflect the personality of the news gatherer. It needs no metaphysician to see where this doctrine will lead, if carried to its logical conclusion. It may be true that absolute impersonality is impossible, but accuracy will never be attained by giving rein to it. If news is to be true, at least the *effort* must be made to make it impersonal. All scientific experiment must allow for the personal equation, but every effort is made to eliminate it.

Another great wire service is the personal property of William Randolph Hearst—its principal product at times is sex, on which Mr. Hearst has, of course, no propaganda to offer, but when public policy is the news subject, the news of this service has a definite slant. If the slant is not definite enough, the local representative gets an assistant from New York.

A good test of how far a newspaper has progressed toward being a "journal" is afforded by the number of "dope" or forecast stories and "situation" stories it prints. The old type of newspaper man instinctively distrusts the dope story, the speculative yarn and the prediction. Situation stories, describing how things are "lining up," are nine times out of ten full of propaganda. It is easy to tell stories of this type from "spot" news things that have *happened.*

"Predicting" for the Boss

THE situation story is usually an editorial in disguise—thin disguise at that. But their popularity is increasing. As to prediction stories, this much can already be said, more of them are written with an idea of predicting what the boss hopes will happen, than to protect the prophet's reputation.

I have in mind a certain publishing concern which in 1919 sent a man out in the Northwest to write the state of the country and get a line on political opinion. He reported that the strikers would defeat Judge Gary and the steel trust, that the Non-Partisan League would sweep all the states of the Northwest, that John Fitzpatrick on the labor ticket would defeat Thompson for mayor of Chicago and that the League of Nations would win at the polls. For these remarkably successful predictions the writer, who knew what his employer wanted to hear, was promoted to a foreign correspondence job which he desired. He has it yet.

Other men who sent in stories which were afterward confirmed by events were "bawled out" for writing speculative yarns, and some of them had their dispatches changed, and read stories under their own signatures which were the reverse of what they had sent.

These men worked for gentlemen who own several increasingly prosperous newspapers—no, they're *journals*—owned by journalists, not newspaper men, and it won't be long before they'll be manned by journalists, not newspaper men.

There were a lot of buffaloes all over the prairies 40 years ago. Now there are a few in the parks. There'll be some American newspapers 50 years from now—in the museums.

The Great University Down-state in Illinois

What It Means to Train 10,000 Students to Be Better Americans

By GEORGE H. DACY

ON MARCH 2, 1868, when the University of Illinois—then called the Illinois Industrial University—opened, the faculty consisted of one regent and two professors; the student body was composed of 77 young men. At present there are more than 1,465 persons on the payroll of this institution—987 are on the teaching and administrative staff and 481 comprise the clerical, stenographic and labor staff. The total student registration for the school year ending June 16, 1922, was 10,627, who attended the 12 colleges or were enrolled for the special summer school courses.

Illinois, although progressive in settling her virgin prairies and formulating a durable state organization, was the last state in the Northwest Territory and Corn Belt groups to establish a state university. Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and others had founded schools and were turning out graduates before Illinois legislators—largely through the efforts of Mr. J. B. Turner—established the University of Illinois in Champaign County about midway between Chicago and St. Louis. Although it was the last of the Corn Belt universities to find inception, the Champaign school has developed until it has outstripped all its Middle Western rivals. Last year there were only two educational institutions—the University of California and Columbia University in New York City—which surpassed Illinois in size and student enrollment.

Our state universities are outgrowths of the Morrill Land Grant Act by which the national government donated to each state public land script, in quantity equal to 30,000 acres for each Senator or Representative in Congress, "for the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college whose leading object was—without excluding other scientific and classical studies and including military tactics—to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanical arts to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life." Under existent conditions, each state pays its state university interest semi-annually at the rate of five per cent on such endowment. In the case of Illinois the principal is approximately $649,000.

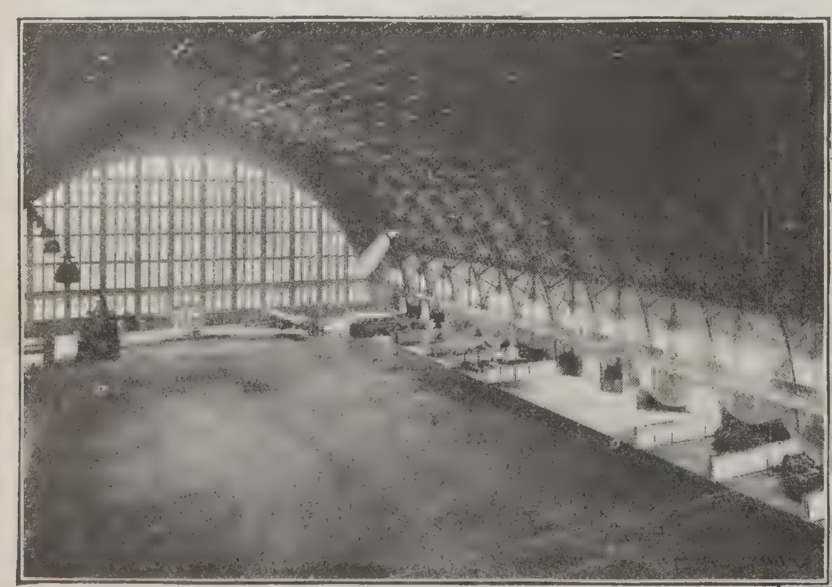
The early history of the Illinois Industrial University differs but slightly from that of the other Corn Belt colleges. During the first term instruction was given in algebra, geometry, history, physics, rhetoric and Latin. Work on the farm or gardens or about the buildings at first was compulsory for all but later was discontinued. Several years thereafter a mechanical shop was fitted with tools and machinery and the first shop instruction offered by any American university was given. The same year, the trustees voted to admit women as students. Since that time they have constituted from one-sixth to one-fifth of the total number of students. As the school developed the departments of pharmacy, the college of medicine, school of music, library school, colleges of law and dentistry, school of business administration, school of education, state geological survey, school of railway engineering and administration, graduate school and department of mining engineering were added.

Since its establishment, the University of Illinois has graduated more than 20,000 students and is continuing this laudable educational work at the rate of 1,000 or more a year. In June, this year, 1,344 wearers of the orange and blue—the college colors—received their cherished sheepskins. To train students for a dozen or more technical and professional vocations as well as to equip others who do not specialize in their studies in the fundamentals of the letters, arts and sciences on the scale that is successfully and efficiently pursued at Illinois requires land area, buildings and equipment more extensive and complete than those found in many of the leading smaller cities. At this writing, the physical plant of the university comprises 60 buildings, a campus which covers 235 acres as well as an experimental farm of 990 acres.

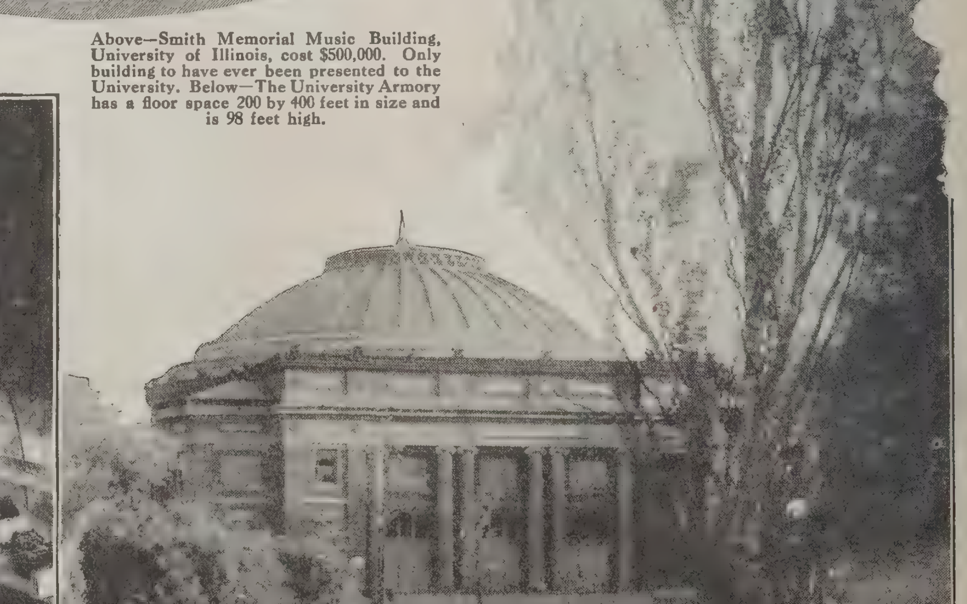
At the Twin Cities—Urbana and Champaign—which are the seat of this great institution of learning, 4,335 classes are held each week which cover the zone of all educational subjects from the intricacies of archeology and the complexities of machine design to the practical fundamentals of successful agriculture—the ability to raise profitable crops and to market the market-topping types of farm animals. As much attention is devoted to experimental and research work as to the outright instruction of the students. The ideal of the university is to be of constant utilitarian service to the state at large. That she satisfactorily consummates this ambition is evidenced by the fact that the University of Illinois has accomplished as much in the problems of coal production and coal conservation as any similar agency in the country while her timely work in fighting the Hessian fly, chinch bug, oat smut, flag smut, Take-all, Black Rot and other pests has saved annually millions of bushels of wheat, oats, corn, apples and other crops. The oldest lines of corn breeding in existence are still in progress at Urbana, 21 generations have been completed and four distinct kinds of kernels have been developed. A new process for manufacturing coke has been discovered recently which if commercially successful will add more to the wealth of the state than the total of appropriations which the university will receive during the next century. More than 10,000 samples of soil have been collected and analyzed from all sections of the state. This work cost hundreds of thousands of dollars but it will be worth millions of dollars to future generations of farmers.

The University of Illinois is now obtaining patents on "talking motion pictures" developed in its laboratories which promise to revolutionize the motion picture industry. Latterly, a new metal called illium has been produced at the university as a substitute for platinum. It excels the latter metal in many resisting qualities while it can also be produced at a much lower cost. Remarkable experiments relating to the efficiency and durability of car wheels and rails have been performed which have

Above—Smith Memorial Music Building, University of Illinois, cost $500,000. Only building to have ever been presented to the University. Below—The University Armory has a floor space 200 by 400 feet in size and is 98 feet high.



The armory, where indoor track meets are held on a track that is 6 laps to the mile.



The auditorium seats only 2,500 and is used for concerts and lectures. It is too small for convocation as the student body is more than 10,000.

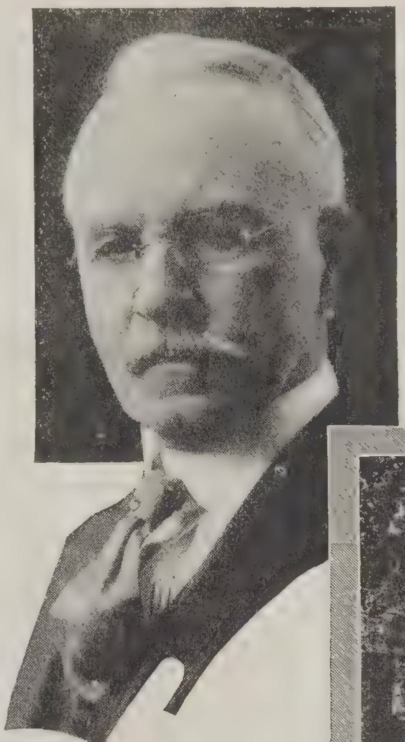
saved the railway industry millions of dollars. Outstanding and exclusive investigations concerning the fatigue of metals and the frictional resistance offered to currents of ventilating air in concrete tunnels have been of world-wide importance. Discoveries of engineering and agricultural importance have been made repeatedly and disseminated among the people of the state which in actual dollars and cents value are sufficient to justify the continuation and expansion of the institution for centuries to come.

The university carries its messages of science and its lessons of advancement and education into the homes, stores and shops through short courses in home economics, in agriculture, drainage, engineering and industrial education. Furthermore, it has been active in uplifting and improving the scholastic standards of the high schools throughout the state and in creating civic pride and developing community ideals. It is co-operating in an exhaustive forestry survey of the state which has as its program the establishment of a permanent forestry policy. From every scholastic and investigative angle it is tackling and solving involved and complicated conundrums and in every way possible is working for the upbuilding of the state through the university.

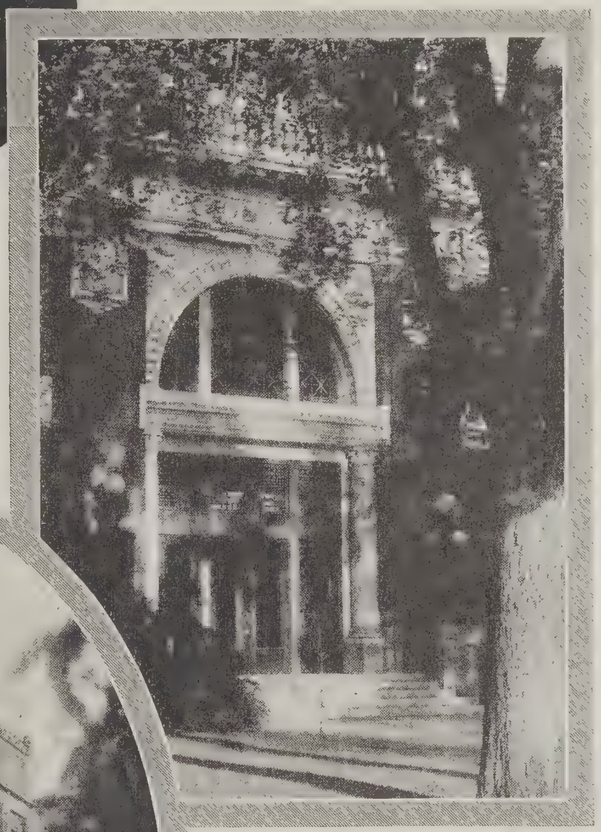
Many people think of a state university as merely a teaching institution—a sort of an enlarged high school. And just so many people are in error. Teaching is only one of the many features of a tremendous, complex and yet wholly efficient establishment like the University of Illinois. Such an institution is a clearing house for old and new knowledge, a forum for the discussion of present-day problems and an organization for the solution of these problems and for the discussion of new truth. It teaches the undergraduate students; it trains recruits for its faculty and executive staff; it undertakes investigation and research for the sake of correcting old beliefs and for the discovery of new facts with which not only to improve teaching but to advance the industries and refine the arts of life; its representatives attend meetings, conferences, conventions and conclaves where leading men meet and discuss questions of progress and at which the university's advice and assistance are sought.

When General John Pershing inspected the University of Illinois military brigade he complimented it as the best student organization that he had seen in the United States. It has the country-wide reputation of being the largest and best Reserve Officer's Training School in the world at this time. During 1922 as many as 2,900 students were enrolled in the cavalry, artillery, signal corps, corps of engineers, hospital corps and air service units of the university brigade. It was commanded by 200 student officers and consisted of two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, one battalion of engineers, one battalion of signal corps and one observation group of the air service. The brigade is divided into 40 companies and 12 troops. Twenty-three regular army officers and 62 enlisted men are stationed permanently in quarters proximate to the university campus so that they can direct the military training of the student cadets.

The college armory at Champaign is the largest building of its kind in the world. It has the largest unobstructed floor space of any building in the country affording a clear area 200 by 400 feet in floor dimension and 98 feet high at the center for indoor military formations and tactics. This armory is so mammoth that the Chicago Coliseum intact could be placed inside the building and there would still remain sufficient space so that the brigade could execute all their drill maneuvers. Provision has been made for the addition of a balcony around the drill floor with seats for 3,000 spectators. The armory is used for indoor athletic meets and is so large that a dirt track six laps to the mile can be laid out. One hundred and forty-five artillery and cavalry horses are maintained and used in training the students while the total military equipment is valued at more than $2,000,000. During the last school year, 223 disabled veterans of the World War were given vocational training at Illinois University. Special courses in agriculture were offered for their benefit while they also were permitted to take any of the regular college work in the other departments where their educational training was sufficient to qualify them for such studies.



DAVID KINLEY,
President, University of Illinois.



Above—Lincoln Hall.

Oval—Main entrance to the College of Agriculture.

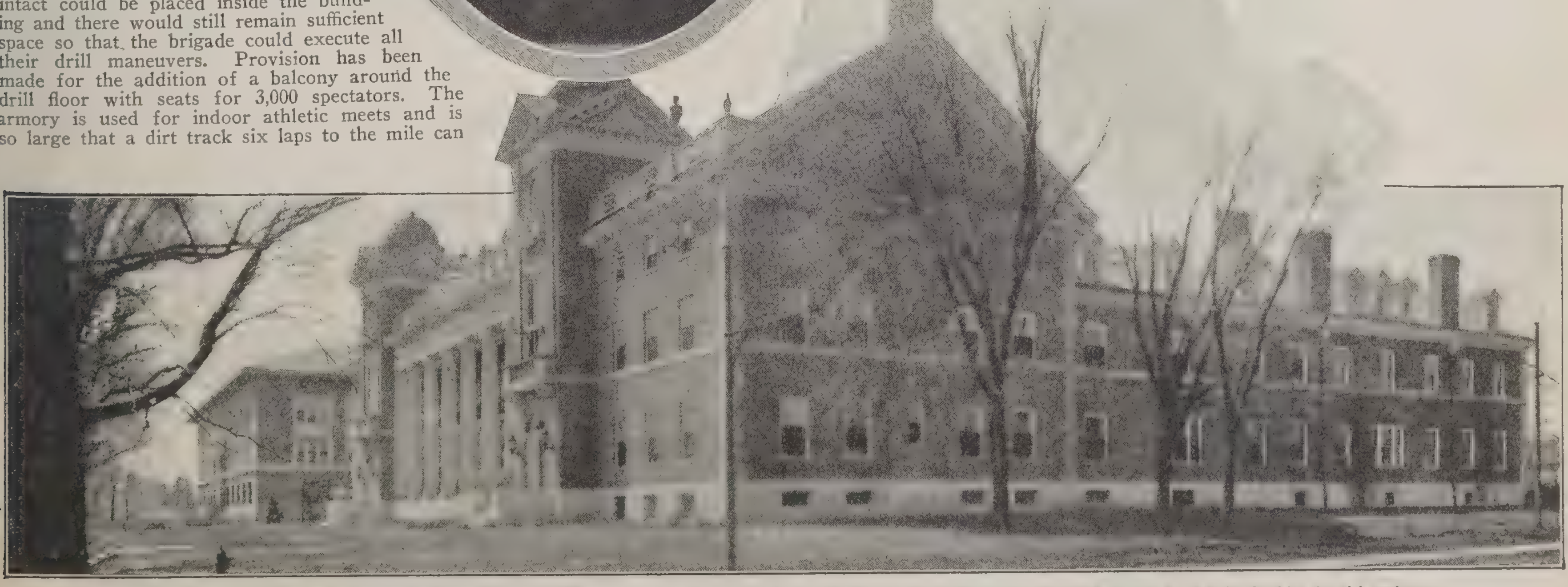
A logical outgrowth of the state university's inability—it is forbidden by law—to teach any form of religious doctrine is the development of sectarian religious centers at the University of Illinois, the first educational institution in the United States where such novel projects have been attempted. The Wesley Foundation, the social center and religious educational center of the Methodist church at the University of Illinois, is the first of these religious organizations to get under way. A social center, rest rooms, library, auditorium and religious educational rooms have already been constructed at an outlay of one-half a million dollars. A new chapel will soon be started while dormitories for the accommodation of the men and women students will follow. The Wesley Foundation has enrolled more than 2,500 students up to this writing and 6,600 students visited the buildings last year and used their facilities.

Regular classes in various branches of religious education are offered throughout the year. The University authorities keep tab on the character, quantity and quality of the work done—although they have absolutely nothing to do with the actual scholastic program—and give credit toward university degrees for the religious courses taken by the students at the sectarian centers. At present the Methodist organization is offering four special courses in religious education. Other churches and denominations are backing up the movement to develop religious centers at Champaign. The Catholics are well along in their campaign to raise $1,000,000 to develop the Catholic Foundation which already has been established. It will consist of five units comprising a chapel, social center building, religious education building and the dormitories and studies for the men and women students. When completed the buildings will cover one square block and will constitute one of the most beautiful quadrangles in the country. The Disciples are also raising a fund of $800,000 to establish a foundation, while the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists and other denominations are making similar preparations.

The athletic teams of the University of Illinois for many years have been leaders in all branches of intercollegiate sports in the Middle West. The student body has increased so and the crowds which attend the home games and contests at Urbana have become so large that the contracts have just been let for a new stadium to be one of the best and biggest ever built. Altogether, this new stadium will have a seating capacity for approximately 100,000 spectators. The first unit of concrete and steel which will accommodate 52,000 will be completed in time for the first football game of the 1923 season while the other additions will be finished as soon thereafter as time and funds will permit.

The administration of a large institution like the University of Illinois is a task that verges on labors as strenuous as those of the mythical Hercules. It is a big assignment to keep the 60 buildings in order and repair particularly when they are used by 10,000 students for about nine months of the twelve. Providing these buildings with adequate and dependable supplies of heat, light and water is fraught at times with great difficulty. Underground tunnels covering 6,568 feet for the distribution of heat, water and telephone service as well as 10,105 feet of conduit for the distribution of steam and 48,850 duct feet of conduit for the distribution of electricity constitute equipment which is as important as the laboratories and classrooms in the maintenance of so huge a state university. Heat for the buildings is supplied from six large boilers of 500 horse power capacity.

The consensus of opinion among eminent educators throughout the country who are intimately familiar with the slow, steady and successful development of the University of Illinois is that it will be pacemaker as the biggest American university within the next half decade.



The Woman's Building which houses the Home Economics Department. An interesting feature is a modern, model apartment which is managed and maintained by the girl students.

Inhale a Nail? Bronchoscopy Will Save You

Jefferson Hospital of Philadelphia Center of Such Surgical Work; Lungs Often Receive Foreign Bits That Do Little or No Harm

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

MAN must have air to breathe, and all health authorities are agreed that it ought to be as pure and free from dust and germs as possible. The truth is, however, that man—including women and children—can mix up his air with iron and steel staples, peanut kernels, gold, silver, brass, copper and tin articles, glass, porcelain, coal, bones, teeth, wool, hair, ivory, poker chips and pearl shell, breathe it into his lungs and keep on living with one of those foreign substances imbedded in the tissues for a quarter of a century or more, sometimes without feeling any ill effects. Then, if trouble develops, he can have the object removed and within a few weeks virtually all trace of its intrusion will have disappeared.

All that is possible mainly through the discoveries and inventions of a Philadelphia surgeon, Dr. Chevalier Jackson, who devised means more than 20 years ago for removal of foreign bodies from the lungs without the use of the knife and since then has been constantly improving on the original instruments. As the result of the success achieved the Jefferson Hospital of Philadelphia has become the world center of bronchoscopy. Its official records of thousands of successful operations show that small objects of almost every metal, mineral, animal and vegetable substance known have been accidentally inhaled by human beings and have been removed by instruments that enable science literally to see around several corners right down into the interior of the upper lungs.

Not Unlike Forceps

WITHOUT going too deeply into technical details with which physicians generally have been made familiar through the textbooks prepared by Dr. Jackson and his associates, it may be said that the instruments used are based on the principle of forceps. They are so designed that they can be inserted through the human gullet, into the bronchial tubes and the lungs. An X-ray plate is first taken definitely to locate the object which is to be removed. In cases where the object is so deeply imbedded that there is danger of collapse of the lung, caisson bronchoscopy is used. That is in some respects the most marvelous development of the science. As the name implies, it involves the use of a caisson similar in principle to the bottomless boxes used in building bridge and building foundations under water. The caisson supports the lung tissue while the object is being removed. Then it is cautiously taken out.

A point of interest in the 30 years' experience Dr. Jackson has had in removing obstructions from the lungs of patients is that the longest operation on record consumed only a little more than two hours. That was for the removal of a staple, made of iron, which had become deeply lodged in the lung and could be removed only after much expert manipulation of the instruments and the foreign object. Other staples, so inhaled that the points were upward, have been taken out in 20 minutes, and in the case of objects so shaped that there is little danger of tearing the tissues the removal is generally accomplished in a few seconds. The mortality rate is less than one-half of one per cent.

One of the remarkable facts brought to light in the study of the effects of foreign bodies in the lungs is that lung tissue which has become badly infected by reason of some foreign substance lodged in it recovers when the object is removed. That was shown particularly in the case of the woman who holds the distinction of having a "visitor" in her lung for a longer period than any other patient known. When she was a child she inhaled a glass collar button and it was not until 26 years later that the thing was discovered. During most of that time she had enjoyed fairly good health. Then septic toxemia set in, and she became so emaciated that she weighed only 98 pounds. Two years after the removal of the button she had regained perfect health and her weight had gone up to 182 pounds. The physical signs over the lungs, as shown on X-ray photograph, gave no indications of any abnormalities.

Chemical Changes Wrought

EVERYBODY knows nowadays that the human body is a complex chemical retort which operates day and night while life lasts. That is shown in bronchoscopy by the extent to which chemical changes are wrought on the articles accidentally inhaled. The lungs were never meant to absorb such things as iron, steel, bone and wood. They are not equipped for it. Yet once an article is lodged nature sets to work to overcome its effect. Iron and steel become badly corroded. In three cases it was shown that the corrosion destroyed the tensile strength of the metal, so that it crumbled into pieces when pulled on by the forceps. The bulk of the foreign body is quite frequently increased by corrosion. It has been found that the polish will disappear from blued-steel pins in two days in some instances, and corrosion starts in four days or a little less. Even galvanized coating on steel nails and similar articles disappears entirely in a year and a half. Nickel plating on brass disappears quickly, although brass itself corrodes more slowly. Copper corrodes quickly and deeply, but gold is slow to tarnish, as is nickel.

Dr. Jackson has found that the most dangerous thing to inhale is the kernel of a peanut. Experience in many cases shows that a peanut sets up the most prompt and violent reaction, and the younger the child the more severe the reaction will be. Unless speedy relief is given death may occur within a short time. The reason why that should be is now the subject of special studies being made at the hospital.

The most frequent site of lodgment of a foreign article in the lung is at or immediately below the giving off of the right, upper lobe bronchus, usually far enough below to permit air to enter the upper lobe bronchus over the top of the foreign body. The next most frequent site is the corresponding anatomical location on the left side, Dr. Jackson has found. Next in order of frequency is the stem bronchi, first the right, then the left. Dorsal branches of either side are more frequently invaded than the ventral branches.

"Failure of the protective mechanism contributes more or less to the entrance of almost all foreign bodies into the lower air passages," says Dr. Jackson. "This protective mechanism consists, in the case of the esophagus, mainly in the extrusive efforts of the tongue and a hawking, or screatus, the efficient part of which is chiefly a blast of expiratory air, differing from a cough in that there is no preliminary glottic closure. In regard to the lower air passages, the chief protective mechanisms may be considered in two groups: 1, the laryngeal closing reflex; 2, the bechic reflex. A foreign body entering the air passages must escape the vigilance of these reflexes, operating on and in conjunction with the anatomic structures. A foreign body entering the lower air passages must run the gauntlet of, 1, epiglottis; 2, upper laryngeal orifice; 3, ventricular bands; 4, vocal chords and 5, bechic blast. The failure of the protective mechanism may be due to 1, absence of certain anatomic structures; 2, paralysis; 3, impaired motility due to local or general disease, or 4, the holding in abeyance of the protective mechanism for the execution of some other cycle. An instance of the latter is the taking of a deep breath for coughing or sneezing.

Cough Often Causes Trouble

"THE most frequent manner in which an inedible substance gets past the protective mechanism and into the air passages, and thus becomes a foreign body, seems to be the following: The intruder is detected escaping downward over the dorsum of the tongue into or toward the pharynx. The tongue and muscles of the fauces and pharynx make a violent effort to catch and extrude the intruder, resulting in gagging, hawking, choking or coughing. These movements are followed by a sudden and deep inspiration. It is this inspiratory blast that carries the intruder into the lower air passages, the protective mechanism being held in abeyance by the co-ordination usual during the inspiratory phase.

"Cough is a factor not only by default in failure of expulsatory protective efficiency, but also by the induced sudden, deep, violent inspiration which follows severe cough. The cough which preceded the inhalation of the foreign body in some cases seemed to have been induced by crumbs of food or by minute quantities of secretion, or even of water, getting into the larynx. This seemed to be the case particularly with peanut kernels. Cough was given as a cause in the history of 82 out of 491 cases in which the history was sufficiently complete to have included cough, had it been stated.

"Carelessness in some form on the part of the patient or some one else seemed to enter more or less into the causation of 515 of the 590 cases of which there were sufficient records for the formation of an opinion. It goes without saying that when a child has an opportunity to put a safety pin in his mouth some one has been careless; likewise when a toothless infant is allowed to eat peanuts. Carelessness in the preparation of food is obvious when small fragments of bones are served in soups, stews, gravies and the like. Of course, the cook or the dealer cannot be blamed in case of the bones in fish or small birds, which are necessarily served with the bones normally in situ; but when bones are comminuted by the butcher using the cleaver instead of the saw, and the cook fails to remove the bone splinters, it is carelessness on the part of both butcher and cook. When the person eating the food gets one of the spicules of bone in his esophagus, it may be said that he is guilty of contributory carelessness in not searching his food for bones before eating. When, however, a person gets a bone in the esophagus while eating sweetbread cutlets, or croquettes, it may be said that the carelessness is wholly the cook's, or possibly the butcher's."

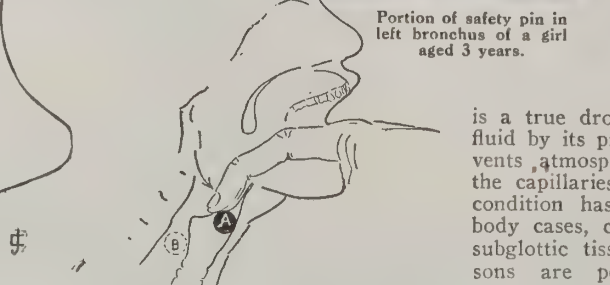


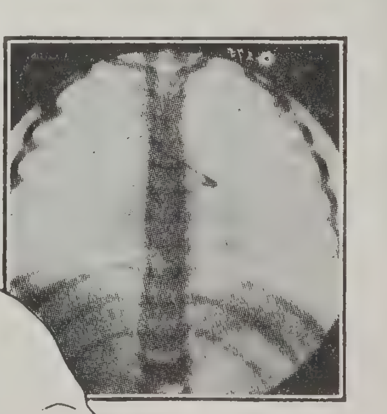
Fig. 10.—Schematic representation of the manner in which a foreign body (A) is frequently forced forward into the larynx by the finger in efforts at removal from the pharynx. If unmolested the foreign body would naturally go down into the esophagus (B).

Hardly a month passes at the hospital without the appearance of some patient to have a coin removed from the air passages. As a rule they are the small coins, nickels, dimes and pennies, but on several occasions patients have inhaled half dollars. Atomizer tips also are frequently inhaled. Dr. Jackson notes that "some most astonishing examples of extremely large bodies have been removed" in the clinic. "In one case," he continued, "we removed meat measuring about 2.5 by 4.2 cubic centimetres, when compressed after removal, from the esophagus below the cricopharyngeal constriction. In another case a man almost dead of asphyxia was resuscitated after the removal from his pharynx of a tightly impacted mass of meat that measured roughly 4.5 centimeters in greatest diameter."

What Bronchoscopy Has Taught

BRONCHOSCOPY has taught physicians many things that they did not know before about the lungs, as, for instance, that the deeper air passages are less irritated than the upper ones by foreign bodies. "When each one of us recalls the violent choking and strangling excited in ourselves by a mere crumb of bread that has 'gone the wrong way,'" says Dr. Jackson, "we really refer only to laryngeal sensations. Strange as it may seem, the deeper air passages are quite tolerant for foreign bodies. In most instances after the coughing and choking excited by the presence of the foreign body while passing through the larynx, practically all cough ceases. It is this deceptive and little-known period of quiescence that deludes patient and practitioner into believing the foreign body could not have entered the lung. In one case the family physician when called immediately after the accident said, 'Impossible. You would have been dead in five minutes and would have been coughing your head off the whole time.'

"Of the 23 cases in which the foreign body had been in the lung for periods ranging from three months to 18 years, the clinical signs of pulmonary sepsis supervened and the patients developed the clinical picture of pulmonary tuberculosis, yet in not one of the 23 were tubercle bacilli found, though repeated examinations were made. Moreover, the relatively prompt and complete recovery of the patient in 16 out of the 23 cases clinically substantiated the bacteriological findings. It seems, therefore, that the statement that appears in many textbooks that cases of foreign body in the lung are prone to die of pulmonary tuberculosis is a relic of the days when the diagnosis of tuberculosis was made upon clinical, and not upon the bacteriological, or even pathological data."



Portion of safety pin in left bronchus of a girl aged 3 years.

Another thing that has been brought to light in the work is that it is possible literally for a patient to drown in his own secretions through the work of a foreign body in the lung. "Glottic impairment," says Dr. Jackson, "can cause the bronchi and trachea to fill up until the patient will actually drown in his own secretions. It is a true drowning in the sense that fluid by its presence mechanically prevents atmospheric air from reaching the capillaries of the air cells. This condition has arisen in our foreign body cases, chiefly in children whose subglottic tissues for anatomical reasons are peculiarly susceptible to edema."

Until relatively recent years virtually all the bronchoscopic operations were performed at the Philadelphia institution. Instances are on record of patients being rushed across the country in special trains following the discovery by X-ray of some foreign body in the lungs. Patients still come from long distances, but only in the most difficult cases where the object is so deeply imbedded that only an expert can remove it. The fact that the death rate from the operation has not increased appreciably, although the percentage of difficult cases of long lodgment has gone up tremendously, furnishes a commentary on the skill of the man chiefly responsbile for bronchoscopy and through it for the saving of many lives.

Discovers Cure for Dread Hookworm of South

Young Scientist, Who Has Hobby in Limericks, Does Much for Humanity

By J. H. WALTON

This is one of several articles dealing with important United States officials who are unknown to the general public.

WE MORE often than not picture a scientist as an austere, aged, eccentric individual. We hear and read so much about their peculiarities; how they live a secluded life; advance such "crazy" theories, and so on. The public has come to look for the exceptional from scientists, and the newspapers and magazines see that we are well supplied with "stories" of scientific accomplishments, even though they must add some so-called "coloring" to make them interesting and readable.

When I called upon Dr. Maurice C. Hall I found:

A young man, smiling—with eyes as much as with mouth—who arose to extend his hand and say, "I'm glad to see you, old man, but I'm afraid you have come to the wrong party to get a story. My work is of a very technical nature and isn't likely to be of much interest to your readers."

That "old man" made me feel at ease at once, and the fact that he was young, as well as human, relieved me considerably. I told him I thought people would be more interested to know about his work than he imagined.

Dr. Hall has been with the Bureau of Animal Industry since 1907, having been promoted through the grades of junior zoologist, assistant zoologist and senior zoologist, his present position. During this time he has made many noteworthy discoveries in medical science, the latest and most important of which I will give in detail.

In 1918 he entered the army and was placed in command of Veterinary Base Hospital No. 3 at Camp Lee, Virginia. When he was discharged he returned to the government service.

When I called to see Dr. Hall it was during the luncheon period and he was working on his hobby. Be prepared for a surprise! He was writing limericks. Imagine a great scientist, a man who has made a life study of disease, both animal and human; a man who has seen the most intense suffering, writing limericks! Every year he writes appropriate verses about individual members of a certain medical society to which he belongs. These verses are printed on the program of their annual dinner and are read aloud by the toastmaster. Here are a few samples of the Hall limerick output:

To Dr. Charles A. Pfender, expert in X-rays, Bureau of Animal Industry.

There once was a doctor named Pfender
Saw a person of feminine gender
Cut in two by a truck.
Said he, "Isn't this luck!
Here's a chance to get busy and mend 'er!"

To Dr. John Scott, Parasitologist, University of Wyoming.

There once was a Scott from Wyoming,
Who hunted for bugs in the gloaming.
It made him enraged
When he found them all caged,
Which prevented the insects from roaming.

To Dr. Nathan A. Cobb, Agricultural Technologist, United States Bureau of Plant Industry.

A doctor named Nathan A. Cobb
Drank a health with a thirsty old gob;
He mixed nematoda
With whisky and soda,
And the mixture played hob with the gob.

The luncheon period now being over we will consider Dr. Hall's serious work. His latest presentation to humanity in general, and the medical profession in particular, is a new and efficient cure for the terrible hookworm disease.

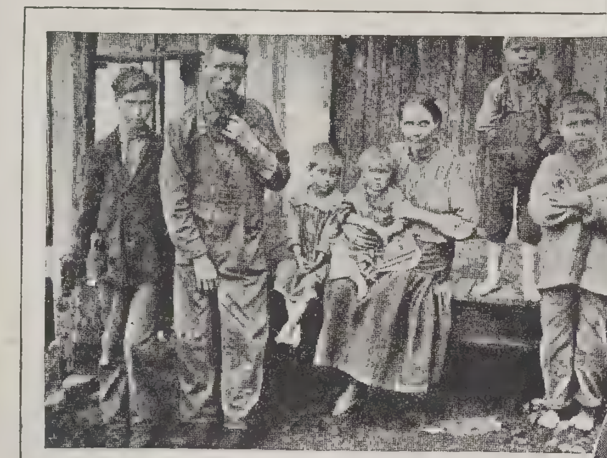
When it was discovered a few years ago that there was a new hookworm preying upon the vitality of the poorer class of people in the South, the press in other sections of the country availed itself of the opportunity to jibe the southern people and called it the "lazy germ" or "slow bug" because it was claimed that this worm weakened the individual and lessened his capacity for work.

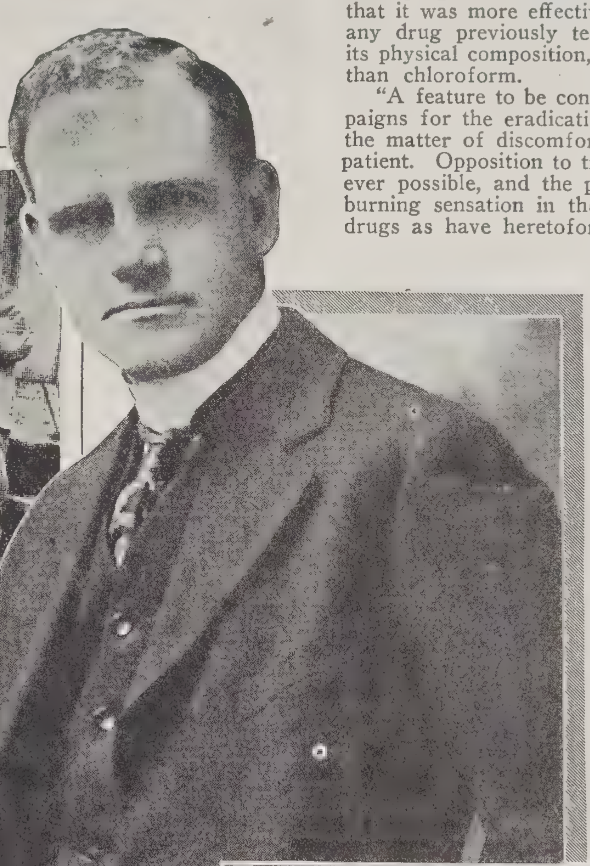
Hookworm disease is confined almost exclusively to the southern states. It is caused by small round worms about one-half an inch long, and scarcely thicker than a small-sized hairpin. They live in the small intestine and attach themselves to the intestinal wall, suck the blood, eat the epithelium (cells that line the organ), and produce a poisonous substance which is very injurious to the infected individual.

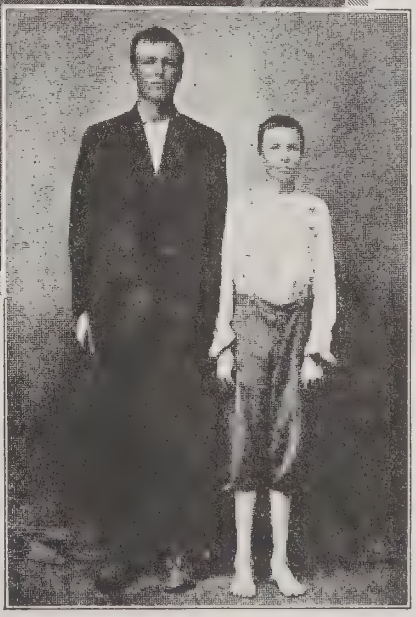
The young hookworm larvae may gain entrance to the body through the skin or by being swallowed. There is a peculiar malady in the South known locally as "ground itch," "foot itch," "toe itch," "dew itch," "dew poison," and so on, which comes from going without shoes and stockings. It is now definitely known that this itching is caused by the larvae of the hookworm in the skin of the feet. The poorer class of farm people, both black and white, go barefoot most of the time. The larvae of the hookworm enter the feet and gradually work into the blood, and thence to the intestines.

Dr. Charles W. Styles, noted authority on hookworm disease, says, "In my experience about 87 per cent of hookworm cases definitely admit a history of ground itch.

"It is especially in the rural districts, or among persons who have recently come from rural districts, that hookworm disease is found," continues Dr. Styles. "This is due to ignorance and carelessness exercised in the rural areas in respect to sanitary conditions. In a region where more than 50 per cent of the farmhouses and at least 30 per cent of the country schools, and even a much higher percentage of the country churches, have no toilet closet whatever, hookworm disease has an excellent chance to spread, and in our rural South it is one of the most common of the diseases. My estimate is that not less than 30 per cent of the rural inhabitants of our southern states have hookworm infection. In some restricted localities fully 90 per cent have the infection."


Photos courtesy of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
A typical southern rural family. Note the "fish stare" of the eyes. This entire family is infected with the hookworm disease.


MAURICE C. HALL, Ph.D., D.V.M.
Senior Zoologist, United States Bureau of Animal Industry.


Showing dwarfing effect of hookworm disease. These boys are brothers. Jones County, Miss. No. 1, age 17, weight 156 pounds; light infection. No. 2, age 18, weight 74 pounds; heavy infection.

The disease is much more harmful than is generally supposed. If a child is infected, and thousands are so infected every year, both his physical and mental development is retarded, and the child shows a more or less extreme anemia, commonly called laziness. A person 21 years of age may appear not better developed than one of 14, and in extreme cases the disease has been known completely to retard mental growth, making imbeciles out of its victims.

There are drugs used as a cure for hookworm disease but they are all dangerous, the after effects sometimes proving fatal to the patient as well as to the worms. Dr. Hall, speaking of his newly discovered cure, says, "The ideal drug would be one which was 100 per cent effective, removing all the worms present, and at the same time entirely safe and free from other objections. Such a drug is difficult to find. Practically all the anthelmintics are more or less poisonous, being intended to poison the worms and at the same time not cause any appreciable amount of poisoning or injury to the patient. Moreover, there are so many factors in the way of anatomical structures, food habits, individual idiosyncrasies, and other things which complicate the action of anthelmintics that it appears impossible to find drugs which will always remove all worms in all cases.

"If a drug is approximately 100 per cent effective and reasonably safe it is a very satisfactory drug. In actual practice the aim must be to determine which is the best thing we can use, rather than to find the ideal. In some cases drugs which have long been in use have been found quite ineffective.

"Carbon tetrachloride had been used to a slight extent as an anesthetic in human medicine more than 50 years ago, but it had not been found satisfactory and had not been in use as a drug for more than half a century. It has been sold in various forms as a cleanser for clothing, Carbona being one of the most well-known.

"I conducted tests of this substance on dogs, as experiments indicated that the efficacy of anthelmintics against hookworms in dogs was much the same as their efficacy against hookworms in man. These tests showed that it was more effective in removing the worms than any drug previously tested, and, apparently owing to its physical composition, it was found to be much safer than chloroform.

"A feature to be considered in connection with campaigns for the eradication of hookworms from man is the matter of discomfort and subjective effects on the patient. Opposition to treatment must be avoided whenever possible, and the production of headache, nausea, burning sensation in the stomach, and so on, by such drugs as have heretofore been used, frequently makes it difficult to give a second treatment or to bring in new patients after the word has passed around that a first group has been made ill by the treatment.

"To obtain first-hand information on this point in regard to carbon tetrachloride, I tested the drug on myself before presenting my paper to the medical profession for their consideration. I found that there were practically no evil effects as I was able to continue with my regular work as usual during the day, after I had taken a large dose of the drug in the morning.

"As far as may be judged from the experiments, this drug is more effective against hookworms than any of those commonly used. It appears to be very safe, there being no bad effects after taking, even in doses five times as large as are necessary to give dependable efficacy against hookworms.

"In view of the excellent results obtained with this drug in removing hookworms from animals, I brought it to the attention of the medical profession in an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* Tests of the drug for the removal of the hookworm in humans were undertaken at various places in the world, and reports have largely been published in regard to the results obtained by some of the physicians in the service of the Rockefeller Foundation. In Fiji and Ceylon, data indicate that the drug has been used with excellent results. More work remains to be done before it can be said that the drug is established as firmly in human medicine as it is in veterinary medicine for the removal of hookworms, but the satisfactory results obtained up to the present time give reason to hope that this drug will furnish a means whereby hookworm disease may be controlled more effectively and with greater safety to the patient than has been the case with the drugs previously employed. It is hardly to be supposed that the use of carbon tetrachloride will be found entirely free from objection, but it has been proved to be more free from objection than other drugs, and its use constitutes a distinct advance in this field of medicine."

This important advance adds another discovery to the list of those that government scientists, working for you and me, have contributed to human medicine. If it comes up to expectations, and all tests so far have been highly encouraging, this drug will be a boon to millions of persons in many parts of the world, and may in time wipe out the dreaded disease in our southern states.

How Our Fathers Met a Money Emergency

Page From History Shows How Boston Bankers Beat Game by Service

By WILBER L. STONEX

COMMERCE consists of the exchange of commodities; and the commercial prosperity of any country depends upon the facility with which its commodities can be exchanged. It necessarily follows that the instruments by which exchanges can be made should be obtainable at the lowest possible cost. The primitive and least convenient method of carrying on business consists in the exchange of one commodity for another. A more convenient method is for a community to agree that some article of little utility shall be accepted by all of its members at an agreed value when offered in exchange for any other commodity, or for the payment of a debt. And theoretically the less the intrinsic value of the instrument the greater its value in facilitating exchanges.

The medium which most perfectly complies with these requirements is the bank check now in common use. This instrument of exchange is of comparatively recent date but its convenience is such that it has grown to such a volume in this country that it is safe to say the most of our domestic commerce is carried on with it. And yet it has grown up outside of the law, and its simplicity is such that no other law is required to perfect it than to make it a criminal offense for any person to draw a check on any bank with which he has not a credit sufficient for its protection. And such laws are now quite common.

No Mystery About "Money Truth"

IN TREATISES on money, bank checks are quite generally included as a form of money. And yet it is a medium which is not only of practically no intrinsic value but is not based upon a security of intrinsic value nor upon any specific representative of intrinsic value. In this respect it differs wholly from coin and from paper currency specifically secured by coin or bullion.

It is apparent that the principles to be applied in discussing these two radically different mediums of exchange cannot be the same. And the failure of those who have written on the subject to recognize this fact has led to the confusion which exists in practically all treatises on the subject. The extent of this confusion is accurately stated by Professor Laughlin in his treatise, Principles of Money. He says:

"As now massed, principles and applications in most popular treatises are so combined that a refutation of one point allows the routed opponent to find cover behind some shelter which to the casual observer seems connected with the old position when it has in truth no such relation: and a warfare of this kind can go on forever without issuing in definite conclusions."

And to the same effect a well-known writer on economics has said:

"Even those natural laws like gravitation, which are clear in themselves, if they be such that the choices of men have to do with, such as may be modified and in a sense controlled by human actions, become from that very circumstance liable to difficulty and even to some mystery. All truths of Money belong to this class."

While it is to the interest of those who profit by controlling the money of the people to have the "truths of money" involved in mystery, there is, in fact, no mystery whatever about them.

One who would understand the simplicity of the principles upon which credit currency of the bank check kind rests will do well to turn away from the theorizing of the popular treatises and learn the truths by studying the experiences of practical men. He will find that a credit currency meets all of the requirements of the most exacting economic laws and has been fully tested and found to be absolutely sound. He will also learn why the system is not now in general use, and by how simple an act of legislation it can be put in operation to the immense benefit of the people.

When Circulation Was $4 Per Capita

IN THE period following the end of the Revolutionary War economic conditions were discouraging almost to the last degree. This was largely because of the lack of money. The paper currency issued to support the war had become of no value partly because of the overissues and also, perhaps chiefly, because these issues had been counterfeited by the British and the country flooded with them. Of gold and silver there was none in the hands of the people. The most accurate estimates we have are that in 1784 the per capita circulation was about $4. There was no gold or silver upon which to base a paper currency and the problem was how to issue a paper currency based upon credit. Of the various solutions attempted the most simple and satisfactory was that of Massachusetts. It consisted of bank notes which in all material respects were identical with the bank checks now in common use.

As Boston was the commercial center of the state these bank notes sooner or later found their way into that city. A clearing house system was in operation for the convenience of its banks and it was thought best to have all notes of out-of-town banks cleared at one of the city banks. The Suffolk Bank was selected for that service and the system became known as the Suffolk Banking System. This bank became to that extent a bankers' bank. The banks which came into the system were required to keep accounts with the Suffolk Bank and maintain sufficient credit to protect their notes (checks) precisely as patrons of banks now do; and the basis of the credit thus obtained with the Suffolk Bank consisted of the deposit with it of the notes of banks of good credit, and other securities satisfactory to the Suffolk Bank.

As originally enacted the banking law of Massachusetts did not require the banks organized under it to redeem their notes in specie; they were not required to have a specific amount of capital; and no limit was placed on the amount of notes any bank might issue. Later a definite amount of capital was required, but no relation was fixed between the amount of capital of any bank and the amount of notes it was authorized to issue. But in 1813, apparently for the protection of stockholders, who were personally liable for the payment of all notes issued by their bank, it was enacted that the note issues outstanding at any time should not exceed twice the amount of the bank's capital. At the same time, a law was enacted requiring every bank to redeem its note issues; but the requirement as to redemption was indefinite. It was probably intended by the enactment of this law to compel all banks not already in the system to enter it. In the public interest the Suffolk Bank cleared the notes of banks which kept no deposits with it, but such notes were subject to presentation and demand for payment at any time, and when thus presented their payment was demanded in specie. By the writers on banking who condemn this system this feature is roundly condemned as "coercion."

Although Mr. Hepburn in his "Contest for Sound Money" condemns the Suffolk System he says of it:

"The people were not subjected to the onerous discounts which country banks otherwise suffered in the money centers. This loss had been from three to five per cent. The New England Bank of Boston had reduced it to less than one per cent, the actual cost of sending notes for redemption, but the Suffolk reduced it even more, so that ultimately the cost was only 10 cents per $1,000 and this was borne by the banks."

In 1858 the Suffolk Bank made over its special business of note redemption to the Bank of Mutual Redemption of Boston, which was organized for that purpose by the country banks. In 1860 there were 504 New England banks in the system.

A Little Chapter From U. S. Officials

WHILE there was apparently a limit placed on the amount of the note issues of these banks there was in fact no limitation, for the actual note circulation never approached the legal limit. In 1840 the actual note circulation was only 23 per cent of the amount permitted; in 1850 it was only 40 per cent; and in 1860, 36 per cent. And during every year from 1840 to 1860, except one, the note issues were greater than (and usually nearly double) the amount of the deposits.

Of the note issues of this system, the report of the Committee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives, made by Mr. Fowler, its chairman, said:

"When the soundness of this system is tested by comparison with the national system of today the result more than justifies the assertion that the former was incomparably the better; for when the conditions during the 20 years from 1840 to 1860 are compared with those of the past 30 years, all must admit that argument is futile and the conclusion inevitable. . . . While a tax of one-eighth of one per cent on all the bank notes in circulation would have paid all the notes of failed banks from 1840 to 1860, it would have taken a tax of one-fifth of one per cent on all notes out to pay the notes of the failed national banks."

The effect of this system on interest rates is shown in the report of the bank commissioner of Connecticut for 1844. He said:

"It has been impossible for the banks of discount to find use for all their money in discounting good paper, and some, having the largest capital, have reduced the rate of interest, in a few instances, to five, four and even three per cent."

Another interesting fact concerning this system is shown in the statement of the condition of the banks of New Hampshire which were members of the Suffolk System, on the first day of June, 1860. At that time, although the deposits with these banks were only $1,211,551.88, the notes issued by the banks and then in circulation amounted to $3,117,444, and the amount of specie then held by these banks was only $253,496.35, or only five and four-fifths per cent of the notes outstanding and deposits combined; the notes of the banks in the Suffolk System were then selling at a premium in all parts of the United States.

How a Good System Was Destroyed

THE fact that the credit currency note issues of the banks in the Suffolk System were not subject to discount did not meet the approval of the bankers of New York City and they were intensely hostile to it; the "bond secured" system was more to their liking. In 1854 the New York *Courier and Enquirer* in discussing the deplorable condition of the state bank currency of that state, said:

"The anomalous feature of the case is that the well-secured bond-protected bank issues of New York are at a greater discount at this point than the apparently unsecured circulation of New England, including places hundreds of miles off, inaccessible, in a measure, for compulsory redemption . . . . We said that the Massachusetts currency was apparently unsecured. In reality their bank paper is well secured. The experience of the last 15 years has demonstrated that the losses from bank issues in the state of New York are four or five times greater than in Massachusetts. The system of the latter is better than our own."

The Suffolk System was so entirely satisfactory to both the bankers and people of New England that there was no disposition on their part to abandon it, and it was not until 1865 that the influence of the hostile banking interests were able to destroy it. This was gradually and indirectly brought about by a succession of acts of Congress. In 1863 Congress first imposed a tax, as a revenue measure, of two per cent on all state bank notes in circulation and 10 per cent on their fractional note issues. This not proving effective the revenue act of March 3, 1865, imposed a tax of 10 per cent on all state bank notes. The purpose of this enactment was not to produce revenue but for protection only—the protection of the banking interests of New York City against the competition of the country banks of New England. This act produced the result desired by forcing the competitors out of business. This act is still in force and in my opinion all that is necessary to restore the system of banking destroyed by it is the repeal of this feature of the act of 1865.

Trying a Case in the Newspapers

Concluded from page 7

that his client is undecided whether it was a bullet from his gun or the major's that killed his superior officer.

So evidence accumulates that Pothier really did have a loaded weapon at the time of the major's death, and was firing it. Could Rosenbluth, standing close beside the major during the firing of the second and third shots, have been unaware of this? Then why did he fail to mention this all-important fact at the Military Board of Inquiry, when he was under oath?

In my investigation of this case, I have yet to meet a single person with a disposition to be anything but fair and just to Robert Rosenbluth. But I fear that he is being ill-advised. Why does he object to going to Tacoma, pleading to the indictment, and telling his story? No innocent man need ever fear the temper of a Federal court. Justice, stern and inflexible, blindfolded and balancing the scales, *demands the truth, in spite of racial clamor and attacks upon public prosecutors.*

The publicity campaign in behalf of Rosenbluth was worked to the limit in spreading broadcast the *World's* alleged retraction of Pothier's confession. I have before me a volume of 62 closely printed pages, bound in a yellow paper cover, and bearing conspicuously the following title:

EXONERATION
of
CAPTAIN ROBERT ROSENBLUTH

This booklet purports to be "The Official Report of Honorable J. W. Selden, prosecuting attorney, Pierce County, Washington, in the Matter of the Death of Major Cronkhite." It bears no mark of origin, nor the name of its publisher, but it is quite evidently the output of a printing establishment on the East Side of New York, the work of men ill-acquainted with the proper usage of the English language. Words such as "Department of Justice," "Federal," and the like, are headed with small letters. This volume has been circulated industriously from Boston to Washington, D. C., from New York City to Tacoma. It has been sent to newspapers throughout the country, to public officials and to organizations. It costs a considerable sum of money to print a volume of this kind, and give it a wide circulation through the mails.

The title of this booklet is entirely misleading, since Mr. Selden has never been called upon to try the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case, has not seen the evidence, nor has he heard the testimony of witnesses. The information in the possession of the Department of Justice has never been turned over to the prosecuting attorney for Pierce County, Washington. I do not know who has approached Mr. Selden in this matter, nor whether his authority was obtained in giving a statement out in this form.

The volume consists almost entirely of attempts to discredit Pothier's confession, and affidavits evidently gathered by Goldstein & Goldstein, among them being statements from Goldstein & Goldstein themselves, from the attorney for Pothier, from the New York *World* reporter, and the like. It contains a slur cast upon the parents of the late Major Cronkhite, but it does not contain a word of explanation from Rosenbluth.

A man is charged with murder. He refuses to answer to the charge, but fights his extradition. A newspaper friendly to this man publishes an alleged retraction by his accuser. His lawyers issue a booklet announcing his exoneration. Presto! the man is acquitted without having been tried. There has been no need for law courts, judges, juries, prosecutors, witnesses. "The case has been tried in the newspapers." This is a new form of criminal procedure that is being introduced into this country by a certain racial element.

During a great deal of uproar and clamor, the Department of Justice apparently abandoned the case. Then loud and insistent demands were made upon the Attorney-General that the department must announce its exoneration of Rosenbluth.

The reply to this demand was evidently unexpected. It came in the form of an indictment for murder, returned by a Federal Grand Jury in Tacoma, Washington, October 13, 1922, *after it had listened to the testimony of more than 70 witnesses who had been summoned from widely distant sections of the country.*

(The next development of the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case was as characteristic as the preceding ones. It will be told in a fourth chapter of this illuminating story upon the activities of "our people.")

The Background of the Story of Evangeline

Concluded from page 8

Well, for one thing they were required, if they wished to become British subjects, to take an oath of allegiance to the British crown. This they were quite willing to do; but they desired to make a reservation with respect to taking up arms against their former fellow-countrymen; also they were not quite sure how free they should be in the exercise of their religion. Therefore, they were determined to depart. But they were refused permission by Colonel Vetch, lieutenant-governor during Governor Nicholson's absence, upon the pretext that he did not have sufficient authority. The real reason was that the Acadians were the only inhabitants in the country; if they were to leave, the land would be stripped bare of people. Besides this, the British garrison was dependent upon them for food, fuel and labor. There was the additional reason that, by emigrating to Ile Royale, the Acadians would strengthen a potential enemy.

From then on, until, 40 years later, they were shipped like cattle to strange lands among strange people, the contest was continued between the Acadians and the governors, one after another. The latter were determined that the Acadians should take an unconditional oath; and the people were as determined not to do so. They preferred to leave their homes and emigrate; but the governors, when they proposed to leave, would not allow them to depart. Having been refused British ships in which to transport themselves and their effects, and French boats being forbidden to enter the harbors, the inhabitants built small vessels themselves but were prevented from securing the necessary rigging at Louisburg or at Boston; and finally their boats were seized. Departure by water being impossible, the Acadians decided to transport their effects by land to the eastern end of the peninsula from whence they might cross to Ile Royale without much difficulty. To do this it was necessary to cut roads, but they had hardly commenced this work when they were peremptorily forbidden to continue their road-making.

The governors were men of varying temperaments: each tried to threaten, cajole or force the people into taking the oath without reservations; but to each the Acadians returned the same answer. Finally, Governor Philipps in 1729 succeeded in inducing them to take the oath after he had made verbal promises covering the points upon which they required reservations. He felt this course to be less derogatory to the dignity of the crown than written conditions. Cornwallis, uncle of Lord Cornwallis of Yorktown memory, who came out to the colony as governor in 1749, revived the question of the oath, requiring all to swear unconditional allegiance within three months or leave the country. But the Acadians were as determined as ever. In the end, Cornwallis allowed the matter to drift as had his predecessors.

Although England and France were nominally at peace, Governor Shirley decided, in the spring of 1755, that the time had come to drive the French from the peninsula. He accordingly dispatched Colonel Monckton with a force of 2,000 men to assist Major Lawrence, then at the head of affairs in Nova Scotia, in carrying this design into effect. Fort Beausejour was first proceeded against and capitulated after a short siege. Among the garrison Monckton found 300 Acadians, but pardoned them because they had been forced to serve upon pain of death. Despite the fact that the Seven Years' War which was to see the end of French hopes in North America did not actually commence until the following year, the fall of Beausejour was a presage of what was to come. But before that should come to pass the final scene in the present drama was to be enacted.

Charles Lawrence had been, first, administrator, and later, governor, of Nova Scotia since the autumn of 1753. That he was a man of more than average ability is evident from the fact of his having risen from the position of an unknown house-painter's apprentice to the governorship of Nova Scotia in a time when plebeian origin was a decided handicap. There is no doubt that he was a capable soldier, but his character was such that he should never have been placed in a situation where the destinies of a people were in his hands. He was haughty, disdainful and unscrupulous. Not only was he feared and hated by the Acadians, but he quarreled with the English population as well, referring to his council as a pack of scoundrels and to the merchants of Halifax as a parcel of villains and bankrupts.

It would be expecting too much to hope that such a man would be fair to the Acadians, who were entirely under his control and could appeal from him to no one. They had by now increased to something more than 10,000; their flocks and herds had increased in like proportion; and their lands were the richest and most fertile in the province. But they had practically no status under the law. Since 1730 they had been known as "French Neutrals." Not having taken the oath of allegiance, they were not considered as British subjects, and consequently their disputes were not tried in the courts, but were settled among themselves as had been their custom in the days of the French régime. They undoubtedly presented a problem to governors accustomed to divide mankind into two classes: friends and enemies. In the wars between the French and English, particularly in America where Indians were employed, atrocities were committed on both sides that filled each with bitterness toward the other, and it is possible to understand how it was that human feelings of compassion were frequently absent in their dealings one with the other.

Lawrence undoubtedly was a man who believed in a literal obedience to orders; and the instructions received from the Lords of Trade in England, on more than one occasion, were implicit: that the Acadians should take the oath or leave the country. But for 40 years these instructions had been evaded, and without doubt evaded with the full concurrence of the Lords of Trade. The official dispatches go to show that the latter were most apprehensive lest Lawrence's proposed intention to bring the matter to an issue should cause the Acadians eventually to leave. But Lawrence had already determined upon expulsion, not emigration to the French settlements along the St. Lawrence, which the inhabitants had considered as a possible contingency for the past 40 years, but dispersion among strange people in a strange land.

The crops were ripening in the summer sunshine in the year 1755 when Colonel Winslow, member of a prominent New England family, marched into the village of Grand Pré, in the district of Minas, at the head of 365 men, and established his headquarters in the church, pastorless since the arrest of the curé at Lawrence's orders some weeks before. The British flag was hoisted upon the steeple, much to the horror of the inhabitants gathered in apprehensive groups discussing the probable meaning of this untoward event. Little did they realize what was in store for them.

On August 30 a number of vessels dropped anchor in the Basin, and, everything being in readiness, Winslow issued a proclamation ordering all males more than 10 years of age to gather on September 5 in the church at Grand Pré to hear the king's final resolution regarding their fate. Upon the appointed day the roads leading to the village were crowded with the conveyances of the sturdy Acadian peasants on their way to obey the summons. At the appointed hour 418 men and boys were gathered in the edifice inseparably associated with their most cherished memories. The silence was tense, as Winslow, in full uniform, surrounded by his officers, advanced to a small table in the open space in front of the rail, and, in a short speech, in which he expressed his distaste for the duty assigned to him, informed the expectant assemblage that it was the king's pleasure that their lands and effects should be forfeited, and that they should be removed from the province. In the meantime they would remain as prisoners in the church. The consternation of the Acadians can be imagined.

During the succeeding days Winslow's officers visited all the near-by villages, arresting the men and bringing them to Grand Pré to swell the numbers of those already under guard. At length, fearing mutiny among the prisoners who outnumbered his men, Winslow decided to place the unmarried Acadians aboard the ships that lay in the Basin. They were formed up in front of the church between lines of soldiers with fixed bayonets. When word was given to march they were reluctant to move, but the menacing bayonets urged them on down the mile-and-a-half of road lined with mothers, sisters, sweethearts, to the landing place. As they passed, a cry arose from the lines of weeping and praying women and children which must have wrung the hearts of even the rude soldiers whose duty it was to cause such misery. Next, about 100 married men were embarked; but as further transports did not arrive until over a month later, the ships were held in the Basin until all should be ready to depart, the prisoners being fed with provisions brought to the shore by the women.

At last the day came for the final embarkation when, as Longfellow says:

> ". . . . mothers saw their children
> Left on land, extending their arms, with wildest
> entreaties."

But after the vessels were filled to capacity, Winslow found he still had 600 prisoners to be disposed of. Further transports did not arrive until December 13 and it was not until a week later that the final transports sailed away

> "Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,
> into exile,
> Exile without an end, and without an example
> in story."

As they passed down the Bay the exiles could see the smoke and flames of their burning homes, fired by order of the commander.

Somewhat similar scenes were enacted at Chignecto, at Pisiquid and at Annapolis Royal. In all, about 6,000 people were deported; 1,000 were driven into the woods; and about 3,000 made their escape to the French settlements farther north or on what is now Prince Edward Island. The exiles were dispersed among the British colonies of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Carolinas. Some succeeded in reaching the French colony of Louisiana.

The Treaty of Paris in 1763, which put an end to the war that had raged since shortly after the expulsion, made it possible for the homeless wanderers to turn their steps once more in the direction of their beloved Acadia. In 1766, those living in Massachusetts gathered at Boston and from there commenced the long journey through the wilderness. Many died by the way; but after four months the survivors, footsore and weary, came again into the land of their youth only to find that in their place dwelt

> ". . . . another race, with other customs and
> language."

The blame for this great wrong rests with but one man—Charles Lawrence. His action had the support of his council and of other executive officers, but there can be little doubt that the project was his alone. Whatever may have been Lawrence's motive, it is quite clear that the home government was entirely innocent of any knowledge of, or concurrence in, the expulsion; and it is quite probable that the outbreak of the Seven Years' War so soon after, and his early death, saved Lawrence from the consequences of his action—but not from the verdict of history!

Crossing the Rockies in the Locomotive Cab

Concluded from page 6

miles to Field—I wondered as to the best method of using my surplus leg for the time being.

Keeping a foot suspended, especially over a yawning abyss beneath it, made me realize that being either a hero or villain, as the case may be (and many such have occupied a similar perch at some time in their romantic careers), had its drawbacks. My life then hung upon the hand-bar—and I admit now that I placed great faith in iron, used externally. If the iron bar had failed— But I was always concerned with my free leg—not the same leg all the time, since I alternated —and *terra firma* looked unusually good to me, especially with so much of it abounding about me, and most of it dependable, since it was patented some time prior to the paleolithic age. Tantalus reversed—earth instead of water. But the builder of the engine must have foreseen my predicament, even though he did not think about it, for there was a four-by-five roweled footrest. Of course, there was no possibility of there existing a Cinderella-footed engineer, so this step was inadequate for the average No. 9 shoe, but analysis led me out of my troubled inquisitiveness. It was small, not so much to fit only the forepart of any engineer's shod foot, but to prevent any man from wanting to take a chance to hang on behind, as it were. The designer had provided very well, apparently, to swerve me from my purpose, even though the officials in due time relented for the reader's behalf.

I had no choice. I merely rested as much of my foot on this iron step, but now the surprise was in store for me. I was become an automaton, for one step, be it remembered, was attached and fixed to the tender, and the other was duly ornamenting the locomotive. The two are twain—sometimes. There is a coupling underneath the laminated areaway. The tender would descend as the locomotive would rise, and obviously my nether extremities accompanied this irresistible force, even though I was not disposed so to do.

However, there was one advantage. I was outside the cab, behind the engineer, something like half a yard below his level, and anatomically projecting into the outer space in defiance of all. I saw what the engineer saw and what he did not see. I peered down and under—and there were the tireless drivers and their regular metallic resonance born of their thrusts, and there is something unusually hypnotizing about this marvelous movement. Coming upon each curve, one feels forward the momentum that is lost in the rear—and yet despite the eye's illusion that no train could successfully negotiate the curve ahead and remain on the track, there we are—riding over them as steel flange caresses steel head. Unless the curve is unusually sharp its existence is almost unnoticeable.

Certainly I should have felt it, for my position was sensitizing, and the vibration of the monster permeated through me. That man's ingenuity has resulted in the exceptional was proved right and here and now, for it was many miles ere I was aware that my hands had become numbed as they firmly grasped the hand-bar. A mere desire to tie my shoe laces might have—no would have—bounced me—

Yes, into the Kicking Horse River. It is a nice river, but one that must be met gently, not catapulting from an engine. Exhilaration set in and except for a cinder about the size of a mountain, which left me only one eye to see by, there was nothing that I could desire, except an arm chair, two or three cushions, and so forth.

Well, to make a now 40-mile story a 20-mile one, I made the automaton understand that if I was a poor one at railroading I was a fair one at pencil-pushing. Magic of magic! The sun beaming upon the earth after the deluge never brightened things as that smile of Brother F. England. It saved an extra shovelful of coal, things warmed up so quickly. And by now it was a better appreciated smile, because he had shoveled something like three tons of bituminous coal (and a poor grade of it, which meant more coal) into the firebox, shaken two of six grates, washed that hot floor twice, crushed lumpy fuel with a small sledge, watched the water gauge, taken on water, filled his pipe twice, nibbled at a quick lunch, and a few other things. But despite all this, and doing it all over again, more or less, he managed to show me the points of interest, from Mt. Hector to the Great Divide and farther.

There must have been some high sign exchanged between Brother England and Engineer Monilaws—J. G.—because the latter, too, at once had something to say. I could hardly keep up with their communicativeness. I did my best, trying to balance myself on the swaying platform, left-facing when the fireman addressed me and right-facing when the boss spoke. "Right," "left," "right," "left"—

We reached Lake Louise. We had risen 510 feet, and were now 5,044 feet above sea level. Here a powerful oil-burner was coupled to our locomotive for the coming rise—a few hundred feet up to Stephen, almost a mile vertically from Montreal, my starting point.

The run between Stephen and Field is essentially simple, but it is delicate. That is, it is simple so far as the train itself goes, because gravity makes motion, but the strain on the engineer is intensified. The sense of hearing governs him, since he can see nothing.

At Field I left two most genial men. As I wended back to my stuffy sleeping car they detached No. 564, as this was the end of their division run. Later that evening they would go back—retrace their route.

U IV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The Nobel Peace prize has been awarded Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, noted Norwegian explorer. He was prominent in Russian relief work during the famine of 1921. Dr. Nansen is professor of oceanography at Christiania University. He has announced that he will devote the money awarded him in fostering his international task of promoting a brotherhood of nations.

Three-quarters of the mineral-bearing area of Alaska has never had a prospector's pick in it.

During 1922, 7,469 miles of road projects were completed in the United States and 17,978 miles under construction were estimated as 50 per cent complete. Federal aid earned by the states on all road projects amounted to $194,560,135, of which $166,911,552 had actually been paid.

Chinamen are engaged in capturing large sea turtles which abound on the western coast of Mexico. The meat of these turtles is dried and shipped to China where it finds a ready sale.

Kentucky has another world wonder in Onyx Cave, near Mammoth Cave. The caverns are close together and it is possible to include both in the same trip. Mammoth Cave has for more than a century attracted tourists from all over the world.

From Cracow, Poland, the Rev. H. H. Benedict writes: "The subject of persecution of Jews in Poland is one that needs to be written about impartially. The Jews know what effect reports of 'pogroms' have in the United States and they often exaggerate little incidents or fabricate entirely such tales as will be sure to draw sympathy for them. As for my own experience, I can assure you that no 'pogrom' or persecution has taken place in the regions where I have lived during my stay of three years."

For the first time in history a woman, Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton, a painter, has been elected an associate of the Royal Academy of England.

A new cable-way among the clouds is being built up Mont Blanc. Passengers will be transported in 90 minutes from summer heat to frigid cold while snow and ice avalanches crash harmlessly by, hundreds of feet beneath the suspended cable cars. Each car will seat 20 persons.

The undergraduates of Wesleyan University have voted to abstain from drinking rum while the college is in session. First offenders will be ineligible for sports or student office. Second offenders will be expelled or suspended. The action outlined above was not taken as the result of any outbreak of drinking at the college but as a further step in self-government.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Leper patients on the island of Molokai, anticipating release on parole or full discharge as a result of the Chaulmoogra oil treatment, are asking permission to take up land on the island adjacent to the leper colony.

Radio broadcasting is becoming popular in Australia. To operate a receiving set, crystal only, it is necessary to obtain a license costing about $5. Permits for transmitting are rarely issued to individuals and there are only about 12 transmitting stations in the whole country.

Only four wooden railway mail cars are now in use in the United States, the rest being either all steel, or made with an all-steel under-frame or of steel-reinforced wood.

Vincent Astor, of New York City, a direct descendant of John Jacob Astor, who founded Astoria, Oregon, as a fur trading post in 1811, wired the Astoria Relief Commission $5,000 for its fire relief fund. Astoria was the first settlement in the Columbia River Valley and was recently swept by a disastrous fire.

Trichinosis, a disease caused by eating imperfectly cooked pork in which the trichina parasite is lodged, may be prevented if the pork is cooked thoroughly.

Western music is becoming fashionable in Japan and a study of the piano is now considered a necessary part of the education of a native girl. The playing of the "samisen" and the "Koto," the national harp, has not been abandoned, but the younger generation is taking to foreign instruments.

A bill prohibiting girls and women from cutting the hair so that it does not fall below the shoulders is to be introduced to the legislature of Hawaii.

All contributors of $100 or more to the campaign fund of Senator George Wharton Pepper, of Pennsylvania, will receive a refund of 10 per cent as the entire sum of money contributed was not spent.

Refugees were rescued from Sulaimaniyeh in Southern Kurdistan by aircraft. This is the first time in history the evacuation of a town has been carried solely by this means. In spite of a fierce gale a detachment of R. A. F. airplanes collected some 60 men, women and children and transported them to a place of safety.

Two men labor continually in the Pennsylvania Station in New York City to remove wads of chewing gum travelers have tossed on the floor.

The delta of the Mississippi has just been surveyed for the first time with accuracy by using cameras from airplanes.

Due to a shortage of coal, five schools in Reading, Pennsylvania, were closed. Reading is a gateway to the anthracite fields through which millions of tons of coal pass every year.

A synthetic apple oil possessing the aroma of ripe apples has been prepared by the Bureau of Chemistry. The preparation has the merit of having no substance in it that does not occur naturally in the apple. The oil, being volatile, may not be used in the preparation of food products that have to be heated, but is especially suitable for flavoring ice cream and cold drinks.

Becoming enamored with the army posters describing life in the tropics, a young girl, dressed as a boy, tried to enlist in the army at Rochester, New York, recently.

There will be no settlement of land in that portion of Southwestern Colorado and Southeastern Utah on which are a number of prehistoric towers erected by Indians. The towers are among the finest examples of prehistoric masonry in the United States, according to the Smithsonian Institution. The land in question is in three strips about 50 miles west of Mesa Verde National Park.

The Carnegie gold medal has been awarded Professor Bergonie, of Bordeaux University, who lost his right arm and three left fingers while experimenting with X-ray.

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The Smoke-Screen of Falsehood in the Death of Major Cronkhite, U.S.A.

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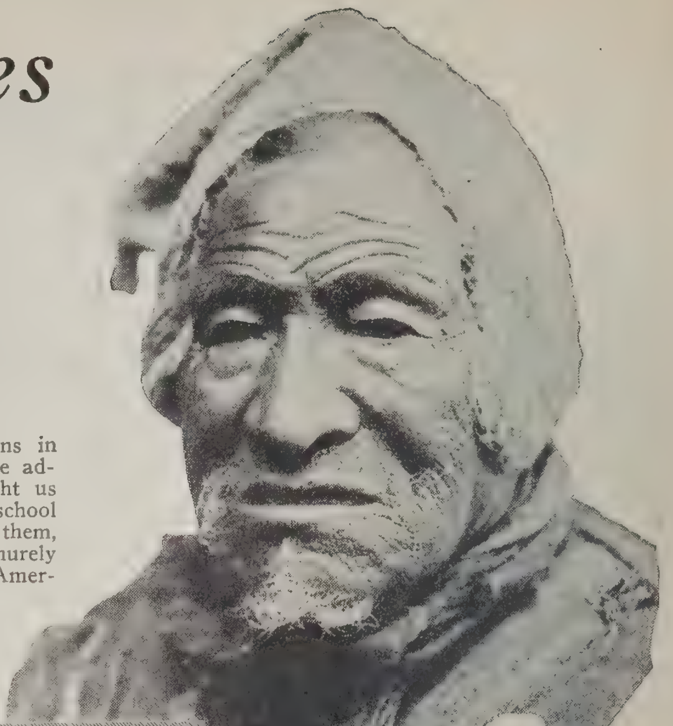
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Main Street in the Andes

Cheerless Life of the Native on the Shores of Beautiful Lake Titicaca Is Revealed

By CARROLL K. MICHENER



An aged Bolivian Indian of the Aymara Tribe, La Paz, Bolivia.

BENEATH a eucalyptus tree in Yunguyo we made the acquaintance of the *alcalde*, Manuel Mamañi, leaning proudly upon his silver-ringed staff of authority. With him sat Mateo Chipañi, the *ilacata*, shiny-faced and abashed, but willing to be honored by the taking of a photograph. *Coca*, the leafy narcotic native to the old Inca empire, bulged the cheeks of these political dignitaries. There was an air of intense melancholy about them, yet they wore ponchos and mufflers brilliant with all the natural colors, and were unquestionably the brightest feature in a drab landscape.

About them waned the inconsequential afternoon of a Peruvian village. Hucksters squatted at the margins of the muddy public square, conducting their sparse business in trifles—a handful of shelled corn, a dozen bullet-like frozen potatoes, or a bundle of reed baskets. An occasional beggar, as decayed, blind and calamitous as any in the mendicant Orient, crawled whining for alms over puddles of filth compounded by the last rain. Above all this triviality and futility there was the tenuous blue sky of Titicaca, edged by clean mountains and clouds; and the eucalyptus stirred its leaves into a dry murmur of pleasanter places.

The *alcalde's* responses to our inquiries concerning the political affairs of his village were as laconic as might have been expected of Mist in the Face, Wrinkled Meat, or some such aboriginal notable of the northern continent. It was not through him, therefore, that we learned of his public functions, which are the maintenance of order, the decision of petty disputes, and military leadership, should there be need of it. As for the *ilacata*, who seems to divide with the *alcalde* the duties of the *cacique* or chief of ancient times, his tasks lie in the division of land each year upon a somewhat socialistic communal plan, and the collection of crops from common ground.

Having paid our respects to these solemn autocrats, we went on to inspect their subjects, indifferently populating the square. It was difficult to avoid thinking of these dyed and coppery creatures as vassals in some feudal system rather than as citizens in a modern republic.

We paused to photograph a group of women carding, spinning and knitting alpaca wool, but pride and shyness at first made them hide their faces or move angrily away. Only when money was a visible consideration, or when a group of them were found to be more than usually *simpatico*, would they permit this boldness. Their spinning wheels were of the most primitive design, a small wooden disk pierced by an 18-inch stick, motion being maintained by a constant twisting between thumb and forefinger. Like the North American squaw, these women seemed less ornamental and more useful than the easeful male. They were always busy and usually burdened, either with a bundle in the pouch-like shawl slung across their backs, or with a black-eyed infant.

A church, facing on the square, was as inevitable to Yunguyo as to any other New-World outpost inheriting the tradition of Catholic Spain. An Indian urchin, escorting us, grinned wide-mouthed at our interest in the tawdry and disintegrating images that are carried in religious processions. Nevertheless he knelt, taking his cue from a visiting *padre*, rising when the priest rose and exhibiting the expression of simple virtue common to those who do conventional things without troubling why.

The church was dismal with age and disrepair, and yet it was by no means out of keeping with the village it served. As usual among the small towns of interior Peru and Bolivia, it was larger than any other structure. It might well have been a civic center, for the village seemed to have been built around it. And yet its interior did not recommend it for any such gregarious purpose. It was dank and ill-lighted, suggestive of a mortuary rather than of a meeting place. It extended no rose-windowed welcome, but repelled, rather, by its austerity. Reed mats partly concealed the nakedness of the clay floor, which was unfurnished with pews, in the South American rural fashion. A worshiper must bring his own chair, or send it in charge of a servant; even so it is not to sit in, but to kneel upon—a curious, low-seated, high-backed affair, so made as to defeat any other purpose. The dust of generations lay in corners, and there was an air about the place like that of old temples in China, whose incense has kept the gods asleep these hundreds of years.

Peruvian street vendor.

Bolivian Indian woman at work with her distaff. There is a quid of coca in her cheek and a second child in the roll across her back.

A clatter of children's voices, reciting lessons in dissonant unison, enticed us into the *patio* of the adjacent school building. Further intrusion brought us abruptly into the presence of a gracious *chola* school teacher and her flock of girl pupils. All 11 of them, various-sized, stood promptly and remained demurely at attention until our departure. A map of the Americas hung on the wall, and Yunguyo was marked out larger even than San Francisco. The smaller girls in this public *escuela* appeared to be concerned principally with the exercise of arranging kernels of corn into letters of the alphabet, and the larger ones affectionately wrote interminable "mamas" into their copybooks. It was evident that, like their teacher, the girls were of combined native and Spanish ancestry. There was no definitely white countenance among them, nor was there the unbleached copper of the unalloyed Indian. Aside from an Italian shopkeeper, and very likely a Spanish priest, there was no visible white population in Yunguyo; and as for the Indians, they do not take over-kindly to matters of education.

The public *escuela* for boys, had we discovered it, no doubt would have exhibited a larger enrollment. Women in South America have not yet insisted upon co-education, nor upon equality with men in educational privileges. Theoretically the gospel of universal instruction flourishes, but in practice it falls far short of the mark. Statistics proclaim that half the population of Peru and Bolivia are not only illiterate, but cannot speak the Spanish language, that mellifluent tongue pronounced by Charles V to be *el idioma de los dióses*—the speech of the gods. The Indian cares little for this divine idiom, but clings tenaciously to the old dialects of Quichua and Aymara. He is satisfied, as a rule, when he has learned to scribble his name, so that he may qualify for whatever material advantage there happens to be in exercising his franchise as a voter. In Colombia, according to that government's statistics, one person in 22 attends a public school; in Ecuador the ratio is one in 16, and in Bolivia it is one in 45. Peru has approximately a million children of school age, less than one-fifth of whom are in public school. Chile exhibits a better record, three out of seven children being enrolled, and Argentina's ratio of public school pupils to population is one in 10, one-half that of the United States.

The Latin-American is boastful of his ancient universities. There is the *Universidad de San Marcos*, at Lima, for example, older than any similar institution in the United States. It was founded, with Salamanca as a model, nearly a century before John Harvard contributed his handful of books in a parallel cause. Today, however, it has not much to recommend it except venerable antiquity. There are excellent modern secondary schools and universities, particularly in Argentina, Chile and Uruguay, but they are designed for the genteel minority rather than for the mass. The public elementary school in most of the South American republics does not lead up to the *liceo*, or high school. Private instruction is necessary to prepare for the higher public institutions, and this automatically gives the system an aristocratic cast. The *gente decente*, except for an occasional democratic and usually academic reformer, is not greatly interested in education for all. Why, it would be argued, put notions into the peon's head, disturbing the dull contentment with which he now performs his allotted tasks? This resistance from above abets an inertia from beneath, for the humble are not yet able to see clearly how learning will put more money into their pockets or lift them any higher in the social scale against the firm intrenchments of aristocracy.

Peruvian Alcalde, with his silver-ringed staff of authority.

Scarcely beyond range of the chorused voices of the girls' school gleamed the new whitewash of the Italian's store. Its interior was not unlike those of similar rural establishments elsewhere in the world. The stock was a curious mixture of general merchandise, collected from widely dispersed sources. There were canned vegetables from China and the United States, tinned biscuits from Glasgow, calicoes and colored handkerchiefs and festoons of garlic from Italy, sweetened chocolate from California and bitter, cinnamon-flavored chocolate from Cuzco. Bales of *coca* leaves from Brazil, bottles filled in various wine cellars of Europe, and cigars rolled in Havana, evidenced by their proportions the importance of their position in Yunguyan society.

Yunguyo lies upon the neck of a peninsula, nestling among small but well-cultivated fields that slope gently toward Titicaca's reedy shores. Outside the central square there are only a few muddy, aboriginal paths leading past half a hundred adobe houses and mud-walled enclosures. In these narrow alleys we rubbed shoulders with crowding burros, and there was at our heels a swarm of ragged urchins, who seemed never to have met with the accident of immersion in water. Pigs, less cultured even than their fellows of the north continent,

(*Concluded on page 7*)

The Wisdom and Patriotism of Peter Cooper

The Greatest Business Man of His Time Had Ideas on the Money Question Which Are Amazingly Modern: Read Them

Peter Cooper was the Grand Old Man of his day. The following striking extracts from Mr. Cooper's works possess more than a merely historical interest.

CONGRESS should at the earliest opportunity create a currency based on the property of the nation, reserving gold merely for foreign exchanges, so that speculators could not interfere with it.

The Constitution was designed to establish a government of the people, for the people, and make it a shield of protection for the unsuspecting masses against those who are resorting to all forms of art to obtain property without labor. The framers of the Constitution would never have recommended one kind of money for the government, another for the people and another for the banks.

Nearly all the financial laws that have been passed during and since the Civil War have been passed under the advice and in the interest of a class of men who have been allowed to control the moneyed interests of our own and other countries.

They Had "Deflation" Then, Too

THE panic of 1873 and all the consequent distress of the industrial classes of the country and its baffled enterprise were distinctly due to the contraction of the currency during the eight years preceding. It stopped credit, production and consumption, and made much of what currency was left, rush in a panic to the head money-centers—as the blood, in an apoplectic fit, rushes to the head—where this money is now vainly seeking investment in first-class security at two per cent; while the country at large is palsied in its enterprise and industries for want of this very currency.

If crime is to be measured by the misery it produces, the act of taking from our people their money and converting it into a national debt must rank as one of the most unjust and cruel acts ever known to any civilized legislation.

Instead of contracting their currency as our government has done, the French Government, after the war with Germany, in 1870, added some 250 millions more to their paper circulation and in addition to that increase of their paper money, their government authorized temporary loans to be made on goods by all principal cities of France. This wise and just policy saved France from the terrible consequence of a panic such as was brought on our own country by an unjust and unwise contraction of our nation's currency—a policy that brought wretchedness and ruin to the homes of millions.

Wendell Phillips Also a Crank!

WHEN a man strips to fight for his life, he puts himself in the condition and posture to do his best. When a nation girds herself for a last desperate struggle for existence, what does history tell us she has uniformly done? History tells us that a nation in such extremity has uniformly thrown off every incumbrance, stopped every drain upon her resources, stimulated every power of production, economized all her means and guarded herself as carefully as possible from all foreign interference with her business prosperity. How has she secured and effected all this? History answers, "By resorting to a paper currency." (Quoted approvingly from Wendell Phillips.)

It should always be remembered that debt, in all ages of the world, has been the most effectual means of holding the mass of mankind in a species of enslavement.

Put Money Back in U. S. Control!

HERE is precisely the point of departure of the moneyed class from the people at large. They wish to monopolize, not only *private*, but all *public* credits. All credits under the sanction and provision of law and the government ought to be *public* credits, for which the government alone should be held responsible. Such is any paper currency now, even if it is not legal tender. Nothing but a legal sanction can pass a bank note into the circulation of the country. The credit of the bank is indorsed by the government, in order to be regarded as good. The government, under the present system, often borrows its own indorsement! The first point of departure I would have from this whole system of finance is that everything, gold, silver or paper, that passes into the circulation of the country, as money, should have the government's image and superscription upon it, and should be issued and controlled entirely by the government so that there shall be no legalized money, directly or indirectly, belonging to private corporations. This is a part of that special and class legislation that I have always contended against as the bane of Republican institutions.

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

Another oligarchy, another enslaving power, is asserting itself against the interests of the whole people. There is fast forming in this country an aristocracy of wealth—the worst form of aristocracy that can curse the prosperity of any country. For such an aristocracy has no country—"absenteeism," living abroad, while they draw their income from the country, is one of its common characteristics. Such an aristocracy is without soul and without patriotism. Let us save our country from this, its most potent, and as I hope, its last enemy.

I think that the neglect of our several administrations to make laws that shall properly regulate the currency, both in volume and value, has been a greater cause of demoralization, want and misery, among the mass of the people, than all other causes combined.

There is nothing that can be more important than to find out and remove the causes that are bringing bankruptcy and ruin to the homes of millions of the most industrious men of our nation.

Writing in 1877, Mr. Cooper said: "The Southern people need only money, wisely distributed among its working and enterprising population; and it was well said, lately, by one of the Southern statesmen, that "the government had impoverished, discomfited and crushed the South more by its financial policy since peace was declared than by its arms during the whole War of Rebellion."

Daniel Webster, Too!

DANIEL WEBSTER says: "When all our paper money is made payable in specie on demand, it will prove the most certain means that can be used to fertilize the rich man's field by the sweat of the poor man's brow."

It will do this by insuring the periodical return of those scenes of panic, pressure, general bankruptcy and ruin that have so often changed the values of all property and labor some 25 or 50 per cent in a single year, whenever it was for the interest of foreign creditors or merchants at home to withdraw a few extra millions from our banks, as they did in 1857 when a withdrawal of only seven millions produced the panic of that year which sunk the values of all property of our country to the amount of thousands of millions of dollars. These millions were taken from the farmers, mechanics and merchants who were in debt and put in the possession of those who had the means to buy at the ruinous rates at which property of all kinds was compelled to be sold, thus making, as it ever must, the rich richer and the poor poorer.

It would seem as though a President and his Cabinet and Congress, with all past experience before them as a guide, might have avoided the distress brought about by the specie resumption of 1873. If the resumption act was due to ignorance or carelessness it would be reprehensible; if due to anything else it should be punished as treason.

Was John C. Calhoun Also Deluded?

I FEEL that I hazard nothing in asserting that the banking system, *through its connection with the government,* is effecting, and if not arrested, will effect, one of the greatest revolutions in the political and moral condition of the world, of which history has left any record; and, let me add, one of the most pernicious. If permitted to progress, it will elevate the money power above all others—above thrones, and principalities, laws and constitutions. It has already acquired in our country an almost unlimited control over the fortunes of individuals and the business of the community. By granting or withholding favors; by expanding or contracting the currency, fortunes are made or lost, and the whole business of the community, through every channel of industry, is made to prosper or decay. Neither good nor bad seasons, neither the smiles nor the frowns of Providence, exercise a more controlling influence for good or evil, over the fortunes of individuals or the community. It is in vain that the bounty of heaven shall bless the land with seasons of plenty and health; a sudden contraction, or a suspension of payment, spreads ruin and desolation around and plunges into poverty thousands who, but a moment before, believed themselves to be independent and in affluent circumstances. (Quoted with approval from John C. Calhoun's great letter of September 6, 1838.)

The substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes will make a uniform currency of money. A greenback legal tender is to the full as much real money as a gold legal tender, the only difference being, that *as many nations make gold a legal tender, there is more demand for it than for paper legal tenders which have the sovereign stamp of only one government.*

This whole system of issuing money and making it a gratuity to rich bankers is one of the most infamous frauds ever perpetrated upon the people. Can any plausible reason be given why the government should issue $362,000,000 of notes and endow such notes with the function of money and practically make them a free gift to bankers, while the masses of the people have to work for every dollar of this money that comes into their possession? If this volume of currency was issued in the form of legal tender notes, the working classes of this country would supply for it the labor and material requisite to build two lines of double-track railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast and fully equip those roads and in addition thereto construct 50 first-class ocean steamers by which the question of cheap transportation, both at home and abroad, could forever be settled in the interests of the people.

On March 30, 1882, Honorable Richard Warner, M. C., of Tennessee, proved in Congress that the banks, deceitfully styled national, have made out of the people the enormous sum of $1,848,930,000 in the 16 preceding years, leaving the national debt, at that time, nearly as large as it was at the close of the Civil War.

They Did, Practically, in 1914

IF ENGLAND and France were tomorrow to demonetize gold and silver and make their treasury notes the exclusive legal tender of their respective realms, they would immediately be at a premium over gold. Venice practically demonetized gold and silver in large transactions, her paper was accepted as legal tender and was at a premium over gold for several centuries; sometimes as much as 30 per cent premium, so that a law was actually passed, prohibiting the charge of a higher premium than 20 per cent.

It is a remarkable fact that the most essential element of our colonial and national prosperity was obtained by the use of the legal tender paper money—the very thing that our present rulers seem now determined to ridicule and bring into contempt. We are apt to forget that the Continental money secured for us a country and the greenback currency has saved us a nation.

"I Have Seen Ten Money Panics"

ONE of the best business lessons of my life I learned at the time of General Jackson's war upon the United States Bank. I thought that I saw, as Jackson did, the terrible danger which resulted from allowing the corporations to control the money of the country. Even in the hands of a good man, such an institution as the second United States Bank, chartered with the privilege of controlling a capital of $38,000,000, loaning, as it did, $4 in paper for every dollar it controlled by its charter, was fraught with grave danger. That bank had the privilege of opening a branch in every state, with authority to issue what was called United States money, based upon this charter which was actually obtained by giving $1,500,000 to the government, and as Mr. Benton says, in his "History of Thirty Years in Congress," the advocates of that bank spent $3,000,000 in bribing Senators, members of the House of Representatives and editors of newspapers for the accomplishment of their purpose.

The ten panics in the money market that I have myself witnessed have been brought about by the people becoming dependent for their business operations upon bank accommodations, which have been too suddenly withdrawn from them, so that they had to make the most heartaching sacrifices to pay the banks. As I now recollect, I think that even a barrel of flour rose to the price of $18.

They Were Against It

SECTION 9 of the Constitution says: "No money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriation made by law; and a regular statement and amount of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time."

The money transferred to the national banks is issued in bulk, and not by virtue of appropriations. The issue is not for the benefit of the government, nor for the benefit of the people. It is issued solely for the benefit and profit of individuals, in defiance of that general welfare which it is the duty of the government to secure, and of the foregoing provision.

It is an inexcusable, unnecessary and unequal favoritism thus to benefit a privileged class. Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Jackson, Calhoun, Benton, and a long line of statesmen have declared against the delegation of the power to coin, issue or regulate the money of the nation to banks and bankers and it is time that an end should be put to it. We have learned to appreciate national resources and credit as the basis of national money and national financial power as distinguished from individual financial power.

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To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

Why Not Tell Them?

THE spectacle of Paderewski, the renowned pianist, guarded by American police in the great cities he has visited, is one of the daily occurrences that should give citizens pause if they were not so enmeshed in a thousand other like occurrences. The newspapers of the United States, with hardly an exception, have deliberately denied their readers the explanation of these outbreaks, while faithfully enough chronicling the fact that the outbreaks have occurred. Newspapers which give Column One, Page One, daily to the Jewish propaganda against the Klan offer double proof of their subserviency to what St. John calls "the fear of the Jews" by blue-penciling the cause of the insults offered to Paderewski. In Canada, where the press is still comparatively free, the news was given. In the United States, it is not given. On which score Canada is proving herself more American than the United States.

The truth about the Paderewski outrages is that the Jews of America conceive his eminently fair administration of affairs in Poland to have been anti-Semitic. Paderewski made the mistake of supposing that the Jews only wished justice. He gave them justice, and found that what they demanded was privilege. He gave them equal rights, but discovered that they desired their rights to be at a ratio of 16 to 1 of the common rights. They demanded all that the Poles had and more. It was injustice to the Poles they demanded, and Paderewski could not concede that. The result is that the "emancipated" and "liberal" Jews of the United States have made it necessary for the police to protect the great artist on his tour here.

In Europe they know all about it. The news is cabled thither with an air of "see how powerful are the Jews in the United States; they can do what they like with Paderewski," while here the people are told nothing—nothing. "Freedom of the Press" is a principle to be soft-pedaled, it simply does not exist, in the absence of Frankness in the Press.

You Don't Agree With That Article? Why Not?

THE man who sets out to please everybody will end by pleasing no one, least of all himself. The newspaper or magazine that sets out to chronicle the neglected truth will discover as much partisanship among those who are demanding "the truth" as among any other class. Most people want to hear and read the things they agree with; the thing that does not fit into their system is "a betrayal of the truth."

It is a good rule to read something you are not likely to agree with, that is opposed to the system you hold; its benefit is like that of the wind to the trees—tossing the mind by a contrary opinion will root it more deeply. It is scarcely possible to know why you hold a present opinion until you know why you reject its opposite. On public questions principally it is necessary to know both sides to hold an intelligent opinion on either side. In this country we have reached the conclusion on certain important questions that neither party was wholly right and that the national right was obtainable only by a scientific combination of the two party principles into one unpartisan policy. Such a decision would have been treason 50 years ago, but as intelligence becomes less prejudiced it is more and more the process that commends itself.

The Dearborn Independent deals with many questions of public import to give as wide a range of view on these questions as is consistent with forward-looking discussion. The Dearborn Independent does not indorse all the views expressed under the signatures of its contributors. It does, however, regard those views as worthy the consideration of the thoughtful reader, and it further vouches for any statement of fact which may be made. Facts may be checked, conclusions are another matter. We may be absolutely certain about facts. The Dearborn Independent expresses its own opinion in editorials or in the unsigned articles which appear. Articles written by members of The Dearborn Independent staff are not signed.

Among the more than a quarter million subscribers to The Dearborn Independent there are a few—we hear from some one of them regularly—who have been disturbed by seeing a fresh view of an old question, or who have been quite upset by the publicity which is given to an idea they do not agree with, and who think therefore that this paper has betrayed the cause of the truth! They find it difficult to conceive of a policy which permits the expression of an opinion with which even the paper printing it will not agree. But this is the essence of free speech; more than that, it is the essence of sound thinking. We are a propagandized people and we have only ourselves to blame. The people have been crying so long for what they like and nothing else, that now the corporations through their vast publicity agencies are giving them what they would not want if they knew what it was.

The people read nothing about Muscle Shoals in the papers except what a publicity agency spreads upon the wires. Sometimes the very proceedings staged in the Senate are propaganda which needs an official start on the publicity program marked out for it. There is a publicity agency which combines the curiously ill-assorted duties (until you see the connection) of keeping Rosenbluth from trial and keeping the Alabama Power company in power—and it is officered by one of the best of the German war correspondents. Even the new theology of Harry Emerson Fosdick has been sponsored by one of the biggest corporation publicity experts in the country. The League of Nations propaganda, soon to be let loose on the country, will take a large corps of men and women who have lately assisted in the world charity drives, and will turn them into an army of automatic speakers for this particular idea. Everything is regimented, organized, operated by a push button from a headquarters which the public is never told about. Everything is pushed to the utter exclusion of everything else; it is made increasingly impossible for the people to form broad views based upon a variety of outlooks and all the pros and cons.

Lloyd George Denounces Himself

WE HAVE flattered ourselves that, though politicians may be what they are, there is a higher race of public men whom we call Statesmen. It is admitted that even Statesmen sometimes play politics, but that has been excused in view of the ends they seek; it is thought necessary to play politics to obtain statesmanly ends.

The flattery no longer comes with ease, for the race of Statesmen has either sadly diminished or disappeared into retirement. The Big Men are exceedingly little and even mean in their methods, they are like Supreme Court Justices playing the pettifogger, and it is increasingly difficult to distinguish them from politicians. The trappings of state have fallen from them and they are left almost indistinguishable, except for a certain grand manner, from the common run of job-holders and seekers after power—power which is always used, not by the official holders thereof, but by concealed advisers.

Latest of disclosures is that of Lloyd George. Lately he was a Statesman. In a very violent manner the people replaced him among the ranks of the politicians. The ease with which he has adapted himself to his new position shows that he was never anything but a politician. In his first speech in Parliament he proceeded with a wealth of statistics and rhetoric to blame the Government for the condition of England! He showed how a dozen important and even vital matters had been neglected—matters so vital that their neglect bordered on treason to the Realm. And what is more, he made good his showing. There was not the least room for doubt that he spoke the truth.

But—Lloyd George was the Government which permitted that state of affairs to arrive. From the Opposition benches he now hurls at Bonar Law, as head of the Government, blame for the very things which were established under Lloyd George's government. He changed from Statesman to Politician in a day, denouncing a day-old Government for the mistakes which he himself had made for six years!

Whether he expected the British public to be taken in by his words, no one can say. It is noticeable, however, that the British press quite solemnly refuses to see the joke. Lloyd George, leader of the Opposition, denouncing Lloyd George as leader of the Government, is almost too good to be true, but good or not it is true, and the substance of the denunciation is doubly true. Lloyd George, it is now clear, was not a mistaken Statesman, he was a misfit politician. The pity is that he is not alone.

The March Into Germany

INFORMED people are not surprised by France's march into Germany. The wonder is that it has been so long delayed after being so definitely foreshadowed. But no one is well enough informed to see what the end shall be. France has determined to go it alone regardless of world opinion. She feels that the world does not understand her position and wilfully refuses to share her emotion, and she has, therefore, decided to make the best of the power she possesses to prove herself still to be a factor in world affairs. Any nation choosing that course could become a factor in world affairs. It means, as the trouble ostensibly between Greece and Turkey meant, that France is cutting loose from her allies.

The cause is simple: Germany has not delivered to France the amount of coal allotted to her under the reparations agreement. It is so simple that in America it is difficult to understand what it means. It means principally that with Germany herself suffering from a serious fuel shortage, German workmen revolt at the thought of digging coal the year round and sending it to France. There can be no question that, having rendered French mines useless by the scientifically fiendish devastation of war, Germany is bound to repay. But that is not the only element of the question. Of two men in a fight, the attacker should be compelled to make good, but if the attacker himself is in the hospital because of the wounds he received in his attack, there is also the question of ability to perform; and that is the situation in Europe. It does not settle anything to decide where justice lies, for it is a complex of injustice on all sides which human ingenuity has failed to untangle.

It all comes to this, probably, that the loom of fate is weaving the strands of further unsettlement and disaster. The situation must be considered as a whole, and not as merely French or German, and, of course, this is impossible for any European country to do. This incident may pass for the present without apparent result. It appears to have been diplomatically managed thus far. But in the future it spells the line-up of a new Mediterranean alliance, with Poland, Rumania and Turkey certainly with France, a line across Southern Europe, broken only by the possible refusal of Italy to take part. And that most certainly means a visible preparation for another struggle.

Today it is possible to observe almost hour by hour a resistless destiny setting the scene for the real Armageddon, the Last War, of which the Great War was the preparatory chapter. The Great War was fought by ill-assorted allies who normally would not have been allies. Now the natural allies will find each other, and not the least surprising element of the new alignment will probably be that Germany, perhaps separated from some of her present kingdoms, will be lined up with her former enemies, allies of Britain and America. Rightly or wrongly, that seems to be the way the finger is pointing.

And the Frogs May Get a Stork for King

THE final elimination of the name of former Governor Harding from the list of possible successors to his position on the Federal Reserve Board is a reminder of the possibility that the people who clamored for it of the fate of the frogs who desired a new king. It is now some six months since The Dearborn Independent announced that he would not be reappointed, and during that period it has not for a moment felt that influences brought to bear in his behalf would be successful. Not all of these influences were sincere, for the matter would have been settled long ago if others could be decided between.

Justly or unjustly, Governor Harding represented in the public mind the board which was charged the "silent panic." His responsibility is unquestioned, as is that of every other member of the board, but that he was alone or chiefly to blame, is doubtful. However, a sacrifice must be made, and his place coming under consideration first, he was chosen as the "goat." At that it might have been questioned whether, had approval of the administration in the fall elections resulted, there might not have been temptation to challenge public disapprobation by reversing promises made soon after the vacancy occurred.

The personal request from Mr. Harding himself that he no longer be considered available was dictated by good judgment, and ended the matter gracefully.

Now comes the question: Who shall be appointed to succeed to the office? The President must be wise, he must be firm in this matter. There are Americans who can fill the office with credit to the Administration and in the spirit of service to the people. There are Americans who can do this. The President is not compelled to look to the agents of International Bankers for a governor of the Federal Reserve Board. The President should resist with sternness any attempt to gain appointment for a man whose Americanism is recent or financial or in any way shadowed by connection with the Internationalists of no patriotic convictions.

Mr. Ford's Page

WILL the European situation be composed, or will it drift into further trouble? The question is asked everywhere, and variously answered. Sometimes in meeting with a European you think you get a glimpse of what the trouble is. Especially if that European be one of the former leaders of the people. You are conscious as of a belt that has somehow slipped off the pulley of progress.

Of course, if Europe is not composed there is little to look forward to but a slump into more of the same kind of trouble which we thought was stopped by the Armistice. Perhaps nothing can prevent it, whatever we may do. It is a terrible thought, but truth sometimes compels us to think terrible thoughts. Disasters come upon a people not from warnings heard, but from warnings unheeded. When you consider that every kind of war-stimulus exists now that existed in 1914—when you consider the far more startling fact that every kind of war stimulus is far more active now than it was in 1914 and that the so-called "war weariness" has apparently not devitalized it at all, it rather stills the tongue of easy optimism.

> *THE states of Europe are disunited, and that is the whole trouble. Too many boundary lines, too many tariff walls, too many hindrances to the development of a strongly built system of industrial self-service. Most of these divisions are built on long-fostered ideas of enmity, whose principal use has been to supply support for an idle aristocracy. Nothing of any real worth can be accomplished for Europe in the present state of affairs, any more than could be accomplished for this country if each of our states was filled with a race and nationality different from surrounding states. A United States of Europe is an absolute necessity for the settlement of the problem, and this is not to be expected as the result of reason and good will. It will probably come after further fires have purged away the dross of centuries.*

If Europe could be taken up bodily and set down in the midst of the United States, we could guarantee, if not a complete settlement, at least a workable peace. Europe in the United States would no longer be a group of small and important states, bristling at each other bantam-like across their miniature frontiers. We have taken into this country men and women and children, old and young, rich and poor, progressive and backward, from every land in Europe, who have lived here and prospered, even if their living and prosperity has cost us rather heavily in some respects.

The experiment we have thus made in taking sections of Europe and setting them down in the United States is very valuable if we do not make it mean what it does not mean. We have very probably been deceiving ourselves in most of our talk about the "melting pot." The proof of the melting pot is not in the pot, nor yet in the elements which we have assumed would be sufficiently potent to reduce our cosmopolitan mixture to a solution; the proof of the melting pot is in the fact that the contents melt and fuse.

Have the contents of our national "melting pot" melted and fused? No. Races akin to each other have, of course, become more closely associated. People who are not deceived by mere national or political divisions between peoples are not surprised at this. On the other hand, people who think that crossing national divisions is a great triumph in the amalgamation of the races are much mistaken. There is no "melting pot" when a Canadian marries an American, nor when branches of the British stock marry each other, nor yet when branches of the Saxon race intermarry—and that extends over a number of political boundaries in Europe. Where you come against strong racial types, they do not melt nor fuse. The "melting pot," as we have been considering it in the United States, is a pleasant fiction. Blood is the most persistent element in the world.

But, even though we have not fused the races, we have done something else: we have shown how the races can live and work together in the same land under the same government without interference from their racial prejudices. It is true, of course, that this phrase "living and working together" is not quite accurate. The races crowd into sections by themselves, forming towns within towns and communities within communities; and when they work they are usually engaged in gangs of their own kind of people. They remain to large extent foreign communities in our land, excepting, of course, such of those as are naturally and instinctively fitted to receive the American idea, and with it the people who hold it. But with all these provisos, which have been overlooked too long, it is still true that in the same land and under the same government sections of all the races of the world have lived and worked without open racial or national strife.

Now, what has enabled them to do so? Simply that they have had no outlet for the expression of their idea of political superiority. In Europe they could all make faces at each other across their little frontiers, swing their swords and enter upon their small make-believe dramas of patriotism. That is what they do most of the time. Their little governments must do something to impress the people with their importance and to serve the interests of those whose wealth depends on war. But in America there was nothing of that; their little countries, dear to them in sentiment, as is right, appear very small when compared with the United States, much smaller than some of the states themselves. All Europe looked small when compared with the United States. The cockpit of Europe expanded into a wide plain where the people worked instead of fighting, built homes and engaged in the labor of construction instead of the hideous work of sweeping away the labor and the loves of men. True, certain sections of our newcomers brought much of the destructive spirit with them, and it is apparent among us today, but in the main they lived in the United States as units in a constructive order.

If—and it is a big "if"—if Europe could be engaged as a whole on the economic task of making a rewarding life for the millions, the problem would be solved. But what would this mean?

It would mean, to a large extent, the disappearance of much of what we know as European. Many of the countries are not large enough to constitute a modern market, therefore no industrial enterprise can be undertaken in which the people can share as large wage-earners. Every little distance there are customs barriers. Free conditions of trade do not exist. Little countries that cannot possibly be self-sufficient in a modern industrial way, because their total territory does not offer market enough to sustain modern industry, are nevertheless straining to live within themselves, and they blame their neighbors for their failure to do so. From this come jealousies and wars. These customs boundaries, whose principal use is to support an aristocracy and an army, must disappear.

With them must disappear the aristocracy; that is to say, the purely ornamental classes must begin to contribute to the general welfare. This does not mean, as in Russia, the destruction of the well-born; it means the destruction of the idea that one class has the right to live off the labor of another. There is too much of that throughout all Europe, even in the most enlightened portions. There is more of it than has ever appeared in the United States, although it is true we have more of it here than we should have. There is room for leaders, and leaders who teach the people how to realize their highest possibilities are among the greatest contributors to the general welfare. This aristocracy is not always titular and hereditary, it is often financial. Men who gain wealth by their wits, by dealing in bits of paper on the exchanges, are not as a rule helpers of the general welfare. They are, when all is said and done, speculators in the labor of the poor, and the day is coming, not far distant either, when their trade will be a disgrace and their wealth a shame.

All this means a United States of Europe, each part serving the rest as natural resources and native ability may make possible. This is the only way for Europe out of her trouble. But how far Europe is from seeing this or, seeing it, how far she is from the willingness to do it, needs no discussion.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

"It's Funny," Says N. C. Wyeth, "How Far a Man Can See From His Own Doorstep"

America's Greatest Painter of "Costumed Romance" Finds More Artistic Thrill at Home Than in Nineteen Years of Picturesque Roving

By LEE D. BROWN

"HOME-KEEPING hearts are happiest," said Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. And now the career of the grandson of one of Longfellow's old cronies suggests the addition of a new line:

"Home-keeping men go farthest!"

The grandson is N. C. Wyeth, one of America's most famous artists.

He was born in Needham, Massachusetts, 40 years ago, and he has recently bought his grandfather's old farm and returned to capture on canvas the magic inspiration which completely failed to stir him in earlier years.

Longfellow's poem, "To the River Charles," was written in the present Wyeth home, while the celebrated poet was visiting Wyeth's grandfather there, and the River Charles itself skirts the edge of the little farm. Young Wyeth used to slip away to the opposite side and cook out-of-door meals of bacon and eggs on its shore, but as for finding Inspiration in that little stream—it just wasn't there! It might inspire a poet, but not Young Wyeth. His heroes were cowboys and Indians, and it was the wild and woolly life of the western plains that he longed for—then.

Between laborious farm work and his love of the out-of-doors he didn't find time for any of the exciting classics so dear to the hearts of most boys. "Robinson Crusoe"—"Treasure Island"—"The Last of the Mohicans"—"Scottish Chiefs"—"Robin Hood"—"The White Company"—wonderful boyhood treasures all of them, with a strange power to replace the world of drab parents and teachers and deadly chores with a gayly costumed world of Romance, Danger, Thrills and Adventure—they were all closed books to him. He was an unusually husky lad who would probably make a good farmer but, it was thought, he didn't have very much imagination.

Between that time and the present Wyeth has painted more than 200 great canvases—pictures enough to constitute the life work of an average artist—of the characters and breathless scenes from these very books and others like them. And they've won him world-wide fame, and the reputation of being "America's greatest painter of costumed romance."

This proves again, incidentally, that ours is an age of specialization, in art as in every other occupation.

But the greater editorial written by Wyeth's career is this:

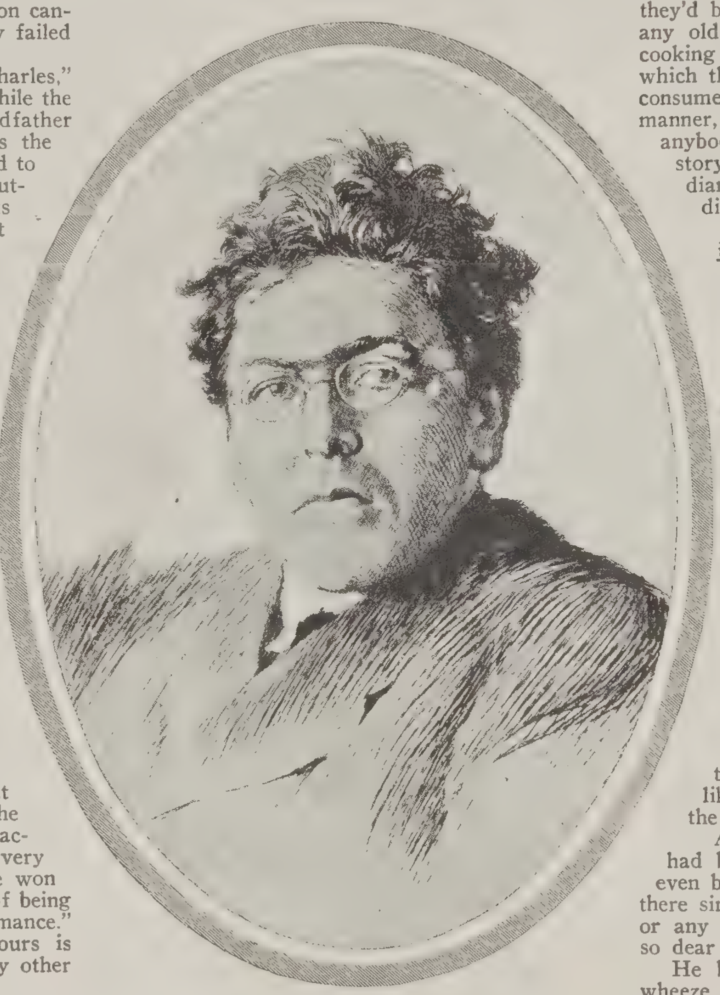
He searched the world over for atmosphere, and to get the "feel" of the vigorous sort of pictures that he wanted to paint he actually lived a number of the experiences which he depicted on canvas—then to his own surprise he discovered that the quest for inspiration led right back to his own front door. The well-known Blue Bird of Happiness is not the only one that hides unsuspected at our doorstep.

It was after what seemed to him ages of hard study, first in Boston and then under Howard Pyle in Delaware, that Wyeth had his first choice of places to go. That was 21 years ago—he is now 40. He resolved never to be a "hitching post artist" and determined to paint vigorous action, spirited horses, heaving billows and brawny men, for these were to his liking.

It was on a Colorado ranch that he learned to master an unbroken horse and throw a lasso. Nor did he learn as a visiting tenderfoot for the novelty of it—he got a job as a cowboy. For three months he had a hilarious time in this job and then decided it would be good sport to make a trip by stagecoach from Durango, Colorado, to Farmington, New Mexico. The stage was drawn by a team of eight horses, and Wyeth felt sure that these, in action, would make a bully good study in the kind of pictures he loved. The coach being full, he got up beside the driver. And, as luck would have it, before the day was over—a steaming hot day it was—the driver had contracted a splitting headache. He scrutinized the six-foot-two-inch stranger riding beside him, and finally asked:

"Say—d'ye think ye could handle this here coach if I dropped off at the next changin' place?"

"Sure," said Wyeth, who had never driven eight horses together in his life and knew nothing at all about the trail ahead. He did know, however, that an invalid was in the coach and a long delay in such scorching weather would not be the best medicine for that invalid.



N. C. WYETH,

America's greatest painter of costumed romance—an artist who insists upon living the vigorous sort of existence he paints before he ever puts them on canvas. In his quest for experience, he worked at different times as a cowboy, a stagecoach driver, desert mail carrier and boss of an Indian trading post.

At the next changing point, a roadside inn, he helped change horses, assisted the driver indoors, and took the reins. It would be a pretty stiff test of his nerve, but he felt lucky that day. He knew horses and credited them with more road-sense than he himself possessed. Also, the passengers were ignorant of his ignorance, and he couldn't afford to have them realize what a critical moment this was.

Once out of sight of the inn, he practically turned the job over to the horses, and whether it was that they didn't realize this or that they knew where to find their next meal, the trip proved such a success that Wyeth continued to drive this mail coach every day for the next three months.

Next—he chanced into an Indian trading post at a place called "Two Gray Hills," which Wyeth says is a perfect description of the place itself. He liked the "local color" and hung around visiting the man in charge of the trading post for two weeks. At the end of that time the manager had come to the conclusion that this was a heaven-sent opportunity for a rest, and asked Wyeth if he would mind taking charge for several weeks or a month. Wyeth wouldn't, and did.

"It takes quite a while to get used to seeing cowboys in overalls, patent leather shoes and derby hats," says Wyeth. "Perhaps the strangest part of it is that cowboys still contrive to be picturesque in spite of all this. And the Indians too—the type has changed—don't wear feathers and paint any more. Some of them still wear blankets, and I remember one huge fellow, completely encased in his blanket, who used to stride into the store and bang down a 25-cent piece—or, as he would have called it, "two-bits"—and in a deep voice he would demand:

"'Candy!'

"Then he'd march solemnly out with the bag and go around behind the shanty which was the trading post. Even inside the building you could hear him munching the stuff.

"Another habit of the Indians was to come to the post for an eight-pound bag of flour and a scoop of baking powder. They would take it to the nearest creek and mix well with water. Then they'd build a small fire and bake the dough on any old piece of tin they might find available, cooking it until it was about half done. After which they'd eat the mess. Many an Indian has consumed a whole eight-pound bag of flour in this manner, at one sitting. Of course, it would kill anybody else—and though it may injure the story, I've got to confess even the husky Indians weren't able to stand it very well. Indigestion was the curse of their community.

"Finally the manager returned to his job.

"I'd have enjoyed going right on with any one of those jobs for life! But there comes a time in the career of every man, whether he's an artist or not, when there's a yearning for self-expression of one sort or another. In my case I decided that this was all too much fun to call work, and considered it a vacation instead. I came back, and married, and settled down in Chadd's Ford to go to work."

And it was not until then that Wyeth made his discovery, and found his great opportunity.

The powerful action and bold sure coloring of his paintings commenced to build him a reputation as soon as he returned to the East. And soon after this a large publishing firm invited him to undertake a set of illustrations for a gift edition of one of the "juvenile classics" on their list. It was a book that "everybody had read," but that thousands of families would doubtless like to have in an ornamental edition for the enjoyment of the younger generation.

And Wyeth had never read the book! He had become an artist, and a farmer and had even begun to be considerable of a scholar, but there simply had been no time available for this or any other of the carpet-from-Bagdad books so dear to the hearts of all boys.

He became so interested that he forgot the wheeze about the illustrator being supposed not to read anything more than the title of the story he illustrates. His conscientious method is well shown by the paintings he has done this year for "The White Company."

Wyeth has also become known in recent years for another type of painting—he was last year commissioned to do two great 20-foot lunettes, representing two Civil War battles in Missouri, for the Missouri State House, and this year he was commissioned to execute two 10x11-foot murals representing two of the most acute financial crises in the history of the United States, for the Federal Reserve Bank in Boston. These have now been completed and hung. One represents a conference between Lincoln and his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, who developed the National Bank Act in 1863.

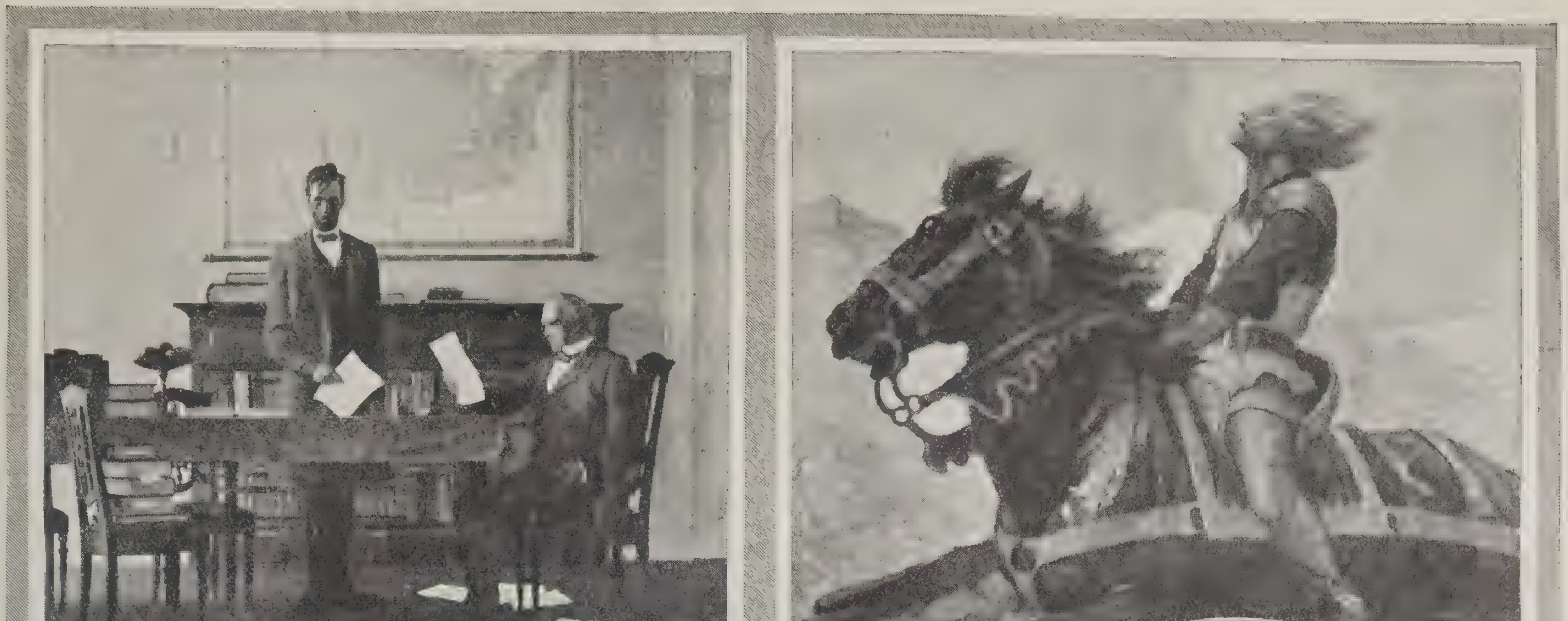
For many years N. C. Wyeth felt a longing to be back in his boyhood home on the little six-acre patch of land that had so completely failed to stir his imagination when he was a youngster. Finally the longing crystallized into action, and Wyeth bought his grandfather's farm at Needham and moved his trunk loads of paraphernalia, his huge wardrobe of costumes of all ages, his knights and princes, blood-thirsty pirates and frightened heroines—to say nothing of a family consisting of a wife and five children—back to the old home.

And since that time his critics say that the work he has done is his best.

"Do you see that farmhouse beyond the river?" he asked.

"That house was built in 1730, and when it was undergoing repairs not long ago, several Indian arrowheads were found in the rafters of the roof.

"My house was built in 1759, and was originally used for a roadside tavern. This summer we, too, were making some repairs beneath a win-



Above, left—This 10 x 11-foot mural painting was executed by Wyeth during the past year and now hangs in the Federal Reserve Bank Building in Boston. It represents a conference between Abraham Lincoln and his Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, who developed the National Bank Act in 1863 and thereby probably saved the Union from bankruptcy. Right—Imagine a boy mysteriously acquiring the power to bring his heroes to life on canvas as soon as he finished his first reading of the story about them. That is what has occurred in Wyeth's case, for he brought all of a boy's fresh enthusiasm to it—and still does. The above is the manner in which he visualized "Alleyne's Ride With a Message to the Prince," in Conan Doyle's historical masterpiece, "The White Company."

N. C. Wyeth and his family.

dow—one that had evidently been built into a space originally used for a door, the entrance to the taproom of the tavern. Under what had been the doorsill we found an old King George III penny.

"Go ahead and paint your own mental picture of that black old penny's last active history! Pre-Revolutionary costumes. Probably an old knee-breeked tippler stumbling out after a rosy evening with interestingly costumed cronies—unconscious that they were interestingly costumed. The price of one more mug of ale perversely rolls under the doorsill—to remain lost for a hundred and eighty years! Perhaps it's a snow-covered night with frosty black windows—perhaps all of the cronies get down on their wobbly knees to take part in the search—perhaps—oh, paint your own picture of the scene and you'll find a smile in every stroke! The coin may have been only a luck piece after all, put there by a fat and jovial but rather superstitious proprietor. The house was finally bought by my grandfather long after it had been converted into a residence.

"The house and farm remained in our family during the next generation, and now—well, I just *had* to come back to it! There's so much more to an old family place than you realize when you're a kid. Somehow, New England with all of its memories and traditions is—well, if you were born here, you can't forget during all the years you're away that it is home after all. Louis Aggasiz and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow used to visit my grandparents here. Father, with his farmer inclinations and training, was for 30 years an inspector of hay for the port of Boston. He was born in Cambridge and lived there until he married.

"On Sundays he occupied a church pew that quarter-faced the pew of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. And throughout the many years they reached only a nodding acquaintance!

"New England boiled down to two sentences!

"As a youngster I remember seeing President Eliot do a terrible thing. Just once. A visiting clergyman so completely aroused his enthusiasm that he clapped his hands in church!

"New England—contradicted in one.

"Why the whole neighborhood—the near-by houses, the River Charles, every one of the fields—all fairly teem with the romance of years gone by, of years when New England was old while the rest of the country was still new. It's interesting, how far a man can see from home! Thoreau spent a lifetime in Concord and used to say that we find the whole universe in the things around us. And Rembrandt did his greatest work painting the canals behind his house, and the beggars who came to his door."

Main Street in the Andes

Concluded from page 2

made insolent dispute with us over the right of way. Oxen resembling the sacred cattle of India chewed their cuds at us from over the walls of clay bounding diminutive fields, and Indians in rainbow-colored ponchos passed with a *"buen' dia'"* or interrupted their work in the fields to gaze at us. A small Indian girl played solemnly in a fence corner with three bristly black pigs and a yellow dog. Before the door of a noisome adobe hut two Indian women lay prone among a yardful of irritable hens.

From a distance the fields, blooming with ripening barley and with the brilliant reds and yellows of plants unfamiliar to us, were pleasant to the eye, but nearer approach shattered all illusion of cleanliness and comfort in the lime-washed farmhouses. Filth littered the inclosures, and a glimpse through the doorway of one of the windowless, unfurnished dwellings clouded the notion that they possessed any element of the picturesque.

It is not difficult to imagine the cheerless life of the village Indian from this inspection of his habitation. He is an integral part of the treeless uplands where dreary expanses of bare earth and cold blue sky inspire in him neither amiability nor aspiration. No wonder he is sullen, passive, submissive to his exploiting masters, the public functionaries, and the owners of land. He is undemonstrative, even in love; indeed, his language is as cold in terms of endearment as the winds that blow down hailstones upon him from the white peak of Sorata.

Aside from the numerous festivals, when there is a large consumption of *chicha*, the corn-brewed whisky of the Andes, nothing ever happens in Yunguyo. There is no alarm of locomotives, no clatter of wheeled traffic. The leather-sandaled Indians, the donkeys, the oxen, stray dogs, chickens, pigs and an occasional plaintive-eyed llama, give the *plaza* more of the appearance of a barnyard than of a village square. The church and the modern store buildings are anachronistic because of the human background. Except for them, Yunguyo is like a cinematographic cut-back of several centuries. And although it has none of the gilded atmosphere breathed by Prescott over the land of the Incas, its Indian inhabitants, in common with most others in the *altiplano*, no doubt live much as their ancestors did under Huascar and Atahuallpa.

Neither the Spanish autocracy nor the Peruvian democracy seems to have done much for the native. Even the ultimate destruction that usually results from forcible contact of a primitive people with a superior race appears to be going on less effectively and more slowly than in North America. In numbers, manners and general outlook upon life, South America's Poor Lo has changed little since the sixteenth century. Indeed, if the tremendous reputation of Inca civilization is to be taken at the rosy valuation of Prescott and other historians, the condition of the Indian today is far less happy.

This is one of several entertaining stories by Mr. Michener on his travels in South America. A second will appear in an early issue.

His Work Has Been to Teach a State to Sing

Kansas' Folks' Hunger for Good Music Partially Appeased by Concerts Held in Small Places Under University Auspices

By FRANK M. CHASE

THE dean of the state university's school of fine arts, a singer, and his wife, a reader, were giving a concert at a little town in Kansas a few years ago. The concert took place in the wareroom over a hardware store. A temporary stage had been erected at one end, while the seats for the audience consisted of a few folding chairs and planks laid over nail kegs. Acetylene lamps provided the light. A piano, borrowed for the occasion, had been hoisted upon the stage.

Though the town was so small that the performers wondered whence their audience could possibly come, they were greeted by a body of country folk that completely filled the room. The walls were fringed with standing men and boys. There was not a sign of an aisle anywhere.

In the middle of the reader's principal selection, a baby halfway back in the room began to cry. For a few moments the mother tried to quiet it; then, as she herself could not get out, the baby was passed over heads until a man at the stairway received it and carried it from the building. This procedure, of course, diverted the attention of the audience, and the reader felt her effort had been in vain. After the program, however, she and her husband were asked to shake hands with the people as they went out, and toward the end a woman, plainly dressed but of refined manner, spoke to her.

"I wish to ask your pardon for the disturbance my baby caused this evening," she said hesitantly, "and to explain why I brought so small a child to your concert. My husband and I are easterners and have had good educations. Before coming here I was used to good lectures, good plays and good music. Five years ago my husband lost his health, and we gave up our home in the East to live an outdoor life here. Meanwhile I had not heard a single concert or lecture. But when I learned that you and your husband were to give a concert here this evening I made up my mind that I would hear it, no matter what happened. My baby is too young to leave so long, so I put it and two more children in the buggy and came on. We have driven 11 miles over muddy roads to be here tonight."

When, in 1915, Harold L. Butler became head of the fine arts school of the University of Kansas, the institution felt that steps should be taken to satisfy the people's hunger for good music. Among its specific recommendations was that community music be fostered. To this end Dean Butler was asked to promote choruses in several of the larger cities, the idea being that he would so interest a sufficient number of music-lovers in each place that they would give the needed direction to local musical activities. This plan was tried, but it failed, the choruses being abandoned after the second or third year.

"We have approached our task in the wrong way," he said to the university officials, when the matter was again under discussion. "Our appeal has been almost entirely to those already well versed in music, some of whom we have tried to make leaders of their communities. Instead we should arouse musical interest among the people generally, and let them develop their own leaders."

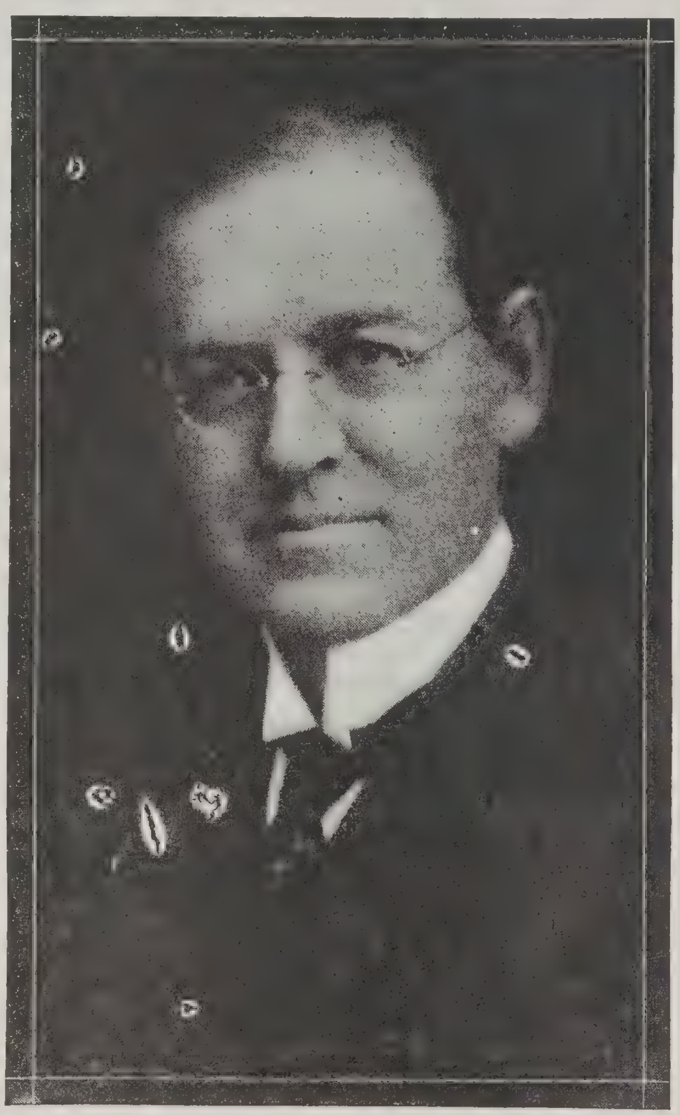
Realizing the failure of its own plan, the university willingly gave the dean opportunity to work out his ideas. Now for seven years before coming to Kansas Mr. and Mrs. Butler had given concerts in small towns, and knew the stimulating effect of such appearances upon a community's musical endeavors. He also knew, from a boyhood spent in an isolated district, what the occasional treat of good music means to people so situated. Accordingly, armed with a belief in the universal appeal of good music, they again set out in the business of concert-giving, but with a higher mission than merely to make some extra money. They were, figuratively speaking, to teach a state to sing.

At first they appeared mainly in the larger cities, one of Dean Butler's aims being to advertise the school of fine arts and that as quickly as possible. Then occurred the incident of the music-hungry farm woman. He saw the tears in her eyes as she asked pardon for her baby's interruption. He also noticed the catch in his wife's voice as she graciously forgave her. "If good music means as much as that to these farm people," he said to Mrs. Butler, "we must give more concerts in the little places."

In pursuance of this policy they have since given the bulk of their concerts in the small centers, and have made a special effort to fill every possible request from them. Before the opening of the present school year they had given 278 concerts throughout Kansas.

For the first two or three years Dean Butler himself handled all the applications for concerts. Recognizing their place, however, the university's extension division took over this work, and now attends to the details of arranging the dates. A flat rate of $55 is charged for each concert. This amount is based upon actual costs, and comprises the traveling expenses of three persons and the fees of Mrs. Butler and a pianist. Occasionally special programs requiring much extra preparation and the use of additional artists are supplied, in which case the charge is correspondingly higher.

Dean Butler has also set the phonograph to work at furthering his more-good-music program. Thirteen sets of records have been arranged, which are available to any organization or school that has or can borrow a phonograph. Each of these sets contains 15 records, which are selected with a special view to their educational and interest-stimulating values. A series of four sets, for example, illustrates the development of music, tracing its growth from the primitive and barbaric forms to the perfection of the opera, oratorio and orchestra. Other sets are devoted to American folk and war songs, to modern American music and to the patriotic songs and hymns of the Allied Nations; the latter having had an overwhelming demand during and just following the war. Another set, while consisting of excellent music, is primarily for entertainment purposes, having been collected particularly for such gatherings as parent-teachers' meetings.



HAROLD L. BUTLER,

Dean, School of Fine Arts, University of Kansas.

In his recitals Mr. Butler introduces each selection with a few remarks about the nature of the music, its setting or composer. This heightens interest in the music, and makes it more understandable. Consequently it is more enjoyable. The same result is obtained when the records are used by inclosing with each set a typewritten "talk" explaining the music about to be heard. In this way a liberal amount of instruction is given along with good entertainment.

The only charge for the use of the records is 50 cents a set to each borrower, this amount being necessary to replace broken and worn numbers. The borrower also pays the cost of transportation to and from the university, unless the records are on a circuit, when he pays the express charges one way only. Each set may be kept at one town for five days, during which as many organizations as possible are privileged and encouraged to use them. Advantage of this offer is often taken. In one instance a Sunday school, all the grades, the high school and several clubs made use of the same set during the week. The various sets have been sent to as many as 800 different places in a year.

Excellent results have followed Dean Butler's efforts. Though numerous agencies have been working to the same end, making definite statistics impossible, the last few years have witnessed a notable growth of musical interest in Kansas. This has been reflected in an increased attendance of concerts and recitals, and in the formation of many community choral and other music organizations. The increase in school orchestras has been particularly noticeable. There has also been a significant increase in the enrollment of music students in the university and other colleges of the state.

Doubtless Dean Butler's own appreciation of the desire of the Kansas people for good music has had much to do with his success. Born in an Idaho mining town 48 years ago, he did not hear a professional musician or troupe until he was 12 years old. If the people of the town had anything in the way of dramatics or music it was, with rare exceptions, indeed, strictly the product of home talent. His mother, however, while without any musical education, possessed a beautiful soprano voice and sang much to her children. Among his happiest memories is that of lying on the floor with his brothers and sisters, their heads on the large family dog, while listening to her dearly loved songs.

Inheriting his mother's ability, he early showed musical tendencies. At nine he was packing the front end of a bass drum in the school band, also playing a variety of mouth organs and ocarinas for his own amusement. Before he was through high school he had learned to play all the brass instruments. This achievement was to stand him in good stead, for by teaching those instruments and directing the college band he earned his way through Valparaiso University, graduating in both law and music. Finally centering his efforts on the study of voice, he continued his training in Chicago several years. Meanwhile he taught voice at Valparaiso, and later spent two years with a New York opera company. Returning to Valparaiso, he directed its school of music four years. He then spent 11 years as head of the vocal department of Syracuse University, from which he came to his present position.

While an able musician, there is about Dean Butler none of the affectation commonly associated with the "artistic temperament." From his efficient directness in recital or in leading the singing of a university convocation he might be taken as a high-powered business executive. Indeed he is not ill at ease in such company, taking an active part in Rotary and Chamber of Commerce activities. He is also of a practical opinion, even as regards music. He does not believe, for example, that every human can or ought to try to sing; nor does he believe that the right to perform belongs only to the elect.

"Community music is just now reaching its proper level," he said as the conversation neared his favorite subject. "During and immediately following the war it was over-stimulated. In an effort to interest everybody the appeal of the music used was too low. There was too much jazz. While I like to see community musical organizations I realize that not everybody can participate in them. The others, however, can be taught to appreciate good music, and to do so should be among the aims of community music."

"What kind of music do the people of the country and small towns like?" I asked.

"I have found that they like nearly every kind of music, as long as it is good music," he replied. "Though there is not much difference, the likes of the small towns are somewhat higher than those of the cities. This is because of the greater hunger for good music in the smaller places. 'Give us the very best music that you have,' is the request that I often have from the rural communities. And those people know good music when they hear it. For this the phonograph is largely responsible. It has helped wonderfully in promoting musical appreciation everywhere.

"By giving thought to the musical education of their children in one particular, parents may help the cause of community music considerably, and at the same time increase the entire family's enjoyment of the art. Instead of all learning to play the piano, as is the usual case, each child should learn a different instrument. Ordinarily not more than one can play the piano at a time but if, for example, the second child plays the 'cello, the third the violin, and the fourth the clarinet, they may all perform together with pleasure both for themselves and others. Such group playing tends to knit family ties more closely, while by each knowing a different instrument their value to a community's music is measurably increased."

That the motion pictures are holding back a more rapid growth in community music and dramatics is Dean Butler's opinion. "The movies have taken away much of the joy of participation in play," he said. "Our entertainment now comes ready-made. It is for us, but not by us. It is not our own. A more general participation in music would add greatly to the satisfaction of our lives."

The Jewish Smoke-screen of Falsehood in What Press Dubs the "Dreyfus Case"

Another Chapter of the Revelations Being Made in the Cronkhite Tragedy Brings Mr. Marshall of the Kehillah to the Fore

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

MORE than 70 witnesses were summoned, last autumn, before a Federal Grand Jury in Tacoma, Washington. They were assembled from widely separated parts of the country. On the strength of their testimony, the jury returned indictments charging Robert Rosenbluth and Rolland R. Pothier with the premeditated murder of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite. In certain quarters great fear is entertained of this testimony, and an organized effort is made to prevent the indicted men from being tried. *But justice demands that these witnesses be heard.*

Immediately on the news of the indictment, officers and directing heads of the American Jewish Committee and the New York Kehillah threw the mantle of their protection about Robert Rosenbluth in New York City. They provided him with lawyers to fight his extradition to the West, and with means for spreading an extensive publicity campaign, in an endeavor to prove his innocence without permitting resort to be had to the law courts of the country.

An avalanche of defamation was directed against the organization of the United States Army. A concerted system of attack was launched against the individual heads and personnel of the prosecuting arm of the government. An "atmosphere of persecution" was carefully built up, and in their vernacular press, a studied attempt was made to inflame the race hatred of thousands of immigrants with untruthful stories that the country which is giving them shelter was "framing up" a murder charge against one of their people.

How Press Is Used

SHOULD the plans of these great racial organizations prove successful, a deathblow will have been struck at the administration of justice in the United States. For a better understanding of these plans, it is necessary to recapitulate the outstanding features of the case.

Major Alexander P. Cronkhite was a West Point graduate, and only 24 years old at the time when he was shot. He was a lineal descendant from ancestors who first settled the Mohawk Valley in Colonial times, and was the grandson of Colonel Henry McLean Cronkhite, U. S. A., and Major-General Alexander C. M. Pennington, who was active in operations of the Army of the Potomac during the Civil War. At the time of his death, his father, Major-General Adelbert Cronkhite, was in command of a division in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

On a Friday morning in October, 1918, Major Cronkhite led a battalion on a hike across the grounds of the army reservation at Camp Lewis, state of Washington. Captain Rosenbluth was the senior line officer in command. He was then about 40 years old, and such military training as he possessed, he had obtained at the Plattsburg training camp, New York. The major was senior instructor, and his principal work was the weeding out of officers who, as a result of examinations, were found not qualified to hold commissions for over-sea service.

When luncheon time arrived, the battalion was halted. The major went up a lonely trail to reconnoiter the ground. He was followed by Captain Rosenbluth and Sergeant Bugler Pothier. The three were hidden from the sight of the men, some 50 yards in advance of the column, behind a dense screen of shrubbery. Three shots rang out. Ten minutes later the major was found lying dead between his two companions.

Rosenbluth and Pothier, the only witnesses to the major's death, swore before a military board of inquiry that he had shot himself accidentally while firing at a tin can on a gatepost in front of the abandoned Schuffert farm. His death had been caused by a .45 caliber revolver bullet. But the men of the battalion refused to believe that the young West Point officer—whose colonel had given him the highest rating in the regiment—could possibly have shot himself. Their suspicions, they felt, were subsequently verified, when an autopsy performed on the body indicated that the fatal wound could not have been self-inflicted. But the major's uniform had been burned mysteriously, thus destroying the evidence of powder marks and the course of the bullet.

More than two years later, Pothier confessed that his testimony before the military board of inquiry had been a lie, and that it was a bullet from his weapon that had killed the major. He had made this confession to Father Liberté, the priest of his church, in Central Falls, Rhode Island. But Rosenbluth had sworn that he had been standing close beside the major when the second and third shots were fired. Since the third shot had killed the young officer, it was held that Rosenbluth's testimony was also under suspicion. The two witnesses were thereupon arrested, charged with responsibility for Major Cronkhite's death.

At once, on the arrest of Rosenbluth, his friends circulated a story that the young major had committed suicide because his father had proved himself a traitor to his country in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. But it was just at this time that General Cronkhite had had bestowed upon him the Distinguished Service Medal and the Cross of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and was promoted to the rank of major-general.

The group that was shielding Rosenbluth now decided that it was urgently necessary for them to try to cast discredit upon the confession made by Pothier. They enlisted the services of a newspaper owned by members of their race, the New York *World*. The editor of the *World* first sent a reporter to consult Robert Rosenbluth and his attorney, Jonah J. Goldstein, in New York City. The reporter then saw Pothier in Central Falls, Rhode Island, but the latter would not speak until he had seen his attorney, Davis G. Arnold, of Providence. Mr. Arnold refused to have his client interviewed until he had visited New York. Subsequently the *World* man talked to Pothier in Mr. Arnold's office in Providence. The *World* then published an alleged retraction of Pothier's confession implicating Rosenbluth, but not retracting the statement that it was the bullet from his weapon that had killed Major Cronkhite. Publicity organizations, acting on behalf of Rosenbluth, gave this "retraction" a wide circulation.

Now Goldstein & Goldstein, attorneys for Rosenbluth, drew up a series of affidavits, consisting of some made by themselves, others by Pothier's lawyer, by the *World* man, and by other persons who knew nothing about the case. These they sent to J. W. Selden, a prosecuting attorney of Pierce County, Washington. Next a booklet of 62 pages was printed by an East Side press, entitled the "Exoneration of Robert Rosenbluth." This was a "faked" exoneration, since Mr. Selden had not been in possession of the evidence in the hands of the Department of Justice, had not examined the witness nor tried the case. This booklet was circulated by thousands of newspapers of the country at a great expense. In other words, a man charged with murder, was "acquitted" by his friends, without recourse to law court, judge or jury, and without his accusers being heard.

Some months later, the 70 or more witnesses appeared before the Federal Grand Jury in Tacoma, and Pothier and Rosenbluth were indicted for the murder of Major Cronkhite. But before this, incendiary hands set fire to the gateposts, fences and buildings on the Schuffert farm, evidently because a jury, in visiting the place of the shooting, would have realized that army men would not have resorted to the place for target practice.

Newspaper Tries Case

ROSENBLUTH, while yet untried, is presumed to be innocent. But it is an unusual spectacle to observe a man indicted for murder, and refusing to plead to the indictment, being abetted and encouraged by men of wealth and prominence, attacking the United States Army, and threatening the chief prosecuting officers of the government. To this end a long-continued campaign has been conducted in the columns of the *Daily News*, which has an immense circulation on New York's East Side. These attacks, fathered by Rosenbluth, are intended deliberately to foment the rage and hatred of an emotional population against the country of their adoption. Examples are herewith presented:

> From the *Daily News*, April 18, 1921:
>
> Evidences that the investigation which is being put under way in the case of Captain Rosenbluth will develop into an American repetition of the famous Dreyfus case showed plainly yesterday in three separate directions.
>
> "Is it true that there exists in the Army an antipathy to Jews that has made the former captain a mark in his present situation?"
>
> Many of Rosenbluth's supporters insist that it is. And they intimate that an investigation, once under way, will take on nation-wide importance and extend to every corner of the Army organization.
>
> "Pothier is either a crazy liar or the willing tool of a rotten and decadent system," said Rosenbluth yesterday when he came back from Washington and made an exclusive statement to the *Daily News*.
>
> It was in the summer of 1918 when Cronkhite was killed. *The death was called suicide until the return of General Cronkhite,* father to the major, from France. Then the body was exhumed and examined, and the charge of murder made.
>
> Rosenbluth was direct in his charge yesterday that the prosecution against him came from "The System."
>
> "Pothier," he repeated, "is either a crazy liar or *the willing tool of the dying war-time system responsible for the so-called round robin and its contingent suicides."*

> *Daily News*, October 21, 1922:
>
> Captain Rosenbluth yesterday was released on $40,000 bail furnished by Felix Warburg, Colonel Herbert Lehman and others. Captain Rosenbluth has been called the "American Dreyfus."

From article bearing the signature of Robert Rosenbluth:

> There are two very good reasons why this persecution against me on this four-year-old incident is renewed by Attorney-General Daugherty:
>
> 1. Because if the matter is in the courts while the impeachment proceedings against him are pending, Congress will not be able to take up this case with its evidence of incompetence and misfeasance in office by Attorney-General Daugherty personally and his department.
>
> 2. *Because I have refused to respond to the many suggestions that my "rich Jewish friends raise a fund to dispose of the matter."*
>
> In spite of rebuffs of suggestions that settlement could be effected if my "rich Jewish friends would raise a fund," 10 weeks before this present grand jury met in Tacoma, Washington, from sources whose authority cannot be questioned, came the direct proposition that "everybody could be happy."
>
> It was warranted "that this would be cheaper than a trial." I still believe that it is a good American motto: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."
>
> Agents of the Department of Justice taunted, "What are you going to do about it?" As soon as they discovered that they had made a mistake and had taken some one with a lifetime record in public service and that my bail was furnished by persons as well known and highly respected in the country as Felix M. Warburg and Colonel Herbert Lehmann, *they started on a new track. Cash!*

What Happened Before Jury

OF COURSE, nobody takes seriously the allegation that Rosenbluth is being "persecuted because of his race." The fact that the United States Army is a "rotten and decadent system" was never suspected until it was asserted by Rosenbluth's friends. But it will be recalled that when Rosenbluth was first arrested on April 21, 1921, he openly proclaimed: "I wish to reiterate my absolute confidence in Attorney-General Daugherty."

It was only when he was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury, that he and his friends aimed all their attacks upon the Attorney-General, and Samuel Untermyer threatened to impeach the latter.

With regard to the impudent charge that the Attorney-General of the United States and the Department of Justice had attempted to blackmail Rosenbluth and his "rich Jewish friends," it may be well to relate a detail that was not published in the *Daily News*. Colonel Hayward, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, promptly summoned Jonah J. Goldstein, Rosenbluth and a writer for the *Daily News* before a Federal Grand Jury in New York City, to make good their charges.

In speaking to a high Federal official regarding the result of this inquiry, he said to me: "Of course, I am not privileged to divulge secrets of the grand jury room. But I can tell you this. When Jonah J. Goldstein testified before the grand jury, he made a fool of himself."

I can enlighten the reader to this extent: When Goldstein and his associates appeared before the grand jurors, **they made a characteristic and abject "crawl."** They protested fervently that they had never intended to cast any reflections upon the Attorney-General or the Department of Justice. Their words had been misinterpreted. What they had intended to insinuate, they said, was that a fund was going to be raised to engage counsel for the defense of Rosenbluth. **But they had accomplished their purpose. They had implanted in the minds of thousands of their race that the United States Government is so corrupt that its highest officials are ready to "frame-up" their people, and then blackmail them.**

It is quite unnecessary to dwell further upon the widespread ramifications of the "Rosenbluth publicity," beyond calling attention to articles in periodicals such as *The Nation* and *The Literary Digest,"* provided by an accused man, and printed without any attempt to obtain the real facts. When a Federal investigation is made into the sources of this propaganda, the country will be amazed by the tactics of a special group in creating "racial sentiment."

Space must be given, however, to an organization known as the "Institute for Public Service," which professes to "circulate facts, questions and suggestions of nation-wide importance about public service by governments, civic agencies, higher education and benevolent foundations." It issues its matter weekly from No. 1125 Amsterdam avenue, New York City. Robert Rosenbluth has admitted that in 1917, he was an "assistant director" of the Public Service Institute.

This "Institute," in March, 1919, published a 32-page pamphlet entitled "Teachable Facts About Bolshevism and Sovietism," which is apparently but a thinly disguised propaganda. It states in part:

> *The Nation* and the *New Republic,* New York City, have printed many articles and editorials which pictured Bolshevist theory and practice as

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Where Iron Mines Are Building Public Schools

Permanent Fund in Minnesota From Ore Tax Reaches $35,000,000

By EARL CHRISTMAS

WHEN a representative of the proposed territory of Minnesota sought authority from Congress for its organization back in 1849, he asked for a generous grant of land for schools.

"All right," said members of Congress to whom the request was presented. "If people will live up in that forsaken, hyperborean country, they ought to be encouraged. We will give them two sections of school land instead of one."

So the story goes. Anyway, two sections of land in each township in Minnesota were reserved for school purposes. Previously, it had been customary to set aside but one section of school land in a township for each state, though Oregon, organized as a territory about the same time, had managed to obtain a reservation of two sections.

For that extra section of land, some 500,000 school children of Minnesota have reason to be thankful today. It means more money for schools. But Congress doesn't get all the thanks.

Nature was kind to these children. Over much of this land set aside for school purposes, it spread forests of valuable timber. Beneath the surface, it placed great deposits of iron.

Of course, nobody knew about the iron back in the days when Congress so blithely gave away those two sections. Not until long after was the value of the land for this purpose realized. The mineral rights to the land were not reserved by the Federal government.

For all this, the school children now can be thankful. Minnesota has a permanent school fund of approximately $35,000,000, developed from the sale of these lands, the sale of timber and royalties from iron mines located on the school lands.

Each year the fund gets bigger, increasing annually at the rate of about $1,500,000. Every time an ore train goes down to the docks at Duluth from one of these mines, it means more money for the schools of the state. Each tree cut down on the school lands adds to its total.

From the Missabe Mountain mine alone, the schools now are drawing $1,000 a day. During the season from June 1 to November 1, the average income is $5,000 a day, which isn't a bad return from 160 acres of land. Already this one mine has added more than $2,000,000 to the school fund, and it has some 50,000,000 tons of ore yet to be mined. The Leonidas mine has contributed more than $1,000,000 to the schools, and it contains more than 13,000,000 tons of ore yet to be removed.

Engineers for the state estimate that there is enough merchantable ore on school lands to more than double the permanent school fund. That will mean at least $70,000,000, which must be kept inviolate for the benefit of the school children of the state. Some officials have put the prospective total as high as $100,000,000 or even $150,000,000.

Fine, you say. But don't imagine that all this has come about simply as an act of fate. Nature put the iron under the school lands and the trees on the surface, but it has required jealous guarding by the state to preserve these resources for the schools. But for the efforts of a few farsighted men among those early pioneers, the children of Minnesota today might not have prospects of that fund of $70,000,000.

In many states, the land grants for schools virtually were thrown away. Speculators reaped the profits that should have gone to the schools, and the cause of education has suffered. An early superintendent of schools in Ohio wrote: "It is not uncommon to find land sold for 50, 40, 30, 10 and in one case as low as 5 cents an acre."

Men also had designs upon the public lands of Minnesota. But Governor Ramsey, turning his back on the speculators and forgetting the emergencies of the new state that called for funds, urged that the school lands must be administered with a view to the permanent interest of the schools. He warned against the experience of Iowa and Wisconsin, where the land was given a minimum appraisal of $1.25 an acre and the splendid grants allowed to become the prey of speculators.

The new state provided for an appraisal of its school lands and set a minimum of $5 an acre. In fact, it first tried a minimum of $7. The lands could be sold off only gradually, the best farm lands being disposed of first. In every year, the average price received has been above the minimum, usually running from $6 to $8 an acre.

Other officials after Ramsey's time encountered men with designs on the public lands of Minnesota. Governor Austin, despite the greatest pressure, vetoed a bill to turn over to the railroads 500,000 acres of state lands from the internal improvement grant.

Only recently, there came to light, on good authority, an experience of one of these early governors. This governor was approached one day by a stranger who after due preliminaries suggested that a company might be formed to take over the state lands at a comparatively small price.

The legislature could be pursuaded to approve the plan, the stranger intimated. In fact, something already had been done along that line, he added.

The governor appeared to be deeply interested. The stranger became bolder. He suggested that this corporation would need a general counsel, that the governor had been a good lawyer, that New York would be a nice place to live.

The governor jumped up and pounded the table.

"Now, I've got it all," he said. "I know every man involved in this affair. I've got the inside of it. If it goes one step further, every one of you will go to the penitentiary."

The matter was dropped. Bills which had been prepared never were presented to the legislature. The governor who thwarted the attempt was content with defeating it and never made it public. Only after his death was it repeated by a friend to whom he had confided the experience.

When prospects of valuable iron mines developed in the eighties, Minnesota decided not to sell its ore lands, but to lease them. Even when lands were sold for other purposes, mineral rights were reserved. As a result, there are now approximately 40 iron mines on state property, about two-thirds of them on the common school lands.

Of course, Minnesota has some things to regret. The flat royalty of 25 cents a ton, fair enough when established, later proved inadequate and has been the means of losing thousands of dollars yearly to the school fund. This law since has been repealed and a new arrangement made, providing for a sliding scale. Complaints have been made, too, and with justification, that timber has been sold from school lands too cheaply and in some cases stolen.

But on the whole, Minnesota has fared better than most states with its school fund. It has $35,000,000 in the fund, and in another generation will have twice that much, while many states have allowed this resource to slip away entirely.

But the most interesting possibility appears when we consider how that fund of $35,000,000 is being used. The principal forever must be kept intact. The early lawmakers saw to that. Only the interest can be used.

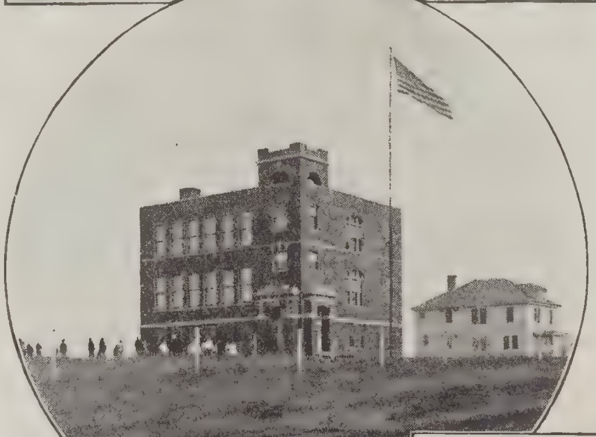
That means about $1,400,000 distributed each year to the schools of the state. With the proceeds of a one-mill tax, provided by the constitution of the state, this apportionment annually brings $7 a pupil to the schools. Often schools could not be maintained in thinly settled communities but for this fund.

All of which is very fine. Ore from the iron mines owned by the schools is helping to bring the light of education into little clearings far up in the woods. But Minnesota is using that fund twice for the benefit of the schools. While preserving and safeguarding it, the state has found a way to make

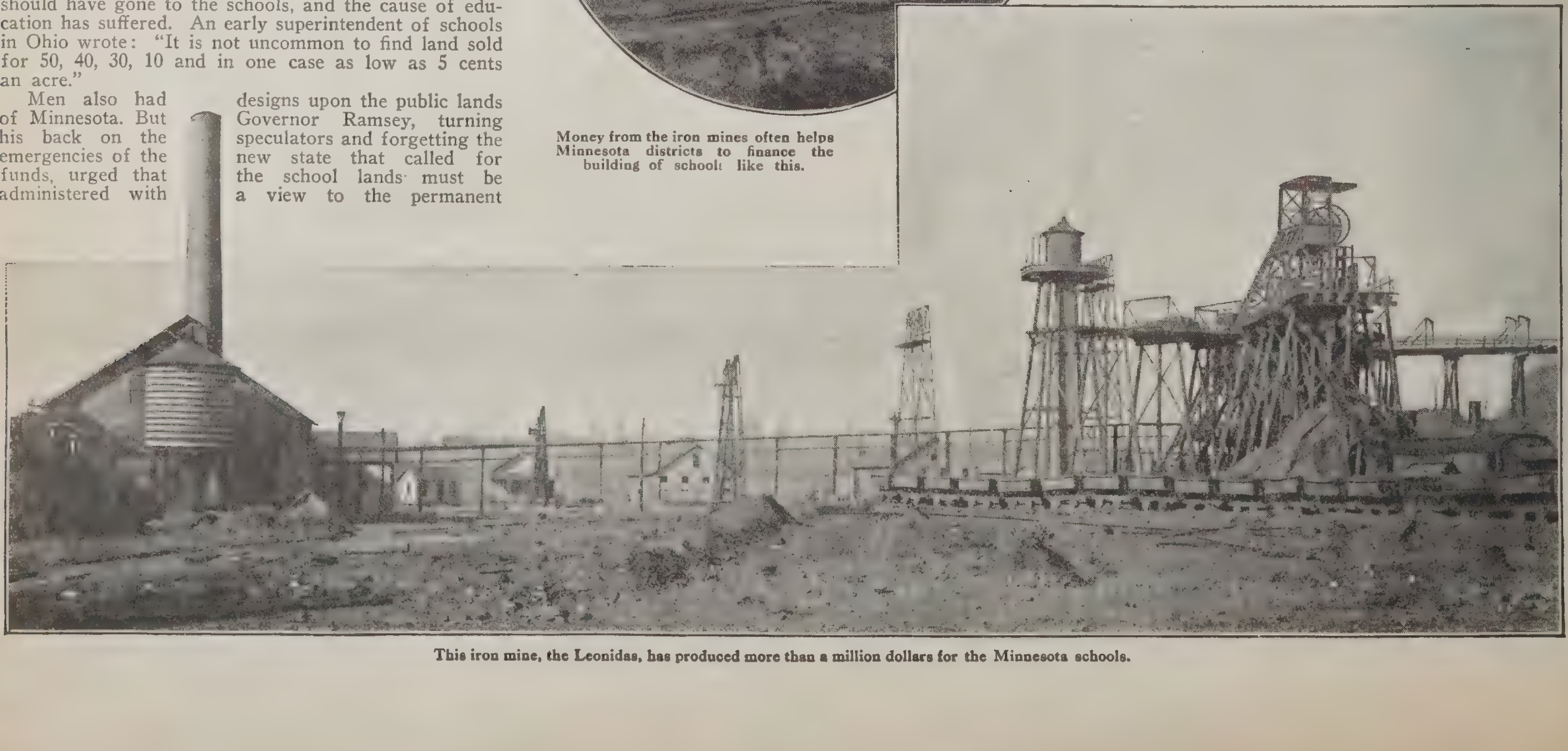
(*Concluded on page 14*)

Ore royalties and other receipts from the school lands have helped to keep open many a little school in Minnesota.

Minnesota pays $700,000 a year for the transportation of some 25,000 children who live long distances from schools. Most of these children are taken to consolidated schools where they get training equal to that of city children.



Money from the iron mines often helps Minnesota districts to finance the building of schools like this.



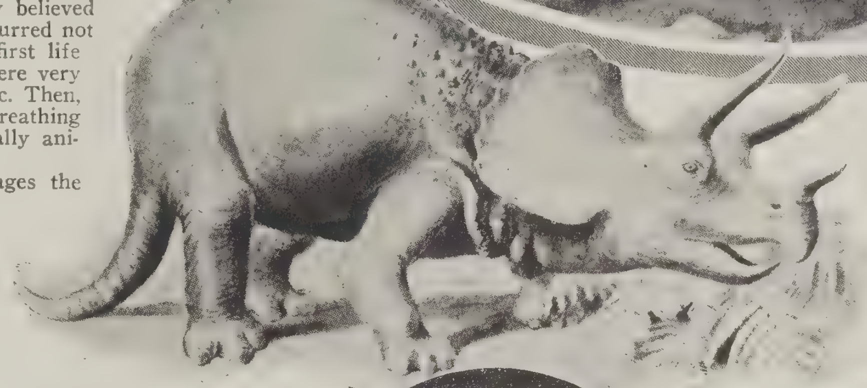
This iron mine, the Leonidas, has produced more than a million dollars for the Minnesota schools.

The Interesting Life of a Fossil Hunter

Career of Charles H. Sternberg—the Story of a Man Who Has Delved in Records of Long Ago

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

Hauling fossils and boxes uphill from fossil beds, Red Deer Valley. This gives some idea of the nature of the "Bad Lands" of the Red Deer Valley.



Triceratops Prorsus, one the later forms of dinosaurs.

FROM a very early time in his history man has sought to read the riddle of his first appearance on earth and to learn something of the life which preceded him; but it is only comparatively recently that he has succeeded even slightly in deciphering the record hidden within the crust of the earth.

Scientists differ, but it is generally believed that the dawn of life on this planet occurred not less than 30,000,000 years ago. The first life forms of which there is any record were very primitive and were probably all aquatic. Then, gradually through the ages, air-breathing forms of life developed; and eventually animal life appeared on the land.

During the successive geological ages the face of the earth has undergone many changes; land which at one time formed huge continental masses at a later period became the bottom of the ocean. This process was repeated over and over again, some portions of the earth's surface, however, being subjected to a greater number of changes than others.

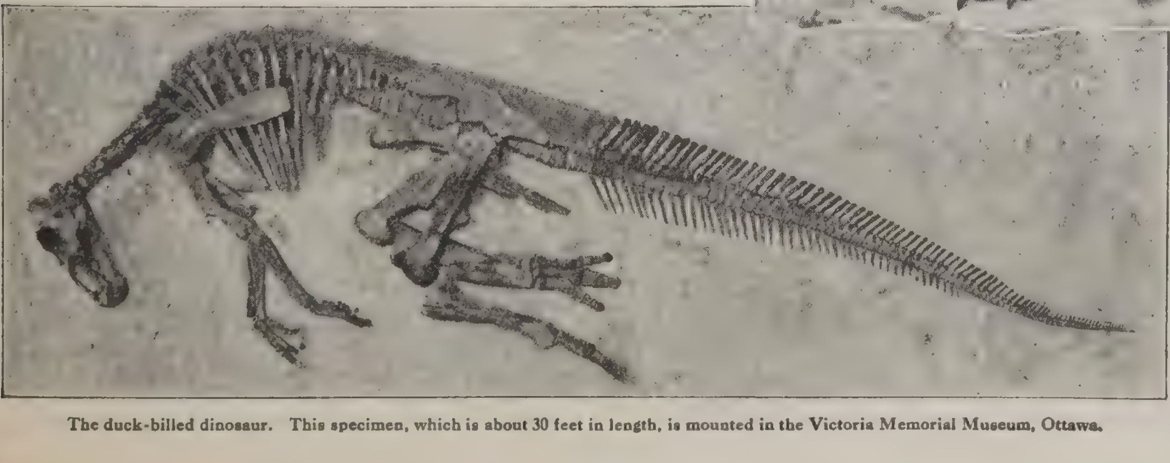
These changes were due to two principal causes: subterranean pressure; and the erosive action of water ceaselessly wearing away the land and carrying it out to sea.

While certain areas were submerged the remains of animal life that had died in or near the water found a resting place in the ooze or sand on the bottom and in the course of time became buried deep beneath many layers of deposit brought down by streams, or eroded by the action of the tides; and when this ocean bed eventually became dry land the former ooze, sand or clay became sandstone or shales, the remains of animal or plant life which were embedded in it being likewise converted into stone. In this manner the form of trees, leaves, fruit, shells and animal life from the minutest insects to the largest dinosaurs have been preserved to this day. These remains are known as fossils. And by them geologists seek to reconstruct in a measure the conditions of life which prevailed in ages long gone by.

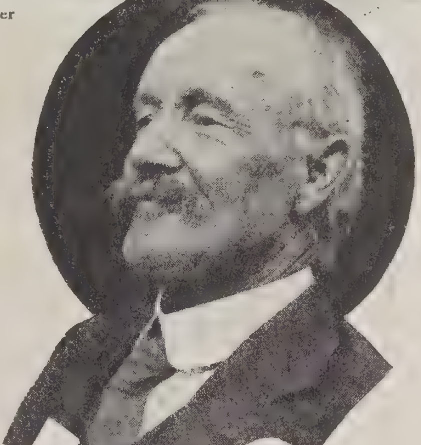
In some portions of the globe the earlier formations lie deep below the present surface. Later formations have been piled upon them and have been subjected to comparatively little erosion. In others, large areas of the older formations are exposed, or lie very close to the present surface. This happens to be the case in many sections of the vast central plateau and mountain region of North America. The greater part of this area during the Cretaceous period was covered with water. This was before the Rocky Mountains were formed; and the land lay in low irregular ridges between extensive shallow lagoons, lakes, bayous and swamps. The climate was sub-tropical; the vegetation was dense. This was the age of the dinosaurs.

After being repeatedly lifted and submerged these everglades of the Cretaceous period were finally elevated to their present level and the Rocky Mountain chain was thrust up to feed great rivers whose valleys have cut through the old beds lying so near the present surface. These channels provide opportunities for the student to examine the various underlying strata; and they also expose the fossils which the rocks contain.

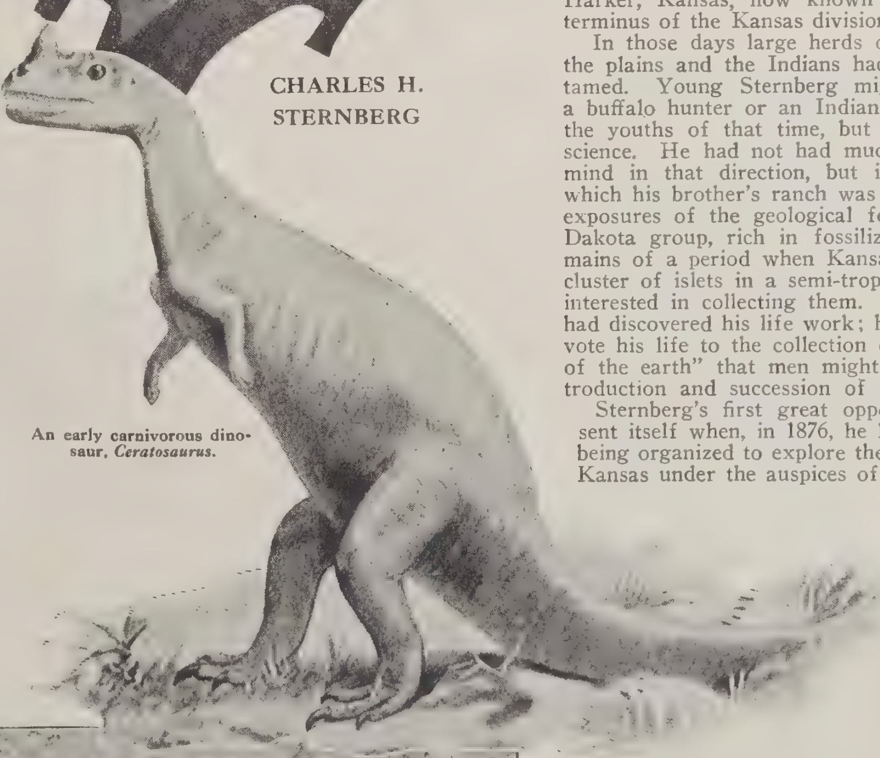
For this reason North America presents an extensive and varied field for the student of geology. The particular branch of that science which deals with the study of fossils is called paleontology; it has become an increasingly important branch of human knowledge within recent years. And paleontology has given rise to another profession: that of the fossil hunter, the oldest and most distinguished of whom is the subject of this sketch—Charles H. Sternberg, of Lawrence, Kansas.



The duck-billed dinosaur. This specimen, which is about 30 feet in length, is mounted in the Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa.



CHARLES H. STERNBERG



An early carnivorous dinosaur, *Ceratosaurus*.

Plains of West Furnish Splendid Specimens of Monsters of Another Era

Born in Otsego County, New York, in 1850, the son of a Lutheran divine, who for many years was principal of Hartwick Seminary, Charles Sternberg early learned to love the study of nature among scenes made famous by that other great native of Otsego County, James Fenimore Cooper.

When Charles was 15 years of age the elder Sternberg was appointed to the principalship of the Iowa Lutheran College at Albion, Iowa; and the familiar countryside of his boyhood gave place to the plains of the Middle West. Two years later Charles and his twin brother (later to become famous as chief of the United States Army Medical Service), went to live with another brother who was ranching near Fort Harker, Kansas, now known as Kanopolis, then the terminus of the Kansas division of the Union Pacific.

In those days large herds of buffaloes still roamed the plains and the Indians had by no means yet been tamed. Young Sternberg might easily have become a buffalo hunter or an Indian fighter as did many of the youths of that time, but his ambitions turned to science. He had not had much chance to indulge his mind in that direction, but in Ellsworth County—in which his brother's ranch was situated—were extensive exposures of the geological formations known as the Dakota group, rich in fossilized leaves and other remains of a period when Kansas supposedly was but a cluster of islets in a semi-tropical sea; and he became interested in collecting them. Within a short time he had discovered his life work; he was determined to devote his life to the collection of "facts from the crust of the earth" that men might learn more of "the introduction and succession of life on our earth."

Sternberg's first great opportunity seemed to present itself when, in 1876, he learned that a party was being organized to explore the chalk fields of Western Kansas under the auspices of Professor O. C. Marsh, the famous paleontologist of Yale University; but although he tried hard to obtain a place on the expedition he was not successful. Then, almost in despair, he wrote to Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, who even at that time had won more than a local reputation in paleontology. "I put my whole soul into the letter I wrote him, for this was my last chance," Sternberg writes many years later. "I told him of my love for science, and of my earnest longing to enter the chalk of Western Kansas and make a collection of its wonderful fossils, no matter what it might cost me in discomfort and danger. I said, however, that I was too poor to go at my own expense, and asked him to send me $300 to buy a team of ponies, a wagon, and a camp outfit and to hire a cook and a driver. I sent no recommendations from well-known men as to my honesty or executive ability, mentioning only my work in the Dakota group."

Professor Cope was impressed with the young man's enthusiasm and replied immediately enclosing a draft for the sum requested. Sternberg thus entered the

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The Labor Party in the House of Commons

Will the Scottish "Wild Men" Be Controlled by the "Intellectuals"?

By W. P. CROZIER

A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND

THE shining characteristic of the new House of Commons is not the Conservative majority under Mr. Bonar Law, for that was not wholly unexpected, nor the battalion of Liberals under Mr. Asquith, nor even in itself the doubled strength of the Labor party, now nearly 150 strong. Not the number but the character of the men on the Labor benches excites interest and speculation. At the election of 1918 the Labor M.P's went up in number from about 30 to 70. We quickly learned the best and the worst of them. They were good constitutionalists, moderate men, sober, honest and deserving of all respect. But they lacked force and driving power, and they made little or no impression on the machine of government. The same men are back in Parliament now, but there are others with them of a very different order.

When Mr. Robert Smillie, the Scottish miners' leader, was bidding goodby the other day to the new Labor M. P's whom Glasgow has elected, he bade them "put ginger" into the Labor party at Westminster. When one of these new members was watching the ancient ceremonial in the House of Lords, he cried aloud, "We'll smash all that," and another, on seeing the formal handing of the speaker to the chair of the House of Commons, raised his voice in open derision at these symbols of long tradition. "Wigs on the green," "the claymore and the two-handed sword," "no namby-pamby methods," "the fresh air of Scotland for the House of Commons"—these and similar phrases betoken a new spirit in the new Labor party. This spirit will work and work, undoubtedly. How far will it leaven the whole lump? To answer that question, one must look more closely at this new Labor party of ours. For there are other leavens also at work, other forces fermenting in the lump.

But first to dispose of two notable individual results. The Labor ranks include Mr. Scrymgeour, of Dundee, the first prohibitionist to reach the House of Commons. Roughly he accepts the Labor program and it is understood that the Labor "machine" in Dundee desired that the second vote of the party (there being two members for the constituency) should go to him. But how far, it will be said, does the return of Mr. Scrymgeour, with a vote of 32,000 (12,000 above Winston Churchill) mean that England, or even Scotland, has made a large advance toward the acceptance of prohibition? In Scotland it means little, and in England nothing at all. Mr. Scrymgeour reaped the reward of his perseverance. He is a great local figure and they said, "give him a chance." Also, he received a very heavy Labor vote. But, generally speaking, prohibition not only makes little or no advance, but excites little interest. Of all the "issues" that figured in England during the election campaign, temperance—alas! that it should be so!—was least discussed. Public opinion is apathetic about it and the organized political parties are scandalously timid about the organized opposition of the liquor interests. Why, there were candidates who devoted a large part of their energies to arguing that, above all, beer must be made cheaper and to promising that, if elected, they would fight for that great cause!

The lonely prohibitionist has a lonely Communist to keep him company. He also comes from Scotland —Mr. Newbold of Motherwell. He is said to have wired to Lenin that "Motherwell has been won for Moscow." This does not mean that Scotland is "going Bolshevik." It only means that there is a considerable number of places in Scotland which would return any sort of a Labor man, including an extremist, sooner than a Liberal or a Tory. If all the Glasgow Labor M. P's had stood as downright Bolshevists, they would have been returned just the same, for there is intense unemployment on the Clyde, and unemployment accentuating a naturally aggressive temperament turns to the most extreme form of politics that is at the moment available. One may say truly that the Clyde comes nearer to Communism than any other part of these islands but, in spite of Motherwell, they are not yet Bolshevist.

The Clyde Socialists, of whom there is now more than a handful in the Parliamentary Labor party, have been recognized as extreme men since the early days of the war. Thus, one of them is David Kirkwood, a leader of the shop-stewards' movement, who, when Lloyd George as Minister for Munitions, was introducing the "dilution" of skilled trade union labor, met him on the floor of the Clyde workshop, along with the other shop-stewards, and defied him to his face. That episode resulted in the suppression of the Glasgow Socialist paper, *Forward*; today its editor, like his friend Kirkwood, has been returned to the House of Commons. There is a story that when the *Forward* was suppressed, its editor posted up to London to see Lloyd George about it. Lloyd George, it is said, addressed him with tears in his eyes on the subject of "the lads in the trenches" and the dour Scotsman told him that he had not come all the way from Glasgow to London to be "wept at" like that. There is no doubt that the Glasgow Labor M. P's will bring a very different brand of Socialism, a very different temperament, a grim challenging spirit, into the Labor party. But there are two other new elements that also have to be considered.

Labor has suffered severely from its lack of men with a large intellectual grasp. It has been composed, in the House of Commons, of small trade union leaders. It has inevitably had no "captains of industry" and it has had no "intellectuals"; that is, it has had no men who are accustomed to take a large view of economic and political questions or to handle affairs on a large scale. As far as there have been able thinkers in the Labor ranks they were outside the House of Commons. Now some of the best of them will be there to assist the party in its fight. Among them will be Mr. Sidney Webb, our leading authority on the history of trade union organization and municipal government, and prepared to be the architect of future Labor policy in every field. As long as he is in the House, Labor will never lack a program and a plausible defense. With him also will be Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden, two of the keenest-witted of all our Socialists and two of the ablest debaters. Some people will not think the better of him for it, but it was of Ramsay MacDonald that Lenin said, "I can talk to MacDonald, for he at least is interested in theories" (in distinction, of course, to the trade union leader, who usually knows nothing and cares nothing about Socialist theory).

The third new group in the Labor ranks which counts consists of the former Radicals who went over to the Labor party during the last stages of the war. They left the Liberal party mainly because they were dissatisfied with its foreign policy and its attitude toward all questions of personal liberty; they saw in the Labor party the best instrument of a peaceful, unaggressive foreign policy and a program of generous social development at home. These also are "Intellectuals" and they are thoroughly well-equipped and experienced in the field of politics. They include men like Ponsonby, once a page at the Court of Queen Victoria, then in the service of the foreign office and finally private secretary to a Liberal premier. C. P. Trevelyan, Lees-Smith, and E. D. Morel, an extreme man but highly expert in foreign affairs, belong to this group. Its inclusion in the Labor party is enormously important, for there never was a time when foreign policy was so material to the well-being of this country and the ordinary trade union member, from no fault of his own, knows next to nothing of foreign affairs. The party will now have the advantage of a general staff in foreign policy which will be as expert and aggressive as that of the "middle-class" parties who have hitherto in this respect enjoyed a great advantage.

It will now be seen what I meant by saying that it was doubtful whether the loud-voiced extremists from Scotland would be able to leaven the whole lump of sober, conservative trade-unionism. The thinkers like Sidney Webb and Ramsay MacDonald, and the ex-Radicals like Ponsonby and Trevelyan will never allow the Kirkwoods and Newbolds to dictate the policy of the party if they can prevent it. Their aim will be to secure the loyal support of the moderate trade union M. P.'s, who form the great majority of the party, and to use it to control the wild men from the Clyde.

Mr. Clynes, the trade union leader, will help them all he can. Just as the problem of Mr. Bonar Law is to keep his wild men, his Tory Die-Hards, in order, so the problem of the moderate and intelligent Labor leaders is to harness the Scottish (and any other) extremists to the task of sober, reasoned opposition. They must do this in their own interest. For if the wild men succeeded in "collaring" the Labor party, if they so leavened the whole Labor party that it began to act in the spirit of "We'll smash all that," then there would soon come about a defensive fusion of the Liberal and Conservative forces both in Parliament and in the country which would put back the chances of Labor for a generation.

The Interesting Life of a Fossil Hunter

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service of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, naturalists that America has produced; and on and off until Cope's death 21 years later he searched the fossil beds of the West for specimens to add to that great collection which Cope was gathering at Philadelphia (now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York) and to assist that eminent scientist in his ambition to bring to the attention of the world the great importance of the science of paleontology in uncovering the secrets of Nature.

Naturally desirous of justifying the faith which Cope had shown in him, Sternberg was anxious to secure a collection of specimens worth while and set off for the chalk fields with his mind full of the unknown monsters whose bones he hoped to unearth for his patron. "All day," he writes, "from the first streak of light until the last level ray forced me to leave work, I toiled on, forgetting everything but the one great object of my life—to secure from the crumbling strata of this old ocean bed the fossil remains of the fauna of Cretaceous times."

The incessant labor and the bad water brought on an attack of malaria, but he kept on. Finally one day when his discouragement was greatest he discovered an excellent specimen of a Kansas mosasaur. It was a new species and pleased both Sternberg and Cope very much. The years following were spent in the Kansas fields, in the Bad Lands of Nebraska and in a portion of Southern Oregon previously but little known. In each field many valuable finds were made and great difficulties were overcome. The great distances which it was necessary to travel to reach the desired locations as well as the difficulties of transporting the crated specimens to the railway when found were by no means the least of the hardships attendant upon a fossil hunter's life, particularly in those days. And in addition there was almost always the possibility of attack by hostile Indians. Sternberg did not greatly fear the latter, but such was not the case with his teamsters, cooks and other assistants; and he was frequently put to much trouble and inconvenience through their desertion of him on that account while in the field.

Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, in his introduction to Sternberg's book, "The Life of a Fossil Hunter," gives a good idea of the nature of such a life: "The fossil hunter must first of all be a scientific enthusiast," he writes. "He must be willing to endure all kinds of hardships, to suffer cold in the early spring and the late autumn and early winter months, and he must be prepared to drink alkali water, and in some regions to fight off the attack of the mosquito and other pests. He must be something of an engineer to be able to handle large masses of stone and transport them over roadless wastes of desert to the nearest shipping point; he must have a delicate and skillful touch to preserve the least fragment of bone when fractured; he must be content with very plain living, because the profession is seldom, if ever, remunerative, and he is almost invariably underpaid; he must find his chief reward and stimulus in the sense of discovery and in the dispatching of specimens to museums which he has never seen for the benefit of a public which has little knowledge or appreciation of the self-sacrifice which the fossil hunter has made."

Among the museums to which Sternberg has supplied fossils from time to time are numbered most of the great institutions in Europe and the United States. The British Museum contains many rare specimens from his collections, as does the National Natural History Museum of France; while his collection of Kansas Chalk and Texas Permian vertebrates in the Museum of Munich has been described by Dr. Osborn as the finest of its kind in the world; and in this regard Dr. von Zittel is also quoted as having declared that Sternberg by this collection had erected an "immemorial monument" to his name.

At various times Sternberg also sold specimens to the Canadian Museum at Ottawa. Among these, in 1911, was the skeleton of a huge *Titanotherium*, one of the largest of prehistoric mammals. This he undertook to deliver completely mounted in the museum, and it was therefore necessary for him to go to Ottawa. In March, 1912, he arrived with his son George in the Canadian capital, and shortly after accepted an offer to enter the employ of the Canadian Geological Survey as head collector and preparator of vertebrate fossils. Later on his three sons, George, Charles and Levi, all of whom had in turn adopted the paternal profession, likewise joined the Canadian service. They were to be introduced to a new field—a fossil hunter's paradise.

The Red Deer River rises in the Rocky Mountains, not very far north of where the Canadian Pacific Railway passes westward on its way to the Pacific, and flows southeasterly across the province of Alberta. It has cut a broad, deep valley through the surrounding prairie, in places from one to two miles in width and from 400 to 500 feet in depth. For a great part of its distance this stream cuts through beds of the Cretaceous period in which lie the bones of the giant dinosaurs, as well as a variety of other fossils including full-length petrified trees.

While he had discovered dinosaurs in Kansas and Nebraska, Sternberg had never before been in a field so rich with remains of these giant reptiles as he found the Red Deer Valley to be. And otherwise everything was such as the heart of a fossil hunter could desire: a pleasant country in which to work; boats and scows on the river for transportation purposes; and his three fine sons, expert and eager to carry on and extend the work which he had taken up almost half a century before. In hunting fossils in the Red Deer Valley the method is somewhat similar to that employed by prospectors when looking for quartz or ore. The hunter usually follows the course of the stream along the base of the cliffs and looks for "float"—in the case of fossil hunters, a bit of fossilized bone. When this is found the face of the cliffs is searched for the spot whence the fragments came. Then when the remainder of the skeleton is located—if, indeed, it is located—several days, and frequently weeks, of hard labor is required to cut away the solid rock. When the fossils are at length exposed great care must be exercised as a careless blow from a pick might shatter a skeleton and require days of patient effort fitting the fragments together again.

One of the most formidable of the carnivorous dinosaurs has been named by Lambe, *Gorgosaurus*. The specimen which Sternberg collected for the museum at Ottawa is about 30 feet in length and apparently stood about nine feet high at the hips. Its method of locomotion was probably similar to that of the modern kangaroo as its hind legs were very long and strongly built, while the forelegs were quite short and apparently of little use in walking.

A great quantity of fossils is being taken each year from the Red Deer fields and shipped to museums the world over, much of which has gone to the American Museum of Natural History in New York, whose associate vertebrate paleontologist, Dr. Barnum Brown, has been very successful in bringing to light many of the great dinosaurs, some new to science.

Archery Supplanting Golf as Winter Sport

Archery lessons are given at Hialeah by "Charley Billy," a Seminole Indian. At the left is shown a class taking instruction. Above is Helen Holmes, motion-picture actress, receiving a lesson from Charley.

THE world's oldest sport is becoming a feature of the winter life at America's newest town. And the novices are being taught by America s oldest race—the Indians.

Hialeah, the two-year-old town founded by Glenn Curtiss, aviator and airplane inventor, seven miles north of Miami, Florida, has adopted archery as a competitor of golf.

Out on the Everglade prairie, near Hialeah, archery is daily recreation of winter tourists and motion-picture actors. The sport is being taken seriously as a recreation, Curtiss having pointed out that as long ago as 1760 archery was taken up in America as a builder of the body and the eyesight.

Picturesqueness is added to the sport by the fact that a camp of Seminole Indians is situated near Hialeah and the Indians of all ages take delight in instructing the whites in the correct use of the bow and arrow.

A round of archery consists of 96 arrows at 60 yards for men or 96 arrows at 50 yards for women. The target is four feet in diameter.

What Every Police Reporter Knows—and Doesn't Write

Tragedies of the City That Come Because of Influx of Aliens

By LEWIS HARPER

RECENT articles on the three per cent immigration law in some financial journals have voiced a distinct regret that in the restricted quotas of immigrants now admitted there are much larger proportions of women than formerly.

From the standpoint of statecraft this would appear peculiar. Founders of nations, real and legendary, from Romulus to Captain John Smith, have always sought women to stabilize conditions, realizing that a preponderance of men is dangerous.

However, women are not good recruits to the "industrial reserve army"—not available to break strikes in the industries in which they are most rife. Women are not available in creating the more tangible kinds of commodities which admit of quick realization and profits, in the same proportion as the bulk of male labor.

The increased proportion of women immigrants under the three per cent law is another evidence of the far-reaching effects of that statute. It is only one of many unexpected results already noted, and it is my guess that there are many more which will come to light later. Immigration and the tariff have been the double pivot upon which American history has largely turned—restricted commodity imports and unrestricted labor entry changed America from a nation of farmers, free artisans and small merchants to what we are today. It is not too much to expect that shutting off the cheap and fluid labor supply will tend to throw the current in the other direction—to decentralize the population and to employ the rural workers in winter factory production. But all that is for the historian.

The increased percentage of women immigrants under the three per cent law, however, inevitably brings to the fore another phase of the immigration problem. It brings the hope that one of the darkest phases of the whole alien problem is about to be brightened—that a social cancer long noticeable may be checked if not obliterated.

Good Reasons for Silence

ONE of our many taboos heretofore has been the subject of the moral consequences of the importation of large numbers of unmarried male aliens. It has been permissible to note the life of mining camps in this respect, but the far wider aspects of the vice problem thus created in our cities have been shrouded in silence. In passing, it should be noted that this is about the only phase that has been characterized by silence—every other angle has had too much publicity.

But while there has been almost nothing in print about it, city dwellers have become increasingly conscious of late of the peril to relatively unprotected women of the older stocks involved in their contact in industry and commerce with large numbers of aliens of low moral standards and racial ideals of woman's place and function, which vary widely from those heretofore prevalent here.

There have been good reasons for silence. The subject is freighted with explosive possibilities. It is difficult even to mention it without danger of injustice and wholesale racial libel. Whatever is said of degenerate sections of peoples will be misconstrued by supersensitive individuals of similar origin, or deliberately misstated by racial demagogues—and they are legion.

There is the ever-present danger in discussing such a subject of falling into the same slough of pruriency that now fouls the newspapers, the movies and the pages of current books and periodicals. There is also the peril of adding fuel to fires already smoldering under the social mud-sills—fires which have here and there flashed into crime or even small riots which have mystified those who did not know the real causes.

Known to the Reporters

THESE fires are smoldering. They constitute a social pollution and peril. Silence has failed to help them. Immigration restriction promises to extinguish them. It is right that the American people in deciding the question of immigration regulation now before them should know of every phase of the problem.

In a former article I touched on the fact that newspapers never mention certain racial factors in the problem of vice although these factors are known to every *competent police* reporter.

To this general statement there is one exception—the only one I have ever encountered in many years of newspaper observation. This exception will serve to tell much of what this is all about. The subject can only be handled gingerly, but the fact that it once broke into print makes it easier.

In August, 1920, Mr. Josiah Ward, a column conductor on the Denver *Post*, wrote a very frank story on the conduct of cadets who were trapping working girls by inviting them to ride with them in automobiles, while the street railway was tied up by the strike then in progress.

Mr. Ward's story was printed as written. It set forth quite bluntly that these human harpies were mostly of a very distinct racial type and that their chosen victims were—to use Mr. Ward's language—"white girls"—usually blonds. The cadets, Mr. Ward said, were of the slant-headed prognathus type found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea in the slums of several of the Mediterranean nations—the relics of the primitive tribes which had been conquered and submerged by the ancient Greeks and Italians, but never eliminated. They flourished most of all in the Levant, declared Mr. Ward, but were swarming into America.

Without going very deeply into history he intimated that these were the descendants of those types who developed the civilizations of Cnossus and Troy—which some archeologists believe were wiped out by the Greeks because of their early developed habits of white slavery and their raids upon the Greek tribes to capture their fair-skinned women.

Brought in by Thousands

A relentless pursuit of the white woman can be observed in any American city! The tragedies of Chinatown, on the Elsie Sigel order, or the police archives of any western city tell our story as to the Oriental. Reporters in Federal buildings watching Mann Act cases are often struck with the remarkable number of such offenses. In an investigation of Chicago dancing academies last year it was noted that girls acting as "individual instructors" were urged by the proprietors to give preference to "foreigners" on the ground that they would spend any amount of money to form the acquaintance of American girls. Police court annals, the stories of rescue workers and juvenile officers all tend to create the same impression.

It is easy to be unjust here, however. There have been plenty of American "cadets" and vice lords—from every stock, colonial on down. Foreign girls are victimized by myriads. Just before the passage of the Mann Act the European vice rings were bringing girls from Poland by thousands—there were cases of these eastern cadets selling their own relatives into white slavery—but that is mostly historical. Undoubtedly today the country or small-town girl who goes to the city to work is the most frequent victim. Usually unsophisticated and reared in the rural traditions which included no race consciousness, they are not prepared to cope with the perils which inevitably surround them. There has been a great deal of talk about providing for the selection of immigrants on the other side. If such a plan should be adopted, why not give young married couples the preference? If every two immigrants meant one additional home, there would be much less work for the police and social workers.

The Jewish Smoke-screen of Falsehood

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less anarchistic than extreme critics have painted; and these magazines insist that they have been pro-fair-play not pro-Bolshevist.

> One method of dealing with Bolshevism and Sovietism has not yet been sufficiently tried—telling and retelling the truth, curing misinformation with information, facing reiteration of fantastic claims with reiteration of disillusioning facts, substituting education for denunciation. If Bolshevism had twenty-three million young people in schools and colleges it would be educating Americans and aliens alike, not hysterically shouting about danger, jail and deportation. Shall America be less lightened in her use of education's machinery?

A paragraph in this pamphlet adds: "How many of these bulletins would you like for teachers, classes, co-workers and others who want to think straight about Bolshevism and Sovietism? Special rates for large quantities."

On September 13, 1921, the Institute for Public Service issued a four-page folder, entitled "Educational Review of Reviews, No. 180." The folder was addressed to the head of a New York public school. Accompanying this address, was the following legend:

> *TEACHING THE CONSTITUTION*
>
> The National Security League's survey of your teaching and not teaching the Federal Constitution raises many questions about teaching controversial civics. For the survey report write to Etta V. Leighton, civic secretary, 19 West Forty-Fourth street, New York City.

On the inside of the folder, the text began as follows:

> If you teach the Constitution, will you teach its bill of rights?
>
> The "Rosenbluth case" affords illustration. No child or adult will miss the point or find it uninteresting. Why should not the National Security League and the American Legion jump to the defense of the Constitution over it?
>
> In our free country, under our own Constitution, is an American-born citizen named Robert Rosenbluth, former United States captain, A. E. F., whom our own Federal Department of Justice has injured vastly worse than shooting or hanging could have injured him.

On January 24, 1922, four-page folder No. 198 was issued. The copy I have was addressed to a principal in a public school in the Bronx. On the outer page of the folder was the following:

> *A PLAY BUILDING*
> to
> *REVOLUTIONIZE SCHOOLS*
>
> Last week Superintendent W. L. Ettinger, of New York, said play buildings are needed in congested districts.
>
> Shall play buildings be in addition to or in place of regular elementary schools?

On the inside of the folder, the text began as follows:

> When we think of all the "revisers" who are tinkering at education, the wonder is so few changes are made in fundamentals.
>
> The Rosenbluth case was cited in Public Service No. 264 on teaching the Constitution. Since then the case has been dismissed by Prosecutor J. W. Selden of Tacoma, Washington, with a LONG RECITAL OF INJUSTICES DONE CAPTAIN ROSENBLUTH BY FEDERAL AGENTS.
>
> Now, December 11, five months after the Federal authorities had promised to send evidence, Prosecutor Selden says that with the charge of murder CAME NO USABLE EVIDENCE EXCEPT EVIDENCE OF ROSENBLUTH'S INNOCENCE AND HIGH STANDING AND OF WRONG DONE BY YOU AND ME—100,000,000 of us—through the United States Attorney-General.

Such is the extent of the campaign financed by a powerful racial organization, which did not hesitate even to invade the public schools wrongfully to influence the minds of school principals, teachers and school children against officials of the government.

The Post Office Building, Southern District of New York, Park Row and Broadway, Manhattan, is more intimately known as the "Federal Building." Here for the last few months have transpired the scenes in what has become known as the "Rosenbluth case." The Federal Building in Park Row is an old, old structure, grown stained and musty with age. On the second floor, a small room has been constructed beside a staircase, to house the newspapermen who cover the Federal courts.

These newspapermen tell me that for more than a year it was a daily custom for Jonah J. Goldstein and Rosenbluth to enter their room and beg that statements and interviews be sent to their papers, calculated to create an "atmosphere"—the atmosphere of persecution. When Rosenbluth was arraigned in court, his friends said to the reporters: "That's all wrong about Major Cronkhite criticizing Captain Rosenbluth. The captain knows five times more about military problems than the major ever did. Major Cronkhite got his rank only because his father is an army general."

On the same floor are the offices of United States Attorney William Hayward. Nearly three-fourths of Colonel Hayward's staff and office personnel are members of Rosenbluth's race. That would appear to be enough representation to satisfy any amount of racial ambition. But from the outset, Colonel Hayward has been the target of Jewish attack. It was announced last November, that "in answer to statements by certain Jewish organizations," Colonel Hayward had appointed two of his assistants, Samson Selig and Abraham Solomon, both of Rosenbluth's own race, to take charge of the extradition proceedings. But the racial clamor was only redoubled. The *Evening Globe* headed its editorial columns with the following:

> Mindful of the parallel between the cases of Rosenbluth and Dreyfus, Mr. Hayward has decided that there shall be no "Dreyfus case" in the United States. So he proceeds—*to withdraw the apparently ridiculous charges against Rosenbluth? Not at all*—to appoint Samson Selig and Abraham Solomon as the Department of Justice representatives in charge of his prosecution. Mr. Hayward changes the combination *by appointing Jews to do the persecuting*—and presto! the cases are unlike.

Needless to say, Colonel Hayward is neither "prosecuting" nor "persecuting" Rosenbluth, AND HE HAS NO MORE POWER TO "WITHDRAW THE CHARGES" THAN THE READER HAS. There would be no "Rosenbluth case" in his district were it not for the fact that the American Jewish Committee is fighting his extradition to Tacoma. The writer of the *Globe* was well aware of these facts. But he was merely adding his mite toward creating "the atmosphere."

In Room 314, on the floor above, are held the hearings before United States Commissioner Hitchcock, at which Rosenbluth's extradition is so stubbornly contested. The room is long and narrow. The ceiling is unusually high. The light falls gloomily through tall windows. The chambers are always gloomy in this old building.

Across this room, dividing it in half, is drawn a desk, before which sits the white-haired Commissioner. Before it is a long table, beside which sit Mr. Selig and Mr. Solomon, representing the government. Opposite them are Mr. Louis Marshall (of the American Jewish Committee) and his associates, who are opposing the extradition of Robert Rosenbluth from New York City to Tacoma, Washington, so that he shall not meet the charges that a Federal Grand Jury has brought against him. About the latter are ranged, standing, some 10 members of their race. Among these are some strange, exotic types, reporters for the vernacular press of the East Side. The scene, with its figures and faces, is worthy of one of Hogarth's ancient prints.

Some time ago, when the hearing in the Rosenbluth case had been adjourned for two weeks, one of these Yiddish reporters wrote for his newspaper the following, which is an authentic translation from the original:

> It was made known here that the Department of Justice gave out a warrant for the arrest of the Jewish Captain Robert Rosenbluth, who will be brought to Washington where he will be tried for the murder of Major Alexander Cronkhite, who was found murdered, and the murderer has not yet been brought to light. United States Commissioner Hitchcock announced that Captain Rosenbluth will be tried Friday, November 24.
>
> The murder of Major Cronkhite was committed a couple of years ago. For a certain time Captain Rosenbluth was held under arrest as a suspect in this matter. A Military Commission made an investigation of this murder, and declared that there was no evidence against Captain Rosenbluth upon which they could hold him. The Department of Justice, also, made a similar statement after a thorough investigation, and the Jewish captain was released. But the Department of Justice did not let the matter drop altogether, and when Captain Rosenbluth requested that he be either exonerated or placed under trial, if there is any evidence against him, then the Department of Justice placed him under arrest. It is believed that the whole affair is nothing but a frame-up, by some of his enemies, who want to oust this Jewish captain from his military standing.

Stupid and lying stories of this nature are being published daily, for the purpose of inflaming the rage of the vast Yiddish population of New York's East Side. The fruits of this campaign of malice will be experienced by these unfortunate people unto the third generation.

Writers for racial newspapers have been accustomed for years to depict Mr. Louis Marshall, member of the old-time law firm of Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall, as a kindly gentleman, who devotes his life to works of charity and good deeds. I fear they would be disillusioned if they could view him as I see him now.

Mr. Samson Selig, the aide of Colonel Hayward, light-haired and dignified, stands beside the table, addressing the Commissioner. He cites a precedent which, he asserts, has a bearing on the jurisdiction of the government.

"Oh, we've got all that here, anyhow," interrupts Mr. Marshall, as he takes a volume from the hands of his associate. "We don't want any inferences or surmises." His full lips pursed into a smile, he looks about him for the approbation of his encircling satellites. He plainly shows that "he is running this outfit."

Mr. Marshall pays no attention to the Commissioner. His attitude is overbearing and sarcastic. A man in the uniform of the United States Army stands up to testify. He is the officer of the 213th Engineers who erected the cenotaph in Camp Lewis in memory of his comrade, Major Cronkhite.

"Was that all they brought you from Washington for?" sneers Mr. Marshall.

Robert Rosenbluth all this time has been hovering behind the back of his distinguished counsel. As the witnesses are testifying, he nods and winks significantly to his friends, as if to say: "See what they're trying to put over? But Louis'll fix 'em." Now he bends over his counsel's shoulder, as if to give him some advice.

"Oh, go away, don't bother me," ejaculates Mr. Marshall, impatiently, and the principal in the Rosenbluth case subsides and retreats to the window where the reporters are standing.

Louis Marshall is president of the American Jewish Committee. He is author of a treatise entitled "Is Ours a Christian Government?" in which he disparages the American observance of Sunday (The *Menorah Monthly,* Vol. XX, January, 1896). In the *Junior Plattsburg Manual,* published for the guidance of the students in United States officers' training camps, the statement is made: "The ideal officer is a Christian gentleman, who has no task too small faithfully to perform." When this was called to the attention of Mr. Marshall, he communicated with the publishers of the manual, intimating to them the prospective wrath of his powerful Jewish organization unless they eliminated the term—offensive to him—of "Christian." The publishers succumbed, and changed their text in the next edition to read: "The ideal officer is a courteous gentleman." (Report of the American Jewish Committee, American Jewish Year Book, Vol. 21, 1919. Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) Whatever grudge Mr. Marshall has against the term "Christian," it is evidently a very deep-seated one.

If any reader has the curiosity to wish to inform himself of the extent of the campaign conducted by Mr. Marshall and his associates, I refer him to the reports of the American Jewish Committee and the New York Kehillah, together with a chronological record of similar activities, as published annually in the Jewish Year Book, from 1899 to the present date.

The fifth phase of the "Rosenbluth case" will deal with the members of the American Jewish Committee who have interested themselves in this matter, and their motives in intervening on behalf of Robert Rosenbluth.

Where Iron Mines Are Building Public Schools

Concluded from page 10

it do double duty in the cause of education. The principal is invested in bonds of Minnesota school districts at four per cent.

When the average Minnesota school finds it must put up a new building and must vote bonds to do it, it doesn't face the necessity of paying a premium. It doesn't become the prey of speculators and bankers who deal in these securities. It need not contend with unfavorable market conditions, which often make impossible the sale of these bonds at a fair price.

The school district simply votes to issue bonds to the state and authorizes their payment under the regulations provided. The investment board buys the bonds with part of that permanent school fund. When it comes time to make payments, the state auditor makes a levy against the district for the amount, and taxes are collected for it without the school board ever bothering about the matter.

The entire cost to the district is around four per cent, which usually has been much less than if the bonds were sold to brokers. And this four per cent goes where? Why, right back to the schools themselves. Every school in the state shares in the return. When one school needs a new building, in effect, it just gets a little help from the other schools. Profits in the transaction, if there are any, go to the schools and not to the bond dealers.

A year or so ago, the rate on loans was raised from four to five per cent, but it now is to be reduced, probably soon to the old figure. The great majority of the loans now outstanding bear four per cent. I say four per cent—really, there has been a slight additional charge of late. In recent years, one-fourth of one per cent has been added as a special charge to take up a loss to the fund incurred before Minnesota adopted its policy of investing its school fund in its own schools.

The plan proves especially valuable for the small schools in the poorer districts who would find it difficult to borrow money in many cases without excessive interest charges. Most of the loans are for small amounts the majority running from $2,000 or $3,000 to $5,000. Sometimes the loans run up to $20,000 or $30,000, but not often. No school can borrow more than $100,000.

The loans run for short periods, being limited to 15 years. The whole idea is to provide a system whereby the ordinary school without sufficient funds can put up a necessary building and pay for it without running up more interest charges than necessary. Naturally most of the loans go to rural schools or schools in small towns. If a school district can do better by borrowing its money privately, it takes that course, but it is significant that the state investment board usually has more applications than it has money to lend. Altogether, the permanent school fund now is aiding more than 2,000 schools through loans for buildings and other improvements.

The proceeds from the permanent school fund play a very important part in the Minnesota educational program. Last year, the schools got $1,225,000 from the fund. The state one-mill tax added $2.000.000 more. But the state didn't stop there. It spent $4,000,000 more in state aid, chiefly to give the children in the country the advantages of city children.

The Minnesota program calls for the equalizing of opportunities. The state spends $700,000 a year just to transport children to some 300 consolidated schools.

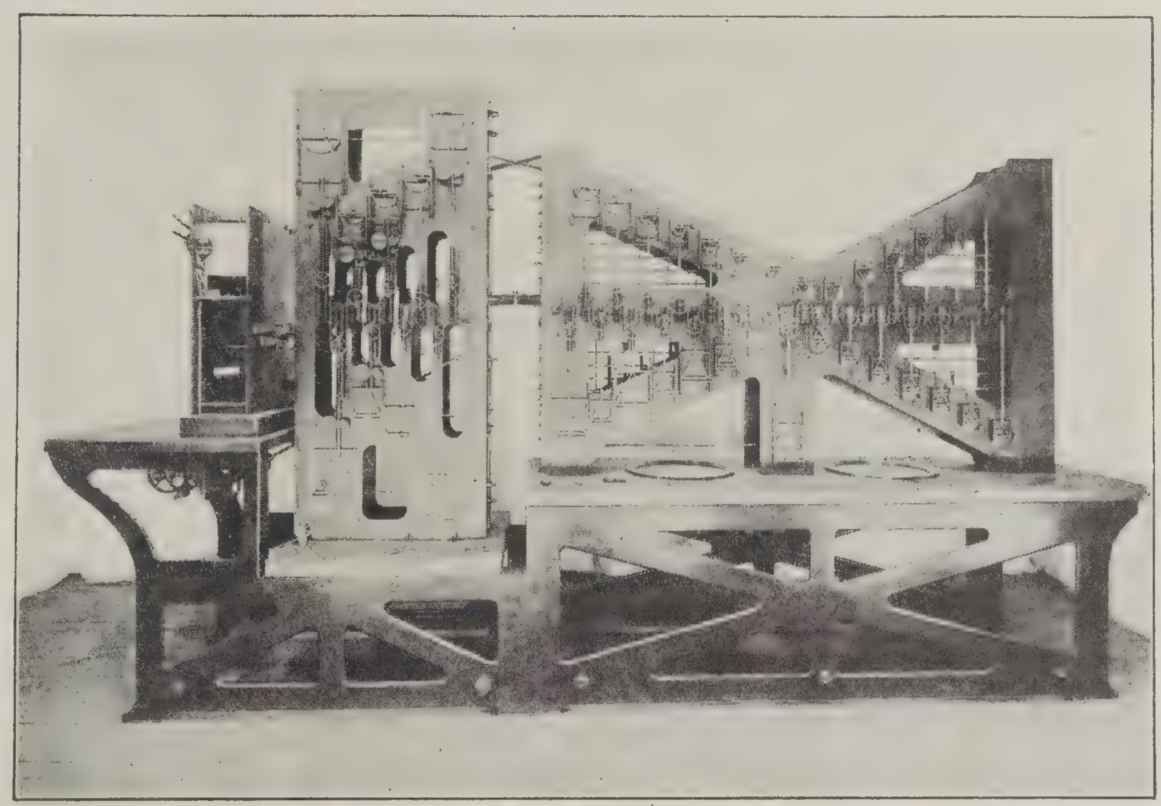
Equal opportunities for all children—that is the aim. Even the iron mines are helping to attain that goal.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Fischer Tide Predicting Machine

MANY kinds of calculating machines have been constructed since the invention of the logarithmic slide rule. One of the most interesting calculating machines ever invented is the tide predicting machine which is used by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. To the layman it is a veritable miracle worker for it does with precision the work of 60 trained mathematicians. Mr. E. G. Fischer, a mechanical engineer, is the inventor of this intricate and ingenious device which represents 15 years of untiring work and effort before designs and drawings could be embodied in an operative device. In the United States Government shops doubt was often expressed that Fischer's machine would ever be perfected but the perseverance of the inventor has been rewarded by the complete realization of his dream of many years ago.



The Fischer Tide Predicting Machine used in the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The Fischer Tide Predicting Machine can reveal with equal ease the past as well as the future concerning the rise and fall of tides. The machine is so delicately adjusted that tide elevations can be estimated in terms of small fractions of an inch. The location of a port is immaterial to this extraordinary device, and tide conditions for the coast of China are as easily solved as for our own coast line. This instrument will compute the rise and fall of the tides for the time when Leif Ericson first visited the shores of America and for the year 2000 with the same ease and precision.

There are 37 principal parts in the device which permit the relative effects of the sun and moon in their various positions to be proportionately duplicated by proper settings in accordance with known data and observations.

After these adjustments and settings have been made the machine is connected to the operative chains and pulleys. By turning a crank, lines are drawn on a chart by means of two fountain pens. These lines show the rise and fall of the tides corresponding to the particular setting of the machine. At the exact moment of high and low tide the Fischer machine locks itself automatically and the operator, by reading the record, may then ascertain the exact tide data for the definite case under investigation. The chart reveals not only the exact time of high and low tide for a particular day, year, and place but it also shows the height of the tide in reference to the mean low level.

The output of calculations credited to this machine may be appreciated from the fact that more than 1,500,000 figures constitute an average annual production. The results of the calculated predictions of this wonderful machine are distributed to mariners all over the world who depend upon them for the safety of their ships. Recently it was announced that the exact times of high and low tides and their height for all the principal ports around the world have been calculated by this machine for the year 1924 and, in a short time, similar data will be available for the year 1925. Unsuccessful attempts have been made by other engineers to construct tide predicting machines.

About 50 years ago, Lord Kelvin, the great English physicist and mathematician, realizing the importance of accurate knowledge concerning the tides to the science of navigation, began a series of investigations for the purpose of producing a tide predicting machine. The work was never completed.

We are indebted to Mr. Victor Carson for information concerning this machine and to Mr. U. V. Wilcox for the photograph.

A British View of Man's Efficiency

AT A recent meeting of the Section of Physiology of the British Association, President E. P. Cathcart, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., presented the results of his conclusions concerning man's efficiency regarded from the physiological standpoint.

During his address he pointed out that the leaders of industry have not been slow to accept and utilize the gains of science in the realm of inanimate things, but they have been slow to recognize the fact that there is a science of physiology which deals with the man who controls the productive machinery. New inventions may completely revolutionize shop equipment, good machines may be replaced by better, and better by still better, but man, as a physiological organism, remains almost as immutable as the ages. Physiological development is infinitely slow when compared with the great strides that have been made in the realm of machinery.

"The design of the organism which has to stand the strain," said Dr. Cathcart, "is not at fault. It is an organism which, in the language of the engineer, is abundantly supplied with factors of safety, and has an over-all factor of safety. The body is not designed merely to perform the minimum amount of work or to stand the minimum strain; there is always a reserve. The perfect co-ordination of the different parts of the organism is required, because the human being is capable of intense muscular exertion for short periods. The intensity of the work is, as a general rule, inversely proportional to the length of time during which it must be carried out."

In the human organism we deal not only with a variable capacity to perform work but also with a changing "will to work." The human organism, moreover, may be fatigued and rendered useless, as a working unit, by an amount of work on a particular day which on another day it can perform with the utmost ease and without apparent fatigue. Cathcart and Bendict have tested the relations between the regenerative physiological processes and the rate of performing work by means of a specially constructed bicycle which measured the amount of the work done while its rider was overcoming frictional loads applied to the wheel. The tests showed that the rider consumed less oxygen per minute toward the end of the test than at the beginning and there was also a decrease in the number of revolutions of the bicycle wheel. The remarkable fact, however, was that the relative net efficiency in per cent obtained by comparing the oxygen consumption with the number of revolutions remained appreciably the same despite the fact that the subject of the test admitted that he was practically exhausted by his labor. Obviously, then, a man may be engaged in strenuous labor for many hours without acute signs of impending exhaustion.

Dr. Cathcart enumerates four factors which play predominant rôles in the attainment of maximum efficiency, namely: "the rate of the performance of work, the amount of rest offered or taken by the subject, the rhythm with which the work is performed, and the work habits developed by the worker."

Laulanie's experiments with a work-measuring bicycle proved that when the load becomes excessive the rider's efficiency rapidly falls away. This means that, although the effort may be continued as strenuously as before, and although the physiological cost of the effort remains at a very high level, the amount of external work done is reduced to a very low figure.

Workmen are not so much concerned about the reduction of the physiological cost in the performance of a certain type of work as in the diminution of the conscious effort.

The investigations of Muscio have proved that in addition to the individual muscle rhythm, there is a definite variation in the course of the day in the capacity to carry out work. A seasonal rhythm was also found to prevail. The output of work rhythm for a day is similar to that for a week which shows a low effect for both Monday and Saturday.

Rest is an imperative requisite not merely because of the muscular relaxation which is involved but because it allows the more thorough and complete removal of the waste products and a more abundant supply of oxygen together with the elimination of the strain of attention. Dr. Cathcart states that rest is best obtained not by simple quiescence, but by change of posture; slow movement of another type to that which produced the fatigue, unless the organism is tired practically to complete exhaustion.

One of the chief sources of general inefficiency, disclosed by indisputable tests, is an insufficient intake of food or the consumption of poor or inadequate food. Chronic undernutrition not only lowers the general efficiency but also increases the susceptibility to disease.

In addition to physical influences man is very susceptible to psychic influences and as Dr. Cathcart aptly puts it, "Man is, in the main, a psychic chameleon."

The individualistic influence of monotonous work is another subtle factor which must be appraised at its full value. There are many other factors which play a definite and important rôle in the maintenance of efficiency, such as lighting, heating, ventilation, the mode of life led by the worker outside his definite hours of labor, his housing, weather, heat and cold, and relative humidity. Human progress hinges upon our proper recognition of these potent factors.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The first death among members of the Smith College class of 1883 was recently reported to college authorities. There were 49 members of this class.

The violin of the "fiddling pilot," recorded by Mark Twain, has been insured for $10,000 by the present owner.

From 12 to 14 years have been added to the average human life in the last half century due to the progress of medical science. But 600,000 persons still die in the United States annually from preventable diseases.

The Palo Alto, California, high school girls' glee club has been disbanded by the school authorities because limburger cheese was smeared on the faces of new members initiated.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, head of the Juvenile Court of Denver, says: "My experience, study and investigation of juvenile life has convinced me that parents need to be taught the fundamentals of child rearing. I firmly believe that not more than 20 per cent of parents are relatively, and comparatively, competent to raise children." The judge is directly and indirectly responsible for the enactment of 52 Colorado laws for the protection of women and children, not one of which has been repealed and 42 of which have been copied in other states.

White elephants are losing caste in Siam, and are no longer revered by the people as in former days. The so-called white elephant is not really white but is lighter colored than the ordinary elephant.

A map of the bottom of parts of the Pacific Ocean is to be made by utilizing a new device for measuring ocean depths by sound waves, according to the Navy Department.

The county commissioners of El Paso County, Colorado, have ordered signboards on public highways of the county removed within 90 days. The signboards obstruct highways, deface the scenery and are dangerous to travelers, the commissioners' resolution says.

A lizard, pierced by a hatpin, is the insignia adopted by the Anti-Flirt Crusade of New York City.

Stumps of tropical trees measuring 14 feet in diameter and estimated to be 10,000 years old have been unearthed 40 feet below the surface of the earth in Washington, D. C.

Fountain pens with glass points are now being made.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

The largest floating dock in the world is being constructed in Scotland for an English railway company. It is made entirely of reinforced concrete.

Not a solitary dyed-in-the-wool fisherman or lover of the outdoors is ever found behind prison bars, according to the Rev. Preston Bradley, pastor of the People's pulpit in Chicago. "Bad men have no love for the out-of-doors!" he stated. "They can't stand it to be alone with themselves. Statistics will show that not one of the major criminals of today liked to fish or loved a dog."

Every drunken man who is arrested in Des Moines will have his picture taken, according to an announcement of the chief of police. When the prisoner has become sober again he will be presented with a picture of himself so he may know how he looked when arrested.

China has contracted with American concerns for radio facilities costing $13,000,000 to be completed in three years.

Potatoes are to be raised on the Tempelhofer Fields on the outskirts of Berlin. These fields were once the largest of the German military training camps and since the Armistice they have been used as public playgrounds.

From the few hogs that were freed on the Island of Santa Cruz in 1547 have come a race of ferocious wild boars, which have lost every trace of their domesticity. They mature enormous tusks, bristles like wire, have long hoofs and can run like deer. They are a plague to the ranchers of the island, eating their garden stuff and goring young stock.

Reorganization of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad Company has been approved by the Missouri public service commission. The new name will be Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Company.

It is unlawful to cut or injure trees or shrubs within the limits of public highways in Michigan, without a permit from the authorities having jurisdiction over such roads. If any person violates this law by not obtaining the consent of the abutting property owner, in addition to a permit from the highway authorities, he is liable to the abutting property owner for damages. Only by enforcing this roadside tree law can the highways be made attractive.

A French military aviator has beaten all glider records by keeping in the air seven hours and three minutes in a regulation army airplane, with the propeller previously wedged to prevent its operation. The machine carried an extra weight of 500 pounds in addition to its gasoline, motor and oil supplies and was in no way modified for gliding.

Regular shipments of Florida grapefruit reach Georges Clemenceau who became fond of the fruit when in this country. He instructed a fruit concern to send him a box every two weeks.

A waste of $1,740,000 annually results from wrongly addressed mail. The average number of letters received at post offices daily with improper addresses is 375,381 and the salaries of postal employes required to re-address this mail amounts to more than $1,000,000 a year.

A pay-as-you-leave turnstile car is running on Broadway, New York City. An exit at each end has a turnstile and a slot machine. The motorman is equipped with a speedy change-making machine. When the turnstile registers a certain number of passengers, none of whom have left the car, a sign reading "Car Full" is illuminated and no more stops are made until some one gets off.

Bulgaria has a labor army of conscripted workers. Every man between the ages of 20 and 50 is liable to obligatory labor. They argue that this is the only way that Bulgaria can get back on her feet economically, and restore the value of her currency. No man, no matter what his rank and wealth, is excused from eight months' compulsory service. The law will apply to women soon.

Ambergris, used in the manufacture of fine perfumery, is found in the intestines of the sperm whale. It apparently forms because of some trouble with the whale's digestion. It is also used in making oil for the bearings of watches.

GETTING AT THE HEART OF THINGS

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Succumbing to a Political Label

Progressivism, Liberalism and Americanism

American Jewish Committee at Work

Would Substitute Itself for Our Country's Laws

City's Divorce Rate Cut 25 Per Cent

Reconciliation of Estranged Couples Is Sought

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Do We Succumb to an Attractive Label? Progressivism, Liberalism, Americanism

The Hokum of the Ad Writer's Era Introduced Into Politics an Effective Means of Swaying Mass Opinion

By LEWIS HARPER

WAY back in Teddy Bear Time, Doc Wiley pointed out that the American people still eat some food, but they BUY labels, dye, gilt and lithographing, when they go to "market"—the city cliff dweller's ornate delicatessen.

The influence of labels is no less potent in other phases of our life, which grows ever more distant from the realities as towering pueblos in slums, grimy or gilded, displace the old-fashioned America of "front yards," cottages and farmhouses.

There has been a deal of chatter in recent years to the effect that political independence has been increasing because the old party emblems no longer exercise their hereditary hypnotic spell. It is true that the rooster, the eagle or the log cabin does not guide the voters' pencils as formerly, but there is ground to suspect that what has really happened is an exchange of talismans. New slogans, shibboleths and battle cries are heard, but what they mean to the voter is something that could stand more analysis than has usually been given it.

Just now we are in the midst of another progressive or insurgent phase of politics. This undoubtedly represents in the main a real forward movement—an awakened popular consciousness and purpose. But it may be thwarted and turned into futile paths by mass manipulation through well-known methods of propaganda advertising.

With the professional politician the new orientation is a matter of observing that political fashion has decreed progressive styles. The "boys" of course lose no time in outfitting themselves in correct political toggery. As employed in the headlines, news and editorials of the day the ever-present terms, "liberal," "progressive" or "forward looker" and their supposed antitheses "Tory," "reactionary" and "standpatter," signify more of phrase carpentering and word marshalling than accurate political analysis. They are too often mere threads woven into myriad fools' caps by adepts in the art of BUNK. This art has probably reached its pinnacle in our time, since the discovery of its effectiveness in war "drives" and their more dubious successors.

The crescendo of buncombe which has been attained by American publicists is the result of the marvelous development of the science of advertising—the most characteristic American psychological achievement. Advertising has begun to color the whole of American life. It is exerting a reflex effect on our national mentality which reminds one of the degenerative influences noted in ancient commonwealths from changes in musical art or the dance. By way of parenthesis it may be worth noting that we have experienced these effects, too, in recent years.

American private conversation and public discussion are becoming a babel of blurb, a smear of superlatives or a cacophonic cascade of denunciation and innuendo. The ad writer's tricks have done their work. There is too much reason to fear that the thinking reflected by this sort of speech is all too accurately mirrored. The jazz of the cabarets is matched in its barbaric disharmonies by the neurotic thinking of the mass. The perversions of the headline writer or the comic strip creators have ceased to be merely humorous. They tell us too much about ourselves or what we are becoming.

When the Labels Are Switched

AMERICAN success in advertising was due to the industrial discovery of truths which were later scientifically treated and analyzed by the founders of mass psychology. Manufacturers of soap and breakfast food were exploiting the group mind long before the university professors had heard of it. But we are beginning to understand now how the herd complex moves nations to war or peace, to reform or revolution or into buying stampedes which make millions for those who know how to announce soaps that float or vacuum cleaners that banish the backache.

Mass movements can be generated or made to turn upon the reiteration of some word, phrase or formula which becomes fixed in the subconscious minds of the people. Implanted there, they produce universal complexes which call forth grandiose hopes and ideals with their associated emotions.

These exalted mystical impulses are usually transformed in time into fanatical devotion to the thing embedded in the group mind, whether it be a reality or a delusion. Fanatical advocacy is of course accompanied by its corollary—intense aversion to unbelievers, opponents or Laodiceans.

What has all this to do with the present political tendency? Are all "progressives" and "reactionaries" mere "subjects" manipulated by suggestion—parrots repeating formulas from the press agents, spellbinders and advertisers who sway them thus? By no means. But great masses are thus swayed, and in a democracy such methods may prove decisive of national destiny. This is no occasion for undue pessimism, however. Germs no longer frighten us as formerly because we know that there are good as well as bad germs.

So there are good and bad agitators, propagandists, muckrakers and reformers. Evils are promoted by mass suggestion but good causes are advanced in precisely the same way. Because millions of people today have been worked up into such a mental state that they will adhere unthinkingly to anything labeled "progressive" and as ardently abhor anything that they are told is "reactionary," is no proof that there are no real progressives and reactionaries, no politics of advance or programs of retrogression and decay.

There are BOTH. They are in intense conflict. BUT THE LABELS ARE OFTEN SWITCHED.

The fact that labels exert such a potent influence makes it easy for the far-seeing and designing to confuse the mass mind.

It is the task of this little piece to attempt to point out the real difference between two marked political and social tendencies now uppermost in American politics. They carry similar "labels" but are radically different in fact. Space forbids any extended investigation of all the gaudily labeled "progressive" and "reactionary" packages offered on the political bargain counters. It is possible, however, that there is a general law or relation among these proposals, which can be indicated. If such a touchstone exists, it should be possible to penetrate to the realities of present political programs and to minimize the influence of the labels pasted on them.

The confusion in American political labels is partly the result of a unique history, the interpretation of which it is believed will clear away the misunderstandings now prevalent.

America made such a leap forward both in the Colonial period and in the early days of the Republic to the conditions which must ever be the true goal of real progressivism that most of our actually progressive movements have been "reactionary" in that they sought to RESTORE a régime of political and industrial freedom and equality of opportunity, that we did not long retain.

Progressivism That Looks Back

PARTLY because of the unmatched eugenic value of the Colonial race stocks and partly because of the unlimited free land at the frontier, the American people, in the early years of the nineteenth century, had attained a social and political status which no other people ever equaled and that we did not preserve. Our cultural and industrial progress since that time is quite another thing, something which, in fact, was partly bought by the sacrifice of the happy racial conditions and unique political justice and efficiency which we enjoyed at the outset of our experiment in self-government.

Possibly no such sacrifice need have been made, if proper precautions had been taken. But advanced as they were for their time, our fathers seem to have lacked the gift of prophecy, although here and there a voice predicted what happened.

It seems certain that they did not foresee the consequences of the subtle social changes being wrought about them as the result of their largely unnecessary HASTE in the material conquest of the continent. It is perhaps superfluous to note that if our fathers were not prophets, we share their defect most notably. As we now flounder about for the most part fearful of the future; because we realize that our scientific and material equipment has forged ahead so much faster than our capacity for social and political understanding and control, if, indeed, the latter has not positively deteriorated, we may well realize that we are our fathers' sons. Our future puzzles us. What wonder that theirs shaped itself otherwise than they willed it?

American progressivism therefore has often looked backward, and rightly. The true test of progressivism is whether it tends to bring about conditions favorable to breeding a better and happier race. That the conditions formerly attained by the American people were far in advance of those prevailing now is admitted by practically all eugenists and students of race culture. Many historians who view the problem from quite different angles agree. Even one of our rather supercilious critics, H. G. Wells, tells us that in our early days we probably produced more "homely happiness" than the world had ever seen before or has seen since. "Homely happiness" is a "bourgeoisie" ideal, repugnant to the mongrel and decadent "liberals" of our artistic slums like Greenwich Village, but it expresses very well the American ideal. This ideal has the sanction of recent profound studies in biological and economic science and conforms to the conditions of racial success that history seems to lay down.

We here reach a paradox, that may well prove to be the touchstone with which to distinguish political movements which are really progressive from those which are headed, unconsciously, of course, toward racial degeneracy and national decay.

It recently became the fashion to picture Western Civilization on the verge of decline or catastrophe. There has been so much of this sort of writing that it has probably lost its effect and few believe that any such peril exists. So many pink prophets have been dishonored by events since the Armistice that both the utopians and the oracles of calamity are now discredited. Most of the prophets are also discounted because they have usually been advocates of the very things that the common sense of mankind has discerned to be the causative factors of the very decadence that alarmed the seers.

When a socialist like H. G. Wells from the ruins of Petrograd sounds a jeremiad to civilization, warning that it must be "salvaged" quick by his prescription or that it will surely die, sensible men cannot fail to note that most of the difficulties and distress of the western world, apart from the direct war damage, trace back to mass movements and policies championed by Wells himself, and all his kind.

When Wells pictures the devastation and despair of Petrograd, we cannot help reminding ourselves that a few years ago Comrade Wells was doing his bit to plunge Petrograd and all other cities into filth, fanaticism and famine.

There is a danger, however, that this reaction against the seers of gloom may blind us to real perils. Americans would do well to consider the striking parallel that can be drawn between the decaying Mediterranean civilization of the second century, as pictured so luminously by Ferrero, and the American republic of 1923.

The second century was an age of marvelous commercial development. Cities grew up with massed millions, while the rural districts writhed in progressive depopulation and impoverishment. The hand of finance was everywhere, interest was one crop that never failed.

The Italian cities were filling up with aliens from the Levant, organized to work as little as possible for as much money or grain as they could extort. The Melting Pot, like ours, was murderously effective, burning up the more valuable racial stocks and leaving the dross and clinkers behind.

Rents were high, landlords grasping. Taxes mounted while new armies of officials, meddlers and tax eaters were springing up on every hand. The cities were filled with actors and artists—who often went on short rations—while the authorities by passing savage laws sought to keep the wretched tenants on the farms. Politicians employed the bonus as a commonplace tactic. Levantine usurers—freedmen of decadent old families—were amassing wealth while the free farmers had been displaced by peons or slaves, who mined the soil as ruthlessly as the tenant farmer of Texas today.

The older stocks who had made civilization possible by their colonizing and organizing ability were fast breeding out, through race suicide, until it had become an almost insoluble problem to find a well-born wife of the eligible families to provide children for the incumbent Caesar. The cost of living went right on up despite all the laws and price-fixing devices, which in the next century prescribed the death penalty for exceeding the legal prices—and the prices still advanced.

The literature of the time was so much like that applauded today, that the American publishers who specialize in modern smut are even now getting out new translations of the second century story tellers.

If an American reader cannot feel a bit of hominess when he looks at this picture it is not the fault of fact.

We know that these conditions foreshadowed a decline. We are justified in drawing the conclusion that the real progressive of the second century would have headed backward to the earlier republic, not forward to the debacle.

Here Are Some Illustrations

THAT true American progressivism has really looked backward, can be established from a very cursory glance at the history of our political struggles and the literature of protest. Even some apparently glaring contradictions conform, when properly analyzed.

For instance, the movement against alcoholism, which began about 1830, is not a real exception, for the whisky menace did not reach its more terrifying proportions with the birth of the Republic, but later. The movement against the peril was almost simultaneous, and by 1855 eighteen states had banned liquor by statute. This goal, won only to be lost in the confusion of the Civil War period, was not reached again until a long struggle had been carried on. In this fight the progressives battling against race poisoning looked backward as well as forward.

Even the anti-slavery movement yields to the "looking backward" test. At the beginning of the nineteenth century slavery was a mild and declining institution, which was expected to pass away gradually of its inherent economic defects. It was later revived by the invention of the cotton gin (a part of the industrial evolution that upset the older Americanism). It was slavery's economic rebirth from the cotton gin and the temporary profits which were possible from it in the clearing of new territory, that produced the abolition movement which in a measure looked backward to the early days of the Republic when the institution was on the wane—not a menace to free soil.

The Jacksonian revolt was a virile effort to restore the conditions of commercial freedom already choked by the nascent high finance of the yet youthful Republic. In three decades that power, sprung from Hamilton's tiny fiscal seedlings, had grown into an all-pervading parasite casting a blight over the American system of economic freedom and independent initiative.

Jackson's fight with the United States Bank is the

(Concluded on page 15)

On an Andean Sea 12,500 Feet Above Ocean

A Picture of Lake Titicaca and the Country Sacred to the Incas of Old

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

This is the second of several travel articles by Mr. Michener

THE *Yapura,* we knew, from gossip gleaned on the train between Arequipa and Puno, had grown old on its inland sea. It was built in Scotland about the time of the American Civil War, brought over the mountains from Mollendo on muleback—the railway then being unlaid—and only after this tortuous maneuver was it able to achieve its entity as Lake Titicaca's first steamboat.

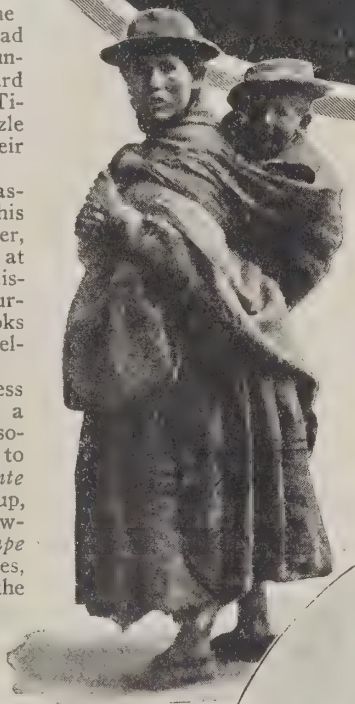
Since it was evident from a mere sidelong glance at the craft's limited bulk that there could be few cabins of the first class, it seemed expedient to inquire of the purser concerning the probability of a stateroom. In Castilian that had an unmistakable high-Andean accent this gentleman vouchsafed the assurance that, should one prove available, it would be assigned in due time. Pre-emption, therefore, seemed a more effective means of reservation.

Others had been similarly inspired, but we were not too late for a cubicle that two might enter, with a due regard for economy of space. Locking our baggage within, we went forth to view the tribulations of our fellow passengers, some of whom were still ghastly with *soroche,* the mountain sickness. This affliction had pursued them all day through the mountain passes, as the train struggled upward from Arequipa. Puno, chief port of Titicaca, was dripping under a cold drizzle from its thatched eaves, completing their misery.

What had threatened to become a passenger list of several hundred had by this time dwindled mysteriously. However, an inspection of the steerage quarters at either end of the narrow steamer disclosed a dusky swarm of humans, burrowing like insects into comfortable nooks among boxes, bales, bundles and miscellaneous live stock.

When the purser's clamorous business was done, the saloon was cleared for a late dinner. All degrees of Peruvian society, from pock-marked aboriginal to haughty and predominantly Spanish *gente decente,* were *vis-a-vis* over the soup, amid odors of perspiration, insect powder and food of other days. The *chupe* was thick, however, with hot vegetables, heavy with meat, and succulent with the piping juices of both. It did much to erase memories of the day's fatigues.

There was, after this, no diversion better or worse than the night-long clangor and smell of the gasoline engines.



An Indian woman of the Andes.

At daybreak we stumbled up a precipitous gangway to the narrow deck, and beheld an astonishing expanse of waters, reflecting the identical colors of the sea. Happily Titicaca was untroubled by spirits of the wind. Tiny wavelets lapped at the sides of the leisurely *Yapura,* whose disputatious motors tugged noisily against the propeller. Deep blue sea reflected the deep blue sky, and from off its surface came a breeze that carried the moist chill of melting snow.

A Sabbath calm settled down, no doubt influenced by the black-bearded *padre,* whose lips silently formed Latin syllables from his prayer book. An American engineer, bent upon La Paz with a program of sewers, charted the scenery with facts. He was an almanac of data. To make sure that there were within hearing the victims of no grade-school negligence he examined into his fellow passengers' knowledge of the fundamental geographical fact that they were upon the "highest navigable body of fresh water in the world, as large as Lake Erie and 12,500 feet above sea level." He inspired them with the thought that for generations there had been an encyclopedic controversy over the ponderous question of whether the waters were or were not slightly brackish.

The atmosphere became increasingly *dolce far niente* as the day warmed. Sunlight, streaming through the thin air of this altitude, smote contrastingly hot where there had been shivers an hour before. Vast ramparts of cloud began lifting from the far edges of a mountain-lipped bowl, revealing snowy surfaces and umbrageous, gashed peaks. These masses of vapor billowed into astonishing forms, seeming always to hang close to the mighty hills, like dirigible giants returning to their hangars. Above the hills were bluish-gray ridges, passing into the soft lilac of the distant Cordilleras, that waste region of mountain snows "where no man goes or hath gone, since the making of this world."

Pomata, a village of adobe huts dimly seen at daybreak, had taken most of the *Yapura's* passengers, and "first cabin" was reduced at *almuerza,* which is the Spanish-American midday breakfast, to few more than the wife and daughter of the American engineer, that gentleman himself, an Italo-Bolivian merchant and his English bride, the *padre,* two Peruvian proprietors of land journeying to Copacabana, and a black-shawled woman proceeding, with a startled apprehension in her coppery, pocked cheeks, to visit a married daughter in La Paz.

In mid-afternoon the *Yapura* trailed its indolent wake into a wide, semicircular bay, as far as the shallow waters would allow, dropping anchor among dense aquatic weeds. We went ashore astride the first boatloads of cargo, landing precariously upon a mud jetty, by means of a plank insecurely balanced by the inconsequent crew. There was much contraband to deliver, destined for the adjacent Bolivian border, and we had half a day for the touring of Yunguyo, mud-walled, squalid and melancholy under the shadow of its medieval church.

Before midnight the *Yapura* was at Copacabana, which lies upon ground sacred to the Incas. The steamer, with much confused ululation from the crew, attached itself to a rocky wharf, and there was a hurry of disembarkation into the town that has been for many centuries one of the great pilgrimage centers of the world. Copacabana, indeed, so the *padre* said, was a holy city, which in Inca days contained an "idol of vast renown among the Gentiles." Likewise it was a place of purification for pilgrims journeying to the fount of Sun worship on the neighboring island of Titicaca.

We were too long over spiced Cuzco chocolate in the morning to catch more than a fleet glimpse of Titicaca, Island of the Sun, and Koati, Island of the Moon, the former celebrated in tradition as the very cradle of the Inca race. They were shaved and barren from a distance, and the regularity of the *andenes,* or irrigating terraces, ridging them from lake level to summit, gave them an appearance of artificiality.

Above—Ancient agricultural terraces and ruins on the shore of Lake Titicaca. Below—Pre-Inca ruins at Tiahuanace, Bolivia.

Reed vessels on Lake Titicaca. At right—An aborignal farmer of the Titicaca region.

There is plentiful legend concerning the origin of the Incas. Most of it is based upon the tradition that there were two Andean creations, the Incas rising from the second. On the genial authority of the Irish steamer captain the entire brood of the first were changed into a swarm of crickets by a demon at enmity with man's primeval maker. This version appeared to differ from others only in the minor circumstance that, according to such dissenting stories, the race was transformed into a multitude of stones. These, ever since, have been justly kicked and cursed by the second brood of humans. In any case, it is generally agreed that, worldly affairs having attained an intolerable state, the great Sun god sent down his children, the Incas, to repopulate and rule the world. They landed, like Noah on Ararat, making sacred the point of arrival, which was the Island of Titicaca. These Inca pioneers—we are indebted not to the Irish captain but to Prescott for this—were a single pair, brother and sister, husband and wife. They proceeded to the present site of Cuzco, where they took up their residence, presumably living happily thereafter.

However it was that the Incas came, it is without question that they conquered an empire more than 2,000 miles long, quarreled over it, and witnessed it crumble—centuries later—before a mere handful of Spanish adventurers. We were here, upon Titicaca, on one of the great natural highways over which the tides of exploration and conquest had poured since prehistoric times; first in the tribal wars that brought consolidation under the Incas, then in the Spanish invasion, and finally in the wars of independence that summoned forth to immortality the great Simón Bolivar and San Martin, those Washingtons of South America.

The diminutive second officer, a dapper Peruvian with two enormous gold teeth, was not too sure of Inca mythology, but he agreed with the historians that the Island of the Moon took its name from the Indian word for queen, and that the Moon was therefore the wife of the Sun. This, of course, was as it should be. It was necessary to listen for the remainder of the forenoon to fabulous tales of gold-plated temples that once crowned these islands; of human sacrifices that splattered the altars with blood; of virgins of the Sun and brides of the Inca, the walls of whose harems are visible even today among crumbling ruins; of aqueducts and irrigation terraces that watered

(Concluded on page 11)

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The Lawyers' "Resolve"

THE stigma given the government as being "a lawyer soviet" would not have meant so much if the legal profession had not permitted itself to become so largely a private business. Every profession that has allowed itself to lose sight of the priestly character of its public service, has inevitably suffered a loss of character.

When the ministry of religion assumed a personal merit, as if the whole of its value to the world was inherent in the individuals who served that ministry, the ministry of religion began to lose caste.

When the ministry of medicine began to regard itself as a private business and its members as the sole custodians of the forces of healing, and pyramided professional frills one above another until the structure grew top-heavy, the ministry of medicine began to recede in public esteem, and is now coming back only by discarding the attitude of mastership, and the resumption of the spirit of service.

When the ministry of the law began to be something else, a truckling in the weaknesses of the very element of law whose strength it assumed to practice, when it began to assume that the law was the profession's private monopoly and not the people's creation, then the name of lawyer lost some of the dignity it possessed in former days.

The reason is that all these are ministries of mediation. The ministry of religion mediates healing truth; the ministry of medicine mediates the healing forces and substances of nature; the ministry of the law mediates justice, and through justice harmony. When, for any reason, the practitioners of these ministries get in the way of the mediatorial work, the declension begins. When these professions of public service degenerate to more or less skillful means of making money, the glory has already departed.

The Association of the Bar of the City of New York, sensing some of these things, adopted as one of its Resolutions last year the following:

> "Since the legal profession has to do with the administration of the law, and since public officials are chosen from its ranks more frequently than from the ranks of any other profession or business, it is essential that the legal profession should not become the monopoly of any economic class."

The Resolution, by protest, admits the thing that has come—servitude to one economic class. This is not true of the ministry of religion; it is not true of the ministry of medicine—at least, not to the full extent. But perhaps it is truer of the ministry of the law than of any other.

The next question is: how are these New York gentlemen of the bar going to get into the service of the other economic classes at present so much deprived of the services of the ministry of the law?

The "Persecuted" Mr. Lewisohn

THE other afternoon the Jewish Women's Club of Detroit had as their lecturer Ludwig Lewisohn, who is the author of an overwrought book, much affected in "radical" circles, the book being devoted to a description of Mr. Lewisohn's persecutions in America because he is a Jew. Readers of the book will have no difficulty, if they are sympathetic folk, in believing that Mr. Lewisohn has suffered, but difficulty becomes impossibility when one tries to believe that Mr. Lewisohn's sufferings were anything but self-caused. His book will find a secure place on the shelves of those who wish to preserve a perfect example of the "persecution complex" in an educated mind. Mr. Lewisohn's sufferings, like those of Alice Adams, grew out of an inordinate self-esteem which, never satisfied, explained its distress by attributing a conspiracy of enmity to others. And out of his sufferings, sacred sufferings he would have us understand them to be, he has made a rather profitable book. The "persecution," as such things usually do, turned out as profitably in comparison for Mr. Lewisohn as for, say, Mr. Paul Warburg. As Jacob Schiff amid his millions used to say, "we poor persecuted Jews."

Well, Mr. Lewisohn has further capitalized his sufferings by appearing in person on the lecture platform, and according to a press report, he had this to say:

> "It is literally true that the heresy of today is the religion of tomorrow, and the blasphemy of today is the truth of tomorrow: then we must teach our children heresy and blasphemy."

It is extremely old, this statement; Mark Twain made a much better modern expression of it; but it never means much in itself; it means most as an indication of the mind that harbors it as a great thought.

"Therefore we must teach our children heresy and blasphemy"—that is the aspect that appeals to the mind enraptured with the thought itself. Therefore we must destroy what is! It is not enough that, to quote Mark Twain's extreme figure, the altar cloths of this generation *may* become the doormats of the next (by reason of nobler altar cloths being woven by the next) but we must pull down the altar cloths of this generation and in the sight of this generation trample them in an effort to see that there shall be no altar cloths for the next generation—that is the aspect in which the doctrine appears.

In other words, it is not the doctrine of the progress of the next generation; it is the doctrine of the destruction of the sanctities of this generation. It is not the doctrine of present good becoming future evil by comparison and because the good has grown to be a greater goodness; it is the doctrine of present evil becoming future good—which is a doctrine of devils.

Mr. Lewisohn may not go that far, but he is headed in that direction. In any event, it is all very interesting when viewed in the light of his voluminous literary plaint of "persecution."

Coddling Our Industries

UNDER the title, "America's Scientific Trade Hari-Kari," the *Pacific Record-Herald,* a brainy paper published in a small town, the editor shows the difference between the United States and European nations in regard to the demand for home production. In substance, he argues that the American will pay a much higher price for imported articles than for domestic goods; while the European always considers the wares of his own country superior to those of any other.

As to the superiority of foreign quality, there is this to say: the pride of individual workmanship, which has decreased to a dangerous degree in this country, is still prevalent on the continent: so that while America has largely mastered the problem of production, parts of Europe still maintain that peculiar quality which is the result of the individual's patience, skill and personal pride in his work.

As the coast paper says: America can produce just as good wares as any country, bar none. But she does not, except in special lines, which readily find a foreign market at prices below the domestic prices. Were America to compel domestic manufacture to meet foreign competition with quality and price, instead of inventing a tariff which compels the people to pay a premium on inefficiency and cupidity, American goods would rival those of the world.

Unusual Court Sentences

AT PRESENT there is a fad among American court judges to impose unusual though not "cruel" sentences for petty offences. One man having been found guilty of failing to give proper care to his horse was sentenced to spend two nights in the horse's stall while it was out to pasture. Others who have been found guilty of cruelty to animals have been sentenced to read "Black Beauty" and give a synopsis of the book to the judge. One man whose flock of six geese were annoying a neighbor was charged by the court to eat a goose a day until the whole flock had been consumed. This latter sentence may be termed "cruel" from one point of view.

Other judges have ordered men to attend church for a certain number of Sundays or in some cases to remain at home in the company of their families for a specific number of evenings.

For reckless automobile driving, offenders have been sentenced to visit hospital wards and see the persons who have been injured. Others have been ordered to visit the morgue or attend the funerals of accident victims. These sentences are intended to be beneficial in impressing on the mind of careless drivers the misery and loss of life which they may cause.

There is a limit, however, and what began in an attempt to apply justice where law was inapt, may end by being a ludicrous fad.

Coue

JUST at the moment Coué is a bigger figure in the United States than he ever was in France. Recently a party of distinguished Frenchmen, comprising statesmen and journalists and other professional men, were at Dearborn, and the name of Coué was mentioned. None of the Frenchmen knew him. All attempts to identify him failed. The journalists made a note in their books to look him up when they got home.

And here is Coué, filling American newspapers and American pulpits with his name. Arrived in New York, and scarcely landed, he begins a series of newspaper articles on his impressions of the United States! One clergyman is threatened with a heresy trial for classifying Coué with Jesus Christ. Physicians and hospital experts, adopting a different attitude than was formerly shown in such matters, express a willingness to believe that Coué does accomplish some good in certain cases.

It is quite a furor—but somehow one keeps remembering the French journalists who wrote down Coué's name, to look him up when they got home. Either France is much slower than the world is accustomed to think her, or America is "easier"—or, but this is the most probable explanation, an American impresario (vulgarly, "press agent") has been requisitioned. It is a marvelously combined American tour and advertising stunt, and the Coué book publishers, and the Coué newspaper syndicates are doubtless aware of flush times.

This is not to disparage Coué. He is very probably a good man and an honest servant of the suffering. His doctrine that the Imagination is more powerful than the Will, is of great importance. His self-effacement proclaims the fiber of his character. But how can he teach us the lesson of liberating ourselves from this mania for foreign celebrities who are not celebrated at home?

Or is it this—Great Britain having pioneered in the game of propaganda by celebrities, France has decided to follow suit? Is Coué really an unofficial envoy of political France anxious to promote American leniency? Doubtless he is, but it is by no means certain that he knows it. On this view, impartial judgment will award the palm to French propagandism. Coué, after all, is worth a whole lot of Sir Philip Gibbses and Margot Asquiths.

Does the College Make the Man?

THOMAS A. EDISON has remarked, substantially, that a college education does not always fit a man for success in life, and that a larger proportion of college men's failures was because they were too proud to work; they had regarded education as a means of lifting them beyond the necessity for work; they had educated themselves beyond their intelligence, and had acquired an academic equipment for professions for which they had no natural equipment.

Mr. Edison's position has been felt by others looking for competent assistance. The characteristics of efficiency are absent in too many cases. Willingness to begin at the bottom and climb through merit is lacking. In too many cases the experienced man is expected to step aside for the college graduate.

All of which is preliminary to the introduction of a criticism of Mr. Edison by *The Associate Reformed Presbyterian,* which insists that a college education has proved the chief factor in carrying men to the front. Of course, the criticism has no bearing on what Mr. Edison really holds, but the logic is so poor it may as well be controverted. Accepting the figures compiled by "Who's Who in America," it says that while but one per cent of the American people are college bred, that one per cent furnishes 73 per cent of those who, because of ability, notoriety, riches, supremacy in the fields of sport and the arts, or what not, have been accorded mention in that book of reference.

Is a man an educator, an author, an artist, a scholar, a lawyer? Naturally he is prominent enough to be admitted to the roll of prominence maintained for reference by delvers into life. Even of the 27 per cent not included among the college-bred, one may find the lineage of any stage or screen celebrity.

The question is, not the proportion of college men to non-college men who succeed, but what proportion of college men are failures, and why. That a college education is a great advantage is very true, but it is also true that the man himself must have the mental equipment essential to success, the absence of which no college education can replace. College can, and sometimes does, discipline brains, but cannot create them.

Mr. Ford's Page

YEARS ago a favorite sermon topic was the need of men to become like little children, and men were urged to try to become like little children, as if the effort would be very hard to make but very rewarding if successful. The point that the preachers missed was that men were children already and needed only to realize it. The childishness of humanity is one of its outstanding points.

Nowadays the emphasis has changed. All the public speakers are flattering the public with references to their "intelligence." The most flattering of the orators speak the veriest nonsense to these "intelligent" audiences, and the strange thing about it is that the audiences are usually cajoled—for the moment—into thinking that as intelligent people they ought to applaud the nonsense. The people are polite. And, consequently, the leaders are misled.

The supposition is that it is a reflection on the people to speak of them as being still in their childhood. The statistics of the War Department, in which are compiled the results of a war-time examination of the mentality of millions of men, and which are sometimes shaken in the nation's face as something to be ashamed of, showed that as a nation we are about 15 years old, mentally.

Shrewd men, seizing upon the fact, and not being able to interpret it, think that here is their chance to capitalize the childhood of the people at a high figure. Of course, those shrewd men always think that they are of an older group, more intelligent, more competent to decide in the people's affairs. So they "write down," and "speak down" and "print down" to the people. They spread cheap sensationalism before the people. They seem to say, "We can do anything to dazzle these 15-year-olds and get away with it."

It is one thing to have found a fact, and another thing to apply it. No discovery has been so badly misapplied as the fact that, as a nation, we are about 15 years old. The conclusions drawn from this fact would indicate that the minds who draw them are not even 15 years old. Whatever may have been your first reaction to the statement of our mental age, it will require only a little reflection to enable you to see that whatever the 15-year-old mentality may be, its widespread reaction against the stuff that has been fed it in every field, is proof that it is superior to the type of mind that would exploit it.

The mistake has been in interpreting what this statement means, that as a people we average 15 years old in mind. It is probably one of the most hopeful facts about us. Certainly it is immeasurably better than that we should be 40 years old in the kind of mentality that counts itself the ruling mind of today. What would probably be called the "mature-minded group" constitutes our most incompetent, erratic and dangerous group, for the most part dead to principle, certainly dead to the principle of unselfish service, utterly dead to the responsibility which even the assumption of superiority would lay upon them.

THE youthfulness of the people is the great safeguard of society. The fact of the people still being young is often misstated, oftener misinterpreted, and ignorantly exploited. Statistics showing that, as a whole, we represent about the 15-year-old mind, are the most hopeful figures possible to read. The world is extremely lucky if this is so. If the diplomats and financiers and exploiters and war-makers represent the mature-mindedness of the world, thank heaven the people are still youthful-minded. The people still believe, and if because of their believing habit they are still subject to deception, nevertheless their very power to believe will ultimately prove their salvation out of all their wrongs. Their wrongs are not their errors —they are the errors of the "mature-minded" of the world.

The people are still youthful enough in mind to believe in principle; they know when a promise is broken and when it is kept; they know when a system works them ill and when a system brings them good; they know truth, or any leaning toward truth, when they see it. It is sometimes thrown against them that they live by their feelings, by their heart, and this of itself would be enough to prove their youthfulness. Only the young and unspoiled, the hopeful and believing, live by their hearts. The old and hardened live by what they call their logical minds, and logical minds are perhaps the most often mistaken instruments in this world. A logical mind can work on the thing as it is, as it is presented; it has no power to sense the imminent disintegration of the very thing it is basing its logic upon, it has no vision of the heart for the things that are coming. To become thoroughly logical, thoroughly rationalized, is to close all the doors but one. The safety of the people is that they have all the doors open, except perhaps one, and that one does not greatly matter.

Because they are in the 15-year-old state, the people dream, "and the dreams that nations dream come true." We don't know the people unless we are a part of them, and this is the great misfortune of so many who think they have been promoted above the ranks of the people; even the thought of such a thing works a severance of sympathy and knowledge. The politicians have been bewildered time and again within recent years by the wholly unexpected action of the people. Why did not the rulers—"the mature-minded group"—know? Why do not economists know whether business is to increase or die? Is it because the popular mind is erratic? Is it because the people do not know two minutes at a time what they think?

Ah, no. The 15 year-old mind always knows what it thinks, but if you are cut off from that mind in sympathy or knowledge, it is you who do not know. That is the recent tragedy of the politicians and economists, they do not know. "Thinking themselves to be wise, they became fools," as the Scripture says.

They have all been at sea because they have been deceived by words. They do not know what maturity the 15-year-old mind can reach, what just judgments it can pronounce, what high visions it can conceive. We have been making all our progress by a standard much more youthful than that—we have progressed whenever we have set a Child in the midst of our social conditions and judged our trend by him, judged the worth of our social system by its effect on him. The child was the standard that drove the commercialized legalized liquor traffic out of the land; the child is the standard which makes war so horrible; what is bad for the child is bad for all.

There are influences at work which our leaders do not see. And this, not because these movements exist "beneath the surface of society" as we are sometimes accustomed to say, but because they exist in the very midst of the real society which the leaders have chosen to regard as immature, unbalanced and ignorant. The newspapers do not report those movements; the newspapers report nothing that does not explode into notice, all ready for their printing. But by the time a movement does this, it matters little what the newspapers say about it—it is already on it way to its final disappearance. This can be said of all the movements that are making noise today. The feverish attempt to "start something" is due to nothing but blindness to what life and destiny have already quietly started among the people. It is like the coming of Spring; it begins far down under the earth and the roots know its coming long before the branches proclaim it.

Even the people themselves, the people whom the wise ones think to disparage by proving their unspoiled youthfulness of mind, even the people silently recognize that the noise of things that are is not the voice which they hear. They are conscious, even in the midst of their support of the sensation of the moment, of a difference between what the superficial world says to them, and what they inwardly hear. This discrepancy which the people feel but do not articulate holds within it lessons for the leaders, holds within it the details of destiny, but pride of mind in "upper circles" prevent them from seeing it.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

How Cleveland Cut Divorce Rate 25 Per Cent

Heart-to-Heart Talks by Estranged Persons Often Turn Couples Away From Courts

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

BRADLEY HULL,

Director of the Bureau of Domestic Relations, Common Pleas Court, Cleveland, who has reduced divorce cases in Cleveland nearly 25 per cent.

BRADLEY HULL, of Cleveland, expert matrimonial peacemaker, has turned the tide of divorces in that city, so that Cleveland, once referred to as a “second Reno,” now leads American cities in the decrease in the applications for divorce.

Two years ago the judges of the Common Pleas Court created a Bureau of Domestic Relations, and put Mr. Hull in charge. His duties are to adjust family differences, if possible, both before and after a divorce petition has been filed. At the time the bureau was created divorce cases had increased to such an extent that they constituted 42 per cent of all civil business handled by the court. The court, by the way, consists of 12 judges, with a few extra ones brought in from other counties now and then to help when the docket becomes overcrowded. At the end of the first year after the Domestic Relations Bureau had been set up the ratio had decreased 33 per cent, and by the end of the second year, the number of applications for divorce had dropped to 25 per cent. To put it in another way, at the time the Bureau of Domestic Relations was created, for every three civil cases of a general nature, there were two divorce cases. A year later this had shifted to one divorce case for two ordinary cases, and now the ratio is one divorce application to three cases of the other kind. This comparison is based on civil actions alone and does not include prosecutions for crime.

Half of Time to Divorces

IN OTHER words, two years ago nearly one-half of the time of the court was devoted to divorces, which were actually interfering with other business. Now about one-fourth of the time is given to divorces.

The drop in Cleveland from 42 to 25 per cent leaves room for a further decrease, but what has been done is very promising. It shows that a large proportion of the differences between husband and wife can be adjusted when such matters are handled by a capable disinterested third person who understands human nature.

Hull is a lawyer. Before taking charge of the Domestic Relations Bureau, he was connected with the Humane Society. In 13 years he has dealt with 20,000 families, and helped to untangle domestic snarls affecting 100,000 persons, counting children and all. Therefore he can speak with authority when he talks about the cause and cure of matrimonial differences.

When I asked him to name the underlying causes of so many divorces, he replied:

“It is difficult to make a short summary that will really be reliable. There are so many variations and exceptions, that each case is almost in a class by itself.

“Selfishness and ignorance are primary causes, of course. Selfishness is back of jealousy, inadequate support, neglect and unkindness. Ignorance is responsible for the inability of a wife to make a home because of a lack of training in early life, also the low earning power of a husband. For this reason a husband will fail to understand a wife’s nervous disposition, and likewise a wife does not understand a man when he gets unstrung. Failure to make allowances for each other’s ailments and limitations cause a great deal of family discord, which sometimes cannot be settled out of court.

“Irritability and outbursts of temper can often be traced back to a physical condition. Thus when a wife gives her husband a ‘bawling out’ for no apparent reason or over some trifle, the husband should consider that maybe she had a hard day of it with the children, or maybe she is suffering from a headache that has ‘driven her wild.’ Men don’t always realize how monotonous it is for a woman to stay in the house all day doing the work and caring for little children who are none too amiable. So when a husband comes home with a grouch in his system because of something that has happened in his business or work, and finds his wife all upset, it is very easy for them to have sharp words or a quarrel. Just keep that matter of physical health in mind and note how much it has to do with temper and control of the tongue.

“The money question is a constant cause of domestic trouble. This includes non-support through incapacity or laziness, the personal expenses of the husband, or by miserliness. Men sometimes waste their money with boon companions and let their families suffer, or, on the other hand, they may be exceedingly miserly and stint the home while they invest their money in property. If the wife is of an aggressive nature either practice is sure to cause a protest.

“Women have seldom upset a home by their excessive thrift. Many have the idea that they are legitimately entitled to get all they can get out of their husbands by wheedling them or running excessive charge accounts. So the chief peril at that point is extravagance.

“There are numerous instances where the wife insists that the husband bring his pay envelope home unopened, and if he wants a little for his personal use, she makes him miserable with her scolding and nagging. On the other hand there are men who are fortunate to have wives who know how to use money judiciously, and who can keep within the family income and save something each pay day. Wives of that sort seldom appear in divorce court, provided the husband is equally sensible.

No Children, Quarrel

“ABSENCE of children is a serious and frequent cause of quarrels which result in separation or a divorce. Without children the romance of married life is liable to wither, leaving the couple with nothing in common. About all they can do is to nurse their own personal feelings and find fault with each other. Couples of this kind often have trouble over the ‘other man’ or the ‘other woman.’ The wife finds an affinity in another man, or the husband tells his troubles to another woman, and then the crash comes. Runaway wives are nearly always childless.

“Mental incapacity plays a large part in domestic trouble. A low grade of intelligence on the part of either man or wife leads to all sorts of complications. When a man and a woman of that type marry we have a problem for the divorce courts and perhaps the penitentiary.

“Young folks of this type rush into marriage heedlessly. Often the man is incapable of making a living, and when he is no longer able to borrow or get credit he disappears.

“Divorces cannot be stopped nor reduced very much until something is done by the state that will prevent the marriage of people who are incapable of setting up and maintaining a home. While I would not impose intelligence tests, I would require all parties who wish to marry to publish their intentions for a week or two before they can obtain a license. That would compel them to think the matter over seriously, and give interested friends or relatives an opportunity to protest. As it is now, they can get a license, and hurry over to the nearest justice and get married without any delay and for a small outlay. The justice now divides honor with the preacher in such matters. This indicates that many young folks have little thought of religious sanctity in connection with marriage, and that may account for the fact that so many justice court marriages end in the divorce court.

The Case of the Mother-in-law

“IN DEALING with the divorce question,” continued Mr. Hull, “we must recognize that family government is not what it used to be before we had so many big cities. I sometimes think that in developing the spirit of independence we have gone a little too far. What has become of the old-time parental obedience? Many homes have no real head. The young folks decide what they are going to do and in place of asking father or mother they merely ‘tell them.’ Hundreds of persons have grown up to regard any kind of authority as something to be hated and evaded. They think of government as an unwarranted interference with their personal rights. And yet if anybody should call them anarchists they would want to fight.

“Many jokes have been perpetrated about the mother-in-law as a family trouble maker. Perhaps they do interfere a good deal, but I would include relatives of all sorts. The mother-in-law figures prominently in domestic relations for the reason that the mother of either party often makes her home with the young couple, or maybe they will go to live with her. It is hard for some mothers to give a daughter up to a husband, and allow him to become ‘first.’ Sometimes a mother clings to her son even after a wife has a claim on him. If the wife is still a ‘mamma girl’ she will side with her mother against her husband when differences arise and then there is sure to be war. Or the mother of the husband may try to dictate to her son’s wife about running the house or caring for the baby. If the wife has any spunk she will tell her husband flatly to ‘take his choice’ between herself and his mother. And that ultimatum may put the young man in a very embarrassing position, provided he thinks a great deal of his mother, is an only son, or in the event the mother ‘has some money.’ Meddling relatives of all sorts, mothers-in-law and all, may disrupt a home that would have become established, if they had not interfered.

“Just now I am working on a rather serious case. A young man of 25 is trying to get his wife away from her people. They have one child. After the marriage they went to live with the father and mother of the wife. The young man was industrious and took pride in handing his pay envelope to his wife intact each pay day. She worked also, while her mother cared for the baby. Later he discovered that the wife was giving all his money and her own earnings to his mother-in-law. Last of all the wife tried to adopt the baby out, as her mother objected to the care of it.

“Then the husband rented a cottage, furnished it, and insisted that his wife live with him. She did for a while, and then returned to her parents. I talked with the young man, and after hearing his story I sent for the wife. She came, but refused to meet her husband. The man is nearly 10 years older than his wife, and the marriage was arranged by the parents of the girl. She consented because as a married woman the girl thought she would have ‘greater freedom’ than as a single girl. Her parents are saving and scraping to get a home, and therefore had an eye on the pay envelope of their son-in-law. In this case I decided that greed was at the bottom of all the trouble, and advised the young man to sue the parents of his wife for alienating her affections. About the only action that will break their influence over their daughter is to show them that their course of action may cause them to lose their money. The money nerve is a very tender nerve, and I sometimes bear down pretty hard on that nerve when I am dealing with people who cannot be moved in any other way.

Oh, Yes! Some Are Happy

“IN ANOTHER case where the young people lived with the parents of the wife, differences were adjusted without a break-up. The young man was able to support a home of his own, but the wife refused to leave. She was an only child and a good deal of a spoiled baby. Finally when I had a talk with her I discovered that her father had threatened that he would never speak to her again if she left him to live with her husband. She was a sensible girl after all, and I was able to show her that her first duty was to her husband. When the girl came out flatly and informed her father that she intended to go with her husband, he stopped objecting, and that was the end of the trouble.

“A young man of 21 took his bride of 19 to live with his widowed mother. He did not work regularly, but his wife worked constantly. The wife wanted him to leave his mother and live alone even if they had to begin in one room. Then the young man took the attitude that his mother needed him. If he had to choose between his wife and his mother, he would stick by his mother because it was his duty. The mother was hale, hearty and comparatively young. When questioned, she blamed the wife for trying to come between her and her son! The mother could not be induced to get out of the way and let the young people live together, and so that case went to the divorce court.”

“Do many middle-aged people come to you for help in adjusting domestic troubles?” I asked.

“Not very many,” he responded. “Most of the applicants are under 35. Our methods are very simple. When a complaint is made I write letters asking the other parties to call and see me. We talk it over as between friends. My next move is to get all the parties together. If I can induce a husband and wife to ‘have it out’ in my presence, the rest is easy. I encourage them to be perfectly frank. There is the utmost privacy.

“If married persons who have differences would be perfectly frank with each other, I would soon be out of a job, and so would most of the divorce court judges. When married folks become estranged, each one nurses a grievance, which is magnified by talking with misguided friends or relatives. Each one is dead sure that the other is entirely in the wrong. What they should do is frankly to try to reach an agreement.”

“After all,” I questioned, “don’t you think there are some really happy marriages?”

“Of course,” he replied with a broad smile. “We sometimes overlook that fact because of the noise made by those who are not happy. Established homes are the rule and divorces are the exception, but the exceptions are in the wrong direction. We must head the other way.”

China's Mary Pickford on the American Stage

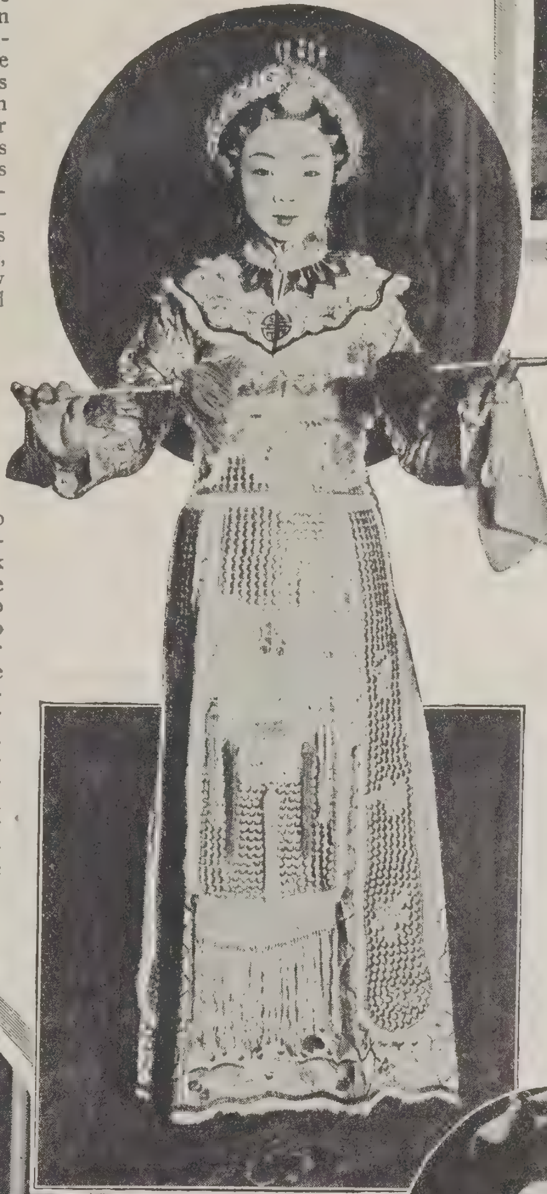
Descendant of a Hundred Generations of Thespians Heads Troupe to This Country

By HARRY H. DUNN

AMERICANS have grown a bit weary of the invasion and conquest of the American stage by Orientals arriving by way of Europe, but for the first time in the history of the theater, the Orient has sent direct to us, across 7000 miles of Pacific sea, a company of its own best players, to present not problem plays, or sex drama, but historical productions, comedies from the days of Confucius, and the love stories of the water-lily and the dragon-fly, the cherry-blossom and the rose, the sun and the moon—those tales on which the myths and the stories of the ages are based. The company is Chinese, the first of its kind to leave China for the New World, and its leading woman is a 16-year-old girl.

There are 25 men in this company, and Lee Sut Moy, the Chinese Mary Pickford, whose ancestry has been on the stage for what she claims as 300 generations, since it is, or was up to a few years ago, a law of the Chinese Medes and Persians that the children of an actor must be actors, or if so unfortune as to be girls instead of boys, to be the caretakers, the slaves of the theater. But it is also written that the Emperor K'ien Lung once fancied one of these young slaves of the stage, took her into his family, and, so great was her influence on him, that thereafter he permitted women who showed great ability in acting and recitation to appear on the stage. Hence we have with us for at least six months, and possibly longer, little Lee Sut Moy, and her company of heroes, heroines, leading men, villains and vamps, character men and character women—all men save herself.

Yun Chong, left, and Yueng Bam Kee, female impersonators, who act the parts of the minor feminine roles in the Chinese plays. The "heroine" of the company, true to Chinese stage tradition, is also a man, Bart Say Jing, who is one of the most famous female impersonators of China, and who knows the lines of more than 1,000 plays, some of them requiring five days in presentation.



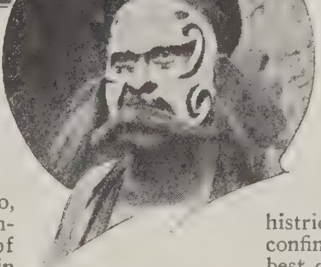
Lee Sut Moy, the Chinese Mary Pickford, descendant of a thousand years and a hundred generations of Chinese Thespians, who is the leading woman of the company.

Moo Sang Yun, leading man, always hero in the play. The swords of the Samurai, which Moo carries, are the marks of his position as hero on the stage.

The company has just arrived in San Francisco, direct from China, with more than 100 separate stage settings, 7,000 different costumes, and quite as many masks, swords, fans, and other "props" without which the Chinese stage is considered incomplete, no matter how elaborately the stage may be covered with chests, suits of armor, trees and other "scenery." Company and equipment are under heavy bond to return to China, but the limits of the bond are such that the season of six months, for which they have agreed to play in San Francisco, may be extended indefinitely for a tour of the other cities in which there are Chinese colonies. So far, arrangements have been made to play in Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Diego and Salt Lake City, where there still are considerable numbers of Chinese.

Tiny Lee Sut Moy, less than five feet in height, slender and straight as an athletic boy, with a foot barely three inches in length, and probably the youngest leading woman in the world, certainly the smallest, is allowed to play no "heavy" rôles. Hers are the clinging vine, the weeping willow, and the blushing rose characters. For the heroic women, Bart Say Jing, the most famous female impersonator in all China, is with the company. He is one of those northern Chinese, powerful enough to impersonate a Valkyrie or an Amazon, if need arose. Lee looks as if she might have stepped from a Dresden China group, or from some old Delft plate, 80 pounds of her, topped with a mass of that kind of hair which makes night merely a passing shadow, and the raven's wing a sort of gray. She was destined for the stage generations before she was born, as were also her brothers and sister, who are now playing in theaters in China. Thus it might be said of her in all truth that she is a "born actress."

The company which she heads—if an actress can be said to be at the head of a Chinese theatrical troupe—was playing in China before little Lee Sut Moy was born, and their fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and all their ancestors much further back than there are records, also had been on the stage, in the case of the fathers, and servants of the stage, if they were on the distaff side of the house. The members of what would be the chorus, if this were an American production, are men, painted like the lily and adorned like the rose, to represent young maidens, though some of them are twice the age, even, of some of our best-known chorus girls on this side the Pacific. It is a queer angle of thought that has impelled the Chinese to impersonate women on their stage, when the women themselves could have been obtained for the characters just as easily as in other countries.



Gee Tai Yuen, the villain.

The Chinese play, with the first real Chinese actors and actress to come directly to this country, was given its first presentation in the old, old Crescent Theater, on Broadway, in San Francisco. The Crescent has housed Caruso and opera, melodrama in less musical interpretation, Spanish plays and players, French comedies and comedians, and, more recently, Bill Hart movies. The only person in the entire company who understands or speaks English is Harry K. Ching, a Hawaiian-born Chinese, who is the interpreter, advance agent, managing factotum, assistant stage manager, and an actor of parts, proving that all the histrionic versatility in the world is not confined to New York, though it thrives best on Broadways, East or West.

Going into the theater under the guidance of this liaison officer between the Chinese Thespians and the American public, one walks unconcernedly across the stage in the middle of an act; no one, actors, audience, stage manager or orchestra, paying the slightest attention. The play, it should be said, was "Mew Fon Woey Gar Yung"—which, being very roughly translated, means "The Tale of a Very Cruel Relative." One of the men—there were several—who had the misfortune to be killed in this play, got up and walked off the stage immediately after he had been slain, instead of waiting for two property men to come and carry him off—the usual and correct manner of disposal of those who meet an untimely end in Chinese plays. Indeed, nothing seems to annoy or upset the actors on the stage during a performance, and their temperaments, if they have any, must be left back stage with their street clothes, for the property men are forever putting chairs around, moving plants, giving an actor a stool to sit on as he begins a long and fervid declamation, and passing on other errands to and fro across the stage. Making up is done right out in the open

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The American Jewish Committee Would Substitute Itself for Country's Laws

A Further Chapter of Revelations on the Activities of "Leaders" of Jewry in Behalf of Captain Rosenbluth

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE investigation into the so-called "Rosenbluth Case" discloses proof abundant that a powerfully organized group, which has intervened in this affair, has taken advantage of the circumstances deliberately to provoke a racial collision in the United States. The same group previously made similar attempts, which were abortive. This time it has been far more successful, owing to the preparation for a deliberate campaign, and a much greater expenditure of money and effort.

To the average American mind there is nothing more abhorrent than the exhibition of race hatred. Peoples have emigrated to our shores from every corner of the world, and to each of them we have tendered generously the gifts of equality of citizenship and equal opportunity in endeavor. Now one race—and only one—has raised the charge, which at the present time is reverberating throughout the country, that it is being discriminated against, and denied those gifts which have been accorded to every race other than its own. The present article represents the results of an inquiry into this charge.

Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, 24 years old, a West Point graduate, while training a corps of engineers for over-sea service at Camp Lewis, Washington, was found lying dead from a pistol-shot wound, beside two companions, in a lonely section of the army reservation, on a morning in October, 1918. The two witnesses, Captain Robert Rosenbluth and Sergeant Bugler Rolland R. Pothier, swore before a military board of inquiry that the major had shot himself accidentally.

Pothier Names Rosenbluth

AFTERWARD, Pothier confessed that his testimony had been a lie, and that it was a bullet from his gun that had killed his superior officer. He incriminated his companion. Both men, charged with the premeditated murder of Major Cronkhite, were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury, in Tacoma, Washington, last October, after the last-named body had listened to the testimony of more than 70 witnesses.

Steps were at once taken in New York City to prevent the extradition of Robert Rosenbluth to Tacoma, for fear that the testimony of those 70 witnesses might become public. Three men, prominent in the life of the metropolis, appeared for the protection of Rosenbluth, to provide him with unlimited bail and the means for fighting extradition. They were Felix M. Warburg, of the Wall Street banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Herbert H. Lehman, of Lehman & Lehman, also Wall Street bankers, and Louis Marshall, law associate of Samuel Untermyer, in the firm of Guggenheimer, Untermyer & Marshall. For years all three have been active leaders in the American Jewish Committee and the New York Kehillah, or Jewish Community.

Louis Marshall is president of the American Jewish Committee, member of the executive committee of the Kehillah, and chairman of its standing committees on legislation. Felix M. Warburg is a member of the American Jewish Committee and of the executive committee of the Kehillah. Mr. Lehman is a member of both bodies, or was until recently, owing to a significant circumstance, which shall be related later.

What the Kehillah Is

THE American Jewish Committee and the New York Kehillah are one and indivisible. The first named has subdivided the entire United States into Jewish districts, District No. XII being the Kehillah. In its turn, the Kehillah has divided the entire city of New York into Kehillah districts.

> The City of New York shall be divided into 18 Kehillah districts, which shall comprise a total of 100 Kehillah Neighborhoods.
>
> Relationship to the American Jewish Committee:
>
> 1. The 25 members elected by the Jewish Community of New York City, as the executive committee thereof, shall at the same time constitute District XII of the American Jewish Committee.
> 2. The American Jewish Committee shall have exclusive jurisdiction over all questions affecting Jews generally, not of a purely local character.
> 3. The executive committee of the Jewish Community of New York City shall have jurisdiction over all questions of a local character.
>
> (Pages 61 to 63, Jewish Communal Register, 1917-1918. Edited and published by the Kehillah (Jewish Community) of New York City.

The professed aims of these two organizations are as follows:

> Constitution of the New York Jewish Community
> (Adopted February 28, 1909)
>
> The purpose of the Jewish Community of New York City shall be to further the cause of Judaism in New York City.
>
> (Page 59, Communal Register, 1917-1918.)

> Report of the American Jewish Committee, 1922-23.
> Act of Incorporation.
> (Became a law March 16, 1911)
>
> The objects of this corporation shall be to prevent the infraction of the civil and religious rights of Jews, in any part of the world; to render all lawful assistance and to take appropriate remedial action in the event of threatened or actual invasion of such rights, or of unfavorable discriminations with respect thereto.
>
> (American Jewish Year Book, 1922-23, page 369. Published by Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa.)

The practical execution of these professed aims, however, has been a revelation of the peculiar workings of the Jewish mind. The above two organizations were formed at the time when the country was ringing with the exposure of the "White Slave Traffic," the gravest indictment of racial criminality known to modern times. From the very foundation of the American Jewish Committee and the Kehillah, records show that the efforts of their leaders have been concentrated upon the protection of members of their race accused of crime; the release or pardon of such who were sent to prison or condemned to execution; attacks upon public prosecuting officials; campaigns against religious addresses in the public schools, the celebration of Christmas and the singing of Christmas carols; protests against use of the terms "Christ" or "Christian" in proclamations of governors or other public officials, and the expungement of such terms from books and documents in public use. *Hundreds of instances in proof of the foregoing may be found recorded officially in the annual reports of the American Jewish Committee, the Kehillah, and the chronological "Record of Events," as published in the volumes of the Jewish Year Book, from 1899 to the present date, by the Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.*

Are Kehillah Meetings Held?

BUT the Jewish Year Book is also the product of the American Jewish Committee:

> *"As usual, the American Jewish Year Book was prepared in the office of your committee."* (Report of the American Jewish Committee, 1921-1922, page 356.)

In the fifteenth annual report of the American Jewish Committee (Year Book, 1922-23, pages 323 to 325), among the members of its executive committee are named Louis Marshall, Albert D. Lasker, Irving Lehman, Eugene Meyer, Jr., and Felix M. Warburg. In the same volume are given the officers, trustees, patrons and members of the Jewish Publication Society of America: Adolph S. Ochs, owner of the New York *Times;* Mortimer L. Schiff and Otto H. Kahn, of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Daniel Guggenheim, Irving Berlin, Julius Rosenwald, Henry Morgenthau and Abram Elkus. A membership of thousands of their race, from every state in the Union, will be found recorded in this volume.

Many of these men enjoy important posts under the Federal Government. Others are bankers and corporation lawyers, who have had opportunity to make generous fortunes in this country. They are often seen and heard at public meetings. But we find them here, secretly allied with organizations and publications, which they are supporting with their money and influence, and which are conducting a campaign of distrust and resentment against the native population. They are countenancing attempts to undermine and destroy "manifestations of Christianity" and "Christological expressions." This is a sorry requital for the benefits they have received.

These facts cannot be denied. The official Jewish authorities have been given for the above statements, and he who runs may read.

Something less than two years ago, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT published a detailed story of the operations of the New York Kehillah.

The leaders of the Jewish Community held a stormy meeting, at which mutual accusations were made.

The members of the executive committee refused to let their names come up for re-election.

All open conventions of the Kehillah were abandoned:

> *"No convention of the Kehillah has been held since."* (Report of the American Jewish Committee, American Jewish Year Book, 1922-23.)

Data of the Kehillah's operations for the previous year had already been prepared for publication in the offices of the American Jewish Committee, but they were suppressed immediately. No report of the Kehillah has been published since. And the chronological "Record of Events," so compromising to the leaders of the Jewish Community, also has been discontinued. But secretly the work has gone on with redoubled effort, as the records in the "Rosenbluth Case" show.

When Felix M. Warburg, Herbert H. Lehman and Louis Marshall announced that they had "interested themselves" in the case of Robert Rosenbluth, at the time of his arrest, they committed a provocative act. As leaders of the American Jewish Committee, they implanted in the minds of members of their race a distrust of the native population of the country.

When Mr. Warburg gave bail in the amount of $40,000 for Rosenbluth, and ostentatiously offered his private residence as security, wittingly or unwittingly he cast a reflection upon the people among whom he has elected to live. Mr. Warburg is of foreign birth, and, therefore, it may be that he fails to understand national sensibilities. Surely, he cannot assert that he or his family have ever been discriminated against because of their race. *As a director of the Bond & Mortgage Guarantee Company,* he could have provided bail for his protegé in a more tactful way. He did not display the same humanitarian instinct when the counsel for Foulke E. Brandt sought to obtain bail for that unfortunate lad, who had been sent to Clinton Prison for the terrible term of 30 years by Judge Otto Rosalsky, on a complaint made by Mr. Warburg's partner, Mortimer L. Schiff.

It is not conceivable that well-meaning men could condone the methods by which thousands of unfortunate persons on New York's East Side are being taught, by the printing of false stories, that the United States Government is trying to "frame up a Dreyfus Case" against one of their people.

The Rosenbluth Propaganda

NOR is it credible that they could countenance the attitude of the man whom they are protecting, in declaring that "the United States Army is a rotten and decadent system, responsible for the so-called round robin and its contingent suicides"; and that the Department of Justice tried to blackmail him into getting money for its officials from his "rich Jewish friends." But in his series of attacks published in the *Daily News* of New York, Robert Rosenbluth specifically justifies his statements by boasting that he is being backed by Mr. Warburg and Mr. Marshall.

The propaganda on behalf of Robert Rosenbluth has been conducted most insidiously by means of pamphlets and circulars, and by false statements made in appeals to American Legion posts, university alumni and innumerable organizations and societies. One of the worst phases of this publicity campaign is shown in the literature issued by the "Institute for Public Service," a publicity concern in New York, on which Robert Rosenbluth was once an "assistant director."

This "Institute" *has circularized the public schools,* in an effort *to undermine the faith of American school children* in the United States, with statements such as:

> Five months after the Federal authorities had promised to send evidence, Prosecutor Selden says that with the charge of murder CAME NO USABLE EVIDENCE EXCEPT EVIDENCE OF ROSENBLUTH'S INNOCENCE AND HIGH STANDING AND OF WRONG DONE BY YOU AND ME—100,000,000 of us—through the United States Attorney-General.

In its campaign, the "Institute" sent out the following circular to members of Congress:

> Institute For Public Service
> 1125 Amsterdam Avenue (at 115th street)
> New York City,
> Personal W. H. A. November 4, 1921.
>
> Dear Senator:
>
> A New York *Sun* headline today reads as follows: Senate again orders Watson charge sifted—will trace soldiers "hanged like dogs" story to the bottom—Secretary Weeks will aid—members on both sides agree that army's good name should be cleared.
>
> This headline prompts me to ask if it is not a worse reflection upon the good name of our Army and our country to have an American officer unjustly hanged alive three years after the war ended than even to have an American soldier unjustly hanged dead during the war? And isn't it just as important for the United States Senate to see that hanging alive is made impossible by our Federal Department of Justice as to establish the fairness or unfairness of charges with respect to illegal hangings in France?
>
> I refer to the charges made against Captain Robert Rosenbluth.
>
> Very truly yours,
> Wm. H. Allen.

It may be of interest to learn whether the American Jewish Committee condones or abets the attacks that have been made in racial quarters upon the late young Major Cronkhite and his father. Fnough has been written to establish the reputation which the young of-

(Concluded on page 14)

Beauties of the Hills and Lakes of Florida

A Visitor to the Center of Southern Peninsula State Tells of Its Attractions

FLORIDA, magic name. As yet it was nothing but a name to me, and before my mind rose kaleidoscopic pictures and jumbled facts, gleaned from books, magazines, newspapers, and movies, shop windows and tourists' tales.

Against an indistinct background, subconscious memories of winter discomforts, slanting snow, whistling wind, stinging sleet, slush, and penetrating cold, grim forebodings of coal shortages and railroad strikes, of wrestling with the heating problem and of shoveling snow from the sidewalks, bright pictures began to paint themselves, swiftly running movie films of imagination.

Skies marvelously blue, dotted with puffy cloudlets that parted and met again in endless fairy formations, or drifted lazily like tiny ships across a tranquil sea. Always the sky is endlessly blue.

White sand against the sunlit blue, white houses with red roofs half hidden in vines, gay blossoms, brilliant plumage bathed in a glory of light. Palm Beach suits, silk sport skirts and softly bright sweaters. Bands playing, flags waving. A gala atmosphere. Chattering people having tea under some flower festooned pergola. Motoring over firm, white beaches on the edge of the ocean, or through luxuriant tropical foliage. Golf and tennis under sunny skies. Swimming or surf-bathing in January. This in the resorts that skirt the coast.

Inland, a vast stretch of flat, swampy land, overgrown with a tangled mass of jungle-like vegetation.

In other words, I had a kind of composite impression, a conglomeration of the average ideas about Florida that people have who never set foot inside the state.

It was chance that took us to Florida, and chance that took us away from the coast towns, where the foregoing description is pretty true to actual fact, and into the inland country which we confidently expected to find a wilderness.

It was with a great deal of astonishment, therefore, that we alighted from a fast express and found ourselves in Lakeland, and it must be confessed that our astonishment has never quite worn off.

I don't know what we expected to find, exactly. What we did find was a pretty city of about 12,000 population, beautifully situated in a slightly rolling country, surrounding or touching nine lakes. It lies almost exactly in the center of the peninsula, the heart of that inland country we had come to seek, and taking it as a probable sample of inland Florida, we looked it over carefully and with some curiosity.

It is a beautiful city, naturally and through the efforts of its citizens. As you step off the train, a small park greets your tired eyes with refreshing greenery. Right in the heart of the city it lies, a kind of big outdoor sitting-room for the community, and especially for the winter visitors. Here you may sit to work or read, play bridge, gossip with your friends, listen to the band or pitch horseshoes. Here you meet old acquaintances or make new ones.

Surrounding this park lies the business section, wide streets always lined with parked cars, smart shops, adequate business facilities of every variety. Farther out along the lakes' shores stretch pretty residence properties, mostly of the bungalow type, though interspersed with more pretentious mansions, always set among smooth green lawns and brilliant flowers, nodding poinsettias and flaming hibiscus, orange bignonia and purple bougainvillea, side by side with familiar flower faces, gay nasturtiums, fragrant roses, and retiring violets.

It is this combination, I think, of which the flowers are but one example, that makes inland Florida so charming. Rolling hills and lake-filled hollows that might be the foothills of New England, save for the silver moss that droops from every tree. A modern, up-and-coming, progressive city, busy, prosperous, efficient, well-lighted, well-paved, good schools and many churches, excellent water, excellent transportation, all the municipal facilities that much larger cities in the North can boast, and many that they can't; a cosmopolitan citizenry, gathered from all over the world, hospitable and open-minded, all set down in the midst of semi-tropical luxuriance and perfect climate. Everything will grow here, almost any time of year. Violets in November; roses in January as in June. Peaches side by side with oranges; tomatoes spring or fall. Everything to all men.

Captivated by its charm and a feeling that at last everything desirable had been gathered in one perfect spot, we stayed. It isn't perfect, really. No place is, and one probably wouldn't like it if it were. But I did feel that here, at least, were all the desirable fundamentals of living, and that the trimmings were being added as fast as was humanly possible.

We amused ourselves seeking some real flaw in our new-found paradise, some need that it could not fill. First we pretended to being tourists, bent on a vacation or seeking a winter home; then to wanting to buy a citrous grove; then to being a farmer; a permanent homeseeker seeking a city residence; a business man; an investor. The results were interesting, and we were not disappointed. What we found to be true of Lakeland can pretty well be considered true of inland Florida as a whole, in varying degree.

Lakeland has not been much of a tourist town, though annually several thousand visitors find their way thither. It lacks, perhaps, the air of fashion, the blair of trumpets, the gala atmosphere that one connects with winter resorts. Yet the tourists come back and come back, and new ones find their way each year.

Part of this is due to climate. Florida's climate is famous anywhere, yet among these inland hills it is even more delightful. The presence of many lakes equalizes the temperature so that it is delightfully brisk but not cold in winter, and delightfully cool in summer, while the fresh pine-laden breeze is both stimulating and soothing. A search of the weather records will not show a summer temperature over 96 degrees, and that not more than once in a season; and, on the other hand, frost is practically unknown.

The latter is the reason why the region around Lakeland, and all of Polk County, is the finest citrous fruit section in Florida, and this is not the least of its charms to the winter visitor. Who of us has not longed to see a really truly orange grove, nor ever quite believed that grapefruit grew on trees?

One of our greatest delights was motoring through this country. The roads are asphalt, wide, smooth, and gray, in perfect condition. Polk County alone has 346 miles of them, all connected up with the main state highways. They roll away invitingly in front of you, up hill and down again, bringing you out suddenly on a crested hill and unrolling a panorama of open pinelands, silver water, groves and country estates.

Oval—Airplane view of Lakeland, showing three of the nine lakes. The business section lies between the two at the back. In the front of the picture is a very pretty residence section surrounding Lake Morton. Left—A glimpse of Lake Hollingsworth. This is typical Florida scenery. Right—Lakeland, Polk County, Florida, has 346 miles of roads just like this.

An American View of the European Muddle

Divergence of French and British Attitude Toward Germany Explained

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I HAVE been over in Europe for a year visiting around and have become pretty well acquainted with some of the nations and their obvious difficulties and requirements. As the banker in the small town in hard times comes to know the problems of the men of that community, the relative burdens that they have to bear, the privations they have to face, the spirit in which they are facing them, the chances of winning through; so may one come to measure quite accurately, I feel, and in a simple and commonplace way, the needs, the sufferings and the prospects of the countries of Europe.

Before the war one would not have thought it possible that nations could stand up under the difficulties that each of these countries of Europe is now bearing, just as it would seem impossible for your neighbor to survive the loss of his crop, typhoid running through his family, and the destruction of his house by fire. But the spark of national life is tenacious as is the spark of life everywhere. Looking back it is easy to recall that prognostication that a war could not be financed for three months, that Europe would starve without the granary of Russia, that it would follow Austria, there at its nerve center, over the precipice. Nations have been meeting impossible conditions right along.

How Swiss Have Suffered

TAKE Switzerland, for instance, there in the middle of Europe, that little country which was entirely surrounded by the war but which succeeded in keeping out of it. Switzerland's chief industry was the making of watches and jewelry. In addition she entertained each year many tourists and her schools were always filled with students from many nations. These were her support, her very life. Switzerland was frugal, industrious, prosperous, upon that European standard which contemplates much hard work and little spending. After the war the currency of Switzerland remained near par with the American dollar. The currencies of Germany, Austria, Italy, France, were depreciated. These countries were producing on depreciated currencies in competition with Switzerland. They paid their watchmakers, for instance, in money that was worth half as much in dollars as was the Swiss money. The possessor of American dollars or English pounds could spend his vacation or put his children in school in other countries at half the Swiss prices. So Switzerland has not sold a watch to the outside world for years. She has received no tourists, few students. Virtually all her sources of revenue have become nonexistent. She has suffered all this because in a chaotic world, she possessed the rare virtue of stability. Yet life has gone on in Switzerland, must go on until conditions come back to normal. Peoples do not perish in the face of financial crises. Their lives go on quite evenly regardless of the coming of the seemingly unendurable.

In Italy there is an equally distressing situation coming about from a quite different set of causes. Italy suffered much in the war, exhausted herself, went frightfully in debt, bought abroad until exchange was forbiddingly against her, suffered a depreciation of her currency until it had but one-fourth of its former value. She is without coal and other raw materials and found herself unable to buy them. Her industry stagnated. She has a great surplus of workers and to her they are a profitable industry. Italy has long exported her man-power and her nationals living abroad have poured gold back into her coffers. The Italian emigrant in the United States, for instance, sends money home to his relatives, is likely eventually to go back to Italy with $3,000 or $4,000 he has earned abroad. But now the lire is so depreciated that it is difficult to buy passage overseas on a dollar basis and the doors of America are virtually closed to the Italian. The emigrant business in Italy has gone on the rocks.

Italians in a Funk

SHIPPING is the second source of revenue to the Italians but her ships are tied to the docks in Genoa and Naples. Industry, shipping, emigration, are gone. Debts are insurmountable. This condition has gone on for years. The Italian is in a blue funk. He sees no way out. He sits tight in desperation and lets the world go by. He gets a glimmer of hope from Mussolini for Mussolini is a change and conditions could not be worse. But the sources of Italy's revenue are gone. They have been dried up for so long that the condition has become chronic. Near famine stalks all the streets. Yet life goes on in Italy. The nation survives. Possibly a better day may dawn. Who knows?

In England again the situation is quite distressing but the trouble fundamentally has a different cause. There are many contributory elements, such as that of meeting an enormous war debt, in the embarrassment of England, but the one major difficulty which if removed would make it possible for her to drive ahead toward prosperity, is outstanding. That difficulty lies in the fact that England had accustomed herself to a market which no longer exists. Germany was the biggest consumer of British products in all the world before the war. Russia was another important market for the tight little island. There were some two million persons in Britain before the war who worked in her industries for the supply of these European markets. The markets are now entirely gone and those two million are idle. Britain is without the profits that came from this trade, but she is also saddled with the difficulties of taking care of these two million workers. The great mass of them are actually receiving subsistence pay out of the public treasury while sitting in utter idleness. I walked the streets of London late at night when people with food in their stomachs slept, and marveled at the number of the members of the underworld that skulked about like ownerless dogs in search of bare bones to gnaw. Providing for those who may not work enhances the burden that the British taxpayer is forced to bear and it comes to pass that the average Englishman who is at work has to give up something near one-fourth of his earnings in taxes.

The crux of the British situation is that of opening up this former market which she had across the channel. It is hard for an American to understand how intense is her concentration of this problem. Naturally Britain is concentrating with great vigor on reviving that market. If one bears this fact in mind he understands much more clearly why England acts as she does in so many of the crises which arise in Europe. Her apparent friendliness to Germany, for example, has its foundation in her desire to get these 2,000,000 Englishmen back into her factories. It would seem a matter of life and death but for these recent demonstrations of the tenacity of peoples.

It is somewhat an odd thing that when in America the talk turns to lending financial aid to the rehabilitation of Europe, the proposal is nearly always to extend that aid to Germany. Industrial Germany, it is stated, is on the very verge of collapse. Unless funds are provided for Germany, it will collapse. Dire pictures are painted of the results that will follow a collapse of industrial Germany. Little attention is paid to the lessons that may be learned from other nations in Europe which have suffered industrial collapse and which have gone on in the face of it ever since the war. In Italy, for instance, industry has been dead for years. In Switzerland the sources from which the people got their living have likewise been dried up for a long time. England has fought her way through conditions as bad as those which face Germany. France is admittedly bearing much heavier burdens than Germany. Little is said of financing these countries which were our allies during the war, but much of financing that nation which caused the world tragedy and yet has suffered less than most.

Distress Noted in Berlin Only

DURING last summer, I traveled very observingly through Germany, visiting such industrial centers as Munich, Leipzig, Berlin, Frankfurt. At that time in all those cities industry was running full blast. Every factory was at work. Virtually all were working three shifts. Everywhere I went the Germans themselves told me that anybody who wanted a job could get it and that the wages were such that they could provide themselves abundantly in Germany with the necessities of life. Only in Berlin were there any evidences of distress, and here they were shown chiefly by that class of people which had made up the official life of Germany or which had formerly lived on unearned incomes. Working people in Germany were comfortable. They were the best-dressed working people in all Europe. The farms were universally cultivated and productive. One could not help feeling that it was only the fringes of the German population that were raveling out. Since that time industrial Germany has been meeting certain difficulties such as the inability to get raw materials and certain of her industries have been curtailed. It is undoubtedly true, however, that German industry today is productive to a greater per cent than is industry in Italy, France, or England, the other first-class powers of Europe. Even were it nonexistent the German stomach would have been empty a bare half year which, from an Italian standpoint, for example, is but the beginning of hunger. Our one-time allies have been desperate so long that we have become accustomed to their emaciated condition but the new supplicant, though still fat, attracts attention.

It is likewise obviously true that the burdens which Germany is bearing in the face of the fact that she is not paying reparations, are much lighter than the burdens that are being borne by other European countries. France offers a striking contrast. In Germany the whole population has the habit of work and the great guaranty which Germany has against disaster is the fact of the great capacity of her people for productive work. The French are likewise a sturdy people much inclined to hard work and frugality, and France is likewise producing. Every acre of farm land in France is yielding crops, but one is much struck by the contrast between the tiny farms of France and the larger holdings and more ambitious homesteads of Germany, which, with herds of dairy cattle and well-filled barns, remind him much of those conditions which he is accustomed to see from a car window while riding through our own Ohio.

The feature of the situation in France is the stupendous burden that that country is bearing. France has her war debt which is greater per capita than that of any other country. She has more derelicts of war to care for than any other country. But aside from this she has huge burdens to bear which are peculiar to her. Devastated regions, for instance. There are entire cities such as Verdun and Rheims, which are being rebuilt from the government treasury. It costs money to rebuild cities of 60 000. Building materials are expensive and this burden is stupendous. Germany has no such burden.

A second burden which is borne by France and not by other countries of Europe is that of little diminished armaments. France today is maintaining an army 800,000 strong. The immediate American reaction to this statement is an assertion that she should disband that army and save the money. France's answer is that she has been attacked and almost destroyed twice in this generation and 20 times altogether. In the face of these facts she cannot bring herself to prescribe to the theory that armaments are no longer necessary. It may not be true, but she nevertheless believes that her national existence depends upon maintaining this army. I can but add my bit of personal testimony bearing on the situation. Everywhere that I traveled in Germany I asked every German I talked to, waiters, chauffeurs, traveling companions, officials, the same question: "Will Germany go to war again?" More than half of them responded: "Not until we get France alone."

France, of course, knows of the attitude of mind on the part of the Germans. Any other nation having suffered the attacks that France has suffered would probably take the same view. She is maintaining this army almost at the price of her own financial ruin and believes firmly that she must do so or die. She may be wrong, but that is her belief.

Thus does France with less than two-thirds of the population of Germany carry two stupendous burdens which do not afflict Germany. Thus does France carry on beneath such a load as is borne by no other country in Europe and do it in a dogged determination to fight out her destiny as she sees it.

France Says Foe Must Pay

FRANCE is determined that Germany shall pay reparations. She is determined also that she shall secure from the nations of the world guaranties against attack. Those are the objects that are back of everything she does in her meetings with other nations of the world. Those objects naturally are quite different from the prime object of Britain, which is to open up markets. The difference in the objects which the two nations are seeking to accomplish is responsible for the unending clashing between their representatives when they meet for conference. An appreciation of the desperate needs of these two nations would make the average American less uncharitable toward either.

When America approaches this international situation, she seems to do so primarily with the thought in mind, that the thing for which she is being asked is money. This impression is quite aside from the fact that the greatest need in the European situation is not loans. Europe needs more than anything else to have two or three troubling issues settled, and to have them written down in plain black and white so that she knows just where she stands. She needs primarily to have reparations reduced to promissory notes so endorsed that they have an actual negotiable value.

She needs a settlement that will make it possible to balance her books. The nations must know what they are to receive and what they have got to pay. Such a settlement depends largely upon a determination of Germany's ability to pay and the issue of her notes to pay in collectable form. This settlement is the corner stone for the rebuilding of Europe's financial structure. It must be laid before construction may be carried further. America's proposal of an expert commission to determine Germany's ability to pay and to write a plan for payment would seem an intelligent and practical step. Any three American business men could arrive at a fair judgment on this point in a month.

Still Want Attack Guaranties

THEN the second fundamental step, the political step, is that of extending to France the guaranties against attack which she requires. In Europe there is a steady approach to unanimity in the conviction that France must be guaranteed against attack. A treaty must be written in which it is set down that in case France is attacked other nations will come to her aid. The power of these nations so contracting must be sufficient that it becomes obvious that any country, falling upon France, would face inevitable defeat. The consensus of opinion is that it is the obvious duty of those neighbors nearest France to come first to her defense, and that the call to arms would be a steadily widening circle that would slowly reach to those nations overseas.

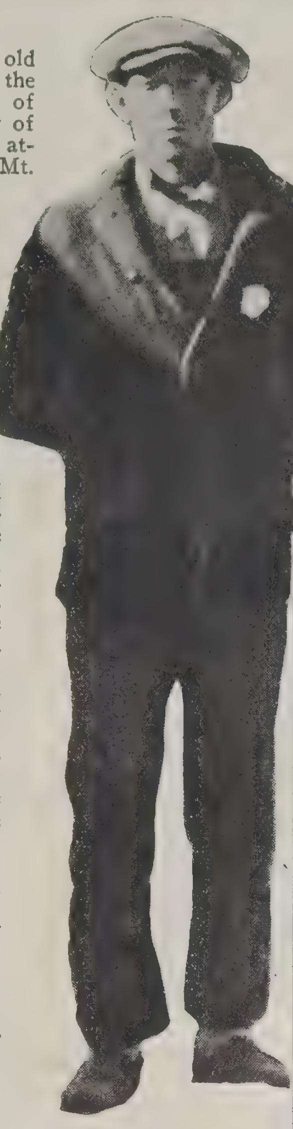
Neither of these fundamental problems in the welfare of the world calls for any advance in money on the part of the United States. They call for wise and disinterested conference and advice. There is in all the world but one disinterested nation with sufficient prestige to make her voice heard almost as a command in the affairs of the world. There is but one logical arbitrator in those affairs and that arbitrator is the United States.

One appreciates the force of that opinion in the United States which leans to the belief that the purpose of Europe is to make this country its financial catspaw and to shift upon it its financial burden. Without admitting that this view is correct might it not be possible for the United States to proceed as though it were? Might she not say to Europe: "We will not finance you, but we will offer our good offices in any circumstances where they can be used without expense to us." Thus might she not be of inestimable immediate service and might she not allow any financial transactions looking to the relief of Europe to rest upon the basis of ordinary business security and take care of themselves as the situations arise.

It is easy to find out what to do if the United States should ever think of changing her Pharisee make-up to that of the Samaritan.

Weygandt of Old Hood

By MEL WHARTON



MARK WEYGANDT

Photos (C) Kiser's Studio, Portland, Oregon.

Above—Weygandt conducting an ascension party past crevasse on northeast slope, Mt. Hood. Below—Mt. Hood, from northeast, bathed in a cloud blanket.

EVERY mood and whim of the hoary old mountain is as significant to him as the spoken word. He studies the humors of Oregon's famed snow peak with the intensity of an idol worshiper. No other man has ever attained the intimate acquaintanceship with Mt. Hood that belongs to Mark Weygandt, ice-pilot extraordinary and plenipotentiary of nature.

For 23 consecutive years Weygandt has conducted ascension parties up and down the treacherous northeast slope of Mt. Hood, considered by expert climbers to be one of the most hazardous feats of scaling in America. Nineteen guides have come and gone in the interim but Weygandt, of good old stick-to-it Holland ancestry, never grew tired of his charge and remained through lean seasons and good, never discouraged and ever firm in his conviction that Mt. Hood and its environs will during his lifetime become a summer and winter playground rivaling in popularity the vaunted Swiss Alps.

More than 5,000 persons have been escorted up the steep slope by the sturdy Netherlander. Not one life has been lost under his guidance although at times he has been forced to tie a life line about the waists of awed ascensionists and shove them over the side of the mountain to make the return descent. Weygandt's present record of 510 journeys to the summit will probably never be equaled. The ice-pilot is yet in his prime and will make many more trips to the top before old age calls him away. He has taken the largest number of persons to the top under one guide when 120 made the ascent in 1914.

Born in Wisconsin, since youth he harbored the longing to be a mountaineer. Pictures of the rugged Alps fascinated him and young Mark often wondered if he would ever see a really big white mountain. The thought became insistent and the boy determined to go to the Pacific Northwest where he could be in the land of snow-mantled peaks. Not having money for rail transportation, he pedaled his way by bicycle to The Dalles, Oregon. Immediately he sought the proximity of Mt. Hood and began his career as mountaineer under the tutelage of a Swiss guide who then conducted ascension parties to the summit.

There are few mountain thrills and experiences that have not been his. He has fallen into crevasses and been covered by thundering avalanches but his uncanny knowledge of iceology has repeatedly carried him through hair-raising ordeals without misfortune. In 1906 this fearless climber placed the American flag on the crest of Pulpit Rock, a protuberance of shale on the north side of Mt. Hood which before and since defied scaling by modern man.

"My most terrifying experience on the mountain top was in 1905 when struck down by lightning," declared Weygandt. "My first sensation was that of being squeezed into a very small parcel. Then as my senses returned the sensation completely reversed and I felt as though I would burst through my clothes. On hands and knees I crawled to the registration box maintained at the summit and scrawled out my name. The jolt took all of the strength out of me but nevertheless the return trip was made without mishap."

Together with an intrepid climber from the Canadian Selkirks who wanted to "try something difficult" the sheer north wall was scaled by the two men in the summer of 1912. That feat has never been duplicated. Pitched for its entire distance of 2,000 feet at an angle of 85 degrees the men made their way like beetles up a tree trunk, literally clinging to the side. Niches were cut in scores of places to afford them hand holds for the next upward step.

The man who lives with the mountain never knew how to snowshoe or ski until he came to the Pacific Northwest. Today he teaches the intricacies of both arts to beginners. There is no more staunch advocate of winter sports in the Cascades than Weygandt. The popularizing of winter sports in the great outdoors of the Cascade range is the hobby of Mt. Hood's most celebrated guide. His mission will have been fulfilled when he has made known to the world the wonders of the Pacific Northwest snow peaks and the enjoyment and exhilaration to be found in their vicinities and when American tourists have learned that it is not necessary to cross the ocean to enjoy mountain scaling and snow sports the equal of any anywhere.

On an Andean Sea 12,500 Feet Above Ocean

Concluded from page 3

and made fruitful an American Eden; of the paternalism of the Incas that made it impossible for man to be either poor or rich—possibly the origin of the Indian's present communistic inertia; of the immense granaries that must have rivalled those of Joseph.

The tranquillity of a land in which nothing seems ever to have happened mantled the sleepy towns of San Pedro and San Pablo, lying at opposite sides of the long Strait of Tiquina. Beyond, lofty slopes introduced a new variety of landscape that was to prevail for the remainder of the cruise. The headlands were bolder, and there was greater evidence of habitation and the fruits of husbandry. /Terraces reached aloft to the very summits of the hills, as in China, and each was a chalice of young greenery. The yellows, reds, blue-greens and oranges of this unfamiliar vegetation were futurist both to vision and to imagination.

A novel means of disembarking was tested at a trading post palisaded by a dense thicket of reeds and aquatic vegetation. Rowboats could not reach the muddy landing, and stubby aborigines waded forth, hoisted passengers upon hips well accustomed to burdens, and carried them pick-a-back to firm ground.

No one hurries in the high Andes, as in the Parisian streets of Buenos Aires. Here there is the traditional spirit of *mañana.* Even the animals seemed to partake of this sentiment. Wherever an ox was seen, it was indolent over its cud; the dogs were languid, though this may have been from an inequitable ration; fish, if there were any in Titicaca's frigid depths, refrained from the exertion of breaking the surface of the water for air; there was no song of birds on land, and rarely a flutter of wings; water birds, principally the familiar hell-driver, fled reluctantly.

In the middle of the afternoon the *Yapura* was anchored off a miserable village, half inundated and half dissolved by the high waters of the lake, which here find outlet. A reedy stream divides the town into separate municipalities, one in Peru and the other in Bolivia. These *villas,* the Desaguaderos, evidenced the keenest rivalry in point of filth and general debility. Yet at the very moment they were threatening to achieve immortality by being the scene of an Indian massacre.

"Señores," explained the *jefe,* "two days ago, at four o'clock in the morning, an immense band of *los indios,* armed with rifles, shotguns, sticks and knives, attacked the neighboring village of Jesus de Machaca. They assassinated the mayor, the priest, and others, including women and children, putting the houses to fire and sack. *Que barbaridad! Que atavismo!* We have not slept since, expecting the like fortune. At dawn tomorrow we may not be among those who are able to greet the sun. Soldiers are coming from Puno, but it is possible that they will be too late."

This was lugubrious, indeed. It seemed necessary to assume a Leather Stocking mood and to sense the thrill of Custer days, but there was too little in the somnolent atmosphere of the deserted brown hills about the Desguaderos to inspire creepy heroics. Undismayed and still slightly supercilious, we went into the telegraph office, where a primitive Morse instrument ticked sleepily and then stopped, even as we wrote out our customary *"reservarme un cuarto para matrimonio,"* designed to insure a sleeping place in the hotel at La Paz.

"No funciona," announced the attendant, with an air of fatality. "They have just now cut the wires. *Si, señorito mio,* we shall all be massacred tonight."

The *corregidor* of Desaguadero, Bolivia, asked his guests to step across the creek into Desaguadero, Peru, and view another exhibit testifying to the mortal peril in which the villages reposed. There the Peruvian police force, consisting of an officer and two men, all unmistakably Indian to within a negligible degree, drove forth a whining, scarred brother who was pronounced to be a spy. He had been picked up the night before on the hills outside the village, bearing the blood marks of a suspicious wound, said to connect him in some occult fashion with the marauders of Jesus de Machaca. At the *corregidor's* command he spread out his armament, a leather thong, a stick, a dozen frozen potatoes and a handful of coarse meal.

Since he had already enjoyed Peruvian hospitality, it was agreed between the amicable officials that he should forthwith be extradited to Bolivia, and this was accordingly done. Repentance, however, overtook the neighboring Desaguadero, after reflection upon the perils of harboring such a creature, and it was determined to pass him on to Guaqui; and no doubt Guaqui relayed him to La Paz or points still more remotely southward. In any case, he was visible again that evening, unmanacled and unguarded, among the steerage passengers, thoroughly enjoying this phase of his adventures, and probably not greatly troubling about the security of his head.

The *Yapura* was anchored off the Desaguadreos for most of the night, but if any of the passengers had even the private hope of witnessing a massacre, he was disappointed. To all appearances the villagers slept, and there were no beacon fires smudging the hills in evidence of an encompassing horde. The only sign of an enemy, through the busy field glasses plied aboard ship during the afternoon, had been a cowherd, enthusiastically considered an Indian sentinel until he ambled down villageward at dusk behind his mild beasts.

Before midnight the promised military aid from Puno arrived, but as rain had begun to fall, it was assumed that all warlike operations would be called off on both sides. The army, therefore, remained snugly aboard ship until dawn.

When we awoke, the Desaguaderos were forever behind us [illegible] expanse of chill mist and water, and before us lay Guaqui, Bolivia, the port of debarkation.

Where Outstanding Scientific Investigations Find Their Inception

Cosmos Club of Washington Leading Gathering Place of Kind in Country

By GEORGE H. DACY

Within stone's throw of the White House stands the Cosmos Club.

The famous Dolly Madison house was purchased by the Cosmos Club and now is used by the wives of the members.

WITHIN stone's throw of the White House at Washington stands the home of the Cosmos Club, the leading scientific club of the country. Resembling somewhat the famous Athenaeum Club of London, the Century Club of New York City, the St. Botolph Club of Boston and the Traveler's Club of England, the Cosmos Club of Washington is yet different from all these in that it lives up to strange ideals. Its membership now includes 1,600 of the most prominent scientists, literary celebrities, artists and others who have done meritorious work. The resident and non-resident members are about equal in number, the latter including many college presidents, eminent scientists, men of art and letters and other leaders in allied lines of effort who occasionally are called to Washington and who always make the curious Cosmos Club their headquarters.

This unusual social center incubates far-reaching and important scientific search and research. Visit the Cosmos Club at most any time of day and you will find there one or more groups of leading scientists discussing this or that intricacy of modern life, industry, art and science. Ensconced in the comfortable leather chairs which are typical of the homelikeness and hospitality of this unique organization, basking in the pleasant glow of the open fires, scientific leaders project plans which may revolutionize this or that branch of human effort and accomplishment. It is not uncommon to see six or seven of the leading Cabinet officers gathered at the Cosmos Club for lunch. The late Alexander Graham Bell was a frequent caller. His son-in-law, Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society, is now official head of the curious scientific club.

The remarkable and romantic history of the famous old Washington houses which have been united to form the present home of the Cosmos Club—a rambling group of buildings of dignified simplicity—is a worthy supplement to the interesting story of the organization and development of this association of congenial gentlemen which is different from any other social club in existence. Back in 1817, when the Cosmos Club was formed, Washington was the literary and scientific center of the United States. Due to the concentration of the manifold governmental research investigations at the national capital, scientists had assembled there from all parts of the country. Most of them were in the employ of Uncle Sam; the others came to Washington to study history, sociology and economics in the great national libraries and galleries of art and science.

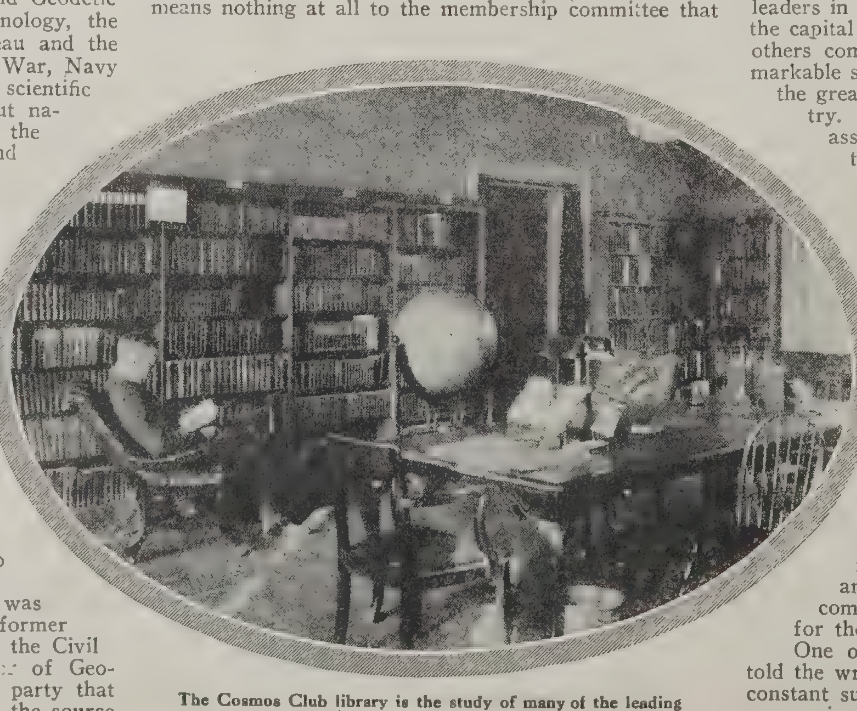
At that period, the Bureaus of Coast and Geodetic Survey, Geological Survey, Fisheries, Ethnology, the Smithsonian Institution, the Weather Bureau and the Department of Agriculture as well as the War, Navy and State departments, teemed with men of scientific training and technical education. It was but natural that these men should congregate for the common expression of scientific thought and good will. They met fortnightly under the auspices of the Philosophical Society in Ford's Theater which, subsequent to the death of Abraham Lincoln, was used as an annex to the surgeon-general's office and as a repository for medical literature.

After the philosophical meetings, the scientists always held so-called "adjourned meetings" at a beer saloon across the street where the technical experts ate pretzels, drank beer and discussed complicated theories and practices. These congenial gatherings were never disreputable or disorderly despite that many of those present were fresh from their scientific studies at Heidelberg and Stuttgart. They conceived a scheme to organize a club and to provide it with suitable headquarters.

The initial meeting of the organization was held at the home of Major J. F. Powell, a former Union officer who had lost one arm during the Civil War. Major Powell was the first director of Geological Survey and was leader of the [illegible] party that explored Grand Canyon and journeyed from the source to the mouth of the Colorado River, one of the most perilous boat trips attempted in the annals of America's development. Major Powell was the kind of man who would choke the mouth of a belching volcano if he thought the spitfire meant anything but fun. At this meeting, Colonel Garrick Mallery suggested that the new organization be called the Cosmos Club. There was some suggestion of spelling Cosmos with a K but it was voted down. The Cosmos Club owes its calm, unbroken record of harmony and prosperity to the original modesty of its aims and to the firmness with which these aims and ambitions have been adhered to from its very institution.

From the outset, the new organization established rigid requirements and a high standard for membership in the scientific association. Its by-laws require that "its membership be selected from those who have done meritorious original work in science, literature or the fine arts or from those who though not occupied in science, literature or the fine arts are well known to be cultivated in a special department thereof, or from those who are recognized as distinguished in a learned profession or in public service." In most social clubs, by-laws are merely by-laws to be made and broken largely at the desire of the members. Most any men of fame and fortune can gain admission to these other organizations if their ordinary credentials are satisfactory and they are properly introduced.

It is quite different at the Cosmos Club. It is an organization that has religiously adhered to the high ideals and standards of its founders. Just because a certain candidate can sign his check for seven figures means nothing at all to the membership committee that carefully considers the qualifications of each candidate who wishes to join this truly great body. It is but rarely that Senators or Congressmen are admitted to membership despite that active eligibility to the Cosmos Club is one of the greatest honors offered by cultured Washington society. Manufacturers, captains of industry and lawyers are occasionally voted into membership because of outstanding excellencies which make them pre-eminent. Some of the most eminent ambassadors and foreign diplomats are on the Cosmos Club roster.


The Cosmos Club library is the study of many of the leading international scientists.

At this writing, the membership of the Cosmos Club is cosmopolitan if viewed from the standpoint of occupations. However, in each instance, the member was only admitted after careful investigation and determination of individual fitness. The present club roster shows that the membership includes geologists, biologists, anthropologists, phytopathologists, chemists, astronomers, writers of prose, poetry and editorial matter, painters, engravers, sculptors, doctors, lawyers, physicians, army and naval officers, teachers and professors, college presidents, bankers, financiers, architects, diplomats, statesmen, superintendents and chiefs of government bureaus.

The original membership was limited to 200 resident and 50 non-resident members but these limits were shortly increased. Right now there are 800 members who live in the District of Columbia while another 800 reside in every state in the Union as well as in foreign countries. As the membership has increased, the demands for larger quarters developed. From the original three rooms in the Corcoran Building, the Cosmos Club has grown to occupy and own the historical home of Dolly Madison and the famous Don Cameron residence which during the administration of William McKinley was occupied by Mark Hanna and was known then as the "little White House." The old stable of Mark Hanna has now been converted into an assembly hall which is used by practically every scientific organization in the city of Washington as a meeting place. One service rendered by the Cosmos Club to the public has been the use of this auditorium on all occasions. There is hardly a week night now but what this hall is used by one or another of the various scientific clubs which compose the Washington Academy of Science.

It would require the sagacity and resource of an ancient chronicler to keep tab on all the scientific schemes which are annually cooked up in the lounge and lunch and library rooms of the Cosmos Club. There gather the leading scientists of the world. Today Washington is easily the scientific center of the entire universe. There are more than 3,500 scientists—many leaders in their particular branches—who live in or near the capital city. Many are on Uncle Sam's pay roll while others come to Washington to gain access to the remarkable scientific records in the Congressional Library, the greatest depository of technical data in the country. The Cosmos Club is the logical center of assemblage for all these celebrities. The doors to this club are zealously guarded but once one is admitted, he is introduced to a type of cordiality, hospitality and courteous kindliness never surpassed anywhere.

An exceptionally fine library of philosophical and scientific literature comprising 4,000 volumes is a special feature of the Cosmos Club while its walls are adorned with masterpieces of art. During its early history, on many occasions, the clubhouse was thrown open to the public, the people of Washington being invited to enjoy art exhibitions. Latterly, as the membership of the club has grown and the daily demands of the members keep all the space in use most of the time, public exhibitions have been discontinued.

An interesting feature of the Cosmos Club is the woman's department where the wives and families of the members are always welcome. Parlors and a dining room are provided for their convenience.

One of the oldest members of the Cosmos Club told the writer that a visit to the club was a source of constant surprise to him. "I am always meeting there some scientist whom I have not seen for many years.

Left—1,600 of the leading scientists, artists, writers and others of unusual talent are members of the Cosmos Club. Right One of the lounging rooms at the Cosmos Club where important scientific research is incubated.

'Hello, John,' I will cry, 'where are you from now?' And he may answer that he has just returned from hunting big game in India or exploring for precious stones in South Africa. Mayhap he is an agricultural explorer who has been making a detailed study of the rare and unusual fruits and horticultural treasures of Japan. Perhaps he has been up near the Arctic Circle engaged in surveys of the ice floes which threaten steamer traffic. Or, again, he may be one of the bureau chiefs in charge of the 350 professional hunters who are ridding the western ranges of dangerous predatory animals. Albeit, I spend an interesting hour or so listening to the inside story of what he has been doing. The Cosmos Club lounge and lunch room are veritable reservoirs of stranger stories of adventure, peril, scientific enigmas and explorations than ever appear on the fiction pages of our leading publications."

China's Mary Pickford on the American Stage

Concluded from page 7

back of the stage, and it is real making up, too, for most of the faces are either hidden behind masks, enameled into fixed stares by means of stiff cosmetics, or covered with black and red and blue scrolls, as in the case of the villain, a burly, good-natured Cantonese, by name Gee Tai Yuen, who impersonates with equal grace male or female villains, though the more delicate touch necessary to create the ancient ancestor of the modern "vamp" is given by common accord to Bart Say Jing.

The scenes, of course, are changed right out in front of everybody, the more easily since there is no curtain, and between the acts the actors, stage hands and everybody else, including some of the audience, run back and forth across the stage in the greatest good humor. What is lacking in curtain, however, is made up in the back drop, which is a heavy black curtain, completely walling in the rear of the stage, and entirely covered with Chinese embroideries which must be really worth a small fortune. These embroideries have been in the possession of the actors of this company ever since they were born, and, before that time, in the hands of their ancestors.

How they have been so remarkably preserved is scarcely less wonderful than the embroideries themselves. On the stage exits are hung placards, bearing the names, in Chinese characters, of the actors and "actresses" on the stage at the time. It requires the full time of two stage hands, in a busy scene, putting up and taking down these placards as the actors and female impersonators and little See Sut Moy rush on and off the stage.

The orchestra, which consists of five Chinese musicians, with Chinese instruments, plays all the time. Since the shortest Chinese play—a brief comedy—requires five hours of steady acting to present it, this means that the orchestra does at least 35 hours of continuous work very week, as compared with the two hours a night, 14 to 16 a week, played by American theatrical orchestras, who get payed for 48 hours' work. Quite evidently there are no musicians' unions in China. Inasmuch as Chinese music is pitched in a high key, and the more it wails the better the audience is pleased, all the actors adopt high falsetto voices to carry over not only the footlights, but the noise of the orchestra as well. This makes the theater a veritable bedlam of sound, amid which the constant chatter of the audience ebbs and flows like an undertone of waves breaking on a sandy coast.

And the audience ebbs and flows, too, at will, especially in those plays which require five or six nights of five or six hours each for their production. The audience also eats and smokes, in the theater, if it wishes to follow the play closely, but it really does not matter, since the dialog is so voluminous and the speeches so long-continued, if a man does go out for dinner, for he can pick up readily the thread of the play after an hour's absence. There is no hurrying in the acting. The men, and the imitation women, on the stage, move with all the deliberation of the play itself, and since there are neither prompters nor callers, each member of the cast seems to go on the stage when he is so disposed, though probably he gets there at the time he is supposed to arrive to preserve the continuity of the plot.

There is some accounting for this individuality of manner in taking cues and going on and off stage from the fact that every actor in this company, and the little Lee Sut Moy as well, knows every word in more plays than will be presented in the entire six months the company will spend in San Francisco; more, in fact, in all probability, than will be played if and when the company tours other cities. The children of Chinese actors, destined by tradition, custom and virtually iron-clad laws of precedent, are trained from the time they begin to talk to memorize plays, comedies, tragedies and the famous long-winded historical plays, of which the Chinese are so fond, and which make up the backbone of the dramatic literature of the race. Thus, every actor in this company, as in other companies of native-born Chinese actors, knows not only his own part in 50 to 100 plays, but all the other parts in the play as well, though nowhere in theatrical work is the line between those who play hero, villain, character, feminine and other parts drawn so strictly as on the Chinese stage. The son of a Chinese actor who has played the part of a villain all his life, usually is trained to play the part of a villain; the son of a popular hero is taught to play hero parts; the son of a female impersonator is trained to be a female impersonator, and so on.

Quite naturally, through such life training as this, these people of the Chinese stage possess remarkable memories. It is recorded in the annals of these mimes of the Orient that one of their number, who is still alive, though too old to appear on the stage, had command of all the parts in 500 plays. One result of this condition is that in Chinese acting, attention is paid almost entirely to the declamation, rather than to the action.

Except on such occasions as it becomes necessary to kill some one in the play, there is almost no moving about the stage. The hero takes a position; the villain another; the "leading woman" another and there they talk, talk, talk. An hour's speech is not particularly long to be put into the mouth of an actor of exceptional recitative ability, and when the play calls upon Lee Sut Moy, or one of the female impersonators to look out of the window, one of the property men walks softly on the stage and holds in front of the player requiring it a curtain, with a window cut in it, out of which the player looks.

Though magnificently supplied with tables, stools, screens and embroidered backgrounds, as well as signs, the stage contains little of what we call "scenery," and a play may range through several scenes and acts without any change being made in the setting.

The audience receives tonight the program for tomorrow night, as it received last night, the program for tonight. There is no applause, but there is much laughter; no tears that I was able to observe, but a great deal of talking, evidently comment, not so much on the acting or on the manner of presentation, as on the text of the play.

Those who were so inclined, put on their hats; those who did not, left them off, and if a man in the audience—almost entirely composed of Chinese men—recognized a friend on the stage or in the orchestra, he climbed up on the stage and had a chat with him right there. The orchestra, by the way, also is on the stage all the time, and not down in a pit during any part of the performance.

This company of Chinese players, in common with others which have appeared in the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, and other lands foreign to China, is financed by a company of wealthy Chinese. A certain amount is allotted to each player for costumes, make-up and other expenses; but beyond this, he must provide his own equipment, and, in the case of virtually all the members of the present company, this allotment paid for less than one-third of the costumes and other equipment.

In China, however, the costumes of an actor are to him what his kit of tools is to a carpenter in this country, an equipment without which he cannot get a job, though few Chinese actors are ever out of work, since they are born to their jobs, and rarely does a person born of other than actor parents attain further than a servant's or workman's position in connection with any Chinese theater.

Lee Sut Moy's costumes, for example, number 345, worth an average of more than $100 each, based on their cost in China, a land of cheap labor and low-priced materials. She wears frequently a dozen costumes in one play, and some of the men who play the female rôles are compelled to make more than this number of changes. Much of the so-called scenery, especially the embroideries and hangings, belong to the actors, having been handed down to them through generations of actor-ancestors. The players are paid according to the size of the audience at each performance, and some of them, including the little Chinese Mary Pickford, received as much as $2,000 for their first week's work in San Francisco.

The average, according to the interpreters, is about $500 a week, but, as on other stages, the prominent actors receive salaries disproportionately larger than the others of lesser fame.

How Our Writers Are Ruining Our Forests

Countless Carloads of Present-day Banalities Produced at Heavy Cost

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

A GREAT prophet once said: "Come with me to a monster printing plant and see it vomit forth its bile." No more pressing question weighs upon the conscience of humanity than this: "What can be done to save the impressionable minds of the youth of today from the mass of erotic, neurotic, tommy-rotic filth which assaults it from every quarter?"

If the writer were a millionaire and a benevolent one he would feel strongly tempted to offer an irresistible reward in the form of a life-pension to all writers of contemporary fiction who would promise never to write another line; if these perverters of youth and wasters of precious time say, "We must live," we might reply, in the language of Voltaire, "We do not see the necessity" and at all events their plea would be more appropriately referred to the committee on charity. Considering the damage the creators of our present-day fiction do to the cause of culture it would be hard to offer too liberal a reward if they will faithfully abstain henceforth and forever from putting pen to paper.

To produce countless carloads of their baled banalities we are today cutting down our most valuable and none too plentiful forests: it would be better to endow these writers with an ax rather than with a pen for they could then attack the trees without at the same time attacking the interests of real culture.

If we are to save the rising generation from the Juggernauts of the printing press which are now tearing down our forests to commercialize their filth and imbecilities, we must employ heroic methods. Schopenhauer goes so far as to affirm that a conspiracy exists among publishers to force bad books on the public. He says: "Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked, "Nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature." Elsewhere Schopenhauer refers to the "number of bad books, those rank weeds of literature which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public which rightfully belongs to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief. Nine-tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league."

"Let me mention," continues Schopenhauer, "a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practiced by litterateurs, hack writers and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing—namely, the newest books; and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated—as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this—always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely commonplace persons who write for money only and are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know only by name the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers, too, are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons."

Those who are charged with the responsibility of the moral and mental welfare of the rising generation ought to take a bold stand against the corrupt and corrupting influences of the cheap and vicious literature of the day. They should impress upon the young that every bad book they read keeps them from reading a good book. There are three rules for the guidance of all who seek the best and highest in literature.

1. Schopenhauer's Rule. Never to read a book written primarily for gain. Such a book never can be on the side of real culture—no, not even by accident.

2. Emerson's Rule. Never to read a book which is not at least a year old—"read not the times, read the eternities."

3. READ NO WORK OF FICTION PUBLISHED IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

We humbly beg the pardon of the novelists with whom we are fatally contemporaneous for thus putting them on our Index but any rule less sweeping would jeopardize the interests of the young for whom our rules are constructed. Our prohibition is not a narrow one. It admits George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, and the Bronte sisters, and surely any well-wisher of the young will plead for these and for Cervantes, Fielding, Scott, Defoe, Poe, Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Hugo. To give these masters a chance it is necessary to proscribe all novels of the last 50 years.

One word to all literary procurers and obscurantists: Interrogate your consciences, Gentlemen of the pen: can you honestly say that you have sought, as Ruskin did, to stop the reign of intolerable iniquities? Did you always subordinate the desire to be a best seller to the infinitely higher one of being a best giver, a giver of your best efforts to those seeking light and truth? If the race goes down to disaster, no small amount of the credit for this universal debacle will justly lie at the door of the time-serving, self-serving writers of today, who, after betraying their fellow men in the profoundest possible manner, will pass from an existence they have degraded and disgraced with the dying regret that they have but one life to prostitute to the greed of gain or the embellishment of lust.

"Time destroyed is suicide where more than blood is spilt": to realize this and to realize that a universal conspiracy exists against the wise expenditure of his time is the first and most important duty of the young student. The rules above stated will save the student from those who have designs upon his purse or upon his time. Furthermore, in the fight against the vice, imbecilities and trivialities of the movies it will be found that the strongest weapon to put in the hands of the young is a taste for the noblest masterpieces of literature.

We close with these golden words from Schopenhauer:

"You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire. There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these however are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts out a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? Where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting and the other permanent literature."

On Trying to Get Something for Nothing

THE first man who got something for nothing started the social problem. He who induces humanity to adopt a social system which gives something for something and nothing for nothing (*quid pro quo*) will have solved the social problem. The supreme issue challenging man's best effort is this: to separate the shirkers from the workers and give to each his proper reward—all the product to the workers, nothing to the shirkers.

Lincoln once alluded to the "human wriggle to live without work." On another occasion Lincoln said: "Sitting here, where all the avenues to public patronage seem to come together in a knot, it does appear to me that our people are fast approaching the point where seven-eighths of them are trying to find out how to live at the expense of the other eighth." Julian Laughlin, in his "History of Civilization," reduced the teaching of history to the following terse proposition: "The state, that is, the unproductive classes, of the ancient world, began by taking one-tenth of all that the producing classes made; this was increased, first to one-fifth, then to two-fifths and the whole social system broke down under the effort to make it three-fifths." At last the worm turned.

W. D. Howells once remarked that the severest indictment that could be formulated against America is that the average American would probably rather be Jay Gould, with all his crookedness, than James Russell Lowell. Assuming that there is, in many people, this terrible disease to get something for nothing, then it would seem that the duty of government is to discourage, rather than to encourage, such a spirit. Gladstone put it thus: "It is the duty of the government to make it difficult to do wrong and easy to do right." Has the American Government faithfully ensued that ideal? Beginning with the widespread graft of Grant's administration, coming down through an epoch whose dominating personalities were such men as M. A. Hanna, Nelson W. Aldrich, M. S. Quay, T. C. Platt, and so on *ad nauseam,* the conclusion is unescapable that *the government has thrown all its influence, in the past 60 years, to the building up of those special privileges whose sole purpose is to get something for nothing.* If the government had worked as hard to discourage the creation of these agencies as it did to encourage them, they never could have attained their present baneful and all but fatal supremacy. *If the Department of Justice had used the same vicious teeth in invading the offices and extracting the innermost secrets of the meat controllers and the oil crowd that it did in invading the offices of the pacifists in the late war, there never would have been a trust.* In every possible way, the three branches of the government threw the egis of their influence around the men who built up the monster combines that now throttle nearly every field of human activity. The government enabled Big Business to erect into a principle, a very religion, the system of GETTING SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Never before in the history of the world were so many agencies at work promising "something for nothing" and "getting way with it." But interest is at the bottom of all these major raids on the wealth produced by the workers. Interest on fictitious values or on public bonds—this is the hand that beckons high finance to its criminal carnival.

"Every man," said Emerson, "is a consumer and should be a producer." In strict justice no able-bodied person has the right to consume more than he produces: that in reality is stealing.

The happiest hunting ground of those who seek something for nothing is in the field of public debts. Here the "velvet" is so much in evidence that there is much reason to accept the opinion of those who hold that high finance promotes wars for the express purpose of securing more bonds. There is no escape from the burdens imposed by these debts on the citizen *except by emigration.* But even this is no longer of much use. Not without bitterness do those whose labors must pay all these debts, reflect that "while sportsmen have been able to obtain the reservation of many hundreds of square miles for wild beasts where these may not be disturbed by man, there will soon be not one inch of territory where the latter can escape the debt-contracting state."

To extirpate the parasite is the supreme problem of civilization. The problem is not so serious when the parasite is small but when the parasite is larger than its host the problem indeed becomes a very grave one.

The American Jewish Committee at Work

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ficer had earned during his short career. At the time of his death, his father, Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, was leading his division for the third time into the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He had been made a corps commander and awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the President of the United States; had received the Cross of Knight Commander, St. Michael and St. George from the King of England, and the Cross, Commander of the Legion of Honor, from the President of France, as well as the Croix de Guerre, with Palms.

The Jewish *Tribune* asserts that for 40 years it has been America's leading Jewish family paper, and the forum of American Jewry. This claim may be too self-assertive, but it is partly borne out by the fact that it is supported in its advertisements by the leading Jewish mercantile firms in New York, and it contains contributions from Louis Marshall and other Jewish leaders.

On October 27, 1922, the Jewish *Tribune* published the following:

> AN AMERICAN DREYFUS CASE
>
> "General Cronkhite was actuated, I believe, by a desire to clear the military record of his son. I am told that on the tombstone above the grave of Major Cronkhite, in Arlington Cemetery, are chiseled the letters "S. I. W."—self-inflicted wound. In the army these letters have an ignominious meaning. Sometimes, on the eve of battle, soldiers commit suicide and "S. I. W." is put on their tombstone epitaph. Naturally, General Cronkhite wants these letters chiseled off his son's tombstone."

It is difficult, as yet, for the average American to fathom the peculiar malignity of the "Yiddish" mind. The above paragraph, aimed at an honorable American soldier and his son, has been circulated industriously by the Jewish press ever since Rosenbluth was arrested for the murder of his superior. In this instance, its printing was sponsored by Nehemiah Mosessohn, editor of the Jewish *Tribune,* alleged forum of American Jewry. He and his like have come to us as alleged fugitives from persecution, but their conduct may throw a light on the cause of the alleged "persecution."

Needless to say, *many well-meaning Jews have become alarmed by the attitude adopted by their racial press,* and one of these, Simon Wolf, in the American *Israelite,* expresses his confidence that "complete and satisfactory justice will be done in the Rosenbluth case," and he censures the Jewish *Tribune* for "having made broadcast statements which don't help the situation."

Colonel William Hayward, United States attorney for the Southern District of New York, in commenting recently on attacks made upon him and other Federal officials by Samuel Untermyer, was prompted to say: *"Mr. Untermyer would like to substitute himself for the Department of Justice, the Federal Judges, the Grand Jurors and the District Attorney, but this would be a dreadful place to live in if he did."*

But the actions of Mr. Untermyer, the activities of Louis Marshall and his associates, and the industrious propaganda of the Jewish press are all co-ordinated parts of a studied assault upon the native population of the country.

The peculiar psychology that prompts the campaign of the American Jewish Committee, and the astounding ambition fostered by its leaders will be dealt with in the next phase of the "Rosenbluth Case."

Conventions—Shuttles of National Influence

Pecuniary Benefits to Community Attracting Gatherings Are Great; Delegations Exchanging Ideas Aid in Maintaining Political Balance

By E. L. DIXON

Secretary and Treasurer, Detroit Convention and Tourists Bureau

CONVENTIONS are peculiarly American in custom and spirit. They have become an institutional factor—a part of the economic fabric of this country. Their influence, commercially, politically and educationally, has not yet been fully recognized.

Conventions of men in the same line of business signalize the fact that business has outlived the old idea that competitors must naturally be antagonistic in interests. In fact, the antithesis is presented by these assemblies of men in the same line of endeavor, getting together to formulate rules of procedure which shall govern all for the good of all. Mergers of interests are made possible by these gatherings. They are often the initiative of extensive organized undertakings of national interest.

Conventions maintain a balance politically. It has been declared that, had the convention spirit pervaded Russia in a fractional part that it does America, she would not have fallen into such extremes of disruption and revolution. These hosts centralizing periodically at important points are promoters of peace and progress. They are the covenant of substantial government. When one section of a great country of such diversified interests as this can come into contact with representatives from other sections, the inevitable interchange of points of view means a diffusion of understanding among the citizens of this Republic, counterbalancing provincialism and modifying insistent self-interest.

20,000 Organizations Meet

THAT they influence public opinion and legislation may be learned by reading reports of convention meetings, especially of the great religious gatherings and the leading women's organizations. The latter in particular have presented to Congress important measures, corrective and protective.

In nature, conventions may be classed as industrial, scientific, military, religious, fraternal, political, patriotic, commercial, financial, educational, vocational, professional, reformative and societies of the arts.

These international, national, state and interstate bodies number about 20.000, and meet semiannually, annually, biennially and triennially. The greater proportion meets annually.

The attendance of the greater proportion of conventions ranges from 300 to 2,000, in some instances numbering as high as 10 000.

Organizations, in the selection of meeting points, for the most part rotate from the extreme West to the extreme East; from the North to the South, varied by a few discursive visits to cities of the central states.

These convention bodies in the aggregate represent organized millions of persons. In that fact lies the significance and power of convention organizations. It emphasizes the widespread importance of the contact and interchange of knowledge which is the purpose of these gatherings. The organized forces are the controlling forces of the country. In one 12 months consider what intelligent direction has been communicated to these controlling forces, and has been made operative by them.

The convention creates for the community the highest form of advertising—the PERSONAL CONTACT reinforced by the favorable impression. Sir Charles F. Higham, of London, England, representative of Lord Northcliffe at the convention in Milwaukee, of the Advertising Clubs of the World, said: "The finest advertising in the world, as you all know, is word of mouth." The delegate to a convention is a representative citizen of the section from which he comes. His judgment is respected. His pilgrimage complete, he becomes a powerful medium of publicity in the locality to which he returns; a living advertisement of the place he has visited. Many of the American people have come to adopt the convention as a means of taking an annual trip or holiday, happily combining business with pleasure and education.

Bring Much Publicity

THE highest value of conventions to a community lies in their wide distributive power for publicity. Increase of population follows the advent of these assemblies.

As community developers these migrant bodies are unsurpassed. In point of civic production, they are of paramount importance to real estate corporations, banking institutions and those who have only professional services to sell, and must look for the development of their business through the development of their city. The delegate of today may be the settler of tomorrow. Many prominent merchants and manufacturers first came to the city as delegates to a convention.

The manufacturing interests are served by conventions. As an example of this, those in charge of procuring labor in Detroit have found that conventions are responsible for thousands of young men and women coming to that city.

It is claimed that the convention and tourist business of this country amounts to nearly $1.000 000 000 annually, and that it is yet in its infancy. It has become a giant industry, classified by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington as the fifth form of the nation's basic wealth.

It is not my purpose to enter into the tourist phase of this business, colorful though it may be, and dealing with the "great outdoors," which automotive development has made a feature of our recreation. I want to tell only of the business of selling a city, or community. It has become a systematized enterprise engaged in by all progressive centers. The pecuniary benefits to a community are of such proportions as to make the attracting of convention bodies the most popular business-getting idea there is today.

A writer of western tourist literature, referring to this business of selling objectives, in other words, attractive points, has facetiously described it as the only business in the world in which goods may be sold and delivered and at the same time retained. He says that they have been selling Pike's Peak for years, yet it remains the property of Colorado. Certain it is that few lines have as many satisfied purchasers who go away to boost for the seller.

It has been figured by convention secretaries that the average amount expended by convention delegates for maintenance and all incidentals may be conservatively figured at $15 a day. Some idea of what this amounts to in the aggregate may be obtained by taking the following for illustration:

During June, 1922, 45 conventions met in Detroit; two left more than $250,000, if we reckon their outlay at $15 a day.

In computing this we have taken cognizance only of the necessities of life and general incidentals. No account has has been taken of the man who knew he was to be a delegate, and waited until he was in Detroit to purchase an automobile; no account of the numberless orders left by those men for their varied lines of business, and no estimate made of the innumerable articles procured by these men and women to be either sent or taken home.

A convention secretary related to me the following little incident which serves to exemplify the uncertainty of the unknown quantity, which in this thesis is the spending capacity of the convention visitor. A man with his wife and two children came and asked him to find them a room for less than $3 a day. So, my friend found him a room at $1.75 a day and this was satisfactory. About a week later he happened to run into the gentleman. The secretary asked him how he had enjoyed himself and if he had spent any money.

How the Money Is Distributed

"WELL, I'm not quite sure of *all* we've spent, as my old lady handles the pocketbook, but I do know of $1,100 which we've spent in farm implements and things necessary for the house."

This is an instance of a very *conservative spender.*

Money in a community has an inverse and reverse action. The convention dollar is a shining example of the inverse action of money. The expenditure by conventionists for maintenance is the first DIRECT ASSET. Hotels are the plants—there could be no conventions without hotels—and to the superficial observer they are the only beneficiaries from the induction of outside money. In the operation of monetary diffusion they are only the clearing house for this initial convention outlay. They in turn must obtain supplies from purveyors of food and expend a great portion of this money for general replenishment and labor. The convention dollar travels through the veins of business and seeps into the remotest capillaries. In other words, this new money eventually benefits all—down to the humblest employe in the community. It creates employment and therefore increases the buying power of the earning classes.

In times of business depression when merchants are advertising to a restricted number of people whose buying power is entirely exhausted, or is temporarily restrained at the dictates of prudence and caution, the induction of outside money is like the transfusion of blood into depleted arteries.

Organized effort to secure conventions is a comparatively new line of activity. The bureau method of presenting the attractive features of a community to conventions in assembly has no competitor. Its distribution of attractive, illustrated literature among convention bodies in convention at different points throughout the country constitutes a form of advertising that cannot be approached by individuals.

In some cities convention bureaus are units of Chambers of Commerce, but in the majority of cities they are separate institutions incorporated not for pecuniary profit. Their officers are men connected with the various departments prominent in a city's municipal and commercial life who serve gratuitously.

Detroit Had First Bureau

DETROIT claims the distinction of having the first convention bureau organized in the United States. Noting the increase of sales and of bank deposits in consequence of the presence of conventions, fewer than a dozen men prominent in the city's affairs 25 years ago organized the bureau. These men were the first to conceive the idea of capitalizing conventions. They were "blazers of the trail" in civic advertising. Their success was so marked that Detroit soon became known all over America as the Convention City.

In point of service to the merchants of the city, the ramifications of the bureau extend to every state in the Union. Assistance of an organized nature is at the command of local business groups in getting cooperation and broadcasting propaganda.

There are some species of organized bodies wholly undesirable. Especially those who would replenish their exchequer for the ensuing year out of the hospitality of large communities. It is the function of the bureau diplomatically to regulate these predatory combinations.

The cost of conventions to cities comes under the observation of convention bureaus. For the past eight years convention secretaries have vigorously discouraged extravagant and lavish entertainment of delegate bodies. A code of ethics aiming to correct these abuses was adopted at the last convention of convention bureau secretaries, at which 28 cities were represented. They advocate the adoption of the registration fee as the solution of entertainment expense, and thousands of organizations are adopting this method of financing a convention. Aside from the pecuniary relief it affords the merchants, the 60-40 advertising solicitor is eliminated as well as the too frequent aftermaths embarrassing to local entertaining committees, resulting from solicitation and collection.

Through the functions and intervention of the bureaus, merchants are saved thousands of dollars annually, especially where this registration fee system can be introduced as the most equable way to finance entertainment expense.

By the adoption of this system the cost to cities of convention bodies is being rapidly minimized.

The bureau of a popular convention city, after figuring the cost of entertaining convention visitors and expenditure for operating expenses for 1921, reports that for every dollar paid out there was a return to the city of $120.

On Succumbing to an Attractive Label

Concluded from page 2

most important chapter of American history for Americans today. It prefigures their own battle. The issues of that time are the real issues today between true progressivism and the real reactionary forces—no matter what badges they may wear or what slogans they cry.

Jackson's fight was temporarily successful, but true progressivism in 1923 is certainly looking backward to what Jackson did. He destroyed class rule in finance, special privilege in credit. It came back. It is here today.

The later Greenback movement, the early phases of the Labor movement, especially its wonderful but forgotten efflorescence after the Civil War, and the other radical efforts of that time all reveal to the student of their history that they were shot through and through with the passionate purpose to RESTORE the conditions of the older America. Their leaders promised to bring back the Americanism, which had either vanished or was then slipping away from the common people.

The living core of these movements was the desire to re-establish the conditions of economic freedom and equality of opportunity which their partisans believed had existed in fuller measure in the earlier periods of the Republic, and which they declared were being destroyed by the growth of special privilege in protean forms.

The presidential campaign of 1896 marks the climax of the earlier types of protest and radicalism. Many diverse elements then crystallized about a financial formula, which it was believed would revive the life of the agrarian and home-owning democracy of the earlier Republic.

"The Dollar of Our Daddies" was the battle cry of that campaign that best tells its inspiration. The speeches and literature of the struggle reeked of history, of the Fathers, and sought to revive the ardor of the American Revolution by picturing international finance as a British conspiracy against America. The older America—land of free farmers, independent shopkeepers and artisans—was painted all over the horizon by the orators. In the mining camps and short-grass country of the West the bimetallic formula became an article of religion. At one time the silver movement was within a hair's breadth of success. It called forth from the financial power of the day a political effort in opposition, which revolutionized American politics. Mark Hanna is the father of modern political strategy and organization. Under him, political campaigns became national affairs managed by a real general staff. Before, they had been scattered state struggles. In the campaign of 1896 it was universally understood that international finance was involved. Lombard street and the Rothschild banking house were grilled on every hustings by the silverites. Despite the frenzied fringes on the free silver movement and the inadequacy of its formula, there was probably never a time in which the American people had a clearer comprehension of the processes and forces which have enslaved the greater part of modern industry to a parasitic money changing class, than in 1896.

Mr. Harper's article is being published in two parts. The second installment will appear in next week's issue.

BRIEFLY TOLD

There is no instrument that will indicate the presence of gold and silver or their ores. Iron attracts the "needle," but neither gold nor silver is magnetic.

Drugs secreted in barrels of fish were recently seized by customs officials on board a French steamship in Brooklyn. An automobile truck accidentally knocked over a barrel revealing part of the drugs which amounted to $100,000 in all. In Vancouver, British Columbia, while the police were searching a house in Chinatown for hidden drugs, a carrier pigeon flew in bearing a tube of narcotics.

The first act passed by an Irish Parliament in 122 years was a highly technical measure entitled, "Adaptation of Enactments Bill." It passed the Dail and was accepted by the Senate without discussion. At the time, Sir Thomas Esmonde, speaking with emotion, said, "We have done what many generations of Irishmen lost their lives in trying to be able to do, and may all thank God we have lived to see this day."

The man who opened up Australia to the gold hunters is dead. His name was David Lindsay, and one of his feats was to ride from north to south across Australia with only a small black boy as a companion. He discovered a great auriferous area and it was on the reports of his findings that prospectors went out and opened up the great gold-bearing field of West Australia.

A fountain of fresh water bubbles up through the salt water of the ocean some miles south of Cuba. This fresh water comes from springs that are fed from below the bed of the ocean. As fresh water is lighter than salt water, it rises.

One hundred and twenty Congregational churches in 27 states, use motion picture machines as an aid to the Sunday evening service.

An Indianapolis woman has pieced and quilted a quilt containing 30,888 red, white and blue pieces. It required five years to complete it. She values it at $1,000.

A Civil War bomb which had been tossed about for 57 years, used as an andiron and in shot-putting exercises, exploded recently wrecking a house on a plantation two miles south of Opelousas, Louisiana. At the time it exploded it was serving as an andiron, no one being in the house at the time. The house burned to the ground.

United States Treasury Notes and other currency will be printed by power instead of hand presses. More than 200 plate printers will be dismissed because of the improved method.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

It takes 60,000 rose blooms to produce an ounce of attar of roses, or rose oil. Great care must be taken to pick the freshly opened blooms while the dew is still on them and before the heat of the day has begun. The odor of the roses is volatile and the heat of the sun causes the blooms to lose their strength.

More than 2 000 deadly weapons taken from persons arrested in New York during the year were recently hauled to sea and dumped. They included more than 112 rifles, 1,500 pistols and an assortment of daggers, blackjacks, knives and slugs.

Motor vehicles of the Detroit post office have been equipped with a government device attached to the engine and so regulated that when the lawful speed limit is exceeded a seal is broken. The motors are inspected each night and if a seal is broken the driver is given a demerit mark. On the second offense he is dismissed from the service.

On Christmas Eve a 10-ton rock plunged down the mountain side through the little village of Duranus, France. It rolled through the tiny town at the rate of 100 miles an hour, demolishing houses in its path. It finally stopped in the dining room of a substantial dwelling. No one was injured.

In England, where law is law, the great Lord Salisbury was haled into court because he was employing an unlicensed chauffeur. He sought to explain to the court that he understood the chauffeur had a license. The judge said Salisbury had no right to assume anything. He promptly fined all hands and regretted that there was no authority to send anybody to jail.

The spirit of "O. Henry" is not dead. At the request of Sidney Porter's daughter, $50, received by her for a magazine story about her father, was distributed to the strays and derelicts in downtown New York's parks and lodging houses. Most of the money was given to guests of the Washington House and the Olive Tree Inn on Second avenue.

In 1844 two men arrived at the spot where Portland, Oregon, now stands. One man was from Boston and the other from Portland, Maine. Each wanted to name the place for his own home town and to settle the argument a penny was flipped. The Portland man won, according to the story. Pettygrove was his name and his descendants still treasure the historic penny.

Rarely a day passes that Mayor Shank, of Indianapolis, does not arrest someone for violation of a city ordinance.

Despite the vast amount of work before him and the long hours he spends each day in his office, Premier Mussolini, of Italy, finds time every morning to indulge in fencing, his favorite pastime. He is considered one of the best amateur swordsmen of Italy.

Cheap electricity for rural districts may be produced by harnessing the winds if plans of the British Ministry of Agriculture succeed. It is believed that low buildings, built on hilltops, could house the machinery and the huge wings would project from the sides of the buildings and be spun by the wind horizontally just above the ground. If successful, several generating stations will be built in out-of-the-way districts.

Some snow falls in each of the United States. The greatest fall occurs in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains on the Pacific Coast, where it ranges from 30 to 40 feet in depth. At Summit, California, 60 feet has been recorded in a single season and 25 feet in a single month.

A new super-gun, invented by two Frenchmen, has no recoil, and is far more powerful than the German "Big Bertha." A brake acts in inverse direction to the recoil, neutralizing the shock. The same inventors have made an absolute smokeless powder and the flash from the discharge can also be concealed.

Wild geese throng the right of way of the Spokane-Portland Railway north of Wallula, Washington, interfering seriously with the operation of trains. When the flocks take wing before the trains the noise of their beating wings can be heard for great distances. They roost on the sand dunes, their webbed feet acting on the sliding sand as snowshoes act on snow.

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What Will Our "Liberals" Say On Credit?

The Vatican, Italy and World Politics

He Routs Bootleggers—They Go to Prison

What If All the 'Voters' Should Vote!

Producing Jewish "Martyrs" by Propaganda

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

What Would Occur If All "Voters" Should Vote

More American Votes Lie Dormant Than Are Ever Cast: Harding's Big Vote Eclipsed by Number of Votes Not Voted

THE real "silent vote" in this country is not composed of those persons who cast ballots and say nothing about it. It consists of those who might vote but don't—a virtual majority of the entire electorate as now Constitutionally defined. It has grown hugely in late years, despite vast increases in the total of votes cast in elections. It is giving to politics several aspects that confound the best political talent. One is that elections, no longer as of yore, throw long shadows into the future. Another is the possibility of this truly "silent vote" becoming aroused and exercising a power never before employed in elections.

By AARON HARDY ULM

IS THERE on or does there impend a "voters' strike" in the United States? Is the majority of American voters taking, toward the dominant parties and politicians, an attitude of "a plague on all your houses"? Has the plethora of extension, which for 60 years has governed constitutional and statutory treatment of the voting franchise, resulted in the very opposite of what was intended—the entrenchment of government by minorities?

A study of election returns during recent years would seem to yield affirmative answers to all those questions. This is true of the recent election, insofar as complete and general returns, in terms of popular votes, are now available for the country as a whole.

Despite the overturns in that election and the ponderous volumes of votes polled in many states only about one-third of all enfranchised Americans took the trouble to go to the polls and express themselves by ballot.

This was not unusual. It represents merely the continuance of a trend in evidence now for more than 20 years—a trend toward government—so far as carried on by the voters—by an absolute minority of those authorized to take part in conducting it.

Only 50 Per Cent Voted

LET'S take New York State as an example, for on November 7 there occurred in that state a surprising overturn. Former Governor "Al" Smith won by more than 400,000 majority. Yet he received only 150,000 more votes than were cast for him in 1920 when he was defeated. There were cast for both leading candidates for governor approximately 225,000 fewer votes than were received in that state by the two leading candidates for President in 1920. Yet in 1920 only a tiny fraction more than 50 per cent of all persons who might have voted in New York State went to the polls.

With respect to the Presidential election of 1920 the following statements of fact probably will be surprising to many persons:

1. Mr. Harding received the largest number of votes and the biggest popular majority ever given a candidate for office anywhere at any time.

2. *Yet only one out of every four persons possessing the voting franchise in 1920 cast ballots for Mr. Harding.*

3. **If all those who didn't vote in 1920 had gone to the polls and voted for John Smith or Sam Brown, either John or Sam would now be President.**

Likewise, if all the voters who didn't take part in the recent election had gone to the polls and cast their ballots concertedly for candidates not belonging to either of the major parties, Democratic and Republican caucuses during the life of the Sixty-eighth Congress might be held in the smallest room in the United States Capitol. If such had happened both the Democratic and Republican membership in the next House of Representatives wouldn't amount to more than 25 or 30.

This is a phase of politics which bewilders even the most masterful of the professional practitioners of the game. In recent years it has become so tremendous that election results mean very little as far as future prognostication goes. No one knows to what extent the 25 to 50 per cent of all possible voters who do vote comprise those who exercise the ballot in all or most elections. Nor can anyone tell when something will cause a substantial proportion of the others to go to the polls, or where, or how they will vote when they go.

Means Little in 1924

THIS is one of the reasons why the recent election resulted in many surprises. Even the most astute politicians knew that a fairly small vote would be polled. They didn't know to what extent it would be polled *by voters who took part in the 1920 election.* The only way they could "dope out" the result in advance was by assuming that the voters in 1922 would be persons who cast ballots in 1920. By a process of discounting for reactions and changes of opinion they knew that on that basis there would be overturns. And if the premise as to the personnel of the voters had been correct the overturns would have been limited probably to what the political forecasters expected. But a new factor entered, which was the casting of ballots in all probability by *many persons who took no part in the 1920 election.*

Thus the recent election presages little with regard to the Presidential election of 1924. For in the country as a whole there are something like *35,000,000 persons who did not vote on November 7 last* but who may vote in the next national election. Of course not all of them, not even one-half and possibly not one-eighth of them may vote two years hence. The number that will do so will be dependent largely on what happens during the intervening time. But one-eighth or one-sixteenth of them might play havoc with all the political houses of cards erected by the politicians.

This immense reserve of non-voters, representing a numerical strength greater than the fixed followings of both the major parties combined, is a new factor in modern politics.

It has never before existed in anything like its present proportions. In the early days of the country, when manhood suffrage was spreading, the votes polled in national elections were relatively small as compared with the possible. The Andrew Jackson campaign of 1828 really marked the beginning of large popular votes for President. The percentage of the possible cast in presidential elections steadily increased until 1896 when it reached something like 80. Twenty years ago it was not unusual for 85 to 95 per cent of all possible voters in some states and large cities to cast ballots in national as well as in other elections. Since then the percentage of possible voters that vote has been steadily falling. Of course, the total of votes cast has increased, on account of growth in population and also because of the extension of the suffrage to additional elements of the population. These have been so great that they have obscured the more vital phenomenon comprised in the growth of the non-voting habit among Americans.

A 100 per cent vote, of course, is virtually impossible. From 5 to 10 per cent of the voting population probably is debarred from voting in any specified election because of circumstances they cannot control. The shifting of population causes a million or so to be in the twilight zones of citizenship; that is, they haven't been at place of residence at the time long enough to permit them to register. Another million or so probably are away from home on election day. But about one-half the states permit these to vote by mail, if they wish to do so. Others, of course, are sick or prevented by business and personal exigencies from attending the polls. In most of the South the national elections usually are only perfunctory and naturally bring out only small votes.

On Increase for 20 Years

BUT after making all reasonably based discounts, the fact remains that from 25 to 50 per cent of all the unfranchised regularly remain away by more or less voluntary action from the polls on election days. And, as stated before, the percentage has been on the increase for 20 years and there is no positive indication of a change.

A tremendous increase in the number of non-voters was produced, just as increase was made in the number of actual voters, by the Nineteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. All the days that are available indicate beyond peradventure of doubt that generally women are worse offenders as to not voting than men, even in those states where women have had a generation or more of "training" as voters.

In only a few instances are separate figures as to the woman's vote as cast available but they leave little doubt as to the reluctance or indifference shown by the majority of those holding the franchise. In Illinois, where the votes are counted on sex division, only 47 per cent of all women who might have done so voted for President in 1920. About the same percentage voted in 1916. In that state in 1920, 74 per cent of all men who might have done so voted—a much higher percentage than the average even for northern states. In California only 47 per cent of the full possible vote, both male and female, was polled in 1920.

In Maryland only 33 per cent of the women potentially qualified to vote in the recent election registered. This was a smaller percentage than registered in 1920, the first year of equal suffrage there. There was a like falling off in the registration of men, and, of course, a large falling off in the total vote cast. In Baltimore City, for example, 194,484 registered. Yet in that city alone not fewer than 384,000 citizens of more than 21 years old were disclosed by the last census.

How "Doping" Is Impossible

FIGURES covering the recent election result in that state give a good illustration of how queerly the non-voting habit may confuse political trends. There a sitting Senator was defeated for re-election by a candidate who received 158,216 votes. Yet that candidate's party's candidate for President received in 1920 180,626 votes in Maryland and was defeated in that state by a majority of about 50,000.

Take the case of Indiana where two prime political surprises occurred this year—the nomination and the defeat of former Senator Beveridge. The nomination was taken as representing a notable overturn within the Republican party in Indiana, which may be true. Yet the total vote received by Beveridge in the primary election was only 25 per cent of that cast in Indiana for Harding in 1920. Harding carried that state by a big majority. Yet if the Indianians who remained at home in 1920 had gone to the polls and added their ballots to those actually cast for him there Cox would have won the state. Hence, as events proved, neither the Harding victory there in 1920 nor the Beveridge victory in the Republican primary of 1922 meant anything so far as later political events were concerned. And the two victories meant nothing, not necessarily because of changed opinion pending later balloting but possibly because of a substantial change in the personnel of the actual voters.

Similar and even more striking phenomena, than noted above, are disclosed by the election figures of most of the states.

They bear out, as applied to voting, the old saying that "you can take the horse to water but you can't make him drink."

For 25 years the extension of the voting franchise has been treated with extreme liberality. The woman's suffrage amendment, while by far the hugest, was not the only extension made. While the laws governing registration have been stiffened, essential qualifications for registration steadily have been lowered. In several states aliens, non-citizens, were granted the franchise. All that an immigrant from a foreign land into one of them need do, after the usual year's residence, is to declare an intention to become a citizen. This produced a singular condition during the war. In several states hundreds of "enemy aliens" who were kept under guard had full legal power to vote in elections.

Indifference, Disgust?

THE period also was notable for the subjects brought within the direct jurisdiction of the voters. All told it is probable that twice as many offices, throughout the country, are elective as were in 1890. The referendum also developed during the period. In one western state, the voter, in the recent election, was expected to pass on more than 200 different propositions, including candidacies. The ballot was about the size of a newspaper page. In that state, noted for its advanced and progressive citizenry, rarely ever do more than 50 per cent of all citizens primarily qualified to vote attend the polls.

The last 20 years also saw the development of the popular primary, to the extent of at least doubling the number of elections which take place.

Is it because of those things that voting has become the practice of a minority only? Do a majority of the voters refrain, as a rule, from voting because of the fact that too much is expected of them?

Or is the growth of the non-voting habit attributable to indifference—or disgust?

If one could answer those questions, it would not be difficult to forecast the future as to certain phases of politics—the continuance of the dominance exercised by the major political parties, for example.

So long as a majority of the electorate went to the polls in all important elections and necessarily, if not by preference, voted with one of the two big parties, a third party had little chance of becoming a first or second party. But with the majority of the voters uninured to the party habit—which is evidenced by the fact that the parties are unable to get them to vote with any degree of regularity—it is possible for a "third party" to spring up at any time and swamp both of the old parties. This could happen without any great number of voters being weaned from the old parties.

If They Did Vote, What?

FOR today there are not fewer than 55,000,000 persons primarily qualified to vote in these United States, while the largest vote that ever has been polled was the 26,000,000 cast in 1920.

Even if as large proportion as voted in the recent British elections went to the polls at one time in this country the total vote would be around 40,000,000. Incidentally, Lloyd George impeaches the result of the British election on the claim that only 6,500,000 votes out of the 15,000,000 cast went to the Bonar Law party. Yet that was a slightly larger percentage of the total voting strength of the United Kingdom than the tremendous vote received by President Harding in 1920 was of our full voting strength. In Britain about 70 per cent of the full voting strength was wielded; in this country, in 1920, there was exercised only about 50 per cent of the full voting strength, and in the recent national election probably not more than 40 per cent.

The non-voters partake very much of the quality of "silent voters," being, of course, negative in effect. No one knows how they would vote if once aroused and made positive. Nor does anyone know whether they can be aroused.

But the possibility produces a big political problem, one that so far has defied the highest political genius. If some leader, or some group, or some issue, should succeed in arousing this non-voting reserve in the American electorate and cause it to function cohesively and concertedly—well, "there would be nothing else to it." The result might be a political revolution such as has not occurred in America since the nation was established.

A Judge Who Is Routing Bootleggers

Simple Method He Employs Proves Effective—They Go to Prison

By EARL CHRISTMAS

JUDGE PAGE MORRIS was on the bench in the United States District Court in Minneapolis.

A hundred bootleggers awaiting sentence sat in the crowded courtroom, or, unable to get in, stood about with interested friends in anxious little groups in the corridors.

"Sixty days in the Hennepin County Jail, and $200 fine," said the judge at intervals, and the line kept moving up. Or, maybe, it was 90 days.

Presently, the marshal held up his hand.

"Your honor, the jail is filled," he said.

"How about the Ramsey County Jail?" asked the judge.

"Lots of room there, your honor," replied the marshal.

"All right, we will fill it," said the judge, and he promptly began to carry out his promise. He had sentenced some 30 men to the Ramsey County Jail, when the marshal held up his hand again.

"The Ramsey County Jail is filled, your honor," said the marshal.

"All right, we will proceed to fill the Wright County Jail," said his honor. "By the way, is that a good jail?"

Reassured, the judge filled the Wright County Jail, and then looked about for more worlds to conquer. He discovered the McLeod County Jail, and likewise filled it with bootleggers. Then he decided he had done enough for one day.

The next day he started in again. He filled the jail at Winona. In a few days more, he had filled the Wabasha and Scott County jails and started out to fill the Sibley County Jail. In one session of the Federal Court in Minneapolis and one session in St. Paul, he filled a dozen jails with violators of the prohibition laws.

Some of the jails, he filled several times. When there was a "vacancy" in one of them, he had a bootlegger to fill it.

"I have made up my mind that persons who sell liquor are going to jail," said the judge. "No getting away with fines. They are going to jail every time I can send them there. I am going to stop this liquor selling if I have to fill all the jails in Minnesota."

This unusual method of dealing with persons who violate the prohibition law naturally caused great consternation. Liquor sellers who had not been bothered much by fines were alarmed at the prospect of going to jail. Attorneys were hired and instructed to use their best efforts to induce the judge to listen to reason, but they argued in vain.

Threatening letters came through the mail, warning Judge Morris to stop sending men to jail for these offenses. At one time, it seemed advisable to assign a guard to prevent possible harm to the judge.

But despite these warnings that he did so at his own peril, Judge Morris continued sending offenders to jail for 30 and 60 and 90 days. In some cases, the jail sentences were as long as five months, and one old offender got nine months. In many cases, he sentenced the men to jail and fined them, too.

One man, who had been fined twice before in prohibition cases, came up before Judge Morris for sentence on his third offense. He was fined $400 and sent to Leavenworth Prison for a year and a day.

"I am going to stop this thing if I have to send every man of you to Leavenworth for a year," the judge said.

Several men who were convicted under a charge of conspiracy to violate the prohibition laws were fined $5,000 and given 18 months at Leavenworth, "so they would have enough time to reflect a little about the seriousness of violating the prohibition law."

Now, all this may sound a bit unusual when one is accustomed to seeing bootleggers get off with a small fine, say $100 or so, and continue their illicit trade at big profits. Judge Morris has unusual ideas about the enforcement of prohibition.

Why does he send men to jail for violating the prohibition laws?

"Jail sentences are the only thing that will stop this illicit trade in liquor," he said. "I began by imposing fines, but this failed.

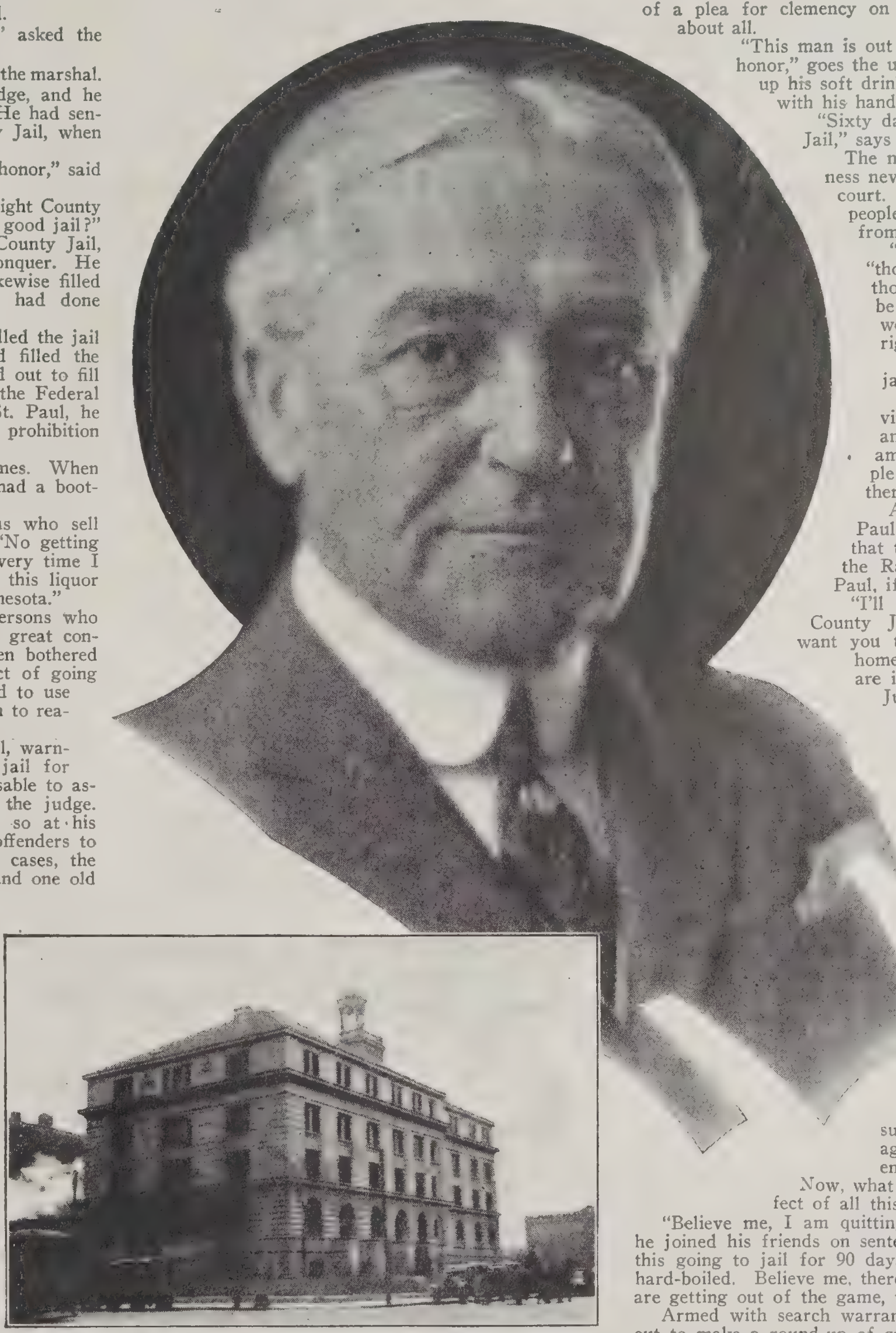
"Men were making big profits out of the liquor traffic and a fine meant little or nothing to them. But the humiliation of being sent to jail is the big thing. Even a short term is a greater deterrent than a big fine.

"I am convinced that jail sentences will stop the liquor traffic. If we don't get the desired effect, the penalties ought to be increased. That will put teeth in the law.

"Jail sentences may not stamp out violations of the prohibition laws right away, but they will tend to minimize them. The big return from strict enforcement after all will not be the immediate return. The big result will come in the next generation and in succeeding generations."

A year ago, Judge Morris warned bootleggers that he was going to give them stiff jail sentences in the future whenever he could. Not many took him seriously then. Even after he had sent a large number to jail at the June term of court in St. Paul, they were not convinced.

When court opened in Minneapolis in October, there were 320 liquor cases on the calendar. About half of the men accused pleaded guilty; the others prepared to fight. After a number of trials, all resulting in convictions, Judge Morris said something about men who tried to delay the course of justice when they knew they were guilty. Then he gave them jail sentences of from three to five months.



Above—JUDGE PAGE MORRIS, known in Minnesota as the terror of bootleggers. He has adopted a policy of sending men to jail whenever possible for violation of the prohibition law. Below—Several times Judge Morris has filled all available cells in this jail with bootleggers. In addition, he has filled a dozen other jails.

That caused a stampede among the bootleggers to change their pleas from "not guilty" to "guilty." Maybe, they would get off easier that way, the wise ones reasoned. From then on, the defense was demoralized. How could a bootlegger decide how to plead with a judge like that?

When the St. Paul session began, about half of the men accused told the judge they were not guilty. Then lawyers and clients began holding anxious conferences. When the time came for trial, virtually all the defendants walked meekly in and changed their pleas to guilty. In one week, 110 cases were disposed of, and not a man had the temerity to demand a trial. Of course, the chances didn't look overly bright for acquittals. Out of 320 cases at the Minneapolis session, there had not been one acquittal.

Judge Morris threw bombshell after bombshell into the camp of the bootleggers. In one day, he forfeited bonds of more than $40,000 when men did not think it sufficiently important to appear in court at the appointed time. He called for pleas on the presentation of the information or complaint, instead of waiting for the grand jury to return an indictment.

"The defendants have been in the wholesale liquor business and we will put them through the machinery of justice in wholesale fashion," he said.

Waiting for indictments was too slow. Attorneys for the bootleggers argued for the slower process, but Judge Morris held it was unnecessary to wait for indictments.

Really, with all their clients walking meekly up to the judge and admitting their guilt, attorneys handling prohibition cases before Judge Morris have little to do. Usually, they manage to get in a few words by way of a plea for clemency on sentence day, but that is about all.

"This man is out of the business now, your honor," goes the usual plea. "He has closed up his soft drink place, and gone to work with his hands. He won't——"

"Sixty days in the Winona County Jail," says the judge.

The next man comes up. Business never drags in Judge Morris' court. A defendant pleads that people insist on buying liquor from him.

"Yes," says the judge, "those who buy as well as those who sell liquor should be put in jail. If the law were that way, it would be right."

But the defendant goes to jail.

"I am not trying to be vindictive," says the judge, as another man moves up. "I am trying to keep these people from making fools of themselves."

A man who lives in St. Paul asks as a special favor that the judge sentence him to the Ramsey County Jail in St. Paul, if there is a vacancy there.

"I'll send you to the Winona County Jail," says the judge. "I want you to be in jail away from home, so you will feel like you are in jail."

Judge Morris is not arbitrary. If there are extenuating circumstances, he considers them in imposing sentences. But almost never does a man escape a jail sentence if the judge has the power to send him to jail. In cases where men are charged only with possession of liquor on first offense, he can do nothing but fine them. But second offenders and those who sell liquor, watch out!

"No more monkey business," he told one man. "As sure as you come back again, you're going to Leavenworth."

Now, what do you suppose is the effect of all this?

"Believe me, I am quitting," one offender said, as he joined his friends on sentence day. "I don't fancy this going to jail for 90 days. That bird certainly is hard-boiled. Believe me, there are a lot of others who are getting out of the game, too."

Armed with search warrants, prohibition agents set out to make a round-up of questionable soft drink establishments one day not long after Judge Morris began sending bootleggers to jail. On their tour, they found 18 soft drink places which had been closed. Having a glimpse of what was coming, their owners simply had closed up shop and left.

Wages for bartenders in soft drink places where liquor was sold jumped from $25 to $50 a week. The perils of the calling had become too great. One report was that bartenders generally were refusing to work in these places unless promised $10 a day for each day they had to spend in jail.

S. B. Qvale, prohibition director for Minnesota, said the effect was noticeable on the bootlegging business as soon as Judge Morris began giving jail sentences.

"Soft drink places began to close all over St. Paul and Minneapolis," he said. "It had a splendid moral effect. No man wants to go to jail. If he knows he is going to jail, he is going to quit selling liquor. The only way to talk to a bootlegger is through a jail sentence."

Judge Morris' attitude has attracted wide attention and commendation. He has received congratulations and letters of appreciation from all over the country because of his stand. Likewise, his course has been approved in Minnesota. Judges in the state district courts are beginning to adopt the same practice. Several state judges have announced that liquor law violators brought before them are going to jail. Women as well as men have been sent to jail. The day of petty fines for dry law violators is passing in Minnesota, it would appear.

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To the President of Harvard

A WORD to President A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University:

The press reports you as denying a perfectly absurd statement attributed to you by an unnamed speaker in a New York synagogue. Of course you did not make the statement, and the man who charged you with it knew that you did not make it. The alleged statement, however, is not the matter here in question: your Jewish detractor is attempting to shake you out of the admirable composure with which you have thus far met the storm of Jewish propaganda. Falsehood publicly uttered is the least of the methods used; there will be a "whispering" campaign, and you may be prepared to hear yourself charged with almost any crime. Your fault before American Jewry is that you and the Harvard cabinet did not cringe before the manufactured assault made upon you and them when inventory was taken of the Harvard student body. It was a refreshing spectacle to see Harvard standing like a rock throughout that storm—Harvard which was being so brutally maligned by hosts of the very men whom she had taken under her broad and charitable mantle. Harvard knew no Jewish question, knows no Jewish question now, no racial prejudice of any kind. The Jews themselves know that. The crime of Harvard is that she will practice no sycophancy toward the Jews.

There's a Harvard Question in Jewry, no Jewish Question in Harvard.

Just a hint, Mr. President, if you will pardon it: don't bother with their accusations, don't give them the rise of a denial. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has had a very wide experience in these matters and its counsel is not idly given. You had a courteous correspondence with a gentleman in Cleveland, which was trickily used against you. Speak to the people of the United States, but forbear answering the New York Jew, for his accusations are not like the accusations of other men, they are but the entry to a trap whose real purpose lies hidden in the inner darkness.

Copyrighting the Bible

STRONGER language than that used by the *Herald and Presbyter* would be justified, but that good paper contents itself with saying:

> "It is very humiliating, to say nothing else, to see on every one of the millions of Sabbath school lesson leaves that are sent out by our board of publication and Sabbath school work, besides in other lesson helps, the words: 'The quotations from the Standard American Edition of the Revised Bible, as printed above, are copyright, 1901, by Thomas Nelson and Sons, and are used by permission.'"

It almost passes comprehension how a publishing house could secure copyright to any version of the Scriptures, or why the authorized publication board of any church should care to use such a work in preference to its own Authorized Version, even if it were not, as the *Herald and Presbyter* charges, inferior. The *Presbyter* is correct in protesting against enjoying his Bible "by permission."

Who Are the Obstructionists Now?

IN A preliminary report the fact-finding commission, created for the purpose of finding a basis for a settlement of the coal problem, has failed to furnish anything not already known to the public, although mainly corroborative of the statements of the findings of the church and press investigators, who have placed the weight of blame on the mine owners for the difficulties between the miners and operators.

One action by the commission which, however, is not emphasized in the news dispatches, has stirred the representative press of the industry to praise or sharp criticism. It is the recommendation that the present truce between operators and miners be renewed for one year, or until April 1, 1924.

The independent coal press almost unanimously supports the commission in this, while those usually termed "organs" are a unit in calling on the operators to ignore the advice and reopen the struggle to force down wages this spring.

The operators themselves are inclined to a prolongation of peace for obvious reasons, but have a habit of listening to their advisers, whose services are expensive. It has cost their organization more than a hundred thousand dollars in the past year to maintain publicity service in Washington, with results hardly in keeping with that generous figure. To add to the embarrassment, membership in the operators' organizations is falling off, while the miners are gaining, which leads to conservatism inspired by discovery that the strike of 1922 was well financed.

The public, chief victim of the greed, is learning where to place the blame, and will hardly sustain the operators if they follow a course having for its object the benefit of a parasitic class which enjoys comfort and profit by stirring antagonisms.

The Power That Levels All

"UNCLE TOM" MULLEN, for the past 12 years chef at the St. Thomas Seminary in Denver, was buried from St. John's Roman Catholic Church in that city, December 22. The feature of the occasion was the honoring of the 85-year-old cook with the highest offices of the church, solemn requiem high mass being sung by Rt. Rev. J. Henry Tihen, Bishop of Denver, who, in the course of his sermon, said:

> "On this occasion the sacrifice offered, the vestments worn, and the atmosphere present are the same as for the so-called great. It is refreshing to know that somewhere there is a Power that levels all. A man is worth just so much as he serves his fellow men; position in the world is of no consequence in the sight of God."

The church was crowded by an appreciative congregation, while many prelates and priests from all parts of Colorado were in attendance. The only black person there, however, was the occupant of the coffin.

"Uncle Tom" was born in slavery, being freed during the Civil War. He had been a resident of Denver 15 years. The mass was the first in Colorado sung by a bishop at the funeral of a Negro.

Helping the Farmer

AT A recent get-together meeting of bankers and business men of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, called to discuss the continuing depression, its causes and the possibility of effecting a cure, it was the consensus of opinion that if the distress of agriculture could be relieved the country would be prosperous. Among the prepared addresses on the program was one by W. W. Gasser, cashier of the Union National Bank of Marquette, in which he drove home some truths worth bearing in mind. To quote Mr. Gasser in part:

> "In view of the fact that between 50 and 60 per cent of the purchasing power of our country is invested in the rural communities, and inasmuch as prices which the farmer gets for his products are not in the proper relation with those he pays for his commodities, it seems that industry and commerce are being hampered by the loss of the farmer's purchasing power, and that one of two things must result—either the farmer must get better prices or the purchasing power of the country will be largely reduced. This, in turn, will cause another depression."

After canvassing the contributing causes for the admitted distress of agriculture, as advanced by other speakers, Mr. Gasser thus treats of the matter of credit:

> "My claim is that credit has very little to do with the farmer's present distress, *and that the giving of more credit would not help him out, but only get him in deeper.*"

That is sound sense. Most of the plans of farmer's credit consist in soothing his emergency distresses by getting him further into debt.

What the American farmer needs, first, is a way to get completely out of debt, and then a way to keep out of debt forever.

Debt and interest are crushing the world, and both will soon have to disappear through the sheer inability of the world to support them.

Gold Mining Unprofitable

THE *Mining Congress Journal*, published by that organization of owners of the mineral resources of the world, recites the claim that the price established by the United States is insufficient to permit a profit on the production of gold. Its logic would be more apparent were it not for the fact that the establishment of the price for gold establishes the value of the unit of a currency based upon it. In short, the changing of the price per ounce for minting purposes would cause a proportionate change in the value of the metal for coinage. This value cannot be expressed in dollars, since the dollar is the measure by which all values are expressed. The *Journal* premises its argument thus:

> "The sale of gold by the government at its pre-war production cost absolutely destroys the law of supply and demand as it relates to gold production and puts the government squarely into business as a competitor of the gold producer in supplying gold to those fields where gold is a commodity."

This premise will not bear analysis. In the first place, the price of gold never has borne a sustained relation to the cost of production. It is and always has been based on the relative value of gold and silver at a time when the price was fixed. The United States is not a buyer of gold, hence is not a seller, so in no way competes. Production costs vary with the fields where gold is found, and the revenue from by-product in mining. For example, in 1896, when the deep mines in Colorado estimated their bullion to cost nearly 80 cents to the dollar in coinage value, the Treadway mines in Alaska, where labor, transportation and other costs were much higher, were producers at less than 49 cents.

As to the destruction of the law of supply and demand, the claim that production is now unprofitable refutes it. The United States has decided the coinage value of gold to be $20.67 an ounce. It does not buy the metal, but coins it for the owner at that rate. If Great Britain, France or any other nation should offer a better price, no gold would be coined here. The fact is, there is approximately the same coinage value placed on gold throughout the world, and its commodity value is fixed by legal enactment into a stated number of units of money by each nation using gold.

Under bimetalism, even after other first-class nations had established the single gold standard, and the United States alone maintained the double standard, the relative market price of gold and silver was as 1 to 16. Today, with the same coinage ratio, under different conditions which permit it to affect only American silver, it takes about 30 ounces of silver to equal one of gold in the commodity market. In the past, ore with a $15 a ton gold content has been required for profitable production, and later $3 ore has been found worth reducing. The whole business is a matter of relative value.

The *Mining Congress Journal* demands the establishment of $36 an ounce as a basic coinage ratio. Does it not realize that production costs must by the same natural law advance in proportion? It must be remembered that gold is coined only on private account, that the government itself does not supply a market. If it has gold in its possession it is represented in currency circulation redeemable; it is storing for the owner.

No matter what the dollar standard in gold, the law establishing a ratio of bank reserve has more to do with disarranging the law of supply and demand so far as quantity of metal needed than anything else. By means of the lawful reserve required the metal in possession of banks of issue may be made to support an adequate currency, while the creation of bank credits, now doing nine-tenths of the business of the world, still further lessens the amount of gold needed.

This should be ample demonstration, not only that the remedy proposed would be futile, but that gold as a basis of real value is largely a creature of the imagination; that the basis of our medium of exchange is the credit of the country itself, and that gold is not essential.

A Fortune Gone to the Dogs

"THE More I Saw of People, the More I Thought of Dogs," is the inscription that will be carved over the door of what will probably be the largest animal hospital in the world, in accordance with the will of Mrs. Sidmon McHie, of New York. A great lover of dogs, it is claimed that her dogs are more perfectly trained than many children. For this reason, it is reported, Mrs. McHie has been often urged to direct her energies to the training of children. But in expending her fortune, she doesn't even go fifty-fifty with children.

When archeologists of future centuries excavate the ruins of present-day New York, this monumental hospital may prove illuminating in explaining some queer twists of twentieth-century civilization.

Mr. Ford's Page

PLEASANT prophets were always most popular. Especially among the feminine minded, or those born after their time. Fifty years ago was a pleasant time to live, it was a lovely sunset period between two days; and there are people who still yearn for that quiet and beautiful twilight. What is more, they will beam kindly upon the prophet who cheers them up by telling them that a return to the beautiful sunset is just before us, and that long years of tranquillity are dawning. For the other kind of prophet they have a fear, almost a distrust, and in some instances a violent dislike.

That may be the reason for the seeming rarity of true prophets, they are so seldom heard that they do not often speak, and the feeling gets abroad that they are very few and far between. Prophets who foresee what is coming, especially if the aspect of the future be austere, do not always tell it, or, if they do, they keep their telling for those who can understand. And those who understand are not at all the class we would naturally think them to be, certainly not the pillars of the system about to fall, certainly not those who have sold their souls to the god of things as they are. So that the true prophets are not as noisy as the others, and thus seem fewer and weaker; but they last longer. Of all the popular prophets, among whom and against whom Jeremiah appeared a weak and grotesque figure, we know not one; we know only Jeremiah whom few of his contemporaries knew or esteemed, and we know him because his prophecy was true, and his name lived on in it.

Even Jeremiah had a hopeful "if" as a part of his prophecy. IF the people would bethink themselves in time, abandon the political corruption and the financial practices that were surely throttling the nation, IF they would return to the sound constitution of their political life, then certain crises, certain consequences might be averted. There was, at one time in his career, still a chance for the nation to retrieve the lost position. But that time passed, and there was nothing for Jeremiah to do but to foretell the things that were coming and advise the people how best to conduct themselves under circumstances that could no longer be prevented.

Nobody, or at best very few, ever believe such a prophet, but it makes no difference in the main. The event falls just the same and the people always survive. That is a point overlooked—the people survive. It is one of the great delusions of the human mind that the superimposed systems of an artificial society constitute the basis of human life, and that if these fail, life is impossible.

THERE are two kinds of people, those who know that these times are full of deeper crisis than any other times have been, and those who live as they have always lived. These latter —they are not to be judged or despised, it is simply not their time to be called yet. Why wish them to bear the burden before their time? But those who see, let them beware that they be not misled. False prophets can deceive only those awake to the problem. The wakeful ones should see that what is passing was already past its service, that nothing that serves the common life can possibly pass away, and that the times are not "terrible" though they are critical, and will become more critical until all the useless social debris is cleared away.

Nothing could be more calculated to fill society with fear of progress. It is necessary to learn thoroughly the lesson that nothing passes away, nothing can be dethroned, nothing can be destroyed that is in any way serving life. Take any of the "systems" which have grown so great and regnant in our life, the financial system, the educational system, the political system, the ecclesiastical system —not one of them will disappear as long as they are serving life. But as soon as they become imperious and impertinent with the notion that they exist to be served, that they are the be-all and end-all of human life, it is a sign that their service is ended and their passing is near. And not all the denunciations of financiers or professors or clergymen or politicians can delay the passing by one hour. It is entirely out of their hands by the time that condition comes to pass.

That is the point of view which those whose souls have been sold to "systems" cannot get, and if they would recover their souls they must get it. It would relieve us of most of our fear and interpret to us the times in which we live, for from the old point of view of "system" things are going to grow worse and worse, while from the point of view of life they are going to grow better and better. We must make that differentiation.

Nothing is more futile than to attempt at this eleventh hour to save the things which have proved abler to ride the people than to serve them. Nothing is quite so stupid as to storm and rage and say that all this is caused by a sect of people known as "radicals." Why, all the radicals in the world could not do an iota of harm to the whole financial system if the financial system were of true service to society. Nor to the church. Nor to any other system. The fact that in Russia, where they "abolished money," they were compelled to come back to money, even to a ridiculous caricature of the present financial system, shows that there is a service being rendered humanity by the financial system. The criticism is that it might be rendering still greater and more equal service. It is a constructive, not a destructive criticism.

But what has been proved, in any system, to be a sore instead of a service, is going to disappear. And it is in process now. If we had a true sense of values we would be glad for it. Why anybody should plead for the continuance of the things that do not serve life, cannot be explained except by saying that they do not see.

Of course, many people do not see. They live in the world as under an inverted bowl, as the fish live in the sea. It is a comfortable way to live, and many wide-awake people have an itch to wake the others and make them unhappy too. Well, they try, but the others do not wake. Thousands of people in Paris never heard of Napoleon when he was at the heyday of his career. They knew that somewhere off in that bright sky of nationalism and government, there were strange things, but like happy babes in their cradles, they were not much impressed. People are going through the most shaking events in just that mood. They just accept it as the way things are. Lovers are meeting and mating even in Russia, just as the birds come in the spring, utterly oblivious to the things that are befalling the earth. Why not? Let them be. It is not their time to be called yet. But we, if we belong to those who have been called to be awake, let us not try to frighten the younger ones, and above all let us not be duped by our own false views of the terribleness of it all.

There is nothing "terrible" in the whole matter. If whole sections of our established systems are going to crash down, let them crash—they could not go unless they were rotten. Let them go! People are praying all over the world to stop the present dislocation and uncertainty, to restore things according to the 1914 pattern. Of course, their praying will not stop it, but that is not the worst of it—the worst thing is that they should so misinterpret the times as to make such prayers. A proper prayer would be, "Let this mighty inventory of righteousness go on and cease not until everything that lives by the unjust treatment of the people is cleared off the earth." How any other attitude can be even moral is hard to see.

But, whether those whose eyes are opened can be made to see correctly (false prophets are in vogue only among those who are capable of seeing) or whether the unseeing people can be made even dimly to understand, this much is certain, the moving judgment moves on and will not cease until it be complete. No cessation until the end. And the end will be a new beginning, with not one worthy achievement overthrown, not one true institution or system of service missing, but the old calculated selfishness gone, self-slain and unregretted even by those who temporarily profited by and defended them.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Vatican, Italy and World Politics

People Would Like to See the Pope in Streets of Rome

Observer in Italy Holds Union of Church and State Likely

By A. R. PINCI

AN OBSERVER could not have revisited Italy during the second half of the year 1922 and failed to perceive, in comparison to analogous impressions formed during a prior visit 10 or even 20 years before, an atmosphere of nationalism that approaches the phenomenal because it is the precursor of a definite union between Church and State.

Much, of course, has been said about the relationships between Church and State, especially by theocratic and monarchic preferentialists, but abandoning either the ultrareligious or ultrapolitical selfish aspects of this interesting question, an analysis is possible of a movement that is of unusual interest to democracies the world over. The analysis is possible today that was impossible six or seven years ago. To make it intelligible, one passing reference to the war must be included.

The war brought to chronological maturity the psychological moment when the Church could have tried to unmake, and successfully, the last half century of Italian history. The existence of this "moment" has passed quite unnoticed by official diarists and other writers of the period, yet its historical importance, not to mention its far-reaching consequences abroad, cannot be mistaken. Whatever confusion would have resulted from the Vatican's anti-State decision other war events would have effectively camouflaged.

Didn't Accept Opportunity

THE Vatican, however, refused to take advantage of the opportunity to execute that vaguely threatened project of restoring Rome to the papacy. In order to understand this fact in its fullest import one must take cognizance of the second war-time Pope—the late Benedict XV. As pontiff he was absolute, and this autocracy is exemplified by his success in offsetting the tremendous pressure exerted, especially at one time, to force the break. That he did not avail himself of the world war-born opportunity to establish the supremacy of the Church over the State—in Italy, of course—justifies the belief that such a step was not (and probably is not) conducive to an amelioration of the situation. The pontiff's attitude, on the contrary, had another effect, however indirect, which has led to the conviction that the Vatican suffered at the hands of propagandists, from whom less has been heard since then than ever before.

It is unchronicled personalia, this, but no executive or ruler of the period, in the war or out of it, faced and vanquished so much insurgency as did Pope Benedict. To be adamantine to this internal but not always ecclesiastical suggestiveness, and at the same time find the opportunity for spiritual statesmanship in the exchange of peace notes with President Wilson, brought into play atavistic qualities of the Genoese not unrelated to the geography of his birthplace, plus a certain secular experience gained in his early manhood.

In the absence of an autographic acknowledgment as to whether the late Pope intended to abandon or set aside the custom of voluntary exile the liberty of conjecture is restricted. Yet one point is of outstanding importance; that what was prescribed for Pope Benedict was denied to his predecessor, Pius X.

Roman official and ecclesiastical circles do not deny that Pope Pius was from the outset inclined to modify, if not to disregard outright, the pontifical rule of apostolic confinement, but that he was prevented from so doing through tactics inspired or initiated by Austria, France and Germany, whose governments were highly pleased with his election after Cardinal Rampolla's candidacy had been arbitrarily vetoed. Those three countries, by the way, played a great deal of politics in Rome, not always to their respective profit, but usually to the disadvantage of the Italians themselves. It is worth noting that the elimination of two since then, despite the attempted realignment of the other, has resulted in the improvement of Italy's internal situation.

Religion Has No Bearing

UNDERSTANDING the foregoing enables one to understand what follows. Religion having no real bearing or part in the problem known as the Church and State, or in the subjoined problem as between certain European governments and the Vatican, it forms no part of this article. But the facts are that before the State and the Church in Italy can reach an accord and possibly an alliance, foreign intrigue must be frustrated if not prevented. In other words, the distance between the Vatican and the Quirinal is within handshake, as it were, but there are too many other invisible hands that prevent the contact.

The worst of it is that all this is abominable and gratuitous political subterfuge. Religion has nothing to do with it. As to whether those countries that seem so determined to "restore" to the papacy its power—which does not necessarily mean that lost in 1870—are at the same time willing to have history repeat itself, and be made to feel anew the yoke of the Vatican's supremacy, no doubt need exist.

Many European sovereigns and peoples have at one time or another, through the course of centuries, quarreled with the popes. The Italians' single quarrel six decades ago has been different in that it was not directed against the papacy proper. The formation of the kingdom, based upon outlines designated by time long before Christianity appeared, left the new constituency no choice except to make of Rome their natural capital. This happened just as soon as foreign troops stopped interfering with a question that, except for a substituted diplomatic interference later, would undoubtedly have been settled long ago, to the satisfaction of Catholics and others the world over.

The Italians, one and all, love the Pope. The king, of course, is their political patron and accordingly elicits their outward applause and admiration, but the pontiff, irrespective of religion, to them symbolizes the one link that binds them to a distant and historic past in one continuous chain. The Pope, moreover, likes the Italians, and it is to be gravely doubted that any pontiff would care to resume his former Roman status, with or without foreign aid, merely to gratify vanity, pride or precedent.

Italian thought today practically deduces that Rome, having once mothered the then known world, could now extend asylum to two sovereigns without technicality and hairsplitting. Roughly speaking, the King of Italy can cross the peninsula at its widest latitudinal point and keep pace with the rising and setting sun, but the Pope as a sovereign can claim that the sun never sets on his empire.

For this reason the Italians would like to see the Pope in the streets of Rome. The intimacy of close ocular acquaintanceship would intensify their affection for him. The welcome that awaits him defies imagination; description is out of the question.

The Pope knows that. Pius XI knows it as well as Pius X or Benedict XV knew it. When the former appeared on the balcony overlooking Piazza San Pietro after the coronation ceremonies it was the first time a pontiff publicly exposed himself to the gaze of a crowd since 1870, when Pius IX drove across the city the evening of September 19, to Piazza San Giovanni in Laterano and the Scala Santa. He blessed the troops guarding a gate at that point. *"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus."* The next day Pius IX began the self-imprisonment that continues to this day by the observance of his successors.

The Italians in general concede the logic of this act so far as it concerned its originator, who was overnight deprived of his civic sovereignty, so to speak, and they can understand Leo XIII's observance when the new kingdom was yet in its experimental stage. This act of protest would have stood either in good stead, so far as the proletariat was concerned, in case the new constitutional government might fail—a no improbable contingency in the face of the ups and downs from the time of Sterbini's patriotic chant, the Roman Marseillaise, until Napoleon III uttered his fatal "Jamais."

How Vatican Is Analyzed

IN APPRAISING the papacy and its problems, especially those of more or less recent origin, the Italian people have a way of doing it independently of whatever religious fervor actuates them. With them it is not a case of catholicism versus other religious affiliations. Sectarianism, as such, does not enter into it. For this they have ample precedent, brought about by slow evolution, of the Vatican itself. Heretical nations have not been extirpated by crusades, sovereigns have not been proscribed or deposed, nobles or other individuals have not been banned or excommunicated—the latter in the fullest sense of ancient force. On the contrary, certain popes have given evidence of adapting liberal thought to modern progress.

Take the most recent proof of this sort by Pope Pius XI in taking semiofficial cognizance of so American a holiday as Thanksgiving! Now, of course, it is a national day of observance, in which join all creeds and classes, yet it must not be forgotten that originally Thanksgiving was a Protestant custom. Compare the attitude of the Vatican against protestantism and its creations with the following pontifical declaration, in the audience chamber, addressed to the students of the American College in Rome:

"National Thanksgiving! It is a noble idea on the part of your people—choosing the day for prayer. Men who lack prayer lack one of the essentials of life. Your country must indeed be blessed by Almighty God.

"It is consoling to see the heads of nations fixing days for the people to pray to and thank God for blessings received. Nations doing this cannot but prosper materially and spiritually.

"I am with you, with your people, on the day of Thanksgiving. We are praying together."

I am with you, with your people, on the day of Thanksgiving. In the common cause of praying together Pope Pius obliterates historical traditions, religious distinctions. For this reason the occasion, as well as the sentiments expressed, rise above the realm of creed, and together may be regarded as precursors of impending changes. That they will be coincidental with government for the people by the people goes without saying. The Italians themselves are demonstrating this twinship of interest at this very moment.

The advent of Fascism in Italy was hailed, in certain Roman quarters not independent of foreign political influences, as the "deathblow" to the official reconciliation of Church and State. In fact, during the few weeks since Benito Mussolini formed his new government to the time of writing there have been rumors that Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of state, would resign immediately after the consistory of December and never again put his foot in the Vatican. Cardinal Gasparri has been dissatisfied with the events that eclipsed the Popular party.

The name Popular party, which carries such a comprehensively proletarian sound, was alleged to be the Catholic party, but in reality it included certain alien elements whose existence caused Pope Benedict to regard it with disfavor. Certain documents brought to light since the latter's death demonstrate the late pontiff's opposition against trick wording. This pontifical opposition was perpetuated in the person of Pope Pius, for the Vatican issued a circular to the *Unione Popolare Cattolica Italiana* to drop the word popular from its title.

The motive behind this, from the Vatican's standpoint, was to prevent misleading political intrigue under the egis of catholicism. Indications certainly point to the assurance that if catholicism and politics must cooperate, if not unite, it will be done under the respective direction of the Vatican and the Quirinal without middlemen. That is why Reverend Father Luigi Sturzo, Italy's priest-leader of a few months ago, guest and confidant of many of Europe's statesmen, has suddenly suffered eclipse together with the "Popular Party" of which he is the leader.

Last spring, especially at Genoa, during the international conference, it seemed as if Don Sturzo was the sole Italian representative there. At the time the foreign newspaper emphasized the fact that as the "Popular party represented the Vatican in the Chamber of Deputies," Don Sturzo consequently was the Vatican's official spokesman. Both assumptions were and are wrong. There is no doubt that Don Sturzo, whom the satire-loving Italians have made famous for his "long nose," is a man of the keenest intellect, and through his clerico-political affiliations swayed recent Italian ministries and their constituent members. But as for the people, they regarded him with some interest, mainly dramatic, but no more.

Mussolini Is Religious

THE action of the Vatican against the ambiguous denominational title of the party reorganized and led by Don Sturzo has merely served to alienate from the latter all of the former followers who, disunited, find themselves as weak as for a few brief months they were powerful. As Don Sturzo is credited with having vetoed Giolitti's return to power before Facta was selected, the aged statesman's admirers, of whom there are tens of thousands, have joined the anti-Sturzo movement. Don Luigi Sturzo, therefore, is now a past figure in Italian politics.

His elimination, however, has been without prejudice to the natural power and influence of the Catholic party proper. Premier Mussolini, credited once with being anti-clerical as well as anti-government, has gone further to prove that government in Italy cannot be successful except by co-operation of the ecclesiastical as well as constitutional forces.

He was very emphatic when he read out of politics all priests as such. They must be either politicians or priests; they cannot be both. In lieu of this he is reported as wanting at least two cardinals as members of the senate. It is not identical, but the illustration is applicable; what would have been the influence of the late Cardinal Gibbons as a Senator of the United States? Or of Cardinal O'Connell or Cardinal Dougherty in the Senate today?

A cardinal-senator is not an innovation, because there have been several of them since the establishment of parliamentary government in Italy, but all prior to 1870. As it is said that Pope Pius looks with favor upon the idea of beginning anew where the situation was broken off, in this respect, it looks as if politico-clerical ententes, intrigues, deals and the like, which have retarded internal pacification, will be rendered hereafter virtually impossible.

Demands' Solution, He Says

PREMIER MUSSOLINI evidently was aware of the obstructive or destructive force of dual influences that attempted to pit religion against government, and one of his important declarations on the subject served to remove the only prop from actual or potential agitators.

"I am religious," he said. "I think religion is the great fundamental moral force in the life of the people, and I am hostile to anything that savors of the atheistic or anti-clerical."

That statement by itself would easily pass for conciliative or conventional, but by resurrecting another statement made a year before one can get the right slant of meaning.

"The problem demanding most urgent solution is the problem of relations between the Church and State," Mussolini said in the Chamber. "For 20 years we, by reading Carducci's literature, have become imbued with the idea that the Vatican is a kind of old bloodthirsty wolf, but all this, though perhaps brilliant in literature, appears to us Fascisti as somewhat anachronistic in reality. I affirm that the Latin and imperial traditions of Rome are today represented by catholicism.

(*Concluded on page 9*)

Dazzling Display in the House of Lords

Opening of Parliament by Royalty to Greet Conservative Government a Noteworthy Affair

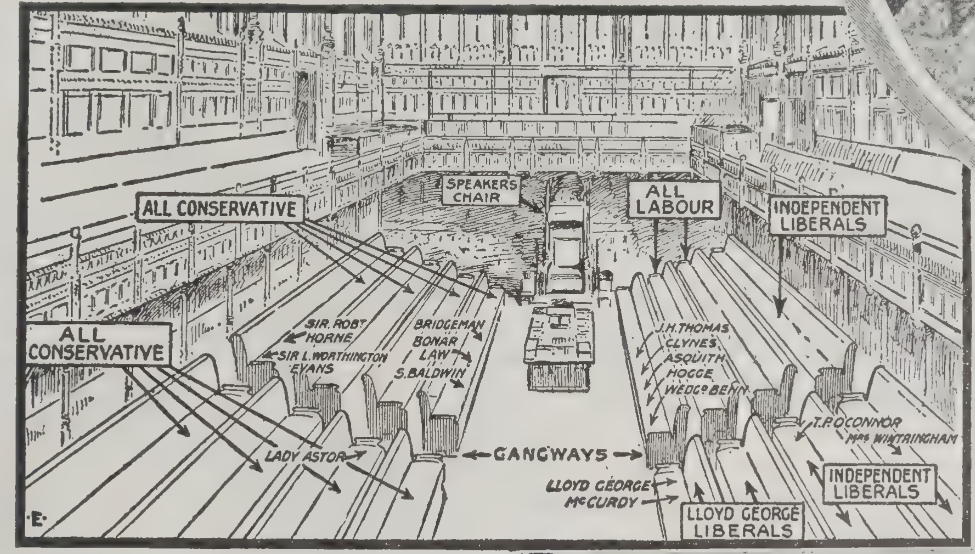
By PAUL TYNER

H. M. Queen Mary.

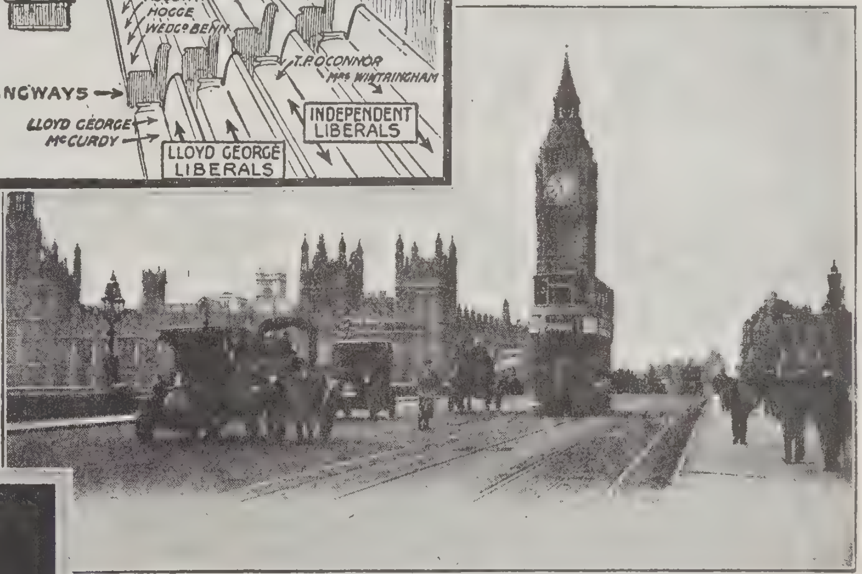
NOVEMBER 23, 1922, will go down in history as marking an epochal turning point in the history of England and probably of the world. I witnessed from a seat in the press gallery of the House of Lords the opening of the new Parliament by the king "in state." In this instance, "state" meant a display that would have done credit to the "Greatest Show on Earth" in Barnum's palmiest days.

Although I was there more than an hour before noon, the hour set for the ceremony, I found the historic chamber well filled. Its gilded and carved oak walls and ceilings and its stained glass windows, in which the places of saints in a cathedral are taken by putative kings and queens running back more than a thousand years and whose very names for the most part every one has forgotten, looked down on a brilliant scene. Not that it takes a very big crowd to fill this ornate chamber; it is not big enough to accommodate more than about one-tenth of the number of peers actually authorized to sit as arbiters of the destinies of the British people in Britain's storied senate. There were perhaps a half-hundred peers in their gorgeous crimson and ermine robes, the knights among them also displaying the jeweled collars of their respective orders—all this over ordinary evening dress in the middle of the day!

But gorgeous as were these peers, they were outnumbered and outshone by the peeresses, wearing diamond coronets and diamond and pearl or emerald necklaces and other jewelry. The cord of one of these gewgaws would have kept a workingman's family in comfort for several years. And the toilettes! I have not the society reporter's gift for description of feminine frippery, but the tissues and textiles that served to emphasize more or less artistic anatomical display, technically called *"décolleté"* ran the gamut of cloth of gold and cloth of silver, delicate greens and blues and pale petunia and chiffon velvets and other fleecy and fluffy things.



Above—The new House of Commons, *Daily Mail* sketch plan of the reconstructed House—London. On the left is the Treasury bench showing the Premier's seat. Facing this is the Opposition front bench, which Mr. Asquith's Party sought to share with Labour, the official Opposition. At right—Westminster Bridge.



As it is known that the wives of peers are only peeresses "by courtesy" and that not even "peeresses in their own right" are entitled to seats or votes in this aristocratic "Upper House," I was a bit puzzled until an English confrère informed me that this "opening of Parliament" was really regarded as a "social function." Perhaps a score of ornately gowned and coronetted and jeweled ladies looked with some envy, it seemed, on those lucky enough to have obtained seats on the floor.

As celebrities arrived there was much comment and craning of necks. The diplomatic gallery, particularly, was a center of interest. It was literally packed with personages in brilliant gold-laced uniforms, black and blue and red and green, many with scintillating jeweled orders and sashes covering their bosoms. But the American ambassador in a plain black claw-hammer suit, with "nary an order" or sash, stood out conspicuously among them.

Hark! There's a clatter of horses' feet on the asphalt without and a loud blare of trumpets, guns booming in salute in the distance and the chimes of St. Margaret Westminster pealing. At once a hush falls upon the brilliant assemblage and a nervous straightening up and falling into poses on the backless red benches. The young Duke of York had just been ushered to an end seat on the Bench of Dukes, his awkwardness in managing the voluminous folds of his ample crimson and ermine robe accented by the crowding together of more portly occupants to make room for his slight form. The lights are suddenly dimmed. And, in the dimness, the Prince of Wales has been quietly shown to his little throne on the right of the king's and below the dais. He seems weighed down and embarrassed by a voluminous red gown several sizes too big for him and by the collars and orders that bedecked neck and breast. But he is quite calm and dignified.

Another blare of trumpets, the lights suddenly blaze up again and everybody rises. Then the procession enters, two by two. It is a gallant and gaily colored line. First, "Rouge Cross Pursuivant" with "Rouge Dragon Pursuivant" in the heraldic dresses of the Middle Ages, dresses you see in old pictures and on "royal flushes." These high-sounding offices, it appears, are filled by plain "esquires" when off the stage, as are "Portcullis Pursuivant" and "Bluemantle Pursuivant" and a succession of Heralds, Maltravers, Lancaster, Windsor, Richmond, Chester and York. Then come the "Equerry to Her Majesty," Lieutenant Colonel F. Dugdale, and the "Groom in Waiting to His Majesty," Admiral H. H. Campbell; two Gentleman Ushers to His Majesty, Percy Armytage, Esq., and Colonel Lord William Cecil. They are followed by Equerries in Waiting, Crown Equerry, the Controller and the Treasurer of the King's Household, the Private Secretary and the Keeper of his Privy Purse, "Norroy King-of-Arms" and "Clarenceux King-of-Arms"; in gorgeous heraldic costumes these last two, although in reality untitled gentlemen and not kings at all.

A break in the line is caused by the Lord High Chancellor in his big gray wig and sumptuous robe walking alone. Big things are coming! The "Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod," Lieutenant General Sir William Pulteney; "Garter Principal King-of-Arms." Sir Henry F. Burke; the Deputy Earl Marshal, Viscount FitzAlan, who is really the stage manager of the whole show; The Lord Great Chamberlain, the Marquis of Lincolnshire. Finally came THE SWORD OF STATE, carried by the Marquis of Salisbury and THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE, borne on a cushion by the Duke of Devonshire, formerly Viceroy of Canada and now a member of Bonar Law's cabinet. The cap is a pretty round red velvet affair with a gold band around it. At last, in the words of the program, appear:

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

THE KING'S
MOST
EXCELLENT
MAJESTY
accompanied
by
HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN

The pair halted a moment as they passed the portal separating the House from the Robing Room lobby and everybody bowed. Both majesties looked a bit pale and tired, but incontestably dignified and really royal. The royal crown on the king's head, with its sparkling diamonds, rubies and sapphires, seemed to add inches to his stature; but the queen, with her smaller crown of diamonds, her dress of cloth of gold flashing in the blaze of the electric illumination and the blue sash of the Order of the Garter giving a splash of color to her ropes of pearls and other jewels, towered above him, carrying herself like a Grenadier of the Guard. As they passed toward the throne, the Prince of Wales bowing especially low, it was perceived that the long trains of reddish purple trimmed with ermine were borne by two pairs of "pages of honor"; four boys in gay scarlet footmen's liveries heavily encorded and tasseled with gold.

Arrived before the dais on which the two thrones were waiting, center back, the king gave his hand to the queen assisting her up the three low steps, at the same time mounting himself. There they stood for a moment facing the assemblage and the tail of the procession went by, including the Woman of the Bedchamber, Lady Joan Verney, and the Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady Ampthill. These pretty ladies were followed by no less personages than the Rear Admiral of the United Kingdom, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, and the Gold Stick in Waiting, Field Marshal Earl Haig; the Air, Naval and General Aides-de-Camp, an Air Marshal, an Admiral and a General. Marching alone then came the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Lord Hylton, "Silver Stick in Waiting," and several other court functionaries, also a group of Yeomen of the Guard in the quaint Elizabethan dress.

Then the king said: "I pray you, my Lords and Ladies, to be seated." And the king and queen seated themselves on the thrones. All the men, including the Prince of Wales, bowed again and the ladies did a neat old-fashioned curtsey. And there we all sat in solemn silence for five minutes waiting for Black Rod, who had gone over to the other side of the vast building to tell the House of Commons that the king was ready to receive them and to bring them up to the Bar of the House. Presently a loud knocking was heard, Black Rod in charge of Bonar Law and Ramsay Macdonald, Prime Minister and Leader of "His Majesty's Opposition" first and some 40 or 50 other members following, appeared at the Bar and announced that His Majesty's Commons were in attendance and waited his pleasure. The king and queen and all the rest of us rose and the Lord Great Chamberlain knelt on the steps of the throne and extended to the king a big roll of legal cap paper. The king then read the address in a clear bass, but very mechanical voice.

At the close of the reading, the king and queen bowed; we all bowed back and remained standing to watch the procession reform and go out.

Washington's Canal Idea That Went to Seed

Our First Inland Waterway, Along Potomac, Completed Only to Fail

By GEORGE H. DACY

THE greatest single work of development of the eighteenth century in this country, our first medium of easy transportation between the Atlantic Coast colonies and the Western Territory, a scheme which occupied much of the time and attention of George Washington many years before and again after he had served as President, never came up to early expectations other than being a historical stepping stone in American progress. At a time when public roads were as scarce as millionaires, when saddle horses furnished the most dependable transportation and when the settlement of the inland territories was impeded by impenetrable forests, unexplored districts and Indians anything but friendly and hospitable, a trader, Thomas Cresap, who had worked his way West as far as the beautiful bluffs overlooking the picturesque Potomac River, settled near a deserted Shawnee village and built a fortified home. Thereafter, Cresap made many trading trips among the friendly tribes farther West and became well acquainted with the land and flow of streams which linked the Virginia seaboard with the Ohio River Valley.

It was about 1740 that Cresap first conceived that easy communication between the English settlements on the Atlantic Coast and the country west of the Allegheny River could be effected. After much investigation, he finally journeyed to Yorktown where he interested men of money in his hobby and ultimately consummated the organization of the Ohio Company which thereafter developed into the most powerful of all pre-Revolutionary trading projects and which was the initial incorporated attempt to reach the great West. The company was chartered in 1748 and was granted a half million acres of land whereon it was to establish a fortified garrison of at least 100 families. About this time, George Washington was amusing himself surveying lots and fields in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon. His keen interest in surveying finally resulted in his accepting a position with the Ohio Company. Finally he was appointed surveyor-in-chief and remained with the trading company until 1750 when he received a commission in the army.

All that remains of George Washington's original canal on the Virginia side of the Potomac River. In its day this canal and its locks were the engineering marvel of the country. A depression 200 feet deep was blasted out of solid rock.

It was during those years that Washington became intimate with all the crooks and turns in the Upper Potomac in addition to making detailed excursions into the interior. He staunchly supported the plan to develop the inland waterways to promote migration to the country near and beyond the Ohio. The project to clear the channels of the Potomac River was first agitated about nine years after Washington entered the military service. This agitation culminated in the Pawtommack Company which operated from 1785 to 1828. Its purpose was to develop the transportation possibilities of the Potomac and other rivers which could be recruited by the use of connecting highways to form a satisfactory channel of communication and transportation between Ohio and Virginia. It is notable that George Washington subscribed $2,500 of the original $40,000 raised to promote this project.

Matters were at a standstill during the Revolutionary War and the scheme was dormant until several years after the Constitution was signed when the influence of General Washington procured the incorporation of the Pawtommack Company. During the war, Virginia had ceded to Maryland all jurisdiction over the Potomac River, reserving only the right of free navigation. Legislative action by these states was necessary to endorse the organization of the Pawtommack Company. Previous to this important event, George Washington spent six weeks in making a horseback trip of 680 miles inspecting the western country and investigating the prospects of water transportation and railroad development.

One of the service lock houses showing the hand wheels and chains which are used to raise and lower the lock gates and to drain or fill the locks.

Large Missouri mules furnish the motive power to haul the canal boats, each of which accommodates about 116 tons of soft coal.

Washington and his associates conceived a plan to render the Potomac River navigable by constructing locks and canals as detours around its impassable falls and rapids. They purposed to use the Potomac as a waterway to a point above Cumberland, Maryland, then known as Will's Creek, to build a national highway as a land link between this station and the mouth of the Cheat River and to join this river in a similar way with the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers. At that time there was not an engineer in the United States who had ever seen a canal lock or understood anything about the mechanical principles involved in such construction. But the same courage and daring which had lifted the yoke of England were evidenced in the solution. No public undertaking up to that time had aroused such enthusiasm and interest in the United States. Although the people were almost impoverished after the war and money was hard to get, some way or another the advocates of the waterways plan stinted and skimped and raised enough funds to start the Pawtommack Company on its colossal task. The best mechanician in Maryland accepted the position as chief engineer of the project.

For the next score of years, the work of the Pawtommack Company occupied the same attention in the mechanical world as did the Panama Canal in later years during its era of construction. The remarkable series of locks which were built around Great Falls was the engineering feat of the eighteenth century and was described in detail in scientific publications.

The development of the Potomac River was the nucleus of Washington's hope for national expansion, prosperity and unity. His activities in this particular work reveal him as a man of great imagination and enthusiasm. In a letter to Edmund Randolph dated August 13, 1785, Washington wrote, "The great object for the accomplishment of which I wish to see the inland nagivation of the rivers James and Potomac improved and extended is to connect the Western Territory with the Atlantic States; all others with me are secondary."

In a letter to Richard Henry Lee the same year, Washington wrote, "However singular the opinion may be, I cannot divest myself of it that the navigation of the Mississippi River at this time ought to be no object with us. On the contrary, until we have a little time open and make easy the ways between the Atlantic States and Western Territory, the obstruction had better remain. There is nothing which binds one country or one state to another but interest. Without this cement, the western inhabitants who more than probably will be composed, in a great degree, of foreigners, can have no predilection for us and a commercial connection is the only tie we can have."

Labor troubles and unfavorable weather handicapped construction activities on the canal and locks. The white laborers who were originally hired were unsatisfactory despite a bonus of a daily ration consisting of one pound of dried or salted meat or one and one-half pounds of fresh meat, one and one-half pounds of bread and three gills of rum. Finally, slaves were purchased to perform the work. The rainfall was unusually heavy and often the 40-foot rock which towers above the Potomac at Great Falls, 16 miles from the capital, was submerged. More money was needed for the work than was originally anticipated. Both Virginia and Maryland had to raise special appropriations on several occasions. Finally, Maryland adopted a lottery scheme to raise $300,000.

The principal canals were built at Great Falls and Little Falls. They were six feet deep and 25 feet wide, the river boats then in use being about seven to eight feet wide and 70 to 80 feet long. The locks were 14 by 100 feet in dimension with a lift of 10 feet. They held from 18,200 to 25,200 cubic feet of water apiece. A suspension bridge was also built at Great Falls over the Potomac River, the little settlement at that place then being called Matildaville. The cost of transporting a barrel of flour from Matildaville to Cumberland, 170 miles, was 15 cents while a charge of six cents a bushel was made for carrying corn on the river boats. In the year 1800, 296 boats of 1,630 tons were regularly using the new waterway but the toll charges for that year amounted to only $2,134. Eleven years later as many as 1,300 vessels plied the Potomac, their combined tonnage amounting to 16,350 tons but even then the toll revenue was but $22,542.

The decline of the Pawtommack Company began when the waterway was initially opened to navigation. The shipping and freightage were never sufficient to pay the maintenance expenses of the great work. However, the project was fruitful of progressive results in that it led to the building of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal which, in turn, was the agency which was responsible for the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first common carrier which penetrated what then were western wilds. The original canal locks around Great Falls, the first mechanical marvels made in America, which next to Mount Vernon were dearest of all to George Washington, today are marked only by ruins. Great crumbling walls of massive masonry and a huge opening 200 feet deep blasted out of the solid rock are monuments of a big idea that went to seed. Altogether they consist of five locks and a canal which was one mile in length. A descent of 76 feet was made by the boats which passed through the locks. Another canal two and one-half miles long featured three other locks with a descent of 37 feet.

With the failure of the Pawtommack Company, all attempts to utilize the natural river bed of the Potomac as a channel of traffic were abandoned. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company took over the charter of its predecessor, being capitalized at $6,000,000, represented by 60,000 shares of stock. Originally, the project to build a barge canal from Georgetown to Cumberland had the support of Congress and the legislatures of Virginia and Maryland. The canal was laid out on the Maryland side of the Potomac River because natural conditions and the topography of the country were more favorable. It was the first big national undertaking to improve internal and domestic commerce. Baltimore, which at that time was one of the largest trade centers in the East, had made arrangements to tap the canal and extend it to that city which would have greatly augmented its commercial operations. The early surveys indicated that the canal would cost about $8,000,000, an enormous sum in those days. Later, more detailed investigations were made and it was ascertained that to build the canal properly and to extend it to Ohio would cost more than $20,000,000. The public immediately sensed that such a project was impossible. The citizens of Baltimore withdrew and centered their attentions on the development of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which they determined to groom as a rival of the canal. Thus the canal was responsible for the promotion and development of a common carrier which penetrated to the rich and fertile valleys of Ohio.

A group of canal boats docked for repairs at Cumberland, Maryland, the upper terminal of the C. & O. Canal. When operating at maximum capacity, about 350 canal boats are used.

A canal boat being lowered in one of the locks. There are 75 lift locks and two guard locks between Georgetown, D. C., and Cumberland, Md., 186 miles.

In some places the canal is tunneled through the mountains.

On July 4, 1828, the two most remarkable demonstrations held in the country up to that time took place in Baltimore and at Great Falls on the Maryland side of the Potomac River. The celebration at Baltimore was in honor of the commencement of work on the first long railroad in the United States. Charles Carroll, of Carrolltown, Maryland, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, delivered an inspiring address, and the entire day was devoted to merrymaking and joyous festivities. Washington was practically deserted that memorable day as, headed by President John Quincy Adams, everybody had gone to Great Falls to celebrate the beginning of work on the canal. President Adams, spade in hand, stood ready to shovel the first earth from the proposed canal. He prodded the spade into the soil and struck a root. Again he stuck the spade into the ground and hit another root. Then, throwing aside his coat, he went to work, cut away the roots and finally penetrated to the soil.

The difficulties that President Adams met with in digging the first shovel of dirt from the canal reflected the obstacles that the canal company was to encounter before the completion of the waterway. On 10 separate occasions, the company had to petition the Virginia and Maryland legislatures for more funds while Uncle Sam also aided the project financially. Finally, the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was completed at a cost of $11,071,176, or $59,618.61 a mile. Unfortunately, due to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with which it had to compete, the canal was also representative of a big idea that went to seed. In 1843, its total revenues amounted to but $47,635, while its expenses for the year were $83,792. These figures were authentic barometers of what has happened since that period. The greatest single achievement of the C. & O. Canal, as it is commonly called, was to be the instrumentality that led to the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which by 1842 was using 13 locomotives and a decade later had extended its tracks to Wheeling, West Virginia.

Several unusual occurrences took place in the development of the railroad. When it was started, locomotives were still in the experimental stages. One was operated by horse power, horses walking on endless belts inside of the locomotive to make its wheels move. Then Peter Cooper perfected the steam locomotive called "Tom Thumb." A curious race was held between the horse-driven locomotive and Cooper's steam locomotive and when the latter won, it was accepted as the official railroad engine of the new project. Previous to that time, a locomotive which operated by means of huge sails was used. The canal company fought many long and bitter legal battles with the railroad authorities before it conceded any of its right of way along the Potomac which was the natural outlet through the mountainous sections.

From 1850 to 1889, the history of the C. & O Canal was a history of the Democratic party in Maryland. The canal designed as a waterway which ultimately was to connect the Great Lakes with tidewater Virginia, developed into a channel of corruption and a political push ball to be buffeted this way and that with the swing of political sentiment. In every way, the canal was a financial failure and paid practically nothing to the holders of its debentures. It cost the state of Maryland millions of dollars and never yielded much of any income. If it had been conducted on an economical and businesslike basis, it might have developed profit but in the hands of the politicians it was abused and misused. Since 1848 the canal has been operated by a board of trustees or bondholders.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal has the most valuable charter rights of any waterway in the United States. All the potential development of water rights and power in the Potomac River is dependent on the will of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, for complete control of this water is vested in the project. It is one of the last of the old trading companies which were granted liberal charters. In 1870, this canal was handling more coal than any other waterway in the country and was making money, but political destiny ruled that its management should be changed so that the outgo again would be greater than the income. It has repeatedly been responsible for the ascendency and political power of different régimes that have dictated Maryland politics.

The canal is 186 miles in length and bridges a descent of 578 feet from Cumberland, Maryland, to Georgetown, D. C. It contains 75 lift locks, each of which are 14 by 100 feet in dimension and two guard locks. It can easily accommodate 350 canal boats—the capacity of the ordinary canal boat is 116 gross tons—sufficient to transport 1,000,000 tons of soft coal to market from the mines around Cumberland. This canal is an open carrier, a water highway for the use of any boat that will pay the toll charges. During the recent World War a considerable portion of the soft coal supply of the city of Washington came in over the canal. The indications are that this waterway will never be an important factor in the transportation of coal from the Maryland mines to seagoing ships, as the lower Potomac River is not easily navigable for large vessels engaged in the coal trade. It is probable that for years to come the C. & O. Canal will continue to be the punching bag for Maryland politicians.

The Vatican, Italy and World Politics

Concluded from page 6

I affirm that there is today in Rome only one ideal which makes a world-wide appeal, and it is the ideal which radiates from the Vatican."

Accepting the attitude of each side for what it appears, encouraging on the part of the Vatican, or, rather, of the Pope himself, and accommodating on the part of the state, it would seem as if an adjustment were inevitable. To say that it is would involve little optimism. Moreover, one thing is certain—that if the hoped-for conciliation is not the sequel of the existing situation then it may as well be set down as irremediable.

In theory, *conciliation* may not be the right noun, but in effect the problem is this: the minimum the Church may demand and the minimum the State may concede.

If one prefers, the word maximum may be freely substituted without affecting quantities. The final hope, perhaps, rests upon the interpretation of a declaration by Piux VII (required to go to Paris to crown Napoleon and in turn deprived by the latter of some apostolic authority through the *Articles organiques*) that the papacy might cede this or that part of its territorial dominions, but not abdicate its sovereignty. If the interpretation should be that Rome could be "ceded" to the State then the problem is as good as settled, because there is no question about sovereignty of pontifical nature.

Taken all in all, Pope Pius is revealing, if somewhat indirectly, a strong sympathetic tendency toward this solution.

He undoubtedly feels, as did his predecessor, that the Vatican's interests abroad have not only multiplied but also grown—and this growth actually makes anomalous the tenet of self-imprisonment. It would seem paradoxical, at least to the layman, that authority had been taken from the Holy See at the very time that its influence, even officially with foreign governments, is at its maximum. It is to be gravely doubted if the Vatican has at any time, even when master of the holy Roman empire, possessed undisputed and uncontested authority as is now the case.

In general, Pope Pius XI's attitude is non-geographical. To what an extent this means becoming blind, so to speak, to strictly Roman frontiers in favor of world frontiers, is problematical. Yet the tendency to participate in peace parleys to the extent of delineating desirable or necessary measures, and of being recognized in this respect by the foremost representatives of world powers, indicates that the Church is adding its democratizing influence toward a solution of existing difficulties.

But though the pontiff has his eye on every nation, it cannot be denied that his greatest admiration is for the United States. He never foregoes an opportunity to speak his praise—a praise that is not general, but specifically directed at some one or some thing American. Although some members of the Curia are irritated, for instance, by the activities in Rome of the Methodists, all from America, the Pope instead regards their efforts noncommittally. It would seem like exceeding the "carrying of coals to Newcastle" this carrying of religion to Rome, yet Pope Pius from certain windows of the Vatican may look upon Monte Mario, on the outskirts of the city, where the Methodists are planning to erect many buildings for their use.

Moreover, the Italians themselves have become accustomed to American churches in their midst. As to whether these can win many converts one can deduce from the following statistics, which show that there are more atheists in Italy, per thousand of population, than all religions put together, Catholics excluded. The ratio is as follows:

Catholics, 951.3; atheists, 25.2; undeclared, 18.8; Protestants, 3.6; Jews, 1., and other cults, 0.1.

The most important declaration has been reserved for last place. It is that the solution of the Church and State question of Italy, however remotely identified it may seem, will prove a powerful lever for the adjustment of many existing international problems.

What Will Our "Liberals" Say on Credit?

It Will Be Interesting to Watch the Antics of Publications Whose Paper Bills Are Paid by the International Loan Sharks

By LEWIS HARPER

This is the second and concluding installment of Mr. Harper's story, the first part of which appeared in last week's issue.

THE present political trend is strikingly reminiscent of the upheaval which followed the Hanna era, the beginning of which was signalized by the publication of Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" and the insurgency against "Cannonism" in the National House.

The looking backward tendency is observable in this movement, but not to the extent that marked previous progressive uprisings. The literature of the muck rake, which preceded the strictly Rooseveltian phase of the insurrection, is permeated with well-written contrasts between the evil conditions portrayed by its writers and the happier status of the primitive American democracy. But the line of remedies popular with the progressives of the Roosevelt-Taft period was strikingly different from those in favor with previous reformers. The later movement constantly shied away from the problem of finance—the Pujo Money Trust investigation being the only notable exception. Solutions for public ills were sought most fervidly in amendment or repair of the political machinery of the nation and states, such as the Initiative, Referendum and Recall. On these purely political proposals the varied factions of the movement could unite. In other directions there was marked economic timidity—or else a movement toward state socialism. This usually went no further than the phase of regimentation. "Regulation" and "commissions" were the "blessed words" in those days, and the bureaucracy and mandarinism that now affright us, got their great impetus at that time—to be later accelerated manyfold by the war.

We now realize that the political repairs and tinkering that were articles of faith in 1912 have evolved, where put into practice, into mere supplementary political mechanisms to be operated by very human voters—the same voters who failed to protect their interests with the probably sufficient machinery that already existed.

Alienizing American Thought

THE numerous progeny of the commission idea have settled down into bureaus for registering the dominant economic necessities of the moment. Mostly they serve only to wrap in red tape results that are industrially inevitable. Some of the enthusiasts for regulation have taken the next step and become advocates of government ownership and operation, but the failure of bureaucratic regulation and the colossal miscarriages of government business in the war have probably turned a greater number in the opposite direction. This is a guess however—the march to state socialism has now been renewed, for reasons we shall presently examine.

The movement culminated in the election of 1912 when the New Freedom was achieved.

It is not hard to trace the reasons why the impulse that elected Woodrow Wilson was so different in its search for political remedies from its predecessors. The same reasons apply to the confusion as to remedies that marks the present progressive urge.

By 1904 international finance had become firmly rooted throughout America—not only in industry and politics, but its cognate cults were beginning to sway the press, schools and pulpit.

American industry was becoming syndicated and Europeanized at the same time. Alien powers, systems and methods were getting control. American thought was being alienized. The communism of pelf, as Cleveland aptly dubbed the new tendencies in banking and industry, was marching side by side with the political and social cults, which are the intellectual co-ordinates of international finance and spring from the same racial sources. Socialism below is only a reflex of Special Privilege above.

By the time the new forces in business and politics were blossoming into power, the fiber of the American stock had been profoundly damaged by the dysgenic effects of modern city life and the relative depopulation of the country districts. This had coincided with a deluge of alien racial stocks, then sweeping through New York harbor at the rate of a million or more a year.

Building the Slum Power

THESE hordes emptying into the unprepared Republic from the steerage were building up the slum power in politics and trade. The ramifications of the slum power today have spread into journalism, literature and the theater until Americans no longer feel at home in those fields. Americans still dominate the newspapers, and have a diminishing hold in literature, but they no longer employ American methods in either. The newer slum remains a slum in standards, no matter how much it may become veneered with wealth or outer cultural trappings. Before 1880, immigrants landed poor, but whether they remained poor or became rich, they all became Americans. Today they may still achieve wealth but they do not become Americans. What wonder then that the progressive movement which culminated in the New Freedom of 1912 produced as its most concrete achievement the FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM—the very antithesis of the American financial idea—state socialism in credit—special privilege at the throttle of the whole industrial system!

Could a more grotesque result have been fashioned in the wildest nightmare—the triumph of a "progressive" movement taking form in the enactment of a variant of the Aldrich bill—the very system that the Special Privilege had conceived but been unable to achieve when its ostensible servants, the "Old Guard," were in power?

Such had become the potency of labels by 1913 that it was possible to enact into law this subversion of everything that American progressives had always fought for, and have the people swallow it as a "progressive" measure.

Exactly this situation now confronts us. We have a progressive movement, but it remains to be seen whether it will develop on real progressive lines—BACK TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY—or whether it will be manipulated by the tricks of mass psychology into the avenues of decay. Retrogression not progress confronts this nation if it follows the lead of international finance and its "kept liberals" who are making desperate efforts to captain the new movement.

Yet the way is plain. The path of progress is marked out by a very simple issue, and the stand of any man or group on that question provides an all-sufficient test as to whether that man or group is a real progressive or is wearing a progressive label from a counterfeiter's shop.

That issue is finance. The statesman or party that favors a financial system based primarily on production is moving in the progressive orbit, those who favor the system now operated by a handful of international bankers are reactionary, no matter what ribbons they pin on their coats.

It is easy to analyze the results of the last election in this light. There have been many genuine progressive victories. In every such case the credit system was a prominent issue in the contest and in those instances there is no room for doubt as to what the result means. There were other contests in which this or that "progressive" or "reactionary" was elected, but beyond the labels involved, the results mean nothing or perhaps add a positive element of confusion to the situation.

It will be interesting to watch the maneuvers of our "kept liberals" when the line-up on the credit question begins to take sharp form. Then indeed will this study of political labels have significance. On the issue of financial control there are all-compelling economic and temperamental reasons why some of our best known "liberal" publicists will be found ranged with the international loan sharks. They simply must. They are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. It will be an excruciating experience for some of these folk to find themselves regarded as "Tories." Many of them would prefer almost any other humiliation to that. Their usual haste to espouse any new cult that appears in the scum on the top of the Melting Pot, to avoid even the appearance of conservatism, is an index of their dread of the epithet "reactionary." But this horrid thing seems inevitable for some of our very nicest liberals. It is almost pitiable, no matter how amusing, to picture some of our journals of weekly mutual admiration openly lined up with the sordid interests of the financial ladies and gentlemen who keep them—for purposes that are now beginning to be revealed.

Wall Street and Strikes

AND we are learning a lot nowadays about the various lanes that turn into Wall Street if followed far enough. Who would have believed a few months ago that Wall Street banks finance strikes. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been laughed at for even hinting such a thing, but recently labor "leaders" admitted they borrowed hundreds of thousands of dollars for that purpose within sound of Trinity chimes. And the bank asked for no collateral.

It will be necessary for the people who elect progressives to watch them carefully while they are in Washington. It is an old story how American radicals elected out on the plains or up in the mountains change color after a bit of Congressional service. A relapse into hard-boiled Toryism presents nothing new or puzzling. It is as natural for men to become conservative as it is for them to grow old—the two things are parts of the same physiological process. It is nothing to worry about as a rule. We have to have Tories. The Anglo-Saxon race owes much to its Tories, who are usually dynamic, not static. Tories are responsible for the territorial extension of the race and for its commercial dominance in the Tropics and Far East. It has always been a bit queer how Tories have gone out from England and conquered business for the anti-imperialistic liberals of Manchester, who would starve without the imperialism they denounce. The Tory usually offsets stagnation at home by activity abroad. When an American constituency sees its progressive representative graduate into Toryism, it can replace him, but it need not feel very badly about it. The change that should occasion concern now, however, is the well-marked tendency of progressively labeled Senators and Representatives, after a season on the Potomac, to abandon the virile progressivism of agrarian America for the futile and decadent "liberalism" of New York's tenderloin and East Side.

Several promising men are now in Washington backed by majorities that carried a mandate to reform the credit system—to attack the citadel of the loan barons, whose journalistic valets and butlers constitute the élite of eastern "liberalism." More will be there when the newly elected Congress convenes.

It will be interesting, indeed, to observe what these men do in Washington. Subtle blandishments await them—flattery of a most insinuating sort—some of it from the social lobby—some from the pink-shaded tea tables of the manicured "intelligentsia."

If they yield to these influences it ought to be easy for their constituents to detect it. They are already familiar with the symptoms when a progressive is turning Tory. One of the indications that a statesman is turning pink, is an increasing forgetfulness about the mortgages on American farms and a deepening anxiety about the recognition of "Soviet Russia," or other "sweet lands across the sea."

Industry and Finance

INTERNATIONAL finance and its agents, whether black or pink, *are* confronted with a factor that they cannot well counter. That is the increasing knowledge of the people as to the real functions of credit. The people are rapidly grasping the fact that FINANCE and productive INDUSTRY are not identical. They are beginning to see how FINANCE CAPITAL seeks to devour or control INDUSTRIAL CAPITAL. In some sections of the country it is no longer a secret that FINANCE CAPITAL has no scruples about allying itself with any disruptive element or promoting any destructive cult to harness and break down industrial capital and its management to obtain control and place such industries under tribute. This explains why international financiers subsidize all sorts of alleged "radical" propagandas, which specialize in heckling industries not controlled by the financial ring, but carefully refrain from discussing commercial undertakings which are dominated by people more to their liking. The strange affinity between syndicalist agitators and certain types of business men has often puzzled old-line American labor leaders. Out West metal mine operators who have been well-nigh ruined by the I. W. W. have been wondering for a long time whether the depreciation of their property through sabotage from below has any relation to what they consider sabotage from above, when they scrutinize certain maneuvers of the smelting rings. Operators and men in some camps long ago buried their old feuds to unite against these insidious influences. In many a canyon you will find the operators' association and the remnants of the metal miners' union fighting together a losing battle against forces which proclaim mutual hostility but whose actions are marked by marvelous coincidences.

The people are learning much and will learn more. Eventually they will understand that FINANCE CAPITAL, being essentially ignorant of productive activities and their necessary conditions, is not only willing but eager to flirt with schemes like state socialism or "industrial democracy," in the effort to work out some method by which it could control and milk industry without having to assume the task of management for which it is unfit.

The "industrial democracy" formula is a cunning talisman employed in the game of mass suggestion. It is a compelling phrase, until ripped open. Then it turns out to be syndicalism, nothing more—merely the old effort to eliminate efficient executive control from the bread-and-butter effort of mankind, the old effort to dispense with discipline and brains.

As long as fools are bred, this effort will continue to plague the world's workers and producers.

To understand all these involved relations it is necessary to grip firmly the underlying intellectual kinship of the big loan sharks, who are the outer parasites on modern civilization, and the "lesser breeds" beneath; who have undermined all former civilizations and are boring within modern society. The latter, who sometimes assume the rôle of "critics of western civilization" represent either alien strains, naturally hostile to the individualist traditions of America, or come from exhausted and decadent American stocks.

Decadent Tendencies

THE native type gratify their inferiority complexes—to borrow a bit of the Freudian cant so popular with them, despite its unpleasant implications to themselves—by posing as social revolutionaries, fired by sympathy with the under dog, or spend their time in bewailing the "limitations" set upon their "genius" and self-expression by the American "bourgeoisie."

Defective or diseased individuals are nurtured and preserved in civilized societies—often at public expense. Unable to keep the pace demanded by its life and moral standards, they often seek to destroy the civilization made hateful to them by their inferiority, or to deceive themselves as to their real relation to it by inverting social, economic and moral standards.

As our civilization ages we will have more rather than less of this sort of thing. It is bound up with certain decadent tendencies in art, morals and industry that have always appeared in similar periods and are with us once again. As American civilization is unusually strenuous and calls for a high degree of individual responsibility, it develops as a waste product a great many such parasites to annoy it.

Our abundant crop of this type today finds in the

(Concluded on page 13)

33,000 Tons of Metal Going Into a Bridge

World's Longest Suspension Construction Will Span the Delaware River

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

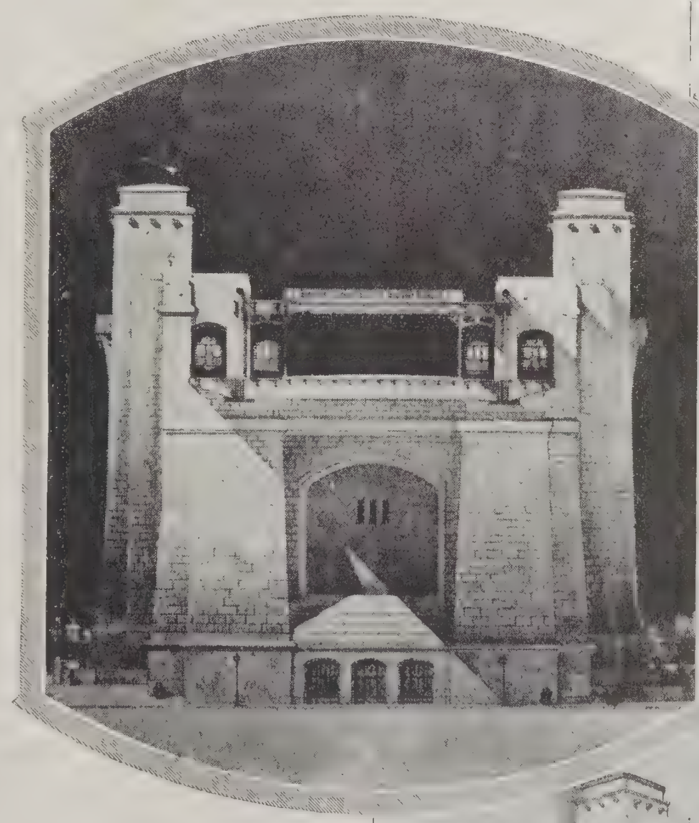
IN LESS than four years motorists making their way to the great national playgrounds on the New Jersey coast will be able to avoid the tedious wait now often experienced at Philadelphia by rolling across one of the world's longest suspension bridges. Work was started on the structure only a year ago, and by spring the slender, 380-foot steel towers will begin to rise on either side of the Delaware. From an engineering point of view, the most difficult feature of the structure has been nearly completed, although there is as yet nothing to show above water, save the barges carrying materials, and the tops of the caissons in which the "sand hogs" work in the construction of the foundations.

Camden terminus of the Delaware River bridge.

The visible part of the task—the building of the towers and the spinning of the two huge cables that are to carry the tremendous weight of the bridge—will be far more spectacular to spectators, but not nearly so dangerous and thrilling to the workers as the things that must be done below water level, even below the level of the river bottom, all the way down to bed rock. There men must work under such heavy atmospheric pressures that a great deal of the time for which they are paid is spent in going to and coming from work in the elaborate system of air locks used to accustom them to changes of pressure.

A caisson is nothing more nor less than a huge box, with no bottom, divided into two sections. It is built on a shipway of timber with steel bracing and floated to the point where it is to be sunk. Then concrete is poured into the top section, thus forcing it down into the water. That process is continued until the box stops sinking. Then the sand hogs get to work. Far down in the concrete of the top section is a chamber, or lock, entered by means of a shaft in which ladders are set. Another shaft from the chamber leads down into the bottom section. When the workers get there they find a certain quantity of air, just as air stays in a glass that is turned upside down and thrust into a pan of water. More air is pumped in from above to force out the water, so that the workers can get to the mud of the river bottom.

Working at first in shifts of four hours, the sand hogs shovel the mud into buckets passing through another shaft. Extraordinary care is necessary to keep the air pressure in the chamber where they are at work equal to the pressure of the water filtering through the mud from the outside. In that connection a close watch is kept for leaks. A supply of sand bags is kept on hand. When the foreman or one of the workmen notices a trickle of water entering, a bag of sand is thrown against the wall of the caisson at that point, just where it rests on the mud. Meantime more concrete is being poured into the top section, thus adding to the weight and slowly forcing the caisson toward bed rock.



View of massive anchorage from street.

The deeper the caisson, of course, the greater the air pressure. At the lowest levels men can work for only 45 minutes at a stretch. They must spend an hour or more in the lock above, where the pressure is slowly decreased. Occasionally, even with the greatest precaution, a man leaves the last chamber before his system has became accustomed to the lessened pressure. Then he gets what is known as "the bends." In reality it is air in the system. He may walk some distance away and then suddenly stagger as though intoxicated and collapse. The only known treatment is to rush him to the hospital lock and increase the air pressure until he recovers, when the process of decreasing it can be started.

The caisson on the Philadephia side of the river was the first in which work was started for the Delaware River bridge. It reached bed rock some time ago. The process then is to level off the rock. Then the sand hogs pack down the concrete poured in from above, backing up until there is no longer room for them to work. The final air space is filled up with concrete, and the sub-structure of the foundation is in place. All that remains to be done is to put up the steel and spin the cable.

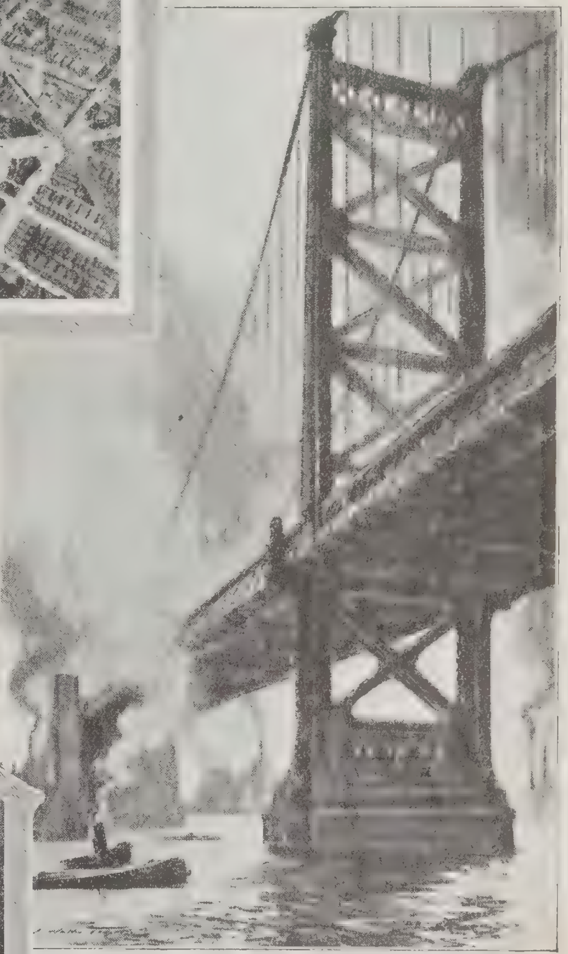
It will be a year or more before that work begins, of course, since one of the big jobs to be done first is to sink the anchorages. The cables are carried over the towers and thence to huge masonry anchors located well in from the bulkhead line. Caissons are used to sink the anchorages, but they are much smaller than the foundation caissons and present less engineering difficulties. The spinning of the cables is done just about the same way a spider spins its web, by a machine that at a distance will look not unlike a giant spider, traveling back and forth between the two towers.

Heretofore, all the large suspension bridges in the world have been built with four cables. The Delaware River bridge is to have only two, on which a dead weight of 33,000 tons of metal will be suspended. The cables will be the largest ever made. Each will be 30 inches in diameter, as compared to 15 3-4 inches in the Brooklyn Bridge and 20 1-2 inches in the Manhattan, the largest heretofore manufactured. The cables for the Delaware bridge are to be made up of 16,500 strands of high-grade carbon steel wire, each 0 192 of an inch in diameter. It is estimated that about 22,000 miles will be used in the two great cables. Each single strand will have an ultimate strength of 215,000 pounds to the square inch, and an elastic limit of more than 144,000 pounds.

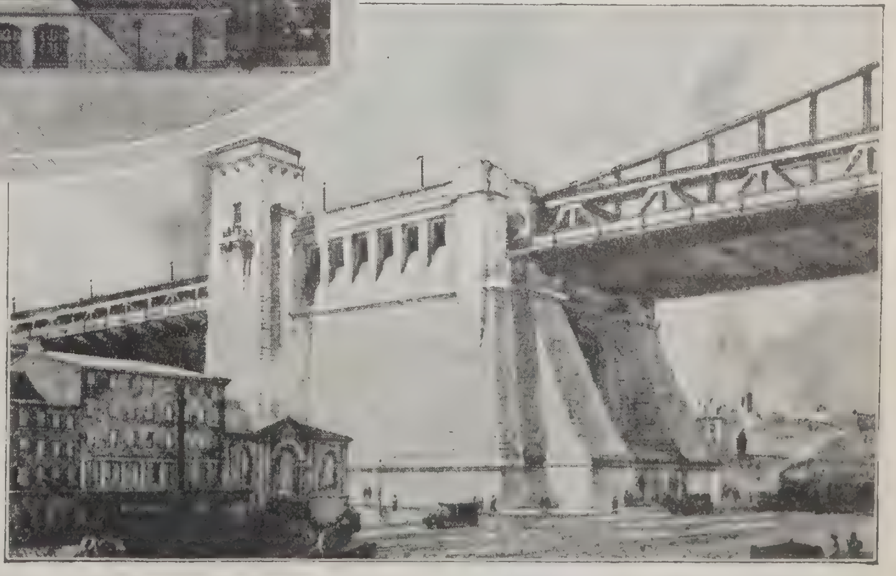
Steel towers were chosen to support this enormous weight because experience has shown that it is difficult to allow for the expansion and contraction caused by changes of temperature when masonry towers are used. Rollers were used on top of the Brooklyn Bridge, the cables passing over them on saddles. It was found, however, that the tremendous weight caused considerable friction and therefore much added strain was placed on the cables before the rollers moved. The steel towers can be made to bend. Any expansion or contraction in the Delaware River bridge will be taken up by the bending of the towers, the cables being fastened to the tops of them. Each tower will be 16 feet wide at the top, widening to 40 feet at the base, with a transverse width of seven feet.

The main span of the bridge will be 1,750 feet, which is 150 feet longer than the Williamsburg bridge in New York, the longest suspension span heretofore built.

The Delaware River bridge will be one of the widest for its length in the world. It will carry an unobstructed roadway for six lines of vehicles, two lines of surface cars and two lines for rapid transit, and two 10-foot passenger walks. The latter will be slung up above the roadway, thus reducing the width necessary to accommodate all the varied kinds of traffic. The total cost of the project was estimated at the outset as $28.871,500. The center of the bridge will be 135 feet above mean high water for 800 feet of its length. The bridge will take a place among the world's most famous structures.



One of the slender steel towers.



Another view of the monolith anchorage.

Producing Jewish "Martyrs" by Propaganda

No Distinct Group Can Say to the Rest "Our Race Can Do No Wrong" But That's Exactly What American Jewish Committee Is Doing!

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

WHEN, last October, the Federal Grand Jury in Tacoma, Washington, returned indictments against Rolland R. Pothier and Robert Rosenbluth, charging them with the premeditated murder of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, United States Judge E. E. Cushman, to whom the presentment was made, said: "The court feels that this jury is entitled to the thanks of the public for the services performed." *He added that the indicted men would not be admitted to bail when the bench warrants were served.*

When Robert Rosenbluth was arrested in New York City, *he was at once admitted to bail,* which was furnished by a Wall Street banker of his own race—a leader of the American Jewish Committee—and he has ever since retained his freedom, while his extradition has been fought by a corps of experienced lawyers, also representing the American Jewish Committee.

But when Pothier was arrested in Rhode Island at the very same time, *bail was refused, and he was committed to prison,* where he has remained, while his counsel was opposing his extradition to Tacoma. On January 11, Pothier lost his fight. United States Judge Arthur L. Brown decided that, in view of the law and the circumstances, Pothier must go back to Tacoma and face the charges made against him. He denied a petition for a writ of habeas corpus, and it was stated that the indicted man would be started on the way to Tacoma in a few days, in the custody of the chief United States deputy marshal and two guards, unless their prisoner's removal was stayed by an appeal.

The Network of Intrigue

WHEN the network of intrigue that has been spun about the "Rosenbluth case" comes to light at last, the country will stand aghast.

In the many appeals published on behalf of Rosenbluth in magazines, pamphlets and newspapers, through the influence of the American Jewish Committee, emphasis is laid on the statement that the man who is accused of Major Cronkhite's murder must be innocent because he is vouched for by men of prominence such as Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Felix M. Warburg, Herbert H. Lehman and Julius H. Barnes.

At the time of his first arrest and arraignment, Rosenbluth explained his absence of a year and one-half from the country with the assertion that he had been in Siberia, Turkey and Russia engaged in collecting information and statistics, which he sold on his return here, to cover his traveling expenses. But later, when he felt himself under the sheltering wings of the American Jewish Committee, he stated that he had gone to Russia and Turkey for the United States Grain Corporation, subsequently going to Siberia at the request of Felix M. Warburg and Herbert H. Lehman, on behalf of the Joint Jewish Distribution Committee, which was headed by those gentlemen.

According to Rosenbluth, four days before he was arrested in New York, he had been in Washington, D. C., reporting to Mr. Hoover. Exactly what he was reporting to the Secretary of Commerce, he does not state. However, Mr. Hoover, for many years previous, had been a partner in the mine operating firm of Bewick, Moreing & Company, of London, during which time he had become a director in the Russo-Asiatic Corporation, Ltd., and other mining properties in Russia and the Far East. It may be quite natural that Mr. Hoover wished to gain some information concerning the condition of such properties from a person who had been traveling through those countries for so long a time.

Some Facts on Institute

NOW Mr. Hoover was Chairman of the United States Grain Corporation, to which he had appointed Julius H. Barnes president. Also, when Mr. Hoover organized the American Relief Administration in Russia, he gave Mr. Barnes the post of vice-chairman, in charge of the work in New York. Mr. Barnes is a wheat exporter from Duluth, with an office in New York. He is also "chairman of the Institute for Public Service, New York," which, despite its resounding name, is a publicity and propagandist bureau, familiar probably to only a score of persons in the metropolis. Robert Rosenbluth was at one time an "assistant director" of this so-called "institute."

Julius H. Barnes, in 1919, signed his name to a pamphlet entitled, "Teachable Facts About Bolshevism and Sovietism," which he offered for sale at special rates for large quantities, to teachers, classes, co-workers and others. In this peculiar document, Mr. Barnes quotes Robert Rosenbluth, formerly his assistant director, in a report made to him by the latter from Kharkov, Russia, July 27, 1919, "just after it was reclaimed from the Bolsheviki." Just what Rosenbluth was doing in Kharkov at the time, Mr. Barnes does not say. Some indication of the contents of this pamphlet was given in a previous article.

Mr. Barnes is chairman of the Institute for Public Service, and William H. Allen, social worker, is its director. Mr. Allen, also, as published in a previous chapter, is sponsor for an appeal to United States Senators on behalf of Rosenbluth, who, he asserts, is "being unjustly hanged alive." This singular "Institute" has circulated immense quantities of folders in public schools and among American school children, informing them of a "long recital of injustices done Captain Rosenbluth, and of wrong done by you and me—100,000 000 of us—through the United States Attorney-General."

To the average American mind it would appear inconceivable that a person like Mr. Barnes, who quite recently was elected a trustee of Vassar College, should countenance a campaign instructing school children in disloyalty to the United States Government, and contempt toward its officials. Undoubtedly this matter must yet be explained, *but it cannot be explained away.*

There is in existence a letter written by Herbert C. Hoover to Attorney-General Daugherty, in which he says:

> It just happens that practically all the time since the war, Rosenbluth has been employed by relief organizations in Europe with which I am associated, first in South Russia and later in Siberia.
>
> I fear there is a great miscarriage of justice in the whole process.

It is scarcely possible that Mr. Hoover meant thereby to stand sponsor for all the activities of Robert Rosenbluth in Eastern Europe and Asia, but his letter gives that unfortunate impression.

It will be recalled that about this time, Rosenbluth, in his attacks published in the *Daily News,* was characterizing the Department of Justice as a "rotten organization," and charging that its officials were "out for cash," demanding that he raise money from his "rich Jewish friends" if he wished the charges against him to be dropped.

Is it possible that the American Jewish Committee has achieved such power that it can play off one member of President Harding's Cabinet against the other, in the interest of a member of its race, who stands indicted for one of the gravest crimes in the criminal code?

Besides, what has all this to do with the "secret code," a section of which was published in the second chapter of this series, and whose numbers run from one to two hundred and ten?

The following numbers may be recalled by the reader:

175. Situation now justifies our showing our hand, and I so recommend.

179. I am to be chairman of commission to arrange settlement of foreign goods here now.

181. You are to be general agent America, duty to bring in every person with such claims.

201. Secured concession with full rights and guaranties, according to principles laid down by us for years.

Victims of a Program

UNDOUBTEDLY the American public should be entitled to know the identity of the persons who are about to *"show their hands"*; what individual is to be made *"chairman of the commission"*; who is *"to be the general agent in America,"* and who is about to secure the *"concession according to the principles laid down by us for years."*

Those persons who have been led to believe that the "Rosenbluth case" consists of a series of exceptional circumstances will be surprised to learn that they have been made the dupes of a cut-and-dried program of the American Jewish Committee, which the machinery of that admirably organized body duplicated in its main features in a similar case, only eight years past. Then, also, the Jewish population was lashed into an insane frenzy by the well-calculated efforts of its leaders, the country echoed with the sounds of racial conflict, and deeds of violence resulted.

The normal processes of American life exercise a disintegrating effect upon any attempts of a foreign race to maintain a separate existence in this country. This fact is the bugaboo of the heads of the American Jewish Committee, to whom "separatism" is an essential part of its program for the future. Therefore, periodically, they create an imaginary case of "Jewish persecution," give it intensive publicity, encourage racial clamor, and raise the old Yiddish war cry: "Anti-Semitism!" *From past experience they know that those of their people who have become wearied or disgusted with organized Jewry will then be drawn back into the fold; the Jewish lodges will be refilled with members, and fresh impetus and increased support will be given to the innumerable Jewish "movements" that are churned into activity.*

In April, 1913, a little girl, 14 years old, named Mary Phagan, was found murdered in the basement of a factory in Atlanta, Georgia. Leo M. Frank and Jim Conley, a negro, were arrested on suspicion. They were placed on trial, and a jury found Frank guilty. He was sentenced to death in August of that year. These events had taken place according to the ordinary processes of law, and without any especial attention being attracted to them, aside from the fact that the crime had been a particularly atrocious one.

But suddenly word of the situation was brought to the American Jewish Committee in New York, and its leaders, at a conference, decided that the case was an opportune one to be churned up into an example of "Jewish persecution." To the heads of this organization it is always a matter of complete indifference whether the person whose cause they take up is innocent or guilty. Their predominant idea is to start the cry of "Anti-Semitism," provoke a racial collision, and thus weld the bonds of organized Jewry into a more compact and resistant mass.

As in the "Rosenbluth case," the Jewish Committee decided that a large group of lawyers must be engaged to reopen the case and make an attempt to liberate Frank.

Similarly, they should carry the case to the highest courts, and bury it there, if possible.

Similarly, a great fund must be provided to engineer a country-wide publicity campaign, depicting Frank as the innocent victim of race prejudice.

And also, every effort must be made quickly to throw discredit upon the evidence and the testimony of witnesses, which had led to Frank's conviction.

The nation-wide machinery of organized Jewry was set in motion.

The unsuspecting people of Georgia, who had been waiting patiently for the sentence of the court to be carried out on a man convicted of a crime committed in their own community, were suddenly amazed by an influx of strangers from a distant state, who began to practice upon them all the "raw tactics" which the operations of the Kehillah have made only too familiar to the residents of New York City. The laws and the law courts of Georgia were ridiculed and denounced. The people of the state were reviled.

Bitter attacks were launched against the head of Solicitor General Dorsey, as they are being directed today against Attorney-General Daugherty and Colonel William Hayward.

That Atlanta "Frame-Up"

THE Atlanta police were charged with having "framed-up" Frank, as the agents of the Department of Justice are being accused of having "framed-up" Rosenbluth.

Just as the shielders of Rosenbluth have been demanding a special investigation of his case by persons selected by them, so in the "Frank case," William J. Burns and his detective agency, were engaged—"at an enormous retainer," as it was then reported—to make a special investigation. Mr. Burns followed his instructions with such zeal that he was charged with violating the detective agency law, his license was revoked and he was held in contempt of court.

Georgia was thrown into a turmoil. Agents for the defense were charged with bribery and spiriting away witnesses. As in the instance of Pothier, persons who had made affidavits in the "Frank case," were persuaded to "repudiate" them.

Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, thundered away in the law courts on behalf of Frank.

As Rosenbluth's case has been denominated another "Dreyfus case," so Rabbi Henry Berkowitz likened that of Frank to the "Mendel Beilis case."

As Rosenbluth has been defending himself by attacking his prosecutors, so Frank was provided with publicity media and began attacking the police and his prosecutors.

Probably no other criminal in United States history has had his appeals taken to so many courts. After he had been sentenced in August, 1913, the American Jewish Committee brought a motion for a new trial in October. Motion denied. Case carried to the state supreme court for re-trial. Denied February, 1914. Every resource of the state courts having been tried, Louis Marshall took Frank's case to the United States Supreme Court, making the appeal on a question of writ of error. After long consideration, the court decreed that no such writ of error lay, and left Frank's sentence still operative.

Oh, Yes! Louis Was There

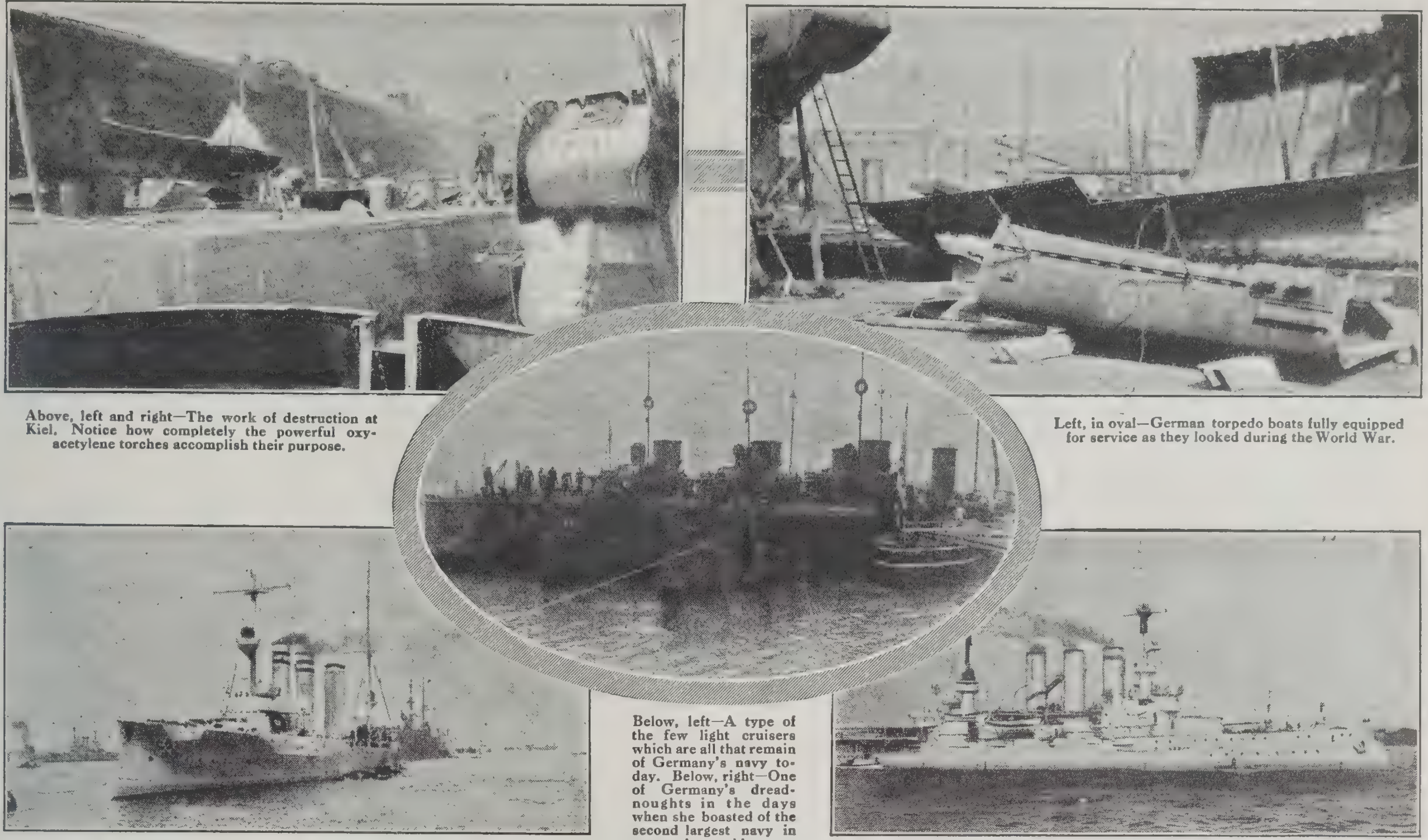
THEN Frank's lawyers appealed to Justice Lamar, who granted them a hearing on a writ of error. The court, after listening to Louis Marshall, declined to issue a writ and for the third time Frank was sentenced to death. His lawyers then arranged for an appeal to the state prison board. Petitions were circulated throughout the country, private appeals were telegraphed and written to Georgia's chief executive, prominent men were engaged by the Jewish Committee to write articles and analyses of the case. The state prison board refused to act.

As special counsel, the law firm of which the governor of the state was a member, was engaged to defend the condemned man. Mass meetings on behalf of Frank were arranged by the Jewish Committee in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Chicago, Denver, Springfield, Illinois; Indianapolis and other cities. Letters asking mercy for Frank, to the number of 75,000 were sent to Governor Slaton.

Prominent newspapers owned by members of Frank's race, added daily to the clamor. From March, 1914, to August, 1915, Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, in the New York *Times,* published more than 54 long editorials on the Frank case, and under titles such as, "Justice, Not Mercy," and "Pardon for the Innocent," he fed the emotional hunger of his race for distrusting the people among whom they have elected to live.

Space forbids a further description of the Frank

(Concluded on page 14)



Above, left and right—The work of destruction at Kiel. Notice how completely the powerful oxyacetylene torches accomplish their purpose.

Left, in oval—German torpedo boats fully equipped for service as they looked during the World War.

Below, left—A type of the few light cruisers which are all that remain of Germany's navy today. Below, right—One of Germany's dreadnoughts in the days when she boasted of the second largest navy in the world.

Locomotives and Plowshares for Europe

By WALTER M. WOLFF

IN THE antebellum days Germany possessed a flotilla of torpedo boats whose colors could be seen almost anywhere on the seven seas. That she also bragged of a goodly number of other war craft is borne out by the figures which showed alone a gross total of 5,500,000 tons of merchant ships to Germany's credit.

The Peace Treaty left her just 500,000 tons of small, harmless vessels.

The dangerous water-fighters of every type were either destroyed outright or junked and the proceeds reconverted into more useful and more peaceful works of reconstruction. Of this latter group, the once-powerful German torpedo boats were destined to be cut up into bits like cardboard as if to make sure of their complete annihilation. Needless to say, none of them were ever remodeled again.

Recently, as I passed along the wharf at Kiel, Germany's former grand naval base where a few years ago great warships of every type lay in the course of construction, the work of destruction was still in progress. All along the wharf at one end of the big harbor lay strewn about great hulks of wreckage, and close by—chained to the docks like so many prisoners waiting to be slowly put to death—were the remains of what once was the pride of Germany's navy—the mighty torpedo boats. But the work of the oxyacetylene torch is usually complete. I saw no 10-ton crocodile shears such as are used by our Navy Department in demolishing old relics of the past, but the great destructive force of the white-hot torches startled me. In a very few minutes the man in charge of a torch was able to cut away a piece of heavy plate perhaps four inches in thickness, and in a half-hour more great chunks of steel lay scattered about like driftwood after a storm.

The Germans, quite naturally, are not anxious to talk about the work of destruction. They view the workmen as they cut strip after strip with grave faces, and say nothing. A few glances and they seem to have seen enough. Nobody likes to live near a graveyard—and Kiel is Germany's iron graveyard. And so it is that an old resident of Kiel who, perhaps, has seen these very same boats steam swiftly out of the harbor full of cheering jackies, now feels a pang of regret that it was "all for nothing." And Kiel in 1914 was a far greater sore spot for England than were ever the Dardanelles at any time. Every type of modern warship lay ready for instant action within the well-protected harbor; and submarines and torpedo boats could slip out into the Baltic almost at will from the Kiel base. Today a few old second-class cruisers of the type shown below still remain to Germany—the shell of what once was in the annals of German naval prowess. And Kiel harbor itself has undergone severe changes. Aside from the energetic work of demolition, the great Germania shipyards are fairly busy filling orders for small merchant ships, but as a whole Kiel is quiet, much as a cemetery should be. The harbor is large and for warships is almost in a class by itself, but it has—perhaps forever—served its purpose in this direction.

While the workmen toil to remove the now useless metal, German foundries and shops are taking all they can get of the sheets and parts. As the world is beginning to realize, Germany is growing mighty short of iron and steel, and these big veterans of a past disaster can certainly contribute their share to the good cause—Europe's reconstruction. Be it ever so little, every little bit helps! This policy Germany has long ago taken unto herself, and if France has one more plowshare for her devastated area next spring and Russia gets an extra shipment of car wheels or other equipment for her badly shattered railways, one may be sure that the spirit of a once-daring torpedo boat or battle cruiser haunts the recast product and glistens peacefully new in the sunlight.

Europe, and above all Germany, has much to be thankful for, among which being the great agents of industrial progress, the oxyacetylene torch and the blasting furnace. As is shown in the pictures nothing is too thick or hard for the little fire-eating instrument; if the victim but holds still, the torch will do the rest—not only safely, but also surely and completely.

What Will Our "Liberals" Say on Credit?

Concluded from page 10

counterfeit "liberalism," so generously nourished by the international loan sharks, a most grateful means of self-expression. Under ordinary circumstances they would not be worth worrying about, but in the present chaotic political situation, they are a menace because of the abundant literary resources placed at their command by the calculated largess of the international note shavers. This has happened at a time when the art of mass suggestion has developed into an instrument that even fools may employ; and the rise of the slum power and the increase of the slumite populations have created a vast new audience for decadent litterateurs and journalistic demagogues, who have their own economic reasons for exploiting the slum mind.

The rise of the moron press shows the effect of the slum power on journalism. The frequent efforts of promoters of newspaper decadence to control progressive political movements for their own aggrandizement are another expression of the common interests and objectives of finance capital and the slum power. Probably the most enlightening instance of their identity of aims is afforded by their joint effort to repeal the restrictive laws now limiting immigration from Southeastern Europe and Western Asia. The racial and economic motives which impel international finance to favor the continued flow of disruptive racial material into America are too obvious to need discussion in view of what has gone before. How nicely these motives dovetail with the imperative need of the moron press for a continuous supply of new readers of the mentality that only the steerage can supply in sufficient volume!

The audience that the owners of the moron press discovered for their newspapers has become the overpowering lure for other publishers. A glance into a bookstore window or at a display of current magazines is enough to show that there is a popular mentality today that has, through the sheer power of its economic demand, subverted American standards of taste and expression. Morbid eroticism is the keynote of what its mountebanks call the "American literary renaissance" which Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn dates from 1912. Its artists boast that they paint "life." They do, but it is slum life—not American—even though some of the slums they picture are outwardly suburbs or country estates.

They boast of realism, of course, but their realism in the realm of psychology appears to be the reaction of grown-up sissies or neurasthenic women to a kind of life that "romanticists," like Mark Twain or even Jack London, would have called disease. If the renaissance had the courage of its convictions it would select Bellevue, Sing Sing or Dr. Hickson's psychopathic laboratory in Chicago as studios in which American life should be studied by novelists.

Back of all these manifestations are the very real and personal figures of the international note shavers, who have contributed directly or indirectly to all of them. International finance has nourished the decadent tendencies which serve it so well.

Aside from this, there is a natural affinity between the views of the international financial clique and the demagogues and weaklings who propagate the cults of inefficiency and decay. Financiers do not produce THINGS—either goods or machines for making more goods. They base their wealth and power on paper transactions which always lean upon GOVERNMENT for validity. The constant effort of big finance is to build up privately controlled government fiscal systems, to buttress their usury with the police power of the state. Finance capital is compelled to control governments, to favor the extension of bureaucracy and the mandarin class, to crystallize its speculations, loans and gambles, to say nothing of its frauds, into obligations indorsed by government and enforced by the might of the overgrown state machine. The similarity of such aims with the hopes and plans of the various schools of socialism and its allied cults is too plain to need further exposition.

If the new progressivism is to escape the fate which overtook the New Freedom, it must walk most warily amid the mazes created by this interaction of international banking and the forces of race decadence. It must examine realities and ignore labels.

Milwaukee Sees Folly of Not Paying Cash

Now Has Taken Lead Among Large Municipalities in Righting Its Finances

By WM. H. WENDT

MILWAUKEE is leading the large municipalities in the United States in its endeavor to become eventually a strictly cash customer. In fact, so far in advance of the usual methods is the Milwaukee idea of ultimately being in a situation where all expenditures will be made from funds collected before rather than after the indebtedness has been incurred, that scoffers are apt to look upon the plan as an idle dream. That this dream may be translated into a reality though it might take many years is indicated by what has already been accomplished.

The end of 1922 saw all independent boards on a cash basis through operation of the so-called taxation readjustment fund. The next step will be to place other city departments in a similar position and the last phase will be to eliminate bond issues. The last is the most difficult. Recently the city controller's department has announced tentative plans for the future elimination of bond issues. Elimination of bond issues will save the city in excess of one million dollars a year in interest. Though the transition from financing large public improvements by bond issues to one of cash payment is a huge undertaking and will require many years for realization, it is entirely within the realm of the possible.

The success of the tax readjustment law in placing numerous independent boards on a cash basis, with the resultant saving of much money formerly paid out in interest, indicates that we are on the right track.

The diagram of the distribution of the city's tax dollar for 1921 shows that 1 1/10 cents out of each dollar applies to the taxation readjustment fund. This is equivalent to about 37 cents per capita. The good that has been accomplished by this small item since 1914, when the taxation readjustment law was drawn, is reflected in the city's financial condition today.

Under this law approximately $1,145,000 has been collected, of which $625,000 has been used to place various departments of the city government on a cash basis. That is to say, the taxes for those departments are collected now in advance instead of being collected after the expenditure has been made.

Under the old plan practically no city taxes were collected until the end of the year, leaving the city treasury to operate during the year on the cash which it received from current revenues, such as licenses and permits, and thereby invariably compelling the city to borrow money to finance itself to the end of the year.

Under the new plan it was possible in the year 1914 to place seven of the smaller city departments on a cash basis; in 1915 six more were added; in 1916 three more. By 1917 practically all the smaller departments of the city had been placed on a cash basis and at this time the school repair fund was included; then, in 1918 the public library was included.

Now More Than Half Million

SINCE that time the fund has been allowed to accrue, until now it approximates $520,000. It is anticipated before another year passes there will be sufficient money in the fund to place the entire activities of the park board on a cash basis. This will complete the work of placing all independent boards and commissions on a cash basis and thereafter the remaining city departments will be gradually included under the plan.

It is interesting to note that at the time the various departments were placed on a cash basis the total amount required from the taxation readjustment fund amounted to about $650,000, but it is found today that these same departments have increased their cost of operation so that their budget is approximately $1,300,000. This means the taxation readjustment law has practically doubled its usefulness, for if it were necessary today to place these funds on a cash basis, the entire amount collected under the law would not be sufficient to accomplish the purpose, whereas this has been accomplished and still there is more than $500,000 on hand.

While the departments in operation in the year 1914 have been thus gradually placed on a cash basis, the rule of placing all new activities since that time, on the same basis, has been adhered to. Accordingly, the harbor commission, art commission, board of appeals and public land commission were from their inception included in the cash budget. These activities, while requiring but a nominal sum in the beginning, have increased their appropriations approximately 500 per cent.

While it is true that prior to the passage of the taxation readjustment law, some of the funds of the outside boards and commissions were levied in advance, it is only fair to say that the city in placing them on that basis has gone far to assist in carrying out the present plans, as included in such funds are three of the school funds approximating $1,500,000 in 1914 and today $5,300,000. If it were necessary to include them under the city's financial readjustment it would probably add 30 or 40 years to the period required to get all of the funds on a cash basis.

At the same time that the taxation readjustment law was prepared, a law, which is intended to replace the loss of cash due to the fact that some taxes can never be collected, also was prepared. When the taxes have become delinquent and they are not bought up by private parties at the time of the city's tax sale, the city takes over the account and issues a tax certificate to itself. Eventually all but a very small part of these taxes are collected, but no provision had been made to replace this resulting loss of cash and this had been allowed to accumulate ever since the early days of the city.

In 1914 the tax deficit law went into effect, since which time $458,000 has been collected without placing any burden upon the taxpayer to relieve this shortage. In addition thereto, provision was made to take care of the unpaid taxes of the future, under which law approximately $8,000 has been levied. Likewise, since 1917, $45,000 has been collected to take care of delinquent assessments for installments on street improvements, all of which have greatly operated to place the city on a sound businesslike financial basis and that without causing any undue hardship to the taxpayer.

That the ultimate elimination of all bond issues and the consequent operation of city finances entirely on a cash basis, with an immense saving of interest, is not as fantastic a proposal as may be thought is indicated by what has already been accomplished in this direction.

From 1912 to 1921, inclusive, proposed bond issues aggregating more than $8,000,000 have been supplanted by direct taxation, with the resultant saving of $5,000,000 in interest, city and legislative action making these changes possible. The first step toward supplanting bonds by a pay-as-you-go plan was taken in 1912. A proposed issue of $100,000 to refund bonds then falling due was eliminated and included in the regular tax for sinking fund purposes.

It had been the practice prior to 1912 to issue bonds to cover the city's portion of street improvements. More than $3,000,000 in such bonds had been issued and the interest thereon had amounted to more than $1,300,000.

Inasmuch as the pavement was frequently torn up and replaced three or four times during the life of one bond issue, it was considered a good policy to discontinue the issuance of bonds for such purposes, in view of the fact that the life of such bonds extended over 20 years, resulting in an interest cost of practically double the original cost of the paving. Accordingly, in 1912, bond issues for permanent street improvements were eliminated, since when $3,300,000 street improvements have been paid for by a direct tax, which in itself resulted in a saving of more than $1,500,000 in interest to the taxpayers.

How Interest Is Saved

TAKE the case of dredging the rivers. For the ten years prior to 1915 a total of $810,000 of bonds had been issued for dredging. Considering the fact that the river must be redredged each year and that the bonds ran for 20 years, it is readily understood that the issuing of bonds for such recurring expense was the most vicious practice the city could adopt. In 1915, this class of bonds was abolished and since that time the cost of such work has been paid by a direct tax.

At the time the city entered into its program for the establishment of a sewerage disposal system to purify its water supply, the cost of the work was estimated at approximately $10,000,000. It was not considered advisable to place the entire cost of this work on the present generation by direct taxation, nor was it considered advisable to add any such large sums to the city's tax levy for the years required to complete the work.

Under the plan adopted, the work was financed partly from bond issues and partly by a direct tax. During the eight years in which the financing of this work was under the city's jurisdiction, practically $4,000,000 was derived from direct taxation and $5,660,000 from bond issues.

In 1915, all installments on park land contracts for which the installment of interest and principal had formerly been paid from bond issues were paid in full and the vicious practice of paying interest on these contracts from proceeds of bonds was eliminated, at a saving to the taxpayers of more than $300,000.

Under a law prepared by the controller and passed by the state legislature in 1917, it has been possible to eliminate many other bond issues. This law provides that whenever the budget has authorized the issuance of bonds, the common council may substitute in lieu thereof a direct tax whenever it deems it advisable to do so.

Under this plan, $280,000 in bond issues has been eliminated and a direct tax substituted covering such purposes as the reconstruction of the Twenty-Seventh street viaduct, the purchase of motor apparatus for the fire department and the installation of electric lights in the public parks; various building projects coming under the bureau of bridges and public buildings, approximating $200,000, have been financed on a cash basis. In addition to this, all land purchased, approximating $120,000, has been paid for without issuing bonds.

All told, during the period covered by the administration of the present controller, in excess of $8,000,000 of what would formerly have been bond issues has been eliminated, resulting in a saving to the taxpayers of approximately $5,000,000 in interest. When it is considered that more than $8,000,000 of permanent public improvements have been financed on a pay-as-you-go basis without any excessive burden being placed upon the shoulders of the taxpayers, there can be no room for doubt as to the fact that great advancement has been made toward reducing the evil of bond issues, placing the city in a very advantageous position in so far as the future is concerned.

As the years roll by and the city is able to eliminate more and more of its bond issues, a great part of the credit will undoubtedly be placed on the period covered by the last 10 years, during which time the initiative has been taken, the taxpayers educated up to it, and the old evil practice of issuing bonds for improper purposes discontinued.

Future Aids Program

GRADUALLY the city will find itself more favorably situated to add to its program in this respect, and this, together with the taxation readjustment fund, and plans which are now being developed for the further elimination of bonds, will result in reduced taxation without curtailing public improvements, which means growth and prosperity to the city.

A saving to taxpayers of Milwaukee in interest on bond issues, amounting to $2 on each $1,000 of the assessed valuation, would result if bonds were eliminated from the city's financial scheme. The evolution of such a plan will constitute one of the most interesting chapters in Milwaukee's financial history and command the attention of municipalities throughout the country, since many cities are now suffering from an overload of bond issues. Today seven and one-tenth cents out of each $1 paid for taxes is for interest on bonds and the amount increases each year as more bonds are issued.

The city is advancing from its general fund $2,500,000 to cover the assessable portion of street paving. Interest paid to the city by property owners under this plan has aggregated $300,000 and in the future will exceed $100,000 a year. Other interest which the city is earning from the investment of its cash balances is approximately $400,000 a year. The interest thus earned in the past has been returned to the taxpayers in the form of revenue. It is now proposed to lay aside the interest earnings of the city to create a fund to be invested in City of Milwaukee bonds and allowed to accrue and compound itself for a period of years, thereafter to be appropriated for financing of permanent public improvements formerly financed through the issuance of bonds. Such action will stabilize the tax rate, conserve the city's bonded debt limit, save interest to the taxpayers and add to the attractiveness of such bonds as the city might issue.

It is estimated that by laying aside $300,000 per annum from the city's interest earnings, a fund of $4,000,000 would accrue within 10 years and in this manner the interest earned would ultimately eliminate at least a great part of the interest burden now carried by the taxpayers. This plan will go far toward remedying present conditions and start us toward the long-sought goal of paying but one cost for public improvements and eliminating the interest burden caused by bond issues, which add 50 per cent to the cost of the undertaking.

Producing Jewish "Martyrs" by Propaganda

Concluded from page 12

case, in showing how closely it parallels the methods adopted by the same racial group in the case of Robert Rosenbluth. On the eve of his retirement from office, unable longer to withstand Jewish pressure, Governor Slaton commuted Frank's sentence to life imprisonment. But the feelings and susceptibilities of a sensitive southern people had been outraged to the breaking point. They burned their governor in effigy, the militia was called out to protect him, and finally a mob took Frank from prison and lynched him. But all this tempest and turmoil, which had been stirred up by the American Jewish Committee, was highly satisfactory to its leaders in New York.

The difference between the case of Leo M. Frank and that of Robert Rosenbluth is that the latter has not yet been tried, and the men who shield him declare that the witnesses against him shall never be heard. "And Frank was guilty as h——l," to quote the words of a prominent officer of the government, with whom I was discussing the case the other day.

The aim of American Jewry is "an autonomous racial state." But no race practising "separatism" can be assimilated by the people of this country. **No distinct group can say to the rest: "Our race can do no wrong."** No single people has a monopoly of crime, as none has a monopoly of all the virtues.

We have had the "white slave scandals," the "Rosenthal case," the "Brandt case," the "Lamar-Lauterbach case," the "Barnet Baff case," the "Leo Frank case," the "'Nicky' Arnstein case," the "George Graham Rice case." Each of these has been a great crime, or an assault upon the social body. Now one race actually assumes the right to defend such of its members, who are accused of crime by assaults upon the native people. No civilization can long withstand such cumulative shocks, with their accompanying disturbances.

The American Jewish Committee, and its local body, the New York Kehillah, are undeniably the most dangerous organizations that threaten our national life. There appears to be need imperative for a Federal investigation into their activities, back to the period when they obtained their charters on false pretexts.

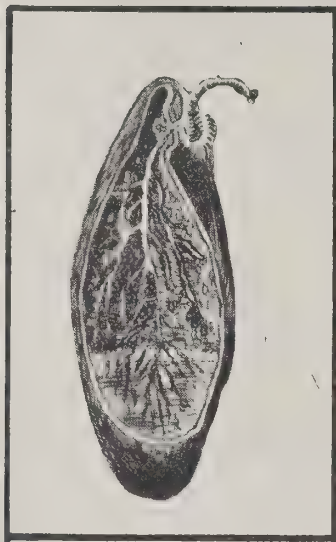
International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

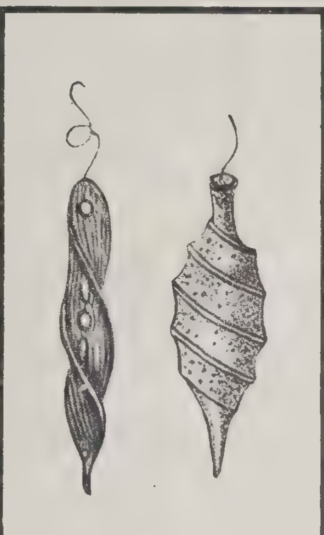
The New Science of Biotechnics

THE modern scientist and engineer is justly proud of his practical achievements. Human inventive ingenuity has produced marvelous devices and machines which have contributed to man's comfort and changed the mode of living. We must admit, however, that compared with Nature the engineering achievements of man are crude and uneconomical. Recently a new science has been founded upon this admission as its principal thesis. The purpose of this new science is to study Nature's mechanical devices for the purpose of applying the lessons taught by the Great Silent Teacher to the problems of human engineering. The new science is called Biotechnics and inventors will find its study profitable as well as pleasurable.

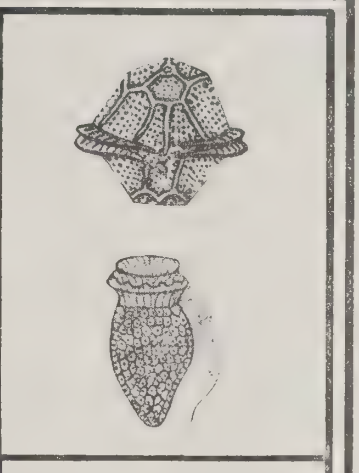
One of the foremost leaders in the new science is Professor R. H. Francé who has reduced Nature's fundamental structural devices to the following: the rod or staff, the flat strip or band, the plane, cone, sphere, screw and crystal. These are the seven forms of all that exists in the physical universe and Dr. Francé maintains that all physical processes involve merely combinations of these basic structural types. He holds, moreover, that human inventiveness will never be able to transcend these forms.



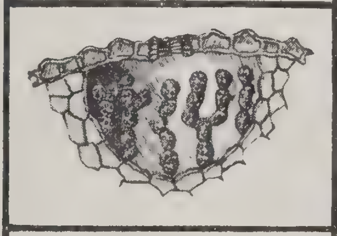
A Dischidia leaf, one of Nature's perfect refrigerating machines.



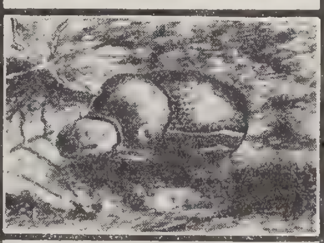
Nature's submarines, the Helical Flagellates.



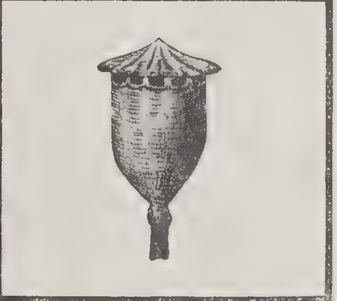
Two types of natural turbines (Peridineae), found in the sea.



The Marchanita Moss, one of Nature's perfect power-plants.



The Weather Bug (Copris Carlina), peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric changes.



The Poppy seed caster, a perfect natural mechanical device.

The new science has proved that Nature has solved all the problems of mechanical efficiency. The first law of Biotechnics may be stated as follows:

Natural processes occur with the greatest possible efficiency.

This law is equivalent to the statement that all natural processes advanced by the shortest path. The second law of Biotechnics deals with the forms of the various objects and organisms in Nature and states that all natural objects arrive at their most suitable form while offering the least resistance to that which causes the change in shape. It follows from this law that an ideal geometrical form corresponds to every natural process.

More than a quarter of a century ago the great thinker, Ernst Mach, of the University of Prague, foreshadowed the fundamental conclusions of this new science of Biotechnics. Mach experimented with the shapes of fluids and proved that the outside or external enveloping area of any liquid form is always the least possible under the existing circumstances. The science of Biotechnics brings to our attention forcibly the great plan of conservation in the cosmos.

This new science which is eminently practical had a decidedly practical beginning. Dr. Francé is a biologist. While making some biological experiments he found that he needed a very efficient shaker but search in the ordinary channels of trade failed to reveal one suited to his requirements. The thought finally occurred to him that it might be possible to find an example of the desired device in the Archives of Nature. His surmise proved correct and he found that the poppy capsule with its distributing holes located below the lid of the capsule constituted a more efficient seed-spreading device than any invented by man. He was granted a basic patent on an exact reproduction of this feature of the poppy without any opposition. This incident should teach a valuable lesson to inventors in search of novel and efficient devices. A search in Nature's Mechanical Museum is likely to be more fruitful than a search in the records of a Patent Office. This incident was the beginning of the new science of Biotechnics.

Dr. Francé then began a well-defined and systematic exploration campaign into Nature's Mechanical Library. First he desired to ascertain what constituted Nature's elementary structural devices. In man-made structures, roofs and floors are supported by columns, posts, or their equivalents. In Nature, wherever a supporting device is required, we find the equivalent of a column. Corn is supported on slender hollow rods or columns whose bearing power and wind resistance is enormous compared with their cross-sectional area. Wherever a natural device functions by exerting direct pulls then the band or flat strip is in evidence. Muscular fibers are of this type. Everywhere in Nature we find the plane serving many useful purposes. The plane is used in Nature in all cases where comparatively large area exposures are required for the proper functioning of a natural structure. The leaves of flowers and trees are a common example of Nature's use of this fundamental structural element.

The cone and the sphere are favorite forms in Nature. The remarkable properties of the sphere are such that this form is the archetype of all the forms in the cosmos. The celestial structures ultimately revert to this form as the goal of change. Protoplasm, the fundamental element in living structures, is so marvelously responsive to the requirements of its environment and individual needs that its form and shape change in accordance with both these influential factors. Protoplasmic cells assume the spherical shape as soon as their functioning requisites are satisfied. We may say that the spherical form is typical of a condition of equilibrium.

The automotive devices of Nature are constructed in such a manner that they will most efficiently overcome resistance. It is for this reason that we find the spiral motion as the most prevalent translatory type of motion in the universe. The wonderful harmonious adjustments of Nature's devices is typically illustrated in the astounding fact that the automotive devices assume shapes which conform with this spiral movement. Devices which exist by penetrating through other forms are constructed in conformity with the principle of the helix or screw. This is true of the *Spirochaeta* which, because of its helical form, can penetrate between the cells of any tissue. Propeller shapes are common in Nature and types of miniature airplanes have existed during millions of years. In the ocean, rivers and lakes we find natural mechanical structures equipped with propeller devices for locomotion through the water.

The crystalline structures are so numerous and common in Nature that particular reference to this type is not necessary.

Some structures in Nature embody great improvements upon complete industrial plants. The *Dischidia* leaf is an interesting example in that it includes a complicated ventilating and drying system, a refrigerating machine and an hydraulic press. There are numerous examples of vegetable organisms which perform work by means of the sun's energy. In certain natural devices the rays of the sun act in the same manner as steam in a steam engine. The manufacture of chemical products by the action of the rays of the sun is another interesting installation found in Nature's Laboratories. In one such little manufacturing establishment carbonic acid and water is converted into starch. Hydraulic engineers will profit much by carefully investigating Nature's method of lifting water to heights not approached, even in a small way, in any of the engineering works of man. In the eucalyptus tree of Australia water is in some cases pumped from the ground to the enormous height of 500 feet.

The little *Helical Flagellates* which float below the surface of the water are simple types of Nature's submarines. The organisms of the sea present to us some of the most ingenious mechanical devices in the entire universe. The speed of the Helical Flagellates when compared with that of our fastest vessels is enormous. If the speeds are estimated in terms of the respective lengths then the flagellates develop a velocity about 80.000 times that produced by the speediest moving sea-going craft built in modern times. Naval architects will do well to ponder upon this startling fact. About 160 different varieties of the sea plant *Peridineae* are known, each constituting a modification of the principle of the turbine. Some of these types contain special passages and water-flow governing devices which permit the plant to rotate when the water passes through its mechanism. These little plants, less than one hundredth of an inch in length, are turbine rotors of much higher efficiency than any manufactured by man.

At the present time much effort and study is devoted to the strength of structural materials. Great results have been achieved in the case of steel by the introduction of other types of metallic elements in the chemical composition. By such means the strength of steel has been greatly augmented. These results, however, are trivial when compared with the achievements of Nature. The cells of almost every vegetable are provided with membranes capable of withstanding pressures 25 times those safely resisted by the highest grade of boiler plate when the relative thickness is considered in the comparison.

Power plant designers should study the perfect power plant of the *Marchanita Moss* whose efficiency far exceeds that of the greatest power installations of modern engineering.

The modern scientist prides himself upon his instruments of precision. Here again Nature is far superior in its products. Both plants and animals are provided with instruments and devices whose sensibility is far higher than the most perfect scientific device known. The weather plant *Abrus Praecatoris*, found in the West Indies, is highly sensitive to changes in atmospheric pressure. The little weather bug *Copris Carlina* is sensitive to electric waves transmitted from thunder storms hundreds of miles distant.

Biotechnics will prove a troublesome science for the materialist who believes that our universe is the result of mere chance and that purposeful reason is absent in the cosmos.

BRIEFLY TOLD

British India raises nearly 2,000,000 acres of peanuts each year.

A new smokeless railroad locomotive has been invented by a Russian in Berlin. The new engine has no smoke stack and looks like an ordinary baggage car. The inventor says his invention will make it possible to build railroads in the Sahara Desert and other great stretches where water is not found.

The names of towns and villages will be painted on roof-tops in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, as an aid to airmen flying over the country.

The picturesque King's Arms Inn at Eltham, England, reputed to be 700 years old, and in past times a favorite stopping place of Dick Turpin and other highwaymen, was closed recently to make way for a modern inn of the same name close by.

Diamonds have been discovered in Dutch Guiana at Brownsweig, about 80 miles from Paramaribo. The district has yielded gold for 47 years. As the place is easily reached by railroad from Paramaribo a rush of diamond seekers is expected.

In his speech at Christiania accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, Fridtjof Nansen said, "War is and will ever be negative, destructive; it can never bring aught but evil in its train. We are on the road back to barbarism. Anyone who has traveled throughout Thrace and seen the whole population out on the roads with their property must inevitably feel himself back again in the days of the great migrations. What humanity needs now is self-sacrificing active altruism which is able not only to give, but also to give up."

Farming taught by mail is one of the important features of the work of the College of Agriculture at Ohio State University. Every phase of agriculture is covered in the courses.

The water supply of Fort William, Ontario, was too pure, which is something new in municipal experience. The water had no sediment formation when put in the tanks, and the linings of the tanks were exposed to the full oxidizing influence of aërated water. To offset this the city chemist was compelled to add lime to the water.

Herring fishermen at sea off the Swedish coast are told the exact location of the herring schools by wireless from the Gothenburg radio station. This eliminates wasteful waiting on the part of the fishermen.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Lignite coal is being mined in a commercial way near Shaunavon, Saskatchewan. The White Mud Valley is underlaid with coal with outcroppings so near the surface in places that ranchers have for years been hauling their fuel from holes dug in the banks.

If the killing of whales continues at the present rate, within a few years the earth's largest animal will be extinct, according to the director of Natural History of the British Museum. The seal rookeries on the Pribilof Islands, protected by armed guards in the employ of the United States, have grown from 215,738 seals in 1912 to 581,453 in 1921.

An all-steel grandstand has been built for the State University of Iowa. If properly painted it will last for an indefinite period.

Two hundred thousand dollars has been provided for the erection of a summer White House for use of the President in the will of a Baltimore lawyer. The site is to be within automobiling distance of Washington. If the offer is not accepted by Congress within 12 months the money will revert to the estate.

During a heavy fog persons in Western Pennsylvania saw in the center of the sun a small round black dot. Astronomers of the Allegheny observatory said it was a new group of sun spots, made visible to the naked eye because of the dense fog which acted much like a smoked glass. The sun appeared like a great copper disc with the spot plainly visible.

What is believed to be the oldest cat in the United States recently died in Billings, Montana, at 24 years and three months.

One thousand reindeer carcasses recently arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, from Alaska and Northern Canada. They are being shipped to New York and other eastern cities. There are more than 100,000 reindeer in Alaska and similar shipments will be made in the future.

For part of its water supply Athens, Greece, depends on the aqueduct built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian.

Two boys have left Weiser, Idaho, to ride the treacherous waters and rapids of the Snake River to Lewiston. They expect to make the trip safely in a new boat built especially for the occasion. The distance is 222 miles and the river runs through one of the deepest and mightiest gorges to be found in the West, cutting its way through several mountain ranges between canyon walls 7,000 feet deep in places.

More than $500,000 in bonus checks was given as Christmas presents to those employes of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad who remained loyal to the road during the recent railroad strike.

Commercial radio communication between China and the United States has been established. A station at Hillsboro, Oregon, working on 8,400 meters, is being heard regularly at Shanghai where the Federal Telegraph Company has erected an experimental station.

The only fox farm in Great Britain is located near Alness, Cromarty Firth, Ross-shire, Scotland. The climate is suitable and the first six have increased to 60.

Well diggers in the Caribou District of British Columbia threw up fine nuggets and sand impregnated with gold while digging a well in search for good cattle water. The gold-bearing sands extend over a large area.

In an Egyptian tomb a vase was found containing honey still liquid after 30 centuries. Cushions on the armchairs found in this tomb were still so soft and well preserved that one could toss them across the room without doing them damage.

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Robbed by Thousands of Useless Styles

Bricks in 66 Styles—American Flags in 300 Styles—Your Choice of 6,964 Styles of Axes—Hundreds of Styles of Shoes

By AARON HARDY ULM

"WHY, think of how they used to bind the feet of their girl children!"

How often have you heard that as an argument, expressed or implied, that the American, who thinks that he lets his own and his women's feet "grow wild," necessarily is much superior to the "heathen Chinee."

But, says an authority on the subject, what Americans have permitted to be done to their own feet, and even more so to their women's is, on the whole, far worse than the once but now abandoned foot-binding custom in China. For foot-binding with all of its exquisite absurdity and cruelty affected only a comparatively few Chinese. Our treatment of our own feet affect virtually all who wear shoes.

And our treatment has caused far greater discomfort and personal inefficiency, and an economic waste more considerable than that produced by foot-binding in China.

"The American foot has been peculiarly the plaything of those who make and sell shoes," declares the aforementioned authority. "In a period of a single generation they do all manner of things to it—change the toes to the right and then to the left, then let them grow forward but cramped for awhile and then freely; they bear down on the instep and then let up on it and squeeze the heel. If an average adult American could see a motion picture that would display the changes made in his own foot by the ever-occurring variations which have taken place in the designs and 'styles' of shoes, he no longer would feel superior to the Chinese in the matter of foot sense."

Shoe Waste Terrific

THE man who thus spoke is a specialist in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, United States Department of Commerce. Neither he nor his establishment is interested particularly in your foot or my foot. Either of us, as far as he is concerned, can do what we please with our pedal extremities. Nor is he an orthopedic expert, a professional largely the result of the conditions which the trade specialist mentions.

That trade specialist is interested only in saving shoe money for you; that your foot also would be conserved is a merely incidental equation.

For shoe waste inevitably involves foot waste. And shoe waste is one of the biggest economic vices of which as a nation we are guilty.

This waste isn't owing to any notable falling off in the lasting qualities of shoes produced and marketed in America. In fact, in that sense shoes steadily have grown better, as primary manufacturing of shoes has improved—even to the point whereby we are the most efficient shoemakers in the world.

The waste is due to something else than the lack of efficient shoemaking machinery and processes.

It is due chiefly to the inordinate variations in types, designs, styles, and in the exorbitant changes of them that ever are taking place in the realm of shoe manufacturing and distribution—all made ostensibly in an effort to sell more shoes than the people need or want.

Those variations and changes have not had to do only with the esthetic side of shoes; they have had to do almost as much with the dimensions, which, under no sane arrangement, can be dependent on taste; it is a matter solely of foot size, build and need—which belong to Nature and not Art.

"There probably are several hundred more designs and styles of shoes than there is any need whatever for," says the same specialist.

The economic result is a 25 to 50 per cent needless waste in shoemaking and distribution. Designs limited only to actual need, which can be determined scientifically as has been repeatedly demonstrated, would cut the national shoe bill at least one-fourth, even without restriction put on those factors having to do with external beauty. All that is necessary for that to be done is for the shoe manufacturers to agree to produce shoes of only certain standard dimensions, the same to be subject to change only by concerted action as experience and demonstrated foot need would require. This would simplify manufacture and distribution and assure to the American foot relief from the strain put upon it by the ever-changing shape of shoes.

All Industries Guilty

WHILE the shoe industry is a glaring one it is not the worst waster. Virtually every industry is guilty, with the result that while we have, primarily, the most efficient primary production in all the world our system of distribution is the costliest and most wasteful ever known. And the cost and waste, despite many contrary cases mostly of an individual kind, steadily are growing, with an ever-widening margin or "spread" between what the producer of the raw product receives and the ultimate consumer pays. The Joint Committee of Congress which lately spent two years investigating the subject (and whose findings every American should read) reported that *distribution of finished product now costs more than the production of raw material and its manufacture combined.*

And a great proportion of that cost is attributable to the lack of standardization which easily could be applied. The promotion of standardization, to reduce cost and improve product, has been undertaken on a big scale by the United States Department of Commerce.

No effort is being made to force it; in fact, barring a few cases, there are no national standardization laws—not even any regulating such things as scales and common measures—although they are authorized by the Constitution.

The Department of Commerce is not asking for any laws on the subject; it merely is appealing directly to the managers and owners of the industries themselves. And in several cases there already has been noteworthy success.

Take paving bricks, as an example. Evolution long ago reduced building bricks to a few designs. Yet it would seem that there would be more need for a large variety of building bricks than for those used in paving. But it was found that not fewer than 66 different kinds of paving bricks were being made and sold. With the vast majority the variations consisted of nothing more than slight singularities which served no purpose other than to give "talking points" to salesmen. But they caused great waste in manufacture and distribution and put a handicap on paving brick makers in meeting the competition of other paving materials. So they got together and discovered that every paving-brick need could be met though only 11 kinds were produced. Those 11 proved to be too many; and the number later was reduced to six!

It is quite a leap from paving material to the national emblem; but in the case of the United States flag you find a veritably irreverent case of excess variations in type and design.

Why, of all things, the Stars and Stripes are standardized, fixed, invariable, you say. But, excepting as to number of stars and stripes and elemental color arrangement, the American flag is not standardized.

In 1912 the government itself introduced a measure of uniformity with regard to its own flags. An executive order established 60-odd sizes and types for use by the departments of the government. There was a revision in 1916 when the authorized number was reduced to 12. Yet only recently it was found that a single flag manufacturer listed in his catalog 88 different sizes in 17 qualities and grades and from one to nine styles in each grade. *And not one of them conformed to the government's specifications!* At a conference of manufacturers it was disclosed that all told more than 300 kinds of American flags, differing not only as to size and material but also as to relative dimensions of the parts and sections, were being made and sold. At the behest of the Department of Commerce a study now is being made whereby it is expected that the number will be reduced by agreement to a score or more, each to be defined on sound principles of art and economy. The economic saving will not be large but the dignity thus added to the national emblem will be great.

The Making of Beds

LET'S go from flags to beds. You may think that the term "full-sized bedstead" means something. But in purchasing a bed by that specification alone you may risk uncertainty as to a foot or more of its width and length. Until lately there was infinite variation in the basic dimensions of all "sized" bedsteads, "full," "three-quarters" or "single." The trade terms had ceased to carry any well-defined meaning. When the manufacturers were told that they would do more business and with greater profit if they agreed among themselves on a few standardized dimensions and tolerated no other unless or until there was real need for a change, the reply made substantially was as follows:

"You will wreck our business, the life of which is style and the life of style is change. If you standardize furniture you make progress, both in the direction of beauty and convenience, impossible."

"But furniture, beds in particular, are made for human beings who are fairly well standardized as to dimensions," they were told. "A few bed sizes will meet every ordinary human need. The rare exceptions, like giants, must have special beds made anyway. Stop trying to make your furniture different merely by freakish changes in dimensions and you will have more time to concentrate on genuine artistry and workmanship."

The manufacturers have agreed to limit output of beds, springs and mattresses to about 14 dimensional designs. So long as the dimensions are held to, one may go as far as one wishes in the matter of "style." The move means tremendous savings to the springs and mattress industries, which heretofore had to be making constant adjustments to meet changes made by the bed makers. The result was terrific waste.

It is not a far leap from bedsteads to lumber, often intrinsically the same thing. Though lumber is one of the oldest and most used of manufactured products one who deals in it extensively must know what is tantamount to being another language. Many of the simplest and clearest trade terms having to do with lumber mean many different things and rarely the one which the words themselves convey.

Take a 2 x 4 board—there are at least 15 different sets of dimensions, scarcely any actually 2 by 4 inches, for that single item of lumber in actual trade. For white pine lumber there are 30-odd accepted trade names in use. A 1-inch plank, so-called, may vary anywhere from 5/8 to 15/16 of an inch in thickness, depending upon factors all of which are known only to the highly expert.

The National Lumber Manufacturers' Association is now developing a scheme of standardized trade terms which will mean what they say and will be uniform.

It is in the realm of simple mechanical implements that you find that most absurd elaboration of varieties.

It is difficult to understand how use can be found for, say, more than 25 different kinds of axes. Yet, according to William A. Durgin, Chief of the Division of Simplified Practice in the Department of Commerce, one "manufacturer carries through all his card records, his shop accounts, his salesman's equipment and every detail of his business, varieties, sizes, brands and finishes, presenting axes to the careful buyer in the number of 6,964"!

It would be hard to find a single hunter who ever used more than a dozen different varieties of shells for guns. Yet the National Hardware Association found that there were on sale in this country not fewer than 7,362 varieties.

"Sizes?" Don't Mean a Thing

AND so it goes with virtually everything. A manufacturer hits upon a convenient trade term and adheres to its meaning. Another comes in and to undersell trims the article here and there, or changes its fundamentals, and offers it for less under that trade term. Then in a little while the trade term comes to mean little or nothing and is made to cover endless and largely useless varieties of things that if standardized in fundamental particulars could be produced and distributed much more cheaply.

There's boys' suits, as an example. There may have been a time when a six-year suit fitted the average six-year-old boy. Now it is said that the average six-year-old boy generally needs an eight-year suit, not because the boy is larger—as fond mother is prone to think—but because the suit has shrunken. The term "six-year boys' suit" could be made to mean certain fixed dimensions just as men's collars and the neckbands of their shirts are now numbered with almost perfect accuracy no matter by whom or in what general style made. Variation there would react quickly and with vigor; therefore absolute standardization as to neck dimensions prevails.

Likewise in most mechanical realms standardization or simplified practice tends to develop through public demand. But only in a few instances has it ever reached anything like the easily possible. A big manufacturer of farm machinery was astonished on learning that 30 wrenches, each with as many grips as a wrench could carry, were necessary to turn all the bolts on the several implements he made. A few experiments proved that, by using bolts of more uniform size but just as capable, four wrenches would be sufficient for everything. In thus simplifying his practice he not only made it easier for the farmer to adjust one of the implements but the cost of manufacture was reduced materially.

And, say specialists in the United States Department of Commerce, like simplicities can take the place of complexities in virtually every industry and without any loss to art or the hampering of progress.

Would Save Billions

"THE consequent saving," says Herbert Hoover, "would be interpreted not into millions but into billions of dollars."

"If there were no other reason for immediately attacking this problem," says R. M. Hudson, an expert industrialist in the simplified practice division of the Department of Commerce, "the activity of foreign countries would be sufficient. Eleven European nations are applying standardization, so are Japan and Canada. Only recently the London *Times* said editorially that it seems certain that industrial supremacy in the future will depend very largely on the simplification of manufacturing processes to avoid waste."

Only a year ago the American Engineering Council surveyed waste in industry. Six major industries were studied. Waste was determined by the difference between the average and the best practice then existing in each industry. It found that it amounted to 28 per cent in the metal trades, to 64 per cent in the men's clothing manufacturing, or an average of about 40 per cent for all industries surveyed. And one of the chief causes was the lack of standardization of materials, of finished product, of the performance of labor, and other things which might be made amenable to a fixed and efficient rule.

It is the hope of the present conductors of the Department of Commerce that much of that waste soon will be overcome, not by legal force or other arbitrary measure, but through voluntary and co-operative action of the industries themselves.

But to achieve it they must have the support of the public, which now pays ultimately for the wasteful practices that generally prevail.

Yes, Chicago IS Shocked by Appalling Story of Alien Syndicate-control of Protected Vice

The Horror That Mantled Our Second City When Grand Jury Revelations Told of a Slavery Undreamed of, of an Industry Whose Toll Was Millions

By ALFRED BUCKNER

THRICE rewritten, what you read here—in the effort to put before decent people something almost inherently impossible for them to grasp. Yet even the original report was a mere side glance at the Social Abyss. Imagine some tortured spirit lighting a match in the bottomless pit. Only a fitful flash, a feeble spurt of flame in the primeval DARK. Just one fleeting eyefull of racial degeneracy flowing torrentially through the sewers that carry off the scum of the Melting Pot.

The death gasps of a political machine have started a strange clatter of echoes in the vasty deep of the Chicago underworld. A grand jury is probing vice. Nothing very extraordinary about that. They always probe vice before election in American cities. All political gangs finally swell up with their putrid prosperity until they die of rotten gluttony. Eight years is their usual cycle of dominance and the present Chicago gang have lived their appointed time, and are now about to be succeeded by another outfit—who in time will—but why waste good linotype metal in prophecy. They were artisans, their opponents are said to be artists.

* * *

But for all that, Chicago is SHOCKED. Folks who read the *Tribune*, and there are a lot of them, now know at least a part of "What Every Police Reporter Knows —*and Doesn't Write.*"

May Be Turning Point

THE same day that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT hit the news stands of the Loop carrying the story bearing that title, which intimated that there are racial factors in the vice problem, and that there is a relentless pursuit of the white woman in the cities of America, the Chicago *Tribune* reached the pinnacle of newspaper frankness. It carried a story on the vice investigation which confirmed everything that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT's story intimated—it carried details up to the very limits of the postal laws.

If the *Tribune's* lead is followed up, what promises otherwise to be an ordinary "vice probe" of which America is cynically weary, MAY prove a turning point in the social history of this country.

Such is the explosive power of truth.

But there is only too much reason to fear that no such result will follow. One column and a half of truth, plus a rather curt editorial threat *to hold the higher-ups responsible,* was enough. With a crash the already shaken political machine began to fall to pieces —the rats began to run and a powerful motive back of the probe began to wither up. Still, something has been started. *Maybe "they" can't stop it.*

* * *

The *Tribune* said in substance that more than 1,000 white girls are held enslaved in Chicago by Negroes. (These girls, it must be said, were not taken by Negroes, they were given to Negroes by members of another race.) Here's something the *Tribune* did not say, however. The majority of the Negroes now in charge of the vice traffic in Chicago are either working for a syndicate composed of men of other races, or learned their trade from such people.

The Names That Crop Up

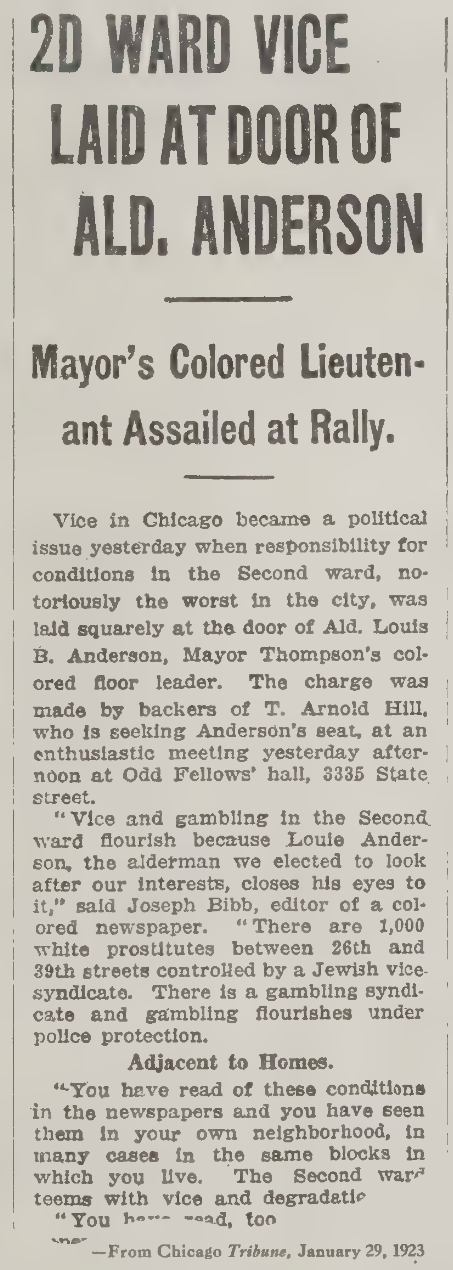
IN NOT stressing this point the *Tribune,* for the most of its 75 years an ardent champion of the colored people, appears to a rank outsider to have overlooked a bet. Most criminologists and newspaper men have long noted that back of nearly every Negro crime there is a white man of some sort—a dive keeper, fence or gaming promoter. The South long ago learned this, and that's why the South went dry—it found the alien gin peddler with his obscene labels and advertising back of many an outrage that sent some Negro to the noose or stake.

Strangely enough the names of the manufacturers of "nigger gin" which *Collier's Weekly* blazoned to America some years ago are racially akin, and remind one forcibly of names which keep cropping up in the present Chicago vice investigation.

Take a look at this list—composed of individuals who have appeared in the reports as vice district politicians, legislative representatives of vice-infested districts, professional bondsmen, attorneys always at the bar for arrested vice mongers, and so on. None of these men have yet been proved to have profited from vice, none at this writing has been indicted, all may be innocent, but their names appear when the vice problem stirs the courts or breaks into the newspapers.

Al Cohen, Dr. Rosenberg, Nate DeLue,
Buddy Stuss, Sam Cohn, Joe Kostner,
Joe Blue, Ike Roderick, Jack Guzick,
H. Meneley, Joe Ginsberg, Johnny Torrio,
Louie Weiss, Jack Zuta, Dave Blumenfield,
"Lovin' Puddy" Annixter, Solomon Van Pragg,
Morris Isadore Green, "Jew Louie" Gersetal,
"Jew Joe" Grabiner, Milkie and Hymie Levins,
State Senator Adolph Marks,
"Jew Izzie" (last name unknown),
"The Jew Kid" (last name unknown).

An anti-Semitic list? Not if you take a look at them. There is hardly a Semitic skull or face in the crowd—they all reek of the Mediterranean, the Balkans, Poland or the Pale. If supersensitive Israelites choose to call them Jews—let them claim them. This writer must confess candidly that they do not fit his conception of the Jew—ethnologically or otherwise—but one thing is sure—most of them are not our kind of folks—not "white men" as Americans use the term.



2D WARD VICE LAID AT DOOR OF ALD. ANDERSON

Mayor's Colored Lieutenant Assailed at Rally.

Vice in Chicago became a political issue yesterday when responsibility for conditions in the Second ward, notoriously the worst in the city, was laid squarely at the door of Ald. Louis B. Anderson, Mayor Thompson's colored floor leader. The charge was made by backers of T. Arnold Hill, who is seeking Anderson's seat, at an enthusiastic meeting yesterday afternoon at Odd Fellows' hall, 3335 State street.

"Vice and gambling in the Second ward flourish because Louie Anderson, the alderman we elected to look after our interests, closes his eyes to it," said Joseph Bibb, editor of a colored newspaper. "There are 1,000 white prostitutes between 26th and 39th streets controlled by a Jewish vice syndicate. There is a gambling syndicate and gambling flourishes under police protection.

Adjacent to Homes.

"You have read of these conditions in the newspapers and you have seen them in your own neighborhood, in many cases in the same blocks in which you live. The Second war teems with vice and degradati

"You [illegible], too

—From Chicago *Tribune,* January 29, 1923

There are Anglo-Saxon names in the testimony before the grand jury and the news reports of the investigation, but the bulk of these names are borne by Negroes, with here and there an owner of real estate rented for vice purposes.

100,000 Persons to Leave City

CELTIC names are almost entirely confined to policemen who seem to have played their part of "harness bulls" with so much realism that they wore blinders too—with here and there a politician or liquor seller—and then you never can tell whether the name was inherited or "adopted."

The group of alien degenerates and Negro criminals who have built up the present vice syndicate in Chicago has proved that even the "oldest profession in the world" can be modernized, placed on an "efficiency" basis.

The revelations in the reports of investigators can hardly be matched in the pages of Martial, Juvenal or even the mural decorations from the Pompeian resorts, which came to light after 1900 years under the Vesuvian ashes to tell one reason at least why the Roman Empire was depopulated. By masterful detours of language the Chicago *Tribune* managed to convey to its sophisticated readers some idea of these iniquities, but the present writer will not attempt to compete with the *Trib's* bright young men. They ought to have their salaries raised. They did it, with the maximum of clarity and the minimum of offense.

Some real estate men say that probably 100,000 respectable citizens are preparing to leave Chicago in the spring because they fear to attempt the task of rearing their children within reach of the syndicate's polluting influence. The suburbs are rocked with scandals among high school children, which trace back to the twin influences of the vice Camorra, and its able if unconscious allies—Chicago's 'intelligentsia," who have been producing such "devastating" books that already rumors are abroad that a proper probe among some of the younger Chicago literati would unearth the same sort of thing that wrecked the "aesthetes" in London back in the "nineties."

The syndicate is estimated to be cleaning up around $10,000,000 a year. It takes half of the earnings of its victims for the higher-ups alone, and under its intensive methods a single girl victim has been known to have taken in thousands in a few months. One man is said to have "earned" a million in recent months and another prominently placed politician has made $75,000 bank deposits at rather regular intervals.

There are more than 200 known resorts in Chicago conducted on "business principles." Usually the resident manager or proprietor on the South Side is a Negro—on the West Side some alien who a few years ago was in Eastern Europe unable to speak a word of English.

A System Is Perfected

THERE are some solid blocks of dives and dozens of so-called hotels whose principal guests are women installed there by agents of the syndicate and watched over and promoted by these same men—the class known as lounge lizards in the gilded cabarets of Broadway, but called by the shorter and uglier word in the rest of the English speaking world.

Most of these women are managed by Negroes, but back of the Negro there is the syndicate.

Officially the vice district of Chicago has been purely historical for many years and lots of good folk all over this broad land have pointed to its elimination as one of the milestones of American reform. But the old district was a veritable "Main Street" compared to the modern "system" which is not even officially supposed to exist.

State's Attorney Weyman cleaned out the old Levee in 24 hours. Every resort was closed, every inmate and male parasite driven out of town or into honest work. This one-day job ended the old district FOREVER, but officials say that the police cannot cope with the present situation.

For a long time Chicago was relatively free of commercialized and syndicated vice. The commercial exploitation of human weakness almost ceased.

Then vice began to come back. Its return was coincident with the sensational invasion of South Chicago by Negroes in the early days of the European war. The confusion in community affairs and the political chaos resulting from the displacement of the white residents by the newcomers created the conditions under which it was easy for the vice power to grow up.

Real Estate to Negroes

JULIUS ROSENWALD, president of Sears, Roebuck & Company, and one of the wealthiest men in America, is credited with encouraging the Negro exodus to Chicago. There would have been a heavy movement no doubt without any encouragement other than economic conditions. That occurred elsewhere. But nowhere were the newcomers so enthusiastically welcomed and made "at home" as on Chicago's South Side.

Jewish real estate agents bought up block after block of residential property occupied before by white citizens of long standing and installed Negro residents. The newcomers covered Grand Boulevard, Prairie avenue and similar streets, only a short time before the residential quarters of such people as the Armours, Pullmans and others whose names are synonymous with the building of the second city of America. Leaders of the migration extended their lines farther and farther—going to Rosenwald for help. They were sold $5,000 pieces of property on an initial payment of $50 and permitted to move in after making the first payment. This practice and the losses of older owners were one of the causes of the race riot which flamed out in 1919—*although there were clear indications that Bolshevik propaganda inspired from New York's East Side had a share in the catastrophe.*

For a while after the riot the tide of dispossession that had been rolling out the original white home-owners was stilled, but it began to flow again and there are indications that it had strong financial support from Jewish men of wealth. The Negroes were encouraged from some quarter anyhow to go into politics. Soon their lower elements were prominent in crime and vice. By this time they had complete control of what had been one of the best residential sections of Chicago and while many of the better Negroes who had moved in struggled against the degradation of the district, it began to take on an entirely new tone.

Resorts, cabarets, cafés, saloons, gaming dens and vice houses were opened up. Soon the district was notorious for its "black and tan" cabarets, where white women, many voluntarily degraded, but many forced into such a life originally, were to be seen nightly danc-

(Concluded on page 14)

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Our Lost Freedom

THE attempt to curb free speech in America is one of the important signs of the times. We have reached that period in degeneracy when the honest word is feared and suppressed. There are doubtless sufficient reasons for this: nothing exists otherwise; and one of the reasons may be that as a people we have so far forgotten how to think, as to have lost our right to our ancient liberty of expression. The loss of it, however, is better calculated than anything could be to make us think again. We are in a period of world illness where only clear seeing will avail, and one of the things we must see is the gradual closing of the net, spread by divers interests, upon free speech.

Readers are recommended to peruse in the January *Harper's Magazine* the article by Katherine Fullerton Gerould on "Freedom in 'The Land of the Free.'" Mrs. Gerould did not understand what had happened to the United States until she went to Canada, where they have full British liberty without American disorder and license and suppression. In writing the essay, Mrs. Gerould expresses doubt that any editor could be found to print it, but as *Harper's* makes it the leading article for the month, congratulations are due to the author, the magazine and the public. Mrs. Gerould mentions the fact that a minister of the Canadian Government could actually say in public that while Canada frankly wants immigrants more than anything else they want no immigrants save those that are "British, white and Christian." Mrs. Gerould then tries to imagine Mr. Hoover or Mr. Hughes saying such a thing, that is, being free enough to say such a thing here. (Our imagination sticks at Mr. Hoover saying anything!)

Mrs. Gerould says that in the United States we have developed mobs of opinion whose business is to suppress all other mobs of opinion, so that we have reached a state in this country where to say anything at all is to arouse the attack of a mob of opinion organized to suppress any mention of that thing. She says "you do not have to credit the authenticity of the Protocols to realize that few forums are open to the man who believes in a Jewish peril. . . . The point is this: that, while you and I may be personally safe, we keep our safety only by avoiding certain subjects. No thinking citizen, I venture to say, can express, in freedom, more than a part of his honest convictions . . . . On every hand free speech is choked off in one direction or another. The only way in which an American citizen who is really interested in all the social and political problems of the country can preserve any freedom of expression, is to choose the mob that is most sympathetic to him, and abide under the shadow of that mob. At that, he will have to hold his tongue a great deal."

This essay should be read in every men's club and studied in every reading circle and advertised in every newspaper, that Americans may be roused to reclaim a heritage which is surely slipping away from them.

The Chicago Disclosures

CHICAGO is undergoing exposure, not of the natural weaknesses incident to human nature, but to the calculated crime of those who make the sins of others their business and commerce. It is to be hoped that the real Chicago—not the Political Chicago, nor the Newspaper Chicago—will rouse itself to the effort of making the exposure complete. Exposure is a thoroughly cleansing agency in itself.

Not for the sake of "getting" any individual, and certainly not for the sake of using public indignation as a lever for dislodging one set of officeholders to seat another set of office seekers, but for the sake of fumigating the life of all our big cities, the exposure must be complete.

There is danger just at this writing that, in return for an orderly retreat and enough martyrs to save the "men higher up," the attack will cease. That is, such an attack need not have as its motive the good of the city, but the discomfiture of political enemies. In this kind of an attack the desire is not to end the conditions themselves, but to dislodge those who are at present profiting by the conditions. Chicago must prevent such an abuse of public power and public opinion.

The Negroes of Chicago are to be congratulated on the forthright manner in which they have met their responsibility in the matter. The Negroes are very far from being the most culpable element in Chicago's shame; from information at hand it is even possible to say that they have shown themselves to be least culpable of all; but this they have done—recognizing the racial elements involved they have taken up their own racial duties in a direct and manful manner. The Negro refuses to stand behind the Negro who besmirches the name of his race.

Let the Chicago Jew do likewise. In Chicago, as in every city in the land, the vice monopoly is owned and operated by Jews. Prostitution is a Jewish commercial operation throughout the world. Not that all the Jewish people are involved—not by any manner of means—but most of those involved are Jews. And Jews have always defended their people thus engaged. The New York Kehillah was organized in just such an exposure as is now taking place in Chicago. If Chicago Jews will show the good sense of the Chicago Negro and pronounce their racial anathema upon those Jews who have besmirched the name of Jew, it will mark a forward and hopeful step in the history of the Jews in America. Chicago presents an opportunity to take advantage of which the Jews would be well advised.

Propagandizing the People

IF THE readers of newspapers and magazines could realize the source of much that is offered them in the line of educational discussion, and the impossibility of securing through the same channels any opposing argument, there would be a better understanding of economics in the country.

The *Atlantic Monthly* nearly a year ago published a long article intended to show the absolute necessity of the gold standard in money, written by a professed financial expert, in which the views of several who oppose the idea were presented, but so colored as to give a false impression. One of the ablest writers in the West, whose name the author had used, tendered a reply in which he categorically controverted every misstatement, and there were many. The magazine editor declined to use it, claiming that the original article was "orthodox" and beyond controversy.

The same author has recently furnished the *Saturday Evening Post* a rehash of his argument for gold, its chief feature being the omission of reference to the theory of the western writer. Another western writer, however, offered to refute the pleas of the expert in much less space, but was courteously told his effort would not receive attention.

And in these two incidents there arises a little history which may be of interest.

Two years ago this advocate of gold, as manager of a "foundation," privately endowed, conducted an "economic research," and offered substantial cash prizes for competing essays on economic subjects, among them that of the function of money. Many essays were submitted, prizes were awarded, and the result announced. So far as it is possible to learn, none of the essayists has received reprints of the meritorious papers, which were promised, nor has the press announced their publication. Within a short time, however, each has been circularized by a publication society bearing the same name as the "foundation," offering several volumes on his side of the money question, written by himself and others recognized among the judges in the "contest."

The money propaganda arises in a source that will deny so far as possible any free discussion. It is practically useless to answer to different audiences, and debate is necessarily checked if publicity can be controlled; and publicity is controlled in every case where one side of a controversy is barred from a hearing.

In the above cases, the monthly magazine, the weekly magazine and the daily newspaper, have deliberately cheated their readers of opportunity to learn the opposing argument without seeking it in other quarters. As a matter of fact their readers are going to other quarters, and their going means a tremendous let-down in public confidence in the press.

My Duties as a Citizen

JOHN GARLAND POLLARD, of the faculty of the College of William and Mary, of Virginia, has forwarded a copy of the 'William and Mary Citizenship Creed" formulated by the students in the classes of Virginia Government and Citizenship with the advice and help of leading statesmen and scholars throughout the country.

WILLIAM AND MARY CITIZENSHIP CREED
1922

We, the members of the classes in Virginia Government and Citizenship of the Marshall-Wythe School of Government and Citizenship, of the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia . . . . do declare that . . . . the following is a summary of our conception of our duties as citizens to the governments under which we live:

MY DUTIES AS A CITIZEN

I.

To acquaint myself with those fundamental principles embodied in our constitutions and laws which experience has shown are essential to the preservation of our liberties and the promotion of good government, and to defend those principles against all attacks.

II.

To inform myself on all public issues, and on the character, record and platform of all candidates for office, and to exert actively my influence in favor of men and measures in which I believe.

III.

To vote in every election, primary and general, never using my vote for personal or private ends, but only for the public good, placing the welfare of my country above that of my party, if the interests of the two should ever conflict.

IV.

To connect myself with the political party which most nearly represents my views on public questions, and to exert my influence within the party to bring about the nomination of good men for office and the endorsement of measures for the public weal.

V.

To have the courage to perform my duties as a citizen regardless of the effect upon me financially or socially, remembering that a cowardly citizen is as useless to his country in time of peace as a cowardly soldier is in time of war.

VI.

To stand for honest election laws impartially administered.

VII.

To obey all laws whether I deem them wise or not, and to uphold the officers in the enforcement of the law.

VIII.

To make full and honest returns of all my property and income for taxation.

IX.

To be ever ready to serve my country in war, and in peace, especially in such inconspicuous capacities as juror and election official.

X.

To acquaint myself with the functions of the various departments of my government and to spread the knowledge of the same among my fellow citizens in order that they may enjoy to the fullest extent the advantages offered by the government, and may more fully recognize the government as a means of service to the people.

XI.

To encourage good men to enter public service and remain therein by commending the faithful performance of their duties and by refraining from criticism except such as is founded on a knowledge of facts.

XII.

To seek to promote good feeling between all groups of my fellow citizens and to resist as inimical to public welfare all partisan efforts to excite race, religious, class and sectional prejudice.

XIII.

Not to think alone of what my government can do for me but more about what I can do for it.

XIV.

To inform myself with respect to the problems which confront my country in its foreign relations, and to support policies which safeguard its legitimate interests abroad and which recognize the responsibilities of the United States as a member of international society.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are people who delight to make life appear as a struggle, and it is noticeable that those who talk most of life as a struggle have the easiest time; it is a mere word fashion they fall into. Then sometimes life is described as a battle, which is a point of view readily adopted by those who wish to draw a veil over their own brutality. There are people who do not know how to do things other than in a brutal way, they have not learned that the same end can be achieved by helping as by hurting the other man, and these are the people who soothe their consciences by referring to life as a battle.

Life is a job. The competition involved arises from the different degrees of interest which men put into their job. The man who competes with the sole idea of competition does not get very far. Competition itself is not a sufficient motive to carry a man along. The only dangerous competitor is not the man who covets what you have and who tries to dispossess you; the most dangerous competitor is the man who doesn't bother about you at all, but goes on with his own business while you may be loafing in yours.

> *COMPETITION whose motive is merely to compete, to drive some other fellow out, never carries very far. The competitor to be feared is one who never bothers about you at all but goes on making his own business better all the time. Businesses that grow by development and improvement do not die. But when a business ceases to be creative and becomes merely reproductive, that is, when it believes it has reached perfection and needs to do nothing but produce—no improvement, no development—it is done. The competition of life, motion, growth will overcome it. That is why Finance and Government are falling in public esteem—they have not grown in power to render service at decreased cost and risk. The Competition of life, motion, growth, is putting them behind.*

The germ of absentee landlordism, or of absentee dividend drawing, is in most people. That is, having done a thing, they wish it to pay returns to them forever. They wish to turn it over as a finished work, dismiss it from their minds, and draw unending reward from the copyright. Having made one heave on the rope, they wish to live on the credit of it for the rest of their lives.

Well, very few ever succeed in having that sort of a dream come true, and when it does it is greatly to their hurt. Life is so arranged that this is not possible. Life being a job, and the main job, ways and means are contrived to keep man working at it, if not for themselves then on someone else's job. Because there are no "lucky strikes" that reward us with a life of indolence and ease, and there is no good work so well done that it cannot be bettered, we are constantly kept on our mettle. The element which we call competition is just this proof which life is always giving us that work is in need of always being bettered.

It is within a man's right to quit, to withdraw himself from the work of the world, but it is within no man's right to quit and expect the thing quitted to revolve around the motive of providing him with reward.

One of the secrets—a simple secret, and thus easily overlooked—is to regard the motive for life not as reproduction but as improvement. The story is well known that Thoreau made a lead pencil and then refused to manufacture pencils; he said he did not wish to devote his life merely to reproducing himself in lead pencils. Apparently the thought of improvement did not occur to him. He was right in so far as he refused to run his whole life into one lead pencil mold, but there was a considerable field which he did not see, as subsequent improvements of our writing utensils show.

Most businesses fail because, having done something, having invented something, having discovered something, having contrived something that will work up to a certain point and serve up to a certain degree, they stop right there; they invent nothing to improve their invention; they discover nothing to enlarge the usefulness of their discovery; they toil no longer to make the workability of their product more dependable, or their service more various or less costly. Having done one thing they stop.

Now that is a fatal course to take. It neglects improvement and gives itself over to reproduction. Anyone who would be of wide service in this generation must necessarily think of production. There are so many people waiting for the useful commodity that even to supply them once around takes a great production. And thus production is necessary to service. But there is something before production—there is creation. And there is something during and after production—and that is more creation, further development.

If that idea could somehow be given central importance for a time, its effect would become evident. Not only would it change men's savage misconceptions of the function and process of life, but it would spread into all the regions of human activity and correct the evils which come of the pulling and hauling which exist between those who know that life means motion and those who think that it does not.

It would be only too easy to illustrate this principle by the business world. The soap that was satisfied with just becoming soap and fulfilling the most primitive services that soap could render is not on the market today. Neither is the automobile that was content just to be what it started out, without constant attention, growth, development, improvement and increase of service. If you are in business, your chief business is improvement; production will always be taken care of with reference to anything that is worth producing.

Isn't that the trouble with Government and Finance? Does not the situation today in politics and finance remind us of those industries which have failed to grow with the needs of the times? What is Government but the service of organizing the communal life to minimize the difficulties of living? What is Finance but the service of trade? True, Government sometimes falls into the error that the community exists for the glory of the Government, and Finance falls into the error that commerce exists for the profit of Finance—isn't the end of both precisely like that of the industry which makes the fatal error of thinking that the public is solely dependent on it and must take whatever it hands out?

The trouble with the men in Finance and Government is that they have gone in for reproduction instead of development. They are static instead of progressive. They are in competition with Life, and don't know it, and life moves on. Men go into Government with a smile, as if some mantle of honor had descended on their shoulders. They think of Government as fixed forever, and all they must do is to fit into some eternal niche. Government is a job. And it is becoming a much harder job all the time—not because it is so hard to govern, but because the incumbents of the main jobs of Government have let the shop get into a bad mess. The industry of Governing, so to speak, has been let to run down at the heel.

Finance is in the same way. Financiers have not been busy upon Finance at all, to improve it, to make it more serviceable, less costly to the people. That is why their industry is in danger today. It is being distanced, like a motor model on which no work has been done for ten years. Financiers have been busy devising schemes to make the people come more and more to them, and leave more and more of their earnings each time—and that kind of thing kills any industry. It is killing Finance. The men who have been intrusted with that important service have failed in their trust. Most bankers will agree with this. The competition of Life and Commerce has distanced Finance, and it is questionable if recovery is possible on any line that would now be satisfactory to a single old-line financier.

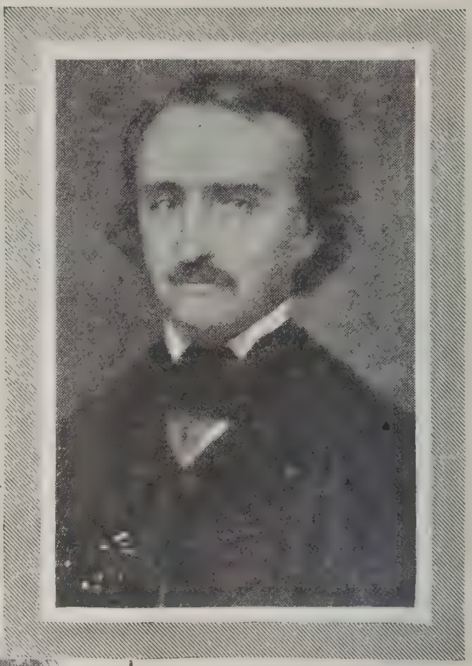
Remember how the saloon tried to reform and make promises and regain good will—when it was too late? There comes a time like that for every industry that has betrayed its public.

Whatever your job is, whatever your business, keep developing, improving it. By so doing you do solid strokes on the real job of life, which is to develop yourself.

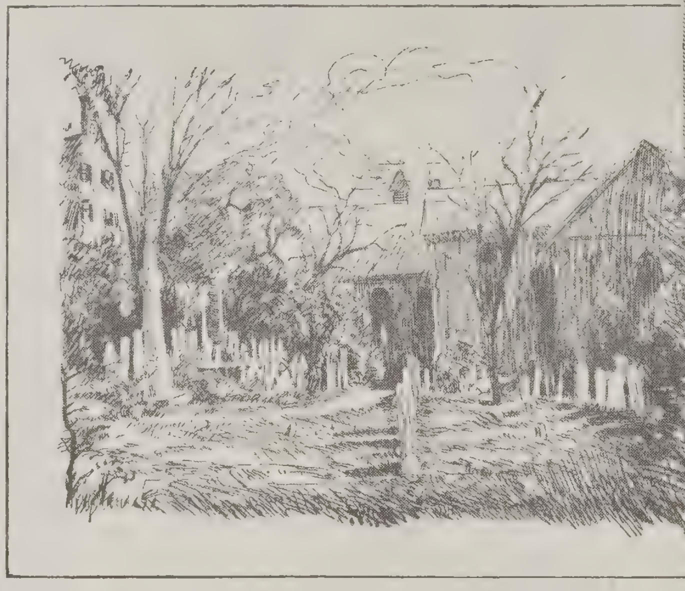
A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Forgotten Trysting Place of Edgar Allan Poe

The Story of a Woman's Devotion and Her Renunciation of a Great Love Recalled



EDGAR ALLAN POE



St. John's churchyard, the poet's trysting place.

By HAROLD D. CAREW

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S election to the Hall of Fame at New York University and the unveiling there of a bust of the poet recalls a chapter of more than passing interest in his life story. It is one of the big love stories of the world, the story of a woman's devotion to the memory of her lover; the story of a woman, who, standing alone in the early years following the poet's untimely death, battled her way in defense of his genius and honor.

The woman was Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, Rhode Island, whose little book, "Edgar Poe and His Critics," published more than 60 years ago, attempted to substitute for the travesty the real Poe, world-author, poet and critic. Numerous biographies of the man have been written since Mrs. Whitman sent her book forth 11 years after Poe's death. In all but two the misrepresentations first given permanency of the printed page by Rufus Griswold, a hack writer and one of Poe's contemporaries, have been kept alive without any apparent effort to determine the truth or falsity of the statements which have rendered strange and bewildering the personality of the man. To Mrs. Whitman, more than to any other person, we are indebted for what the world now knows of Poe's private life during the years which have been clouded by the poet's jealous literary rivals.

Sarah Helen Whitman was born in Providence, January 19, 1803. Her father, Nicholas Power, was a sea captain and commanded a vessel during the War of 1812. He was captured and held prisoner by the British until after peace was declared in 1815. He dropped out of sight after his release and his family heard nothing from him for 19 years. His mysterious silence had led his wife to believe he was dead. Then unannounced one day his ship sailed into Providence River. The two little girls whom he had kissed goodby years before were now grown women, and Sarah Helen, the elder, had married a young Boston lawyer, John Whitman, four years before her father's return home. In 1833 Whitman died and the young widow returned to her mother's house and to a secluded life which the curious customs of the times decreed for all widows.

A writer of more than ordinary ability, Mrs. Whitman became a contributor to the Providence *Journal* and to the few struggling monthly and quarterly magazines of the day. It was as a writer of delicate verse that she first came to Poe's notice in 1842. Six years later they met, when Poe's wife, Virginia, had been dead only a year. The story of their meeting and of their engagement is one of the most romantic love stories of history. It is this story which we remember.

Vigorous Style Appeals

POE'S career as an editor began on the *Southern Literary Messenger,* a monthly publication issued at Richmond. When *Graham's Magazine* was established in 1841 at Philadelphia he accepted a position as assistant editor at $10 a week. He remained there only a little more than a year, but it was during this period that his reviews brought him into national prominence. A series of articles on the writers of the day, which he styled "The Literati," at once made him a commanding figure in the world of American letters. His vigorous, analytic style of reviewing made him the most talked-of editor of the day. In his critical judgments he spared no one. In a slashing review of Longfellow's "Outer Mer and Other Poems" he charged the Harvard professor with plagiarism, citing a Spanish poem, which he said was similar, to sustain his charge. All New England rose up in mighty host to Longfellow's defense. The *North American Review,* then recently established, took up the fight and Poe became the stormy petral round which the onslaught raged. He had become as cordially hated as he was feared by those who felt the lash of his withering criticism.

On January 29, 1845, Poe's poem, "The Raven," appeared in the New York *Evening Mirror.* It created a sensation and was widely copied in the newspapers throughout the country. A copy fell into the hands of Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, on whose romantic imagination it left a profound impression. Mrs. Whitman, then a widow of 42, had heard much of Poe, and her own verses had received his commendation, but so far as she then knew he had never seen her.

Through a mutual friend, Miss Anna Lynch, a New York woman whose literary gatherings were famous in their day, Mrs. Whitman sent a poem in reply to "The Raven" as a contribution to be read at a Valentine Day party which she gave in 1848. Among those who attended were Horace Greeley, Nathaniel P. Willis, George P. Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," Margaret Fuller, Grace Greenwood, Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun,* and others now all but forgotten. For some unexplained reason Poe had not been invited, although his presence had been eagerly sought on other occasions. The unsigned manuscript verses, however, were later sent to Poe by Miss Lynch, and he at once recognized the handwriting, having a year or two before been shown some of her manuscript. The poem greatly pleased him and in the following June he wrote to another friend, Miss Anna Blackwell, concerning a volume of poems which she was about to publish, offering his assistance, "critical or otherwise."

"Do you know Mrs. Whitman?" he wrote. "I feel deep interest in her poetry and character. I have never seen her but once. Anna Lynch, however, told me many things, about the romance of her character which singularly interested me and excited my curiosity. Her poetry is, beyond question, poetry—instinct with genius. Can you tell me something about her—anything—everything you know—and keep my secret—that is to say, let no one know that I have asked you to do so? May I trust you? I can—and will."

Soon after receiving this letter Miss Blackwell visited Mrs. Whitman at her mother's home in Providence. There she met Miss Maria McIntosh whose literary work had also received much favorable notice. One evening Miss McIntosh remarked: "I met Mr. Poe for the first time a month ago at the home of a gentleman in Fordham, and his whole talk was of you."

The Moon's Silhouette

MISS BLACKWELL, with woman's love of the romantic, could not resist the impulse to confide a secret which was even more tangible proof of Poe's admiration for Mrs. Whitman, and unmindful of the poet's plea for secrecy produced the letter forthwith for Mrs. Whitman's perusal.

Poe's first glimpse of Mrs. Whitman, his "Helen of a thousand dreams," was in the summer of 1845. He had gone to Providence to lecture before the lyceum. After the lecture he returned to his hotel, but the night being sultry, he could not sleep. Near midnight he sauntered out and walked the streets near College Hill and along Benefit street past Mrs. Whitman's home. He saw her among the flowers in a bowered garden in the rear of the house, her graceful figure silhouetted against a full moon. Poe has immortalized this garden in one of his loveliest poetic tributes, "To Helen":

I saw thee once—once only—years ago.
I must not say how many, but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul soaring
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery silken veil of light
With quietude and sultriness and slumber,
Upon the upturned faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden.
* * * * *
Fell on the upturned faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee and by the poetry of thy presence.

Helen's response did not reach Poe until three years later, when she was 45 and he 39. From time to time during the years since first he saw her, Poe had sent Mrs. Whitman clippings in which he thought she would be interested. Although she knew who sent them, she had never acknowledged their receipt and Poe had despaired of ever meeting her. Early in the summer of 1848 Poe had gone to Richmond to enlist the financial aid of friends in establishing a monthly literary journal which had been his dream of years. While there he received two verses in answer to his poem "To Helen." He was so overjoyed that he abandoned his plans and returned almost immediately to New York, where he obtained a letter of introduction from Miss McIntosh. Armed with this letter he determined to go to Providence; but, not sure that Mrs. Whitman was then at her mother's house, he first sent a letter which purported to be from an autograph hunter requesting a specimen of the lady's handwriting for his collection, cleverly disguising his own penmanship and signing himself Edward S. T. Grey.

Courtship Begins at Once

THE letter drew forth a prompt reply, and two or three days later Poe arrived in Providence and called at Mrs. Whitman's home at No. 76 Benefit street. He presented Miss McIntosh's letter, which read:

> This letter will be handed to you by Mr. Edgar A. Poe. He is already so well known to you that anything more than the announcement of his name would be an impertinence from me. I feel much obliged to Mr. Poe for permitting me thus to associate myself with an incident so agreeable to both of you, as I feel persuaded your first meeting will prove. . . .
>
> Yours very truly,
> M. J. McIntosh.

It is not known how many visits Poe made to Providence during the year that followed his first appearance, but certain it is that his courtship of this lovely and charming woman began almost with their first meeting. The story of their brief engagement after Poe had laid siege to her heart has been told by Poe's biographers, but so little of the real story has been told that the visitor to Providence today will meet few persons who know anything of the scenes which figured in the last romantic episode of the poet's romantic career. The world will never know the heartbreak of their final parting shortly before Poe's tragic death, but there are those who will be glad to know that the enchanted garden which he immortalized, the garden of his Helen of a thousand dreams, still blooms with lovely roses.

So little of that section of the Providence which greeted Poe in 1848 has been changed by the expansion of a great industrial city that the house and garden are practically the same as they were 75 years ago. The garden adjoins the ancient St. John's Episcopal churchyard and burial ground and is wholly obscured from the view of passers-by who climb Church street, a narrow thoroughfare leading from the canals and the noisy city.

Had Great Sympathy

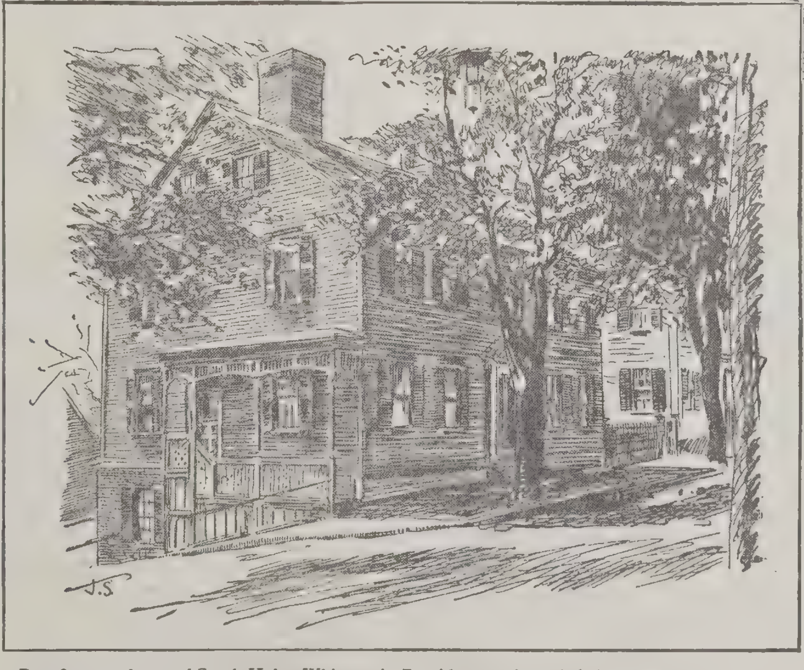
POE'S coronation in the Hall of Fame recalls so much in the sad and eventful years of his life, and the story of Sarah Helen Whitman's love for Poe and her sympathy for this ill-starred son of genius refuses to be forgotten. Of all the poetic women who showered their affections upon this fascinating, bewildering man, none understood him better than did Helen Whitman. It was not the wayward man of weakness given at times to excessive drinking whom she saw, but a master-poet, a man of intellect and imagination, a man whose power of expression in creative beauty has given him a place in world literature. She understood the real passions of his temperament and perceived his ideals where others saw only the moral faults of an erring man. In this year of his triumph it is worth noting that of all the men and women whose names are now linked with his through love and friendship and even hate, most, if not all, would have crept silently into obscurity with their generation. Their sole titles to remembrance, however, now rest securely in the immortality of his fame.

Poe's meeting with Mrs. Whitman opened a brief period for new hopes. His young wife Virginia had been dead little more than a year and he had been greatly depressed by the poverty that marked her last days in the little cottage at Fordham, a few miles from New York. He had been ill much of the time—an illness which his enemies declared was due mainly to the folly of excessive drinking and carousing. Unfortunately, there appears to be no record of the length of time Poe remained in Providence on his first visit, but it is recorded that he met Mrs. Whitman's younger sister and her mother, Mrs. Power, an irascible old lady who seems to have sensed at once the purpose of Poe's visit. He was cordially welcomed by the household at first, but wagging tongues soon began to busy themselves and disparaging stories of Poe's private life, set afloat by rentless foes and jealous rivals, soon reached Mrs. Power's ears.

Poe's first love letter to Mrs. Whitman was dated October 1, 1848, scarcely more than two weeks after their first meeting. It was in reply to one written by Helen after his departure from Providence and reveals that her impetuous suitor had promptly asked her to be his wife.

"All thoughts," he wrote after his return to New York, "all passions, seem now merged in the one consuming desire—the mere wish to make you comprehend—to make you see that for which there is no human voice—the unutterable fervor of my love for you—for so well do I know your poet-nature, oh, Helen, Helen! that I feel sure if you could but look down into the depths of my soul with your pure spiritual eyes you could not refuse to speak to me that, alas! you still resolutely leave unspoken—you would love me if only for the greatness of my love. Is it not something in this cold dreary world to be loved? . . . . During our walk in the cemetery I said to you while the bitter, bitter tears sprang to my eyes—'Helen, I love you now for the first time.'"

The old burial ground of St. John's church, where Poe and Helen walked and where he first told her of his love, is now hidden from view on all sides. The only entrance is through the yard of the diocesan house of the Bishop of Rhode Island, but it may be seen from the rear of the ancient houses along Benefit street from the old Whitman house to the rectory. Rambler roses are everywhere in abundance, and the board fences which separate the estates from the cemetery are banked high with flowers. It is as though every leaf and bud felt the spiritual presence of a great love, as though they had been created to lend enchantment and poetic beauty to a poet's forgotten trysting place.



Benefit street home of Sarah Helen Whitman in Providence, where their last meeting took place.

The chronicle of Poe's last courtship gives us nothing but an ordinary story of unrequited love, a story of a mother who strenuously opposed her daughter's marrying and of a daughter who was torn between the conflicting forces of duty and obedience and hope and disappointment. Poe came often to Providence. His many lecture engagements throughout New England—in Boston, Hartford, Lowell and other cities— gave him opportunity to stop off at Providence on his way to or from New York, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Power. Poe's second letter to Helen was dated October 18. Before she could reply to it Poe appeared in Providence and remained several days, stopping at the old City Hotel. The morning of his arrival he sent Helen a note, and she replied by messenger that she would meet him at noon at the Athenaeum, a favorite resort of hers. His next visit was November 7. Although he was ill and confined for a day or two at the hotel, they met again at the Athenaeum and spent considerable time there reading the current magazines and browsing among the books. "An hour or two after he left the city," Mrs. Whitman records of this visit, "certain reports were communicated to my family . . . . which augmented almost to a frenzy my mother's opposition to the relation then subsisting between us." The "certain reports" were to the effect that Poe had been seen at his hotel bar under the influence of liquor, and the talebearer made good use of his opportunity to tell Mrs. Power all about it. Poe had promised Helen that he would quit the use of liquor, and there is no reason to doubt that he kept his promise. The "certain reports" to the contrary are believed now to have been the work of a jealous rival who hoped to win Mrs. Whitman's hand in marriage.

Romance Had Opposition

POE'S courtship progressed rapidly, despite the opposition of Mrs. Whitman's mother and sister. Poe wrote a letter to the rector of St. John's requesting that he "publish the bans of matrimony between Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman and myself on Sunday and on Monday." And the note added: "When we have decided on the day of the marriage we will inform you, and will thank you to perform the ceremony." The note was intrusted to William J. Pabodie, a friend of the Whitman family, but was evidently never delivered to Dr. Crocker. It was found among Mrs. Whitman's papers after her death in 1878.

Poe's last love letter to Helen of which there is any record, dated December 17, 1848, was written at Fordham. Five days later he was again in Providence. It was at this time that he wrote to Virginia's mother, Mrs. Clemm, who had continued to keep their humble home together after her daughter's death: "We shall be married on Monday, and will be at Fordham on Tuesday, in the first train." Poe had come to Providence to lecture on "American Poetry" before the lyceum, where 2,000 persons were present to hear him. A night or two after the lecture he appeared at Mrs. Whitman's house in a state of partial intoxication, according to Pabodie, and it was on the following morning that Poe gave Pabodie the note to Dr. Crocker. How much Pabodie, who was himself enamoured of Mrs. Whitman, may have had to do with bringing about the stormy scene between Poe and Mrs. Power when the poet next visited the house may only be conjectured. There is a feeling among those who have studied the story of their last meeting that Pabodie, although pretending to be Poe's friend, was in fact the one who prodded Mrs. Power into believing that her daughter would be making a mistake if she married Poe. Pabodie was present at the final meeting between Poe and Mrs. Whitman, at which Mrs. Power was also present. Mrs. Whitman, worn by the worry and argument and opposition, was ill, and her mother seized the opportunity to upbraid Poe and to remind him that the train for New York left within an hour.

Falling upon his knees beside the couch upon which Helen lay, Poe begged her to reconsider and to speak to him.

"What can I say?" she asked.

"Say that you love me, Helen."

"I love you," she said—the last words she ever spoke to him. Within an hour he was on the Stonington express train bound for New York.

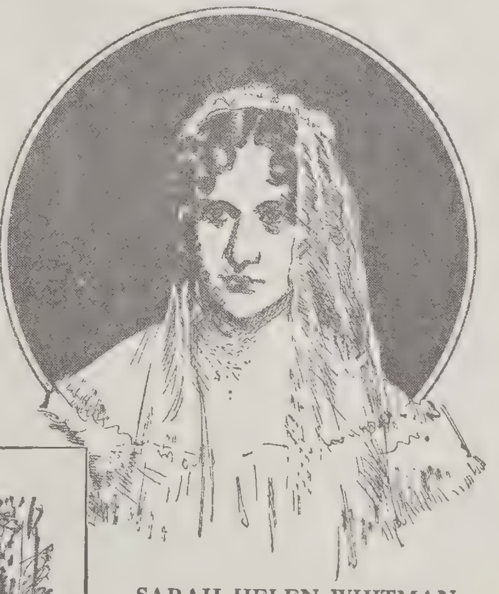
His Note Unanswered

A BRIEF note from Poe in January, unanswered by Helen, bares his heart: "Heaven shield you from all ill! Let my letters and acts speak for themselves. It has been my intention to say simply that our marriage was postponed simply on account of your ill health. Have you really said or done anything which can preclude our placing the rupture on such footing? If not, I shall persist in the statement and thus the unhappy matter will die quietly away."

Helen's remaining years were spent in Providence except for brief visits with friends and a trip to Europe. After the death of her mother she lived with her sister, who died in 1877. Less than a year later, June 27, 1878, her own life flickered out. She was buried in the North Burial Ground. Although she had requested that no stone should be placed on her grave, a simple headstone with her name on it marks her last resting place.

During her last years she devoted herself unremittingly to the task of aiding Poe's English biographer, John H. Ingram, and his French translator, Stephane Mallarme. But her own poetic portrait of Poe best serves to give us the measure of her devotion to the memory of her wayward idol:

After long years I raised the folds concealing
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam:



SARAH HELEN WHITMAN

While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing,
Like Memnon waking from his marble dream.

* * * *

Oft has that pale, poetic presence haunted
My lonely musings at the twilight hour,
Transforming the dull earth-life it enchanted,
With marvel and with mystery and with power.
Oft have I heard the sullen sea-wind moaning
Its dirge-like requiems on the lonely shore,
Or listening to the autumn woods intoning
The wild, sweet legend of the lost Lenore.

* * * *

Sweet, mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's sorrow,
Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream!
Sleep, wayward heart! till on some cool bright morrow,
Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morning's beam.

Though cloud and sorrow rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time, as a birthright, shall restore the glory,
And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall.

"Pitiless Publicity" That Has Become Pitiful

Why There Are Few Public Men But Thousands of Public Figures; "Printed Matter" of Chain-publishing Commands Little Influence

By "OBSERVER"

PITILESS publicity that cannot be pitiless, within bounds of honesty, decency, justice and fair play, must perforce become pitiful. The press wants to see individuals at their best and picture them accordingly, because it is pleasanter all around, but shall it be denied the right to exhibit graphic portraits of those whose weakness is to be depicted solely when they have assumed their best company manners? On what plea can individuals who have become public characters refuse glimpses of themselves when, mentally and officially, they have dropped their kid gloves, frock coats, silk hats and shiny patent leathers; when their natural element, and preference too, is for overalls or an old suit, unbuttoned collar, ruffled hair, peekaboo socks? Must their service as statesmen be always one of unbroken gourmetism or shall it be, on occasion, ham and cabbage?

What you, reader, are concerned about with regard to the *Fourth Estate* is why it should have become the mirror wherein individuals who claim to worship the icon of pitiless publicity like to gaze at themselves only while donning their mantle of perfection or infallibility or paternalism. If the mirror sees through the masquerade then they proceed to crack it.

Yet it is doubted that readers care to be regaled, day in and month out, with the monotonous gallery of figurines with their studied intents and mannerisms. Is it due to this that today there are few public *men* but thousands of public *figures?*

There Are 20,000 Publications

NO ONE expects the press to be perfect. It could not be if it tried. But its present multiplicity of tendencies is such that "press" is a misnomer if its applicability presupposed the once single intent of reflecting or guiding public opinion. Its chief purpose—barring the few exceptions that will be noted—is to turn out columns of words whose sins of omission and commission, under the circumstances of journalism's traditions, are enough to cause the famous American editors of the last century to be glad that they are dead.

It is not possible to give figures with absolute accuracy but it seems to be taken for granted that there are in the United States 40,000,000 readers. To serve these there are about 20,000 periodicals, published in about 10,000 places. Of these, the truly serious and legitimate journalistic organs are probably 10,000. Of the readers, about 20 000,000 are of average intelligence and common sense, even if not literate, and the majority may be said to represent organic American public opinion.

On this basis, however approximative, there would be an average of 2,000 serious readers for every journalistic periodical. This ratio, of course, is susceptible of countless variations. It may seem an infinitesimal total, especially now when it is the trade fashion to measure the importance of a publication by its circulation, but the fact is that circulation is not a true index of anything except commercial value.

The magazine and newspaper profession of yore has become a business. There are a few instances of such periodicals wending the even tenor of their way to the fullest extent of their ability, but as things stand today there are too many publishers who "publish" as against editors who edit.

As to Chain-publishing

CHAIN-PUBLISHING is the latest evolution. There is today in this country one publisher who lays claim to a circulation of 20,000 000 for all of his properties which he calls newspapers and magazines, but the fact is that these, separately or together, are the least influential in the nation, and except for them their owner's name would hardly be known beyond the block where he lives. These periodicals purvey printed matter, often made attractive to the eye by the infusion of much pictorial matter, but "printed matter" is the best that can be said of them.

Despite the advent of "boiler plate," which is not essential to the newspapers that make use of it, the country or small-town newspaper still represents good American journalism. The country editor has been ridiculed or pitied by his alleged metropolitan colleague, but the difference between the two is easily traced; the latter has money and the former has influence. The country editor is willing to take potatoes or shoes in exchange for subscriptions, thus necessitating some quick-witted problems in economics—barter in its sublime simplicity—but he has the satisfaction of selling editorial service, as against the mass of his metropolitan competitors who purvey paper and ink jumbled together.

Let's go back to the 2,000 readers and 10,000 periodicals. This, of course, excludes the vast army of comic-strip readers, the devotees of exotic literature, the followers of trade "literature," the disciples of class writings, and, conversely, of the periodicals catering to said readers.

The questions which arise are:

Do readers, either in average or in entity, count above the periodicals they buy or not?

Have they a voice in them, to the extent of expecting that they shall be all they should be, or must they take each periodical—as too often is the case—*as is?*

Are periodicals intended to portray and interpret thought or are they privileged to manufacture it, usually with outside help?

Shall periodicals make use of writers and contributors to the extent of their independent ability, experience and responsibility, or are they to be "made" by fiat of publishers who have certain axes to grind and many more to conceal?

In short, is the periodical to be the common educative medium within reach of the public or is it to be the private lobby of the publisher, his interests, and his friends?

Every tenth reader recruited no doubt from the 20,000,000 referred to above, peruses the *Literary Digest,* which in a few pages endeavors, every week, to single out the salient editorial opinions on given topics of immediate or current interest. Within its province it is not only a unique periodical, useful as a timesaver, but it is impartial, according to its standards. Yet one may well ask if the "leading" editorial opinion of the United States is that culled from the few prominent newspapers which it delights to feature every seven days? What of that more important editorial opinion that remains submerged because it is not "prominent"?

The *Literary Digest,* to facilitate the purport of some of the quotations, often qualifies the periodical's name with parenthetical abbreviations intended to indicate its political color, notwithstanding that so general a term as Independent, Democratic, Republican, or a combination of the first with either of the others, is apt to be confusing and even misleading. To make the classification complete, for the benefit of the reader untutored in journalistic variations of this kind, it would be necessary to add other abbreviations to indicate private, financial, trade and other fetishes.

The *Christian Science Monitor* is, or was, the one independent newspaper in our land. It is noncommercial, and so far has resisted every influence in that direction, but one hears it seldom quoted. Unfortunately its name operates against it, because it sounds as if it were a religious daily, whereas such is not the case.

The New York *Times* manages to maintain its supremacy, such as it is, over other newspapers in the metropolis, especially now when newspaper-making is a rather precarious proposition. But though the *Times* is a well-edited newspaper, well-written and clean to the eye, it lacks personality and individualism. It enjoys political prestige not because it is a power politically but because it is the only newspaper in the country which prints important reports, debates and proceedings in full, and so can be quoted easily. Its true value, however, rests upon its detailed mercantile and financial sections.

The New York Newspapers

THE New York *Herald* rests, but not in peace, despite Frank A. Munsey's boast that it is the best newspaper possible. That Mr. Munsey has ruthlessly massacred *Herald* and *Sun,* and then bequeathed the name of James Gordon Bennett's pet to the alleged New York *Herald* of today is patent to everybody but him. With the *Press,* that makes three newspapers of much fame which Mr. Munsey has killed off. Of the *Evening Sun* the less said the better.

The New York *Evening Post* likewise has suffered from metempsychosis. It has made a few attempts to commercialize its columns but its ancient prestige is dead and quite forgotten. It serves many masters, probably belongs to as many more, and manages to have its name propagated here and there by means of commercial syndicated correspondence. The *Evening Telegram* is worthless. The Hearst dailies are not newspapers. The *Illustrated News,* having forced a big circulation by lotteries and prizes freely distributed for absurd "contributions" by moron readers, has now filled its pages with advertising and is making hay where the Subway (the only place it is looked at) *Sun* shines. The *World* is not as powerful as it used to be, politically, and now its editorial control is said to have passed into the hands of Bernard M. Baruch. At least, this is said by those best informed on inside *World* organization. The *Globe* has many journalistic merits and could achieve many more if it tried. The *Tribune?*—the tragedy of the *Tribune* is sad, but not any longer important.

Philadelphia's dailies have been relegated to the background since the *Public Ledger* started its career as an international newspaper.

The Baltimore *Sun,* by which readers rise and dine and retire, is a good newspaper, but it no longer is nationally influential as it was, say, in 1900.

Washington! The American city entitled to the best newspaper in the United States has no newspaper worth the name.

The Evening *Star,* said to be the second best "advertising mine" in the country, has usually been a colorless administration paper, with an exception noted under President Roosevelt.

The Washington *Post,* often compared to the New York *Sun* at the latter's best a generation ago, was one of the most quoted newspapers in the United States under Scott C. Bone, who would not yield to the unilateral and necessarily pecuniary interest of John R. McLean, of Cincinnati *Enquirer* fame. The passing of Bone meant the passing of the *Post.* Today it is the newspaper joke of the country. Its patronym of "Court Gazette"—to explain the alleged White House influence—has strayed away the last few serious readers. It is bought because officially, in Washington at least, one's education would not be complete without its daily perusal. Its daily State Department-President-Congress boost, signed and copyrighted to boot, is the most sorrowful bit of reporting ever perpetrated in an important newspaper—and its writer has done better. As the *Herald* never counted, and now has been swallowed up by Mr. Hearst, Washington is without a newspaper and it eagerly awaits the New York newspapers for news about itself.

Having referred to the *Monitor,* Boston may be further identified for the *Transcript.* In the neighborhood there is the Providence *Journal* long looked to for original news with regard to Washington.

As one proceeds westward one finds many good newspapers, *but the continual inroads of syndicate correspondence from New York or Washington and the constant attempt to establish chain newspapers* are bound to affect even the most rigorously edited newspaper.

War correspondence was the first step for knocking much news out of newspapers. It was Woodrow Wilson who, as president of Princeton, said in 1909 that "all newspapers are alike, all provincial, not excepting the great metropolitan dailies," for which George Harvey, then editor of *Harper's Weekly,* chided him. If by provincial Dr. Wilson meant that they cared nothing beyond the most promising circulation routes, and therefore newspapers catered only to local affairs, he was right, because in general the amount of crass ignorance, in editorial offices, at the time that the war broke out has been surpassed only by the preposterous excesses in alleged international news catering of the present day.

The *Review of Reviews* recently urged editors to stop playing up so much foreign flabberdash which reporters have been avidly seeking of every Tom and Dick and Clara returning from that indeterminate place called "abroad."

Sharing "Staff" Correspondence

NOT all newspapers, of course, could indulge the luxury of sending their own correspondents abroad, to say nothing of their inability to maintain even a "Washington correspondent," but it was not until even the richest newspapers began to feel the pinch of its maintenance costs that they began to share, for a consideration, this staff correspondence with less opulent dailies. Yet only a fraction of this correspondence justifies its expensive and expansive continuation. The average staff correspondent's contribution is, in relation to the news sent by the press associations, mere redundancy. This bureau craze as practiced now is not journalism—it is for the sake of a "front."

In general our American newspapers have become too standardized in their editorial atmosphere, even though each follows one of half a dozen accepted systems of mechanical pattern. Too many publishers who like the word "editor" are in reality nothing but printers.

The last year has brought another plague. Vapid competition is causing newspapers to fill pages upon pages of self-glorifying exuberances signed by more or less deposed statesmen. At the very moment of writing the New York *Times* and Chicago *Tribune* reluctantly, but none the less with some irritation, announce that the "Lloyd George memoirs" contract has been rescinded because the Welshman has seen fit to turn an honest penny by becoming a press association contributor. That probably these writings are literary skyrockets goes without saying. The kaiser's writings fizzled. How much better if these American newspapers paid their 40,000 pounds to honest-to-goodness American reporters!

The fact is that some of these newspapers have usurped functions of the book and magazine world—and apart from this further displacing the reporter from his proper sphere, the newspaper, in attempting to become book and magazine, too, has failed to be any one of the three.

Common Sense All Needed

AT THIS period of our national life, newspaper publishers face a greater duty than ever to resume some originality and common sense in making their newspapers. The press association is a natural evolution, mainly economic, of newspaper work, but the syndicate craze cannot be condemned too severely. The newspapers using it confess the use of secondhand material. They confess inability to have an adequate staff, no matter how modest. Because the syndicate correspondent serves countless and ever-changing masters his work is anemic. The idea of "simultaneous publication" is worthless. Altogether it is a practice the like of which is not tolerated in any other business or trade.

What is needed today is a halt to this highbrow hodgepodge palmed off by newspapers in need of money or special writers who serve more or less unknown masters, and to substitute it with serious, well-poised articles of the type that gravitates to more exclusive periodicals, where they are out of reach of the masses, and of such periodicals there are too few to meet requirements.

Articles in magazines are of limited influence because magazine readers are not the class that is in need of immediate editorial service, but the men and women who feel more at home with their favorite newspaper than with any other organ. Is the mentality of this class going to be permitted to grow stale?

Moreover, in many magazines, no matter how famous

(Concluded on page 14)

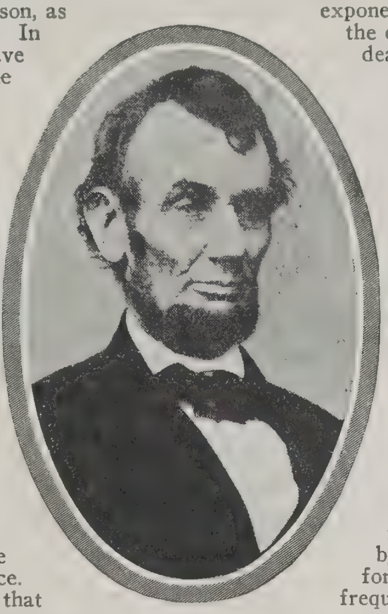
The Books That Abraham Lincoln Read as a Boy

His Mother Taught Him to Read and His Step-mother Urged Him to Study

By THOMAS J. MALONE

"HIS own mother taught him to read," says a biographer, "and his stepmother urged him to study." No wonder that Abraham Lincoln in his adult years spoke with equal warmth of affection of the mother who died when he was nine years old and of the other mother, hardly less dear, who succeeded her in the Thomas Lincoln household not two years later. Lovers of Abraham Lincoln everywhere should think gratefully of Mrs. Sally (Bush) Johnston who became the second Mrs. Lincoln and who was kind to Nancy Hanks' son, as the son himself has testified. In what way could kindness have been better demonstrated—she urged him to study! Was greater service ever done for America?

What he read and what he studied, we have from Lincoln himself, the meager list of books within his reach in the Indiana frontier—the Bible, "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Pilgrim's Progress," Shakespeare, Burns, Weems' "Life of Washington" and "a History of the United States." These were the books that were to mold the chief figure of the nineteenth century. These he read and reread, his biographers tell us, poring over them daily and nightly, drinking them in until he had memorized them, page after page. Books were treasured in those days because they were so scarce.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Glorious words and deeds that fire the minds and hearts of men attest what he learned from the Bible and Shakespeare, but what was there in, say, a book of fables and a school textbook to shape him who was to be the great commoner of his age?

Old Aesop knew what he was about. Reputed dwarf and former slave, of that humble origin that has characterized so many of the world's benefactors, he gathered those marvelous tales of practical morality, universal in appeal and application, summarizing the lessons of man's experience and preserved in the folklore of the Greeks and peoples before them—tales in which beasts and birds talk and do wise or foolish things, closing with generalizations as to man's conduct.

"Self help is the best help," "Birds of a feather flock together," "Like will draw like," "In union there is strength"—such maxims belong to all races. Who may know what bearing the Aesopian fable of the father with the bundle of fagots, teaching his sons the lesson of strength in union, may have had on the unswerving conviction of Lincoln, the President, that America must not be dissevered? The use of story to impress vital truths has been common to great teachers in all times—it was the practice of Jesus in the parables, of Lincoln in his anecdotes.

The narrative of Robinson Crusoe is part of the heritage of every boy; but what a book for a boy growing up in a sparsely settled and primitive neighborhood where the same initiative, resourcefulness, self-reliance, frugality and perseverance enforced upon Crusoe were practiced as of everyday necessity! The Pilgrim's Progress must have been to the boy Lincoln a tale of valiant venture, as to many another youngster devouring it with avid eyes while the evening's wood waited to be brought in; but we have no reason to believe that into his mind did not seep something of the grandeur of that allegory of the common man's age-long struggle against evil and of victory achieved through recognition of, reliance on, the Divine. How much of the man Lincoln's deep religious nature may not have been traceable to this book by a Bedford tinker, who was the son of a tinker?

Modern historians view with amusement Mason Weems' rhapsodic eulogy of George Washington, for the author of the "cherry tree" story is said to have been careless as to facts, but maybe young Lincoln found in it some grain of profit, notwithstanding. Weems begins his book thus:

"His education was of the private and proper sort. Dead languages, pride and pedantry had no charm for him who always preferred sense to sound, the kernel to the shell. A grammatical knowledge of his mother tongue—the mathematics—geography—history—natural and moral philosophy, were the valuable objects of his youthful studies: And in these he made the proficiency of one who always loved to go deep. At school he was remarkable for good nature and candor, qualities which gave him so entirely the hearts of his young companions that a reference to him was the usual mode of deciding all differences."

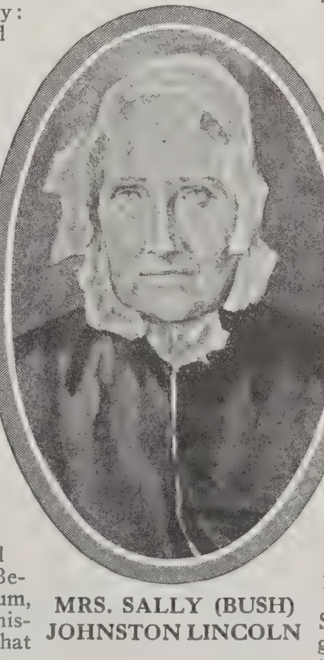
According to his biographers, Lincoln, as a young man, though of unusual strength and adept in all athletic pastimes of his day, was in such demand as a referee between contestants that he served as such more often than he took part in contests. He was regarded not only as an exponent, but as the embodiment, of the doctrine of fair play—the square deal.

Weems, in his dedication of the book, stated that it would give him much joy "should it contribute in any wise to diffuse the spirit of Washington—in any degree to promote those virtues which rendered him the greatest, because the most serviceable of mankind."

"The spirit of Washington. . . the most serviceable of mankind"—Ah, Parson Weems, you did a bang-up job! Here is one hat that is off to you in this twentieth century.

The boy Lincoln read his Bible. If we did not know that to be true, that the example was set him by his mother, it would be suggested by the beauty, the majesty, of his formal diction as a man, by his frequent quoting from Scriptural passages and his constant public recognition of a Divine Providence to whom man looked for guidance and succor.

"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God," reads the second inaugural in classic measure, poignant in its solemn melancholy, "and each invokes his aid against the other." And again: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war shall speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still must it be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." His exhortation, in closing, for a continuation of the war to victory, is further testimony: "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." In the Gettysburg Address, he calls for a resolution "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."



MRS. SALLY (BUSH) JOHNSTON LINCOLN

One may ask what Shakespeare—that son of a glover, holder of horses at theater doors—meant to the boy Lincoln, a barefooted rustic in Spencer County, Indiana, one of a large family living in a one-room log cabin, reading by the light of pine knots in a crude open fireplace—to that boy who had never seen the inside of a theater, to whom stage and scenery and costuming were unknown.

Imagination thrives on what one does without. The chores done and the book opened, in an instant the bare cabin vanished and he was in the streets of Rome. Before the boy stood, in the rostrum, the noble Brutus, making fair admission, and bold, to the populace that he had killed his friend to preserve the state—"not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more." And years later, a circuit-riding lawyer from Sangamon County, Illinois, come up to the presidential chair from a youth spent in slaughtering hogs and splitting rails, rallies the forces of the Union to a war against secession, not that he loved his brother of the South less than his brother of the North, but that he loved America more.

In a court room in old Venice he heard from the lips of a learned judge that the quality of mercy is not strained, that it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; that it is twice blest; that it blesses him that gives, and him that takes; that it is mightiest in the mightiest; that it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown; that his scepter shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings, but that mercy is above this sceptered sway, is enthroned in the hearts of kings, is an attribute to God himself; that earthly power doth then seem likest God's when mercy seasons justice.

Did ever ruler more wisely temper justice with mercy than this man, who, as president, was the despair of military authorities in matters of drastic discipline, this friend of the boys who slept at their posts, this sympathizer with the mothers of America!

He read Burns as the poet of the plain people, the singer of humble joys, and knew him for one of his own kind. He understood him; their hearts beat together.

There is no record of the authorship of that other book which enthralled the youthful Lincoln, mentioned by biographers simply as "a History of the United States." A grateful people can honor its author's memory though it knows not his name. To many a reader it may have meant just so many hours of drudgery, of skimming a statement of dry and unrelated facts, as so often in this day of lavish opportunity in the schools the textbook history means; but to young Abraham Lincoln, bookworm, whose attendance at school in all his life fell short of a full year, it was a rich treasure house that opened to him his country's story.

From its thumb-soiled pages he gathered some idea of the wonder and the mission of America. Lying on the floor, face to the open fire, the boy sailed with Drake and marched with Cortez, fought with Miles Standish, toiled manfully with the Boston tea sinkers, stood by the side of Richard Henry Lee in that hall in Philadelphia when he rose to herald a new nation and looked on in awe and admiration and a strange pride when a beaten enemy gave up its sword at Yorktown and slunk off for home.

He saw Columbus, a poor sailor, son of an obscure Genoese wool comber, set out for unknown seas on the grandest adventure man has undertaken in historic times. He saw his tiny ships tossed by storms. He saw fear, distrust and mutiny rise, threatening the mission, even the life, of the commander. He saw that brave mariner, with a faith and a courage that have been spur in all centuries since to men of high purpose facing tremendous odds, sternly holding his course and to all protest giving the one command—to sail on, and on, and on.

So swiftly does the spirit of freedom grow—12 years after the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, holds the first representative assembly in the New World. The colonies become the refuge of the oppressed of Europe. The struggle for religious tolerance slowly wins to victory. As early as 1754 a Franklin proposes a permanent union of the colonies. An Otis cries out that taxation without representation is tyranny, and a Patrick Henry warns a headstrong king of the fate of tyrants. Paul Revere's galloping steed carries the future of republics. To a skeptic world goes the declaration that the United Colonies are free and independent states, and deathless names pledge, in its support, their lives and fortunes and sacred honor. A Washington makes that declaration good by blood and sacrifice, and "We, the people of the United States. . . do ordain and establish" startles the Old World monarchies with prophetic challenge.

Through "a History of the United States" ran the story of territorial growth. Virginia ceded her claims to the Northwest Territory to the Federal Government, adding a new empire to the public domain dedicated forevermore to the exclusion of slavery. With the purchase of Louisiana, a vast arena is thrown open for the battle for slave and free soil. The young Lincoln read, and thought.

On a hilltop in Larue, formerly Hardin County, Kentucky, stands a granite edifice, stately with pillars. It incloses a little one-roomed cabin. The cabin has a door and one window, half size. It is the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, restored by a people that loves him, rebuilt from the original logs and placed on the orignial site. Thousands visit it yearly, and no man, no woman, can see that cabin and go away without being a better citizen of the Republic.

What's So and What Isn't About Evolution

Darwinist Theory Fades as Scientific Knowledge Increases

By GEORGE M'CREADY PRICE
Professor of Geology, Pacific Union College, California

IF WE cross a tall and a dwarf pea (*Pisum sativum*) both pure bred, we always get all talls in the first hybrid generation. There are no dwarfs, and no intermediates. In the language of the new science of genetics, the tall character or factor is *dominant,* and the dwarf is *recessive.* However, when these new hybrid talls produce seeds which grow, we always get 25 per cent which are talls and prove to be pure bred, breeding true ever afterward; 25 per cent which are dwarfs and breed true; and 50 per cent which will be talls, but hybrids, breaking up in the next generation just as already stated for the first hybrid generation. And like Tennyson's "Brook," this process will go on forever, and can be tested out by any person in any part of the world.

Similarly, when we cross a black and a white (albino) guinea pig, we always get all blacks in the first hybrid generation; and it makes no difference whether it was the father or the mother that was black. But in the next generation we get 25 per cent pure bred blacks; 25 per cent pure bred whites, just as pure bred in respect to their future progeny as if they had come from a hundred generations of unmixed ancestry; and 50 per cent which will be black in color, but which will prove to be hybrids, breaking up in the next generation in the same mathematical proportions as before.

What Mendelism Reveals

ON THE other hand, if we cross a black and a white Andalusian fowl, we seem to get a different kind of result. For in the first hybrid generation the chicks are a queer mixture of color, called "blue" by poultry fanciers. Here it seems that neither factor has been dominant, but that each has been of about the same potency. But in the next generation we get the same old percentage, 25 per cent pure bred black, 25 per cent pure bred white, and 50 per cent hybrid blue. And thus it goes on ever afterward. In reality this case is not different from the ones mentioned above; the apparent difference has come about because neither the blackness nor the whiteness was dominant, each proved to be equal to the other.

Thousands of colors, shapes, sizes, and what nots in plants and animals have now been worked out according to these laws; with the result that we are now beginning to know something quite definite about combinations of factors or characters in plants and animals, just as we have already learned about a great many combinations which we can make in chemistry. Of course, our knowledge of the possible combinations in plants and animals does not at all approach the completeness which our knowledge has reached in chemistry. Probably it never will be as complete; for it is a much more complicated process, and the difficulties in the way of such biological experiments are a million times greater than in chemistry. But the two classes of combinations seem to resemble each other very closely, and the one class of phenomena is evidently as much a matter of law as is the other.

These results among plants and animals are known as Mendelism; and they were first given to the world about 20 years ago. Since then they have completely changed the attitude and the views of the scientific world regarding heredity, and especially regarding the Darwinian tradition about plants and animals always showing an unlimited tendency to vary in all directions and to an unlimited degree. Mendelism is now showing us exactly *how they vary;* but it also shows us the precise limits of their variations, and the limits of the possibilities in the way of hereditary transmission. And as Edwin Grant Conklin remarks: "At present it is practically certain that there is no other kind of inheritance than Mendelian."

Wholly New Kinds Come

THE Darwinists used to emphasize the fact that no two individuals are exactly alike, that not even two leaves on the same tree are alike. All this is true; but we now know that these differences between individuals of the same species are of two kinds, quite distinct from each other:

1. Individual variations, or *fluctuations,* as the scientists term them, which seem to be caused by environment. But these are *never* hereditary, or never passed along to the next generation.

2. *Modifications,* which are born with the individual, and which are faithfully passed along in heredity either as a dominant or as a recessive character.

The changes which are brought about in the individual during its lifetime, as the effects of its surroundings, such as heat or cold, good food or bad, by exercise or the lack of it, in short, as the effects of use or disuse or the effects of "environment," to use the scientific term—all such changes are mere fluctuations; and are not hereditary, that is, are not passed along to the next generation. To use the scientific phraseology, all such variations are "acquired characters," and *acquired characters are never transmitted in heredity.* It is the same principle as the well-known impossibility of perpetual motion. A wheel by its turning does not work up more and more speed, or more and more energy of rotation, merely by its turning. It takes some external force even to keep it going.

On the other hand, all distinct characters or factors, whether of form, or color or whatever, are *modifications;* and they are faithfully carried along in heredity, according to Mendel's laws.

These results have had to work their way against a tremendous amount of opposition; for they strike directly and heavily against many old ideas which the world had been accepting for over half a century. But most scientists are now willing to acknowledge that there is no other method of inheritance, except the Mendelian.

But the reader must not get the impression that there is no room for anything really new under such a system as this. It is true, that when we are dealing with only *one pair* of contrasted characters at a time, as in all the examples mentioned above, there is not much room for strictly new types, except as in the case of a blending of the two contrasted characters, like the blue Andalusian fowls. But when we combine *two pairs* of contrasted characters, there is room for two new types to appear; and when *more than* two pairs of contrasted factors are blended, there is room for many more new types, the number of new types being capable in each instance of arithmetical prediction.

For example, if we cross a round yellow pea with a wrinkled green pea, in the first hybrid generation we get all round yellows; because round form and yellow color are both dominant characters. But in the next generation, out of every 16, we get nine round yellows, like the one grandparent, which come true to seed; one wrinkled green, like the other grandparent, which comes true to seed; but three *yellow wrinkled;* and three *round green*—these latter ones being wholly new kinds, so far as their direct ancestors are concerned. And yet these also will come true to seed, and thus are not hybrids, but pure bred.

These three yellow wrinkled and three round green peas have been made directly by our method of combination, expressly manufactured, if you please. And if we were to go on to combine *three* pairs of contrasted characters, or more, the results, while still more complicated, can nevertheless be worked out and explained and even predicted with precision, though several quite new types may have been originated in this way. The many wonderful new types produced by Luther Burbank have been chiefly originated by direct and purposed crossings.

In the year 1910, a red sunflower was discovered growing by the side of the road near Boulder, Colorado. Now the sunflower must have pollen from some other individual plant in order for its seeds to be fertilized, or in other words, it must be cross pollinated to develop perfect seeds. But there were no other red sunflowers with which to cross this stranger. So it was crossed with an ordinary yellow. Fortunately, the red color proved to be dominant; and several pure bred reds were obtained.

The Case of the Sunflower

SOME time before this, the English growers had developed a so-called "primrose" sunflower—a very light or straw-colored yellow, like the evening primrose. What would happen if this primrose sunflower were crossed with one of these pure bred reds? The crossing was done; but, sad to say, nothing but reds developed. This was a disappointment; and if the experimenters had not known anything about Mendelism, or if all this had happened under the old régime of 50 years ago, probably the experiment would not have been carried any further.

But the experiment was continued, these disappointing reds were allowed to cross, and their seeds were planted. And in the next generation two wholly new types appeared or were separated out, as the Mendelians say. A certain percentage of the total plants was red, like one parent; another percentage was primrose-colored, like the other parent. But a certain percentage was of a *wine red* or *old rose* color; while a certain percentage of others was of a dark *orange* color. Of course, both these old rose and orange sunflowers were wholly new types. It is probably safe to say that such colors in sunflowers had never been seen on earth before; for such combinations as produced them could hardly be imagined to occur naturally. But certainly, if either of these types had been found growing wild and we had not known its method of origin, and especially if this new and strange color had been accompanied (as it might easily have been) by new forms of leaf or of other habits of growth, we should most certainly have called it a *new species;* and there is not much doubt that hundreds and thousands of just such Mendelian segregates have been listed and described as true species, among plants, and birds, and insects.

Many other new kinds of plants and animals have thus been manufactured in the seed patch or in the breeding pen, kinds which if found wild in nature would forthwith have been listed as "new species." As Professor William Bateson said in his address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Toronto, December 28, 1921: "Plenty of Mendelian combinations would in nature pass the scrutiny of even an exacting systematist, and be given 'specific rank.'"

Have we then solved the old problem of the origin of species? Does this let us into the secret of how new types of life have originated in nature? And do we now only need to project these modern laws and processes back far enough into the past to account for not only species, but genera, and orders, and classes? In short, does this new view of nature help us to see how one distinct type of life may have originated from some wholly different type of life?

When the laws of Mendelian combinations were first made familiar to the world at the beginning of the present century, many loudly proclaimed that the riddle had at last been solved. But further experiments and further study of the real results thus obtained have dashed the hopes of those who were looking to these new facts of genetics for light on the general problem of organic Evolution.

As a recent biological writer has stated the matter:

"I well remember the enthusiasm with which the Mendelian theory was received, when it was introduced to the scientific world in the early years of this century. We thought that at last the key to Evolution had been discovered. As a leading Mendelian put it while the rest of us had been held up by an apparently impenetrable hedge, namely, the difficulty of explaining the origin of variation, Mendel had, unnoticed, cut a way through. But, as our knowledge of the facts grew, the difficulty of using Mendelian phenomena to explain Evolution, became apparent, and this early hope sickened and died. The way which Mendel cut was seen to lead into a *cul-de-sac.*"

Some years before he died, Alfred Russel Wallace stated in more detail the reasons why Mendelism does not help the general theory of organic Evolution:

"On the general relation of Mendelism to Evolution, I have come to a very definite conclusion. This is, that it has no relation whatever to the Evolution of species or higher groups, but is really antagonistic to such Evolution! The essential basis of Evolution, involving as it does the most minute and all-pervading adaptation to the whole environment, is extreme and ever-present plasticity, as a condition of survival and adaptation. But the essence of Mendelian characters is their rigidity. They are transmitted without variation, and, therefore, except by the rarest of accidents, can never become adapted to ever-varying conditions."

Darwin Made Light of It

BUT there is a further difficulty. Natural species are almost invariably cross-sterile with one another, even when we take the utmost pains to try to cross them; whereas the new kinds which we have developed under Mendelian methods, or which we have produced under domestication among plants and animals, are almost as invariably cross-fertile with one another. Darwin rather made light of this barrier of cross-sterility which nature has erected between natural species; but modern scientists see in this barrier something which we cannot produce in any way, and which we have never seen arise either naturally or artificially; and in this barrier we have something which it seems effectually differentiates natural species from those Mendelian segregates which we can easily produce artificially.

Accordingly, while it is entirely believable that such wild "species" as the two kinds of elephants now alive in our modern world, the Indian and the African, have somehow come from one stock, and that both of them may be truly the genetic relatives of the mammoths and the other elephants found as fossils in the rocks of both America and Europe, it is quite inconceivable that the elephant and the rhinoceros, or the elephant and the camel, can be related to one another by any line of common ancestry, no matter how far back we carry the line. It may be possible, or even quite probable, that all of the many species of the Cat family (*Felidae*) have had a common origin; or that all of the wild and domesticated pigs (*Suidae*) may be related to one another by descent. It is conceivable that the apple, the pear, and the quince may be genetically related; or that the plum and the peach may have had a common origin with the almond. Yet it must be confessed that we *cannot prove* this common origin of even these apparently related forms. As for the idea that even more unrelated forms may have had a common origin, these modern investigations seem to render such a thing even more improbable than it used to appear before the days of Darwin or Lyell or Lamarck.

No Law to Point to

DR. BATESON very tersely expressed it:

"That particular and essential bit of the theory of Evolution which is concerned with the origin and nature of species, remains utterly mysterious. We no longer feel, as we used to do, that the process of variation, now contemporaneously occurring, is the beginning of a work which needs merely the element of time for its completion; for even time cannot complete that which is not yet begun."

The modern studies of the *chromosomes,* which are the parts of the cell nucleus supposed to be the carriers of the factors of heredity, are also emphasizing all these points which we have just been speaking of in connection with Mendelism. And accordingly, while our enlarging knowledge may make it seem probable that multitudes of forms which we call distinct species may have had a common origin, it must constantly be emphasized that we have not proved such a thing scientifically, nor can we point to any known process or law of nature by which this differentiation into species may have been brought about.

But what about the general doctrine of Evolution, in the larger sense? Is there more or less probability now than 50 years ago, that the mammals may have sprung from the reptiles, or the birds from the reptiles or amphibians, or the latter from some of the lower orders of life? What about that ever-present problem of the origin of Man from something like an arboreal or a walking ape? Is this more probable now than it appeared 50 years ago? Or is it less probable?

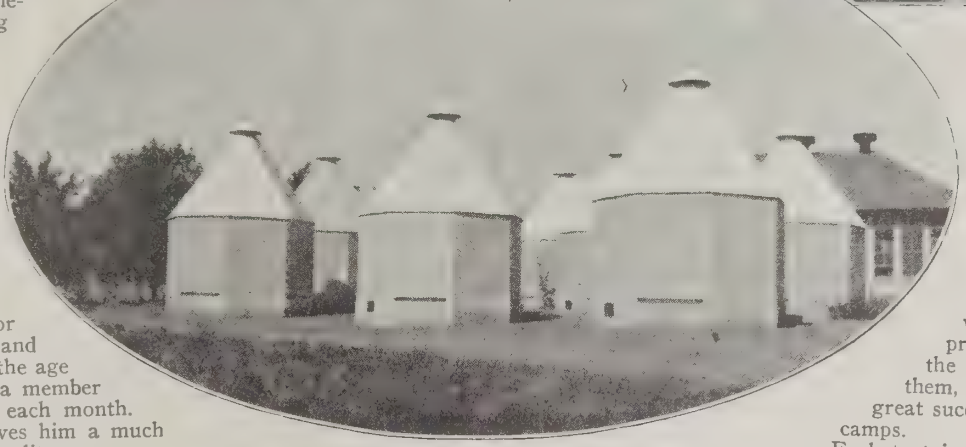
It seems to me that this general idea of Evolution,

(Concluded on page 14)

Where Union Typos Regain Their Health

Old Days of Hand Composition Brought About Conditions of Health That Members of Craft Banded to Abolish

The main building, Union Printers' Home.



These canvas houses are restoring tubercular printers to health.

By MARK G. TROXELL

IN THE days when hand composition was the rule in printshops, printers were especially liable to contract tuberculosis. This fact caused leading printers, about the middle of the last century, to discuss ways and means for combating the disease among their fellows. The result of their early agitation may be found today in a $3,000,000 institution at Colorado Springs, where virtually one-half of the tubercular patients are being cured of the disease.

The Union Printers' Home is today the only institution of its kind in the world. Supported by the able-bodied members of a trade, always noted for the high average intelligence of its workmen, it furnishes an asylum for the disabled. No charity exists here; every man who enters as a patient or a retired worker knows that he, as well as every other member of the home, has for some years previous contributed to its support. Nor is the veteran compositor dependent alone on institutional board and clothing. The printer who has reached the age of 60, and who has for 20 years been a member of the union, draws a pension of $35 each month. This sum is used as he sees fit. It gives him a much desired freedom in regard to small expenditures.

The spirit of a famous American patriot permeates the Printers' Home. A statue of this remarkable man stands in the reception room of the main building, and before this sculpturing an old "make-up man" paused reverently.

"Ben Franklin was the first man to make American printers famous and respected," declared the old comrade. "He invented machinery and gave advice for all people, but we never forget that he was first and last a great printer."

This home in the golden West has incorporated into its life many of the virtues emphasized by that industrious old sage who feared neither poverty nor riches.

"Make no expense but to do good to others; waste nothing," urged Franklin. At the Printers' Home his advice has been literally taken. The farm lands adjoining the buildings have been made to produce bumper crops of alfalfa, corn and beans. Seventy Holstein cows furnish the nourishing milk and butter needed by men seeking to recover lost health. Both greenhouses and gardens are intensively cultivated. The kitchens show the careful cleanliness and economy of an establishment that wastes nothing.

The great library offers almost every kind of volume that a widely read man could desire; yet its humble growth, as described by the old make-up man, is strangely reminiscent of that library in colonial Philadelphia which Ben Franklin persuaded his friends and associates to start by the simple process of pooling their books.

"At the time I established myself in Pennsylvania, there was not a good bookseller's shop south of Boston," Franklin once wrote. "Those who loved reading were obliged to send for their books from England. I proposed that we should all bring our books to our hired room, where they should become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wished to read at home."

Finding this arrangement to be a great advantage, Franklin conceived the idea of having each user of the library contribute a certain amount (40 shillings, or $10) with which to buy books to be owned in common. From his subscription library plan—to which he was able to convert only 50 Philadelphians of his day—gradually evolved the public library system of our own times.

Few persons today know of Franklin's struggles to establish a semi-public library, but apparently the old printers who founded and developed the library in the home at Colorado Springs were familiar with the Franklin plan. Certain philanthropic typesetters donated their little collections of books; early boarders at the home "chipped in," recognizing the economy of buying books in common rather than for individual use. As the number of printers at the home increased, votes were taken to decide what newspapers would be popular with the largest number of readers. Today the news racks give an insight into the tastes of these old typos; and it is significant that a Washington paper, famous for its political news, and a New York sheet, noted for its "racing forms," are prominently displayed among others which more truly represent the states where the printers originated.

The most remarkable scientific fact about the home is its successful treatment of tubercular cases.

The main building is divided by an invisible but powerful line. In the southern half, with its sunny exposure, are found the tubercular patients. In recent years these have increased—as the fame of the home grew greater—and additional buildings for their care have been erected. The open air pavilion, with its long, odd-looking wings, accommodates 30 patients, and the three-story hospital cares for many more.

The mainstays in fighting the white plague, however, are the conical white tents which dot the grounds east of the pavilion. As early as 1904, tents similar to these were given a thorough test. They proved so successful that not only has the printers' sanatorium made wide use of them, but the idea has been adopted with great success by many other Colorado tubercular camps.

Each tent is built to give a maximum both of protection and of fresh air. Although each tent appears from a distance to be conical, it is in reality hexagonal. It is built on a strong framework and covered with 15-ounce canvas, securely anchored. This makes it impervious to rain and wind. Ventilators in the floor and the peak assure good circulation of fresh air. Steam heat and electricity make the tent comfortable during all kinds of weather; and a system of electric bells and red lights (in front of the door) enables a patient to bring a nurse immediately, should any emergency arise.

The outdoor life in these tents and the nourishing milk diet furnished by the home help to explain the remarkable percentage of cures effected by the hospital. Fifty per cent of the men who have entered as tubercular patients have regained their health and been able to re-enter some gainful occupation. It is worth pointing out that, years before the fresh air cure was generally practiced in the East, this home was taking advantage of the Colorado climate as an aid to health. Also, it might be mentioned that a diet containing all three vitamines (a fourth now seems probable) was furnished at the Printers' Home for a decade before Dr. McCollum announced his discovery of vitamines.

The location of the home is beautiful and healthful. Facing the eternal snows of Pike's Peak, it occupies a plateau to the east of Colorado Springs. Looking across the northwest corner of the evergreen-dotted lawn, the old printers can discern the rosy sandstone piles that mark the Garden of the Gods. The clear slash of the cog road which climbs Mount Manitou may be seen from the stone arch that guards the entrance to the grounds.

The rewards that an arid country grants him who will furnish water have been richly reaped at the Printers' Home. Seldom in this country can one find a wider variety and more brilliant array of flowers. Each garden is tended with pride and care; each flower bed is the recipient of many appreciative gazes from old men who have time to take pleasure in Nature's beauties.

The home of today, valued at nearly $3,000,000, grew from an 80-acre tract, given by the city of Colorado Springs, and about $26,000 received by gift and assessment from printers prominent in the union's affairs in 1889. Forty years before that time, the idea of such a home had been strongly urged, and subsequent conventions had attempted to establish it, but had failed. George W. Childs was the most prominent of the early workers for the home, and his unselfish, untiring efforts caused the opening celebrations to be set for his birthday. The great day was May 12, 1892. A poem for the occasion was written by Eugene H. Munday, the poet printer, and Senator J. H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, himself an old printer, came from Washington to make the principal address.

The growth of the home since that memorable day has been solely due to the willing contributions of American typographers, combined with the industry and loving care shown by the men who enjoy its pleasant walks and lawns. Each year has brought an increasing pride, on the part of printers, in its creditable record. There is no likelihood that it will ever lack funds. If more buildings and money are needed, the men who work at case and machine will see that they are supplied.

The Gateway.

Almost every variety of western evergreen is found in the corner of the grounds.

When Indians Tell Spooky Fairy Tales

Old Folk Who Nest in the Caves and Crannies of Southern Mountains Live Continually in the Fear of the Likelihood of Facing a Ghost

By HARRY E. BARNET

LIKELIHOOD of facing a spook any minute is the biggest fear of very old folks who nest in coves and crannies of the southern mountains. For they are mixed descendants of many sorts of pioneers. Each group brought with them folklore that was different, and tinged with the antics of phantoms. Furthermore, the pioneers ran into a lot of mountain Indian beliefs of the same stripe. When in the course of time, these sets of folklore became entangled the result was a combination of hair-raising superstitions about spooks that govern everyday life. As an instance:

"None 'v them 'ar ol' folks, which they live back yonder in them 'ar coves, they hain't a-goin' near t' no spring for water when hits dark, they hain't, if they're a-burnin' up fer a drink," is the statement of Jim Allread, mountain lawyer, and authority on superstitions in that country—he knows them all, and he believes in the majority of them.

"No, sir, they hain't," Jim concludes, "fer them 'ar real ol' spooks, they stay 'round springs, they do, an' them 'ar ol' spring spooks, if they ketch ye, they'll do mean devilmint t' ye."

This is one of the few statements Jim fails to follow up with an explanation. He says it's common knowledge, and there is the end of it. But the fact of the matter is, Indian contribution to this southern mountain patchwork of superstition provides the extreme horror, though nowadays the actual stories that created it have almost disappeared. It is doubtful whether a dozen people living in the mountains ever heard these tales as they originally were told. Only the vivid, and somewhat distorted impression they left has been handed down to generations that are alive.

Darkness Brings Fear

FEAR in the vicinity of springs after nightfall is in part the outcome of the very ancient Indian belief that just below the surface of the earth is an underworld. With the exception of reversed seasons, it is like our own. Mountain streams are the highways to this underworld, and entrance to it is through springs. People, plants and animals there appear to be the same as in our world, but they are ghosts, who either are very good or very bad.

As the original story went, the most malignant specters were the water cannibals. They lived beneath the bottoms of deep rivers. At daybreak they came out through the springs, and, unseen, went from cabin to cabin, until they found someone asleep. Then they shot the sleeper with an invisible arrow, and carried the dead body under the water to feast on it. That no one might know what happened, they left in the place of the body an image of the victim, who woke up, and talked, and went around, just as the victim did in life. But there was no vitality in the image. It withered and died in seven days, and was buried by the family, who thought they were burying a relative.

This went on for a long time before the Indians knew what it was that caused so many deaths. Then an Indian took sick near what is now Kingston, Tennessee. He grew worse, and the medicine men said he was bound to die. His friends went away from the cabin, and left him alone—they were afraid of the witches who came to torment dying people.

This Indian was alone for several days, not able to get out of bed. One morning an old woman came to the door. She had the look of any other woman of the settlement, but the Indian did not know her.

"You are very sick, and your friends seem to have left you," she said, as she neared the bed. "Come with me, and I'll make you well."

The Indian was so near death that he was unable to move, but the words of the woman stimulated him, and he asked her where she wanted him to go.

"We live close," she said. "Come with me, and I'll show you the place."

Leading the way, the woman went to the river. The Indian followed. When she came to the edge of the water she stepped in, and still the Indian followed. Beneath the water was a road, which the couple followed, and presently they came to a settlement. There were dozens of cabins in it. Women were going about their work, and groups of children were at play. A party of hunters passed the Indian and his guide, but instead of having bear and deer quarters hanging over their shoulders they carried the bodies of dead men and children. Several of the bodies the Indian recognized as those of his own friends.

"This is where I live," the woman said at the entrance to a cabin.

She led the sick Indian indoors, and arranged a bed for him. By this time he was very hungry.

"I'll get you something to eat," she said, reading his thoughts.

From one of the bodies brought in by the hunters, the woman sliced a roast. The Indian was frightened.

"I see you can't eat our food," she said, again reading his thoughts.

She left the room, and when she came back her hands were filled with bread and beans, such as the Indian had at home. This procedure continued each day, until the sick man was well and strong.

"But you must be sure not to speak to any one for seven days," the woman said to him after she told him he might go home. "And if any of your friends try to talk to you, make signs as if your throat is sore, and keep quiet."

Return was over the same trail, and at the water's edge the woman turned back. The Indian continued to his home. When his friends saw him they were surprised, for they thought he wandered off, and died in the woods. They asked him where he had been, but he pointed to his throat, and was silent. His people thought he still was sick, and let him alone. At the end of seven days he told his story. After that time, Indians made it a point to be awake and stirring before daybreak.

"The water cannibals are coming," squaws said when they shook sleeping children, and the youngsters jumped out of bed in a hurry.

Another tale concerned a hunter, who was in the woods one day in the dead of winter. Suddenly a panther approached, but when he was about to shoot it the animal spoke to him.

"Where are you going?" asked the panther.

"I'm looking for a deer," the hunter replied.

"Well, we're getting ready for our Green Corn Dance, and there are seven of us out for a fat buck, so we may as well hunt together," said the panther.

The hunter agreed, and they went on. One deer after another jumped up ahead of them, but the panther made no sign of pursuit, and the hunter did not shoot.

"They're too small," the panther said. "We want something better."

Spirit People of Mountains

WHEN a large deer sprang up before him, the panther jumped at it, tore its throat, and finally killed it after a hard struggle. The hunter got out his knife to skin the deer, but the panther said the hide was too badly torn to be useful, and that they must find another deer. A larger deer sprang up, and the panther killed it without any trouble. Wrapping his tail about the carcass, he threw it across his back.

"Now, come with me to the Green Corn Dance," he said, and the hunter followed.

Carrying the deer carcass on his back, the panther led the way up a little stream until they came to the head spring from which it flowed. The spring opened like a door, and they entered. The hunter found himself on a grassy place, with green trees on all sides of it. The air was warm, as in summer. Hundreds of panthers were there, getting ready for the dance. Later, the other panthers who were deer hunting returned, each with a fat buck, and the dance began.

The hunter danced several rounds, then he said it was getting late, and he must be going home. A panther opened the door, and the hunter found himself alone in the woods. It was winter, and very cold. Snow covered the ground, and clung to the trees. When he reached the Indian settlement he met a party starting out to search for him. They asked him where he had been, and he told the story. Then he was told he had been gone for several days. But the hunter died within seven days, for anyone who went into the underworld, and told about it within seven days after his return was sure to die without delay.

Immortals were spirit people who lived anywhere in the southern mountains, according to Indian belief. They were reputed to have had a good many communities, particularly under Pilot Knob, beneath old Nikwasi mound in North Carolina, and beneath Blood Mountain at the head of Nottely River, in Georgia.

Excepting when they wanted to be seen, these spirits were invisible. They liked to dance, and the dance songs and drum beats of the Immortals were familiar sounds in the mountains But when any one tried to locate the sound, and to go toward it, the sound shifted, so that no one ever found the place below the earth where a dance was going on. Occasionally the Immortals made themselves visible, and attended Indian dances. Four women did this throughout a whole winter in Georgia, and during that time they were taken to be visitors from a neighboring Indian settlement. One night the women left the dance to go home just as some Indians came out to cool off. The latter watched the women to see which way they went. They saw them go down the trail to the river. When they reached the water's edge they disappeared, and never again were seen.

Immortals were friendly. They took lost Indians to their underground communities and cared for them, and then guided them back to their homes. And, they were fighters. During the war between the states, it is claimed that when a strong party of Federals came to the vicinity of Nikwasi to surprise a small detachment of Confederates posted there, Immortal warriors, invisible to the Confederates, but plain enough to the Federals, came out in such numbers that the attack was abandoned, because so many soldiers were seen guarding the town.

Long before that time, an aboriginal raiding party came into this country from the southeast. They killed Indians, and destroyed settlements in the lowlands, and were repeating the performance in the highlands. No set of Indians could stand against them. All of the Indian families in the vicinity were gathered in the Nikwasi settlement, and scouts were sent out to look for the enemy, who were sighted at daybreak. The Nikwasi men went out to meet them, but after a long fight, they were overpowered, and began to retreat.

Could Not See the Foe

SUDDENLY a stranger stood in the midst of the fleeing warriors, and told their chief to call off his men; that he would drive back the invaders. No one knew the stranger, but it was thought that he was a chief leading reinforcements from the Tennessee settlements. The Nikwasi Indians withdrew along the trail, and when they came in sight of Nikwasi mound they saw a multitude of warriors coming out of the earth. They knew then that the reinforcements were Immortals, though up to that time no one knew they lived beneath the mound.

Painted and armed for battle, the Immortals poured out of the earth, and became invisible as soon as they were beyond the settlement. The enemy saw arrows flying at them, and tomahawks descending upon the heads of their men, but they could not see who did this. So many were killed that the invaders had to retreat. As they withdrew they tried to shelter themselves behind rocks and trees, but the arrows of the Immortals went around the shelters, and killed the enemy from the other side. When but six of the attacking party remained alive, they sat down and cried for mercy. The Immortal chief told them they deserved the punishment they got for attacking a peaceful tribe, and sent them home to spread the news among their people. The Immortals returned to the mound.

Evidence of the presence of Immortals in the southern mountains was abundant. A short distance north of Blood Mountain, hot vapor that in winter heated the air for some distance around it came from a hole in the ground. This was a favored resort of Indian hunters, who went there to warm themselves. But none of them stayed longer than was necessary. They believed the heat came from a fire in a community of Immortals directly beneath the place, and were afraid. Close to an old trading path from South Carolina to the Cherokee Nation, near the head of Tugaloo, was a famous hole of immense size, and about waist deep to a man. Indians claimed this was a dance place of Immortals. Trash never accumulated in it—the hole always had the appearance of having been recently swept clean. Traders threw rocks and logs into this hole when they passed it. On their return they found the logs and rocks lying far away from the hole. Indians avoided the place, and even refused to talk about it until after some logs thrown in by traders remained in the hole, when the Indians concluded the Immortals tired of persecution by white men, and went elsewhere.

Spook stories give you the creeps when you hear them under the most reassuring circumstances. And, at best, pioneers in the highlands mistrusted Indians. Imagine such Indian folklore as these stories, told and retold at night in wild solitudes by illiterate generations; distorted and mingled with tales about Irish banshees, and other Old World beliefs and you know why Indian folklore is the groundwork for the superstitions that make life uncomfortable for the old folk who nest in the southern mountains.

Why Old World Leads in Making Textiles

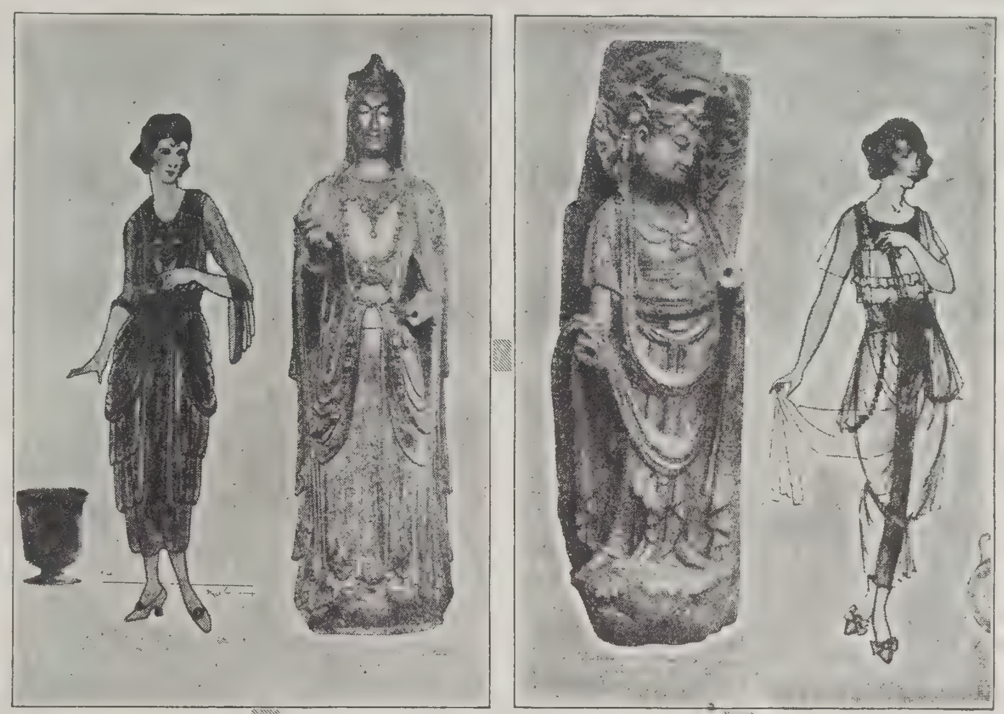
Statues of Old Showing Draperies of Centuries Ago Furnish Inspiration

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

THE secret of why the Old World leads in the designing of textiles, ceramics and furniture of the more expensive art types, to say nothing of women's gowns, is out at last. It has been traced by experts in such things at the museum of the University of Pennsylvania back to ancient Greece, to Rome, to Egypt, to China of seventh century artistic and cultural leadership. And so thoroughly has the museum succeeded in inculcating into manufacturers of those things in the United States the idea that all superb art is only a slow growth, the result of centuries of painstaking toil toward an ideal, that these producers have torn a page from the book of the Europeans.

That is one reason why, in the opinion of artists and experts, in many lines of textile manufacture the modern product equals the finest produced in any age, and in some instances exceeds in beauty and utility all previous productions. The same might be said of certain other American products that have reached a stage of artistic perfection equal to or better than the most marvelous work of ancient craftsmen whose methods were lost arts until recent years.

It is now many years since the news was flashed to America that Paul Poiret, the famous French designer of women's clothing who visited this country recently, had invented what was familiarly called the "debutante slouch" gown. But most Americans—even those in the business of designing and making dresses—did not know that the inspiration for the clinging lines of the slouch gown came from a statue in the Louvre, somewhat similar to that of the ancient Chinese sculpture in the university museum, familiarly called the "Chinese Venus de Milo." At just about that time, however, the museum began a campaign to interest designers employed by manufacturers in its exhibits, coming from all corners of the world and representing every civilization in or before recorded history.



How the work of the ancients proves inspiration for designing of modern gowns.

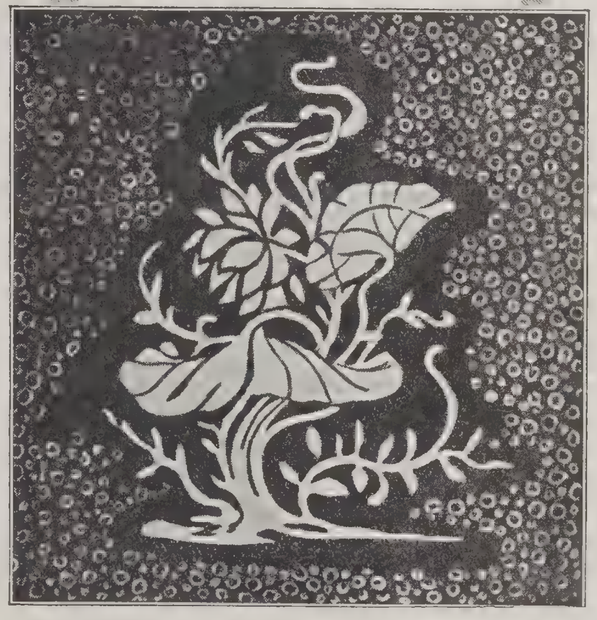
By way of illustrating how the idea has taken hold, and some of its possibilities, the museum has now made public photographs of several designs copied from ancient relics. They show how the makers of lace have learned new tricks of beauty from the lace makers of forgotten Peru; how manufacturers of print cloth have borrowed from the exquisite porcelains of old China; how the silk mill owners have caught new inspiration for drapery silk designs from priceless antique Persian velvets. And then, just to show that this source of inspiration is not limited to any one industry, the institution has obtained photographs of dainty evening gowns and house dresses, the lines inspired by the flowing garments on Chinese sacred statues, the color schemes borrowed from examples of the delicately tinted glass for which ancient Rome was famous.

"The student is perhaps the most vital factor in giving out the message content of the museum," says the announcement accompanying the illustrations. "He is the future artist, architect or designer, as the case may be. As such, he becomes, through the medium of his own creation, a most potent disseminator of the wealth of information the museum holds. His work in due time passes into the hands of the manufacturer, who in his turn reproduces the design in the form of his particular product and this rug, textile or ceramic, whatever it may be, eventually reaches the buying public.

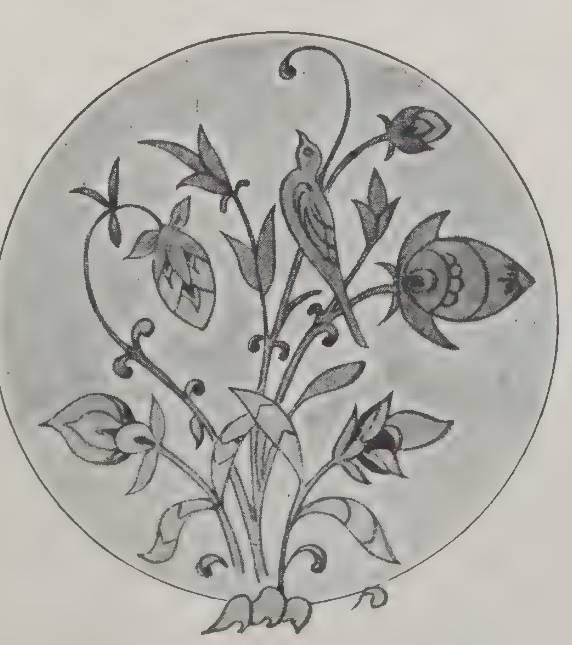
"In the last analysis the manufacturer becomes the arbiter and it is distinctly his mission to choose wisely and with constructive judgment as to the designs he is to give out to the world, embodied in his product. Let it be said that this is precisely what our great manufacturers are doing, with the result that in many lines of textile manufacture the modern product equals the finest produced in any age, and in some instances is said to exceed all previous effort. This is but a reflex of the wisdom on the part of the manufacturers to send their skilled designers and technicians to the museums to study the finest work of all ages in their particular line. This designer is our student in advanced guise, who is already familiar with the treasures the museum offers for his study and who has found out that his own imagination and technical knowledge take fire more rapidly when kindled by museum opportunities.

"European designers, knowing perhaps more certainly than we that all art is related with that which has preceded it, have never hesitated to make full use of their great museum collections. Each age and time has laid its particular stone upon the foundation we know as beauty, and each stone has had its value in the structure; absurd it is to try to sweep aside this slow builded creation, and yet there have been many recent attempts to do so. These are responsible for the 'bad art' which from time to time has descended upon us. Such departures will not be made when such a cultural campaign as is now being waged by museum, designer and manufacturer, reaches the full climax of its capacity."

In that connection it is interesting to note that American museum experts revealed a few years ago what is said to have been the inspiration of futurist, cubist and similar exaggerated forms of art in painting and sculpture. Exhibitions of early African wood carving were shown, many of which bear a marked resemblance to the futurist representations of human figures. The use of ancient masterpieces as models has been a familiar thing in architecture and in painting, but it is only in recent years that the idea has been grasped by manufacturers. Every city has its touch of early Greece and Rome in its public buildings. Now the time is coming when the beauty that was Babylon's will be seen on every street.



Motif of design for printed foulard, derived from a Ming enamel in the museum.



Motif for a design for drapery silk derived from a Persian velvet in the museum.

A particular instance of the value of that form of inspiration cited by the museum is of a group of young girls, all students of the Philadelphia School of Design for Women in the class of costume design and illustration, who have been at work at the museum. The students went there with a definite problem; their instructor had told them to design a gown, the inspiration for color and line for the garment to be obtained from something in the collections, no matter of what land or time. Though that was the first experience of the class, experts found the results gratifying and the inspiration in several cases drawn from sources supposedly requiring sophisticated attention.

"It is highly gratifying to a teacher," said one of them, "when a first-year student produces as creditable a design as that of the young woman who found in the Chinese stone statue of a Bodhisattva, lines that were admirably suited to the design of a tea gown, and who adapted the same for her design, using as a color scheme the color notes found in a particularly lovely bit of Roman glass."

At later visits of the same class Greek vases furnished ideas both in line and color for smocks and tunics, and Chinese porcelains and enamels gave rich suggestions for color scheme and ornament for many a gown. A great source of delight and a veritable mine of suggestions, according to the museum authorities, was found in the group of Peruvian textiles in which the museum is particularly rich. "The Coptic textiles," it is stated, "proved to be a source of pleasure to many who were interested in creating designs that involved the use of embroidery. A fashionable filet crochet sweater was derived from the pattern and weave of one Peruvian textile and the museum became a new thing to many of the girls, because of this simple investigation which showed how the arts and crafts of yesterday might be linked with the dress and occupations of today."

Any observer of present-day fashions will note that the use of museum exhibitions as inspiration for design is not confined to students. Draperies which have been so popular in recent years find their early counterpart in the clinging garments carved on the stone figures of Buddhist saints. Even the patterns of present-day silks and brocades were known more than 2,000 years ago, as evidenced by the indelible records left on gorgeously colored vases. And in that connection note the following from the university museum:

"It would have been perfectly possible to take this class and put them down in front of a group of costumes with instructions to derive their designs therefrom; this is a stereotyped method and entirely valuable at certain stages of the student's development, but working in the more synthetic way, the student contracts the habit of going about the museum with eyes and mind open to all influences instead of having a distinct bias toward an interest in one particular thing. The resulting training is, of course, of wider art value and education than it could possibly be otherwise. It may be interesting to note in passing that some of this same group of girls are today designing for leading tailors and modistes, for leaders of society whose gowns are particularly noteworthy; others are illustrating modern costumes for the daily press and magazines, and all are doing highly creditable work.

"The better known class of designer, the designer of silks, wall paper, rugs, textiles for decorative purposes, such as cretonnes, brocades, chintzes, lace curtains, of such utilitarian products as linoleums and oil cloth, is much more in the public eye because his result is ever with us in its many guises. To him the museum offers a very fertile field, as almost every piece of textile or ceramic offers a suggestion. Suggestions of designs for printed foulards were derived from some of the blue and white Chinese porcelains. The design is not copied precisely as seen upon the porcelain, but adapted so as better to suit its use upon the surface of silk as a piece of feminine apparel. The taste of the designer and his power of selection must always come into play in such adaptations, for he must preserve the distinctive character of the motif and at the same time make it appropriate for the new use.

"The museum is in no way more truly at the service of the public than in this constructive work of guiding and aiding the student, designer or craftsman who comes to it for help. He most certainly finds that which he seeks and, as a consequence, in his work endows us with a translation of the beauty that was once Egypt's, let us say, and gives us in terms strictly modern and his own, our place in the great history of art production. He thereby makes our modern designs a link between the ages."

Yes, Chicago IS Shocked by Appalling Story

Concluded from page 3

ing the new dances with Negro men. Raids on these places have made up the bulk of routine police reports in the newspapers.

Federal court injunctions obtained against some of these resorts under the Volstead Act revealed that the Negro proprietor was frequently backed by an alien—the aliens interested in such places were usually Eastern Jews, South Italians and Sicilians with a sprinkling of other races.

The situation in this quarter of Chicago is such today that there are many hard-headed business men who have declared privately that unless there is a drastic change Chicago may well fear a serious race upheaval. The peril has actually been alluded to in the newspapers and thousands of the respectable Negro residents have struggled to have the resorts cleaned out.

If the present vice probe is carried to its logical conclusion the decent Negro element in the district will deserve the credit.

The situation on the South Side was called to the attention of Chief of Police Charles Fitzmorris more than a year ago. Chicago believed in Fitzmorris. He pledged himself to a clean city and asked the aid of all good citizens.

In response to his call one of the city's wealthiest and most prominent citizens stepped forth. Who? None other than Julius Rosenwald. Mr. Rosenwald has devoted a large part of his wealth to Negro institutions. Indeed, many Negro institutions are officered by Jews.

The Committee of Fifteen was formed as an independent civilian organization to suppress vice. Mr. Rosenwald was its chairman! Many prominent citizens were persuaded to join it. They are now resigning rapidly, four having quit in four days because they couldn't find out why the Committee of Fifteen leaders insisted there was no vice, while private investigators imported from other cities by other organizations found 200 houses and 1,000 inmates in 20 days of investigation and found that a big majority of these places were directed by the syndicate.

And then came the first meeting of the committee to make its plans to curb vice.

There was much talk and no action—and then the money came from a source which might have been considered entirely unexpected then, but which is causing considerable comment now.

Chief Fitzmorris stepped in and volunteered to supply the funds.

"I can furnish money for a committee of this kind from my contingent fund," he said. His offer was accepted and, according to committee members, $8 000 was turned over to pay investigators. So, the civilian committee, formed to act as a check on the police department and to see that it curbed vice, began work with funds furnished by the police department.

"We had better announce this with some kind of an explanation," Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen told the committee.

"No, if we do, we will have trouble getting any funds at all from private citizens if we have to ask for them," Rosenwald is quoted as saying.

"That's right," was Fitzmorris' opinion. "And I might have trouble getting the appropriation I want if the council finance committee hears of it."

It was kept quiet, but it was made public during the present investigation. *And then came the testimony that investigators for the anti-vice Committee of Fifteen were protecting vice themselves and accepting bribes!*

Formation of the Committee of Fifteen, with Rosenwald as chairman and Samuel Thrasher as manager, had apparently meant nothing to the vice lords, for their activities only spread farther and farther and became more and more open.

The Juvenile Protective Association learned of the slavery of 14, 15, 16 and 17 year old girls and immediately started to find out why, and to attempt to answer the muchly jockeyed question, "Who is responsible?" *To make sure they were not double-crossed they sent to New York for a trained investigator.*

Investigator Kinsey, who has been the star witness of the present probe, arrived in Chicago with no previous knowledge of the city. Where Chief of Police Fitzmorris and all his men, State's Attorney Robert Crowe and all his henchmen and Julius Rosenwald and his Committee of Fifteen, with its battery of sleuths, had found only "traces" of "casual vice" Kinsey in 20 days found:

> Two hundred vice houses conducted on business principles, in charge of Negroes, with white girls for sale.
>
> Twenty-five streets on which vice openly flaunted itself.
>
> Eighteen cabarets run by Negroes but crowded with white women.
>
> Twelve saloons where the bar keeper after selling a drink voluntarily recommended some vice resort to the customer.
>
> Thirty-three "hotels" devoted to vice.
>
> Dozens of street corners picketed by "cappers" who sought business for neighboring vice resorts, openly and in the hearing of policemen.

Another outside investigator sent over the same route checked up Kinsey's work and confirmed it in every respect. Later a third investigator from a third city was brought in to check the first two—with the same result.

All this was found in a city where the civilian anti-vice Committee of Fifteen under the chairmanship of Julius Rosenwald and through its mouthpiece, Samuel Thrasher, used a horn to tell the world that the police department under Chief Fitzmorris had the vice situation well in hand and only sporadic and spasmodic violations could be found.

With its thrice confirmed information, the Juvenile Protective Association went before Chief Justice Michael McKinley, of the criminal court, with a petition asking that the grand jury investigate vice, which, it declared, "openly and flagrantly existed under the protection of politicians, wealthy private citizens and the police department."

Judge McKinley, a fearless judge who has had to play a lone hand, immediately granted the petition and charged the jury to investigate.

For two nights virtually every resort in the city closed. Then a notorious resort, protected by one of the highest officials in the city, announced that it was again ready for business. Soon all the places were open again and many are open today—*open because word went out from the office of a state official that the investigation would be choked,* that it would be a farce, that only a few minor persons would be hit and that they would be protected from punishment other than indictment! This word went out officially through an official, *but this official did not correctly reckon the backbone and grit of Judge McKinley nor the caliber of some of Chicago's real leaders.*

Obstacle after obstacle is being placed in Judge McKinley's path. He has received death threats. His private telephone wires have been tapped. He is shadowed everywhere he goes. Anonymous letters as foul and villainous as they are untrue are sent to his family. Through it all he has stood pat. He says nothing, except that the investigation is going to get results in the end no matter what happens to him or whom it hits. In the criminal court building he is playing a lone hand, but, outside, the judge is going to receive help.

"Pitiless Publicity" That Has Become Pitiful

Concluded from page 8

or popular, news or educational articles are subordinated, for commercial reasons, to a mass of fiction. This, of course, opens the question of whether the general magazine, featuring fiction above serious reading matter, is not an anomaly.

Who buys the *Freeman?* Its editorials remind us that fearless and frank opinion has not been silenced. Its policies differ from The Dearborn Independent's in that the latter prefers to use its frankness as facts in its articles. Both magazines are the very antithesis of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and the latter's nearest competitor, so to speak, is *Collier's.*

The *Saturday Evening Post's* circulation of more than 2,000,000 copies is not, however, due to the non-controversial character of its contents, as its editors like to believe, but to its price; raise this five or seven times and the lack of controversial reading matter would be a boomerang. This popular weekly—an institution in the American publishing world—is essentially a fiction magazine. The place of honor is generally pre-empted by the first chapters of a serial, or a short story, or a comical skit, in the order named. The serious article seldom finds first place. This is the convincing proof that its editors regard articles as secondary.

Magazines like the *Atlantic Monthly, Scribner's, Century, Harper's* belong to the "quality group" according to the trade; their cost attests to that. Their survival is a constant renewal of hope in the breast that still cherishes a jealousy for the honor of the press.

The women's magazines are essentially class magazines, whether they be all-fiction or a combination of fiction, features and articles.

The *American Magazine* rolled up a satisfactory circulation by its "success stories." Yet *Success Magazine* a few years ago failed. Today the editorial world knows that "first person tales of achievement" have lost their fascination. In some cases they are maudlin self-advertisement.

Collier's, which a few years ago, when it featured the then popular Gibson drawings and also the Sherlock Holmes stories, has devised a new type of story—a mixture of the serious article and the "success" theme. Its aim is to address every reader in every story as "You." Yet *Collier's* too plays up its fiction—usually of a sportive nature—in the lead.

Mr. Munsey two years ago eliminated all articles from the monthly bearing his name because in his opinion nobody read articles any more. Shortly after the change, *Everybody's*—which made a name for itself for its articles and *not* for its fiction—followed suit. At the time of writing, the *Metropolitan* has gone into receivership, according to a newspaper announcement, and in editorial circles the cause is ascribed "to articles." But the cause is obvious.

The fate of the New York *Independent,* the occasional mention of the *Outlook,* both important weeklies of their time, may have confused pro-fiction editors and publishers, but the appetite for articles of the right kind was never greater than now. Witness the countless periodicals that are started. There is not a place for all of them, because most are palpably commercial ventures, but each manages to establish a following, no matter how inconsequential.

Mr. Munsey is further wrong because fiction has been displaced, in part, by motion pictures, and for a time even threatened by them. There have been a few fiction books during the past few years that became best sellers—but what is a best seller's circulation compared to the weekly circulation of the *Literary Digest,* which carries nary a word of fiction?

To say that American readers are beneath instructive reading matter is a slander. Their answer to the publishers who utter it is that books on travel, biography, economics and even politics are more popular than ever. Our publishing magnates have driven a potential reading public to seek its serious reading at the free libraries because such books are beyond the financial reach of average readers.

By their policy publishers have traduced the reading taste of some of our population. They, of course, fall back upon circulation figures—an ancient gag—but isn't the loss really due to the awful quality of reading matter they have fostered upon nearly helpless subscribers? What else can be the result when a publisher pays $50,000 to an illiterate circulation manager "with pep" and seldom pays as much as $10,000 for an editor?

Our newspaper editors, specifically, have disregarded that public opinion represented by the men and women who make no pretension of being smarter than they are. So far as publishers go, this class of readers is utterly ignored.

These editors declare that the American people don't want to read anything except the sporting page, the women's page, and the advertisements. That is true. Those selfsame editors take more trouble with the preparation of those three items than with all the other material put together.

And these, moreover, are the editors who have "their ear to the ground," when in reality it's on quicksand. A letter from a critical reader—one in a thousand but nevertheless an active minority—convulses them; but a hint from an advertiser has been the preliminary of many a blue editorial envelope. The loss of an editor or reporter means nothing to them; the cancellation of a subscription is nothing; but the loss of an advertisement—that is everything!

It has been alleged by these editors that because "they won't read serious stuff" Americans don't think. This view is now prevalent in Europe; Clemenceau's tour was due to such a belief; so is the other propaganda and lecturing.

The supposition may be true. Americans buy more printed matter than any other people and read it less, for obvious reasons—commended to editors themselves—but this has led to erroneous deductions. To see a foreigner read his pet editorial many times and then hear him argue its import with his friends may be a sign of erudition, but the fact is that in this country, where editorials are unread because of their usual wishywashiness, public opinion is swifter; it reacts immediately; it may not be scholarly but in its ensemble it is practical.

The American reading public soon gets the "hunch" about what is not right, even if not entirely wrong, with or without the aid of periodicals. And because of that hunch, a goodly part of our current periodicals are tolerated; they exist because their purchase is a habit and there is little else to substitute them.

This is the first of two articles; the second, Washington's Deathblow to the Newspaperman, by the same writer, will appear in an early issue.

What's So and What Isn't About Evolution

Concluded from page 7

and the theory of the animal origin of man, has a very distinctly less scientific aspect than seemed to be the case 50 years ago.

It used to be taught that geology gave us a very precise outline of the order in which the various types of life have appeared on the earth. It has long been taught that certain low types of life lived in a certain age, say the Cambrian, and that afterward, when these had all died off, certain other higher forms of life appeared, to be in turn succeeded by others still higher in the scale. This would, indeed, be an outline or skeleton of a development series; and it would not be unreasonable to think that somehow or other these forms might have been connected with one another by descent.

But more recently, many facts have been discovered which put these matters in an altogether new light. In many places all over the world, strata containing fossils have been found in a relative order which formerly was thought to be utterly impossible. That is, the fossils have been found in the "wrong" order, and on such a scale that there can be no mistake about it. For when an area 500 miles long and from 20 to 50 miles wide is found with the Paleozoic rocks on top, or composing the mountains, and with Cretaceous beds underneath, or composing the valleys, and running under these mountains all around, as in the case of the Glacier National Park and the southern part of Alberta, the old notion about the exact and invariable order of the fossils has to be given up entirely. It now seems that the value of this whole geological series is about that of the German mark or the Russian ruble. It may be a good classification series, or a serial arrangement of the ancient forms of life; but we can no longer maintain that its different "formations" have any intrinsic *time-value* whatever.

And in view of all this, there does not seem to be anything solid on which to build any broad scheme of organic Evolution.

These latter points are quite new, and not all scientists are agreed as to how they should be understood. But personally I must confess that I have lost all faith in any scheme of Evolution which would seek to derive man from the lower animals, or which would endeavor to derive the various orders or classes of animals from some common original. All this is, in the light of modern developments, too wild a scheme to be dignified with the name of even a scientific theory. It is an unscientific pipe-dream.

Shall World Perish to Protect Speculators?

How U. S. Navy Would Have Handled Problems of Economic Peace

By CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

WHAT I am advocating is the fulfillment of the promises we made the world when we entered the war, promises abandoned at Paris in a turmoil of self-adulation, petty spite, grandiose dreams, impracticable statesmanship, cheap politics, money lust, and downright ignorance exceeding anything ever chronicled since history emerged from mythology and fable.

I am not thinking of the "Fourteen Points," that toboggan upon which Germany slid under the gibbet of deserved punishment; nor of "making the world safe for democracy," when nine-tenths of the world doesn't know what democracy means and wouldn't know what to do with it if it arrived; nor am I thinking of "open covenants openly arrived at," which met its Waterloo as a practical thought at the hands of the "Big Four"—or was it Three?—at Paris; nor yet am I thinking of that mocking phrase, "self-determination of small peoples," slain at the threshold of the League of Nations; what I am thinking of is the statement made to the world at the time we declared war against the kaiser—that "America wants nothing in return for all this," a statement which the whole world heard and intended to make us live up to, as the records of the Paris Conference attest.

Indeed, that statement was amplified, it was reiterated from all sides, it finally became something like this: "Our dead have mingled their sacred blood with the dews and damps of the poppy and lily fields of France; were those heroes alive today, they would shout as we shout: 'America wants no indemnity, she wants no territory, she wants no glory; this sacrifice is a free offering upon the Altar of Humanity!'" Brave words! But our preferred financial position as the world's munition depot and supply base, maintained for three years, counted too heavily. We had the funds. We became the bankers of the Allied powers and then of the world. Being the lenders, we made the terms; and we have set the worth and value of the nations' goods and money.

More Responsible Than We Realize

BUT in so doing we have flouted our own specified gift to the "safety of the world." What we as a nation, in full-hearted sacrifice, "laid upon the Altar of Humanity" has been filched by our own financiers. The time has arrived to restore that gift, to re-enshrine that sacrifice; for the cry: "Give us Bread!" now heard throughout the length and breadth of Europe, is but the herald of "Bread or Blood!" Our unsold crops are as nothing compared to the vital physical needs of Europe. Europe has the blind-staggers, one stage from seeing red. Money; speculation in exchange margins; unjust rates; these are the spurs to chaos.

Unless the United States Government buys a huge share of the country's wheat crop to ship overseas as a charitable contribution to some famishing land—recent events point to Asia Minor—the season's crop will scarcely pay for the sowing. As for the cotton crop, so vital to the prosperity of the South and Southeast, that must be sold by the producers, if at all, at a price inviting bankruptcy. In the meantime, millions of tons of costly shipping is rotting at our moorings. We have nearly all the gold in the world and a constantly diminishing volume of the world's business.

Our post-war financial operations have consisted, mainly, in speculation in foreign money rather than investment in foreign trade. Believe it or not, we have a much greater responsibility in the financial nightmare of Europe and the stifling of world commerce than we care to admit. Thus we thump our knuckles on a boomerang. Exchange rates manipulated and, in a large measure, controlled by ourselves have raised up an almost insurmountable wall against us. And only by the return of normal exchange rates can we hope to dispose of our surplus crops, put our immense merchant marine back on the Seven Seas, and regain the friendship of the world, now sacrificed to penny-grabbing margins at the exchange counters of international bankers.

At the close of the war we held the preventative whip hand against all this chaos; even now we hold the remedy.

At 11 a. m., November 11, 1918, the zero hour of Peace, a conference was opened at headquarters, in London, to consider and outline proceedings for a "record demobilization" of American Naval Aviation, an outfit comprising nearly one-third of Admiral Sims' total force. The conference was to hear from an officer of great responsibility, one who, in the nerve-racking months of 1918, had been in official contact with the representatives of England, France and Italy having to do with the production and procurement of the supplies and equipment essential to the conduct of the war. This officer knew the problems of demobilization, the system of credits, rates of exchange, the value of the commodities and supplies involved in the undertaking proposed, and he also knew the financial and industrial conditions at home and the conditions and needs of the European nations concerned. His advice, it was expected, would be fraught with wisdom born of experience and exact knowledge.

So it was. And, too, his advice was at variance with the course of action previously outlined by the "powers that be," for he went beyond the duties and functions of the conference, and the needs of the moment, and embraced, not only the demobilization of naval aviation, but the general demobilization of the world's armies and the problems of post-war rehabilitation. An outline of his policy, which was in all respects calculated to bring prompt order out of the general mess and which will still provide a way out of the economic turmoil in Europe, although largely canceled by Allied action and the Versailles Treaty, shows how far the Allies went out of their way to establish conditions leading to present difficulties.

Briefly stated, the Naval Conference program constituted the following: First, the United States and the Allied powers, having already pooled their military, naval, and industrial resources for the prosecution of the war, should maintain that pool until peace is an accomplished fact, and as much longer as found necessary to bring Europe and the world back to normal pursuits, that is, industrial and financial balance.

Secondly, the backbone of international intercourse depending upon finances, the war coalition should be extended to include the stabilization of international exchange rates. For only by such stabilization can the powers gain a position with respect to production and marketing which will forestall economic chaos, sure to follow uncontrolled and speculative international finance.

Thirdly, international shipping also must be pooled for the rapid adjustment of world commerce. Shipping rates and tonnage allocations must be standardized upon a fair and equable valuation of the various merchant marines and the international adjustment of seamen's wages. This will assure the re-establishment of foreign trade between America and the Allies, and the various nations can purchase and exchange with each other, precluding industrial stagnation in any of the lands concerned.

Fourthly, the foregoing agreements having been ratified, the Allies can proceed to make peace with Germany and her supporters. But wholesale demobilization must proceed at a very moderate rate, for the breaking up of Eastern Europe into small buffer states will require a plentiful show of force on the part of the Allies, else the new states will exceed their functions as "buffers" and war will be constant from the Baltic to the Red Sea.

Fifthly, Allied troops must enter Berlin and the Allies must establish their control from that city. Only in Berlin can proper support be rendered the new German government by the victors, and the presence of Allied troops in that capital will be the only guaranty that the peace terms will be speedily met by the Germans, and that the defeated powers will at once proceed to re-establish their industries, essential if the funds for rehabilitation of the devastated fronts are to be assessed upon the Central Powers.

Sixthly, any assessment of damages against the Central Powers must be for damages to lands and property only, and the sums must be arrived at by careful surveys of the damaged territories and a just valuation of the abilities of the several defeated powers to pay. This last valuation will depend upon the allowed participation of the defeated powers in the Allied rehabilitation of international commerce.

The Reparations Obsession and Its Results

THIS line of action was suggested to certain American officials at the Hotel Crillon, but the American contingent had brought to Paris a full staff of advisers, military, naval, political, financial, and what not, hence there was but scant attention paid to such advice. Then, too, Great Britain made every one of the suggestions impossible of accomplishment by her policy of grab, get and grind. This line of action was based upon a promise made by Lloyd George to the Empire.

In the autumn of 1918, the writer, then in London, was astounded to see, right in the middle of the great drive against the Hindenburg Line when British casualties of all classes totaled 30,000 a day, a strike begun by the British coal miners and the metropolitan police and firemen. To assure the production of coal and to quell the strikes without using force, and, by the same token, to assure the re-election of coalition government, Lloyd George began to preach a new sermon; not only must Germany pay damages for the devastated areas, but the cost of the war—pensions, bounties, and other extraordinary war expenditures.

It is true that the United States did not become a party to this reparations obsession, in fact, did everything possible to keep the items of greed out of the sums assessed against Germany, but the British demands found echoes from all sides. France, Belgium, Italy, even such nations as Portugal and Liberia, were promised huge sums, and that is why at this very writing, because of Germany's delay in reparations' payments, the Portuguese are going through revolution after revolution; each new Portuguese government promises speedy collection only to fail and fall—hence the practical ruin of Portuguese trade and finance. And Liberia, promised a $5,000,000 loan by the United States, came into the war; was then allowed to sit at the Conference Table at Paris, granted a reparations slice from Germany, thus to cancel the American loan, found, alas, that Germany can't pay, so Congress is now asked to grant Liberia the promised loan!

Demobilization went on at such a pace that not only has war continued from the Baltic to the Red Sea, carried on by the small and new nations springing up in the wake of "self-determination" and created out of whole cloth by the "Big Four," but those selfsame small states, well knowing that the Allied armies once demobilized, would be almost impossible of resurrection, have done as they pleased; even the kaiser's treacherous brother-in-law was allowed to "come back" and wreck Greece and lose Thrace and Asia Minor to the despicable Turk!

World Cannot Perish to Protect Speculators

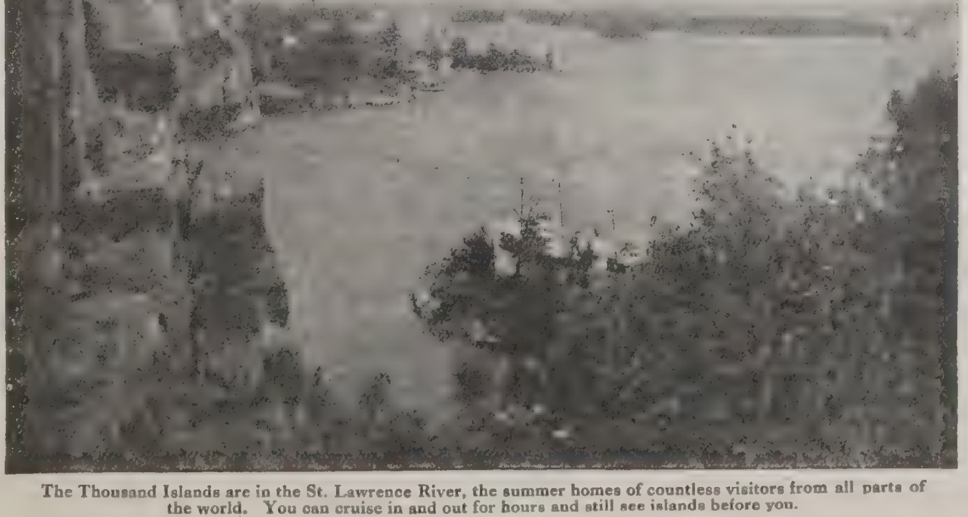
BECAUSE of the enormous demands on Germany, and the lack of an Allied force in Berlin to carry out effectual enforcement measures, Germany, naturally, has deliberately sought bankruptcy, has issued oceans of paper marks, and refuses to do anything but dally and delay. This action on the part of the beaten (?) Fatherland has brought forth the amusing spectacle of itinerant cabinets, *wagons lits* ministries, and strolling commissions flitting from Paris to Cannes, to London, to Geneva, to Genoa, to The Hague, and they are still on the go; but all the time getting deeper and deeper in the slough of misunderstanding, all the time approaching nearer and nearer the rocks of out-and-out discord.

There may be some method of compromising the reparations issue, there may be something good come of the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement, France may relent, Germany may repent, but what the world wants at this critical moment is the rehabilitation of trade, a chance for the poor to obtain food and other necessities of life without being over-taxed even unto the fourth and fifth generations to come. By putting into effect the provisions of the second paragraph of the London Naval Conference program, relief will almost immediately follow. Standardize and stabilize international exchange rates, basing the wealth of nations upon their natural and industrial wealth; be honest about it, and it will not be long before the lands not under a bitter financial depression will be able to balance their budgets and pay their bills, then will come world trade and a return to normal living conditions.

But, anticipated question, what will become of the investors in foreign exchange rates, those who have bought German marks, French and Belgian francs, and other depreciated currency and paper? Well, some will gain, some will lose; probably more will lose than will gain, let them fare as they will, the whole world cannot remain in financial chaos to protect a few speculators. And, after all, when a great plague or epidemic is brought under control or stamped out, no one in the community is heard to complain except the undertakers.

We can bring about the stabilization of world monies, we are in a position to do it. Of course, we must seek co-operation among the nations, but that will be forthcoming, never fear, all nations will grasp an opportunity to co-operate to such ends, even as the proverbial drowning man at a straw. I have put this desirable move on the grounds of national prosperity by means of a revival of commerce between nations, and as a relief to the dire straits of Europe, but I believe we should do it for motives more nearly akin to justice and international morals, more as a duty than a necessity, even, and because this nation stands for what it does, and because our dead would have it so

Your Own United States



The Thousand Islands are in the St. Lawrence River, the summer homes of countless visitors from all parts of the world. You can cruise in and out for hours and still see islands before you.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Modern Turkish girls no longer live secluded lives. They are working in offices, some as bank clerks, some as bookkeepers. Many are studying medicine and electrical engineering and others are going in for agriculture. All are preparing for careers of usefulness. The *charshaf* or veil has been modified to a mere scarf, extremely charming and attractive in its simplicity.

A 13-year-old Ogden, Utah, schoolboy has trained a wild cat to follow him to school each day.

More than $30,000,000,000 are invested in tax-exempt Federal, state and municipal bonds in the United States, according to a prominent political economist. It is estimated the United States Treasury is losing some $300,000,000 a year of income-tax revenue because these bonds are exempt from taxation. This slack must be taken up by those who do not own tax-exempt securities.

Three of every 10 persons living between Fiftieth and Twenty-eighth streets in New York City are drug addicts, according to a prominent physician formerly attached to the state narcotics division.

No more will London be clouded in fog if a new fuel discovered by a mining instructor does all that is claimed for it. The fogs of London are produced from the smoke of factory and grate fires. The inventor of the new fuel has brought forth a new bright, hard coke which ignites easily, produces little dust and burns with a cheerful glow. It is made by carbonization of powdered coking and non-coking coal at a temperature of 600 or 700 degrees centigrade.

Women of Los Angeles have instituted a movement to lift the standard of daily newspapers in Southern California. They urged the elimination of "bannering" in heavy type across first-page stories of tragedy and crime.

Five caterpillar motor cars crossed the Sahara, traversing the 2,000 miles from Tugart, Algiers, on the north coast of Africa, to Timbuctoo, in the Soudan, French West Africa, in 21 days. It requires at least three months for camels to make the same journey. Two machines were equipped with rapid-fire guns to discourage roving bandits. The appearance of the machines was the wonderment of natives who had never seen an automobile before.

Leaving barren pastures and empty water holes, poor prices and high freight rates, great herds of cattle are moving from Texas, New México and Arizona into Mexico. Two thousand old-time cowboys are back on the trail singing the old ballads of 20 years ago.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Fifty years ago North Borneo was inhabited by head-hunters and pirates. Today the descendants of these people are fishermen or farmers, and many have joined the native police force. More than 100 miles of railroad has been constructed and many good highways are in the making.

The number of reigning houses in Europe had declined from 41 in 1914 to 17 in 1922.

The record made 30 years ago by the New York Central Railway Engine 999, in its run between Buffalo and New York, has never since been equaled, 112 miles an hour being attained at one stretch.

Perfumes, which still retained their scent after more than 3,000 years, were found in four alabaster vases in the tomb of King Tutankhamen in Egypt.

The gannet, a bird living on fish in Northern Scotland, is frequently caught by means of herrings tied to flat boards. The fisher bird sees the fish but does not notice the board. Diving from a great height it strikes its head against the plank, killing itself instantly.

Forty "huskies" or wolf dogs passed through Edmonton recently on their way to Banff, Alberta, where they will be used by an American motion picture producing company in the filming of a number of northern pictures.

The turken, a cross between a turkey and a chicken, is a new development in the poultry industry. For four years this hybrid has been propagated by a California breeder. The male bird has a gobbler neck and resembles a turkey. The female has a turkey head, but otherwise looks like a chicken. When full grown they weigh from 10 to 14 pounds. The eggs weigh 26 ounces to the dozen, and hatch in 21 days.

Many counties in our western states are larger than entire states along the Atlantic seaboard.

An explorer sent out to obtain specimens, relics, and other fragments of a lost civilization, on the Island of Rapa, in the South Seas, found that offers of money had no effect upon the natives when they were requested to obtain the desired articles. However, when candy was offered in exchange the specimens were forthcoming instantly. When the candy was exhausted business lagged until the wife of the explorer made jam out of the oranges which grew in abundance on the island and which the natives considered more valuable than the candy.

Certain novels of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter are to be filmed. For years she has resisted the temptations of fabulous offers for the screen rights to her popular stories, fearing that they would be garbled and suggestive incidents added to give the thrill that producers talk about. Mrs. Porter's stories are interesting and popular and free of anything objectionable.

For the first time in the history of Pennsylvania a woman was named a member of the governor's cabinet. The position is Commissioner of Public Welfare.

The Sahara Desert embraces more than 3,500,000 square miles, being nearly as large as the European mainland. This desert is famous for its extensive trade in musk, gum, dates, alum, hides, spices, cotton, palm oil and ostrich feathers. It supports a population of 2,000,000.

The millionaire son of the inventor of the rickshaw is converting his great factory into a manufactory of baby carriages, as he realizes that this convenient and picturesque vehicle of the East is on the road to extinction. The decline of the rickshaw in Japan is due to the fact that labor, even in the Orient, is rising above the vehicle-pulling stage.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Fascism as a New Cure for Demagogy

"Autocracy of Statesmanship" Makes Mussolini's Government Possible

By A. R. PINCI

WITH hybrid political partisans growing like mushrooms it was impossible for the downtrodden proletariat to choose, so in 50 years or so there never was a government in Italy that could truthfully say it was popularly representative. The Mussolini government is the first—and this in spite of its putting into effect, or announcing that it will effect as soon as practicable, those reforms which are good for the nation but which step on the sore toe of the great unwashed; as, in this case, deciding to extend the income tax to the laboring classes, to curtail the wine traffic, repealing unjust rent laws. Conversely, Premier Mussolini has threatened a censorship over the press and swift action against parliamentarian demagogues, the former because its propaganda is injurious to the nation and the latter because it endeavors to "fish in dirty waters."

As an example, after a lethargic spell the Maximalists gave signs of an obstructionism which should begin in the field of foreign affairs. Premier Mussolini hastened with a warning that he would not tolerate violence on the part of minorities whose only purpose is to interfere with and embarrass the government.

> "If in Russia," he explained, "the so-called common people should assume an attitude against the Bolshevist authorities like that which the Maximalists believe to assume in Italy their destiny would be decided bloodily. The latter will, therefore, compel a most rigorous policy on the part of the government to prevent the irritating of an industrious people."

What Made Fascism Possible

BUT because the attitude is so unyielding against others it should not be assumed that the Fascist leader is any more kindly toward his own creatures.

The precise difference between democracy and demagogy is one of lip-work. So much has been said during the past few years about or for the sake of democracy that unconsciously we have become demagogues.

The war has not vanquished militarism, of course, except in places, but one thing is obvious to any observer; *that the war has established an autocracy of statesmanship which has been more destructive, in the few years it has been in power, than any and all armies.*

The new fashion among the new crop of demagogue statesmen, as they are beginning to confront the harm they have wrought, is that the world is in decadence. Books have been written about it and speeches are being made. It is the usual self-made coat of whitewash.

The trouble is that no country, as such, is decaying. But the trouble is, and has been, that statesmanship has been decaying.

This is the sort of statesmanship which has made Fascism possible.

Fascism is not to be considered merely in its modern Italian aspect. The word—as explained in a previous article in these columns—more than a score of centuries old, is Latin, and as this language has been the root of thousands of English words, etymologically "Fascism" should become a good English idiom. This transition is all the more logical, in an American sense, because the *Fasces* are the oldest extant symbol of democracy known; a matter not to be lightly overlooked when our politicians ballyhoo that democracy was born in the United States. If democracy has an older genealogy than the Latin, these antecedents are obscure.

History is not clear if the Fasces originated under Romulus or one of the Tarquinii, but from the day of either to Mussolini is a long step, chronologically more than politically. Under the Publilian law, 339 B. C., Rome granted equal political rights with plebeians and patricians, and this principle, after many repudiations, could not be definitely and forever overthrown. But while modern political development *could not admit of a governing patrician class,* it has given us, the world over, *a governing political class.*

Fascism is aimed against this class.

World May Be Grateful

FOR the time being it is Italian, but in the normal aspects of the problem its application is world-wide. If Fascism is victorious the whole world will have reason to be thankful.

Fascism has had, needless to state, some comical attributes, and that perhaps is its chief merit. The temptation has been great to give the benefit of the limelight to Mussolini, whom a romantic press would have as the wielder of the Fasces with an extra-sized ax as a decade ago our own Theodore Roosevelt was always leaning on or swinging the big-stick. Mussolini is an important personage, but Fascism could not *be* except for the backing of that youthful Italy which was bent upon house cleaning and modernization. Mussolini is not performing his work by sitting behind an artistic desk in an historic palace and pushing electric buttons that golden-braided lackeys answer; *what he achieves is due to the hundreds and thousands of men like him who have decided that political parasitism must go.*

To be exact, Fascism as such does not any longer exist, except as a political label. It does not claim that it can do everything by itself. It is a power under a greater power. It is the voice of a real majority of the people spoken through those who first learned how to translate it.

Fascism's first act was the oath of allegiance to the constitutional government in the name of the king, the monarchy being "the fundamental element for the maintenance of national unity." The most imposing demonstration was made on New Year's Day, when Fascists and mere common people who believed in the cause together acclaimed the king at the Quirinal—an act of homage that was acknowledged by the sovereign when he appeared on the balcony of the royal palace. *It is said that this was the first time in ten years that King Victor Emmanuel smiled.*

The event just stated has a double significance, especially for the benefit of foreign skeptics, who believed that King Victor Emmanuel swallowed the Mussolini régime because he could not help it, rumor having it that it was either Fascism or abdication. That is erroneous. The monarch's elimination was never upon the program of Fascism, although it has always been the *cheval de frise* of both Socialists and Communists. As Fascism was aimed at these two revolutionary and undemocratic elements its sponsors could not subscribe to the anti-monarchy principle without becoming enemies of the state.

Public acknowledgment of tribute on the part of Fascists and the people has been sufficient, however, to make a Fascist of the king. The king, moreover, has gone further. He has lauded his ministers, who, in ten weeks, demonstrated an unusual capacity for work, this capacity calling for the sovereign's signature in more decrees than he expected in one year.

It would be untrue to speak of the Italian Government today as a "Fascist government." Fascism has not curtailed the freedom of political thought; men who are not Fascists are ministers or hold other high public office. Fascism's aim has been *to select the most capable men* irrespective of their political opinions. The only condition is that their record must be exemplary in a civil sense, and the rigorous application of this rule is especially beneficent when one studies its effects in political substrata. Fascism wants to insure for itself a model democracy in ward politics, for instance, as in the higher circles which are under the world's scrutiny. It may be added that Fascistic inquisition revealed in an important Cicilian city a list of *"30,000 electors who do not exist." Elimination of false suffrage lists on this or any other ratio throughout Italy will make it impossible for a Socialist-Communist ministry like Nitti's to come back.*

The king's frank allegiance to and support of the new government is not all, however. More significant is the unmistakable sympathy on the part of Pope Pius XI, and New Year's Day was notable in that the priests of parishes throughout the kingdom were exhorted by their superiors—and in turn have exhorted their followers—to pray that "God shall assure success to the Mussolini government." That is a spiritual victory that no one had foreseen.

"Must Serve, Not Use"

STATESMANSHIP, in its anonymous sense, is not religious at all. In the United States, for instance, the legislative day begins with prayer and the executive proclamations make reference to God. In Italy since the passing of the temporal power in 1870 the references to God have been few and far between, so that the first official address by Premier Mussolini before the chamber of deputies, with its invocations to God, was commented upon as puritanical and Cromwellian.

"Fascism must serve the state and not use the state," he declared, which effectively stopped short the agitation on the part of many of his former followers that "having saved the state" it was now time to save themselves. That is blunt talk for a new political party; no plums, no government jobs, no recognition of preferential kind. At last accounts patronage has not appeared; so far as Rome knows, there have been no desertions in the Fascist ranks. Just for the sake of mental recreation, it would be interesting to speculate upon what would happen if a major political party of the United States were to say the same thing! The *hoi polloi* would like it, but how many politicians would lose their color the same day?

Fascism's decline would set it the very instant that politics substituted service for the state. This is the one doubt that remains about the permanence of the new Italian statesmanship. Mussolini, through sheer force of his personality, and perhaps his successor, whoever that may be, will keep Fascism what it is, a frank and unadorned statesmanship with no pickpocketing in the national treasury, but what after that?

It goes without saying that as a government Fascism may inaugurate or sponsor laws and policies which either the Italian people or the peoples abroad may not approve of or like. As it consists chiefly of the human equation it is inevitably fallible. On the other hand, taken as a symbol of new statesmanship, it is worth examining carefully, pondering in detail, checking up impartially. For the underlying moral, after all, is not whether Fascism as such will or will not fail, but whether it will endure. If it does it means that the people's sovereignty has never been sacrificed and hypothecated to whatever governments have existed or will exist. *The people lend their authority—but they can recall it,* and Fascism is an instance of such a recall such as to leave no room for doubt.

In the United States Fascism is not applicable in exactly these proportions because the Constitution has wisely provided for a regular change every four years, but a Fascistic "recall" of all politicians who have preempted certain places of importance would not be amiss, as any one knows who is conversant with the inner and not always publicly known workings of politicians. The great evil in Italy—as well as in other countries governed by ministries—has been that within a few years they establish a certain closed circle of their own. Each ministry that falls is replaced by another recreated in part from the ruins of the old; frequently in personnel, always by other bonds. This is an oligarchy that is worse than imperial autocracy, because ministries fall when peril—sometimes personal—is near, but the dynastic autocrats must live out their tenure unless kicked out.

Fascism came at a time to save Italy from further footballing on the part of three or four politicians who at different times held the premiership and kicked it about among—and always within—themselves. The ex-premier who has been speaking of the decadence of Europe is absolutely silent about his own decaying statesmanship—about which many volumes could be written. Like Mr. Lloyd George who is blaming the Bonar Law government for "what's wrong with England," Signor Nitti has gone a step further and taken the whole Continent for his observation, but he does not mention the fact—as did not his British colleague—that what's wrong with England and Italy is their own respective handiwork. These two premiers are mentioned by way of example; they have a notorious company of other nationalities.

Its Hymn Is "Youth"

FASCISM is not a private policy or the pet scheme of Benito Mussolini and a few of his adherents. It is a reversion of power to the people. It is the wish of its banner-carrier that Fascism can be served by youth alone, and for that reason its national hymn is entitled "Youth." But by youth is not meant smart aleck 'teens or intolerant twenties, but rather that mental vigor and imaginativeness which cannot be measured within the span of years. If anything, youth in a Fascistic sense is intended as being that age up to the moment when the courage of common sense relapses into senile or semi-senile consistorialism. The writer has been told that the first rule Signor Mussolini set for himself was that of not preaching, of not being evangelistic, on the assumption that this is a field which is the church's—any church's—province, and that if the worst came about he would warn—not preach—and act afterward.

Roughly, in less than three months the Fascist government has decreed, ordered or planned for immediate execution these things:

Law and order, without distinctions or preferences, including Communistic sniping and Fascist retribution, with a view of eliminating, above all, the more or less regular lawlessness whch grows out of Saturday-afternoon-to-Monday-morning idleness;

Demobilization of every armed private or semi-private organization, whether the Fascist black-shirts or the nationalist blue-shirts or the Communist red-shirts; and the formation of a new national militia. Contrary to report, the new body is not a new defense for the use of the Fascist government, but it is under the state and for the exclusive use of the national defense. "Without arms," Premier Mussolini has said, "it is more significant, more solemn, more noble";

Reorganization of the army proper, with a service limit of 18 months with more liberal exemptions under a sounder interpretation of economic exigencies in each individual case;

The elimination of cell-imprisonment in the daytime, and the substitution of agricultural colonies instead of cell colonies, to prevent cruelty and suffering by lack of sunlight and fresh air, and the opportunity to leave the prison penitent and not crazed;

The modification of certain statutes and the simplification of legal systems, which are expensive, time-consuming and often injurious to either party or the state (the Italian code is much simpler than the American);

Cutting Down Bureaucracy

THE abolition of all duplicate bureaus and offices in or under the government; the dismissal of nearly all semi-executive or administrative bureaus; the discharge of about 50,000 railroad workers by the efficient rearrangement of schedules and motive power; the elimination of all free railway passes to government employes and perhaps to legislative officials, too; the elimination of countless military bands, retaining only the two famous ones of the Carbineers and Grenadiers, and one band for each army corps; reduction of special personnel abroad and substituting Italian citizens for foreigners wherever possible;

The simplification of "electoral proportions," upon a basis of real representation, with a view of preventing fractional minorities from uniting against the interest and welfare of the state;

The decision not to legalize games of chance because inconsistent with national dignity and because undesirable that municipalities should pay their way on returns from gambling ventures, and, in addition, to stamp out the gambling evil;

The revision of every appointment made after May 24, 1915—Italy's entrance into the World War—and dismissal of everybody except ex-soldiers decorated for valor, and widows and sisters of soldiers, provided they have demonstrated their ability;

The revision of taxation laws, which have hit the middle or white-collared classes, exempting the speculators and the organized laboring classes, and immediate provision to tax every wage earner or income receiver upon an equitable basis, with mandatory punishment in case of fraud;

Special appropriations of 9,500,000,000 lire for national reconstruction, to provide work of useful kind

(Concluded on page 13)

Repeal a Thousand Laws and Help Progress

Instead of Making New Laws, Wipe Out Old Laws: Laws Create Jobs Without Improving Conditions

By HON. A. OWSLEY STANLEY

A. OWSLEY STANLEY has been active in state and national politics for more than a quarter of a century. He was elected to the United States House of Representatives in 1902, serving in the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second and Sixty-third Congresses before being elected governor of Kentucky in 1915. After serving as governor nearly four years he was elected to the United States Senate, of which he has been a member since May, 1919. He was a member of the Pujo committee which made an extended investigation of the Money Trust several years ago.

HON. A. OWSLEY STANLEY

United States Senator from Kentucky.

THE time is approaching, if it isn't at hand, when there must be a changed attitude, both on the part of the public and its spokesmen, with regard to what we call legislation. The best, perhaps, that any of us of the present day can hope for is a decrease and possibly a stoppage of the excessive lawmaking which is probably the chief political characteristic of our time.

Sooner or later, however, we must go further; the best effort, the best thought, for a considerable period of time, must be devoted chiefly to *the repealing rather than to the creating of statutes.*

"For 500 years all advance in legislation has been made by repealing laws."

Thus only 75 years ago wrote one of the four or five greatest political and social philosophers that ever lived.

Henry Thomas Buckle wrote that sentence as a protest and a warning against the then newly developing tendency toward legislation as the universal cure-all.

If the repealing of statutes more than their enactment marks true legislative progress, as it seemed in 1858 to the author of the classical "History of Civilization in England," how have we fared during the last half century.

One glance into any comprehensive law library will give the answer.

Oh, How the Laws Pile Up!

WHILE the fever for new and more law seems to have dominated the legislative thought of all the world, in no country has it raged with such violence as in America. I do not except even the Germany of Bismarck and the last two Wilhelms—a Germany that veritably was "made over" by the statutory process within a period of a generation. In one of the ex-kaiser's recently written documents the boast is made that under his régime nothing was considered to be beyond the power of the state. The calculated purpose was to merge all interests, even those of the individual, under a Federal supervision. The most efficient blending and molding and wielding of mass power the world has ever seen was the outcome. But it carried within itself the seeds of certain destruction. This massing of everything into the state created a political Frankenstein monster, which no group of individuals could control. And when war came the mass broke before the determined individualism of other nations. The German organization had lost facility for acting as man and man; they were forceful only when moving in massed bodies.

Our fever for lawmaking, while productive of a greater number of laws even than in Germany, has been less effective in our case, for the reason that we have been less thorough. The Germans went about it scientifically with their object very clearly in view. With us it has been largely a matter of following the lines of least resistance. If a difficult problem arose, we passed a law and then quite often forgot both the problem and the law. But we left the law in the statute books and, as not infrequently occurs, when it aggravated the very evils against which it was enacted—we passed another law.

Thus an incidental glance at this heterogeneous mass of Federal legislation will convince you that if legislative progress depends in any way on the converse of lawmaking we have been retrograding atrociously—and still are going downward.

Place any current state code beside its predecessor of 1860. You will find that it is from three to ten times as voluminous. Put the recorded acts of any recent state legislature beside those of a predecessor of 10, 20 or 30 years ago and you will find the newer output to cover several times as much space as the older one. Do the same with the published acts of Congress and the same fact will be disclosed.

It naturally follows that court decisions and opinions, which in many ways themselves are statutes, likewise multiply at a steadily growing rate.

And there is no sign of a let-up. Lawmaking bodies, by simplifying procedure and delegating powers, increase greatly their *per diem* output of new law. The boast is the number of laws enacted, not of the wise legislation passed or the unwise proposals defeated. The majority floor leader in the United States House of Representatives thus summed up the work of the Sixty-seventh Congress during a little more than one-half of its life:

> **"This Congress has, up to this time, placed upon the statute books 398 laws of which 311 are public and 87 are private, including claims. This is at the rate of 1 1/3 laws per legislative day for the entire session."**

Think of it! For every three days of Congressional activity—now almost continuous throughout the year—the country having to adjust itself to four new Federal laws.

That isn't the worst of it. Whenever a Congress or other legislative body adjourns *sine die,* it leaves *a much larger amount of unfinished work than it inherited.*

Something like 20,000 different bills were introduced in the Sixty-seventh Congress alone. Many of them no doubt were introduced with no hope, perhaps no immediate desire on the part of those who framed them, that they would be enacted into law. But legislative history of the last 25 years demonstrates nothing else so clearly as the fact that persistence will in time turn virtually any demand of an organized minority into a solemn act of law. This truth applies even to proposed amendments to the fundamental law. It has come to the point where anyone who wants to add to constitutional or statutory law has only to keep on demanding it long enough. Ultimately it will be adopted, if for no other reason than to get rid of its sponsors.

In this fever for lawmaking, this hectic belief in the all-powerful nature of a sheet of paper called a statute, there lie many dangers—some that may be threatening to civilization itself.

The least of them, perhaps, are the most apparent, the undue exalting of government, and exorbitant growth in the cost of its operations; the depreciation of the individual and the appreciation of mere mass; the heightened potency of property over the human being; and, worst of all, insidious inroads on human liberty.

It is not demonstrated majorities which come forward demanding these "398 separate laws" from a Congress in less than four-fifths that number of days. In 99 out of 100 cases only "minorities" demand them. The majority of people are too busy with other things to be demanding such a flood of legislation, even if they wanted it, which they don't.

We need have no fear of true majorities, though our scheme of government is built upon the truth demonstrated by history that they can be unfair, unjust and, when functioning hastily, dangerous. That is why our Constitution is interlaced with "checks and balances" aimed principally at restraining the possible tyranny of mere numbers, as well as the individual tyranny which inevitably results from it.

What we need to fear most in these days of quick communication and highly efficient methods of organization and propaganda are minorities that are powerful because of concentration of effort or means.

Meddling Minorities Responsible

IT IS busy, meddling, pernicious minorities which account for this rampage of needless lawmaking.

Separately, most of these minorities themselves will agree that, on the whole, the tendency is pregnant with threat and danger. But each operates under the thin delusion that the granting of its particular demand will of itself alone be of no great importance in the totality of evil involved in all. Usually it is right; frequently the demand considered alone is of great appeal. But to grant one paves the way toward granting the others. It is the sum total that counts.

In 1907, Senator Foraker, of Ohio, bemoaned the multiplication of useless offices and officers in his degenerate day, declaring that:

> "The little band of 167 special deputies, agents and inspectors on the pay rolls of the government in 10 years has been swelled to an army of more than 3,000."

Only 3,000 prying agents and inspectors operating under Federal Government commission in 1907! **There are more than 30,000 now.**

Indeed, others of reliability estimate the present number in much higher figures. Former Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, declared only a few months ago:

> "Less than a quarter of a century ago, in the great employment of individual rights and local self-government, our Federal authorities found it necessary to have upon the pay roll of the Federal Government fewer than 200 sleuths and special agents and inspectors to aid in the enforcement of Federal laws. Will anyone defend the policy of the Federal Government which today *employs 42,000 inspectors,* sleuths and inquisitorial agents to dog the footsteps of him who should be, in the exercise of his constitutional rights, enjoying the hitherto dignity and freedom of an honest American citizen?"

Look back and see what Thomas Jefferson was able to say in his second inaugural address:

> "At home, fellow citizens, you best know whether we have done well or ill. The suppression of unnecessary offices or useless establishments and expenses enables us to discontinue our internal taxes. These, covering our land with officers and opening our doors to their intrusions, had already begun that process of domiciliary vexation which, once entered upon, is scarcely to be restrained, reaching successfully every article of produce and property . . . .It may be the pleasure and pride of an American to ask what farmer, what mechanic, what laborer ever sees a tax-gatherer in the United States?"

From the beginning of Jefferson's to the end of Buchanan's administrations—60 years—the Federal Government's operations, including two wars, cost less than a billion dollars.

What Washington Is Doing

DURING the last 10 years of our time the appalling cost of a hundred different commissions, boards and bureaus, employing an innumerable army of deputies, inspectors, supervisors, spies and political parasites, has actually exceeded by 400 per cent the total cost of the Federal Government for the first half of its existence!

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the amount appropriated for governmental purposes (outside of the cost of the Army and Navy departments, pensions and the Veterans' Bureau or reduction of the national debt) was $1,115,517,366, *an increase of 500 per cent since as recent a year as 1916. It was within a few hundred dollars of the total cost of the government between the inauguration of George Washington as President and the birth of the Republican party.*

There seems to be no limit on Federal power and no bottom to the Federal Treasury. Acting upon *the preposterous assumption that national wealth can be multiplied by Federal taxation,* Washington has become the mecca of the visionary and the necessitous, each hour furnishing some new legislative nostrum or some new means of harassing or plundering an outraged public. All they need do is to stay long enough and be persistent to get whatever they demand. How can it be otherwise when legislative leadership, as I have shown, glories not in the character but in the amazing *volume of grist turned out by the legislative mill?*

You need but glance through the headings of the probably 20,000 bills still pending at this writing in the Sixty-seventh Congress—most of them not passed will be introduced again with many more in the next Congress—to see that this inordinate lust for inquisitorial power, for governmental favor, for the use of the machinery of governments to plunder interests, sections, classes for the benefit of others, has only begun.

There is not at this hour left a single "inestimable privilege" or one "inalienable right" mentioned in the Declaration of Independence and secured by the Constitution which is not openly invaded or secretly undermined by some paternalistic project or subversive propaganda.

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3. Write clearly.

Will Rogers—National Spokesman

THE last place the American people would have looked for wisdom, for preaching and for the wash of wholesome laughter that cleans away the stains, would have been the stage or the movies; and least than the last place to look would have been a homely cowboy actor. But Will Rogers has come, and with him a new breath of life into effete things.

Will Rogers is more than a humorist—as any real humorist must be. He is a natively straight thinker. He has the instincts of the plain people and if he does not let success turn his head, if he remembers that truthfulness wears longer than mere agreeableness, he may even become the voice of the plain people. He has already shown that he has the ability to discover truth and the courage to utter it. Just now he is the popular after-dinner speaker of the upper class, the bankers, and so forth. He does not withhold his tongue from jabbing home a truth now and again, which in a more sober address would be resented. Will Rogers could riddle the monetary structure with laughter, if he knew what a grotesquely funny thing it is, and perhaps laughter will be the weapon of the gods of progress in this matter. When Will Rogers is confronted by a shady business man whose achievements are stock issues and little else, he has a way of letting the audience in on the littleness of that sort of thing and the dangers of it, too. And because it is Will Rogers, the pilloried one plays his part and forces a smile, because it is all supposed to be funny. If Will Rogers keeps his head, and plays away from the ruling crowd in this country (for the ruling crowd was never so wrong as it is now) he will cease to be a professional figure and become a public servant.

That, however, was not the thought with which this editorial was undertaken. It was inspired by Rogers' tribute to Wallace Reid. He tells how Wallie befriended him, an unknown beginner, and how Wallie used to attend all the charity benefits in little out-of-the-way places—"now, mind you, lots of these affairs were away at little towns where it took up your whole evening, so he couldn't have been so wild for Parties always."

Then Rogers goes on: "Now he falls into bad company through being a good fellow. He sinned. He has paid the highest penalty you can pay. He gave his life. He has left a Mother, Wife and Children—one of them an adopted child. Now a bad fellow don't adopt Children. He don't even want Children.

"Now don't let any living Soul say a word about Wallie Reid. He was just a big overgrown Kid who never knowingly harmed a living soul. So let God judge him, not us. I'll bet he will be judged to be away above the average."

A better send-off no man could have. Millions will take Will Rogers' estimate of Wallie Reid as the true one. But—the rugged, native power and righteousness of Will Rogers' mind—that is the fact that compels consideration here.

Price of Gold

THE Seattle *Times* bases a column editorial in advocacy of increasing the statutory price of gold on the following faulty premise:

> "Gold is standardized by the government. At the mint, which buys and sells the metal, the price remains constant, $20.67 a troy ounce."

This is misleading. The government fixes the price in a way, but it neither buys nor sells gold. So far as price is concerned, the word cannot be understood in the ordinary sense. The owner of bullion assayed as pure gold may deposit it and take away gold coin at the fixed rate; or he may deposit coins, if not too much worn, and withdraw a proportionate weight of bullion. Neither transaction is buying nor selling, since for every ounce of bullion in the government's possession, and for every gold dollar it holds, a paper certificate is held by the real owner of the metal.

While the fault in the premise is fatal to the entire argument, the theory advanced by the *Times* in itself is fallacious. Basing its argument on an estimate of the average cost of producing gold as furnished by the American Mining Congress, it advocates the increase in the statutory price of gold. That average cost is put at $36 an ounce. For convenience let even figures be used, as the principle can thus be more simply illustrated. Say we use $20 as the present ounce price and $40 as the proposed price.

The unit of value in United States coinage is a certain number of grains of gold which compose a dollar. In theory all money valid in the country is in gold dollars or in paper money representing gold dollars. Of these dollars, an ounce of gold will make 20 now. Under the proposal of the *Times* it would make 40. That is, the unit of value would contain but half the present amount of gold.

The relation of gold to other forms of wealth, to labor, production, to real estate, would not change. The decrease in the amount of gold in the dollar would find other commodities, other physical forms of wealth, expressed in an increased number of dollars. Cost of mining would double and the same difficulty would be repeated.

There is another difficulty in the way of such a change. The only real reason for the use of gold as money is its adaptability as a basis for international exchange. The gold coinage of the civilized world corresponds to the statute price of gold in this country. It might not affect future business, once the dollar had taken its place at half its present worth in sterling or other metal money, but it would occasion trouble in the satisfaction of past contracts. It is in prospect of such changes, no doubt, that money-wise usurers make their contracts payable "in United States gold coin of the present standard weight and fineness."

It is folly to try to bolster up an industry that does not pay. The masters in control of gold as well as other classes of mining are in the same class with those who have destroyed agriculture by manipulating the money and credit of the country.

Printing Press Money

TO THE man who declares that government cannot make money, the information conveyed in press dispatches of December 11, that the Treasury Department had substituted power presses for hand machinery, will be a revelation.

The volume of currency printing in the department is such that it announces a prospective annual saving of more than a million dollars.

Of course the mere printing of paper does not "make" money. It is the congressional edict as to what shall be a legal tender for public dues. The currency in use, and which this power machinery is destined to print, is worthless without the government's endorsement.

And here is made pertinent the question as to why the government should base its endorsement and validate bank issues of currency on commercial paper and then borrow the "money" it has endorsed!—when its own bonds could be validated to the same extent, or made the basis of bank issues, with the saving of interest on the amount in circulation.

A Ruhr Back?

FRANCE'S saber-rattling occupation of the Ruhr has not accomplished much toward obtaining reparations. It is to be questioned that France expected the seizure of Germany's coal mines would aid in obtaining coal. Since the days of the Armistice, sentiment in the United States has veered so completely that it views European actions with a justifiable suspiciousness, amazingly and completely different from the maudlin sentiment that characterized our affections for our brothers-in-arms in 1917 and 1918. Even at that, it is possible to wonder mildly whether Senator Borah, in denouncing the taking of the Ruhr as "oppression," didn't twist his tongue into one cheek in recalling the American occupation of Hayti.

Young Men and Party

ON THIS page last week a "Citizenship Creed" was printed which was well enough in its way. In tone and principle it was wholly good, but in detail in reminded one of ideals of 25 years ago. It would be good for young men considering that creed to do so with page five of the December 9 issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in hand.

Article Four of the Creed reads: "To connect myself with the political party which most nearly represents my views on public questions, and to exert my influence within the party to bring about the nomination of good men for office and the endorsement of measures for the public weal."

That is fine, assuming that parties are what they were probably represented as being to the students who formulated this Creed. Into the party councils of today no young man could honestly push his way, and if haply an honest young man did push his way that far, and kept his honesty, his arrival would wreck the organization he should thus enter. No man in practical politics today, if he have an unspoiled moral sense or any high sense of service, could see a young man enter present-day politics (or so-called politics) without misgiving.

The very essence of modern partisanship, centering as it does in *loyalty to party* and not in *party's loyalty to principle,* is destructive of public spirit.

It is not kind to advise young men to attach themselves to any institution that has forfeited the confidence of the people and survives by trickery alone. It is much kinder to teach them that, if the party system be inevitable, the present parties are not inevitable, not even necessary, perhaps not much longer tolerable. Teach young men that they are the makers and masters of parties, and not merely hereditary members thereof. Hope for the Republic would sink most low if educated young men were to submit themselves to present partisanship or present party leadership.

The first part of Article Four is impossible for educated young men to fulfill, because there is now no party which can even "nearly" represent honest, enlightened and progressive views on public questions. There is no party that America's young men can join.

The Passing of the Bells

PRACTICALLY every youth passes through the stage of collecting—stamps, coins, autographs, if he be esthetic; fishhooks, tops and marbles, if he be but human. It is an instinct of youth, and it may be indicative of our youth as a nation that many of the finest collections in the world are found in America.

A curious and unique American collection is a garden of bells, attractively arranged at Glenwood Mission Inn, California. Mr. Frank A. Miller, its collector, became protector of the bells when his daughter gave him, as a Christmas present, in 1905, a curious bell with the Medici coat of arms. Historical objects had a fascination for Mr. Miller, and this bell appealed to his imagination and opened to him the large possibilities in old bells of various ages and countries and peoples.

His quest led him to all parts of the world. Bells are very often remelted, and it was in visits to foundries that he discovered and rescued from oblivion many of his most interesting and valuable bells.

To the poet the bell has always had a distinct fascination. Too often taken for granted, the bell has long played an important role in the life of civilization. Poe has perhaps expressed most realistically the place various bells have in our lives, and how much more was this true in the lives of our forefathers, when bells were used far more than now.

Sleigh bells—who hears them now? The little tinkling bell over shop doors. Church bells—they grow more and more silent with the years. The milkman's bell. The little bell that stood on the teacher's desk. Cowbells. Bells on the horses that pulled the street cars.

A change has come over our way of living, and this change, to a great extent, has marked the passing of the bell. In its place, we have numerous and divers whistles and electric bells. So the old bell, with its beauty or eccentricity of form, its careful workmanship and interesting inscription, and its variety of tone, is being relegated to the scrap heap of civilization. It is, therefore, with pride that we learn that America boasts, in the Glenwood Mission Inn, the largest collection of bells in the world.

Mr. Ford's Page

AS ONE examines the increasing talk about Europe, one makes out this: the American is regarded as blameworthy because he does not seem to understand that Europe is in a bad way. We have not become fussy, excited or hysterical: any one of these degrees of disturbance would, it seems, have satisfied foreign observers that we were really awake to the situation. It is our calmness, our balance, our national poise that is exasperating; Europe interprets it as ignorance or, what is worse, indifference.

Well, suppose that it were made clear to the critics that we do know, that we do realize Europe's condition, what then? Assume that we know as well as Europe, maybe better, just what the situation is: that we have satisfied the anxious mind on that point: what about it?

The answer seems to be that if only America could understand, if only America could realize, then America would do something! America would "do something."

That's it. Perhaps nothing more forcefully shows the degradation to which Europe has fallen; she is conscious of no help in herself, she is hopeless of ever being helped until America helps her.

THOSE who best know Europe are the Europeans among us. They do not join the propaganda that the United States step in and stop the removal of the decayed systems of Europe. They are hoping, instead, that the ax will go to the very root of the wrong, that the sickles will reap until the last foul weed of oppression has been cut down. Those cry, "Stop this thing," whose privileges are imperilled. But the people of Europe who are in America know—perhaps better than the people of Europe themselves know—that nothing is in peril but the thing that has imperilled Europe for a century. They do not want it to be saved. Propagandists do want it to be saved. That is the difference.

There are several points to be cleared up, that really should be cleared up if another misunderstanding is to be prevented and the cup of the world's bitterness not needlessly increased. One point is this: A great deal of Europe is at present in the United States, and if there is general apathy here, as charged, it speaks ill for European sympathy. Every section of the old country is represented here, some sections very powerfully represented here, all sections are represented to such an extent that most of our politicians and editors are taking orders from the foreign bloc.

If anywhere on the globe the sorrows of Europe should rouse an answering echo, it should be among the tens of millions of Europeans now here. One alien nationality was powerful enough to affect the whole course of the United States Government between 1914-1917. Here we have a score of nationalities, every one of them having ties which reach back to a European country—and yet Europe tells us there is no sympathetic response among us to Europe's woes!

This is a significant fact. What element in the situation accounts for this lack of response among those who should be most responsive? You don't hear any organizations of Europeans in America shouting for reparations, remissions, loans or anything else. You don't hear them propagandizing the United States to do this or that. Europeans in the United States have been very significantly out of these programs. Why?

What we hear most in America is the cry of bankrupt political leadership which wants us to save its status. What we hear is the cry of bankrupt financial trickery which wants us to give it a new lease of life. What we hear, in brief, is the cry of the "masters, lords and rulers in all lands," as Edwin Markham calls them, who have been judged and found wanting—they cry for a fictitious continuance of their power.

The people of America scarcely hear what the people of Europe say, scarcely know what they think. What we hear is what the governments of Europe say—and the fact is that what the governments of Europe say does not any longer matter. What we hear is what the financiers of Europe say, and that does not any longer matter either. Yet they comprise all the news of the world on the European question—as if the people of Europe did not matter!

You can judge what the people of Europe think by observing what the Europeans in America think, and they do not think in terms of the current propaganda at all.

The instincts of the people are wiser than the wisdom of the governments, and by instinct the people simply do not care that the old Europe should be saved. By instinct the American people feel the same way.

Think for a moment of this big fact which is marked deep on the whole European situation: the people of Europe, the people themselves, the real people, are not lifting a hand to prevent the passage of the things which the propagandists are madly calling upon us to save.

For all that one can judge, the people of Europe are content to let politicians, financiers, time-serving ecclesiastics and militarists all go down in one heap, without lifting a hand to save them; because, in such a collapse they see the disappearance of all the organized systems of evil which brought them to their present position.

The cry that we hear is the cry of doomed systems, pleading for us to grant them an artificial extension of life. The people of Europe are not asking us to sustain those systems.

Those systems are doomed, but the people are not doomed. The people, the land, the essence of the culture, the faith, the hope—and a better kind of charity, will remain.

The latest news from Europe is this: the condition of the people steadily improves; the condition of privilege steadily declines. It is not the war, nor the reparations, nor the debt, nor the indifference of America that ails Europe, it is the entire system of wrong, of which the war was but one result.

The governments become more and more insane; the people are becoming sane. Financial standards go down and down; the people's vision of righteousness goes up and up. Respect for artificial gewgaws grows less and less; the sense of fundamental merit grows more and more.

The explanation of the silence of the Europeans among us is just that: they know that what is now imperilled is the very thing that always imperilled Europe, and if its time has come to disappear, they are glad.

Paris, Berlin—what do they matter now? What a stupid world it is that looks to Paris or Berlin for news these days? What can Paris or Berlin say that is of the slightest account in the thing that is coming upon Europe? Paris and Berlin, neither of them, believes it has one sensible word to say, one coherent clue to the maze; they simply talk, as formerly they wound red tape—it is the automatic, incoherent mutter of dying systems.

Unfortunately we cannot say that this is intelligently discerned by our own government. But fortunately our own government is following the instinct which has usually led us into the right path. The world is waiting; the United States is waiting; but the waiting is without the educational effect it might otherwise have, because so many busy people are urging everybody to "do something." When the world is rocking in earthquake, there is nothing to do but stand still. Fifty years ago we might have taken a path that would have led us to another place than the one to which we have come. Those who urged it then were laughed at. Twenty-five years ago—yes, as late as Versailles, the world might still have "done something." Versailles was the last chance. Now, destiny is in the saddle. What the wisdom of the wise thought was foolishness, is being vindicated by the spirit of destiny. We would not clean up our own world, it is being cleaned up for us.

This, the vision of the times, these good and necessary and not-to-be-interfered-with times, should be considered by every thoughtful mind. Because it is true and interpretive. The problem of destiny is not to stop the disappearance of decayed systems, but to carry it on to completion—to clear the earth and save the people.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Real Life Found in Home—Kathleen Norris

That's Why She Takes the Kitchen and the Living Room for Her "Sets"

By FRED L. HOLMES

"I TAKE themes of home for my stories because I think most of the beauty and charm of life is placed in kitchens, in family sitting rooms with shabby books and shabby lamps, and in bedrooms where there are new babies, and sick children and old men and women."

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Kathleen Norris, who, a dozen years ago, made Americans wipe their eyes in wonder and lift their heads in respect over the story she had told of "Mother," was talking to me at her San Francisco home. During the intervening years she has written many other books and short stories. Some are already forgotten, but her story of "Mother" is like "Lorna Doone" and "Jane Eyre." It lives on. Age does not detract from its popularity.

It was because she wrote "Mother" that I went to see her. It was because the world is always in tribute to mothers, that I felt she must have some deep note of sympathy which guided her in the writing of the book.

"'Mother' was written when my first baby's arrival made me thoughtful about motherhood, its beauty and its trials, and I wrote it as sort of a tribute to my own mother, then dead several years," explained Mrs. Norris.

Two events have brought success to this author, according to her own judgment. First, a removal from California to New York to carry on early literary work, and second, her marriage to Charles G. Norris, novelist, and a brother of Frank Norris, now dead. nationally known because of his novels on "The Octopus" and "The Pit," which created such a furor of discussion a few years ago. Mrs. Norris' husband is the author of "Brass."

Society reporters on daily newspapers, women who believe that many men have a keener sense in business affairs, persons who have stumbled often in attempting to climb toward success, will find much consolation in the life story of Kathleen Norris. Because she was poor, she had to accept employment as a reporter; after she married she induced her husband to attempt to market the stories which she had written and which had been rejected, and when he succeeded, she announced her policy of making "my husband always my business manager." Because she failed so often before she got a foothold on the literary ladder, she will take time off from her most arduous duties to help others see the pathway.

Kathleen Norris was the daughter of James A. Thompson, long a resident of San Francisco; twice president of the famous Bohemian Club and at the time of his death, manager of the Donohoe Kelly Bank. Of the six children in the family, Kathleen was the second child and the oldest girl. Most of her education was obtained privately, a governess being furnished occasionally for language study. She got smatterings of French, German and Spanish—not much of any one.

It was in 1899 that the family moved to Mill Valley, across San Francisco Bay, and "Treehaven," a bungalow in the beautiful valley at the foot of Mount Tamalpais became the home. During this year, the 19-year-old girl was preparing to enter society. All was astir in the home—new gowns, dancing lessons, society conferences. One day the mother was striken with pneumonia and died within a few days. The broken-hearted father followed within a month.

Simultaneously the family fortunes were upset. The children had to go to work. Kathleen took work in a hardware store at $30 a month. Employment obtained by the others was not so remunerative and the family income totaled $80 monthly. The bugbear of "debt" hung like the sword of Damocles over their heads, but the hair that held it in suspension never broke.

Kathleen and her 15-year-old sister were the mothers of the family. Home at night they made the beds, cleaned up the house and did the cooking, And when the work was done, if it was not too late, Kathleen would tell stories. Next to the drawing of pictures of little girls with pigtails down their backs and wearing checkered aprons, this was the occupation she liked best of all.

Then Kathleen began to wonder if there might not be a future in story-telling. So in the autumn of 1903, she registered as a student at the University of California to take a course in English. After five months, she was compelled to resume employment. But within these months, she had sold a story to a daily paper for $15.50. This set her soul craving with literary ambition. For a time she worked as a librarian, then as a social settlement worker, and finally became society editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin,* and later a reporter on the *Call.* That she was a prodigious writer is evidenced by the fact that when President Roosevelt sent the Atlantic fleet to Pacific waters in 1908, she wrote 8,000 words of copy in a single day of the San Francisco visit. Marriage in 1909 did not settle the routine of her life. With her husband, she went to New York, where he had obtained magazine editorial work. So many rejection slips had come to her on magazine stories that she almost despaired.

One day there was a social party of young writers in New York to which she was invited. "It was pleasant for me to meet them and I enjoyed the afternoon," continued Mrs. Norris and a sweet smile reminiscent with final victory ruffled her stateliness. "My chief sensation was one of shock—it was a real shock to me to find that writers were people. I felt as if I had met George Eliot, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontē, Joan of Arc, Cleopatra and all of the great figures of history, and found them to be human beings like myself. 'These writers are not supermen and women,' I said to myself, 'they are human beings like me. Why can't I do what they are doing?'"

The veil had been lifted and she told how on her way home she made a little resolve. She determined to write a story and sell it before the next meeting. This she did. She disposed of it to a daily paper for $12. It was published. Shortly afterward she got the prize of $50 for the best story of the week. For her the horizon was ablaze with future promise.

"I always wanted to write," Mrs. Norris confided as if she were unraveling some story of adventure to her 11-year-old son. "When I went to New York in 1909, the glamour that had always hung about successful writers faded away. When I met them I saw that they were just ordinary human beings, working instead of dreaming, and I began to work, too."

Mingled with the rejection slips with returned stories there came a little note from the *Atlantic Monthly* which in a day paved her path to literary fame. It read:

"Dear Mrs. Norris:

"The readers report that, delightful as your story is, it is 'not quite in our tone.' The feeling of the *Atlantic* is, that when a tale is as intimately true to life as this is of yours, the tone is surely a tone for the *Atlantic* to adopt.

"It gives me great pleasure to accept so admirable a story.

Very truly yours,
THE EDITOR."

On the publication of "What Happened to Alanna," S. S. McClure, the veteran magazine editor, who has made claim to the discovery of so many young authors, wrote her a complimentary note and asked for the next story. She replied by calling his attention to the date on which he had rejected the story for which he was now showering praises upon her.

One of the magazines for women had offered a prize for the best short story of 3,000 words. She attempted to enter the contest, but when her story ran to 10,000 words she laid it aside to write another. And the story which she laid aside was "Mother," which was later enlarged to a book of 30,000 words for which five publishers were clamoring at one time. It established Mrs. Norris in the literary world and gave her a reputation as a writer.

"Young writers are too easily discouraged," exclaimed Mrs Norris in telling of the many who write and call upon her for advice. "I have a feeling that a desire to write indicates the possession of the power to write. But sometimes I do not wonder that writers become discouraged. I had frightful discouragement —until I was married."

Then it was that Mrs. Norris told how her husband acted as her business manager. There is an alphabetical list of magazines, and in the early days he would start at the top of the list and send the story out until it sold. One story went out 26 times. The list had been exhausted and Mr. Norris started it over again. It sold the twenty-seventh time to the *Atlantic Monthly,* which had been the first on the list originally to reject the story.

"My husband is always my business manager, and handles every contract, novel, story, article, cinema right and copyright," she explained in showing one of the big peaks of her success. "Only professional writers can estimate what this statement means. It requires ability to sell a story as well as to write it.

"I think there must be just scores of people who write good stories, send them out for a few times and then lay them aside in discouragement. Young writers, like all others, must persevere. Keep on writing and sending out the stories. There is no other way to success, unless there is someone who can act for you in sending the stories to publishers."

Of the writings of Mrs. Norris the best known are: "Mother," "The Rich Mrs Burgoyne," "The Treasure," "Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," "Saturday's Child," "The Story of Julia Page," "The Heart of Rachel," "Undertow," "Martie, the Unconquered," "Josselyn's Wife," "The Beloved Woman," "Lucretia Lombard," "Harriet and the Piper," and "Certain People of Importance."

The gay, bright, slangy flapper of today is explained by Mrs. Norris in her recent volume, "Certain People of Importance," as the product of 150 years of immigration across the continent. She depicts the Crabtree family for these generations. Life in San Francisco is painted in detail. Although out but a short time, the novel already ranks as one of the 10 best sellers, and has been characterized by one noted critic as a "boulevard of life, with glimpses into innumerable houses and hearts."

Once poor, authorship has made Mrs. Norris comfortably well-to-do. Five years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Norris left Long Island, New York, to return to San Francisco to make their home. As both are writers, each has a separate study.

"We have separate studios on our California farm," remarked Mrs. Norris, "and both of us work all the year around from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m, and sometimes a few hours in the evening as well. The method is the same for all writers—work. Sometimes it comes easy, sometimes hard, but it is always work."

"Do you think the rich have all the joys?" I asked knowing that few characters of rich people are to be found in her books. She pointed to a volume of Dickens that lay on the table and told me that she read these works because the author so clearly saw the joys of the poor.

"What makes you think the rich have all the joys?" she asked with sudden gravity and earnestness. "I have been poor and I am rich and I know they don't—unless those joys are the same joys the poor can have, always, the joys of love and service.

"Why do people go on reading Adam Bede and Daddy Goriot and Dickens, except wistfully to glimpse those joys that money steals away?"

When the Thompson family was young, the boys read mostly from Sir Walter Scott, but Kathleen preferred Dickens. She said she still read this author with delight and declared there were passages to be found in his novels that are as good as any English literature except Shakespeare.

"I like him because he saw so clearly the joys of the poor," she explained. "Disease and despair were not the only things he gave to them."

Mrs. Norris is a tall, statuesque, beautiful woman with poise and grace—past 40. She has a matronly charm. The mother of several children, "we have been left but one son, and a foster son adopted years ago," she said. Mrs. Norris is essentially a home woman. That is why the problems of the home—the mother and the child—find so prominent a place in her novels.

As I left the home, the evening sun was flooding in through the golden gate, bathing the blue waters and mountain sides in a haze of brilliancy. Here amid these scenes had this kindly woman toiled and longed for success and here she had returned to enjoy its worldly laurels.

An Excerpt From "Certain People of Importance"

DIRTY, weary, but undaunted, the Crabtree family arrived in San Francisco late on a brilliant August afternoon, 1849. Tales of murder, death on the plains, the Indian outrage, met them on every side, and they felt themselves not only fortunate, but wise, in all their moves and decisions.

San Francisco, lying upon her seven sandy hills, looked civilized. There were few women to be seen among the jumble of cheap, wooden buildings, the Chinese "cookhouses" and "wash-houses," the saloons and gambling hells, the quarters where Mexicans and Indians and half-breeds of every type were housed together. There was a "Frenchman's" a "Dutchman's" and a "Swede's"——

The sugar and flour that had crossed the plains safely in 1849 had made a trail for tons of sugar and flour, for teas and coffee and other luxuries. They saw wealth come in and with wealth came schools and a library, "cable cars," theaters, shops. Magnificant homes went up like mushrooms on Nob Hill, the Vigilantes flourished at Fort Gunnybags, the Mexicans and the miners vanished, and with them the murderers and the riots.

More Weird Illusions of American Bankers

Here Are Facts Which Reveal an Abyss: The American Bankers' "Educational Propaganda" Has Not Explained Them: Can It?

By W. H. ALLEN

ANY discussion of the international money situation must include reference to American investments in foreign enterprises. If the estimates made are to be relied upon, we must be investing hundreds of millions abroad every year; and the total for the seven years reaches into the billions.

These estimates are based on the *theory* that our favorable trade balances have given us huge foreign credits to buy back foreign securities and to invest in foreign loans and foreign enterprises. This theory was originally exploited some 22 years when our big trade balances led our financial leaders to claim that, for the first time in its history, the United States had become a creditor nation. Among the most zealous exploiters of the theory 22 years ago was Mr. George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint. He is also an equally zealous exploiter of the same theory today. Addressing the Bankers' Club of Chicago, March, 1901, Mr. Roberts said:

"Our trade balances *are so large that to attempt to collect them in cash would ruin our customers.* A nation with *power to amass such credits becomes of necessity an investor in all parts of the world.*"

Two months later the financial world was startled by the announcement in the *Post,* May 22, 1901, that American bankers were borrowing large sums abroad!

Look at the List of "American" Capital

ABOUT that time Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip predicted that "New York would soon be the cheapest money market in the world." We have been waiting these 20 years to see that prediction fulfilled. It has never yet been fulfilled. London is a cheaper money market today.

Mr. N. J. Bacon, whose article in the *Times,* January 4, 1902, was widely quoted, as authoritative, estimated that our investments in foreign bonds and foreign enterprises averaged $144,000,000 a year. Most of this amount was supposed to be going into Cuba, Mexico and other South American countries. Referring to our ventures in Cuba, Mr. Bacon mentions "one company, Mr. Van Horne's, that has been at work building a railroad along the backbone of the island." The only person of that name interested in Cuban exploitation at that time was Sir William Van Horne, the well-known railroad capitalist of Canada. This may give us a clue to the different parties who are masquerading as American capitalists. Much alleged American-owned money has, in the last quarter of a century, gone into railroads, banks, tobacco and sugar plantations, and mining properties in Cuba and Mexico; but a glance at the names shows that most of the investors are Canadian capitalists, and New York bankers such as J. P. Morgan, Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and James Speyer & Co. are really agents of foreign capital.

The purchase of the $35,000,000 Cuban gold bonds of 1904 by Speyer & Company was much exploited at the time *as an investment of American capital.* But the notice of redemption of these bonds in 1913 was authorized by the following bankers:

Speyer & Company	New York
Speyer Brothers	London
Laozard Speyer-Ellison	Frankfort
Deutsche Bank	Berlin
Credit Lyonnais	Paris
H. Upmann & Company	Havana

Most of our surplus capital is supposed to have gone into Mexico. In 1913 Senator A. B. Fall, of New Mexico, estimated our Mexican investments at more than $1,000,000,000, or more than those of England, France, Germany and all others put together. "Citizens of the United States," said the Senator, "have built practically every street railroad, every electric line, every power transmission line, and practically all the railroads."

This statement was challenged by Mr. E. T. Simondetti, the widely known editor of *El Diario,* the leading newspaper in the City of Mexico. In an article in *Leslie's Magazine* (1913) Mr. Simonditti quotes Mr. Luis de la Barra, London financial agent for Mexico, to the effect that "the great bulk, nearly seven-eighths of the $550,000,000 Mexican railway bonds, is owned in Europe and Canada. One proof of this is that Mexican railway bonds are very active on the Paris and London markets, but seldom quoted in New York."

In 1902 when Mr. Bacon was exploiting our Mexican investments, the total sales of all foreign securities were just five bonds, all of them being Mexican 5's. In 1903 the sales amounted to eight bonds of the same issue (*Post,* April 23, 1904). The same statement will apply to the business in all such securities in every year up to the outbreak of the World War.

Mr. Simondetti notes the fact that *American Bankers* have been active in arranging the issue of Mexican bonds *to be sold to European investors* and that they continue *to represent these purchasers.* The agency is American, but the capital is foreign. This is confirmed by the Mexican correspondent of *Current Opinion* (New York) April, 1913, who says:

"There is more foreign capital in the national railways of Mexico than in any other undertaking. An inspection of the stock book of the 'National Railroads,' a government institution, would reveal a large proportion of English stockholders, and a large amount of stock registered *in the names* of *citizens* of *this country which is in reality owned* by *English stockholders.*"

This applies not only to stocks of Mexican railways, but also to 90 per cent of the foreign investments in public utilities, banks, mines, mineral lands, industrial plants and other enterprises in Mexico and every other country. The New York bankers, J. P. Morgan & Company, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, Speyer & Company, Ladenberg, Thalmann & Company and Seligman Brothers, who are masquerading as representatives of American-owned capital, are really agents of Canadian and European capital. When Senator Fall says that American citizens built practically every street railroad, every electric line and practically all the railroads, he gives the impression that American capital built and still controls these properties. But it is safe to say that not 10 per cent of American-owned capital went into them.

The publication in 1913 of the banker's estimate of our annual foreign debts settled this whole question beyond all controversy. According to these authorities our annual foreign debts approximated $1,400,000,000. With trade balances averaging $500,000,000 as a partial offset we were piling up a deficit of $900,000,000 every year. Instead of exporting that amount of gold to square the account we sold securities abroad.

This estimate was not publicly contradicted at the time, although it convicted nearly every financial writer in New York of gross ignorance of the international money situation, as it proved that so far from having hundreds of millions of surplus capital for foreign exploitation we were running behind and piling up a deficit of nearly a billion dollars every year. It was our constant sale of finance bill short-term notes, and long-term bonds abroad to avert exports of gold in settlement of the deficits that caused us to be recognized in Europe as the greatest of borrowing countries.

Nevertheless, as soon as the World War had increased our export trade these same financial writers began to repeat their stories about the United States being a creditor nation again. They got their inspiration from such sources as these:

"The United States today maintains the world's financial equilibrium. America is the money country; New York is the greatest of all money markets. The American dollar rules in the world's exchanges. Thus we should hold our supremacy for many years, and control the world's production, transportation and finance." (Max May, vice-president, Guaranty & Trust Company.)

Evidently Mr. Max May hadn't heard that at that time (August, 1917), according to the Lausanne *Gazette, our American dollar was lower than at any time since the Civil War.* In Denmark, Holland and Sweden it was worth only 88 cents, and went lower still later on. A Paris dispatch, June 23, 1916, to the *Post* stated:

"After many days, certain New York banks are placing money largely in Spain, for development of the territory and securing direct trade relations with the United States."

American Dollar Always Comes Out Worst

THAT was the banker's explanation of the efflux of gold at that time. It was intended to hide the truth, and make it appear that we had surplus capital to invest abroad. But two months later the *World* reported that "New York banks had been shipping large amounts of gold to Spain in settlement of balances due on account of supplies furnished by that country to the European belligerents." This movement continued into 1917 when it caused severe money stringency, near panics, on the Stock Exchange and forced the government to place an embargo on further shipments of the yellow metal. This refusal to pay gold caused *the discount of our dollar to rise to 45 cents,* and Spanish bankers refused to sell us any more war supplies without a deposit of gold in part payment. Then Mr. Otto Kahn went to Spain and arranged for a loan of $100,000,000 in credits to stabilize our dollars.

Now the fact that this discount on our dollar prevailed in all of the neutral countries proved very clearly that the statement of Max May that "the American dollar rules in the world's exchange" was absolutely false. And hence, too, the Paris dispatch to the *Post* that New York banks were sending the gold to Spain for developing the territory was equally false. They were sending the gold to pay for supplies to the Allies.

In 1917 at the very time that our dollars were shrinking in every neutral country, Mr. George E. Roberts, then assistant to Frank A. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, predicted that the end of the war would find us with more gold than we needed and we would have to invest it abroad. The war having ended, Mr. Roberts tells us that the Allies can't pay the debt of $10,000 000,000 principal and interest. He says:

"About the only course open to us is to reinvest it abroad. *We are out in the world to stay because we can never get our belongings home.*" This is almost word for word what Mr. Roberts said 18 years before, when, as it was afterward learned, our bankers owed Europe several hundred millions. But the situation was very much worse around August 14, 1919, when he was giving out this latest piece of advice.

As noted in previous articles the hoards which migratory aliens accumulated during the war totaled $4,000,000,000; and foreign banks had credits here of more than $6,000,000,000 more. In short, the combined foreign credits about offset the allied debt of $10,000,000 000. Also, in spite of a trade balance of $4,000,000,000, gold was going abroad, causing high money rates, panics and near panics and, according to influential bankers, endangering the safety of the gold standard. In fact our money market was in a much worse condition than that of England, the country that owed us nearly half of the Allied debt; for while money was worth 10, 20 and 30 per cent here, it was reported as being "dirt cheap" in London, rates of 2½ and 3 per cent being common even in those days.

Mr. Roberts' view of the matter is approved by Mr. Hoover, and Controller of the Currency Crissinger. A statement recently submitted to Congress announces that "we lead all others in the race for world trade. The British are becoming alarmed at our rapid growth, and *Germany* is *not considered a serious competitor* in *South America.*"

"We are all agreed that the determining factor in establishing the direction of foreign trade is the amount of capital invested abroad, at the present time our investments abroad amount to no less than $21,750,000 000."

Here it is assumed that the Allied loan and the foreign bonds floated here since 1914 are really investments of American capital abroad. But as I showed in the last article most of the bonds floated here by the neutral countries of Europe and South America were really disguised payments of debts, incurred to stabilize our dollar abroad, and in purchasing war supplies. *We were paying a debt and calling it a loan.*

Dr. Klein, Director of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, writing on this subject in the *Post* of December 31, 1922, compares the progress in our export trade last year with that of 1913 because it makes a better showing than if compared with 1921. And he lays stress on the increase in the latter half of the year, when as a matter of fact it is always larger in the autumn when agricultural exports are heaviest. But he does not cite one single case where these alleged loans have increased our export trade, or established one real American enterprise in foreign countries.

American Banks Beaten Back Home

REFERRING to our alleged loans of $220,000,000 to Latin-America, he says, "It is true that in many instances these loans were used for improvement of the position of temporarily embarrassed governments. But there has been also a gratifying allocation of funds for necessary public works and other reproductive purposes." That is about as near as he gets to proving that all the loans floated here will increase our export trade, or establish American enterprises in South America. Reference is made to investments in oil properties in Bolivia. But there is no proof that the investors are handling American-owned capital. They are most likely dummies for foreign investors as is the case in Mexico.

"The most notable activities in South America," says Dr. Klein, "have been those of Columbia and Argentina. American capital has been quite active in the former country. . . . Furthermore, the services of the 60 branches of American banks have given a *tremendous impetus* to the development of direct distribution."

Now in August, 1921, the National City Bank announced "the closing of its three branches in Baranquilla, Bogota and Medilin, Columbia, because of the disruption of exchange and the *slump in business.*"

Where did Dr. Klein get his information?

And the closing of these three branches was only a sign of a wider movement, concerning which the Federal Reserve *Bulletin* (November, 1921) says:

"The striking aspects of the financial development on the banking side in connection with foreign trade is found in the fact that there has been *a steady and extensive withdrawal of American banking institutions from the foreign field.* One reason given for this action was that German, British and French firms were able to offer *distinctly more favorable terms.*" That is to say, they could give longer credits and lower rates.

How these foreigners, that have borrowed billions from us, and are crying for more, can grant longer credits than the merchants of the world's credits nation is another one of those freak incidents which befuddle the lay mind. The explanation is that these branch banks were mostly disguised agents of foreign, chiefly German, banks, formed during the war to continue the business. And the disguise was more easy because the parent banks (like the National City) were largely controlled by agents of the same foreign banks. When the proper time arrived the foreign banks opened up again, and our branches quietly withdrew.

The withdrawal of these branches has continued to the present time.

Our professional business forecasters seem particularly anxious to prove that we are going ahead of Germany. Mr. Hoover has told us that "Germany is growing weaker" in the foreign field. The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* (December 31) also informs us that "Germany is not considered a serious competitor in South American trade."

James A. Carson, president of the Pan-American Advertising Association, is another Jonah on German prospects. In the same issue of the *Tribune* he says that *"German competition wanes.* She is becoming less and less of a menace in South American trade. The scare of German competition is subsiding." But he makes some statements which conflict with the foregoing. Thus he says: "They are beating us on prices in many lines at present. . . . Today Germany is a bothersome contender in many South American markets, and the average buyer sees only a continuance of her efforts. . . . Great Britain is holding her own, and in places gaining in South America. . . . In the recession from war-time peaks *British trade is ebbing much less than that of the United States,* notably in Brazil. *This is also true of some of the other southern markets.*"

"But South America is turning to the United States

(Concluded on page 8)

A Study of Race Influences and Immigration

Our "Firm Feeling Under Foot" Gone Because of Influx of Undesirables

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH
ENGLISH AND COMPARATIVE LITERATURE, DRAKE UNIVERSITY

WE ARE being told rather vociferously in some quarters that the pronouncement that all men are created equal, as we have it in the Declaration of Independence, is a pledge that America shall be the world's melting pot. The unity of the human family was not a thing that the fathers were quite sure of, even in their assertion of it. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams could never have debated in any scientific fashion the problems of heredity and environment. The facts were not known. Indeed, they were hardly suspected. The problem is chiefly a problem of biology. To deal with it as question of political theory and the rights of man is more or less futile. If man were now one, if all the races of men were practically the same in their characteristics, the biological fact would be of no moment. The conditions of existence are so different in the different sections of the globe that the survival of the fittest, broadly speaking, has in one place favored the permanence of the cannibal and in the other the permanence of the enemy of the cannibal. This racial differentiation through the evolutionary process has been going on for thousands of years, and it is worse than foolish to think of undoing it by intermarriage within any period of time brief enough to be genuinely interesting to those of us who are making America today.

To open our gates to the entrance of anybody and everybody from all the four quarters of the earth, is to fly in the face of the facts.

Inasmuch as this is a scientist's question, not a demagogue's question, not a political doctrinaire's question, we shall have to listen to the word of the biologist for the conclusions upon which we must base our thinking. Michael E. Guyer, professor of zoology in the University of Wisconsin, in "Being Well-Born," reports that:

"By this (the biometric) method Professor (Karl) Pearson has shown that such mental and temperamental attributes as ability, vivacity, conscientiousness, temper, popularity, handwriting, and so on, are as essentially determined as are physical features through the hereditary endowment."

In "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men," Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology in Princeton University, makes a statement of like character no less positively.

"All peculiarities which are characteristic of a race, species, genus, order, class and phylum are, of course, inherited, otherwise there would be no constant characteristics of these groups and no possibility of classifying organisms. The chief characters of every living thing are unalterably fixed by heredity. Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. Every living thing produces offspring after its own kind."

In "Genetics and Eugenics," W. E. Castle, professor of zoology in Harvard University and research associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, adds to these conclusions a further conclusion that is of immediate moment in the present state of the immigration question in America.

"Offspring produced by crossing such races do not lack in vigor, size or reproductive capacity. But these are not the only qualities which we desire either our horses or our citizens to possess . . . . For such reasons wide racial crosses among men seem on the whole undesirable."

It Is Biological Judgment

THIS last sentence is, of course, the expression of a judgment only, but it is a biological judgment, a judgment based upon findings in that field of research from which the decisive results of investigations touching this subject must come. The theoretical wisdom of the fathers in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century, in the face of this wisdom of accumulated knowledge, is fairly negligible. It is merely, to quote the words of John Moffatt Mecklin, professor of philosophy in the University of Pittsburgh, in his "Democracy and Race Friction," "the uncritical humanitarianism which denies the existence of any race-problem except that of our own creation."

On the part of some of the disciples of this "uncritical humanitarianism" there is a disposition to assert that the man of one race is as capable and efficient as the man of another. The evidence brought forward in support of this position is the example of a relatively great man here and there in the ranks of those races that may possibly be supposed to be inferior. These examples do not reach the point of quantitative comparison as presented. They do not constitute a demonstrative showing of the equality of capability that is in question. Even were they sufficient for that end, however, they would not settle the real question at issue. Accepting them as final, we would merely have evaded the actual problem.

In his Message to Congress of October 1, 1888, President Cleveland said:

"The experiment of blending the social habits and mutual race idiosyncracies of the Chinese laboring classes with those of the great body of the people of the United States has been proved by the experience of 20 years, and ever since the Burlingame treaty in 1868, to be in every sense unwise, impolitic and injurious to both nations . . . .

". . . . This has induced me to . . . . answer the earnest popular demand for the absolute exclusion of Chinese laborers having objects and purposes unlike our own and wholly disconnected with American citizenship."

Here in a diplomatically guarded way President Cleveland brought to the attention of the American public the thing of most importance in the immigration problem. It is not difference in mental capacity that most certainly separates men racially and makes their free mingling together "unwise, impolitic and injurious." The trouble is deeper than that in "objects and purposes in life," in "social habits and idiosyncracies." The substantial basis for pleasant association together on the part of men and women is not equality of intellect. That should be existent in some degree, but the thing of first importance is a reasonably harmonious sense of human and social values. As the circle of association narrows, too, this bond of a common outlook must more or less include some agreement with relation to moral values. In spite of current clamor to the contrary, life cannot be intelligently discussed or measured in disregard of such considerations.

It is not necessarily a lowering of character alone to which we should be and must be unalterably opposed. As far as we feel that we have constituted ourselves a people and have developed a life and a spirit of our own, we must resist anything, not in the way of betterment, that tends to deflect that life from its general course and direction.

It is contended, of course, that mixed races have an advantage over pure races in the struggle for existence. In a degree the English race to which we belong is itself indeed a mixed race. It serves, therefore, as illustrative confirmation of that belief, but it is conjecturally illustrative only, not at all demonstrative. What Professor Mecklin, whom I have already quoted, says on this subject seems to me to be more than pertinent.

"The great contributors to culture and human progress have always had back of them the temperamental characteristics of a pronounced racial type. This is true, for example, of the art of Greece, the jurisprudence of Rome, the philosophy of Germany, or the poetry of England. The larger social self of the cultured modern may indeed present oftentimes a variegated appearance, but underneath it all one can still detect an ethnic background of race traits and temperament that alone harmonizes the complex elements as does the background of a picture and gives to the intangible thing we call personality 'a local habitation and a name.'"

Problem Is Ours Alone

THE problem of the mixing of races is a problem for Americans as it is a problem for no other equally large body of people on the globe. England is full of her own children. She needs not seriously concern herself about a possible influx of aliens. France is not in danger of being overrun by those who will divert the current of her social and national existence. Germany has enough to do to take care of the population she already has. Not many of other blood will go there to seek their fortunes. America is the lure for all the restless and the dispossessed of the world, and so great is that lure that more than a million immigrants came to the United States in 1910. Of that number nearly two-thirds came from Austria Hungary, Italy and Russia. The peoples of these countries are nearly all of them products of alien ways of living and of alien conditions that have been shaping their lives for centuries. The immigration from the countries where life is more nearly like our own, France, the Netherlands, and Great Britain, was less than one-sixth of that from these countries.

Whether the foreign-born and those born in this country of foreign parents are as law-abiding as the native-born of our older stocks is a question of importance. The problem is naturally a complex one, but the outstanding facts are significant. John R. Commons, professor of political economy in the University of Wisconsin, reports, in his "Races and Immigrants in America," that "the native-born children of immigrants show a proportion of criminality (5,886 per million) much greater than that of the foreign-born themselves (3,270 per million), and 70 per cent greater than that of the children of native parents."

In striking confirmation and accentuation of this, Professor Commons shows further that criminality of "male juveniles per million of male population 10 to 19 years of age, North Atlantic states," for the year 1890, was as in the following table:

Native white, native parents	1,744
Native white, foreign parents	3,923
Foreign white	3,316

These figures showing that the children of foreign parents have criminal tendencies more than twice as high as those of the children of native white parents are not to be explained away. Doubtless there are circumstances that make possible some minimizing of their significance, but they can be nothing less than an indubitable sign of a menace to American life in the presence of the stranger within the gates.

In the same book by Professor Commons from which quotation has been made there is a sentence that comes very close to the heart of the question.

"That the frenzied spirit of the mob, whether in strikes, panicky militia, Indian slaughter, or civil war, should so often have blackened the face of a nation sincerely dedicated to law and order is one of the penalties paid for experimenting on a problem of political and economic equality with material marked by extreme racial inequality."

There Should Be Unity of Aims

ONE of the methods of approach to this subject is that by the way of comparative literature. It is in literature that the characteristics of a people are most intimately and fully revealed. That all peoples have not produced literatures either of like quality or of like showing of human traits and modes of life is clear enough. None the less in a fairly recent book, Gustav Pollak's "International Perspective in Criticism," the author says in the introduction:

"'I am convinced,' says Lessing, 'that no nation on earth has a monopoly of intellect in any of its manifestations. I know very well that people talk of the profoundly serious Englishman and the witty Frenchman, but who has made this distinction. Surely not Nature, who impartially distributes all her gifts . . . .' We have in these words an implied declaration of his belief, borne out of all his teachings, that intellect recognizes no distinctions of nationality, race or religion.

"Chauvinistic criticism of foreign achievement is merely inability to criticize at all. Herder condemns the expression, 'races of mankind,' as ignoble words."

This has a pleasantly generous, idealistic, and humanitarian sound. It will easily deceive the thoughtless, but the pronouncement is sentimental and nothing more. It is not at all scientific. The author's effort to support his contention by quotation from Lessing and Herder is by nearly a century too late. On this subject, as perhaps in general, they were neither of them as wise as the man who was chiefly responsible for the writing of the Declaration of Independence.

In a democracy it is important that its constituent members should have some unity of social aims and purposes. Two men whose destinations are one east and one west from their common starting point will not reach those destinations most surely by journeying together. Disagreement with relation to methods of achieving common aims and common purposes is another matter. That is both inevitable and healthy. Decisions with regard to ways of bringing things about should come from an exercise of the judgment, not from the ebullition of antagonistic passions. In a country to which there is free entry for all the races of the globe, the maintenance of that social solidarity that is one of the finest fruits of national life is almost impossible. Already we have in no small degree lost the comfortable sense of having something firm under our feet. If we are not to lose that altogether we shall need to be wise in time. Before the rising tide of immigration, following the war, again approaches the million mark, we should arrange to stop on the other side of either ocean something like 99 per cent of the invading host.

More Weird Illusions of American Bankers

Concluded from page 7

for her financial needs. In the last 18 months more than $350,000,000 worth of Latin-American bonds have been floated in New York."

Here we get a glimpse of the truth of this matter. South America is buying German and English goods with the money she borrowed from New York. But it is not American-owned money that was borrowed. The bonds were taken by Kuhn, Loeb & Company, J. P. Morgan and foreign bankers. It is foreign-owned money that is financing the trade. In short, Germany is financing her South American trade with the gold she has been sending here and credits she earned on her investment in this market.

But a derrick wouldn't drive that simple fact into the head of Mr. Hoover, or any one of his aids.

The Argentine loan floated in this country prior to 1922, which Messrs. Hoover and Crissinger are relying upon to boom our foreign trade, *was really used to boom German trade.*

There has been much boasting about the great strides in our shipping industry on the Pacific Coast, and the great growth of the Harriman lines is cited as an instance. But Mr. W. A. Harriman is just as much an agent of Kuhn, Loeb & Company as was his father, the late E. H. Harriman, and the ships which he manages are just as much German, as is the Hamburg-American line.

In these articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT I have sought to prove that so far from being a creditor nation to the extent of $21,750,000,000, we are really a debtor nation to the extent of more than $15,000,000,000. *If my view of the matter is correct then the bankers who originated this creditor nation claim are guilty of having exploited a deliberate and dangerous falsehood.* And these bankers have thus far failed to answer the arguments advanced in these articles.

But the hour is at hand when they will have to answer. For it is the same bankers that have organized this campaign "for the education of 'economic illiterates' as to the dangers of printing press theories of money." At the very outset of this campaign they will be confronted with questions relating to the gold standard and our ability to maintain it. And one of the questions will be:

Does the stock of gold now in the United States actually belong to American citizens?

A second question will be: *Does the billion of gold that has come here in the past two years really belong to American citizens?*

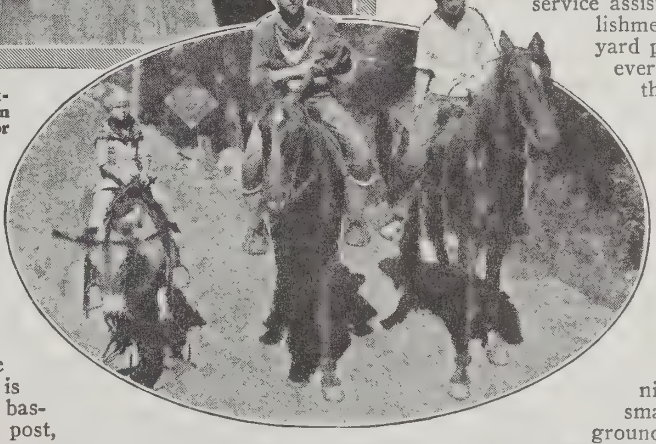
What answer will they make to these questions?

Taking the Playground into the Home

Interest, Enthusiasm and Assistance of Parents Obtained in Oakland, California

THE public playground, whether connected with a school or operated for the general benefit of all the children, has become an integral part of the life of a modern municipality. At first, the playground, then small and compact and not widely advertised, was heralded as the master attraction which would keep the children off the streets, reduce accidents, give the youngsters a place to work off their enthusiasm without getting into mischief, and help to bring to manhood and womanhood a healthier generation of human beings. All these things it has been proved the playground does—for children above a certain age—but the modern city has become too complex for the small child. Rapid transportation has monopolized the city's streets, making it dangerous for the child of less than 10 years of age to go to or come from the playground. What to do with the children of this age, too young to travel alone or even in groups to the public playgrounds, and too young in their games and recreations to enjoy association with the older children who have come to regard the playgrounds as their especial property, has become a problem of the parent and the home, rather than of the municipality, which cannot—or usually does not—offer aid in its solution, since it obviously cannot establish a playground in every residential block, or provide guardians for every child on his or her trip to or from the playground.

Here is a girls' club from one of Oakland's grammar schools working on beaded bags, embroidery and toys for Christmas presents for their small friends in one of the public school playgrounds.



JAY B. NASH,

Superintendent of recreation for the city of Oakland, who is the originator of the idea of the back yard playground, is shown here with Mrs. Nash and their little son, returning from a trip into the hills back of Oakland.

The city of Oakland, California, which has had some experience with playgrounds, their establishment and management, since it has 51 playgrounds, one lake recreation center, seven evening centers, four picnic grounds, an intown camp and a mountain camp, has met the playground problem of the small child, however, in a manner which has proved successful for its 400,000 inhabitants, and which, apparently, would work out as well in other communities, either larger or smaller than this. The plan is, briefly, to take the playground to the child who is too small to take himself to the playground. To do this it is essential that the interest, enthusiasm and assistance of the parents of the children be obtained. This has been done through the recreation department of Oakland, of which Jay B. Nash, a man who lives the wholesome outdoor life which he teaches to the children of his city, is superintendent, and which maintains a staff of 10 experts in recreational activities just to provide the children of Oakland with clean, healthful and abundant recreation.

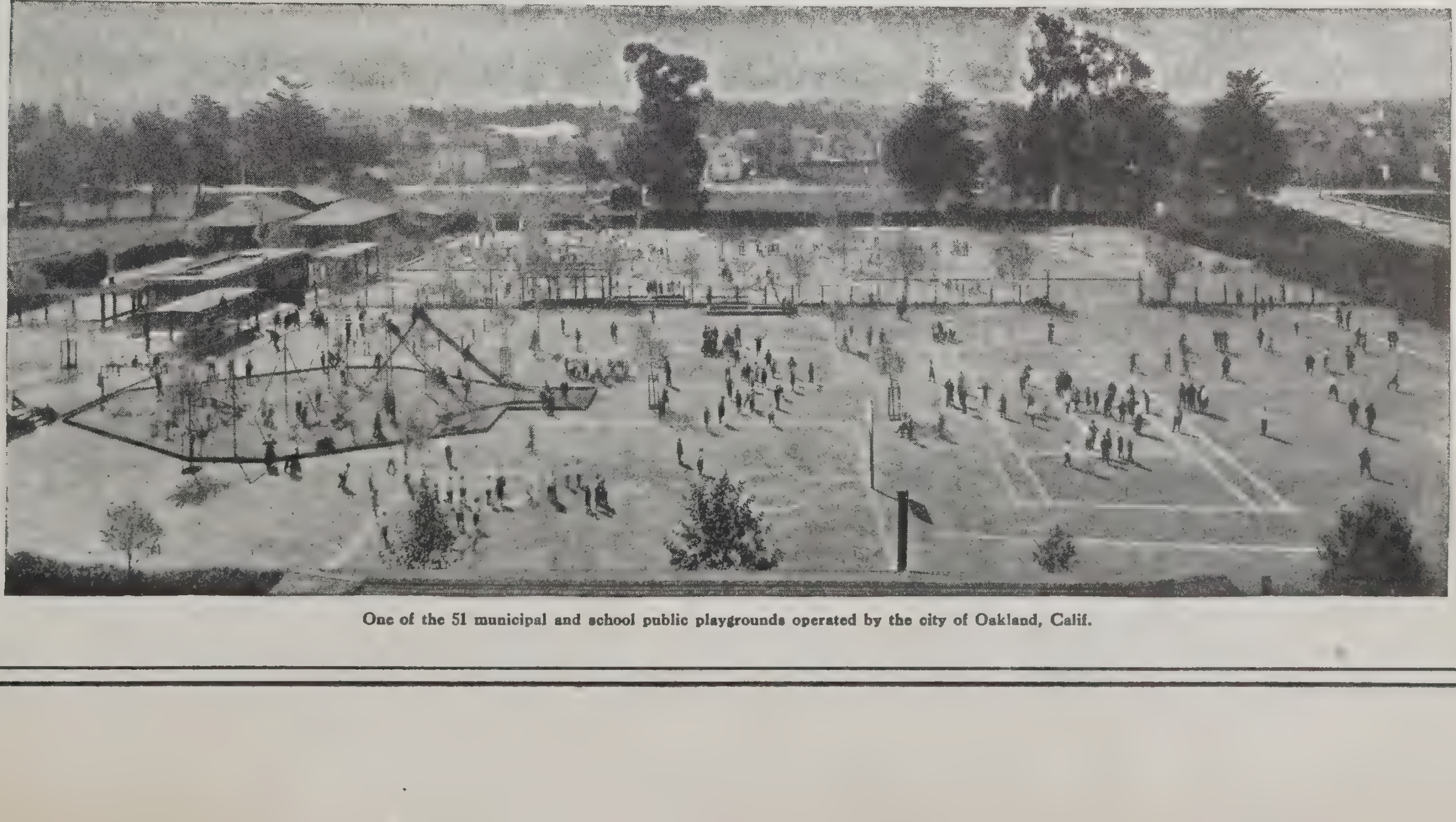
Mr. Nash is the originator of the plan to take the playground into the home. He tried it out first on his own children, in their own back yard, and it was so instantaneously successful that he persuaded other parents to try it, with the result that child accidents have been reduced, small children are kept off the street, even in the most congested parts of the city, parents are relieved of the worry of constant watchfulness as to the whereabouts of their small children, and the health of the children is steadily improved. The plan is simply stated, and simply executed at comparatively small expense. It comprehends the placing in the back yard of every home in which there are small children, of a playground, equipped with such apparatus as a slide, a turning pole, swings, sand box, hand ball court against the wall of the garage, if there be one, and, if there is room, a basket ball basket on the regulation post, where the children can practice throwing the ball.

Such a home playground can be installed in an area 40 by 20 feet, if there is no more space to be devoted to it; a still more complete equipment can be put in 40x40 feet, and so on up to the largest yard available. The majority of the lots in the residential sections of California cities are from 40 to 50 feet in width and from 125 to 150 feet deep. Deducting the space required for cottage and garage from even the smallest of these leaves abundant room for a back yard playground, and the complete equipment for either the 40x20 or the 40x40 foot space can be installed at an actual cost of $40, provided father does the work of setting up the equipment when it is delivered. Mr. Nash's own back yard playground, fitted up on a small area, both as an experiment and for his own children, cost him exactly $38, though he set up the swings, turning poles, slides and other equipment himself.

In cases in which there are a number of small children in the homes in a neighborhood, several families usually club together, in Oakland, and purchase the equipment, setting it up and allowing all their children to use it. This still further reduces the per capita cost, yet makes an even more effective back yard playground, because the children are more contented to play in it, and are better amused, when several play together. Experience has shown that it is inadvisable, however, to allow more than eight or ten as a maximum of small children to play in one such limited playground, since the equipment is not sufficient to accommodate more than this number.

The Oakland recreation department provides diagrams of yards, estimates of area which can be devoted to this purpose from any given yard, and lists of equipment suitable for the space to be used, as well as prices on that equipment, to all parents contemplating the establishment of a back yard playground. The city, of course, bears none of the expenses of installation or purchase of this equipment, since it belongs to the families interested and is installed on privately owned ground. All surveys, estimates and other service assisting in the establishment of the back yard playgrounds, however, are free, and the experts of the recreation department have made scores of visits to back yards in the residence district to advise on the installation of these miniature playgrounds.

Mr. Nash has laid out definite plans for the small yard playground, which have been approved by the recreation department of the Oakland city government, and which have been distributed to virtually all the parents in that city. A number of such playgrounds have been installed, and the result has been even more satisfactory than expected, in every instance. Without minimizing the value of small vegetable and flower gardens, or the raising of chickens and rabbits as methods of arousing and keeping the child's interest in the home, Mr. Nash, with the approval of the recreation department, has listed the simple equipment as essential for the back yard playground.



One of the 51 municipal and school public playgrounds operated by the city of Oakland, Calif.

Washington's Deathblow to Newspapermen

The Passing of the Reporter and With Him the Glory of Free Journalism

By "OBSERVER"

THE years that marked the decline of newspapers and magazines as voices and as mirrors are not many—perhaps an even dozen—and this decline has been accompanied by the commensurate squelching of reporters worth the title. "Reporter" is an honorable professional title, whose humble and even plebeian sound has caused it to fall into disfavor with that younger group of literary aspirants who prefer the pleasurable cadence of "journalist," although experience has taught that the journalist is the fellow who borrows four bits from a reporter. Correspondent and "newspaperman" are elastic variations and because they may mean anything, like journalist, it is only the tried and true professional who, being correspondent and journalist, does not mind describing himself a reporter.

When an inborn, ingrained and inveterate reporter discovers an editor and a periodical—the two go together—who give him a chance to go the limit of his discretion, ability, knowledge, experience and originality, for the sake of that public service to which journalism should ever dedicate itself, he out-Romeos Romeo in his devotion. He likes to consecrate his professional self to that trinity of reader, editor and journal. He enjoys his task as much as the mechanic loves the purr of machinery in motion, as much as the sailor likes a bit of wind at sea, as much as the priest likes his religious rites.

Articles about reporting, and how to be a reporter, and what the reporter must do, and what are his rewards, have been many. But this article exposes what has happened to the reporter and why. Unlike the others, this article may have the effect of discouraging reporting as a field of endeavor except for hardy souls who would not hesitate at anything requiring moral, mental and physical prowess, because all three are now necessary for the reporter's self-protection as a laborer.

The Real Reporters Suffer

BY REPORTER, to begin with, is not meant the beginner at the bottom of the literary ladder, whose professional future may be in his keeping and may not—likely not—nor the fellow who finds a niche at some intermediate point and settles there, whose chief task is to write up the various daily happenings, church socials, court proceedings, fires, crimes, accidents and other routine, some of which occasionally are events that call for brilliant reporting. It excludes, of course, the vast army of amateurs, who form one group, and of the hangers-on, half-baked Bohemians who peddle "pieces," and whose only claim to the profession is a more or less fleeting connection with some periodical. And last, but not least, it must ignore that growing shoal of "reporters" turned out by schools of journalism, the latest academic fashion like "foreign trade schools."

Mr. Chester S. Lord, writing recently about reporting, referred to the ambition of the cub reporter to see his name on the front page of a famous newspaper as its recognized correspondent. This achievement must engender satisfaction, and excite pride, but this is a new editorial fashion, in the newspaper world, impartially and even recklessly followed, judging by the vast acreage of signed material appearing today. Formerly the best work was all unsigned, the glory going to the paper. Then came the time when the chief political reporter was privileged to sign his name to his articles, because he traveled considerably. The sporting pages were first opened to the indiscriminate use of signatures, probably because it would lead to a personal following.

Oddly enough, this anomalous procedure has come at the very time when newspapers, more so even than magazines, have lost nearly all personal touch with their readers, and when readers, on their side, having lost a corresponding intimacy with their periodicals, care as much for names of writers as they do for the names of the paper manufacturers.

There are, needless to say, many good writers, political or diplomatic or both, whose natural skill suffers in the pot of "policy" which seasons the news or facts, whose *voice* is muted in favor of the policy's falsetto. Among these will be found the reporters who must write negatively of that which given newspapers or magazines proscribe, overtly or by sleight of hand. A few years of this sort of work will tend to atrophy the writer's independence of thought and analysis. Selfishness or partisanship thus impairs the reporter's chief treasure—impartiality.

War Didn't Help Some

EDITORIAL exigencies do not always conduce to a reporter's improvement even when this comes by way of promotion. Becoming "war correspondents" ruined countless good police reporters and a few middling-to-good local political writers. They were hustled first to Washington and thence abroad with little or no preparation. It was like putting them from a milk diet to a whisky diet. Europe has always been a tough bone for the American newspaper man, and prior to 1913 it was quite inhospitable to those who visited there professionally. The false democratizing influences born of the war, which enabled many a disorientated writer to be welcomed by quite prominent foreign officials as though he were the only pebble on the beach, led to many a sudden and meteoric rise in "diplomatic journalism." What this actually meant may be tearlessly examined after President Wilson, in Europe, did the best he could for the American newspapermen—a well-censored press headquarters. The war-time interview, like the present peace-time interview, was propaganda and nothing more. This propaganda, sometimes well disguised, was such that even editors failed to recognize; they played it up as news.

The status of the American correspondent abroad is hardly complimentary. A few have established a few friendships with "sources of information," but two-thirds of these may be discounted outright as further propaganda. Many an American correspondent abroad, and his editor here, have failed to realize that too many foreign officials have been playing politics and jockeying for official betterment through the columns of the American newspapers. Blame attachés, of course, to the editors or owners—for often these foreign jobs are endowments of the proprietors upon a favorite staff man.

So difficult has this foreign work been that it has stubbed the toes of two or three men who, having attained popularity in the magazines, proceeded to exploit it abroad, which led to having some of their reports repudiated officially through the press associations. This repudiation in no wise impugns their veracity, but it is a sad commentary in that they violated the first rule of national reporting—signed authentication of all quoted material.

Reportorial penetration of foreign lands is a laudable American enterprise, but so far it has failed because it has been both immature and injudicious. The writer of these facts anticipates publisher or editor who would protest against that statement by pointing to the popularity of their correspondents and even to the circulation of their newspaper, by declaring that this "popularity" exists only in those countries that *expect* something from the United States. Those countries laugh at the queer "European edition" of certain American newspapers, the chief function of its reporters being to print the name of every tourist from "back home," and some of the latter's quoted absurdities to boot.

As a matter of fact, the few American correspondents abroad, and more specifically in the chief Continental countries, are treated no better than they are treated in Washington. One might well suspect that the Washington idea today is the very pattern copied in other capitals. The reporter there, unhonored by the very men he has helped to make, cannot expect more from those who owe him nothing.

The reporter of national affairs was a power unto himself a few years ago. His stature was such that he exacted respect and this was accorded to him ungrudgingly. His dispatches at that time were not "publicity" of doubtful value and color, but they were the measure of co-operation which he, as a member of the Fourth Estate, could give. In proportion to the value of what he wrote and the importance of the newspaper employing him such a reporter meant something to the profession and to the editors and owners above him.

He's Been Squelched, That's All

BUT the Washington correspondent has been squelched.

No one has done it; but many have done it.

First, Taft's indifference; second, Wilson's intolerance, and now Harding's despotism.

Today nothing can be written by a Washington correspondent, even anonymously, that may be unpleasant to the administration that he will not hear of it, and soon. The same condition existed under the last administration, though its system was somewhat different. Taft ignored—and smiled, until the campaign.

At that time, in 1912, the newspaper correspondents in Washington could almost make or unmake a President. The reporters who belonged to this group were not many. There were a few Roosevelt cuckoos among them, and probably a few who did not mind encouraging a change for the sake of variety. Wilson managed to do without cuckoos because he trusted his more or less personal representatives for his "feelers," but Harding has made cuckoos of all of them. Roosevelt's Washington favorites were J. J. Dickinson, E. B. Clark, Lincoln Steffens and J. C. O'Laughlin, with a few others in the offing. Taft trusted to his smile. Wilson had John Lind, E. M. House, and in later days one newspaperman who frequently changed masters, whose latest group has been endeavoring to give him standing —with success unknown—with President Harding. But President Harding has no favorites; the entire press gallery he draws upon.

Mr. Harding represents for the first time in our history the newspaper profession as President of the United States. Editorially, the press foresaw a new day for the Fourth Estate as a result of it, especially after chafing so long under Wilsonian restrictions, some of which, in justice to President Wilson, were not his but gratuitous autocracy on the part of a political assistant.

Unfortunately, however, the wish did not father a fact. The majority of the administration leaders are not friendly to the press to the extent that they are willing to permit its Washington representatives to write freely, for or against. President Harding lauded reporters who gave friendly publicity to the abortive limitation of armament conference, but a few weeks afterward he was aroused, incensed and nettled because the newspapers printed Congressional proceedings in the course of which a Senator attacked a pet member of the administration. As if real news is not its own apologist—and as if Congressional debates were not news!

President Harding—this is fact as well as news—seems to have forgotten that in his Senatorial days he resented the "secrecy" surrounding administrative affairs of the Democratic administration. One may easily imagine what the occasionally emphatic publisher of the Marion *Star* would have said if President Wilson had ever scolded the Washington correspondents for criticizing him or his officials. Conversely, what would he have exclaimed had President Wilson resented the publication of some acrid aspersions uttered on the floor of the Senate, including a few of the Ohioan's own fluminations? This is not comparative criticism; it is fact. We are discussing neither administrations nor politics, but newspapers, their representatives, and their rights.

Secretary Mellon has the most natural disinclination for publicity and the newspaper men manage to leave him severely alone. Secretary Hoover is as silent as ever, personally, but releases reams of bulletins about foreign trade. Secretary Hughes (he concludes the group of important public sources of information) is exceedingly touchy about the press. His attitude is one of sufferance, despite his apparent cordiality. His conferences with the Washington correspondents may be calculated to make them feel important, for as to news they are worthless. If an item of news should appear —news about international relations—in any newspaper, whose tenor or inferences are not to the liking of the State Department, reporters bow their heads until nothing but the beflowered blue carpets will stare them in the face.

Thus far the squelching of the Washington correspondents may not seem apparent. To the journalistic profession has been done what no one has ever dreamed of doing to any other profession or trade—to equalize all its members so that, in effect, the worst shall be no better than the best, and because the best are few they are leveled with the worst.

Harding's Attitude Surprise

THAT President Wilson should have done that was unfortunate enough, but it was comprehensible, because he always had a middling-to-poor opinion of the press and was somewhat cynical about its importance and intelligence. But that President Harding should repeat the method is as unexpected as it is contradictory.

President Harding, like President Wilson, chided the newspaper correspondents for attempting to know too much. In theory they were both right. They were speaking to the mass—not to the individuals.

There are correspondents in Washington today who knew at the time more than President Wilson knew, and who kept pace with what he learned, so that, apart from the actual ability of Mr. Wilson to have access to the government's secrets, the odds at final accounting were in favor of the correspondents in question.

The same may be said of President Harding, and, collaterally, of his adjutants. What Mr. Harding did not know by actual contact and experience in Washington and foreign affairs when he marched down to Washington in 1914, but that half a dozen veteran correspondents knew, would fill an encyclopedia. What he learned in the Senate was not monopolized knowledge; writers worth their salt learned with him. What these, in turn, must have learned by travel, personal contact, digging and analysis, to say nothing of having talked with men of all breeds, creeds, and opinions, in their own habitats, as it were, exceeds anything that Mr. Harding as President and Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State could possibly learn in their official hermitage. Secondhand information from official representatives and observers—some of whom can hardly be bragged about—is comparable to first-hand information by good reporters as day is to night.

Of course, to make this statement so bluntly may not be very complimentary to Washington officials, but why disguise a fact? Unfortunately, even the correspondents have disguised it, in two ways; one, by submitting to the rules governing Washington reporting in executive circles—which is nothing but a routine and often futile formality—and the other by effacing themselves outright, silence meaning assent.

Scoop a Thing of the Past

TODAY, so far as freedom of writing goes, the Washington correspondents, taken as a job lot, are marked men. If they hesitated to admit it, or even denied it, parallel columns of their correspondence—today's and any of a decade or two ago—will settle all doubts. A further proof is to take a dozen average newspapers, each from a different city, say tomorrow's, and compare the Washington correspondence; it will vary just about as much as a dozen peas would. No such resemblance will mark more ancient correspondence by the same writers.

This because Washington has standardized news, and while it is free to all comers, so much as is available under permission, it has become a commodity in which the personal equation of correspondents who represent the public has been wholly obliterated by officials who prefer to represent themselves and their partisan interests.

The "beat" or "scoop" of ancient memory—which to a newspaper man is what the discovery of a new serum is to a chemist or an uncharted land to an explorer—is conspicuous by its absence. The "beat," which may be all news or may be an original way of presenting or interpreting a given item, could come but occasionally, yet its achievement is what gave the correspondent constantly increasing standing. No official some time back ever dreamed of questioning the one prerogative by which a newspaperman demonstrated that he "belonged," even when its publication might prove embarrassing or untimely. President Roosevelt, who made more news for the "boys" than any other

(Concluded on page 13)

The Stop-over City of the United States

By GEORGE H. DACY

The Lafayette Hotel, on fashionable Sixteenth street, is popular with visitors to Washington.

The Willard Hotel, just around the corner from the U. S. Treasury and within stone's throw of the White House, is one of the national capital's popular hotels.

If Sir Walter Raleigh could stop at the Washington hotel of his name, he would be pleased to find that it specializes in the courtesy for which that nobleman was famous.

The Shoreham Hotel is the exclusively fashionable and conservative hostelry of Washington. It is a headquarters for famous army and naval officers.

Wardman Park Inn, the largest hotel and apartment house in Washington. It is mammoth and moon-shaped—every room is an outside room.

The Powhatan Hotel, only two squares from the White House, can accommodate 600 guests and is a tourist center.

TO most of us the newspaper announcement that the National Shriners would hold their next convention in June, 1923, in Washington, did not suggest much other than to incite our desire to be on hand for the festivities and merrymaking. To the District of Columbia—that little tract of land 10 miles square which is denied the right of franchise and yet at this time is the international center of everything that is important—this potential event is epochal. It marks the crowning of the national capital as the convention center of the United States.

Other cities may raise huge convention funds to tempt this and that association to select it as the meeting place of their big annual "round-ups," but Washington as a convention center offers historical settings, beautiful environments and peace and contentment unmarred by the smoke, dirt, bustle and confusion of a manufacturing center. It is the nucleus of our national history. It is the one city that every American blessed with a grain of patriotism and love of country hopes some day to visit.

The big conclave of the Shriners will develop more hotel congestion and will more thoroughly test the capacities of our capital city as an entertaining host than have any of the most important inauguration celebrations. Even at this early date, many months before the Shriner congress is scheduled on the calendar, practically every available bed has been rented and every eating place has been warned to prepare for the reception of the largest crowd which ever thronged the streets and boulevards of the City of Presidents. It is probable that more than 300,000 visitors will be attracted to Washington for the mammoth convention. Automobile caravans to start at Pacific Coast cities and pick up other cars en route will probably include 10,000 machines by the time they reach Washington. Already, the leading railroads are making arrangements at the Union Station for the parking of more than 3,000 Pullman cars, which will be used as headquarters during convention week by various groups of visitors who have decided that the best plan is to procure board and lodging with the railroad company during their visitation to Washington. An idea of the importance of a Shriner's convention to a city may be had from the fact that the bank deposits in San Francisco increased exactly $22,000,000 during the week that 1922 Shriner's "get-together" party was held in that city.

It takes a city with a remarkable reserve of hotel accommodations to satisfy the demands of a host of visitors such as usually are part and parcel of national conventions. Were it not that Washingtonians have long been grooming their city as the convention center of the country, the District of Columbia would be under-hotelized and inadequate to accommodate a 65 per cent increase in its number of temporary residents overnight. However, with its 162 big and small, good and medium hotels which provide more than 15,000 rooms for the use of transients, with its many hundred boarding houses that always handle the hotel overflow, with the cities of Alexandria, Virginia, and Baltimore, Maryland, but short distances away, Washington is well equipped to accommodate large crowds. In fact, for many years, the District of Columbia has been accustomed to staging so many annual conventions that it would wear out an adding machine to compute the total. Suffice it to mention that during a certain two weeks of the current summer, 36 conventions were held in Washington. There is scarcely a week in the year—even during the unfavorable winter seasons—but that there are anywhere from two to 10 important conventions holding forth at the national capital. Recently, the convention of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which brought more than 4,000 visitors to Washington, has been important. A year or so ago, the Southern Baptists, 9,000 strong, held their annual conclave in the capital city. Just a little before that the American Bankers' Association filled Washington with guests from all parts of the country. The Daughters of the American Revolution, the League of American Pen Women, the Sons of the Confederacy and many other organizations annually convene within rifle range of the White House.

At present, there are more than 300 national associations and organizations that maintain official headquarters in Washington. This means that the majority of these institutions hold their yearly meetings in the heart of our most beautiful city. The research activities of the different government bureaus also attract many scientific and industrial conferences to the northern banks of the picturesque Potomac. It is conservative to estimate that more than 600 conventions are held each year in Washington. This rise in popularity of the city as a convention center and the fact that Washington surpasses all rivals as the most important stop-over city in the United States has led to the development of a peculiar condition in the number and management of the local hotels.

At this time, Washington probably holds more unique records as an unusual metropolis than any other city. Peculiarly enough, it now has more hotel space per thousand of population than any other city of its size in the world. During the war, the population of Washington increased by rapid jumps, just as a barometer rises and indicates the approach of stormy weather. Practically all available boarding house, apartment and hotel accommodations were ultimately utilized. Uncle Sam had to get busy and go into the hotel business himself to provide living facilities for the thousands of girl workers who rushed to the aid of the government.

Despite the many hotels in Washington previous to the war, adapted for housing the crowds of tourists and motorists who annually flock to the capital city, and despite the high cost of building, work on several new hotels was begun. These structures have since been completed and yet more are being built.

At least a score of very large apartment hotels are being built while plans are being contemplated to break ground for a couple more hotels. The recently completed Grace Dodge Hotel caters exclusively to girls and women. The population of Washington is 438,000 and is increasing. The restrictions against the establishment of manufacturing in the District of Columbia are all that oppose the boom development. However, to preserve Washington as the most beautiful city these bars against manufacturing and industry must remain.

Because you and I and most everyone of the 105,000,000 other Americans hope some time or other to visit Washington, because hundreds of thousands of foreigners have similar intentions, the number of hotels in Washington steadily increases and the hotel business, although different from that of other cities, is a modern Golconda which returns attractive revenues.

"Marry in Haste—and Repent at Leisure" Lax Laws Make U. S. Appear Decadent

Twelve Thousand Girls of 15 Years of Age Are Married; Legislation Provided for Marriage and Divorce as Varied as There Are States

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

HALF of the first line above is a dead letter. There was a time when mortals that married in haste did "repent at leisure" if at all, but "them days is gone forever." Now they fly to the divorce court and get the binding tie broken forthwith. This whole miserable situation menaces the security of our social unit, the family. And the family, be it said here and now, certainly is the corner stone of our boasted civilization.

Is the United States already a decadent nation? This question may be seriously asked. Rome was more than four centuries dying; but Rome did not realize its fate, or that each year brought it ever nearer. Immorality, a wild disregard of the social contract, led to its slow but inevitable downfall.

And what of us? Whither are we tending? What will some historian, as yet unborn, record of us in other years? Perhaps he will write:

"Each of the 48 states had a marriage law of its own, but practically all of them were lax; easy marriage with easy divorce undermined the morals of the nation, and, therefore, it fell an easy victim of the conscienceless invader."

The future is a closed book to all of us; we can only guess at its contents and chapter headings. I do not wish to qualify as an alarmist. But what will our children and our children's children be doing 20 or 30 or 50 years hence? Let us hope that they will not be blaming us with the sin of omission or saying, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

41,000 Girls of 16 Wed

NOW let's proceed to inquire into "Marry in haste." Latest figures reveal startling facts; they are such unless we have become too blasé to be startled. Twelve thousand girls living in our beloved and cherished America are wives at 15 years of age. Clearly they ought to be misses still; instead they are misfits with each legally entitled to write "Mrs." before her name at a time when she should be helping mother rather than being a mother. And what of the boys? Sixteen hundred of our youths, mere striplings of 15, are husbands and heads of families. Think of these facts. Ponder them well.

The foregoing facts are official. They were gathered by the Census Bureau, analyzed and given out by the Department of Commerce. Therefore they are absolutely authentic and irrefutable.

In the United States 41,000 girls of "sweet sixteen" are married; the number is constantly changing however, as during the same year more than 1,200 of them will obtain divorces with others meanwhile rushing into wedlock. Of 3,222 boys that became husbands at the tender age of 16, just 144 of them were divorced within a year afterward.

There are brides of 12 and bridegrooms of 14 years; for two states, Louisiana and Kentucky, permit such unions when the consent of the parent has been obtained. Seven other states have also recognized these ages. Seventeen of our commonwealths do not name a minimum age with the parents' consent given. New Hampshire specifies 13 and 14, with the lad having the higher limit. Kansas has fixed 12 and 15. South Carolina considers 14 and 18 adequate. The District of Columbia together with four states agree on 14 and 16 as marriageable ages.

Don't Have to Consult Parents

IF THE parents refuse their consent, setting sail upon the sea of matrimony may not be accomplished with the ease that would prevail if they approved. Maryland, New Hampshire and Tennessee show a liberality of a degree decidedly distressing to those persons who believe that restrictions should be imposed. In any and all of these states a maid of 16 is her own law and she may contract marriage without parental restraint; she needs to do nothing more than capture the male of the species. If she happens to be a Tennessee miss, she may take a lad of her own age; for the law says that matrimonially he is a man and may wed as he pleases without whispering a single word to "Pa" or "Ma" about his intentions. The would-be groom of Idaho, New Hampshire, North or South Carolina cannot act with the same freedom; he must wait until he has reached 18 before he slips from beneath the old parental wing.

A majority of the states permit a young man to use his own judgment after he becomes 21 years old and to marry at 18 if his father and mother are willing. That reads very well and is very well in so far as it goes. But there happens a loophole which qualifies as truly a "nigger in the woodpile." A full score of the states name the limits mentioned and then nullify them by failing to specify any fine or punishment for the licensing official who disregards the provision which requires parental consent. This is indeed a pretty spectacle of glaringly inexcusable laxness.

Undoubtedly a large proportion of early unions are necessary to legitimatize children. There will always be a certain percentage of such cases, but those that are not of this character certainly should not be permitted and those that are should be lessened in number from year to year.

"Many marriages," says Judge O. B. Ratcliff, of Indiana, "are partly due to the present tendency toward the eradication of bashfulness which is a providential safeguard for keeping the sexes separated until the right mating time. Shyness protects our boys and girls.

"Now Providence has kindly provided this bashful spirit during the growing period to assist the human race in the proper rearing of its young; if carefully cultivated rather than destroyed, it will bring about such protection. I most seriously criticize the practice among parents and among educators of letting boys and girls associate in their adolescent period to the extent that they are utterly devoid of the bashful feeling in each other's company. I am arguing that familiarity and the fondling of one sex by the other through dances, play parties and auto rides are evils that spell disaster."

Is it possible to marry without a license? It is if you reside in Alaska; also if you live in Georgia, Ohio or Maryland and an announcement has been made by means of bans. Licenses are required in all of the other states and territories. New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Arkansas and Ohio insist upon the appearance of both parties in person. New Mexico and California have laws that demand the appearance of both parties for an examination under oath, or the submission of affidavits in lieu of this requirement. The Oregon statute provides that the principals must undergo a physical examination before the license may be granted. New Hampshire and New Jersey have legislated against communicable diseases.

Let Feeble-minded Unite

SO FAR, so good; but the "half has not been told." Almost a score of our states let the feeble in mind unite and thereby propagate their kind to crowd our asylums and penitentiaries. The other states say that the feeble-minded shall not marry, but most of them undo the potential good by stipulating that the party or parties seeking the license may obtain it by testifying under oath that they are mentally capable. It thus becomes largely a matter of individual honesty. No corporation or private enterprise would countenance such acts in the conduct of its affairs. Why does the state?

Miscegenetic marriages, those between the races, are forbidden in slightly more than half of the states. Intermarriage of Negroes with whites is prohibited and punishable in 29 states; but there have been evasions. Indians and whites may not wed in Arizona, Oregon, North or South Carolina. Chinese and whites feel the stern arm of the law in Utah, California, Arizona, Oregon, Idaho and Mississippi. There can be no adequate prohibition of such nuptial contracts until our 48 "little principalities" and the District of Columbia all agree.

May paupers marry? You answer instinctively "No." That is easier said than done, however. Who can draw the line between poverty and prosperity, and who can know that marriage of one poor person to another will not tend toward an improvement of their financial condition? Four states have legislated against paupers; three refuse drunkards the right to wed.

Hasty marriages lead often to the divorce court. Ordinary common sense will tell the observing person that infatuation rather than true love causes the procurement of the license and the subsequent visit to the minister. An enforced delay would give the parties time to think before making the leap which is hazardous enough even with all possible precautions taken. New Jersey and Delaware prescribe an interval before the ceremony may occur while eight states slow the process of granting the license. Illinois and Montana will not permit divorcees to wed until one and two years respectively have elapsed after the legal separation. The movement for the giving of these interlocutory decrees seems to be gaining much impetus; the restriction may become comparatively general within the present decade.

Relatives are forbidden to marry in a majority of our commonwealths; yet in 27 states first cousins may take each other as man and wife, and in 21 the step-relatives may do likewise. These unions cause such a mix-up of relationships that an income tax expert would suffer a brain storm if he should endeavor to figure them out.

In some states a license shall not be issued if the woman does not reside in the county where the application is made, but clerks often wink at this regulation. They practice a little graft, said graft consisting of selling lithographed certificates bedecked with Cupids and gorgeous wedding wreaths. No one must buy; but the impression that they are required can be subtly conveyed, and often is. Now the money paid for these certificates goes into the pocket of the clerk; thus whenever he says "No" to a love-smitten pair he denies himself the chance of obtaining a neat profit. The legal license has the official certificate attached to it. There is no real need for any other, but for sentimental reasons the contracting parties like to possess one that they can keep, have it framed to hang on the wall of their home; the attached form must be returned to the clerk and entered into the county records after the ceremony has been performed. A law prohibiting the issuance of unauthorized blanks with their accompanying personal profit would go a long way toward the eradication of certain evasions now frequent.

Returns Not Required

EVERY state provides for the recording of its marriages by the filing of the official certificates. Some states insist upon their return within three days after the minister has pronounced the pair man and wife, but others take a lackadaisical attitude with two months specified as the limit. This divergence is bad enough in itself, but listen to this: failure to comply with the law goes utterly unpunished in 21 states. Can you expect it to be strictly observed there? It would be foolish to expect anything of the kind.

There is a certain phase of marriage that many of us do not like to discuss, but it is of such seriousness that it absolutely cannot be overlooked. Dr. Howard A. Johnson, president of the Chicago Church Federation, declares: "The fight that is being made against the appalling increase of communicable diseases is a matter of infinite importance." Churches are officially taking cognizance of the deplorable situation. I might quote the resolution of the Episcopalians. Passed at a conference held in the autumn of 1922, it reads:

"Resolved, That the clergy of the round table recommend to all the clergy of the diocese of Chicago that every person seeking to be married be requested to present a certificate of health from a reputable physician that he or she is free from social or other types of communicable disease."

Figures Are Appalling

"WE ARE apt to shut our eyes to conditions and think they are not as bad as they really are," says Dr. Herman Bundensen, Chicago's health commissioner. "The statistics of social disease of the country are absolutely appalling."

"Inadequacy of our 48 states' contradictory marriage and divorce laws," declared the General Federation of Women's Clubs in a resolution approved at its last biennial session, "threatens the stability of our national family life."

We deprecate the prevalence of divorce, but it is the result rather than the cause of our far-reaching social problem. Seek the cause in bad marriages; there you will find it. Eliminate the bad marriages, give to matrimony a greater degree of substantiality and the divorce evil will very largely disappear.

The ill-considered, hasty, leap-before-looking marriages frequently lead straight to divorce which is the official wrecker of homes, creator of stepchildren and filler of orphan asylums. Approximately 12 per cent of all connubial adventures end in that sad fashion sooner or later. And what happens to the 88? An honest facing of the facts will reveal that probably a majority of these are characterized by wrangling and various evidences of mismating.

It is a serious matter, this growing disintegration of our family life. We should do something, do it not later than the present year, to prevent such a truly woeful catastrophe.

In a Bolshevik-controlled City of France

Just a Bit of "Neglected Truth" That Came to Us in a Letter

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This extract from the letter of a French woman gives more insight into the state of affairs in France than many dispatches do. It is written from a city in Southern France.*

Newspaper readers know next to nothing of what transpires in Europe. What officials SAY, what governments PROPOSE, is all we are told. But what actually is the condition, Americans do not know. Americans are today perhaps the most blinded people in the world, due to the veils of deliberate deception drawn over their eyes. People of long sojourn in Europe arrive on our shores amazed at our ignorance. Italy broke down industrially eight years ago. France broke down industrially five years ago. Great Britain has trembled on the verge of industrial collapse for four years. Germany, alone of all the nations, has never had one hour of industrial collapse. Yet Europeans, visiting America, discover that we talk only of the need of Germany, the distress of Germany, the sad condition of Germany. Germany in all her history never saw as much suffering as Italy and Switzerland have endured the last year.

By letters, by personal observation, by private uncensored reports, the truth gradually comes out. This very interesting letter contains more illumination than the press or the special propagandists give.

THINGS have come to a pretty pass. Here I cannot get Fabre's books, for the library is kept closed by Bolshevik orders. You see, this town is controlled by the ultra-liberal government.

Those in America who believe France is imperialistic would change their minds if they could spend some time in this city. I take it as an example because I thoroughly know it, but there are hundreds and hundreds of cities and villages just like this one scattered all over France; big cities, too, as Limoges, Lyon.

It began about four years ago with a strike at the railroad shop, which is one of the most important in France. The strike with all its excitement, syndicate meetings, violent proclamations, parades downtown preceded by red banners, lasted one month. If the laborers wanted a vacation, they certainly got it, and are still having it.

At that time came the election period. Mayor and municipal council had to be chosen and the effervescence of the hour caused them to be chosen by "red" among "red." "Red" was the mayor and "red" were members of the municipal council; "red" they still are.

After the election the first thing done by the new committee was to turn over to the strikers and their families an immense building, which had been a Catholic seminary, whence the priests-to-be were expelled at the time of the separation of Church and State in France. At that time the seminary had been turned into an artillery barracks, and during the war it served as a hospital. Its third transformation made it a Phalanstere." As in Owen's and Fourier's dreams, it came to be a house where people lived according to communists' ideas, and communists' slogan: "To every one according to one's needs." They ate the same soup at the same hour and slept in the same house. Rooms were divided according to the number of children in the family. And outside the gate an imposing red flag was waving over the iron fence.

This was a little too much, and the prefect who superintends the department applied the law, "None except the tricolor flag can be hoisted on public buildings." The next morning the flag had disappeared, but hung along the fence was a long wide strip of red cloth with two infinitesimally small white letters, M.P.; not military police, but Maison du Peuple—House of the People—and this no law could take down.

Today strikers and families are still living in the Maison du Peuple, although it is far from being Maison de la Paix, House of Peace. French character does not get along very well in the "heaping up" sort of living. It was not long before discussions and fights came, a-splitting such ideal harmony. But of course as work is still scarce and houses without rent still more scarce, people stay in the Maison du Peuple, though reluctantly.

Work is scarce, but one must admit the mayor's ingenuity in the matter of finding work for his faithful electors. Thousands of odd jobs were created around the town. Each tree on the promenade has its private gardener, each lawn a skillful "raker." The system of city lighting has been so arranged that it requires a man to switch on the electricity at each street corner. Every single night one may see the "electrician" go by, riding his bicycle, with a ladder across his back. He stops every 50 yards, puts his ladder against the wall, and up he goes, as dignified as an astronomer who could make the sun rise by pressing a "button." Why worry? The "dirty bourgeois" are made to pay taxes.

The mayor is active, he is important! Because he is in correspondence with Trotsky, and even visits him, he is "somebody"! By his orders, there is no illumination nor hoisting of flags on the Fourth and the Fourteenth of July, nor on Armistice Day. New streets take the names of famous Communists, Socialists, Bolsheviks, and whenever there is a "red" parade, the mayor leads it with the red banner.

The public library is closed, for the librarian named by the municipal council was quite incompetent to hold such a position. The prefect pronounced his veto, once more applying the law, "Librarians for Public Libraries must be graduates from the School of Chartes" (a department in the faculty of letters, Paris). As the municipal council refuses to vote more than 5,000 francs a year for the librarian's salary, and as no scholar from the School of Chartes will accept such ridiculous pay, the library will remain closed "vitam eternam."

But, yes, of course, there is at least one library open. That is the Communist Library. There you may read Marx, Roppoport, Trotsky, and Lenin's lucubrations to your heart's content. There boys from 13 to 18 are initiated to the intricacies of the "War between Classes," dear to their conscientious leaders. Didn't I hear one of those young "reds," who was carrying a "white" flag in a strikers' parade, shout on his way, "I'll paint it red in the 'bourgeois' blood!" The boy was a 14-year-old apprentice in the shop.

The other night I went to the movies. Really I should have liked very much to have had the presence of some Americans there, for they would have witnessed two things which are in America seen under a rather false light: the interest the French people take in sports, and the ideas of this same French people about imperialism, militarism.

The room was full, and it was neither Saturday nor Sunday. Should you know the slight taste the French have for motion pictures, that would surprise you. On Saturday or Sunday nights, the mass of laborers go to the movies for a change, after a week of hard work. Few go there by taste, and during the week the show is given before a rarefied audience. Yes, to have been twice to the movies in one month, one is taken for "terribly Americanized," you know.

But that night the room was full because the fight, Carpentier-Battling Siki, was on the program. Yes, people don't have time for sports, nor the money sports require, but they wax enthusiastic about them and "live" with sports, although they don't practice them. While the white champion and the colored giant were fighting, on the screen, shouts and exclamations sprang from the audience as if they could change the unavoidable conclusion of the match, that is, Battling Siki's victory. And when the end came, and with it the knocking out of Carpentier, it must be admitted that cheers and sympathy were not for the victor.

The other play on the program was an American film. I don't remember its title, but it treated of the United States' entry into the war. Doughboys marching along Broadway got some applause, but, as the theme unfolded, a cold silence reigned over the theater. An American manufacturer turns his factory over to the government for the making of shells. Then he wants his young brother to enlist and during the dramatic discussion he has with their own old mother, the audience got terribly excited. Did our French audience want the young brother to go? No, indeed, they cursed the manufacturer: "Blood-thirsty murderer! Let him remain with his mother, you wretch!" Other imprecations were untranslatable. I began to feel quite uneasy, for the excitement was growing every minute, and it reached its paroxysm in a tremendous tempest of fierce shouting when, in the play, a foreman of the factory, of German extraction, went to the director to declare that, being German, he couldn't work any longer on the manufacture of shells destined to kill his own brothers. As the director tried to persuade him to the contrary, the audience yelled hundreds of: "The German is right! Down with war! We don't want to be butchered again!" so violently that part of the spectators went out, and the curtain went down leaving the play unended.

Washington's Deathblow to Newspapermen

Concluded from page 12

President before or after him, often learned of events of official interest to him through the newspapers, and he was never above admitting that the periodical was the place for news, old and new.

Thus by a slow and somewhat hazy evolution the corps of Washington correspondents has lost out. One of the habitual distinctions attaching to it is that it represents the most brilliant and successful representatives of newspaperdom, but that distinction, not even applicable in its heyday, is a burlesque.

From this it will be seen that willingly or not the Washington correspondent, professionally, must be a good boy and follow the rules that have chained him to a task wholly devoid of thrills and expectations. His routine is as fixed as the earth's orbit. White House, State Department, Congressmen from his own state, Capitol—these are his chief daily ports of call; then the subordinate news gathering. Foreign visitors and other events occasionally break the monotony.

One shudders to think what would happen to him—and perhaps the correspondent has shuddered himself into effacement—if he disregarded the mandates that now fetter him. Yet it is pleasurable to recall to mind the few colorful breaks between high officials and correspondents a few years ago, in which a newspaper, having implicit faith in its representative, backed him to the limit.

Naturally, a little occurrence like the one that led President Wilson to cancel the "conferences"—this was in 1914—because of a correspondent's belief that those conferences were to be thorough, was enough to take the starch out of his colleagues. They have lost that starch, and in confessing this the writer does it with the realization and understanding that he is not questioning their attitude but only championing the cause of the press and, ultimately, of the reader, who seems to have been lost in the shuffle.

The many reporters who a few years ago wrote not always complimentarily about some of the men now in office, upon whom they wait, have since hastened to remedy their alleged fault, with the unescapable result that such fawning lost them their one advantage. Silhouettes and personalia are the most difficult branch of reporting, especially when it is done impartially, truthfully, officially. Moral: do not appraise unless you know your ground; having appraised stand by.

Take the case of Samuel G. Blythe. He has changed some of his piquant biographies, but he has never reversed himself. What he has done has been to discover some hitherto concealed and occasionally add some imaginary merit, but the old work has not been tampered with.

Yet "Sam" has found Washington anything but a bed of roses, lately. Because some of his recent writings have not been to the liking of those concerned, officials say that "he is getting old," or that "he has hallucinations." What worries them is that he has the advantage over them and is not relinquishing it. Yet he has been unusually moderate and temperate, and has not rushed into print to commercialize some very valuable information under his hat.

The prevailing idea by some officials, notably President Harding's, is to have a public-spirited press, whatever that means, but which is calculated to magnify pretty and pleasant incidents and shrink or even ignore what is otherwise. This, of course, is not journalism.

Frankly, what is needed in Washington today, for the sake of millions of readers, is the realization that the chief reporters—all the others are unnecessary—have rights and duties that no official can afford to disregard. It is the realization, too, that fact-gathering is a dignified task that must yield to none.

It is time for fewer loving cups and gold scissors, which butter no parsnips for those who make the presentation.

Fascism as a New Cure for Demagogy

Concluded from page 2

for idle labor and to aid the nation in making up for the years lost during the war;

Dissolution of the General Labor Association, organized in 1850, ostensibly for mutual benefit, but in reality political, which of late had assumed a revolutionary anti-state attitude;

The standing request that all workers not satisfied with the conditions shall resign and not strike, and that strikers will have nothing to fear "so long as their activities do not endanger the welfare of their communities and the nation';

The open decision of the Mussolini government that "Capital cannot prosper without Labor and Labor cannot thrive without Capital; no privileges for the first and no privileges for the second, but justice for all"; that all honest debts must be "debts of honor," that "contracts and property are inviolable";

A decision to augment the production of grain and to curtail the production of wine, which is excessive;

The reduction of duties upon imported cereals and flours, and the plan to give Italy a customs system like England's, which is not far removed from free trade;

No secret or unilateral diplomatic agreements, and a policy of "all cards on the table" in international affairs;

The threat of censorship against the press, or that section of the press which has been using, or has been made the organ of, propaganda which is dangerous to the nation, with special reference to inspired articles traced to semi-financial sources, which intend to speculate upon losses caused by rumors, with the probability—as was the case during the Ruhr occupation by France—of severe penalties for exchange speculators;

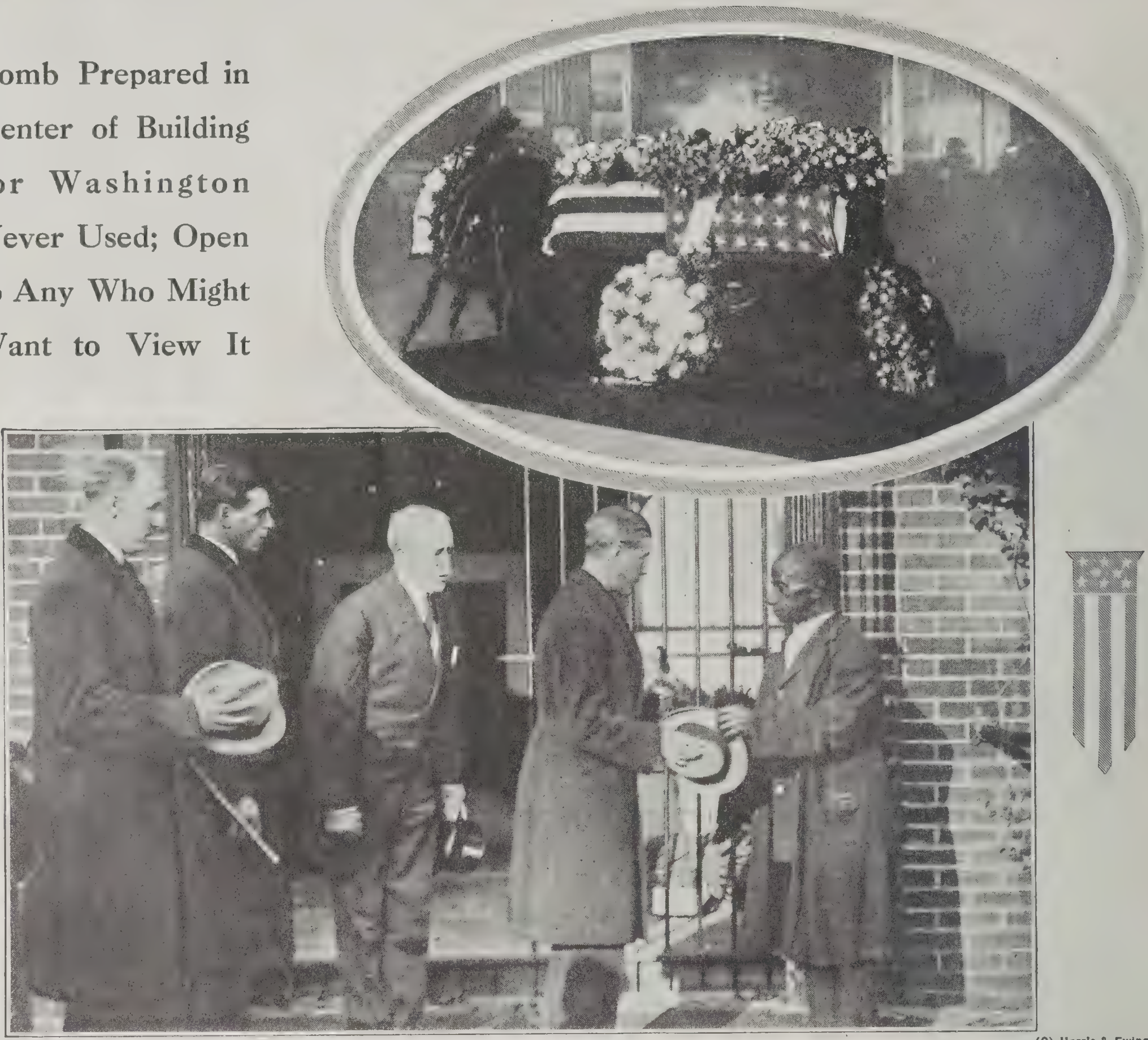
The wish—spoken in jest but with the evident intention that it should be heeded—that the ministers and other public officials shall abandon the custom of uniting as a reception committee every time the premier returns from out of the city, which Signor Mussolini considers a grave loss of time.

These are the more important changes ordered or about to be ordered by the Fascist Government in Italy. They are the changes which have changed the Italian spirit from one of hopelessness to one of self-help. Self-help is the doctrine which Mussolini wishes to propagate.

There may not be very much in all of the foregoing which is very promising to privileged classes, foreign or Italian, who have hitherto known the code which would open Italy's doors irrespective of the nation's interests. If Fascism can stand firm against speculators—who are not capitalists although they use this name; and against labor kings—who have nothing in common with the workingman; and against politicians and the voting classes, it will be a proof that the existing subjection of statesmanship, such as it is, the world over, has been imaginary and that there is no excuse for its continuation.

Why Father of Country Was Not Buried in Capitol

Tomb Prepared in Center of Building for Washington Never Used; Open to Any Who Might Want to View It



(C) Harris & Ewing

Oval—The bier of the Unknown Soldier was in the rotunda of the Capitol. In the other photograph the Prince of Wales is shown visiting Washington's resting place at Mount Vernon.

WHY was George Washington never buried in the national Capitol? It is easier to ask the question than to answer it. But, in the question lies a bit of interesting American history about which but few Americans know anything. Annually, thousands upon thousands of sightseers visit Washington and go through the vast corridors of the Capitol and stand in the center of the huge rotunda and gaze upward toward the dome; few, however, are aware that under that rotunda is a tomb that was prepared for the immortal George Washington.

They visit the Capitol to see, and they have pointed out to them, the frieze which circles the walls of the rotunda about 75 feet from the floor; they see the four historical paintings by John Trumbull and the numerous other famous paintings, they look upon the massive bronze doors, they see the memorials to the nation's great in impressive Statuary Hall, they visit the rooms of the President, the Vice-President and the Speaker, the Senate chamber and that of the House of Representatives, but few ever know that a tomb for Washington had been prepared in the Capitol building. They see the beautiful and the interesting and pass up one of the most interesting, sentimental and historic spots in Washington.

The tomb prepared for Washington lies directly under the dome of the Capitol; it is below the crypt, which is on the first-floor level. While the entrance to the tomb remains locked, any visitor who desires to do so can see by simply making known his wants at the office of the architect of the Capitol. When the doors are unlocked and you enter the circular chamber, broken by concrete supports, somehow you feel thankful that the body of Washington was not placed there. It does not seem to be an appropriate place for it. Adding to the dismal appearance of this vault, this tomb, is a scattering accumulation of old furniture, papers, dust—because the room has been used as a kind of a storage room.

In the center of this chamber, under the arching concrete, cut off by heavy iron grate doors is the tomb that was prepared for Washington. But the body of the immortal Father of our Country is not in that tomb; there is a simple black bier and on this simple bier first rested in state, in the rotunda of the Capitol, the body of the martyred Lincoln. Since that time on its black surface have rested the remains of Thaddeus Stevens, President Garfield, General John A. Logan, Chief Justice Chase, Charles Sumner, President McKinley, Admiral Dewey, and more recently, that of the Unknown Soldier. What a list of illustrious dead—but, it has never supported the remains of George Washington and probably never will.

On first impression one would naturally think that the appropriate and logical place for the remains of Washington would be in the capital of the country which he fathered, in the city he took so much pride in having properly surveyed and mapped out, which bears his name. A great many persons on first and last impression have thought so. The majority of those who know anything about the history of the discussion as to his burial place think that he was not buried in Washington because he expressed in his will his desire to be buried at Mount Vernon. That doubtless had a great deal of influence, but was by no means the sole consideration in determining his final resting place.

Just a few days before his death, Washington remarked that the old family vault was in bad condition and that a new one would have to be built, also suggesting that other things should be put aside and the vault attended to at once, as he would soon need it himself. In his will was this provision:

> *"The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the Vineyard Inclosure—in which my remains, with those of my deceased relatives (now in the old vault) and such others of my family as may CHUSE to be entombed there, may be deposited. And it is my express desire that my corpse may be interred in a private manner, without parade or fueral oration."*

Undoubtedly, Washington expressed his desire in this provision of his will, but, it is not at all unlikely that he foresaw that there would be some popular demand as to the disposition of his body and as to the ceremonies attending his death. This may have been responsible for the language he used in his will when he said that it was his "express desire" that his corpse "be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration," and that he "desired" that the new vault "may be built" so that his remains "may be deposited" therein. There was no express direction, but simply an expression of preference in reference to funeral parade and oration.

At any rate, his preference was not long respected. Washington died December 14, 1799, and was buried at Mount Vernon on December 18. On December 23, 1799, Congress passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That a marble monument be erected by the United States in the Capitol at the city of Washington; and that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it; and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life.

"And be it further Resolved, That there be a funeral procession from Congress Hall to the German Lutheran church, in honor of the memory of General George Washington, on Thursday, the 26th instant; and that an oration be prepared at the request of Congress, to be delivered before both Houses on that day; and that the president of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives be desired to request one of the members of Congress to prepare and deliver the same.

"And be it further Resolved, That it be recommended to the people of the United States to wear crepe on the left arm as mourning for 30 days.

"And be it further Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to direct

a copy of these resolutions to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character, of their condolence on the late afflicting dispensation of Providence, and entreating her assent to the interment of the remains of General George Washington in the manner expressed in the first resolution.

"*And be it further Resolved,* That the President of the United States be requested to issue a proclamation, notifying the people throughout the United States the recommendation contained in the third resolution."

While technically complying with the desire of Washington as expressed in his will, yet, within a few days, on December 26, pursuant to a resolution of Congress a great parade took place and a funeral oration was delivered before a joint session. This is said, not in criticism or suggesting that such was not fitting, but rather to show that the spirit of Washington's expressed desire was not complied with, which, to a degree, should have lessened the strength of that argument in the following discussions.

It was unnecessary to suggest to the American people that they should wear crepe on their arms for 30 days, for truly, "the death of Washington made every dwelling place in the land a house of mourning."

Through his secretary, President Adams conveyed to Mrs. Martha Washington a copy of the resolutions requesting her permission for the removal of the remains of her illustrious husband. The original letter which Mrs. Washington wrote in reply has recently come into the possession of the Manuscript Division of the Congressional Library. The letter reveals the high character and quality of the first "First Lady of the Land," as well worthy of the beloved name she bore. The letter reads:

Mount Vernon,
Dec. 31, 1799.

Sir:

While I feel, with keenest anguish, the late dispensation of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased husband; and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country, to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered, affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by that great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress, which you have had the goodness to transmit to me; and, in doing this, I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

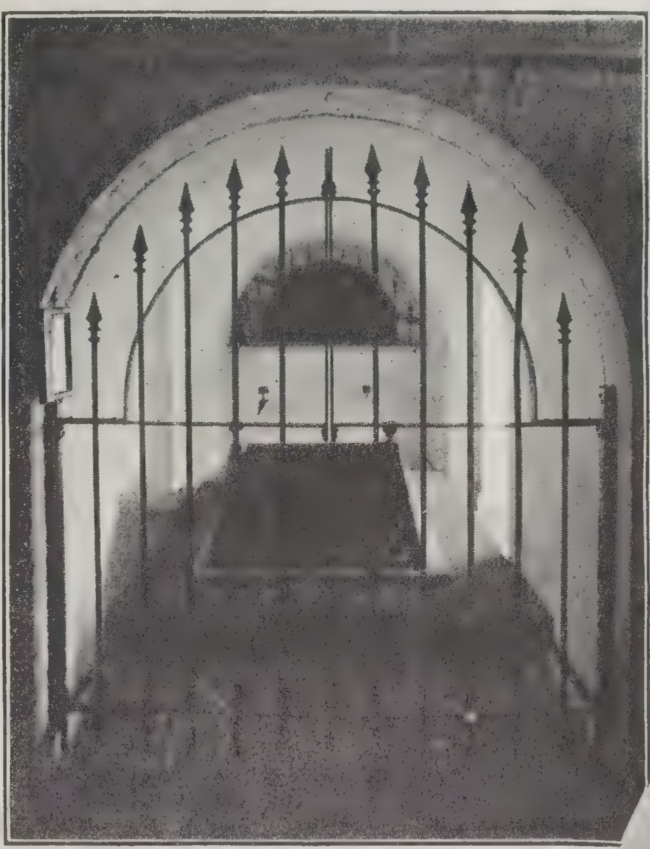
With grateful acknowledgments, and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress and yourself,

I remain, very respectfully, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
MARTHA WASHINGTON.

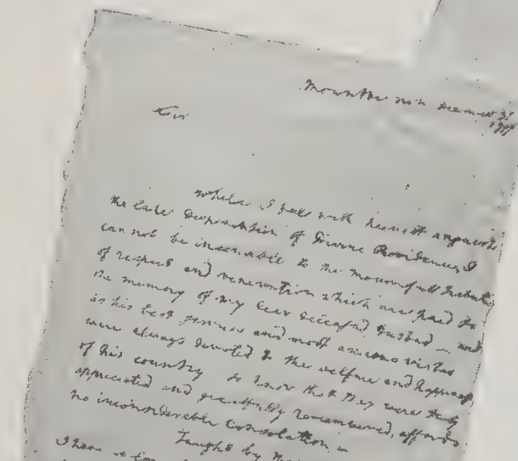
On the 8th day of January, 1800, President John Adams transmitted this letter to Congress in a message in which he, in part, said: "As the sentiments of that virtuous lady, not less beloved by this nation than she is at present greatly afflicted, can never be so well expressed as in her own words, I transmit to Congress her original letter. It would be an attempt of too much delicacy to make any comments upon it; but there can be no doubt that the nation at large, as well as all the branches of the government, will be highly gratified by any arrangement which may diminish the sacrifice she makes of her individual feelings."

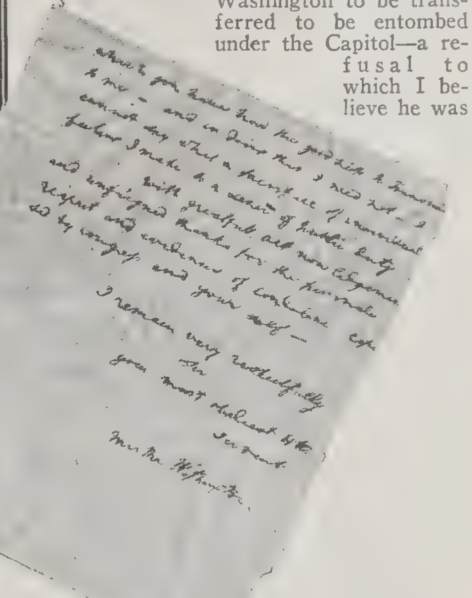
This left the matter up to Congress. The necessary consent had been obtained for the removal of the body, but there was doubt among some as to the propriety of so doing, and a still greater difficulty arose, that of deciding as to the nature of the monument or memorial, and the burial place.

May 8, 1800, Henry Lee made a report which was read and referred to a committee of the whole House. This report brought up the general discussion. The report recommended an appropriation of $100,000, and that an equestrian statue, which had been authorized by Congress in 1783, be completed, and that a marble monument be erected in the Capitol at the city of Washington. Various amendments were offered, but no definite decision could be reached. Through the succeeding Congresses various resolutions were offered, and various plans suggested, the matter dragging along indefinitely until 1832.



The tomb prepared for Gen. Washington in the Capitol.





The letter Martha Washington wrote to President Adams.

In that year the state of Virginia interposed by passing a resolution against the removal of the body from Virginia soil. Mrs. Washington had died in the meantime, and in the midst of the agitation for the removal, George W. P. Custis wrote a letter to the chairman of the committee in which he said that "Mrs. Washington yielded to the request of the government only in the firm and fond belief that, upon her decease, her remains would be permitted to rest by the side of those of her beloved husband," and that the first President Adams, through correspondence with Mr. Lear, had given Mrs. Washington to understand that the "government could do no other than comply with her just and honored expectations." This gave a new angle to the situation and it was necessary to modify the plans so as to consider both bodies. John Quincy Adams could not "imagine that there should be any question among those who incline to perform the promise of Congress at all, in what manner they ought to perform it. The request of Congress was not that *one-half* of General Washington's remains should be transferred to the Capitol." Lawrence Lewis intimated his objection to a separation of the bodies and wrote George W. P. Custis that "I think this committee ought to be informed that the family of Washington will not consent to a separation of the bodies."

It was, therefore, decided to remove both bodies. This made it necessary to obtain the consent of John A. Washington, then custodian of Mount Vernon, and of George W. P. Custis. The matter was taken up with them and Custis gave his consent, but in a letter dated February 15, 1832, John Washington refused. The letter read as follows:

Mount Vernon, February 15, 1832.

To the Hon. The President of the Senate,
And the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States.

Gentlemen:

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and the resolutions of Congress to carry into complete effect that which was adopted in December, 1799, for the removal of the remains of General Washington to the seat of government.

I have received with profound sensibility this expression of the desire of Congress, representing the whole nation, to have the custody and care of the remains of my revered relative; and the struggle which it has produced in my mind between a sense of duty to the highest authorities of my country and private feelings, has been greatly embarrassing. But when I recollect that his will, in respect to the disposition of his remains, has been recently carried into full effect, and that they now repose in perfect tranquillity surrounded by those of other endeared members of the family, I hope Congress will do justice to the motives which seem to me to require that I should not consent to their separation.

I pray you, gentlemen, to communicate these sentiments and feelings to Congress, with the grateful acknowledgments of the whole of the relatives of my grand-uncle for the distinguished honor which was intended to his memory, and to accept for yourselves assurances of my gratitude and esteem.

JOHN A. WASHINGTON.

February 22, 1832, a week later, the centennial birthday of Washington, John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary:

"The solemnities intended for this day at this place lost all their interest for me by the refusal of John A. Washington to permit the remains of George Washington to be transferred to be entombed under the Capitol—a refusal to which I believe he was not competent, and into the real operative motives to which I wish not to inquire."

Adams considered that the question was settled upon the refusal of John A. Washington. It has been reported that John A. Washington's refusal was purely on a selfish basis, as he was then the proprietor of Mount Vernon, and the removal of Washington's remains would have seriously affected the value of that place.

This seems to have settled, for all time, the question of the removal of Washington's body. Out of the original resolution, passed right after his death, grew the Washington Monument—for a while carried on by a national society, but finally completed by an appropriation of Congress.

But the settlement of the question as to the removal of the remains of Washington left open another question that has been much agitated since that time, and that is, who is to control Mount Vernon? There has been a considerable movement to get Congress to take over the property and make of it a great national shrine. But, after all is said, it is probably best that it be left as it is, unless Congress is willing to make sufficient appropriations to maintain it in a dignified manner after taking it over.

Mount Vernon is maintained in the simple and dignified manner that prevailed in Washington's day. Arrangements of house and grounds are as exact historically as it is possible to make them, and the quiet, restful spirit that pervades the place provides imagination and memory with a perfect setting for characters and scenes of colonial days.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Chinese, and other Oriental peoples, have lower blood pressure than the people of western nations, according to a writer in a prominent medical journal.

A model type farmhouse consisting of eight rooms and all modern city conveniences—intended to keep the young folks on the farm—has been built at the South Dakota Agricultural College at a cost of $5 000. Its most important feature consists of an electric light system generated by a gasoline engine, contributing to the operation of a vacuum sweeper, a cream separator, a churn, a washing machine, floor lamps, flatirons and other electric contrivances. The house contains large, comfortable rooms, summer kitchen with sink and drains, septic tank for sewage disposal, bathroom, furnace and laundry.

More than 3 300 persons were killed by wild animals in India during the past year.

A new form of life belt which supports the head of the wearer clear of the water is a great improvement over the old form of belt. Women of hysterical tendencies and old people sometimes collapse the minute they find themselves in the water. In this case the head falls forward or backward, the mouth is opened, and they drown at once. The new type of belt would prevent their drowning while unconscious.

Chinese stores and restaurants have become common in every street of Tokyo. They were rare a few years ago.

The swastika symbol, according to a writer in the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society, Bengal, is a modification of the mode of expressing the ancient Hindu syllable Om, which is used in religious rites. The earliest example known is on a spindle whorl from the third city of Troy, about 1800 B. C. It has been found in the ancient Swiss lake dwellings, in Japan, Korea, China, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, Great Britain and in the mounds of North America and South America.

The site of ancient Carthage, destroyed by the Romans, is in the hands of speculators and lots are being sold. The hills surrounding the ancient site are being slowly covered with residential villas.

Deterioration of cement stored in bulk is less than that stored in bags, owing to the smaller area exposed.

Although she had killed an elephant and a lion and faced the perils of the African jungles for eight months, a young woman, a member of the staff of the Museum of Natural History in New York, fainted from stage fright while addressing an audience in New York City.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Ur of the Chaldees, the home of the Patriarch Abraham, is to be explored by archeologists down through the dust of centuries to the earliest records. The work will be undertaken by experts of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and of the British Museum. No systematic digging has been done at Ur, but great libraries of cuneiform texts have been gathered at the two museums from material picked up near Ur by passing explorers and Arabs.

The Swiss Government, it is understood, is undertaking to assist in transporting 1,000 Swiss farmers to Canada, provided the Canadian Government can guarantee them employment for one year. The proposition is being considered by the Canadian Department of Immigration.

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street, New York City, is offering a cash prize of $10,000 for a device which will render wholly unconscious all sheep, cattle and swine to be slaughtered, before they are jerked into the air or bled. It must be a mechanically operated invention, safe, sure, rapid and economical.

The president of Harvard University, A. Lawrence Lowell, said in his annual report: "The aim of the American college should be, not to give its students the technical training and tools of their future occupation, but rather to fit them to be citizens to develop those qualities that lead to the better life, both for themselves and for the community." The report made no reference to requirements for admission to Harvard. He urged students to enter colleges at an earlier age.

The most powerful radio plant operated by the Marconi Company is to be built in Vancouver, British Columbia. This plant will give direct service to England and Australia.

The Farmers' Co-operative Creamery, of Payette, Idaho, not only paid all expenses and wiped out its debt, but in addition paid its farmer patrons a dividend on last year's business amounting to $11,428. The creamery pays the farmers nearly 20 per cent more for butter fat than most of the Idaho farmers receive. It also distributed a five per cent bonus to all employes except the manager.

A biologist of the Vienna University has succeeded in transplanting heads from one insect to another and making them grow on the new body without fatal effects. Our black water bugs thrive and eat with as much gusto after exchanging heads as before.

Cactus is fed to cattle after the spines have been removed by burning, in certain sections of the Southwest.

Electric railways in many sections of the country are turning to the motor bus as an economical means for extending their service and better serving the public. They use the buses for use as feeder lines and experiments have proved successful. A commuter may now step from his door into a waiting motor bus and be taken to the nearest transfer point on the electric line. It is hoped this will relieve the congested housing conditions of the cities.

The new edition of the French Academy dictionary, which was begun in 1878, is now advanced as far as the letter J. At this rate the work will be completed in 1993.

Planters of the Tulare Lake, California, district are planting their grain from airplane. The theory is that if the grain is dropped from a distance of 100 feet it will automatically bury itself sufficiently for sprouting. It is costing about $1 an acre by the new method, compared to $1.50 an acre as previously planted.

Montreal is the fifth largest city in North America.

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The Cure-all Claims of Abrams' Machine

OSCILLOCLAST IS WORTHLESS GALVANOMETER TEST SHOWS

Dumping Cleveland Bosses on the Scrap Heap

City Manager Plan, Soon to Go Into Effect, Will Return Government to People

BOND ISSUES WILL BURDEN GENERATIONS FOR ALL TIME

How We Are Passing Buck to the Babies

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Dr. Abrams' Machine Worthless Contraption Galvanometer Test Shows

Sold as Cure-all, Oscilloclast Made by 'Frisco Physician Is Merely a Mass of Wires, Inquiry Reveals

By ROBERT MORGAN

The Electronic Theory—As Devised and Stated by Dr. Albert Abrams.

ELECTRONS and not cells are the units of the body. Electrons are charges of electricity and the basis of the material universe, including man. Electrons have invariably uniform vibrations, and it is only in the rate of vibrations that we can distinguish one object from another object. * * * * During the revolutions of electrons, thousands of billions of times per second, their vibrations (Radiations) escape. Many are perceived as light, heat, electricity, and so on, but most of them are unrecognized, because they have thus far eluded all scientific instruments.

Vibrations can destroy disease. Every object has a natural period of vibration. If one approaches an object with a source of vibration of the same vibratory rate as itself, the object will be set in vibration. This forced vibration of the object may attain such a magnitude as to fracture and utterly destroy it. Caruso could take a wine glass and determine its tone (vibratory rate) by tapping it. Then, by singing that tone in the glass would shatter it. This is exactly what happens when you impose on a disease its own vibratory rate by the oscilloclast.—From Abrams' "Catechism of the Electronic Methods of Dr. Albert Abrams."

WITHIN the past two years there has spread over the United States a new and very dangerous cult, originated, developed and kept alive by a physician of Jewish parentage, now located in San Francisco. He is Dr. Albert Abrams, and from his new doctrines, with their hundreds of deluded followers, together with the electrically driven "apparatus" which he sells at five to seven times its original cost, this man is extracting a fortune estimated at $5,000 to $10,000 a month. The so-called "school of medicine" of which he is the founder, preys upon the three most dreaded and most deadly diseases known to man—syphilis, cancer and tuberculosis. With the wisdom gained through a complete knowledge of medicine, and with a number of years of honest medical practice to his credit, Abrams has selected these three bearers of terror to the human heart as his specialties. To them men and women respond most quickly; to be rid of them, or to evade even the fear of them, men and women will pay everything but their lives, and with this new cult—whose octopus-like arms reach from the Pacific to the Atlantic—"the pay's the thing."

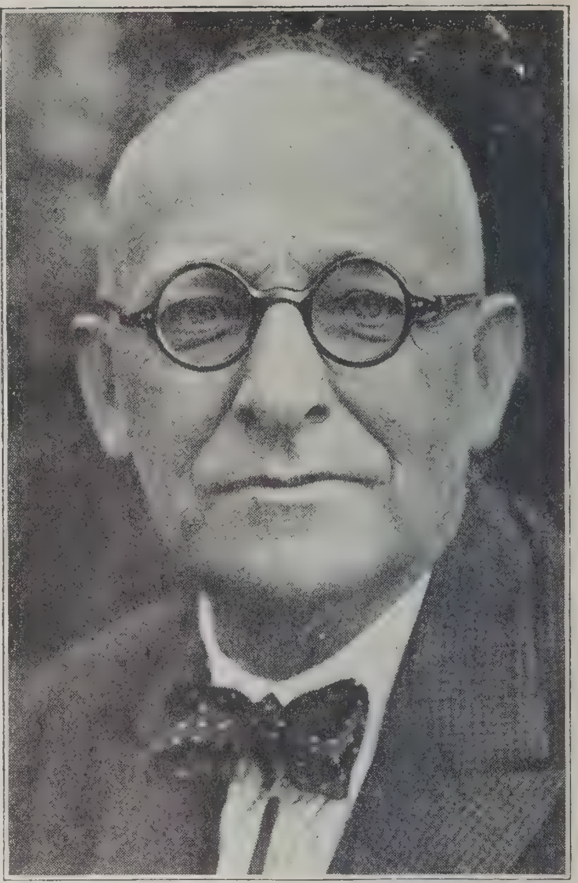
The writer has just completed a thorough investigation of the most important, the most dangerous, and the most expensive of all the machines with which Abrams and his followers claim to diagnose and cure disease.

So far as two of the leading independent electrical engineers of the Pacific Coast could learn from demonstrations, tests and dissection of this machine, it has not the slightest effect on the patient who is "treated" with it.

So far as the most delicate of galvanometers could tell, not one iota of the electric current which is put into this machine passes on to the patient.

So delicate was the galvanometer used in this test that the writer, by taking the two terminals in his hands, was able to supply from his own body, without any electrical connection, sufficient electricity to move the needle; yet the Abrams machine, sold as a cure-all for the three deadliest diseases known to man, was unable to produce a single movement of the galvanometer needle.

Of this test—complete official report of which is published herewith—more later. Let us first consider the claims of Dr. Abrams and the "ERA Cult." The mysterious ERA, it should be said, stands for the "Electronic Reactions of Abrams," and were the thing not so deadly dangerous and so damnably insidious, it would be ridiculous. There are various stories of Abrams' age, the manner in which he obtained his medical training and degrees, and of his career prior to his discovery of "Electronic Reactions." His own claims, as published in "Who's Who in America," for 1922, are that he was born in San Francisco, December 8, 1863, the son of Marcus and Rachel (Leavy) Abrams, and that he received his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Heidelberg University (Germany) in 1882. This would mean, if true, that he was only 19 years of age when he was intrusted with the degree of M.D., by that university, a statement which becomes more credible when it is remembered that more than one degree has been obtained from certain German universities without the formality of long study, and that Jews have been for centuries famous for obtaining things, including university titles, by unusual methods. Abrams also claims the Master of Arts degree from Portland University, an educational institution which has been closed for some years, and the degree of Doctor of Laws the source of which is not made public.



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DR. ALBERT ABRAMS, of San Francisco.

Abrams also describes himself as "founder of Spondylotherapy, and honorary president of the American Association for the Study of Spondylotherapy," which is the treatment of disease through manipulation of the vertebrae of the backbone. He is also "president of the American Association for the Study of Psycho-Physical Research; discoverer of Abrams' Reflexes, and of the Electronic Reactions of Abrams," from which last-named "discovery" has grown the cult now known as the International Association for the Advancement of Electronic Medicine, of which Dr. J. Goodwin Thompson is president, **and of which Alexander Markey, editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, is—according to Abrams—"the champion and fearless exponent of justice."**

To put Abrams' claims briefly, so that the layman may understand the better the astounding results of the investigation of Abrams' machine, it should be said that he claims to have discovered that every illness to which man is heir is due to erroneous vibrations of the electrons, which, as commonly believed by scientists, are the ultimate divisions of which matter is capable. Their size is beyond the microscope; their vibratory rate is unknown, and there is no way of measuring it—yet Abrams claims to have discovered, not only that matter is composed of electrons, but the rate at which these electrons vibrate. Based on this amazing discovery, which, **were Abrams able or willing to prove it,** would upset the entire scientific world and possibly reverse our conception of matter, the versatile doctor has devised a system of contrari-wise vibrations, by which the electrons may be convinced of the error of their ways, set back on the proper vibratory rate, and the disease thereby cured.

Incidental to this is his further discovery that by taking the rate of the vibrations of the electrons in a drop of blood, he not only can diagnose the disease from which the owner of the blood is suffering, but he can also fix the parentage of the person from whom the blood was drawn. Abrams has been able to have himself called into court as an expert in deciding the parentage of a child—and received therefore reams of money-getting publicity, **although it is not of record that the court accepted the test as final.**

Abrams has refused at all times to submit this machine—which he calls the "sphygmobiometer"—to tests, the results of which were to be published in the California *State Journal of Medicine*. It was proposed to take blood from several hundred patients in the clinics at the University of California and at Stanford University who were known to be suffering from the diseases which Abrams claims to be able to diagnose through this machine by means of the vibrations of the electrons in the blood. These patients were to be numbered, the numbers corresponding with those on the blood samples furnished Abrams, and the correct diagnosis of each case was to be sealed, in an envelope bearing the corresponding

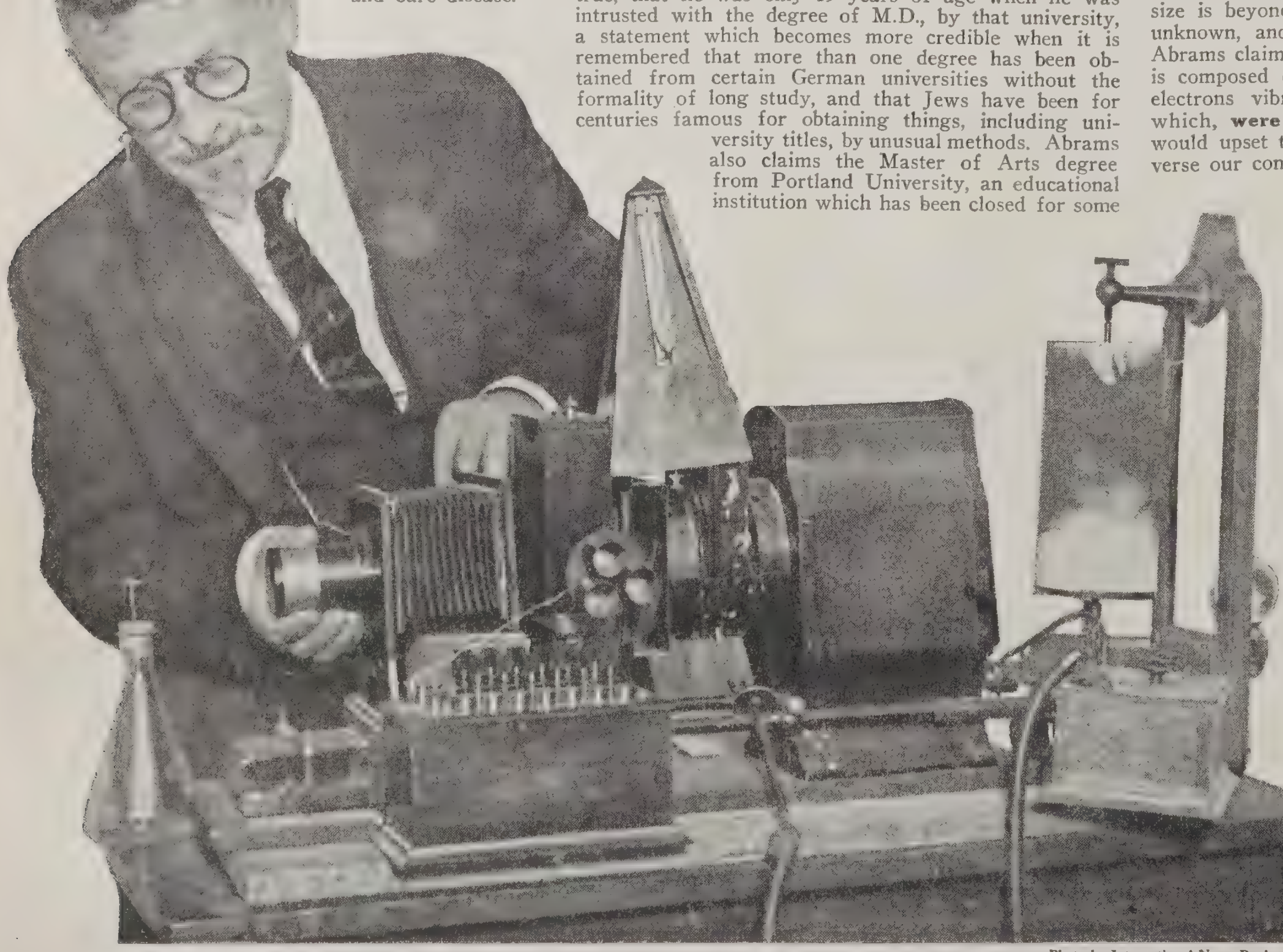
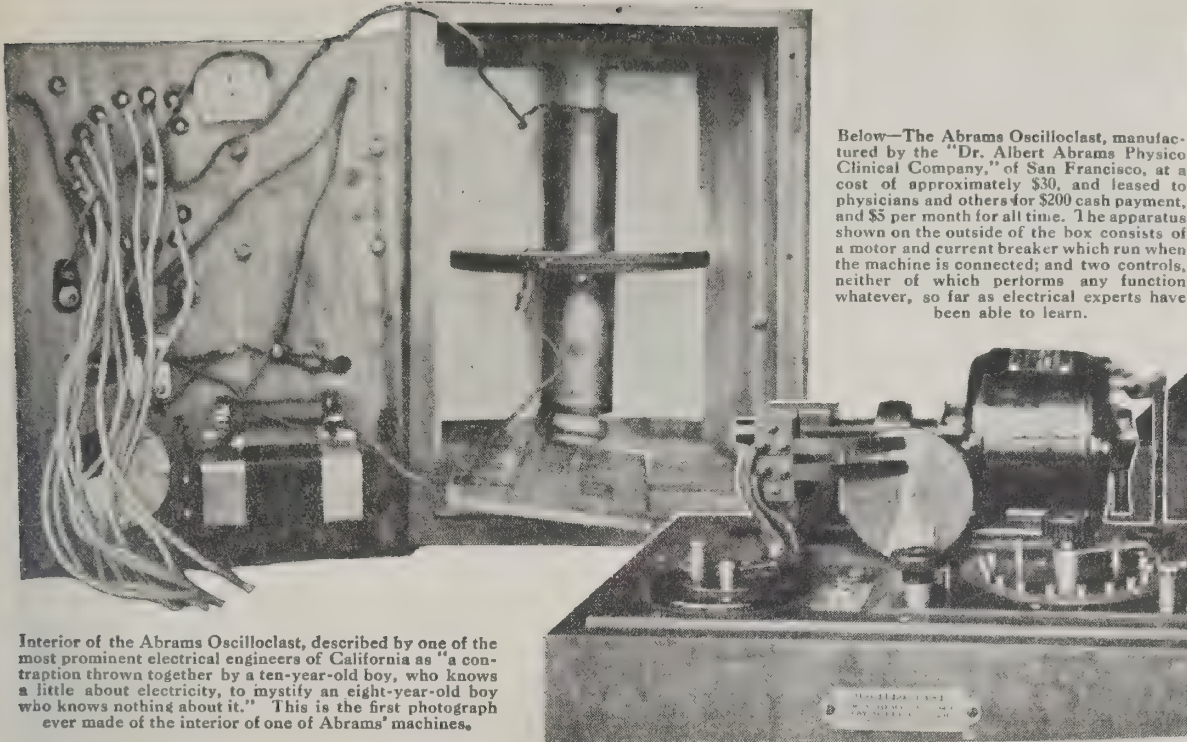


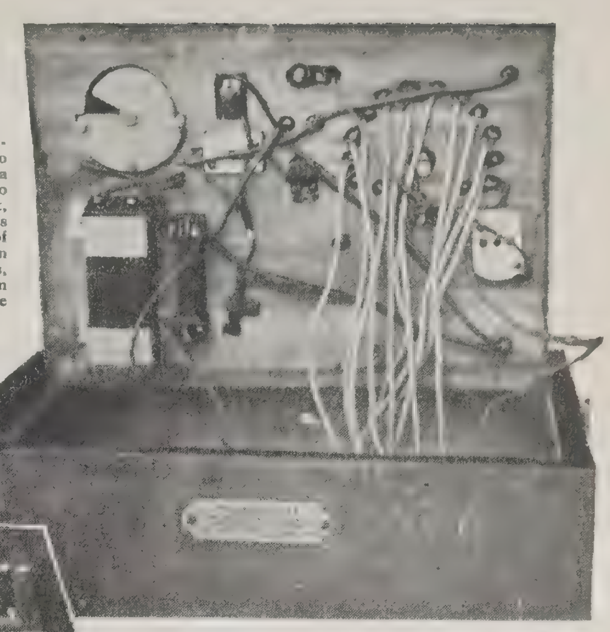
Photo by International News Reel.

Abrams' most celebrated instrument, the "sphygmobiometer," by which he pretends to establish the parentage of a child through comparison of the vibrations of a drop of the child's blood with those of a drop of the blood of the supposed father. This instrument in the hands of an unprincipled operator could be productive of more harm than an electric chair. Reputable physicians of California declare the machine to be a "bunch of junk."

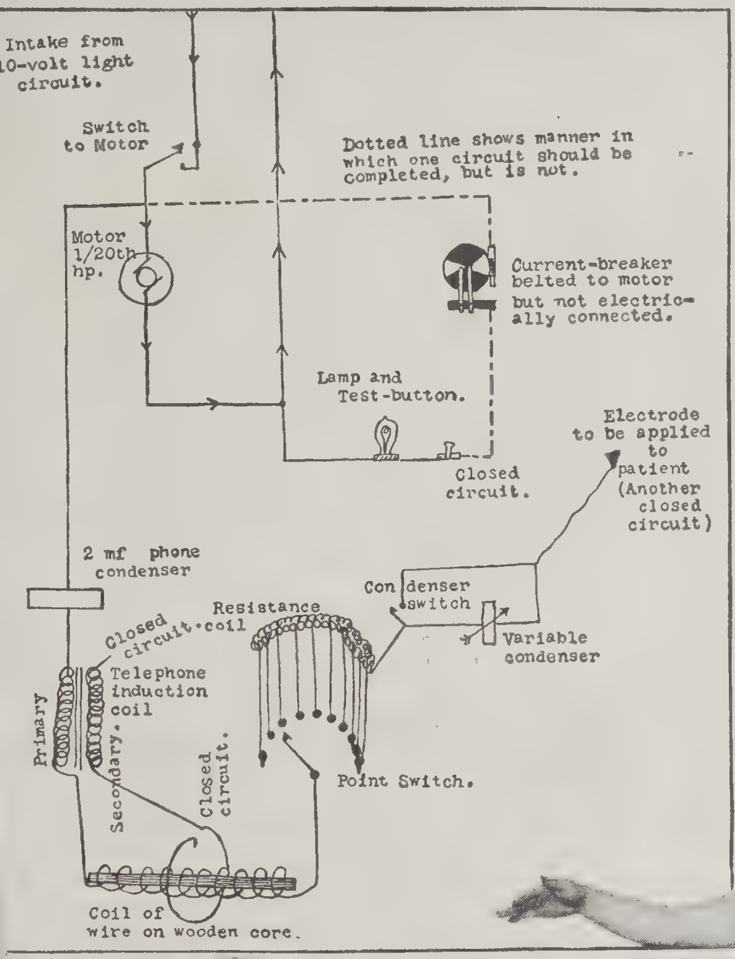


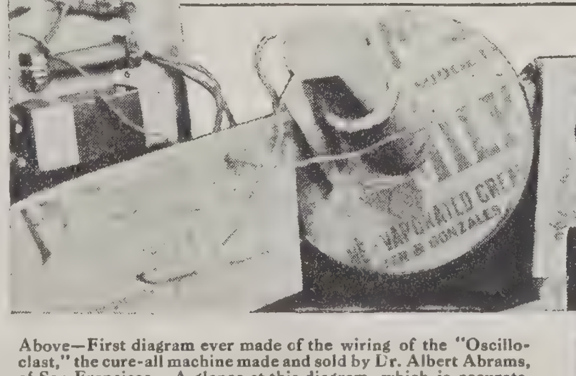
Below—The Abrams Oscilloclast, manufactured by the "Dr. Albert Abrams Physico Clinical Company," of San Francisco, at a cost of approximately $30, and leased to physicians and others for $200 cash payment, and $5 per month for all time. The apparatus shown on the outside of the box consists of a motor and current breaker which run when the machine is connected; and two controls, neither of which performs any function whatever, so far as electrical experts have been able to learn.

Interior of the Abrams Oscilloclast, described by one of the most prominent electrical engineers of California as "a contraption thrown together by a ten-year-old boy, who knows a little about electricity, to mystify an eight-year-old boy who knows nothing about it." This is the first photograph ever made of the interior of one of Abrams' machines.



The under-side of the top of the Abrams Oscilloclast, showing the wiring, a jumble of wires, the most of which begin nowhere and end nowhere. The motor, current-breaker and controls shown in another photo are on the opposite side of the upright board, the top of the box.


Intake from 110-volt light circuit.
Switch to Motor
Dotted line shows manner in which one circuit should be completed, but is not.
Motor 1/20th hp.
Current-breaker belted to motor but not electrically connected.
Lamp and Test-button.
Closed circuit.
Electrode to be applied to patient (Another closed circuit)
2 mf phone condenser
Condenser switch
Resistance coil
Closed circuit.
Variable condenser
Telephone induction coil
Primary
Secondary.
Closed circuit.
Point Switch.
Coil of wire on wooden core.



Above—First diagram ever made of the wiring of the "Oscilloclast," the cure-all machine made and sold by Dr. Albert Abrams, of San Francisco. A glance at this diagram, which is accurate, will show even to those untrained in electricity, that it is impossible for any electric current in any form to pass from the intake at the top, to the patient on the right. Below—"Apparatus" from the interior of the Abrams Oscilloclast, made, as will be noted by the lettering, from the ends of discarded packing boxes which once contained condensed milk! At the extreme left are shown a 2-mf. telephone condenser and a telephone induction coil. Below is a shelf which separates the upper half of the box from the lower. In the center is a so-called "induction coil," consisting of one wire, wound around a wooden core, and covered with parafine and a pasteboard tube, the whole thrust through a wooden wheel around which is wound one strand of wire, which is then cut off, completely closing the circuit and insulating the two wires by means of some four inches of wood. This coil is, of course, worthless so far as the conduct or transmission or induction of electricity is concerned.

Photo by International Newsreel

Dr. Albert Abrams demonstrating his "electronic reaction" instrument for the diagnosis of disease. The patient is holding what is supposed to be an electrode to his head, and Abrams claims to diagnose the disease by thumping on the patient's abdomen. The terminal in the electrode *does not touch the patient*, but that seems to make no difference with Abrams or his diagnosis.

number. ,Abrams was to know nothing of the cases, and his diagnoses, made with the "sphygmobiometer," were to be compared with the known facts in each case, and the results published. Although—or possibly because—the results of this test would have established Abrams as the greatest medical expert and inventor of the century, or as the greatest medical charlatan since the Jew Friedman and his T.B.C. serum, **the San Francisco discoverer of electronic reactions refused to make the test.** He, however, continues to sell, or lease, this machine to all who have the money to pay for it.

In fact, there seems to be no limit to the "discoveries" of Abrams. He can tell a mother-to-be whether her child will be a boy or a girl, merely from the examination of a drop of the mother's blood. From handwriting he can tell just where the writer is, or was, when he wrote the letter; whether the writer is alive or dead, and from what disease the writer is suffering. In all these diagnoses, nine times out of 10, the answer from Abrams is either syphilis, cancer, or tuberculosis. Rather oddly, **these are the three diseases for the cure of which man will pay the most money most readily.** He also has discovered that, with a tuning fork, he can record the "pitch" (possibly he means rate) of vibration of the light waves from colors. It is rather generally conceded that the maximum vibration of the tuning fork is about 16 000, while that of the light waves from some of the colors is far up in the hundreds of millions; just how the vibrations of the color orange, for example, could be measured by a tuning fork is a little difficult to comprehend. But, in reaching his conclusions, in making his discoveries and in building his apparatus, **Abrams quite ignores such things as the laws of physics, electricity or light, so that one cannot expect to hold him to facts, comparative tests or even workable theories by any known laws of science.**

An outgrowth of his "study" of colors and vibrations and tuning forks and things has been the "discovery" that certain kinds of paints—**made and sold by Abrams**—will cure certain diseases. Suppose you have a lot of bacteria in any part of your anatomy. If you haven't them, trust Dr. Abrams to find them! He "percusses" you, while one of his instruments is attached to you, until he finds the colony of microbes. Other physicians find them by analysis and the use of the microscope; not so the man who received at 19 a degree from Heidelberg. He finds them with the Electro-Concussor ("$120, f.o.b, San Francisco; no apparatus sold on credit; terms cash"). Then he "percusses" them, drives them by hand all into one place, say the spleen, or the liver, or one kidney. Then he paints the exterior of the patient's anatomy, over the internal organ in which the "bugs" are gathered, with a paint which has a vibration equal to or stronger than that of the disease he has diagnosed. Just how the vibrations of the pink, blue, green or other-colored paint set up those deadly Electronic Reactions of Abrams (ERA) among the microbes buried five or six inches beneath the skin, is not made clear, but they just do it somehow, and presently the patient has the paint and Dr. Abrams the pay, and there you are.

Abrams has several machines, of which he is the inventor, and of which the "Dr. Abrams Physico Clinical Company," of 2151 Sacramento street, San Francisco, is the vendor. The builder is a young man, about 20 years of age, who has some slight electrical knowledge and who was formerly employed as a workman by a company which makes electrical apparatus in the California city. This boy builds according to Abrams' plans; he is in no way concerned in the medical, ethical, moral, or "business" results obtained. Abrams also has other machines, aside from the "sphygmobiometer," and the "electro-concussor," but the greatest of his inventions, and the one which has spread its sphere of malevolent influence over the offices of more than 500 physicians in this country alone, is known as the "Oscilloclast"—a machine intended to cure disease by oscillation, or, more plainly, by vibration. There are, all told, about 1,200 of the various "inventions" of Abrams, in the form of diagnostic and curative machines, in use by physicians in this country. All except the Oscilloclast are sold outright, at prices varying from $60 to $200. The Oscilloclast is not sold, but rented for life, at $200 cash down and $5 a month as long as the physician leasing the contraption keeps it. The first payment of $200 is not a deposit, but a payment which goes direct into Abrams' pocket and stays there. **The complete machine costs Abrams about $30.**

The writer, with one of the foremost and best electrical experts of the Pacific Coast, has just completed a thorough investigation of the Abrams Oscilloclast. This is the first time that any one of the Abrams machines has been subjected to analysis by an unbiased observer whose technical training is adequate to enable him to make such an investigation and to reduce the results to a statement of fact. For the first time, also, the exterior and interior, with all the details of one of the Abrams machines was photographed. The results of the investigation follow; the photographic results are presented herewith.

The Oscilloclast was not submitted for investigation by Dr. Abrams; far from it, but came into the hands of still another electrical expert in San Francisco, from one of the many physicians who have been lured by the extravagant promises of cures effected by this machine into obtaining one of them. This physician, getting no results from the Oscilloclast, and becoming suspicious as to its capabilities, asked the electrical expert to give him a report on the machine. This electrician made his own "diagnosis" and then, for confirmation or disproval of the correctness of his results, turned it over to Frank Rieber, head of the Roentgen Appliance Corporation of San Francisco. Mr. Rieber is the inventor of the

(Concluded on page 12)

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An American Found on Manhattan

The Dearborn Independent regrets that it has not the honor of a personal acquaintance with an American citizen residing in New York, whose name is Henry A. Wise Wood. It is so delightful to have an expression of Americanism emanating from New York that we are naturally curious about the individual whose alertness to see and whose courage to speak distinguish him from the soul-bound and tongue-tied hordes of our modern Babylon. We had almost begun to fear that in that monster nest of alienism, the American voice had been stilled forever. But at a luncheon an American spoke out, and he said things that 500 important Americans should be saying in New York and every pulpit and platform should be echoing in the midst of what Mr. Wood calls "an un-American and alien-hearted city."

New York is not "the American metropolis" because it is not American. New York is the Island of Manhattan lying to the eastward of the United States. Severed from the United States, a polyglot anarchy, it could not be more separate from us than it is. One thinks of the Americans marooned there as "the lost Battalion" whom it would be only duty to rescue, either by carrying them out of the midst of the Manhattan wilderness, or by occupying Manhattan by a sufficient number of Americans to give it an American mandate.

Nevertheless there has been sounded one voice in New York. There may be others. Doubtless there are others. Speaking in unison, what might they not accomplish!

Mr. Wood said many things. He said that the school teachers of New York should be required, like other important public officials, to take the oath of loyalty.

"I was born in New York City. My ancestors lived in it more than one hundred years ago, and my wife's ancestors three hundred years. We both feel ourselves to be aliens here, or rather we feel ourselves to be Americans in an alien city. When the local authorities will not protect the nation, the nation must protect itself. It cannot depend on the States, since the States are filled, as in this State, with anti-American groups. Your children are now being Sovietized in the public schools because the authorities haven't the courage to suppress the teachers who are teaching disloyalty, and you sit by and do nothing."

The last seven words of the quoted sentence is the answer to What's wrong with America?

Alien groups are simply following their nature. It is quite to be expected that they should do everything we see them do. But are Americans naturally cowards?

The Cost of Coal

ABOUT two centuries ago, before the value of anthracite for fuel purposes was known, Stephen Girard acquired title to a lot of land in Pennsylvania. The cost to him was trifling, for there was little apparent value in the land except the timber with which it was covered. But as timber was enormously in excess of demand, and much more accessible than Girard's lands, it was really a dormant investment until accident developed that anthracite underlaid the tract and revealed the fuel properties of the coal.

In 1921 three million tons of hard coal were extracted from the Girard properties at a labor cost of about $1.73 a ton. The consumer paid for this an average of $14 a ton, the spread being absorbed by royalties, operators' profit, jobbers' charges, wholesale and retail handling costs, and transportation.

Of these additions to the labor cost of less than two dollars at the mouth of the mine, the royalty amounted to $1.33 a ton. That is, every consumer of anthracite paid tribute to the heirs of old Stephen Girard at the rate of 77.1 per cent of the labor cost of mining. Inasmuch as subsequent profits passed on to the consumer included a percentage on the royalty as well as the labor cost, it is reasonable to estimate that the latter was taxed at least TWO DOLLARS FOR EVERY TON OF HARD COAL BURNED for the benefit of an estate which never produced an ounce of coal, or assisted in the development of this important natural resource.

Of course, the system of private production is controlled so as to secure the greatest profit the public will submit to. Indeed, the profiteering has been such as to bring into competition with anthracite, bituminous coals, from the best to the dirty, health-endangering, sulphur-hiding shale, coke and even coal gas itself, but it is only this phase of the problem that needs emphasis just now. Its legality is not in question, for the laws of private property and of inheritance are such as to protect the estate from any demands save those of the taxgatherer, and these the estate is permitted to recoup at the hands of the consumer.

But there is a higher law, which denies the moral right of individuals as such to take unto themselves private and exclusive control of a natural resource that they may profit at the expense of their fellows. The exaction of any *tribute* at all on anthracite coal, whether by royalty or *excessive* charges, is theft, pure and simple. The two dollars royalty morally belongs to the man who burns the coal. Excessive charges of any kind, by railroads, brokers or anybody else, shares the character of the theft.

The Girard estate is used only to illustrate. Thousands of acres of coal lands are owned by big rail corporations, which in turn are owned by that group of financial magnates best known as "Big Business" and "Wall Street."

A Warning

YOU as a newspaper reader do not know, frequently the editor of the newspaper which you read does not know, that much of the stuff he prints and you read is often prepared—not in the newspaper office, but in a distant propaganda headquarters—to mislead you. The purpose is to plant certain ideas in your mind which will enable far-seeing and selfish interests to perform certain acts without exciting your suspicion or disapproval.

No newspaper staff knows enough about the subjects which its columns discuss, to judge whether the public is being deceived or not. There is a certain number of columns to be filled every day, and outside "service" is bought to fill those columns. There is one honest news service in the country; if there are two, we are luckier than informed persons now believe.

Just now you are reading daily screeds about the "labor shortage" in this country. The papers tell us that the shortage of men is so great that the industries of the country are endangered.

As a newspaper reader, clip out all such articles and see if they bear any clue of a responsible source. See if a name is attached to them.

And then look round the streets of your city, look over the farm districts, and see if it is true that there is a "labor shortage." It is a matter which can be decided by common observation on the streets, or by common acquaintance with the situation of the city dwellers and the farmers.

The motive behind the daily injection of this false idea is palpable.

As to "the shortage of skilled labor," that is due to an industrial system which has been built up by unskilled labor and has made no provision for the training of skilled labor for the future.

Unrestricted immigration will not supply skilled labor, and of the kind of labor that unrestricted immigration could supply, we already have enough.

This is not to say that the United States cannot support more people. The United States can support many times its present population. But not under the system which now dominates its present population.

One Woman Speaks

Dear Mr. Editor:

As you say you stand for the truth and uphold all that is good and clean I want to ask you a few questions. Every newspaper you pick up nowadays has some kind of a cash prize offered for most anything under the sun from the prettiest girl in the state to naming a picture puzzle; but, say, did you ever pick up one and find a prize offered for the rearing of children, or—say—to the youngest appearing mother of four or more children? You have not. And that is one great mistake the American people are making today. Who have the large families in this country? Look around and see if 75 per cent are not foreign-born people. And how are their children reared? I'll tell you. To love the old mother country first and the good old U. S. A. second. Or, if it is a family of American-born they are people without ambition and who are very poor, who let their children run the streets—and what kind of men and women do those children grow up to be?

Even take it, for instance, in our places where a man seeks employment; the first thing they ask a man is how many children he has, and if he says more than two his services are not required. Yet if the clean, right-thinking class of Americans do not rear children what will our country be in the next hundred years?

I am only 27, but I'm the mother of four husky 100-per-cent American boys and one baby girl. Their ages are 9, 7, 5, 3 and baby Mary 16 months old. Now, many of my friends think it a shame I have so many children at such an early age but I'm proud of every one of them and expect to rear them to be clean-minded, right-thinking 100-per-cent Americans for America.

I am neither highly educated nor poorly so. Just the average American and my husband is 31 and the same type. He neither gambles nor drinks "white mule." How could he with a family of five children and only receiving $20 a week? Yet he has the ability to have charge of a grain elevator but good jobs he cannot hold, as I said before, on account of our having a family. My husband approached one man for a position and the first thing he asked was, "How many children?" And when husband said four—nothing doing. He hired a man who had no children and paid him $40 a week. Just the same, somehow, we are going to manage to rear and educate our children the way all children should be reared and I'm sure when they are all grown to manhood and womanhood we will be amply repaid. Remember what Christ said, "A good tree cannot bring forth corrupt fruit," and so it is with us people also.

Many people have asked how I kept so young looking and had five children, and I tell them that is why I'm young looking. I've led a clean, wholesome life, never indulged in real late hours nor any of the things in life which tear down the body. I never was really ill a day in my life and can do as much work as some men although I only weigh 134 pounds. Then others have asked why I had children when so young. That is because I'm young with them and I can better understand their moods and attitudes than I could if I was old and then, too, I will still be young when they are grown. Others have said, why deprive yourself of so many things when you are young that you might have children? I do what work I can to help along, such as dressmaking, baking for other people, and so on, but I can say this much: When I've grown old I have not wasted my life and my children will be living monuments of my life's work.

The Same Old World

THE nineteen hundred and twenty-third cycle in the Era of Our Lord came, and with it the grace and power of governors to pardon prisoners.

In better times than these, pardon was always granted to a limited number of prisoners at the Christmas season of peace and good will to men. The season came as a golden opportunity to undo part of the wrong begun during the heat of the war; for 60 political prisoners are still awaiting their freedom; they are still suffering for expressing during the war opinions, many of which have since become well recognized and authenticated facts.

Many persons waited with high hope to see how our President should use this, one of the greatest of powers conferred on a single man. It was a sad disillusionment, therefore, to learn that these are the three men President Harding chose to grant Christmas pardons: John Carl, convicted in Alaska of murder in the second degree; Thomas Parker, convicted in Texas for manslaughter and John Willard Delaney, convicted in California of forgery.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE only possible use of objection to what IS, is that it may lead the mind to discover why it IS. There are causes for every condition that hinders or affrights us. Some of these causes are curable, others are far past cure by anything we may undertake and will have to run their course, as does a fever. But nothing comes upon society without cause, and certain conditions among us will continue to exist as long as the favoring causes exist.

No one can be certain that the very bad results of certain social courses are not in themselves good. As much of the discomfort of disease is not caused by disease but by the forces of health combating the disease, so many of the things of which we complain are really the result of the *good law* interjecting itself to fight the tendencies of the bad cause.

"The way of the transgressor is hard" for the reason that natural law seems to have placed barriers across every path of transgression, and the individual or the nation or society, as the case may be, must actually strive to make progress on the wrong course.

We have been transgressing the law of living together, as social beings, as citizens, as servants of society in our labor. And it has not been easy. There are signs that it is so very hard to do so, that we shall not be able to continue on the present course very long. It has exhausted the energy of society to get as far as it has on the wrong course. There have been so many obstacles to surmount, that it has not been easy. The downward course is not merely a drift, it is an effort. The way is hard and requires hard efforts to make it.

What daunts society is that the greatest efforts are yet ahead if this present course is to be maintained, and society is not equal to maintaining the present course against any additional obstacles. Heretofore the course has lain along territory in which we have the most freedom. It has lain in the region of intangible things—rights, duties, spiritual obligations, the finer implications of whatever moral stature we has reached. These are easily brushed aside. We can strip men of their rights; we can break all the obligations of honor; we can push aside the old aspirations as unattainable ideals; we can forego our duties. In the great task of building an industrial civilization we have found nothing easier than to brush aside the principles which two generations ago held the public mind with stronger grip than any political regulation. Like boys, when they find they can break all the commandments without the skies falling or the thunders of wrath bursting upon them, our generation has revelled in its freedom and has gained a very superior feeling to the whole urge of moral idealism.

IN ONE region man is free; when he plays the fool there, he gravitates to the region where he is no longer free, but in the grip of law. The nations have passed out of the region where they can play fast and loose, into the region where necessity grips them. It is always the result of abusing freedom. The world is passing through its correction chamber, squaring accounts with all the moralities it has blasted and all the obligations it has denied. In that chamber it will be stripped of all its old leadership and delusions, all of its superior-mindedness, all of its impudence against the law. The cries heard now are not the cries of peoples who fear to be unloaded of their burdens, but the cries of old systems which are inexorably being pushed over the precipice of judgment.

In that province we were free to do pretty much as we liked. But there is another province where we are never free unless we are obedient to its laws, and we have already entered into that province and are feeling the pinch of its correction. In the region of natural law the rule of Obedience is never suspended. It is in that region that the world now finds itself.

The fact is, the world is now up against something with which it cannot play fast and loose. It has plunged down through the region of its freedom into the region where it must obey or suffer. We have brought all our new tendencies down with us into this region of unbroken law and the result is that much of what we brought is being broken against the law. After having abused our freedom we have come into the correction of the universe.

It is all very simple and apparent, yet a failure to see this is at the base of most of the confusion of mind today. Society can have its fling in its own region of moral freedom, but that fling brings it down to a region where accounts are squared, and where speeches and laws and elections can do nothing at all—where even the power of the Congress stops! The course we have adopted in the sphere of our moral freedom has thrown us down into the region of inexorable economic law, from which neither our cleverness nor our crying can extricate us. Like the son who wasted his patrimony, we are now at work for a stranger in a far country, and the situation is not pleasant.

That is the meaning of the lack of leadership in the world. The old leadership is still here; the old leaders are still stamping on top of the earth; and still the world cries for leadership. Why is it? Inarticulate as humanity is, it has the instinct to know that the old leadership is just what it does not want at this crisis. The leadership that for the last half century has steadily led down into the present situation is not capable of leading back again. That leadership, by the way, was not leadership in the absolute sense, it was only the incarnation of the people's willingness to be led in the wrong direction.

And now the world is looking to America. Nothing is more pathetic than to hear the recent confessions of Europe that the hope of the world is American leadership. The confessions of Europe have become more and more humiliating as time has passed. First it was force she asked—confessing that her own force was inadequate. Next it was money she asked—confessing that her wealth was not great. Now it is leadership—bitterest confession of all.

The confession has had the shameful effect on America of puffing us up. We have even boasted about our being able to pull Europe out of the hole, if we would. How far we ourselves have fallen, when this can be true!

But Europe is grasping at a straw, and one fears what may occur when she at last lays hold and finds it only a straw. American leadership! Where is it? "The moral leadership of America!" Europe cries. Where is that? Have we transgressed less than Europe that we should be worthy of "moral leadership"?—or is there still behind this cry the lurking belief that with our "moral leadership" our money and force would also be available.

When Americans look at their Government, scrutinize the men who have the affairs of this Republic in charge, and then think of setting them to handle the affairs of Europe—those men who have failed to handle the coal situation, or the railroad situation—it is at that moment, as never before, that Americans realize the depths into which Europe has fallen.

Government will remain, but the present governments will not —they will go. Their going will not mean much change, if any, in the form of governments, but in the spirit of them. The present governments of Europe—the premiers and the parliaments—are not able even to agree or collaborate in the salvation of Europe. Too many things must go with which the personnel of these governments is entangled. "Sell all that thou hast and serve the poor" is an injunction these governments will not obey, and yet it is the only principle upon which any government can stand.

Just now the cry is from governments for the salvation of personnel, of aristocracies and armies and privileges and oppressions. The cry is from government to government across the world. Presently it will be from people to people—and *then* we shall know that the period of correction has taken a turn toward restoration. The people have not spoken yet.

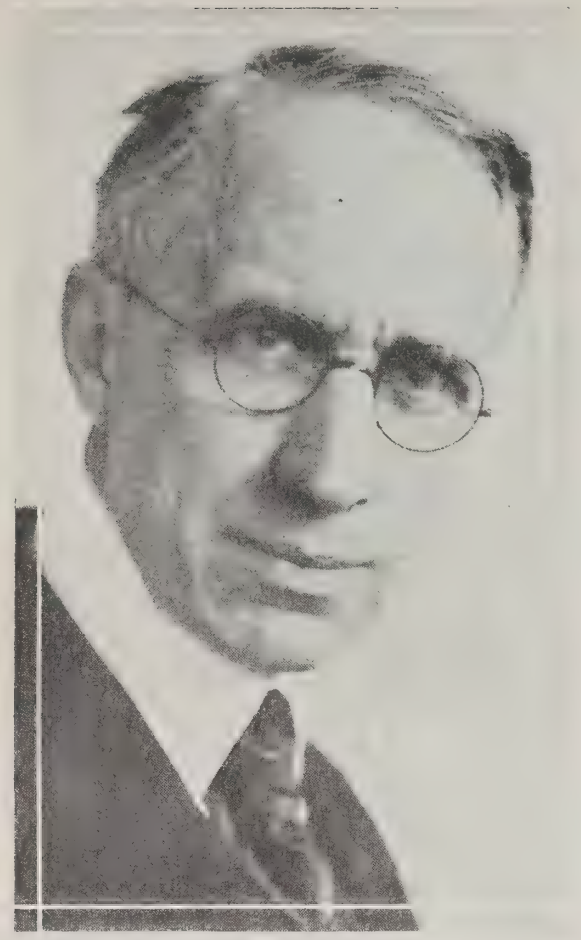
This is why America is silent. It has heard Clemenceau and Stinnes and Lloyd George and the others; but it does not trust these voices. Nor did France, Germany and England trust them. When America hears the voice of the people across the seas, then the world shall know that the tide has taken a turn.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Dumping Cleveland Bosses on the Scrap Heap

Manager Plan Soon to Go Into Effect Gives City Back to People

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG



PROF. A. R. HATTON,
Western Reserve University, leader for the city manager plan in Cleveland.

A DISTINGUISHED political writer, whose name I cannot now recall, once defined a political boss as a man "who bought votes and sold privileges." That definition holds good regardless of the crudities or refinements of the game. It matters little whether the voters are acquired at a certain price per head, or by the manipulation of influences that herd voters up to the polls like sheep. Details do not count for much. The big idea is that voters are often controlled by a boss in the interest of the Gas Company, the Street Railway Company, the Allies of the underworld, or other special interests, who are glad to pay well for services rendered.

A successful boss controls a small army of officeholders who owe their jobs to him, plus another group who willingly do his dirty work in the hope of a reward. The interests who wish to plunder the public supply the boss with an expense fund which he uses as he pleases, and "no questions asked." He manages to keep a large share of this money, and pays his henchmen out of the public treasury by having them appointed to city jobs regardless of their fitness for the work they are expected to do. Thus the taxpayers cheerfully pay the bill for allowing the boss and his gang to deceive and rob them. Obviously the ability of the boss to collect depends upon his ability to deliver what his employers want, but he is careful to collect before he delivers. The well-trained boss understands perfectly that there is no such thing as honor among thieves, so he gets his money in advance.

There is nothing new in the foregoing statements. The people have been either king-ridden or boss-ridden for so long that it is difficult for them to think in any other terms. Every tyro in politics knows how the "machine" operates, and realizes that very few men are able to master the "organization" and the boss. Therefore it is very refreshing for a long-suffering people to learn that a way has been found to dethrone bosses and put them on the scrap heap, along with other junk. A new way of doing things is in operation in a hundred or more cities much to the satisfaction of all, save those who have fattened on the spoils of politics.

Cleveland to Try It

THIS system is known as the Manager Plan of City Government. Thus far Cleveland is the largest city that has adopted the manager plan. The new form of government goes into effect on January 1, 1924. In November, 1923, a council of 25 members will be chosen under a new system of districting the city, and by a voting method commonly known as proportional representation. This council will choose a city manager, who will in turn appoint department heads, and serve as chief executive officer of the municipality. His position will correspond to the position of a general manager of a large industrial organization, the council being the board of directors and the voters the stockholders. He will operate under the regulations of the new charter and his authority in executive matters will be supreme. The council may engage a man for manager who lives in another city, but after his selection he must become a resident of Cleveland. If the council wishes to make a change it has the power to discharge the manager at any time and hire another man. Business and executive ability are the chief qualities demanded of a city manager. He is expected to run the city purely as a business organization, in the interest of economy, efficiency, and service and not for profit. For ceremonial occasions the president of the council will serve as "mayor."

Like other large American cities Cleveland has suffered from the domination of political bosses. No man who has a particle of political sense would think of trying to get anything from the Republicans in Cleveland or Ohio, without first arranging matters with *Maurice Maschke*, the recognized Republican boss. He is a power in both city and state affairs. On the other hand when the Democrats are on the throne, Burr Gongwer is the man who must be "seen."

When bosses are threatened with extermination they combine for mutual protection, just as kings sometimes form alliances. It is common talk in Cleveland that Maschke and Gongwer are back of the court attacks against the manager plan. Enemies of the new system are trying to have it declared unconstitutional because of the alleged confusion that would result from the proportional representation method of voting. That is the part of the plan that has caused the bosses to sit up of nights in a vain effort to find a way either to control the manager plan or destroy it in a perfectly legal and respectable manner. Bosses in other cities, where the manager plan is in operation, have tried to break the combination and have failed. Proportional representation is both fool-proof and knave-proof. It is so arranged that no man or group of men can defeat an honest expression of public opinion at an election held under this plan.

Fred Kohler, mayor of Cleveland, occupies a unique relation to the situation that is being analyzed. Eight years ago he was expelled from the high and honorable position of chief of police by the Civil Service Commission, on the charge of gross immorality and conduct unbecoming an officer. Newton D. Baker, who was mayor at that time, preferred the charges. Kohler was stunned at first by the verdict, for he had been riding on a high wave of popularity as the "best chief of police" for 10 years, but he rallied and doggedly set out to win his way back into public confidence.

How Kohler Worked

AT THE time of his dismissal Kohler announced that he would some day be mayor of Cleveland. All who heard the declaration regarded it as a boast. He was the last man anybody thought of for that position. For a year or two he dropped out of sight. What he did for a living nobody seemed to know or care. His name had all but disappeared from the city newspapers, and in the thought of many he was a "dead one." Then he bobbed up as a possible delegate to the National Republican Convention, but he was not selected. However, his name got into the papers again, and he began to develop a following. Finally the word went around that "Kohler had been punished enough." Quite a group wanted him back as chief of police, because of his ability as an officer.

Little by little Kohler "grew on the public" until he was mentioned as a possible candidate for mayor. He was slowly, but steadily "coming back." His little boomlet was squelched, but Kohler gained by the agitation. Finally Kohler sought election as county commissioner and won. Some of his opponents voted for him on the score that as "commissioner he could not do much harm." He was commissioner when the city election came on in November, 1921.

Kohler declared himself as a candidate for mayor. Half a dozen other candidates were in the field, and about all they did was to call each other names and sling mud. There was not a man among them strong enough to dominate the situation. Voters were generally disgusted. Kohler did not call names, sling mud or abuse anybody. He did not make any speeches, or announce a platform, except the general statement that if elected he would enforce the law. His campaign method was to run display advertisements in the papers, with his picture in uniform as chief of police, in which he asked for the votes of the people. He went from house to house and store to store, and announced himself thus:

"I am Fred Kohler, and I want you to vote for me for mayor."

The papers had a good deal to say about him. He refused to get mixed up in controversies with other candidates. Enemies dug up the old charge against him and scattered it broadcast. But Kohler ignored all such attacks.

Kohler, as an independent candidate for mayor, running without a party and no platform, was quite a different man from Kohler as chief of police. In former days he talked a good deal, and was free with his attacks and criticisms. Everybody expected him to "open his mouth and put his foot in it," but in that respect he fooled all the wiseacres by a steadfast policy of good-natured silence and refusal to talk. The explanation of the change in his character is that he was being guided by a small group of very shrewd men, and he had the good sense to act upon their suggestions. One of the admonitions persistently hurled at him was: "Now, Fred, whatever you do, keep your mouth shut," and Fred obeyed. It is greatly to his credit that he listened to somebody else. He was guided by a very rare order of political sagacity all through the campaign. The net result was that he made votes without making enemies, which is the supreme art of political management. At first he was not taken seriously, but a week or ten days before the election, straw ballots in the newspapers disclosed that he had developed surprising strength. Then the word went around: "Vote for Kohler and give him a chance to make good."

Meanwhile, Professor A. R. Hatton, leader of the city manager movement, whose home is in Cleveland, had been busy. A committee of one hundred representative citizens, headed by Peter Witt, kept the manager issue before the public with speakers and newspaper publicity. They capitalized the popular disgust with mud-slinging politics, and urged the manager plan as a remedy. Then Kohler and his little coterie of secret advisers "cashed in" on the manager plan publicity by putting out a fine portrait of Kohler bearing the legend: "Vote for Fred Kohler for mayor and you will have a city manager." That put Kohler in a class by himself and created the impression that a vote for Kohler was a vote against the bosses. It was all very clever. A strong argument for the manager plan was that it would not go into effect for two years, and therefore had no bearing on the immediate election. When the votes were counted it was found that Kohler and the manager plan had carried by large majorities.

Kohler, rejected as chief of police, had "come back" within eight years, and been chosen mayor, without a party and minus a platform. It is one of the most striking instances of a "come back" anywhere in American politics. Since his election he has had an absolutely free hand, and in the estimation of many is making a success of his job.

Kohler owes his election to a revulsion against boss rule, which was intensified by the mud-slinging tactics of the other candidates, and shrewd manipulation on the part of his intimate advisers, who evidently understood mob psychology. And the same hurricane of public resentment that sent Kohler to the mayor's chair, also carried the manager plan. While Kohler and his associates took advantage of popular feeling at every turn, the city manager people were doing likewise. They centered their activities on making the manager plan clear to the man in the street, and in this invaluable help was given by the city papers.

My reason for saying so much about Kohler is that he is still a factor in the situation. The office of mayor will terminate when the manager plan goes into effect. Kohler is the leading candidate for the job of city manager.

Depends on Councilmen

THE success of the manager plan depends entirely upon the kind of councilmen who are chosen. Anybody eligible to public office can become a candidate. Nominations are made by petition in each district, only 500 signatures being required. There is no pre-election primary. Any number of persons may run, and the electors may make as many choices as they please. Under the new plan a councilman holds office for two years, and receives a salary of $1,800 a year. He may be recalled by the voters of his district. Members of the council, as well as all city officers and employes, are prohibited from being officers in any political organization. City employes are also exempt from political assessments.

In place of the usual 32 wards with 32 councilmen, the city has been divided into four general divisions, each with a group of councilmen to be elected at large within the district. The new council consists of 25 members divided as follows: District No. 1, "West Side" business and residence section, seven; No. 2, "South End," manufacturing, five; No. 3, "central business section," six; No. 4, "East End residence section," seven. This elimination of old ward lines has destroyed the power of the ward politicians, for their mastery depended largely upon controlling voters within certain narrow limits, which no longer exist.

The method of proceeding with the count is thus set forth in the new city charter:

"The whole number of valid ballots cast in the district shall then be divided by a number greater by one than the number of seats to be filled in the district. The next whole number larger than the resulting quotient is the quota, or constituency, that suffices to elect the member. All candidates, the number of whose votes on the first count equals or exceeds the quota, shall be declared elected. All votes obtained by any candidate in excess of his quota shall be termed his surplus."

Surplus votes are then transferred to the other candidates in the order designated by the voters in marking their ballots. In case the quota is 8,000 and a candidate receives 10,000 votes he would be given just enough to elect him, namely, 8,000. His surplus of 2,000 would be distributed among the other candidates, according to the next available choice as indicated on each ballot by the voter. After the distribution of the surpluses, if enough candidates have not been elected, the candidate having the lowest number of votes is declared defeated, and his ballots are transferred in the same manner as the surpluses. As soon as another candidate gets 8,000 votes under this method of redistribution, he is declared elected. The process of declaring the low candidate defeated is kept up until all the seats have been filled, or the number of candidates has been reduced to the number of men to be chosen, in which event they are all declared elected.

Gastronomic Journeyings Through Europe

Including Story of Maid Who Wept When Wife Darned Hubby's Socks

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I MET Eddy Rickenbacker on Avenue de l'Opera in Paris and Eddy was in the midst of emitting chuckles as the old car rattles when you do a bad job in shifting the gears. He had just met four former pals of the Flying Corps, he explained, American lads back to see how France looked when there was no war. These lads had been in Paris for five days and had gone the way of youth and unrestraint, the result being that their appearance was much that of bouquets on their way to the garbage can.

"Eddy, help us," they called in chorus, with business of leaning heavily on his shoulder.

"Write the specifications," said Eddy.

"We want a French bootlegger," they lamented.

"Weird and inexplicable request," surmised Eddy. "What, may I ask, do you want with a French bootlegger?"

Then in unison came the response.

"We want him to get us a drink of water."

Which goes to show that there is a bit of difference in viewpoint and in the methods of supplying the inner man on the two sides of the big, salty, and at times quite upsettingly unquiet aqueous waste, that separates the blond-bearing continents. No, they don't serve water in Europe. You can buy the carbonated kind that gnaws around inside but just plain water from the hydrant you cannot get. And as for ice water! Well what do you mean "l'eau glasse?"

A little while earlier I had encountered an experience which sort of stands out as a headland in a modern and roll-nicking world, pathetically in contrast to post-war America, for I had encountered once in a lifetime conditions under which one could buy and buy and still remain practically as affluent as before.

Can't Get a Breakfast

I HAD crossed the Swiss border at Basel and was journeying up through Germany with intent to skirt down through the Rhineland where all the castles grow. I bought my breakfast on the train. To be sure it was not much of a breakfast. I had long since quit trying to get breakfasts in Europe like we eat back home. I well remember our first Continental breakfast. We had come up on the boat train the day before and had tarried a while at Hotel Continental, in Paris. It was a mistake. When you are in certain hotels in Europe like the Continental in Paris or the Savoy in London you are really back in New York so what is the use having bought all your seasickness. Then the next morning with my wife and little girls I caught a before-breakfast train to Switzerland. It was late and we were hungry when we got into the diner.

"Grape fruit, breakfast food, bacon and eggs," the family began to clamor noisily, enhancing the American reputation for high and penetrating voices.

"La, la," exclaimed Garson, gesticulating palms outward and hurrying away for one who spoke English and understood American.

Deferentially the head waiter explained to us that only the Continental breakfast was being served. At luncheon we might get the eggs but now there was available only rolls, coffee, butter and jam. So is it done in Europe.

So on this train in Germany I ate my rolls and jam. When time for payment came I handed the waiter a five-franc Swiss note which has a value a little less than that of an American one dollar bill. The result was almost as bad as that obtained by the tourist who dined in Dresden and paid with an American $10 gold piece.

"How much change do I get?" he asked. The waiter consulted with the proprietor and came back. He said: "How much do you want?"

His Tip—One Penny

WELL, my waiter brought back a handful of German marks and left them with me. In my profligate American way I pushed him back a 50-mark piece, worth $10 before the war. I had actually tipped him a penny.

I put this German money in my outside coat pocket. It felt all fluffy and abundant there and I got the itch to spend it. I called for the best cigars and got nicked two cents for three of them. I bought chocolates, cigarets, postal cards, guide books, bottles of beer. I ate lavishly at the noonday meal, had the most expensive wine, tipped like a millionaire. The change from my dollar bill seemed little affected. I became desperate. I was determined that I should spend a dollar in Germany. I bought a quart of *Mosel* wine, prime vintage of the Rhineland, and cached it in the bottom of my bag with the intent of smuggling it over the four national boundaries that intervened between me and home. There was nothing more to buy. Ten hours was not enough in which to spend a dollar on a German train.

Yet there are sharp contrasts to this possibility of economy in Europe. I shared a room at the Savoy Hotel in London with that commuter between the United States and Europe, Ernest Greenwood, of the International Labor Office. It only cost us $12 a day. We got our grapefruit, bacon and eggs, coffee with surenuff cream just as you can at any marbletop back home for 60 cents and it set us back $3 apiece. Dinner cost us $6 each. We walked into the cabaret restaurant afterward just because we were lonesome there in a big foreign city and thinking of our wives back home, like travelers always do, and wanted to hear some music. We sat down at a table. We were immediately surrounded by a group of Jessie Jameses. What would we have for dinner, they wanted to know, deadly like. We said we would not have a durn thing because we had just paid $12 to the Younger Brothers in the dining room. They said yes we would. We had to if we sat there and thought of home. We said we were guests of the hotel and we kinda thought we ought to be able to sit around as we pleased. They said no, that eating food went with sitting at those tables and it was four dollars a throw, wine extra. Could we pay the $4 and get a check that entitled us to do the eating some other time, Greenwood wanted to know. Could we pay it and not do any eating at all? No, we had to have food. So they brought it along and we stirred it up nasty like so they couldn't sell it to anybody else and talked loud about never staying at that hotel again, and the marvelous influence we could wield on the currents of travel from overseas, but the Wop waiters didn't know what it was all about and that was all there was to it.

Nothing in all the world could possibly contrast more strongly with the garish London hotels maintained for the purpose of harvesting American dollars, less English than a round-up mess in Wyoming, than does a visit to "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," musty and bedraggled there in Fleet Street. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans rolicked here before the great London Fire. The place was rebuilt one hundred years before the Revolution and had come into its glory in the days of Dr. Sam Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. Not a detail has been changed. There is their table over in the corner and here on the window sill where you sit is a table which informs you that Charles Dickens sat here to write certain of the chapters of "The Tale of Two Cities." Upstairs is the room in which the coterie of Dr. Johnson used to gather on special occasions and the chair in which the dominant spirit sat. Here is served on Wednesday and Saturday the famous lark pie which was long ago put down as "a dainty dish to set before the king." By a secret process is it manufactured, six stone of it in a single baking. There is incased in its crusts succulent treasures of beefsteak, kidneys, oysters, mushrooms, larks, all spiced and gravied in such a way as to make it more nearly the masterpiece of English cookery than any other dish beneath the fog.

You sit there and argue with your English hosts. "Why," Greenwood wants to know, "don't they wear coat shirts?" Yes they still pull them on over their heads. "And why," I ask, "don't they throw away their suspenders?" "What would hold up your bally stockings?" they respond. Yes. Suspenders means garters in England. What you really meant to protest against was the British loyalty to braces. "Braces." That is their name for galluses and they all still wear them. They explain carefully to you that they would never think of stopping pulling their shirts over their heads or wearing braces for the very good reason that they had always done it. It is the English way.

With the Wine Steward

AND then one of them tells the story at the expense of an American which is more satisfaction to them than any other. It is of the overseas, hurry-up millionaire who asked the old gardener out at Cambridge how his wonderful lawn was developed. The American had a new place out on Long Island and would like a lawn just like this one. To develop a lawn like this, the gardener said the soil must be got into just the right condition. It must be properly sodded. Then it must be carefully tended and watered for four hundred years.

Then when the lunch was over you went with Pike, the venerable wine steward, Pike who had lived 40 years underground with his vintages, into the subcellars where myraids of bottles were laid away to add to their authority with the passing of the decades. Pike so maneuvered the situation that you must regard yourself as being placed under endless obligation to him if he condescended to decanter for you, being liberally recompensed, a bottle of his 23-year-old port. And when the ceremony was over you were under obligations, for it was a work of art there beneath the charred rafters of this basement, charred by the great London fire so many centuries ago that time is too weary to check them.

This wine has laid here for these reposeful 23 years, as Pike tells you. He put it here himself and has watched over it every day since. Look at this bottle here between you and the light. It has lain all the time on one side. After five years of quietude a heavy deposit is formed on the bottle. You can see it there, smoky and opaque. Then, when another five years has passed a different appearance is to be noticed. The deposit of the first half decade has been "cemented." The wine is 10 years old. The experts can tell. But the port is still young and should remain undisturbed. In five years more the "bee's wings" appear. Wait and you shall see them.

Pike proceeds to open the bottle, crudely as would the waiters upstairs. He uses a corkscrew. These venerable corks tear to pieces, of course. It is a bungler's job. Now here is the way he proceeds with the bottles that are sent down to him for opening. He takes a heavy knife, a butcher knife. This he runs up the neck of the bottle in such a way that the collar which encloses the cork is gently tapped. There are four or five such strokes on different sides of the neck. Then there is a final stroke more vigorous than the others. The neck comes off smoothly at the collar.

You are about to see the bee's wings. Pike pours out a glass of this heavy wine, transparent, live, moving oxblood. You hold it between your eye and the light. There they are, the bee's wings, born in its fifteenth year. They shimmer lacily through its somber depths as the honey gather's propellers might wag idly in the summer sun with a scarlet poppy as a background.

Or in London one may buy an Italian table d'hôte for three bob. You remember that the dollar table d'hôte in New York used to be the best gastronomic buy on the island for a man with much appetite and little money. Well, here you get the same dinner for 65 cents.

Which reminds me of a search I made in Genoa, where Columbus came from, for this same sort of meal. One is foolish when wandering about, I always feel, to do his eating in his hotel which is likely to be conventionally standardized and in no way to reflect the peculiarities of the community which he is visiting. In Genoa, for example, your hotel was likely to be on the fringe of that mile-square area which was the ancient town in which Columbus played as a boy. It is an odd, congested area into which no wagon can penetrate, so narrow are its streets. They were built so at the time when the commercial towns of the Mediterranean were principalities and each was prone to attack and attempt to destroy its rival. These narrow streets were easy of barricade and defense.

Into Heart of Old Italy

WELL, you go down one of these steep, narrow streets into the heart of old Italy. Here you dine as do the Italians. You begin with a plate of soup, vegetable soup, containing about a quart of liquid afloat in which is the succulent yield of all the gardens of the land of Mussolini. A plate of grated cheese is thrust upon you for purposes of sprinkling over this soup. This alone is nourishment for a day to the American appetite. You begin to get an idea which grows on you as you travel farther into Europe. These people eat much heavier meals than do Americans. Despite our prosperity we dine much more frugally than do Europeans.

Next you get in this Genoa restaurant, a large plate of spaghetti, likewise with the grated cheese. Then there is petifish, finger size, white, delicious. And veal. It is not profitable to allow the child of the bull to mature in Italy. You eat them while they are little. It is always veal. Then the cheese course is inevitable. After we had got to know the waiter he conferred a great favor on us one day. He had for us a treat. It was American cheese he served us. It is true. They are importing American cheese into Italy. One finishes with great pyramids of fruit, just shaken from the tree in the back yard. Your coffee is brewed and dripped into your individual glass while you wait. It takes 10 minutes for it to drip. Americans at home would never wait so long but in Europe there is no end of time. With it all you have had "wine of the country." Once you refused wine but the waiter was so hurt that you never had the heart to do it again.

But all of this was à la carte. It cost as much as a dollar and a half. You began to wonder about those Italian table d'hôte of New York and London. They would be wonderful in the land of their nativity. You hunted all over Genoa for a table d'hôte. It was not to be found. There is no chop suey in China and in Italy no table d'hôte meals such as we know.

Another culinary venture in Europe is the experience in getting oneself fed in a modest little apartment with a Swiss maid in Geneva. There was the problem of the maid, for instance. It cost 14 whole dollars to hire a maid for a month in Geneva. Then she messed things up by insisting on going to work at five o'clock in the morning. If you hadn't put out your boots (called shoes in America) to be cleaned she would sneak in and steal them. (There is one lone bootblack in all Europe, installed for the American trade in the Continental Hotel in Paris.) And if your wife attempted to darn a sock this maid was so hurt she wept. And she polished the floor every day and wouldn't go away until 11 at night.

Find American Breakfast Food

BUT, despite the reputed poverty of Switzerland, she gave you twice as much food as you got at home. If you declined her cheese course, for instance, she bought more cheeses for the next day on the theory that you didn't like the varieties presented. The roll call on cheeses at our house once mounted to 12 offered at a single meal.

Then one day we found a store with cartons of American breakfast food. Joy. Cereals for breakfast are unknown in Europe as also is the succulent grape fruit. Home with the package of shredded shavings. To the maid passed the message that they are to be served at breakfast with cream. This doesn't mean the same thing to her Swiss consciousness that it would to Mandy back home so your flaked wheat appears in the morning rampant in a seat of whipped cream.

If you are fiddling around at what Europeans regard as work you find that there are two hours for lunch which is a lot of time to kill right there in the middle of the day. Then at 4 p. m., your employer sends tea to your desk all paid for and everything.

There are those who hold that better food is procurable in the United States than anywhere in Europe. If this is true, and it may be true in certain fringes of epicurean America, it is because the Yankees have kidnapped the master cooks of *ma belle* France.

How We Are Passing the Buck to the Babies

Bond Issues Now Being Piled Up Will Be Burden in Years to Come

By J. V. NASH

EVERYBODY who has read Dickens' "David Copperfield" remembers Wilkins Micawber, whose chronic financial difficulties kept him forever in hot water. For years he went gaily on, contracting obligations and giving notes in payment, which he was unable to meet when due. Finally, with creditors keeping his house in a state of siege, he found himself at his wits' end.

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. He would negotiate a big new note, and with the proceeds of the note he would clean up all his old outstanding I. O. U's. A philanthropic money lender, in consideration of a heavy interest charge, agreed to put the transaction through. As Micawber arose from signing the note, he smiled happily and exclaimed: "Thank God! My debts are paid at last. Now I can look the world in the face!"

Dickens' satire may without exaggeration be applied today to the financial methods of the United States Government and of the various political units within the nation. The only difference is that Micawber did not try to pass the buck of his financial indebtedness on to his little children, to be saddled upon them when they became of age. In his rational moments, he must have realized that eventually bankruptcy and the debtors' jail would overtake him, as they did, but he knew that his children would start life with a clean slate.

Of course, any government which forced children to pay, by the sweat of their brow, the debts piled up by wasteful and incompetent parents and grandparents, would be considered barbarous. Yet the United States Government today, by its own financial policies and the financial policies which it is encouraging in the state and municipal governments, is doing what it would not permit a citizen to do individually—to pledge the earning power of his children to secure money to pay his current bills.

Our Federal and local governments are piling up vast debts, and when they fall due adopting the Micawber system of "refunding," by issuing new notes. These new notes, euphemistically called *bonds*, generally have so long a time to run that the debt is in reality passed on to coming generations, which never contracted nor benefited from the loan.

Only last autumn the United States Government announced a new issue of half a billion dollars' worth of bonds, payable in THIRTY YEARS—October 15, 1952, when babies now unborn will be paying taxes. On that date the big bondholders and bankers of Wall Street who hold the bonds will present their bill for the vast principal on which interest shall have been accumulating while the generation of that day has been growing up from childhood. Meanwhile, the generation of 1952 will have its own debts to pay in addition to those of its fathers and grandfathers. It will accordingly face the alternative of going into bankruptcy, or refunding the old debts again, at a higher rate of interest, and so passing the buck on again to its own children. But as long as the Wall Street bankers and bondholders can collect the interest from each generation, and live off it, "they should worry."

How U. S. Is "in Hock"

IN ORDER that I might not be mistaken as to the purpose of the recent Half-Billion Bond Issue, I wrote to a banker friend in Chicago for confirmation of my understanding, and received the following reply:

"You are correct in your assumption that the new issue of Government Certificates is to retire a portion of the Victory Liberty Loan 4-3/4s and to refund certain Certificates of Indebtedness which are maturing. I am enclosing a circular which we have recently printed in connection with the loan and it may be of interest to you. I have noticed recently in the papers that on the basis of present budget estimates there will be a shortage for next year of approximately $700,000,000, and I wouldn't be surprised if there would be a very substantial issue of like government securities at this time next year."

The extent to which the United States is "in hock" to the Great Money Power seems to the ordinary layman almost incredible. The figures, however, can easily be verified at any public library.

Moody's Investors' Service, of 35 Nassau street, New York City, publishes a series of rating books, setting forth particulars regarding various classes of securities. Government and municipal securities occupy a separate book. The volume for the year 1922, which merely lists the current outstanding issues, is a book rivaling in size Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

In this book the outstanding bond issues of the state of New York require more than 130 pages for mere listing. Besides the bond issues of the state government, there are listed the bonds of some *two hundred* different cities, towns, villages, school districts, and counties. The grand total of public debt for this *one state* is in the neighborhood of *two billions of dollars.* It is the same story with all the other states.

How much the total indebtedness represented by government bond issues throughout the country amounts to, is difficult to determine. It is so vast, that apparently no one has attempted to compute it. I wrote to the publishers of Moody's Rating Books, asking for a rough estimate of the total amount of outstanding governmental bond issues, but they were not prepared to venture an estimate. Mr. M. N. Blakemore, vice-president of the company, in a very courteous letter, said: "It is very difficult for us to make an estimate of the grand total of all government bond issues as you request."

The statement has been made elsewhere, however, that the domestic bonds of our various governmental units, now outstanding, total between *Thirty Billions* and *Forty Billions* of dollars.

The great majority of these bonds have many years to run. Looking through the pages of the Moody Rating Book, one encounters again and again maturity dates of 1950, 1960, and even later.

According to this authority, the domestic debt of the United States Government, covered by interest-bearing bonds, amounted on April 30, 1922, to the stupendous total of $22,954,730,525.

The Bank of North America, located in New York City, has recently sent me a copy of its booklet entitled, "A National Survey of State Debts and Securities." An examination of this booklet shows that all our states are in hock in varying degrees, with the exception of Kansas and Nebraska. It is probable that soldier bonus legislation in various states has materially increased the outstanding indebtedness as shown by this survey. Illinois, for instance, is about to borrow $55,000,000 to provide funds to pay the bonus which was authorized last December. This will increase the indebtedness of Illinois five times the amount now outstanding.

Billion Owed by States Alone

THIS survey shows the various states in debt, as of 1922, to the amount of $1,071,506,981.28. This sum represents debts owed by the state governments only.

All this indebtedness is represented by interest-bearing bonds, with the exception of that of Kentucky and Wisconsin.

Even little Hawaii has got into the swim, with a bonded debt of $13,299,000, with Porto Rico as a close second, boasting a bonded debt of $12,146,000. The Philippine Islands, however, have them both badly beaten, the little brown men having run up a debt of $46,625,000.

The District of Columbia, containing the National Capitol and the White House, was, on December 31, 1921, in hock to the tune of $4,874,700.

It should be remembered that the tremendous and appalling indebtedness of the municipal government is quite exclusive of school districts, park districts, and other independent taxing bodies. For instance, the Chicago Park Districts have a separate indebtedness of $12,800 250, while Cook County, with which Chicago is merely coterminous, has an indebtedness of $11,785,000. In Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the school district is responsible for a bonded debt of nearly $10,000,000, in addition to the municipal indebtedness. Various other cities have a separate "water debt."

It is indeed a poor burg nowadays that cannot boast a debt of at least $1,000,000.

When it is recalled that many states, such as Illinois, contain more than 100 counties, and that each county has the right to float bonds, it may easily be conceived that the bonded indebtedness of the counties throughout the country totals an appalling amount.

There is not time to discuss in this article the fiscal, economic, and political problems and controversies which the issuance of vast quantities of tax-exempt public securities has called forth. Suffice it to say that an individual may enjoy an income of millions a year, but if it is derived from interest on tax-exempt securities he need not pay a penny of income tax to the government. The question has lurking in it ominous possibilities. *One of the most potent factors precipitating the French Revolution was the presence of tax-free classes in the nation.*

And What Have Banks Given?

IT IS only within the past few years that this bond-issuing mania started and every year now sees another immense flood of such securites.

The vast majority of these bond issues are marketed through the great banking and bond brokerage institutions of the East.

Taking thirty billions of dollars as a conservative estimate of the issues now outstanding, we may quite naturally ask ourselves the question:

What did the banks give in exchange for the bonds?

Before answering this question, let us turn to one of the leading Year Books just issued for the year 1923.

Quoting from the report of the Director of the Mint, it says that the entire world's production of gold, from 1492 to 1920, inclusive (a period of more than 425 years), amounted to $18,100,874,536.

The total production of gold in the United States, from 1792 to 1921, inclusive, was $4,141,980,400.

The stocks of gold and silver in the United States, *including both coin and bullion,* in the year 1921, were as follows:

Gold.	Silver.
$3,294,909,763.	$619,725,982.

A grand total of *less than four billions.*

Yet the gold of the whole world had been flowing into this country ever since the war began.

An examination of the banking statistics in the Year Book shows some equally surprising results.

We are informed that the "resources" of all banks in the United States in 1921 totaled $49,671,390,000.

Nearly 50 billions.

"Individual deposits" in all banks, we are told, amounted to $35,459,155,000.

In other words, the "resources" of the United States banks amounted to nearly THREE TIMES the amount of gold produced in the whole world since Columbus planted his banner on San Salvador!

Again, "individual deposits" in these banks totaled about ELEVEN TIMES the total stock of gold coin and bullion in actual existence in the country.

Yet we brag that the country is firmly planted on the GOLD STANDARD, we profess to believe that there is no REAL MONEY but Gold, and we try to make ourselves think that somehow or other all our legal tender represents and could at once be converted into Gold, even with facts staring us in the face to convict us of our error.

From the same Year Book we learn that last year (1922) the total amount of all kinds of money in circulation in the United States was $8,178,602,408.

This was nearly THREE TIMES the amount of gold coin and bullion in the country, but only ONE QUARTER of the individual deposits in the banks, and less than ONE SIXTH of the total resources of the banks!

What, then, are the banks using as money?

There is but one answer—PAPER.

It has been shown from the clearing house returns that $1,000 in checks and drafts is in circulation for every $1 in currency.

The resources and deposits of the banks do not represent gold, except to a comparatively small extent. In a much larger measure they represent LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.

Then, too, banks that purchase United States Government bonds are privileged to issue national bank notes, which circulate as money. By means of this peculiar arrangement, the bigger the debt of the government, the more "money" for the banks. The government bonds are made the security for the banks' notes, for the benefit not of the government or of the people, but of the banks. The banks own both the interest-bearing bonds and the money based on them. Of course, no such privilege was extended to the little private owners of Liberty Bonds.

The Year Book already quoted gives the total of national bank notes in circulation as $758,202,027.

With these notes, a bank can buy state and municipal bonds, thus making one set of bonds pay for the other, without parting with the title to the first set, and so two bonds are made to grow in its vault where only one grew before!

The Ponzis, apparently, are not all outside of the banks.

Gold Standard—a Fiscal Farce

THE Constitution of the United States gives Congress the power to "lay and collect taxes . . . . to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States."

The Federal Constitution likewise gives Congress the right to issue money which shall be legal tender. It is estimated that the total physical wealth of the United States is at the present time approximately $250,000,000,000.

With such immense natural wealth at its back, it is difficult to understand why the country should have to go into hock to Wall Street to raise the money to pay its current expenses of government.

When our national and local governments go to the big New York banks to borrow money, they pledge the tax-yielding wealth of the country or of its political subdivisions, as security.

We have shown, however, that the "money" that the banks loan is mainly PAPER.

In return for the loan of this PAPER, the unborn generation is taxed to pay interest, and the annual interest charge on these loans is already mounting to staggering figures. Posterity will have to pay the big end of the bill.

Surely, if there was ever a case of TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION, we have it here.

This floating of government interest-bearing bond issues through the banks is a direct result of the maintenance of the fiscal farce known as the GOLD STANDARD, for the profit of Wall Street.

The fact is that the country is not doing business on GOLD, but on PAPER, as any standard textbook of credit will prove. It is only by an economic hocus-pocus that the myth of the Gold Standard is kept alive.

We have shown (1) the magnitude of the physical wealth of the nation, and (2) that the Constitution gives Congress the right both to lay taxes and to issue legal tender money.

Why, then, should the national government, or any state, county, municipality or school district, crawl upon its knees to Wall Street to borrow gold—and get paper—for the use of which the present and future generations must be grievously taxed to pay interest?

Let the national government issue a currency broadly based on the splendid physical wealth of the country, instead of a sham currency resting like an inverted pyramid on a small bar of yellow metal and in constant danger of toppling over on our heads. Then there will be enough real money in circulation among the people to enable this generation to pay its own taxes and not sell its children into government bond-age to the Gold Kings of Wall Street for "a scrap of paper."

If Pizarro and His Band Were to Return

Centuries That Have Passed Have Left Few Marks in Land of Incas

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

This is the third of a series of travel stories by Mr. Michener.

PIZARRO and his men took pioneer toll of Peru's treasure and romance. They were the first tourists from overseas, and their predatory tread wore thin the Inca trails. They stripped the bloom of adventure from that remarkable domain.

A journey into the high Andes in those turbulent times—four centuries ago—was by no means a pleasure trip; and it is something of the same tale today, despite the rosy language of steamship folders. Notwithstanding Pizarro's early breaking of the way, the land is one of comparatively rude and unbeaten paths. Much history was written there subsequent to the Spanish Conquest, but it was of such a character as to repel rather than to invite the leisurely footsteps of holiday-makers from abroad. And not until the opening of the Panama Canal did the tide of tourist and commercial travel set strongly along South America's West Coast. Such traffic has been less voluminous than the more enthusiastic of the Pan-American folk were glib in predicting, but there is at least enough of it to promise this Egypt of the Western Hemisphere an increasing *turista* harvest.

The Plaza de Armas, Arequipa, Peru.

Before the full crop of such business can be reaped, however, it will be necessary to soften some of the asperities that now contribute so largely to the adventurous and somewhat pathfinding nature of West Coast travel. Recollection of the hotels, the cobblestones, the aromas, and some of the means of transport—such details of existence as most magnify themselves to the unaccustomed—is sufficient to convince at least one of a certain two of us that any wayfarer through the old land of the Incas, even at this present day, well merits the title of conquistador.

Sea captains and seasoned commercial travelers, as might be expected, are blasé concerning this West Coast. There is nothing to be seen, they say, between Panama and Valparaiso. When land is visible at all from a steamer's deck it is only an undulating smudge of bare foothills, with rarely a glimpse of the white-garbed Andean giants behind. And as for the ports, they are described as dingy, iron-roofed abiding places of desiccation and ennui, hardly worth the inconvenience of going ashore to see.

This is an external and unimaginative estimate. Sea captains and commercial travelers are not likely to paint such a scene with the color of fancy. But it was easy for us to agree with them, at least, that the avarice of Francisco Pizarro and his mates must have been great, indeed, and the tales of Inca gold fabulous, to have led them inland beyond Peru's genuinely inhospitable front door.

It is not recorded, of course, that Pizarro gave much attention to the beauties of land or sea, during his turbulent struggle for Inca treasure. At any rate there was little choice in the matter of a pleasing site for his capital. The coast everywhere was the same monotony of gravelly wastes and brown, twisted hills, rarely refreshed by the green of vegetation. The mountain plateaus were frigid and remote.

Inauspicious in its setting, great, nevertheless, must have been the splendors of Lima, Pizarro's "City of the Kings." Prescott, the historian, whose "Conquest of Peru" gave renown at once both to himself and the Incas, had it so though his portrayal, from the distant observation post of his Boston library, has deserved some discounting. Many of these splendors remain, but they are poorly heralded by squalid Callao, the seaport, with its unkempt Chinese shops in garbage-littered streets.

Dust assailed us fetidly from its lurking places among Callao's cobblestones, defying the feeble efforts of the city's street sprinklers—Standard Oil tins strapped to the backs of burros. Dairies peripatetic—cows and goats driven to a customer's door and there milked—gave the place some of the primitive quality of a Chinese village. Street merchants added to this similitude with their germ-sugared cakes and their sheaves of lottery tickets. On guard, with a lugubrious significance, was a police force of vultures, perched upon housetops, church towers and garden walls, nodding over their self-appointed business as the city's scavengers.

An electric street car line leads from the unpleasant human odors of Callao and the pervasive bird odors of the neighboring islands, through a flat, ascending valley. Dust-smirched trees and vegetation do their best to relieve the surface desiccation, and give evidence of the soil's fertility when subjected to irrigation. Lack of rainfall along the whole of the Peruvian coast is legendary and formed a subject for dining-salon conversation all the way down from Panama. Next to the Southern Cross, Panama hats, the mountain sickness, and the prevention of and remedy for fleabite, it is one of the most pungent of the little subjects that have power to charm the tourist breast.

Lima's mud-and-bamboo Cathedral is venerable with its 400 years, and the University dozes proudly under its consciousness of being the oldest seat of learning in America. Still, the city is peculiarly lacking in such majesty and circumstance as would befit an ancient repository of pomp and power. Houses are low, streets straight and narrow, and the shops unpretentious. The central *plaza,* flanked by the Cathedral and the old Spanish palace of colonial days, exhales something of an air of departed glory, but such a conjunction of established Iberian institutions—a square, a church and a public building—can be claimed alike by almost every hamlet in the Spanish world. There are rewards, however, for the patient inquisitor: glimpses of old colonial mansions wearing the airs of cloaked viceroys, cloistered walls exuding the monastic chill of the Middle Ages, and long vistas of Moorish balconies still retaining the impression of romantic charms.

Old Spanish balconies that hint of the traditional splendor of Lima.

A member of the street-sprinkling department of Arequipa.

A modern aspect of the business section of Lima.

One thing we missed, as will most others who have read overmuch of "cloaked shapes, the twanging of guitars, a rush of feet, and rapiers clashing"; we saw no *novio,* garbed like a Spanish troubadour in tight black velvet and red sash, singing his love songs before a grated window half revealing the dusky beauties of a shy *Limeña.* Such romantics appear to be almost as near extinction as South America's fawn-like vicuña, first cousin of the llama.

Neither were we startled by the sudden sound of revolutionary muskets, nor the news of an assassinated president. These excitements, too, are rarefying, as the state of society gradually changes politics from a professional sport to a popular pastime with rules better understood and better observed.

Old as the city is in both years and events, Lima has little historical atmosphere. There is a startling possibility, of course, that this is because of an almost total absence of that individual, at once malefactor and benefactor—the tourist guide. The city, at any rate, does not exploit its past. In a sense, it is still of the past, proud yet negligent of its renown.

No municipal signposts seduced us into the legendary footsteps of Almagro, Alvarado and the Pizarro brothers. Neither were we inspired by the ballyhoo of a sight-seeing bus to engage in pious pilgrimage to the spot where Atahuallpa, the last of the Incas, after ransoming himself with a pyramid of gold stripped from the nation's altars, was executed—for Spanish expediency—upon the convenient charge of conspiring to effect his own liberty.

A certain species of guide we encountered in the Cathedral, a shifty, mumbling creature—member of the International Order of Shrine Parasites—who showed us the mummy of Francisco Pizarro, conveniently exposed within a glass case. He had not the enterprise, however, to lead us to the white marble slab, upon a pavement in one of the government buildings, marking the spot where this master freebooter, the "swineherd of Estremadura," was cut down by the swords making the sign of the cross of his jealous countrymen, with his own blood as he relinquished the ghost.

The old trains to the high Andean plateau, which was the Inca stronghold, were overland from Lima. Today the easiest route is by rail from Mollendo, an uninspiring, drooping huddle of gray houses clinging to a brown foothill along a shelterless coast.

One of us spent anxious and almost backsliding moments over the report that steamer passengers at Mollendo were frequently hoisted out of the ship by means of block and tackle. The sea was mild, however, and no such heroics were required. It was only a matter of convenience, rather than one of necessity, that led to our being lifted ashore "in a basket" when we arrived at the landing. A careless donkey engine and an irritable derrick whisked us aloft in a rude chair and set us breathless amid heaps of baggage, merchandise and Peruvians.

When the dull delights of Mollendo had been exhausted we struggled into the daily train for the interior, together with flat-hatted priests, *mestizo* persons of mixed ancestry who were dignified for the moment by shoes and shirts, and perspiring *hidalgos* on their modern knight-errantry of politics and business.

A dust storm sped us over the flats that lead between sea and hills into an ascending valley. Then a thinly green, checkered bowl of fertility uncovered itself in the midst of the desert, remaining visible as a refreshment to the eye until the train had curved and counter-curved over the first foothills. Frequent stops to revive the engine, and to traffic in Peruvian and aboriginal passengers, gave us an opportunity of inspecting the small villages along the way, each an oasis of greenery in the midst of general desolation, exhibiting no particular reason for existence.

One of us succumbed to the tempting, conical baskets of grapes, strawberries, peaches and figs offered at the

(Concluded on page 15)

Divorce Statutes Veritable Joseph's Coat

As Many Varieties of Regulatory Legislation as There Are States; Laws Make It Possible to Become Married "With Reservations"

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

This is the second of three stories by Mr. Lowden. The third will appear in an early issue.

TWO persons, a man and a woman, sat in a room of a lawyer's office in one of our big cities—it really does not matter whether it was San Francisco, St. Louis, Baltimore or elsewhere. They were at ease, that is, not agitated yet fully determined. The attorney twirled his thumbs, perhaps without being aware of the act.

"Now, George," said the man, "can you help us? We came to you because you and I were both in the line of our college team and because she watched us from the big stand. We've tried getting along for six years, and we haven't made a 'go' of it. There isn't any serious trouble, but we want to quit. We were not intended for each other. We made a mistake. Neither of us is infatuated with anybody else, but each of us has just one life to make or mar and we want to stop the marring process."

"Well," answered the man in the swivel chair as he swung around, "have you ever struck Ethel?"

"Never."

"Been unfaithful?"

"No."

"Deserted her or failed to provide?"

"No."

"Well," the attorney concluded, "I know that you have not committed a crime, and I know that you do not drink and therefore could not be guilty of habitual drunkenness for two years. Ethel has no grounds for a divorce. As for you, if Ethel has not offended as suggested by the questions, you are out of luck, too. I'm pretty sure I can't represent either of you without exposing myself to disbarment proceedings."

So She Alleged Cruelty

WHAT could they do? The attorney, old friend that he was, proved evasive because he believed in the ethics his profession is supposed to have. However, the dissatisfied couple ascertained that they might stage a cruelty scene on three occasions with an ample number of witnesses present, or they might manufacture the evidence out of whole cloth; in either case the use of money would make the way easier. Desertion would entail a delay of two years. They might do as they do in England where only one ground for divorce is recognized, and stage scenes of unfaithfulness; but that method can never appeal to any one with culture. Now, which did they use? She alleged cruelty; and so it happened that the divorce was granted eight months afterward.

In a western state there lived a minister who seemed single, but he was not. No one ever saw him with his wife; and none of his parishioners ever saw her. In fact she lived apart from him in a certain hospital or asylum for the incurable insane. His state did not permit divorce on the ground of insanity and, as a matter of fact, he had never contemplated applying for it with any charges whatsoever.

At a convention in the East the minister met a woman who could bring brightness into his life. Hers had been dull and dreary, too. It seemed that together they might have achieved a wonderful happiness had they found each other sooner. He had a standard of ethics whereby he would not consider establishing a residence in some other state for the purpose of freeing himself. Many years passed. John waited. Mary waited. Then one fateful day Mary received a telegram announcing John's death from heart failure. That was the darkest day she ever experienced; the world fell down about her ears. Mary is a matronly sort, she loves children; and yet it is not likely that she will ever wed.

Wed 50 Years, Seek Divorce

RECENTLY a woman who had reached the age of 72, and lived with her husband more than half a century, filed suit for divorce. She charged cruel and inhuman treatment, also that her husband was too lazy to provide a sufficient living. The case has not yet come up for a hearing.

Why should this aged couple fall out after celebrating their golden wedding? Psychologists could explain it all. They had come to their second childhood; as children are more sensitive than their elders to their environment, so were these "children." Through the years the wife had suppressed her resentment to the habits of her husband; but at last her long pent-up emotion broke out of its hiding place to manifest itself in the filing of the suit.

Thousands of married persons are smoldering volcanoes. Slights, little injuries, pile up; certain antipathies develop, and some day the family finds itself imperiled by a Mt. Vesuvius. Peacemakers rarely accomplish anything of a permanent nature in this kind of a deplorable situation.

Now there are two general views that may be taken regarding divorce: it is a great blessing, or it is a great evil. Assuredly the evil consists of its abuse. The blessing comes when divorce serves to untie mismated persons bound together and thereby provides to them another opportunity to locate the "just meant for each other" for whom every man and woman is searching or has searched. The personal equation is everything in determining whether divorce should be held a curse or a blessing; the right-thinking man or woman will be conscientious invariably, but the other sort will prove otherwise just as invariably. However, divorce as an institution is not an evil.

I could go on presenting "case reports," as a physician would call them; but I shall not. They would be too disheartening to a world already too sordid. Let us look for the good instead.

Our states regard insanity in a varying light. Most of them do not consider it a sufficient reason for ending marriage; only nine, and the District of Columbia, do. New Jersey mentions idiocy as a proper cause. Of the states that do recognize insanity, some specify that no divorce may be obtained on grounds arising in another unless they constitute cause for divorce in the state where they arose; this regulation prevents all evasions.

A veritable hodgepodge are our state laws on divorce, so much so that Uncle Sam might well be thought of as arrayed in Joseph's Coat which comprised a medley of colors. Take cruelty, for example. Some of our commonwealths aver that the cruelty must be of the extreme type; others couple it with "inhuman treatment" as if "cruelty" is not broad enough to include the longer term. One employs the phrase, "violent temper," while two others produce variations with "ungovernable temper" and "vicious conduct." A total of 45 states and territories admit cruelty as a proper justification of an action for divorce; but in only a few of them would rasping, nagging or fault-finding, little in each incident but big in general effect, be considered as a good and sufficient cause.

There are certain grounds that may be classed with cruelty or as akin to it. Eight states have legislated against "indignities" which others include under "cruelty and inhuman treatment." Texas names "outrages rendering life together insupportable" and New Hampshire uses the wording, "treatment endangering health or reason." Louisiana lists "public defamation," perhaps better known as slander. Exactly one-sixth of our total of states have written "neglect" into their statutes; and four or possibly five of these specify that it shall have continued through one year or more.

Declare Against Drunkenness

FORTY states have declared against "habitual drunkenness" and some of them put narcotics and habit-forming drugs under the ban. If we ever get to the point of classifying tea and coffee as drugs, we may expect the divorce courts to be overwhelmed; and if we include tobacco, there will certainly be an increase in wifeless husbands. In 20 years we have been going at a rapid rate; and I recently noticed the statement of an expert in figures that in 10 or 15 years the divorces and legal separations will equal the number of marriages. But I don't really believe that a whit more than you do.

Seriously, however, drunkenness is no laughing matter. Picture the brute of a man who thinks more of his own satisfaction and appeasing his own appetite than he does of providing for his wife and children. He squanders his money on himself. He is a degenerate because he is willfully ignoring his marriage vows.

"Failure to provide" is mentioned by nearly a score of states as a proper cause for the institution of a suit. Though a majority of the states ignore it as a cause, more divorces are granted for this reason than for any other. The action will invariably be based on something else which is, in fact, the effect.

Consider the situation. A young man and a young woman, both of whom have been working, marry. He has been supporting himself and saving a little, and she may have been doing the same. She gives up her job and they try to make ends meet with his wages alone. Meanwhile they will not lower their tastes or make any material retrenchment; bankruptcy of the home is the natural result, the thing that might have been expected if their love was not deep enough for sacrifices.

You have seen advertisements of hair tonics with heads showing "Before" and "After." Well, the wife who finds her dresses and hats getting shabby and no new ones being added to her wardrobe contemplates the "Before" and "After" of her wedding day. She becomes discontented with her lot, and then it is that temper manifests its presence. Quarreling ensues. She probably goes back to her parents. Sooner or later she brings suit, charging cruelty and perhaps not mentioning her mate's failure to provide adequately for her.

The wife may nag. The husband will grow disgusted with her lack of sportsmanship or palship. When he married her, he may have thought they would win together or go down together if hardships were their lot. He does not find the unswerving loyalty he expected; so he ceases to care, and he leaves her society for that of a woman who does not scold everlastingly. She has made no effort to keep his love.

Seeing herself forsaken, she may do likewise; and there may be both "another man" and "another woman," a mutual unfaithfulness.

Now, strange as it may seem, only a few of our states recognize adultery as a just cause. New York will grant a divorce on that ground alone and on no other except that the marriage may be annulled for causes that rendered the relationship void from the beginning. Thinking persons quite generally agree that this law is much too narrow and that a state, so progressive otherwise, should not be so antiquated with regard to its statute upon divorce. Virginia says that a husband may institute action on the ground of prostitution. West Virginia declares for the single standard by mentioning prostitution and also the licentiousness of the husband.

We may not relish conditions here in our own enlightened United States, but they are better than those prevailing with our neighbor on the north. There in Canada the laws are patterned after those of old England which, like New York, can conceive of only one justifiable cause.

"Women in this country," says Justice Galt, of Winnipeg, "have been placed in many respects on the same footing as men. They have been given the franchise. It is difficult to see why any different rule should be applied to a husband than that applied to his wife in deciding upon the question of misconduct.

No Divorces in South Carolina

"WHY a woman should be obliged to consort with a husband who has committed adultery while the husband can get rid of his wife on that ground alone, is a peculiarity of law which does not seem creditable in a civilized country. But these are matters which should more properly be decided after full argument by both parties to the proceeding."

The divorce law of Manitoba makes it necessary for a wife to name both adultery and cruelty in her application and to prove each of them before it can be successful. A husband, however, fares much better; he is required to prove either of the grounds but not both.

New York may seem severe, but its severity is nothing alongside that of South Carolina. There is only one state where no divorces whatsoever are granted, and South Carolina happens to be it. Evidently the state aspired to be strictly moral; but too much strictness usually defeats its own end. Human nature is human nature, and neither a state nor a nation can force people to ignore their instincts. The severity of the restriction leads to badness rather than to goodness.

Nearly all our states and territories give cognizance to abandonment; but their comparative unanimity in that respect does not extend to the duration or length of the offense. Twenty-two deem one year as sufficient, 12 think the time should be doubled and 11 triple it. North Carolina says a divorce may be applied for if the parties have lived apart 10 years and had no issue; and I might mention here that in 41 states childlessness is a valid ground.

"Try It," Their Reservation

THE matter of residence qualifies as a moot point almost as universally as abandonment. Three states and the District of Columbia specify three or more years, 11 have declared for two while 33 name one year. Idaho and Nevada, particularly the latter, continue to be divorce meccas because they require the shortest residence, only six months; it has become fashionable, however, for wealthy couples to go to Paris where they can spend money faster and have to stay no longer than in Reno whose social advantages are not all that they might be.

An even two score of our states incorporate crime or felony in their list of causes; eight include imprisonment and specify various lengths of sentences under which this action may be taken, but Connecticut will not allow divorces on this ground unless the defendant is a "lifer." Virginia has legislated in favor of the person whose mate has been throughout two years a fugitive from justice.

Annulment or divorce is permissible in half a dozen states upon the submission of proof of consanguinity or marriage within the restricted degrees of relationship. Nine states break the marriage tie in cases covered by "want of age." In Kentucky the wedded person who joins a religious sect that believes marriage unlawful, exposes himself to divorce action.

The fault of our present divorce hodgepodge lies in the comparative ease of obtaining dissolution of the marriage bond. Men and women enter marriage with reservations. "If I don't like my mate," they tell themselves, "I'll get another."

Declares America Building Literature of Her Own

Hugh Walpole, English Novelist, Finds Distinct School of Fictionists

By FRED L. HOLMES

"NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE is the greatest novelist America has produced. Even though he followed the tone of the English writers of his time, there is much that makes his works stand out significantly in American literature."

Sitting on a little wooden chair in a cramped hotel room, with clippings from press services spread over the counterpane of his narrow mahogany bed, Hugh Walpole started to tell some of his impressions of America and American literature. The first bouquet went to Nathaniel Hawthorne. So much had been told of Mr. Walpole in magazines that the reporters from college papers and daily publications crowded his room as if to see some new curiosity.

Despite the entertaining stories which he has related of his own timidity and awkardness as a youth and in college, Hugh Walpole, now 39 years old, looks like a driving, resourceful football star, of 20 years ago, grown to manhood. Tall, strongly built, square-shouldered, clean-shaven, there is every mark about him of a powerful physique. He has the mannerisms of a college man, rather than a philosopher. The prominence of his forehead, a determined lower jaw, a zest of life, and optimism of speech and a boyishness of smile, make him a captivating personality.

Most of all, he seems to enjoy American life. He relished the questions fired at him by immature college interviewers, as if he were engaged in a game of chess. He carried them into a labyrinth of philosophy and then came back with homely comparisons, and apt illustrations which make the onlooker feel that after all he could be serious following a lark. Mr. Walpole has been making his second tour of the United States. He lectured throughout the country in 1920 and came back on invitation of colleges and universities, who wanted to get their students in closer range with this rising literary star in the English firmament, already resplendent with the light of Chesterton, H. G. Wells, Galsworthy and Conrad.

The American Atmosphere

"I THINK American literature practically begins with O. Henry," he went on after he had discussed the habits of Americans, and many other observations gained from his tour. "O. Henry was a wonderful American author. He used American material, spoke in a language characteristically American and he never wrote about anything that was not American. Within the past few years, Americans have built up such a distinct literature, that it requires a glossary of terms, when these books are now republished in Great Britain. Only recently 'Babbitt,' by Sinclair Lewis, was issued in England with a full key to words that are distinctly American.

"The earlier American writers had no such American atmosphere in their novels. James Fennimore Cooper, writing of scenes in America, nevertheless had a spirit and tone that was not unlike many of his contemporaries in England. One could not tell from reading his sketches, if he did not know, whether Washington Irving were an English writer or an American.

"With the exception of Walt Whitman and Mark Twain, up to 20 years ago, American literature had no distinctly American tone, in words, in thought or description.

"The change seems to have come with O. Henry. Then followed a score of writers, including more recently, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, Heywood Broun, Carl Van Vechten and others—all American. Such writers have made a literature for America as distinct as that of the Spanish, French or Italian.

"There seem to be two contending forces in American literature. One would measure all by the yardstick of money values. You have magazines that talk only of success, of men who have made money. They are striving against a group, more concerned in elevating the human elements—the soul of justice, the garb of true character.

"I seem to have seen a change within the last three years. Most of the American writers rebel against the present conditions of American life. They are bold in their criticisms. Their following is increasing. Which group will ultimately win, I cannot tell."

Conversation paused for a moment. Then there was a question about social classes in England compared with America.

"You have so many rich men in America," he answered, as if marveling at the thought. "Over in England the very rich are very few and those do not rank nearly so high in wealth as many Americans. There we have a number of other estimates by which to value a man besides the money estimate.

"In America you have many exclusive sets. We mingle our sets so that we have interesting people of every sort in them whether they be rich or poor. I notice the very rich here do not mingle with others and a very poor man cannot belong to a rich set. In England the poor novelist, actor or inventor is welcomed to society for what he is attempting to do. In the true meaning of the word, there are not many poor men in America. The man who cleans your street seems to have more money than our doctors or lawyers at home."

"What characteristics of American life have left a distinct impression upon you?" was the next question ventured.

"There are three," came the reply, as if he had long been waiting an opportunity to register his protest.

"First—the drinking of bad liquor. The prohibition law should be enforced, or there should be an amendment, which will not make so many men hypocrites. The present condition is quite impossible.

"Second—dirty bits of paper and scraps that you leave lying in your streets and in your dooryards. I do not see why people are not forced to do their part in keeping their cities clean. I think it is a shame. I once asked a man why this condition was tolerated in this country and he told me it was because there was no labor to do this work. I replied that I could not think it was a scarcity of labor, but that if every owner would do his share to keep his yard and his street clean, that was all that would be necessary. But the ugly condition still persists.

"Third—the advertising signs one sees all over the country. I have been told that nothing really increases business like these mammoth advertising signs, about your depots, at the intersection of your streets, in vacant lots, and on the highways of traffic. I do not like to see these display signs spoiling your wonderful and marvelous scenery.

"I like the little white colonial cottages which have multiplied so rapidly in this country within the past three or four years. They are artistic, with their green blinds and shrubbery, and give the American home a distinct individuality."

Gifts of a remarkable geniality and versatility, and courageous viewpoint have been the characteristics of Walpole's ancestry, and he has inherited them. He belongs to a distinguished English family, being a descendant of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous British Prime Minister of the eighteenth century, and of Horace Walpole, the writer and wit of the late Georgian period. Hugh Walpole was born in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1884. His father, the Right Reverend George Henry Somerset Walpole, D.D., bishop of Edinburgh since 1910, had been sent to Auckland in 1882 to have charge of St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral. At his age of five, the family was transferred to New York, where the father was a teacher and lecturer at the Union Theological Seminary.

Before he was 10 years old, the boy was sent back to England to obtain an education, the family remaining in New York until 1896, when it returned. Young Walpole has left a dark, depressing, doleful story of the two years of his English education in the absence of his parents. Because of his timidity, his shrinking, bashful disposition, the students played all sorts of pranks upon him.

A Cambridge Graduate

"I DID not stand up for myself then, and I am not trying to stand up for myself now," he recently declared in telling of these early days at the boarding school. "The point is exactly that I was a miserable child, a prey to every conceivable terror, so that the banging of a door, or the dropping of a book sent my heart into my cranium, sentimental, too, like a little dog fawning on anyone, who was for a moment kind and—worst of all these, I think—muddle-headed and confused beyond any grown human's conception. I went to this school with a very fair intelligence. Mathematics I never could be able to understand; to this day I count on my fingers, but history and geography and literature, I was nosing into like a pony with a bundle of hay."

Soon after the return of his parents, they discovered the carelessness of the school's practices, and transferred him to other institutions to complete his education. He took high honors when he graduated at Cambridge and for a few years thereafter was engaged in journalism.

"That cheery proclamation of octogenarians that there is no time like youth is one of the falsest things in the world," declared Mr. Walpole in describing the trials of his boyhood. "I can say now at 39 that every year of my life has been happier than the last. Most of my unhappiness during my years from 12 to 18 was my own fault; but I didn't know how to change it. I only knew that I was awkward and in the way, like the young calf who has strayed into a ladies' tea party."

During one year he was employed in Liverpool at the Mersey Mission for Seamen. He felt for a time that his ingrained knowledge of religion fitted him peculiarly for the task before him. But he found the missionary work, calling on the rough seamen on the boats, worse than irksome. He shunned it. It was while in the midst of these apparent disasters and failures that he began the writing of a novel. All night long he worked upon it—his first lesson in novel writing.

"About this time, feeling ecstatic over my literary triumph, I was summoned by the chief of the mission," explained Mr. Walpole. "He said that I had been absent-minded; that I had not visited all the ships as directed; and that he did not feel that clerical work was my vocation. With the vision of all of the characters in my growing novel in my mind beckoning to me, calling, I had to agree that he was right. I went down to the river to see the flood tossing its grey froth, gulls wheeling with hoarse screams above my head; people crowding past me. I had decided that the mission chief was right. So I went back and resigned my work, hungry to become a novelist."

HUGH WALPOLE,
Distinguished English novelist who says America now has a distinct literature.

Tait Prize Twice

OF MORE than a dozen novels that have been written by him the best known are: "The Young Enchanted," "The Thirteen Revellers," "The Captives," "Jeremy," "The Secret City," "The Green Mirror," "The Dark Forest," "The Golden Scarecrow," "The Duchess of Wrexe," "Fortitude," "The Wooden Horse," "Maradick at Forty," "The Prelude to Adventure," "The Gods and Mr. Perrin" and "The Cathedral."

For the best novel of the year, the University of Edinburgh has twice awarded the Tait Black Prize to Mr. Walpole—first, for "The Secret City" in 1919 and then for "The Captives" in 1920.

Grant Overton once said that the tendency to live away from home and travel enjoyed by Mr. Walpole in his youth has clung to him through life. One may write to him in London and receive a reply sent from Chicago, or some place on the Continent. A large part of his time each year is spent by this bachelor-author in traveling.

More recently Mr. Walpole has outgrown a strange superstition. He always began his earlier novels on Christmas Eve and regarded this as so favorable an omen for years that though he might be bubbling over with inspiration, he would delay the commencement of his task until the Christmas gloaming. This strange custom has been abandoned recently.

Unlike works of so many other novelists, there is no fixed general locality forever appearing and re-asserting itself in Mr. Walpole's novels. Russia, Cornwall and London are all familiar to him. Two of his better known novels were written as the result of his World War experiences in Russia. Mr. Walpole served with the Russian Red Cross and later was sent by the British Government on an important mission to Petrograd. Out of this service came "The Dark Forest" and "The Secret City." He declares that he wrote them to capture an atmosphere of a crucial period in world affairs which would escape if not depicted at the propitious moment.

"These books have called down on my back a cartload of troubles," he continued "All kinds of people who read these books demanded of me a knowledge of Russia which I never for an instant possessed. On the other hand, I am often quoted as an authority among people who know very well of my ignorance of many matters pertaining to Russia."

From a discussion of his books, Mr. Walpole was brought to a consideration of political and economic affairs. He does not believe that the advent of woman suffrage will have any marked effect on the literature of the country.

Woman's greatest work can be accomplished through social activities, rather than in politics, in his opinion.

"Don't quote me on American politics," he declared in parting. "I don't seem to understand the *difference in the parties.*"

Dr. Abrams' Machine Worthless Contraption

Concluded from page 3

meter for the measurement of the dosage of the X-ray, and of an improved form of fluoroscope. He is one of the leading electrical engineers and experts of the Pacific Coast. When the writer got in touch with him, he was just beginning his study of the Oscilloclast, *the first scientific study ever made of any one of the Abrams machines.*

The Abrams Oscilloclast is presented to the world by Dr. Abrams as a machine which, if properly used, will cure all diseases, and which is especially effective in the treatment of syphilis, cancer and tuberculosis, the three diseases for whose treatment large sums can be most easily collected from ailing humanity. The Abrams Oscilloclast, according to its inventor, cures disease by giving to the patient electric vibrations—at a rate determined by the diagnosis as rendered by other machines invented and sold by Dr. Abrams. These vibrations, carried on the electric current which is supposed to pass from the ordinary electric light socket through the Oscilloclast and into the body of the patient by means of an electrode (price, $6, cash) invented and sold by Abrams, are supposed to nullify the erroneous vibrations of the electrons in the diseased area within the patient, and thereafter set up the correct vibrations which re-establish the patient's health.

Shorn of the technical wording which Mr. Rieber has used in his report, the investigation showed four important results:

1. That no current appreciable to the most delicate galvanometer passes from the Oscilloclast to the patient. Since the vibrations are carried by the electric current, it is obvious that no vibrations pass from the Oscilloclast to the patient.

2. That the construction and the wiring of the interior of the Oscilloclast is such that no electrical current could pass through the machine, and that this wiring and construction shows a profound ignorance on the part of the inventor of all the laws of electricity, or of the handling of the electric current.

3. That the only possible result of the application of the electric current to the Oscilloclast is the turning over of the armature of a small motor, and the rotation of a small current-breaker, which is belted to the shaft of that motor, both of these having been purchased by Abrams from the common stock of an equipment store, and installed on the outside top of the Oscilloclast.

4. That there is more electricity in a handshake, or in the "laying on of hands," than is delivered by the Oscilloclast. That is to say, the ailing human body would receive more vibration, and a greater quantity of electricity, from the work of a competent masseur, using one hand, than it would from a whole battery of Oscilloclasts.

In this test, we gave the machine every advantage. It was first connected with a 110-volt electric light socket as directed. The motor ran, and the current-breaker turned. Then, a very delicate galvanometer was connected to the Oscilloclast, and, with motor running, an effort made to determine the amount of current administered. The galvanometer needle never moved. A "patient" was connected in the proper place with the Oscilloclast and the galvanometer, and again there was no record of any current, even when the "maximum" capacity of the Oscilloclast was given to the patient. In other words, scientific investigation could find no means whereby the Abrams Oscilloclast could have any influence whatever, either good or bad, on a person subjected to "treatment" by it.

Mr. Rieber's report to me, under date of January 30, 1923, is as follows:

"In accordance with your request, I have made in my laboratory a few tests to determine what type of energy, if any, is given off from the Abrams Oscilloclast.

"This instrument is provided with a flexible cord and standard plug terminals adapting it to be operated from a source of 110-volt alternating current. No polarizing device is provided on the input plug, so it is presumable that the instrument is intended to operate regardless of whether one or the other of the input terminals happens to connect with the earthed or grounded side of the 110-volt supply line. Tests were, however, conducted first with one side of the supply line grounded, and then with the other side of the supply line grounded so as to offset this possible source of error.

"As the instrument employs a wire leading from the binding post on top of the case to an electrode applied to the patient, it is presumed that electrical energy is intended to flow along this wire from the instrument to the patient. This presumption is made because the instrument is supplied with electricity as a source of operating energy, and the only practical means of conveying any of this energy to the patient would be to have electricity of some form flow along the wire leading to the electrode. There are only two types of electric current that could possibly flow on this wire. The first type would be direct current, which flows continuously and smoothly in one direction. However, the effects of direct current are all very well known, and none of them correspond to the claims made for this instrument. Further, the very name of the instrument, 'Oscilloclast,' can only be translated roughly as 'an instrument for destroying by oscillation.'

"It is, therefore, presumed that the second type of electrical energy, namely, 'oscillating,' or 'alternating,' current, is intended to flow along this wire. As a detector for alternating or oscillating current of any possible frequency, it is possible to use a sensitive galvanometer, and a vacuum tube, such as is used in radio work. A combination of this sort was set up in the laboratory, and consisted of instruments known to be so sensitive that they would respond to the very minute radio current picked up from the local broadcasting stations. This sensibility was considered to be sufficient, *since if there is any effectiveness in transmitting electrical oscillation to the human body, the thousands of radio waves which traverse the ether daily would produce a continued effect on the bodies of all who come within their range.*

"The galvanometer and the vacuum tube were accordingly set up as illustrated in the photograph, *to intercept and measure any oscillating current that might be passing along the wire from the Abrams Oscilloclast to the patient.*

"The Oscilloclast was then connected to the alternating current and set in motion, and an attempt was made to measure the current delivered from the apparatus to the patient on every possible adjustment. The Oscilloclast is provided with a contact switch adjustable to a number of different points, also with a variable condenser, such as is used in radio work. The switch was set successively on each of the variable points, and, with the instrument in operation, the condenser was slowly varied through its entire range, while the galvanometer was carefully observed. The 'patient' alternately held the end of the wire in contact with his skin, or at a slight distance, since the electrodes used in the Abrams method of treatment do not always touch the patient's skin and form a direct contact.

Test of the Abrams Oscilloclast with delicate galvanometer, made in the laboratory of the Roentgen Appliance Corporation, San Francisco, California. This delicate instrument could find no electricity coming out of the Abrams instrument, which Abrams advertises and leases as a cure for all diseases.

"During the entire course of the experiment, **no observed deflections of any sort took place in the galvanometer system.**

"The galvanometer was then tested, and found to be operating at full sensibility. Thus, **if any currents had been present,** deflections would most surely have occurred.

"The only conclusion possible to draw from these experiments is that the Abrams Oscilloclast, as tested, **DOES NOT DELIVER ANY ELECTRIC CURRENT OF ANY KIND** to the body of the patient through the output wire.

"From an observation of the internal arrangement of the Oscilloclast, shown on the accompanying diagram, this is not surprising. Several of the circuits have no beginning and no end. That is, they are not complete, but terminate in dead-ended wires. There is, therefore, no place for the electricity to go on these circuits, and nothing it could possibly do if it got there.

"Further, the electrical system in the oscilloclast does not constitute any known means for either generating or utilizing the electrical oscillation. If the circuits employed have any purpose at all, this purpose is not of the sort to be evident to one familiar with electrical engineering or physical laboratory practice.

(Signed) "FRANK RIEBER."

The useless wiring of the internal parts of the Oscilloclast is well shown on the accompanying diagram, carefully drawn for the writer by the first electrical engineer to whom the Abrams machine was shown. Four closed circuits are visible in this wiring—with "no place for the electricity to go and nothing it could possibly do when it got there." Even the electrode which is supposed to be applied to the patient is a closed circuit, and if there were any current passing out from the Oscilloclast, all that the patient could receive would be what is known as a "capacity charge," which he would not feel.

In the language of one of the most prominent physicians of San Francisco, a man who is a leader at the largest hospital in the city, and who makes daily use of the latest electrical equipment, the Oscilloclast built and sold by Dr. Albert Abrams, "looks and works like a contraption built by a 10-year-old boy who knows a little about electricity to mystify an eight-year-old boy who knows nothing about it."

But though the Oscilloclast—built for $30 and leased for $200, with $5 a month additional until it wears out—is considered by Abrams to be his master "invention," this wily discoverer of the ERA has many other matters to his credit. Last December, among the scores of persons who called on him for treatment, or attended his classes, were five young men, each of whom was informed that he had syphilis in violent form. Though these young men did not know each other, did not visit Abrams in a party, and did not discuss with each other their misfortunes, each seems to have come to the same idea at about the same time, and that idea was that they should see some other physician before accepting Abrams' word.

They consulted three of the most reputable physicians in Oakland and in San Francisco. Applying the known and accredited tests, these physicians were unable to find any traces of this dreadful disease in any of the five young men. Then the young men told the physicians of Abrams' hideous diagnosis. The physicians thereupon, without informing the laboratory workers of their own tests, submitted each of the five young men to the closest and most delicate tests in the laboratory of the best-equipped hospital in San Francisco. All the tests gave negative results. Five men whom Abrams had informed professionally that they were infected with the most terrible disease known to man were found to have no trace of that disease.

It is impossible ever to know how many of these ailing human beings have gone needlessly to their deaths because of wrong diagnosis or useless "treatment." In 1922, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* devoted several articles to Abrams and an exposure of his methods, Abrams resigning in high dudgeon after these attacks, **but still refusing to submit his methods or his machines to fair and open tests.**

In fact, like most others of his race caught in various peculiar proceedings, Abrams has raised the cry of "persecution," in an effort to blind those seeking to learn the truth regarding his "discoveries" and his "inventions." He publishes, quarterly, a small magazine, descriptive and laudatory of his work, and used as a medium in which to advertise his apparatus, such as the sphygmobiometer and the Oscilloclast. In the issue of this magazine—"Physico-Clinical Medicine" — Abrams takes a fling at his critics under the heading "O Hell! What's the Use!" in which he declares that his attitude toward critics is contemptuous silence, because these critics' "conception of my methods is akin to that of a Swiss cheese sandwich replying to questions concerning the nature and composition of celestial bodies."

Abrams has just purchased a hospital in the business district of San Francisco, and is making additions to it to convert it into "a permanent home for ERA and Physico-Clinical Medicine." These are his own words. At present, however, he maintains himself in what was once a mansion at 2151 Sacramento street, San Francisco. This house is furnished with all manner of oriental rugs, hangings, images, masks, hidden doors and other mystifying trumpery. There the patient, or the visiting physician seeking one or more of the Abrams machines, is received by a girl at a telephone switchboard, who, after more or less mystifying telephone conversations with either a Dr. Fleeger, who appears to be Abrams' right-hand man, or the Heidelberg M. D., himself, admits the seeker after the latest medical knowledge, either to Dr. Fleeger or to Abrams.

The writer made four appointments with this girl, with Fleeger and with Abrams, for a demonstration of the latter's inventions, but, for some mysterious reason, which, perhaps, is not so far to seek, the discoverer of ERA failed to keep any one of them. Other investigators have met with the same effort to block investigation and to obscure the light of day. Then, too, Dr. Abrams is busy with a new invention—a love detector. This machine which has been presented to the people of the United States through the medium of a kindly and unsuspecting press, purports to discover with whom you are in love, just as soon as you submit yourself to being connected with the instrument. If, however, there is no more current passing through it than passes through the Oscilloclast, the writer rather fears that only unusually strong passions would record themselves upon it.

Dr. Abrams overlooks no opportunities. While inventing sphygmobiometers, pitch-ball diagnostic machines, Oscilloclasts, love detectors, and other similarly salable apparatus, he also conducts "practical courses in Spondylotherapy and Electronic Diagnosis and Treatment," at his office in San Francisco. To quote from his advertising: "Only reputable physicians and osteopaths can gain admission to the classes, which are limited. The course lasts four weeks, and the fee, in advance, is $250." The fees, as usual, are "in advance," and the attendance is "limited" to those who have the $250. A member of one of his classes informed me that this particular class had 37 members. At $250 each, for four weeks' instruction, this makes a "neat sum," does it not?

Yet there are hundreds of physicians holding in their hands the lives of thousands of the afflicted who, in these United States, in this twentieth century, are treating their patients under the guidance of such theories as these, and with such apparatus as the sphygmobiometer and the Oscilloclast. This is, indeed, a free country; free with human life and free with human humbuggery!

The Girl Who Lives in Glass Houses

MISS EDNA SAMPSON

Miss Sampson has no beauty secrets! Her maid gives her a Marcel wave, with the World and His Wife flattening their noses against the glass house. Scene taken in one of the four rooms represented recently in the show windows of the Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon.

EDNA SAMPSON is a young woman who earns her living showing others how to live most comfortably! She does not do this by lecturing, writing serious articles nor through the medium of the motion picture camera. She merely lives, about six days out of seven, in full view of a curious and, in most cases, admiring public.

Miss Sampson is an actress of no mean ability, and has appeared in motion pictures with Harold Lloyd, but last summer, while visiting in Omaha, she agreed to help with a little window display work. She was to arrange a bathing suit display, and had it all planned, with a beach scene and girls in bathing suits. The weather turned cold, and, as Miss Sampson says, "The idea went cold, too," so, since she plays the piano, she decided to change the window to one demonstrating music, instead of showing bathing suits.

While she was doing this, it came to her that it might be a good idea to live right in the window for a number of days, using and advertising not only the piano, but the stove, rugs, books and equipment that the store carried, which was used in a real home. The idea caught among advertising men, and Miss Sampson has been living in glass apartments ever since.

The young woman gave the first real trial to her idea in San Francisco, and from there went to Portland, Oregon. She does all her own advertising, and carries on her correspondence with the stores in various cities where her act is to be put on, and personally looks after all the details. When she arrives, she goes through the store, choosing what she wants in her apartment, until it is quite completely furnished, even to the books and magazines on the table and music on the piano. Then she arranges a program for each day, changing it sufficiently each day so that the interest of the public is kept.

Her usual engagement lasts for a week, and the hours in which she lives in her glass house extend from 9 o'clock in the morning to 9 at night. At breakfast she wears a smart little gingham house dress, or perhaps enters the dining room in a charming negligee. While her maid, usually furnished by the department store, is using various appliances in doing the routine work of a modern apartment, Miss Sampson is having her manicure and Marcel wave from one of the beauty parlor assistants. Messenger boys arrive with hats, jewelry, gowns, and so on, which she tries on before her mirror. Salesmen come in to demonstrate electric sewing machines, baking sets, vacuum cleaners and the like.

In the afternoon, after a dainty luncheon, served where all the hungry window gazers may be reminded that there is a restaurant and tea room on an upper floor, Miss Sampson changes her gown (behind a handsome screen), receives any callers who may come (these are models from the costume section, wearing the latest dictates of fashion), embroiders a scarf from the art department, plays some late music, or reads a best seller.

Of course, the evening calls for gorgeous costumes, not only on the part of Miss Sampson, but for the models who are her guests. Of the men's department, it may be said that it is well represented by haberdashery and clothing worn by the men who drop in during the day and evening to have a chat with the charming hostess.

When the writer interviewed Miss Sampson in her glass house, he was acutely conscious of the hundreds, nay thousands of noses and eyes that might be counted about the plate glass windows, through which the throngs gazed at Miss Sampson in her daily program. Milady seemed to mind them not a whit, and was perfectly natural and as free from restraint as though she were in her private sitting room.

"Yes," she admitted, "I was very self-conscious when I first began to do this. In spite of the fact that I had been in motion pictures, it did not materially help me in overcoming this, for before the camera you are one of many, and part of a setting. Here I was the whole act; there was nothing to look at except me and the furnishings. But I soon got over my nervousness, and now I do not mind it at all. I really am perfectly happy in my work."

Miss Sampson's charm of person is magnified by her positive dramatic ability, and her outlook on life is wholesome and unafraid. While her field is a new departure, it is proving a very popular one, and she expects to be kept busy for a long time. No doubt by the time her feature has been shown throughout the United States, she will have a new "bee in her bonnet" and use it with as great a degree of success as her present one.

The "Blue Laws" a Myth of Tory Preacher

THE persons who oppose moral measures introduced into legislative bodies do so with the cry, "Blue Law legislation." References are made to these "Blue Laws" so frequently and with such certainty that undoubtedly many persons believe that such a code did actually exist in New England and that the reformers are today simply trying to reinstate a set of restrictive and oppressive measures. Every device of the satirical writer and comic cartoonist has been utilized to create a condition of mob hysteria on the subject.

It is true that the moral laws of Massachusetts and Connecticut were more drastic than those of the other colonies, but this was brought about by the close relationship which existed there between the state and the church. The laws were frequently drafted by men steeped in theology who often cited texts of scripture as authority and naturally the more rigorous the law, the more copiously were the scriptures quoted in justification. In those days, horrible cruelties were common methods of government, but the Puritans of New England were neither cruel nor malicious in their governmental practices. The legal code of Connecticut was mild and generous in the extreme compared with that of England. As late as 1819, there were 223 offenses punishable by death in England and 176 of these were without benefit of clergy. Connecticut as early as 1642 imposed the penalty of death for 12 offenses only.

The following are taken from the Code of 1650 of the general court of Connecticut and have often been incorrectly referred to as the Blue Laws.

> *Idleness.* "It is ordered by this Courte and authority thereof, that no person, howseholder or other shall spend his time idlely or unprofitably under paine of such punishment as the Courte shall thinke meete to inflict and for this end it is ordered that the constable of every place shall use speciall care and dilligence to take knowledge in this kinde, especially of common coasters, unproffitable fowlers and tobacko takers, and present the same unto any magistrate who shall have power to heare and determine the case or transfer it to the next Courte."
>
> *Burglary and Theft.* "For inasmuch as many persons of late have beene and are apt to be injourious to the goods and lives of others, notwithstanding all care and meanes to prevent and punish the same. It is, therefore, ordered by this Courte and authority thereof that if any person shall commit burglary by breaking up any dwelling howse, or shall robb any person in the fields or highway, such a person so offending shall for the first offense bee branded on the forehead with the letter B. If hee shall offend in the same kind the second time hee shall bee branded as before and also be severely whipped, but if hee shall fall into the same offense the third time, hee shall be put to death as being incorrigable and if any person shall commit such burglary or robb in the fields or howses on the Lord's day, besides the former punishments, hee shall for the first offense have one of his eares cutt off and for the second offense in the same kind, hee shall looss his other ear in the same manner and if hee fall into the same offense the third time, hee shall be put to death."
>
> *Gaming.* "Upon complainte of great disorder by the use of the game called shuffle board in howses of common interteinment, whereby such precious time is spent unfruitfully and much waste of wyne and beare occassionally. It is, therefore, ordered and enacted by the authority of this Courte that no person shall henceforth use the said game of shuffle board in any such howse, or in any other howse used as common for such porpose uppon payment of such howse to forfeit for each such offense 20 shillings, and for every person playing in the said game in such howse to forfeit for every offense five shillings."

In 1780 a Tory preacher, Samuel Peters, provoked the resentment of "The Sons of Liberty," a local patriotic society, by his aggressive and loyalistic teachings. He narrowly escaped being tarred and feathered and was finally driven out of the Colonies to England. Burning with rage at the treatment he had received from the Colonists, he published in 1781 a long list of what he declared were authentic laws of the Colony of Connecticut in an attempt to satirize and belittle the character of the patriots battling for American Independence. Among them were such absurd propositions as the following:

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day."

"No one shall run on the Sabbath day; or walk in his garden or elsewhere except reverently to and from meetings."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath."

"No person shall play any musical instrument except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp."

These fabrications were termed the Blue Laws of Connecticut and are the ones to which reference is made by persons ignorant of their origin.

Again and again the absolute falsehood of the charges of this man Peters has been proved by historians of the highest authority in this country. Likewise, most histories of Connecticut are unanimous in resenting the harm which it is claimed was done by these false laws and deny the fact that the Colonial Acts were intolerant or bigoted in the light of those days. Hollister says:

"It has been said that Connecticut is the 'Blue Law State.' It is difficult for the scholar to understand the precise significance of this cant phrase which bears upon its features such marks of low origin that it is marvelous how it ever could have gained admittance into good society."

It seems astonishing that so much credence could be placed on such an episode as Peters' libel of American customs and that it could be carried so far and adopted by so many.

Where 10,000 Students Govern Themselves

Original Method of Self-government and Honor System in All Examinations Proves Successful at the University of California

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE original, comparatively simple rules of self-government, as laid down by the founders of this Republic, have been in operation for 23 years at one of the largest universities in the world, possibly the largest in actual campus attendance, and have proved a complete, astounding success.

With this self-government, which is participated in by approximately 10,000 boys and girls from 16 to 25 years old, goes hand in hand an hour system applied to all studies, all lectures, all laboratory and field work, all examinations, and even to all athletics. It, too, has been completely satisfactory to students and faculty; its results have been beyond even the hopes of its most enthusiastic proponents, and the violators of the modern Code of Honor have averaged less than one to the thousand of students since the system was put into effect.

These two experiments have been made at the University of California, at Berkeley, on the mainland shore of San Francisco Bay. So widespread has been the impression created by the success of student self-government and the honor system, that the other state universities of the Pacific Slope are either introducing or preparing to introduce them. Outside collegiate circles, the people of California have derived a wonderful lesson from the student self-government system, with its simple rules, uncomplicated machinery of government, and its few officers. The university has demonstrated, with the aid of its students, that men and women can govern themselves perfectly, treat each other with honor and with justice, under a scant dozen laws, and that they can perform all these functions at a time when the governed are at an age at which man is supposed to be least amenable to government of any kind.

The heart of the University of California. Left—California Hall; center, towering Campanile; right center, Boalt Hall of Law; right background, Benjamin Ide Wheeler Hall, the main lecture and assembly building of the university.

Student self-government began in the University of California in November, 1899, when the then president, Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, now president emeritus, chose an informal committee of members of the senior class to assist him in administering student discipline. From that time, when the university had a few hundred students, until today when it has more than 12,000 registered in all the branches, with 10,000 actually on the campus, student self-government has had a steady, practical and forceful growth, until it is now the most powerful factor for development, improvement, loyalty and the general good in any western university.

Historic old North Hall, one of the original buildings of the university, since removed to make way for a modern structure in conformity with the general plans for the campus of the University of California.

In carrying on this self-government, the students are united in a self-perpetuating organization known as the "Associated Students of the University of California." The preamble of the constitution of this, the largest students' organization in the world, well explains the purposes of the association and the objectives sought, when it says:

"The students of the University of California, in order to govern their business interests, and to control all matters of general student concern, form this association.

"Student self-government, first attempted at the University of California in 1899, and conferred upon this association with full powers in 1905, is the basis of the administration of student affairs. The Honor Spirit is likewise a part of the general scheme of the government of this association, dating from its first trial in 1899.

"Self-government and the Honor Spirit rest upon the mutual trust existing between the students on the one hand, and the president of the university and the faculty on the other. The administration of student affairs and interests by this association is both a privilege and an obligation.

"The purpose of this association and of this constitution is to provide a form of governmental machinery which will retain the fundamentals of self-government, and the Honor Spirit, and also provide for their efficient and elastic administration."

DR. DAVID PRESCOTT BARROWS,
President of the University of California, whose recent resignation from that office was the occasion for a demonstration on the part of the students, more than 8,000 of of whom signed a petition, asking him to reconsider his resignation and remain at the head of the University.

The students administer their government through a president, vice-president and secretary; two standing committees, the executive and the accounting, and six councils to supervise directly the interests and affairs of the students through the association. These are the athletics, publications, women's athletics, dramatics, forensics, and welfare councils, all responsible directly to the executive committee of the Associated Students for the proper and efficient management of affairs and the property intrusted to them. Each council has a chairman who must be a senior student. The executive committee of the Associated Students is made up of the chairman of these councils—with the exception of the Welfare Council; the president and vice-president of the association, a senior representative elected at large, a junior man elected at large, a senior woman elected at large, an alumnus of the university appointed by the Alumni Association, and a member of the Academic Senate, appointed by the president of the university. The responsible head of the accounting committee, who is general manager of the association, is an ex-officio member of the executive committee, but has no vote.

The president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the Associated Students, and members of some of the councils, are elected by direct vote of the students on the campus, and the elections are among the most interesting features of life at the university. The initiative and referendum are used constantly—the latter on measures adopted by the officers and the executive committee, and the former as a means of getting measures favored by the students before the governing bodies of the association. In other words, there is direct vote, direct representation, and direct action in this student self-government, on all matters pertaining to the business of the students, their control, and their relations to each other and to the faculty. The recall also may be used against any officer.

Students, who fail to live up to the standards of the university, or who commit overt acts, either against the university or against fellow students, are tried by the Welfare Council, which is one of the most important departments of student self-government. Even the rare cheating in examinations, which, under the honor system, has become almost non-existent, comes before this body, which sifts the evidence—no one being placed under oath—and then presents a report and recommendation to the president of the university. To the credit of the hundreds of students who, since 1905, have made up this welfare council, be it said that as yet no president has failed to approve a single one of its findings. The Welfare Council is worth a word more:

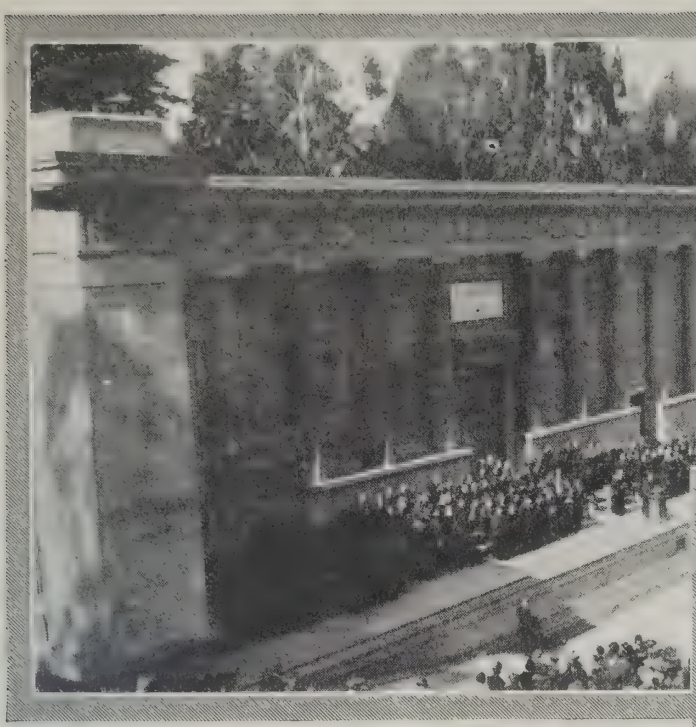
It consists of one representative from each of the colleges and schools of the university, three representatives from each of the four classes, the senior man elected at large to the executive committee, the senior woman elected at large to the executive committee, and the junior representative at large on that committee. The representatives of the colleges must be seniors, and those of the schools must be graduate students. The councilors from the colleges and schools and from the four classes are elected twice yearly, once in April and once in December. "The purpose of the Welfare Council," says the constitution of the Associated Students, "shall be to supervise all matters of importance to the welfare of the students of the university; the enforcement of student control and student government by means of public information and direct action through the Student Affairs Committee."

The senior man elected at large to the executive committee acts as chairman of the Welfare Council. The senior woman elected at large to the executive committee acts as vice-chairman of the Welfare Council, but she has an important work to do in presiding over the sub-committee of the Welfare Council which has jurisdiction over affairs pertaining to the exclusive interests of the women of the Associated Students of the University of California.

As has been mentioned, athletics, publications, of which there are several; women's athletics, forensics, and other activities are handled by managers, who may be chosen from any class. These managers are selected by the councils, each council choosing its manager, and then submitting his or her name to the executive committee for approval. The general manager of the Associated Students must be a graduate of the university, and is chosen by the executive committee, augmented by three alumni, chosen by the governing body of the Alumni Association of the University of California. He is the responsible head of the accounting committee, which has charge of the finances of the association, and is the busiest man on the campus, not even excepting the president of the university.

Publicity is part of the breath of life of these self-governed students at the University of California, and wide and free discussion, follows every new step proposed by students, A. S. U. C. officials or members of the faculty. The better to facilitate discussion, to train young minds in writing and to disseminate to the fullest extent the knowledge of all events on the campus, one daily newspaper and seven other publications are issued by the students under the control of the A. S. U. C., as the Associated Students are commonly known. The *Daily Californian,* an excellent newspaper, started in 1868 under a different name, is issued every week day during the university year. The Blue and Gold is the year book of the university and a class annual. The *Occident* is a literary magazine published monthly by the English Club of the university. The *Pelican* is a comic monthly which has arrived at the dignity and success of paying well for contributions and illustrations. The California *Law Review* is published by the students of the School of Jurisprudence, and has both faculty and student editors. The California *Countryman* is published by the students of agriculture through the Agriculture Club. The California *Pictorial* is a monthly, devoted, as its name implies, to presenting in pictures the history of the month on the campus. The *Commercia* is published by the Commercial Association.

These various publications keep the students alive to all that is going on in all parts of the great 2,500-



A graduating class from one of the colleges of the University of California, at commencement exercises in the Greek Theater, the magnificent stone and concrete open-air structure built into the side of a hill overlooking the entire campus as well as all of San Francisco Bay and surrounding territory.

Sather Gate, the southern entrance to the campus of the University of California, with the Campanille in the background. This memorial gate is the most famous entrance to the university.

acre campus, and it is doubtful if there is a better-informed body of young men and women as to their own affairs than those who are governing themselves at the University of California. A recent call, issued through the *Daily Californian,* for a mass meeting to protest the resignation of Dr. David Prescott Barrows as president of the university, drew such a number of students that more than 8,000 signatures were obtained to a petition to the board of regents and to Dr. Barrows, asking them and him to reconsider the resignation, and protesting to the regents that under no conditions should President Barrows be allowed to leave his post. The mass meeting resolved itself into something like a riot of protest, until President Barrows appeared, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, thanked virtually the entire student body, gathered before him on the lawn, for its good wishes and good will.

The University of California, which includes the tremendously important and valuable College of Agriculture at Davis, a few miles from Berkeley, and the campus agricultural department of the same college, as housed in Agricultural and Hildegarde halls, also has established a southern branch, at Los Angeles, with three or four thousand students of its own, and rapidly becoming one of the leading institutions of higher education in the Southwest. Student self-government also is installed there, and the Honor System has full sway, just as in the parent university at Berkeley.

Under this Honor System, students are put upon their own sense of self-respect and honor not to cheat, not to harm a fellow-student, to obey the rules and respect the traditions of the university and to comport themselves at all times on the basis of the Golden Rule. One problem of greatest importance in the administration of student affairs is that of insuring honesty in examinations. In many universities the monitor system, comparable to the detailing of an armed guard, is employed.

At the University of California, a professor or instructor giving an examination merely waits a reasonable time for such questions as may arise, and then leaves the students alone in the room in which the examination is being held. At all times these 10,000 or more students are in honor bound neither to give nor accept assistance of any kind from fellow students in any examination.

"There is nothing mysterious about our Honor Spirit," says the *Students' Handbook,* issued by the A. S. U. C. "To understand it is simply to be able to distinguish between right and wrong. Cheating, where it exists, is a malignant cancer in any student body, and threatens to tear down the strength and demolish the organization of that body. It must be torn out by the very roots before we can say that our system of student government has attained its highest success. Each student should bear in mind that he is constantly carrying an unfulfilled obligation to himself, to his fellow students, and to those who have made possible the freedom of student self-government, unless he not only maintains himself above reproach, but also forces all others with whom he comes in contact to adhere strictly to the spirit of honor."

If Pizarro and His Band Were to Return

Concluded from page 9

railway stations by Peruvian women and children. Then she listened uncomfortably to the wisdom of a fellow traveler who discoursed voluminously upon the perils of bacteria on unwashed fruit and the general danger of eating anything at all in rapid ascents into high altitudes; from this he descended through recipes for fleabite and advice about leaving doors ajar in case of anticipated earthquakes, to less uncomfortable recommendations concerning beverages. On the West Coast of South America, he advised fervently, one is wise never to consume water in any other form than as a component of spiritual refreshment or hot coffee.

After much tortuous maneuvering, the train passed the highest of the foothills, leaving behind in a misty-blue vista the curiously tilted Pacific. Before us expanded a wide plateau. Against the eastward edge of it was piled a long rampart of red and gray mountains, the tallest summits of which were silvered with snow. This was our first real glimpse of the mighty Andes. Before us were the western Cordilleras, cutting off the old Inca strongholds from an inhospitable frontier. The plain was a wide waste of sand and pebbles, over which the sunlight flickered an incessant mirage. Pleasant lakes seemed to lap their sand shores in the receding distance. There came a procession, also, of crescent-shaped dunes of a grayish sand silvered in the sunlight, each combed by the wind into the perfect image of every other. They were like atolls in a yellow sea.

He whom we called the Loquacious One, always present on any voyage over land or ocean, awoke from a cat-nap and pointed out *El Misti,* a volcano not quite extinct, though there has been no eruption for centuries; Pichu Pichu, whose slopes are too steep for snow; and the white giants, Ampato and Coropuna.

The scant vegetation of the seaward slopes here disappeared under the fiery sun. Habitations of men were not visible again until the train had reached the edge of the desert and had begun a brave climb into the mountain wall that looked so forbidding from the opposite side. Abandoned villages were more frequent than those showing signs of habitation. Stone walls remained, but the thatch roofs, so said the Loquacious One, had gone to cover new villages, upon land long fallowed for their coming.

Well up in the hills, where steeper ascents brought an uncomfortable crackling to the ears, a district not unlike Southwestern United States came into view. There was a splendid vista over a wide canyon, whose erosions and brilliant colors suggested familiar tinted etchings of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. At the bottom of the gorge ran a foaming stream, the caressing influence of which was evident in a wide strip of vegetation on either side. Water, green fields, trees, and the comfortable-looking habitations of men were in odd contrast with the orchid-pink precipices overhanging them by a thousand sheer feet. In the wider sections of the valley the fields were laid out in regular, walled rectangles, and clusters of graceful Lombardy poplars gave the whole a classic air. Fields of maize, rice and cotton were distinguishable, and the green fabric of vegetation was ornamented here and there with bursts of wild roses.

We debouched at nightfall into a bellowing, modern railway station and made our way over smooth tiles to a waiting taxi. The metropolitan entry bewildered us, after the day's reversion to an uncompleted planet, but we were soon brought back to a point still far enough from modernity by dark, narrow, jouncing streets—tire factories should conduct their tests here—and by the medieval inn where we found hospice.

There was a rarefied sunshine through billows of chill mist in the morning. Bells from the near cathedral and from more distant churches had begun their oriental tolling long before dawn. One sonorous note was reminiscent particularly of a certain shrine in Nikko. We heard cocks crowing, the insistent bells of taxis, and the warning whistles of traffic policemen, still busy with their night-long serenade. But there was no great vocal stridence from human throats, common to most cities of European tradition. The mood of Arequipa was subdued, as in a sedate village at home. Even the sharp cries of the donkey drivers were modulated and low, insistent yet patient; a peculiar combination of whistle and hiss. Slow-footed Indians shuffled past, barefoot under their burdens, cheeks puffed with the narcotic *coca* leaf that sustains their sinews and lulls their racial conscience. Donkeys laden with fagots, noses close to the offending cobbles, were chaperoned by taciturn Indian drivers, whose eyes, like those of the beasts, were fastened morosely on the course of their feet.

The green-tiled *plaza* was wet with cold dew, and the semi-tropical shrubbery seemed to wince in the chill breeze from Arequipa's encompassing mountains. The early morning light brought out palely the thin pinks and blues that lend a delicate distinction to Peruvian architecture. A uniform height of two stories gives dignity to the business buildings facing three sides of the square, and the cathedral gracefully occupies the fourth. An unbroken balustrade tops the cornice line of the houses, and the square in general has all the elements of Napoleonic design, rather than of the helter-skelter growth that characterizes most cities of the Western Hemisphere. A wooden dog, listening for his master's voice, is the only business advertisement marring this symmetry.

Half-caste children went prattling past the shivering palmettos on their irresolute quest of the schoolroom. Peruvian servant women in black *mantos* began to brave the morning airs. A black-gowned priest, in a wide-brimmed bowler hat, shuffled cathedral-ward, fingering his huge rosary. A poncho-ed Indian swabbed stone paving blocks with a twig broom, and after him a small boy sprinkled the street with water, as in Callao, from Standard Oil tins carried on a burro's back. A Ford taxi and a boy on a bicycle strove to lend an air of modernity to a scene that kept slipping backward in time through such retrograde exhibits as a small donkey, smothered under a mountain of alfalfa, with a female aboriginal atop. Then toy street cars in orange paint awoke to the day's work and gave the winning modern touch.

The sun smiled through the mists upon a group of *cholas* who came laughing into the square. Without these pretty half-caste girls the human aspect of life in the Andes might be drab, indeed. They were a brilliant symphony in flamingo-red skirts and shawls, shiny black shoes with pink rosettes at the instep, and orange-colored straw hats.

One must arise in the frigid blackness before dawn to take the twice-a-week train that runs to Cuzco and Titicaca, lying in the lofty cradle of Inca civilization. The volcanic cone of Misti hung over us, white and cold (we had no desire for its "cyclopean caress"), for many hours after we began our long climb through the fertile valley of the Chile River, ascending by degrees past every climatic "latitude" from temperate to arctic. Eastward the silvery Cordilleras rose more sharply into view as the morning air cleared. Behind, and already far below, lay Arequipa in its green setting, circumscribed by a stony desert.

It was a day of exalting scenery. At 10,000 feet we rounded the flank of a black geological giant and entered upon a region typical of the Peruvian highlands. Villages grew ever more infrequent along the way, and abandoned settlements became numerous. Burro trails, suggestive of the old military highroads of conquistador and Inca, kept company with the railway, some of them well built upon a convenient grade, most of them mere stony arroyos.

Clouds swept alternately above and below us, then settled like milk into huge saucers made by mountain valleys. The railway became a roller-coaster, engine and rear coach frequently moving in opposing directions.

Coarse grass grew in tufts over this region, and there was a purple blossom, proclaimed by the Texans among us as first cousin to the blue-bonnet. A piney shrub about 18 inches high soon supplanted even the hardy grasses, and every station displayed piles of this puny growth, dried, as was the case with another resembling a mammoth toadstool, ready for use as fuel. There was an entire absence of trees at this altitude, and we were to see no more of them until we reached the fertile shores of Titicaca.

From the sharp, thin air of Crucero Alto, which made the lungs a bellows with the slightest exertion, the train carried us rapidly downward for 2,000 feet or more past lakes set in green hills, a pleasant contrast with the aridity of the western slopes. Flamingoes dotted with carmine the reedy margins of glassy, shallow ponds.

A gently falling land, flat and desolate, engulfed us. Southward lay Titicaca, from whose glacier-fed bosom sprang the legendary Incas, Children of the Sun; northward were 200 miles of blood-seared plateau, seemingly too tranquil today even for memories of the time when conquerors swept in and out of Cuzco, the city whose glories are gone with the civilization it sheltered.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A winter sports carnival will be held at Banff, Alberta, from February 24 to March 3. Snowshoe races, curling matches, ski-jumping and ice-skating will be among the events. A dog derby will close the program. Five thousand dollars in prizes will be given winners of events.

Two buffaloes from the Wainwright Park herd in Alberta will be supplied by the Canadian Federal authorities to the Montreal Winter Carnival Committee for the big barbecue which will be held there some time in late February.

Flapperism has invaded Japan. The *Herald of Asia* is protesting against this importation and complains that some of their more light-minded girls are trying to emulate this latest affliction of a much-suffering civilization. Bobbed hair, short skirts and raucous-tongued pertness are conspicuous in the port cities of Japan as well as in Tokyo.

John W. Davis, president of the American Bar Association, said at the association banquet in St. Louis, "Individual liberty is being beaten down, and the right of man to govern himself is being defeated by the threatening encroachment on the Constitution of a 'code of statutes to control the habits and morals of Americans.'" He believes there is too much law and a tendency to ignore mandates of the Constitution. A mysterious being called the state should not be set up to the abandonment of the spirit of individual liberty.

The *Hohenzollern,* formerly the palatial pleasure yacht of the German emperor, is being fitted out as a trade ship by the German Government. The vessel will be sent on a cruise to the British dominions. Stands, displaying German goods, now occupy the former elegantly appointed cabins of the yacht, the beautiful rose pink furnishings having been torn out to make room for the stands.

Fishing through the ice with gold fish as decoys is increasing in popularity among sportsmen. The anglers place a net over the gold fish globe and lower the globe into the water through a hole in the ice. The gold fish act as a lure to the pike who come rushing to the attack. The pike are speared as they appear under the hole in the ice.

More than one-third of the total area of Holland lies below the level of the sea which is kept back by means of dikes.

A seedless and coreless variety of Fameuse apples was distributed at the annual meeting of the Quebec Fruit Growing Association. It is believed the new discovery may revolutionize the Canadian fruit-growing industry.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The American Bible Society believes materialism is giving way to spiritual victories. The Bible is published in 770 languages and dialects and great staffs of experts in America and Europe are busy revising the text. The society in America alone plans to print and distribute for one cent a copy between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 Bibles this year.

The world's record obelisk has been unearthed at Assouan, Egypt. It is 113 feet long, 14 feet at base, and eight feet at narrow end, and weighs 1,200 tons. Cleopatra's needle is 68½ feet high and weighs 180 tons.

A poll of sixth-grade pupils in St. Louis revealed that of 5,376 children questioned 40 per cent had never seen a sheep, and 17 per cent had never looked upon a pig. Of every hundred children, 12 had never seen a cow. It has been suggested that a cow and a pig be placed in the municipal zoo.

In Berlin the dance mania is so intensive that the government has closed all cabarets where dancing and drinking of cheap wines went on from 5 p. m. until after midnight.

The Ruhr River valley is an oblong basin of coal-beds, about 30 miles wide at the Rhine, narrowing to about 15 miles beyond Dortmund, and 50 miles long. It is the heart of the coal and steel industry of Germany.

A quarter of a billion dollars is the annual fee paid by the unsophisticated to the promoters of fake oil wells.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the founder of the Nobel Peace Prize, was a Swedish inventor and philanthropist. He invented dynamite and other deadly explosives serviceable in war, but his heart was all for peace. His will provided for five annual prizes to be awarded to persons who, in different fields of activity, had made the greatest contributions toward the progress of the world and the welfare of humanity.

The London doctors say that the putrid air of the metropolis surcharges the atmosphere with unhealthy gasses within a radius of 25 English miles.

In Norway the shark is caught and utilized. His head is made into glue, his teeth into "ivory" ornaments, his flesh into fertilizer, his liver into "cod-liver" oil and his hide into leather of the finest quality. With millions of sharks in North Pacific waters there is no reason why marketable and needful products could not be made from them by the cities of that coast.

Italy leads the world in the manufacture of violin strings.

Professor Herman Lundborg, of Sweden, says, "There is grave doubt whether a people really gains anything when millions of money pour into the country. Luxuries are demanded, lassitude sets in, and the interest in work and production falls off. Women avoid maternity, and these processes, beginning in the middle and upper classes, gradually work downward and in time destroy the race."

The radio broadcasting station of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, WGY, has been heard in every state in the Union.

A million or more square miles of what is, at present, unproductive land in the arctic and sub-arctic regions of Canada are to be used as a permanent grazing area for musk ox, if plans of the Royal Commission of Canada mature. The musk ox grazes on lichen, moss and willow shoots and unlike the caribou is not a migratory animal, but grazes in much the same way as do domestic cattle, moving only as food conditions render this necessary. The flesh of this animal is nutritious and palatable and similar to beef.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"Too Many Laws," Enacted by Congress, Rapidly Threaten a "Government of Men"

No Federal Legislation Ever Repealed; Last Code Adopted 50 Years Ago; New One, Three Times as Bulky, Questioned by Senate as to Completeness

By AARON HARDY ULM

"THIS is a government of law and not of men," declared Chief Justice Marshall more than 75 years ago. What the famous jurist might add if he were writing that opinion today is that excess of law leads toward a government of men.

It isn't the law that guides government but what men in power for a time say is the law. This isn't necessarily because officials are inclined to make their own law. It is because we have *so much law* that it is difficult and often impossible for an official to know actually what the law is with regard to many things coming within his purview.

This is not an extreme statement. Congress for two years has hesitated to declare in clear terms what constitute the Federal laws. It hesitates because it isn't sure that Congress' own enactments can now be put forth accurately in codified form.

Fifty years have passed since the last Federal code was adopted. It is now all but worthless as a compilation of Federal laws.

Several years ago Congress directed a committee to prepare a new code. Much time and study were given to the work, which consisted of bringing together in orderly form all outstanding laws as enacted by Congress. This meant eliminating all parts of the revised statutes of 1874 as republished in 1878 that have been repealed and the adding to the remainder all laws since enacted.

The report of the committee, as made in May, 1921, proposes a new Federal Code. It contains no brand-new law. No law as enacted by Congress was modified in accordance with court opinions. The volume includes no "annotations."

Fifteen Pounds of New Code

THE paper-bound volume constituting the report weighs about 15 pounds. It contains more than 5,000,000 words. It is approximately three times as large as the revised statutes of 1874. That is to say, we now have at least three times as much Federal statutory law—when measured by words—as was in force 50 years ago. And it is being added to annually about 12 times as fast as at the time of the enactment of the old code.

When the new code came up for consideration by the House of Representatives it was adopted without much discussion; it was "swallowed whole." The House could do nothing else; it would be busy with the job yet had its members tried to determine whether the codification was fully accurate.

It is doubtful if any two lawyers who thoroughly examined the volume could agree as to whether it contains all the Federal laws. For those laws are so voluminous and so complex that, as indicated, it is all but impossible to determine what all really are. Without a code to guide him, the official must often determine the law for himself.

"Every man has a right to know what the laws are, and a half-hundred Federal judges and attorneys have told us that no man can know certainly what the laws are now after 47 years of legislation unchecked," declared Congressman Little, of Kansas, a short time ago. The Congressman is chairman of the committee which prepared the proposed new code.

The Senate apparently refuses to accept the code as adopted nearly two years ago by the House. This isn't because the Senate is certain that the revision was not properly made. Rather, senatorial hesitancy is the result of the Senate's not knowing and in not having any sure way of finding out what the Federal laws really are.

For several executive branches of the government, notably the legal advisers of the Navy Department, disagree with the House committee on what the laws are with reference to various subjects, and it is all but impossible to find who is right.

Patchwork to Blame

THIS disagreement and the uncertainty which gives it body are due largely to the patchwork method employed generally in making laws. Few acts, for example, are ever specifically repealed. Nearly all new acts contain the proviso that all prior legislation in conflict with them is repealed. This method of repealing "by implication" causes a great deal of confusion, for generally only uncertain parts of acts are thus repealed or modified.

The method illustrates the tendency to enact more laws to correct evils resulting from laws held to be bad or which outlive their need. Rarely is the simple process of repeal employed. This has led to overburdening of courts with disputes as to what really is the law. To an extent the condition supports, "in republics laws are made by the rich and obeyed by the poor." For it does give many decided advantages to those able to spend unlimited sums on litigation. This is proved constantly in operation of the patent laws, which have become so complicated that only persons who are able to pursue long court fights can obtain the protection those laws are presumed to provide for all. Patent law is so confusing that many now advocate repeal of all the patent laws.

The volume and complexity of Federal laws have so increased the amount and cost of certain kinds of "expert advice and assistance" as to verge on the scandalous.

Several government establishments have become virtual "training schools" for persons who expect to become private experts for outsiders in dealing with the government.

This is notably true of several branches of the Treasury, particularly of the Internal Revenue Bureau, and most particularly of the income tax division of that establishment.

A person who obtains a modest position, if clever in handling the government's business, can depend on being offered, by a private agency, several times the salary the government pays. The agency, of course, has important business transactions with the income tax branch of the government. The employe has had excellent opportunity to learn not only how the government construes its laws but also the manifold peculiarities of administration of the laws. The "turnover" of employes in some bureaus is astounding. Even the Patent Office is affected. Capable examiners constantly are being drawn away by large interests that have big patent business with the government.

An old law, together with numerous departmental regulations, denying a government employe the right to "practice," within a fixed period of time following resignation, before the branch of the government where "training" was procured, is intended to check this evil. But these restraining influences are seldom a handicap.

The number of "attorneys" practicing before the departments has doubled and trebled during recent years and the rewards generally are unusually good. The persons so engaged include not only former departmental employes but former members of Congress and former members of the Cabinet and others who once were high officials in the government.

Their assistance has become as necessary to persons who wish to deal honestly with the government as with the contrary type. For dealing honestly with the government frequently is a very difficult procedure, made so by the great volume and complexity of laws now outstanding.

In the small scandal always being retailed in the gossipy circles of Washington one hears frequently of improper methods being employed to "put over" things that are entirely legal and proper. If the system makes that possible what leeway must it provide for "putting over" that which is improper.

Tending Away From Law

WHEN laws become so bulky and complex that even the lawmakers are not sure that they can tell what the laws are, discretion in administration necessarily must follow. The laws thus become what the enforcers say they are, and the government tends toward becoming "one of men."

So, under one administrator what might be perfectly good law, under another set might well be perfectly bad law. An impartial study probably would bring out that many laws passed originally to curb malefactors are today the prop and dependence *of the very interests they were aimed to control.* This, as noted in another article, seems to be true of most laws enacted originally to "regulate" the railroads. It doubtless is true of much financial legislation.

Only a small portion of Federal legislation has to do with "crime." The penal code sections of the proposed revised statutes in Congress fill only a few hundred of the nearly 12,000 big pages covered by the House committee's report.

Nearly all Federal laws have to do with various kinds of "regulation." Even the tax-raising statutes are filled with "regulating" enactments. Some are very curious, for often, by indirection, rate as criminal practices which in themselves are not improper and which involve no elements of moral turpitude.

Many years ago, for example, Congress was prevailed on to employ its taxing power to forbid virtually the selling of "mixed flour." Under the law, a mixture, say of wheat flour and corn meal, if transported in interstate commerce, must be labeled in box-car type and also must bear an internal revenue tax. The requirement that foodstuffs sold in packages be correctly labeled prevents deception and now applies to virtually all foods and drugs. The patent purpose of the prohibitory regulation governing "mixed flour" is to prevent its sale and use in any form. This isn't because "mixed flour" necessarily is bad; in fact, the students of food values say that only by mixing the products of different grains can the best cereal food be evolved. The "mixed flour" regulation is to protect certain interests. When we entered the war it was found that it interfered with the food situation and was suspended, but for the duration of the war only.

The Federal statutes contain many laws which do not forbid acts that in themselves are wrong but rate as criminal acts that in themselves have high merit.

This is true perhaps of the statutes which place high taxes on oleomargarine and other butter substitutes. While no butter substitute has the full dietetic value of good butter many are much better than no butter. About the only essential difference between them as food and real butter is the high content of vitamines in butter. But vitamines were unknown when the oleomargarine tax was established. That tax had one purpose—to hobble all butter substitutes, good as well as bad, as competitors of butter. Thus the poor who are unable to buy butter but can afford oleomargarine have to pay several million dollars a year taxes on the butter-like foods they consume—taxes that are imposed directly on extreme poverty. The tax so increases the cost of butter substitutes that many persons can't afford them and therefore are denied the right to eat any butter-like foods.

For the last year Congress has been on the verge of enacting a statute that would outlaw so-called "filled milk." It is embodied in what is known as the Voight bill.

"Filled milk" is real milk from which the cream has been taken and good vegetable oil, in the main from cocoanuts, added. It enables many poor persons to procure a milk product that when properly made is as high, or higher, in caloric food value as the best of pure milk. "Filled milk," like oleomargarine, is probably lacking in vitamines and is not so wholesome for children as unskimmed milk. But it is better than no milk, which many thousands do not get.

As to Postal Savings

THE reason the Voight bill passed the House and if voted on in the Senate will be enacted into law is that "filled milk," which as far as it goes is a wholesome food, and makes possible the utilization of what otherwise would be a semi-waste product, competes with real milk. Thus it is to be rated as something that is criminally unfit!

This sort of legislation rarely has backing *except from those who have more or less selfish interest in it. It rarely ever is popularly opposed, for the reason that those who suffer most from it, generally persons who are so poor that they can't avoid its effect, are inarticulate.*

But finely wrought devices for preventing laws harming interests that are articulate may be discovered in many Federal statutes.

Several years ago there was great demand for a postal savings bank system, such as was operated in many European countries. Finally it was established. But extreme caution was taken to see that it did not interfere with the banks. **The government now accepts deposits for which it pays two per cent interest. It turns the money over to the banks who pay the government two and one-half per cent interest. In recent years the government has had to borrow a great deal of money from the banks. For that money it has paid from four to five per cent interest, even when it was the money that the government had deposited, in the form of postal savings, in the banks.**

This anomaly is now partly eradicated, at least in theory, by the offerings to depositors of postal savings bonds, by means of which the owners of the postal savings get a larger interest and the government can use their money without depositing it in and then borrowing it from the banks.

Thus the "roundabout way" is ever the one by which such problems are approached.

Once Passed, Goes on Forever

FOR when put into the statute books the chance is that a law will go on forever and will be changed only by substitution or by addition. To get laws repealed involves a task which few public men have the hardihood to undertake.

Even the old question of free trade or protection or a "tariff for revenue only" no longer figures in the periodic revamping of tariff schedules. The contests over the tariff are, almost wholly, between those interests that will benefit specially from tariff protection, or the absence thereof, in specific instances.

One of these days a super-Borah type of statesman is going to come along and concentrate on two things: Opposition to all new laws and repeal of old ones. Most of the public men who now see the need for such an undertaking are afraid of the charge of negation, a word of contumely in the lexicon of modern-day politics. But it always hasn't been a word of political disrepute.

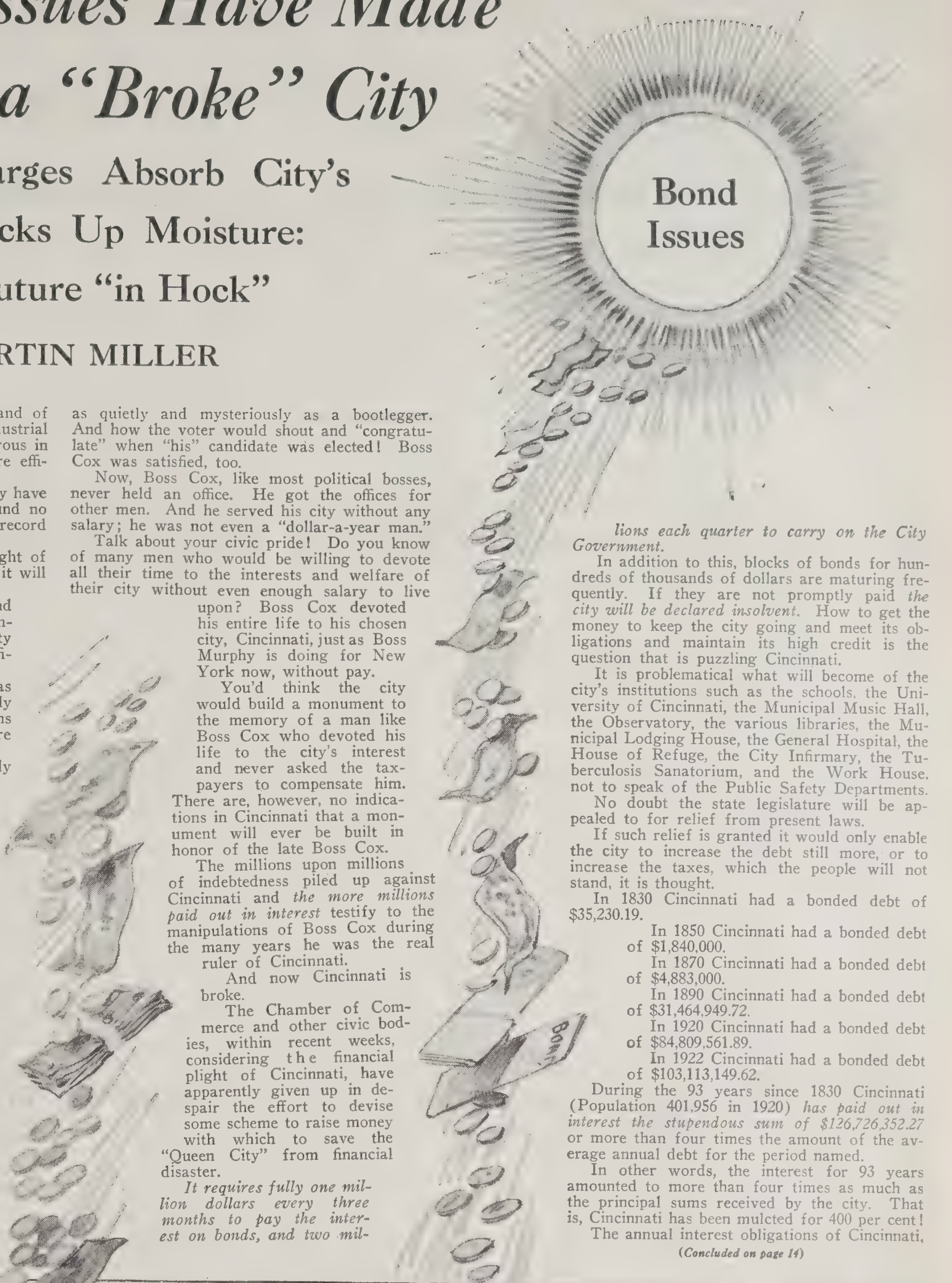
"When I first came to Congress as a page in one of the houses," an old attaché of the national legislative body said, "the members who stood out, the ones who had the confidence and esteem of the country in greatest degree, were noted for what they opposed much more than for what they supported. Now it is different. That's why we have so much law that no one, not even those who make it, can tell exactly what the law is."

Another article, completing Mr. Ulm's work along this line, will appear in an early issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

How Bond Issues Have Made Cincinnati a "Broke" City

Annual Interest Charges Absorb City's Wealth as Sun Sucks Up Moisture: Politicians Put Future "in Hock"

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER



CINCINNATI, Ohio, is a city of culture and of great wealth. Its individuals and its industrial establishments are among the most prosperous in the nation. In private business Cincinnatians are efficient and enterprising men.

But these high qualities of probity and efficiency have in the private business of the "Queen City" found no place in the public business of Cincinnati as the record proves conclusively.

"But you must not tell about the financial plight of Cincinnati, as a municipality, in such a way that it will injure our credit," a "City Hall" official pleaded.

This means that the politicians operating behind the scenes, from force of habit, are not much concerned about the impending insolvency of their city so long as they can keep the facts about their financial manipulations from the people.

And the "City Hall" crowd in Cincinnati, as well as other American cities, have been amazingly successful in hiding their methods. The politicians know, from long experience, that the people are easy.

For many years Cincinnati was ruled absolutely by one of the most "eminent" bosses in this country. Boss Cox was typical of the bosses who ruled, and still rule, New York, Chicago and other cities in this country. New York had Boss Tweed and Boss Crocker, and it now has Boss Murphy, and more than $1,000,000,000 of debt.

All these, like Boss Cox of Cincinnati, became men of great wealth.

Boss Cox began as a "poor boy." Mayors and other city officials came and went with each election, but Boss Cox stayed on "forever." Any man who wished to be elected to office in Cincinnati had to dance attendance to Boss Cox and "stand in" with him else he could never hold a city office.

Boss Cox decided who was to have the offices and get the municipal contracts, as well as which banks and brokers manipulated the city bonds and had the use of the city's cash in deposits. He finally started his own bank for that purpose which finally got him into serious trouble.

The people were made to believe that *they* elected their officials. True, they were permitted to go through with the formality of an election, but they were playing with "loaded dice." They simply voted for the men who were "hand picked" by Boss Cox, who worked as quietly and mysteriously as a bootlegger. And how the voter would shout and "congratulate" when "his" candidate was elected! Boss Cox was satisfied, too.

Now, Boss Cox, like most political bosses, never held an office. He got the offices for other men. And he served his city without any salary; he was not even a "dollar-a-year man."

Talk about your civic pride! Do you know of many men who would be willing to devote all their time to the interests and welfare of their city without even enough salary to live upon? Boss Cox devoted his entire life to his chosen city, Cincinnati, just as Boss Murphy is doing for New York now, without pay.

You'd think the city would build a monument to the memory of a man like Boss Cox who devoted his life to the city's interest and never asked the taxpayers to compensate him. There are, however, no indications in Cincinnati that a monument will ever be built in honor of the late Boss Cox.

The millions upon millions of indebtedness piled up against Cincinnati and *the more millions paid out in interest* testify to the manipulations of Boss Cox during the many years he was the real ruler of Cincinnati.

And now Cincinnati is broke.

The Chamber of Commerce and other civic bodies, within recent weeks, considering the financial plight of Cincinnati, have apparently given up in despair the effort to devise some scheme to raise money with which to save the "Queen City" from financial disaster.

It requires fully one million dollars every three months to pay the interest on bonds, and two millions each quarter to carry on the City Government.

In addition to this, blocks of bonds for hundreds of thousands of dollars are maturing frequently. If they are not promptly paid *the city will be declared insolvent.* How to get the money to keep the city going and meet its obligations and maintain its high credit is the question that is puzzling Cincinnati.

It is problematical what will become of the city's institutions such as the schools, the University of Cincinnati, the Municipal Music Hall, the Observatory, the various libraries, the Municipal Lodging House, the General Hospital, the House of Refuge, the City Infirmary, the Tuberculosis Sanatorium, and the Work House, not to speak of the Public Safety Departments.

No doubt the state legislature will be appealed to for relief from present laws.

If such relief is granted it would only enable the city to increase the debt still more, or to increase the taxes, which the people will not stand, it is thought.

In 1830 Cincinnati had a bonded debt of $35,230.19.

In 1850 Cincinnati had a bonded debt of $1,840,000.

In 1870 Cincinnati had a bonded debt of $4,883,000.

In 1890 Cincinnati had a bonded debt of $31,464,949.72.

In 1920 Cincinnati had a bonded debt of $84,809,561.89.

In 1922 Cincinnati had a bonded debt of $103,113,149.62.

During the 93 years since 1830 Cincinnati (Population 401,956 in 1920) *has paid out in interest the stupendous sum of $126,726,352.27* or more than four times the amount of the average annual debt for the period named.

In other words, the interest for 93 years amounted to more than four times as much as the principal sums received by the city. That is, Cincinnati has been mulcted for 400 per cent!

The annual interest obligations of Cincinnati,

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The heart of Cincinnati, showing Ohio River and Kentucky cities.

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2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

Senators:

SELDOM in this country have facts been clouded so malevolently and so successfully as have the facts in what is known as the Cronkhite-Rosenbluth case.

We find first a carefully mapped program of propaganda that takes in the newspapers of the entire country, and includes the schools of New York City.

We find an indicted man carefully groomed to appear in the role of a Dreyfus—a martyr to a military clique presumably. Were it not for the tragedy of poor Cronkhite, such presumptuous ranting would be drowned in ridicule.

We find the elder Cronkhite, a fine American soldier, made the victim of the basest calumny.

And in addition to the foregoing, *and many other facts which* The Dearborn Independent *is prepared to introduce from time to time,* we find that the American Jewish Committee, an avowed racial senate, has raised its head, *to see that the judicial processes ordained by the American people are not followed.*

The Dearborn Independent has sought simply to bring out the facts in this remarkable case. Without the facts, a most hideous wound to justice had been dealt. It is not the "Rosenbluth Case" only, nor even the "Cronkhite Case," but the case of the American people and the American courts. It is not only a case of justice to a murdered soldier but also of justice to a living soldier whose interest in the honor of his son and the honor of the army has been sufficient to move the time-serving War Secretary against him. Whether General Pershing too has succumbed is a matter on which no opinion is voiced at present.

Today, however, there is a situation that must be met squarely. General Cronkhite has placed his facts before two members of the United States Senate. These two Senators have been besought to demand a congressional inquiry into the unprecedented conditions that have arisen. The inquiry is justified because it has been asked for and because Secretary Weeks has made statements to which in fairness there must be made an official reply. We must warn the Senators, however, that unless they are courageously prepared to go through *to the finish* with the inquiry so thoroughly merited *they must not begin it.* But if they *begin it* they are serving American institutions and above all they are serving that National Confidence which must always rest on the integrity of those institutions.

"Penny" or "Cent"

THE *Pathfinder,* usually a purist in the use of language, deems the subject worth a column leader editorial when criticised for using the word "penny" to indicate the "cent," the smallest coin in the American money system. It defends its position by calling attention to a secondary dictionary definition of "penny," which is general and means any small coin. The fact that in the criticised use of the word the specific "cent" was referred to does not occur to the writer to destroy any connection to his defense.

The proverb by Franklin that "a penny saved is a penny earned" is also used to bolster up a weak cause, since it was uttered when there was no such coin as the American "cent" in existence, the money of the country then being in denominations of the English system.

The *Pathfinder* then speaks of the tenpenny nail, so-called from its approximate weight and not because of its relation to value. In fact, all of its examples are of similar character, and their merit is confined to the convincing of ignorance that the indiscriminate use of "cent" and "penny" in allusion to the American coin is proper. When the American decimal system was adopted it was the more popular, since the Spanish milled dollar was really the only coin money in general circulation. Currency was in terms of shillings and pence generally, just before the Revolution, but was discarded when this nation set up for itself, and the subsidiary coinage was in terms of the dollar established as the unit. Thus we have the half and quarter dollar, and the dime, a tenth of the dollar, the half dime, and the hundredth part of the dollar, or "cent," strictly a derivative of the Latin term for the hundredth.

The word "penny" is a specific term for the English coin, and represents a value of about two American "cents." It is not the smallest coin in that system, for the "halfpenny" is its division. Higher coins are the "threepenny," the sixpence, the shilling, each of which represents a double value of general terms used in this country for more than a half-century after it was established and the coins themselves were discontinued as American money.

The writer of the defense of the penny alludes to the fact that eagle and double eagle are not generally used in speaking of money. These are the legal titles for gold coins representing 10 and 20 dollars respectively. These coins are not in general circulation, but are represented by paper money bearing the inscription of their value in terms of dollars. In fact, the coins themselves are stamped in dollars.

The dollar is the unit of United States currency, the term is used on all denominations of currency down to the dime, and the cent used for the smaller denominations.

The careful speaker will never allude to the cent as a penny, and to defend such use one writes himself down an ass in the only proper understanding of that term.

How Lovely!

IT IS announced by the bituminous operators and miners that they will not have a strike this year. They have decided to skip this year. They have reached this decision together—in exactly the same way as they formerly reached decisions to have a strike. The exposure this year of the partnership which exists between the miners' unions and the speculative capitalists, has apparently put a spirit of fear upon the leaders. The miners themselves perhaps have discovered for the first time how they have been duped. The combination of speculative capitalists and traitorous labor leaders has cheated the miner out of wages and labor, and the public out of coal and fair prices. But it is real lovely of them to announce that this year they will not oppress the miners nor the public.

Drab Fact at the King's Tomb

DOUBTLESS more than one newspaper reader has had it flash across his mind, when reading of the excavation of Egyptian tombs, that the whole matter was being carried on with more of the accompaniments of a modern circus than of a scientific investigation. The promptness with which prices were affixed to the materials discovered; the protests of the uncommercial natives against the violation of the last sanctuary of kings; above all the unparalleled press-agenting done far and wide—these things were sufficient to cause the observant to be ready for the hook when it came, if there should be a hook.

We shall see what we shall see, but meantime the facts are these. It is Rothschild money that is digging up the tombs, and it is a private commercial enterprise. Lord Carnarvon married a daughter of the Rothschilds, hired an explorer named Carter, and started out where the digging seems to be free-for-all.

Arthur Weigall, formerly connected with the antiquities department of the Egyptian Government, has given us an illuminating picture of the crass materialism that surrounds the work to date. He says that the delay which continues up to the time of this writing is occasioned by the determination of the government that Carnarvon shall not be permitted to open Tutankhamen's inner tomb in secret. It is intimated that there has been altogether too much secrecy with regard to the actual operations, though all kinds of publicity for the alleged results of the operations. Weigall writes: "The talk is all of news rights, film rights, photo rights, book rights, and how to keep them profitably exclusive, until the serious archeologist, looking with anxiety into the future, is nauseated and his principles of scientific work outraged."

Race Knowledge or Race Prejudice

THERE has come upon humanity a new springtime of race consciousness. Races are becoming aware of themselves and of each other. What the meaning of this may be will be stated by each one according to his knowledge. To one group it is horrible to think of this new race consciousness; to another it is very hopeful. The first group glories in concealment and in the pretty fiction that there are no races, no racial differences, no racial destinies. The second group acknowledges the fact and believes that it "means intensely and means good." It is these latter who are to be trusted. The societies formed to suppress racial awareness and the pitiable publicity organized to denounce racial awareness, are to be greatly distrusted. The natural way is the better way to consider it all.

In the welter of procured publicity now deluging the country, two facts are carefully suppressed.

First, no objection is offered to any form of race consciousness save that of the northern white race. If the Negro shows a new realization that he is a member of a race of long antecedents and of greater possibilities, he is encouraged in that. Strangely enough, he is most strongly encouraged by the very groups who denounce race consciousness in the northern white race. If the Jew shows a strong strain of race consciousness, he is approved in that. No objection is raised anywhere because a particular people comes to a consciousness of who and what they are. It is regarded as perfectly natural. It is certainly lawful. It may even be capable of producing a new era of racial progress. That is to say, when any other racial group is being considered, this awakening which we call "race consciousness" is never confused with "race prejudice." We are willing to concede that the Negro, for example, may come to a new vision of the dignity and history of his own race without thereby conceiving a special prejudice against another race. But that fact, though insistently worked upon everywhere, is never brought to the fore in the bought-and-paid-for propaganda about "race prejudice."

Second, nowhere is race awareness called "race prejudice" and "race hatred" except when the northern white race begins to observe the various racial groups within and around it. The great crime seems to be that the northern white should ever awaken. If he looks to see, he is assaulted with cries of "prejudice," "hatred." If one fine day he happens to shake himself and observe that the Jews have taken over pretty much everything and are administering it more for their own racial benefit than for the benefit of society—a fair observation and based on facts—then he is bludgeoned with the cry of "anti-Semitism." He is charged not only with "race prejudice," but "race hatred." He must go back to sleep again; he must observe nothing; he must not even say "Jew"—that must be left for the interior of B'nai B'rith lodges. He blinks, wondering what his crime is! Is it wrong to see with one's eyes? Is it wrong to speak what one sees? Must the northern white, of all mankind, be muzzled?

Now, if the pen puppets and the editors will take a little time off from their grossly unintelligent propaganda, and simply acknowledge these two omissions, and observe the truth that race awareness is not "race prejudice," it will do much to clear the atmosphere. It is not suppression that we need, but intelligent frankness. We encourage it among every race but our own.

Why? The northern white is probably the least race-conscious of all the world. He has no inferiority complex that makes him think of himself continually, nor has he a superiority complex. He has been the friend and protector of all races. He is the only race that ever voluntarily made freemen of other races. In common with the others, he is feeling the breeze of a new consciousness blowing over the races of men. There is a great swarming of the races. But the race consciousness of the northern white is different from the others in this respect, he is not so conscious of himself as he is of the others—he is seeing them—and this is not to be suspected, misjudged or condemned—for he it is who must make the earth a home for all the races that they shall have liberty and opportunity to come to their full stature, developing themselves and serving the world.

Races are here. What editor—rather printer—of the current propaganda would conceal the fact? Why not rather interpret it?

But that would be race consciousness! And to be "aware" in this field, is to be "prejudiced"! It is time our American press came to its senses on this subject.

Mr. Ford's Page

EVENTUALLY the people rule. It is always safe to return to that point as a basis. They are ruling now, inasmuch as they permit the kind of rule which exists now. When this kind of rule ceases to be to their taste, they will substitute another. The people are not politicians, they are not even political economists; they are pragmatists—that is, they believe in the thing that works well, because they believe that if a thing works well it cannot be very far wrong.

The whole situation which faces the rulers of the world today—the parties, the politicians, the princes—may be stated in four words: *it does not work.* The complaint of the people is never against form or method, but always against failure to function. We in America sometimes try to persuade ourselves that it was our fathers' dislike of the monarchy that led them to seek entire political independence of the mother country, but the question of the monarchy hardly entered at all, save through the minds of those Americans who were tainted with the so-called "French" philosophy of the so-called French Revolution. It was the question of a system that did not function, and on that question was our political independence determined. The effort our fathers made to free themselves from the monarchy was nothing as compared with the efforts they made to save the monarchy from its crowning acts of stupidity.

THERE is no failure except failure to serve one's purpose. The secret of the protests that shake the world today is that something has failed to serve its purpose. Whatever serves is thereby preserved, what fails to serve is cast aside. Governments are now more served than serving. They are administered so that they have become a burden to people instead of a help. Count up the laws which the government passes for its own benefit! The government is now the most powerful special interest in the country, and its interests elbow the interests of the people aside. When that occurs, when that which should help becomes instead a burden that is resented, the function of government has been terribly defeated. Such a situation always presages imminent challenge and change. The consent of the governed is always based on the service of the governed.

That is to say, the people do not at stated intervals beget a desire to change things for the sake of change, they do not advance on theories. The theories they cherish represent their assertion of a principle that will function, as against a system that has failed to function.

Take the political situation in the United States today. You can read or hear on every side that the people are tired of parties. And likewise you hear and read of other parties which shall express the people's weariness of parties. But are the people really thinking of the party system at all, whether we ought to have two, or whether we ought to abolish them all, or whether we ought to have more than we have ever had before? If you make this inquiry you will find that the people have no interest in parties as parties, no interest whatever. They had been perfectly willing to let parties function forever, and to let partisans play their little games to the end of time, if only parties would function serviceably for the people. That is all that the people have ever asked, and they have never been moved to assert their irresistible power except when service has been forgotten.

Nothing that serves the people ever passes away. Indeed it is amazing to observe, how, in the most unlikely places, the useful old things persist. The candle, for example, is still an article of commerce, and not only that but to a far greater degree than ever before. The world found the candle useful and has not allowed it to pass away. "All the good the past hath had, remains to make our own time glad." The earth is beloved of the people because the earth is faithful and serves them.

Now, few things are more difficult than to give simple things the impressiveness which their importance merits. Here is a plain truth, here is an important truth, here is a truth so simple as to be almost unutterable: the key to the world's trouble is *disservice.*

In some matters it is now too late to see this. Time was when things might have been saved, might have gone on as they were, by a simple return to the principle of making the service of the people the main objective of endeavor. Systems and places now doomed might have been saved. They cannot be saved now, for when a principle is adopted only for reasons of self-salvation, it is already too late.

This is one of the facts whose neglect has prevented us seeing the European situation in a true light. Many things in Europe, which are now frantically calling to be saved, will not be saved; it is too late. They have got to crash. There was a time when, had they repented their past selfishness and taken the path of service, they might have been saved; but they cannot be saved now. If Americans learned to distinguish what is passing and what remains, the confusion would not be so great. The confusion is mostly caused by these doomed systems crying out to us that unless *they* are saved *the people* of Europe are lost. Not at all: the truth is this—the people of Europe are being saved by the destruction of unserviceable systems. The doom of the people of Europe would be to have those systems saved. There comes a time when a system has betrayed the people so long that it could never serve them, however often it may be reprieved. The possibility of mercy is entirely past with many positions of power which have not been administered for the common good.

The terms we use in matters like this need the illumination of events to give them meaning. Words like "serving the people" and "the common good" have been made meaningless by the deceit of those who most used them. It may be said that they are almost the mottoes, the watchwords of the very systems which are doomed because they did not serve the people and because they did not seek the common good.

And yet it is startlingly true that you will search in vain, especially in the field of government, to see anything voluntarily undertaken out of a desire to add to the privileges or prosperity of the people. You will spend your time in government circles in vain looking for a sign of the motive of the people's good. Examine the speeches made, examine the new laws proposed, where is there one that springs out of a vision of how the people's freedom may be increased and of how the people's prosperity may be enlarged? Where is there one?

The nearest a government ever comes, apparently, to this thought is when the government is still a "party" seeking office. And then it makes certain proposals for the people (which it seldom fulfills) but the motive behind it is the office, not the people's good.

The service of the people is forgotten. The people are only *one of the interests* clamoring for recognition from the government. Think of that. An appalling proportion of the laws passed are passed in favor of the government's special friends. (The people are not accounted one of these special friends.) The rest of the laws are passed in favor of the government. The government *itself* has now become so great and individual and selfish an interest in and of *itself*, that by the time it takes care of *itself* and of its friends, anything further would be too great a burden for the country to bear.

We have lived to see in this country our first doubt that the government existed to serve the people. We have lived to see men's first signs of discontent and distrust of a system that served itself first, and whose service is becoming so heavy as to shoulder out all possibility of other service. We have lived to see this system of government devour the people whom it was meant to serve.

It is indeed a most astounding pass to which we have come, otherwise no protest from the people would have been heard. Governments, parties, money systems—anything that exists for their service is safe.

So simple a key as this unlocks the whole mystery and becomes a clue to the chaos. But it is doubtful if those in power will ever use it. Were they wise enough to use it now, they had been far too wise to have come to their present pass.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Memoirs Dissipate Queen Victoria Legend

Wolseley Letters Latest to Reveal Ruler as Narrow and Arrogant

By W. P. CROZIER

TWENTY years ago, when Queen Victoria died, she had become a legend to her people. The criticism which had sometimes assailed her in her middle age had not only died away but had been so completely forgotten that such a thing had come to seem incredible. Her age, her bereavements, her prestige, the enormous success of her reign in every material sense, all combined to lift her to an eminence where the voice of critical judgment was entirely stilled. Of her political activities practically nothing was known by the people as a whole. The bulk of the nation saw only the surface of things and respected and admired a venerable lady who for more than 60 years had maintained the powers of England and the moral purity of her court.

On these grounds Queen Victoria still deserves all admiration. There is no legend there. But in many other respects the information which has accumulated since 1902 had brought disillusionment. It began even in 1903 with the publication of Morley's "Gladstone" which showed that when at last that great man, broken with age and labor in the service of his country, had to lay down the burden, even then Victoria had for him no word of gratitude for the faithful services of 53 years. When, four years later, Gladstone died, there were messages of grief and mourning from all quarters of the world such as had rarely been known in history, but when in 1894 he had his farewell audience of her, he himself recorded that "there was not a syllable on the past"—except a word of thanks for something done long before for a member of her own royal family. Gladstone had been a model of loyalty and discretion; what he knew never became known during his lifetime to the masses of the people who almost worshiped him. But since 1903 we have learned more and more how bitter and intense a partisan the Queen was in politics. As each succeeding biography of those who flourished under her is published—Disraeli, Salisbury, Dilke and Wolseley—together with the researches of Sir Sidney Lee and Lytton Strachey, the true picture of Victoria becomes more clear. The legend disappears. Capable, strong-willed, of high moral character she still remains. But she was also narrow and arrogant in mind, filled with an overweening sense of her own importance, a Jingo Imperialist in foreign politics, ready to defy the Constitution to get her own way, utterly devoted to "favorite" ministers like Melbourne and the shameless sycophant Disraeli, and an unrelenting partisan against Liberals like Palmerston and Gladstone.

The last revelation has come just recently in the letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley. Take on the one hand some illustrations of her relationship with Disraeli—"the old Jew" as many called him, "the old actor" as Strachey says he was, the champion of the Turks, the exponent of everything that English Toryism stands for. In flattering Victoria, Disraeli (to use his own expression) "laid it on with a trowel," and she swallowed the flattery with gusto. For her he was "The Faery." He wrote to her that her confidence in him was more precious in his eyes than rubies. It seemed to him that the primroses sent to him by the Queen must have been sent by the fairy queen Titania. In one of his letters to the Queen he says of himself, "He lives only for Her and works only for Her and without Her all is lost." And in reply the Queen wrote this sort of thing to him, "Would he not accept a Marquisate or Dukedom *in addition* to the Blue Ribbon (the Garter)? And will he not allow the Queen to settle a Barony or Viscounty on his Brother and Nephew? Such a name should be perpetuated!" On one occasion he surpassed himself with a letter to one of the Ladies-in-Waiting which was intended to be shown to Victoria and which said: "I love the Queen—perhaps the only person in this world left to me that I do love." Victoria delighted in it all.

Her attitude toward Gladstone was astonishing. She accepted Disraeli's spiteful references to him as a matter of course. She stigmatized the action of the country in returning him to power instead of her own favorite as "unnatural," "mad and unreasoning" and "disgraceful," so that she was "shocked and ashamed." She declared (in writing to the defeated premier) that "of course I shall not take any notice of Mr. Gladstone, who has done so much mischief" and she affirmed positively that she would not send for Gladstone to form a ministry, although she was ultimately compelled to do so because it was he and he alone that had won the election for the Liberals and he alone that had a majority in Parliament. Not only, however, did Victoria cherish the most violent dislike for Gladstone but she displayed it openly both to her intimates and to guests at the court. It was from the court, therefore, that the bitter hatred professed for Gladstone by the English "governing classes" really derived its impulse. This is the account given by Lady Wolseley of an evening at Windsor:

So we sat down together, the Queen and I. She was in a black silk dress made anyhow and nohow, and a lace shawl over her shoulders. To repeat the conversation is more than I can do. It was principally about Egypt, but with an occasional side wave to Gladstone and politics. Rather interrogative and ejaculatory on her part, submissive on mine. She has a more changing expression than anyone I can think of. A very bright young smile, when her face lights up and she shows her gums and some little teeth in her upper jaw. Then she has another expression when she wants to emphasize her disapproval of Mr. G.'s meanderings and maunderings, her mouth tightly drawn down at the corners, and her eyes fixed angrily not on me, but on space, when her accent becomes more foreign and there is a little action of the hand—"First they will (hand advanced), then they won't (hand drawn back), and then they will again when it is too late. Always the same, they seem afraid."

And on another occasion, with regard to her Liberal ministers:

She said, "I have been obliged to be very rude to them all, they are so dilatory and tiresome." She said although she wants rest, she dreads to go abroad, "for I never know what they will do when my back is turned."

At times she found it impossible to restrain her anger. Lord Hartington (afterward Duke of Devonshire and secretary for war in the 1880-1885 Gladstone ministry) is reported to have said that on one occasion she "rated me as if I'd been a footman." The whole of the Gladstonian idea—liberal, anti-Turk, pro-Irish—was abhorrent to her. In the crisis of 1878 which led to the Russo-Turkish War she was furiously and violently anti-Russian. When leading Liberals and Radicals held anti-Turkish meetings in London she affirmed that "the attorney-general ought to be set at these men." She repeatedly threatened abdication if the government were submissive toward Russia ("the great barbarian"), wrote three letters in a day to Disraeli demanding war and cried impetuously, "Oh if the Queen were a man, she would like to go and give those Russians, whose word one cannot believe, such a beating! We shall never be friends till we have it out." Did Victoria ever think who it is that pay in precious lives and shattered homes when princes "have it out"? Perhaps one ought only to be glad that Gladstone at least could never claim, as did the unctuous Disraeli, that Victoria was his "Guardian Angel" to whom "having given his duty and his heart," he had nothing more to give.

But Queen Victoria had never any sympathy with liberalism in any of its aspects. Sir Charles Dilke described her as "wanting to take everything everywhere in the world and to keep everything if possible." Least of all was she friendly toward the efforts of small peoples—in Italy or Ireland, for instance—to establish their liberties. Hence her fierce attacks on Lord Palmerston when he displayed his sympathy with Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, and with the brewers' draymen in London who mobbed General Haynau, the Hungarian woman-flogging tyrant. Her rage against Palmerston was extreme. These revelations must modify one's judgment of the part which she played in English history.

(C) Fred H. Kiser, Portland, Oregon.

When Lost Lake is calm it usually becomes a perfect mirror and in this picture we see the mirror used to great advantage by old Mt. Hood. The lake is 45 miles from Portland, Oregon.

Burbank to Celebrate 50 Years of Plant Work

Santa Rosa, His Home City, to Dedicate Memorial Garden of 40 Acres

By HARRY H. DUNN

LUTHER BURBANK, Sc. D., Who will be 74 years old on the seventh of March, 1923, and for whom all northern California is planning a Golden Jubilee in honor of his completion of half a century of work of plant breeding and development.

The Burbank family home at Santa Rosa, around which will center most of the activities of the various events of the Golden Jubilee celebration.

AN UNUSUAL man will be the recipient of an unusual honor from May 17 to 20 when men and women of the Pacific Slope gather at Santa Rosa, a few miles north of San Francisco, to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Luther Burbank. This is not to honor Mr. Burbank's fiftieth year, for on the seventh of March he will be 74 years old; but to commemorate the fact that for half a century he has been engaged in selecting, breeding, developing, improving existing varieties of plants and creating new ones, to the vast benefit of agriculturists, horticulturists and florists.

This celebration, at which, according to present indications, there will be present the governors of four or five western states, and representative bodies of men and women, from every one of the 58 counties of California, will witness the dedication of a vivid and permanent memorial to the wonder-worker in the vegetable kingdom. This will be Burbank Park, 40 acres at the city limits of Santa Rosa, which is to be converted into a magnificent garden containing all the plants, trees and flowers which Luther Burbank has developed in his 50 years of work. This tract has been purchased for $32,500 by Santa Rosa, and plans call for the expenditure of $500,000 on the development and upkeep of this, destined, perhaps, to be one of the most important, and most valuable, of the world's botanical gardens.

In the center is to stand the Burbank Museum, in which will be kept records of Burbank's experiments. There also will be motion pictures of Burbank himself at work. Phonograph records of his lectures, and copies of his talks, as well as manuscripts of his books will be preserved. Comparative series of the seeds of plants, from those sent him by his more than 500 collectors in foreign lands, to those of the improved plants which he developed from these, will be on exhibition, so prepared that they will be available for study.

The whole idea of this memorial is to be educational, according to James G. Stafford, secretary-manager of the Santa Rosa Chamber of Commerce, which has been largely instrumental in arranging the Burbank Park and the Golden Jubilee celebration. In the garden of this 40-acre park will be planted, by families and in botanical order, those plants which Mr. Burbank has produced, from an annual crop of the celebrated Burbank potato, to the towering new walnut, which develops a tree more than two feet in diameter and 40 feet in height in 10 years, as compared with the 50 to 100 years necessary for the growth of the wild black walnut to the same size, yet which furnishes a lumber in every way the equal to that of the famous American wild walnut. These gardens will be kept by men trained in Mr. Burbank's experimental farms and the planting will be so arranged as to be available to students, botanists and plant-breeders of every nation throughout the year. In short, the park will be a perpetual school in plant breeding for the whole world, a unique memorial to an unusual man.

Mr. Burbank will supply the plants and attend to the supervision of their planting in the park, and he will arrange the collections of seeds and preserved plants, grasses and flowers in the museum. To him, this will be a small task compared to those which he has performed along the same lines in the last half-century, during which millions of plants have passed through his hands, from which he has selected a very few for perpetuation and improvement into new and better forms. Today, at the end of this half-century of plant breeding, he has more than 2,500 experiments in selection, development, breeding and training of plants going on at his experimental farms in Santa Rosa, more than enough to endow the average botanical garden with material for students of plant breeding for the next hundred years.

The work that he has done becomes little less than marvelous when it is remembered that each development of a plant—either from a wild form or from an under-developed domestic plant—requires years, sometimes more than a decade, to bring that plant to the point at which it is of the utmost utility to man. That is the objective of Burbank's work—the improvement of plant life to the point at which it is of the maximum service of food supply, clothing supply, or beauty, to man. It is his opinion, expressed to me, that the remedy for the present exodus, from the farms to the cities, lies in providing those who remain on the farms with such improved crop plants that, with modern machinery, they can produce more than a far greater number of men could produce with the present types of vegetables, grains and fruits.

And this is only one of the many unusual ideas which have come to this plant-wizard in the 50 years of his close contact with the vegetable kingdom. He believes that plants are much like human beings, that from plants he has learned a great deal about men, and that children can be developed, trained and improved, in the same manner in which plants have been so improved by his master hand. He has shown that plants are amenable to training, from the time they burst from the clod to the sunlight, just as animals are trained to man's service, and better breeds developed. He has proved that the bad traits in a weed can be crossbred out of it through the wise guidance of man's mind added to Nature's principle of selection. He has learned that all life has developed by the survival of the fittest, and he has acquired the ability to do with plants in a decade or two the same things that Nature would require several centuries to accomplish. To him, the crossing of types is responsible for all variations in human life, just as he has proved it to be responsible for all variations and developments in plant life. By this crossing and selection he has created—not merely developed—actually *created* new species which never before existed.

"Life is self-expression—a challenge to environment," Mr. Burbank said to me at his home in Santa Rosa. "Life is action in certain definite directions, based on mechanical or chemical changes. In Nature, we find varied animate and inanimate forms of life, many of which have motions—some of which in the higher forms we call emotions. These sometimes end in action; at other times in thought. What man can do knowingly in the breeding, selecting, developing and improving of plants, that Nature is doing blindly and much more slowly. Just as the best of plants are produced by wise selection, crossbreeding and development, so mankind may be improved through the succeeding generations of human children. This cannot be done, however, in either plants, animals or man, by blind crossing, for the better types so produced are only accidental."

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Burbank—and the famous Burbank dog—in front of their home in Santa Rosa. This large house is now covered with climbing vines of new and beautiful flowering varieties, developed from wild vines from all over the world by the plant magician.

Every one knows the Burbank potato, of which California alone produces and ships more than 182,000,000 pounds every year, and which is grown in every habitable country. Yet not every one knows of the hundreds of other vegetables, cereals, fruits, nuts and flowers whch have been created, developed and improved by the hand of Luther Burbank, speeding up and directing the processes of Nature. There is a new asparagus, almost as large as the shoots of the bamboo, yet more tender than any yet grown; there is an artichoke whose blossoms are three to four feet in circumference; there is a sweet corn which produces 12 rows of large kernels to the ear, compared with the eight rows usually produced by corn; there is a pop corn whose popped kernels are masses of fluffy white three times as large as those from the original pop corn. He wanted a sunflower which would not turn its face to the sun, thereby fooling the seed-seeking birds, and which would grow close to the ground, foiling the wind, so Luther Burbank took the known sunflowers, and by crossbreeding and selection, produced a sunflower only three feet in height, with blossoms 18 inches in diameter, turned toward the ground.

Care and work, properly directed, always will produce good results, with either plants or human beings, in the belief of the Santa Rosa plant expert. He showed the truth of this theory when, beginning with the ordinary tomato, he produced a tomato which bears two full crops a year, and from whose fruit the skin peels easily without scalding. He took the common well-known chive, and gave it a flower like a freesia, so that it became a beautiful border plant, as well as a vegetable. From plants of the *Solanum* family, he produced a fruit almost exactly like the huckleberry, called the "Sunberry," growing on a plant not unlike the tomato. He crossbred a number of varieties of strawberries, and produced an ever-bearing vine. He took the thorns off the blackberry, as he also had done from the cactus, and to take the glory from the Mexican pepper growers, he developed, from their own seeds, a pepper nine inches long and four inches thick, the largest pepper ever grown.

"Agriculture is the foundation of civilization," said Mr. Burbank, "and to bring agriculture to its highest point we must furnish the agriculturist with better, more productive crops. We must make every acre of a farm produce not only more, but better foodstuffs." Following these lines of belief, he started to provide better grains for the farmer. He developed a flax yielding a limpid white oil, 12 per cent more in quantity per pound of seed than any other known flax. After several years of close application, he presented grain-growers with a wheat adapted to short seasons, arid soil and dry climates, ripening weeks earlier than other wheat, as well as more resistant to disease. It has taken first prizes throughout Canada and the United States, and is now grown from Tasmania to Alaska. Then Mr. Burbank extended his operations to oats, rye, barley and even a new forage grass, known as Sudan-Sorghum.

"Man needs beauty as well as utility around him, to develop his life," Burbank said to himself nearly half a century ago, and thereupon set his hands to a few

(Concluded on page 14)

Boys Who Back Subsidy Sail—on British Ships

Delegates Who Think Lasker Demand Should Go Through a Bit Inconsistent

A NOTABLE meeting of The International Chamber of Commerce will be held at Rome in March. One hundred and fifty directors and officers of chambers of commerce and boards of commerce in the United States will sail from New York on the Cunard steamship *Coronia,* cruising through to Egypt, Constantinople and other Mediterranean ports, disembarking at Naples in time to reach Rome for the notable gathering. The delegates and other representatives of America's leading civic bodies come from the principal cities of the United States; *they are identically the same ones that the National Marine Association induced to endorse the Lasker ship subsidy bill.*

Now, why did these American civic bodies, that are said to be so anxious to have the American flag become the advance agent of American commerce throughout the world, charter a British ship to carry them to a gathering where they will meet and deliberate with the very forces from every country of the world that hold, perhaps, more than any other class of men, the commerce of the world in the palms of their hands? The United States has hundreds of ships, many of them the most magnificent the world has ever seen, and all of the representatives from the different countries of the world know we have them. What effect will this to-be-historic pilgrimage sent out by our most influential commercial bodies on a British ship have upon the foreign representatives of commerce in their respective countries as regards American commerce and shipping? Let the reader answer. Our British cousins will smile, no doubt, likewise our Latin second cousins, and the shrewd Orientals. Who was it said Great Britain had a lobby here to try to defeat the ship subsidy bill? If it is true they certainly have made a "killing" with the chambers of commerce and boards of commerce of the United States. What was the Shipping Board doing with their high-powered men that they let such important and vital business get away from them? I asked an official of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington, who is a delegate to the Rome Meeting, about this, and called his attention to the fact that this great American organization had given strong endorsement to the ship subsidy bill. He replied that he, personally, as well as other members of the Institution, and some going from the city commercial bodies, prefered to travel on a British ship. "Wet?" I pressed. His answer was amiable, but vague. I then asked an official of the Shipping Board about the matter. He was a bit embarrassed, but after a hesitation sentence said: "The Board didn't have a ship available." This, of course, is rank nonsense. Great Britain always has a ship available where there is any business. And this voyage of our leading representatives of our great commercial interests means far more than the money expended for the trip. These American commercial pilgrims will steam into Italy under the British flag and not under the American flag! Consistency seems to be only a word in Mr. Webster's Dictionary; applied consistency is a jewel, if I may change the old saying: "Consistency thou art a jewel."

Not Government Banks

AS ACADEMIC as it may seem, there is a widespread misunderstanding among the people regarding the Federal Reserve Banks. Repeatedly, we hear men speak of the Reserve Banks as if they think they belong to the government. They do not belong to the government any more than do the National Banks. The Reserve Bank Act divided the United States into Reserve districts and the number of such banks are limited but the number of National Banks that may be organized are not limited, under certain conditions

The Federal Reserve Banks belong to the National and State Banks and Trust Companies that are their members. Uncle Sam has no more ownership in them than he has in National Banks, or other banks. Of the approximately $3 000,000,000 of gold, appearing in the government reports as "being in the Treasury," $2,186,000,000 is in the Reserve Banks and does not belong to the government at all. The government requires the Reserve Banks to have gold back of the Reserve Bank Notes; these notes are, in the language of Treasury officials, simply warehouse receipts against the gold owned by, and held by, the Reserve Banks.

THE investigation of oil companies, which began December 14, is now in full blast before a Sub-Committee of the Committee on Manufactures of the Senate and promises to last for some time. Washington is filled with oil magnates from every oil-producing district of the United States. Senator La Follette is "at the bat" every day, and Smith Brookhart of Iowa wields a club in the Sub-Committee, metaphorically speaking. Many attorneys are here to advise the high officials of the oil companies, under fire. Usually rumors in Washington may be safely discounted fully 85 per cent. But from the tense atmosphere hovering about the city, over this investigation, there is something of a conflagration looked for after consideration of the testimony now being taken. On the surface it involves the privileges given certain oil companies to the "Tea Pot Dome" oil fields in Wyoming but it is more far reaching than this.

THE United States has had armed forces in Germany ever since the Armistice went into effect, November 11, 1918. This government has expended some $300,000,000 for our armed contingent on German soil since that date. But all our soldiers stationed at or near Coblenz have arrived home. Yes, Germany was to have paid the expenses of our armed forces there, but has she? That is another story.

One of Mr. Harding's loudest campaign promises was to get our army out of Germany immediately. It is now nearly two years since Mr. Harding was inaugurated as President. It is not the intention of the "Unofficial Observer" to pass judgment as to whether the President was justified in keeping our soldiers there all this time or not. But it is reasonable to call attention to one of his definite campaign promises. Perhaps he had the best of reasons to change his mind and his policy in this regard from the "outside" view he had before he assumed the Presidential office and came into possession of the "inside" view after he got into office. At any rate, it proves once more that it is easier to make political campaign promises than it is to keep them. If the ordinary man in private business were as neglectful and indifferent of his promises as are our men, as a rule, who are handling the nation's business, the man in private business would soon lose his "commercial rating" and go to pieces.

As to Army in Europe

MANY Republicans in Congress, and out of it, have differed about the policy of keeping a United States Army in Germany. The same may be said of the Democrats. It is safe to say that a large percentage of Republican Senators, Congressmen and politicians are severe in their criticisms of the President for his "lack of decision," not only in regard to our Army on the Rhine, but in all other matters. But politicians are notoriously cowardly and, heretofore, when they talk this way, they often caution you that they are not talking "for publication." But now some Republican Senators and Congressmen speak out very boldly in their criticisms of the President.

When it was announced that France was sending a large army into Germany the decision to remove our Army from there was made immediately. It is interesting that both Germany and France wanted our soldiers to remain there, which is about the only matter they are in concord on.

It is stated "unofficially" that the government is in possession of a report from Roland W. Boyden, this government's "Unofficial Observer" with the Reparations Commission, bearing upon the present crisis in the Ruhr. But the State Department has not seen fit to impart any of the findings of Mr. Boyden to the public. An intelligent public could use information as to German coal and some other matters at this time, and it is the positive opinion of observers here that the people are entitled to the information gathered by Mr. Boyden. He did make the statement in Paris that the terms of the reparations were "impossible."

The German ambassador in Washington has just given out a statement. The German ambassador admits that Germany is in default some 2,000,000 tons of coal on the 1922 account. In other words, Germany should have delivered some 13,000,000 tons of coal but has found that assessment beyond her capacity. In 1921 Germany mined 332,000,000 tons of coal and in 1922 about 335,000,000 tons. This is in excess of her pre-war output. Out of this enormous output Germany has been unable to deliver 13,000,000 tons. Now, we in America are puzzled to understand why Germany could not manage to pinch itself for about four per cent of its coal output to make payments on what is considered a just debt. Mr. Boyden's voluminous reports in possession of the government might give us some light on the subject.

The German ambassador also says that his country is in default "only" 20,000 cubic meters of lumber and 135,000 telegraph poles. Why should there be such an inconsiderably small shortage? There may be good reasons but we do not know them positively. Since the Armistice Germany has built more than 2,000,000 tons of shipping in which much timber must have been used. She is constructing a great deal of housing and has fully restored her railway equipment. In all of this work Germany has undoubtedly used vast quantities of timber. Of course, Germany had to do all of these things in order to exist and pay the reparations. In this construction work Germany has increased her wealth more than $5,000,000,000, it is stated officially.

One year ago the Washington Armament Conference was in session. The Naval "scrapping" treaty entered into by and between the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, as well as other treaties entered into between the five powers named and certain other countries, are all "dead letters" and the conditions are practically the same as if there had been no conference called, only incurring heavy expenses, upon the debt-ridden nations called to Washington. The treaties have no force until they have been ratified by all the signatory powers. It is true that Japan and England have ratified the treaty. The United States Senate has given its consent, but the actual certificate of ratification has never been signed by the Executive. Of course this is a routine matter but what is the use, so long as France and Italy have not ratified the treaty, with the prospect that these two powers never will ratify it? England and Japan have both passed laws prohibiting their shipbuilders from building war ships above 10,000 tons in size to sell to other nations; this under severe penalties of imprisonment and fine. But the United States has enacted no such law. For instance, if the United States had passed such a law no shipbuilder of this country could sell war ships, beyond the limit named, to Argentina or any other country. It looks very much as though England and Japan went into the Five Power Pact in good faith and as far as they could have lived up to its terms. But without unanimous ratification by each and every one of the five powers it has no force whatever as stated. The life of the treaty was 15 years. If, perchance, France and Italy should ratify the treaty in five years from the date the treaty was drawn up at last year's Washington conference, it would have but 10 years to run; if it should be unanimously ratified in 10 years from that date it would have but five years to run. It looks very much as though the Washington conference of a year ago accomplished nothing whatever.

Senate Throws Out Seed

THE Senate decided that it would no longer countenance the yearly waste of $360 000 in the free distribution of seeds. This ends a custom which has endured for half a century. Amid almost tearful and impassionate speeches, on the part of Senators to reinsert the "time honored" seed provision in the appropriation bill, it was voted down and out.

The government, through the Department of Agriculture, always bought the seeds in the open market. They were packed and mailed at public expense. There was always a clamor for them as there is for anything that is given away. Many Senators and Congressmen looked upon Uncle Sam's free seed distribution as having considerable political value for them. They were, as a matter of fact, little more than pleasant remembrances from the politicians who sent them. Senator Heflin, of Alabama, made a vigorous plea to "save the seeds." He spoke for two hours but to no avail.

AGAIN the waste, neglect and carelessness of the public business has been brought to light. Documents relating to every important period of this country's history are stored in every available space in departmental buildings as well as in storage warehouses and rented buildings. A large part of these valuable papers have been lost entirely. In many instances they were stacked in basements and cellars and their location retained only in the memory of employes, many of them with this information, now being dead. An investigation reveals that the most valuable documents are stored, without the least regard for system, on wooden shelves, unprotected from the ravages of insects, rodents or fire. But this gross neglect, on the part of those in authority, cannot any longer be kept covered up.

The sad facts came to light in the plan to construct a National Archives building, in which to store the priceless fundamental documents of the nation. It will be a realization of the Mall development plan, if the proposal recently made to government officials is considered favorably. By substituting the proposed building in place of the three previously planned for the government site between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, Pennsylvania avenue and the Mall line, the archives problem would be solved.

Abrams, After Money-Seeking Trip to East, Branded Faker When Boston Tests Machine

His Refusal to Submit Claims to Investigation Under Scientific Direction Follows Lecture Clean-up

APPROXIMATELY 3,000 persons, many of them women, were gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York City. Dr. Albert Abrams, "The San Francisco Miracle Man," was to lecture and to demonstrate according to the announcement that wonderful "Oscilloclast" by means of which he avers he can tell almost everything except the name and the post office address—and it is on record that he has alleged that he can almost do that—of anyone.

This expectant audience was not the usual type that gathers in Carnegie Hall. It was neither radical nor "intellectual." In the main, it was far more pathetic. In New York, as in all other cities, there are thousands of ill who are seeking a cure and who see in each newly heralded method or device or course the fulfillment of their hopes. Consequently there were many who were victims of disease—women with sunken cheeks and suppressed, but meaningful coughs, young men with unmistakable evidences of blood diseases, a man with a bandage on his face which did not conceal entirely the unpleasant discoloration of cancer and many others with symptoms readable to the layman unaided by an "Oscilloclast."

Physicians were there including able men of their profession who were skeptical but who were not neglecting opportunities to acquire knowledge—one brought his medicine case with him evidently on his way back from a call—writers on medical subjects for technical publications, newspaper writers, several men of considerable scientific attainments, some frank unbelievers, some disciples of ERA—the symbol of the "electronic reactions of Abrams"—and those who were open to conviction.

Judged as a whole, it was almost an ideal audience for the message that Dr. Abrams professed to bring, that is, that he could diagnose hidden disease; that diseases that had been a scourge of humanity need be so no longer; that certain vibrations would disclose the evidence of tuberculosis or cancer or any other disease and that the disease having been ascertained, vibrations could be brought into play to destroy it.

The ballyhoo for this meeting had been perfect. It began even before this man, whom the American Medical Association calls a faker of great magnitude, came to New York. The week before he arrived, he had been interviewed in Chicago and the press association wires carried stories that were duly printed in the New York papers along with announcements of the coming lectures. The Chicago interviews stated in substance that Dr. Abrams was able to tell merely by hand-writing specimens the age, sex and physical condition of the writer and even if he were living or dead. Obviously, the visit of such a wonder was well worth advance preparations.

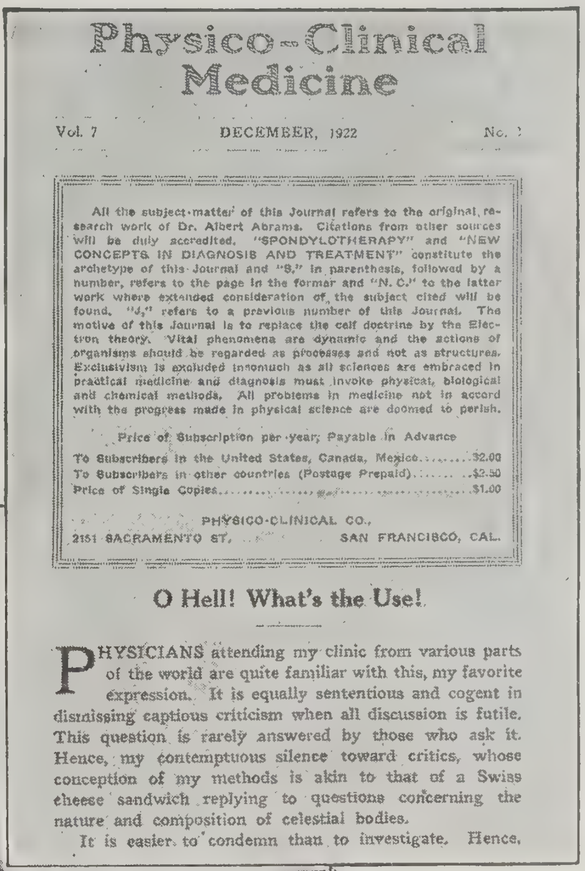
Abrams' residence and office at 2151 Sacramento street, San Francisco. He has just purchased a small hospital farther down toward the business section of San Francisco and is erecting an addition to it. Persons from every one of the seven automobiles shown in this photograph were in Abrams' office, either "taking treatment," or studying his methods when this photo was made. Usually there are more than this number of cars parked in front of his door, to which the arrow points, the building being the low one with the flagstaff surmounting it.

Hence when the doctor and his secretary arrived in New York, everything was in readiness. There was no secret concerning the hotel he had chosen and every city editor in town sent out the best man or woman available. Nor did Dr. Abrams shun his visitors. His door swung open readily and he had ample time for interviews.

Man is an electrical machine, Dr. Abrams told the ladies and gentlemen of the daily press; every organ, every tissue, every drop of blood is teeming with radioactive vibrations. Love, hate, fear, jealousy, each human emotion is only a matter of vibrations. Table tipping, rappings and all other alleged spiritualistic phenomena are due to this same agency and not to spirits.

"A single drop of blood with its billions of electrons is a condensation of the multitudinous vibrations of the human body," said this somewhat roly-poly scientist. "Everything in nature has its natural period rate of vibrations as is shown by the response of the harp to the tuning fork. Disease is merely the expression of a certain vibratory rate. Something with a similar rate can be imposed upon it and destroy it."

Whatever may be said about Dr. Abrams it must be admitted that he is a good judge of news values and knows how to connect his science with timely topics. When he was in Chicago, the Tiernan case in South Bend, Indiana, was engaging the attention of thousands who read the daily newspapers, the parentage of a baby being in question. Dr. Abrams announced that he, if given the opportunity, could settle the matter to the satisfaction of the courts and everyone else concerned. Previously, when there was a similar question in the Stillman case, his interviews had to do with the parentage of that child. A drop of blood would determine it.



Physico-Clinical Medicine

Vol. 7 DECEMBER, 1922 No. [illegible]

All the subject-matter of this Journal refers to the original research work of Dr. Albert Abrams. Citations from other sources will be duly accredited. "SPONDYLOTHERAPY" and "NEW CONCEPTS IN DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT" constitute the archetype of this Journal and "S," in parenthesis, followed by a number, refers to the page in the former and "N. C." to the latter work where extended consideration of the subject cited will be found. "J," refers to a previous number of this Journal. The motive of this Journal is to replace the cell doctrine by the Electron theory. Vital phenomena are dynamic and the actions of organisms should be regarded as processes and not as structures. Exclusivism is excluded insomuch as all sciences are embraced in practical medicine and diagnosis must invoke physical, biological and chemical methods. All problems in medicine not in accord with the progress made in physical science are doomed to perish.

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PHYSICO-CLINICAL CO.,
2151 SACRAMENTO ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

O Hell! What's the Use!

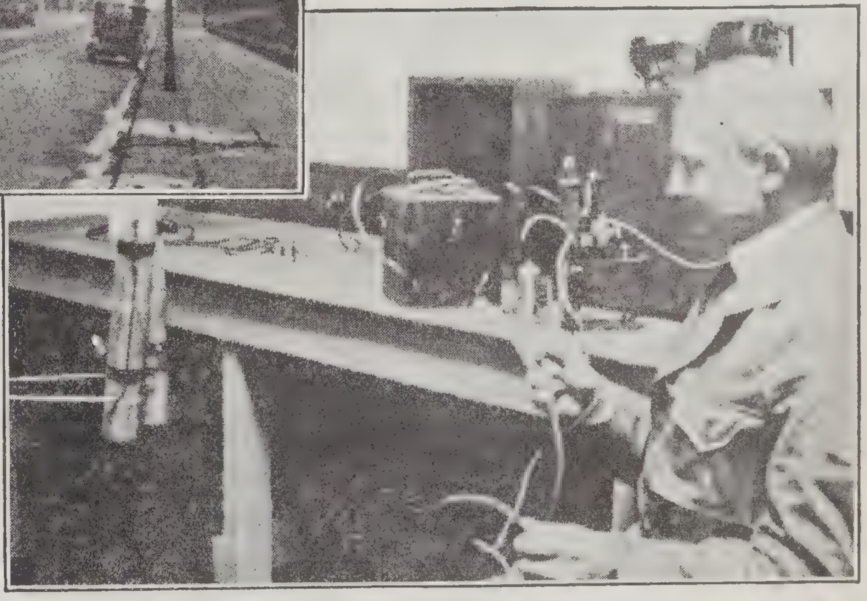
PHYSICIANS attending my clinic from various parts of the world are quite familiar with this, my favorite expression. It is equally sententious and cogent in dismissing captious criticism when all discussion is futile. This question is rarely answered by those who ask it. Hence, my contemptuous silence toward critics, whose conception of my methods is akin to that of a Swiss cheese sandwich replying to questions concerning the nature and composition of celestial bodies.

It is easier to condemn than to investigate. Hence,

The first page of Dr. Albert Abrams quarterly medical journal for which he exacts $2 a year from every one of his patients and "desciples."

When he reached New York, Thomas Lawson, Boston financier, was missing and there were many who were wondering where the broker was. Dr. Abrams said that he could settle that also. If a specimen of Mr. Lawson's handwriting was submitted to him "At Carnegie Hall tomorrow night—the night of his lecture—I will undertake to tell pretty nearly where Mr. Lawson is," he told newspaper men.

The "miracle man" said much more, but there will be reference to his further utterances later as the Carnegie Hall audience has been left waiting long enough now. The result of all the publicity was that enough persons to fill the hall paid their admissions. Some of the more anxious crowded back of the stage to greet the "miracle man" when he entered.



How "treatment" using the Abrams Oscilloclast is taken. Unfortunately for the pretentions of Dr. Abrams, there was also attached an extremely sensitive galvanometer, which showed that no measurable quantity of electricity was passing from the Oscilloclast to the patient. So delicate was the galvanometer used that one man, disconnecting the Oscilloclast, and holding both terminals of the galvanometer, made its needle move, a thing which the Abrams machine could not do. There is more electricity in a handshake than there is in the Oscilloclast.

The time of the lecture arrived but no Dr. Abrams. New York audiences being well trained to lateness and generally late themselves, waited as patiently as possible. At last a young man walked from the wings, put a table in position and on it placed some kind of an apparatus from which wires dangled. These were connected and he disappeared. Almost all eyes rested on that contrivance. Undoubtedly it was the wonderful Oscilloclast by which it could be told whether Johnny loved Mary or the next baby would be a boy or a girl!

Another long wait and a little murmur went through the audience. Dr. Abrams had arrived!

Briskly he brushed through those clustered around the rear door. With him were several professional appearing men—his disciples as was revealed later—and after a short consultation behind the scenes, they advanced on the platform.

At last they were gazing on the "miracle man," the "man of the house of wonders," the man persecuted by the medical profession, the pioneer in a field of science which offered such vast possibilities to sufferers, a man who could drive a bunch of germs into one part of the body, paint them yellow and kill the whole outfit! Even to hardened New York, this was an epochal moment.

True the "miracle man" did not quite typify the character for he did not have the appearance of one who has spent many years delving deep into science, one who has sacrificed and borne heavy burdens that the truth might prevail. A broad-shouldered, rather short, chubby person, with a pink baldish head, with the outward indications of a "good feeder" he was rather more the personification of those who attend conventions of the more convivial brotherhoods than of a man who had all but discovered the great secret of life.

The preceding speakers took considerable time. Naturally their subject was Dr. Abrams and to him they paid glowing tributes; they cited his courage in defying the organized medical profession; they told how over-worked he was and how he was benefiting humanity; how he had fought to establish the ERA and what great benefits this ERA would bring to the world. They described his methods in full; they cited case after case of disease diagnosed with the patients miles and miles away.

The eager listeners were told how by merely placing a drop of blood soaked up by a piece of common blotting paper, into the chamber of an electrical machine, the blood drop being near an electrode, with another electrode connected to the body of a young man, Dr. Abrams could tell the sex, the presence or absence of disease and so on to the parentage of the one who had furnished the blood!

The young man, known as the "subject" was merely an indicator as by tapping on his body—"percussion"—the electrical reaction was tested. When a "dull spot" was found Dr. Abrams had the information he wished.

(Concluded on page 15)

What Censorship Is Doing for Washington Art

Federal Commission Does Much for National Capital by Its Good Advice

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

TO CENSOR or not to censor is the question of the day. Half of America is said to be attempting to regulate how the other half shall live. The regulations on free speech during the World War and the adoption of the prohibition amendment have created a certain amount of resentment against arbitrary legislation. Censorship, however, is not always to be condemned. While one alternative may be tyranny, the other is anarchy. Between the two extremes there is a reasonable middle ground. As an illustration of the value of censorship, there may be considered the experience of the Commission of Fine Arts in Washington, D. C.

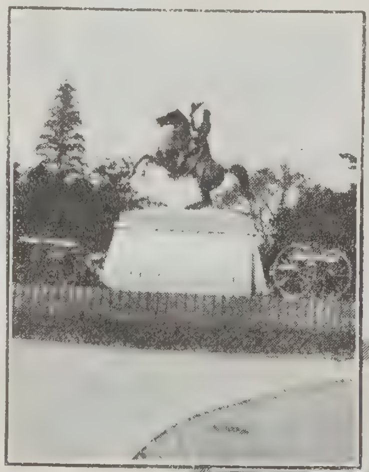
The duties of this commission, which was authorized by Congress in 1910, include not only advising on the location of statues, fountains and monuments erected in the District of Columbia, on the selection of models for statues and similar works of art erected under the authority of the United States, and the method of selection of the artists for their execution, but, in fact, all questions involving matters of art with which the Federal Government is concerned. The members of the commission are appointed by the President of the United States for a period of four years. Before considering what the commission has done it may be well to call to mind the background on which it had to work.

In 1792, Pierre L'Enfant, a French soldier and engineer who came to this country with Lafayette, laid out plans for the development of the capital city under the supervision of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. They were particularly fortunate in the opportunity which lay before them. European capitals had been beautified only after centuries of occupation. Most of them are commercial centers containing factories, warehouses and smoking chimneys. In 1792 Washington was almost a wilderness with no works of man to mar its possibilities.

The plan in the minds of the founders was a combination of simplicity and potential grandeur. The city of the future was conceived to be primarily a seat of government and not a center of commerce. At one end of an axis a capitol building was to be erected as the home of the legislative branch of the government. At the other end of the axis was to be the residence of the Chief Executive. Between the two was to run a broad avenue lined with beautiful buildings and skirted by parks.

Many features of this plan have been carried out, but it lacked one element. It provided no machinery for the supervision of the work. Just as President Harding has insisted that before a soldier bonus is given executive approval, Congress must provide for the means for payment, so George Washington might well have provided for a directing mind behind the impressive plan which he proposed. As a result of a lack of expert supervision over the development of the city, Washington contains frequent examples of poor art and faulty architecture. In Lafayette Park, just across from the White House, stands an equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson. His spirited steed is rearing on its hind legs. Andrew himself is not a striking example of manly beauty and the statue is admittedly inartistic, but it has been allowed to stand until it is now a landmark.

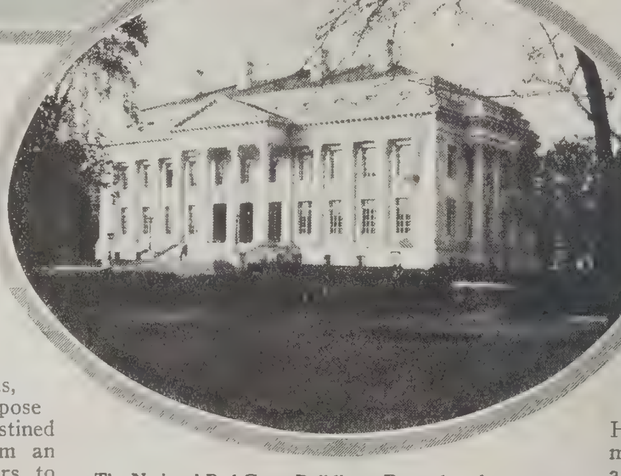
In front of the Federal Court House in Washington there stood until a recent date a statue of Abraham Lincoln. It was placed on a tall column with the result that the great emancipator's feet were the chief objects visible to the passer-by. Some individuals, more courageous than the rest, finally had the "work of art" removed and stored away amid the storming protests of many of the older inhabitants.


Statue of Andrew Jackson in Lafayette Park. This is in full view of any President who steps out on his front porch.

The Commission of Fine Arts was created, therefore, because it was recognized that there was a serious work for it to do. Art and architecture in Washington needed supervision so that future generations might be protected from the monstrosities erected during the current era. In the few years of its existence, the commission has created a permanent place for itself.

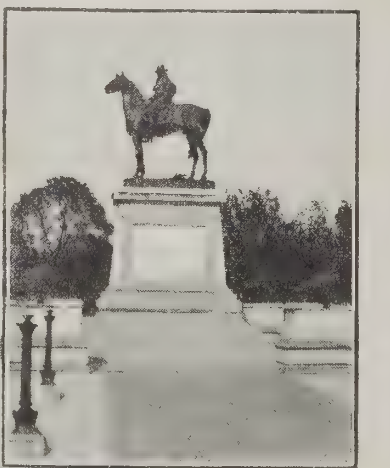
It has supervised the construction of the Lincoln Memorial, which has been called the finest gem of architecture in the New World. It has given advice and counsel in the erection of the Grant Memorial near the Capitol, the Washington City Post Office Building, the Jeanne d'Arc statue, the Red Cross Building, and many other buildings and monuments that have been commented on for their unusual beauty. It is rather a significant fact that the last report issued by the commission showed that it had passed on exactly 1,776 cases. As the year 1776 symbolizes American independence, so does the work of the commission stand for a new liberty in the field of art and architecture, an independence from false standards of municipal planning.

The Lincoln Memorial is a cameo in marble erected under the supervision of the National Commission of Fine Arts.


The National Red Cross Building. Erected to the memory of the heroic women of the Civil War. A fine example of the type of architecture fostered by the National Commission of Fine Arts.

One of the most difficult questions which the commission is called on to solve concerns the memorials to the participants in the World War. As soon as any great conflict is completed there is a desire to honor the victors. The signing of the armistice was the signal for the erection in many places in America of hastily conceived and poorly designed tablets, statues and fountains, erected for the ostensible purpose of honoring the dead, but destined to be severely criticized from an artistic viewpoint in the years to come. Many statues of American "dough boys" resemble the dough far better than they do the boys.

In Washington there will be no such memorials. The commission stands guarding the way. It takes the position that "art is long and time is fleeting" and that a far more satisfactory conclusion regarding memorials will be reached after months and perhaps years of deliberation. In its own words, "The commission believes that in time the issues of the war and its results and ideals will detach themselves from the confusion and conflicting emotions of the present and that the artist will be able to express something higher and more enduring than the incidents of strife and costumes of fighting men."


The Grant statue in the Botanical Gardens in Washington. The second largest equestrian statue in the world.

The Dupont Memorial Fountain in Washington, D. C., designed by Daniel Chester French and Henry Bacon. A beautiful fountain but a dry one, due to a depleted water supply.

Since the close of the World War, requests have been made for permission to erect in Washington a monument representing "Labor in the World War" to be 56 feet high and 12 feet in diameter, to weigh 350 tons and to cost $700,000; another proposal is to erect a memorial to the Negro soldiers and sailors; another to build a huge auditorium as a memorial to all our fighting men and, finally, a proposal to set up a tablet commemorating the services and sufferings of the 243,133 horses and mules employed overseas by the American Expeditionary Forces. And the war ended only four years ago!

The commission invites attention to the fact that the Grant Monument, west of the Capitol, has just been dedicated, although more than 50 years have passed since the Civil War. In this interval there has been an opportunity to plan a worthy memorial and the result is that the new statue meets with enduring architectural standards.

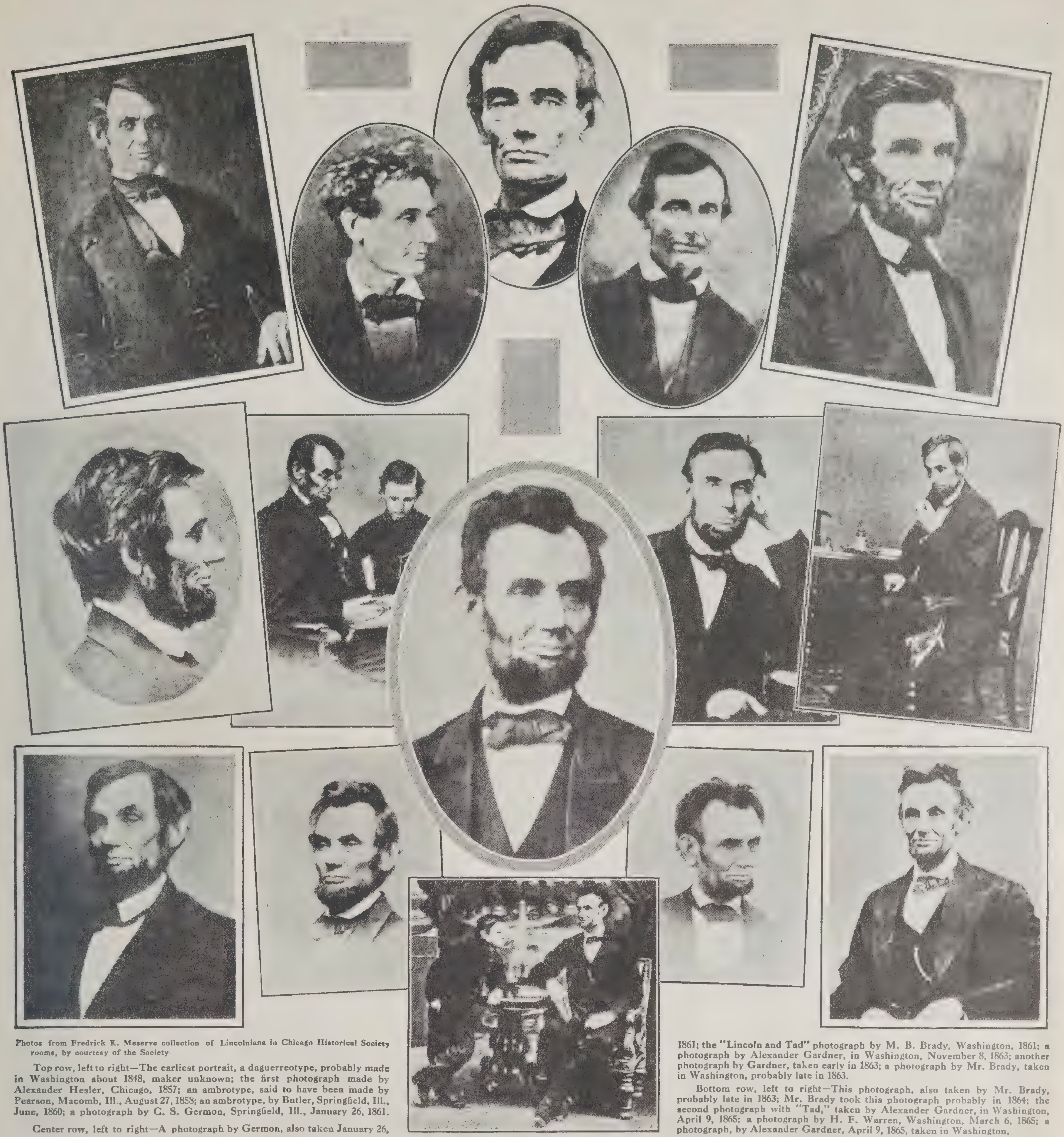
The commission has jurisdiction over the monuments which are erected in Arlington National Cemetery. The War Department has adopted certain general regulations governing the memorials there, but the commission is called on to pass on all important questions of policy. The result will be that in the years to come Arlington will be one of the largest and most impressive military cemeteries in the world. More than 1,000,000 veterans of the World War are eligible to choose Arlington as their final resting place and on the commission devolves the tremendously important duty of preserving this sacred spot in all its beauty.

Another of its obligations is to pass on all coins and medals which are issued by the United States Government. In the past our coins have been subjected to rather cynical criticism. The designs on them have ranged from Indians and Goddesses of Liberty to screaming eagles. American coins have had a tendency to be vociferous. It has been remarked that the eagle by which the Congressional Medal of Honor is suspended looks more like a chicken than an eagle.

It is only natural that in its work it has encountered some little opposition. Art is a matter of opinion and its standards are not firmly fixed. We have only to recall the controversies which have raged in American art circles in recent years over Barnard's "Lincoln" and MacMonnies' "Civic Virtue" to realize the type of problems the commission has been called on to face. It has succeeded with a minimum of friction. Perhaps this has been due in large part to the fact that it is composed of a group of recognized experts who have passed far beyond the amateur stage and who know art not merely from the twentieth century viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of the centuries.

It has included in its membership such men as Daniel H. Burnham, chief of construction of the Columbian Exposition; Frederick Law Olmsted, president of the American Society of Landscape Architects; Daniel Chester French, dean of American sculptors; Cass Gilbert, architect of the Woolworth Building; Thomas Hastings, member of the firm that designed the New York Public Library; Henry Bacon, architect of the Lincoln Memorial; James E. Fraser, sculptor, best known for his statue, "The End of the Trail," and thus the list might be prolonged. The membership of the commission has been such as to inspire public confidence in the sanity of its judgments.

The commission is not resting on its laurels. It has a program mapped out which will take years to complete, but which will add immeasurably to the beauty of Washington. Among its projects is an archives building to house the invaluable historic documents belonging to the United States. Up until a very recent date the original Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States rested in a small safe in the State Department, constantly menaced by the possibility of fire. Congress has as yet refused to furnish the money, but its erection is only a matter of time.



Photos from Fredrick K. Meserve collection of Lincolniana in Chicago Historical Society rooms, by courtesy of the Society.

Top row, left to right—The earliest portrait, a daguerreotype, probably made in Washington about 1848, maker unknown; the first photograph made by Alexander Hesler, Chicago, 1857; an ambrotype, said to have been made by Pearson, Macomb, Ill., August 27, 1858; an ambrotype, by Butler, Springfield, Ill., June, 1860; a photograph by C. S. Germon, Springfield, Ill., January 26, 1861.

Center row, left to right—A photograph by Germon, also taken January 26, 1861; the "Lincoln and Tad" photograph by M. B. Brady, Washington, 1861; a photograph by Alexander Gardner, in Washington, November 8, 1863; another photograph by Gardner, taken early in 1863; a photograph by Mr. Brady, taken in Washington, probably late in 1863.

Bottom row, left to right—This photograph, also taken by Mr. Brady, probably late in 1863; Mr. Brady took this photograph probably in 1864; the second photograph with "Tad," taken by Alexander Gardner, in Washington, April 9, 1865; a photograph by H. F. Warren, Washington, March 6, 1865; a photograph, by Alexander Gardner, April 9, 1865, taken in Washington.

A Photographic Study of the Moods of Lincoln

WAS Abraham Lincoln the man of sorrows he has been pictured? Was he a happy-go-lucky fellow, who joked with his Cabinet officers, while the most serious events in the life of the nation were occurring? Was he always generous, indulgent, calm and strong?—or have we conventionalized him—standardized him, so to speak, to one spiritual portrait, as we tend to standardize him to one style of physical portrait?

A study of Lincoln's photographs shows that he experienced the gamut of emotions common to humanity; he was happy, on occasion, and at other times glum; often worried, and frequently sad, and it is known that he spent much time in earnest study. Of the countless engravings and paintings made of Lincoln during his life, many were mere caricatures, overdone or underdone. Photographs show him as he was. The unimaginative camera caught the subtle expressions that artists had failed to portray.

The first photographs of Lincoln were daguerreotypes, then came ambrotypes, and finally, paper prints from glass negatives. Daguerreotypes were first made in 1839. The process consisted of a highly polished silver surface, usually on a copper plate, chemically treated to receive the image in the camera. It was a slow process when first introduced, and required several minutes of self-control on the part of the subject before the portrait was fixed upon the plate. Only one portrait could be made from an exposure, so that, while the result was very beautiful in the perfection of details, it was too expensive a method to permit of general use. The first portrait accompanying this article was taken by the daguerreotype method. Apparently, the photographer has resorted to the use of a head rest to help his subject hold a pose.

The look of lively interest in his surroundings is nowhere in any of Lincoln's pictures more noticeable than in this, his earliest known photograph. It was taken in 1848, in Washington, while he was a Representative in Congress from Illinois. The tremendous strain of public responsibility had not yet placed its mark upon his features, his face had not yet become wrinkled and careworn. He was youthful and his optimism is clearly evident.

Lincoln was always willing to oblige friends and photographers by sitting for photographs, although it is never evident that he had made special personal preparations for the occasion.

A friend of Mr. Lincoln's once made arrangements for a sitting with a photographer in Chicago, so that members of the bar could get prints. Lincoln said at the time that he did not know why the boys wanted such a homely face. When he appeared at the studio, to keep the appointment, the photographer insisted on smoothing down his hair, but not liking the result, in a carefree schoolboy spirit of recklessness he ran his fingers through it before sitting. The result of this action can be seen in the second photograph.

The third portrait in the series herewith given was made in Illinois. He appears, in this picture, of a saintly, almost ascetic character; greatly sobered and very serious—almost haggard, as if with prophetic foreboding of the task before him. Someone has said, "Lincoln was not fit to be President until he became President." In this photograph we see Lincoln of Illinois in transition to Lincoln of the world and the ages. The task was descending on him. He was beginning to feel the cruel weight of his glorious mantle.

In the fourth portrait the shadow seems to have deepened. There is almost a hint of pain about the eyes. Lincoln! So simple, and so inscrutable!

Photographs numbered 3, 4 and 5, should be studied together. The number five shows an emergence into a higher atmosphere of trust and hope—an atmosphere which was not natural to Lincoln's temperament, but which he deliberately inhabited as for the saving of

(Concluded on page 15)

Let's Put Our House in Order, Women Cry

One-piece Pattern May Replace Marriage-Divorce Crazy Quilt If General Federation Endorsement of Proposed Legislation Prevails

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THE women are aroused, and justly so. Possessing more power than ever before, they want to put our house, the government, in order. Just now they want to clean house by throwing out our crazy quilt of marriage-divorce laws to replace it with a new style of utter plainness. And every red-blooded man should say "Amen!"

The General Federation of Women's Clubs both preaches and practices its motto, "To promote all movements looking toward the betterment of life." It holds that the stability of our national family life is now menaced by the inadequacy, diversity and contradiction of our multitudinous statutes dealing with the formation and dissolution of the social contract.

"We endorse," it announced last June during its biennial session at Lake Chautauqua, New York, "the movement for a national uniform marriage and divorce law which shall prevent hasty and ill-considered marriages, preclude interstate confusion, and insure proper justice to all members of the family when divorce is necessary."

But the organization did more than just that, matching the words with action. Mrs. Edward Franklin White, the Federation's legislative chairman and deputy attorney-general of Indiana, prepared such a measure. It is being introduced into the state assemblies at the present time, and Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, will sponsor it later in Congress.

Would End Divorce Tangles

I HAVE the proposed act before me now. It has 37 sections, comprises 16 long pages of double-spaced typing and leaves not even the shadow of a doubt on the score of completeness. It slows the process of marriage, also that of divorce which cannot be granted without the interlocutory decree attached or sooner than 60 days. Mrs. White personally wished the measure more drastic, but wisdom dictated a certain degree of moderation.

"The only change that I favor," she told me, "is the waiting of six months before a divorce proceedings could be brought to trial after filing. A judge who had tried 3,000 divorce cases informed me the practical objection to this requirement was the inability to keep witnesses for that length of time, and it did not seem to me of sufficient importance to make any special fight for it."

She is, however, for all of the other requirements in the bill, both as to marriage and divorce; and she will contend for them if they are attacked or any serious amendments are proposed. As the act now stands it so nearly presents her own ideas that she would not consent to the making of any provision either more rigid or more lenient.

The current chaotic situation with regard to the matter of divorce will be clarified if the proposed measure becomes the law of the land. South Carolina will permit the filing of such cases, and no longer will it prohibit dissolution of the marriage tie. New York, which now recognizes one valid ground for divorce and that the least desirable to self-respecting citizens, will be more rational henceforth. The states that are now absurdly loose in giving decrees will find themselves brought sharply into line.

Five Causes Are Listed

THE five causes listed are adultery, abandonment or failure to provide, conviction of an infamous crime, incurable insanity and cruel and inhuman treatment. The last of these specifies that the offense may be "either mental or physical"; thus it embraces that refined and sarcastic kind of demeanor or studied indifference which some states have not recognized heretofore. Abandonment or failure to provide must have been extended over a period of one year or more. Childlessness and habitual drunkenness, now entertained as just causes in approximately five-sixths of our states, have been omitted from the proposed national measure.

"Upon the granting of a divorce," the thirty-third section stipulates, "an interlocutory decree shall be entered in favor of the plaintiff, which shall become final only after the lapse of a year, and entry thereof upon the record of the court by the judge of the said court. Until such decree shall become final, neither party may marry another."

There may be some opposition to this provision because of its inflexibility; yet if the length of the interval were left discretionary with the judge hearing the case, the law would probably be abused. The rights of the unborn must be protected. In some instances persons who have been separated for a number of years are parties to a suit; in such cases the need for the restriction seems less apparent. The interlocutory decree has the commendable feature, however, of operating as a stay or preventive of hasty remarriage inspired by infatuation; but it is doubtful whether the compulsion results in a net good or in making for immorality.

Under the act any marriage contracted within the year could be accomplished only through falsifying under oath, and the offender can "be punished by a fine of not less than $100 or more than $500, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment." The marriage of a person in defiance of the injunction is now somewhat of an anomaly. Has he committed bigamy? Usually the judge dissolves the second marriage and attaches a fine for contempt of court.

The enforced delay of 60 days between the filing of the suit and the trial provides an interval during which the parties may think the situation over and possibly decide to adjust their disagreements. It largely removes the factor of impulsiveness, and thereby exerts an influence distinctly toward maintenance of our family life. The newspapers would be deprived of such juicy morsels as "the decree was granted within 24 hours after the suit had been filed," this particular bit being the aftermath of an action brought by an actress producer of motion pictures last June but only recently revealed.

Evasion of our present patchwork of laws can be accomplished now by moving from one state into some other. Thus we are treated daily to the spectacle of the law deliberately flouted; this contemptuous procedure elevates neither our ethics nor morals, nor does it make us better as American citizens. The new bill says that decrees shall be effective in every other state.

The marriage portion of the proposed national measure places the minimum ages of the applicants at 18 for the man and 16 for the woman; licenses may not be issued to parties that are younger. A man of 21 and a woman of 18 or more years may obtain a license on their own responsibility; if either of the parties is below these legal ages, he or she is a minor and must obtain the consent of the parents or guardian or curator.

First Cousins Can't Wed

"NO LICENSE to marry," reads section five, "shall be issued to one who is at the time married, or under the age limit, or an imbecile, pauper, epileptic, or afflicted with tuberculosis or a venereal disease, or where the applicants are members of different races."

First cousins and persons of nearer degrees of consanguinity or affinity are prohibited from marrying. Some states now permit this type of sure deterioration.

Application for a marriage license must have been made by one of the parties "at least two weeks before the license shall be issued." In cases involving extraordinary circumstances or constituting an emergency the judge of the court may suspend this rule.

"No license shall be issued," the bill sets forth, "unless both of the contracting parties shall personally appear before and be identified to the satisfaction of the proper marriage license clerk, who shall further require of the parties, either separately or together, a statement under oath relative to the legality of the contemplated marriage as required by section five, the date of the same, the names, relationship, if any, physical and mental condition, age, race, nationality, residence, and occupation of the parties, the names of the parents, guardians or curators of such as are under the age of legal majority, any prior marriage or marriages of the parties, or either of them, and the manner of the dissolution thereof; and if there be no legal objection thereto, such marriage license clerk shall issue a marriage license in the form herewith prescribed."

Enemy Could Interfere

IF YOU are expecting a wedding, you had better ring the bells now and avoid the revelations that this uniform measure exacts. It will be rather embarrassing to give the many facts asked, all of which are open to the public; it may be still more embarrassing to know that any one may register his objection to your intent and possibly thwart it entirely. An enemy could interfere in a disagreeable fashion, as the following paragraph clearly shows:

"Immediately upon receipt of an application for a license, the marriage license clerk shall enter the same on the public record and shall post in his office a notice giving the names and residences of the parties applying therefor, and the date of the application. Any person believing that the statements of the application are false or insufficient, or that the applicants or either of them are incompetent to marry, may file with the court having probate jurisdiction in the county in which the license is applied for, a petition under oath, setting forth the grounds of the objection to the marriage, and asking for a rule upon the parties making such application to show cause why the license should not be refused. Whereupon, said court, if satisfied that the grounds of objection are *prima facie* valid, shall issue a rule to show cause as aforesaid, returnable as the court may direct, but not more than 10 days from and after the date of said rule, which rule shall be served forthwith upon the applicants for such license, and upon the clerk before whom such application shall have been made, and shall operate as a stay upon the issuance of the license until further ordered. If, upon hearing, the objections be sustained, the court shall make an order refusing the license, the costs to rest in the discretion of the court; but if the objections be overruled, the party or parties filing the same shall be liable for all costs of the proceedings."

I said that this bill is explicit. The preceding section seems complete; there is probably no doubt as to its meaning, but the author does not take anything for granted, as it were. She continues with a further stipulation:

"The marriage license clerk shall provide a suitable book to be called the marriage license docket, and shall keep the same in his office among his records and enter therein immediately upon application a complete record of the applications for, and the issuing of all marriage licenses, and of all matters which he is required by this act to ascertain relative to the rights of any person to obtain a license. The said marriage license docket shall be open for inspection or examination by the public at any and all times during the office hours."

Residence Is Simplified

THE matter of residence is simplified. When the parties desiring to wed live within the state where the application is made, it shall be made to the clerk of the county "in which one of the parties resides." If nonresidents want to try the rôles of husband and wife, the application must be made to the "clerk of the county where the marriage ceremony is to be performed." Residents may wed anywhere within the state. The marriage must be solemnized within one year from the date of the license; for the latter is null and void after 365 days.

Two competent witnesses must be present at the solemnization and hear the declaration of the parties that they take each other as husband and wife. These witnesses are required in addition to the officiating person, who may be any one now authorized by the laws of the state to perform the ceremony, and regardless of customs, rules and regulations of any religious society, denomination or sect.

The bill combines severeness and strictness with lenity. For example, it requires the personal appearance of the parties before the marriage license clerk, but provides this alternative:

"Or, the parties intending marriage may, either separately or together, appear before any clerk of court, magistrate, or justice of the peace of the county wherein either of the contracting parties resides, or of the county where the marriage is to be performed, who shall require of them a statement under oath relative to the legality of the contemplated marriage as required by section five; and such statements having been duly subscribed and sworn to, and the parties having been duly identified, shall be forwarded to the proper marriage clerk, who, if satisfied after an examination thereof, that the same is in proper legal form, and that no legal objection to the contemplated marriage exists, shall issue a license therefor."

Clerk Subject to Fine

THE license clerk, however, may have a hard lot under the provisions of the bill. It is severe and strict unto him; he must step carefully or suffer the consequences. If he knowingly issues a license in violation of the act, he may be punished by a fine of $100 to $500, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment. If he fails to record a license in the docket or to file the certificate returned to him by the officiating person or to keep the docket open for public inspection or prohibits any person making a copy of the entries, he may be fined $50; and if the poor fellow fails to return annually to the board of health of the state a statement of marriage licenses, the facts contained and the number of certificates received, he will be fined double the foregoing amount.

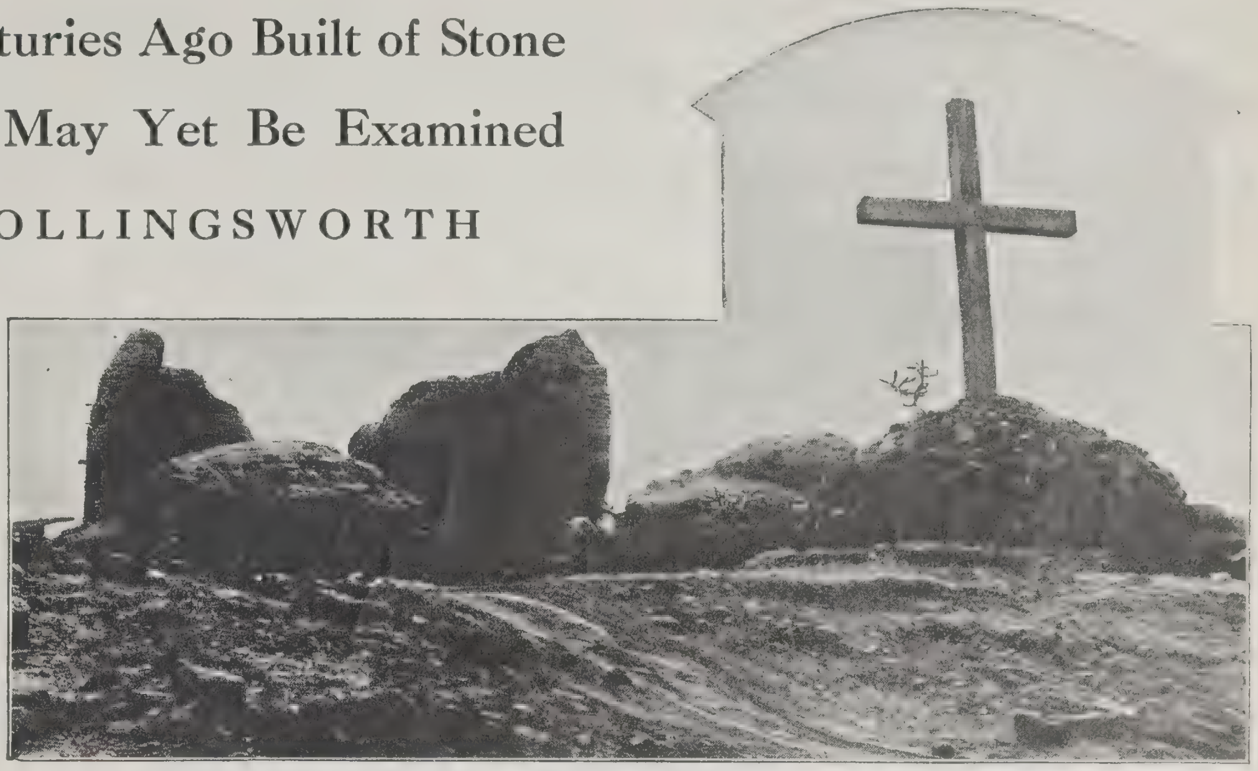
The Federation's measure has a full set of teeth. Any violator may be fined $500 and imprisoned a year, except in the case of minor offenses by the clerk.

I have quoted this bill at some length, inasmuch as a determined and sustained effort will be made to put it through Congress. If you dislike it, you should register your objections with your Representative and Senators; if you like it, urge them to vote for it. It is regarded by many as the best piece of marriage-divorce legislation ever proposed. The divorce evil, which really is a marriage evil, can be effectively dealt with, it is held, only when the nation makes the law of each state and the law of the land, in respect to these subjects, identical.

Explorers Find Pecos, Lost City of the Pueblos

Architects of Centuries Ago Built of Stone and Their Work May Yet Be Examined

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH



Explorations in the ancient city of Pecos, New Mexico. Ruins of the old Spanish mission, built three years before the Pilgrims set foot in America.

AN APARTMENT building that housed 10,000 persons and that was old when Columbus discovered America! Such was the Pueblo community of Pecos, now being explored and that has been unearthed by an expedition from Phillips-Andover Academy, headed by Professor A. W. Kidder, chief of the department of archeology at that institution.

Few persons who have traveled to California up the steep grade of Glorietta Pass in New Mexico have dreamed that almost within sight of the train are the ruins of what was once the largest city in America north of the Rio Grande, and surpassed in size only by the Aztec city of Mexico—a city that was old when Columbus discovered the fringes of the American continent. That city was Pecos, inhabited by the strongest group of Pueblo Indians in the whole Southwest, which meant, in Columbus' time, the largest number of human beings living in one place, for throughout North America, outside of Mexico, the people were mostly hunters and farmers, dwelling in small and widely scattered communities.

Pecos, now, however, is a ruin, and has been so for 100 years, lost to sight, and practically unknown. But before that it had a long and eventful history, part of which has been gleaned from the records of the old Spanish conquerors and colonists, and part of which has been reconstructed by the Andover expedition. To recover this lost history, to piece together the bits of evidence to be derived from the ruins, and to study the life and arts of this now extinct tribe, is one of the tasks to which these archeologists have set themselves.

The ruins lie on the Pecos River, not quite 30 miles from Santa Fe and directly on the route of the old Santa Fe trail. They cover the flat summit of a low, steep-sided ridge of limestone that runs like a thin tongue into the valley. This site was picked by the Pueblos because of its strategic value. It could easily be defended, and there was the whole fertile valley below for their farms and flocks, such as they had. It was concentrated in a locality well supplied with water. The chronicler of the Spanish expedition which came across the city found a four-storied town, with nearly 2,500 warriors, which would represent around 10,000 human beings. He described it as square, with a large court or yard in the middle, containing the estufas. One could walk all over the whole top of the town, without a street to hinder. The houses had no doors below, no more than any of the other smaller pueblos, but the terraces were reached by ladders.

For 200 years, or until about the time of the American Revolution, the Pecos people enjoyed great prosperity, and then were gradually decimated by the warlike Commanches, from the Great Plains. The foregoing covers only the last three centuries of the town's existence, however. For at least 1,000 years before that, and possibly longer, the mesa swarmed with people, working and building, adding to the curious civilization that was growing up among the Indians of the Southwest.

Their town was nothing more than a huge apartment house in which each family had its own little group of rooms. The rooms were small, averaging 6 by 10 feet. with hard packed clay floors and heavily beamed ceilings. The upper rooms were set back from those below; the apartments on the ground floor being cut off from all light and being used only for storage. Even the outer and upper rooms had no windows.

When the excavating of the expedition began, Pecos was nothing but a heap of tumbled ruins—building stones. In four years of work the picks and shovels of the gangs of workmen have made but little impression on the huge pile, but thousands of specimens have been recovered, and much has been learned of the daily lives of the people.

These old Pueblos were bold architects. They built solidly of stone and adobe; but they did not understand some of the vital principles of good masonry. Worst of all, they were not particular as to foundations, and often erected new sections on the unleveled ruins of the old ones. This happened again and again during the long life of the town; so that the archeologists often found the remains of as many as four distinct buildings, one below the other.

This sort of "Jerry construction," of course, sometimes led to catastrophes. Evidence of one was found last summer. A whole section of the pueblo wall had given way, crushing a series of nine or 10 living rooms in its fall. The owners evidently had enough warning to save themselves, for no skeletons were found, but there had been no time for salvage, and the entire contents of the rooms were recovered. There were cooking jars, water vessels, grinding and cooking slabs, stone implements, bone tools, and the complete paraphernalia of some old priest; some 30 buffalo horns, pierced at the tips to hold sacred plumes; 12 bone flutes, a wooden headdress, several carved and painted ceremonial wands, two large, elaborately sculptured pipes and a small jar full of shell ornaments.

Another room showed a double row of white human hand prints, big and little, slapped on the smooth surface of a beam. Evidently the Pueblos kept a family record of hand prints, for each size represented a different person, the print being made by daubing the hand with some kind of white paint.

While much is being learned from the rooms as they are being uncovered, more is being learned from the great heaps of rubbish that slope away from the ruins on all sides, the product of century after century of house cleaning, in some places extending to a depth of more than 20 feet. They are full of animal bones, broken implements and literally millions of fragments of broken pottery.

The study of this pottery has been the most important work at Pecos, for this Pueblo art never stood still. There was constant change of shape, color and decoration, and the growth and decline of styles can be read with a certainty that is possible nowhere else in the Southwest, for nowhere else had a town been occupied so long, nor any other rubbish heaps so perfectly and evenly stratified. At the very bottom are the oldest wares, made probably many centuries ago, decorated with purely geometric designs. Then came in glossy paints, striking in effect and hard to control in firing, and the patterns accordingly changed from the severe geometric to freer and more naturalistic styles. Crude human faces appear, as do conventional forms of birds.

They also buried their dead in the rubbish heaps, not from lack of reverence, but because the Pueblos liked to keep their dead near their homes, and the hard rock of the mesa presented too much of a problem in grave digging.

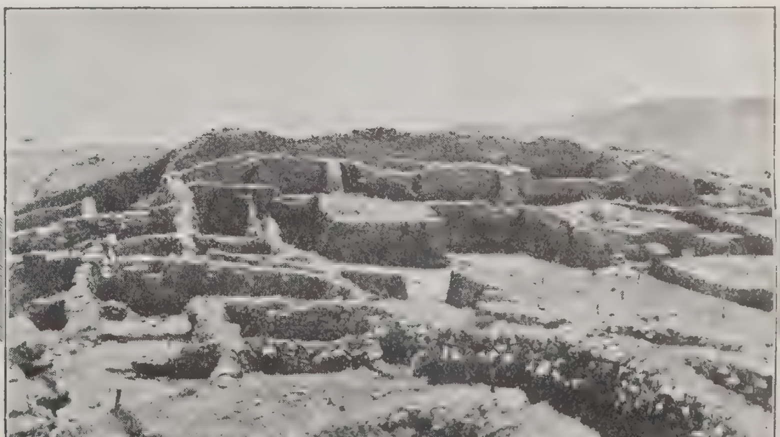
When a skeleton is found, it is carefully cleaned with trowel and brush, each bone being kept in its original position. Buried with one large skeleton, found in the usual position on his side, arms and legs drawn up tightly to the body, was found a large pottery dish, painted with a bold symbolic figure of birds and rain clouds. At his waist lay a tubular pipe, long and straight like a cigar holder.

Once the expedition uncovered a shallow pit heaped with the bones of a dozen men and women whose bodies must have been cut to pieces, for the bones were partly in natural order, partly scattered through the pile. Another mystery is the occasional grave found of a tall male of a different type from the lightly built Pecos. These have massive jaws and heavy brow ridges.

Often the work of scraping away in a pueblo room the accumulated dust and dirt is done with a heavy spoon, that no rare and valuable fragments may be further broken.

Careful notes and measurements are kept of every room opened, and frequent photographs are made. Careful data is kept of all the finds of implements, pottery, and so on, as to the strata in which they were found, and this is filed for reference when the shipments are unpacked and classified at the academy museum.

Explorations in the ancient city of Pecos, New Mexico. Excavating the ruins of the mission church, built by the Indians under the direction of the Spaniards.



A section of the ancient Pueblo city of Pecos, New Mexico. Excavations on the north terrace, the earliest settlement in the foreground; historic quadrangle behind it.

How Bond Issues Have Dried Up Cincinnati's Wealth

Concluded from page 3

as of December 31, 1922, are $4,156,185.60. The administration of the city government costs approximately $8,000 000 a year. So that the interest charge against the city is more than half as much as the city government costs. For each man, woman and child of the city $10 a year must be paid for interest on bonds and $20 each, per year, for the city government. This makes a total per capita city tax of about $30 yearly.

Cincinnati has a dual municipal government in that the board of education is independent of and distinct from the mayor and other city hall officials. The reason for doing this, some years ago, was to get the schools out of the curse of "City Hall" politics. The funds for the support of the schools are raised and managed entirely by the board of education. The present debt of the city (1922), as named above, includes the $8,526,000 bonded indebtedness of the board of education. In 1921 the board of education was obliged to issue $900,000 of certificates of indebtedness *at five and one-half per cent interest* for money with which to pay the $500 per year increase of salary for each of 1,800 teachers. The teachers organized and threatened to strike unless their salaries were increased to conform to the higher cost of living.

Hamilton County, of which Cincinnati is the county seat, has a population outside of Cincinnati of 92,431 or less than one-fifth of the county's inhabitants. In addition to the city debt the county has $7,000,000 of bonds outstanding. These run from 10 to 50 years and draw interest of from four to five per cent. This brings the total debt of city and county up to $110,113,149.62.

In 1913-14 county bonds were authorized to the extent of $2 950,000 for money with which to build a new court house. The magnificent building was completed in 1919. After the contractors' bids were accepted and they had given bonds for the faithful performance of their contracts, the war began and the prices of material and labor went soaring to unheard-of prices. The politicians and the officials saw to it that the contractors made an iron-clad agreement to employ only union labor, which it was next to impossible to get in 1917-18. Practically every contractor and sub-contractor on the county building went broke. There were 143 strikes during the construction of the building. If the contracts had been made in 1917 and 1918 instead of four years before, the magnificent building could not have been built for less than $6 000.000 instead of slightly less than $3,000 000 which it cost. This is one instance, at least, where the contractors of a public building had no charges for graft made against them. The court house bonds carry an interest charge of $145.000 a year. The term of the bonds is 30 years. *The total interest will amount to $4,350,000, which will make the $3,000,000 court house cost $7,350,000.*

Such is the method by which the borrowing and bonding system loads cities with debts that destroy them.

Among the purchasers and holders of the city, county and board of education bonds in Cincinnati are such brokers' and bankers' names as: A. Netter & Company, Rudolph Kleybolte & Company, Albert Kleybolte & Company, Seasongood, Mayer & Company, Weil, Roth & Company, J. C. Mayer & Company, Field, Richards & Company, A. B. Leach & Company, and a number of Cincinnati banks, as well as several New York banks.

The "Smith Law" enacted by the state legislature in 1911 was a deliberate attempt to stop the mad bonding practice prevalent among Ohio cities. Under this "Smith Law" the tax levy cannot go beyond one per cent, or 10 mills.

The "City Hall" politicians are naturally very severe in their criticism of the "Smith Law." They take a shot of words at the venerable Judson Harmon, who as governor signed the "Smith Bill." I spoke to former Governor Harmon about the matter. He is now practicing law in Cincinnati and understands the serious financial condition of the city, as a municipality, and the stupid debt-making that has been practiced for generations.

Governor Harmon said: "When I signed the 'Smith Bill' as governor in 1911, I felt sure it was a good and a much-needed law to check the reckless extravagance and mismanagement, and worse, in the cities of the state. And I would sign it again if I were in the same position."

Always resourceful, the "City Hall" politicians began issuing "Deficiency Bonds" which they sold for cash to make up what money they thought they needed in plenty. There are millions of these bonds outstanding. They pay a fine rate of interest to the speculators in Cincinnati's distress, but they don't permanently help Cincinnati. As long as the "City Hall" crowd had the power to issue "Deficiency Bonds" they did not worry much about the restrictions of the famous "Smith Law."

But on one fine day there drifted into Columbus one of those confounded "country boys" who had broken into the state legislature out in his home county. His name is Griswold. He framed a bill which was enacted into law. *It prohibited the cities of the state from issuing "Deficiency Bonds."* This is called the "Griswold Law" and any reference to it by a "City Hall" politician leaves a very bad taste in his mouth, judging from the way he squirms. This law went into effect early in 1922. It completely blocked the game of the "City Hall" crowd of Cincinnati. *They could not issue any more of the city's obligations and pile millions more each year on top of the already one hundred million debt.* Their job was to run the city within its income, and this they have failed to do. It would be an easy matter, even today, to sell the city's bonds, general, "Deficiency" or assessment bonds to such brokers and bankers as Kleybolte, Mayer, Roth, Weil and others, and thus get money with which to carry the city's establishments, pay the interest and to redeem the maturing bonds that are constantly being presented for payment. But the "country boys" of the legislature at Columbus said an emphatic "No! you stop right here, you'll get along on your tax allowance or you'll blow up!"

That, in effect, is what the state legislature told the lobbyists of the "City Hall" crowd who were at the legislative sessions to defeat the "Smith Bill" and the "Griswold Bill" and to "save Cincinnati." It looks as if the one way to "save Cincinnati" is to save her the $4,156,185 in interest which she is compelled to pay every year. City managers, like any other manager, are up against the job of learning how to make the business support itself.

Aerial photograph, U. S. Army Air Service, Engineering Division, Dayton, Ohio.
Cincinnati from the air.

In addition to general bonds and "Deficiency Bonds," Cincinnati sold large issues of assessment bonds, which is a custom in many boss-directed cities. This is actually farming out the taxpayers of given streets and districts, mortgaging their tax-payments ahead of time.

The home owners were already burdened with the general taxes, and in many cases were unable to pay the assessments against their property in a lump sum. So the "City Hall" politicians were "kind" to them by splitting the assessments up into 10 equal annual payments, which were sold for the much-needed cash by *a much higher rate* if the property holders defaulted in any annual payment.

Assessment bonds were issued against these assessments, which were sold for the much-needed cash by the "City Hall." Of course, all this was done "according to law." At times these bonds were sold at par, but it was rarely that they brought a premium. More often there was a slight discount. Thus the people of Cincinnati have had additional burdens placed upon them.

To sum up, Cincinnati is almost out of ready cash and the city cannot borrow any more, unless the state legislature changes existing laws, which would only mean permission for the city to go still more deeply into debt. This, however, seems doubtful.

"Meanwhile, what is Cincinnati going to do?" That is the question the people of the "Queen City" are asking but they have found no one who is able to answer it.

When the prohibition law went into effect three years ago Cincinnati lost more than $1,000,000 a year in saloon licenses. The city officials sought some scheme of taxation that would make up the loss, in part, at least. They began by charging merchants and shop keepers an "Occupation" tax. Last year they raised $502 237.17 in this way. The new "franchise" tax yielded $379,386.63. While this placed quite a burden on the business men and created considerable dissatisfaction, it helped swell the city's revenue quite a little. But it wasn't sufficient to cover the mounting expenses.

In the late sixties, Cincinnati became ambitious to become the great "gateway" to the South. The city felt the need of a railway. An agitation was started. The question of a bond issue for building a railway across the states of Kentucky and Tennessee was voted upon. The bonds carried. Cincinnati began to build the Cincinnati Southern Railway with the proceeds of a bond issue a little short of $20,000,000. This is now a part of the city's outstanding bonds. The original bonds were issued 50 years ago. The interest on $20,000,000 worth of bonds has amounted to nearly $40,000,000. While the road had many vicissitudes, it has turned out to be a very profitable enterprise. It is leased to Southern Pacific interests and after all fixed charges, including interest on bonds, are paid, the city realizes several hundred thousand dollars a year, net income, at present, from the road. The railway is 338 miles long. Cincinnati has the distinction of being the only city in the world that owns a long-distance steam railway. The people of Cincinnati voted this railroad into existence. It is a great asset to the city and if it could be sold, would, in a large measure, pay off the great bonded debt hanging over the city. But it is under lease till 1965 and cannot be sold. But the Cincinnati Southern Railway is another story and a romantic one. There is no doubt but that there are other cities besides Cincinnati that are facing financial disaster. Millions of tax money in nearly all cities is being paid out in interest on municipal bonds to enrich the money-lenders. The debts of all cities are increasing with dangerous rapidity. Cincinnati, however, is the first city to give emphasis to its own financial plight, in public meetings on the part of the chamber of commerce and other civic bodies. But the situation in the "Queen City" is so serious that none of these organizations of public-spirited men were able to devise a means of getting the city out of the financial crisis that has overtaken it.

Burbank to Celebrate 50 Years of Plant Work

Concluded from page 7

thousand experiments in the breeding and development of flowering plants. The Shasta daisy, developed from the wild daisy of the slopes of the California mountain, leaped into instant favor; from the small evening primrose of the valleys of the Sierra Nevada, he developed an evening primrose with blossoms five inches and more in diameter, with a fragrance far surpassing that of the wild flower He took the common verbena, doubled its blossoms in size, and gave it a fragrance unsurpassed in the garden. He crossed the oriental poppy with the peony, and produced a perennial ever-blooming poppy of huge size. He created a *blue* petunia. He developed the California poppy—which is not a true poppy—into shades of white, pink, crimson, flame and various yellows. He developed a zinnia which looks like a dahlia and the dahlia he made better and larger.

Fruits have always been dear to the heart of the plant magician. He has developed a series of Burbank plums from which more than 100 carloads of fruit were shipped out of a limited area in California last year, just a beginning of a tremendous industry. These plums have been responsible for the establishment and growth of at least one town in this state, and, in some of their various forms, are adaptable to virtually all the soils and climates of the United States. He saw that cherries could be made far more productive than they were, and he set out to fill the need. The result is an early-bearing cherry, with clusters of fruit from three to 10 times as large as the clusters of the ordinary cherry, and with large, sweet individual fruits. The prunes created and developed by the famous Santa Rosan have been planted throughout the prune-growing regions of California, until now they are grown almost to the exclusion of all other varieties.

There remained, however, the uninvaded field of the nut-bearing trees, and the energetic plant breeder entered this. There he produced a chestnut tree which begins to bear at six months, and is in full bearing at two years from the seedling, as compared with the 10 or 15 years necessary to bring the ordinary chestnut into bearing. The combination of the wild black walnuts with the Persian walnut, to produce a tree of quick growth, yet furnishing timber as fine-grained and valuable as that of the American black walnut, has been mentioned, and the domestic walnut, the almond and other nuts also have been improved.

But, in spite of all these discoveries, creations, developments, improvements, or whatever one wishes to call them, Mr Burbank is still unsatisfied. At 74, when most men would be retired, and possessed of enough reward for his half-century of work as a plant breeder to retire in more than comfort, Luther Burbank is plunging into new fields of plant improvement. To him, life is endless progress, and his would be impossible were he to endeavor to halt the advancement of the work which has become an integral part of his daily life. That is one of the many reasons that California is so proud of him, and one of the causes of the spontaneous tribute which is to be paid to him on his Golden Jubilee of plant work, this spring.

A Photographic Study of Moods of Lincoln

Concluded from page 11

his life. Most prone to doubt, Lincoln of all men was most ready to prove the medicinal and enlightening value of faith.

His expression in many photographs clearly indicates a humorous mood. Many reports about him affirm his ever-present wit. It is told that when he was stumping Illinois as a candidate for the legislature, and often while spending a night at some wayside tavern, he would frequently swap stories with those sitting around the big wood stove till late in the evening. On many occasions, he kept the assembled company convulsed with laughter till after midnight with his humorous tales, and such was his style that it was impossible to tell how many he had ever heard before, and which ones he concocted as he went along! Such an unquenchable humor served him well, late in his life, when the affairs of State bore upon him unmercifully.

The noble tenderness and sympathy which Lincoln felt for all children, he lavished without restraint upon his own. Willie and Tad were privileged beings at the White House, and their boyish pranks and companionship did much to relieve the great strain under which the President lived. The familiar photographs of Mr. Lincoln and Tad suggest an expression of the genial nature for which Mr. Lincoln was noted. His happy smiling countenance, shown in one photograph with Tad, and the dignified attitude of the teacher, as displayed in the other, while looking through a book in the studio, confirm the stories frequently told of Lincoln's fondness for his children.

These photographs portray well the paternal air of gentleness exhibited upon many occasions, and the affectionate attitude of companion and confidant to his boys; he delighted in their company.

This happy spirit of Lincoln's always expressed itself when he was with children. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln" quotes Mr. Frank P. Blair, of Chicago, saying: "During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair, Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White House. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres, with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from eight to twelve years. Although I was but seven or eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours at a time, played 'town ball' on the vast lawn and Mr. Lincoln would join ardently in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball, as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and we invariably hailed his coming with delight."

Paid Heavily in Vitality

WHILE Tad and Willie were sick, at the White House, Mr. Lincoln sat at their bedsides during the whole of several nights, and when William finally died (February 20, 1862) the President was immeasurably depressed. Though no photographs now existing were taken at that time, still, we may gather from the saddest of his expressions how great was his capacity for the sentiment of woe.

The habit of study that Lincoln acquired in youth remained with him through his whole life, and a meditative disposition is reflected in several of his photographs, principally those in positions 8, 10 and 12.

In the late 1840's, when Lincoln was practicing law, he devoted much time to his attempt to acquire a general education. He studied mathematics, astronomy and poetry very regularly. Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner for many years in Springfield, tells of his industry in this respect, saying:

"Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed, he would study for hours. I have known him to study in this position until two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, I and others who chanced to occupy the same room would be safely and soundly asleep."

Indeed, in the winter of 1849-1850, he even joined a club of a dozen Springfield gentlemen who had begun the study of German. The meetings of this class were held in his office.

It was always a noteworthy characteristic of Mr. Lincoln's, that he assumed a respectable demeanor while any one was addressing him. This attentive, quizzical look is quite evident in Photo No. 11, taken late in 1863. One eyebrow slightly arched, the penetrating eyes gazing forth beneath, and the whole atmosphere of attentive inquiry all indicate the concentration of effort he directed toward any matter requiring his consideration.

A survey of Lincoln's photographs in chronological order must impress one with the tragic cost in vitality that he paid for doing what he believed to be his whole duty. As mute testimony of the terrible mental strains under which he worked, lines of worry gradually traced themselves upon his features which became more and more careworn as the Civil War progressed.

A worried look, shown to the right of the lower "Tad" photo, was sometimes replaced by a smile, as it became increasingly evident that the war was being brought to a successful conclusion and the President's anxiety was relieved. Hopeful reports from all armies in the field had a wonderful effect of reviving the President's troubled spirits. Lee surrendered April 9, 1865, the day on which the last photograph in this series was taken, and the President's smile portrays his buoyant spirit.

Abrams Fails in Boston

Concluded from page 9

His constant experiments had told him the exact location of every disease. He could even tell whether the blood was real or whether it came from a human being. It was all very simple.

Meanwhile, the "Oscilloclast" sat there idle, useless, apparently forgotten, or else reserved for the use of its discoverer alone. It was getting near 10 o'clock and Dr. Abrams hadn't spoken yet. *Finally, Alexander Marky, managing editor of Pearson's Magazine—this being the magazine that published "The House of Wonder," by Upton Sinclair, the well-known propagandist, there being free reprints of this in every seat with a reserve supply available*—introduced the "miracle man."

But before Dr. Abrams stepped briskly to the platform, there was announcement that brought disappointment. This was to the effect that the "Oscilloclast" would not be set in motion, that no germs would be shaken to death and that no diagnosis would be made. Dr. Abrams, said the speaker, judged auditoriums by San Francisco standards. He didn't know that Carnegie Hall was so large. If experiments were to be made, *they could be seen only by those in front* and that would not be satisfactory, *hence there would be none.*

The "Oscilloclast"—if that was it—only a useless "prop!" Amazement was expressed. Into the minds of some came *the image of the painted Indian that sat on the front seat of the automobile of the traveling medicine man!*

Dr. Abrams smiled. He stated that syphilis was the primary cause of human illness; that almost all disease could be traced back to this origin; that the disease was inherited or contracted innocently by thousands; that it existed in animals and was transmitted to human beings. Then he paid his respects to the medical profession as a body but not as individuals. It will be remembered that when the American Medical Society and other organizations criticized his methods, Dr. Abrams promptly resigned.

Continuing, he touched briefly and sketchily on his methods, avoiding all detail; once or twice he looked toward that thing on the table and walked toward it, only to halt and again face his audience; and he concluded by a few more generalities. Led by his cohorts on the stage, the audience applauded briefly and then looked one at the other.

3,000 Go Away—Disappointed

THE 3 000 were frankly, and the majority outspokenly, disappointed. They had paid admissions, they had waited a whole evening and the whereabouts of Tom Lawson had not been divulged; not a single drop of blood had been analyzed and there had been no clinic. That which Dr. Abrams had given them was less by far than he had proclaimed in the daily press. He had afforded no opportunity to pass judgment on his claims.

In short, this Carnegie Hall meeting was remarkable for its omissions. The preliminary announcement had said that Dr. Abrams had come East to raise money for clinics so that the benefits of ERA could be spread still further. The announcements had said further that Dr. Abrams was eager to give his services to these that humanity might be benefited, that he was willing to devote his time, his energy and even donate apparatus. But in his brief and rambling dissertation, Dr. Albert Abrams did not touch on these clinics at all, though his audience had complimented him by coming out on a cold, rainy night and paying an admission to hear him.

There must have been several thousand dollars taken in as a result of that meeting but if there ever has been an accounting, it has either never been published in any New York daily paper or it has escaped the attention of the writer.

But though the doctor had been cryptic, there were those who still had faith. Many of them donned their wraps and hurried back stage, hoping to have a few words with this eminent scientist. They crowded about him and stopped him as he was leaving. Dr. Abrams was in a hurry and did not hesitate to so express himself. Foremost among the throng was the man with the bandage on his face. He was so in earnest that he managed to push himself far enough forward to reach the object of his quest.

"I have a cancer, doctor," he said. His clothing was worn but clean and neat and his broken shoes polished. "I would like—"

The doctor flashed his eyes on him and then turned toward a well-dressed, elderly woman who was wringing his hand and telling him how wonderful he was.

"Doctor," interrupted the man with the bandage. "I———"

"I don't want to talk to you," snarled this most eminent scientist, drawing back. "I want to get out of here."

Adherents broke a way for him and he disappeared.

The writer attended the Carnegie Hall meeting and heard all that was said; he was back stage when Dr. Abrams eluded those who would detain him. Also he was present at two interviews given newspaper men. At this point it having been stated earlier in this article that there would be more attention given the interviews, it may be well to scan some of the doctor's statements made before the Carnegie Hall meeting because they are an aid in forming judgment, inasmuch as in them Dr. Abrams was far more voluble than he was on the platform. It was significant also that when on the platform Dr. Abrams did not deny a single statement which had been attributed to him in New York.

The subject of love seems to interest Dr. Abrams greatly despite his 60 or more years. There are different varieties of love, he holds. That is, the vibrations of the love of a man for a woman are not the same as those of the love of a mother for her child or those of the child for its parent. Nor is that all. Late dispatches from San Francisco say that Dr. Abrams holds that he can diagnose love by radio through his electronic reactions and that love can be broadcast like music, market reports, the weather or the offer of a reward for bank robbers who are at large!

An important discovery antedated the electronic vibrations of Dr. Abrams. The announcement was made in a dispatch from Chicago in October, 1913. This stated that long experiments by Dr. Abrams showed that red was the color that imparted the greatest energy. In that color, the electrons may have made their preliminary appearance to the discoverer.

After his Carnegie Hall lecture, Dr. Abrams remained in New York several days seeking funds for those clinics but whether he was successful, is not on record. Certainly he became less available for interviews. From New York, he went to Boston and, according to reports from that city, he was more explicit than he was in the metropolis and gave some demonstrations of his powers.

Among these, according to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association, was the diagnosis of a perfectly healthy man as suffering from a complication of diseases!

It may be said also that while Dr. Abrams has openly regretted that the **Rockefeller Institute had refused to investigate his claims, he sidestepped an investigation by the Massachusetts Medical Board just as he has sidestepped similar investigations in California.**

The statement as to the Rockefeller Institute was submitted to members of that body by the writer. There was an absolute refusal to discuss either Abrams or his methods.

To those who attended the Carnegie Hall meeting, the statements of the *Journal* of the American Medical Society are highly interesting and edifying. The *Journal's* report says:

"A few weeks ago the editor of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* pointed out the fallacies of Albert Abram's claims and the absurdities of his cult. Then Abrams came to Boston and was given an opportunity to lay his cards on the table face up. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* reports editorially in its issue of October 19 the results of Abrams' visit. On Monday, October 9, Abrams appeared before the board of registration in medicine in an informal hearing. The opportunity had been given a representative of the electronic 'cult' to inspect the room and arrange for proper wiring so that Abrams could give a demonstration of his method.

"When the meeting came to order, however, Abrams said that it was impossible for him to give a demonstration at that time. His followers then started to hold an 'experience meeting,' detailing the marvels they had wrought. Naturally, the chairman of the board of registration in medicine refused to permit the meeting to be turned into an advertising stunt, and the meeting was adjourned.

The Troubles of a Well Man

"THE day following Abrams gave a clinical demonstration of his method in the laboratory of one of his disciples. Our Boston contemporary points out that, by a remarkable coincidence, while Abrams' followers in the rear of the room were able to see and hear the reactions claimed by Abrams, those members of the Massachusetts Medical Society who occupied chairs close to the demonstration could neither see nor hear them. Abrams, it is said, refused to submit the method to any test offered, but confined himself to demonstrating the presence of lesions the existence of most of which could be proved only by post-mortem examination.

"A member of the staff of the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,* a man in perfect health, was selected for experiment. By his diagnostic methods Abrams discovered in this healthy individual a streptococcus infection, tuberculosis of the intestinal tract, congenital syphilis and intestinal sarcoma—otherwise the man was all right! It is understood that the volunteer inconsiderately refused to submit to a post-mortem examination.

"The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* declares that Abrams' visit to Boston disclosed two outstanding facts: First, **the man persistently refused to submit his methods to tests that could be scientifically controlled or to give a demonstration under conditions that would be subject to the usual rules of scientific criticism;** second, in the one case in which he did demonstrate his method he found syphilis, tuberculosis, sarcoma and streptococcus infection in a healthy individual.

"As the *Journal* points out, if Abrams can diagnose disease where no symptoms exist he certainly should have been willing to submit to a test based on the diagnosis of blood specimens from patients with definite ailments. The fact that Abrams refused to perform such tests speaks more eloquently than any critic. **Abrams, it is said, claims that his electronic reactions are either the greatest miracle of the age or the greatest fake. Here we have a point of agreement with Abrams—and the electronic reactions are no miracle."**

But despite this and despite the Carnegie Hall meeting, there are those in New York who still have faith in Dr. Abrams and the ERA. Investigation shows that there are at least six of his followers who are practicing his methods here. These, according to reports, are fast becoming rich through treating thousands of persons. They either make their own diagnosis from a drop of the patient's blood or send it on to Dr. Abrams.

Several leading physicians of New York were questioned in regard to Dr. Abrams but they, like the Rockefeller Institute, declined to comment.

"It would be no use," said a physician regarded as one of the most able diagnosticians in New York. "He is already claiming persecution. If we were actively to campaign against him, it would simply boom business. There are enough persons being deluded now."

After attending the Carnegie Hall meeting and giving Dr. Abrams' claims considerable study and especially after talking with the man himself, the conviction persists that were his premises valid he would be given some recognition at least. Pioneers meet with difficulties but they are seldom insurmountable.

BRIEFLY TOLD

There were only 18,853,000 horses on the farms of the United States January 1, 1923. This total was smaller by 203,000 than on the first of January, 1922.

Three hundred thousand troops, prisoners of war and all the criminals in China labored 15 years to build the Great Wall of China. It is 2,000 miles in length, and was built to keep back the Tatar hordes, which for 2,000 years devastated Asia and even Europe from time to time.

Many of the doors in the houses of Havana's middle class are built of solid mahogany and other expensive native woods.

Electric searchlights playing over the surface of the waters in the Norwegian fiords lure the sardines to the surface where they can be caught. The sardine canneries along the coast of Norway were recently threatened with a lack of fish owing to the fact that the sardines remained so deep as to render fishing impossible. The lights remedied this situation.

Bullfrogs from America have been sent to Japan for distribution throughout the island kingdom for propagation. It is believed they will thrive in the drainage and irrigation ditches and paddy fields throughout Japan. The frogs are expected to destroy many injurious insects in the paddy fields and truck gardens.

A descendant of Christopher Columbus was recently admitted to the bar in England.

The Belgian Congo will be able to furnish radium in such quantities as to supply the needs of the world, according to the Belgian minister of the colonies.

Only half the number of babies today die after the first month, compared with infant mortality 15 or 20 years ago. During the first month four per cent of all infants die, just as they did in years past. Life insurance statistics show that it is easier to survive a year at the age of 65 than for a new-born infant to reach the age of one month.

A new hemp harvester has put new life into the hemp industry in America. It competes with cheap foreign labor which formerly was putting our hemp raisers out of business.

Bamboo quail from the northern provinces of China are to be distributed in the state of Washington in the spring. The bamboo quail is said to be a bird of a size between native quail and Hungarian pheasants. These birds come from a cold section of China, where the winters are more severe than in Washington.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The *Faraday*, an old cable-laying ship, is to be broken up. It now lies at anchor in the Thames off Southend, England. She was launched in 1874 and in her lifetime has laid eight transatlantic cables. An up-to-date vessel now building on the Tyne will take its place. The new boat is a 7,000-ton vessel, with all the modern scientific devices and a cable-carrying capacity of 5,000 tons.

Eight new American firms have recently opened offices in Shanghai.

Divers are recovering $150,000 worth of copper lost by the government in 1919 when a tug on which it was loaded was crushed in collision with the steamship *Buford*, between Governor's Island and Ellis Island, New York Harbor. The copper was found recently through a new electrical sounding device after the government had searched for it for two years. It lies in 90 feet of water.

Skimmed milk is being condensed and stored in sacks for indefinite storage as stock feed. When a 5 to 1 condensation is secured the skim milk is mixed with absorbent grains. After the grains have absorbed the milk they are dried and sacked.

A stone monument stands in Madison County, Iowa, dedicated to the first of the "Delicious" apple trees.

"Hooch" is short for hoochenoo, a brew first made in Alaska. In 1869, when American troops were stationed in Alaska, they were forbidden to have any spiritous liquors. The soldiers took to making their own and concocted liquor noted for its power and vileness. The natives called it hoochenoo and soon learned to make it. It is said that one quart was sufficient to craze the brains of 10 Indians.

Starving elk are breaking down the fences built about the haystacks of a rancher near the South Dakota boundary line in Wyoming. The state refuses to reimburse him for his hay losses and it is against the law to kill elk, so he is confronted with a serious problem. If he loses his hay supply his stock will suffer and it is necessary constantly to stand guard over his stacks.

Ancient cities of the Mayas in Yucatan, Mexico, are being investigated by four American archeologists. It is believed that discoveries rivaling the recent finds in the Valley of Kings, at Luxor, Egypt, will be made here. Special attention will be given two cities recently discovered in the jungle wilderness, Chichen-Itza and U-Xmal and efforts will be made to translate hieroglyphics unearthed from the ruins of the Maya race which vanished more than a thousand years ago.

For the first time in history women in Germany have sat on a trial jury. The cases were two civil court cases in Berlin, comprising two libel actions.

The original message of President Monroe, embodying the Monroe Doctrine, was found, together with many other valuable documents, in a basement room under the Capitol terrace. The valuable papers were packed away in a wooden file, partly rotted and covered with cobwebs. The original draft of the bill establishing the judiciary of the United States, a paper-backed volume in the handwriting of Samuel E. Otis, secretary of the first Senate, containing the only record of the enrolled bills presented in the first session of Congress, and a bill providing for the admission of Kentucky into the Union were also found. Officials admit there are many other priceless documents decaying away in storage rooms, all legible but so brittle that pages break in handling.

Swiss soap manufacturers are wrapping their product in Austrian ten-kronen paper bills. This is cheaper than printing special wrappers and it acts as a premium on which the holder may sometime be able to cash in.

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Wall Street Exploits South and Its Crop

UNIVERSITY OF I
MAR 12 1923

Philadelphia Fair Fades in Riot of Land Speculation

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Philadelphia, Victim of Land Speculators, Sees Independence Fair Plans Fade Away

Wanamaker's Original Program for Sesquicentennial Lost in Wild Scramble of Real Estate Agents to Profit by Proposal of Exposition in 1926

This is the first of two articles detailing the mishaps that have occurred to prevent the carrying out of the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial plans as originally outlined. The second will appear in an early issue.

A DREAM of profits at the expense of the people that might have made Croesus turn over in his grave with envy is being dissipated in Philadelphia. Originally it called for a direct expenditure of about $40,000,000 and indirectly for $100,000,000 more of public funds for the creation of a World's Fair—the Sesquicentennial Exposition of American Independence. As it exists in its present shrunken form the dream could be fulfilled for $15,000,000; at least that amount would enable real estate speculators to "get out from under." Even that sum, however, is apparently to be denied them. The Sesquicentennial as conceived by the late John Wanamaker is dead.

All that will be hotly denied by the clique of Jewish speculators responsible, in the last analysis, for the failure of the exposition scheme. The inability of the Hebrew to admit that he has overreached himself is the fatal weakness of the race even in its own chosen fields of barter and finance. The facts speak for themselves. Denial cannot change them. If some Americans are annoyed by the knowledge that a greedy group has made it economically impossible to put through an idea that was patriotic in its inception, they may take comfort in the fact that the law of compensation already has begun to operate. It is difficult to see how the speculators can avert losses variously estimated at from five to ten millions of dollars. Besides, the people save what they might have lost in higher taxes, exorbitant rentals and inflated prices for real estate.

John Wanamaker is generally credited with the first public suggestion that the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of American Independence be celebrated in Philadelphia in 1926. The idea, however, had been in the minds and hearts of many Americans. Mr. Wanamaker was one of the members of the Centennial Committee responsible for the Exposition of 1876. He suggested more than a half-dozen years ago that work be started on the plans for 1926, but the war interfered and it was not until after the Armistice had been signed that the plans began to take shape. There was at that time no open opposition. It was apparent to the most casual observer, to be sure, that while all leading citizens spoke in favor of the idea there was an uneasy air of hanging back. No one at that time suggested what is now common knowledge, but unquestionably many men suspected it.

Private Corporation Formed

URGED by Mr. Wanamaker, Mayor J. Hampton Moore finally took the lead. Various meetings were held and there was the usual endless discussion. After considerable delay, 30 citizens fairly representative of the social, cultural, financial, industrial and civic life of Philadelphia organized a private corporation, not for profit, and obtained a charter from the state under the name of the Sesquicentennial Exhibition Association. Nothing better illustrates the suspicion in which the whole project was held than the fact that a private corporation was found necessary to launch a project which in its very nature was a public enterprise. In its application for a charter the association said:

"Said corporation is formed for the purpose of educating the public by exhibiting artistic, mechanical, agricultural and horticultural products, and providing public instruction in the arts and sciences, thereby celebrating the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by holding in the City of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, an exhibition of the progress of the United States in art, science and industry, in trade and commerce, and in the development of the products of the air, the soil, the mine, the forest and the seas; to which exhibition the people of all other nations shall be invited to contribute evidences of their own progress to the end that better international understanding and more intimate commercial relationships may hasten the coming of universal peace."

The charter based on that broad plan was issued May 9, 1921. The mayor became the first president of the association. Provisions were made in the by-laws for the appointment of 22 committees covering nearly everything under the sun. Disputes and misunderstandings arose at once, the reasons being not then apparent. For nearly a year the chief output of the association seemed to be delay. Politics doubtless played some part, as usual in anything that Philadelphia undertakes. It became noised about that the mayor wanted to be the director of the exposition. Others were determined that he should not be. Meetings were held from time to time, but they were more or less spiritless affairs. In June of 1921 Congressman George P. Darrow introduced a resolution in the House at Washington for national approval of the affair. He sought also to get an appropriation, but failed.

Finally it was agreed that nothing could be done until a site had been selected. The executive committee accordingly called on the Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the Philadelphia Real Estate Board and the Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia, for recommendations. A detailed survey was made of some 14 suggested sites, the experts agreeing finally on a location utilizing the Parkway and sections of Fairmount Park and calling for the condemnation of land on both banks of the Schuylkill River. The recommendation fitted well with plans for public structures already launched, and also gained approval by reason of the fact that it provided for the elimination of ash dumps and other eyesores on the banks of the river, and the general beautification of that area.

Up to that time there had been some holding back, but little or no criticism. At times there had been spurts of enthusiasm, as when city council pledged the honor of the city to the support of the exposition up to five million dollars. Some of the councilmen wanted to pledge an unlimited sum. Fortunately even the pledge made is not considered legally binding. It was not an ordinance and carried no appropriation. As matters stand now it is unlikely, to judge from the temper of the councilmen as indicated by their remarks, that any money will be provided by the city in addition to the $50,000 already set aside and spent for preliminary expenses.

The selection of the site was the signal for the speculators. Forthwith a small army of canvassers was put to work trying to tie up properties of any kind that might be expected to be influenced in value by the exposition. Their activities were concentrated on a rough triangle formed by Broad street—a north and south line—the Parkway and the river, running irregularly northwest, and a point about 30 blocks north of city hall, which would form the apex of the triangle. Everybody knows what real estate speculators were able to do during the war, and it is unnecessary to go into that in detail. Philadelphia was no exception. The area described contains all sorts of buildings—workmen's dwellings, medium and high-priced homes, stores and some factories. Homes of workers that sold for two or three thousand dollars before the war had been put up to four and five thousand dollars by the activities of the speculators. The old familiar process was started all over again.

Competition for property became so keen that even up to last November the newspaper real estate columns called attention to dwellings changing hands three times within the course of a week. Rents went up like a skyrocket. For a time the speculators reaped a harvest. A few hundred dollars invested in a form of agreement of sale, which is really nothing more nor less than an option, brought in a few thousand. The ratio of increase was not as great in the case of higher priced properties, of course. But Albert M. Greenfield, recognized as the most active of the real estate speculators in Philadelphia, had one property on Arch street held for sale at $45,000 until the day the site was selected. It is now held for $65,000. In other cases the increase was much greater.

Use "High-power" Methods

THE speculators soon found that canvassers going from door to door or calling on the recorded owners of property within the area were too slow. So some adopted the methods of the bucket shop. They took to the telephone. Young men were put to work calling up owners, trying to find properties that could be "bought" on options of 30 to 90 days. As stated above, that continued until the latter part of last year. Then even the speculators began to find that they had reached the end of that phase of the game. It was no longer possible to turn over properties as quickly as before.

To illustrate what had happened, the story is told of a city official who walked into the office of a large Jewish real estate dealer seeking information about where he could dispose of an option on a piece of property in the heart of the Sesqui area, as it had become known.

"We're not buying any more; we're selling," he was told. "We have $2,000,000 in real estate options right now and we don't know what to do with them."

That means that unless perhaps $10,000,000 in cash, and 30 to 50 million dollars in mortgage money can be obtained by the holders, they stand to lose the $2,000,000 already "invested." In some instances original owners of the properties will profit. In others, earlier speculators who got out from under are the winners.

For business or other reasons nobody in public life took the trouble to call a halt on what was being done. The petty bickerings in the association continued, however, and, finally, after a storm of criticism, the mayor resigned as president. One of the official acts for which he had been most severely criticized was the appointment of a publicity director. It was his first appointment. The opinion of the other directors was that the director in chief of the exposition ought to be permitted to select his own press agent—when they found the director. But regardless of that the mayor appointed Victor Rosewater, a former Omaha publisher. So much fuss was raised that his title was changed from publicity director to assistant to the president. He remained in that job even after the mayor's retirement until one of the numerous resignations that followed provided the opening for his appointment as secretary of the association, which he is today.

The idea has gained prevalence in various parts of the country, as a result of happenings while the mayor was at the head of the Exposition Association, that the whole fair scheme was being engineered by Edward W. Bok, former editor. The fact is that while Bok was one of the charter members of the association, it was not until everybody had become disgusted with its lack of action that he began to take an active part. His first move of any consequence was an offer to guarantee a salary of $50,000 a year to Herbert Hoover if he would become director of the exposition. The offer hung fire for several months, being rejected finally by Mr. Hoover at the request of President Harding.

So much time had been lost that shortly thereafter Mr. Bok put the first real crimp in the whole movement by asserting that an exposition of the scope discussed could not be made ready by 1926. He introduced a motion to delay the date of it one year. Naturally that didn't appeal to the speculators whose money was tied up in real estate. A howl was raised, and the postponement was voted down. Nothing was done on some other suggestions made by Bok designed to get something started. It may be well to emphasize at this point that although the association has been in existence nearly two years, not a single building or foot of land has been taken over or condemned for the exposition; there is no director, no funds are available and there is no detailed plan as to where the money is to come from to create the show.

John Frederick Lewis was named president of the association to succeed the mayor. In a few weeks he resigned. Then he agreed to hold on until a successor could be appointed, but under the circumstances he could not be expected to take any action. In the meantime opposition began to develop on the part of business interests that had had enough of inflation during the war. The North Philadelphia Manufacturers Association, led by Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, came out openly against the fair.

Resignations Pour In

PRIOR to that, Alba Johnson, former president of the Baldwin Works and former president of the Chamber of Commerce, had resigned from the board of directors of the association. Mr. Johnson, with Mayor Moore, was one of the five incorporators. With him into retirement went William Potter, former minister to Italy. In an effort to repair the damage done by these defections various persons still apparently in favor of the exposition talked mysteriously of "interests antagonistic to the celebration." No satisfying explanation was ever made for the two resignations. The story was that they had been directly approached by a man high in public life seeking to interest them in a real estate transaction depending on the exposition for its success, and that they quit in disgust. Certainly they could not have been unaware of the extent to which real estate speculations had entered into the movement.

The scandal had penetrated to Washington by the middle of last year. One Congressman said he had heard that speculators were buying up marshland to resell at a high price to the exposition. Various desperate efforts were made to get things going. E. T. Stotesbury, Philadelphia partner of the banking house of Morgan & Company, had been a member of a finance committee for a year, but had done nothing. It was whispered about that he and Bok were enemies. A final effort was made to bring them together. The presidency of the association was offered to Bok. He sent in a list of the things that must be done before he would consider it, indicating that even then he didn't care for the job. One of his stipulations was that Stotesbury consent to become financial director of the exposition, assuming full charge of raising all funds. The directors elected Bok president without meeting any of his requirements, and he promptly refused the job.

Although Philadelphia is the third largest city in the country, it is provincial in many ways. For one thing, it is common knowledge that no great financial undertaking such as the Sesquicentennial can hope to succeed without the approval of Stotesbury and his banking house of Drexel and Company. Accordingly the speculators were pinning their faith to a great extent on the success of the exposition association directors in inducing Mr. Stotesbury to take an active part in directing its financial affairs. There was little to encourage them during 1922. And then, just as the new year started and the revised 15 million dollar "plan" for the exposition had been framed, Stotesbury resigned. At the same time former Governor Edwin S. Stuart also resigned.

Even then none of the directors would ascribe the disintegration of the exposition to its proper cause.

(Concluded on page 9)

Yes, Sir! Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer Still Live

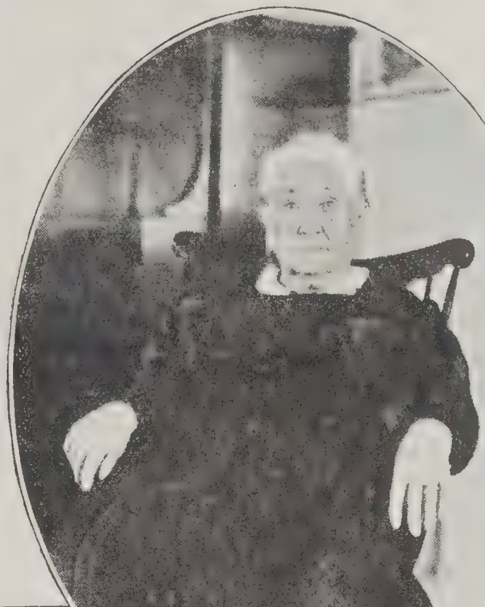
A Visit to the Alley, and to the Cave, and With Becky Thatcher Brings Back Vividly the Mark Twain of Hannibal, Missouri

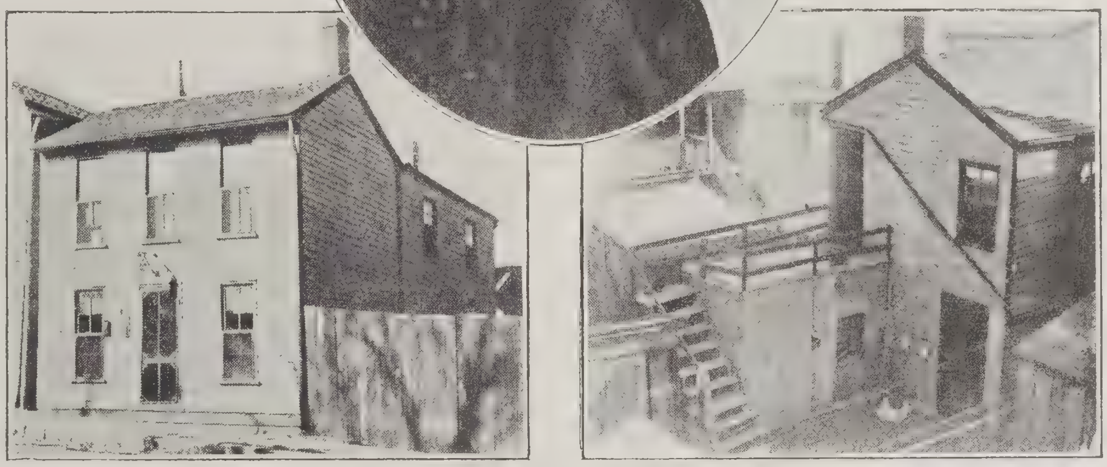
By WYMAN SMITH

AND you would agree with me if you had stood in the alley; the alley in which Mark Twain played when he was a boy. A noon sun flung fence and building shadows upon the cinders, beyond in the distance rose the Cardiff Hill of Tom Sawyer, houses cluttering its once deserted slope; and near by the head of a black cat projected from a runway. The head projected and withdrew suddenly to reappear carefully with an inquisitive perk to the ears; the ears pointed in the direction of a small boy who with cap awry was shying stones at various objects from knotholes to fence posts.

The small boy might have been Huck Finn returned—at least the cat considered him as dangerous as any "Black Avenger of the Spanish Main" and withdrew precipitately only to scamper across the alley when Huck Finn had passed. Perhaps Huck Finn's follower wasn't dangerous, but cats are wise in knowing that feline and boy temperaments rarely mix without an explosion. Huck slouched across the street and disappeared around the corner of Becky Thatcher's old home—turning a sly glance toward the home of Mark Twain as he passed; he may have been expecting a chase from some woman with a broom.

I didn't see Tom Sawyer that November morning, but anyway he was a rather complex person, having been rolled into book crust from a mixture of Sam Clemens, John Briggs and Will Bowen. But around Hannibal, Missouri, even today linger many suggestions of the St. Petersburg made famous by Mark Twain in his writings while it is somewhat different and has acquired a mask of clouded smoke and the irregular teeth of many buildings; he liked to remember it as "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning—the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi rolling its mile-wide tide along—the dense forest away on the other side." Those forested islands of the bottomlands which even today the Mississippi has preserved in superb splendor he glimpsed when he wrote of a camp-fire scene, "the climbing fire lit up their faces and threw its ruddy glare upon the pillared tree trunks of their forest temple, and upon the varnished foliage and the festooning vines."





Above—"Becky Thatcher"—sweetheart of Tom Sawyer—who lives near Hannibal, Missouri. She is Mrs. Laura Frazier, nee Laura Hawkins, sweetheart of Mark Twain. His childhood home at right and back porch and backyard in Hannibal, Missouri.

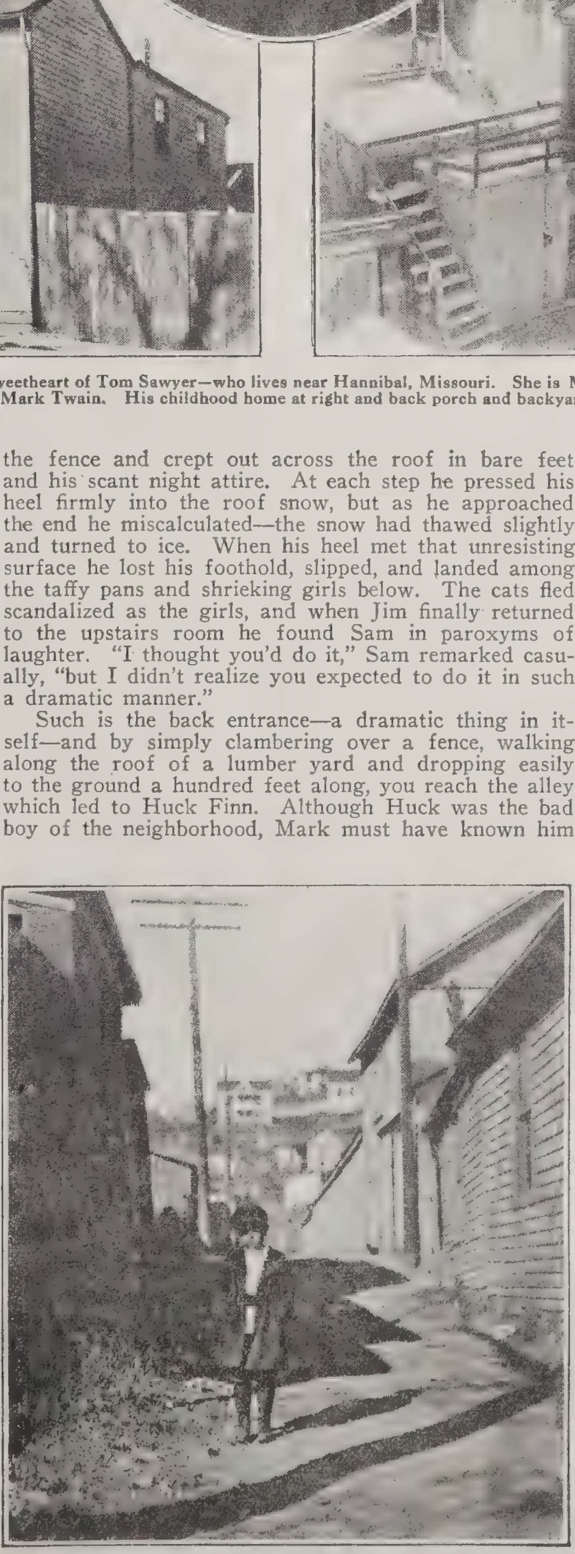
Cardiff Hill, too, beyond the alley he saw in that memorable whitewashing scene. He pictured clearly the ingenious Tom Sawyer, making the yard task of whitewashing his fence appear so remarkable that all the boys in the neighborhood were willing to pay him for the privilege of using the heavy whitewash brush, but he did not forget to pause for a survey of the surroundings. For "the locust trees were in bloom and the fragrance of their blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill beyond the village and above it was green with vegetation and it lay just far enough away to seem a delectable land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting." Somehow it was the privilege, or was it the genius, of Mark Twain which in such touches proclaimed his capacity and his greatness; that and more it must have been for his books have been translated into more foreign languages than those of any other American. Whether writing of boys and their pranks or of Joan of Arc he possessed that spark of universal understanding which brought him friends.

However, it was in the experience of his childhood that Samuel Clemens, then called Sam, obtained the background for Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer—nor could he have selected a better place.

The old home into which his family moved when Mark was a lad has now been presented to the city, and in it have been collected some of the mementos of the author's life. In one corner hangs the chair (it has been hung to protect from wear by those who insist upon occupying the man's throne although they could not wield his scepter); on the wall hang letters he wrote, and interspersed between them are photographs and sketches of himself and of early landmarks. On the floor lies an old carpet, brought from his later home in the East, its tattered remains barely covering the rough pine boards. At one side is the black hulk of a coal stove, and directly across from it is the closet from which Sam may have stolen his mother's jam and jelly. The entire building poses in a recollective attitude as though it still heard the din and hue of boys throughout its rooms.

Out in the backyard the wooden flight of stairs which supplies an entrance to the second story has only grown more dusky through the years. It leads to a flat roof over a shed and then into Sam's bedroom where from his window he once enjoyed the spectacle of watching Jim Wolf participate in a serio-comedy. The two boys were alone, down in the yard Sam's sister was entertaining her girl friends with a taffy pull, out on the fence two cats were meowing and spitting. Jim Wolf, seeing the cats, determined to fling them off the fence and crept out across the roof in bare feet and his scant night attire. At each step he pressed his heel firmly into the roof snow, but as he approached the end he miscalculated—the snow had thawed slightly and turned to ice. When his heel met that unresisting surface he lost his foothold, slipped, and landed among the taffy pans and shrieking girls below. The cats fled scandalized as the girls, and when Jim finally returned to the upstairs room he found Sam in paroxyms of laughter. "I thought you'd do it," Sam remarked casually, "but I didn't realize you expected to do it in such a dramatic manner."

Such is the back entrance—a dramatic thing in itself—and by simply clambering over a fence, walking along the roof of a lumber yard and dropping easily to the ground a hundred feet along, you reach the alley which led to Huck Finn. Although Huck was the bad boy of the neighborhood, Mark must have known him and frequented his haunts. He might even have clambered the fence to elude his mother's watchful eye.



A black cat watches a small boy down Huck Finn's alley.

Sam was full of pranks—in school he cared nothing for anything except spelling. Yet in that he won the medal week after week and even traded it with the boy who wore the good conduct medal. Once after he had been in school only a few days he was sentenced to a whipping and commanded to fetch a switch from out-of-doors. Sam proceeded as ordered, but when he reached the school steps he was confronted by an enormous problem—all the forest stretched away before him, all the sticks were too large and heavy, all the switches appeared too dangerous. Across the way, however, was a lumber mill and when Sam returned he laid a lean and limber shaving on the teacher's desk. That did not excuse him for another boy was sent for a switch and so effective was the punishment that when Sam returned home that noon he told his mother he didn't like school. He was sent back, nevertheless, for Mrs. Clemens found him enough nuisance generally. "He drives me crazy with his didoes when he is in the house," she once admitted, "and when he is out of it I am expecting any minute they will bring him home half dead." One day indeed Sam was carried home from a drowning scene in which he nearly lost his life (one of two escapes which he later increased to nine) but she insisted firmly, "People born to be hanged are safe in the water."

One prank, however, nearly caused him trouble. With his gang he had been working each of several Sundays at a big boulder on top of Cardiff Hill. They had dug and pried, poked and lifted, and one morning they succeeded in dislodging it. They had intended to give it some sort of direction, but so quickly did it roll that it had gone shooting down the slope before they could wink an eye. Suddenly as they watched its course they were gripped with horror—below in the street and in the very course of the plunging rock drove an old darkey with a donkey. He saw the danger, tried to whip up the mule, but failed miserably and the plunging, jumping rock rushed upon him. The boys above waited until it bounced for the last time and then fled to the woods not to reappear for several days—they firmly believed even then that the sheriff would be waiting for them. That bounce saved the darkey—the stone catapulted over his head and crashed into the roof of a blacksmith shop across the narrow street.

Later on Sam received another scare—with John Rogers he had been out too late in the night to gain admission to his home. They proceeded to Mr. Clemens' office, a wooden frame with three windows and a door in front, located at that time in the very middle of "hell's half acre." Altogether it was a convenient place for a justice of the peace, as Mr. Clemens was, and only that night a group of men had carried a dead man inside and placed him on the floor of the entrance. Sam and John entered shortly afterward, and unknowingly selected a spot adjacent to the murdered man for their bed. They were comfortable enough until the moon, swinging across the front, illumined the ghastly figure beside them. No pause then—no halting at the door—the two fled through the window taking pane and sash with them. They had stood by when men were killed, they had witnessed plenty of fights yet they did not relish sleeping the night beside a dead man's bones.

Surely Mark had his gang, as does every boy, and just as surely he paid devoted attention to Laura Hawkins who later became Mrs. Laura Frazier but in his books was named Becky Thatcher. She lived close at hand—just across the street in a tall two-story building fronted with ionic columns made of wood rather than marble but of especial importance because they had been brought by water from Pennsylvania. A boy and girl affair it was indeed, but on one occasion at least Mark cried in sympathy with her, and on another he purposely misspelled the word February so that she might win a spell-down. He was a gallant, for indifferent as he was in all other studies he took especial pride in earning the spelling medal week after week. And she was well worthy of his attentions—a photograph of her in the teens shows her with long heavy curls, enchanting eyes, and features far too near perfection to be resisted by a boy. He himself chose to remember her, "with her dainty hands propped into the ribbon-bordered pockets of her apron—a vision to warm the coldest heart and bless and cheer the saddest."

And she is alive today—she lives at Withers Mills in the country where she receives graciously those who wish to meet the young princess of the fairy tale. The black curls have turned gray, but she is still the charming person, still delightful, still filled with that quaint charm of Becky Thatcher. Almost against her will

(Concluded on page 14)

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The President's Error

THE defeat of the infamous Lasker shipping bill would be an occasion for satisfaction were it not for the memory of the pathetic figure which the President of the United States cut in that bad business. No one can be made to believe that President Harding could have been persuaded that the bill was anything but bad. If it is known at Dearborn what gang was waiting to milk the country of $50,000,000 a year upon the passage of that bill, then it could hardly have been unknown at Washington. How President Harding could have allowed himself to be led out time after time, like a trained performer, to go through the stunts that Lasker suggested, is past the mind of an American to comprehend. It seems to be just a part of the stupendous stupidity that has settled down upon Washington. There would have been a time when to have thrown Lasker out would have redounded to Mr. Harding's credit, but not now. The pitiable spectacle of the President serving as Lasker's campaigner is indelibly graven.

President Puelicher Sounds Warning

PRESIDENT J. H. PUELICHER, of the American Bankers' Association, who is also at the head of the Marshall and Haley Bank, of Milwaukee, has been touring the northwestern states, addressing local chapters of the association and institutes composed of bank employes, with a view to counteracting what he terms a growing menace to banking, business and sound money, especially in the territory visited and among the farmers of the nation. Except that proposed changes, which he does not specify, are said by him to constitute the menace, nothing "educational" even in the A. B. A. sense, can be derived from his generalities.

With his business interests in the section most affected by what he terms "economic fallacies," one might expect a heart-to-heart talk on the details of the subject but he is nowhere positive except in the dogmatic statement that the Federal Reserve System, *participated in by less than a fifth of the banks of the country,* is the bulwark of national prosperity.

The fact that not all, even of the member banks, consider the system in the light described by Mr. Puelicher, to say nothing of the many who deem it the cause of the depression we are passing through, seems not to have occurred to him, for he makes no attempt to correct the impression. He does say, however, that the truth can and should be made public, and that local bankers should take farmers and wage earners into their confidence and show them that agitation for change is an error.

No student of economics will disagree with Mr. Puelicher that a more general knowledge of finance and business is essential, nor that greater acquaintance between banker and patron would be better for both; but there are few who will admit his theory that the creation of a bank monopoly tends in that direction. Yet that is a direct result of the financial legislation of the past half century, and the American Bankers' Association is opposed to every effort to break down that monopoly. This has been demonstrated in the opposition to the establishment of state-owned and co-operative banks, and this has caused much of the "growing menace" of which Mr. Puelicher complains.

Reformers vary greatly in their ideas. Some would abolish the commodity base of money; others are absolutely unshakable in their belief in such a base, if metallic, and demand the restoration of silver, thus agreeing in part to the theory that a greater quantity of money is essential; while still others do not deem the question of ultimate redemption of prime importance. A group of economists with a seemingly freer use of the channels of publicity than most, even advocate a sliding base, the amount of metal theoretically the base of the unit of value, automatically increasing or decreasing with the volume of production, as shown by index numbers arrived at by government authority.

There is one point, however, where this babel of theories meets on common ground. It is that the Federal Reserve System is an excrescence on the body politic, which, however useful in the original intention, has developed into a cancerous growth under recent management. They agree that the right of issue should be free to all banks, through direct connection with the Treasury. This means the elimination of the Federal Reserve. Such a currency would be secured by government bonds deposited by the issuing bank with the Treasury, and bearing no interest.

The virtual result of this would be the substitution of demand notes for interest-bearing bonds, the profit going to the people.

If Mr. Puelicher will oppose these specific theories and demonstrate the degree of menace they constitute, he may do his cause good; but as far as we can see he has contributed nothing in an educational way.

A Thoroughbred Bishop

THE passing of few men in public or private life today would suffice to give such a sense of personal loss among a wider variety of people, than has the passing of Charles David Williams, Bishop of Michigan. He died in the thick of his work, without a moment's warning and like a man for whom warnings were not needed; and as if death were to him another exaltation he became greater in men's eyes than he had ever been before.

Bishop Williams is rather difficult to describe as a churchman to those who did not know him, for to the public gaze he seemed so little of a churchman. But he was a churchman nevertheless, and there was nothing he advocated that was not solidly founded in Christian principle. Many were fond of referring to him as a Prophet, but there were many who knew him also as Priest and Pastor.

He was one of those men whom to see was to have the illusion that his place as Bishop must be very enjoyable, and yet nothing was farther from the truth. He had one serious drawback to comfort in the modern diocese—he was a stickler for the truth of things. He thought it was wrong for anyone to live by the blood or tears of another, and he said so. Had he been rector of a little parish of workingmen's families the truth of what he said never would have been challenged, nor would his right to say it be questioned. But being Bishop was another matter. Much as we desire to think otherwise, the poor Christians do not run the church. What is very much worse, sympathy with poor Christians is not a distinctive mark of the successful clergy—except it be a certain rhetorical sympathy. So, between the clerical pastry cooks and the well-to-do laity, this man who had hosts of friends throughout the land, had his own troubles among a wholly contemptible opposition in his own diocese.

This is written with a sense of distaste to instill, if possible, some sense of the difficulties which beset truth-telling in the clerical office, especially in those offices which are regarded as the prizes. Bishop Williams was the last man to say a word, and so far as this writer knows he never said one word on the subject, but it is rather a bitter reflection now that among those who hindered him there was scarcely one with enough sportsman's blood to give hail to one of God's thoroughbreds.

It is just as hard now to get the truth of Christ's principles into industrial and financial circles as it was when barefoot the Apostles went traveling and preaching through Caesar's realm.

Charles David Williams was but one; in his wake he leaves many, and his spirit will multiply through the years.

Money in Circulation

A CORRESPONDENT in Cleveland asks several pertinent questions regarding the volume of money in circulation in the United States, referring with evident doubt to the accuracy of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury which, he says, is given as authority for a circular placing the amount at something over five billions of dollars. If such a report is current, it is not warranted by the Treasury report.

There is no means of giving accurately the amount of money passing from hand to hand, actually in circulation. The Treasury report gives, first of all, the total volume of "standard" and "lawful" money stocks, which at the close of 1922 it placed at $8,614,433,297. This total is misleading, because it includes both the gold and silver coin and bullion stored with the government, and the certificates held outside the Treasury, but, of course, the amount "in circulation" is not affected by the statement of total volume.

The amount of money of all kinds in the Treasury on the same date was $3,696,096,062, making the amount outside the Treasury $5,972,238,240, or a trifle more than $54 per capita, using 110,000,000 as the estimate of population.

If the circular to which our correspondent refers omits reference to the deduction in the Treasury report for Federal Reserve Bank holdings, it could have been but for one of two reasons, deception or ignorance, for it is plainly stated that the Federal Reserve banks held $1,239,399,249, leaving as a basis of estimating the amount in circulation, $4,732,898,991, or about $43 per capita, with the population figured at an even 110,000,000.

There is no way without an immense amount of useless figuring of estimating the amount of reserve in the more than 40,000 banks in the country. Its compilation would be indeed a task. But as it must be in proportion to deposits it must deplete the active circulation enormously. To its aggregate must be added the hoardings of those who do not patronize the banks, the counter money for business houses needed in the trading they do, and it is very likely that at least half the four billion dollar balance will be accounted for. Perhaps more. Here is a matter that may explain the query of our correspondent as to where the various issues of paper money are. The average citizen will find in his pocket, more frequently than in the recent past, the silver certificate, redeemable only in silver dollars; with decreasing frequency the National Bank and Federal Reserve Bank notes; in the larger denominations the Federal Reserve note, but with extreme rarity the greenback and other forms of gold redeemable paper money. The latter forms of currency include the gold certificate. They are included in the Federal Reserve holdings, and with the concentration of practically all the gold coin and bullion in the same hands, give these banks a first lien on the gold in the country.

No one knows how much gold coin there is outstanding. Gold bullion is not coin, nor is it a legal tender, yet the official reports count it with coin. The coin itself may be worn and worth less than its face, while it has often been profitable to melt them for fabrication into jewelry and other forms of business utility. Thus the Treasury and Federal Bank holdings are all that can be reported.

As to the retirement of currency, there is little to worry about as to the Federal Reserve notes. New issues are constantly made where business demands them. The volume of money in the country today is greater than a month before the report, and has gained during the entire year. This gradual inflation is being felt, but the burnt child dreads the fire, and the story of 1920-21 is too recent for prudent men to risk real property to secure unnecessary credit.

Recognizing the Gallery

DURING the filibuster Senator Brookhart introduced something of a novelty—he addressed the public, or such portions of it as filled the Senate galleries. Without knowing just what bearing the rules would have on this, it being the official fiction that the Senator who has the floor addresses the President of the Senate, there would seem to be a valuable precedent in the progressive Senator's action. Why not oftener address the people from the Senate floor? Citizens of the United States, sitting in the galleries, have often been threatened with ejection from their own Government House because they have signified in their own time-honored way their sentiments of approval or disapproval of what was being said on the floor by their representatives. The galleries were not supposed to recognize the Senators in any way. But now that a Senator has recognized the galleries, who knows what straight dealing we may be in for?

Mr. Ford's Page

THINKING is the hardest work there is, which is the probable reason why so few engage in it. Even to say this about thinking is of doubtful use, because so few have had enough experience of thinking to enable them to judge whether the statement is true or false. If it were possible, first to teach the people how to go to work to think, and then to think, there would be hope for all sorts of things.

"The people are thinking" is a phrase we often hear; "The people are thinking and something will happen if there is not a change." But when you hear this hopeful news and try to verify it, you discover quickly enough that it is far more arousing than true. An analysis of the situation in which such a report is passed usually indicates that the people are not thinking at all, but are beginning to feel a certain pressure which is rendering them restless, which pressure if continued long enough may yet set them to the serious work of thinking, but is seldom continued as far as that.

In the long, long story of the soul of the people, it may be providential that for the present every person is not a thinker. It may be that the earth until this time has not been ready to support races given to thought. It may be that if everyone were a thinker at this stage of our common life, we should find life not as pliable as it will one day become, and so all the thinking would be frustrated. We cannot say positively as to that; at the best it is but speculation; but when you begin to see that possibly everything has been about all that it could be up to the present time, then it may be true that thus far there has been enough thinking, at least as much thinking as could well be.

One feels, however, that regardless of the fact that up to the present time everything has been about all that it could be under the circumstances, there is a sense in which from this moment forward a new era may emerge—if the necessary human components of a new era decide so.

Perhaps the most that one can hope for now is to drive home a conviction that, as a people, we have not done much thinking. If we think we have been thinking and find out that we have not, the jolt of discovery may be of service to us.

It is interesting to speculate whether the brain originates or only transmits ideas, whether the mind really originates thoughts or is a wireless that catches them out of the great invisible and translates them into terms of our experience. A decision made upon scientific grounds may never be entirely satisfactory, but an opinion arrived at by experience may become very useful as a working hint. Most of us will say that ideas have come to us without expectation of our own, certainly without conscious effort of our own, and have not been inferior ideas either. Sometimes it does seem that the air is full of messages and that those whose receivers are attuned to the messages catch them. Whether these are ideas originating in minds all about us and are being broadcast in the ether of universal mind, or belong to a general source of ideas, is one of the questions we play with occasionally. The point is, we don't know.

THE secrets of life are open to the thinker. Thinking is the work of digging to the foundations and has the aid of higher lights. Merely having ideas is not thinking. Our minds, when they are not focused on a worthy work which engages every faculty, become the playground for ideas, but they are always other people's ideas, they are not our own, and they are not usually worth anything except the momentary excitement they cause. We prefer the swarm of other people's ideas to our own thinking, because thinking is the hardest kind of work a mortal can do. And just because it is hardest, the higher rewards are reserved to it. Thinking calls for facts; facts are found by digging; but he who has gathered this wealth is well equipped for life.

But we do know that this experience of receiving ideas is a real experience. It seems also that the degree of receptivity is in proportion to the degree of activity on the other side; that is, if one uses the mind quite actively, the mind is thereby made keener to catch impressions which do not seem to originate within it.

And whatever ideas may come, none ever comes without making a demand on the voluntary action of the mind in realizing or fixing its value. The very best ideas when they come, tax the intelligence afterward to work them out and make them the useful and general possession of men.

So that, practically, the academic question is settled: the mind is neither one nor the other; it is both. It receives and it also works. But "thinking" pertains more to that less romantic activity which we call working.

Just to have ideas is not necessarily to "think." Probably the man who comes to you most frequently with "ideas" is the man who has never thought one through in his life. His only notion of the value of ideas is derived from the excitement which they cause in him. And as some of the best ideas are not exciting or stimulating at all, his judgment on ideas does not indicate even a reasonably competent mind.

It is easy to have ideas, but whose are they, and what are they worth?

Think of the experience of the average mind during the course of the average day. Think of the tens of thousands of impressions, ideas that swarm across it, as passengers over a bridge. From newspapers and signs and voices come a perfect torrent of ideas respecting all the things in creation, from the merits of a particular brand of chewing gum to the care which is advised for an immortal soul—all these clamor across the mind. And when they stop clamoring, we get books or go to plays to start another procession of ideas. Whose are they? Certainly they are not ours.

So that merely having ideas is not thinking. Merely "having something on my mind" is not thinking. Merely "wondering" is not thinking. Merely "worrying" is not thinking. Merely listening with all intentness to catch and remember something that someone is offering as the essence of wisdom, is not thinking. You can listen and study and understand, without having done any real thinking at all. The clergyman who says, "Why, my professor in theology taught us that . . . ." shows that he understands what his professor taught, and even understands it in relation to another relevant subject, but he does not thereby indicate that he has done any thinking on the subject.

We have intelligence to spare; intelligence is ability to receive. But we have little thinking. Thinking is creative or it is analytical. Intelligence comprehends the outlines of a thing. Thinking breaks it into its elements, analyzes it, puts it together again.

We do little thinking. Someone else arranges our indignations for us. Someone else arranges our approvals for us. You don't know why you think a certain man great, except that some newspaper said he was. Newspapers create public reputations now; they never create public characters, however. The point is, you haven't the facts and you don't know, yet you think you do know.

You know something is wrong, but you don't know what is wrong. Why don't you know? You seriously start out one day to think the thing through, actually to find out what is wrong. And then you stop because you have no facts. You cannot run the gristmill of the mind without facts. But to get facts you have to dig, and digging is work. It is easier to go to the journalistic or political bargain-counter of ready-made ideas and get fitted to a lot of hand-me-down opinions.

But if you would think and dig and build your foundations slowly, carefully, as you would build a cathedral, you could have something after while. Thought is not a series of illuminating flashes, it is deep dark mining amid the accumulated rubbish of the world's illusions and the world's laziness.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Wall Street's Exploiting of the Cotton Crop

Exchanges Multiply "Supply" in Buying and Selling Mythical Bales

By WILLIAM BUTLER

WHEN the sight-seeing busses of New York City pass through Wall Street, the guide, with megaphone to his mouth, jocularly cries: "This is Wall Street. It is bounded on one end by East River and on the other by the graveyard of Trinity Church. Its ends are the river and the grave. So, if you speculate here—take your choice of either end."

This dense, narrow street is the imperial home of the American Caesars, where pompous wealth and power decree the fate of the busy world. These Caesars are mighty speculators, ruthless, manipulating the destiny of peoples. Their speculations are so overwhelming as to dictate the movement of world commodities, such as cotton, the platform of American Presidents, the rise and fall of empires, the hopes and sufferings of humanity, or the fate of anything in the human category that offers emolument. Speculation is the Roman Colossus over all. The pagan temples where they worship and offer up the soul of the universe to the deity of speculation, are represented by three mammoth organizations, in reality, the Three Fates of American industry. These are the New York Stock Exchange, the New York Cotton Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade. Although the latter is at Chicago, it is nevertheless an integral part of their system of monopoly.

The extent to which speculation is carried, the machinations of brokers to induce speculation, the losses to the working world, the reaction upon the fortunes of agriculture and the psychology of the nation, make a story of wanton adventure, as bold as one dares tell to the judgment of America.

The district attorney in New York, in prosecuting a cotton exchange recently for bucketing, characterized the brokers of the exchange as "night rovers in finance," which gives us a picture of the type of men about whom we are to hear.

All brokers are not bad; many are fine men, but they have grown up in the corrupt system and do not fully realize its baseness.

A number of years ago, when I lived in the South, my imagination was fired by stories of the fortune that could be made by speculating in cotton futures on the exchanges. I had accumulated $1,200. I took the money to a local broker and offered to buy cotton futures which, let me explain, is buying something you never see, buying a contract for the future delivery of cotton which is never delivered, except in isolated cases. The order is telegraphed to a New York or New Orleans cotton broker, who goes through the formality of purchasing phantom cotton on the cotton exchange.

The local broker looked at me frankly, and asked: "Young man, have you ever speculated in cotton?" I hesitated, but admitted to my ignorance of the game. "Cotton speculation," he explained, "is the meanest game in the world. Even men who have followed it for years go broke. You can't beat it. Put your money into your pocket, or invest it in substantial bonds."

I was discouraged. I went to another broker, who was not so appreciative of the pitfalls of the game. He accepted my order. I traded in cotton futures for two weeks, and of $1,200, I had left at the end of that time a capital of $5. My eyes began to open to the hideous and fateful side of the game. About that time one of the great lawyers in our community committed suicide because of losses in speculation on the New York Cotton Exchange.

I wondered if the world realized the appalling gravity of this mad game. I talked with business men about it, and took trips over the South. I was amazed to hear of the fortunes that had been lost by noted Southerners. I saw men come into brokers' offices, sink their savings in cotton futures; and after a short while, would see these misguided men lose every penny. Then, utterly discouraged, they would throw up their job and leave home and family for parts unknown. Whisky never wrought such havoc so quickly as speculation. In spite of all, the temptation lingered in me to trade in futures. I wanted to recoup my loss.

Goes to New York

ONE DAY I received a letter from a Wall Street broker, unknown to me, requesting that I give him an opinion on the future course of prices. I complied with the request. He replied and pronounced my opinion a masterpiece of economic thought, which I foolishly believed. He even went so far as to flatter me by publishing it. A close correspondence followed between us. I wrote several opinions on prices, which he published.

Finally, he solicited my account and invited me to New York. I accepted the invitation, but first visited the New Orleans Cotton Exchange and studied its operations. This exchange operates under the guidance of the New York Cotton Exchange.

In New York I was surprised to find that my genial correspondent was a Jew, adorned with an American name, and also to note the number of Jews connected with the cotton trade, who confessed to their ignorance of the culture and marketing of cotton. After receiving me with profuse cordiality, the Jew broker began a gradual pressure to influence me to trade in cotton futures. The whole infernal scheme soon leaked out. He had picked my name from a professional mailing list, furnished by southern brokers, and had secured a report on my newly made bank account; and for months had cleverly corresponded with me to pull me into the field of speculation.

I remained in New York. I associated mostly with brokers. The years that followed were spent by me investigating cotton marketing from every angle.

I found that the fine letters of economic thought and buoyancy, signed and published by brokers and dispatched to their southern clients, are not usually written by them but by professional market-letter writers, trained in the use of persuasive words to induce speculation.

Most of the clients of cotton brokers are Southerners, who are naturally optimistic on prices and dislike predictions of lower prices. This economic psychology causes them to be chronic buyers of cotton futures, bulls through and through. They refuse to take the other side of the market, the selling side of the bears. Brokers, knowing this, flood the South with bullish propaganda to please its sunny, friendly temperament; to make the Southerner feel they are his friend, and to inspire him to buy heavily. They quote patriotic expressions, such as J. P. Morgan's "He who is a bear on America will go broke."

A graphic experience came to me. I was engaged as a market-letter writer for a reputable house. Prices began to tumble. I feared that a big decline was in order. I prepared a letter urging the South to liquidate and to keep out of the market for a while. The head of the cotton house read the letter, and then called me aside. He said: "You know such a letter will not only cause our clients to stay out of the market but to withdraw their accounts. The nature of a trader is either to trade or to take down his account. Just now we can't stand heavy withdrawals. Write a bullish letter, urging them to buy more. They have made profits and can stand a little loss."

What chance has the client? Either he does not beat the game, or if he does, his next effort must be to beat the broker to the profit. The game is a two-sided monster that swallows him, if not by one head, then by the other.

How South Is Caught

IF THE South is the buyer, who is the seller? The South, which raises the cotton, buys it, speculatively, from the New York or New Orleans broker, who produces nothing but chalk-marks. Does the Southerner think that he can beat the broker at his own game, and get away with it?

The South buys when prices are advancing, first in small orders, and later, if the advance continues, buys in a rampant way. The word goes around the trading pit of the exchange that the South is buying. Brokers who have sold to the South, concertedly break the market by heavy short-selling, and as an excuse, report to the South that the market was over-bought and was due a reaction. The trustful Southerner swallows his loss, hoping to make up for it the next time. Thus, the South is a reservoir of flowing gold to the pockets of cotton brokers.

In their natural course, prices should go up on good news and down on bad news, but prices on exchanges invariably go down on good and up on bad news. The reason for this is manipulation. The public buys on the strength of good news. Brokers sell to the public, and in turn smash the market to enrich their purses. I have seen the public literally buy its head off but the market refuse to advance before first having a break.

The big client of a broker on hearing of improved conditions abroad, rushes in and buys 5,000 bales on the exchange, at, say, 20 cents a pound, which are sold to him by two or three floor brokers of the 80 or 90 that crowd the pit of the exchange. The brokers selling the cotton can immediately offer two or three hundred bales under 20 cents, at 19.95, and lower the price. They can keep offering cotton down, and if followed by other brokers who have sold to the public, can develop a wholesale selling drive. Wires flash the quotations far and wide, showing that prices are falling. Outside traders become alarmed and join the selling. The market breaks 50 points, to 19.50. The client who bought the 5,000 bales rushes in again to know the reason for the selling. The word comes from the floor of the exchange, that "big operators are unloading. Lower prices imminent." In fear, he throws his cotton overboard and charges the loss of $12,500 to the inevitable risks of speculation. In this way, brokers can often break the market with comparatively little selling and on frivolous pretexts.

Such a corrupt condition forces large traders to speculate behind dummies, and to scatter their orders among brokers, in an effort to keep the big inside professionals from knowing of their activities.

Under the magic of the Federal Reserve Act, national banks can multiply the dollar by 10, meaning that every dollar deposited with them furnishes a basis for $10 worth of credit. This pyramiding, of course, increases the circulating volume of credit, but at the same time lowers the value of money and makes your dollar and mine buy less.

Cotton exchanges break all records for multiplication, by increasing supply by 160. They take one bale as a basis for trading in 160 phantom bales. I have before me an interesting memorandum from the Inspection Bureau of the New York Cotton Exchange, the leading exchange of its kind in this country. Every bale delivered on the exchange must, under the statutes of the United States Cotton Futures Act, be first inspected by this bureau. The memorandum gives the number of bales inspected during the whole of last season, from August 1, 1921, to August 1, 1922, as 188,014 bales, which is large when compared with inspections of the past four years. Add to this the inspected stock on hand at the beginning of last season, some 125,000 bales, and we have a total of 313,014 as the season's whole supply at New York for sale and delivery upon the New York Cotton Exchange, and the basis for trading operations.

Against this small amount of lawful cotton is the huge load of speculative cotton sold at public outcry on the exchange. The Clearing House of the exchange refuses to disclose what the figures are. The amount has been variously estimated from 35,000,000 to 75,000,000 bales, and for both the New York and New Orleans exchanges, from 50,000,000 to 125,000,000 bales per annum. The more one goes into the question, the more one finds that half the truth is not known.

In searching judiciary records, I find that a prominent officer of the New York Cotton Exchange stated, under oath,* that in November, 1921, "dealings" on the exchange totaled 14,000,000 to 15,000,000 bales, and for the year 1921 reached 150,000,000 to 200 000,000 bales,** which breaks all previous disclosures, *and is more cotton than the world raises in ten years, at a cost of $12,000,000,000 or more.* It is explained that this super-figure, if analyzed, will dwindle materially, as it denotes gross sales and not net supply. For instance, A sells 100 bales to B, B sells 100 bales to C, and C 100 bales to D, making three transactions of 100 bales each, or gross sales of 300 bales. But, in reality, the 100 bales that A sold to B, was in turn sold by B to C, and by C to D. One hundred bales was the basic supply of the three sales totaling 300 bales. Therefore, sales are not always indicative of supply. To reach a fair estimate of the basic supply, and to get from figures to fact, let us divide the maximum of 200,000,000 bales sold in 1921, by four—but divide it how we may, it still remains a super-figure. The figure drops to 50,000,000 bales, a drastic scaling down, and should bring us face to face with the minimum amount of cotton floated upon the market by the speculative trade in 1921. Consider it! Six times the size of the southern crop of last year, and 160 times the lawful, reserve stock at New York, or an inflation of reserves of 16,000 per cent.

In banner years of broad speculation, such as 1922, the turnover on either exchange is undoubtedly larger than the above estimate, granting it is conservative. If the exchanges were compelled by the United States Department of Agriculture, under its lawful jurisdiction, to furnish the department with a report of annual sales, this report, if published, would be highly significant and, I am sure, staggering in revelation.

Inflation of supply, such as this, lowers the value of cotton, as in the case of money in the national banks. Speculation cannot boost prices when the supply is unlimited in the hands of exchanges, save when brokers arbitrarily hold down the supply and ask advancing prices for it.

Boll Weevil Boosts Prices

THE rapid rise of prices at present comes from no gracious gift of the exchanges to the South. The basic force at work is the Mexican boll weevil. The South now produces hardly 60 per cent of a normal crop. In 1913 and 1914, before the calamitous spread of the weevil, the yield aggregated 14,550,000 and 15,136,000 bales, respectively. In 1921 the yield fell to under 8,000,000 bales, and this year the United States Department of Agriculture forecasts a production of 10,135,000 bales, against a consumption of 12,000,000 bales or more. Spinners are necessarily alarmed at the shortage and the perilous position of production, and have rushed to the exchanges to buy futures, to protect their future requirements. Under the law, they can compel delivery of the cotton they buy on the exchanges. Operators of exchanges are, for once, between the devil and the deep blue sea, and are asking high prices to take the risk of supplying cotton from the mystery of the future.

Another feature of corruption to American cotton markets, worthy of note and little observed, imposed because of our geographical position west of the Greenwich meridian, is this: Our exchanges are allied with the speculative commodity exchanges of England, at Liverpool. Daybreak in England is five hours ahead of daybreak at New York. English commodity exchanges begin trading operations several hours before the American markets open. In fact, trading on the Liverpool Cotton Exchange is two-thirds over when the New York and New Orleans Cotton exchanges open at 10 a. m., Eastern time, or three p. m., Liverpool time. Trading at Liverpool closes one hour and a half later, at 4:30 p. m., or 11:30 a. m., New York time.

The significance of this is that the markets in England get a far start on American markets. Although the Liverpool markets no longer arbitrarily control our markets, since the gold of the world is now on this side of the water, still when cables report a decline of prices at Liverpool before the opening of our markets, our markets at the opening, in sympathetic relationship, reflect all or part of the decline. Now, should our markets break badly, Liverpool usually proceeds to go to pieces *to demoralize further our prices.*

Britain profits enormously by this advantage of time. Her industrial supremacy depends upon getting our raw materials as cheaply as possible. Therefore, besides being our best customer, she is an oppressive force in American commodity markets.

It is my opinion that if speculative commodity exchanges did not exist in this country, we would lessen the depressing influence of Liverpool, and receive better prices for our wheat and cotton. Without exchanges, grain prices would be relieved from the strangle-hold of a large Chicago grain company. The speculative

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*Case of the People of the State of New York vs. The American Cotton Exchange, Inc., tried in the Supreme Court of New York County, in May-June, 1922.

**This figure overturns previous estimates made by me.

The Rip-Van-Winkling of Arkansas' Ozarks

How One of America's Most Beautiful Spots Has Awakened to Progress

Above—Horseback riding is a diversion at the Ozark resorts. This is a group from Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Below—One of the thousands of delightful combinations of spring, rock and tree growth that add charm to the Ozark country.

By IDA L. K. CLARK

THE Ozarks have always got the worst of it, especially the Arkansas Ozarks. Arkansas as an entire state was bad enough, so thought the rest of the United States, and the mention of the name always brought a smile, tolerant but contemptuous, and an elevating of the eyebrows that said: "Yes, I know. Awful, isn't it?" But the Arkansas Ozarks were thought to be the ultra-limit—when they were thought of at all; nor should this be put altogether in the past tense, for the feeling is nearly as general today as years ago. The outside world has not awakened to the fact that the Ozarkians have awakened. If a resident in one of the "respectable" states had the temerity to say he was going to the Arkansas Ozarks, his friends looked at each other and tapped their heads significantly. "Going to Northwest Arkansas? Why don't you shoot yourself and commit suicide quickly?" were the exact words addressed to the writer by one who hesitated not for choice expressions; and others seemed to have the same thought although they considerately tempered their words either for friendship's sake or their own self-respect. Seemingly they considered it best not to excite their nerves and ruffle the calm of their mentality by going deeply into the subject of the Arkansas Ozarks as a place of residence for any one but hardened natives. That section of the otherwise incomparable United States was a necessary evil to be accepted as philosophically as possible, and the thoughts concerning it, to be thrust from the mind instanter. Ten-year-old Alice was one of a family which moved into Northwest Arkansas a year ago. When her teacher asked her where she was going she replied: "Joplin, Missouri." After struggling with a guilty conscience for a few hours she told her mother what she had said. In the heart-to-heart talk that followed, her mother asked why she had told such a falsehood. Quickly and rather petulantly came the reply: "Because I didn't want her to know we were going to that old Arkansas." Even little Alice had caught the prevailing idea and it did not fit in with her pride of location.

This prejudice against the Ozarks which is so general is largely the result of the unfortunate publication of the "Arkansas Traveler," which, because of its lilting music and the sharp retorts of the native, made it catch and spread and continue green from one end of the country to the other and even to foreign lands, while added to this, some publications here and there and a few writers seeking for something to keep the public amused, published and wrote smartly of Arkansas and its Ozarks as the ragged rim of Nowhere and its inhabitants as Old Man and Woman Shiftless and their Kids. While this idea that the Ozarks are the natural home of the uneducated, backwoods, non-progressive people, has been largely exaggerated, it has not been without some foundation in truth—*has not been.* A mountainous country, wherever it may be in the world, is always slower in development, due to natural causes, than is the open country that is easy of access and therefore a fertile field for outside influence, but that the Ozark region has been slower in maturing than other sections is only partly due to the fact that it is a country of mountains. Not the least of the reasons is that the people were almost wholly *independent of the outside world for food and fuel and feed for their stock.* They had mast-fattened pork and also beef of their own production which, supplemented with wild game, supplied an all-year variety of meat; their meal was from corn of their own raising, ground at a near-by mill; their own dairy products and fruit and vegetables, which the country so abundantly supplied, kept every family with a loaded table, while an endless supply of fuel from the timber, which was on all sides and even at the back door, was to be had by the application of elbow grease. What more could any reasonable people ask?

While these conditions do not prevail now to the extent they did in former years, there is, even today, no part of this United States that is so nearly independent of the rest of it as this same Ozark country. It is midway between the North and the South and so enjoys the modified climate of both sections and therefore can and does produce almost all those things which can grow in the North but not in the South and those things which the South produces but which the North cannot. The Ozarkian may have upon his table every kind of a vegetable from his own garden and all the fruits but the tropical varieties from his own orchard.

Another outstanding reason for the backwardness of the Ozark section has been its roads. To put it cruelly, they have been bad beyond the imagination of any one who never tried to make his way over them. To take a trip over these roads was like riding a raging sea of rocks. They would take the heart out of the most courageous and sink it in the depths of despair and disgust and vows as to the future. They were, briefly, so nearly impassable that those who were in the mountains could not get out and those who were out could not get in, consequently the progress of the outside world only infrequently touched the great mountain district that lies between the Missouri and the Arkansas rivers.

To some it might seem a pity that for so long a time the Ozark country remained undeveloped, but apparently Nature planned it so; making it difficult of access that it might not early be despoiled and stripped of its treasures. Now, after the rest of the country has been explored and turned over and over by the oil and mineral seeker, the agriculturist, the horticulturist, the stock grower, the tourist, the vacationist, the man seeking climate or an ideal home spot, the Ozarks, untouched, potential with Nature's gifts, with resources undreamed of, now smiles a welcome to that flood of humanity that is ever searching for something new and good. The bad roads are rapidly being made into good automobile highways which throws into the past one hindrance to the new development.

In the last two years great improvements have been accomplished and those who ventured into the Ozarks a few years ago now have a most pleasurable surprise awaiting them in the matter of roadways. The Jefferson Highway cutoff and the Ozark trails are the main arteries leading into and through the Ozarks, while hundreds of miles of secondary roads traverse the region, linking the principal towns into a continuous route that may be followed by the most critical motoring tourist or by the residents themselves, and a highly favorable characteristic of these roads is their sand and gravel nature which precludes their becoming dangerous and impassable after a rain. Three railroad trunk lines traverse the section and a number of lesser railroads which, together with the new highways, now make easily accessible almost all towns and valleys of the region.

Whether the awakening of the Ozarkians or the improved highways came first, would be as difficult to say as whether the hen or the egg made the initial appearance, but presumably the mental processes of at least one person began functioning before any good road was made. After that, it was easy. Some one else woke up and then there was another good road. That aroused a few others and there were more good roads, and, in the meantime, outsiders began hearing of the new doings, as news will always somehow creep out, and that advanced conditions generally. Just now the native takes no back seat in the characteristic of local pride. Having seen the advantages of certain new ways of doing, he has seized upon them with the avidity of one who has long been hungry for something but did not know what it was. Just why he is now ready to accept the innovations, when a generation ago he would have spurned them, can be explained in no way except by that reason that is always offered when no other can be found—that now is the psychological time and a generation ago it was not. It is just a case of "in the fullness of time." The native had a long, long nap and he yawned and stretched awhile but now he is up making new business and putting modern flourishes to his old work.

In every part of the world, it is the rural people's progress that is watched and remarked as the barometer that indicates advancement of the entire mass, it being taken for granted that the towns and cities will be in the forefront of fashion and progress, so if the country folk advance, everybody is advanced. The Ozarks are a pointed example of this, and so, while the towns have all the modern attractions, attractions such as electric light plants; water sys-

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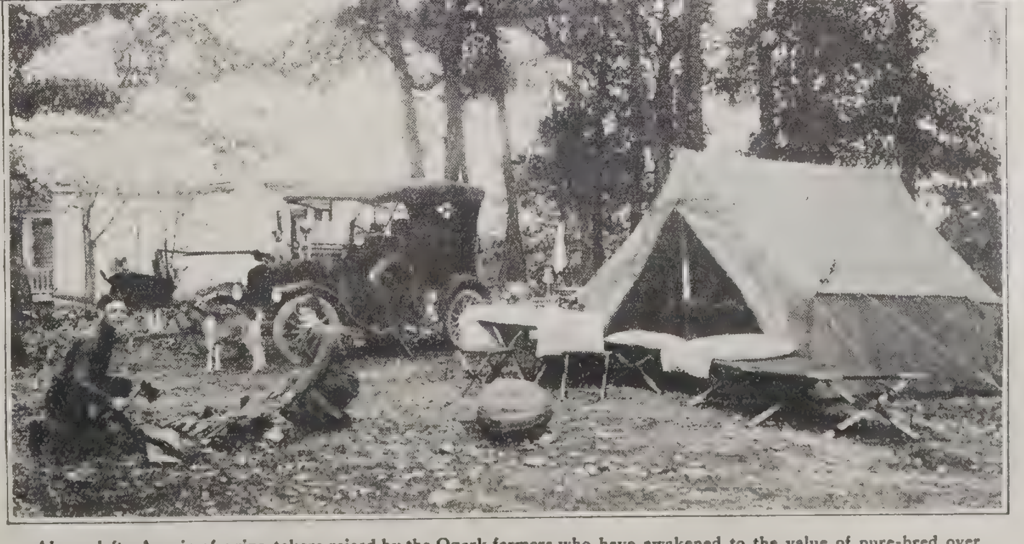

Above, left—A pair of prize-takers raised by the Ozark farmers who have awakened to the value of pure-bred over scrub stock. Above, right—Arkansas is unsurpassed for the quality of its fruit and modern methods now employed in its culture are bringing fame and fortune to the country. Below—Modern recreation life in the Rip-Van-Winkled Ozarks. Thousands of tourists now motor through these hills.

Is League of Nations Failure? Here's Answer

A Live, Functioning Organization, Despite Fact U. S. Is Not Member

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I HAD been in Europe for a year and had come back home. Most of that year I had spent in Geneva, Switzerland, there in the shadow of Mont Blanc where the League of Nations has its headquarters. I had been earning my living for some 25 years by looking things over and then writing down on paper just how they appeared to me, so, naturally, I had scanned this new world agency rather appraisingly. Other writers have run into Geneva for a week, sometimes a month, and dashed off pieces for the papers. But I had stayed a year. If I was approximately as smart as the other fellows I should know more about what was going on in this village of John Calvin, which is sometimes styled the World Capital, than the rest of them.

And I had been rather favorably impressed. Then I came back home and folks began asking me questions. Was the League of Nations still in existence? one wanted to know. It was just a group of minor nations, wasn't it? Had it ever done anything? Why did it not handle the Turkish situation? What was it for anyway? How many nations had withdrawn from it? What (ribaldly) was written on the cold gray slab where it was buried? This was a stupendously important thing, I thought, and nearly everybody seems to be uninformed or misinformed about it. Since I was fresh from a ripe experience with the League I should try to clear up some of the misapprehensions. So I started this way:

No, I said, the important nations have not withdrawn from the League of Nations. There were 13 in the beginning that had been on the Allied side in the war. Then the doors had been opened to nations that had not been in the war and many more had entered. The new nations all joined. Of the nations that had fought on the German side, Bulgaria, Hungary and Austria had come in. One nation, Argentine, had withdrawn. She retired in a huff when the majority of the assembly voted against some measure she had proposed. It was not dissatisfaction with the League but peeve, because she could not have her own way that caused her to withdraw.

Since that time there has been an election in Argentine and the new president announces that Argentine is coming back in.

54 Nations Are Members

THIS action on the part of Argentine is the basis for the statement, so often made, that many nations have withdrawn. As a matter of fact there are now 54 nations in the League. They are not merely the small nations. Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, China, are in. All those sturdy nations of the class of Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden, Holland, are in. There are only some 60 nations in the world and 54 are members. The only nations worth mentioning that are not in are, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Mexico and the United States. The only nation in the world of any importance and a stable government that is not in, is the United States. Many of these nations are frightfully hard up and it is difficult for them to meet their assessments for the support of the League. But they do the best they can. All stick. If they didn't see something in it they wouldn't keep coming to Geneva. The one nation that would feel the burden least, remains outside.

There the League is, on the lake front in Geneva in what used to be a tourist hotel. It has a staff of about 300 persons composing its secretariat. Its chief official is a secretary general, Sir Eric Drummond, and he works through a council and a dozen commissions that have been set up to handle the chief questions; there is, for example, the temporary mixed commission which pushes steadily, year after year, toward the goal of general disarmament. It is making hopeful progress. Few people know that it has worked four years toward drafting a treaty that all nations may sign and which is held to be the key to the situation. Progress is slow and not spectacular but competent agencies wrestling unremittingly with specific problems are likely, in the end, to solve them.

There is the health commission which has as its purpose concerted action on the part of the nations for the eradication of plague. The opium commission believes that, by concerted action among the nations, drug addiction can be driven from the world. The commission on the traffic in women and children is tackling the white slave problem. The mandates commission has established expert supervision of all those German and Turkish areas left over from the war. Fourteen million persons are governed by the nations receiving mandates but under the supervision of this expert authority looking on from the side lines. It is the first time since the world began that any government was ever subjected to outside, disinterested supervision.

These are but examples of the sort of thing that the League of Nations is doing. Practical concrete tasks are being performed. There are innumerable international tasks. The protection of a minority like the Albanians is a matter possible through joint action by the nations as is the establishment of a method of preventing war. The League of Nations is an agency which devotes itself to handling those problems that are world problems.

But, says the skeptic, the French went into the Ruhr and the Turks came back into Europe and the League did nothing about it. Isn't that the very sort of situation it should handle? The answer is in the affirmative. The League of Nations should have handled both those situations. They would undoubtedly have been handled with greater efficiency and nearer approach to justice if that world agency had taken charge. But it did not do so for the reason that it was not asked. It has not, within itself, the authority to act on its own initiative. If, however, some member nation had called this situation to the attention of the League, had insisted that it was a situation which threatened the peace of the world, the League could have acted. The Council of the League, nine men, of nine outstanding countries, forming what virtually amounts to an executive committee, could have been called quickly together. In the name of 54 nations it could have called upon the Turks to halt. Any nation would be bold that would fail to heed such a call. If it did fail there would be means to exercise irrisistible pressure. The council could call on the nations to clamp down the economic boycott. This would have meant that none of these nations would have done any business whatsoever with Turkey. It would have meant the immediate collapse of her entire economic and commercial structure. It would have meant shutting off imports and exports. No modern nation could withstand such pressure, Turkey would have been forced to submit to a settlement through the League of Nations. The League could have done all this if she had been asked, but she was not asked. The world has not yet learned how to use its League of Nations. It will take time.

Has Stopped a War

SO DISINTERESTED has the United States been in the accomplishments of the League of Nations that it is unaware of the fact that the latter did stop a war in just this way last year. The Jugo-Slavs were invading Albania, that wild yet heroic little country across the Adriatic from Italy, obviously to annex it. Their army was already over the border and the fighting was on. The League called upon Jugo-Slavia to stop, but she would not. The threat of the application of the economic boycott was held forth. The mere threat caused such a panic in the Jugo-Slav financial world as to halt the campaign immediately and cause the withdrawal of the troops. The instant power of this boycott was a surprise even to the League itself.

The League acted in the case of Jugo-Slavia and Albania. It had also acted in drawing a boundary line in upper Silesia over which Germany and Poland were actually fighting. It did draw that line, did secure its acceptance, and maintain peace. It was a concrete international task successfully executed. A little earlier, the League had stepped in when Poland and Lithuania were actually fighting over Vilna. It had actually stopped a war. It has maintained peace in that quarter. Then there were the Aland Islands, claimed by both Sweden and Finland. Those Baltic countries were at each other's throats. The League stepped in, sought justice, gave the islands to Finland, and Sweden accepted the award.

Thus is it obvious that the League of Nations has settled a number of disputes that had actually got to the stage of war. America is far away and prone to fail to recognize the gravity of such situations. But these are important precedents that have been established. The Turkish situation was but a little more serious and probably could have been handled successfully and confidently. A disinterested commission of the League undoubtedly could have worked out a plan of settlement much nearer justice than could a conference of the interested parties.

With the accomplishments of the past year or two in the background, there is no doubt but that the League of Nations has gained prestige. With the growth of that prestige it would seem but natural that cases of greater and greater importance should, in the future, come to it. It should be borne in mind that the Supreme Court of the United States did not get a case for two years after it was established and that its authority was twice defied in the first decade of its life. Prestige comes slowly.

Another fact that is helping the League of Nations is the flat failure of the other conferences. When the prime ministers of four nations meet to settle some great question as, for instance, reparations, each has an absorbing national interest in the issues. One settlement will be stupendously to the interest of Great Britain while another will be stupendously to the advantage of France. Each naturally votes his own interest, and agreement is impossible. It is like appointing the two litigants in a suit as judges of their own case. Results cannot be obtained. The method is wrong.

Such has been the situation all along in the matter of reparations. After four years, France resorted to force, that malignant extreme which the world is so anxious to escape.

A commission of the League of Nations, international, aloof, disinterested, could have got at a settlement that was fair to all concerned. This is just the sort of task that this service station of the nations should handle. The world needs just such an agency to handle just such tasks. Most of its trouble today could be settled by such an agency. Its greatest need is already met, but it has not come to appreciate the fact. But as the League gains prestige, matters of ever greater importance are sure to come to it. It is piling up successes in handling international differences while the other method is accumulating a long line of failures. Eventually it will get all the business. It will be a great accomplishment if it establishes itself in 20 years. There are international tasks of many sorts being performed and to be performed. The treaty of peace, for instance, authorized the League of Nations to establish the Permanent Court of International Justice, a thing that the advanced nations, led by the United States, had been trying, without success, to do for a generation. This agency of the nations, functioning as it does without cessation, was able to accomplish results where world conferences at The Hague had failed. In a single twelve-month it had secured agreement on the details of the court, had chosen its 11 judges and had got it into operation and had gone so far as actual verdicts on its first two cases. The Permanent Court of International Justice is very likely to prove itself the most important single agency ever created by the hand of man. This fact is not appreciated. The League of Nations is given little credit in America for establishing it. It will take time for the world to learn to appreciate so stupendous an agency.

How Austria Was Aided

THEN there is the question of Austria. A few months ago this one-time enemy nation there in the heart of Europe occupied the center of the stage and played a most tragic rôle. Then she made her exit and America forgot to ask why the sobs of her suffering were no longer to be heard. As a matter of fact the League of Nations had performed another of her numerous tasks. She had succored a member in distress, a member whose maladies threatened to spread to the households of the neighbor nations. The assembly of the League of Nations, meeting last September, arranged a loan sufficient to rehabilitate Austria. The money was advanced by five of her associates. It was to be administered by a commission of the League of Nations. That commission went to Vienna, became the fiscal agent of the government, gave it a currency with actual value, forced such reforms as the discharge of unnecessary government employes, made Austria a functioning unit, and accomplished a result that might well be borne in mind when the difficulties of other near-bankrupt nations are being studied.

The League of Nations is established, and is a proper agency for taking care of these situations that are the concern of all the world. It is but the creature of the nations to do their bidding. If, as time passes, it is found not to meet all the requirements, its structure may be changed, developed, perfected. But there it is, a going concern, ready for use or adaptation, capable of supplying the greatest need of governments in their international relations—an agency through which they may handle those questions that are international. The major questions are not going to it yet but it looks as though they soon would. It is meeting the great world need and its future rests on that fact.

I have carefully watched this new world agency in operation. I have tried here to get to you at home a bit of an understanding of what it is doing and what are its possibilities.

Wall Street's Exploiting of the Cotton Crop

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system of making prices not only interlocks our markets with those of Europe, where prices are based on slave labor, but forces our markets under the spell of every political event occurring, or expected to occur, in the universe. As a result, prices are not the legitimate index of supply and demand, but are more of a nervous disease that feeds upon the constitution of our agriculture and forces it to the low European level.

Gambling in Wall Street is a struggle of forces between bulls and bears. Its action and reaction upon our commercial life are, in effect, similar, but in a lesser degree, to the stimulus and aftermath of war between nations. There are rising prices, business, hope; falling prices, depressed business, despair. The New York stock and commodity exchanges act as the vanguard of business. Stocks and commodities advance in price. Business throughout the nation follows with a broad smile. The advance continues. Stocks pass from the hands of the financial powers to the investing classes, and, later, as business booms, to the masses, the last and weakest of buyers. The scheme of the powers is to distribute stocks as widely as possible to the people. The movement of prices and business opens up like a fan.

Finally, money tightens, rates go up. Prices and business collapse. High interest is the sword that cuts off the head of commercial activity. Business falls and with it the accumulations of the masses, which drop again into the pockets of the powers that be.

The course of American business is like an inverted V, up and down hill, over and over again. As long as speculative exchanges lead the march of business, we cannot have orderly prosperity. The psychology thus produced makes our business men reckless plungers, "to get it while they can," fast livers with selfish hearts.

Look at any broker's bucket shop. Note how it is screened from the public eye, barricaded like a barroom, showing the consciousness of evil doing, that his business is on the wrong side of the world. Inside, men stare at quotations like vigils at a card table.

The foregoing are some of the reasons leaders of the southern cotton world, men like Mr. Heflin, United States Senator from Alabama, Mr. B. B. Comer, president of a great chain of cotton mills, and other representatives and editors have raised eloquent voices in denunciation of cotton exchanges as houses of conspiracy to exploit the South; why some cities and states bar cotton brokerage; and why the United States Senate has requested a sub-committee of the Agricultural Bloc to make a searching inquiry into cotton futures speculation, and the evils it does to that great, rich basin called, "The Sunny South."

A Great Fleet Built Only to Be Destroyed

Wooden Armada Constructed in War Sold for One-quarter of One Per Cent

By GEORGE H. DACY

OUR wooden-ship bubble is a fiasco interwoven with romance, pathos and failure. The fleet was built only to be destroyed. When peace came, there was no longer any need for the fleet which was being hewed from our forests. There is no commodity of land or sea which depreciates more rapidly or deteriorates more thoroughly in a short space of time than an idle wooden ship. Yet your Uncle Samuel stacked his hundreds of wooden vessels on the shelf—sort of "In God We Trust" style—and hoped and prayed for a speedy deliverance from ownership of a fleet which had accomplished little other than to put a crimp of three-tenths of a billion dollars in the United States Treasury.

About five years ago, the crash and clatter of thousands of hammers, the high-pitched hum of heavy machinery, the bobbing to and fro of electric and steam cranes and gantrys awakened the sleepy old city of Alexandria, Virginia—it is a town rich in historical lore—to the fact that it had developed almost overnight as a power in the steel shipbuilding world. At present, this Virginia city is entering the second era of its seafaring prominence for again the clank and clatter of iron on iron and steel on steel resound while the cranes crane and the workmen are busier than before. This time, Alexandria is the scene of ship demolition for it is there that the 226 boats of the wooden fleet, built for $300,000,000 and sold for one-quarter of one per cent of that price, are being dismantled and salvaged and the hulls destroyed.

226 wooden vessels which cost $300,000,000 are being torn to pieces and sold as junk.

Every mechanical device known to the wrecking industry is used in scrapping the ships. Large cranes and gantrys speed the demolition activities.

Every mechanical device known to the naval and industrial world which is adapted for the speedy and efficient destruction of stout and substantial wooden vessels is being used in these most extensive shipwrecking and scrapping activities. The conditions of the sale were that the ships were to be purchased "as is, where is"; they were not to be used for transportation purposes as steamships and they were to be dismantled as soon as possible. The Shipping Board surrendered control of the fleet without warranty or guaranty of the condition, capacity, equipment, tonnage or correctness of description of the various ships. The purchasers have already begun the work of junking the ships and shortly will be operating at peak capacity under conditions which will permit of the crew of 2,500 men scrapping four to five boats a week. The fleet is anchored at Claremont, Virginia, just far enough up the James River so that salt water insects and pests, such as marine borers, cannot gain access to the wooden ships and effect serious destruction. Ten ships at a time are being towed up the James and Potomac rivers to Alexandria where they are dismantled. The shipping yards are only large enough to permit handling this number at a time.

The shipwreckers estimate that it will take about three years to dismantle the ships, prepare the salvaged machinery and equipment for sale and to market the nautical equipment. The following estimates of the material and junk which will result from these salvaging operations reflect the magnitude of the undertaking. There will be 12 miles of smokestack, approximately 200 000 tons of scrap iron and steel, 12,000 000 feet of cable wire. 5 000 tons of brass and copper, 2,500 miles of piping, 2,260 steam pumps, 9 000 tons of water tanks, 5,000 drill presses, anvils and vises, 1,800 steam winches 12,000 steam and air gauges, 5,500 tons of anchor chain, 600 tons of rope, 162 fourteen hundred horsepower engines, 64 turbine engines, 226 brass condensers, 452 water tube boilers, 100,000 000 feet of southern pine and western fir lumber, 16,480,000 bolts and washers of all types and sizes, 430 propellers, 226 bronze-mounted cannons for shooting the life lines, 1 130 miles of electric light wire, 226 outfits of galley stoves with cooking utensils and dishes, silverware and linen, 552 bronze gongs, 1,500 oak desks, ship furniture and a multitude of other equipment.

Altogether, the Western Marine and Salvage Company has purchased 305 wooden vessels from Uncle Sam, but 79 of these vessels are moored at present in Gulf and Pacific waters and will be scrapped at wrecking plants in those neighborhoods. All the boats that this company has purchased which are located at Claremont, Virginia, have been operated under their own power and 85 per cent of them made at least one trip overseas during the late days of the World War. They were all equipped with the finest machinery, much of which will be available for shore uses after it is salvaged. All these appliances are superior to those offered ordinarily for shore usage because the apparatus is armored to withstand salt water. For example, all the steam pumps are brass-lined and the other equipment is provided with extraordinary fittings and finish to enable it to resist the most rigorous exposure constantly to wind and weather.

On arrival at the shipwrecking headquarters, each quota of ships is dismantled rapidly. All the furnishings and portable equipment are first removed to special storage buildings on shore. Then, the machinery and permanent appliances are removed. In these activities, huge steel columns, supports and plates have to be cut. Acetylene torches are used for this purpose so powerful that their flame will cut away a solid steel pillar, 10 inches in diameter, in six to seven minutes. The acetylene torches are the most destructive metal wrecking tools used in junking the wooden fleet. Huge cranes, derricks, gantrys and other unloading devices are used in transporting the machinery, equipment and junk from ship to shore. After the ship is emptied, gasoline drag saws are used to cut away all the lumber and wooden work which can be removed handily. The hulls contain so many bolts at such short distances apart that it is impossible to saw them to pieces. One by one they are hauled upshore and burned.

To salvage all the iron and steel bolts and supplies left after the destruction of each hull, an enormous electrified magnet is used to abstract the material from the ruins. The magnet is about five feet in diameter and flat in shape. It handles six tons of scrap iron and steel at a time. It is lowered over the fire remains and moved backward and forward so that it locates and salvages all the magnetic metal materials. When it is full the crane is operated so that on the shutting off of the switch which controls the magnet, its load of junk falls free into the proper storage pits. Another magnetic tool of great importance is called a skull cracker. It consists of a three-ton iron ball which can be magnetized or demagnetized. By magnetic attraction, this ball is elevated 30 to 40 feet above a pile of junk metal to be broken into small enough pieces for a man to handle readily. The electric current which governs the magnetization of the ball is then cut off and the weight descends with great force on the pile. The process is repeated until the degree of destruction desired is accomplished.

To protect the ships against damage by fire during the junking period huge searchlights play on them while the water front is similarly illuminated. Electric lights are also kept going on board the vessels while lines of hose connect each ship with the water supply on shore.

Wooden shipbuilding was practically a lost art along our coasts when the project of the wooden fleet was formulated. One reason the boats cost so much was because they were built by ordinary carpenters who were broken into the boat-construction game for the emergency. The outstanding feature which makes the ships unsatisfactory for ocean freighters is because they were built under extreme pressure by unskilled workmen. The boats are not nearly so seaworthy or satisfactory as their sizes and prices indicate. Even if they had been stout ships of a durable type and construction, they would, without question, have been allotted the same fate. The superfluity of long-lived steel ships (which has congested the marine service) demanded that wooden boats make place for the metal greyhounds.

Wrecking experts figure that the Western Marine and Salvage Company will make fair returns in scrapping the wooden fleet. Labor is the limiting factor which will ultimately govern the profit or loss in the junking project. Previously, the experiences of other concerns which have purchased and tried to salvage a few of the government ships have been disastrous. For example, one company spent three months' time and labor dismantling a few boats and realized experience only. To dismantle and junk approximately 1,000,000 tons of wooden ships is a big task even though the $300,000,000 bargain sold for $750,000.

Philadelphia, Victim of Land Speculators, Sees Independence Fair Plans Fade Away

Concluded from page 2

All of them knew the facts. Tenants whose rents have been driven upward in the Sesquicentennial area have been industriously writing letters to everybody in authority—also to the newspapers. Needless to say, the newspapers haven't published them. Stories have been published at the instigation of real estate dealers to show the need of hotel accommodations during the exposition—pure propaganda to stimulate the real estate market. But prices are so high now that that no longer works.

Colonel Franklin D'Olier is now president of the Exposition Association. At the time of his election he made it clear that he had no intention of being the goat, and last year he succeeded in shifting responsibility by appointing an advisory committee of four—Ernest T. Trigg, Jules E. Mastbaum, David S. Ludlam and Ellis A. Gimbel. Mastbaum is head of the so-called motion picture trust—the Stanley Company of America, and also of the largest real estate firm in Philadelphia—Mastbaum Brothers and Fleisher. Gimbel is head of the department store of the same name. In recent weeks most of the boosting for the exposition has been done by Mastbaum, who stands to profit from the crowds that would be attracted to the city not only through his motion picture houses, but also through his real estate holdings.

The election of Mastbaum was held the last straw. It marked also the complete disappearance of circumspection on the part of the real estate speculators. Previously they had made errors of judgment that enabled close observers to see through the screen of patriotism and civic pride thrown up to hide the scramble for options. One in particular was the action of the Philadelphia Real Estate Board, which announced that it intended to call a meeting designed to unite all interests to get the exposition work started. The meeting was held, but the interest back of it was too obvious and nothing more came of that than of innumerable other meetings. Some of those who know exactly what is going on are laughing up their sleeves at a remark of Mastbaum's, widely quoted in the newspapers, to the effect that "we'll win out, or we'll die with our boots on."

It has been stated that organized opposition to the fair has been conducted by the North Philadelphia Manufacturers Association. The details of that, together with the flat and unequivocal charges made by the association that the whole scheme has degenerated into a vast real estate detail, will be set forth in another article. In the meantime, as this is being written, announcement has been made of the formation of the Anti-Sesquicentennial League to carry on the work started by the manufacturers. In its statement of purposes the league says:

"The league advocates taxes that are not burdensome, lower rents, better living conditions, readjustment of living costs, adequate homes for our population, stabilized real estate values, sufficient school buildings, speeding up public improvements, more transit facilities, improvement and extension of our water supply system, better sewerage disposal facilities, improved streets, more police protection, a *cleaner and better city to live in*. A World's Fair would not make for these things but would bring about *reverse* conditions. Therefore, the league is opposed to the Sesquicentennial Exhibition."

Public Jobs That Know No Ending: Bureaucracy Never Quits Pay Roll

Including the Story of the Man Who Drew His Salary Merely to Watch the Desks Accumulated in Washington as a Result of War Activities

By AARON HARDY ULM

NEARLY two years after the ending of the World War, a sub-executive in the government service at Washington came to need additional office furniture for his establishment. Instead of buying new desks and chairs he decided to hunt up old furniture that had been left over from the war. After considerable scouting he discovered a large array of desks occupying the floor of a privately owned office building. One desk was in use. He spoke to the man using it concerning a desire to procure the desks not in use.

"Please don't pursue the subject," pleaded the man at the single employed desk. "If you do somebody may be led to investigate, in which case I'll probably lose my job!"

For several months he had been sitting there daily, and drawing a substantial salary, with nothing to do except to watch those desks. Besides, a large rental was being payed for the office floor occupied by them.

The desks ultimately were disposed of, the floor surrendered and the hold-over war worker disconnected from the public pay roll.

An investigation would disclose any number of cases essentially the same which have gone on year after year.

Many years ago, when the government's accounting machinery was rather small, it was proposed that an auditing office that would be independent of collectors and supervisors of customs be set up at the important ports of entry.

An Official Not Needed

THE holder of this new office was given the stately title of "naval officer of the port." As it was desired that capable and responsible men hold the office good salaries were attached to it. From the beginning the places were looked on as highly desirable patronage. They have been filled generally by men conspicuous in their parties. The pay now ranges from $5,000 to $8,000 a year. Those who have investigated the subject say that there is utterly no need for them now, even if there once was; but recommendations that the places be abolished are regularly ignored.

You will find in the list of Federal Government offices one that is denoted "indexer of the *Congressional Record*." The editing of that publication is intrusted directly to the Government Printing Office where it is printed, the editing being a part of the routine of publication, like proof reading. But the indexing, while now cataloged as a part of the printing office operation, is a Capitol performance. The indexer is appointed by the Joint Committee of Congress on Printing. He receives a salary of $3,000 a year, but is provided with three well-paid assistants to do the work, which is of a purely routine nature.

Prior to a year or so ago this job was about the best in all the government service and still is a good one. This was because the holder of it was paid 20 cents for each page of the record indexed—by his assistants. This wasn't for each index page but for each one covered by the indices. A man—a Washington correspondent—who held it a few years ago told the writer that the place sometimes had yielded more than $15,000 annual income to him. Yet he was able to carry on his newspaper work as if he were not on the government's pay roll; in fact, his acquaintances generally didn't know that he held the position.

Growth of the Indian Bureau

THE place is the consequence of the desire on the part of some Congressman or Senator, 20 or 30 years ago, to provide a sinecure for a friend, possibly someone who had been worn out in the public service and had some moral claim to a pension of that kind. The office no doubt was originated as a temporary affair, and, in the beginning, when Congressional sessions were short, probably paid only moderately. But when Congress began to meet almost continuously, the place became a high-paying one and so continued for eight or ten years.

One might find other examples of larger and less excusable governmental waste than that of the indexer's job even at its worst. This particular place is mentioned to illustrate how such jobs may produce effects monumental in comparison to the actual money involved in them. There is a tradition in Washington that the indexer position once decided an organization contest in the United States Senate. The contest involved a great deal, for there entered into it the rivalries of two schools of thought of nation-wide prevalence at that time. By giving him the right to appoint a supporter to that place, tradition says, a certain Senator's vote was deflected and caused the contest to be decided as it otherwise would not have been. The decision had considerable effect upon the Senate's later actions upon several important national questions.

Thus the existence of such places have highly dangerous aspects, for even among the strongest of public men there are very few who are not influenced by considerations of patronage.

And, once set up, the element of patronage tends to perpetuate public jobs beyond the time of any need or excuse for their existence.

Investigation probably would show that the jobs once held to be merely temporary, now include some of the biggest and a few of the oldest of Federal Government establishments.

For instance, there is the Indian Bureau.

Eighty years ago this bureau was declared to be only a temporary establishment; it was then expected to complete its work within 25 years. The purpose of the bureau was to guide the Indians toward civilization and to protect them from its evils. Yet the bureau itself now seems to think that its charges are less fitted for civilization than when its work with them began. Steadily has the bureau grown until it now provides places for from 5,000 to 6,000 persons, expends annually about $13,000,000 directly out of the public treasury and controls the spending of other large sums from various trust funds in its possession. *The Indians have increased in population scarcely at all.* And nearly all persons who have studied the subject say that the government's policies as carried out by the Indian Bureau have tended *to unfit more than to fit* them for survival in either our own or their civilization.

No doubt the employes of the Indian Bureau are as conscientious and as industrious as those of any other governmental establishment. But it would be contrary to human nature for them to work themselves out of jobs to which many of them have been attached so long that they have little facility for other work.

What Overhead Will Do

THE absurd length to which bureaucratic methods may go is illustrated by a disclosure brought out in an investigation of a branch of the Indian Bureau's work a few years ago. Congress appropriated $25,000, from several million dollars of tribal funds held in trust for them, for the relief of temporary distress among the Kiowa and Comanche Indians. The money was to be spent by the bureau. **The investigators reported that all but $8.36 of the $25,000 actually had been spent on "overhead"—salaries, transportation, and so on—in disposing of the fund.**

This is an extreme example, very probably, but cases of like nature are to be found throughout the government service.

The Veterans' Bureau already gives employment to about one-half as many persons as were rated disabled on the discharge of the forces after the World War.

The inevitable tendency of such establishments is toward becoming havens for the employed rather than agencies of relief.

Even when that is not the case, the establishments so entrench themselves that only a genius for organization, combined with infinite courage, is capable of getting rid of or reforming them without doing harm.

It is all but impossible now, for example, to get rid of the Indian Bureau or to supplant its work with methods that would not operate to injure the Indians more than bureaucratic treatment has done. For that treatment evidently has so sapped them of initiative and self-reliance that the bulk of the Indians now would have extreme difficulty in getting along without the bureau.

A Congressman recently called attention to the fact that a similar policy was begun, after the Civil War, in dealing with the Negroes of the South. But the Freeman's Bureau was so patently inept that it was abandoned after a few years. That bureau's record is historically one of the most noted instances of paternalism that went wrong and resulted in great monetary waste. Yet, as the criticising Congressman pointed out, it expended throughout its life less than is now spent annually by the Indian Bureau. Historically, also, that venture of the post-Civil War extremists contributed, more perhaps than any other agency, toward complicating the Negro problem, even to this day. Had the operations of the Freeman's Bureau gone on, as those of the Indian Bureau have done, the Negroes of today probably would be in a hopeless position like that to which bureaucracy has reduced the Indians.

While it has not been conspicuous as a refuge for the professional seeker of and holder of public jobs, a thorough inquiry into all the manifold effects growing out of its operations probably would show that even the Interstate Commerce Commission is another governmental agency that has been costly far in excess of the millions of tax money spent upon its support.

Without tackling the difficult question of how far the government should go in regulating the operations of public carriers, it is patent that the regulating, as so far conducted, on the whole, has been paralleled by declining efficiency in railroad operation and increasing cost of the railroad service received by the public. For many years, of course, there was much noise about "savings" to the public on the score of reduction of rates by the commission. It would be interesting to compare the "savings" thus achieved with the $1,800,000,000 which the taxpayers had to provide to keep the railroads "going" during the war. In rating those "savings" it is well also to take into account the present and future support the public is expected to give the railroads, in the form of high rates as well as loans and other direct public aids.

The calm analyst of 1950 very probably will find that it was the government policy toward the railroads, as carried out chiefly through the Interstate Commerce Commission, that led to the entrenchment, already existing or approaching, of financial control of the railroads in the hands of bankers. That policy also is leading apparently to a condition that will necessitate the adoption of government ownership or something tantamount—the very thing that those who espouse it most enthusiastically say the policy seeks to prevent.

Will Get Treasury Guaranty

IT WOULD seem that today there are no stronger adherents of the government's railroad policies, as now applied through the commission, than the railroad owners themselves. For that policy is crystallizing into a Treasury guaranty of their profits—so they should worry!

One should not forget that the evils aimed at by regulatory establishments like the Interstate Commerce Commission already came within the purview of the criminal laws. Long penitentiary terms promptly imposed on a few railroad officials guilty of rebating and other practices contrary to law, very probably would have saved the public more than has been achieved by all the bureaucratic establishments so far set up for regulating the operation of the railroads. Such procedure would have cost the public little. Instead of applying it a vast bureau was established, manifold laws were enacted and there was put in operation a system of regulation that appears so far to have served effectively neither the public nor the railroads. And now it seems that it can't be done away with; it only can be augmented.

The same is true, though perhaps in less degree, of the governmental machinery that has grown out of the so-called anti-trust laws. This machinery operates in the Department of Justice, the Federal Trade Commission and other bodies.

Although the Sherman Act has been on the statute books for more than 30 years only one person, as far as the writer can find, has been sent to jail for violating it. That person pleaded guilty and received a very moderate sentence, which later was commuted.

No Prosecution—Regulation

WITH government machinery designed to combat them, the so-called trusts have developed and waxed fat. And recently it was announced that the government had approved the formation of a new trust of gigantic proportions—the approval being on the ground that the machinery to combat trusts is now so inclusive that it would prevent the proposed new trust becoming oppressive in its operations!

Thus runs the cycle of bureaucracy and paternalism. Instead of the crime being punished by opening the prisons for those who commit it, the crime is regulated instead. Regulation calls for vast machinery, affording innumerable jobs, and by reason of the complexities, infinite loopholes to escape punishment have come into existence. Real correction of the evils aimed at means that the horde of job holders engaged in the task will have worked themselves out of places, which fact places a peculiar strain upon human nature. Ultimately the machinery becomes so expanded that it is held that what was rated as criminal can be so guarded that it may be permitted. And government itself becomes a partner in what ostensibly government started out to estop.

Some form of communism whereby everybody becomes a public job holder is to what such an empirical approach to public problems must inevitably lead.

And there is scarcely a man in public life who dares to call a halt.

This is the second of two stories by Mr. Ulm.

Kin Hubbard, Mirror of Rural Hoosierdom

Uses "Abe Martin" to Break Images

DOWN in South Central Indiana lies a backwoods county boasting but one railroad, a primitive county seat with only about 300 inhabitants and an old log jail, and a topography such that its numerous hills are as razor-backed as its hogs.

A great deal of the land is well-nigh worthless, as a consequence of those untoward surface features; and thus you would naturally suppose her people to be poor.

And poor they are—in this world's goods.

And yet—perhaps because of their inability to coax much from the ungenerous soil—the folks of Brown County, Indiana, find ample time for meditation, for the expression of a homely philosophy of life. They are, besides, as lovable as they are old-fashioned; as quaint as they are poor. They are a living testimonial of Emerson's law of compensation.

It remained for one not a native of Brown County to tell the rest of the world, by word and picture, about her people's lovableness and charm. Being removed from the focus of his interest, he has the proper perspective; his images are ever faithful—even almost photographic.

The interpreter's name is Frank McKinney Hubbard—more commonly known as Kin Hubbard, a name more friendly, more intimate; one belonging to a man you would pick to create the well-known "Abe Martin," that genial, rustic Hoosier philosopher whom James Whitcomb Riley described as a "comical mixture of hoss sense and no sense at all," and who, according to George Ade, is "as quaint and droll as Josh Billings and Artemus Ward ever dared to be."

Mr. Ade sketches Hubbard in these swift strokes: "He is a young man on the staff of the Indianapolis *News* who ladles out a small portion of homemade humor every day of the year. His tabloid contributions are supposed to be the meditations of one Abe Martin, who lives in Brown County, Indiana, where small fields of nubbin corn nestle between the clay hills, but where the persimmon, the pawpaw, and the 'possum make amends for agricultural shortcomings. . . . Abe Martin is up to the minute. . . . His comments on men and affairs prove him to be a grim iconoclast, an analytical philosopher, and a good deal of a cut-up. His daily offering consists of two parts which are totally unrelated, but which are wedged together in one paragraph apropos of nothing in particular. . . . He has an abiding popularity in the Hoosier State for the reason that he deals in truth, maintains a kindly mood, and never hesitates to go after make-believes and shams with a good stout hickory."

And Meredith Nicholson, eminent novelist and short story writer, pays him this tribute in his introduction to a volume of Hubbard's choice morsels: "Persons who have tried all known patent medicines without relief will do well to try these Abe Martin dandelion and sassafras cocktails before turning their faces to the wall. Abe is now an established institution and no supper table is complete without him. The clods are softer under the weary hoof and the plow handles easier to manage after a moment's communion with Abe. He is Plato on a cracker barrel; or radiant Socrates after Xantippe's departure to visit her own folks in Tecumseh township.

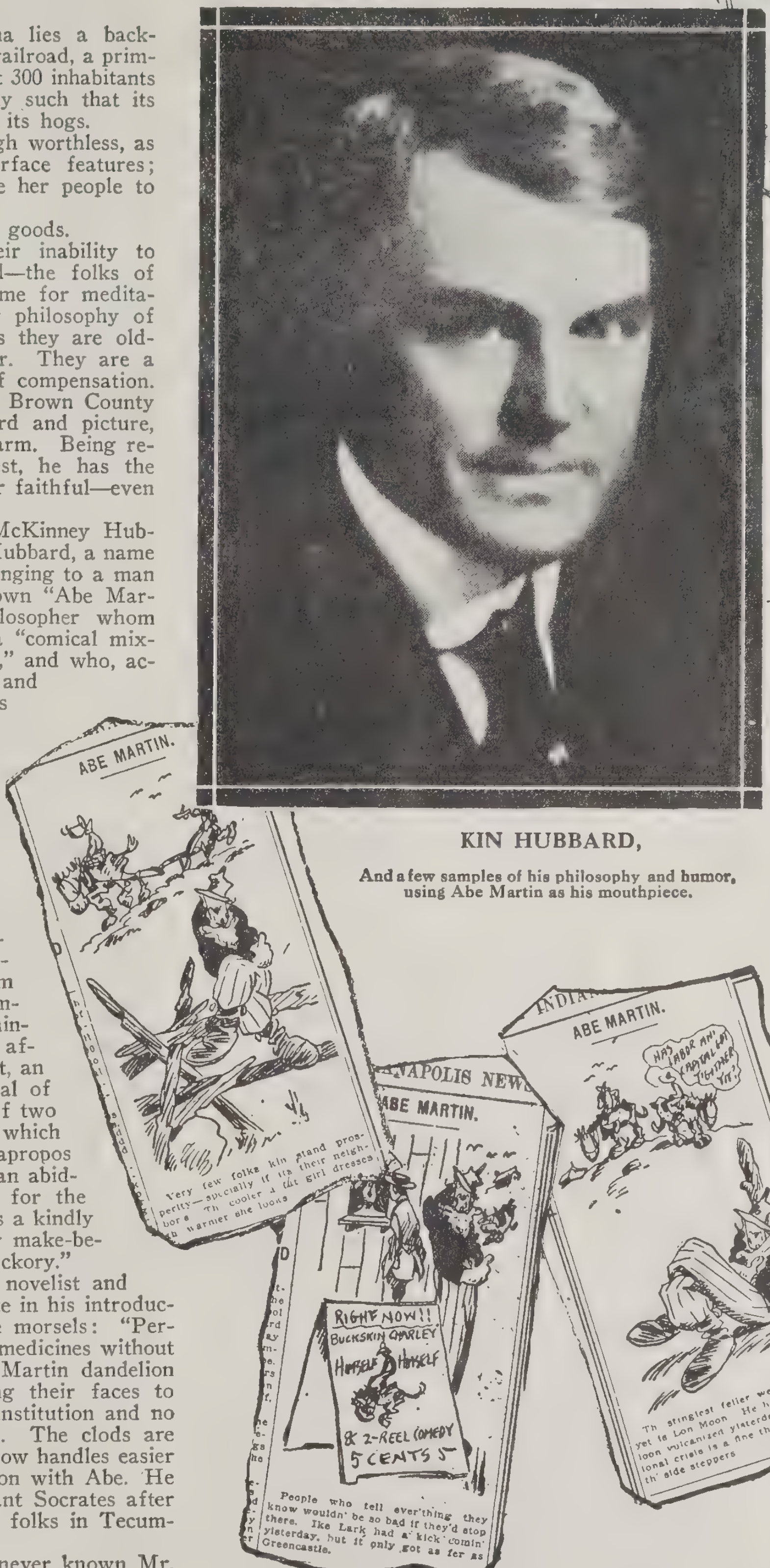
"In 15 years' acquaintance I have never known Mr. Hubbard to be serious but once, and that was when he described Bellefontaine, Ohio, as a place that the expectant pilgrim could always identify by the two sparrows on the south end of the water tank near the Big Four station. I have passed that tank 27 times since and have found Mr. Hubbard's statement accurate in every particular."

About six months before Mr. Nicholson wrote that appreciation, James Whitcomb Riley paid to his "old Hoosier friend" the following delightful tribute:

Abe Martin! dad-burn his old picture!
P'tends he's a Brown County fixture—
A kind of comical mixture
        Of hoss sense and no sense at all!
His mouth, like his pipe, 's allus goin'
And his thoughts, like his whiskers, is flowin'—
And what he don't know ain't worth knowin'—
        From Genesis clean to baseball!

The artist, Kin Hubbard, 's so keerless
He draws Abe 'most eyeless and earless;
But he's never yit pictured him cheerless
        Er with fun 'at he tries to conceal—
Whuther onto the fence er clean over
A-rootin' up ragweed er clover,
Skeert stiff at some "Rambler" er "Rover"
        Er new fangled automobeel.

It's a purty steep climate old Brown's in;
And the rains there his ducks nearly drowns in
The old man hisse'f wades his rounds in
        As ca'm and serene, mighty nigh,


ABE MARTIN.
Very few folks kin stand prosperity—specially if its their neighbor's. Th' cooler a gal girl dresses th' warmer she looks
NAPOLIS NEWS
ABE MARTIN.
RIGHT NOW!!
BUCKSKIN CHARLEY
HIMSELF HIMSELF
& 2-REEL COMEDY
5 CENTS 5
People who tell ever'thing they know wouldn' be so bad if they'd stop there. Ike Lark had a kick comin' yisterday, but it only got as fer as Greencastle.
INDIA
ABE MARTIN.
HAS LABOR AN' CAPITAL GOT TIGITHER YIT?
Th' stingiest feller we've heard of yet is Lon Moon. He had a toy balloon vulcanized yisterday. An occasional crisis is a fine thing t' show up th' side steppers

KIN HUBBARD,

And a few samples of his philosophy and humor, using Abe Martin as his mouthpiece.

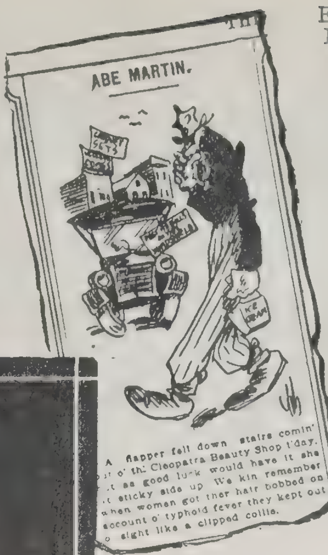
By J. M. SEABRIGHT

As the old handsaw hawg, er the mottled
Milch cow, er the old rooster wattled
Like the mumps had him 'most so well throttled
        That it wuz a pleasure to die.

But best of 'em all's the fool-breaks 'at
Abe don't see at all, and yit makes, 'at
Both me and you lays back and shakes at
        His comic, miraculous cracks,
Which makes him—clean back of the power
Of genius itsse'f in its flower—
This Notable Man of the Hour,
        Abe Martin, the Joker on Facts.*

The pictures referred to by Nicholson and Riley are also his creations—just simple pen-and-ink drolleries which he styles caricatures, but which exude that indefinable quality, akin to quaintness and charm, that typifies the bucolics of Hoosierdom.

Abe Martin is not the only character delineated by Mr. Hubbard. Ah, no; there are, in addition to his Brown County mouthpiece, such small-town folks as Tipton Bud, Tilford Moots, Miss Fawn Lippincut, Uncle Ez Pash, Constable Newt Plum, Dr. Mopps and Professor 'Alex. Tansey. How accurately their very names and dialect portray the substantiality of these vertebrae of the backbone of America—the America which once was, before the injection, into her melting pot, of aliens!


ABE MARTIN.
A flapper fell down stairs comin' out o' th' Cleopatra Beauty Shop t'day. ...t as good luck would have it she ...t sticky side up. We kin remember when women got ther hair bobbed on account o' typhoid fever they kept out o' sight like a clipped collie.

Occasionally Kin Hubbard departs from his accustomed dialectical miniatures and does a sketch for a periodical. Here, for example, the reader is likely to chuckle over the delicious humor peculiar to him. Here he is focusing his camera—or rather his X-ray!—on one of his most charming characters. "Miss Fawn Lippincut," he tells us, "is a clever recitationist and trims her own hats. She is just mannish enough to get a seat on a Niagara Falls excursion or buy chewing gum at a cigar store. Miss Lippincut gets her dramatic ability honestly, as her father tore paper for 'The Two Orphans,' at Urbana, Ohio, and later wrote some creditable calliope music. . . . Miss Lippincut is the author of 'How to Hold Your Husband's Love Thro' the Rhubarb Season,' and has sent many recipes to the newspapers that show marked literary ability."

"Who's Who in America" tells us that Mr. Hubbard was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio. The date is not given, yet can anyone familiar with his pen-and-inklings doubt his eternal youth? He is married, and, with his wife and two children, Tom and Virginia, aged 15 and 13 years, respectively, lives at Irvington, a suburb of the Hoosier capital. Since 1891 he has been employed almost continuously as paragrapher and caricaturist on the Indianapolis *News*. At present his work is being widely syndicated to newspapers throughout the country. Many of the Abe Martin sayings have been gathered between the covers of several volumes—"symphonies in gingham," as Meredith Nicholson once styled them.

Imagine a chubby-faced man of average height and build; with hair light brown and tinged with gray, as though someone had sprinkled it with steel dust; with an intellectual forehead; with a rather firm yet pleasant mouth; and with eyes which are blue, keen, and intensely expressive—imagine such, and you have an impressionistic vision of Hubbard. His eyes, especially, rivet your attention; they are truly the mirrors of his moods: through them alone he laughs, through them alone he smiles, through them alone he reacts visibly to all external stimuli.

His drollery was further evidenced by his declaration that "a railroad touches Brown County—not enough to hurt it." That is a representative Hubbardism.

A self-made man is Hubbard. He has had to battle tremendous odds all his life. The soil of Hoosierland proved fertile for this transplanted Buckeye, but time was required for the tree to take firm root. In his struggles and in his success his life stands out as a beacon light to those who would gain renown in spite of the Scylla of hardships, the Charybdis of suffering, and the Avernus of despair. It is interesting here to note that, while his text has perhaps brought him more fame than his pictures, the latter gave him his first foothold on the steep ascent to fame, for before he became the literary father of Abe Martin, he was drawing cartoons for feature articles written by other men on the staff.

For proof—if proof were needed—that he occupies a warm spot in the hearts of Hoosiers, let it be recorded that he was recently chosen by the readers of a prominent Indianapolis newspaper as one of the 10 greatest living Indianians, being classed with such men as Booth Tarkington and former Vice-President Marshall.

In all his writings the creator of Abe never descends to ribaldry. Nor can his epigrams properly be called wit. No; their paramount quality is humor, much superior to wit, for, while embracing the latter, it includes the added ingredient of love. The resultant is humor which brings forth a chuckle and yet tugs at your heartstrings; humor which is mellow, but never over-ripe.

George Ade, as before mentioned, described Hubbard as "a grim iconoclast." Well does he deserve that name, evidence of which one finds in his gloved attacks on the legal profession. Here is a typical example: "Mrs. Tipton Bud's nephew, who wuz recently convicted o' manslaughter, has been denied a new trial, as he had only one farm." And in another place Abe tells us that "Lem Granger's trial fer hoss stealin' is set fer next week, an' Attorney Tell Binkley is rehearsin' his wife an' baby on how t' cry in court."

And yet his image-breaking is never rude; one can almost detect an expression of regret on his face as he performs an unpleasant but necessary task, as when he makes Abe Martin say: "I don't think much of a dance where th' girl looks like she wuz bein' carried out of a burnin' buildin.'"

A fitting conclusion to this unfinished portrait—intended merely to whet the appetite of him or her whose sense of humor is still alive—is to quote what Will Rogers has called "the greatest gag ever written." It is as follows: "'Women are just like elephants t' me. I like t' see 'em, but I wouldn' want one,' said Tell Brinkley, today."

Author's Note.—Thanks are due the editor of the *American Magazine* for permission to use several excerpts from sketches written by Mr. Hubbard for that publication.

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Mr. Harding: Justice Demands a Statement

Dismissal of Bureau of Engraving Officials Without Explanation Cannot Longer Be Countenanced

"HERE'S a paper I'd like you to see."

And Louis A. Hill, a minor official in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, handed to James L. Wilmeth, the director, a document signed by the President of the United States, removing Wilmeth and Assistant Director James M. Fisher, and some 28 division chiefs, abolishing their places, and creating others, and appointing Hill as director, and John P. Perry as assistant director, and giving to the new director the authority to fill the vacancies created.

This was at eight o'clock at night, March 31, 1922, and was the first public action in what was promised to be the greatest scandal in the history of the nation, and one that would shake the whole financial structure of the United States.

Later developments have shown that instead of the revealing of huge frauds, the greatest wrong seems to have been the unwarranted removal of the officials, some of whom had given their life efforts to the government, under the protection of the Civil Service laws, and the whole proceeding has attracted much unfavorable comment.

Wilmeth told Hill that it was all right; his desk would be ready for him the next morning.

"No. Right now," dramatically demanded Hill.

Wilmeth asked and was permitted to remove his personal effects.

The next morning when the ousted officials, men and women, reported for work, they were met by Department of Justice operatives, and accompanied to their desks; they were permitted to retrieve their personal belongings, but otherwise were not given any freedom of movement in the mammoth building.

"For the good of the service" was the reason given by the President for his astounding action.

Rumor had it that it was because of enormous shortages and other rascality.

Claim Bureau Plot

FRIENDS of the discharged officials claimed that a certain clique in the Bureau had conspired to get the places made vacant.

James L. Wilmeth, the deposed director, was mayor of Takoma, D. C., and prominent in the civic and church life of his community. He entered the service of the government in 1895, at a salary of $60 a month. In 1910 he was promoted to the position of chief clerk of the Treasury Department by Franklin McVeagh, a Republican Secretary of the Treasury. In 1917 he was made director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at $6,000 a year, and it was under his administration that practically all the war securities were printed, in addition to the printing of currency and stamps.

James M. Fisher, assistant director, entered the Treasury Department in 1893, after having previously worked in a clerical capacity in Congress.

Other discharged officials were John J. Deviny, E. H. Ashworth, B. R. Stickney, Adam P. Ruth, J. J. Fisher, P. J. Farrell, James A. Chamberlain, George Jacobs, H. H. Ashworth, Frank Campbell, Ralph H. Chappell, George C. Cole, F. J. Crocker, William C. Deane, George P. Jackson, John T. Howard, Thomas F. Roche, Frank W. Larner, William C. McKinney, George V. Rose, Thomas E. Slattery, A. C. Steinbrenner, Jesse E. Swigert, H. I. Wilson, Benjamin Goldsworthy, G. F. C. Smilie, Mrs. Margaret S. Kerfoot, Miss Elizabeth Scott, and Miss Nellie Wilding.

Most of these employes had been for years in the government service, a number being almost eligible for retirement under the Civil Service Retirement Law, which provides that one on reaching the age of 70 years and having had at least 15 years service, shall be retired on an annuity. The order of removal automatically stopped any such rights.

In Service 29 Years

SEVERAL of the discharged officials were ex-service men.

The case of E. H. Ashworth is worthy of notice. He had been in the service of the bureau for nearly 29 years. He was the custodian of the dies, rolls and plates, possibly the most important position in the bureau.

He was not of the organization, but rather a check on them. The law required that he be checked up each year. A committee appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, spent nearly three months carefully investigating Mr. Ashworth's department. They completed their work and made their report *at four o'clock on the afternoon of March 31, 1922, and with the report went a letter commending the efficiency of Mr. Ashworth. At six-forty-five the same evening, President Harding, by executive order, dismissed and at least temporarily disgraced him.*

Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, took up the fight for the discharged officials, although he was warned by a Republican Senator, a friend of the Administration, that he would be very much embarrassed when he was convinced that he was espousing the cause of men who had been guilty of tremendously grave offenses, because he had talked to departmental officials and knew.

Senator Caraway declared that if any had been dishonest, they should be removed, but declared that no man or woman should be dismissed and disgraced, without having an opportunity to know the offense with which he or she was charged, and introduced a resolution in the Senate, calling on the President to state why the removals were made in violation of Civil Service laws. The resolution was referred to the Committee on the Civil Service of the Senate, where it has slept peacefully since.

The Senator further claimed that it was the beginning of a concerted drive on all the departments to displace Democrats, put in Republicans, and "Harding-ize" the government.

No "Pie," Says Mellon

AND shortly afterward came the famous Mellon-Dover controversy. It was claimed that Elmer Dover was put into the Treasury Department to make places for Republicans. A list of alleged Democrats, whose scalps the organization was after, was made. But in the haste a number of lifelong Republicans were included. They naturally objected. *It was stated that Secretary Mellon spoke very pointedly to the President on the subject of efficiency over "pie" as long as he was Secretary of the Treasury.* He won out. At least Mr. Dover resigned.

Various explanations continue to be given as to the bureau matter. One was that the country was flooded with counterfeit securities, Liberty bonds, Federal Reserve notes, and so on. This, the Secretary of the Treasury promptly denied.

Former Director Wilmeth maintained that nothing was radically wrong. He stated that there might have been some errors due to the necessary employment of hundreds of untrained employes during the war, there being at the peak 8,425 men and women in the bureau, and in the rush as many as 600,000 bonds were issued in a day, and the regular work of printing the currency and stamps was kept up.

The matter dragged along with the discharged officials living under the finger of suspicion. Years of faithful service had apparently gone for naught. Dr. E. L. Beach, 68 years old, and for nearly 30 years in the service of the government, *died of a broken heart over the shame of his removal under such conditions.*

In the meantime, as a half-hearted acknowledgment that a wrong had been done, three of the women were put back to work in the Treasury Department *at greatly reduced salaries.* One man was also given a place. The President offered no objection.

Duplicated, Also Skipped

THE Civil Service law provides that the eligibility for reappointment expires, if not reinstated within one year after discharge, unless he be an ex-service man, or was dismissed because of reduction in force. As the time drew near for the expiration of the one-year limit, the matter was again brought to the fore. During all this time investigations and counter-investigations were made. The Department of Justice and the Treasury Department put their best sleuths to work and every activity of the bureau was looked into. Minute examinations were made of every possible avenue of wrongdoing.

Demands began to be made to make public the result of these investigations.

It was reported that about the only thing revealed by the investigation of several months of the records of the bureau, and the examination of the activities of certain individuals, over whom a veil of suspicion was thrown by loosely placed charges in high quarters, was an old story of some minor thefts, which long ago were exposed and the guilty persons punished.

It developed that some bonds did have duplicate numbers, due to the fact that the automatic numbering machines would duplicate, but would then skip, thereby counterbalancing the duplications. It was stated that the President was informed that there was no over-issue of government securities or currency. The complete audits and investigations by the Department of Justice and the Treasury Department failed to disclose a single case of criminality.

It is contended that had the President conferred with Secretary Mellon, under whose jurisdiction the Bureau of Engraving and Printing lies, he would have found that the Treasury Department had a complete check on all bond and currency paper issued, and that it was impossible to issue spurious bonds and currency, because not only was every square inch of paper used in their printing guarded and checked, but the number of bonds and currency per sheet had to be returned, or a spoiled one in its place. This fact, as well as the information conveyed to the President by Secretary Mellon on the final reports made by the Secret Service, showed that the government had not lost a penny by duplication.

A short time ago it was predicted that the withdrawal of the suspicion surrounding the dismissals of the officials would soon be made, and would carry with it a complete vindication of what was regarded as an unjust slaughter of the positions and character of those dismissed, and they would have their Civil Service rights restored "without prejudice."

Those interested in the dismissed officials insisted that they should be restored to the Civil Service, and either to their former places or others equally as remunerative.

As the promised action by the President was not forthcoming, Senator Caraway introduced a resolution in the Senate directing the Committee on the Civil Service of the Senate to hold hearings and report the facts relative to the order of dismissal by the President. It was referred to the Committee to Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate.

There are some who feel that the President was imposed upon and made the victim of petty political ambitions of some of the present officials of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, aided and abetted by those of influence.

There is one name continually mentioned as being at least partly responsible for the whole affair. That is Charles B. Brewer, chief investigator of the Department of Justice. It is alleged that Brewer was made the tool of some of the present officials in the bureau, who showed him some duplicated bonds, and advised him that if the removal of the officials was made at night, with proper investigation following, huge frauds would be revealed.

Claim Brewer Bungled

IT IS also alleged that Brewer bungled his first investigation, or at least was premature in reaching his conclusions, and that President Harding was made a victim of superficial inquiry.

Yet, the President did not consult Secretary Mellon before he issued the order.

It has also been alleged in the press that Brewer was interested in getting the bureau to substitute another system of numbering for bank notes, bonds and other governmental securities.

There was a conference at the White House recently between the President, Secretary Mellon, Attorney-General Daugherty, Under-Secretary Gilbert, Commissioner of the Public Debt Broughton, and Charles B. Brewer. It is understood that Brewer, a personal friend of the Attorney-General, endeavored to prove his allegations of false and irregular numbering of bonds at this meeting, but failed to do so.

It is stated that the former officials of the bureau are demanding that those who furnished the wrong information against them should be dismissed, or prove their charges.

Although it is said that official and definite statements have been made by both the White House and the Treasury Department that the two investigations by the Treasury and the Department of Justice disclosed no signs of graft or conspiracy or dishonesty, it is said that Brewer is still keeping up his efforts to prove something.

The President has specifically stated that no criminality was discovered, and yet 10 months and more have elapsed since the heads of the various bureaus in the huge plant were summarily dismissed, and in the meantime no explanation has been given as to the reason for the action which shook Washington to its foundations and startled the nation.

"Restored," But No Jobs

IN THE words of one of the committee of the discharged officials who visited Secretary Mellon:

"We have walked the streets almost afraid to look our neighbors in the eye because of this cloud of implied disgrace which has been hovering over us since last March. If we are guilty of anything, we wish an opportunity to defend ourselves, and if the evidence given to President Harding, which caused him to make the biggest shake-up in personnel of any government organization that has ever occurred in Washington, was not sufficiently substantial for him to make the explanation which we ask, then it is only just that his informants be dismissed from their tasks, as we were, and we be reinstated."

The President, on the 14th of February, by executive order, restored the Civil Service status of the dismissed employes, except former Director Wilmeth.

This order of the President, it is said by government officials, does not carry with it any probability of reinstatement of the dismissed employes in their former positions, but simply that they may be re-employed, if certified by the Civil Service Commission, to other positions in the government.

Some time later it is reported that the President would make public the details of the matter.

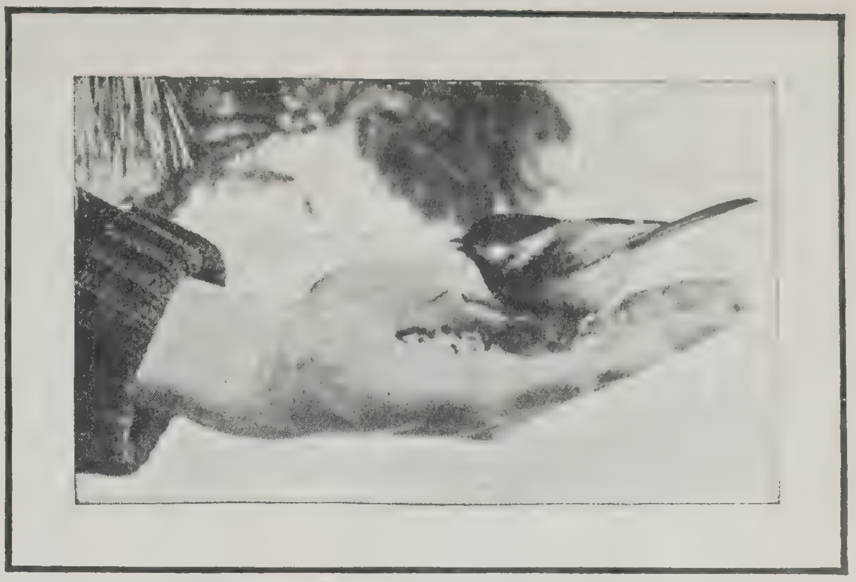
This has not satisfied the friends of the dismissed officials.

They state that the order of the President does not assure the employes that they will be given other places. Nor does it recompense them for a year's idleness and the humiliation they have suffered.

Good Cheer Radiated by Our Winter Birds

Roses in Season of Ice and Snow for Feathered Philosophers

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN


The trustful, fluffy little chickadee can be tamed to eat out of one's hand.

STOP a moment to consider our joy-spreading winged neighbors. Have you ever taken thought of the eyes of birds and what they may see? These organs are set in the head at the corners so that each commands two streets with a range of vision exceeding that possessed by humankind. Birds see backward and also forward through a wide angle that approaches the extent of the circle. Only one segment of the entire circumference, that directly in the rear, is a blind spot.

You have heard the common expression, "A little bird told me." No one knows whether that bird was an owl, a chickadee, a titmouse, a woodpecker, sparrow or a brown creeper. Anyhow the phrase originated from Ecclesiastes. It is predicated upon the idea there suggested that the winged wanderer from its vantage above spies upon all strange and obscured knowledge below and reveals it to those who can understand.

Now does somebody want proof that there are roses in winter and that our flying friends see them? I think it is rather sudden, just a bit early in the game to call me. Well, if I must confess I will that "a little bird told me," moreover not one single fellow but several of them probably none single; in fact, I did not ask and they did not tell about the latter point.

But, as I was going to say when the expression business interrupted, consider the defective vision of the genus homo. Look at the spectacles worn, some for style's sake but most of them because they are needed. Even the man with good vision has never beheld certain rays of light, and he cannot see certain material things or minute objects without the aid of a microscope, a contraption at which every respectable bird decisively turns up his beak.

Then, too, there are all sorts and conditions of men. The person with the worst vision sees the empty space and never the doughnut. Every member of the human family hopes he is not this sort, for the individual with that kind of vision misses fully half of life's treasure-trove. The fellow that really lives manages to step outside of himself occasionally and to see beyond, to see the material or corporeal plus something more.

See what the birds see by going out into the woods when winter has bestowed its snow cloak. Climb the old rail fence and jump down on the other side. The noise of the impact may rustle a rabbit out of his hiding place. But don't worry about that. Just depend upon it Br'er will find another, and not go back.

Race your shadow. Catch the stimulating sunshine, and relish the invigorating cold in the air. Breathe deeply. See the doughnuts, and never mind the holes, and just be glad you're alive.

What bird will extend the first greeting? You may be met by a cardinal wearing his cap of jaunty red. If he is frightened he will stammer and stutter in a great way. He will then regard you as an intruder and probably wish for your absence.

Yes, the redbird is rather temperamental. He is also rather proud of himself, for he knows full well the beauty of his red jacket. He also knows that he contributes about the only touch of bright color that the woods has since the autumn leaves faded out of the pre-winter picture. If you are a sweetheart or have a sweetheart you will be a bit self-conscious when the cardinal hails you with "sweet dear, sweet dear." If you believe that prosperity has come back or may be expected within a few months, you will be surprised that the bird holds the same opinion; for his message will seem to be "good year, good year" or "have cheer, have cheer."

I call him the optimist of the woods. If you watch him and learn his habits and character, you will find him as bright in disposition as his brilliant coat.

In captivity the redbird is never himself. I saw 30 males in a cage at a place in Chicago just across the bridge from the Union Depot. Their crests were gone, or nearly so, because they had pressed them again and again against the wire in a mad effort to be free. Their calmness, their inherent majesty, their vivacity had all been left at the old home in the woods. To anybody that knows woodfolk it was evident that the birds were enduring a worse punishment than the man sentenced to be hanged; yet they had committed no offense other than that of being beautiful enough to excite a certain biped's desire for possession.

Out in the woods you may meet first that marvelous fellow, the nuthatch. He has one greeting for all and everybody, and he delivers it nasally or gutturally. "Yank, yank," he says.

He is a jolly good fellow, very sturdy, dependable, persistent. He never seems to fail in getting what he goes after. He also has a good appetite and the cheerful disposition that invariably a well-fed person has.

The nuthatch trots up or down a tree, around or over, underneath, above, at any old angle, but he never tumbles. Any circus ought to be superbly glad to have an acrobat that could even approach this bird's wonderful performances. The nuthatch never had any training. His stunts are utterly natural, just a part of his daily existence.

Why does this bird acrobat furnish a free show to anybody that will look or use a pair of field glasses? It is his way of working for a living. He finds the hibernating insects and larva, and straightway proceeds to dine upon them. He goes where they are. He seeks them out and digs them out in a most zealous but apparently haphazard fashion.

How does he hang on when he is on the under side of a branch that makes a right angle with the body of the tree? A fly can walk across a ceiling because he possesses little suction cups in his feet. The nuthatch could not use any such devices, however, for they are ineffective except on a flat surface. He carries a good supply of hooks with him. As they are extremely sharp and well curved he has no trouble at all to catch them in the bark whenever he wishes to investigate a spot that would be uncomfortable for most of his bird friends.

There are two families of nuthatches, the white breasted and the redbreasted. The white family likes to dwell in the eastern portion of the United States, but the red citizens prefer the northern states and some of them even go so far as to desert Uncle Sam for King George. Their habits are similar. They wear the same uniforms of blue or slate gray and differ only in the decorations on the breast.

Probably every creature, both great and small, quadruped and biped, worm or insect, beast or bird, has some sort of a philosophy of life. The acrobat of the woods has one of his own but, as humans and birds do not speak the same language, it can only be guessed at.

"Keep busy," I think the nuthatch tells us by his manner of living. "Work as I do. Don't grumble or complain or worry."

Only once have I ever seen this fellow worried, and then he was the innocent bystander that the course of events involved in a quarrel between cousins. He practices what he preaches if the world will let him. But on this occasion a hairy woodpecker chose to be the bully over a downy woodpecker who is three inches shorter from the tip of his tail to the tip of his beak. The domineering one chased the other to the tree the white-breasted nuthatch was minutely exploring. The acrobat attempted to avoid the conflict by flying to another tree which happened to be at that time under the scrutiny of a brown creeper, but the fighters followed. Both of the noncombatants were worried, and you would be too if neighbors selected your dooryard as a battleground.

The hairy and downy woodpeckers are not so congenial as they might be. I could wish that the hairy cousin would not terrorize or run over the smaller, but he is precisely like nations have been through the ages; he has power and thinks he must use it.

They are year-round residents. The climate never moves them south or north. They establish homes and stay there. These jolly carpenters drill holes in old stubs and dying trees, qualify as architects by the evident planning of their work, and when the blasts of winter come they hide away.

Probably no birds are as valuable to owners of orchards as these two species of woodpeckers. They search the bark of apple and other fruit trees for the larva of harmful insects. Sometimes they drill into the wood itself to get wood-boring larva. We never see the larva, for the toothsome morsel is swallowed as soon as obtained, but we see the hole and unjustly accuse real friends of damaging our trees. Don't always judge by mere appearances. Is it better to have a tree killed by an enemy inside it or to let the woodpeckers mar the exterior so they may dine on the enemy?

These cheerful cousins, besides rendering a genuine service by hunting down and devouring parasites, give a good example of industrious activity to mankind. They are real workers; if they don't work, they starve. It is not so much a question of sentiment with them as of necessity; yet a student of bird life could scarcely believe that they do not see the roses that winter grows.

If you know these carpenters, you know their garb of black with horizontal stripes of white. No, they are not convicts and they have not broken out of prison. It would be quite unfair to call the downy a jailbird, but the term is applicable to his cousin who runs over the smaller in a ruthless manner; indeed, the hairy woodpecker may be the original jailbird, but he would doubtless strenuously deny the imputation if you asked him.

The hairy woodpecker and the brown creeper may be rightly regarded as the two extremes of our feathered residents who brave the severity of winter. The creeper clings close to the tree bark. He is inconspicuous, for the color of his coat blends with the background. This fortunate fact forms his only defense against attack. No one could ever say that he is boisterous, domineering, or ever a bully.

(Concluded on page 14)

Above—Some thoughtful person attached a piece of suet and a sunflower seed ball to the limb of a tree with the result that one of the downy woodpecker tribe found the suet and an acrobatic nuthatch discovered the seeds. At left—The downy woodpecker qualifies as an energetic driller at mealtime which is all the time except that used for sleeping. At right—The white-breasted nuthatch is the acrobat of the woods.

Yes, Sir! Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer Still Live

Concluded from page 3

it seems she has been made famous, and she speaks of it all in rippling, almost bashful tones.

"No, he didn't tell me," she smiled, "he never said a thing about putting me in a book. He was always doing something unusual. But I don't know any new stories to tell about him—I've told all I knew long ago and I can't invent them as well as he did.

"Oh, we used to be together—we were in school and neighbors, and we were at parties and went skating. We used to go skating on the creek where the railroad runs now. In those days we had to amuse ourselves, we didn't have any movies, and yet we were happy. Once or twice I remember going to St. Louis but that was a rare event—we went on sleigh rides—on the ice when the river was frozen, out in the country.

"In the summer time there were picnics—we used to picnic down near the cave and all of us would go in together."

"Then you and Mark were never lost inside?"

"No, that's just a story—Mr. Clemens was writing fiction and he couldn't use all the truth or it wouldn't have been so good. He told me that when he came back in later days.

"Oh, it was a different country than it is now—all the houses were log cabins and the clearings were few —the forests were all about. I remember the first railroad—we all went on a picnic. They took us on flat cars decorated with vines, out to the end of the track where we had a barbecue for part of the celebration. We never danced the waltz in those days—always the quadrille or Virginia reel, or games like Dusty Miller. That was quite a while ago."

And when she held out her hands I noticed that they were small and scarcely wrinkled at all—she has preserved the delicacy of her childhood in old age. Or perhaps it is the magic influence of Becky Thatcher which keeps her so young.

"John RoBards went to school with us, too—he lives in town," she added, as I moved away. That made me anxious to meet another one of those living book characters; yet it is hard, for after considering them boys and girls to find them old men and women is startling.

Colonel RoBards keeps a law office on Main street —such a law office as one may read about frequently but never see. In it are the collections of old documents, old cases which he pleaded and above all the Colonel himself. He is a regular colonel, erect, white-haired, genuinely hospitable in all the dignity of his position —a man of the old school and very proud. When he walks he carries a heavy, exquisitely carved cane brought to him from Mexico and with every step he commands respect.

He is the boy "who always won the good-conduct medal and would one day make all the other boys jealous by riding away to California with his father, his curls of gold blowing in the wind." He was the youngest forty-niner, for he was only nine years old, yet he carried strapped across his chest a heavy double-barreled duelling pistol. It was a large weapon for so small a lad but it gave him tremendous assurance and he treasures it among his keepsakes. His father kept the mill, he knew Mark as one boy knows another in a small village and, whether of his own volition or not, both he and Mark were whipped for a similar offense. They grew tired of continually wearing the same medals and one day effected a trade. It might have been at recess or at noon—and then both entered the schoolroom, the one proud and happily unconscious of impending doom, the other half expecting the knell of doom. So substantial was the punishment that neither ever cared to trade afterward—their boyish fervor had been abruptly checked.

But John RoBards does not speak of Mark Twain alone—he has collected during his life stories of Constantine, of the war, of the Revolution and of Negroes. He tells the stories over and over interspersing them with incidents of Mark Twain, but unlike many storytellers he adds additional seasoning to the second telling.

Yet one more portion of Mark Twain's life remains to be explored—the cave two miles south of town, its opening beneath a sycamore now fenced with a wooden gate to prevent would-be explorers becoming lost. Discovered a hundred years ago, the cave has not yet been totally explored—its recesses and caverns, alcoves and corridors are innumerable. But a guide is provided who enjoys pointing out the interesting portions, and who has taken so many through that the trail shows clearly by the drippings from the candles. There are Adam's footprints in the roof walking toward the entrances, farther on are Eve's footprints following those of Adam as in the old days (and even then she wore high-heeled shoes); and the guide will stop at the cove of Jesse James' ghost which returned to this retreat after Jesse James was shot. He indicates the parlor with its settee and piano, the keel and prow of a ship, the cross on the ceiling beneath which the treasure was supposed to be buried and the five corridors coming together which Tom Sawyer explored that day he was lost with Becky Thatcher.

Around the cross lingers the ghost of Indian Joe—ever anxious, ever curious, drifting by in the damp atmosphere, and peeking over your shoulder as you go. He is intent, that ghost, but stolid for all that—he stopped just behind me when I paused for a flashlight and as a result his shadow was caught on the plate. I did not know he was there—all was dark and poorly lighted by the lantern glow—he came up very quietly and I doubt whether he understands the intricacies and abruptness of flashlights. He is stolid though, for not a wrinkle of his stony sphynx-like features moved at the explosion. I know he was there —no one else ever saw him but he is part of the picture. Perhaps if anyone cared to walk through the corridors at midnight both Indian Joe and Jesse James might appear—no better atmosphere could be found for a seance. The high dark, cavern roofs, the shifting, moving shadows, the silhouettes which quiver back and forth—no wonder the cave became the rendezvous for Tom Sawyer and Mark Twain and no wonder that in it they could so bravely prick a finger to write their name in blood below the oath of allegiance to the gang.

It was twilight when we returned to the entrance —twilight which reached Cave Hollow and settled too upon that bronze facsimile of the great author which stands in the park on the river three miles from the cave. The statue has a good place, a great vista lays before it—a panorama dotted with islands known so well by Mark Twain, the Mississippi far below the bluff rolling along endlessly, incapable of appreciating human life, with bottomlands turning color through the seasons and with long lanes of woodlands whispering exotic thought from day to day. Mark Twain has been placed where he may see all that, where he may paint it again with his pencil, but I wonder if he does not leave the bronze cast at night to revisit the cave and its weird ghosts.

And perhaps he meets there, at midnight rendezvous, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn for a talk of the old times when they were boys of the gang and members of the "Black Avengers of the Spanish Main."

The Rip-Van-Winkling of Arkansas' Ozarks

Concluded from page 7

tems; movies and movie fans; boost-your-home-town commercial clubs; filling stations and soda fountain vamps; municipal uplift leagues and keep-on-the-walk signs, yet they are not the rule by which one may measure the progressiveness of the Ozark world, but using the true rule, there is certain evidence that the people have waked up and moved forward. The country folk now have their fruit growers' associations; their daily organizations, farmers' institutes, co-operative marketing organizations, co-operative stores, they have their county agents to help solve problems and show the modern ways; they order fertilizer by the carload; they are building up the quality of their live stock; the boys have their pig clubs and the girls their poultry clubs. They all enjoy telephone and rural mail service; many have their daily paper besides fruit and farm weeklies and magazines for general entertainment, to say nothing of phonographs with jazz records. Here and there log houses of many years standing are still doing duty in providing family shelter, but nearer the towns and along the improved highways, they have been replaced by new houses equipped with modern conveniences that bespeak progress and prosperity and add greatly to the community appearance, and last but not least, while occasionally there may be seen a family going out for a joy ride in the sturdy farm wagon to which is attached, by means of a chain harness, a one-eyed mule and a roan pony, the gasoline car is now the general conveyance that whirls the Ozaakian ruralities over the nice roads into town or to the river for fish.

There are certain lines along which the Ozark country should be developed, and this the residents seem to realize. The natural producing tendencies of the country lend themselves most favorably to the fruit and dairy industries and these are being generally encouraged by farsighted leaders. The Ozark territory is the best natural fruit country in the United States. More fruit grows wild there than grows in many other sections with a great deal of petting. Not only does it produce abundantly but the flavor of the fruit is unsurpassed. Even a Ben Davis apple grown in the Ozarks is good. Already the northwest county of Arkansas ships more apples than any county in the United States, while the largest peach orchard in the world is in Arkansas, and grapes in the Arkansas Ozarks are coming to be a commercial crop of prime importance, and a nationally known grape juice company is now building a factory in the northwest corner of the state to take care of the increasing tonnage. Each year the fruit area is augmented by hundreds of acres by both individuals and companies, and with this rapid development, the Ozark country can soon supply all her sister states with delicious fruit and it can furnish the cream to pour over it, for with the building up of the present herds to a high dairy standard, the cream export will be increased a hundredfold. The Ozarkian in the past was content with a poor grade of cows but by reading his papers and hearing lectures and being preached to by his county agent, he is coming to see that the high-grade cow is the one with dollars in her cream, just as others who make fruit a specialty learned that for the best results they must fertilize and prune and spray and smudge and do all those things which scientific study has shown will produce the greatest quantity consistent with perfection of quality.

While the possibilities of the fruit and dairy industries in the Ozarks are known quantities and their development, great as it promises to be, can be fairly well estimated, the mind of the Ozarkian, as well as that of many outsiders, is just now entirely taken up with speculation about that magic product which, when found, never fails to stampede the modern millions—that precious greasy stuff, oil. To every known scientific test for oil, the Arkansas Ozarks have responded in many places, and both local and outside capital is now engaged in putting down wells, some of which may any day burst into production that will put the northern part of the state on a rival basis with the southern part, and that has been a wonder in oil production in the past 18 months. When the oil drama is put on the Ozark stage, the world will attend the performance, and what prejudice remains will then be forgotten and what backwardness in the natives remains will be swept aside in the overwhelming modernity of oil.

Nowhere in America is there the wonderful natural supply of water that is found in the Ozarks. Thousands of springs bubble or burst, according to their volume, from the rocky mountain sides; scores having remarkable medicinal qualities. The day of the Ozarks is at hand. Until lately their citizenry has drowsed through life much as an old man sits in the warm spring sunshine, half asleep and half dreaming of the past while all about him is life springing into action and fruitfulness, but the reborn Ozark natives have turned their minds from the past. They have been old but in the fullness of their time, youth has come upon them and, as is the way of youth, they are facing toward the future hopefully, eagerly and not without reason for they are in the bright morning of their Day.

Good Cheer Radiated by Our Winter Birds

Concluded from page 13

The creeper rarely rests. He spends his life incessantly searching the trunks of trees for his food which consists of minute insects and their eggs that larger birds miss. On his bill of fare you will not be able to find any product of the farm or any useful insect, and this is a distinction which few birds may properly claim. He possesses amazingly strong claws and is remarkably sharp-eyed.

You may watch the brown creeper from dawn till dark without catching him in a violation of his working system. He starts low on a tree trunk, spirals upward in imitation of a corkscrew, then suddenly flies to the base of a neighbor tree and repeats the process. Draw a diagram of his course; you will find that he makes just one N after another. He never climbs down a tree and he never starts his meticulous exploration at a point above the middle of a tree. This bird certainly has an individuality all his own; from my own observation I would say that he is an absolutely consistent performer.

If you are unacquainted with the creeper but desire an introduction, do not be readily discouraged by failure to find him. His inconspicuousness is his one protective device; yet he must need others or a greater hardiness for his tribe seems to be decreasing year by year. The best way to meet the creeper is to form the habit of looking at every tree trunk you pass, and some day you will happen upon him assiduously working at his specialties of bark inspecting, spiraling and N-making. The odd little fellow minds his own business.

Another admirable little fellow is a bird that sings his own name. He will not let you forget it, but he does the song so cheerily that you forgive the egotism he exhibits. He simply bubbles over with good nature and the joy of living. Whenever you become touchy and out of sorts, just visit Dr. Chickadee, the physician that uses no drugs.

He wears a black cap and a gray suit. You can never surprise him without his white collar for he never takes it off or even soils it, nor could you discover him with his gay disposition discarded. He keeps that on just as faithfully as his black cap, white collar and gray suit.

With the possible exception of the chipping sparrow, the tiny chickadee is the most easily approached of all our bird citizens. The person with real patience and an adaptability for bird friendships can soon get on good terms with him; after a time he may even be induced to alight upon one's hand and to feed therefrom. Can you wonder that he is one of the favored pets of bird lovers?

Like the brown creeper he is a bark inspector. Like the nuthatch he is a gymnast often hanging from a twig trapeze. Like the woodpeckers he nests in a hole in a tree, usually one made by them and abandoned. He possesses the vivacity and general cheeriness of the colorful cardinal. In comparing him with the other winter residents it becomes evident that his popularity results from the combination of many good qualities in one fluffy body. He is the "E Pluribus Unum" of birds.

Poets love the chickadee. Indeed, who does not? Emerson, the poet-sage of Concord, met the cheery sprite one January day of 1862 when the country was divided and warring. The strife had not affected the black cap's disposition, for he extended a glad greeting to the verse writer walking in the wintry snow-choked woods. Here, in the poet's own words, is the story of the delightful encounter:

"Softly, but this way fate was pointing,
'Twas coming fast to such annointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
'Chic-chic-a-dee-dee!' saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, 'Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces.'"

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

In the Shadow of Immortality

ACVAGHOSHA, the great philosopher of Ancient India, in his discourse on "The Awakening of Faith" said, "All things in their ultimate nature are perfect and complete, and not subject to destruction.—Matter and mind from the very beginning are not a duality. So we speak of the universe as a system of rationality, seeing that the real nature of matter just constitutes the norm of mind. Again we speak of the universe as a system of materiality, seeing that the true nature of mind just constitutes the norm of matter."

The great Japanese scholar, Teitaro Suzuki, who first translated the Acvaghosha monograph from the Chinese version of the lost Sanskrit original, states that Acvaghosha "lived at the time extending from the latter half of the first century before Christ to about 50 or 80 A. D.

At the present time modern science, by its careful and laborious methods, is arriving at the same conclusions which were reached 2,000 years ago, without the aid of scientific instruments of observation, by the great Indian seer Acvaghosha. The broad insight of this Indian thinker was extraordinary. In his monograph he considered the ultra-modern subject of "Relativity" and the writer is practically certain that Acvaghosha was the first to discuss this much mooted question under the caption popularized by Einstein. It is worthy of note that Acvaghosha concludes that "enlightenment is absolutely unobtainable by any modes of *relativity.*"

In view of the reflections of this ancient philosopher it is particularly interesting to consider the work and conclusions of the modern men of science on this subject of the unending nature of ultimate existence.

At the present time the sharp demarcation between the inorganic and the organic world is disappearing. The theory that the ultimate particles of which matter is composed are indestructible has been established for a long period of time. The elusive problem of *life* has persistently baffled investigators. Within recent years, however, important light has been shed on the problem with the result that we are now certain that the inorganic and organic ultimates have more in common than has heretofore been supposed. The epoch-making contributions of Dr. Alexis Carrel, the American, and Dr. Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, of Calcutta, India, are responsible, in a great measure, for the partial reduction of the gap between the inorganic and the organic world, between atomic matter and cellular life.

The achievement of another American, Dr. Ross G. Harrison, in showing that it was possible, outside of the body, to grow sections of animal tissue, formed the basis of Dr. Carrel's bold departure. In his revolutionary investigation Carrel was ably assisted by Dr. Montrose T. Burrows.

All living organisms are composed of cells. A typical cell is indicative of a particular type of organism much in the same way that a certain molecule indicates a definite kind of matter. Dr. Carrel realized that fundamental knowledge must be gained by observing the behavior of the typical cells which composed the various organisms. The very first requisite for this study of cellular activity outside of the organism is a nutritious environment as closely reproducing the conditions of its native organic environment as scientific ingenuity will permit. The temperature of the human body is about 38 degrees Centigrade. An incubator can continuously maintain this temperature. A nutritious environment is available in the form of ordinary blood-plasma. Into such an environment Dr. Carrel placed cells removed from such organs as the heart, liver and kidney. Cellular groups from cartilages and bones were also introduced into this artificial environment. After periods varying from a few hours to a few days these cellular groups began to show extraordinary activity and growth. In some cases the growth was so marked that it could be observed without the aid of a microscope. The cells, contrary to all previous expectations, did not die when severed from their parent organism but flourished and developed in a most remarkable manner. Another startling fact was revealed that each typical cell group continued to function and behave in the same manner in its artificial environment as in its original organic surroundings. A small fragment of a chicken heart was observed by Dr. Carrel to contract and expand in regular pulsations in the same manner as the organ from which these cells were taken. When the pulsations became less frequent the vigor of this fragmentary heart was restored by washing and providing new nourishment of fresh blood-plasma.

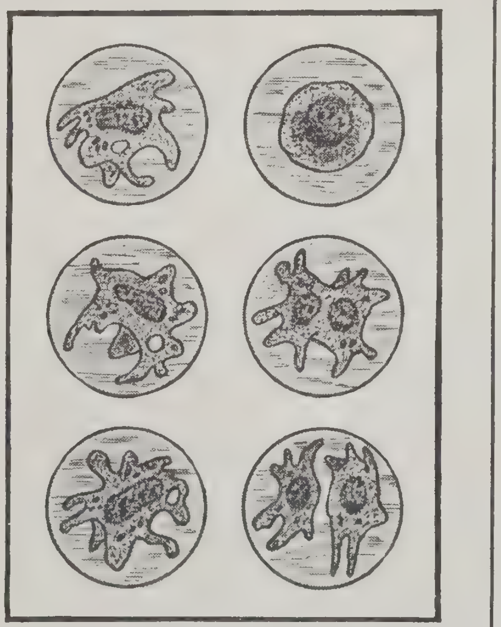
DR. ALEXIS CARREL,

Nobel Prize Winner in medicine, whose researches seem to indicate that the protoplasmic cell is an immortal entity.

What can "death" mean in the light of these discoveries? If a man is killed in a railroad accident is that the absolute extinction and the final end of his existence? The body, as a directed organism, ceases to function but the cell groups which constitute this organism continue to behave in their respective and characteristic ways for a considerable time after the body has ceased to respond to conscious desire. The bodily cells if removed into a suitable environment may be made to live indefinitely. Tissues may be preserved for periods of time by temporarily suspending their activity in cold storage after which animation may be re-established in a warm and nourishing environment. These facts actually extract the "definiteness" out of "death." Years ago "death" was considered as one of the absolute certainties in the cosmos. Now we must place restrictions upon this word if we wish to be truthful and exact in our statements. We can speak of a man as having died within the last 10 minutes but we cannot include the entire cellular organization of his body in that assertion. It is now conceivable that some of the cellular groups of a "dead" man's body may be transplanted into a new environment with hopes of an uninterrupted continuation of their own particular life. It is a well-known fact that such elementary organisms as the amoeba never die. The amoeba knows neither birth nor death. There is multiplication, however, but this consists merely in the splitting of the nucleus of the amoeba thus producing two separate amoebas which thenceforth lead independent lives. The nucleus of a cell constitutes the vital portion, and it is the center of control of all the activity of a cell. Growth, development and the transmission of characteristic cell qualities depend upon and are due to the nucleus. The really vital portion of a cell-nucleus represents probably only about one-tenth of the entire weight of the nucleus which, in turn, only weighs about one-thousandth of the total cell weight.

If the essentially vital portions of the human body could be assembled, this aggregate would weigh only about one-fifth of an ounce and this directive vital system or *"primary body"* would be invisible. The recent careful research work of Dr. Hippolyte Baraduc, Professor Charles Richet, Mme. Bisson and Dr. Von Schrenck Notzing, conclusively indicates that the phenomenon of death consists of a separation or departure of the *primary body* from the "secondary" or physical body. The terms "primary" and "secondary body" have been introduced by the writer.

Now we know that the human body, in dying, gives up an emanation, a *primary body,* in a manner very similar to the "dying" phenomenon of radium during which emanations or rays are discharged until active radium has been transformed into a more passive element.



Left column—Three changes of shape of amoeba while floating in a drop of water. Right column—Top figure shows solidification of amoeba when touched. Two lower figures show one amoeba splitting into two live amoebas.

We also know, through the experiments of Dr. Carrel, that cellular tissues, after removal from the parent organism, may be indefinitely rejuvenated by successive immersions in new nourishing environments. Dr. Carrel has, in that manner, caused cellular tissues to pass through a hundred life-cycles without any visible token of the approach of an end to the series. In fact, the reverse seems to be true, many of these cell groups are more vigorous in their behavior at the end of the hundredth cycle of rejuvenation than at the end of the first few cycles of the process.

Do not these startling scientific facts indicate that we now stand in the very shadow of immortality? Do not these indisputable indications point to a scientific proof of the postulate of faith, that death does not end all?

Acvaghosha, and not Haeckel, the mechanistic materialist, is correct. The sage of Ancient India, unaided by the methods of science, saw more clearly into the verities of the cosmos than the self-satisfied mechanistic materialists of modern times. Science has turned the tables of materialistic positivism and matter has become dematerialized into energy, and cosmic things have unfolded into beings whose essence is spiritual.

The investigations of Drs. Carrel, Baraduc, Richet, Von Schrenck Notzing and Mme. Bisson have cast new light upon the problems of life and death. The great cosmic panorama reveals nothing but transformation and change from one state of existence to another without loss of essential characteristics or properties. The "character" and "personality" of a cell persists without change throughout a long, and perhaps unending, series of life-cycles. This is the general law of all being and existence. It is true of the protoplasmic cell, the amoeba, and the ultimate primordial material particle. Is it probable, then, that this *universal law of existence* fails in the case of man? Does the essence of man, his "character" or "personality" disappear with the death of the "secondary" or physical body? The experiments of Baraduc show conclusively that a *primary* body is released from the physical body at the time of death. If we assume that this *directive system,* the primary body, retains its "character" after the death transformation, do we thereby violate the *universal law of existence?* We are constrained to answer this question in the negative.

BRIEFLY TOLD

France has but 2,500 movie theaters.

Five French airplanes will soon leave for a trip around the world. The long journey will be divided into a series of short flights. The course will be through Italy, Algeria, Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, Siam, Indo-China, Korea, Japan and the United States. From the United States they will fly south to South America, crossing back East to Africa and returning to France by way of Spain.

The play "William Tell" is being produced on every stage available throughout the occupied area of Germany to stiffen the passive resistance of the people to the French.

Gold Star mothers of America, with Mrs. Ben S. Boyd, of Knoxville, Tennessee, as leader, are rallying to prevent another world war. Mrs. Boyd said, "Enough hearts and homes have been broken. We felt it was a privilege to give our sons for a great cause. But if the peace they won is not lasting then we feel that our sacrifice was in vain."

Kansas saves $200,000 in a year by printing its own school textbooks.

The pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Oakland, California, has handed in his resignation, saying, "The church has been outstripped by other agencies in serving mankind and therefore is a failure. In every walk of life, the crying need of people is co-operation, so why shouldn't the churches combine to give co-operation? What difference does it make how man was created?"

The largest and most up-to-date railroad terminal in the world will replace the old burned Dearborn Station of Chicago, if the seven roads now using the station can obtain the support of two or more additional lines for plans already drawn.

Two million nine hundred thousand persons in Great Britain are drawing disability allowances, costing $160 a head.

An unfamiliar flax disease is attacking the stem and leaves of the growing flax plant of the upper Mississippi Valley. It retards the development of the seed and injures the stem for fiber purposes. Investigations are being carried on to find an effective control measure.

The life of an English bank note is about two months. When the Bank of England receives a note back from circulation, it is automatically canceled by having the signature of the cashier torn off.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A fuel-oil skimming device to keep Baltimore Harbor free from floating oil, which is a fire menace, consists of a suction pump on a scow. Oil and water are pumped aboard and the oil separated and barreled. The suction apparatus operates just below the surface of the water.

The Hindus have in their Huli, which terminates with the 31st of March, a festival which has the same aim as our "First of April" (April Fool's Day). Persons are sent with messages to individuals, who died some time before, or to others who are known to be not home. The senders then enjoy the laugh at their disappointment. The First of April custom is of very early origin and is spread all over the world.

A woman steeplejack in California, as her husband's partner, does her full share of perilous work.

The republican government of Bavaria has made a financial settlement on the Wittelsbach family. The Diet has awarded to the Wittelsbachs seven castles, 25,000 acres of land and a number of houses in Munich, a theater in Munich and 60,000,000 marks in cash.

The highest capacity power cable in the world was stretched under San Francisco Bay recently. It covers a distance of eight miles from the shore of Richmond to Pier 41.

A monkey belonging to a family living in the fashionable Quai D'Orsay, Paris, trapped a burglar. When the burglar entered a clothes closet the monkey locked the door and when the owner returned home the monkey proudly turned the prisoner over to him.

Italian immigrants aboard the steamer *Italia* have been refused permission to land at Melbourne, Australia, because there is no work.

Copper is more valuable than gold from a standard of usefulness. Gold is heavy, soft, of low tensile strength, high electrical resistance, low heat conductivity. Copper is employed in so many uses that if it should fail, civilization would halt its onward march until some substitute could be produced.

The unexplored portion of Ontario, known as the district of Patricia, will yield fortunes to adventurous prospectors, according to a representative of a Winnipeg syndicate.

Long Beach, California, life savers send up a smoke bomb when about to make a rescue, and need assistance. It has been proved that a boat can approach a bather in distress more safely and rapidly from the seaside than if it were to start from shore through the breakers. The smoke bomb is the signal for the boat to leave immediately for the scene.

India, including Burma, has an area half as large as that of the United States. Its population is three times as great.

The owner of every radio receiving set in Great Britain must pay $2.20 a year license fee. At present there are but four broadcasting stations in the United Kingdom. They are located at London, Birmingham, Newcastle and Manchester. It is illegal to remove receiving sets from one point to another.

To avoid traffic accidents on the Pacific Ocean, steamship companies will soon have to "double track" the ocean, according to the hydrographic office of the United States Navy. Shipping on the Pacific has increased greatly during the last few years and it is hoped the steamship companies will enter into an agreement to follow definite routes, instead of going in any direction as at present.

The Ruhr Valley produces 68.9 per cent of Germany's coal, and 66 per cent of her steel.

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What 10 Per Cent Has Done for West

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The "Night of Power" in St. Sophia

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Ten Per Cent Interest Hits Western Farmers, Brings Mortgages and Ruin in Its Wake

Plenty of Funds for the War Sufferers of Europe, But There Is Neither Money Nor Interest for the American Victims of Usury and Cheating

By A FARMER'S WIFE

> ***This true account of conditions, written by a woman who not only knows "but can tell what she knows," is another angle of the devastation which anti-American finance is causing in the land.***

RAISING food for a livelihood is a bigger gamble than playing poker or betting on the races.

It is said that farmers lack business ability. Perhaps they do, but no one can make two and two equal more than four.

The Captain of Industry has not yet been born who can make money selling wheat at 80 cents a bushel which cost him a dollar to raise; or selling cattle for $75 a head when they have cost him $85.

When prices are low, farmers are forced to borrow money, because farming is now a business that uses money, and the interest eats up all the profits when prices are high.

Senator LaFollette, in one of his campaign speeches, said he was sorry for the people in a certain western state as he understood that 49 per cent of the ranches there were mortgaged. That is a very conservative estimate, as a state in the Northwest that does not have more than half the ranches mortgaged may be said to be lucky. *In addition to the mortgages that are recorded,* banks frequently hold ranchers' notes to the full value of all their possessions. These are drawn for 60 or 90 days, or six months at the longest *and draw 10 per cent interest which is added to the principal when they are renewed,* as they invariably are, for farmers have little or no money to pay debts except in the fall, when they sell their crops and cattle.

There Are Too Many Banks

NOW there may be men who can borrow money at 10 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually or oftener, and make a howling success of their business, but they are scarce as hens' teeth.

The uninitiated will say, "Why borrow, then? The man who lives within his means is never hurt by high interest rates."

But how can a farmer regulate his expenditures according to his income when he does not know what his income will be? Even if his seeding in the fall or spring results in a good crop, prices may be so low at harvest time that he virtually makes nothing. Besides he has many necessary expenses that must be met. If he uses horses, they must be fed through the winter so they will be in condition for work in the spring. Machinery wears out and must be replaced. Fences must be built, stock losses replaced. There are always a thousand and one uses for ready cash on a ranch where it is generally a scarce article.

Bankers of the Northwest say that they cannot meet their expenses *unless they give short-term notes and ask 10 per cent interest.* Judging from the number of banks there, in proportion to the population, this statement is probably true. *But what is the necessity of so many banks?*

In pre-Prohibition days, saloon licenses were granted in proportion to the population. *It might be well to adopt some such legislation to protect the rural communities from too many banks.*

In a certain locality that used to be famed as an agricultural paradise because of its fertile soil, rich pasture land and prosperous people, the chief town had a population of 2,000, and supported two banks. Now, the town has grown to 6,000 and boasts four banks, while, within a radius of 30 miles of it, are four more banks, and about 2,000 more persons, counting women and children.

Prosperity Has Gone

CONSIDERING that some of these financial institutions pay their officials up to $7,000 or $8,000 a year, it undoubtedly requires a high rate of interest for so few customers to pay the salaries of so many bank officers and clerks, not to mention the 10 per cent interest expected by the stockholders.

Needless to say, prosperity has fled from that vicinity.

My sympathies used to be aroused for the poor victims of Jewish persecutions in Russia until I learned that the dreadful anti-Semitic outbreaks were merely a manifestation of the rage of an exasperated peasantry when they saw their means of livelihood taken away by the greedy money lenders. A man can be forgiven almost any crime when he works hard, 16 hours a day, to pay his debts, then, owing to crop failure and usurious interest, he fails to meet his obligations, and sees his last cow led away, while his hungry little children are crying for milk.

It is strange how few people realize that ruining the farmer means ruining the country, as agriculture is not AN industry, but THE INDUSTRY of the human race. It is a pivotal occupation upon which everyone really depends for a livelihood. A man must eat to live, and where will he get food, if there are no farmers?

It is an indisputable fact, that farmers are not given a square deal by their selfish, thoughtless city cousins.

For instance, not long ago, a representative of one of the smaller packing houses went about among the homesteaders and poorer ranchers and offered to buy their stuff, ship it, and pay the market price the day the beasts arrived at his stockyards.

Now farmers' brains are not usually provided with as many crooked convolutions as that of the average pickpocket, consequently they are "easy marks." The poor men approached by the packing house representative thought his offer was an opportunity to be grasped quickly, as few of them had even one carload of cattle, which necessitated several of them clubbing together to ship, not to mention that cars were almost unobtainable at times; so they let the benevolent agent drive off their stock. The day the cattle reached the stockyards, the market ranged from three to seven cents a pound, and these ranchers, irrespective of the condition of their beasts, received three cents a pound.

They would not have made any profit this year at seven cents a pound, but three cents was a regular holdup for anything like a good steer. In fact, any four-year-olds must have cost their owners from 10 to 15 cents a pound to raise them, as they had to go through the terrible winter that followed the awful drought of 1919. That season ruined many of the ranchers and cattlemen in the Northwest, *and yet, at that time, city people were sending thousands and thousands of dollars to help war sufferers in Europe, without a thought of aiding their drought-stricken neighbors at home.*

What a Drought Did

THE victims of a volcanic eruption or a flood are pitied and assisted because they are overwhelmed by natural forces that no human being can control; but what about the farmer who is brought to penury by drought or hail? Does anyone ever spend time or eloquence procuring aid for the victims of drought or hail? And of all natural calamities, drought is the worst. Yet during the awful drought of 1919 in the Northwest, townspeople not only showed little sympathy with their country cousins but improved their opportunities to plunder them.

That spring, the winter wheat came up as usual, its fresh, bright green gladdening the eyes after the barrenness of the cold months just passed. There had been little snow, therefore not enough moisture to make good pasture, but everyone was hoping for the spring rains which—did not come.

The fields of grain faded from bright green to a sickly yellow, and by the middle of July, everyone had given up all hopes of a crop. The weather was blazing hot, night and day, and reminded one of the ancient curse—"Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron."

The pasture was already eaten down to almost nothing, and clouds of dust arose from the range as the poor animals traveled around from one place to another trying to find something to eat.

Many ranchers decided to sell their cattle but owing to the delay in getting stock cars the starving animals decreased in value to such an extent that their owners lost large amounts of money.

Some cattlemen tried to rent pasture in other states; but they, too, were unable to get transportation, so suffered heavy losses.

Then the price of hay began to soar, and the hay and feed merchants in town bought new automobiles that year. *Forty dollars a ton for hay as coarse as rushes,* and filled with all kinds of weeds, thistles, cattails and brambles; occasionally one found pressed snakes and frogs in the bales. The starving cattle would eat the miserable fodder, but could not live on it, so owners who could borrow enough money gave every head of stock a measure of grain every day to keep the life in their bony bodies through that terrible winter that began in October and did not really end until May. *It was estimated that the upkeep of every work horse brought through in condition for work in the spring cost $75.*

The poorer ranchers who lacked cash and credit had simply to watch their horses and cattle starve to death.

The cattle would just fall from weakness, and die quietly, usually on the range out of sight and sound, but the horses hung around near home, having faith until the very last that their masters would give them a feed. A horse stands up until he is a living skeleton, one can almost see through him, then, when his weak legs will uphold him no longer, he sinks to the earth but keeps his head up, still watching, waiting, hoping for the help that does not come. At last, the head sinks down on the ground, too, the legs stretch out, the large, patient eyes close, a shudder, and the poor brute has ceased to suffer. Sometimes, though, a horse with uncommon vitality even after he is "down" will make such terrific efforts to stand up that he thrashes his eyes out of his head before the end comes. Many of the ranchers shot their horses rather than have their feelings harrowed by the sight of their dumb suffering.

The long and cruel winter ended at last, and then began the struggle to get in a crop. Wheat was still high, and, as the snow had been about a foot deep on the level for about five months, there was no lack of moisture in the ground. Conditions, though, were so terrible that the townspeople began to realize that the dire poverty of their country cousins might affect them, so efforts were made by the county officials to help the ranchers get seed.

And Then Price Went Down

ALTHOUGH deprived of comforts, and even of necessities during the past winter, the farmers put their shoulders to the wheel and struggled, desperately, to get in a crop. But—they thresh late in the Northwest, *and some of them did not get their wheat in the elevators before the price went down with a rush.*

Few city people appear to realize the time, labor and hard cash used by the farmer in raising his produce.

"Well, how are things getting along at the ranch?" asked a society leader of a country acquaintance.

"About as well as can be expected as long as we have to feed you city people for nothing," was the tart rejoinder of the ranchwoman who had just left 10 pounds of butter at the store and received credit for only nine. Butter put up in pound packages, unless used immediately, loses weight by evaporation, and this woman afterward discovered a defect in her mold that accounted for the rest of the shortage. The storekeeper, however, undoubtedly got the price for a full pound for each package, and thereby made a pound on the countrywoman—clear gain. He did not give her cash but credit, and five cents less than the market price for handling it at all. The rancher is also docked five cents a dozen on eggs, and cannot get cash for them either unless he can ship by the case, and few small farmers have enough hens to enable them to sell 30 dozen at a time, so he has to trade out his butter and eggs and the townsman makes a profit both ways.

If the town butcher buys a steer from a neighboring rancher, he expects to get it at the market price. All the cattleman makes by selling at the home market is the amount of the freight to Chicago or Omaha. The local butcher buys at seven cents on the hoof, and sells the cheapest cuts for 14 cents. Of course, a steer dresses down 40 per cent of its weight, but then the hide and by-products are worth something, not to mention that the butcher sells the choice cuts from 20 to 35 cents a pound.

How Ranchers Are Docked

FLOUR mills and elevators are usually operated by the same companies, but although the wheat may not go more than 20 miles to be ground into flour, the ranchers are docked the freight to Minneapolis on every bushel they sell.

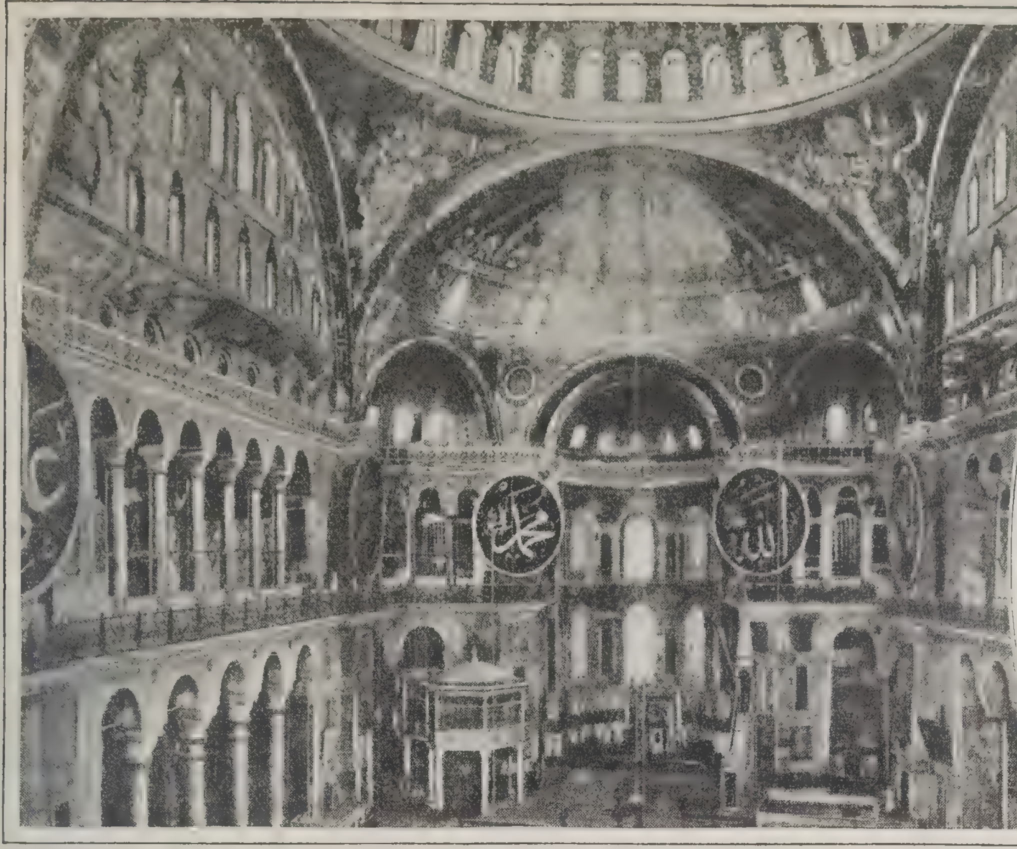
Self-respecting American farmers are the pluckiest men on earth; not only their occupation, but they, themselves, are the backbone of the nation, but the most magnificent courage and splendid manliness can be sufficiently handicapped to insure defeat. The most honest are usually the worst beaten in a crooked game, and everyone must suffer if the farmers do not get a square deal.

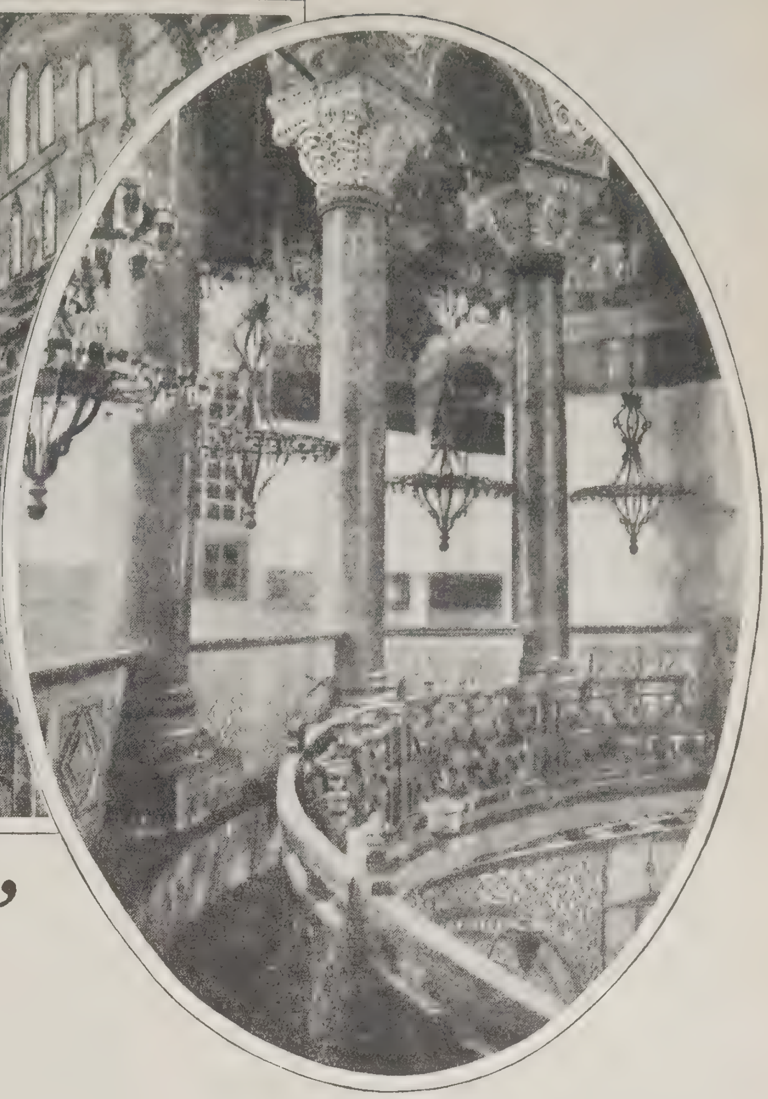
Some of the ranchers are thinking now that a wise man will not sit long in a game when the deck is marked and the dice loaded. They are even advising their sons to engage in some business where there is less risk and labor and more profit.

They have packed their city cousins so long they are beginning to weary of the burden.

What would happen if all the farmers decided to raise only enough food for their own use?

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse would appear, not in book form, but actual, living realities, galloping over and devastating the land as they are now doing in Russia.





The "Night of Power" in St. Sophia

American's Story of a Ramazan Ceremony

By MRS. JOHN R. ALLEN

Above, at left—Where the Sultan prays. Above—Where Mrs. Allen knelt to witness the celebration of the "Night of Power."

FEW Christians have witnessed the service of the "Night of Power" held in St. Sophia. The Moslems never take kindly to Christians invading their mosques; they tolerate them for the fee usually given. But services on the "Night of Power," the most sacred time of all the year, are not to be seen by infidels even for "backsheesh." One must have a "pull" to enter, as we learned from experience.

When we first arrived in Turkey we had little knowledge of the Turks or of Turkish customs. We had heard of the Monet of Ramazan, the season of Turkish Lent, of prayer and fasting, but of its manner of observance we knew nothing. Before the month was done we felt we knew all, and more than all, that Ramazan meant, if not to the Turks, at least to ourselves.

We were living at Roumeli Hissar, a quaint, picturesque Turkish village on the Bosphorus, about five or six miles above Constantinople. The houses rise in terraces from the water, at all angles, and the narrow, crowded streets meander in bewildering confusion up the hillside. Our boarding place was at the top of the village, and overlooked it and the beautiful valley of the Bosphorus for many miles. The second night after our arrival, when we were luxuriating in real beds instead of the narrow bunks of a rolling ship, we were awakened by the beating of drums and the loud cries of men in the village. The noise traveled up and down the steep streets with pauses now and then as if the drums were obliged to stop for breath. What could it mean! Visions of massacres, outrages, rose before us. What terrible thing might not be happening? That there was no sound in our house was reassuring. Evidently no one in it was alarmed so we listened to the hubbub until dawn came gradually to end the noise.

Upon inquiry at breakfast we found that the disturbance was because of the beginning of Ramazan. During Ramazan every Moslem is forbidden to taste food, drink any liquid, or smoke, from dawn till dark. But during the night they may eat, drink and smoke as much as they please. The Turkish year, being lunar, Ramazan may, in 33 years, run through every season. Beating of the drum serves to keep the people awake that they may eat at night and not be tempted in the day. The men who accompany the drummer continually call out, "Awake, prepare food, for the dawn is coming when you may not eat."

All day the Turkish housewife cooks. The breaking of the day's fast is announced by the firing of cannon a short time after sunset. For the rich Turk it is of no moment whether he sleeps by day, and eats and revels at night, but for the poor laboring man Ramazan is a time of hardship, and when it comes during the summer months there is much suffering and sickness, for not even a drop of water may be taken. Cholera and all stomach troubles are much worse during Ramazan. This year of which I write, there were strict orders printed in all the papers with regard to keeping the fast, and punishment and imprisonment threatened for anyone caught breaking it. One might think the first thing a Turk would do as soon as he heard the evening gun would be to drink and eat, but it is said he will sit with a cigaret in one hand and a match in the other, and as soon as the first boom sounds he lights up and has his smoke. The cafés are quite deserted and empty during the day, but at night they are brilliantly lighted and crowded with Turks smoking and drinking coffee, playing games, and listening to stories. The balconies on the minarets of the mosques are illuminated by rows of little olive-oil lamps, the wick floating on the surface of the oil.

The great night of Ramazan is the twenty-seventh night of the month. It is celebrated with much pomp and ceremony. Special services are held in the mosque of St. Sophia, and there are fireworks on the Bosphorus. This is the "Night of Power" when, according to the Moslem belief, the divine decrees for the following year are settled and fixed and given by God to His angels to be executed. It was on this night, also, that Mohammed received his first revelations. The services in St. Sophia, we were told, would be very impressive, and we were anxious to attend. Admission, as I have said, is difficult indeed to obtain, the Turks being loath to permit Europeans to enter. Our English friend said it would be necessary to get a card from our embassy; the next night we learned that the Sultan had signified his intention of being present, and in that case, not even embassy cards would admit us. The matter was discussed for several days, the final opinion being that, if the Sultan were present, nothing would admit us; if he were not—and no Sultan had been to a "Night of Power" for 20 years—then our passports or any proper credentials would be sufficient. So we did not ask for a card from the embassy.

The great night came; all day it had been dark and cloudy, with promise of immediate rain. Hoping it might be delayed until midnight we decided to go to the city with a number of the young instructors from Roberts College. With us was an Armenian gentleman who spoke Turkish. Another party also went from the college, and for guide they had a student, an Albanian Moslem. The only way to reach the city from the little suburban towns of the Bosphorus is, of course, by boat which lands you at the floating bridge between Galata and Stamboul. It was dusk when we arrived and the little oil lights on the minarets all over Stamboul were beginning to twinkle. The ceremony at St. Sophia was to begin at eight o'clock. The streets were crowded, mounted troops, foot soldiers, priests, and others all on their way to the mosque.

Our carriage landed us at the main entrance, or gateway. We crossed the courtyard in a sudden downpour of rain, and took refuge in the front door, or portico, where now, as it was almost eight, the faithful were entering in droves. There were two soldiers on

(Concluded on page 13)

Beautiful St. Sophia, where is celebrated each year the "Night of Power."

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St. Louis Loses the Lead

THE taxpayers of St. Louis, metropolis of Missouri, are to be commiserated on the foisting upon them of a tax burden which might well have been avoided. A bond issue for $87,000,000 has just been approved for which a levy of about $7,000,000 annually will be required until the last one is paid. In the list of purposes for which the loan is made, those of urgent necessity could easily be cared for by raising a similar amount and restricting the expenditure to the particular object, thus paying as the expense is incurred and avoiding interest. That is, by pursuing the safe and sane policy of remaining out of debt, saving in taxes one and a half times the entire amount expended, or about $130,000,000.

We are not apprised of the exact state of the finances of St. Louis prior to this bond issue, but at the close of 1921 the city's indebtedness was $12,753,370, a more favorable showing than most of her rivals, perhaps than any, could make. It looks as if the amount just voted was intended to bring the bonded indebtedness to an even $100,000,000, involving a total expense of $250,000,000 to extinguish on the ordinary 30-year bonding plan at five per cent interest.

St. Louis has a population of 773,000, a real estate assessment valuation of a billion, and in 1921-22 a tax levy of $25,724,000, and a budget of $21,255,460. It will be seen that the opportunity for economy was fine, and had the taxpayers realized the extent of the burden placed on the city, it is incredible that they would have consented.

There is some excuse for a man going in debt for wearing apparel necessary to make a good appearance, but never to patronize a dollar-down installment store for something that will not last as long as the debt. There is no excuse for a man or woman buying on the installment plan something that can be done without; but here is a community plunged from a good position into a sea of debt that might well stagger a much larger place. In the list of projects can be found every conceivable plan for spending the money, from an aquarium to a municipal auditorium. The largest single appropriation, presumably a necessity, is new water works, requiring $12,000,000, and the annual interest and sinking fund requirements, which must be taxed, would pay that sum in less than two years, saving $18,000,000 that must now be paid in interest.

The next largest item is $11,000,000 for River des Peres reclamation work, hardly essential; with $8,650,000 for street widening, $6,000,000 for memorial plaza and building, $5,000,000 for auditorium, and smaller sums for work that could as well be postponed or cut out altogether.

St. Louis does not need this extravagant showing to enable her to be on an equal standing with other cities—she is already great, while the unique position of being perhaps the only city in the United States able to pay its debt without burdensome taxation is now gone.

Know St. Louis, official organ of the Chamber of Commerce and the agencies always clamoring for public expenditure, gives the key to the influence most potent in securing approval of the scheme. "Last Friday," it says, exultingly, "St. Louis voted an $87,000,000 bond issue for the most elaborate city improvement program ever undertaken here—perhaps anywhere. . . . This will give an immediate increased flow of money in St. Louis. It will give St. Louisans greatly increased spending powers."

Without graft, common in such cases, no St. Louisan will get a dollar he does not earn. The pay-as-you-go plan would have been sufficient to care for the unemployed of the city for a term of years. This plan will fill it with temporary and in many cases undesirable outsiders. But the real basis of conservation is the fact that for 30 years the money poured into St. Louis by the barrel will be flowing back to its source, carrying with it a volume 150 per cent larger than itself. Meanwhile, should an emergency occur, St. Louis, bonded to the legal limit, will be helpless, just as Detroit and Cincinnati are already.

Municipalities, as well as men and women, must learn that it is not wise to borrow for sake of civic pride. In their case there is a moral wrong, in that they leave a legacy of debt to a future generation.

Misrepresenting the Nations

INTERESTING and practical as are the personal opinions of foreign correspondents and representative investigators of conditions in Europe, they are yet mere opinions, formed through familiarity with the ruling regime of each country, and having no foundation in a knowledge of the peoples constituting the real nations of earth. Just as all wars are caused by human greed and not by real national volition, so may the rulers in power represent only a fraction of the nation itself.

Germany is no longer merely the tool of a militaristic dynasty. France is really not Poincare nor Clemenceau, nor even Paris. Britain is not and never was Lloyd George. Certainly the United States is not Senator Lodge nor even the President. We know what the governmental officeholders of Europe are thinking: the international press seems to exist for the express purpose of spreading their opinions. But what the plain people of the nations are thinking—who knows?

The main statement emphasized by the correspondents is that nations do not understand each other. But the main fact is that the leaders do not always understand the nations, and therefore cannot represent them. Could the common people everywhere understand why war is made, and the immunity the makers enjoy from its real burdens of death and debt, they might by refusal to serve their masters bring about a lasting peace.

Unexplained Legislation

UNDER an amendment to the National Bank Act, passed by this Congress and now operative, the number of compulsory statements the Controller of the Currency is compelled to ask for annually is three, instead of five, as heretofore. The importance of the measure is not known, but the mystery of its introduction is causing speculation.

The introduction of the bill was not deemed of importance by the press; its enactment into law was unnoticed; it was not debated in either house. The American Bankers' Association apparently did not seek the change, and no group of bankers or individual is known to have favored or opposed. To all appearance it was quietly initiated and put through from some department of the Treasury.

Such banking journals as have mentioned the matter seem at a loss to account for the amendment. The *Pacific Banker* speculates at considerable length, and while not sure more frequent reports are necessary, expresses the opinion that in the present feeling as to the banking system of the country, a reduction in the number of compulsory reports is ill-advised.

Farmers Need Profit, Not Credit

THE whole handling of the rural credits matter has been marked by such a subservience to the Money Trust that really compelled the politicians to make an effort to deceive the farmers by a pretense of friendship. Realizing something must be done to mollify the rising spirit of protest, the old false plan of authorizing additional machinery to meet a supposed need has been followed, and the farmer will meet the same delays he has met before, and obtain no real relief, after all.

The farmer does not want credit. Credit means debt. Debt has been the farmer's hell. What the farmer needs is not debt-making but debt-paying legislation. Credit will do the farmer no good until he has a prospect of meeting his obligations as they mature. The man who pays a debt by renewal does not get ahead. Ultimately he must *pay.*

There is no need for a bureau of credits to aid the man who has credit of his own. With banks in every locality whose officials are acquainted with the needs and responsibility of the people, the matter of credit is safe, if those banks are permitted to function. But so long as these banks themselves are subject to the whims of a central monopoly, a free exercise of judgment on their part is impossible.

Should the People Be Represented?

THE theory is that the people should be represented. No one seems to question it, yet no one seems to believe it to be the case.

A question, therefore: it is asked with a view to opening the door to the plain fact—*Where should the people be represented?*

Answer No. 1 would probably be: *The people should be represented in the White House.*

Granted. It would be very fine if the people were represented in the White House. The theory, of course, is that they are. Ask President Harding if any of the persons who come to see him represent the people. Just ask him. Ask him also if he has not entertained very serious doubts as to whether he, the President, represents the people. Ask him if he thinks any President can represent the people under the present system. Ask him once more if, in his experience, he was never rendered so helpless as at a time when he wanted to, but was forbidden to represent the people. The President himself, talking confidentially to a plain citizen at the back door of the White House, might advise him, in the spirit of American brotherliness, to go somewhere else, because representing the people is a job that has really been squeezed out of the Presidency. What a glorious time of renewed confidence and national power it will be when the job returns. Oh, if the man from Marion could only see it and make himself immortal.

Answer No. 2: *The people should be represented in Congress.*

Yes, indeed. There are men in the Senate and the House who are earnestly trying to represent and serve the people—and are breaking their hearts in the endeavor. Spend a few days in Washington with the "lawmakers" (as they are facetiously called) and let them speak for themselves. You will hear from the Senate and you will hear from the House that it's a burning shame the way the rights of the People of the United States are disregarded by Congress. You will actually hear them say it. Gentlemen will grow red in the face, they will expostulate, they will swear, they will call on God and Liberty—but in the end they will say to you: "I came down here to serve the people, but they won't let me." Why? The system is framed against it. This Congress just dead was actually prevented doing what it wanted to do by a dead man and a living man: the dead man made the House's rules, the living man administered them. The rules were for use in cases where the people might be likely to be served. In a long course of interviews certain reporters found it almost unanimous in Congress that while a majority of the individuals (a big majority too) *would* represent the people, there's an invisible something that prevents them. The most hopeful fact is that so many Congressmen recognize this to be the fact. It is going to mean something pretty soon.

Answer No. 3: *The People should be represented in the Supreme Court.*

To be sure they should—there more than any other place they should, for the Supreme Court is the supreme governing body of the land. Oh, not by law, as every schoolboy knows; the branches of our government are independent of each other—but the fact is that the Supreme Court is independent of them all. What a Great Court it would be if it represented the people. Will any Judge of the Supreme Court say, without circumlocution, without assuming things that he knows would not be true, that the Court represents the People? The question is asked because the Supreme Court judges were not asked the question when the reporters put it to the members of Congress.

However it is a question which is respectfully recommended to the present members of the Court, both new and old. If they will take it home with them some night, let them do this with it: let them call to mind the days of old when they thought of their country as all American boys do, when public service seemed a lofty thing—the thoughts they had before they knew the real ins and outs of things, the trades, the jockeying, the cheap political considerations involved; let them think also of their youthful notions of a Court, and of a Judge on the Bench thereof, and of the confidence, the respect, the pathetic appeal of the people—and let them answer, as one day in Another Court they must answer, whether the Supreme Court of the United States is a place where the American People—we the hundred millions who only want a Government to believe in—are represented.

Mr. Ford's Page

EACH age, each condition, each form of collapse is accompanied by its own scavengers. It is another way of saying that everything has its parasite. Still another way of saying it is the old Biblical method: "Where the carcass is, there are the vultures gathered together." The idea has appeared in the wise humor of Americans in the statement that "flees is good for a dog, because it keeps him from worrying about being a dog."

This fact of a scavenger or parasite attending everything is generally accepted, but it is not always regarded from the same point of view. There are those who complain about the parasite in nature, who think that the world would be a pleasanter place if the parasite were exterminated. They regard it as a regrettable and unnecessary defect in an otherwise fairly good system.

The problem itself goes back very far and at one time constituted a profound subject of theological speculation. The attitude of our more serious fathers was this: the earth is in a fallen state, and attending upon its various lacks and shortcomings there were bound to appear the consequences of its moral collapse. This idea they expressed variously, as that thorns came into the earth and weeds into grain, and death came upon living things, and hard labor was made the prerequisite of a livelihood, and social distrust and enmity made living together something less than the pleasure which it originally might have been.

Perhaps our fathers were wiser than we sometimes think they were; but it is certain that they were wiser in their attitude than are those moderns who have no explanation of the parasite at all. They were wiser in this: instead of complaining that the parasite existed where it had no right to be, they sought out what right and reason could be found in the parasite's presence, and they reached the conclusion that it was not the parasite's fault but the fault of conditions which called for a parasite's or a scavenger's services. That is, they explained the presence of the vulture by the dead carcass.

It is a method of explanation which certifies to its own truthfulness by the satisfaction which it gives to the mind. And this satisfaction is worth more than can be estimated. The suffering of the world, the real bitterness which men endure, undoubtedly grows out of mental outlooks more than anything else. Just at present there are whole mountains of suffering in America which are caused by a misinterpretation of our international position. Propagandists have told our people for so long a time that we are a selfish, heartless, utterly unsympathetic people that sensitive people who do not know the facts are suffering for a lie. America was recently visited by a very noble woman who impressed everyone who met her with the heartbreak she constantly bore with her, but the greatest pity of it all was, the suffering was predicated on things that were untrue. If that woman had known the truth about the international situation, the truth would have set her free.

> *IF IT were not for scavengers and parasites, the corruption of the world would become unmanageable. Wherever you see social vultures you may be certain that some kind of wrong is being consumed and destroyed. The chances are, however, that when the vultures and scavengers happen to be a dominant political system or a ruthless financial system, you may not see them in their proper light. But, if there were no corrupt thing, no social wrong to be borne away, they would not be there. Wrongdoers always must have a wrong condition else they cannot exist. If fakers exist, it is because there are people waiting to be faked. But the parasites are doing just one thing always—they are cleaning up, they are doing society's scavenger work.*

And so with this matter of parasite and scavengers. When you take it out of the region of theory and apply it to the daily facts of life, the truth of it and the real satisfaction of it begin to dawn upon one.

There is a most unsatisfactory political situation, let us say. The reign of the inept man in office and the reign of the very apt grafter out of office, make us wonder at times what is to become of the country. We constantly see things done under the highest authority and with all the accompanying circumstances of seriousness and dignity, which in private life would be condemned without a moment's discussion.

Of course, that is not the worst. The worst would be this: that these things should go on and no one protest. Or the worst would be this: that these things should continue successfully. But right there is where the truth of nature's scavenger idea comes in. Where the political system tends to corruption, the vultures gather together, consume the carrion and leave but whited skeletons to mark the event. The people who wonder and protest and despair, they are the sound stock who can sense corruption, but they are extremely foolish when they give way to despair, certainly they are living away below their privileges when they will not allow themselves to see that all of this means that nature's scavenger system is at work. Even political systems are no exception to the rule.

The scavengers, who have been charged to settle accounts with a financial system which has ruled the people instead of serving them, are already visible. It is a solemn fact that Fear sits at table with the holders of "securities" these days—the big "securities" which represent nothing and which fail even to bring security of mind to their world-dominating holders. The idea of wealth is changing. Men are looking at their packages of papers and are wondering just what, in a reign of justice, they would be worth. Men who formerly accepted the money system as it was, without question or doubt, are now studying it and are coming to conclusions. What does it mean? Just this—a new continent of thought is coming up and industry and politics are to have a new footing. The processes of displacement are already at work—one process is Fear in the minds of the unworthy, another process is Thought in the minds of the worthy. Both work nature's will to pull down the old, corrupt and harmful.

You read of tens of millions of money being lost (it's not money lost, but labor and confidence and creative purpose in life) when the workers of whole states are induced to buy "stock" in "oil wells." When you think of the farmer who must pay for his worthless "stock" by working for years to come to pay off the mortgage with which he bought his stock, the pity of it and the injustice of it are beyond utterance. All sorts of condemnation is heaped upon the heads of the "high power salesmen" and the deliberate crooks who deceived the honest workers. But isn't there this also to consider: if a country becomes so infected with the idea of getting something for nothing that whole populations can be moved as with a frenzy for unearned money, is it not just such a condition that brings the scavengers down?

Nature is impartial at least to the extent that the same dangerous tendencies are checked in whatever part of society they occur. Many things are being corrected in our days, many systems of corruption are being taken apart by worms and vultures, but it would be a mistake to think that this operation is confined merely to the system which is associated with Wall Street, for example. Wall Street itself is but a scavenger, a parasite, feeding upon a corrupt condition. That much will be conceded even by the most biased opponent of the whole system, namely, that institutions like Wall Street do not create, but exist upon, and in the end help to destroy a general corruption, a general wrongness of desire, throughout human nature.

To recognize the scavenger in nature is not to honor it. Nothing is to be excused in those systems which have profited either by the common man's cupidity or by his innocence. They themselves are the heralds of the doom which they bring and which sweeps them away. What remains is the mass of the misled who are still capable of following a better leading. These remain. The scavengers perish. They go down with the system which they have been instrumental in destroying. One by one the follies of social life become apparent to the social mass; one by one the foundation facts appear, and upon these facts enduring experience and character are built.

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Boll Weevil Toll Threatens Catastrophe

Percentage of Crop Loss Grows as Area of Devastation Spreads; Introduction of Nitrogen to Soil Would Do Much to Cut Damage

By WILLIAM BUTLER

WHEN the Southern farmer looked over his broad cotton fields in 1892, and reflected upon the beauty of the myriad cotton blossoms, white, yellow and red, in the blaze of the Dixie sun, little did he dream of the fatefulness of that year. There emerged from Mexico a tiny pest which invaded his cotton kingdom, and in 30 years overran his fields and warred upon the useful cotton plant to such an extent that the production of cotton today is seriously imperiled. This little insect has wrought more damage than all the insect pests or fungus diseases known to cotton culture. It is the Mexican boll weevil.

To date the boll weevil has caused the South the partial loss of many cotton crops, or in all 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 bales, 500 pounds to a bale. Converted into cloth, this amount would be sufficient to make 500 shirts for every male in the United States. If estimated on the average price of cotton since 1900, the loss runs above $2,000,000,000.

The last six years have witnessed a calamitous increase in destruction. In 1921, damage to cotton was 24 times as great as in 1911. In that year and the present the loss has amounted virtually to a disaster, cutting the yield one-third, and in such states as Georgia and South Carolina as much as one-half. In 1921, 6,200,000 bales; in 1922, 4,000,000 bales perished in the bud because of the weevil. This unusual loss is due in part to mild winters, enabling a high percentage of weevils to survive and to get an early start in pillaging young cotton.

The weevil's war has reached an annual cost of $400,000,000, certainly a great hole in the buying power of the farmer, and affecting trade throughout the world. Added to this are big supplementary losses in land depreciation, closing down of cotton gins and oil mills, and shattering of the farmer's credit, since banks refuse to hazard loans to grow cotton under weevil conditions which eat up yield and entail high farming costs. Consequently, farmers by thousands have abandoned cotton production and moved to the cities.

Will Bring Diversification

IT TAKES no statistician to calculate that in another decade, if no more headway is made in weevil control than in the past, the great cotton belt will be planted to other crops. In fact, diversification of crops is already under way on a large scale.

What is the South doing to meet this scourge, and the world doing to help the South?

In a town in Alabama, citizens hail the weevil as a blessing in disguise. They have erected a monument in appreciation of it. They argue that it has relieved the planter from economic slavery, by forcing him to give up the old one-crop plan and to diversify crops and become self-sustaining, keeping the money at home that previously went to other parts of the country for food, feed and meat products. The outcome has been an adjustment to short cotton crops and fair cotton prices, freeing him from the pauperizing prices under which he labored for 30 years or more.

The weevil can in no wise be considered a blessing, any more than war itself. Its invasion has necessitated radical changes in the development of the South, but like war it is bringing famine and suffering. Today the world is faced with famine supplies of cotton. In two seasons, production has fallen behind consumption as much as 6,000,000 bales.

The word weevil is from the German, and connected with the German word *weben,* meaning to weave. The name boll weevil was given because the insect feeds on the buds and bolls of the cotton plant. The bolls hold the precious fiber so essential to the clothing of the world. Ravaging of the bolls means obliterating the source of cotton supply. Research indicates that the weevil feeds extensively upon no other but the cotton plant, and is solely dependent upon the plant for reproduction of its species.

It is called Mexican boll weevil because it originated either in the plateau region of Mexico or in Central America. It should not be confused with the cotton worm, bollworm or pink bollworm.

Crossed Rio Grande in 1892

ENTOMOLOGISTS tell us that it is a beetle of the genus *Anthonomus,* and the largest species of this genus, and above all the worst, in point of destruction, of the whole *Anthonomus* family.

The boll weevil is brownish-gray and about one-quarter of an inch long. Its long, sword-like snout is half the length of its body. The snout is plunged into the tender tissues of young cotton bolls.

The weevil can both crawl and fly, but its flying is rather feeble, and in flying any distance, it makes successive short flights.

It became first known in 1856 when its depredations caused cotton production in Coahuila, Mexico, the largest cotton-producing state in that country, to be abandoned for six years.

A decade later, in 1892, it crossed the Rio Grande River at Brownsville, Texas. Fifteen years after that, it swept across the great Mississippi River, and into the eastern part of the Mississippi Valley, where lay the richest cotton lands in the world. It was probably hauled across both rivers hidden in cottonseed.

By 1902 it had infested a large portion of the cotton-growing area of Texas, its damage then being estimated at $10,000,000 a year. During the first 10 years it attracted little attention, as its extension was at a slow rate, about 5,640 square miles a year. After 1902 it began to move more rapidly, and by 1906 had extended its area into Louisiana, Arkansas and Oklahoma. From then on it moved furiously, despite vigorous efforts to check it, and by 1917 was enlarging its domain at the spectacular rate of 71,800 square miles a year.

In 1921, practically the entire cotton belt, from Texas to North Carolina, except a portion of the latter state, had been covered, comprising a region more than 600,000 square miles in extent, and growing 94.6 per cent of the cotton crop of the famous belt.

Working Hours Nine to Five

THE reason for the rapidity of its spread is explained by its powers to multiply. Investigation shows that a single pair can produce 12,775,000 weevils in one season.

The weevil is a perennial vampire; where it goes it stays and multiplies. After being in Texas for 30 years, it did more destruction in 1921 than in any previous year.

Its hours of intensive activity are similar to those of the average business man, from nine a. m. to five p. m.

In emerging from winter quarters, it comes forth slowly, from March 15 to June 15, depending upon locality and climatic conditions, and if the temperature is as high as 65 degrees Fahrenheit; it can, however, be relied upon to be on the spot by the time the young cotton begins to blossom and bud, in June. The prolonged movement from hibernation is, however, of immense help to the farmer, enabling him to plant varieties of cotton that mature early, and in this way save a portion of it before the first onslaught of the weevil is under way.

Its hungry beak as a sword, the weevil starts forth to attack, and wherever the fatal sword touches the flower buds and green bolls of the plant, the leaves around the buds discolor, flare out and turn a sickly yellow. The buds drop off, but the damaged bolls hang to the plant, become stunted and barren in part or whole, and, if late in the season, shrivel up or rot; and so much cotton is lost. The signs of an infested field are heavy shedding of squares and scarcity of blooms.

With the minute jaws at the end of her beak the female cuts a small hole in a square (bud), and adjusts herself in the nest she has formed, depositing the egg therein.

The egg hatches in about three days, and the larva, a white curved grub, begins to feed on the inner tissues of the square or bud. It bores out a cavity sufficient to accommodate itself during the pupal stage, which transforms it into a weevil. The whole transformation from egg to adult weevil takes place in from 15 to 25 days. After issuing forth from the blighted bud, the new weevil is able to begin the production of another generation in five days.

Percentage of Loss of Cotton Crop Due to Boll Weevil

1922	1921	1920	1919	1918	1917	1916	1915	1914	1913	1912	1911
33	38	20	13½	6	10	13½	10	6	7	3½	1¼

Turn on Bolls Next

WHEN the females have placed eggs in the squares, their attention is next turned to the young bolls, and eggs are deposited in these cherished sources of cotton supply. It is an important point to note that the weevil prefers the squares or buds as food and a hatchery to the bolls holding the unfolded fruit.

The Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, comments on this interesting point, as follows: "As long as a large supply of squares is present, the bolls are not damaged to any serious extent. The bolls, therefore, have a fair chance to develop as long as squares are being formed." And again: "The cotton plant produces many more squares than it can carry to maturity as bolls. This surplus is shed by the plant throughout the season, under normal conditions about 60 per cent of the fruit being shed. Up to a certain point, weevil puncturing of fruit does not reduce the cotton crop, because large numbers of squares would be shed normally."

The age of the weevil ranges from 50 days to six months, mortality being high in hot weather. Hot dry seasons, with steamy air, are highly destructive to its propagation. As high as 90 per cent of the larvae infecting the squares that fall off, perish outright against the hot ground.

Cold rainy seasons, with dismal days, are favorable to its activity. Weevils have survived after having been apparently frozen upon ice.

The migration to winter quarters takes place in autumn. These quarters may be cracks in the ground, shelter under weeds, haystacks, piles of seed about cotton gins, or in burrs, late cornstalks, Spanish moss or the bark of trees contiguous to the fields. During the winter it takes no food and remains torpid. Only a small percentage survives the winter, normally about five per cent, and less in hard winters. It has many natural enemies. Some 40 or more species of insect parasites prey upon it as food. Also, brown ants, spiders, birds and domestic fowl eat it. These enemies do not molest the cotton plant.

The weevil has spread over the cotton belt practically as far as it can go. The big task now is to stop its multiplication. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed and expended for its extermination, but to little avail. It may never be exterminated, but its bill of damages can be greatly reduced.

The South must be mobilized into a co-operative whole. Its heritage and commercial supremacy, in being the one great base of choice cotton supplies, are not only at stake, but the welfare of the world is interlocked with the fate of the South.

The cotton belt furnishes more than four-fifths of the cotton consumed in American and European mills. The other important source is Egypt, where cotton of superior grade and staple is raised in the Nile Valley and the Sudan, but the total produced is only one-twelfth the size of the American crop. Besides, Egypt is infested with the pink bollworm, which is even more harmful to cotton than the Mexican boll weevil. The balance of the world's supply comes principally from India, China and Brazil. The first two grow cotton under primitive conditions. The crops command little or no commercial importance in American and European markets, being as a whole too low in quality to be profitably spun by spinners buying in these markets. As to the efforts of Great Britain to grow cotton in her colonies, these are an admitted failure. Africa and Brazil may some day have fine crops, but since the natives are densely primitive, some time must elapse before their cotton production will approach that of the South in a competitive way.

Soil Needs Nitrogen

THE world looks to the South as the logical home of King Cotton, and if the South fails in its obligation to supply the world, because of the weevil, the failure will amount to an economic calamity of international consequence.

The first step to combat the weevil should be to build up the soil with nitrogen and potash. Cotton thrives best in soil of high nitrogenous content.

The years of the war starved the bacteria of the soil in the cotton belt, keeping from it nitrate of soda and potash, materials essential as fertilizer. German supplies of potash were cut off, and Chilean nitrate went largely into the manufacture of munitions. Nitrogen is a great necessary constituent of fertilizer. Sixty-five per cent of the fertilizer produced in the United States is consumed in the South. That section is, therefore, a large consumer of nitrogen, necessarily so in fighting the weevil, as cotton must be forced to early maturity to escape as much weevil damage as possible. The belt was hard hit in the quantity and quality of fertilizer available during the war.

The relatively high amount of nitrogen that cotton draws from the earth is shown in its by-product, cottonseed meal, which contains seven per cent or more of nitrogen. The soil receives its portion of nitrogen either from natural agencies, rain and snow, or from fertilizer. Cotton, be it remembered, is essentially a dry-weather plant, and while the plant is making cotton through hot, dry seasons,* a heavy drain is made upon the soil of its nitrogenous strength, which passes into the plant. If the soil is to be kept with a sufficient supply of this energizing element for plant life, and annual shortages stopped, there must be more fertilizer used to enrich and sustain the soil during the cotton-growing season—fertilizer of highly concentrated grade, carrying nitrogen and potash or phosphoric acid.

Fertilizer Badly Needed

A NOTED chemist has estimated that the loss of nitrogen from cultivated land in America, as a result of inadequate fertilization, amounts to more than 3,000,000 tons of nitrogen a year. The soil of the South is today in a comparatively low state of impoverishment, literally starving for nitrogen in several sections of the belt, which accounts for the phenomenon occurring the last few seasons to the cotton crop. At the critical period of maturity, on which everything depends, the crop suddenly goes to pieces, losing 10 to 20 points in condition and dropping to 45 or 50 per cent of normal. In this state of low vitality, the sword of the weevil makes quick work of the crop.

The second step in overcoming the weevil is the cultivation of varieties of cotton that mature quickly, such as Simpkins, King, Cleveland Big Boll, Triumph, and so on.

The weevil, as previously shown, prefers to attack the squares instead of the bolls. The plant should be kept squaring as long as possible to shield the bolls.

(Concluded on page 15)

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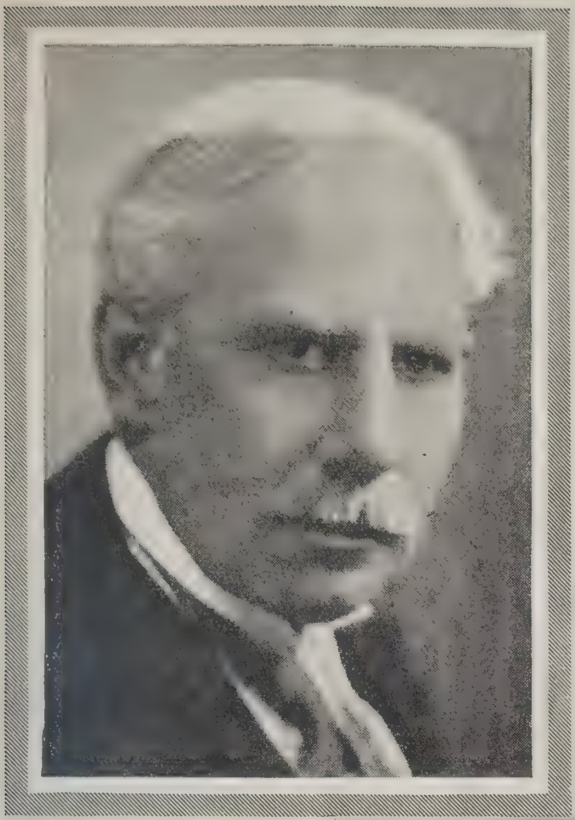
*South Carolina has frequent rains during growing season, which encourage weevil activity and lower the grade of the lint yield.

"Many Houses, Few Homes" Says Irving Bacheller

Famous Writer Says That Nation's Bankruptcy Lies in the Menace to the Home

By FRED L. HOLMES



(C) U. & U.

IRVING BACHELLER

The Gate o' the Isles

PERSONS begging for gratuities may seem to be a nuisance to most people. It is not so with Irving Bacheller, the famous author. He feeds them at some restaurant and cajoles from them the story of their life, their trials and disasters, their joys and fears, their hopes and ambitions. It is all grist for the mill.

"Generally these people are glad to tell their story," declared Mr. Bacheller in relating to me how he gathers some of the material for his novels and stories. "I have a good deal of color in that way. Perhaps my most useful trait is my interest in men."

There are other eccentricities about Mr. Bacheller which he did not tell me. Hamlin Garland, another author, declaring that while this characteristic gives much enjoyment to his friends, it is a serious matter to his wife.

"Mr. Bacheller's paths are strewn with forgotten rubber shoes, silk umbrellas and fur-lined overcoats," recently declared Mr. Garland, in depicting his contemporary's oddities. "He is not to be trusted to bring home a package, or to catch a train, and yet he has managed to accumulate a very considerable fortune."

Most men are afraid of failures in life. Some lie awake nights trying to plan ways to make money and steer their family bark at full head to the waves. Such thoughts were once entertained by the restless Mr. Bacheller, but after he had been stranded financially, he declared it was the one event in his life that lead him to the mountain peaks of achievement.

Irving Bacheller's ancestors are like the men and women he writes about in the "North Country." They have helped to clear away the forests, harrow the New England hills, and build the paths of commerce that bind and cement the nation. He is a Mayflower descendant. Born in a clearing in St. Lawrence County, New York, September 26, 1859, he has tasted the life of the pioneer from inside the cup. He has warmed his cold, bare feet on a frosty morning in the warm spots where the cows had lain at night, awaiting his coming to drive them home; he has picked the red clumps of wild strawberries in the early June of summer; he has mingled with birds and nature in intimate comradeship, and he early learned to sing the old-fashioned ballads of the pioneers, touched with the sentimentality of their age, in a voice of tender and sympathetic yearning. These experiences of youth are richly engrained and woven in the web of his life and he portrays these historic scenes like a troubadour, in poetry and prose, that will make his boyhood land live imperishably in American fiction. He is the Cooper of a later era.

Someone has said that Irving Bacheller may be found at any time with the plans for a new home in his pocket. He had a summer home in Riverside, Connecticut, where he could look out on the Sound and see the changing waters, the tides come and go, and awaken each morning to find some fresh surprise provided by nature in the way of atmospheric effect. This was burned in 1917 and has not been rebuilt.

It seems that after graduating from St. Lawrence University in 1882, Mr. Bacheller became a reporter in New York and found it "about the most difficult kind of business that a man ever attempted." He became a pioneer in the newspaper syndicate business. One day he wrote a sketch of Henry Irving, just before the actor began his first American tour. It came to the attention of the noted player. So pleased was he that he sent for the young newspaperman. There he also met Joseph Hatton, an English novelist, who had come to write Mr. Irving's impressions of America.

Out of this chance acquaintance was started the newspaper syndicate and the first novel sold to the papers was one of Mr. Hatton's on which Mr. Bacheller made $500.

"I have never enjoyed such a sense of opulence as that money gave me," exclaimed Mr. Bacheller.

During the next year he spent most of his time visiting editors, marketing serial stories. He built up an assured income of $40 a week.

The event that closed Mr. Bacheller's career as a newspaper syndicate representative was a "side issue." He declares that nothing is so alluring at times as a side issue, about which a person knows little or nothing. Featured with a gold seal and tied with a yard of red ribbon, this sleek-coated side line often got Mr. Bacheller's money as it has others.

"Owing to a complication in a side issue, that consumed my surplus and then threatened to devour the structure, it became necessary for me to sell my business," came the comment as cold and comfortless as if he were writing an epitaph. Soon I found myself with nothing to do and so I began writing."

At that time he was living with his wife in a little three-room flat in Tarrytown. With the pioneer experiences of his life verdant in his mind, he began to write the opening chapters of "Eben Holden." All day he would work at the manuscript and at night he would read his literary excursion of the day to his wife. She was as pleased as he about them. Finally the opening chapters were submitted successively to two magazine publishers only to be promptly returned. That was disheartening. Meantime, he was offered an editorial position on a New York paper. He accepted and the rejected manuscript slumbered for a year and a half in a bookcase drawer. One day Elbridge S. Brooks, Boston, who has known Mr. Bacheller for years, made inquiry about manuscripts.

"I fished those chapters out of the drawer in which they had been lying and sent them to him," continued Mr. Bacheller becoming more animated. "It was the first act in a swiftly moving drama. Mr. Brooks saw in a flash the things that I was driving at—an epic of the early westward movement and the ante bellum days of the North, told with truthfulness and restraint. Not three days had passed before a telegram offered me the usual royalties and a liberal advance if I could get a leave of absence and finish the story. I got it and went to work."

Even then he never dreamed that the novel would have more than ordinary success. Before the end of the year, the sale had jumped to 265,000. Five years ago, the total sale was over 600 000 and it has since been selling at a rate of 5,000 a year.

Interest in men, in the little peculiarities of people, have characterized Mr. Bacheller's success. All about are the things of interest, like "Acres of Diamonds." He believes that every person should train his memory —make it a storehouse of facts and life pictures. When he was a boy in his teens, his anxious mother began to give him a memory course. She offered him a penny a line for committing a list of poems While the financial return was small, he quickly acquired the stately language of Homer; the heroic march of events in Milton; soon the power and grandeur of Shakespeare's phrases. The task lost its financial appeal and gained in every lasting literary interest. At his command courtesan and cavalier, prince and pauper, prophets, priests and kings assembled like a regimental troupe to tingle his imagination.

Throughout the many volumes written by Mr. Bacheller is an idealization of the home; a respect of children for their parents; a high regard of men and for women. A great lover of the home, he decries the tendencies of the day.

"America is merely the sum of many homes," replied Mr. Bacheller in answer to the question as to what is the matter with America. "If the average home goes wrong, America goes wrong. This is the time of imported manners, industrious idleness, tinted ladies, India rubber parents, whose children are brought up to regard life as an island of ice cream in an ocean of candies and chocolate.

"There was a time that the homes of America were the wonders of the world. Great men were made at cheap expense and they made their mark in life without patronage of wealth and influence. The old home life was founded upon teaching and discipline, with modesty, thrift, industry and love of God as the keynote to that teaching. Girls were kept spotless. They were the priceless treasure of the house, for they, in turn, were to be the possessors of the young, the golden key to the future. In those days boys regarded the girls with awe. The boys are not so timid in these days.

"These days there are many houses, but

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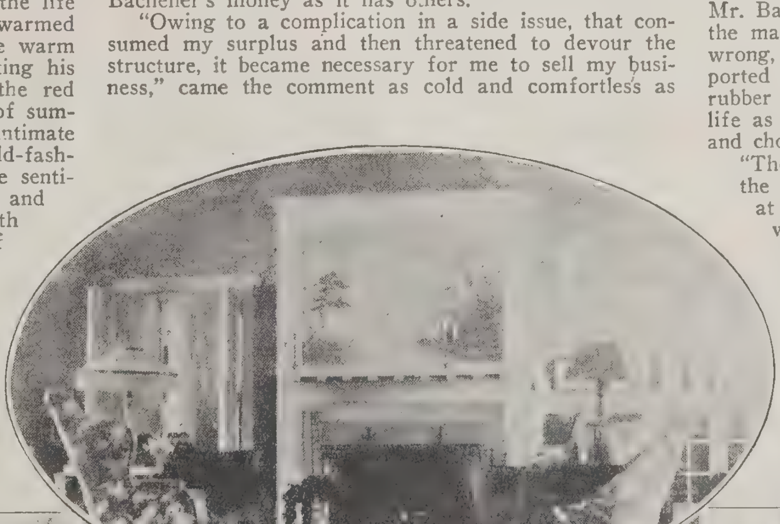


East end of hall, interior.

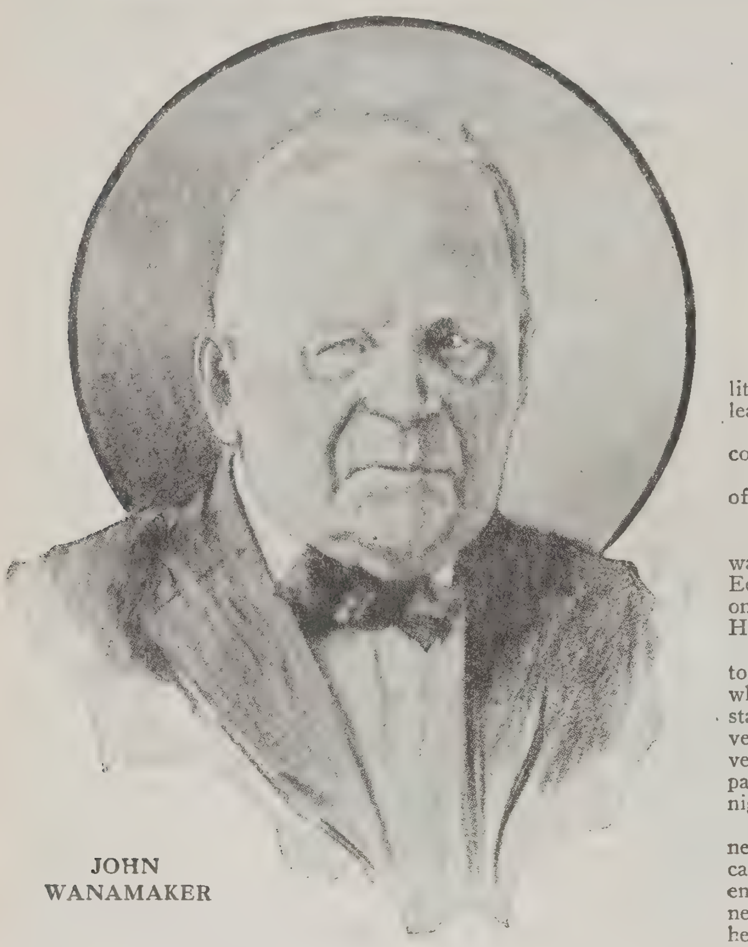
The west cove walk.

The tea room.

Unique Writings of John Wanamaker

Terse, Telling Little Editorials, Filled With Wit, Philosophy and Sound Common Sense, Appeared Daily for More Than a Decade

By J. OLIN HOWE



JOHN WANAMAKER

WITH the passing of John Wanamaker his unique series of daily editorials comes to an end. For more than a decade these paragraphs on life and those who live it have appeared each morning in the upper left-hand corner of the advertisements of his great stores in Philadelphia and New York. Their writer always referred to them as editorials and was at no pains to disguise his pride of authorship, as, indeed, he had no need to be.

They have been read 'round the world. Nothing in contemporary writing was just like them—or very close to it, in fact. Even English literary periodicals have taken note of their exceptional quality.

For a suitable comparison to his witty comments on the passing show, expressing keenest observation, phrasing a philosophy ripened and mellowed by the years, giving sage counsel, we should need go back to that earlier Philadelphia merchant and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, and his Poor Richard's Almanack.

The Wanamaker editorials were part of the store's advertisement, signed by its owner, and in the main concerned themselves with business. Even when they digressed there was usually a clear point of contact with it. Their author contrived, however, to work in many a sound maxim or striking epigram and not infrequently even preached a sterling little sermon. People followed what John Wanamaker wrote for its own sake.

He often made use of quotations from standard authors and made plain how widely read he was, who had not had a classical education in his youth. And his shrewd discussion of the events of the day was watched for with real interest.

John Wanamaker's position as observer of national and world affairs was different from that of any other man of his time. That abused newspaper term, merchant prince, was truly applicable to him and his place as a business pioneer was secure.

His next birthday in July would have given him 85 years of experience. He had lived in several of the most absorbing periods of our national life, had known intimately the leaders in them and had himself become familiar with public life at first hand as a Cabinet member. He had looked over this old world from many angles and found it good.

Always he set great store by friendships, of which no man inspired more or more sincere, and this was often reflected in his editorials. One day last November he printed this: "It is a species of insanity for anyone to think he can go through life alone without a friend. Even Robinson Crusoe had to have a dog for a friend."

Not long after came this: "When a man loves no one but himself he will find out some day he has fallen into hard times."

"What is success but to make sacrifices?" came straight from the heart, as did "A kindly heart was given to us for everyday wear" and "Really, there are Christmas flowers which have been known to bloom the whole year through."

"There are educated men who are asleep on their feet." This was as near as he came to expressing the impatience with which his friends were familiar over an impractical attitude or unwillingness to work hard. And here is one of the last of his little sermons:

> "Thou, who posest to be a judge of colors—being blind.
>
> "Thou, who seest so much of wrong around thee, whose tongue waggeth all day long and everywhere condemning others who have a right as perfect as thine own to conduct their own business as seemeth best, be gently advised to take thy rest and stop within thine own doors and, without chatter, set worthy examples as patterns for thy neighbors, that there may be peace in the little town of thine own mind for at least a little while.
>
> "Hark thee to thine own icebound conscience!
>
> "'There is no good that is not born of good.'"

Many a time he commented in his kindly way on the utterances of another. "Mr. Edison says idleness is sickness," he wrote one day. "What does he know about it? He never indulged in it."

Let me tell of the origin of these editorials in his own words. "I had no idea what I was getting myself in for when I started this," he said. "At the Taft convention in Chicago in 1912, when Roosevelt's forces made a raid on the Republican party, we sat steadily from morning till night and sometimes far into the night.

"The warm weather and the strain nearly knocked me to pieces and when I came home I had to take a rest. It was the end of June before I went back to business. I spent the time at my closed house here in Philadelphia. One day my son (Rodman Wanamaker) said to me:

"'We are going to have some great times ahead to make our business what it was in 1911. Here you are reading all the time and probably hurting your eyes. Why don't you do something else?'

"'Perhaps it does hurt my eyes,' I replied, 'but what else shall I do?'

"'Write some advertising.'

"That didn't appeal to me at the moment. 'I wouldn't know how or what to write,' I said. 'I've never written any advertising, only blue penciled it a bit.'

(In fact, in the early years of his business he did write considerable advertising at his desk after the day's work was over.)

"As my son went out of the room, though, he looked so disappointed I felt I had done a mean thing. So I picked up an old envelope, cut it open and started to write on the inside. One envelope ought to be long enough for anything a man has to say, but when I reached the end I wanted to say more and took another, and finally a third.

"I sent these to my son, thinking I had seen the last of them. There didn't seem to be anything special in them. Next morning I saw what I had written in print!

"Yes, I think I was pleased. But I had no idea of continuing. Yet what could I do? I was like the visitor on the farm who, when passing a field, was chased by a bull because he wore a red necktie. To escape he caught the bull by the tail and held on, hollering for someone to help him let go. I had never had the least notion of writing, but there I was."

So he kept on. In the first month of it he missed but one day and more than once he voiced his regret at that. In the 10 years and a half Mr. Wanamaker wrote more than 5000 of these editorials and close to 4,000 have been printed.

He wrote every one himself and usually in pencil on some scrap of paper. His advertising managers have them all and they form a most interesting collection of original manuscripts. Very often he used old envelopes cut open, as in the beginning. Official mail from his New York store comes to Philadelphia in bright red envelopes and the editorial writer occasionally picked up one of these and used it. To the advertising office one of these red envelopes from J. W. always seemed to bear a particularly striking editorial.

Once in a great while he dictated an editorial to a stenographer, but that was not his style. He never wrote in business hours; from eight to five he was the busy merchant; then when the cares of the day could be laid aside he enjoyed sitting down with his notes for a philosopher's quiet hour.

These notes, of anything and everything which he might perhaps use, he took at all times and in all places. During a business or social conversation, on the train or in the street, even in church, he would jot down what he wished to remember. He had pockets full of them, even overcoat pockets.

Idleness held no lure for him. In Florida winters he was as painstaking in the preparation of his editorials as when at home.

John Wanamaker had seven desks, working desks, every one piled high with matters which must receive attention. Two were in his Philadelphia store, his principal desk in the main office and another in a smaller room at the end of the suite of offices in which he was supposed not to be disturbed. But, in fact, there were a certain few in his organization who had the entrée even there.

Then he had a desk in his New York store, one at his city home in Philadelphia, one in his house in Lindenhurst, one in his Atlantic City home and one in Florida. His editorials he carried in his pocket more often than not. And, perhaps, a week after he had written one he would tear it up.

At times he would write a number ahead—usually the advertising office had a week's supply—but often these would never appear. When he came to read them over they seemed to lack something and he would write others of more instant application. Even though it might be in the advertising manager's desk, until the magic initials "J. W." were penciled on what he had written it must not be printed.

"The hardest thing," he said once, "is to get something that would be worth keeping or remembering. I must have torn up a thousand or more of these pieces of mine which were not worth printing. My conscience won't let me take people's time to read some of the things I write."

Given to terseness, one of John Wanamaker's best things was not in an editorial at all. On the occasion of an anniversary celebration the Bridgeton, New Jersey, Young Men's Christian Association asked him for a sketch of his life. He sent this telegram:

"Thinking, trying, toiling and trusting in God is all of my biography."

Many readers of his editorials wrote letters about them and the effect of them to their author. In the years he was writing he received thousands of such personal letters. These interested him greatly and often he was deeply touched, especially if a father or mother wrote him about a son whose course in life had been altered by something Mr. Wanamaker had written.

One of the big things in his life was helping young men, but age or sex made little difference if he could hold out a helping hand to somebody who needed it. It meant everything to him to be able to "help people who are in a fog about life," as he put it.

He liked to tell the story of the graduate of a woman's college who wanted to write stories and books and rather chafed under the necessities of the work she was doing in his advertising department. In the end she went to Paris as a buyer and now she is the successful head of a department in the Philadelphia store, in a vastly different career from that she had planned.

One of John Wanamaker's most timely editorials was printed two days after his stores had begun the fateful 20-per cent discount sale of May, 1920. For months retail business had been pretty much at a standstill. The country appeared on the verge of a grand smash. Wanamaker suddenly offered the entire stocks of his stores at a straight discount of 20 per cent from regular prices, and this started a movement which saved American retail business and the lines dependent upon it.

The Wanamaker editorial that caused the comment was headed, "Who Were the Buccaneers?" Mr. Wanamaker gave the facts about Morgan, Blood, l'Ollonais and others. Then came this, "Buccaneering seems to have passed away, but there is much bushwhacking today," and the editorial wound up by saying, "It has been proved that there is but one sure foundation for banks, trust companies and business enterprises to build upon."

WANAMAKER EPIGRAMS

We can only reach each other with sympathy, the biggest word among the three or four big words of the world.

Let us be citizens first, and not merely bankers, lawyers, merchants and manufacturers.

There are many croakers upon the edges of lakes and creeks; there they sit croaking and croaking; but they are only frogs after all.

A man's true estate is not in houses, railroads, bonds and the like; it is in himself.

I believe it is true that every baby is born with a song in its mouth.

To stay by the lesson until it is learned and stay by the work undertaken until it is completed is the real thing.

Why should people get old and cease to smile and sing the whole way through?

There is so much to be done, and each day is a gift that we must try to make use of for some good purpose.

Service is something deeper and broader than political parties and commercialism means much more than making money.

Gives Up Her Life to Establish Sacred Drama

Remarkable Presentation of Passion Play Had Through Woman's Sacrifice

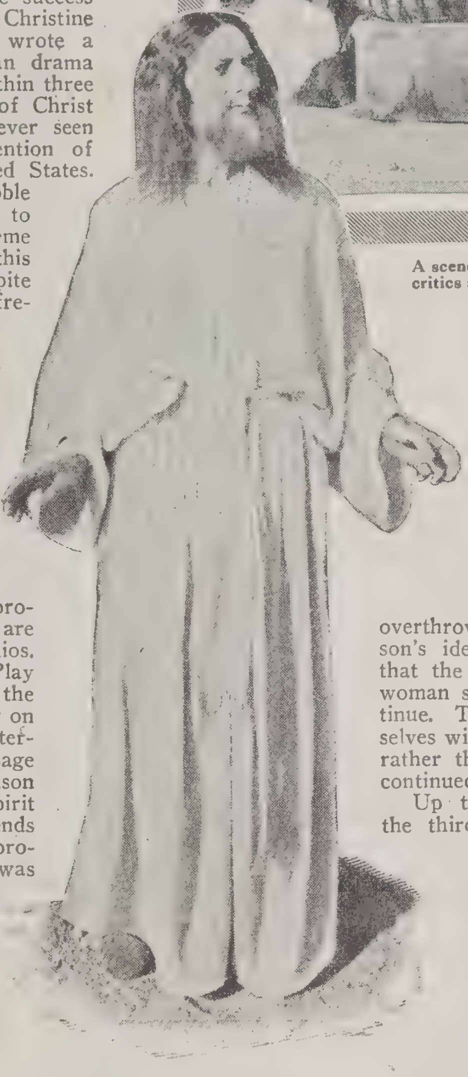
A scene—the Last Supper—which called forth remarkable praise from artists and religious critics alike. Many of the colorful costumes worn by these characters were bought from peasants in Palestine.

AN UNKNOWN woman, quietly and with sublime faith, lighted a torch in the West which men are beginning to say will do more than leagues and conferences of statesmen to show mankind the path that leads back to abiding peace. She has shed new light on the path that leads to a contrite heart. Unlured by the pleasures which she might have had from great wealth possessed by her family and refusing at all times to capitalize for profit the success which finally crowned her efforts, Christine Wetherill Stevenson, of Philadelphia, wrote a chapter in the history of the American drama which is destined to stand as unique. Within three years she created a drama of the life of Christ surpassing anything this country has ever seen and brought it to the favorable attention of thoughtful people throughout the United States.

It seems peculiarly tragic that this noble woman should have been called upon to give up her life in payment for the supreme devotion she displayed in bringing out this great production. It is said that despite outward appearance of health, she frequently suffered much, particularly during long and taxing rehearsals.

Of interest, also, is the fact that she chose Hollywood, "the world's film capital," as the scene of her production. It offered the rainless summer nights so desirable for long periods of outdoor performances and also possessed a large constituency of people with experience on the stage from whom she could draw for her cast. She gathered about her more than 100 actor folk, carefully selected but nevertheless fairly typical of the profession. Many of these were and still are employed in the motion picture studios. For their services in the Pilgrimage Play they have received but a fraction of the wages they earn acting for the screen or on the legitimate stage. But with characteristic faith in the power of the message which she wanted enacted Mrs. Stevenson appealed to these stage people in the spirit of Him whom they were to portray. Friends told her that acting was the habit, the profession, of the people with whom she was dealing and she could not hope to get "under their skin," much less into their hearts, with a Bible story.

But her extraordinary success confounded her advisers. Today the Pilgrimage Play is better known than any other sacred play except the Oberammergau production and it now bids fair to surpass that historic effort in fame and attendance. While the future management of the Pilgrimage Play is as yet somewhat unsettled and certain commercial interests have sought to overthrow Mrs. Stevenson's ideal it is certain that the work this lone woman started will continue. The actors themselves will sacrifice much rather than have it discontinued.



The Christ has been taken by Henry Herbert, the eminent English actor, for three seasons. During the play season he lives almost the life of a recluse in a small cabin overlooking the theater.

Christine Wetherill Stevenson Lights Torch in West That May Do More Than Leagues and Conferences

By JOHN ANSON FORD

Up to the close of the third season nearly 200,000 persons had found their way up the winding path that leads to the reproduction of the Jerusalem Gate forming the entrance to the Pilgrimage Theater. What these people have said and what they have manifested in their faces as they saw the outstanding incidents of Christ's life enacted before them proves unmistakably the truth of Mrs. Stevenson's theory. In effect, she said: "The world is impatient of creeds that spend more energy emphasizing differences than they do beliefs held in common. And yet the world wants religion and wants it earnestly, almost pathetically. By common consent Christ was the greatest teacher the world has ever seen. He penetrated further into the mysteries of life and death than anyone else who has ever lived. Let us forget the many differences which have sprung up among his followers in the 1,900 years since His death. Let us get back to the simple story of events as we find it in the gospels."

That was the dynamic ideal around which Mrs. Stevenson built her play. It has proved well-nigh universal in its appeal. As far as I have been able to learn, it has aroused the antagonism of no creed or sect. On the contrary, it has won instant praise from Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, Oriental and Occidental. A Los Angeles rabbi has witnessed the play repeatedly and spoken in reverent praise of its marvelous story. Tasuker Harada, a prominent Japanese educator, wrote: "I hope the play will be a mighty influence in the propagation of the Christian truth and spirit—the greatest need of this present world."

That testimony is but typical of thousands which Mrs. Stevenson received from persons in all walks of life. These words of praise were her only reward, for she refused from the beginning to make one cent of profit from the play but instead expended tens of thousands of dollars of her own money on the production before it was finally brought to a self-supporting basis.

Mrs. Stevenson set out to "transcribe" the life of the Christ. Her Bible was the only source for her text. Only the recorded words of Christ were used in the Master's utterances and with but few exceptions only words found in the Bible were used for the other speaking parts.

It might appear that Mrs. Stevenson set herself to a rather simple task but as a matter of fact and experience it proved so difficult that only extraordinary ability and devotion made success possible. Of several hundred recorded incidents and sayings in the life of Christ only a comparatively few could be used. The problem was to select understandingly. Just as a master etcher deftly marks the plate here and there with bold lines and then supplies delicate details in certain parts of his picture to produce an imposing view of a great cathedral, Mrs. Stevenson selected and arranged scenes in the life of Christ so skillfully that in three hours the beholder of the play seems to have reviewed the whole life of Christ. In a single evening the immortal message penetrates further into the average spec-

(*Concluded on page 13*)

The beginning of the Triumphal Entry. This view of a portion of the Pilgrimage Play stage and its natural background, shows what a vast area of mountainside has to be illuminated artificially during certain scenes. (The play is never given by daylight.)

A Dream of Forty Years Which Came True

Thomas Jefferson Conceived, Planned and Established a Great University;

Attractive Buildings of Campus Held Together by Beautiful Colonnades

By GEORGE H. DACY

A STUDENT, a profound thinker and a statesman who planned for the future, Thomas Jefferson in 1785 began to meditate, to dream of a great university which would one day be an honor to his state and a famous clearing house for practical and scientific education. Himself a graduate of William and Mary College, Virginia—a school which was founded in 1680 and used as a training seminary for the clergy—Jefferson early championed national education and the development of a circuit of elementary schools, academies and colleges as the foundation of the potential progress of the original 13 states. Thomas Jefferson sponsored proposed national legislation which had it been accepted by Congress would have given the United States a superior system of schools decades before anything of much importance was actually done toward providing for country-wide education.

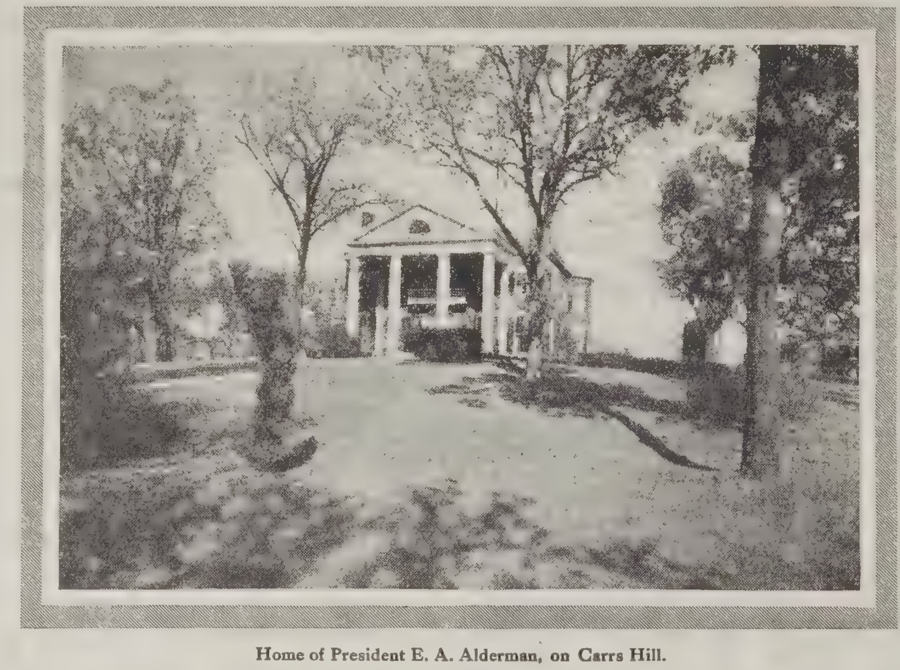
Time and again, Jefferson remonstrated, protested, argued and debated with other leading Virginians and the state legislators trying to arouse them to definite action looking toward a state-wide system of schools. Jefferson's plan for the Old Dominion was a district school every four miles in all directions throughout Virginia as well as a chain of colleges so scattered that no town or village in the state would be more than 100 miles from a good college. Mr. Jefferson advocated a great central university as the hub of the Virginian educational system. As often as Jefferson or some of his friends put this plan before the Virginia state legislature, just so often was the scheme rejected. In matters educational, Thomas Jefferson lived a century in advance of his associates and neighbors.

"A university is a place that attracts the affections of the young by its fame, wins the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty and rivets the memories of the old by its associations." This was just the kind of an educational center Jefferson dreamed of for 40 years and used every agency in his power to establish in the heart of his beloved native Virginia. Once Jefferson said, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Yet despite his energetic efforts to free the people of his state from the tyranny of ignorance by the establishment of a worth-while educational system, it was not until 1825, more than four decades after Jefferson began his strenuous campaign for the University of Virginia, that that institution enrolled its first quota of 128 students and began a career which shortly made it famous among all American colleges and universities.

It is doubtful whether another school is so wrapped up in romance, historical lore and collegiate curiosities as is the University of Virginia. Three men—Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, who served honorably and well as chief executive of the United States—were members of the board of visitors and trustees of the University of Virginia in her early days. This institution was the pet hobby of Jefferson and the favorite of Madison and Monroe. Of the monuments, great and small, which have been erected in all parts of the country in commemoration of Thomas Jefferson, none can excel the practical memorial—the University of Virginia—which he fostered, fathered and nurtured for the benefit of his home state. The greatness of Jefferson, his democracy, his honor, his artistic nature, his culture and refinement are all graphically reflected in the University which he founded. To see this southern university in all her splendor and simplicity is better to appreciate and reverence the great Jefferson.

In 1783, when Jefferson was departing from Albemarle County, Virginia, to assume his duties as a Federal lawmaker, several of the leading citizens of his home community requested that in Philadelphia he try to obtain a tutor for a proposed private academy which was then in the making in Albemarle. Unfortunately, Jefferson was unable to locate a first-class teacher. The project of the academy hung fire and dragged along and it was not until 27 years later that the institution was finally started. It prospered largely through the influence of Jefferson and ultimately its promoters decided to enlarge it into a literary college. Just as they were drawing up the final papers, Jefferson happened to ride by. His opinion was asked regarding the possible success of the project. Immediately sensing the opportunity of putting into actual practice his pet scheme of a large university, Jefferson argued at great length with his neighbors and finally got them to accept his plan. A hot battle was then waged in the state legislature to secure appropriations and support for the school. Joseph Cabell, a cultured and talented Virginian who had been educated in foreign countries and who had traveled extensively abroad, aided Jefferson in his remarkable campaign which ultimately resulted in state support of the university.

A great controversy developed over the location of the University of Virginia. The three cities of Staunton, Lexington and Charlottesville all demanded that the school be situated in their environs. After a hot contest, Charlottesville was finally selected as the seat for the school. Jefferson purchased 200 acres one mile from the center of the city for $1,500, and this tract was accepted as the site. The state legislators wanted to build cheap, wooden buildings. Jefferson insisted that attractive, permanent structures be put up. He personally drew the plans and designs for the famous series of buildings which have made the University of Virginia architecturally outstanding from that day to this. Jefferson devoted all his spare time to the supervision of the building activities. The university was projected officially in 1816 but it was not until nine years later that the first students were registered and the initial classes held. Today the University of Virginia owes its dignity of architecture and its beauty of surroundings to Thomas Jefferson a statesman who also was a great educator and the pioneer disciple of American education for Americans.



Home of President E. A. Alderman, on Carrs Hill.

There is no other university in the country which has a layout, buildings and campus like that of Virginia. Fortunately, additions and improvements followed religiously the type of architecture to which Jefferson adhered. As a result the finished campus is a wonderful example of architectural steadfastness and simplicity. Instead of building costly dormitories for the students, Jefferson constructed simple and attractive one-story pavilions. Serviceable hotels were built and used as mess halls. Spacious and handsome colonnades unite all the pavilions. The pavilions, study halls and class rooms were built in quadrangle style around a central square or campus called "The Lawn." Jefferson urged that none but unmarried instructors and professors be employed in accordance with the customs followed in the leading English universities of that day. However, his associates over-ruled his desires and certain pavilions were reserved for the use of the teachers and their families. Great difficulty was experienced in assembling the original corps of teachers. None could be secured in this country. As a result of Jefferson's large acquaintanceship abroad, four Oxford graduates and one German professor were proselyted from Europe. It took four months for them to make the trip across the Atlantic Ocean.

Ten pavilions and special dormitories, six hotels, the dormitories of the East and West Range and "The Lawn" were all ready to receive visitors and students several years before school officially opened. The Rotunda, a big central building which served as a library, entertainment hall and auditorium, was completed the following year and was used as a banquet hall for a famous dinner which the citizens of Albemarle County gave in honor of General Lafayette. The Jefferson portico is one of the remarkable features of the campus. It is 50 feet long and consists of 10 columns, each of which is 28½ feet high. Through it the graduates throng after commencement on their exit from the university and their entrance into the affairs of business, commerce and the home.

A cemetery, a miniature Westminster Abbey, is an unusual feature of the campus. In the simple, unostentatious burying ground are interred the remains of some of the most famous sons of the University of Virginia. Close by is a Confederate cemetery where many college boys who were killed during the Civil War are buried. A beautiful memorial statue has been erected in honor of these brave collegians who risked all for the Confederate gray. A much admired statue of Thomas Jefferson is another campus ornament. It pays honor to Thomas Jefferson as author of the Declaration of Independence, founder of the University of Virginia and sponsor of the Old Dominion statute of religious freedom for all sects and creeds.

As the university was under construction, Jefferson was wont, at times during debates about how this or that should be done, to bring into play some of the unusual epigrams for which he was noted. Some of these appropriate statements which not uncommonly told a long story in a few words are as follows:

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never fear the want of business—he who qualifies himself well in his calling never fails of employment in it.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not need because it is cheap—it will be dear to you.

The object of all learning is the freedom and happiness of man.

Honesty is the first chapter of the book of wisdom.

Always do what is right.

When angry count 10 before you speak—if very angry, 100.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

The happiest man is he of whom the world says least.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We never repent of having eaten too little.

Love your neighbor as yourself and your country more than yourself.

A famous educator who visited the University of Virginia many years after the death of its founder said, "A visitor pacing slowly through the monastic colonnades extending along the sides of the great quadrangle and campus receives a strange variety of impressions from the extraordinary architectural combinations which greet his wandering eyes. The arcades themselves from which open directly the single chambered rooms of the students remind one of the cloistered walls in some ancient monastery. They are like the cells of the early monks. Wonderful façades front on the pavilions and homes of the professors, reproducing classic styles of architecture. They cast shadows of remote antiquity on the beautiful grassy lawns of the campus."

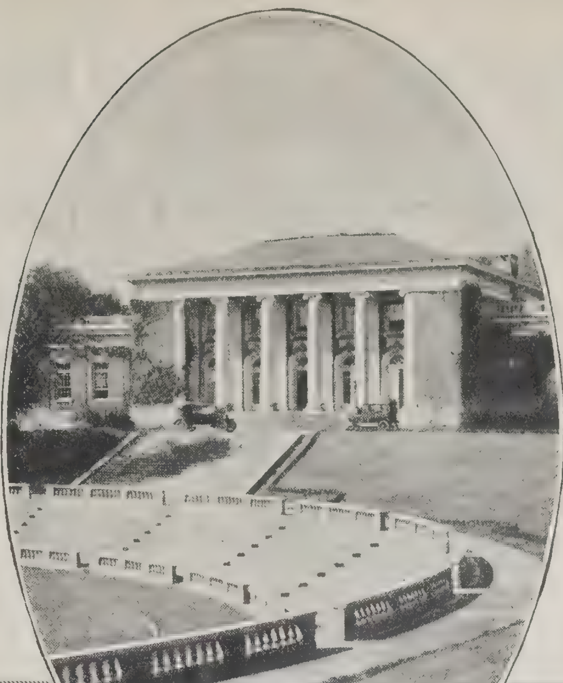
The Virginia campus is an apt reproduction of many of the famous buildings of Rome. Although Thomas Jefferson never visited Italy during his European travels, by the use of A. Palladio's famous books and pictures of Roman buildings, Jefferson designed structures which look for all the world like the magnificent structures of the early Romans. The Rotunda or library is a copy of the Roman Pantheon. One pavilion is an adaptation of the Doric of Diocletian's Baths. Another is Palladio's Ionic order with modillions. A third is a Doric of Palladio. Others are Doric of the Theater Marcellus, Ionic of the same theater, Doric of Albano, Ionic of Fortuna Virilis and the like.

The most treasured volume in the university library at Charlottesville is the dog-eared Bible of Thomas Jefferson which was presented to him by Chancellor George Wythe, his beloved preceptor at William and Mary College. The University of Virginia Young Men's Christian Association was the first organization of its kind established at any institution of learning. Virginia is also the first school to develop and abide by an honor system. Even during the first days of the university, Thomas Jefferson advocated a minor form of the present honor system as the ideal method of dealing with the students. Thereafter, in a casual way, this early form of student self-government was followed. There was one thing that Jefferson was adamant about and that was that every student must arise at dawn. Bells were rung and the janitors visited each room and routed out the sleepy laggards. Throughout his entire life, irrespective of what time he retired, Jefferson jumped from bed at the break of day. He demanded that the students who attended the school which he founded do likewise.

It was not until 1842 that the honor system was permanently established. Thereafter, all students wrote examinations without any surveillance on the part of the instructors. Each student was required to sign his name to his paper under the written pledge that he had neither given nor received assistance. Only a few cases of dishonesty have occurred since the inception of the honor system. They have been summarily punished by the students themselves who have quietly visited the transgressors and demanded that they leave the school

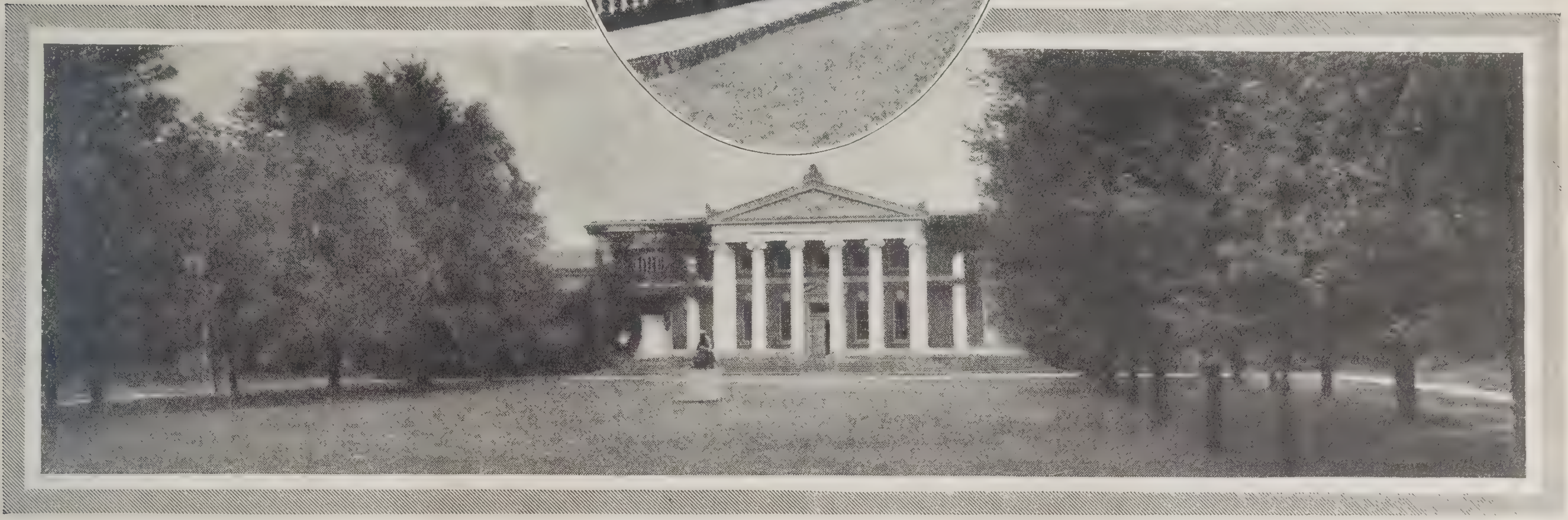
(C) Holsinger

The Rotunda in winter, north front.



(C) Holsinger

The Rotunda; designed by Thomas Jefferson after the Pantheon, Rome.



Oval—McIntire amphitheater with Minor Hall, the home of the law school in the background. The amphitheater is the largest open-air Greek reproduction in the Eastern United States.
Below—Cabell Hall, at the south end of "The Lawn."

immediately. The honor system has really transformed the University of Virginia into a huge gentleman's club. Expulsion is the worst stigma that can be meted out to any member. A Virginian who is convicted of cheating at the state university is subsequently debarred by popular sentiment from holding any offices of honor in the commonwealth. He is ineligible to join any clubs and is excluded from occupying all places of trust and confidence. Veritably he becomes a pariah and an outcast of cultured society.

Jefferson feared that dueling might develop as a method for settling disputes and animosities just as it had found a prominent place in the affairs of the foreign universities with which he was familiar. Hence he formulated a very arbitrary rule when the school was first opened that any students who engaged in dueling would be expelled and never allowed reinstatement. The result was that a duel has never been fought, the nearest approach being friendly tussels with boxing gloves or contests on the wrestling mat. Jefferson was also the father of the idea that the students should be permitted to select the studies and lecture courses which they would take. Other schools at that time favored an arbitrary curriculum which allowed the scholars no electives.

During the early days of Virginia University, athletic sports were neglected. The first few years all students were obliged to practice military drill and tactics but shortly this system was abandoned. It was not until 1852 that Monsieur D'Alfonce was appointed physical director. He trained the boys in gymnastic sports and taught them how to drill. One curious custom which he introduced was for the athletes to join in singing some martial strain such as the Marseillaise each evening after they completed their gymnastic work. This French trainer remained at Virginia for 14 years. During the next decade, athletics were entirely neglected. Interest was revived by a gift of $1,000 from an alumnus for the establishment of a boat club. For several years, Virginia maintained racing crews which defeated all comers in her sections. Then an untoward flood washed away the boathouse and ruined the shells. Rowing was never resumed as a college sport.

Rugby football was played extensively as early as 1870 and American football was established as a regular sport seven years later. The Virginia "muffers," as the first baseball club was called, were proficient with the willow as is indicated by the fact that in one championship game, they trounced the renowned Potomacs of the District of Columbia 117 to 19. Up to 1888, the college colors at Virginia were gray and red, emblematic of the gray of the Confederacy dyed in blood. As this combination of colors was not well suited for athletic uniforms, a change was made during the early days of college football. One of the players on his way to practice attended the meeting clad in his football togs. He wore a silk orange and blue handkerchief—an English cricket scarf—around his neck. In the midst of the discussion, one of the students pointing to the scarf cried, "What's the matter with that combination for college colors?" Since that day the orange and blue of Virginia have been prominent on the eastern and southern athletic fields.

The Horrors of Trapping Animals

By DR. WM. R. BRADSHAW

WHEN an animal is caught in a trap it will free itself by gnawing its foot off, or twisting its leg off. In the latter case it must of necessity pull out its own sinews. Imagine the agony that will impel an animal to endure such pain!

An animal caught in a trap in extremely cold weather is likely to freeze to death before the trapper ends its agony. The trapper, without sympathy, sets out traps that require three or four days to reach on his rounds. The animals, that do not succeed in gnawing themselves free, suffer indescribable torture.

A trapper, accidentally caught in one of his traps, but fortunate enough to be rescued before death arrives, knows the fierce agony of being held by the relentless iron jaws, miles from human habitation, with death staring him in the face. To prevent animals escaping from the ordinary single-jaw trap, a frightful double-jaw trap has been invented, so that it can never pull out the part held between the double jaws of the trap.

Many animals have been caught by the only foot they possessed, the other three feet having been lost in former traps. Beaver, caught in traps sunk in shallow water in the runways that lead to their houses, frequently lose all their paws in their battle for life.

The "spring pole" method of capturing animals is used to prevent them from escaping by self-mutilation. It consists of a flexible sapling bent downward and held in that position by an easily unloosed contrivance and the trap is fastened to the sapling by a chain. When the animal is caught, its struggles to free itself unloose the arrangement that holds the sapling down, whereupon the trap and animal caught therein are jerked upward. Perhaps the animal hangs in this cruel position for several days before death.

Bears are caught by the paw in a heavy trap, fastened by a chain to a log that can be freely dragged about, barring entanglement, which will prevent the animal going too far away. The savage teeth of the trap hold the paw. Meantime the trapper has an opportunity to shoot his quarry at leisure.

But it must be emphasized that the practice of trapping, however limited the indulgence, has a deteriorating effect on the moral character of all who engage in such a cruel pursuit or pastime. The liberty allowed either a youth, or an adult, is an absolute power which always corrupts unmistakably. Boys develop either a love or a hate for animals, according to the direction their teaching takes.

The boy who has been taught to respect and care for an animal will develop a sense of responsibility and a degree of moral exaltation that are humanizing to a high degree. Animals will regard him in turn as their benefactor.

The list of pet animals is a long one. If a Shetland pony, a donkey or a goat, be too large a responsibility, there are the dog, the cat, the fox, the woodchuck, hens, ducks, opossums, the raccoon, the prairie dog, the rabbit, the guinea pig, the monkey, the squirrel, pigeons, pheasants, parrots and peacocks.

Here is a fourfold combination whose hands are equally covered with the blood of iniquity to animals: The trappers deal in torture for cash; the manufacturer sells the luxurious, torture-tainted article for cash; the dealer connects the trade and its horrors with his customers for cash; the woman buys these dreadful articles for cash, to gratify her vanity. Thus, thirty millions of tortured animals are yearly sacrificed for the sake of selfishness, greed and vanity.

The trapper, the manufacturer, the dealer and the woman, all combine to destroy the best impulses of mankind for the sake of their personal desires. At this moment, indeed, hundreds of thousands of animals are suffering the most intense cruelty at the hands of these selfish and cold-hearted human beings.

Furs are a moral disfigurement; fur-fabric garments made wholly from wool are quite as graceful and much more healthful. By discarding the proceeds of torture, the women of this and other countries—including a great many men also—will have given the world a mighty impulse toward the day when righteousness will cover the earth as the waters cover the seas.

In the summing up it is clear that a great burden rests upon the shoulders of our women. Any one of a humane disposition must be filled with infinite sadness to walk along any of the principal avenues of our cities in winter, and see the thousands of women clad in the barbaric display of costly furs, knowing with what terrible cruelty such furs are obtained.

Little Enthusiasm for Philadelphia Fair

Substantial Business Interests of City Warn Against Exposition Because of the Accompanying Inflation

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

This is the second of two articles dealing with the speculation that arose in Philadelphia in connection with the plans for a Sesquicentennial Exposition of Independence in that city in 1926.

EARLY in January the New York *American* attempted to show that British influence is responsible for the widespread opposition that has developed in Philadelphia to the plans for the Sesquicentennial Exposition of the Declaration of American Independence. The argument itself is obvious—that the opposition to the fair was all part of a British movement to make Americans forget the War of Independence in the hope that by so doing British influence and dictation in this country might be increased. It is also interesting to note that the Hearst papers have been extraordinarily active in the publication of Jewish-inspired propaganda.

The *American* article named one or two of those who have refused to lend themselves to a gigantic real estate promotion scheme, but it did not list the names of more than 500 business and professional men who on November 4, 1922, signed their names to the following charge in an advertisement appearing in all the Philadelphia newspapers:

"Oppose the Fair. Join the Town Pump Party. Promoters of the Sesquicentennial Exhibition would lead our citizens to believe they are committed to an International Exhibition in 1926. This is not so. Real estate speculators and sentimentalists are the chief promoters of the fair."

The "Town Pump Party," it should be explained, is the phrase coined by James M. Beck, solicitor-general of the United States, to describe the business interests that are opposed to the fair. It has been shown in a previous article how many of the most active workers in what started out to be a modern replica of the Centennial celebration withdrew their names and refused to have anything more to do with it when they learned the extent of the real estate speculation. Homes of workmen in a large area contiguous to the site originally selected for the enterprise have been forced up in price by repeated sales of options to figures double what they had reached through war-time speculations. Mr. Beck spoke at a mass meeting engineered by those who are still in favor of the fair, but, of course, said nothing about the inflation of real estate values. Perhaps he did not know.

Mr. Greenfield's Position

IF HE had been a close reader of advertisements published in the effort to overcome the damage done to the movement by the North Philadelphia Manufacturers' Association—a work now being carried on by the Anti-Sesquicentennial League—he might have been interested in a message to the people of Philadelphia signed by Albert M. Greenfield. Jules Mastbaum, now the most active spokesman for the exposition, is the largest real estate dealer in Philadelphia in addition to being head of the Stanley Company of America. But Greenfield is the largest real estate speculator. He got his start during the war-time boom in realty. Greenfield was not exactly listed among leading citizens, in spite of the advertising given some of his deals. But for some reason he became deeply interested in the exposition project last September, when it was showing all the signs of going on the rocks.

Accordingly he caused to be inserted in the Philadelphia newspapers a display advertisement beginning with the announcement that President Harding had just set the seal of his approval on the fair.

"Philadelphians are not cowards, nor welchers," said Mr. Greenfield, the real estate speculator. "We see our goal and we are going steadfastly to it. Boost or be quiet. We must put aside personal viewpoints and opinions from now on. It is the hour to act. You can talk often and favorably about the Sesquicentennial and you can urge others to do the same. That will help a lot. You can encourage President D'Olier and his directors and you should cheer them on the great task they have set themselves. Their work is hard and wearing and will mean in most instances a personal sacrifice that few of us would really undertake. Hence, give them the best co-operation you can. Help your city by helping them.

But Where's the Cash?

"SOME of us can help in a financial way. I have already pledged $10,000 to a preliminary working fund. There are many other individuals or firms in this city that can do likewise—who should do likewise. I stand ready to do more.

"I am more than proud of Philadelphia and I want to see Philadelphia show the world through the Sesquicentennial the world progress that has been made in industry, the arts and science during the past 50 years.

"The Sesquicentennial will be worth every penny that it costs, no matter what it will cost. It will be a real and timely service to the world, a great act of national unselfishness like unto that other great achievement—the American Red Cross.

"Let us not disappoint President Harding."

Many of those who had been sincerely anxious to get things started developed a marked lack of interest, and some of them understood why William Potter, former minister to Italy, remarked, "I'm out of it and I'm glad I'm out," after his resignation somewhat earlier. Nobody was surprised when E. T. Stotesbury and former Governor Edwin S. Stuart resigned.

It is interesting, however, to inquire a little into the pledge of $10,000 to the preliminary working fund. In the preceding article it was explained how the scope of the exposition was reduced to a point where the advisory committee believes it will be possible to go ahead for $15,000,000, as compared to estimates of $40,000,000 at the outset. These sums, of course, do not include many millions to be spent by the city on public improvements, some of which are already launched, and all of which would fit into the exposition scheme and could be used by such a fair. The new plan was hatched early this year and carried to the city council for approval—which it did not get.

Just $25,000 Contributed

VICTOR ROSEWATER, the secretary of the Exposition Association, was questioned after the directors had failed to explain how they were going to raise all the money. They wanted council to begin the condemnation of land, and also to make appropriations under a pledge of city support up to $5,000,000, made last year but not carrying any appropriation. The councilmen wanted to know how much money the association had been able to raise, in the nearly two years of its existence. Mr. Rosewater said it was $25,000. But he admitted that it was "not all in cash." The bulk of it came from $10 subscriptions made by private citizens of more or less limited means who were heartily in favor of the exposition before the inflation of real estate prices began to pinch them.

The fact is that Mr. Greenfield's pledge has not been paid to the association. Apparently it had a string to it—like that of the late Jacob Gimbel. Mr. Gimbel was the head of department stores in Philadelphia and New York, both of which could be expected to profit enormously by the exposition—which in its early planning stages was expected to bring 40,000,000 visitors to the city. He announced during one of the many lulls in interest that he would give $20,000 to the exposition fund if 100 other Philadelphians would each give an equal amount. Of course, the others could not be found, and nothing happened.

The pressure that has been brought to bear by the frantic money seekers has not been without amusing side lights. For instance, United States Senator George Wharton Pepper made the suggestion that, instead of a world-wide exposition of the products and fine arts of all nations, Philadelphia hold a sort of street carnival with circus features. The exposition of goods could be made a part of that along one street, according to his plan. But the manufacturers who organized the movement to balk the speculators in real estate do not seem to be interested in the display of goods. They have suggested a patriotic celebration to continue for several weeks; a celebration confined to patriotic pageants and with no hint of the commercial. That stand, incidentally, effectually destroyed the argument of the speculators that the manufacturers opposed the scheme "for business reasons."

As a matter of fact, they were quite right. The business interests in Philadelphia as well as elsewhere have had about all the inflated prices they care to stand. Conservative firms may have known it all along, but the others learned during the war that inflated prices do not mean increased profits, but the opposite. A study of the effects of earlier world's fairs held in other cities shows that the exposition itself is always marked by inflation, booms in real estate values, exorbitant prices for food and clothing and similar burdens on the working man. It has shown also that such fairs are followed by periods of depression caused by the collapse of the boom. Not only is there a loss caused by over-population and consequent increase of unemployment, but taxes also are necessarily increased to make up the deficits always left as a legacy to the city holding the exposition. The case is stated as follows by the Anti-Sesquicentennial League:

The Case Against Fair

"AMONG the most numerous objections from citizens in general is the belief that the exposition as proposed will have the effect of increasing rents, which are still at war-boom level. There are many complaints of increases in rents where the proposed Sesquicentennial has been given as the reason therefor. Philadelphia has not yet caught up with the housing shortage occasioned by the war and there apparently has been no readjustment in regard to the rent situation. If rents are now being increased in the city under the pretense that higher real estate values created by the Sesquicentennial movement makes the increase necessary, it is reasonable to expect that in the event of an exposition the situation will become intolerable to the wage earner who must part with too large a proportion of his income for rents. He in turn will be compelled to seek higher wages and thus another complication will be added to the labor question.

"There is still somewhat of a housing shortage in Philadelphia. In 1921 the city was behind 21,000 homes, the shortage resulting from war activities. For the city to keep pace with the normal increase in population, which is approximately 35,000 a year, it is necessary to build 7,500 homes each year. In spite of unprecedented home-building activities during the past year, the shortage has not been overcome. There is a shortage of labor in the building trades. If work is begun on the great world's fair, it is inevitable that the workers in the building trades will be drawn to this activity which after all will be an intensive building operation and the home-building program will be suspended during the period of fair construction, while at the same time the population would be steadily increasing, augmented by the transient influx occasioned by the exposition."

No attempt has been made by the speculators or by those members of the association who are not identified with real estate firms to answer the foregoing and other arguments. For instance, the real estate dealers cannot answer the question as to where Philadelphia is to get enough water for a world's fair. They know that even with its existing population the city is forced to filter water from the Schuylkill River that is full of sewage when it is taken into the filter plants; that even with the best filtration equipment it is necessary to use chemicals in the water when the river is low. A project has been under consideration for some years to bring water from the pure mountain streams north of the city, but the lowest estimated cost is some $70,000,000.

Little Enthusiasm for Exposition

IT IS pointed out by the opposition also as an obvious proof that there is little general enthusiasm over the proposed fair, "that after nearly two years of corporate existence the Sesquicentennial Association can point to no definite step forward with regard to actual plans as distinguished from the more or less tentative outlines and studies that have been made public from time to time." The chief reason for that failure to act, of course, has been the inability to get some of the taxpayers' money for the private corporation. The indications now are that the corporation is not likely to get any such appropriation.

Still another phase of the project that has been overlooked by the speculators is that it is essentially an advertising venture. Individual manufacturers as well as the group interested in blocking the juggling of real estate prices have had careful studies made from that point of view. "It is not good business to enter into a great advertising venture without figuring the cost of failure as intelligently as the probable profits of success," says the North Philadelphia Manufacturers' Association. "What will it mean to the prestige of Philadelphia if the exposition is a failure? The benefits that Philadelphia might derive from an advertising point of view are extremely doubtful. The idea that people would return to their homes extolling the virtues of Philadelphia is erroneous. It is more likely, in view of actual conditions as they exist today and as they will exist in 1926, that the majority of the visitors will go away carrying with them only the remembrance of inadequate accommodations, profiteering, congested living conditions and other discomforts."

Many Doomed to Losses

UNQUESTIONABLY, many speculators who went into the business of inflating real estate prices are doomed to bankruptcy. Financial interests alone now opposed to the exposition make it certain that it cannot be built on the scale originally planned. For some weeks the association has been trying to get the Fairmount Park Commission to turn over the territory along the Parkway and in the park suggested in the original report as part of the site. So far no action has been taken. If the real estate gamblers were sure that some day the exposition would be built it might be possible for them to get more funds, by sacrificing some of their paper profits, to carry their options indefinitely. But with no such assurance every day of delay not only adds to the expense but also makes it more difficult to get financing. Some options already have been forfeited.

Many men now most deeply interested in the price of real estate were participants in the false boom of after-war days, when approximately 2,000 newly built homes were held off the market at inflated prices. The speculators could not believe that the buyers had really called a strike. When they did start to cut prices it was too late, and many then went to the wall. Tremendous financial losses were suffered by others. What is beginning to happen now in Philadelphia is therefore only another object lesson to the speculator who deals in the necessities of life. It explains why many leading citizens who have not taken a stand openly against the exposition for business reasons are nevertheless making no secret of their amusement at the frantic efforts of the speculators to get something done.

The "Night of Power" in St. Sophia

Concluded from page 3

guard at the doorway, one on each side, on the raised stone threshold, so that they were higher up than those on the porch and they also overlooked the floor of the mosque. We all crowded up to the door as closely as we could to escape the storm, while our effendi conversed in Turkish with a guard. The Sultan was present, so he informed us, and no foreigners would be admitted; not even Moslem women were to be allowed in the porches or galleries.

Presently came an officer resplendent in uniform, gold braid, buttons, sword and boots. He was so sorry, but we could not enter by this doorway. This was not the proper entrance for Europeans. If we would go to the proper entrance undoubtedly we would be admitted, and he waved his arm vaguely to the south meanwhile escorting us to the outside.

So we passed on under waterpipes which spouted torrents of water on us, to the next portico, also guarded by two soldiers; they would not even admit us to the shelter of the porch; also they were very sorry but the next entrance would be the one for us. This one surely was not. They had orders to admit no foreigner. So on we went, sharp flashes of lightning showing us the massive walls and towers of St. Sophia, the kiosks of the tombs of former Sultans, and the slippery stones of the pavement and the deep puddles over which we splashed. The next doorway was on the south side of the mosque and was covered with a wide and open porch. As we started to walk up the passageway toward it, a white turbaned priest arose from the crowd of worshipers kneeling there, and leaning over the railing he screamed at us, in no gentle voice, "Yok, yok, yok, yok" (No). We hesitated. The gentleman seemed to have no desire to make our acquaintance. Again he waved his arms as if in a frenzy, and motioning us away, he emitted a perfect volley of "yoks." We took the hint and continued our peregrinations.

The mosque of St. Sophia is no small thing and a walk around at night over slippery, uneven stones, in a violent thunderstorm is to be remembered. We went through devious passageways, along huge stone walls, and under trees to the eastern side of the mosque. Here we found a large entrance with a wide flight of stone steps going down directly into the mosque. Also there was a large number of soldiers on guard, and carriages and horses stood about. They took considerable interest in us at this entrance, asked to see our cards, passed them about, one to another, and did a great deal of talking. My husband, unfortunately, had no card of his own with him, but found one of an American business friend which answered all purposes. The lightning flashed, the thunder reverberated, and the water came down in torrents, so that even the guards were forced to withdraw more deeply into the shelter of the doorway. I, especially desiring not to get wet, descended three or four steps. No notice was taken of me. being only a woman, so I ventured down a little farther and, bending down, I found I could look through the lower open door to the floor of the mosque. This time the people faced me, standing, kneeling and prostrating themselves as the high-pitched chanting rose and fell, coming from the raised pulpit which was somewhere very near. For some time I stood there quite unnoticed while the guards discussed the question of our entrance vigorously with our guide.

All too soon for me, the soldiers' conference ended; one drew the hood of his cape over his cap and beckoned us to follow him. Out into the storm we went again, between carriages, under the noses of horses, around corners and finally down a long, open lane to another entrance. Here he turned us over to a black-frock-coated gentleman in a fez. We descended 10 or 12 steps into a small anteroom or hall. Here were a few Europeans, including the party from Roberts College with the Albanian. We presented such credentials as we had to the official, but they produced no effect. He looked at them, considered the matter, and finally said his orders were to admit no one. Our guide spoke angrily to the Albanian. "Why don't you do something to get these people in? Have you no friends here?"

The Albanian tossed his head and replied haughtily, "I have many, many friends. I am doing all I can."

The intoning came to us very faintly, only the highest notes sounding. All was quiet and dark, like a vault underground, lighted only by tiny dim oil lamps. Two white-robed priests in turbans guarded the door which would admit us to the gallery. It seemed quite hopeless. If it had not been for the storm outside we should have gone home at once, but here it was at least dry. The Albanian continued a low-toned conference with the official; then drawing his heavy cape around him, he ran up the steps two at a time and disappeared.

"Where is he going? What is it? Do you think we shall get in?" Everyone talked at once.

"The gentleman says" explained our guide, "that if the uncle of Redjdeb (the Albanian) who is a pasha in high standing, says we may enter, he will admit us." Then he added, "There is not one chance in a thousand that he can find him in this crowd."

We waited. Most of the other Europeans left. In about 15 minutes Redjdeb came back, and going straight to the official, spoke to him emphatically but evidently to some purpose. The official looked bewildered, almost dazed, and grudgingly consented to something. Turning to us, Redjdeb said, "He says the ladies may enter, just the ladies."

"Quick, quick," said our Albanian, "come this way, perhaps we may see the Sultan."

On tiptoe we scurried to the front of the gallery. Bending down we could look between the latticework sides and the roof of the kiosk into a small room in which were standing several gentlemen in fezzes and frock coats. Possibly one was the Sultan, more probably not.

At one side of the front was the golden shrine which held the Koran and upon the same side but farther back was the pulpit. Forward there was a large platform with a railing around it, raised on arches about 10 feet from the floor. Seated cross-legged on this platform were two dozen or more turbaned priests; several others sat upon a divan against the wall. On the opposite side were two smaller pulpits also containing priests, and from these three pulpits came the chanting which we had heard. It seemed to pass from one pulpit to another, swelling forth and then dying away almost to a sigh. The people rose and fell as if moved by one mechanism. Outside the storm raged. With my elbows on the wide marble railing of the gallery I leaned over as far as I could. I was alone. The others had gone to the far end where there is a raised platform with seats for visitors. Down there, where all those thousands were kneeling, once upon a time knelt Christians, once this had been a Christian church; and those very floors had been wet with Christian blood when, so many hundred years ago, the people took sanctuary in St. Sophia to escape the Moslem horde. But not even the walls of St. Sophia, strong as they were, could protect them. It is said that Mohammed rode in on their dead bodies, and struck his sword high up on one of the marble pillars, taking the church for his followers.

The chanting was taken up now by the people, a low solemn murmur, and then it was all over. The priests came down from pulpits and mingled with the people, gathering them together in groups, preaching to them and teaching them. The whole floor of the mosque was a moving mass of humanity. This preaching lasts all night. As the last boat for Hissar would leave at 10 o'clock we thought it best to go. As we were unwinding ourselves down the inclined passageway, someone asked Redjdeb what it was he had said to the official at the door that influenced him to let us in.

In his quaint English he answered, "I said, 'You see all these Americans. They are my friends. You are keeping them waiting. You know who my uncle is? Yes? Well, then, if you do not let them in tomorrow I shall tell my uncle and he will have you punished.' "

And the fact that he could have done so, and that the official might have been punished for not disobeying orders was confirmed by others who knew the ways of Turkish officialdom. Poor man, what a dilemma to have been in.

A carriage again to the bridge, and soon we were packed in a crowd on the boat and started for home. As we floated out into the darkness of the harbor we were entertained with magnificent fireworks; skyrockets, bombs, Greek fire, and big Roman candles and Roman mines illumined the whole of the Golden Horn and adjacent Bosphorus. A young Turk, who had celebrated the "Night of Power" too powerfully, sang a plaintive Turkish ditty into my ear for nearly half the way home, much to the amusement of his two companions. The point of his tale was entirely lost on me, however, as I could not understand a word.

It was a wet, bedraggled party that left the boat at Hissar to climb the hill to the big house at the top, but we all agreed that we felt well repaid for the effort, and for the privilege of seeing the celebration of the "Night of Power" in St. Sophia.

Gives Up Her Life to Establish Sacred Drama

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tator's heart than has the message of a thousand sermons. Without this wise selection of scenes and discriminating emphasis of incidents the play would have been a failure instead of the great success it is today.

But with all the mingled idealism and dramatic power which these aspects of the play indicate, Mrs. Stevenson possessed the ability to make her dreams practical. In all the world there is no equal to the Pilgrimage Theater in the canyon back of Mrs. Stevenson's Hollywood home. Stage managers from all parts of the country have visited it behind scenes and marveled. To keep the play simple and yet make it profoundly impressive this woman added to her self-appointed task many of the technical problems of the stage manager. To provide appropriate music for the play a pipe organ especially designed for this setting was built far up on the hillside above the stage and housed in what appears to the audience to be a Palestinian dwelling. Instead of employing elaborate stage settings with drop curtains, wings and flies, the hillside itself is relied on chiefly to afford a background for the 10 scenes, prologue and epilogue.

But there is no monotony from the moment the great curtains part revealing the familiar Bethlehem scene until the epilogue when the Voice proclaims, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The variety and sustained interest are greatly enhanced by a lighting system far more elaborate than is found in most outdoor theaters. For example, owing to the area of the mountainside rising behind the stage and requiring illumination in certain scenes, two banks of 20 reflector lights each are installed some 50 feet above the stage. Where Christ, mounted on an ass, and followed by the multitude, is shown outside the city of Samaria, this natural background of chaparral-covered mountainside is used with powerful effect. Again, in a remarkable scene telling of the crucifixion by suggestion rather than action, the stage is left completely dark while a strong beam of light illuminates three white crosses set so high up that they are silhouetted against the starlit sky.

The present dressing rooms for the actors consist of little cabins concealed from the view of the audience dotting the hollows in the mountainside behind the stage. Owing to the remoteness of some of these from the footlights the distance which many of the actors have to travel on foot totals several miles each night. This was one of the considerations prompting the construction of a tunnel and new dressing quarters.

In the matter of correct costuming and faithful reproduction of the settings of Christ's time the play is a marvelous achievement. Mrs. Stevenson did not believe in depicting an idealized Christ. She sought above all else to portray Him as He lived and moved among the people of His day. Most of the best sources of historic data were studied by her with the greatest care, after which she made a journey to Palestine especially to learn first hand about the costumes and customs of the people. Her investigations were by no means confined to the beaten paths followed by tourists, but included byways where survive to this day many of the customs of the first Christian century and earlier.

It seems a far call from these material details to a divinely inspiring presentation of such a scene as the Last Supper. But Mrs. Stevenson's devotion enabled her to bridge the chasm between the ideal and the practical. The result has been a series of living pictures, marvelous as to composition and exquisite in coloring. But never is the artistic interest allowed to overshadow the message. "As a disciple in the play," wrote one of the players to Mrs. Stevenson not long ago, "I wish to say that it is one of the best opportunities for growth that I have ever experienced. But the greatest blessing of all is to be night after night and week after week at the Lord's Supper. Well, all I can say is that the play has meant *Life* for me these three summers."

The great all-compelling purpose of this woman was to get man's thoughts back to the wonderful story of the Christ, or to be more accurate, to get mankind back to the *life* of Christ. If she had theories or tenets regarding her personal interpretation of that life, she never obtruded them upon the public. After diligent inquiry among her friends and admirers I have yet to learn to what denomination or sect, if any, she belonged. She was consumed with one idea—to let men and women of today see for themselves what Jesus did and said among men. Such an experience, she said, would do more than all other agencies combined to bring the suffering world to a right relationship with itself.

It seems almost a supreme tragedy that the originator of this fine conception which promised so much for America and the world, should have died at the very beginning of its realization, particularly as she left no will and consequently no legal provision for carrying forward her ideal. However, it may be better so. It has raised the question, "Will the people continue the play?" This challenge which is now facing Hollywood is quite typical of the one which comes to a community from time to time. Mrs. Stevenson is typical of outstanding individuals in many towns and cities who would like to do something splendid for their fellow men. Sooner or later the question arises, "Have the people vision enough adequately to support such leaders?" It is possible, though not probable, that Hollywood will fail to realize its great opportunity just as occasionally other communities have failed in matters involving public spirit. The situation is one which other communities may well consider, not only because of the elements of special interest surrounding the Pilgrimage Play, but because it illustrates the need of popular support for every worthy public project. No community has a right to sit back and let a few persons of vision and means do something for it.

Wendell Phillips Flayed "Crimes of Capital"

Wall Street Needed Honest Finance, Great Abolitionist Declared

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

WENDELL PHILLIPS, alone, of all the leaders of the Abolition movement, recognized the overshadowing importance of the Money question. His perception of this fact and his determination to act upon it was the bravest thing he ever did, for it meant separation from all his old colleagues and, in many cases, the actual loss of their friendship. Even Garrison was blind to the importance of the Money question. Phillips, alone, of the Abolitionists, "obeyed the voice at eve, obeyed at prime."

One of Phillips' greatest speeches, his speech in support of General Benjamin F. Butler, Greenback candidate for governor of Massachusetts, *is not in any collected edition of his speeches—perhaps it dealt with the money question too frankly.* This speech and other utterances of Phillips on the Money question are herewith reproduced for the benefit of our readers.

Given at Salisbury Beach Gathering, September 13, 1871.

"Fellow Citizens: General Butler has told you this was a gathering, on the seaside, of all parties and all classes of men; and that he hoped his remarks would not offend the prejudices of any class or of any party. Gentlemen, I recognize, as he does, the duty we owe to the harmony of the occasion; but if I thought, fellow citizens, that I should leave Salisbury Beach without treading on somebody's toes, I should regret I ever came here. What is the use of a thousand men meeting together to compare notes—to exchange ideas one with the other—if we do not leave, after we separate, some hint, some seed, some suggestion, that will bear fruit—that will clear up the doubts, cut away the underbrush, and enable men to see more clearly and act more nobly? I came here on purpose to offend your prejudices; I did not come for any other reason; because, fellow citizens, if you stood here, and I was one of the crowd now before me, I should hope that you would drop some salt, or endeavor to stir the waters of the public mind, for the health and life of us all.

"This is an old festival. It has been held for a century or more, and it is not out of place, therefore, to say a word of the far past. I say New England gave only three great men to the Revolution—marvelously great men. One was Benjamin Franklin, the second was Samuel Adams, and the third was Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island. These are the three *great* men that New England lent the Revolution, and there is no name in all our history that deserves to be named in the same week with these three. After them, at a long interval, comes your own Timothy Pickering, a pure, able statesman; and by *his* side stands Jonathan Trumbull. of Connecticut—the man who gave rise to the phrase "Brother Jonathan"; for when Washington doubted what to do, it is said the wise old Virginian used to stop and say, 'Ask Brother Jonathan.' . . . .

"The only value any public man has, in my eyes, is the aid he aims, or is able, to give toward lifting off the unnecessary burdens of society, remodeling what is unjust, remedying what is defective, and raising the mass of mankind to greater comfort, wisdom and virtue . . . . This great country, its material interests presenting new questions every hour, rocking with social convulsions, teeming with men and forces that struggle for a place to mold the age and benefit the world—such a country is no cabinet chamber where laureled men scramble for office. It is the field where the tools ever offer themselves to him who can use them; and where, *through* respected and accepted men, or *over* them, the work of the hour *must be done.*

"The trouble with all political parties is that they linger on the stage long after we need them. Although 'the brains are out, the party won't die.' . . . . We protected the *black* laborer, and now we are going to protect the laborer, North and South; labor everywhere. Gentlemen, the question for the next 10 years is the relation of labor to capital.

"The Financial Sponge"

"YOU think, when I have stated the question so, that I mean the question between the man that earns two dollars a day and the man who earns sixty millions; that is not the question. The meaning of the labor question in Europe and in this country is this: Whether you on these acres, on yonder waves, or in the mills, shall work honestly, industriously, soberly, for 70 long years and then die worth a thousand or two thousand dollars, a small house, 40 acres of land, or nothing, while some financial sponge sucks up millions.

"I find no fault that Vanderbilt is worth 50 millions of dollars; I find no fault that Stewart is worth one hundred millions of dollars. What I say is this: that this system of finance by which one man at 60 years old has gathered fifty millions of dollars, and of the ten thousand men that work for him, seven thousand get up every morning not knowing where dinner is coming from—that system of finance belongs to the bottomless pit and the sooner it goes home the better.

"I do not blame anybody; but I am determined, as far as I am concerned, that the brains of this generation shall try to tear that system open and let the light into it, and the readiest way I know is by political action . . . .

"I have given 30 years of my life—and I rejoice to have been permitted to give them—to the redemption of a race. If I am spared another 10 years, I hope I shall be permitted to give them to the redemption of every man who works with his hands. (Applause.) For, Gentlemen, **the great danger that threatens us in the future is the money power. . . .** The real question is, whether you will have a republic or whether you won't. I confess that I have studied democratic institutions for 40 years and I don't see, today, the means by which the independence of the legislature of Massachusetts is to be saved from the hands of its capital and corporations . . . .

> *"Let those who say Wendell Phillips did not understand Labor and Capital," said Joseph Cook, "wait 50 years until Macaulay's Huns and Vandals appear on this continent, and then ask whether he understood the necessities of the case."*

"The great question of the future is money against legislation. My friends, you and I shall be in our graves long before that battle is ended; and unless our children have more patience and courage than saved this country from slavery, republican institutions will go down before moneyed corporations . . . . Now that the slave question is settled, this great question will fill the arena.

"There is no antagonism between Man and Money—between Capital and Labor; they are friends, not foes; partners, not competitors; they are the two parts of one scissors—each useless without the other. Whatever harms or helps one, must, on any just system, harm or help the other. I demand that the men who have lifted unpaid labor (the slaves) into the ranks of paid labor shall now spread their protecting influence over all labor, white and black, from the Lakes down to the Gulf. Then we shall have a new era, in which we will cut the hamstrings of capital, undermine the tyranny of corporation, and restore legislatures to their independence. We fight to unchain legislatures.

"Money Mongers the Thieves"

"GENTLEMEN, this is not my battle. I see many a man here as old as I am. It is not his battle. We have done our duty . . . . But, I can tell you, without any reference to this election, you men of 40, you have a keener battle to fight; you have a harder 30 years to face than we faced . . . . I would like to find a man outside the Worcester Insane Asylum who believes, even when he is asleep, that the legislature of Massachusetts has got courage enough to do anything which the National banks of this commonwealth forbid. In my mind's eye I see all of you, children of Republican fathers, you all come up here and think you are free men. My dear friends, there is not one of you that has not a National Bank bill pasted over your mouth. (A voice, 'I hain't.') Well, that only shows that he has got three—one over his eyes, another over his ears, and a third over his mouth.

"The money kings and coin mongers of London and New York are the thieves. Watchful and keen, they saw at the end of the war that our bonds were the best investment in the world; and that our finances could be most easily wrenched to make the rich richer and to crush the poor into slavery. Joining in conspiracy, and shutting Boston and Philadelphia out of the scheme, they proceeded to derange our currency—demonetize silver—and to change the basis and conditions of our bonds so as to double their own wealth and double the weight of our national debt, leading our obsolete financiers, wise in their own conceit, a fool's chase . . . .

"But is God dead? Have seed time and harvest failed? Has the hand of man lost its cunning? Does this blight cover the whole world? No; there is a nation which a merciless foe has just trampled in the dust, eating up and carrying off its garnered wealth. Exhausted with this foreign drain, civil war is eating out her strength. Angry parties stand ready to fly at each other's throats.

"By all the rules that obsolete political economy prates and babbles about, the people of such a nation ought to be starving. Her ships idle, her granaries empty, her trade annihilated. Not so!

"That nation is France. France has just paid Germany one billion dollars. Her chief cities have been sacked and plundered—humiliated by defeat, torn by civil dissensions, she laughs, while all the rest of Christendom wades through the mire of bankruptcy. Her ships are full busy: and what little other nations do, is in carrying to and fro her manufactures. Her homes are happy, her streets crowded with passing trains laden with goods; all her mills hurrying night and day, to get even with the demand upon them. Labor walks rejoicing, and capital sleeps easy, fat with its gains.

"What magician has done this? Paper money. Like the rest of the nations she ran to its protection during the stress and storm of her war with Germany. Unlike and wiser than the rest of us, she has not hurried back to coin. Wiser than we, she received the paper that she offered to others. That honesty has its reward. Her paper today is more valuable than gold, and she strides valiantly forward in her path to wealth and peace, spite of all drawbacks. Now if fanaticism is feeling without facts, and wisdom means facts governing theories, which party are the fanatics, and which are the wise men?

"A Thousand Million Stolen"

"THE night before Charles Sumner left Boston for Washington the last time, he said to me, 'I have one thing more to do for the Negro—to carry the Civil Rights Bill; and after that is passed I shall be at liberty to take up the question of Labor."

"I say, let the debts of the country be paid, and let the government lend every Illinois farmer (if he wants it) who is now borrowing money at 10 per cent, money on the half-value of his land at three per cent. The same policy that gave a million acres to the Pacific Railroad, because it was a great national effort, will allow of our lending Chicago twenty millions of money, to rebuild it."

When Wendell Phillips was making an effort below par, the Abolitionists would say, "We must hiss him—that will bring out the divine spark." Opposition, indeed, always brought out the best that was in Phillips and he never spoke with more effect than when, addressing the bluest blood of the intellectual aristocrats of Boston, he proclaimed full in the face of their derogatory smiles and ill-concealed contempt, the undiluted gospel of money. He spoke as follows:

"For this Money question only means whether we shall trust the Declaration of Independence—that all men are equal in money matters, as in everything else. Hitherto we have been Tories in money matters, and trusted the people only in other matters. July 4, 1776, said: 'The sober second thought of the *people* is the safest and best guide in all civil affairs—personal rights, property, marriage, crimes and all. And we can devise machinery which will secure that sober second thought.'

"We have been living successfully and prosperously for a hundred years on that plan and platform, with one exception—money matters.

"The people will now carry the Declaration of Independence into Wall Street, where it has never yet penetrated, and we shall have a more honest finance than the world has yet seen.

"We have been called the most dishonest nation in the world but we are not the most dishonest *nation.* Perhaps ours has been of late as dishonest an administration as the world often sees (he was speaking about 1868). This is not the fault of the masses . . . . Three times within a dozen years, capitalists, with their knives on the throat of the government, have compelled it to cheat its own creditor, the people, whose claim, Burke said, was the most sacred. First, the pledge that greenbacks should be exchangeable with bonds was broken. Secondly, debts originally payable in paper, as Sherman confessed in the Senate, were made payable in coin. Thirdly, silver was demonetized and gold made the only tender. *A thousand million dollars were thus stolen from the people.* These are the crimes of capital: the people are honest enough, if left to themselves."

"Many Houses, Few Homes" Says Irving Bacheller

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few homes, and I am almost persuaded that business has ousted the old-time pride in rearing the young. The master of the home has been exchanged for a parent with a thirst for gold, with the young speaking in contempt of old moralities.

"What is needed is intense, not broad, vision. You can learn more truth in a 10-acre plot than in rushing around the globe, where you can gather but surface impressions. Now we have become a nation of fun chasers, a condition that is sapping the foundations of home life. Business may fail without loss of credit, but when a man's home fails there is no more pitiable bankrupt in all the world."

"Commercialism is the thing which is mainly the matter with the world. The desire to make money has caused many of us to forget the main thing which is—making men and women out of boys and girls. The temptations offered by commerce are attracting the best of the young men and women from the learned professions to those which pay better. They are breaking down the standards of the church, the school and the home."

Irving Bacheller is a Niagara of a man. More than 60 years has not robbed him of his boyish smile. Often he goes on the lecture platform, speaking before clubs and literary organizations. He is a pleasant, refreshing entertainer, who always has something to say, which he does in a way both characteristic and crystal clear. As a word phraser he can be as swift and descriptive as a cartoonist.

Much of his writing is now done at his home, "The Gate o' the Isles," in Florida. The early mornings are the time for his work. He is interested in golf and billiards, and he thinks the latter is one of the few games for which he really has a gift.

"If it had been cultivated in my youth, I do not know what might have come of it," he remarked half-boastingly in telling of his joy in the game.

"My home—let it be where I may know the ancient hospitalities of nature—its lavish appeal to me in color, sound, shadow and fragrance—the companionship of its trees and of the little wild people that inhabit them," was the tribute paid by the author. "Let me look far from its lawns and windows over green slopes and shining waters. Above all let me see the ever-changing plans of some quiet bay leading out to the seven seas and filling, at sunset, with the shadows of sails and islands, and the glory of the evening sky, and, later, with the gold of moon and star and lantern light."

Minnehaha—Twelve Years Ago and Now

Beauty Spot Immortalized by Longfellow Is Fast Disappearing

MINNEHAHA Falls, world-famous beauty spot of the Northwest, is rapidly disappearing and like the Indians that named it will soon be but a memory, as parched as the shifting sands of desert wastes. Civilization has been hacking at the source of the stream and unless steps are taken to save it, the falls will be entirely dry within 25 years, it is believed. Wealthy in tradition and rich in scenic beauty, Minnehaha Falls now is but a skeleton of its former self. A few years ago a rolling mass of water swept over the brink and hurled itself in noisy abandon against the crags below, while today there is only an insignificant thread trickling down and the joyous roar of the cataract has ebbed to a pitiful echo.

There is probably no point in the United States that is more generally known than Minnehaha Falls, immortalized as it was by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his poem, “Hiawatha,” and every school child has at some time dreamed of the picture of Hiawatha, wooing his sweetheart, Minnehaha, at that shrine of romance in the heart of the forest. And each year thousands of tourists visit Minnehaha Park. The rocks of the gorge for hundreds of feet below the falls are a huge register of names, carved and scrawled by those who have visited the scene.

The history of Minnehaha Falls is a fascinating page in the development of the Northwest. Although there is no record of the discoverer of the falls, it has been learned that in the early days it was known as Little Falls and Brown’s Falls. The Indians referred to all cataracts as “haha” or laughing water and at one time this term was applied to St. Anthony Falls, a cataract a few miles north on the Mississippi River.

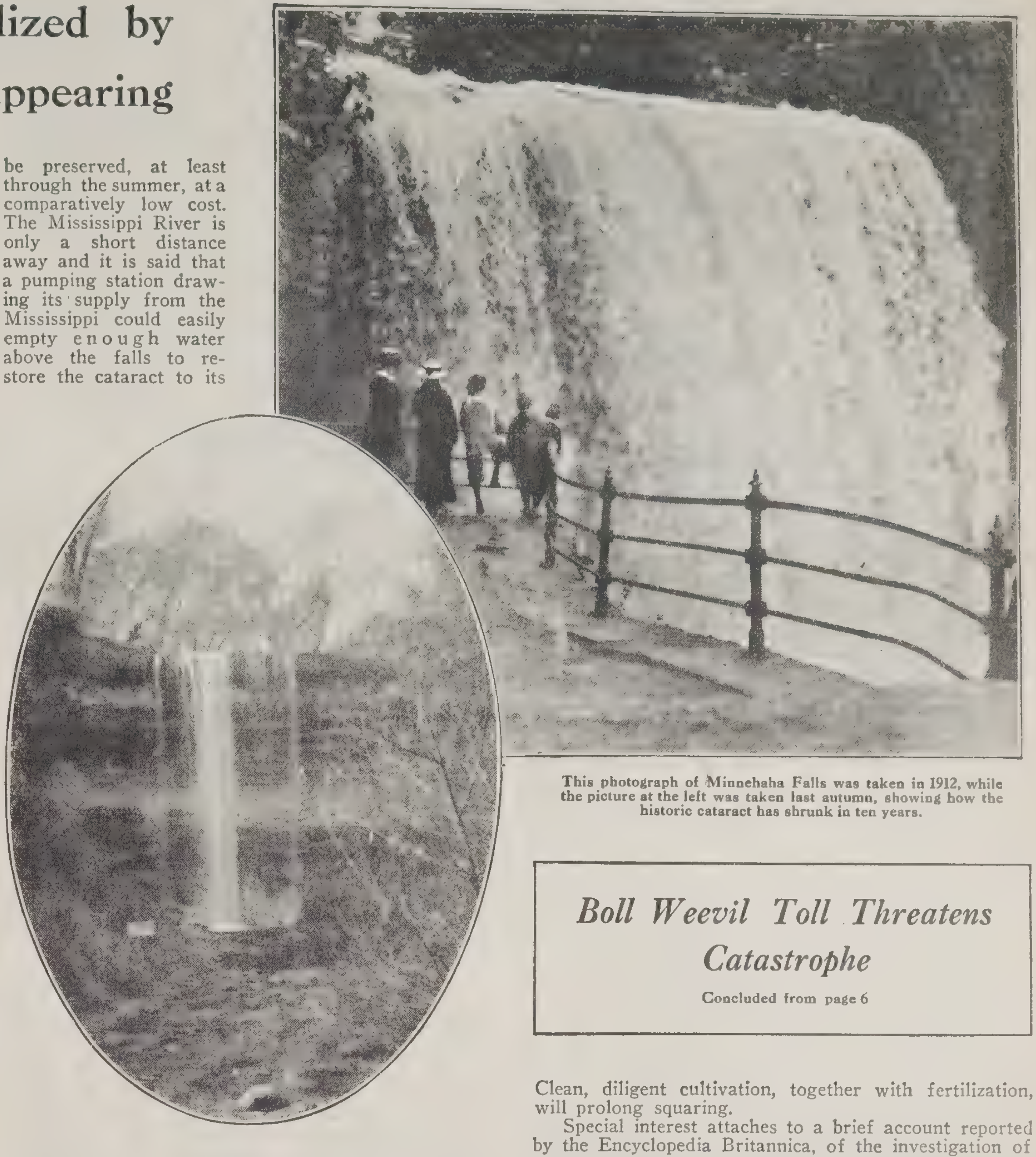
In a history of Minnesota it is said that Longfellow never saw Minnehaha Falls, but wrote Hiawatha from a description given him by an eastern Senator, Charles Sumner, who visited the falls in 1855 and was so much impressed by the beauty of the scene that he told Longfellow of its charm.

The poem is credited with the making of Minnesota, which up until that time was little heard of.

Minnehaha Falls, which is in Minneapolis, is fed by a stream that serves as an outlet for Lake Minnetonka. In the past few years the district adjacent to Lake Minnetonka has been built up with the result that the swamps which formerly fed the lake have been destroyed and virtually the only water now flowing into the lake is that coming from a few small springs.

Minnehaha Falls is 54 feet high and 36 feet wide. A few years ago a layer of water more than a foot deep rolled over the brink while now the stream is only four or five feet wide and not much more than an inch in depth.

A movement is being discussed by which the falls could be preserved, at least through the summer, at a comparatively low cost. The Mississippi River is only a short distance away and it is said that a pumping station drawing its supply from the Mississippi could easily empty enough water above the falls to restore the cataract to its former size. It is pointed out that money brought in by tourist traffic which the falls attracts would more than offset the expense.



This photograph of Minnehaha Falls was taken in 1912, while the picture at the left was taken last autumn, showing how the historic cataract has shrunk in ten years.

Arbor Day—Its Observance and Growth in Popularity

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

WHAT Christmas is to the religionist, Independence Day to the patriot, Arbor Day is to all those who rejoice in the beauty of the trees, and who desire that the roads, and streets, and parks of the cities and villages of the United States shall be made beautiful with Nature’s handiwork, and that the economic supply of timber in the forests of the country shall be preserved and rehabilitated.

It is now 51 years since the first Arbor Day was observed. Nebraska was the pioneer. It was at a meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, held at Lincoln in January, 1872, that J. Sterling Morton introduced a resolution to the effect that “The tenth day of April, 1872, be especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in Nebraska.”

Tree planting was no new thing in that state when the Arbor Day plan was proposed by Mr. Morton, for a lack of trees had proved to be a serious drawback to the first settlers, as Nebraska was at one time practically a treeless state. Protection for the orchards, crops and buildings, from the winds that swept unhindered over that flat country, was imperative, and every farmer needed wood and fence posts. An attempt had been made to supply this deficiency, but the planting of trees had, up to that time, been in a haphazard manner.

Arbor Day was, therefore, taken up with great popular enthusiasm and, during the quarter of a century that has elasped since its first observance, more than 700,000 acres of land, containing nearly 1,000,000,000 trees, have been planted in Nebraska.

The idea of planting trees upon a particular day, however, was somewhat slow to find favor in the other states. Kansas and Tennessee did not follow the lead of Nebraska until 1875, and it was another year before Minnesota fell into line. It was not until 1882 that Ohio and North Dakota proclaimed an Arbor Day of their own.

Since that time, the plan has been gradually adopted by other states until, at present, nearly every state in the Union has its day set apart for the planting of trees, usually during the month of April, with appropriate exercises by schools and civic clubs.

Nor has the idea of Arbor Day been confined to the borders of the United States. In 1887 the educational department of Ontario set aside the first Friday in May as a tree and flower planting day. In 1896 the plan was officially adopted in Spain. In 1905 Hawaii fell into line, and at the present time Arbor Day is observed in all the dependencies of the United States, and in Great Britain, Canada, Australia, the English West Indies, South Africa, China, France, New Zealand, Russia, Norway and Japan.

L. C. Everard in his circular on Arbor Day, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, strikes the keynote of the observance of the day when he says:

> “The yearly planting of trees, accompanied by appropriate exercises, serves to keep the people continually reminded of the value and necessity of the work of the foresters; and they have such a far-reaching effect on the community spirit and through that on economic and social betterment, that no community can afford to neglect Arbor Day.
>
> “A clean and beautiful town is a source of pride to its citizens and constant incentive to them to go on and do better. A slovenly town is apt to mean slovenly inhabitants. The celebration of Arbor Day may very well be the turning point in the attitude of a community toward its civic duties and by consequence toward its social life and its manner of conducting business. Nothing so helps to beautify a city or town as trees, and few things so educate the people in public spirit and foresight as the care of trees.
>
> “The greatest value of Arbor Day lies in its effect upon our attitude toward the trees that are already growing; for manifestly there are thousands of trees of natural origin to every one planted by man. The average citizen is only now beginning to realize the necessity for taking care of these trees, having never before considered that they needed any care.”

The late Joyce Kilmer, writer, poet and soldier, in his immortal poem on “Trees,” closes with the couplet:

“Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.”

Boll Weevil Toll Threatens Catastrophe

Concluded from page 6

Clean, diligent cultivation, together with fertilization, will prolong squaring.

Special interest attaches to a brief account reported by the Encyclopedia Britannica, of the investigation of an agent of the United States Department of Agriculture, in Guatemala, where cotton was found successfully growing in the face of an abundance of weevils. The cotton buds, after being punctured by weevils and eggs laid, did not fall off, as in this country, but a special growth of tissue inside the bud enveloped and killed the larva. All of which lends encouragement to the prospect that a type of cotton may be evolved in America that will likewise act in destroying the larva of the pest.

The next step in weevil control is to realize that cotton fields are breeding fields of the weevil, and to practice intensive cultivation. The result will bring a higher yield and greater acre profits. The growing scarcity of farm labor is compelling intensive farming. But the success of this system in cotton production depends largely upon an ample supply of fertilizer.

In a letter to the writer, the United States Bureau of Soils, Washington, said with reference to cotton soils: “It is undoubtedly much more economic to use fertilizer and increase the yield of the crop. For this reason, a source of cheap fertilizer would be of great importance to that section.”

The Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, knowing that the weevil consumes moisture on the cotton plant wherever it is found, has experimented for years in an endeavor to find a poison that would kill the weevil, without injuring the cotton plant. Such a poison has been found in calcium arsenate, dry powdered form. This poison will also kill other injurious insects to cotton, such as the bollworm.

The powder should be applied by dusting machinery, at night, when the plants are moist, five to seven pounds to the acre, four applications four days apart, repeating the schedule, if necessary. The cost of the poison and the dusting machinery is controlled, to an extent, by trusts, and is so high that the Bureau of Entomology recommends that powder be used on acreage capable of yielding one-half bale or more if weevil injury were eliminated.

W. D. Hunter, of the Bureau of Entomology, has carefully prepared an instructive circular on weevil habits and poisoning, which should be in the hands of every cotton farmer.

In summing up, the writer reaffirms the need of soil nitrification, early preparation of land, early planting of early maturing cotton; clean and intensive cultivation, quantity and quality of fertilizer, reasonable spacing of rows to permit sunlight; the use of calcium arsenate, if practicable, the burning of fallen squares, and getting busy in the autumn by plowing under cotton plants and cleaning up fields of all rubbish that offer hibernation quarters for the weevil.

Can the South beat the weevil? Yes, if mobilized as a determined unit to use intelligent, scientific methods of farming, and if furnished with the necessary fertilizer at low prices.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

There are no speeders in North Adams, Massachusetts. A policeman stands at the roadside with a red lantern or flag. Speeders are hailed and cautioned to use discretion. If the driver fails to slow down the policeman blows his whistle, and farther down the road a board filled with short spikes is stretched across the highway.

Six hundred million dollars' worth of silk products is manufactured in Paterson, New Jersey.

Japan will soon be independent for its supply of quicksilver. A rich vein, said to extend seven miles on the surface and to vary in width from two to six feet, has been discovered. The ore assays 18 per cent and the vein increases in thickness the deeper it is followed.

There is a scarcity of cats in Russian villages. During the famine many cats were eaten by the people. Now mice are devouring the grain.

A new scheme of intercommunication would link all Europe by telephone. An international conference will be called to consider the matter. Under the scheme it would be possible for the prime minister or financier in London to put in a call and get through to Vienna, Berlin, Rome or Madrid in half an hour.

A spot in Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris, has been set aside for the bodies of all Belgian soldiers killed in France and the plot given to Belgium.

Butyn, a new drug, is a substitute for cocaine in dental and eye work and also in minor surgery. It is a synthetic product and it is said the anesthesia produced is more profound and prolonged than that produced by cocaine. It is not a derivative of cocaine and has no attractions for the drug taker.

Twenty years ago the *Frankfurter Zeitung* established a fund for the preservation of the grave of Heinrich Heine, the lyric poet, who lies buried in the cemetery of Montmarte, Paris. During the war the French saw that the grave never suffered to fall into neglect and now that the mark has fallen to nothing the German paper has written saying it would be impossible to continue the work. The French replied that the present state of affairs is unfortunate for everybody and that the grave will be cared for. If values are readjusted Germany will be the debtor. If not, the Germans will owe nothing.

Ten thousand Chinese soldiers guarding Tachienlu, the pass to Tibet, are having their clothes sewed on their bodies. Garment after garment of heavily padded cotton is sewed into place on the body to remain undisturbed until the suns of summer return. The pass is the coldest place on the border.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A Boston judge has refused the application of two persons, one named Sorocovech and the other Papkevitz, to change their names to Stone and Parker because he does not approve such changes when they tend to conceal the race and origin of the applicants. They took the names Popkin and Soroco.

The king of Siam has translated *Romeo and Juliet* into Siamese and has issued the play with notes, mostly on the rendering of English idiomatic phrases.

A promising parasite has been found for the control of the Mexican bean beetle, which is rapidly spreading in the southern states. This parasite preys upon at least two species of the genus to which the bean beetle belongs. Also there has been found in Mexico two varieties of beans which show promise of resistance to the injurious attack of the bean beetle. One is a native white bean and the other a wild brown bean, the latter growing very abundantly along streams in Southern Mexico.

An army aviators' map embodying a comprehensive survey of all mountains and valleys of the Pacific Coast has been completed. It is believed that this map will permit aviators to determine their positions in territory wholly unfamiliar to them.

Far up in the mountains at the head of American Fork Canyon, Utah, two men and a woman were marooned and starving in a mine cabin. Heavy snows had cut off the two miners and the woman from civilization. An air mail service plane was sent to the rescue. The pilot circled over the cabin and dropped a package of supplies sufficient to maintain the party until they can get out to civilization.

The Negro population is said to be migrating northward in such numbers as to endanger the effort to raise a large crop of cotton.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, at a mass meeting in Smyrna, said, "The project of the Allies is unacceptable for a nation which wants complete independence, because we possess both the title to independence and the power to attain it. If we must expire as a nation in the course of 40 years, we had better die now with an open heart and conscience. History will then remember us with honor and esteem."

The longest ski-slide in the world is in Oberhof, Thuringia. It is 60 miles in length and the course is laid out on an old road winding through the hills of the Thuringian forest.

Serious consideration is being given to the construction of a new interoceanic canal, either at Panama or by the Nicaragua route. The Panama Canal cost in round numbers $400,000,000. The gross revenue for the fiscal year of 1922 was $11,197,000. In six years the canal has increased its business almost 300 per cent and it is increasing yearly.

For every marriage in Denver in 1922 there was a separation. For every two marriage licenses there has been a divorce suit filed, according to Judge Ben B. Lindsey. He states that in the last four years the marriage and divorce rate has changed from four to one to two to one.

Until recently the Codex Vaticanus, so called because it is kept in the library of the Vatican in Rome, was the oldest Bible manuscript. Now, however, is found in Egypt an older Bible manuscript, containing the apostolic epistles, the prophecies of Jonah, and the fifth book of Moses. The manuscript is written in the Coptic tongue and consists of 109 papyrus rolls. It is the oldest Bible manuscript in existence, dating from 360 B. C. It is in the library of the British Museum, for which it was bought at a high price.

The dreaded Hessian fly, which constantly threatens our wheat crop, entered the United States in some straw which the Hessian soldiers of Revolutionary fame brought to America as bedding for their horses. The loss resulting from the Hessian fly costs the United States as much each year as the entire expense of the Revolutionary War.

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An Interview With Mellon

John Burroughs, Literary Critic

The Weather and the Production of Food

A Study of Weather Cycles and the Conservation of the World's Foodstuffs

Leviticus, XXVI-3, 4.—If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments, and do them; then I will give you rain in due season.

By HERBERT J. BROWNE

This is the first of several articles by Mr. Browne, taking up the dependence of crop conditions upon the weather and discussing the possibilities of a drought. Mr. Browne also offers a suggestion designed to do away with the possibility of famine.

OF ALL the great problems which confront humanity and demand solution through governmental action, none is more important than that of insuring an ample supply of food, and yet there is none which has been so left to haphazard fortune. The farmers of the world cast dice with the weather and with plant enemies on one hand, and with dangerous economic conditions on the other. The strange paradox is presented continually of the food producer prostrated by his own prosperity; the more bountiful his crop the more inevitably its price falls toward or below the cost of production, while partial failure alone brings in a larger return in total price.

While the food producer is thus made the victim of weather and markets, the consumer—which is the whole human race—is no less a sufferer from prices made artificially high by the very gambles here set forth and the inevitable efforts to insure against adverse fluctuations.

This series of articles will show how definitely the production of food depends on weather conditions; will explain the basic principles of meteorology, and the signals which forecast sufficient rainfall or protracted drought. The history will be given of certain drought periods and abnormal years, and of the great famines which have been recorded. In turn, the economic plight which has befallen the American farmers will be shown. With the evidence thus presented, the conclusion will follow that the governments of the world should, each for its own people, warehouse at least a year's supply of wheat, the one most important food grain, first that their people may have a constant, certain and even supply of bread at a uniform price; and, second, that the producers of that food supply may have a definite, fixed and paying market, in which a good crop will be insurance against the hazards of a poor one, and not as at present the reverse.

How Radio Could Help

THERE is a close analogy between the solar heating and cooling system of the earth and the combustion and cooling cycles of an automobile. Each continental area is like a different make of automobile, but all work on the same principles. The great importance to the welfare of the whole human race of long range forecasting will prove one of the principal instruments in bringing about and maintaining universal peace. Five wireless stations on the arctic front of Canada could give Washington radio warning five days in advance of cold waves, and thus enable American fruit growers to protect millions of dollars' worth of fruit. Those stations would cost less to maintain than a single torpedo boat destroyer. The most important elements of the weather of Western and Central Europe can be forecast by stations in Greenland under the Danish flag. The weather signals of the Siberian stations will in time predict, four to six days earlier, the dates of storms now forecast in Manitoba, and meteorology indicates that the great Himalayan ranges and plateau have an important part in determining American weather, and consequently American crops.

Weather forecasting should know neither czar nor soviet; it should be as universal as the Lord's Prayer and as intelligible as the truth which sets men free. The weather under discussion is that of the northern hemisphere, and particularly relates to the United States.

The main problems of climate and weather can be reduced to simple statements. The sun's heat in the tropical zones is greater than its radiation there; so, through moisture-laden air currents and warm ocean currents, that surplus heat is carried toward the polar regions for discharge. Whenever and wherever moisture-laden air cools sufficiently its humidity comes down in rain or snow, apart from the much smaller quantity in dew or frost. Vegetation is the principal form in which the sun's heat is stored and retained. There are two principal ways in which rain is caused. Warm moist winds blow against a mountain range, which forces them to rise, expanding and cooling to the precipitation point. The windward sides of mountains near the ocean have heavy rainfalls, while the leeward sides have little. The other principal cause, especially in the temperate zones, is the meeting of a cold body of air from the north with a warm moist body from the south. The cold body acts like a mountain range; it thrusts itself under the lighter warm body, forcing it to rise, expand and cool till it precipitates its moisture. The cool current, with its stronger foothold on the earth, generally surrounds a body of the warm air and carries it along on its own course, which explains why storms travel at times thousands of miles.

When air warms it expands, and it contracts as it cools. Barometric pressures are the measurements of that expansion or contraction seeking relief. A barometric "high" is an area in which the pressure of expanding air has not been adjusted, and a "low" one in which the contracting tendency has not been completed. Since expansion is due to relatively warming influences, the tropical regions are the main source of "highs" and the arctic regions, for the opposite reason, the principal home of the "lows." But since ice and water cannot get below 32 degrees and air can and does drop in the arctic to as low as 70 degrees below zero, the ice and water may be relatively warmer than the air and thus create a "high." Similarly "lows" can be created in tropical zones by contact of heated air with colder waters or sudden descent of cold bodies from the upper air. The deep levels of all oceans are very cold and the lessening of pressure over an extended ocean area acts like a suction pump on a huge scale, drawing cold water from the depths.

A body of air 1,000 miles wide raised from minus 20 degrees to 80 degrees, a difference of 100 degrees, would expand 220 miles. That is about the normal expansion of tropical air on its way to the polar region, and is met by an equivalent contraction in its cooling. All winds are expressions of these two physical actions.

Relatively warm air in motion tends to flow outward, hence it follows a well-established physical law and turns with the hands of a clock, and is known as an *anticyclone*. A low area in motion is cooling and contracting, hence it tends to flow inward, and has a rotation opposite to the hands of a clock, and is called a *cyclone*.

There is a nearly *permanent high area* around the Azores, running south from the latitude of New York, known as the *Atlantic Subbermanent High*, and a similar one as well in the Pacific between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands called the *Pacific Subpermanent High*. There is a *Permanent Low* in the Atlantic near Iceland, and one in the Pacific near Bering Sea and the Aleutian Islands.

These are great air currents, sometimes hundreds of miles in diameter and having the characteristics of their names. They are not the causes of weather, but their varying sizes, changes in location, pressures and temperatures are most important in foretelling what weather changes may be expected.

Still another *High*, in Siberia in the neighborhood of Lake Baikal, covering the watershed from which spring the four great rivers, the Lena, Ob, Yenisei and Amur, gives the signals for weather conditions in the basin of the Volga and on the American continent.

It is the child of the Himalayas which is also the cause of the Indian monsoon rains. So the Himalayas may rightly be called the Father of the Weather.

The arctic ice cap, some 6,000,000 miles in area, has its major location between the North Pole, Siberia and the American continent, due to the landlock on the Continental side and the open Atlantic on the other, which lets in the northern arm of the Gulf Stream and lets out the huge ice fields in the countercurrents at all seasons. The location of this field is one of the main reasons for the greater severity of North American and Siberian winters than those of the same latitudes in Europe.

The tropical zones are the earth's heating and irrigation plant and the polar circles its refrigeration plants. Ice is stored cold. It takes as much heat to melt a pound of ice as to raise the resultant water to 180 degrees.

Rains Badly Distributed

FROM the equator to the tropic of cancer and farther north in summer lie the thermal waters of the Atlantic and Pacific extending well into the body of the continent in the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico. From their heated surfaces the sun draws from one-quarter to half an inch of water daily, or from 28 to 56 tons of water to the acre. Thus 137 inches of water is raised yearly from some 25,000,000 square miles of ocean surface. The actual figures are probably higher than these.

There are, again in round figures, 100,000,000 square miles of surface in the northern hemisphere on which this moisture must fall in rain or snow. Dew, frost and other forms of precipitation may for this calculation be ignored. There is, then, one-fourth of this 137 inches to be distributed more or less unevenly to each and every portion of this half of the globe, in rain or snow, an allotment of 34.25 inches.

It is obvious that this is very unevenly distributed both as to time and place. Much rain falls on the oceans near its points of absorption. Tropical regions tend either to rainy seasons with a high annual precipitation, like the Valley of the Amazon, with from 80 to 120 inches, a low average like the Peninsula of Yucatan in Mexico with about 14 inches, or none at all as in the Desert of Sahara. In the United States the figures run from 10 inches in Southern California to 10-20 in the high western plains, increasing to 20-30 east of the 100th meridian into the Missouri Valley, rising toward 35 through the Ohio Valley and to the Atlantic coast, and again increasing toward 60 on the Gulf coast.

The tropical heat finds in the ocean currents powerful instruments for distribution. The Gulf Stream, crossing the Caribbean Sea and curving around the west end of Cuba, passes the Florida Straits at high speed and enters the temperate zone with a mean temperature of 86 degrees, losing only two degrees with every 10 degrees of north latitude. Turning east off the Newfoundland Banks it reaches the British Isles still nine degrees above the bordering seas. Here the main body turns south to complete its circuit, but an important branch has set off northeastward, rounds North Cape, gives Russia a winter port in Kola Bay, and plunges under arctic ice between Spitzbergen and the Siberian coast, to start the easterly and northerly drift of Amundsen and other arctic explorers. The Japanese Current has a similar important route around the North Pacific basin, save that the narrow Bering Straits permit no such extensive arctic excursion as is taken by the Gulf Stream's offshoot.

The polar south-bound ocean currents are made up of waters from the northern branch of the Gulf Stream now cooled to near freezing temperature, the slighter current which in summer passes north through the shallow Bering Straits, and the balance from arctic snow, which, compacted into snow-ice in the great polar fields or flowing from the glaciers in icebergs, joins the southern stream either through the Greenland-Laborator Straits, or through the wide gateway east of Greenland.

For the purposes of this article, American weather can be considered as beginning with the movement of huge bodies of warm moisture-laden air pushed up from the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent Atlantic by the expanding pressure of the subtropical high areas. By the time this front reaches the northern border of the United States a series of "lows" should begin to appear not far from the Canadian line. These "lows" run in families of from three to six, usually spaced about five days apart, and proceeding *en echelon* like the shares of a gangplow, each succeeding one swinging farther south than its predecessor. They all have an easterly tendency.

Now the *Aleutian Low* begins to assume importance. If it is above normal pressure and therefore weak and slow in its rotation, and at the same time north of its usual location, the *cyclonic low* will take a course far south, producing stormy weather with great alternations of temperature in the United States.

Effect of a Northern Snow

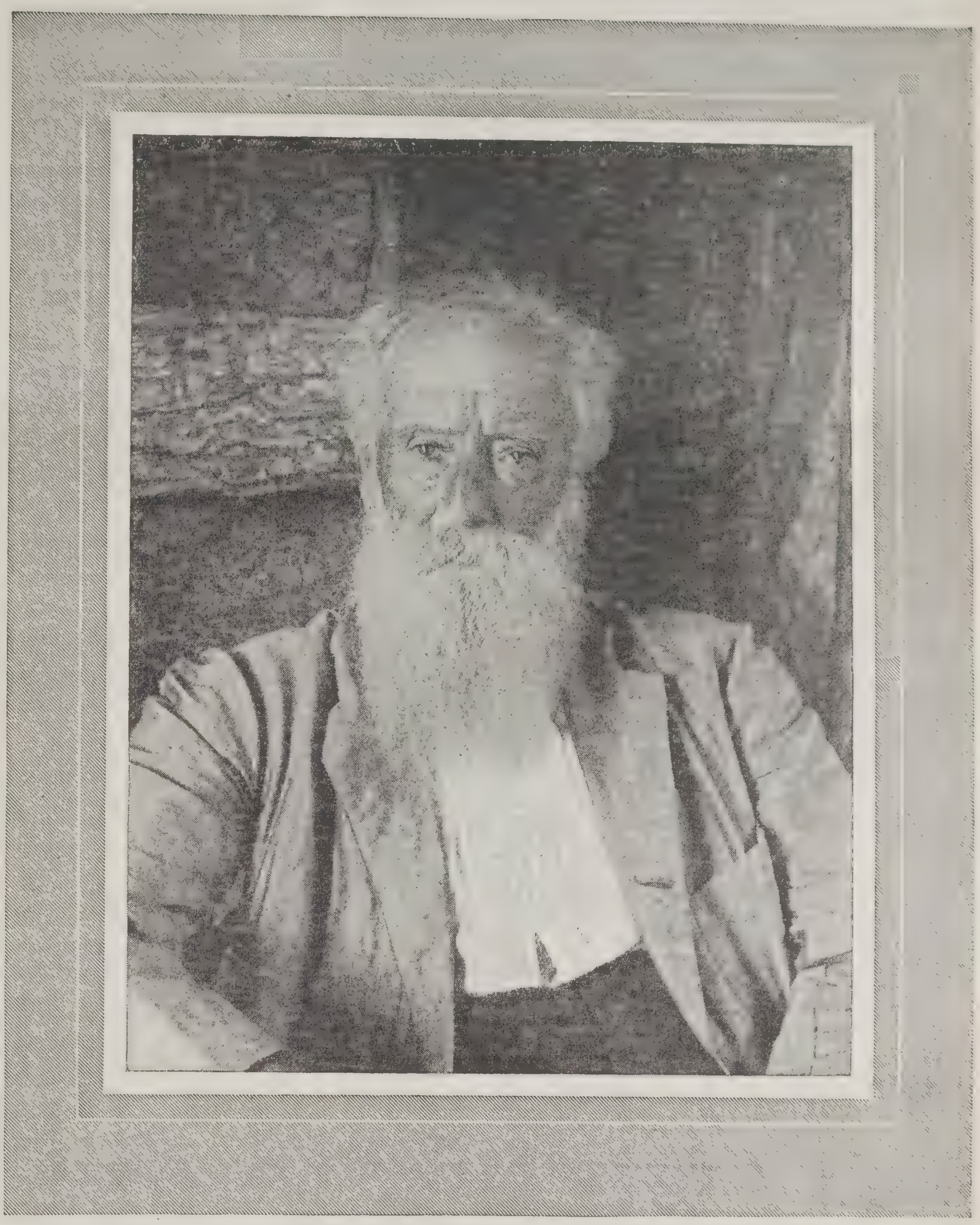
A DROP in the Aleutian barometer is the signal that a *cyclonic low* will appear somewhere on the American frontier within 36 hours. As it deepens, other "lows" of the group will appear, the second and third stronger than the first, and usually gaining in force toward the middle of their journey, as the encountered "highs" lessen their opposition. But the point of appearance of the "lows" *moves north and south with the Aleutian Low.* Here, then, is plainly a body of air still contracting in volume and obviously descending from the upper atmosphere, as proved by its anti-clock rotation. Its speed will be measured by its low barometer in contrast to that of the surrounding higher areas, and its ability to do its proper work will be measured by its area and temperature. If it is of high vitality and strength, that is, of low barometer and temperature and wide area, it will push a broad tongue under and around the warm moist air from the south, force it up so that both by expansion and commingling the warm air will cool and precipitate rain or snow, according to the season.

The rain front may be anywhere from 50 to 300 miles in extent, and its easterly progress will depend on the balancing of forces between the warm southerly wind and its arctic mate. If the *Aleutian Low* is well to the south and deep, the later members of the cyclone family may swing south to the Gulf of Mexico and then curve up the Atlantic coast in heavy storms, as did the fearful gale at the end of December, 1922, which raged clear across the Atlantic.

The indrawing currents of a *cyclonic low* pull in on their westerly side cold currents from the north, so the passage of a "low" is attended by a fall in temperature and occasionally further precipitation, especially on the high western plains. Between two cyclone families is usually an interval of time wide enough to let in an anticyclone from the arctic, when conditions are right. This will generally carry a temperature low enough to bring on a cold wave in winter and by thrusting under warm air in the spring produce frosts and even freezes destructive to fruit and early vegetation. A deep Canadian snow cover remaining late, together with a late and severe arctic winter, will cause such anticyclones to move far south like the cold wave of March, 1922, which swept the whole citrous belt from California to Florida, doing immense damage, or the two which in May, 1921-22, swept the fruit sections from New York to Virginia with equally damaging results

John Burroughs as a Critic of Literature

His "Literary Values" Work of Keen Analysis—By JOHN D. ANDERSON



JOHN BURROUGHS was born at Roxbury,in the Catskills, April 3, 1837 and died en route for home from California, March 29, 1921. His family was poor, and he was obliged to earn his living at an early age by teaching school. A volume of Audubon which came into his hands when he was about 25 proved the inspiration for the study of birds and nature which has been his passion through life. He was a clerk in the Treasury Department in Washington during the latter part of the Civil War, when he wrote his first book, "Wake-Robin," and part of his second, "Winter Sunshine," living over again in them his youthful experiences. From 1873 until his death, however, he has lived on the banks of the Hudson in the midst of the woods and fields which he most enjoyed. Much of what he learned he imparted to his readers in his long series of delightful books, which include accounts of his travels in England, Alaska and Jamaica, and essays on literature, science and philosophy, as well as his unrivaled interpretations of nature. He often declared that he could take root nowhere else than in the Catskills and that he found his greatest delights in being privileged to live there nearly all of his 84 years.

I SUPPOSE that most people who know John Burroughs by reason of what he has written love him. Nearly all of this group will be very likely always to regard him as a man of the woods and of the solitary places—the man so entranced by nature and nature's ways that he seemed always to be an actual part of his isolated surroundings. That was one John Burroughs, but there is another.

Let us see if he is not more than the man who tells us of his rambles in the fields and delights us with his accounts of bird life. Others have taken us on journeys such as he makes though none have told us in such happy phrases what it all meant to them. If we cannot take from our own observations of nature all that John Burroughs was able to take, it is because we cannot throw about it the witchery of thought such as he was capable of employing.

He has told us that literature does not grow wild in the woods. "Every artist does something more than copy nature; more comes out in his account than goes into the original experience." Either consciously or otherwise John Burroughs has, in much that he has written, given us a new literature and it is more than merely writing about forests and flowers and trees. In it all he has been self-revealing and his mind is an open book to those who may choose to read what he has set down.

By no means all that he has told us has to do with wild life along the river banks, in the open spaces or in the wilder spots of the Catskills, or indeed in places farther distant from the region he loved best. He has done more than this and has in two of his books—his interpretation of Walt Whitman and "Literary Values" shown keenness beyond that displayed by most literary critics in showing us what are the enduring qualities in literature and what is the chaff. He never brands harshly the work of any writer but a study of John Burroughs, the literary critic of high merit, enables us the better to select that which is really worth while.

How many people have made the discovery that John Burroughs is a first-rate guide to literature and reading—that the contents of four of his 22 published volumes are taken up, not with nature-writing, but with the art of literary expression. If he had not been critical in his estimations he could not have written as he did about Whitman 29 years ago. This work he completed a couple of years after the time of Whitman's death which took place at Camden, New Jersey, March 26, 1892.

It requires a deep study of the art of writing as found in the production of others to make a competent judge of literature and it takes a kindness of heart and frankness of manner to make the worth-while critic. All of these qualities were both well blended and well balanced in John Burroughs.

Writing all that he did about Whitman was perhaps more a labor of love than anything which he ever put on paper. Burroughs' first meeting with the "Good Gray Poet" was through the latter's writing. He speaks of it in this way: "I first became acquainted with Whitman's poetry through the columns of the old *Saturday Press* when I was 20 or 21 years old (1858 or 1859). The first things I remember to have read were "There Was a Child Went Forth," "This Compost," "As I Ebb'd With the Ocean of Life," "Old Ireland," and maybe a few others. I was attracted by the new poet's work from the first. It seemed to me a larger, freer air than I found in the current poetry. Meeting Bayard Taylor about this time, I spoke to him about Whitman.

"'Yes,' he said, 'there is something in him, but he is a man of colossal egotism.'"

John Burroughs says that a few years later, when he was presented with a copy of "Leaves of Grass" it proved both fascinating and a puzzle. "I gazed upon it like a colt upon a mountain, taking what tasted good to me, and avoiding what displeased me, but having little or no conception of the purport of the work as a whole."

Perhaps if John Burroughs had given us these two books earlier and before his reputation as a naturalist and a nature writer had become so firmly fixed in the minds and thoughts of his readers it would have been a bit easier for him to have attained more fully the reputation of a critic. It took a good while for Walt Whitman and his work to grow into John Burroughs' mind, just as it has taken time for Whitman's work to grow upon other minds, until today those who in their praise place him in the front rank of American poets without raising objections from persons who earlier would have given to Poe and to Longfellow and to Bryant a higher place than any of this trio now occupies. Whitman has advanced with the passing of the years. The reputations of many have become dim with flight of time.

From 1863 until 1873 John Burroughs and Walt Whitman were intimate and the friendship lasted until Whitman's death. Burroughs recounts that he went to Camden yearly to see his friend.

"It is the true breath of humanity and not literary merit that constitutes the beautiful," declares Renan. And John Burroughs declares that Whitman was not linked with the studied and scholarly productions and not open to the more bookish mind, but was more akin to the primitive utterances and oracles of historic humanity. "A literary age like ours lays great stress upon the savor of books, art, culture, and has little taste for the savor of real things, the real man which we got in Whitman. * * * He has aimed at the larger poetry of forces, masses, persons, enthusiasms, rather than at the poetry of the specially rare and fine. He kindles in me the delight I have in space, freedom, power, the elements, the cosmic, democracy, and the great personal qualities of self-reliance, courage, candor, charity."

Toward the close of this book John Burroughs admits the difficulties which surround and hedge in the one who attempts to write about Whitman. He says that he felt almost as much at sea with regard to him as when he first began to study him; not, of course, at sea with regard to Whitman's commanding genius and power, but with regard to any adequate statement and summary of him in current critical terms.

Burroughs declares that as a man Whitman united the masculine and feminine elements in a remarkable degree, as he united the innocent vanity of the child with the self-reliance of a god. In his moral aspects he united egotism and altruism, pride and charity, individualism and democracy, fierce patriotism and the cosmopolitan spirit, while in his literary aspects he united mysticism and realism, the poet and the prophet, both the local and the universal.

Burroughs expresses the belief that Whitman will not live by separate passages or in a few brief poems any more than Shakespeare, or Homer, or Dante, or the Bible so live. "The chief thing about Whitman is the personality which the poetic gift is engaged in exploiting: the excitement of our literary or artistic sense is always less than the excitement of our sense of life and of real things. The appearance of such a man as Whitman involves deep world-forces of race and time. He is rooted to the very basic structure of his age."

Had John Burroughs never encountered Walt Whitman, it is not unlikely that Emerson would have remained his great inspiration. He was much swayed by the New England philosopher in his very earliest writing, apart from his nature essays. He admits that we owe much to Emerson but Emerson was much more of a *made* man than Whitman. The secondary forces had a hand in his life to greater degree. These were the college, the church and much of New England social and literary culture. What Whitman wrote has in it the incentive of nature and the charm of real things and what he has done has been to foster manly endeavor and to encourage the great virtues of sanity and self-reliance.

The person who for the first time takes "Literary Values" in hand for a reading will never forget the opening sentences of the book:

"The day inevitably comes to every writer when he must take his place amid the silent throngs of the past, when no new work from his pen can call attention to him afresh, when the partiality of his friends no longer counts, when his friends and admirers are themselves gathered to the same silent throng, and the spirit of the day in which he wrote has given place to the spirit of another and a different day. How, oh, how will it fare with him then? How is it going to fare with Lowell and Longfellow and Whittier and

(Concluded on page 14)

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Courts Not Above Criticism

SOME time ago, discussing the life tenure of Federal Judges, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT remarked the increase in the feeling that appointments to the national judiciary, being almost entirely for political service rather than demonstrated ability, necessarily made court decisions liable to bias instead of careful analysis of the constitutionality of the laws under challenge.

The fact is not of recent origin, for in the history of the Federal bench it is a matter of easy demonstration that even among the best of the jurists on the Supreme as well as the lower courts, few names have been selected exclusively for merit. From Justice Marshall, whose constitutional interpretations are accorded more weight than those of any other head of the Federal Supreme Court, to Justice Taft, whose decisions have been most criticised, it would be difficult to select a name not chosen from among the active partisans of theories held by the appointing power.

In recent years labor decisions have met with the most severe and outspoken denunciations, and the opposition has declared such criticism to be almost, if not quite, treasonable. Instead of recognizing the right of free personal opinion and its expression, the suggestion is frequent that such questioning of the sanctity of courts should involve severe penalties.

Among labor decisions, those affecting the employment of women and children have been met with especially strong vituperation. It is doubtful if the average citizen realizes the extent to which remedial laws intended to correct industrial abuses have been voided by the highest court, while few know the effect of such decisions on classes not especially sympathetic with the labor movement. One such publicist writes:

"Bulletin 321 of the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics deals with the efforts of various legislatures to enact laws for the protection of labor that have failed because of court action declaring the statutes so enacted unconstitutional. No less than 270 instances of such ineffective legislation are cited. It is not surprising, in the face of facts like these, that both the laboring people and the friends of progressive legislation are growing increasingly sensitive in reference to the type of men appointed as judges. For even the fairest of men are swayed by their preconceptions and their usual modes of thought."

But for its moderation, the quotation might have been from one of the most radical of labor publications. It is, however, from the St. Louis *Christian Advocate,* a leading Methodist weekly, and is a fair example of the expressions of church papers of almost every denomination, although unusually mild in tone.

The growth of the sentiment that in some way the greed of industry, which demands the sacrifice of human life and character, may be curbed. is a welcome sign. The right of each child to a chance in life, the demand that industry cease enslaving the toiling masses, not only as a right but as a safeguard to society, will in the end prevail.

Lumber and Labor

IT IS a common thing for publications devoted to the construction business to charge to the high cost of labor any deterring influence on building. Excessive figures in tenders are invariably accounted for by reference to the cost of labor. It is therefore of great interest to the public that an authoritative analysis of cost should be made, and the *Retail Lumberman* is entitled to thanks for having made it possible to figure out the exact bearing an increase in wages has to the total increase in the cost of building.

The *Retail Lumberman* publishes sample advertisements calculated to be sales promoters. These are usually illustrated by pictures and charts that serve the double purpose of calling attention to and explaining the text.

A late example is headed, "Don't Let This 'Bird' Frighten You," and pictures a modern frame house, flanked by the "bird," which is labeled, "High Price Bugaboo," in pursuit of a roll of paper to which the artist has given legs, arms and a countenance in which fear is depicted. This fellow is labeled, "Your Plan to Build."

Accompanying is a chart, showing the relative cost of the items going into the full contract price of the house. This chart places the cost of the lumber at 17 per cent of the whole. Then follows the argument:

"There are a few prospective home builders who get all 'worked up' over an advance of $1 or $2 in lumber prices. Perhaps it is because they do not realize how small a part of the total cost of a home is represented by the amount spent for lumber. The diagram above shows how the costs are divided. Don't let the High Price Bugaboo rout your plans to build."

A summary of the chart shows that an advance of $1 a thousand feet of lumber could affect the total cost less than one-fourth of one per cent.

The value of this easily understood explanation is that the chart applies not only to the item of lumber, but to every other item enumerated. Lumber stands second in the list, being exceeded only by "excavating, stone, brick and concrete work," at 20.1 per cent, which, of course, is subject to a similar comparison.

The third item is "carpenter and miscellaneous labor," which accounts for 15.6 per cent, also entitled to the same comparison.

The injustice of charging to labor the excessive cost of building is thus made apparent, as wage variations could not much exceed, if they equal, the added cost due to advances in lumber prices. The three items enumerated comprise 52.7 per cent of total cost.

There is no line in which labor cannot be shown less blamable for high prices than the public generally is led to believe. The railroads, for instance, figure the cost of extra men on train crews where trains exceed a certain number of cars, but they do not let the public know that the addition of a single loaded car to a train more than covers the labor cost of the entire train for the distance carried, while the addition of a man to the crew adds but 20 per cent to the wage cost of a train exceeding fifty cars. The wages of a crew handling 75 to 100 cars is identical with that of a "light" engine sent 100 or more miles after an accumulation of loads or empties.

The Department of Labor has estimated that the average labor cost in production is but nine per cent. If this be true, how little effect changes in hour or day wage can have on ultimate price.

The Highest Tax

WITHIN a short time the retail price of granulated cane sugar has risen from a level of about six cents a pound to nine cents and eleven cents, or 50 per cent. Except for the brazen announcement that "because of a threatened shortage, prices will be" and so on, no explanation is offered, and the commissions and fact-finding committees which are paid to keep us posted will probably not have a word to say.

Sugar is one of the most staple of foodstuffs. With an unlimited field of production, there is no danger of any shortage from natural causes. The charge has been made with truth that even in the midst of the World War, there was not a moment when the Sugar Trust could not have supplied the world needs at normal prices and made a handsome profit.

The hypocrisy of the Sugar Trust is exposed by the Oakland (California) *Observer,* which quotes the announcement of the monopolists as stating that certain branches, including those on the Pacific, would not raise prices at present, but had no sugar for sale. It is declared that the warehouses in California are filled to capacity.

A tax levy approaching a fraction of the new sugar rate would cause a revolt powerful enough to retire an administration. Many families will pay a bigger tax on their sugar than the collector will ask on their homes.

The President Puts Them Back

THERE is no objection whatever to any former United States Senator making his living. It would be rather serious if we had reached the time when a term in the United States Senate disqualifies a man for the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens.

And yet, when the people with marked emphasis express their desire that certain men be disconnected with the government, it may become a delicate question how far a President may go in reinstating such men to places in the government.

It is always to be assumed that when the people throw men out of the government, they want them out.

The President has taken care of a number of former officials whom the people discredited at the last election. He may have felt that "the party owed it to them." Probably the "party" does. But is it for the "party" to pay its debts with the funds and emoluments of the people?

No one begrudges the defeated Senators their new jobs. But what does their reinstatement in government positions do? It simply makes the city of Washington that much more stuffy as an official center.

Our government is rapidly becoming a concentration of men and methods which the people have repudiated, and that is not a good condition to encourage.

Risks All on a Single Throw

SENATOR HIRAM W. JOHNSON has gained his position in politics because of his bitter opposition to the regular organization of the party to which he has always claimed allegiance. He has delivered some powerful blows at reaction, and has received severe thrusts. He has demonstrated his hold on public favor in California when the party press has opposed him with a more than ordinary spirit of hatred. Instead of revolting in 1920, as Roosevelt did in 1912, he accepted the situation and took counsel with himself as to the course most wise for him to pursue.

Theodore Roosevelt brought reaction to his feet. The party sought his leadership after he had demonstrated his power. His death left his followers without a leader sincere and courageous enough to maintain the progressive ideas for which he fought. Johnson, proclaimed a worthy disciple, accepted the turndown by the machine with hardly a protest, yet kept the strength he had in his own state long enough to win a new term in the United States Senate. It was expected that Senator Johnson would strive to retain leadership among those who have been consistently hostile to "the interests."

For a year, however, Senator Johnson's course has been such as to cause conjecture as to his purpose. Pursuing a policy of isolation from his progressive colleagues, first deserting, then opposing them, the theory is advanced that he is seeking the favor of the reactionary wing of his party. It is claimed he has made overtures to the machine, and hereafter must be classed with the standpat reactionaries.

The case of Hiram Johnson thus becomes one of those tragedies whose true history seldom reaches the public. There are some, of course, who insist that he was insincere from the beginning. Supposing that he was at least ambitious (which always involves a certain proportion of public insincerity) was there not as fine a prospect for success in the progressive field as in the field he now occupies? More than sincerity is implicated in the change which has come over Senator Johnson's position. There was a day when Senator Johnson rose in the Senate and threatened, in words that set the Senate breathless, to make exposures that would rend the party: he has never made them. No one hearing him speak could doubt that he had knowledge, and neither could they doubt that he was capable of making his knowledge public. From that day to this his progress has been a steady recession into reaction. Why? What was the pressure, public or private, that made it seem ill-advised to Senator Johnson to continue on his progressive course? That it is pressure, public or private, the whole situation seems to indicate. Certainly it is not conviction nor a change of conviction, nor can it be ambition, for Senator Johnson may certainly know now that the faint prospects he formerly had are faded forever.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE conduct of a business is dependent on its beginning, because what is wrongly founded cannot be properly carried on. And yet there is perhaps less care taken about the planting of a business than about any other part of its history. The reason for this oversight in the past has been sheer ignorance, but now enough business experience has been had to enable all intending business men to understand what the principle of planting ought to be.

To begin with, no business can be justified at all which is not designed to perform some constructive service to society. That seems simple to say and yet few things are harder than to gain complete assent to its truth. It is harder still to induce practice to follow upon assent.

But even to say that is not to say it all. Most of the standard businesses exist because, however faultily, they do perform some service to society. We are rapidly passing out of the stage of experience where absolutely harmful businesses can exist. One after another the major parasites in business are being abolished. Society will no longer support that which for profit destroys society. We may count one by one the collapse and disappearance of those trades, beginning with the trade in human beings, which have flourished by the degeneration of their customers.

> *THE first rule of business is: Begin Right. Your best capital will be an article that serves and a market needing the service. Your worst capital will be money put into your hands for the sake of the dividends you are expected to produce. A business that is primarily obligated to dividends will not be able to rise to the only element that produces profit—the Element of Service. Stockholders who have no part in the work of a business are a millstone about the neck of the business, and few businesses ever survive them. Begin with your idea and your article and let them build up your business. Let it grow from its own roots. It will be sounder and stronger for it. But best of all, it will escape the dry-rot of the absentee stockholder which has so harmfully affected American business in the past.*

It remains, however, that many businesses which are entirely necessary and useful to society are conducted on the same principles which marked those businesses which were unnecessary and entirely hurtful. Even a good business which renders service may be so conducted as to curtail service and greatly minimize the usefulness that ought to mark it. Examples of this will readily occur. Take the grain trade. Surely nothing could be more justifiable than the trade which places breadstuffs within the reach of men everywhere. And yet it is a public scandal long continued that this business has been conducted less with reference to breadstuffs than to money profits. The bread service has been minimized and at times seriously dislocated that the money profits might increase. Coal is another example. The supply of fuel to a population annually subject to the rigors of winter is a business which would seem to have every element of high humanity in it, and yet what citizen does not know that the whole emphasis of the coal business has been to render fuel hard to get.

So that there is quite another problem, which is the proper conduct of a proper business.

No business can justify itself and be conducted mainly for profit. Surely it should not be necessary to fence that statement with explanations, and yet no statement is more certain to be misinterpreted. The first mistake made concerning it is that it is "idealistic," that it expresses an altruistic temper and not a practical experience. It seems to be a flouting of profit as unnecessary.

So that it becomes desirable to add that, of course, no business can be conducted without profit. Profit is the daily food of commerce upon which the serviceable enterprise sustains itself. What is meant is this: a business whose first purpose is profits is a business whose profits are precarious, because its emphasis is against the very element which inevitably produces profits, namely, the element of service. People patronize a business because it serves them in some need; even though it niggardly supplies the need and at a cost in excess of that which the principle of service requires, still they patronize it; but never to the extent that they patronize a business where service comes first. And a niggardly service is always at the mercy of a more generous service: here is the main field of competition, that of service and quality.

But why is it that so many businesses must start out to consider profit first and service secondary? There is, of course, the element of human greed, but it may be said that a man actuated by greed never really invents the idea around which a great business can grow: the greedy mind is too small for such great seeds to grow in it.

There is something else to consider besides greed, there is the fallacy of business organization. Many a business begins wrong and never gets right again, because in beginning wrong it has enslaved itself to the wrong principle.

To be very plain about this: a business which is rooted in stockholders begins with a millstone about its neck and can never come to its normal stature until that millstone is removed.

The objection to stockholders is not a selfish one. That is to say, one does not object to the number of persons who profit by a business. The more people who profit the bigger and better the business is. Profits ought always to be threefold and plentiful—they should flow to the public that patronizes the business, to the men that work in the business, and to the business itself that it may grow stronger and more serviceable.

The objection to stockholders is this: from the very first, a business rooted in stockholders must bend all its energies to the production of profit as the first and major object. It cannot do otherwise. Stock companies exist to produce dividends first. Stockholders are often described as people who put money into a business; they are better described as people who want to take money out of a business without doing any of the work necessary to produce the money. Analyze the mind and motive of the person who invests in stock, and what is it?—it is the desire to take a percentage from the earnings of other men. The stockholder is mostly an absentee, he does not as a rule lend himself to the building of the business. He is always a liability. He enters for the sake of profits and his demand is always for profit. If anyone would fully understand the curtailment of service in business, let him examine the influence of the absentee stockholder. No one should profit from a business who does not serve that business in the capacity of producer or consumer. The customer is as much a part of the business as the seller is, and both are entitled to a profit.

Men ask, "Well, how are you going to start business without stockholders? Isn't capital necessary?" Capital is necessary. An idea is capital. Means to produce a few of the things that are to be sold, is capital. The market—the need of the people for what you have—is capital. But a lot of people hanging around the side lines waiting to take what the business produces is not capital, it is liability. Every man at work is an asset; every man with his hand out is a liability.

It remains for young men to learn this lesson: start with what you have; let the worth of what you have build up the business; let it grow steadily out of the service it renders; and if it is really rendering service it will grow steadily and soundly enough. Besides, in this way you will learn and you will be able to make improvements as you go along, whereas if you start big, your whole apparatus and organization are molded upon a commodity which may need to be improved but which you cannot improve because you have patterned everything to produce it in just the style in which it may have been conceived. A business which wishes to start out full-grown is stunted all its life.

The whole character of what you attempt will be colored by the way you begin. If you begin after the parasitic fashion of the day you will be feeding parasites as long as the business lives, and eventually the parasites will kill it. Begin with what you have; let the business grow by worth and work; and where these elements exist the necessary profit will not be lacking.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Latest Swindle: "Psyching the Jack" Charlatans' New Game Prospers

"Doctors of Scientific Healing" on "Lecture Tours" Reap Rich Harvests From Credulous People Whom Fakers "Wish Well"

By A. FRANCIS MORTON, JR.

THE "Spanish swindle" has gone the way of the fake oil stock game. The three-shell man no longer has a concession with the traveling circus and carnival company; the rain-maker, the patent medicine show, the lightning rod fake and the clairvoyant are now things of memory. A new fake has taken the center of the stage patronized by the gullible masses. A new army of fakers infests the land.

A few weeks ago the writer received a telegram from an old acquaintance asking him to join him. A few days later we sat in his elegant apartments in one of the finest hotels in the West. He wore a two-carat diamond; he had a wardrobe of a dozen or more suits of clothes; he carried an office staff with him, and every stenographer seemed busy answering letters. He had his stenographers and private secretary quartered in the same hotel, and to reach him it was necessary to make an appointment a day or two in advance.

"I knew you when you did not have an extra suit of clothes and now—!"

The "Free-will Offering"

"JUST as frank as ever, aren't you? Three years ago I had but one suit of clothes and I was flat broke!"

"You must have struck it rich?"

"I have," he answered, "I have the best game in the world. Psychology has made me independently rich. I'll make $10,000 out of this town and this is a nasty place. The doctors ride you fearfully. But I made $13,000 in the last town!"

"How long do you remain in a city?"

"I stay in a town about a month. I give a dozen free lectures and then I hold a class in applied psychology and scientific healing. I get $25 for a membership and almost every class member buys a set of my books. That means $15 or $20 more. Then I give private readings—psychoanalysis. I make a few appointments for private healing also."

"But how can you afford to give a dozen free lectures? Your hall rents must be high." He smiled as he glanced at the two-carat diamond on his left hand.

"I take up a free-will offering each night. The hall costs me $100 and the collections always pay the hall rent and a part of the advertising bills as well." I had noticed several six and eight-sheet lithos on the signboards near the union station; I also saw several display advertisements in the morning papers as I came in.

That evening I attended his "free" lecture. I noticed that the collection plates were stacked up in the front office of the theater ready for use. *A dollar bill was on each plate!* A little later I heard my old friend give his opening talk on "The Law of Abundance." This talk was calculated to unloosen the purse strings of his audience.

"As you give of your abundance," he said, "so it shall be returned to you twofold and more. During my campaign in S——— last winter an old lady came to every one of my free lectures. Each night she put a dollar bill in the collection plate and as she gave her dollar, she later told me, she visualized it coming back to her in $10 bills. She was perfectly relaxed, in mind and body, and her sweet soul was sending out vibrations of love and charity for all the world as she gave her dollar. Before I concluded my class, which she also took, she told me of the great demonstration she had had.

"Vibration Did It"

"SHE got up in the class and told us all about it—of how she had been giving a dollar each night as she sent out her vibration for greater happiness, health and prosperity. She said she had just about run out of dollars when one day the postman brought her a letter from a distant relative who had inherited an immense fortune. This relative had more than he wanted, more than he could use, and so he sent this dear old lady a check for $10,000. How did it come about? Vibration did it, my friends, and this is a scientifically proved fact. That old lady had been sending out vibrations of love and charity as she gave of her abundance; night after night she relayed the thought of health, happiness and prosperity and her vibrations went way across the continent and lodged in the consciousness of that rich relative who had more money than he knew what to do with. So it is, my friends, as we send out our thoughts for health, happiness and prosperity these things come back to us. As we give so we receive only we receive more, 10 times more, in return, than we give. We are now going to take up the evening offering. Relax your minds and bodies and as you give of your abundance be sure and send out the thought that it is coming back to you; visualize the money pouring into your lap, feel it, count it and plan how you are going to spend it. Don't visualize for $10 when you might as well visualize a million dollars. The law of abundance knows no limit. Don't think in terms of pennies but in terms of dollars." And then the ushers passed the collection plates—*and each plate had a decoy dollar.*

All through the "free" lecture the speaker told of his experiences in some city several thousands of miles away. He told of cancer cures he had wrought; he told of 41-pound tumors he had eliminated through autosuggestion; he told of marvelous and miraculous cures of epilepsy and paralysis, and there seemed to be no limit to the number of cures he had wrought in every field of human misery—from broken necks to corns. "In the class which follows I teach my class members how they can do the same thing," was thrown in as a seasoner, and appetizer, during his talk about drugless healing and the power of the subconscious mind. When he talked about the phenomenal success some of his former class members had achieved—in cities several thousands of miles distant—he never failed to tell his audience that "in the class which follows I teach you how to attain business success, prosperity—and love. There is no reason why any woman should die an old maid. There is no *scientific* reason why *anyone* should be homely and ugly."

Books Help His Profit

HE HAD been holding forth in one of the largest auditoriums for a week and so I missed the first half of his "free" lecture course, but for the remainder of the week I spent with him he constantly "sold" himself to the audience. A corps of salesmen sold books before the main attraction each evening. These sales people were given a commission of 50 per cent on all sales. Before the "psychologist" left the city two of his sales force attached whatever office equipment the deputy sheriff could seize for unpaid commissions!

Later in the week I enjoyed several conferences with my old acquaintance and he told me of his success. When I knew him he was a struggling minister in a little town out West. He was "Reverend" to everyone in those days. Now he is "Doctor." He has written (?) about a dozen books on psychology but in reading them closely one is impressed with the fact that a great many paragraphs sound as though they had been written by someone other than the alleged author. There are pages of reading matter inclosed in quotation marks but no credit is given, either in the main body of the book or in the footnotes which invariably acquaint the reader with the fact that a more extended treatment of the subject matter may be found in another book, by the author, which sells at $3.50. The "free" lectures impress one with the fact that their main object is to get the loose change of those who cannot afford to spend $25 for the class "which follows" and to whet the appetites of those who purchase one book to the extent that they will buy another.

Hecklers Gotten Rid of

THE learned "Doctor" could not converse with any one familiar with any authorities on psychology and psychoanalysis. If any one in the audience attempted to take issue with him he invariably told the heckler to "hire a hall—I paid $150 for this one!" He refused to meet any one at all antagonistic to his theories, and it was as hard to get an audience with him as it is with the chief executive of the United States. But during my stay with him I learned more about the psychology of "getting the money" than I ever will be able to acquire in so short a time again. He had everything figured down to a nicety, and when he could not get money he got food. On one occasion he had a whole basket of fruit brought to the theater and delivered to him on the stage. He read a fictitious name as he fingered a card and said: "This dear old friend knows I love fruit. This occurs in *every* city I visit—some kind friend brings me a basket of fruit, food or other good things." During the remainder of his stay in the city he had plenty of fruit, brought by gullible people who had swallowed his talk about the "law of abundance." And at the close of the "free" lectures a "love offering" was taken up for the good "Doctor."

And just a few days ago I met a young lady in a city in Indiana. This young lady is reputed to be one of the most successful "campaigners" in the business. She has adopted some of the methods employed by "Billy" Sunday and she is ofttimes referred to as the "Billy Sunday" of psychology. She has a glib tongue, a charming personality and considerable business ability. She has been credited with having taken in no less than $17,000 in one single week. Like the "Doctor" this little lady is a good promiser. From the signboards, the public prints and a most elegantly printed line of handbills, heralds and programs she proclaims herself the wonder woman of the age. She promises to make clear the way of success in business, health and marriage. Like the "Doctor" she promises to tell you "How to make your dreams come true" and "How to achieve prosperity." She speaks of "science" and "psychology" as though they were recent discoveries, and the gullible public is invited to come out and hear her lectures "free." She sells books, gives private readings, accepts "love offerings" and in all her so-called "free" lectures she constantly refers to "the class which follows."

Reaping Golden Harvest

DURING my visit with the "Doctor" he told me how he happened to take up psychology. He had attended one of the "free" lectures and courses offered by the little lady I met a few days ago. He had been an adept student and in some minor details he had improved upon her methods of "psychologizing" her audiences. Especially had he improved upon the matter of making one evening pay a handsomer return than others. The "Doctor" advertised through the papers and from the platform each night that he would, on a certain night, give his "great sex lecture." This lecture was featured, and the "Doctor" did his utmost to impress upon his hearers that "this is no ordinary talk on sexology." In speaking of the big feature night the "Doctor" suggested more than he really put into words. The "sex lecture" was advertised liberally; his staff passed the word along to the ushers, and the ushers whispered some of the unadvertised "features" and by the time the lecture was to be given most of the seats were occupied by gullibles willing to part with $5 to listen to a talk composed of age-known facts concerning personal hygiene and sexology.

These campaigners are reaping a golden harvest from the gullible public. They have taken advantage of the fact that the present generation is given to an earnest effort in self-knowledge. They have done an endless amount of harm, and the methods employed to sell psychology as a patent cure-all of everything from marital unhappiness to cancer and poverty at once places these fakers in the same category with the three-shell man, the "Spanish swindle" and a host of other get-rich-quick schemes polite society outlawed long ago.

Psychology and psychoanalysis, properly applied and employed, will do wonders. A knowledge of the functionings of the subconscious mind will lighten the burden of thousands now harassed with self-pity, timidity, superstition and countless kindred woes of the mind. But it is not necessary for anyone to pay $25 to any of these so-called psychologists to learn the elementary laws of the subjective mind. Any ordinary library affords a source of information covering the entire field. However, it is not likely that the crowd which listens so intently to the glib-tongued "campaigners" would ever be inclined to go to the public library to get first-hand information from an authority on a noble science that is being prostituted by these promisers of wealth, health and success in love and marriage.

It Used to Be "Green Goods"

THESE charlatans are responsible for countless misconceptions of both psychology and psychoanalysis, and while many of them are reaping small fortunes through their "campaigns" it is safe to assume that their day of reckoning is not far distant.

The real psychoanalyst does not go about the land to proclaim himself a "wonder man" nor does he offer to sell the recipe of health, success, prosperity, love, marriage and beauty for $25. He does not conduct himself like a one-ringed circus, nor does he "psychologize" his audience to the extent that they will shower him with gold, fruit and other gifts in a vain hope that the so-called "Law of Abundance" will return a handsome dividend of 100 per cent.

Years ago the "green goods man" used to sell the union station, Brooklyn Bridge and the Statue of Liberty at least once a day; the patent medicine show held forth in the small hamlets and hundreds of people carted home gallons of medicine for every imaginable human ailment; the "Spanish swindle" was driving some farmers back to the farm, and hundreds of gawkish boys fell for the three-shell game in the side show. But those days are no more, and yet, "day by day in every way" the sheep are being shorn as the lambs were fleeced—years and years ago!

The New Jersey Colony of the Easter People

Village of Hope, in New Jersey, Today Evidences Its Founders' Handwork

IF WE are properly to understand the subject of the founding of the Moravian colony at Hope, in Warren County, New Jersey, in 1769, we must first glance backward to the earlier history of the Easter People. We must recount a bit of their Old-World life.

The Moravian Brethren formed a Christian commission first founded in the east of Bohemia. They were followers of John Huss (1373-1415). For some time after he was put to death, the Hussites split into two factions and wars followed. Under Peter of Chelcic, a leader who anticipated not a few of the teachings of Tolstoy, one branch of the church in 1457 founded a new community in the then deserted village of Kunwald. This sect taught the Apostles' Creed, rejected Purgatory and the worship of saints, practiced infant baptism and confirmation. They differed somewhat from Martin Luther in their doctrine of justification by faith. Their belief was that true faith consists in "knowing God, loving Him, doing His commandments, and submitting to His will." Their earlier history is interlaced with that of Moravia throughout the period coincident with the discovery of America.

At the head of this church was a body of 10 elders. These were elected by the synod which consisted of all of the ministers and this was constituted the supreme legislative authority of the Moravian Brethren. By the year 1549 the movement spread into Great Poland and educational institutions sprang up to further the teachings of the church. In the year 1609—the same that Hudson discovered the river which bears his name—Rudolph II granted the Letter of Majesty. At that period the Brethren formed half the Protestants in Bohemia and considerably more than half of those in Moravia. And this was the time of their greatest influence as a church denomination in Europe.

The Thirty Years' War nearly crushed them. They were widely scattered or absorbed by other churches. Some fled to England, others to Saxony and there is a legend to the effect that a party of them reached the shores of Texas. As a church group, however, they became nearly extinct and would no doubt have ceased to exist but for the efforts of Bishop John Amos Comenius (1592-1672). The branch which came to display the most activity was located in Germany—descended from the Waldenses who had left Moravia as early as 1480.

Count Zinzendorf became their leader and permitted a group of the Brethren to settle upon his estate in Berthelsdorf and there they built the town of Herrnhut. This was in 1722. He saw the abiding advantages which would come to those of the Moravian faith if a sufficient number of them could be induced to come to America. Their immigration was finally accomplished and the settlement was made at Bethlehem in Pennsylvania. A little later the village of Nazareth was also founded.

Zinzendorf had made more than ample plans for those who sought homes inland and beyond the western shores of the Atlantic. He had purchased from Lord Granville 100,000 acres of land. This vast tract was situated in that region of which Salem in North Carolina is now the center. There has been preserved there for us very full accounts of the founding of that Moravian colony. The Count had instructed Bishop Spangenberg to select the colony site in the land lately purchased. This was no easy task for the time was as long ago as 1752. Some three months were required by the bishop and his companions to explore that wilderness and select a suitable spot for the founding of the Salem Colony. They named it Wachau, Wachovia.

It was not until some months later and after the region had been surveyed that the first of this group of colonists left Bethlehem. This was the eighth day of October, 1753. Those to take the journey were 12 unmarried Brethren. These were to be the conquerors of that vast land nearly a thousand miles to the southward. They were not only to found a colony but to be the founders of a new religion in a new land. In the group were farmers, a pastor, carpenters, a baker and a doctor. It was not until November 17 that they reached the little cabin—their shelter in that lonely land. Thus reads the story of the beginnings of the southern undertaking.

While English settlers were pushing northward and westward into New Jersey, into what are now the Sussex and Warren County regions of the state, the Moravians at Bethlehem were only prospecting. In those days a very large part of the population was from necessity engaged in farming. It was indeed the only thing for most of them to do if they were to live.

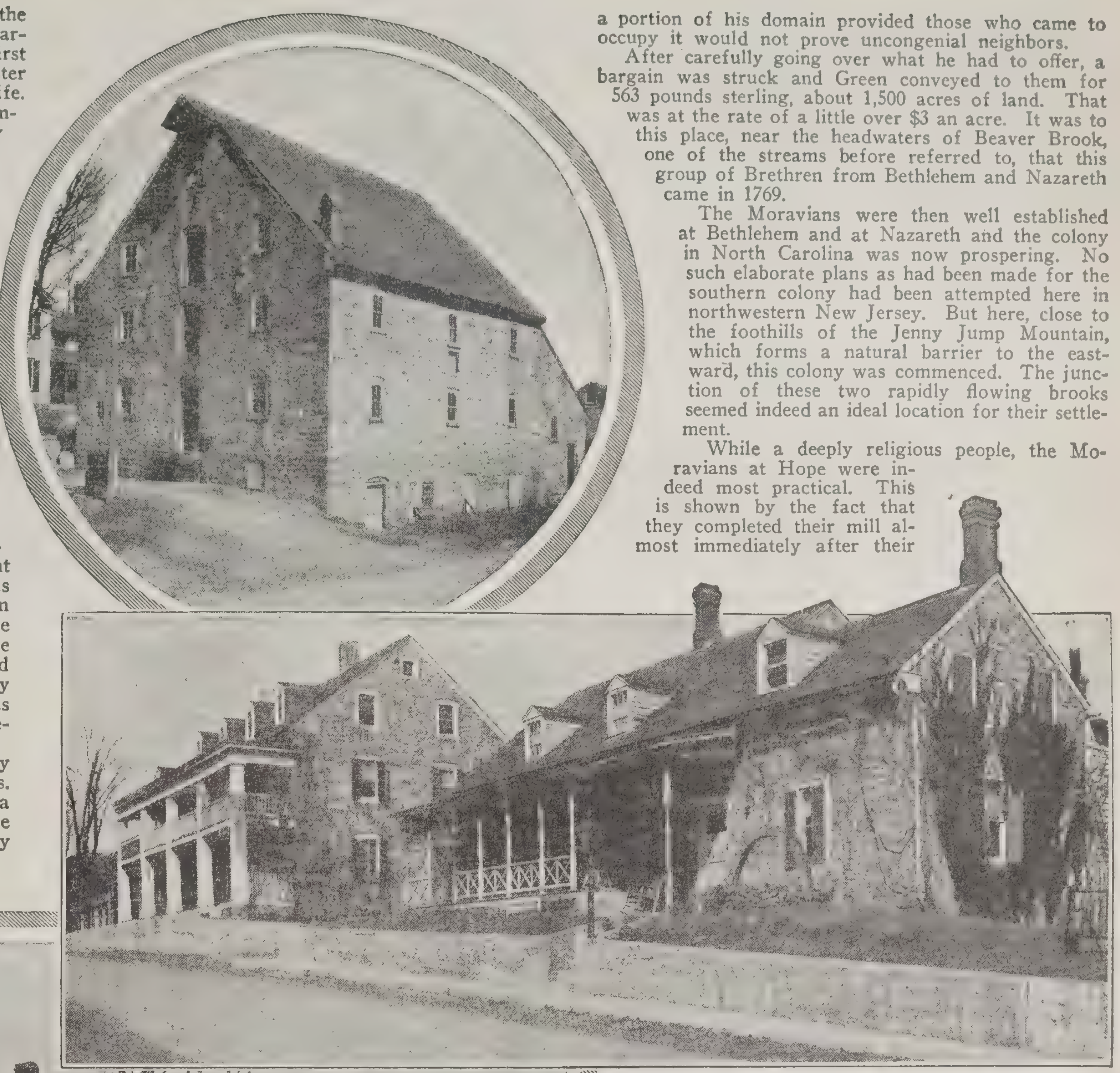
There had been a settlement in the region of Oxford, only about a dozen miles from Hope, as early as 1730. Hackettstown, 10 miles to the east, was founded some years before the Revolution. The pioneer settler in that region to which the Moravians came a little later was Samuel Green. He had gone there with his family from Long Island shortly before the French and Indian War, but the exact location of his abode is not now known. Sampson Howell was the second white settler. His advent was in 1767 or 1768. He was a man of remarkable versatility. He had not been long in the region before he had a well-cleared farm and sawmill, and is believed to have killed more bears, wolves, deer, wild turkeys and other game than any man who ever resided in that region. He left a larger number of descendants than any other pioneer of Warren County.

Those early arrivals were ever and ever in quest of fertile lands and it was to this region eight miles to the eastward of the Delaware River that the Moravians sent an exploring party in 1768. They had heard that at this junction of two small rivers—one formed by the final outlet of twin lakes three miles distant and the other by a lake much closer at hand—was much fertile soil, also that Mr. Green would not be averse to selling a portion of his domain provided those who came to occupy it would not prove uncongenial neighbors.

After carefully going over what he had to offer, a bargain was struck and Green conveyed to them for 563 pounds sterling, about 1,500 acres of land. That was at the rate of a little over $3 an acre. It was to this place, near the headwaters of Beaver Brook, one of the streams before referred to, that this group of Brethren from Bethlehem and Nazareth came in 1769.

The Moravians were then well established at Bethlehem and at Nazareth and the colony in North Carolina was now prospering. No such elaborate plans as had been made for the southern colony had been attempted here in northwestern New Jersey. But here, close to the foothills of the Jenny Jump Mountain, which forms a natural barrier to the eastward, this colony was commenced. The junction of these two rapidly flowing brooks seemed indeed an ideal location for their settlement.

While a deeply religious people, the Moravians at Hope were indeed most practical. This is shown by the fact that they completed their mill almost immediately after their arrival and their church was not finished until 1781.

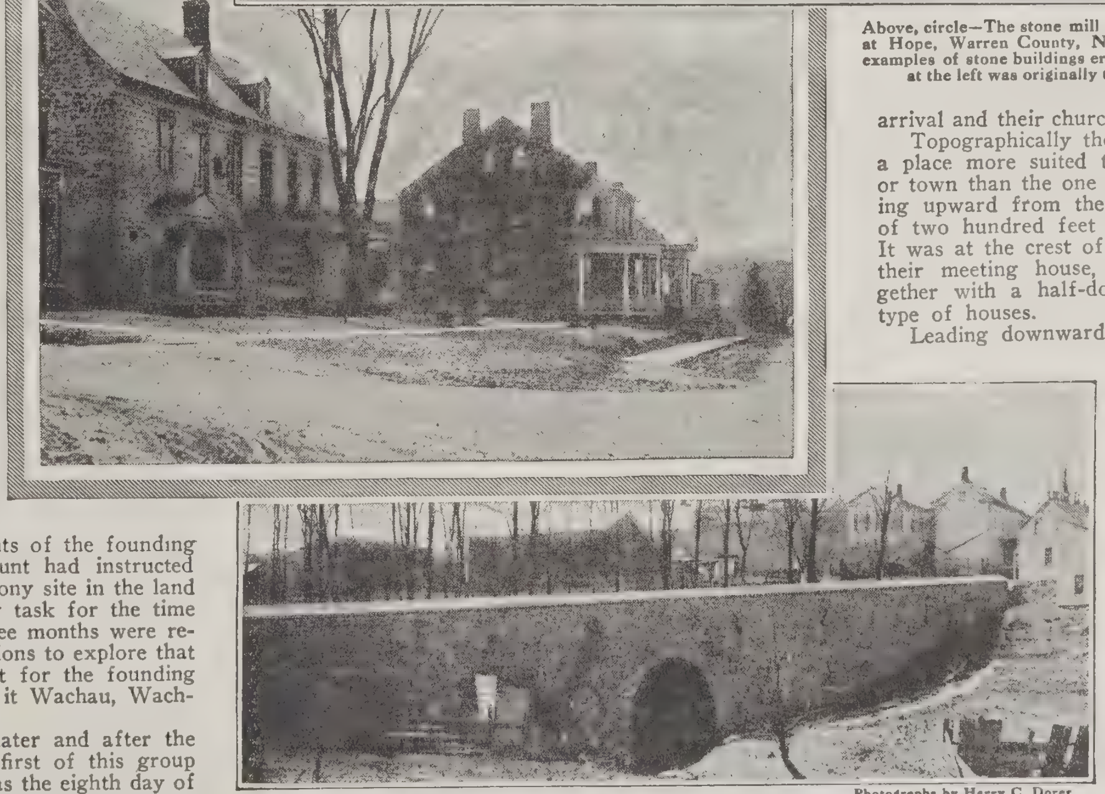


Above, circle—The stone mill erected by the Moravian Brethren at Hope, Warren County, New Jersey, in 1770. Below—Best examples of stone buildings erected at Hope. The large building at the left was originally the school, erected about 1772.

Topographically there could be found nowhere a place more suited to the building of a village or town than the one these people chose. Extending upward from the brook's course to a height of two hundred feet above it, is a sloping bank. It was at the crest of this that the Brethren built their meeting house, parsonage and school, together with a half-dozen or more of the better type of houses.

Leading downward to what had been planned as the lower part of the town, after the Continental fashion, they constructed a bridge—built causeway fashion. This stands even today as a memorial to the mason workers of those times.

The church stands near the center of the upper village and is the most imposing and substantial building erected there by these thrifty people. It has seen many vicissitudes since its builders and their descendants left this region. It is of gray limestone, of massive thickness and shows none of those customary forms of decay which we think of and describe as the ravages of time. Here it stands—the mute witness of the days of war and strife when the nation was struggling for independence; onward through the Constitutional period—the nation-forming period.



Photographs by Harry C. Dorer

Above—The large structure at the left was the church of the Moravian Brethren, completed in 1781 and abandoned in 1808. The building at the right was the parsonage at Hope. Below—A stone bridge constructed by Moravian Brethren at Hope. The bridge connects the upper and lower sections of the village. It was built about 1770.

Today this village at Hope, that portion in which the Moravians had a hand in building, shows on every hand the skill, the enduring love which characterized its founders. Its mill, originally a community undertaking, is today one of the best examples to be found of the plain architecture of that time. This, too, is of limestone with walls fully two feet thick. On three occasions since it was constructed the interior woodwork has been destroyed by fire. After each conflagration the walls were found to be firm and in no way damaged. Here grain is still ground.

Its water wheel is fed through a channel which extends 200 yards or so to the pond beyond. The water course or channel connecting the pond with the mill

(Concluded on page 14)

The Unprofitable Steam Train Is Replaced

Gasoline Car on Railroads Popular and Aids in Solving Pressing Problem

"Number 9000," the first rail bus put into service by the New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R., which now operates some 150 miles a day.

By J. OLIN HOWE

WHEN on a railway journey, how often you have wished you could ride on the engine and see the road ahead. Perhaps you have even done this, in which case you found a surprising succession of jolts and tremors and on a single track line through the countryside nothing to indicate whether or not the rails ended at the coming curve. In any event, the wish to ride on the engine and watch it eat up the miles before is common to railroad travelers of any age. Even the most hardened commuter never quite gets over it.

Which is one reason for the popularity of the gasoline rail car which is solving some of the pressing problems of American railroading. Railroads are replacing the time-honored branch line steam train with the gas bus which runs over the same rails. It is not so well suited to main lines, where the density of traffic calls for far more extensive equipment and permits of its profitable operation, but on the branch line—whose stations are comparatively few and whose passengers sometimes fewer—the gas car fills a real need.

The passenger has taken to such cars. Not only are their windows so large that the entire sides seem of glass, but these same big windows continue around the front of the car and the driver is no particular obstacle to a full view forward. Riding through the country on one of them is a very pleasant experience. Their speed may not be that of the steam train—and yet, there isn't so much difference; 20 miles an hour is good speed for a branch line train. And these gas busses can stop at every pair of bars, if need be, whereas it costs a tidy sum to stop and start even a two-car steam train.

However much progressive railroad men may see the present need to sell their service to the public, though, their interest in the gas rail car springs rather from the economic urge. The gratifying savings it makes possible and the appearance of pleasing figures on the right side of the ledger make it popular. It averages to cost from $1 to $2.50 a train mile to run a two-car branch line train, which has space for 120 passengers but not the passengers. Gasoline rail cars seating 35 passengers have been operated for as little as 14 cents a train mile—an average figure, not for some single mile—and 35 or 40 cents seems a fairly dependable figure. It runs higher than this on some lines, but well below what it cost to operate branch line trains.

Costs Much Less Per Mile

THE newer rail vehicle reduces the necessary passenger constant, to speak in mathematical terms. Of course, it isn't possible to figure the precise profit or loss of a railroad train for any single mile or even a single run—since too many other elements enter into the problem besides the mere exchanging of passenger car space for fares—but railway auditors like to think they can do this. It is easy to find the passenger constant, however.

One simply divides the cost per train mile by the 3.6 cents the government permits the roads to charge. If the two-car steam train costs $1 a mile to operate it must carry a constant average of 28 passengers; if $2.50 a mile, this must not drop below 70 passengers. At 14 cents a train mile the gas car clears its operating cost with four passengers constantly on board.

It is plain to be seen, then, why scores of applications for discontinuance of service on branch lines pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission have been pigeonholed by request and many have been withdrawn. Sometimes this has been followed by an application for the reopening of lines where the commission has already permitted service to be suspended.

These lesser lines where population is thin, which are often of vital importance as feeders and where service needs be maintained to preserve franchises, are the livest kind of problems to railroad men. Sometimes they are highly prosperous in summer but a total loss in winter. Even the most pessimistic is, however, free to admit that the gas car materially reduces the loss from this source and, though it may be hard to get official confirmation of this, the fact is that many a road is making money on them.

The total of this loss is not a small one. It comes to a good many millions every year on short passenger hauls in these United States, which has at least 60,000 miles of branch and short line railways. Fully one-half of this mileage is in such condition that it may not escape the scrap heap, even with the aid of the gas rail bus. It is surely doomed if steam operation continues. No small amount has already been scrapped.

Numbers of these lines were originally built with local capital for the development of their sections of the country and had largely served their purpose before being acquired by the larger system, to which their chief value is naturally as feeders—of freight even more than passengers, perhaps. Many millions are invested in them, but on a strict auditing basis most have long since ceased of themselves to pay any return on the investment.

A high official of one of the great western trunk lines admits that at the end of its latest fiscal year his system found itself behind the game on these short line hauls all of $7,000,000, incredible as that may seem.

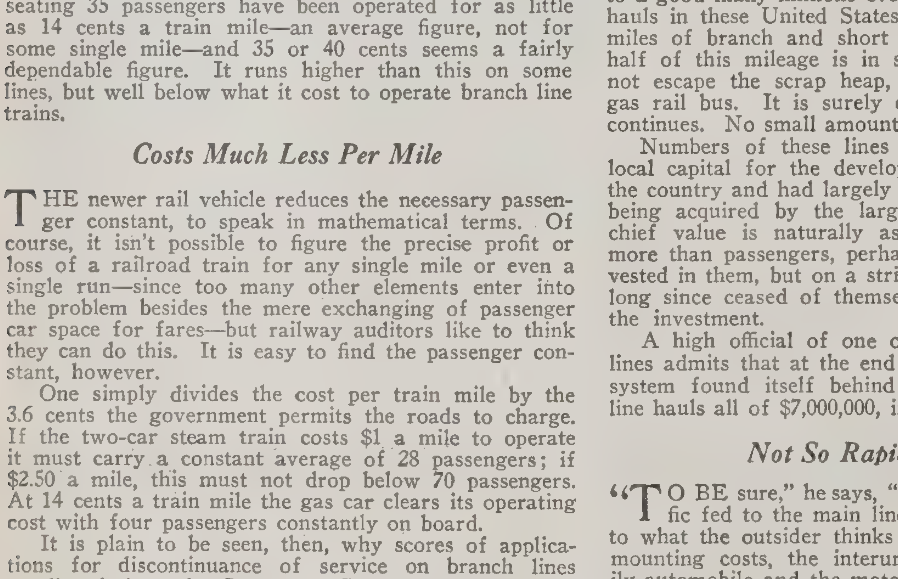
Not So Rapidly as Surely

"TO BE sure," he says, "there is a set-off in the traffic fed to the main line, but that may not amount to what the outsider thinks it does. Anyway, between mounting costs, the interurban trolley line, the family automobile and the motor truck, it will not be easy to find a branch line which is making a profit on steam operation."

It will be interesting to learn what can be said of these two systems even 10 years from now. For each has got out into the light of that new day which is dawning for the small lines and is using the gas rail car.

It comes not so rapidly as surely, this change. No sudden transformation is to be expected, however clearly the advantages of it might be realized by rail executives. But the little gas car is well through the experimental stage and a list of the railroads, large and small, which are already using it would read like a rail Who's Who. They range from New England to the Pacific Coast, from the Mexican border to the Canadian and even across both borders.

To some extent the Pittsburgh and Shawmut Railroad is a pioneer in its application to the short line. This road passes through the coal mining section of Western Pennsylvania and touches no sizeable cities. Really a freight railroad, it reached a state where it was taking a continuous loss on all passenger service. Yet the decrease in freight revenues consequent upon discontinuing passenger trains would be well-nigh fatal, for unless there were trains to convey miners, production of coal would fall off seriously.



Northern Pacific officials and the 17-seat car they found suited to the Gilmore and Pittsburgh, a subsidiary which covers a hundred miles in the mining country of Montana and Idaho.

The gas rail car seemed made to order for such a situation and in 1921 the Pittsburgh and Shawmut placed three in operation. They immediately reduced the cost of passenger service from 71 cents a train mile to 35 cents. They have seating capacity for 45 passengers, but have been known to carry twice that number. They are not designed for high speeds. On level track they easily average 30 miles an hour, but the coal road has numerous heavy grades and its schedule calls for an average of but 22 miles an hour, including stops.

One car operates out of Brookville, Pennsylvania, and the other out of Kittanning. The first has a round trip of 98 miles which it negotiates daily with great success. The Kittanning car's daily run is 83 miles. Neither has ever been derailed nor suffered any difficulty more serious than delay by reason of snow and ice. The third car is kept in reserve.

On the Brookville car the wages of the crew of two, including overtime, come to $7.83 a day for the driver, a qualified engineer of the line, and $9.38 for the conductor; and on the other the figures are $7.83 and $9.38. This is 17½ and 22½ cents a train mile, respectively, for wages, half or more of the total operating cost a mile. These cars average 6.8 miles a gallon of gasoline, a very presentable figure in view of their size and the grades.

The cleanliness of this service is an important point, but above all is the fact that these rail motor cars have put the passenger department of the Pittsburgh and Shawmut on a paying basis. They give more frequent service; they have developed business not otherwise obtainable; and the road's passenger business is now an asset rather than a liability.

The Gilmore and Pittsburgh is another railroad in a mining section, afar in the northwest, which has found the gas bus well suited to its purpose. The G. and P. is a subsidiary of the Northern Pacific, about 100 miles long, connecting Armstead, Montana, with Gilmore and Salem, Idaho. It is largely patronized by miners and has suffered in its passenger business through automobile competition.

Deficit Turned to Profit

THE gas cars of the Gilmore and Pittsburgh are smaller, having seats for but 17, but have baggage accommodations, as have all of these motor cars for use on rails. The line has very severe grades; the steepest between Leadmore and Gilmore is six per cent; but on the initial trip over the line the little car with self-contained motive power had no difficulty with them and actually took three per cent grades between Armstead and Salmon on high. Soon afterward it made a great record in heavy snow, plowing through drifts that would have taxed a steam engine.

Of quite another character is the Narragansett Pier Railroad, which has made the transfer to the right side of the ledger with the gas bus. It is only eight miles long, between the Kingston, Rhode Island, station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad and the popular New England summer resort, with stops at Peacedale and Wakefield. Not only is it paralleled by automobile trunk highways but until recently also by an electric line which has finally fallen upon evil days and been suspended. The 1920 deficit of the Narragansett Pier road from steam operation was $16,000.

It was a case of change methods or suspend—at least, during the winter—and in the summer of 1921 the line put on its first gas car, a standard 35-passenger affair with baggage space 9 feet by 6. It is operated by a driver and conductor, but on occasion has actually made its run with but one man in uniform.

Here we have a point of interest. A two-car steam train can hardly operate with less than four men in its crew and unless trainman and baggageman are one the total will be five. It takes two men to run the engine alone. Probably the powers that be would

The branch line steam locomotive which is being pushed into the background by the gasoline engine and a car far better suited to present conditions than those it has been accustomed to draw.

hardly countenance running the gas car with but a one-man crew, but it can be done.

At all events, the Narragansett Pier's gas car has brought an increased volume of passenger business which makes a fascinating graph. Its summer business formerly reached its peak with around 19,000 passengers in the month of August or September, whereas in the summer of 1921 a single month showed 26,000 fares turned in and the December following found the line carrying some 3,000 more than in any previous December.

The old Sidell and Olney Railroad was one of these short line affairs which went the way of so many. It is only 32 miles long and runs between the towns of Kansas and Yale in Illinois. Its business gradually fell off and its costs mounted perhaps not so gradually and finally, some three years ago, it was sold to the junkman. When the farmers along its route finally awakened to the true state of things its rails were about to be torn up.

They got together to prevent this, put up the necessary funds to buy their railroad from the junk dealer and organized the Westfield Motor Railway Company to succeed the Sidell and Olney. Then they bought a gasoline rail car and put it on. This not only took care of all the passenger business, but mail and express as well, and from the beginning has been a money maker.

The gas bus saved their railroad for these people. The single car they have has covered more than 100,000 miles. It has required very little care and few replacements, and has never been under a roof. The company owns none.

More than the branch line of larger systems the independent short line has been the real proving ground of these railway motor vehicles; and there are far more of these small railroads scattered throughout the United States than one would think possible in these days of combinations. Some 500 of them belong to a national association which has its headquarters in Washington and is co-operative in character, even maintaining a used equipment department which is a sort of clearing house for member lines.

Rail Chauffeurs Employed

MOST of the roads in this organization have tried self-propelled rail cars and a majority now use the gasoline car to a greater or less extent—not a few exclusively. In many a case among them the gas bus has changed ledger figures from red to black. The association has records of cars which have been in practically continuous service for five years or more and some have run as much as 300,000 miles.

Their operating cost varies from 10 to 25 cents a mile and gasoline consumption runs from 5 to 10 miles a gallon. The lower cost a mile and the higher mileage to the gallon refer to cars of a small type which are operated by but one man. But some of the 35-passenger type with two-men crews are running at a cost as low as 20 cents a mile.

They figure this 20 cents a mile as follows: labor (two men at $125 a month), 8½ cents; gasoline, 3 cents; depreciation (12½ per cent), 4 2/10 cents; interest and insurance, 2 1/5, and maintenance, 2 1/10. These figures are based on a purchase price of $12,500 and operation of 106 miles each day.

It is also of interest that on the short line roads more than half these cars are being operated by younger men, trained mechanics, and thus able to care for minor repairs, but not locomotive engineers. The executives of these lines take the attitude that they need not have the skill or training of the steam engine driver, and they do not draw standard wages. Such rail car chauffeurs have not yet been classified by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Among the more important railroad systems the experience of the New York, New Haven and Hartford is being watched with no slight interest—by others than railroad men, even—since the New Haven is the first of these thoroughly to try out the gas rail car. In but a few months its use of them has passed well beyond the laboratory stage and the little car has supplanted steam service on regularly scheduled runs which are to appear indefinitely on the time tables. The Southern New England system has three in daily use and plans for more.

One is kept at Litchfield, Connecticut, and each morning drops down out of the Northwestern Connecticut hills to Danbury and thence east to Waterbury, returning over the same route in the afternoon. It makes a daily mileage of 138 miles. It is worth noting that the line between Danbury and Waterbury is a section of the old New York and New England, the former trunk line between the Hudson River and Boston over which through expresses first ran between Boston and Washington. The through trains are now deflected south at Waterbury and this piece has reached the status of the despised side line, only an incubus with steam operation.

The second car is also used in Connecticut, covering the 11 miles between New Haven and Derby several times a day and once daily, making a round trip between New Haven and Northampton, Massachusetts, 45 miles distant, totaling 146 miles a day. Fifty years ago the New Haven-Derby line was in the first rank, but the times have passed it by. Competition from a paralleling trolley line and two main highways had made the New Haven ready to suspend service upon it when the gas bus hove in sight.

The New Haven-Northampton run is over the old "Canal" road, on whose route the transition from canal boat to gas car has taken place within the memory of some still living, and which was formerly a busy transportation artery but had become a dead weight.

Nine Miles to a Gallon

THE third car makes the round trip of 30 miles between Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Tremont twice a day.

These New Haven cars are but half the length of the standard railroad coach, carry 36 passengers and their crew of two and have space for from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds of baggage in the customary location at the rear end. They have reached a speed of 43 miles an hour for consecutive miles, are guaranteed to make 35 and average 28, including stops.

They readily make nine miles on a gallon of gasoline and 200 miles on a quart of lubricating oil. They take the place of steam trains costing to run from 75 cents to $1.50 a train mile and with revenues of but 20 cents to $1 a train mile. Their revenues are actually larger and they have cut costs so appreciably that last year the books all but balanced and this year are expected to do better than that.

This railroad car which carries its own power plant is not exactly a new thing. Railroads have been experimenting with it for more than a generation. Back in 1891 the Pullman Company built such a car, with a single-cylinder gas engine in the center which was supposed to run continuously, regardless of the speed of the car. The power was transmitted to the driving gear through storage batteries instead of directly from the gasoline engine. This carries the gas-electric idea pretty well back.

They named this car "Eureka" and really thought at the time they had found something. They hadn't found much, though, because of the unreliability of the gas engine of that period. The car was intended for street railway purposes, in reality, but was tried out instead on a branch line of the Pennsylvania System running out of Columbus, Indiana. It was even operated on a sort of schedule, making runs of 20 or 30 miles two or three times a week and on one occasion getting up a speed of 45 miles an hour for a five-mile stretch; but in the end was given up as impracticable.

A dozen years later a couple of young engineers of the Louisville and Nashville were bitten by the rail motor car bug and developed a steam driven rail car for branch line use. They had their troubles, but felt they were on their way to a practical solution of the problem when orders from higher up caused abandonment of the project. The president of the line was a conservative soul who could see no good in "newfangled" contraptions. Long after his road had perfected axle lighting and its cars were bright with electric lights he was sticking to old-fashioned oil lamps on his private car.

About the same time the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy built a gas-electric car, using a stationary gas engine connected to a dynamo and with motors on the axles. But the gas engine had not progressed far enough then, either. It was heavy, poorly balanced and most uncertain in operation. The car did little useful work. Its engine explosions were so violent as to disturb villagers and alarm cattle in the fields and after a year or so this experiment went into the discard.

Around 1904 or 1905 the Burlington's engineers worked out a steam motor car for rail use whose engine and running gear were similar to those of a small locomotive. This also was pretty much a failure because of excessive weight and the fact that the boiler did not have sufficient steaming capacity to propel the car continuously at reasonable speed.

So that the story of the rail motor car is not unlike that of many other utilities. The experimental period produced many strange and crude affairs. Various types of cars rose and fell, usually because they stuck to the old heavy-duty locomotive idea. At best, they were built by car builders, who had to depend on railroad men for technical details. None solved the railroads' problem, but in general they did serve to demonstrate the limitations of the gasoline engine for use on rails.

Meantime the motor truck, undreamed of perhaps when the Pullman Company built its "Eureka," was born and in these later years has become mighty in the land. Only when the motor truck was transferred from the highway to rails, when it was finally realized that the two problems were so similar that the railroads might well take many a leaf from the book of the automotive engineer, was there evolved a really practical gas car which would enable the rail lines to come back. That was but yesterday.

A Lusty Infant, Indeed

EVEN now the gas rail car is little more than out of swaddling clothes, but it is a lusty infant. It has proved itself, and its adaptation to smaller lines anywhere is but a question of meeting local conditions. The day of the steam locomotive on branch and short lines is about over. The rail lines have picked up the gauntlet of the highway motor car. Ere long, except on through expresses, the passenger will bowl along through the country almost anywhere on these self-sufficient gas busses.

Their development will hardly be in the direction of trailers or being coupled in trains, despite the reluctance of some of the railroad executives to give up these notions. But longer and heavier cars of greater seating capacity—run singly, as now—are undoubtedly a matter of the near future. There are numerous short lines and important branch lines which need them if they are actually to depend on the gas car.

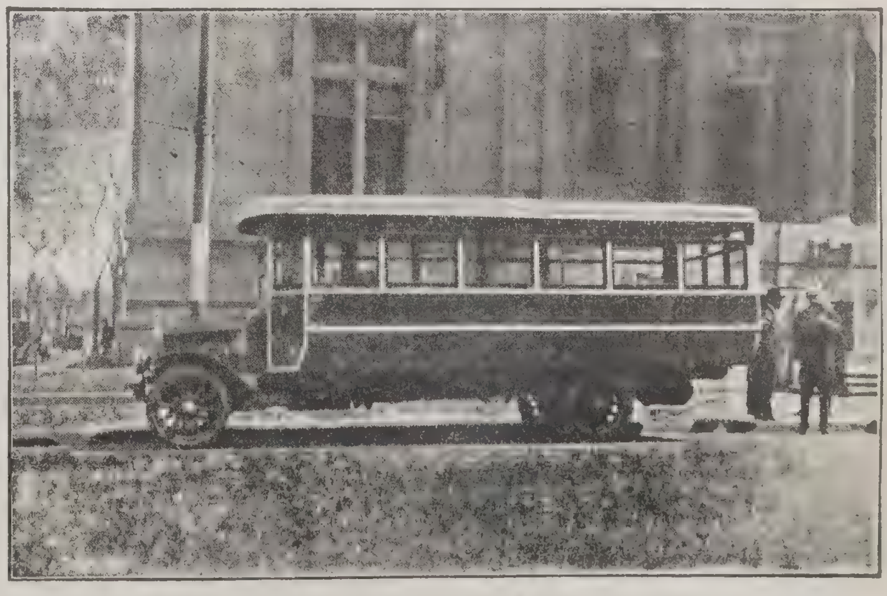
This means a much more powerful motor. In cars such as those used by the New Haven road the motor is of 60 horse power, and of the same design as that in the highway truck. Engineers are at work on a motor of twice this horse power for the rail car.

It will be three or four years before this can be ready for general use, in any case; and then the gas rail car may grow to a size approaching the 60 feet of the standard coach, seat 50 or 60 persons and make speeds of 40 to 45 miles an hour regularly. It may even get up to main line class.

This means starting with a clean sheet of paper, though, for there is no highway chassis at present which could be adapted to a car such as this. It doubtless means two four-wheeled trucks under the car, moreover, in place of the two-wheeled driving truck under the body of the car and four wheels under the engine in front which have been found best for the present types.

New heating methods must be developed, too, though this may not be troublesome. It has been found comparatively easy thus far to heat the 36-passenger car by the use of exhaust gases from the motor, but probably the larger car would have to depend on a hot-water heating system.

One thing that is altogether likely—and highly desirable from the operating standpoint—is that it will be arranged to drive from either end. It cost the Narragansett Pier road $1,200 for a turntable to enable it to use the gas bus.



The highway bus on a truck chassis which has been adapted to railroad use

Teaching Business World to "Play the Game"

Unfair Practices Must Not Be, Lesson of Federal Trade Commission

By HUSTON THOMPSON
MEMBER FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

Mr. Thompson desires it to be understood that this and a second article soon to be published express his own individual views and are not binding upon the Federal Trade Commission.

THE Federal Trade Commission has been in existence eight years, and has weathered the storm of attack that inevitably beats down upon a new public body that seeks to do its duty. It has emerged with the stamp of approval placed upon it by the highest court in the land in two very notable and recent cases.

No longer in the experimental stage, the commission has become the subject of study by delegations and representatives from a number of foreign countries, who have visited its offices to get first-hand knowledge of the law, the commission's procedure and the results attained. In a number of instances other nations, after such study, have created governmental bodies having a function identical with or similar to that of the Federal Trade Commission.

Our own business world is now repeatedly seeking its aid, as is evidenced by the hundreds of calls for assistance where an industry desires to eliminate practices, or a small business concern believes it is about to be "sunk without a trace" by one of its larger competitors or where a large business interest seeks protection against another one equally large.

Now that the commission has a permanent place in our governmental and business life, it is well for the people of the country to understand just what and why it is, and to ask what it needs that it may be of greater service to the public and to those courageous business interests both large and small who desire a natural and lawful growth and endeavor to keep a fair field for all in the business arena.

To understand it and its needs, we must first understand its purpose, and this requires some little analysis and illustration, for there has been a widespread misunderstanding, and, at times, I regret to say, misrepresentation of its purposes.

When I came upon the commission after a service of five years as assistant Attorney-General, I found myself in an entirely different atmosphere. In the Department of Justice things are more or less settled along well-defined lines, and no one thinks of refashioning the functions of that department. In the Federal Trade Commission, however, everything was new. The language of the law creating the commission had not been tried out in the courts. The commission was just starting to chart the sea of competition, and because of the opposition of those in the business world who did not understand its aims, I found we had to face some rather rough and choppy weather, which in those early days threatened at times to engulf us.

Took Exception at First

TO MY surprise I discovered that a considerable portion of the legal fraternity also took exception to certain functions of the commission, mainly because it was not fashioned along the lines of a court. Some lawyers not having examined into the purposes of Congress in shaping this governmental body, which was to have investigatory powers and was expected to act with more expedition than a court, and which was not permitted, as are courts, to levy fines, fix penalties or imprison, insisted that the commission should, nevertheless, be surrounded with many of the technical legal rules from which the courts themselves are trying to escape.

Starting with the idea that the commission should be semi-judicial, they declared that its practice of investigating an abuse brought to its attention, then issuing a complaint and finally trying the persons charged in that complaint and issuing an order against those who were guilty, was combining the functions of sheriff, prosecuting attorney, and judge, and wholly illogical. Their argument might have had force if it had been the intention of Congress to fashion the commission after a court, but it was just this very thing which Congress sought to avoid. Congress wanted a governmental body free to investigate with dispatch and stop practices injurious to those in the business world and through them to the public, leaving it to the party to have his day in a court if he chooses to take an appeal from the commission's order. This meant, of course, that the commission was to be an administrative body—not a court.

When it has reason to believe that the charges made by one competitor against another require the commission to go ahead in the public interest, the latter, to avoid a contest between two competitors, who, in their zeal, sometimes lose sight of the affect of their actions upon the public, figuratively speaking, steps forward in the place of the complaining party, not as his attorney, but as the guardian of the public welfare, and says to the one charged, "Here is the evidence against your practice. What have you to say in favor of it?" And if the defense is not sufficient to overcome the facts bearing against the practice, the commission then says, in substance: "Stop the practice!"

Always the respondent is given full opportunity to explain away the charges. Then the charges are either dismissed or orders are issued. The very fact that it has not been surrounded with all of the limitations that are put upon a court, has given the commission the flexibility and expedition necessary to meet the rapidly moving conditions of the business world.

What shall be said of another group, small in number but powerful in influence, who insist that the commission shall be given the power to rule in advance—that is, that a corporation may submit its plans to the commission for ruling on the legality, in advance of the plans being put to performance. In other words, they would have the commission be the guide or legal crutch upon which business may lean.

The first day that I entered the commission I had a practical illustration of the futility of such a procedure. For months one of my new colleagues had been besought by a great corporation to pass upon the fairness and legality of one of its contracts which involved a business practice to which many of its competitors were bitterly opposed. My colleague exerted every proper effort to accommodate himself to the desires of this particular business interest and at the same time to eliminate certain objectionable paragraphs of the proffered plan that were obviously illegal and dangerous to other business interests. But his efforts were in vain.

Then in desperation he passed it over to me. I likewise pointed out certain objectionable language, and my callers agreed to redraft the contract to meet my objections. Several weeks later they brought the document back with the undesirable paragraphs eliminated, but replaced by others containing the old illegalities dressed up in a different language.

In the meantime, the competitors of this company were sending forth distress signals, and the commission having found the facts as to how the plan was actually operating was compelled to issue a complaint.

Repeated experience has taught me that from the cold type of the most harmless looking document, which on its face appears strictly legal, or from the honest but incomplete or misinformed statement of the interested parties, one cannot tell how the plan will eventuate. The only test of programs which are apparently legal on their face is to be found in the results obtained from their operation. This is due to the fact that the interested party may voluntarily change his point of view, or be compelled to do so by unforeseen circumstances, which will produce illegal effects or acts. Only that person who can read the future and has the power of divination would be safe in passing upon such business plans and giving his approval in advance.

I often wonder if the advocates of this type of a commission have thought their idea through in a practical way and realized its drift. The shibboleth of many of them is "Less Government in business." But would there be less government in business if the commission were given the power to rule in advance, since to rule in advance would mean not only telling a group what they could do, but, if they were to be granted immunity, also what they must do.

To tell business not only what it can do but what it must do would of necessity restrict its initiative, cause commercial paralysis and make our government distinctly paternalistic.

How could the commission's present staff of 317 employes, or even a considerably augmented staff, cope with the problems that would be thrust upon it by the business interests of this country under such a plan? There are several thousand business or trade associations, approximately 320,000 corporations and hundreds of other commercial groups, and thousands of them have problems and plans about which they would like to be advised by some public official. I have yet to come in contact with a trade association that did not have its legal problems of competition about which it would like to receive guidance.

The number of employes necessary for this work would run into thousands. In addition to the lawyers, economists and administrative employes already on its rolls, there would be needed engineers and other business specialists of all kinds, and after a most exhaustive study of a problem it would still be unsafe to advise unless the official knew the intent behind the proposal was honest and could be assured that the one proposing it would not swerve from this intent.

What Congress Intended

CONGRESS intended through this body to declare more emphatically than ever its belief that competition is the life of trade. In being moved so to legislate, it was obeying an inherent and conscious instinct regarding which our courts have repeatedly sustained it and such as has expressed itself in the virile stages of all civilized nations which existed so long as they kept the channels of trade free from artificial obstructions and unfair practices but sealed their doom when they permitted monopolies and acts subversive of the general welfare to devitalize commerce and trade.

The commission was called into being not because the Sherman Act was not a wise and necessary law, but because the Sherman Act condemning monopolies and combinations in restraint of trade was not invoked until the combination was hatched. Experience has taught us how difficult it is to discover the hatching time or to unscramble that which has been already scrambled.

Hence, it was necessary to find some means by which the unfair practices leading up to monopoly or combinations in restraint of trade could be stopped at their beginnings. The Sherman Act took control of the business patient when a major operation was necessary, and something extreme had to be done. Congress, on the other hand, felt that if there could be a governmental diagnostician constantly surveying the business world, both as to its general conditions and in particular cases, the unnatural growth might be discovered early and the trouble eliminated without too great shock to business stability.

So it gave two powers to the Federal Trade Commission. One was the power to investigate corporations and business from time to time where the public welfare was involved, either upon its own initiative or that of the President, Congress, or the Attorney-General, and to make reports to them and the public when it believed it was in the public interest. This made the commission a fact-finding body and enabled the commission to see the business world much as a photographer sees the earth from an airplane. There he gets a bird's-eye view of the proper geographical relations of all parts of the community. He beholds the various roads leading to the congested parts of a city. He observes the causes of congestions not only when they have taken place but long before they take place.

Just so these sweeping investigations of industries, under one section of its act, give the commission a bird's-eye view of otherwise unseen things which go to prevent a free interplay of trade, or cause combinations in restraint of trade, price-fixing, and other artificial means damaging to the public, which frequently result in overselling the market and causing collapse of business and a further depressing reaction.

In addition, the commission was given a second power—to get a cross section of the market revealing the policies and attitude of business toward the public and the ultimate consumer, things which do not appear to the casual observer, but without knowledge of which the householder is helpless in her marketing and Congress is without the knowledge necessary properly to legislate. In this function where one competitor has attacked another and is seeking to control a commodity or restrict a competition by unlawful and unfair means, after investigating a case, the commission issues a complaint and summons the alleged offender to appear before it and show cause why he should not be prevented from carrying on the practices complained of.

Some Resist Decisions

THE exercise of these two functions, investigation and prevention, has caused great resistance on the part of some in the business world, although their exercise has been universally and strongly endorsed by our farmers, labor interests, and the housewives of America. From the investigation of the documents of many industries, I have found that there are honorable groups of business men in every industry who, though less articulate than others, have either believed in the exercise of these powers or have not been opposed to it.

The question naturally arises, why should there be opposition since the commission's order is an exceedingly mild one. The answer is that although it cannot put anyone in jail nor fine anybody, nor make anybody pay damages, nevertheless, its protection is sought as a city of refuge by those interests which are being attacked by predatory practices, and it has come to be dreaded by those who have offended, since the commission's orders and report throw the searchlight upon the acts of offenders in such a way that they cannot withstand the public opinion created by laying bare the facts.

The position in the business world occupied by the commission is similar to that of an umpire on a football field, who does not attempt to tell the teams how they shall play but penalizes when they play unfairly according to the rules which have been handed to him by an organization above him.

To co-operate with business the commission has devised a scheme which it calls a "trade practice submittal" where, upon a request of an industry, it invites them all to a common council and helps them to put their own house in order. But the Federal Trade Commission cannot successfully accommodate itself to such work until business men understand that they must first accommodate themselves to the conditions laid down in the law creating the commission.

I believe that if the commission can educate business to understand that the consumer has never in the history of the world been satisfied unless he has had the benefits of a market where competition gives him the best quality and the best service through a price obtained by fair competition between various interests seeking his business, it will have made great progress.

If business can also come to see that while natural growth is to be desired it cannot be acquired by one competitor absorbing or combining with another or practicing unfair methods of competition such as rebating, misbranding, false advertising, espionage, price-fixing, and so on, or by the artificial prevention of foodstuffs getting to the market or the unfair control of their distribution after they arrive there, then we shall have laid the proper foundation for peace and quiet in the mind both of the ultimate consumer and of the business world.

All this can be done by an umpire in the arena of business if the umpire is properly sustained in his efforts by public opinion. In such an arena every organization or individual will have the opportunity to display his business acumen and initiative and reap the harvest that is due him for the use of his God-given abilities, but he will not be dragged along through fear of some dominating group in the market, nor will he be held in check through price-fixing schemes with competitors that have been slothful or failed to take advantage of their rightful opportunities or to look into the future far enough to keep a reserve on hand with which to take care of pressing times.

Moreover, a market conscious of the presence of such an umpire will not indulge in practices which produce runaway prices, buyers' strikes and all other nervous conditions such as make for fluctuations and an irritated consuming world.

Greatest Grizzly Downed With Bow and Arrow

Western Sportsman Goes A-hunting Armed Only With Savage's Weapon

By ZOE PARKER

OUT on the Pacific Coast they are shooting grizzly bears, mountain lions, wildcats, coyotes, wolves, foxes, ducks and smaller game with the bow and arrow.

And Dr. Saxon T. Pope, well-known San Francisco surgeon and America's premier field archer, declares that this primitive hunting implement is the most sportsmanlike weapon ever invented. It gives the game a chance to pit its native cunning against the natural ingenuity of man.

Dr. Pope has returned from a hunting trip through the wilds of Humbolt County, California, where he bagged, with his companion, Captain Cassius H. Styles, a mountain lion, a lynx and other small game.

Mounted in the Academy of Science, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is the biggest grizzly bear ever killed (as far as there is any record), slain by Arthur T. Young, of that city, who with Dr. Pope bagged a male, a female and two cub grizzlies as specimens to be added to the museum's collection of mounted animals. The male tipped the scale at 1,000 pounds, while the female weighed 500 pounds. They were all slain with the bow and arrow.

Up and down the coast there is a revival of archery that indicates a throw-back to the sport of the savage. There are more archers in California than in any other state. Up in Washington, J. C. Albrecht, curator of the museum of natural history of the University of Washington, leads a group devoted to archery. Since he has abandoned the high-powered rifle for the bow and arrow he has slain a bison, Kodiac bears and bobcats, as well as smaller game.

The revival of archery, as far as Dr. Pope and the San Francisco group of archers are concerned, dates back to 1911, to the advent of Ishii, the last of the uncivilized Indians.

Ishii was captured at that time in the primitive wilderness of the Mount Lassen country, California, and taken to the Museum of Anthropology in San Francisco. There Dr. Pope came to know him in a professional way. The Indian, who had never before been in touch with the white man, had none of the disease-resisting germs with which to combat the white man's ills. He soon fell prey to pneumonia, though his entire previous life had been spent in the open without regard to weather conditions. Dr. Pope was called to attend him, and thus began a friendship which has resulted in the revival of archery on the coast.

Above—Arthur Young, companion of Dr. Saxon T. Pope, and the giant grizzly he killed with an arrow. This grizzly is the biggest ever killed in the United States, as far as there is any record. Below—Dr. Pope (right) and Mr. Young beside the female grizzly slain by Dr. Pope with an arrow. She died 20 seconds after being shot.

About Dr. Pope there has gathered a group of field archers whom he has interested in the sport. Prominent among these are W. J. Compton, Captain Styles, Arthur Young and Donnan Smith. These four with Dr. Pope are the best shots on the coast, though many others are rapidly acquiring great skill.

Hunting en masse this group has bagged 30 deer, at a range of from 40 to 125 yards, nine bears, and other wild animals in profusion. According to Dr. Pope the grizzly bear is the most dangerous animal hunted, though the mountain lion will fight when brought to bay. But to kill a grizzly bear the archer must be at close range, and if he wounds the bear it is almost certain to charge, which requires mighty prompt action or some speedy footwork.

Deer the archers kill only for meat. Frequently they stalk fine specimens of this animal, only to admire them and let them go. "Archery makes for cleaner sport," avers the doctor, "and we do not kill unnecessarily, except in the case of predatory animals such as bears, mountain lions, coyotes and the like."

Dr. Pope, America's premier field archer, and the trophy he won at the National Archers' tournament in Boston

Of the nine bears shot by this group six were killed in the Yellowstone Park by Dr. Pope and Arthur Young on the expedition to obtain specimens for the Golden Gate Park Museum. The park commissioners had obtained permission from the government to send a hunting party into the park. Dr. Pope and Young volunteered, agreeing to take only their bows and arrows. This pleased the sporting blood of the commissioners.

"Do not confuse the brown bears, known as the garbage-can bears, with grizzly bears, though," laughed the doctor. "We found our bears in the highest and most inaccessible peaks."

Ned Frost, the veteran guide of Cody, Wyoming, was secured to guide the hunters. He was skeptical of their ability to get bears with the bow and arrow, and took with him a .35 automatic rifle to be used in case of emergency. That rifle saved the lives of the three men.

The first group of bears they came upon numbered four, a mother and three cubs. At 25 yards Young shot an arrow into the mother, striking her in the chest. Dr. Pope placed another arrow in her foreleg. They each placed a second arrow in her. Then she charged and Frost fired at her with the rifle, knocking her over and saving the lives of the three men. Two more arrows were put into her and she fell over dead. The first arrow had pierced her lungs and the second arrow had passed through a part of her intestines. She was mortally wounded when she charged.

Dr. Pope killed one cub with a single arrow. The other two made their escape.

The archers were not satisfied with this bag. They had bargained to secure a family of male, female and two cubs. So they pushed still farther into the mountains in search of a male bear. Cody was left behind. Finally word was brought to them that a male bear had been seen rounding up elk near Dunraven Pass. They found his tracks which were 11 inches long. They built a blind and waited for him to reappear. On the fourth night a female and three cubs came down the trail toward them. Seeing an opportunity to get another cub each man nocked an arrow and waited. When the bears were within 40 yards they let the arrows fly. With a roar the bears came tumbling toward them. Just then the male bear appeared on the scene and there were five bears in sight.

Five lively bears were more than they had bargained for at one time, and the arrows began to fly. Young sent an arrow into the male bear and at the same time Dr. Pope let one fly at the female. The latter dropped over and was dead in less than 20 seconds. The men drove five arrows at the male bear, and then he got away.

One cub was found dead 100 yards away with an arrow through his head. One of Young's arrows could not be accounted for, so the men began to trail the male bear. They were able to follow him by splotches of blood. They came upon part of the arrow. Then they found the other half. It had been pulled out by the bear's teeth. Finally they came upon the bear, dead. One shot had killed him. The hole left by the arrow was clean-cut through 26 inches of solid bear meat. The animal weighed 1,000 pounds and stood seven and a half feet on his hind legs, the largest grizzly ever killed in the United States.

Of the six grizzlies killed on this trip with bow and arrow two were shot while charging, five were killed with one arrow and four were heart shots.

In hunting game with a bow and arrow there is a greater element of sport than in hunting with a gun. The approach must be made with extreme caution. One must be confident of his ability to shoot quick and straight. But once the arrow has hit the game its death is certain. In all other methods of hunting, two animals die in the bush for every one that is secured by the hunter, but with the arrow death at once is certain.

The arrows used by field archers can pierce a deer or bear.

In hunting mountain lions the hounds are used. To be a successful archer for this game you must run with the hounds. And while, according to Dr. Pope, this is a most exhilarating exercise, it requires a man to be in perfect physical condition to be able to do it.

Since Ishii's death Dr. Pope has been following the sport of archery continuously. He distinguishes between field archery and target archery, in which the western group is not particularly interested. Last year, however, the doctor won the cup at the National Archers' tournament in Boston. At that time he sent his arrow 286 yards, the longest flight on record. It was his first competition work, though a member of the national association, and it was the first time that the cup has been west of the Mississippi.

But it is in field archery that the doctor finds his greatest joy. He has always been a warm lover of all natural things and rather a misfit in the unnatural environments of civilization in which he must live. It was this love of nature which caused him to recognize in Ishii something more than a specimen to be studied. He sensed that here was a man with a philosophy and habits of life unspoiled by artificiality. A mutual feeling of respect sprang up between the primitive Indian and the cultured white man. Ishii taught Dr. Pope the use of the bow and arrow as the Indians used it.

Dr. Pope makes his bow of yew wood, six feet long, with a pull of from 75 to 80 pounds. The bowstring is of Irish linen waxed, with a strain of from 300 to 400 pounds. The arrows are of birch feathered with turkey feathers and tipped with steel heads nearly three inches long and one inch wide. These tips are sharp as daggers and cause instant death by hemorrhage.

On the foggy evenings so characteristic of the San Francisco Bay regions Dr. Pope sits by the fireside in his home making bows and arrows much as did Iagoo for Hiawatha. According to the legend, Iagoo

"Made a bow for Hiawatha,
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bow made the arrows,
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin."

Dr. Pope holes out! At the Presidio links, San Francisco, he plays archer's golf and makes his hole in one

Secretary Mellon on the Gold Standard

Holds That No Two Experts on Finance or Money Agree

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

THE resources of the 30,846 banks of the United States, including the 12 Federal Reserve banks, amount to $55,330,215,000, or about one-quarter of the estimated wealth of the country. These banks are classified as follows: 8,249 national banks; 22,140 state banks, savings banks, trust company banks and private banks. The Controller of the Currency estimates that there are 445 private banks that made no report.

The resources of these banks, as stated above, in addition to the $40,341,600,000 of deposits, consist of $6,916,300,000 of capital paid in and surplus funds. Of this capital and surplus, the 12 reserve banks have $105,100,000 of capital, $217,700,000 of surplus and $2,191,700,000 of the deposits. The national banks show an increase of deposits in 1922 over 1921 of $901,000,000; the state and savings banks an increase of $1,365,600,000; the private banks an increase of $1,450,000. The Federal Reserve banks show a decrease in deposits of $325,700,000.

An Exhibit of the Financial Resources of the United States

Total deposits in all banks	$40,341,600,000
Capital and surplus	6,916,300,000
Value of real estate, of banks, equipments, and so on	8,072,315,000
Total resources of all banks	$55,330,215,000
Total deposits in all banks	$40,341,600,000
Total stock of money in the United States	8,177,447,105
Excess of bank deposits over stock of money	$32,164,152,895
Stock of gold in the U. S. Treasury	$ 3,784,651,712
*Excess of paper money over gold	4,392,795,393
Total stock of money	$ 8,177,447,105

Asset—or Liability?

IN VIEW of this statement, I said to the Honorable Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury: "Mr. Secretary, is the gold in the Treasury an asset or a liability?" The great secretary and successful financier did not even smile at this academic question, but reflected his temperament by replying calmly:

"There are no two so-called experts on money and finance in this country, or any other, that agree absolutely on questions of finance or money. They may agree, in a way, as regards certain fundamental principles on these questions. The gold in the Treasury of the United States might be called an asset and it could be called a liability. Only a very small portion of the gold in the Treasury actually belongs to the United States. For the most part, it is held against issues of paper money. The people who hold any of our paper money are simply in possession of warehouse receipts against this gold. This constitutes the circulation medium. The gold belongs to them. It is back of their money.

"The Federal Reserve banks have deposited with the Treasury (in the subtreasury, New York), nearly two-thirds of the gold in the Treasury against the Federal Reserve notes they issue, through the Treasury Department. Most of the balance is held in the Treasury against the paper money issued by the Treasury and now, for the most part, in circulation."

"Mr. Secretary, of course all of this outstanding paper money is payable in gold. If, for example, the people who hold this paper money, far in excess of the actual gold the Treasury has in its possession, should suddenly demand the gold, dollar for dollar, for their paper money, what would happen?"

"Yes, every dollar of it is payable in gold and anyone can bring or send his paper money to the Treasury and, upon demand, can receive the gold for it," said the Secretary. "But," he continued, "that may be put down as one of the impossibilities in practice, if not in theory. If all the policyholders in our strongest life insurance companies should die in one day, one month, or one year, these companies could not possibly meet their obligations. The expectancy of life figures in life insurance. It has come to be, practically speaking, an exact science. This, I think, should illustrate the practical workings of our monetary system. It is true the Treasury would not have gold enough to redeem it if all the holders of paper money should demand the gold for it suddenly, but there is no danger of this, not the least."

"Mr. Secretary, the banks of the United States show deposits of $40,341,600,000 and the total stock of money in the country amounts to only about one-fifth of the total deposits?"

"These excess deposits over money consist," said the Secretary, "of the notes and other obligations, often secured with good collateral, of responsible makers. As we well know, comparatively little actual money is used in business in these modern days. Aside from the pay rolls to our industrial people, and the business of the small retail stores, very little cash is used. Nearly everybody pays by check. While the bulk of the business of the country is done on the credit of the men and firms in business, the monetary system of the country is the basis for this credit, for it is the basis of the banks that supply the credit. The life insurance illustration applies again to the banks. These reservoirs of credit, and of money, must lend the resources of their institutions to the people and to the industries of the country to keep the wheels of business going. They could not live, neither could business continue, if the banks kept all their resources in their vaults expecting the depositors would all demand the balances to their credit in a day or a month. Then the banks would be of no value whatever, and business would stop."

The World War has practically destroyed, in nearly every European country, the system of monometallism, with gold as its basis. Now how can these countries get back on a gold basis? This is the question that is perplexing the experts on money and finance, both in Europe and the United States. In 1877, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece went from bimetallism to the gold standard. Germany had been exclusively on a silver basis until 1871, when that country adopted the gold standard. Now, as we all know, Germany is not on any standard.

Previous to the war, paper marks were redeemable in gold, the same as our paper dollars are now. The same was true of the paper franc in France, and in Belgium, and the paper lira in Italy. Now, the paper money cannot be exchanged for gold.

The United States, until the outbreak of the Civil War, had been legally upon a bimetallic basis. England began in 1717, when Sir Isaac Newton was master of the mint, gradually to adopt the gold standard. It was not wholly adopted, however, until 1870. Twenty years later, in 1890, the United States went on a gold basis. After the election of 1896, in which the campaign issue was "the free coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1," the currency law of 1890 was still further strengthened, so that this country has been on a gold basis ever since.

Following our adoption of monometallism, silver coinage in India ceased, Japan a few years later adopted the gold standard, and Mexico went on a theoretical gold basis in 1905. In 1906 Brazil adopted the gold standard. So it will be seen that the gold standard of coinage has come about principally during the last half century.

The gold standard is arbitrarily fixed by law. Gold is the only commodity in the world on which the price does not fluctuate. You will read in the daily market reports that the prices of wheat, of zinc, of lead, of copper, of silver, and a thousand other commodities, change from day to day. Gold is the only article that is established at a fixed price. This never changes. Why? Only because its value, or price, is fixed by law. And this fact causes other commodities to fluctuate; prices rise or fall because everything is measured in terms of gold.

The Secretary of the Treasury and Colonel Frank White, Treasurer of the United States, both of them lifelong bankers, the former schooled in finance with big business at Pittsburgh and New York, the latter securing his financial training as a banker in North Dakota. Each admitted, in discussing this question with the writer, that Congress could enact laws that would make wheat, corn, coal, silver, lead or any other article, have a fixed standard of value just as gold has today. I am only stating a generally conceded fact here, and am not essaying to produce an argument for or against the gold standard.

Eighteen Billions of Gold Mined

THE United States Mint Bureau estimates that the outturn of gold, since the discovery of America, has not been more than $18,000,000,000 in value. The money stocks in all the countries of the world have never amounted to more than $8,500,000,000 in value of the precious metal. The United States now possesses nearly one-half of this visible gold money stock. The great bulk of the gold held by the Treasury is in the shape of gold bars. Comparatively little gold is now coined into money. The world consumes about $100,000,000 worth of gold each year in the industrial arts. Even gold coins are melted up and used industrially. It was the fear on the part of financiers that if much gold was circulated in the shape of coins it would rapidly disappear, in industry, and that eventually there would not be a sufficient supply to maintain the gold standard in our monetary system. Those in charge of the finances of the country were greatly agitated about this question. This throws an interesting side light on the once much-discussed question: "What becomes of the gold?" It is quite apparent that the share of world gold utilized for other than monetary purposes was larger than usually supposed in the years gone by. Authorities tell us that there is considerable gold hoarded away, by hiding it. While little or nothing has ever been printed about it, one of the reasons for reducing to the lowest possible minimum the coining and circulation of gold as money was undoubtedly the fear that it would disappear at a more rapid rate than the mines could produce, thus causing such a shortage eventually that there would not remain a sufficient supply on which to base our monetary system. Instead of using gold coin we issue paper money against the gold bullion in the Treasury. It is true that paper money is far more convenient in every day use than metal money, except for subsidiary coins.

The unit in weighing gold is the troy ounce. A "fine" ounce means an ounce of pure gold. Under the law, the mint value of gold does not fluctuate but remains constant, under all kinds of conditions, at $20.67183462 per fine ounce. So it will be seen that everything else, when it comes to valuations, must bow to gold; it is the sole arbiter and price fixer.

Only $200,336,150 of the $3,784,651,712 in the Treasury actually belongs to the United States Government. The bulk of the gold, or $2,861,105,180 of it, is deposited in the subtreasury at New York by the Federal Reserve banks for the purpose of issuing Federal Reserve notes against it. There is a difference between Federal Reserve notes and Federal Reserve bank notes. The latter are issued against government bonds, as are national bank notes. Federal Reserve notes are issued against gold. The reserve is theretically 40 per cent. There are few Federal Reserve bank notes as compared with Federal Reserve notes. There are now more of the latter in circulation than all other kinds of paper money.

There are now six different kinds of paper money. Many financial experts believe there should be a standardized system of issuing paper money; in other words, there should be only one kind, or design, of bills for all denominations. It costs about one and one-half cents to produce each bill regardless of whether it is a one dollar, a hundred dollar, or a thousand dollar bill. The Federal Reserve banks and the national banks, however, pay this when the money is printed for them. Gold notes and other Treasury issues, of course, are paid for, as to their making, by the government. A standardized currency, it is contended, would be in the interests of economy and make it much more difficult for counterfeiters to pass their bogus money. The involved complications at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and at the Treasury Department, as well as at the banks, would be greatly simplified if only one kind of paper money were issued.

The work of the Redemption Division of the Treasury Department is an important one. Banks that have been out of existence for many years still have money outstanding. As it comes in, it is redeemed. Some time ago the Redemption Division charged off $13,218,000.45 of money that was declared lost. There is, according to estimates by the Treasury Department, fully $20,000,000 of outstanding money that is unaccounted for and is considered lost. The government is ahead just that much.

Some Facts About Our Money

MANY people have strange notions about money. Misers sometimes bury their money, or hide it away and never divulge to their nearest relatives the secret as to its whereabouts. If such a person dies suddenly his hidden money is likely never to be found. Fire and flood destroy money. Of the thousands of dollars, on the persons of those lost when the Titanic and the Lusitania went down in mid-ocean several years ago the exact amount can never be known accurately. In these days United States money is carried by travelers all over the world, often into the most remote and uncivilized countries. It is known that a great deal is lost by such travelers.

The other day an interest-bearing $10 bill came into the Treasury Department for redemption. It cost the government $21.20 cents; $10 principal and $11.20 interest for the many years it was out. During and after the Civil War, the government issued interest-bearing paper money. Some of it called for compound interest. Some of these notes contained interest coupons, the same as bonds. Other issues simply had the interest provision printed on the face of the notes. These interest-bearing notes are among the relics in the vaults of the Treasury Department. At long intervals, however, one or more of these notes will drift into the Treasury Department; then principal and interest are paid in full.

In accordance with the provisions of section 25 of the Federal Reserve Act, "any national banking association possessing a capital and surplus of $1,000,000 or more may, with the approval of the Federal Reserve Board, establish branches in foreign countries or insular possessions of the United States for the furtherance of the commerce of the United States, and to act, if required to do so, as fiscal agents of the United States." Only two national banks have taken advantage of this provision of the law, namely, the First National of Boston and the National City of New York. The latter has opened 25 branches in Cuba, three in Brazil, two in Argentina, two in Belgium, two in Chile, two in Porto Rico, one in Colombia, one in England, one in France, one in Italy, one in Peru, one in Uruguay and one in Venezuela. The First National Bank of Boston opened up only one foreign branch, at Buenos Aires, Argentina. It is necessary now for the Controller of the Currency to send National Bank Examiners to the countries named to examine the foreign branches. These foreign branches made loans in 1922 of $142,555,000.

Since 1793, up to June 30, 1922, our mints have coined $44,401,955.27 worth of pennies, or one cent pieces; $42,242,951.00 of these are outstanding and in circulation, assuming that none of them have been lost or destroyed. The difference between the number coined and the number outstanding, as above, of $2,159,004.27, represents the number of pennies that have been returned to the three mints and melted.

The value of the nickels, or five-cent pieces, outstanding or in circulation, amounts to $54,836,416. In addition to this, $5,127,746.05 of the five-cent pieces coined have been returned to the mints and melted.

In addition to pennies and nickels, there are $2,466,220.61 outstanding in copper half cents, two-cent pieces and three-cent pieces, the two cents made of bronze and the three cents of nickel.

There is $863,389,318 of gold coin in the United States; $381,174,404 of silver dollar coin; and $271,210,886 of subsidiary coin, such as dimes, quarters and half-dollars.

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*A comparatively small portion of this money consists of subsidiary coin.

Where Welfare Work Pays Big Dividends

Southern Corporation Does Much to Better Conditions of Negro Workers

By HELEN BETHEA

The little sunflowers are rolling their eyeballs with delight at the prospect of having their pictures made.

Little bungalows, artistically designed, and each one different, make up the village of Westfield.

Russia's complexion, while somewhat darker in the colored May Festival than it is popularly supposed to be, did not detract from the effect of the Russian Dance by the sixth grade boys and girls.

MANY things have been accomplished for the southern Negro in industry by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, in the last few years. The Tennessee company operates in the Birmingham, Alabama, industrial zone, operating coal and ore mines and furnaces and steel fabricating plants. Through its social science department the company is doing the work on a large scale, having introduced a system of home education and recreation.

The work is having a far-reaching effect on the social life of the Negroes throughout the South. Under the influence of those who have lived and been trained in the T. C. I. towns, organized social efforts of various kinds are springing up among the Negroes in other localities every day.

Miss Winifred Collins, director of the Social Science Department, has charge of the work. She is the official "housekeeper" of the company home. Hers is the task of keeping the many parts of the company body working harmoniously together. She furnishes the feminine element that other officials of the organization found necessary to the best interests of the actual industrial work. From an office high up in a tall building in Birmingham, Miss Collins touches the buttons which make the social "wheels" of the 10 little towns revolve, just as the other officials set the wheels of steel and iron to moving in the other departments. She has charge of the work in an equal number of towns inhabited by white people which she runs on somewhat similar lines. The work of the social science department reaches every community in which the company operates, giving special attention to the ones located in the more remote sections.

Working directly under Miss Collins are the division superintendents who have charge of the work in various divisions, each one including several towns. For each town there is a white community director who is responsible for the activities in that village. Living in the village and coming in daily contact with people are two community workers—a man and a woman. They have the general supervision of the work carried on in the towns by the teachers and trained workers, some of whom live in the towns, while others go from one community to the other.

"We believe that the smallest possible amount of restraint and the greatest good can be obtained by employing directors and instructors of their own color for the Negroes," said Miss Collins. "We have placed Negro graduates from accredited schools and colleges in every town. Since the actual work has been carried on by colored teachers and workers we have found that it has progressed a great deal more rapidly."

Every town is furnished with adequate school facilities, kindergarten rooms, a community house and a club house for the activities of the men. There are athletic fields, where the annual sporting events between the communities are staged.

"We find that our athletic events are among our most valuable assets with our employes, for they promote a friendly rivalry with other divisions of the company, which in turn engenders loyalty for the company," said Miss Collins. "We stage every year a baseball series, a football series, a soccer series and a basket ball series, making an all-year-round program, leaving not a single season without inter-community athletic activities.

"The fact that they are drawn together to witness these athletic events gives the men the feeling that they are a part of a great pulsing, living entity, which is vivid with interest and enthusiasm for the things that the integral parts are doing. It would be impossible to stop a feeling of warmth from growing in the hearts of a multitude of employes who are gathered together to see the "manufacturing" division play off the championship game with the "mining" division of the same company.

"The African is both elemental and temperamental as a rule," Miss Collins continued. "He responds quickly to things that are done for him. He is equally quick to absorb any feeling of discontent which may be going the rounds. Hence we believe that the social science department is the strongest ally we have against the strike evil. We must constantly fight, for these people, the feeling of despondency that is the natural result of difficult working conditions. We must keep them filled with the belief that life is worth living, even when one-third of it must be spent in the subterranean fastness of a mine, or in the burning breath of a furnace.

"Our main duty is to furnish the people with recreations and diversions which are both healthy and profitable. The effort is to lift the minds of the laborer above his everyday tasks, for physical labor exhausts the body without satisfying the mind of the average person.

"For the men we have the athletic activities. For the women there are schools, improvement associations, better baby campaigns, health crusades, church work meetings, cooking classes, housekeeping classes and clubs for literary and social betterment. Sports, with music and dances every week, furnish recreation for the growing energy of the young folks. The boys are taught the manual arts and the girls are taught the domestic arts. There are complete shops for the boys, and for the girls a cottage, built like the ones the people live in, is given over to the domestic science classes in each town."

The religious life of the people is encouraged. Two or more churches are located in each town. The Negro is especially susceptible to the influences of religion and responds to its appeal more readily than white people do. In this province the social science department practices the "hands off" policy.

Noticeable in the workings of the social science department is the absence of the paternal attitude. The supervisors and teachers who have charge of the work never assume any authority, except, of course, in the school class rooms. In their dealings with the older people they suggest rather than instruct, and advise rather than direct.

Even in the architecture of the homes in the T. C. I. villages one notices a departure from the old order of things. The day of the "company village," where every house is an exact copy of all of its neighbors, has passed, even in the colored towns. Modern bungalows with a definite plan of architecture and adornment have been erected. Every little house has a style all its own. All of them have one thing in common, convenience and good sanitary arrangements.

"Home Gardening and the Town Beautiful" is one of the chief movements that the social science department fosters. Today when the traveler makes his way through rural North Alabama he sees, instead of the little mining camp held by main force of the will of the corporation to the side of a red ore-grimed, dusty hill, a little village blooming with flower gardens, nestling down at the foot of the steep hill. About three-fourths of the way up the mountain, where the camp used to be, the mine still yawns and the little tram trains run importantly in and out.

In the manufacturing centers the homes for the workmen are built far enough away from the breath of the hot mills to make living possible, with a reasonable amount of comfort even in the middle of the summer.

In May of every year, the social work of the colored T. C. I. communities reaches a climax in the May Festival held at Westfield where the main athletic field is located.

Last year 12,000 colored men and women gathered there from all sections of the company holdings to view with pride the antics of the 2,000 school children who took part in the event. This annual performance is staged by the pupils in the colored schools of these villages: Bayview, Blocton, Docena, Edgewater, Ensley, Ishkooda, Ketona, Muscoda, Wenonah and Westfield.

The gigantic pageant proceeds to the coronation of the May queen with but a thread of story on which to hang the music and dancing. A Negro band of 36 pieces, organized and trained at Edgewater, one of the company's most inaccessible villages, furnished the music. The most popular girl and boy in the whole school system were chosen by the majority vote of the other pupils to be king and queen of the festival.

To be the queen of the May Festival is the most coveted social distinction that can be awarded to any girl in the communities. For the day the May Queen is the cynosure of the eyes of the dark town system and hers is the pinnacle of social success. The honor is one for which the girls in every school strive openly, aided and abetted by their mothers and all their female relatives.

All the children take part in the dances and drills which are a part of the pageant. Every inhabitant of the flower kingdom and every nation of the earth is represented in the many spectacular scenes which are put on. The nymph which links all of these together is the Spirit of Spring. Second only to the honor of being May Queen is that of being the Spirit of Spring. This is awarded by the athletic instructor to the girl who is the best interpretative dancer and also the best student. It is really the principal part in the pageant and some people value it even above the distinction of being elected queen.

"The construction of the villages, the work of this department, the whole system, in so far as it is possible, is planned, like the system in a home, for the convenience and welfare of the workers," said Miss Collins. "Millions in money and many years of time have been spent to produce the best possible living conditions for them.

"The element of charity does not enter into this phase of the work of the Tennessee company. It is purely a matter of economic expediency and good sense. The company has discovered that money spent for the keeping of a 'clean house' in the industrial centers, and a department devoted entirely to the welfare of the workers and their families pays actual dividends in the service and loyalty shown in all other departments.

If the Bible was a part of one's childhood, one will be conscious of a quotation that just fits:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

John Burroughs as a Critic of Literature

Concluded from page 3

Emerson and the rest of them? How has it fared with so many names in the past, that were in their own day on all men's tongues?"

I believe that the public mind is always and ever endeavoring to get the correct estimate and measure of men and of women, but that quite generally this estimate and measure is elusive or slips from the grasp. Earlier literary judgments are at their worst if made before a writer has produced very much, and are certain to be over or under estimations. Twenty-five years ago we might have been justified in the belief that John Fox's final position as a novelist would have been a high one. And there have been scores of others! Later production did not equal in quality or did not please as had earlier efforts, and they are forgotten in just the way that John Burroughs indicates is likely to be the case with many who deserve a larger place than will finally be accorded to them.

"Literary Values" is sure to make upon the minds of most persons who had read it with care that type of influence which will cause them in their future reading to seek that which is worth while rather than the type of writing which bears the sign, almost before it is read, of being the passing comment—the quickly forgotten. And the book is most helpful to those who will study and ponder what he has written for they will be much better able to judge the true from the unreal and to separate the false from the true.

WAITING—By JOHN BURROUGHS

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid th' eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

"I suppose one comes to like plain literature as he comes to like plain clothes, plain manners, simple living. What grows with us is the taste for the genuine, the real. The less a writer's style takes thought of itself, the better we like it. The less his dress, his equipage, his house, concern themselves about appearances, the more we are pleased with them. Let the purpose be entirely serious, and let the seriousness be pushed till it suggests the heroic; that is what we crave as we grow older and tire of the vanities and shams of the world. * * * See how much better literature Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg is than the more elaborate and scholarly address of Everett on the same occasion. General Grant's Memoirs have a higher literary value than those of any other general of our Civil War, mainly because of the greater simplicity, seriousness and directness of the personality they reveal. There is no more vanity and make-believe in the book than there was in the man. * * * Lincoln and Grant were undoubtedly the two most elemental men brought out by the war."

John Burroughs, the literary critic, is never detached from John Burroughs the naturalist. We find the vein the same; the style is identical and we have here the same aim and the same purpose. There is ever and always that going after the truth, of getting to the heart of the matter without show or the idle waste of words. He does more than merely tell us that Lincoln and Grant were elemental. He is so himself. Therefore what he writes is not mere idle preaching.

So long ago as 1871 John Burroughs was constantly writing. That was at a time when he was a government clerk in Washington, and while in the midst of his Whitman friendship. "Wake Robin" and "Winter Sunshine," his two earlier books, are as thoughtful and as penetrating in the treatment of their subjects as his later work. He does not show in them the influences which his own more mature study of literature was destined to have upon the work of the more fully developed and better equipped John Burroughs.

He has recounted that as early as 1862 Brownlee Brown, "a sort of refined and spiritualized Emerson, without the grip and gristle of the matter but very pleasing and suggestive," was attracting his attention. The same was likewise true of Davis A. Wasson, a New England writer of the somewhat smaller Emerson type and who is now quite forgotten. John Burroughs had studied Locke, Johnson and Saint-Pierre who he thought "left their marks upon me."

Carlyle was the first writer to take a deep hold upon John Burroughs after he reached his maturity. He declared that to say Carlyle is not a great writer, or more than that, a supreme literary artist, was to him like denying that Angelo and Rembrandt were great painters or that the sea is not a great body of water. Carlyle's life meant to John Burroughs a life of herculean labor, being as it was entirely given to letters. To his way of thinking, Carlyle brought to his tasks the greatest single equipment of pure literary talent English prose has ever received.

Emerson a little later came crowding into John Burroughs' reading thought. In his third volume, "Birds and Poets," Emerson is given a large place. "The National New England type, as illustrated by that section of the country, is the purest and strongest in him of any yet. He can never suffer eclipse." John Burroughs looked upon Emerson as "an essence, a condensation; more so perhaps than any other man who has appeared in literature. He gives us net results. He writes short but pregnant chapters on great themes, as his 'English Traits,' a book like rich preserves put up pound for pound, a pound of Emerson to every pound of John Bull. Apparently he does not permit himself a moment's indifference or inattention."

Emerson must have deeply pleased him. His chapter with the New England philosopher as his subject was his first getting away with his pen from nature-writing.

From that time onward a considerable part of what John Burroughs has written has been upon literary topics. It would appear that from Emerson he took his form of expression: the essay—a form in which we always find his prose work and a form which he has been wise in adhering to since it is so clearly his forte.

It seems to me clear that, as far as Walt Whitman is concerned, John Burroughs has done more than any other one agency to give us the correct estimate of this poet. Whitman needed someone who knew him and understood him to explain him. John Burroughs finally made the discovery that Whitman cannot be explained—that the only way to approach him is to study him and this he has done thoroughly and well. As he says, Whitman's life was "a pleased and interested saunter through the world—no hurry, no strife; hence no bitterness, no depletion, no wasted energies." These few words alone have helped those who have read them to understand Whitman better.

Taken all in all, however, "Literary Values" holds perhaps more of real interest to those who are in quest of the stable, the lasting, the enduring in literature and desire to get away from the trivial than does any other modern volume. This may seem high praise, especially when bestowed upon a man whom nine-tenths of the world seems to know and to want to know only as a naturalist and as an author dealing with nature and nature only. But the way is open to those who will read to find in John Burroughs one of our very best and certainly our most delightful of literary critics.

The New Jersey Colony of the Easter People

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wheel was in several places cut through slate rock to a depth of 15 feet or more. At these points this artificial waterway has the appearance of a miniature chasm. The mill, the dam forming the pond, and that water channel have today the precise appearance which they had when completed nearly a century and a half ago.

The Moravian colony was possessed of the Continental idea as to how farmers could best live. The general plan was to dwell in a central village—we see this plan followed in many parts of French Canada today—with many of the farms at some little distance. This necessitated in some cases rather long walks—going in the morning to the farms during the plowing and harvesting seasons and equally long return journeys in the evening. But the plan did away with the monotony of the winter. It made possible a pleasant community with every possible advantage for social intercourse during a season which otherwise would have been unbearably dull.

Here the Moravians dwelt for 39 years. So far as known none of these people were ever involved in trouble which enlisted the aid of the courts. Nor were any ever charged with the commission of any crime. Theirs was a case actually of living at peace with mankind.

In 1787 Joseph Swayze, an old pioneer in that region, proposed building another mill but the stewards of the church and congregation addressed him a fervent letter and requested him not to carry the enterprise into effect. Here is a part of the entreaty:

"We, therefore, dear friend, would earnestly ask and beg you to consider the affair in its inner light and if you show that sincerely and with compassionate mind, you will find—first, At what a great expense we have been in bringing our mill, in order to serve the neighborhood, as commodious as can be; and second, What great benefit the neighborhood derived these 17 years past of this mill; and here we must needs inform you that all of the income of the mill as well as all the rest of our trading, after the homeward expenses are discharged, are wholly and solely accounted to the benefit of the Gospel, to promote the same among Christians and Heathens, and especially for the support of our Missionaries amongst the Heathens; and whosoever get acquainted with and knows it, what an Ocean of expense the Brethren are at to maintain these missions in all parts of the world, will and must give the praise to our Lord and Saviour of Heathen, who hath brought to their Eternal Salvation many thousands of them, and admire how wonderfully he has assisted us to discharge all its immense expenses occurring by that undertaking. * * * Now dear neighbor, these our minds which we have communicated to you, flow not out of hearts of hatred against you, but more out of grevious foresight, that our Mill will be out of its recourse and in future contribute but little to the above mentioned expenses, and we beg your pardon, and hope you will not take it amiss of us, as shall still remain your well-wishing friends and neighbors."

Queer triple-sectioned arches known as "Widow Pailows" abound throughout China. The Chinese idea of virtue in a wife is one that does not remarry after her husband dies and who gives the remainder of her life to caring for her father-in-law and mother-in-law; she will then be honored with an arch or "Widow Pailow." A husband may remarry.

The names which were signed to this entreaty were Frederick Linebach, Bernard Ad Grube, Daniel Hauser, Adolph Hartmann and John Luckenbach.

The Moravians had not found the soil about Hope so fertile as they supposed. Their colony had endured the Revolutionary War practically undisturbed. At the end of the winter 1807-1808, a season remarkable for its rigor in the history of the middle Atlantic states, it was decided by those at Hope that they would move—that with the coming of spring they would return to Bethlehem and to Nazareth.

It has been testified on every hand that these people were remarkably honest in their dealings. They had, by trusting too much to the fair treatment by others with whom they had come into business contact, suffered sadly. The colony had not prospered.

Easter Monday, 1808, the time set for their departure, witnessed in the village a scene strange indeed. Here on stout wagons were placed the furniture and belongings that had been brought upon their arrival. Their homes and lands they had sold to whoever would purchase and in horse-drawn vehicles, the day after the Easter services, which form such a large part of the church life of these people, they started away from the village they had built and the place they loved!

A good many of the Moravians—all those who died at Hope—lie buried in what is now the Methodist Episcopal cemetery. The evidences of their having lived and having labored here have been in nearly every case obliterated by the hand of time. Only here and there can be seen little sections of gray slabs which were placed flat upon the graves. Most of them are completely hidden by the sod and the earth which now cover them.

The real evidence that another people, speaking another language and possessed of other customs, habits and religious views once dwelt in that region is confined to the substantial structures which they have left.

Spending Hetty Green's Millions on Radio

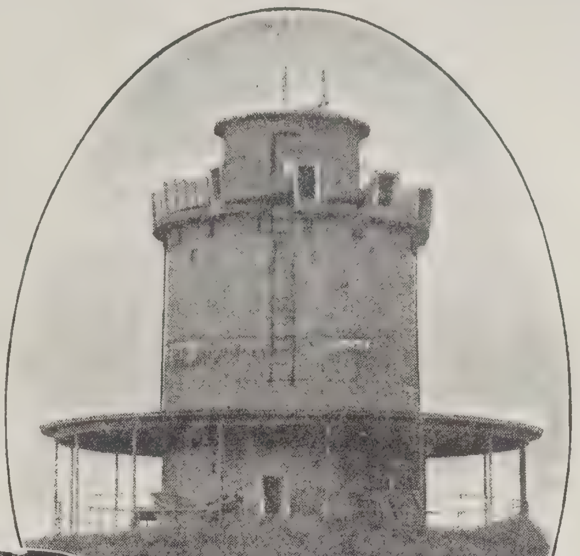
Builds Huge Station at Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts, to Help Amateurs in Their Wireless Telephony Experiments

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

IF HETTY GREEN were alive, she would be amazed at the uses to which have been put the millions of dollars that she accumulated by hard work, strict attention to business and shrewd investment during the course of her long life, leaving her, just before her death, the richest woman in the world. And yet she probably would be pleased, for the millions are being devoted to worthy, yet practical uses (and Hetty Green was eminently practical) by her son, Colonel Edward H. R. Green, who is so crippled that he cannot get around actively like many poor young men whom he plans to help.

Colonel Green is one of the most enthusiastic of the many thousand radio devotees who dot the United States and Canada with their little stations.

On his estate of 253 acres known as "Round Hills" at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, about eight miles from New Bedford and on the wind-swept shore of Buzzards Bay, he has a home where he is building the biggest amateur experimental station for radio in the world. He already has a powerful broadcasting station, and is building another; a big loud-speaker tower which sends music for miles, and one of the finest radio laboratories to be found anywhere. Here he keeps open house for the amateur radio fan, welcoming him and offering him free use of the facilities afforded by the laboratory, the paid engineering staff and the great quantities of radio apparatus.



The unique loud-speaker tower, on a bluff overlooking the bay at Round Hills, equipped with large wooden horns. Broadcasts are sent through these horns far out in the country and may be heard without a receiving set at a distance of four and one-half miles.

Photos by Boston Photo News Co.

COL. EDWARD H. R. GREEN,

The "Multimillionaire Radio Bug," in his study at Round Hills.

Skilled engineers, leading radio men and highly trained workmen of all kinds are now busy erecting on the Round Hills estate a new set of broadcasting, reception and experimental stations that will be among the most powerful, and none for profit. Whatever discoveries are made will be given over to the discoverers, if they are not connected with the plant, and choose to benefit by the discoveries; otherwise to the radio public.

Colonel Green believes that the future of radio lies much in the hands of the enthusiastic amateur, who will spend days and nights working over some little problem, testing and experimenting for the sheer fascination of the thing, without thought of ultimate profit. Some of these amateurs may have brilliant ideas, but, through lack of means, may be unable to carry out their ideas. He intends to aid these enthusiasts.

He expects to have everything in readiness by next June, by which time school will be closed and those students interested can give their vacation to radio. A picked staff of instructors and radio experts will lecture and teach the advanced science. Others will be given a chance to test, without cost, theories or ideas they seek to develop. Expert experimental work will be going on and any radio fan will have an opportunity to witness or participate in a part, at least, of these experiments and tests.

Colonel Green will offer a prize of $5,000 and will put up a gold cup, both to be awarded to the amateur who is judged as having furnished the idea that has advanced radio the farthest during the preceding year.

There will be a second prize of $2,000 and a silver cup going to the next best idea. A second plan will be to send out a call to amateurs, offering the free use of his tremendously efficient and powerful plant in the furtherance of amateur work and for amateur experimental purposes. Thus an amateur may bring his set to Colonel Green and may try it out on one of the stations under construction.

The third plan is for the college professor, who, handicapped perhaps by a small salary, though brilliant and prolific in ideas, is unable to carry on any experimental work outside of his classroom. In the spring he will send out a call to professors to visit Round Hills if they desire. Those, who after being given a hearing are found to have feasible ideas, will be placed on Colonel Green's pay roll and maintained for as long a time as they need to conduct their experiments.

They may either build their own sets from materials furnished by Colonel Green, or have the sets built by his engineers according to their own specifications and under their own direction.

His loud-speaking tower is unique and is developed from Colonel Green's own ideas. The tower looks like an old-fashioned Atlantic Coast lighthouse, and on the gallery of the tower are mounted four large wooden horns. Connection is had with the studio, a short distance away, where the amplifying apparatus is located. This reproduces music and speech with such intensity that it is directed through the horns for a distance of four and a half miles, with distinctness and modulation. Yachting and fishing parties far out in the bay have heard the broadcast and wondered whence it came.

The four great steel masts to be used in the broadcasting station and the four wooden ones now in use can be seen for miles before one reaches the estate.

The big sun parlor of the mansion has been turned into a private radio laboratory, filled with all sorts of apparatus. It might be the radio amateur's idea of heaven, with its profusion of amplifiers, receiving sets, loud speakers and transmitting sets scattered about.

Just outside the house is a pair of 100-foot steel towers which will be used for the new 500-watt station now being constructed near by. Transmitting tests are now being made on a 100-watt station, about a quarter of a mile away. This carries an "A" license, while the new station will carry a "B" license. Both will have the station call of WMAF.

"It is pure selfishness," said Colonel Green in speaking of his radio plans and his experiments. "I am interested in the thing for the pleasure it gives me. I believe, however, that the pleasure afforded by the radiophone should be accessible to every man—not only the rich, who can have the best of apparatus, but to the poor man who must obtain his outfit at a low price or not at all.

"My aim is to hasten the advent of a low-priced receiving set not to cost more than $25 at the most, all complete, which will be really sensitive, reliable and simple to operate. When the majority of people are contented, wars and strikes will be unknown. The way to keep them contented is to keep them entertained in their homes, and the radiophone does that better than any other agency I know of. If I can hasten the day when every home will be equipped with a radio receiver, I will be content myself.

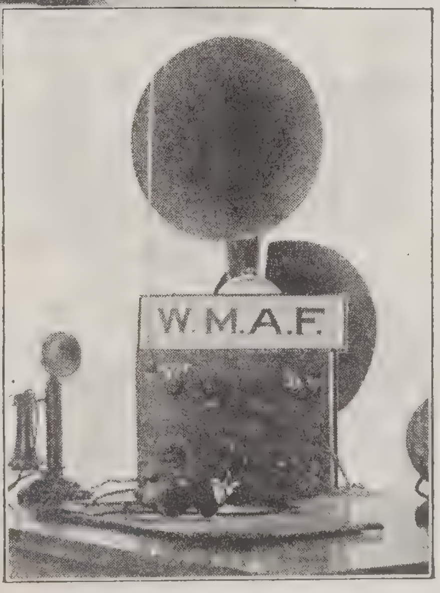
"Our experimental station call is IXV. This will take care of nine different transmitting stations. Our broadcast call is WMAF. This carries the 50, the 100 and 500-watt stations. We are having these stations built for experimental purposes only. We have 18 orders out now for types of loop aerials that have any difference between them. What we are after is the practical loop aerial, and we will test them all, to see which is the best.

"At present we have four steel masts, each 146 feet high, erected to carry antennae. Then we have eight wooden masts, 125 feet high, and there are three 12-foot loop aerials.

"The Round Hills station is out for quality, not quantity, and we have a unique system for receiving our broadcasts back by telephone and thereby judging of their quality. At various places on Cape Cod and in other sections, including one in New York City, receiving sets have been distributed and others will be distributed to receive the Round Hills broadcast. Then through the telephone the broadcast reception will be returned to Round Hills house and listened to here. Thus we will be able to judge of the quality of our broadcasts and not be obliged to depend upon reports from others. One of these receiving sets has been installed in the life-saving station at Cuttyhunk and another at Broadway and 42nd street, New York City.

"We have found that the tides affect the wave length. Once at the house here I got a terrible reception from our own broadcast and called up the broadcast building to see if they were still on the same wave length. Finding that they were, I instructed them to investigate. Finally they found that the tide had dropped four feet since the broadcasting had begun, and this drop had changed the wave length.

"We are having a band room prepared, with a different type of transmitter from that used for soft music or the human voice. The latter will not go through it, but a brass band with a bass drum, which usually sounds badly, will go out beautifully on the new transmitter. We will have a special microphone for each station; one type for voice, another for the organ and another for band music. Whatever we do will be either for quality or for experiment. To anyone who listens in on our broadcast of 400 meters, the result will be either excellent or rotten."



The private receiving set of Col. Green in his mansion at Round Hills, with the letters of the Round Hills broadcast station call.

Once a year the station will publish articles giving full details of all that has been discovered during the previous year and this will be available for general use.

"We are not going to do the way the big telephone, electric and radio companies do," said the Colonel—"buy up new ideas and patents and quietly shelve them because they are such radical improvements that they would have to scrap hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of apparatus already made up to sell. We are going to give the boys a chance to put their ideas and inventions before the public.

"We shall institute a prize contest with a board of judges made up of a representative of the newspapers, one from the colleges, one of the amateur radio men, one from the engineering societies and one representing the Round Hills Corporation, to act as a board of five judges. Then we shall invite amateurs throughout the world to submit their ideas to the board. The prizes will be awarded as previously stated, except that the cups will have to be won twice by the same men to become their property."

The mystery of Colonel Green's interest in radio is no mystery at all when the facts are known. He became a "bug" back in 1898, but through pressure of business was obliged to drop it. Not long ago, when on a sick bed down in Texas, he took it up again, to while away the empty hours while convalescing.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A baseball rookie from St. Louis on his first visit to Philadelphia was shown the Liberty Bell. Looking it over, he said, "It's too bad to let a relic like that run down. We've got a blacksmith down home who could fix that crack up so you wouldn't know it ever had been there, and he'd do the job for $5."

The original French of the now stale Coué refrain is: "Chaque jour aux toutes façons je vais mieux en mieux." The rhyme, in English, is accidental; its success monumental.

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, there is an old mansion which retains the lightning rods put up by Benjamin Franklin in person. On the same street is an old church, St. John's, from which rings out the pleasant peals of a bell of Paul Revere's handiwork.

A mock trial took place at the Garrison Club, Moscow, on January 27, in which God figured as the accused, according to dispatches from that city. Five thousand Red Army officers and soldiers witnessed the trial, Leon Trotzky and Secretary Lunatsharsky participating. Evidence was presented for and against God, as a counter-revolutionary power, and speeches delivered by the "defense" and the "prosecution." At the end of the proceedings a verdict of "guilty" was announced.

More land is cultivated to grow the world's wheat than to grow any other single crop. If all plant life in the world except grasses, of which family wheat is a member, were destroyed, man and his animals could still live.

Contrary to popular belief, the century plant (Agave Americana) blossoms once in eight years in most cases, and not every hundred years as many have been led to believe. A central shoot nearly 20 feet high often bears as many as 4,000 blossoms. Those growing in greenhouses or under artificial conditions do not bloom so often as those growing naturally.

Fox farming in Alaska utilizes material from salmon canneries that would otherwise be wasted.

Paraffin wax mixed in benzine is used in preserving many of the relics found in Tutankhamen's tomb. The surface of the relics are also sprayed with a diluted solution of celluloid dissolved in a mixture of amylacetate and acetone. Other relics are coated with a heavy coat of paraffin wax which may be removed by heat. The leather goods is found to be black, brittle and resinous-like, breaking into small fragments when touched.

For jobs of large bulk such as the unloading or loading of great quantities of brick and sand between car and ship, car and storage, and so on, the conveyor belt has proved to be cheaper than the cheap labor of India.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Copra is the dried kernel of the ripe cocoanut. About seven years is required to bring a cocoanut tree to bearing age. The trees need little attention and the price paid for copra is about $150 a ton "on the beach." A good tree will produce annually 300 cocoanuts. Fifteen hundred nuts make a ton.

You rarely lose anything in Japan, according to American travelers. If you leave your pocketbook or camera on the train or in the street car, you will be sure to find them when you go to the proper place for lost articles.

The average cost of stopping a freight train is 24 cents at five miles an hour; 69 cents at 10 miles, and $1.44 at 15 miles an hour.

Verses by Milton written when he was 14 years of age have been found in a seventh century copy of Ovid picked up in a secondhand shop in London. Handwriting experts have identified the manuscript poems as Milton's, and the date in the book indicates the great poet wrote them when he was but a child.

More than 1,200 holes were made in one stroke by golfers during the season of 1922, according to the Hole in One Club. Chicago won first place with 52 aces, including three cuckoos made by women.

An electrically charged iron door will form part of the safeguards to King Tutankhamen's tomb while it is closed until next season. The terrific heat makes it impossible to work except during the winter season.

During 50 years John Wesley preached 40,000 sermons and rode 250,000 miles.

A power-driven track sweeper sweeps up and loads into cars the accumulated dirt—chiefly cinders, ashes and coal dust—which fouls the roadbeds where pusher locomotives are used. It operates at about four miles an hour and cuts the cost one-half where hand-labor was formerly used.

A Zionist syndicate is going to explore the Dead Sea.

Fresh ewe's milk is used in making the famous Roquefort cheese in the town of that name in France. The ewe's milk is delivered daily and after being filtered and allowed to turn, is pressed into molds and sown with the spores of a microscopic plant which assures its ripening or mellowing. After being drained the cheese is placed in natural cellars in the rocky hillsides where it is left from 30 to 90 days.

Because of the high freight rate in this country, American sales of flour in the Dutch East Indies have fallen to near the vanishing point. Our freight rates are more than double the Australian rate.

Czecho-Slovakia possesses a deposit of silica mineral of volcanic origin which can be used directly in the manufacture of glass without adding any of the common ingredients used in making up the glass batch. This mineral resembles lava and the deposits are very large.

Alcohol will be made from maize by a South African company inside of a year. Particular attention has been paid to the development of a motor fuel with alcohol as a base.

A cheap and rapid process for preparing chocolate creams having very soft cream centers has been developed. By using invertase in place of acid the semi-liquefaction of the centers has been secured. The process will be patented and dedicated to public use.

Many gas poison shells have been washed up at Southport, England, and 10 of them have been removed by some unknown persons. It is feared that some damage may result if they are handled by persons ignorant of their dangerous nature and the authorities are anxious to trace them.

Gold is being mined in Germany for the first time in 300 years. Deposits of gold were reported in the Eder River near Korbach not far from Westphalia. It runs 44 grams of fine gold to the ton of earth.

PROPAGANDA OR FACTS?

The world today is flooded with propaganda. There is a scarcity of facts. Pick up a magazine or newspaper and glance through it. Aside from local news—how much dependable information do you find?

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The Halfway Mark for Harding

APR 2 1923

What Does Wilson Think and Will He Say What He Thinks?

Do Banks Give Credit, or Do You?

Our "Year Without a Summer!"

Records of Calamities of Other Times Should Point a Warning

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Halfway Mark of Harding Administration Sees No "Pointing With Pride"

What the President Would Like to Know Best of All Is: What Mr. Wilson Thinks of His Successor

By A. R. PINCI

THE close of the fourth session of the Sixty-seventh Congress marked the first half of Warren G. Harding's presidential term.

There is in the air a sort of painful restraint.

Tersely, there is no pointing with pride and no viewing with alarm.

Followers of the administration in power are expected to shout the usual hosannas at the conclusion of each administrative cycle, but the most experienced ear has failed to register any unusual joyful vibrations, nor has there been any discordant note of dissent. Instead of the usual full-lunged bands playing different tunes simultaneously, it looks as if the musicians were quietly practicing new tunes for future use.

True, there has gone forth from Washington the promise that during the summer the President may address the nation in what was once the "swing around the circle," and this will lead the opposition to prepare for the usual antiphony, but until President Harding actually announces such a program it need not be taken seriously.

One can understand what the actual motive of party notables is in wanting the President to talk for himself. Yet it is undisputable that something is wrong somewhere, not with President Harding himself, nor with any one of his chief lieutenants, but with the administration as a whole. It is not so much whether or not what the Republicans have wrought politically or otherwise during the past two years is what the people wanted, but that no Republican knows, actually knows, that the people are satisfied. This neutral condition is much more disconcerting than outright criticism or hostility.

The Passing of Hays

A YEAR ago the writer stated in these columns that there was "not a finger's worth of applause and not a frown of hostility," and that the recent congressional elections would not be a judgment of the administration, favorable or unfavorable. Political leaders have on the whole attempted to refute that statement, both when made and since then. Of course, the elections *did* mean something, as will be shown, but not according to the ancient political syllabus, as two instances will prove.

In April, 1922, Senator Medill McCormick, informally discussing the general situation with me, was convinced that the election would be favorable, with several gains probably in sight. "We have them on the run," he said. It was interesting, if true, but signs were wanting while words were plentiful.

Before the election, John T. Adams, chairman of the National Republican Committee, did not doubt the forthcoming results. There might be a slight realignment or readjustment, he said to me, but that was all.

Senator McCormick, as one of the irreconcilables of 1920, boarded the Republican band-wagon because it is the only vehicle he is familiar with outside of his private motor car. He was one of the half-dozen conductors in charge of it then (but no longer) with Will H. Hays driving. He is riding, but he is no longer conducting. If anything, he is becoming more of a checker.

The farewell that Mr. Hays kissed in abandoning the Republican band-wagon when he shifted jobs has been forgotten by now, or, at best, it is not remembered. But it is just as well to recollect it. It was the first break in the Harding camp. It was not the extravagant salary that was tendered as bait that shook Mr. Hays from his driving bench, nor the presumed sanctimonious publicity that went with it. Mr. Hays did not need publicity, nor did he need the money, as he had plenty of the first and enough of the latter. The separation of "Will" from the President's political family was not in disorder; anything but. The President was consulted, after Mr. Hays had thought about the new job, and the G. O. P. paterfamilias gave his formal assent.

Why Did "Will" Quit?

BUT the separation was not as lovely, in the uncharted strata of politics, as it appeared. Mr. Hays organized the campaign, and this was successful, and Mr. Hays was merely the last of the original Harding group to go overboard. It would not have been so pointed, or so eloquent, had either Mr. Hughes or Mr. Hoover received the offer that befell Mr. Hays, and in the order named both men were much better fitted as arbiters, as well as arbitrators, of the movies. Neither Mr. Hughes nor Mr. Hoover meant anything to the Harding administration, in the opinion of those who had identified themselves with the campaign. They were virtually non-existent. Both are creatures of the President himself and not of the electorate or the electoral machinery. Although unofficial, Mr. Hays' political job was and is supreme.

But the other question was begged; did Mr. Hays quit because eight months of inside knowledge led to unsatisfactory conclusions?

Mr. Hays had been gone three or four months when Senator McCormick thought that the opposition was on the run, but one would like to know why, in the face of such predicted victory, the Illinois Solon was on the Atlantic ocean on election day. True, he had no actual work to do, even as the leader of the Senate Republican Committee, but why not tarry until the victorious had been counted in?

Mr. Adams, whose sun rises and sets with Warren G. Harding, likewise flirted with Neptune's waves at a critical period. Instead of standing by until the end of the congressional term, to observe and keep "an eye peeled," he sailed for Egypt late in January, to be gone two or three months.

What Does Wilson Think?

ORDINARILY the chairman of the national committee of the administration in power has found that the weeks immediately before and immediately following the mid-term Rubicon require his personal attention. He not only is supposed to keep in touch with the recalcitrant elements of his party during the last voting days, and even whip them into political line, but is supposed to out-Shakespeare the bard of Avon in singing the praises of accomplishments before the dull reverberations of the Vice-President and the Speaker's gavels have ceased. To the chairman of the National Republican Committee this knock closing the session is supposed to be a boost. But how could it be heard in far-away Egypt, some persons are asking.

Not that silence is not better, after all. It goes without saying that with no crowing on the part of the party in power there is less necessity for brickbatting on the other side.

There is food for thought in the fact that the Democrats have been chary so far with their antagonism. It is an unnatural situation. It violates many human laws—or rather, laws of human weakness. The restraint, therefore, is premeditated or inspired. By whom?

The Republicans endeavored to find out by their forcing the "Harding boom" last February. It was a ridiculous performance, since the President is not open for a "boom"; he carries it by right of possession.

But what President Harding would like to know is what ex-President Wilson thinks of President Harding.

What the Republicans, big and little, would like to know, is what the ex-President thinks of the past two years.

And, to cap the climax, what ex-President Wilson thinks of the past 24 months is what the Democrats, big and little, would like to know. And they don't know. It is odd, but it's so.

Mr. Wilson's silence is not routine taciturnity. What he has felt like saying and hasn't said is neither here nor there, but to keep from saying it has been an amazing feat. Few men under the same circumstances would have resisted the urge. How amazing can be better understood by the fact that his audience, in a non-political sense, is greater than ever. What he would say, non-politically, to a non-political audience, would at once become politics.

There is no doubt that while the Democrats are generally disappointed because their titular chief is so reticent and aloof, the Republicans are downright hurt.

It's Hughes and Hoover

FROM the Democrats' standpoint word has long been expected from Mr. Wilson because of the ex-irreconcilables who defeated him having compromised into a policy that, no matter how good, has nothing in common with that on which the campaign was waged. The Democrats would like to know what Mr. Wilson thinks of the "Wilson Republicans," a new breed, a numerous breed, a powerful breed.

To be a Wilson Republican is not anathema; and there are at the same time many Harding Democrats. In some cases they are twain. It is a bit complex to explain, but time will reveal what is meant by either, and they are mentioned now simply as a matter of record.

It is generally known, this is a rather complex administration. But it does not represent the Republicans who waged the campaign of three years ago. Some of those have been forgotten, others have changed their spots. The Henry Cabot Lodge of today is not the same Senator of three years ago; the same may be said of Colonel George Harvey, whose first speech in London is all that remains of pre-diplomatic personality, whatever this may be.

The reason for the Wilson Republicans is easily found; Hughes and Hoover, with Elihu Root in the offing. The latter might object to being classified as a W-R, but despite his ingrained G. O. P-ism, in international relations he has remained an admirer of President Wilson, and except superficially he has had no love for the irreconcilables of the Republican party. He has been the real Nizam both in the Limitation of Armament conference and the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. Both are related to the League of Nations, if not by nativity then by resemblance. Mr. Root was for the League; so were Messrs. Hughes and Hoover. The reservations did not amount to a hill of beans, politically. So we have the Wilson Republicans.

Both Hughes and Hoover, outsiders during the campaign of 1920, are now the directing forces at Washington. It would not be too much to say that they are assistant Presidents. Divested of its Wilsonism, Senator Lodge, embracing the new statesmanship, likewise has become a Wilson Republican, even though he may not suspect it. What is going to happen if President Harding actually intends to go before the country upon the Permanent Court of Justice issue, because of the Senate's lukewarmness toward it, is to stir up another hornets' nest, and by the time everybody has raced for cover some strange sets of political bedfellows will be ready for public inspection.

The merits of the international court are for the President to explain, of course, and it remains to be seen if he can logically and consistently square his campaign with his administration, and, of course, the people in general are more interested in administration than in campaigns.

But should he put it through, he will then be confronted with the League of Nation's ghost. He may profess not to see it; in fact, the whole G. O. P. may not believe in ghosts, but one thing is sure as tomorrow—that Mr. Wilson may have something to say this time next year. What he will say will go a long way. What that will lead to is another story.

Wilson Attitude Worries

MANY a Republican has been worried because the disarmament conference, of tender memory, brought no encomium from Mr. Wilson. At first they sort of expected a calling down; then they hoped for praise; now they wonder if its failure will be its best political handle in the opposition's hands.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Wilson may not say anything. His attitude, however, is worrying the political bookmakers.

Here is Mr. Harding, bitterly anti-Wilson in his senatorial days, relying upon Mr. Hughes, as his Secretary of State, to lead him out of an international chaos which, in 1916, the latter was quibbling about against Mr. Wilson as part and parcel of that presidential campaign, yet with Mr. Wilson finding his erstwhile political opponent practically in hearty accord with him over international fellowship. But as if that were not all, there is Mr. Hoover who throughout the war was Mr. Wilson's favorite and most popular assistant, without exception, and in turn the same gentleman is recruited by President Harding to lead him out of a labyrinthian channel to the elusive port of Foreign Trade. No doubt about Who's What.

One thing is obvious, however. President Harding stands alone, as chief executive. He must stand or fall upon his own record. The people are not giving a picayune for his best minds, any more than they gave for Mr. Wilson's few "best minds." He has consistently tried to spread his administrative duties all along the line, but he will find at last accounts that if his best minds perform any miracles the people may fail to accord him recognition for them.

Officially, the 1924 campaign is not due to start until the spring of next year, but actually the first guns have already been fired. Whether the Republicans have played into the opposition's hands by being premature with the Harding boom is quite likely, because it has all the earmarks of their hastening to the defensive.

Extra Session Likely

IT IS more than likely, despite refutations, that President Harding will call the next Congress into extra session after the summer season. That is the feeling that every prominent politician entertains, and it is logical. The next may as well be considered a short session, because the political conventions and their results will be more important in the view of legislators and their cohorts than legislating. Moreover, their legislative program must be complete before convention time either to brag about it or to condemn it.

With the ship subsidy bill duly buried, the Permanent Court of Justice bill will take its place. This will lead to a realignment of forces. But a majority is problematical. Unless Congress meets in extra session it will be hardly likely that so complex and politically explosive a subject can be pushed through to success or defeat.

During the next few months President Harding will find that fewer great minds, and more of his own, will be the solution to many difficulties. There is a peculiar irresponsiveness between the people and the administration, even though the President is not the definite object of it. The President will be obliged to be his own spokesman and campaign leader if he wishes to restore some of the lost contact with the silent electorate.

And the silent electorate is growing in proportions.

On the Picturesque Streets of China's Capital

Colorful Indeed Are the Processions That Feature Life of Peking's People

By E. GERTRUDE BEASLEY

HATAMEN street was our first rendezvous. The ricksha boys wheeled us through a crowded and dusty street past dingy shops to the south, toward Hatamen Gate. We came on a tea house, the outer part made of paper in elaborate designs and colors—a tea house where the dead is supposed to stop and receive the feast offered by friends. This was not a "rendezvous with death" but a near approach to it, a "rendezvous with a funeral."

The funeral on Hatamen street was an elaborate one. It was a burial celebration of the wife of a Chinese general.

A long line of beggar children and those of the lowest order, with long white strips of paper inscribed in Chinese characters, attached to bamboo poles, headed the line of marchers which was probably a mile in length. These children were clad in dirty robes, once bright-colored, whose hems at times swept up still more dust as they passed. Then, there were priests in white garments and white caps; grown-up beggars holding aloft a series of elaborately decorated tablets bearing Chinese inscriptions; a long line carrying wreaths of variegated artificial flowers; and those carrying the fife-like instruments whose shrill note impresses one singularly on such occasions.

But this is not to be a "dead" story; on the other hand the street in Peking is radiant with life, in spite of the fact that so many of the gorgeous processions are for the dead.

The bride's dowry on its way to the house of the groom.

The head of the wedding procession.

The image pavilion and lion used in the funeral procession.

The usual scene about Hatamen Gate consists of some such picture as this: small two-wheeled carts piled with everything from lumber to vegetables, drawn by donkeys or what appear to be unbelievable mixtures of the equine family; and water carts which endeavor to quell the dust of the great thoroughfares of Peking, though more often a large wooden pail is seen, at which a man stands with his ladel or large wooden dipper quietly choosing his opportunity to throw out a spray of water between the multitudinous traffic and pedestrians.

In the din of ricksha coolies shouting to one another for space to pass and the populace being jostled about now and then by a more modern and lively motorized vehicle, there come along, rooting and grunting, a most abject herd of what are better known in Arkansas, let us say, as razor-backed swine. No sooner have they passed the crowd ebbing and flowing about the great gate than one beholds a fine line of camels sagging with their packs and "carrying on" with that same shaggy rhythm peculiar to the favorite beast of burden of the Orient.

One of the many wells in Peking. The water from such a source is used for watering the street, for washing purposes, or for watering the animals.

Out of this din emerged the funeral procession. Besides the bier, the mourners, the ragged beggars carrying the usual funeral paraphernalia, there were those carrying large white birds looking like swans (though they were in fact representations of the stork) the feathers having been made of white paper; the stuffed deer with its high antlers, the bodies being covered with small sprigs of pine making up the deer's coat; and numerous other stuffed images and representations in paper. All of these things are said to be desired by the dead. Interspersed among these objects prepared especially for the dead are numerous funeral umbrellas. At least I judged they might be called such, for there were many poles being carried by the funeral attendants with an umbrella like top around which hung gorgeous brocaded tapestry or colored silks beautifully embroidered

To the Chinese, this umbrella which is known as the *liang san,* is a relic of the days when royal attendants held it over His Imperial Majesty as he went about from place to place. But perhaps most interesting and certainly most archaic and emblematic of ancient oriental superstitions is the image of the mythological lion which sits on the image pavilion in which the spirit of the dead is said to be enshrined. The lion is made of the usual pine tree foliage and paper.

Then there is the wedding procession to be seen in the streets of Peking. The long line of attendants in their usual dark costumes with the circles of white dots is a more startling spectacle because of the array of gifts which they carry. The procession, with the bride's dowry, is indeed a thrilling sight with the beautiful gifts in full view. Fancy the pride of the groom on receiving such an array! There was everything from wearing apparel to furniture being carried in the dowry procession; pictures, vases, linens, in fact, every portable object of *la chambre* was to be seen.

One must see the long line with the red sedan chair in which the bride sits while being escorted to the house of the groom to appreciate the contribution which the wedding ceremony adds to street life in Peking. First, the procession is headed by those carrying long red poles with lanterns set at the top and decorated in gorgeous colors; large fan-like decorations are also set on poles, this being a custom of the old Manchu days; and most spectacular of all is the *liang san.* At the wedding procession these umbrellas appear more gorgeous than ever with their beautifully embroidered flowers of yellow and pink on a background of red, with a fringe of gold.

The head of the wedding procession is very gorgeous, but is not to be compared to the escort of the Hun Ch'iao or Happy Chair in which the bride sits. The sedan chair usually requires eight men to carry it, each in the special costume used for the occasion. On this particular day they were in white trousers, red jackets and large black fur hats. The chair itself is *très magnifique,* being entirely covered with the most exquisite brocades, embroideries, fringes, and tassels, of rare and unbelievable combinations of color.

When the bride has entered and the door is closed the chair gives the appearance of a gorgeously decorated small temple or shrine, possibly on account of the temple-like roof with the hangings about the edge. But, perhaps you would like to see the happy face of the bride. (Sometimes oriental brides appear very sad.) This you cannot do, for the doors of the Happy Chair are closed and when the elaborate curtain is drawn at the front she is completely hidden from view

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Rosalsky Would Deport Hilaire Belloc

IT IS disappointing to have to record that the Jews have insulted another distinguished visitor to American shores, without a single Jew rebuking the makers of the insult. Hilaire Belloc, historian, litterateur, publicist, came to the United States on a legitimate errand, namely, the meeting of hosts of friends and admirers in this country, and he is hailed on his arrival by the demand of Judge Otto A. Rosalsky that he be deported. "Hilaire Belloc should be deported," said Rosalsky. "The United States Government blundered in permitting him to land. If he persists in his attempts to produce race prejudice here, the quicker the United States Government takes him by the neck and throws him back to London as an undesirable alien, the better it will suit me." (The quotation is made from the Jewish press.)

We are not here concerned with what Rosalsky says. Any remark about "undesirable aliens" is richly humorous, coming from him. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT makes an offer to print the facts about Mr. Belloc and the facts about Rosalsky and leave it to the public poll which man should be deported—and we promise as a result that "deport" is a word Rosalsky would never lightly use again.

What we are concerned with here is, that no Jew in New York has rebuked Rosalsky, but like the insults heaped upon Chesterton and the physical violence offered to Paderewski, this latest outrage has been allowed to stand as the Jews' act and attitude.

Chesterton came to the United States and was prohibited from delivering his best lecture on "The New Jerusalem." Lovers of good literature should read Gilbert K. Chesterton's book, "The New Jerusalem." It is published by George H. Doran. Belloc will probably be muzzled in the same way. Just as our sea doors are guarded by hosts of Jewish immigrant agents who facilitate the entrance of their own people and hinder the others, so are our channels of publicity interfered with by the same race. And distinguished visitors to foreign countries go home and report the United States as the one enlightened land where Free Speech is killed.

Mr. Belloc wrote a book called "The Jew." It is published in the United States by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, known to all as a firm that would scorn to give currency to "anti-Semitic" literature. Mr. Belloc discusses the Jewish Question frankly and fairly. He makes one mistake, but it is not a mistake of fact: he proposes a solution. They have him there! The solution must come from the Jews. It would have been an earnest of their competency to solve their own problem had some one of them rebuked the insulters of Mr. Belloc.

As for Mr. Belloc, doubtless he understands. His chief impression is likely to be one of surprise at the suppression of free speech in the United States.

Famine Is Over

SUDDENLY the famine clamor has subsided. In a day the word went round that no more foodstuffs were needed in Russia. It is welcome news however late it may be in coming. The food forces of other lands were drawn off long ago and put to other work—for these great organizations do not disband, they look for another propaganda field to cultivate. Where the Russian relief army will appear next is unknown, but it is pretty certain to be employed in some political purpose closely allied to the interests that have directed them heretofore.

It is announced now that it is better to send money to Russia, than food. It is another form of charity but will provide a better income for the government by stimulating business. The food is in Russia: it is now requested that money be sent that Russians may buy it from those who hold it.

Famines are strange occurrences, because it is so difficult to see one. In China, whose famine cries have sounded oftenest, there has never been an actual famine of food. There is always food on the great estates whose granaries are built on foundations 15 feet high, safe above the range of the flood waters. These granaries represent 80 per cent of the production of the country. A flood comes along, destroys the poor man's few yards of plantation, but leaves the rich man's stock. Immediately America and other Christian lands sends millions of dollars to purchase grain from the rich Chinese to give to the poor. Let a shipload of American grain be sent to the poor, and the rich Chinese regard it as an unwarranted interference with their legitimate famine profits. He prefers American charity in the form of cash.

The world is not yet ready to bear the facts about this whole relief business. It would be sheer wantonness to freeze up entirely the thin trickle of the world's charity by exposing the great gaps between the propaganda and the reality. But some day a better way will prevail and the truth will come out in a helpful manner.

The Tariff Doesn't Create Business

THE shoe industry of New England has in the past been one of the loudest in its demand for tariff protection. The development of quantity production has to some extent placed a few manufacturers in a position to jest at the persistence of those who fear foreign competition, but join with them in lobbying for free raw material.

In discussing a strike at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in which five manufacturers are said to contemplate removal rather than attempt to meet wage demands, *Shoe Topics* advises the men to accept a lower scale rather than lose their jobs. As to the merits of the dispute, *Shoe Topics* admits it has no information, and, of course, we have none. But as to the effect of a settlement on the basis urged it is patent that the necessity for closing down cannot be removed, if it exists at all, by any reduction of wages, or even by securing free labor.

Oddly enough, the same editorial corroborates this statement in an admission that the market for shoes will care for but 60 per cent of normal capacity of the factories, and that only the strongest organizations can expect long to survive. This means, of course, that but three in five of the men advised to accept wage cuts can expect continuous work in any event.

The over-stimulation of some industries until production far exceeds consumption may account for labor troubles to some extent, and often over-stimulation is induced by a high tariff, which may tempt unwise investment. It is natural to go into apparently profitable schemes, until profit is lost in competition, or maintained only through combination. Either is a case of business stupidity.

Next Generation Is Paying

IT IS said that half the present population of Germany is 23 years and under. That means that in 1914 those now comprising the German nation were 14 years old and under.

Here is an illustration of the irony of fate: a nation of children laden with responsibility, both moral and financial, with nothing whatever to say about it, with indeed no right to say anything even though they were given the opportunity.

The world has been talking about the unfairness to the future which is involved in these actions of the present generation. But in this instance there is no need to theorize about a nebulous future. That future is here. We have seen in our own day a nation of children grow up into the yoke prepared for them by forbears who are not all dead as yet.

The kaiser sees the babies of 1914 bearing the burden of his incapacity.

The world itself is trying to load these babies with burdens grievous to be borne.

It is still not quite politic to speak a word for the human part of Germany—the human part as distinct from the political or military parts. But this fact of the boys and girls of 1914 being the "Germany" with which diplomats are now dealing, is surely an arresting fact. It is big with significance for any thinker.

In the House of Its Friends

THE most severe critic of the Federal Reserve System could hardly have delivered a more telling blow against it than was administered in the house of its friends by J. H. Newvahner, president of the First National Bank of Jackson, Ohio, in an address before the members of Group 4 of the Ohio Bankers' Association, at Portsmouth.

Taking a position as a friend and advocate of the system, to which he gives full credit for saving the United States from nobody knows what dire calamity during and since the World War, Mr. Newvahner insists that his criticisms are constructive and for the good of the system itself and must be taken in that spirit.

In this speech the faults of the Federal Reserve system are clearly pointed out by the chief of a bank which is a member by compulsion. He calls these faults "weaknesses" which should be corrected—although the correction would be dependent upon the very administration which is responsible for their existence.

Mr. Newvahner's first point, conceding his opinion that a central reserve system is needed, will appeal to every citizen. *It is that the system should be run merely "to relieve distress and not for profit."*

Calling attention to the fact that in the first four years of the system its business was not large, the banks were able slightly more than to pay expenses and dividends, but that in 1917 the Federal Reserve banks cleared 18 per cent on their average capital, in 1918 they made 72 per cent, in 1919 they made 98 per cent, and in 1920 they made ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE per cent, he protests as do all who have been compelled to bear the burden of depression and distress that has accompanied this most highly protected form of financial piracy.

This flood of profits, says Mr. Newvahner, justly, led to untold extravagance in administration, and he severely criticises the expenditure of $80,000,000 in new bank buildings, the establishment of branch Federal Reserve banks, the increase in number of employes and the giving of large salaries.

Let us digress here to suggest a point of especial interest to the public which the speaker may not have thought of or may have considered without relevancy in his remarks. Of every dollar of extravagant or useless expenditure NINETY CENTS was not the property of the Federal Reserve System, but was the money due the United States as a franchise tax for the privilege of doing business. If $80,000,000 has been spent for real estate now owned by the Federal Reserve System or the Federal Reserve banks in their individual capacity, they have invested but $8,000,000 for it. The people at large have paid the other $72,000,000. *This fact cannot be controverted.*

Mr. Newvahner proceeds to demonstrate with convincing clearness the injustice which results from shouldering the burden of this extravagance on the country banks. He also challenges the policy of the system in assuming the function of discounting and purchasing bills in the open market as an invasion of the general banking field in competition with its own member banks and those outside the system. He is also opposed to par collections as removing from individual banks a source of considerable revenue.

These latter matters are purely of a professional nature, and concern banks rather than the public.

The last criticism, however, relates to the autocratic coercion applied to state banks which do not become members and to small banks within the fold. In this matter the administration of the Fourth District Federal Reserve Bank, in which jurisdiction Jackson is and of which the First National is a member, is a chief offender. Readers will remember the story of the intimidation of the Catlettsburg bank and the scoring which the Cleveland Federal Reserve Bank received at the hands of the Federal Judge.

Does it not occur to a man of President Newvahner's independence and thoughtfulness that the best way to cure the evils is to make the United States Treasury the reserve agency, government bonds the basis of currency, and leave the banking business to all incorporated banks. That is, to do away with extravagance and useless expense, liquidate the Federal Reserve System.

Mr. Ford's Page

FEW things are more engaging of one's sympathies, more drawing upon one's experience, than the wrestling of young restless souls with the problems of their careers. There is something almost pathetic in the wistfulness and the demanding eagerness with which those who are about to enter upon life challenge us to give the word of counsel, the word of advice which shall solve their problem.

Whether the young man and woman really believe that anyone can solve the problem for them, is a question. Perhaps somewhere in the background of the mind there is a sense that the best any friend can do is just to let the problem be brought out and turned around in discussion. But what every mature person knows is this—none of us knows enough of all the elements involved to give sure counsel in personal matters.

The report of experience and observation is this: oftener the career chooses the person, than the person chooses the career. To one who makes himself, there are a thousand who are made by circumstances they did not foresee. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends."

This does not mean, of course, that we are the sports of fate. It may mean that, deeper than our intellectual conception of what we should like to be, there is a spiritual direction toward what we were meant to be, and in this sense what we were meant to be is usually just what we are; we would not be anything else.

The whole question is suggested by two persons who were recently seen. One has come late to his career. For nearly a quarter of a century he has kept himself ready to use his opportunity when it came, and for a quarter of a century it seemed to him that his opportunity would never come; there were months when it almost seemed that the quest would end in heartbreak. The glow had gone, the vision had vanished, nothing remained but sheer grit—then the opportunity came, and the man was ready to embrace it. Of course, it had nothing of the halo about it—for him—that it might have had 20 years before. To the world of onlookers there is a great thrill in the story, but not for him; he knows by what painful steps he toiled up to it, he remembers how often he was on the verge of letting go, how often indeed he did let go but was carried on by the sheer momentum of his effort. It all makes for modesty and sincerity in him, but it is very different from what the onlookers conceive it to be. Behind the scenes, actual success is a very plain experience

EXPERIENCE is the harvest of life, and every harvest is the result of a sowing. The experience which young people most crave is that of success in some service for which they are naturally fitted. And they wish it at once—immediately. Youth wishes to touch a magic button and command success without apprenticeship. But nothing ripens that is not first planted, and the very desires, the impatience, the dreams, the ambitions of youth are by way of a planting which shall come to fruition—sometimes after these desires are abandoned and forgotten. For the sown seed goes on growing whether we remember it or not. The wisdom of life is to keep on planting. Some men never plant after youthful imagination dies, and they reap only the one crop which they planted in youth. Plant every season and life will be a succession of harvests.

The other person is young, high spirited, brilliant with the new ideas and the modern vision, restive and impatient, believing that there must be some secret spring which if discovered and touched would, presto! bring about the desired success in service. Not at some future time, but now—bring it to pass next week!

It is rather difficult to say to such a person—probably it is unnecessary even to try to give youth a glimpse of middle-age experience—that all this straining at the tether, all this brilliant impatience, all this generation of high effort, is not solid performance at all, but practice, training. The efforts which seem so real, so final—to describe these as only the prancing of the impatient mind and not genuine progress sounds cruel in the ears of the one most interested. And yet he will know soon enough that what moved him most within himself was after all a sort of mental or spiritual gymnastics, not actual progress or production. These motions of the mind, these anxieties can be so intensely real while they are transpiring, that it is a trifle disconcerting to look back and discover that the entire meaning was interior, that they had no discoverable exterior relation at all. They mean something, but their meaning is not so immediately recognizable as a cooler motion will be in later years

In the deep, unwritten wisdom of life there are many things to be learned that cannot be taught. We never know them by hearing them said, but we grow into them by experience, and recognize them through understanding. Understanding is a great experience in itself, but it does not come through instruction.

And one of the matters which we understand and which may perhaps be reduced to words in such a form as to help those who are on the brink of life, and those who are wondering why things do not immediately respond to their imperious command—one of the elements of experience which may perhaps be passed across from the more mature condition to the less mature condition is this: Life is a series of plantings, and what your restive desire may be planting now will take root and grow and come to flower at a time when it may be you have forgotten that you ever planted it.

Of the two persons referred to, one was reaping his earlier plantings, the other was just beginning his planting and wondering why he could not immediately go in and reap a harvest. What a man sows he shall reap—it is not a threat, it is a promise And earnest, ambitious people are sowing all the time. One of the surprising qualities of life is that men reap things they have forgotten they ever sowed They planted the seed of desire and expectation, but because they did not immediately see the fruit they grew weary of waiting and turned their attention elsewhere; but the seed was a living thing and grew—forgotten or not, it grew, and in due time it came to flower and fruit. People are always being surprised by the fruition of forgotten planting.

The impatience of youth is probably a ruse by which Nature or Destiny, or whatever you may wish to name it, induces young people to plant. Deep in the soil of the mind are being planted the most vigorous seeds which nothing but the most active interior antagonism can prevent ripening. Fear and doubt are bad because they chill and devitalize the growing seed.

There are people who seem to be having plans come to maturity all the time, who seem to have a succession of fruitful ideas, and this can hardly be by accident. It is true, of course, that some soil is richer than others, but all kinds of soil yield to cultivation, and no soil however rich can produce where no seed has been sown. So that when you see many crops coming to one person you may be sure that there have been many plantings

Housewives who garden have a way of planting their flowers with the calendar in mind, they provide for blooms through every month of the spring, summer and autumn. Some gardens bloom once, and once only, because there has been only one kind of planting. Some lives come to one achievement, one success The boy wants to do this one thing, and in time there comes about the right combination of circumstances to enable him to do it But that is all. Planting has been stopped, and so there are no more thoughts, expectations, desires and plans coming to fruition

Dreams come true when they are real dreams planted in the sensitive soil of life. Whatsoever a man thinketh, so is he—not merely as a matter of character, but as a matter of ability and achievement. Thinking is the planting. That is one of the meanings of prayer—it is the planting of a desire, and is often answered a long time after it is forgotten.

It is the element of time of which we are most impatient But these great unfoldings require time. Time is part of the elemental forces which go to the ripening of our planting. It is the finest kind of future security to know that you have planted enough already to fill the next 20 to 30 years with fulfillment Give way to your natural genius, plant lavishly, and if you don't give up in the meantime, you will surely reap

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St. Augustine—Our Last Spanish Landmark

Our Oldest City Is Quaint, Curious and Entirely Different From All Others

By GEORGE H. DACY

OUR oldest American city, founded in 1565 by Pedro Menendez, a Spanish explorer, with her tortuously winding streets, some of which a large man can almost span with his outstretched arms, with her overhanging balconies which almost bridge the thoroughfares, her quaint types of architecture and curios of historical importance, stands out in welcome contrast to the general run of our municipalities. One visiting St. Augustine can easily imagine himself in a coast city of Spain. The folk who in the years since 1600 have lived in our patriarchal port have adhered to the Spanish types of architecture. But for the fact that practically all the persons met converse in English one would be inclined to wager that it was a vista of Barcelona disclosed to the eyes.

St. Augustine presents a picture so beautiful as to tax the powers of description. Palm trees, poinsettias blooming, profuse displays of tropical plantings, an architecture which blends with the wealth of verdure, historical places that grip the imagination—that is St. Augustine.

It is a haven, far removed from commerce and industry, a kind of city by the sea which perhaps you did not think truly existed. Facilities for practically everything in sport have been provided and the tourist need not have an idle hour.

There are two private clubs with 18-hole courses and one municipal nine-hole course which fronts on the harbor. There you can stand, close to the fortifications of Fort Marion where Spanish soldiers centuries ago wielded arbequs and hot shot against the enemy, and manipulate your brassy or mid-iron to your heart's content. After golf you can idle awhile with a fishline on a municipal pier, to yank an arm-size piscatorial treasure from the smooth, placid waters of the bay. Next you may step across to your neighbor's lawn and engage him in a game of roque, croquet or quoits. The homely game of horseshoes, or "barnyard golf," has even penetrated to St. Augustine and won adherents among the thousands of pleasure-seekers.

Good shell and brick roads extend from the city and motoring is delightful. The five-mile trip to St. Augustine Beach on Anastasia Island sooner or later attracts every automobile owner, for on the hard, sandy beach at low tide, the motorist can roll along over the finest natural boulevard imaginable. There are, of course, opportunities for surf bathing when the weather is warm, although as a rule St. Augustine is considered a little too far north for regular plunges into the ocean during the winter months. There are natatoriums which provide amusement for the swimmers when the ocean water is too cold. Promenading along the sea wall has hundreds of daily adherents. To be outdoors as much as possible apparently is the ambition of every visitor who comes South. More than 70,000 automobiles bearing foreign license plates and carrying more than 250,000 tourists have passed through the Jacksonville gateway to Florida this past winter and have stopped over in St. Augustine to see and exclaim over the wonders of that ancient city.

At successive periods the flags of four different countries have flown over the governor's palace in St. Augustine. On four occasions, the city has been sacked and burned. Each disaster was capitalized in the gradual improvement of the revised and remodeled city which sprang up after each conflagration. The city has preserved its antiquity. None of the new buildings contrast sharply with the old. During the early era of strife between the French and Spaniards for supremacy in Florida, St. Augustine was really a headquarters, first dominated by one and then by the other power.

The first Europeans to visit the vicinity of what is now St. Augustine were Ponce de Leon and his notable expedition who sought the fountain of perpetual youth. They passed in 1513, hurrying again to sea after bathing in and drinking of the waters of every lake and pool in the neighborhood in their efforts to identify the marvelous "Bimini land" which they had learned about from the natives of the Bahama Islands. Ponce de Leon neglected to investigate the climate as a possible prolonger of old age. Notwithstanding, old folk of today who go to Florida maintain that the fount of long life is really characterized by the warmth and sunshine of this tropical country which eliminates the rigors and sting of winter.

A half century after Ponce de Leon, Jean Ribaut and his coterie of Huguenot refugees stopped for a time at St. Augustine before establishing their colony at Charlesfort, South Carolina. Finally, in 1565, the expedition of Pedro Menendez established a permanent settlement at St. Augustine, built a wooden fort and named the town in honor of the saint's feast that was celebrated on the day of their arrival. The underlying purpose of the Menendez exploration was to rout the French from Florida and secure permanent possession of the new land for the king of Spain. Ultimately, this Spanish leader proceeded against Ribaut, slew many of his followers and sacked the Ribaut stronghold.

Several years later, Dominic de Gourges led a French expedition which during Menendez's absence descended on St. Augustine, killed most of the Spaniards and burned the town. This was one of the early fires which reduced the Spanish settlement to embers. In 1586, Sir Francis Drake, an English adventurer commissioned by Queen Elizabeth, captured, pillaged and burned St. Augustine and put to flight her Spanish residents. After the departure of the English, the surviving Spaniards returned and rebuilt the city. Things went well then for eight decades when Captain John Davis, another English adventurer, invaded the port of St. Augustine, burned the town and robbed the defenders of all their riches. In 1702, Governor Moore, of South Carolina, led another successful expedition against St. Augustine, burned the town and carried away much valuable booty. This expedition cost South Carolina 6,000 pounds. About a half century later, Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, tried to duplicate the South Carolinian's success but, after besieging the city for 38 days, he was forced to retreat.

Above—What remains of Fort Marion, one of our most famous historical fortresses.

Left—The pyramidal monument in the central park of St. Augustine is dedicated to the plaza constitution.

Below—St. Augustine is the one American city which has a stately city gate, a relic of other times.

The next event of importance in the history of the famous city occurred in 1763 when Spain ceded St. Augustine by special treaty to England. During the following score of years, while the city was under English rule, great improvements were made and St. Augustine was developing into one of the leading municipalities of the South when by amicable agreement, England receded Florida to Spain. Under Spanish rule, the city never progressed much. In fact, it retrograded after the departure of the English and it was not until Spain ceded Florida to the United States in 1821 that a permanent era of prosperity dawned.

The earliest fortifications defending St. Augustine were of wood and were destroyed as often as the town was ravaged and burned. When the Spaniards first took possession of the environments of Anastasia Island, they improved the primitive wooden fort which had been improvised by the Indians who previously had occupied the region. When this fort was destroyed, the Spaniards built a more pretentious stronghold which they called San Juan de Pinos. It was demolished by Sir Francis Drake. A century later, the supporters of Spain began to construct Fort Marion, whose ruins are today an outstanding attraction to tourists and visitors. It is the most picturesque fortress standing on American soil. If the coquina rocks of which it is built could talk they could tell stories of inquisitorial tortures, sieges and military achievements, the like of which have never been excelled in the chronicles of American history.

Work on Fort Marion, or San Marco as it was then called, began in 1592 and was not completed until 164 years later. The arduous labor was performed by slaves, Indians and prisoners of war—many worked handicapped by confining balls and chains. The coquina rock peculiar to Florida which obtains from the decomposition of sea shells and other crustacean fossils was used in building the fort. This rock was mined on Anastasia Island and carried on the backs of the captive laborers across a narrow causeway to the opposite side of the bay where the fort site was located. St. Augustine lies between the Sebastian and Matanzas rivers and by stretching a line of fortifications and redoubts between these two streams and linking them with the city gates and Fort Marion, it was comparatively easy for the Spanish occupants to make the city practically invulnerable as far as early eighteenth century attacks were concerned. In fact, Fort Marion has the honorable record of having successfully withstood the onslaughts of all besieging expeditions during its active service.

Fort San Marco cost so much that the King of Spain, after he had paid the last bill associated with its construction, said that to his way of thinking the fortifications must have been built of silver pesos and gold doubloons. The old fort is square with bastions at each corner. It has but one entrance in the middle of the southern sally port. In every respect, it is a complete medieval fortress provided with a 40-foot moat which surrounded the walls and could be flooded at high tide from the neighboring river. Automatic sluice gates were so arranged that they opened when the tide came in and closed as it receded. The entrance gate was protected by a regulation portcullis. The walls of the fort are nine feet thick at the base and about one-half

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The Ruhr District at Essen.

Germany's Passive Resistance in the Ruhr

New Form of "Warfare" Against France Which May Prove Effective

By WALTER M. WOLFF

A CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY

MANY believed that if the Ruhr were ever actually invaded by the French, German blood would be set to such a boiling that a new war would immediately result. Others pointed out the fact that Germany would utterly collapse; that the peace of Europe would hang in the balance; that England would not stand for it; or that Germany would immediately call upon Russia for military help with which to drive out the invader, and so on. But Old Dame Rumor has disappointed us again, and quite brusquely at that. The truth of the matter is that the Germans are probably the coolest people on earth today. They have grown so used to war, suffering, privation, reparations, loss of territory, and so on, during the past eight years that the latest French maneuver is considered but another straw in the broom which is slowly but surely sweeping old-time Germany off the map of Europe.

When the French moved forward and began the occupation of Essen, Bochum, Hamm and other Ruhr centers of German industry, the rest of the world began to sit up and wonder what was going to happen. In Germany the movement of French troops evoked much consternation and universal protest. The act was considered a breach of the Versailles Treaty and wanton invasion of defenseless territory. Great protest meetings were held throughout the nation and the government sent a tirade of protest to all the tribunals of Europe. The people of Germany were one in disapproval of the latest French move, and we almost expected them to borrow some rifles, machine guns, and a few airplanes and start after the ambitious Poilus. It is interesting to note what has actually happened.

Has No War Material

THE long list of political parties in Germany are now fully united against the new invasion, but the Nationalists, or Right Wing Party, who still yearn and long for the return of the monarchy, are the most ardent advocates for active military aggression against France. For them the Versailles Treaty has never existed, and they spend most of their time telling their fellow men about the "Tag" when German arms will again oust the Frank from German soil. "Siegreich wollen wir Frankreich schlagen!" is their slogan. (Victorious we shall conquer France!) The center of activities for the Nationalists is Munich where many a demonstration has already been held by the monarchists under the leadership of General Ludendorff and others of the old régime. If it were for Munich and Bavaria to decide, or if the rest of Germany felt like Munich about it, Germany would be shooting at Frenchmen today much in the same fashion that Belgium did at the Boche when Germany invaded that country in 1914. But happily for Germany, three-fourths of the Fatherland is not built after the Munich school. Germany has learned many a thing since 1914, and she now knows perhaps better than all the world that no lasting good has ever come from the direct use of the sword and the machine gun. She is absolutely positive that this holds true in her case, at least, and so it is that only the "hot-heads" scattered about here and there desire to have it out with France on the battlefield.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the German rank and file still consider France their arch-enemy, and that if conditions were just right or worst came to worst, they would not hesitate to try to drive out the sons of "La Grande Nation" with whatever arms they could muster into service. But, as we have said before, the average German realizes the utter futility of achieving any good whatsoever through military resistance. He knows the odds are against him in whatever form he may care to consider the matter, and there seems nothing to do but to shut up and bear the grind. He knows that France today possesses the largest army, the largest fleet of submarines, and the largest number of aircraft in the world, and that any major resistance would be as silly as it would be disastrous. Of course, the militarists try to explain it that with the help of Russia, Germany could present a front formidable enough to drive the Frenchmen from her borders within a short time. Little do these war-enthusiasts stop to consider Germany's chances of accomplishing anything through such an action. They forget that any hostile move on the part of Germany would immediately give France the chance she has been waiting and longing for—that much-coveted march to Berlin! The battleground in such a war (were it provoked) would not be found as it was in 1914, far in front of the German borders, but would now be deep in the heart of the Fatherland. At a moment's notice 10 French armies could be at the gates of Berlin before the Germans knew what the row was all about. French bombing-planes could let loose upon German cities such a mass of gas and explosives that Germany would soon be mutilated beyond recognition.

But why talk about possibilities when there are none? Germany has no war material at her disposal to speak of—no tanks, machine guns, Big Berthas and other long-range guns, or gas equipment, and so on. She has no battle-planes, no ammunition nor ammunition factories which are not feverishly watched, no well-equipped army, no navy, no organization—nothing! Germany is actually, notwithstanding all opinion to the contrary, helpless and harmless in every sense of the words. She is prostrate at France's feet, far more so than was ever a conquered nation in ancient history, for all her colonies have been shorn from her and her vitals in the form of Upper Silesia and the Ruhr have been or are being eaten away. Added to all this the shattered condition of her finances makes even the most casual talk of war a wild dream which has not the slightest possibility of becoming fact.

But what in the meantime HAS Germany done? We know that she has no friends worthy of mention who care to help her out of her present dilemma unless it be Russia, and Russia has or will have troubles enough of her own. Germany is actually powerless and friendless among the major nations of Europe today. She is merely the shadow and skeleton of what she was in 1914. If you don't believe it just glance at the exchange thermometer for a moment. In 1914 the German mark stood at 23.8 cents, or about four marks to the dollar; in January, 1923, the mark stood at *54,000* to the dollar! And even should the Reichsbank artificially resuscitate the value of the mark for political purposes, the revival can at best be only temporary. The old German gold mark is dead just about as much as the old Germany of the aristocracy.

But what is present-day Germany doing to meet the present-day emergencies? How is she fighting off the clutches at her throat? How does she face a situation which means less food, less work, still greater distress, suffering and humiliation? Well, the Rhenish-Westphalian or Ruhr German, as well as every other German, has decided to declare a "passive resistance" on the invader. A new kind of "warfare," to be sure, but one which he hopes will break the French grasp, and frustrate the latter's designs on the very pulse of German life. To begin with, the Ruhr district is the dynamo of Germany—of Europe! It is a wonderfully complicated area enmeshed with railroads, mines, factories, blast furnaces, foundries and machine shops. Thousands of huge smokestacks belch forth black cloud-masses day and night. Armies of workmen know no other world than that which lies about the river Ruhr from Essen to Dortmund. Imagine Pittsburgh and the great industrial sections of our East, and you get a conception of what the French octopus has attempted to fasten his long tentacles upon. The axiom that he who holds the key to the Ruhr rules Europe, is all too true to elicit further comment.

Let Others Do Fighting

AND so Germany has decided on passive resistance. This means, of course, plenty of protest, propaganda and opposition, but THIS time she is letting the other fellow do all the fighting. The Ruhr German is saying something like this: "If France wants to use force, well and good. That is her business, not ours, and we cannot stop her. But in occupying our territory *she* takes the consequences for whatever happens, not we. So come on, Poincare, do your worst! We won't budge!" And here the "passive" resistance only begins. The Germans have begun to boycott the French. Stores, restaurants, hotels—in fact everybody in Germany—have declared themselves independent of French or Belgian patronage. Signs are posted up everywhere, "No goods sold to French or Belgian citizens," or "French and Belgians never mind! Keep out!" The Ruhr Germans, particularly, have assumed a very apathetic attitude. They condemn the Munich type of anti-French propaganda, but believe they have a weapon that is quite different, to be sure, but just as effective, if not even more so. They take it coolly, quietly, and easily. They just "lay down on the job," that's all.

Whenever a town is occupied by the French troops, the inhabitants retire or look on and allow their "captors" free reign. There have already been, however, serious clashes between French soldiers and civilians or German officials, and there is likely to be further bloodshed. The Germans claim that French brutality and lawlessness are on the increase, and that serious consequences may result if the persecutions are carried too far. But on the whole the attitude of the Westphalians is strictly passive. They say of the Poilu in their midst, "Let him take what he can get (without our help he will *get* precious little); you may count on it we shall in no way *help* him to get anything!" The Westphalian knows that active resistance is useless and thinks he may accomplish at least something by keeping quiet. He also knows that the French are helpless without sufficient personnel and equipment of their own with which to run the district with profit. He knows it will take many months of patient labor to move the intricate machines or get coal out of the mines in any kind of way *without him*. He figures the French will waste a lot of time and effort, and spend enormous sums of money in a locality where they will get little or no return. In the end, he thinks, the occupation will grow so burdensome that France will be glad to clear out and allow the Germans full sway once more.

Playing Last Trump

WE NOW confront a problem which seems plausible enough upon examination, namely, that it may actually be possible for one nation which lies prostrate at the feet of another nation to beat the latter at its own game—by a different method! The Germans can, if they wish, make a profitable working of the Ruhr interests practically impossible. Of course, the French may, in time, as a stroke of revenge, resort to sabotage and destroy in a few hours masterpieces of mechanical genius which it has taken years to develop, but such a procedure would most assuredly not be to the benefit of either nation.

France is playing her last and trump card. To date no coal is moving toward France (or to Germany either, for that matter), and the Ruhr district is in imminent danger of falling into a state of lethargy. Germany seems to have won the first round without striking a blow, but whether she is prepared for the longer battle—a battle of endurance—still remains to be seen. We may be sure, however, that the betting crowd isn't taking even money on it. The odds are heavily against Germany.

There seems to be no question but that France is justified in her demands that Germany "cough up" and show something more tangible than mere promises to pay. Hers is a fight for national existence among friends who have deserted her for the time being. But whether she will win out by force of arms or occupation against the measures of "defense" adopted by her enemy, the Teuton, is still choice food for mental percolation. We have heard that the pen is mightier than the sword; it may be in this case that "laying down on the job" will show greater results than steel helmets and machine guns. We have a feeler or two already pointing in this direction.

In the meantime France will probably keep on occupying German cities; the amoeba of French ambition will spread out and cover more and more Teuton territory. One thing remains sure: the German either cannot or will not realize that he owes a debt to France. Hence he fights today not as in 1914 with sword and bayonet, but with a "don't give a d——n" spirit that may cause France more trouble than kaiser and House of Hohenzollern ever did. And we know that when a fellow "plays possum" in earnest, it's a mighty hard trick to set him up on his feet and make him work for you. It's like the old story we used to hear about being able to lead a horse to water, BUT——!

When We Suffered "Year Without a Summer"

Chronicles of Other Times of Calamity Point Warning to Heed Signs That Come in Abnormal Weather Periods

> Job 38:33—Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens? Canst thou establish the dominion thereof in the earth?

By HERBERT J. BROWNE

This is the second of several articles by Mr. Browne, taking up the dependence of crop conditions upon the weather and discussing the possibilities of a drought. Mr. Browne also offers a suggestion designed to do away with the possibility of famine.

CROP failures may come from any unseasonable climatic cause. Nature's balance may be upset from several directions. What has happened in the past is apt to happen again.

In the bed of the Ohio River below Pittsburgh is a rock exposed only at extremely low stages of the river and said to have been even partly uncovered only twice since white men have occupied the country. It carries the strange markings of some primitive pre-Columbian people and is believed to be their record of the river's fall during an extreme drought. The Indians of the Mississippi Valley had traditions of a drought and famine so severe that there was no grass for the deer or buffalo, which died of starvation; even bird life disappeared, the Indians themselves surviving only by living on fish from the depleted streams and the lakes.

A later and more definitely recorded year of calamity was 1816, "The Year Without a Summer." Various records have been preserved of this extraordinary period. Not only was it a year of sunspot maxima, but the year before Tomboro, in the island of Sumbawa, Dutch East Indies, blew up in one of the greatest volcanic explosions of modern times, filling the upper atmosphere with hundreds of cubic miles of fine volcanic dust, which in a few months spread all over the earth, lasting for three years, and in conjunction with the disturbance of the sunspot maxima intercepted enough of the sun's heat to account for the cold weather of 1816. No crops were raised even in Virginia. Potatoes, beans, wheat, rye and corn hardly got above the ground. There was no hay or pasturage, and farmers sold their livestock for a few dollars a head to the more fortunate ones who had carried over from the previous year a supply of hay and grain. Ice formed and snow fell every month in the year. While the East was well settled, the trans-Appalachian country was receiving its first strong impulse of hardy pioneers. Detroit was a small village and military post, St. Louis a French fur-trading settlement and Chicago still Fort Dearborn. The abnormal cold extended to the British Isles, Europe and even into North Africa. It may here be noted that 1762, 1816 and 1870, three seriously abnormal years, fit into the 55.6 year cycle of highest maxima of sunspots, that the dry year 1881 recorded nearly as many sunspots as the 11.11 year cycle of 1883, and that the next 55.6 year major cycle will fall in 1926-27.

The Record of 1816

THE most interesting record of 1816 is that of Charles Peirce, of Philadelphia, from which the following is taken:

April.—Mean temperature 47. Cold blustering snow storms; ice several nights. All buds and green things killed.

May.—Mean temperature 57. A frosty jade, her frowns many, her smiles few. Cold frosty nights, north winds. Buds and small fruit frozen. Ice ¼ to ½ inch. Corn replanted three times.

June.—Average temperature 64. Coldest ever remembered. Severe frosts and on one day ice. All restarted plants killed.

Six to ten inches snow in Vermont, three inches in New York, several inches in Maine and New Hampshire.

July.—Mean temperature 68. Frost and thin ice 5th. Ice as thick as window-glass in New York, New England and Pennsylvania. Grass destroyed. Very little rain.

August.—Cheerless and cold. Northeast rains. Ice ½ inch thick. Indian corn frozen. Newspapers from England say: "It will be remembered by the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer."

September.—Opened mild. Mean temperature 62. Frosty 17th. Severe Equinoctial storm, 23d. Then several days of freezing weather.

October.—Mean temperature 41. Cold, freezing; a few warm days.

November.—Mean temperature 41. Cold. Froze hard several nights.

December.—Mean temperature 32. Milder

History Tells of Cold Spells

PEIRCE records that December, 1815, saw more intensely cold weather than any December in 25 years, and that 1816 was also of exceptional severity in Europe, North Africa and the West Indies. Seed corn held over from 1815 sold for $4 a bushel on the cob in the spring of 1817. He also notes that the year 1762 had the severest drought on record in Pennsylvania, that scarcely a drop of rain fell from May to September, and that there were no crops.

The extraordinarily cold year of 1816 was a repetition of many such recorded since the beginning of the Christian Era. In 301 the Black Sea was frozen over, and in 401 not only the Black Sea but the Bosporus the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmora, and again in 762. In 1384 the Adriatic froze. History records a startling number of weather catastrophes, the recurrence of which now, with population pressing more and more closely upon the heels of production, would menace the welfare of humanity. They have come oftener than once in a century, but it has been less than a hundred years since food supplies have been brought thousands of miles to the populous trading and manufacturing nations. And it is a singular paradox that so far famines have affected principally the agricultural populations of the regions where the droughts have fallen. It could not fail to fall heavily on the non-producing centers if it were to occur again in the near future.

How They Come About

LESS attention has been given by meteorologists to the causes of cold years, because their recurrence within the short period of modern scientific meteorological investigations has not been notable. But in the combination of unfavorable conditions will lie the explanation. Assume for two or three years dry summers and autumns in the lower temperate regions, with unusually heavy snowfalls in the high northern latitudes and abnormally cold arctic winters. The stage would then be set for cold late springs and a limited movement of the arctic ice fields. That in turn would develop arctic abnormal Highs and abnormal Atlantic and Pacific Lows. This would have the double effect of bringing up from the ocean depths beneath the subtropical Lows huge bodies of icy water and of causing numerous arctic anticyclones to sweep south all through the spring and summer in a series of cold waves. It does not require constant cold to destroy crops, but a series of killing frosts and freezes.

Conditions in the polar ice cap determine largely the location of the Aleutian Low. Let a warm winter be followed by a warm spring with the ice fields clearing into the Atlantic at an early date, the Aleutian Low will move well to the North and weaken until it is practically blended with the general field of rising arctic pressure. The Icelandic Low will follow suit, *and then both Atlantic and Pacific Highs will be found moving north of their normal stations.* In the United States warm currents will flow in and move far to the north. But the Siberian High is weakened, and its waves spread more toward the arctic, and what cyclonic Lows find their way into the American continent *are too feeble to work south of the Great Lakes and produce rain.* A great stagnant high pressure area will have taken possession of the country and a severe drought is on. The dry winds crossing the Rockies now sweep across the heated plains and burn the withering crops like a prairie fire.

Droughts Have Hit, Too

THE country has suffered from numerous dry periods, each originating in certain of the causes here outlined. Let these causes all be combined in a single assault, and the country would experience a drought of unprecedented severity.

The drought of 1881 was of wide extent. Abnormal conditions had appeared during the previous two years. December, 1880, was one of the warmest Decembers ever recorded, and January, 1881, the warmest east of the Rockies. The Canadian snow cover was thin and soon melted, confirmation of the theory that its early departure is a contributing cause of droughts in the States. During May the cool Lows, whose normal progress well south of the Great Lakes gives the saving rains, were drifting east above latitude 45, and the inevitable deficiency in rainfall which had begun in April continued until late September.

The entire country east of the Mississippi was under the spell, and during July and August Kansas and Arkansas were affected. In August, the Middle Atlantic states received less than one-third their normal rainfall, and the Ohio Valley less than one-eighth. By September the situation north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi clear to the coast had become hopeless. Streams had fallen to their lowest stages and the crops were either killed or so badly injured as to not pay for the harvesting. A severe drought in July and August, 1876, extended from Maine to Virginia and west into Ohio with a rainfall of less than an inch. In 1886 the drought was marked in Northeast Dakota and Northwest Minnesota. During June and July the dry area included five other states with extensive crop damage.

The year 1920 saw the southwestern cattle ranges so stricken that the government had to intervene to aid in getting the cattle almost bodily out of the territory. The northwest grain belt fared nearly as badly.

Both 1920 and 1921 saw large areas of intense drought, and the latter year witnessed the failure of the Russian grain crop and the most destructive famine in the history of that country.

In the period from September, 1920, to July, 1921, inclusive, a light northern snow cover and early high arctic temperatures paved the way for droughts. The country filled with stagnant high areas and the arctic cyclones were too weak to dislodge them. The Lows were nearly 44 per cent above their average number, but this was the mark of a warm arctic whose signpost, the Aleutian Low, was far north of its proper place, or Atlantic and Pacific Highs moved to the north, and sluggish atmospheric conditions generally.

The year 1922 just closed is the third in succession of striking abnormalities and world-wide weather disturbances. The Russian drought of 1921 and a serious famine in China are included, with every country in Europe suffering severely during the past five years. Since the record of 1922 will have a strong bearing on what may happen during 1923, its record should be examined with care. Its first abnormality was the record-breaking snowstorm which swept up the South and Middle Atlantic states January 27-29. Richmond had 19 inches of snow, Washington 28, Baltimore 26, Wilmington, Delaware, 18, Philadelphia 12, and points farther north and east lessening amounts. *This storm finds repetition a year later* in the great gale which swept the whole length of the Atlantic coast the last week of December, 1922, crossed the ocean with increasing intensity, and ravaged the coasts of Western Europe, reported by many sea captains as the worst they had ever experienced.

The Cold Spells of 1922

FOLLOWING the January, 1922, snow came a series of winter thunderstorms ranging east from Milwaukee to New York and south to Washington. A severe glaze storm followed in the Great Lake region doing $5,000,000 damage in Michigan and $10,000,000 in Wisconsin. In March came the great cold wave which swept the citrous belt from California to Florida, with freezing temperatures as far south as Corpus Christi, Texas, the first time on record. A cold wave in May damaged fruit from New York to Virginia. The Gulf States saw the cotton crop seriously damaged *by excessive rains* all through the spring and early summer, and numerous cloudbursts were reported in many sections. Droughts are characterized by vagaries of intense local rains, or more frequently by excessive rains during the fortnight preceding the beginning of the period.

Drought sections of great intensity developed in Northern Pennsylvania extending north into New York. Similar conditions were reported in the Kentucky coal fields. The rainfall of the great grain states of the trans-Mississippi has been far below normal, and forecasts indicate that any further unfavorable developments will find the winter wheat plants too weak to make resistance. Severe droughts prevailed in the Great Plains and Rocky Mountain districts and Pacific slope, and the rainfall of nine-tenths of the country is distinctly below normal.

Arctic Warmer This Year

NOW comes an interesting report from the American consul at Bergen, Norway, issued by the Department of Commerce at Washington. He states that the Arctic Ocean has become much warmer this winter. Seals are retiring far north to the ice fields much beyond their usual grounds. Ice fields are disappearing, glaciers are melting in Greenland, leaving bare ravines and moraines never seen before. The whitefish have vanished and herring and smelt have gone north to take their places. Dr. Hoel, geologist of the University of Norway, has just returned from an arctic expedition and reports that he found very little ice and that his soundings to a depth of more than two miles showed the north arm of the Gulf Stream very warm as far up as 81 degrees 21 minutes, nearly 14 degrees inside the arctic circle. An arctic fisherman, he states, says that *it has been growing warmer in the arctic since 1918.*

Here has been set forth the record of three consecutive years of drought, high temperatures and marked abnormalities of rainfall, cold waves, heat and barometric disturbances. The year just closed has been the most marked of the series in its chaotic conditions, particularly in those which carry over their effects into the following year.

A District Where the Ballot Box Is Forgotten

House and Senate Committees Act on Legislation to Govern Washington

THERE are two proud moments in the life of the average American citizen of male persuasion. One occurs when he dons his first long trousers and fares forth before the envious eyes of his younger playmates. The other takes place when he attains his majority and becomes a member of one or the other of our great political machines, which every four years contend in a ballot box duel to determine whose candidate will occupy the White House. The youths of the District of Columbia never experience the big thrill, which comes when one first votes for a President. Our superb seat of government, capital of capitals and hub of national and international activities, is denied the right of franchise despite that it is populated by as intelligent, influential and typically American kind of folk as can be found in any city in the United States.

This land of the abandoned ballot box is different in many other respects from our ordinary communities. It is run by a commission form of government under the supervision of a congressional committee. It derives its annual quota of spending money from a so-called 60-40 system. At present, approximately 60 per cent of the annual expenditures of the District of Columbia —they amount to between $22,000,000 and $23,000,000 a year—are raised by direct taxation on the inhabitants, while Uncle Sam appropriates the remaining 40 per cent of the total. It used to be that a 50-50 plan was followed, but recently Congress made the change which imposes more of the maintenance burden on the persons who regularly receive their mail at some "D. C." address. A unique feature of District of Columbia taxation is that intangible property, such as mortgages, stocks and bonds, are annually taxed at the rate of one-half of one per cent of their face value.

The history of the Federal headquarters since its inception away back in 1788 has been most curious and reflects eras of interest, indifference and inactivity, followed by periods when all was animation and everybody was intent on developing the district and the city of Washington into the peer of all seats of government. The Constitution provided that the national capital should be located on a tract of land not exceeding 10 miles square, which must be donated by the 13 states that then composed our infant republic. After considerable discussion, it was decided that the southern states should present the land for the capital, while the northern states should assume the burden of paying off the expenses of the Revolutionary War. The South finally accepted the offer of Virginia and Maryland to give a tract of land bordering the east and west banks of the Potomac River. That was how the District of Columbia came to be laid out along the Potomac at a point 106 miles above the junction of that river with Chesapeake Bay. This area was then the approximate center of the 13 states and today the Washington Monument stands exactly on the center of what then constituted the United States of America.

Everybody was glad when our transient, floating capital was permanently moored in the District of Columbia.

For some years it had been drifting about like a sea-swept derelict. On one occasion, it was moved from Philadelphia to Germantown on account of an epidemic of yellow fever. Provision was made when Congress moved to Washington in 1800 for its temporary transfer to any advantageous neighborhood in that locality in case the official headquarters were threatened by dire disease, plague or epidemic. The original district covered an area a little larger than 100 square miles and is the only independent capital ever established anywhere. Today, this tract has been reduced to approximately 69 square miles, as in 1846 in compliance with a petition from the property owners who lived west of the Potomac that portion of the original territory was ceded back to Virginia. Peculiarly enough, the residents of that section, at present have formed an organization and are doing everything in their power to get Congress to restore their region as part of the District of Columbia. This area includes Arlington Cemetery, Fort Meyer military reservation and about 31 square miles of country which now are governed by Virginia.

In the early days, Washington was called the Federal City, while the District was known as the Territory of Columbia.

George Washington was indefatigable in his efforts to make the city named in his honor one of the powers of the world. It was he who selected the site of the national capital. His plans were to develop the Federal City—this was the name he preferred for Washington city—into the "greatest commercial emporium of the country." He wished to establish there a wonderful national university and even left a legacy on his death for that purpose. George Washington was farsighted enough to predict at the time when Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, was designing and laying out the city, that Washington would one day become "the greatest of all the international headquarters." George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Monsieur L'Enfant and Andrew Ellicott, who succeeded the Frenchman as chief engineer, are all responsible for the magnificent proportions, remarkably wide streets and avenues and attractive layout of Washington, which was patterned after the design of Paris.

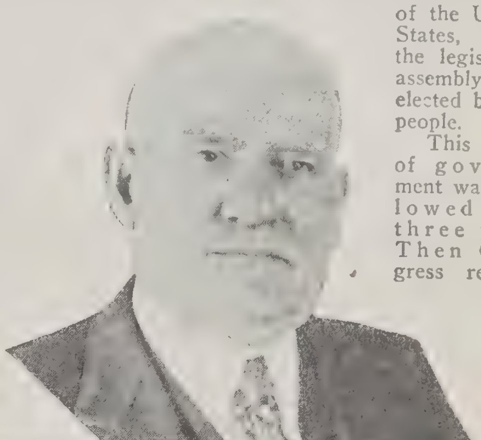
The Capitol of the District of Columbia.
At left—C. H. RUDOLPH, a District Commissioner.

George Washington closed the deal with the 20 original landowners who were proprietors of the 6,511 acres of land, which originally went to make the city of Washington. The United States Government purchased 540 acres of land as sites for public buildings and grounds. The property owners donated all the land for the streets, avenues and alleys and also gave Uncle Sam one-half of the 20.272 lots which were laid out. The government sold its share of these lots and devoted the proceeds to paying for the other land it bought. It is interesting to note that this land cost the equivalent of $66 66 an acre in Pennsylvania currency of that time. In 1800, the population of the District of Columbia was 14,093; it increased to 24 023 ten years later and more than doubled between that date and 1850.

The first few years, building progressed briskly and Washington boomed. Then the city slumped. Congress moved into the new Capitol and was dissatisfied with everything. The building was only half completed. The national lawmakers refused to appropriate more funds to finish the building, because government cash was frightfully short. Even Mrs. Adams registered protests from the White House that conditions were almost unendurable. For the following 71 years, the District of Columbia—Dead Center would have been an appropriate nickname—and the city of Washington practically stood still so far as development abetted by Federal aid was concerned. All that was accomplished was owing to the untiring efforts of the Washingtonians, who shouldered heavy taxes and assumed overpowering burdens, all for the good of a splendid cause which had been fostered by George Washington and neglected lamentably by his successors, who wore the togas of statesmanship.

The first government of the city of Washington in 1802 consisted of a mayor, appointed by the President of the United States and a city council, elected by the people of the city. A decade later, a change was made and the council was empowered to elect the mayor. Ten years thereafter, still another shift occurred, inasmuch as the people were given the right to ballot for the mayor, who was elected for a term of two years. This method of running the capital city continued until 1871. That year, by special act, Congress formulated a territorial form of government for the District of Columbia, consisting of a governor, a board of public works and a legislative assembly of 11 members, called a council, and 22 members, known as a house of delegates. The district was then allowed to have one delegate in the national House of Representatives. The governor and board of public works were appointed by the President of the United States, while the legislative assembly was elected by the people.

This form of government was followed for three years. Then Congress revolutionized the entire system and provided that the District of Columbia should be supervised by three commissioners appointed by the President. This method was followed for four years and was so successful that a special act of Congress of June 11, 1878, was formulated to establish it as a permanent institution. Two of the commissioners are selected at large by the President from actual residents of the District of Columbia, who have lived there for at least three years. The third commissioner is an army officer detailed by the President. Each of the commissioners serves for three years and receives an annual salary of $5,000. The commissioners are responsible to special committees of Congress for the faithful performance of their many duties.



JAMES F. OYSTER.
District Commissioner.

Each year, the commissioners have to submit an estimate of the funds needed for running the District the following 12 months. These estimates go to the director of the budget of the Treasury Department and thence to Congress. When this legislation is passed by both the House and Senate and is signed by the President, it becomes a law.

All legislation for the District of Columbia, other than appropriations, comes under the jurisdiction of a committee on the District, of which there is one in the House and one in the Senate. Whenever the District commissioners desire that a new law be passed, recommendations are made to these committees that such legislation be enacted. The committees carefully consider each measure and if satisfied that it is worth while, they advise the House and Senate, respectively, to make the new laws which become official when accepted and signed by the President. All bills pertaining to the District of Columbia must be introduced through these committees.

The present land area of the District of Columbia aggregates 39,200 acres, while there is an additional 5,116 acres of waterlogged surface. Altogether in the city of Washington right now there are 90,000 buildings of all classes, including 1,000 large apartment buildings, 3,000 small apartment buildings, 88 commercial hotels and 70 theaters. The remaining buildings consist of government and municipal structures, private dwellings, estates and stores.

The three district commissioners—the present incumbents are C. H. Rudolph, J. F. Oyster and Colonel Charles Keller, engineers' corps—are required by Uncle Sam to act as a public utilities commission.

The curious District of Columbia, unlike any other tract of land in all creation, has practically no bonded or floating indebtedness, as its sinking fund is sufficient to liquidate all indebtedness at maturity.

Canada's Attempt at Movie Independence

Dominion's Own Sons Filming Pictures That Portray Real Life

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IT IS estimated that the thousand-odd motion picture theaters in Canada pay about $12,000,000 annually into the coffers of American film companies and distributors. This represents only the money that goes into rentals; the Dominion's total movie expenditure is probably 10 times that amount.

That is a lot of money to spend for motion pictures, but it would not be so bad if the people were getting what they want. Not only are they growing somewhat tired of Hollywood's idea of motion picture values, but there has recently been a run on "Canadian" pictures of the "Far North" (made in U. S. A.) which have particularly filled them with disgust.

One may entertain a shrewd suspicion regarding the reality of the local color in a picture portraying life in India or Africa, but when the scene is laid in one's own country all doubts on that score are dispelled. This is one of the reasons why Canadians have shown a disposition to encourage in a material way the recent attempt to produce home-made motion pictures; but perhaps the chief reason is to be found in the development of a Canadian national consciousness whose effects are likewise being felt in art, literature, the drama and in politics. This has been particularly marked since the war. It is safe to say that there are more men and women engaged seriously in the creative arts in Canada today than ever before in the history of the Dominion. Canada's demand for representation at the Peace Conference and in the League of Nations was the expression of this sentiment in the political realm.

Coming back, however, to the subject of motion pictures, a little reflection will show that the stirrings of national sentiment in this field are subject to limitations in their application which do not pertain to literature and the arts. Producing pictures is both an art and a business—at least it *should* be an art, but it must be admitted with regret that it rarely rises much higher than a business. To produce books requires both business and artistic capabilities, but publishers at least confine their efforts to the business end of the transaction and recognize that the writing of books is quite another matter. But in the motion picture industry (it is no accident that it is never referred to otherwise than as an *industry*) recent graduates from the cloak and suit trade seem to consider themselves peculiarly qualified to set the standards.

To make a picture of any size at all is an expensive undertaking at best, and hitherto it has been the man with the money who has dominated the situation. In the early days of the industry in the United States there were many failures; and financial houses ordinarily considered reputable would not undertake the financing of motion picture companies; but as the enormous possibilities of the industry became evident it was not long before the most conservative of financial houses found it quite in accordance with their dignity to participate in the easy profits. The huge population in the United States provided a ready market for more pictures than the producers could supply.

Canada, on the other hand, was a vast country very sparsely populated and divided into sectional regions whose interests and viewpoints varied considerably. The prospective producer could not count on a great home market for his initial return and in addition must compete with pictures from across the line which were produced at less cost and which had probably already repaid the cost of production in their own country. But the chief drawback to production in Canada was the lack of established financial machinery.

Just as it was due to individual private investors that the United States industry got started 20 years ago, so was it also due to private individuals—as distinguished from financiers—that pictures came to be made in Canada. But whereas the hope of financial return was the only incentive of the pioneer investors in the motion picture industry in the United States, in Canada the stirrings of nationalistic sentiment to which I have already referred was the chief incentive.

In art, literature and the drama a development such as this can be immediately manifested in the production of paintings, books and plays—not much organization is needed, and practically no capital. (This is not entirely true as regards plays.) But motion picture making is not such an individual effort. The nationalistic revival provided the opportunity, but it remained for some individual to take advantage of it and organize those who were willing to provide the financial backing for the production of Canadian pictures. This man appeared in the person of Ernest Shipman.

ERNEST SHIPMAN

Shipman is a Canadian who, like many others, as a young man found wider opportunities in the United States than in his own land. For a number of years he "trouped" the country with road shows. In 1910 he became interested in the motion picture industry and in 1919 went into production for himself. Although he had spent most of the years of his manhood in the United States, Shipman still retained his interest in his native country, and it was perhaps natural that he should have been one of the first persons in the motion picture industry to realize the possibilities of the Canadian field. While, as has been said, Canada lacks the element of a large population, it was believed that Canadian-made pictures would be popular in the United States; and in addition the British Empire market could undoubtedly be tapped much better from Canada. The tendency of the various British countries to enact preferential tariffs with respect to the products of each other was not lost sight of. Then again, the romantic history of Canada and the beauty and variety of Canadian scenery were inducements which carried additional weight.

Before undertaking production in Canada, Shipman had made a number of pictures in the United States, filming some of James Oliver Curwood's stories. These stories set him wondering about the possibility of producing Canadian stories in their original settings. The first attempt was made in Calgary and Winnipeg. Shipman got the leading literary and financial people together and placed the matter before them. As a result a local company was formed and sufficient money was subscribed to defray the cost of making two pictures. These were "The Foreigner" and "Cameron of the Royal Mounted," both adaptations of books by the well-known Canadian writer, Ralph Connor.

In 1922 Shipman produced four all-Canadian pictures. Two of these were made in Ottawa. They were also picturizations of books by Ralph Connor—"The Man From Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days"—and were directed by Henry McRae, like Shipman, a former Canadian who had spent most of his life in theatrical work in the United States, but whose youth had been spent amid such scenes as are described by Ralph Connor.

As those who have read "The Man From Glengarry" will remember, it is a story of the days when the Ottawa Valley was the great logging and lumbering center of the Canadian woods—the days when Robert Dollar, perhaps more familiar to magazine readers as the original of Peter B. Kyne's "Cappy Ricks," was learning the lumber business on the Ottawa River. The Ottawa is yet a great logging stream and a number of the greatest lumber companies in the world still operate on it and its tributaries. The filming of a story so intimately identified with the life of the river could not fail to be of interest to these men of the woods; and one of the largest companies placed its facilities at the disposal of the director. In this way it was possible for McRae to photograph scenes under actual logging conditions. Instead of extras being hired for the occasion, and made up to impersonate loggers, actual rivermen were loaned by the company and rode real logs, broke up real log jambs and lent an air of reality to the scenes such as actors, no matter how carefully coached, could never have produced.

This co-operation by the lumber company is typical of the attitude taken by the people of Canada generally toward the attempt to develop Canadian pictures.

In the second picture made at Ottawa, "Glengarry School Days," the script required certain scenes to be laid in the Parliament buildings. Government authorities are usually very chary about creating precedents which might become inconvenient at some future time, but in this case permission was granted for the movie people to set up their lights and equipment in the Senate chamber itself and enact their scenes under circumstances which are undoubtedly unique.

It was the same with the raising of capital: men who as a matter of investment probably would not have been interested in a venture in the motion picture field were willing to provide money and lend their support for much the same reason as that which actuated the lumber company referred to and the government authorities.

Shipman is fortunate in this respect in being the pioneer. It is doubtful if future companies will be allowed to disorganize the arrangements of large logging crews or to transform the august precincts of the Senate into a movie studio; but these instances indicate the extent to which the people of Canada are sincere in their desire for Canadian films.

In Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, another Shipman company produced a picture called "The Rapids," an adaptation of a book by Alan Sullivan. Here, as at Ottawa, hearty co-operation between the people of the community and the company was responsible for the incorporation of much interesting local color into the picture.

Down by the sea, at St. John, New Brunswick, Shipman has produced a picture of seafaring life called "Blue Water" from a book by Frederick William Wallace, whose sea stories have become popular both in Canada and the United States in recent years. It attempts to portray the interesting life of the men who go down to the sea in ships.

For the year 1923, Shipman has already arranged to make pictures in Halifax, Vancouver, Charlottetown and St. John's, Newfoundland; while tentative plans have been laid to produce pictures in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London and Windsor.

While Ernest Shipman is by far the most notable among those who are attempting to develop the Canadian motion picture field, he is not the only one; several other companies have been established in various portions of the Dominion, but so far none has achieved the degree of success that he has.

Perhaps the most successful effort in this direction has been made by the Dominion Govern-

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St. Augustine—Our Last Spanish Landmark

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as wide at the top. The terreplein is 40 feet square and provided mountings for 60 large guns. A unique feature was specially constructed hot-shot furnaces, so constructed that they would discharge red-hot cannon balls at the enemy. The esplanades, barbicans, drawbridges, arched entrance, vaulted casements, frowning bastions, ornate sentry boxes and dark, mysterious dungeons emblematic of Spanish fortifications are still intact. About 85 years ago, two skeletons in cages were found in newly discovered dungeons. The chances are that they were the bones of prisoners tortured to death during the latter years of the Spanish rule. The old fort was rechristened Fort Marion after General Francis Marion of Revolutionary War fame when Uncle Sam took possession of Florida.

St. Augustine is the only town in America today whose portal is still guarded by a lofty city gate. This famous gate is all that remains of the old Spanish wall which ages ago extended across the peninsula and protected the city on the north. It is an appropriate frontispiece to the sea wall extending southward from Fort Marion along the water front for one and one-half miles. During the early years of the Seminole Indian War, Uncle Sam built this wall. Its granite coping four feet wide has since become the city's most popular promenade.

Everything of importance in St. Augustine radiates from the plaza, a one-acre park in the center of the city which accommodates the Federal post office that used to be the governor's palace. The old market place where slaves were sold side by side with ordinary farm produce a few score years ago remains. An interesting fact about the oldest houses is that they are minus either chimneys or fireplaces. Spanish style stoves in the form of metal urns containing red-hot coals were used to heat the rooms in the early days. A pyramidal monument in the middle of the parkway was erected more than a century ago in honor of the Constitution Plaza. This plaza was used as a parade ground by the English and later by the American soldiers. It is impressively set off by an imposing cathedral of Moorish and Spanish architecture ornamented with huge domes and pinnacled minarets which was built about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was once destroyed by fire but has been completely restored. An old bell in one tower bears the inscription, "A. D. 1682."

Several strange customs—carry-overs from the days of Spanish possession—are still observed religiously by the residents. On the evening before Easter Sunday, young men who sing go about the city serenading the homes of their friends.

About the time of the Civil War, wheeled vehicles were not allowed inside the gates of St. Augustine because of the ridiculously narrow streets which were not designed to accommodate carriage traffic. At that time some thoroughfares were only 10 feet wide and even today a few roadways are less than 20 feet across. These little streets were once insignificant donkey trails and passageways for equestrians, as horses were practically the only means of transportation. The overhanging balconies on many houses were originally built in that fashion so that neighbors could chat with one another without leaving their individual front verandas.

In the olden days, the stocks and pillory and the whipping post were satisfactory substitutes for the modern jail where lawbreakers are now imprisoned. That was during the days when the regular practice was to drum undesirable citizens out of town after their heads had been half shaved and they had been garbed in outlandish costumes. In the passing, it is notable that Florida and St. Augustine were great Tory centers during the Revolutionary War, Florida being the only one of the 14 British Colonies that remained loyal to King George III. When the news of the Declaration of Independence reached St. Augustine, the effigies of John Hancock and John Adams were burned in the plaza.

St. Augustine has no fewer than seven houses whose owners claim that theirs respectively is the oldest house in the United States. At present, the St. Augustine Historical Society operates the most famous of these ancient dwellings and states that this house was built in 1565 when the city was established. The house is built of coquina rock and this in itself refutes the preposterous contention, as this variety of building material was not discovered until 1580. Claim is also made that the house was originally the home of Franciscan monks. There were no monks of that order in St. Augustine in 1565. The house stands in the central portion of St. Augustine whereas if it had been built on the original site of the city it would have to be at least five miles south of its present location. The earliest habitations of the Spaniards at St. Augustine had neither fireplaces nor windows. This house has both these fixtures. It so happens that the archives of St. Augustine previous to 1702 were destroyed in one of the fires that swept the old city. The result has been that Florida fakers have made money at the expense of the credulity and historical ignorance of hundreds of thousands of tourists. The true record of the "oldest house" which still lures most of the visitors is that the structure is really a product of tradition. It was built about 1834 and latterly has been "dolled up" and advertised extensively.

Canada's Attempt at Movie Independence

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ment itself. A few years ago the Department of Trade and Commerce began making one-reel scenic and industrial films. The primary object was publicity for Canadian scenery and industries, but under the energetic direction of R. S. Peck, a former newspaperman who was placed in charge of the department, these one-reel features have created such a demand for themselves, not only in Canada but practically the world over, that they have become a standard feature on motion picture programs, and compete very successfully on the same rental basis with the products of the large American studios. They provide the theaters with convenient short films in which are combined high-class workmanship with a high degree of instructional and entertainment value and have more than demonstrated the fact that both the public and the exhibitors are eager to patronize pictures whose principal ingredient is not pure "hokum."

It may be asked what results the Canadian people have attained from this expenditure of money and interest in the manufacture of films at home. Are the films which have been made by Shipman's companies and others less filled with "hokum" than those manufactured across the line? And if so are they likely to succeed financially?—for, unfortunately, financial success is still the final verdict on any picture.

In reply, it must be admitted that there is still room for improvement. While Shipman is filming only the works of Canadians and is making the pictures under conditions which should insure the greatest degree of fidelity in the matter of local color, he himself is an organizer and promoter rather than an artist. The direction of the various pictures is perforce left largely to directors brought in from the United States, and these do not always succeed in throwing off their belief in the utility of "hokum," and, in this respect, from the standpoint of a Canadian critic, some of the pictures suffer; but on the other hand the claim is made that "hokum" is necessary to their financial success. That remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain: in some of the pictures, notably "The Man From Glengarry," the scenery and the natural beauties reproduced are distinctly unusual, and that is a treat which should make up for quite a lot of "hokum."

It is entirely premature to say whether this Canadian declaration of independence will lead to anything permanent. But so far as it has gone it indicates a pretty general spirit of revolt throughout the Dominion against the sort of pictures which have been inflicted on the people in the past—which is also evidenced by decreasing attendance at all but the best movie theaters—as well as a widely extended desire on the part of the people to remedy the situation by taking matters into their own hands; merely from that standpoint alone the subject is interesting.

Loggers never have this sort of thing to contend with in real life, but it probably adds to the interest of the picture.

The boy is an actor, but the policeman is real. A scene taken in the parliamentary library at Ottawa with the statue of Queen Victoria in the foreground.

A movie director's idea of a loggers' battle filmed against a real logging background.

Does the Bank Give Credit, Or Do You?

Facts With Which Bankers Will Agree, and Which Others Ought to Know

By J. V. NASH

FROM time immemorial the issuance of money has been one of the prime functions of government. The principle underlying the government control of money has always been to protect the public against the exploitation of money, which is essentially *a public utility,* by private individuals.

The counterfeiting of money has ever been held an extremely heinous offense. A few centuries ago the penalty imposed for it was boiling alive in oil. Today conviction of this crime involves a term of many years in the Federal penitentiary and the government spends hundreds of thousands of dollars and employs hundreds of secret service men for the express purpose of preventing the counterfeiting of money.

Metal coins are counterfeited by debasement; that is, by manufacturing coins similar in appearance but beneath the standard in weight or purity. The metal money now in circulation is of such slight unit value, however, that this form of counterfeiting has to a great extent disappeared.

The physical substance of paper money, which forms the big end of our currency today, cannot, of course, be debased, since the value of the material in the paper money, either genuine or counterfeit, is practically nil. Yet the counterfeiting of paper money is regarded as just as serious an offense as the counterfeiting of coins.

The theory and justification of the penalizing of the counterfeiting of paper money is that the genuine paper gives the holder *title* to a certain quantity of gold, whereas the counterfeit does not. The proportion of the genuine paper money in circulation under our present banking laws which would pass that test is startling proof of the extent to which the bottom has dropped out of the gold standard.

Years Changed Conditions

WHEN the Constitution was adopted the privilege of issuing money and regulating the value thereof was surrendered by the individual states to the Federal Government, it being recognized even by the most extreme champions of States' Rights that the absolute sovereignty over the nation's money properly belonged to the central government.

In 1787, when the Constitution was framed, the United States was a small pioneer country of about 4,000,000 inhabitants, or less than the population of New York City today. The vast majority of the people were engaged in agriculture and lived on the products of the soil which they raised on their own farms.

There were no steamboats and no railroads, and as steam or electrical power had not yet been applied to manufacture, there were no great mechanical industries. There was a considerable foreign commerce, to be sure, but it was mainly conducted on the principle of barter. A sailing vessel loaded a cargo of smoked fish in Boston and took it to the West Indies, bringing back in exchange a cargo of molasses. This trade proved highly profitable; so much so, that rum and codfish laid the foundations of the fortunes of many a blue-nosed Boston family of the present day.

But in the first half of the nineteenth century the steam engine, invented by Watt, began to be applied to transportation and manufacture. For the first time in history, large-scale standardized production became possible. Factories sprang up all over the land and attracted from the farms thousands of workers by the lure of higher wages.

Great industrial cities now appeared on the map and labor became more and more specialized. A family no longer produced its own food or spun its own yarn for clothing. A worker produced but one article, or a single part of one article. He was dependent upon *exchange* for all other necessary commodities, and this exchange could be effected only by money.

Credit, Not Gold, Does Business

THE small amount of gold in circulation soon became utterly inadequate to carry the tremendous volume of exchange which the new economic system demanded. But the economists and the politicians were so firmly wedded to the gold theory of money that no effort was made to supplant it with another adapted to the changed conditions.

And so the shadow of the Gold Standard was preserved by the government. Meanwhile, however, the rapidly expanding commerce and industry necessitated an adequate supply of a medium of exchange, and privately owned banks came into existence to supply it.

This new medium of exchange is *credit.* Any textbook of economics today will admit that *95 per cent* of American business is now transacted not by Gold but by Credit. Credit, therefore, is the real money of the country. Individuals as well as business must have it in order to live; the government permits private organizations called banks to issue and control it as a profitable private business, so that not only the public but the government itself is in a fiscal sense dependent on a group of money exploiters.

The government, it is true, did in the early days attempt to assert its rightful control over the manufacture of this new kind of money.

The first American government bank grew out of a suggestion by Thomas Paine in 1780, and was established for the purpose of providing supplies for Washington's army. It achieved its purpose well and continued its operations until the close of the Revolution.

The Bank of North America, located in Philadelphia, was opened on January 7, 1783, with a capital of $400,000. Local banks were soon thereafter organized in New York and Massachusetts. The Bank of New York and the Massachusetts Bank of Boston both began business in 1784, the one with a capital of $500,000, and the other with a capital of $300,000.

These latter institutions were the germs of the great commercial banks of today. From these humble beginnings there has grown up the huge American commercial banking system which is being scrutinized today as never before because of a well-defined popular notion that this system blocks the access of the people and even of the government to the supply of *real money* which it is *the function of the government to issue and regulate* for the benefit of all.

The first official Bank of the United States, *the purpose of which was to make the government independent of the private bankers,* was established through the efforts of Alexander Hamilton when Secretary of the Treasury in 1791. It existed for 20 years. A leading historical authority says: "It was well managed and of great benefit to the government and to the people."

It assisted the United States Treasury with loans whenever called upon and received and disbursed more than $100,000,000 of government funds without the loss of a dollar. Its success aroused the envy of the private banks, which had meanwhile grown powerful, and *their influence over Congress prevented the renewal of its charter in 1811.*

The war of 1812 placed the government at the mercy of these *private banks, which promptly left it in the lurch and generally suspended specie payments.* The plight of the nation in 1814, in which year the National Capitol was burned and the President was for a time a fugitive, led to proposals to organize a second Bank of the United States to handle the fiscal affairs of the government. The commercial banks, for selfish reasons, hysterically opposed the measure, but Henry Clay fought for it, and finally, on April 10, 1816, President Madison signed the bill creating the second *United States Bank.*

It was to be given a charter for only 20 years, like its predecessor, and its capital was to be $35,000,000, of which amount the government was to subscribe $7,000,000.

In this second United States Bank the people had an agency through which the government might have developed and maintained a legitimate control over the issuance of that Credit Money which was destined in a few years practically to supplant Gold as the great medium of exchange.

Plot Wrecks U. S. Bank

THE story of the destruction of the second United States Bank is one of the most tragic chapters in American history.

The parent bank was located at Philadelphia and there were 25 branches scattered through the country, with a total of more than 500 employes.

> "In every state of the Union," says one of our historians, "and in many foreign nations of the globe, were stockholders of the Bank of the United States . . . . One-tenth of its stock was held by women, orphans, and trustees of charity funds. Its bank notes were as good as gold in every part of the country, from Maine to Georgia, from Georgia to Astoria. Men could travel and pass these notes at every point without discount, and it is said that in London, Paris, Rome, Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, and other prominent cities, the notes of the Bank of the United States were within a fraction more or a fraction less than their value at home, according to the current rate of exchange. They could actually be sold at a premium at the remotest commercial centers. It was not uncommon for the stock of the bank to be sold at a premium of 40 per cent. The directors of the bank were 25 in number, of whom five were appointed by the President of the United States. The bank and its branches received and disbursed the entire revenue of the nation."

The very prosperity of this great public bank created powerful enemies who conspired to destroy it. Its charter was to expire in 1836, and as early as 1831 attacks began to be made upon it for the purpose of preventing the renewal of its charter. The conspiracy finally succeeded in wrecking the bank. The deposits of the government were gradually withdrawn and distributed among privately owned institutions—"pet banks" of the administration in power—and the charter of the bank was allowed to lapse.

Thus the United States Bank, which had more than once saved the credit of the nation, was put out of existence. "It paid its creditors in full, principal and interest," says Horace White, "but the shareholders lost every penny." The government was not a loser. It recovered its $7,000,000 of stock in full and the records of the Treasury Department show that the United States realized a profit of $6,093,167.07 through its dealings with the bank.

Twenty-five years later, in 1861, on the outbreak of the Civil War, the government paid dearly for its folly in killing the public bank which had saved it in other emergencies. There was now no agency capable of handling the fiscal affairs of the nation. Private capital immediately fled to cover ("gold, the coward!") money was taken out of the banks and hoarded, and the banks suspended specie payments.

At the close of the Civil War the so-called National Banking System was put into effect. The National Banks, of course, are "national" only in name. They are really private corporations organized for private profit.

However, they were given the monopolistic privilege of issuing notes which were to all intents and purposes legal tender, secured not by gold but by government bonds *on which the government pays interest to the banks.* Today there is *nearly one billion dollars' worth* of these national bank notes in circulation, which the people are practically compelled to accept as money.

The National Banks soon secured the virtual control of the banking business in the United States. To force the national bank notes upon the people, by eliminating competition, the note issues of the small state and local banks were killed by a shameful method of accomplishing an illegal act indirectly. It is a proper function of any bank to issue circulating notes, and therefore the note issues of the local banks could not be prohibited by law.

But the purpose was achieved indirectly by taxation. There was no pretense that the purpose of the tax was to raise revenue. In 1865 a tax of 10 per cent, which was intentionally prohibitive in amount, was assessed by law upon the note issues of the state and local banks. This killed the notes, giving the National Banks a monopoly of the note-issuing field. *That law is in effect today.* (When a proposal was recently made to eliminate child labor by a prohibitive tax on its products, our courts shrieked with horror at the thought of using the taxing power to accomplish an ulterior purpose!)

Since then the growth of the banking business, as represented by the misnamed National Banks, has been one of the most amazing phenomena of our times. Consider the following figures:

Growth of "National" Banking

IN 1870 the number of National Banks in the United States was 1,526, with "deposits" (which will be explained later) of $542,261,563.

In 1890 there were 3,214 banks, with "deposits" of $1,521,745,665.

In 1922 the number had grown to 8,249, claiming deposits of $16,320,564,000.

The total actual capital (representing investment) of these 8,000-odd banks was, however, only $1,307,216,000 in that year; yet net earnings of $372,013,000 are reported.

The report of the Controller of the Currency, made public August 22, 1922, furnishes us with the consolidated balance sheet of all National Banks, as of June 30, 1922.

This itemized balance sheet shows "cash in vaults" to the amount of only $326,181,000, and undivided profits (less expenses and taxes paid) of $492,434,000.

Textbooks of economics define a banker as "a dealer in money." According to this definition, the *National Banks, as shown by their own accounting, are earning profits of 100 per cent a year on their stock in trade.*

In my last article I produced figures showing that whereas the total stock of gold, both coin and bullion, in actual existence in the United States amounted to only $3,294,909,763 in 1921, and the amount of "money" in circulation was $8,178,602,408, all banks reported in that year combined "deposits" of $35,459,155,000 (11 times the amount of gold in the country), and "resources" of $49,671,390,000 (15 times our stock of gold).

Clearing house reports likewise show *checks* to the value of $1,000 in circulation for every $1 of *currency.*

"Paper"—"Credit"—That's All

THE layman is apt to be deceived by the word "deposits" as used by the banks. He may innocently imagine that it represents gold or other lawful money placed in the keeping of the banks by the depositors. Nothing could be more untrue.

Horace White, in "Money and Banking," says:

> "The word *deposit,* when thus used, is clearly a misnomer, since by derivation and common understanding a deposit means a thing laid away or given in charge of somebody. It must be borne in mind, therefore, that bank deposits consist of two different things, namely, (1) money, (2) bank credits, and that the latter may be *four or five times as large as the former.*"

In many cases these "credits," which are incorrectly classed as "deposits" by the banks in their bookkeeping system, are much more than four or five times larger than the so-called money deposits; and furthermore, of the so-called money deposits, only a small fraction is likely to be gold, the balance being bank notes, checks and drafts of other banks. The proportion of gold or gold certificates in these so-called money deposits is almost negligible.

How do the banks manufacture these misnamed "deposits?" Incredible as it may seem to the uninitiated, the answer is, *by lending "money"!*

In my last article I pointed out that the vast "deposits" and "resources" could not possibly represent gold values, since they are many times in excess of the whole supply of gold in the United States. They are, in fact, simply disguised loans and discounts, of paper.

An examination of the balance sheet of any National Bank will show a startling relationship between the item of "deposits" on one side of the sheet and "loans and discounts" on the other. Paper deposits offset paper loans and discounts.

J. T. Holdsworth, himself a big banker in Pittsburgh, frankly states in an authoritative work on this subject:

> "The bank's loanable funds come mainly from deposits, *and deposits arise largely from loans.*"

D. H. Robertson in his recent book, "Money," describes the hocus-pocus in language which will be easily understood by the layman. He says:

> "Bank money originates in *loans* made by the banks to those who are engaged in productive enterprise. A farmer, for instance, who expects to harvest his wheat crop in a year's time, applies to the bank for a loan of $5,000 and the bank creates for him a checking account of $5,000. That is to say, it gives him the right to create bank money, as and when he requires it, up to the amount of $5,000. Within these limits the farmer draws checks (that is, creates bank money) in accordance with his requirements, for the hire of labor, the purchase of implements, and his own personal expenses. At the end of the 12 months he harvests and sells his wheat crop and repays his loan to the bank. Meanwhile, THE BANK CHARGES HIM INTEREST ON IT."

It should be noted that when the farmer or the manufacturer applies to the bank, it is *he* and not the bank which furnishes the *real credit* or security. If the farmer has no wheat planted, or if the manufacturer cannot show a financial statement embodying desirable assets, he will get no "loan" from the bank. Frequently he is required to give a note or a mortgage to guarantee his credit.

It is on the strength of his productive assets, then, that the farmer or the manufacturer is given the check book with the right to issue CREDIT MONEY within a prescribed limit. Yet he pays toll to the bank in the form of interest, for the privilege of doing business *on his own credit.*

The discount game is worked in much the same way. A certain retailer has good credit based on valuable assets, but lacks funds. He wishes to purchase an order of $1,000 worth of goods. He gives the manufacturer a note payable in 90 days with interest. The manufacturer cannot circulate the note as money. Therefore, he takes it to the bank, which "discounts" it, deducting a certain amount as "interest" for the use of the bank's "credit," and adding the balance to his checking account. On maturity of the note the bank then collects the face value plus regular interest. Here again, *the real credit is not furnished by the bank.* Such a note, being endorsed by the manufacturer, becomes so-called "double name" paper, guaranteed by the assets of both maker and endorser. *The bank contributes nothing to the value of the paper,* yet skims the cream from it, simply because the bank's paper has usurped the function of money. "Goods," says White, "can be bought and sold with it as readily as with money, since the checks drawn against these 'deposits' (credits on the books of the bank) are universally accepted."

Instead of the banks furnishing their "customers" with the means of carrying on business, *it is the credit of our farmers and manufacturers that enables the banks to stay in business and reap profits.* In other words, it is the *credit value* behind the checks, a credit value created by productive industry, that makes possible the banks' "resources" of nearly FIFTY BILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Has No Assets of Its Own

THE bank has no productive assets of its own. The bank creates nothing—it produces nothing. It is a bookkeeping institution, essentially dependent in nature, and its dependence is the very element which is forcing public challenge of the authority which it has assumed. The servant and the dependent assuming mastery is a situation which calls at least for explanation.

If a farmer or a manufacturer possesses assets which entitle him to credit, why should he be at the mercy of and forced to pay toll to other private individuals for the right of using his own Credit? Money Masters are bad enough but Credit Masters are intolerable.

And so, recognizing bankers as *middlemen,* the questions arise as to how serviceable and how expensive they may be.

Since Credit has become the real Currency of the nation, and the issuance of Currency as a public utility is the province of the government, the farmer and the manufacturer should be provided with free facilities for liquidizing their credit.

The annual interest charge, which both the government and productive industry are paying for the privilege of doing business on their own credit, is already mounting to staggering proportions.

In my last article I showed that the Federal government, the state, county, and municipal governments, school districts, and other political units, are already in hock to the tune of more than *thirty billions of dollars.*

The extent to which agriculture and industry are in hock to the financial monopolists can hardly be computed. It has been predicted that within a comparatively short time the entire annual income of the nation will be absorbed in the payment of INTEREST CHARGES, and this is fast reducing government, business and people alike to a condition of economic slavery, not only in the present, but for all time to come through the operation of so-called bond issues extending over long periods of time.

The Federal Reserve Act, notwithstanding the loud talk by its sponsors about "stabilizing credit" and "liquidizing our national finances," was in more senses than one a "gold brick" handed to the people. Its real purpose was to bolster up the gold standard for the benefit of the big banks by pooling their gold supply. It provided a fire department for Wall Street.

Monetized gold is at the bottom of all of Europe's present distressing woes. Stripped of her gold, the international bankers insist that Europe shall continue to recognize the gold standard and pay impossible debts on a gold basis; and thus far no European government has had the wisdom and the courage to supplant the non-existent gold by a modern system of Credit Money backed by the physical wealth of the nation.

This fact was brilliantly set forth in a recent article by the distinguished Italian historian, Ferrero, entitled "Gold Is Dead."

Polygamy, slavery, the booze and drug traffic, commercialized prostitution, monetized gold and war have formed connecting links in the formidable chain with which humanity has been bound to the dark and bloody past. All of these links but the last two—gold and war—have been broken at last, and nothing will aid so potently to abolish war as the dethronement of gold, which has been the most fruitful cause of war throughout the history of the world.

Washington Observations

By "OBSERVER"

COAL is certain to be a burning and blazing issue at the next session of Congress. It is said that the ills of the coal industry cannot be cured by legislation. But that is a convenient argument that is always put forward by the opponents of any reform. The people have been robbed, swindled and frozen by those who control Nature's reservoirs of coal in this country. The influence of the coal operators and the coal-carrying railroads with Congress has been very powerful. It is thought by observers that they will be far less able to continue the control of the next Congress than any they have yet encountered.

There are three important things relating to coal that the next Congress is certain to attempt to settle: First, there shall be a *sufficient supply* of coal made available for the people; second, that the coal shall be sold at a *reasonable price;* third, that the coal shall be of *good quality* that can be used and not contain a large percentage of impurities which has lately made coal of little value as fuel. The greatest swindle is in forcing people to pay the highest prices for the poorest quality. *The proposed legislation to regulate coal will deal with the quality of coal sold.* Several state legislatures are dealing with this serious question at this year's sessions. It will be one of the great domestic problems before the next Congress. Either the Department of Commerce or the Bureau of Mines will, undoubtedly, be authorized to fix or establish standards as to grades for coal.

The Bureau of Mines made a report, upon request of Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, which shows that the people have paid exorbitant prices for anthracite and other coal that was unfit for use. Samples were analyzed and the results divided into three parts—clean coal, bone coal and slate. Most of the coal had from seven to 15 per cent slate. In other respects it averaged a very low grade of coal. Congress has provided the United States Coal Commission with $400,000 more to carry on the investigation. John Hays Hammond is said to be doing a very complete job of the work, as chairman of the Federal Coal Fact-Finding Commission.

An Aid to Coast Cities

SENATOR Caraway introduced a bill, a few days before Congress adjourned, which provides that any city, state, or political subdivision of a state can establish steamship lines of their own and have the ships the government owns as a gift. If this bill passes the next Congress all any city or state desiring to engage in the steamship business need do is to ask the government for the ships and any such municipalities or states will be made a present of what ships they need to establish a line, on certain conditions. This is certainly an opportunity that should be watched by cities and states bordering on the sea coasts that desire to build up great ports and a foreign trade.

Any municipality or state making application for ships to be allotted to it should address the application in duplicate, one copy to the Committee on Commerce, United States Senate, Washington, D. C., and another copy to the United States Shipping Board. Necessarily these applications will lay over until the next session of Congress takes up the measure.

The government, under the provisions of this bill, is authorized to allot and charter ships to the applicant city or state, for a period of five years, free of cost. After the steamship line has been operated for five years the government transfers title in the ships to the city or state operating the line, but a guaranty is to be given the government that the line will be continued for three years longer. It is thought that cities like Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Galveston, Houston, Port Arthur, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Tampa, Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken, perhaps New York, New Haven, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, Boston, Portland and some of the states in which these cities are located would be interested. In view of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Canal, and the wonderful cities on the Great Lakes, it is thought some of them might take advantage of this, in case the bill becomes a law at the next session. The number of the bill is S.4646.

G. O. P. Majority Cut

THE Sixty-seventh Congress passed into history at noon, Sunday, March 4. Unless there is some very great national or international crisis that would justify, in the judgment of the President, the calling of an extraordinary session of Congress during the recess, there will be no session of the Sixty-eighth Congress until the Constitutional date for the regular session, December 4, next.

The last session of Congress had a Republican majority in the House of 169, and in the Senate of 24. The next Congress will have a Republican majority in the House of 17, and in the Senate of eight. The new Congress, however, will have more independent Republican members than any other Congress, in the memory of observers here. The administration members, and the treadmill politicians, deplored the fact that so many of their number sent here under the Republican label, split up into groups or blocs, which made it impossible to handle many of them at the crack of the whip of the boss as in the "good old days." With President Harding's administration now half over, the great anxiety of the politicians in the harness at this time, is the fear that the forthcoming Congress will be far more independent of the political band wagon than even the last Congress.

Fifteen Hundred Always at Work

MOST people, including the newer members themselves, think that when Congress adjourns *sine die,* that the doors of the Capitol are locked, and that because the members are scattered to their homes in every state, there is nothing to do at the Capitol. As a matter of fact, the Capitol is a very busy place during the entire Congressional recess. The disbursing officers of the House and the Senate have about 1,500 men and women, including clerks and members, on their pay rolls.

To be sure, all legislative routine business stops with adjournment but it must be revived—*de novo*—in the new Congress. That is, each bill, no matter how near it may have come to be a law, must start all over again. Then there is a great deal of aftermath cleaning up on the outgoing Congress and preparing for the incoming one. Practically all members keep clerks at their offices constantly to keep in touch with matters before the many departments here that are of concern to their districts and their constituents. There has been no complete overhauling and renovation of the Senate and House office buildings since 1915. The furniture repair shop of the Capitol is already busy and Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol Building, says that he has plans perfected for the general house cleaning—of carpets, walls, desks, filing cabinets, bookshelves, and so on.

In addition to the $7,500 a year of salary, each Senator and Congressman receives 20 cents a mile for traveling expenses. Members living in Maryland or Virginia only 50 miles from Washington receive $10 to bring them to the Capitol and back to their homes each session. The Michigan member living 700 miles away gets $140. The California, Oregon or Washington State member living 3,000 miles away gets $600. The Congressional delegate from Hawaii, living 5,000 miles away, gets $1,000 "mileage" for traveling expenses. Each Congressman is allowed $3,200 a year for clerk hire, and $120 for stationery. In addition the committee to which he has been assigned is furnished stationery. It was stated on the floor of the House during the last week of the session that several members had to borrow money to pay their obligations so they could go home. This was during the discussion of a proposed bill to increase salaries to $10,000.

The "Filled Milk" Crime

WHEN the "filled milk" bill was introduced in the Senate, and during the last week of the session while it was under discussion, there was a tendency to belittle its importance and to laugh at it. One would hear it spoken of as "a wild, western farm bloc proposition." After Senator Ladd, of North Dakota, made an elaborate explanation of his bill in his speech the attitude of the political treadmill Senators could not help but change. The bill was promptly passed, when put to a vote, immediately after Senator Ladd's speech.

Here is a prime article of food for people of all ages, but particularly for babies and children, that has been adulterated and its nutritive qualities taken away by heartless profiteers, and *swindlers in milk.* The scheme was, and no doubt it is still practiced, to *remove all the butter fat from the milk which sells for from 40 to 50 cents a pound and replace it with oriental cocoanut oil that costs only 8 to 10 cents a pound.* In appearance this doctored skimmed milk would be as perfect as a disguise could be. The purchasers of it supposed they were getting genuine and nutritious milk. There seems, however, to be some difference of opinion as to whether the cocoanut oil can be substituted after the milk is fresh from the cows, or has lost its natural heat. At any rate the swindle has been practiced for many years and the practice had become such a menace to the health of children, particularly, that 11 states had passed laws prohibiting the "filling" of milk. Now that Congress has passed the "filled milk" bill into law the next task is to enforce it. It is another score to the credit of the progressive Senators

Much Could Be Done to Aid Trade Commission

Federal Fair-play Body Often Has Hands Tied in Inquiry Work Because of Lack of Adequate Supporting Legislation

By HUSTON THOMPSON
MEMBER FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION

The story of what the Federal Trade Commission is and why it is, was told by Mr. Huston Thompson in last week's issue of The Dearborn Independent, as preliminary to the question of the present needs of the commission, which are taken up by him in this, the second of two articles by the commissioner. Mr. Thompson desires it to be understood that the views here given are his own, and of course in no way binding upon the commission.

THE Federal Trade Commission does not require more powers but it should have the laws under which it acts clarified.

The commission has the power to step into the arena of business and stop one competitor from purchasing the capital stock of another, and thereby preventing competition. It can issue its order against a business interest where the same receives secret rebates from a manufacturer who is not giving such rebates to its competitors. It can, and does, stop false advertising, misbranding, and enjoins combinations from exercising unfair means by which they get control of commodities or exercise unfair discrimination in selling to those who distribute to the ultimate consumer.

I say it already has the power under the act to do this. But the commission's order when disputed is necessarily delayed a long time before it is finally made operative by the courts. In the interim, a competitor may be put out of existence by his stronger opponent through the unfair practice. The decision is too late to benefit the corpse.

Relief Comes Too Late

IN ONE instance, for example, a group of about 275 retail grocers combined into a co-operative buying association to purchase direct from the manufacturers. The wholesalers in that district joined together with the brokers who were deprived of their profit because of this direct buying on the part of the "co-operative," and conspired against the "co-operative" by threatening the manufacturers with various penalties if they did not discontinue selling to the co-operative. This case was fought bitterly, but the commission issued its order against the wholesalers and jobbers. The order was appealed from, and the case was taken to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Finally this court sustained the commission as to a number of those charged with conspiracy.

A long time had elapsed, however, and by the time the decision was rendered the co-operative, unable to keep going because of the condition which confronted it, had passed into insolvency and gone out of existence.

Cases of this kind come repeatedly to the commission and it is urged to hasten them not only by the smaller concerns who are threatened with extinction but also by larger ones who are threatened with serious injury through the acts of a competitor. However, there are so many of them that they have to await their turn owing to the limited number of lawyers in the commission.

It is obvious, if the commission's work is to be effective, that an offender should, when an order has been issued, be required to appeal to the circuit court of appeals within a reasonable time which ordinarily might be a period of 30 days, and in the event that the commission's order is sustained by the court, then the circuit court might require the party to give a bond to pay a reasonable amount of money for every day that it continued the practice after the issuance of the commission's order. The amount should not be so great as to drive the one charged into submitting to the commission's order without appeal because of the fear that by any chance the order might be sustained, but it should be of sufficient size to protect the public and to make the respondent give due consideration to the whole situation.

Must Act Expeditiously

WHILE care in the investigation of cases is a great essential, nevertheless if protection is to be offered to the public and the business world, the commission must move in its work with expedition after an application for a complaint is presented to it.

The commission has another need, also in the interest of expedition. Under the rulings of the court, the commission can only investigate the charge which is set forth in the complaint. It repeatedly happens that the commission charges the defendant with the only ground that is known at the time of the issuance of the complaint. Subsequently, it develops that other unfair methods of competition have been practiced, or that the facts are different in some respects from what the commission discovered in its original investigation. Under the present rule, the commission, in such circumstances, is compelled practically to stop its proceeding, give great care to amending its complaint, serve it on the respondent and start all over again, all of which covers a loss of approximately 90 days.

If the commission is to keep up with the increasing number of cases that come to it, there must be some way found to overcome this delay. This can be done by permitting the commission to amend a complaint at any period prior to the closing of the testimony so as to cover other unfair methods that may have been discovered, or to meet the facts as shown by the testimony.

This will work no hardship since the commission offers its evidence to the one charged, and in the modern vernacular "lays all its cards on the table" before the latter produces any of its defense.

There is another way in which the commission's work can be greatly facilitated and made more effective and that is by clarifying the language which bounds or describes the field in which it exercises its powers. That description is composed of 11 words which are: "That unfair methods of competition in commerce are hereby declared unlawful." Within the boundary of those 11 words, the commission has the power, subject to review by the courts, to say what is fair or unfair.

But many of the most disastrous effects in the competitive world are produced by unfair "acts." The question has been raised as to whether an unfair act is equivalent to an unfair method. All unfair methods are certainly unfair acts, and while the courts seem to indicate that unfair acts are included under the phrase "unfair methods," the point has not been clearly defined. This might seem to be a difference between tweedle de and tweedle dum, but at any rate the commission to be effective should not have to stop on frequent occasions and go into a brown study as to whether an unfair act is an unfair method, but should be clearly given jurisdiction over unfair "acts" as well as "unfair methods." This could be done by simply adding the phrase "unfair acts" to the law as it now stands.

The commission has also been given jurisdiction over parts of what is known as the Clayton Act. One of these parts is found in section seven which says that:

"No corporation engaged in commerce shall acquire, directly or indirectly, the whole or any part of the stock or other share capital of another corporation engaged also in commerce, where the effect of such acquisition may be substantially to lessen competition between the corporation whose stock is so acquired and the corporation making the acquisition . . . . No corporation shall acquire, directly or indirectly, the whole or any part of the stock or other share capital of two or more corporations engaged in commerce" with like effect.

How Competition Is Ended

THE original purpose of Congress in enacting that part of the statute was to prevent corporations from acquiring competitors and thereby lessening competition and producing a condition that would tend toward monopoly.

A number of corporations have accomplished the same result by simply acquiring the physical assets, thereby circumventing the effect of this law. For the statute to become really effective in preventing monopoly, it should be amended so as to prohibit the purchase of the physical assets of a competing corporation when the effect is of a character within the ban of the present law.

In one of its investigations, the commission found a monopolistic control of an industry was possible under the terms of the court's dissolution decree. Under that decree the different units of the corporation were for legal purposes supposed to be strangers to each other; but there was an interlocking stock ownership in the different organizations which has perpetuated the very monopolistic control which the court sought to terminate.

The commission expressed the opinion that the situation could not be effectually remedied by existing laws, and suggested legislation which would forbid common stock ownership in corporations which have been members of a combination dissolved under the Sherman Act.

Cut Down Blue-sky Sales

TO MAKE the purpose expressed in this declaration apply to possible future combinations, that part of the Clayton Act having to do with prohibition of the purchase of stock of one company by a competitor could be amended to prohibit the common stock ownership in several companies which are doing business in a basic or necessary commodity where the companies otherwise under normal conditions would be competitors.

The Federal Trade Commission has been very active in the suppression of false representation in the promotion and sale of blue sky securities in interstate commerce. It has had a considerable potential effect and has stopped some of the largest operators in this field of fraud. However, owing to the magnitude of this unfair business, the number of people operating in it and the geographical territory involved, it is impossible for the commission effectually to cover the field under its present law

The methods applied in the sale of stock, ignorance on the part of the public and the impossibility of getting the facts has hopelessly handicapped the average buyer as against the seller and for this reason the responsibility should be placed upon the seller of giving the buyer every opportunity to know what values are behind the stock, how much the commissions and bonuses are, to whom they are going, and the amount that is actually to be expended in the business. To do this, it should be made mandatory upon all those who are selling securities in interstate commerce to file with the commission or some other official body the necessary information, and in the event that they fail to do so or make false statements be subject to criminal penalty. They should further be compelled to carry a brief but comprehensive statement of these facts in all advertising, circular or other means of communicating their desire to sell their securities. In this way much of the intentional fraud would be stopped through fear of the penalty for falsifying on the part of the criminally minded. A great many of the statements of those who do not intend to defraud, but are ignorant of the statements which they are making, would be prevented, and the commission could undoubtedly, with this amendment to its powers, eliminate to a great degree this present source of loss to our working and farming classes.

Greater Staff Urged

IN ITS brief life, the commission has investigated 2,938 applications for complaints charging unfair methods of competition. It has issued 921 complaints and 479 orders, and has more than 250 cases now in the process of trial, or awaiting trial. It has also dismissed 217 cases either for failure of proof or because it did not think that the public welfare was sufficiently involved. The work of the commission is continually expanding both through decisions of the courts and because Congress is calling upon it with greater frequency to make investigations and recommendations to it.

The business interests of the country are seeking its aid with increasing frequency. Some of the cases awaiting trial involve as important questions as have yet come up for solution in America. The parties involved are represented by the leaders of the American bar while the commission has a trial force of but 21 lawyers. Unless it is to become ineffective its staff will have to be enlarged to meet the requirements put upon it by Congress and the business world.

During the war, the commission had 780 employes, and an appropriation of $1,677,540. Shortly after the Armistice was signed, it cut the number of its employes down to 364, and its appropriation has been gradually reduced until it is now $905,000.

Should the courts decide that the commission has the power, which under the Constitution Congress intended it should have, of making current monthly reports on production cost and prices of the basic commodities of life throughout the United States so as to stop fluctuation markets, over-supply, and buyers' strikes, and have data prepared in the event of labor troubles to submit for a basis of conciliation, it will need at least $1,500,000 a year to meet such a situation, in addition to its constantly increasing docket of cases and its special investigations ordered by Congress.

Many Hopeful Signs

THESE are the essential needs of the commission as I see them at the present time. What of the future? Will they meet and solve what by many is asserted to be the greatest social problem of our time—the absorption of our political and economic philosophy by an engulfing mercantilism? The merchantilists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries believed that national welfare rested primarily on industrial prosperity. Accordingly they endeavored to foster and promote industry to the neglect of agriculture. They sought to accomplish this through laws, regulations and restrictions of all kinds, with the practical result that industry, trade and commerce were throttled. Then the reaction set in. The importance of agriculture was again recognized. Adam Smith became the prophet of individual liberty and economic progress.

I believe the commission can stop this drift and be to our practical business world what Adam Smith was to the world of theory of his time. It can bring freedom to the many through the regulation of the few who are unfair.

There are many hopeful signs on the horizon. One is the sound, wise interpretation of its law by our Supreme Court, another the splendid support given the commission's efforts by the farmer, toiler and housekeeper. Still another is the appreciation that business has of the value of a good name with the consumer, and finally the determined effort of some in every industry not only to keep within the law but to insist on their belief that each man or corporation in the market place should stand or fall by his own industry, foresight and skill and not through combinations in which the consumer is left out of consideration

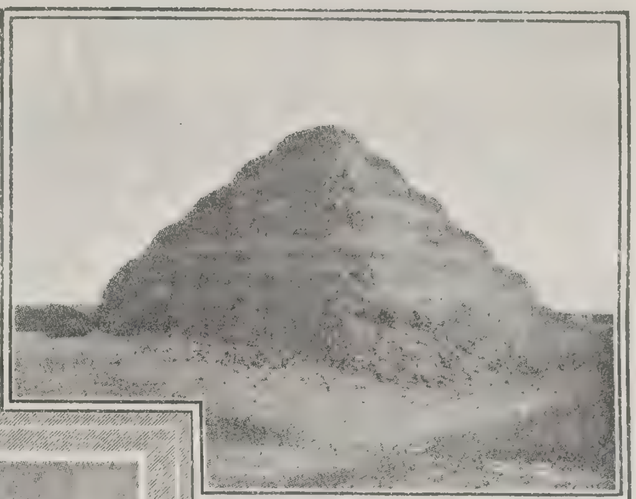
International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota

Imhotep—the World's First Stone Architect

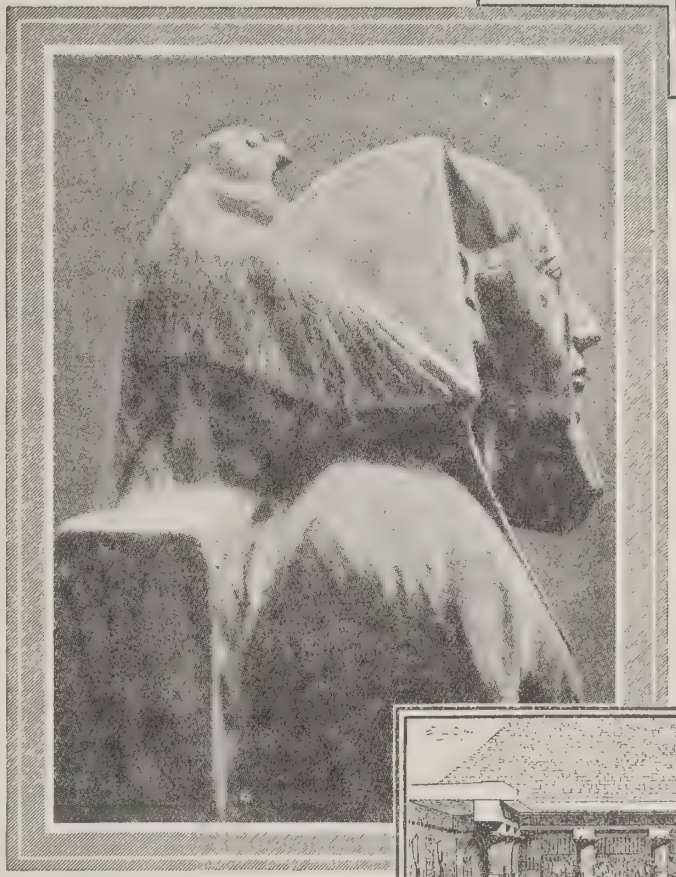
ONE of America's foremost architects, Dr. Ralph Adams Cram, tells us in his fascinating books how we can discover the culture and civilization of nations through their architecture. To the initiated, the mute and silent structures of antiquity never cease to radiate the thoughts and ideals of their builders. Recent archeological research has brought to light many interesting facts concerning Ancient Egypt and its great builders.

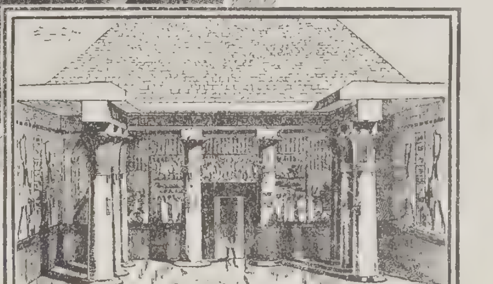
Between the years 4000 and 3000 B. C. the Nile Country was the scene of a marvelous transformation from a great game preserve, with here and there a town, into the first organized state. It is a noteworthy fact that the advent of Egyptian civilization is chiseled in its stupendous monuments to the dead. The thought of death strongly influenced Egyptian life. Our knowledge concerning Egyptian antiquity is almost wholly derived from the mute stories told by the tombs. Diodorus tells us that the Egyptians considered the houses of the living as inns, and the tombs of the dead as eternal habitations. Before the year 4000 B. C. the only type of burial used by the Egyptians was the pit grave. This consisted of a low mound of sand which in some cases was surrounded by a circle of stones. The mound grave was the forerunner of the stone masonry pyramid.



The tomb of Pharaoh Zoser. Designed and built by Imhotep.

The first stone masonry structure known at the present time is a wall built by the Egyptians about the year 3100 B. C. Antiquity can boast of no period of development and use of material resources equal to the thirtieth century B. C. in Egypt. It was this century which brought forward the great Egyptian architect and engineer Imhotep. Before the thirtieth century Egyptian builders used sun-dried brick as building material. It was Imhotep, the greatest architect of ancient times, that definitely introduced stone as a building material. To this great builder was intrusted the task of designing and building the tomb of Pharoah Zoser at Sakkara, Egypt. Imhotep boldly departed from the then prevalent theories of construction and conceived the tomb of Pharaoh Zoser as a huge terraced pyramidal structure of stone 200 feet high. The tomb of Pharaoh Zoser is the earliest stone superstructure known to man. The execution of Imhotep's great conception involved the solution of many engineering and mechanical problems. The raw material must be properly quarried and transported to the site of the structure. The principle of the wedge was applied by Imhotep in conjunction with the principle of expansion in splitting off the great stones which he used in the construction of the tomb of Zoser. Along cleavage lines a series of wedges were driven into the exposed surface of the quarry. These wedges were then moistened thoroughly with water and allowed to expand with the result that huge blocks were split off from the rock strata. Wooden sledges served as transportation means for conveying the stone blocks to the building site. Imhotep used the inclined plane in order to carry building material upward as the work of construction progressed. These temporary inclined planes or ramps were built adjacent to the permanent construction work. Sun-dried brick was used in the construction of these ramps. Wooden sledges loaded with the building material were dragged, by main strength, up these inclined planes. From recent evidence brought to light by Egyptologists it appears that a crude form of the simple pulley-block was used by Imhotep in lifting the huge stone blocks from the sledge to the desired position in the pyramid structure. Another device employed by Imhotep was the wooden rocker. Two rockers cut like segments of a circle and joined by wooden cross-bars constituted the Imhotep rocker. An enormous stone block placed upon the rocker could be raised through a distance equal to the maximum tilt of the rocker. By repeating the operation huge stone blocks weighing 2.5 tons were elevated, by slow stages, to suitable positions in the structure after being first hauled to the top horizontal surface of the construction ramps. The labor was enormous but in the time of the Pharaohs labor was the cheapest of all commodities. That the construction engineers who composed Imhotep's engineering staff were familiar with the principles of surveying is everywhere apparent in the work. The Egyptian engineers could run a straight line over, under, and around obstacles with surprising precision for hundreds of miles.

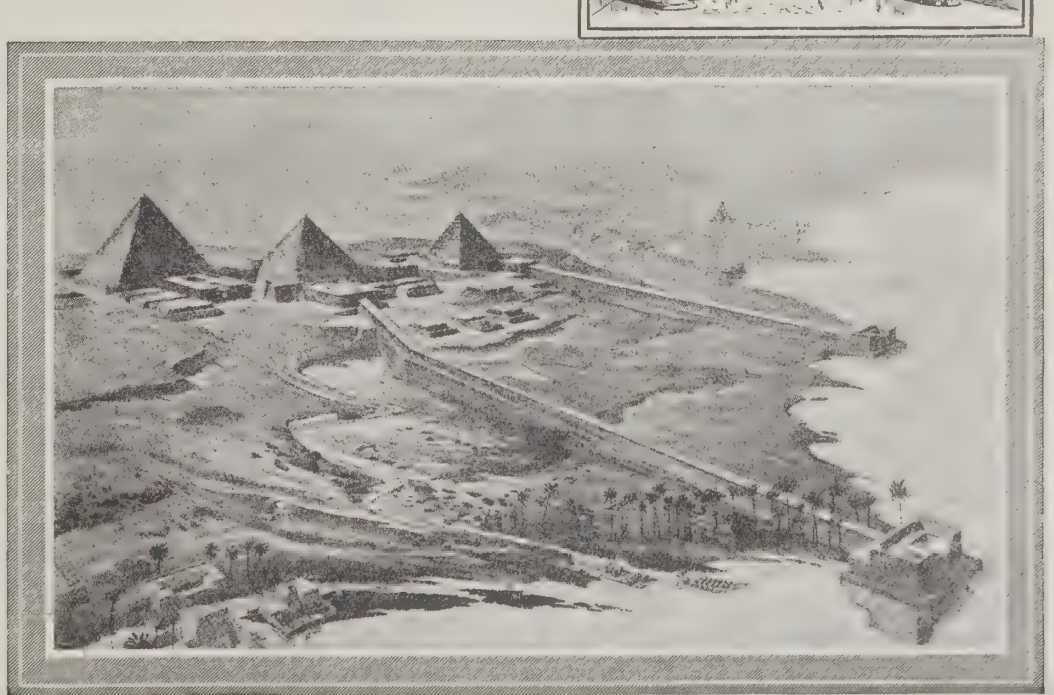




Above—Pharaoh Khafre.
At right—Borchardt's restoration of the Colonnaded Court of the Pyramid Temple of Sahure.

It is unfortunate that Egyptologists have not, as yet, discovered any traces of the surveying instruments which were used by the engineers of ancient Egypt.

Imhotep ushered in the great Age of the Pyramids which lasted from about 3000 B. C. to about 2500 B. C. This first great civilized age, in a large measure, owes its advent to the architectural and engineering genius of Imhotep. In the twenty-ninth century B. C. the engineers of Pharaoh Khufu built the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. This great tomb required 2,300,000 limestone blocks weighing about 2.5 tons each for its completion. About 100,000 men labored upon this structure during a period of about 20 years. The Great Pyramid of Gizeh is almost 500 feet high. Pharaoh Khafre built the Second Pyramid of Gizeh. New and fundamental engineering problems were solved by the engineers of Khafre in the construction of the accessory structures. At Abusir the pyramid engineers (2750 B. C. to about 2600 B. C.) developed the first columns and colonnades known in the history of architecture.



Borchardt's restoration of the Pyramid Cemetery at Abusir.

Imhotep in addition to his achievements as an architect and engineer won fame as the greatest physician of the thirtieth century B. C. It is not strange, in view of his versatility and extraordinary genius, that the deification of Imhotep, by the priests of ancient Egypt, followed soon after his death.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

An Indian in the Punjab writes in ink in Arabic a verse from the Koran on a grain of polished rice. The verse is written by the projected and polished finger nail of the writer and the Arabic characters are so beautifully traced that one may read them with the naked eye. The artist, a middle-aged man, has been doing this kind of work for years.

The Waldes Museum in Prague is a button museum founded by a Bohemian button manufacturer. It is devoted to a collection of dress-fastening devices of all kinds and of all periods.

Exciting motion pictures and plays cause the temperatures of audiences to rise and result in the throwing off of bodily heat. Some theaters lower the heat supply as the act approaches the climax.

Boa constrictors are the latest fashionable pets for women in London and Paris. The snakes are caught on the shores of the Amazon and placed in perforated zinc boxes fitted with tanks. American bull snakes are very popular also.

The waters of the Columbia River often rise 40 feet, reaching the maximum from the fifteenth to the last of June. The river flows about six miles an hour on an average.

Tons of fish were smothered in Glenmore Lake, Orange County, New York, by the ice which covered the lake two feet thick from shore to shore. When the community found the water supply objectionable they investigated and when a hole was cut through the ice thousands of dead fish came to the surface together with many live fish in search of air.

All big-game hunters in Alberta will in future be forced to wear clothing consisting of some white material. The high mortality rate among careless hunters makes this necessary.

The tenants at Hampton Bishop, Herefordshire, England, pay their rent with stakes. This is a practice that has been followed since old feudal days of centuries past. Each householder must gather each year six horse loads of stakes from Hay Wood. The stakes are used for penning sheep at the Hereford fair.

An oil purifier, built on the same principle as a cream separator, takes the dirt out of used oil, much as a cream separator takes the cream from milk.

One side of a vein of the Keeley Mine at Cobalt, Ontario, is plated with a sheet of pure silver, from a quarter inch to an inch thick. This sterling silver is 12 feet long and is exposed for a height of eight feet, and may be higher. It is estimated that eight hours and $25 worth of dynamite will blow out $100,000 worth of silver—five tons of solid silver.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Bees have hived in the head of the Henry Clay statue in the cemetery at Lexington, Kentucky.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, says, "The prime object of democracy is and ought to be increasing freedom, independence, comfort and exemption from fear for all sorts and conditions of men, but this object cannot be attained until the poverty due to political institutions or social customs has been abolished."

German marks and Russian rubles are being sold as souvenirs on the streets of many of our larger cities.

An electric motor will soon replace the bell ringers of Notre Dame, the famous Paris cathedral. Because of the high wages demanded by the ringers it has been decided to introduce modern appliances. The last of a long line of head ringers, who from father to son for generations carried on the work, is now compiling a written manual for the guidance in the future of the electrical ringing of the bells.

Children patients at the Niantic, Connecticut, tuberculosis sanitarium go practically naked the year around. Nothing so quickly destroys the tubercle bacilli as the rays of the sun.

To save the village of Oberammergau from starvation, the famous Passion Players of that place are going to the United States, not to put on the Passion Play, but to present an elaborate act showing Bavarian villagers at their wood-carving craft. All receipts, minus expenses, will be used for charity work in the village of Oberammergau. The players will permit a film of their act to be made, the proceeds going to charity.

The Canadian federal government has purchased a large farm near Guelph, Ontario, to put returned soldiers on the land.

Dean Hammond, of Cornell University, deplores the invasion of Tutankhamen's tomb. How would Americans like it, he asks, if the Saracens 3,000 years hence broke into George Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon and if the bones of Abraham Lincoln were carried off to Constantinople and placed on display in a Saracen museum?

Bentonite, commonly known as soapstone, is found in extensive deposits in Alberta. It has not been developed commercially as yet.

Sweetened condensed milk, diluted with hot water, has won a place as a highly esteemed drink among the Chinese of the Swatow district. They prefer this mixture to the excellent fresh milk, containing a high percentage of butter fat, available from the water buffaloes and other cattle maintained in considerable numbers by the farmers.

The first known log house, built by white men within the bounds of what is now Colorado, was erected in 1816, for a troop of Spanish cavalry patrolling the Arkansas, near the site of Pueblo.

Several skeletons of prehistoric beings estimated to be from 1,000 to 1,500 years old have been unearthed in the Ozarks region of Missouri. These people were cliff dwellers but they should not be confused with the cliff dwellers who lived high up on the faces of cliffs in Arizona and New Mexico. Many crude weapons and implements were found perfectly preserved in the dry soil under the overhanging cliffs.

In a volcanic crater in the Sangro de Cristo Mountains in San Isabel National Forest is an apparently bottomless pit, with black marble sides, in which depth soundings of 1,500 feet have failed to touch bottom.

Northwestern University wants "he men" and not "she men," according to the president of the athletic association. Men and girls will not be permitted to sit together at future basketball games, because the fellows pay no attention to the sport. Students who escort their young women friends to a basketball game will be "bawled out" by cheer leaders with megaphones.

PROPAGANDA OR FACTS?

The world today is flooded with propaganda. There is a scarcity of facts. Pick up a magazine or newspaper and glance through it. Aside from local news—how much dependable information do you find?
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CHEATING THE HOME BUYER

The Catholic Church's Relation to America

Baseball—a Business

U. S. Court Flouted in Cronkhite Case

ENGINEER TALKS ON MONEY

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Watered Housing: How Home Buyer Is Cheated

Organizations Formed to Aid in Financing People of Small Means Charge Exorbitant Rates and Their Profits Are Huge

By AARON HARDY ULM

TWO years ago in an eastern city, where the housing situation coming over from the war was acute, leading real estate men and bankers took steps to evolve a process of relief.

"The chief trouble," they said, "is in the financing of homes which people with small funds want to buy."

Moved it would seem—or so they themselves claimed rather clamorously—by desire to help solve a difficult community problem, they organized a mortgage and trust company for financing the sales of homes, chiefly of the small and moderate-sized sort.

The company has operated for two years. Its promoters claim, with no little apparent ground in fact, that it has contributed considerably toward "relieving" the house shortage in the community where it operates.

During the first six months of its operations, the company handled capital funds amounting to $204,482.93. At the end of the half-year period, its officers reported total earnings of $25,834.90, or at the rate of about 25 per cent a year on capital. After all taxes were paid, net earnings amounted to $18,557.58, or at the rate of nearly 20 per cent a year. At the present time, the company's officers claim that earnings are at the rate of between 25 and 30 per cent a year on capital funds now amounting to about $2,000,000.

Rather profitable benevolence!

Not an Isolated Case

THE operations of this company would be of no particular importance, from a national point of view, were they merely an isolated instance of tremendous profits being taken by mere money as a result of the acute housing situation and the consequent building boom throughout the country during the last several years.

But one of the company's officers—a man of wide and long experience in that kind of financing operations—tells the writer that there are approximately 1,000 such companies in the United States. In a single large city of the East there are more than 30. In each of two mid-western cities there are more than 50. The aggregate capital of these companies totals in the hundreds of millions of dollars. They are able, as will be shown, to use considerably more funds than is represented by capital paid in for stock.

They are what are generally known as second mortgage investment companies. Though they deal to some extent in first mortgages and some perhaps deal in commercial paper, their business consists chiefly of buying what is known as second mortgage real estate notes.

In addition to these incorporated companies, there are a large number of individuals throughout the country who make a business of similar investment operations, which are carried on by individuals very much in the same way as by the companies. They make no public reports of operations, the full nature of which are not even disclosed by the records that cover transfers of and mortgages on real estate.

Generally speaking, they never erect or sell a house or other piece of real estate. They rarely ever make a loan directly to purchasers of homes, as do the first mortgage concerns and the building and loan associations. Yet they hold home purchasers' obligations totaling in the hundreds of millions of dollars.

The amount of such obligations now held by these investment companies and by individuals who also "bought" them has increased vastly in recent years. This is chiefly because of the enhanced sales values of real estate, particularly of the residential kind, and the unusual activity in real estate operations.

It is probable that all those outstanding in the country as a whole total in face value not less than four or five billions of dollars. If so, they contain probably not less than one billion dollars of "water"; that is, of value which was tacked on on the score of "risk," but which ultimately will have to be redeemed in real money by the persons who owe these obligations or by occupants of property covered by them.

Second Mortgage Used

BETWEEN three and four billion dollars' worth of residential building—homes and apartment houses—has been done since the war. The "financing" of most of it involves the use of the second mortgage or some method tantamount to it. The second mortgage rarely covers less than one-third of the full sales or rental value. This would mean that there are outstanding against new residential construction done since the war not less than one billion dollars' worth of second mortgage "paper" of the type dealt in by investors and investing companies of the kind here discussed. Estimating the average rate of discount at which this "paper" was taken over by the third parties which usually hold it, at only 15 per cent, the "water" thus injected, by this one element of "financing," into new housing during the last few years would amount to not less than $150,000,000—to be taken, over and above good interest rates, by mere money.

The average discount rate very probably has been higher than 15 per cent. There are many known cases of its having been as much as 50 per cent. Cases of that kind were disclosed in New York.

Second mortgage note discounting has figured in sales of old as well as new property. It has affected the renting values of old apartment houses as well as those of new ones. In fact, it has accelerated inflation tendencies in all city real estate in practically all the country.

Sometimes equally as radical discounting has been applied to "construction loans" and first mortgages.

At the unemployment conference two years ago, a committee that studied the construction problem reported, as fairly typical, a case where the "financing" of a new apartment house in a certain eastern city entailed an outlay amounting to more than 20 per cent of the total expenditures. The construction loan costs 18½ per cent, over and above regular interest charges. A subsequent loan of $250,000 cost $75,000 or 30 per cent.

"It is doubtful," said the committee in its report, "whether the margins received by the architect, the contractor, and by all producers of the basic industries involved aggregated a sum equivalent to these financing charges."

The committee was headed by General R. C. Marshall, Jr., directing official of the Associated General Contractors of America.

If such could happen to operators big enough to attempt the erection of a large apartment house, what do you suppose may happen to the small builder who erects homes for sale, or to the purchaser of those homes?

In the case of the purchaser of a home on terms of a moderate cash payment down, the assumption of a first mortgage and the signing of monthly notes, backed by a second mortgage, for the balance, much worse has often happened. However, with him it is a painless process. Apparently he pays five to seven per cent interest on the first mortgage and six to eight per cent on the second. Ostensibly he pays a great deal more on both; certainly so, if the financing is done in the usual way.

Service Charge Is Made

IN THE first place, a commission or service charge is paid for the first mortgage. An eastern builder tells the writer that in his section this cost has doubled since pre-war days. He used to get first mortgages at a cost of one and one-half per cent; now they cost him an average of three per cent. In 1913 he would have paid about $37.50 for a $2,500 first mortgage on a house he built to sell for $5,000. Now he would place a $6,000 mortgage on the same kind of house. This costs him $180 or more. Then when he gets what cash he can out of the purchaser, usually about $1,000, he takes the purchase money notes to an investment company or an individual "note shaver" and sells them on the best terms he can get. At the lowest he must discount them 10 per cent, usually it is more, frequently much more, depending upon a variety of circumstances. This loss the builder must anticipate and include, as he does the cost of the first mortgage, in the price he charges the buyer. The total amount of discount on the score of an average new house that would have sold for $5,000 in 1913 has been in recent years anywhere from $500 to $2,000, depending upon many and widely varying conditions. In 1913 it would not have been more than $200 or $300 in the average city.

This is one of the chief reasons houses have been selling at prices far in advance of the increased cost of materials and labor entering into their construction.

According to figures published by the United States Department of Commerce the average new house that would have sold for $5,000 in 1913 should have sold in the average city of the country, at any time between July, 1921, and February, 1923, at from about $8,850 to $9,900; that is to say, if nothing but increased cost of materials and labor had been connoted by the advance in price. The land usually cost more than 10 years ago but at best the land is but a 10 to 20 per cent cost factor in the average item of residential property.

But the $5,000 house of 1913 has been selling for the last two years at from $11,000 to $14,000. In fact, unless the observations of this writer and several experienced real estate operators are at fault, such houses have been selling for considerably more than in 1920 when construction costs, as reported by builders in 60 cities, were from 30 to 70 points higher than in the latter part of 1921 and nearly all of 1922.

In truth, only for brief periods since the war have average construction costs been more than twice the 1913 average. From July, 1921, until March, 1923, they averaged much less than double during all of the time, the index number ranging from 165 to 197. On March 1, this year, it passed 200 for the first time in nearly two years.

On the sales prices of new housing, as compared with the 1913 level, there are no exact figures; a long and scientific investigation would be necessary to develop them. This is because many abstruse factors, changes in the style and appurtenances of houses, subtle differences in the character of construction, and others, enter into the problem. Nobody, so far as the writer can find, has made any attempt to develop exact facts bearing upon it.

But old houses have been selling in most cities for more than twice what they were or could have been bought for in 1913. Rents generally also have more than doubled for the types of living abodes that measure up to new construction. This would not be so if new property could be procured for less.

Inflation, of course, has saturated virtually every phase of real estate and building operations. Dominant factors in the materials industries have tried to combat it. The National Lumber Manufacturers' Association repeatedly has reminded its members that high profits taken easily by virtue of inflation always cost the lumber industry much more than it makes by them. The Associated General Builders of America, the largest of builders organizations, recently warned its members that continued inflation of values will result inevitably in a slump that will demoralize the construction trades.

Many real estate operators who are builders, too, recognize the danger in loading housing down with "water," and have protested against it.

Labor, too, builders tell the writer, has been somewhat unjustly accused on the score of premeditated extortion.

"In most cases," he says, "of seemingly notorious exactions on the part of labor in the building trades, the fault has been with the builder or the promoter. In order to finish construction as quickly as possible and make sure of selling at boom prices, 'scaffold climbing' has been a regular practice. That is, employers have been climbing the scaffolds on the jobs of others and offering workmen large bonuses to shift the scene of their activities. They have paid excessively for overtime work and have accepted almost any kind of work the mechanic would deliver. These practices have 'watered' construction costs, but little blame for it attaches to the workmen."

No Losses, He Concedes

BUT one class of contributors to the processes of building inflation has not, as a class, so far as can be found, either admitted the faults of inflation or made any strenuous efforts to combat it. It is the "note shaving" class. This can be easily understood, for the greater the inflation the greater the volume of "paper" to be "shaved" and the higher the discount rates at which it can be procured. And only in the endurance of inflated values can they look for absolute safety for their investments. The uncertainty of the continuance of those values is the justification they give for the exorbitant levies made by them on the credits underwritten.

Yet the past would indicate that the "note shavers" take no great risks. An eastern operator who has erected and sold thousands of houses and "finances" his own second mortgage paper tells the writer that not long ago he surveyed his purchase money notes record for a period of five years. During that period he lost exactly $6.75.

"I know a record better than that," said the officer of a second mortgage investment company. "There is a mid-Western organization that has been buying second mortgage notes for 20 years and has never lost a dollar through failure to collect on them. Personally, as an investor and considering the element of safety only, I would rather have purchase money notes on residential property than first mortgages."

What $600 Has Earned

WHILE the investment companies, as a rule, exact discounts lower than those usually imposed by individual "note shavers" the organized concerns are more conservative as to quality of "paper" purchased. The report of one of them on 40 transactions in second mortgage notes lies before the writer. Those notes amount to $120,000. The prices for which the property behind them sold aggregated $268,843.52 over and above both first and second mortgage obligations. Those notes are paid in monthly installments and the last one falls due within three years of the date they were issued. They were purchased at a discount of 15 per cent and bear interest at the rate of seven per cent. By the time they are paid off, those who owe them will have paid approximately $50,000 for the credit covered by those notes. The company nets more than 15 per cent a year on the transaction; on the actual money involved in the transaction the company nets more than 30 per cent a year. For after purchasing the notes, the investment company could take them to a regular bank and use them as collateral in borrowing $75,000 or more at six per cent interest, which $75,000 it could use in buying more notes to be borrowed on at the banks in similar way.

No wonder they earn huge profits. From the stock-selling literature of one of them, the writer finds a statement of earnings made by seven older concerns of similar character.

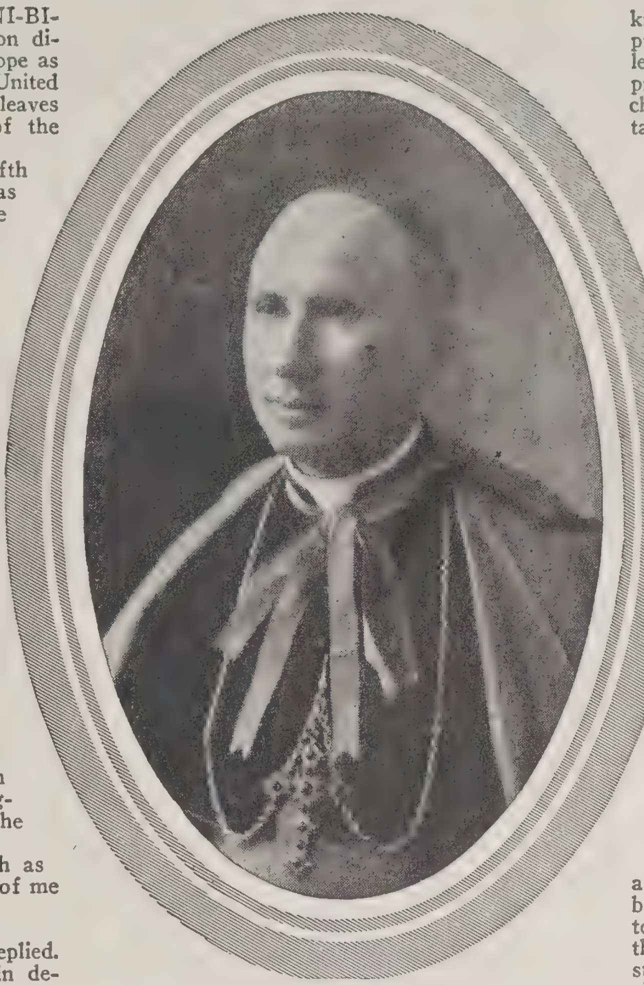
The sum of $600 originally put in the stock of the one that heads the list has earned to date $31,665. The same amount handled by the second one has earned $28,680. The seventh has doubled every $600 of original funds used by it by more than five times!

Remember that there are an estimated 1,000 of similar incorporated concerns in the United States and probably several times that number of individual investors who operate along similar lines—all taking their toll, in the main, from residential property in cities—

(Concluded on page 15)

The Catholic Church's Relation to America

Papal Delegate Tells of Mission—By JAMES MARTIN MILLER



ARCHBISHOP FUMASONI-BIONDI,

New papal delegate to the United States.

ARCHBISHOP PIETRO FUMASONI-BIONDI has just arrived in Washington direct from Rome. Appointed by the Pope as the apostolic or papal delegate in the United States, he succeeds Cardinal Bonzano, who leaves Washington for other diplomatic fields of the Catholic church not yet designated.

Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi is the fifth representative since the papal legation was established in Washington. The first one was Cardinal Satolli, during the last Cleveland administration. Then came Cardinal Martinelli, Cardinal Falcona, and Cardinal Bonzano, in the order named.

I called upon the Pope's representative in the United States, at the new palatial papal legation in Biltmore street, just off Columbia Road. Here I met one who is unmistakably a born and trained diplomat. He receives with great cordiality. Dressed in the robes of his high rank, he discussed the spiritual condition of the world, and of his Church in particular. He converses in all the principal languages, even in Japanese, and one or two of the many dialects of India. He has served as papal delegate to both Japan and India.

His almost faultless English is tinged with the soft and musical Italian, for Italy is his native country. Such a man, speaking our language without the corruptions, without the slang and the short cuts we practice in America, almost makes us ashamed of misuse of our mother tongue. He has a staff as large as that of any foreign embassy or legation represented in Washington. Monsignor Cossio is auditor of the apostolic legation.

The archbishop interviewed me as much as I did him. In fact, he had a little the start of me when he asked:

"Are you a Catholic or non-Catholic?"

"I am a non-Catholic, your Grace," I replied.

In answer to a question he was exact in defining the boundaries of his stewardship in the United States:

"My territory, you know, includes not only the United States, but also the islands of the Pacific, the Hawaiian Islands and Guam. The Philippine Islands, Cuba and Porto Rico are not included in my territory. Each of these countries has a delegate sent specially to it. There are 10,000,000 Catholics in the Philippines.

"How many Catholics, and again how many Christians, are there in the United States, your Grace?" he was asked.

"There are 23,000,000 Catholics in the United States, exclusive of the Philippines and Porto Rico, and 24,000,000 members of other denominations. It is appalling to think that in this great Christian nation, there are some 60,000,000 of people without God, so far as we know!

"I have read a great deal about the declining church attendance in the United States. Apparently it has grown to be a serious matter with many denominations. Your United States census report for 1920 produces figures indicating that for each Catholic edifice in the United States, there was an average attendance, each Sunday for the census period of 10 years, of a little over 900 persons. In all other denominations, there was an average attendance, each Sunday for the same period, of 66 persons, for each edifice.

"I read that the authorities of several denominations in the United States give as a reason for the decreased attendance at church in recent years the many modern distractions that have arisen—the movie, the automobile, and Sunday amusements. However much these have affected other churches they have not adversely influenced the attendance at the Catholic churches, as an examination of the statistics on this subject will show. If these distractions do not cause a loss of interest in the Catholic church, why should they do so, as their own authorities point out, in other denominations?" asked his Grace.

"How much growth, or progress, has the Catholic church made in the United States during the past 10 years, your Grace?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you, no one knows that, but if you will ask me how much progress we have made since the United States was a nation, or during the past century or more, I can tell you that we have made a marvelous growth. We count growth by centuries, not by decades," said he.

"Your priests own property in their own names, do they not, your Grace?"

"There seems to be a great misunderstanding among many people about that. There are two kinds of priests in general terms. The parish priest is the secular priest. He comes more or less in contact with the world, of necessity. The priests, or fathers in the great orders of the church, are the regular priests. The secular priests take two vows, that of chastity and obedience; obedience to their Bishop and the Pope. They do not take the vow of poverty. But the regular priests, whom the world rarely sees, take three vows; of chastity, obedience and poverty. They cannot own even a car fare or the clothes on their backs. When they need a car fare, or a stamp, or anything, they ask their father superior and he supplies their wants. There are about 90 orders of men, and about 120 orders of women in the United States. They are not of the world and the people know little about them. But their influence, within the church and out of it, is very great.

"There is no discipline in all the world so severe and so strict as that practiced by many of the Catholic orders," continued the archbishop. "If it requires constant and faithful discipline and practice to be a good military man, or a perfect musician, it requires more of these to be a good Christian. No man or woman can go along life's pathway safely for themselves, and for society in general, without God and Christ."

"Your Grace, is there more, or less, spirituality in the world since the war than before it?"

"While it is true the war created a deplorable situation I feel there is more spirituality in evidence among the people than before the war. Take for instance, Benito Mussolini, now premier of Italy. He had strayed away from God and the church before the war, but during the last year of the war he came back to God, who directed him and made Mussolini the power that he is. Many in France and Italy strayed away before the war but have returned since."

"Your Grace, how many countries of the world had ambassadors accredited to the Pope before the World War and how many since?"

"France discontinued diplomatic relations with the Vatican in 1903, or 11 years before the war. In 1914 when the war broke out France at once sent an ambassador to Rome accredited to the Pope. Germany, which had none previous to the war, sent one immediately when it started. So did Great Britain. These embassies remain and without doubt will continue. Before the war Great Britain had none, you may recall. There are now more than 30 countries of the world having two groups of diplomatic representatives at Rome; one group accredited to the king of Italy and the other to the Pope. Before the war started I think there were only about 10 nations with representatives to the Vatican.

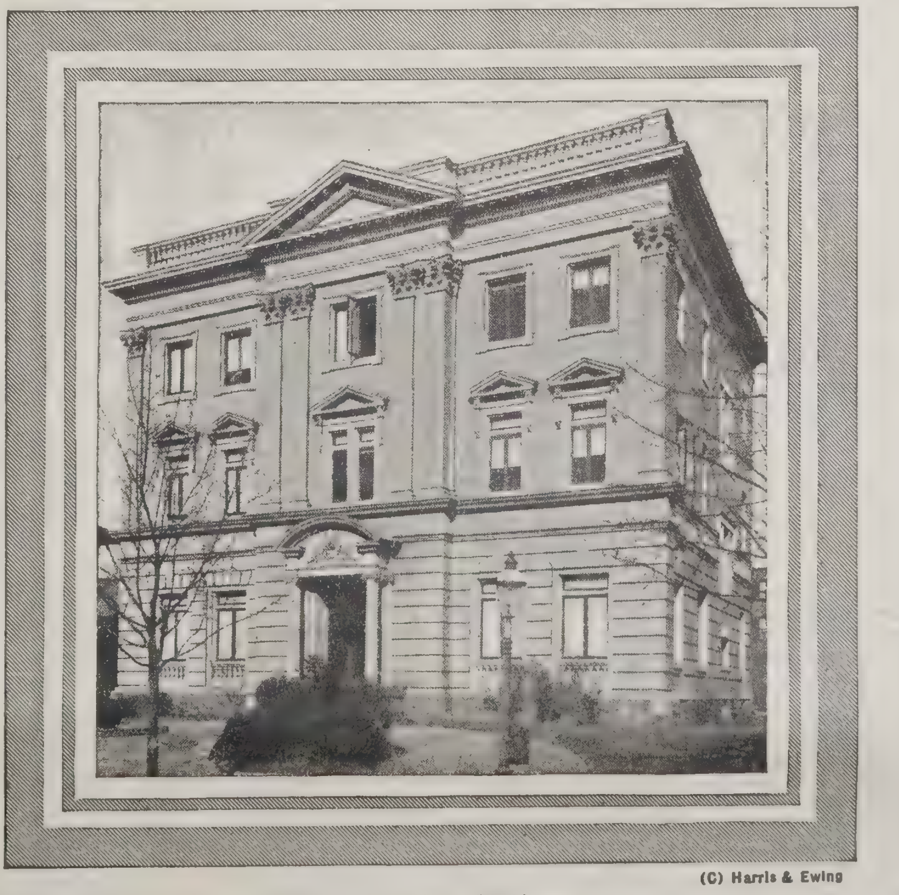
"Japan, China, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and the United States are, practically speaking, the only countries in the world that do not send diplomatic representatives to the Pope. The Pope sends to each of these countries, and to countries like Canada, Australia and South Africa, papal delegates, as I am here."

"You are not, then, your Grace, an accredited political or, rather, temporal representative, of the Pope in the United States?"

"No, I am simply the representative of the Pope in the spiritual affairs of the church. There is no exchange of diplomatic representatives between your government and the Vatican.

"I am particularly pleased in being in the United States," said the archbishop as he accompanied me to the door. He paused, then added: "The ideals of your Constitution and our constitution are the same."

As the representative of his holiness, the Pope, in the United States, His Excellency, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, with emphasis, made it plain that his mission is spiritual for the welfare of the 23,000,000 souls, whose titular head he is, in the biggest "diocese" in the world.



(C) Harris & Ewing

The Papal legation at Washington.

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Lasker Again

IT MAY have been by request, it may have been shame, but whatever the cause the newspapers have avoided including the name of Albert D. Lasker among the President's companions on his Florida trip. Washington knew that Lasker would be a member of the party, and Mr. Harding's friends threw up their hands in despair as they have done more and more of recent months. "In God's name what power has Lasker over Harding?" exclaimed one of the latter's friends. The spectacle of a President of the United States jumping into the Ship Bonus fray whenever Lasker cracked the whip, and taking a beating for his pains, was most humiliating to Americans. Lasker, whose career would make the most interesting sort of reading, without reticence and with all the delicacy of an advance man for a circus, haunts the White House, is with the President socially and officially and has made himself official chaperon for the White House family.

But everyone sung low on Lasker's going to Florida. The President's choice of intimates is not high to begin with, but it was thought that for appearances' sake Lasker might be left off the list. However, he went. But never a mention of his name. It would be interesting to know how that silence was secured. Mr. Lasker, of course, as head of a great advertising agency and the dispenser of millions of dollars' worth of advertising annually (some of it the government's!) is in a position to request and enforce silence. Anyway he secured it, and he did not see it broken until sensationally he dashed back to Washington bearing with him President Harding's consent and commission to go ahead on another shipping bill!

It would have been impossible, of course, for Lasker to have retained silence on that. And so we are to have it all over again—a Lasker bill favorable to the host of Lasker's waiting friends, and the President of the United States in Lasker's retinue of celebrities to put it through.

Surely of all the Court Jews that appear in the record of European kings none ever was able to make such a spectacle of his sovereign as is this most amazing White House Jew.

The Sugar Conspiracy

THE recent advance of 50 per cent or more in the retail price of sugars is the result of a conspiracy that amply warranted the announced investigation by the government. As usual, the independent press of the country has "scooped" the dailies in calling attention to the matter, but at last the newspapers are stirring after the steal has in part been completed. The people of the United States were robbed of $25,000,000 in six weeks and the dispatches intimate that it will be no surprise if refined sugar attains an altitude of 20 cents a pound.

In an interview on February 21, but a few days after the first advance in price, Earl D. Babst, president of the American Sugar Refining Company, warned against a recurrence of the conditions of 1920, his statement being all that is needed to prove that *manipulation*, not necessity, is responsible for what has occurred and what is to occur. He said:

"I returned today from Cuba after an annual visit. The sudden jump in the price of raw sugar naturally is very gratifying to the Cuban people and will be very helpful to them in their undeserved reverses. It, however, mystifies them not a little. The weather in Cuba is fine and the crop is moving rapidly.

"The supply of sugar in the United States, according to our weekly canvass, is ample. We have on our books practically a 30 days' business for our customers and have raw sugar to operate all of our refineries at capacity for that period. The one thing, however, that we, as refiners, cannot provide against is a stampede either in the trade or among consumers. Such unthinking action only plays into the hands of speculators and the public puts up sugar prices on itself unnecessarily. These facts are given to the public in an effort to forestall even a start of conditions which led to the over-buying of 1920.

"Sugar statisticians, whether government or private, should remember that they have only part of the facts. It is their office simply to record statistics. When they comment on their statistics or prophesy, they then step out of their office and do so with grave risk to the public. The present speculation on the New York Sugar Exchange is greatly to be deprecated. Those who foster it and those who follow it are introducing a gambling element into a food necessity, which in my judgment should be left entirely to the law of supply and demand."

How seriously is viewed the government's part in this matter is indicated by the fact that many are now calling attention to the misleading reports issued by Mr. Hoover's department. The Department of Commerce, using Mr. Hoover's all-too-much-used name, said that a sugar shortage impended, that the year would call for an increase of 725,000 tons of sugar with only an increase of 125,000 tons in sight. This operated just as the Hoover coal fiasco operated: when there was more coal above ground than there had been in years, Mr. Hoover's department slapped on its stupid discriminatory order which was exactly the thing that the coal profiteers and coal bootleggers wanted. This gentry profited by conditions created by the Hoover fuel control. Likewise, the report of Hoover's department seems to have suggested the rise in sugar price.

The sugar report of the Department of Commerce was unfounded. It isn't the only unfounded report that has been issued from that quarter. But it just happens that this time it touched something that could be checked up.

The only lack of confidence felt in the forthcoming investigation is that Secretary Hoover will have part in it. His record for efficiency, courage and correct information is not reassuring.

Price of Wheat on the Farm

A STRIKING contrast in the expense to the wheat growers of Western Canada and their neighbors across the line in the United States in getting their product to the seaboard is presented by the *Wheat Growers' Journal* of March 15.

The outlet for the Canadian grower is Fort William, while his American colleague ships either to Duluth or Chicago. These points are practically equi-distant from the seaboard, so any difference in net price at the farm must be caused by a difference in transportation cost to the Great Lakes.

The most striking comparison made by the *Journal* is the case of the freight rates from Sweetgrass, Montana, and Coults, Alberta, towns but 10 miles apart. The Canadian Pacific carries a car of wheat from Coults to Fort William, a distance of 1,203 miles, at the rate of 27½ cents a hundred pounds. For the same service from Sweetgrass to Duluth, 1,004 miles, the Great Northern charges 43 cents. Tariff barriers prevent the American from utilizing the cheaper route, and it might easily occur that two farmers whose lands joined at the international boundary net different prices on the farm, with a difference of 15½ cents a hundred in favor of the Canadian.

The strange part of the story is that the Canadian feels his rate is too high.

Other comparisons made by the *Journal*, which we compress into shipping points and distance, are: Lander, Wyoming, 1,275 miles, 69 cents; Ashland, Wisconsin, 527 miles, 28 cents, exactly the rate from Passburg, Alberta, for 1,259 miles; Hutchinson, Kansas, 741 miles, 36½ cents, compared with Calgary, Alberta, 1,243 miles for 26 cents.

One railroad man thought the lower rate obtaining in Canada was because the roads had been taken over by the government, but it was pointed out to him that the Canadian Pacific was one of the most prosperous of North American rails, its stock selling at 150. Another ventured the view that the tariff tax levied by this country on Canadian wheat made the Alberta farmer sell at a lower price, but went no further when told that grain for export is not dutiable, and if it were, could avoid the rail transportation from Buffalo by reaching the seaboard in Canadian waters all the way.

There is just one cause for the difference, and that is, rail rates in this country are too high.

We Wonder If They Know

DID you ever read the names of the men who form the majority of committees in the organizations that crowd thickly in the neighborhood of New York and Washington? It would not be exaggeration to say that at least 50 men in this country are wholly unaware of the number of committee lists which are adorned by their names. It is said of a New York resident who is by courtesy referred to as a clergyman that he would need a dray to carry all the committee lists on which his name is found. Being a "liberal," which nowadays means nothing definite at all except possibly a more or less shady attitude toward constitutional Americanism, his membership, of course, is in all those societies which amaze the country by their financial lavishness, their outspoken contempt for American institutions as thus far developed, and their hand-in-hand attitude toward all sorts of internationalists. And with him, of course, are other men to whom certain organization objects have been explained in most alluring terms.

We wonder if these committee members, these patrons and sponsors always know the exact purpose to which they lend their names? And we wonder if there would not be a wholesale revision of scores of lists if they knew?

And the humbler membership of organizations—we wonder if they know what they are supporting? The term "supporting" is used in the sense of social support, for certain questionable organizations do not press their membership for money, they have it in plenty from concealed sources. There is, for example, a widespread woman's organization in the United States which goes back to one woman, behind whom stands a man seldom heard of. People who are "in the know" always refer to that organization of hundreds of thousands of American women as "————'s crowd." Mr. ———— just happens to be a Jew, and is in most respects an admirable man. The point is that this multitude of American women don't know the inside facts of the society which their names and presence and prestige support.

This herding of the people into easily handled groups, on the strength of alluring "statements of purpose" which as printed command the approval of all decent minds, has reached such proportions in America that it is time, and past time, for someone to make inquiries as to what it means and why these hidden sponsors pour out money to keep the people herded.

It is time for the common membership of organizations to begin an investigation and run it clear through to the top. It were better for the members to do this than for an outsider.

Americans, in their good nature, have been bundled into so many packages, that one can take a trip to Washington and New York and meet 20 persons who claim to pull the strings which mold millions of minds and control the actions of whole sections of our people.

It is a good spring exercise to push through the question: "What actually is this thing to which I have given my name?"

That Revised Version

A COMMENT in these columns some weeks ago on the subject of a copyrighted Bible was not complete in its statements of the situation. To copyright the Bible, to make the text a commercial possession and the sale thereof a commercial monopoly, smites all the traditional views that have been held regarding the freedom of the Scriptures.

In the case of the American Revised Version, however, certain circumstances have entered which have made this in a way unavoidable. For three decades a group of scholars labored in the work of revision, and when their work was completed it was found impossible to secure a publisher who would assume the risk of issuing a new version of the Bible without guaranties which would justify the necessarily large initial expenditure. The present publishers took up the responsibility under a copyright which should operate to protect their investment not only, but also insure the purity of the text. That is to say, the purpose of the copyright was not to create a Bible monopoly, and it does not operate to prevent public use of the text, it being understood that the Sunday school publications, and others which use the copyrighted text, do so without payment.

Efforts are now being made to create a society which shall hold the American Revised Version in trust, thus eliminating what may appear like a special commercial interest in Bible production. The comment in these columns has had the happy effect of bringing these facts to a wider public notice.

Mr. Ford's Page

SEVERAL weeks ago there was discussed on this page the value of beginning a business right. Several statements were made on the practical side, of which these two are probably worth more definite discussion: First, that a small beginning enables a business to make those improvements which experience always makes desirable; second, that stockholders are inevitably a drag on service, a brake on the character of the business—that is, of course, absentee and non-productive stockholders.

In a country where the benefits of stockholding are so eloquently extolled, it is not easy for everyone to see just where the stockholder becomes a hindrance to the fullest development of *business as service.* And the initial difficulty is that we have not been accustomed to think of business as service; business has been an approved way of *getting money* and the money meant something again that had no reference to business as *service.* It is rather strange to think that what a business "made" was money.

The other day three working men were eating their noonday lunch when a passer-by asked one of them, "What do you make a day?" The man stopped munching his food long enough to say, "I make two thousand bolts a day." That man had a true political economy. He made two thousand bolts a day, and the bolts "made" him $7 a day, but the main thing was the service rendered society by the bolts, and the sign of that service was the money that came back to the man.

What does a business make a year? The answer is almost certain to be in terms of money rather than in terms of useful commodities. That is the difficulty of discussing business in terms of service—people are not accustomed to it. And yet it is just this fundamental principle that is at the basis of the whole problem of stockholders.

It is very noticeable of late years how the big corporations have been using their stockholders as a defense against the public demands for service. This is especially true of those corporations whose products are so necessary to the public that they have really become public utilities. There are a number of private concerns whose products are so indispensable to life that they are really part of the social organization. The public at least has felt this and has exerted pressure to increase the quality of service. And then, to parry the public demand, the corporations have pleaded their duties to their stockholders. It is now a favorite method to advertise the large number of stockholders whom a corporation pleads that it must serve with dividends, and if any considerable percentage of these people be widows and orphans, the plea is the more pathetic.

The public, of course, is thus misled. Dependent on sources of information which he cannot check up, the average citizen is misled constantly. For example, he is not told *why* so many plain people came to be stockholders in concerns which now complain that they cannot give service and pay dividends, too. He is not told that the financiers who once owned all the stock deliberately sucked the business dry of all possible profits for half a century to come and then, using their great financial names as bait, unloaded the stock on a lot of unsuspecting people who had been inoculated with the virus of getting something for nothing. It has been a long, sad story, but it has taught a lesson, and that lesson is being learned.

And now that those people are in, their only interest is dividends. Did you ever see an absentee stockholder who was proud of anything in a business except its power to produce dividends? Did you ever hear a man refer to his "stock" in terms of shop production or of service to the community?

A BUSINESS that is at the mercy of any competitor is a business that has stopped growing. A business that is growing in volume and not in quality is also in danger. And this happens mostly to businesses that started big. It is a great disadvantage to start big, because then you are too big to change and revise and improve as your experience grows. A business that begins at its natural beginning and grows through merit and industry is supple, it is easily able to adapt itself to the very valuable discoveries of experience. It always leaves an open end for new progress, always keeps a place where the new can link hands with the old for greater service. There is safety in small beginnings and there is unlimited capital in the experience gained by growing.

A young man starting business may need partners, he may need helpers, he does not need stockholders. The only ground he has for thinking that he needs stockholders is his notion that he must start as big as he can. If a man would follow his own instincts, if he would sit down quietly and let the present and the future arrange themselves sanely and clearly before his mind, his own ordinary sense would tell him that there was something wrong, something not quite businesslike in starting a business by loading it with debt the very first thing.

Because, for one thing, money paid for stock does not produce. Nothing produces but the minds and hands of men. When a man has an idea he has what is necessary to demonstrate the idea, because an idea gathers to itself what it needs. And then if a man needs help in production, the idea gathers to him like-minded men who are willing to throw in their lot with his, and together venture on the idea. This is not a stock company; it is a working, producing organization. If you will look at the history of the successful concerns that have started as stock companies, you will see that it was not the stock that accounted for their success. Stock can never create success, it can only tax success.

One disadvantage of stockholders to the business beginner—a disadvantage little thought of but very important—is that it cheats him out of the valuable experience of growing. One of the big assets of any business is the education it received in growing from a small beginning. The automobile business was fortunate in this, it seemed so unlikely to the wise financial men of a quarter of a century ago that it had to begin at the beginning. Suppose large sums of money had been sunk in the early models and great factories built to produce those models (which would have been necessary under the stockholding system), it is awful to think what would have been the status of the industry today! Progress would have been impossible.

But the successful motor makers began in little shops with few helpers, and they learned. Their business was small enough so that they could profit by what they learned. Their equipment was small enough so that they could adapt themselves to the requirements of progress. They were able to grow.

Now a business that starts big is not able to grow; it is committed to a certain form, a certain style, a certain quality of product and there it must remain. Why are very helpful inventions pigeonholed in great industries? Because to adopt the inventions would mean a complete revision of those industries, and they have become too big to grow. Growth would break them. They are "set," fixed forever, or until some little fellow who was willing to begin in a small way grows up and passes them.

The tragedy of a big business, that exists solely to produce dividends and not to produce the very best article in its line, is its inflexibility. There are big businesses that have made no provision for growth at all, nor for improvement. A slight improvement on the article which they manufacture would require far-reaching changes and cut deeply into the money consecrated to dividends.

This situation, however, would not develop in a business which had begun at the beginning and grown by sheer merit and industry, because in the experience of growing this business would have learned that there must be kept an open end for more development and ever more development and that the article produced must develop so naturally and harmoniously that even the new thing can be used with the old. The managers of such a business would naturally learn that lesson, but how could it be learned by the managers of a business that started big?

It is very important for young men of industry, integrity and merit to learn these fundamental lessons.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Federal Court Flouted in Cronkhite Case

Two Men Are Indicted for Murder, the Jew Walks Free, the Non-Jew Held in Jail for Trial

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

TWO men were arrested last October as fugitives from justice. Bench warrants had been issued against them from the United States Court for the Western District of Washington, charging them with wilful and premeditated murder. The two men had been indicted on the same counts and for the same crime. Their cases, therefore, were identical. It is the province of this chapter on the Cronkhite case to show from official court records how the administration of Federal justice was *different* in the state of New York from that in the state of Rhode Island.

When Rolland R. Pothier was arrested in Providence, Rhode Island, bail was refused him, and he was placed in prison, where he has since remained.

When Robert Rosenbluth was apprehended in New York City, wealthy men identified with a racial organization, the American Jewish Committee, went to his support, and he was immediately released on bail.

The two men now were to be extradited to the state of Washington, to plead to the indictments. No question of their guilt or innocence was considered in these purely "removal proceedings."

In Rhode Island, Pothier's case was properly laid before the United States District Court. The Federal judge decided that the bench warrant against the prisoner had been issued by a court of competent jurisdiction, and granted a warrant for Pothier's removal to Washington.

In New York City, Rosenbluth's case was not laid before the United States Court, nor before any "judicial" body whatever. It was presented for adjudication to a United States commissioner, who acts as an amanuensis, or in a ministerial or clerical capacity for the district court, to assist it in routine transactions of bail and other minor matters. After much hesitation, and many protests that he should not have been called upon to take the responsibility for this important decision, and asserting that his opinion could not be considered as final, the commissioner discharged Rosenbluth's bail and *dismissed the proceedings against him.*

Today Pothier languishes in a Rhode Island jail.

Rosenbluth walks the streets in freedom. Although charged with murder by the United States, he is in a position to snap his fingers at the indictment which still points its accusing finger at him from the Pacific Coast.

How is it possible that the laws of the United States Government are interpreted differently in New York City than they are in the state of Rhode Island?

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will recall that in the first chapter on the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case, published on December 30, 1922, the following statement was made: *The heads of a powerful and country-wide organization, the American Jewish Committee, or New York Kehillah, have intervened in the legal proceedings. This organization will undoubtedly prove its supreme test of power if it accomplishes its efforts to nullify the acts of public officers and destroy the functioning of one of the greatest departments of the United States Government.*

Nearly 100 American citizens have knowledge in their possession concerning the mysterious death of a United States Army officer, whom two men, wearing that army's uniform, are charged with having murdered. These men have sworn to the facts in their knowledge before a body of other citizens, forming the Federal Grand Jury in Tacoma, Washington. The latter, after weighing the evidence, found the indictment for murder against the two accused. But the indictment would not have been effective until it was returned to a United States judge, seated in open court. It then became a Federal indictment, because the grand jury is an arm of the court—its most important arm. Those who try to frustrate the legitimate progress of this court's action are enemies to the government.

Federal Judge E. E. Cushman, to whom this presentment was made, assured the jurors that "the court feels that this jury is entitled to the thanks of the public for the services performed." He issued the bench warrants for the arrest of Pothier and Rosenbluth, and *gave instructions that the men, when apprehended, should not be admitted to bail.*

To date, no military court, no United States court, no judicial body whatever has had opportunity to pass upon the merits of the case against the men charged with the premeditated murder of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite. The witnesses above mentioned have never been heard outside the inviolate walls of the grand jury room. For two years, however, desperate efforts have been made to prevent their testimony from being heard.

The proceedings so far initiated have merely been for the extradition of the men from the Federal districts in which they were found, to the state of Washington, to plead to the indictments. As said before, no question of their guilt or innocence has ever entered into the hearings so far held. That question can be determined only in the United States District Court for the Western District of Washington.

How Removal Proceedings Were Conducted Against Rolland R. Pothier in Providence, Rhode Island

HEARINGS on the removal to Tacoma of Rolland R. Pothier, jointly indicted with Robert Rosenbluth for the murder of Major Cronkhite, were conducted in the post office building, Providence, Rhode Island, before *a United States district judge,* Arthur L. Brown.

The same government witnesses appeared at this hearing as at the one held in New York City in Rosenbluth's case. At the New York hearing the arguments against the validity of government jurisdiction were presented by Louis Marshall, head of the Jewish Committee.

Judge Brown rendered the following decision, which is *the only judicial opinion yet rendered in the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case.* **This decision was suppressed by the newspapers of New York City, because at one blow it destroyed the Rosenbluth propaganda which those newspapers have been fostering.**

In Re
Rolland R. Pothier } (Certified)

District Court of the United
States District of Rhode Island
Misc. No. 3270

Petition of Norman S. Case,
United States Attorney,
for Warrant of Removal.

OPINION
January 11, 1923.

BROWN, J. "This is a petition by the United States Attorney for this district for a warrant for removal of Rolland R. Pothier to the Southern Division of the Western District of Washington, pursuant to the provisions of Section 1014, Rev. Stats. (Sec. 1674 Comp. Stats. 1916) for trial upon an indictment returned in the District Court of the United States for that district, charging that said Rolland R. Pothier, on about the 25th day of October, A. D., 1918, "within and on lands theretofore acquired for the exclusive use of the United States, and within the exclusive jurisdiction thereof, and within the Southern Division of the Western District of Washington, to wit, within and on the Camp Lewis Military Reservation," and so on, did feloniously kill and murder one Alexander P. Cronkhite.

"The main objection to granting the warrant is that the Federal Court of the District to which removal is sought has no jurisdiction.

"While it is true that in order to establish the crime against the United States it must appear that the place of its commission was 'territory within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States,' yet the District Court where the indictment is pending has full jurisdiction to try and determine this fact, as well as other allegations of the indictment. The denial of this allegation as to the place of commission does not raise a question properly of the jurisdiction of the trial court, but goes to the merits, raising the question whether the act charged was a violation of Federal Law. Louie v. United States, 254 U. S. 548. In view of this late decision of the Supreme Court it is unnecessary to cite the earlier cases in which this distinction was pointed out.

"Though the evidence presented at the hearing seems to have been relied

(Concluded on page 11)

How Removal Proceedings Were Conducted Against Robert Rosenbluth in New York City

SEVERAL months were consumed in the government's attempt to obtain the removal of Robert Rosenbluth from New York City to Tacoma, Washington, where he eventually must plead to the indictment found against him for murder. Rosenbluth had been liberated on bail furnished by Felix M. Warburg and Herbert H. Lehman, Wall Street bankers, and executive officers of the American Jewish Committee.

The hearings in the removal proceedings were held in Room 314 of the Federal Building, before United States Commissioner Samuel M. Hitchcock. The assistant United States attorneys charged with the duty of extraditing Rosenbluth were Samson Selig and Abraham Solomon. The prisoner's removal was opposed by Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, and Jonah J. Goldstein, of the law firm of Goldstein & Goldstein.

From the beginning it was evident that extraordinary efforts were being made to prevent Rosenbluth from being brought to trial, and having the testimony against him heard. The government's action was opposed by the introduction of every technicality known to law.

Major Cronkhite had met his death at the Camp Lewis military reservation on October 25, 1918, at a time when this country was at war, and while he was in the act of training men for over-sea service. It is the obligation of the government to protect the lives of its officers while in the performance of their duty, both in peace and war.

Pierce County, Washington, had donated the land occupied by the Camp Lewis reservation to the United States Government. Lieutenant Colonel William Taylor, judge advocate, U. S. A., had stated it as his opinion that: "I confidently believe that the United States courts had or have exclusive jurisdiction of every criminal offense committed on the Camp Lewis military reservation or camp site since July 1, 1918." Thomas P. Revell, United States Attorney, Seattle, Washington, had testified: "We submit that as soon as Pierce County obtained the legal title in the condemnation proceedings that title passed to the United States. It was the intention of the legislature to get that title to the United States as soon as it could, and there was no reason for deferring the transfer after Pierce County had obtained it." Colonel Francis G. Caffey, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, had written to the United States Attorney-General: "It is perfectly evident, as always contended, that the jurisdiction in this case must be judicially determined in the jurisdiction where the crime was committed." It has been seen that these opinions were sustained by the high authority of the United States District Court, District of Rhode Island, the first and only judicial decision as yet handed down in the case.

Rosenbluth's lawyers, however, argued at the removal hearings, *that the government had no jurisdiction over the Camp Lewis reservation,* and that the case should be in the hands of the state authorities of Washington. Now the state authority in that instance would be one J. W. Selden, prosecuting attorney for Pierce County, Washington, who had never had the complete evidence in his hands, had never heard the many witnesses in the case, and admittedly knew little about it,

(Concluded on page 11)

There's Real Paving in Antofagasta—a Surprise to Traveler in Chile

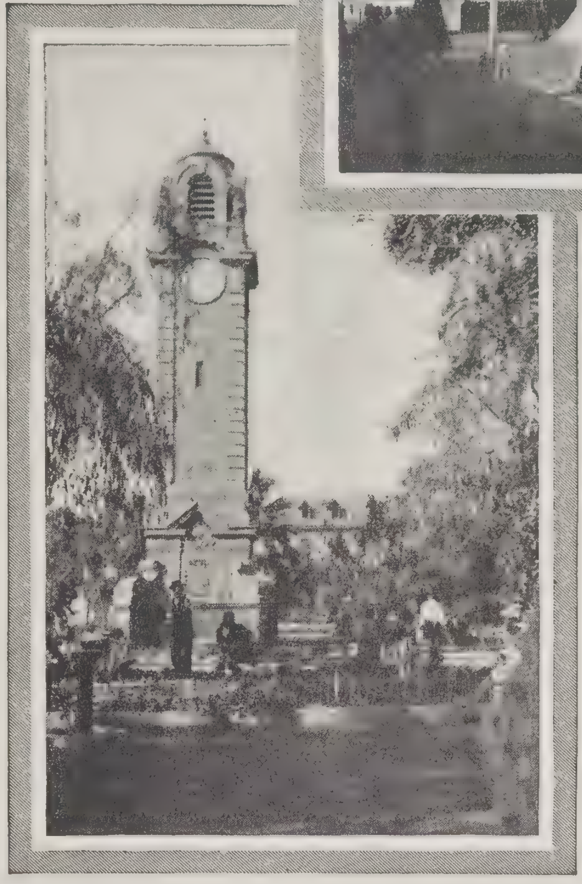
Nitrates Play Part in South American Industrial Activity

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

This is the fourth of a series of travel stories by Mr. Michener.

PELUQUERIA

In the heart of Antofagasta's retail district.



Clock tower erected by the British colony in Antofagasta's principal plaza.

A SCOTCHMAN, named George Smith, is more or less responsible for Antofagasta. It is a grave responsibility, for, beyond the first Sunday, Antofagasta is more deadly than any Gopher Prairie. To George is credited the discovery of the Chilean nitrate fields, which burst somewhat vaguely into the headlines of North American newspapers not so long ago in connection with the dispute over Tacna and Arica.

Mr. Smith cultivated a garden of fruits and flowers in a place called Pica, which is near the present port of Iquiqui. He banked his plants with soil containing a mysterious white substance common to the neighboring deserts, and beheld them grow almost with the rapidity of Jack's beanstalk. The tale ran its course to the bourses of England, and it was not long before the great inland plains of Chile and Bolivia were swarming with Indian laborers, blasting and hacking out whole square miles of the pampa subsoil.

Chileans hint that even the Inca farmers, long before Pizarro arrived, understood the miraculous properties of this desert substance, known locally as caliche; but no matter which legend gains ultimate acceptance, it is at least a pleasing fancy to associate Chile's great fertilizer industry of today with Mr. Smith's Pica roses.

Prior to the time these posies blossomed and faded there was very little excuse for Antofagasta. It was then merely a seaport for the very negligible foreign trade of Bolivia, and for some of the interior copper mines. Now it is, next to Iquiqui, the greatest nitrate port in the world, bristling with wharves, general offices and international banks. Once upon a time it was within Bolivian territory, but that unfortunate three-cornered quarrel between Bolivia, Peru and Chile toward the end of the last century left all the rich nitrate provinces in Chile's hands. Hence the Tacna-Arica dispute of yesterday's headlines.

In at least one respect, Antofagasta is different from some of the Gopher Prairies and from most of the mountain cities of Chile, Bolivia and Peru. When the extremely narrow-gauge train that had hurried us through the night, past the dismal nitrate and borax fields and down the last of the bleak foothills of the western Cordilleras, drew up at daybreak before a neat, cement-laid station, we were snatched away in a taxicab that did not jounce over such cobblestones as those of La Paz—sharp enough to rasp even the inured hoofs of the Bolivian llamas—but rolled smoothly and without rattle over an asphalt pavement

Of this symbol of wealth and modernity we had been forewarned by our train companion, the young Yankee drummer, who had spent most of the previous day lecturing some elderly Chileans on the superiority of North American business methods.

"Say," said he irrelevantly, in response to our inquiry concerning the Antofagasta hotels, "that's *some town*. They've got real paving down there!"

It was as well, perhaps, that he evaded the subject of hotels, for our temporary ignorance of them enabled us to enjoy Antofagasta so much the more on that brief taxi ride over ecstatic asphalt.

At the recommendation of Sancho, our "gentleman chambermaid," the Sunday afternoon of our arrival was spent at the Antofagasta Sporting Club. Deprived of bull fighting, the Chilean's gaming temperament finds its most dramatic gratification in horse racing. He by no means neglects the lotteries and all greater and smaller institutions of chance, but his sporting disposition is roused to its most poignant pitch in the grand stands and before the betting stalls of a *club hipico*.

Getting to the race course developed one of our many linguistic adventures. Translating a North American idiom into grammatically flawless classroom Spanish, we made an elaborate diplomatic arrangement with a taxi driver for round-trip transportation.

"Si, Señor," he assured us, confident of his understanding. "Go and come back. *Claro.*"

Carrying out the terms of the covenant as he thus comprehended them, this *hombre* had driven us there and part of the way back before we realized what was happening. Not having recognized as such the ramshackle board fence that afterward proved to be the race course inclosure, we felt somewhat in the position of the lad who sat all day on the Wishing Gate and then came home because he could not find it.

The Englishman, following the lead of George Smith, has played a large part in the development of Chile's nitrate industry. We were by no means surprised, therefore, at the liberal seasoning of English surnames in the directory of club officers. Equally conspicuous on the race cards was the Anglo-Saxon christening of some of the horses. Rover-White, Afterglow, Daring, Tommy and Rick tripped the tongues of Chileans who encouraged them from the stands or called out before the racing stalls for tickets bearing their numbers. They competed with such favorite local nominatives as El Inca, Mariposa, Mercader, Vengador, Copayapu and Quien de Pilla.

Betting was on the pari-mutuel plan, and for uncommonly small stakes. This enabled a garlicky crowd of many castes to struggle for tickets at the betting wickets. The unaccountable human hysteria that seizes on a group of persons leaving a theater or boarding a street car, and impels each one of them to attempt the impossible feat of getting out or in simultaneously with all the rest, inspired the winners here to trample one another in a mad rush for the pay window. South America inherits a good deal of the Spaniard's highly polished manner, but it is a veneer that sits lightly on the bottom of the melting pot and wears thin on slight occasion.

The Englishman is fond of turf. For those Britons who were so largely responsible for the Antofagasta racing enterprise, however, there was little chance of gratifying this predilection among the gravel wastes over which the course was laid. The only green thing visible from the grand stands, aside from the cap of an occasional jockey, was a house garden half a mile away, outside a smelting plant smoking against the flanks of the foothills.

These bleak, landward ramparts of Antofagasta are a desolation against which it is almost futile for the city to struggle. They have been enlivened a little by the Yankeefied industry of a dozen business houses that have etched near their summits, in white-bouldered inlays, square-typed advertisements that are legible from far out to sea. But they are nevertheless inhospitable and forbidding to the eye, like the whole of the dessicated coastline fronting northern Chile and Peru.

Within the city, which lies on a site that originally must have been refreshed by not so much as a spear of growing grass, Spanish tradition has been carried out in the establishment of public squares, and here there is concentrated a bold effort to maintain oases of semitropical foliage.

We succumbed, near the end of our Antofagastan Sunday, to the caravel-like motor buses that do their best to keep street cars off the city's pavements. A familiar Detroit vehicle bloomed into shapes like those of a psychic garden. There was no apparent uniformity of dimension or motif, and the body builders, palpably local and Latin-American, seemed to have given complete liberty to their imaginations. Some, indeed, were suggestive of the high-sterned sailing-ships of the Spanish explorers; others were composed of timbers, ribbed and rounded, like mandolins; some were brilliant with paint but more were without any chromatic adornment at all; one or two provoked the picturesque notion of upright piano boxes animated by the possession of wheels.

Carousing over the city in these rollicking vehicles, fitting our knees carefully between seats better calculated for Japanese stature than for even the moderate proportions of the Chilean, we came at last, by means of such exploration, to the cemetery. There we spent the rest of the afternoon among the women and children busy with their chocheting and play. Iron gateways of the family vaults stood open before them, and fresh flowers lay within these almost cheerful retreats; the dead here seemed unterrifying and familiar. Beyond the city of marble vaults and the wall crypts that displayed tier upon tier of wreathed, epitaphed coffin niches, sometimes adorned with a photograph of the occupant, there was a forest of whitewashed wooden crosses marking the last residences of the poor.

In the main plaza, about which center the banks and other pomposities of the city's business life, we submerged ourselves in the Sunday evening *paseo*, an institution of old Spain that survives in some form even in the most modern of Castilian communities. In the Peruvian village of Yunguyo the promenade was of brilliant-hued Indians, fiesta-clad, shuffling their bare feet or leather sandals over the cobblestones of the public square; in Havana the idea was variegated by frequent carnival throngs motoring in unwearying procession up and down the Prado and the Malecon; in Buenos Aires there was the afternoon parade, *a pie*, through the narrow Florida, from which all wheeled traffic must

The port of Coquimbo, clinging to the bleak foothills of northern Chile

An Engineer's Solution of Money Problem

Control of Credit Is Vital, Necessary Thing, Declares Major Douglas, Londoner Whose Work on "the Douglas Plan" Has Brought Him Fame

By PAUL TYNER

I HAVE found the most interesting and worth-while man in London. He is the man who "sees through it." He sees clear through the mist and cloudiness to the cause of all our present muddle and mixedness, of war and menace of war, of unemployment, industrial depression and upheaval, and puts his finger surely and squarely on the particular system that is back of most of the ills with which humanity is today blindly struggling. He is a happy and hopeful man, because he realizes fully, in the words of a recent luminous article in The Dearborn Independent, that "to see through a thing is to let light and lightning into it; that honest understanding eyes bore through a wrong system like hot irons, honeycombing it with weakening tunnels." He realizes fully that not attack by invective or even voting against it, makes so surely for the destruction of an evil system as the understanding mind that just "sees through it."

Nothing could exceed the smiling serenity of speech and manner with which he talked to me this morning at his office in the Middle Temple. He does not get wrought up the least little bit and his manner and method are the very antithesis of that so often associated with the reformer.

The man is Major Clifford H. Douglas. He is a consulting engineer and one very much in demand, but he devotes his leisure to helping his fellows to see through the wrong of credit power and control exercised in the interest of the financiers and against the interests of producers and consumers.

Has Dozen Books to Credit

AMONG the dozen or so of books Major Douglas has published may be named, "Economic Democracy," "Credit Power and Democracy; With a Draft Scheme for the Mining Industry," "Credit Power" and "The Control and Distribution of Production." About a score of books have been written about "The Douglas Plan" and it has been discussed in the House of Commons and before many engineering and trade bodies throughout the United Kingdom.

May I set down at the start that Major Douglas begins where most American "currency reformers" leave off. He wastes no time arguing as to the comparative merits of coin and paper, inflation and deflation. That "money" in the old sense has become a myth and that the gold basis is a transparent fallacy he assumes to be too obvious and familiar facts in everyday experience to need argument. Getting right down to facts and assuming that every thinking man realizes the undeniable truth that credit has displaced coin as medium of exchange, he goes ahead and analyzes credit, points out its true basis and its actual relation to production and distribution. Then he shows how necessary to human welfare and progress it is that we should adopt a radical, yet natural and scientific, change in the *control of credit,* if we are to learn the lessons of hard experience and avert future chaos and disaster.

In passing, for the benefit of any readers who may still labor under the notion that "money"—meaning gold or its silver or paper representatives—is essential in modern life and business as a mechanism and medium of exchange, it may be pointed out that only about seven-hundredths of one per cent of the business transactions of civilized countries involve any actual transfer of money. The actual present situation in this regard in the British Isles is illuminating. Britain's total legal tender, including gold, silver, copper and treasury notes, amounts to approximately £200,000,000 or, say, one billion dollars. Yet from a superficial examination of the accounts of the banks it is plain that there is a great deal more "money" in the country than there is legal tender. The deposits of the "Big Five" banks and their affiliated concerns represent about £2,000,000,000 or $10,000,000,000 and overdrafts and bills discounted represent about £1,000,000,000 more. For all practical purposes all this "money" is homogeneous, as the average man would draw no vital distinction between 10 pounds in his pocket and 10 pounds in his current account with one of the big banks. The question arises: What has happened to transform this £400,000,000 of legal tender into £3,000,000,000 of "money"? The answer is simply that the banks and financial institutions have created £2,600,000,000 in new money which ranks equally with legal tender as purchasing power. The same sort of thing, in relative degree, is practised under the American banking system.

Irresponsibility of Bankers

"LET it be realized," said Major Douglas, "how complete and irresponsible is the control of the banker in the matter of loans. His grant of credit is entirely a matter of favor. *Two of the indispensable parties in the transaction,* **the consumer and the remaining depositors,** *are not consulted at all.* If collectively the banks refuse the loan, both producer and consumer are helpless. The queer thing about this situation is that it is not of the banker's own making and only exists by general consent. The moment the business community ceases to back the banker with *its* credit, which is the commodity in which he deals, his power will be gone.

In Germany this is beginning to be understood. For several months now, the Krupp firm at Essen has been issuing its own currency in denominations up to 500 marks. Obviously a concern which can issue its own currency and get it accepted does not need to go to a bank for money. Absolutely the only qualification necessary to the acceptance of any credit instrument called "money" is that it shall be effective in exchange for goods and services.

"The banker is probably the only known instance of the possibility of lending something without parting with anything and making a profit on the transaction while obtaining his commodity in the first instance free. But that is only the beginning of the tangle. When the borrowing manufacturer repays his banker with interest, the banker puts the interest to his profit and loss account and cancels the phantom credit in the borrower's account. But the depositor who has obtained the overdraft pays it out in wages and salaries, and these wages and salaries, together with the banker's interest, all go into costs. As all costs go into prices which the consumer has to pay for the goods, after the manufacturer has repaid the loan, there is $1,000 or $10,000 worth of goods (according to the amount of the loan) immobilized on the market, as no one, not even the banker, except potentially, has the money to buy them. Further, since the consumer, who originates the demand for all production, never has sufficient money to back his demand, every order has to start with the banker (whose objective is not that of the consumer) and percolate through the industrial system, reaching the consumer only perhaps months afterward and in a form which by common consent is unsatisfactory. Although the loan which the manufacturer had is cancelled when repaid to the bank, the loan which the workman receives from the employer in the shape of wages, and which he has to repay in the shape of general prices, is not cancelled in those prices. On the contrary, *the worker's cost of living today is inevitably added to his cost of living tomorrow!*

"This situation is the core of the world crisis through which we are passing. The vital defect in the present financial system is that it hampers and clogs the object for which it is supposed to exist. I take it for granted that the vast majority of people only regard employment as a means to an end—and that end is the obtaining of a sufficient supply of goods and services. An enormous step forward would be made if this desire for goods and services were met, even if the alleged demand for employment remained for the moment unsatisfied.

"Just now, let me say that I have no doubt that it is an entirely practicable proposition to meet fully the public demand for goods and services, if we will make that our first objective and let the matter of employment fall into its place as a by-product, so to speak. Every real economist and business man well knows that *one-tenth of the available labor today, working short hours, but with the whole attention directed solely to the objective of the most efficient production,* could supply all the general demands of the population of this country or of the United States.

Distribution the Problem

"PRODUCTION as a problem has been solved long ago. The problem we have to solve is the problem of distribution.

"Now organized distribution, whether it be the allotment of seats in a theater, in a railway train, or in benefits from a dividend-earning corporation, is always a matter of *tickets.* All the present trouble being due to an unsatisfactory distribution of tickets, the first thing to do is to straighten out the present kinks in the ticket system. The generalized ticket system under which modern distribution is carried out is somewhat loosely called 'money,' and it is in the money system that we shall find what we are looking for. In short, there exists in the world today a producing system which has an immense latent but unutilized capacity to deliver goods. Unemployment happens to be the most obvious but not the only indication of this failure to utilize. On the other hand, there is an immense body of unsatisfied customers. Standing between these two and outside both, and run with an objective entirely outside both, there is a Money System—that is to say, a banking and financial system.

"What the population of the world wants and is determined to get is a sufficiency of goods and services. There is no lack of these goods and services, either actual or potential; but they cannot be obtained except through the agency of money, of which there *is* a lack. This lack of money is in no sense natural, or unavoidable. It is wholly artificial, and is the result of a deliberate policy in the operation of the Money System, although those responsible for that policy may not be wholly conscious of the fact."

"But, Major," I interjected, "the bankers say that their system is an important and indeed necessary factor in facilitating business; that it provides a time and labor saving mechanism which makes it possible to carry on and expand production and exchange. You do not mean to say that bankers are not producers, that they render no service of value?"

"I mean," Major Douglas replied, "that there exists and is being exercised for anti-social purposes a monopoly of the 'ticket' supply, without which distribution cannot be carried on. There has been much discussion lately in the press over a speech of the chancellor of the exchequer in which he openly implored financiers to 'conserve capital' by which, as the context showed, he means *credit.* The speech is remarkable in the fact that it marks the first time in British history that a chancellor of the exchequer acknowledged in set terms that the financial group is absolute in control of the government and the country. Think what that means. Two or three great groups of banks controlled in many cases by men who are alien, and even anti-British alien, by birth and tradition; men *international* in their interests and quite definitely *anti-public* in their policy; men not elected by the people and not subject to dismissal, and so able to set at naught the plans of governments. Producing nothing themselves, these few men are yet able to control all production. *I do not believe there is a single considerable commercial organization in Britain or America, however apparently prosperous, which could live for two years against the active hostility of half a dozen of these men.* To them ministers of the Crown are servants appointed to take orders and dismissed if they are negligent in executing these orders. Wars, famine and desolation are simply implements called to the bankers' aid to conserve their control of credit.

"You have a striking example of that sort of thing in America in the decadence of your great railway systems. I remember how 20 years ago such roads as the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Baltimore & Ohio and the Missouri Pacific gave promise of forming a model transportation system. Today, looted, sacked and exhausted by one financial raid after another, they are almost *in extremis* and only maintain a service (which is a mockery to technical capacity) by a grant from the public purse of a sum substantially equal to the original cost of their construction. Let me add that every one of the groups which were directly responsible for this result is represented in the banks of the City of London, as they are represented in New York, Paris, Berlin and probably Moscow.

The Struggle of Finance

"A GRIM struggle is proceeding in the great international financial groups for the acquisition of key positions from which to control the World State when it is formed. The League of Nations, as at present constituted, seems to me to be part of such a plan. In view of the curiously circumstantial evidence brought forward by The Dearborn Independent at various times, and the immense importance of the issues involved, I certainly think that it is very much better that the fullest light of investigation, discussion and publicity should be allowed to play on the matter than that it should be hushed up. We want it cleared up, for the alternative will be an outbreak of popular fury in which the innocent are likely to suffer with the guilty.

"I may say that certain representatives of these 'international' banking groups have shown a lively interest in the Douglas plan. One from a leading banking house in the past few months has been assiduous in learning all he can about it. Not satisfied with reading my books, he invited me to lunch several times to question me and get me to talk about the plan inside out. He seemed insatiable in his thirst for information. At last, I had to decline further social invitations, telling him that while I was more than ready to give all possible information, I had to conserve my time. Several weeks later I was dining with a London banker of some prominence who had asked me to come to his house to present my ideas to a little gathering of friends in the financial and political worlds. To my surprise, among those who came in after dinner was this same New York 'international' banker. As a result, these interests seem to be carrying out a deliberate scheme to block all public discussion of the Douglas plan.

Cancelled on Eve

"LET me give you an instance. Recently I was invited to read a paper on finance before the annual meeting of the British Institute of Automobile Engineers. I warned the chairman of the committee that I should give utterance to some wholesome truths that might not be palatable to the financial interests allied with the automobile industry in this country. He told me to go ahead; they were fellow engineers and wanted facts and expert testimony as to the bearings of those facts on trade conditions. So I went ahead and even corrected proofs of my address for the institute's official journal. Only three days before the date set for the meeting, without the least warning, I received a wire cancelling the engagement. I asked for a reason but could get none. I sued for breach of contract and as they let the case go by default, the court awarded me a handsome sum as assessed damages. This I accepted only after formally notifying the institute that in doing so I waived none of my rights to publish the address or the facts in the matter. My own bank has not attempted to discriminate against me in the matter of ordinary business accommodations. In fact they have shown a quite friendly disposition; but several of my friends who have become identified with the Social Credit Movement have had the experience of difficulties being put in their way, presumably on that account.

"The monopoly of the 'ticket' supply without which distribution cannot be carried on must be broken. How it is to be broken is the very serious problem we now face. Unless it is solved, civilization will soon cease to exist. Not only must we break this monopoly, but we must also adopt such arrangements as will automatically prevent its re-establishment. This requirement, fortunately for its full and early solution, is closely interlocked with the second great objective to which we have to address ourselves—and that is the adjustment of the rate of issue of the 'tickets' or money to correspond with the rate of production of goods, so that there will be a continuous relation between tickets and articles, and so that we shall not have in future either an undue quantity of tickets, nor, as at present, a lack of tickets.

"The present dullness of trade and widespread unemployment and distress are plainly due immediately to the fact that prices are too high in relation to the purchasing power in the hands of the people—the potential consumers. At first sight, it may seem that this situation could be remedied by either issuing more purchasing power (money), or by arbitrarily reducing prices. But the problem is not quite so simple as that. If, having broken the monopoly of credit, we simply proceeded to give every one large overdrafts, it must be fairly clear in the light of familiar experience in these days, that we would be far from improving the situation. All we would accomplish would be to create a feverish boom in production accompanied by a spectacular rise in prices. That, of course, is exactly what is happening in Germany today. If, on the other hand, we should arbitrarily reduce prices by means of a rigid government control, it is equally obvious that we should strangle production, cause widespread bankruptcy, and probably arrest our sales of commodities."

"And what is your remedy?"

"The engineering solution, which I believe to be the only common-sense and practical solution, is that we should place ourselves in a position to be able to say to the manufacturers and retailers: 'We will assist you to sell to the public at lower prices than you can sell without our assistance.' Let us note carefully the series of remarkable results that would follow. In the first place, we benefit the public, as individuals, by lowering prices. Thus we enable them to *get* at once the goods and services which all agree they rightly demand and intend to have. Without going further, it will be seen that we also benefit the trader to whom we extend this assistance, because he is enabled to undersell any competitor not so assisted, his turnover increases, and thus his business flourishes and expands. One immediate effect of this increased flow of business is to stimulate employment."

How It Would Be Used

"BUT what would be the source from which such 'assistance' could be drawn?" I asked. "Surely you do not think the government is an inexhaustible source of wealth?"

Major Douglas smiled. "Certainly not," he replied. "We have a much better source and that source is the same source from which the banker now, *for his own purposes,* creates additional purchasing power through the medium of overdrafts, bills discounted and other forms of 'loans.' *I would apply a portion of the credit so created to the reduction of prices and a portion to the creation of new purchasing power."*

Major Douglas expressed the opinion that present prices in England—they are about the same in America—are still about three times what they ought to be and what they would be under a really scientific credit system. Keeping in mind what has already been said as to his contention that credit control should be in the hands of the consumers, and not of the financiers or the producers, he puts forward these two important definitions:

> *Real Credit* is a correct estimate of the rate, or dynamic capacity, at which a community can *deliver goods and services* as demanded.
>
> *Financial Credit* is ostensibly a device by which this capacity can be drawn upon; but as a matter of fact today it is a measure of the rate at which an organization or individual can deliver *money*—which may or may not represent goods and services.

"Speaking as an engineer," said Major Douglas, "I have no hesitation in saying that it is the *program of production* and not the *productive process* which is chiefly at fault, and that where the productive process is working badly it is because of the inclusion of unnecessary labor in it. If wages and salaries, forming a portion of *costs* and reappearing in *prices,* are to form the major portion of the purchasing power of society, then modern scientific progress is the deadly enemy of society, since such progress aims at replacing the persons who now obtain their living in this way by machines and improved processes. Prices cannot be less than costs over any considerable period of time. Therefore, if a portion of the 'costs' of production are allocated to machines, and yet reappear in ultimate prices, it is obvious that these 'costs' in the shape of purchasing power so distributed in wages, salaries and dividends, to individual consumers of ultimate products, are not sufficient to pay these prices.

As to "Intermediates"

"THIS carries us to a consideration of a factor usually overlooked by the cost accountant; that is the effect on the prices of ultimate products—those consumed by *individuals*—of the production of *intermediate* products—tools, machinery, factory plant and equipment. Just realize that while the flow of purchasing power to individuals is not sufficient to buy the total price-values created in the same time, a great and steadily increasing percentage of the total production of the world is *not* bought by individuals at all, and is not intended for their consumption. It is bought and paid for by organizations, national or other, and is of no use to individuals. The costs of this production *should*—but under the present system does not—represent effective demand in the hands of individuals. The more of these intermediate products brought into being under the present system, the higher go the prices of goods intended for individual consumption. On this account, the cry for indiscriminate super-production is both inane and mischievous. Plainly, it is immaterial whether more or less goods are made and more or less money distributed, when *any* quantity of goods less than sufficient will absorb all the money that is available. Because the incentive to production is *money,* production stops when there is *no more money.* Under the existing credit system, the control of intermediate production is not distributed to ultimate consumers at all, and it gives them no say whatever as to the quantity, quality or variety of ultimate products. The distribution of purchasing power thus fails to distribute *the product.* Since production stops when distribution stops, the system would appear to be quite unworkable. Yet we know that although the grinding and groaning of the machine is audible evidence that it is working very badly, it *is* working. That distribution of a sort takes place at all is due to two factors: export credit and loan credit. Unhappily, all industrial nations are competing for export credits—and the end of that is war."

Asked for an illustration of what he meant by "intermediate products," Major Douglas answered:

"It is a necessary incident of modern large-scale production. If you want to buy a loaf of bread nowadays, what you really are forced to buy is something much more than bread. Before the flour can be mixed and the dough baked, great ovens have to be provided, as well as mixing vats and other machinery, possibly including electric and heating power equipment. So every loaf of bread involves the output of building materials and of coal, iron and copper mines, foundries and machine shops, to say nothing of rail and water transportation and automobile delivery systems. Credit is used up at every step. A striking example was the American appropriation during the war of several hundred million dollars for airplanes. The 'money' was all spent, but only a few airplanes had been produced up to the time of the armistice. The colossal expenditure went into buildings and machinery and raw materials."

Answering further questions, he went on:

"The first modification called for in the present system is a cutting of phantom costs out of prices. Business men know that 'the price of a thing is what it will fetch.' They know that a rising demand (with money in the jug) means rising prices, and a falling demand (due to lack of money) means falling prices. I challenge the current delusion that industry is forced to demand from the public more money than it distributes to the public through wages, salaries and dividends. If it were, the inevitable consequences would be—as at present—an unsalable surplus leading to slumps and bankruptcies. Suppose a concern is manufacturing and selling its goods at certain prices. It raises and spends a million pounds for 'capital development,' that is to say, additional plant. This money is distributed through the employes concerned to the public. This addition to purchasing power increases the demand for the goods manufactured by the firm, and up go prices. The increase is approximately the million dollars, so that the concern gets back the million it expended on capital development. Yet this million dollars remains on the books as a 'cost' to be allocated to the goods that eventually emerge from the additional plant. But this amount having already been extracted from the purchasing public in the shape of prices, it cannot be extracted from them again. If, as a matter of fact, it is extracted, that is made possible only by fresh loans in a vicious circle."

Control the Vital Issue

MAJOR DOUGLAS' method of meeting this difficulty has been embodied in the concrete plan for the coal mining industry which he submitted to the Sankey Commission, and it practically applies to all industries. That plan is an elaborate one, scientifically worked out, and cannot be gone into in detail here. Roughly, it provides that prices would fall as the total cost, including a fair profit, should fall; consumption tending to increase with the decrease in price; and that any increase in costs should not alter the price. Any increase in profits, resulting from keeping the nominal costs the same although actual costs are reduced, would be shared out as follows: One-quarter to the representatives of the workers; one-quarter to the shareholders, and one-half to the National Credit account, forming a fund from which advances would be made without interest to make up to the owners any difference between actual cost and actual prices when necessary to keep the mines going and prevent lessened demand by consumers. The chief aim is to make the total purchasing power equal to total prices by the addition of a credit issue to purchasing power, taking capital costs out of prices and distributing them as purchasing power. The trustee for the collective credit based on real capacity to deliver goods and services which is represented by plant, tools, processes, and so on, would be the National Treasury.

"The correct use and control of credit," Major Douglas contends, "is absolutely the vital issue of the present era."

And lots of people appear to be waking up to this view.

There's Real Paving in Antofagasta

Concluded from page 7

be excluded to make way for the array of walking sticks and Paris hats; in Seville the procession was a slow trot of carriage horses along the Guadalquivir, a persistent souvenir of the leisurely days when gasoline was not; and in Madrid, the bedizened whirl of limousines up and down the brilliant avenue of the Recoletos and past the boulevard seats of the Alameda.

Here in Antofagasta the *paseo* still clung to its proper place, the principal plaza, and the *gente decente*—the "decent gentry"—arrayed and uniformed in its utmost, went arm in arm over a broad sidewalk, mingling perfumes with the breath of exotic blossoms overhanging the park benches, and exchanging significant greetings and glances at recurrent encounters in the treadmill peregrination.

A chocolate soldier quality seasoned this grand march, for there was a liberal spicing of the military; swagger-sticked, mirror-booted army officers in uniforms of distinctly Prussian influence; crinkly white duck, splashed with a touch of red and gold, a sartorial motif borrowed from the tailors of the British navy. The eyes of these caballeros were even more smoulderingly and frankly alert to feminine charms than those of the civilian Don Juans.

Above—One of the innumerable street markets of Chile.

At left—From the mausoleums of the rich to the graves of the poor, in Antofagasta's cemetery

In spite of fastidious elaboration in the costumes of both sexes, there was an unexpected somberness in general effect, due to the prevailing tint of black. We had always considered this hue fundamental to Spanish beauty—black hair, jet eyes, and black *mantilla*—yet it was almost a shock to see the idea carried even so far as the men's straw hats. There were no *mantillas*—outside the ball room we rarely saw these elsewhere than in Andalusia—but full half of the women seemed to be in complete mourning. Black, too, appeared to be the prevailing masculine color, in consonance with those astonishing hats of funereal straw. No barn-red and parrot-green Indian ponchos, at least, draped their inharmonies over the public square or rubbed dustily against the elegance of the promenade. We saw no aborigines in Antofagasta, a salient contrast with the mountain cities of Bolivia and Peru, but there was an unmistakable tinge of the indigenous facial mold and color in a large part of the population.

Countenances made familiar by the repetitious encounters of the *paseo* were visible, after a late dinner, at the principal theater. We listened there, for a time, to the loquacious and inactive dialog of a troupe of Spanish comedians, most of whose lines were lisped in antiphonal response to the prompter's audible reading; then we went out to appease our limited understanding of *la lengua español* with the more facile Castilian sub-titles of an American-made motion picture. We were almost able, through contagion from our fellow spectators, to join in their applause of a pie thrower and the heroine of a jungle melodrama dating well back into the pioneer days of the photoplay industry. With them we stamped and cat-called when the film broke, and together we hissed the villain.

There was no glitter of fresco and electricity in front of the picture palaces; and from their dingy, bill-postered doors the spectators vanished speedily into dark streets. Sounds of night revelry were rare, and there was no white way. The café is a saloon, frequented by men only. Women dine seldom in public.

No doubt there is a younger generation that will change all that. We saw some members of it, we supposed, in the tea rooms, and in an ice cream parlor, where a small group of young people passed Sunday midnight in consuming sodas and dancing jazz.

Players' Pranks No Longer Part of Baseball

Major League Professionalism a Stern Business Proposition That Wins a Support—Newspaper Publicity—That None Enjoys

By A Veteran Sports Writer

BASEBALL, regarded as our national sport, is really one of our leading business enterprises. The commercial angle of baseball has created one of the best dividend-producing investments in history. Not in all the country is there another venture with the business advantages enjoyed by baseball.

There are in the major leagues 16 baseball clubs. Each club carries an average of 25 men during mid-season and more during the early and late part of the season. The teams represent the large cities of the East and Middle West and civic pride is vested in them. The citizens refer to the organizations as "our team" and "our club" but, among the 400 players that are employed on 16 major league teams in mid-season, I do not believe there are five that are bona fide residents of the cities they represent. In the spring of the year the players are called to assemble at certain points south of the Mason and Dixon line to engage in preliminary practice and, as soon as the season closes, these players hurry back to the points from which they came seven months previously.

The only thing local about any team in the major leagues is the crowd. They bask in civic pride when the team is up in the race; they are steeped in gloom when the team is losing and wobbles somewhere in the second division. As far as the players are concerned, it makes no difference to them where they play, as long as they get the money they want. Of course, for the same salary, most of them would like to play in New York. There is a certain glamour about playing on Broadway that appeals to players. Detroit is a favorite town because of the loyalty and fairness of the baseball followers there. St. Louis and Washington are not popular because they are too hot during the summer. A team that has a chance for the pennant, or second or third place, naturally appeals to players because finishing first, second or third, means much extra money.

Have No Fear of "War"

NEVER in the history of business or sport has there been anything quite like professional baseball. The owners are protected under the national agreement with far greater safety than one can find in business. The club owners united, guard their investment and guarantee against competition. Territorial rights are sacred and competition against this combine means absolute financial failure as the Federal League established.

The club owners whose money is invested have no fear of a "trade war." There is no such thing in professional baseball. There will be no bidding for talent, no "stealing" of employes by rival employers, no price cutting in admission rates. The greatest worry that the average business man has is removed from the men that have their fortunes tied up in baseball.

The greatest asset of the club owners is, of course, the columns of the sport pages of the newspapers. Here they command something obtained by no one else—free publicity. Column after column is devoted to baseball from the day the players report in the southern training camps until after the close of the season. At frequent intervals between seasons you can read baseball news; it is kept alive through 12 months of the year.

A man buys a major league franchise. He sends representatives over the country to gather likely looking players. He brings them from all parts of the United States to represent the city where his money is invested in a franchise. Not one player, quite likely, is really a representative of the city. Nearly every player is a stranger. And then the local newspapers devote columns to this enterprise, giving it free advertising in tremendous bulk, sending special writers to report all the moves, the news and the features, advertising the team two months before it is ready to exhibit. It is the best advertising obtainable and does not cost the man who has his money invested in the club a cent.

No Publicity for Others

IF THE average game attendance of a major league team is 2,500 (and it is much more than that) then the motion picture houses outdraw the ball team by many times 2,500 daily. But, there is no free publicity for the motion picture theaters for, while they get publicity, this is paid for. The theaters that get publicity advertise heavily and for this advertising they pay amusement rates, the highest charged for newspaper advertising. As pointed out, many times as many persons attend motion picture houses as attend ball games and there would be many times the interest in motion picture news that you find in baseball. There is no reason why the motion picture houses should not get more free space in the newspapers than the ball teams. Both are professional amusement enterprises, conducted for private gain.

The large department stores spend fortunes with newspapers annually. They are responsible for a large percentage of a newspaper's earnings. You never see free publicity given a department store in the newspapers of major league cities. A double header is played at the ball park and a few days before this double header takes place the fact is announced in the newspapers, the announcement being quite often "boxed" and given unusual prominence. The public is informed that such and such a day "will be bargain day at the local ball park." You can see two games for the price of one admission.

The city's leading department store decides to have a big bargain sale. Wearing apparel and household goods are offered at greatly reduced rates. The sale means much to many families. Do the newspapers treat this as a news item? The newspapers permit the store owner to use an entire page of the paper to give a detailed account of the sale and all the store owner must pay is from $500 to $1,000, depending upon the newspaper, its circulation and the kind of contract for advertising that this particular store has.

Immediately following the war period, when food prices were very high, many merchants, realizing that prices must tumble and wishing to establish themselves well, started to cut the prices of food. No mention of such cuts was made in the newspapers, unless within space limits sold to the store for advertising rates.

Baseball clubs have an advantage that can be found nowhere else. Newspapers make business for the club owner. He is certain of heavy profits as long as the sporting pages are open to baseball. The season of 1922 was the most profitable in baseball history, and 1923 should be even more profitable if the free advertising continues, which it probably will.

As baseball is conducted today it carries everything employed by every successful business enterprise. There is system carried to a scientific extreme. An office staff looks after all the business matters and of these there is an enormous amount. The baseball parks are known as plants and these structures, nearly all of steel and concrete, attest to the success of the venture. The players themselves have become keen business men and they are in baseball as other men of their age are in the real estate business, shoe or clothing business, or any other commercial venture.

Playing ball is work and the player handles it accordingly. If Cleveland loses it is a tragedy to many Clevelanders, wrapped up in the rise or fall of their team, but to the player no such viewpoint presents itself. Cleveland never enters into his reckoning. We simply mention Cleveland as an illustration. The player is not fighting for the civic honor or glory of the city his team represents; his chief interest is in the hit column, unless he is a pitcher, and then the won and lost column of the pitchers' averages concerns him most. His salary for the following season is based chiefly upon his record for the current season. A team may be badly beaten but the player, if he has had a good day at bat, is not downcast over the result.

Baseball is not what it was 10 and 15 years ago. The difference is to be noted in the training camps. Years ago the spirit of play hung about these baseball corrals in the southland each spring. The veteran player eagerly looked forward to the trip. To him it was a lark. There were the same possibilities that present themselves to the members of a high school fraternity on initiation night. Fun and frolic were ahead.

Training Means Work

TODAY the training season means hard work, work demanding conscientious application. The player is tested. A job depends upon the result of the test. He goes about the matter in a businesslike way. He concentrates upon the work of the day and he abhors frivolity. This is the general attitude of players in the baseball camps of Dixieland.

The badger fight has gone. Snipe hunting has passed outside the baseball law. Express trains roll through the night without a recruit ball player clinging to the rear platform of the rear car, desperately grasping a red lantern. The "hammocks" in the Pullman berths are now used for clothes instead of pitching arms. The recruit pitchers do not write to patent medicine companies, ordering "fast-ball oil." The recruit goes his quiet way with a sporting chance of making good and clowning for no one.

The first important event of a spring training season used to be a badger fight. Every major league camp in the country had at least one badger fight. As soon as the advance squad arrived preparations were begun. Deep thought was given to advertising the affair and this was accomplished with an astonishing thoroughness. No detail was overlooked and there were more details than can be found, as a rule, in other sporting ventures conducted on a mammoth scale.

Huge signs announced the fight. The date was always included, also the place selected. Posters were distributed and everybody talked about the event. Conversation was necessary to preparation; everybody must become excited or pretend to be.

In a week or so there appeared in town a badger, safely caged. The badger, naturally, was the principal. The animal was put on exhibition in the lobby of the leading hotel, or in the principal saloon or, at times, in the window of a store.

The badger would be pitted against a bull terrier. Frequently a mean-looking bull terrier was put on display. Like the badger, the dog was caged. The dog was always identified as the winner of 19 or more famous fights with badgers. The badger had never suffered defeat. Getting these unbeaten animals in the same pit meant a duel between unconquered beasts. It was bound to be worth a busy man's time.

Soon "excitement ran high." That was part of the stage setting. Heavy wagers were placed, some picking the badger, others stringing along with the dog. The wagers were always made publicly.

All this time search was being made for a victim. Perhaps there was trouble in selecting a victim; there would be four or five candidates and the promoters could not decide upon one man. Each was "hopped up" until a decision could be made.

Often the official referee was not selected until the night of the fight. This was part of the play, a stage effect. The idea was to make the victim all the more anxious to accept the appointment.

The ball players, of course, were the principal actors. The townspeople furnished the stage setting and background but the players were to furnish the chief actor. They always did. And always the candidate was a recruit.

On the scheduled night, players, townsmen and folk from the countryside assembled. Here the advance "stuff" reached its climax. There was heavy wagering. Usually there were many arguments. All means that could be employed to add excitement were introduced. Everybody became agitated. There was a pause when the badger was brought in. He was exhibited and the result was more excitement, higher betting on the badger. The animal was then removed.

Finally it was announced that everything was ready. The announcement was applauded and then several asked who would referee. Sometimes a man was named but often the announcer replied that the referee had not been agreed upon. After much argument a referee was announced. However, this referee was not one that the promoters intended to use. As he stepped into the arena he was challenged. Several men questioned his honesty, his courage, his physical fitness. Insults were exchanged and there followed challenges to fight. Often there would be fights, some of them most realistic. I have known participants to rehearse them carefully for days and days. Sometimes there was a free-for-all battle exceedingly well done. When order was restored the referee retired, indignantly refusing to officiate.

The crowd would then begin selecting a referee, "a man of courage, honesty and popularity." Names were presented and hooted down or disagreed upon. After many arguments the name of the intended victim was finally introduced and the ultimate result always was that he became the choice.

No Badger Fight Today

THE arena was a large square, covered with sawdust. In the center stood a wooden box, with a long rope protruding. In one corner stood the handler of the bull terrier, holding his mean beast by the leash. The referee's duty was to pull the rope and release the badger. At the same time the handler of the bull terrier was to release the dog. The referee was in entire charge of the proceedings and it was up to him to see that no unfair tactics were used and that the two animals received an even chance. The fight, of course, was to the death.

A signal was given and the referee gave the rope a quick jerk. However, instead of releasing a badger, the referee jerked out a jug of water which drenched his clothes. Then everybody howled with delight and the rookie ball player, who so gallantly acted as referee, was joshed for weeks.

Weeks of careful planning, infinite pains, endless publicity and preparations, with a drenched ball player as the climax, the badger fight was the high spot of every training season and of every major league club. It was as important to the season of preparation as opening day is to the regular pennant season.

The victim, naturally, was always somewhat annoyed, but this feeling vanished after several weeks and then he joined the large society of former referees and waited for the next spring to come when he would promote a similar affair for another victim. He was always successful, unless he failed to make good in the major leagues.

Ball players today would not think of holding a badger fight. The work that such an affair demands makes no appeal. The tone has changed and players view matters differently. There would be nothing gained, only time lost.

Holding the Red Lantern

SNIPE hunting has also been discarded. It was always a favorite pastime. Snipe hunting never received the prominence that was granted the badger fight and snipe hunting really did not start until after the badger fight was over.

Victims were many. The game was to invite rookies to hunt. Each intended victim was supplied with a bag and the perpetrators were armed with lanterns. Snipe were always hunted on dark nights.

The selected victims would be taken to a dark woods, several miles from the training camp. The object was to get the victims far from the town and main roads. The party walked steadily into the woods. The victims were stationed as far apart as possible. They were told to wait silently. The promoters would drive out

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Federal Court Flouted in Cronkhite Case

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The Decision on Rolland R. Pothier

upon to show that the trial court would have no jurisdiction, we may consider also whether it overcomes the *prima facie* effect of the indictment upon the question of probable cause. Hastings v. Murchie, 219 Fed. 83, 88.

"The evidence presented at the hearing comprised in addition to the certified copy of the indictment, a large number of documents and the oral testimony of three witnesses, all relating to the question whether Camp Lewis was land 'theretofore acquired for the exclusive jurisdiction thereof.' As to the other allegations no evidence was presented which affected the *prima facie* case. See Gayon v. McCarthy, 252 U. S. 171; Tinsley v. Treat, 205 U. S. 20, 31.

"The defendant introduced a photostatic copy of a deed by Pierce County to the United States, dated October 1, 1919; (nearly a year after the alleged murder), purporting to convey certain lands to the United States for military uses; and also a copy of an Act of the Legislature of Washington passed January 27, 1917, called Chapter 3, Washington Laws 1917, constituting Pierce County 'as the arm and agency of the state' to condemn certain lands in that county and to donate them to the United States for military purposes.

"The argument of the defense is that by the terms of the statute the passing of the deed is a prerequisite to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and that as the deed post-dates the time of the alleged murder the United States did not then have exclusive jurisdiction over the lands conveyed by said deed. But the evidence shows also that before the passage of the deeds, and before the date of the alleged murder, Pierce County, acting as the arm and agent of the state, had acquired by condemnation, and had turned over to the United States military authorities, many tracts of land comprised within the Camp Lewis military reservation, which had been selected by a representative of the Secretary of War, and which, when donated to the United States, the Secretary of War had been authorized to accept. Buildings had been erected and the camp permanently occupied before January 29, 1918, and before July, 1918, there were 50,000 men in camp.

"There is much evidence tending to show that as to a number of the tracts of land comprised in the camp there was, before the date of the alleged crime, a practical consummation of the donation, and that the agents of the county and of the United States had done all that it was necessary to do in order to vest title and exclusive jurisdiction in the United States, save the execution and recording of the deeds whereby the title of the United States should be evidenced.

"The contention of the United States that the evidence of *de facto* exercise of exclusive jurisdiction is sufficient in itself to show probable cause cannot be disregarded, in view of the *quaere* in Holt v. United States, 218 U. S. 245, 252: 'The documents referred to are not before us, but they properly were introduced, and so far as we can see justified the finding of the jury, even if the evidence of the *de facto* exercise of exclusive jurisdiction was not enough, or if the United States was called on to try title in a murder case.'

"The United States Attorney urges that the expression 'to be evidenced by the deed or deeds of Pierce County,' and so on, indicates that the deed was not to be the conveyance but only evidence of a prior donation. The defendant, however, urges that the assent of the state to the exercise of legislative jurisdiction is limited to lands which have been conveyed by deed.

"The United States Attorney also contends that the testimony and documents offered by defendant are insufficient, since the defendant has failed to prove that the deed described all the lands in Camp Lewis Military Reservation, and suggests that there are indications in the documentary evidence of the probability that some land not donated by Pierce County may be included within the reservation.

"At the hearing the defendant's contentions as to legislative jurisdiction of the United States went to the whole reservation; some 70,000 acres, more or less. There was no agreement or definite evidence as to the exact *locus in quo*. It is, therefore, impracticable for this court to go into the details of the acquisition by the county, the transfer of possession to the United States, and the uses of the different tracts which were from time to time added to the reservation. In the trial court, upon the establishment of the exact place of the alleged murder, many of the questions now suggested will disappear, and the inquiry limited to a small area.

"The jurisdiction of the trial court being clear, and there being many disputed questions of fact and law, it is evident that this court cannot properly assume the functions of the trial court. Henry v. Henkel, 235, U. S. 228, 229.

"I am of the opinion that the defendant has failed to overcome the prima facie case made by the indictment, and that the evidence fails to show the want of probable cause.

"A warrant for removal may issue in accordance with the prayer of the petition."

Pothier thereupon having been placed in the custody of United States Marshal Rodman, Mr. Arnold, the prisoner's counsel, applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*. This was denied by Judge Brown, in the following opinion:

"The questions arising on this petition are substantially the same as those disposed of by the opinion of this court upon Petition for Warrant of Removal, in Misc. No. 3270, filed this day. It appearing that *the indictment was by a court of competent jurisdiction, that there was probable cause for his commitment by the commissioner, and that his imprisonment, restraint and detention were in accordance with law,—*

"The Petition is denied."

The Decision on Robert Rosenbluth

but had already issued a report, in which he embodied, without question, affidavits submitted by Rosenbluth's lawyers, Goldstein & Goldstein, and in which he had "exonerated" Rosenbluth. By this strange behavior, Selden disqualified himself from ever trying the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case.

So Louis Marshall and Jonah J. Goldstein well knew that *if the government could be declared to have no jurisdiction, their client could never be tried by Selden, the prosecutor for Pierce County. This was the impasse they hoped to create.*

On January 4, Commissioner Hitchcock rendered an oral opinion on the case. He stated that the identity of the defendant as being the person indicted was admitted and the indictment on its face appeared a valid one. A *prima facie* case had been made out before him by the government. *"The evidence presented before me has tended to show the defendant's innocence rather than his guilt. As to the jurisdictional point raised by Mr. Marshall, that is not for Sam Hitchcock but for Chief Justice Taft to decide."* Finally he directed that all records in the case be presented to a Federal judge for decision.

The hearing, having been confined merely to removal proceedings, any evidence introduced tending to show the prisoner's innocence or his guilt would have been inadmissible. Sam Hitchcock was not charged with the duty of evolving an opinion on that matter.

It will be seen that Mr. Hitchcock was in a state of cruel indecision. He felt that an adjudication of the question of the government's jurisdiction was not in his purview and was beyond his authority. Not being a judge, not presiding at court, his functions being merely quasi-judicial, he felt the need of a decision being rendered by a judge of the United States District Court.

It so happened that seven days later, on January 11, a decision was rendered on this very point of jurisdiction in the same case by Arthur L. Brown, United States district judge of the District of Rhode Island. Judge Brown held that the government did have jurisdiction in trying the men indicted for the murder of Major Cronkhite, and granted a warrant to the United States Marshal for the removal of the prisoner, Pothier, to Tacoma.

This decision was now in the hands of Mr. Hitchcock, and undoubtedly added to his perplexity and uncertainty. He went to the judges of the United States District Court, of which he is an appointee, for advice. I am credibly informed that a circuit judge to whom he applied, said to him:

"Well, you've flunked on it, and it's up to you to make a final decision."

On February 13, 1923, Commissioner Hitchcock thereupon made the following decision:

United States Circuit Court:

Southern District of New York:

United States of America

against

Robert Rosenbluth,

Defendant.

"Since the hearing before me on the 4th day of January, 1923, *efforts have been made to bring this matter before the court, or one of the Judges of the Court for review,* in accordance with the suggestion made before me at that time, *but there seem to be difficulties in the way of doing so.*

"In the case of a holding and a commitment in removal proceedings, relief may be obtained by writs of *habeas corpus* and *certiorari.*

"In the event of a dismissal of such complaint before a Commissioner, there seems to be no right of appeal. However, there seems to be no reason why a proceeding *de novo* could not be instituted inasmuch as *the hearing before the Commissioner can in no sense result in a final determination of the issues involved.*

"It therefore devolves upon me at this time to decide this matter according to my best judgment, which I have already expressed upon the record at the last hearing, and in accordance therewith *I find that the Federal court in the state of Washington has no jurisdiction in the premises and I therefore deny the government's petition to remove the defendant to the Western District of Washington for trial upon the indictment there found and hereby dismiss the complaint herein, and order that the bail heretofore given by the defendant in this proceeding be discharged."*

Dated New York, February 13, 1923.

A DECISION of the United States Supreme Court is the law of the land. The Supreme Court has decided that a United States commissioner, sitting to issue warrants of arrest on preliminary hearing, is not holding in any court of the United States at all—not even an inferior court. Similar decisions stand on record in the United States Circuit Court and the United States District Court.

The action of United States Commissioner Hitchcock, in declaring that the United States Government did not have jurisdiction over Camp Lewis at the time when the alleged murder of Major Cronkhite occurred, and his steps in discharging Rosenbluth's bail and liberating the prisoner, *were not the action of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York.* The United States commissioner was not the proper officer to whom should have been submitted the question whether or not the government had jurisdiction in the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case.

Mr. Hitchcock plainly shows by his actions and statements that the above is also his belief. In his preliminary report he says: *"As to the jurisdictional point raised by Mr. Marshall, that is not for Sam Hitchcock but for Chief Justice Taft to decide."* Then he directs that all records in the case be submitted to a district judge for decision.

Later we see Mr. Hitchcock, Judge Brown's decision in hand, going personally to the judges for advice. But since he has already stated his views on the case, they apparently did not wish to be involved in his contentions. Then the commissioner issues another statement, in which he protests that "efforts have been made to bring this matter before the court, or one of the judges of the court for review, *but there seemed to be difficulties in the way of doing so.*" Then he seems to deliver advice to the prosecutors that they begin a "proceeding *de novo*"—that is, start the case all over again.

But the most significant statements of Mr. Hitchcock were: "In the event of a dismissal of such complaint before a commissioner, there seems to be no right of appeal. However, the hearing before the commissioner can in no sense result in a final determination of the issues involved."

Is there no appeal from a decision of a United States commissioner? There certainly is. The Supreme Court has said that a district judge may at any time review arrest proceedings taking place before a United States commissioner. The day after Mr. Hitchcock stated that there was no appeal from his decision, Judge Learned Hand, of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, granted an appeal from a decision of Mr. Hitchcock's, and reversed it.

Why was not the Rosenbluth affair brought before a United States district court as the Pothier case was taken before a United States district court? Why, if the hearing before the commissioner cannot result in a final determination of the issues involved, was a man, indicted by the United States for murder, liberated before those issues were determined?

The peculiar position in which Robert Rosenbluth has now been placed, and the rebuke administered to the situation by the senior judge of the United States District Court in New York will be dealt with in a succeeding chapter.

Nothing Is Ever Done to Prevent Famines

Russia and India See Suffering But Surplus Grain Is Never Stored

> **Job. 38:28.—Hath the rain a father? Or who hath begotten the drops of dew? . . Canst thou lead forth the Mazzaroth in their season?**

By HERBERT J. BROWNE

This is the third of several articles by Mr. Browne, taking up the dependence of crop conditions upon the weather and discussing the possibilities of a drought. Mr. Browne also offers a suggestion designed to do away with the possibility of famine.

WEATHER history justifies the statement that variations which affect future weather conditions, like extremely dry weather on the Western Plains and a thin Canadian snow cover, continue to a grand climacteric of abnormality, which in America takes the form of a nation-wide drought or a repetition of that extraordinary year 1816, the "Year Without a Summer."

In either form, the probabilities are for a continuation of the freak weather of 1920-22 until, perhaps, 1926-27, the period for the recurrence of the great 55.6 year cycle of maxima of sun spots and aurora borealis. What the sun spots and the northern lights portend is yet to be unfolded, *but they go together.* More heat reaches the earth, and during the display of lights all telegraph, telephone and wireless systems go on a rampage. And weather eccentricities either above or below the par of normality charge compound interest.

Let it be restated: Following a series of unusual years, with a mild, dry, open winter, the displacement of the Atlantic and Pacific Subpermanent Highs and Lows far north of their regular locations will be the first signs of a severe drought—not the *causes* but the *indicators.* The causes will be a high thermal condition in the arctic and a low thermal condition in the tropics, which will produce a stagnant High over the continental area.

The absolute failure of crops from an almost unprecedented drought was the main cause of the Russian famine. Western Russia takes its climate from the same meteorological sources as Central and Western Europe, but the vast granary stretching from below Moscow to the Crimea and east to the Urals and the Kirghiz Steppes, including the entire Volga basin, is Asiatic in its weather factors. The huge ramp of the Himalayas gives to China, Indo-China, Siam, Burma and India *the rains which feed half the populations of the world,* but its western and northern slopes are thereby cut off from the abundant moisture of the Indian Ocean. Russia, like North America, is a vast plain opening to the arctic, with Western Siberia (substituted for Canada) as a contributor to Eastern Russian weather conditions.

Mean temperatures decline toward the east due to the severity of Siberian winters. In annual temperatures the Russian wheat belt corresponds to Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Western Canada.

The Russian winter is longer than ours, and the crop period is therefore shorter. Kishinef has 85 days below freezing, while in Kansas the period is 60 to 70 days and in Oklahoma, Southern Missouri and Southern Illinois the period is from 30 to 50 days. But the shortness of the season is in some degree atoned for by its greater heat.

In the districts where the drought and consequent famine were severest, the normal rainfall rises from 5.9 inches in the Aral-Caspian region to 11.5 in the Middle Volga. In these parts droughts and partial crop failures are frequent. The central black-earth belt suffers most. The southern provinces of Kishinef, Kherson, Don, and Astrakhan (which lies across the mouth of the Volga at the head of the Caspian), are like Iowa and Nebraska, while Northern Caucasia between the Caspian and Black seas is more like Missouri and Kansas, but it has the even milder winter climate of Oklahoma and North Texas.

South Russia from its remoteness loses the influence of the weather which covers Western Europe. The arctic and northeastern winds which sweep down from the Siberian plains bring dry air in winter, cold from November to March, and warm and dry the rest of the year. The winds of Southern Russia are influenced principally by the comparative Low of the Black Sea and by the comparatively high pressure of Central Russia and Siberia. From the middle of May to the middle of August, western and northwestern winds prevail in Southern Russia due to the high pressure of Western Europe and the low pressure of the Kirghiz Steppes.

The Russian Commission of the Near East Relief left Tiflis August 16, 1921, and returned September 12, having traveled 4,863 miles. The urgent necessity for haste accounted for their seemingly superficial examination. They had, however, been in the semi-independent provinces of Algaria, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Daghestan and Gorsk in the Near-Caspian and in the Russian provinces of Stavropol, Kuban, Don, Kharkov, Voronej, Ryazan, Moscow, Penza, Simbirsk, Samara, Tzaritzin, Astrakhan, Saratov and Tambov. Nearly 600,000 square miles of the Volga basin, the granary of Russia, were desolate. Even the grass was dead.

The drought was in itself as severe as the one of 1911, and only exceeded by that of 1891 over practically the same territory. The drought of 1921 struck its first blow in April. For April and the ensuing months the record of normal and actual rainfall and temperature follows:

Temperature—Degrees Fahrenheit	April	May	June
17 year average	41.2	55.4	59
1921	48.5	66.7	76.8

Rainfall—Inches	April	May	June
17 year average	0.8	1.52	1.84
1921	0.027	0.012	0.2

India is the land in which the threat of famine is ever present. Her 300,000,000 population live literally from hand to mouth, yet the British rulers have never seriously attempted to build up grain reserves against the constantly recurring years of need. Experience seems never to count against administrative red-tape incompetence. This past year saw more than 2,000 square miles of Bengal laid waste and its hundreds of villages destroyed because a new railroad embankment was built athwart the country, and, despite numerous native warnings and protests, with too narrow openings for the inevitable run-off of the monsoon rains.

With the coming of May the Indian Ocean develops temperatures higher than the land, and pressure throws vast bodies of humid air over India, beginning with the southwest monsoon which drives against the Himalayan slopes and floods the land with rain, running from the world's record at Cherra Punji in the Khasi Hills of 464 inches a year down to the bare requirement of 20 inches from Delhi to Peshawar. Not until a ring of weather stations has been established in the antarctic will the forecast of the monsoon failures be definitely established, but somewhere in that land of frozen mystery lies the secret.

The Austral winter is coming on. Assume one of unusual severity and prematurity, it would tend to draw strong equatorial air currents from the India front to fill its vast contracting Low and thus weaken the monsoon to the point of failure. This would be especially true if a warm and early arctic summer lessened the ability of Siberia to draw air across the Tibetan plateau, thereby encouraging the building up of the India Low.

India has witnessed 23 severe famines since the British occupancy, the one of 1769 being the worst. Ten million wretches lost their lives directly from starvation, while other millions died in the aftermath of resulting disease. A thousand square miles of closely cultivated land reverted to the jungle.

The great typical famine of all time was that of Egypt, told in the forty-first chapter of Genesis. As far as its chronicler knew, it was world-wide. The Nile then as now drew its overflow from the Abyssinian watershed. While its permanent flow comes from Lake Albert Nyanza and Lake Victoria Nyanza, fed by 10 months' annual rainfall under the equator, Sir Samuel Baker in 1861 proved that the floods of the Atbara and Blue Nile from June to September gave the overflow and that the Atbara brought the fertilizing silt.

There have been many other Egyptian famines due to the failure of the Nile. One of seven years' duration occurred under the Ptolemies, about 200 B. C. Another is recorded on a granite monument in the Island of Sehel at the first cataract. Arab writers note one of seven years from 1064 to 1071 A. D., in which the starving people resorted to cannibalism, and still another of two years from 1200 to 1202 A. D. Pliny refers to one which took place during the reign of Trajan. The famine of 1064-71 corresponds in time with three extremely cold years which visited Europe.

But the deep lesson of the Egyptian famine lies in the wisdom which led to the storage of grain against the coming of the seven years of drought and crop failure, enough not only to supply the needs of Egypt but to sell to the surrounding countries. And a great warning is read to the peoples of today against that high finance which banked on the direst of human needs and gathered in all the money, all the livestock and finally the land itself. Read the story:

"And Joseph said unto Pharaoh: 'Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt; and there shall arise after them seven years of famine, and the famine shall consume the land . . . . Let Pharaoh . . . . appoint overseers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of the good years that come . . . . And the food shall be for a store to the land against the seven years of famine . . . . And he gathered up all the food of the seven years which were in the land of Egypt.

"And the seven years of famine began to come . . . . and there was famine in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread . . . . And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph to buy grain, because the famine was sore in all the earth.

"And Joseph gathered up all the money that was found in the land of Egypt, and in the land of Canaan, for the grain which they bought . . . . and Joseph gave them bread in exchange for the horses, and for the flocks, and for the herds, and for the asses . . . . And when that year was ended, they came unto him and said . . . . buy us and our land for bread and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh . . . . and the land became Pharaoh's."

The concluding article will present the storage of wheat as a development of modern insurance, entirely in line with sound economic progress; will show that the stabilization of price is also in line with present practice, illustrated in numerous directions, and means economy and lowering of costs. Finally the plight of the grain raisers and the farming community generally is brought home conclusively in justification of the government's entering this field of conservation.

Players' Pranks No Longer Part of Baseball

Concluded from page 10

the snipe and chase them into the open sacks. Snipe always sought refuge in empty sacks.

As soon as the victims were desirably placed the promoters would vanish. The automobile was always stationed far enough away so that the recruits could not hear the engine as the veteran players, with their lanterns, left for town. This they did quietly, peacefully.

The victims would hold the sacks until suspicion got the better of them. Sometimes they held the sacks until dawn, waiting for the scared snipe. If they decided that the hunt did not promise much success and sought their companions the trouble was on. Stranded in a strange woods, far from the main road, completely lost, the recruits invariably were compelled to wait until daybreak to find their way back.

Veteran pitchers always took keen delight in working one joke on the young aspirants for pitching jobs. Some of the recruits had never slept in a Pullman. The veterans would take the youngsters aside and give them much advice. One secret of success was taking care of pitching arms. Properly to care for the arm the veterans had a secret which few knew. It was a simple plan but it was the reason for the success of every star pitcher. So they said.

The veterans worked on the curiosity of the recruits; finally they were induced to divulge their secret. After swearing the recruit to eternal secrecy the veteran would confide that his success was due to resting his pitching arm in the "hammock" of the Pullman berth. Many restless nights were spent by recruit pitchers who tried to keep their arms in the "hammocks" and some developed stiff and sore arms as a result and failed to show enough ability to win a job, which did not worry the practical jokers.

Another time-honored joke was that of holding the lantern. Ball clubs generally have two Pullman coaches. These are hooked to the rear of the train. The joke can be worked only on the rear car and this is generally the one to which the recruits are assigned.

The recruits were told that major league clubs feared more than anything else a train wreck. To prevent rear-end collisions the clubs always selected one player to do sentry duty on the rear platform. The player sat on the rear platform all night with a lantern. He was to swing the lantern and warn the engineer of any train that might approach from the rear. It was exacting and only players who were mentally alert could be trusted. As a matter of fact, the recruits were told, several major league stars owed their positions to the showing they made holding the red lantern. Several train wrecks were prevented and managers figured that any player who is alert enough to prevent a train wreck is alert enough to hold a job in the major leagues. So the recruits were told—and many believed.

Young men have sat on the rear platform all night, peering into the darkness as the train rolled on. They firmly clasped red lanterns and prayed they might save the train and become famous.

This joke was really dangerous. Several players narrowly escaped death when sleep overcame them while on sentry duty. Managers always tried to prevent this prank. Railroads also forbade their train crews furnishing red lanterns to ball players but in spite of all precautions the joke continued until recent years.

Also, inducing a pitcher to write a patent medicine firm, asking for fast-ball oil, was a favorite trick. Players who wanted to become great batsmen were inveigled into spending certain sums for "home run" bats, made by a certain factory and guaranteed to deliver a certain number of home runs each season. Nearly all players believe that certain bats "hold" a certain number of hits.

These pranks no longer form the side show of the major league training season. The player today is a business man. He has the money end of the game uppermost in mind. He attends strictly to business and playing practical jokes is not business; that is merely a waste of time.

Another reason for cancelling the jokes is that they were becoming too well known. The badger fight has become so widely advertised that finding victims among the sophisticated recruits that now come to the training camps would be difficult. However, it would be a simple thing to substitute new jokes. This is not being done. Jokes are passé in this business age of baseball. The dollar is the thing

If You Go to Mercer You Must Learn "News"

Georgia University, Nearly 100 Years Old, Makes Journalism Compulsory

By CLAIRE GILES

GEORGE M. SPARKS.

Practical newspaperman for eight years, now teaching college men to be the same.

WITNESS the passing of a picturesque figure of familiar fiction—the cub reporter, who, starting out uneducated and untrained, by virtue of a certain imperviousness to hard knocks and hard-boiled city editors, finally ascended the ladder of newspaperdom to the editor-in-chief's chair, where he benignantly heaped coals of fire on the heads of his former persecutors.

Yes, he's gone for good. A southern university has sounded his death knell. In the ranks of the ultra-conservative a precedent has been established—a university president discovered that a knowledge of the writing game is as necessary to a boy's education as mathematics and history and the dead languages; that there is a very definite "tie-up" between journalism and a university student's preparation for his life work. So he established a school of journalism and made it compulsory. Mercer University at Macon, Georgia—nearly 100 years old—is the only college in the world where journalism is compulsory.

You can see the erstwhile cub reporter's prototype most any day around town in Macon, his orange-and-black skull cap bobbing in and out among the crowds, or where there is something likely to be happening.

Maconites have come to know and love him—to answer frankly his impertinent questions and to look with a kindly tolerance on his eager interest in matters seemingly trivial. True, he is rather numerous, but always interesting. Besides, it is rather fun to help him get his news story, and then watch for it in one of the local dailies or in the columns of the *Mercer Cluster,* the eight-page college weekly.

When President Weaver established the School of Journalism in 1920—the third year of his administration—he selected an experienced newspaperman as the logical head of the department, making him also publicity director. You see, the president once served a newspaper apprenticeship (even now he carries a membership card in the Typographical Union), hence knew instinctively that the best way for a small university to become a great one was NOT to hide its light under a bushel. Since he came to Mercer, she has been constantly in the public eye. Neither her alumni nor her benefactors, her competitors nor the public at large have been allowed to forget for one moment that she is on the map and going strong. The publicity department has maintained a regular news correspondence to all the principal dailies in the state, chronicling the news, academic, athletic and social, especially to those towns from which Mercer students have matriculated.

For instance, Tom Jones, of Podunk, Georgia, wins in a debate—not a matter to create a great flurry at the university, where there are so many other activities, but of great interest (naturally) to Tommy's parents and his former schoolmates at Podunk. So! the "news hounds" get busy and send a news item to the *Podunk Weekly*—or maybe it is the county semi-weekly—reading like this: "THOMAS JONES CARRIES OFF DEBATING HONORS AT MERCER." Result: Tommy's parents are proud and the whole town has a new interest.

The boys get actual, practical training in being "news hounds" through assignments from the local newspapers (in addition to lectures from local newspapermen). They learn to know what is news and what isn't, what is legitimate to print and what is not by a comparative study of the leading dailies of the country. They contribute all the college news to the local papers, and get out the *Mercer Cluster,* a weekly eight-page newspaper covering all the news of interest to and concerning the 14 secondary schools and colleges that compose the Mercer System.

How many would know, for instance, that the last edition of "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA" contained 17 names of Macon people, 13 of whom were Mercer faculty members, if the "news hounds" did not dig it up and spread it broadcast? Or that the present governor of Georgia and the editorial writer of one of Georgia's biggest newspapers are Mercer graduates? Or that the highest-paid writer of a single short story in Georgia is a Mercer alumnus? That the founder of Baylor University, and the former president of the largest Protestant convention ever held in the United States were Mercer alumni? That Mercer had at one time as its graduates governors of Georgia, Florida and Alabama, and half the Congressmen from Georgia? Or that the oldest alumnus of any college, now living, is a Mercer graduate, and that one of the first physical tests confirming the fact that the world is round was made at Mercer by one of the professors. And so on.

The technical work includes courses in reporting, editing, the history of journalism, business management, the country newspaper, the writing of editorials and special feature articles, publicity campaigns, and the principles and psychology of advertising. And, so that the student shall bring to the practical task of newspaper making not only a trained mind and the necessary technical instruction, but broad human sympathies and understanding, he is required to familiarize himself with social, political and economic conditions by choosing courses in history, economics, sociology, philosophy and literature.

So much for the passing of the cub reporter—a lovable chap, too, with his audacity and freckles. But fictionists may weep and city editors rejoice, for the system works! University students learn journalism just like they learn any other required subject.

Even the faculty at Mercer are drilled in the acquisition of a "news sense," and the value of publicity. Dr. Weaver tells his faculty that they must not "live on the campus, and feel bound by tradition to mold in the musty atmosphere of academic life; that they must get out and form contacts with people outside the college, get their viewpoints, and cultivate fresh interests." He tells them that he wants every member of the faculty to do something "different"—something that will interest outsiders and that is a logical excuse for getting into print.

"Perhaps you did not know," said the professor of Theory and Practice of Journalism, a newspaperman of experience, "that we go back to the Bible for our journalistic standards. The greatest newspaper lead that was ever written is in the Bible: 'In the Beginning, God.' These four words tell who, when, where, what, why and how, thereby conforming to the first newspaper requirement to 'tell your story in your leads.' The greatest story in the world—the story of creation—is told in less than 900 words. The greatest 'human interest' story ever written is in the Bible. It is the story of the Crucifixion, and a whole human drama is told in 200 or 300 words. Luke was the great newspaperman of the Bible, and might be likened unto a modern city editor, drawing to himself three good reporters in Matthew, Mark and John. Luke had by far the greatest 'news style.'"

Mercer University, founded nearly 100 years ago by Jesse Mercer and located at Penfield, Georgia, is a denominational university including a Baptist Theological College. Its former presidents include a long list of illustrious Baptist ministers and laymen. Dr. Rufus W. Weaver, now president, is a Baptist minister of wide culture and a practical viewpoint. When he became president, Mercer was $240.000 in debt and running at a deficit. In four years, with twice the equipment and three times the faculty, the endowment has been restored to $750,000, and it is showing a net gain over running expenses of $10,000 to $12,000 a year. This has been accomplished largely by "telling them about it" in the press, hence Dr. Weaver has a great respect for printers' ink. He believes that no man who expects to take his place in public life has properly fitted himself until he has mastered the technique of writing, and is familiar with the avenues and usages for making himself heard in print. He says:

"The old idea that the student existed to shed glory on the institution is erroneous. The institution exists for the student. Seeking a way in which the curriculum at Mercer could be made to turn out graduates who are better rounded characters, and not only instill in them Christian principles but high ideals of service that will stay by them through life and endow them better to cope with the moral, ethical and financial problems they will have to face on leaving college, I decided that journalism was one of the most important branches of study—and one most commonly neglected.

"Mere scholarliness will no longer suffice—the regular academic course in English and literature will not fill the bill. Public men and leaders must rise to the changing standards of the age and meet popular demand on its own terms. If our leaders in politics and law and sociology and economics are to be heard above the clamor of skepticism and doubting, they must not only arm themselves with convincing proofs but they must know the most effective way to present them. No possible avenue for expression should be overlooked. A comprehensive course in journalism with correlative subjects will teach them this."

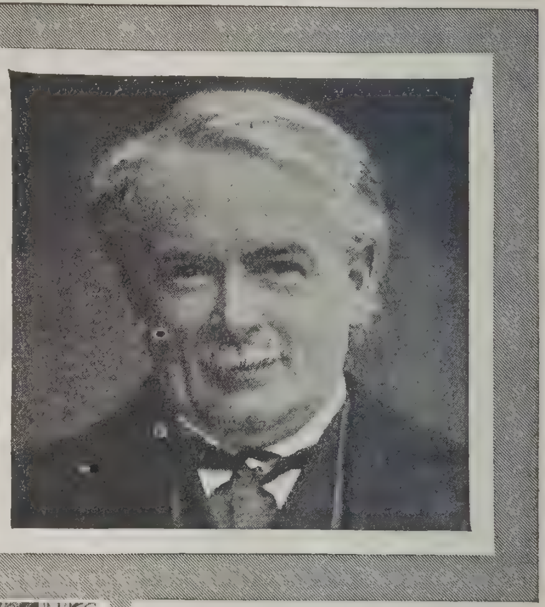
Above—DR. RUFUS W. WEAVER, president of Mercer University. Below—Mercer University's sky line.

Lloyd George Following Fades to Meager Few

Striking Feature of New Government in England Is That Labor Chiefs Have the Solid Backing of 142 Socialists

THE speed with which events are marching in England would make the American's head swim. A few short months ago Lloyd George was premier and virtual dictator with a strong coalition cabinet and a subservient parliament registering his will. His lease of power seemed intrenched and indefinite. Today, he has taken a back seat with a mixed and meager following that obtained only fourth place—a sort of "also ran"—in the general elections race; a bodyguard of such incoherent and uncertain elements that it hardly attains the dignity of a political party, while Bonar Law is premier at the head of a reconstituted and compact Conservative party in office by virtue of a majority of 87 votes over all in a House of Commons containing 615 members.

First, as the result of a speech at the aristocratic Carlton Club, Lloyd George, probably the most popular idol and the most magnetic and brilliant political orator Britain has known in a generation, ceased to be head of the government and dictator of the destinies of the empire and that quiet-spoken and pipe-smoking Glasgow business man, Bonar Law, stepped into his place. The coalition government that had been in power for seven years was no more and the jingo parliament elected in 1918 to keep it in power under sway of the still hot war-time passion and on the fiery slogan, "We'll hang the kaiser and crush Germany," has passed into history. Lloyd George was forced to resign, Parliament was dissolved and an almost immediate general election called to give the new government a mandate or to vindicate Lloyd George and return him to power. This half of the change took place almost over night. Within the following fortnight the country passed through an electoral campaign that came as near to being exciting as anything of the sort that has ever happened in this tight little isle.



LLOYD GEORGE,
Ex-premier and leader of the National Liberal party.

House of Commons. Below—MR. BONAR LAW, Prime Minister of England and Conservative party leader.

In the days since Bonar Law kissed hands at Buckingham Palace on his appointment as prime minister and Lord Privy Seal, more than 1,500 candidates for the 615 seats in the House of Commons were nominated and waged hot local battles assisted by the "Big Guns" touring the country and addressing hundreds of meetings in all parts. The very conservative London *Morning Post* speaks of it as a campaign "conducted on the whole with quiet dignity." But the things which Lloyd George and Winston Churchill have been saying about Herbert Asquith and Bonar Law, not to mention Lord Gladstone and Lord Birkenhead, and these about Mr. George and Mr. Churchill, and what both the old party speakers have been saying about the Labor candidates would have been regarded as decidedly "personal," to say the least, if they had been said in the course of a hotly contested American election. And the cartoons and the posters! Well, they were hot stuff and rough stuff.

Lloyd George within three days of his downfall started out on a speaking tour, "sword in hand," (only it was a club) with which he smashed right and left regardless of diplomatic amenities, storming the country as the head of a party all his own and called National Liberal (to distinguish it from the straight or Independent Liberals who had withdrawn from the coalition four years ago) and reinforced by a little band of coalition Conservatives headed by such former members of his cabinet as Austen Chamberlain, Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead. He broke all precedent in England by chartering a special train for his party of speakers and for a whole week firing the crowds at stations and from cinema platforms, waging a veritable "whirlwind campaign" that reminded one of Bryan and Roosevelt in their palmy prime. Elections were held in 557 constituencies, 58 members having returned unopposed, and within a week the 615 newly elected members came up to Westminster and were sworn in. Of this number, 122 are new men, and for the most part young men, and a score at least are men who had been more or less conspicuous as pacifists and had been swept off the stage in the avalanche of 1918.

This year's election has transformed the whole atmosphere of the British Parliament, and with it that of the country at large, while the actual "government" as constituted by Prime Minister Bonar Law and which includes nine of the men previously in Lloyd George's cabinet, remains unaltered, it has been put on a more permanent basis by the popular ratification. But the change in the composition of the House of Commons effected by the emergence of the Labor party as the second strongest party, so ranking as "His Majesty's Opposition," means nothing less than the achievement of a bloodless revolution—and one of far greater significance than the triumph of the Fascisti under Mussolini in Italy. Besides, it is a revolution in the opposite direction to that which Italy has just witnessed.

The British Labor party is a *Socialist* party. Its avowed aim and object is nothing less than a complete change in the existing social order by the steadily progressive socialization of industry: the establishment, that is, of public ownership and direction of the means of production and the distribution of wealth on a basis recognizing the worker's right to the fruit of his labor; this as a substitute for the present system of private ownership of capital and the appropriation by the capitalist of surplus values. It does not seek to make this change at one fell swoop, nor by any other method than that of peaceful and orderly constitutional agitation and education, issuing in parliamentary action. And the way things look now, while the party sticks to this program, there is nothing that can stop its arrival at this goal within measurable time. That is nothing but a counter-revolution by force on the Fascisti plan—which may be Italian, but is entirely foreign to the British psychology.

The tremendousness of this change, moreover, is emphasized by Labor's choice as leader of it. Ramsay MacDonald, an ardent and uncompromising Socialist with a solid block of 142 Socialist votes at his back, outnumbering the split fragments of the Liberal party put together, and with so able and tested a lieutenant as J. R. Clynes, MacDonald is sure to be a power to be reckoned with. Under the British parliamentary system, the "Opposition" plays a much more important part than that played by the minority party in our own Senate or House of Representatives. It is always an alternative government. Should the government actually in power be outvoted on any measure proposed by it, even with the help of disaffected members of its own party and of other minority parties, such a vote would be construed as a "vote of want of confidence." Constitutionally, and almost automatically, the "Leader of the Opposition" (in this instance Ramsay MacDonald) would succeed to the premiership and form an all-Labor cabinet. The legal government of the Kingdom of Britain would be Socialist.

Time was when such a situation as now exists would have aroused intense alarm among the "solid" people—the propertied and governing classes. In their eyes, it would have meant a "rocking of the empire to its foundations," a turning of the world upside down and a menace to our whole civilization. The prospect of an accession to power of the Socialists has until now been viewed with alarm as the imminent threat of "red revolution." The specter of "Bolshevism," indeed, was raised with a beating of the big drum and more or less ingenuously in the last few weeks by even that whilom radical, Lloyd George. It was shrieked by the erstwhile "Northcliffe" press, which urged that readers should vote even for Lloyd George's or Mr. Asquith's followers to beat Labor, if they could not stomach the Conservative platform or lack of platform. At a gathering of bankers, brokers and business men, Reginald McKenna, former chancellor of the exchequer and now head of a bank, squarely turned his back on the Liberal party with which he had been identified all his life and appealed to his hearers and to all British business men to support Bonar Law and the Conservative candidates as the nation's one hope of stemming the tide of Bolshevism and revolution. Mr. Asquith himself, while pooh-poohing the Bolshevist bogey and wittily sarcastic at the expense of McKenna and his fears, denouncing all that sort of thing, as an insult to the sterling character and intelligence of the British workman, centered his attack on the main plank in the Labor platform calling for a capital levy. He denounced it as a measure that would prove disastrous and confiscatory, destroying the last hope of a revival of British trade and industry, and so likely to increase and intensify unemployment.

Now that the accession of Labor to that second place, which in this country is always within hailing distance of first place, has become an accomplished fact, there is scarcely a fluttering among the dovecotes. It is suggested in many quarters that the capital levy may not prove so bad a thing after all—for the people not overburdened with capital—although it might be bad for the war profiteers. It is even pointed out that Lord Rosebery once gave axiomatic vogue to the idea traditional in English politics that nothing could be better for the government itself than to be faced by a really live, alert and aggressive Opposition, spurring it to be vigilant and active. The present Opposition, it is indicated, may happily force Mr. Bonar Law's administration to be actively and constructively progressive, rather than apathetic and retrograde.

Yet, it is certain that while fear of Socialism may have won many votes for Bonar Law, his famous declaration in favor of "tranquillity" won him even more. It was, of course, eagerly seized on by his opponents in both Liberal and Labor ranks as a fine subject for satire. But, exaggerated and distorted as it became in their handling, the declaration made strong appeal to many persons. Weariness and distrust of Lloyd George's pyrotechnics had become very general. His sudden somersaults, dramatic surprises and proneness to desperate adventures in foreign policy had begun to pall. The sober second thought of the Anglo-Saxon mind, revolting against a seemingly endless succession of crises that kept the country in turmoil at home and abroad and was wasting millions of money, while economic conditions went from bad to worse and a large proportion of the population was on the edge of starvation, was calling out, in Grant's famous phrase: *"Let us have peace!"* Thoughtful persons had become distinctly distrustful of the further possibilities of Lloyd George's Celtic temperament. Bonar Law would at least be safe and sane and give the country a rest.

But the enormous increase in the Labor vote in Parliament from 76 to 142 representatives was due principally to the acute and long-drawn-out distress caused by unemployment. Workingmen and women everywhere—outside of those under the traditional sway of the squirearchy in country districts, the small and large farmers and agricultural laborers, along with the small tradesmen and pensioners, parasites and hangers-on of the great landlords and moneyed aristocracy—cast their ballots for Labor. So the Labor party nearly doubled its representation in Parliament, casting a total of 4,191,732 votes for Labor candidates as against 5,464,707 polled by the Conservatives; 2,619,870 by the Independent (Asquith) Liberals, and 1,430,000 by the National (Lloyd George) Liberals, this last including many coalition Conservatives.

For more than two years, the unemployed have been receiving "doles" of public money, the taxation for which alone has been a serious drag on trade and industry, keeping up rents and the cost of living and, in numerous instances, not only retarding needed local public improvements, but actually causing the shutting down of factories, so increasing and intensifying the evil the dole system was devised to mitigate. Although the amount of the dole is scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together and it has had so pauperizing and demoralizing an effect on the out-of-works that many of the more self-respecting have refused to apply for it until they had sold the last stick of furniture and almost the last stitch of clothing to buy food, some smug persons have complacently regarded it as a convenient salve to conscience. These comfortable folk usually regard the "working classes" in bulk as pestiferous fellows and stirrers up of strife, or lazy ne'er-do-wells reaping the fruits of their own thriftlessness and refusal to accept low wages. It is common to hear the rejoinder to a plea in behalf of the men who have been vainly demanding an interview with the Prime Minister that exceptional conditions of distress should entitle them to exceptional consideration: "They are not *starving;* they have the dole!"

The men themselves demand not doles but work—although if they are not to have work they call for an increase of the amount of the dole to make it equivalent to a living wage. All the party platforms ("manifestos" they call them in England) condemned the dole system; but only the Labor manifesto pointed out that the obvious remedy for the immediate situation, while pushing for a settlement of foreign affairs that should bring about the stabilization of the mark and restore foreign trade, must be the prosecution of productive and large-scale public works in the shape of railway extension and betterment, and of much-needed road and canal extension, as well as an intelligent building program which would at the same time relieve the scandalous house shortage.

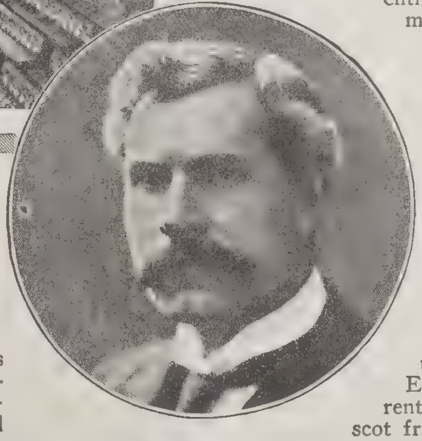
On the day before the opening of Parliament, a procession of the unemployed marched along the Thames embankment. There were nearly 40,000 men in line, about one-half of them crusaders from the provinces and the other half London men. Although they tried to make a brave show with their big red banners, their belligerent placards and drum and fife noises, the spectacle on the whole was sad and depressing. Those from outside had walked to the capital from all parts of the country to present to the government (like Coxey's army in 1894) a "petition in boots." Several of the detachments, like those from Dundee and Aberdeen, had come 400 miles afoot and been two or three months on the way. Not a few had been out of work for from 18 months to three years. They seemed half-starved, haggard, miserable and worn, in spite of the fact that many were ex-service men who with pitiable pride strove in their rags to preserve a tidy appearance. With all this, they were obviously of the peaceable, self-respecting British type, knowing their rights and determined to obtain them. Only a violent stretch of imagination could see in them "dangerous revolutionaries" and bomb throwers.

London is now laughing at the sensationalism of the *Pall Mall Gazette* and other London dailies which filled their front pages with stories under glaring headlines of "revelations" of a terrible plot. These miserable marchers were pictured as a lot of trained incendiaries, wild and desperate "reds" led by agents of Lenin and Trotzky and taking daily orders from Moscow. It was suggested that the plot was to raid and burn the houses of the nobility and aristocracy in the West End, blow up Buckingham Palace with the king and queen in it, then the government buildings in Whitehall and the Houses of Parliament. More or less color was given to the scare by the erection of barricades across St. James Park, Whitehall and Downing street and the doubling of military and police guards everywhere.

The night before the opening of Parliament, there was a crowded meeting of the Independent Labor party at Kingsway Hall. It was called to celebrate the victory of the newly elected members. But it turned out to be much more than that. It would be difficult to recall a political meeting anywhere in which the atmosphere was so deeply and humanly enthusiastic and at the same time pitched to an idealistic key bordering on the truly religious. Ramsay MacDonald was to have been the chief speaker, but was detained by a bad throat, and the chairman read a letter from him in which he declared that Labor should oppose the government "not as a small-minded faction, but as a body of men in possession of principles and policies which we believe will serve the interests of the nation as a whole much better than those professed by the gentlemen on the benches opposite to us."

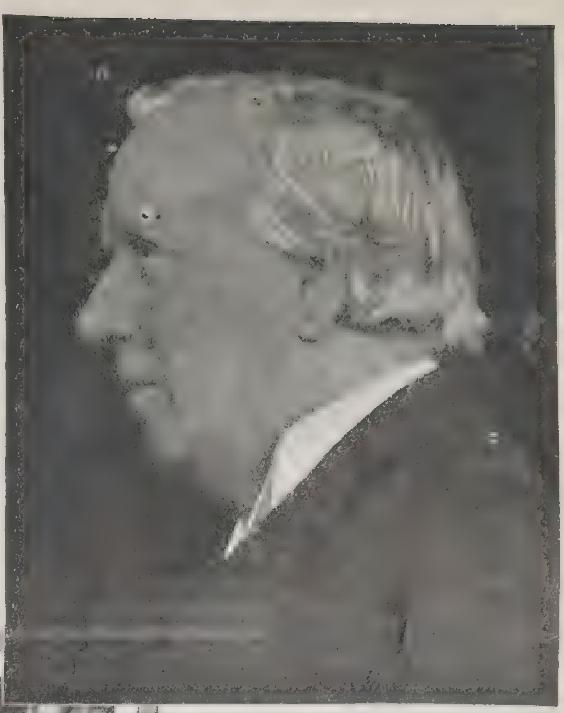
J. R. Clynes so sounded the keynote of closed ranks and a solidarity in the Socialist movement based on devotion to the common ideal that placed their cause far above all divisive personal or factional jealousies.

Continuing, he scored a decided hit when he spoke of the "last despairing effort" of Mr. Lloyd George in the campaign being an appeal to Labor to get rid of the intellectuals. "Evidently," remarked Mr. Clynes, "the ex-premier had been able to get along without intellect; but the Labor party found brains too useful in its business to think of dispensing with that element, and Labor can boast of attracting to its banner some of the finest men of the most varied experience in the country in forms of service."



Clynes and MacDonald photographs (C) C. Vandyk Ltd.

Above, at left—J. R. CLYNES, deputy leader of Labor party. Center—House of Lords. Below—RAMSAY MAC DONALD, leader of Labor party and possible next Prime Minister of England.



HERBERT H. ASQUITH.
Ex-premier and leader of Independent Liberal party.

The men on the platform and their speeches pushed home the conviction that the Labor leaders in the new Parliament are men of outstanding intellectual ability and high moral character; men who as parliamentary debaters and as serious students of economics, combined with the "varied practical experience" of which Clynes spoke, fit them for capable and valuable spade work in committee. Assuredly, Bonar Law, Lloyd George, Asquith, Chamberlain and the rest will find these Labor leaders foemen worthy of their steel.

There is probably no man alive who is a greater master of modern economic science based not on the historic theory alone but also on knowledge of the carefully verified facts of modern trade and industry than Sydney Webb. Then there is E. D. Morel, who defeated Winston Churchill in what he had regarded as his dead-sure district in Dundee. Morel is probably the best informed man in England on European affairs and colonial administration. Another Dundee district elected on the Labor ticket, J. E. Scrymegeour, the unique representative of prohibition in the House of Commons and who came to Westminster with a prohibition bill in his pocket. Another man to watch forge ahead is Major C. Atlee. In committee and on the floor of the House, he will prove himself a master of really sound finance in his advocacy of the tax on war profits, an amendment to the budget as an amendment to the budget which the Conservatives will bring in. R. L. Outhwaite is demanding the abolition of all taxation and the opening up of opportunity by the transfer of the entire unearned increment of land values from the pockets of parasites on the body politic to the public treasury for public use and benefit. How strange it is to find that in the present stress of public finances and the desperate hunt for things to tax and heap up taxes on in England (ground rents in Britain go scot free)! In all these lines, C. P. Trevelyan, one of Labor's most valuable recruits from the Liberal ranks, will prove a skilled and effective fighter. Clynes himself displayed an administrative ability which commanded the admiration of men of all parties during his service throughout the war, first as deputy to Lord Rhondda and later as his successor at the head of the ministry of food. And no man is more capable of rendering yeoman service in forcing the present government into some intelligent regard for the conditions of the common people and in training the Opposition party into fitness for taking over the government when the time comes. Throughout the meeting, there was evident a determination that the party should stand four-square in its adhesion to the traditional English regard for the spirit and the letter of the law.

Watered Housing: How Home Buyer Is Cheated

Concluded from page 2

scarcely a one of them ever erecting or selling a house or other building—none, so far as the past indicates, taking any serious risks of losing any money thus advanced—and you get some idea of the terrific levy the "financing" they engage in has made on housing under the singular conditions existing during the last few years. While it isn't the sole one, most students of the subject say that it is the chief precipitant of the vast volume of "water" which has been poured into the sales and renting values of city residential property in most cities of the United States during the last five years.

"I feel almost ashamed now when I sell a house on a purchase money note basis," declared one of the biggest builders in the country to the writer. "For with every two items of house I am delivering about one item of 'water,' that is, the prices are one-fourth to one-third higher than are justified by actual construction costs, or rather what they should be, on the basis of real values as compared with those of 10 years ago. This 'water' has been injected into every branch of the operation, from the sources of the materials to the delivery of the house to the purchaser. Everyone touching the operation is to blame for some of it, but the power of money, as wielded by persons who never saw an item of the material used nor took the slightest risk in the construction venture, is responsible for more of it than any other single factor. And it has been utterly unnecessary. For the first time in history, we have been through a long period when city homes that were promoted on anything like a sound basis would sell themselves. When promoted on a sound basis there is no reason why they should not have financed themselves, in spite of the uncertainty as to high prices for materials and labor continuing indefinitely. With every capable builder, profits on all undertakings have been absolutely certain. So there is every reason why prices for houses should have been above the pre-war level only to the extent of actual increases in the costs of materials and labor. Even then the promoters would have made more on each transaction than they used to, for the reason that they could have eliminated selling costs, which amount to about 10 per cent of sales prices. But inflation has set the keynote for operations. The ultimate cost of it may be terrific. It will fall most heavily on those persons who have mortgaged their incomes for years ahead to get what they think are permanent homes. What in too many cases I am afraid they actually have procured is a burden of debt and interest they can never get from under except at the risk of losing all the real money they are putting, for the time being, into 'water' values. For the 'water' in the average house now sold for from $10,000 to $14,000 will absorb the customary cash payment down, 10 per cent, as well as that portion of monthly payments which goes to principal for the first two to four years of 'ownership.' The only chance such buyers have is for inflation to continue indefinitely—but a glance into economic history will show that there is very little hope or danger of this occurring. "All of us are hastening the inevitable slump."

OF ILLINOIS URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A Hindu of high caste is not a "free white person" within the meaning of the naturalization law, and, therefore, is not entitled to citizenship, according to a ruling of the Supreme Court. The court ruled that the words "white person" must be given the meaning they have in common usage. Even though the Hindu in question was a descendant of the Aryans of India it availed him nothing as the new construction narrows the Caucasian race to those who are today commonly known by that designation.

A bill passed in Indiana provides for imprisonment from one to two years upon conviction of illegally transporting liquor in any automobile, aircraft, buggy or wagon. This will discourage driving by drunken motorists.

Violation of the Eighteenth Amendment cost a native of Finland the right to American citizenship in Federal District Court in Spokane, Washington. When he admitted he made whisky at one time the judge replied, "Application denied, I will admit no one to citizenship in this court who, by his own statements, has thus knowingly violated the Constitution which he must swear to uphold."

The public schools of Wyoming will honor the memory of W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) each year on February 26, his birthday anniversary.

The experiment of motion pictures on railroad trains to relieve the tedium of travel was tried out by a railroad running into Chicago. The screen was hung from one end of a day coach high enough to permit passengers to walk through the train.

The lighthouse keeper on Triple Island, British Columbia, died January 31 and for 20 days his wife and two daughters manned the lights, and the warnings of blizzard and fog were sounded with the regularity of a fully manned lighthouse. Triple Island light is one of the most important navigation marks on the Pacific Coast.

There are 14,000,000 foreign-born now living in the United States, half of whom are not citizens.

Governor Smith, of New York State, proposes that the state exempt the small-salaried man from the state income so that he may not be deprived of a full opportunity to use all his earnings for the education and promotion of health and safety of his family. Governor Smith classifies a "small-salaried man" as one who receives less than $5,000 a year.

When a whale is captured an instrument like a gigantic hypodermic syringe is inserted into the dead body and air is pumped in until the whale floats. Then, if other whales are about, a flag is stuck in the blubber and the quarry cast adrift; a fresh line is coiled and the chase begins afresh. The harpoon is shot from a gun.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Pigeons are being used in the national forests in fire control work. The birds are taken to the scene of a fire by the ranger and are then used to carry a report to headquarters which gives the actual location of and condition at the fire. In a test in the Idaho National Forest, carrier pigeons were flown from 17 different lightning fires and in every case each bird made a successful return with the message it carried.

Navigation from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay may be made a commercial success. Officials of the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg propose to charter a Canadian Pacific steamer for a trial trip this summer.

George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States, believes that women who cling to their maiden names after marriage are misguided. He says, "I am firmly convinced that nothing more mistaken was ever advocated. Fortunately I was born in a generation whose women thought it a glory to take their husband's name when they were married."

The author of the song, "The Sidewalks of New York," 70 years old and blind, is going back on the stage to sing the song he wrote 25 years ago. The song has become very popular once more in New York City and there is a demand for the author's reappearance.

Trial of several Eskimos under white man's law on a charge of murder will take place at Herschel Island in the Arctic Ocean near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. A captain and a corporal of the Mounted Police will make the final dash up the Porcupine and Crow rivers, across the arctic divide, then through the timber limits to Tundra, and finally to Herschel. A bill passed in the Federal House at Ottawa provides for the trial at Herschel instead of taking the prisoners out to civilization. In all probability it will take the form of a drum-head court-martial, with the redcoats as the court of last appeal.

The silk spinning industry of Kashmir is a government monopoly and defrays a large portion of the expense of maintaining the government. Kashmir is a part of Northern India.

An entire village in Quebec province will be either demolished or removed to another location for the great reservoir resulting from the construction of a dam on the Chicoutimi and Sable rivers at Kenogami. The village consists of a pretty parish church, school, public and private buildings, stores and residences.

Thousands of children down to the age of eight or nine are employed in the cotton mills of Shanghai, China. Little girls stand between double rows of whizzing, unguarded machinery, steadily but wearily feeding the machines.

Poor spelling, even among the well-educated, is due largely to poor eyesight in the early life of the individual. To spell correctly is truthfully to recall sizes and shapes which were photographed upon the brain through the eyes. If the eyes have not photographed a perfect likeness of the word or words, your knowledge is incorrect and the word is often misspelled.

New York State led in the total production of apples last year. Washington was first in commercial output. Each of these states produces more apples than any other two combined.

The Temple of the Moon, the home of the patriarch Abraham, recently uncovered in the Chaldees, may be between 6,000 and 7,000 years old. It is probably the oldest known edifice. The British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania have charge of the research work in this section.

Alice Robertson, retiring Congresswoman, closed her congressional career by saying: "I want to go home as soon as possible. I am going back to my old arm chair, in the garden where the flowers will be blooming, to listen to the mockingbirds and at dusk, out over the wide prairie, to watch the twinkling lights in the southwestern oil fields—just to rest and think, for the twilight of life is a time for reverie and remembrance. No, public life is not the highest career of a woman. Her happiest place is in the home."

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Seven Billion Dollars—U. S. Interest Cost

Tong Wars Scorn American Laws

Job Holders Suffer—So Nothing's Done

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Job Holders Will Suffer—So Nothing's Done!

Establishing Anything in Government Simply Means It Remains

By AARON HARDY ULM

AT THE Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington, paper money and postage stamps still are printed on the kind of presses that were used 50 years ago and even longer. They are "hand" presses. Each will hold only one small plate of the size of a full sheet of postage stamps. Each requires the attendance of two persons whose output is insignificant compared to that of two workers who have the aid of a modern power press.

The only improvement made in the process of printing money occurred a few years ago when the plate presses were motorized. Prior to that time the muscles of the pressman supplied the energy that moved the mechanism of the machinery. Even that change had to overcome much opposition and would not have been permitted but for the fact that a growing number of pressmen were losing their health because of the strain due to turning the big machinery by hand.

For 25 years or more efforts have been made to put in modern machinery to take the place of the "hand" presses. Every such effort has been met by a positive requirement of law that no other kind be used for the purpose in question.

Congress repeatedly has refused to repeal the law.

Why? There is no question about it. The answer is jobs. Modern machinery would reduce, at least temporarily, the number of plate pressmen needed for doing the work turned out from the antiquated "hand" presses.

It has been proved that power presses can be used. During the war emergency they were used for printing the "backs" of bills. Expert mechanics in the bureau have designed a cylinder press which will and has produced postage stamps at a cost much below that for those turned out in the old way. With it two men can do the work of two or three dozen at the "hand" presses. Besides, it merges three operations into one. It not only prints the stamps but also gums and perforates them, which, when the printing is done on the "hand" presses, requires the passing of the stamps through two other machines.

This illustration is set forth out of no desire to criticize the governmental establishment in question. It is selected, rather, for the reason that for true efficiency and economical management the establishment ranks perhaps first among all that are operated by the National Government. In many respects it is a model that might be studied profitably by private manufacturers.

The illustration merely shows the sheer power of the job, any job, in its insistence on continuance, uninterrupted and undisturbed, when once created and established by government, and especially the National Government.

It is a characteristic of popular government—this augmentation of the public employe. It is pointed out by nearly all students of democracy, most positively by its friends, that one of the greatest dangers to popular government is the multiplication of public officials and employes to an extent beyond the power of the community to support them. Our history, and most especially that of recent years, shows that we are not avoiding this danger which had much to do with wrecking great republics in the past—and right now is making tragic farces of several set up as the result of the war.

What It Means Today

THE growth in the number of public job holders in the United States has been four or five times as fast as growth in population, which growth, of course, has been phenomenal. Today more than a half-million persons, outside of the Army and Navy, are on the pay rolls of the Federal Government. The civil employes of the government in Washington alone are now about 30 per cent more numerous than prior to our entrance into the World War. But for the partial decentralization of the government's Washington activities the increase there would be larger. This decentralization, made necessary largely by the unwieldly mass of employes, tends toward another trend that is characteristic of big republics—the setting up of additional national capitals or sub-capitals. With our Federal Reserve cities for national finance, our regional cities for the organized army forces, our district organizations for the work of the Veterans' Bureau and the Internal Revenue Bureau—all following largely the same geographical outlines—we are beginning perceptibly to divide the country into provinces very much like those which made up the Roman Empire. But that is another story.

The persons directly on the pay rolls by no means include all whose wages or salaries do not come, wholly or in part, out of the Treasury of the United States. There are many thousands, like those in so-called agricultural extension work, who, while nominally on the pay rolls of states or counties, are paid in part by the National Government. There are other thousands employed by persons or concerns doing work by contract for the government. Including those in the Army and Navy and those indirectly paid out of the Federal Treasury, it is probable that, in strict truth, not fewer than a million persons are on the employment pay rolls of or made possible by the Federal Government. This doesn't include several hundred thousand outright pensioners, or what is tantamount to the support—at a cost of $2,000 a year each—of a half-million persons or families by interest paid on the national debt.

Let us pass by all of the others and consider here only those who are paid ostensibly for their time, that is for work done—or not done—day by day.

They would populate a city of the present size of San Francisco, Buffalo or Pittsburgh. With their families—that is those whom they take care of on their wages or salaries—the number would be nearly as great as the population of Chicago, the second largest city in the country. It would be larger than the population of any one of 30 of the states and greater than the combined populations of the seven states having the smallest number of inhabitants.

Is the Federal Government rendering services which justify the employment—if we consider the directly employed alone—or the support via employment—if we consider their dependents as well—of such a vast number of persons? There is at least considerable room for doubt.

The late Senator Nelson A. Aldrich, whatever his political and personal predilections, was one of the best informed men on the operations of the government that have ever lived. When the government was costing only about one billion a year, or only one-fourth as much as at present, he declared that a capable business man could have done everything it did and save $300,000,000 of the expense.

The reason was the multiplication of jobs; frequently too many persons employed for the work done, too much work that involved the rendering of no worthwhile service; too many sinecures.

If what he said then was true, similar management could now save close to a billion dollars a year to the taxpayers.

The cost isn't the worst part of the building up of an excess number of public jobs.

They All Do Something

WHEN one makes careful examination of the facts one finds no great proportion of Federal Government positions that are pure sinecures. There are some, even many more than there should be. But there are comparatively mighty few persons on Uncle Sam's pay roll who do nothing in return for the money they get. Considered merely by volume, the vast majority of government workers do about as much as like workers do in private business or industry. That is, for illustration, the average government stenographer writes about as many letters and probably writes them somewhat better than the average stenographer in private employment. The average government executive sticks to his desk about as faithfully as the average executive in general industry.

The physical volume of work done sometimes by persons on jobs set up for scarcely any other reason but to attach those persons to the public pay roll is astounding. There lies before the writer as this is written a report made by a commission which was created, or manned, several years ago for the benefit of several popular "lame duck" Congressmen. It shows that a tremendous amount of work was done by that commission.

The controlling fact in the matter, however, is that similar work had been done already by others and probably better. This duplication by the "lame duck" commission merely confused the subject; in fact, so much that despite the great amount of money spent upon its treatment its condition now is about as confused as when the subject was first taken up.

Thus work that is done by public job holders often causes more harm than good. This is certainly true of the large extent in which the same work is duplicated by different agencies of the Federal Government. A recent inquiry into the gathering of statistical data by the government—on the whole a very excellent work—showed, for example, not fewer than 11 agencies collecting statistics on occupations, wages and hours of labor. Not fewer than 10 gather figures on commodity prices. Even admitting that all that statistical work is justified *per se* the distribution of it is necessarily so confused that the public cannot get full benefit from it.

But you would have great trouble in getting one agency to abandon or to surrender its statistical work to another. When those running a certain bureau—a statistical one by the way—voluntarily agreed to be absorbed by another a few years ago, the act was noted as almost unprecedented.

"Does your kind of job call for much work?" a newly established government official once was asked.

"No; not after you get it," he replied, with a blending of humor and fact.

It isn't easy to get a new job or establishment created in the government. Ordinarily, some "watch dog of the Treasury" is on the lookout and ready to protest and at least cause delay.

It isn't, primarily, the easiness with which new jobs or new governmental agencies may be set up that accounts for the exorbitant number in existence. It is the difficulty, almost the impossibility, of ever getting one abolished once it is set up.

This is shown by the numerical status of government jobs following all our wars. D. F. Houston, former Secretary of the Treasury, pointed out a year or two ago that history shows that every war we have engaged in was followed by at least the doubling of peace-time cost of the National Government. Much of that, of course, is due to interest on war debts and such expenses as pensions to those disabled in the war. But by no means all is accounted for by such items. A very large part of it is traceable to the difficulty in abolishing positions set up temporarily for the war emergency.

You may find examples of that throughout the Federal Government today. During the Civil War, for example, an office was set up for handling copies of war contracts. It still is in existence, or was a short time ago. Most of the establishments set up out of passing need during the World War still exist in at least rudimentary form. Large measures of the expansions made in old establishments for temporary war need still prevail.

One of the hardest after-the-war jobs that employing officers in the departments have had to perform is the getting rid of no longer needed "war workers." Once when one notified 300 clerks that their services were no longer necessary, he arranged for a record to be kept of all the protests and appeals on behalf of affected individuals that came in. In one day there were 170 from Representatives and Senators alone.

Many, of course, were made with Pickwickian reservation, just to please and to retain the friendship of the discharged employe and his or her relatives and friends back home. But in nearly every governmental establishment there are persons who have to be retained, regardless of what they do or the need for it, on account of "pull" they can command.

There is a certain government establishment that has good repute for efficiency. It has to do chiefly with keeping other establishments efficient. Hence it has many enemies. Frequently some of them threaten to have it abolished.

"Let us see you do it," reply those in charge. It isn't an egotistical or idle boast, or in any way based on the establishment's good repute for efficient work. It is solely on the knowledge that, once established, a resourceful occupant of a government job, or skillful operators of an establishment, can block, almost invincibly, any move to have the job or the establishment abolished. Usually they can block all but supreme efforts in the direction of greater efficiency or economy.

For a dozen years efforts have been under way to reorganize the governmental departments and to reclassify governmental positions. The piecemeal way the departments and bureaus have developed into their present huge sizes necessarily has caused them to be saturated with wasteful anomalies and confusions and cross-purposes, even on the basis that all their operations have sound merit. It is even worse as to the government employe. There is much disparity in the wages paid for the same or the same grade of work, all kinds of confusion as to titles borne by workers and also as to the definition of their duties; as well as to standards of capability.

Yet, beyond numerous reports and legislative bills, nothing has been done, and there is little prospect that anything soon will be done.

Job Holders Will Suffer

AND one, if not the chief, underlying reason why nothing has been done is that reorganization and reclassification mean that jobs here and there and job holders here and there will suffer by the change. Yet none of the reorganization schemes so far proposed provides for the abandonment of any work now carried on. None of the reclassification proposals fail to comprehend better pay and juster treatment all around for the great bulk of employes. But some existing agencies will be consolidated with others, resulting in the abolishment of some high-sounding titles without usually affecting pay or work. Forces in some instances will be reduced and in others increased and the salaries of the few who actually are overpaid will be cut. Thus in the aggregate a great many individuals will be affected adversely, though the great majority of those involved will be benefited. Those who will suffer are, as a rule, naturally against any change. And they have friends with great power.

They have great power because when it comes to undoing something one man in the House or Senate, and sometimes one man in the executive department, may force at least indefinite delay and often prevent action being taken at any time.

And he can rely for protection on the public's almost invariable indifference to what might be termed the repeal of laws. Laws once enacted rarely are repealed or modified; they only are added to or let alone. The demand always is for more law; rarely for less. This well serves the job holder who may have a selfish interest in preventing the repeal or modification of a law. That may be illustrated by an adverse example. There is on the Federal statute books a law that was passed just 50 years ago. It establishes and supports no jobs. No affirmative effort ever has been made to enforce it. So far as investigators can find no one has ever been prosecuted for its violation; yet it has been and is continuously and more or less openly violated.

But when persons favoring its repeal sought to get someone in the House or Senate to introduce a repealing bill they had to interview almost the entire membership of the two bodies before they found anyone who would do so. And scarcely a one interviewed failed to express an opinion favorable to its repeal.

There were other reasons for reluctance to lead the fight for repeal but a mighty one no doubt was the fact that repealing or modifying a law generally is a thankless task.

Several new types of specializing statesmen some day may come forth. One will be that of a man who as a member of the House or Senate will stand like a stone wall against the unanimous consent and legislative courtesy rules that have come to dominate national legislation. But that also is another story—and, I believe, a very interesting one; for it involves the possibility of a parliamentary revolution that would affect tremendously every phase of government as we have it. The other will be one who will stand for nothing but the repeal of laws and fight regularly and persistently for that. To make any great headway he will have to concentrate on that alone. But when the right man arrives there will be awaiting him a job which, if sanely performed, will comprise a contribution to statesmanship beyond that made as yet by any man of modern times.

Tong Wars on Increase Along West Coast

Revolvers of Organized Gunmen Settle Disputes—American Laws Scorned

It is a strange situation on our West coast that is taken up in this and a second article, dealing as they do with conditions apparently incapable of solution by the law authorities with which the warfare of Chinese tongs comes into contact.

By HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN

WHILE some condemn and others condone, all seem to agree, despite the earnest efforts to abolish tong warfare, that Chinese highbinder tong activities are steadily increasing. My best-known authority is Ng Poon Chew, historian, lecturer, and editor of the San Francisco daily, *Chung Sai Yat Po.* He estimates that at least *90 per cent of the Chinese in the United States pay indirectly, if not directly, to the tongs for personal and business protection.*

It is a strange condition, having no exact parallel, even in China, that exists in our western states. Tong wars cost thousands upon thousands of dollars annually in lost revenue from trade and constructive production and hundreds of Chinamen lie hidden from danger until new peace pacts replace those broken but a short time before. And what is all the more strange is that the organizations of Chinese that became engaged in deadly conflict operate under the misleading titles of benevolent and protective associations, and as such, are chartered as non-profit corporations under the laws of California.

The Chinese General Peace Association Building, San Francisco.

Tong warfare has its peaceful respites and truces, but usually of such short duration as to be of negligible importance. For no sooner is a "lasting and final peace" signed in one quarter, than trouble flares in another. A cheated gambler, or a stolen slave girl; there is a ripple of excitement among the Orientals, a paragraph or two in the American press and a new war is started, breaking out simultaneously in a half-dozen cities from Seattle to Los Angeles, and occasionally, as in the 1922 war of the Bing Kongs and the Hip Sings, extending east to Chicago.

Briefly, tong, the Chinese word for meeting-place, has come to mean club or society, of which there are various kinds; family, protective, and the so-called highbinder, all ostensibly "benevolent" or "protective" associations.

The Six Companies, or Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Society Building, San Francisco.

If you can imagine all persons named Johnson (whether or not they be blood relations) banded into one huge family association to guard the honor of their name, to assist their less fortunate, to protect each other from personal insult or enemy, even from the wrath of the law if need be, you will understand the "family" tongs of the Chinese; a loyalty strange and unknown to our western civilization. Such, for instance, are the Ng, the Wong, the Yee, and the Chan Family Benevolent Associations, and they are essentially peaceful.

To explain the protective tong, you must first understand the highbinder tong. All authorities declare them strictly a product of Chinese-American civilization. No community where there are large numbers of Chinese, save in the United States (not even in China), are they tolerated. Whatever high ideals they may have had, most of these societies have degenerated into little more than blackmailing protectors of gamblers, and drug and slave dealers, and terrorize the community. They are controlled largely by a handful of professional agitators of criminal propensities. Their membership is conservatively estimated to comprise 90 per cent of the Chinese male population of our country.

Most of these members have been literally scared into joining. They deeply deplore the necessity, hate the social evil, and the economic waste resulting from tong practices, as well as the stigma cast on their national good character. For there is no more honorable or peaceably disposed man on earth than a reputable Chinese merchant. But men are forced to join and pay tribute for tong protection against tong depredation.

A dapper Chinese youth entered the San Francisco Chinatown store of a dealer in oriental curios. He inspected a rare old jade ornament and suddenly bolted out of the door with it. The dealer notified the police at once, giving a very accurate description of the thief who was apprehended. Then in court the dealer declared he had never seen the thief before, that it was all a mistake. You see, the thief was a highbinder, and the dealer had not belonged to a tong at the time of the robbery. His loss had been a lesson. Since the arrest he had "joined up"; otherwise, he would have been continually plundered without redress. Had he belonged to a tong in the first place, his tong would have recovered his property or received adequate payment. If a merchant fails to join a tong, he is preyed upon.

If he joins a tong, he must not betray any member or secret of that tong. If he has a grievance against any member of his own or any other tong, he must take that grievance to his own tong to have it remedied. *Should he fail to do so, and seek justice in the American court, he is surely and quickly murdered.*

So he joins a tong and trusts to luck for peace, of which he has little at best.

No organization known will do so much in the exaction of justice for its members — according to its own code—as a Chinese tong. No organization will be so sure and vindictive in exacting punishment. The story of Lee Foo illustrates these characteristics.

Lee Foo, a member of the Bing Kong tong, was arrested, convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of another Chinese in Sacramento. Now when a member is in trouble, his tong never forgets him. Expense is no consideration. Each tong retains an able American criminal attorney. So Lee Foo's death sentence was commuted. He was subsequently pardoned and returned to San Francisco. About the same time his cousin, Lee Lin, also came to San Francisco to collect a debt, a difficult one to collect, apparently, and one day Lee Lin was found murdered. Lee Foo was deeply grieved and gave the American police the name of the man who, he believed, had committed the crime. A brother Bing Kong!

When summoned before the council of the Bing Kongs, Lee Foo was doubtless asked, "Do you mean that you place your family before your tong?" At any rate, two weeks later as he went to attend a tong banquet, he fell and eight bullets were found in his lifeless body. No one was ever convicted of either crime, for what Chinese can be found who will commit suicide by testifying against another Chinese, even an enemy? They are of necessity deaf, dumb and blind if they chance to witness a crime and fall into American police hands.

Court gossip has it that the Bing Kongs had spent more than $27,000 in Lee Foo's defense and liberation. Less than a year later he betrayed a fellow member. His own death followed swiftly. Loyalty to one's tong must come before life itself. Each man must stand back of every action of every other member. Such is tong justice.

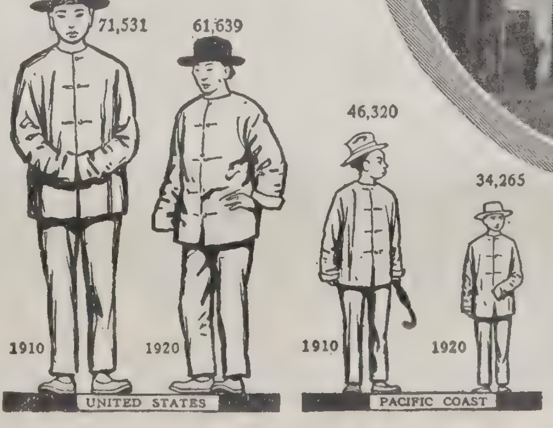
Hence it is that there are professional gunmen among the members of each highbinder tong. In the old days they used hatchets. These men kill other men's enemies for the rewards offered. Save during a war involving their own tong, they may serve any tong. Indeed, there is very active competition among them for every reward offered by the family and protective tongs which do not have regular gunmen on their membership rolls. And, although it is claimed that all these professional murderers are "native sons"—(the dreaded deportation cannot be the punishment of a native-born Chinese) they invariably know no English and claim the right of an interpreter if brought into our courts.

Although the United States immigration officials are

(Concluded on page 7)

Sergeant John J. Mannion, of the San Francisco Hip Police Department.

The Hip Sing Tong Building, 761 Clay Street, San Francisco.



Shrinkage of Chinese population in the United States. In addition, there were 23,507 in Hawaii in 1920, as compared with 21,674 in 1910; and 43,805 in the Philippines in 1918, as compared with 41,035 in 1903.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
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The Leaven Is Working

ONE hopeful sign in the present economic reformation is the number of religious publications that have indicated their disapproval of existing human relationships.

It requires heroism to take up this gauge of battle. Reformers in the secular world know this. Misrepresentation and ridicule, oppression and abuse, are the lot of men who do not bow to the self-appointed lords of earth. Mammon is a power in the Christian church. It decrees in too many instances who shall preach and what shall be preached. Care must be taken too frequently not to offend Brother Midas lest he withdraw his support!

In a private letter inquiring as to the details behind a certain statement on an economic issue, a writer on one of the most conservative organs of a leading church made this avowal: "I have been astonished at the reaction in certain quarters from even modest suggestions that the fault is not all on one side, and I am not sure I can retain permanently my place if I continue; but by God's help, I shall, so long as I do continue, give only the truth as I see it, and I will appreciate all the assistance you may be able to give, promising to consider it and to tell you if I feel you are mistaken."

The implied peril is a real one. There is no extreme to which certain elements will not go to force their own views into press and pulpit and to suppress opposition. But the spirit is working, and a brighter day is before the world.

A Great Day When Bankers Begin!

"For the technical improvement of our most important tool, 'money.'"

THIS sentence taken from a letter explains so accurately the purpose of the articles on Finance which appear in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, that it is very regrettable our friends in the actual manipulation of the financial system do not see it. The practical financiers of the country are badly in need of an advisor with vision. The question is one that needs no display of temper but of intellect. At the present time the principal contribution from the professional financial world is temper. It would appear that adaptable publicity men have persuaded bankers to take the high superior way with people who are asking about this or that flaw in our system. The men who should be working with us "for the technical improvement of our most important tool, 'money'" are fostering a feeling that it is unpatriotic and subversive of American institutions to inquire why "our most important tool" remains untouched by the improving spirit of the age. There are communities in this country, documentary evidence of which is on file in this office, where blinded professional financiers have made it a privately punishable thing to read or discuss any phase of the money question.

This is to be regretted because nothing is more likely to throw public interest into the wrong channel, or more likely to foster a destructive rather than a constructive spirit, than this deliberately undertaken effort to suppress the facts or browbeat the public. The reason for this most unwise attitude is that few bankers are financiers. They don't know the Money Question; they could not tell you, to save their lives, the basic principles of wealth and exchange; they are innocent as children of the structure of our monetary system. That is, they are mere merchants dealing in money, as the grocer deals in eggs or the draper in cloth; an appallingly large number of men in banking just know the game of dealing in their commodity at hand. And, of course, when the Money Question arises, they take their views from those supposed to know.

Now, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT knows that the real bankers of the United States—some of them are the biggest, some of them are small—are just as well aware as we of the faults and fallacies of the present system, just as well aware also of the chaos which has overtaken the whole matter. And they want to improve our most important tool, money; they want to make it the ready and sufficient servant that it is supposed to be; they want to make banking the handmaid of industry rather than its mistress. These are real bankers. And these men are desirous that all of us together shall study the question so that the people shall have a better understanding of it not only, but so that possible improvements shall be made with the intelligent support of the people instead of merely with their emotional approval. It is a serious reflection on those who have had control of the financial system that they have left the people in such gross ignorance of it until now. It will be, however, a more serious reflection on their intelligence and honor if they permit a misleading propaganda to be loosed, the inevitable end of which must be to show the people that a system which relies upon deception must itself be a deceit.

If THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT were crying from the depths of financial defeat, as many have done, fighting in a spirit of revenge against a system that had brought ruin, then it might well be regarded as working from a motive which warped the mind. But the work here undertaken proceeds from quite another basis: it is not defeat that protests here, it is success that protests here—the protest being that *the system is not fair* and that it does not insure (industry, intelligence, integrity being equal) a fighting chance to every man. *The protest is that it is a discriminatory system and that it is designedly discriminatory.* And the contention is that the rectifying of it will be a boon to all—financial men among the rest. When will that idea ever come to maturity in the minds of our better-provided-for classes, namely, that no righteous modification can occur which will not be for the benefit of all the people, rich and poor, and the beautifying and strengthening of the best things in our civilization.

This paper will never be found denouncing bankers nor brokers nor money-lenders as such, save where the essential cruelty of some parts of their business has passed over to inoculate themselves; the language of "the class war" is not ours. We are discussing the system only, our interest is scientific and humanistic. And we only regret that the tactics of "the class war" are now in use by those blinded professional financiers who have never yet taken the time to ask and to learn what the stir is all about.

It will be a great day for the United States when bankers begin the study of the Money and Interest questions.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1923, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; C. J. Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. B. Ford, Detroit, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1923.

[SEAL]

J. EMMET HALL,
(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

When Figures Live

UP IN the Northwest where the railroad rates seem to bear hardest—because on farm products the receiver so seldom pays the freight as he does on almost everything else—it is a familiar story that a farmer may often find after shipping and selling his stuff that he is still out of pocket for the freight.

Most of those stories, however, are merely something we read.

There came into the office last week a lumberman from Oregon who showed by his papers that it cost him $409 to ship $425 worth of lumber from Oregon to Utah. That is to say $409 worth of lumber became worth $834 after traveling about 1,000 miles and when sold would have to pay, of course, a profit on the whole $834.

Other papers showed that an $800 car of lumber shipped to Philadelphia ate up $816 in freight, compelling the Philadelphia home builder to pay profit on at least $1,616 for $800 worth of lumber.

A Stanton, Michigan, farmer sold his potatoes for 25 cents a bushel. It occurred to him to do a little practical work in political economy, so he wrote a little note and deftly inserted it with a plug into a potato. The note read: "I get 25 cents a bushel for these potatoes. How much did you give?" A woman in Pennsylvania found the note while peeling potatoes for dinner. She had paid 30 cents a peck. That is, 25 cents worth of potatoes became worth $1.20 while going a day's journey by railroad.

These are facts which may take on many different colors under the treatment of the experts. But no amount of expertness can expunge the facts of the farmer underpaid and the workingman's family overcharged. When it is worth 95 cents to convey 25 cents worth of potatoes from a farmer to a workingman, you have only to picture a sufficient increase in the middleman to see what it will all come to. Extend farming and industry universally and you have wealth. Extend this kind of middleman universally and you have nothing.

A Saint in a Sack Coat

THE *Michigan Churchman* in a notable number commemorating the sainted Bishop Charles David Williams, of the Episcopal diocese of Michigan, quotes a few of his sayings which deserve the widest currency. Before reprinting them we should explain the use of the term "sainted" in the previous sentence. Bishop Williams would have lacked words to express his repulsion of such a word as applied to himself. But our conception of saintliness changes, takes on different aspects, as do our conceptions of other forms of service. This man was a saint. But no man knows himself to be a saint, and only the collective judgment of a competent group can proclaim it. In Protestantism there is only public opinion to acclaim great spiritual leaders; in Catholicism there is a court of inquiry and record. The advantage of the Catholic system is that it rescues from obscurity many lives that were not sensational enough to attract public attention.

Charles David Williams was a saint, but not a cloistered one. He was not only concerned with the welfare of the soul of the individual, though far back in his religious philosophy lay the truth that the ultimate is the individual, though the objective may be the race. He was a priest of the individual's life but he was also a prophet of the human. If the individual cannot be restored to unselfish ideals and actions, there is no hope whatever of humanity. Bishop Williams' personal religion was that individuals could come into personal contact with a restorative, reconstructive power which some name "the universe" and others named God—he named it God—but he insisted that when this individual experience was realized, it would exemplify itself in service to the man who could not understand religion or anything else but only the fact that his utmost effort and sincerity still left the earth a most distressful planet.

The selection from Bishop Williams' sayings, just now alluded to, follows:

"Take all you can out of yourself, but never *for* yourself."

"Have, not merely to hold, but to share."

"Do, that you may help."

"Be, that you may bless by your being."

Bishop Williams was a saint in a sack coat, and he would have been more popular in the Cathedral had he been less loyal to the Master whom his soul dearly loved.

Mr. Ford's Page

CHARITY in its real essence will always exist; it means human sympathy and helpfulness. But charity as we have been taught to conceive it, the salving of wrong conditions by wholly insufficient and temporary alms, will not exist much longer among intelligent people. When the challenge to charity was issued in these columns two or three years ago, some were doubtful how to receive it; but now those ideas have become quite commonplace. It is little less than amazing to observe the change which has come upon the community with regard to this subject.

The first reaction, of course, was that the opposition to "charity" was due to a form of stinginess. A man possessed of money, and daily importuned for gifts, invented a philosophy behind which to defend himself—that, naturally, was the first explanation. It so happens that a man thus importuned has an opportunity to observe the whole workings of the charitable system in such a way as to be able to understand what would happen if every deserving person and cause were served in the way it demands to be served. For one thing, presently there would be no one left to ask for gifts and the root cause of the need of charity would not be removed. The number of "charitable objects" living by this form of beggary would bankrupt the givers. This is a fact which will probably be meaningless to many, but there are minds which should be able to see its significance. The ultimate resolution is this: our system is so faulty that it would consume in alms what it makes in illegitimate profits. There is no genuine gain in a wrong system.

> *WHY is it that heads of business and moneyed men are considered the logical dispensers of charity? Is it because they are judged as having taken more out of the community than strict justice would permit, and "charity" becomes a means of salving the public and their own conscience? Is it wholesome when churches and colleges and other public institutions depend on the doles of the rich and not upon the general abundance of the people? Is there anything more degrading to a business concern than to underpay its men and then supply even churches and pay ministers and give them to the men as gifts?—and is there anything more degrading to the men themselves? Charity in this sense is a most despicable thing, staining him who gives and him who takes.*

And because this criticism of our wrong system began to appear, there came into existence a painless form of charity. Charity was organized, standardized, made easy. Clever people, with an eye to their own advantage, began to say, "Here, ladies and gentlemen, you are harried and harassed all through the year by this form of need and that; you are lacerated in your sympathies by being called upon to consider this kind of distress and the other. You write check after check and you consume much time looking into matters pertaining to other people's troubles. Now here is a brand new scheme—you write one check a year and leave it to us to distribute it; we are standardizing and card-indexing charity."

Not only was it proposed but it was adopted. It was a perfect system of dehumanizing charity, and despicable as charity always is—degrading to the man who is compelled to receive and the man who is compelled to give—this standardized form made it much more despicable. People are coming round to this fact at last. The collapse of the whole institutionalized propaganda is one of the hopeful signs of these times.

Of the alms of sympathy and helpfulness there will never be an end; even were the need of material aid to pass away, the need of friendliness will not. Spiritual almsgiving will remain. But if we look at the genesis and development of what we know as "charity" we can see that it began in injustice. Charity was first practiced by those who were conscious that they had withheld another's due, and to soothe the sense of wrong they added a dole. Material charity has an evil history. With fair dealing the largest part of the need for material aid would pass. The only real charity, the only true kindness, is to leave a man free to reach a position where he need not bow to any man in those things wherein he has an inherent human right. The airs which a man takes to himself in helping a needy fellowman who should never have been in need—those airs, that secret feeling of superiority, is just as damaging to him as the other's humiliation is to him. The whole system grows out of wrong conditions.

And then there is the thought which has practically become a philosophy, a creed, a principle, that a man who has been successful in business is in duty bound to support churches, colleges and various other public works. It sometimes seems that churches have left their main concern with religion and life, and colleges have left their main concern with education, and hospitals have left their main concern with health, to become moneymongers. The heads of the church are no longer theologians, the heads of the colleges are no longer scholars, the heads of the hospital organizations are not always men deeply steeped in the lore of healing—they are mostly collectors. They are chosen because of their qualities for collecting money. And the business man is considered their legitimate prey.

That condition grows out of this: Business used to be a method of amassing a private fortune. The man took the money out of the community, and these collectors worked upon the theory that it was only right that he should put some of his gains back—by gift to certain institutions. They even offered an added bait of personal honor in doing what they told him he was morally bound to do. And as long as it was true that the business man was a sort of buccaneer, constantly taking, taking, taking from the community, it was only right that a gentle and complimentary pressure should be exerted to have him put something back.

Suppose, however (and it is not supposition, it is actual reality) a man regards his business as his service to humanity just as much as a college or a hospital is. That changes the situation, doesn't it? You would not demand of one college that it make a gift to another. You would not think it wise to expect one hospital to contribute money to another. It is a mighty significant fact that all of these institutions have managed to suppress the idea of independence and self-sustenance and also the idea of putting themselves in a position to do for others the very thing they are constantly demanding should be done for themselves.

If business is taking more than it should from the community, then it is true that it may buy some of the respect to which it is not entitled by giving money sops. But if business is engaged in doing the best for the community, then it is entitled to say to the community, If you want these institutions, pay for them! Is anything quite so degrading and insulting as a concern which underpays its men, and then builds a church for them and pays their preacher? Is that charity? Is it humanity? Would it not be far more just, more human, more Christian to pay the men and let them build their own church? And then go on paying them so that they could build their own colleges for their sons?

The whole idea that these institutions must be supported by rich men grows out of a condition in which business has failed to put itself on the plane of a public service institution. Why should not a great business concern be itself so serviceable that it would win instant recognition of itself being one of the public institutions, comparable to the college or the hospital? If a business is so organized that it secures to a large section of the people their livelihood and gives serviceable outlet to their energies, is it not doing for those people the basic service on which other institutions are built? Should it be only the head of the business that gives to colleges and hospitals? Should not the workmen have such a just share in the profits of the business that they too can support colleges? It is a far more human and honest situation for workingmen to be building their own schools and bearing their part in the general development than it is for a few rich men to parade as benevolent overseers of the community welfare. That was the way colleges began—in the endeavors of the people. That was the way hospitals began. And certainly colleges were less the instruments of suppression and propaganda when they were the creations of the people, than they are now as creatures, in part at least, of the moneyed group.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Almanac—as Ancient as Civilization Itself

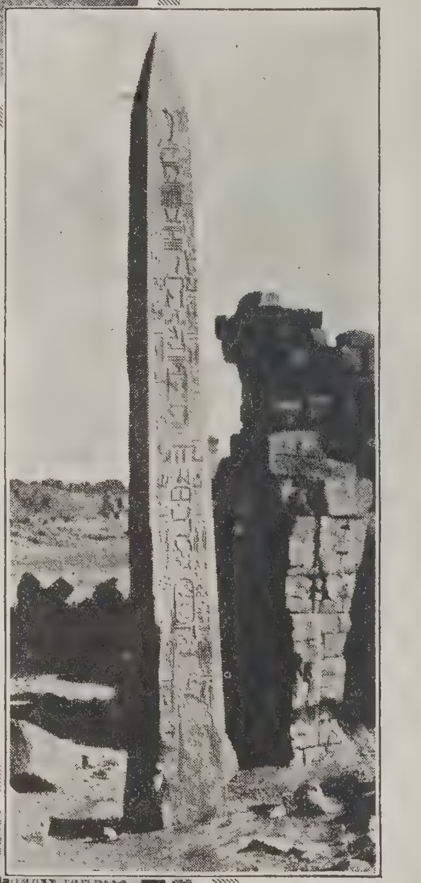
Ancient Egyptians the First Practical Makers; Millions of Copies Now Printed Every Year

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

The famous Aztec calendar stone now in the National Museum at Mexico City. It is said to give the key to the hieroglyphics by which the priests interpreted the secrets for predicting the seasons and various astronomical phenomena.

ONCE again the almanac is a center of interest. The little pamphlet which hangs in the kitchen, with its funny little "signs of the zodiac" and its "phases of the moon," its list of notables born or deceased on certain dates, its recipes and anecdotes, is one of our commonest possessions, yet its history is older than the pyramids. They are practically indispensable nowadays. The possessor is able to ascertain what the weather will be next July when planning for the summer vacation; what time it will be high or low tide when going to sea; what time of day in any given month to light his automobile lamps at sunset, and much other miscellaneous information, according to the almanac he possesses.

If he be a farmer, the almanac will tell him when and how to plant potatoes, peas and corn; how much top dressing required to an acre and how much nitrogen given types of fertilizer will yield to the ton; it will tell him how to care for poultry and his wife how to care for teething babies; provide his children with charades and riddles for a winter's entertainment; tell him what the postal regulations and rates are; give him a list of Congressmen from his state and the salaries of high government officials; the days of court sittings and all the legal holidays and anniversaries; in fact, provide him with a host of informative facts in compact form.



The Great Pyramid (Cheops), the Second Pyramid (Chephren) with the Sphinx and the unearthed Temple of the Sphinx. At right—An Egyptian obelisk. It is claimed that many of these obelisks were erected under the direction of the Egyptian priests to enable them to calculate astronomical problems, such as the length of the solar year, etc., and that many trials at different heights were required to get the exact data. Also that the astronomical secrets of the priests were inscribed on these obelisks.

There have been almanacs of sorts ever since man began to be civilized; the earliest ones were controlled by the priests, medicine men or astrologers and wise men of the ancient races. They alone knew the mystic secrets of the stars and planets, and kept these secrets themselves, making predictions as occasion demanded, or the financial consideration was forthcoming.

As the Chaldeans are said to have been the first astronomers, so the Egyptians are said to have been the first almanac makers. Or so, at least, is claimed by Moses B. Cotsworth, an Englishman, who has made many observations and investigations of monuments in Egypt, Arabia and Great Britain, which led him to conclude that the massive, towering monuments in these countries as well as Mexico, France and elsewhere, erected by ancient races, whether vertical stones, sun stones, monoliths or obelisks and pyramids, were used to solve the seasons and that the inscriptions sculptured upon them are in reality giant almanacs, of the only form that the ancients knew, and decipherable even at that time only by priests and trained astronomers.

He does not trace any direct connection between the Egyptian monuments and those in Mexico or other countries, but believes that the results were arrived at in each case in much the same manner, and for the same reasons—that the priests needed some means of locally predicting the weather and seasons, since the population was largely agrarian and their very lives depended upon full crops every year, to say nothing of the wealth that came to them from other countries which had to buy grain from them in return for other goods.

Mr. Cotsworth's observations convinced him, after a long series of investigations, that the Egyptian monuments were successively built for the purpose of finding out the length of the year, after the priests had by experience realized that their object could best be obtained by studying the sun's meridian shadows cast from the highest pointed structures they could best erect as pyramids. They apparently had difficulty in settling the true length of the year, which could only be differentiated by comparing the equinoxial noon shadows, cast from the great heights to which their pyramids were raised. The last pyramid, the Great Pyramid, the most perfect, is so constructed that it "consumes its own shadow" at midday of the Vernal Equinox, or March 25, when the oldest complete style of year began. Thus, according to Mr. Cotsworth, the length of the solar year was obtained. Through many generations, the Egyptian priests kept secret the development of zodiacs and almanacs, but finally they were sculptured on the tombs of the kings, and handed down for future generations of soothsayers.

Other nations took up the almanac, their priests and a few other learned men getting their information from the Egyptian priests and keeping it rigidly a secret among themselves.

But this was too much of a monopoly, and there was too good a thing in it for it to be passed up by others ambitious to break into the prognostication and prediction game and competition sprang up.

A section of the wall of the Temple of Hathor, Denderah, Egypt. It was on the obelisks, walls of the temples and the tombs of kings that the ancient Egyptian almanac calculators inscribed the secrets by means of which they would forecast weather, the seasons, etc.

However, it was not until after the invention of printing and movable type that the almanac business really flourished. Since then there have been thousands of almanac compilers, publishers and printers and billions of copies have been produced. Today it is hard to say just what is the total output annually. There are almanacs for the housewife, the farmer, the photographer, the astronomer; nautical almanacs for the navigator; statistical almanacs almost as thick as a volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica, packed with data and information of all kinds; sports almanacs; and comic almanacs galore.

The work of compilation is now done by experts who work out astronomical data of all kinds, calculating and re-calculating and checking up their work, obtaining the data from the great observatories of the world, the coast and geodetic survey bureaus, the weather bureaus and many other sources.

Those who use a chronology for the previous year have these pages made up from index files of memoranda that are compiled throughout the year and kept constantly up-to-date. There are professional almanac compilers and those who specialize in certain branches of the work. Almanac publishers keep large clerical staffs busy throughout the year, besides large printing establishments that are also busy with the composition, proofreading, electrotyping and in some cases engraving work required; finally working at top speed during the last half of the year with the presswork and binding of the enormous editions frequently put out.

Some carry advertising outside that of their own establishment and keep a staff of advertising solicitors out through the year securing advertisements for their almanacs. There is an enormous amount of correspondence and editorial work even to a comparatively small one, if it is intended to be accurate in all its information.

The Fasti of the Romans was much similar to the modern almanac. The origin of the word itself is shrouded in obscurity, but it was first used by Roger Bacon in 1267 for a table of notations of the motions of the heavenly bodies. Previous to his time the register was known as a "Computus," "Martyrologium," "Calendares" and "Fasti." It is believed that the word came from the Arabic, "al manakh." In the Arabian-Castilian vocabulary, a manakh is defined as a calendar and a manah as a sundial.

Early registers or almanacs were not annuals, but what are called today perpetual almanacs, one so arranged that it can be adjusted for any given year. Navigators were the first to use annual almanacs—those navigators who in early times did not venture far out into the open sea, but kept well in sight of the coast, with some island for a landmark. At night they utilized the positions of the stars, their rising and setting, tables of which could be found in the "ephemeris," or astronomical almanac, a book of tables giving the computed positions of various known heavenly bodies for each day in the year.

One of the earliest of these registers is the Papyrus Sallier, the original of which is in the British Museum. It was compiled by a contemporary of Rameses II, who is supposed to have reigned in the thirteenth century B. C. In it every day in the year is credited with its good and evil virtues, registering thus the lucky and unlucky days, as a guide to the mariner and traveler.

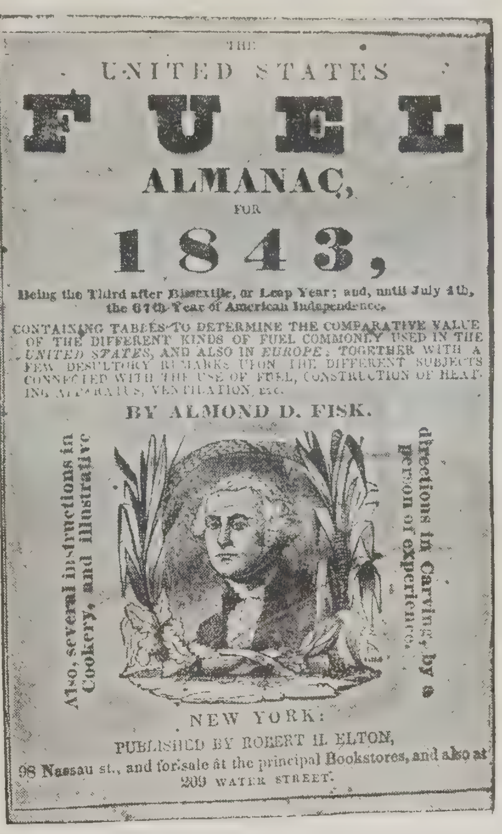
An almanac compiled by Pürbach (1450-1461) is the earliest printed almanac known, and the earliest English almanac-calendar in the British Museum was printed in 1431. Regiomontanus printed the first important one at Nuremberg in 1472. This was quarto size, containing 12 leaves and sold for ten crowns in gold. Compare that price with the many millions *given* away in modern years since!

Some fine specimens of the Roman Fasti on marble have been unearthed at various places, among the most remarkable being the Fasti of Verrius Flaccus, preceptor to the grandson of Augustus, which was unearthed in fragments.

In the museum at Naples can be seen an ancient Roman Farmer's Calendar or Rural Almanac, known as the Calendarium Rusticum Farnesianium. It is a marble cube, about 2½ feet high, inscribed on each of the four faces, three columns to a face, each column representing a month, with the appropriate sign of the zodiac at the top of the column. In each column is given for the month the number of days, position of the nones, length of day and night, name of the sign through which the sun passes, the god under whose protection the month is placed, various farming duties to be performed and a list of the festivals for the month. The modern Old Farmer's Almanacs are strikingly like this ancient Roman almanac.

A similar stone almanac is the famous Mexican Calendar Stone, a 12-foot square of basalt, three feet thick, on which are engraved in figures nine inches high hieroglyphic figures giving the ancient Aztec divisions of time. Around the central disk of this great stone are smaller disks carved in seven-inch relief, representing the day, the week, the month, the year and the cycle. This calendar stone is now built into the walls of the Great Cathedral and is of much interest to strangers.

From the time of Regiomontanus, ambitious printers in various countries got out almanacs of all kinds. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the right to print and publish almanacs and "prognostications," as they were generally called then, was granted to two members of the Company of Stationers, London, and extended by James I to include the two universities (Oxford and Cambridge) in the monopoly. This monopoly was challenged by Thomas Carman, a printer-bookseller who published an almanac for three years in succession, although three times imprisoned when prosecuted by the Stationers' Company for infringement of their monopoly. The case was finally decided in Carman's favor, in 1755 and the monopoly was broken.



THE
UNITED STATES
FUEL
ALMANAC,
FOR
1843,
Being the Third after Bissextile, or Leap Year; and, until July 4th, the 67th Year of American Independence.

CONTAINING TABLES TO DETERMINE THE COMPARATIVE VALUE OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF FUEL COMMONLY USED IN THE *UNITED STATES*, AND ALSO IN *EUROPE*; TOGETHER WITH A FEW DESULTORY REMARKS UPON THE DIFFERENT SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE USE OF FUEL, CONSTRUCTION OF HEATING APPARATUS, VENTILATION, etc.

BY ALMOND D. FISK.

Also, several instructions in Cookery, and illustrative directions in Carving, by a person of experience.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY ROBERT H. ELTON,
98 Nassau st., and for sale at the principal Bookstores, and also at
209 WATER STREET.

Title page of the United States Fuel Almanac for 1843. This contained a standard scale of prices for coal and wood, together with directions for using anthracite.

Bradford's Press published some of the earliest almanacs in the United States, at Philadelphia, in 1687. Benjamin Franklin began the publication of his famous "Poor Richard's Almanac" in 1792, under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders, but his brother, James Franklin, preceded him with a Rhode Island almanac in 1723. This was known as "Poor Robin's Almanack" and when he died his widow continued the publication until 1741. Poor Robin said: "There is not a more dishonest Business in the World Than An Almanack Maker." An original copy of the 1733 Poor Robin Rhode Island Almanack, in splendid condition, is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts. There are 10,000 almanacs included in this great collection of Americana. Samuel Green printed an almanac at Cambridge in 1656, compiled by T. S. Philomathemat (a pseudonym) and the Rev. Cotton Mather compiled one in 1683, which contained, besides the calendars, one of his famous sermons, specially written for the purpose.

Mrs. Franklin ran the printing business as well as the almanac publishing business very capably after her husband died. She was one of the few early American women printers.

In the collection of the Rhode Island Historical Society is a notable group of almanacs, which includes specimens of James Franklin's Poor Robin and Ann Franklin's later editions. James Franklin's son published under the pseudonym of Job Shepherd. Ten years later, in 1760, he got out one compiled by Nathaniel Whitefield. Three years afterward William Goddard got out the first of Benjamin West's Rhode Island Almanacs. West was succeeded by the fictitious and famous name that he adopted of "Bickerstaff." Then in 1769 West's place was taken by "Ambraham Weatherwise." "The New England Almanac or Lady's and Gentleman's Diary," first by West and later by Bickerstaff, had a life of 118 years, varying from time to time in title, author and publisher, but continuing regularly. Among the other names used by the compilers were: "Copernicus Patridge and Daniel Freebetter."

Paul Revere, among his many other activities, made illustrations and engravings for Ambraham Weatherwise's Almanack in 1781, including a portrait of George Washington, which was inserted.

An American home would not be quite complete without one or two almanacs hanging up somewhere about the house, usually in the kitchen, where the housewife may consult them at any time. For years certain well-known patent medicine concerns printed and distributed free millions of such almanacs, and they have become a household institution. One of them began publication back in 1852 and continues to the present day, while the Old Farmer's Almanac of New England is now in its 131st year, and is the oldest almanac, that has been continuously published, in existence under the same title.

Tong Wars on Increase Along West Coast

Concluded from page 3

insulted by the question, the San Francisco police department frankly believes that many Chinese have been smuggled into the country at considerable expense (the cost averages about $2,500 a man) and that until the debt is paid, they are virtually slaves to the tong which gained their entrance. At any rate a man who chances to be under obligations to a tong does not refuse to kill when ordered to do so.

We are constantly reminded by the defenders of tong practices, mostly their American attorneys: "You must distinguish between highbinder and protective tongs; the latter being the direct result of the former, risen from various sources, family, merchant or labor associations, as protectors against highbinder depredations."

They may have higher ideals, but they offer just as large rewards for the heads of their enemies, and they fight with the same vigor and craftiness. The difference is vague, for their principles of honor and their modes of living seem quite identical. What is today a peaceful protective tong may tomorrow be acting like an enraged highbinder association.

The number of tongs is estimated at four by the Chinese consul general in San Francisco; at 14 by Sergeant John J. Mannion, of San Francisco's Chinatown police squad. Which are which is more than anyone seems to know. The most notorious are:

> *The Hop Sing Tong*—"United Victory"—the oldest, and which has been more or less constantly at war for years.
>
> *The Sen Suey Ying Tong*—"Order of Auspicious Bravery"—reputed to be the smallest and worst of all.
>
> *The On Yicks*—"Beneficence and Peace"—the first tong that ever fought a family, a fight which broke it financially. It hasn't fought for 12 years.
>
> *The Hip Sing Tong*—"Harmonious Victory"—the best known, having the most chapters in eastern cities, with official headquarters in New York City. It is among the youngest of the tongs, and until last year was fairly peaceful. Since then it has quarreled with and fought both the Hop Sings and the Bing Kongs.
>
> *The Bing Kongs*—"Justice Lovers"—the largest and richest. Self-styled the "Chinese Free Masons" although it is in no way connected with the Masonic Order.
>
> *The Suey Sing Tong*—"Auspicious Victory"—recently lost its chief, and subsequently met with severe action at the hands of Sergeant Mannion, more of which later.

A dozen more are duly listed and chartered, but they are of lesser importance.

Tong prosperity? Well, after many long and losing wars the Hop Sings are poor; while the Bing Kongs, younger and fresher, have won and prospered.

They are each incorporated for 50 years, and once started seem to owe no responsibility to public peace and welfare. In fact, the charters of persistently troublesome tongs have even been renewed in recent years. Hence the Hop Sings' charter now dates from 1917, the Bing Kongs' from 1911, the Suey Sings' from 1913, and so on.

A tong man must punctiliously pay his tong dues. The amount is small, although accurate data are quite impossible to get. It seems to depend on the individual's earning power, averaging around $10 a year. Frequently those who have shirked this responsibility have been surreptitiously shipped away on fishing vessels and their wages collected by their tong until their debts were cancelled.

Then, too, many are the men who having purchased a ticket to China, having packed their bags and gone to embark on the homeward-bound ship, find themselves arrested at the wharf, or even on board ship at the hour of sailing, charged with embezzlement and brought back to the American court. Almost invariably these are trumped-up tong charges to collect tong dues.

Although the tongs are known to pay and receive large fees and indemnities, neither Bradstreet nor Dunn nor any of the Chinese banks nor the Chinese departments of American banks can furnish any information concerning tong finance. The cashier of a large national bank in San Francisco said that it, like all other banks, had to put implicit trust regarding all Chinese matters in the hands of its Chinese department manager. In ways unknown to banking he ascertained borrowers' credit, and was deeply hurt if questioned. "You trust me? Very well."

"It seems a haphazard way and I, a banker, disapprove," he said, "but we find his judgment always right. We never lose a penny in his department."

As for getting information about tong finance from the kindly old Chinese himself—he just smiled and answered, "I am not a tong man. I do not know tong men. I build this department well and seek only the accounts of the good Chinese."

The headquarters of most tongs are in San Francisco and according to Chinese standards are luxurious. The club quarters are always on the top floors of their buildings, which are usually five or six stories high, and consist of one large hall with an altar or joss at the rear, and a lantern-hung balcony overlooking the street at the front. In the Bing Kong's, for example, the furnishings are a queer combination of oriental and western ideas. The joss is very fine. Its front is an elaborately carved teak table. On it stands a brass plaque engraved with a Chinese proverb. There is a bronze vase, and soapstone figures of a god are on its right and left; at each end are massive vases adorned with red good-luck slips. Behind this table is another and higher one holding five great pewter temple ornaments. Behind that again, in a recess, is the shrine proper, where these pious worshipers plant the lighted joss sticks and read their fortunes with the sheaves of bamboo fortune sticks. The long council table and stools are teak. A few pictures by Chinese artists, a tremendous mirror covering one whole wall, their neatly framed charter and attorney's picture, complete the furnishings, except for the cheap grandfather's clock and hideous gas fixtures with flickering lights.

There are always a small kitchen and a dining room on the same floor with many little tables and innumerable bowls for tea and rice. Here the member prepares his simple meal. Ordinarily in the hallway are the membership records, long narrow strips of bright red paper hung one over the other and covering the entire wall. The lower floors are sleeping quarters for members, and occasionally for members' families, while the street floor is often occupied by small shops of individual members.

Under no circumstance does the highbinder carry evidences of his occupation to the tong rooms, which are maintained in orderly decorum. There you will find no stolen goods, no gambling, no noise or wrangling, no accumulation of baggage, no promiscuous burning of sacrificial papers. But there, when a tong is in session, matters are arranged that are *entirely foreign to American ideals of liberty and justice. Fines and penalties are decreed, crimes planned, wars declared, and enemies sentenced to death. Such are the "peace" headquarters.*

When war is declared changes are rapid. The deserted club is left to the protection of heavy bolts and chains and an American guard, while every member of the belligerent tong either goes into hiding or departs for war headquarters with his roll of blankets. Sergeant Mannion, determined to end the fighting in San Francisco, has promised arrest for every tong man caught in the city while his tong is fighting.

The day I visited the tongs, the Suey Sings, having signed another peace treaty, were returning from war quarters. Their reception room was literally filled with piles of blankets reaching from floor to ceiling. At the Hip Sings the rooms were empty, save for two very old men and the guard. Inside, the windows were entirely covered by carefully placed round table-tops, and a similar barricade surrounded the beds of the old caretakers. No prowler could skillfully shoot them from the next roof. The first floor entrance door and the doors on each floor were securely bolted and barred with heavy chains that clanked noisily when the hired American guard admitted us. In Chinatown the police, who always wear plain clothes, have easy admittance everywhere.

At the Bing Kongs we also found things securely bolted and thoroughly guarded when, breathless, we finally reached the top floor. The Chinese evidently do not believe in elevators. We were courteously welcomed by the several men there, and they graciously helped us to take some pictures. A real favor, for the Chinese are still a bit superstitious about pictures. But when the police sergeant opened the door leading to the balcony over the street, and went out to water their neglected, dying plants, they withdrew to the farthest corner of the room. "I locked up Lew Ah this morning," he casually remarked, "told you fellows to stay out of sight."

Out of the Valley of the Shadow

Touch and Hearing Built Up to Aid Veterans Blinded in War

By J. H. WALTON

"Being blind is a difficult enterprise, no matter how bravely we may view it. It is a violent shock to be snatched from the solid earth, down the dark waters of the years and set adrift in the darkness."—Helen Keller.

ON A 99-acre estate in the outskirts of Baltimore, Maryland, the American Red Cross has undertaken the tremendous task of re-educating our blinded soldiers. There are about 90 veterans "with minds alert and hearts courageous" now being given instruction in various trades and professions, and many others have been "rehabilitated" and are today self-dependent men and self-reliant citizens in their communities.

When we lose one or more of our senses we are not given a mystical sixth or seventh sense. But, we can train and cultivate the remaining senses so that they become more efficient and dependable. Touch and hearing have wonderful powers of which most seeing persons remain always in ignorance.

It is the senses of touch and hearing that are given special training at the Evergreen School for the Blind. Very appropriately is it named Evergreen. It symbolizes so fittingly the evergreen hope and courage with which these men are facing the storms of destiny.

These blind students have even to be retaught to live, and shown that, by using their other senses to a greater extent than formerly, they can, in a way, make up for their blindness. They have to be taught to fight against melancholia, which, if it gets the upper hand, increases their helplessness. They must be protected from morbid ideas, and encouraged to take an interest in life, and shown how to fight against despair and hopelessness. They must be taught confidence, and to believe that by working they are still useful members of the community.

Their practical instruction consists in Braille writing and reading, learning to do without assistance at mealtimes, and walking about the buildings and grounds. Without this instruction the blind man cannot be trained in the correct principles, as unless he is taught to rely on himself he will never dare to attempt anything unless a helping hand is offered him.

The reading is done with the fingers and in most cases develops the sense of touch to the highest degree. Many persons suppose that a newly blinded man immediately acquires an exceptionally delicate sense of touch, but such is not the case. Some men possess so poor a sense of touch that they have great difficulty in improving upon it. It requires a great deal of patience to master the difficult art of tactile reading. Braille is a system of raised dots, three being used as a unit, the many combinations of their relative positions representing the various letters of the alphabet. It is somewhat on the order of the Morse telegraph code, with some variations.

It is the purpose of the school to train every man so that he can use the typewriter, be able to write intelligent business letters, and have a sufficient amount of Braille to enable him to keep up his own notes and to read satisfactorily. Evergreen has the largest library of revised Braille in the country, and the blind student, after he has learned to read, has access to some of the best literature as well as current magazines which have been done in Braille.

During the earlier days of the development of the Evergreen School it was felt that one of its greatest needs was a relief map of the grounds and buildings, one by which those students newly entered could learn how to go from place to place.

The idea of the need of such a map first came to one of the soldier students who had been blinded on the battle fields of France. Because of the fact that he had been a cut stone draftsman for 10 years before going into the service, he was able through his persistent efforts and unusual ingenuity to develop this idea.

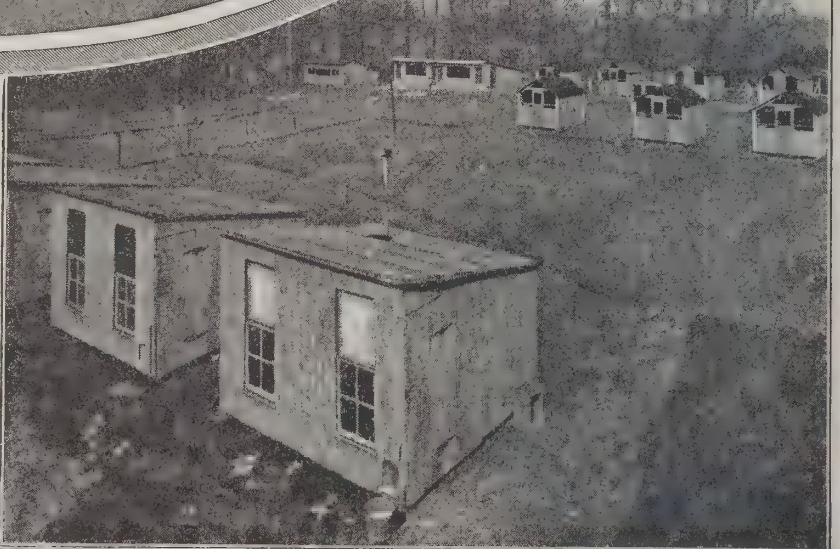
The work was undertaken purely from a spirit of making something which would be helpful to his comrades.

There are approximately 100 acres in the tract in the form of a long narrow rectangle. By choosing a scale of one inch equal to 50 feet, a map of convenient size was made. Only a small blue print of the grounds was available, and this did not show the location of all the buildings. It was, therefore, necessary that a great many of the dimensions and locations be obtained by actual measurement with steel tape.

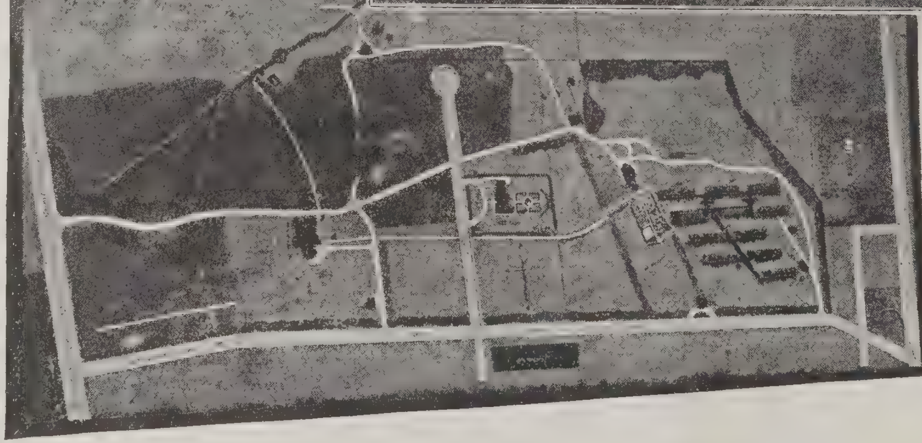
The next problem was to decide what materials should be used to represent the various buildings and landmarks, so that an idea of direction, distance and relative location could be obtained through the sense of touch. The materials chosen were those found in the different shops of the school. No attempt was made to represent the contours of the ground in relief. The basis of the map is, therefore, a flat surface.

The main streets which pass the property are designated by a coarse grade of sandpaper cut in strips the width of the street A finer grade of sandpaper is used to designate the cinder driveways within the grounds. All concrete sidewalks and board walks are shown by strips of cane used in caning chairs. Every tree which stands out alone as a landmark is located by a round-headed tack. Wire is used for fences and railings; small wire nails for fence posts and telephone poles; narrow strips of leather for a brook winding its way through the grounds; imitation leather for hedges and underbrush; and a linen-grained cloth for solid woodlands. The leather and cloth are used in the bookbindery.

More than half the men in this orchestra are totally blind and none is able to see well enough to read.



Each student in the poultry-raising class has a pen and a yard assigned to him and he performs all the duties connected with it just as though he were sighted.



Braille map of the Evergreen School for the Blind. This was made by one of the blind soldiers.

One of the most interesting developments of the map are the buildings. Small blocks of wood about one-quarter of an inch thick were cut to conform to the shape of the ground-plan of the buildings. The porches along the buildings are represented by a groove which is thinner than the building proper. The steps to the porches are shown and every door leading into a building is located by a small nick cut in the side of the block.

All the buildings, streets and other landmarks are designated not only by having their names printed beside them, but also by placing the names in Braille. The Braille is made by using small round-headed tacks. Arrows made of wire, located on the streets leading away from the property, point to the street car lines which lead to the city. These lines are also named in Braille.

In the upper left-hand corner is this legend:

BRAILLE MAP
of Grounds and Surroundings
U. S. A. General Hospital No. 7
and
Red Cross Institute for the Blind,
Cold Spring Road, Guilford, Baltimore, Maryland
Designed and Drawn by
Private John E. Benson, Co. C, 29th Engrs.
Scale 1 in.=50 ft. April, 1919.

This same legend is written in Braille in the upper right-hand corner. Below the Braille legend is a key to the various landmarks on the map explaining the material used to designate them.

Familiarizing himself with this map, reading and writing Braille, typewriting, English and hand training are the principal features of the supplementary or preparatory course. After these things have been mastered the student comes to the question of industrial training, the thing that is to fit him to re-enter commercial life with a good chance of successfully competing with his more fortunate brothers.

The thought behind all efforts put forth at Evergreen is to send from it, as quickly as possible, well-rounded men, men who are in every way equipped to meet the social, civic and economic requirements of their respective communities. It is for this reason that the men are encouraged to take some work in each of the four major courses of instruction, namely: Supplemental or preparatory, vocational, avocational and recreational.

Vocational training is now being given in three general lines—agricultural, commercial and industrial. There are many subdivisions of each general course. For example, in agriculture, such subjects as farm management and poultry raising may be taken. Likewise in the commercial course, one may specialize in general salesmanship, insurance or store management. The widest possible latitude is given, so that a man may obtain almost any kind of training desired, so long as it appears to be practical and advisable.

Because the blinded soldier has an assured income from the government, officials in charge of the re-education of these boys have been working toward the establishment of some of them in what have been termed "unit industries": For example, a vulcanizing shop, a store, a cigar factory, or on a poultry farm. In each instance the man can, if necessary, begin the undertaking with not more than one assistant, and this helper may be a relative.

The success or failure of these unit industries depends in a very large measure on the ability of the man to fill the part of manager. In most cases he also has to be a purchasing agent as well as a salesman.

Each of these industries has a series of processes to be performed, and the man who can conduct all of them successfully is the man who stands the best chance of managing his own enterprise. During his period of training if he discovers that he cannot do a certain part of the work, he realizes that he will have to hire some one to do that part for him if he is to conduct the whole business. More than this, he may decide that he would rather perform any particular process which he does well in some other man's organization

(Concluded on page 11)

He Has Two Reputations in Literature

Ray Stannard Baker's Dual Personality as an Author

By FRED L. HOLMES

TO HAVE built up two widely recognized names in the literature of the country has been the experience of Ray Stannard Baker, reporter, author and novelist. Mr. Baker has a dual personality as a writer.

Under his own name he has scored many successes through his authorship of articles and books on historical, scientific and economic subjects.

Under the pseudonym of David Grayson, he has written five books, delightful pastoral essays and stories which have won recognition even where the name of Ray Stannard Baker is unknown.

"I sometimes feel a little jealous of the popularity of David Grayson," said Mr. Baker recently, when he was asked regarding this dual literary personality, "but under the circumstances, I can bear it."

Mr. Baker made a trip into the Middle West during the autumn of 1922. A secondhand book dealer, in one of the university cities which he visited, was telling one of his customers that when a person asked his recommendation of a book to be presented for Christmas, he always suggested one of David Grayson's volumes.

"He is going to speak here tonight," remarked the customer.

"Who?" asked the book dealer.

"Why, Ray Stannard Baker," came the customer's reply.

"What's that got to do with David Grayson?"

"Everything! Don't you know that Mr. Baker and Mr. Grayson are the same person?"

Why He Became Grayson

THE book dealer paused for a moment. He seemed stunned over the information.

"I don't believe a word of it," he finally remarked.

The result was a consultation of the evening paper and then a copy of "Who's Who in America." Sure enough, the customer was correct.

"How did you come to use a pseudonym, when you had already achieved a reputation under your own name as a writer?" I asked Mr. Baker.

"It was all quite natural," responded Mr. Baker. "I had joined with several friends, Miss Tarbell, William Allen White, Peter Dunne and John Phillips, in buying the old *American Magazine*. It was a great adventure. We were all working for as little money as we dared take out of it. I was, of course, writing articles on public questions, on politics, economic and other problems, which I thought then was the most important work.

"One day we had an editorial conference and one of our editors asked each of us to stand and deliver everything he had in the way of possible copy. I began to think over what I could do. I have always made a practice of keeping notebooks like the little sketch books of the artist. It seems to me as necessary for the writer to sketch and sketch as for the artist. I had written down stories and incidents of my life in the country, which all along had been peculiarly real and vivid to me, for, with the exception of a few hard early years in the city, I have lived all my life in the country or in country towns.

"Well, when the editors began pressing for more material for publication I looked into these old notebooks. I found I had far more of them than I realized. So I turned a number of the sketches into possible stories and essays, changing the names of people and places and sent them in, quite secretly. To my astonishment, all the editors, though only one of them knew who had done the writing, seemed enthusiastic. To my still further surprise—a surprise that I cannot get over even yet—the public also liked them.

"We began to get letters immediately and the series became more and more successful. So I kept on writing. Because I was already publishing a series of articles in the magazine, it was thought best that these sketches and stories should appear under another name. I chose the name of "David Grayson," because I thought it fitted the material.

Ten Years of Anonymity

"I CALLED the first series 'Adventures in Contentment' and in 1907 it was published in book form. I made two contracts with the publisher. One was under my own name and the other, which was for the office files at the publishing house, was made under the name of David Grayson. This was done to preserve the anonymity.

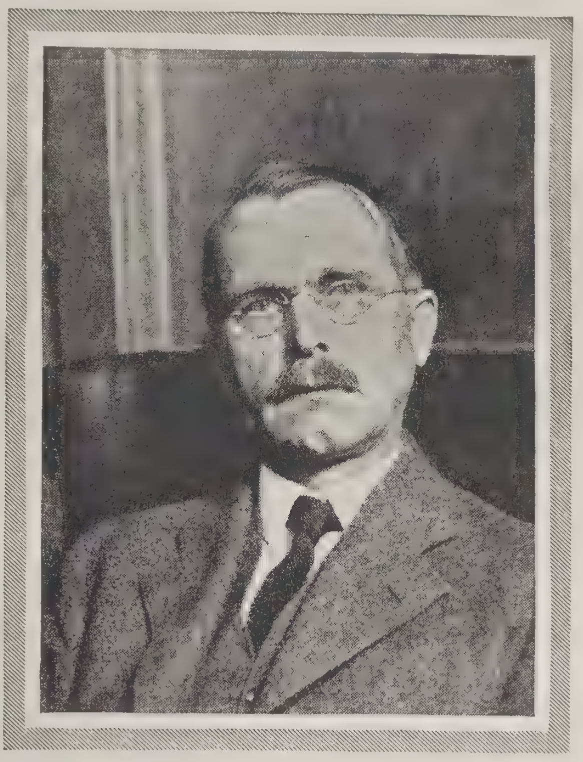
"It was 10 years, from 1907 to 1917, before the general public knew of the authorship. In the meantime, the stories were widely circulated, not only in America but in England, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere.

"What do people say, when they come to meet you?" I interrupted.

"Most people think they are going to meet some old fellow with a long white beard," came the reply.

Of the five books published under the pseudonym of "David Grayson" the first volume, "Adventures in Contentment," has had the largest sale because it has been on the market longest. The other volumes are "Adventures in Friendship," "The Friendly Road," "Hempfield" and "Great Possessions."

The David Grayson stories portray the plain joys of life. For him the growing crops, the rains of spring, the aroma of the fresh-turned furrow of land, the companionship of the woods and the simplicity of living in the country, have a charm that transcends the mad rush and the breathless haste of the city.



RAY STANNARD BAKER

In the world of fiction he is known as "David Grayson."

"I cannot convey the sweetness and softness of that landscape, the airiness of it, the mystery of it, as it came to me at that moment," writes David Grayson in one of his books. "It was as though looking at an acquaintance long known, I should discover that I loved him. As I stood there I was conscious of the cool tang of burning leaves and brush heaps, the lazy smoke of which floated down the long valley and found me in my field, and finally I heard, as, though the sounds were then made for the first time, all the vague murmurs of the countryside—a cowbell somewhere in the distance, the creak of a wagon, the blurred evening hum of birds, insects, frogs. So I stood and looked up and down with a glow and a thrill which I cannot now look back upon without some envy and a little amusement at the grandness and seriousness of it all.

To Be a Graysonian

"THUS I was born into the present world, and here I continue, not knowing what other world I may yet achieve. I do not know, but I wait in expectance, keeping my furrows straight and my corners well turned."

Such is the philosophy that saturates the Grayson books. Lovers of Grayson have formed many "Grayson Clubs." Their creed is: "To be a Graysonian is to be found in the open air, to love the stretching road, the sun on the shoulder blades, the golden riot of the autumn leaves; to slip away from everything and go a-wayfaring with joy for a comrade."

Mr. Baker is country bred through a long line of ancestors, each generation of which has sought the frontier—first in Massachusetts, next in Vermont, then in Western New York, when it was a wilderness, and finally in Michigan. Here Mr. Baker was born at Lansing, April 17, 1870. When he was five years old, the family again sought the timber belt and settled in Polk County, Northern Wisconsin, in a settlement 40 miles from a railroad. Here the family—which included many children—still lives and here David Grayson occasionally returns for a visit.

"Americans seem to have had an instinct for the frontier, moving forward with each generation," philosophizes Mr. Baker. "I wish they had as strong an instinct for the frontier in intellectual things."

When the Baker family moved to Polk County there was another New England family living on the banks of the Kinnickinic River a few miles to the south in which was also a boy destined to win a great reputation as a writer—the late Bill Nye, the famous humorist, whose mother died there but two years ago. The Nyes were from Maine and one of the boys, Frank M. Nye, later a judge and member of Congress from Minneapolis, taught a term of school at St. Croix Falls, which Ray Stannard Baker attended as a pupil. Still farther south, near La Crosse, was growing up at the same time still another boy who also was to make himself and Wisconsin famous in literature—Hamlin Garland. This trio of writers may be said to have been products of the pioneer conditions of Wisconsin and representative of their spirit.

There were trying times for these early pioneers—sacrifices to be made that the sons might obtain an education. Mr. Baker went to the Michigan Agricultural College, afterward to the University of Michigan, working his way and obtaining a degree in 1889. Returning, he was in business with his father for a time, but finally the urge for writing took him into the cities as a reporter. He worked in Chicago, then as managing editor of the McClure syndicate and in 1899 became associate editor of *McClure's Magazine*. He was one of the owners and editors of the *American Magazine* in 1906, a position he held until 1915.

During the earlier years, necessity required that much of his time as an editor be spent in the city, but he soon returned to the country, first in Michigan then in New England.

Twelve years ago, he bought a plot of ground at Amherst, Massachusetts. It is in the Connecticut Valley, rich alluvial lands productive of tobacco and onions. Here he has his garden, his orchard, his field, his bees.

Mr. Baker has one of the largest correspondence circles of any writer in this country. Traveling up and down the states these many years, he has formed an acquaintance with many leaders in varied lines, besides the friendships made through his books. He has retained his deep interest in Wisconsin, and returns every year for a visit. Two of his sons have been sent back to Wisconsin to attend college.

Official Visitor to Allies

DURING the World War, he was delegated by the Department of State to visit Great Britain, France and Italy and to make reports on certain conditions in Europe that did not find their way to the United States Government through official channels.

When the war was over, he asked for leave to return, but was appointed by President Wilson to be director of the American Press Bureau during the Peace Conference. Out of this relationship has come the three-volume history, "Woodrow Wilson and the World Settlement," issued November 1, and published simultaneously in the United States, England, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia.

"I hoped President Wilson would write a history of the peace conference," said Mr. Baker. "America did not know of the difficulties which confronted its delegates at Paris, and above everything, if America is to lead in the world, she must understand international problems. But the President was ill and finally said to me: 'You do it. I'll turn over all my papers to you and you write it.' While attending the conference, he had kept on his desk a steel box, and into it each day went all of the documents of that day's proceedings. When the box became full, it was emptied into trunks and these trunks were then sealed and returned to the United States.

"These documents were all turned over to me for the preparation of my volumes. For two months I worked at the White House, later in the home of President Wilson at Washington and completed the task at my Amherst home. All the documents, secret and otherwise, have been at my disposal."

Mr. Baker is deeply concerned over the attitude of America toward foreign affairs. He sees for America a great opportunity for world leadership and world service, if only she has the vision to see the greatness of the task, and her own duty in connection with it.

Mr. Baker declares that it is not necessary for an author to live in the East or to be near publishers to promote his literary success. He does believe, however, that there must be more or less leisure for the production of thought-out or artistic work.

Asked as to his most interesting early experience as a newspaperman, Mr. Baker said that his expedition to Turkey a score of years ago to interview Ellen Stone, the missionary, who had been kidnaped by Bulgarian brigands was as exciting as any. At the time of the kidnaping, Mr. Baker was in London, being then a member of the *McClure's* staff, when he received a telegram from Mr. McClure directing him to hurry at once to Turkey. It was an order like that of James Gordon Bennett to Henry M. Stanley to find Livingston.

The Trouble With Writers

"MISS STONE had been captured by the brigands and was held for a ransom of 100,000 Turkish pounds," said Mr. Baker recently. "Just as I arrived in Salonika, she was being brought out, the ransom having been paid. She accompanied me back to America. Her experiences proved to be a great story."

Unlike many writers, Mr. Baker has no affectations, airs, frills or idiosyncracies. He is natural, normal, wholesome, straightforward, and meets one as man to man. His company is comfortable, interesting, and would no doubt be most instructive enjoyable and delightful on a friendly road.

With all these years of success as a writer, Mr. Baker has words of encouragement and suggestions for the beginner. Practice is the secret.

"The trouble with young writers is they don't write enough for themselves," admonished Mr. Baker. "They don't sketch, they are not willing to throw away what they write; and if they do sketch, they fail to keep at it. Too many of them write with an editor always in mind. The true writer will write for himself and not for the editor, and not, primarily, for the public. He will write because he must express something inside of him that will not keep quiet."

Taking Gamble Out of World's Chief Food

How Storage Plan Properly Worked Out to Care for Surplus Wheat Would Solve Many Problems Both for the Farmer and Consumer

By HERBERT J. BROWNE

This is the last of four articles by Mr. Browne, taking up the dependence of crop conditions upon the weather and discussing the possibilities of a drought. Mr. Browne also offers a suggestion designed to do away with the possibility of famine.

IN PRECEDING articles the weather conditions which menace the world's food supply have been given, with numerous examples drawn from ancient and recent history, to prove the advisability of making provision to insure all peoples against a shortage or failure in their daily bread.

Insurance is no new idea. It is applied in every direction. Nearly half the adult population of the United States carries some form of life, health or accident policies. The main apology in these modern times of disillusionment for the maintenance of huge armies and navies is that they "insure" the country against invasion. Good foundation, then, is there not, for presenting facts in favor of assuring a steady and ample bread supply to all the world? Especially if the very operation of the plan will be not only self-sustaining, but of great and direct benefit to both producers and consumers?

The great tides of propaganda which flood the country are all financed by special interests and generally look to the establishment of legalized special privilege. Let a proposition of universal good be advanced, and the whole organized force of special interests propaganda will be turned loose against it. The three tests of the merit of governmental expenditure, within its legitimate field, are: First, universality of benefit; second, efficiency of administration, and third, economy of expenditure. If the general public could see the result of governmental investment which they pay in taxes there would be some startling changes. *The late Tom L. Johnson said that if the increased values which would come to city land from running street cars free could be taken in taxes, it would bring in twice the income which car fares amounted to; and that there would be no more sense in collecting car fares than in collecting elevator fares in an office building.*

How Stabilization Will Aid

THE absorption of perhaps 100,000,000 bushels of wheat annually would involve the co-ordination of the present elevator capacity of the country to supplement a certain amount of government construction. Elevators on a large scale can be built with proper headhouses for 25 cents per bushel capacity. So less than the cost of a superdreadnought will represent the maximum permanent annual investment, and that one which under sound management will pay dividends on the investment and will last a hundred years, instead of being like the dreadnought a constant heavy expense, obsolete within a few years and then fit only to be scrapped or sunk as an experiment in new forms of destruction.

The present elevator capacity of the country is, in country elevators of which there are some 22,000, not counting farm granaries, 550,000,000 bushels; 350 terminal elevators, 250,000,000 bushels; and 7,000 mills have capacity for 150,000,000 bushels. These cover the storage of all grains and aggregate about 1,500,000,000 bushels. Their systematized co-ordination would increase their average annual working capacity, which is of course well below the total figures, from the flow of grain from its sources to the mills and terminals. But it is a matter for good industrial engineering.

The secondary but more immediate benefit, especially in this country, will be the stabilization of grain prices, the lack of which has made the grain raisers the victims of market manipulation to the extent of billions of dollars. Price stabilization in wheat will favorably influence the prices of other grains. Nor will it injuriously affect retail prices to the customer, for between producer and consumer every intermediate handler takes a wide insurance against fluctuations in prices of his raw material and his finished product, and that means in the end as high a price to the consumer as he would be called upon to pay with the price of wheat stabilized, probably even higher. With the French Government controlling the French wheat and flour market, the people of France get better and much cheaper bread than the people of any large American city, and yet the French bakers are still using the most primitive hand methods.

Price-fixing Exists Now

IT IS time that the bugaboo of danger in price-fixing be laid. The Federal Government price-fixes the pay of some 600,000 civil, military and naval employes. Add state and local officialdom, including public school teachers, and pay-fixing extends to as many more. Pay-fixing now includes more than a million railroad employes. Several million members of labor unions have practically established the same principle, and the difficulties of doing anything else have made wage stabilization the practical and desirable system. Now as to other services the government price-fixes the carrying of the mails. A two-cent stamp will carry an ounce letter. The government makes many of its revenue charges specific and not ad valorem.

In the business field scores of articles of a trademarked character are sold at fixed and guaranteed prices, and the Supreme Court in a broad way has sustained the principle. Despite all the laws against "combinations in restraint of trade," the public pays fixed prices, with hardly more than long-range seasonal fluctuations, on nearly every important staple it buys.

The Interstate Commerce Commission spends most of its time in fixing prices for railroad transportation.

The Federal Trade Commission spends most of *its* time principally in trying to keep rival businesses from slashing each other's throats by unfair methods in which price-cutting is generally an important component.

Nine-tenths of the shoes produced in this country are made on machines owned by a single corporation and rented to all manufacturers on a standard price-fixed royalty basis.

The justice of the plan is not argued; this is simply a statement of fact. Every farmers' and fruitgrowers' association in the country maintains a representative in Washington, the crux of whose employment is to see that no legislation is enacted that shall be construed as limiting the right of members of those organizations to combine for the purpose of fixing uniform prices.

Periodicals all have fixed subscription prices and generally standardized advertising rates. Every well-established store prides itself on its one-price operation. If the spirit of common service and mutuality is not plain to all who study the vast and complicated mechanism of modern production and exchange, what interpretation is to be given the great and growing co-operation of insurance, in which each individual insured is protected against undue and crushing loss by the mutual support of the whole body of the insured.

With revolving funds in successful operation in connection with the great western irrigation projects, no defense need be offered in behalf of this project which means protection, equal and without distinction as to station, to every man, woman and child in the United States, against the threat of food shortage from crop failure.

On the economic side, the blow which has already fallen upon the farming community passes belief. Inability to pay interest on mortgages, let alone curtailment of principal; the foreclosing of chattel mortgages, the tax sales, the withdrawal of children from schools, even the closing of public schools; the abandonment of farms; the pouring of the younger rural population into the cities, all bear unmistakable testimony of the plight of once prosperous communities. The evidence in unpainted buildings, the decline in replacements of necessary farm machinery are further proof. No well-meant schemes of "making country life more attractive," fostered with movies and rural dances, touch the problem. It is fundamentally one of economics, of inadequate returns and too heavy burdens.

The Percentage in Days of Old

ONE illustration will make clear the fact that the farmer of today is not sharing fairly in the vast industrial advantages which should come to him in the modern development of multiplied power through steam, electricity and other modern machinery of production—that in reality he has gone back beyond the fair divisions of 50 years and a century ago. *The writer's grandfather was a small country miller and farmer in a little New Hampshire farming community. In his small boyhood he had seen his grandfather take toll for grinding wheat. The miller had a measure which held one-tenth of a bushel of wheat, and that was his toll. He delivered back nine-tenths of each bushel of wheat in bolted flour, middlings and bran. Such a measure used for half a century in a country mill at Lodi, New York, is now in the writer's possession.*

In the year just past, a western farmer hauled his wheat to the local elevator and sold it at 90 cents a bushel. He bought his flour at an average of $8.35 a barrel, his middlings for stock feeding at $32 a ton and his bran at $28. There are 44 pounds of flour, 12 pounds of middlings and four pounds of bran in a bushel of wheat.

A few moments' figuring will show that the farmer is buying back his 90-cent wheat at $2.09 cents a bushel; that, instead of paying a toll of one-tenth for having his wheat converted into flour, middlings and bran, a toll of 5.7 is taken, an increase of 570 per cent over the toll of his grandfather's day, in face of all the advantages which modern machinery, mechanical handling, improved processes and the almost infinitely multiplied energy of steam and turbine-driven water power, are supposed to have distributed throughout the whole organization of society.

The farmer is voicing his discontent. The government in Washington so far will do anything for the farmer except lift from his back its unjust burdens. His taxes are out of all proportion to his share in the national income, and they are even now rapidly being increased.

There have been scores of commissions set up by Congress or the executive departments of the government to investigate nearly everything under the sun. Their reports have run into thousands and tens of thousands of printed pages. In the final summary the pith of any one of those long-winded and costly documents could be condensed into a few hundred words. Here is the meat of one exhaustive inquiry into the return of the wheat farmer for his investment of capital and labor in the production of wheat. By five-year periods, beginning with 1865, and basing the figures on the purchasing power in terms of what the farmer buys, an acre of wheat in 1865 would represent $13; 1870, $10.50; 1875, $10; 1880, $12.50; 1885, $10; 1890, $12; 1895, $10; 1900, $10; 1905, $12; 1910, $12; 1915, $15; 1922, $8.

During the latter half of 1920 the average price of 10 leading crops dropped 57 per cent and by May, 1921, the average price was only one-third that of the previous June. By November, 1921, the average dropped below the 1913 level. In Iowa the farm price of corn had become one-half that of 1913, and one-fourth that of 1919.

The statisticians for the Census Bureau and the Department of Agriculture find that farmers constitute 28 per cent of the population classed as gainfully employed, and they find that they receive only 17.4 per cent of the national income, which is admitted to be, by subtraction presumably, 10.6 per cent below a fair, adequate, living return. These figures need another analysis from a sounder and more practical basis. The population distribution figures of the last census showed 63,273,843 persons living in cities and villages, plainly the non-agricultural population, and 42,436,776 living in the country. The latter number can safely be put down as representing the farming community. On a farm everybody works, down to the children who do chores before and after school and put in full time during vacation, which falls principally during the productive summer months. The writer speaks from lifelong personal contact and experience. So, then, there are slightly more than 40 per cent of the population receiving 17.4 per cent of the national income, a much more unfavorable showing than the official estimate—actually about 43.6 per cent of their fair share. No wonder boys and girls are leaving the farms and flocking to the cities.

Shrinkage Hits Hard

THE way price shrinkage has struck the farming community is well set forth in the following official statement in regard to the course of wheat prices under government control taken from the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, 1921:

"After the United States entered the war in April, 1917, steps were taken to regulate the distribution and the price of wheat. The Food and Fuel Control Act of August 10, 1917, guaranteed a minimum price of $2 per bushel for the crop of 1918. On August 30, 1917, the President fixed a minimum price for the 1917 crop at $2.20 per bushel for No. 1 northern spring and its equivalents at Chicago, with differentials for grades and markets. Through the operations of the United States Grain Corporation this became the basic price for wheat. The average farm price of the whole country remained at a level of about $2 per bushel throughout 1918. By an executive order on June 21, 1918, the price of wheat was raised to $2.26 a bushel for No. 1 northern spring and its equivalents at Chicago. In the spring of 1919 wheat prices rose sharply, reaching $2.31 on May 1, but declined under pressure of large acreage and large production to about $2.10 by October 1. With decreases in acreage and estimated production, prices rose rapidly thereafter, reaching $2.58 on June 1, 1920, a month before the government guaranty of a minimum price was terminated. General deflation began soon afterward and continued to the end of 1921, when the price stood near 90 cents."

Average Annual Loss Is Third

NO OTHER industry could suffer the seasonal losses which attend the operations of agriculture and survive. The following tabulation taken from official sources shows the great damage which wheat has suffered in recent years from climatic and other causes:

	Drought, Hot Winds	Other Climatic	Total Climatic	Diseases, Insects, etc.	Total Losses
1910	21.5	8.5	30.	3.8	33.8
1911	29.3	3.0	32.3	5.4	37.7
1912	9.9	14.1	24.	5.5	29.5
1913	15.9	4.1	20.	3.5	23.5
1916	7.6	13.6	21.2	17.5	38.7
1917	20.7	13.7	34.4	1.9	36.3
1918	16.6	5.8	22.4	3.3	25.7
1919	15.2	9.1	24.3	3.3	37.6
1920	9.6	8.0	17.6	4.6	32.2
				Average	32.7

While the presentation of these articles has been limited to development of the idea of conserving wheat, the principle of stabilization by storage is capable of indefinite extension. The enormous growth of the canning industry is the most practical illustration of benefit to the public from preservation of important food products, as well as wiping out of seasonal limitation in variation of supply. The development of refrigeration plants is another example. Refrigeration

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Interest Has Cost Uncle Sam Seven Billions!

That's What Our Government Has Paid for "Privilege" of Borrowing

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

SINCE 1791 the United States Government has paid out in interest $7,225,854,905. Since the same year, or for 131 years, the government has paid out for soldiers' pensions $6,389,192,671. So it will be seen that Uncle Sam has paid $836,662,234 more in interest to the holders of government bonds than he has paid in pensions to his soldiers that fought in all the wars he ever had.

There has always been opposition of the most powerful kind against the payment of pensions. *But there has never been any opposition to the payment of billions of interest* to the leisure class. In fact the principal opposition to paying soldiers' pensions or bonuses comes from the non-producing class, renowned as professional tax dodgers. But the government, when it receives your taxes, turns over a good percentage of it for the interest due to the bondholders. We have, in this country, about one million men in whom the bulk of the great wealth, in the shape of the liquid cash of the country, is bunched. Many of them do not even own a home, they are hotel or apartment dwellers. They keep their wealth in the confines of a safety vault.

There are fully one million individuals in the United States who live off the interest that the other 110,000,000 people pay. In 1922 this one million received in interest from public debts alone—national, state and municipal—$1,329,485,410; 1,086,899 pensioners, 547,016 soldiers, 256,918 invalids and 282,965 widows of soldiers received about one-sixth of the amount paid out in interest on public debts, or $253,807,583.37; amount paid out in interest (1922), in excess of amount paid for soldiers' pensions, $1,075,677,826.63.

No one, not even the officeholders and the politicians, seems to make any objections to the billions paid out in interest on public debts. They will make a political issue of much more trivial matters than the colossal interest burden and really get the country quite stirred up over them.

In 1914, the year the World War started, the United States paid out $22,801,000 *for interest* on the net public debt of $967,953,310. In 1919 the "high water mark" of debt and interest, in all our financial history, was reached when we paid out *in interest* $1,052,334,000 to the holders of $25,234,496,247 worth of our bonds and other obligations.

It will be remembered that some of the bond issues of the government were selling in "the market" at a considerable discount below par, or what the people paid for them. The speculators and money sharks reaped a rich harvest buying up these bonds. There was a time, a year or so ago, that Liberty bonds were selling as low as 84 on "the market." Indeed some of the small holders, hard pressed for money, were forced to sell their bonds as low as 80, and perhaps less. Treasury Department officials explain that when the government went into "the market" (which means the New York Bankers and Brokers) to purchase its own Liberty bonds and Victory notes, it did so to give stability to "the market"; in other words, to buy them on such a large scale that it would bring up the price to par at least. In doing this the government made a profit of $89,378,275.41 on the purchase of $1,965,791,450 worth of bonds (par value) for $1,876,413,174.59. In other words, the government bought these bonds and notes for $89,378,275.41 less than it received when it sold them to the people.

If the speculators and money brokers bought the bonds as low as 84, on an average, they made a profit of at least $23,206,515.09, in selling them to the government. That is, the people, who were the original subscribers and purchasers, received $112,584,790.50 less than they paid for them.

As the provision of the law providing for such purchases of bonds on the part of the government expired on July 2, 1922, there will be no more transactions of this kind by the government.

Two classes of bankers criticised the government for selling bonds at par and then buying them in at a discount. One class is the Conscientious Bankers, who think it is dishonest for the government to buy up its obligations at a discount, which, from their view, amounts to a repudiation to the extent of the discount from the price the people paid. *It certainly is considered dishonest for the individual, or private corporation, to do this for the purpose of fleecing the public, to their own gain.*

The other class of bankers who criticise it is that class of bankers and brokers who thrive by beating down the prices of bonds and securities. Their criticism is purely selfish. This class felt that the price of government bonds had not been beaten down low enough by their professional manipulations, so they could gather in a richer harvest in fleecing the helpless people, who, as patriots, bought these bonds to assist their government in the stress of war. Such bankers and speculators would, of course, have been glad to have seen the bonds go down to 50 for they well knew the government must eventually redeem them at par and meet the interest coupons as they fall due. This class possessed the money which would have enabled them to hold the bonds. *It is this class of money brokers who always encourage issues of government, state and municipal bonds so they can speculate in them and manipulate them at the expense of the people and the taxpayers for their own benefit.*

In every city, more so in New York than elsewhere, are elaborate offices of stock bankers and brokers whose sole business is "buying and selling" bonds and stocks. From every city they have expensive leased telegraphic wires connecting with their main offices in New York. Many of them make a specialty of government, state and municipal bonds, as well as other securities. This class of monied men is actually more powerful and influential with the National Government and the municipalities, by far, than the people they are living off of by exploiting them.

AN EXHIBIT OF NATIONAL AND LOCAL PUBLIC DEBTS AND INTEREST

Total interest paid out by the Federal Government since 1791	$ 7,225,854,905.00
Since 1791 the government has borrowed	278,109,690,969.46
Since 1791 the United States has paid back	255,145,611,796.46
Interest-bearing debt of United States, 1922	$ 22,964,079,200.00
Total debts of the 48 states	1,071,506,978.28
Total debts of cities, counties, and so on	7,428,494,021.72
Total public debts of all kinds (1922)	$ 31,464,080,200.00

TABLE SHOWING INCREASE OF STATE AND MUNICIPAL DEBTS

In 1880 state and municipal debts amounted to	$ 1,123,278,647.00
In 1890 state and municipal debts amounted to	1,137,290,090.00
In 1902 state and municipal debts amounted to	1,864,978,483.00
In 1913 state and municipal debts amounted to	3,821,896,658.00
In 1922 state and municipal debts amounted to	8,500,000,000.00

This class of securities is exempt from Federal taxes. It taxes the people for the interest, but pays no taxes in return. This fact is a very great factor in making local government securities popular with the investors.

Of this constantly increasing debt of the municipalities, New York City, the headquarters of the bond and security sharks, owes $1,292,973,059 and paid interest in 1922 amounting to $55,144,736. The debt of New York increases each year. Philadelphia ranks second as a debt-ridden city. Detroit ranks third. Detroit's descent into the debtor class has been rapid and recent. Some cities have a habit of covering up their real indebtedness. Cincinnati, Ohio, with less than half the population of Detroit, for instance, has about the same amount of debt. But the political bosses in Cincinnati, as in certain other cities, seek to hide their real indebtedness from the people by a system of bookkeeping. The Federal officials do not accept, in the government reports, the methods of Cincinnati and certain other cities in considering their debts. But the private and commercialized financial publications report the financial condition of that city at about 60 per cent of its actual indebtedness.

Some other cities, to make a favorable showing to the voters and the people, cover up their real indebtedness in a similar way. If the United States Government should deduct the value of Federal buildings in Washington and all over the country, or public lands, it could, by ingenious bookkeeping, easily produce a statement that would indicate that the entire national debt had been wiped out. But this would not liquidate the bonded indebtedness and the interest payments would have to be made just the same.

If the ratio of increase, as shown in the table above, continues for 10 years, we shall have debts of states, counties and cities totaling $16,000,000,000 or more; in 20 years, $33,000,000,000 and in 30 years fully $66,000,000,000. There is an alarming tendency on the part of officials, encouraged by investment and interest brokers, to resort to bond issues for public improvements. When business is prostrate, a bond issue is floated to give work to the unemployed, but a very small proportion of the proceeds of such issues, interest and all, actually go to the men who do the work.

It loads these men who do the work, their children and all the rest of the people for generations, with such a burden of debt and interest that the little temporary wages they receive is negligible. Consideration of this fact should awaken not only the working people, but all the people to examine very carefully any bond issue proposed for their vote.

Bond issues have become a vicious habit in recent years.

Out of the Valley of the Shadow

Concluded from page 8

The policy which was constantly kept in mind when introducing industrial vocational courses for the blind soldiers was to establish as far as possible such trades as offer two fields of employment: Those which can be used either as unit industries—that is, independent, one-man businesses—or as occupations, in which employment can be obtained in factories or shops. In the first instance the man would operate a small business of his own in the capacity of owner and manager; in the second, he would work at the trade in the capacity of an employe.

In selecting unit industries that are peculiarly adaptable to this group of men the organizers of the school had an extremely difficult problem to solve. There are certain iron-clad requirements that such a business must meet, otherwise it would not be at all satisfactory for a person handicapped by the loss of his sight. Some of these requirements are, briefly:

1. The business must not be complex.
2. It must be easy to start.
3. A small amount of floor space should do.
4. The operations and transactions involved must be as few and as simple as possible.
5. The equipment should not be complicated and difficult to operate.
6. Only a few different kinds of raw materials and supplies should be required.
7. The possibility of location in any section of the country, as the boys come from different states.
8. A demand for the product or service.
9. Permanency.
10. Possibilities for future expansion and growth.

It is readily appreciated that there are very few industrial undertakings which meet all these requirements.

Of the four unit industries established at the school, vulcanizing, a store, a cigar factory and a poultry farm, the store and the poultry farm have proved to be the most successful, the blind young men being better able to adapt themselves to these two classes of work.

The course is very complete and a number of boys have left the school and are now successfully conducting stores in different parts of the country. A significant example is the Chapman, Allen & Company's stationery and bookstore at Grand Junction, Colorado.

Chapman came to Evergreen in January, 1919, and left in January, 1920, completing in that short time courses in Braille, typewriting, music, business correspondence and commercial work. Allen came in February, 1919, taking a special course in store management, and leaving with his buddy, Chapman, to start in business.

Let me draw your attention to the fact that the men at Evergreen learn these trades and businesses in about one-fourth the time that is usually supposed to be necessary to teach a blinded man a trade. It was explained that the principal reason for this is to be found in the free employment of blind teachers.

"The whole outlook of a man becomes different when he finds himself in the hands of a teacher who works under a handicap the same as his own," explained one of the blind teachers. "We also kept some of the earlier pupils as teachers. It may readily be imagined how stimulating must have been the effect on a newly blinded man who found his first fumbling efforts directed by one who himself was blinded on the battle fields of France but a few months before."

Another reason for this remarkable speed in acquiring the trades lies in the splendid spirit of cheery determination which pervades Evergreen, and in the fact that these men are, with the exception of the loss of their sight, hale, healthy, normal individuals.

Beyond the workshops and the store is situated the poultry farm. Here an almost untried industry for blind persons has proved itself to be wonderfully successful. The men are taught poultry keeping on practical and up-to-date lines.

While Evergreen is primarily a vocational training school, aiming to prepare its students to make a living in certain lines of commercial, industrial and agricultural pursuits, it does not neglect health, citizenship and that part of the 24 hours devoted to amusement and recreation.

Blindness renders these men unable to enjoy many of the sports and pastimes indulged in by the sighted, but a hobby or avocation will not only furnish self-entertainment but, in many instances, is a source of revenue and of great satisfaction. The avocational work may be a source of income or it may not. The concern is not that it pay, but that the men be prepared to obtain diversion from their main task of life by working at some avocation.

Among the avocational courses from which the Evergreen students may choose are the following:

Bookbinding
Basketry
Bee keeping
Chair caning
Hammock making
Insurance
Music
Poultry keeping
Rug weaving
Woodworking

It can readily be seen that the men whose vocational work is in the industrial or commercial world will do well to make poultry raising, for example, an avocational study, and the man who is specializing in agriculture many times finds music, basketry or woodworking an excellent pastime. As a matter of fact, many of the vocational courses lend themselves admirably to avocational work.

Well-equipped double bowling alley, large swimming pool, commodious and well-furnished gymnasium and nicely appointed social rooms, have been provided.

Let's Have Arbitration—But Cut Out Politics

"Permanent Court" at The Hague Offers Little Hope of Permanent Peace

By A. R. PINCI

AFTER a spell of obscurity, The Hague, famous in recent years because of its so-called Peace Palace built by a native Scot with American money, is not only pre-empting front-page space in the newspapers, but, if political rumor may be credited, the next presidential campaign will include endless haranguing about a new stunt that, according to all precedent and experience, is of no importance or efficacy whatsoever.

The latest scheme is a "Permanent Court of International Justice" at The Hague. A similar but defunct body, upon which the new one has arisen, was the "Permanent Court of Arbitration" in the same city. This court and similar bodies have been decisively frowned upon by the Senate of the United States, which justifies the Senate for wanting the Harding proposal to join the Court of Justice to go over until the next session.

It is because of the probable injection of politics and political cant, not to mention the inclusion of some nationally known names, that the American people should accept declarations about the new court not upon the perfervid basis of its advocates, but upon anteceding facts, as well as a few obvious inconsistencies between facts and promises. Not that the new court is intrinsically dangerous, but that it cannot be half so useful or adequate as officials would have one believe, is the point.

Indorsed If Without Teeth

IF THE writer fails to share the enthusiasm of Court of Justice advocates it is because diplomatists, who make the vital problems that no international court of justice or arbitration will be permitted to adjust, have coolly ignored it. It was my premature publication of the approximate text of the famous Knox arbitration treaties, which came to my exclusive attention during their formulation, that enabled the Senate of the United States and interested foreign officials to get their first slant of a subject that for eight or ten days, through my instrumentality, was the chief center of discussion in London, Paris and Washington. The Senate refused to accept those treaties in the manner desired by President Taft.

The Senate has always been adverse to arbitration treaties and international courts involving arbitration, and those which have been ratified are of no material importance. No Senate has ratified treaties of this kind except upon absolute proof from the Administration that certain questions and interests were excluded from its operation. Foreign powers have adopted the same policy. It is clear, therefore, that arbitration tribunals are accepted only when they lack teeth. The new Court of International Justice does not warrant, by custom and experience, political attention. Injecting it into politics must be regarded with suspicion as a trick.

When Elihu Root was Secretary of State, in 1907, he said that the Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration should be "of such dignity, consideration and rank that the best and ablest jurists will accept appointment to it, and that the whole world will have absolute confidence in its judgment." Unfortunately, it did not have the confidence of aggressive statesmen then in power and the project failed for many reasons, tritely covered under the blanket explanation that no agreement could be reached with relation to the selection of judges.

How The Hague court, irrespective of whether it is for arbitration or justice—these are denominational changes involving costly quibbling—can or will function now, with the world a dozen times more topsy-turvy than it was when the Second Peace Conference was held, no one will presume to explain. The peace treaties arising out of the war hardly commend themselves to any one as a sample of successful arbitration.

That the Court of Justice is a revamping of the Court of Arbitration is pathetically hinted at by President Harding, who states in his message asking the Senate's consent to our adhesion to the protocol "that it is not a new problem in international relationship."

It is because it is not a new problem, and it is because it has always failed of a satisfactory joint solution in the past under less harassing circumstances, that one must deprecate the threat of politics and political nemesis.

"It is wholly a question," President Harding has said, "of accepting an established institution of high character, and making effective all the fine things which have been said of us in favor of such an agency of advanced civilization. It would be well worth the while of the Senate to make such special effort as is becoming to record its approval. Such action would add to our own consciousness of participation in the fortunate advancement of international relationship, and remind the world anew that we are ready for our proper part in furthering peace and adding stability in world affairs."

Except in wording, the sentiments therein expressed differ not a whit from those expressed, in connection with The Hague tribunals and arbitration, by Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. But the abyss between mere words and sordid facts is vast.

The Court of Justice can no more further peace than it can hasten war, and this applies, or applied, of course, to the previous arbitration court. It has been officially declared that no country is likely to war *except on issues which involve its honor or its vital interest*. If issues are excluded which lead to war then it is not clear how any court of justice or arbitration can prevent war.

It was Mr. Taft's intention, as president, to negotiate arbitration treaties which were embraced between that super-sphere of excluded issues and that lowly sphere of issues which local diplomatic envoys are usually empowered to settle. The point actually aimed at by pro-arbitration statesmen is to arbitrate anything and everything that is of no extraordinary importance. One of the foremost diplomats of Europe, who was my mentor in diplomacy, frankly told me two decades ago what Mr. Taft said a few years afterward—that arbitration is not going to be feasible until nations enter into it with a willingness and probability that the decision may be unfavorable. "We cannot win every case," Mr. Taft said, "nations are like individuals; they are not always right, even though they think they are, and if arbitration is to accomplish anything, we must be willing to lose and abide by the loss." It is due to this fact, however remote or irrelevant it may appear, that issues "of honor or vital interest" are excluded. This may be denied, but I have the authority of European statesmen that a nation may likewise be wrong in such issues of honor or vital interest. Accordingly, arbitration is objected to because between two powers of approximately equal standing, militarily and otherwise, force is less likely to be used than between two powers of unequal rank, with the result that the lesser will somehow be coerced into submission. and often injustice, even when in the right. The fateful term "justiciable" is so conditional as to make it a perfect alibi.

As, in any event, each nation is free to determine what is a justiciable or is not a justiciable question, it is obvious that any tribunal like the one suggested is a mere anomaly, despite its possible good effects and results. But such results can be attained between any two contestants actually desirous of settling mutual differences, and in case of a tie, so to speak, they are free to call an arbitrator, or umpire, to settle it.

Goes Back to 1907

COMPULSORY arbitration or justiciable procedure is an international impossibility. Any supplemental organization is redundant, and there is no denying the fact that every government has now more officials and more commissions and "courts" than are necessary or advisable. Adding one more is a loss of time and effort.

The Imperial Russian Government, which originally advanced the compound suggestion of disarmament and arbitration 25 years ago (during our war with Spain to be exact), has been obliterated. Today the world has not advanced, despite President Harding's belief, toward the elimination of war or the application of peace. It is nonsensical statesmanship, freely indulged in periodically, to attempt to build up the very court that has defied man's ingenuity, application and intention. The United States rejected what other nations rejected. Mr. Harding as Senator would have joined in the shelving of the very court he is now advocating—and he frowned upon the attempts of President Wilson to establish a similar organization.

It is getting nowhere to adhere to an international court which can be joined not for the good it is supposed to do but for the lack of specific authority it has. It is writing the same history of 1907, more or less. Although Mr. Root is actively identified with the new as he was with the old, there has been nothing forthcoming from him to show that substituting the word Justice for Arbitration is the solution of a problem which he had the power and probably the authority to settle when he was Secretary of State.

A useful suggestion for every reader, which will lead to a better understanding of the subject, is the peculiar but eloquent fact that these international court plans, past or present, for justice or arbitration, are advanced and advocated by jurists or lawyers, regardless of temporary public office, occasionally aided by ex-officials.

Dyed-in-the-wool diplomatists and front-rank statesmen, especially those who are running the governments of the more important nations, have never made a single positive statement that will justify one to believe that international tribunals can be made effective.

The writer would like to see a list of foreign notables who, actually identified with the business of running their respective governments, are on record in favor of international arbitration that will not only arbitrate but accept signatories to abide by the decision. Their utmost concession has been with regard to petty matters that any superior local court could settle as well and probably more speedily.

Despite a very fair personal acquaintance with statesmen who have almost run the world during the past 20 years, I cannot recall a single one who answers the foregoing description.

It is not because they are war-lords, or because they are selfish, or because they are intolerant; not at all. It is simply due to the fact that the present nationalistic method of running a country, or governing a people, precludes co-operation under the egis of an international tribunal. The United States has subscribed to this doctrine. Whether it will ever be changed is problematical.

What It Must Be

BUT that is not all. An international court must of necessity be constituted of nations which are interrelated in various ways, politically or economically, and although the judicial members exercised superhuman logic, it is difficult to escape the psychology of superior force. The advantage always rests with the great powers. It may be harsh but it is so. That was one of the reasons why the League of Nations failed to impress the Senate, yet, and this is worth noting, the very men, officials and others, who are advocating the new court are the same men who favored the League of Nations, with or without reservations. The only exception is Mr. Harding himself.

President Harding may not know it, but his advocacy of The Hague Court of Justice which, so far as he is personally concerned, has no political outlet, at least at this time, has made him more popular with the pro-Leaguers. What this will mean is both interesting and disconcerting.

International courts never have been an issue in presidential campaigns before. Whether the campaign of 1920 hinged upon international courts is admitted by some and denied by others. It is to be doubted that it can legitimately figure as an issue in 1924.

There is danger, however, that cant and volubility may lead the people to imagine that the International Court of Justice is greater and more vital to our welfare than it actually is, and in case of defeat by the Senate, to attempt to prove that the Senate is anti-international peace or some such thing.

Secretary Hughes, in his letter to the President, states that "from its foundation this government has taken a leading part in promoting the judicial settlement of international disputes," but that is different from the "international judicial" settlement of disputes. Arbitration processes are not denied to the Government because of The Hague courts, old and new.

The American people have had only one experience in genuine arbitration, and that was at the now almost forgotten Portsmouth Conference between Russia and Japan. No international tribunal like The Hague court could ever have reached or imposed the compromise that the representatives of the former enemy powers amicably reached among themselves on American ground.

Where there's a will there is a way—but two-thirds of this talk about international courts, judging from past experiences and results, is nothing but talk.

Let's have arbitration—but cut out politics.

Taking Gamble Out of World's Chief Food

Concluded from page 10

levels the peaks and fills the hollows of production. It ships fresh meat from Australia to London, and enables the fresh fruit harvest to lap round the year.

But none of these industries privately controlled contemplate storage beyond a seasonal demand.

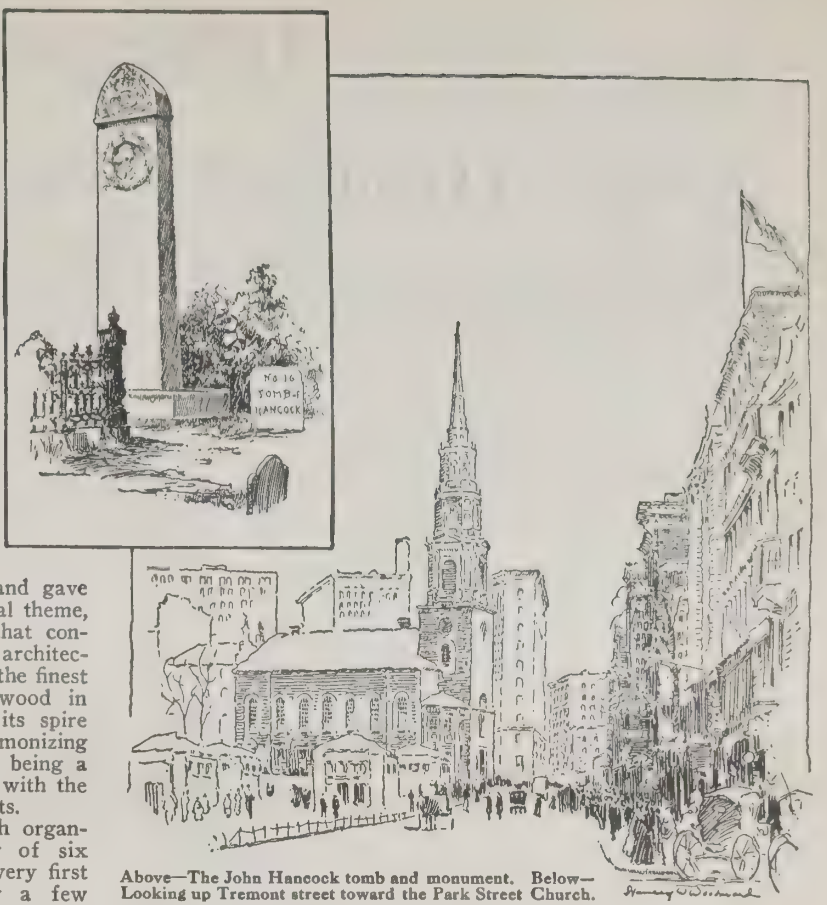
The coal strike of 1922 furnishes so conclusive an argument for the extensive municipal storage of at least one winter's supply of anthracite, and of even larger accumulation at the points of use of soft coal, that no other plan can weigh with it. Apart from its protection to the consuming public, its effect on both operators and miners in the direction of production agreements would be valuable. That the smoothing out of both production and distribution would lead to a lessening of the cost of coal to the consumer is obvious. It is seen in all the larger commercial and manufacturing operations, where the customer who can give steady and permanent orders can always get preferred treatment. The lack of steadiness, the wide fluctuations of production in the building industry are principally responsible for the present high cost of building. Every element, from the timber and brick to the pipe and plumbing, every human interest from the architect to the bricklayer and carpenter, have to charge all they can to make up for the carrying costs of the long intervals of idleness.

But the very nature of the expected annual production of the great grain staples has confirmed the world in its hand-to-mouth improvidence of dependence in the matter of food. In every other direction thrift, anticipation of future need, has become ingrained habit, but the day succeeds the night; in the spring the grass is green and in the autumn the harvest comes. Nature forces the farmer's hand. He has to plant or his food factory lies worse than idle and produces of its own volition injurious crops. But compelled to till, the farmer faces the unseen enemies of the air. He cannot say—yet—: "This year the drought will destroy my wheat. I will at least save my seed and labor." Perhaps that day is not far distant when his meteorology can be read ahead. But this is certain, even now he measures his crop planting, especially where he has diversified farming, by the returns of the previous year, and at present it is not encouraging. In the end the public pays, and pays heavily, for all great price fluctuations depending on the rise and fall in the levels of food production. The public is forced to gamble whether it will or not, and the cards are dealt by professional operators. It is time the gamble is taken out of the world's chief food, in which to lose is to insure disaster.

Park Street Church, Bulwark of Puritanism

Nine Who Withdrew From Old South in 1808 Founded What Well May Be Termed Boston's Hub

By MAY B. WHITING



Above—The John Hancock tomb and monument. Below—Looking up Tremont street toward the Park Street Church.

IN THE period of spiritual depression that follows every war, there are always a few souls not content with formalism and who seek earnestly the vision. Park Street Church in Boston is the result of such a striving at the close of the Revolution and it remains the most distinctive building in the city. Beautiful in situation and in the loveliness of its perfect spire, it rises with a sweet and gentle pride that is quite Bostonian, too, as if perfectly aware that for miles around there is no spot so dearly cherished. "Brimstone Corner," as the scoffers used to call it, may well claim to be the exact center of that hub which Boston fondly fancies itself to be.

When the Revolution was over, the Puritan faith that had accomplished such marvels seemed almost dead. During the war the Old South Church had been used as a riding school and pistol gallery for the British cavalry, and now it reopened decidedly "shaky." And yet it was the only church in Boston which made any claim to the old doctrine. Unitarianism was spreading, but many were turning to it, not inspired by its spirit of brotherly service, but as a relaxation from the old duties. In all the city there was no mission work, distribution of Bibles, midweek service, weekly religious publication, or Sunday school.

In 1808 nine zealous souls withdrew from the Old South, resolved to start a church which should teach again the faith of Calvin, a last bulwark, if need be, of Puritanism. A year later they formally organized, still with less than a score of members, under the leadership of Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, father of the inventor of the telephone, and Dr. Holmes, father of the beloved "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Plans were made for raising funds and land purchased for a church edifice.

At that time Boston had much the appearance of an English shire town. Tremont and Summer streets were residential, with colonial mansions such as are still standing in Salem, and fine gardens and shade trees. The town crier daily made his rounds, announcing an auction sale of hay or the arrival of a shipload of rugs or figs from Smyrna, and tavern signs swung above the cobblestones over which the coaches rattled as they made their start by lantern light at two a. m.

The old town granary was still standing on the lot opposite the Common which the new church purchased. In the early days of the colony this building served to hold about 12,000 bushels of grain to meet the needs of the poor, but of late it had fallen into various uses, from being the home of the ragpickers to storing secondhand furniture. At one time it was a sail loft and the sails of the frigate *Constitution* were made within its walls. But every one was glad to see the ramshackle affair dismantled and the foundations laid for a new building.

The architect was Peter Banner, an Englishman, but the Ionic and Corinthian columns of the spire were the work of a Bostonian, Solomon Willard. The model was Saint Bride's in Fleet street, yet the new structure far surpassed the London church in beauty and harmony of design. The motif is found in the medieval churches of Italy and was brought to England by Wren and Inigo Jones. But New England gave a further adaptation of the classical theme, a grace and lightness of touch that constitute our real contribution to architecture. And Park Street Church is the finest example of the Renaissance in wood in the country. The gradations of its spire rise in subtle charm, each harmonizing deftly with the others, the whole being a continuation of a tower, connected with the main building by pillared quadrants.

No sooner was the new church organized than it became the sponsor of six important movements. From the very first it was a mission church. Only a few months after its dedication it ordained the first workers of the American Board of Foreign Missions and a few months later organized the church of the Sandwich Islands, with several natives present. In 1817 it started one of the first Sunday schools and about that same time began to hold meetings in the cause of temperance which resulted in the formation of societies all over the country. In 1829 William Lloyd Garrison, then not 24 years old, gave his first public speech in Boston against slavery, Whittier being in the audience, and in 1849 Charles Sumner delivered his famous address, "The War Systems of Nations," before the American Peace Society which held its meetings there. And with all these reforms there was much preaching of the old doctrine of work and prayer, not forgetting fervent mention of "the wrath to come," so that the title, "Brimstone Corner," was given partly in derision and partly in admiration.

But the most beautiful of Park Street works is its gift of music. It was the home of the Handel and Haydn Society, the oldest musical organization in the country, except the one at Stoughton, Massachusetts, and none other has done so much to make the classics the common enjoyment of all. It was the pride of merchant, clerk and society belle to sing in its chorus with accompanying orchestra, which at first consisted of flute, bassoon and violincello, and sufficient reward for going out in all weathers for rehearsals, to sing in its concerts with the finest soloists in the country in the leading parts. It was at a children's festival in Park Street Church on July 4, 1832, that *America* was first sung, under the direction of Boston's favorite music master, Lowell Mason.

Adjoining the church on the north is the Granary Burying Ground, which was set off from the Common in 1660. Here sleep some of the city's most honored dead, well pleased, if the love of Boston still persists in heaven, that their ashes repose under the shadow of Park Street steeple. Although fronting on one of the busiest streets, the plot has an air of seclusion, elevated some three feet above the sidewalk and shut in, as it is, by an iron fence with granite entrances, the heavy carvings of which suggest Chaldean arches.

In the center of the burying ground is a marble pyramid erected to the parents of Benjamin Franklin. That thrifty soul could not neglect so good an occasion to point a moral to succeeding generations, and the epitaph he composed is surely worthy of a passing glance:

Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife
lie here interred.
They lived lovingly together in wedlock
fifty-five years.
Without any estate or gainful employment,
By constant labor and industry,
with God's blessing,
They maintained a large family comfortably,
and brought up thirteen children
and seven grandchildren
reputably.
From this instance, reader,
Be encouraged to diligence in thy calling
And distrust not Providence.
He was a pious and prudent man;
She, a discreet and virtuous woman.
Their youngest son,
In filial regard to their memory,
Places this stone.

In the southwestern corner is the steel shaft erected to the memory of John Hancock, first governor of Massachusetts and first signer of the Declaration of Independence, and, just in back, a humble slab marking the grave of his servant Frank. Two other signers are buried here, Samuel Adams and Robert Treat Paine; seven governors, several of them officers of the crown; also John Phillips, first mayor of Boston, John Bailey, pastor of the first church, and James Otis, patriot orator of the Revolution.

Here is the dark rectangular monument of Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, that staunch old Puritan whose conscience smote him sore for helping hang the witches, and near by the grave of his father-in-law, John Hull, the "mint master" who made the pine tree shillings. Paul Revere lies in the old burial ground, also Peter Faneuil and Rev. Pierre Daillé, minister of the Huguenot church in Boston, together with other members of his congregation. The victims of the Boston Massacre of 1770 lie in an unmarked grave, and near the Tremont street railing is the grave of young Woodbridge who, in 1728, was killed in a duel on the Common.

According to an old Boston tradition, or perhaps it is a myth, Mother Goose lies in this cemetery. A seventeenth century matron, Elizabeth Vergoose, is supposed to be this immortal friend of childhood, and more than one antiquary, poring over the stones, many of them crumbled beyond deciphering, has thought to locate her grave.

If truth be known, the pilgrim at this shrine must be content to honor the dead in general assembly and not localize his homage too precisely. For stones will crumble and fall to the ground and there have been city officials whose ideal was to find a convenient way to have the grass moved. It was after a stroll in this burying ground that Holmes made his classic remark about the wholesale illustration of the old reproach, Here *lies,* "where the stone does lie above and the bones do not lie beneath."

But they are all there somewhere, a grave and goodly company, the Puritan dead of Boston, their little gray stones peering up like so many monitors, bidding the city hold fast its ancient glory. On one side of their green valley is the church, and two others are shut in by high business blocks, but there are no advertising signs to mar the dull gray of the walls and outrage the sensibilities of the worthies assembled there.

In fact, there is a certain air of comfort and good taste and old gentility about the Granary Burying Ground, and, in spite of its fiery name, there is no air of gloom about the church, or any appearance of having outlived its usefulness. The dark stones that mark the graves are only a foil to bring out the cheerful red of the brick, toned by time into a soft and mellow hue. Beneath the church, the windows of a bright tea room and gay flower shop add vivid touches of color, and the lovely spire, rising in slender grace above the trees of the Common, smiles contentedly down on the passers-by, never for an instant forgetting that it helps adorn one of the finest corners in the world.

Things in the Making—MATCHES

ALTHOUGH it was discovered by Godfrey Haukwitz in 1686 that sulphur and phosphorous would ignite by friction, it was not until 150 years later that this discovery was applied to matches.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the common method to produce a spark was the striking together of flint and steel, the sparks falling on tinder, such as the carbonized fragments of cotton and linen.

It was in 1827 that the first true friction match was evolved by John Walker, of Stockton-on-Tees, Durham. In 1830 imitations of Walker's matches were made and put on the market under the name of "lucifers."

Today, the manufacture of matches has assumed gigantic proportions in many countries, principally Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Japan and the United States.

The New International Encyclopedia, speaking of the way matches are made, says:

"The first step in the manufacture of large, ordinary and safety matches is to prepare the splints from blocks of pine from which all knots and cross-grained portions have been removed. This wood comes in the form of planks two inches thick and is thoroughly dry. Then it is sawed into lengths of from one and seven-eighths to two and one-half inches, or the length of the ordinary match.

"A man now receives these blocks and they are cut by knives or dies into rows of splints, each row containing splints for 44 matches. Each row of splints, as it is cut from the block, is placed on cast-iron plates which are formed into an endless chain. The splints are now carried over a drying or heating block, where they are heated so the melted paraffin may not become cold on the exterior of the stick, but may saturate the end thoroughly.

"The paraffin and the composition which form the head of the match are placed in proper receptacles, which are automatically replenished without stopping the machine. Through these the splints pass.

"As the chain carries the bundles along, the matches are cooled and dried by blasts of air, and finally they are automatically removed and packed in prepared boxes.

"One such machine will yield 100 gross of boxes a day and requires the attention of eight girls. The boxes, which are made by automatic machinery, too, are fed into the machine automatically, and, after receiving their contents, are discharged on a rotating table, where they receive their covers at the hands of girls, two to four being employed at each table.

"The use of automatic machinery also is applied to the manufacture of the so-called book matches, where strips of cardboard, separated so as to form individual matches, are bound in cardboard cases with a striking surface. A machine prints the cardboard, cuts it into combs, dips the ends in the igniting mixture, folds it, stitches it into books, and fixes to the outside the striking composition.

"These book matches, which have found wide vogue, especially for advertising purposes and for pocket match safes, date from about 1899."

The Soaring Prices One Meets in Germany

Ruhr Occupation Has Terrific Effect in Bringing About Collapse of Mark

POSTAGE, like everything else in Germany, has soared to giddy heights since the French occupation of the Ruhr. When I came to Germany, shortly after the Armistice, it took only a 20-pfennig stamp to send a letter to America. Now it costs 750 times that much. This communication to The Dearborn Independent, double letter-weight, requires 225 marks postage. A single letter of the regulation 20 grammes weight, less than an ounce (1 ounce=28 1/3 grammes) to a foreign land costs 150 marks, and each additional 20 grammes an additional 75 marks. A domestic letter costs 50 marks.

The 20 pfennigs, which a foreign letter formerly cost, was equal to 5 cents at the normal rate of exchange. The 150 marks, which a foreign letter now costs, is equal to $37.50 at the normal rate of exchange, and the postage on this letter to The Dearborn Independent (double weight) represents a normal face value of $56.25. It would be just the same in America if the American currency had become so debased that instead of 5 cents it took $37.50 to post a letter to a foreign land. In such a case, of course, the cost of wages and everything else would also have enormously advanced. And that is just the way it is in Germany, though wages have not by any means kept pace with the depreciation of the currency. The trouble is that the cost of everything in Germany just now is far from normal because of the abnormal "flight of the mark."

4,500 Times Pre-war Figures

AS SHARP as is the rise in German postage it is not commensurate with the rise in other prices, which now average about 4,500 times the normal pre-war figures. That is the ratio of the paper mark to the gold mark—4,500 to one—meaning that it takes 4,500 paper marks to buy as much as a gold mark will buy. But the term "gold mark" is employed only as a symbol of measurement. No ordinary person ever sees such a thing. It has entirely disappeared from circulation.

In 1916 I made a little run into Germany from Holland. On the trip I spoiled the suit of clothes I was wearing, and in Hamburg bought a good ready-made suit for which I paid 60 marks. Before the war one could get a custom-made suit for that figure. Now it costs more than double the amount to post a letter to America. It is not enough to buy a daily German newspaper which costs 100 marks while the English newspapers sell for 2,000 marks and more a copy. Car fare on the street cars costs 150 marks. In Hamburg, on the trip above referred to, I bought a pair of good new shoes for 20 marks. Now it takes 100 marks to buy the poorest pair of cotton shoe strings. A box of matches costs 60 marks.

> *A loaf of bread bought with the bread card costs 1,000 marks; without the bread card it costs 1,600 marks. Before the war 1,000 marks would guarantee the household necessities and even the comforts of a worker's family for a year. In 1914 a thousand marks was sufficient to furnish a workingman's cottage completely. In November, 1921, the workingman could get only a kitchen cupboard for that sum. A year later it would buy only a pair of stockings. Now it is not enough to purchase a red bandana handkerchief. In 1914 a 200-pound pig could be bought for the price of an egg in 1923. Today a cake of wash-soap is sold for the same price that the farmer received for a good milch cow before the war.*

The mark has sunk so low that instead of being worth four to the dollar, as in former times, the American now exchanges his dollar for more than 50,000 marks. It takes 500 marks to equal one cent. So, as fantastical as the prices seem to the German, they are low for the happy possessor of foreign currency. That is why foreigners are again besieging Germany, and buying up everything they can get. That is why there has grown up in Germany such prejudice against foreigners excepting Americans who are ever held in the highest esteem.

Boycott Is General

FRENCHMEN have had to hurry out of the unoccupied territory because the hotels and restaurants refuse to serve them. The elevator boys refuse to carry them to and from their rooms. Cabmen will not haul them. A boycott has been placed on all that comes from France. No more French wines are drunk. No French wares are sold in the stores. The speaking of the French language is prohibited in all public places. French newspapers and magazines are no longer on sale. Such are some of the first consequences of the occupation of the Ruhr district by the French. What will follow no one yet can tell.

The Ruhr was the richest remaining part of Germany. Bonar Law has aptly termed it the jugular vein of German trade. After the losses of Alsace Lorraine, and the great Upper Silesian black country, the occupation of the Rhine and the Ruhr deprives Germany of the last remaining great ore-producing district. In the last three years the acceleration in the formation of vertical combines has given to the Ruhr its peculiar importance, since, without any outstanding exception, those combines have been erected and expanded on the Ruhr coal mines. Intensive development of manufacture and inner connections have been established on a scale of intricacy and power unparalleled elsewhere in European or American industry. Iron ore supplies have been established wherever iron could be found—in Sweden, Belgium, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain and Algiers—to keep this central organization supplied with raw materials.

The Ruhr coal production in 1913 amounted to 114.8 million metric tons, or 60.4 per cent of the total German production. In 1920 it amounted to 88.2 million tons or 62.7 per cent; in 1921 to 94.1 million or 64.6 per cent, and in 1922 to 97.3 million. The production was 76.8 per cent of the pre-war output in 1920 and steadily increased to 84.5 per cent of the pre-war output in 1922.

The proportion of the Ruhr coal output to the entire British coal production amounted to 39 per cent in 1913; 38 per cent in 1920 and 56.5 per cent in 1921. It is evident, therefore, that if the entire output of the Ruhr were diverted from German industry to export and the rate of production were retained, the effect on British industry would be very serious. The total export of coal from Britain was only 25 per cent of the total output in 1913, 10 per cent in 1920 and 15 per cent in 1921. With this supply of coal from the Ruhr, France could hope to underbid Britain in the European markets and enter into direct competition in other markets hitherto regarded as purely British. Even allowing for German industry absorbing the usual amount of coal, there was a total export surplus of coal in 1920 amounting to 22 million metric tons and in 1921 to 25 million, of which at least two-thirds would come from the Ruhr. From this point alone the danger to the coal industry of England cannot well be overestimated.

In 1922 the coke produced in the Ruhr amounted to an average of 2.1 million metric tons per month, compared with a total German average of 2.4 million metric tons per month in 1821 and 2.5 in 1922. The total number of workmen employed in mining during 1922 ranged from 535,869 in June to 655,544 in October. The Stinnes industrial group alone employed 141,000 workmen in 1922; the Krupp group, 99,000; Klockner, 61,000; Phoenix, 46,500; Haniel, 40,300. The Stinnes group possesses in the Rhein-Elbe-Schuckert-Union 65 iron ore mines, 26 coal mines, 26 blast furnaces, 22 steel works, and eight rolling mills. The Krupp group possesses 37 iron ore mines, six coal mines, 17 blast furnaces, 15 steel works, 18 rolling mills. The Phoenix has one iron ore mine, five coal mines, 18 blast furnaces, 22 steel works, and eight rolling mills. The remaining nine groups own 42 blast furnaces, 37 steel works and 75 rolling mills. The whole iron and steel industry of Germany is practically located either in the Ruhr or in the region surrounding and containing it. In 1920 the 12 main groups produced between them 50 per cent of the total production of the Ruhr in coal and coke, so that this quantity can be considered as definitely applied to industrial apart from domestic uses. It is difficult to see how this can, under French occupation, be absorbed by the great iron and steel firms, and the probability is that this section of the Ruhr coal industry will cease operating.

Dependent on Ruhr for Coal

THE raw material—coal, iron ore, rolled iron and steel—supplies of German industry come from the Ruhr. The cut in the vertical combination in each group will tend to separate the manufacturing section from the raw material section which gives it life. Hence the seizure of the Ruhr must mean dislocation or interruption of industrial activities throughout Germany, even to the most distant parts, since many firms have spread out from this initial source of supply.

The whole of South German industry is especially dependent on the Ruhr for coal. The highly developed Thuringian industry has to rely entirely on Ruhr coal. Industrial Saxony and the great Berlin industries have looked to the Ruhr for their coal since the Upper Silesian supply was cut off.

The French occupation of the Ruhr has for its object the creation of a vassal state with a customs barrier along its German frontier. A "Rhenish franc" is to be issued to take the place of the German mark.

Six of the great German dyestuffs factories are in the occupied area. They employ 60,000 workmen and 12,000 chemists. They enjoy almost a monopoly on their output and hence can afford a franc currency. But managers and staff are unanimous in refusing to perform efficient work if it is to be only for French profit. Whether other branches of industry, with a customs barrier on the east and probably a still higher one on the west, can get along with franc wages seems very problematical.

What is the truth connected with the purchase of German property under the present circumstances? Is there really any money to be made by owning German houses or buildings in view of the fact that the dollar has such a tremendous purchasing power in Germany today? Can a foreigner actually "get something for nothing" in the Fatherland, or is the "get-rich-quick" talk all pure buncombe? Questions like these have been asked by many an American who has waited perhaps long and patiently for the chance to invest his savings in some kind of property and live on the income derived therefrom. And to pay only a few hundred dollars for a house and lot (whether it be located in Germany, China, or anywhere) that would cost many thousands in America certainly cannot be classed as "gold brick" speculation, whatever else may be said about it. On the face of it the thing looks good, and so it is that a very large number of Americans are property owners in Germany at the present time. But whether the thing is really as good as it looks on the surface will bear some close investigation. We shall examine the situation as it is in Germany today primarily to prove that the opportunities for any actual profit are not so rosy as they may seem to many an outsider.

To begin with, the real estate problems in Germany are somewhat different from ours. In the larger cities most of the people live in casern-like tenement houses built of brick covered over with cement. The size of these houses is regulated by law which differs in the various states but averages 30 feet deep by 66 feet front. Practically all of the houses are built one against the other with no space between, their dull gray masonry fronting the streets with a cold, monotonous sameness three to five stories in height. The rooms and windows are larger than those found in our houses of a similar type and the better houses of later construction have usually one apartment of six or seven rooms on each floor with all modern conveniences. In the older tenement houses occupied by the poorer classes, each floor is divided into two or more apartments. Only the very rich can afford to live in isolated homes or "villas" which are pretentious structures of stone surrounded by beautiful grounds, shade trees, shrubs, flower beds and well-kept lawns. While mansions like these are much in evidence in Germany, the beautiful little cottages or dainty bungalows which are so popular in the United States are almost unknown. The typically European—size and pomp—seems to predominate.

What It Means to Buy House

LET us say an American citizen has bought himself a house in Germany which the agent was originally authorized to sell for 15 million marks. At the present rate of exchange this sum translated into English represents about $500 which would hardly be more than a first payment on a home over here, while it actually PAYS FOR THE ENTIRE PIECE OF PROPERTY IN GERMANY. But the purchase can never be more than a speculation; it is certainly not a sound investment. Although $500 is not a large amount of money, it can, at least, bring in something every year in the form of interest at the savings bank, while invested in a house in Germany means that the owner henceforth becomes a heavy taxpayer, is put to the expense of upkeep, and so on, and receives IN DOLLARS AND CENTS no return whatever out of his "investment."

Furthermore, foreign buyers as speculators are not at all welcome in Germany; the former subject of the kaiser hates to see his property fall into the hands of foreigners, and one can hardly blame him. (Today's newspaper shows clearly enough the almost hourly loss of more and more German territory through the French inundation.)

But the principal objection to the owning of German real estate seems to be the enormous taxation to which every foreigner must hold himself accountable. Although this taxation to a foreign investor is not confiscatory, due to the abnormal exchange situation, it is, nevertheless, highly discouraging. Every kind of tax imaginable is levied on a piece of property, and the foreign owner has usually enough "extras" tacked on to the already long list, that the amount of the taxes payable may in time (should conditions become still worse, and there is every indication in this direction) total up to MORE THAN THE VALUE OF THE PROPERTY ITSELF! On top of all this, the government is about ready to pass a law preventing all foreigners from holding German real estate without special consent from the government. The main object is to prevent speculation in real estate by foreigners or by any persons operating with foreign capital, and it will soon be as hard for a non-German to buy property in Germany as it already is for a Bolshevik to emigrate to this country.

Little Benefit to Be Had

IN SUMMING up the situation, it will not be difficult to see that the serious-minded American can derive precious little benefit from the buying of German houses or buildings, and only a preying agent as usual gets out of it whatever there really is in the deal: namely, the commission.

But what of the future? Is there anything to the idea that this German property now on the market at a small fraction of its real worth will ever come to its own again when the mark is at last stabilized and conditions within the German nation become normal again? The most logical answer to this question is that it certainly ought to. But *when* will it? And *how* will it be done? A myriad of sweeping political and economic changes must first take place in the heart of the German nation before things will ever resume anything like normalcy again. Until then a lot of perfectly good American money is lying idle—and if the French should take a notion to seize the property, or worse yet, the Communists (German disciples of Lenin and of the Internationale) decide to divide it up and "share equally" with it—? These, of course, are questions which cannot now be definitely answered, and a very faint ray of hope remains that they may never arise for dispute. But the fact today is all too clear that the outlook in any direction is anything but cheerful; and the chances that anybody will eventually get "something for nothing" are practically nil. It has never worked out this way before and the chances are very good that in this particular case "wildcat" speculation has got the better of a great many people with perfectly good intentions.

City Moves to Make Its Artists Self-supporting

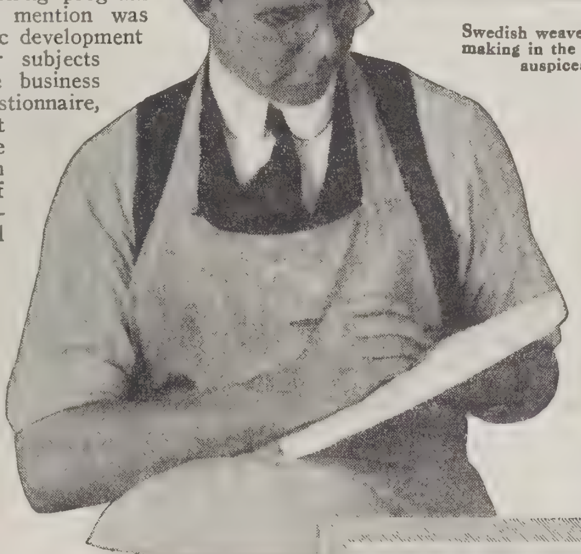
Berkeley, California, Through Chamber of Commerce, Acts to Take Art Out of Garret

By HARRY H. DUNN

CHARLES KELEER,

Of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, who originated the idea of devoting a part of the powers of the organization to the interests of art in Berkeley.

Swedish weaver at work on the all but lost art of tapestry-making in the co-operative art store recently opened under the auspices of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce.


ROGER NOBLE BURNHAM,

Sculptor, chairman of the arts committee of the chamber of commerce of Berkeley, Calif.

TO TAKE art out of the garret, and give it an electric light instead of a candle, the city of Berkeley, California, through its chamber of commerce, has gathered the arts and the artists among its 65,000 inhabitants under its wings, co-ordinated their activities, given them opportunity to present their productions, and prepared for them an economic outlet for their painting, their sculpture, their music, their literature, their drama, and even their dancing. This is the first time in the history of business organizations that a chamber of commerce—usually devoted to the bringing of new commercial investments, new industries and new corporations to a city—has visioned the fact that art is as important to the growth of an American community, and to the development of its people, as is commerce or industry.

The idea originated in the mind of Charles Keeler, managing director of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, and, while he was developing the details, questionnaires were sent to each member of the chamber, asking a statement of those things which, in their judgment, should be incorporated in the working program of the organization. No mention was made of the idea of artistic development yet, among the 10 major subjects listed by virtually all the business men who replied to the questionnaire, was the advancement of art in all branches, and the making of Berkeley into an art center. The presence of the University of California, and other educational institutions in Berkeley, combined with its scenic location on the slopes of the foothills, and its remarkable climate, has attracted there hundreds of painters, sculptors, composers, musicians, writers and workers in other lines of art.

Realizing the presence of these artists, and the unusual demand from the business and professional life of the community that they be given an opportunity for advancement with the aid of the chamber of commerce, Mr. Keeler, himself a poet, dramatist and writer, inaugurated a movement having for its object the sustaining of these artists, through the distribution and sale of their products, so that they might be self-supporting from their own creative work, without being compelled to devote even a part of their time to teaching. Inasmuch as the arts embody manufactured articles which are the most enduring and the most prized objects of any civilization, they are as worthy of support by a chamber of commerce as are the cruder and more materially useful things produced in factories or imported in commerce.

"There is this essential difference between the manufacture of the utilities of life, and the manufacture of art objects," said Mr. Keeler in presenting the plan to the people of Berkeley, "that the former are made primarily for enriching the producer, while the latter are made because the artist has an irresistible impulse to create, whether there is an adequate market for his product or not. Nevertheless, the artist has the same needs and requirements for life as has the manufacturer of utilities. In all countries and in most ages, the poets, painters, composers, sculptors and writers have led a precarious existence, while particularly in America there are only a few who have had the support from the public necessary for an adequate livelihood from their creative work alone."

Thus Berkeley became the first American city to achieve the Continental plan, under which the arts not only are recognized, but are encouraged and assisted by the municipality. To do this, an arts and crafts committee was established within the chamber of commerce, and Roger Noble Burnham, designer of the University of California scholarship medal and of the heroic figures on the Memorial Hospital at Boston, was made chairman. Mr. Burnham himself handles and directs the department devoted to painting, sculpture, pottery-making and allied arts. The musical section is under the guidance of Antonio de Grassi, a composer and musician of note. The dramatic section is directed by Mrs. Burnham, who organized and conducted the Toy Theater in Boston, and, more recently, the Lanai Players in Honolulu. Mr. Keeler has charge of the literary division, and also attends to the maintenance of the close connection with the business, commercial and industrial interests of the city and the development of the art sections.

One of the principal factors which has held back the average American artist from full development, and prevented his giving all his time to creative work, is that he has had no economic outlet; that is to say, no effort has been made so to link the artist with the world of buyers that he may dispose of his production in such a manner as to earn a living wage. To assist the artists of Berkeley, and, in some degree, at least, those of all of Northern California, to bring their products into contact with prospective purchasers, the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce has sponsored the establishment of an art clearing house, or store, now in successful operation, to which these artists bring their paintings, their sculpture, their pottery, their weaving, their books, their musical compositions, to be displayed for sale. This store, which is in charge of J. Arthur Ward and Mrs. Nanna Boedker, also maintains direct connection with other art stores, privately owned, in New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Atlanta, St. Louis, Cleveland, Detroit, and virtually all eastern and southern cities, and ships to them on consignment the work of Berkeley artists.

An important factor in this liaison between art and business is that the prices of the artists' productions are held to a reasonable figure. That is to say, the arts and crafts committee of the chamber of commerce believes that art can be sold to the many just as well as to the few, if art works are not held at such exorbitant prices as is customary in most art shops. Thus, two persons are benefited—the artist, who obtains quicker and far wider sales for his productions, and the art lover of small means, who thus is enabled to gratify his desire for beautiful ornaments and works of art in his or her home, without emptying his purse.

The economic outlet for art work so established, however, is merely one of the avenues taken by the chamber of commerce to assist the producers of meritorious art work. The music section of the committee, under Antonio de Grassi, for example, has organized the Berkeley quartet, two violins, viola and 'cello with Mr. de Grassi as conductor, which is presenting a series of concerts of the best of the world's music in the auditorium of the Berkeley high school. These concerts extend well on into the spring at the nominal price of 30 cents admission. They are well attended. The dramatic section, under Mrs. Roger Noble Burnham, has organized a company of players and presented several dramatic productions to capacity houses at moderate admission charges.

Northern California composers who are assisting the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce in putting art of all kinds in the University City on a paying basis. Standing, left to right—Thomas Frederick Freeman, Eugene Blanchard and Wallace A. Sabin; seated, left to right—Antonio de Grassi, U. Marcelli, William J. McCoy and Frederick Maurer.

The Berkeley quartet, organized and led by Antonio de Grassi (at left), which is presenting a season of concerts of the best in music at the nominal admission price of 30 cents each, under the auspices of the chamber of commerce of Berkeley.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Fur-bearing and game animals are to be introduced on islands in Southeastern Alaska. Rabbits will be placed on certain islands as food for the fur bearers and man while other islands will be stocked with mink, marten and beaver and possibly elk.

One of Murillo's greatest paintings, "The Assumption," is hidden away in Guadalajara, Mexico. It is valued at more than $400,000 and is held by the church of that city. It is still in the city but has been hidden since the revolution.

The government of Switzerland has subsidized the potato-growing industry by contracting to purchase potatoes from the producers at from $1.71 to $1.90 for 220 pounds, delivered at the station of shipment, the government standing all transportation costs.

A new Mexican fiber known as "Malvavisco" is said to be a substitute for jute. This plant grows abundantly in the humid level lands near the rivers and at present is employed for making brooms. Experiments show this plant to possess qualities similar to jute and the cost of extracting the fiber is small. The fiber has been woven into cloth and it has an excellent silky appearance.

The International Labor Office reports that the following prices were in effect in Moscow as of November 26, 1922: Rye bread, .02 a pound; potatoes, .007 a pound; beef, .113 a pound; butter, .25 a pound; milk, .047 a quart; eggs. .18 for 10; sugar, .11 a pound; men's boots, $6.30.

Taxes on farm land have more than doubled during the past eight years. The average tax per acre in 1922 was 71 cents as compared with 31 cents in 1914.

The faithful Negroes who stood by their masters during the Civil War were voted pensions by the South Carolina legislature. The pensions are to be granted under virtually the same conditions as those now paid to Confederate veterans.

An ancient manuscript dealing with King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba contains the earliest historical reference to airplanes. The manuscript declares, "King Solomon gave the Queen of Sheba a vessel wherein one could traverse the air (or wind)."

The Biological Survey and the Bishop Museum of Honolulu are sending a scientific expedition to explore the Hawaiian Islands National Bird Reservation. The company will make collections and gather information concerning the bird life of the reservation which consists of a dozen or more islands, reefs and shoals stretching westward from the Hawaiian Archipelago proper for more than 1,500 miles toward Japan. The Navy Department is to furnish a vessel for the use of the party.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

In Schaerbeek, Belgium, is a small museum, dedicated to the remembrance of the eight women who were executed by the Germans during their occupation of Antwerp and Brussels.

Indians on Annette Island, Alaska, are buying an up-to-date fish cannery. The present owners have made an agreement which provides that royalties of from three to ten cents on each salmon shall be paid to the Indians and at the same time that supplemental royalties accruing to the natives shall be invested in the property so that absolute title will be acquired by them within five years.

The British Government is complaining of "wireless pirates." A wireless pirate is a person who has installed a wireless receiver set with the aid of a textbook and a little ingenuity. He is breaking the law for he has no license. He is committing an offense against the Wireless Telegraphy Act of 1904 and is liable to a fine not exceeding 100 pounds, and to 12 months' imprisonment. This tax on ingenuity, particularly in the case of the wireless, may react to the government's disadvantage in the future.

To keep within the budget, Cincinnati officials are utilizing moonshine whisky, seized by the police, as an anti-freeze aid for radiators of city automobiles, thus saving the expense of alcohol.

Professor Albert Einstein has resigned from the League of Nations.

An American motion picture operator, who had been taking films of the French-occupied area of the Ruhr, was pursued by the French but escaped in his auto to Berlin. There the film was developed and two copies were sent abroad. Now the negative is stolen by French agents. However, the operator has an additional copy and will make another negative.

Whales acquire barnacles the same as do ships. However, they do not cause the whale any discomfort.

Board of Trade members in Chicago are considering a novel scheme for raising money for a new building. It has been proposed to place a tax on all transactions on the exchange in the same manner that the pot in a poker game is "nipped" for the "kitty." However, the plan calls only for the loan of the money put in the kitty and regular interest would be paid.

A day of dense fog costs London nearly $5,000,000 in loss of wages, extra lighting, cost of delay, extra transportation and extra launderings.

The Santiago River in Mexico is the longest in that country. It rises near Mexico City and flows northwest to the sea emptying near San Blas. In the canyons 2,000 feet below the level of the surrounding plain, the Indian farmers find a super-tropic climate along the river banks where they plant their crops. The climate here forces vegetation as might an equatorial hothouse.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who is 86 years old and has served 46 years as a representative of Illinois in Congress, arrived in Chicago and said he was looking for a "job with a future."

The house at 48 Doughty street, London, to which Dickens moved with his young wife, Mary Hogarth, from Furnival's Inn, is to be purchased by the London Dickens Fellowship. The house will be used as a museum, in which are to be collected objects, books, pictures, and so on, connected with Dickens and his works.

Near the close of the New Year in Japan, the housewives get busy and inspect carefully breakfast, dinner and tea sets. Each piece of china or earthenware which shows a crack is singled out, and a new piece is bought in its place. Cracked china brings ill luck, according to the Japanese belief.

A municipal ordinance in Amsterdam forbids that one front door shall give entrance to more than nine flats, and one staircase to more than six flats.

In the United States alone we are now patenting inventions at the rate of 40,000 a year.

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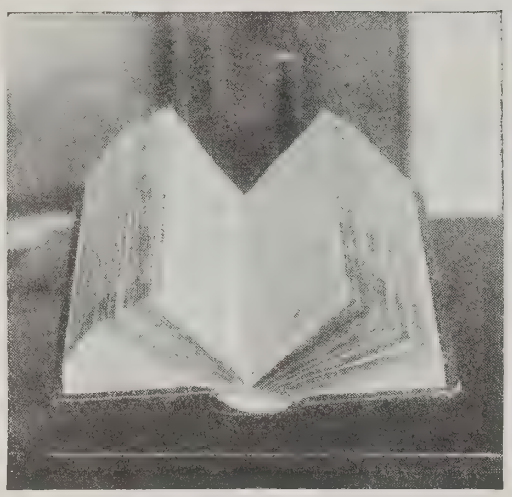
How Billions of Public Debt Pile Up

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The 1,001 Wonders of Our National Capitol

Interesting Features and Curious Facts of Which Millions of Washington Visitors Seldom Hear



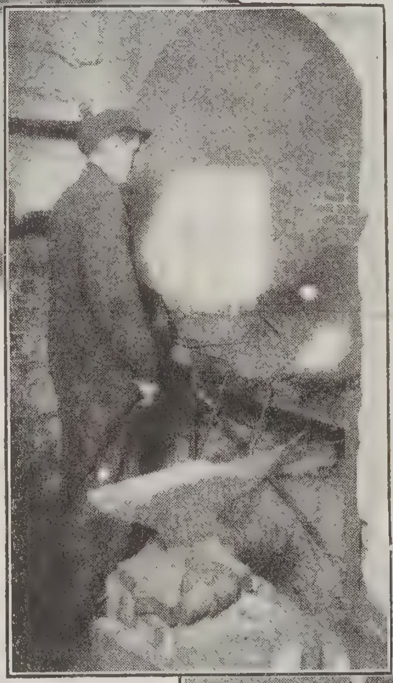
(C) National Photo Co.
The time-stained Bible that has been used since 1808 for swearing in our Presidents and judges of the United States Supreme Court.

THE average visitor to Washington—more than 600,000 motor touring parties visited the national capital during 1922—spends several hours or perhaps a half-day at the Capitol and then goes on his way believing that he has seen all that is worth-while in our most famous American building. As a matter of fact, he has hardly been introduced to the thousand and one wonders, mysteries, curiosities and rarities of this remarkable structure. A man—if there were one such—who could master all the teachings of the Bible in a single lesson might be qualified to view and appreciate the vast accumulations of historical lore which are housed under the great dome of our Federal legislative headquarters. Most of the travelers who come to Washington try to see too much in a limited period. They depart from our most beautiful city with conglomerate ideas about her magnificent distances, the Washington Monument, the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, Arlington, Mount Vernon, Rock Creek Park, the picturesque Potomac—but for the most part, they are deficient in detailed knowledge about any outstanding feature. A visitor could profitably spend a month of sight-seeing and study in the Capitol alone and still have much to learn. There are millions of documents in that notable building which a dozen men could not look over even cursorily in a normal lifetime. Almost every step which one takes brings into focus some object of interest intimately associated with unusual historical happenings. Our Capitol is a huge library of romance, history, art and architecture. It exemplifies American culture, refinement, industry, inventiveness, insistency and achievement. To Washingtonians who devote years of veneration and worship to this building, the ways in which sight-seers surge through her august halls and corridors resemble the excited rush of bargain hunters.

An expert repair man devotes all his time to keeping the 125 clocks in the Capitol in perfect order.

Most visitors never notice the number of clocks in the Capitol, some of which are more than 100 years old and have been the silent witnesses of stirring events which have made remarkable history. Altogether, there are 125 clocks in the Capitol. An expert repairman is hired by the year to keep this extensive system of timepieces in perfect order. He inspects and regulates each clock once a week. There is never any excuse for the Senators or Congressmen being late for engagements or committee meetings, for the Capitol clocks are always accurate to the fraction of a minute. The old clock in the office of the clerk of the United States Supreme Court is a patriarchal chronometer. The honorable judges of the session of 1837 developed the distressing habit of appearing at court sessions from 10 to 20 minutes late, with the excuse that their watches were slow. To remedy the trouble, Judge Story was authorized to purchase and install a clock by which the judges could regulate their watches. This clock has now been in active use for 86 years and still is the official timepiece which governs the opening and closing of the daily court sessions.

The time-stained Bible used by the judges of the Supreme Court is another venerable relic. Since 1808, all the chief justices and most of the presidents of the United States have been sworn into office on this Bible. Another object of great interest is the old desk used by the court reporter of the chamber. This desk was brought to Washington from Philadelphia when the national capital was permanently established in the former city. The judges of the Supreme Court still adhere to the old custom of using quill pens for signing all the important documents which originate in their chambers.



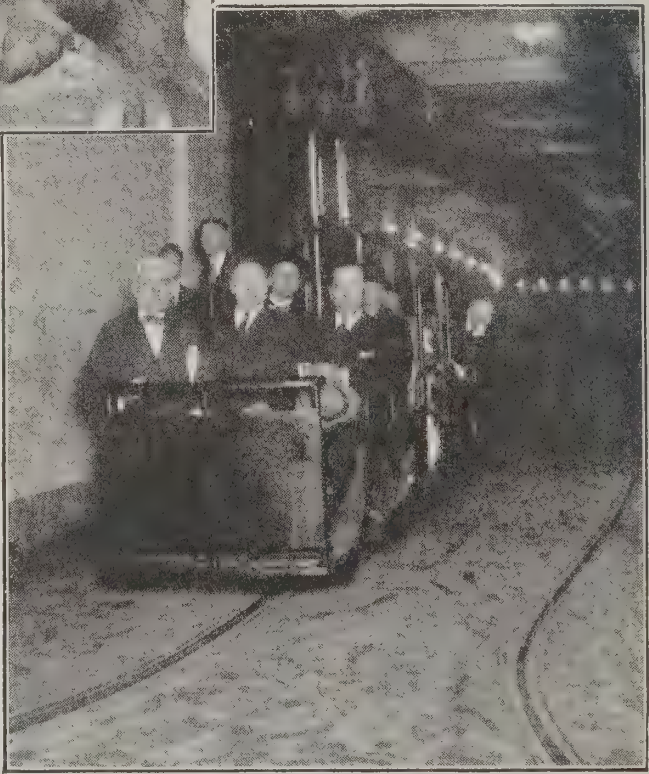
The blacksmith at the Capitol doesn't shoe any horses but he nevertheless rarely has an idle moment.

To most of us the idea of locating a blacksmith shop in the basement of the Capitol appears absurd until we are informed concerning the purpose which this shop serves. It may have dated back to the time when all the national lawmakers used to ride to the Capitol on horseback. Records show that on a number of occasions, Congress had to adjourn for several days during the spring flood season when the waters of certain streams and rivers in the neighborhood of Washington rose so high that horses were unable to ford them. The real purpose of the shop is to repair and keep in order all the metal work in the huge building.

The Capitol carpenter shop is an unique feature located in the basement of the House of Representatives' wing of the building where the millions of tourists and visitors never see it. The paint shop is a near neighbor of the blacksmith and carpenter headquarters while the chief electrician's laboratory is one of the busiest spots in all the government buildings. He has charge of the illumination of one of the largest buildings in the world in addition to operating the underground electric railway which transports the Senators from the Senate Office Building to the Capitol. Another subterranean carrier system has been established between the Capitol and the Congressional Library. Small cars are used to deliver books to the Senators and Congressmen. Each car carries 50 books a trip and makes about 25 round trips daily. As a result of this efficient electric messenger service, a book can be delivered to a committee room in the Capitol exactly four minutes after it has been ordered from the national library. A third tunnel connects the Capitol with the House Office Building. Electric cars have not been installed in this passageway as yet, although most of the Congressmen use the underground shortcut in going to the Capitol from their offices.

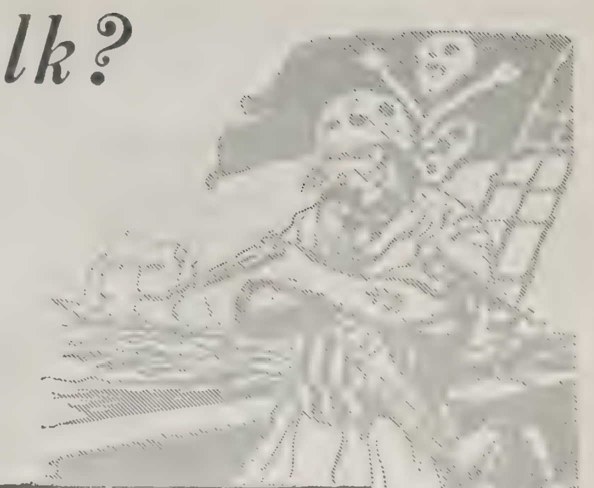
The Vice-President's room in the Capitol contains the famous Peale portrait of George Washington, said to be the best likeness of our first President ever painted. An old mirror purchased by John Adams in the early days of the Republic is another treasured relic. The records show that the United States Senate debated warmly and at great length when the bill for this mirror was presented. The sentiments of the body were that Mr. Adams had been needlessly extravagant in the purchase of the looking glass, showing that in the early days the national Senators were no more averse to wasting valuable government time in arguing over petty trivialities than they are today.

The document room of the House of Representatives probably contains more manuscripts than any other government office in Washington. There are more than 11,000,000 important documents indexed and filed away in the vault.



(C) National Photo Co.
The Senators ride to the Capitol from their offices on subterranean electric cars.

Does the Pirate's Ghost Walk?



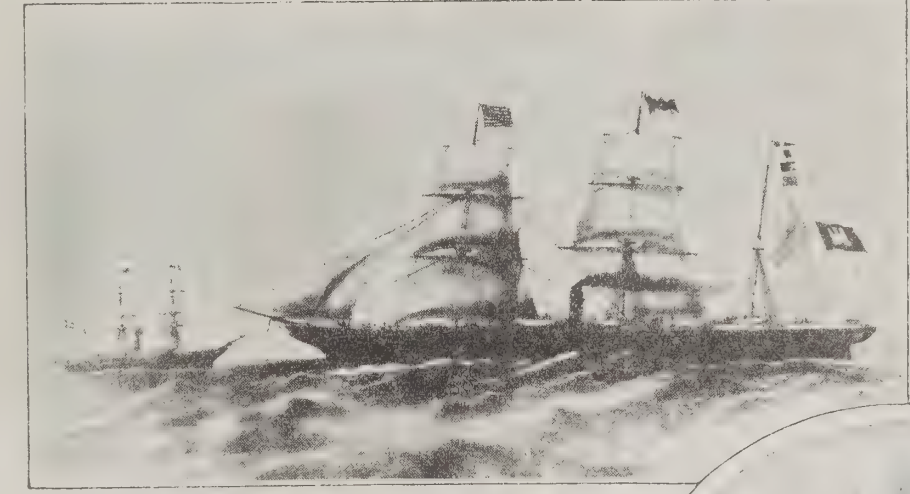
Unsolved Mysteries of Sea Found in Recent History; Many a Tale Which Might Be Told If Ships Would Come Back

By WALTER M. WOLFF

MOST of us will recall with a shudder our childhood visions of Captain Kidd, the pirate, and we are still likely to experience a 42-below chill at reading an account of the horrors perpetrated by such infamous pirates as Gibbs, perhaps the most notorious of the sea-butchers of the last century. Somehow or other we always enjoy a few moments now and then musing upon the deeds of the men who followed the sign of the skull and crossbones. And after we have mused upon them long enough, pirates, knives, teeth, black flag and other appendages connected with pirate lore go scampering away and out of our heads again.

Today we can plan our little voyage to Europe, to Hawaii, to the Philippines, to cherry-blossomed Japan—yes, to the ultimate corners of the earth, and not a thought enters our minds that we won't get to destination, quickly, safely and surely. We have every confidence that our modern water palaces will take us anywhere in the world now that the submarine peril and mine-field days have been filed and classified in the dociers of history. And to be sure, an ocean voyage of the twentieth century is about the most pleasant and inexpensive bit of recreation mankind has yet devised for its enjoyment.

One of the largest of the old five-masted schooners. Pirates of the last century took particularly keen interest in boats of this type.



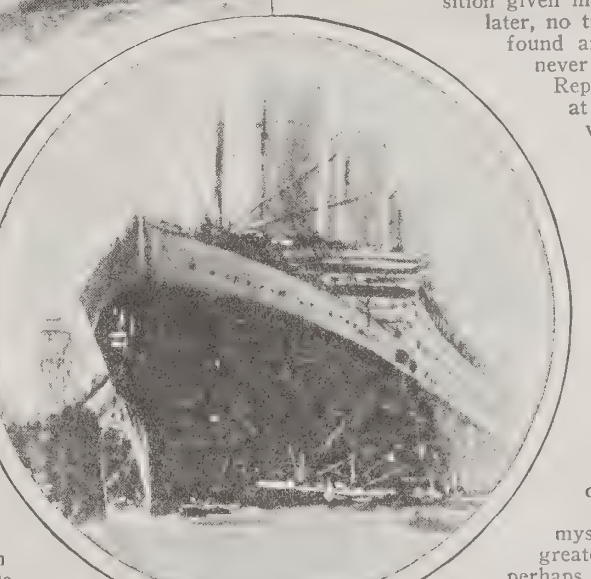
The Hammonia and Borussia, first steamers of the Hamburg-American Line. Vessels of this type began to make pretty fair speed under favorable conditions.

Not so long ago, however, far outside of the pages of Stevenson, Defoe, Poe and countless others who grew famous for the way they could stir up the marrow in our bones with their accounts of gold chests and sea rovers—even outside of the realistic screen of today, it was not such a cinch of a matter to make your steamship reservations, crawl aboard, and expect your trip to be one pleasant dream from the time you left the home shore until you landed off in far-away somewhere. Before ALL of the present-day safety devices now common to navigation the world over had been invented or perfected, many a fire at sea, many a leak in the hold, many a hidden iceberg, head-on collision caused by fog or darkness—very often even a mutiny on board, and then we mustn't forget the *pirates*—and last but not least of all those little inexplicable causes which together with what not else in the long list of possibilities for mishap, forced thousands of ships in the past to seek the unknown "shore" whence, of course, they never returned.

But among those whose fate has been determined definitely—among those which are known to have succumbed to fire, collisions, and other natural causes—there are certain ships whose final destination has been and probably always will be a total mystery. *There are ships that never came back,* and, furthermore, these ships have left us no trace whatever of what happened to them or to their crews. In the heyday of the pirate, we find, a clue in one form or another usually told the story of the disappearance of a vessel, and "MS in a Bottle" or a floating keg was all that was needed at the inquest. But recent history has a record of vessels which not only disappeared but which have left us with no trace at all *why* they disappeared. Time may unravel the mystery which surrounds the fates of the following ships; at any rate the cases were of such interest and importance that the United States Government took a hand in and is even *to this day* taking a hand in endeavoring to clear up the final facts connected with the unaccountable—let alone remarkable—disappearance of the vessels.

In the early spring of 1921 our government was startled by the news of the five-masted Bath, Maine, schooner, the *Carrol A. Deering,* piling up on the North Carolina coast in January with all sails set but not a soul aboard. At the same time, other ships were reported missing and belief that pirates were operating in the North Atlantic found actual credence after a bottle had been picked up north of Cape Hatteras containing a message purported to have been written by a member of the crew, one Henry Bates. Question as to the genuineness of the message was settled by handwriting experts who compared it with letters written by Bates.

Investigation of the case was immediately started on by both the Department of Justice and the Department of Commerce who had been at work already in the attempt to solve the unexplained disappearance of the American steel freighter *Hewitt,* out of Sabine Pass, Texas, for Boston. This craft disappeared about the same time that the *Deering* came ashore.



Our modern "big fellow," which always takes you there and back, with safety and comfort.

The summary of the history of the *Deering* case as sent to consuls by the State Department disclosed that when the *Deering* passed Cape Lookout lightship, North Carolina, on January 29, while bound from Rio de Janeiro for Norfolk, a man other than the master reported that the vessel had lost both anchors and asked to be reported to its owners. Five days later the vessel was found on the beach in what the State Department described as "in such condition that there is every suspicion of foul play having occurred." The summary went on to say that a short time after the *Deering* passed the lightship, a steamer, the name of which has not been ascertained, passed the light vessel and was asked to stop and take a message for forwarding, but no response was received to the "numerous attempts on the part of the master of the lightship to attract the vessel's attention."

The department's report then stated that on April 11 the following message was picked up in a bottle near Cape Hatteras:

"*Deering* captured by oil-burning boat something like chaser, taking off everything, handcuffing crew Crew hiding all over ship. No chance to make escape Finder please notify headquarters of *Deering.*"

"The schooner carried a motor lifeboat and a dory," the department's report continued, "but neither of them has been picked up and no wreckage from them has been found. Most of the provisions, clothing and supplies of the vessel had been removed."

Government agents investigating the *Hewitt* and *Deering* cases reported that they were baffled and that they were unable to find *a single clew* which might help to solve the mystery.

Puzzling as is the foregoing account of the disappearance of these two American ships, there are on record stories of two "mystery ships" which leave even more to the imagination when it comes to explaining what actually happened to them. The records disclose the fact that the British steamer *Albyn* and the Russian bark *Yute also* disappeared during the fall of 1920 off the North Carolina coast.

The *Albyn* sailed from Norfolk in October of the same year and never was heard from again, while the *Yute,* when off Cape Hatteras, sent a radio message asking for aid. When, however, steamers reached the position given in the message, an hour later, no trace of the vessel was found and it is said she has never been heard from since. Reports to the government at the time were that the weather was perfectly calm, and investigators made the statement that one guess was about as good as another, since they did not seem to take seriously the suggestions of Bolshevik raiders or deep-sea pirates. They seemed most inclined to believe that the two cases would go down in history with the other unexplained mysteries of the sea.

Of all the unsolved mysteries of the deep, the greatest case on record is perhaps that of the American bark *Marie Celeste* which was found off the Azores three months after she left Europe in 1872 with all sails set, undamaged, in calm weather, *but with the crew missing.*

A boarding party from the ship which sighted the bark found the table set for dinner *with hot coffee in the pot* and everything aboard the ship in the same condition it would have been in had the crew left only a few minutes before. On a sewing machine was a waist which the captain's wife had been making, while toys used by the captain's son were on the floor. In the fo'castle was a table with playing cards distributed around as though members of the crew had leisurely left a game of cards.

Besides the captain, his wife and son, there were 10 men in the ship's crew. The same vessel was taken to port and again put in service, *but about six years later she disappeared completely with her crew and no word has ever come from her since.*

"As long as they build Leviathans and Mauretanias we should worry," most of us will say. And yet there is many a tale—many a mystery—which might be told outside of the printed page and off the flickering screen.

The Ford International Weekly

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3. Write clearly.

The Armours and Wall Street

THE unreliability of the news furnished the public is well illustrated in the recent "reorganization" of the big Armour packing industry. We were told of the order for sale of the million dollar country home of Ogden Armour, and of the merger of the Morris interests, and some specious reasons were assigned for the consolidation and concentration plans of the big corporation. But the real explanation of the deal was not made public, if reports from Chicago are to be credited.

According to these reports, the truth is that the refinancing of Armour & Company is in reality a surrender of control to the money lenders. Having come to a point which for the ordinary business man spells bankruptcy, it is claimed Armour visited the White House and told the President that unless permission was granted for the Armour-Morris merger, his company must submit to a receivership, for which the papers were already prepared. The only importance this information has is that it tallies with the main story.

The country is consuming less meat per capita than ever before, because meat has been made hard to get. Being hard to get, its production was less profitable. Here we have the spectacle of the business getting less, the people getting less, and the lenders of money getting more. Much as has been said about "the packers," it was the financial influence among the packers, the financial pressure upon the packers, which caused the trouble. The meat business, conducted as a meat business, might have survived: the meat business, as an appendage to a brokerage business, was doomed.

The great meat interest of the Armours is now in control of three bankers. And bankers as a class are the poorest business men on earth. From the Morgans down they have never successfully managed any business as a productive, growing, profitable service—because that is not their business.

In other words, the right of Finance to dominate Industry has never been demonstrate

Pulpit Propaganda

HOW many sermons preached from Christian pulpits are of individual inspiration, and in what proportion is propaganda disguised as divine message? Attention is called to the directed pulpit, where the minister prepares his sermon according to the programs of federations and committees on a suggested subject, and fortifies himself with argument and statistics which he has had no opportunity to prepare, and as to the accuracy of which he can give no personal assurance.

A Rabbi Agrees

"Editor Dearborn Independent,
Dearborn, Michigan.

"Dear Sir:

"After reading your editorial, 'Rosalsky Would Deport Hillaire Belloc,' in the issue of March 31, I sent you a marked editorial which I wrote in *The Jewish Times,* of San Francisco, under date of March 9. That same editorial also appeared in *The Sentinel,* of Chicago, on the same date, or the week earlier. I am the editorial writer for both papers and with you—for once—agree. Judge Rosalsky made a most unwise and regrettable mistake in speaking such unjudicial words, and you should know that his remark by no means has the backing of all Jewish people.

"Please do not imagine that one Jew speaks for all any more than William J. Bryan may be considered as spokesman for all America when he discusses Bible or that Newberry is typical of American politics. You cannot in truth indict a whole people for the acts of one.

Truly yours,
(Rabbi) Rudolph I. Coffee."

The first and last paragraphs of the editorial follow:

"Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant criticizes the outworn creed of the Episcopal Church and is threatened with a heresy trial. Rabbi Stephen S. Wise opposes mediaeval concepts which have crept into Judaism and is called a publicity seeker. Hillaire Belloc, English author and economist, an avowed anti-Semite, is here on a lecture tour, and Judge Otto A. Rosalsky is quoted as saying he should be deported. Is there no end to post-war hysteria? Have we lost the spirit of fair play in America?. . . .

"Hillaire Belloc, because of talents as a writer and lecturer, is a dangerous opponent. Let him criticize frankly, and then we can scotch his views. He urges the Jews to develop their national traditions and customs. We decline to follow his advice, for we are done with **ghettos and ghetto life.**"

We should say that in one point this outspoken and fair-minded Rabbi is in error, namely, in describing Mr. Belloc as an "anti-Semite." Is there no more accurate designation for those who evidence an awareness of the Jewish Question? It is a Jewish, partisan and derogatory label and will not stick.

So far from being "an avowed anti-Semite," as Rabbi Coffee says, Mr. Belloc specifically denies that he is anti-Semitic at all.

Low Wages Not Cheap Labor

THERE is fear in the textile district of New England that the manufacture of woolen yarns and cloth will follow the lead of the cotton industry and establish itself in the South, eventually drawing the skilled labor from the North and wiping out both cotton and woolen industries so far as New England is concerned.

The object of investment in the South is in part to secure cheap labor and freedom from labor trouble. But there is a great difference between *low wages* and *cheap labor,* and those who expect an advantage in the South because of low wages will discover their error very soon.

There is no economy in hiring labor whose chief recommendation is that it will work for low wages.

Arbor Day, A. D. 1972

FROM its headquarters in Washington, D. C., the American Tree Association is planning a national campaign to stimulate public interest in tree planting. There is but one way to become a member of the association and that is by planting a tree. The association hopes to secure a million new members and have a million new trees planted in all parts of the country.

This proposal is of immense importance to the American people, because the forests of the United States are an essential to safety and comfort of life, as well as to agriculture and industry. Forests are necessary to the existence of our very important and indispensable bird and game population. The life of our people is dependent on the soil, which in turn depends on a continuous water supply which cannot be had unless a sufficient number of trees exist to hold the rains and gradually release the water in periods of drouth.

The American Tree Association is calling upon the people to celebrate the centennial of Arbor Day in 1972, fifty years before it happens, by planting the trees now. Stripped of all sentiment the proposition still remains an economic investment of incalculable worth as every one knows who has bought lumber recently. Lumber is vanishing, along with the forests. Our forests are being consumed four times more rapidly than they grow. The timber shortage has become one of the most critical and vital problems of today and whether you plant a tree on the lawn or on the street, that tree will be staving off a timber famine as well as preserving the natural resources of the soil. One who plants a tree serves posterity. Tree-planting instruction is sent by the association for a two-cent stamp. It is worth two cents to say that one has contributed a tree to the beauty and utility of the earth.

Federal Reserve System Cracking

WASHINGTON is worried, if reports are to be credited, by occasional conversion of influential banking houses from national to state supervision. Financial journals are discussing the matter and speculating as to the reason and whether the movement will continue until the System becomes so weak as to be inadequate for service.

The number of national bank charters issued in the last three years has been greatly in excess of the withdrawals, but the average capitalization of the latter is far in excess. Concern is felt chiefly because the supremacy of the national banks in general business, hence the supremacy of the Federal Reserve System, may be threatened. To what extent the autocracy of the latter may be responsible for the change is a matter of conjecture. Certain it is that it has been impossible to coax any great proportion of state banks into membership, and that many national banks are connected only because of the law's compulsion.

Among the more prominent banks which have surrendered their charters as national banks is the oldest bank in the country, the North America at Philadelphia, the original Federal bank organized by Robert Morris, preceding the first United States Bank, organized by Alexander Hamilton, and challenged by that statesman as irregular. It operated under charter from Pennsylvania, after the organization of the Hamilton bank, until the National Bank Act was passed in the '60's, being one of the first, if not the first, to secure a charter in that system, which it has renewed three times, and now surrenders. The Irving National of New York is another.

Coincident to the discussion of the defection, on the one side, is the inquiry as to why so few state banks are members of the Federal Reserve. Banking journals deny any connection between the two questions, yet deem both to have a common origin in the aversion of the people to the continual efforts at centralization of all forces at Washington. "It is the familiar story," says the *Chicago Banker,* "of the conflict between the powers of the Federal government and the states exercised in the supervision of like agencies."

That this idea of state sovereignty may enter into the problem is not to be doubted, but beneath that and all other apparent reasons for the recession in popularity of our present fiscal system lies the fact that the people are seeking to end the power for harm they have placed in the hands of a grasping group of Usurers.

A Farmer Speaks

The Dearborn Independent,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Gentlemen:

I am impelled to write this letter because of reading in your issue of March 17 the article "Ten Per Cent Interest," and so on, by the "Farmer's Wife." It is a true and poignant story . . . . by a woman who evidently has been through the mill. . . . describing her experiences . . . . The vast majority suffer in silence, being either too inarticulate or too indifferent to voice their grievances. Besides, they have little chance of being heard even if they make any outcry, as the press is controlled by capital and the tyranny of organized business hangs like a stifling pall over all. Then, too, farmers seem afraid to subscribe for and read the few papers or periodicals that tell the truth, being in fear of being suspected of socialistic, Bolshevistic or anarchistic tendencies, knowing that these terms are mostly kept-in-stock propaganda weapons used by organized privilege.

As to why Americans help foreign sufferers so much and ignore the suffering at home may be because long-range charity makes more noise. Besides, organized business does not want to admit there are any drawbacks or adverse conditions in their particular state, county or community, as it might "hurt business." We have the system here in Texas in all its suffering-breeding, demoralizing ugliness, the 10 per cent short-term compounded notes, organized jobbers, wholesalers and retailers, *a bank to every 1,500 or 2,000 people* (nearly as numerous as saloons once were), and a hungry horde of parasitic small money lenders who wax fat on the misfortunes of their fellowmen.

. . . . I have not much religion but what little there is would soon get spoiled by a few exchanges of a dozen apples for two dozen eggs.

Yours very truly,
(An American signature.)

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN the people began to realize that their affairs were in a rather bad mess they conceived the idea that if only "the Government" could be empowered to take over their affairs, all would be well. Practically everybody desirous of a new era in the plain people's affairs took that view. Practically the only opponents were those whose personal and selfish interests would be disturbed thereby. Such opposition had the effect, of course, of making the others doubly sure that they were right.

As we see it now, the idea grew out of a conviction on the part of the people that things could be better, that therefore they ought to be better, and that the only agency that could really better them was the Government. Those were the good days when the people believed that all the ability and honesty and foresight and genius naturally gravitated to public office.

So the Government was intrusted with a few matters, none of which has turned out remarkably well. The real extent of the failure of Government operation has never been known because of the endless flow of tax money which healed all deficiencies and covered all mistakes. It has probably been worth all it cost, however, because the people have learned the true lesson of Government—that it consists only of men and is never any wiser than the men who comprise it. "Going down to Washington to find the Government" is a little game every citizen should play at least once in a lifetime.

IF YOU knew that the cry "take over the railroads" came from the railroads themselves, it would put another face on the agitation. The time is coming, without doubt, when the railroads must be released from the consuming burden of past financial crimes under which they are now sinking, but to lay this burden on the people's shoulders is quite another matter. The railways are not worth a penny more than what they are worth as carriers. It is not figures nor financiering that the people want, but utility values. Railways are only worth what they will do and to permit the railroad interests to unload fourth-rate properties at first-rate prices would be the worst exploitation of all.

Every little while the idea comes to life again. Sometimes dishonest public service corporations which have ramshackle systems on their hands deliberately arouse the idea in order to induce the public to take over their obsolete and thoroughly looted systems. Sometimes a city is induced to buy a broken-down public service system in the belief that it is thereby driving out a wicked corporation, when it is really giving that corporation the handsomest profit it ever made and allowing it to "get from under" without loss.

It is a pity to see ideas, capable of nobler uses, skillfully manipulated to give the plain people another blow.

There are few public service corporations that would not welcome public purchase today; it is the only thing that will save them. Unloading the loss onto the taxpayers will soon become a favorite pastime with those forms of public service which have failed to keep up with the needs of the times and have devoted themselves entirely to the production of money profits.

There is a revival of talk about taking over the railroads. In the strangest sort of places the idea is being broached that the public ought to take over the railroads. It can be heard everywhere—"public ownership of the railroads." The old tactics are being employed to make the people think that in seizing the railroads they would not only be doing away with an obnoxious form of capitalism but would also be saving the economic condition of the country from a serious slump.

Well, there is enough of fact to carry the cry along. The railroads have been so heavily loaded with dividend demands, they have been so often assaulted in the form of heavy stock gambling, that the real railroad men who have been interested only in the railroad service have had a difficult, sometimes an impossible time in giving any service at all. Everything conspires to make the public turn an expectant ear to the cry of "take over the railroads!"

What would the public think if they knew that this cry is heard in the railroad offices also?

What would the people say if they knew that there are railroads which are just waiting, eagerly waiting to be "seized by the public"?

That is something the people need to keep well to the fore of their minds, for if the movement to take over the railroads becomes strong enough, as conceivably it may under the skillful direction of the railroad publicity managers, then the people will need all their alertness and all their business sense to keep from being most unmercifully cheated.

For here is the point: there will be no "seizing of the railroads"; there will not even be a "taking over of the railroads" as the average person conceives it; there will simply be an unloading of the railroads onto the people.

It would be an "unloading" because the transfer would occur at prices which would not represent the present values of the railroads at all.

Ask the residents of the Northwest and they will tell you what it means. They will tell you that the railroads asked permission of the government to adjust freight and passenger rates according to a certain plan of railway valuation. Permission was given and the values were fixed. And the values included all the "water," all the burdens of past and forgotten exploitation and speculation, all the worn-out and discarded equipment—that is to say, the "value" was reached by every trick that is known in the business of profiteering. And then the rates which the people paid were adjusted to that valuation. Of course, freight and passenger rates took a great boost. But it was the same old inefficient railway system and the same old insufficient service.

Now, if the purchase of the railroads could lift them from under the consuming burden of past financial crimes, that would be one thing. The time is certainly coming when the burden of these crimes must be lifted off our transportation system. But whether they are to be lifted off the railroads only to be placed on the shoulders of the people is a question that admits of no doubtful answer.

If the values of the railroads, when offered to the public, are to include all the mistakes of the past as well as all the expected profits of the future, if they are to include "dead horses" of speculative debts charged up as stock which has no physical value equivalent, if they are to be based on the assumption that these railroads are first class railroads when they are only third or fourth class railroads, then the public would be most mistaken if it should buy.

For the present, the main thing for the people to do is to remember that there are more railways for sale in the United States at the present writing than there ever have been in all the periods of railroad history taken together. Anybody can buy a railroad. They are a drug on the market. And any attempt to make the people believe that they are opposing the wishes of the railroad interests in urging public purchase is a deception.

We can afford to remain quiet on this issue until we see the course of the times. The old form of railroading, like the old form of farming, is on the way out. The old form has paid its owners and exploiters well for many decades. The amount of wealth taken out of the people by railways exploitation is beyond telling. The people owe the railroads nothing. The railroads as property would be worth no more to the people than any other kind of run-down property. The crowning imposition of old-time railroad financiering on the American public would be to unload the roads at present railway valuation.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

His Son Was Probably Murdered—Pershing

But the War Department Can't Take Cognizance of the Cronkhite Affair

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE records of centuries have shown that republics are singularly subject to the attempts of powerful groups in demanding and assuming special prerogatives. The experience of this country in the last few years has proved this attempted assumption of power by a skillfully organized foreign race, whose millions have been poured upon our shores in comparatively recent times. Its leaders, through their persistent efforts aimed against the established forms of government, have successfully obtained a temporary demoralization of the Department of Justice and the War Department, and even the American jury system and the Federal courts have been made to feel their hostile influence.

The entire country by this time knows the focal point upon which this movement has been centered—the killing of young Major Alexander Pennington Cronkhite at Camp Lewis, Washington, the confession of one man to having shot the officer, and his implication of another in the crime. The country has been informed of the mystery in which the young officer's death was deliberately involved in efforts to protect one of the men indicted; of the evidence which has been destroyed; of important records that have vanished; of witnesses tampered with and intimidated; of the falsely directed and insidious propaganda circulated on behalf of one of the accused; of the obstacles placed in the way of the slain man's father in investigating the cause of his son's death; of the campaign of defamation launched against Major General Adelbert Cronkhite and his family, and of the influences which have resulted in the sudden retirement from the army of this honored American commander.

General Cronkhite was in command of the coast defenses of Panama and the Panama Canal Department in August, 1917, when he was called upon to organize the 80th Division of the National Army. Of this division, the majority of the officers were from New Jersey, Maryland and West Virginia, while the enlisted men came from Western Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia. It was named the "Blue Ridge Division," the shoulder insignia being a khaki shield outlined in white, with three blue mountains superimposed, representing Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, through which the Blue Ridge Mountains run. The 80th was the only division in the American Expeditionary Forces which was called three times into the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and participated in all the operations of the First American Army from September to November, 1918.

80th Only Moved Forward

THE slogan of the Blue Ridgers was: "The 80th Division only moves forward." An extract from General Order No. 19, issued November 11, 1918, reads:

> It is necessarily a great honor to be allowed to command an organization which earns such commendation.
>
> It is likewise a great honor to belong to such an organization.
>
> I do not know what the future has in store for us. If it be war, we must and shall sustain our honor and our reputation by giving our best to complete the salvation of our country.
>
> If it be peace, we must and shall maintain our reputation and the honor of our division and the army, as soldiers of the greatest country on earth, and as right-minded, self-respecting men.
>
> The 80th Division only moves FORWARD.
>
> A. Cronkhite,
> Major General.

When General Cronkhite was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal by the American forces, the War Department order read:

"For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. He commanded the 80th Division during the Argonne-Meuse offensive, where he demonstrated great ability as a leader and proved himself a commander of initiative and courage."

The general was also made commander of the Legion of Honor and awarded the Croix-de-Guerre with Palm by the French forces, and was made K. C. M. G. by the British forces.

On October 26, 1918, General Cronkhite had his headquarters in the Argonne Forest at a little place called Le Nefour. That day he received a cablegram from General Peyton C. March, stating that his son, Major Alexander Pennington Cronkhite, had been shot and killed at Camp Lewis, Washington. The 80th Division was then preparing to enter the line for the third time, and its operations began early on the morning of November 1. It made an attack in the St. Georges-St. Juvin sector, in conjunction with the 2nd Division (5th Corps) on the right, and the 77th Division (1st Corps) on the left, advancing in six days to a depth of 24 kilometers, to the Yoncq-Beaumont line, and capturing the town of Buzancy, the key-point of the German position. The casualties were 44 officers and 1,015 men and the prisoners taken numbered 38 officers and 793 men. Among the material captured were 55 guns, 22 mine-throwers, 507 machine guns, besides aircraft rifles, large amounts of ammunition, and many armored automobiles, motor ambulances and the like.

The Blue Ridge Division stayed in line until November 6, when it was relieved by the First Division, which had a mighty hard time in passing through the 80th, since the latter was going forward so fast that it was found difficult to overtake it. The general remained with his division until November 18, when, in recognition of his efficient services as a division commander during the campaigns of Picardy, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne, he was assigned to the command of the 6th Corps in the Army of Occupation, with headquarters at Villerupt, France. Later, at his own request, he was transferred back to the 80th Division to accompany it to the United States.

Until General Cronkhite's return to this country, practically no official information had been made available to him with respect to the circumstances attending the death of his son. What was known of those circumstances was peculiar. Apparently an officer highly skilled in the use of firearms had accidentally killed himself with a pistol while engaged in the performance of duties which on their face seemed to preclude the proper use of firearms.

Almost co-incidentally with the death of young Major Cronkhite, *a canard had appeared in the press of the United States that General Cronkhite had been convicted of treason in France.* The name Cronkhite, though of purely Dutch origin, lent itself admirably to such unscrupulous propaganda. The report was immediately denied, it being pointed out that General Cronkhite was the son of a distinguished officer of the United States Army, and that his immigrant ancestor was of Dutch and not of German origin. The army was not to be robbed of the services of General Cronkhite by any such foul means.

Soon, however, it began to be rumored that young Major Cronkhite had committed suicide. It was whispered that he had taken his life in the belief that his father had been convicted of treason, the evidence being conclusive, however, that no such belief could have existed on his part. *It was also whispered that he feared to go to France.* Such rumors were discreditable not only to the deceased, but to his honored father as well.

Under the circumstances it cannot be thought unnatural that General Cronkhite should have set about to determine the facts. For him to have done less would have been unnatural on his part as the father of one alleged to have committed suicide for reasons touching upon the honor of his family.

It often requires greater courage to stand up under certain forms of attack, than it does to face machine guns and poison gas. For more than two years the general was compelled to remain silent, while in certain types of periodicals and newspapers, aspersions were cast upon the memory of his son, his wife was attacked and his own loyalty impugned. He kept silent, as an honest soldier would, *depending upon the War Department and the Department of Justice to defend his honor and uncover the mystery that centered about the death of his son.*

Without making any charges or insinuations whatever, the aggrieved father set about the task confronting him, alone, unaided in his effort to find the truth. Indeed, at the outset he had no reason whatever to suspect that anyone in the War Department itself had been guilty either of misfeasance or nonfeasance. *That there was gross culpability on the part of the military authorities was soon to appear.*

The War Department Files

ON FILE in the War Department there was an official record of a finding that the death of Major Cronkhite was accidental and self-inflicted. Yet, of the circumstances of his death there was no report whatever, though Army Regulations required that there be such a report. So, too, it was learned that a board of officers had been appointed to investigate the case and had, in fact, investigated it, yet there was no report by that board. And it soon appeared that not only had official records been suppressed, but that vital evidence in the case, which had once been in possession of the military authorities, had been destroyed or at least removed. Surely these were facts which justified the suspicions of the father and his determination to bring the truth to light. That a major of engineers could lose his life while on duty with troops and that the bare requisites of the Army Regulations with respect to the investigation of his death should not have been complied with was unthinkable. So, also, that official records should be permitted to be suppressed.

Next, the body of the deceased was exhumed, an expert examination thereof showing conclusively that the wounds from which the death of Major Cronkhite had resulted *could not have been self-inflicted.* Not only had the clothing of the deceased been removed and destroyed *contrary to custom,* but the bullet alleged to have killed him had been extracted from the body.

No sooner did it become known that through the investigations of General Cronkhite, serious disclosures were impending regarding the circumstances of his son's death, than hostile influences made themselves evident in the Department of Justice and the War Department. Innumerable obstructions were placed in his way, and insistent demands were made upon him to leave the country and go on foreign service. The alternative presented to him was his retirement. He was then not yet 62 years old, and fit and qualified in every way for further service. In the ordinary course of events, the legal age for retirement is 64 years.

The obstacles which the general encountered in the course of his official duties can only be dealt with in another article. But in the circumstances he adopted the only course which was open to an officer of his character. He declined to make application for his retirement. He had become involved in an undertaking which with that resolution peculiar to him he was determined to carry through to its logical conclusion. Aspersions had been cast upon his credit as an officer as well as upon the name of his son. Not only were their names being scandalized and brought into disrepute in the press, and their credit being questioned by an uninformed public, but General Cronkhite himself, as will be shown, had been impugned officially by the Secretary of War.

It became apparent that hidden influences were working to destroy the general. He knew that he must carry on not merely to accomplish the task to which he had set his hand, which was to prove to the world that an officer of the army could not be murdered with impunity, but to justify the faith which the President of the United States had but lately reposed in him. This he could not well do in the face of the increasing difficulties which were besetting his path, should he retire from active service under charges which remained undenied upon his record. To do so would but strengthen the hands of those who were bent upon discrediting him. As a man of courage, he did not propose to be deterred in his course even though it were apparent that the eventual proof of the guilt of those charged with the murder of Major Cronkhite would necessarily reflect upon the War Department by reason of irregularities on its part which the disclosure of the truth would bring to light.

In the face of the general's refusal, he was retired from active service in the army on February 1. *He requested a court of inquiry. This was refused. His friends, thereupon, brought an appeal on his behalf before Congress.*

Several days after the public announcement was made that General Cronkhite had been retired, I called to see the General of the Armies, at his office in the War Department Building, Washington. General John J. Pershing today seems a trifle more advanced in years than the popular portrait, that has made his likeness so familiar to the country, would indicate. But he is erect and supple as a stripling, and few can meet him without being impressed quite vividly by the presence of a man sincere, open-minded and straightforward.

In General Pershing's Office

I INFORMED the General that there was no desire to criticize any action taken for the good of the service, but that it was quite generally regarded as unfortunate that General Cronkhite had been selected for retirement just at this time, when he was being made the victim of a country-wide campaign of villification such as few American Army officers had ever been called upon to endure. "In magazines and newspapers owned and published by a certain race," I told him, "the story is being spread that the general's son, the late Major Cronkhite, committed suicide because he had been ordered abroad for active service during the war. That on his tombstone in Arlington Cemetery are chiseled the letters, 'S. I. W.'—self-inflicted wound, and that this inscription bears an ignominious meaning in army circles. And that his father, in the desire to efface this inscription from his son's tombstone, is seeking the prosecution of two men for his son's murder. It is, of course, not necessary for me to state to you that such letters are never chiseled on the gravestone of an army officer, and that the late Major Cronkhite's last resting place is not Arlington, but the West Point Cemetery. It is not known whether the War Department had taken these facts into consideration before retiring the general, or whether it was at all aware of the nature and significance of these cruel attacks."

After having listened to me without a word of interruption, General Pershing replied: "You know that two years ago, General Cronkhite was assigned to duty in the Canal Zone. He requested postponement of these orders, due to leaves of absence, authorized delays, and his attachment for duty with the Department of Justice. Owing to the circumstances, of which we were well aware, the department did all that it could on his behalf. **His son was killed, maybe murdered, probably was,** and he has the deepest sympathy of everyone. But this matter has dragged along for two whole years, and the Department cannot afford to consider the personal affairs of its officers."

"But," I suggested, "this delay in prosecuting the two men indicted for the murder of Major Cronkhite can scarcely be laid to the fault of General Cronkhite. That is none of his doing. Prominent members of the American Jewish Committee, of which Louis Marshall is the head, are responsible for the obstructions placed in the path of the prosecution, in opposing the extradition of one of these men to Tacoma. And I am sorry to have to point to the fact that Mr. Albert D. Lasker, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, and Eugene Meyer, Jr., managing director of the War Finance Corporation, are members of the executive committee of this organization. It must be remembered that the heads of the American Jewish Committee caused a similar delay of two years in the case of Leo M. Frank, whose cause they took up for special agitation, as they have done in the case of Rosenbluth."

"What was that case?" asked General Pershing.

"That of a man who was convicted of the murder of a 12-year-old girl in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1913."

"Oh, yes, I remember it now," he responded, after a moment's thought. "However, as I said, the Department cannot take cognizance of personal affairs. During those two years, the general was given certain duties, such as attending board meetings and the like. He was merely nominally on military service."

"Was he engaged on no serious work during this period?"

(Concluded on page 8)

Debts and Slave Girls Cause Tong Wars

Chinese in America Partially Governed From Peking, Investigator Finds

By HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN

This is the second of two articles on Chinese tong warfare in the United States.

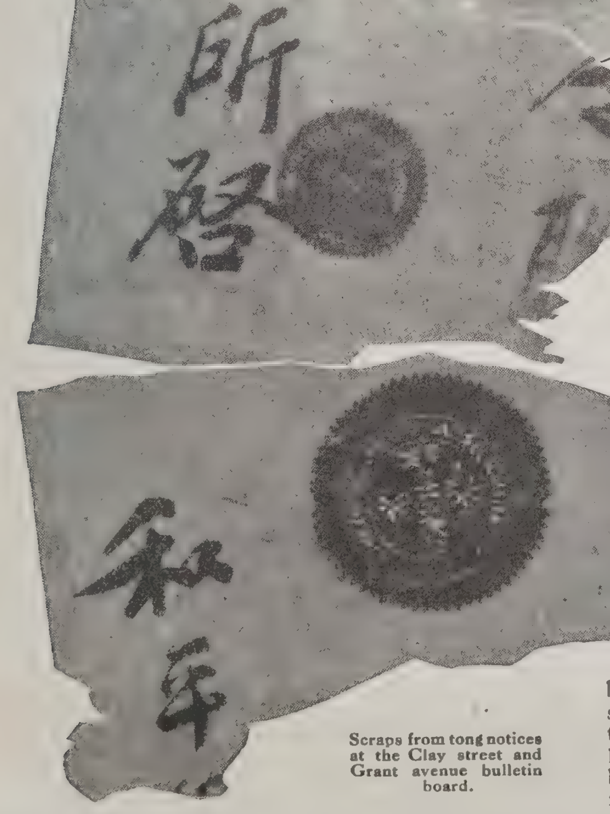
Bulletin board at Clay street and Grant avenue, San Francisco.

Above — On Grant avenue in Chinatown. At left—Joss, or altar, in the Bing Kong Tong.

WHAT causes tong wars? Unpaid gambling debts and stolen slave girls are the two chief causes. "It's a sore subject," said Consul General Ko-liang Yih, at San Francisco, "and I dislike that it should have publicity. We hope to stop tong troubles, but my people are a sentimental, not a practical people. Real or fancied injuries they resent to the very end. So it is that often a man cheated out of a hundred dollars will spend thousands to even the score. You Americans cannot understand their ways, but if you would let the Chinese Government rule its subjects living in this country, you would not have this problem to contend with. I know tong troubles would cease."

As a matter of fact, the Chinese in America are partially governed from Peking. Practically all come from one of the six great families of the Quangtong Province in China. Hence in San Francisco has grown the Six Companies, an organization to which all the Chinese in America belong, to which most of them pay a dollar or so a year, and which in turn watches over their interests, provides hospitals, schools to teach their language and ideals, a special police system, and so on. Its real name is The Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Society. It is an American corporation and is financed largely by western American-Chinese. It is recognized by the consul general who is a party to all contracts, such as the appointment of its American attorney, John L. McNab, for instance. Its constituent elements are interesting. Really it is composed of seven great families within six groups. Each group elects a president and a secretary who hold office for a four-month term. So three successive families are in office each year. Thus in two years there has been a complete cycle of all the families. Over all presides a grand president who comes from China, forming the connecting link with the republic. He is always a Mandarin and seldom able to speak the Cantonese dialect of the Chinese here.

Tracing the latest war from its origin to its end is interesting. In March, 1922, at Reno, Nevada, a member of the Bing Kongs was killed by a member of the Hip Sings for cheating in a game of pi gow. Immediately, the chiefs of those two tongs met at the Peace Society in San Francisco, to discuss what reparations the Hip Sings should make to the Bing Kongs. For life is frankly measured in dollars by these people, and the family or tong of a murdered man will always dry their tears and forgive if the "settlement" is adequate. Otherwise—war.



Scraps from tong notices at the Clay street and Grant avenue bulletin board.

Of late years, the Peace Society which is composed, according to the consul general, of representatives from each tong, has taken a hand in all such conferences and is said to have nipped many a war in the bud. Nevertheless there were three distinct wars during 1921, three in 1922. Certain it is that both the Peace Society and the Six Companies have, on one occasion at least, joined with the San Francisco Chinese Chamber of Commerce to raise the indemnity sum of $55,000 demanded by the Suey Sings of the Hop Sings, and so brought to an end, after many months, a war originating over the theft of a slave girl.

But this time no solution offered by the Peace Society was accepted, and the Bing Kongs formally declared war against the Hip Sings. Every Hip Sing and Bing Kong in San Francisco disappeared from sight. Within a week five men had been killed—one in Seattle; one in Butte, Montana; one in Salem, Oregon; one in Minneapolis; and one in Watsonville, California. Not one victim had had anything whatsoever to do with the two gamblers whose quarrel in Reno started the trouble. A life for a life is the rule—it matters not who pays so the enemy tong loses a man. From the Chicago chapter of the Hip Sings alone came thousands of dollars and 30 gunmen to help in the West. In July the forty-sixth victim fell in Chicago and soon after another "lasting and final peace" was signed in San Francisco.

Tong wars end as suddenly as they begin and no hard feelings exist between the two camps when the trouble is settled and the cash payments made. Some of the highest prices ever put on men's heads were offered during this war. Every individual Hip Sing's life was worth $100 to Bing Kong assassins, while the officials' heads were valued at $8,000 apiece.

Tong feuds grew purely from western world conditions, when in 1860, in the early days of the Chinese colony in California, the most popular trade was that in oriental women slaves. The Hip Ye Tong, the first to organize, seems to have been an offshoot of the Triad Society, a political organization of the Tai Ping rebellion. Here it lost its political motive, and was originally formed to protect women from slavery, but soon degenerated into a society which protected the slave dealers from interference. They offered bribes to customs and police officials; exercised corrupt political powers; frightened those whom they couldn't bribe; and finally employed a band of thugs to do the rest. So, while the missionaries and the police rescued slaves, the Chinese Christians suspected of aiding them got into severe difficulties with the Hip Ye Tong, plunging the oriental quarter into turmoil. Gradually the patient, respectable Chinese organized—those of the same name; fellow townsmen from the Quantong province, compatriots in special trades. So family, district and social tongs were formed, each protective in spirit, until all the elements of Chinese life, both good and bad, were entrenched.

The first real tong war occurred in the '80's when the See Yups, or laboring class, opened shops in competition with the Sam Yups, who for generations had been the merchant class in China. The latter fought at first by leasing all the available stores, and by spreading bad reports of the See Yup credit. Finally, close to bankruptcy, they challenged the See Yups to open conflict on the street. Many such battles followed, much noise and smoke but only rarely a casualty. Captain Lees, a famous police chief of that time, winked at these conflicts, saying they served as a safety valve to dissipate the underlying savagery which the Chinese inherit from the Tartars. A later chief, attempting to "clean up," stationed spies in Chinatown, and made daring raids, so teaching greater caution. The gamblers and slavers added sheet-metal doors, secret scouts, signals and underground avenues for escape. Killings became bold, brutal and frequent.

The longest and most spectacular of all tong wars began in 1901, caused by a quarrel of a Hop Sing and a Bing Kong over the price of an unpaid-for slave girl. It lasted more than seven years with peaceful respites and hope of settlement each Chinese New Year. Always some trivial incident started them off again. Then the earthquake and fire in 1906 wiped out the Chinese quarter. A peaceful year followed till the Hop Sing chief was slain by Lee Foon, a member of his own family tong! In their code it is a fiendish crime for one Lee to kill another Lee. Unknown to either the Hop Sings or the Bing Kongs, the Lee family now joined their little private war, thus accounting for Lee Foon's sudden end. Then to cap the climax a venerable old member of the Chinese Free Masons, mistaken for an enemy, was shot. Through the influence of his fraternity, now involved, peace was brought about. The Six Companies called the tong leaders to a conference and demanded an end to the feud. The chief of police announced he would place guards to bar all tourists out of Chinatown, and bring grand jury charges against their leaders. The consul general published a proclamation from the Empress Dowager in Peking, threatening to imprison their relatives in China if the tong warriors did not declare peace. So the treaty was signed:

"Whereas the Hop Sing Tong and the Bing Kong Tong have had for some time differences among themselves, they now agree to listen to the advice of the community. And, before the consul general, the chief of police, the vice-consul, and the presidents of the Six Companies, at a meeting held on this day, January 28, 1908, at the Six Companies, the representatives of these two tongs and also the representatives of other tongs agree that hereafter the Bing Kong and Hop Sing tongs will cease their fighting and will forever keep the peace with one another.

"Resolved, that if they should again start a fight, thus violating this agreement, they consent that the men of the other tongs may give their names and point out the fighting men to the consul general who will notify the chief of police to arrest Bing Kong and Hop Sing men and have them severely punished in accordance with the law.

"A copy of this agreement is to be sent to the Chinese legation as a record. It is understood that this declaration of peace is for all tongs."

Then just three years later Yee Chow, of the Yees, launderers by tradition and heritage, and a large and wealthy family, eloped with Bo Gue, a slave of a member of the On Yicks. Rescued, after a court fight, by the Presbyterian Mission, Bo Gue was held in the mission while the Yees and the On Yicks battled over the $1,300 payment demanded of Yee Chow by the On Yicks. Again tourists were barred from Chinatown. Merchants, guides and restaurants suffered heavily, till at last, in ill favor everywhere, the Yees "settled up" and ended the quarrel, while the fickle Bo Gue married another youth who professed Christianity.

There was peace on the Pacific Coast in 1912 but the Hip Sings fought the On Leongs, the Order of Civic Peace, in New York and Boston. It was a short scrap for local public opinion was so aroused after a bad fire in New York, started in revenge, that the tongs were frightened into peace settlements.

In 1915 the Hip Sings and the Hop Sings were hard at it once more, this time over a debt. A couple of accidental shootings on the part of Hop Sings caused the Sen Suey Yings and the Suey Sings to join the fray allied with the Hip Sings. Much outclassed, the Hop Sings suddenly switched the fighting to the country districts where men who hardly knew there was a war

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When in Doubt Always Say "No!"—Kohler

A Little Business Injected into Politics by a Politician

By NORMAN BEASLEY

THE city of Cleveland lived within its income in 1922 for the first time in its history—it lived within that income because its mayor always, when in doubt on the proposition before him, said "No!"—and meant it.

That mayor was, and still is, Fred Kohler.

Not only did Cleveland live within its income in 1922 but it closed the books on the year with a surplus of $558,904.92; this in spite of the fact that its actual cash income was approximately $500,000 less than in 1921.

In addition the Kohler administration began the year with nearly $800,000 in debts left over from previous administrations, of which $145,000 was represented in the December, 1921, pay roll shortage. The problem in Cleveland was met by substituting business for politics.

Says Kohler:

"When in doubt politics always says 'yes' while business always says 'no.' The answer was simple. We eliminated politics and 'pull.' It always had been my observation that thousands and thousands of dollars of the taxpayers' money was wasted each year through pure shiftlessness and deliberate inefficiency on the part of city employes. That was due to politics.

"A good place to start cleaning out things was on the jobs that were held through political, or vote-getting, influences. We began to trim the pay roll. We began with the loafers and they were eliminated. As we became better acquainted we were able to pick out the unnecessary, shiftless and inefficient. They went next. The net result was that we saved $1,389,264 in the city's pay roll, alone. The total amount of work has been increased but no municipal activity has suffered. On the contrary, the important activities have been bettered and more has been accomplished—all at a tremendous saving to the taxpayers.

Car Fare Cut a Cent

"DURING the past year we decreased the street car fare from six to five cents. Starting the year there was a deficit of $89,000 in the street car company's interest fund; this fund was increased to a point where the fare reduction was made possible and the interest fund closed the year with a balance of more than $400,000.

"Also, during the year, we faced a proposition of whether the garbage disposal division of the city's activities was to be run for the benefit of the workmen of the division or for the benefit of the public of Cleveland generally. It was decided—after a battle—in favor of the public. It might be of interest to remark that the cost per ton collection of garbage in 1921 was $5.95 while in 1922 it was $4.78, a saving of $1.17 a ton, or about $80,000, and with no reduction in wages.

"During 1922 the city repaved 24 miles of streets at an approximate cost of $1,830,000 and, at the same time, 14 miles of sewer was put in. More street repair work was done in 1922 than in any previous year and at a saving of from 30 to 50 per cent, that saving being effected in materials and pay roll. The municipal light plant increased its earnings, exclusive of taxes, from $27,000 in 1921 to $200,000 during 1922. During the year we purchased in excess of $190,000 worth of equipment for various departments and, at the same time, the water division of the utilities department spent more than $400,000 out of its earnings for pipe lines, extensions, fire hydrants, and so on, while the light division of the same department spent in excess of $500,000 out of its earnings for cable connections, underground work and other equipment.

"These are just a few of the outstanding accomplishments and I name them to show what can be done when a city administration substitutes business methods for politics.

"But, lopping 1,500 heads off the city pay roll made a lot of enemies—naturally."

Kohler smiled.

Kohler's story—that is, his personal story—is pretty well known. Ten years ago Theodore Roosevelt called him "the best police chief in the United States." That was a personal viewpoint, of course; but Kohler had surely made a name for himself. He had made a lot of enemies, too; his enemies "got" him. Three times he was charged with conduct unbecoming an officer; the third time he was dismissed.

Having been a force in the life of Cleveland his dismissal caused much comment. He accepted it—and started his fight back. He ran for the office of county commissioner and was defeated, although he ran 19,000 votes ahead of his ticket. Two years later he ran for the same office once more—and was again defeated although he led all candidates on his own ticket. Not discouraged he repeated for the office in another two years—this time he was elected by a big majority.

In 1920 he announced that he would run for mayor. He was laughed at, sneered at—derided. He made a house-to-house campaign, doing this months before the elections, and winning when the votes were counted. Winning in spite of the opposition of every city newspaper, many of the city's clergy and as vicious a campaign as could be staged against one man.

He made no pre-election promises, being content to tell the people to whom he talked that he would, if elected, inaugurate a business administration.

What Kohler did in his first year in office has been told.

This "mayor who came back," for that is what they call him in Cleveland, has definite opinions on how a city, or a county, or a state, or a nation, should be managed by those directly responsible.

"I do not believe it possible for a business man to be a successful administrator of civic affairs," he says. "This may sound conflicting with the idea of running a 'business administration.' It isn't. It simmers down to this:

"A man to be a successful city administrator must have had experience in city management, or management of municipal funds. A city, or a state, presumes that the man in office is a crook. It presumes that before it elects him. Presuming he is a crook it surrounds him with safeguarding fences to keep him from being crooked.

"For illustration:

"If I want to buy something for the city, or sell something, I am forced to advertise for bids. I am forced to wait 30 days before I can act. A business man, with a business man's training, can go out in the open market and make an immediate purchase. The restrictions that surround a municipal official are irksome to a business man who is accustomed to getting what he wants—immediately when he wants it.

"Another thing, a man to run a city must have a peculiar training. I could not successfully manage the affairs of the largest bank in Cleveland, or the largest manufacturing institution; at the same time the heads of these institutions could not successfully manage a city. It requires years of study and experience properly to manage city affairs. A municipal business is so entirely different from a general business that it requires a peculiar experience successfully to run either.

Cleans House Early

"A SUCCESSFUL city administrator must know the 'ins and outs' of politics. He must be able to recognize, immediately, the political panhandler—and treat him accordingly. There is this similarity between managing a city and managing a business—each should be handled on a strictly business basis. That is the result, of course, but the details are vastly different and a man has to understand the details to gain the desired result.

"Politics, when in doubt, always says 'yes'; business always says 'no.' This is my system. It is easy to change your decision and make it 'yes' when you have said 'no'; it isn't wise first to say 'yes' and then be forced to gig back into 'no.'

"Another thing a man trained in business has to contend with when he gets into public service is the inefficiency of employes. Many of them are there because of vote-getting ability. They stick. The business man, in his office, would not permit such inefficiency but when he gets into public office he finds himself surrounded by pap-seekers and, unless he knows all the angles and twists to the game he is likely to become hopelessly enmeshed. He can only know things through experience in dealing with them."

Kohler, immediately on entering office, began to clean out. He appointed various commissioners, selecting them for their ability and not on any friendship basis. He says, frankly, that there are several appointees of his that did not vote for him—and might not cast their votes in his favor in another election. That does not interest him. The only thing he is interested in is the ability of these lieutenants to work—and do things for the city of Cleveland.

Comfortable Surplus Now

HE SELECTED men for various posts who had experience in handling problems that would come before them. "The mayor of a big city," he says, "is guardian for the citizens. In Cleveland there are 57 different languages being spoken daily. These people don't understand the ramifications of city government. They have a 'boss' in the man they work for; they don't want a 'boss' in city affairs. They want a guardian—a man who will stand in the way of infringements on their rights as citizens. A mayor should always stand in the way of unnecessary expense to the taxpayers."

An illustration of how Kohler saved money is found in his report on the street railway. It reads:

"On January 1, 1922, this administration went into office with a deficit of $89,000 in the interest fund of the Cleveland street railway company, the barometer by which Cleveland street car fare is regulated. The street car fare was six cents cash, nine tickets for 50 cents, with one cent for transfer and no rebate. The maintenance fund showed a deficit of $425,000 and in November of 1921 the maintenance allowance had been increased to 12 cents a car mile, the highest it had ever been.

"The past year has changed the deficit of a year ago in the maintenance fund into a surplus of $800 000, of which $500,000 has been saved out of the maintenance allowance. The interest fund has been changed from the deficit of $89,000 to a surplus of approximately $440,000. The rate of fare has been decreased from six cents to five cents, with one cent charge for a transfer.

His Son Was Probably Murdered—Pershing

Concluded from page 6

"No. He was supposed to be on active duty, but his tasks were perfunctory. We have the highest regard for General Cronkhite, and we are proud of his record —it is really a splendid one. I, personally, am grateful to him for his excellent achievements, and I am gratified to state publicly that I wish to thank him for what he has done. We have had several conversations on this subject, but I told him that we could not extend the time further for him to devote to his personal affairs. He has received longer consideration than any officer in the service. Besides, quite a number of officers of high rank have been retired as he was."

"Before they reached the age of 64 years without physical disability?" I asked. "I believe that is the legal age for retirement."

"Yes," he replied, "some of them were retired at 62 at their own request, and even when no application has been made, they can be retired on the President's order at 62. The general seems to feel, I know, that some antagonism existed against him in the Department. But that is not the case. We all think most highly of him."

"But don't you think it is regrettable that he was dropped from active service at this time? It gives his enemies a chance to gloat over him—the action taken is to their satisfaction."

"Oh, I don't see that they can get any satisfaction out of his retirement," said General Pershing. "I can only state positively that there was no sentiment of antagonism toward him in the Department. Furthermore, I give you my word that such was not the fact."

The General gripped my hand, as he concluded, and his voice bore the note of conviction. I feel assured that he meant every word he said.

It is too much to expect that a man, occupying the important post of General of the Armies, should necessarily be cognizant of the slanders circulated against a United States Army officer, or that he should be aware of secret acts of wrongdoing committed in so extensive a department of the government. No doubt General Pershing acted in the utmost good faith, though his viewpoint appears to have been utterly different from that of the President and General Cronkhite. Apparently he has given but little consideration to the undaunted purpose of General Cronkhite to relieve the army of the reproach which had been put upon it through the undetected and concealed killing of an officer of the army while in the discharge of his duties, and less sympathy to the personal motive of the general to do justice to the name and honor of his son.

Differences of opinion prevail as to the facts, and these will be taken up in due course. It is maintained, however, that at no time, from the date of General Cronkhite's return to the United States in May, 1919, except during the period of a leave to which he was entitled under the regulations of the army, was he performing other than military service, nor that he was at any time unavailable for military duty, which should appear from the fact that he had been performing duty of an important and strictly military character. Friends of the general maintain that there has been a fixed purpose to penalize him through enforced premature retirement for doing that which he had been required to do by the President and the Department of Justice.

The above-mentioned canard, concerning the alleged inscription on the tombstone of young Major Cronkhite, was published conspicuously on October 27, 1922, in the Jewish *Tribune*, the "Forum of American Jewry," copies of which periodical are abundantly exhibited for sale on the public news stands in New York City. In the Jewish Year Book, which is prepared in the offices of the American Jewish Committee (see report for 1921-1922, page 356), under the list of "Prominent Jews in the United States," the editor of the Jewish *Tribune* is noticed as follows:

"Nehemiah Mosessohn, editor, b. Russia, 1853. R. New York City." (Jewish Year Book, Vol. 24, 1922-1923, p. 184.)

Young Major Cronkhite lies buried in the Cemetery of the United States Military Academy at West Point, right near the tomb of General Grant, and beside the grave of his grandfather, Major General Alexander C. M. Pennington. The men of the 213th Engineers sent a carload of flowers and an American flag to the burial. On the tombstone of this officer, below a chiseled "Crusader's Cross," is the inscription:

Alexander Pennington Cronkhite
Corps of Engineers, United
States Army, September
29, 1893. October 25,
1918.
Class of 1915.
"Well Done—Be Thou at Peace"

The above inscription is taken from the West Point "Alma Mater," the last verse of which runs:

"And when our work is done,
Our course on earth is run,
May it be said, 'Well done,
be thou at peace.'
E'er may that line of gray,
Increase from day to day;
Live, serve and die, we pray,
West Point, for thee!"

The 97th Article of War provides that a court of inquiry to examine into the nature of any transaction of, or accusation or imputation against an officer, may be ordered by the President or by any commanding officer upon the request of the officer whose conduct is to be inquired into. (Manual for Courts-Martial, United States Army, 1917, pp. 287-288.)

While neither the President nor a commanding officer is obliged to order a court of inquiry on the demand of an officer who desires to vindicate his character, nevertheless, where the facts are not thoroughly understood by the authority who is requested to order a court of inquiry or cannot be fully ascertained by an investigating officer, in the event of a refusal, the officer who requested the court, if not satisfied, may appeal to higher authority.—(Winthrop, p. 805.)

In this case a court of inquiry was not ordered at the request of General Cronkhite. The higher authority to which he now appeals is Congress.

A City Named on the Toss of a Coin

The Melting Pot of Old Age and the Center of Winter Dodging

By GEORGE H. DACY

THREE decades ago, a citizen of Detroit and a Russian nobleman on a fishing trip along the western coast of Florida decided a most extraordinary dispute by the flip of a coin. It so happened that these two gentlemen jointly owned the land which today is the site of the city of St. Petersburg, known popularly from coast to coast as the sunshine city of the South. These capitalists agreed in their selection of a location for the city which they proposed to build and develop. They could not agree, however, on the name. Finally, the American who wished to call the city Detroit, Florida, suggested to his companion who wanted to christen the embryonic municipality St. Petersburg, after his beloved Russian birthplace, that they toss a coin to decide the controversy. The nobleman acquiesced. A dime was flipped into the air and when it fell to the deck of the boat the head of the coin was exposed. The Russian had won and St. Petersburg became the name of the resort which during the winter season of 1922-1923 entertained approximately 90,000 visitors.

One can travel thousands of miles and never find a duplicate of St. Petersburg. It is a city quaint, curious and inimitable. It outgrew its swaddling clothes before they were completed. From the few thousands that initially were recorded in the lists of its city directory it has expanded until, after a score of years of active development, its permanent and transient population during the topsy-turvied winter season almost tops the 80,000 mark. It is a melting pot of old age, for there is no place that becomes the temporary residence of as many persons who have passed the half-century mark as does St. Petersburg. It is the winter playground capital of all Southland.

The seats at the famous round-table discussions of King Arthur and his knights were not nearly so interesting, we believe, as the green benches of St. Petersburg that border the curbs of the downtown sections and which are occupied by thousands of visitors from every part of the globe who converse on every subject within the ken of man. Here one may find a prominent New England banker and a horny-handed corn producer from Iowa. A cattleman may here get his first chance to tell his side of the story to a Chicago packer. The New York consumer of costly fruits and vegetables meets with the Florida grower.

In the heart of the city is William's Park. The park is only one block square yet it entertains daily 15,000 to 20,000 tourists. A large band shell where an excellent military band gives two concerts daily during the winter is a feature as are the 36 horseshoe pitching lanes, busy from dawn to dark, and the hundreds of tables around which are grouped players of chess, checkers and dominoes. If you want to participate in any of these contests you must either arrive at the park early in the day or else wait your turn.

It seems that every person in St. Petersburg, at one hour or another, finds time daily for a few rounds of horseshoe hurling, the pastime which has been revived and dignified in St. Petersburg and other winter resorts in Florida. If you do not wish to toss the equine footwear, there are many other freak sports and games provided for your amusement. Croquet, roque and lawn bowling are foremost. Lawn bowling was introduced by Canadians—there are hundreds of Canadian families that migrate to Florida every winter as soon as Jack Frost begins his annual jambouree in the Northland—and a large club with headquarters at Mirror Lake has been formed. The 600 active members of this organization engage in daily contests and tournaments on the 14 clay and marl courts which they have built.

The open-face post office is unique.

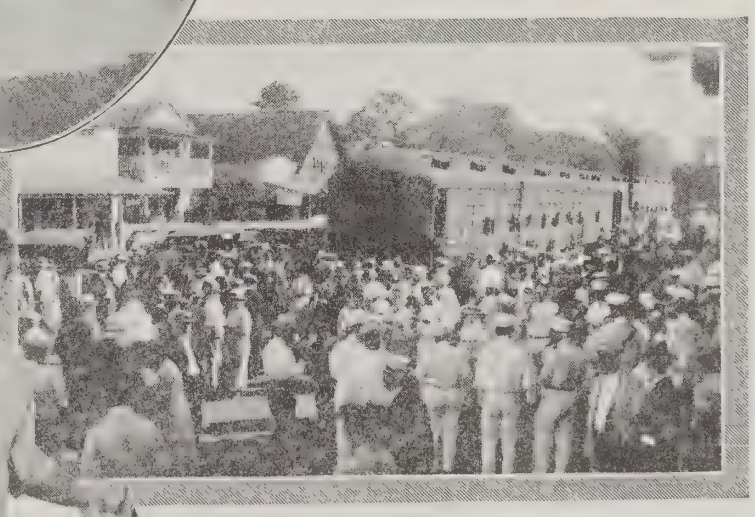
Roque, a close cousin to the old-fashioned game of croquet, is also featured. In fact, tournaments of the National Roque League and the American Roque Association are held in St. Petersburg. These championship contests attract many enthusiasts, but the great majority of popular interest centers in the annual tournament of the National Horseshoe Pitchers' Association. The game of tossing "ringers" is something in which all are interested. It is easy to learn and simple to watch. It is the favorite game of the oldsters who derive great pleasure and beneficial exercise from the sport. To illustrate what St. Petersburg thinks of the ratio that exists between horseshoes and health, it is notable that the city authorities now maintain 85 public horseshoe pitching lanes while there are several hundred additional private "barnyard golf" courses scattered over the city. Water Front Park on the seashore has now been in use about one year and contains 48 fine lanes with elevated bleachers for 2,500 spectators surrounding the extraordinary courts.

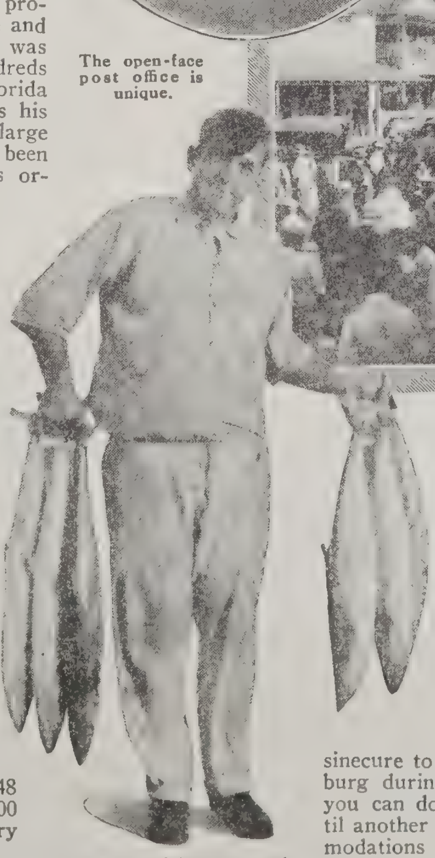
The annual national tournament of the "slipper slammers," as the horseshoe hurlers are called, has been held at St. Petersburg ever since the inception of the organization five years ago. State champions gather several weeks before the big event comes off to train intensively for the tossing contest. Some are so expert that they can toss "ringers" on regulation, standard courts while heavily blindfolded. The matches have become so popular that the round-up battles to pick the national winners can no longer be held over the regular St. Petersburg courts because of lack of adequate accommodations for the onlookers. The ball park is used.

St. Petersburg, the Florida city that was named by the toss of a coin.

John Miller, of Rock Valley, Iowa, is one of the most interesting of the characters who daily visit the "slipper slamming" links. This veteran player is 83 and is one of the most adept pitchers in the country. Two years ago, he won the national championship and in every title contest he ranks high.

"My health was bad and I took up pitching horseshoes for exercise 32 years ago," Miller replied to my question concerning how long he had been playing the rural game. "Shortly, my physical condition improved very greatly. I attributed the cure to quoits and ever since that time, when the weather is favorable, I pitch horseshoes for an hour or two each day. Some days, I walk four to five miles back and forth across the lanes. I claim that any person who will pitch horseshoes regularly will never suffer from appendicitis."


Meeting the trains at St. Petersburg is the daily diversion of hundreds of tourists.


This lucky fisherman caught 26 king fish in one hour out in Tampa Bay.

If you think it is any sinecure to obtain lodging in St. Petersburg during the season, the best thing you can do is to put off your visit until another year and then reserve accommodations in June if you expect to go South the following December. The writer, all unsuspicious of what was ahead of him, motored into this resort center one morning in February and spent the balance of the day trying to find a bed to sleep in. At the thirteenth hotel which he visited he finally was invited to remain and record his address on the register. That was only because a guest had been called away suddenly to attend a funeral. Last winter, the city was so overcrowded that all the larger hotels pitched small tents on their roofs where they accommodated the overflow which otherwise would have had to sit up on the green benches all night.

St. Petersburg is the city of "tray toters" if ever there was one such. California may have been the originator of the cafeteria but the Florida seaport is easily the champion when it comes to the number of these rush-order food emporiums and the daily patronage which they receive during the resort season. The cafeteria is the common leveler which respects neither bank account nor family escutcheon. In St. Petersburg it is the boon companion of the famous green benches in divorcing the peacock feathers and veneer from pompous personages. You may park one of the cheapest or one of the most costly automobiles made before the cafeteria, you may have only the price of a lunch in your pocket or you may be able to sign your check for six figures. Irrespective of your assets and worldly goods you figure only as a link in a long line of hungry people when you enter the cafeteria. As a vehicle of democracy which takes the simulation out of strut, the self-serve beanery is a masterpiece of efficiency.

There was a time when St. Petersburg was the rendezvous of thousands of motor tourists who journeyed to Florida cross-country style in every conceivable kind of an automobile loaded down with tents, camping utensils, portable stoves, cots, supplies and foodstuffs. When they reached St. Petersburg, they would pitch their tents on the free grounds provided by the city and remain there until the following spring when like the birds of the field they would again migrate to their summer homes in the North. However, as St. Petersburg expanded its building limits, the land which constituted the original tourist camp was subdivided into private lots. The 2,500 campers who wintered at St. Petersburg in 1919 have now dwindled to less than 750.

St. Petersburg is probably the only city in the country which has to maintain policemen at all her churches every Sunday to keep the crowds moving and finally get them seated.

The only "Yankee" mayor in all Dixieland is Frank F. Pulver, of St. Petersburg, a Republican who won his way to office as a result of a torchlight campaign —that used to be typical in Ohio and Indiana.

Conditions are so pleasant and uniform that many stores front upon the streets and avenues without doors or windows. One of the newspapers has such faith in the regular functioning of "Old Sol" that it gives away its entire issue of 12,000 copies every day that the sun does not shine. During the last 12 years, this publishing company has only had to circulate 70 of its issues free.

There are more than 600 different varieties of fish in Tampa Bay awaiting the clever arts and artifices of piscatorial experts who come South every winter.

Industry's Use of the Intelligence Test

Cuts Labor Turn Over, Fits Workers Into Positions of Opportunity

By J. OLIN HOWE

SALLY JONES took an intelligence test the other day, one of the so-called psychological tests, and ranked high. Had this test been available a dozen years ago, when Sally graduated from high school and joined the clerical force of a big manufacturing corporation, her relative value to the company could have been determined by it at once. Her superiors would have learned her true capability in the beginning as accurately as 12 years' experience with her has finally shown it.

Sally's family would hardly have considered her going into a factory, but clerical work seemed different, as it did to the others of the hundred sweet girl graduates who found similar places with the corporation at that time.

At the end of five years three-quarters of them had married, as doubtless all looked forward to doing when they left school for the busy world outside. Sally didn't happen to, nor did she become sufficiently interested in her job to use her rather keen mind on it beyond a point where she satisfied her conscience—at least, for a long time.

She did her work, merely routine office work, each day, but this didn't really distract her mind from the dances and other evening and social affairs which to her were of first importance. Ten per cent of the girls who entered the company's employ with her left for other occupations. Two college graduates among them were successful with a tiny tea shop. Another girl went into advertising and still another did well painting Christmas cards of unusual quality; but Sally Jones had no special genius for other things.

After a while, however, she did begin to see something in the work she was doing and the time came when, though she still went to dances and picnics, next day she put these out of her mind and gave herself wholly to her job. This was noted in the office and at the end of four years, especially since in recent months she had been particularly conscientious, Sally was promoted to fill a new place which had opened up.

The new work took her interest at once and through application to it she did so well that shortly another promotion came. The inevitable progression of more interesting work, closer attention, followed by still more interesting work was fairly started.

Today Sally Jones is buying all the paper for the corporation and has the spending of half a million dollars a year. Her outside interests, which for long have ranked as relatively unimportant, are perhaps a bit more staid than they were, but she is fully as active in them, outside business hours.

She is a fixture with the concern, a valuable factor in its office organization. It has taken 12 years to make clear just how valuable. She may marry, though each year makes that less likely, but if she doesn't still better things are in prospect for her with the company.

A word about Mary Simmons, who was Sally's best chum in those earlier years just after they entered the corporation's employ, a fine girl but not in Sally Jones' class mentally. When Sally was promoted out of the routine work they did then, she left Mary behind and Mary is still in the same section, a loyal, careful worker, giving full measure to the company. In time she hopes to be chief of her section.

Sally's Score 140; Mary's, 83

SHE doesn't mind doing the same thing over and over. Surmounting its difficulties, always greater to her than to Sally, has been more interesting than otherwise. She would like more pay, but has been fairly philosophical about it. Sally Jones took too many chances and introduced too many new ideas for her.

Sally and Mary both took the intelligence test, as did all the rest of the office workers. Out of a possible 150, Sally scored 140 and Mary, 83. With this information in front of him, an executive of the corporation could have placed their potentialities with perfect assurance at the outset and years would have been saved. Provided they remained with the company, of course; he couldn't have known about that.

The Division of Co-operative Research of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh has gone deeply into the use of intelligence tests in industry and general business—these cases are two among the many it has investigated—and finds that 75 per cent of young women who go into clerical work, whether of high intelligence or low, leave for marriage within five years.

Ten per cent leave for other reasons and 15 per cent remain with the company, those of high intelligence to work up to responsible positions, the others to remain in routine work.

Of these latter the intelligence tests can now be depended on to show at once which is to be which; as they can of the young men without experience who go into clerical work. The figures in their case are different. Among those of high intelligence 50 per cent leave within five years, 15 per cent leave when between 30 and 40, 20 per cent remain and grow into good positions and 15 per cent remain in fair positions and build up remunerative businesses outside.

Of those of low intelligence, 40 per cent leave within five years, 20 per cent grow into supervisors of routine work after long service, 30 per cent make good routine clerks and the remaining 15 per cent leave after 15 or 20 years of service.

The fact is that in America today we are nearer than ever to the ideal in which each individual is doing the work for which he or she is by nature best fitted and in which each is therefore happiest. Not that such a condition is just 'round the corner.

Testing mentality is ever being turned to greater account in the workaday world. We built the American Army on the basis of the intelligence test, and right there it made good; since the war, scores of colleges and universities in this country have adopted it as substitute for or complement to the conventional entrance examination and assort freshman material with it to splendid advantage; and latterly the scientific measurement of intelligence is making its way more and more into practical affairs.

In fact, American business has been waiting for psychology, though that will seem a peculiar statement after the liberal way in which the term has been misused in the last decade, applied to everything from after-dinner speaking to all sorts of salesmanship, from motion pictures to prohibition, from newspaper colyums to profound metaphysics.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, comes from the fact that the scientists who work out the real discoveries in psychology are teachers, paid for teaching and for such research as will improve their teaching, who are largely out of contact with business or industry. There is now a means through which their learning may be utilized.

We are nowhere near a national mental census yet. Indeed, such a thing may never come to pass, but when you have finished this article I believe you will see the value of it; and we have men fully capable of making it accurate, comprehensive and thoroughly efficient.

What is of the utmost importance is that the intelligence test does give relief from the old and terribly expensive method of hire-and-fire.

There is the proverbial instance in which the hiring-on window of a great plant was presided over by a one-legged man who had lost the other in the concern's employ. He had a life job. "On Mondays," he said, "I turns down all the men with white collars, on Tuesdays all with blue eyes, on Wednesdays all with dark eyes. Red-headed men I never hires and there do be days when I has a grouch on and only hires every tenth man."

Physiognomy and Mentality

NOR is this so extreme an instance as it might seem to the uninitiated. Is it to be wondered at that American business men have turned to whatever means of selecting employes seemed to hold out any promise? They have tried everything, from the not so distant day when the "perfesser of phrenology" passed his hand over the cranium of a newborn babe and told how much money the child would have at 50 and how he would best set about accumulating it.

Physiognomy appeared to have something in it awhile back and professed experts read facial contours for some of our leading corporations. Their method was the determination of character and mental characteristics on the basis of concave, convex or plane profile, size of nose, ear or eye and the like. But this has been pretty completely exploded by scientists after diligent research which included examination of thousands of individuals.

These have no hesitation in saying that no measurement of feature or variation in facial outline has anything indicative to do with mentality. In just one measurement was there found a trace of correlation with intelligence and character—in the size of the nose—which was of interest chiefly because the scientist who led in this work chances to have a rather good-sized nose.

We have another type of "experts" to whom one may walk in off the sidewalk and who will chart one's vocational possibilities and probabilities and prescribe a walk in life offhand. If these have any success, it is due to no truly scientific background, but to good luck in the application of ordinary common sense.

For psychology, the actual science, hasn't gone anything like that far. A leading psychologist recently showed me a desk drawer full of literature and advertisements he had collected in which this sort of uplift bunk was phrased in flowery fashion. Nothing scientific about a bit of it.

In this connection Dr. Henry C. Link, who wrote "Employment Psychology" and is a high authority on this subject, tells in his book how deep an impression he once made on a group of hard-headed business men to whom he was introduced as a psychologist. To one he said, "You are a Cornell man, are you not?" This chanced to be true and the astonished group looked in awe at the psychologist whose uncanny insight could give him personal facts about an entire stranger.

The point is that this was the merest lucky guess on the doctor's part. How could any science determine a stranger's alma mater? Science is the formulation and application of standardized knowledge in a given field.

Measurement of mental equipment is quite another matter, something which can be done and the doing of which has been standardized as far as the psychologists have gone. Applied science gives a sound and trustworthy basis for choosing employes. Intelligence may be defined as the ability to learn and to make use of what is learned and 'tis no difficult thing for the psychologist to find the degree to which one has it.

Yet psychology is no panacea, no blanket prescription. Certain things the science can do, since the way of doing them has been fully worked out, and the scientist sees a vista of many other things possible to it and even of its universal application when research which has been quietly going on for 50 years is carried far enough.

Today mechanical ability, using the term broadly, musical talent and the ability to do school work are covered by the intelligence test. Extending it to other fields is only routine work, but of the most painstaking kind.

And clerical workers of every sort can be sized up by this method as in no other way. If you wish to hire a new secretary or only a plain stenographer or a filing clerk or other office assistant, get together your prospects as you choose—advertising is the common method—but do not waste time trying to get at their relative intelligence and probable usefulness.

Simply send the whole lot off to the psychologist, who uses his mental probe and in a couple of days gives you a report in which they are graded more exactly than long experience with them would enable you to do it.

An organization of college professors and other scientists whose names are in Who's Who will attend to this. And after taking out a very modest return, their profits, if any, are spent on further research.

Applicants are given a hundred-word business letter to write on the typewriter as quickly and accurately as they can. Then they write the same letter from memory, far from as easy as it sounds. Another letter of similar length is given them with 10 words omitted and 10 mistakes each in spelling, capitalization and punctuation and paragraphing, which is corrected in their own handwriting.

They sort alphabetically under states and towns as quickly as they can envelopes or cards addressed in handwriting of average legibility. Then they find and record as rapidly as possible call numbers arranged to eliminate practice with the ordinary telephone book.

These are tests of special intelligence which comes from training or experience. They aren't so mystifying but are just as essential as the general intelligence test which is the main reliance. Perhaps that compiled by Dr. Arthur S. Otis, of San Francisco, or one of the series of Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia, is employed. Dr. Thorndike figured prominently in army psychological work and is the author of tests used in educational institutions. The latter has made up a variety of these tests for large insurance companies and they have been used with no little success.

The method with the clerical workers is similar to that in use in all industrial psychological work. The work to be done by candidates, or already being done by a group the psychologist is asked to grade, is studied and tests are arranged to give a reliable index of special intelligence; and these are combined with a dependable general intelligence test. Often the former is even more important, for jobs are apt to depend on kinds of intelligence rather than degrees.

In a footwear industry of national prominence six psychologists are now engaged in a first-hand study of the different operations in the industry. They will eventually devise a set of tests which will give the corporation a quick and accurate means of ascertaining the mental level of all employes and applicants for employment. Similar activity is going on in many an American factory.

"Where Does the Sun Rise?"

RECENTLY I had the privilege of going over the papers of 150 girls who had taken the tests described for clerical workers, applicants for jobs with a sizeable corporation which has cast aside various other methods of hiring, including more or less fake psychology. The highest possible score was 54 and one girl made 51. The lowest was but 15, with 30 to 35 as the average.

The girl who scored 51 is the daughter of an editor, a very superior girl, who had taken a fine position elsewhere before this concern could hire her. She actually wrote the hundred-word letter from memory with but one error and there she used a word which seemed to me better than the original. She did the Otis intelligence test in 25 minutes, making a perfect score, when a candidate is permitted an hour to answer its 75 questions.

The girl who scored 15 is a moron, deficient in intelligence. Yet even in colleges they find a place for morons, and in industry they fill in perfectly well in routine jobs.

There is an amusing story about one such who was asked to tell whether the sun rose in the east or the west. "That's a hard one," she said after she had pondered it awhile. "Why, don't you know where the sun rises?" asked the examiner. "Well, I used to know that, but I forget."

Dr. Thorndike revised the Army Alpha tests, by which millions of men were tested for everything from kitchen police to the general staff, and Columbia was the first university to adopt them for freshman entrance in 1919. The University of Pennsylvania followed. Their use is general today in American educational institutions.

The Army Alpha test separated those who took it into but five mental classes, morons being one. Professor Thorndike has since refined his tests to segregate human intelligence in far greater detail. He has made them surprisingly sensitive to minute differences between individuals. He uses 21 different kinds of tasks and varies them amazingly.

The highest classes in Army Alpha were superior and very superior. Dr. Thorndike separates these two into more than 20. His tests apply the finest of gauges to mental alertness, analysis, initiative, perseverance and endurance. How much do you really know and to what extent can you make your knowledge serve you on demand?

"It should be borne in mind," he says, "that these are not untried tests which psychologists merely think will indicate intelligence. Back of them is a long, long

(Concluded on page 14)

Which Trees Do Best in City and Town?

Many Things to Be Considered Before Ornamental Planting Is Begun

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE need of trees on town and city streets is so apparent that no argument is necessary to induce municipalities and individual owners to plant and care for them; they not only make for the beauty of a city but for the health and comfort of its citizens. Strangely enough, however, and notwithstanding the numerous tree-planting programs which have been carried out all over the country in recent years, there still exists a great deal of misunderstanding regarding the kinds of trees best adapted for city streets.

In recognition of this fact, and with a view to obtaining scientifically exact information on the subject, government horticulturists have for a long time been experimenting with a variety of trees in different localities throughout the nation. The result of these experiments, which have just been announced, has been to upset many previously conceived ideas on the subject.

It has been determined, for instance, that oaks are the best trees for street planting. It is probable that oaks have not been more widely planted because of the prevalent belief that they are slow growers, and because in the North they are rather difficult to transplant. A white oak, however, which is one of the slow-growing varieties, will reach the same height as a sugar maple in the same period of time, and maples have been used more widely than oaks for street ornamentation, despite many unsatisfactory characteristics. Elms are given second place in desirability for city streets by the government experts and sycamores third. Maples are considered less desirable than has been generally supposed. Except the Lombardy poplar, most varieties of poplars are not recommended.

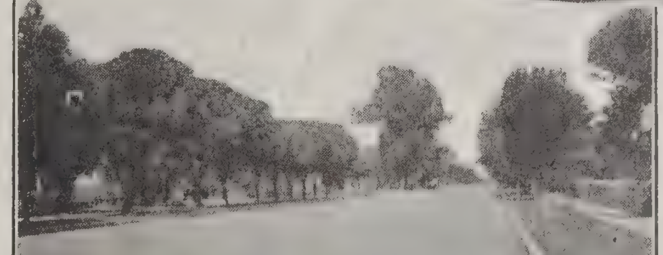
The American elm is one of the best and most popular trees for street planting.

Before ornamental tree-planting for town or city streets is undertaken, a number of important points must be given attention. Trees native to one part of the United States may not thrive in another region. Some trees are objectionable because their roots penetrate defective sewers, while others grow their roots so near the surface that they have a tendency to heave or crack sidewalks.

Only vigorous trees that will withstand the dust and smoke of a city should be planted to ornament the streets. The root system should be hardy, not easily affected by unusual soil conditions, by restricted feeding areas, or by root pruning in case street improvements are made. The shape of the top of the tree should be suited to the width of the street; in general it should be rather high-headed or easily trained to that form and of open growth.

Of only a little less importance is the character of the foliage masses, whether dark or light, heavy and somber, or open and airy, and also whether the foliage has vivid autumn colorings. The resistance of the tree to fungi, insect pests, and tree diseases is another important consideration. Trees that bear showy flowers, fruits, or nuts are usually undesirable for street planting.

Palms do not make good shade trees, although they are effective in formal planting. Only in the most southern parts of the country and in Western California should evergreen trees be considered for street planting. Magnolias, live oaks, and a few other broad-leaved evergreens may be used in these regions. Where there is lack of sunshine in winter, due to short or cloudy days, it is desirable to admit all the light possible by using only deciduous trees. In all sections trees differ greatly in the time when they put out their leaves in the spring and lose them in the autumn. Narrow streets should be planted with tall slender trees like the Lombardy poplar, or in some cases with small trees. Broad streets may be planted with spreading trees, or, if provided with a central parking space, with moderate-sized trees in the center and on the sides, or with trees on the sides suited to the space and formal trees in the center. As a rule, native trees that have been tried out successfully in other towns of the same general locality should be given the preference.



Miscellaneous planting of trees on streets is ill advised both from the standpoint of beauty and longevity of the trees.

For use within reach of ocean spray or on sandy lands near the coast the red oak and the red or scarlet maple are suitable as far south as Charleston, South Carolina, while the sweet gum and the live oak are equally good from Norfolk southward and along the Gulf of Mexico. The red oak, sweet gum, red maple, and eastern live oak are all grown successfully along the Pacific Ocean, while the California live oak can be used from San Francisco southward.

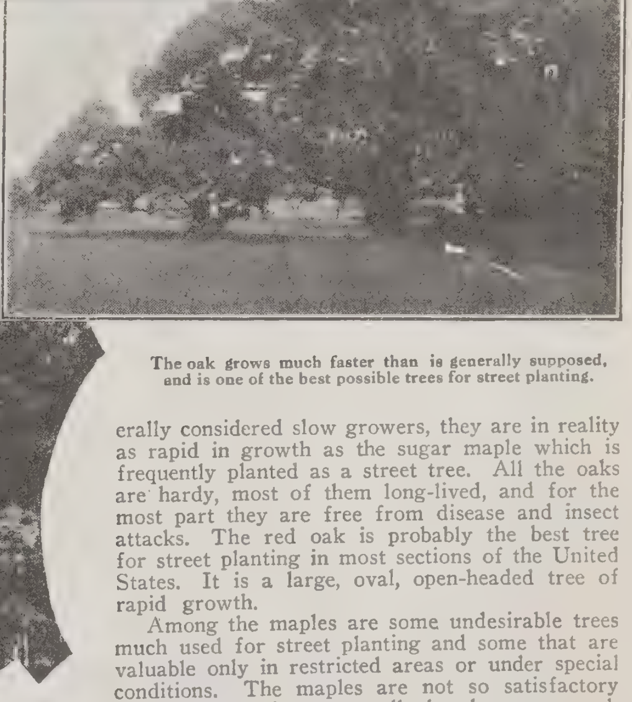
Silver maples produce a nice shade, but are not so desirable as oaks, and do not grow any faster.

In the heart of a city, where the greatest difficulty is experienced in getting trees to grow, the ailanthus, or tree of heaven, will probably thrive when nearly all other kinds fail. The staminate and pistillate flowers of this species are borne on separate trees. Only the pistillate trees should be used, as the odor of the blossoms of the staminate trees is very objectionable for about 10 days. These may be produced by grafting from pistillate trees or by propagating from suckers or root cuttings from such trees if they have not been grafted.

The American elm, sometimes called the white elm and water elm, is one of the handsomest American shade trees. It has been the standard street tree of New England, giving to the roadsides and village streets the characteristic appearance which is so attractive to summer visitors. The elm is tall and spreading, and where planted as near together as is customary on streets and country roads the effect of the mature trees is that of an arch formed by the growing together of their spreading tops. It is of rapid growth and long lived. This elm drops its leaves very early in the autumn, but it comes into leaf early in the spring.

Because of the attacks of the elm leaf-beetle and the European elm bark louse, many handsome trees have been severely damaged or killed before communities were properly equipped for fighting them, but with careful spraying, these insects may be kept in check. On account of the existence of these pests and because they are gradually spreading to new territory, tree planters should consider carefully whether it is advisable to plant the elm.

Of all the trees used for street planting the oaks undeniably are the best. Although some of the handsomest species, like the white oak and live oak, are generally considered slow growers, they are in reality as rapid in growth as the sugar maple which is frequently planted as a street tree. All the oaks are hardy, most of them long-lived, and for the most part they are free from disease and insect attacks. The red oak is probably the best tree for street planting in most sections of the United States. It is a large, oval, open-headed tree of rapid growth.



The oak grows much faster than is generally supposed, and is one of the best possible trees for street planting.

Among the maples are some undesirable trees much used for street planting and some that are valuable only in restricted areas or under special conditions. The maples are not so satisfactory for street planting as usually has been supposed, few of the species being suitable for this purpose and these only in a limited way.

The red maple, scarlet maple, or swamp maple is one of the most widely distributed American trees. It is found from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico and west to the Rocky Mountains. Its leaves are the smallest of the eastern native maples, but it grows large and is usually of upright outline. It is better adapted to suburban conditions than to city streets and is one of the few trees that succeed well near the ocean. It has bright-red blossoms before the leaves appear, and the young leaves and fruits are also red. The mature leaves begin to color early, some branches coloring as early as the middle of July, assuming brilliant reds and yellows and staying on longer than those of the sugar maple. This handsome tree is not so much used as it deserves to be.

The silver maple, also called the soft maple, white maple, and swamp maple, is probably more used for street planting through the whole United States than any other tree, although it is one of the least desirable. It is usually planted because it is a quick-growing tree, but it is not more rapid in growth than several other trees that are much better. There are three serious objections to its use as a street tree. The first is its brittle wood; the second, its shallow rooting; the third, its tendency to decay. It does not stand pruning as well as most other street trees, and it probably has been pruned more ruthlessly than any other.

Public Debt—a Menace to All Nations

Billions—at Interest—Pile Up to Harass Poor Folk Who Must Pay Taxes

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Miller on the subject.

OF THE $8,500,000,000 of state, municipal and village bonds outstanding, a little less than one-eighth are the obligations of states. The Bureau of the Census recently issued a report showing that 17 states have expenditures amounting to more than their revenues.

BOND SALES FOR CALENDAR YEAR 1921

State bonds	$ 290,892,900
County bonds	204,320,453
School district bonds	141,769,602
City, village, township	571,785,319
Total for year	$1,208,768,274

Of the total indebtedness of the states of $1,071,506,981.28, the money was expended as follows: 34.3 per cent of it, or $367,687,100 for highways; 20 per cent, or $213,891,400 for waterways and harbors; 12.1 per cent, or $130,022,000 for soldiers' bonuses; 11 per cent, or $118,557,513.42 for funding operations; 9.5 per cent, or $101,550,561 for "other improvements"; 4.2 per cent, or $45,156,139.39 for agricultural aid; 1.9 per cent, or $20,254,523.28 for public buildings; 1.9 per cent, or $19,710,750 for welfare interests; 1.8 per cent, or $19,331,406.68 for miscellaneous; 1.7 per cent, or $18,440,810.07 for military purposes; 1.6 per cent, or $16,904,282.44 for education. Lest there be confusion regarding the small amount used for education, let it be explained here that the public schools are taken care of by the school districts and municipalities, and are not a state matter except for the institutions of higher education.

Four States Without Debt

BESIDES the indebtedness of the 48 states, the cities, and other political subdivisions within the states, have an additional indebtedness of $7,428,494,021.72. The amount named above as the indebtedness of the state governments, includes only the gross bonded indebtedness and does not take account of temporary indebtedness, or of sinking funds for paying off these debts.

New York State has a bonded debt aggregating $267,784,000, which gives it the largest debt of any state. Massachusetts is second with a debt of $138,049,134.53, of which a large proportion represents the value of its metropolitan district improvements and highways. California ranks third with a debt of $73,683,000, Pennsylvania fourth with a debt of $50,658,320.26, South Dakota fifth and Michigan sixth with debts of $47,700,000 and $45,550,000 respectively.

Four states have no bonded indebtedness. These are Kansas, Kentucky, Nebraska and Wisconsin. Kentucky, however, is owing $5,312,438.77 on outstanding warrants and Wisconsin is indebted only to its trust funds to the extent of $2,275,991.77. New England has the highest per capita debt of any section or group of states. Its debt per inhabitant is $24.38, nearly two and one-half times the average for the United States.

South Dakota has the highest per capita debt of any state in the Union, it being $75.02 for each inhabitant, which is seven and a half times the average per capita state debt for the nation. Oregon owes $54.50 per capita, Massachusetts $35.83, New York $25.79, Louisiana $23.67 and Utah a per capita debt of $22.33.

The Pacific Coast group of states, Washington, Oregon and California, are second to New England, having a per capita debt of $23.15. The Middle Atlantic group of states, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, have a per capita debt of $15.07 and the Mountain states, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada, of $12.07.

Below the average for the country as a whole are all divisions in the Middle West, the East North Central division having a per capita debt of $3.69; the West North Central, $7.39; the South Atlantic, $9.20; the East South Central, $4.06; and the West South Central, $5.26.

Whatever may be the theoretical justification of public expenditures, cognizance must be taken of the fact that, in volume, *expenditures, which means a staggering increase of taxes, are growing at a rapid rate.* The evidence upon this point is cumulative, but not comprehensive. A survey of the situation reveals that, in many states and municipalities, *the expenditures exceed the revenues* and this has, too often, been true of the national government; this too in normal years when we are not called upon to finance a war. It is not necessary to go into the subject of the reckless and terrible waste of war and the penalties that follow war for generations.

It is only within the past hundred years that municipalities have become debtors to any considerable extent; but up to 1914, the year the war started, the aggregate of municipal debts in the United States exceeded the national debt in magnitude. There is a deep-seated conviction among the people that municipal politics have exploited the people; and it may be said, with justification, that state and national politics are far from being free from this taint.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon said to the writer the other day that *he had never known of any two experts on finance to agree altogether on money and public indebtedness.* A century ago when we got fairly started into the public debt business (debt *is* "a business" in this day more than ever, because the class of people engaged in the debt business must have bonds and securities in order to make more money) the theory was held by many writers on finance that a public debt increased a nation's wealth. Public bonds were regarded as a net addition to capital. The claim was advanced that a public debt was a matter of indifference to the state, since it merely represented money owed by one set of citizens to another. That great expert, Adam Smith, and his array of followers, on the other hand, regarded a public debt as an unqualified evil. While, of course, there are circumstances under which the creation of public debt is abundantly justified, it remains true that in practice, debts are often contracted to public detriment. The ease with which money is raised by loans leads often to reckless financiering.

What War Did for Debt

WE WILL make a comparison of the pre-war debts and post-war debts of some of the principal nations, although we are considering here the public debts, of all kinds, of the United States. We cannot have impressed upon us too much the results of destructive war. Before the war (1913 figures) the debts of all the nations of the world amounted to $43,200,931,000. Now the debt of France alone amounts to some $7,000,000,000 more than all the world owed before the war, and that of Germany nearly $28,000,000,000 more than all the nations of the world owed before the war. Great Britain owes nearly as much as the world owed in 1913, and the United States half as much. Canada owed $544,391,000 in 1913 and $2,349,180,110 in 1922; Australia had an $80,753,000 pre-war debt and has a $1,583,000,000 post-war debt. All the nations of the world in 1913 owed $43,200,931,000 and $382,634,000,000 in 1922, or more than eight times as much after the war as the year before it started.

Nearly a century and a half ago Adam Smith wrote this warning: "The progress of the enormous debts, which at present oppress and will in the long run probably ruin all the great nations of Europe, has been pretty uniform." His prophecy has come true. At that time Great Britain owed about $640,000,000, now the United Kingdom has a debt of more than $40,000,000,000. The United States had no debt when Adam Smith made his prophecy. Now the United States has a debt of more than $22,000,000,000.

The theory of the sinking fund has not always worked very well in practice on the part of our national government, as well as by our states and municipalities. With well-managed private firms and corporations, however, it is constantly being demonstrated that the theory of the sinking fund is practicable and indispensable. On questions of finance, debt and money there are very few men, even among the so-called experts, who are in accord. It is the same with political administrations. In comes a new national, state, county or municipal administration with entirely different ideas from those of the outgoing one. The old set of officials played politics with the public debt, the methods of taxation, whether it be the "direct" kind or the tariff, and so on. And the new administration does the same.

Then, there may be other reasons than politics, at times, that contribute to the defects of the sinking fund principle, in public affairs, at least. The nation, state or city does not always have the money available for the sinking fund. Besides it is not always expedient to purchase bonds in "the market" because of the premiums on them.

How United States Spends Its Money

STATESMEN like Pitt and Hamilton were strong advocates of the sinking fund, which contemplates the gradual extinction of a debt, provided by the law authorizing the debt. The sinking fund theory has never been followed to its logical conclusion by our Federal government nor the local governments. Modifications of one sort or another have been introduced which have left the original institution little more than the name. This is shown by the history of the sinking fund in the United States.

By the law enacted on February 25, 1862, it was provided, after the gold receipts from customs had been used to pay the interest, they were to be applied "to the purchase or payment of one per centum of the entire debt . . . . to be made within each fiscal year, which is to be set apart as a sinking fund, and the interest of which shall in like manner be applied." No obligation could be more formal or legal yet it was never observed. No attention whatever was paid to this provision of the law after the Civil War, and at its close the payments and purchases did not proceed in the orderly fashion prescribed by law. Since then our officials have taken the position that whenever the financial condition of the treasury warrants a repayment of debt there are simpler methods of proceeding than sinking fund arrangements. Up to July 2, 1922, bonds could be called in or purchased in "the market." This cannot be done now.

All sinking fund laws were swept aside, or repealed, by the Victory and Liberty loan acts (Section 6) of March 3, 1919. The Secretary of the Treasury is ex-officio commissioner of the sinking fund who acts with the Commissioner of the Public Debt, W. S. Broughton. In addition to the sinking fund, all receipts from the principal of foreign loans, but not the interest, goes into the Treasury to apply to the redemption of the public debt, but only to redeem Liberty bonds and Victory notes. The interest on foreign loans goes into the general fund. The Secretary of the Treasury has very elastic powers in using any surplus funds, within appropriations made by Congress.

Congress now makes an appropriation, each year, to the sinking fund of two and one-half per cent of Liberty bonds and Victory notes, outstanding, less the par amount of foreign obligations, held by the United States Government on July 1, 1920. This is a fixed credit of $253,404,900 plus about $5,748,000 which latter varies from year to year.

What Uncle Sam has spent most of his money for since 1791:

For civil administration of government, $25,917,926,161; for war (War Department), $25,726,187,612; for war (Navy Department), $8,754,563,023; total, $34,480,750,635.

It will be seen that all the civil departments of the government cost $8,562,824,474 less than the preparations for, and the prosecution of wars, for the 131 years since 1791.

During the five years, 1918-19-20-21-22 the United States paid out in interest on the public debt $4,542,168,410. During the 127 years between 1791 and 1918 we paid out in interest $2,683,685,495, or $1,858,482,915 less, in the more than a century and a quarter period, than we did in the five-year period since 1918!

A study of the War and Navy Department expenditures for 1920-21 and 22 indicates that this government is spending more on the war establishments than we have ever done during any "peace" years. This notwithstanding "disarmament conferences." The answer of official Washington, in explaining this, is that war materials and other expenditures for the war establishments are, like everything else, higher now than ever before and that a dollar spent now for war preparedness will not go as far as 50 cents would before 1914.

Pistol Protection Versus Pistol Prohibition

By WILLIAM LLOYD WARNER

Some months ago The Dearborn Independent published the arguments of those who would do away with the carrying of pistols by prohibiting or curbing the sale. Mr. Warner took issue with the first presentation and was invited to give his reasons.

THE individual who would correct all evils, and incidentally impose his own definition of an evil, by the passing of laws, becomes more and more an abundant product of this American soil. If, in the opinion of some individual, there is anything that is displeasing in his neighbors' actions, then there can be but one thing to do—pass a law against them. If the would-be law-passer thinks he has solved the "problem," he immediately gets in contact with his attorney, frames a law covering his vision, and then sends it to the state legislature or to his representative at Washington. I might have added that often, before he forwards his bill to the legislative halls, he gathers other law-passers together and he forms the Society for the Prevention of This or for the Saving of That, which duly impresses the gentlemen who depend on votes for their positions. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, such a *scheme* will not work. Of such is the movement for the complete abolition of the pistol and the revolver in the United States.

Following the war, there was a great increase of crime and lawlessness throughout the country. The nation became rightly alarmed, sermons were preached, conferences were held and the press filled its columns with editorials of protest and advice. Out of this national alarm, there were offered many ill-thought-out schemes to abolish crime. Emotionalism, rather than thought, was back of most of these plans.

One plan, which has been widely advertised, is to abolish the pistol. The argument is, that as the revolver is used in the commission of so many crimes and is the means of so many deaths, therefore, if we abolish it, the problem will be largely solved, since without the gun, most of such crimes could not be committed.

Now, the reduction of crime to an absolute minimum is, of course, something that is devoutly wished for by all decent people. All measures and methods proposed for its attainment deserve the earnest consideration of all the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. So does this proposal to eliminate the pistol and revolver. If it will accomplish its purpose it deserves the support of all of us. If it will not accomplish its purpose, but, on the contrary, will have exactly the opposite effect to that intended, then it should have the strongest opposition from every one of us that we are able to bring to bear. If the effect of laws prohibiting the ownership of pistols and revolvers by private citizens will be not to reduce crime but *actually to increase it* (?), then it behooves us to do our part to see to it that these proposed laws never become existent. Let us, therefore, look into the anti-pistol law and see what it will actually do if enacted.

There are, literally, hundreds of thousands of pistols and revolvers now in the possession of our criminal class. A very small percentage, indeed, of these criminal gun owners have permits. Practically speaking,

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Nursing and Taming Beavers With a Bottle

Farms to Raise Little Animals; Held an Aid to Conservation

By S. R. WINTERS

BEAVERS are commonly associated with the imagery of shy creatures industriously at work felling trees across streams in the wilderness (by use of their strong, gnawing teeth) to build homes on watery banks. This picture, while representing them as skillful architects, suggests their wild life and a readiness to repair to cover on the approach of mankind. The other side of the picture was recently revealed by Dr. Vernon Bailey of the Biological Survev of the United States Department of Agriculture in an address before the Biological Society at the Cosmos Club, in Washington. Beavers taken captive in Wisconsin and Minnesota were described as domesticated animals which had been developed into affectionate pets, drinking cow's milk from a nursing bottle. And, if denied warm milk, they would cry.

The Biological Survey, through its field naturalists, has brought into captivity from the forests of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Adirondack Mountains, many young beavers. Their habits are being studied with the hope of domesticating them for beaver farms to act as sources for replenishing the supply of fur. The problems of capturing, feeding, breeding and controlling of beavers under domesticated conditions have been partially solved by Uncle Sam. However, these animals have been characterized by their destructive tactics in undermining foundations of trails, highways and railroads, as well as burrowing through irrigation channels and doing damage to farms. Beaver farming, therefore, contemplates the introduction of these creatures on suitable areas where they would not prove to be a menace to valuable timber, farming lands, and other property.

Circle—Feeding young beaver from a milk bottle. Left—Heavy trap used by Bureau of Biological Survey for trapping beavers alive. This is too heavy and expensive for popular use. Right—A beaver at work building his home. It requires skill for him to climb in an upright position to the point where the building material is to be deposited.

Dr. Bailey, chief field naturalist of the Bureau of Biological Survey, who spent disturbed nights in giving the nursing bottle to young beavers at midnight and again at four o'clock in the morning, is of the opinion that the beaver is a future asset both as a fur-bearing animal and as a conservation agent. In the latter rôle, he believes that beavers when placed on millions of acres comprising our national forests would render greater service than harm, in conserving water and soil, by weeding out timber of little value, and in yielding a harvest of furs. Reasonable restraint of these animals would avoid damage to valuable trees and streams. Already beavers are found in increasing numbers on Uncle Sam's woodland domains, but the pale western variety dominates. The Bureau of Biological Survey would displace these with the choice, dark, prime fur-bearing kind which could be imported from other sections.

Beaver culture, too, offers an opportunity for the clearing of cut-over timberlands. Like the browsing goat, this tree-cutting creature of the forests can be made to perform the tasks ordinarily assigned to the ax or fire, namely, gnaw down the second growth of aspen, willow and cherry. When acting in such a capacity, the beaver would not only find food for its own sustenance but aid in the reforestation of large areas of land on the northern border of the United States and in Canada. When this land, worthless to agriculture, is thus cleared and again covered with valuable forest timber, the habits of the beaver have been intelligently directed in furthering the ends of civilization. Then, too, the United States Department of Agriculture recommends that beaver culture be pursued in the northern areas of Canada and Alaska, where companies could lease tracts of land to raise the animals for their fur. This would lessen the danger of exterminating the beaver, for the wild scramble to obtain their skins has jeopardized an industry once yielding millions of dollars' worth of furs annually.

The practicability of taming the beaver has been demonstrated in the National Zoological Park at Washington and in the Bronx Park at New York. Young beavers are captured when four or six weeks old, at which periods they weigh from three to four pounds. "Baby" beavers may be located in their houses on banks of streams by their baby-like cries. Shaking the odd domicile or penetrating a stick into the nest chases young beavers from cover, when they may be caught by their tails by persons in a boat or scooped up in wire-mesh dip nets. Young beavers, as well as old ones, may be captured in traps at the edge of the water they are known to frequent. A trap with a drop door is the most simple and effective device for this purpose. Such a door is elevated two and one-half feet and hung from the top by a light trigger, easily sprung, with a string attached to a bit of green aspen tree for bait. The latter is placed in the back of the corral or with a long thread to be pulled from a distance when the beavers are inside.

Beavers intended for farms should be chosen for possessing certain characteristics. The darkest, richest-colored beaver, and therefore the producer of the most valuable fur, is a native of Lake Superior, in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. Beavers produced in this region of dense forests and heavy snows grow skins superior to those covering the "woodcutters" of Canada and Alaska. The value of the Lake Superior animal is suggested by the fact that it is well protected and is now only taken illegally or for scientific culture. The dark variety of beaver, valuable as the skin may be, will profitably perpetuate itself as breeding stock if fur-farming once gets under way in the United States. Fur grown under domestic conditions commands prices in excess of those grown under wild influences, for the home-produced product can be marketed when the fur is choicest.

"Baby" beavers can be fed on cow's milk from a bottle. Dr. Vernon Bailey, in reporting the results of his studies of young beavers in Minnesota and Wisconsin, said that "they take readily to cow's milk from baby bottles, but demand vociferously to be fed every four hours, night and day. For six weeks, I did not get an unbroken night's sleep, as the 'babies' called loudly for midnight and four o'clock lunches of warmed milk. And, if these were not promptly produced, they cried in irresistibly pitiful, baby-like tones until it was ready. Then they fairly cooed and gurgled in their perfect satisfaction with civilized life.

"They learned to come when called, to follow me about the place, and down to the lake for a swim. Generally they would come out of the water when called, though often reluctantly, and walk or beg to be carried back to their beaver house on the hill. They showed keen intelligence along their own lines of activities but little of the mental powers often ascribed to beavers. They recognized and always welcomed their friends, but the step of an approaching stranger would send them scurrying into their little house. They were timid but playful and most affectionate pets. If beaver farming should develop into a practical industry on suitable areas, a most interesting animal will be added to our domestic series."

When fur-trading was extensively engaged in by the Indians in the early days, the squaws nursed the beavers and fondled them as household pets. If beaver farming gains a foothold, sheep and goats will be used as foster mothers. Cow's milk appears to be too rich as a food for beavers that are being tamed. Therefore, naturalists of the Bureau of Biological Survey skim or boil the fluid. At times the milk is administered in lime water. Young beavers, not unlike babies, cry unless fed at short-time intervals. Every four hours, night and day, they demand small quantities of food. If given food at longer intervals of time they exercise ravenous appetites and overeating is productive of ill effects. Milk is the principal diet until they are two months old. From then until maturity, green vegetation, leaves, twigs, bark and roots of trees, with rolled oats and bread, offer a rich and variable ration for the healthy, husky creatures.

Houses should be provided. A plank or log structure, four feet square, with a hole in the bottom and a door in the rear, will suffice. It is perched at the edge of a pond with the bottom barely touching the surface of the water. A metal trapdoor, opened and closed with an iron rod from the outside, may be fitted over the water hole when the beavers are to be imprisoned. When retained in this house for 24 hours before being released, one can be assured that the beavers will use this artificial domicile regularly. Young as well as old beavers are fond of bread, rolled oats and cracked corn. The effect of a variety of foods on the quality of the fur has not been determined. Contemplating the domestication of beavers as a source of fur, the Bureau of Biological Survey has estimated that 640 acres of good aspen land (aspen being a natural food) will afford sustenance for 1,000 beavers indefinitely.

The beaver family is widely distributed, occupying the streams of the major portion of the continent of North America—from the mouths of the Rio Grande and Colorado rivers, and Northern Florida north to Labrador, Alaska, and the mouth of the Mackenzie River, well within the Arctic Circle. Variable climatic conditions have been conducive to the growth of a variety of species. The southern shore of Lake Superior is productive of the richest skin.

Pistol Protection Versus Pistol Prohibition

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every one of these criminals owns and carries his pistol in defiance of an already existing law which provides severe punishment for the ownership and carriage of a pistol without a permit. How would these unlawfully held pistols and revolvers be gathered up? No one with any intelligence will maintain that the criminals would come forward and surrender their arms, or throw them away, just because one more law had been passed. Who would confiscate these weapons? It would require an enormously increased police force and an enormous expense even to attempt it, and the attempt could never be more than partly successful. A law on the books that is not enforced gets about as far as an automobile with an empty gasoline tank.

The bootleg gun, smuggled through our ports or the Mexican or Canadian borders, would be a ready means of supply to the man who wanted a gun. It would add another criminal profession to our already large list due to such laws. The gun is an easy commodity to smuggle by the customs officials, much easier than bottled goods. Once in, the revolver is not a thing that can be used but once; it can be used over and over again by the same individual or be sold to another who needs it in his crooked occupations. It would be impossible to increase our customs force sufficiently to make the law effective.

There are any number of gunsmiths in this country who would soon be rich, making guns for the criminal class. The rifle can easily be converted into a weapon that is almost as easily concealed as the pistol.

Such facts show that a law prohibiting the private ownership of pistols and revolvers is not only impracticable, but actually an evil thing in itself, however laudible its purpose. It would actually be an evil, a most dangerous thing, for the law-respecting, honest citizen, who would be faced with the alternatives of either keeping his pistol in defiance of the law (thereby becoming a technical criminal himself) which many would undoubtedly do, or else of turning his pistol in to the authorities and thereby leaving himself that much the more at the mercy of the still armed criminal.

In all this discussion we must not lose sight of the fact that there is still a large part of this country of ours which has little or no police protection, still scores of millions of our people who, when attacked or threatened by burglar, highwayman, thug or criminal of any kind, must depend upon *themselves* for defense or suffer loss or injury or even death.

Aside from the impossibility of making such a law work, there comes up the problem that the "law-passer" has given us—just where are we going to stop in our restrictions of the private acts of the individual? In answer to this question, hundreds of thousands of American citizens are especially emphatic in their statements. They ask why their personal liberties should be restricted by a law that is utterly foolish and could only result in harm. Men who never carry a gun object strongly to such a law, merely on the principle that the liberty of the individual has already been curtailed to too great an extent. They quote in support of their argument the specific guaranty in the Constitution—"the right to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed upon."

Debts and Slave Girls Cause Tong Wars

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were easy victims in the rice fields, truck gardens and rural shops.

The Peace Society was now organized to arbitrate and prevent tong wars. All the tong chiefs were called into their council chamber under guaranteed protection. The police, tired of the long arguments, locked the whole crowd up in the Six Companies building until they should reach an agreement. Outside crowds gathered and listened for 36 hours to the debate within before lasting peace was again proclaimed.

Then six hours later a Hip Sing clothier was shot and a Hop Sing jailed. So the war of "Three to One" continued until all, nearly exhausted financially, came to terms some months later.

Since that time wars have been more frequent although usually of shorter duration, and three or four "lasting and final" peace treaties have been recorded each year.

At best thousands on thousands of dollars are lost every year when from 500 to 1,000 men find it suddenly necessary to leave their employment; close up their little shops and laundries, or thrust their business affairs into some friendly hands for an indefinite period while they seek safety in other cities, or stay hidden in their rooms. Last year in the Sacramento River Valley, the abandoned asparagus crop of the Chinese farmers represented a loss of more than $2,000,000.

Yet, suffer as they do from each other's depredations, never will they call on the American police for protection, or in any way aid the authorities to detect the crime of another Chinese. Enemies among themselves, all stand firmly united to baffle our police. As witnesses they are purposely dumb.

Furthermore, Chinese whose business demands contact with Americans will rarely admit their tong membership, and very firmly voice their disapproval of the organizations. Yet they frequently act as hosts to gatherings of prominent Americans. The following paragraphs are quoted from the San Francisco *Call*:

"Membership in a Chinese tong has its uncomfortable moments. Edward F. Dunne, former mayor of Chicago and former governor of Illinois, discovered this Monday night, when policemen raided a party given in his honor at the Hip Sing Tong and carried away one of his fellow guests, a pretty Chinese girl, clad in wonderful silks, in the belief that she had been sold into slavery to a member of the tong.

"But Mrs. Dunne was present, and many prominent citizens from San Jose, and the slave girl proved to be no slave girl at all, and so the 'rescue' only supplied a startling climax to the after-dinner entertainment."

Don't think that only the lowly, poor, and ignorant criminal classes comprise the tong memberships. Just three years ago Look Tin Eli, American-born and self-made, the president of the China Mail Steamship Company, and his directors embezzled nearly $2,000,000 of the company's money in the buying and reconditioning of the steamer *Congress*, now the *Nanking*. Look Tin Eli was held responsible by the stockholders, who wanted a division of the spoils. Warned by a tong paid to do their bidding, Look Tin Eli went into hiding with the probable intention of compromising with hired blackmailers later on, but he dallied too long. One director was shot, and he was marked second on the list.

Barricaded for Weeks

WILD with fear he rented the entire top floor of a down-town hotel and barricaded himself within for some weeks. For his family's benefit he tried to insure his life with the New York Life Insurance Company. Insurance companies are agreed that the Chinese is a poor risk under any circumstances for two reasons—health and tong bullets. Hence only very restricted insurance policies are sold to them, short-time, paid-up, endowment policies. But Look Tin Eli, hiding in the Plaza Hotel, they wouldn't consider.

His tong, the Hop Sings, came to his defense. Although he could count on their loyalty, life for him was most uncertain. He never again would be safe in this country. So some months later, disguised as a sick old woman, he was secretly taken in an ambulance to a tug boat, which carried him outside San Francisco harbor and put him aboard the steamer *China*. Shortly after he died in China, literally scared to death.

The troubles of the poorer families do not receive such sensational press notices as did Look Tin Eli. At the outbreak of a war all the tong members are mysteriously and suddenly whisked out of sight, and during their enforced absence provided for by their tong. Their wives and children also receive small amounts of food supplies. These mothers are accustomed to hardest labor always, and are usually capable of managing their husbands' little shops. One woman whom I met was a rather expert tinsmith, and carried on the little business in the husband's absence, only laying off one day while her fifth baby was born.

"They are not nervous," says an American woman physician who has practiced among them for many years, "or supposed to have feelings at all. They don't have clubs or scarcely any social intercourse. Occasionally they attend banquets with their husbands when they are left to themselves in the small back dining room while their husbands, each one with a pretty young guest, sit at the main banquet table. Oh, yes, they do experience emotion. Why, I've known cases when wives at the outbreak of a war have had their husbands jailed on some pretext or another to get them into a really safe place till the war was over."

Nevertheless it was a Chinese woman, Madam Chong Tse Sing, who a few weeks ago implored the Suey Sings to let her husband's death go unavenged. Here's the story as Sergeant Mannion told it:

"On June 30, Chong Sing, rich shrimp merchant, president of the highbinder Suey Sings and member of the Benevolent and Protective Four Families Association, went with a companion to a new shrimp fishing camp in San Francisco Bay. They demanded $100, claiming this amount as the new camp's share in legal expenses incurred some 10 years previous in a fight against certain legislation regarding methods of shrimp fishing. At least so the proprietor of the new camp claimed later in court. Chong Sing's companion declared they had gone to collect rent for the fishing rights in that part of the bay used by the new company. They had no right to do either.

"Chong Sing was killed in the quarrel which followed his demand.

"Immediately the Four Families Association, the widowed Mrs. Chong, and the Suey Sings put in their claims with the Chinese General Peace Association against the murderer and his tong, the On Yicks. Sufficient money payment will always end a quarrel before it begins, and recompense any broken-hearted parent or family for the loss of a loved one. But this time the grief-stricken little Mrs. Chong was more than anxious to settle at once and for a very small sum, knowing that to be the surest way to avert a probably long and bloody tong war. For a slain chief does not go unavenged. So she went to her husband's tong.

"'It is given to men to make wars and fight them,' she said, 'but it is the women who pay the price in bereavement. Do not rob more children and wives of their fathers and husbands. Please, I ask for peace instead of revenge.'

A Police Ultimatum

"BUT the Suey Sings and the Four Families were greedy in their grief and held out in the councils for a large sum, the Suey Sings answering, 'He was your husband, we grant, but he was our president. The murderer must pay or we will fight till he is forced to.' Although she finally won over the Four Families Association, it was not until the indemnity was raised to $8,500 that the Suey Sings grudgingly consented to sign the peace agreement. It was rumored widely that the widow and the Four Families had secretly agreed to give the Suey Sings most of the money, and that they feared the Suey Sings, not quite sincere, would soon start more trouble with the Four Families. And that's why I took their treaty," ended Sergeant Mannion.

Concerned with both Chinese and American welfare, he had stepped into the council chamber of the General Peace Association during the signing of this latest peace treaty, and,

"Gentlemen of the Tongs," he said, "you have signed and sealed this treaty. Now I am going to take the document with me under promise that it shall not be opened until warfare again breaks out among you. And if any one is killed, every one whose name appears on these articles will be held in connection with the murder."

Such is the latest definite action taken against tong criminality in the United States.

Since many representative Chinese and Americans assured me that fully 90 per cent of the Chinese tong members sincerely wished the vicious, dangerous side of tongs abolished, I inquired how they would solve the problem. Both Sergeant Mannion and O. P. Stidger, attorney and counsel for the San Francisco Chinese Chamber of Commerce, replied, "Amended Federal laws to facilitate quick deportation of Chinese criminals. They fear nothing so much as deportation, which means certain death on arrival in China."

At present it is both costly and extremely tedious to deport a Chinese criminal. The fight to convict and deport Wong Doo King, one-time chief of the Bing Kongs, dragged through the courts for years, costing the government about $50,000 and the Bing Kongs at least $30,000 more before he was finally deported five years ago.

Like the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, the Chinese Welfare Society, whose purpose is the reception and care of their people in this country, is powerless and afraid of the tongs. Their very earnest secretary answered:

"I could tell you much about the workings of the Six Companies and the Peace Society in their relation to tong troubles, but, frankly, I do not dare. I'd gladly give my life to stop these wars if that would help. With more honorable men in charge, I think we Chinese could handle the situation ourselves."

At the Peace Society, after ascending the long flights of stairs to their top-floor offices in their red-brick building, I found four old men deliberating earnestly over a domino game. One of them shuffled over to greet me at the door with, "We do not speak your language." And he quietly and firmly closed the door in my face.

The practical results of this organization can be read any day on the bulletin boards in Chinatown. At Grant avenue and Clay street, the long turkey red placards with painted black characters, were translated as follows:

"We wish to say that Wu On belongs to no tong other than our family association, so please exempt him from harm." Signed and sealed by the Jung Ying Association and the San Francisco General Peace Association.

"To announce that Yue Noon came from the Toy San district; that he was formerly a tong man; that, as a tong man, he has found it too difficult to earn his living; for which reason he wishes to pay his dues and to resign from his tong. He has so registered at the Peace Society, which orders that he will hereafter be exempt from harm during war." Signed and sealed by the San Francisco General Peace Association.

"One of our members, Mr. Lee Lau, from the Toy San district, has done good business since he came here. But now people on the street are saying he belongs to a highbinder tong; that they are surprised and will no longer patronize him. We know for certain that he belongs to the Four Families Association and to the Native Sons, and besides these to no other tong. We beg for his personal safety." Signed and sealed by the Four Families Association.

Ways That Never Work

"CHAN FUN, of 671 Clay street, came to the Chinese Consulate and declared that he had been a member of the Suey Sing Tong, but because of so much fighting he could not care for his family. He has now resigned from that organization with clear record, and will no longer pay for their protection. We demand safety for him." Signed and sealed by the Chinese Consulate.

Such announcements in English would make one rub his eyes and pinch himself to see if he really wasn't dreaming. Yet hundreds of Americans pass there daily with only a casual glance at the stooped old men, and the dapper young ones who stand reading them. And further, be it remembered, Clay street and Grant avenue are only four short blocks from the heart of San Francisco's financial center.

The Hop Sing attorney, American and prosperous, says, "Let them alone. You misjudge them. They're not nearly so bad as people seem to think."

Ng Poon Chew, with gentle good humor, replies, "We know lots of ways but they never work, you see. Too lenient American law enforcement, perhaps, and too clever American criminal lawyers."

Industry's Use of the Intelligence Test

Concluded from page 10

history of experimentation, checking of results and verification.

"The test with opposites for words, for example, is close to 25 years old and has a record of uniformly high correlation with demonstrated intelligence. The test in supplying omitted words in sentences and paragraphs has a still longer record of undoubted value. The use of speed tests with easy tasks is not a caprice of the psychologist, but is justified by abundant proof that the person who can do harder tasks can do easy ones quickly."

What are the tests like? Take the Otis tests used on the clerical workers as representative. There are numerous questions like those referred to by Professor Thorndike, others on family relationships, as to the alphabet, varied numerical and arithmetical questions intended to stimulate quick thinking, a series of proverbs to which the subject is asked to relate the proper paraphrase from another series, jumbled words from which sentences are to be formed and questions as to similarity of geometrical figures or the number of cubes in a group which call for careful observation and ready analysis.

Then among the more striking questions are these:

Pitcher is to milk as (?) is to flowers, the answer to be selected from these words—stem, leaves, water, vase, roots.

Which is most like these, axe, knife, shears?—Razor, hammer, hoe, rake, fork.

It is safest to judge a man's character by his (?)—voice, clothes, deeds, wealth, profile.

Gold is more costly than silver because it is (?)—heavier, yellower, scarcer, more malleable, prettier.

Congress is to United States as (?) is to city—mayor, council, city attorney, president, citizens.

Physics is to motion as (?) is to blood—temperature, body, veins, physiology, geography.

A mother is always (?) than her daughter—wiser, homelier, kinder, older, taller.

Revolution is to evolution as explosion is to (?)—plants, world, volcano, crumbling, war.

It cannot be pretended that the last three are easy, however one may find the others.

While this indicates their general character, naturally there is wide variety in these tests. One much used for superior adult is made up of three questions, of which the examined must answer two correctly.

1. Draw the path of a cannonball fired from a level cannon across a level field.

2. If a bucket of water weighs 45 pounds and a 5-pound fish is put in the water, what will the whole weigh?

(If the answer is "fifty pounds," the examiner may say, "How can that be since the water holds up the fish?" and it takes quick and clear thinking not to become rattled.)

3. With a rifle which carries perfectly 100 yards, is it any harder to hit a quart can at 100 yards than 50 yards?

A word from Dr. Link on the use of intelligence tests in industry: "The relation of employment psychology to labor and industry is an impersonal one. Like all other science, it is impartial, merely an instrument, a method, which will serve without favor whoever makes use of it.

"If industry wishes to obtain the best possible kind of human material, to make the best possible use of its workers, to maintain a reliable check on its classification of them, employment psychology is at its disposal.

"On the other hand, if organized labor wishes to carry out collective bargaining, to base its claims for individuals on the sound basis of ability and training, employment psychology provides it with a technique which will enable it to classify properly its collection of workers for that purpose."

And there is this to add: According as we in America fit the worker to the job, to that extent we shall reduce the vast economic waste which now springs from unscientific methods. In money this is conservatively estimated at *seventy billion dollars every year.*

A Suppressed Biblical Social Standard

What "Koinonia" Meant in the Early Church; and How It Was Interpreted Out of the Bible; the Original Social Principle of the Christian Community

By DR. DU BOIS H. LOUX

WHEN I had made my discovery of the suppression, I went to my *alma mater,* Union Seminary, New York, and sought Professor George Albert Coe, a scholar who stands abreast of the times.

No, he had not been free to go into the field of my discovery. But he recommended that Professor Ernest Findlay Scott of the seminary be sounded.

Dr. Scott had this to say almost on the shot: "If you will go into the library of the seminary and ask for a certain book reserved on my shelf for my classes, you will find a parallel to your discovery. The book is edited by B. H. Streeter, of England, and consists of a number of articles by himself and others, published by the Macmillan Company under the title, 'The Spirit.' Professor C. Anderson Scott, New Testament head at Westminster College, Cambridge University, England, has an article, 'What Happened at Pentecost.' That's the article that will interest you."

They let me take the book home, with the understanding that if I stayed up all night with it, it surely would be back by morning for the students who might require it.

"What Happened at Pentecost:"—Well, that was the occasion which had started me on the road to the present findings. I mention the fact, because it is a matter of history that discoveries very often reach distant minds at logically identical points, although to different conclusions.

We shall not, I think, come to Dr. C. Anderson Scott's main conclusion, when the facts are now unrolled before us; but it will bear repeating, that it was what happened at Pentecost that started the present writer into the field of discovery. And on this wise.

Were Not Communists

ROBERT HUNTER, the author of *Poverty,* has a recent book, also published by the Macmillans, called "Why We Fail as Christians." I am acquainted with Hunter, and admire him for his sincerity and painstaking, though we draw different sociological conclusions from present conditions and history. Notwithstanding that we differ, I felt sorry for him in his book, that he was not possessed of the facts to which every trustful scholar is entitled. He was writing with the confidence that an accurate translation of the New Testament was in his hands. Rather marvelous to say, his finger too was *upon what happened at Pentecost.* He was quoting from the second and fourth chapters of the book of the Acts, and was using a great run of italics. Here, he set forth in his italics, are two places where it is said that the early Christians had all things in common. That is why they succeeded where we fail. The early Christians were communists.

Now the early Christians were not communists. Hunter is wrong.

But the point to be made is that he had nobody to help him to the facts, the facts which the present writer had chanced to come upon. Instead of two places in these two chapters in the Acts on which he had his finger, there is an important verse: (2:42) where, unknown to him, the communication, "they had all things common," is crowded into a single, cogent, now hidden expression. Had Hunter known this, undoubtedly it would have flared into his page of italics quite thus: "There were added to them in that day about three thousand souls. And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching *and the communism."*

The word which Mr. Hunter calls "communism," and which escaped him at the point most vital to his thesis because it is translated "fellowship" in both the AV and the RV English and American translations, is the word *"koinonia."*

While I repeat that this word does not contain the idea known as communism, I must be frank to give you the exact measurement of its value in present-day Near East Greek. It is possible to do this for the registrar and interpreter of the district court of Nicosia, Cyprus, A. Kyriakides, has provided us with a *Modern Greek-English Dictionary* of terms as they now have meaning in the Near East.

Basic Principle of Society

FOR the noun koinonia the meanings *society, community, communion, sacrament* are noted; for the adjective, koinós, *common, common sense;* for the verb koinoneo, *to be in common with;* for koinostemosune, *community of goods, socialism;* for koinologia, *sociology;* for koinoergos, *working in common;* for koinobiakós, *cenobitic, monastic;* for koino demos, *public;* for koinophelés, *common utility;* for koinooismós, *socialism, communism.*

Now were you to have your Greek New Testament before you, in the presence of the article *the* before koinonia (Acts 2:42), which requires us to say *the* koinonia, it might occur to you from the above definitions that the expressions "public policy," "business sense," "laws for the common good," "doctrine of the general welfare," "practical working basis," "program for the perfectly efficient commonwealth," and the like, always with the "the" prefixed, might do for the outset of our inquiry.

Certainly the considerations, that a society was on the threshold possessed of the determination that none of its members should be driven to a condition of need (Acts 2:45); or be found lacking in life's essentials, (4:34); or hold the property right for selfish advantage (4:32); or barter gladness and singleness of heart for a lame prosperity (2:46); or crowd all of the day's vigorous hours into the getting of gain (2:46); or crush one single high ideal (2:17); or forget the sufferings yet the triumph of Jesus of Nazareth, the founder of the society (2:22-24); or do violence to any of "the ways of life" made known to Jesus by God (2:28); or fail to make an enemy of any enemy of the common good (2:35), must be included in our estimate of the value of the expression, "the koinonia."

There was never any communism like that. Communism waits with every member of the group continuing to hold his selfish advantage, until by some means the world is worn down to the acceptance of its theory. The *koinonia* starts with a Christ who became poor at once, though he was rich, not to wear down men to the station he assumed, but to make himself most efficient to lift the whole society together to ever higher levels. (2 Cor. 8:9; Phil. 2:1-9.)

As soon as the koinonia was a fact, the basis of principles upon which it was founded, enabled the apostles to find a place for rich men; whereas Jesus was required to demand the unloading of the riches. (Matt. 19:21 with 1 Tim. 6:17^{ff}.)

This in itself means that the expression "the koinonia" was unfurled to denote the advance of the new society founded by Jesus precisely to conform to the standard of Deuteronomy which we considered in the article on Interest in the Bible. The society went at once to the basis: THERE SHALL BE NO POOR WITH THEE, FOR JEHOVAH WILL SURELY BLESS THEE . . . . IF ONLY THOU DILIGENTLY HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE OF JEHOVAH THY GOD, TO OBSERVE TO DO ACCORDING TO ALL THE COMMANDMENT WHICH I COMMAND THEE THIS DAY. (15:4-5.)

The sweeping straight to this Deuteronomic basis, to which Jesus went at the outset (Matt. 5:17-20), is what happened at Pentecost.

Having said this, prior to examining the evidence for the statement, I do not think that you will be led to Dr. C. Anderson Scott's conclusion in his article in "The Spirit." Asking what we may suppose should happen, were we to pray seriously for a second Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit, this is Dr. Scott's solemn word: "Judging by the analogy of Pentecost, we should have to be prepared for consequences that might be described as revolutionary in thought or in organization . . . . Even the doctrine of private property went up in the flame." (*The Spirit,* p. 153.)

Holds Dr. Scott Is Wrong

NO, LET it be said before we enter upon our discoveries, not that. Not the *property right* fed to the flame. Dr. Scott, scholar that he is, and deeply respected on your side of the waters and on our side, is wrong. We are not upon a voyage bound upon a far-flung sea of revolution. The reverse is the case. We are upon the thrilling waves of evolution—the fairest, noblest waves of the evolution of moral and spiritual principles, upon which alone a permanent civilization dares venture.

Jesus' method was not to find talk and discourse on the commandments. Esteeming them priceless in value and abundantly able to take care of themselves (Matt. 5:17-20), he passed at once to the work of creating a society which would commend itself to the end of the world, and to the ends of the world, as a society which would make the breaking of the commandments useless.

What astounds us is the fact that the translators should have suppressed the phrase, *the koinonia,* which constitutes the standard, that is, the weight or measure of the entire complex of the New Testament happenings. Were the suppression of this standard limited to the Acts, the culpability might be perhaps less inexcusable. But Mr. Hunter would have been the most amazed man in the world, were he to have been put in possession of the fact that the word he most wanted was suppressed and hidden away under different terms in tens of places in the New Testament.

All of our versions, English and American, keep back from our intelligence that the great kingdom building *koinonia* word occurs over and over again, in passages most precious to civilization, without the slightest indication in the translations of its momentous presence.

It seems to me that one would as well want to tamper with weights and measures, and still be accounted honest, as to want to tamper with koinonia, to keep it out of the balance, lest it prove overweighty in the scales of modern opinion. As the world is ruled by opinion, nothing has more served oppression, nothing has been more conducive to poverty since the time of James I of England, than the keeping of the knowledge of the suppression of the presence of *the koinonia* in the New Testament from the ken of the people.

So saying, we are ready to begin to look at the tens of places where civilization has been wronged by this suppression.

We should begin, I think, with Paul's word to the point given to Timothy. Here the *koinonia* word, had it not been suppressed, would have won us numberless examples of social efficiency engineers raised up in gratitude to the genius and work of Jesus Christ. These are Paul's words:

> "Charge them that are rich in this present age, that they be not highminded, nor have their hope set on the uncertainty of riches, but on God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, that they be ready to distribute, willing to be *koinonikós;* laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on the life which is life indeed." (1 Tim. 6:17^{ff}.)

In reading this passage in our Bibles, we are in absolute ignorance of the fact that Paul is carrying us back to what happened at Pentecost.

"Willing to be *koinonikos,"* he says. How?

Answer is given in the New Testament, but in every instance the fact has been suppressed in the translations.

First of all, *koinonikos* with respect to the affairs of the practical life. There was to be no administration of the affairs of the Christian community that admitted of sin. *Otherwise it would have turned the koinonia into a koinonia of sin.* (Rev. 18:4). Christ's prayer taught his disciples (Matt. 6:12) this practical duty: "release us our debts as we release our debtors." This petition obligated the disciples to put the law of Deuteronomy 15:2 into effect, "Every interest-taker that lendeth ought unto his neighbor at interest shall release it; he shall not exact interest of his neighbor." *Not* to have released the forbidden interest-debt would have been a *koinonia* with sin. (1 Tim. 5:22). No one could be entertained as a church member who refused to abide by the light of the koinonia teachings. (2 John 9:11).

Koinonia Abolished Slavery

"TO HAVE done otherwise would have been equivalent to turn the *"koinonia* of righteousness" into a koinonia of unrighteousness. (2 Cor. 6:14). "And what *koinonia* hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" (vs. 15). Therefore the practice of the *koinonia* would stand in proof of the separateness of the church from all evil practices. (vs. 17. Eph. 5:11). By establishing itself as a community in which *poverty could not raise its head* (Acts 2:41-47; 4:31-34), the church became *"koinonia* of the divine nature." (2 Pet. 1:4).

This insured a lively faith on the part of the church members. (Rom. 11:17). They became *"koinonia"* both of the things of the spirit and the things of the material life. This meant that they could not fail to have *koinonia* "of every good thing." (Phile. 6). If in the *koinonia* they gave, in the *koinonia* they freely received. (Phil. 2:11; 1:7; 2:1-4). This made the Christian irresistible. *In business affairs as in religious affairs* his "singleness of *koinonia"* stood out. (2 Cor. 9).

The *koinonia* was given and received by a simple clasp of the hand. But great authority for the kingdom of righteousness went with it. All nations and peoples were included in the prospective benefits of the *koinonia.* (Gal. 2:9).

The world respected, feared God, was taught of God, through the koinonia. (Acts 2:42-43).

Nowhere within the koinonia is there to be lack. (Acts 4:34).

Slavery, in what respect soever it may be conceived, is abolished in the koinonia. (Phile. 17). The effectual pleading of love, united with the fact that the koinonia is vibrative and actualized, is irresistible in the breaking of the bands of slavery. "If thou count me therefore koinonikos, receive him as myself."

The Holy Spirit began the koinonia at Pentecost. To pray for Pentecost is to pray for the upbuilding of the koinonia through the Spirit. *"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the koinonia of the Holy Spirit be with you all."* (2 Cor. 13:14).

Passages Were Withheld

DID these men fathom the heart of Christ correctly when they called themselves the *koinonoi* of Christ, rather than *Christians?* Do you know that Paul never calls himself a Christian? that John the beloved disciple never calls himself a Christian? that none of the disciples calls himself a Christian, that the word Christian occurs but three times in the New Testament, while the suppressed word fond to the hearts of the apostles, the *koinonia* word of Pentecost, occurs over and over again in the writings of the apostles?

The legalist who takes the parables used by Jesus to depict the ravages and consequence of interest that goes on to the Judgment, thence to say, "Christ set aside the law against interest," can get on very satisfactorily so long as the facts of the *koinonia* are suppressed.

This because Jesus chose the method of the vibrative society.

Peter, Jude, Paul and John show that there were Judaizing influences at work, even as they builded the society, and that these influences threatened the civilization of the future. (Jude 4, 11, 16, 17, 18; Rev. 2:9; 2 Pet. 2:1^{ff}; 2 Tim. 3:1^{ff}; 4:3^{ff}.)

These influences culminate in the act of withholding the *koinonia* passages from the understanding of the people.

Suppress the standard, substitute words of different weight and content: after that any oppression is possible, and even in the name of God.

Conversely, restore the standard—give back the koinonia truth to the people: it will shine in its own light. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." (John 8:32.)

BRIEFLY TOLD

Stickers of animals will adorn the windshields of automobiles entering any of the 12 national parks. These stickers are designed with animals native to each particular park and are issued by the Department of the Interior.

During the last year $500,000 was expended on construction of graveled roads in Alaska, most of the work being done on the Glacier National Highway.

R. K. Atkinson, of the Russell Sage Foundation, says, "We are rapidly becoming a nation of bleacherites, because we have too much temptation and too much encouragement to be passive participants in recreation—to listen, and watch, and not perform. And all the while, we are piling up emotional stimulus, and repressing it."

Badgers live in the chalk cliffs of the British Isles and destroy much game while foraging at night. Badger-hunting, or digging, is a novel sport, for it entails following the badger into its lair deep in the ground. Extensive galleries with many ramifications are revealed in the chalk cliffs where for thousands of years the animals have been burrowing and excavating the soil.

The heavy gypsy earrings of the latest fashion in London are stretching the ears of women who wear them into triangular shapes, and permanently disfiguring them. Some of the earrings weigh four ounces. Paris women are wearing earrings attached to their hats or evening headdresses.

The World Prohibition and Reform Federation is an organization formed by the merging of the International Reform Bureau and the World Prohibition Federation. It was announced that the aims of the federation were "to add to the happiness of America and to develop such an understanding between the nations of the earth that as a result the whole world might be educated to the co-operative task of eliminating all causes that produce misunderstandings and result in wars."

Tractors are replacing the dog sledge trains in the spring rush to the Yukon this year. The first tractor train, consisting of a 10-ton hauler with three trailers, was made up at White Horse recently for the 300-mile trip to Mayo. Tractors are also being pressed into service to carry ore from the Keno Hill silver mines to Mayo landing.

The newly organized Chicago Civic Theater Association plans to establish and maintain a theater wherein plays of the highest standard and significance may be performed by artists who are recognized as having ability and reputation. Free performances will be given Saturday afternoons with a classic play for the public school children of Chicago. A library of drama and art literature, to be known as the Actors' Library, will be maintained in connection with the organization.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The treasures of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are guarded each night by two giant police dogs who are trained to refuse to accompany anyone but the watchman who has charge of them. At intervals each night they are led through the darkened galleries. All employes have been cautioned against remaining in the building after hours because of the danger of attack by the powerful canines. But for the intervention of the watchman recently, an official of the museum, who stayed until late in the evening, would have been torn to pieces.

The Chicago Motor Club has a fleet of motor cycle riders who pick up broken glass on the streets when they receive a call.

Because he had no money a young Canadian from Alberta, 18 years of age, was turned back at the American side of the international bridge in Niagara Falls, New York. He then climbed to the network of steel girders beneath the bridge and walked across the Niagara River, 150 feet above the water on an iron beam 12 inches wide. Thousands of tourists viewed the rash act and customs officers again escorted him back to Canada.

Our national wild life resources, if capitalized on the basis of a six per cent annual income, are worth more than $1,000,000,000.

Italy plans to develop 75 per cent of her available water power within a year. All sources of water power are to be linked up so that when water is scarce in the north in winter the power can be conveyed from Central Italy, and in the summer when the water is scarce in the central part of Italy the power can be obtained from the Alpine streams of the north.

The Caspian Sea is 84 feet below sea level.

A roof over the Chicago River 10 miles in length, carrying boulevards, parks, garages and oil-filling stations, has been proposed as the solution of Chicago's traffic problem. The roof would be 200 feet wide, of nine-inch concrete supported on concrete piling sunk into the river bed. On the roof would be two sidewalks, 15 feet wide; two boulevards, 50 feet wide, and a vacant space in the center, 70 feet wide. The proposed plan would not interfere with river traffic as it would be constructed from 20 to 30 feet above the surface of the water.

To eliminate the unintelligible calling of railroad stations by hoarse-voiced passenger train conductors, a device in Prague automatically displays electric-illuminated signs in cars just before the arrival at each station.

There are 42 persons drawing pensions for the War of 1812. All these pensioners are women. Hiram Cronk, of Ava, New York, was the last soldier actually on the rolls of that war. He died in 1905.

Due to the fall in the value of the mark, cash registers are now useless in Germany.

A miniature engine, whose power was generated by the rays of the sun, was successfully demonstrated in an eastern college recently. A parabolic copper mirror focused the rays upon a test tube of water, the heat caused the steam which in turn operated the tiny motor at a high rate of speed.

Kensington Square, in London, dating from the days of William III, is threatened by a commercial invasion. To provide a garage for commercial vehicles, it is proposed to raze one of the old houses on the north side. Addison, Steele, Talleyrand and John Stuart Mill are numbered among the prominent personages that at one time lived in this charming spot. Distinguished artists and others are protesting against the step which would irretrievably damage the historic square.

Certain students at the Johns Hopkins Medical School are paying their tuition with blood money, literally speaking. They sell their blood for transfusion purposes at $50 a transfusion. The subject must be perfectly healthy and his blood must measure up to a certain standard before he is eligible for bleeding.

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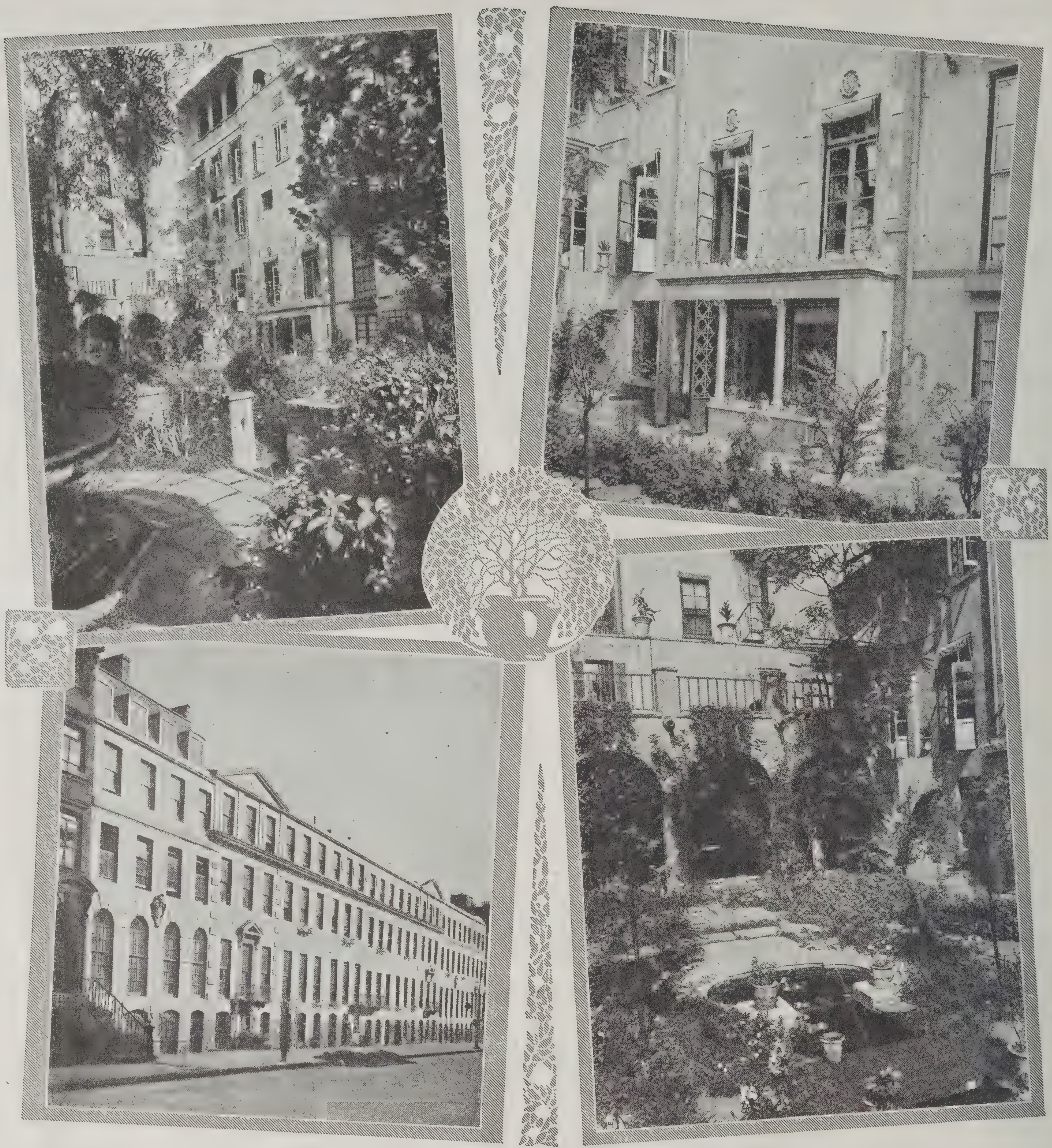

The folk who live in Turtle Bay Gardens have transformed the back yards into a fairyland unlike anything known elsewhere.

Making Houses Reversible

Showing the Way to a Greater Community Life

By ALBERT WOOD, A. I. A.

THE average city block in most large cities is a little island surrounded by noisy, dusty streets. Socially, it means nothing. It is like a circle of folks holding hands but standing back to back. It is difficult to be neighborly with the island folks across the street; the traffic prevents that, but with the people on your own little island, a real enjoyable community life is easily within reach if they will only turn around and face each other. And turn your houses around, too, for we are going to show you how easy it really is.

Do not just put on a front. Put on a back, too! Of course we realize that the view toward the back yard may not be pleasant or friendly—it seldom is—there are the ash cans, family wash, neighborhood cats, ugly board fences dividing off the space into damp little checkerboard-like squares. To help you realize the possibilities that linger in that dismal back yard view, let us introduce you to the Turtle Bay Gardens, New York City—the back yard that is different. Yesterday this spot was "No man's land": today it nestles near the heart of a great city like an oasis in a desert of brown stone fronts. Yesterday a space without form or function—today a veritable jewel of a garden, sparkling in the sun.

Turtle Bay Gardens, a quiet and contented little community, charming and quaint in its hide-away exclusiveness, is merely two rows of houses on Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth streets, New York City, that decided to get together for their mutual benefit and enjoyment.

Each home stands on a lot about 20 feet wide by 100 feet long and their 20 little back yards have been transformed into such a charming community garden that we wonder why they were not built that way in the first place.

Some say this is the age of organization (perhaps just the beginning of such an age would be a better guess). However, a collection of persons does not become society until it is organic. Only when we have that urge to get together with our neighbors and organize our unrelated activities, do we really begin to achieve great things.

A pile of bricks does not make a building; it takes a plan and organized effort to do that. And 20 uninteresting, useless little back yards can only become a beautiful garden spot by organized effort. Each contributed a part—of not much value by itself—and in return received a beautiful whole. In 1760 the property herein illustrated was part of the old Turtle Bay Farm and Turtle Bay Creek ran near by. Hence the name which has been given this development. The rear of the houses has been altered to accommodate the living and dining rooms, and the kitchen has been moved up front where the parlor used to be. Now, the milkman delivers the milk on the front steps which seems to suit everyone much better.

Instead of being awakened by the honk of the auto horn, the call of the birds reminds us that the day has begun. While at breakfast we can commune a while with Nature before plunging into the business life of the city. At evening time we may enjoy the cool and shade and perhaps the fountain in our charming little garden—with not a reminder that the throbbing city is just a hundred feet away.

This large garden has been designed with such skill that we not only enjoy the view of the entire space inclosed but have the privacy of our own little garden also. The individual gardens are marked off by low balustrades, or low iron fences of good design, sometimes with gates. The low walls are vine-covered and serve as a background for flowers and shrubs. Here and there a fountain has been placed—always in just the proper place to enhance the charm and beauty of the whole scheme.

The general plan is simple, yet there is a wealth of individual planting and detail from the interesting pots of different design to the beautiful balustrades and detail of the loggias seen at the rear of some of the houses. The walks are mostly stones laid irregularly with grass growing up between. The few trees have been made the most of so that they may be enjoyed by all. The path where the alley is usually found is common property of all.

He Wanted Cartridges, Got Warship and War

Misinterpreted Message From Newspaperman in Cuba Brought "Maine" to Havana and Conflict With Spain as Result of Her Destruction

Above—WALTER SCOTT MERIWETHER.
Below—The wreck of the U. S. S. Maine.

By C. E. COLLINS

MOST histories used in the schools say that the battleship *Maine* was sent to Havana "as an intimation that the Americans in Cuba would be protected by their government."

The *Maine* was not sent to Havana as a warning to Spain. It was sent there because of a misinterpreted cable message which a newspaper correspondent in Havana sent to his paper in New York. All that the correspondent wanted was a box of cartridges. A battleship was sent instead. It was blown up in Havana harbor, war with Spain resulted and a new page was added to America's war history.

The man who sent the ill-fated message was John R. Caldwell, now dead, then a correspondent at Havana for the New York *Herald*. Because of conditions in Cuba, the Spanish had established a censorship. The *Herald* and its Havana correspondent made use of a private code.

Caldwell, nervous over the ill feeling in Havana, sought to arm himself and he had his paper send him a revolver from New York, the sale of arms being banned in Havana. The revolver came without ammunition. Caldwell decided to cable for it but it was necessary that he send a message that would pass the censors. So he wrote:

"Camera arrived but no plates. Please hurry by next steamer.

"John R. Caldwell."

An assistant cable editor received the message. He knew nothing of the sending of the revolver. The full name, "John R. Caldwell," by a previous understanding, meant that the message contained more than the words signified. With aid of the code book he deciphered the message to mean that the American consulate in Havana had been attacked. Official Washington was quickly informed and by midnight the battleship *Maine* was under orders to proceed immediately to Havana. She reached there January 24, 1898. On February 14, she was sent to the bottom with two officers, and 250 men killed outright, eight wounded so severely that they died afterward and all but 16 of the remainder of the crew maimed and hurt.

That, in brief, is the story I have from Walter Scott Meriwether. Meriwether was in Havana when the *Maine* was mined, was a bosom companion of Caldwell and was, moreover, correspondent for the very newspaper to which Caldwell had sent his innocent message. He now is owner and editor of a weekly newspaper in his boyhood home, Charleston, Mississippi, and it was from a sketch in his paper, the *Mississippi Sun,* written soon after he became the publisher, that I got an inkling of the secret which he had nursed for almost a quarter of a century, doubtless the only man who has the complete details.

War correspondents taken at Key West immediately prior to the declaration of war with Spain. Walter Scott Meriwether, whose account of the destruction of the Maine is here given, is shown seated in the second chair to the right, nearest center.

Meriwether stands high in the estimate of his fellow townsmen. Some of the old residents remember his family and a few remain who knew him 40 years ago before he left home to seek fame and fortune. Everyone around Charleston speaks of him with greatest respect.

But such a story!

How had it been kept secret, and why, for a quarter of a century? Who is this man now able to contribute such a revealing chapter to history? I wanted to know, so I made inquiry.

Soon after leaving his Mississippi home, Meriwether joined the United States Navy and saw 10 years of service. Afterward he got into newspaper work and he has devoted the remainder of his life to it. Most of the time he was with New York papers. For the New York *Times* he went to Labrador to meet Peary when word filtered through that the explorer was returning with the story of the discovery of the North Pole. Fresh from this assignment, he was ordered to accompany Admiral Kimball and a regiment of Marines sailing on the *Yankee* for Nicaragua to oust Zelaya. He reported the sinking of the *Maine* for the New York *Herald* and was the first to get through to America the great news story that Americans were on tiptoe to hear—that the *Maine* had been sent down by an exterior explosion.

"The correspondent who sent the cablegram from Havana to New York causing the *Maine* to be ordered to Havana, was one of my most valued and closest friends," said Mr. Meriwether. "Under seal of confidence he told me the entire story. He had planned to write it himself but thought it inadvisable to do so until some years had intervened. I asked and obtained his permission to make a passing reference to it in an article I wrote years ago describing the scenes in Havana on the night the *Maine* was destroyed but I was fearful of spoiling his story and the reference attracted little or no attention. More with the idea of serving my friend with data than with employing it myself, I had, as opportunity served, asked the several actors in the drama, each of whom I intimately knew, the parts they had played. Then the man for whom the notes were intended came back to the States from Havana, where he was long the Associated Press correspondent, and suddenly died. I felt that his death released the story to me but just at that time I was plunged into war work as publicity manager for the Shipping Board and later with my retirement to my old home, the episode was forgotten.

"It was early in February, 1898, that I received orders from my newspaper, the New York *Herald,* to go to Havana and relieve John R. Caldwell, who was then in charge of the *Herald's* bureau there. Caldwell was a bright fellow and an exceedingly capable newspaperman but for some reason he had come into disfavor with the then owner of the *Herald*, the late James Gordon Bennett, who had cabled from Paris a curt order to make the change.

"It was anything but an interesting place to be just then. Ill feeling between the Americans and Spaniards had been displayed several times and riots were frequent between the Cubans and the Spaniards. An order had been issued forbidding the sale of arms and ammunition. Caldwell was required to be on the streets a great deal and he decided that it would be wisdom to arm himself. Consequently he wrote to Fred Burgin, cable editor of the *Herald,* to send him a revolver. Burgin did so, but he neglected to send cartridges with it. Caldwell could no more buy shells than he could buy a revolver. So he resorted to the cable.

"At that time there was a censorship in force, exercised by the Spanish. Because of it, the *Herald* and its Havana correspondent made frequent use of a private code. Without taking the trouble, however, to write a code message, Caldwell, realizing that Burgin would know what he wanted, sent the message in the following words:

"'Camera arrived but no plates. Please hurry by next steamer.

"'John R. Caldwell.'

"It so happened that the cable editor was home sick when the message came clicking into the *Herald* office that night. A young assistant was on the desk. He caught the significance of the full name, 'John R. Caldwell,' and realized at once that Caldwell was saying more than the mere words indicated and that the office would have to puzzle it out. Had Burgin received the message he quickly would have understood that Caldwell had received the revolver but no cartridges. But Spain's Nemesis was about that night. The assistant turned to the code book and transcribed the message to mean that the American consulate in Havana had been attacked.

"Fireworks ensued. An attack on the American consulate in Havana meant only one thing. It was the spark to set off the long brewing trouble between America and Spain.

"The message had come in at 9:30 o'clock. The cable office in Havana closed at 9 o'clock. There was no possible way of getting further news nor of communicating with Caldwell that night.

"The *Herald* got its Washington bureau by telephone and directed that every available man be hustled out on the story. The first move was to communicate with John D. Long, then Secretary of the Navy. He was informed of the contents of the message. Instantly official Washington was in a furor. Rapid telephonic conferences took place with the State Department and the White House. By 11 o'clock orders had been promulgated directing Rear Admiral Montgomery Sicard, commanding the North Atlantic Fleet, to detach a vessel from his command, then at anchor off Dry Tortugas, and send it to Havana forthwith, the reason given being that an eminently trustworthy correspondent of an important newspaper had cabled the report of an attack upon the American consulate.

"The message was relayed from the Key West naval station by torpedo boat to the *New York,* flagship of the fleet.

"I recall talking with Captain Sigsbee of the *Maine* some years after the war and he described the midnight visit to the *New York* where he was summoned by Admiral Sicard. His orders were terse. The *Maine* was to proceed at once to Havana. Everything was left to its commander's judgment, the admiral not hampering him with definite instructions.

"Fires were spread under the boilers of the *Maine,* awnings and stanchions were taken below and the decks were cleared for action. Soon the pride of the American Navy was on her way to the troubled waters.

"Things were happening for Caldwell in Havana. He was in his room at the Inglaterra Hotel when a message came the next morning from the *Herald*:

"'Rush story you bulletined on Cuban cane crop—we want it for main section!'

"Realizing that he had sent no story of the Cuban cane crop, Caldwell got out the code book. The first part of the message conveyed the tidings that, 'A United States man-of-war has been ordered to Havana.' He was puzzled a moment over the remaining words for there was nothing in the code that even slightly resembled it. Then it flashed on him that the use of the words 'main section' was to tell him the name of the vessel that was coming, otherwise the *Maine*.

"Caldwell was excited. His first impulse was to find the consul general. Fitzhugh Lee, former Confederate general, then was in that position at Havana and he occupied quarters immediately across the hall from Caldwell. Caldwell met him in the hallway.

"'The Battleship *Maine,*' he exclaimed, 'is on her way to Havana.'

"'Impossible,' exclaimed General Lee. 'The government would not send a warship here unless I asked for it and that I have not done.'

(*Concluded on page* 1[illegible])

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You May Watch It Grow

YOU may traverse two thousand years in two weeks by going from London to Egypt. You may traverse at least 75 years by the simple method of reading the current issue of any London daily. For they have what they call "a prohibition fight" over there, and any American who is curious to know how and why prohibition comes need only read a London daily. Lady Astor, born and bred in America, has introduced a bill which has caused all the trouble. It is a very simple bill. It is as far from "prohibition," in the popular sense of the word, as anything could be. It is such a bill as the "wets" of any other country would campaign for, and do it gladly. The bill merely makes it illegal to serve liquor to children in saloons, for consumption within the saloon. Just that. In England the tots of the poorer quarters run with their pennies to saloons as American tots run to the candy stores, and Lady Astor, seeing the pity of it, presented a bill making it illegal to sell drinks to children. The bill does not interfere with the ancient boozy institution of "rushing the growler," not for a minute. Children may still be sent on errands to carry beer or gin or whisky to their parents. But as for frequenting the saloon itself, licking up drinks and otherwise showing oneself sophisticated, Lady Astor thinks that the age of 18 is quite early enough to begin that.

But to hear the Lords and Commons rave, one would think that "British fair play," which is the over-sea equivalent for "personal liberty," were greatly in danger. All the eloquence, all the logic, all the prestige and all the politics of the highest quarters were mobilized to denounce this perfectly sane proposition. Oh, if Dickens were only here to see Church and State in England fighting for the rights of children to infest the saloon!

But here's the point: it is precisely what occurred in the United States less than 40 years ago. The movement to make an age limit for saloon frequenters was so bitterly fought in the United States that it really formed the public opinion out of which all subsequent prohibition effort came. Decent people were so astounded at the spirit shown by "the traffic" in the case of child patrons, that an oath was registered to do away with it, and thus it came to pass. The history of prohibition is written entirely in the gross stupidity of the "business." And it would appear that, unprofiting by the past, the public houses of England are about to repeat every mistake the American saloon made. The "business" has no Pussyfoot to guide it.

Florida and the Tabert Case

THE State of Florida is undergoing a discipline which is all for the good of that state's good name. If it were not that Florida had become the second home of hundreds of thousands of people in all parts of the United States, the present exposure of the brutal excesses of the practice of peonage would probably not have attracted such widespread attention. As it is, the Tabert case has become a national case, and has been conducted in a spirit which must commend itself to all just minds.

It is a striking illustration of the unity of the United States that the fate of a North Dakota lad should be the means of recalling the State of Florida to a sense of duty in a forgotten matter. But more striking still was the interchange of memorials between the legislature of North Dakota and the legislature of Florida, in both of which the same spirit of justice and humanity was expressed. It is to the honor of the Florida legislature that no false sense of state pride was permitted to blur its view of the facts. And now by Florida's own act the whole bad matter of peonage is being opened up and it may fall to Martin Tabert, a North Dakota lad, to have been, through his death, the means of blotting out the inhuman practice.

The fact of the matter is this: no man is good enough to be given absolute control over another man's body. No camp boss, no whipping boss, no warden, no employer, no official, no king is good enough to have the last word of weal or woe for another. No county, acting for society in the restraint of a man's liberty, has the right to sell that man into the service of a private person who, under the authority of the state, may do what he will with him. We blame Congress for delegating its constitutional financial powers to a group of bankers; but the same neglect of duty goes all down the line and reaches its horrible end in peonage. A prisoner of society has his rights and one of them is the protection that should be accorded him by society.

It is safe to say that but for peonage the crime of vagrancy in Florida would not appear in such high ratio. Where an industry depends in any degree on convict labor, steps will be taken by interested men to provide the convicts. And many of the men thus taken will not be convict stuff, which will lead to such tragedies as that of Martin Tabert. Florida is not infested by vagrants as the vagrancy reports would indicate. But the necessity of supplying convict labor is likely to stamp as a vagrant any young man who is out seeing the country, and who for the moment happens to be without funds.

It will be a sad day for our country when young men shall no longer take their "wander year" and see the land. The spirit of the "journeyman" still survives, happily, in the older stock. And if perchance a northern lad, hearing of the fame of Florida, wanders thither, look twice at him before putting the stamp on him as a tramp; and when a Florida lad strikes North to see what like the country is, they know him there as soon as they hear him speak—for the soft speech of the South wins welcome there, even though it be on the lips of a young man whose principal business for the present is not the making of money.

Why Don't the English Move?

BY FAR the worst feature of the unemployment situation in England is the false light in which unemployed persons are viewed. The newspapers speak of them as if they were alien folk, some strange sort of humanity whose plight is to be regarded as an infringement on the public peace. And this in England of all places where the unemployed are not "foreigners" but are English bred and born, and in a painfully large majority ex-soldiers! That is the danger of viewing any "class" through the newspapers. The picture is never true to life and of course the opinions formed thereon are apt to mislead into wrong judgments. Moreover it leads to the making of class divisions where none naturally exist. The people looked down upon are compelled to think in class fashion of the people who do the looking down. The fact is, unemployment and poverty give less reason than does any other circumstance in life for the fortunate to look down upon the unfortunate. If there is anything that should not make a difference between men it is the fortune they have in times of economic distress. The man out of a job may be a better man than the man in a job—unemployment is not a criterion of character judgment.

When the unemployed of England try to call attention to their most sorrowful plight, there is a tendency to call them Bolsheviks. Surely there is nothing Bolshevistic about the desire to earn a living. Surely it is the very essence of anti-Bolshevism, the desire to leave government doles and begin at honest labor.

England is presenting the world with a strange spectacle of incompetency in handling the distress of her own people. She is utterly wearing down the splendid spirit of that people to whom the world owes much. The worst thing she could do is what she is doing, and the best thing she could do now is to start strong emigration movements and rid England of a very large part of the population. This economic pressure is too great to justify the retention of so large a number of people in distress simply to have them on hand for further exploitation in the underpaid industries of England when the time of prosperity returns. Let the people swarm out into the wider and happier spaces of the Empire and relieve the pressure on the "tight little island." As compared with Ireland, economically, England is "a most distressful country." Economic pressure moved the Irish out into happier opportunities throughout the world; why should it not be permitted to do as much for the English?

Bidding Early for 1924

THE early appearance of the politicians crying their 1924 political wares is proof that they have at last recognized the growing indifference of the public. The old-timers hope by a long running start to overcome the public inertia. Hence we have the spectacle of a Presidential campaign being started at the halfway post of a Presidential administration. And we have also the spectacle of a number of men boldly and immodestly making early bids for the highest place. The hawking and auctioning and political elbowing have continued so long that the Presidency is suffering, the very idea of Government is suffering; a degraded shuffle of place-seeking is driving the honor away.

It is to be said in President Harding's behalf that he resents these efforts being made in his name. Not only is it the unseemliness of the embryo campaign that repels him, but also his lack of interest in it. He is not by any means sure that he wishes to be President for another term, although he is quite certain that he does not wish to be a one-termer after the style of Mr. Taft. Taft was beaten. Mr. Taft is a lame duck—the first of Mr. Harding's long list of defeated statesmen who have been given positions. Mr. Harding does not wish to be beaten. He would probably not take any appointive position if he were. And if it looks like a defeat he may not run. The argument now most potent with him, namely, that he owes it to his party to run, is wearing thin in his mind. Who is his party? Where is his party? He is surrounded by a group of men who know exactly what they want, but who have not always been able to get it; not one of them ever comes to the help of the President, they all want something from him, and those who have been disappointed are no longer his "friends." The point which Warren G. Harding's mind will privately reach in due time is this: he owes nothing to his party except his being precipitated into a position that has never fitted him and of which he would gladly be free. If he runs and takes a defeat, the "party" (not the rank and file, but the official managers) will "blame it on to Harding." Harding does not want that. He does not deserve it. His mind is not made up. The attempt to pledge him in advance is distasteful to him. Moreover, it is a sign of Ichabod above the Presidency.

Mr. Harding is not deceived, in his private mind. He knows what schemes are twined around his office and the Government. But they are so many, and the forces behind them are so powerful, that Mr. Harding feels himself beaten before he starts. Somehow he has never felt beneath him and behind him the sustaining spirit of the American people. He looks abroad and sees where he might strike, and then remembers that all the things which the American people are taught to think are under the control of the very forces at which he would strike. He looks over toward the Treasury and sees there as visionless a money-broker as ever sat in a counting house; he looks at his party (the managers) and sees it intent only on the next election; he looks at the press and realizes with a pang that even his State Papers are ruthlessly edited by third assistant telegraph editors all over the land; he looks at the people and knows in his heart that they instinctively distrust Washington. And so he feels beaten before he starts. And when he looks over toward Congress, he finds the good and able men unorganized, and the rule of reaction strongly entrenched.

Besides, and this is the worst, he himself does not know what to do. We believe that if he knew, he would try to do it. There have been moments when he was almost on the point of denouncing the wrong that has crept up around the seats of authority at Washington. But the fear of indulging only in spectacular futility has driven him to silence again.

It is a rather hopeless picture. But not so hopeless as it seems. There comes a time when the impotency of a Government means nothing—the burden simply slides over to the people, and they bear it. After all, the people are the foundation and the structure. When a Government ceases to serve, it simply ceases to count. It is unfortunate but it is not fatal. It was out of the people that Governments and Presidents came to begin with, and the people can put forth new Governments and Presidents again. Washington would be a mighty fact if Washington were serving. Serving itself, Washington simply becomes more and more a non-entity and the vast dignity of the people becomes more and more apparent.

That is the meaning which even the politicians are beginning to grasp, as shown by their over-early campaigning: they see a new public spirit rising, which their parties could not give and cannot take away.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE organization of industry to serve the people will not interfere with the profitableness of industry, as some seem to imagine. Indeed, the entrance of right principle into our economic life will not decrease wealth, but increase it. The world as a whole is much poorer than it ought to be, because it has muddled along on one cylinder—the "get" cylinder—and has not grasped in any practical way the true law of service and increase. Thus we have on one side all the practical ability and initiative, and on the other all the religion and idealism. The two halves have never come together because the one has not been idealistic enough and the other has not been practical enough. Their very antipathy is evidence that they represent an unnatural breach. The healing of the breach will come from the practical side.

But when we talk about service in business, it is a very narrow conception that arises. We think it means only with reference to the commodity which is made and sold. Well, if the principle of service should get even that far it would be a great step, but it would by no means represent the whole length of the road which we have to travel. If, as things are now, without any new development, the idea of service were to rule—if houses were built to endure and not merely to sell, if clothes were made to stand wear and tear and not merely to please the eye of the purchaser, if all forms of adulteration and substitution and misrepresentation were to vanish, there is no computing the good that would accrue to the world through the economic balancing up that would immediately follow. The whole burden of paying the earnings of our honest labor for dishonest product would be lifted, and every section of humanity would feel the relief.

> *IN CONSIDERING industry as a service to society, do not forget that what is called "service" today is only the a b c of the matter. The thought is usually confined to service in the production of commodities by honest methods out of honest material at honest prices. That is all right. In itself it would be a big step in advance. But there is more beyond. The shops themselves will become service stations. They will become the guarantors and conservators and distributors of the domestic fuel supply through a process of mine ownership and coal coking. They will become public utility concerns by tying their surplus power into municipal transportation and lighting during the night. Industry will be hooked up, through its machinery, with the most intimate service to the people.*

But having done that, the service of industry to the economic problem would not be wholly fulfilled. Useful as our industries have been, it is becoming apparent how wasteful they have been. We have corrected in some degree the waste in men; there has come of recent years a new sense of responsibility for the producer. But the great waste in material goes on, and, of course, waste of material is waste of men, because all material is the result of human labor.

Industry owes it to society, as a part of its contribution to the new order, to conserve material in every possible way. Not only for the element of cost in the manufactured article, although that is important, but mostly for the conservation of those materials whose production and transportation are laying an increasing burden on society.

As it is now, every manufacturing concern exists to make the article it is most interested in—clothing, furniture, vehicles, books—whatever it may be. It has not been linked up with the community any closer than the furnishing of jobs and the general participation in business.

But it is apparent that manufacturing concerns of size could be much more useful to the community than that, for example, in the matter of supplying fuel and power. Under the system now practiced, coal hauled to a factory remains there. Deliver a thousand cars of coal to the shops of a great manufacturing district, and that is the end of them. In times of "coal shortage," the job of keeping the factories supplied with fuel and the job of keeping the homes supplied with fuel are two distinct jobs, requiring two great supplies of coal.

Now, it is possible in any great manufacturing center that the coal used for power in the factories could also be used for heating the homes of the people. That is, it is possible to use every piece of coal twice—once for its industrial uses and once for its domestic uses. A car of coal delivered at a factory could be used to do all that is required by the factory; the chemicals, gases, tars and other ingredients could be extracted, and the remaining coke, a pure fuel, could be sent on to the homes.

This has been done with great success and economy. It is no longer an experiment. For several winters it has been demonstrated on a large scale that not only can the coal be used twice, but that the coke can profitably be sold at exactly one-half of the charge made by the trade.

This is one of the benefits which have come to the people by reason of the wholly inexcusable mishandling of the coal trade. Instead of making their product easy to get (as good business men always strive to do) the coal controllers made their product hard to get, so they could charge more for it, and as a consequence they drove thinking people to devise ways and means of neutralizing the shortage. The result will be beneficial. Had coal always been easy to get, these new methods would hardly have found foothold, because humanity seldom takes a step forward without being pressed to do so.

With all the great manufactories coking their coal, thus providing a double use for it, other economies will come. A great waste will be prevented. When one thinks of the precious elements which have been consumed for decades on the furnace grates, all going up in smoke and being lost to human use, it becomes clear that the new method has not come too soon. Not only are the elements of coal being saved in modernized manufactories, and numerous other fields of endeavor enriched by the materials thus saved, but we are coming to see that our factories may become public service institutions in a degree not conceived as possible until now.

In the modern use of coal, gas is produced, and gas is a public utility. That part of the gas which is not used in direct processes of manufacture can be turned over to the community. The fertilizing elements extracted from coal can be utilized on the farms. The coke can be used, and is being used, for domestic consumption at greatly reduced cost to the consumer.

And then there is the possible effect of all this on the transportation problem. As our great factories go into these economies which really consist in getting greater usage out of their basic materials, they will come more and more to the use of power in its electrical form. Now, in our great cities electricity is used in lighting and transportation—these are its greatest services outside the factories. The multitudes of our cities are transported on electric cars to and from work. When the men are in the shops, the peak load is on the lines that furnish the factories with power. When the men are going to and from work, the peak load is on the lines which operate the transportation systems. That is, when the men are not in the shop they are on the cars. And nothing is simpler than that the factories, before and after working hours, should turn their power over to the work of transportation.

These are only passing hints, all of them practicable and most of them already in practice, by which the industries of the nation can be of greater service to the community. Our great factories have it in their power to become public utilities in a larger sense than ever before. During the last "coal shortage" it was necessary, so our rulers thought, to distinguish between public utilities and ordinary industry. Every industry that employs men is a public utility. It is the greatest act of public inutility to close down industry. But under our present wasteful system it was thought necessary. It is apparent now how there would be no distinction if coal were utilized to its full value, because the operation of industry would be essential to the domestic fuel supply and for the operation of public service; and such interdependence would constitute a chain which would make necessary the uninterrupted daily supply of all, which in turn would mean uninterrupted employment and prosperity.

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Burdening Community With 'Watered' Homes

"Extra" Edge Taken by Each Person Involved Is Added to Buyer's Bill

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the second article by Mr. Ulm on this subject.

"WE ALL are headed the wrong way," declared one of the biggest builders of homes in the country to the real estate brokers and the builders of his city about two years ago.

"We are working against our own future interests and are loading upon the community unnecessary burdens which may prove disastrous.

"Let's get back to old principles. The public is crying for small, economical houses; we are building only large ones and are putting into them a lot of tomfoolery that is worth nothing to purchasers. We are wasting a lot of money in advertising and in other sales cost and in financing sales, when the right kind of houses would sell and finance themselves. For every dollar we get we are delivering only about 75 cents worth of real house, even after allowing fully for increases in cost of materials and labor. Let's be honest with ourselves and the community and do what we can to stop this inflation. We know how much real costs are above those of pre-war times. Let's put out houses that will sell for prices that contain no other increases; that is to say, let's build so that we can deliver a dollar's worth of housing for every dollar we get from or obligate purchasers to pay."

"It can't be done," the others declared.

"I'll prove by actual operations that it can be done," the speaker replied.

Took $500 Profit on Each

SO HE immediately put his organization to work erecting two groups of small houses, one brick, the other frame. They were of the type that in 1913 or 1914 would have sold in that community for from $3,500 to $4,500. The brick dwellings were offered the public for $7,500 each, the frame ones for $5,900. Before they were completed, more than a score of ready would-be purchasers were begging for each of the houses.

"I made $500 net profit on each of them," says the builder. "I had to spend not a dollar in selling them. The selling cost of the average house built in this community during the last two years has averaged 10 per cent or more of the sales price. The 'financing' of those houses cost only about $300 as against from $750 to $2,000 for the average house marketed here during the last several years. As I put no gingerbread work into them, the purchasers received real house for every dollar they put into them. With the average house sold in recent years from five to 20 per cent of the cost has been in refinements put in merely for their worth as 'selling talk.'"

But there is a sequel to the builder's experimental adventure in non-"watered" housing. Nearly every house which he built has been resold at prices running from $2,000 to $3,000 above the prices he received. As this is written one of them is advertised for sale at $11,000!

Therefore, most of them are loaded down now with just as much "water" as any builder would have put into them at the beginning. Virtually all that "water" is covered by the customary second and third mortgage notes that have passed into the hands of "note shavers" who procured them at discounts ranging from 20 to 50 per cent. Present occupants of many of the houses are paying interest on the "water" at its full face value and, at the risk of losing all they are putting into the purchase of the properties, they ultimately must redeem that "water" in full.

If Others Had Helped—!

"THEREFORE, I rendered no service to the community," says the builder who made the experiment. "If other builders had followed me we could have saved the public millions of dollars and made good profits for ourselves. But they wouldn't follow me; probably, in the case of those who have to operate largely on borrowed funds, they couldn't follow me. If I had been in position to erect 1,000 such houses, I could have saved the situation. But I couldn't do that; so I returned to the 'easiest way' followed by other builders. The result is that inflation has been piled upon inflation everywhere in the building trades and those others, like the materials industries, from which they draw. Although it would cost me more perhaps than any other person in the country, I'd be glad to see the public go on a 'buyers' strike' insofar as houses are concerned."

Take another case, of which the writer is authoritatively informed. In an eastern city there is a large apartment house which when erected about 12 years ago cost, for land, construction and "financing," about $500,000. Within the last two years it was sold for $1,050,000. The purchasers gave the former owners a first mortgage on the property for $850,000 of the purchase price and $200,000 in cash. They went into the realm of "note shaving" and by paying down a "fee" of $50,000 floated a second mortgage on the property for the sum of $300,000. This left them with $50,000 cash profit on the transaction with whatever additional "equity" they can realize through increased rentals. So far they have realized on an "equity" of several hundred thousand dollars, for the tenants of the apartment house find that they would have to pay like rents for similar accommodations elsewhere. If a reaction should come and wipe out the present "owners'" aqueous "equity" the property merely would revert to holders of the second mortgage. The operators still would be gainers.

There is a man in the East who, representing wealthy interests, claims to have made $30,000,000 for his clients by operations of that kind during the last four years.

Take what the writer is reliably informed happens in a certain mid-western state where "blue sky" laws ostensibly apply to such financing, especially when mortgages are covered by bonds distributed among general, and often small, investors. There a property may be bonded up to 70 per cent of its "appraised value."

A builder buys a lot for $50,000. He arranges to erect an apartment house to cost him $100,000. But he manages to have the lot appraised at $100,000, the structure as outlined in the plans at $200,000, a total of $300,000. Then he goes to a large "financing" concern which does that kind of business and procures a loan of 70 per cent or $221,000. He allows the concern a commission of from 15 to 25 per cent, which when deducted from the loan leaves him cash in hand of approximately $170,000 to $190,000, in any event a sum equal to or above his actual outlay. The "financing" concern sells to the public bonds covering the loan at full face value, or $221,000. The builder fills up the house with tenants who pay rent on a $300,000 value basis and then finds it easy to sell his "equity" for a sum ranging from $40,000 to $60,000. **The only person that suffers is the renter, who bears all the varying rake-offs and inflations taken from and added to the property.**

Conspicuous in that kind of transactions are the Jewish real estate operators and the Jewish-controlled financing concerns. While, as a rule, they go further than others they are by no means the only ones who have profited immensely in that way on account of the house shortage condition existing throughout the country since the war. In nearly every eastern city one can find Jews, who, though often only a few years from the ghettos of Europe, have become landlords on immense scale by varying kinds of application of the method described above. Even before the war they made millions by it, although not so easily as in recent years. As pointed out recently by Burton J. Hendrick in *World's Work* they often begin large-scale real estate operations on less than "shoe strings."

Rentals That Mean Nothing

RENTS and large commissions on loans supply the basis and secret of such operations. Even during the pre-war period of plentiful housing, it was never difficult to procure loans on apartment and tenement property in ratio to returns actually received in the form of rental charges. Occupants for property on rental bases justifying the loans often were procured through means partaking mildly of "bribery." They would be given inducements by way of "free" rent for the first month or two, or "free" moving, or otherwise, to get them to sign leases based on high monthly charges. But during recent years, on account of the scarcity of living quarters, it has been unnecessary thus to "bribe" the renter. However, recently in some communities apparent "concessions" have been offered in return for signing leases that run for from two to three years. And there are cases of inflated property having been thus disposed of for the future so well that, no matter what happens by way of reduction in the house shortage and lowering of general values, the operators in the property haven't a chance of losing. For they will earn enough from the long-term leases to offset any thinning of their "equities."

They are even more secure where the property, like houses, are sold to the occupants on terms of small cash payments down, the balance to be paid in monthly installments. There the seller has what amounts to a lifetime lease from the occupant. It is of little importance to the original operator, however, for he usually "gets out from under" by selling the occupant's notes to some "note-shaving" individual or concern.

Thus, the biggest problems of the housing situation go back to money and the peculiar ways, under certain conditions, thereof.

John G. Williams, of Philadelphia, speaking for the National Association of Real Estate Boards before a Congressional committee, didn't hesitate to declare that the "financing" of construction was the most difficult and burdensome factor in the housing shortage situation. Asked if the cost of construction as measured by prices for materials and labor had not been the greatest retarding factor, Mr. Williams replied:

"That has today a whole lot to do with it, but when you consider the little money that you can borrow and what you have to pay, in many cases, bonuses costing probably 12 to 14 per cent—I am speaking conservatively—you can imagine just what item of cost that would add to the entire bill. . . . We could not get the money unless we went out and paid these unusual bonuses . . . . We cannot get the money unless we pay a high rate for it; and when we pay a high rate, of course, we go out and let a contract with the material man and the iron man, and we find they have paid a high rate for their money, and, of course, they will charge that much more for their commodities."

Excess charges for housing money have not been made only by individual "note shavers" and the mortgage investment concerns which "make no bones" about levying all the traffic will bear. It was brought out by the Lockwood Committee in New York that respectable savings banks and highly reputed insurance companies often do the same thing. Many ways are utilized for getting around laws which may forbid exorbitant charges in such cases. One way is to place the loan through a broker who exacts an excessive fee which he splits with the lending concern.

The Lockwood Committee, for example, found that a savings bank in Syracuse, New York, permitted a broker to charge a commission of 14 per cent on a loan of $250,000. Out of the $35,000 thus received ostensibly by the broker $20,000 went back to the bank. The borrower received only $215,000 in cash but gave a six per cent mortgage on property for $250,000. Thus interest had to be paid on $35,000 which was not received and which also had to be paid, together with the $215,000, at the expiration of the loan. This "water," you safely may bet, was loaded on to those who rented the property.

Other banks that hesitated to exact exorbitant commissions in cash often required the borrower, it was found, to accept large parts of loans in securities at par value when said securities could be marketed for cash only at prices 10 to 15 per cent below par.

Working Off "Dead Stuff"

ANOTHER method of making exactions, and one, the Lockwood Committee found, that was used extensively by some of the large insurance companies, is to require the borrower to accept more or less "dead" property in lieu of cash for large portions of the loans made.

Thus, for example, it was brought how an insurance company in making a loan of $1,440,000 on a high-class piece of property in New York City required the borrower to buy from it 20 scattered parcels of vacant property at valuations totaling $600,000.

Excepting what was done by the Lockwood Committee, the writer is unable to find where any worthwhile attempt has been made by the varying public and semi-public agencies that have "investigated" the housing problem to go deeply into this most important phase of the subject.

Real estate operators, as a rule, have been disinclined to disclose or combat the evils of housing "financing" for the reason, if no other, that such "financing" has accelerated the upward trend of rents and prices and thus sustained the boom demand that has facilitated sales.

Real estate moves most easily, ordinarily, when prices for it are rising, and moves very sluggishly when prices are stable or falling. Thus it would seem that anything, no matter how unwarranted, which keeps housing prices moving upward serves the interests of real estate brokers, whose business is of such a nature that they don't have to give much thought to the lasting interests of those to whom they sell.

"The typical manufacturer is pleased with repeat orders," said Dr. John Gries, chief of the Division of Building and Housing of the United States Department of Commerce, before a meeting of the New York State Association of Real Estate Boards last October. "The average retail dealer's success depends upon repeated returns of his customers. Only stores with a transient trade skin their customers alive . . . . Many of your customers buy homes or property only once or twice. As a rule they are neither good judges of location, nor of construction or values. They do not know what to look for. Many are ignorant of the most common trade practices, ethics and law."

Therefore, only those real estate operators of long vision and sound social consciences have been inclined to fight for the interests of their customers.

How the Builder Figures

THAT enormous inflation has been loaded on to their customers is proved by the fact that it is the excuse given for the most atrocious of the practices that have contributed to it.

The builder on contract, in making estimates, as a rule has doubled, and more, his margin of profit, on the ground that he has to risk the likelihood of increases in costs of materials and labor during the period of construction.

Those who finance construction and sales exact huge bonuses on the ground that uncertainty as to the continuation of prevailing values increases the element of risk involved.

Thus a "vicious cycle" of inflation has been running, and it bids fair to run until the public is forced by impossible prices to stop buying "watered" houses. Then will come that reaction which leaders in the affected industries say probably will wipe out the handsome profits that have been made during the last few years by most branches of the real estate and construction trades. The one that will not suffer is that of the money lenders, who as a rule play safe. Instead of fearing a reaction they actually claim that in periods of depression their profits are larger than in times of prosperity. From the stock-selling literature of a mortgage investment company, that deals chiefly in second mortgage real estate notes, the following assurance is reproduced literally:

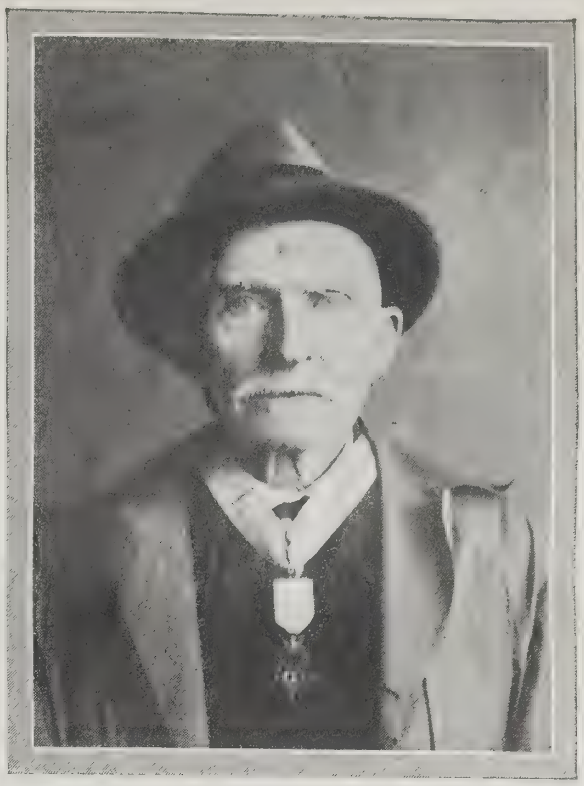
"A larger earning on your money in times of industrial depression when other sources of income are greatly lessened or entirely fail."

What it evidently claims is that, though profits on its kind of operations are large at any time, they are greatest during periods of industrial and financial stress.

A Half-century After Comes Congressional Medal

Nebraskan Tardily Rewarded With Valor Decoration for Heroism in Indian Days

By H. T. DOBBINS



LEANDER HERRON,
Holder of the Congressional medal.

REPUBLICS are not always ungrateful, but oftentimes they are forgetful. Forty-nine years after Corporal Leander Herron, of Company A, Third United States Infantry, had participated with conspicuous valor in one of the most thrilling one-sided battles with the Indians that haunted the Santa Fe trail before the railroad came to Kansas, Congress voted him a medal of honor.

Today, Corporal Herron, close to 80, still vigorous of body and mind, wears, with a pride that is shared by his fellow-Nebraskans, this insignia of honor, which, reserved as it is only for those who distinguish themselves by the very bravest of acts, has been issued to but 328 Americans in the 60 years since it was first authorized by Congress. It is a beautiful medal of gold, a five-pointed star inclosing a medallion, pendant from a bar surmounted by a spread eagle. It is attached to a bit of ribbon which, in turn, is fastened to a rolling collar when worn.

Corporal Herron is one of the last of the brave men who gave glory and luster to the old West, when the white man and the red fought for control of the great plains. Indian fighting, determined and revengeful as it was, bred a race of frontiersmen whose courage and daring were never matched and who, in spite of the disparity of numbers, outgamed and outfought the reds on many a field. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, "Wild Bill" Hickock, Kit Carson, Jim Bridgers, the most spectacular of these Indian fighters, have been embalmed in frontier history, but they had many prototypes and contemporaries of equal courage whose exploits were worthy of equal renown.

The fact that Corporal Herron was chosen by Congress for an honor denied to many of these others whose names are more familiar, possibly because of the one-time popular dime novel, makes his story worth the telling. Like Cody he was a pony express rider in the days when the vigorous warfare of the Indians had forced the abandonment of the stage lines, and it was while engaged in this perilous duty that he performed the exploit for which the government tardily rewarded him.

Five Thousand on the Warpath

IN 1868, when Corporal Herron was stationed in Kansas, the Indians were unusually troublesome. Subsequent events showed that a concerted effort to drive the white men from that section and to stop all overland traffic had been determined upon by the reds. Tribes that had fought one another in years past were banded together for this purpose. Mr. Herron thinks there were fully 5,000 of them on the warpath that year, and that if they had been better armed they might have temporarily succeeded.

Scattered army posts were depended upon by the government to keep open the trail between the Middle West and the Pacific Coast, where thousands had gone following the great gold strike in California and the trek to Oregon and Utah. Fort Dodge was the center of operations. After the stage lines had been forced to quit because of Indian raids and the determined character of the warfare carried on, a pony express line was started out of Fort Dodge.

Many pony express riders were recruited from the youths who had sought the frontier because of its lure of adventure, and some of them were soldiers detailed to do the work. The riding had to be done at night because death stalked on the trail of those who rode the great plains by day. Great bands of Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, supplemented by Dog Soldiers, warriors drummed out of their own tribes because of their treachery and meanness and the worst of their kind, roamed the plains for hundreds of miles, patrolling the trails and raiding, killing, burning wherever they could find victims.

At Big Coon Creek, some 20 miles out of Fort Larned, now located in what is known as Pawnee County, Kansas, one of the sod forts so frequently used in those days was garrisoned by a sergeant and 10 men. It had thick walls of sod and a clay roof. There being nothing to burn, the Indians were balked in their efforts at practicing that favorite pastime of theirs. The soldiers were well-armed, excellent shots, and as long as they kept within the fort they were safe from slaughter. They lacked fuel, and were compelled now and then to search the prairies for buffalo chips. Every time they went after this fuel they ran the risk of an Indian attack, and nearly every time it came.

To relieve the situation, the government, when it could spare the men, and the time was deemed propitious, sent down a load of wood under guard. On the night of September 1, 1868, Corporal Herron left Fort Larned for the West with mail and dispatches. On the way he met a mule team hauling a government wagon filled with wood, and under guard of four soldiers. It had been sent from Fort Dodge, to the west of Big Coon. Looking back now it seems a foolhardy thing to send a quartet of soldiers into a country known to be infested with Indians eager to scalp and kill, but in those days it was all part of the routine. The boys were there to fight, eager to fight, and ready to trust to luck.

Corporal Herron warned them that there were large bands of Indians in that section, and that they should halt at Fort Coon and wait until a wagon train came along that would furnish sufficient numbers to resist an attack. He rode on to Fort Dodge 40 miles west, which he reached by daylight.

Ride Into Foes' Midst

THAT night he was ordered to take mail and dispatches back to Fort Larned, 75 miles to the east. During the day smoke signals of the Indians had been visible to the east of Dodge, and it was decided to send another soldier with Herron. He chose Paddy Boyle, a rollicking, dare-devil of an Irishman, who had the best horse in the regiment.

Close to 10 or 11 o'clock that night they heard the sound of gunshots and yells. They readily identified it as an Indian raid, and, following the code of the frontier, they promptly turned out of their course and headed for the scrap. They soon discovered that it was a wagon train attack, a replica of hundreds that occurred all over that country in those days.

Nothing daunted by the fact that hundreds of Indians were in the attacking forces, the two soldiers rode directly into their midst. In the darkness, making the noise they did, the Indians mistook them for members of their own band and no one tried to stop them in their dash for the wagon train. It was not, says Corporal Herron, until they were well through their ranks that the Indians found out that nearly a score of their number had been killed and that they were reinforcing the soldiers.

It did not prove to be a wagon train at all, but the government vehicle with the four soldiers who had delivered their wood and were on their way back to Fort Dodge. They had disregarded Herron's advice and started on the return trip when the Indians got after them. But the corporal had no time to give in detail to the disobedient soldiers his opinion of them. Close on the heels of the dash of himself and Boyle came the Indians. Protected by the wagon the six men were able to repulse the attack.

Herron Directs Defense

IN THE respite that followed Herron looked over the ground and found the soldiers had chosen a poor place in which to make a defense. The mules had been killed early in the fighting, and the men had fought from behind the wagon without any casualties to themselves. With daylight the Indians would begin their usual circling attacks, and with this barrier gone their lives would soon pay the forfeit.

All six men realized the desperate character of their plight, and that unless aid came from outside they would certainly fall victims of the reds, who vastly outnumbered them. They had recourse to the one expedient, that of sending one of their number to the fort for help. Because of his excellent horse Boyle drew the assignment. He took the first opportunity to slip off in the darkness, and mount his horse. The reds discovered him, and then came, as Corporal Herron puts it, "a bunch of shots and yells, and as things quieted down right away, we felt sure Boyle had been killed."

Herron scouted around and found a buffalo wallow some yards away. The five men pushed the wagon over to it and on top of it, and crept underneath. Then they took stock of their ammunition. Believing Boyle killed they knew their chance of escape was small and they discovered that their ammunition had run low. It was agreed that each man would keep one bullet to protect himself from the torture.

They had scarcely got settled in their new defenses until the Indians renewed the attack. Circling round and round they would turn to the charge, only to be repeatedly repulsed. Several times their charges brought them within a few feet of the wagon, but the deadly aim and the calmness of the men kept them from breaking through. Many of the warriors rode in the usual Indian fashion, hanging to the side of their horses opposite the soldiers, but the accurate marksmanship kept tumbling them off, now and then a bullet going through the pony and getting the clinging rider. Often the Indians stopped to pick up their wounded and dead. So sure were they that they would eventually win that they halted for this purpose when to have continued the charge would probably have carried them into the little camp.

Goes Through Unscathed

HERRON appeared to bear the fabled charmed life. Not one of the many bullets and arrows launched at them had hit him. Goodman, one of the quartet, was suffering from seven wounds from both arrows and bullets. O'Donald had come to hand holds with an attacking Indian and although he killed his man he had been badly hurt by a blow on the head from a tomahawk. Nolan, the remaining soldier, was out with his right arm shattered by a bullet, and Herron had to supply him with a loaded revolver.

All the time the supply of ammunition was fast approaching exhaustion, and when the Indians made ready for the charge again each man had been reduced to twelve rounds. They knew that the next rush would be the last, and reminding each other to keep his last bullet for himself they set themselves to meet it. But it never came.

Apparently the attacking forces had divided into two divisions, each to dash directly from opposite sides. Only one of these was in motion when the defenders threw up their guns to aim. Before they could do this a voice called out in English not to fire. Knowing that many Dog Soldiers could talk English well the besieged thought it a ruse to get close, but the next instant a carbine was tossed up into the air. Then they knew the man to be a soldier and the men to be from the fort. It was Paddy Boyle, who had got through safely and brought the men back with him on the gallop. The Indians fled. As the soldiers rode up Herron noticed every man was dressed in white.

"What kind of uniforms do you call this?" called out Herron to Boyle.

"Well, when I got there the boys were asleep," said Boyle, "and they didn't take time to dress. They ain't got anything on but their underclothes." And it was so.

An hour later a detachment of infantry, followed by wagons, an ambulance and a doctor ar-

(Concluded on page 15)

How the United States Supreme Court Works

In This There Is Presented a First-hand Description of Tribunal's Customs

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

WHEN a boy—those of you who were boys—you doubtless passed through that period when inborn curiosity drove you to take apart father's best clock, that you might see how it ran—what made it go.

Or in those pre-movie days such of you who attended the theater must have wondered what caused the scenic effects in such melodramas as "East Lynne" and "The Two Orphans"—what made the snow fall and what the playing of forked lightning.

It was a like curiosity which seized the writer as he sat for the first time in the court room of the United States Supreme Court in the Capitol a few years ago and heard argued a famous case.

Burned indelibly into the mind was that picture, that solemn, inspiring picture, of the members of "the living voice of the Constitution" as they filed slowly into the half-moon of a room, led by the dignified Chief Justice White, the sepulchral silence of the moment before exploded by the court crier's "Hear ye! Hear ye!" And as I listened to cogent statement of brilliant counsel and to flashing argument between counsel and court, resembling the thrust and parry of expert swordsmen, I asked myself, "How does the tribunal work? What takes place behind the judicial screen? What makes it go?"

A haze—a haze—the impenetrable cloud of mystery still enveloped our chief judicial tribunal! And this in spite of the fact that that veil did not serve to increase the layman's belief in its sincerity, nor inflate his faith in its impartiality.

Like Diogenes I walked about, lantern in hand; unlike him I sought, not honesty but the how of judicial honesty. But the feeble rays revealed nothing.

At length, however, my quest met its own reward: former Associate Justice John H. Clarke drew aside, for me, the curtains; and the scene revealed took rough hold upon my interest, satisfied my insatiable craving, and convinced a doubting Thomas of the conscientiousness, industry, and honor of the nation's supreme tribunal of justice.

Each Judge Given Copy

"WHEN a case is called in the Supreme Court," began Justice Clarke, "copies of the printed record and arguments are passed to each judge and then the oral argument follows, the time for the latter being limited to one hour on each side of each case. It was an hour and a half when I went to Washington; and I am happy to say that it was on my motion that it was reduced to an hour. Sitting there for two years or more listening attentively to arguments, I had noticed that nearly all lawyers were through before an hour had expired, and that they spent the rest of the time either repeating themselves or talking at random, as if they thought that, if they didn't consume the whole time, the court would think their cases were not of much consequence. At all events it was reduced.

"After the cases are argued," he continued, "on each Saturday at noon the judges meet in the Capitol for a conference which, of course, is presided over by the Chief Justice. He calls the cases that have been heard during the preceding week and, after making a brief statement of the facts, he announces what he thinks the decision should be. Then follows discussion of the case. Sometimes this is long; sometimes it is short. Sometimes it is illuminating; sometimes it isn't. Sometimes it is animated and sometimes it is dull. But when it is concluded, the vote is taken and, of course, the majority determines what the decision shall be. Next the Chief Justice assigns the cases to the judges to write opinions; and it is one of the traditions of the court that a judge must write whatever is assigned to him. It may be a case involving a branch of the law with which he is not nearly so familiar as with some others. It may involve questions of practice that came up from code states, or from states with common law practice modified by statute, or from Louisiana with its civil law practice; it may come from the Philippine Islands or from Porto Rico. It may be a case which he can write in a day, or it may be one which will require a month. But whatever it is, he must do his best with it, without objection, and without suggestion of change.

"When the opinion is written, it is sent to the printer, and when the writer is satisfied with the form of it, he sends a printed copy to each of the other justices; and again, it is a tradition of the court, that the criticism of the justices shall be entirely free and unrestrained, except, of course, it is implied that it shall be constructive. It extends from punctuation to a discussion of the principles that may be involved in the case. These copies of the opinions with the suggestions of the various judges are returned to the writer, and he uses such of them as he may think will improve the original. It may be necessary for him to recast his whole opinion. At the next meeting of the conference, the first business is a call for opinions, which means that the judges who have written opinions shall answer whether or not they have a majority for them, as written, and, if there is a majority for them, they are announced at the next session as the opinions of the court.

Has Benefit of Criticism

"THUS every opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States," he went on, "represents not only the best that is in the man who writes it, but also the best that the criticism of every other judge on the bench can make of it.

"There is an erroneous impression that is quite widely entertained in our country—I heard it within a year in New York and in San Francisco—relating to the method of disposing of petitions for writs of certiorari which I should like to correct. So many petitions for such writs are presented to the Supreme Court, and they are disposed of often so promptly, that the notion has been spread abroad that the cases are apportioned by the Chief Justice among the judges, that each judge reports on the case assigned to him, and that his conclusion is accepted and announced as that of the court. Nothing could be further from the fact. Each judge receives a copy of the record, the petition for the writ, and the briefs in support of it, and each is supposed to, and actually does, work out to his own conclusion with respect to it. In conference the petitions are called and discussed, a vote is taken, and each is decided precisely as if it were an argued case. So that, on such petitions, the country and the bar may be sure they have the benefit of the judgment of every member of the court."

After a brief pause, Justice Clarke continued thus: "There is another misunderstanding which I think should be corrected. You see, I can say things now which members of the court cannot and some of them are things that ought to be said.

"Every third or fourth week in the court year the Chief Justice announces that beginning the next Monday the court will take a recess for two, three or four weeks; and, as these announcements are frequent, the notion is widely entertained, especially among laymen, that it is a very leisurely kind of life that the judges of the Supreme Court lead—that they are a group of leisurely old men, leading a leisurely life in a leisurely way in the leisurely atmosphere of Washington. As a matter of fact, these recesses are the times when the judges do their closest and most important work, for they are the weeks in which the opinions are written. Most of the judges work steadily day in and day out through all of these recesses. Some of them work best, they think, in the early part of the night; others think they can accomplish most in the early morning. It is an open secret that the present Chief Justice is in his study at five o'clock many a morning, and all Washington knew that the late Chief Justice White turned night into day when he was working on important cases.

"I think I saw as much of the American lawyer at work, between Boston and Chicago, in the 20 years before I went upon the bench as anyone is likely to see, and I say without reservation that I never saw a group of lawyers, anywhere, work with anything like the intensity of application that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States work. They deserve what is said of them so frequently in Washington—that in time of peace the court is much the hardest working branch of the United States Government."

And He Won His Case

FROM this serious discussion of what he termed "bone labor" he turned abruptly and closed the interview by relating this amusing incident: "Once the court had been listening to Fourteenth Amendment cases for three or four days. You'll never know how the Fourteenth Amendment is overworked until you sit for two or three years on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. There are lawyers all over this country who seem to think that any judgment rendered against any client of theirs necessarily denies to him the equal protection of the laws or is without due process of law—or both.

"We had been listening to that kind of cases for several days when finally a man arose and stated a case of very different character. I had turned to the opinion of the Court of Appeals, as was my custom, because I had found by experience that I could, in most cases, get an understanding of a case more quickly from that than from the statement of counsel. I was reading, but with one ear open to what the lawyer was saying, and I remember very distinctly the thought went through my mind, 'This man has an extraordinary vocabulary and he is speaking with most unusual cogency; I wonder who he is?' I looked at the brief and saw his name, but it didn't mean anything at all to me.

"He continued in a sharp, clear, condensed argument for about 15 or 20 minutes, and then summing up briefly he paused and said, 'Your Honors, that is my case. I, of course, could restate it in a different form. I could amplify it and consume the rest of the time allotted to me, but from the attention I have received, and from the questions that have been asked me, I am sure that the points upon which I rely have been appreciated, and will receive the attention which they deserve.' Then, after another pause, he said, 'Time has dealt gently with me, your Honors, but I am no longer young; and I live in such a remote part of the country that it is highly probable that I shall never be permitted again to argue a case in this great tribunal. I leave my case with you, with the expression of the hope that it may be decided on the principles of substantial justice, and not upon the rule of practice founded in pure fiction, upon which it was disposed of in the courts below.' I am happy to say that his case was disposed of in his favor upon principles of substantial justice. I read the opinion a few days ago and I found myself as well satisfied with it then as I was the day I wrote it."

When American Gold Was Dumb

SOME years ago the representative of an American structural steel concern was sent to South Africa for a term, in the interest of his employers. He was well supplied with travelers' checks and letters of credit which gave him entrée into the best business circles. Of course his account was welcomed at the leading bank.

The time was since the lure of gold led England into the war of conquest with the Boers, and the Lion was in possession of the government Oom Paul had created.

The American here learned the lesson that every student of economics must learn, that gold of itself is not money and the phrase "Money talks" has no reference to coin.

The experience, which the gentleman himself relates in *Bankers' Monthly*, for October, 1922, should open the eyes of those who credulously believe the acceptance of American money "anywhere in the world" is because it is as good as gold. That fallacy has been exploded many times, but it was a new lesson to this gentleman, who might easily have been seriously inconvenienced had he not been in possession of unlimited credit from American bankers.

One day the American received from his employers, instead of the usual draft, a shipment of gold eagles and double eagles, bright and shining from the mint. Having no immediate use for them he took them to his bank and asked to have them placed to his credit on account. To his surprise the teller told him he could not receive United States coin. He called attention to the fact that they had credited him with his travelers' checks and his letters of credit, his drafts and even some paper money he had deposited. The teller told him that was so, but the gold he could not handle. Not to pursue the story in detail, he attempted to use the coins for his daily expenses, but could not. After some hesitation he offered them to two other banks, without success. To his question as to what to do with them, an officer of the last bank visited suggested he sell them at market price to some jeweler, who could use the metal in his business.

Willing to sacrifice the small amount he might be compelled to lose in such a trade, he visited a jeweler, who offered him the bullion value if he would have them melted, as there was plenty of fine gold on the market. This was more of a shave than he cared to stand. So he took the coins to his hotel and deposited them in his trunk to await his return to America.

As he tells the story, while anathematizing his employers for remitting him so much useless junk, his mind reverted to the time when he was enthusiastically opposing Bryan and shouting for a sound money, "gold coin good for its face in any part of the world." He also thought bitterly of the time when "Ikey Einstein," holding a British sovereign in his hand, remarked that it was money "that spoke in nine languages," while his gold was as dumb as an oyster.

It would hardly be fair—although the sequel has no reference to the fact the story illustrates that the theory of a dollar in itself worth its face anywhere except in the country which stamps it is fallacious—not to tell how the American secured a premium on his stock of United States gold coin.

When putting the gold away, he retained one piece in his vest pocket with some small change. At the club, in settling a bill, he took it out with other coins. An English friend saw it and asked if it was a sovereign. He told the inquirer it was a gold eagle, United States money. To his surprise he was offered more than its exchange value. Of course he accepted. The purchaser had the piece shaved smooth on one side, a couple of initials engraved on it, and presented it to Betty, one of the barmaids. The fad took, our American sold all his pieces, and every barmaid in Johannesburg who received one wore it proudly suspended by a chain or ribbon about her neck.

Of the incident, *Bankers' Monthly* has the following to say in a panel insert in the story:

"The accompanying article offers an interesting illustration of the significance of world dominion. Since the event related here happened, the United States has perhaps moved forward as a world power, yet it is unquestionable that the English sovereign occupies a readily negotiable position where the United States gold dollar is scarcely known and seldom ever accepted when it is offered. There has been so much talk about the supremacy of the American dollar in the marts of trade that the incident given here presents an interesting subject for consideration. How long will the American gold dollar be subservient to the English sterling?"

A Region That Rides on a Crust of Gold

Shut Off by Bad Roads, North Georgia Mining Country "Lives Off Itself"

By CLAIRE GILES

IN AN out-of-the-way section of North Georgia, 25 miles from a railroad, where the backbone of the Southern Appalachian range spends itself in several irregular, precipitous spurs or short ranges, lies the picturesque little village of Dahlonega (a corruption of the Indian Tah-lon-é-ka, "yellow metal"). Here, until the rush to California in '49, practically all the gold minted in the United States was mined.

Once a town of more than 5,000 inhabitants, with Nuckollsville, six miles distant, boasting a slightly larger population, Dahlonega today with its 600 souls is a typical mining town long after the gold fever has spent itself. She sits complacently over a crust of gold, lazily stretching herself in the sun.

It is not strange that Dahlonega lacks the spirit of enterprise. Shut off from the outside by well-nigh impassable mountain roads the greater part of the year, the wonder is that she has managed to exist at all. Asked of a native: "How do you make a living here?" the answer was: "Well, we just live off of each other, I reckon."

Forty-foot over-shoot water wheel at Cain Creek Falls, Dahlonega, Georgia.

However, the present indications are that, whether it is five years or 25 before the rich gold mines in that region will be reworked (as they undoubtedly will be) the Dahlonegans will soon be able to quit "swapping money"; for, during the past year definite steps have been taken toward bringing Dahlonega out of seclusion. Under the Federal aid road building plan graveled and top-soiled roads have made the town accessible even in the worst of weather. Summer visitors are already scrambling for accommodations, and a new hotel has been opened. The government owns thousands of acres in that section, and has just recently bought many more. A movement is on foot to use these beautiful forests for a great national park. Just recently a large sum of money has been made available for constructing a forestry road through the Cherokee reservation, and this will connect Dahlonega with the surrounding country by a good highway.

Dahlonega itself nestles in a picturesque valley 2,200 feet above the sea level. From the Mountain Inn, one of the highest points in town, one sees in silhouette off to the southeast a range of peaks, each peak as well known to the native as the names of his children. To the east is Mount Walker, an extinct volcano that has not erupted within the ken of man. And off to the northeast lie the two mountains, Findley Ridge and Crown Mountain, both rich in unmined gold, while in the distance the Two Sisters, seen on a winter's morning capped with snow, in the sunshine are a picture right out of fairyland.

The Mountain Inn, with its wide halls, beamed ceilings, open fireplaces; its flower gardens, grape arbors and lily ponds; the walls strung with stuffed game and birds. is an Old-World scene, rather than a New. Distinguished people from all over the world have been entertained at the inn. Says Dr. Arnold, the philosophical proprietor, a mining engineer who came to Dahlonega 20 years ago and believed it worth while to stick: "We stay at home—and the mountain comes to Mahomet."

The site of the Mountain Inn is intimately connected with the early gold mining history of the state, fraught as it is with romance and high adventure. In 1832, the state of Georgia conducted a land lottery, and for the payment of $5 a person could draw a lot in the gold section varying in size from 40 to 320 acres. Curiously enough, many of the valuable lands acquired in this easy fashion went just as easily, and some of them changed hands in ways that made interesting history. Lot No. 951 on which now stands the Mountain Inn, acquired for $5, was swapped to a bootmaker for a pair of high boots, and was later sold to the Consolidated Mining Company for $5,000 for a club house site. The inn was originally called "the Southern Club." Since then seven and one-half of the original 40 acres has been given to the town for a schoolhouse site.

The fate of Lot No. 999 was no less thrilling. Costing the original owner $5, some time later the Consolidated, needing the site for a stamp mill, paid the owner $250,000 for it.

Dahlonega is the third oldest incorporated town in the state, and boasts the oldest court house standing in the States. Built in 1836, of red brick and stone trimmed, with Gothic arches and colonnades running through from east to west and from north to south, a stone wall around its elevated foundation, it has stood serene through storm and stress—through comedy and tragedy. On its steps, in 1849, stood Dr. M. F. Stephenson, an assayer in the mint for 50 years, a practical mining engineer in gold, silver and copper mining, and a man who believed firmly in Dahlonega as a great gold-producing center, who made his dramatic appeal that made history. The California gold fever was at its height, and the Dahlonega miners had laid down their spades and were ready to go. Mounting the court house steps, he pointed toward Findley Ridge, and, his voice husky with emotion, pleaded: "Don't go, boys—don't go. Do you see that ridge out there? There's millions in it, I tell you—*millions!*" Many of them did go, carrying the expression, "There's millions in it" into the California gold fields, where Mark Twain hearing it, put it into the mouth of the character he created and called "Colonel Mulberry Sellers."

Calhoun gold mine near Dahlonega where gold was first discovered in Georgia.

Free Jim gold mine near Dahlonega, showing a vein of gold.

Hydraulic gold mining in North Georgia.

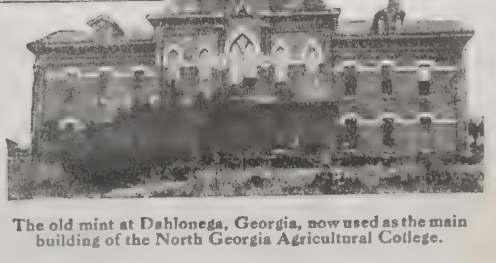
"Yes, it's a good court house," said Mr. Townsend, editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget*. "I have seen four jails wear out in the 67 years I have lived in Dahlonega, but the court house is as good as ever." Mr. Townsend has seen some strange sights in the 37 years he has edited the *Nugget*. He remembers when, in 1899, while grading in one of the side streets, they ran into one of the old unused shafts, and dug out about 1,000 pennyweight of gold. It was put into the town coffers. Another time, about 40 or more years ago, a vein was struck while men were digging a grave in a Negro cemetery. The gold is there yet. He remembers when they first struck gold on Findley Ridge, and came in all excitement, bringing nuggets in their pocket handkerchiefs. Also when they got out some gold that was said to assay $10,000 to the ton, the richest vein being found in an old tunnel that had been worked years before and the vein lost.

Nuckollsville, six miles distant, is a story in itself. There stood the first tavern, where laborers parted with their gold dust; also, until a few years ago, the first bank in the state—a small wooden structure with its doors driven full of nails as a protection against robbery. The Briar Patch mine at Nuckollsville was known far and wide as one of the richest in the Dahlonega belt.

Is Georgia, once first in gold production, coming back? Richer in surface gold than probably any other region in the world, and containing enormous deposits of low-grade sulphuretted ore, the question is being discussed in all seriousness in mining circles—will Georgia come back as the great gold-producing center of the United States?

More than 60 years ago Dahlonega had a gold boom. Now it seems likely that there will be another, but of a different sort. It will be a boom divested of the professional promoter, the lease shark, the speculator; of tent cities, the faro wheel, and all the attendant ills of the pioneer mining town. Science and chemistry have contributed much, even during the past 10 years, to the art of gold mining, and new methods have been perfected that will be used within a short time to mine ore. If gold mining has been divested of much of its romance, it has also been shorn of practically all its industrial risk. Mining is conducted with all the decorum and precision and attention to operating costs of any other gigantic industrial undertaking. When Dahlonega comes back, it will be with dignity and profit rather than with profligacy and wastefulness.

The history of the search for gold has been a story sometimes of greed, frequently of sorrow and deprivation and hardship, and often disappointment and death. Men faced dreadful perils to reach the gold fields of California, and in the gold rush to Alaska men froze to death on the terrible climb over the Chilkoot Pass. They washed gravel in the icy waters of the Yukon, thawed gold-laden gravel with hot boulders out of blue ice in the Arctic hillsides, and braved the dangers of the tropic jungles of Central and South America.



The old mint at Dahlonega, Georgia, now used as the main building of the North Georgia Agricultural College.

Gold is formed by the intensest heat within the interior of the earth, and (in a liquid state) is forced up through the cracks and crevices into rocky beds, where it is cooled That is why it is always found in small

(Concluded on page 14)

Industry's Stock Dividend Melons—and Lemons

Fight in Congress to Make Dividends Taxable Led by Brookhart

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

WHEN Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, rose in the Senate recently, and called upon the Secretary of the Treasury for the names of companies which "may have evaded taxation" by declaring stock dividends in 1922, we learned for the first time that 328 corporations had make stock distributions during the year amounting to more than two billions—$2,149,000,000, to be exact. Not only was this information startling in itself, but the request made upon Secretary Mellon may be interpreted as the first gun to be fired in the fight to make stock dividends taxable. It may also explain in part the stock dividend epidemic which swept over the country in the closing months of 1922, when life was just one stock distribution after another; when a stock dividend of less than 100 per cent created not even a ripple, and the old Standard Oil figure of 2,800 per cent, which shocked the world at the time, was smashed to smithereens. Certainly the country never saw such an orgy before, and even at this late date many are asking what it was all about.

There probably isn't anything about which the general public has so many misconceptions as the voting of a stock dividend, and what it means to the stockholder. The proverbial 99 of every 100 persons believe, in fact, that in some mysterious manner such a distribution of stock creates new values. On the contrary, a stock dividend, as a rule, isn't a "melon"; it's a lemon. But before I tell you why this is so, let us trace the spread of the epidemic which started in Wall Street in October and spread throughout the entire country before Christmas. And which apparently hasn't yet run its course.

In October, you may recall, the air, in New York at least, was filled with rumors of stocks dividends about to be declared, and that scores of well-known stocks showed immediate advances in price on the strength of these rumors. Then the movement to distribute accumulated surplus by voting stock dividends really began when the Gulf Oil Company, of which Secretary Mellon's brother is president, declared one of 200 per cent.

"Secretary Mellon knows something, and has told his brother," said the wise ones, although the Secretary of the Treasury had announced that he was not seeking additional taxes of any kind. Then when various Standard Oil Companies declared a series of huge stock dividends the suspicion that a movement was on foot to tax the surplus of corporations became a settled conviction.

Before we go further in tracing the financial orgy that resulted, let us get clearly in mind what a stock dividend is. A large corporation, we will say, finds that it has a surplus, which is the amount of assets over liabilities and outstanding capital stock. Or, if this is too technical, suppose we call it the reserve which the corporation has put by for the proverbial rainy day, for, while corporations are supposed to be without souls, they have their rainy days, just like folks. They find it necessary to maintain a surplus, therefore, to meet contingencies and to provide for development. This surplus usually comes from past earnings which have not been paid out as cash dividends, but it may also come from appreciation of the company's property.

Surplus, however, isn't merely another name for liquid assets. It is seldom if ever cash in the bank, unless it is needed for working capital. On the other hand, it is usually represented by plant expansion, equipment, raw or finished products, or machinery. This property, machinery and equipment has been accumulated over a period of years while the business was being built up. The fact that many of the companies which voted stock dividends late last year have also borrowed money recently at high interest rates goes to prove that little of their surplus existed as cash.

How It Works Out

LET us assume that you are a stockholder, a partner, in a corporation that has accumulated a surplus. The corporation wishes to transfer this surplus to its capital account; it wishes to capitalize these earnings, in whatever form they may be. If you were the sole owner of a business, you could accomplish the same result merely by an entry in your books, but a large corporation votes to increase its capital stock and subsequently to divide this increase with its shareholders in the form of a stock dividend.

You own, let us say, a hundred shares of stock—one per cent—in a corporation which has 10,000 shares outstanding. These are valued at $100 each, so the corporation is capitalized at $100 times 10,000 shares, or $1,000.000. It has a surplus of $1,500,000, so the directors *could* declare a stock dividend of 150 per cent. But that would wipe out the entire rainy-day fund, so they compromise by declaring one of 100 per cent. Instead of having one share of stock, then, you have two, but your interest in the corporation—one per cent—remains the same; you merely have two pieces of paper where you had one before. If the dividend rate remained the same on the new stock, your income of course would be doubled, but it is usually cut in half when a 100 per cent dividend is voted, or reduced, say, from 12 per cent to three per cent in the case of a 400 per cent "melon." So your dividend return—your income from dividends—would be no more than it was before the distribution of stock. You would be better off only if your extra shares of stock could be sold for more than the original shares. But in most cases they couldn't, because the market price of a stock is largely determined by its earnings and dividends.

Corporations may declare stock dividends in the belief that future earnings will enable it to pay the old dividend rate on the increased number of shares, but this does not work out in practice. You may recall that in numerous instances the stocks which advanced in price last October, while stock dividend rumors were being circulated, actually registered declines after the dividend was announced. The corporation was no worse off for this action, nor were you any better off financially.

If you were a holder of common stock, in fact, you may have found yourself worse off, for after a stock dividend is declared the corporation's accumulated earnings are dedicated to the company, and are therefore no longer available for cash payments.

If you are a preferred stockholder, on the other hand, you are to be congratulated, for surplus consisting of equipment and property, once dedicated to the company through the voting of a stock dividend, cannot be disposed of. This means, of course, additional security for the preferred stock. In four of five cases we are safe in saying that the only stockholder to benefit from these distributions is the preferred stockholder. Especially is the common stockholder to be pitied if a poor year comes along—and they do—when his corporation, having put its surplus into the business, finds itself too poor to pay a cash dividend.

All these things being true, then, what is the explanation of the wave of stock dividends that swept the country in October, November and December?

The Steel People Didn't

THERE are a dozen so-called reasons, but perhaps the best one is fear of drastic tax legislation, sooner or later, by the new Congress. Corporations are obsessed with the fear that "radical" members of the new Congress will stampede the others into levying a special tax on the undistributed surplus of corporations, since the mass of voters do not own stocks, and therefore would not oppose such a move. They recall the threats that were made during the last Congressional campaign to tax undivided surpluses of corporations, and that this Congress of "blocs" has shown in a dozen instances that it will not be guided either by President Harding or the members of his Cabinet. Companies, therefore, feel that they must shield their earnings from observation, and hide their surpluses by including them in their capitalization. For if taxes are levied, they probably argue, they are not likely to be retroactive. If this is good reasoning, however, why has the United States Steel Corporation taken no action toward capitalizing its surplus? The directors of the "Steel Trust" are not the kind to be caught napping.

Another reason for voting a stock dividend is that the corporation, believing its stock has reached a price too high for the average investor, reduces the market price by splitting the share into smaller units. A corporation may also think it is good business, when it is earning 20 per cent, to capitalize its surplus by declaring a stock dividend, and thus reduce the rate of earnings to approximately eight per cent. By paying smaller dividends upon a larger capitalization, think the directors, the corporation is less likely to invite criticism from Congress or the people.

Several Senators and Congressmen maintain that stock dividends are voted for the express purpose of dodging taxes. Senator Capper, of Kansas, in fact, asserts that the Treasury is losing taxes at the rate of $500,000,000 a year because the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is not imposing the 25 per cent tax, provided by the income tax law, upon the net income of a corporation which permits its gains and profits to accumulate "beyond the reasonable needs of the business."

Brookhart Not Alone

THE Commissioner is not likely to enforce this provision of the income tax law, however, for he probably agrees that a corporation is the best judge of how much surplus it needs, whether that surplus be in cash, raw or finished products, ships, rolling stock, equipment, buildings or machinery.

There is little to support the contention that the government loses revenue when the number of shares of a corporation is increased by the declaration of a stock dividend. This act does not affect the assets or surplus of a corporation, point out Treasury officials, because surplus is usually in tangible property other than cash, and therefore cannot be distributed. The Supreme Court, furthermore, has ruled that surplus is not distributed by means of a stock dividend, and that stock dividends, provided out of undistributed surplus, are not taxable. In view of the Supreme Court's ruling, Senator Brookhart's fight to make such dividends taxable is likely to prove warm and interesting. And Senator Brookhart is not the only "radical" in Congress who is carrying on the fight, for others are known to favor a retroactive tax on undistributed earnings, or a special tax on stock dividends themselves. It is these men whom the corporations are watching; it is these men whom the corporations apparently tried to circumvent in declaring stock dividends by wholesale late in 1922. But the question that will occur to the reader is this: In their hasty attempt to shield their earnings from observation, haven't the corporations which declared dividends made conspicuous targets of themselves? Haven't they invited the attack which, judging from Senator Brookhart's move, is sure to come?

Canada's Literary Renaissance

THERE is a stir in the Northland. Canada has suddenly discovered the possession of a national literary conscience and is shouting her satisfaction from every housetop between Halifax and Victoria, not only that the man in the street below may hear, but in hopes that the man in the country below may also heed. Like all who have remained long abed she is hastening to make up for lost time and the wind of her bustle is felt throughout every publishing house on the continent. Never before has so much Canadian ink been poured out on Canadian paper; so many stories, essays, poems, been submitted to magazine editors; so many book manuscripts started out to seek their owners' fortunes. The rush began about two years ago until now it has attained the proportions of a national uprising of the ink-stained literati.

Who cast the first stone that started this avalanche of letters it is impossible to say. It is customary to blame the war for every unaccountable phenomenon. Certainly the rigid economy of the war tended to dam back the usual gentle flow of ink until a considerable flood lay waiting behind the sluice-gates for the return of normalcy. But it is safe to say that no previous holding back would have gathered such a volume in so short a time. It was as though all those who had been marking time for a decade had suddenly become fired with the zest of accomplishment, as though literary ambition had leaped into the heart of every school and college clamoring for expression, as though the greater the problems confronting the publishing houses the more insistent grew the voice of the public for a new, virile Canadian literature.

It seemed to begin as far back as June, 1914, when Dr. John D. Logan, Ph.D., one of the sanest of critics, came on the first volume of an unidentified writer and heralded the second birth of Canadian poetry. Then two years later another John the Baptist made his voice heard in the wilderness with a splendid anthology of "Canadian Poets," which proclaimed to the world at large the excellence of Canadian wares; and, again, after two years, Professor B. K. Sandwell, of McGill University, launched without money and without price a periodical devoted to "literature, the library and the printed book." With the coming of the *Canadian Bookman* the indistinguishable murmur seemed to coordinate and burst into one full diapason of sound. And last, and as a natural consequent, came the organization last March of the Canadian Authors' Association, with nearly 1,000 members and associates. The renaissance had become a *fait accompli.*

Now that Canada had found her five esthetic senses, the first thing she did was to scan her ranks for possible virtue. She found plenty of it, but to her dismay she also found much of it missing. Never before had she realized to what extent she was being systematically pilfered of her artistic brains. Pride in her lost legion was marred by regret. Late, but not too late, she stretched out her hand and laid claim to expatriated children of her loins:

"Bliss Carman, whom we believe is the greatest living poet, is mine," she cries; "Charles G. D. Roberts and Ernest Thompson-Seton, and W. A. Fraser and William J. Long, founders of the wild animal school of literature, are mine; Basil King, portrayer of the outer sense and the inner soul and of the dim, black gulfs behind, is all mine; Ralph Connor is mine, with his 1,000,000 readers; Gilbert Parker is mine and most of his romances have been plucked from my very heart; Agnes Laut, the historian; Marshall Saunders, of the children's classic, "Beautiful Joe"; Arthur Stringer and Theodore G. Roberts, the tellers of tales; Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall, Robert Norwood and Robert Service, all are mine, and whether they reside in foreign countries or not, they are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh."

It was not her artistic poverty nor her brutality that drove them out and they bore no malice apparently. Many returned to her side at the first call and last spring there was a regular family reunion. Bliss Carman was not only wined and dined (this was in Quebec) but showered with those honors that are so long withheld from a prophet in his own country—to say nothing of those profits that rightly belong with such honor. Basil King left his peaceful town where

> "The Cabots talk with the Lowells
> And the Lowells talk with God,"

to suffuse his benign enthusiasm over the seven (hundred) newly awakened Sleepers of Ephesus. They gathered from every village between Acadia and Victoria, the writers, publishers, sellers and buyers of books, drew up a kind of Declaration of Literary Independence and dedicated their services to "the mutual benefit and protection of the interests of Canadian authors and for the maintenance of high ideals and practice in the literary profession."

The results are already patent. Canadian publishers announce that the volume of manuscripts has doubled, with a remarkably high standard of quality; magazine editors are being deluged with fiction; bookshops are displaying and disposing of more of their country's wares than ever before, and when an author moves about the country he is taken in and set down at the right hand of the chairman, among bishops, generals and politicians. With such a beginning what will the harvest be? Canada is prepared to write and see.

Room and Board for the Birds That Serve

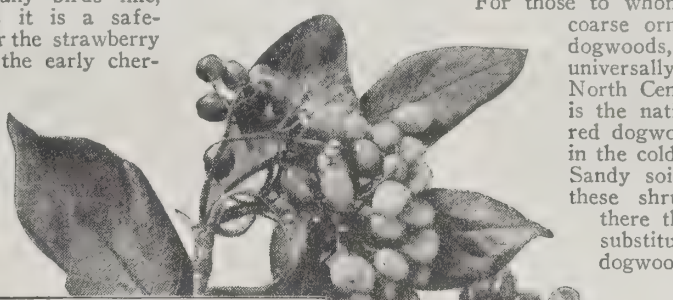
Quiet, Sheltered Spot With Suitable Trees and Shrubs Will Attract Your Feathered Friends and Protect Your Garden

By FRANZ A. AUST
Associate Professor of Landscape Design,
University of Wisconsin.

YOU call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from your cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms—

sang the poet many years ago. If Longfellow had written today, it is possible that he might have added to his verse the thought, "Birds will not steal if they can find as much of their own natural food as they need."

The biggest strawberries and the ripest cherries and the fattest peas in your garden, to be sure, sometimes seem the natural choice of many a bird which you otherwise esteem as a respectable insect "cop." But look around. The chances are there is nothing else growing in your yard which will take the place of that part of the birds' diet. Birds cannot live on bugs and worms alone. They believe in balanced rations —even those varieties that seem to be most fond of a choice cut of grasshopper or corn borer or some other pest which destroys the growing crops. But they will not usually devour the tame fruits if there are plenty of wild fruits near.



Clusters of luscious fruit on native shrubs are a delight to birds and protect your own home garden.

One of the best ways to attract the birds which are so valuable to have about us, and incidentally to keep them law-abiding citizens instead of robbers, is to make a bird garden. On the farm, and in the smaller towns, and even in the city occasionally, some kind of bird garden is possible. There can be nesting places and well-stocked larders for many different birds, and some of them will stay the year 'round.

Japanese barberry is an addition to a bird garden. It furnishes food in winter and early spring, and forms a "safety zone" for smaller birds which like to nest in low-growing shrubs.

Now a bird garden may be elaborate and expensive, or it may consist merely of a few well-chosen trees and shrubs, a dish for water, and a place to scatter the winter crumbs. Of all these perhaps the most important is the well-selected tree or shrub placed in just the right spot. The number will, of course, depend upon how much room you have to devote to a garden of this sort.

A quiet sheltered place where the whole family can watch the birds from kitchen or dining room windows is ideal. For we all admit that one reason we wish to attract the birds is because our dooryards seem empty without them. This selected spot must not be too near the highway where passing travelers will annoy the nests. It must be away from the haunts of cats if possible. It should be sheltered from the wind, and yet it should have plenty of sun. Birds will not stay in a too shady location.

With care, many kinds of birds can be coaxed to nest in your garden. Trees will bring the robins and the orioles. The right kind of shrubs will invite smaller birds which nest off the ground. An elevated rock pile, perhaps, could be arranged with moss and leaves and grass in its crevices for those which choose to build on the ground or among the stones.

There are certain kinds of trees which can be universally planted, and which will furnish berries and seeds for the feathered folk the greater part of the year. The red cedar or juniper tree is one which has berries for every season. The red cedar is especially attractive to the cedar waxwing for both nesting and feeding. There are 35 other varieties, besides, which feed upon the berries.

Orioles often make their nests in the paper birch which grows 50 or 60 feet high. Of all bird friends, especially in town, the oriole is one of the most valuable because he eats so many of the pests which attack the fruit and foliage trees. For a part of his diet he relishes the seeds found in the catkins of the birch tree.

The Juneberry tree common throughout the Middle West grows 20 or 30 feet high. It has one of the earliest ripening fruits, a sweet berry which many birds like, and thus it is a safeguard for the strawberry bed and the early cherries. The mulberry too ripens at about this same time and helps to board more than 50 varieties of bird folk. While this tree will not always fruit in the colder climates, it will produce in any section where the cherry grows. Then there are the native cherries to protect the later ripening domestic kind. Pin cherries ripen soon after the Juneberry, and 66 different kinds of birds are fond of them.

At the most critical season, early spring, when birds return to the North and are able to find but little food, the red haw and the native mountain ash still retain their berries. These are especially liked by larger birds and will tide them over until other foods appear.

Of the low-growing shrubs, wild roses and the fragrant sumach form a pleasing combination, both because of their colors and because of their usefulness. These furnish food for 80 or 90 different birds every month in the year, or until all the berries are eaten. Fragrant sumach can be grown wherever forsythia or privet will thrive. The snowberry is another good choice, and this will grow wherever the fragrant sumach is hardy.

Native gooseberry bushes and the Japanese barberry are excellent selections of low-growing shrubs for an outdoor bird home. Gooseberries are ripe during the season of domestic fruits, and the barberry exhibits its cheery red berries during the cold snowy months. Both splendidly protect birds from cats, and even the weasel cannot enter this sanctuary. Hence many of the smaller birds will nest in their sheltering branches.

Of the higher-growing shrubs, the common cut-leaf, or black, elderberry is good. This combines well with other shrubs, and its fruit is valuable as a protection for the later blackberry bushes. Likewise there is the red elder, the fruit of which ripens before the black.

For those to whom the elder bush seems a coarse ornamentation, there are the dogwoods, red and gray. These are universally distributed throughout the North Central States. Since Siberia is the native home of the European red dogwood, this too can be grown in the colder sections of this country. Sandy soil is the only place where these shrubs do not prosper, and there the sand cherry is a fitting substitute for either elderberry or dogwood.

Native sumachs, staghorn and smooth, will grow farther north than the fragrant variety, and will furnish food for every season. There are the viburnums, too, one of which is the high bush cranberry with its fruit appetizing for both birds and folks. The black haw, or Indian raisin, with its fleshy blue berry, the arrow wood and the nanny berry with their brilliant fall colorings, are all additions to a bird garden. The deciduous holly, also, can be cultivated almost anywhere if it has plenty of rich soil and moisture. Both the male and the female plants are needed, however, so there must be more than one plant that the fruit may set.

One of the higher-growing shrubs is the high bush cranberry. There is ample room for nests in its branches and there is appetizing board later in the season when the berries are ripe.

Some birds are particularly happy where there are vines. The green, or "cat" briar, as it is sometimes called, attracts 38 varieties. Green briar, too, like some of the shrubs, is a good policeman, for it arrests many a feline tramp in search of a dainty meal. Wild grape and Virginia creeper can be grown along the fences, and 40 or 50 varieties of birds are known to be fond of their clusters of fruit.

There is a common notion that when a bird garden is situated near lake or stream, baths are not needed. But this is one feature without which no bird home is quite complete. From actual observation it has been found that most birds on the campus of the University of Wisconsin use the baths provided instead of taking their daily dips in the waters of Lake Mendota.

Provide accommodations for the birds that serve. They will not betray your hospitality.

Cabinet Dragged Into Cronkhite Case Through Intrigues of Racial Clique

Harding's Advisers Swayed Through Constant Pressure in Behalf of Rosenbluth

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

"His experience has qualified him for increased usefulness in the future and his past achievements entitle him to the commendation and support of those whom he has so faithfully served."—Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, in urging the re-election of United States Senator William M. Calder, October, 1922.

IN PREVIOUS chapters on the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case, detailed accounts were given of how, when Robert Rosenbluth was arrested in New York City, on March 23, 1921, at a place known as the Civic Club, charged with the murder of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, a skillfully organized racial group, one of whose important activities is the protection of Jews accused of crime, came to his support, as it had come, in similar circumstances, to the support, in 1914, of one Leo M. Frank, at Atlanta, Georgia. A publicity scheme was launched, by which Rosenbluth was to be depicted as a martyr, the evidence against him discredited, a spurious "retraction" to be obtained from his accuser, and a fabricated "exoneration" published by his attorneys in New York. Thus Rosenbluth's case was to be tried in the newspapers, and he was to be acquitted outside the law courts, and without the customary trial by judge and jury.

Thereupon ensued a chapter of history which may be instructive in showing the ease by which crafty men can disrupt the fabric of fundamental law. The facts presented are of official record, and the reader may readily follow the course of this subtle intrigue to its logical conclusion and its inevitable exposure.

It may be well to review the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite case as it appeared at that moment. Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, a West Point graduate, while training troops for over-sea service during the war period of 1918, was shot and killed on a lonely trail in the United States Army reservation at Camp Lewis, State of Washington. The only witnesses present, Rosenbluth and Pothier, swore that his death was accidental. Shortly afterward, Rosenbluth was mustered out and immediately went to Russia and Asiatic countries in the service of Secretary Herbert Hoover's organization, where he remained nearly two years, on what appears to have been a wide variety of missions. His secret code book, dealing mostly with speculative opportunities attractive to International Bankers, is a part of the record.

Soon Found Discrepancies

BUT the talk of men of the 213th Engineers caused the Department of Justice to send its agents out on the case, and they soon learned that there were significant discrepancies between the facts of the death of the young officer, and the testimony as given by the two witnesses. This investigation was begun under the administration of the predecessor of Attorney-General Daugherty. It was some two years later that Pothier, a French-Canadian, importuned by Father Liberté, the priest of his church, to tell the truth, publicly admitted that he had perjured himself at the military board of inquiry, that he had shot the young major, and he incriminated his companion, Rosenbluth. Rosenbluth had just returned from abroad. Both men were arrested, charged with first degree murder. This was in March, 1921. The two men were then—as they are today, although indicted for premeditated murder—presumed to be innocent until proved guilty. But their innocence must and can only be established after a trial conducted according to the due processes of law. For the last two years, however, through bold intrigues that have become a national scandal, their trial has been delayed. Rosenbluth has been continuously at liberty while Pothier has been closely confined.

In practical politics it is an axiom that political support must be recompensed by the performance of adequate services made in return. There then appeared in the Rosenbluth case the personality of United States Senator William M. Calder, whose political preferment depended more or less upon the support of a large Jewish constituency in New York City. Appeared also Miss Katherine B. Davis, one-time commissioner of correction, by whom Rosenbluth, some eight years before, had been intrusted with prisoners from the New York City Reformatory for Male Misdemeanants, to be taken to a farm at New Hampton, New York, *of which activity more hereafter.*

Immediately on Rosenbluth's arrest, Senator Calder and Miss Davis, *knowing nothing of the case, entirely ignorant of evidence or testimony,* at once proclaimed: "He is innocent!" Which bare assertion, naturally, was of no weight or consequence whatever.

Miss Davis, accompanied by Rosenbluth, who had been liberated on bail, at once went to Washington, where, upon the unsupported statements of a man charged with murder, very oddly, Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, wrote a letter to his fellow member of the President's Cabinet, Attorney-General Daugherty, in which he said:

> This will introduce to you Miss Katherine Davis, who is interested in the case of Robert Rosenbluth.
>
> I would indeed consider it a favor if you see Miss Davis for a moment as I fear there is a great miscarriage of justice in the whole process.

Eight days later, on April 13, 1921, Senator Calder similarly communicated with Attorney-General Daugherty, in a letter in which he made the following astounding proposition:

From the Chicago *Tribune:*

Donald Ewing, of the Chicago *Tribune* staff, has just completed a series of articles dealing with the Cronkhite case. This marks the first attempt by the newspaper press to present an unbiased account of the facts in the death of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, which occurred in the autumn of 1918. One statement which appeared in the last chapter of the Ewing series is worthy of reprinting here in connection with Mr. Collman's telling of the facts in the Cronkhite case, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT having been the first publication to reveal the truth in the mystery. Mr. Ewing says:

"Federal Judge Fields, in charging the jury said:

> **" 'You should indict only if you are certain that, if sitting as a trial jury, you would convict the men you are investigating. You are to indict only if you are certain they are guilty.'**

"The jury indicted Rosenbluth and Pothier for 'willful and premeditated murder of Alexander P. Cronkhite,' after 30 days of investigation. No United States attorney was present the day the indictments were discussed and voted. Seventy witnesses testified."

> United States Senate, April 13, 1921.
>
> My Dear Mr. Daugherty:
>
> The case of Robert Rosenbluth, which has already been brought to your attention by Secretary Hoover, and Miss Katherine Davis, is in my opinion of the highest importance and ought to have the most careful consideration.
>
> I am convinced that there are such extraordinary features in this case as to warrant my making a definite recommendation to you, that an entirely new and confidential and thorough investigation be made, employing men in no way connected with the case in the past, and receiving their instructions from, and reporting directly and only to either yourself, Mr. Gibbs (private secretary to the Attorney-General) or Mr. Stewart personally.
>
> I have asked Rosenbluth, if you would agree to order such new and thorough investigation, employing men and reporting only and directly to you, whether he would be willing to help you by revealing fully all the facts as he knows them, and furnishing names and addresses or records which could prove his facts, and whether he would waive all legal technicalities to further such an investigation. His answer is, "The only thing I am asking for is justice." He is here in Washington, "ready to go," when you order. In conclusion, may I express the hope that you will go thoroughly into this matter? My only interest is that complete justice be done.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> William M. Calder.

Here we see the studied attempt of a United States Senator, quoting the co-operation of a United States Secretary of Commerce, to bring influence to bear upon a United States Attorney-General for an abandonment of all established methods of legal procedure, thus tending to thwart justice in a criminal case.

Calder Didn't Want Much

FOR two years, competent Federal investigators and able United States attorneys, men of standing in their profession and the government service, had been working on the Rosenbluth-Cronkhite affair. For that entire period they had been endeavoring to get from Rosenbluth "all the facts as he knows them." Rosenbluth and Pothier had made numerous depositions, which showed wide and suspicious discrepancies from previous testimony. Through conscientious work, Federal prosecutors had developed matters to a point where they had felt justified in recommending the arrest of the two men on a charge of murder.

Now Mr. Calder requested the Attorney-General to sweep aside all this work, and permit a man, arrested and under bail for a capital crime, to direct the investigation of his own case. Secure in the advice of prominent counsel, who had been able to disclose to him the peril of previous admissions, this man was to have the opportunity of repudiating all his previous testimony, and clear himself.

Under our laws all are equal. Many men at that time were accused of capital crime. Each of them would have had an equal right with Rosenbluth to claim this special privilege. Under this precedent, as men eminent in the law are agreed, it would have been practically impossible thereafter to obtain a conviction for committed crime.

Mr. Daugherty hesitated, and no wonder. Eight days after the receipt of the above letter, when Senator Calder, Robert Rosenbluth and Miss Katherine Davis called at his office, he declined to see them. Few unused to public life know the tremendous influences secretly exerted upon government officers. The Attorney-General saw himself opposed by an organized race, and knew its previous successes in ruining the careers of men who had refused to grant its constant importunities. Other pressure was used upon him. **In the end he succumbed to the extraordinary proposal to accept the proffered "aid" of a man accused of murder. And he notified Senator Calder to that effect.**

But the plot to undermine the prosecution of Rosenbluth was of a twofold character. While on the one hand prominent men were trying to cozen the Department of Justice, with the secret design of nullifying its activities, on the other a scheme was being pursued to discredit the department in the public mind by tampering with an important government witness.

This was first indicated in a statement given to the newspapers by Senator Calder on April 22, in which he said that it had been reported to him that within the last three days, Pothier had declared that both he and Rosenbluth were innocent of the death of Major Cronkhite. Pothier had previously made a sworn confession that he and Rosenbluth were guilty of the young officer's murder, and it is not in human nature to suppose that a man of Pothier's type, when besought by a priest of his church to tell the truth, would have lied in making the admission that it was a bullet from his gun that had killed the major. But Calder's statement was a cue for the New York *World,* the semi-official organ of the New York Kehillah, to make an attempt to discredit Pothier's testimony. The *World,* after having first sent its reporter to see Rosenbluth and his attorney, Jonah J. Goldstein, printed an alleged "retraction" of Pothier's confession. This was immediately taken advantage of, in the manner previously described, to impugn the integrity of the Attorney-General and the department's prosecution of Rosenbluth.

Daugherty Senses Trap

MR. DAUGHERTY now realized the trap into which he had been led by listening to specious counsels. For the Department of Justice was suddenly in the receipt of letters from Jonah J. Goldstein, Rosenbluth's counsel, stating that he intended to move the court for the discharge of the bail given by his client for the latter's appearance before the United States District Court, for the Western District of Washington.

Mr. R. P. Stewart, the assistant attorney-general, was instructed to notify Francis G. Caffey, then United States Attorney in New York City, to resist Goldstein's motion with the utmost vigor. Mr. Caffey was informed of the circumstances by which a clique had deluded the department.

> A complaint had been filed before a United States commissioner in New York City asking for the commitment of Rosenbluth, to the end that he should be removed, under Section 1014, Revised Statutes, for trial before the United States District Court for the Western District of Washington, on the charge of murder, in connection with the death of Major Cronkhite, at Camp Lewis. The government was prepared to show probable cause for the belief that Rosenbluth was guilty of this offense, but Rosenbluth waived his right to a trial and agreed to his removal, and voluntarily entered into a bond, in the sum of $25,000, conditioned for his appearance before the United States Court, for the Western District of Washington, to answer to the charge aforesaid. If the proceedings had stopped there, Rosenbluth would, by that time (May 25, 1921) have been compelled by the United States

> to appear before the court in Washington. The matter did not stop here, however. Rosenbluth himself took the matter up with the Attorney-General, and urged, personally and through his friends, that he should not be compelled to appear before the United States Court, for the Western District of Washington, until and unless a full and complete investigation of the case, from his point of view, as well as from the point of view of Major Cronkhite's relatives, had been made.

(Note: The investigator, Mr. Chastain, who was detailed by the Attorney-General, at the request of Senator Calder, Secretary Hoover, Katherine Davis and others, to make this impartial investigation, was forbidden to communicate with Major Cronkhite's relatives. He examined six witnesses from a list of 108, whereupon, subsequently, the investigation terminated.)

Moved solely by the solicitations and representations of Rosenbluth and his friends, the Attorney-General ordered such a full investigation, and directed that no proceedings should be taken, looking toward Rosenbluth's removal to Washington, until the said investigation had been completed, and the result reported to him, the Attorney-General. The investigation was immediately undertaken in good faith and was carried forward with all speed. Under these circumstances, the Department was utterly unable to understand how Rosenbluth could consistently claim that he was entitled to be discharged from his bail, or what reason there could possibly be for discharging him. He had waived removal, he had entered voluntarily into the recognizance in question, and the delay in requiring his appearance before the United States District Court, was entirely due to his own actions, the Department having always had sufficient *prima facie* evidence to hold him upon the charges in question.

Hoodwinked—That's All!

THE truth of the matter was that the officials in Washington were utterly unaware of the unscrupulousness of the "oriental minds" that were being pitted against them in New York City. United States Attorney Caffey, in New York, quickly informed them of the manner in which they had been hoodwinked.

But the Attorney-General's fatal complaisance had set machinery in motion which he was no longer able to control. A month or so later, Rosenbluth's bail was actually discharged, and the man set free. The Department of Justice had apparently dropped the proceedings, the case was reported to be one for the state authorities, and the persons who were protecting Rosenbluth began to concentrate their energies upon the prosecutor of Pierce County, Washington.

Meanwhile, from Jewish circles, headed by Senator William M. Calder, there arose a sudden clamor in the shape of demands upon Mr. Daugherty that he officially "exonerate" Rosenbluth. But in the possession of Mr. Daugherty was evidence bearing upon the murder of a human being. Such evidence is like a consuming fire, which grows with attempts at suppression. He had no alternative. The evidence was presented to a Federal grand jury, at Tacoma, Washington, and it was corroborated by the testimony of more than 70 witnesses. Indictments for premeditated murder were found against Pothier and Rosenbluth and they were re-arrested. And at this writing, so stands the case against them today.

Now all pretense was thrown aside, and from Rosenbluth, his *counsel's law partner, Samuel Untermyer,* and the leaders of the propaganda, came loud outcries: *"Daugherty must be impeached!"* Not only the Attorney-General, but Colonel Hayward, in New York, in fact all officials of the government who in any way had been concerned in the Rosenbluth case were made to feel the wrath and venom of organized Jewry.

But the murder of young Major Cronkhite can never be suppressed, the men charged with it must be placed on trial, or the case will never die within men's memory, and those who are opposing the inevitable are conjuring up a storm that in the end must bring retribution upon the heaped-up influences of evil which have so long operated from New York.

After thus having reviewed the details of the plot designed to entrap the Attorney-General and disrupt the machinery of the Department of Justice, we must now retrace our steps to see what effect this intrigue exercised upon the affairs of the War Department. General Cronkhite, it will be recalled, while trying to clear up the mystery which had been enveloped about the death of his son, was ordered, against his protests, to quit the country and assume command of the Panama Canal Department. On the eve of sailing, he read the official announcement that Rosenbluth and Pothier were to be discharged from custody, without further prosecution. As it appeared that the Department of Justice was not doing what was necessary to convict those who had been accused of the murder of his son, on July 17, 1921, the general addressed a communication to Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War, in which he said:

> There is no question that, but for a peremptory order of the Attorney-General, stopping the indictment of the men charged with this crime, in order to hold an impartial investigation into the case, WHICH WAS NEVER HELD, these men would have been indicted and probably tried. There is no question that this action was ordered upon the request of Senator Calder, Secretary Hoover, Katherine Davis and others; that it was so published in the press, and so acknowledged to me by the Attorney-General.

Daugherty Rebukes Rosenbluth

Mr. Ewing again states:

*** * * *"Congressman Ansorge, of New York, wrote Mr. Daugherty that Captain Rosenbluth did not want to 'run away from any further investigation,' that he welcomed a full and fair inquiry before any duly constituted tribunal having authority, but did not want 'an investigation 3,000 miles away by a grand jury the Department of Justice itself previously has said has no jurisdiction.'**

"Mr. Daugherty replied that the facts did not warrant exoneration of Rosenbluth, and then continued:

"'Why should Captain Rosenbluth be permitted the unheard-of privilege of selecting the forum which is to investigate him? Why should not this matter take the ordinary course? Now that he is getting precisely what he prayed for at one time—a thorough investigation—he desires to take charge of it and run it.

"'Within a fortnight he was procuring a Senator to place before this department precisely what you have placed before it and, receiving what was an unsatisfactory reply to him, he appeals to you and as soon as he has this reply I am writing you he will then appeal to someone else, covering the entire territory of the United States.

"'There are very serious issues of fact involved in this matter and I cannot permit them to be decided by any unofficial referee at New York or elsewhere. The matter must take its ordinary course. If he has done no wrong he will be exonerated; if he has done wrong, he ought to be prosecuted.'"

> Again, Mr. Secretary, I protest against this action of the Attorney-General, and I request such action on your part, as shall insure the execution of his bounden duty in this case, prevent the flagrant injustice contemplated, by every means in your power; and thereby enable the determination of the facts in the killing of this young officer, whose life was cut short without warning, in the prime of his young manhood.
>
> I come to you at this late hour to ask your assistance because the Attorney-General has declined to see me since June 2, 1921, notwithstanding repeated requests on my part, and repeated promises by him that he would see me at the first opportunity.

Secretary Weeks Misinformed

GENERAL CRONKHITE received a reply from Major-General Harbord, in which the latter wrote:

> I am directed by the Secretary of War to call your attention to the loose allegations contained in paragraph 18 of your letter to him, involving as they do serious reflections on the Attorney-General of the United States and containing statements, which, while they may be overlooked in this instance because of the sympathy of the Secretary of War for you in your bereavement, must not be repeated. The allegation that the action of the Attorney-General was ordered on the request of another member of the Cabinet, a Senator of the United States, and others, throws so grave a doubt on the integrity of that office, coming as it does from an officer of the Army, that only the Secretary's sympathy for you and his belief that your bereavement has disqualified you for a dispassionate view of a decision which may be considered adverse, constrains him to withhold disciplinary action.

Rosenbluth's remarkable reason for not wanting to plead to the indictment of murder, as given below, is answered admirably by Thomas P. Revelle, United States Attorney at Seattle, who knows something of the evidence of the 70 witnesses whose stories brought the indictment of Rosenbluth and Pothier. Rosenbluth said:

"Personally, I would be glad to stand trial, but just after the indictments, Mr. Revelle, in a newspaper interview, said either side could raise the point of jurisdiction and that it might take four years for it to go through the various courts of appeal and be definitely settled. In the meantime I would be in jail under a murder charge and would not be permitted to give bail. So my attorneys insisted that the point of jurisdiction be settled before a trial was started. Commissioner Hitchcock held there was no jurisdiction. That seems to me to settle it. Revelle also said he hoped the point of jurisdiction would be raised. That indicated he might later raise it and the decision in my case be thrown out by a Supreme Court after I stood trial."

Mr. Revelle explained:

"I never said it would take four years to settle such a point. As a lawyer, I, of course, hope that some day a final court will pass on my brief contending the government has jurisdiction and will uphold it. Mr. Rosenbluth can come out here any time and get an immediate trial, and rest assured the government will never raise any such point. It would be foolish for the government to contest its own contentions."

The reader who has scanned the letter written by Senator Calder to the Attorney-General, *and the communication authorized by the Attorney-General to Colonel Caffey, in New York,* can readily see that the charge made by General Cronkhite was based upon authenticated fact, while Secretary Weeks was entirely misinformed as to the true situation. In fact, the criticism of Mr. Weeks indicates an actual condemnation of the influences exercised upon the Department of Justice by Senator Calder and his associates.

General Cronkhite's reply was:

> I request that a court of inquiry be convened to examine into the nature of the imputations made against me in this letter (of Major General Harbord), both as made direct and by implication.
>
> These imputations are a reflection on my character and reputation as an officer of the Army of the United States, in which I have served with unblemished record for more than 43 years. It cannot be within the purview of any person officially to assail the honor and probity of an officer, without a hearing and without a full and fair determination of facts.

The Secretary of War, on October 10, denied the request for a court of inquiry, although such a court would have immediately established the truth of General Cronkhite's so-called "loose allegations."

As may now be seen, *the first official imputation against General Cronkhite appears of record as of July 23, 1921, when what amounted to a reprimand by the Secretary of War* was administered to him through the Chief of Staff. Proud of his record and stung to the quick by the suggestion of wrong on his part, the victim of this rebuke was prompt to request that a court of inquiry be appointed to determine the facts.

Though it is not usual to deny an officer charged with misconduct the opportunity to establish his innocence by a court of inquiry, which is the means provided by the Ninety-seventh Article of War, for some reason in this case it was so denied. *And in so doing, a great scandal was suppressed.* It would seem that the Secretary of War, though undoubtedly acting in the utmost good faith, had pre-judged General Cronkhite upon the *ex parte* representations of his immediate superiors.

General Denied His Rights

THE Ninety-seventh Article of War which authorizes the President or any commanding officer to appoint a court of inquiry to determine the facts in the case where the conduct or character of an officer is impugned, also gives an aggrieved officer the right of appeal to higher authority where a request for a court of inquiry is refused.

Accordingly, General Cronkhite, in the full exercise of a vested right, appealed from the action of the Secretary of War to the President as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. If wrong on his part should be found by a regularly established military tribunal upon a full hearing of the facts, if it should be found that his abilities as an officer were impaired by his natural grief as a father, as suggested by the Secretary of War, if his services were no longer of value to the Army and the country, the general was anxious and willing to retire voluntarily under the provisions of existing law.

The President, however, did not order a court of inquiry, nor was it suggested by the President that General Cronkhite make good his offer to tender an application for retirement. On the contrary, the effect of his appeal was to cause the President, without confirming the rebuke administered by the Secretary of War, to direct that General Cronkhite be assigned for three months to the duty of collecting evidence in the case of his son for the authorities of the state of Washington in order that the crime which had been confessed might be punished.

The President, no doubt from the best motive, in overruling the Secretary of War, did not afford General Cronkhite the opportunity to establish his innocence of the misconduct charged by Mr. Weeks. The effect of this was not only to leave General Cronkhite in an unfortunate position with respect to his superiors, but to leave the written charges of the Secretary of War officially undenied upon his record. However high the motive of the President may have been, therefore, the effect of his action was none the less injurious to General Cronkhite.

When some of the facts in this case were recently laid before the Senate Military Committee by Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, Senator Calder denied the charge that he had caused delay in the prosecution of the alleged murderers of Major Cronkhite's son.

"One of the two men mentioned in connection with the death of Major Cronkhite," said Senator Calder," is a constituent of mine, residing in New York City. I am absolutely convinced of his innocence. Every court or judicial officer that has so far passed on this controversy has failed to incriminate him. If you could see some of the correspondence I have had with the Department of Justice you would know that instead of delaying matters, I have been almost insulted by the department for suggesting that a constituent of mine was involved, and I would like to have a showdown one way or another."

The insincerity of Senator Calder's remarks is manifested by the fact that his constituent has been indicted for premeditated murder by a Federal grand jury at Tacoma, and owing to his refusal to meet the charge, no court or judicial officer has yet had an opportunity to try the case. Whether or not the Senator has been instrumental in delaying the trial of his constituent, the reader may judge in reading his letter to the Attorney-General, extracts from which have been presented.

The Senator, however, may rest happy in the endorsement of Louis Marshall, head of the American Jewish Committee, printed at the head of this chapter:

> **"His experience has qualified him for increased usefulness in the future and his past achievements entitle him to the commendation and support of those whom he has so faithfully served."**

He Wanted Cartridges, Got Warship

Concluded from page 3

"At that moment came the dull thud of guns, creating a tremor through the hotel building. Hurrying to the balcony the two Americans saw the *Maine* entering the harbor, bulbs of white smoke drifting off from her saluting batteries.

"The *Maine* steamed on in, piloted by an official Spanish pilot, and she was moored to a Spanish government buoy inside the approaches. The customary calls and salutations were exchanged between the Spanish authorities and the commander of the ship. Three weeks later the great *Maine* was a mass of twisted steel, her hulk resting on the bottom of the bay. Every school child knows what followed."

Such was Meriwether's story. He gave me many minor incidents touching on scenes and happenings in those memorable days but many already have been recorded in the pages of history of the war that moved America to its present place among the powers of the world.

"I have been asked a great many times," Meriwether added, "for an opinion as to the exact cause of the sinking of the *Maine*. The Sampson Naval Court of Inquiry found, as is a matter of history, simply that the *Maine* was sent down from an exterior explosion. It did not say in so many words that it was blown up by a mine placed under it by the Spaniards but I have never doubted that the court was convinced of that fact. The Spaniards would have been incredibly shortsighted if they had not placed a mine under the predetermined buoy to dominate any foreign vessel making fast to it, particularly with the strained relations existing with America. The *Maine's* guns absolutely commanded the situation once the ship was inside the harbor, for the Spanish guns overlooked the approaches and not a single one could be brought to bear on points inside.

"Aside from that feature, however, the physical condition of the wrecked battleship was evidence sufficient to convince the most skeptical. Its keel, ordinarily 35 feet under water, was bent and twisted until a portion of it was only 18 inches below the surface. It had been lifted up by the terrific explosion and no interior explosion could have left it there."

The veteran correspondent then unfolded another of the interesting facts surrounding the disaster which was responsible for a delay in getting the great news to America that the ship's keel was so near the surface, the news that was the clinching argument that war was imminent. Another cablegram that was misinterpreted kept the American people in suspense awaiting that decisive word.

"For days and days the American papers were frantically urging their correspondents to rush the story of the explosion as viewed by the Naval Court of Inquiry," continued Meriwether. "The correspondents were as frantic in their efforts to get the news. But the Sampson court arrived on board the lighthouse tender *Fern* and held its investigations secret. No newspapermen were permitted on board the vessel.

"Such was the situation when, one night while I was in my room at the hotel, someone rapped at my door. It was about 10 o'clock. Even after all these years I am not at liberty to reveal the name of the man who called on me, but he was a naval officer. I had been shipmates with him years before. He had been sent down to supervise the work of divers engaged in examining the wreck. The minute I saw him I knew he was excited. He came into the room and carefully shut and locked the door. Swearing me to secrecy and exacting a promise that I would not reveal the source of my information, he told me in one breath what the world was waiting to hear.

"'The keel of the *Maine*,' he said, speaking low and fast, 'is within 18 inches of the surface. We found it there tonight. Mr. Powelson was with me and he positively identified the keel plates.'

"Wilfred Van Ness Powelson was one of the constructors who had built the *Maine* and had been summoned as an expert to go over the wreck. I knew his reputation as a highly competent and thorough-going officer, and I knew that if he said the keel was within 18 inches of the surface it was information entirely to be relied upon.

"Here, then, was the biggest story of the day. It was the answer to the messages coming from the papers. The position of the keel meant only one thing, that the battleship had been blown up from a mine placed beneath it and not from an explosion of the engines or a magazine. It meant war.

"But how was I to get this pretentious news past the censors? The old rule of closing the office at 9 o'clock had been rescinded and the cable offices now were open night and day. But I knew, too, that Madrid and Washington were keeping it so busy that newspaper correspondents could get little through. What they did send was subjected to the closest scrutiny.

"I had been provided with a dispatch boat which I used in getting to Key West to file my stories but on this night she could render me no service. Harbor rules forbade vessels leaving between sunset and sunrise.

"The code book was of no help for it contained nothing by which I might tell my office about the position of the keel. I evolved several messages and finally hit on one which I proposed to try. I strolled into the cable office and scribbled this cablegram:

"'In important story which will be filed from dispatch boat in Key West tomorrow, please note that the main story is mine.'

"The censor, a Spanish colonel, had a knowledge of English that was disappointingly complete. He read the message and then inquired of me if I considered it worth while to pay high cable charges merely to claim credit for a story that had not even been sent. I explained my anxiety to have full credit, pointing out that the office would be certain to be impressed if I cabled. The colonel merely grinned. He made some remark about not liking the use of the word 'main' any more than he liked the use of the word 'mine,' and the message was passed back to me. All I could do was hand him a cigar and walk out.

"I thought of all kinds of messages which might give the office a tip and which I might be able to get past the censor. I knew a shift was made at 11 o'clock and I proposed to try something on the new censor who was due shortly.

"From the hotel news stand that day I had bought a copy of *Life* and had read Kipling's poem, 'The Destroyers.' I recalled a line in it which I believed I might be able to use, so I got the magazine and prepared this cablegram:

"'American colony in Havana much interested in Kipling's poem Destroyers appearing current issue of *Life*. Naval contingent assert technical accuracy of last verse impossible to improve upon.'

"This I handed to the censor. The first thing he wanted was a copy of the magazine. I had left mine at the hotel, so he sent a messenger out to buy one. The last stanza of the poem reads as follows:

"'The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command;
The hand that heaves the headlong force,
The hate that backs the hand;
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
The mine that splits the main;
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain.'

"As the crux of the situation was 'magazine' or 'mine,' I knew very well that my office would at once hit upon that pregnant line, 'The mine that splits the main' as containing the message I was trying to get to them.

"The messenger returned with the paper. The censor read the poem. He scarcely smiled when he remarked, 'Very clever,' at the same time handing back my dispatch.

"That ended my cable chances. I was forced to wait until daybreak to get out for Key West. There I wrote my story which occupied the entire front page of the *Herald* on the following morning.

"I refer to this to bring in the sequel. On the day I left Havana another correspondent got an inkling of what I had heard the preceding night. Having no dispatch boat he was forced to depend entirely upon the cable. Knowing from experience the difficulties to be encountered there, he wrote a purely descriptive story of the crowds on the Prado, the brilliant sunshine, sea breezes droning through the palm trees, the shimmering bay, and buzzards roosting on the keel of the *Maine*.

"As it all was extremely complimentary to the scenery and the climate, the censor let it go. But when it reached the New York office, the cable editor failed to catch the significance of the line, 'buzzards roosting on the keel of the *Maine*,' and, as the paper had no space for flowery descriptions, it was assumed that the correspondent at Havana had partaken of too much aguardiente, and the dispatch was spiked. A realization of what the correspondent was trying to tell his office came when the *Herald's* full-page account was published the ensuing morning.

"I've often wondered in the last few years what secrets will come out of the late World War when the newness has worn away in the years to come. Don't you imagine there is a sister-story to Caldwell's message story buried somewhere in someone's memory?"

A Region That Rides on a Crust of Gold

Concluded from page 9

quantities in any one place. There is a little gold all through the earth—in sea water and beach sand, in clay, and in common rock. It is only in mountain regions that it is collected in veins and pockets in rock layers.

Therefore, in every new gold field thousands of miners work small placer (pronounced "plasser") claims. All they need is a shack, food, a shovel, a miner's iron pan, and a sluice trough to wash out the gold. Of course, in a few years the cream is skimmed from these placer workings, and to go deeper into the bed of the stream, dredging is resorted to. Gold-bearing graveled hillsides are literally torn away by streams of water played on them with immense hose (this is called hydraulic mining).

The Georgia gold deposits occur in a number of narrow belts running in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction to the northern part of the state. The most important of these is the Dahlonega belt, which traverses the entire width of the state, and over into Alabama, being 150 miles long and from two to five miles wide. The first gold found in Georgia was discovered in White (an adjoining) County, and some gold milling is done in that county. The largest nugget ever found in the Georgia gold fields was found in White County. There is gold in Dawson County, and gold-bearing soil near Atlanta.

While there is no authentic written record of the early history of gold mining in Georgia, it is definitely known that the first discovery of gold in America was made in that state, and that long before the coming of the white man the gold mines in North Georgia were worked by the Cherokee Indians.

In 1829, the region of the Cherokee nation, which lay largely in the northern part of Georgia, was thrown open to white settlement, and a rather crude and hazardous form of mining was begun by the whites. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was one of the earlier mine owners to begin operations in that section on what was for many years known as the Calhoun property, and the South Carolina Stillman family were said to have acquired their wealth from the Dahlonega gold fields.

The first gold issued by the United States Treasury was coined from metal mined in Georgia—this was in 1829. Dr. Arnold has among his collection of nuggets and gold-bearing sand and rock a $20 gold piece stamped 1848, and a $10 gold piece undoubtedly minted at Dahlonega, since it is stamped with a "D." The gold coin minted from Dahlonega ore is said to have a deeper golden tint than that coined from western gold.

In 1838 the United States government established a branch mint at Dahlonega. Up to that time it is estimated that $500,000 worth of gold had been transported to Philadelphia via the painful, slow, and hazardous overland route. About $6,000,000 was coined at the Dahlonega mint before its abandonment at the beginning of the Civil War, and about $30,000,000 worth of gold has so far been taken from the mountains of North Georgia.

The old mint is standing today, restored on its original foundations (having been partially burned) and is in use as the main building of the North Georgia Agricultural College.

The amazing part of it is that a large part—one mining engineer says 70 per cent—of the gold taken from the Georgia gold fields was taken out with picks and shovels. During ante-bellum days mine owners used their slaves in placer workings, and considerable skill seems to have been displayed by them in constructing wing dunes, sand wheels, and so on.

The usual method of working gold in Georgia was to reduce to a powder by a stamp mill. Sulphuretted and quartz ore have to be roasted in a furnace so as to expel the sulphur and then subjected to amalgamation or smelting. This process gets about 70 per cent of the gold from the ore. The cyanide process frees about 12 per cent more.

Dahlonega literally lies over a crust of gold. Veins of gold-bearing rock run diagonally across the town square, and dust and sand scooped up in the street will sometimes assay $14 to the ton. But (and this is the part they omitted in the mining prospectuses) it will cost probably twice $14 a ton to get out the gold. It is a common expression that "It takes two silver dollars to get out every gold dollar."

There has been little mining other than surface mining in Georgia, there being few shafts in the field of more than 100 feet in depth. One can look down Findley Chute—a shallow hole not more than 20 feet square, and at an altitude of more than 3,000 feet above the sea level, from which nearly $300,000 worth of gold was taken with picks and spades. There are a number of smaller and privately owned placers that have been worked regularly, and with profit, every four or five years since "time immemorial." A certain amount of placer mining is done there today. One can stroll over Findley Ridge or Crown Mountain most any day, and, finding a dinner pail under a tree and a coat or two hanging in the fork of a low-hanging limb, one can follow the trail and come across several men—or maybe one lone man—washing out gold with a pan. There are men in Dahlonega who have made a living for years in this way. There is an unwritten law that permits a man to pan gold promiscuously, so that without owning a foot of land he may wash out a precarious living unmolested. In California, if a man does not mine the minerals on his property, the state takes it over and mines it for him. Unfortunately, the state of Georgia has made no provision for a dog-in-the-manger policy in the Dahlonega fields, and a great deal of valuable property has remained unmined for 50 years.

Decaying buildings dot the mountain sides filled with expensive machinery rusting with disuse; machine shops with doors boarded up, unused flumes and power ditches crisscross the mountains, and ore cars with rusting wheels standing idly on spurs, all bear mute testimony to the devastating influence of the professional promoter, the fake mining "expert," and the gullibility of the public where yellow metal is found.

About a mile out from Dahlonega, down in a valley, there is standing idle today a 160-stamp mill capable of treating 500 tons of ore and 50 tons of concentrates daily, with a chlorination plant some distance away on the banks of the Yahoola River. This investment, involving something like $3,000,000, was the largest single mining undertaking made in Dahlonega. It is said that $1,000,000 was spent on the power ditch alone. The failure of this vast undertaking some 20 years ago undoubtedly exerted a disastrous influence over other mining operations begun about the same time that, under more economical management, and using methods better suited to local conditions, would no doubt have paid had not support been withdrawn at the critical moment.

Dahlonega's greatest handicap to deep mining has been the lack of mining engineering experience coupled with enough capital—and *simultaneously*—to work the mines there on a profitable basis. The consensus of opinion is that there are mining properties standing idle in Dahlonega that, with the logical and rational methods of treating a sulphide vein put into operation, are going to pay—and pay big.

New gold is being found all the time, and new methods are making it practicable to rework, with profit, old mines. As more railroads are built, more gold will be taken out of Alaska, Siberia, Canada, and Australia. Deserted mines in Mexico and Peru will be reopened. Western Australia is underlaid rich with gold. Mineralogists believe that the Western Hemisphere alone could supply the world with gold. And of this Georgia will undoubtedly contribute her share.

Ten Fingers Form Basis of Our Counting

Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans and Hindus Contributed to Our Modern Numbers

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

IT IS said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. This may or may not be true, with our modern array of space annihilators and of time savers; but certainly there are large spots that still remain in Stygian darkness.

Down in South America the natives of Guiana have a system of numeration which they childishly cherish as their very own. Four fingers constitute four; to indicate 13 they display both hands and three toes. Twenty, being all the fingers and all the toes, is represented by a man.

The savages of Patagonia, the South Seas and Africa also count in much the same manner as do those in Guiana. They do not know how primitive their methods are. They do not know that long, long ago, many years before the days of Christ, the Phoenicians and the pre-Phoenicians were improving on the fingers-toes method.

As people became more civilized they showed less disposition to make use of the toes in counting. The fingers, however, continued in favor. Gradually they began to designate once around the fingers by the simple symbol of a circle, and even today once around these digits is indicated similarly. Take the number 10, for an example; the 1 signifies once, and the cipher connotes completion. But completion of what? The circuit of the fingers.

No system of figures was employed by the ancient peoples of Europe. They used the letters of their alphabet with the addition of certain marks to increase the original values. The early Phoenicians and the Hebrews had almost an identical alphabet and expressed numbers in practically the same style. Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth and He, corresponding to our A, B, C, D and E, were in their regular order the numbers up to and including five. Yod, the tenth letter, had the numerical value of 10; but the next letter, Kaph, was a score. Koph, the nineteenth, represented 100; and the following letters, the final three of the alphabet, progressed by leaps of 100 in chronological order.

The Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans utilized certain devices to multiply the value of the letters in their rôle as numbers. Aleph with two points above it represented 1,000. To get the same degree of amplification, the Greeks placed a dot below a letter, whereas the Romans drew a line above. There were occasional exceptions to these rules, especially in the later development of the numerical system.

The general plan of the Phoenicians and Hebrews was followed by the Greeks, but the Romans evolved one of their own which appears irrational but really is not. They counted by fives rather than by tens, thus using one hand as a unit. Their 10, indicated by X, consisted of two fives, indicated by V, joined together; the lower one of these fives rested on his ears in an undignified position, but the Roman sense of harmony seems not to have been violated thereby.

C, D and M the Romans used to express 100, 500 and 1,000, respectively. These were the initials of the words, Centum for 100, Demi for half and Mille for 1,000. In this connection, of course, the D of Demi served admirably as the half of Mille. L signified 50.

Some critics claim that the Romans did not employ letters as figures. They say that certain signs which were used became identified with the letters by the mere accident of resemblance. They allege that 0 divided by a perpendicular line represented 1,000, which could easily be mistaken for an ornamental style of M. Half of this symbol, taken off the right side, naturally had half the value and looked much like a D. According to this theory, an upright anchor carried the value of 50, and when the left fluke happened to be broken off, it appeared to be a curved L. All these allegations, particularly the last, seem too flimsy to be regarded seriously.

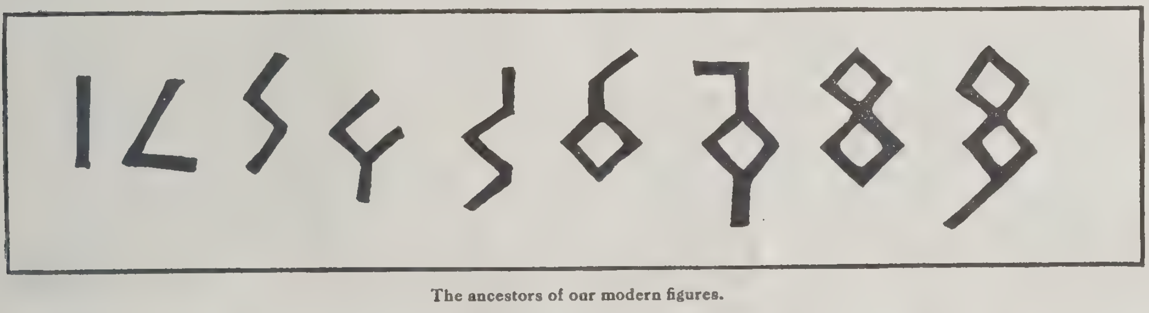
The Roman system was more negative than positive, and therein lay its principal defect. Whenever two figures were written together the first had to be subtracted from the second. X and L separated were 10 and 50, but together they were 50 minus 10, or 40. I and X separated were one and ten, but only nine when placed together. The notation of the Romans was too awkward and involved to be practical.

In 476 A. D. the great empire that the Romans had created fell before the barbaric hosts. Then a few centuries later the religion of Mahomet the Prophet swept over Africa and the East. In 711 Taric led the Saracens or Moors from Africa across the strait into Southern Spain. He planted the Mohammedan banner on the mighty rock which received the name of Gibel-al-Taric or the hill of Taric. Long ago we shortened this cumbersome name to Gibraltar, and Gibraltar it is today.

The Moors subdued Spain and overran France and would have penetrated farther into Europe if they had not been stopped in 732 by the terrific battle at Tours, which lasted seven days. Not until seven and one-half centuries later did the Christians of Spain manage to drive the invaders back to the continent from which they had come.

In the meantime the followers of Mahomet excelled in the manufacture of sword blades, in their knowledge of astronomy and mathematics. They taught the people to use chimneys in their houses and glass for windows. They were able to produce sugar and alcohol. In literature they made probably the first use of rhyme. Their great university was located at Cordova.

The Christians were jealous of the Moors because they possessed so many accomplishments of a useful character. Perhaps they envied the invaders mostly their ability to calculate quickly and accurately, next for the art known as alchemy, which developed into our modern chemistry. The Christians could not understand how the enemy appeared to perform miracles. They naturally felt that if any miracles were to be performed, they should not be performed by the hated infidels.


The ancestors of our modern figures.

What was the source of the Moorish power for calculating? What enabled the invaders to reckon with lightning-like rapidity? Finally it became known that their abilities were due to an art, called Algorismus, which was taught at their great university in Cordova.

There is a legend to the effect that a certain bright Christian scholar determined to acquire the art of Algorismus and then disseminate it. He did not relish the monopoly of the Moors. Accordingly, he dressed himself up in the Moorish costume, passed himself off as a Moor, entered their university at Cordova and there studied Algorismus. This subject dealt with the use of figures; when he had finished the course he knew the science and then he proceeded to give to the people the fruit of his investigation.

The figures the Moors used were supposed to have come from the Arabians; for many years we called 1, 2, 3, 4 and the rest Arabic figures. However, it is now regarded as more probable that they originated in India. In 874 a Hindu took to Bagdad some astronomical tables and gave to the teachers there the wonderful art of Algorismus. This name is now known to be a corruption of Abu Jafar Mahomet al-Kharizmi, who in the eighth century wrote a treatise on numbers and processes of calculation. Subsequently the book was lost to the world while the name itself has given place to Arithmetic derived from the Greek.

As to the origins of the figures or digits, ingenious investigators have supplied a plausible explanation. The Phoenicians used short perpendicular lines to express the numbers up to nine; these were arranged in groups of three. Perhaps the Hindus began thus, but it finally occurred to them that the lines could be written connectedly to a better advantage; so they or some other people worked out a different arrangement whereby two was represented by two sides of a triangle, eight by a double diamond and nine by a double diamond with a tail attached.

Now, of course, there is a natural tendency among most peoples to substitute curves for angles. Little by little changes were made. The diamond in the seven became just a heavy line, the six rounded out and the four kept its angles but became much more erect. The upper diamond of the nine was finally dropped. While our modern figures differ from these angular ones it is not difficult to identify the latter as their ancestors.

A Half-century After Comes Congressional Medal

Concluded from page 7

rived, and the injured men were taken to Fort Dodge. Boyle's horse died from the effects of the hard ride. Later he left the service and died in Kentucky before Congress could get around to express its appreciation of his valor. Two other men died in the service and Herron alone is left of the intrepid band.

Still further to honor him the government had him as its guest at Washington, where he appeared with other holders of Congressional medals as an official mourner at the funeral of the Unknown Soldier and his burial at Arlington.

Herron was a soldier of the Civil War, serving in the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Infantry. His father was a physician in Venango County, from which place the youth enlisted. The Eighty-third Pennsylvania was one of the distinguished fighting regiments of the War of the Rebellion. Its losses of 282 officers and men in action was exceeded by but one other in the service, the Fifty-fifth New Hampshire. After his return from service young Herron joined the oil rush of that section, but drilling wells proved too unexciting for him, and he enlisted in the regular army, and was sent to the West.

Fort Dodge was at that time, 1866, the center of active hostilities against the Indians of the Western Kansas plains, and offered the life of excitement that youth always craves. Herron volunteered for this service, and for several years was the contemporary of Cody, Carson and other famous scouts. An early and thrilling experience was being sent with eight others, under command of a lieutenant, into the Wichita Mountains after two white girls who had been captured and grossly abused by Indians of the Kiowa tribe. They had sent to the fort under a flag of truce a small party to negotiate a trade of the girls for something to eat.

It took days to make the journey, into a section that white men had never before pierced, and the detachment arrived at a time when several thousand of the braves were drilling on the prairies. The daring horsemanship of the Indian has always made him a picturesque figure when mounted, and when a thousand or two of them wheel and circle it is an imposing and fascinating scene. A bugle sounded as the detachment approached, and the massed warriors swooped down upon the little band of soldiers and their guides.

The fear of treachery on the part of the red was never absent from the mind of the white in the days when they fought for mastery of an empire, and before starting the soldiers had been drilled to expect it. They grabbed their carbines as the Indians came dashing straight at them, but when a few feet distant the bugle again sounded, and the advancing column broke into two divisions and dashed to the right and left. The exchange was effected, and the girls, in a pitiable state, were taken back. They belonged to a family captured near the Texas border. The Indians killed the father and the youngest child and took the mother and three daughters, all over 14, into captivity. Later the mother and the elder daughter were brought into the fort by Apaches, the military department at Washington forbidding any more details to be sent out on such hazardous missions.

The identity of the bugler was never disclosed. Corporal Herron heard similar bugling from the ranks of charging Indians in later campaigns, but the musician kept himself hidden. It has always been the army's opinion that he was a renegade who had learned the art while hanging around some fort or was some deserter from the ranks. While the Big Coon Creek fight has been celebrated in frontier history as one of the most valorous achievements in Indian warfare on the part of white men, it was not the only opportunity that Corporal Herron had to display his courage and resourcefulness. At that time a great tide of travel by wagon train was moving westward, and many of them outfitted at Dodge. The soldiers had often to furnish them protection and at other times to rescue them from desperate situations. Often nothing was known of their plight until a detachment came upon the burned and bloody refuse of a camp.

Torture and the torch were the fate of those who survived an attack and were captured, if they were men, and if women it meant the vilest of slavery. For a time the danger was so great that the trains were not permitted to move, and it was not until after hard fighting and relentless pursuit by the soldiers had put the fear of the white man into the hearts of the Indians and had broken their hope of remaining as masters of the plains that travel was again resumed in great volume.

Corporal Herron is one of the few survivors of those strenuous fighting days. He supplemented his experiences as a soldier in America by accompanying an expedition into the Trans-Caucasus country, landing at Baku in 1878. His dearest recollections, however, are of the frontier, with its fierce fighting, its sudden dangers and its thrilling rescues; and his greatest pride the golden insignia of heroic service and valor in action beyond the line of ordinary duty. A special pension accompanies the medal, and Corporal Herron is the only Nebraskan who ever received this special award.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Psychological tests designed to show whether it is possible for one individual to judge another in tact, intelligence and general character are being carried on at the University of Michigan.

The first city in Australia to pass the million mark in population is Sydney, New South Wales.

The little island, Hatsushima, in the Japanese archipelago is a communist island. Private property does not exist there. All wealth belongs to the community and it is forbidden to buy or sell. The natives live by fishing and cutting timber. There are some 40 dwellings and it is not permitted to add to this number. When the number of residents becomes too large, the excess migrates. The people live in peace and amity.

So far not a brick has been laid toward the restoration of Smyrna. The great seaport resembles San Francisco after its earthquake and fire.

Odd occupations are followed by students at various universities to pay their way through school. Among them are tuning pianos, watching children while parents are absent, selling salad dressing, house painting, grave digging and dance hall bouncer.

Pullman Company detectives have found stolen Pullman blankets being used for a wide variety of purposes. Some are used for lap-robes, women's coats, men's trousers, bath robes and children's clothing. Berth curtains have been found made up into a beautiful coat for a woman, and other curtains, with cretonne trimmings added, have been found as draperies and table covers. During 1918 and 1919, 8,200 Pullman blankets were reported missing from cars. Through the aid of the police and hotels much of this stolen plunder has been recovered.

A single seed or head of grain will reproduce its kind with marvelous rapidity. An example is the development of the Albion, or Iowa Number 103, oats from a single head selected in 1906 to a crop produced on more than 1 500 000 acres in 1919. This Albion oat is a prolific white variety giving an increased production of more than 6,500,000 bushels a year.

Rain-making is a futile undertaking, according to the United States Department of Agriculture. It is true that in the laboratory a small amount of moisture can be precipitated by the use of special equipment. However, to produce one inch of rain over one acre, approximately 113 tons of moisture would have to be drawn up into the air and then precipitated. The cloud that spreads over the house-tops represents billions of horse-power; and even if some artificial means were found to cause rain, only a small amount of precipitation could result. The various schemes to make rain and control atmospheric conditions are useless, according to the Weather Bureau.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A silver tag attached to the dorsal fin of a salmon before its release after the eggs have been removed is resorted to by the Fisheries Department of the Canadian Government to trace the life history of fish. A reward of $1 is paid for the return of the tags, together with scales from side of the fish and particulars regarding weight, length and place of capture.

Hisses have been banned in the theaters of Rome, Italy.

To promote higher standards in industry the Chinese Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai recently approved a set of regulations in which the following are included: There shall be no employment of children under 12 years of age; one day's rest in every seven; sanitary conditions improved; safety devices installed for machinery.

Three thousand miles over snow and ice is the remarkable mushing record with a dog team made by a corporal of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, stationed at Rampart House, on Porcupine River in the Arctic. During the winter of 1922-23 he has made three round trips between Rampart and Fort Yukon, each totaling 500 miles, one trip to Lapierre House, and several to Old Crow, and now he is traveling across the Arctic Divide, en route to Herschel Island, where he will spend the summer.

The clock of Christ Church College, in Oxford, England, strikes every night 101 times, in commemoration of the 101 students who were following the lesson when the college was opened.

An interesting relic of the Middle Ages is the palace of Philip the Fair, of which the main floor is yet standing. It is located in Paris, France, and was built in 1320. It contains three halls: the Hall of the Kitchens, the Hall of St. Louis, and the Hall of the Guards. Only to the last one are visitors admitted.

The smallest republic in the world is San Marino, situated in the Apennines Mountains of Italy near Rimini. It also claims to be the oldest state in Europe. It is 38 square miles in area and has a population of 12,027. It is not the smallest country in Europe, as the principality of Monaco is only eight square miles in area.

Armed guards patrolled the United Brethren Cemetery in Concha City, Oklahoma, to prevent oil men from desecrating the burial spot of 250 pioneers. The little churchyard stands like an oasis in the midst of a desert of oil derricks in one of the greatest petroleum-producing areas in Oklahoma. Oil men who came to inspect the graveyard were thrown bodily from the premises by the irate relatives who patrol the graves.

There are 371 distinct Indian tribes or remnants of Indian tribes in the United States, a total Indian population of 340,917.

Visiting on the telephone must stop in New England. That is the edict of the New England telephone companies and it has received official approval of the Massachusetts public utilities commission. Five minutes will be the limit. When a man calls his home he snorts a few monosyllables and hangs up, investigators report, but when a woman calls a woman friend she talks indefinitely. Business men are the chief complainants.

One hundred and ninety million cubic feet of gas roars into the air daily from the oil wells of Long Beach, California. Fifty million cubic feet is being wasted daily at Santa Fe Springs oil field, and 15,000,000 cubic feet at Huntington Beach.

A Rochester, New York, physician says that the natural position of the arms is downward and to hold both, or even one arm, above one's head is very injurious to both the arms and the heart. He deplores strap-hanging in street cars and warns those whose hearts are in a precarious condition to avoid strap-hanging whenever possible by waiting for the next car instead of crowding into one filled beyond its seating capacity. Those who are weakened by strap-hanging should lie down immediately upon arriving home, and in doing so lie either on the back, or face down, or on the right side.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Whistler's London

Statistician Will Tell You of the Tons of Soot That Falls O'er City

By CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

The great sweeping Thames embankment on a clear (?) autumn nightfall. One of Cleopatra's stray needles can be seen, anyway, also the garish sign on the Hotel Cecil, the "James' Brothers" hostelry on the Strand.

Whistler's London alone can dazzle with darkness. Here the ghostly columns in the portico of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields are dimly visible through a four p. m. fog across the bedraggled pavements of Trafalgar Square.

MORE than 300 tons of soot falls every year on each square mile of London. This is enough to build a pyramid four times as high as the famous clock tower over the Houses of Parliament.—News Item.

There you are. Some heavy-browed statistician, with a penchant for numerical oddities, has shattered the romantic Whistler's beloved smoke-fog into a trillion sooty fragments. And the item-searching proclivities of some grubbing "news-hound" have succeeded in broadcasting the malicious computations to the uttermost parts of the earth. Howbeit, the cat now out of the bag, I can tell what I know.

Admitting the claim that the "Three F's"—fog, fuel and flues—contributed much to the successful artistic inspirations of J. A. McNeill Whistler, and even to greater artists than Whistler, it must be admitted, also, that they are at the bottom of many peculiarities of London life and custom. From October to April, inclusive, those smoke-laden mists, ranging in consistency from bewitching transparency to eye-smarting, throat-burning, clothes-dripping murkiness, settle down over the huge capital, softening its monotonous chimney-potted vistas into vaporscapes of mild-toned loveliness. turning its arches, its columns, its domes and its sweeping bridges into phantom shapes of soaring mystery, or, as the case may be, covering the whole ocean of dwellings, shops and public buildings with a dense blanket of reeking, light-defying, acrid gloom.

Landseer's lions at the foot of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square look out upon a scene which might be Venice. But it isn't. It's foggy London, and the reflections are not cast *en pool,* they are the result of an afternoon of fog, a fog which leaves a film of sooty water everywhere about the city's pavement.

Somewhere between these extremes of cloud saturation and smoke suspension, equivalent to ophthalmic anesthesia to most mortals, the thrice-eccentric Whistler found joy of soul and prolific incitement to the highest expression of his art; hence we have "Whistler's London." On clear days, days bright with sunshine, on rainy days, snowy days, threatening days of lowery cloudiness, and just mere drab days, London is anybody's, say, Dickens's London, or Thackeray's or Pepy's, or Charles Lamb's, or even E. V. Lucas's; but on days when the mist and smoke are brewed by the North Sea breezes into an enveloping, wraith-producing mantle which drops "kerplunk" on the city from Putney to Leytonstone and from Goulder's Green to Greenwich Park, filling every nook and corner with odoriferous dampness, leaving every outdoor object with a deposit of sooty ooze, and even penetrating the houses and shops to the discomfort of stay-at-homes, shut-ins and clerks, count those days "Whistler Days"; no one else has ever claimed them.

Centuries before cannel coal was used as fuel and 10,000,000 flues belched forth their annual tonnage of soot, the fogs of London were known and dreaded. In days of old when knights were bold and strutted around in steel armor, many a knight, after a hard drinking bout and thus somewhat overcome in his cups, fared forth in the drenching mist only to be lost in its bewildering gloom. On such occasions the steel-encased "sport" generally stayed out until found by searchers, or until the fog dissipated.

Indeed, the first mention in British history of the old-time London fog occurs in a chronicle describing a knight staggering into a "smithy" near the Temple, there requesting in a loud voice that he be pried loose from his rust-bound armor, he having been lost in the fog and thus obliged to spend the entire fog-period in the woods back of Holborn. It is stated that the "armourer's devill," who pried the knight to freedom from the steel suit, gave vent to the declaration that: "Ye fogge is ye heyll on ye armour!"

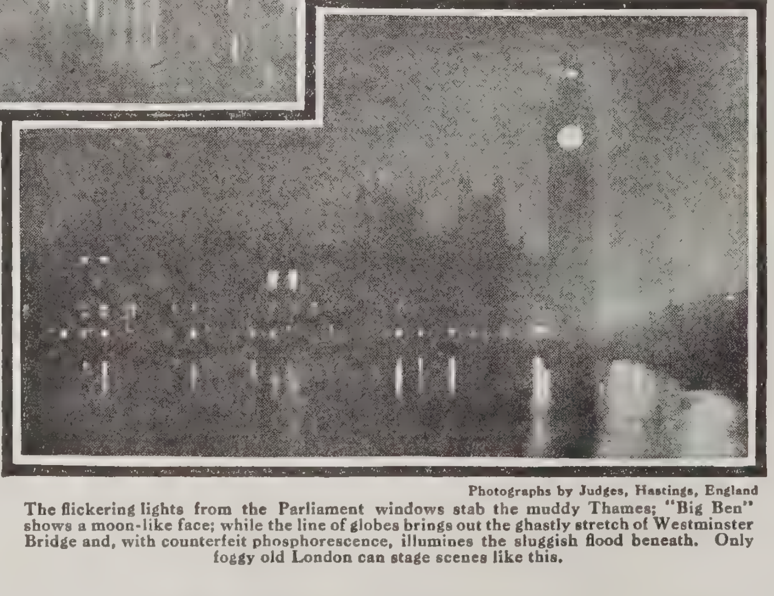
My first introduction to a "Whistleresque" afternoon was distinctly pleasing. I was in a happy mood to begin with, for I had spent the early afternoon in browsing through a justly famous bookshop on Oxford street; a place where may be found the most artistic bindings in all Europe, bindings with gold and silver tooling on rare leather, bindings of leather inlay colored and carved into brilliant figure work; and, too, a place where books "fit for a king" are sold, wrapped, and delivered to a king, as a much-emblazoned gilded sign over the shop entrance strikingly proclaims.

As I stepped from this shop to the street I found that a light mist had descended over the city; yet the sun, some two hours high, was strong enough to cope with the haziness. It was not gloomy, on the contrary the buildings and street life seemed particularly bright and distinct. The effect was magically lovely, in fancy, as though some giant unseen hand were holding before one's eyes an acre-square lens of palest amber. After such a treat, one could have sympathized with Whistler in his well-nigh desperate attempts to put like tints on canvas.

Walking over to Bond street, there to board a bus for Eaton Square, opened up a two-way vista along Oxford which might have been fairyland; even the excrescent blobs jutting out from the Victorian monstrosities built along this English Fifth Avenue of shops were softened into grotesque brackets and finials—unobjectionable at last!

But it was "bumpin'" along on that "bloomin'" bus on Bond street that heightened my pleasure and satisfied me beyond all cavil that traducers of London fogs, individually and as a class, should be designated as grouches, nincompoops and blighters.

By the time I had won a seat atop a bus—what with my shrinking diffidence and the jostling, elbow-pushing crowd of female shoppers hustling for home—the mist had become heavier, a real fog in fact, and sudden twilight had called forth a great burst of electric lamps in the stores and along the way. That old street from Oxford to Piccadilly was wonderland! Here is the premier jewelry market of the world. Diamonds, gold, silver, cut glass, perfumers displays, rare paintings, precious *objets d'art,* all these bits together with many hand-wrought extravagancies filled the windows, filled the long glass cases stretching down the lengths of the shops, while, readily seen from the top of the bus, long rows of cabinets of furry stuff and silks and rugs stood end to end in elaborate shops and decorated salons—Bond street might better be called "Luxury Row."



Photographs by Judges, Hastings, England

The flickering lights from the Parliament windows stab the muddy Thames; "Big Ben" shows a moon-like face; while the line of globes brings out the ghastly stretch of Westminster Bridge and, with counterfeit phosphorescence, illumines the sluggish flood beneath. Only foggy old London can stage scenes like this.

Underfoot, the whole business was bewilderingly complicated—the street being unbelievably narrow—and the hurrying buses, taxis, motor cars, bicycles, pedestrians, and stray London dogs furnished an intricate problem for our bus driver, who, thank goodness, seemed infallible; he never hesitated, but threaded along through the endless traffic, now dimly visible, with the ease of a ferret. To me, everything held a maximum of interest. That mist-laden atmosphere, with incandescent, man-made stars shining wearily through it, presaged romance. Ahoy, there! What appeared in the distance, a few moments since, for all the world like a huge battleship ablaze with lights pushing her glistening nose into the fog, turned out to be a two-story jeweler's shop with colored lights and plate-glass front!

Now we turn to the right into famous Old Piccadilly and shape our course for Hyde Park Corner. Things become increasingly interesting. Piccadilly at once appears a big dark river with towering cliffs on either side, the buses and autos like so many river-craft plying up and down. The "safety isles," each with a light-post in the center, resemble, with the people clustered about them, rescue rafts with submarined victims clinging to the signal masts. Down St. James street, on the port hand, can be seen, ghostly disc, the

(*Concluded on page 7*)

Foundation for Philadelphia Art Gallery Costs $3,000,000 With $5,000,000 More Needed

Inquiry Into Profligate Spending of Taxpayers' Dollars Reveals City's Rock Sold to City by Contractor Awarded Work

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

THE story of how millions of public funds have been squandered in constructing an art museum is being slowly unfolded in Philadelphia. The museum was authorized many years ago by vote of the people, following the publication of plans calling for *the expenditure of $200,000.* Since then, by successive loans and appropriations, *a total of approximately $3,000,000 has been expended. For that sum foundation walls have been built.* An ancient reservoir surmounting a hill overlooking the heart of the city has been removed, thousands of tons of earth and rock have been carted back and forth, but so far the construction has not risen above the foundation level, *and there is no place to hang a single picture.*

The facts came to light when the Fairmount Park Commissioners of Philadelphia calmly asked for $5,000,000 additional "toward the art museum." That naturally led to an investigation, the result of which so far has been to show that one contractor was permitted to run an original contract for $621,350 up to more than $2,000,000, by methods that the state supreme court had held illegal in previous years when they were adopted by the city. The commission, however, is a state body, more or less self-perpetuated. It is one of the three factors constituting what has been called the "art oligarchy" of Philadelphia, the others being the art jury and the trustees of the Wilstach Collection, with which its membership interlocks.

Estimate Now Set at $8,000,000

ELI KIRK PRICE, a lawyer who has been under fire for years because of his avowed belief that what he and other art trustees do with public collections is literally none of the public's business, is bearing the brunt of the attack by city officials and taxpayers on the juggling of funds in the art museum work. Price, however, is not the highest authority on the park commission. The office of president is held by Edward Townsend Stotesbury, head of the banking house of Drexel and Company, of Philadelphia, and a senior partner of Morgan and Company.

At the time this was written he had not even taken the trouble to attend the hearings at which Mayor J. Hampton Moore and other city officials sought to straighten out the tangle. Needless to say, city council has refused to make any more appropriations for the work until more business-like methods have been adopted in the expenditure of the taxpayers' money.

Art lovers throughout the world have been interested in the ambitious plans made in Philadelphia for an art museum. As now planned it will be one of the most magnificent structures of its kind in any country. The original plan called for a single, small building of one wing, to cost $200,000. From that it jumped to $1 000 000, then to $3,000,000. An item of $800,000 "toward" the art museum was included in a general loan bill voted on by the people, and when the count showed a favorable vote, the park commission, it would seem, took it as license to spend all it could get on the museum. At any rate the $3,000,000 plans, on which the first contract for excavation work had been let and fulfilled, were expanded to $4,000,000 without any effort to get public approval in 1919, and in 1922 the estimate *was raised to $8,500,000 total cost merely to build the walls and roof and set the windows.*

"A Pipe Dream in Stone"

RICH patrons of art, some of them owners of valuable collections, have always been active in furthering the work of the museum to be paid for by the people. It has always been assumed by the general public that somewhere the city would get plenty of art objects to exhibit in the museum, once it was built. But in that connection it is interesting to have an expert's survey of the available pictures. Harrison S. Morris, one of the most active foes of the "art oligarchy," has furnished such a survey. "The art gallery now is simply a pipe dream in stone," he says. "It might be well to ask what is to be put in it. The Elkins collection, left to the city of Philadelphia if the art museum is finished in time, will provide less than 30 pictures. The McFadden collection will furnish 44 pictures. The Wilstach collection has been housed in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, for many years. The really valuable part of it could be placed in a small room. And all of that explains why there is such a tremendous demand for the Johnson collection. There are 1,300 pictures in that collection, and it has been testified that they would not fill one floor of one wing of the new museum, and yet there are eight wings to it with two floors to a wing, according to the great plan of the park commission."

The Johnson collection was made by the late John G. Johnson, noted lawyer. By order of the courts, after a bitter legal battle over his will, it is to be kept on permanent exhibition in his home, and it can never legally go into the new museum unless the Johnson home is destroyed by fire or falls apart. The city has spent huge sums in fireproofing that building. Hopes have been held out at times that some day the collection of paintings made by the late Peter A. B. Widener might be given to the city. That is now on exhibition at the home of his son, Joseph D. Widener, who was forced out of the art jury by reason of his arbitrary tactics some time ago. The Widener home was equipped with a special wing to house the collection, which is far less numerous than the Johnson group. It is considered extremely unlikely that the city will ever get it, and even if it did go into the museum it would be only a drop in the bucket.

Even in the face of those facts some art lovers would be in favor of a magnificent museum providing the taxpayers got their money's worth in the work being done. The suggestion has been made that such a building would inevitably attract gifts of masterpieces suitable to be exhibited in its halls. But the most optimistic friends of art have been appalled by the disclosures made in the hearings on the contracts approved by the park commission. To date it has been shown that the contractor got paid two or three times for the same work; that is, he made excavations paid for as earth, as rock and as wall demolition. Then he sold the rock, owned by the people, back to their representatives. Then he got paid again for putting it into place either as rock, or broken up for use in concrete. A small mountain of earth was moved across the street from the art museum hill. After it had hardened under the winter snows it was hauled back again for grading. Then it was dug up for a trolley tunnel.

In his attempt to defend these expenditures Price has asserted that no official estimate ever was made concerning the total cost of the art museum. He and other members of the park commission admit that they do not know now what it will cost to complete the building, when the interior construction is considered. He has attempted to deny that any one in authority ever fixed a limit on the amount to be spent. Unfortunately for him, there are official records. In the files of the city solicitor's office is a letter dated March 2, 1916, written by Thomas S. Martin, secretary of the park commission, who acted under instructions from Price. It was sent to the then city solicitor, John P. Connelly, mainly to insist that the $3,000,000 needed to complete the museum constituted an unfunded debt against the city's borrowing power. The following extract from the letter shows that there was an official estimate of cost at that time:

Contractors Fare Well

"OUT of appropriations made to the commissioners by councils, more than $200,000 already has been expended in preparing the site for the erection of the building, and by the ordinance of January 25, 1915, $800,000 was appropriated to the commissioners 'toward the erection' of the art museum. This sum has not yet been expended, but on January 12, 1916, his honor the mayor was informed of the amount, $3,000,000, required to complete the building shown in the plans and model, then placed on exhibition. In accordance with the official estimate furnished by the architects and adopted by the commissioners."

As an indication of how the plan has been exaggerated beyond the wildest dreams of those who first suggested it back in 1876, it may be pointed out that the $1,000,000 model for the art museum was designed to house not only the city-owned collections of masterpieces, but also to provide a home for the Academy of the Fine Arts, the School of Industrial Art and the Department of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania. That building was to run straight across the Fairmount Reservoir grounds and it had no wings. Now all the other institutions have been dropped from consideration and the plan has been expanded to many times its original size. Two wings were added when the cost was estimated at $3,000,000, and the new design also called for a higher elevation. Changes made in 1917 and 1918 included two cascades or waterfalls and the remodeling of the hill on which the museum is being built, and the bulk of which is hard rock.

The contractor, whose original bid of $621,350 has been run up to $2,176,200 to date, is the F. W. Mark Construction Company, of Birmingham, Alabama. In the contract it is stated that the contractor might be called on to do some extra work over and above the amount provided for in the price named. He was therefore required to furnish unit prices on each particular kind of work, so that it would be possible to estimate how much he should be paid for the extra work. All the payments above the original contract price are made for that extra work, which begins to appear shortly after the contract was awarded. Another contractor who contended he was the low bidder attacked the award in court at the time, insisting that he had offered to do the work for $161,000 less than the first figure named by the Mark Company.

According to admissions made at the hearings, the extra-work clause covered up all sorts of unexpected costs. The price stated by the Mark Company for extra rock excavation was $2.10 a cubic yard. Other contractors asked for a flat price of $5 a cubic yard. All made their bids on the natural understanding that the rock so excavated belonged to the public. They were not informed that the commissioners would purchase the rock so excavated from the contractor at $5 a perch, and would pay also for the placing of the stone as backing for the retaining walls. As the contract finally worked out, the Mark Company got an initial price of $1.35 a cubic yard for excavation, $2.10 extra for rock, and $5 for selling the city-owned rock back to the city, or a total of $8.45.

Poof! Goes a Million

AT ONE time the city controller protested, asserting that he had no legal authority to pay out anything more than the amount of the original contract. The park commissioners promptly wrote him a letter saying they had approved the additional expenditures, and perhaps because of the presence of the noted financier on the board he let it go at that. An item of $299,194.49 for additional rock excavation was approved and paid. Another of $195,658.58 for additional terrace foundations and walls also was paid. Then came a small one of $6,365.26 for additional depth to the foundations in places where rock had been taken out. In other words, the commission paid for taking out rock and putting it back again. The next big item was for $135,978.75 for additional walls and foundations around areaways and the northeast terrace. Then also there was paid $216,798.55 for additional excavation and foundations on the west terrace, plus, later on, $89,000 for an additional rock outcrop.

It has been estimated by engineers that the total extra cost to the taxpayers by reason of the extra-rock clause to date has been $1,192,469.23. The "investigation" demanded by city council and the mayor before any more money is sunk in the stone quarry at the museum site was ordered by Mr. Stotesbury only after publication of the facts in the newspapers, or some of the facts. Mr. Price was made a member of the investigating committee. But, instead of helping the mayor and the city solicitor, he has taken the part of counsel for the defense.

So far the only thing that has been done to correct the situation here described has been a "promise" by E. T. Stotesbury that hereafter the park commissioners will adhere to the methods of making contracts that have been made compulsory for the city departments by the state supreme court. That promise was published in the newspapers as having been made by the financier to the mayor when they met recently in Florida. Nothing whatever was said about steps to determine whether the public is entitled to any recompense for the extraordinary sums spent in digging out rock, hauling it around and then hauling it back again. In that connection it was shown that one sub-contractor sold a large quantity of earth excavated. Since the commissioners were paying for the use of their own rock he concluded that they were just as indifferent about their own earth.

Get Authority From State

NOTHING that has happened in any city in recent years has served better to show up the lack of really representative city and state government than the art museum exposure. As pointed out above, the commissioners get their authority from the state. They control Fairmount Park by city sufferance, so to speak, including the parkway, a broad avenue running diagonally across the city from city hall to the entrance to the park. As part of their plan to eliminate trolley traffic from the parkway section in front of the museum, the commissioners had a trench dug for the building of a tunnel. They did not consult city authorities, although the trench interfered with city traffic and with city plans. It was not until the trench was dug and the commissioners wanted a temporary bridge built over it that the city engineer saw a plan of what was proposed. Motorists are compelled to make several turns as a result of the commission's tactics in ignoring traffic.

An incident in recent history may serve further to show the arrogance of the commission. It had been given control of a small plaza or square near city hall and fronting on the parkway, which is used for municipal band concerts. During an anniversary celebration of the twenty-eighth division the commission refused to issue a permit for the use of the square, which is cinder paved, to the veterans of the World War. They occupied it anyhow as a place for artillery display. Then the commission ordered them off, although city officials were taking part in the celebration. When the matter came to public notice city council took control of the square away from the commission, although Mr. Stotesbury pleaded that it would be a "humiliation" to the members of that body.

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Discounting the Prosperity Chatter

BUFFALO bankers, according to *Truth*, a business weekly published in that city, are a unit in advising business men to operate with caution, but taking every advantage possible of present market conditions, maintaining at all times an ample margin of capital to avoid seeking credit if prospects of continued activity fade. They also recommend the utmost care in extending credit and in venturing too deeply to meet prospective business.

Financial organs are discussing the question as to whether the recent inflation of currency and credit has not gone far enough, and the necessity of guarding the value of money by reducing the stock in circulation and demanding liquidation of outstanding indebtedness. That such a movement will surely come at some time, is beyond question, although the people were not prepared for a repetition of the tactics of 1920 so soon. It behooves all to be prepared, however.

Meanwhile active operations of the new machinery for farm credits are going on, and the farmers and stockmen are being urged to avail themselves of the services of lending agencies even where there is no immediate prospect of cancelling an old or a new debt. Farmers should heed the warning the Buffalo bankers have sounded and confine their operations as far as possible to their own means. If a maturing debt may be transferred into a term obligation without increasing it, one is justified in assuming the new bond; but it would be in most cases a mistake to increase it.

Meanwhile the power to control currency and credit volume should be wrested from the money oligarchy which defies the government that permits it to exist.

Some Real History

"HISTORY is bunk" as history is written. We shall have no real history until humanity becomes sufficiently self-conscious to see the way by which it arrived at its present status. History is thus racial autobiography and like all autobiography it depends on the attainment of an objective consciousness of self.

Now it is part of the history—the unwritten history—of the development of our life, that usury, "interest," was once as great a novelty as was the motion picture 10 years ago or the automobile 20 years ago. There was a time when usury was so notably new a development that men discussed it as they now discuss prohibition. And that time is not so long ago, it is less long ago than the discovery of America.

It is worth realizing that usury, "interest," was once challenged by State and Church, and that in comparatively modern times. It is worth realizing that this thing which is up for discussion today has a history behind it which historians have not included in their books. It is worth knowing that the practice of usury once stirred up more dust than the coronation of a king or the inauguration of the President does today. There was a time, when among the people of our own tongue and stock, "interest" was the "paramount issue" in morals and business.

To open windows into that time, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT begins this week to print two articles which reflect as no modern art could do the state of mind with which our fathers first greeted the fact of Interest. One is in the quaint words of Roger Fenton, who wrote and spoke in London, 1611. The other is by John Jewell, Bishop of Salisbury, who died in 1571. Aside from the fact that they throw light on the rise of the financial system under which the world is now straining its strength, these old and honest statements show the reaction of the unspoiled mind to the thing in question. Historically, psychologically and economically, these two papers, rescued from the past, should prove valuable to all sorts and conditions of men.

One college president writes—"It is the interest that we are paying that is consuming our energies."

One clergyman writes—"Every Sunday more than $200 must be taken off the collection plates—the offerings of the people to God, the church and the poor—and paid for interest. Before anything else is paid in my church, that sum must be paid first."

Interest is a live question.

Solving the "Insolvable"

THE principal of Tuskegee Institute, Dr. Robert R. Moton, makes an interesting report which is significant as indicating the practical way in which this noble institution is quietly addressing itself to the difficult race problem, and unobtrusively solving the "insolvable."

First of all, the Negroes themselves are exhibiting a growing interest in the institution, supporting it more heartily than ever before, as the $75,000 in cash and pledges from Negroes toward the Loyalty Fund Campaign concretely proves. This sum is augmented by numerous bequests from Negroes toward the other funds of the institute.

The urgent need of this institution and of others of its kind and of the same high standards, is evidenced by the fact that although 3,261 persons received instruction at Tuskegee, twice as many were turned away. The Negroes were willing and eager but necessary facilities and accommodations were lacking.

The 95 per cent increase in enrollment in the Department of Agriculture is a very hopeful indication for the South. Dr. Booker T. Washington, the founder of Tuskegee, held that: "We shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life."

What Is Propaganda?

PROPAGANDA is the art of insinuating one idea under cover of another. Recently a capitalist wanted to get certain ideas to his men: he had the ideas prepared by one skilled in the jargon of the water-front labor unions; he had them printed under a conspicuous union label; he had the printed leaflets distributed at the gates of his factory by men wearing the union button. The ideas were solely for his own one-sided benefit. That is propaganda. A clergyman uses the unctious language of the old orthodoxy to break down the intellectual content of it; he utilizes the old forms to sap them of their meanings; he allows his efforts to be "assisted" by outside interests who are wholly sympathetic with what he is trying to do, and wholly unsympathetic with the ideas and attitudes which he is insidiously attacking. That is propaganda. To take the natural instincts of the people for reform and helpful improvement and use those instincts as the motive power by which an ulterior result is obtained, is propaganda. To talk to the people about freedom and independence and national glory, for the sake of turning out one set of job-holders to put another set of job-holders in—that is propaganda.

But to take a fact to which the people are blind and hold it up before them in season and out of season; to wear your colors openly and state your objective plainly and use the simplest and most direct methods of putting your ideas before the consideration of other minds—that is not propaganda. The word propaganda is not in itself a bad one, and does not originally relate to bad practice. But it has fallen upon bad company. The propagandist today is a man who has something under cover—either the real objective to be attained, or his own relation to it.

It is one of the most difficult things for an editor and a reader these days to do—detect and eliminate propaganda. Our daily press and magazines are full of it. Various societies and fraternities and associations are full of it. Even the pulpit is ignorantly infected by it. What we need everywhere is, first, a straight road to the facts of a thing, and second, a straight mind to resolve the facts into their meaning.

The Britannica Is Now Anti-Semitic

NEVER was so much printed about the Jewish Question as is being printed today. Newspapers and magazines teem with it. Bit by bit the truth comes out, squeezed through the cracks of the fences which most editors try to straddle. Those who try to show the truth with one hand while they flatter Jewish sensibilities with the other find themselves in hot water. Those who abjure the truth entirely and yield themselves to flattery, as do the newspapers which are absolutely dependent, not on public confidence but on department store advertising patronage, find themselves in hot water also, for the Jew has a wholesome respect for anyone courageous enough to stand by the truth, but he despises the "gentile" trimmer. The *World's Work*, a magazine of character and ability, has recently concluded a series on the Jews, which articles were plainly intended to be a sop to the Jews, a sop flavored with sufficient fact material to placate the intelligence of the American, and the *World's Work* is now anathema for its pains. Even the senile Norman Hapgood who, assisted by a "second story" thief, shrieked most obediently for months through the tortured pages of Hearst's—even Hapgood, when he turned to Jewry for applause, got a loud horselaugh throughout the Jewish press. The Jews certainly need a "gentile" to guide them in the way that they should go through this time of controversy, guide them into the way of solution, but they will not find that mentor in any of their "defenders," which fact they know right well.

The first step might well be a dropping of the false cry of "persecution." To raise it again in the case of the Encyclopedia Britannica (as it has been raised in connection with Congress, Harvard University and others) is to follow tactics that lead to failure. We have examined the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica and it tallies exactly with every investigation, public and private, which has been made. The facts have been officially discovered and tabulated by every great government, including the governments of the United States and Great Britain. A Jew was a member of the commission which reported exactly these facts to the American Government. No official report ever made to the United States Government has ever controverted these facts.

For the benefit of the general reader we may say that in the article on Poland, the Britannica devotes a section to the Jewish Question, in which these statements occur: "In towns the majority of the shops are owned by Jews . . . . The eastern Jew is essentially a business or commercial man, but rarely a producer. He is usually a middleman or intermediary . . . . They are a race apart, hated and despised by the rest of the population . . . . During and after the war the hostility to the Jews was increased by the fact that in the German occupation the Jew was the willing tool of the invader and by the close connection between the Jews and Bolshevism. The hostility to the Jews was marked in 1918 and 1919 by excesses in which some 200 or 300 were killed, but which have been enormously exaggerated by the Jewish press."

All this is true. More is true than has been said: The statements really show great restraint. Nothing is more foolish than for Jews to attack the Britannica on a matter in which that institution could overwhelm them with most shameful evidences of Jewish deception of a credulous world—and not Polish Jewish deception either, but American Jewish deception for it was mostly managed from New York.

When, to curry favor with the Jews, Norman Hapgood makes it a crime to discuss the Jewish Question without reference to advertising patronage; when to curry favor with the Jews the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant offers to scissor the epic of Calvary from the New Testament; when to curry favor with the Jews the metropolitan press carries the demand that the Encyclopedia Britannica suppress the truth—we see the whole machinery of Suppression in motion. Suppression! And yet people call the Jews the cleverest people in the world! Have they not yet learned what Suppression does?

Now that Americanism is labeled "anti-Semitic," and the Church is labeled "anti-Semitic," and the Bible and Christmas and the public school and Congress are all labeled "anti-Semitic"; and our leading universities are labeled "anti-Semitic"; and our best magazines are labeled "anti-Semitic," it was only a matter of time before that ancient institution, the Encyclopedia Britannica, should be stuck with the same label. Here is Jewish *cleverness* again! They have overdone it.

Mr. Ford's Page

RECENTLY the statement was made that the tendency of industrial institutions is to become larger, and to such an extent would the increase go that our largest present-day manufactories will be small in comparison. The highest wages now paid will be a minimum then. The scale of production that amazes us now will seem very limited. In every line of endeavor there will come improvements that will make growth inevitable, until this our day will seem to have been a very modest threshold to the full development of man's industrial powers.

The statement seems to be well within the probabilities; in fact, it is hardly prophecy, since the actual beginnings are upon us. Strangely enough, however, the statement was resentfully received. Protests came from certain quarters, not as evidence of a determination to resist the unresistible, but as evidence of the extreme distaste with which some minds still view the industrial development. What a monstrous world this will be, some persons exclaimed, when industries become ten times as large as they are now! Who wants to live in a world harnessed to the wheel of all-dominating industry! Who wants to contemplate life as being bent exclusively to industrial ends!

> *PROGRESS consists in a number of related things changing together for the better. You cannot precipitate one improvement into a situation that would nullify it; it would be like commanding crocuses to appear in wintry weather. But when the weather changes, the crocuses come. No change comes alone. What would be a curse if thrust into the present condition, will become a blessing when conditions change to fit it. The entire process is involved. People are going ahead on this line or that, breaking their hearts because the special change they desire does not come to pass. If it came probably it would not fit. All things are changing together, and the proposed new thing if good will find its proper place in the new order. Progress is a new season and the rule of progress is everything in its season.*

Well, it all depends on the point of view. Once there was a naturalist who protested the advent of the motor car. With poetic scorn he denounced the car as breaking the silence of the country spaces and drowning out the fragrance of the wayside rose in gasoline fumes. It was like the protest Wordsworth made against running the railways through rural England. But presently our naturalist was riding in a car and learning more about his part of the world than he ever could have learned on foot. It is one thing to sit at home and try to figure out the disadvantages of progress, and another thing to make a personal test of the thing itself. The point of view is so important in these, as in other matters, that one is sometimes wise just to shift the point of view to see if the aspect of the thing in question changes with it.

For one thing, the protest comes mostly from those who are fairly well supplied with the conveniences and utilities of life which modern industry can supply. People who have bathtubs and motor cars and modern homes and electric lights and all the manufactured services which have refined our common life, are inclined to think that industrial development has gone quite far enough. They have been supplied, therefore the need is met. But if they knew what multitudes of people in all our cities are still living with the methods of half a century ago, multitudes who are still burning oil lamps and are still innocent of ordinary sanitary arrangements, multitudes who still lack homes and conveniences, they would quickly see that if it be the mission of industry to put these things within the possession of everybody, industry has only begun, and that vast reductions in cost and vast increases in production are necessary before the world can be supplied. They would see that industry, from being mere private business, a private venture or speculation in the field of manufacture, must become statesmanlike in its inclusiveness and organization.

The people who protest are afraid, of course, that the increase alluded to will only mean sharper competition, extremely high-powered salesmanship methods, lowered wages and an industrial slavery that will rest entirely on whirring wheels and not on sound natural foundations.

That is, they figure that only industry will change, and everything else will remain as now.

It is a mistake to lose sight of this fact—no change comes alone. The alteration is general all down the line. Change this, and that changes with it. Nothing occurs by itself. The entire process is involved. What would be a curse if precipitated into the present condition of things, will be a blessing when the present condition changes to fit it. We must make allowance for the whole spirit of the movement, which after all comes not of man's mind alone but is implicit in the urge of the universe.

Some changes would be a calamity if they were not met by other changes. If, for example, the railways were to be bought and run by the present government, it would be a calamity. But a government that included men who knew the management of great systems would render the purchase of the railroads a national benefit.

Certain things which belong to the public welfare are undoubtedly coming under public control, but to make this the advantageous thing that it should be, the character of public control is going to change. Changes must occur together to make the pattern a balanced one. Our government at present consists of a soviet of lawyers. Go down the list and note the occupations and you will see that lawyers predominate. The country is not represented occupationally—or, rather, it is represented occupationally, but by a single occupation, and that not the occupation most renowned for administrative ability. Lawyers are about as poor business managers as bankers are, and that is putting it pretty strong. But the country is still here, and down among the people there are the men—hundreds and thousands of them—who are competent to meet all the demands of a government that is actually in the service of the nation. That is one of the great things about our country—the man-power we need is here, but it has never been utilized under our lawyer-soviet form of government. When one condition changes, the other will change, too, to meet it.

A gentleman who has just been looking over the country reports that the people are more confident and more reliable and more effective than they ever have been, but that the official classes are everywhere less competent. It is a view easy enough to understand. Official life has lagged behind the people's chief concerns. There is little or nothing that officialdom can do for the people now, because it doesn't know how. When the people's concerns reach the point where Government service is necessary, the people will arrange for that service, though not through the old officialdom. Its day is over.

So that when we think of this or that new thing coming into the common life of the country, we need not think of it being misfitted into the present scheme of things. We ought rather to think of the complementary changes that will precede or accompany it. There are many things which become the wildest imagination if you conceive them as tossed into the present chaos. But conceive the present chaos showing a sign of order there and a sign of progress here, and then that seemingly wild thing takes on a domesticated aspect and an air of actually belonging.

The enlargement of industry would probably be a calamity in the present hodge-podge which we call industry. But this present system is not going to last very long. It is without plan and without control. It doesn't know what is best for itself or for the public. It's a great game of beating down labor and getting all that is possible out of the public.

But conceive industry as we recently, on this page, showed it to be becoming, factories being resolved into community service stations, the whole public utility service of our cities linked up with our industries, our raw materials and our food supplies linked up with the certain and continuous and prosperous and properly controlled employment of the people—conceive all the changes that must come to enable industry to be what it must be, a true public service in every respect, and then its increase and extension would be welcomed.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Largest Dirigible, Made in the United States, Soon to Take the Air in Flight O'er Jersey

Radical Changes Made in Construction of Huge War Machine Held to Bring Safety Denied to Crew of Ill-fated ZR-2

FROM a vast clearing at Lakehurst, cut away in the depths of the New Jersey scrub forests, a daring group of United States naval officers and enlisted men are expected shortly to rise into the air on the trial flight of the ZR-1, the largest dirigible in existence and the second largest ever built.

The ZR-1 was planned and partially constructed as a sister ship of the air to the ZR-2. It is now nearly two years since the world was startled by the news that the ZR-2, built in England, had broken into two sections over Hull, burst into flames and carried all but a few members of her crew to death in the Humber River. Since that time construction and assembly of the ZR-1 have been halted only long enough to permit such changes as were indicated by the study of what happened to the ZR-2.

Even under the original design, however, the ZR-1 differed from the ill-fated English-built ship in many important particulars. The American dirigible—the first of anything like its size to be built in this country—was constructed and designed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in what is said to be the world's largest airplane factory. Sections of it were put together there and then dismantled for shipment to the huge navy air hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Shipment of the parts had already started at the time the ZR-2 was destroyed. Vital differences in the construction and design are summed up as follows by Lieutenant Emerson, who superintended the work at Philadelphia:

"Our dirigible contains approximately twice as many girders and half as many form-making rings as the ZR-2. The girders mark the compartments containing the 19 balloonets sustaining the dirigible. The rings are light metal lattices, placed between the girders to maintain the form of the ship. The ZR-2 carried two of these rings between each pair of girders, where our ship has only one ring, but our greater number of girders serve to maintain the form of the ship just as well as the construction of its British sister, although we sacrifice lightness, which means speed in rising and weight-carrying capacity through our construction. Our first consideration, however, is safety. Second comes serviceability.

"The wrecked ship follows in construction the German Zeppelin L-53, which was built in 1917. A number of ships of this type were built in Germany and copied by France and England. Our engineers, however, believed that the older type of Zeppelin is stronger and more serviceable under all conditions and they have put this opinion into expression in designing this dirigible. The smaller measurements of our dirigible also make for greater strength. The ZR-2 was 695 feet long, 86 feet in diameter, contained 2,700,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, was equipped with engines developing 2,100 horse power and carried a crew of 40 men. Our ship is to be 678 feet long, 80 feet in diameter, contain 2,100,000 cubic feet of hydrogen, engines developing 1,800 horse power and will have a crew of 30.

"The ZR-2 carried its keel compartment for crew, oil, and so on, slung below a line describing the circle of the dirigible. Our keel compartment will fall within the circle of the ship's body. The intervals between girders on the wrecked ship were 15 meters, approximately 50 feet.

The intervals between the stiff girders making for strength on our ship will be 10 meters, approximately 33 feet. Our purpose in general in building this dirigible is to make it along conservative, tried lines so that it will be successful from the jump. We don't want to skin it down for lightness nor do we want to load it down with girders unnecessarily numerous or heavy. Experiments were made constantly to assure us that we were going along the safe road."

Virtually all the parts for the ZR-1 are now at Lakehurst, including the covering, and all that remains is completion of the assembling of the huge airship. Work on that is progressing steadily, as the accompanying illustrations indicate. It is a matter of only a few months until the time arrives for the trial flight. Naturally the utmost care is being used to test everything that goes into the dirigible to prevent any possibility of disaster from structural faults. When the ZR-1 takes the air it will be mechanically right. The design, as indicated, already has been tested in earlier airships of the same type.

The hangar in which the ZR-1 is to be housed, and in which the work of assembly is now going forward, is almost as much of an engineering feat as the dirigible itself, and in the opinion of naval experts is destined to play an important part in the future of coast defense. It was designed to house the longer sister ship which was wrecked, as well as the ZR-1, and is said to be the largest single arch building in the world. As the site for it the Navy Department took over 1,400 acres of land near Lakehurst. The whole area was then covered with scrub oak, pine and underbrush.

Five hundred bluejackets were sent there to clear the land and build the hangar under the direction of Commander Taylor Evans, son of the noted "Fighting Bob" Evans.

COMMANDER FRANK TAYLOR EVANS,

Son of "Fighting Bob" Evans, in charge of the dirigible station at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

The hangar is 230 feet high and built of steel and concrete. It covers more than five acres, that being the inside area of the ground floor. Strung along either side are immense galleries that look small at their great distance from the floor.

Beneath them are the machine shops in which the Navy will construct parts for its big dirigibles. Even after the great shops were provided for there was still plenty of room for spacious accommodations for the officers and men. The building is 803 feet long, by 264 feet wide. Within it is room not only for the ZR-1, but also for another ship of the same size or larger.

The huge sliding doors with which the building is equipped at either end are in leaves, each of which weighs 900 tons and requires four 25 horse power motors to move at the rate of 10 feet a minute. These doors are especially braced against the terrific wind pressure by steel beams set in sliding counterweights of concrete. The builders of this structure say it would hold two city blocks covered with 16-story office buildings, and there would still be plenty of room.

A 250-foot steel mooring mast will furnish the docking facility for the ZR-1 while she is inflated. It is to be provided at the top with a revolving cone with a pocket into which will fit the nose of the dirigible, thus permitting the bulk of the airship to ride with the wind. Masts of the same type are already familiar in England.

The one at Lakehurst is to have such conveniences as elevators to carry the crew and supplies to the ship.

Docking rails also have been laid in front of the hangar. They extend far into the field from both ends of the big structure. The docking equipment includes special trolleys, with which it will be possible to drag the dirigible into the hangar with six men. Two lines, one on either side, will be thrown over from the airship and attached to trolleys, thus keeping the ship on an even keel. By means of drums the dirigible then can be drawn down until she is near enough to the earth to enter the hangar. The hangar is absolutely fireproof. It cost about $3,000,000, and an equal amount has been spent on the other buildings and improvements.

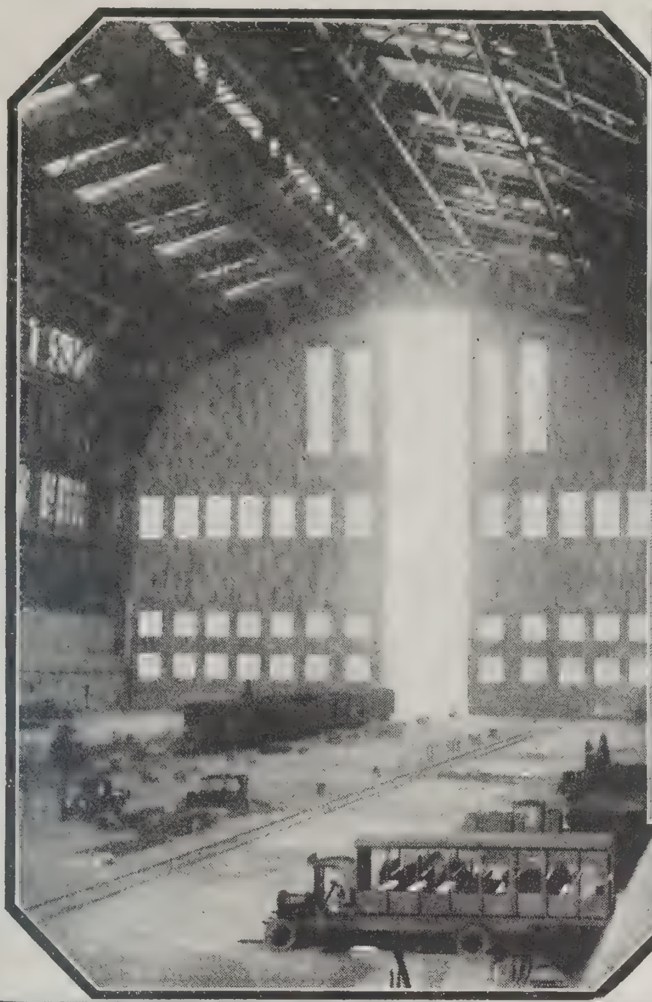
The hangar was constructed with the idea of providing plenty of light, yet furnishing complete protection to the dirigible from the rays of the sun. That has been accomplished by using an amber glass which is impervious to the violet rays that would cause disintegration of the fabric. It also keeps out a great part of the heat of the sunlight, thus making it easier to maintain a temperature constant or nearly so within the hangar, which is essential to control the expansion and contraction of the gas.

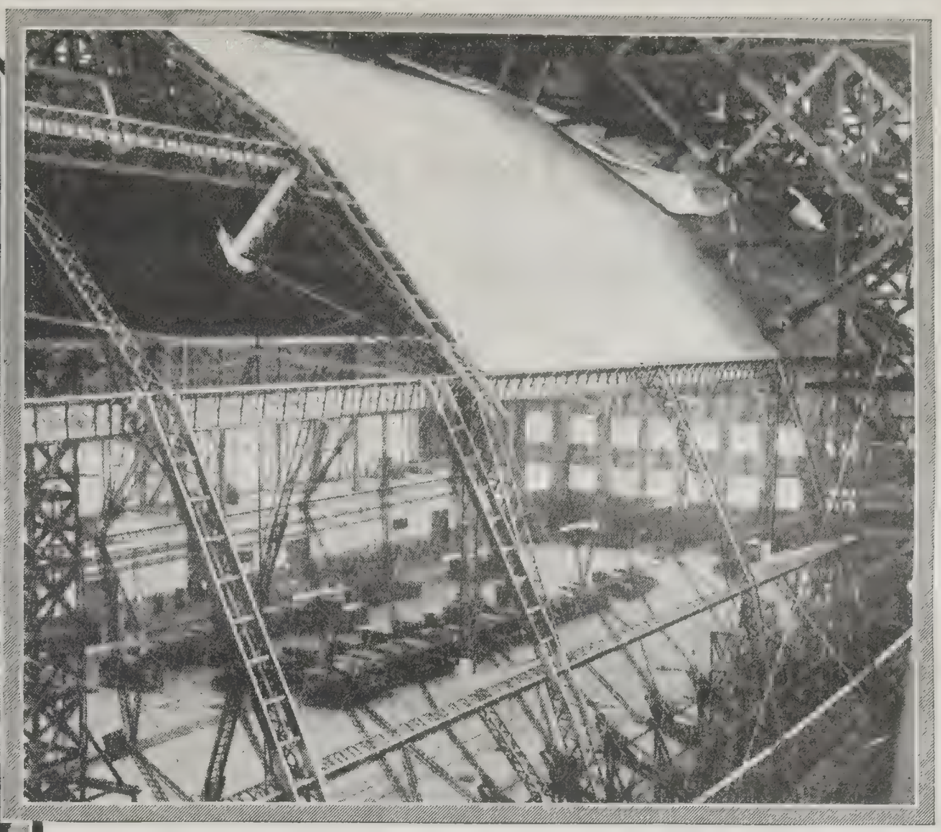
One of the most important features of the station is the gas plant, producing hydrogen for the ZR-1 and sufficiently large to care for a fleet of other dirigibles. There is a network of pipe lines for convenience in filling the bag. Hydrogen will be used to furnish the lifting power during peace time. In event of war it is the plan of the Navy Department to use helium, the new gas discovered only a few years ago, which came into some little use during the war. Helium is too expensive for general use except when there is danger of explosion. It is the lightest inert gas known, being absolutely non-inflammable, with almost as much lifting power or buoyancy as hydrogen.

At the time of the Armistice, American chemical engineers were producing helium in fairly large quantities, although in 1914—in fact, as late as 1917, when the United States entered—it was considered a rarity. It had been obtained in the most minute quantities from certain natural gases. Prolonged research led to the discovery of new methods for extracting and manufacturing it, but even today it is far more expensive than hydrogen. It has been pointed out that the ZR-1 will have 19 balloonets. In time of war helium would be invaluable, since a puncture of one of the gas bags even with a flaming bullet would not cause a fire and the dirigible could be kept aloft on the buoyancy of the other bags.

A huge acreage has been cleared around the hangar, as in the very nature of things the dirigible station will demand a large landing field. Thousands of scrub trees and underbrush were rooted up and a special grass seed was developed. Lakehurst expects this spring and summer to have the largest lawn in the world. Plans for the future development of the air station have not been divulged in detail by the Navy Department. It is generally understood, however, that it is to be the dirigible assembly center of the United States, and eventually it is likely that they will be built there. Later other hangars will be put up and some day Lakehurst may have the greatest fleet of lighter-than-air machines in existence. The dirigibles will play an important part in the future coast defense policy of the nation.

As an idea of what the aerial engineers have in mind for possible future experiment, it may be pointed out that the hangar is big enough to accommodate two dirigibles of five million cubic feet gas capacity each. Nothing of that size has been built as yet and it is unlikely that any immediate attempt will be made in that direction until experiments now contemplated have been completed. Although there are all sorts of statistics available as to the behavior of Zeppelins constructed along the same general lines, the future design of American dirigibles will depend on the result of tests in the meteorological conditions obtaining along the Atlantic Coast.





P & A. Photo.

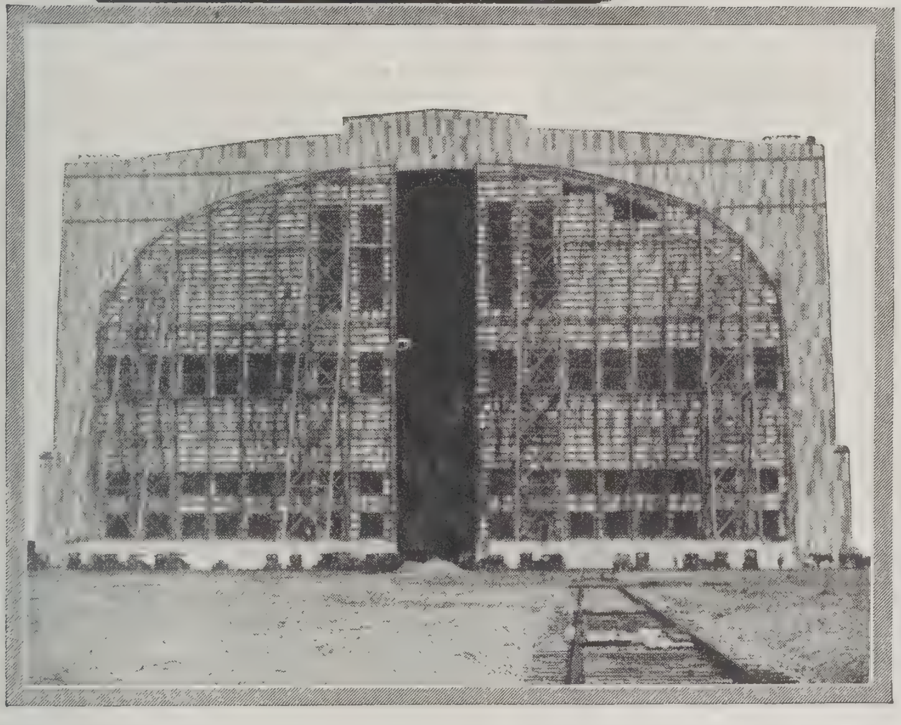
The ZR-1 and Its Home

Above, left—Interior of the hangar. Note comparison in size offered by the freight cars.

Above, right—Two huge sheets of silk that have already been stretched across network of aluminum and steel of the world's largest dirigible now nearing completion.

Below, left—Front view with one leaf of door open.

Below, right—Lateral view showing how doors are braced by sliding beams against wind pressure.



Whistler's London

Concluded from page 2

clock-face in the tower of ancient St. James's Palace, it might be a lighthouse to fix the voyager's position, pointing out the course to steer. Over on the starboard hand show the yawning fiords of Albermarle and Arlington streets, dismally mysterious, yet appealing, as we pass. The Ritz, to port, is a big promontory, while, against the opposite bank, Devonshire House, with its symmetrical forecourt, is a magnificent steamboat landing graced by light-bearing pylons and protected by a dark breakwater.

Then, on the right bank, we discern a cliff-like boldness, this is Clubdom; on the left, the banks give way to a stretch of wooded shore, this is Green Park leading downhill to the Mall and Buckingham Palace. Next, dead ahead, we spy the clustered lights of Hyde Park Corner, lights numerous enough to force their brightness through the gathering gloom and show us Apsley House—"Number One, London"—four-square to the fog, staunch and rugged like its one-time owner, the Iron Duke of Wellington. Now a sharp turn to port and we slip down the dark reaches of Grosvenor Place to Grosvenor Gardens, there a short dash through the murk brings us to Eaton Place and "home."

That night I went to bed with the firm conviction that Whistler's Fogs were preordained for the especial benefit of artists and the delight of tourists. That transient gloom, bringing out the beauties and mysteries of the city's streets and buildings as nothing else could, certainly held no place in the list of common nuisances incident to huge gregarious settlements such as London on the Thames. No, sir!

Alas and alack! Oh, my firm conviction! Next morning when I arose London was in the penetrating embrace of a "pea soup" fog! And, dodrotted nuisance, that combination of drizzle, smoke, and soot hung on for three days. It covered all outdoors and filled all the buildings; we smelled it, we breathed it, we ate it. With that example of dark-brown persistent fog in my eyes, in my lungs, and soaking through my heaviest clothes to my skin, I knew what the Cockney seaman becalmed in a dense fog off Sandy Hook meant when, asked if he didn't think it was *some* fog, scornfully replied: "Well, as for that; it may be good enough for this bloomin' blawsted country, but it's not like what we 'ave at 'ome!"

At the end of the second day's laborious consumption of atmospheric mush, I groped my way homeward, where, the fireplaces being useless, and thus the house chilly and reeking with moisture, I determined to retire forthwith to seek what comfort I might before the trials of another "pea soup" dawn. Once in my room, I hurried on my pajamas, threw back the bed coverlets, and dove in. Whereupon, and immediately, my right tibia, thinly clad with goose-pimpled skin, and my left patella came in contact with what I hastily concluded to be a pile of loose, but red-hot, builder's brick. Closer inspection, however, revealed the obstruction to be large, twin, stone hot-water bottles, well filled and piping hot, evidently placed in my bed by the kind-hearted maid in an effort to dry it out and make it less like a refrigerator.

On the third day, without a moment's warning, a mighty rain squall suddenly cleared the atmosphere. As the sun shamefacedly turned its attention to drying off the mildewed city, I turned my bedraggled way toward Charing Cross Station bound for Paris, shaking the soot of Whistler's London from my trousers cuffs as I did so; I was done with fogs, stone hot-water bottles, and—soot.

Yet, as I am a truthful sailor, I was back in London in less than 10 days. Despite its "pea soup" villainies, its interminable streets, its dingy shops, its cabbages, Brussels sprouts and artichokes, its mutton, and its generally despicable winter climate, I had to go back. Yea; I was even willing to eat my share of the 300 tons of soot which falls each year on that square mile of London in which I might chance to be—for I love Whistler's London.

"Of Usurie": Told in the Quaint Original

When Interest Was a New Thing in Anglo-Saxon Life, It Was Challenged

By ROGER FENTON,

Bachelor of Divinitie, London, 1611, A. D.

The Crowds That Came to Hear Him.

VERELY by their coming there should be great hope; for they resort in great multitudes to heare these points discussed in pulpits. They suffer us to cast the net over them; but alas they runne themselves so deep in the mud that it cannot get under them to dragge them out. Sonne of man (saith God to Ezekiel) they come unto thee as people useth to come, and my people sit before thee, and heare thy words, but they will not doe them; for their heart goeth after couvetoussnesse . . . . The gaine of usurie is a sweete gaine without labour.

Usurie, overplus for any loane whatsoever, is an impiety. It is an ungodly gaine. It is an unjust gaine. It receiveth gaine without labour; cleere gaine without cost. It is not within the law of God or nature. It is and ever hath been of ill report; and therefore among Christians unlawfull.

Law of England Forbids, as Does Church, Usury.

Our statute law now in force simplie forbidding all Usurie, or overplus for any loane whatsoever, being a wholesome and good law without exception, is to be obeyed by vertue of God's law. We of the Clergie stand bound to studie and teach the people the Civil and Canon lawes of our countrie, as well as the law of God.

Alas poore simple soules, who have received it by tradition I know not how, and do verily perswade themselves, that many reverend Divines have in their writings defended "ten in the hundred" (ten per cent) to be very lawful. It is and ever hath been of ill report, Authoritie is so strong against the lawfulnesse of Usurie, as that no man of modesty but will pawse and make question of it.

Men Not at Liberty to Take Sides on Usury.

Charitie, Justice, Pietie, Nature herselfe; the lawes of God, and of men; all authoritie ancient and moderne, joyning their forces against the Usurer, how can hee stand, environed with such a cloud of witnesses; or justifie his conscience against the day of triall?. . . . Take notice therefore, Christian . . . .I beseech thee, that thou do not mistake us (the clergy), and deceive thine own soule. That thou maist not mistake, I have laboured to be as plain as I can. Looke into the Prophets, and they ever combine this sinne of usurie with the transgressions of the Morall law in the highest degree, with lying, backbiting, deceit, wrong, briberie; Psalm 15. With idolatrie, oppression, adulterie, crueltie, unmercifulnesse to the poore, bloodshed and murder; Ezek. 18. With the profanation of holy things, with the abomination of uncleanness, with the unnaturalness of incest; Ezek. 22. Usurie, saith Saint Basil, *is placed among the greatest abominations,* all of them transgressions of the Morall law.

Matters Not Who Pays Usury, It Oppresses Poor.

Usurie is absolutely forbidden without respect of persons;. . . . though the poor only were mentioned in the first, because none but they did then borrow, notwithstanding this intent of the law is to be extended, even as usury shall extend itself to all persons whatsoever . . . . Personal difference cannot distinguish lawful and unlawful usurie. It was not in the meaning of God in his law to make . . . . personal limitation of lending to the poore only, seeing that by this kind of loane even to the rich there may be biting and oppression in great measure . . . . To lend rich men to enrich themselves more, is to powre water into the sea, for he will gaine double or treble at the least, and some bodie must pay for that, who cannot well spare it. Besides, hee doth shuffle thy stocks amongst so much wealth of his owne, thou canst not guess which way it goeth, or how it is employed; which being thy goods thou must answer for, if thy care be not as great for the good employment of thy money, as it is for the sure payment thereof.

The Sin of Usury Is Its Biting.

They who are caught to live securely in the fear of God upon usurie; can they tell when, whom, or how many their usurie doth bite? Nay can the wisest of them tell? For if the borrower be bitten, he had best keep his owne counsell, and set his best face upon it; otherwise if the Usurers do once smel him to be downe the wind, he shall seldom find them within (in). Can they tell when the Common-weale (commonwealth—the social organization) is bitten? Can they discern how many poore people shall pay a pennie in the pound dearer for them and their fellows? No, no, usurie walketh in the darke, it biteth, few know where or how. Only thus much in general we must needs know, that the borrowers upon usurie cannot afford their ware so good cheape by nine or tenne in the hundredth, as if their flocks were free; and yet must they needs sell as the market goeth. Therefore if there be not a sufficient number to raise the market price, and so cast the burthen upon the people, they themselves shall feele the weight of it. To make this more plaine by the most accustomed and moderate usurie of these times: If money be lent to spend upon necessaries, there is no manner of question made, but the borrower is forebitten in paying usurie, when he hath spent the principall. If it be lent to lay out for gaine, then must the borrower first be sure of so much cleare gaine, as will pay the use. Many honest tradesmen will confess, that if they could with their owne free stock raise the like gaine one time with another, that the Usurer doth with his monies, and with the like securitie of the principall, they would thinke they had made a very good market, notwithstanding all their care and travell (labor).

Usury Undermines the Commonwealth.

Gaine must be raised by the borrower to pay the Usurer; and over and above he must exceed this gaine, because this gaine is none of his. If the borrower do exceed the Usurer's gaine . . . . I demand then who payeth?. . . . . Who but the Common-weale? . . . . The Common-weale must needs bear the burthen, and especially the poorer sorte, who buying all by piece-meale at the lefthand, must be forebitten, though they know not by whom. One of the biting dogs which pincheth them fore, is usurie.

Usurers in a Plea for the Commonwealth.

The first (excuse) which offereth itselfe in these usurious dayes, is custom and example . . . . Seeing Usurie very much practised of all sorts . . . . men who bee not only earth-worms and meere worldlings; but men of very good respect amongst men, for their honest dealing; seeming very religious men, & zealous for the Gospell of Christ; those whose tender consciences will sometimes rise at very small offense. . . . If Usury were so damnable as some suppose, these good men, our special friends, would never suffer our soules to sleepe so securely in such danger. (Possibly) our sluggish modesty (as Divines) in being over silent . . . . taketh away the sense of sinne.

Our second motive ariseth out of pitie and humane consideration towards some persons, who have stocks of money, but want skill or power to employ the same. *This affection was the first hatcher of an Usurers' apologie* amongst exiles in time of persecution, which is now also applied unto Orphans and Widowes in times of peace . . . . Since God hath given in charge so often in Scripture to provide for the fatherlesse and widowes; is it not a safe way by this means to allot them a certainty for the use of their moneys, their principall being preserved; they maintained by interest; *and the Common-weale to enjoy both the moneys of them who want skill, and the skill of them who want money?*

Fenton Bares His Breast to Deal With This Plea.

If men shall degenerate as fast the next age, as they have done within the memorie of man; we shall have a deluge . . . . of enormities, not to be named amongst Christians . . . . For the practice (of usury) by the better sort . . . . thou mayest bee misinformed concerning these men. They doe not know what they doe. Luke 23:34. *For I verily perswade my selfe in my soule, had some of them knowne how unlawfull and dangerous a practice usurie is, they would never have ventured their soules upon it.* But as others are by their example, so were they by the example of others led into this common error . . . . *Mammon* is subtill to beguile you . . . . Be diligent or take counsel in religion . . . . desire no less securitie for your conscience in this question of usurie, than you doe for your principall in the practice of it . . . . Neither let our silence (as clergymen) incourage any to practice this sinne . . . . *We are loth to take Nathan his office upon us and say, Thou art the man.* 2 Sam. 12:7. Give us incouragement to deal plainly, sincerely and directly with your consciences. If we be over soft and indulgent with you in that business, take no advantage therefrom to the hurt of your soules; men of the best profession will be men, and not Angels.

Fenton Knows No Divine in Printed Defense of Usury.

And for your particular resolution in this particular, let me observe unto you, that upon the best inquirie that I can make, I find not any one Divine, new or old, of what religion or sect soever, who hath ever passed the press in this point . . . . I did think at the first that I should have found some; and some I have found who doe coast over neere upon it . . . . If any man therefore shall take you aside, as Peter did Christ, Matt. 16:23-24, to savour your dealings in this kinde; suspect that whispering to savour not of the things that are of God, but the things that be of men.

Widows and Orphans the Last Pretext for Usury.

The world thinketh usurie the best and safest way for Orphans and Widowes; because it doth secure them most from casualties, which might befall their flocks and estates, by act of God or man. The wisdom of God is contrariwise, that the widowes and orphans should most of all cast their care on God; because he careth most of all for them. But of all practices usurie doth most withdraw them from dependence upon God's fatherly providence, which best seemeth their condition . . . . It was so far from God's meaning, that in the very same place where hee maketh a law to safeguard Orphans and Widowes, presently and immediately upon it, is annexed the law against usurie.

Woman's Conscience on the Subject of Usury.

I write unto you widowes, who profess your selves now in your latter age to leave the world, and betake your selves to God, heare sermons, read your Bible, and live upon usurie: tell us in the name of God, where you learned thus to join God and Mammon together? . . . . I will suppose that your husbands in their life time did themselves imploy their stocks in honest and lawful trading . . . . Since their decease during the time of your widowhood, by this trade of Usurie, divers of you have attained unto far greater wealth than your husbands themselves ever could. This you cannot denie to be most true . . . . Is it not strange that a woman not able to manage her owne estate, should thrive better and with greater ease and security than her husband with the same or better meanes ever could? If this came by any extraordinary blessing of God upon you; I would lift my hands to heaven with you, praising God in his wonderful works. But if it be knowne to come by the ordinarie trade of Usurie, I would suspect that not to be of God.

Give me leave to deal plainly with you . . . . How do you know who is oppressed or bitten by your gaine? You will say that you commit it into the hands of such as you hope to be honest and conscionable men: for they keepe touch *and pay you your money*: They be neither ingrossers (monopolists), nor forestallers, nor oppressors; nor unreasonable gainers; but honest and religious men, for they deal honestly, and pay you your money . . . . Dare you trust them with your soule, in that wherein your selves stand answerable to God?

Fenton Addresses Commonwealth, Utters Prophecy.

The Common-wealth . . . . being a great bodie, is able to bear many dogges, before she need to complaine; she knoweth not well of whom to complaine; feel the wound in time she must. Usurie perverteth justice in every way. The Common-weale, and the poore people, *may rue it in time, that ever the least usurie was left unpunished;* for their purse in the end must pay all . . . . For the Common-weale . . . . this is obvious; that it is not good for a hive to nourish drones . . . . Bullinger most confusedly taketh and mistaketh usurie for all commerce, in rents, revenues, bargaine and sale, merchandizing, & c . . . .

The Commonwealth Upon the Sea of Usury.

Put all these *Ifs* together, and here is a peece of Usurie which was never practised since the world stood, nor never will:—*If* it be demanded whether it bee lawfull to take interest for the use of a loane of money; answer is returned by those supposed Patrons of Usurie, that for aught they can see, it may be lawful so to doe; *if* we make no trade of it, but once or twice upon occasion, and use it not . . . . *If* we take it not of any who by poverty is urged to borrow; *if* the taking of it doe not in any waies hinder the free loane to him that hath needed; *if* the interest be but *halfe* the borrowers gaine at the most: *If* we looke that the Common-weale be not bitten or prejudiced thereby. *If* our Usurie exceed not that which the lawes doe tolerate where we dwell; *if* the borrower besprinkle his creditor with some part of his increase, rather out of his voluntarie thankfulnesse, than by way of exaction: *If* the lender be content to beare part of the borrowers losse, as well as his gaine: *If* in case the principall doe miscarrie without the borrowers fault, wee be content not only to remit the principall with the Usurie but to lend him afresh . . . . Put all their limitations together, *they agree upon no Usurie at all.* (That is, together they forbid and prevent usury.)

Cities and Corporations Force Usury on Country.

Cities and corporations have drawne a necessitie of this sinne upon themselves by three strong cart-ropes of iniquitie (Isa. 5:18). First, those that be well able to lend and will not, have forced many to pay usurie. Secondly, an insatiable appetite to compass great matters, doe take up great summes of money; (so) that no money is to be spared for such as bee borrowers indeed . . . . That is the Countrie woe. Thirdly, falsehood and deceit . . . . These three cart-ropes, not easily broken, *have drawn a necessitie of usurie upon Cities.* Necessitie is lawless. If Usurers can therefore put on that coate, it will be armour of proofe against all argument; against all statute of law both of God and man. They doe pretend that the state of the Citie cannot stand; that traffick cannot be maintained; that tradesmen cannot live without it; (that) then verily it was never God's meaning to lay so heavie a yoke upon his people in forbidding that which is so necessarie.

Usury Is Proof Trade Carries Too Much Sail

I demand first of those tradesmen, who cannot live in their trade without taking up at interest: Is their meaning that they cannot live in that fashion they doe; maintaine their wives in those fashions that they doe; drive their trade to that height which they doe? If this be the case, the answer is easie: It may be God would not have them carry so great saile as they doe . . . . Whosoever hath for his ground that he *will be rich,* must insnare his conscience with many necessarie evils, whereof usurie is one. If it bee propounded, that trade and commerce between man and man cannot be maintained in this Citie without borrowing and lending; that is granted. Common societie, saith S. Basil, doth require it. But admit this dogge (usury) were tied up; would rich men prejudice the Common-weale by imprisoning their monies in their coffers, think you? Verily, if usurie were not, men would tenter their wits, either in trading themselves, or imploying others; rather than so current and necessarie a thing as money is, should take rust in these peaceable and getting daies. *He, that increaseth his riches by usurie and interest, gathereth for him that will be mercifull to the poore.* Prov. 28:8.

Let us aske counsell of the ancient and holy Fathers of the Church. The way of these ancients, next to the

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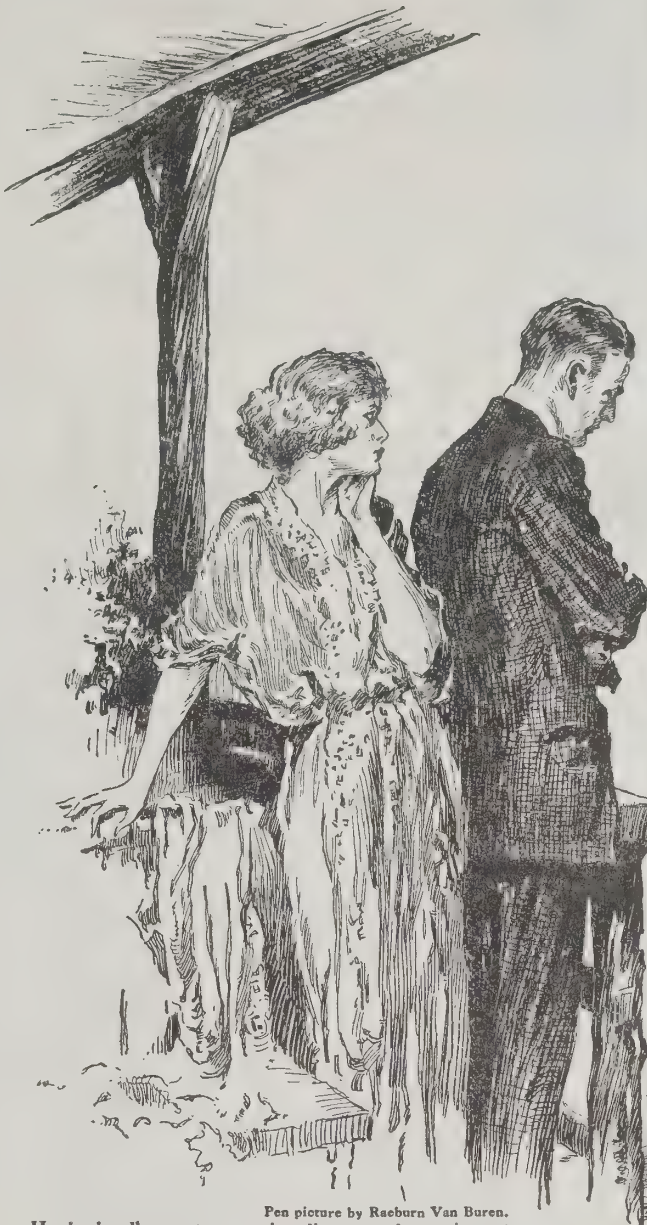
Reminding the World How Short Its Memory Is

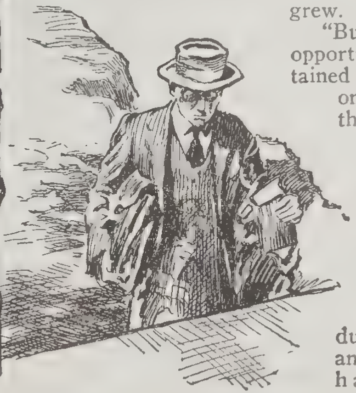
Peter Clark Macfarlane Found the Younger Generation Incredulous That Autos Were Ridiculed Just 25 Years Ago, So He Wrote "Man's Country," a Novel About Pioneers

By LEE BROWN

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE.



Pen picture by Raeburn Van Buren.
Her husband's secretary was invading even the rustic spot to which they had fled for their honeymoon.
"Did I marry a man, or a business!" exclaims the bride.



"'DID.'

'Didn't.'

'A wagon without any horse! It rolled right by me—lickety split.'

'You're a darn liar!'

'Bim!'"

A rousing fight between the two half-grown brothers stirs up a lot of dust on the street of suburban Detroit in which the youngsters live. The period is the middle nineties.

A popular novelist couldn't have got away with that opening to save his neck, 20 years ago. But Peter Clark Macfarlane, one of the most recent arrivals in the "best-seller" list, is getting away with it handsomely this year. It's the first half-dozen lines of his new business novel entitled, "Man's Country."

Twenty years ago nobody would have been in the least surprised at one of Peter C. Mac's juveniles calling the other a liar because he claimed that a horseless wagon had passed him on the road. The readers would have remembered how incredulous they themselves had been just a few years before when they first heard of—and stumbled over the pronunciation of—those newfangled contraptions called automobiles.

Pete's opening would have lacked what the book publishers call "surprise value," at that time; but it's going big now. The pages that follow it, moreover, are full of other incidents that wouldn't have had any surprise value at all even as recently as 15 or 16 years ago. One character, for instance, a pioneer automobile manufacturer, insists that his rival has just about ruined the market by flooding the country with so many as a thousand cars in a single year.

While elsewhere: "Holy Zacharia!" exclaimed Mr. Morris. "You're selling 'em faster than we can make 'em. About 8 or 10 a month is as fast as we can turn them out."

All of which goes to show that Macfarlane, who was well known as one of the best interviewers in journalism before he became a novelist, guessed right when he decided that the American public would be amazed to discover how quickly it forgets.

"What gave you the idea?" I asked Pete after I'd heard that reviewers were quarreling about the book, wholesalers reordering it, and preachers finding sermons in it. (Macfarlane himself was once a preacher. In his novel he devotes himself purely to romance. Infallible means that, of getting a preacher's name on the tip of the public's tongue!)

"Oh, it's been simmering a long while, as most ideas do before they reach the public," he said. "The newspapers and magazines used to keep me traveling around for interviews so much that the drummers wondered what line I was handling. One group of interviews I gathered over a course of years was with various pioneers in the automobile industry.

"Then I began writing short stories and, about the same time, was sent over to France to get interviews, articles, and stories about the war.

"One lovable old cavalry officer sized up the situation there with an exactness that might have made him a good lawyer if he hadn't loved horses too much. I asked him why on earth he looked so infernally gloomy.

"'Why shouldn't I be,' he demanded, gazing resentfully at the motor cycle side-car assigned to him for personal transportation purposes. 'I'm nothing but an out-of-date horse soldier out of luck in a gasoline war.'

"And it was the gospel truth; a 'gasoline war' it was with a vengeance. So much so that the giant lorries thundering along the ancient Roman roads of France, single strings of them stretching for miles and miles out of sight, came to be taken for granted as though they had existed always. Men gave them pet names, and talked to them; and they in turn behaved in emergencies almost as though they understood.

"Could it possibly be that these metal mammoths, and the swift, graceful, high-powered staff cars, were alike descended from the spindly 'horseless carriage' at which people had jeered just two decades before? These, and the sturdy little light cars that burned up the roads in the farthest-flung areas of flying danger? And the couriers' restless motor cycles that flashed in and out among all the rest with the agility of things alive, and that were sometimes driven in mad dashes across open fields that would have felled half a cavalry regiment?

"It seemed so incredible that I myself could hardly believe the very things I had reviewed in print but a year or so before. I tried some of them out on the youngsters. In the backs of their minds, of course, was the knowledge that the automobile was of recent origin, but they simply couldn't believe that their own fathers had called the inventors crazy. Somebody might have, somewhere back in the distant past, of course, just as Columbus was originally called crazy; but the generation just a little ahead—that was incredulous.

"For the time, I had to pack these simmering meditations away in the back of my own mind. There was no opportunity or place or patience for their careful rounding out then; things and thoughts and life were too snatchy and temporary and vivid, the short story was their logical medium. There were, for instance, such men as old Dan Daly, a veteran sergeant of marines, to tell the American public about. And Dan fit into a short story like a hand in a glove. He looted two sacks of green cabbages and a case of canned tomatoes from the chow wagon of the company next to his own, down on the Marne, and his many admirers confided that he was the most notorious thief in the American Army. I looked him up, and found something else than a thief in this naïve old fellow who a few days later was to be limping around with a collection of machine-gun bullets in his gristly body. I saw the sheer courage, the sly humor, and the real morality of old Dan, who stole only for the men whom the government had committed to his charge, and mostly only the stuff that that same government had supplied but had somehow misdirected. Dan was an honest, a patriotic, a justifiable thief, and if I were still preaching I'd preach *on* him instead of *at* him. Out of the things he really had done and the things with which he might logically have followed them up except for his mishap grew 'Cross and Double Cross,' a *Saturday Evening Post* story.

"And there was the bright little patch of a story of one Edith O'Brien, of the Bronx, New York, who bobbed up in the blue uniform of a telephone girl in one of the back areas and, at the intersection of two typical streets so narrow that you wonder why the natives don't carry cowbells to ring as they approach corners, bumped squarely into a spic and span lieutenant who had been captain of the Princeton football team the year before. 'A Wire Entanglement' was the title into which they grew.

"But with peace came opportunity for more sustained threads of thought, on my own part and the public's.

"In Detroit I found out more about the automobile pioneers, and what had become of them. Practically all the original giants of the world's most gigantic industry are still living, and still dreaming and hammering those dreams through to breathlessly swift realization. Somehow, no end of authors drift to the Chautauqua platform, soon or late. Maybe it's the wanderlust, or the gypsy in them. In my lecture-making travels over the country I found that the youngsters who couldn't possibly make themselves realize how young the auto was, abroad, were no exceptions to the rule. It was the same in their home towns throughout the country.

"They were immensely interested in hearing the stories of the early struggles against popular ridicule of a score who had been able to envision the place that motor cars were to take in our modern civilization. There's romance, heroism, and tragedy all rolled together in their combined stories.

"Fabric for a novel? This? It was incredible that it hadn't been done before.

"Associating so much with the modest beginnings of the industry and the physical relics of the first models, I found myself feeling an almost fatherly regard for everything that chugged along on rubber tires. To others in the crowded streets they might be powerful and sometimes dangerous masses of machinery dashing in and out with the skill or carelessness of their respective drivers. But they seemed personally known to me; I had just been visiting with their grand-daddies.

"I crawled off into my quiet little California retreat and—'Man's Country' is my way of trying to tell the story to Main Street."

Macfarlane, according to some of the critics, has succeeded so well in transmitting his feeling of a personal acquaintance with the whole automobile family, in all of its brief generations, that the reader who stops in the middle of a chapter is in danger of disregarding the honk of approaching horns.

If he had stopped with the story of the automobile itself, however, his subject would have turned into a mere textbook instead of a novel. There'd have been none of the so-called "feminine appeal," despite the fact that, in the case of practically every one of the pioneers he interviewed, Macfarlane says he found there was a woman who helped and inspired.

Balzac described fiction as "the history of the private life of a nation." If that is true, it's understandable why the publishers feel that, in something over 999 cases out of a thousand, the justly famous "feminine appeal" is as necessary as a printing press. Besides, did you ever realize that 80 per cent of all the new novels of today are purchased by women? The wholesale book dealers have kept tab for years to help decide how many copies of each book to buy.

And so Macfarlane wove into and around and through the fabric of the story that which his lecture

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American Citizens Who Live Disfranchised

Washingtonians Once Had the Vote—But Also Had With It the Scandals and Graft and Governments That Politics Brings

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

THE 437,571 people living in Washington, the seat of the National Government, do not have to bother about local or National Government, for they have no vote. They are the only Americans in this self-governing nation that have absolutely no voice in government. The City of Washington has the distinction of being the only municipality in the United States that has no mayor, board of aldermen or city council. While Washington is filled up with politicians, they never waste any time in making speeches to the inhabitants and telling them what wonderful things will be done "for the people if you will only elect me to office." Being powerless to vote, the people of Washington and the District of Columbia are spared all this. There is no city hall crowd, ward politicians, or heelers, in Washington.

The people of Washington can go about their affairs and need not devote any of their time to civic matters, the election of officers, the voting on bond issues, or any other matters of government for the city, the District, or the United States. Everything is attended to for the people here by Uncle Sam's Congress. The people of Washington and the District of Columbia have to take the kind of government Congress gives them. Government here is none of the people's business, that is the business of Congress. The people of Porto Rico, of the Philippines, of Hawaii, of the Virgin Islands, and of Alaska, have a considerable degree of self-government, but the people of Washington have absolutely none. There is "taxation without representation" in the District of Columbia.

Now, this seems despotic, that such a state of affairs could be right at the very fountainhead of this great and free, self-governing nation. But the situation is not so terrible as it may seem. The Washington system of governing a city has its advantages and the people, even though denied any voice in government, are contented and prosperous. Oh, yes, there has been an agitation in Washington for years to give the people the vote, but the campaign does not seem to get very far.

Gave Up Franchise to End Graft

EVEN right here in Washington there are people who do not realize that Washington, and the District of Columbia, once had a mayor for the city and a governor for the territory, and that the people voted, at one time. But scandals of graft, big bond issues, political bosses, with which we are familiar in practically all our American cities, enveloped and agitated Washington and the District of Columbia. Yes, city hall politics, American style, was strong in the saddle in Washington for a few years. It is unfortunate that certain cities of the United States cannot find refuge from their political corruption by an appeal to Congress as did the District of Columbia and the City of Washington. They were perfectly willing to give up the voting franchise, to save beautiful Washington from continued disgrace and inevitable disaster. Then, too, the conditions in Washington are very different from those in any other city, owing to the extensive enterprises of the government here.

It would be misleading to give the impression that Washington is administered economically, for it is a very expensive city to maintain. There is no city in the country that is, necessarily, so costly to keep up. The very plan of the city makes it so. The streets are wide and there are innumerable parks and squares, with their monuments that are national in character, and are expensive in the upkeep. The District of Columbia pays 60 per cent of the expenses of the district by local taxes and the United States Government pays 40 per cent. So it will be seen that every taxpayer of every state helps to support the District of Columbia. The Federal Government pays no taxes on the government property in Washington. It is estimated that the value of the Federal property, buildings, parks, and so on, amounts to about 40 per cent of the total valuation of property in the District. This is the basis on which the government pays 40 per cent of the expense of the District government. The cash receipts of the District of Columbia, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, amounted to $23,104,798.60, made up as follows: Revenues of the District of Columbia from taxes and miscellaneous sources, $13,917,005.62; amount paid by the United States on account of its proportion of appropriations, $9,187,792.98.

District Folk Treated Well

UNCLE SAM has treated his subjects in the District of Columbia, to whom he has denied the vote, very liberally indeed. He has enabled them to have a general fund to the credit of the District of $7,579,677.58 (1922) and to the credit of trust and special funds of $562,127.72. In 1874 when the people had territorial and municipal self-government a 50-year 3.65 bond issue of $15,000,000 was made. While these bonds were not due till August 1, 1924, they have all been paid except $156,234.38, and the District has no other form of indebtedness. With several millions to the credit of the District, beyond this small indebtedness, it may be said that Washington is, practically speaking, the only city without a bonded debt. For the fiscal year, 1922, the government of the District of Columbia cost $22,977,411.07. This is about $10,000,000 more than Cincinnati, Ohio (a city of similar size), cost for the same period.

George Washington was very active in locating a permanent home for the seat of the government. The Congress of the Revolution first met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, and continued to hold sessions there until December, 1776, when, in consequence of the approach of the British Army, it adjourned to Baltimore, where it met on Friday, December 20. On February 27, 1777, it adjourned to return to Philadelphia. It continued to meet at Philadelphia until September 14, 1777, when it moved from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and on the 27th of the same month to Yorktown, Pennsylvania, where it assembled September 30, and continued to meet there till June, 1778. When General Washington's letter was read in Congress on June 20, stating that the enemy had evacuated the city of Philadelphia, Congress again returned to Philadelphia on July 22, 1778. On January 11, 1785, Congress met in New York, which was the capital for more than two years. There was great rivalry between several cities, each of which wished to be selected as the permanent capital.

George Washington was the principal force which decided that not one of the contesting cities should be selected. The entirely undeveloped site, except for farms, was selected. Washington himself drew up the contracts with the settlers agreeing, on the part of the government, to pay them $66.66 2/3 an acre for the land. On December 23, 1788, Maryland, in addition to the land grant, donated $72,000 and loaned the struggling government $250,000 more for the erection of buildings. Virginia made a gift of $120,000 for the same purpose.

The District of Columbia is situated on the left or eastern bank of the Potomac River, at the head of navigation of that river, 106 miles from its entrance into Chesapeake Bay and about 185 miles, by way of that river and bay, from the Atlantic Ocean.

The center of the District is 1,305 feet north of the Washington Monument, and 1,579 feet west of it. It contains 69.245 square miles of area, of which 60.001 square miles are land, 9.244 of its area being water.

The District of Columbia consists topographically of an urban section named the City of Washington, and of a suburban and agricultural section which contains a number of unincorporated villages and a populous area, separated from the city by Florida avenue, the Eastern Branch (Anacostia River) and the northerly and westerly boundaries of Georgetown, now a part of Washington.

It was originally divided into two counties by an act of Congress approved February 27, 1801, but the portion of it which was derived from Virginia was retroceded to that state on September 7, 1846; so that the part of the District which was derived from Maryland and named the County of Washington, is the only county subdivision and still retains that name.

The boundary line between the District of Columbia and Virginia is the high-water mark on the western or Virginia shore, of the abutting Potomac River. The boundary line on land between the District and Maryland is marked by sandstone mileposts one foot square and two feet high, and numbered from one to nine on the series of each front.

First Called Territory

THE first official name of the District was given by the original commissioners September 9, 1791, in their statement that "We have agreed that the Federal District shall be called 'The Territory of Columbia.'" It was incidentally called the District of Columbia in a number of acts of Congress, but not specifically so named by law, until the act of June 11, 1878, which prescribes "That all the territory which was ceded by the State of Maryland to the Congress of the United States, for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States, shall continue to be designated as the District of Columbia."

Georgetown was first named by the act of the General Assembly of Maryland by which it was incorporated on June 8, 1751. Its name was not changed until February 11, 1895, when Congress consolidated it with the City of Washington and discontinued its name by an act of that date.

The City of Washington was first named by the commissioners on September 9, 1791, but they had no statutory authority to name it. The city was never legally so named until an act of Congress approved February 21, 1871 did so. Its boundaries, however, have never been defined by law.

The first administrative officials of the District of Columbia, and of the City of Washington, were the commissioners appointed by the President under the acts of July 16, 1790. They were succeeded by an officer styled "Superintendent" whose position was created by an act of Congress, approved May 1, 1802.

The City of Washington was first incorporated by an act of Congress approved May 3, 1802, providing for a mayor appointable by the President of the United States, and a city council elected by the qualified voters. This form of government continued until the act of Congress of May 4, 1812, which provided for electing the mayor by the council, but that form was changed by the act of Congress of May 15, 1820, which required the mayor, as well as the council, to be elected by its qualified voters; but which was revoked by the act of February 21, 1871, that created the territorial form of government for the entire District of Columbia.

Georgetown, until its charter was revoked by the act of February 21, 1871, above cited, also elected its mayors and councils by the qualified voters of the town, except during a few of its earlier years when the council appointed the mayor.

The residents outside of Washington and Georgetown, after the District of Columbia was established, had no right of suffrage, but their local governmental affairs were first administered by a body called "Justices of the Levy Court," and later by a "Board of Commissioners of the Levy Court" created by act of Congress. This body was abolished by the act of Februray 21, 1871.

The act of February 21, 1871, which abolished the charters of the City of Washington, Georgetown and the Levy Court, created a new municipality named the District of Columbia, the officers consisting of a governor; a board of public works, composed of the governor and four others; a secretary; a commissioner of health and a council of 11 members, all of whom were appointable by the President of the United States to be confirmed by the Senate.

The council was a branch of the legislative assembly, which also embraced a house of delegates consisting of 22 members who were elected by the qualified voters of the District, and a delegate in the House of Representatives of the United States, who could speak on District matters but not vote in that House, and who was elected by the voters as were the members of the house of delegates.

Form Settled in 1878

THIS form of government continued until June 20, 1874, when it was abolished by Congress and a temporary form of government for the District of Columbia created by an act of Congress on that date, consisting of three commissioners appointable by the President of the United States and confirmable by the Senate. They were assisted by an officer of the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, detailed for that duty. After an experiment of four years Congress adopted the commission form by the act of June 11, 1878, which, with some minor modifications suggested by experience, is substantially that now operating.

Negroes were excluded from the suffrage until January 8, 1867, when Congress vested Negroes with the right to vote, but this was taken away from whites and blacks alike by the act of June 11, 1878. Negroes comprise one-third of the population of Washington.

When the charters of the City of Washington and of Georgetown were abolished on May 31, 1871, they were in debt as follows:

Washington	$2,966,693.27
Georgetown	261,463.37
Levy Court	28,825.84
Total indebtedness	$3,256,982.48

When the territorial form of government was abolished, the debts it had incurred in extension of its contracts, up to July 1, 1878, amounted to............$22,106,650
which was subsequently increased by............ 1,254,050
making a total debt of $23,360,700

The election of April 20, 1871, was intensely contested, as it was a crucial struggle between the "progressive" element represented by Governor Alexander R. Shepherd and the board of public works, who were opposed by the conservative property and political elements, which were appalled by the revolutionary program of municipal improvements which that board proposed, and the conservatives were strongly opposed to Negro suffrage.

Had Two Governors

DURING its history with a territorial form of government, the District of Columbia had two governors, Governor Cook and Governor Shepherd. President Grant appointed Governor Shepherd and stood by the governor in all the furious attacks made upon him in the stormy political strife that prevailed in the District of Columbia when the people had the vote.

The attacks upon Governor Shepherd became so fierce that he left the District after Congress had killed the territorial form of government and established the present form; three commissioners appointed by the President; a District of Columbia committee, in each the House and Senate, was created and passes upon appropriations, schools and all matters pertaining to the government of the District and the City of Washington. There is no city in which the people of North, South, East and West meet and commingle as they do in Washington. Every accent in speech, and the colloquialisms of every state are heard here. Practically every nationality and country of the world is represented in Washington in the 34 embassies and legations of foreign countries. But Washington is distinctly an American city in the make-up of its population. Practically all the officials, government clerks and employes are American-born and come from every state.

There's Wealth in the Farm Woodlot

How a Much-neglected Spot Can Benefit Both Country and City Folk

By FRANZ A. AUST

Associate Professor of Landscape Design, University of Wisconsin

NEARLY every twentieth person in the United States is dependent upon the forest and its products for his "three squares a day." It means 5,350,000 folks. That's how deep a shortage of timber material would strike into this country's industrial life. Labor employers in the woodworking trades everywhere realize that they are facing a timber shortage. No wonder these industries are continually demanding the re-foresting of the National Forest areas. A wood famine means a national calamity!

Use substitutes then, says the Cheerful One. But in spite of all the iron and brick and steel and concrete which are supposed to take its place, we are using twice as much wood as we were 50 years ago. This is because there are so many new uses and demands for the products made from trees in connection with the other materials.

But what has the little ten-acre woodlot on the average farm to do with a crisis of this sort? Up to the present time very little. There is more land in farm woodlots today, however, than in all the national forests put together. Farm woodlots as a whole are producing only one-tenth of the timber they could produce. If they were three-fourths fully stocked, they would yield more each year than all the timber which is cut annually in the nation's forests. And then the land not in trees, but most suitable for trees, has not even been mentioned.

Take New York alone. When its great expanse of land is classified, only one-half of it can be called true agricultural land. The other half is classified as "real forest land," or land which is better adapted to the growing of trees than to the growing of cultivated crops. If these acres were properly planted to timber and well managed, they would yield for all the years to come most of the timber needed for the woodworking industries of the state. It's the state's job to look after 12,000,000 of those acres and to see that they are forested. But 4,000,000 acres, one-fourth of the whole, are found within the boundaries of individual farms!

Massachusetts has one-fifth of her area classified as "idle land." Most of this "idle land" would grow trees better than anything else. There are 1,000,000 acres of this in the state, and the Massachusetts Forestry Association through action of the commonwealth is trying to bring back the forests to these acres. Some of this land on private farms has already been forested, and the timber will soon be available for use. Individuals will presently be helping to produce the lumber which the state now has to import for her industries, and at the same time the profit of their own farms will be increased.

How much does the woodlot increase the value of a farm? About a generation ago one-sixth of the profits of the farms in New Hampshire came from the farm woodlots. Recently in a middle-western state an appraisal of a farm was made without considering the value of the timber in the woodlot. The woodlot was rated at $50 an acre; the rest of the farm at $150 an acre. A little later a Federal bank official made a second appraisal including the woodland. Based on the cruiser's report for timber which was merchantable, the whole farm was valued at $200 an acre!

The average farmer, it is stated, uses about 2,000 board feet of lumber every year. That's about two cords of wood, besides his fuel. If a woodlot is producing as it should—one cord a year for every acre—a farmer with a 10 or 12-acre woodlot will have sufficient timber to supply his needs and a goodly amount to market besides.

Near one of Wisconsin's rivers a certain farmer has 15 acres of overflow land. It is rich bottom soil, but it is situated on one corner of the farm, and it is convenient neither for pasture nor for hay. Part of it is, likewise, too steep for cultivation. To make an ideal woodlot this farmer has planted mixed timber native to the locality—white oak, ash, birch, elm, maple—but he has also set aside a part of the land for a special variety—the walnut. This tree is particularly adapted to river bottom soil. To insure sound, sturdy growth in this climate nuts were planted instead of young trees, and these were placed in straight rows eight feet apart and six feet apart in the rows. This part of the woodlot is for future value.

During the war, the supply of walnut timber in this country was largely exhausted for gun stock material, and a scarcity is the result. Walnut as a wood for furniture is again becoming popular, and the demand for it among woodworkers increases year by year. In due time there will be marketable timber of great value on this river bottom soil. From the acres whereon a mixed variety of trees is standing, meanwhile, there will be plenty for all the lumber and firewood needed on the farm.

The farm woodlot! A necessity to the woodworking industries; an opportunity for profit to the farmer; a boon to the nation's agriculture; a beauty spot for the eyes of city and country alike.

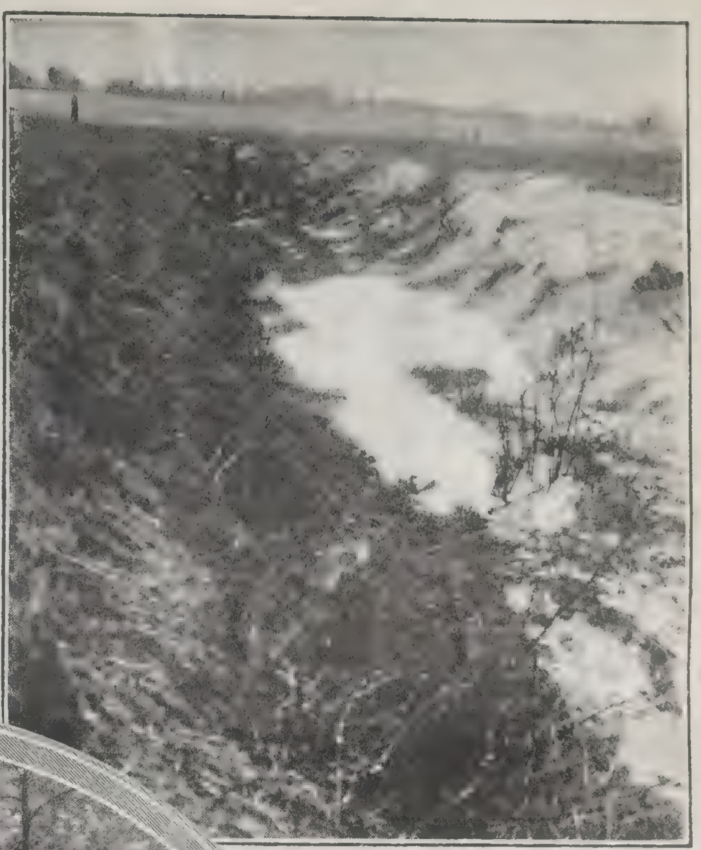
On another Wisconsin farm, Herman Ihde is renewing an old woodlot. He had a good stand of white oak to begin with, but stock had been allowed to pasture there, and very little new growth was the result. After a recent sleet storm broke down many of the old trees, he decided to replant. His first task was to take out all the trees which would not repair themselves. These were good for fuel. Next came the selection of proper trees to plant on high ground, and those which would bring best money returns. For this he chose sound native trees free from disease and insect attacks.

Mr. Ihde's farm is in the paper mill vicinity of the state. He chose, therefore, some fast-growing poplars to be sold for pulp wood. These will be ready in from eight to twelve years after they were planted. Basswood for which there are local markets, and which has 525 uses from spools to trunks, has also found place in this woodlot. Birch which grows quickly and is ready for use in 15 or 20 years was planted for future bolt wood. Then there were white oak and white pine to be ready for still later cutting.

This woodlot will sooner or later be ideal in other ways as well as in variety of trees. There will be enough trees of both fast and slow growth to shade the ground and to conserve the moisture. Growing shrubs of native variety will inclose the miniature forest and will prevent a too rapid circulation of air. Not only will plenty of moisture and proper air circulation further the growing of the trees; these conditions will act as a prevention against a woodland's worst enemy—fire.

Neither will other enemies of an ideal woodlot be harbored. Cattle and sheep and hogs and horses will have no admittance for pasture and grazing. And only the trees which are ready for market or for use each year will be cut. The "interest" will be used, while the "capital" remains intact.

Every farm woodlot well planted and well managed becomes a national asset as well as property with private value.


Eight years ago this land was a level field. Then the woodland on the ridge in the background was cut, erosion took place, and valuable land was ruined for agriculture.

It means much to a nation's agriculture to have the waste land on many thousands of farms producing the forest crop to which it is adapted, thus saving the more fertile soil for the production of food. There is the rough, the stony, the hilly, the swampy land, all well suited to tree growing.

In the lake states especially, there are millions of acres of marsh land. Wisconsin alone has in all an area of marsh land larger than the state of New Jersey. Some of this land is producing excellent cranberries; marsh hay, too, is a valuable crop on a portion of it. But many acres on private farms could well be planted to white spruce if near the paper mill section, to white cedar for poles and posts, to tramarack, also, for poles and posts and, with special treatment, for railroad ties. Both cedar and spruce are ready for market in 15 or 20 years from the time they are planted. These are good trees for northern woodlots. In the South, from Louisiana to Southern Illinois, cedar and cypress do well.

Few trees of foreign birth are of much value on American soil. Norway spruce is 20 or 30 years in growing to market size; it is easily broken by storms; and after 30 years it rapidly declines. Scotch and Austrian pines while faster growing at first need much protection and are short-lived. The European larch, on the other hand, is a good producer in this country, although it has as its enemy the dread larch sawfly. Larch trees are known to have become 22 inches in diameter in 28 years.

That hillsides be planted to trees on farms as well as on public land is of national importance. Thus can erosion be prevented, and valuable land can be saved from the scrap heap.

It is a grave matter that the taking away of trees from farm and forest has deprived the land of its great moisture reservoirs and has forced streams large and small to shrink and dry up. Of this the mighty Father of Waters is a striking example. Once the great forests on either side held the snows and rains to furnish it a huge volume of water the whole season through. Now that the forests are taken away, rains and melting snows swell it tremendously for a short time. But later, alas! the great Mississippi is reduced to a second-rate stream upon which large steamers cannot navigate. Where woodlots exist there is a protection from heat in summer; there is shelter for a whole countryside against cold, sweeping winds in winter. Every woodlot planted, every bit of woodland revived will be doing its utmost toward bringing back natural conditions so ruthlessly taken away.

Raising timber for industry and benefiting farming as a business are not the only objects in planting and preserving the woodlot. Even young trees 10 or 15 years old are beautiful to look upon, and every bit of woodland makes a charming setting for lake or stream border, or to relieve flat prairie land. The splendid wild creatures, too, which now have scarcely a sanctuary outside the great national forests, will find in the little woodland a safe place for a home.

Nation, state, and farmer must work together in reforesting America, so grave a problem is the necessity of planting more trees for the future. Farmers are the greatest owners of forest-producing land in the nation. This land would cover an area larger than Minnesota and Michigan and Wisconsin and Maine—200,000,000 acres in all! What a mighty responsibility rests with its owners! But it's a great opportunity, too. There's wealth unmined in the farm woodlot when it is properly planted and managed and measured and marketed.

When Mormon Pioneers Abolished "Interest"

Salt Lake City Issued Its Own Currency; Free of Bonds Until Recently

UNTOWARD were the prospects, and inevitable the hardships faced by Brigham Young and his followers when, in quest of a "promised land," a haven from persecution, they settled on the uninviting plain of Deseret. Upon that site there later rose one of the famous cities of the world, near the Great Salt Lake, the American Dead Sea, from which its name is derived.

The story of Salt Lake City and its peculiar application to present-day problems has never been made clear.

Who, for example, has heard that Salt Lake City has its own money—City Currency!

For 40 years the government of Salt Lake City and that of the Mormon Church were practically identical. Neither church nor state tolerated modern means of forced improvement and consequent waste; the policy of each organization was to pay as it advanced.

The burden of taxation which overwhelms most modern municipalities, due in large part to the mortgaging of the future to pay for improvements doomed to destruction or obsoleteness before paid for, the ever-increasing blight of bond-interest, had led to a study of the financial records of a number of representative cities, Salt Lake City among the rest. In the city auditor's report of the Utah capital a small item attracted attention. It was unusual, being one in the liability column of a table showing the city's financial condition, and read:

"City currency ....$3,003.25."

City currency? *Then at some time Salt Lake City had issued its own money!* Here was an interesting story. Inquiry followed, and the facts here given, derived from the civic and church records, are the result.

Based on Credit of City

READERS of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are familiar with the story of the Guernsey Island Market, built without bonding. The Guernsey demonstration finds a parallel in the *City Currency* of Salt Lake City, in that the latter *enjoyed the use of its own money without paying interest,* and after a lapse of more than 50 years some of it is still outstanding, or, rather, a portion has not been presented for redemption and cancellation. It is now some three years since the city treasurer has been called upon to cash one of these notes, and it is probable the account has been closed under the presumption that the small balance is being preserved as souvenirs by the holders, or has been destroyed. At least, such disposition of the account was decided on a year ago. As souvenirs, of course, they are worth to the holder far more than face value.

The Civil War closed in 1865. In the same year began agitation of the building of transcontinental railways. Salt Lake City, although practically isolated from the outside world, began to feel the thrill of future possibilities. Money was scarce, credit facilities were not of the best, so the city began to issue its own currency.

The issue of 1865 proved of so great advantage to the community that it was repeated each of the following three years, the last issue carrying the total to $35,519.25.

This currency, while corresponding in terms to the monetary standards of the country in denominations, was based on the faith and credit of the city, and made a full legal tender.

Financiers estimate the power of money at many times the volume issued; that currency in circulation represents but five per cent of the volume of business transacted. If this be true, and it is beyond dispute at the present time, one may well speculate on the amount of good done in that day by such an amount of legal tender carefully turned into the channels of business. This article, however, does not speculate; it simply gives the facts and the story of redemption will indicate the use of the currency in business.

Of the initial issue of $7,989.25, at the end of 15 years, there were unredeemed $488. The issues of 1866-7, amounting in all to $22,250, were consolidated on the books, and in 1890, the unredeemed notes of the two issues aggregated $1,597.75. In the same year the unredeemed notes of the last issue totaled $919.50. Here, then, was a liability of $1,305.25, which was reduced by $2 on June 30, 1900, since which time no notes have been presented.

Like the Guernsey Island currency, the Salt Lake City issues were payable on demand, were a full legal tender for all debts public and private, within the municipal jurisdiction, were receivable for all public dues, and were canceled on redemption. It is not of record that any notes were presented except for taxes and other public dues, but that does not affect the lesson this story conveys.

How much of the greatness of this truly great city may be due to the fiat of its government in early days may some time be told, but it is certain that gold and silver had little part in it until half its life to date had been passed. Human labor, soil production, and a medium of exchange which the country's laws did not sanction, made the foundation on which the city has been built.

Nor was borrowing indulged in. The first public bonds issued in Utah, it is claimed, were to cover a territorial debt of $200,000, and were required by constitutional provision when Utah was admitted as a state in 1896.

The auditor's report indicates that the present-day bonding and borrowing fad has captured Salt Lake City, for of a tax rate of $10 80 per $1,000 assessment, the amount required for interest on bonds and sinking fund is $1.70. It would seem as if the old method were best, as there was not only no interest requirement, but there has been nearly 10 per cent profit in unredeemed currency.

Interesting as this statement is (and it is all that can be gleaned from the public records), there lies behind it the astonishing fact that Salt Lake City was started in a wilderness, under most unpropitious circumstances, and built up in a century of gold worship, *without the use of gold.* Located far from the centers of trade and commerce, on a soil that must be irrigated, without any means save faith and industry, this city rose Aladdin-like, on the desert plain under the guidance of wise heads, and with no other medium of exchange than its own money, dollars issued by the local government.

The notes mentioned in the official report were issued at the close of the Civil War, but the practice began even before that time.

From the office of the official historian of the Mormon church a brief outline of the facts has been obtained. It tells, without boasting, of what was incidental and not then thought to be of moment—an act which, as a financial accomplishment, is worth historical preservation.

At the time of the issue of the currency, upon advice of Mayor A. O. Smoot, father of Senator Reed Smoot, it was not only the custom for the city to furnish a circulating medium, governed as to amount by the city's ability to redeem from known resources of taxes, license revenues, and so on, and thus facilitate trade; but local banks also, commercial associations and other institutions having substantial resources or credit put out script, in denominations corresponding to the Federal currency, redeemable in such currency or specifically in articles of substantial value.

The banking house of Halliday & Halsey lithographed bills, payable in New York exchange and receivable for deposit.

The Deseret Currency Association, of which Brigham Young was president and H. B. Clawson secretary, issued in 1857, steel-engraved bills payable in the following terms:

> "Deseret Currency Association will pay the bearer three dollars in Live Stock on presentation of One Hundred Dollars. Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory."

These bills were issued also in denominations of one, two and five dollars, and on the reverse carried the words: "GOOD ONLY IN THIS TERRITORY."

Impossible! Say Bankers

THESE bills called for redemption in the most valuable article that could be secured, we are told, despite the fact that rich gold deposits were hidden in the mountains surrounding the valley, and with the fractional currency put out, proved a great convenience, in the absence of any other money.

The Mormon Church Tithing Office dealt in all produce turned in on tithes by the people, who paid in kind from their crops, live stock, and so on. Orders payable at the Tithing Office in meats, provisions, lumber, cattle, horses, and so on, were issued in fractional denominations of dollars and cents. These orders served as a general currency in exchange for goods and were accepted by merchants, both Mormon and non-Mormon, who found it useful in the expansion of trade, and as accommodation to customers.

In all of these script issues there was at no time any purpose to supplant the authorized money of the government Ir fact, none save the "City Currency" of the post-war period could have supplanted a national issue, because of the fact that until the National Bank Act all paper money was of state authorization.

The purpose at all times was to provide the people with a local medium of exchange that would be acceptable. The result is of greater import than imagined at the time, and *stares financial experts in the face as an example of the accomplishment of what they are sure is impossible.*

Here was a people without money and needing a medium of exchange. They simply created the exchange machinery which they lacked, and it functioned; but, important to note, not a cent of interest did it cost them for many years.

The building of the Union Pacific Railroad through Utah meant much to Salt Lake City. Although the early settlers knew of the rich mineral wealth of the section, it had not been developed, partly because facilities were lacking, but chiefly because the Mormon leaders discouraged mining, especially of gold and silver.

"We can't eat gold and silver," said Brigham Young; "neither do we desire to bring into our peaceful settlements the rough element commonly found among inhabitants of mining camps, to vitiate the morals of our youth, overwhelm us by numbers and drive us again from our hard-earned homes."

The wisdom of the founder of Salt Lake City in that prophecy was evidenced in 1869. Lead ores carrying silver had been discovered in Beaver County in 1858 and considerable quantities were produced, although the presence of silver was not known at the time. Silver-lead ores were discovered in Bingham Canyon in 1864 by a party of California Volunteers, but production was not profitable. It was not until 1868—the reader will note the year is that of the last issue of municipal currency—that gulch mining for gold was attempted in Bingham Canyon, and in 1869 came the strike that loosed the flood of "mushers" upon the territory.

Usury Takes Its Toll

THIS development was the famous Emma mine in the Little Cottonwood Canyon (Wasatch Range) and its extravagantly estimated richness caused excited activity in mining in which even Mormons engaged. The Emma was sold to Englishmen for more than it ever produced.

With the influx of miners came another flood of humanity in the persons of traders, bankers, prospectors, capitalists and other adjuncts of "civilization" which Mormondom had not seen for a score of years. Banks of the more modern type were started and the little town of 12,000 grew with a rapidity that was startling.

Eventually the financial precepts of the Mormon leaders were forgotten, and usury began to take its toll. Developed on the pay-as-you-go plan and a city of greater achievement than any in the country of its size, without paying tribute to Shylock, Salt Lake City became Shylock's victim, and today with an eight per cent bond limit, or a borrowing power of $15,000,000 in round numbers, she is paying interest on two-fifths, or $6,000,000. All of these bonds have been issued since 1900. The city has shown good sense in one respect, for many of the bonds are issued serially, permitting the immediate application of taxes for sinking fund to redemption, although new bonds seem to keep the outstanding amount from decreasing.

Salt Lake City has retained ownership and management of a number of revenue-producing utilities, and the total of its receipts and expenditure of money is large. The question of taxation was an issue in the last election, and seems to be as much discussed there as elsewhere.

The example of the founders of Salt Lake City, as narrated, is a notable example of what can be done without borrowing, and of the real merit in doing it.

Who will show our bankrupt American cities how to pay as they go?

Reminding the World How Short Its Memory Is

Concluded from page 9

trips all over the United States had convinced him was the greatest domestic problem of today in America—the problem of co-ordinating business and home lives. It was from this that the book got its title. In his foreword he observes that:

> There is a great country, largely inhabited by men, to which most women, particularly wives and mothers, are strangers. Every morning husbands and sons go down to it; there they spend their days, their energy, and, in proportion as they succeed, their love. Its name is Business: it is a despotism, demanding submission to its laws, but it is a delectable country to those in its favor, luring them on and on. There are kings there, and princes—and this is the story of one of the princes who grew up to be a king—the history of a great love of which Business was jealous.

Which, aside from being true and a very good editorial on business success besides, is excellent literary stratagem accomplishing the required introduction of the well-known feminine appeal.

But, varied as he may make the careers of his characters. Peter Clark Macfarlane would have a hard time making any of them as varied as his own has been. The reader who found a fiction character who had been a freight-handler, a preacher, an actor, a newspaper reporter, a lecturer and a novelist, would be apt to rebel. The fellow couldn't possibly be true to life! Why couldn't authors be more plausible!

Macfarlane was born in Missouri in 1871 and was sent off to an agricultural college when he was 14. He went to California a few years later and for eight years worked in the general freight department of the A. T. & S. F. Railroad, with Los Angeles as his headquarters, studying as hard during each of the years as though he were still in school. He was a big, two-fisted sort of fellow and took his religion seriously. In 1902 he dropped other things and registered at the Berkeley Bible Seminary to add religious instruction to his existing enthusiasm. In 1905 he won his diploma and for six years he was the pastor of the Disciples of Christ Church at Alameda, California. To be strictly chronological, I should have sandwiched in a year as an actor in Pacific Coast stock companies between the freight department and the seminary.

For two years he was the general secretary of the Men's Brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ Church, with headquarters in Kansas City, Missouri, during which time he traveled about 50,000 miles a year and developed a skill as a lecturer that still yields him a comfortable income. He also began writing short stories, and since 1911 he has confined himself exclusively to his literary work and lecturing. All of which would indicate that he's on familiar ground when he writes about self-made men, as he usually does. He's one of the best examples of a self-made author to be found in a month's journey.

Competition for the County Fair Midway

Rural Community Theater Threatens to Drive Out Shady "Attractions" That Have Flourished So Long Because of Lack of Suitable Entertainment

By EMERSON ROBINSON

THE "midway" of the county fair, with its freaks and its fakes, its suggestive shows and raucous ballyhoo, is facing a new competition which promises within a few years to do more than all the preachments of reformers in the last quarter of a century to clean up these county events.

Planned originally as a place for the display of agricultural products, the county fairs in course of time degenerated into big carnivals with the unusual hangers-on looking for "easy marks" among the "rubes." They found plenty of them. The old-time shell game, after proving a bonanza and adding thousands to the sucker list, became so raw that officials were forced to put a stop to it—openly. It is still operated occasionally, however, and the trite saying of the master Barnum is proving true today. "For Men Only" shows are still a feature of the midway, but they, too, have been tamed and the sign is largely for advertising purposes. The violent dances of the painted sirens fail to attract; a man usually is ashamed to be seen in the vicinity of the tent. If he isn't he should be.

A more subtle title now is used, but the show must pass the censorship of a public official before it is allowed to continue on the grounds.

On the first day of the fair, the sheriff, or one of his deputies, makes the rounds of the midway. If any of the entertainments are morally objectionable, the owners either have to tone it down or close. It is seldom that a fair comes that one or two tents are not folded after the first day.

With the more brazen games of chance closed, modern methods of extracting the dime and the quarter and the dollar from the pockets of the crowd are used, the gambler's luck depending on the turn of a wheel. He may get a "dollar for a dime" or a "fine old clock" for a quarter. Or he may get nothing. He usually does, but he'll hang on and hang on and separate himself from coin after coin in the hope of winning.

The fair is an institution. Enormous crowds attend from force of habit or "just because they have no place else to go." In some of the smaller cities and villages, schools are closed. It is the annual county get-together, a great party where friend meets friend and neighbor meets neighbor without the formality of an invitation. Uncounted thousands attend solely because it is the fair. Many enjoy the races; others the display of automobiles; still others the array of corn, apples, wheat, home baking, hemstitching. And yet others find entertainment in the side shows. They are duped themselves by the enticing words of the announcer and they like to see others follow in their train. It's a characteristic of human nature.

Volumes have been written in criticism of the county fair, its evils and the accompanying loss of confidence in it by the class of people whose interests it was intended to promote. Little of this criticism has been constructive.

Is the county fair meeting the tremendous opportunity presented by the annual gathering for four or five days of the residents of the county? This is the question before those who have the real interest of the fair at heart. The answer, of course, must be in the negative. Some of the great state fairs are attempting and succeeding in putting across an educational program for the especial benefit of the farmer, but this has not to any great extent reached the counties. In some the carnival features are barred, for it is realized that this has been one of the chief reasons for the decadence of the exhibition.

It remained for a wee Red Cross rural secretary to point the way, unconsciously, too. toward a solution of the entertainment problem.

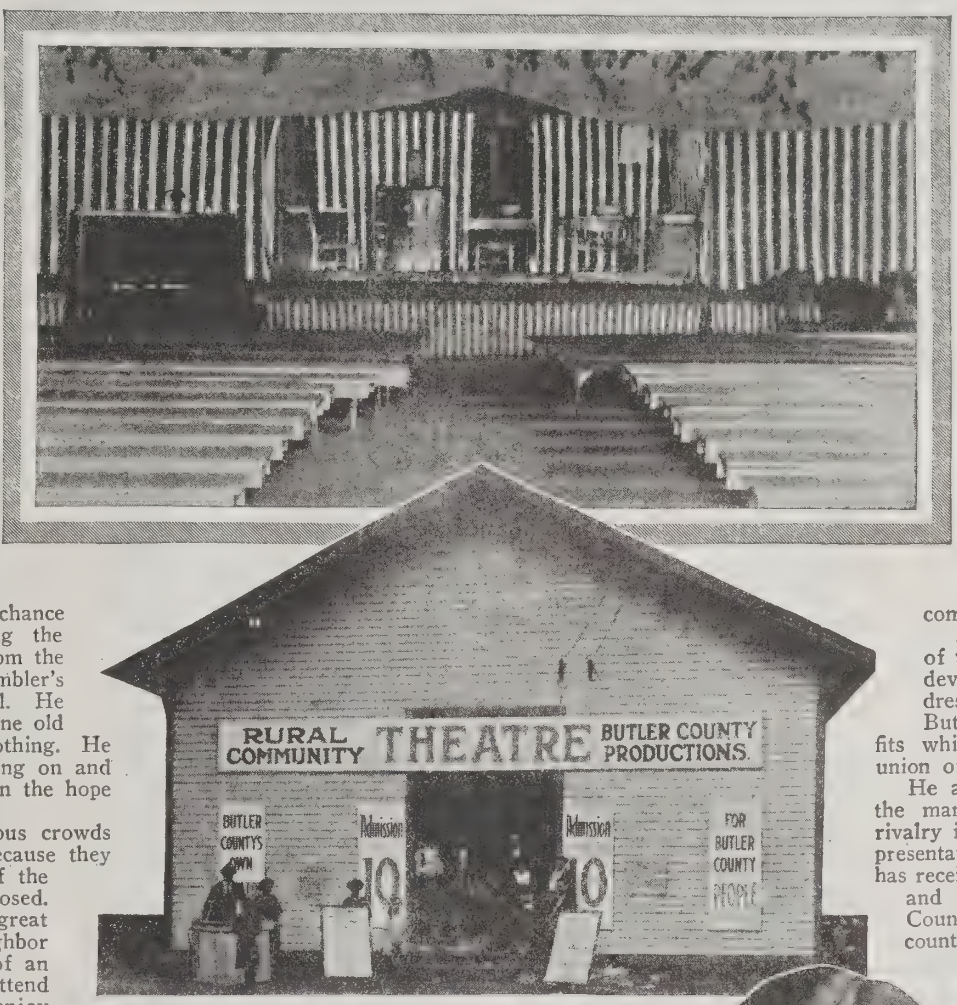
In the summer of 1921, Miss Freda Spring, now Mrs. Jack Steir, conceived the idea of a rural community theater for the especial purpose of presenting plays at the Butler County, Ohio, fair. It was an extension of the plan of Professor Albert G. Arvold in that she proposed to have strictly rural talent of one community vie with similar talent of another community for prizes of a substantial nature.

She had been teaching and preaching the gospel of outdoor play and the development of mind and muscle among the villagers; now she desired to create an interest in theatricals and to develop latent ability which she knew existed. Her greater object, however, was to incite a friendly rivalry among the communities and to strengthen the bond between the city and the country, and, at the same time, make the farming families more contented on the farm.

She may have read in H. G. Wells' Outline of History that the Olympian games, more than any other one factor, helped to weld the people of ancient Greece into a nation of conquerors for hundreds of years. Or it may have been just one of those ideas which float into the minds of those intent on doing something to benefit their fellow man.

Certain it is that she had no idea of reforming the midway of the county fair: just as certain as the rural community theater is causing such a reformation.

Those to whom Miss Spring presented her plan found her enthusiasm contagious and in a few weeks the organization was formed with Joseph Fichter, then principal of the Hanover centralized school, but now an instructor of public speaking and dramatics at Hamilton high school, as chairman, and its success in Butler County is largely due to his activities.



Above and below—Interior and exterior views of the first rural community theater in America on the Butler County, Ohio, fairgrounds.

Grange and other organizations among the farmers were urged to present plays, while merchants of the city were appealed to for funds to finance the proposition. They not only make up any deficit but provide the "props" for the various plays.

A large tent was obtained, seats placed, stage erected and, with much misgiving, Miss Spring and those associated with her attended the first show of the repertoire at the fair in October of 1921. It was a success. In three days five shows, each presented by a different rural organization, were enjoyed by more than 3,500 persons. The S. R. O. sign was hung out at every performance. The new thespians, many of whom had never trod the boards before, acquitted themselves with credit, won a new distinction in their immediate neighborhood and a little renown outside. Judges had a difficult time deciding which of the troupes should have first money.

"Just wait until next year," was the smiling retort of those who failed to share as winners.

Men in control of the fair were quick to realize the benefits to be derived from such a theater. So for 1922 they provided a hall with good seating arrangements and an acceptable stage. Merchants were more enthusiastic than ever and they were among the first to insist that it be made a permanent feature of the county's big annual event. More than 5,000 persons crowded into the hall last year.

So far as Butler County is concerned, the rural community theater, the first in the nation, is a success. It has resulted in a closer unity between the city and the country and created keen but kindly rivalry among the rural communities. It has developed hidden powers among a large number of rural folk.

It is not a money-making scheme, because only a nominal admission is charged. By encouraging one-act plays, thus permitting more persons to see them, it is hoped to make it entirely self-supporting.

One of the direct results of the rural theater has been the organization within the past two months of the Community Drama League. The idea is to further develop local talent and to present plays of legitimate length as distinguished from the one-act plays featured at the fair. Both rural and city folk are members of the league. More than 2,000 persons enjoyed the first offering, a comedy, given recently. Compared to many professional plays for which high prices are charged, the Drama League players will carry off the prize. Some of those who took part got their first experience in the rural theater and this, of course, fitted them for the broader field of amateur theatricals sponsored by the league.

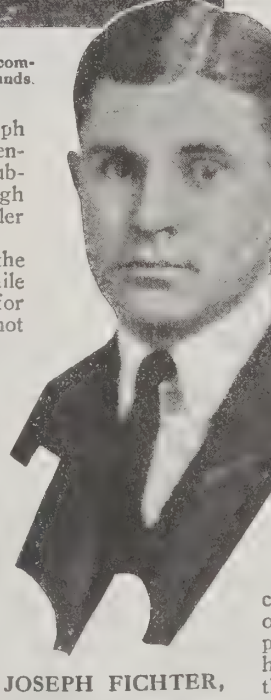
So interested were many of the rural sections in the production that it had to be repeated and in one village and environs alone, more than 100 tickets were sold.

The play netted several hundred dollars' profit and the money was invested in books on drama and music. These were placed in the public library.

It is not the plan of the league to make money. Only nominal prices are charged and if there is any profit in future shows, it will be invested for the benefit of the community.

A speaker before the annual convention of the Ohio State Grange a few weeks ago devoted no inconsiderable part of his address to the theater as developed for the Butler County Fair. He told of the benefits which have been derived from a closer union of the city folk and the farmers.

He also described at length the benefits to the many farm communities because of the rivalry in producing plays for the great annual presentation. Since that address Mr. Fichter has received a flood of requests for one-act plays and for detailed description of the Butler County Plan. Delegates from nearly every county in the state were present at this convention and if the interest shown by them is any indication of future action, Ohio farm communities may feel assured that the play spirit will be developed to the utmost within the next few years.



JOSEPH FICHTER,

To whose energy and enthusiasm the theater owes much of its success.

In Butler County it is the hope of those sponsoring the movement to have a theater for the annual contests at the fair. It is their hope not only to make the building useful during the one week of the exhibition but to throw it open the year round for conventions of farmers, stock raisers and other organizations interested in agricultural advance.

As the fairs are conducted today, the hundreds of acres needed for the annual show are in use only a small part of the time. The grounds are rented for picnics and celebrations but the total of these will not exceed a month, and the investment, reaching in each county to a hundred thousand dollars or more, is idle most of the time. In a few communities an attempt has been made to open the grounds the year round for park purposes but this idea has not made much headway among the fair directors who fear that by doing so, the property will be damaged.

The rural community theater may help to solve the problem of the continuous use of the fairgrounds, so that they may become the great central play place, especially in those districts which lack advantages of parks.

But whether it does solve this problem or not, it is a safe prediction that the rural theater idea for the fair will spread and will become a standing feature for the great annual community parties, and that it will aid in restoring public confidence in the exhibition.

Also it is a safe prediction that the present discredited midway is due for a long vacation.

Those who visit fairs are interested in what their own home folks do; they're tired of being hoodwinked by a lot of cheap "attractions."

And what is better than for a community to support its own people? It strengthens the town and when you strengthen the individual units you strengthen the nation.

Rent Strikes in Scotland: a Dormant Volcano

Faulty Legislation Brings Domestic Troubles Sharply Before Government

By W. P. CROZIER

GLASGOW "made political history" at the last general election in England by returning to Parliament a phalanx of dour and bitter Socialists. It is now likely to make still more history—the Socialist M. P.'s themselves threaten it—for it has raised a big issue between landlord and tenant, the government is in a cleft stick and the Socialist leaders mean to exploit an economic question to the utmost political advantage.

The whole eruption, which may before it finishes be volcanic in its energy, springs from the question of house rents. When at the end of the war it was discovered that everywhere throughout the country there was a great shortage of houses and no building in progress, the government had to intervene to prevent landlords raising the rents to an inordinate height. This was done so effectually that the landlord has for years been one of the most unlucky of investors; he was not able to abstain from doing a certain amount of repairs, while at the same time he was not permitted to increase his rents to anything like the real market value.

Some increase, however, he was at last permitted to impose and the extent and character of the increase were very carefully regulated by the Rent Restrictions Act of 1920. This is the act whence all the hubbub springs. The first thing to remember is that in English law a landlord cannot simply impose an increase of rent on a tenant at his will and pleasure. An increase of rent means legally a new contract. It therefore means, legally, the termination of the contract already existing. In other words, the landlord must terminate one contract before, or at the same time, he invites his tenant to accept the new one which includes the increased rent. Here is a definition of the principle not by a layman but by a legal writer:

Illegal, Trouble Follows

"A LANDLORD cannot—he never could—increase the rent for any reason whatever during the continuance of a lease or tenancy . . . . The first thing a landlord has to do is to give proper notice to quit before or at the same time as he gives notice to increase the rent in the form given in the act."

This was written at the time of the Restrictions Act of 1920. Nevertheless in Glasgow and the West of Scotland the landlords and house agents (factors they are called) did not in fact serve this notice to quit. They increased the rents. They received the increases in actual cash. But these increases were illegal because the notice to terminate tenancy had not been served. It is estimated that in Glasgow alone nearly 200,000 tenants began to pay increases in rent which technically the landlords had no right to exact. How did this extraordinary oversight, or negligence, on the part of the landlords arise? Some say that it was due to the ambiguity and vagueness of the act of Parliament. Acts of Parliament have a bad reputation for obscurity and bad draftsmanship, and few people study them carefully. The vital clause in the act runs as follows:

"Nothing in this act shall be taken to authorize any increase of rent except in respect of a period during which, but for this act, the landlord would be entitled to obtain possession."

That certainly means that the landlord would only be entitled to obtain an increase of rent as soon as he was in a legal position to enforce a new contract, that is, as soon as he had served notice to quit. Why, then, was this stipulation ignored? Landlords and their agents at least should know the law. Almost all over England, in millions of instances, landlords served the legal notice to quit. (Exceptions are reported from London and Manchester but, so far, not many.) Perhaps the Glasgow factors thought that in a general national movement of this kind to raise rents they need not bother about technicalities. At all events they did not. The Glasgow Socialists, on the other hand, declare that it was pure niggardliness that animated the factors—they would not go to the expense of several hundred thousand registered letters carrying the notice to quit. If so, in saving pence they went the right way to lose pounds, for there were other Scotsmen as keen and thrifty as themselves, and in a very few months some of these "tumbled to it" that the increases had been illegally enforced.

Then, indeed, the fat was in the fire. Many Scotsmen are generous but there is no stronger characteristic in the race than the determination not to be "done," not to pay a penny more under compulsion than is rightly due. A Scottish case was recently heard in the law courts which involved the sum of 4½d. (four pence half-penny). The question was whether this sum could or could not be legally demanded from a Scottish workingman, and he and his organization fought the case through every court up to the supreme court of all, which is the legal side of the House of Lords. Scotsmen were proud of that workingman. So, if the factors thought to save money in 1920, they forgot that they were dealing with their own fellow countrymen. As a matter of fact, it was a Jew who pointed out the way. Emanuel Shirwell, a sharp-witted Glasgow Jew who is now one of the Socialist M. P.'s for the city, was the first to test the matter (in 1920) in the courts. He, indeed, had no success but in 1921 another Clyde tenant refused to pay his rent, maintaining that the demand had been illegal since the act of 1920. The landlord sued for the money in the sheriff's court at Dumbarton. This is the case, which may become one of the most famous in our political history, of Kerr *versus* Bryde. The Dumbarton sheriff found that the tenant was right and the landlord wrong. The landlord appealed and the court of session upheld the tenant. The landlord appealed to the House of Lords and the highest tribunal of all again upheld the tenant. This was enough. The great rent strike at once began.

The tenants say that the increases of rent which they have been illegally compelled to pay amount to from nine to twelve months' rent. Tens of thousands of them are now steadily refusing to pay any rent at all until they have worked off the excess which they have paid, and a great many unfortunate landlords are no longer receiving the rents on which some of them entirely depend for their livelihood. Those tenants who are not actually refusing to pay rent are sternly demanding the return of all the increases which they have paid since 1920. What does the government propose to do about it? This was already a burning question at the election a few months ago. The Socialists appealed for support as the party which would secure the return of these illegal increases and protect the tenant who now refused to pay his rent. One woman voter, on entering the polling booth on election day, is recorded to have said, "Is this the place where I can get my rent back?"

The government is between two fires. The tenants demand that increases paid between 1920 and now should be returned, as in strict legality they ought to be, and that the landlords should be forbidden to recover in the courts the rents that are now being refused by the tenants. The landlords, on the other hand—and they are powerful with this government—demand that there should be "retrospective" legislation, making the increase legal right back to 1920, and giving the legal right both to keep the moneys that have been paid and to recover the rents that are now being denied. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labor leader and head of the Opposition in the House of Commons, declares solemnly that if the government should do what the landlords ask, they will be "deliberately heading for a revolution." That is a fairly grave threat. Yet, be it noted, no one denies that in 1920 Parliament definitely intended to grant to the landlords the power to increase rents. The landlords only failed to fulfill the legal formalities necessary to carry Parliament's intention into effect.

Moral Side of the Question

THERE is clearly here a legal and a moral question, and people are hotly divided according as they lay stress on the importance of legality or the overriding title of moral obligation. Those who insist on legality say that what matters is not what Parliament is supposed to have intended but what Parliament enacted; that it is ill work to make legislation retrospective because one section of the community has chosen to be careless or negligent; and that it would be worse work still to intervene on the side of the careless and negligent when they happen to belong to the more comfortable "classes" of society.

It is fair to say that not only the Labor men and Socialists take this view. There are others who maintain that, apart from political expediency, it would be wrong to secure to the landlords these increases of rent when they had not fulfilled their own legal obligations. One of the most respected of our county court judges, E. A. Parry, puts the difficulty in this way: "Parliament having solemnly decreed that certain payments of rent are illegal, would stultify itself by turning round and saying afresh that it did not mean what it said, and, once make such a precedent, each new Parliament would compete with its predecessor in similar retrospective legislation."

On the other hand, the moral argument is very strong and the airy way in which the Scottish Socialists (and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald) waive it aside leaves an unpleasant impression. Before the war, let us say, I paid £40 rent a year. In 1920 my landlord is given power to add on 10 per cent. So are all landlords. I pay the increase. In my mind I assented, as we all at that time assented, to its justice. A year later I discover that as he did not serve on me a formal notice to quit—which would have been a pure formality in the sense that there was never any intention, or means, of enforcing it—I was not legally bound to pay the increase and that I can recover it. I therefore refuse to pay my rent or I sue the landlord in the courts for the return of the money paid. Surely it is not only an indecent but an immoral thing to do. A great many people who are not landlords or Conservatives certainly think so. But this is the view which Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Socialist leader, has expressed:

Mr. Macdonald's Views

"I AM a worshiper of moral right; there is not nearly enough moral right embodied in law. But observe the worship done by these new yearners after moral right in statutes. They begin by discarding the moral right of tenants enshrined in the 'notice to quit' provision; they discover the majesty of moral right only as an escape from the penalty of legal delinquency; their devotion to it comes on a case when law empties the pockets of interests kindred to their own and this 'moral right' fills them. I am suspicious of this."

This is poor argument. One might as cheaply say that Mr. Macdonald's fervor for "moral right" cools very rapidly when it touches the pockets of the men and women among whom he looks for political support. But the position of the government is difficult. If it enforces the rights of the landlords since 1920 to the increases which the act admittedly intended them to have, there will be a tremendous political storm, though not perhaps Mr. Macdonald's threatened "revolution." If it does nothing, then it is hard to say how far this infectious habit of refusing rent may not spread. Even if it passes retrospective legislation it is hard to see what the Glasgow landlords can do to recover the arrears of rent. Evict the tenants? But already in Glasgow there is a shortage of 20,000 houses; and there are nearly 60,000 people living in 13,000 houses which have been condemned as unsuitable for human habitation; there are 1,000 "tenements" in each of whose rooms or pair of rooms live not less than three families. Wholesale evictions in Glasgow! That is unthinkable or, if thinkable, it would bring Mr. Macdonald's gloomy vision unpleasantly nearer.

Perhaps, at the finish, the government will seek to avoid the worst by compromising. It may tell the landlord that he must sacrifice his increase of rent from 1920 to some given date in 1921 or 1922 and to the tenant that from that date he must pay up. In that way, seeking to please all sides, it will please none. In this quarrel one thing only is certain, that whatever the course the government follows, it stands to lose politically and the Socialists to gain.

"Of Usurie"

Concluded from page 8

Apostles, was the old way and no doubt the good way. We think our selves wiser than they; but I am sure they had more religion than we. Of this new learning for the defence of usurie, I confess they were altogether ignorant. Though they were fathers, yet concerning naughtinesse they were children, as the Apostle wished them to be. 1 Cor. 14:20. The ancient Fathers . . . . never mentioning usurie, but condemning of it with so many invectives as would fill a whole volume of themselves. We find not any of them writeth of it, but writeth against it, without any mincing or qualifying of the matter. Saith Basil, "Sell anything but thine libertie. Worthily is usurie termed TOKOS, for it breedeth and bringeth so many mischiefs one on the necke of another; an unnatural brood, like the generation of vipers, which eateth through the entrails of the mother. An unnatural and monstrous brood." See what S. Chrysostom thought. They were very charitable Usurers in his time; for their ordinarie excuse was, *I have taken usurie, but I have given to the poore*. But God, saith Chrysostome, is not delighted with such sacrifices; thou hadst better not give at all than give such alms. Doe not you your selfe count usurie sordide? Do not the lawes forbid Senators and publick persons to defile themselves with such filthie lucre? The author of the unfinished worke upon Matthew, though it be not Chrysostom, yet agreeth in this; that while usurie seemeth to gaine, it taketh; while it seemeth to succor, it oppresseth; while it delivereth from one bond, it inwrappeth in many. It luls men to sleep like the poison of asps, and as leven it converteth the whole substance of a man into its owne nature, that is, into debt. S. Ambrose saith, There is nothing more horrible than an Usurer. Tertullian doth touch usurie but to reject it. Lactantius saith, It corrupteth the benefit of a loane. If wee desire S. Augustine his judgment for this point, hee is so confident that he appealeth to the Usurers themselves, who practised in his daies: "How detestable a thing it is to give money upon usurie, how odious, how execrable, I suppose the Usurers themselves are not ignorant . . . . If thou looke to receive anything more than thou gavest, thou art an Usurer, and therein to be condemned." His finall sentence is, "That Usurers belong not to the Church of God." So far were these holy and learned Fathers from moderation or qualifying this practice of usurie, that whensoever any of them doe meete with it, they sharpen their pens as if their spirits were moved and stirred in them more than ordinarie. Verely they discerned some malignant and venomfull qualitie in usurie which opposed itselfe to that spirit by which they wrote. Usurie ever been held even among the heathen for a grosse enormitie. Plato in his Lawes, and his scholar Aristotle in his Politicks have forbidden it as unlawfull, and condemned it as unnaturall. Cato maketh it twice as bad as theft, and doth equal it with murder. Seneca findeth a place for it in the calender, but not in nature. Pliny saith, *it maketh idleness itselfe* fruitfull. Plutarch writeth that the usurers doe mocke the Philosophera for that old principle, *ex nihilo nihil fit;* because they can make something of nothing, yet for all that he takes them not as gods almightie, but termes them plaine divils.

Human societie cannot stand without lending and borrowing, as S. Basil notes. Wherefore God hath made men sociable creatures. He that would borrow for a needlesse desire is unlawfull: And hee who hath need to borrow, would not willingly borrow but for need; much lesse would hee pay Usurie, if with convenience he might borrow freely. We must not doe evil either that good may come of it, or that evil may be prevented by it . . . . Little are the things that undo us . . . . A reasonable, moderate, conscionable usurie, like an honest kind robber, who alloweth a man part of his own money back againe to beare his charges . . . . wrecketh (man and nations and conscience) upon the sand.

International Science Briefs

By **DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL**

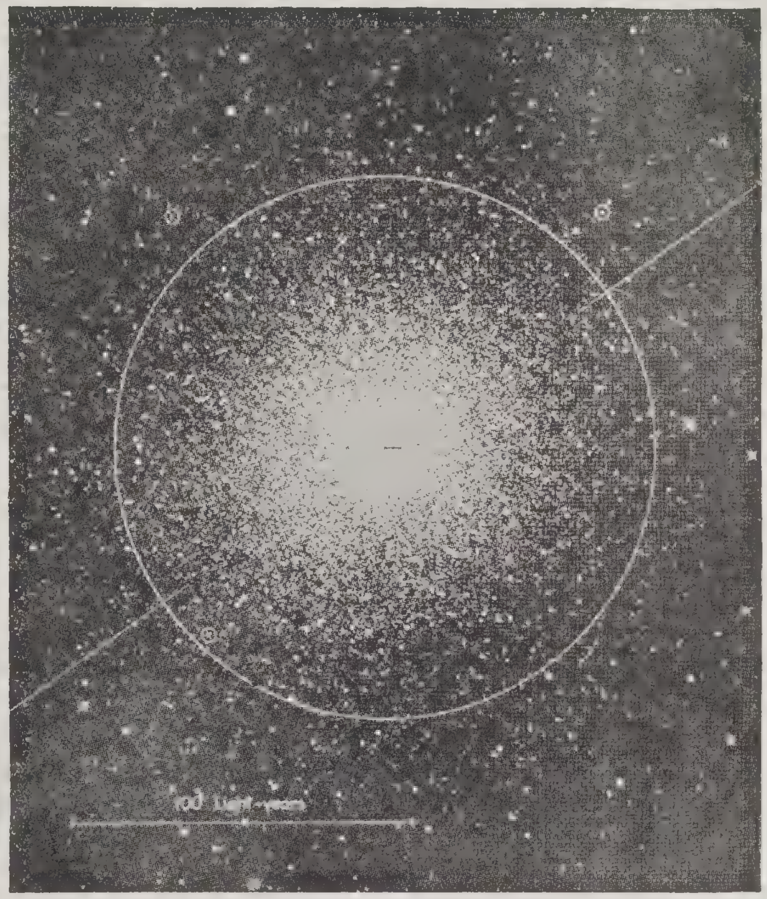
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The New Scientific Outlook

THIS is the era of upheaval. Turmoil, strife, eruptions and discord seem to be the order of the day in the world of intellect and in the world of politics. It is a curious fact that both of these turbulent waves parallel each other. May it not be that all this is an inevitable antecedent to what Dr. Robert T. Browne has termed the "Newer Day"? Chaos will give way to cosmos and, as Dr. Browne maintains, "the newer forces must win." A new spiritual and intellectual world is being born. In the melting pot of human problems and aspirations, opinions and attitudes are being fused into a harmonious whole which will finally result in a great good.

In the world of science a great battle is being waged. The cosmos is being rebuilt. Old theories are being shattered. Every time-honored hypothesis is probed and the most cherished conclusions are questioned. Fantastic and cyclonic waves are sweeping over the ocean of intellect and the ship of science has lost its rudder. Four-dimensional spaces are being dragged out of the magician's cabinet and made to perform astounding and weird feats. Instead of artistic cubists we have scientific "fourthists" who make worlds turn inside out when they crack the mathematical whip. The visionary *fourthists* have actually deluded themselves into believing that they can really create worlds from a nebulous spray of mathematical equations and their hectic nerves are soothed by what Dr. Sydney T. Skidmore has appropriately named "mathematical jazz."

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz boldly proclaims that there is no ether but forgets that every physical manifestation involves some type of material change or disturbance. This view of Steinmetz has been given wide publicity in the subsidized scientific and popular journals which form another phase of the scientific chaos of our times. Many years before Steinmetz dared to think such heretical thoughts, the writer denounced the ether hypothesis as a self-destructive speculative inconsistency. That was in the year 1902. One does not expect the subsidized journals of today to take cognizance of dates, particularly if the person whose priority is involved happens to have taken issue with Einstein, the first, and it is to be hoped, the last scientific demagogue of all times. Dr. P. Lenard, of Heidelberg, Drs. H. Fricke and E. Gehrcke, of Berlin, Dr. Don Jose Comas Sola, of Spain, Dr. Stjepan Mohorovicic, of Jugo-Slavia, Dr. O. E. Westing, of Sweden, Dr. T. J. J. See of the Mare Island Observatory, and the writer have warned the scientific world concerning the extremist position represented by Steinmetz and fathered by Einstein. If we do away with the ether because of its inconsistencies, we must not delude ourselves with an equally inconsistent and impossible notion that such actual physical manifestations as light, electromagnetic phenomena and the transmission of radio waves and vibrations are possible without a genuine physical medium. The great universal law of the cosmos applicable to all finite existence is that *all observable manifestations are due to some type of material disturbance*. This is the position held by the writer in 1902 and further developed in his work, "Scientific Theism Versus Materialism, The Space-Time Potential," published in 1920. The writer holds that all physical phenomena are due to specific primal cosmic activities manifesting as observable matter. In inter-stellar space primordial matter exists in a *neutral* condition. Neutral matter when disturbed by *excitant* matter of the *electronic* type is responsible for such phenomena as light, electromagnetic waves and radio transmission.



Star Cluster Hercules, showing stars that are 1,000 times the size of our sun.

Dr. H. Fricke, the eminent physicist, of Berlin, is devoting much time and careful thought to the phenomenon of gravitation. He has departed from the old idea of a central force made famous by Newton. The writer abandoned the notion of a central force many years ago. The new movement in science is peculiarly related to the great Newton in that it shows a tendency to rehabilitate the old corpuscular theory of this scientist in a modernized form, whereas it is departing from the Newtonian conception of a central force. In the case of our planetary system Newton regarded the gravitational attraction of the Sun as the central force which held the planets in their orbital paths. In the New Science the orbit of a celestial body is a result of the interdependent interaction of all the material groups and is not regarded as an isolated phenomenon in the Newtonian sense of a single independent central force. In fact an independent force no longer has any genuine physical status except as an arbitrary convenience in limiting an investigation. This view is in complete accord with that set forth in the writer's work referred to above. At the present time the world is considered as one physical unit, a single colossal compensating machine, in which a change or disturbance at one point necessitates automatic compensating changes at some other points. Independent and isolated forces traveling from one point to another in the physical universe, in the light of this new view of cosmic action, become purely fictitious and meaningless. Physical action is *interaction* between dependent and related material particles which are parts of one harmonious, compensating cosmos.

Einstein's Theory of Relativity is a mathematical attempt to unify the material portions of the universe into a single system operating under a definite law of motion. Einstein failed in his attempt because he was led astray by the "mathematical space-time jazz" of Minkowski and for the further reason that he assumed that the contraction theory of Lorentz represented actual physical facts. The theory of Lorentz, that a moving body will become shorter or contract along lines parallel to the direction of motion, is nothing other than undemonstrable mathematical fiction without a vestige of supporting evidence in the physical world. The writer's attempt at this unification antedates Einstein's and is grounded primarily upon demonstrable physical facts.

Dr. T. J. J. See, in his masterly work, "A New Theory of the Aether," has departed completely from the old ether hypothesis of Maxwell, Kelvin and others. He has fully realized the inconsistencies of the old theory and has substituted for "the all-pervading continuous medium" a material ether composed of discrete particles. This is in harmony with the writer's conclusions concerning the nature of the new medium now required by science. Dr. See proceeds in his work to develop a new theory of gravitation and magnetism not based upon the Newtonian central force hypothesis. Here again we find the new tendency of modern science to depart from the untenable position of Newton concerning central forces.

Another interesting development of modern science deals with the size of the physical universe. This field of speculation was first made popular by the visionary conclusions of Einstein. The commonly held view concerning the world is that it extends indefinitely in all directions. Every rational person can think of space as extending continuously outward in all directions without end. Einstein's friend Minkowski was destined to play havoc with common-sense notions and to turn the world topsy-turvey. Minkowski, it is claimed, harnessed the horse of time to the cart of space. Later the animal became so frisky that its original driver lost the mastery and was thrown out of the cart. In this dire emergency the fearless Einstein leaped into the vehicle and seized the reins to save the wagon of Relativity for an unsuspecting, and gullible world. This heroic deed won the applause of many somnolent scientists. Subsequently our hero discovered, in the wagon, a new and curious instrument overlooked by Minkowski. When Einstein looked through the lens of this instrument he found that all straight lines are really not straight but curved, and from that time on all straight world lines curved back upon themselves until both ends met. This was the end of an unending world and Einstein at once furiously attacked the problem of determining the radius of his finite universe. Neither the result nor the method of calculation interests us since our only intellectual reaction is one of sympathy for common sense gone astray. The normal mind will forever refuse to part with its notion of a straight line, and space extending outward without end in all directions.

The interesting contribution of Dr. Harlow Shapley concerning a tentative center of the universe has nothing in common with the fantastic speculations of Einstein. The splendid work of Shapley has given us a new and startling conception of the magnitude of the physical universe. Some of the most notable observations of Dr. Shapley deal with the Hercules Star Cluster. This group of stars is so far distant that it requires 36,000 years for the light from the cluster to reach the earth. We are indebted to Mr. William A. McGarry for the photographic image, reproduced herewith, and for the following summary of the work of Dr. Shapley:

"A photographic image of the Hercules Star Cluster has been taken by Dr. Shapley. Reproduced, it looks merely like innumerable splotches of white on a black background, or black on a white background. But on the original plate the scientist has counted more than 30,000 stars, each many times larger than the sun. On the reproduction he has marked with rings three stars, each of which is photographically almost exactly 100 times as bright as the sun, and he is authority for the statement that the most luminous giants in the group exceed a thousand suns in light emission. Dr. Shapley estimates that the now known stellar universe is about 100,000 times larger than had been suspected previously."

In conclusion we shall touch briefly upon the relation of religion to the new scientific outlook. Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz recently stated that, "There can be no scientific foundation of religion, but belief must always remain the foundation of religion, while that of science is logical reasoning from facts, that is, sense perceptions." Dr. Steinmetz overlooks the fact that logical reasoning as well as the gathering of physical data are both based upon the greatest of all world postulates, that the world is rational. Thus science itself is grounded ultimately upon faith. For this reason the truths of religion are equally demonstrable with the truths of science. The writer has shown in his "Scientific Theism Versus Materialism" that the truths of religion logically follow from the facts of science.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

BRIEFLY TOLD

German shipyards have more than returned to their pre-war state. The largest vessel launched in the world last year took the water at the free port of Danzig. A 20,000-ton steamer was built at Hamburg.

The onrush of water from a torrential downpour awakened a Negro farm hand near Durant, Mississippi. Leaping from his bed he found a section of the Illinois Central track washed out. He procured a lantern and speeding down the track he flagged the New Orleans-Memphis-Chicago fast passenger train, probably saving the lives of many passengers, as the train was rushing through the night at the rate of 50 miles an hour. Efforts are being made to obtain a Carnegie hero medal for the Negro.

An artist of New York uses only the many-colored petals of flowers instead of oil paints and thereby achieves most satisfactory and extraordinary results.

Peter B. Kyne, famous short-story writer, told a Los Angeles business organization that he could "see no future for the motion picture industry until it gets down to brass tacks and establishes a code of ethics. The drama of today, as represented in the motion pictures, is for the most part mere hokum. Those who control the pictures do not want good, clean, wholesome stories. The people are tired of hokum. What they want is pictures which appeal to the heart with here and there a vagrant tear and a laugh. The pictures now being shown are built on the theory of shocking the nervous system, rather than by appeal to the heart."

The average length of life in the United States is 56 years. This is 15 years more than it was in 1870.

A 15-year-old boy of London, England, went into a cage of lions to earn money to pay for an operation on his younger sister who was lame. He won the prize of $250 but the surgeon would not take it so the boy turned the cash over to his little sister.

Article 24, section 2, of the Dutch labor law says that "a workman in a factory or shop shall not do any work between 6 p. m. and 7 a. m."

The password of the Tower of London is known to only three persons. They are the king, the lord mayor and the constable. His majesty sends the password to the lord mayor quarterly. This is merely a survival of one of the numerous old customs in London.

One of the strangest considerations ever written in a deed is contained in a document recently recorded in Laporte, Indiana, by Stella Cizewski and Adam Jankowski. For a consideration of $1 and "a promise of marriage" Mrs. Cizewski has transferred a town lot to her fiance.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

An invention by means of which rubber is impregnated with nitrogen gas, thereby filling it with innumerable cells, may revolutionize the making of rubber. Onazote is the name of the new product. A ball of it was subjected to a pressure of 32,000 pounds. In 24 hours it reasserted itself sufficiently to hit the ceiling when bounced from the ground. It is more buoyant than cork in water.

Speeders in Akron, Ohio, are fined $1 for each mile beyond the 20-mile speed limit, their machines being timed by arresting officers. When arrested within a school district the speeder's fine is doubled.

The Long Island Railroad has adopted a policy which will appeal to travelers. When for any reason a block occurs, the reason will be explained to passengers by announcements in each car. The common practice of all employes on all roads is to simulate ignorance. This attitude is encouraged by the railroad officials. Now whether the trouble is due to hot box, broken brake beam, defective signals or what not, the delay will be explained in the belief that the public will readily excuse the delay when it knows the cause.

The number of forest rangers engaged in forest control, to prevent fires in Quebec and Ontario, will be tripled during the coming season.

The farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, where Burns wrote "Scots Wha Hae" and "Tam o' Shanter," and many other poems, has been given to the Scottish nation by the terms of the will of the recent owner, a gentleman of Edinburgh. The buildings as far as possible are to remain as they were in the time when they were occupied by Robert Burns.

On the famous Liberty Bell, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is the inscription: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." This is taken from Leviticus 25:10.

It is now possible to ship milk several hundred miles without having it spoil. The old-fashioned milk can has given way to huge glass-lined tanks similar to the familiar vacuum bottle. These tanks are mounted on trucks and are insulated from the heat by the use of cork packing. Less than two gallons of milk stick to the sides of these 5,000-gallon tanks. Milk has been handled in these tanks over distances of more than 100 miles with a rise of less than two degrees in temperature on hot summer nights when the outside atmospheric temperature stood at 88 degrees.

Luther Burbank has accepted a place on the board of directors of the national campaign for boll weevil control. He is one of several leaders in financial, agricultural and scientific circles to take an active part in this crusade against the pest that is destroying millions of dollars' worth of cotton each year.

Human slaves are sold on the block in Abyssinia, according to information reaching the League of Nations. Humans are caught in the open, chained, grouped and sold into slavery for rich slave holders living in the interior of Asia Minor. The latest 1923 quotations are as follows: Able-bodied male slaves, $6 to $24, according to age, strength and productive ability. Female slaves, demand slight, $6 down. Child slaves, absolute drug on the market.

Married men employed by the city of New Orleans hereafter will have their pay checks mailed to their home address. Every man from the mayor down to the street cleaner is affected.

A Japanese has invented an ingenious wind turbine capable of utilizing air currents in the generation of power. When the velocity of the wind is eight meters a second, the model develops four horse power. Its equipment includes a storage battery by which the power generated may be held in reserve to secure service when the wind subsides.

Blind persons who reside in Ontario may travel free of charge on the street cars of Toronto and environs. Applicants for passes on this account must be totally blind.

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I've Decided to Quit Advocating Justice

Justice Is a Sacred Word, Like Witchcraft, Admits Chas. W. Wood, But the More Sacred Such a Word Is, the More Trouble It Causes

Ancient Scholars' Strong Views on Interest

Faneuil Hall, Our "Cradle of Liberty"

Vendors of Luck in Latin-American Countries

Australian Packs London's Famous Temple

"Moving Man" Tells His Side of the Story

The People–Their Own Insurance Company

Tip or No Tip—That's the Question

How Has System of Double-pay—to Proprietor and to Employe—Come to Be Entrenched So Well Asks This Victim of the System

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

I've Decided to Quit Advocating Justice

Justice Is a Sacred Word, He Admits, Like Witchcraft, But the More Sacred Such a Word Is, the More Trouble It Causes, He Declares

By CHARLES W. WOOD

IF THERE ever was a word which ought to be abolished, it is the word *justice*. Until we get it out of our thinking, human progress will continue to be a slow and painful operation.

It's a sacred word, I admit. So was witchcraft. That's my big grievance against it. The more sacred such a word is, the more trouble it causes. So long as people generally had a religious conviction that witches caused boils, it not only raised havoc with "witches" but it kept us from curing boils.

What was a witch? Nobody knew. We had to have a very learned investigation in each case to find out. The common people were terribly ignorant in the matter. Had it been left to them, they might have killed some old woman for being a witch who wasn't a witch at all. Only those who had made the matter a lifelong study could ever be depended upon to say for sure. These learned ones, however, were able to isolate several hundred thousand specimens all told, which were tortured to death one by one.

What is justice? Nobody knows. Nobody has ever seen it and nobody can define it exactly. In each particular instance, we must leave the determination of the matter to specially qualified experts who have given the subject a lifelong study. With their august assistance, however, we have burned and hanged and racked and tortured and imprisoned uncounted millions of our brothers and sisters: and yet the human race hasn't become an altogether happy family.

It's Always Justice

OCCASIONALLY it is necessary to go to war and do the killing on a wholesale scale. But always in the name of *justice,* remember that. It is impossible to get people to fight any longer for any other cause. Did you ever hear of a modern nation fighting for money, for territory, for aggrandizement? If we are to take what one side says, of course, that is what the other side always fights for: but that is surely no way to discover the real motives. What was it that appealed to the average German farmer and mechanic in the late war, if it wasn't justice to Germany—his concept of what Germany, due to her superior something-or-other, was really entitled to have? Read the kaiser's speeches which so thrilled the German populace that they were willing to walk up to machine guns and die in piles. Every one of those missives was a sacred recital of German "rights."

The czar fought for justice, too. Incidentally, we know from the record, he was also anxious to make the world safe for democracy, but it cannot be denied that his main motive was justice. Russia, from his point of view, was *entitled* to Constantinople, and to everything else which Russia might conceivably get.

Along came the Bolsheviks. What was their watchword? Justice. Justice to the workingman. Let each worker receive the full product of his toil and everything would be about all right. Pretty soon there wasn't any product and that mussed up the situation a bit: but the ideal remained untarnished.

Applies Here, Too

COME now to the United States: it will be conceded, I think, that this country has always fought for justice. We have fought not only for justice to ourselves but for justice to smaller nations as well. Justice to the Mexicans—did we not arrange it so that great slices of Mexican territory could come under our flag? Justice to Cuba. Justice to the Philippines. Justice to France, Belgium, everybody. To be sure, we never intentionally fought *against our own interests*: but, unlike all other nations in world history, our nation was never led astray by momentary catchwords. Funny about us, isn't it? Funny that we happen to be the only nation which, in every national contest, has always been right?

No, it isn't funny. All nations are like that. All groups are like that. All individuals are like that. In every war that ever happened, in every lawsuit, in every strike and in every individual quarrel, both sides have always fought for their rights. All that anyone has ever asked for has been justice—a thing which nobody can define so that the other side can make head or tail out of the definition, and a thing which nobody has ever seen. It happens, also, to be a thing which nobody wants. We think we want it, just as we once thought we wanted to get rid of witches. What we really wanted was to get rid of the whole *concept of witchcraft;* but we wallowed in agony for centuries before we ever discovered that.

I say that justice cannot be defined. As in the case of witches, however, there have been many attempts at a definition. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." This sounded once as though it meant something. A man had his eye put out and he put out the other fellow's and the books seemed to be balanced perfectly. In actual experience, however, there was something missing. It was that eye. The fact that the other fellow's eye was missing, too, didn't make that one see any better than before.

But the other fellow *deserved* to have his eye put out, didn't he?

That was always a question. Sometimes you could prove that he did and sometimes he could prove that he didn't: but whether he did or didn't made not the slightest difference. What mattered was whether you could muster up the necessary force to perform the operation. If the force was on your side, justice prevailed. If it was on his, justice was overridden. And in either case, your eye was on the blink regardless.

"Let the punishment fit the crime." That is an ancient principle of law which is still muddling our thoughts and raising general confusion. Our practice, fortunately, is better than our theory; for many courts are making desperate efforts to reclaim culprits instead of merely punishing them. Children are being treated as delinquents and adults are sometimes paroled: also we are doing something to make our prisons endurable, where once they were places of unrestricted torment. But we still hang to the *idea of punishment.* We are still obsessed with the superstition that it is possible to hand out sentences "on the merits of the case." Until our theory is corrected—until we come to do some straight thinking on the question—the reform of our practice will be painfully slow.

It Can't be Measured

I DON'T mean to say that the struggle for justice has been altogether vain. Justice was a bright idea once, considering what existed before. "An eye for an eye" was an advanced thought, compared with the prevalent practices in Moses' time. If you lost an eye in those days, it was your cue not only to gouge out the other fellow's eye but both his eyes, also the eyes of his children and his cousins and his aunts.

That is, if you could. But mostly you couldn't and even when you could, you and your relatives generally got badly bunged up in the process. Enter the Lawmaker. Wouldn't it do, says he, to pay for one of your eyes with one of his, *provided I can get guaranty payment?*

You accepted, for economic reasons. The rate of interest was lower but the investment was safer in the end. So the reign of law dawned, instead of the rule of the Big Stick. It was a great stride ahead in human affairs. Just the same, it is time to forget about it now. It was a wonderful stride ahead when oxen were first attached to carts: but attach an ox-team to a modern touring car and they'll only get in the way.

I used to work in a sulphite mill for $1.30 a day. I hated my job. I thought my wage was unjust. I longed like everything for "the full product of my toil." I spent 10 hours a day one week, and 13 hours a night the next, for $7.80 a week. I couldn't eat decent food, buy decent clothes or live in a decent house for that. Worse than that, I couldn't develop normal human longings. I couldn't even make love normally to the right kind of a girl: and had I married, I couldn't have supported a family in any kind of shape.

And I thought all along that the trouble lay in my being cheated out of the "product of my toil." Actually the company failed. Actually I, and others like me, cost that company a lot of money every day they kept us on such a job. We didn't know anything: neither did the management. We were both so interested in our "rights" that we had no intelligence left to bring to the job.

Justice, you see, is a thing that can't be measured. Even if the company had set experts on the job, they couldn't possibly have told how much any individual was "worth." A labor court is quite as ridiculous as any other kind of court. An eye cannot be measured by an eye: for while it does you a lot of harm to have one gouged, it does you no good whatever to gouge out some others. It is equally impossible to measure the deserts of labor and capital. Both may yell for their rights, and they will have their yelling for their pains. At best, as in the case of nations at war or litigants at court, what each side conceives to be right will be determined only by what it thinks it can get.

Where is the fallacy? Why is it that, with the universal "passion for justice," justice never seems to be attained? Why is it that the world today has become utterly cynical on the whole subject? Why is it that the average citizen, even in America, is inclined to give up the struggle and ask, "What's the use?"

What We Really Seek

THERE is a reason. Until we understand that reason, we can do no straight thinking on the subject. When we do understand it, there is no reason why the thing we are really longing for should be longer delayed. The whole explanation was given 2,000 years ago, by a Man whom we crucified and forgot. He said:

"Ye have heard how it hath been said of old: An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go with him one mile, go with him two . . . . *Love thine enemies."* Not a trace of *justice* in a single clause. *But there is a perfect understanding of human nature.*

What we are all longing for is not justice but a more abundant life. That includes the prosecutor and the prisoner and the judge; the employer, the striker and the scab; the French and the German, the Bolshevik and the counter-revolutionist; the murderer and his victim; the artist, the lover, the babe in arms, the self-sacrificing mother; the prostitute and the dope fiend and the highway robber; the Jew, the Gentile, the 100-percent American and the utterest alien, black, brown, yellow or red. "Ye are all one family." You all have the same needs. You are all longing for the same thing: although the thing you are struggling for, because you haven't understood, is not the thing you are longing for at all.

When We Know the Truth

WE ARE longing for a more abundant life. In our ignorance, we imagine that this life can be realized through getting "our share" of what the earth provides: so we struggle for that share, and we are as happy as litigants in a lawsuit ever after. But here was a man who knew that human life could not be realized that way. He knew that the human being was not a bunch of appetites which can be satisfied with possessing things, *but a conscious energy which can be satisfied only in creative service.*

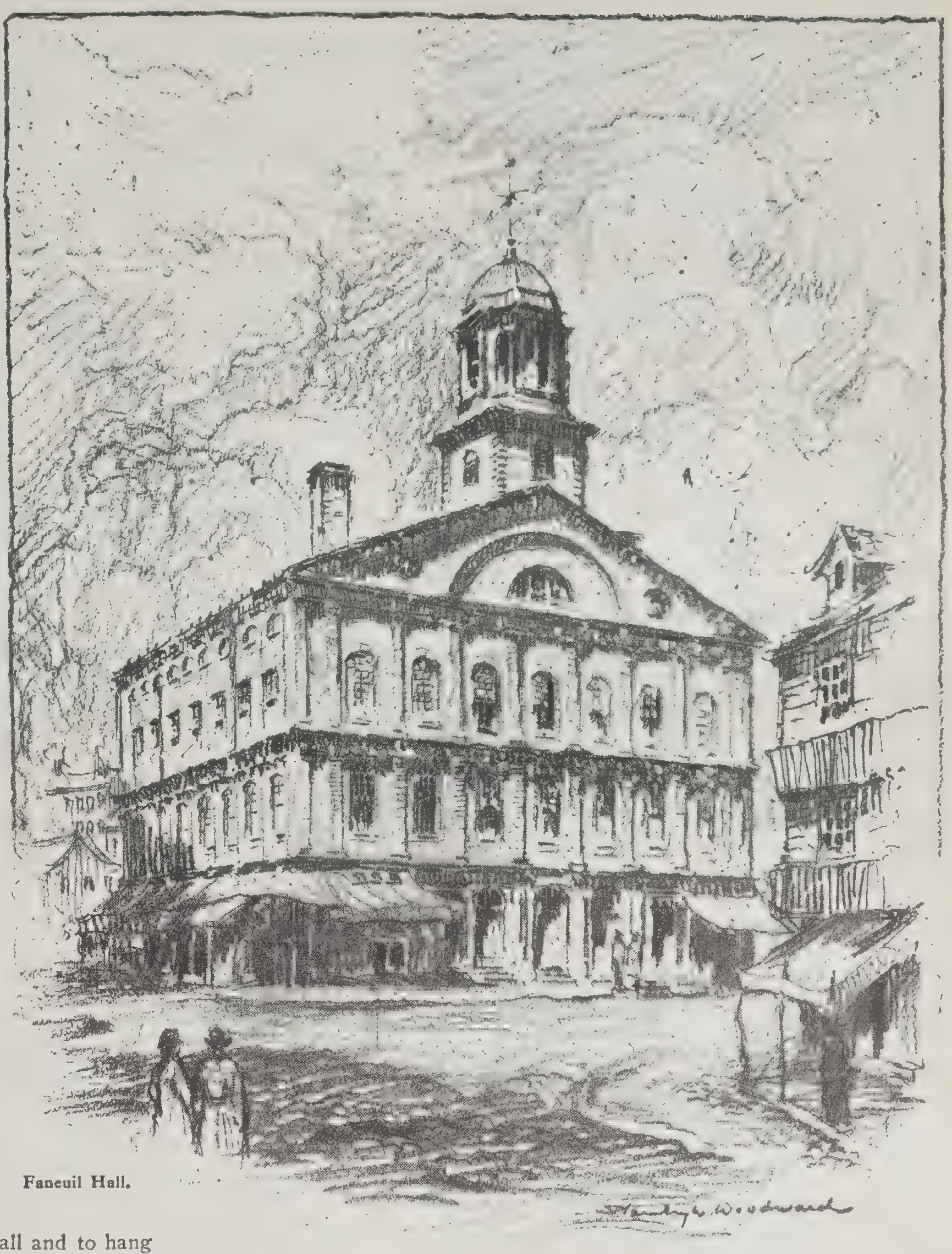
That being the case, it is impossible to try to harm another. One will just naturally love the other, regardless of such silly considerations as rights and wrongs. The human passions may then be expressed in all their force, and we may reasonably hope for definite results. We shall no longer be wasting this force in the idle pursuit of justice. We will not fool away our time in torturing and "punishing" others: in fact, we shall not sit in judgment upon them at all.

Jesus was sure that we wouldn't lose anything, either, in the long run. I can't say as to that. All I can say is that we have consistently lost everything in our stolid determination not to follow His directions. Believers in witchcraft will find it hard to understand this; but it may be, just as He said, that when we know the truth, the truth will make us free.

Faneuil Hall, Our "Cradle of Liberty"

No Place in Our Country Has Had So Much of the Dramatic in History as Boston Market

By MAY B. WHITING



Faneuil Hall.

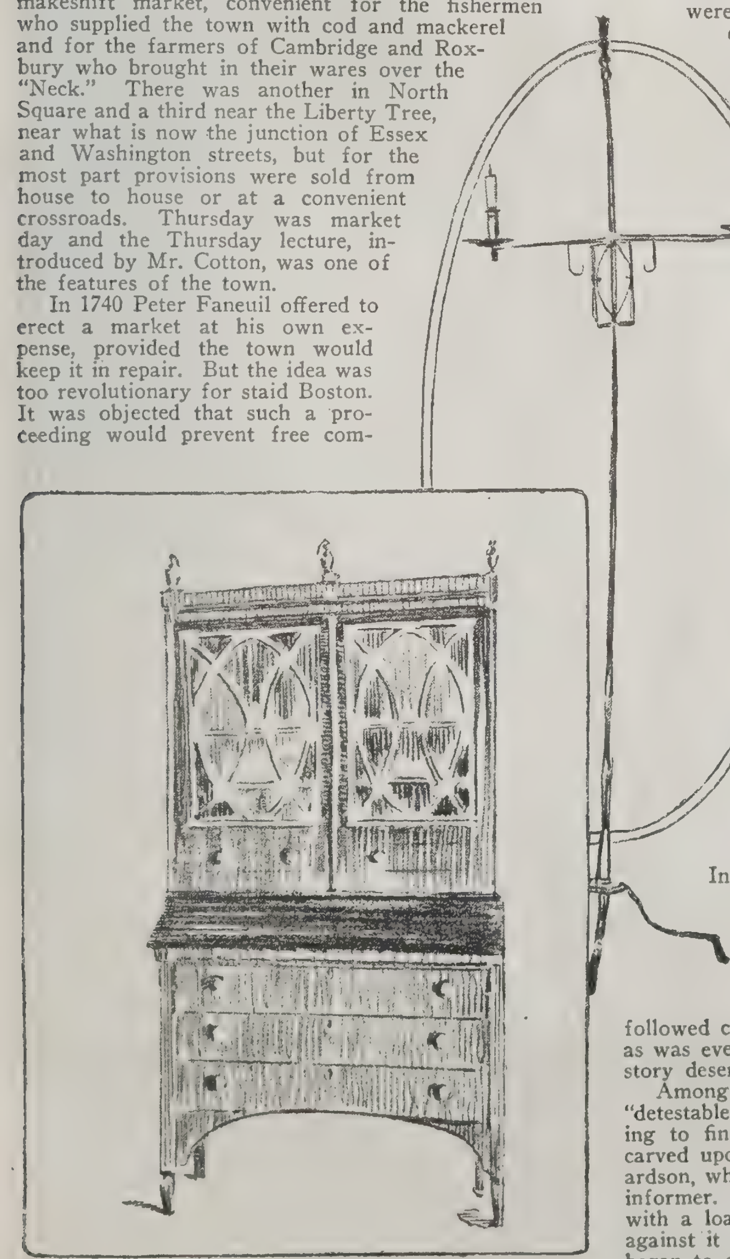
NO PLACE in our country has had so much of the dramatic, not to say melodramatic, in its history as Faneuil Hall. It is the outcome of an ideal, liberty of thought and speech, and the vigor of that purpose has preserved its youth. Today it meets the needs for which it was built, a market and an open forum, as well as when, in November, 1742, Peter Faneuil delivered the keys to the town of Boston.

The Faneuil family itself had a career that might grace the pages of a novel. Exiled from France during the Huguenot persecution, the brothers were admitted to the Bay Colony in 1691. Benjamin went to New York where he lies buried in Trinity churchyard and Andrew settled in Boston. He had no children of his own and took two of his brother's to bring up, designating the elder, Benjamin, as his heir, on condition that he never marry. But Benjamin sacrificed his prospects for the love of a Boston miss, prospered on his own account, and later in life inherited the bulk of the estate. Unhappily, the family were Tories during the Revolution and went to Canada, so that the name, except for memorials, disappeared from Boston.

Peter Faneuil, who, according to the terms of his uncle's will, never married, was known as the "Jolly Bachelor" and gave that name to his favorite ship. He was one of the richest merchants in Boston with a fine mansion on Tremont street, opposite King's Chapel, and, according to the Boston *News Letter*, he was the most public-spirited man, in all regards, that ever yet appeared on the northern continent of America."

He clearly saw that one of the greatest needs of the town was a public market. Winthrop's *Journal* tells us that as early as 1634 on the site of Faneuil Hall, then the head of the town dock, the court had established a makeshift market, convenient for the fishermen who supplied the town with cod and mackerel and for the farmers of Cambridge and Roxbury who brought in their wares over the "Neck." There was another in North Square and a third near the Liberty Tree, near what is now the junction of Essex and Washington streets, but for the most part provisions were sold from house to house or at a convenient crossroads. Thursday was market day and the Thursday lecture, introduced by Mr. Cotton, was one of the features of the town.

In 1740 Peter Faneuil offered to erect a market at his own expense, provided the town would keep it in repair. But the idea was too revolutionary for staid Boston. It was objected that such a proceeding would prevent free competition, and so close was the contest that when the votes were counted there were 360 against and 367 for accepting.



Above—Camp candlestick of the Revolution, in the Museum of Ancient and Honorables. Below—Antique desk in Museum of Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, Faneuil Hall.

But while the hall was building public opinion changed. In many respects it was the most important edifice in Boston. It was made of brick, two stories and a half high, with open arches below and an auditorium that seated 1,000 persons. The town voted, in accepting, to name the building Faneuil Hall and to hang in it, as a memorial, a full-length portrait of the giver. Peter Faneuil consented to sit "for the drawing of his picture" and the Faneuil arms, carved and gilt by Moses Deshon, were added. George III sent his portrait, Governor Shirley presented his, and the town secured those of General Conway and Colonel Isaac Barré, both good friends of the colonies.

At once the Hall became the place for the discussion of every matter that concerned the settlement. The selectmen began to hold their meetings there and commissioned one of their number "to purchase two pairs of brass candlesticks with steel snuffers and a poker for the town's use." Strangely enough, the first of the long series of funerals held within its walls was that of its giver. Samuel Lovell, master of the Latin School, pronounced the oration, and the tower bell was tolled from one until the funeral was over. Peter Fanueil was laid to rest in the Granary Burying Ground where his tomb remains today, the much-prized coat of arms chiselled on the westerly corner.

Few men have left memorials more likely to keep their name alive. All the love of freedom of the Huguenot blood and the dramatic career of the Fanueil family were continued and reflected in the gift. In October, 1744, we read of a "concert of music" to celebrate the King's Coronation Day. In 1760 the hall was illumined in honor of the reduction of Canada. Only a few years later, citizens assembled, with overflow meetings in Brattle Street and Old South churches to make petitions to the King. In 1768 delegates from all the towns in the province met to discuss the possible arrival of British troops. Governor Bernard ordered them to disperse but the convention, with John Hancock presiding, continued its sessions.

From that time on dramatic episodes followed closely one after the other. As tense a scene as was ever enacted was the trial of Richardson whose story deserves the pen of a Hawthorne.

Among the few merchants who continued to sell the "detestable tea" was one Lillie, who awoke one morning to find a post set firmly in his yard, his effigy carved upon it. A crowd gathered, among them Richardson, who had the reputation of being a Tory and an informer. He vainly tried to persuade first a farmer with a load of wood, then a charcoal peddler, to run against it with his sled and knock it down. The crowd began to chaff him, and the boys, highly diverted, followed him home, pelting him with snowballs. Once within his own doors, Richardson opened a window and fired a shot into the crowd, killing young Christopher Snider, the son of a widow who lived in Frog Lane.

There never was a more impressive funeral in Boston. The body of the lad was placed beneath the Liberty Tree with Latin texts about it, all business ceased, and 600 schoolboys and more than 1,000 citizens followed in procession to the Granary Burying Ground. That might have taught the British the temper of the town, but it only angered them. A few days later occurred the Boston Massacre and one of the victims, Crispus Attucks, lay in Faneuil Hall, whence his funeral procession went to the Granary Burial Plot.

During the siege of Boston the Hall lost for a time its somber associations, for the British held cotillions and dramatic performances there. General Burgoyne, that soldier so debonair, wrote a farce, "The Blockade of Boston," and took a leading part. General Washington appeared with rusty sword and frowsy wig and his orderly with an old gun seven feet long. In the middle of the performance a messenger rushed on the stage shouting, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill." So well did this speech fit in with the acting that only laughter and applause followed. But stern orders were given that every officer ride in haste to Charlestown, and the play finished in confusion and tears.

The British merrymakings had a way of ending unexpectedly. Only a little distance from Faneuil Hall, in the Province House, Howe gave his last masquerade, where, in the midst of the festivities, the sound of a muffled drum was heard, and, among the mummers, descended a procession of the governors of the Bay Colony, old Governor Bradstreet leading them. No one ever knew the names of the masqueraders. Their identity was kept as closely as that of the participants in the Tea Party.

At the close of the Revolution the hall lost nothing of its prestige as a forum and a place to honor guests of the city. Washington, on his tour of the East, was fêted there, as was Lafayette on his visit in 1824. Slavery and anti-slavery were alike preached from its platform. Lincoln, Seward, Webster, Everett, Blaine, Wendell Phillips, Garrison, have found enthusiastic audiences, and Louis Kossuth sold Hungarian bonds there. Indians, with Black Hawk as their chief, were entertained and in return for the hospitality danced on the Common. In 1840 Mr. Cunard was banqueted on the occasion of his establishing steam connections between Boston and Liverpool, and a year later a grand ball was held in honor of the Prince of Joinville.

And the Hall and the Market have much the same appearance as when, nearly 300 years ago, Peter Faneuil presented the keys to the town. Yet they have not escaped the vicissitudes of time. In 1761 the interior was burned and rebuilt by money raised by lottery. In 1805 the Hall was enlarged under the directon of Charles Bulfinch who, as far as possible, preserved the original plan. About 20 years ago practically everything combustible was replaced by steel and stone.

The old portraits of Peter Faneuil and George III disappeared with the evacuation of the British, but a remarkable collection adorns the walls. Directly back of the platform is "Webster's Reply to Hayne" by Healy. The canvas is 16 by 30 feet, containing the

(*Concluded on page 14*)

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Immigration

SAM GOLDMAN must go back to Rumania. Sam had his final literacy test the first of April at Ellis Island. Three times Sam has had examinations before the psychiatrists and three times he has failed. An order for his deportation, received from Washington, was hailed by Commissioner Robert E. Tod as a great victory in the fight to overcome evasion of the Immigration Act.

No less a personage than Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, and several Congressmen, acting under pressure of an organized racial group, interested themselves in behalf of Goldman. This action led Commissioner Tod to declare that politicians and attorneys were sponsoring the entrance of the unfit, and "making a mockery of the law." He charged that high influences were being devoted to the case and large sums of money were being spent by parents and relatives to overrule the authority of the immigration department.

W. W. Husband, Commissioner General of Immigration of the United States, has said that an investigation had shown that of the people coming from the south and east of Europe less than 50 per cent, and in some cases as low as 30 per cent, had become naturalized in a given period, whereas of the old type of immigrants of the north and west of Europe more than 50 per cent, and in some instances 85 per cent, had become naturalized. He also stated that immigrants from the south and east of Europe have not demonstrated that they can be readily assimilated into the population of the United States in the sense that the old type of immigrants could.

A committee of the National Chamber of Commerce proposes to vest in the President a wide authority in selection of immigrants on a basis of demonstrated "social and economic needs." No such responsibility should be thrust upon the President. The legislative branch of the government should be responsible for the admission of immigrants. A complete cessation of immigration for a period of 10 years would give us plenty of time to assimilate our present enormous new population. Certainly this is no time to relax in this matter. A great deal of this misdirected energy might well be employed in bringing opportunities to the old-time Americans in the recesses of the Kentucky mountains. In this back country lives a race of Americans speaking the English of Chaucer, but apparently doomed to oblivion, living and dying with almost no intercourse with the great, broad world outside their mountain valleys. They were sidetracked in the great westward migration three generations ago and due to their isolation they lack progressive ideals. Yet from such stock came Lincoln and other great men. More attention should be given these mountain people.

Presidential Prognosis

PENNSYLVANIA'S perplexity in the matter of presidential preference, in the predominant party, forms a tempting opportunity for the humorist, especially the artist who delights in the task of seeking "alliteration's artful aid." Peter Piper's pepper picking would furnish a brief model for a clever manipulator of words and mixer of fact and euphony to work from and distinguish himself.

The facts, in plain phraseology, are substantially these: Pennsylvania, including Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Pittston, Punxsutawney, and a host of minor municipalities whose initials would exhaust the matrices in a Mergenthaler in a single line, or the capitals in the upper case of any usual font of type in a paragraph, is not partial to the ambitions of the President to succeed himself. Ergo, it is up to the state to decide upon the course it will pursue in the next national convention.

Numerically the most powerful of the states except New York, her decision must carry great weight in the deliberations of the representatives of the Grand Old Party, provided they deliberate. This proviso is necessary, as usually such conventions are *pro forma,* the outcome being assured. The Harding supporters may be strong enough to make the nomination a foregone conclusion. He has the advantage of present possession, an unstained partisan record, and apparent satisfaction on the part of the real rulers of the country. His lieutenants are busy enlisting as many non-political interests as may be corraled without antagonizing others.

Pennsylvania's problem is to maintain an attitude which may save her face in any eventuality. She must be enthusiastic if she fails to unhorse the President, and be equally jubilant should some outsider capture the prize.

Two courses are open to her: to enter the convention uninstructed, or, as usual, to present a favorite son and give him solid support until the outcome is apparent, or can be decided by her vote.

Here lies Pennsylvania's perplexity and the opportunity for the alliterative artist to outdo Peter Piper with the same initial—P.

There would be no problem but for a multiplicity of politicians seeking to be cast in the role of Favorite Son. Among these, two individuals show above the crowd, possibly so prominently as to insure their disappointment. These are United States Senator George Wharton Pepper, idol of the reactionaries, and Governor Gifford Pinchot, professional progressive, both of whom received popular endorsement at the polls last year. These distinguished individuals already have their rods up in hope of attracting political lightning.

The danger is that a contest between these representatives of warring factions are apt to split the party in the state and render united action impossible, but the situation is such that alliterative genius may profit by it. Whether in prose or poetry, the possibility of linking Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Punxsutawney, Pittston, Pepper, Pinchot, presidency, political patter, and other products a search of Webster might reveal, is such as to win attention.

"Marathon Dancing"

THAT is what it is called, although its only resemblance to a Marathon race is in the test of endurance, and there is no dancing at all—a mere shuffling of the feet on the floor certifying the contestant still to be in the struggle. No doubt the winner might be decided as was the champion disputant in the great debate on whether an implement was a pair of shears or scissors. The debate reached a point in vocal disability when the voices were mere whispers and the argument consisted of "Shears" on the one side and "Scissors" on the other and at last both contestants lost all power of speech, and fainted at the same time. The judges were about to call it a draw, when one noticed the right hand of one quivering. Close inspection revealed the fact that she was opening and closing the first and second fingers as if they were the blades of the instrument, and she was awarded the title.

The so-called "Marathon dance" is merely a money-making scheme of speculators who induce young people to furnish amusement for onlookers and sensational news for the press.

Sugar—Domestic and Export

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Financial Review* reports receiving a card from a brokerage firm quoting fine granulated sugar at $6.30 per hundred pounds f. o. b. New York. The same card quotes the same sugar for export at $6 per hundred. The explanation of *The Review* is that the reason for the difference is that Cuban sugars are refined in bond for export, hence pay no duty.

Here is another "Pittsburgh plus" in a different line. It is not necessary that the six-cent sugar for export be Cuban. It means that export sugar is sold at wholesale for 3.3 cents a pound less than the same sugar is offered for domestic consumption, whether imported or not.

Two facts are plainly seen in this difference: The domestic producer receives no benefit from the tariff, since his raw must produce a profit at the export price, while the domestic consumer pays the tariff, whether he uses domestic or imported. The refiner thus gets a "tariff plus" on his domestic supply

Soviet Gold in the United States

WESTON R. ESTES, formerly a captain in the United States Army Intelligence Service, is quoted by the New York *Herald* as asserting that $250,000,000 of Soviet gold is on deposit in the United States for the purpose of financing the propaganda of the Russian Internationale in its encouragement of the overthrow of our government.

The statement may be taken with a reservation, for several good reasons. In the first place, if the money is actually on deposit in this country, it would be a natural supposition that its purpose is the establishment of a credit for government purposes at home. Again, if it is not a government deposit, but an individual account, either private or in the name of the Internationale, it is not chargeable to the Russian government at all.

The statement of Captain Estes accompanies a denial on his part that Senator Borah correctly quoted him in naming a much higher sum when the Senator challenged him to name the banks in which the gold is deposited.

The plain duty of Captain Estes, if he has evidence of a plot against his government of this character, is to furnish the secret service with that evidence and have the matter investigated without publicity. In this manner only can the conspiracy be exposed, and those in the pay of the Internationale discovered.

A like duty devolves upon the banks concerned. The gold held is not available as an asset against credit liability, except as currency withdrawn gives the depositaries a lien. They must know the destination of withdrawals, and could serve the country by divulging their knowledge in confidence to a department maintained by the government as protection against such conspiracies.

Bird-Tree Day

THIS is the season when birds of various species and colors awaken us with their cheerful notes. The robin, swaying in the topmost branches of the maple, dominates birddom with his strong, aggressive personality. In early morning his voice rings out strong and clear, drowning the *tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly* of the softly whistling bluebird. Many of our bird friends fly thousands of miles to sunnier climates during the cold winter months, but return at the first hint of spring to renew old friendships. The red-winged blackbird greets us with his liquid *ke, kong-ker-ee,* from the willows and alders of the lowlands where he and his bachelor friends flock together to await the flocks of dingy, brown females who apparently are not so swift of wing as the handsome males. In the deeper and more remote woodlands one can hear undistinguishable voices that croon and coo like softly purling serf. The voices of the birds in the tall tree tops soothe the hearer and give him an appreciation of the sanctuary of the woods.

The announcement by the governor of Michigan that Arbor Day and Bird Day be combined, was good news to nature-lovers. Birds and trees are inseparable. An immense wave of interest in birds is sweeping over the country. The persistent and intelligent educative work of the Audubon societies is reaching school children, clubs, granges, editors and legislators. Likewise the question of reforestation and conservation is being recognized as of such importance that general interest is now aroused to the necessity of finding a solution. Arbor Day has come to mean much more than an opportunity to plant a tree or two on the lawn or along the street. The future destiny of American agriculture is bound up in this question of conserving our forest assets and bird life. No nation in the world that destroyed either ever survived. The program of conservation is not a simple one but it is not impossible by any means. We have made a good beginning even though we were slow in seeing the necessity of action. Our national conscience has been awakened by the demonstration of the birds' economic value to the country. We are devoting attention to the pressing necessity of preserving wooded areas in which the birds may nest and rear their young. The supply of our replaceable materials cannot be destroyed without a final day of reckoning, and that day is not far distant unless we make some effective move toward protecting the almost countless blessings which nature has given us in the form of birds and trees.

It is to be hoped that the commendable example set by Michigan's governor may prove the necessary "stitch in time"

Mr. Ford's Page

ANY sort of a fact is respectable, by reason of its being a fact. That a condition exists, that a situation has been reached, is of itself a matter of importance. Usually, however, our first reaction is in the region of our emotions—we say that the thing probably is true but it ought not to be true, the condition may exist but it ought not to exist; we do not adopt that wiser attitude of saying to ourselves, "The thing is here, and the fact that it is here has a certain importance as a fact."

It is by no means certain that the fact that a condition is present, is not very much in favor of it, regardless of what the condition may be. The fact that it is here is a very important fact. For nothing just "happens." If under human law "possession is nine points," then under natural law existence must count for at least as many points. The fact that a condition has been able to come into existence, to get itself actually spread out on the map of experience, is no small fact and requires us to accept its actuality.

Outside the region of physical distress there is perhaps no greater source of suffering today than just this inability to appreciate the importance of what could be most simply described as "the isness of the is," the existence of what exists. If we could lay it down as an initial agreement that what is here, is here by some law, is here for some reason, is here by some inherent right to be here, a great deal of humanity's mental confusion could be avoided. The plain fact that a thing is here, that a condition is here, has some bearing on the rightness of its being here.

Of course, not everyone will agree with this, especially in this way of stating it. As a general rule people wish to have it recognized that many of the things that exist are wrong, and they wish that the wrongness more than the existence should be emphasized. And yet, upon consideration it will be found that the fact of existence is too great to be thrust aside in that way—existence may amount to quite as much as the moral quality involved. That is to say, we are much concerned to bother ourselves about the truth of things and to censure the truth because we find it harsh, when we ought to recognize that truth is mostly unpleasant. What exists is true, but even the least thoughtful mind would concede that much of what exists is unpleasant. So that it is no guaranty of truth that it is pleasant to our palates. Truth is widely unpopular for no other reason than that it is usually very unpalatable. It is wholesome nevertheless, as bitter medicines are.

WHEN a condition actually exists the proper treatment of it is not resentment but understanding. The fact of its existence is a tremendous fact. Existence is more than nine points of the law. Whatever comes as far as that has some rights, at least some rightness, which we cannot very well disregard. Perhaps that is one of the simple truths the misconception of which has spread misunderstanding through the world. We live in an era of tremendous facts. And the facts are facts. They are also unpleasant facts, which does not decrease their factual percentage one bit. Our job is to understand them, to recognize their presence, to learn if we can what they signify and not to fall into the error of minimizing facts because they have a bitter flavor.

Take two facts which seem to be agitating the public mind today. One is the state of affairs across the sea. Eliminating the untruth, the propaganda, the calculated appeal to American soft-heartedness, there still remains the core of fact. And it is very simply determined. There is no mystery about it, because mysteries are hidden, and this condition is open to the eyes of men and to the sun. What the world is mostly suffering from today, in connection with the over-sea condition, is not the condition itself but the explanation of it. What the world is doing —that is, the honest portion of the world—is this: it is tearing its mind and heart into shreds by some mistaken notion that what IS should not be; that is, the world refuses to do the very simple thing of recognizing a fact. And somewhat worse than that is the tendency to misrepresent the fact in order to get rid of it. A resented fact is usually a misstated fact, and certainly there are few matters about which the general reading public is more misled than the condition overseas. Americans are probably the worst judges of this matter because their life affords no background of comparative judgment. Life overseas even now is not nearly so difficult as it sounds even when described by propagandists.

Here is the mental condition into which the American people have allowed themselves to be cast: They have observed a world condition, without accepting it; they have not recognized the world condition as being absolutely logical, the only thing and the only right thing that could occur; they furthermore have been misled into desiring that the condition should be suspended midway and not allowed to complete itself. That is perhaps the crux of the official misconception of the situation—the idea that what has been begun by righteous destiny can now be stopped by speeches, by money, or by legislative enactment. We have almost completely failed to recognize that when Almighty God hurls one of his facts abroad, men have to accept them, as men accept the sun and the moon and the stars—because they are there and cannot be removed.

We shall have less trouble about Europe when we begin this simple method of accepting facts as facts. This Page regrets to return to this subject as frequently as it does, but it is glad to note that the ideas insisted upon here are becoming more and more a part of American thought.

A more vivid illustration of this idea may be found in our own country, in the exodus of men from the farms. For a long time it has been almost fashionable to lament the fact that the farm population has been decreasing. The fact is a fact, but the conclusions that have been drawn from it are very questionable. Here is a case where we ought to learn once for all that when a condition occurs, our first duty is not to resent it and lament it but understand it.

Here, to take this example, is a fact: men are leaving the farm. Therefore, say alarmists, our food supply is threatened. Therefore, say other alarmists, the cities are destroying the foundations of our commonwealths. It is a very simple matter to take statistics and read into them all sorts of tragedy. But the main point is that the thing is occurring! Men are leaving the farm! It is a fact in the same category as the fact that Spring is coming and the meadows are greening again.

If we were not the victims of so many other people's ideas we would take this fact, and other facts in the same way, and we would give it a saner kind of treatment: we would say something like this—"Men are leaving the farms, so they say. Why should men leave the farms except perchance there be too many men on the farms? On the face of it, it looks as if farming has begun to catch up with other forms of industry and is perhaps cutting down on its overhead. Is this fact of men leaving the farm to be interpreted gloomily or hopefully?"

When anything of moment occurs it is the wiser course to look behind the occurrence for the cause, and thereby we shall learn much. In the instance just now related there is a great deal to learn. There is, for one thing, the reversion of many ideas we have entertained regarding the agricultural life. It is just possible that because of the crude methods in vogue, that particular industry has been overmanned. It is by no means true, as people have generally conceived it, that farming should need the drudgery which has accompanied it. With the adoption of better methods it is but natural that the overplus of men should become apparent, and the drift should begin. What we do not notice, perhaps, is the drift the other way, of city men toward the farm. There is a constant interchange going on—city men longing toward the land, farm men longing toward the cities. This means an interchange of experience and a better educated race. Instead of condemning what we see occurring we should seek to know why it occurs.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Vendors of Luck in Latin-American Countries

Lotteries, Races and Games Coax Money From All Classes

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

This is the fifth of a series of travel stories by Mr. Michener.

THE *suertero*—vendor of luck—is never far from one's elbow in the Spanish world. Sometimes this ubiquitous factor in Latin-American life, the purveyor of lottery tickets, is an able-bodied idler inhibiting his energies from some far more useful activity; as often the merchant is a tattered urchin or a mendicant old woman in a black *manto*. Frequently it seems that there are more sellers than buyers, and yet it is said that the lotteries are habitually well sold. In any case there are enough so that one who wishes to come to terms with fortune never has need to inconvenience himself in finding an opportunity. However ill-served the public may be in other respects, no complaint of insufficiency can be made in this.

From the prevalence of the lottery and other kindred mechanisms of chance it is easy to arrive at the conclusion that gambling is not only one of the major enterprises of South America, but its chief sport. Athletic games, of which there are many, appear to exist not from such classic motives as those of the lusty old Greeks, but to provide a convenient and attractive means of deciding bets.

If the bullfight retained in South America the vigor it enjoys in Spain, this statement would be less of a generality, for the sanded arena offers little occasion for a wager. The devotees there are sanguinary *aficionados*—unalloyed fans who for the moment are forgetful of all save mad pleasures of the most elemental combat, that between man and beast. But "blue laws" have settled their shadows over the bull rings of South America, and today there is no place outside Peru, Bolivia and Chile where the old battles of blood and sand may be seen.

Amateur games, of course, do not lend themselves readily to the decision of wagers, but these are exotic to the soil and not yet firmly established. A hint of this will impress the tourist in Havana who allows himself to be lured into a gambling joint advertising exhibitions of "Cuban Lawn Tennis." He will find there a cement court in the midst of a covered amphitheater equipped with all the betting paraphernalia of a race course. A dozen or more young women, mere tyros at the game, but of sufficient pulchritude to command masculine attention, will be seen going through the motions of tennis. But certainly it is not upon the game itself, but upon the quick arbitrations of the unskilled racquets of Carmen or Luisa, that the interest of the spectators will be seen to rest.

Gambling, of course, is a Latin passion. The New World descendants of old Spain come by it honestly. But nowhere, unless in China—or Louisiana—does it attain such general proficiency as in South America. Probably it would be difficult to find an inhabitant not addicted to some of the many accessible forms of it. The habit begins with earliest youth and persists through old age. Children gamble with the ice cream man for something or nothing, and an urchin, at the races, plays his tips like any elder.

The lottery, the bookmaker and the casino in the United States are by no means beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but these diversions never have had in this country the general devotion accorded them by the entire Spanish world. So universal is the habit that most of the governments long ago seized upon it as a taxable asset. Lotteries, therefore, are usually enterprises of the state, parading sometimes under the name of a charitable institution that is either a real or a fanciful beneficiary. The government, in any case, is the largest and the surest winner, and millions of dollars annually go into the treasury from this. source.

There is a curious inconsistency in this practice in the case of Cuba, whose first plea for independence was based to a large degree upon an aversion to the Spanish lottery. The republic suppressed this racial sport for several years, but finally gave up. It still prohibits the importation of tickets from Spain, but is content to fatten its public revenues by lotteries of its own.

The gambling proclivities of Cuba escape into many channels, and baseball, contagious from the neighboring continent, has been adapted to these requirements. The speed of the game, and its constant production of decisive incidents—a hit, a run, a stolen base, a strike or a ball—give it considerable vogue among those whose money is restive under too leisurely exchange.

This is true also of *jai alai*, the Spanish ball game, which is something of a glorified handball. It is played in a long, rectangular, three-sided court, with a pellet resembling a golf ball, which is made to bounce and ricochet from the walls, with an amazing speed, by means of a curious wooden bat shaped like a slender spoon and attached like a talon to one hand of each player.

Great skill and strength are required in catching and hurling the ball with this implement, and there is a short but keen suspense between critical points, admirable for rapid betting.

The tremendous vocal enthusiasm that is to be heard from the spectators during this game is by no means to be attributed chiefly to an appreciation of its fine points, but rather to the curb market hysteria of bookmaking and the frenzy with which betting partisans curse or encourage the players. The score board is relatively of far less importance than the winning dividends, posted with all the careful formality of quotations on a stock exchange.

Jai alai has attained a vogue on the continent of South America as well as in Cuba, where it has a popular appeal that brings out from Spain the most renowned of professional players. The social atmosphere of Havana's Nuevo Fronton is almost as pronounced as that of the race course at Marianao. Narrow rows of boxes, high up in the spectators' gallery along one steep side of the theater, blossom nightly with gorgeous and somewhat overdressed feminine élite. The women rarely wander away from the shelter of these *palcos*, and their inevitable betting must be done by escorts.

The bullfighting of South America, like that of Mexico, is reputed to be of a melancholy complexion, even when occasional matadors of renown come barnstorming from Spain. The difficulty lies with the bulls, which have no such man-killing dispositions as those of Murcia or Estramadura. Not infrequently they turn tail and bellow for quiet pastures, preferring their appointed slaughterhouse to the unseemly clamor and publicity of the arena.

Driveway entrance to a now disused casino at Buenos Aires.

The cockfight, as well as the bullfight, shows some evidence of diminishing vigor. It is under a more or less official and social cloud. Nevertheless it still has its fanatical devotees, clutching dandified birds with legs plucked of feathers as if for the Sunday pot, and howling livid curses and exhortations as their unhappy charges chase each other breathless or peck each other into a blind, bloody mess. The impromptu group surrounding a cockfight, and more especially the amphitheater of an organized exhibition, has a good deal of likeness to a wheat pit in the closing days of an option. It is staccato with offers of betting odds, which grow shrill and insistent with some sharp corner in a gamecock's fortunes; or it is hushed to an agonized and bewildered expectancy when the combat reaches some tense and indecisive moment.

But for the essence of luck-pursuit, nothing quite equals the lottery. For the risking of a few coppers it offers a fabulous reward. A whole ticket, costing $20 or $30, has the chance to bring home from $100,000 to half a million. And even the comparatively indigent are placed within reach of some part of such a fortune through the purchase of a *piece*, or the fraction of a ticket.

There are hundreds of smaller prizes, of course, and he who has not the consolation of *el gordo*, the "fat one," may receive a dollar, or ten, or a hundred, in compensation for his hazard. For the vast majority, however, there is rarely more than the habitual sneer of fortune. It is a game in which the dice are heavily loaded, yet the size of the capital award is so dazzling as to blind the average person to this inequality. As in any organized game of chance, the only sure reward is that of the house. And in the case of the South American lotteries, the house is the government and its horde of operators and ticket sellers, drones who must be supported by the gambling public at the cost of wasteful millions.

The sound moral and economic argument that has been built up against gaming in general and the lottery in particular is too familiar to need rehearsal. The South American, hearing it, shrugs his shoulders as at some well-known but unpalatable fact. His only justification of it is likely to be the wink with which he explains its value as a source of public revenue.

The lower levels of life in South America are far less fortunately cast in all respects than similar degrees of living in the northern continent. Without the lottery, no doubt there would be imaginations infinitely more undernourished and anemic. But on the other side of the ledger is always the upsetting calculation of how much the general economic stratum might be raised if romancings on possible wealth were to be translated into uplifting effort—if self-help were to be relied upon instead of the caprice of Dame Luck.

Less is to be said against the casinos—more than one of which is a government enterprise conducted in the name of charity—and the numerous baccarat and roulette clubs. These are playthings of the rich, or of those who presumably can afford to lose, and they keep unwieldy accumulations of wealth flowing back into channels of general distribution. Particularly is this true of the costly gambling palaces of Montevideo, which draw ungainly sums of money across the river from Buenos Aires, where this form of amusement is under the official frown.

In something of the same category is the race course, with its elaborate machinery of chance. It is not wholly a plaything of the rich, for there are entrance fees and betting tickets to suit any financial degree; but its appeal is narrower than that of the lottery, and it is less accessible to the mass.

Horse racing in the Spanish world is something of an imported institution, and it is by no means without significance that the most flourishing of South America's race courses are to be found in those communities that have been most closely concerned with the British business man and engineer. An unmistakable evidence of this influence lies in the personnel of Antofagasta's sporting club and in the ownership and nomenclature of the horses.

Chile and Argentina, of all the South American republics, are most ardently devoted to the track, and every important city has its *hipódromo*, as large and as luxurious as it is within the local means to procure. In the case of Buenos Aires, whose jockey club is one of the wealthiest of its kind in the world, this *lujo*, to use the colloquial expression, takes the most extravagant form, and the race course and its pavilions are in many respects unrivaled.

Great as is the genuine sporting interest in events of the track, as evidenced in the voluminous publicity given to the races in the press, it is in its character as a social institution and as an outlet for the Spanish-American passion for gambling that the track finds its greatest vogue. The jockey club of Buenos Aires, on its percentage of the receipts from the pari-mutuel betting system, has reached a pinnacle of bewildering wealth. Its $3,000 membership fee is only an additional embarrassment to the club's treasurer, for there is an eager waiting list of new-made Argentine millionaires who are not at all chagrined at such an amount.

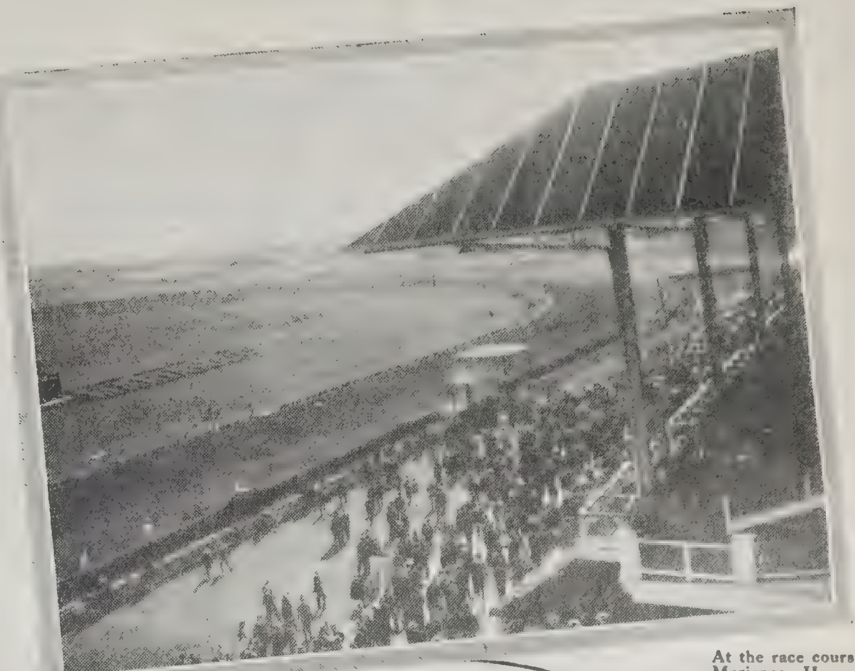
The dice box did not vanish with the late lamented saloon in the United States, nor have American military regulations been capable of entirely quieting the voice of the galloping domino. But not in its most unprohibited days did this diverting institution flourish north of the Rio Grande as it does in South America. Thirty or forty dice boxes on the counter of a single club bar are not considered excessive. The arbitration of the little cubes is in demand on most occasions, trivial or grave. It is the reputation of the peon that he will gamble for anything whatsoever, at cards, dice, throwing the knuckle bone, or a dozen and one other expedients for shifting the responsibility of decisions on the goddess of fortune.

There is, of course, a dissociation of gambling from sports in the amateur athletics that appear to be catching on slowly. This field of diversion has already widened sufficiently for a periodic South American Olympic, and there are occasional international meetings in tennis, notably between Chile and Argentina. Of all the amateur sports, tennis, no doubt, holds first place in popular favor.

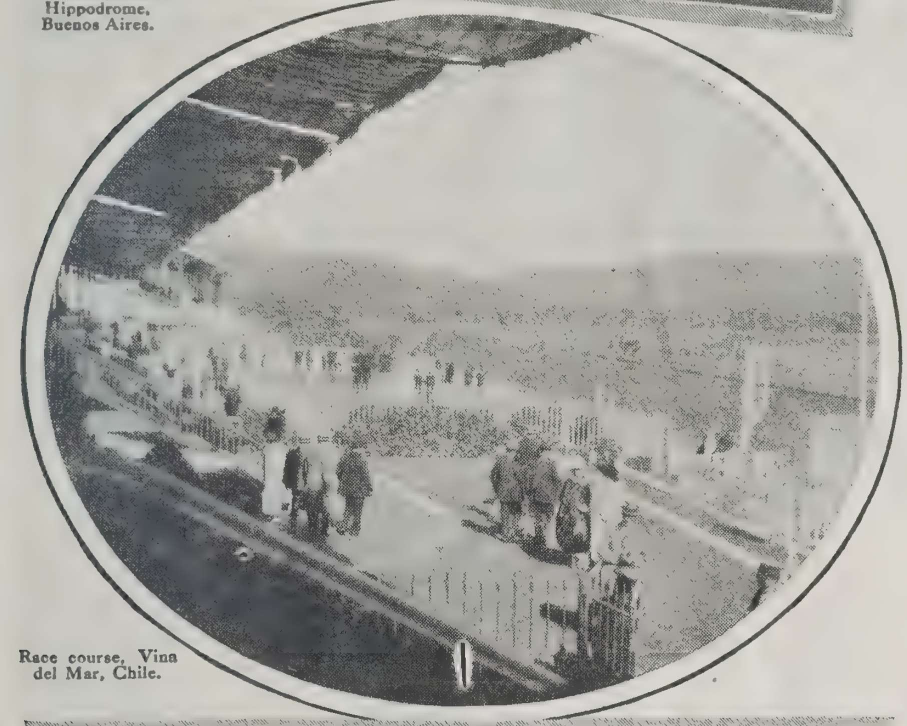
North American baseball is practically unknown, but golf, in recent years, has made rapid advances. Travelers are a little surprised at the prevalence of this sport from Panama southward. There is a collection of courses in the Canal Zone, one at each of the three locks, looking very hot under the tropic sun. They are narrow, and some of them have sand greens, but they seem to be much used.

In the inland cities of the Andes, fencing and riding still have their devotees, these being the traditional exercise of a Spanish gentleman. The middle class, or rather the mixed population, takes to the modern sports far more readily than the aristocratic element with its *hidalgo* background of old Spain.

The Jockey Club's Hippodrome, Buenos Aires.



At the race course, Marianao, Havana.

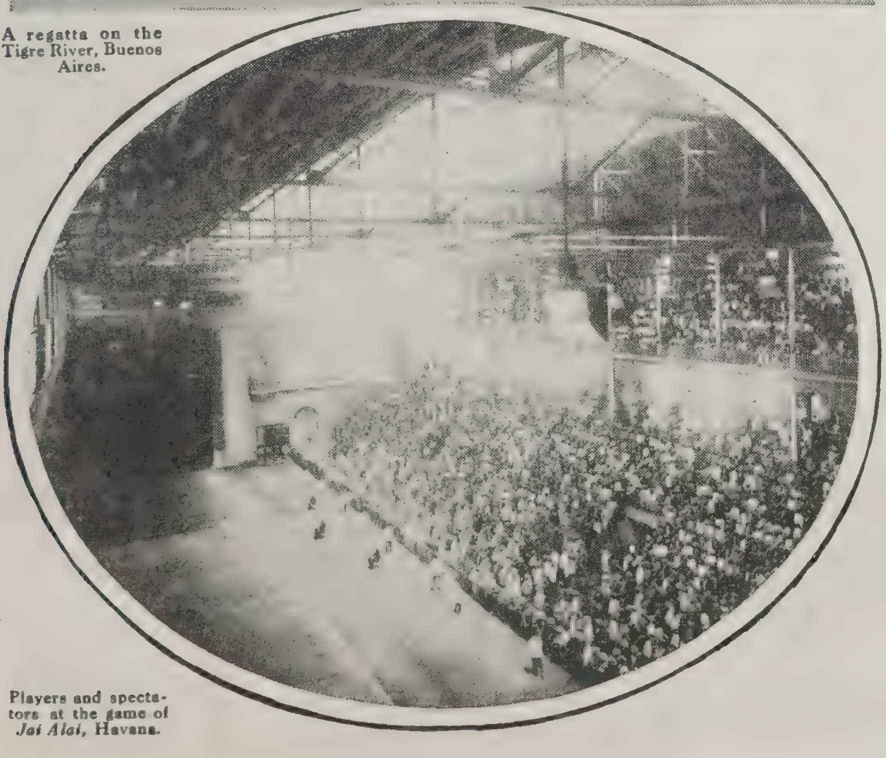


Race course, Vina del Mar, Chile.

On the bathing beach at Callao, Peru.

A regatta on the Tigre River, Buenos Aires.

A race crowd near the betting stalls at Valparaiso's course.



Players and spectators at the game of *Jai Alai*, Havana.

The reverse angle of the lottery business—a slum in Buenos Aires.

Ancient Scholars' Strong Views on Interest

By DR. JOHN JEWEL, Bishop of Salisbury, A. D., 1560

HERE will I speak somewhat of the unhappy trade of usury, because therein standeth the most miserable and shameful deceiving of the brethren. I will not speak all that may be said; for it would be too long and over wearisome. I will shew you, first, what usury is; then, whence it springeth, and what are the causes of usury; thirdly, what cometh of it, what hurt it worketh to the commonwealth; and I will lay forth such reasons as may make any good man abhor it; then I will declare what the holy fathers, and the apostles, and martyrs, and Christ, and then God himself, have thought and spoken of usury.

Many Had Not Even Heard of Interest

Many simple men know not what is usury nor ever heard of the name of it. The world were happy if no man knew it: for evil things do less harm when they be most unknown. Pestilences and plagues are not known but with great misery. But that you may learn to know it, and the more to abhor it, this it is:

He Defineth Usury

Usury is a kind of lending of money, or corn, or oil, or wine, or of any other thing, wherein, upon covenant and bargain, we receive again the whole principal which we delivered, and somewhat more for the use and occupying of the same: as, if I lend 100 pounds, and for it covenant to receive 105 pounds, or any other sum greater than was the sum which I did lend. This is that which we call usury: such a kind of bargaining as no good man or godly man ever used: such a kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgment have always abhorred and condemned. It is filthy gains and a work of darkness. It is a monster in nature, the overthrow of mighty kingdoms, the destruction of flourishing states, the decay of wealthy cities, the plagues of the world, and the misery of the people. It is theft, it is the murdering of our brethren, it is the curse of God and the curse of the people. This is usury. By these signs and tokens you may know it; for wheresoever it reigneth all those mischiefs ensue. But how and how many ways it may be wrought, I will not declare. It were horrible to hear; and I come now to reprove usury, and not to teach it.

Let us see then what is the cause hereof, and whence it groweth, who is the mother, the nurse, or the breeder of usury. For it groweth not everywhere, nor among all men. Many hate it and detest it, and had rather die than live of such spoil. It is not of God; for God strictly forbiddeth it. Neither is it found among the children of God; for love seeketh not her own profit, but to do good to her neighbor.

He Waxeth Warm Denouncing It

Whence then springeth usury? Soon shewed. Even thence, whence theft, murder, adultery, the plagues and the destruction of the people, do spring. All these are the works of the devil and the works of the flesh. Christ telleth the Pharisees: "You are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father you will do." Even so may it truly be said to the usurer: Thou art of thy father, the devil, and the lust of thy father thou wilt do; and therefore thou hast pleasure in his works. The devil entered into the heart of Judas, and put in him this greediness and covetousness of gain, for which he was content to sell his Master. Judas' heart was the shop: the devil was the foreman to work in it. St. Paul saith: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and snares, and into many foolish and noisome lusts, which drown into perdition and destruction. For the desire of money is the root of evil."

Covetousness, desire of money, insatiable greediness, deceitfulness, unmercifulness, injury, oppression, extortion, contempt of God, hatred to the brethren, and hatred of all men, are the nurses and breeders of usury. It springeth from Satan, and groweth, and is watered, and fed, and nourished by these cruel and damnable monsters.

Let us see further what are the fruits which come of usury. For perhaps it doth some good, and you may think that many are the better for it. These therefore are the fruits. It dissolveth the knot and fellowship of mankind: it hardeneth man's heart. It maketh men unnatural, and bereaveth them of charity and love to their dearest friends. It breedeth misery and provoketh the wrath of God from heaven. It consumeth rich men, it eateth up the poor, it maketh bankrupts, and undoeth many households. The poor occupiers are driven to flee, their wives are left alone, their children are helpless and driven to beg their bread through the unmerciful dealing of the covetous usurer.

One asked of Cato, "What is it to commit usury?" "What is it," saith he again, "to kill a man?" He that is an usurer is a murderer. The same Cato saith: "Our fathers punished a thief with payment of the double of that he had taken; but the usurer was always condemned to pay four times the value." They were wise men. They thought that an usurer was much worse than a thief.

> "If I have been deceived in this matter, O God, Thou Hast deceived me. Thy word is plain—*'Thou shalt take no interest.'*"—Dr. John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury.

The Bishop Would Be Unpopular Today

For a thief is driven by extremity and need; the usurer is rich, and hath no need. The thief stealeth in corners and in places where he may be unknown; the usurer openly and boldly, at all times and in any place. The thief, to relieve his wife and children; the usurer, to spoil his neighbor and to undo his wife and children. The thief stealeth from the rich, which have enough; the usurer from the poor, that hath nothing. The thief fleeth and will be seen no more; the usurer standeth by, continueth, and stealeth still: day and night, sleeping and waking, he always stealeth. The thief repenteth of his deed, he knoweth he hath done wrong, and is sorry for it; the usurer thinketh it is his own, that it is well gotten, and never repenteth nor sorroweth but defendeth and maintaineth his sin impudently. The thief, if he escape, many times becometh profitable to his country, and bestoweth himself painfully in some trade of life; the usurer leaveth his merchandise, forsaketh his husbandry, giveth himself to nothing whereby his country may have benefit. The thief is satisfied at length; the usurer hath never enough. The belly of the wicked will never be filled. As the sea is never filled with water, though all the streams of the world run into it; so the greediness of an usurer is never satisfied, though he gain never so unreasonably. The sea is profitable; the usurer is hurtful and dangerous. By the sea we may pass, and come safely to the haven; but no man passeth by usury without loss or shipwreck.

The Good Ambrose Crieth Upon Usury

Ambrose saith: "He that lacketh wherewith to keep life, payeth usury. What heavier case may there be? He seeketh to be healed, and you poison him; he asketh bread, and you give him a knife; he desireth you to set him at liberty, and you bring him to further bondage. . . . Thou, usurer, growest wealthy by other men's heaviness: thou makest gains of their tears and weeping: thou art fed with their hunger: thou coinest thy money with the skins of those men whom thou destroyest: how thinkest thyself to be rich, and yet beggest an alms of him that is poor?" Ambrose saith further: "Whomsoever it is lawful to kill, thou mayest lend him thy money to usury." For he that taketh usury killeth without a sword. These be holy fathers, and worthy of credit: they show us that usury is as bad as to kill and murder a man wilfully.

Chrysostom saith: "Even as a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump of dough, even so, usury, when it cometh into any man's house, draweth all his substance, and changeth it into debt."

They Did Cast Out the Usurer

He that is an usurer wisheth that all others may lack, and come to him and borrow of him, that all others may lose, so that he may have gain. Therefore our old forefathers so much abhorred this trade, that they thought an usurer unworthy to live in the company of Christian men: they did excommunicate him. They suffered not an usurer to be a witness in matters of law. They suffered him not to make a testament, and to bestow his goods by will. When an usurer died, they would not suffer him to be buried in places appointed for the burial of Christians. So highly did they mislike this unmerciful spoiling and deceiving our brethren.

But what speak I of the ancient fathers of the church? There was never any religion, nor sect, nor state, nor degree, nor profession of men, but they have disliked it. Philosophers, Greeks, Latins, lawyers, divines, heretics, all tongues and nations have ever thought an usurer as dangerous as a thief. The very sense of nature proveth it so. If the stones could speak, they would say as much.

Therefore our Savior saith: "Do good, and lend, looking for nothing again." He saith not, Lend, and look not for your principal again: but Look for no gain thereby, look not to receive more than thine own for the use and occupying of it.

The scorpion embraceth a man sweetly with his legs, but in the meanwhile striketh him deadly with his tail: his face looketh amiable: his tail poisoneth. So an usurer looketh fair, and giveth good words; but at the end he undoeth."

Who is stung by an adder, he perceiveth no hurt, but feeleth a gentle beating of his veins with some delight, whereat he rejoiceth. After this he falleth into a slumber: then the poison worketh, overcometh him, and killeth him. Even so he that borroweth upon usury findeth himself wonderfully amended, and rejoiceth; but he is stung, and hath a deadly stroke. The poison will grow over him: he shall die in a slumber, and be undone before he is aware. So necessary is an usurer for to relieve the poor and needy, as rust is to help iron, and as moth is to help a garment: it eateth him through from one side to another. Therefore saith Ambrose: "Such are the benefits that you rich men bestow; you give out little, and require much again. Such is your kindness, that you undo them whom ye help."

And thus much of the ease that poor men find in borrowing upon usury. They are bitten, and stung, and eaten up and devoured by it. Most men confess that this kind of usury is forbidden, because it relieveth not, but spoileth and consumeth. God take the liking of it out of all men's hearts! Then shall they be the better able to judge of the other sorts, which they yet think allowable.

Some will say, I have no trade to live by: I must needs give my money to usury, or else I must beg. This is that I spake of: this sheweth that despair and mistrust in the providence of God is the mother of usury. If this were cause why he should be an usurer, why may not the thief, or the bawd, or the enchanter, by like answer excuse themselves, and stand in defense of their doings? Augustine therefore saith: "The usurers are bold to say they have no other trade whereby to live. So will the thief tell me, when I take him in his theft. So will the bawd say that buyeth young maidens to use them to filthiness. So will the wicked enchanter that selleth his sin. As if they were not therefore most worthy to be punished, because they have chosen a trade of wickedness to live by, and will maintain themselves by that thing wherewith they displease Him by whom all are maintained."

The Bishop Valiantly Stands to His Duty

Thus much I thought expedient to speak of the loathsome and foul trade of usury. I know not what fruit will grow thereby, and what it will work in your hearts. If it please God, it may do that good that I wish. I have done my duty: I call God for a record unto my soul, I have not deceived you. I have spoken unto you the truth. IF I BE DECEIVED IN THIS MATTER, O GOD, THOU HAST DECEIVED ME. Thy word is plain. Thou sayest, "Thou shalt take no usury": thou sayest, He that taketh increase shall not live. What am I, that I should hide the words of my God, or keep them back from the hearing of His people? The learned old fathers have taught us it is no more lawful to take usury of our brother than it is to kill our brother. They that be of God hear this, and consider it, and have a care that they displease Him not. But the wicked, that are no whit moved, and care not what God saith, but cast His word behind them, which have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not; because they are filthy, they shall be filthy still. Their greedy desire shall increase to their confusion; and as their money increaseth, so shall they increase the heaps of their sins. Pardon me if I have been long or vehement. Of those that are usurers I ask no pardon.

Hark You This! Your Names Shall Be Told!

I hear that there are certain in this city, which wallow wretchedly in this filthiness without repentance. I give them warning in the hearing of you all, and in the presence of God, that they forsake that cruel and detestable sin. If otherwise they continue therein, I will open their shame and publish their names in this place before you all; that you may know them, and abhor them as the plagues and monsters of the world; that if they be past all fear of God, they may yet repent and amend for worldly shame.

Tell me, thou wretched wight of the world, thou unkind creature, which art past all sense and feeling of God, which knowest the will of God, and doest the contrary, how darest thou come into the church? It is the church of that God which hath said, "Thou shalt take no usury" and thou knowest He hath said so: how darest thou read or hear the word of God? It is the word of that God which condemneth usury; and thou knowest He doth condemn it: how darest thou come into the company of thy brethren? Usury is the plague and destruction and undoing of thy brethren; and this thou knowest: how darest thou look upon thy children?

Australian Packs London's Famous Temple

Meteoric Career of Man From the Antipodes Who Succeeded American in England's Most Noted Pulpit

By PAUL TYNER

The REV. F. W. NORWOOD, D. D.,

Minister of City Temple, London, and, at the left, the City Temple.

THE City Temple Congregational Church down in the "City" near Holborn Viaduct, London, was founded 'way back in 1640, and so is more than a century older than the American Republic. But it was not until 1873 that the present edifice was built to accommodate the steadily increasing crowds drawn by the eloquence of Joseph Parker. During his pastorate of nearly 30 years he was recognized as the most brilliant preacher in England and hardly second in popularity to his famous contemporary, Charles H. Spurgeon, pastor of the Tabernacle. To this day, the City Temple holds much the position among the English dissenting churches that Plymouth Church in Brooklyn does among Americans. Parker, indeed, was distinguished as a strong friend of America, and especially of the North during our Civil War, when it took a brave man to espouse the Union cause in England. Over and over, Henry Ward Beecher spoke from the City Temple pulpit during his visits to London—and that as far back as the days when no other pulpit was open to him and when, as an Abolitionist, he faced turbulent mobs armed with stale eggs and cabbages whenever he attempted to address popular gatherings. These mobs blamed the North for the blockade of southern ports that kept cotton from reaching Lancashire and threw thousands of operatives out of work. Parker, undaunted, draped the Stars and Stripes, entwined with the Union Jack, in front of his pulpit. And he did not wait for Lincoln's death to eulogize our war President in an eloquent and touching tribute to his genius and courage.

To this day, the marble bust of Joseph Parker in the vestibule of the City Temple is draped with the American flag on one side and that of Britain on the other. For three generations the church has enjoyed a place all its own in the affections of visiting and resident Americans. This was true during the ministry of Dr. R. J. Campbell, of "New Theology" fame, who after 20 years here went back into the Anglican church and during that of his successor, Dr. Joseph Fort Newton.

The church itself is built on the plan of a Greek temple with classic portico and proportions, save that at one corner there is a tower to which Parker, when it was added, gave the name of "The Lincoln Tower." A spacious gallery runs around three sides of the edifice and the seating capacity is about 3,000. It is exceptional among English churches in that there is no "pulpit" and that a cheery effect is given to the interior by white and gold decoration of the gallery balconies. At the east end is the organ in brilliant gold picked out in a tasteful floral design. In an opening between the banks of organ pipes is a fine rose window The church is lighted (when there is any sun in London) by translucent white windows, the only stained glass besides the rose window being a series of crescent-shaped glass panels filled with allegorical designs of a modern enough sort running all around the walls just below the lofty roof. In place of a pulpit, the reading desk occupies a projecting elevation at the east end of the main gallery just under the choir gallery. This reading desk elevation is occupied by the minister when he is officiating and by the secretary when he reads the announcements. The choir—a vested choir, by the way—consists of some 30 women and half as many men standing in tiers one above the other. And the music at the Temple is always of the best order. They are nearly as proud of their music as they are of their preacher, and with good reason. The service indeed would be considered an elaborate one in a Congregational church in America. But all the choral music, chants, hymns, psalms, introits, anthems, and so on, drop out of sight when the sermon begins. It is usually preceded by a few moments of silent prayer. Then all the attention of the immense congregation (you have to be there a half-hour ahead to be sure of a seat) is focused on the preacher.

Even before he begins speaking, Frederic Norwood impresses one by a personality which is commanding in a sense beyond that usually indicated by that much-abused adjective. Tall and well built, his figure is set off by the black silk doctor's robe with cherry-colored collar and lining. His square head with thick thatch of black hair, clean-shaven dark face, massive jaws and the glint of bluish gray eyes that look through eyeglasses with something of the direct penetrating gaze of Roosevelt, all indicate strength and vitality. He has a well-modulated and musical voice with great carrying power, and Forbes Robertson might envy the clearness and deliberation of his enunciation. Dr. Norwood makes few gestures, and those that he makes convey distinct point and emphasis. Both in voice and manner, he is much more like an American than an Englishman. In a chat I had with him after the service in his comfortable library at the church, I told him I should have taken him for an American. This he accepted as a compliment, saying that it had frequently happened and that in his experience he found that there was much closer resemblance, not only in outward appearance and manner but in spirit and mentality, between Australians and Americans than between Australians and Englishmen. "England is a small and old country," he went on, "while both America and Australia are large and new countries, and that means certainly larger freedom and vitality in the make-up of their peoples."

His topic that morning had been "Increasing Sustenance," his text being, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." His treatment was boldly new and broad. "Bread," in the conception of the old Hebrew prophet whom Jesus quoted eight centuries after, was one of the words of God. It was one of the perpetual miracles of nature. But the saying had been spiritualized and vitalized by Jesus. Originally, the miracle of bread from heaven had simply the superficial interpretation of the miracle of the manna in the wilderness. The Jews believed in miracles and were fond of them. To Jesus, the extraordinary became ordinary, for He commanded through spiritual understanding Nature's laws and forces. He was a spiritual genius, and there are no limiting laws for genius. The forces of nature in the hands of genius differed as music in the hands of a master differed from music handled by a clown. Jesus was supposed to be able to make bread out of air. But this He refused to do at the behest of the Tempter, quoting a very old saying which He clarified giving it an ampler meaning than the old Hebrew dreamed of. Our daily bread is the Word of God.

I will not attempt to report the sermon in detail, but here are a few striking extracts that seem to me to convey luminous specimens of the thought and the style of this new preacher who reminds old-timers of Joseph Parker and of Henry Ward Beecher, but whose individuality is all his own and has in short space established him in the front rank of English-speaking preachers:

"Man with all his cleverness has never been able to produce his own daily bread. Bread is no mere fortuitous concourse of circumstances, but is in truth the very thought of God."

"Alas that we make this thought of God the very object around which center all our hates, strifes and rivalry! It should not be competed for, but shared. The fire needed to bake it is the symbol of home. On what was this great city built, but the central idea of bread-winning, which is the object of all our industry?"

"All our shops, factories, railways are based in the last analysis on this idea of God—Bread."

"Industry when perfected is co-operative and not competitive. Co-operation means mutual, understanding and mutual effort; that means Love—and Love is God."

"Civilization just now is a water-logged thing drifting on the rocks."

"When we ask for daily bread, we demand not merely material food, but also homes, music, books, pictures, railways, telephones, wireless—and human fellowship. All these things are God's words. They did not mean as much to our fathers because their ears had not been attuned to catch them. They will mean more to our children because their ears will be attuned beyond ours—perhaps communication with other planets. I place no limitation on human progress; on God's ever-continuing revelation of His thoughts."

"Every discovery and invention is God's speech to man. They are all part of the growing sustenance man needs for his development and which God provides."

"The way of bread alone is the way back to the jungle. We are too deeply concerned about mere primary things; too blind and deaf regarding the words God is ready to give for our relief and sustenance."

"The world is spiritually impoverished, and that is the reason for its present wretched condition. It is a condition that cannot be cured by mere mass movements, by legislation or more wars. The greatest contribution each of us can make to human betterment is to shape our own daily lives by the spiritual idea. Take this idea into business and we shall have real and lasting prosperity. It may not be possible for all of us to do this in its fullness right now; but that is no reason why we should not make the attempt and begin."

But Dr. Norwood is far from being a man of one idea. He is a thinker with a trained brain and, in addition to wide reading, he has had a varied contact with all sorts and conditions of men. This has given him, with versatility, a gift for searching the hearts of his hearers. His philosophy is racy of the soil and inspired by a humanness gained in the "University of Hard Knocks," rather than from books of college teachers.

On the occasion of my first talk with Dr. Norwood (his old college in Adelaide, Australia, has made him a D. D. since he became pastor of London's City Temple), he had only been out of bed a week after seven weeks of invalidism following an operation for appendicitis; but he looked very fit, save for a slight pallor, and was inclined to make very light of his illness. "I had never been sick a day in my life," he said, "and the thing came on me very suddenly following a rather strenuous season of work. I have been rather lavish in my help to other churches and am still under promise to preach two or three times a week in various places in addition to my two Sunday sermons at the City Temple."

I mentioned that a friend who had heard him in Detroit when he made a tour from Vancouver to New York had hinted to me that he had a remarkable story.

He smiled, saying, "I don't know about that. Sometimes other people see something remarkable in a man's story when it does not seem to himself to be remarkable. But such as it is, I shall be glad to tell you all about it."

And very simply he chatted away for an hour quite at his ease and in the voice which can be as caressing as it can be commanding.

Boiled down, here is the tale that he told. He was born about 47 years ago in Bendigo, Australia, the mining town made famous by the gold rush of the late sixties. His parents on both sides were of Irish blood, although his mother was born in Australia. They had been among the gold seekers. "They did not get any gold," he said laughing, "all they got was me and five sisters and brothers."

When he was 10 years old, his father died leaving his mother with six children to look after and not a penny to do it with. So Frederic had to leave school, and got a job as office boy in a motor cycle factory in South Adelaide, where the family had moved from Bendigo. He got on so well that he was made secretary and assistant manager of the company by the time he was 27. His mind at that time was set on a business career and he worked hard, learning all he could of business and "dreaming of becoming some day a millionaire and captain of industry."

He smiled reminiscently as at the foolishness of that old ambition in comparison with the very different career which Fate had in store for him.

"All the same," he went on, "I would not have missed

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Sky Land in the Heart of the Blue Ridge

Hundred Mountain Peaks a Mile High Scattered Over a 90-Mile Radius

By GEORGE H. DACY

IN THE heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina, where dignified peaks tower to the clouds placed like natural sentries on guard, is "Opportunity's Empire." Such is the name given to the region where the sunrise and sunset are the most beautiful to be seen, where the climate is moderately warm in winter and deliciously cool in the summer. Here, too, is the city of Asheville, a health resort whose fame has been heralded across the seven seas. Health-seekers, as a class, are critical and difficult to satisfy. One indication that Asheville is out of the ordinary as a health center is found in the fact that more and more newcomers and former visitors come each season. The latest records show that more than 300,000 visitors visit Asheville and leave $54,000,000 annually in the city.

Asheville is a community the majority of whose homes is open to the public. There is probably no city of the size in the United States that has less idle living accommodations than this southern center which, of necessity, has had to open all its homes to accommodate the thousands of tourists and health-seekers.

The transformation of this sleepy southern town into a bustling business headquarters and a vacationists' rendezvous is strikingly shown in figures. In 1910 the total assessed value of city property amounted to $10,000,000. At present it exceeds that figure by 600 per cent. A decade or so ago there was not a single mile of paved rural highway in the sections that adjoin Asheville. Today, there is more than 164 miles of excellent macadam and concrete roadways leading from the center of the city. In addition, there are several hundred miles of well-maintained gravel and earth roads that link up with the network of permanent highways. Six years ago, the daily milk supply of the city aggregated 1,700 gallons and was about as poor and insanitary as could be found in any section of the South. Today, Asheville folk consume more than 6,000 gallons daily of a nutritious and sanitary milk second to none.

There was a time when it took a stronger beverage than milk to satisfy Asheville people. The old records show that during the first quarter-century of the city's history every well-to-do resident owned and operated his private whisky or brandy still. Even the ministers of those days made and sold liquor. That was in the era when water was used principally as a fluid for ablutions. Men slaked their thirsts from the contents of little brown jugs that were commonplace in every home. Curiously enough, John Barleycorn played a leading part in the selection of the site of Asheville. A certain committee that was designated to locate the proposed town stopped one night at a wayside inn which in those days was famous for the superiority of its liquors. After due deliberation, the committee unanimously decided that the adjacent neighborhood was an ideal location. That explains why Asheville is about five miles from the spot tentatively chosen as its center.

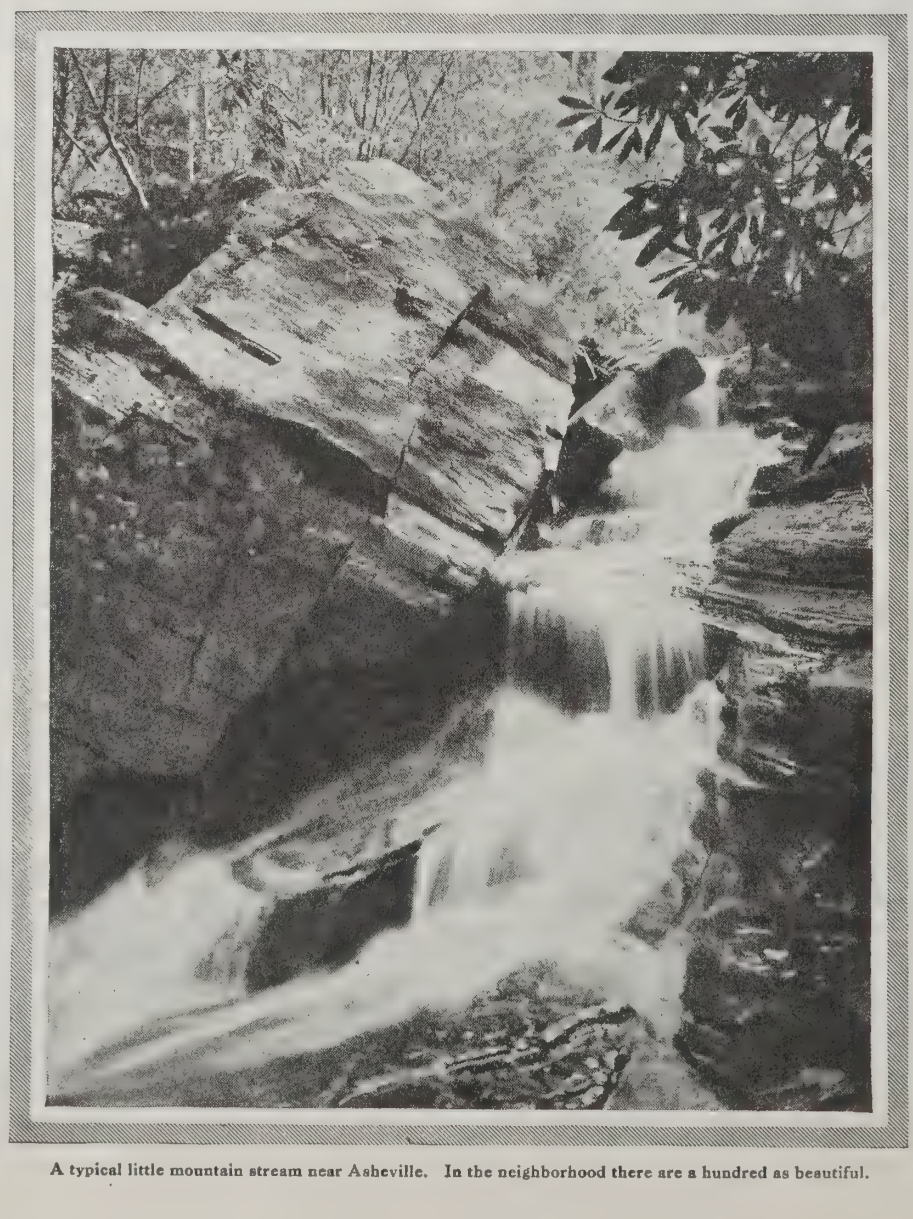
Asheville is the county seat of the historic county of Buncombe, which is situated on the Blue Ridge plateau at an average elevation of 2 500 feet above sea level. In a radius of 100 miles are 64 mountain peaks that are more than 6,000 feet high while there are in excess of 100 of these rocky crags that tower for a mile or more. Located on a high hill, Asheville is completely surrounded by mountains—on the east and south by the Blue Ridge and on the north and west by the foothills of the Unakas and Great Smoky mountains. Buncombe County was formed in 1791 and was named in honor of Colonel Edward Buncombe, a native of St. Kitts, West Indies Islands, who early in life cast his lot with the settlers of Western North Carolina. Buncombe is the center of a vast plateau of 20.000.000 acres known as "America's Beauty Spot," 60 per cent of its area being shaded by virgin timber.

The Cherokee Indians were the original inhabitants of the mountain fastness of which Asheville is today the hub. The several hills of the city at one time were the prize powwow grounds of the Cherokee, Shawnee and Catawba Indians who formerly inhabited that section of the state and settled some of their disputes by arbitration. Away back in 1794, a certain John Burton was granted two tracts of land by North Carolina which at present are occupied by Asheville's business district. Originally, the village that grew up on the Burton land was called Morristown. It was not until 1798 that Asheville was incorporated. Asheville received her first real boost a quarter-century later when a turnpike from the Saluda Gap to the Tennessee line was opened.

It is notable that the isolation of the mountain hamlets initially was productive of an era of self-sufficiency when the settlers had to grow and make their own clothes, food and articles of industry. They raised sheep for their wool and mutton, and flax for linen manufacture. They made felt and straw hats, manufactured furniture and ropes, made their own firearms, grew and ground grain and sawed lumber. It was largely through the efforts of John C. Calhoun, the famous orator and statesman, that the Asheville section was first recognized as a remarkable health resort. Mr. Calhoun always spent his summers in that neighborhood and induced many friends to do likewise. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Asheville, on account of its strategic command of the Blue Ridge, was seized by the Confederate troops. They maintained a battery on the highest hill in the town until the last year of the war when the Union forces captured the city and burned the post office and armory.

Nature made Asheville what it is today. All the promoters of progress in that remarkable municipality had to do was to capitalize on the natural advantages of their community. What is reputed to be the best gravity water supply in the world has been piped 28 miles from the mountains and stored in reservoirs. The main city reservoir has 5,000,000 gallons capacity at an elevation of 210 feet. The city also owns the watershed of 18,000 acres—a primitive forest untouched by the hands of man—covered with a virgin growth of laurel, azalea, rhododendron, balsam, oak, chestnut, poplar, gum, walnut, hickory and what not. No human being has ever lived—or ever will live—above the point where the water enters the pipe line at the intake. This insures a bountiful supply of pure, clear, sparkling water.

Altogether, it is a land of health—a veritable magnet that draws to its neighborhood invalids who are suffering from all forms of tuberculosis—physicians of nation-wide reputation report that Asheville is doing more than any other city in the entire country to control and prevent the insidious spread of tuberculosis. The city has the most rigid legislation and regulations for the production of a pure milk supply of any town in the United States. All these ordinances are rigidly enforced. The city maintains a modern abattoir where all its meat supply is slaughtered under Federal inspection. In June, 1898, Asheville passed an ordinance prohibiting expectoration on streets, in street cars or public buildings. It was the first city anywhere to enact such a law which, subsequently, has been copied everywhere. This North Carolina municipality was also the first to begin an active anti-fly crusade. This campaign was initiated in March, 1896, and was the father of all the "Swat the Fly" drives. Asheville's 50 miles of paved streets are washed with water under high pressure. No street sweeping is permitted and thus the spread of dust through the air is minimized. A modern incinerator is used to destroy all the rubbish and trash.



A typical little mountain stream near Asheville. In the neighborhood there are a hundred as beautiful.

Mount Mitchell, the top of Eastern America and the highest point east of the Rockies, is a scenic curiosity. More than a century ago before any measurements of eastern mountains were made, John C. Calhoun predicted that when the mountain climbers got busy and scaled the eastern peaks to determine the champion, that Mount Mitchell would be the lofty and towering crag to win the blue ribbon as the highest. In 1835, Dr. Elisha Mitchell, a professor of the University of North Carolina, accurately determined the exact altitude of this mountain—6,711 feet—but in descending he lost his way, fell over a cliff and was killed. The mountain was named after him and today his body rests on the summit of this notable peak.

A novel motor roadway leads to the summit. It is a one-way route. The long line of cars goes up every morning—the highway is 18 miles in length—and descends in the afternoon. The road is the former bed of the logging railroad which was installed to haul the timber that was cut from the Mount Mitchell Forest to accessible loading stations at the base of the huge peak. After the timber was freighted, the track was removed, the switchbacks were rounded off and lengthened out and the right-of-way was converted into a motor highway, thousands of carloads of cinders and gravel being used to improve the thoroughfare so that it would be passable during wet weather. The present plans are to improve this unique speedway further by the installation of a concrete path from the base to the peak of the mountain.

Practically every remote section of the great Pisgah National Forest of 86,000 acres, a few miles from Asheville, is now accessible by automobile. Uncle Sam keeps the permanent highways through this splendid forest in a fine condition. This forest is developing into a great playground. Ideal sites for campers have been set aside and more than 10,000 automobile parties visited the forest last year. The forest has been stocked with 2,500 deer, 75 elks and five buffaloes, while every mountain stream within its borders has been plentifully stocked with rainbow and mountain trout. No hunting is allowed and no person with a firearm or a dog not under leash can enter.

The forest is not fenced and consequently large numbers of wild game and overplus from the deer and elk herds wander away. Their abundance has led to the formation of several extensive hunting clubs in the Asheville neighborhood. The Great Smoky Mountain Club with its 22,000 acres of prolific hunting lands is a sportsmen's paradise. This property is 35 miles square and save for one gap, is circled by the Great Smoky Mountains. A hotel resembling a Swiss chalet is now under construction, as is a golf course.

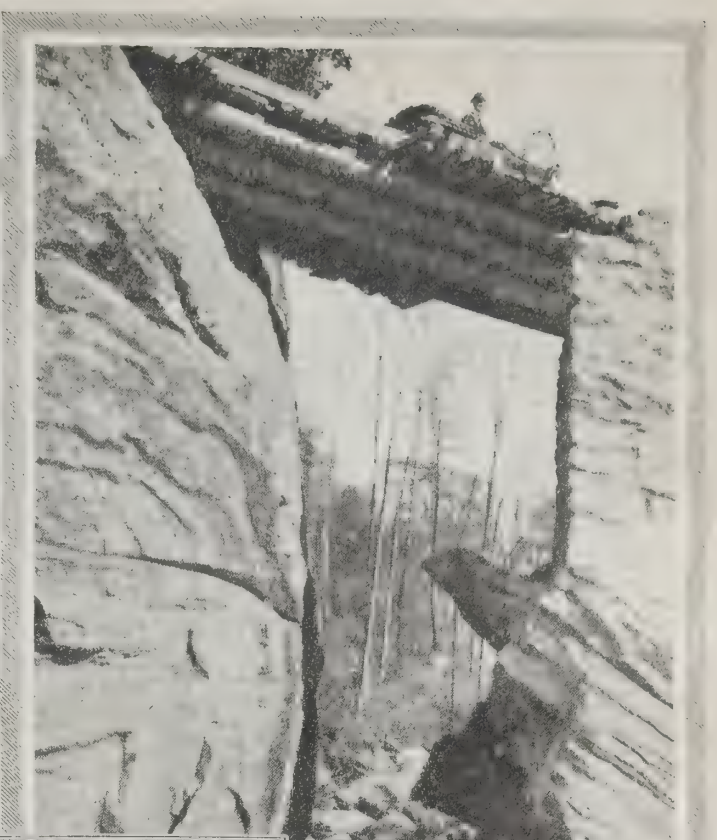
Did you ever hear of the haunted lights of Brown Mountain? For a half decade, these curious lights, which appeared above Brown Mountain, a few miles from Asheville, created consternation among those who chanced to pass that way. The "ghost lanterns" gained such fame that visitors came from hundreds of miles in all directions to stop, listen and look. Finally appeal was made to the National Government at Washington for assistance in solving the mystery. Several Federal scientists were sent to Asheville and after careful investigation they found that the lights were reflections of the automobile headlights that flitted backward and forward along the curving automobile road about 2,000 feet below the mountain. The refraction of the air currents and the waves of warm air rising from the valley after dark cause the curious lights to appear above the mountain top at 10-second intervals.

The Asheville region is the land of lost lakes. Because natural lakes are lacking, men persist in trying to build tailor-made bodies of water. These artificial lakes serve the purpose well enough until some double-barreled rainstorm and mountain freshet comes along and washes away their concrete barriers and flood fortications as easily as an infant wrecks a castle built of cards.

A strange freak which delights thousands is Blowing Rock. It consists of a shelving ledge 4,000 feet above the headwaters of the John River. You can stand on Blowing Rock as long as you wish and exert every muscle in your body in attempting to throw your hat away and despite your most strenuous efforts it will soon be blown back into your hands. This is caused by the air currents that sweep up the river valley. And not far from Blowing Rock is another natural wonder, Devil's Head. Thousands of feet above the adjoining valley and standing out like the prized masterpiece of some clever sculptor, is etched in mountain rock the strong features of Satan himself.

The queer case of the Linville River

The Asheville neighborhood now has 164 miles of paved roads and is the motoring mecca of Dixie.
At right—Tourist camp on the Swannanoa River.



High Bridge in the Asheville region is a sight worth seeing.

is a riddle never satisfactorily solved. Years ago, without any warning whatsoever, the Linville River abandoned its old course and carved a new and more rugged bed over a 12-mile stretch through and across solid rock. The new river bed drops more than 2,500 feet in the 12-mile stretch and cuts through some of the wildest and most rugged country east of the Mississippi River. The Linville and the North Fork rivers parallel for 12 miles and are never more than a mile apart yet do not converge, and both empty into the Catawba River at different points.

Looking Glass Rock is a novelty. The huge rock is shaped like a mirror. A beautiful waterfall sprays down over one side of the curious rock. When the sun is in a certain position, the onlooker can gaze at the waterfall from a considerable distance and see his picture reflected in the showering stream. Chimney Rock at a 3,500-foot elevation is yet another marvel—a severe test for ambitious mountain climbers.

In Asheville, the expansion of the business district has long been impeded by a yawning ravine, steep and precipitous, and by a miniature mountain which covers 10 acres. This small-scale mountain has been purchased by leading commercial interests and now is being razed and removed to the gully. The little mountain is Battery Hill and was the site of the Battle of Asheville during the Civil War. The first large resort hotel of the city was erected on the summit of this hill. It will be demolished and supplanted by a modern structure when the mountain has been leveled.

Australian Packs London's Famous Temple

Concluded from page 9

a day of all those early struggles and I regard my business experience as of the greatest value. Always I had had a leaning toward the ministry, but regarded it as beyond the bounds of possibility because of my poverty and lack of education. Ever since I was 17 years old, I had preached occasionally as a lay preacher in one or other of the little churches in the suburb of Adelaide in which I lived. When I was 27, by which time I had a wife and three children, I was pressed to take the regular pastorate of a little church where I had preached occasionally. I pleaded my lack of preparation; but they were good enough to insist on having me and gave me opportunity to get the education I needed while I was filling the pastorate. So I finished the regular three-year course in Adelaide University. I did not take any honors; but by studying nights and working hard I got through my examinations in good shape."

When the war broke out, Norwood tried to get to the front as a chaplain; but the best he could get was a sort of roving commission from the Y. M. C. A. to work among the troops in the training camps, doing what he could. Along in 1916, he managed to get to the front in France, still without regular commission or uniform or shoulder straps. He threw himself with his whole heart into the task of heartening the boys in soul-to-soul talks, as he found opportunity or made it; seldom preaching or conducting regular services of any sort.

The turning point in his career came very unexpectedly while he was on a brief leave in London at the end of July, 1918. With his wife, who had come from the other end of the world to be near him, he was boarding at a small hotel in Southampton Row where Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, then minister of the City Temple, also happened to be living. The American and the Australian soon discovered tastes and ideals in common and came to be good friends. About this time, a big celebration at the London Opera House was organized to mark the fourth anniversary of the war. Sherwood Eddy was to speak for America and other prominent preachers were assigned to represent Canada, New Zealand and South Africa. Almost at the last moment, Norwood was given a place to speak in behalf of Australia. On the morning of the great day, he received a program on which he found himself (in small type) put down to offer a formal resolution at the close of the meeting. And across it was written: "Time limit, 10 minutes."

This was a surprise and a disappointment. He had taken the call to speak for his loved Australian fighters very seriously. To him, it meant the voicing of deep and solemn feeling in memory of the men who had given their lives for the great cause of human liberty. He spoke to a member of the committee, asking how it had come about that he was relegated to so brief and unimportant a part in the exercises of the occasion.

"Well," said the committeeman, "we knew nothing about you and could not find anyone who could tell us anything about you, except that you had been pastor of a little church in Adelaide and that you had no official rank with the Australian forces. It seemed risky to have you at all, so we probably thought it best to play safe by just holding you down to presenting the formal resolution and giving you 10 minutes to do it in."

"At first," Dr. Norwood told me with an Irish flash in his eyes, "I had a great mind to throw the whole thing up and let them get some one else to read their stupid resolutions. I had quite a struggle with myself over it. Then I reflected that, after all, the celebration was in honor of the brave dead with whom I had lived as a pal in the trenches and behind the lines through two long years packed with tense living. So I decided to do my bit. To my surprise, the other speakers made it an occasion for the waving of flags, beating of drums and blowing of military and patriotic trumpets. To me, it was a service for the dead and I took it very solemnly and seriously. The very thought stirred me to the depths. I let myself go and spoke for 20 minutes—had to, because of the reception I received. It seemed that what I had to say proved so impressive that people regarded it as the most significant part of the program. Next morning at breakfast, Dr. Fort Newton said, 'Norwood, I wish you would preach for me at the City Temple next Sunday morning.'

"I was astonished. 'I preach at the City Temple! Why what do you mean?' I asked Fort Newton, 'What do you know about me, an utterly obscure minister of an obscure Australian parish?'

"'I know all that it is necessary to know,' he replied. 'My wife was present in the London Opera House last evening. She has told me how you poured out your heart on that platform and how your audience was moved. She has heard many preachers in her time and does not easily become enthusiastic. But she is enthusiastic about you and the greatness of your quality as an orator. So I want you to preach for me next Sunday.'

"That was the beginning of it all. Some time later, when the war was over and I was turning my eyes homeward, Dr. Fort Newton came into my room while I was packing my haversack for a little trip to Manchester. He asked me when I was going back to Australia. I told him I was booked on the first transport on which it would be possible for a civilian to sail. And, I added, a bit sadly, perhaps, that I would have to wait four months.

"'Then I wish you would supply for me at the City Temple for the next four months,' he said. 'I have just arranged for a four months' leave to visit America and my church committee will be glad to have you, if you will consent.'"

As everybody knows, there had been a great deal of pulling and hauling between Fort Newton and the City Temple people. He was not satisfied with the way they took some innovations he introduced, the fruit of his remarkably successful pastorate at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he had built up in less than seven years a church membership of some 3,000 and a Sunday School with more than 2,000 members. Possibly they were not ready for his American ideas and methods. After all, London is not Cedar Rapids. At any rate, Dr. Fort Newton while in America accepted a call to the pastorate of the Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity (Carnegie's old church) on Central Park West, New York, and definitely severed his connection with the London church. Norwood was promptly invited to take the vacant pastorate. He accepted and threw himself into the work of continuing the building up and expansion of the work to which his American predecessor had given so fine an impetus during the strenuous and stirring war period. Norwood's energy and ability, his tact and humanness and his very evident zest and interest in the work have already given him enduring place in the affections of his congregation and established his fame not only as a preacher, but also as an able pastor and administrator of the City Temple's constantly expanding activities.

The "Moving Man" Tells His Side of the Story

The Ideal Van Loader Is Careful Despite What You May Think of Him

By THOMAS J. MALONE

MRS. ABOUT-TO-MOVE had just telephoned in an order for a van at a certain hour of a certain day at a certain address. "I don't know her, but I like her voice and manner," said the transfer man to a caller. "She was pleasant, not distrustful nor challenging."

He sat back in his swivel chair and talked about the human element in moving household goods. Moving to the transfer man is an everyday affair, not a crisis in life, not the closing of one chapter and the opening of another, not an event full of distress from which time is measured, before and after, even until the next moving. Yet with him moving is more than simply business. His heart is in it. He is not unmindful that, unlike most other sellers of service, he deals with people mainly at times of unusual moment to them. Moving the home possessions of other folks and buying a necktie or a dinner roast for one's self are different adventures.

"We find the personal relation between customers and van workers means much," he began. "Of course, we teach the men what constitutes service and instruct them to give the best that's in them under all circumstances. Still some customers will get better service than others. It's the human touch that explains it.

Has a Friend in Gus

"IF YOU'RE hiring a man to work for you, you can treat him as a menial or as a fellow being trying to earn an honest living and likely to respond to a little show of kindly spirit and good will. Take some of our best families here; my men have reported that before they had been at work at this or that place 20 minutes the lady of the house would be calling them by their first names, just as they addressed each other. It would be "Gus" this and "Mike" that, and everything friendly and O. K. Naturally, the men would exert themselves to please.

"Gus tells how one day he was driving down Walnut avenue with a big van load and whom should he see coming his way but Mrs. Sewell, whom he had moved time and time again in the past 15 years—out to the summer home in the spring and back to town in the fall. She was with some friends in a handsome carriage—glittering harness, prancing horses, coachman and all that. The Sewells are an old family and rather cling to the old ways.

"Gus was puzzled as to what to do. He had about made up his mind to look straight ahead as they passed. But not so Mrs. Sewell. She greeted him as directly and cordially as if he had been a silk-hatted friend in frock coat and cane.

"'Good morning, Gus. Who is being moved today?'

"Would Gus go out of his way to please Mrs. Sewell, to handle her goods safely? He would, and so would all the other men on the force, for these stories get around.

"Gus says he sometimes sees Mrs. Sewell out in her front yard working among her flowers when he's going by in the van, and if she sees him he waves his cap and she waves her sunbonnet. That's human for you. The Sewells have scads of money and are way up socially, but it has never gone to their heads nor affected their hearts. As for Mrs. Sewell—well, there isn't a finer old lady in America. Ask Gus.

Where the Men Talk Shop

"THE men talk about these cases in the back room while waiting for orders, just as other folks talk about their business. It's 'shop' with them. The dispatcher—the desk man who receives orders and routes the vans—may call out an order to a man to go to a certain address for a load. Another man will speak up: 'You're welcome to that. I've been there; moved that family from the east side two years ago. You can have the job. The woman is a terror to work for. Finds fault with everything; always looking for the worst to happen, and nags all the time. They had one large much-worn easy chair with a shaky rocker, and after we had moved the goods she charged that we had knocked that rocker loose.'

"And so the new man goes out with a prejudice against that woman, which we regret but which we realize is human. Or it may be just the other way, and the man sets forth with a pleasant expectancy."

What fascinating things are disclosed in family movings—not only how the other family lives, but what it lives with, what it cherishes, what its standards of the useful and the artistic, whether it leans to oriental rugs and baby grands or to mounted buffalo horns and sea shells, gate-legged or mission tables, Windsor chairs or straight backs, mahogany or metal bedsteads! Heirlooms there are, of course—secretaries, highboys, spinning wheels, spinet desks; cribs and cradles and baby carts, not in the young household only, but often in the family of adults where sentiment clings to those dear reminders of another day. So, too, an ancient doll buggy with missing wheel and broken handle—perhaps with a doll in it, whose shining pink face and yellow hair, untouched by time, serve to perpetuate for some mature matron a joyful memory of childhood.

"Your competent van loader isn't blind to such things," the transfer man commented. "That's why he puts on the rubber-soled shoes before tackling the job and goes easy with the bulky pieces. He may wear an immobile face and speak only when spoken to, but he knows that the hearts of mother and older daughter are in their mouths as the family treasures are rounding turns in the stairway or just missing doorframes. Your ideal mover likes folks, is considerate, besides being strong and 'handy,' isn't afraid of work and has a good share of brains. We try to approach that standard in the men we send out with the vans, but once in a while, I admit, a misfit gets in among them."

He chuckled, as if at an amusing recollection. It was a favorite story and he was glad to have an auditor.

"A few years ago one of our new men, a van 'helper'—one in training under direction of an experienced man—went to his foreman and gave up his job. 'What's the trouble?' he was asked. 'We've made no kick.'

"'That's so,' returned the other, 'but you will if I keep on. I came so close to putting a foot through an oil painting today that I'm not going to take any more chances. It had been left on the floor against the wall. Buck saved me—was backing me up—said afterward he knew I was nervous and might need watching.

"'I'm quitting cold. If you have any other kind of work for a man who needs work and isn't afraid of it, work that doesn't call for canvas shoes and gloves, lead me to it.

Does What He's Told

"'YOU see I never was cut out for a mover. I'm just naturally a bungler—a foot blunderer. Why, when I was a nine-year-old kid spending the summer on my grandfather's farm, I found that out.

"'Ever see a flock of little turkeys in a storm? One afternoon grandmother was out shooing the old bird into the shed, with a high wind on and rain coming. Those young ones ran around staggering blind. "Stand still!" she said to me, "or you'll step on one." I stood still, and my bare foot came down on something soft. It was a turk.

"'They drilled a well on grandfather's place that summer. I remember how he walked over the yard with a fork of witch-hazel held out straight before him in his two hands, believing, as was widely held in those days, that the thing would turn down where there was water—the divining rod, you know. After drilling had begun, a small mirror was kept on hand to hold over the hole now and then to reflect the water.

"'Grandfather had tossed this mirror aside in the grass, when I came along, my head in the air and no thought of accident in that head.

"'Grandfather's voice rang out sharply, "Step on that now, do!"

"'Grandfather was from the old sod. I was startled, didn't know what he was talking about—and I stepped on it. No one could say I wasn't obedient.

"'It's been that way with me all my life. If there's anything around to be stepped on or kicked, I step on it or kick it. Don't mean to, you understand, but I'm hoodooed. My hands don't trouble me so, but I can't make my feet behave. Me for a job in an iron store.'

"That man was right in that he never would have made a good mover, but we put him inside and he developed into an expert dispatcher, handling the outside force from a central desk. There was nothing wrong with his head."

There is more or less grief in every business that seeks to serve the general public, according to the transfer man, but that in his business has a charm in its unexpectedness and uniqueness.

"Sometimes we boggle a job," he said, "and then, of course, try to make such amends as are possible. But we're not fond of telling about our own mistakes, and we'd rather talk about mistakes imputed to us that didn't happen. Customers complain of all kinds of things after a moving. In going over their goods at the new place, they can't find this or that. They telephone us that certain articles were 'lost' in transit—phonograph records, tableware, and so on.

"Right here, not so long ago, a professor at the state university complained after a moving that a valuable rug was not to be found. He was much excited, accused the van men of taking it, made threats and, all in all, went pretty far. All this by telephone. Yes, he had searched everywhere, had looked all through his stuff.

"His moving had been a fairly large one, using four men with the van. The office put it up to the four. One spoke up, in some disgust. 'His rug is there all right. I put it in the attic at the new place. Remember about it especially, because he was fussy over that rug when pointing it out to us, so I knew it must be something he thought a lot of.'

"The four were sent back to the professor's to find that rug. They found it—in the attic, with other goods which the professor had said might be stored there.

"Clearly the case was against the professor. He was much abashed, but rallied nobly.

"'I was wrong,' he told the men. 'I accused you all of stealing this rug, and I'm sorry. It's my nature to be hasty and I blow up too readily.'

Careful Packing Saves

"HE GAVE a $5 bill to each of the four to salve his feelings, called up the office and. in their presence, explained that the fault had been his, apologizing for what he had charged.

"The men considered the money rather easily earned, but maybe they wondered a little about the higher education."

The transfer man switched from human to material phases. At moving time, as he sees it, that wise saw about an ounce of prevention is peculiarly applicable. Careful packing continues to be the best insurance against damage to goods in handling or transferring.

With the transfer companies furnishing slip-covers—rubber, cloth or paper—to go over chairs, tables, dressers, bed ends and other standard pieces of furniture, as well as sewing machines, phonographs and the like, dishes and similar ware now present the greatest risk in family moving. For them no improvement has been advanced over the old-fashioned packing in barrels, each piece separately, between layers of excelsior and newspaper, with generous wadding.

Rightly packed, dishes will stand extremely rough handling, such as may befall in the vicissitudes of carrying, loading and hauling. Many a boy who, with no trouble at all, averages a cracked plate, a nicked glass or a broken cup handle a week at mealtimes—there are such boys, are there not?—would be amazed at seeing what trials dishes can sustain, at times, unscathed.

How often a family group, watching with foreboding the loaded van set forth, bearing virtually all its earthly goods, has had its family heart chucked into its throat as that van took a crossing with a bump that seemed to raise the rear wheels a foot off the ground! Yet on unpacking, literally in fear and trembling, at destination, more often than not not a thing has been found broken.

All the Way Down!

"I WAS moving a family into a third-floor apartment," the transfer man went on, "using the rear stairway. My helper, new to the work, was over-confident in his inexperience and a little ambitious to show off his strength. I had cautioned him against carrying bulky things unassisted, or things hard to take hold of regardless of their weight. But he was headstrong, and so tried to take a barrel of dishes up on his back.

"The weight wasn't so much, but he couldn't get a good hold. It happened—fortunately, as it proved—that the barrel was closed at the top. Oftentimes barrels are left open, you know, to insure their being stood right side up always. Well, just as he reached the head of the stairs on the third floor, that barrel slipped.

"He was too late to stop it. It rolled to the next landing, crashed into the wall, rebounded, made the turn perfectly and kept on down to the second floor. It may seem implausible, but that barrel didn't stop there. It knew the law of angles in meeting a plane surface, for it hit the wall again, came back in line with the flight to the first floor, bounced merrily on to the landing, banged into the wall again and—I don't expect to be believed—but it's true—coasted on, not to the main floor only, but clear to the basement. It had to stop there. It stayed together, too.

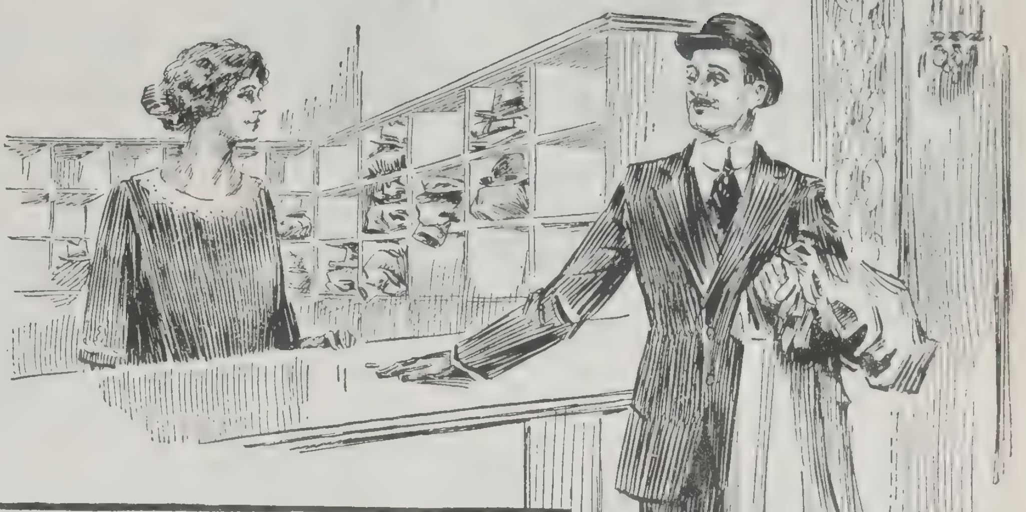
"From the noise, you wouldn't have thought there was a sound piece left in that barrel. Yet, when it was opened, not one piece was found even cracked.

"That suggests what good packing will do."

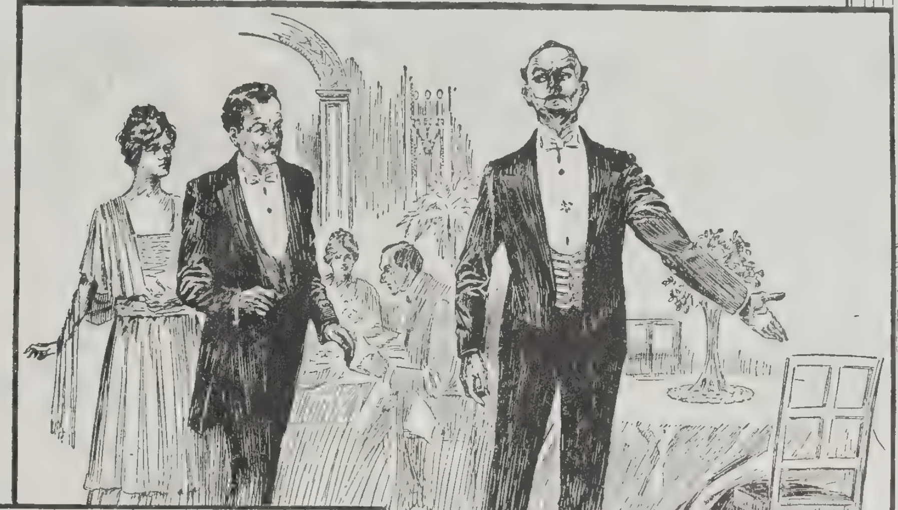
Tip or No Tip—That's the Question

How Has System of Double-pay—to Proprietor and to Employe—Come to Be Entrenched So Well Asks This Victim of the System

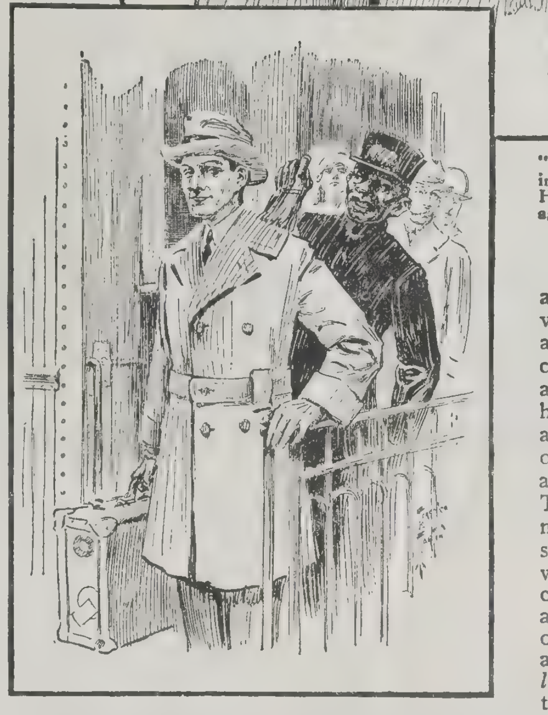
By GEORGE HENRY HEALD, M. D.



The man who in the goodness of his heart gives a liberal tip to the pretty girl in the hat room does not realize that the girl gets none of that tip.



"Entering the dining room, we encountered a gentleman in evening suit, who condescended to direct us to a table. His bearing indicated that he was an important personage, probably Count Somebody, direct descendant of Charles the Precise."



"All who travel know the tricks of the Pullman porter, and his various devices for collecting from the traveler the wage that should be paid him by the sleeping-car company."

WE WERE doing Europe, wife and I, handicapped by an acute and painful discrepancy between the urgency of our desire to see everything of note, and the size of our pocketbook. After considering our available time and funds, we allotted four whole days to Paris. We had learned of a fairly good and moderately priced hotel located near the center of the city, and on a small map had studied the lay of the streets between the station and the hotel.

With the aid of our high school French and an occasional police officer, we found our way with little trouble over the mile or more maze of streets to our hotel. It was a queer little hotel, about a story and a half in width and six in height, in which the outstanding features were an automatic elevator of the you-push-the-button-and-we'll-do-the-rest type, and a well-lighted dining room opening off a palm garden. No tips in the elevator, but in the dining room—that's another story.

Entering the dining room, we were met by a gentleman in an evening suit, who condescended to direct us to a table. His bearing indicated that he must be some important personage, probably a Count Somebody, a direct descendant of Charles the Precise. Perhaps it was because I was somewhat abashed and ill at ease in his presence that I so lost my nerve as to spill soup on the spotless damask. Naturally, the mishap did not lessen my embarrassment. Glancing furtively toward the autocrat of the dining room, I was reassured. He had not seen the accident. I was not long in covering the spot with a silver franc. This relieved the tension, but the accident had mellowed the keenness of our appetite, and we soon escaped to the kindly shelter of our room.

Having developed something of an aversion for the dining room, we considered the idea of having trays sent to the room, but this seemed cowardly; and as the tray service would add to the expense, we overcame our feelings and went down, with such courage as we could muster, for breakfast.

What was our surprise, on entering the dining room, to be met in the most gracious manner by our august friend of the evening before, who bowed us in with every show of respect, and conducted us to the best table in the room, the one next to the palm garden. And this table we occupied exclusively as long as we remained at the hotel. Evidently there was strong persuasive power in that 20 cents. Another guest, an elderly lady, who asked for a seat near the palm garden, was refused. We felt sorry for her. Evidently she did not know that a dime or two judiciously placed would accomplish wonders. During the remainder of our stay, this waiter, so pompous at first, showed us every attention. In fact, his efforts to please us were so conspicuous as to be embarrassing.

Now I could not help feeling that—commercially speaking—that tip (for so the waiter had considered it) was a good investment. For 20 cents we received many times 20 cents' worth of service. But I felt guilty. Though I had placed that coin, *not as a tip*, but as payment, or penalty, for the soiled linen, I was oppressed by the conviction that it was accepted as a tip, and that tipping to receive special favors is graft and morally indefensible. Was I wrong in this?

The conviction grew upon me that a gift given to an employe inducing him to do something for me beyond his duty was an injustice to the employer or to the other guests. I recalled an instance related to me by a physician who had purchased a second-class ticket to Africa. Finding the food and service not quite to his liking, he explained matters to the purser, mixing a generous proportion of silver with his argument, and as a result received practically first-class fare. The amount paid the purser may have been one-fifth the amount he saved on his second-class ticket. The transaction benefited two persons. The purser pocketed some money, and the passenger saved some money. But it was at the expense of the company. I could not get away from the idea that when one person tips another for a special service, *somebody loses*. It was quite evident that the waiter who was so profuse in his service to us was neglecting others, who notwithstanding the neglect would be expected, when they left, to remember him with a tip. The thought was growing on me that the waiter who accepts tips cannot render impartial service. And they do not want to render impartial service, as I learned later from a book written by a waiter.

This booklet, bearing the title, "Do You Tip the Waiter, or Are You a Stiff?" was written, so it states, by a waiter of 22 years' experience. It gives admirably the point of view that has been bred into servants by the tipping system. After stating that "'The stiff' who does not tip the waiter gets bum service in return," the author proceeds to describe the neglect, the insults, and other things done or left undone to make the non-tipping patron uncomfortable, and ends the chapter with the words, "There is no alternative, if you want clean attention, and prompt service, you must tip the waiter." Then, in another chapter, he informs his readers that the man who neglects to tip is served inferior food, in an uncleanly, slovenly way, and is given a dirty finger bowl, and water in an unwashed glass. The chapter ends, "If you don't want to pay for service, then wait on yourself." In another chapter, entitled "THE WAITER IS MASTER," is given this delightful information: "Don't you know that when you sit down to dine, you are the servants and the waiter is the master?" Such is the spirit that the tipping system has developed. Those who accept tips are haughty toward those who have conscientious scruples against tipping, but are obsequiously fawning toward those who are liberal with tips.

How has this system of double pay—pay to the proprietor for service, and a second pay to the employe to insure that you get the service that you paid the employer for—how has it obtained such a hold on the country? What is behind it? Who are the beneficiaries?

One can well imagine that the custom of tipping began with some snob (I can find no better word to express my meaning) who felt that he ought to have a little better service than other patrons. If the house used a gallon of milk, he expected the cream, and the other patrons could have the skim milk that was left. So he quietly slipped a coin to the waiter, saying, "I am a live one, and I want the best that you have." He got it, and thereby learned that a small investment made with the waiter was worth more than the same amount invested with the owner. He was getting the best of service at a comparatively small outlay, and getting it at the expense of the owner and the other patrons. The waiter was not slow to perceive that here was a new way to enlarge his earnings, and he began to shower attentions upon the tipper. Other patrons were not long in learning what they must do to get preferred service, and so the tipping spread. Waiters began to work the new idea for all that it was worth, and patrons generally accepted the practice of tipping as the lesser of two evils. Next the owner saw a good thing in it. Waiters were making as much from tips as from their wages, so he began lowering wages, little by little, until in some places waiters actually paid for the privilege of serving. The concession enabled them to make much more than they could by the wage system.

The waiter and the bell boy and other employes were now making such a good thing out of tips that it attracted the attention of the "man higher up," who believed that the tipping business could be profitably capitalized. So tipping trusts were organized.

When the evolution of the tipping system reached the point that all the profit went to a corporation, labor rose against it. But nothing has been accomplished.

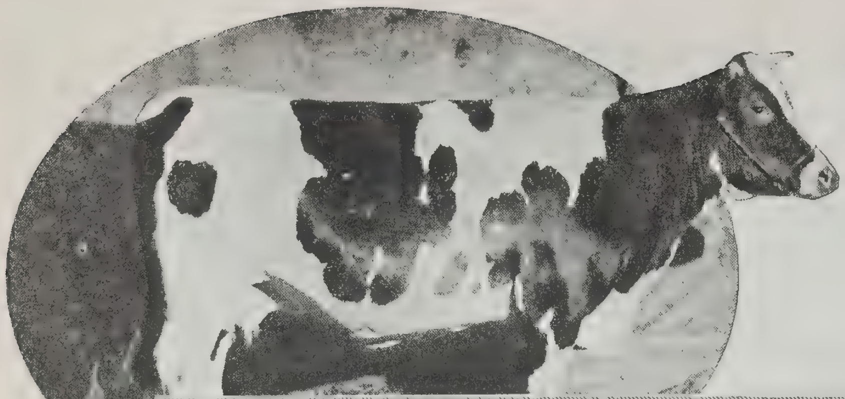
There are hotels and restaurants which discourage tipping. One hotel, at least, has run successfully, paying a good wage, and forbidding all tipping. A number of hotels pay good wages, and discourage tipping.

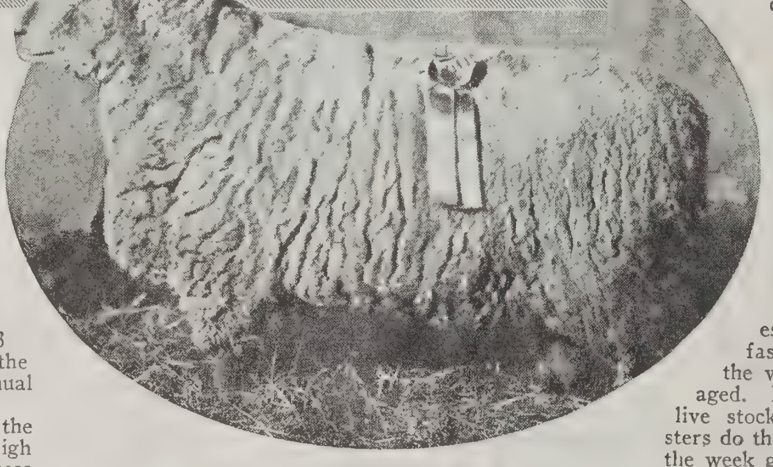
All who travel know the tricks of the Pullman porter, and his various devices for collecting from the traveler the wage that should be paid him by the sleeping-car company. An amusing thing occurred in connection with the sleeping-car service when the government required all common carriers engaged in interstate commerce to pay their help a living wage. The sleeping-car company had to increase its pay roll by hundreds of thousands of dollars. At once it informed the public that tipping would no longer be permitted.

Nearly everyone tips, but there are classes of tippers. First, there are those who want to establish and emphasize class distinctions, who believe in aristocracy rather than democracy, who would like to see the caste system established in this country, a ruling class and a servile class. In maintaining the tipping system, they are working in the direction of their ambition. Second, are those who believe that judicious tipping is a profitable investment. If a quarter paid to the waiter will procure better food and better service than an equal amount paid to the house, they are that much to the good. Third, are those who have great respect for the established conventions and customs, and who, though they do not like tipping, fear that they might lose caste socially if they do not tip. They follow tipping just as they follow any other style. Fourth, are those who despise the tipping system, and who tip when they have to in self-defense, to avoid indignities. Fifth, perhaps, are those who tip out of pity, especially when the tippee is a pretty girl, under the mistaken notion that the girl benefits by the tip

Co-operative Effort Wins for Minnesota Farmers

Winter Agricultural Shows, First Attempted 13 Years Ago by Farmers of Red River Valley, Prove So Attractive and Beneficial Attention of Entire State Follows





Red River Valley Live Stock Association sales pavilion built in 1918 and owned by the association members in which the Red River Valley winter shows are held.

Above and below — Prize winners.

THIS is the story of one phase of the work of one of the Minnesota agricultural schools. It is the story of achievement and co-operative effort.

The farmers of the Red River Valley, in Northwestern Minnesota, in co-operation with the Northwest School of Agriculture at Crookston, have sponsored an undertaking which bids fair to have a far-reaching influence. They have built up the Red River Valley winter agricultural shows and meetings to such proportions within 13 years since the enterprise was first conceived, that the managers of the project have won a special annual grant from the state legislature.

Chambers of commerce 300 miles distant from the Red River Valley have seen fit to appropriate as high as $4,500 for the support of this enterprise. Business men and farmers in a territory covering a fourth of the state have jointly subscribed stock for the construction of buildings in which to hold meetings and exhibits. Four to five thousand farmers leave their homes in the dead of winter to attend these meetings for several days and in addition bring more than 1,000 head of purebred stock to place in the competitive exhibits.

The event referred to is the Northwest School Farmers' Week and Winter Shows. The entire enterprise is the result of co-operation.

To appreciate properly the significance of these meetings it is necessary to read the history of the organization. The University of Minnesota has, in addition to its College of Agriculture at St. Paul, three state agricultural schools. One of these is the Northwest School of Agriculture at Crookston, established there to study the agricultural and community problems of that section.

In considering means to render the most effective and far-reaching service to its constituents, C. G. Selvig, who assumed the superintendency of the school in 1910, initiated the first farmers' short course in December of that year. It was a small beginning, it is true, but a number of enthusiastic farmers were present for one week. They brought with them samples of grain which were placed on exhibit in the small gymnasium of the school. This was the first Red River Valley winter show.

The week was a success from the start. It was decided at once to make this an annual event. In just three years the attendance exceeded the accommodations of the school and special buildings in Crookston were provided. Live stock and poultry exhibits were added. The meetings grew in scope, purpose and attendance. By 1918 they had assumed a position of importance in the state.

Today the Red River Valley Live Stock Association owns property to the value of $75,000, stock having been sold to pay for it at $10 a share to more than 2,000 persons.

The single aim of the winter meetings is to encourage a better rural life. The rural schools of 11 counties are enrolled in an essay and a spelling contest. The annual old-fashioned spell-down is one of the features of the week. Boys' and girls' club work is encouraged. Liberal prizes are given for the winners in live stock, grain and potato exhibits. The youngsters do the actual showing and at various times during the week give demonstrations of their projects. Farmers' clubs are encouraged to compete in a live-stock judging contest and an entire day is devoted to this feature of the work. Prominent live-stock judges are present who explain their placings at special meetings held for that purpose. The entire week is a huge school at which thousands annually are in attendance.

The exhibits include chiefly purebred cattle, swine, sheep and poultry, and high quality exhibits of grain, grasses, corn and potatoes. During the recent meetings the Minnesota State Grain Show was held in conjunction with the Red River Valley shows. The exchange of ideas at these shows has been a potent factor in raising of better products. Northwestern Minnesota is rapidly becoming a center for purebred live stock and purebred seed distribution.

Through the sale of purebred stock each year the live stock breeders have found a local market and have kept certain breeding strains within a definite territory, thereby furthering the interests of all.

By no means are the women left out of consideration. Special meetings are held for them, at which time questions of dress, children's diet, nutrition and community service are discussed. Special agents from the University and Extension Division co-operate with the local instructors to make these meetings worth while.

Another feature of the organization has been the encouragement of community singing throughout the district. No feature is more popular than this one. Local musical organizations have been promoted in the small towns and rural communities, each one under a local director. These units number from four to twenty individuals. One evening during the winter shows week is devoted to a grand song festival. Each unit presents a number of selections in addition to taking part in the combined chorus, consisting of 150 to 200 singers from as many as 12 to 20 communities.

The Northwest School Farmers' Week is entirely educational. Speakers of known ability contribute to the success of the meetings. Experts whose conclusions carry weight and confidence in their ideas bring new ideas to the Red River Valley which are carried back to the rural communities. The Northwest School has created a spirit that has touched all, resulting in making new standards of production, in creating new ideas of co-operation, and in teaching that a community life in which all work together, all live happily together, all sing together, all achieve together, is most worth while.

Faneuil Hall, Our "Cradle of Liberty"

Concluded from page 3

portraits of 130 Senators and men of distinction, and it took the artist seven years to complete it. The portrait of Peter Faneuil is a copy of one by Smibert who was a friend of the "Jolly Bachelor" and the architect of the building. There is also a portrait of Washington by Stuart and one of Hancock and of Warren by Copley.

But the grasshopper weather vane is a relic from old colonial days. Shem Drowne, the "cunning artificer" and hero of Hawthorne's story, "Drowne's Wooden Image," hammered it out of sheet brass in 1742. It escaped the fire of 1761 but was later thrown down by the same earthquake that destroyed Lisbon. At one time, when it was being repaired, a paper, half illegible, was found within it, telling that "Shem Drowne made itt May 25, 1742," and that it was repaired by "old Master's son Thomas Drowne, June 28, 1768," and that it "fell in ye year 1753, November 18, early in ye morning," together with other details of its varying career. The brass ball that was a part of the vane is now in the museum of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company who have their headquarters in the upper story of Faneuil Hall.

This company is as vigorous a survivor of the past as the Hall itself and has a longer history. It is the oldest military organization in the country and an offshoot of the oldest in Europe, the Honorable Artillery Company of London which, in 1537, received a charter from Henry VIII.

Just a hundred years from that date Robert Keayne, a member of the London Company, with six associates, asked Governor Winthrop for a charter. At first they were refused on the ground that it might be "dangerous to erect a standing authority of military men," but the following year the objections were overcome and a charter granted. Captain Keayne called his band the "Artillery Company" but the title pages of early sermons delivered before it bear the title "Honorable Artillery Company," and at the close of its first century the word Ancient was added. Robert Keayne built the first headquarters of the company on the site of the Old State House, but in 1746 the Company removed to Faneuil Hall where it has since remained.

Many customs of the Company are followed as in colonial days. Its annual election occurs invariably the first Monday in June with practically the same ceremonies as in 1638. Early in the morning the adjutant and drum corps sound reveille at the home of the officers, at ten the Company escorts the governor and his staff to church, then, after service, proceeds to the Common where the drum-head election takes place.

One can fancy that that is the Common's gala day for the year. The Hancock elm and the Gingko from the garden of Harri-Grey Otis and the sapling from the roots of the great elm that stood before the white man came must rejoice together with memories of an older time when the scarlet and buff and gold lace passed daily up and down the shaded malls.

Opening into Faneuil Hall Square at the south is Corn Court, once the corn market of the town. As the site of Faneuil Hall was ideal for a market and dock, so the neighborhood was the logical place for a tavern. In 1634 Samuel Cole, a charter member of the Ancient and Honorables, had a public house there in which Governor Vane entertained the Sachem of the Narragansetts and 20 of his braves.

When John Hancock was elected first governor of Massachusetts the tavern by the corn market was renamed in his honor and a sign bearing his portrait swung from the middle of the court. In 1790 Talleyrand lived there, an exile from France, and two years later Louis Philippe was a guest under the name of M. Orléans. When he came to the throne he often spoke of the cheer and good company in Boston. Twenty years ago this landmark was swept away by business, and only its faded sign is preserved as a memento of its glory.

But Boston has learned somewhat to cherish her memorials of the past and for none is she more grateful than for Faneuil Hall. In 1742, replying to the town's vote of thanks, Peter Faneuil said, "I hope that what I have done will be for the service of the whole country," and his words were truly prophetic. Like the Common, Faneuil Hall can never be sold nor rented for money, so it may well remain, in the centuries to come as it has been in those past, an unfailing refuge for freedom.

The People—Their Own Insurance Company

Wisconsin Only Commonwealth With State-owned Life Fund

By FRED L. HOLMES

Above, left—HERMAN L. EKERN, former Wisconsin insurance commissioner and now attorney-general, who originated the plan for State Life Insurance. Above, right—C. A. INGRAM, Wisconsin Legislator, who holds the first State Life Insurance policy. Below—State Capitol of Wisconsin, where the only State Life Insurance plan in the Union is operated.

WISCONSIN is the only commonwealth with a state-owned and state-managed life insurance company. It was in operation several years before the World War, and unlike the War Risk insurance furnished by the National Government only to soldiers, the policies of the Wisconsin Life Fund are offered to all citizens of the state.

The Wisconsin insurance plan had its inception in 1911. There had been insurance scandals in the East. The Armstrong investigation in New York, followed by a similar investigation by a legislative committee in Wisconsin, gave the idea.

Herman L. Ekern, then a young country lawyer, had been elected to the legislature. He became deeply interested in problems of insurance. He studied some of the laws of foreign countries and came to the conclusion that Wisconsin should have a state insurance plan of its own. Meantime he had been elected commissioner of insurance in Wisconsin. One day he called a group of the legislators together and they talked over the plan. Out of this conference came the state life insurance plan.

The idea of the control of affairs by the bankers of the East was in the air. Men like Senator La Follette and William J. Bryan, whom most of the members of the legislature had met and to whom their ideas appealed, had been making speeches against the money trust, charging that "things were being cornered." That seemed to settle it. These legislators believed too much money was being sent to Wall Street for speculative purposes. If the state had a life fund, the people could get sound insurance and the reserve would be invested in Wisconsin farm mortgages for the greater development of the state. The bill went through and became a law with the acquiescence of the insurance companies.

Two years were given the commissioner of insurance to prepare forms, tables and other necessary data to carry the act into effect. On October 27, 1913, the first 200 policies were issued. There were 27 women applying for insurance in the first group of applicants. C. A. Ingram, of Durand, farmer, lawyer and legislator, was granted the first state life policy.

The fund has now been in operation nearly 10 years. It has not been a big success, like some of the insurance companies which have been pushed by private capital. It has had, however, a wholesome influence in the affairs of the state and has stood as a barometer for the people to judge as to what private companies should charge for their insurance. There has never been open opposition from the private insurance companies and many of the officials of the private concerns have viewed it as a potential advantage, because of the fact that the state has recognized the insurance business as a legitimate field and a necessary one in the affairs of life.

There are now 505 policies issued by the State Life Fund of Wisconsin. The amount of insurance in force is $429,900. It maintains a standard reserve and has one of the lowest mortality experiences, 23.7, enjoyed by any insurance company in the country. Its assets are all invested in mortgage loans, bonds on Wisconsin real estate and loans to policyholders.

These Wisconsin life fund policyholders get their insurance at cost. The law authorizing the fund utilizes all of the existing governmental agencies. No high salaried positions are created. The law is administered by the commissioner of insurance, with his force of clerical and actuarial assistants. The state treasurer, as ex officio custodian of the funds, makes the investments. The attorney-general of the state is the legal advisor. The state board of health acts as a medical staff, and appoints local examiners to pass upon the insurability of the applicants. The fund pays to the state the proportionate share of its clerical expense and the cost of making its investments. It has no agents. Clerks and treasurers of cities, towns and villages; officials of banks which receive state deposits and state factory inspectors are authorized to receive applications. Thus the fund saves the policyholder the large solicitation or acquisition expenses and also makes considerable saving in overhead charges.

The insurance can also be had on personal application or on application by mail. The applicant is required to take a medical examination. Upon approval, policies signed by the commissioner of insurance and the state treasurer are issued. Thus the state stands back of the venture. If, after medical examination, the applicant is rejected for any cause, the premium deposit, except the medical examination fee of $2, is returned.

Forms of policies issued by the American life insurance companies are issued by the Life Fund, including ordinary life, 20-payment life, 20-year endowment, 10-year endowment, endowment at age 65 and term to age 65.

By the provisions of the law insurance is granted in sums of $100 or any multiple thereof not exceeding $1,000 until the number insured exceeds 1,000; and not exceeding $2,000 until the number insured exceeds 3,000, and not in any event exceeding $3,000.

A table of mortality designated by the statute is the basis upon which the insurance is computed. The first thing sought is absolute safety. A mathematical reserve is provided on the basis used by the largest and soundest insurance companies and the assumption adopted for mortality and interest is as high as any used by any standard company in this country. In most cases the premium paid for life insurance is lower than that of old line companies. This is possible because of the elimination of the large solicitation expense and overhead charges.

"The purpose of the State Life Fund is to give the people of Wisconsin the benefit of the best old line insurance on a mutual plan at the lowest possible cost," declared Attorney-General Ekern, the real father of the law, in a recent statement. "To benefit the policyholders is the sole consideration. Of the total expenses of old line companies nearly one-half goes to agents in commissions and salaries. Under the state plan policyholders are saved this great expense. Besides, there are gains from interest earnings and mortality savings."

Every advantage enjoyed by policyholders in other companies seems to have been granted. Policyholders may borrow on their policies to an amount, which, with interest, does not exceed the reserve. On the non-payment of a premium, the sum is automatically charged as a loan so long as the reserve is sufficient. The policy may be surrendered for cash on any anniversary, after six months' notice in writing. Losses are passed upon by the state treasurer, attorney-general and commissioner of insurance. All claims are audited by the secretary of the state.

Payments for insurance may be made quarterly, semi-annually or annually. At the close of every year, the savings are returned to policyholders in the form of dividends. To create a fund to meet unexpected contingencies, there is withheld from distribution 50 per cent of the savings during the first policy year. Each subsequent year, the per cent to be withheld is reduced five per cent until the ninth year and thereafter 10 per cent is withheld. This builds up a satisfactory surplus, but still permits a dividend larger than most of the large private companies.

To carry out every feature of this law and to administer the fund at the minimum of expense all of the existing agencies for supervision have been called into service. Most of these officials are serving on a salary fixed by the constitution and receive no additional compensation for the work done in connection with the State Life Fund.

Although the State Life Fund did not come into complete operation until 1913, a number of the first policies were issued in 1912 and with 10 years of experience, officials announce that the savings effected are greater than were originally anticipated. Recently a 10-year endowment policy issued in 1912 came due. It matured from $1,017.48. The 10 annual payments less dividends and remittance fees have amounted to $864.06. The insured has had $1,000 of insurance in force for 10 years and received in return $153.42 more than he paid in.

Similar results are shown on 20-year endowment policies. A 20-year endowment policy issued in 1912, age 25 years, has a cash value of $407.79. The premiums for the 10 years have been $435.65 from which the insured has deducted or has been refunded $83.20 making the total net payments $352.45. The insured has thus had an insurance protection for 10 years and has a value which he may now withdraw in cash of $407.79, against a net cost to him of $352.45. Here is a net gain of $55.34 with his 10 years of insurance still in force.

If the state were to permit of active solicitation of policies, it is probable that the State Life Fund would grow faster. Persons sending in applications for others are only allowed a 25-cent fee plus one per cent of the remittance. This has not been a sufficient inducement for individuals to become active in the interests of state insurance.

Many policies issued have come as the result of little circulars which have been sent from time to time to state employes. Attractive little tables of rates have been issued, but no comparisons are made in the literature of rates charged by competing private companies. While such a comparison would ordinarily be to the advantage of the State Life Fund, such a policy has been checked on the ground that the fund was not established as an active competitive force, but rather to furnish Wisconsin citizens who desire it, insurance by the state itself.

Recently there has been a revived interest in state life insurance. Here are samples of two different classes of letters received:

"Kenosha, Wisconsin.
"State Insurance Commissioner,
"Madison, Wisconsin.
"Dear Sir:

"What does your department charge for insuring the life of a man 39 years old?

"The old line rates are so high and policies are so full of conditions and limitations, provisions, and so on, that it makes a policyholder feel as though he had bought a gold brick, when he has one handed to him.

"Would it be possible for me to get one of the forms on which the state policies are written up, so that I could read it over and see if it would suit me?

"Yours very truly,
"W. H. P.————."

"Augusta, Wisconsin.
"Dear Sir:

"Please send a sample policy and rates for the state insurance. We have a number that want to look it up and say they think they will take a policy in it.

"Yours truly,
"C. E. B.————."

Moreover, many manufacturers are interested. Some are putting the plan before their employes by inclosing the state circulars in state envelopes; by pasting placards in the shops and even by advancing their employes money to make the first payment. The progressive employer forms an important link in the system.

The first 200 policyholders represent 28 different occupations.

"The state is directly interested in the question of whether its citizens make provisions for their dependents and for themselves in old age," declares Mr. Ekern. "With the growth of an industrial population, which of necessity can own but little producing land or other productive capital subject to its own direction, the question of a certain and fairly adequate provision for dependents and old age becomes of increasing importance.

"This goes far beyond the mere question of dollars and cents expended in poor relief. The saving of self-respect of the unfortunate, the securing of the contentment and happiness which spring from the assurance of support in old age or in adversity, and the opportunities in life so afforded dependent children are considerations which can in no instance be measured in money. The state exists to contribute to the happiness and well being of its citizens. These objects can be furthered by sound insurance and annuities. Thrift and savings are desirable and to these ends doubly desirable. To encourage these virtues for these purposes with the greatest economic saving through the State Life Fund is the plain duty of the state."

BRIEFLY TOLD

The violin once belonging to Paganini, the father of violin technique, is kept in the Palazzo del Municipio in Genoa. The violin is a product of the master craft of Joseph Guaranerius del Jesu. With three broken strings, it lies in a silk-lined box, in a large room, where the sunlight seldom enters.

There are only 193,881 veterans of the Civil War on the pension roll.

A Marion, Ohio, man returning from a visit to the President states that the President doesn't have time to read the newspapers, he is so busy. The President confessed to the caller, according to his report, that he takes the Marion *Star* to his room at night and looks it all over from top to bottom and from the first page to the last. Then he takes a rule and measures up the advertising.

Pulling trains day after day is very hard on locomotives. More than a fourth of the locomotives in the freight service are either in the "engine hospital" or awaiting their turn to go there.

Premier Mussolini, of Italy, plans to excavate and restore the Curia, or Senate House, of ancient Rome, which was burned in 53 B. C. The church of Saint Adriano stands on the spot. A few years ago archeologists discovered a part of the original beautiful tesselated pavement, but Spanish monks in control of the church refused to allow further excavations.

The students in the Berlin "Students' Home" are so poor that three have to share one suit of clothes and attend the classes each in turn.

Retrieving his tobacco in excellent condition after it had been cached for 10 years is the experience of a Canadian trapper who makes the wilds of Northern Manitoba his hunting ground. In 1913 he made a cache at Copper Lake, which is 72 miles north of The Pas. In this cache he placed three pounds of tobacco in six half-pound tins. Returning to Copper Lake early in the present year he found that the cached tobacco was as good as ever, although it had been there about 10 years.

In Larderello, a little town in the Italian province of Pisa, is an electric station which produces electricity from the thermic energy procured by the natural steam under the ground. This station furnishes light and power to the surrounding country.

In the Miles Standish School in Cleveland history is taught by depicting various historical events on the school stage. When a child actually acts a part in the drama of history, immediately that lesson is firmly fixed in the mind and the student will remember it always, according to the teacher.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A bottle consigned to the sea off the coast of Japan by the navy department of the Japanese Government April 13, 1921, was found on the shore at Tillamook, Oregon, not long ago. It is 4,700 miles from Oregon to Japan in a direct line.

The adulteration of Bulgaria's famous attar of roses perfume has developed to the point where the Bulgarian Government has intervened. Essence of geraniums is being used in debasing the perfume. A bill has been introduced in parliament appropriating 1,000,000 levas in prizes to scientists who discover a process for the certain detection of the presence of adulterations in attar of roses. In normal times the leva is worth 19.3 cents.

No fewer than 46,000 families are in Vienna, without a place to live. They cannot rent even one room, because since 1913 not one house has been built in Vienna, which is now the poorest city in the world. In some cases four or five families live in one small room.

A radio outlaw within a radius of 200 miles of Paris persists in interrupting the broadcasting of concerts from Eiffel Tower. He broadcasts jazz music and insolent or frivolous messages and is evidently a practical joker. His transmission is a powerful one and he commands as great a wave length as the Eiffel Tower.

During the calendar year 1922, there were 84 earthquakes strong enough to be felt by the unaided senses, in various parts of continental United States. These earthquakes occurred chiefly in California and in a section of the Central States.

While her husband was searching for ammunition for his rifle, the wife of the postmaster at Granite Falls, Oregon, rushed downstairs and opened fire on three bandits with her revolver. The bandits had used one charge of explosives in an attempt to open the post office safe containing a large amount of money. Before they could place the second charge the husband appeared on the scene with his empty rifle and they were frightened off after firing eight shots at the defenders.

A former director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a teacher and master of almost every musical instrument, died in the poorhouse in Fresno, California. At one time his own orchestra was heard with delight by thousands at the Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. He was a musician of the old school. Jazz did not appeal to him and his pupils dwindled until there were none.

There is no traffic in the streets of Seville, Spain, during Holy Week. All the inhabitants are imbued with a deep spirit of reverence which permits of no secular activity on these solemn days.

A smelt-like fish called eulachon by the Siwash Indians, of Alaska, when dried, can be used for a candle. The fish is very oily and the Indians render the oil from the body of the fish by means of heated rocks. This oil is used for cooking during the long winters.

A Washington, D. C., policeman took exception to the tin pan din and excessive horn blowing of a wedding party and escorted the principals to the police station. The police commissioner ordered their release saying it was just foolishness to arrest them. "Most people only get married once and they ought to be free to celebrate it. They can blow 40 horns if they want to," he said.

Life lines are now illuminated by radium. This aids the coastguards in tracing the line when shooting it toward the stranded ship.

The Department of the Interior has approved the issuance of a pension certificate to Shuh-Shee-Ahsh, alias Curly, a Crow Indian, for his services in the Indian campaigns of 1876 and 1877, which included participation in the Custer Massacre. Curly now lives on the Crow Reservation in Montana. According to War Department records he escaped death by mingling with the attacking Indians and later rejoining the government forces.

PROPAGANDA OR FACTS?

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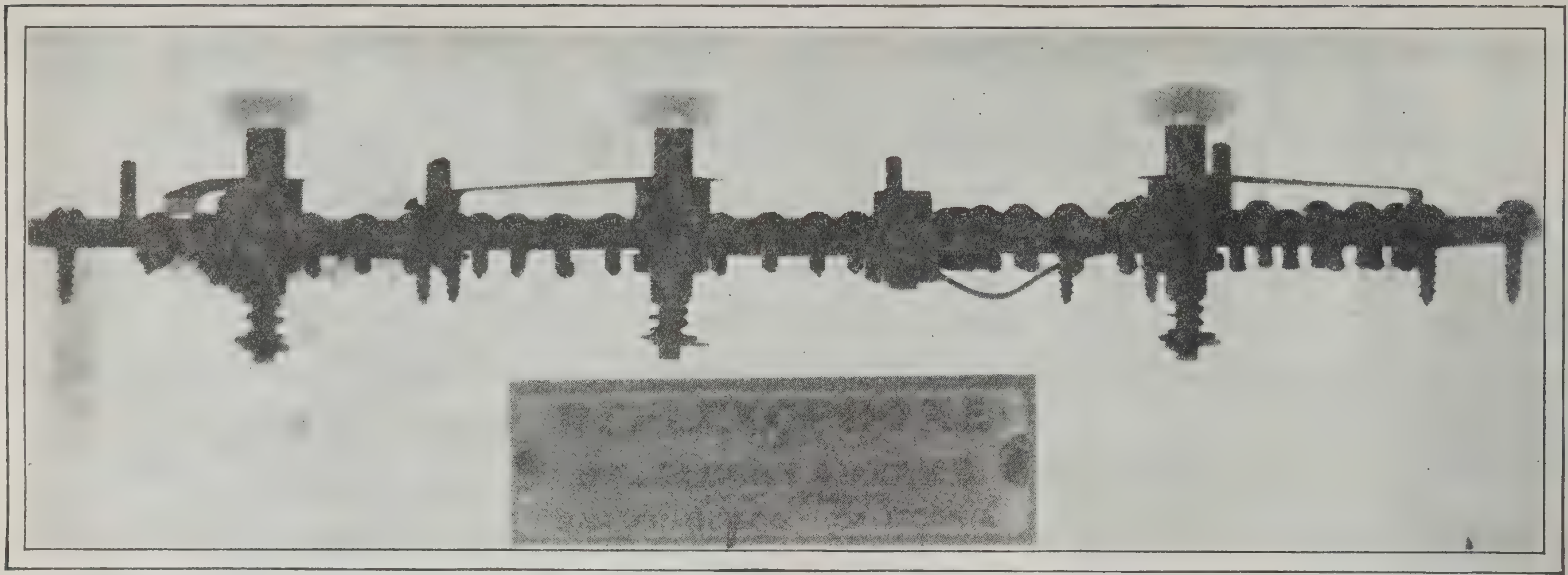
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



An X-Ray photograph, through the side of a "reflexophone," one of two used by Dr. Albert Abrams in his diagnostic instrument described herewith. A "reflexophone" consists of three resistance coils, or rheostats, simply and poorly made. Each "reflexophone" has a total resistance capacity of 61 ohms in all three of its rheostats. When one considers that the ohmage of the ordinary electric light globe is approximately 500, the trifling character of these "reflexophones" and their utter worthlessness and incapacity for handling vibrations at the tremendous rates with which Abrams claims they do handle these vibrations is at once apparent. Like the "amplifier," the "reflexophone" is merely a "mystifier," and apparently accomplishes the purpose for which it was designed. Dr. Abrams has charged that the tests of his "oscilloclast," on which a recent article in The Dearborn Independent was based, were made after the machine had been opened and tampered with. This charge is false in every detail, but, to obviate its recurrence, the four instruments constituting the Abrams Diagnostic Machine were subjected, just as they came from the workshop of Dr. Abrams, to X-Ray photography. When so photographed, they were closed and had not been opened since leaving the hands of their manufacturer. After they had been searched by the X-Ray, and their character as simple and poorly made rheostats established, they were subjected to ohm-meter tests, before being opened. Thereafter, their interiors were examined and tested by electrical engineers of the highest standing, and every test supported the finding of the X-Ray.

Abrams' Machine a Trap for the Unwary

Complicated Equipment for Producing New Force Fails to Register on X-Ray

By ROBERT MORGAN

OF ALL the men who have played upon the hopes and fears of their fellow men since written records began to be kept, few have achieved the notoriety or the following gained by Dr. Albert Abrams, a San Francisco Jew, the worthlessness of whose cure-all instrument, the "oscilloclast," was exposed for the first time in a recent issue of The Dearborn Independent. Obtaining the degree of M. D. from Heidelberg University at 19, Dr. Abrams has had a meteoric and not always clear career in the practice of medicine, in pathology, in bacteriology, and through the ranks of the American Medical Association, until today he finds himself at the head of a cult which has more than 3,000 members in the United States.

This organization, known as "The ERA Association," the mysterious letters standing for the "Electric Reactions of Abrams," is spreading far and wide a method of diagnosis and treatment of disease which may well send thousands of men and women to untimely deaths, since the time required by this utterly futile "treatment," enables whatever disease the unfortunate patient may have so to intrench itself that, by the time the patient calls upon a reputable and skilled physician, it may well be too late to do anything but make the inevitable a little less hard to bear.

The ERA Association is composed for the most part of men—and some women—who have obtained licenses to practice their various schools of healing, many of whom have failed at the regular practice of medicine or surgery. They may be divided into two classes: Those who honestly believe that Abrams has found and founded a new and real method of healing, but who are so ignorant of the principles of medicine that they should be barred from trifling with the lives of men and women; and those who see in Abrams' "inventions" a means of acquiring wealth within the law, irrespective of the results to the victim. These should be in our penitentiaries, not in physicians' offices.

Back of them sits Albert Abrams, issuing at frequent intervals announcements of new "discoveries," directions for new methods of application of his instruments, and just now claiming the discovery of a new force or energy, hitherto unknown to man, and unappreciable by any known instruments or laws of electricity, physics, chemistry or medical science. Down to date, Dr. Abrams has persistently refused scores of offers to demonstrate his claims and his instruments before scientific bodies; to explain the new energy he declares he has discovered, or to make public experiments before impartial and competent men in all branches of scientific study. Meanwhile there is pouring into the coffers of this clever Jew the hard-earned money of his "patients," and of the physicians who are using his instruments, at the rate of more than $10,000 a month, according to the estimates of a score of leading physicians of San Francisco, who, aroused by the growth being made and the harm being done by the ERA cult, are now keeping close watch on the Heidelberg graduate at 2151 Sacramento street.

In spite of Abrams' attempts to bind the lessees of his machines to secrecy, and in the face of his repeated refusals to meet fair tests of the truth of his claims, the writer has obtained some of the instruments constructed and leased by Dr. Abrams. One of these, the "oscilloclast," by which Abrams and his physician-disciples pretend to be able to cure any and all diseases, has been described in these columns. Accurate tests, made with the latest and most delicate instruments, by the most competent electrical engineers of San Francisco, demonstrated conclusively that the "oscilloclast" delivers absolutely nothing to the patient who is given treatment with it. Not only is it a crude piece of work, seemingly built by a 10-year-old boy, who knows a little about electricity, to mystify an eight-year-old boy who knows nothing about it, but its total cost is not more than $30, yet Abrams leases this machine at $275 (lately raised from $200) cash payment, and $5 a month as long as the lessee retains it. That for the "oscilloclast."

But, to apply the oscilloclast, Abrams must first find the disease to which its cure-all "vibrations" are to be applied. The modern physician usually calls to the aid of his own diagnostic training the all-seeing eye of the X-Ray, the telltale thermometer, the stethoscope, which enables him to listen-in on the heart and lungs, and other instruments which time and use have proved reliable. Not so Dr. Abrams. Possibly the sales of the common medical instruments were all in the hands of other manufacturers and distributors; possibly they were not mysterious enough to conform to the Electronic Reactions of Abrams. In any event, he devised, invented, and now has "patent pending," a machine which, if his claims are to be believed, is capable of diagnosing disease "with only one per cent of error."

The patient may or may not be present when the "mechanical diagnosis" is made; in fact, it is not essential that the patient—currently called the "victim" in the offices of members of the ERA—be present at all. A drop of his or her blood is ample, and the drier the blood the better, just so it is on a piece of "clean white blotting paper." From that drop of blood, placed in the "dynamizer" of the Abrams Diagnostic Machine, the discoverer of Electronic Reactions tells you immediately just what is the matter with you—and in nine out of ten cases it is declared he will find syphilis, cancer or tuberculosis, favored in the order named. Autopsies on a number who have failed to recover, largely because their money gave out before the treatments were completed, have proved that they had no one of the three specialties of the ERA cult, but the operators of the diagnostic machine and the oscilloclast *had the money,* and, presumably, *the patient had the experience.*

Abrams Claims Discovery of New Form of Energy

IN ATTEMPTING to reply to the article descriptive of his "oscilloclast," published in a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Dr. Albert Abrams announces that the "force" or "energy" produced by his instruments is "unappreciable, unidentifiable, and unmeasurable by any known form of scientific instrument."

Since the only claim made for his contraptions by Abrams is that they are *producers* of this "new form of energy," it is obvious that Abrams must have discovered, appreciated, identified and measured his "new force" by means of instruments already devised and in use by other scientists. If he did not so identify and measure it, *how does he know that he has found a new form of energy?*

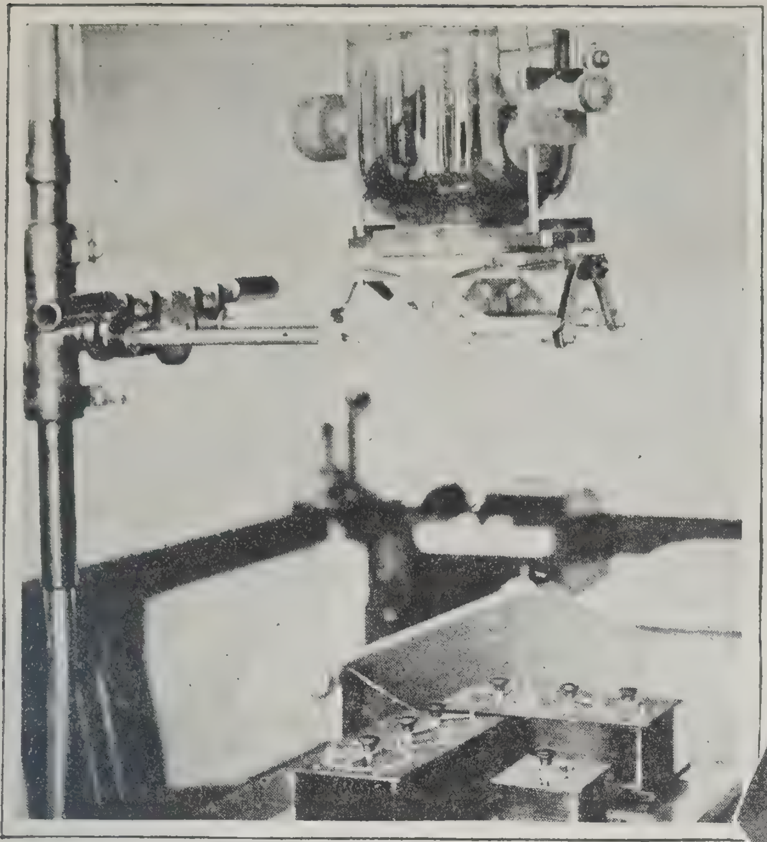
When Dr. Abrams answers this question in an intelligent manner, his claims will be subject to serious consideration by men of medicine, electrical engineers, and experts in physics and chemistry. Until he does give, demonstrate and prove his answer, his work must be regarded as that of the character described by this and a preceding article.

The writer, having tested and discussed the "oscilloclast," proposes, in the present article, to describe the tests made of the diagnostic machine, and the results obtained from these tests. There are, of course, two methods of approaching the Abrams problem—and, make no mistake about this, it is a very real and a very serious problem, because there is being placed in the hands of hundreds of ignorant or unscrupulous so-called "physicians," in this country, instruments whose very worthlessness is allowing death to overtake, or permanent illness to incapacitate, persons who, in the hands of skilled, honest physicians and surgeons, could be saved. *It is not too much to say that the ordinary electric vibrator, which can be purchased of any reputable electric or drug supply house for $5 to $10, is ten thousand times as effective in the treatment of any disease known to man, from a headache to a broken limb, as are any or all of the inventions of Abrams,* because the vibrator actually transmits to the skin and flesh a mechanical energy which stimulates the flow of blood, and aids the white corpuscles of the blood in reaching the point of damage in the body, while the Abrams instruments deliver absolutely nothing, not even electric current, to any part of the anatomy of the "victim."

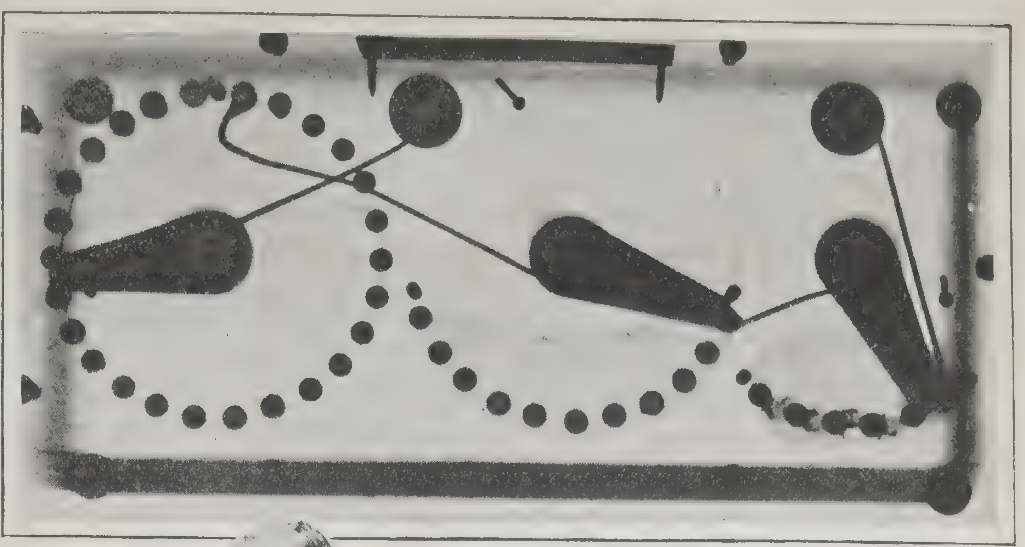
The two methods of approaching the Abrams problem, mentioned above, are mechanical and logical. The oscilloclast was discussed from the mechanical point of view; the present article will discuss the diagnostic machine from the same angle. Later, all the inventions of Abrams will be discussed from the point of view of the logic, science and practice of medicine, the discussion taking the form of statements by physicians and surgeons who have come into contact with the "inventions" of Abrams and with the "electronic reactions" which Abrams claims actuate his machines.

The diagnostic machine, invented by Abrams and leased by him at $150 cash payment and $5 a month as long as the lessee keeps it, costs approximately $20 to produce, complete, with all connections. It consists of six sections or units, any one of which is useless without all the others, according to Abrams' announcement, and, it may be added, all of which are equally useless, either with or without any unit. The first section consists of the "Dynamizer," a disk of vulcanite, or other hard composition, containing a circular depression in the center, into which are introduced two sliding rods of steel, each of these rods provided with sockets for wire connections at each outer end, and each flattened on the inner end, so that, when brought together inside, they form a small platform. The cover of this cavity is a disk, also of vulcanite, lined with a thin sheet of metal, presumably steel, and having one socket, for the reception of wire connection, rising from the center. Into this dynamizer, Abrams introduces a tiny piece of blotting paper, which must be white in color, containing a drop of blood from the patient to be diagnosed, laying the blotting paper on the small platform formed by the two steel rods.

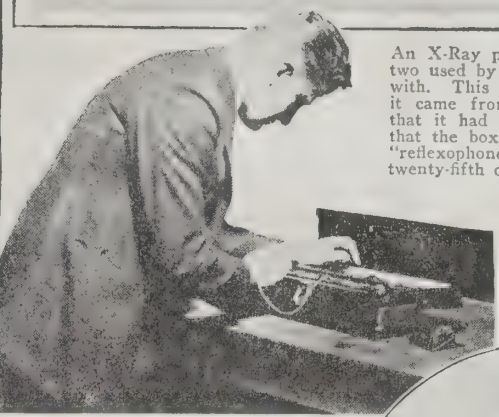
The second section consists of the "Amplifier," or "Stepper-up," by which Abrams claims to multiply the vibrations of the electrons in the drop of blood in the dynamizer "to 50,000 times the rate of radioactivity." This "Amplifier" consists of a wooden box, painted black, containing a three-point switch on the outside, and a coil of wire, covered with paraffin or other soft material, and then copiously shellacked or varnished, on the inside. This is claimed to be the master machine of the combination, the instrument which actually brings



Making the X-Ray photographs of the unopened instruments of the Abrams Diagnostic Machine.



An X-Ray photograph from the top of the "reflexophone," one of two used by Abrams in his "diagnostic" instrument, described herewith. This photograph, which was made of the instrument just as it came from Abrams' factory, so that there could be no claim that it had been taken apart, or otherwise tampered with, shows that the box is a set of three rheostats. Abrams claims, with the "reflexophone," to be able to measure accurately vibrations of one-twenty-fifth of an ohm resistance. Each point on each rheostat was tested several times carefully by an expert electrician, using the most delicate ohm-meter that can be obtained today. Not one of the numbers of ohms indicated on all these contacts was accurate. A grammar-school laboratory would throw such a rheostat out of the window and set one of its pupils to work building another.



Making the ohm-meter tests of the simple rheostats which compose the mysterious "reflexophones" of the Abrams Diagnostic Machine, in the laboratory of the Roentgen Appliance Corporation, San Francisco. These tests showed every point on each of the rheostats to be inaccurate.

within the range of human understanding, the vibrations constantly going on in the blood of every human being.

The third and fourth sections, or units, are identical. Each is named "reflexophone," by Abrams. Each consists of an oblong black box, made of wood, on the cover of which are three contact switches, and inside of which are two coils of wire, also covered with paraffin and shellac, as in the case of the "amplifier." One switch on each cover shows 0 to 50 by tens, each point being numbered; one on each shows 0 to 10, and one on each shows 0 to 25. By these instruments, Abrams claims to find the rate of vibration of the drop of blood in the dynamizer, after that rate has been "stepped up" in the amplifier, and, by this rate, so established, to ascertain the disease with which the patient is afflicted. Then, by setting the oscilloclast—which, bear in mind, is an altogether different and separate machine—at the same rate as that indicated by the diagnostic machine, he professes to cure the disease.

The fifth section of this astounding diagnostic machine, by which a man's religion may be "diagnosed" just as accurately as his illness, consists of four metal plates, presumably zinc, to be laid on the floor. These plates are connected by ordinary insulated telephone cord, with the two steel rods of the dynamizer above described. Two other wires lead from these metal plates to a water pipe, radiator, or any other convenient "ground." The wire which connects plates with the dynamizer also connects the plates with each other. Short similar wires, fitted with plugs at either end, also connect the dynamizer with the amplifier, the amplifier with one of the reflexophones, and that reflexophone with its mate. According to Abrams, the position of the reflexophones makes no difference; either can be used first or second in the series.

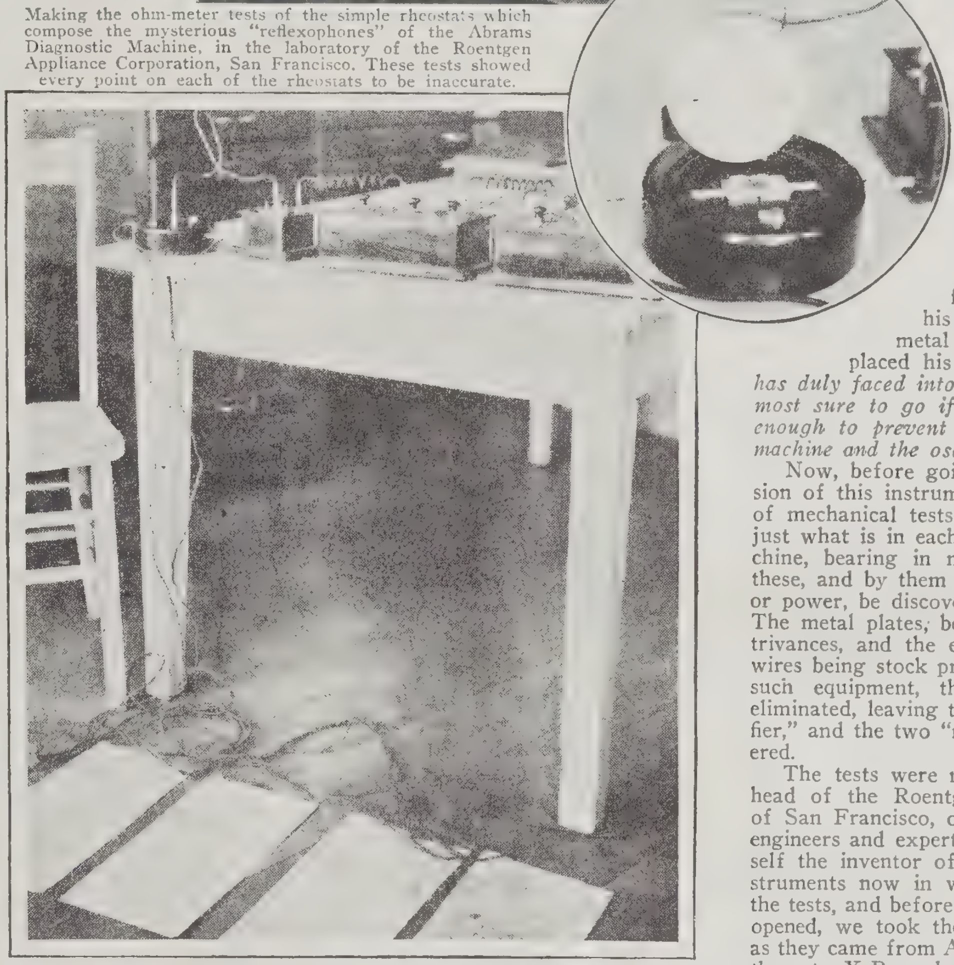
The sixth section of the machine is made up of a length of insulated telephone cord, with a plug at one end for insertion in a socket in the second or last reflexophone, and a plug at the other end for insertion in the handle of an electrode, provided with discs of varying size, which the patient applies to his body—preferably to the forehead—while the diagnosis is being made from the drop of blood in the dynamizer at the other end of the series.

This is the complete diagnostic machine of Abrams, but it should be added at this point that Abrams insists, and enforces the order upon physicians using this instrument, that the patient standing upon the metal plates must face west, "because the magnetic flux of the earth is from north to south, and the patient must be clear of this influence." He also demands that the light in the diagnostic room, while the diagnosis is going on, be "subdued and dim." The physician making the diagnosis sits in front of the patient, putting his feet on the remaining two metal plates, after the patient has placed his feet on two of them, *and has duly faced into the sunset, where he is almost sure to go if his money holds out long enough to prevent his escaping the diagnostic machine and the oscilloclast.*

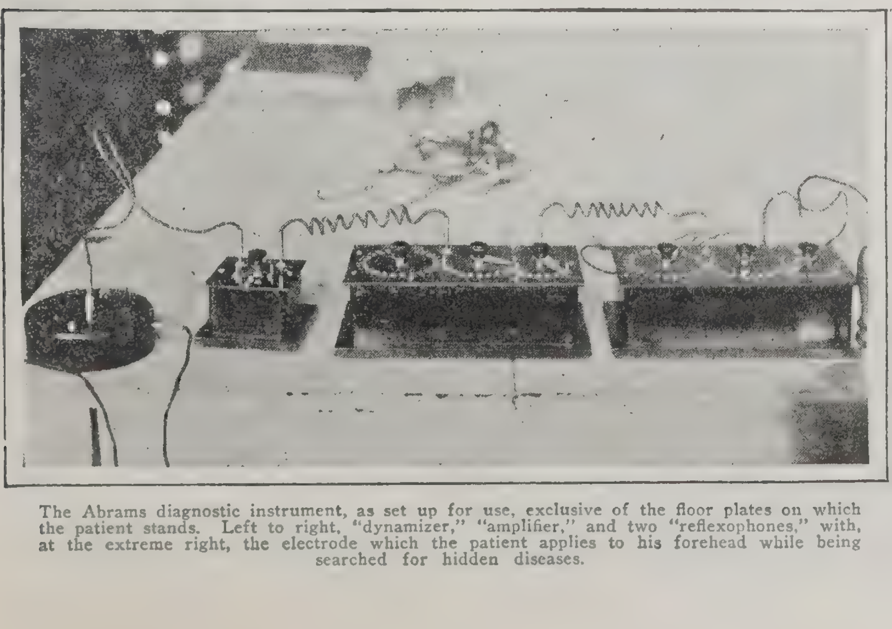
Now, before going into any further discussion of this instrument, let us see, in the light of mechanical tests and scientific investigation, just what is in each unit of the diagnostic machine, bearing in mind that by such tests as these, and by them only, can any force, energy or power, be discovered, recorded or measured. The metal plates, being simple mechanical contrivances, and the electrodes and the insulated wires being stock products of manufacturers of such equipment, these two sections can be eliminated, leaving the "dynamizer," the "amplifier," and the two "reflexophones" to be considered.

The tests were made by Mr. Frank Rieber, head of the Roentgen Appliance Corporation, of San Francisco, one of the leading electrical engineers and experts of the Pacific Coast, himself the inventor of a number of electrical instruments now in wide use. Before we made the tests, and before the four machines had been opened, we took the Abrams instruments, just as they came from Abrams' hands, and subjected them to X-Ray photography, the results being reproduced herewith. The findings of the X-Ray were confirmed when the instruments were tested on the ohm-meter and on the galvanometer, and were further confirmed when the Abrams instruments were taken to pieces and examined by electrical experts. It should be understood that no energy of any kind, electrical, mechanical or chemical, is applied to this diagnostic machine. It obtains its results, ac-

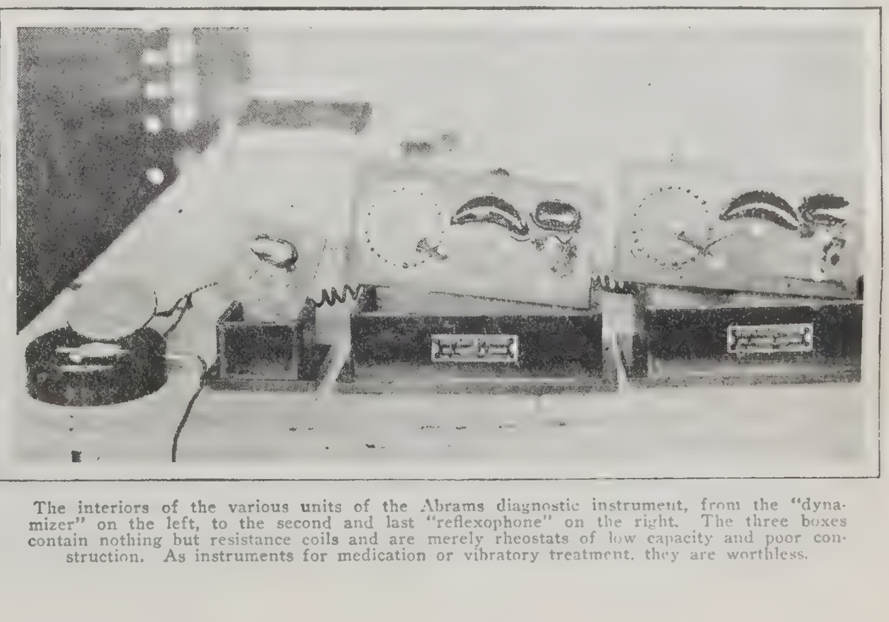
(*Concluded on page 13*)



The Abrams diagnostic instrument set up for use as Abrams uses it. The patient stands on two of the metal plates on the floor, and the person making the diagnosis sits or stands in front of the patient, with his feet on the other two plates. The patient "must face due west and be in a subdued light," according to Abrams' instructions. In circle—The "dynamizer" of the Abrams diagnostic outfit. The dark spot shown on the scrap of white blotting paper in the center is a drop of human blood. From this drop of blood Abrams pretends to diagnose disease, determine the vibrations necessary to cure that disease, announce in advance the sex of unborn children, disclose the religion of the patient, and perform other modern miracles.



The Abrams diagnostic instrument, as set up for use, exclusive of the floor plates on which the patient stands. Left to right, "dynamizer," "amplifier," and two "reflexophones," with, at the extreme right, the electrode which the patient applies to his forehead while being searched for hidden diseases.



The interiors of the various units of the Abrams diagnostic instrument, from the "dynamizer" on the left, to the second and last "reflexophone" on the right. The three boxes contain nothing but resistance coils and are merely rheostats of low capacity and poor construction. As instruments for medication or vibratory treatment, they are worthless.

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What Ben Thought of Them

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S views upon the United States Senate, American state legislatures, the Versailles Peace Conference, the Lausanne Conference, the South American Conference and all the other assemblages of wise men held during these recent years, have just been received. They are contained in a letter written by Ben to his friend Benjamin Vaughan, Esq., in the year 1784.

"It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed.

"Naturally one would imagine that the interests of a few individuals should give way to general interest; but individuals manage their affairs with so much more application, industry, and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular.

"We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices and private interests . . . .

"And if we may judge by the acts, arrets and edicts, all the world over, *for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth.*"

If this was true in Franklin's time, when most of the great work was being done upon which the present generation is built, how much more true is it now that—

"An assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth."

Chicago Loses Pittsburgh Plus

CHICAGO is a fortunate city, at present, in that Pittsburgh Plus is suspended, and construction steel is now available there at prices which are considerably lower than those which prevail in other big cities. Thus, at least, runs the announcement of a special writer in *Construction News,* who claims the investigation into the United States Steel Corporation's business methods has caused a suspension of the plan in the Windy City. The general statement that increased building activity in Chicago is due to a settlement of labor disputes in the building trades, is not the only nor the chief reason for this happy state of affairs, according to Frank Emerich, writer of the article in question, who says:

> "Chicago buys its steel for considerably less than does New York, although under normal conditions steel prices in these two cities are precisely the same, because of the Pittsburgh Plus plan. That is, without regard to where the stock is produced, normal steel price is the price at a Pittsburgh mill, plus the amount of money required to haul the steel from Pittsburgh to the point where it is to be used."

The suspension of this rule in Chicago's case amounts to a saving of 20 per cent on New York prices.

The continuance of Pittsburgh Plus would in time mean the disappearance of Pittsburgh as the leader in the steel industry. As industry expands, as the needs of wider areas of states become more pressing, as the burden upon transportation increases, and as the well-known arrogance which preeminence occasions becomes more apparent in arbitrary manipulation of prices, it is only a matter of time before St. Paul or Minneapolis, with their near-by ore fields and their water power for electric foundry work—it is only a matter of time before other cities near undeveloped ore and fuel fields will begin to ask, Why Pittsburgh Plus? Why not Home City Plus?

The recent brisk rebellion against the plan indicates an awakening of American business brains. Too much in the past has business taken conditions as it found them and tried to make money in spite of them. But now business seems to be taking a statesmanly view of the whole situation, and that is a very promising and hopeful fact. American business has been too much money-grabbing and too little statesmanly organization of resources and production. It appears now to be waking up to the bright dawn of a new era.

Emerson Hough

THE untimely death of Emerson Hough closes the career of one of the truest of all American conservationists. It was through his efforts that the preservation of the wild life of our remote sections first received intelligent consideration. During the winter of 1895 he traveled over Yellowstone National Park on skis, and it was due to this trip that Congress passed the act protecting the buffalo of the park. Much of the material for his later books of adventure and early pioneer life was gathered by him during his earlier years while traveling in the out-of-the-way corners of America. It was largely through his efforts that Americans were led to appreciate the natural beauty of their own land. He preached in season and out of season that American beauty spots surpass in scenic magnificence anything that the Old World can offer. He contested unceasingly the efforts of certain individuals to exploit the forests and water power of our national parks and his incessant endeavor to preserve outdoor America brought results. He lived to see out-of-door America more intelligently loved and cherished than when his work began.

The Modern Atlas

INTERNATIONAL finance, by which term is meant the close-knit combination which aims at world domination and sometimes seems likely to acquire it, neglects no opportunity to repeat the performance of the mythical god, in holding up the world, although in its case the holdup is that of the footpad rather than of the sustaining shoulder.

Formerly, jealous of the encroaching power of the United States, South Americans sought capital in Europe. This source of supply was exhausted in the World War, but the appetite for borrowing grew, and the natural result is that public financing has come to American bankers.

The extent to which public loans have been made is partially shown by an almost complete list of operations, since 1921, as follows:

Guatemala	$ 15,000,000
Cuba (new loan)	50,000,000
Haiti	7,500,000
Colombia	4,000,000
Application for $80,000,000 pending	
Province of Antioquia (Colombia)	20,000,000
Ecuador seeks	33,000,000
Peru	50,000,000
Bolivia	33,000,000
Chile	44,000,000
$12,000,000 more asked for	
Brazil	50,000,000
Rio de Janeiro	12,000,000
Rio Grande de Sol	10,000,000
Ceara	2,000,000
Uruguay	13,000,000
Argentina	250,000,000
$110,000,000 more wanted.	

As security for these loans the countries generally pledge their customs receipts, the provinces their internal revenues, and the cities their receipts from all sources. Concessions of natural resources are also given, while in the case of Guatemala a national banking concession and the retirement of the state currency is provided for.

Most of these loans are of recent date. Naturally they have reduced the volume of money in this country to some extent, although not so greatly as many would imagine, as naturally a part would return in payment for American products. The presence of the entire world in our markets as borrowers, however, increases our interest rate level while shortening the money supply, making a combination not calculated to make the world happier, but putting Shylock on Easy Street for years to come

Now It Is the Pope!

IT IS now the Pope who is "anti-Semitic"! *The Canadian Jewish Chronicle* rises in wrathful denunciation against Pius XI because of the report that he wanted to appeal to the Jews of the world to use their influence with the Russian Soviet to cease their war against Catholic priests. The *Chronicle* can see no reason for the Pope having considered such an act unless it be—"Is he trying to provoke a holy war? To what other motive shall we attribute the insinuation that the Jews are the rulers of Russia . . . .?"

The Dearborn Independent, two years ago, was a voice in the wilderness warning the world that Bolshevism was not Russian nor revolutionary, that it was Jewish and represented the fight of that race for the riches of Russia. Our statements were denied by all the spokesmen of Jewry, especially those who live by Jewish advertisements. Even Mr. Brisbane, who was at first very skeptical, does now admit that the only brains left in Russia are Jewish—the others having been killed off. Newspapers are everywhere printing the truth about the character of Bolshevism. Government reports attest every fact that The Dearborn Independent set forth. As a new instance of the growing frankness and independence of the American newspaper with reference to this matter, the recent articles of Francis McCullaugh may be cited, who has told the truth fearlessly and without any other bias than decency usually has against indecency. The American editor has been educated and the case is established.

One editor has yet to learn, the editor of *Hearst's,* Norman Hapgood. He is now in Russia, at last accounts, "sitting in" at the unfrocking of ministers of the Christian religion and cabling to the American press defenses of the Soviet's attitude toward the church.

Some leading Jews have admitted that Bolshevism is Jewish and have asked the lenience of the Christian world for what is undoubtedly an aberration of traditional Jewish attitude. For this honesty they have been torn to pieces, figuratively speaking, by their racial fellows. But it is a confession which ought more widely to be made, that the fact may stand out clearly and that good Jews and good Christians may know what to do with regard to it. The tissue of falsehoods which comprise the denial that Russia is today ruled by Jews, is befogging an issue which ought to be joined on right terms and not on terms which will surely mean serious misunderstanding.

So that if it is true, as the *Chronicle* says, that the Pope contemplated appealing to the Jews, he was doing just what any informed authority would do. There is no one better informed on international matters than is the Pope, *and he knows who rules Russia.* More than that, *he knows who is behind the rulers of Russia.* His undoubted knowledge in this matter evidently renders him open to the charge of being "anti-Semitic," as it seems to have done for all the rest of us.

Stock Exchange Protects

THERE has been a crusade the country over against gambling on "the ponies" and many newspapers have featured the campaign as one to which every good citizen should subscribe. Makers of books in this particular field of sports have been pictured as harpies, fleecing the poor "boobs" who imagine they can guess which way the swindle, for most bettors lack confidence in the honesty of the game, will direct the winnings.

The chances of making a killing in a horse race are greater, often, than for a similar win in Wall Street, where the wool clip is measured in larger sums than on the turf. Yet the movement of trading in the New York Stock Exchange and on the curb is faithfully related for the benefit of an equally insane crowd who watch the ticker.

When the bookmaker of the turf loses beyond his ability to pay, or for some reason refuses to pay his losses, he is ostracized by the fraternity. No meaner name can be given him than to call him a "welsher."

The New York Stock Exchange member, however, is more fortunate, for when he is squeezed too hard the governors of the organization step in and dictate the time and terms of settlement. "Welshing" is not proscribed.

If a customer is caught "short," he must put up margins until his resources are exhausted. But if the customer gets the better of the crowd and catches them "short" of a stock in which he has control, he must settle on the terms the Exchange Board stipulates.

Gambling in stocks is not a whit more respectable than gambling on horse racing.

Mr. Ford's Page

TO TAKE up again the fact that the farm population of the country is decreasing, one is glad to recognize that at last a government official has made an effort to lift the public mind out of the rut of conventional thought on the subject. Until now it has been the custom to treat this fact with loud predictions of ruin. "The boys are leaving the farm; what shall we do for bread?"—that is the familiar form of the lament.

Well, for that matter, the boys are leaving the army, too; they are leaving off driving horses; they are leaving all the jobs and places where they feel they are not needed, where they feel there is not a future for them, and they are instinctively finding their way to those places where destiny intends them to be when this new era gets properly going.

People have no faith about these things. They have not perceived that law operates in the affairs of men as elsewhere. They seem not to know that as the birds fly south and then north, as the tree sends its sap down and then up, so do races and generations of men move hither and thither in response to a law which is the instrument of cosmic purpose. If people had faith about these things they would save themselves a great deal of trouble and they would be in a better position to enjoy the exquisite pleasure of "living in the minute."

How many alarms and laments we have heard! The sun is going out! The supply of coal will soon be exhausted! Wood will soon be a rarity! How familiar all these cries are. And yet people talk about faith! The sun will last as long as we need it. When coal is used up we shall have a better world. And as for wood, ours is the only country in the world which builds wooden cities (save the bamboo villages of the jungle) and it will be a deal better when we come to build stone cities and brick cities and cement cities—a deal better for men to buy houses that will not fall down before their lives are done. But we had to build wooden houses to learn what a house should be. The world has learned more about houses from the perishable American wooden house than from all the other houses ever built, and by the time wood is gone for this purpose we shall know enough about the perfect house to build it perfectly out of materials that will endure for centuries. Nothing is wrong about this great movement of racial experience, and nothing is going to be wrong—if people would only look at the facts with the faith which they reserve for everything but practical things.

WHEN birds fly north, and when people migrate from one continent to another, and when men leave one form of labor for another, look at the fact of it before you let anyone fill you with the fear of it. There is a great migratory movement from the farm to the city, but it does not mean what the alarmists say it does. It means that the farm "overhead" in men is decreasing. The Farm is the only institution that has fully supplied the world with its product. There is Food enough, but there are not manufactured articles nor Transportation enough. When Manufacture and Transport have supplied the world as well as Agriculture has, then we shall be on a civilized basis. What is occurring is this: The Farm is releasing men to help Manufacture and Transport catch up.

Well now, apply the same principle to the change that has come over farming. For that is the correct way to say it—some people think it is a change that has come over *farmers,* but this is not the case. It is just the same as the change that has come over spinning. Think of the hundreds of thousands, yes, the millions of people who would be spinning in this country today if a change had not come over spinning. One girl can spin today more than hundreds of women could spin a century ago. Suppose someone had cried, "Oh, all the women are leaving their spinning, what shall we do for cloth?" The answer is, You shall have more cloth.

Agriculture was the foundation industry of the country, but it no longer stands alone in that important honor. Agriculture, instead of being now only a source of supply, has become a source of demand, too, and it has separated from itself an increasing number of producers to meet its needs. The tools of agriculture are not made on the farm but at the center of agriculture by men who would still be on the farm, and who would have to be there, if there were no tools. Tool-Farming was the first great emancipation that came to the multitudes engaged in tilling the land, and upon the heels of Tool-Farming came Power-Farming which liberated thousands more but which will in the future liberate thousands where now it liberates one.

So that the movement from the farm does not mean what the city theorists have tried to tell us. It means that the need of man-power on the farm is decreasing. It means that no one must now stay on the farm for lack of other opportunity. It means that farm production can now be kept up with less drudgery and less man-power than ever before. It means, in brief, that old-time farming is on its way into the dim past and that the new era is opening on the wheat fields, too.

It means more than that—it means a shifting between city and farm of another class of people, of whom the alarmists have taken no note. People who note with fear the exodus from the farm to the city are peculiarly blind to the influx of city people into the country. It is one of the strangest and also one of the most pleasing observations to see how naturally the farmer's boy adapts himself to the requirements of industrial communities, and then again to see how naturally the city-raised man takes to farm work, especially where Power-Farming is the rule.

This interchange of experience and adaptability cannot fail to be of benefit to the nation. To have the rural population possess themselves of city experience and to have the city people gain the benefit of country experience cannot have any other effect than that of making a well-rounded community life and mind. This, with the automobile, is making our people masters of the three basic arts—Agriculture, Manufacture and Transportation.

The one commodity with which the world is well supplied, so far as quantity goes, is food. Agriculture has never fallen down on its job of supplying the world. Commerce has often fallen down in the work of distribution, and speculation has often neutralized the blessings of agricultural ability and honesty. However, through Agriculture the food supply of the world is secure; as long as Nature holds her accustomed course, no one need worry. More food can be produced at less cost and with fewer men than ever before in the history of the world, and it will not be long before food will be the least of our "cost-of-living" worries.

Now, this cannot be said of any other department of universal service. There is not another line whose output is sufficient and, being sufficient, will still be increased at less cost of labor. Take the other two arts—Manufacture and Transportation. Take them only with reference to the farm itself. Has the farm all the manufactured articles it needs? Has the farmer all the modern implements he needs, and tractors and machinery? Has the farm home all the modern conveniences it should have? Has the farm wife all the equipment she should have to lift drudgery off her shoulders? To every question like this which affects the art of Manufacture, the answer is, No. Well, this simply points the necessity of Manufacture doing as well for Agriculture as Agriculture has done for the world.

Take Transportation. Has the farm, the city, the country enough transportation? Have both Agriculture and Manufacture enough Transportation? Again the answer must be, No.

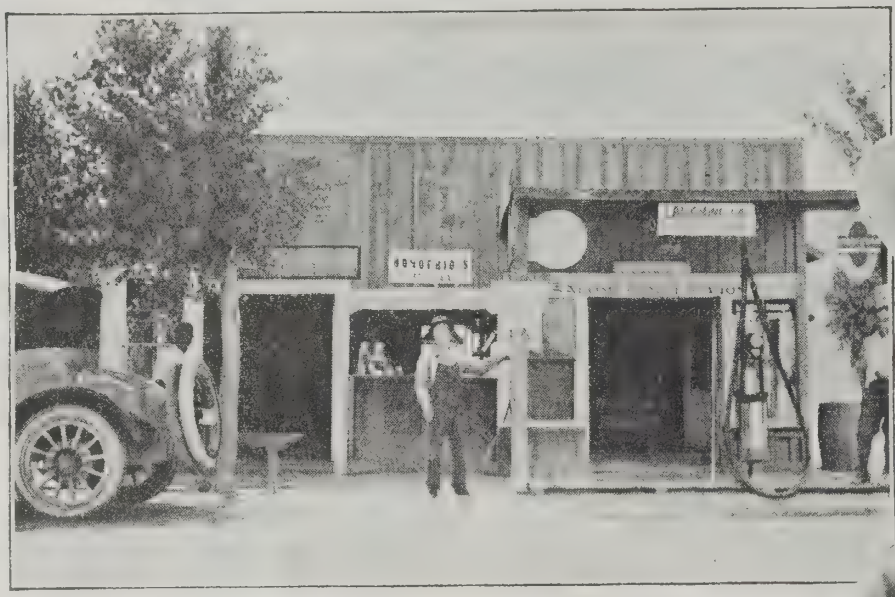
Why then should it be a mystery that men leave the farm when Agriculture has really achieved its task of production, and Manufacture and Transportation have yet to do so? Are the world's needs yet supplied? People who live on good streets seem to think so. Go back into the forgotten areas of your town and see how rare is the porcelain tub and all the indispensable utilities of a really human life. These things are yet to be made and supplied to these people so that the basic decencies of life shall be the same for rich and poor alike. We all have food—food is the business of Agriculture: but we have not all of us the manufactures and the transportation we need. It is a matter of man-power flowing where the need of the world calls it.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Arizona Man Who Made Salome Dance

How Dick Wick Hall Found and Paved "Yumaresque Highway"

By J. M. SEABRIGHT



Laughing Gas Station. "Chiquita Bill" is the man in the picture.

DICK WICK HALL, "Editor and Garage Owner," who has made millions laugh over his intimate pictures of Salome, Arizona, and her people.

THIS article, notwithstanding its title, has naught to do with the terpsichorean art of the daughter of Herodias, nor does it try to paint the life of Oscar Wilde.

It depicts something closer to home, something and somebody of the earth earthy; the story of a man who enlarged a speck on a map into the range of our vision by means of the magnifying glass of humor, and thereby brought himself into renown.

Salome, in this connection, connotes a town—a town destined until lately to pursue the even tenor of its way, or, changing the figure, to waste the sweet humor of its existence on the desert air.

Salome was on the map—the dry sizzling map of Arizona—long before it danced its way into the spotlight of our knowledge. But it was static. It lay lazily on its back, daydreaming, content to be classed with such phenomena as amoebae, small boys on their way to school in marble time, and father income-taxward.

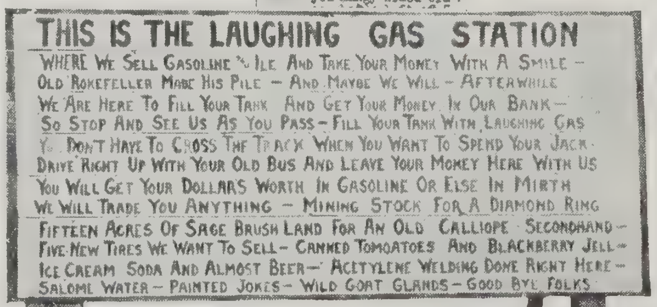
Water was scarce with Salome, and her tongue was parched and cracked. And in the course of time she came to thirst for more than the physical. She needed that inexpressible something which only a psychoanalyst can prescribe for the satisfaction of an impotent urge. She was a pancake on the griddle of surrounding desert, but —she was a pancake minus the yeast!

Salome's Coué, or her Mr. Fleischmann, depending on your choice of figure, proved to be one of her own inhabitants. His name is Dick Wick Hall. O. Henry could have immortalized him within the compass of a few words—and would have done so! For he combines within himself the practical and the stuff of dreams—an O. Henry-like combination reflected in Hall's self-bestowed title of "Editor and Garage Owner," an appellation conjuring up visions of an American caliph in an American Bagdad, drawn so vividly by the lamented Porter. But the phrase reminds you of only two of his many talents: it omits mention of him as miner, prospector, good-roads enthusiast, philosopher and humorist. Truly his career has been more than checkered; it has been kaleidoscopic.

The rise of Dick Wick Hall—his real name, by the way—sounds like fiction. Some students of his life assert that he has achieved success —his literary success, they mean—by accident. Even Hall himself, with characteristic modesty, admits it. But although the golden thread of good fortune runs through the warp and woof of his life, it catches your eye because it contrasts sharply with the rather somber background of effort.

You will find Dick Wick Hall a mining man primarily, his letterhead bearing the legend, "Investments—Mines—Lands," and showing in dim relief a view of part of his mining properties. His migration into Writing Valley came about unexpectedly. Several years ago, the mining business languishing in the doldrums of depression, Hall cast about for a way in which to make the trade winds blow again. Realizing that scores of tourists motored daily through Salome en route to and from California, he opened a service station from which he supplied them "laughing gas" and from the tank of which he piped into their tires "that soft Salome air—it rides easier."

Hall's aggressiveness led him to seek more business, which demanded more tourists, who, in turn, demanded better roads. Roads—the basic reason for the decreasing or increasing of his volume of trade! The county board of supervisors controlled the condition of the highways which, he tells us, resembled the rabbit tracks that crossed them. He would galvanize those supervisors into action or know the reason why!

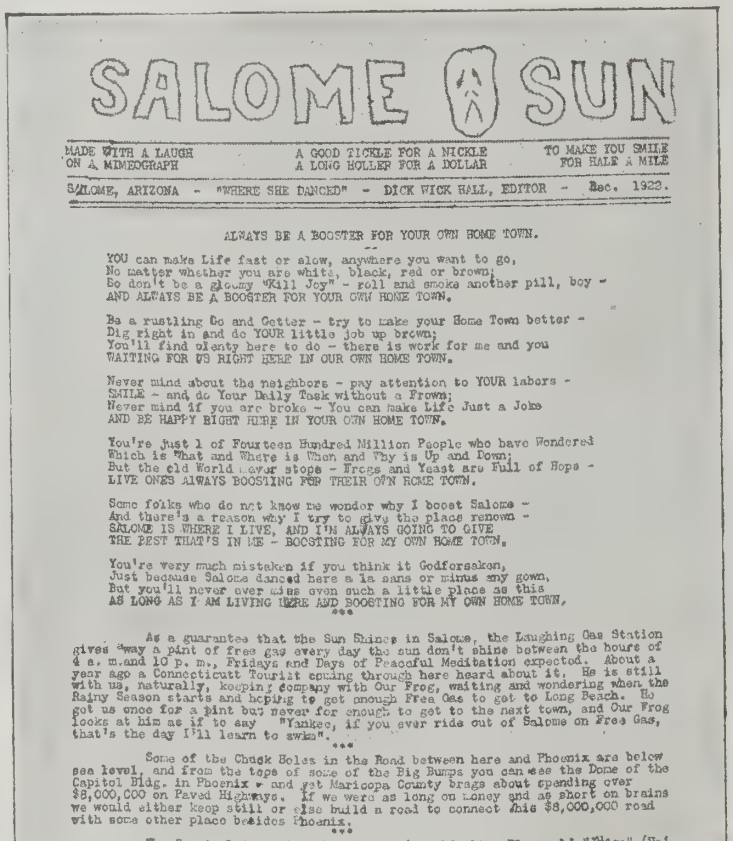


THIS IS THE LAUGHING GAS STATION

WHERE WE SELL GASOLINE 'N ILE AND TAKE YOUR MONEY WITH A SMILE —
OLD ROKEFELLER MADE HIS PILE — AND MAYBE WE WILL — AFTERWHILE
WE ARE HERE TO FILL YOUR TANK AND GET YOUR MONEY IN OUR BANK —
SO STOP AND SEE US AS YOU PASS — FILL YOUR TANK WITH LAUGHING GAS
Y. DON'T HAVE TO CROSS THE TRACK WHEN YOU WANT TO SPEND YOUR JACK
DRIVE RIGHT UP WITH YOUR OLD BUS AND LEAVE YOUR MONEY HERE WITH US
YOU WILL GET YOUR DOLLARS WORTH IN GASOLINE OR ELSE IN MIRTH
WE WILL TRADE YOU ANYTHING — MINING STOCK FOR A DIAMOND RING
FIFTEEN ACRES OF SAGE BRUSH LAND FOR AN OLD CALLIOPE SECONDHAND —
FIVE NEW TIRES WE WANT TO SELL — CANNED TOMOATOES AND BLACKBERRY JELL —
ICE CREAM SODA AND ALMOST BEER — ACETYLENE WELDING DONE RIGHT HERE —
SALOME WATER — PAINTED JOKES — WILD GOAT GLANDS — GOOD BYE FOLKS

A message advertising Salome's center of interest. Not an electric sign, nevertheless it scintillates.

Thus he resorted to his mimeograph and got out the first issue of a miniature newspaper, which he called the Salome *Sun*. His main idea was to poke fun at the supervisors; before he had finished he was shooting them with shafts of wit dipped in the acid of satire.



SALOME SUN

MADE WITH A LAUGH ON A MIMEOGRAPH — A GOOD TICKLE FOR A NICKLE A LONG HOLLER FOR A DOLLAR — TO MAKE YOU SMILE FOR HALF A MILE

SALOME, ARIZONA - "WHERE SHE DANCED" - DICK WICK HALL, EDITOR - Dec. 1922.

ALWAYS BE A BOOSTER FOR YOUR OWN HOME TOWN.

YOU can make Life fast or slow, anywhere you want to go,
No matter whether you are white, black, red or brown;
So don't be a gloomy "Kill Joy" - roll and smoke another pill, boy -
AND ALWAYS BE A BOOSTER FOR YOUR OWN HOME TOWN.

Be a rustling Go and Getter - try to make your Home Town better -
Dig right in and do YOUR little job up brown;
You'll find plenty here to do - there is work for me and you
WAITING FOR US RIGHT HERE IN OUR OWN HOME TOWN.

Never mind about the neighbors - pay attention to YOUR labors -
SMILE - and do Your Daily Task without a Frown;
Never mind if you are broke - You can make Life Just a Joke
AND BE HAPPY RIGHT HERE IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN.

You're just 1 of Fourteen Hundred Million People who have Wondered
Which is What and Where is When and Why is Up and Down;
But the old World never stops - Frogs and Yeast are Full of Hops -
LIVE ONES ALWAYS BOOSTING FOR THEIR OWN HOME TOWN.

Some folks who do not know me wonder why I boost Salome -
And there's a reason why I try to give the place renown -
SALOME IS WHERE I LIVE, AND I'M ALWAYS GOING TO GIVE
THE BEST THAT'S IN ME - BOOSTING FOR MY OWN HOME TOWN.

You're very much mistaken if you think it Godforsaken,
Just because Salome danced here a 'la sans or minus any gown,
But you'll never ever miss even such a little place as this
AS LONG AS I AM LIVING HERE AND BOOSTING FOR MY OWN HOME TOWN.

***

As a guarantee that the Sun Shines in Salome, the Laughing Gas Station gives away a pint of free gas every day the sun don't shine between the hours of 4 a. m. and 10 p. m., Fridays and Days of Peaceful Meditation expected. About a year ago a Connecticutt Tourist coming through here heard about it. He is still with us, naturally, keeping company with Our Frog, waiting and wondering when the Rainy Season starts and hoping to get enough Free Gas to get to Long Beach. He got us once for a pint but never for enough to get to the next town, and Our Frog looks at him as if to say "Yankee, if you ever ride out of Salome on Free Gas, that's the day I'll learn to swim".

***

Some of the Chuck Holes in the Road between here and Phoenix are below sea level, and from the tops of some of the Big Bumps you can see the Dome of the Capitol Bldg. in Phoenix - and yet Maricopa County brags about spending over $8,000,000 on Paved Highways. If we were as long on money and as short on brains we would either keep still or else build a road to connect this $8,000,000 road with some other place besides Phoenix.

***

The Sun is late again - but it wasn't my fault. Blame old "J"dgo" (Ha! Ha!) Sealy Jigson, the muck faced old wart hog who was appointed Justice of the Peace for this District. He didn't like it because what the Sun said abo
made him sweat a little, so he come down to the Garage and tried to f
for disturbing the Peace of the Justice (Ha! Ha! again), and when
him and told him he couldn't do it he fined me $50 for being c
I throwed him out and told him not to come bothering around
fined me $100 more for Contempt (Wild Applause) of Court.
three sheep herders as deputies to help him collect hi
to stop work again and in the mix up, by mistake, I
eye instead of my mouth, and Chiquita Bill started
sheepherders neck just as I was removing my eye-
slipped and he would have removed my head
that's how come the Sun is late
fussing around my Garage aga
Gas he'll feel like a Tan
like the Goddess of Lib
you mangy-hided old r

Salome's new newspaper, "made with a laugh on a mimeograph," met instant success. Small of body, it nevertheless emitted a loud bark. The supervisors even imagined they detected the bared teeth of a snarl. And they surmised correctly!

Hall gave copies of the *Sun* to his neighbors, mailed some to the supervisors, and passed others to tourists at the service station. This sheet, mixture of sense and nonsense, of fun and raillery, of wit and barbed sarcasm, of laughter and propaganda, appealed to everyone—except the objects of Hall's darts. Encouraged by its initial success the editor and garage owner turned again to his mimeograph and ground out additional issues at intervals of a week or so until a dozen had appeared.

Meanwhile tourists had carried the *Sun* to the four corners of the country. A copy fell into the hands of Don Marquis, famed "colyumist" then on the New York *Sun*, who printed excerpts—several of them—in his column, "The Sun Dial." Thereafter the paper whose mission is "to make you smile for half a mile" came under the eye of Thomas L. Masson, then about to leave the editorial chair of *Life* to conduct "Short Turns and Encores," the new department of humor soon thereafter to be established in the *Saturday Evening Post.* Mr. Masson, being an expert humor-sleuth, procured from Hall a complete file of the *Sun* and offered him a munificent sum per word for what he could use. He used virtually all of their contents and begged for more. That was last July. Since then *Post* readers have chuckled almost weekly over the intimate pictures of Salome with its handful of people, the so-called county road—the "Yumaresque Highway"—its eternal sunshine, and its seven-year-old frog that, because of the drought, has never yet learned to swim.

Glancing over a typical issue of the *Sun* we read the following extract with its curious capitals: "Salome is famous not only as the place 'Where She Danced'—the Home of my Seven Year Old Frog That Can't Swim Yet—the Only Known Place in all Arizona where Wm. Jennings Bryan ever took a Bath—and some Other Things I can't mention—but it is the Widest Spot on the Main Travelled Road between Phoenix & Los Angeles. (I don't mean that Wm. Jennings Bryan took anything else here besides a Bath; I mean there are other things here.) The Buckeye-Quartzite-Blythe Route is the Best & Shortest to Los Angeles and the Coast—the Only Natural Highway in all western Arizona—just as Natural as it was born because the Super Visors realize that they are incompetent to improve any on Nature, so they don't try to. Our—I should say Their—County Seat, Yumaresque, is over 100 miles from here, the way a Crow would fly if he had the nerve to go there—and the County Officials are so Short-sighted they can't see this far—except at election time when they are after Our Votes—and then the way they beat it out of there in droves and come up here would make you think there was a smallpox epidemic at Yuma."

"Sand Patter," Dick Wick Hall's 7-year-old frog, that can't swim yet, looking for a cloud in the sky.

And the next paragraph runs along in the same genial way: "This is supposed to be a County Highway—a 'Yumaresque Highway'—that you are trying to follow, but Tourists sometimes get lost on account of the jackrabbit tracks crossing the road and confusing them, as it is hard to tell which is rabbit tracks and which is the County Road. We are trying to get a Bill passed at the next Legislature to make the rabbits all follow one trail and go in the same direction. If we can do this and get the rabbits trained to obey the law, we will soon have a much better road than any of the Supervisors ever built up this way. It will be easier to train the rabbits than it will the Supervisors. They won't improve Our Best & Shortest Route by way of Buckeye-Salome-Blythe just because they want to make all the Tourists come around through the sandhills by way of Yuma. If Yuma belonged to us we wouldn't want anyone to see it until it either grew up or got some good clothes on. Yuma always looked to us like Some Thing the River left there during the flood. I think it is a good place to keep away from—for me, anyway."

Concerning Salome's salubrious climate he has this to say: "Salome—'Where She Danced'—is the healthiest and fastest growing place in the United States. Eighteen years ago there was no one here but me and Tom Finnegan and some jack-rabbits and jackasses—and now there's 19 people, not counting some I don't like—an average gain of over 100% a year, pretty good

(Concluded on page 14)

Cleveland Jews Fight the Interest Sharks

Free Loan Fund Enables Poor to Escape Robbery of Usury

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

FOR an hour one evening I sat in the basement of a Jewish school building on East Fifty-fifth street in Cleveland and watched the Cleveland Hebrew Free Loan Association in action.

The room was very plainly furnished, with a few chairs, and a long table at one side. Behind the table sat Mr. H. E. Eisler, a young attorney, who is secretary of the association. An open record book lay on the table in front of him. At his left was a safe with its doors swung back, and on a chair at his right rested a money drawer containing bills and coin in various denominations.

Marcus Feder, chairman of finance, occupied a chair on the outside at the head of the table, where he leaned back and cheerily greeted the callers.

Men, women, young people and children came and went in a steady stream, making payments or applying for loans. Mr. Eisler conversed with them in English, German or Yiddish, as the occasion required. For the most part the visitors were the poorest kind of Jews, with here and there a Gentile.

Visualize the pushcart man you sometimes see on the street, or think of the junk and paper dealer who does business with a horse and wagon in your neighborhood, and you will have an idea of the type I have in mind. This bit of realism is put in at this point to enable you to make a picture in your mind. If you can recreate the scenes of the evening as I saw them, and sense their deep significance, maybe you will be able to catch the vision that lies beyond.

It is the vision that I want you to see.

A boy in knee pants stepped up to the table. He was poorly dressed, but clean. He held a yellow envelope and a $5 bill in his extended right hand. Mr. Eisler took the envelope, quickly pulled out a yellow card, paused a moment as he held up the bill and asked:

"How much?"

"Three dollars."

Mr. Eisler dropped the $5 bill into his cash box, and handed the boy $2 in change. Then he made an entry in his book, and on the card, and returned the card to the boy, who slipped it into its envelope, placed the envelope carefully in his inside pocket and headed for the door.

Loans Versus Charity

NEXT came a woman who paid $5. She was followed by a fairly well-dressed man who made a payment of $10, and went on without a word.

A medium-sized man, with a full beard and who spoke Yiddish, was next in line. He wanted to borrow $100 for a horse and wagon. He explained that he had saved $50, and that he knew where he could get a good outfit for $150.

Mr. Eisler picked up a blue card.

Rapidly asking questions the secretary wrote down the name and address of the applicant, and the names and addresses of the endorsers. It was all done quickly, and in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"All right," remarked Mr. Eisler, with a friendly nod, as he laid the application on a pile near Mr. Feder. "Come back Thursday night."

Another applicant wanted to borrow $150, but Mr. Feder cut him down to a hundred.

A young matron with a happy light in her eyes gave Mr. Eisler her card with three dollars. Mr. Eisler made the entry, nodded, reached into the safe and brought out an envelope containing a watch and some other jewelry, which the woman had pledged as security for a loan. I saw her make the final payment and get her valuables back again.

An older woman next in line asked for a loan of $100 on a diamond ring. Her application was filled out in the usual way, but without endorsers.

Marcus Feder saw me studying this transaction closely, and hastened to explain:

"Yes, that is part of our plan. We loan on watches and diamond rings to accommodate those who do not wish to ask their friends to endorse their notes. They can borrow $50 or $100 in that way, and refund it in weekly installments. After they get paid up they can make another loan if they want to, and go right on paying it back. The woman who asked for a loan on her ring will probably obtain her money next Thursday night."

Just then two fine-looking, well-dressed young women came along and spoke to Mr. Feder in German.

They talked for a few minutes, made a payment and stepped back from the table.

Leaning over and speaking to me in an undertone, Mr. Feder said:

"Did you notice those two ladies? Well, they are just over from the old country. Their husbands run a grocery, and we loaned them money to pay for passage to America. Now they are paying it back. They work right along with their husbands, and are getting ahead. Sometimes they borrow to discount their bills or buy goods for cash where they have an opportunity to get something at bargain prices.

Finally two or three fellows came along who were unmistakably Gentiles. I am sure one of them was Irish. They made payments and passed out.

"Do you make loans to Gentiles?" I asked Mr. Eisler.

"Oh, yes. There is nothing in our constitution that limits our loans to the people of any one race, nationality or religion, so we lend to anybody who can furnish the required security and complies with our rules."

A young man entered and went directly to Mr. Feder with a questioning look in his eyes.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the chairman, as he picked up some papers, and ran through them quickly. "Here it is," he added in a moment, as he handed the young man a check for $100.

I was introduced to the young man, and we chatted for a few moments.

"And what are you going to do with the money?" I ventured to ask.

"Pay my tuition at college," he replied with a glow of pride in his eyes and on his face. "I had $50, but I needed $100 more, so I came here."

A youth who was all dressed up and evidently looking for some place to go asked Mr. Eisler:

"Can't I fix it some way so I can mail you a check each week for my payments?"

"No, we can't do that," replied the secretary, shaking his head. "The trouble about paying by check is that your letter is liable to be mislaid, and that would cause a mix-up in our records. You will have to come in and make your payments on Wednesday nights just like the rest."

Then Mr. Feder handed me the applications for loans that had been piling up. They ranged from $15 "for a suit of clothes" up to $150 to "send to Europe." One borrower had paid in full, and then applied for a new loan. Another wanted $100 "to clean up some small debts."

It is a condition of all loans that the purpose for which the money is wanted must be stated. That is to prevent the money being used for luxury or speculation.

As I studied the faces of the people who passed before me that evening I was impressed with their general bearing. They were not asking for or receiving "charity." They were borrowing money in a businesslike way to help get a start toward independence, or to tide them over an emergency. I could not find anything anywhere in the free loan system that would tend to make paupers, but I did see much that would make the Associated Charities unnecessary.

Later during an interview Mr. Feder told me more about the Free Loan Association.

"It was originally started 20 years ago," he said, "to help Jews who came from Russia, many of them poor and destitute, and strangers in a strange land. We had to do something to enable them to get a start. We did not like the idea of charity, so we decided to establish a loan fund. We got together a few thousand dollars which we lent on personal security, *without interest or any cost whatever* to the borrower, and we have kept right on in that way ever since."

"But how do you take care of your expenses and losses?" I asked, very much surprised. "You must make a profit somewhere or you could not keep on doing business."

"In place of making the borrower stand for the expenses and the losses," replied Mr. Feder, "a membership of several hundred persons has been built up, and each member pays in $3 a year. The membership dues create a fund out of which all expenses are paid, and which leaves something to add to the capital. Really that is the way we got the original fund at the outset. In addition to the dues we receive donations and bequests. Some of the very persons we helped, five or ten and even twenty years ago, are paying in $3 a year to keep the fund growing.

"During the 20 years that the free loan fund has been in operation we have made loans amounting to a half million dollars, and in that period our expenses and losses have been *less than one-half of one per cent.* This money has helped thousands to get a start and saved them from asking for charity.

Debt a Sacred Obligation

"MOST loans are for small amounts. The borrowers are self-respecting, industrious people who could not borrow elsewhere except from the loan sharks at ruinous interest. Of 542 loans in one year, 181 were for $25, 138 for $50, 64 for $100, 10 for $200. We used to lend as high as $500 to one person, but we don't do that any more. Our limit now is $300. In place of making a single loan for $500 we encourage the borrower to ask for a smaller amount, pay it in full, and then borrow again. The loan must be repaid in four months in weekly payments, and on the average our capital turns three times a year. A borrower could spread a loan of $900 out over a year by borrowing $300 at a time, paying back, and borrowing until it is not necessary for him to borrow any more. That system keeps the money moving, and is better all around. Any person can borrow as often as he likes, as long as he furnishes reliable endorsers, and pays promptly. Our general policy is to require the signature of one property owner as an endorser for each $25 borrowed, so in case the borrower is unable to pay, the endorsers will be obligated for only $25 each. Of course that custom is not always observed, but we keep to it pretty close."

"Do you have many instances where the endorsers have to make good the loan?"

"Very few, indeed," replied Mr. Feder. "There are cases where we have to extend loans because of sickness or misfortune, but the loans were eventually paid by the borrower.

"Our borrowers regard the repayment of a loan as a sacred obligation. They will all pay if they can possibly keep on their feet and work. If necessary, they will stint themselves in food and clothing to keep up their weekly payments. This idea of regarding a debt as a sacred obligation results from the religious traditions and training of our people. It is inherited, and is still strong in spite of the commercialism which rules the world today.

"My father was a rabbi in the old country, and in the back of his synagogue there was a room containing a box in which the well-to-do placed money for the poor. Each giver went in alone. Any person who needed money could go into that money chamber all by himself and take out whatever he needed, without signing a note, leaving his name, or giving any security. That chest was never empty, because the borrowers always returned the money they took.

They were all controlled by a high sense of sacred obligation. To have kept any of that money would have been like stealing from Jehovah. So it is with those who borrow from our free loan fund today. While we observe the customs of the times in which we live, and require endorsers on the notes of the borrowers, our greatest security is the sense of sacred obligation which our borrowers feel."

At length I induced Mr. Feder to talk about himself. I was interested in this unusual man because he is a thinker, a philosopher, a man of affairs, and very practical in his ideas about the methods that should be used to help people who are in need. He is broad-minded and has a great vision.

Marcus Feder came to America when he was 18 years old, from a town in East Prussia, a region which is now a part of Poland. At first he worked in a grocery store, and then he went into the tobacco business, first as a traveling salesman running out of New York, and later as a jobber and a manufacturer in Cleveland. He had built up a business of $1,000,000 a year, when the Tobacco Trust made overtures to absorb his concern. But Feder fought to retain his independence. The business battle that ensued would make a book full of dark pages filled with incidents of cut-throat commercialism, and the perfidy of false friends who sold Feder into the hands of the enemy. He was outnumbered and surrounded, and his business destroyed by his competitors.

"In the end I got a judgment and they got the money," he added a little grimly. "I lost everything but my manhood and my friends. Because of my extensive acquaintance I decided to go into the insurance business, and with the help of my friends I am building up a good business in fire and life insurance. During my business troubles I had some experience with money sharks, and I know how they can make their victims suffer. I expect to spend the rest of my days fighting private loan concerns that are engaged in robbing the poor under sanction of the law."

The Vicious Circle in Finance

FEDER did not speak bitterly, but he was very decisive. He was not "sour" about it. He did not complain. In the language of the sporting fraternity he is a "good loser."

When he told me of his determination to fight the money sharks, I asked him:

"What is your method? How are you going to get at the offenders?"

"By exposing them, and by promoting *a free loan fund* for all the people, regardless of religion or race. There is a good deal about the idea of a community fund that the people do not understand. Why do so many people need charity in the first place? Why is it necessary to raise $4,500,000 in Cleveland alone for that purpose, and millions more in other cities? It is because of a vicious circle in finance in which the very men who are active in promoting charity reap a big harvest in interest on money loaned to the small contractors who build homes for the poor on borrowed money. Thousands of working men pay more than half their wages for rent and fuel. Why? Because they are taxed the excessive interest charges which they pay in higher rentals for the house in which they live. It is fine business for a man engaged in lending money to extort $10,000 interest in the form of high rent and give $1,000 to the community fund. However, this is only one item on which the money shark makes $9,000. Persons see the $1,000 gift but do not know about the extortion, so they praise the giver for his generosity. Years ago when I was president of the Jewish Relief Society, we paid $5 a month rent for three rooms that now rent for $25. When a poor man living in such quarters is unable to pay his rent because of sickness or misfortune, and applies to the Associated Charities for relief, his rent may be paid for a month or two by the very money contributed by the money sharks. It is cheaper for the money shark to give a little money for charity, than it is for him to relax his stranglehold on the people by which he forces them to ask for charity. This whole subject is a little complicated.

"Most houses erected for working people are put up by small contractors who are obliged to pay a high rate of interest to finance their undertakings. When the builder goes to the banker for a loan at the usual rates, he is told that money is tight, and that he cannot be accommodated. Then the banker gives the contractor the name of a man who, he says, may be able to help him. Off he goes and he gets the money all right, but before he is through he has paid 20 per cent for it. Why? Because the man named by the banker is a 'bonus man' working secretly in collusion with the banker. The 'bonus man' runs the expense up by charging for his services and for fees of various kinds, in addition to the legal interest. Does the banker know? Of course, he does. He is the instigator of the whole system, and shares in the extra profits made by beating the law in that way. *There are hundreds of bonus men operating in all the big cities.* You can find them in any business block. Don't blame the bonus man altogether. The money shark back of him is the fellow who deserves to be hit. Now, what happens? The poor contractor must charge more for the building, the landlord adds it to the rent, and in the end the tenant pays tribute to the money shark when he pays his rent.

"Let me tell you a little story," continued Feder. "One day a woman rushed into the office of the Hebrew Free Loan Society, flung down some jewelry, and begged us to let her have $100. We lent her the money,

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Causes and Cure of Business Depressions

Taxation of Production and Consumption and Non-taxation of Values Created by the Community the Principal Causes—the Road to Industrial Freedom

By HERBERT J. BROWNE

THERE are as definite causes of business depressions as there are of business booms. But they are not, as economists generally claim, swings of the pendulum. If they were the pendulum would swing equally in both directions. Business should always boom, for business is the supplying of human needs, and human needs are always outrunning the capacity of business to supply. Therefore business depression is unnatural and business activity the natural expression of human needs.

Has anyone ever seen a time when everyone had all the shoes he needed, all the clothes, all the food? When everyone was well housed, and the houses were all well furnished? No. No one has ever seen that wonderful day. Yet all have seen shoe factories close down because the demand for shoes had fallen off so much that accumulated stocks would supply the demand for a long time. Everyone has seen cloth mills and tailors idle from slackening of the demand for clothes; and lumber mills and brick yards and the whole range of the building industries dislocated from lack in the demand for houses and other buildings.

Catch up with human needs? Why, here are just two items in the long list of human needs in the United States alone: The railroads need the expenditure of ten billion dollars in electrification, in new equipment, in double tracking, in improvement of terminals, and in fitting the railroad systems to complement the vast new development of automobiles and auto trucking. There are one hundred thousand miles of highways the development of which into wide automobile roads is needed right now. Economically, farm produce is dragged uphill to the city consumer, and city production is dragged uphill to the country consumer. The economic hills need leveling.

Human needs satisfied? No, human needs are not and never will be fully satisfied. When material wants are met, and we can all—all—travel, see the world, the great natural wonders, and find time—time, not leisure—for broad education, then and not till then will man be able to grow into the image of his Maker.

What Causes Business Depressions?

BUT business depressions continue to come. In this country they used to be about 20 years apart; then 15, then 10, then seven. The country had one in 1907, another in 1914; it struck again in 1920-21. When will the next one come? Are the causes understood, not the *symptoms*, but the *causes?* If they are then the next depression may be forecasted. If the causes are removable, in time the world will become wise enough and unselfish enough to remove the causes, and then the natural law of steady and unbroken human activity will work to supply the constantly increasing requirements of human desires.

Now this is observable: *Certain interests, certain elements of the social organization escape the consequences of business depressions; there are some which even profit by them.*

The panic of 1857 was largely a bankers' panic due to the over-extension of credit in western land speculations, and an unsound system of state bank note issues. That of 1861 was due to the outbreak of the Civil War. The culmination of speculative railroad building and Wall Street finance brought on the panic of 1873. The depression of 1878 followed the contraction of the specie resumption period. In 1893 the country had a bankers' panic, largely artificial, involved in efforts to repeal the Sherman Act providing for the purchase and coinage of silver. The upheaval of 1907 was started by the gigantic struggle between Hill and Harriman for control of the Northern Pacific. The outbreak of the World War precipitated the depression of 1914, though the country had been moving into a business slough for several years. The industrial breakdown of 1921 will be discussed in detail further on.

The following tabulations are given to illustrate certain analyses, and attention is particularly directed to the fact that the national banks have in recent years largely escaped the effects of the depressions, especially since the passage of the Federal Reserve Banking Act:

TOTAL BUSINESS FAILURES—DOLLARS IN THOUSANDS

Year	Number	Liabilities	All Banks	Liabilities	National Banks	Liabilities
1857	4,932	$291,750				
1859	3,913	64,394				
1861	6,993	207,210				
1863	495	7,895				
1873	5,183	228,495				
1878	10,478	234,383				
1880	4,735	65 572				
1884	10,968	226,343				
1886	9,834	114,614				
1890	10,907	189,856				
1891	12,273	189,868				
1892	10,344	114,044				
1893	15,242	346,778	642	$210,998	161	$67,672
1899	9,337	90,879	55	26,116	10	17,706
1907	11,725	197,385	132	233,325	12	12,533
1908	15,690	222,315	180	123,126	31	48,388
1909	12,924	154,603	80	24,677	11	4,109
1913	15,632	250,802	120	31,546	7	5,197
1914	18,280	357,908	212	56,005	19	9,606
1915	22,156	302,286	133	37,223	18	13,649
1919	6,451	113,291	42	9,611	1	496
1921	19,652	627,401	330	96,124	28	17,301
1922	23,925	598,262	364	95,933	33	20,287

Intervening years of low figure failures are given to emphasize the extent of the business depressions in the bad years. In recent years it is plain that the national banks under the strict scrutiny of the Federal Reserve Board and the Controller of the Currency have become extremely conservative and reduced their failures to a minimum, though they handle an overwhelming proportion of the commercial paper of the country. *But that is also translatable into the discovery that in protecting themselves they have thrown into bankruptcy an increasing number of their depositor-borrowers.* The fundamental difficulty, then, lies deeper, and must be sought. Business failures in the United States far outnumber those in Great Britain, where more conservative methods are followed, and where the "shoestring" business gambling which has sprung up in the United States in the last 25 years is not tolerated.

Business failures as reported are confined to banks, commercial houses, wholesale, jobbing and retail, and to manufacturers. Mining companies in actual operation may get into the reports, though there is no uniform rule. Railroad receiverships, even though they may involve properties running into large millions and result in the wiping out of all the junior securities, are not included.

Still more striking, *no agency, not even the Federal Government in its painstaking census search for trivialties, has ever ventured to tabulate the foreclosures of mortgages on farms, homes and other forms of real estate.* Yet here are figures which in times of depression dwarf all other forms of business failures in numbers and volume many fold. Were recorded chattel mortgages included in the discovery of foreclosures, the totals would give the public a cross-section of economic conditions which the ruling powers are most anxious shall be kept under cover. (In one county in Colorado 6,000 foreclosure sales were advertised in March.)

One other important factor is also outside the knowledge of the people. The Federal Government has spent millions of dollars, years of time, with the services of hundreds, yes, thousands of the best experts and scientists available, to investigate and report on hundreds of subjects. It would take huge buildings to hold the libraries of printed matter which have resulted. Yet there is one subject that the government has never investigated, and every time the matter is brought to the attention of Treasury Department, Department of Commerce, any of the numerous bureaus of statistics, or to the attention of Congress itself, the body which lays all taxes and determines all appropriations, every one hunts for cover, the matter is hushed up, and nothing is ever done about it. This dangerous subject is *The Incidence of Taxation. Who pays the taxes?* Is it the individual who hands in the money, or is he merely a middleman with unlimited power to pass the tax on to someone else with a heavy commission for his part as intermediary? What is the effect of any particular tax? Does it stop with its payment, or does it keep on rolling up a snowball of hidden effects until it has affected many other articles than the one on which it was originally imposed and many other persons than the one who paid in the first instance?

Key Found in Correction of Tax Evils

INASMUCH as the people now pay more than four billion dollars a year to the Federal Government and about a billion more to the state, county and local governments, the questions here put, and correct answers to them, will have a definite value; for a clear understanding of the effect of taxes as now imposed or withheld will explain fully the causes of business depressions, foreclosures, failures and economic troubles generally.

If taxes returned to the public in productive benefits, the situation would simplify to some extent, but they seldom do. Let us examine in the light of reason and common sense a few taxes, and trace their effects. Every statement here made may be challenged, and yet the principal causes of economic depressions are involved, and the possibility of their removal lies in the correction of the evils of the present systems of taxation.

1. A tax on a bond, stock certificate, note, bank deposit, or mortgage is a tax on the mere paper evidence of title, the actual property being elsewhere and already taxed. So this class of taxes makes double taxation. The mortgagor pays the tax on the mortgage, for such tax is added to his rate of interest. This class of taxes is as unsound as would be the taxing of a deed to a house and then taxing the house.

2. A tax which rests on an individual directly, whether called a poll tax or by some other name cannot be shifted. The person has it to pay. Since the ability of individuals to pay varies with their income or their property, such a tax imposed equally on all persons is unjust to the poor and discriminates in favor of the well-to-do.

3. For the same reason taxes on food products weigh too heavily on the poor, who eat practically as much as the wealthy, and are thus disproportionately high. A poor man uses as much sugar as a rich man, yet the rich man may be worth thousands of times as much as the poor man. Therefore the tariff tax on sugar is an unjust tax. The same argument applies to all taxes on production which ends in articles of general consumption.

The tariff tax on sugar is paid by the importer. He adds it to the price of the sugar, and since it involved his advancing the money he adds a charge for that service. The refiner, wholesaler, jobber and retailer in turn pass that tax along, each adding a little to the original tax until the consumer finds that what was originally a tax of 1.83 cents basis of refined sugar from Cuban raw at 1.76 has become a tax of not less than 3.60 to 4 cents. So to get a revenue of perhaps $100,000,000 a year the government puts a charge of about $200,000,000 a year principally on the pockets of those least able to pay. The same principle applies to all taxes, whether tariff, internal revenue, or state and local, on all articles of food, wearing apparel, furniture, and so on.

4. Let us examine the whole line of general property taxes as applied to anything and everything which are products of human effort, whether that effort is direct and visible labor, directive labor, or that accumulated labor called capital. There is a tax on a sawmill; that is added into the cost and price of the lumber. The machinery in the sawmill was made in a machine shop which had been also taxed, and behind that still more machine shops with taxed implements, all rolling into the snowball of prices to be added to the cost of that lumber. The lumber finally arrives at the site of a new house, in company with bricks, lime, plaster, nails, plumbing, glass, and the whole range of fittings and material which enter into the making of a house. Now the house is built, and all those piled-up elements of previous taxation on the materials of the house and on the various processes of producing that material are added into the cost and therefore into the price of the house. They have all been transferred, "shifted" is the usual term, to the owner of the house or to the tenant who is to occupy it. But we have only begun. All these taxes which have been paid by the workmen who made that lumber and other material, on their food, clothing, the houses they live in, similarly rolled up, have formed an important element in their cost of living and forced them to seek increased wages, and, as has been amply evidenced the past few years, to secure them. Now the house is finished, and along comes the assessor and tax collector, and imposes a tax on that house with all its costs increased by this endless tangle of multiple taxation, which final tax includes in its valuation the increased price due to all the previous taxes. Yet the builder of the house has performed a public service. He has not only furnished a shelter to a family, but he has employed labor and sent the ramifications of activity and employment clear back to the remotest element of capital, labor and production which entered into the material of the house. For which beneficent act his house through its user is to be fined annually as long as it stands.

Why Low Taxes on Mineral Properties?

IT IS estimated that the "snowball" elements of multiple taxation, as here in part illustrated, add 25 per cent to the cost of living. They never stop. They recur endlessly. Anyone can spend an instructive day in taking up any single line of production and trying to follow the tax clew back through all its ramifications.

5. Now, take another class of property, the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania. They underlie some 360,000 acres of surface, are less than one-tenth developed, the rest in the condition in which the Almighty laid them down a million or more years ago. They are taxed at the rate of wild land usually, and are worth from $20,000 to $150,000 an acre. Four railroad corporations and a few private concerns and estates, all closely affiliated, own this entire deposit. During the World War while the Federal Government was taking pennies from children for soda water, the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania doubled in value from six billions to twelve billions of dollars, and that vast increment of wealth contributed not one cent to the nation in its hour of need.

The Constitution restricts the power of the Federal Government in imposing direct taxation to those made proportionate to the populations of the several states, but the war powers of the executive under the Constitution have never been fully defined by the Supreme Court. They might prove wide enough to cover a tax on the anthracite coal fields. The writer has put a good quality of anthracite coal in his cellar in Washington, D. C., for $4.25 a ton. The present retail price is around $16 a ton. It is obvious that the increased value of the anthracite coal fields is due to the ability of the owners thereof to make the public pay increased prices. Now were the Federal Government to do what the Mexican Government has done, and *extend its sovereignty and power of taxation over all mineral properties,* a tax of a dollar on the hundred of the value of the anthracite coal fields, which is far less than the average farm and home owner pays on his property, would produce a revenue of $120,000,000 a year, and would so stimulate the owners of that area that they would produce more coal and thus bring down the price. If the dollar rate did not do it, a $2 one might be tried. Let it be remembered that the anthracite field owners have not given the American people any increase in coal shipments in 10 years, although the urban population, which is the principal

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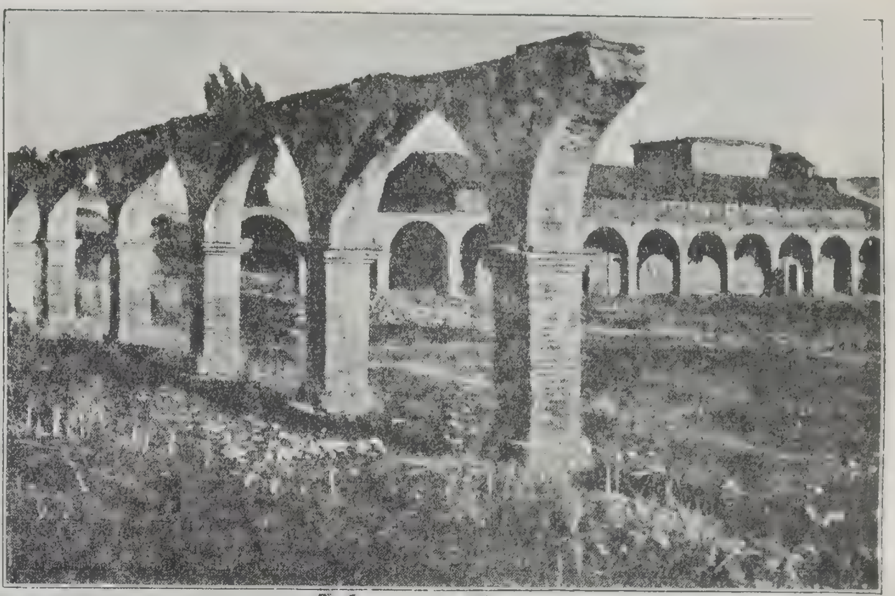
Indians Restore Missions Forefathers Built

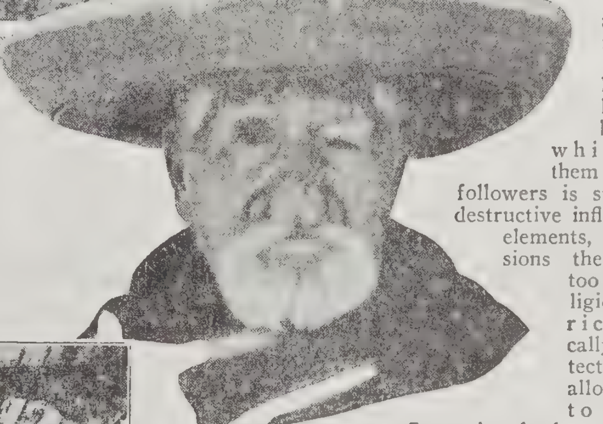
California Missions in Stone, Clay and Plaster, Serve as Signposts of Early Progress of Civilization

By HARRRY H. DUNN



One of the ruined arcades of the Mission San Juan Capistrano, now being restored. In the background, the long-roofed building is the famous church of Father Serra, founder of the Missions, who built it in 1776.

Above—Mission San Juan Capistrano, with the priests' garden in the foreground. This is the first of the chain of 22 Missions in California to be restored to its original appearance by the work of the descendants of the Indians who built the original edifices. Here Padre Junipero Serra planned all the rest of the Missions and laid out El Camino Real—"The King's Highway"—connecting them.



Right—Acu, hereditary bell-ringer of the Mission San Juan Capistrano, the only Acagcheme Indian remaining at the Mission, who is directing the Indians of other tribes in the methods of construction of the Mission buildings. He was once captain of the sheep-shearers, and played the flute in the Indian choir more than 70 years ago. His Spanish name is Jose de Gracia Cruz.

AFTER modern man, organized in clubs and associations and even in state and city governments, has tried in vain to accomplish the restoration and preservation of a chain of more than a score of the most important historical monuments in the New World, brown-skinned Indians, descendants of those other primitive people who erected these landmarks, are putting the structures back in the same condition in which they were more than 150 years ago, and giving to the United States probably the most valuable set of stone and clay and plaster records in the Americas.

The buildings are the California Missions, 22 in number, ranging along El Camino Real—"The King's Highway"—from the southwestern corner of that state to a point nearly 100 miles north of San Francisco Bay. Every effort has been made by those interested in their preservation, including the church, the state, a number of cities, the Landmarks Club and several other organizations, to have these buildings restored, and to have them kept as signposts of the early progress of civilization. All failed, and the Missions, since their secularization, in 1833, by the government of Mexico, have been crumbling except in one or two instances, such as the Santa Barbara Mission and the one at Los Angeles, which have attracted so much attention from tourists that the priests in charge have been able, from donations, to keep their beloved buildings in fair repair.

Now, however, comes Father St. John O'Sullivan, a young and enthusiastic successor to the padres who tramped the bare brown hills of California more than a century ago, with a plan which is resulting in the rapid restoration of the Mission San Juan Capistrano—"the Gem of the Missions"—of which he is in charge, and which will be extended to the other Missions until all have been reconstructed to the same size and condition they possessed when they were first completed and dedicated to the service of God on the Pacific shores. Father O'Sullivan has simply gathered together all the Indians who still live within the scope of influence of his Mission, and talked to them until they have seen, as he sees, the necessity of restoring and preserving the buildings in which their forefathers were given their first glimpse of a Christian world. Then, with the plans drawn by Padre Junipero Serra, founder of the Missions, before him, and with these Indians as his workmen, Father O'Sullivan has proceeded to rebuild the Mission, exactly as it was first built, not as modern architects would build it.

The walls rise again from adobe bricks, of the same size and color and manner of making as those from which the Indians of 1776 built the Mission. Binding the walls is cement, made by hand from lime hauled from the surrounding hills. Supporting the roofs are huge hand-hewn timbers, cut with ax and adze slowly and carefully and to the exact size, just as they were cut under Father Serra's direction. The roofs are laid of handmade tile, the clay colored a brilliant red before it is molded into the half-tubes which resemble so closely those of 150 years ago that, except for the moss on the latter, one could not distinguish them. Over the walls is laid a homemade plaster, put on, not with trowel or mortar board, but with that odd, flat, triangular stone, which the Indians called "takkish."

It is the idea of Father O'Sullivan that the Missions should be "restored," not "reconstructed"; that they should stand once more exactly as they stood when built, of exactly the same materials, on the same plans, to the same size, and of the same architecture. In his own Mission, he is even restoring an altar, brought from Spain in 1806 or 1807, and then nearly 200 years old, which he found in a warehouse, where it had lain for nearly a century. At this altar, when the Mission San Juan Capistrano once more appears as it did in 1876, this enthusiastic priest will call his congregation together and hold his services, on the identical spot, and before the same altar at which Junipero Serra worshiped and said mass.

Rear, or choir, end of Father Serra's church, before the work of restoration began. The altar, parts of which are shown at the left, is about 300 years old, and was shipped from Spain in 1806 or 1807 to the Mission San Juan Capistrano, where it is to be used again, when restoration of the Mission has been completed.

The other day I had the pleasure of walking with Father O'Sullivan, beneath the leaning arches of San Juan Capistrano. We watched the Indians, led by old Acu, last of the Acagchemes, and now hereditary bell-ringer of the Mission, working on the adobe bricks, or molding the rounded red tile, and the young Irishman, retreading the paths of the Spanish Franciscans who preceded him by a century and a half, told me something of his ideals and his plans:

"The Missions are in ruins; the Indians are no more; the pious padres have gone to their rewards. The world which loves the flesh and the pride of life says that the work of the Fathers was a failure. But in a sense which the world does not and cannot understand, the things they wrought will one day rise like a glorious sun over the ocean of eternity, while the work of the worldling, which is now so proudly held up for the admiration of his fellow men, will sink and disappear, like the sorry wreck of a ship, pounded to pieces on the treacherous rocks of time.

"Though the work of these padres in the hearts and minds of men is permanent, the labor of their hands in the buildings which housed them and their followers is subject to the destructive influences of the elements, yet the Missions themselves are too valuable religiously, historically, artistically and architecturally, to be allowed to sink to dissolution. So, going back to the methods by which the Acagcheme Indians, who lived in the rancherias surrounding this Mission, worked under direction of Father Junipero Serra, from 1760 to 1800, I am restoring this Mission, and am taking up with the priests in charge of the other Missions, the restoration of each of them by similar methods."

The cost of restoring a Mission depends largely on the amount of damage done to it by the Mexican authorities when they took the Missions away from the church back in 1833. At Capistrano the cost is $8,500.

The walls are being rebuilt four feet in thickness, that is to say, four adobe bricks wide, just as the remaining standing walls of the Mission, and of the other 21 Missions, are built. When this church has been completely restored and the present north wall across the church, placed there since 1867, shall have been removed, Mission services will be held there once more, just as they were held long ago.

Many interesting discoveries have been made by Father O'Sullivan since he commenced this labor of love in restoring "the Gem of the Missions." Here are preserved the records of San Juan Capistrano, as well as the dates of the founding and completion of the other Missions. Among other things shown by these records are that three padres had been buried under the sanctuary of Father Serra's church. The records are not clear as to the exact location of the tombs of Fathers Varona and Fuster, and, to be historically correct, establish burial and locate the graves before restoration work hid them, Father O'Sullivan, wielding the spade in his own hands, started exploratory excavations which carried him virtually throughout the entire ground area of the church. Work, however, is only one of the things of which Father O'Sullivan is not afraid, and he found all three graves, and identified each. Beyond the Mission itself he went exploring, and, stored in an old warehouse, he found one of the finest altars, probably the finest, in the New World, brought to this Mission in 1806 or 1807 and used until the secularization order when it was hidden away, in 1833, by some faithful son of the Mission. The altar is of mahogany and rosewood, carved in Mexico, shipped to Spain and there inlaid with gold and silver leaf and further ornamented, and then returned to the Mission San Juan Capistrano. This is the altar which is to be used again for services.

Market Prices by Radio Aid Farmers, Inquiry Shows

Hundreds of Letters Demand Continuance of United States Service

J. C. GILBERT, in charge of Radio Market News Service of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, sending crop and market reports from his office to Arlington, by ordinary telephone, where N A A transmits these reports both by radio telephone and telegraph.

By S. R. WINTERS

"WE 'HILL-BILLIES' out in the 'sticks' look upon radio as a blessing direct from God. We farmers are 'going broke' anyway, but we would like to have our radio to 'sorter' ease the pain."

A tiller of the soil—C. C. Windsor, by name—in a hand-written letter, rich in homely expressions, savoring of the sod, thus picturesquely suggests the benefits of the radio telephone to the countryside. He lives on a farm 100 miles northwest of St. Louis, Missouri, and 15 miles removed from any railway station. "Six months out of 12," he writes, "we consider a trip to the railroad station a 16-hour job—get up at 4 a. m. and get home around 8 p. m.—ourselves and teams worn to a frazed-edge."

If any one doubts the isolation of rural life, and the possibilities of radio telephony, with its entertaining, educational, and religious services, to bring the farm nearer the bustling city, the letter of this Missouri farmer should dispel such a misconception. And, although somebody has said that the highway that courses by your door is the road that leads to the end of the world, the dirt forming the pathway that links the home of this rural dweller in Missouri is frequently a barrier to the outside world. "We have not had a service in our church since August, 1921," he writes. "Our four boys and two girls have to walk to school through mud and rain, and probably 'coon' a log to get across the creek when it is full." C. C. Windsor, of Mineola, in the 'Show-Me' State, who penned the foregoing expressive sentences, owns a crystal-detector radio-receiving set, and isolation, impassable roads, a church without services, freshets, and even floods, are not conditions barring his contact with civilization beyond his own doorsteps.

This letter, as well as 596 others from farmers, grain dealers, operators of mills and elevators, and country bankers, was prompted by a "feeler" sent broadcast by the Radio Market News Service of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture. J. C. Gilbert, specialist in market extension, requested the 86 wireless stations that are disseminating crop and market reports to include in their broadcasting programs for a period of one week the following paragraph:

"If you are interested in these market reports Uncle Sam wants to know about it. Write direct to the Radio News Service, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and tell them the use you make of the reports. Also make suggestions regarding the Market News Service if you have any—write today. The future of market reports by radio depends upon your interest in them."

The replies, nearly 600, all told, strange to say, largely had their sources in four states—Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska. Forty per cent of the answers originated with farmers, and from 20 to 25 per cent of the replies to this formal inquiry were received from grain dealers, mills and elevators. Banks, co-operative organizations, radio companies, farm bureaus, high schools, farm granges, dairy companies, telephone companies, miscellaneous shippers, doctors and preachers, were among the enterprises scatteringly represented in this symposium of information and comment on the value of disseminating reports of market conditions by radio telegraphy and telephony. Since these four states in the Middle West are the seed-beds of grains and the feeding and tramping grounds of live stock, quite naturally, the major portion of the replies specifically mentioned grain and live stock as the two commodities in which continued "rapid-fire" information was desired by means of radio.

It is disappointing from the standpoint of this, the first nation-wide survey of making inquiry into the extent and practical uses of agricultural information (primarily market reports, borne on the medium of electromagnetic waves) that the expressed interests should be concentrated in four states. Yet, it may be said that these are located in a region where progressive tendencies are usually first intrenched. Was it not the Corn Belt section or the middle western states that first adopted modern agricultural machinery? Similarly, is it not to be expected that the radio telephone, a new invention as its services apply to rural life, should originally establish itself in an agricultural region where other far-reaching modern farm conveniences were early implanted? Or, possibly crop and market reports, at this time, are of more tangible value to grain and live stock producers in the Middle West than a similar service elsewhere; in the South, for instance, where cotton is the major crop.

Irrelevant these speculations doubtless may be, compared to the significance attached to the analysis made possible by the replies prompted by the inquiry that would determine the extent and use to which market reports by radio are being applied. It is the first survey of its kind, and the data thus realized may be appraised as faithfully reflecting the uses and benefits of the radio telephone in mills, grain elevators, banks, and on farms. Much generalization with respect to the magic of radio in dissipating the isolation of the countryside has been indulged, but the inquiry of Mr. Gilbert has unfolded numerous specific instances where the radio telephone is serving the needs of a country-minded citizenry. An examination of these letters, on file in Washington, affords a "close-up" view of farmers, grain dealers and country merchants "listening-in" upon their wireless receiving sets for the offerings of the ether. For that reason, this writer perused nearly 600 letters, many of them extremely brief, to be sure, that the readers of this magazine might have an insight into the symposium of views and comments of rural folk with their head-telephones clamped on their eardrums. The variety of comments alone challenges interest:

"The above service (referring to the Radio Market News Service) is of more value to farmers than newspapers, telegraph or telephone. In fact, it is one of the very few things the government has done that is of benefit to the farmer," is the interesting, though extravagant, claim of William L. Ewing, who lives on a rural free delivery out from Vincennes, Indiana.

"Now for the love of Mike don't stop it," thus speaks William H. Bohanan, of Benton County, Indiana. He, of course, is not referring to his favorite country newspaper, but market reports that come to him by means of a wireless receiving outfit.

R. L. Eyman, county agricultural agent at Jerseyville, Illinois, indicates that 500 farmers make direct use of radio facilities at this point. He is of the opinion that farmers in general in Jersey County are being benefited by this service.

The Mount Vernon High School, located at Mount Vernon, Indiana, is receiving agricultural information by wireless telephone and utilizing it in its vocational agricultural class. Graphs, indicating the trends of conditions in big markets, are posted and pupils are thus better enabled to learn farm economics.

"It seems to me that there should be no doubt about such useful service being continued, especially when some stations seem to be in the air at their pleasure with chimes, concerts, 'jazz,' music and chiropractic lectures—of so little importance to the public, compared to many other things." Thus writes J. R. Witzigman, cashier of the Miles Savings Bank, of Miles, Iowa, who obviously stresses the utility value of the radio telephone in preference to its entertaining possibilities.

M. H. Calderwood, another banking official in Iowa, located at Eddridge, in praiseworthy terms, says: "This is probably the greatest thing for the farmers that has been thought of in many years." The Farmers' Bank, of Stephens, Missouri, has installed a wireless receiving set "for the purpose of receiving the live stock market reports and weather forecast daily and posting them in our bank lobby for the benefit of the public." Another bit of testimony indicative of the tendency of a coalition between the country bank and the radio telephone is afforded by the example of the Caldwell County Trust Company, of Kingston, Missouri, to wit: "It is a great service and the best that we have had of getting prices, especially on the live stock market and grain market."

Eggs and poultry may be exchanged in the market-places on the strength of information "picked" out of the ether. Lefmann and Sons, of Washington, Missouri, indicated that market reports of this character are of particular interest to them. A similar but more elaborate expression comes from A. C. Holfner, of New Melle, in the "Show-Me" State: "By waiting for the daily paper to bring us the market quotations, we are exactly 25 hours behind, as the market is set in St. Louis at 11:30 a. m., printed in the evening paper, which, in turn, reaches us by mail at 1 p. m. the following day; whereas we get the radio market from the *Post-Dispatch* at St. Louis at 12:40 or one hour and 20 minutes after the market is set for the next 24 hours." This egg and poultry dealer resides in an inland town, eight miles from the nearest railroad.

The butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker may be interested in wireless telephony, as witnessed by a band agency located in the village of a middle western state, which has installed a wireless receiving set for the purpose of distributing market reports to butchers and merchants. This information is posted on a spacious blackboard located in a bank.

How one radio-receiving outfit can benefit hundreds of farmers, congregating around the crossroads' store or other assembling points, is suggested by the following letter from Coulon and Mayor, Labarpe, Illinois: "We get our markets exclusively through the radio service now, and every week sees hundreds of farmers getting the same benefits through us; and, also, some of them through their own machines which are becoming quite numerous."

All told, 133 mills, elevators and grain dealers, responding to the government inquiry, expressed interest in and indicated the value of the radio telephone.

"Our buying and selling are governed largely, if not wholly, by these reports," asserts E. L. Moore, a grain and feed buyer of La Cygne, Kansas. C. L.

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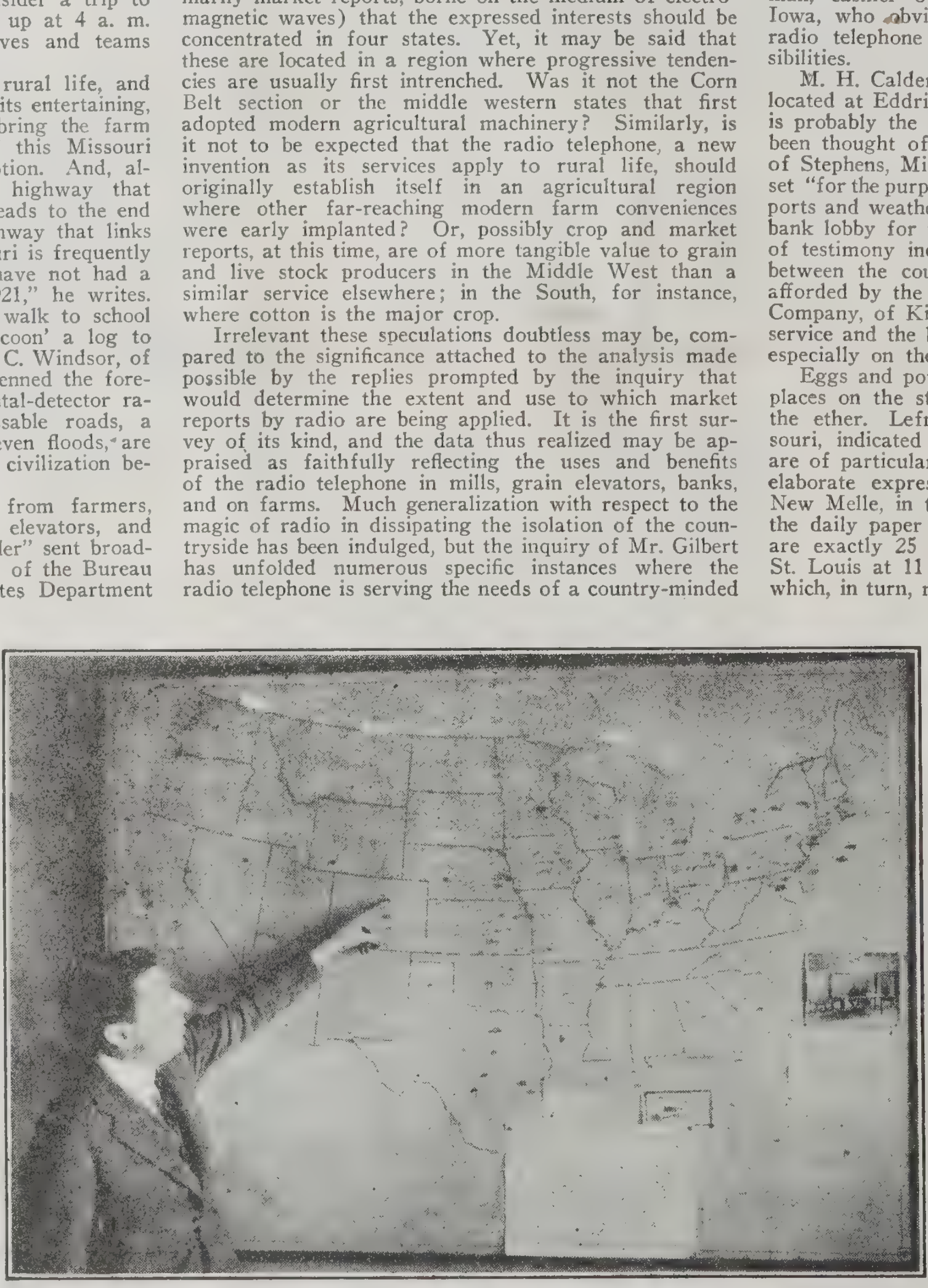


Mr. Gilbert indicating by a pin-perforated map that crop and market reports by radio cover every state east of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast states.

How Should Newspapers Treat 'Crime News'?

A Law Professor Handles the Question Fearlessly: News of Penalty Is News Also; He Cites Cases

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

ONE of the most frequent criticisms made of the newspaper is that it devotes too much space to reports of crimes committed, and that in so doing it but serves as a textbook in crime for the potential criminal.

Professor John B. Waite, professor of law in the law school of the University of Michigan, an acknowledged authority on criminal law, has but little patience with such criticism. He contends that in the long run the public does not suffer through knowledge of the truth—provided it gets all the truth. He would not curtail the publication of crimes in the public press. Instead he would increase the amount of space devoted to crimes—increase it to include a full and comprehensive report of the punishment meted out to those who had committed the crimes.

"News of the crime itself is usually front-page stuff, but news of the punishment imposed for conviction of the criminal is just as usually back-page stuff, tucked away in a few lines in some remote corner of the paper where, if it is seen at all, it is by the merest chance," Professor Waite pointed out, in discussing the question of a newspaper's responsibility in printing crime. "Punishment for crime is utterly and absolutely useless unless such punishment gets publicity, and only the press can give it publicity. To the extent that the press fails in that obligation, to that extent the press is responsible for the contempt of law and the crime for which this country is notorious among nations."

The More News the Better—If Complete

FRANKLY admitting that he has no particular interest in the complaint that newspapers serve as textbooks for potential criminals, Professor Waite said that perhaps, through the publication of crime details, and the frequent exposure of faults of procedure, certain instruction in ways and means are given to impressionable minds, "but that is inevitable so long as crime and its methods exist as facts," he declared, and then he added: "To my mind newspapers publish not too much fact, but too little. In the long run the public cannot suffer through knowledge of the truth, if they get the whole truth and nothing else. To deny the value to the people of facts and all the facts, is to slander the whole idea of Democracy. It is never knowledge, but ignorance, that leads to blundering public action, and perpetuates the evils of popular government and misguided personal action.

"They who urge censorship of the news on the ground of political expediency suggest incapacity on the part of the people. In wanting to feed the public only such facts as censors in an assumption of self-superiority may think the public fit to receive, they appear to me to be the transmigrated priesthood who maliciously, or in misguided good faith, kept the truths of life from the people in the interest of their own bigotry or gain.

"Possibly I am myself a fanatic in the enthusiasm of my belief that we Americans, as a people, are capable of guiding our actions better and more wisely than any intellectual oligarchy can indirectly guide them for us, and so I suggest that not less news of crimes be printed but more. To print the results, to the criminal, of the crimes he has been convicted of committing, to let the public know what the punishment has been for these misdeeds, is backing up the efforts of administering justice."

Is Public Penalty a Deterrent?

PROFESSOR WAITE called attention to the fact that originally punishment grew out of the desire for vengeance by the person injured. It was imposed by the state mainly out of desire to keep the peace by regulating it and limiting its scope. Punishment cannot be abolished, he pointed out, without leading to an outbreak of illegitimate vengeance. He called attention to the Russian Czars Vlodimer I and II, who tried to abolish the death penalty, with the result, in each instance, of a widespread development of private feud and reprisal murders. "Even today any general failure in administering criminal justice would inevitably produce Lynch law or 'vigilante' action," he said, and recalled that only a few months ago a judge upon the bench referred to punishment for crime as the "righting of a past wrong; the avenging of the oppressed."

"But granting this as its origin, modern ideas of public good have invested punishment with a different, an additional and more important purpose; namely that of deterrence," said Professor Waite. "To some extent it has in view deterrence of the individual punished, himself. This is a social spanking of a naughty child. The earlier English punishment, when actually inflicted, was very efficacious in this respect. The punishment, even for first offenders in more than 150 crimes, was death. In the main, however, the purpose is deterrence of others. The idea is so to spank Tom for his misdeeds that Dick and Harry will stay on their good behavior to avoid a similar spanking.

"It is sometimes asserted that the whole theory of deterring one by the punishment of another is fallacious; that it does not in fact deter. I have heard of an early English statute, though I have been unable to locate it, occasionally cited in proof of its futility. That act declared, in effect, that pickpockets caught plying their nefarious trade among the people assembled to witness the hanging of a pickpocket, should not only be hanged but should be additionally punished. On its face such a statute exposes its own futility. It condemns, apparently, even hanging as a deterrent, hanging not merely heard of in ribald gossip, but hanging actually witnessed. Gallows meat seems to have fattened under the shadow of the gallows itself as unconcernedly as do cattle in the stockyard pens.

JOHN B. WAITE,

Professor of Law at the University of Michigan, and an authority on criminal law.

"But potential criminals don't always ignore possible punishment, they merely count on the improbability of receiving any. English executions failed because only a small number of actual criminals were caught and few of those caught were executed. The fear of punishment was, and is, divided by the chances of escaping it, and the quotient resulting is distinctly small as a deterrent."

Where Newspapers Mislead People

PROFESSOR WAITE called attention to a punishment that will in fact deter, as illustrated by an authentic experience of South Carolina before whipping was abolished. Bands of thieves that operated widely from New Orleans to Baltimore, left South Carolina undisturbed. He recalled that the explanation given by the thieves themselves, when they were subsequently caught, was, "They whip men for stealing in South Carolina and that is something no gentlemen will submit to." And once he quoted from Solomon, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."

"You may well be asking in what way newspapers are to blame for this failure of criminal justice wherefore men count on escape rather than on punishment," said Professor Waite. "As a matter of fact I am not crediting the failure to newspapers. It is due to the defects in the human element and to the ignorance or the incapacity or the unscrupulousness or the self-seeking of some of the men who sit on our judicial benches and serve on our juries. In a sense the newspapers are to blame. According to the report of the Cleveland *Survey*, the judge who works long hours studying his cases and who renders prompt, intelligent judgments never gets his name before the public in the daily news. *But the mutton-head or the clever politician is advertised by the papers because it is considered news that he eats candy during a trial and says it strengthens his nerves.*

"Judge Stevens' spectacular punishments of bootleggers were printed in capitals, but his later quiet remission of these punishments was ignored by the papers. In this way the papers do help to perpetuate the defective element in the administration of criminal justice.

"Where the press more directly fails to back up the efforts of justice is a simpler matter. Not all crime goes unpunished. A surprisingly large proportion of criminals are caught. Although there is delay and inefficiency in the trial of them, a much larger proportion of them are ultimately punished than the layman is wont to believe. When one divides the punishment by the chance of escape he usually gets his supposed knowledge of the chances of escape from the newspapers, and when he gets so small a per cent of danger to the criminal it is because his figures for the chance of escape are inaccurate and usually much too large.

Take the Toledo Robbery for Example

"THE press does, as far as I am aware, give publicity to every crime committed. But it does not—of that I am sure—it does not give publicity to every punishment imposed for conviction of crime. And, more particularly, news of the crime is usually front-page stuff, while news of the punishment, when it is reported at all, is back-corner stuff and is related in an infinitely lower tone.

"For instance, the post office robbery at Toledo a year or so ago was a spectacular affair which drew scareheads from all the near-by papers. A number of men and women were concerned in it and securities of immense value were taken. The papers went at length into all details, the planning which had preceded it and the methods by which it was carried out. I, like the rest of the world, should be disappointed if papers ceased to give such facts.

"But I wonder how many people, who read all about the robbery, now know that the government has recovered most of the loot and that, caught and tried singly and in groups, most of the actors in the crime are lock-stepping the cold corridors of Leavenworth penitentiary? You and I may know it because we happen to be interested in Toledo and its affairs and from back page and middle page we have picked up and remembered the casual announcement that one after another had been caught and, later, had been convicted. Knowing vaguely from the papers that several had been caught I recently looked up the records. I was astonished to find that 25 men and women had been not only arrested, but tried. Of these 25, there were 21 found guilty and sentenced. Two were given life sentences and three others terms that were practically for life. Exclusive of the life-termers, the total of sentences was more than 184 years.

Some Figures on Space Given to Crime

"THAT, I think, was a crime that most distinctly did not pay anybody.

"But I wonder how many casual readers of the papers have any idea of these facts. Most readers without doubt believe that there at least, in view of the huge sum stolen, was a profitable transaction; a successful crime that netted enough to put every actor in it on "Easy street" for the rest of his life. Inquiry among my acquaintances who read of the crime shows that none knows that it put the actors in the penitentiary.

"Cannot the final slam of the prison door and the dreary prison years be invested with the morbid news interest, if properly written up, that a now commonplace holdup possesses? The pallid convict would have a greater novelty in news than the highwayman, I think.

"We know for a fact that newspapers can and do give special publicity to certain subjects when they choose to do so. For example, during the first half of January, 1919, the Cleveland papers gave about 900 inches of space to crime. During the last half of that month they gave 6,600 inches to crime. Crime itself, however, had only increased from 345 to 362.

"The whole matter, then, resolves itself into this: Punishment for crime is utterly and absolutely useless unless such punishment gets publicity. And only the press can give it publicity. To the extent that the press fails in that obligation, to that extent the press is responsible for the contempt of law and the crime for which this country is notorious among nations.

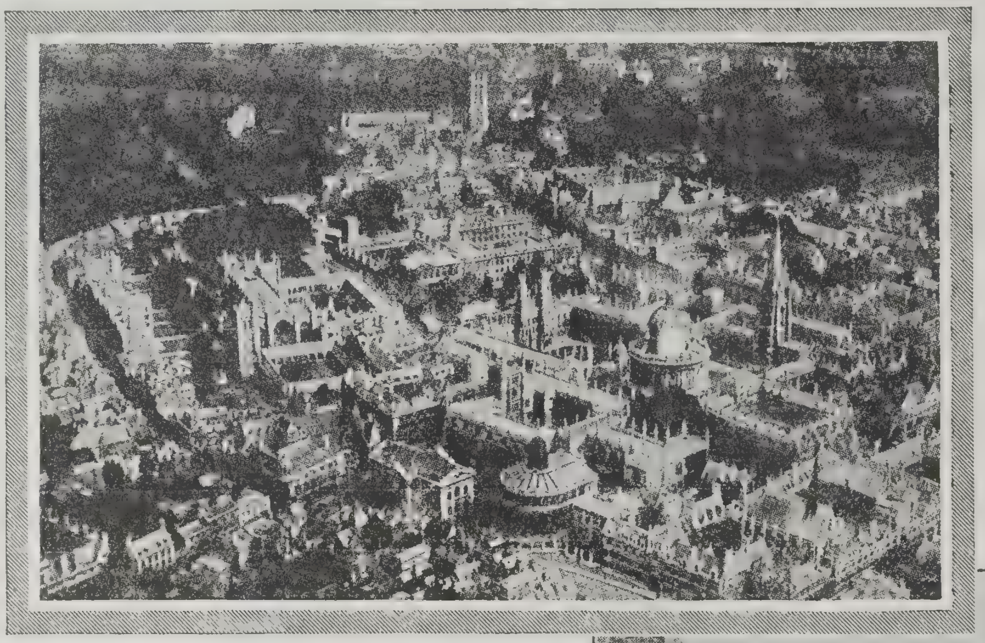
"But to the extent that the press will feature punishment as well as crime, to that extent the press will give force to deterrence and will create a new respect for law and a surprising decrease in crime."

Social Life Oxford's Most Important Factor

Tutorial System of English University Life Does Away With Formality Which Often Frightens

By CHARLES R. BAGLEY

OF ALL the factors that contribute to a student's education in Oxford, the social life is undoubtedly the most important as well as the most attractive. The entire university system is based on the principle that contact with intelligent men brings both knowledge and inspiration, and the method adopted is that of wide inter-associations of students and professors. Oxford seeks to educate rather than instruct; that is, the student is encouraged to develop slowly and carefully his own personality rather than forced to accept predigested materials and readymade opinions from books and instructors. An old don (professor) once explained the system very well in the following statement: "We bring them here, put them in contact with good books, intelligent companions, and established traditions; and then let them educate themselves." This explains why the social side of the university life is so highly developed. It appears in the method of instruction, in the club meetings, and in the sports, as well as in the social life proper.



Oxford, from the air.

Such a statement without explanation might lead one to believe that Oxford is merely a winter resort, where the students go to spend the session amid pleasant social surroundings. My friends have often inquired: "But please tell me when do you work! Every time I hear from you, you are either having one continuous round of engagements at Oxford or else running around the Continent with a party of friends." Naturally, it is perplexing to an outsider. How is one going to reconcile the conflicting idea of work as reflected in the Oxford standard with the idea of recreation as seen in the extensive social life of the university? In reality, the answer is as simple for one who has experienced the life as it is difficult for those unfamiliar with English ideas of education. Here it is in a word. The social life at Oxford, as evidenced by the fact that it runs over into all phases of university activities, is primarily an attitude, a means to an end. The few students who fail to understand this early in their course become painfully aware of the fact on the day of final reckoning. Most of one's actual book work is done during the vacations, which last for six weeks at Christmas, six weeks at Easter, and for sixteen weeks during the summer. Even those events which might be classed as purely social are not designed merely for the purpose of just having a good time but also for the purpose of making new acquaintances and friends and of nourishing those friendships already formed. If I were to explain it in terms of the don's definition quoted above, I should say that the students find that the best way to educate themselves is to keep in close touch with the professors and with the other students of the university, not by a mere official relationship but by an informal friendliness which leads to friendly discussions, an exchange of opinions, and often to a mutual inspiration.

Stephen Leacock, in "My Discovery of England," humorously describes the Oxford tutorial system as being nothing more than a pastime in which the tutor invites the pupil to his rooms after dinner and "smokes at him" for an hour or so once a week. As a matter of fact, the tutor does "smoke at" his students during the tutorial hour. Naturally he does other things besides smoke at them, but we are not primarily interested just here in the instruction itself. I have often had my tutor drink at me as well when I was taking lunch or dinner in his home. Some of my tutors have had me drink at them, too, when they came to my rooms for tea. Several times during the year, particularly on Guy Fawkes night, students and tutors both smoke and drink at each other.

This attitude of the tutor toward pupil during lectures and tutorials and his decidedly friendly attitude outside of the classroom does away with the formality which often frightens the pupil into a fruitless silence, where he accepts submissively whatever is handed out, not daring to ask why or how it came to be so. The tutor and pupil get together. In my own case, I remember distinctly that by the end of the second week my tutor had informally and quietly, but nevertheless thoroughly, taken a complete inventory of my vacant mind. All restraint was broken down by his apparent interest and by the way he met me on terms of equality. We talked together and discussed our problems as man to man, problems which came up in the essay or problems which arose from university conditions or from the day's news. In this way a skillful tutor can draw out of a student all that the latter is capable of doing. Good students flourish under this system; poor ones get what they are capable of assimilating; while lazy students die off from want of attention. As soon as I found out that my tutor had sounded the depths of my ignorance and that there was no further use of my denying the fact I started in to do some real work. Far be it from me to defend the Oxford system of social education on the grounds that it made a student out of me. That could be proved only with great difficulty. Still I shudder to think of how much further I might have fallen short had it not been for the three years I spent there.

Corpus Christi College and Merton tower.

The River during Eights' Week.

The freedom of relations between tutor and pupil is well exemplified by what happened at my own college one night during a celebration. One particular tutor was having such a gay time with one of his pupils that he forgot about the passing time. About 1 a. m. he suddenly realized that he had kept the pupil overtime and that the latter, returning to college after midnight, would be reported by the gatekeeper and heavily fined if not expelled. Despite the pupil's protests that he didn't want to go back to college, the don took him there and pushed him inside through a private entrance, for which he had a key. As a result, the poor student, who really lived out in town, was forced to climb back over the high wall and managed finally to reach his own rooms about 3 a. m.

It is in the clubs that social life reaches its highest point. On entering Oxford I was appalled at the number of clubs meeting each week; there must be at least 25 important clubs and societies which hold weekly meetings. There are clubs for every race, idea and creed; language clubs, literary clubs, musical societies, art societies, political clubs, labor clubs, cosmopolitan clubs, debating clubs, dramatic clubs, Indian clubs, and socialist circles. Most of the larger clubs have rooms of their own where meetings are held on a certain night of each week and where members and friends may gather informally at any time to discuss affairs of every sort. Some of the clubs serve meals; practically all of them have reading and writing rooms stocked with magazines and daily papers, where one can attend to one's correspondence or meet friends for tea or coffee. The programs in the majority of the clubs alternate between debates among members and addresses by noted visitors. Heckling is carried on good-naturedly but very consistently, regardless of persons or circumstances; so that a student who has served any big club efficiently as president for a term may rightfully claim some ability as a governor of restless subjects. Dr. George Vincent, after listening to the minutes of the previous meeting at the American Club, laughingly and wittily accused us of inviting speakers there, not for the pleasure of listening to their talks, but to have some object for criticism in the minutes of the following week. All debates are thrown open to the house, and at the close the entire assembly votes on the question. No one cares a snap about oratory, and every member votes according to his own personal opinion about the question at issue.

The club life, like everything else at Oxford, is too extensive for one man to follow it all. Each student is forced to choose from the number a few clubs which are especially interesting for him and concentrate on them. The Union is by far the largest and best-known society in the university; but I, being an American, studying French on British soil, devoted all my attention to the American Club, the French Club, and the British-American Club. My associations in these three clubs brought me in personal touch with four American students from every state in the United States and with many eminent American, British and French visitors. Perhaps the most wholesome benefit which the student derives from these wide, informal associations with scholars, statesmen, authors, and with his own club mates, is the power of quick, clear, versatile expression, and, above all, the ability to orient himself under varying conditions. For instance, when ministers or members of Parliament come up to debate at the Union, undergraduate members of the club debate alongside of them. In the same way, an ambassador or poet on a visit to some club is usually entertained to dinner by the executive committee and later presented to the club by the student president.

My happiest memories of Oxford are those of associations on and off the athletic field. In America, we often miss this delightful side of college games; we are content for the most part to meet the visiting team as an enemy on the field and are duly happy if we can turn them back with the small end of the score. There, the home team entertains the visitors to luncheon or tea in the college club house, where a special table is set apart for that purpose. In the winter when the afternoons are extremely short, the visiting players have to be content with a drink of beer or shandy at the close of the contest; but when spring comes around with its long, sunshiny afternoons, the tennis and cricket players halt their matches for a full hour at

(Concluded on page 15)

Abrams' Machine a Trap for the Unwary

Concluded from page 3

cording to Abrams, from the vibrations inherent in the drop of blood placed in the dynamizer.

The exhaustive tests carried on by Mr. Rieber, his staff and myself gave the following results:

1. The "dynamizer," as described above, consists merely of a hollow disc of some sort of composition, pierced by the two steel rods, each flattened at the inner end, and bored for the reception of a wire at the outer ends. An electrical current will pass through these rods if applied to them. An electrical current, if applied to them, will not pass out of the wire coming from the steel disc at the top of the dynamizer. No energy appreciable to the most delicate galvanometer, or measurable by the finest ohm-meter, is given off by the dynamizer when the drop of human blood is placed in it, and when it is operated exactly according to Abrams' instructions. The dynamizer, in the words of fact, does nothing, and can do nothing, but serve as a receptacle for the drop of blood.

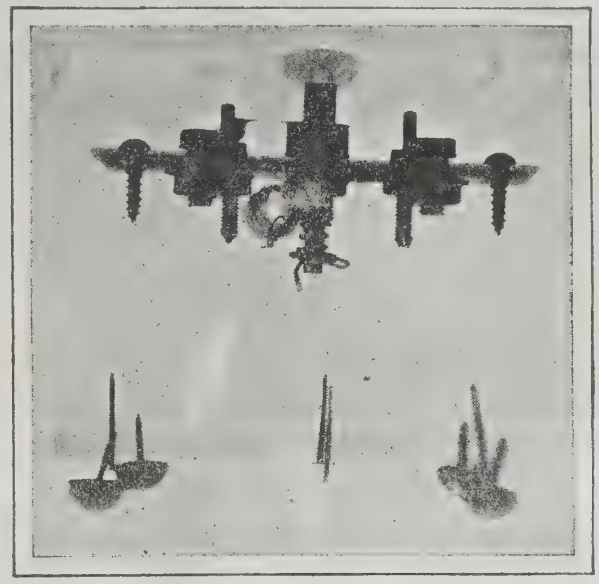
2. The "amplifier" consists of a three-point rheostat, and nothing more. Tested, its three points showed resistance of 0 ohms, 0.34 ohms, and 1.03 ohms. The second contact showed a short circuit, a not uncommon failing of all of Abrams' machines, which are declared to be so delicate that they measure an energy not appreciable by any other instruments yet devised by man. This "amplifier" was tested for inductance, but there was none. The instrument merely registers, in a crude and inaccurate manner, ohmic resistance, and, far from increasing the vibratory rate of any current, would, if the current were actually applied to it, reduce that current. Yet Abrams claims that this contraption "multiplies the rate of vibration of a drop of blood to 50,000 times that of radioactivity."

3. The two "reflexophones" by which Abrams claims to measure this new energy he has discovered, and to measure it in minute fractions of an ohm, are merely rheostats, that is to say, instruments for the measurement of ohmic resistance, similar to but larger than the "amplifier." They are so crudely made that they cannot even measure accurately entire ohms, far from being capable of measuring fractions of an ohm. Repeated checkings of these instruments, using an ohm-meter measuring down to 1/1000th of an ohm, showed a variation in the actual resistance of the points on these rheostats from the amount numbered on the points of as much as 96/100ths, or almost a whole ohm. Construction is so poor that it was necessary to make in many instances as many as ten tests before the actual ohmic resistance of each point could be established. That is to say, these "reflexophones" are merely crude rheostats, capable of measuring small amounts of ohmic resistance, but inaccurate in every one of their measurements. They would be thrown out of any high school laboratory, and one of the pupils put at work building a more accurate instrument. Better rheostats than these can be bought for $1 each in any store selling electrical toys. They mean nothing, do nothing, measure nothing accurately, either medically, electrically or mechanically. Like the sandwich in the snake story, they are "put there just to make it harder."

There are three rheostats to each "reflexophone." One of these rheostats registers from 0 to 10; a second from 0 to 50 by tens, and a third from 0 to 25. The first measures a total of ten ohms, or is supposed so to measure; the second measures 0, 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 ohms, or is so indicated; while the third measures one ohm divided into twenty-fifths. As has been said, both "reflexophones" are exactly alike. Each, therefore, has a total resistance of 61 ohms, 10 on one switch, 50 on another, and one on the third. Bear in mind that this is the ohmic resistance indicated; it is by no means the actual resistance, as will be shown in a moment. It should be remembered also that a resistance of 61 ohms, electrically speaking, would measure almost nothing in the way of vibrations, certainly it could not hope to measure a vibration "50,000 times as fast as radioactivity." It may be said in passing that the resistance of the ordinary electric light is about 500 ohms. The Abrams "reflexophone" could not measure much more than one-tenth of it, and both combined only about one-fourth of it.

When the "amplifier" is connected with the two "reflexophones," by manipulating the contact arms, the experimenter found that he could throw in a maximum total resistance of 123.37 ohms—122 from the two "reflexophones," and 1.37 ohms from the amplifier. That is all that amplifier and reflexophones do, or can be made to do.

4. When the entire instrument was connected correctly, as instructed by Abrams, with the drop of blood in the "dynamizer," the patient standing on the metal plates and holding the electrode to his forehead, at the same time facing west, as per instructions, not one iota of energy of any kind came from the diagnostic machine. Neither mechanical nor electrical energy could be found proceeding from the ultimate "reflexophone," as claimed by Abrams. That all directions should be followed to the letter, a physician who has taken the full course of instruction from Abrams was present and directed the experiments insofar as the setting up and operation of the diagnostic machine was concerned. He took great care to "demagnetize" the drop of blood from the patient, by passing over it an ordinary steel magnet, from east to west, as instructed by Abrams, prior to making the experiments. In other words, the Abrams Diagnostic Machine delivers nothing in the way of indications of any rate of vibration, or alteration in rate of vibration due to disease, to either the patient undergoing, or the physician making, the diagnosis.



X-Ray photograph of instrument Abrams calls "amplifier." or "stepper-up," and which he claims amplifies the vibrations of a drop of blood to such an extent that they can be measured by the "reflexophones" to which the "amplifier" is connected. As a matter of fact, this "amplifier" is merely a resistance coil with a three-point switch, touching 0 ohms, 0.34 ohms, and 1.03 ohms. It cannot amplify or intensify anything, and if any current or vibration were introduced into it, would reduce, or "step *down*" that current or vibration, instead of increasing it, or "stepping-*up*" as Abrams claims.

Any school boy of average constructive ability can make the entire Abrams Diagnostic Machine without purchasing any equipment except the insulated wire cord, and the result, in all probability, will be a collection of more accurate instruments than those leased by Abrams for $150 down and $5 a month for a lifetime. The writer will undertake to duplicate the entire machine for a maximum cost of $20, and to duplicate them in quantity for less than this.

To ascertain exactly the accuracy with which the contacts on the reflexophones of Abrams are numbered to deal with a vibratory rate of approximately 100,000,000,000 per second, which the Heidelberg graduate declares them capable of measuring, a very delicate ohm-meter was called into service. This instrument—which Abrams declares cannot measure the resistance of the "new force" which he has discovered—indicates accurately ohmic resistance down to 1/1000th part of an ohm. It is to be presumed that this instrument has no prejudice against Dr. Abrams, and that it is not interested in "persecuting" him, the cry which the ERA cult has raised against those who are endeavoring to investigate Abrams and his followers. These ohm-meter tests showed that not a single contact point on any of the six rheostats in the two "reflexophones" register accurately. Following is the record:

0 to 50 Rheostats
(10 ohms between contacts)

Contact as labeled by Abrams	Ohm-meter record on Reflexophone No. 1	Ohm-meter record on Reflexophone No.2
10 ohms	10.8 ohms	10.8 ohms
20 "	21.2 "	21.6 "
30 "	32.0 "	32.0 "
40 "	42.1 "	42.5 "
50 "	54.0 "	53.0 "

0 to 10 Rheostats
(one ohm between contacts)

1 ohm	1.6 ohms	2.0 ohms
2 "	2.4 "	3.0 "
3 "	3.5 "	4.1 "
4 "	4.6 "	5.2 "
5 "	5.7 "	6.4 "
6 "	6.8 "	7.5 "
7 "	8.0 "	8.5 "
8 "	9.1 "	9.7 "
9 "	10.4 "	11.0 "
10 "	11.5 "	11.9 "

0 to 25 Rheostats
(one twenty-fifth ohm between contacts)

	Decimal to compare with meter		
1	.04 ohm	.12 ohm	.26 ohm
2	.08 "	.17 "	.29 "
3	.12 "	.18 "	.31 "
4	.16 "	.24 "	.35 "
5	.20 "	.27 "	.45 "
6	.24 "	.34 "	.55 "
7	.28 "	.38 "	.58 "
8	.32 "	.40 "	.63 "
9	.36 "	.42 "	.64 "
10	.40 "	.46 "	.70 "
11	.44 "	.50 "	.73 "
12	.48 "	.57 "	.77 "
13	.52 "	.58 "	.84 "
14	.56 "	.60 "	.86 "
15	.60 "	.63 "	.87 "
16	.64 "	.67 "	.94 "
17	.68 "	.71 "	.96 "
18	.72 "	.73 "	.97 "
19	.76 "	.78 "	1.05 "
20	.80 "	.80 "	1.10 "
21	.84 "	.86 "	1.25 "
22	.88 "	.89 "	1.27 "
23	.92 "	.91 "	1.30 "
24	.96 "	.95 "	1.33 "
25	1.00 "	.98 "	1.40 "

These figures are of tremendous importance when it is remembered that Abrams claims to be able, with these crude rheostats, masquerading as "amplifier" and "reflexophones," not only to measure vibrations at a rate exceeding one hundred billion per second, but also to differentiate vibratory rates either above or below this heretofore unmeasurable rate. Even if all the other contentions made by this astounding "healer" were correct—were it true that he has discovered a new force, were it a fact that he has measured the vibrations of the electrons in a drop of blood, were it proved that his "amplifier" operates as he claims it does—were all these claims supported and proved, yet, with the equipment provided in these "reflexophones," he could not even measure the resistance of the current necessary to light an ordinary electric lamp, nor the vibrations of a high-pitched tuning fork. Beyond this, were he able to measure them, even in a crude way, with these "reflexophones," the indicators on all the rheostats in the "reflexophones" are incorrect, making it impossible for him to differentiate between any two vibratory speeds with even a remotely approximate degree of accuracy.

When Abrams talks of measuring vibrations of millions per second, with an instrument which can do only one thing, that one thing being the measurement of low resistances of electric currents, he exposes his ignorance of the elementary laws of electricity, as well as of those of rates of vibration, and he becomes a subject either for pity or for laughter. When Abrams leads a pack of either ignorant or dishonest physicians in the destruction of the health of thousands of men and women, his actions and those of the ERA cult, which he has organized and sponsored, cease to be either pitiful or laughable.

In the preceding article, and in this one, it has been shown that it is mechanically impossible for Dr. Abrams to accomplish the cures he claims with his "oscilloclast," or the diagnoses he pretends to obtain with his "diagnostic machine." In a succeeding article, it will be demonstrated that Abrams' theory of diagnosis and cure is fundamentally wrong, according to what is now actually known and successfully used by physicians of standing, reliability and accomplishment in the fields of medicine and surgery. It will be further shown that, so far as any human being knows today, the Abrams' principle of vibration, on which his so-called "discoveries" are based, is without foundation in fact, and that his "discovery" of "electronic reactions," is a *figment of that same imagination which interfered with the accuracy of certain blood tests when Abrams was connected with the department of pathology in Cooper Medical Institute in San Francisco.*

Cleveland Jews Fight the Interest Sharks

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and I followed her out to ask her some questions in private. She told me her story. It seems that she had bought a property and in the transaction gave a second mortgage for $1,800. This she had reduced to $1,100, and was feeling easy that she was getting along so nicely. Then the original holder of this mortgage sold it to another man who proved to be a money shark. The second mortgage came due and the new owner demanded payment in full. He refused to extend the time, but said he would take notes at $40 each and interest on the balance, payable monthly, if she would agree to make the total amount $1,500—$400 more than she really owed. She protested, but there was nothing else for her to do, as she could not borrow the money. So she gave him the notes of $40 each. She had fallen behind two months, and the owner of the second mortgage had notified her that she must pay up or he would take the property. Then she came to us for $100 so she could meet his demands. It was a bitter experience for us to hand over free loan money for such a purpose—to pay interest to a money shark. But what else could we do? There are hundreds of such cases where the money sharks get people in a corner and take their money just like a highwayman does when he puts a gun to your head and demands your wallet.

"My first move in fighting the money sharks would be to establish a huge free loan fund, like our Hebrew Loan Fund, and lend money *without interest* to self-respecting people in need instead of sending them to the Associated Charities. Such a plan would do much to make charity unnecessary. It has done so on a small scale, and why not on a larger scale?

"The Community Fund management could do a great thing in stemming the growth of poverty, by setting aside a million dollars for such a loan fund, to be lent by a board composed of representatives of the various religious organizations of the city. Every borrower should be a member of some church, and the officers of his church should pass on and indorse his application for a loan. Those in charge should be willing to make investigations and render other services in connection with the handling of the money without charge. Once started this fund could be kept going and increasing by memberships and donations. Thousands of people who are on the verge of poverty, could be put on a self-supporting basis by such a free loan fund."

"Have you ever presented this idea to the officials of the Community Fund?" was my next question.

"Yes," replied Mr. Feder a little scornfully, "and I was turned down. Why? Ask the money sharks who are so active in raising money for charitable purposes. They fear a free loan fund. It would injure their business. **Free loans would solve the problem of poverty.**"

The Man Who Made Salome Dance

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considering the dry weather, don't you think? Old Larry Ryan cut his 3rd set of Teeth and got his eyesight and hearing back before he went to Prescott and died and Joe Bingham is just cutting his No. 3 Set now —and prouder than a new baby. I think Joe must have found some of these wild Mountain Goat Glands, the way he acts, and I would not be a bit surprised next year to see him quit work, get some short pants and start to school again—if they get a good looking teacher up at Buzzard's Roost."

The prose of the *Sun's* pages is relieved by an occasional bit of verse à la Walt Mason, and, more rarely, by verse in its orthodox form. Of the former I pick this fragment of nonsense as representative: "Tell me, some of you hard-boiled kids, what's the matter with the katydids? What makes them holler all night and squeal like some old wagon with an ungreased wheel? Think it over and when you get through, explain to me why the cats all mew and the dogs all bark and the roosters crow when hens lay eggs—and do you know why fish can't talk and burros can bray and lions roar what they have to say? Did you ever wonder and stop to think how a sponge must feel when it takes a drink and what a thrill there certainly is when a scorpion stings with that tail of his? Do you think that the bud of a blood-red rose blushes at thoughts of what it knows? *Quién sabe?"*

Dick Wick Hall greeted this world he has helped to brighten on March 20, 1877, at Creston, Iowa. His boyhood he spent on a truck-and-fruit farm, where, between school semesters, he learned the ways of birds, bees, snakes and frogs. At the age of 18 we find him attending the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln. Before its faculty could tag him with a degree the wanderlust bacillus got into his blood and multiplied like Ellis Parker Butler's guinea pigs. Urged on to other fields, Hall migrated to Florida to collect snakes and insects for museums. As he told me this his eye took on a dreamy expression and a smile played about his mouth: he was doubtless thinking of the connection between that experience and his well-known pet, "Sand Patter," the desiccated frog.

"Upon my return a little later," he said, "I got a job as fireman on the C., B. & Q. Railroad and in 1898 I came to Arizona. Here I've spent my best years. I clerked in the territorial legislature, held a similar position in the office of the Secretary of State, and, in association with Secretary of State Charles Akers and Paul Hull, a Chicago newspaper man, founded the Arizona *Graphic*, an illustrated weekly descriptive of Arizona. After sticking it out for 28 weeks the paper died of tuberculosis—of consumption complicated by a case of faulty circulation, a symptom manifested soon after birth."

"Then," Hall went on, "I spent two summers among the Moki Indian snake dancers and in the Tonto Basin on a ranch, the old Tewksbery Ranch, which was the scene of the Tewksbery-Graham sheep-and-cattle war described in Zane Grey's 'To the Last Man,' located near the famous Roosevelt Dam.

"And in 1901 I went to Wickenburg, the scene of the Oro Grande gold-mining boom. With my brother Ernest I founded the *News-Herald* and ran it for about a year. During this time I learned something of the printing trade and spent my spare time mining and prospecting. In 1904 I came out of the wilderness ahead of the railroad—the Los Angeles-Phoenix branch of the Santa Fe—and laid out the town site of Salome. Western Arizona was then an isolated country, 15,000 square miles being practically uninhabited, and water holes as scarce as a diabetic bee."

"What is the exact population of Salome today?" I inquired.

"Twenty-three humans and my frog." (Somehow I gathered that the frog is a staunch friend of his.) "Of course," he hastened to explain, "these are what we call the bona fide residents. Besides them there is a lady from Chicago, six or seven Mexicans working on railroad section work, and a young girl from Louisiana who has taken up a homestead down the track. Uncle Sam bet her 320 acres of land that she couldn't live on it five years. And—I think Sam will lose the land!"

"Have you ever been sued for libel?" I ventured, as I recalled his experiences fighting for good roads.

"Not yet," he returned. "Grafters are afraid of too much publicity. I have found that when a politician or anyone else is crooked they don't want too much publicity or any investigation."

Dick Wick Hall is a humorist. For that reason some may find it hard to take him seriously. And yet if you could see his eyes flash lightning and his fist clench when he gets on the subject of roads and road-grafters, you would conclude, then and there, that he is in deadly earnest.

From the topic of roads I led him to that phase of his life which has brought him into the public gaze—his writing. "I have always done more or less writing—ever since I was old enough to have daydreams—generally for my own amusement. I have never tried to make money at it. Since I first broke into the *Post* my work has appeared in *Motor Life* and *Cosmopolitan Motor Sales Service*, and I've had dozens of inquiries for stories and other stuff along the line of the Salome *Sun*. But I've got too much work to do already and haven't had time to accept any of the offers I've had. Some of them are ridiculously extravagant—so much so that I sometimes think the offerers are crazy, or else I am—maybe both. Those folks don't seem to understand that I write for fun and not for money. If I had to sit down and grind it out under contract, *that would be work* and would spoil it all. As it is I get a lot of fun out of writing because I do it whenever I want to, just for my own amusement and the amusement of others who like it."

"How long, on the average, does it take you to get out the copy for one issue of the *Sun?"* was the way I interrupted him.

"Half an hour," he replied, "when I take the notion to do it; sometimes in 15 or 20 minutes. I'm lazy, I suppose—and my many other interests keep me busy 14 to 18 hours a day."

After a pause, his brown eyes twinkling, Hall added: "Remember that I get out the *Sun* to forget my troubles." Troubles which seemed to rest lightly on the capable shoulders of this giant of the desert, as he led the way to a bathtub in which I found "Sand Patter" going through the futile, feeble, unco-ordinated movements characteristic of a tyro among swimmers. The frog was moving on the tub's dry enameled surface.

Market Prices by Radio Aid Farmers, Inquiry Shows

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Lonsdale, of Kansas City, Missouri, is equally as enthusiastic about the value of the Radio Market News Service to the grain producer and dealer. He says: "There never has been a time in my experience when the farmer, country grain dealer, and everybody interested in the grain markets in the country, have had as much information and as quickly as they have had since the radio market service was inaugurated."

How quickly the radio telephone has intrenched itself in the affairs of certain rural communities as an indispensable utility is attested by several testimonials, as follows:

"The American farmer is depending on this Radio News Service, and without a doubt he is reaching the place where he cannot do without it any more than his telephone," is the comment of W. P. Humston, of Bosworth, Missouri.

Instead of the "corn-husking bee" or "barn-raising frolic," where the farmers of a particular neighborhood pool their labor and husk their corn or build a new barn, the radio-telephone receiving set is likely to bring together neighboring farmers in the future. "We 'listen-in' to reports before we start to market with our stock and quite often neighbors gather here to hear the markets," notes Lawrence Oberly, of Humboldt, Nebraska. The country bank, too, is becoming a meeting place for farmers who read the bulletin board showing the latest agricultural news via radio. The Farmers' State Bank, of Steel City, Nebraska, writes: "We feel that this service to the farmer is of a very high order and under no circumstances should it be discontinued." This bank purchased and installed a $125 wireless receiving outfit for the exclusive purpose of obtaining live stock and grain reports.

George J. Hunt, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes interestingly as follows: "The market reports do not really benefit me for I am not a farmer or grain gambler; nevertheless, I wish to register a protest against their discontinuance. In the past, before the inauguration of broadcast reports when the farmer came to the crossroad trading with butter and eggs, the storekeeper could and did pay any price that suited his fancy, but now he must pay the market price or lose the trade, for the majority of farmers are equipped with up-to-date apparatus and know before they crank up the old car just how much they will receive for their produce."

The First State Bank, of Junction, Illinois, suggests that during the months of January, February, March and April weather reports include the stages and degree of rainfall at Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and Mt. Carmel, Illinois. Such information would afford farmers the opportunity to safeguard live stock and grain during high waters.

The rural minister, a bulwark of power in his community, is impressed with the value of the speedy dissemination of market reports by radio telephone. The Rev. Mr. R. H Mormin, rector of St. Peter's Rectory, Alvada, Ohio, says: "I think these reports are the best thing Uncle Sam has done for the farmers, stockmen and bankers in many a day."

The Clintondale Fruit Growers' Co-operative Association, of Clintondale, New York, operates a cold storage plant, and information broadcast by wireless facilities with respect to the prices of apples, pears and grapes, is advantageously utilized. Clarence N. Gilmour of Naperville, Illinois, thinks, "The age of guesswork on the farm is over and marketing is just as important as production," and that the radio telephone is an instrument helpful in achieving this end. Andrew Baur, of St. Louis, Missouri, draws a comparison between an art museum, costing one-fourth of a million dollars annually to maintain, and radio, adding that the latter "gives more enjoyment to the masses for less money."

The replies to this searching questionnaire of the United States Department of Agriculture indicated that 224 radio-telephone receiving sets were then being employed to copy market reports disseminated through the air.

Of the total number of responses, approximately one-sixth received the agricultural information for their own use. Others, recognized by this survey, maintained bulletin boards or otherwise displayed the data for the benefits of neighboring farmers. The Wisconsin farmers, according to knowledge disclosed by these responses, are using wireless receiving outfits ranging in cost from $25 to $400. The common price range, however, varies from $75 to $100.

The United States Department of Agriculture has no ownership in radio telegraph or telephone broadcasting stations nor property rights in any wireless transmitting apparatus. Despite this fact, however, probably agricultural information is more universally borne on electromagnetic waves than any other data having utility value, ranking next to music or other forms of entertainment in the scope of its reach. Ten government owned and operated wireless telegraph and telephone stations and 76 privately owned transmitting stations are, at present, broadcasting crop and market reports. These "electric reservoirs" are located in 65 towns and cities, embracing 33 states. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that the market quotations on cabbage, cattle, grain, potatoes, apples, and countless other commodities of farm and orchard are distributed by radio telegraph and telephone to that vast area of our country east of the Rocky Mountains and over the Pacific Coast states.

Marketing agencies in three states maintain and operate their own wireless transmitting apparatus, namely, Missouri, Wisconsin and Nebraska. Six other state marketing agencies utilize existing university or college radio facilities for transmitting agricultural knowledge, specifically market reports, these commonwealths being North Carolina, Massachusetts, Ohio, Texas, Iowa and Indiana. The three original radio-telephone broadcasting stations, the first ones to disseminate crop and market reports, are the University of Minnesota, the St. Louis University, located in Missouri, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, of East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Causes and Cures of Business Depressions

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user of anthracite, has increased 28 per cent in that time. The owners have preferred to pay wages sufficient to cover a full year's earnings for not more than three-fourths of full time, rather than reduce their prices to pre-war figures, increase their output, and reduce their reserves.

Here then are the two elements which in their final analyses are responsible for the high cost of production and the high price of consumption, the producer unable to find a free market because the consumer's ability to purchase is limited by the artificial increase of prices and the monopoly charges covered in house and store rents. So the evil circuit is completed. High taxes on production put the load on the mule's legs; taxes on consumption hang on the mule's neck; and he travels in a bog of high ground rents in the great centers of commerce, production and exchange, and of high monopoly charges for such essentials of life as anthracite coal It is no wonder that the mule "bogs down." So long as the taxes are thus unscientifically and unjustly imposed, so long as the values which are publicly created are privately absorbed, so long will commercial depressions recur. Charges due to excessive rents and bad taxes absorb half the income of wage earners, farmers and salaried classes.

There is to be no reduction in taxes and public charges. Every state, county and municipality is looking for new methods of taxation. Billions of dollars are being raised by states and subordinate taxing powers, and each issue adds to the tax burden for interest. House and apartment rents are up an average of 60 per cent over 1914. In the larger cities the average increase will be nearer 100 per cent, while store and office rents have advanced to 300 per cent of the pre-war figures. These find reflection in all municipal retail prices and therefore affect unfavorably the living expenses of 55 per cent of the population directly, and indirectly the cost of living of all the rest.

The writer gave forecasts of the depression of 1920-21 to his associates in September, 1919. All but one followed his advice to reduce inventories to the lowest limits, to scrutinize credits and to curtail accounts and bills payable rigorously. All but one followed this advice and weathered the storm. The one who failed to do so went under for several million dollars.

Twenty-four thousand failures in 1922, in the face of great industrial activity, with nine-tenths of the farming community complaining that they alone have come down to pre-war prices for their products! To the elements here set forth let one more be added and the next depression can be given a date not far distant. That element can be so imminent a matter as the spread of the unfavorable outlook in the southwestern winter wheat area to include the whole winter wheat belt; or a more serious explosion in the European powder magazine. It might do good for the optimists who read the daily papers with their pages of boom advertisements and propaganda forecasts to turn back to the files of the same papers for December, 1919, and January, 1920. The same optimistic raucous shouting of prosperity to go on for years without a break. There were just two voices of prominent men raised in prophecy of impending calamity, those of Speaker Gillette, of the House of Representatives, and that of the sagacious head of one of the great banks of New York City. Today there are about five forecasters of prominence who are timidly venturing to suggest that the year may not sustain its present activity. Yet the handwriting is already on the wall

The Bird Monument at Salt Lake City

Marble Shaft Commemorates Timely Arrival of Sea Gulls That Saved Mormon Pioneers From Starvation and Ruin

By FRED L. W. BENNETT

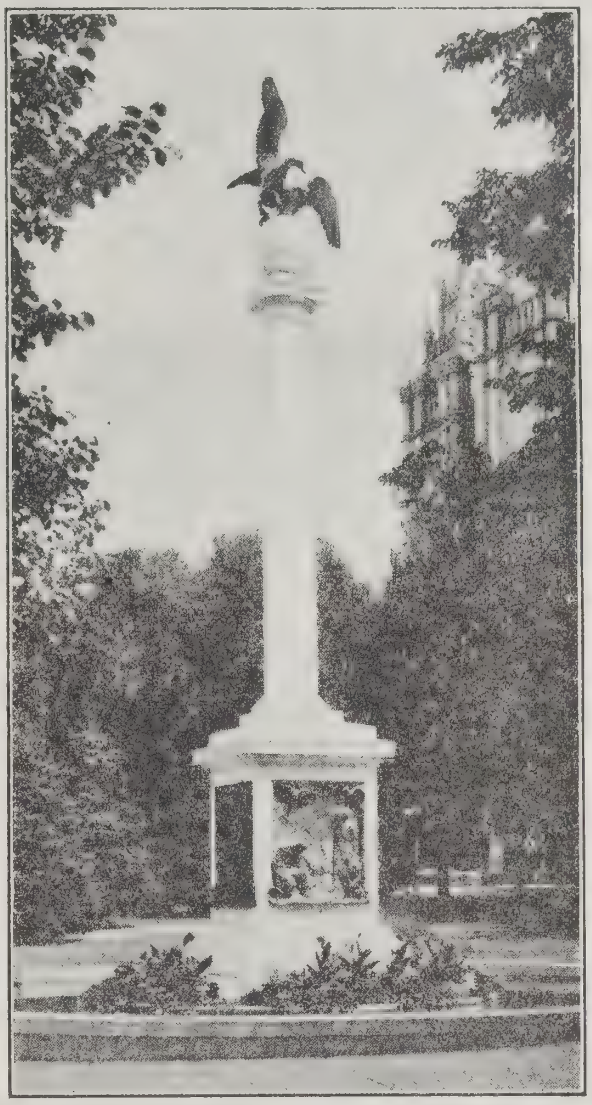
HAD it not been for the timely and vigorous intervention of birds in behalf of the pioneers, it is probable that that great stretch of country comprising the Rocky Mountain States, often referred to as the New West, would not have been known to the present generation as a prosperous section of the United States. The incident resulted in this continent having one of the only two bird monuments to be found in the world, the other, it is said, being in Italy.

The first white settlers in this region were Mormons, who arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley, included in what is now known as the State of Utah, on July 24, 1847. Some plowing and planting was done that year, but owing to the lateness of the season nothing was gathered but a few small potatoes, which were preserved for seed. It was, therefore, with eager anticipation that the people, about 1,800 in number, watched their crops in the spring of the following year. The supplies which they had brought from Illinois were rapidly disappearing and at an early date the colony would be increased by the arrival of 2,500 emigrants.

All went well until the latter part of May, when crickets and grasshoppers began to appear from the mountains and surrounding sagebrush and attack the growing crops. Their numbers increased so rapidly that in a short time there were myriads of them. Thoroughly alarmed, the colonists made hasty preparations for defense and every man, woman and child was called on to help. But all to no purpose. For every insect vanquished there were a thousand to take its place. An elderly woman, now nearly 100 years of age, in discussing the incident with the writer some time ago said: "They came on like a flood. Everything was devoured. Even the small bushes and trees that had been planted were eaten. The fields over which the insects passed resembled ground that has been scorched by fire."

At this time Salt Lake City was 1,000 miles from the nearest point of civilization, with slowly moving ox teams as the only means of travel, or even communication. To obtain assistance would take several months. But who would assist? Had they not been driven into the wilderness by their fellow men in the hope that they would die? The strongest and most hopeful among them discarded their weapons in despair.

Then prayer, the last resort of man, was offered up by the whole colony, but the insects seemed to increase in numbers and destructiveness, if anything. Suddenly the air was filled with plaintive cries and the flapping of wings and the people looked up to behold countless sea gulls which seemed to come from nowhere. The birds immediately settled on the nearly ruined fields and at first it was thought they had come to complete their destruction. But they had come to save. All that day they gorged themselves on the insects, disgorged and feasted again, and it was not until the "enemy" had been annihilated that they took to their wings and disappeared into space.



Sea Gull Monument, Temple Block, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The monument commemorating this event was unveiled on October 1, 1913, and is the work of Mahonri M. Young, well-known American sculptor and a grandson of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader. It stands on Temple Square, in the shadow of the great temple and a moat about eight feet across in circle form adds to its great beauty and charm. The granite base, weighing 20 tons, rests on a concrete foundation. From this base rises a column of granite 15 feet high, surmounted by a granite globe. Two sea gulls of bronze rest on the granite ball. These birds weigh about 500 pounds and the stretch of their wings from tip to tip is eight feet. There are four tablatures and an interpretation of them by a high Mormon official at the time of the unveiling will be of interest:

"The graceful Doric column of the monument surmounting the base is 15 feet high and is topped by a granite sphere, on which two sea gulls are seen in the act of lighting upon it—a most graceful thing in itself.

"On three sides of the high base, in relief sculpture, the sea gull story is told: The tablature on the east tells of the arrival and early movements of the pioneers. In the left foreground of the rugged Wasatch Mountains there is the man afield with ox team, plowing the stubborn soil, aided by the boy driver, followed by the sower. In the right foreground is the wagon home, women preparing the humble meal, while an Indian sits in idle but graceful pose looking on all this strange activity that is to redeem his land from savagery and give it back to civilization.

"The second tablature—on the south—tells the story of the threatened devastation from the crickets' invasion.

"A point of mountain and a glimpse of the placid, distant lake are seen. The farmer's fight with the invading host is ended—he has exhausted all his ingenuity and his strength in the fight. He is beaten—you can see that in the hopeless sinking of his figure to the earth, his bowed head and listless down-hanging hands from which the spade has fallen.

"Despair claims him and laughs. With the woman of this tablature it is different. She is holding a child by the hand—through it she feels throbbing the call of the future—the life of a generation of men and women yet to be.

"Strange that to women—man's complement—is given such superior strength in hours of severest trial . . . .

"But to return to this woman of the second tablature—she, too, is toil-worn, and there is something truly pathetic in her body weariness, but her head is raised—raised to what until now has seemed the pitiless skies; but now they are filled with the oncoming flocks of sea gulls. Does she watch their coming with merely idle curiosity or vague wonderment? Or does her soul in the strange gull cry hear God's answer to her call for help? . . . .

"The third tablature commemorates the pioneers' first harvest—worthily, too. In the background rises Ensign Peak. In the middle background the log home stands finished; in the foreground, harvesting the golden grain is in progress, both men and women take joyous part. To the right, a mother half kneeling holds to her full breast a babe, who 'on the heart and from the heart' receives its nourishment, and about her knees another child plays in happy, childish oblivion of toil and care. O, happy scene of life and joy, 'where plenty leaps to laughing life with her redundant horn.'

"On the fourth tablature is the title of the monument. Fortunately it is simple, and not explanatory—the work of the sculptor tells the story—tells it well and eloquently. Too much narration would have marred it—this is the inscription:

'Sea Gull Monument, Erected in Grateful Remembrance of the Mercy of God to the Mormon Pioneers.'"

Social Life Oxford's Most Important Factor

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tea time and either repair to the club house or loll around on the soft turf with their tea and buttered bread. This takes away all the bitterness of defeat without detracting in any way from the keenness of the sport. The boat races in May of each year are the occasion for the sportiest week of the season. Old men return to cheer on their college crews, and both graduates and undergraduates swarm in and out of the college barges lined for half a mile along the north bank of the Isis.

Inter-collegiate sports offer the best opportunity for widening one's circle of acquaintances. An American student, of course, has no difficulty in becoming acquainted with fellow Americans and with men from the British Dominions, but the English are exasperatingly slow to get acquainted, even among themselves, quite as slow as they are popularly represented to be. But an Englishman's sporting side is his best. By the time you have played a game with him, have glared at him over a cup of tea, and then have smoked a pipe of his tobacco—all this without speaking an unnecessary word—he will probably warm up enough to say, "Jolly fine game, eh!" You are now in a fair way to becoming acquainted! Thus in a single afternoon one achieves results which might have required six weeks or more in the dining hall or classroom. Friendships which are so slow to form and so deliberate in their choice are for that same reason all the more satisfactory and the more lasting. Oxford's greatest gift to her students, in my opinion, is a wide circle of understanding friends, and most of these friendships have their beginning on the athletic field.

It would be hard to convince a visitor or a new student that Oxford in winter has any social life at all. The whole university apparently is asleep, and the "gray spires against the pearl gray sky" seem sad and cold. This is only the exterior. While the real spirit of gayety comes with spring, winter also has its happy associations. On the inside, the grate fires burn cheerfully, and little groups of students assemble for afternoon tea, after-dinner coffee, breakfast parties, luncheons, dinners, bridge, and so on.

The different colleges, especially the four colleges for women, enliven the daily routine with an occasional dance or mixed debate; certain clubs manage to give at least one dance a term; other clubs entertain outside friends to informal suppers; and there are a great many dinners at different times in honor of various visitors. On the whole, there are comparatively few big parties as we know them in American universities, where all the students join in the rush. Such affairs are confined almost wholly to the week of races in May and to Commemoration Week in June, when everyone goes in for the celebration, and the college dances run from nine o'clock in the evening to six-thirty the next morning. During the rest of the year the afternoon tea provides an excuse for daily associations between friends and acquaintances. Whether in the students' rooms or at some club, as is the case in winter, or whether they take place on the athletic field or on the river in springtime, these little parties are a constant source of pleasure and profit.

Unless extremely busy, one never has tea alone. It just isn't done! If you want to see a friend about something, you write a note inviting him to tea on a certain day. If you are so unfortunate as to be the chairman of some committee, you put the other members in a good humor by serving them tea before the meeting. Above all, if you want to ask a favor of some friend, you first have him in to tea and catch him there while he has no chance of escape. If you want to meet a certain person—say, a nice looking girl—you can have some friend of yours invite you both in to tea on the same afternoon. Tea is really a great institution! The English have never understood how we Americans manage to get along without it. With them the habit is so firmly established that they have difficulty in conceiving of an afternoon without a cup of tea. One of them once said to me in reply to my statement that I had never been accustomed to drinking tea in the afternoon: "But I say, old thing, what do you do at the 'tea hour'?"

The greatest delight of an Oxford tea is its absolute lack of formality. Professors and students sit on the same level around the tea table. A student reports for tea in a friend's rooms without having to worry about how he shall dress or how long he is going to stay. It is my opinion that the social nature of Oxford life is due most of all to this custom, and I believe also that the custom of tea has been closely related to the college games.

When the change of season, together with the daylight savings hour, brings back the long summer evenings, boating on the river (punting) becomes a dangerous rival for first honors as a social pastime. Supper on the Cherwell, as one sits with charming companions, lazily propped up in cushions, and listens to music from other boats, and hears the careless laughter of friends across the water, and sees the faint lights from the pipes of other epicures—supper under such conditions has something oriental about it.

It will be seen from this short description that associations form the tone of all Oxford life, but these associations take time and depend largely on the individual. The visitor misses all of this inside life. So does the student who tries to live to himself. They both go away without ever having seen the real Oxford, without ever having felt the charm of that fine city whose greatness lies not in the beauty of its spires.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Two great highways in the Province of Quebec are to be brilliantly lighted. One road runs from Montreal to Quebec and the other from Montreal to the United States boundary.

Smyrna is to be rebuilt by an Ottoman company which will work together with the Banque Nationale de Credit and the Banque Perrier, of France. The company contemplates reconstructing houses and other buildings in Turkish style.

One-third of the earnings of the German husband must be given to the wife to maintain the family table. That is the German law. This one-third income is not to meet wages of servants or rent but merely to cover the expense of keeping up the table.

Nearly 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk a day are used in France for making substitutes for horn, ivory and amber. The casein in the milk is mixed with formaline producing "petrified" milk, a hard, elastic, involuble substance that is easily worked.

Mosul, the center of the rich Mesopotamian oil fields, is 70 miles from a railroad.

The Indian Archipelago consists of thousands of green islands and islets scattered over the Austral-Asiatic Mediterranean Sea, separating the Pacific from the Indian Ocean. It took an aviator four days to cross the archipelago by airplane on his way from Singapore to Australia, flying every day as long as the sun shone. The population of the archipelago numbers approximately 48,000,000, of which 34,000,000 live in Java.

Paris has 265,000 vehicles of all kinds.

More than 350 children are living on canal boats in the United States. This interferes with the children's schooling as the boating season on the canals ranges from seven to nine months in length.

We have reached the stage in our agricultural development where there is practically no more potential agricultural land left unutilized that does not involve unprofitable expense for reclamation or clearing, according to an agricultural economist connected with the Department of Agriculture. However, much of our agricultural land can be cultivated more intensively, when higher prices for produce justify the increased costs of production.

Nova Scotia has adopted the "drive-to-the-right" rule of the road.

The body of Edith Cavell's dog, which died in Brussels, is to be placed in the zoological department of the British Museum. On the day before her execution by the Germans, Miss Cavell gave the dog to a friend who cared for the animal until it died.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A United States marshal was taken ill with appendicitis while taking an Indian accused of murder from Fort Gibbon to Fairbanks, Alaska. The Indian prisoner placed the officer on the sled and mushed more than 100 miles with him to a hospital, where an operation was performed.

The British Museum is being flooded with Egyptian antiquities from private collectors who fear to retain them, as they believe that Lord Carnarvon was killed by Tutankhamen's KA—his soul's double.

A two-gun, hammer-fanning Indian fighter and frontier scout, who had in his lifetime killed eight white bandits and 20 Indians, was crushed to death in an elevator shaft at the Omaha *World Herald* plant, where he was employed as night watchman. In 1892, in the battle of Wounded Knee, South Dakota, he killed 11 Indians with 12 shots, using both guns, hammer-fanning. He was chief scoutmaster for General Phil Sheridan for six years and was never beaten on the draw.

The Eiffel Tower of Paris may soon be demolished and the material of which it is constructed used for reconstruction work in the devastated regions. The wireless station at Saint Assase, near Melun, possesses superior facilities for receiving and transmission compared to the Eiffel Tower.

New York has passed a law prohibiting the scaling of skyscraper walls by so-called "human flies."

President Harding has purchased his birthplace—a farm in Morrow County, Ohio—where he passed his boyhood. A modern bungalow and golf course will be built, it is said. The President plans to retire to the farm after leaving the White House.

Travelers report that in the Herzegovina, Southern Slavia, there are so-called women-villages, where the wives, whose husbands have emigrated to America, live with their children. It seems the men cannot earn enough to have their families follow them to the new country.

Austria has put out a series of seven postage stamps. Each issue bears the portrait of a famous musician.

A traveling court, consisting of 25 sheriffs, a prosecuting attorney and a justice of the peace, has set a new precedent in law enforcement by setting up a court at the scene of arrest, in Clay County, Missouri. They travel into the hills where the judge sentences the bootleggers and owners of stills.

No longer will it be legal for hunters to have their guides do their shooting for them in New York State. Under the present law guides are prohibited from carrying guns while practicing their calling. The hunter who wants to make his own kills will be pleased with the new law.

Belgium is supporting 17,016 war orphans, of whom only 9,700 are the children of soldiers killed at the front, while 8,900 are the offspring of fathers who as civilians were shot by the Germans.

A bronze marker was put up on the side of a building on Second street in Sacramento, California, recently, carrying this legend: "Site of Terminal of Pony Express, 1860-1861. Marked by Daughters of the American Revolution, Sacramento and San Francisco Bay Chapters, 1923."

All ex-service pigeons which were several times under fire during the war while carrying important messages for the British Army and Navy have been pensioned off for life by the British War Department, in the care of a special keeper.

Convicted on a charge of cruelty to animals, a contractor of Little Rock, Arkansas, was sentenced in municipal court to read Anna M. Sewell's book, "Black Beauty." The court gave him 30 days in which to read the book and at the end of that period an oral examination on the book will be held. Protests have been lodged with Arkansas state officials against the alleged brutal treatment received by horses, mules and oxen in Eldorado and Smackover oil fields.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
JUN 4 1923

Does the Supreme Court Usurp Power?

The Peace Ship—
Mr. Ford's Page

Quaint Old Marblehead on the Sea

The Last Carver of Totem Poles

The Dollar of Our Daddies

Why Poverty in a Land of Plenty?

Discovered Gold—Died a Pauper

Mother Goose in China

Is Rosenbluth an "American Dreyfus"?

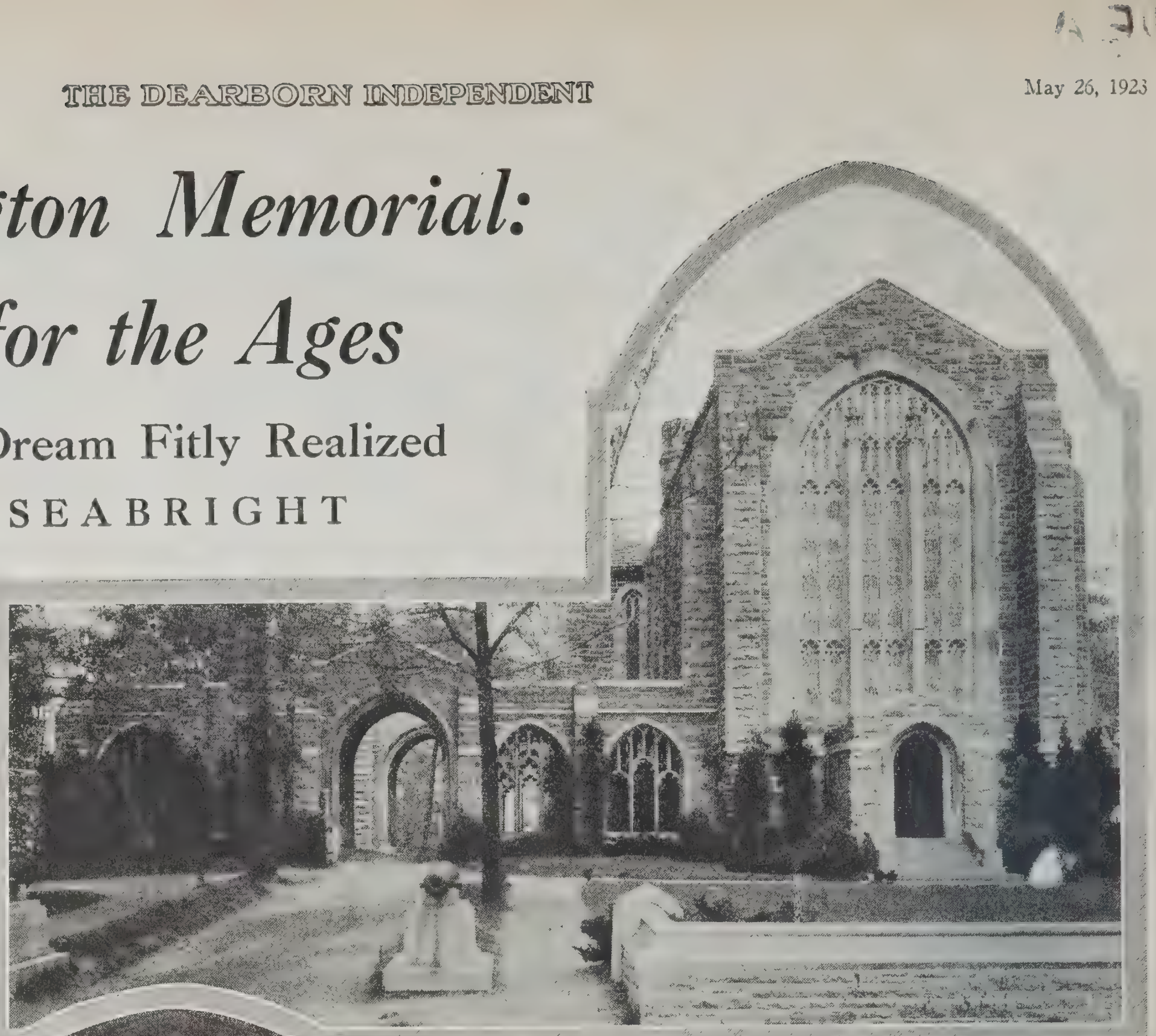
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Washington Memorial: a Shrine for the Ages

Story of a Noble Dream Fitly Realized

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

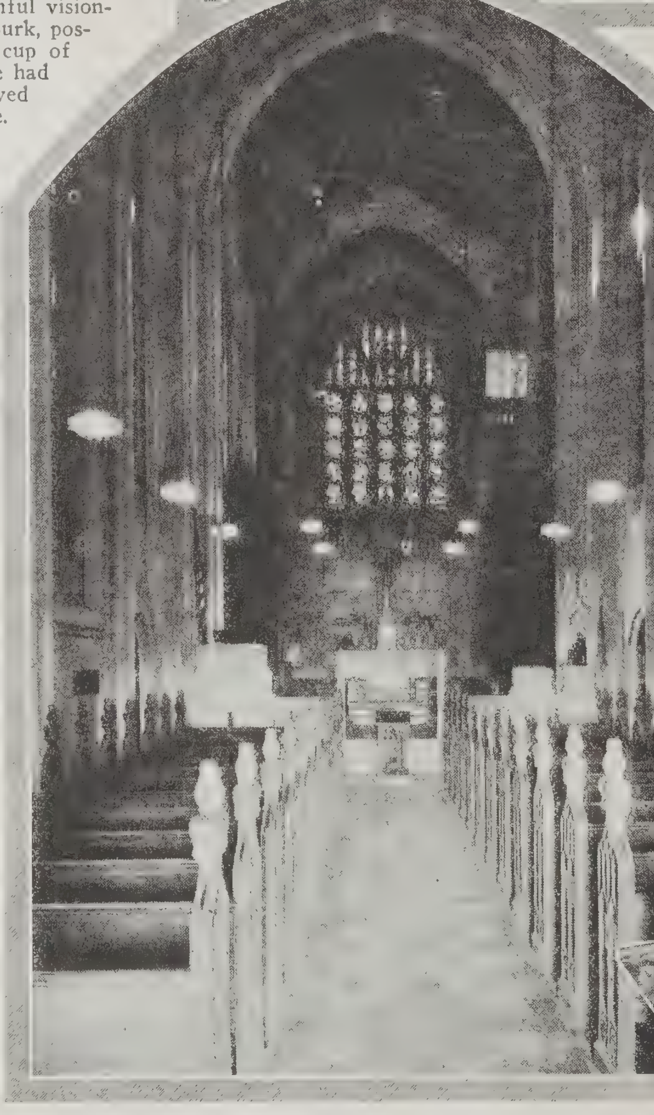
ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY 20 years ago, a young Episcopal clergyman, the rector of a small church in Norristown, Pennsylvania, preached a sermon on "Washington the Churchman," in the course of which, dwelling particularly on Washington's worship at Valley Forge, just across the Schuylkill River, he said, "Would that there we might rear a wayside chapel, fit memorial of the church's most honored son, to be the nation's Bethel for all days to come, where the American patriot might kneel in quest of that courage and that strength to make all honorable his citizenship here below, and prove his claim to that above!" The sermon was printed in a Norristown newspaper, and the suggestion approved by the American press.



The Washington Memorial Chapel and the Cloister of the Colonies.

To translate that wish into material form required not merely vision, not merely a high and patriotic purpose; it demanded years of patience, of zeal, of indomitable courage, of herculean effort. And the youthful visionary, the Reverend W. Herbert Burk, possessed all these qualities. The cup of bitterness he was to quaff, but he had dreamed a dream, and he resolved to make that dream come true.

A far cry it is, ofttimes, from a mental resolution to a tangible reality, from a figment of the mind to a creation palpable and enduring. And such was the experience of Dr. Burk. All whom he approached, including the bishop of the diocese, turned a dull, cold ear to his enthusiasm. That is, at first. But, later, men and women were moved by the young man's fluent speech, his Niagara-like energy, his flaming zeal. He began aright by obtaining the services of one of America's greatest architects, then a man unknown to fame, Mr. Milton B. Medary, Jr. Dr. Burk drew up the plan for an architectural competition, with King's College Chapel for his ideal. He had abandoned the Colonial, as it was Georgian, and, as he said, "We were fighting George then, and we do not want Georgian architecture at Valley Forge." He dreamed of San Chapelle, too, but that was French, and at Valley Forge were Englishmen fighting for English rights and liberties. That is why America has this splendid example of Perpendicular Gothic, rivalling the greatest creations of the Old World. He appealed to Dr. Charles Custis Harrison, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, to have the department of architecture conduct the competition and select the architect.



The interior of the Washington Memorial Chapel.

In this way the services of Professor Warren P. Laird, the present dean of the school of fine arts of that university, were secured, and his trained judgment led him to select the plans of Mr. Medary. Professor Laird thus speaks of the successful design: "Its ensemble expresses truthfully the theme of the competition; a memorial chapel with auxiliary structures. The chapel dominates the group while not overpowering it, and the tower, higher than the chapel and sufficient for its purpose as an observatory, is placed at the right point to complete the balance of the group. This is as simple in plan as it is effective in mass. The chapel, while pure in historic character and fine in proportion, has an expression of dignity, repose, and strength, which it would be difficult to carry further toward harmony with the sentiment of Valley Forge. In its wall and window treatment there is presented, as nearly as possible in a place intended for worship rather than defense, the medieval approach of the church to fortress building. The other portions of the group are true in character and in proportion with the chapel. The plan arrangement of this group combines more of simplicity, compactness, and economy, both of construction and administration, than any other in the competition. In architectural quality it is scholarly and tasteful to an unusual degree and possesses real charm and distinction. To this may be added the thought that if it be true that architecture is frozen music the chapel is a congealed symphony of Beethoven.

The work was retarded because of insufficient funds, but, through the unswerving efforts of a large and influential committee, the chapel rose, little by little, until, in 1905, it was so far completed that on Washington's Birthday of that year the first service was held therein.

But still the work lagged. Dr. Burk's slogan being "Prayer and Advertising," the latter took the form of appeals to such patriotic societies as the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Colonial Dames, as well as to the 13 original states. The appeals were not in vain, and, as a result, it is now practically complete.

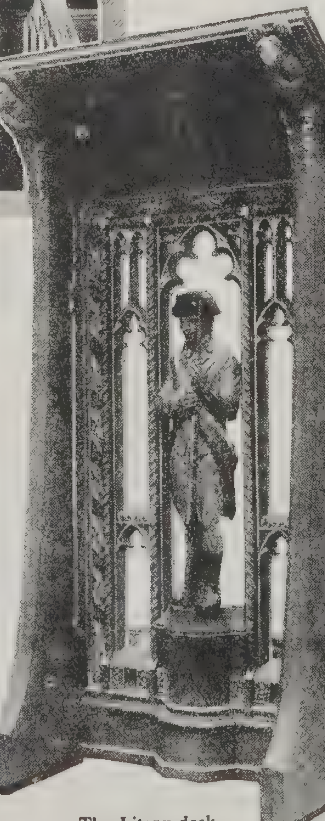
As you enter the Washington Memorial Chapel you are thrilled with pride. An Old World charm permeates the place; the glare of day surrenders to the subdued red and blue colors filtered through the glorious stained-glass windows. These last are of such entrancing beauty that, according to A. Edward Newton, E. V. Lucas, on seeing them, exclaimed: "They are as lovely as the windows of Sainte Chapelle."

A closer inspection of the chapel reveals the surprising fact that no pains have been spared in attention to its details. Everything about this cathedral in miniature means something, has some historic significance.

To the right of the doorway stands the Washington-Sullivan font, of Indiana limestone, on the faces of which are carved the Washington arms. The wall back of the font bears the quaint and interesting record of Washington's birth and baptism as it is found in his mother's Bible:

"George Washington was made a Member of Christ, the Child of God, and an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, in the Sacrament of Holy Baptism Ministered according to the Use of The Church of England, whereof this Font is a Memorial, and this the Record: George Washington, Son of Augustine & Mary, his Wife, was Born ye 11th day of February, *173½ about 10 in the Morning & was Baptized on the 3th of April following, Mr. Beverly Whiting & Cap't Christopher Brooks, Godfathers, and Mrs. Mildred Gregory, Godmother."

Near the font you will see the strong box used by Robert Morris during the Revolution. This valuable relic, a fine specimen of early craftsmanship, lent by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Charles Custis Harrison, still serves a utilitarian purpose—being the receptacle for the voluntary contributions of visitors for the chapel's maintenance. The pews, known as the Pews of the Patriots, are worthy memorials to those brave men who made possible the "sunrise of national glory." On the base of each pew is carved either the family arms, the insignia of a patriotic society, or the colonial seal or state arms. The President's Pew, bearing the arms of the United States and the seal of the President, was given in memory of Washington and Monroe, who were at Valley Forge, and commemorates the address, in 1904, of President Roosevelt, the first President to visit this sacred ground.



The Litany desk.

Lack of space prevents detailed mention of the elaborately carved pew screens, the Litany desk, and the memorial tablets. Suffice it to record, however, in these days when ease is often dominant, this excerpt from Washington's diary of June 1, 1774, cut in the brass insert of the Litany desk:

"Went to Church & Fasted All Day."

The several doors next catch our attention—the Door of the Allies, bearing the arms of Rochambeau and other friends of the new Nation; the Inauguration Door, displaying the arms of the 13 states; and the Choir Door of oak, richly carved.

At the entrance to the choir

(Concluded on page 6)

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*The discrepancy between this date and the generally accepted date, February 22, is due to the difference between the calendar then in use and the Gregorian calendar of the present.

The Billboard—Through Nature's Looking-Glass

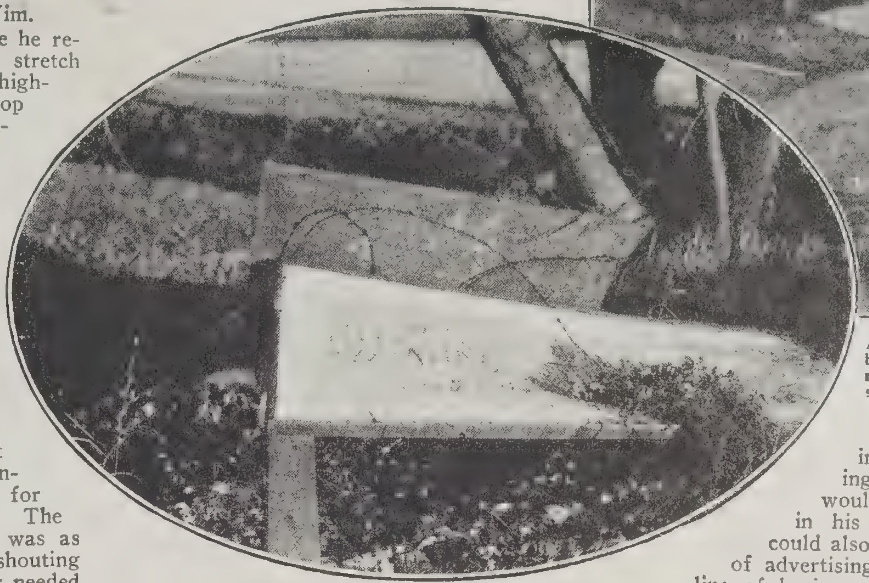
Once Denounced, Now Artists and Architects Unite to Make the Signboard a Thing of Beauty and a Part of the Road's Romance

By FRANZ A. AUST,

Associate Professor of Landscape Design, University of Wisconsin.

NAKOMA
TRADING POST

Artistic in its setting of natural boulder and shrub, this signboard resembles some of overhanging designs which were to be seen in Revolutionary Days.



Faded and forlorn, these billboards rest where they fell—by the side of the road.

"JUST fifty-one!"

"Fifty-one what?" questioned Jim.

Hank stepped on the gas before he replied. "Why, didn't you see? In this stretch along here I had to slow up to find the highway signs, and I counted 'em—repair shop signs, and yeast, and the 'Best-Hotel-in-the-City' (five different times), and seven garages, and cough drops, and—well, it's like looking for the bean in the restaurant soup to find the board that tells you the direction to go."

It was true. Loudly calling their wares in an area of 150 feet were 51 wooden criers, round and square and oblong; little and big and middle-sized; red and yellow and green and blue and mixed. The great signs which took up so much space and overshadowed the rest had been placed there by an association of distributors; the small ones, most of them, were the result of the efforts of individuals who had considered this location particularly good for sticking in a sign along with the others. The confusion in the mind of the passer-by was as great as though each had been verbally shouting his wares. The highway markers, greatly needed at this point, were the silent members. And the effect of the whole was far from pleasing to look on.

Lack of beauty is one of the greatest reasons why the women's clubs of America are crying out for a removal of all the advertising on all the roads which lead into their particular cities and towns. "Billboards are so hideous," they object. "Let's do away with them from all places, especially where they hide the beautiful views." For years the women have been valiantly trying to bring this about, but only through educating the public to a higher standard of outdoor beauty will they be able to accomplish anything.

Law can interfere only when signboards become a real danger to travelers along the way. And this is where the tourist gets in his word. "Take 'em all away except the highway markers," says he. But bills are slow to make an entering wedge into legislatures; lawmakers are sometimes slow to act; advertising signs are still with us in large numbers. Illinois, to be sure, has regulated the height of the bottom of all her billboards so that fleeing thief or slayer can have no opportunity to take on new breathing power behind their friendly shelter. Wisconsin's law allows no advertising markers within a radius of 400 feet where road meets road. Other states are considering the passing of bills of a similar nature. Precautions are these which make for public safety.

Signboard Cannot Be Abolished

BUT to end the career of the signboard along the roads and railroads would indeed be a mistake. For with our present system of buying and selling both national and local concerns demand it. Go back a few years to the days when business men's clubs must have had enthusiastic members in such cities as those which basked in the shade of old Vesuvius. Since the earth has been shoveled out of Pompeii and Herculaneum's main streets, there have come to light walls gay with lettering done in red and black. It's the outdoor advertising which even 2,000 years ago they had discovered they couldn't do without. Every city of Europe and of the British Isles sooner or later found it a convenience for bringing better business, and the colonists inherited the idea along with the warming pan and the old candle sticks. In fact, some of the beauty wrought into the overhanging signs of the old taverns of Revolutionary Days is still considered worthy of highest art merit.

And now when rightly planned and properly placed, nothing affords the business man so effective a means of catching the big American eye. Outdoor advertising is not so expensive as the pages of magazines and newspapers, many of which employ the best artists the country can produce to make them attractive. Outdoor advertising is less expensive, but, on the other hand, skill and good taste and foresight can make it, too, a real work of art—a compliment to American thoughtfulness and to the nation's outdoor beauty.

Art and Architecture Find a Field

ON THE approach to one of Minnesota's large cities along the Yellowstone Trail is a unique idea which can be carried out by any city and town in the country. A large billboard, 14 feet high by 150 feet long, has been artistically designed by an architect. To give the most pleasing effect, shrubs and vines have been grouped about it by a landscape gardener. In front of the board is a strip of grassy lawn, well cared for and calling attention to the neatness of the whole. Electric lights shine on it by night. And instead of being placed where it will cut off a charming view of lake or stream or hill or wood, it acts as a screen for a swamp and an ugly tin can dump.

To take the place of Hank's 51 signs of assorted sizes, there appears on the face of the large billboard in clear, readable letters the name of one firm in each of many special types of business. "Wheeler's Filling Station" takes up the space in one of the upper corners. Below that, "Niplock's Barber Shop, Shaves and Bobs" glows forth in the light of the sun or electric bulb. "Pincher's Boot Shop" has an attractive square, and then follow successively a clothing shop, a dry goods store, a hotel, a grocery, and so on until the board is filled.

For a stretch of two miles out of the city, this idea is repeated at intervals. Each billboard tells the story of a different set of business men, and only one business in each particular line is set forth. Thus is the value of the advertising for each increased.

The Chamber of Commerce in any one of America's cities can do much toward bringing about appropriate settings for advertisers to use. Rotary or Kiwanis or Lions' clubs, for instance, of which nearly every city of size has organizations, could be made responsible for the signboards on certain approaches to the city. They would see that signs were placed only in the locations suitable for their use. These groups would have the responsibility of the care of the signs, too, and would see that they were kept up and were not molested. There would be a personal interest because the advertising of each member's business would undoubtedly be included in his group section. This plan could also be made to insure a display of advertising for only one firm in each line of business wherever signs were to be grouped.

When individuals advertise separately in outdoor signs, what protection does his billboard or poster or marker possess? Mischievous boys on Hallowe'en pull up every sign they can find and tear off every poster along the way. Business men cannot demand that the damage be repaired because they no more asked permission to place the signs than did the youngsters to tear them down. But where business men of a community co-operate, a sign which needs repair or replacing receives it because every man contributes to a fund set aside for that purpose.

No longer will weather-beaten, tumble-down signs implying "even so is the business" be seen in the land, when communities work together with a definite system in mind. No longer will brilliant metal squares be tacked on trees and hung on fence wires, respectively, to desecrate the beauty of the trees and to rust themselves away.

No more will expectant faces of "candidates" look forth from telephone poles as studies in black and white.

The Co-operative Signboard

THOSE 51 signs which Hank counted when on his motor trip with Jim had cost the owners $300, to say nothing of the expense of placing them there.

Within three months all of them were removed because they had become so great a highway nuisance. The owners did not find it worth while to save the signs, and the $300 had been lost to the community. What splendidly permanent co-operative signboards that $300 would have built!

Carefully chosen billboards designed in an artistic way and placed in a setting of vines and shrubs, with grass and flowers about, will soon put a kindlier expression on the face of Mother Nature for the traveler who enters city or village to see. Billboards can be formal or informal, but the secret of their art is that they should seem to "belong" wherever they are placed.

In a grassy pasture along a certain railroad track appear three life-size wooden cows. They seem to graze peacefully, as wooden milk maids in wooden sunbonnets milk into wooden pails.

It gives one a feeling of admiration for the cleverness of the design and its appropriateness of setting; it furnishes one with added respect for the business and the dairy products which are so fittingly advertised.

There's a place for every sign when every sign's in its place!

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"Saturation" in Business

JUST how much reliance may be placed on government reports of business conditions, each interested person must decide for himself. The rise of numerous private agencies for the collection and distribution of the same sort of information would indicate that government reports are not 100 per cent illuminating nor reliable. Then, of course, there was the recent sugar report issued by Mr. Hoover's department and the subsequent foozle.

Rather tardily and wholly without foundation a government department now warns that certain lines of business have reached the "saturation" point. Business "experts" like to roll that term—"saturation point"—under their tongues. Of what one useful commodity has the country too large a supply?—let them answer that. Of what one article necessary to the comfort and progress of the American family have too many been produced and sold?—let them answer that. The state of affairs is this: lines of useful business are away behind in their orders. The markets, so far from being saturated, are thirstily calling for more goods.

Not being business men, the heads of government departments are not able to identify what they see. They do not see "saturation"—what they see is unbalanced activity on the part of the business community. The present productive capacity of the United States is not sufficient, in some lines, to satisfy the demand. The temptation, therefore, is to increase that productive capacity, that is, permit the crowding into 1923 of the normal business that should wait until 1924. If this could be done without producing dislocation in the raw material supply and market, it would probably be as safe and normal a course as any. But as it now happens, manufacturing capacity can be increased at a faster rate than the production of materials can be increased, and the result is a mad scramble among manufacturers for material, a competitive bidding which sends up the prices of materials, which in turn sends up the prices of the manufactured product, which in turn chills the buyer and cuts off business.

That is what the government "experts" see, if they see anything, but you never yet saw a government "expert" read a lecture to the big fellows—their words always apply to the little fellows. Let business keep its gait, and measure its gait by the supply of material at reasonable prices. Let the producers of material begin a steady increase in their production and a steady reduction in their costs. Then we shall witness an era of business which shall be at least a beginning in supplying the need of this and other countries.

Just now "saturation" can only mean that a select buying circle is supplied; it cannot mean that the needs of the entire country have been met.

Predicts a Coal Shortage

COAL MINING JOURNAL predicts a bituminous shortage next winter unless production increases or consumption is curtailed. At present volume of output and demand the country will need nearly 50,000,000 tons more than can be produced, while requirements are increasing daily. With knowledge of such a condition in the industry it would seem possible that provision could easily be made to meet it. Only a few weeks ago we were told the trouble with coal was over-production—that it was impossible to confine mining to an area sufficient to fill the country's needs and employ only men enough to have continuous work for all. It was the surplus coal, we were told, which made it impossible to give miners more than 200 working days in a year.

The *Journal* follows its editorial view on the shortage with another in which it presents a similar danger in the matter of labor. Restriction of immigration, it is feared, will menace the industry, because so many miners are finding employment in lines where steady work is possible, "at fairly good wages, even if at less per day than can be earned in the coal mines."

There is logic for you! Too great development six months ago, but now a shortage of production threatened because men are finding employment in industries where the annual income is greater, although the daily wage is smaller!

Meanwhile the *Journal* is urging all operators to join the American Coal Association effectively to combat the United Mine Workers and the interference of government in their business!

The Burden of Interest

THE following table is credited to Federal Treasury experts as showing the distribution of each dollar of government revenue. It is illuminating, because only a glance is needed to learn what proportion of the taxes we pay, directly and indirectly, is used for any particular purpose.

The astonishing fact that *more than a quarter of the revenue goes for interest* should awake the public mind to the pertinence of the argument that there is no real necessity of paying interest at all, and that the country is submitting to it because of a false notion that the United States is compelled to borrow the money which it alone can create.

If to the interest charge is added that for militaristic purposes, half the cost of government is accounted for, and it is likely the remainder of the budget can be pared considerably.

Of every dollar of revenue the following funds receive the proportions stated in the column opposite them:

1. Interest on public debt	$ .2660
2. Sinking fund to reduce debt	.11
3. Care of World War veterans	.10
4. Civil and Mexican War pensions	.07
5. Maintaining army establishment	.12
6. Maintaining the navy	.125
7. Tax refunds on govt. overcharges	.0232
8. To pay Shipping Board expenses	.0229
9. Care of the Indians	.01
10. Building public roads	.0242
11. Other govt. activities	.1287

Where Salvation Is Free

A PENNSYLVANIA preacher announces that he has banished the collection plate and that hereafter worshipers will not be disturbed by having the offending article thrust into their meditations. His argument is that the public offertory is an unnecessary evil.

The *Florida Christian Advocate* facetiously quotes some one who suggests such a plan could not work in a Methodist church, since an offering to the Lord is an essential element of worship and that "where two or three Methodists gather together, there the collection plate is also."

But the same paper tells of a Methodist congregation in North Carolina which has not made a collection in three years, nor assessed nor pledged a member, yet it has carried a budget of $17,000 without a deficit.

Copyrighting Argument

AN EDITORIAL from the *National Republican* recently was commented on and criticised by a writer in the *Country Gentleman*. The Washington paper announced a rejoinder, and at once received a letter from the managing editor of the Philadelphia paper that the contents of the *Country Gentleman* are protected by copyright, and quotations from them will be considered an infringement. Hence the reply by the *Republican* to an attack upon its views is impossible.

It is a new angle to the art of argument—that an opponent's argument cannot be quoted to be refuted, because it is copyright.

In which connection it may be worth stating that no argument printed in The Dearborn Independent is copyright.

"The Banks' Boston Tea Party"

AS The Dearborn Independent has had occasion to remark several times, just criticism of the Federal Reserve System is not confined to those who would do away with it, by any means. Financial papers, which deem it a means of much benefit to the country, are more and more freely discussing in plain words its defects and the causes which have made it unpopular.

Under the title above, the *Banker and Financier*, New York, notes the Congressional inquiry into the reasons for the refusal of banks qualified for membership to join the system. Even the smaller banks to which the privilege of membership has recently been extended, hold aloof, the only important recent recruits being found among the new National banks, whose membership is compulsory, many of which have been chartered with small capitalization under the retiring Controller of the Currency, whose special aversion is the small bank, and who, in his report at the close of 1921, boasted of the number of charter rejections he had ordered.

The *Banker and Financier* insists that, while "admittedly most beneficent in origin and beneficial in operation," the Federal Reserve System lacks friends in its own particular field. According to reports, from 8,000 to 10,000 banks, fully qualified for membership, refuse to come under its authority. The exact language of the editorial under review is significant:

"This point-blank opposition cannot be dismissed lightly. The recalcitrant banks do not remain without the pale because of pique, shortsightedness or misunderstanding. They stay out because they feel it safer to be free. Over and above this, they refuse to affiliate because they do not like the administration of the system. The bureaucratic authority which seems to prevail, and the lack of human sentiment that characterizes the relations between the system and the common membership, are potent causes for this spirit of aloofness."

In plain terms, justifying itself by its conviction that correction can best be secured by admission of its need, the *Banker and Financier* proceeds to excoriate the Federal Reserve banks for persecution of small banks, which is known everywhere and will not be forgotten for years.

Of the feeling against the system it says that never before in the history of the country has there been such a revolt against constituted authority.

"About the last place to look for rebellion against authority is where banks are involved, and yet we find thousands of small institutions taking their very lives in hand to fight for what they deem their liberty. The Boston Tea Party was not a more courageous enterprise."

The reader is challenged to find a more severe criticism for the Federal Reserve System. Those who would do away with it oppose it from principle, because of its power for ill; this friend denounces the wrong it has done. The Dearborn Independent has related instances, two in particular, where victims have sought relief in the courts. The *Banker and Financier* goes further and recites a practice that has not generally been known:

"The Reserve System itself, acting through its regional banks, has seemed to take pleasure in emblazoning the names of banks which do not submit tamely to the arbitrary dictum of the powers that be. Almost every week sees the issue of an official circular, emanating from some district, giving what are termed revised lists of non-member state banks and trust companies on which the Reserve Banks refuse to accept checks. The word 'dishonored' is used frequently in these circulars—used intentionally, so it would appear from the verbiage—and the implication is plain that the institutions named are under the ban as pseudo-criminals. Perhaps it is necessary for the information of the customers of the Reserve Banks that these lists should be issued, but their repetition and duplication at short intervals is not of a nature to heal the breach."

The same day the *Banker and Financier* was received came the current issue of the *Pacific Banker*, published at Portland, Oregon, in which the following editorial note gave light as to the feeling in the Northwest:

"Small state banks are in no hurry to join the Federal Reserve System, despite recent amendments reducing capital requirements for entry. Why should they be? Why should some 4,039 small fellows rush down the 'sawdust trail' when for these many years some 9,678 had the chance but never took it? It is not the lack of an admission ticket that is keeping the little fellows out."

Mr. Ford's Page

THE Peace Ship, so-called, was an attempt to provide a means of expression for the Spirit of Peace which at the time the ship sailed had no adequate means of expressing itself to the world. Tragic beyond words was the fact which faced us all in 1914, that every kind of spirit had machinery through which to function, except the Peace spirit. The political world was organized for anything but that. Turn where it would, the Peace spirit, like Noah's dove, found no place to alight, and those who befriended it in those days were likely to receive abuse as the wages of their loyalty.

The Peace Ship sailed—indeed, the Peace Ship is sailing yet—and it is interesting to recall the stages through which the Peace sentiment has passed since that time. At the beginning the very thought was a heresy, something to be denounced and punished. It is hard to believe, but there actually was a time in this country when it was counted unpatriotic to feel the terrible folly of slaughtering the bodies of millions of young men to settle the quarrels of a few exploiters. Soon, however, Peace was said to be the very object of the war—the war, we were told, was being fought in order that war should no longer be possible. That is to say, the diplomatists and militarists adopted the Peace idea as the strongest plea they could find to justify the war. Last of all came the Versailles Treaty, whose whole pretense was peace, and whose whole effect has been just the opposite.

Thus in curious blend, both war and "pacifism" combined to exalt the idea of Peace. But there is no peace as yet. It is doubtful that war's last thunder has been stilled. It may be that the fire has yet to run through more of earth's rubbish heaps and clean them out. No one whose eyes are open can view indifferently the present state of the world. The worst thing that remains is that the old system is still in the saddle and crying to be saved—especially crying to America to save it and identifying itself with "civilization"—and if that system retains power long enough we shall see a renewal of war. There will probably, however, be this mitigation, that as in the last war the wrong people fought each other, the next war may see a truer line-up for the final establishment of an era of real peace—not a mere paper peace, but a genuine peace of the peoples of the earth.

> *IDEALS which are realized are seldom spoken of. When the world speaks loudly of self-government, it may be set down that it is an ideal yet to be brought into actuality. We admire that which we lack, we rhapsodize about that which has not yet come into being. The advantages which the "privileged classes" enjoy become after a time the "rights" of all classes. The few adventurous souls of each generation win something for themselves, and the resentment of the majority against that sort of privilege leads to a general distribution of the same thing among all the people. Little by little we advance, but we are not arrived at our commonest ideals yet. The world is still governed by a hidden oligarchy which is not superhuman, but inhuman, and wholly disconnected with the normal human interests of the majority of mankind.*

The practical results achieved by the Peace Ship seem to be worrying some minds today. It is strange enough that any honest movement for Peace should have its enemies, but it is stranger still that these enemies should believe that they are harrying its friends by occasional reference to it. The notion seems to be that someone wants the Peace Ship "sunk without trace," forgotten, repudiated, and that the best way to offend or to embarrass is to bring it to memory again. One man at least stands ready to say that so far as he is concerned the more that is learned about the Peace Ship the better, and the more that is learned of what the Peace Ship discovered, the better.

Stripped of the unofficial and over-enthusiastic utterances of persons who spoke for themselves only, and whose curious slogans caught the public imagination for a time to the obscuration of the ship's real purpose, the original purpose of the venture was to see if the actual basis for peace which existed at that time was available; and the total result of the venture was an education in the forces behind the war.

It goes without saying that aboard the ship were the representatives of the hidden power which knows more about the war today than anyone else knows, and which before the war occurred at all knew more about it than anyone else knew. Their business was to find out how much of their plans was known and also to see that their interests were not materially injured by an inquiry into the forces behind the war.

The inside story of the Peace Ship will not be told here, but of the knowledge gained or the information confirmed, this much may be said: The people do not rule; the governments do not govern; the world until now has been ruled by a power in the background which is international, whose chessboard is the planet itself, and whose chessmen are the Governments and the Peoples.

This power is not occult; it rules by the manipulation of familiar machinery and by the exploitation of the most common motives known to humanity. If it has remained unknown until now, there is probably good reason for it. It may be possible that the people could not have grown strong enough and wise enough to cope with it until they had passed through centuries of experience of it. And it may be that the reign of this hidden super-government was necessary to give the world for all time to come an object lesson in the utter futility and failure of evil.

This power is financial and political. Not financial in the national sense, nor political in the governmental sense, but controlling the international gold which is placed here and there as policy requires, and controlling political procedure by causing to occur here or there an incident by which to affect affairs yonder. Heads of governments, of course, indignantly deny that there are heads still higher than they. But they will not deny that what they do is conditioned upon what someone else does; and while it may be impossible offhand to bring pressure to bear upon the personnel of a government to do a certain thing, it always is possible to spring an event elsewhere which will create a condition which will compel a government to act in a certain way. What one government does depends upon what another government does, and what the other government does may depend upon what one man, a private citizen or an international banker, does. Undoubtedly even the governments are wise enough now to make the movements of International Financiers a matter of secret service interest.

The greatest blow that could have been struck to the hidden government of the world would have been the early conclusion of the war. The holocaust had to rage a certain length of time to permit them a sufficient 'turnover" on their investment. As it was, the awakening of the people of the United States nipped as neat a plan as ever was devised, and as a result some of the international war profits are not collected yet, and never will be collected if the people of the United States keep their vision. There were persons interested in the Peace Ship's venture who could have drawn a chart of the then future, and the chart would have been exact. We know enough now to know that wars never "break," they are a matter of long and careful preparation.

But enough knowledge slipped out of the bag during that period to spell the doom of the inhuman type of International Finance. The facts are out, and although the world must necessarily receive them slowly, they are here to be received. The minds of the people are piercing through the clouds of mist which have enshrouded them. They are beginning to see that their economic and political experiences are not like the weather, uncontrollable, but that up above them and above the governments, in regular session, are a group of men, most of them representing families that have held the international reins for years, and these men decree what shall be. And whoever loses, they will win—that is, they will win until the system that permits them to win is crashed to the ground.

That system is going now. That is what International Finance means when it cries, "Save civilization"—it means, save the system by which we kept the peoples in our power. But that system is doomed, it is passing, and perhaps the Peace Ship was one of the first indications that its end had come.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Has Supreme Court Usurped People's Power?

Court Now Supreme, Congress Must Act, Says Senator

By U. S. SENATOR LADD

SENIOR SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

The second article by Senator Ladd on the Supreme Court will appear in an early issue.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is today more under scrutiny and discussion on the part of all the people, perhaps, than ever before. Evidences are cumulative that this question is gathering great momentum. And why shouldn't all the people be profoundly interested? "Laymen" have as much right to be interested as the so-called "authorities." This greatest judicial tribunal in the world is vital to the very existence and the happiness of 110,000,000 Americans. No nine human beings in the world have such powers as the learned and honored men who sit on the Supreme bench, in their court chambers in the United States Capitol Building midway between the chambers of the United States Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Congress may enact laws and the Executive, or President, complete the legislation by signing the bills, but a Supreme Court decision can annul both Congressional action and Presidential approval.

The Supreme Court, of course, will not lift its hand, of itself, to set aside or nullify any Act of Congress, until importuned to do so by some one interested. Sometimes the motives may be prompted by high purposes, but often they are selfish. Certain groups, particularly the big corporations, have well-paid permanent lobbyists in Washington watching every move of the President, of Congress and the Supreme Court. These representatives of the powerful corporations are often men the people have honored with high positions, such as seats in the Senate or House of Representatives. The voters sent them to Congress. Once they represented their constituents, but now they are representing their clients. They learned all the tricks and the intrigues of the legislative routine and are experts in guessing out what the Supreme Court would be liable to do in any given case.

A Growing Scrutiny of Supreme Court

IF WHILE in Congress a member has adopted the "right brand of politics," from the standpoint of the predatory interests, he is almost certain to be offered a position, as legislative and court representative, at a salary or fee that will be very tempting. Particularly this is the case if he is a lawyer by profession. Had such a man never held high political position the big interests would not want him.

These former members of Congress have access to the floors and cloakrooms of Congress that are denied the ordinary individual, and have more prestige in the chambers of the Supreme Court than "laymen." They also have a social standing which their official position naturally gave them. They meet, in a social way, the highest officials from the President and the judges of the Supreme Court down.

As a layman this question of the Supreme Court impresses me as one of the most serious problems now facing the American people. I refer to what is generally spoken of as the usurpation of power by the Supreme Court of the United States. I am not a lawyer, but it has been my misfortune to have been forced into court on a great many occasions, and feel that I can speak as a layman from some practical experience and observation.

We cannot help but take notice of the fact that there is a growing unrest among the people, and an increasing fear that the Supreme Court is assuming functions and powers that are alarming and not contemplated in the provisions of the Constitution. It is not so much the fact that the Supreme Court is assuming these powers, as the feeling that is abroad among the people that these powers are being used against the best interests of the people, that so seriously concerns us.

We are now fast drifting to that point of public discontent aroused by assumed abuses of usurped power, as the masses maintain, and an overwhelming demand with an aroused public sentiment will, I fear, swing the pendulum too far in the other direction.

I feel, therefore, justified in calling attention to the matter while there is yet time for carefully considering the demands for real justice to be done by again returning to the spirit and purpose of our Constitutional government.

Court Now the Supreme Power in the Land

IT IS becoming a rather common thing now to hear the intimation that the Supreme Court is being filled with corporation lawyers and the representatives of big business. Even a standpat and reactionary Senate has at times viewed, with some hesitancy, certain of the Presidential appointments to the greatest court in the world. The question has been repeatedly raised as to how Congress can respond to the will of the people by placing an act upon our statute books so that it may stand as the law of the land, unrepealable by the Supreme Court.

To my mind, as a layman who has given a great deal of thought to the subject, the remedy is not as difficult to obtain as our cautious lawmakers—awed by a sense of dominating power—are prone to believe. I believe we have the power to curb the undesirable tendencies of the court right in our grasp. It will take a little courage and determination to enforce the rights of the people, but if the Supreme Court has made any usurpations *we can settle that matter definitely in a time no longer than it takes to get a bill through both branches of Congress, and signed by the President. It has been done before and the Supreme Court has recognized the right of Congress to do it.*

There is no question in my mind that the Supreme Court has *usurped* the power to declare an Act of Congress to be unconstitutional. Legislative enactments have been declared void by this great tribunal. I believe such an exercise of power to be a dangerous usurpation of a legislative function. Universal experience has been that power usurped in any branch of government has proved to be power dishonestly and corruptly used.

In support of my belief that the exercise of this power to declare an Act of Congress to be unconstitutional is an unwarranted usurpation, it might be well to direct some attention to the origin of our political system. Prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it is evident that the power of the states was supreme, sovereign and unlimited. But "in order to form a more perfect Union," they delegated a portion of it to the Federal Government clearly specifying that which they delegated and withholding all the rest. The Federal Constitution confers upon the Federal Government certain powers expressly enumerated; the constitutions of the states contain a general grant of powers not excepted or prohibited. The Federal Constitution is a grant of powers; the state constitutions are limitations of powers.

In the face of these well-established rules of interpretation it is pretty hard to understand how the Supreme Court of the United States could take to itself the right to exercise a power not expressly conferred by the Federal Constitution. There is no question that the power is not expressly conferred, and it should be equally unquestionable that the power cannot be derived by necessary implication. It strikes me as being somewhat pertinent, that the power to declare an Act of Congress void and null by reason of its repugnancy to the Federal Constitution was not exercised during the 16 years that the Federalists had control of the government and that it was not until the Republicans assumed control of the government that the Federal judges ventured to proclaim the power and exercise it.

All Government Agencies Not Authorized

I FEAR that we have been more or less burdened with legal wisdom. Perhaps the layman's view may not tally up to all of the gymnastic possibilities of the legal method, but it may serve to simplify the arguments relating to the means which the people possess for the safeguarding of their rights. There has grown up in our governmental system a feeling of awe, amounting almost to fear, of agencies of government that are supposed to be the instrumentalities of the people—*and which are not.*

No doubt, the first impulse of the judicial mind would be to spring to the defense of any questioned power of the judiciary. The argument might even be adduced that regardless of what the fathers of the Constitution may have had in mind, and regardless of whether or not the Constitution gave the express right to the Supreme Court to declare an Act of Congress to be unconstitutional, such a power was implied, and, if not implied, that such power has been exercised for so long that the people of the land have accepted it as the law and, therefore, it is the law.

Such a reasoning would but lead to the conclusion that our constituted authorities would only have to usurp power often enough and over a sufficient period to make those powers theirs by right. Such reasoning must shock the moral conscience of the nation.

Of course, I am fully aware of the fact that great legal minds may arise and say that the Senator from North Dakota is rehashing an old argument, and that the question has been settled against him, and that he shows his ignorance of the situation by adducing such argument. But I maintain that it is not an absolute requisite that a man be a lawyer to understand some of the simple language in the Constitution. It matters not if the Supreme Court has usurped this power, and if they have exercised it for a long period of years, that fact does not mean that they now have the power. They can only have it by the sufferance of Congress. It was never intended they should have.

Court Is Not Responsible to Anybody

IT WAS intended that the Congress should be the supreme branch of government, and that the Congress would have to go back to the people and report every two years. Any other conclusion would be an assumption that the people had wilfully relinquished control of supreme functions of government and placed those functions in the hands of a few men who were not directly responsible to the people. Under the Constitution, Congress alone should determine whether or not a proposed Act was constitutional. As the member of the House or the Senate decides on any such question that might arise, just so will his record go back to the people as his report, and they will decide whether or not they approve of his course. In this way the people can give expression every two years.

This was, in my humble opinion, the real intent of the framers of the Constitution. *What chance does the citizen have to rebuke the Supreme Court of the United States?* The fact that Congress has been asleep on its duty and has not zealously guarded this great power, and has not insisted that the Supreme Court function only in its intended sphere, does not mean that the people have lost that right, and that a growing despotism shall be enthroned. If this Congress will pass a new judiciary act, defining the powers and rights of the Supreme Court, and declare in that act that it shall not hereafter have the power to declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional, the people of this great land will arise and support them in such a measure, and the Supreme Court of the United States will not dare challenge that right. Should it attempt to do so, then it would be the solemn duty of Congress to proceed under the Constitution to dissolve the court that attempted it and constitute another one to take its place.

The Washington Memorial: a Shrine for the Ages

Concluded from page 2

we come upon the Washington-Wood Memorial, consisting of the pulpit, lectern, and perclose, all of Indiana limestone. It was dedicated on Washington's Birthday, 1909, when for the first time in history a representative of the King of England made an address at Valley Forge, in the course of which the speaker styled the chapel the American Westminster.

On Easter Day, 1912, was dedicated the Washington-Burk Memorial, given in memory of the late Abbie J. Reeves Burk, wife of the man whose life-work the completion of the memorial has been. The memorial is the bronze statuette, "Valley Forge," pronounced the finest statue of Washington since Houdon's in the capitol at Richmond.

Beyond the pulpit, perclose, and lectern is the choir. Each of the choir stalls, beautifully designed and marvelously executed, commemorates a brigade at Valley Forge. Continental soldiers, carved in oak, with their uniforms correctly colored, stand in the niches.

Over the stalls are the Flags of the Revolution, silk reproductions of the flags carried by the Continental troops. To provide fresh flags from time to time, and to extend the influence of Valley Forge, a flag fund is planned, the income of which will go for the purchase of new flags, the old flags then to be sent in rotation to the governors of the states to be distributed to the public schools, so that the flags which have hung in the chapel will eventually hang in the schoolhouses of the country.

The Memorial Organ, given in memory of a lieutenant in the Continental army, was formally dedicated in 1917. So wondrous seemed the music to one listener that he has suggested that some public-spirited citizen establish a perpetual endowment to provide an organist who shall, for an hour a day, unloose its sublime strains —a spiritualizing force in this material world of ours.

The altar is a single block of Indiana limestone weighing 10 tons. In its face is set the plate from Washington's overbox, which fell on the floor of the vault and was overlooked when the sarcophagus was sealed. It bears this brief inscription:

GEORGE WASHINGTON

BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1732

DIED DECEMBER 14, 1799

And cut in the steps leading to the altar we read Tennyson's stirring lines:

> "His work is done;
> But while the race of mankind endure,
> Let his great example stand
> Colossal seen of every land,
> And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
> Till in all lands, and thro' all human story,
> The path of duty be the way of glory."

Most interesting are the six stone sedilia, or clergy seats. With their richly carved canopies they commemorate Washington's rectors and thus tell of his religious life.

By far the greatest glory of the chapel is revealed in the memorial windows, which are made in red and blue tones, so that, with the white walls between, the national colors are shown. "Created in the style and with the long-lost spirit of the world-famous windows of Chartres Cathedral they entrance the eye and inspire the soul." The artist, Nicola D'Ascenzo, of Philadelphia, has, through them, expressed this theme: The great window over the altar represents Christ filling all life and giving to men the fuller life; the window to the left narrates the carrying of the Gospel to the nations; over the pulpit will be a window representing the new birth seen in the freedom of thought, and, over the lectern, one showing the freedom of the Bible. Then follow the windows of Discovery, Settlement, Expansion, Development, Revolution, Patriotism, Democracy, and Union; and the last window, over the entrance, depicts the union of all these influences of Religion, Literature, Art, Science, and institutions in the greatest American, the Father of his Country. As in the other memorials, the windows carry, in most cases, a double commemoration, honoring such patriots as Franklin, John Paul Jones, Hamilton, Jefferson and Wayne. In the thirteenth—the George Washington Window—an attempt has been made to picture the life of Washington as the ideal American. This is done in three stages: Washington the Virginian, Washington the Patriot, Washington the American.

The crowning glory of the chapel is the Roof of the Republic. The trusses are supported by carved oak angels with outstretched wings, and, for each state, there is a panel in which the arms are carved and colored.

If I Could Have Served a Term in Congress

Mrs. Felton, Aged 87, Senator for One Day, Shows Old-fashioned Wisdom

By CLAIRE GILES

MRS. REBECCA L. FELTON

A woman of many activities, she hoes her own garden at Cartersville, attends to a 600-acre farm, and rode horseback until she was seventy. She was appointed by the governor of Georgia to fill the unexpired term of Senator Watson, and was seated by the U. S. Senate and served one day through courtesy.

ASKED if she didn't think that she could have been elected to the United States Senate as easily as appointed by the governor of Georgia to fill the unexpired term of Senator Watson, Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton replied: "No, my age is against me. I have not the vitality to wage a political campaign. And, besides, my mission is accomplished—I have blazed the trail for the serious entrance of women into politics in America at the very fountainhead, where they are most needed. The conscientious women of America will carry on the work long after I am gone."

Had it been Mrs. Felton's privilege to serve a term in the United States Senate, instead of serving by courtesy for one day only, there are some definite things she would have sponsored. She would have supported the Monroe Doctrine, and she would have opposed the League of Nations. "We must keep out of complications in Europe. We can't bear the burdens of the world any longer. If the Democrats adopt the League as a plank in their platform two years from now, they will be defeated," she says.

"Our bankrupt laws are too lax. I should have made an effort to have them made more rigid. There is a positive weakness in some sections for going into bankruptcy. The law should be changed so that any person who takes bankruptcy must account for any property he may have disposed of for a definite period beforehand."

Dishonest Judiciary a National Menace

MRS. FELTON does not believe in a national law strictly prohibiting divorce, although she feels that divorce laws are much too lax—that there should be some effort made at uniformity of the divorce laws of the states. She thinks that provision should be made by all means for a woman's being able to get a divorce from a worthless husband for the sake of her children.

"I should have worked for a thorough revision of our election laws," she continued. "We need (especially us women, who are new to the game) thorough and systematic instruction as to our duties as citizens that we may be able to do some telling work here where it is vitally needed. A dishonest judiciary and dishonest elections will always be a stumblingblock in a republic. We have both now, and it is a common practice for men to buy their way into politics. The English judiciary is above reproach. In America political influence can keep a man out of jail no matter how guilty he is.

"No man should be allowed to run for office until he is willing to issue a printed and signed statement as to what he intends to do when he gets in (he can always say the newspapers misquoted him). This should be kept by conscientious voters and a regular checking up made at regular intervals, so that he can be brought to task. The referendum and recall? There should certainly be some system for compelling a man in public office to render the duties of his office in a satisfactory manner if he expects to stay in it. Yes, there should be some form of impeachment for public officials.

"How Terrible 'Personal Politics' Are!"

"AND no judge should be 'promoted' to the Senate. He should not be allowed to enter a political campaign until he has washed his hands of his judicial duties. The responsibilities of his office are much too great to make this a safe procedure. Favoritism and factionalism and prejudice mixed up in politics invariably cloud the issue. I have often noticed in speaking in small communities how terribly *personal* politics had become. One set of men would advocate a certain measure, and the other side would come out in opposition. The bulk of the people would know practically nothing of the real issues involved (the merits of the proposed legislation, and its effects upon the lives, homes, children, or the town's coffers). But the whole town would line up—how? According to their friendliness or unfriendliness of the *individuals* on either side!

"Mind you, I am talking of politics before women had a vote, too! Yes, the measure would be voted for or against, according to the amount of prejudice, personal animosities, old grudges and friendships that could be stirred up, with no serious thought as to its worthiness." This method, elaborated, is still in force in our national lawmaking body today!

"When you come to think of it, we have only had about 116 years of government as a republic. We are hardly out of adolescence. In this time we have spent about all our surplus money on wars. And we are not through with them yet. The East is always a seething vessel of dissension, England's domination of India is kept down by force, and the other countries of Europe seem to be itching to get into war again. When you get a big, restless crowd of one mind, the mass feeling is like a great suck pool—anything can happen. And the race question in this country is by no means settled.

"The results of our efforts at reconstruction are not encouraging. I have seen reconstruction after the Civil War, and of that time and this I believe this is the worst. The reason is largely psychological. Then the South was almost devastated. Nobody had much, and many had nothing at all. So everybody went to work with a will and a determination to come back. You don't see much of the spirit that wins now. People are restless—are not willing to get down and dig for things. They seem to want to live off the public treasury—want soft jobs."

What She Said to President Harding

REFERRING to her talk with President Harding when she was called into conference with him in Florida last winter, she said: "We had a long talk about domestic problems. I told him that once every four years we got a great political hurrah at the end of the campaign, and that was the end of it, and I wanted to see the time come when the South would have a fair showing. Mr. Harding promised that so far as lay in his power the South should have it."

When asked what southern women thought about political matters, Mrs. Felton told the President that most of them were new to politics and had much to learn, and it would take a lively election to stir up their interest greatly.

"Another of our great national weaknesses is law enforcement. When you have lived as I have through a period (referring to the Civil War) when there is no law, you know what it means to have no court of law where you can make an appeal and be sure of a hearing. It is a terrible thing. You live in a nightmare of fear, and go to bed at night feeling that *anything* can happen before morning. When you have lived through that you will have a greater respect for law—and for law enforcement. Better the enforcement of an imperfect law than to have good laws that are not enforced. It is so with our prohibition laws—the great weakness lies in their lack of enforcement."

Mrs. Felton is at times accused of being a Republican. She says: "I am an independent Democrat. I think there is too much sentiment and tradition in the Democratic party and not enough common sense for one to be absolutely bound to all that it does. I find good in both parties." Fair-minded she first took up her pen in defense of some northern prisoners in a Richmond prison during the Civil War who were not getting the treatment they should have had. And she has been sponsoring the under dog and championing the cause of right ever since.

"My being seated in Congress for one day was not a romantic incident but a historical event. Georgia was very slow in her promise with reference to suffrage, but she has been rapid to perform. I believe my having been admitted is a milestone for women, and no one can tell when the unexpected will happen again. The tide is setting strongly toward better treatment for women all round. I thought when I saw Miss Rankin seated how much we really owed to the men after all, for they gave us the vote. We should forget old antagonisms, and work hand in hand. I hope many women will have seats in the United States Senate during the years to come. You know the first lady member of Parliament was a Virginia woman." Mrs. Felton told the Senators in her speech in the Senate: "When the women of this country come and sit with you, I pledge you that you will get ability, integrity of purpose, exalted patriotism, and unstinted usefulness."

A Career of Usefulness and Dignity

MRS. FELTON has been a prominent figure in Georgia politics for half a century, and for 25 years she has been a national figure. A prime mover in every bit of constructive legislation enacted in the state for years, she has helped to blaze the trail in pioneer paths in causes which, now taken for granted, were once "fields of stressful controversy."

She traversed the state speaking for temperance in 1886; was an early suffrage advocate, for 20 years on the stump and in public journals and before legislative committees; was campaign manager for her husband, Dr. Felton, when he was a candidate for the state legislature and for Congress, where he served from 1875 to 1881. She is an honor graduate of Madison Female College (1852), and received an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from the University of Georgia in 1922; was a delegate from Georgia Agricultural Department to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in 1887; on Board of Lady Managers of the Chicago Exposition, 1890 to 1894; Chairman Woman's Executive Board Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta in 1895; juror on General Agriculture, St. Louis Exposition in 1904. She was the first woman to appear before the Georgia legislature; was a charter member of the National Woman's Party, supporting the party's campaign in Georgia for the passage of equal rights legislation by the state legislature, and has always been a firm advocate for complete equality for women.

Fifty Years of Service—87 of Life

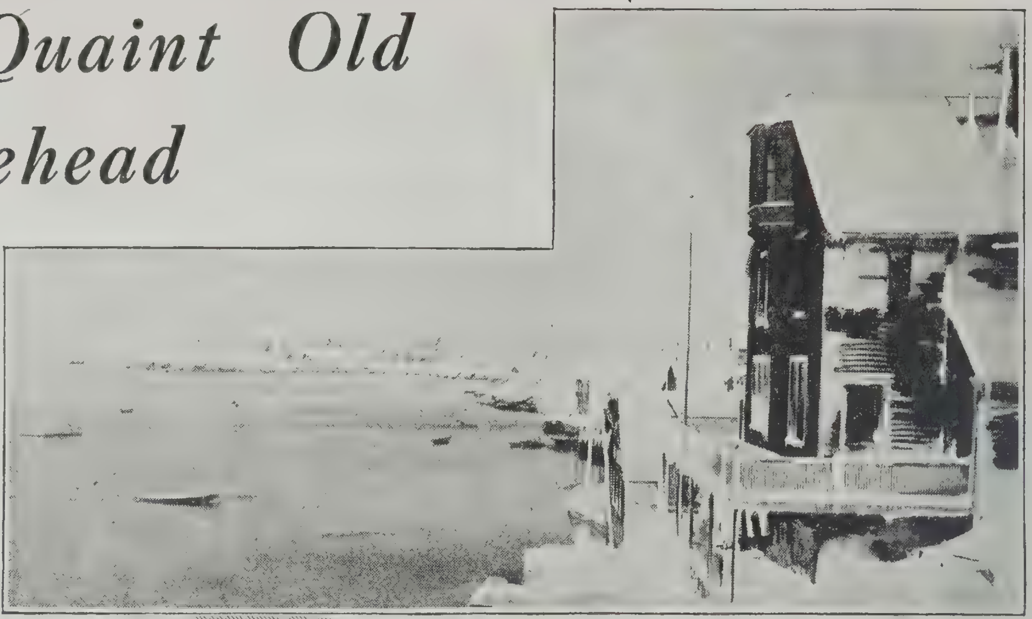
POLITICIAN, statesman, writer (author of two books on Georgia politics and contributor for 25 years to the *Tri-Weekly Atlanta Journal*), gentlewoman, homemaker, mother and grandmother, she should be a flaming signal to those who prate unthinkingly that "woman's place is in the home." If ability be an obligation, and service the badge of the great, Mrs. Rebecca Latimer Felton has won her medals. For 50 years she has served—and at 87 she continues to give unstintedly.

And of the true things which Mrs. Felton has said, her observations about an honest judiciary, too honest even to accept promotion, and her observations about political campaigns ending in "hurrah," are well worth serious consideration.

A Visit to Quaint Old Marblehead

Romance and Beauty of New England's Famous Headland Reflected in Its History

By MAY B. WHITING



The shore in winter.

The roofs of Marblehead.

THERE is no town like Marblehead, no place so topsy-turvy, unless Alice saw it in Wonderland. With plenty of open country about, the houses are huddled and jumbled together as if high tide had left them stranded, while lanes and streets, like rivulets, wriggle their way among them to the sea. Gambrel roofs, pitch roofs, and hip roofs jostle each other pell-mell. Perhaps a door faces the street, but quite as likely a corner, with a big stone set for a buffer, thrusts itself squarely into the highway. Sometimes a house is set on the edge of a cliff, beetling over the road like a caterpillar that has come to the end of the fence and reaches into the void. Some houses run up a hill so that the back door is two stories higher than the front; some slide down a ravine and blink at you darkly from its depths. No one but a sailor could be expected to "find the way."

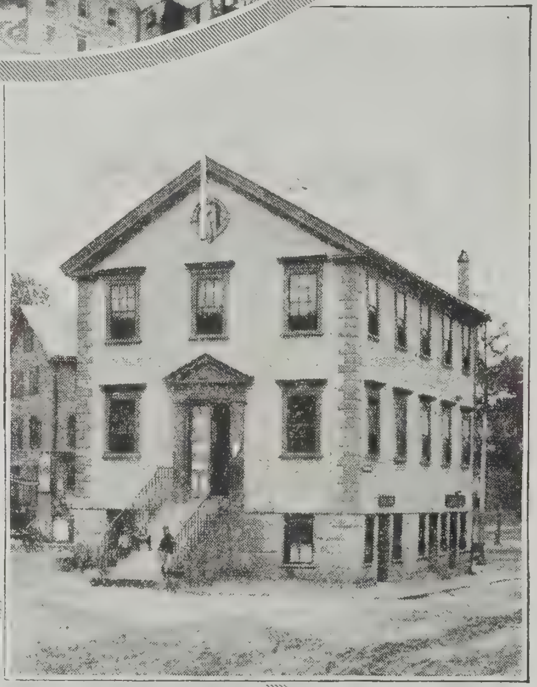
Just where the inhabitants came from and how they learned their speech and manners is a mystery. They were never part nor parcel of the Puritan civilization about them. For more than 70 years they got along without settled schoolmaster or parson. The preachers in the neighboring towns visited and exhorted powerfully but the people of Marblehead showed small concern for their souls' salvation. Their sailors were famed in every port, their merchants grew rich, trading alike with Mohammedan, Buddist and Parsee. In 1636 they launched the third ship built in the colonies, the *Desire*, which sailed to the West Indies and brought back the first slaves.

Those who stayed at home fished for the cod and dried enormous quantities which they exported. They lived to a prodigious old age, asking and granting no favors. If a stranger appeared on foot in the village it was the custom to "rock him round the corner," and, as Marblehead is all corners, he must have had a lively time of it.

"The place is noted for its children," wrote Captain Goelet in 1750, "and nourishes the most for its bigness of any place in North America; it is said that the chief cause is attributed to their feeding on Cod's head, and so on, which is their Principal Dish. It is in short a Dirty Erregular Stincking place." In 1776 John Adams wrote, "The streets are narrow and rugged and dirty, but there are some very grand buildings." Even Washington turned out of his way to see the town and commented in his diary on its quaint, dilapidated appearance.

And Marblehead was well worth visiting. In wealth and population it was second to Boston but as different as if 10,000 miles lay between. In its streets notorious pirates walked unmolested and traded their spoils. There were sailors in pigtails and earrings, gentlemen in periwigs, black slaves a-plenty, and ladies in their coaches. There were comfortable citizens in long hair, that abomination of the Puritans, who tried their best to induce their ungodly neighbors to cut if off.

Romance and adventure were in the very air. There were great goings-on at the Fountain Inn, where the richest merchants in the land did not disdain to tarry, although hobnobbing in strange company. It was at this same inn, already old in 1742, that Agnes Surriage scrubbed the stairs when Sir John Franckland, collector of the port of Boston, came down to supervise Fort Sewall. Agnes was a true daughter of Marblehead. During the earthquake in Lisbon she saved the young lord's life, and they were married and lived happily like the faithful lovers that they were.



The old Town Hall, built in 1727.

A typical Marblehead street.

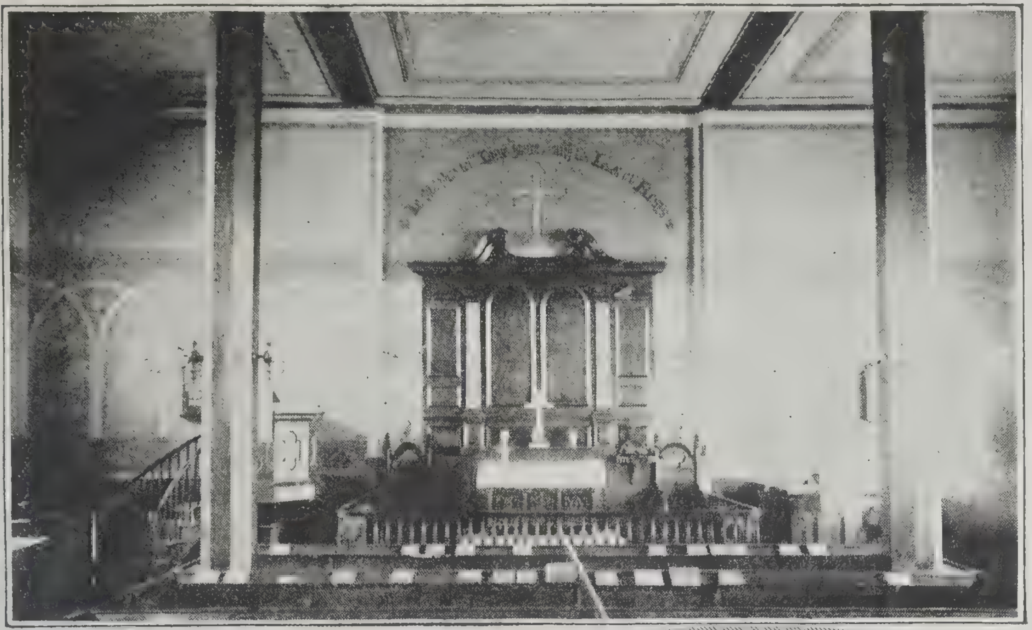
Marblehead had its own Robinson Crusoe. In 1704 young Philip Ashton was kidnapped by pirates. After many adventures he managed to conceal himself on a nameless, uninhabited island, where they stopped for water. He lived there alone for two years, when he was picked up by Captain Dove, of Salem, and six months later appeared in the streets of his own village, where all things are possible.

The town had a glorious history during the Revolution. When the port of Boston was closed, Marblehead was named as port of entry, but refused to profit by it. The citizens gave generous donations of fish and oil, and opened their warehouses for the use of the "distressed but respectable" men of Boston. The old Town Hall, built in 1727 and still standing, gained the name of a second Faneuil Hall, and Marblehead itself is called the "Nursery of the Navy." The first act of the Continental Congress instructed Commodore John Manley to protect the coast. He hoisted the first American flag, the pine tree of Massachusetts, and to him the first British flag was struck.

There was just a smatter of the pirate in those old sea dogs. In one year Commodore Samuel Tucker captured nearly 40 prizes. In 1776, when he conveyed John Adams to France, he could not resist the temptation of taking one more "just to keep his hand in." The town equipped and furnished 800 men, the famous marine regiment, equally valorous on sea or land. They were of great service to Washington when he crossed the Delaware and they led the advance at Trenton.

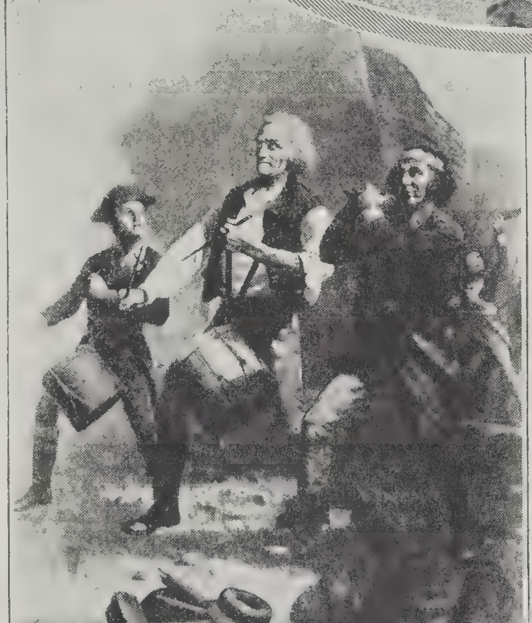
The Revolution left the town ruined. Its wealth was spent, its commerce ruined, its population greatly diminished. It was just recovering when, in 1812, war broke out, and at its close 500 men of Marblehead lay in English prisons.

It was just off the shore of Marblehead that the famous "duel" between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* took place. Captain Lawrence, mortally wounded, re-



The ancient altar and pulpit of St. Michael's.

Marblehead Harbor.



"The Spirit of '76."

fused to allow the colors to be struck and his dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have become the motto of the Navy. One Sunday morning in April the watchers on the shore saw the frigate *Constitution* making in from the sea with two boats in pursuit. With all haste cannon were brought from Salem in case the fight should be near shore, but before the enemy could overtake her, *Old Ironsides* was safe under the protecting guns of Fort Sewall.

In the palmy days of her commerce, visiting captains were astonished that so thrifty a village should pay so little heed to things spiritual. Missionaries began to come over and the Church of England found staunch supporters. In 1714 Saint Michael's was begun, the oldest Episcopal church now standing in New England. Like all the more pretentious buildings, it was got out in England. Over the altar is the Decalogue, done in ancient lettering, and from the center of the nave hangs a brass chandelier, sent over in 1739 as a gift from the town of Bristol.

During the Revolution the church had a stormy history. Its pastor, Mr. Weeks, persisted in praying publicly for the safety of the royal family and the overthrow of the enemies of the crown. When Independence was declared the townspeople broke in, tore down the royal coat of arms and rang the bell until it cracked. But Mr. Weeks was a man of convictions. He continued his petitions with redoubled fervor until the Provincial Congress, thoroughly out of patience, ordered the church closed. Mr. Weeks then fled to Nova Scotia where he could say his prayers in peace.

The old church records bear interesting notes. One Ashley Bowen, fearing lest the Book of Common Prayer be destroyed, copied the whole volume by hand. At one time a door was cut in the side to accommodate a fat man, far too corpulent to enter an old-fashioned pew.

The church, with ancient pulpit, massive beams, and quaint chandelier, is strangely at odds with its surroundings. You climb a street that is little more than a succession of stone steps, with a hodgepodge of wooden buildings on each side; you step beneath the rather dingy portal and suddenly find yourself in the midst of beauty and faded grandeur. The contrast is as great as when, from noisome Old World slums, you enter a silent cathedral of the Middle Ages.

Another reminder of past glories is the Lee Mansion. Like everything else in Marblehead, it is crowded for room, for the "Sea Kings" liked to be near the wharves and custom house where they would wait for their ships to come sailing in. The mansion was one of the most elaborate and richly furnished in the colonies. Washington, Lafayette, Monroe and Jackson have been guests there. The entrance hall, five yards wide, runs the length of the house, with great windows in the rear letting in floods of light on rich mahogany casings and a noble stairway, six feet wide, with quaintly carved baluster and posts. At the left is the drawing room, wainscoted from floor to ceiling in black walnut, with elaborate carvings and deeply recessed windows.

One of the strangest stories of Marblehead, with the haunting tragedy of fate, is that of poor Flod Ireson. For many a year the "chant of Flod Ireson" was current in the village. Small boys used to shout it after him, as, a bent and broken old man, he peddled fish up and down its tortuous lanes. It ran

"Old Flod Ireson for his horrd horrt
Was torr'd an' furtherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
A becos he left five men on a wrack
Was torr'd an' furtherr'd all over his back."

Ireson was skipper of the schooner *Betsy*, which, on the way home from the West Indies, sighted a wreck off Cape Cod. The sea was running heavy, so the skipper gaye order to "lay by" till morning, then went below. The crew, a disorderly set, unwilling to delay their own homecoming, disobeyed. The next day a Provincetown boat picked up two men from the wreck and landed them at Marblehead where they accused Ireson of cowardice. The townspeople, incensed at this crime, the blackest in the annals of seafaring folk, seized the unfortunate skipper, gave him a coat of tar and feathers, and dragged him through the streets. Whittier depicts the scene:

"Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
Here's Flod Ireson, for his horrd horrt
Torr'd and furtherr'd and corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead.' "

The people of Marblehead never quite forgave the poet for immortalizing the story of that dreadful night or for perpetuating their dialect. Even today the name of Ireson is taboo. The villagers will not talk of him nor direct a stranger to his house. As for the part the women played, the ballad is not contrary to the traditions of Marblehead.

Away back in 1677 Increase Mather wrote in a letter to Mr. Cotton:

"Sabbath-day was senningt, the women of Marblehead, as they came out of the meeting house, fell upon two Indians that were brought in as captives and, in a tumultuous way, very barbarously murdered them. Doubtless if the Indians hear of it, the captives among them will be served accordingly."

Those were tumultuous days and life a colorful drama, too often a tragedy. Most of the actors lie sleeping on Burial Hill, huddled together in death, as in life, without regard for order.

The lot dates back to 1638, and even in those days visitors wondered at its choice, for, with granite ledges thrusting up at every turn, it is only in nooks and crannies that there is to be found lodging for the dead.

In the fine new Town Hall is the deed by which the colonists bought the land, signed by the Indians by rudely drawn pictures of animals. Another of its treasures is "The Spirit of '76," the most popular patriotic picture in the country. The artist, Archibald M. Willard, went through the public schools of his own city of Cleveland to find a model for the drummer boy, and, by chance—or vision—picked out a lad of Marblehead ancestry, whose great-great-grandfather served in the famous Brigade of the Revolution. The picture was put on exhibition at the Centennial and General Devereux, the father of the boy, bought it and presented it to Marblehead. The artist later painted a replica for Cleveland.

The Lee Mansion, built in 1768.

Shall Rosenbluth Be "an American Dreyfus"?

Attempt of Propagandists to Use Influence of Colleges

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

SOME eight years ago, heads of the same organization that are now trying to prevent the trial of Robert Rosenbluth, were bending their efforts toward defeating the law in the case of Leo M. Frank, on trial at Atlanta, Georgia. Then, as now, technicalities were interposed to delay court proceedings, witnesses were tampered with and alleged "retractions" obtained. Then, as now, the name of a large university was utilized to mold public sentiment in favor of the prisoner. Publicity bulletins periodically announced that "Cornell University Alumni" were pleading for Leo Frank and signing petitions on his behalf.

For the last few months, stories have appeared in newspapers, bearing headlines such as "Yale Men Appeal for Captain Rosenbluth," or "Yale Men Back Rosenbluth." They are in the form of special dispatches to certain New York dailies, which generally publish them as offsets to new developments in the Rosenbluth case. They spread the impression that a great American university sympathizes with one of the men charged with the murder of young Major Cronkhite.

Yale graduates have expressed deep concern and indignation over these attempts to drag the name of their *alma mater* into the Rosenbluth case, representing her as vouching for the innocence of a man as yet untried, and arraying her on the side of elements which are circulating defamatory stories concerning an American Army officer and his slain son. It was in the desire to obtain the true sources of these dispatches, that I recently paid a visit to Connecticut's university town.

On my arrival in New Haven, I learned that the correspondent who sends out the "news specials" usually quotes Professor Herman Haupt Chapman, of the Forest School, which is one of the minor branches of Yale. The same day there came into my hands a folder which has been circulated rather industriously, containing the reprint of an article which appeared in the January number of the small bulletin published quarterly by the Forest School's alumni association. It was edited by Professor Chapman, who is secretary of the association.

The subject matter of this article is based entirely upon extracts from the pamphlet entitled, "Exoneration of Captain Rosenbluth," which has been mentioned before in these chapters as having been published and circulated by the Rosenbluth propaganda. The contents are probably familiar to the reader, as they have been printed widely during the last two years in newspapers such as the New York *World*, New York *American*, Tacoma *Ledger* and others.

Rosenbluth Not a Graduate of Yale

THIS "exoneration" pamphlet consists for the greater part of copies of letters addressed to Rosenbluth, and affidavits gathered by his attorneys, Goldstein & Goldstein. **It is sponsored by Mr. J. W. Selden, prosecuting attorney of Pierce County, Washington. Mr. Selden has never had an opportunity of examining the more than 70 witnesses who appeared before the Federal Grand Jury in Washington, and on whose testimony that body indicted Rosenbluth and Pothier for premeditated murder. Nor has he had any explanations from Rosenbluth of the many contradictory statements made and sworn to by him regarding the death of Major Cronkhite, of which he and Pothier were the sole witnesses.** Naturally, it is beyond the power of a district attorney **to exonerate an indicted man. This can be accomplished only by a court decision, or the verdict of a jury.** Persons who may be curious to examine this pamphlet, can obtain copies free of charge by addressing Rosenbluth's attorneys, Goldstein & Goldstein, counselors-at-law, 366 Broadway, New York City.

This presentation of Rosenbluth's case from the standpoint of his counsel, in the Forest School *News*, is concluded with the following notes and signatures:

A reprint of a pamphlet containing the entire testimony published by Prosecuting Attorney James P. Selden, of Pierce County, Washington, may be obtained by any alumnus from the secretary on written request and remission of 30 cents net cost. Stamps accepted.

It is our intention to present definite plans for further action to our alumni as soon as these can be formulated.

Signed
Samuel N. Spring, '03, President
Barrington Moore, '08
Samuel T. Dana, '07
Walter K. Wildes, '10
Herman H. Chapman, '04, Secretary
Constituting the Executive Council of the Alumni Association of the Yale School of Forestry.
Henry S. Graves, Dean
James W. Toumey
Ralph C. Bryant
Samuel J. Record, '05
Ralph C. Hawley, '04
H. N. Whitford
H. H. Chapman, '04
Constituting the faculty of the Yale School of Forestry.

On calling at the Forest School building, situated on grounds in Prospect street, New Haven, I visited the office of Professor James W. Toumey, former dean of the institution, whose signature is included in the above list. Professor Toumey first acknowledged a vague impression, which I have found shared by many persons, that Robert Rosenbluth **had been tried repeatedly and acquitted.** However, when I broached the subject of the article published in the Forest School *News*, he exclaimed: "Oh, I don't know anything about the Rosenbluth case. Chapman is the one who started that. He goes up in the air about everything in the same way," he added, with a good-natured laugh. "But I don't think Yale or any other institution should come out expressing a belief in the innocence of an indicted man. Everybody should keep his hands off and await the outcome of the trial."

Professor Toumey advised me to see his colleague, and so later I had a talk with Professor Chapman who, indeed, manifested an unusual degree of interest in the Rosenbluth case, and admitted that he was really devoting more time to the subject than he should.

It appears from my inquiries that Rosenbluth, contrary to an impression sought to be created, *is not a graduate of Yale University at all. Sixteen years ago he merely took a two-year course in the Forest School,* and for this reason, quite human in itself, persons identified with the school feel bound to show him their sympathy.

I asked Professor Chapman whether he thought it wise in the circumstances that a false atmosphere should be created by the publication of stories implying that so prominent an institution as Yale was supporting a belief that the Department of Justice was trying to make "an American Dreyfus" out of Rosenbluth.

"Is the writer of an article responsible for the headlines in a newspaper?" he retorted.

I replied that if the context contained the implication, the writer was generally held at fault.

When questioned as to how he had first become interested in the Rosenbluth case, Professor Chapman explained that it had come about through his reading copies of the Tacoma *Sunday Ledger* of December 11, 18, and 25, 1921, which had been sent to him by an alumnus of the school. After considering the matter, he and Messrs. Spring, Moore, Dana and Wildes, comprising the executive council of the alumni association of the School of Forestry, had drawn up resolutions expressing their belief in Rosenbluth's innocence.

"Then in this you do not speak for Yale?"

"No, only for the Forest School alumni. We have from 500 to 600 members, to whom we sent the resolutions, and we did not receive a single objection to their publication."

"You have referred to a series of stories published in the Sunday Tacoma *Ledger*," I observed. "They were, as I understand it, reprints of the material contained in those pamphlets," and I indicated a pile of the yellow-backed "Exoneration" booklets, heaped on the window ledge beside the speaker.

"Yes," replied Professor Chapman. "They represent the official report made by Mr. J. W. Selden, prosecuting attorney of Pierce County, Washington. His opinion was considered so complete and convincing, that the executive council and the faculty of the Forest School were no longer in doubt as to the facts in the case. They never at any time doubted Rosenbluth's innocence."

"Then those are the pamphlets to which you refer in your notice in the Forest School *News*, offering to send them to any alumnus on receipt of 30 cents net cost? Do you know by whom they are being printed and circulated?"

"I don't know who printed them," he replied, "but I would have published them myself had that been necessary."

"Professor Chapman, will you tell me who provided you with those pamphlets?" I asked.

After a moment's hesitation the answer came: "I got them from Robert Rosenbluth." He added, "But I paid him for every one of them."

Professor Chapman's Defense of Rosenbluth

I THEN propounded a question to him. "Professor, if I had been indicted for murder, and came to you, alleging that my prosecutors were trying to blackmail and frame me, and presented you with the material for my defense, would you, without having heard a word from the side of my accusers, feel yourself justified in taking up my cause and pronouncing me innocent?"

"But this is original evidence," heatedly maintained the professor, as he tapped his fingers on the exoneration pamphlets. "It is authoritative and official."

"Have you read the decision of Judge Brown, of the United States District Court of Rhode Island, holding that the government has jurisdiction over the land at Camp Lewis on which Major Cronkhite met his death?" I inquired.

"No, I have not," he admitted.

"Do you know Mr. John E. Jenks, one of the owners of the *Army & Navy Register*, of Washington, D. C.?"

"Yes, I do."

"You communicated with him on this Rosenbluth matter?"

"Yes, why shouldn't I?" he retorted, rather resentfully, I thought.

The results of Professor Chapman's communication to Mr. Jenks, and its bearing on the Rosenbluth case, will have to be reserved for another chapter.

In the issue of the Forest School *News* of last January, Professor Chapman prints a defense of the attitude of Rosenbluth, which I herewith reproduce in full, as an exposition of his viewpoint:

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By H. H. Chapman

There are certain features of this case which tend to confuse the public and Rosenbluth's friends, all of whom are confident he is innocent. These are, why, after he was exonerated by Prosecuting Attorney Selden did the government reassert its jurisdiction and procure an indictment, and why, after persistent efforts to secure public hearing on the case, did he oppose extradition on the grounds of no jurisdiction. Superficial reaction would obviously tend to the opinion that there "must be something in it after all," hence for the information of our alumni I wish to make this statement, based on a thorough personal inquiry.

First, an indictment is not a trial or conviction, the proceedings of a grand jury are secret, and it is always possible to procure an indictment if the case is presented in such a way as to arouse any question in the minds of the grand jury as to the facts. Had Rosenbluth desired nothing more than personal exoneration, he would have been satisfied when he received it, in a most complete and convincing form from the authorities of Pierce County, Washington. The indictment then, in itself, is without significance; it gives the opportunity to try the case; that is all. A trial will reveal the existence or nonexistence of additional evidence and will thus settle this point, with all the significance it conveys.

Since, therefore, a trial would be of the greatest benefit to Rosenbluth, why should he oppose jurisdiction? The answer is, that Rosenbluth not only did not wish to oppose jurisdiction but insisted that under no conditions would he consent to such a course. But the legal aspects of the case, or technicalities, cannot be avoided. Since there exists an unmistakable doubt as to whether the government has jurisdiction, as shown by the former denial of jurisdiction over the Attorney-General's own signature, this case could under no circumstances proceed to trial until the courts had determined who was to try it. The Federal court itself, before which the case was presented, would be bound to raise the question, if it had not previously been raised and settled. The time to settle it was before proceeding to trial, and the place was in the district where the accused resides. Rosenbluth knew perfectly well what impression would be created by raising this question, as I happen to know at first hand, but he could not help himself.

Should it appear that the government has no jurisdiction in the case, the essential facts which were the motive for Rosenbluth's efforts for an investigation of the department's methods are greatly strengthened.

Action Shows More Heart Than Intelligence

EFFORTS to benefit the public by correcting abuses if such exist are almost certain to entail unpleasant and even injurious consequences to those who are willing to put forth such efforts. Rosenbluth having been in public service 15 years knows this perfectly well, and is willing to abide by the outcome.

The reader must judge for himself the value of the foregoing comments. Personally I can make nothing of them, except a statement that an indictment for murder by a Federal grand jury—the most important arm of a United States court—is without significance. *The jury that indicted Rosenbluth did so only after a solemn warning that it should not indict unless, sitting as a trial jury, it would also be ready to convict.* That Professor Chapman should champion the cause of a man because, years ago, that man was a student in the school which now employs Chapman, certainly does credit to the instincts of his heart, though in a lesser degree to his intelligence.

I had the opportunity of speaking with two more of Professor Chapman's associates in the Forest School, Messrs. Ralph C. Bryant and H. N. Whitford, and both felt quite assured of the extent of their knowledge of the Rosenbluth case.

"Yale is behind the defense of Rosenbluth," asserted Professor Bryant, amending his statement, however, by adding: "I can't speak for Yale, but I know many prominent men sympathize with him. I don't care to hear anything in addition to what I know. I believe a lot of people are trying to railroad an innocent man."

Professor Whitford spoke with similar assurance. "Rosenbluth," he informed me, "has been tried by a military court and acquitted, and the prosecutor at Washington has decided that there is no case against him and that he is innocent. Several criminal lawyers here have passed their opinion on the case. You, I take it, are not a criminal lawyer. No? Not even a lawyer? Well, Rosenbluth has been tried several times and acquitted."

Professor Whitford was evidently under the impression that the military board of inquiry into the death of Major Cronkhite had been a military court which had tried Rosenbluth. As I attempted to direct his attention to this error, he retorted: "How do I know you are telling me the truth?"

The question, of course, was unanswerable.

The professors of the Forest School are quite within their bounds if they choose to convene as a lay court, limited by the horizon of their classroom, consider *ex parte* testimony and evidence submitted to them by an accused, and render a finding of not guilty. Their opinion, on whatever premises found, remains an opinion and no more. A man is charged with murder; in his youth he once attended a two-year course at a forest school; but an alumnus of a forest school is incapable of committing a crime; *ergo*, the man is innocent; *quod erat demonstrandum.*

The situation wears a different aspect, however, when men whose sole spoken authority rests upon the reputation of an institution of learning with which they are identified, express untried opinions in a circular headed with the name of that institution, which is then utilized by other persons to throw discredit upon the United States courts and its jury system, hamper justice in its course, and with such illusory support encourage an element ever ready to undermine and weaken the basic forms of government.

The Last Carver of Totem Poles—His Masterpiece

Meaning of Strange Indian Art and Symbolism

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

POSSIBLY the last carver of totem poles is William Shelton, head of the Indian reservation school at Tulalip, Washington. The making of totem poles is an art and few nowadays are the men who can carve them. Shelton has recently completed an enormous totem pole which he regards as his life work. He spent more than 3,000 hours on it. It sets forth the family history of the Snohonish tribe of Western Washington, of which Shelton is a member. This pole is six feet in diameter and 84 feet high, and Shelton expects to spend most of his remaining years informing the world of the true meaning of totem poles. It is a large undertaking.

What is a totem pole?

Well, it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to figure it out and then he would have hard work to make the average man understand the true inwardness of totemism, totem and totem poles.

Totemism, the anthropologists say, is common to primitive man in many parts of the world, but is far from being universal. It is found among the American Indians, but there are tribes which show no trace of it. The Eskimos know nothing of it. Certain African savages have it. The Australians have it.

A totem is a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and altogether special relation. The connection between a man and his totem is mutually beneficent; the totem protects the man and the man shows his respect for the totem in various ways. If his totem is an animal he may show this respect either by refusing to kill and eat it or by making it his favorite diet.

Early explorers found the American Indian communities, independent of their local distribution into tribes, bands and villages, composed of several distinct clans. Each clan had its emblem, consisting of the figure of some bird, beast or reptile, as, for example, the clans of the wolf, deer, otter and hawks. In the language of the Algonquins these emblems are known as totems. Members of the same clan were prohibited from intermarriage; a man could take a wife from any clan but his own.

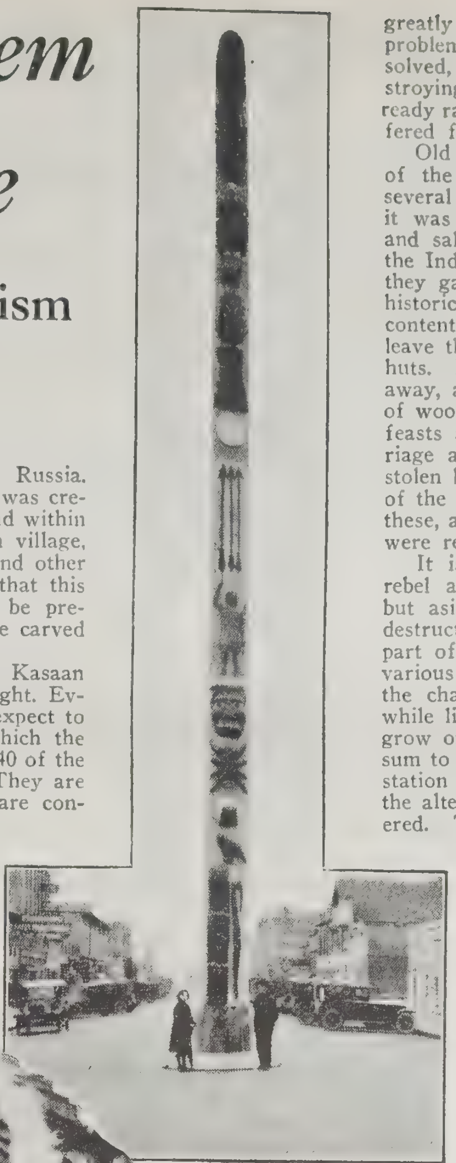
To different totems attached different degrees of rank and dignity; those of the bear, tortoise and wolf were among the first in honor. Members of the same clan, though they might dwell far apart and speak different dialects, were yet bound by the closest ties of fraternity. This kind of totem was found in at least three varieties: The clan totem, common to a whole clan and passing by inheritance from generation to generation; the sex totem, common either to all the males or to all the females in a tribe, to the exclusion in either case of the other sex; the individual totem, belonging to an individual and not passing to his descendants.

As to the totem pole, it is difficult to say what it is. There is one thing, however, which it is not; it is not a fetish or an idol or a thing to be worshiped. The totem pole of one man may be simply his individual totem. A second totem pole may also bear the clan totem of the owner. Then, a chief or a rich man may have an elaborate totem pole containing "all his crests and all the stories connected with them." So that a very large and pretentious totem pole may be a sort of family tree of the owner or even an autobiography. Even in case the carvers of totem poles become extinct, a number of the most noteworthy of these remarkable creations will be preserved for posterity for several generations to come. Uncle Sam realized quite a while ago the advisability of this. The result is that there are two national monuments in Alaska, created in large part with the view of preserving some very fine examples of these curious relics of bygone days.

Totem poles in Sitka National Monument.

Sitka National Monument was created in 1910. It is about a mile from Sitka and contains 57 acres. It contains 18 totem poles, the highest of which rises 60 feet. These totem poles are carved from red cedar and when the paint wears off the unprotected wood cracks badly. These totem poles have recently been given two coats of paint in six colors by the national park service. Where the carvings were broken or decayed they were replaced. This monument is a picturesque place and from it there is a panoramic view of beauty and interest as the scene of the massacre of Russian fur hunters by Indians in the early days when all this region was owned by Russia.

Old Kasaan National Monument was created in 1916. It contains 38 acres and within its bounds are an abandoned Indian village, numerous remarkable totem poles, and other objects of interest. It is desirable that this deserted totem pole village should be preserved for there are at least 50 large carved poles before the broken-down huts.



Above—William Shelton's totem pole, which stands in Everett, Washington.

Below — William Shelton, last carver of totem poles.

When the visitor arrives at Old Kasaan he will find not a living thing in sight. Everything is silent, but one does not expect to see people in this ancient village which the Indians deserted long ago. At least 40 of the totem poles stand facing the sea. They are carved from pine, and the figures are continuous from top to bottom. Every totem has its story to tell, and the whole carving forms a sequence understood by the owner and his family. The totem poles are touched in places with dull blue, red and black paint, and they are weird and uncanny. Some of the poles are decayed and broken, yet it is possible to distinguish the animals that surmount the top. You see on some the seal, on others the raven or eagle, on another a bear, and on still another the fabled animal known as the thunder bird.

Totem poles in Old Kasaan.

A plan is being considered for removing the best of the huts and totems to the ground a mile from Sitka National Monument. The Kasaan totems would add greatly to its picturesqueness, and the problem of preserving them would be solved, for there is danger of fire destroying Old Kasaan—one fire has already ravaged it—and the relics have suffered from the elements.

Old Kasaan was built by the Indians of the Haida tribe, and at one time several hundred persons lived there. But it was abandoned shortly after towns and salmon canneries developed. When the Indians migrated from Old Kasaan, they gave little thought to the intrinsic historic or archeological value of the contents, and they trusted the whites to leave their ancestral belongings in their huts. Most of these have been carried away, and carved and decorated articles of wood, bone, shell, used in the Indian feasts and dances, religious rites, marriage and death ceremonies, have been stolen by vandals. The stores of some of the Pacific Coast cities hold some of these, and even some of the totem poles were removed.

It is possible that the Indians will rebel at having their totems removed, but aside from acts of vandalism and destruction by fire, the moisture in this part of Alaska rots the wood, and the various colorings of paint which add to the charm are beginning to disappear, while lichens and mosses have begun to grow on the sides. It will take a large sum to repair these huts and totems and station a caretaker over them, and so the alternative proposal is being considered. This is that the Forest Service, in charge of Old Kasaan, be commissioned to take the huts and poles to Sitka, where E. W. Merrill is in charge of some totems which originally came from Kasaan, and which were exhibited at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition and later returned to Alaska.

It is interesting to notice the way in which the decaying houses are put together at Old Kasaan. They were built before the white man introduced nails, and so the building material was cleverly put together by means of notches and grooves. District Forester Flory, in making his report on the monument, calls attention to this, and suggests that, if it is decided to take the totems to Sitka, the remains of the native structures should also be carried and a small native village reconstructed as nearly as possible like Kasaan. Perhaps half a dozen houses could be rebuilt, and the totems placed before them in their original position. One house could hold as many relics as could be procured, and a replica of the cemetery with its grave totems could adjoin the village.

This may be a good suggestion. Alaskans believe that Alaska is entitled to any Indian or prehistoric relics found in the territory, and that they should not be taken to the United States. As Sitka grows more and more popular as a tourist center in summer, the huts and totems, if removed there, would be seen by hundreds where one person sees them now. A bill has been introduced in Congress to this effect, and Alaskans are eagerly watching to see if it passes.

Any removal of the Old Kasaan village must be done with the consent of the Indians. No one knows whether it will be possible to make them understand that the encroaching forests and weeds may make this deserted village disappear, and that the preservation of their totems, with their caps representing the whale, beaver, eagle, raven, frog and other animals, will be a work of helpfulness on the part of the white man.

The totem meaning and bond is strong with the Indian, but he has been so often cheated that it is difficult to convince him of disinterested kindness. The Bureau of Education may be able to do so, and this is what persons interested in Old Kasaan are hoping for.

Sitka, near which is located the Sitka National Monument and to which it is proposed to remove some of the totem poles from Old Kasaan, was long the capital of Alaska under the Russians, who called it New Archangel. Later it was the capital of Alaska under the United States Government until a few years ago, when Congress selected Juneau as a new capital on account of its more central location. Today Sitka is fast losing its ancient glory and, unless something unforeseen occurs, will probably sink back into the insignificance of a trading station. It was the scene of numerous stirring events and many of the present buildings in the town have a history attached to them that would make interesting reading. It would not be at all surprising if some Jack London should find material there for a new "Call of the Wild."

One of the largest of the existing buildings is the old Russian citadel, where the Russian governors once dwelt, ruling the country in a manner similar to that of the autocrat whom they represented. Among these governors Baranof was probably the most notorious.

It was he who, when traveling from place to place over the vast domain, compelled natives to carry planks upon their shoulders and to bridge, for the protection of his boots, any muddy spot he might have to cross. Baranof was much dissipated, and only a shade less cruel than Solovief who, desiring on one occasion to test the penetrating powers of a new musket, placed 12 natives in a row, breast to back, and fired a shot into the breast of the foremost one. Nine dead natives was the result.

Did Mother Goose Rhymes Come From China?

Children of the Orient, From Farthest Antiquity, Have Known "This Little Pig" and "Pat a Cake" and "Lady Bug" and "E ni me ni mi ni mo"

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

OUT of the tragic humiliation of an old woman devoted to her little grandson, grew her lasting fame. More than 200 years ago there lived in Boston a delightful old character, Mrs. Mary Goose. Unfortunately, or perhaps after all it was fortunately, she lived with her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, a publisher, to whom she was a constant source of annoyance because of her habit of making up senseless little rhymes which she told in a singsong chant to his little son. The baby loved those rhymes, but Thomas Fleet despised them, and as his dislike for them grew with every hearing, so also his dislike for his mother-in-law grew, but more than apace.

Thomas Fleet talked to Mary Goose, not too kindly, it is told. First he urged, and then he demanded that she desist from rhyming. But the child cried for the jingles and when the good woman thought she would not be detected, she chanted away both to her own and the child's content.

Suspicious that this might be the case, Thomas Fleet returned to his home unexpectedly one day, arriving just in time to hear the thrilling climax of "Fa fe fi fo fum" and the tragedy of the ground bones of an Englishman which were to be used to make bread, according to the jingle.

Immediately, Mr. Fleet determined upon a course which was so to humiliate Mary Goose that she would never dare to disobey him again.

So he went into Mary Goose's presence and, in a manner most affable, requested her to repeat some of her rhymes for him, and the confiding old lady, believing Mr. Fleet had suffered a change of heart, repeated several which were the favorites of the Fleet child. He wrote them down, and then one day, shortly afterward, there appeared in print these senseless little ditties, signed "Mother Goose."

When Mary Goose Helped Make a Book

IT WAS cruel, and Mary Goose's heart all but broke. She felt she could never again raise her eyes to meet those of her friends, and Thomas Fleet, so the story goes, sort of "rubbed it in"—bore on unmercifully in his recital of anticipated reactions from the publication. She would be—was even then—the laughing stock of all Boston, he declared, and Mary Goose wept and refused to be comforted even by her little grandson, who, in turn, wept lustily for his nightly recital of the jingles, and wept in vain.

But the reaction was not what Mr. Fleet had anticipated. Very shortly after the publication of her ditties Mary Goose found herself to be a person of some importance. Mothers and grandmothers had read these senseless rhymes to fretful and peevish children, and they had been strangely quieted. Other women who had known of her existence only as "Thomas Fleet's peculiar mother-in-law" came to call upon her. The fame of her jingles went far beyond the confines of Boston town and long before she died Mary Goose, poor modest soul, found herself famous. Thomas Fleet made the best of his mistake, published the ditties in a little volume and reaped the financial reward, nor was he ashamed at that time to have his name appear in connection with the book. The first edition bore this title:

"Songs for the Nursery.
Or
Mother Goose Melodies for Children
Printed by Thomas Fleet at his
Printing House
Pudding Lane
1719
Price Two Coppers."

Mary Goose lies buried in the Old Granary Burying Ground, in the heart of Boston, and thousands of persons visit her grave every year.

In his youth Isaac Taylor Headland, an American educator, was one of Mother Goose's most ardent admirers. When he grew up he went to China on an educational mission, and became, after a time, a member of the faculty of Peking University.

When Dr. Headland first went to China, and before he had learned the language, he used to walk at dusk along the streets and watch the old Chinese women with babies on their laps, intent upon the words their grandmothers were repeating to them. There was something about the picture that carried him back to his own childhood, and the dear old grandmother who used to hold him on her lap while she repeated Mother Goose jingles to him, just at the hour in the dusk when the sandman was approaching. Some way it became his homesick time of day, and yet so fascinated was he by the sight of the old women with their grandchildren that he used to walk along those streets where he had learned to know he would see them most frequently. Not understanding a word of the language, there unconsciously crept into his memory, one after another, those Mother Goose jingles he had loved the best. He got so he felt almost sure that certain of the Chinese grandmothers were telling the thrilling story of the cow that jumped over the moon, and that others, as they fondled the little bare feet of babies, were "counting the pigs" in Mother Goose rhyme, translated into Chinese.

And to an extent he was right, for when he got to understand the language he was surprised to find that these Chinese grandmothers were repeating ditties very similar indeed to those to which he had listened in close attention when he was a lad. The strangest part of it all is that these old Chinese women had been repeating these ditties for hundreds of years. They had never been printed, but had been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another. Nor had Mother Goose ever heard of the Chinese jingles—all she knew about China was that the people there needed to be prayed for, and that missionaries must be sent there to convert them to Christianity. There was no plagiarism on the part of Mary Goose, nor could the Chinese, by any flight of imagination, be thought simply to have translated her jingles, for they had these same jingles hundreds of years before she was born.

Each, perhaps, contributed to the need of the young of their time, as they saw that need.

Dr. Headland made the study of the Chinese Mother Goose rhymes his avocation while in the Orient. He collected more than six hundred of these ditties, and published them both in the Chinese and the English language. For the most part he collected these six hundred rhymes in two of the eighteen provinces. "There are probably more nursery rhymes in China than can be found in England and America," he said. "I have no reason to believe that I succeeded in getting any large proportion of the ditties in these two provinces either."

Incidentally, Dr. Headland published the first book of the rhymes and it was the first time any attempt at publication of any of them had been made.

In most of the rhymes, as can be readily seen, there are features common to our own beloved Mother Goose. There are references to insects, to animals, birds and persons, to children, to food, to different parts of the body, and to action, such as patting, grabbing, tickling, and there are references to trades, to business and to professions.

Said Dr. Headland: "I have tried in my translations to reproduce the meaning of the original as nearly as possible; this has not always been an easy task. The Chinese never made any pretentions to literary merit for these jingles, neither, in fact, did Mother Goose make any such claim for her jingles. In translating them I made no attempt at regularity in the meter, because neither the original nor our own Mother Goose is regular. I simply aimed to make a translation which would be true to the original. The child, not the critic, was always kept in view."

Ancient China Shows the Self-same Spirit

DR. HEADLAND called attention to the tenderness and affection that was everywhere apparent in these Chinese jingles. "There is no language in the world more expressive of keen and tender affection than that used in some of these Chinese Mother Goose melodies," he said. "One reason I decided to translate them into English was with the hope that such translation will present a new phase of Chinese home life, and that it may lead the children of the West to have some measure of sympathy and affection for the children of the East."

Our grandmothers, and our mothers, for two hundred years have held babies on their laps at dusk, and "told their pigs."

"This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig had a piece of roast beef,
This little pig had none,
This little pig cried;
Wee wee, I want some."

And always it was the big toe pig that went to market and the little toe pig that "wanted some."

Over in China the grandmothers tell the toes, also, telling them like this, pinching gently each little toe as they tell them off; but the Chinese grandmothers say:

"This little cow eats grass,
This little cow eats hay,
This little cow drinks water,
This little cow runs away,
This little cow does nothing,
But just lie down all day.
We'll whip her."

And the Chinese grandmother "tells" the baby's fingers as well as his toes. She says:

"This one's old,
This one's young,
This one has no meat.
This one's gone
To buy some hay
And this one's on the street."

And the little finger "on the street" gets smothered in kisses.

The Chinese have a little verse, teaching the senses—four of them—which runs like this:

"Little eyes see pretty things,
Little nose smells what is sweet,
Little ears hear pleasant sounds,
Mouth likes luscious things to eat."

Our American boys and girls "count out" in their games, something like this:

"E ni me ni mi ni mo
Catch a nigger by his toe
If he hollers, let him go,
E ni me ni mi ni mo
Out goes he (or she),

and the last one counted is "it." In China they say:

"E ni me ni mi ni mo
One two three and an old cow's eye
When a cow's blind, she'll surely die;
A piece of skin and a mellon too,
If you have money
I'll sell to you;
But if you are without,
I'll put you out."

And the unfortunate on whom "out" falls is "it" in the games, many of which are similar to our "Tom Tom Pull Away," and "crack the whip" that we played in the good old days in the little red schoolhouse, and which school children still play, if they are fortunate enough to go to the little red schoolhouses of the land.

The American youngster loves his

"Lady bug, lady bug
Fly away home
Your house is on fire
Your children will burn."

and so, also the little Chinese lad or lassie loves his

"Thistle seed, thistle seed,
Fly away, fly,
The hair on your body
Will take you up high;
Let the wind whirl you
Round and round,
You'll not hurt yourself
When you fall to the ground."

And it is, after all, the more pleasant ditty of the two which are so similar, and then the Chinese have another, a "Lady-bug" rhyme, which also ends in a happier manner, for the Chinese deliberately set themselves against saying or doing anything that will cause even a momentary sadness in their little ones. They say:

"Lady-bug, lady-bug,
Fly away, do.
Fly to the mountain,
And feed upon dew.
Feed upon dew,
And sleep on a rug
Like a good little bug."

Our own Mother Goose used to take the hands of the little son of Thomas Fleet, and put them into motion the while she recited:

"Pat a cake, pat a cake,
Baker's man.
So I do master, as fast as I can.
Pat it and prick it
And mark it with a T,
And then it will serve
For Tommy and me."

And the Chinese Mother Goose rhyme that corresponds goes like this:

"Pat a cake, pat a cake,
Little girl fair,
There's a priest in the temple
Without any hair.
You take a tile,
And I'll take a brick
And we'll hit the priest
In the back of the neck."

Is the following jingle a Chinese or an American Mother Goose melody?

"He climbed up a candlestick,
The little mousey brown,
To steal and eat tallow,
And he couldn't get down.
He called for his grandma,
But his grandma was in town,
So he doubled up into a wheel,
And rolled himself down."

Nine times out of ten when questioned on this ditty, an American will pronounce it one of the American Mother Goose rhymes, but nine times out of ten he will be wrong, for it is a Chinese rhyme. I have asked a great many people to place it and almost without exception they call it the work of our own Mother Goose, but it is not.

Here is another rhyme, used for "counting out" in China, to determine who shall be "it" in a game, quite in the same way American children do.

"One grab silver.
Two grabs gold,
Three, don't laugh
And you'll grow old."

Somewhere, I am sure, there is an American counterpart for the following ditty, but I have been unable to

(*Concluded on page 13*)

The Vanishing Dollar of the Daddies

Wherein Is Disclosed a Bit of History Hitherto Kept in the Dark

By H. L. LOUCKS

AS A financial proposition, and from a sane business viewpoint it would seem incredible, that while our government was spending millions of dollars in expensive advertising, to induce and even compel our people to scrimp, save and borrow money or credit to buy government bonds, our "fiscal agents," the Federal Reserve Bank System, should deliberately have planned to destroy, at great loss to our government at first and the whole people of the nation later, $350,000,000 of our lawful money. This was done in Congress April 23, 1918.

There never was another bill enacted into law by our Congress, or any other legislative body, under such a shamefully deceptive title.

The title: "An Act to conserve the gold supply of the United States, to permit the settlement in silver of trade balances adverse to the United States; to provide silver for subsidiary coinage, and for commercial use; to assist foreign governments at war with the enemies of the United States, and for the above purposes to stabilize the price and encourage the production of silver."

It required super-experts to crowd so many misstatements of facts into so few words.

The first section provides: "That the Secretary is hereby authorized from time to time to melt, or break up and to sell as bullion not in excess of three hundred and fifty million standard silver dollars now, or hereafter held in the Treasury of the United States."

It required just 15 minutes to pass the United States Senate.

Thirty years ago it would have caused a political revolution. Five years ago it passed in silence.

The real aim of the Federal Reserve Bank System was to retire, hoard, or decoin all of our lawful money, and substitute therefor the ledger credits of the 12 private corporations, the 12 Federal Reserve banks.

Don't Let the Looks of Figures Scare You

THE silver certificates, not lawful money—just currency—were redeemable in silver dollars, and the silver dollars were in the Treasury to redeem them. This was intended to retire the certificates and decoin and export the bullion, so that it could not again be recoined into lawful money.

The silver dollars had two serious faults as seen by the Federal Reserve System. First, they were lawful money, and in circulation, whether as coin or certificates, they were a menace to plans for a complete monopoly of our financial system.

Second, they were issued into circulation without paying any tax or tribute to anyone, and, of course, that is most unusual.

Did we have a surplus of lawful money to spare at that time, April 23, 1918? The second Liberty loan was issued November 18, 1917, for $3,000,000,000, and the rate of interest advanced to four per cent. A third Liberty loan for $3,000,000,000 was offered April 6, 1919, and the interest rate advanced to four and one-quarter per cent—a very plain hint that money was becoming scarcer. But, on April 23, 1918, without discussion, publicity or debate, a bill for the utter destruction of 350,000,000 standard silver dollars, lawful money, stamped on metal then worth one-third more than the bullion, was authorized, at a loss to the Treasury of $80,000,000.

It would really be unbelievable that when millions of dollars was being spent to impress upon our people the danger of invasion and of our government's need of money, our Congress should unanimously and without discussion enact such a law.

Page 492, Annual Report for 1919—"The melting of the silver dollars for use as bullion was continued through nearly the entire fiscal year, the operation incident to sale of 200,000,000 fine ounces of silver to the government of Great Britain for use by the government of India being completed in May, 1919. More than 191,000,000 dollars were melted during the year, giving total melted under the Act of April 23, 1918, of 260,121,554 silver dollars."

"Silver dollars aggregating 116,538,397 fine ounces, having a face value of $151,569,000, were received from other treasury offices for melting."

You will note that the loss on that amount, in addition to the cost of melting, and so on, was $35,030,603; the loss on the $350,000,000 then would be more than $80,000,000.

That the authors of the bill knew that the government would suffer a great loss is evident from a reading of Section 4—"That the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized, from any monies in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to reimburse the Treasurer of the United States for the difference between the nominal or face value of all standard silver dollars so melted or broken up and the value of the silver bullion at $1 a fine ounce of such standard silver dollars."

But, notice how easily that loss of $80,000,000 was paid.

"The Secretary is authorized, from any monies in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to reimburse the Treasurer." As the Secretary explained, "just a shifting of the loss on the ledger."

How simple; *but you will find it in your tax bills.*

On page 8 of the annual report of the Director of the Mint, for 1920—"The coining value of silver for United States dollars is $1.29 an ounce; and for United States coin below the dollar, $1.38 an ounce; therefore the price of silver reached the point where our principal metallic circulating medium was menaced by the prospect of going to the melting pot for realization of the holder thereof of the profit incident to greater bullion value, than face value."

That is really amusing, coming from an expert.

There was a danger of our losing the balance of our silver dollars worth a premium of 29 cents over their face value, and that must be prevented! How? Our "fiscal agents," the Federal Reserve banks, rush to the rescue: page nine—"At this time, the Treasury, acting in co-operation with the Federal Reserve Board and banks, arranged to release silver dollars to be employed in regulating our exchanges with countries having a silver monetary standard."

To whom does the Secretary of the Treasury owe allegiance?

As Secretary of the Treasury, he becomes chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. The Secretary of the Treasury becomes embarrassed with silver dollars, having a bullion value of 29 cents more than the face value, and in consequence there is a danger of their being melted by the holder's for private profit, and this must be avoided. But, as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, he arranges with the Federal Reserve Board to assume the responsibility of handling all of the free silver dollars that come into the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board arranges with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, co-operating with the branches of American banks in the Orient to accept of them, and so on. Very simple, indeed.

But who gets the 29 cents on the dollar profit?

And in what way does that prevent the loss of the silver dollars?

The reasons given in the Title of the Bill are not at all complimentary to the intelligence of our American citizenship as measured by the judgment of our lawmakers.

Space will forbid analyzing them as they deserve at this time.

Senator Pittman, the supposed Silver Leader in the Senate, felt called upon to give the history of the enactment of the so-called Pittman Act, which explanation appeared in the *Congressional Record* of date August 26, 1922, and from which we will quote briefly.

It is a well-known fact, that for several years the trade balances had been very large in our favor. For instance, for 1917 the trade balance in our favor was $3,634,450,905, and for 1918, $2,982,226,238. But, even if the trade balance had been against us, there was not one foreign country that would not have been glad to accept our coined standard silver dollars, at their face value.

A Bit of Inside War and Finance News

SENATOR PITTMAN says:

"I was sitting in my office one day in the early part of 1918 when I received a telephone message from Mr. Raymond T. Baker, the Director of the Mint. He urged me to come down to the Treasury Department immediately to confer with regard to some very important matters . . . . I, of course, went immediately to the Treasury Department. There I found Mr. Leffingwell, Mr. Straus, Mr. Baker, and other representatives of the government, the British ambassador and other representatives of foreign countries, giving instant evidence by their demeanor of the grave crisis that occupied their thoughts.

"The British ambassador at once frankly stated the case. He informed us that the Indian Government, under British supervision, had spent years and years teaching the Indians to accept paper certificates in lieu of silver rupees, which certificates were payable in silver on demand; that to facilitate this development the Indian Government had established many agencies of redemption throughout India.

"The Indians had finally become confident of the power and willingness of the Indian Government to redeem these certificates and a large surplus of silver for redemption purposes was not required. Therefore this surplus had been allowed to decrease, and there was not nearly enough silver in India to redeem the certificates if presented. The Germans, so he told us, had started a propaganda in India to the effect that the British Government could not redeem its silver certificates, and this had started a run on the Indian redemption agencies. He frankly confessed to us that in a very few days the Indian Government would be compelled to admit that it could not redeem these certificates unless a supply of silver could be obtained, with the result that there would be great disturbances in India.

"Astounding as is the fact, it was discovered that there was no surplus supply of silver in the world except the four hundred and odd millions of silver dollars lying in the Treasury of the United States to secure the redemption of the silver certificates issued against them."

Not only does this show that regardless of what the "base" is, the nations are always on "paper," but it also prompts the question: Can any one doubt but that under those circumstances Great Britain would gladly have paid a premium for the coined silver dollars?

It is very strange indeed that a government so greatly in need of money, and borrowing at four and a half and five per cent, had not pressed our mints into three-shifts-a-day service, coining subsidiary coin, that would have gone into the public service, free of tax or interest, and at a handsome profit.

"To assist foreign governments at war with the enemies of the United States." We were loaning foreign governments by the billions of dollars, and they were willing to accept of our credit at par. Why then when it came to the actual money should they demand a discount of 29 cents on the dollar?

How the Thing Was Done—Quietly

"TO ENCOURAGE the production of silver." Encourage production, by demonetizing it! By melting and exporting the silver dollars in the vaults of the Treasury, for an even dollar, when the bullion value was $1.29 instead of buying in the open market. During 1917 silver bullion sold at $1.15, and soon after the enactment of this "encouragement" the price fell to the market level of 82 cents.

When in December, 1919, additional silver was wanted for coinage of minor coins, instead of encouraging silver production by buying the bullion in the open market, they took an additional 10,000,000 standard silver dollars, then in the Treasury, and melted and used them, and the director of the mint takes credit for making a net profit of $692,068.

According to the February report, there is only 38,348,000 silver dollars to be coined, and that will be the end of dollar silver coinage, arrangements being perfected to ship them to the Orient. Then goodby for all time to the "Dollar of the Daddies."

Our whole financial system was to be changed from one of money to one of bank ledger credits for private profit. In this case the real reason was twofold. First, to get rid of the possibility of hoarding lawful money against THE DAY when Shylock will spring his trap. Second, to get rid of that menace to their whole financial program, namely, a dollar that can go into circulation without first having to pay a tribute to banks and a perpetual annual tax.

Senator Pittman said of the passage of the bill in the Senate: "There were few speeches made on the subject in the Senate, and those speeches carefully guarded the prime purposes of the bill, as publicity would have but increased the danger. Each Senator, however, was personally informed with regard to all the facts. Every now and then some Senator would enter the Chamber who by some chance had not received information with regard to the bill. He would rise to his feet for the purpose of asking questions, but his coat tail would be tugged by some other Senator and he would silently and in amazement collapse in his seat.

"The bill passed the Senate with only two dissenting votes. It went to the House of Representatives. It was referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency of that body. . . . No bill of such far-reaching importance was ever so peculiarly passed or so rapidly acted upon."

Did Mother Goose Rhymes Come From China?

Concluded from page 12

find it though I am positive I remember hearing it as a child:

"There's a cow on the mountain,
The old saying goes,
On her legs are four feet;
On her feet are eight toes;
Her tail is behind
On the end of her back
And her head is in front
On the end of her neck."

The Chinese Mother Goose gave the following to the children of China:

"Knock at the door,
See a face,
Smell an odor,
Hear a voice,
Pull your chin.
Kechih, kechih."

While the Mother Goose who was Thomas Fleet's mother-in-law gave the following to the little children of America:

"Knock at the door,
Peek in,
Lift the latch
Open the door,
Walk in.
Hoochie, hoochie."

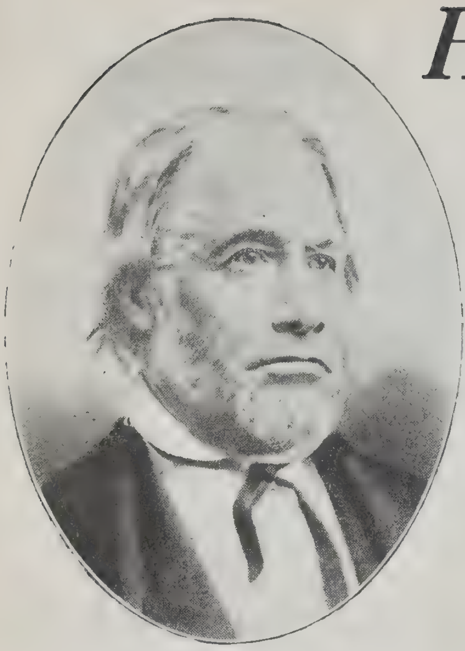
In either rhyme the one repeating it "knocks" on the forehead in the first line, lifts the eyelids in the second, gently up-tilts the nose at the end of the third line, at which the little one gets the cue to open its mouth, and the narrator's finger is poked into it. In both China and America the baby's chin is tickled on the last two words, provided the game is carried out to its intended completion.

No one knows who the Mother Goose of China was, but she has been followed by many generations of happy grandmothers who do her honor and occasionally, perhaps, add a bit of doggerel of their own. All track of the originator of such ditties in China was lost centuries ago, according to all that Dr. Headland could learn. A bronze tablet on a house in Boston, not so very far from Copp's Hill Burying Ground, carries an inscription to the effect that that is the house in which Mother Goose lived.

He Found Gold in '48: It Pauperized Him

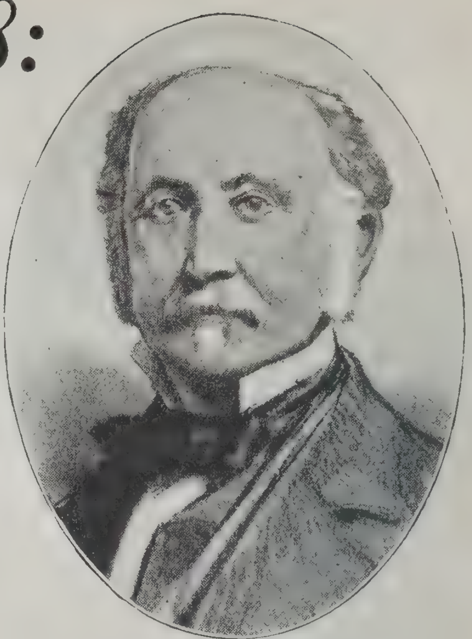
How the Two Men Who Made the Greatest Discovery of the Precious Metal Ever Made in the World Were Reduced to Poverty and Paupers' Deaths by It

By HARRY H. DUNN



JAMES W. MARSHALL,

Who discovered the first nugget of gold in California, and who was destroyed by the results of that discovery.



GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER,

Builder and owner of an empire in California during the days of '49, and who was reduced to a pauper by the discovery of gold on his land.

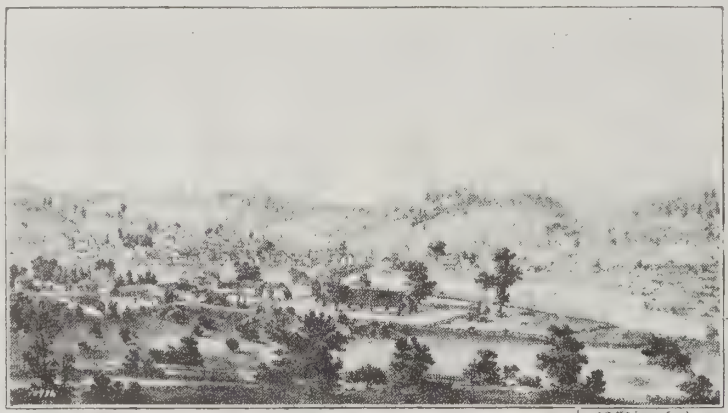
THERE is a saying among Spanish miners in the New World that "He Who Finds Gold Dies in the Almshouse."

The yellow metal has built empires for those who possessed it; it has destroyed empires for those who found it.

More than this, and worse than this, it has destroyed the men themselves, not necessarily nor always through avarice, or through excesses which gold can buy, but through some turn of the economic balance-wheel which seems always to hurl those who have made the great "gold strikes" of the world away from the rewards those discoveries would seem to entail.

What has become of the men who found the Welcome nugget, the Comstock lode, the Homestake mine, or the vast alluvial deposits of the Urals and further into Siberia? Certainly, none of them hold these possessions now; and most of them went on, and on, and on again, seeking new fields, fresh placers, always hunting the mysterious "Mother Lode" that no man yet has found.

In California, where was made, in 1848, the greatest discovery of gold known to the world either before or since, the finding of the precious metal not only ruined the men who found it, but destroyed an agricultural and industrial empire one of them had erected, an empire which was not again made productive for nearly half a century. When California was ceded by Mexico to the United States, she was not considered a great asset. The settlement of the Mississippi Valley, especially its western half, had been slow and sparse, and the main question that permeated the acquisition of any new territory was whether its people were for or against slavery. But this problem, along with all others, was forgotten when James W. Marshall, building a small lumber mill for John A. Sutter, on a tiny creek near Colma, picked up a rough, red lump on the afternoon of January 24, 1848. The lump was pure gold, but the finding of that little nugget spelled ultimate poverty for Marshall, destruction of all the cattle and the grain on the thousands of acres belonging to General Sutter, and eventually the latter's death at the verge of pauperism. The whole story is economic, one of those disasters gold brings sometimes suddenly to men and to nations.



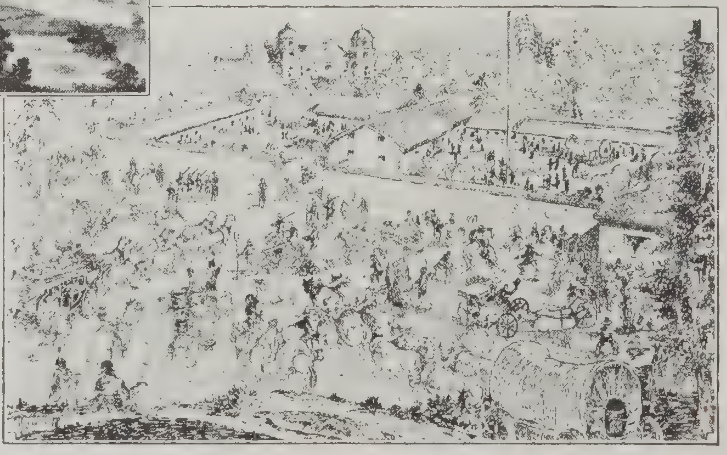
Colma, where gold was discovered by James W. Marshall, in 1848, as the village appeared at the time of the discovery, from an old drawing now in California State Museum.

The discovery was kept a secret until March 15, 1848, when it was published in a weekly newspaper in San Francisco, then a town of 700 inhabitants, clinging precariously to the hills rising on the southern side of the Golden Gate. Even then there was not much interest until Sam Brannan a man of importance in the town, and afterward a leader of its famous Vigilantes, returned from Colma with a bottle filled with gold dust. Immediately the rush was on; overnight San Francisco was almost depopulated, ships in the harbor were deserted, and, as the news of the "strike" spread eastward, a stream of immigrants started across the plains, around the Horn and across the Isthmus of Panama, headed for the setting sun. From 10,000 in 1847, the population of what is now the state of California leaped to more than 100,000 in three years, and Sutter's Fort, where Sacramento now stands, became the goal of myriad Jasons seeking anew the Golden Fleece.

Among the men who had arrived in California some time before Marshall made his epoch-marking discovery, Captain John A. Sutter, by birth a Swiss, educated at Berne Military College, whence he graduated in 1823, and afterward an officer in the French Army, was probably the most prominent, the best educated, and the most capable. He reached Monterey, then the capital of the state, in 1839 or 1840—authorities differ on this—with eight Kanakas, given him by the king of the Hawaiian Islands. Being an adventurer of parts, with a trail around the world, Sutter was given warm welcome by Juan Alvarado, governor of California, who promoted the Swiss captain to be a general, issued to him a passport giving him the freedom of all districts of the state, and gave him full title to 11 square leagues of land, wherever he should select it, provided the selection was made within 18 months.

After a few weeks at Monterey, and a few days in San Francisco, Sutter sold the sloop in which he had girdled the globe, and, taking his faithful Kanakas and three or four white men, among whom was one named Marshall, set out in three small boats to explore San Francisco Bay. Passing through San Pablo and Suisun bays, they entered the wide, flat-walled mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, not hitherto explored by white men, owing to the savage opposition given by the Indian tribes in the delta of these rivers. With his entry into this marsh-bordered stream begins the greatest romance of the Pacific Coast—a romance without a woman in it—a romance with Gold as the villain, and men merely mimes running hither and yon at the whim of their yellow master.

The party proceeded up the San Joaquin to the mouth of the real Sacramento, and there, turning northward, followed it to a point near the site of the present city of Sacramento. There they were met by an armed force of "more than 500 Indians, painted with red and blue and green, apparently to terrify us," says Sutter's diary, now in the historical department of the California State Library. They parleyed with this Indian band, and won their way past, due largely to the fact that the chief spoke Spanish, with which Sutter was familiar. They proceeded on up the Feather River until increasing numbers of hostile Indians, all armed, compelled them to turn back, when they returned to a point on the Sacramento where Sutter's fort now stands, within the city limits of Sacramento.



Sutter's Fort, one of the most celebrated landmarks in California, and once the seat of the empire of land and cattle which John A. Sutter established in the Sacramento Valley. All was wiped out by the discovery of gold on Sutter's acres. From a drawing made in 1849.

There, General Sutter decided to accept the grant of land from Governor Alvarado, and when he came to measure his 11 square leagues, found himself possessed of approximately 83 000 acres of land. Methods of measurement being crude, it is quite probable that he took good measure, and men, who were in the great gold rush which was to follow less than a decade later, have stated that Sutter's original "ranch" covered more than 100,000 acres. On this land, at an elevation slightly above the level of the river and its valley, Sutter began the erection in 1841 of one of the most historic structures in California—Sutter's house, later to be re-christened "Sutter's Fort," a name it retains to this day. In the same year he was made a Mexican citizen, confirmed in his possession of the lands he had measured, and given the title of "Governor of the Northern Frontier." The adventurous army officer was now a man of substance, well on his way to fame and wealth in the Mexican territory of Alta California.

He fought off the Indians, inflicting severe losses on them, with a force of only 18 men, and eventually forced a peace treaty from the leader of the Indians, whom he named "Chief Abraham, because of his long white beard and his general appearance of patriarchal dignity," according to the old diary. So time passed, with fields of barley and wheat springing up on the once bare brown hills and valleys, and with thousands of cattle spreading their animated blanket over them. The year 1845 came, and Fortune again smiled on the man who had dared to invade the delta of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. Governor Micheltorena, successor to Alvarado, presented General Sutter with 22 square leagues of land, in addition to the 11 square leagues he already possessed. This gave him at least 166,000 acres more and increased his total holdings to something like 250,000 acres, even though he adhered rigidly to the measurements given him, which it is not likely that he did.

Not in modern times in the New World has such an empire lain under the hand of one man. Overnight, Sutter became the most influential man, American, Mexican, Chinese or Indian, in California. His trading embassies reached to the Canadian line, on the north, and deep into Mexico on the south; he opened the largest merchandising post in the United States—at any rate the largest west of St. Louis—and the Indians from the Tehachapi Mountains on the south to the volcanic Lassen and the Cascades on the north flocked to his fort to trade their furs and their beadwork, their basketry and their deerskin garments for the white man's food supplies and for powder and ball.

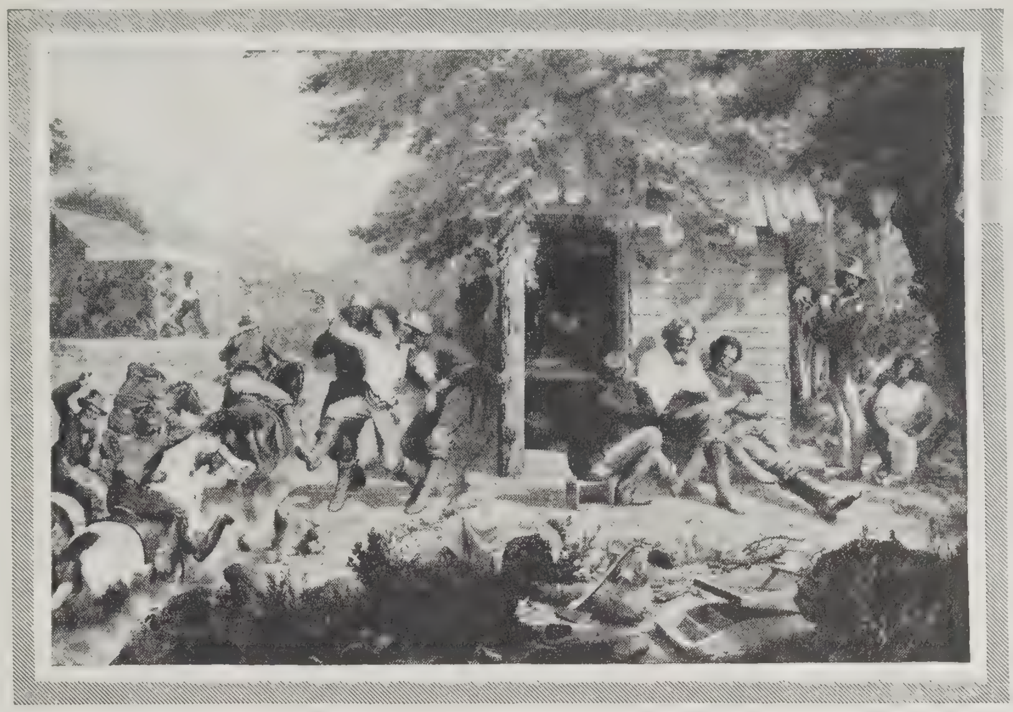
Then—out of such simple beginnings do great disasters grow—in the spring of 1848, Sutter needed lumber for more cabins for additional white men who had come to work for him. He sent James W. Marshall, a staid, sober, reliable carpenter, to select a grove to be cut and a place beside a stream, back in the mountains, to erect a small water-driven sawmill. Alone with a dozen Indians on the bank of a branch of the American River, which he named Sutter's Creek, Marshall longed for white companionship, and, to rid himself of this longing, was accustomed to take long walks, up and down the canyon of the stream, every Sunday. One can see him now, a middle-aged man, far from his home and friends on the Atlantic seaboard, walking, head bowed in thought, memory his only companion, along the graveled margin of Sutter's Creek.

He has told the story that, seeing a cub bear in the brush, he idly stooped for a stone to throw at the little brown animal, but checked his arm in mid-swing when he felt the weight of the pebble he had picked up. At first, he thought it lead, and, knowing the need for lead for rifle balls, dismissed the bear with a shout, and turned to look for more. Scraping of the pebble showed not the gray-blue of lead but the red of gold, and the California gold strike had been made.

In after years, Marshall was wont to say that, had he known the events that were to follow the finding of that pebble, he would have hurled it into the forest, and moved the sawmill, so that other men would have no occasion to wander that way. Like the honest worker that he was, however, Marshall informed Sutter of his discovery, and the two men tried to keep it a secret, and failed, as two people usually have failed when they were intrusted with a secret. The wave of the gold rush of 1849 arrived, coming on foot, on horseback, in wagons, in boats, even by dog-trains—and camped, one and all at Sutter's Fort. At first, these prospectors were miners, who knew gold deposits; then came the clerks, the workmen, the teachers, all those who hoped by a single stroke of fortune to make themselves independent of hard labor for the rest of their lives.

At the beginning, these people had money; they bought from Sutter's store; business was good. Then two factors intervened: The seekers for gold "lived up" all their small hoards of money; and, fast on the trail of these came the riffraff of the cities, Australian convicts from San Francisco; Mexican cutthroats from below the border; bad men from the frontier of the Middle West, gamblers from the centers of population in the East. These were men who proposed to eat, drink and be merry, whether they had the money to pay for it or not. More than 20,000 persons were gathered at one time at Sutter's Fort and along the trails between that place and the mill, half-erected, on Sutter's Creek.

Then, one night, when the money in the pokes of many of these wanderers was running low, some one called their attention to the vast herds of cattle feeding over Sutter's broad acres; some one else suggested that there were millions of loaves of bread in the ripening wheat fields; then a third, more bold than the rest, spread the plan of taking what they needed. At first, they took with the proviso that they would pay when they "filled their pokes"; and Sutter had to take their "chits," their "I. O. U's" for what they ate. Later, they merely took what they wanted, without the formality of giving the general more than their word of mouth for it. Sutter called on his Kanakas, but the whisky brought in by the gold rush had rendered them worthless; he called for his original white companions, and they responded, but they were half a dozen against thousands; he called for his Indians, but they, like the Kanakas, were either drunk, or up on Sutter's Creek, hunting for the gold they could trade for more whisky.



"A Holiday in the Mines," probably the best known painting of the days of '49 which has come down to us. It was painted in 1849 by C. Nahl, a contemporary artist.

After the men in the gold rush had stolen his cattle, eaten his wheat, and destroyed his crops, squatters came in and took his lands. California was in the transition stage; titles granted by the Spanish governors had to be confirmed by the new American courts. What had been a Mexican province became an American state, without the formality of passing through the territorial stage, and she had had no opportunity to collect money for her treasury. When Sutter presented his claims for his losses, he was called on to produce confirmed titles to his land, which he could not do. Meanwhile, the squatters, through various means, some of them questionable, obtained titles to their farms from the American courts, and, gradually, this one-man empire of more than 250,000 acres of the finest land in California, melted away.

Sutter expended more than $200 000 in the California courts, and paid more than $30,000 in taxes to the treasury of the new state, but all in vain. His titles were thrown out of court whenever they came in conflict with the "squatters' rights," and, finally, the one-time multimillionaire was reduced to poverty, all because one of his workmen had chanced to pick up a golden pebble to throw at a cub bear. Friends at length interceded with the state government, and California magnanimously gave to the man, who had made settlement of the Sacramento Valley possible, a pension of $250 a month, which was continued for 14 years.

Discouraged and broken in health and heart, General Sutter left the state and retired to Littitz, a little Moravian colony, in Pennsylvania. He died in Washington, in 1880, while attempting to obtain recognition of his claims by the Federal Government, and was buried in Littitz a few days later. Through the efforts of the Sacramento organization of the Native Sons of the Golden West, Sutter's Fort has been preserved to the state forever. This organization, in 1890, paid $20,000 for the fort, which has been converted into a museum. The property today, considered as Sacramento city real estate alone, is worth rather more than $100,000—less than one-hundredth part of the fortune of General John A. Sutter at the height of his career in California under Mexican rule. The fort has been restored from the same materials—adobe bricks—of which it was originally constructed, and contains an extensive collection of relics of Sutter and of early days in Northern California. Locally considered, it is probably one of the most valuable historical museums and collections in the world.

In the historical department of the California State Library is preserved Sutter's diary, which he kept throughout his life in California, from the time he landed at Monterey in 1839 or 1840, until he left the Pacific Coast forever. An extract from this diary, with the spelling and punctuation unchanged, tells the following interesting story of one of his battles with the Indians:

"In the spring, 1840, the Indians began to be troublesome all around me, Killing and Wounding Cattle, stealing horses, and threatening to attack us en Mass, I was obliged to make Campaigns against them and punish them severely, a little later about 2 a 300 was appoching and got United on Cosumne River, but I was not waiting for them. Left a small garrison at home, Canons & other Arms loaded, and left with 6 brave men & 2 Baqueros in the night and took them by surprise at Day light. the fighting was a little hard, but after having lost about 30 men, they was willing to make a treaty with me, and after this lecon they behalved very well, and becam my best friends and Soldiers with which I has been assisted to conquer the whole Sacramento and a part of the San Joaquin Valley."

Some idea of the manner in which this man whom gold destroyed lived and conducted his business may be gained from the following, written by General John C. Fremont, when he visited Sutter's Fort in 1844 on an exploring expedition sent out by the United States Government:

"The fort is a quadrangular adobe structure, mounting 12 pieces of artillery and capable of admitting a garrison of 1,000 men; the present garrison consists of 40 Indians in uniform—one of whom is always found on duty at the gate. The whites in the employ of Captain Sutter, Americans, French and Germans, amount, perhaps, to 30 men. The inner wall is formed into buildings, comprising the common quarters, with blacksmith and other workshops; the dwelling house with other dwellings, occupying the center of the area. It is built upon a pond-like stream, at times a running creek, communicating with the Rio de los Americanos, which enters the Sacramento about two miles below. The latter is here a noble river, about 300 yards broad, deep and tranquil, with several fathoms in the channel, and its banks continuously timbered. There were two vessels belonging to Captain Sutter near the landing—one, a large, two-masted lighter, and the other, a schooner, which was shortly to proceed to Fort Vancouver for a cargo of goods."

Why Poverty in a Land of Plenty?

By LEVI STEVENS LEWIS

FROM early in the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century, a period of about 250 years, the people who settled in the territory embraced within the limits of the 13 original states enjoyed more material prosperity perhaps than was anywhere else enjoyed on earth during the same period.

Without mints for the coinage of gold or silver, with only printing presses for the manufacture of money, by virtue of manual energy, activity plus contentment, they "replenished and subdued the earth" and made what was formerly a wilderness to blossom as the rose.

In less than half a century, exactly 47 years, from the date of the first session of the first Congress early in 1789, the surplus accumulation of money in the National Treasury, over and above all necessary government expenditures, was $37,468,859, which sum Congress voted to distribute among the several states according to population as a sort of dividend of national prosperity. Meantime the cost of two wars with Great Britain had been liquidated.

Five years later (1842) Charles Dickens, the English novelist, then visiting in Boston, in a private letter to friends in London, wrote that every family in New England was blessed with a comfortable blazing hearthfire and meat dinners 365 days in the year and that "a beggar on the streets anywhere in New England would occasion as much surprise as a flaming sword suspended in the heavens."

But it's different now. It has been different ever since the war between the States, which was begun with the approval and doubtless by instigation of the money lenders of Europe, in April, 1861.

In 1862 "the capitalists of Europe" dictated the future financial policy of the United States of America. They forcefully informed the influential bankers of America that their interests, as bankers, and lenders, required a change of American industrial conditions.

Chattel slavery was declared to be wrong—not wrong morally, but wrong industrially. Chattel slavery necessitated the trouble and expense of clothing, feeding, sheltering and otherwise caring for the slaves. So chattel slavery should be abolished and all workers, both black and white, made slaves. And then let the slaves shift for themselves.

"Let capital control labor by controlling wages." "This can be done by controlling the money." And "the great debt that capitalists will see to it is made out of the war, must be used as a means TO CONTROL THE VOLUME OF MONEY." "To accomplish this, bonds (debt) must be used AS A BANKING BASIS."

And so the national banking law of 1863 was passed and it is said that when President Lincoln, compelled as he was to do so by stress of civil war, signed the act, with an angry frown on his face, he flung the pen across the room, this signifying his intense disgust with the circumstances.

Accordingly the American monetary system is founded not on gold as we have been informed but on public debts, and these debts "must be made permanent and rightly managed." In other words, the debts must never be paid but serve as a perpetual agency to keep the people of the United States in Bondage and Ignorance.

And so the government of the United States, and the people of the United States, and the several state governments, and nearly every one (at least the great majority) of American municipalities are bankrupt like the nations of Europe.

But "the bankers and lenders" have thousands of millions, literally hundreds of billions of money to loan to carry on wars without end, and the bankers and lenders do not produce the value of a pound of cotton or a peck of corn from one year's end to another.

And then they inform us that "credit can be manufactured overnight" and in war times they tell us that "money can be manufactured with printing presses."

Yes, it's true, money can be and has been manufactured with printing presses, *as have also interest bearing bonds.*

And as the natural sequence to all this, we see poverty and its attendant evils increasing frightfully.

But what about the present and the future?

For what has recently become known as "The Community Chest Plan" different cities raised last November different sums for charity thus:

Cleveland, Ohio	$4,500,000
Saint Louis, Missouri	800,000
Denver, Colorado	620,000
Dayton, Ohio	298,000
Boulder, Colorado	30,000
Total	$6,248,000

Doubtless many other municipalities did likewise for it seems to have been carefully planned as a permanent institution of "Charity."

Applied in like ratio to the entire population of the United States, it will amount to an additional tax in excess of Three Hundred Million Dollars every year. Those who know more about the matter than I pretend to tell me that the "paupers" will do well to get 25 per cent of the amount collected while the balance will be used variously.

The whole scheme is un-American and extremely obnoxious. It further commercializes and perpetuates poverty. Professional beggary is made respectable by patronage of so-called polite society. It is an unholy plan to assist the profiteers to escape taxation by wholesale beggary from the already overtaxed "common people."

If these Community funds represented what is claimed by the sponsors, namely, love or sympathy for the poor and oppressed, the system would be different: in one western city there are at least 150 wealthy individuals any one of whom could draw a check for the entire amount collected in that city without missing the amount contributed.

Is it WISE for the well-to-do people of any community to raise $600,000 to feed, clothe and shelter the paupers of any community?

If so, is it UNWISE to raise $60,000 or $6 000 or $5,000 or any other sum to expose the frightful profiteering, "the wickedness in high places," that make the paupers?

If it is UNWISE or un-Christian, or impracticable, or indiscreet to expose the profiteering, then perforce it must be WISE to prepare to feed, clothe and shelter more paupers the coming November at a cost of $700,000 and still more paupers the following November at a cost of $800,000.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The supposed skull of the Tertiary Period found in Patagonia some time ago is merely a curiously shaped stone and of no scientific value, according to a committee of eminent scientists of the Buenos Aires and Laplata museums of natural history which has carefully examined it. At the time of its discovery great excitement prevailed throughout the scientific world as it was supposed to be the oldest trace of mankind in existence.

Prince Gelasio Caetani, Italian ambassador to the United States, was an Idaho miner 20 years ago.

A Los Angeles man has announced that he is going to erect and manage a hostelry exclusively for canine guests. The dog hotel will cost approximately $50,000 and will have all the modern conveniences, each dog having a bed and a sun porch, with uniformed attendants in charge of each section.

A new material, "Bravolette," is used by a German inventor in the manufacture of safety razors. It looks like ivory, tortoise shell or marble, depending on the manner in which it is manufactured. The advantage of this material lies in the fact that the apparatus cannot rust. There is no need to dry the razor after use, it is sufficient to rinse it. Another advantage is that it is cheaper than razors made of metal.

Secretary of Labor Davis was at one time an iron puddler employed in the rolling mills of Birmingham, Alabama.

The famous Hippodrome has given its last show. This giant New York playhouse has been purchased by a realty corporation with the definite purpose of erecting a commercial structure. Land values are too great in that vicinity for a business that runs only eight months in the year to be profitable. More than 40,000 000 people have passed through its doors and it was considered the national playhouse. It had the largest auditorium, the highest, widest and deepest stage of any theater in the world.

Among the famous inventions of the Chinese are the following: The compass, printing, lithography, suspension bridges and gunpowder.

A whistling buoy lost from the St. Lawrence River a year ago has been washed ashore on one of the Scilly Islands, just off the southwest coast of England, 3,000 miles from its starting point. The only injury was found to be confined to the gaslight case which had been wrenched from the top of the buoy.

The public domain amounts to 182,000,000 acres, the great bulk of which, not yet allocated, lies in the states of California, Utah and Nevada. Some of it has so little value it has not been surveyed.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Under present conditions the timber supply of this country will be exhausted in between 40 and 50 years, according to the chief forester of the Department of Agriculture. Pine timber is being cut eight and one-half times as fast as it is being replaced while hardwood is being cut three and one-half times as fast.

Alaska has produced nearly half a billion dollars' worth of minerals, and 97 per cent of this has come from her deposits of gold, copper and silver.

An Antwerp carpenter bought, for the price of a few francs, from a second-hand dealer, an old picture of which the subject was: "Jesus baptized in the River Jordan." An Antwerp art expert discovered on the painting the date 1640 and the signature of Rembrandt. The painting is said to be worth 2,000,000 francs.

The Prince of Wales is an adept trap drummer.

Christmas trees drawn up from the depths of Lake Michigan off Two Rivers, Wisconsin, in fishermen's nets gave the first evidence of the fate of the schooner *Rouse Simmons,* laden with Christmas trees for the Chicago trade, which disappeared from the face of the water in December, 1912. The bodies of the crew were never recovered.

Wild song birds are caught in England by means of bird-lime and nets and sold in the mean streets in the large cities. The casualties among these caged birds are enormous.

The Cohens are ahead of the Smiths in the New York directory just issued. The book contains 1,981 pages and weighs 11 pounds, four ounces. There are nearly 6,500 Cohens and Cohns and approximately 5,800 Smiths and Smyths. There are 223 Abraham Cohens.

A system of adapting criminal fines to the income of the offender, as well as to the seriousness of the crime, is a unique provision in the proposed revision of Sweden's criminal statutes which has been recommended by the Criminal Law Commission. Under the present system the fines are fixed within narrow limits which in no way serves as a deterrent to the wealthy man, while to the poor man it often becomes a punishment out of all proportion to the seriousness of the crime.

Boy Scouts of Colorado Springs, Colorado, recently planted 4,000 Douglas fir seedlings and 2 000 pine seedlings in the Pike National Forest under the supervision of forest officers. In June the Scouts plan to plant an area containing several hundred acres which were burned over several years ago.

If troubled with rats about chicken house, garage, barn or garden, fasten a length of hose on the end of the exhaust from your gasoline engine—whether automobile or tractor—back the car up within reach of the rat burrow and adjust the carburetor for a rich mixture. Pack damp earth about the hose at the entrance to the hole to seal it and run the engine at a moderate speed for 10 minutes or more and the rats will be destroyed. It might be tried successfully in destroying rats beneath floors where a concentration of gas can be obtained.

In British New Guinea has been discovered a new metal, "Osmiridum," which is said to have eight times the worth of gold.

Swindlers, reputed to have reaped millions through fake charity schemes during and after the war, are preparing to stage a comeback, according to the New York district attorney. These fakers are soliciting alms for the stricken folk of Europe, ostensibly to buy food and clothing for relatives of donors, but actually pocketing the gifts.

"I picked up a country paper in Greeley, Colorado, and discovered 14 pages given over to the announcements of tax sales," writes Charles W. Wood in the New York *World*. "There were about 450 of these announcements on every page —6,300 dramas of blasted hopes in one of the richest agricultural counties in America."

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LADD ON SUPREME COURT

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What Electoral College Means

When the Bison Were Plentiful

MINIMUM WAGE DECISION

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Electoral College—and What It Means

Machinery Set Up by Constitution Actually Ignored in Practice

By AARON HARDY ULM

WITHIN a little more than a year's time, political orators throughout the country will be exclaiming something like the following:

"On Tuesday, November 4, next, you will go to the polls and there elect the next President and Vice-President of the United States . . . ."

You will do no such thing. No President and Vice-President will be elected on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, 1924, as generally is believed. The next executives of the Federal Government will be elected very probably on the second Monday in January, 1925; that is to say, if any candidates therefor receive a majority of votes in the Electoral College.

For no one in these United States really will vote for any candidates for President and Vice-President at the national election of next year. Instead, in all but one state, they will choose electors who will do the actual voting two months later. The voting of the electors will be final in case some "ticket" receives a majority of the votes cast in the Electoral College; otherwise the next President and Vice-President will be chosen by the House of Representatives of Congress.

The foregoing no doubt reads like grammar school civics, for it tells what everybody knows about the curious machinery, still used technically but so far as possible actually ignored, set up by the Constitution for selecting a President of the United States.

There is a good deal about it, however, which many don't know, and there are some things about it which nobody knows—for instance, relative to what would happen under certain contingencies which at any time might arise.

Though the method decreed by the Constitution for choosing a President has been all but set aside in actual practice, the legal necessity of following its forms brings about several singular conditions having to do with Presidential campaigns as well as the possibility of there arising several complications that might be of tremendous national import. The probably most important of the conditions lies in the fact that, by reason of the Electoral College and what has resulted more or less therefrom, it is almost if not entirely impossible for any person to be chosen President unless that person has the approval of large numbers of organized politicians. The most serious possible complications have to do with passing on contested returns from the Electoral College or parts thereof.

Thus, the Electoral College is by no means a mere curious and impotent appendage of the machinery of our National Government. It truly is of great actual importance, and in changing Presidents, via election, at any time the Electoral College might become vitally significant.

Practice and Theory Different

IT IS one of several features of the Federal Constitution that have worked out in practice quite differently from what in the beginning was expected of them in theory. It is virtually the only mechanism in the Federal Constitution that was not based on some long applied principle of Anglo-Saxon government. It was adopted by the makers of the Constitution after much discussion and many changes of opinion as to how the chief executive of the country should be elected.

Only a few members of the Constitutional Convention favored the "popular" election of President.

Not fewer than 10 different plans of election were considered and nearly all of them at various times were acted on more or less favorably.

On several occasions the convention voted to leave the election of President to Congress. The action always was revoked on account of the earnest desire to keep the executive branch of the government absolutely independent of the legislative.

Gerry, of Massachusetts, and others, wanted to leave the selection to the governors of the states. Governor Morris alone seems to have favored a "popular" vote.

Alexander Hamilton appears to have been the leading advocate of an Electoral College method, patterned somewhat after the one then used for choosing the Doge of the Republic of Venice and also after the one used in electing the emperor of the vaporous Holy Roman Empire. Hamilton's plan was more complicated than the one finally adopted. It provided for two electoral bodies. Under it the state legislatures or voters would have chosen the first which would have selected the second, which in turn would have elected the President.

What the convention most desired was to protect the Presidency from the "heats and ferments" of popular political contests. This the convention believed it did in the plan finally adopted. It left the choice of electors to be made "in such manner as the legislatures of the states might direct." It was believed that in each state a group of thoughtful and patriotic men would thus be chosen for electors without any thought on the part of the voters as to whom those electors would favor when the time came to select a President and Vice-President.

The public of that time seems to have been highly pleased with the plan adopted; no one appears to have anticipated that in practice it would not work.

"The mode of appointment of the chief magistrate of the United States," wrote someone in the *Federalist*, in discussing the proposed Constitution, "is almost the only part of the system which has escaped without censure, or which has received the slightest mark of approbation from its opponents."

Of course in the first election of a President the plan worked out in the way that was expected; for, everybody being for George Washington, there was no contest. But upon Washington's retirement, the Electoral College became a virtual formality. Its members voted only as they were instructed or expected to do when elected. The provision which specified that the Presidential candidate receiving the second highest vote should be chosen as Vice-President broke down entirely on the occasion of the tie between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. This was corrected by the Twelfth Amendment, which provides for specific selection of the Vice-President.

But from that day to this, the Electoral College has operated only in a technical sense. Its members regularly have only gone through the motions of voting as required by the Constitution.

"THE Electoral College cannot be defended. The only result of its existence is to increase the power of the comparatively few men who control national conventions. These men are not necessarily those who appear as delegates. The delegates often are only pawns, moved at will by the secret influence of selfish men and combinations of wealth whose identity does not appear on the surface. Their influence is apparent, but their identity is concealed. When they control both national conventions their work is complete. They must contribute to both sides in order that the party spirit may be kept alive and the millions of voters be kept active in sham battle, while the real perpetrators of the fraud are laughing behind the scenes. The machinery is oiled by those who are to be the beneficiaries, while the party spirit is cultivated in the rank and file to such an extent that the voter really imagines that he is having something to say about the destiny of his country. In the end the bills are paid by the weary taxpayer who has been induced to furnish enthusiasm and do the shouting for his own undoing."—*From speech of Senator Norris, of Nebraska, advocating the abolition of the Electoral College.*

This was true even in the early days of the country when there was no indirect "popular" voting for President. At first most of the state legislatures chose Presidential electors without reference to the voters. By 1832, all had made them elective by popular vote, excepting one, that of South Carolina, which continued to choose electors until 1868.

Frequently in the early days electors were chosen in the states by districts, thus causing a state's vote to be divided some times between different candidates. In recent times, however, electors have been chosen by the states without regard to the votes of separate districts. In 1892 Wisconsin went back to the district system, but after one election again abandoned it.

The early adopted system of nominating party candidates for President and Vice-President brought about the practical negativing of the Electoral College. The "Congressional caucus" lapsed into the national convention method still prevailing.

It is interesting to note that throughout this nearly century and a half's experience no Presidential elector has failed in the trust placed in him by his party. What would happen in case one or several should fail—that is, if electors chosen to vote for one candidate should by voting for another change the result of a national election—is one of the curious uncertainties adhering to this survival in form of a device that has failed in practice. Yet this might occur. It perhaps becomes more and more possible on account of the fact that the pure "formality" of an elector's duties leads those who select candidates for electors to be less and less circumspect as to the character of the persons thus chosen. The public rarely pays the slightest attention to the personality of candidates for electors.

Nebraska's Form Different

IN FACT, it is the custom in most of the states to place the names of candidates for President and Vice-President at the heads of the electoral ballots and to require only a cross mark to indicate a voter's choice. Sometimes those ballots contain the names of 200 to 300 proposed electors, depending upon the number of parties proposing Presidential candidates in the particular state.

In only one state, Nebraska, are the names of electors omitted from the ballot. There they are appointed, following the election, by the governor, who must select those recommended by the party organization whose Presidential candidate receives the highest number of votes in the election. This is the nearest approach made in this country legally to direct voting for President and Vice-President.

The party organization factor in the Nebraska plan indicates how our method of choosing a President has served organized politics. The vast technicalities it involves—for instance, the procuring of candidates for electors in the various states and getting their names on the ballots—make it all but impossible, as Senator Norris, of Nebraska, has pointed out, for an Independent candidate to run seriously for President, or for the voters to select some one who is not a nominated candidate. While legally anybody can run, and, usually, blank spaces are left on ballots for the voter to write in the names of any persons he may prefer for electors over those whose names are printed thereon, as a practical matter, only by means of a nation-wide political organization can a Presidential candidacy, no matter how popular, "get anywhere" at the polls. This condition is accentuated by other factors, somewhat growing out of and complicated by the "Fifth Wheel" of the National Government, that is, the Electoral College. These in the main are laws having to do with Presidential primary elections, which now take place in about one-half of the states. This phase of the subject will be taken up in another article.

Only a few times in the history of the country have serious complications arisen on account of the Electoral College method of electing the President. The first, of course, was the Burr-Jefferson imbroglio, referred to above, the fault demonstrated in that occurrence being corrected by a Constitutional amendment. On that occasion, as well as later, when John Quincy Adams won finally over Andrew Jackson, the election had to be referred to the House of Representatives.

The second and virtually the only other serious complications arose out of the Tilden-Hayes controversy in 1876, when the validity of the returns made by several states was disputed.

Inasmuch as the Constitution gives no direction for settling disputes of the kind that arose then, Congress assumed jurisdiction and referred the contest to the historic Electoral Commission of 1877. The result has left a blot on the country's history and the device then invented is not apt ever to be employed again.

In an effort to provide for settling future controversies, Congress, in 1887, passed what is now the law governing in the premises. It provides for leaving disputes to the states. That is, the decision of a state on a dispute over the result of a Presidential election in the state must be accepted as final. But if there be contending state governments, Congress, by concurrent action of the two houses, must decide which of them is valid. What would happen in such a case if the houses of Congress failed to agree, no one knows. Such would leave the Presidential succession "in the air," as happened for a time in 1876, and might cause a revolution as was threatened at that time.

Other complications have arisen and might arise again at any time. For example, in 1857, a severe blizzard kept the electors of Wisconsin from meeting on the day designated by law for voting for President. They met the following day, and, as the vote of that state couldn't change the result, the returns were accepted formally. Protest, however, was made; and if the same were to happen now and the votes involved be decisive, a very serious question might arise.

In Case of Death, What?

WHAT would happen in case a successful candidate for President should die between the November election and the meeting of the electors in January? Legally the electors pledged to vote for the deceased candidate would be free to vote for whomever they pleased. They would not be bound to vote even for their candidate for Vice-President. There is neither law nor precedent to govern in such a situation. One of the kind has never arisen, but at least one unsuccessful candidate for President and one for Vice-President have died before electors pledged to them could vote.

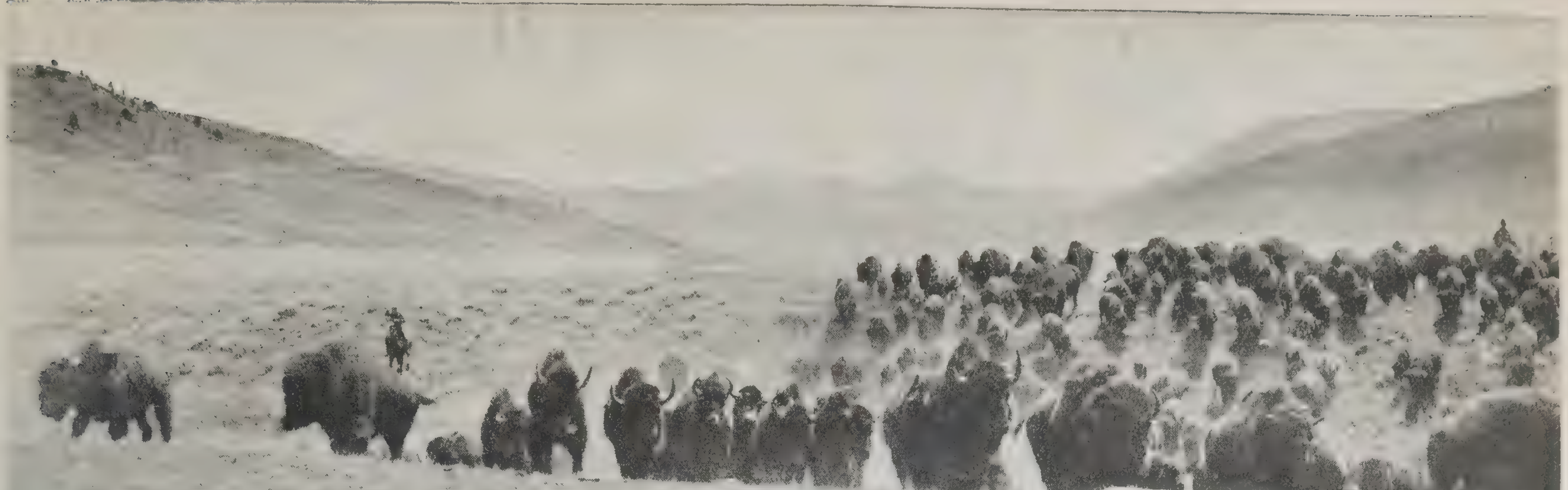
Thus, though in usual practice set aside, the Constitutional scheme for electing the President and Vice-President still is of great importance.

In the recent Congress, Senator Norris, of Nebraska, urged the submission of a Constitutional amendment abolishing the Electoral College entirely. His proposed amendment would require that Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates be voted for directly in all the states, leaving the result to be computed on the basis of "unit" votes as at present. Thus each state's vote would still be counted in units of one for each member of Congress. This would obviate the objections made to a "popular" vote for President on a mass basis. The small or thinly settled states still would have more "say" per voter than the large or thickly populated ones. A voter in Nevada, for example, has several times the power in electing a President as is possessed by a voter in New York State. That advantage is offset, however, by the greater influence of many of the big states—on account merely of being large and at the same time "doubtful."

For many years nearly all writers on the subject have favored the abolition of the Electoral College.

There can be made one observation which puts forth a set-off to many of the dangers, both actual and possible, adhering to the Electoral College. It is the American's Anglo-Saxon genius for finding ways out of political dilemmas and his talent for adhering to form while, when necessary, ignoring the essence of even a Constitutional requirement. This is illustrated very pertinently by the history of the Electoral College itself. In most other countries, this institution long ago would have precipitated revolution—most certainly so under the circumstances of the great controversy between the Tilden and Hayes followers 45 years ago when a famous Democratic editor went so far as to issue a call for "One Hundred Thousand Unarmed Men to March on Washington!"

The existence of the form, however, together with other influences, has brought about intricate and confusing and difficult complications more of which will be told in the next article.



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The Why and Wherefore of the Buffalo

Winter Blizzard or Summer Wind, American Bison Always Faces Storm

By F. J. CLIFFORD

This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue.

NEXT to the Indian, the thing that most interested me when I first went West was the buffalo, the great American bison. His swift disappearance from the plains has kindled many sentimental notions, but his extinction as a free roving animal was quite inevitable as will be shown.

In days before the white man left his heavy markings on the country, the buffalo easily maintained their numbers, though occasionally reduced by severe winters. But even in the most bitter winters their immense numbers were protection, as the weaker ones could shelter themselves in the midst of the herd, which formed a wall of living, warm fur about them.

The buffalo by nature is extremely wild and practically untamable; vicious in the extreme except when under a year old. Take the so-called "tame herd" of the Yellowstone Park—the work of guarding and caring for them is classed as one of the most dangerous a man can be engaged in, riders as well as the horses frequently bearing scars from the vicious horns of some ugly old bull. There would be more accidents but for one trait which the buffalo has in common with the rattlesnake, in that he gives warning before he strikes. When a buffalo is angry he starts wringing his diminutive tail.

In front view the buffalo appears as a magnificent animal with his massive head, beautiful curving horns and towering shoulders, but when you see it all taper off into the undersized hindquarters with that little insignificant tail, one feels as though the Creator began with a wonderful idea, but lost interest before finishing it.

In one trait the buffalo differs from practically all other animals, he faces the storm, be it a winter blizzard or a summer breeze. There are two reasons for this habit, the primal one being the continual fighting of the bulls to settle leadership of a band of cows. This developed the head, neck and shoulders. Nature therefore placed on these parts more protection in the way of thick heavy wool, to withstand the shock of battle. It is natural, then, for the buffalo to present this armor to the fierce blizzards of the plains. The second reason and perhaps the more vital is the prairie fire, the great scourge of the plains. The smoke of the fire can often be seen at long distances, or the first warning may come by a changing wind: by facing the wind, the herds become natural fire alarms.

The prairie fire is not like the scene shown in pictures. When it hits the hills it may go up swiftly, but it works down slowly, thereby retarding its flight. It does not roll across the land with great long flaming frontage, as so often shown in pictures. I have had a "head-fire," as it is called, sweep by me twice; each time it has come in a huge wedge shape, the point a mass of flames with a rolling, strutting sort of movement; then perhaps along the side-fire there develops another "head-fire," that sweeps by at a higher rate of speed and throws the former head-fire into a side-fire. Occasionally, a gust of wind may cut the fire off close to the ground, and then you will see a huge flaming ball of fire sail into the air some hundred and fifty feet, truly a terrifying sight, and never to be forgotten.

This will show that it is possible to avoid a prairie fire if one keeps an eye peeled toward the wind, possessing a keen nose and mounted on any kind of a good saddle horse. If you detect the fire in time, ride a little toward it and to the right or left of the oncoming head-fire; jumping your horse over the side-fire you will be perfectly safe. Of course, there are many "ifs" in this, such as a tremendous wind with heavy dry grass making the side-fire so large one cannot get through it with any degree of safety. At any rate it is clear why the buffalo continuously has his nose and eyes to the wind. When they see the first whisp of smoke rise over some distant butte, or sniff the pungent odor, away they go on their wild stampede *toward the fire,* but to the right or left. This they had to do, or they would never have reached their immense numbers. There have always been fires on the prairies, and I have never found any old-timers who have seen buffalo burned in the prairie fire; but I myself have seen mules, horses, cattle and even coyotes burned in them.

In crossing the buffalo plains, especially of Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas, one sees hundreds of acres of pox-marked land, nearly always on slopes, and generally near drinking places. These were the old dusting beds of the buffalo. Standing with hind legs spread apart, a shoulder flat on the ground, the buffalo rubs and rips into the sloping earth. Tiring of this he lies down and rolls, but he never rolls over, the high arch of his shoulders preventing. Sometimes he varies this exercise with plunging at top speed into a cutbank, ripping and tearing with all his strength. This may be only a form of amusement, though it is more likely a subconscious habit for training his body to withstand the shock of future battles; the habit is indulged in mostly by the younger bulls.

The buffalo grazed many miles from water, and followed the deeply worn trails which one can still find in places. They followed these trails to avoid walking on the slick buffalo grass, which tired them unduly and lamed their feet. Old Texas cowpunchers tell of the troubles they have had driving cattle over the buffalo grass; the beasts would become so lame that they could scarcely be forced along.

This grass has a bad effect even on a motor car. I have driven one over it for long distances, with only a compass to guide me, and always had to have extra water with us, as the auto would overheat. Once we dropped into a buffalo trail, breaking our rear axle, and there we were 40 miles from nowhere, with mighty little drinking water, as that in the radiator was heavy with alkali. We walked the rest of the day and all night and the soles of our shoes became so smooth and slippery that skates and skis were as sandpaper in comparison. Our feet incessantly slipped the wrong way. We tried sliding down some of the slopes backward but it did not help much. Then we cut creases across the soles of our shoes, which helped a little. We saw a band of antelope, who gazed curiously at us then circled round to the right out of sight. A coyote would come occasionally into view, sit down on some bluff and gaze complacently at us, seeming to know we had no firearms.

The great plains Indians took their steady toll of the buffalo the year around, the vast herds being practically their only support, while many Indian tribes came from valleys beyond the Rockies to "buffalo," as they called it. The red man, when he had the chance, preferred to stampede the herd over some handy cutbank, figuring on a certain number injuring themselves, thus making capture easy. Failing in this he took the slower and somewhat more dangerous way of riding his pony up beside some galloping bison and driving the arrow, or spear, in just forward of the high heavy hip bones, this being the easiest and surest way of reaching a vital spot.

The making of a "buffalo robe," once so common, is an interesting process. The squaws split the hide with stone knives, then pressed it off with skinning stones, after which they cut holes around the edge, pegging it to the ground, where they hacked and mauled at it with their small, dull-edged stone axes, till it was beaten to a suitable thickness. It was then soaked with urine from the camp, which tans the hide. Later on it was softened with the brains of the buffalo, tediously worked in, till the whole hide became soft as a woolen blanket.

One of my most prized trophies is a buffalo robe, a tremendously big thing. The flesh side is painted—nine Indian warriors, mounted on their ponies, all done in the usual stiff Indian way, and, of course, in colors of red, blue, green and yellow. The loops are still in the edges of it where it was pegged down for tanning, and it is sewed with sinew showing it was made before the squaws were able to obtain the much-prized thread of the trader.

Robes were usually made of young cows, because the older ones, especially the bulls, often rubbed off large patches of the wool, making the hide unfit for anything but moccasins, leggins, travois slings and the like. The pictures that were painted on the robes sometimes represented some incident in the owner's life, or perhaps a crude history.

After the coming of the white man, robes were made up for trading purposes. For an extra fine robe, the Indian might get a cheap buffalo gun—a carbine type rifle, single shot, rim fire, large caliber and of short range. There was probably a definite plan of the government in supplying the Indians with this type of fire-

(Concluded on page 14)

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Suckers!

DAY after day the mail of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT brings stories of frauds and fakes until it seems that almost everybody in the country who possesses a little money has been snared by some "blue sky" speculative proposition. "If there is anything that should be shown up," it is this or that or the other thing, the letters say. "Why don't you do something quick to prevent this wholesale robbing of poor people?" is a frequent question.

It would seem that if people still continue nibbling at stock schemes after all the publicity which has been given to the precarious and dangerous nature of such propositions, little more can be done to save them. In one mid-western state after the farmers' war prosperity, high-powered stock salesmen went over the territory county by county and cleaned the farmers out of hundreds of millions of dollars, leaving behind a trail of mortgage foreclosures and general wreckage from which the present generation of farmers in that state will not recover. Did not the farmers know better? Of course they did. Did not the local bankers know better? Of course they did. But the curse of wanting something for nothing, of desiring to get rich quickly, of falling easily for the methods of the stock salesman seems to be upon all classes equally. Ministers are buying stocks on installments out of their meager salaries. School teachers are doing the same. There is not a community in the United States that cannot show stacks of worthless paper, that cannot tell stories of the perfidy of men who prey upon the confidence of the people.

If people go on believing that strangers are lying awake nights to make them rich, if newspapers go on accepting full-page advertisements of stocks that no business man would invest in—what can be done about it?

The people themselves are to be blamed as well as pitied, for the whole stock proposition has an immoral angle. A share of stock is really a license to collect a part of some workingman's labor, for it is not true that "your money works for you"—money can't do that; it is another man who works for you. Until people learn these things, until they begin to scrutinize their own conduct in the matter, there is little to be done. The most effective thing to do would be to show up the whole financial system which makes these things possible.

Reserves and Currency

THERE is a point of difference in the administration of the right of issue of currency in the United States and European countries whose systems form the pattern for the Federal Reserve. The Aldrich plan, rejected in the Republican Congress, was essentially the same as the system successfully put through the Democratic Congress during the early days of President Wilson's first term. It is modeled after the Bank of England, and the only important change lies in the division of the country into reserve districts. The argument for this change was that the elastic currency to be provided in case of fluctuating demand might be more equitably distributed. That redundancy in one section might follow inflation needed in another was the excuse offered for the feature of regional banks.

The fact that the power to relieve a given section without injury to another involves as well the power to distress one section without directly affecting a more favored one seems not to have occurred to the apologists for the change, but good judgment should recognize that it does, and that no rule of conduct should be possible that does not affect all sections alike. Thus it is certain any reserve center created should be for the entire country.

This argument does not affect the position of opponents of the Federal Reserve System in the least. That position is that the issue of currency should be in direct control of the government and not delegated to one or more private corporations.

While the operation of the delegated power of currency issued to private corporations is the same in nature here as abroad, there is a vast difference in its application. In the United States the percentage of issue to reserve is out of all proportion to that in England and the Continental countries of Europe. The claim by our financial masters is that undue depreciation of our currency must follow any inflation. That might be a result, except as to its being "undue," for such inflation might merely restore an equilibrium established in the war period, which has been disturbed by deflation.

At the close of the first quarter of the present year the Federal Reserve System of the United States held reserves of 76.3 per cent of its liabilities. At the same time the Bank of England held a reserve of but 19.64 per cent of its outstanding notes. The Bank of France has about 14 per cent of its circulation in reserve.

The improvement in business, hailed so loudly as indicative of the soundness of our own system, is coincident with a decrease in the reserve in the last year, which does not indicate the full measure of our currency inflation, since reserve holdings amount to more in the aggregate. That is, additional notes have been put in circulation in sufficient amount to reduce the percentage of last year's reserve and for the added increased volume of reserves.

The point we are demonstrating is that if England and France deem a fifth to a seventh of note circulation sufficient for reserve funds, the United States could increase its currency volume several fold without injury to the country. It might affect interest rates, which are but three per cent in England, but 95 out of every hundred persons would find that of benefit, just as they would welcome a reduction in house rentals or taxes.

Not One of Them Anglo-Saxon

THE New York *Times* is authority for the statement that of the three dictators of Europe not one is an Anglo-Saxon. "No one of them is an Anglo-Saxon, and no one has any particular sympathy with the political ideals which are supposed to inspire the Anglo-Saxon, as distinguished from the Latin or Slav world."

The key to the world is Race; the key to the future is Race; and as yet there are no authorities on Race which those who need light most on this subject will accept. Anglo-Saxon is a term which even in its broadest meaning is too narrow to define that gulf stream of racial quality which in all the ages has flowed down through the ocean of humanity, purifying it and fructifying all shores where it flows. The Anglo-Saxon has been the most prominent branch of that Race, but the stream itself includes even today (for example, among certain sections of the German people) those to whom the name Anglo-Saxon is anathema.

However, that is a big question. The absence of an Anglo-Saxon among the dictators of Europe means nothing. How securely are Poincare, Mussolini and Benes set on their dictators' seats? What have they been able to do singly or together for the problem of Europe as a whole? What profundity either of hope or menace do they signify? Is there anything in the Latin and Slav political ideals that holds out any promise for Europe? Latin or Slav, which has shown colonizing wisdom? And colonizing wisdom is just this—the possession of such an idea of civil justice as can be applied to any country or any people. It is not by accident, nor is it by political design, that the desirable places of the earth as well as the waste places have come under the control of one racial strain. When racial kinship is recognized, a number of national divisions are likely to fall away.

The future of Europe can be almost plainly seen—a gradually growing helplessness under present European ideals, a collapse of all the falsities which led to the present distress, and in the end an appeal to the ideals and materials of the Anglo-Saxon civilization for salvation.

They are crying for the materials now, but the materials are not enough, the ideals also must be put to work

Religion and Property

WILL H. HAYS, in his capacity as a Presbyterian elder, addressing the General Assembly recently, gave further evidence of that peculiar inaptitude which has come to mark most of his utterances since his elevation from political to public life. As the clerical assistant of the National Republican Committee he was no doubt a very useful man, and as the employe of the motion picture trust he is probably earning his salary, but as a thinker upon any kind of public question he evinces a strange inadequacy. At the General Assembly, for example, he spoke about religion as the guarantor of property. "The ministers," he said, "make certain the security of property, for if men cease to believe in God they cease to respect property."

That is just what the Bolsheviki and all violent social revolutionaries say. For years the fight against established religion has been conducted on the ground that it is the defender of a social system which no one claims is just. In Russia posted signs everywhere say that "religion is the opium of the people." That is why bishops are murdered and priests are starved in Russia—religion must be abolished if the new idea of property is to come in. Not long ago in America there was a Men and Religion Movement financed by capitalists who were notoriously unfair to labor, and the argument that moved ceaselessly through that campaign was that religion is a great thing to quiet the unhappy laborer and help him look to the future life for justice. Fortunately that campaign broke down. And the whole point of view breaks down, whether adopted by Presbyterian elders or Bolshevik atheists.

There can be no objection in any normal mind to the property end of Mr. Hays' statement. Property, if it be honest, is that into which a man has put his life. The workingman's bread is property and so is the cradle in which his babe sleeps. There can be no doubt at all about the sacredness of that kind of property and the duty of civilization to defend title to it. Every movement for the destruction of property rights, like that now existing in Russia, dwindles down to a lawless campaign for the transfer of property rights to those who have no moral or legal right to them. It goes along with this that any civilization worthy the name must render it possible for anyone to accumulate rightfully the property he may need.

But to justify religion solely on the ground that it serves as a social policeman is to cheapen it and unwittingly to play into the hands of its enemies. It is a claptrap statement anyway, and no man of weight would descend to its use.

It would be interesting to hear what ministers have to say about their being the guardians of property rights. The social statements of the great churches during recent years show a doubt as to just what constitutes property rights. It is a question with the church whether property acquired by theft, exploitation or in any way at the expense of social stability is sacred in any sense or has any rights. Certainly the ministry of religion does not regard itself as the guardian of that kind of property. It is coming to be its greatest challenger.

Their Name Is Wolf

YOU may rob the government and get off, but if you think enough of America to criticise the government too severely you may go to jail. We are very strongly set, as a people, against that deluded class whose principal crimes consist in verbal "hot air," against the young workingman who is temporarily a victim of alien socialistic mania, against the young collegian who is sowing his intellectual wild oats and having the time of his life fancying himself a rebel. But when big business men in time of war send socks to the soldiers that will not stand an hour's route march, send saddles to the army that will not stay on a horse and harness that will not pull a small load of ammunition or food to beleaguered troops in the front line—when this actual, practical and decidedly harmful treason is practiced, the guilty ones stand a very good chance of getting off. Those whose crime is only an unsteady tongue and a misinformed mind, must be punished to the limit.

Two profiteers of the kind just described were convicted in Illinois by government attorneys after a long and bitter fight. The courts fined the convicted men and sentenced them to prison. Then the wires to Washington began to work. Illinois Senators and others besieged the President for remission of the sentence. President Harding had the strength to refuse to grant a pardon but he did commute the sentences. And that is the kind of act which plain people cannot understand. There were boys shot at the front for doing things not one-millionth part as immoral or dangerous as those that the Illinois profiteers did. But their sentences were not commuted; they did not have any money!

The name of the profiteers is Wolf.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE severest and most dangerous poverty is to be poor in men. No bankruptcy that a country can face is so hopeless as bankruptcy in men. All other kinds of scarcity can be met and mastered, but scarcity of the human qualities of vision, wisdom and courage is fatal. Perhaps more people are conscious of this today than ever before, and the various conclusions they draw are the most effective influences active today upon the people's outlook toward the future.

What is it that is driving the people to entertain the thought that perhaps the nation is bankrupt of men? There is no doubt that it is nothing else than the apparent scarcity of high-class material in those regions where, for the last hundred years, we have looked for guidance. Our people, our nation has always looked into the regions of finance and politics for leadership. The man of oratory and the man of money were thought by the possession of these powers to be the natural leaders. It was very fine while it lasted and doubtless it served the nation during the period when those things were most significant.

But, being established as the leading classes, they attracted men whose ambitions were greater than their abilities and whose shrewdness was greater than their desire to serve. And so the personnel of those classes began to weaken in power and impressiveness. It was like a business which because of its success attracts all manner of people who are much more interested in the profits than in the welfare of the business, and so the business gets a bad name and begins to run down. We have so many men who can make speeches today and so many men who can make money that these accomplishments have ceased to be distinctive. That is, what were formerly the upper reaches of leadership are now somewhat shabbier and much less powerful than they were; the power has gone out of them.

So that, seeing this, the people jump to the conclusion that all the qualities of leadership in the country are going to seed and that there is no reserve left. And a country which gets itself into that state of mind is not in good national health.

It is time to look at the matter in what is probably a truer light. If there is one thing the history of our race, the history of our great ideas of religious freedom and political liberty should have taught us, it is this: peoples dedicated to justice and service are never bankrupt of men. The national reserve is always greater than we believe.

MAKE no mistake about it, the men are here for any need the nation may have. The leaders of the future are here, and if they are not now striving to enter public place it is because they wish to render service, which is not now possible in public office under present rules. They are waiting for the old system thoroughly to pass—but the men are here. That is one fact which our people should never allow themselves to be in doubt about. If visible public leadership seems blind and weak and all promises of service fail, just remember that among the people are all the men of vision and wisdom and courage that the people will ever need.

It is doubtless true that in official circles we are witnessing a great decline in vision and ability, or what seems to be that. It may only seem to be that. It is not improbable, however, that there is another element which we overlook. If things were still being done in the same old way, these men might not seem to us so helpless as they appear now. That is, if they had the same conditions to deal with as obtained fifty years ago, or if conditions themselves were as susceptible of control as they were then, these men might appear quite as able as their predecessors.

But even conditions are not as pliable to the old methods. We are approaching the end of a system of things, a system is irresistibly bringing itself to an end, and all the tactics, all the skill, all the determination productive of results fifty years ago are powerless as a child's arm against the immovable decree which has sounded the end of a certain chain of experience. The new time is pushing up under the old and the old personnel has not the knowledge how to help it. They are irresistibly being pushed aside by it. New things are to be done in new ways and our official circles belong, mostly, to the old. It may be this fact, therefore, which gives them the air of being more inefficient than they really are.

Now, if the nation were obliged to stand or fall by the ability of official circles to become proficient in the new order of things, the future would be very doubtful. But that is not the alternative. As the growth of the new leaf pushes the old one off the stem, so does the pressure of a new order of public servants gradually urge the old order into retirement.

The thing to bear in mind is that our official circles do not comprise the nation's wealth in able men. It is probably true that never were official circles less attractive to really able men than they are today. The nation's ablest men have been doing their work in other fields, and they have been doing more effective work for the nation than the government has been doing. Our country has not been built up by the government but by the people at work, under the leadership which various fields of service have developed. Government, it may be said, has latterly been much more of a hindrance to national development than a help. Why? Because the creative brains of the nation have not gravitated to politics. And the result is that outside the boundaries of official life we have the real public service of the land.

This great nation is not dependent on any one man. The day we pin our hopes on a man, that day we detract from our dignity as a nation. Perhaps in the past we have been too busy in worshiping reputations. It will do us good to look back ten or fifteen years and ask where the great names of that period are now. The men are here, but as their reputations were newspaper made and newspaper sustained, they fell as soon as newspaper puffing was withdrawn. They had never done anything before and they haven't done anything since; they were "men of the hour," so the promises said, but the hour is long since past.

Now, as a matter of fact, the national instinct has taught us that the nation does not depend on men. It is commonly granted that political campaigns are wholesale promising contests which are never to be taken seriously. The wholesale slump in the number of votes cast in our national elections is an indication of the fact that the people no longer take them seriously. But the time is coming when they shall, and the speed with which that time arrives depends on that very uncertain quantity, the patience of the people.

The people of this land are sufficient for their leadership. If the nation should ever take over the railroads, it is a foregone conclusion that the government as at present constituted could never run the railroads. The record of governments in business is not good, and if they depended on their success in business, and could not draw on the almost exhaustless resources of the people, they would long ago have been bankrupt. But on the railroads and among the people are the men who could run the railroads. *The men are here.*

That is the fact upon which the mind of the people may rest in utmost assurance—the men are here. They are here in sufficient number to carry on all the public processes. They are here in sufficient wisdom, honesty and courage to meet all the problems which an effete government faces helplessly.

But the men who are able to do what the country wants done will not play the old political game for the chance of doing it. They have too much wisdom to hope that anything can be accomplished by the old methods. They do not crave any honor which is bought at the price of wilful inefficiency in office. And while they will fight for the welfare of their country they will not fight for the tinsel of a public title. But when the hour arrives for free untrammelled public service, these men will move quite naturally to their places in the public service. The great thing to know is—The men are here.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

"Congress Lax in Not Checking Supreme Court"

"Our Duty to the People to Prevent Usurpation of Power; We Are Supreme Branch of Government," Says Senator Ladd

By U. S. SENATOR LADD

SENIOR SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

The third article by Senator Ladd will appear in an early issue, and will be the last of this series on the Supreme Court.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has decided that Congress does have the power "of making exceptions to the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court," and in making such exceptions and regulations Congress can, virtually, limit the power of the court to its original jurisdiction. I think there is very little need for us to worry about the cumbersome method of effecting constitutional amendments. We have the power under the Constitution, and we not only have the power, but it is our sworn duty to preserve this power in the people. In my opinion, Congress has been immorally lax in its duty in quietly permitting the Supreme Court to assume various powers, and it is our duty to the people to see that an end is put to this gradual usurpation of power by the court.

The average American citizen is long-suffering and has a great deal of faith in his public officials, but mark the time when he realizes that his faith is being betrayed. The Supreme Court of the United States must not assume the attitude of believing that ultimate power rests in its hands, that it is not subject to review, that it is responsible only to the Constitution, and that the Constitution is just what the court interprets it to be. Under the Constitution, *Congress is the supreme branch of government* and the Supreme Court must depend upon Congress for a definition of its rights in the use of its appellate jurisdiction. Congress has the responsibility and must preserve this sacred power for the people.

The McCardle Case of 1867

ON April 5, 1867, Congress passed an act granting appeals from the Federal circuit courts to the Supreme Court in habeas corpus cases, which had hitherto been allowed in a very limited class of cases, and extended the power to "all cases where any person may be restrained of his or her liberty, in violation of the Constitution or of any treaty or law of the United States." *The real intent and purpose of this act was to facilitate the enforcement of the Reconstruction Acts designed to establish military control by legislative enactment in the southern states.* But the act was taken advantage of in a way that even its authors had not expected.

By virtue of this act the editor of a country newspaper in Mississippi, one McCardle, who had been arrested and held for trial by a military commission, for criticising the military activities of General Ord, petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus in the Federal circuit court, and after an adverse decision took an appeal to the Supreme Court. On January 10, 1868, Jeremiah S. Black, attorney for McCardle, moved the court to advance the case for a speedy hearing. On January 17, the court granted the motion and sent the case for hearing, the first Monday in March. On February 3, 1869, the Supreme Court, contrary to the expectations of the authors of the act of April 5, 1867, handed down the decision holding that it had jurisdiction in the McCardle case. At this time there was pending in the House an unimportant Senate bill to extend the Supreme Court's appellate jurisdiction to cases involving internal revenue officers and placing them on the same footing as customs officers. Unanimous consent had been obtained for its consideration, on the statement of the member in charge of the bill that it was merely a matter of routine. Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, then offered the following amendment which was adopted:

"Section 2. And be it further enacted: That so much of the Act of February 5, 1867, entitled 'An Act to establish the judicial courts of the United States, approved September 24, 1789, as authorizes an appeal from the judgment of a circuit court to the Supreme Court of the United States or the exercise of any such jurisdiction by said Supreme Court on appeals, which have been or may hereafter be taken, be, and the same is hereby repealed."

Vetoed by Johnson

THE New York *Independent,* commenting editorially on the passage of the amendment, said:

"The passage of that little bill which put a knife to the throat of the McCardle case was a splendid performance. Congress will not abandon its reconstruction policy to please any court, because it sincerely believes that the welfare of the nation depends upon the success of that policy. This Congress will not brook opposition from the court in political matters. The safety of the nation demands that Congressional Reconstruction shall be successful; and if the court interferes the court will go to the wall. This language sounds harsh to fossil ears, no doubt."

And the Springfield *Republican* said:

"Congress does not intend to permit the Supreme Court to overthrow it or revive rebellion if it can help it."

President Johnson returned the bill on March 25, without his signature, accompanied with a vigorous veto message. The following day the Senate passed the bill over the President's veto by a vote of 33 to 9, and the next day it passed the House by a vote of 115 to 57.

Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, chairman of Ways and Means in defense against the charge of Mr. Boyer, of Pennsylvania, that the amendment to the Act of February 5, 1867, was passed surreptitiously and that it was the object of the amendment to repeal the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court in certain cases, said:

"The gentleman has alluded to the Supreme Court and to its jurisdiction, which he thinks it was the intention of this amendment to affect, as applied to the McCardle case and a conspiracy to undermine and destroy that court.

"Sir, I have lost confidence in the majority of the Supreme Court of the United States. Is not that plain enough? I believe that they usurp whenever they undertake to settle questions purely political, in regard to the status of states, and the manner in which those states are to be held subject to the lawmaking power. And if I find them abusing the power by attempting to arrogate to themselves jurisdiction under any statute that happens to be upon the record, from which they claim to derive that jurisdiction, and I can take it away by repeal of that statute, I will do it. Is there any indistinctness in that?

"Now, I hold that the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, arrogating to themselves the pretension to settle not merely judicial but political questions and trampling upon the principle of the decision made in the case of the Dorr Rebellion, and upon every other decision of that kind, are, the majority of them, proceeding step by step to the usurpation of jurisdiction which does not belong to them. I hold it to be not only my right but my duty, as a representative of the people, to clip the wings of that court wherever I can, in any attempt to take such flights."

Chief Justice Chase: "The first question necessarily is that of jurisdiction; for if the Act of March, 1868, takes away the jurisdiction defined by the Act of February, 1867, it is useless, if not improper, to enter into any discussion of other questions. It is quite true, as was argued by the counsel for the petitioner, that the appellate jurisdiction of the court is not derived from acts of Congress. It is, strictly speaking, conferred by the Constitution. But it is conferred 'with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress shall make.'"

Against 5-4 Decisions

"IN THE case of Durousseau vs. the United States particularly, the whole matter was carefully examined, and the court held, that 'while the appellate powers of this court are not given by the Judicial Act, but are given by the Constitution,' they are nevertheless limited and regulated by that act, and by such other acts as have been passed on the subject." The court said, further, that the Judicial Act was an exercise of the power given by the Constitution to Congress "of making exceptions to the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court."

"What, then is the effect of the repealing act upon the case before us? We cannot doubt as to this. Without jurisdiction, the court cannot proceed at all to declare the law, and when it ceases to exist, the only function remaining to the court is that of announcing the fact and dismissing the cause. And this is not less clear upon authority than upon principle. It is quite clear, therefore, that this court cannot proceed to pronounce judgment in this case, for it has no longer jurisdiction of the appeal, and judicial duty is not less fitly performed by declining ungranted jurisdiction than in exercising firmly that which the Constitution and the laws confer."

The passage of a simple act such as has been proposed would mean the repeal of the clause in the Judiciary Act of 1789 which gives to the Supreme Court of the United States appellate jurisdiction, and consequently it would revoke the power the court now exercises to re-examine laws passed by the Congress and the 48 state legislatures of the Union, and to declare them null and void on the supposition that they are repugnant to the Federal Constitution.

Certainly *we should have no four to five decisions on Federal legislative acts. No Act of Congress should be declared unconstitutional unless by a vote of eight members of the Supreme Court* and no act of any sovereign state legislature should be declared unconstitutional by a vote of less than seven members.

One thing is certain and from this certainty there is no possible escape and that is that the Congress which enacted the Judiciary Act of 1789, never dreamed that it would be at any time so construed as to be the instrument of judicial usurpation, or that the courts would arrogate to themselves the power to nullify every act of remedial legislation necessitated by our prodigious industrial development and consequent growth of extortionate monopolies and law-defying trusts and combines.

Is it possible to conceive that the Congress of 1789 were so forgetful to the trust and confidence reposed in them by the people that they would transfer their supreme function to an irresponsible body, appointed because of their well-known, preconceived opinions in favor of the beneficiaries of predatory privileged corporations and prejudiced against the rights and interests of the producing classes? The members of the Supreme Court of the United States as now organized are in no way responsible to the people whose public servants they are supposed to be, and nobody is responsible for them. They are not always selected and appointed because of their distinguished legal attainments, their unselfish devotion to the people's interests. Often, these distinctions would be regarded as insuperable disqualifications in the eyes of the invisible power behind the appointing power. These public servants hold office during "good behavior," which translated into terms of modern political ethics may mean fidelity to the beneficiaries. Is it at all credible that the framers of the Federal Constitution and the architects of the Judiciary Act of 1789, and the very first Congress in its first session should unite in giving to this irresponsible body the power to paralyze the supreme function of the Federal Government and render all its legislation void and null and of no effect?

Is it believable that the legislative branch of the government would deliberately create a power superior to themselves and which could render their most important and painstaking work absolutely worthless?

Legislative Branch Supreme

IT MUST be admitted that under any and every form of representative government the legislative branch is the supreme function. From the very nature, essence and form it must be so. It couldn't possibly be otherwise and insure a true democracy. For a government in which the legislative branch is not the supreme function is not and cannot be representative. The members of the legislative branch are the direct repositories of the people's authority. It is to them that they have delegated their power to make the laws which it is the duty of the judiciary to expound and the duty of the executive to enforce. It would be an inversion of the natural order for the judiciary to have the power to annihilate the legislative department within the scope of its legitimate authority. The natural order in a true democracy is that the legislative department is the superior power of government, and, therefore, all other branches of the government are subordinate to it.

The legislative department have not the power to appoint the judges, but they have the power to reject the appointment of any person nominated by the executive. But they can do more than this. All legal justice is prepared by the legislative department and is transmitted to the courts to be distributed among the people according to the merits and demerits of each person. It regulates the practice of the courts, makes and unmakes the rules of evidence by which legal controversies shall be determined and furnishes the standard of decision for every cause. It defines all public and private offenses, and supplies a legal remedy for every legal wrong. All rights and obligations are secured and enforced in the way that they prescribe and, consequently, they cannot be either secured or enforced without their assistance. The members of the legislature are the accredited trustees and custodians of the people's property. They have plenary powers to sell it, give it away, or augment it by additional purchases.

The power of taxation, which of all the powers delegated is most liable to abuse; the power to issue and control the money of the country, the power of eminent domain, to appropriate private property for public uses and the many powers which these will suggest are conferred by the people upon the legislature. The reason for this is natural and easily discovered. The members of the legislature are directly responsible to the people for their public acts and would be relegated to political oblivion by their indignant masters for flagrant violations of their public duties.

"Against Common Sense"

A HIGHER consideration still, they are the guardians of public virtue and the criterions of political ethics. They may, indeed, command what is morally wrong and prohibit what is morally right, thus by embodying iniquity in the law, make the people workers of iniquity. But if a law is iniquitous in its conception and unjust in its operation, the remedy lies not in an appeal to the judiciary to declare the law void, but to the people themselves who have delegated their authority to untrustworthy representatives. It is to them they have intrusted their power, and not to the judiciary.

In the light of these preliminary observations, by what rule of interpretation, by what canon of construction, by what process of reasoning familiar to the rational mind can the conclusion be reached, that the legislative branch of the government could, even if it so desired, transfer to an uncontrolled body of its own creation the legislative function conferred upon them by the people? Such a conclusion would seem preposterous. It sins against common sense. It is without precedent or parallel in the annals of representative government. This indefensible usurpation has made this otherwise great and glorious republic an enigma among the progressive nations of the world. Let us look the facts squarely in the face, and consider to what pitfalls and dangers it has already led us.

Sharon Pays for Doctor Before It Needs Him

But Little Kansas Community Finds Its Unique Experiment Worth While

By E. B. CHAPMAN

THE young folks leaving the small town and the rural community for the city do not go alone. They are beginning to take with them the lawyer, the minister and the doctor.

In thousands of such communities in the United States today there is no physician. A minister can make trips once in two weeks or once a month. The lawyer sees his old clients in the city. But the doctor country people see is, in all too many cases, a man who doesn't know country people and their ways. They don't know him and they don't like the manner in which he handles the business of restoring health. They object strenuously to his prices.

But they have been growing more and more powerless to help themselves. The matter of becoming a physician has come to be hedged about with restrictions. Many of the better schools are requiring more and more preliminary work. The result has been to eliminate many young men who could not afford the time and expense necessary to become a physician. Those who complete the courses required feel they cannot practice in the country where collections are hard and rates are low. It is much more pleasant, in many cases, to go to work for some doctor, met while serving an internship, on a salary. It has been easy for the young physician to point out to himself how much more he could learn working for the city doctor than in a rural practice.

One rural community believes it has solved the doctor problem. Certainly it has a doctor, after being three years without one. It is not claimed for the plan that it will be successful in every community. Much depends on the community and on the doctor. In the case given the plan has, so far, been successful.

A nervous woman had a part in the solution. Mrs. E. E. Blackmore didn't like to live in Sharon, Kansas. There was no doctor there. She wasn't sick. But, long subject to heart attacks, she feared to reside in a community where there was no doctor. One of those attacks might prove fatal before the nearest physician could cover the 11 miles to the next town. She desired to leave Sharon.

Blackmore desired to stay. His business was prospering. He reasoned his wife wasn't sick and might not be. Perhaps she would get along all right without a doctor. Mrs. Blackmore, however, never became reconciled to life so far from medical aid.

One day Blackmore met Dr. E. S. Haworth on the train. The physician formerly had practiced at Sharon. He had a good practice as far as calls were concerned. But his patients seemed strangely unable to understand the first-of-the-month letters that went out from the physician's office. After two years the doctor had left Sharon to do post-graduate work. At the completion of that work he began practice in Wichita.

Before he and Blackmore met, however, the doctor realized the smaller towns suited him better than the larger ones. But, he argued against Blackmore's insistence that he return to Sharon, the town wouldn't pay him enough money to live on, let alone lay by something for the education of the doctor's family and his own old age.

Blackmore countered with the proposition that the physician had many friends in Sharon. Would he set a price on his services and give those friends a chance to bring him back to the town at a profitable figure?

From that conversation came the Sharon Health Association. It has 204 members, a chairman, secretary, treasurer and board of directors. The dues are $15 a year. In return for the payment of dues the members get medical attention without charge. Of the 204 members, more than 180 have had the influenza in the last few months. Their doctor bills would have mounted to more than the dues.

The dues are paid at the rate of $7.50, in advance, every six months. The officials pay the doctor a salary of $250 a month. He provides a motor car and buys the oil and gasoline. In case the roads become impassable for motor cars the patient must provide transportation. The doctor also is given, free, a telephone, an office, light and fuel.

Calls to all members living within six miles of the town are made without charge. Outside that zone a charge of $1 a mile from the zone boundaries is made. Obstetrical cases pay an additional fee of $10 which goes to the association. From that source the money is obtained to pay office rent, and for fuel and light bills.

Night calls are those made between 10 o'clock and 5 o'clock. For them the members are charged one-half the rate fixed by the state medical association. In emergencies, however, like the influenza epidemic, when calls came so rapidly the doctor worked late into the night making them, no extra charge is made. The physician is allowed to practice outside the association and the money thus obtained becomes his personal funds. If, however, a member of the association needs a physician while such outside calls are being made the physician is liable for the fee of a neighboring doctor who may be called in.

If hospital treatment is necessary the doctor accompanies the patient to the hospital for expenses. Provision is made for calling other doctors in consultation.

Such a practice is far from the beaten trails in the Middle West. But the men and women who settled Barber County, in which Sharon is located, were the kind that cared little for the beaten trails. The settlers knew they were going to a territory in which the Indians long had held meetings and dances at Medicine Lodge, 11 miles from Sharon. But that made no difference in their determination to settle there.

It was on a farm near Sharon that, in later years, there lived a fire-eating young farmer who proclaimed loudly and effectually the tenets of Populism. He urged an income tax and was branded as a radical. He insisted on the state superintending the insurance business and was the more heartily hated for the successful manner in which he espoused that proposition. He advocated many measures which caused him to be the object of suspicion and distrust in many quarters. Yet the Middle West today has adopted many of his suggestions. His name was Jerry Simpson, "Sockless Jerry," his defamers called him in scorn, and his supporters turned the term into one of endearment. And so Barber County never has shied at new trails.

LUMBER
YARD
LUMBER CO

DR. E. S. HAWORTH and Main street, Sharon, Kansas.

One result of the experiment at Sharon has been to do to medical treatment what the nation long has done with the schools. The member with few children or none has helped pay the doctor bill of the poorer family with many. The member with 10 children pays the same dues as the member with none. Children of the poor family get the same quality of treatment as those of the wealthier parents. Yet the dues are not a burden on anyone.

People in the town are fairly evenly divided as to religion. There is a division over politics. But there has been no difference of opinion, apparently, over the health association.

Another result has been to put to work in practical fashion the principles of preventive medicine. When, under the old system of charging for every attention of the doctor, one of the children complained of a sore ear it was given no treatment or a little sweet oil was poured into the ear at home. Now he goes to the doctor the first time he is in town. Thus a child may be saved the suffering and annoyance that goes with a running ear.

A few weeks ago Fred Lutes, a farmer, appeared at the doctor's office. With him was a child, a niece, who stayed at the Lutes' home and went to school in Sharon.

"I don't think she's sick, Doc," he said. "She seems out of sorts and I brought her in on the way to school."

"Well, you can take her back home," the doctor announced after an examination. "She has scarlet fever."

The child went home, was treated and recovered without any of the after-effects that make the disease the terror of parents everywhere. Under the old plan she would not have been taken to the doctor because she was not believed to be sick. Going to school she would have exposed virtually all the children in the community to the dread disease. As it was, not a child contracted the disease from her.

Bessie Gaddie is a school teacher in a district near town. Eight days after the opening of school last autumn she was stricken with typhoid. A brother went to teach for her. In less than two weeks he, too, was stricken. The disease was traced to a well and that source of contagion eliminated. But the teacher was in bed nine weeks and the brother almost as long. The doctor bill would have been $100, possibly $200, under the old plan. Under the Sharon plan it was $7.50, paid before the disease was contracted, and $7.50 more to be paid several months later.

But that is only part of the typhoid incident. There was fear of an epidemic. Immunizing typhoid serum was obtained at wholesale prices. It was administered free. The total cost was 50 cents per patient treated, the cost of the serum.

Then came an outbreak of diphtheria. It didn't cause the doctor much difficulty. Immunizing doses were given to 50 children at the cost only of the antitoxin.

A farm wife, getting up in years, visited the doctor's office.

"I'm not sick," she explained in an apologetic way, "but I can't sleep nights."

An examination revealed a high blood pressure that might have led to apoplexy. As it is, a treatment has been decided on that should relieve the situation.

Then there was the man, more than 60 years old, who came to the doctor's office and told of symptoms that annoyed him. An examination revealed diabetes in the early stages. Proper treatment, it is believed, will render that disease less harmful.

"Nick" also is a farmer. A few years ago while riding with a friend the motor car overturned. Among the injuries suffered was damage to an eye that left the muscles of that member paralyzed. The doctor's bill was a large one but "Nick," happy that he was left with one good eye, paid it.

Recently "Nick" drove his touring car into a wire clothesline, tearing the top from the car. When the straps broke the wire snapped back striking "Nick" just over the good eye, causing painful, and for a time, critical injuries. But "Nick" has a good eye, just the same. The doctor being near, it was treated quickly, lessening greatly the danger of infection. And the doctor bill was covered by what Doctor Haworth likes to call health insurance—the $15 a year dues paid for the entire family for the year.

Two years ago there was a great deal of sickness in the family of Jake Ketzner, a farmer. Much of the time William Goodner did the Ketzner "chores." Goodner refused to take pay for what he considered only a kindly act for a friend. Last autumn, when the association was being formed, Ketzner bought a membership for Goodner.

"I hope you never need him," Ketzner said. "But if you do here's your doctor bill paid for a year."

It developed this was Goodner's year for sickness. His family had influenza. That called for medical services that, under the old plan, would have amounted to more than $15. Then his small daughter fell, breaking her arm. The fracture was reduced and still the doctor bill was only the $15 paid as dues into the association treasury.

Martin Landwehr was as strong and healthy a farmer as any in the county. He was solicited to join the association.

"I don't need a doctor," he explained. "But I'll join just to have one at Sharon."

A short time later the horses Landwehr was driving ran away. When it was over Landwehr was on the ground, one leg strangely twisted and he was moaning with pain. The bone was broken at the knee. Four months later Landwehr was getting out on crutches. But his doctor bill was only $15 and it had been paid before it was made. Landwehr still has the health of the family cared for for a year for that same $15.

"Such a condition makes an easy relationship between doctor and patient," Dr. Haworth explains. "My patients are not worrying about my charges. So they consult me, generally, at the first sign of anything wrong. In that way I can prevent much sickness. I want them to stay well. Then my work is easier.

"My patients don't think I am running up a bill on them when I prescribe. They know it is to my interest to get them well as soon as possible. While I am not ready to say the Chinese methods of paying the doctor while one is well and stopping the payments when illness comes has my approval, I believe the preventive measures, made possible under the health association plan, are valuable.

"We have had virtually no deaths from influenza. One reason, of course, was that the epidemic was a light form of the disease compared to earlier severe visitations. The disease swept our membership. But credit, too, is due the fact that few of the patients took

(Concluded on page 14)

An Old Trading Post Becomes a Prominent Port

Despite Her Moorish Towers and Spanish Haciendas Tampa Teems With Industrial and Commercial Energy

By GEORGE H. DACY

HOME of the Havana cigar industry, leading post of phosphate export, the seventh Gulf port in commercial importance on Uncle Sam's huge calendar, business gateway to prosperous and rapidly developing Southern Florida, Tampa, the most picturesque and beautiful city on the western coast of Florida, casts a delightful spell over all who come to her palm and palmetto-shaded drives and linger a while to enjoy a metropolis that is unique, original and different from all others. Tampa is a remarkable grown-up town that matured into a successful and bustling city only during the last score of years and even yet has been unable to figure out the ultimate limits of her tenth-inning development. For right now Tampa is in the throes of a building boom and a progressive development that would tire the talents of a soothsayer if it came to a question of predicating what the final results will be.

A few years less than four centuries ago, Panfilo de Narvaez in search of gold first sailed into Tampa Bay, being the pioneer white man to trod the shores of that vicinity. This beautiful bay, "Espiritu Santo," was deficient in mineral wealth. The Spanish discoverers remained only long enough to learn this. Then they bore away northward, wrathful over the time they had wasted and appreciating not at all the outstanding nautical importance of the bay they were abandoning. In 1539 came Hernando de Soto with an imposing armament of more than 600 men on a similar quest. He and his mates also spurned Tampa Bay as a potential El Dorado. And just because golden riches did not underlie the shifting sands of the Tampa neighborhood, the locality for the most part was neglected for the following 285 years. During that era, the native aborigines had the western coast of Florida pretty much to themselves. The only pilgrims that investigated the soils of what is now the city of Tampa were pirates of the Spanish Main who used those isolated shores as trusty hiding grounds for the booty which they ravaged from the Seven Seas.

The city of Tampa owns this beautiful hotel, one of the finest in Florida.

(C) Lurgert Bros.

It was not until four years after Uncle Sam purchased Florida from Spain that the adolescence of Tampa began. Fort Brooke was then established there to command Tampa Bay and to provide headquarters for the several companies of regular soldiers who were sent to those parts. It was from Fort Brooke that the ill-fated expedition under the leadership of Major F. L. Dade set out in 1837 during the Seminole War. This company was scheduled to relieve the harassed defenders of Fort King located near Ocala, Florida. However, it was literally shot to pieces by the ruthless, unscrupulous redskins before it reached its destination, all but one of the 117 men being killed. Fort Brooke was a center of activity throughout the Seminole wars, being an important strategic base for the American troopers. Subsequently, a few settlers came but they continued for many years to live in the shadow of the garrison. In fact, it was not until 1842 that a flood of immigration of any magnitude occurred. For the following 14 years, settlers drifted in in goodly numbers and by the conclusion of the last Seminole War, Tampa was beginning to attain commercial importance as the leading trading post of Western Florida.

Old legends and stories which characterize Tampa as a fishing village are incorrect, for it was as a center of barter and exchange that this strange city first began to acquire notice. The town soon developed into the mecca of settlers from scores of miles in every direction. Ultimately, lines of ox teams that extended far away into the back country were typical of every market day. It was not until five years before the initial gun was fired on Fort Sumter that Tampa elected her first mayor. There were no bridges across the Hillsboro River in those days. All the country traffic had to utilize ferry boats in crossing the river. Each ferrying outfit consisted of a flat scow large enough to carry a six-mule team and a two and one-half ton load as well as two skiffs for passengers. Horse racing was popular in the county even during those early days. The records chronicle one famous cross-country race of 23 miles. The loser paid the winner more than $1,000 in wagers as a result of this equine Marathon.

As late as 1875, Tampa was nothing more than a seaside village with a population of 500. The most desirable business property in the city sold for $100 a block at that time. It was not until a decade later that Tampa was linked up by rail with the outside world. Following railroad connection with Jacksonville, Tampa began to pick up in progress and population. In 1887, more than 800 citizens received their mail through the Tampa post office. At that time there was not a single foot of paved street in the city while the only fire protection was a nine-foot length of rubber hose.

An event of epochal importance to the town of Tampa was the establishment of her cigar manufacturing industry which was the first notable development consummated in her industrial upbuilding. Ybor City, named after one of the founders of the early cigar companies, owes her inception to the inauguration of the tobacco business. It is a town of foreigners who migrated to the Tampa neighborhood to engage in the cigar-making business. Ybor City is a "little Havana" on the mainland. Peopled by Cubans, Spaniards, Greeks and Italians, the city operates her own shops, theaters, schools, churches, clubs and entertainments. These picturesque people with their foreign customs and languages add much to the quaintness of Tampa.

The last decade has been the most wonderful in the history of Tampa, for during that period the city has developed with amazing rapidity. During the last 10 years the beautiful Bay Shore Boulevard—one of the handsomest driveways in the world—has been built, the Suburb Beautiful and the Grand Central residential districts have been reclaimed from cow pasturage and converted into sites for modern mansions of unique architectural design. An immaculate and imposing bridge has been built over the Hillsboro River and one of the finest municipal buildings in Florida has been constructed. The South Florida Fair, the greatest citrus congress in America today, came into being and from an unpretentious beginning in limited quarters in a city park, it has spread to where it now owns and operates as palatial and progressive an exposition plant as is to be found in Dixie.

Today Tampa ranks as the seventh port in order of importance in the Gulf district of the United States. Phosphate and lumber are the leading exports, while fuel, refined oil, tobacco and cocoanuts are prominent on the annual list of imports. The cocoanuts come largely from Honduras and Jamaica, being brought in like so much corn or wheat stacked in bins in the holds of the schooners or piled high on the decks. The nuts are sorted on arrival at Tampa, the "culls" and "rots" discarded and the good grade nuts packed in sacks and shipped by rail to the northern markets where they are sold and manufactured into shredded cocoanut, canned cocoanut and other products. The refuse nuts of this novel industry are used in Tampa for soap manufacture and as feed for swine.

The port of Tampa trade is chiefly carried on with the West Indies, Central America and Mexico with an important potential trade with South America just developing. The visitor to the Tampa docks is invariably interested in the tubby schooners with their spicy odors of the tropics and their cargoes of tropical fruits, plantains, mahogany, ebony, mahowa and cedar. A total of 557 712 long-ton cargoes were handled through the port last year, the great bulk of the outgoing vessels being loaded with phosphates. Florida controls three-fourths of the world's supply of phosphates and Tampa has the largest phosphate-loading equipment in existence. With the completion of Tampa's extensive Estuary development project and the completion of the 27-foot channel which the government dredges have been working on for many months, a tremendous impetus will be given to Tampa's water commerce. Tampa is the most accessible port of any consequence to the Panama Canal and unquestionably much of her potential shipping increases will find outlet through that inland waterway.

It looks as though the extensive traders of Tampa for several decades have been gifted with magical lamps like that of Aladdin which they had only to rub to invoke floods of business prosperity. Twenty-five years ago Tampa had a zero record as a center of production. At present, the city ranks fourth among all the municipalities of the South, with only New Orleans, Birmingham and Atlanta leading her in the matter of annual pay rolls. Tampa merchants and manufacturers now pay out more than $16,000,000 annually for the hire of workmen. Everything from home furnishings to caskets, from spaghetti to 12,000-ton steel steamships, from superior cigars to fine chocolates, soaps, mattresses and building brick are now made in the city which ages ago was a pirate rendezvous. Tampa has eclipsed all outstanding sprint records in her unprecedented rush to a position of importance in the industrial, commercial and business world. The aggregate building permits range from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 a year. Tracts of land that are in comparative jungle and swamp today may be selected for reclamation tomorrow. A few days later an army of carpenters and mechanics will begin to raise substantial residences and business buildings. That is the Tampa system of progression, a method that is grooming this remarkable city as the future leading municipality of all Florida, with her 61 counties and her 58,000 square miles of area.

With 223 cigar factories, which last year manufactured and sold more than 435,000,000 Havana cigars, Tampa controls the trade of the entire world in this single commodity. The tobacco is imported from Havana, Cuba, the best tobacco in the universe being used for the production of the Tampa "smokes." Some of the tobacco is grown under artificial shades—large tents of cheesecloth protecting the produce from untoward wind, weather, storm and excessive sunlight. The more delicately textured and finer shaded leaf is used for wrapper purposes while the balance of the crop is used as filler. All the cigars are made by hand by adept and skillful Cuban and Spanish cigar makers who have learned the intricate trade from their forebears. Secrets of superior cigar making are cherished and handed down from father to son. Usually, each workman specializes on a certain size of cigar and devotes his entire life to the output of cigars of that shape and description. One can gain some idea of the remarkable development of the industry from the fact that in 1898, one of the pioneer years in the establishment of the business, Tampa circulated only 85,144,000 cigars. A decade later, the annual production had increased to 236,681,000 cigars. During the last 12 months the output advanced approximately 185 per cent above this figure. The great majority of the Tampa cigars are consumed

Above—Tampa has the largest phosphate-loading equipment in the world.

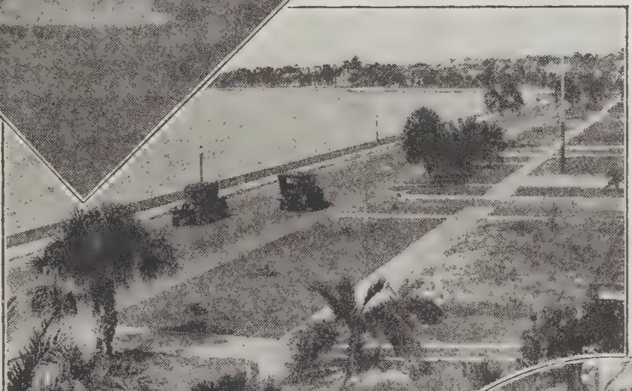
Left—Statue at beginning of Memorial Highway—the "Road of Remembrance."

right here in the United States. Tampa is the home of more unusual and interesting clubs than any other city of her size in the United States. Ybor City, the cigar manufacturing suburb of Tampa, boasts the novel Centro Asturiano, the Spanish social center which has more than 3,000 active members. The charges are minimum, amounting to less than $1.50 a man per month. The gymnasium, natatorium, game rooms and reading rooms are rendezvous for the tobacco workers after their day's work is over. Membership also provides medical attention in case of illness and even treatment in a modern sanitarium. There are classes in English for the Spanish and classes in Spanish for the English-speaking. The institution has a banking department where deposits on savings accounts may be made after ordinary banking hours.

L'Unione Italiano, a benevolent organization of 800 Italians, also operates an elaborate club house where complete facilities are provided for the amusement and recreation of the members. It was begun some three decades ago as a society to assist its members in case of sickness and to render financial aid to the families of deceased members. A school is maintained where the Italian language is taught to Tampa school children, and the government of Italy provides funds for the upkeep of this school. These classes are auxiliary to the curriculum offered by the public schools. This curious club has proved of great assistance to the Italians of Tampa, inasmuch as it pays out approximately $35,000 a year in sick and death benefits.

The Circulo Cubano was organized in 1899 to protect and care for the Cuban refugees who emigrated to Tampa during the Spanish-American War. The original club house was destroyed by fire and was replaced by a fine modern building completed six years ago which contains a large gymnasium, theater, dance hall, library, café, reading and club rooms as well as schoolrooms. It is the meeting place for the thousands of Cubans who are employed in the Tampa tobacco factories. It is also a benevolent society, distributing alms among the needy Cubans of Tampa in addition to taking care of its members in sickness or health.

The Spanish colonies of Ybor City and West Tampa have access to two of the finest social centers in the state of Florida maintained by Centro Espanol, Tampa's oldest Latin club. Time and again this remarkable organization has outgrown its quarters. It now maintains two very large club houses in addition to a complete sanitarium and hospital. Theaters, gymnasium facilities, schoolrooms and recreational activities are the leading features of these Spanish club houses, the like of which are to be found in no other city in the country.



(C) Burgert Bros.

Bay Shore Boulevard in Tampa, one of the finest drives in the United States.

Checkers, chess and dominoes are played outdoors in the Tampa public park.

Hillsboro County courthouse and Tampa city building.

Tampa is probably the only city in the United States that owns a fine hotel, one of several of the most palatial hostelries in Florida. Years ago, this mammoth hotel with its Moorish towers and minarets was built at a cost of more than $2,500,000 in a beautiful park along the shores of the Hillsboro River in the heart of Tampa. It was a promotion project which was created to popularize the western coast country of Florida. It acquired and developed a marvelous tropical park covering more than 40 acres as an outdoor annex to what was then the finest public stopping place in the state. Some years ago, the city of Tampa was empowered by special act of the Florida legislature to purchase this valuable property for $140,000, a mere fraction of what the layout was worth. By law, Tampa is required to maintain the hotel and park in the best of condition for public service. The city is prohibited by state statute from ever selling the property. The hotel is leased annually to private parties who operate it as one of the leading hostelries of Florida. This hotel looks for all the world like a huge Moorish castle. It is almost worth a trip to Florida to stand and admire the beautiful picture which it presents with its wealth of palms and palmettoes, poinsettias, begonias and other tropical ornamentals—all offset by the clear and pure waters of the Hillsboro River.

Tampa is strategically located from a business standpoint, being the shopping and marketing outlet for South Florida, the most progressive and bustling section of the 'Gator State. North Tampa is the citrus section with its hundreds of miles of orange and grapefruit groves set out on rolling land that is dotted here and there with a goodly portion of the 33,000 attractive lakes that are legion among Floridan natural assets. The Florida Citrus Exchange, a marketing organization of the growers, has its headquarters at Tampa. The fruit is graded and packed at the individual groves and shipped as directed by this central association to all parts of the country.

Hillsboro County, of which Tampa is the county seat, has accomplished more in building permanent highways than any other similar unit of the South. Hillsboro was the first county in Florida to bond herself for $1,000,000 for thoroughfare improvement. Already she has expended more than $3,000,000 for road-building operations.

Tampa is the "tin can tourist capital" of Florida with a tent city of more than 400 motor cars and their 2,300 owners and tourists. The camp is subdivided into a city of 12 streets.

The Minimum Wage and Its Constitutionality

Judicial Nullification of District of Columbia Law by 5-4 Vote Brings Discussion of Steps Held Necessary to Meet Situation

By REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D.

"THE judiciary is beyond comparison the weakest of the three departments of power . . . though individual oppression may now and then proceed from the courts of justice, the general liberty of the people can never be endangered from that quarter."

Thus wrote Alexander Hamilton in his celebrated defense of the Supreme Court of the United States. (*The Federalist,* No. LXXVIII.) While the first of these propositions may be true in the long run, it has been proved incorrect more than once for a considerable period of time. The prediction contained in the second proposition may have been verified as regards *civil* liberty, which was probably the kind of liberty that Mr. Hamilton had in mind; but it has been more than once falsified as regards political and economic liberty.

A few days ago, there met in New York City a group of economists, public officials, lawyers, social workers and publicists, to consider the next steps to meet the grave situation created by the recent judicial nullification of the minimum wage law of the District of Columbia. All agreed that a bare majority of the Supreme Court had proved itself more potent than Congress, and had denied to the people the *liberty* of protecting the women wage-earners of the District of Columbia against economic oppression. By the same act of nullification, the Supreme Court had deprived the women workers of that very important and positive kind of *liberty* which consists in the opportunity of obtaining a decent livelihood. For the time being, then, both of the statements above quoted from Hamilton are contrary to the facts.

Law for Women Workers

BROOKS ADAMS is a descendant of that John Adams who was a distinguished member of the same political party as Alexander Hamilton, and who became the second President of the United States. In a brilliant and suggestive little volume published 10 years ago, Mr. Adams wrote: "I contend that no court can, because of the nature of its being, effectively check a popular majority acting through a co-ordinate legislative assembly, and I submit that the precedents which I have cited prove this contention . . . . The moment we consider the situation philosophically we perceive why using a court to control a co-ordinate legislature must, nearly inevitably, be sooner or later fatal to the court, if it asserts its prerogative." (The Theory of Social Revolutions, pp. 75-76.) Apparently Mr. Adams finds a fulfillment of Hamilton's statements concerning the comparative weakness of the court in the intervening century and a quarter. Nevertheless, it is to be observed that Mr. Adams uses the qualifying time clause, "sooner or later." The chapter from which the foregoing quotation is taken is immediately followed by one entitled, "American Courts as Legislative Chambers." Herein he cites a fairly long list of decisions in which the Supreme Court temporarily usurped the functions of the legislative department. Practically all of these instances have occurred since 1890. Speaking of the first of them, *Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway versus Minnesota,* Mr. Adams declares: "When the Supreme Court thus undertook to determine the *reasonableness* of legislation it assumed under a somewhat thin disguise the position of an upper chamber, which, though it could not originate, could absolutely veto most statutes touching the use or protection of property . . . . In questions great and small, the courts vote upon the reasonableness of the use of the police power, like any old-fashioned town meeting. There is no rule of law involved." (Pp. 104-105.)

Is this the process by which five of the nine Justices have pronounced the minimum wage law of the District of Columbia unconstitutional? It would seem so. At any rate this is the most plausible explanation of that remarkable decision. In 1918, Congress enacted a law which prohibited employers in the District of Columbia from paying women and minors rates of wages inadequate to protect their health and morals.

Not Forbidden by Constitution

WITHIN a few months, the Minimum Wage Commission fixed the legal minimum at $15.50 per week in one industry, and $16.50 in two others, for experienced female workers above 18 years of age. For more than three years, thousands of women employes in the District of Columbia enjoyed very substantial benefits under this regulation. On April 9, 1923, a bare majority of the Supreme Court pronounced the law under which these rates were established null and void, because in conflict with the Federal Constitution.

Does the Constitution anywhere forbid Congress to enact a minimum wage law for the District of Columbia? It does not. A certain very general and elastic clause in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution has been interpreted by the majority of the court as *implicitly* forbidding Congress to enact such a statute. There was no previous decision of the Supreme Court specifically sanctioning a minimum wage law. Some half-dozen state Supreme Courts had, indeed, declared such legislation valid for their respective jurisdictions. One of the state laws had been passed upon by the Supreme Court, but, as the Justices divided four to four, the action could scarcely be regarded as a binding precedent. However, the Supreme Court had sustained several statutes for the regulation of wages; for example, one which required that miners should be paid by the weight of the coal before instead of after screening, and another forbidding the payment of wages in advance. In the recent decision the majority of the court held that such restrictions upon the wage contract were essentially different from a minimum wage statute, while the minority, headed by Chief Justice Taft, seemed to think that there is no essential or constitutional difference between the two kinds of regulation. Hence, the question of direct authorization of minimum wage legislation, in previous decisions, must be regarded as doubtful.

The minority of the court found an indirect, or a virtual, validation of such a law in the numerous decisions of the court upholding limitations on the length of the working day. If, they argued, it is lawful to forbid a woman worker to be employed for more than eight hours, because a longer day is dangerous to her health, it is equally lawful and constitutional to require that she be paid a wage which will be at least sufficient to maintain her in health. The majority of the court rejected the parallel, and indulged in some subtle argumentation in the effort to prove that there is an essential difference between fixing maximum hours and minimum wages. In all probability, the great majority of ordinary persons will agree with Chief Justice Taft that the distinction between the two has no practical significance in the labor contract. Hence, the legal precedents would seem clearly to sanction minimum wage legislation by analogy and by implication.

Turning now to the question of previous decisions, which might specifically forbid the enactment of minimum wage laws, we find that they are conspicuous by their non-existence. The majority of the court cite a large number of decisions, but they do so in the effort to show the absence of positive authorization for the minimum wage law. They do not contend that any of these decisions, even implicitly, prohibits such legislation. It should be noted that the recent case involved no question of Federal versus State jurisdiction. The statute in question was enacted by Congress for the District of Columbia; consequently Congress did not need an express grant of power by the Constitution to exercise its legislative function. It can do for the District of Columbia anything which the Constitution does not expressly forbid. It can pass all laws for the District which any state legislature can enact for its jurisdiction.

Holds Principle Not Justified

THE specific precedents touching the question of the validity of minimum wage legislation stand, therefore, thus: They do not clearly authorize such a law in express terms, but they sanction it clearly enough by analogy, inasmuch as they approve regulations of the length of the working day. Neither specifically nor by implication do they forbid Congress to enact a minimum wage law.

Finally we come to the question of what may be called general precedents or general legal principles. They all relate to liberty of contract. It is upon this liberty, or right, that the majority of the court base their entire argument. They admit, indeed, that "there is no such thing as absolute freedom of contract." The doctrine of the court on this subject was stated long ago in the case of *Muller versus Oregon*: "This liberty is not absolute and extending to all contracts, and a state may without conflicting with the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment restrict in many respects the individual power of contract." The doctrine of freedom of contract is not explicitly stated in the Constitution, but has been evolved out of those provisions in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments which declare that no person may be "deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." In his dissenting opinion in the minimum wage case, Justice Holmes declares that a great expansion of the doctrine of freedom of contract has taken place within his own lifetime. The "innocuous generality" of liberty to follow the ordinary callings has been "expanded into the dogma, liberty of contract." In the present case, the majority of the court have given the dogma a further and extraordinary extension. This is their formula: "Freedom of contract is the general rule and restraint the exception; and the exercise of legislative authority to abridge it can be justified only by the existence of exceptional circumstances."

By this astonishing principle the majority of the court tests the constitutionality of the minimum wage law. The principle is not justified by any statement in a previous decision. In effect, it means that there exists an overwhelming presumption against any such interference with freedom of contract as that contained in the minimum wage law. Positive proofs of correspondingly great weight and magnitude must be brought against this presumption before the law can be shown to be justified on account of "the existence of exceptional circumstances." Whence are such proofs to be drawn, and where are these "exceptional circumstances" to be found? Apparently in economics, ethics, public policy, and, in fact, in every department of knowledge that can throw any light upon the question whether the legal minimum wage is a justifiable exception to the rule of freedom of contract. At least, this is the method which the majority of the court adopts in the opinion written by Justice Sutherland.

A definite legal rule is contained in the canon enunciated by Chief Justice Marshall, which is that the legislature may pass any law which aims at a legitimate end by means which are suitable and not prohibited. In the minimum wage decision, the majority admits that the end at which the law aims, namely, safeguarding the health and morals of women employes, is legitimate. The question between them and the minority relates, therefore, to the means adopted by Congress, that is, the legal minimum wage law. How far may the court go in determining this question? May it decide the issue on the basis of its own ideas of the wisdom or policy of the law? Again and again the Supreme Court has answered this question in the negative. *"The court may not substitute its judgment for that of the legislature."* Nevertheless, the court must take some notice of the adaptability of the law to meet the end. It must pass *some* judgment upon the "appropriateness" of the means. The prevailing practice of the court has been to accept as "appropriate" any means which the legislature embodies in a law, and which are supported by a fair amount of evidence. The proof that the means are conducive to the end need not be *convincing*. Their "appropriateness" may be highly debatable. In his dissenting opinion, Chief Justice Taft says that it is a disputable question whether the legal minimum wage is a remedy for the evil that it was enacted to meet; nevertheless, *"it is not the function of the court to nullify Congressional acts which are passed to carry out economic views which the court believes to be unwise or unsound."* Again, he declares that "there is very respectable authority from close observers" for the proposition that low wages are injurious to the employe's health, and that the court cannot say that Congress was unwarranted in passing the law upon the basis of this authority.

Rejected by Majority

THIS long-established rule of the court is rejected in the majority opinion. Not, indeed, in express terms, but implicitly and in effect. What the majority have virtually done is to demand that the "appropriateness" of a legal minimum wage to promote the health and morals of woman employes should be proved to a demonstration. The very large mass of facts and authoritative opinions submitted to them as evidence the majority waive aside with the dogmatic assertion that wages have nothing to do with either health or morality. The only precedent which they are able to bring forward in support of this arbitrary action is drawn from a decision which, as pointed out by Chief Justice Taft and Justice Holmes, has been reversed by a subsequent decision. In *Lochner versus New York,* decided in 1905, a bare majority of the court rejected as insufficient the evidence which the New York legislature had regarded as adequate to justify the ten-hour law for men employed in bakeshops. In *Bunting versus Oregon,* decided 12 years later, the same court by a larger majority assumed that the facts which moved the Oregon legislature to enact a similar law were sufficient proof that the statute was suitable to attain its end. In the minimum wage decision, the majority accept the earlier decision instead of the later as authoritative, and imitates its method of rejecting the evidence which the legislative body regarded as sufficient.

The second requirement of Marshall's canon is that the means by which the law seeks to attain its end should not be *prohibited* by the Constitution. Here we come to the heart of the question. It is in the application of this part of the canon that the terms, "arbitrary," "wanton," and "unreasonable," have been used in many previous decisions to define "due process of law." As already noted, the minimum wage law is not prohibited explicitly by the Constitution. If a prohibition exists it must be found in the "due process" clause, or rather in the interpretations of that clause which are described by the words, "arbitrary," "wanton," "unreasonable."

Much Explanation Given

ALMOST all the argument contained in the majority opinion deals with this question. The first 12 pages are mainly explanatory, relating to the history of the case, to court decisions which lay down the right of contract, and to decisions which the majority reject as insufficient to authorize minimum wage legislation. The six remaining pages do not contain a single reference to a decision, nor, indeed, to a judicial precedent of any sort. They are all occupied by arguments tending to show that the minimum wage law is an unreasonable interference with freedom of contract. The considerations advanced are drawn from several fields: from economics, from ethics, from public policy, from social philosophy. The significant thing about this part of the opinion is not that the economic doctrine is confused and in conflict with the facts of industrial life; nor that the ethical doctrine is opposed to the moral beliefs of the majority of our people; nor that the

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Mystery and Romance Still Haunt Salem

Gables and Forsaken Wharves of Quaint Old Puritan City Still Hold Allurement for Visitor to Home of Hawthorne

By MAY B. WHITING

STRANGE how the mood of a city will persist down through the centuries as if some event of its youth had stamped its fateful imprint on its character! So it is with Salem. Witchcraft and the conquest of uncharted seas are the striking episodes of its story, and a flavor of mystery and romance still haunts the gables and forsaken wharves of the quaint old city.

The witchcraft trail is easy to follow. Start at the courthouse where you may read in the beautiful handwriting of long ago the trials of the witches, evidence sleazy as cobweb, but strong enough, when interwoven with superstition, to hang almost a score of persons. There is the death warrant of Bridgett Bishop, the first victim, and the pins, black and twisted, which were produced in court by those whose bodies were "tormented, pined, and wasted" thereby.

In the heart of the city stands the Witch House. It was once the home of Roger Williams before he was banished from the colony, and for 200 years the Corwin family owned and occupied it. Judge Corwin was one of the "witch judges" and in his house the preliminary examinations were held. We can imagine the frightened victims issuing from its narrow door for their wearisome stay in jail. Then followed the trial where every word and gesture was used against them, the shameful ride through the streets to Gallows Hill, the unseemly haste of the executioners, and the hurried burial wherever the crevasses between the rocks afforded scanty depth of earth.

Those were moments of keenest dramatic tension. Sometimes there were murmurings, almost of repentance, as when the pious minister, George Burroughs, recited the Lord's Prayer on the steps of the scaffold. But that zealot, Cotton Mather, moved restlessly among the crowd, its evil genius, urging no truce with the dark powers of the invisible world. Even the pastor of the First Church, Nicholas Noyes, appeared to take a grim satisfaction in the evil business. "How sad a sight it is," he remarked, "to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!" On one occasion he reproved a woman as the rope was being put about her neck. "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard," was the bold reply, "and if you persist in taking my life God will give you blood to drink." Hawthorne made this picturesque phrase the curse which pursued the ill-fated occupants of the House of the Seven Gables.

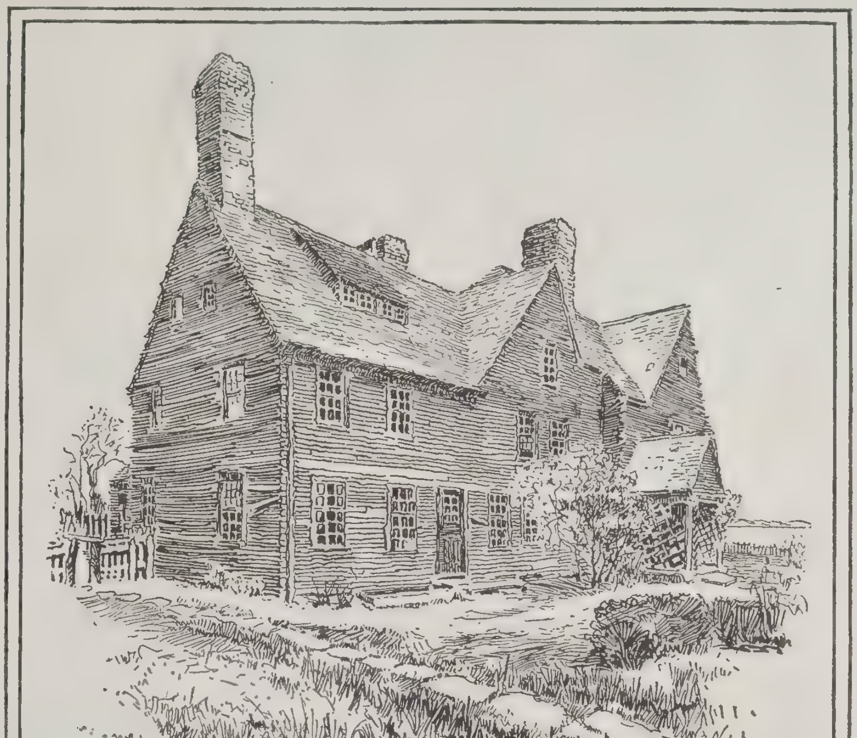
Hawthorne belongs peculiarly to Salem, reflecting on every page its somber mysticism and charm. In almost every corner of the city are places associated with his life. There is the old Union street house where he was born and the ugly house in Herbert street where he spent his solitary boyhood. His days were spent in a "dismal chamber under the eaves," dreaming and writing; by night he took long walks about the silent city. There is the customhouse where he worked for a few years and in a back room of which he claimed to have discovered the manuscript of *The Scarlet Letter*. On Charter street is the house where he met and wooed Sophia Peabody. It was love at first sight, and the lonely romancer, ignored, misunderstood, found a soul that gave him new inspiration and courage. The place has changed very little since he described it in *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* as a "three-story wooden house, perhaps a century old," cornering "on a graveyard with which it communicated by a back door."

That graveyard is the old Burying Ground through which Hawthorne loved to ramble. In it are the tombs of Governor Bradstreet, of the "witch judge," John Hathorne (the novelist added the *w* to the family name) and Nathaniel Mather, younger brother of Cotton, "an aged man," as his tombstone records, "at nineteen years." There is also the grave of Captain Richard Moore, marked with a small dark stone, the only original monument to a Mayflower Pilgrim.

Most interesting of all the Hawthorne memorials is the House of the Seven Gables, set on Turner street, overlooking the bay. This house, begun in 1640, was once the home of the novelist's cousin, Miss Ingersoll. Hawthorne was fond of rambling through the old mansion and of musing in its deep-recessed windows. In its wide drawing-room he heard the story of the Acadian lovers which he told to Longfellow who wove about it his poem, *Evangeline*.

The house is still furnished in the delightful style of colonial days, from the pink luster ware in its shell-top cupboards to the four-posted field beds in its chambers. The garret is a veritable treasure-trove, as a garret ought to be. There is a gigantic palm leaf from India, an antique shaving set suggestive of the guillotine, and a meal chest over which the parson once prayed to remove the spell of dancing. In the depth of the chimney is what we believed existed only in story books—a secret stairway with entrances concealed by the panels of the wainscot and manipulated by a hidden spring, still in as good working order as when it was installed some two centuries ago.

In the rear of the house, in the garden, is set the old counting house and beside it the bakery with hand-split clapboards and hewn beams, ornamented roughly with augur holes. These three buildings give the impression, not of a bit of antiquity set under a frame, but of a past that was real and vital and which has left a heritage of good for us.



The House of the Seven Gables—an unfamiliar view.

That is the very feature of Salem which distinguishes it from other old cities, its expansiveness. There are whole streets where every house is of beautiful colonial design with classic porch, arched portal, and Georgian gateposts, all perfect models of their period. Salem boasts the finest streets, architecturally, in America and the greatest wealth of detail. The McIntyres were a family of builders and, from all over the country, architects come to study their grace and harmony of proportion.

It is easy to imagine, when standing beneath the shaded vistas of Federal and Chestnut streets, fine gentlemen in coats stiff with buckram, cocked hats, knee breeches and silver buckles, and women in satin brocade, with hair built high on crepe cushions, on their way to assembly at candle-lighting. It must have been a brave sight. At any rate the Father of His Country found it so, for he solemnly recorded in his diary that on such an occasion he saw at least a hundred handsome and well-dressed ladies.

Salem made the first armed resistance of the Revolution, although there was no blood shed. Gage sent out a company of men to capture some cannon hidden at North Bridge. The townspeople, who were just coming from church at four o'clock in the afternoon, refused to lower the draw and scuttled the boats near the shore. The young preacher, Thomas Barnard, besought both sides to use judgment. Finally the draw was lowered, the British marched over the bridge, countermarched, and returned to Boston, their mission unfulfilled.

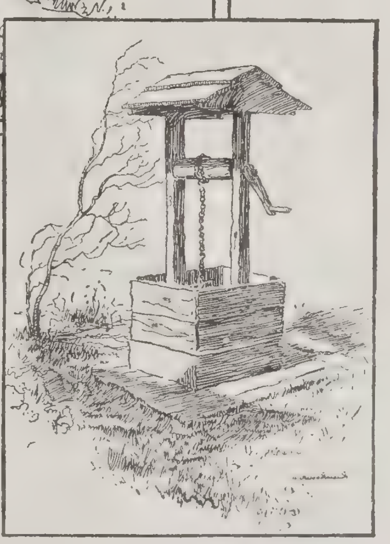
No city ever produced a more valiant set of men than Salem. Without maps, and over unknown seas, with no friendly lighthouses to mark the way, they made the New World known and respected all over the globe. No wonder the city's seal proudly bears the legend, *Divitis Indiae usque ad ultimum sinum,* to the farthest port of the rich East.

Salem boats were in Japan 50 years before Perry reached there; they were the first to carry the flag to Bombay and to Calcutta, and they opened up trade with Russia.

An inquisitive Yankee skipper found wild pepper in abundance and kept the secret, so that the whole world looked to Salem for its supply. A few months in the lives of these adventurers of fortune contained more thrills than a dozen "best sellers" of a decade ago. We read of a hard-headed captain who refused credit to the Queen of the Philippines for a bar of soap, and of General Frederick Townsend Ward who was given the red button and peacock feather of a mandarin and has a temple in China built in his honor and is worshiped as a god by imperial decree.

The days of Salem's maritime glory are over, but they have bequeathed a unique institution to the present. Those old captains were wonderful collectors. European visitors constantly marveled at the rare curios in their homes and the delicacies of the Orient on their tables. Late in the eighteenth century the captains who had navigated beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn decided to gather their trophies in one place. The result is a collection not surpassed in some respects by the British Museum. Japanese students have visited it to learn of their own country during its feudal period. William Wetmore Story, the sculptor-poet, has tried to give an idea of its riches in verse:

"Tinkling pagodas strung with bells,
Carved ivory balls, half miracles;
  Strung necklaces of shells and beads,
  Sharp poisoned spears and arrowheads,
Bows, savage bludgeons, creeses keen,
Idols of hideous shape and grin,
  Fat, bloated spiders stilted high
  On hairy legs that scare the eye;
Great, gorgeous spotted butterflies,
  And every splendid plumaged bird,
That flashes through the tropic skies
  Or in the sultry shade is heard."



The old well, in the shadow of the gables.

This "Paradise of collections" is housed fittingly enough in the old East India Marine Hall, with the words *Oriental Insurance Office* and *Asiatic Bank* carved in the granite of its façade, perpetual reminders of departed glory.

Salem is singularly tenacious of its past. Not a few of the features of colonial life are repeated even in prosaic days like our own. Long before the Revolution a certain good dame, being left a widow, started in to make candy which she sold from the church steps. She evolved a hard confection which she called Gibraltars, and they were no disgrace to their namesake. The dainty and the name have continued to the present day and Salem urchins still buy Gibraltars to suck behind their books. And then Salem was always a city of little shops. Hawthorne, in making Hepzibah open the closed shutters of the House of the Seven Gables, was only depicting a bit of realism.

Salem gardens were famed throughout the colonies. The seventeenth century house in the Essex Institute has a garden with only the flowers which the housewives grew before the eighteenth century came in. And those same plots, where the yellow lilies and hollyhocks nodded to the passing Red Coats, flourish in gayer splendor than ever before. The rows of fine old houses, still inhabited by people of taste, with their gardens planted long ago and cultivated year by year with care, are a unique touch of beauty which no other city can rival.

And Salem, with all her pride in the past, is not ignorant of the gentle art of advertising. Today, where the main highways cross her precincts, she has placed "Community Boards" which call the visitor's attention to her architecture and her witchcraft memorials. A trifle bold, it may seem, to parade her charms in the face of every motor that whizzes by, but if they teach a few of the hurrying occupants that there is such a thing as beauty in simplicity, and that the past, with all its mistakes, is worth heeding, they will fulfill a useful purpose.

English Agriculture a "Sweated" Industry

Crisis Comes as Labor Finds Pre-war Conditions Again Taking Hold

By W. P. CROZIER

AGRICULTURE in England has been undergoing the severest crisis of modern times, and the worst sufferer is, as always, the laborer. Before the war agriculture was a sweated industry. It was less regarded than others which usually bear that title, because most of them were urban industries, carried on in the great industrial centers of population, whereas agriculture does not come under the eye of the townsman, who is mainly concerned with getting his food cheap. But "sweated" the farm laborers certainly were, seeing that in the southern counties of England the wages of an able-bodied man ran from 16 shillings to 18 shillings or 20 shillings (from four to five dollars) *a week* and on this miserable pittance he had to support his wife and family, which, according to the custom of the countryside, was usually large.

The war, we thought, had changed all that. England, it was found, could only produce enough foodstuffs for 16,000.000 persons, whereas her population was more than 40,000,000. The submarine campaign, attacking the imported stuffs by which she lived, threatened her with starvation. By superhuman efforts the growing of crops of all kinds was so far increased that at the end of the war England was herself producing food sufficient to support another twenty and a half million persons. This increase was produced largely by artificial means. The farmers were guaranteed high prices for their goods and, as a counterpoise, they were compelled to pay good wages to their laborers. A minimum wage was established and wages boards were set up which not only settled rates of wages but were empowered to enforce them. The laborer's weekly wage rose to 40/-, 45/- and 50/- (8 to 10 dollars). Almost for the first time in English history he had a wage on which he and his family could subsist not indeed in comfort nor in such conditions as to produce a strong and healthy race but at all events in decency, and above the semi-starvation level. The bad old days, we all said, were gone forever and we would no more let them return for the rural laborer than we would for the makers of cheap clothing or paper boxes or the other sweated occupations of the slum areas in the towns.

But the bad old days have returned. If anything, they are even a little worse than they were before. The downfall began with the slump in the prices of crops, which threw a heavy burden on the government. The government had guaranteed prices and prices fell. For some time the government (that is, the taxpayers) provided a heavy subsidy to agriculture. Then the government refused any longer to continue the subsidy and told the farmer that he must forthwith fend for himself. As he could clearly not continue to pay the increased rates of wages, the government abolished the minimum wage and the wages boards and substituted for them conciliation tribunals, which can arrange nothing except a voluntary agreement between employers and employes. Wages came down with a run, and they are still coming down. Allowing for the rise in the cost of living since 1914, they are now in some cases actually lower than they were before the war—when they did not constitute a subsistence wage. In Norfolk, where the laborers have just gone on strike against the latest reduction, some of them have only been enabled to live for months past by receiving aid from the board of guardians, the authorities who administer our poor relief. I take the following from a report published in October last, and the position now is worse than it was then:

"Agricultural workers in Norfolk have had their wages reduced from 30s. to 25s. a week, and many families are said to be on the verge of starvation.

"Walsingham board of guardians has just heard applications for relief from agricultural workers. One laborer with a wife and nine children was said to be obliged to maintain his family on bread and potatoes. He was already £20 in debt for bread. A team-man with a wife and 10 children received 31s. a week.

"Mr. George Edwards, M. P., expressed the view that many such applications would be received, and he would support them. The board granted 10s. a week in each case."

The Norfolk laborers have been working 50 hours a week at 6d. an hour ($5 a week). They are now being asked to work 54 hours at 5½d. an hour. Roughly, this is equivalent to between 14s. and 15s. (say $3) in pre-war values. It is, of course, a "starvation wage" and no wonder the Norfolk guardians are supplementing it. But it does not need demonstrating that such a system is rotten and demoralizing in the extreme. The laborers are being converted into "paupers"—kept by the poor rate. The farming industry, which like any other ought to pay a living wage to those whom it employs, is relieved of that responsibility, so that the inefficient and unenterprising farmer—and there are too many such—can follow the old traditional conservative ways, ignore the new scientific and co-operative methods, and pay as low wages as he chooses, secure in the knowledge that "the rates" will make up the deficiency to his wretched laborers. That is a fatal policy, if there ever was one—fatal both to the laborer and to the farmer and highly injurious to the whole community. It puts a premium on every sort of dullness and lethargy. How many farmers in a naturally conservative country like England will bestir themselves and meet foreign competition with brains and energy if the poor-law subsidizes them by maintaining their laborers?

It is not denied that the farmers have been, and are, having a bad time. There has been a tremendous slump in prices and, of course, wages "had to come down." But that is only to say, what we know to be the truth, that wages except for the boom period of 1919-1921 have been disgracefully low, to which we may add that such wages means poor and unintelligent laborers and therefore inefficient farming. They mean also that men will not remain "on the land" any longer than they can help; they either obtain other work in the country or drift into the towns. Even in 1914, while the agricultural laborer could only obtain a weekly wage of from 16s. to 18s., other laborers in the country districts could obtain about 24s. and in 1922 the farm hand's wage was from 30s. to 34s., while "other unskilled labor" was drawing up to 60s.

What is the remedy, if there is one? The obvious remedy, and the one which is always first favored by the farmers and landlords, is either a state subsidy or a protective tariff for the purpose of keeping out colonial and American imports. Mr. Bonar Law, the premier, recently told a deputation of both farmers and men most plainly that both schemes are now flatly impracticable. In a word, the towns now decide, and the towns will not have it. There is in the House of Commons at the present moment a Tory majority, and the Tory party is by inclination and tradition Protectionist in character and the friend and champion of the country interest. But it simply dare not grant a subsidy to agriculture nor set up protection. (The same conflict between town and country is to be seen in action today in many other European countries.) Our great landlords and noblemen are very angry about this. "It was the selfishness and ignorance of the urban population," said Lord Selborne recently, "that was going to ruin the countryside." It may be so, but Tory ministers have at least no doubt about the fact. These projects, says our minister of agriculture, "have been before the country, they have been fought out and, whether rightly or wrongly, they have been turned down." The prime minister adds bluntly: "I do not see any remedy. Agriculture must be self-supporting. Agriculture must live on an economic basis." The farmers reply simply that they cannot make a profit and that they cannot pay their laborers a living wage. The result is that from county after county comes the same story of wages sinking to starvation level until, as in Norfolk, the point of actual revolt is reached.

But if agriculture is henceforward to stand on its own feet, what consequences have we to expect? The farmers say the following:

(1) Low wages for laborers and an exodus to the towns.

(2) Less production and the conversion of arable to grazing land.

(3) Growing dependence of England on foreign foodstuffs, with the consequent danger in time of war.

But can nothing be done to avert these results? Some say that rates of taxation must be reduced but that is a national question. To discriminate in favor of agriculture is the same thing as to provide a state subsidy. Others declare that above all, railway rates must come down and certainly these rates weigh heavily on all industry. *To send a quarter of wheat by rail from York to London costs almost as much as to send it by sea from the United States to Liverpool.* But the probability is that the real hope for English agriculture is only to be found in a statement such as this:

"The way to the restoration of agriculture is in the proper application of scientific knowledge, the use of more efficient machinery and the employment of more competent and therefore more highly paid labor. None of these is immediately obtainable. In the first place they demand a much higher level of education for both farmers and laborers than the present generation has enjoyed or than the rising generation is likely to receive under present conditions. In the second place, the disastrous results of the last two years of falling prices, followed by the exceptionally bad season of 1922, have left the farmer without the necessary capital to employ the modicum of scientific knowledge which he possesses or to pay the living wage by which he can obtain efficient labor. To overcome this immediate difficulty an extension of credit on a large scale is essential."

Co-operative methods, better and more modern machinery, scientific knowledge, better paid and more intelligent labor (in a word, a higher standard of intelligence and education)—these are what agriculture needs, rather than poor-law relief, state subsidies and protection. Unless we can persuade agriculture to take this road, it must surely go down hill, and more and more we shall become a purely manufacturing people, dependent for our very existence on sea-borne stuffs. Meanwhile the laborer and his family come steadily nearer to the starvation line.

It should be added that some distinguished economists hold that the European countries, including England, have now passed the point at which they can support their populations in a decent degree of comfort and that, whatever steps be taken, a considerable portion of the population is doomed henceforth to live below the level of a "subsistence wage."

The Minimum Wage and Its Constitutionality

Concluded from page 10

conception of public policy is vague and rudimentary; nor that the social philosophy reflects the antiquated individualism of the eighteenth century. If the arguments employed by the majority of the court were *sound* under all these heads, the vital question of proper constitutional interpretation would be essentially the same. It is simply this: Is the court justified in determining the constitutionality of a law, is it justified in construing the "due process" clause, according to its opinions in the fields of economics, ethics, public policy, or social philosophy?

If the court has a right to determine whether a law which restricts freedom of contract is "arbitrary," "wanton," or "unreasonable," it must apparently give some attention to considerations of ethics and social philosophy, especially the former. When members of the court act upon the view that the legislature may not "unreasonably abridge the inherent and inalienable right to make contracts," their judgment, concerning the "unreasonableness" of a statute restricting freedom of contract, must be determined mainly by opinions of right and wrong, justice and injustice. In a case decided only last November, the court declared that the test of fair dealing and of due process was whether the legislation "shocked the sense of fairness" which the "due process" clause was intended to satisfy. In the minimum wage decision we find that the majority of the court have adopted this method and applied this test. Fully two-thirds of their argumentation is dominantly ethical.

Let us now sum up and evaluate briefly the procedure, as outlined in the preceding paragraphs, by which the majority of the court pronounced the minimum wage law unconstitutional. They rejected the authorization of minimum wage legislation drawn from previous decisions concerning statutes regulating the method of wage payments and restricting the length of the working day, while the minority found this authorization sufficient. They reject the judgment of Congress that living wages have anything to do with promoting the health and morals of women workers and they declare in effect that the minimum wage law is prohibited by the Constitution, inasmuch as it amounts to an unreasonable restriction upon freedom of contract. *Had the majority adhered strictly to the rule that a statute must be held constitutional unless its unconstitutional character is proved beyond rational doubt, they would have upheld the law,* upon the authority of the previous decisions to which reference has just been made. Had they been guided by a rule that the court may not reject respectable evidence for the suitableness of a law, they would not have asserted that the minimum wage statute had no relation to health or morals.

Two criticisms may fairly be passed upon the action of the majority of the court. First, they should have held the minimum wage act constitutional on the basis of those previous decisions which were surely sufficient to render the unconstitutionality of the law doubtful. Second, their application of the test of "reasonableness" in this case *constitutes the most extreme substitution of the judicial for the legislative will that has ever come from the Supreme Court.*

What is the remedy for this judicial assumption of legislative power? I assume that some remedy must be found because it is not desirable that the court should exercise such far-reaching power over the legislative branch of the government. When the court nullifies a statute on the ground that it is an unreasonable interference with liberty of contract, the fate of any such statute evidently depends upon the understanding of "reasonable" and "unreasonable" held by the individual justices. In other words, the constitutionality of such legislation depends upon the notions entertained by the members of the court upon questions of ethics, economics, public policy, and social philosophy. It is not likely, any more than it is desirable, that the court should continue to possess this broad power of making laws.

The simplest remedy is that contained in the proposal introduced in the Senate a few months ago by Mr. Borah. The concurrence of at least seven of the nine justices of the Supreme Court should be required to declare a law unconstitutional. This would meet both the defects in the minimum wage decisions; for it would give practical effect to the rule, which dates back to the time of Marshall, that the unconstitutionality of a statute should be clear "beyond reasonable doubt," and it would diminish very greatly the number of laws that would be nullified as unreasonable abridgments of freedom of contract. When four of the nine justices believe that a statute is in accord with the Constitution, surely its unconstitutional character is not "beyond reasonable doubt." When five justices are enabled to nullify a statute because they think it unreasonable, the fortune of the law rests upon too unstable a foundation. The proposed rule would neither take away the power of the court to declare laws unconstitutional nor limit its range of jurisdiction. It would merely safeguard the *exercise* of that power, in conformity with our political traditions, the welfare of the people, and the enduring authority of the court itself.

Concrete Canal Siphons Water to Thirsty Acres

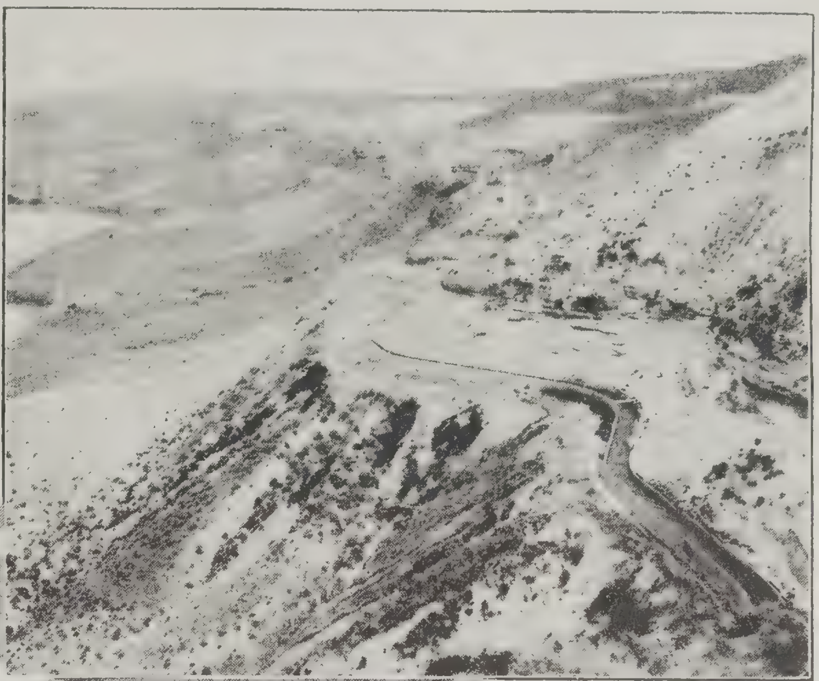
Gulches, Rivers and Creeks Crossed in Idaho Irrigation Project

By S. R. WINTERS

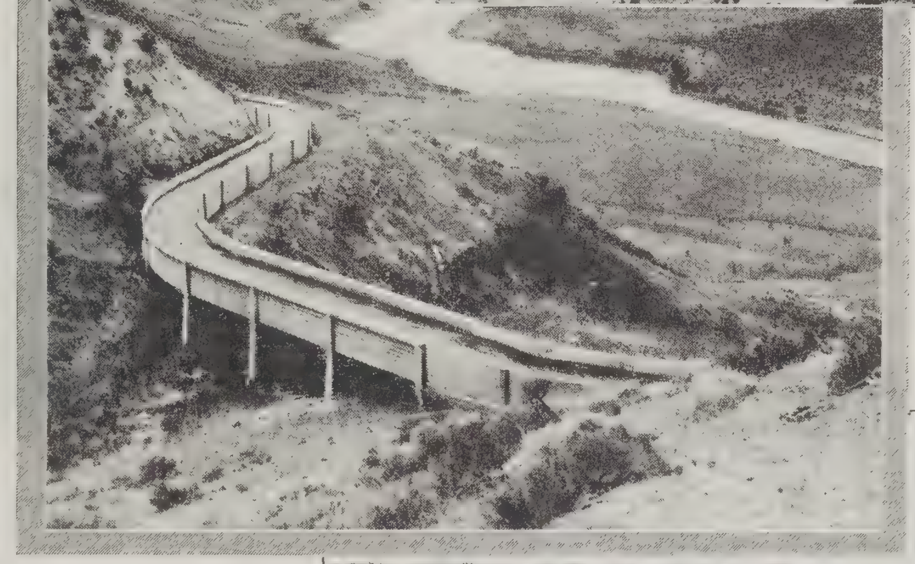
WHEN C. J. Blanchard, statistician of the Reclamation Service, United States Department of Interior, recently returned to Washington from a three-month pilgrimage through the far western states in search of material for exhibition at the Brazilian Centennial Exposition, he brought back photographic evidence of a new type of flume or channel for conveying water which has demonstrated its capacity for service in treacherous arid regions. Built of a combination of concrete and gunite, this form of canal is located in the Snake River Canyon in South Central Idaho, known as the King Hill Project. It is long and narrow, with the main canal 52 miles long. The canal system crosses divers deep gulches, creeks, and is four times siphoned across Snake River.

The "Valley of Siphoned Waters," is the picturesque phrase applied by Mr. Blanchard in describing this artificial watering system whose historical setting is on the Oregon Trail. The statistician of the Reclamation Service of the United States Department of Interior, in relating the manner of obtaining the photographs which illustrate this article, says: "We followed with camera from the great spring which gives birth to Malad River along the rim of the great wall of Snake River Canyon, the concrete-lined canal of King Hill Project. Truly a wonderful engineering work is this. For 13 miles it hugs a steep slope far above the great river blinking in the sunshine below. It crosses deep ravines and side canyons in enormous siphons of concrete and wood pipe, and four times spans the river itself. It is a splendid example of American engineering daring and skill."

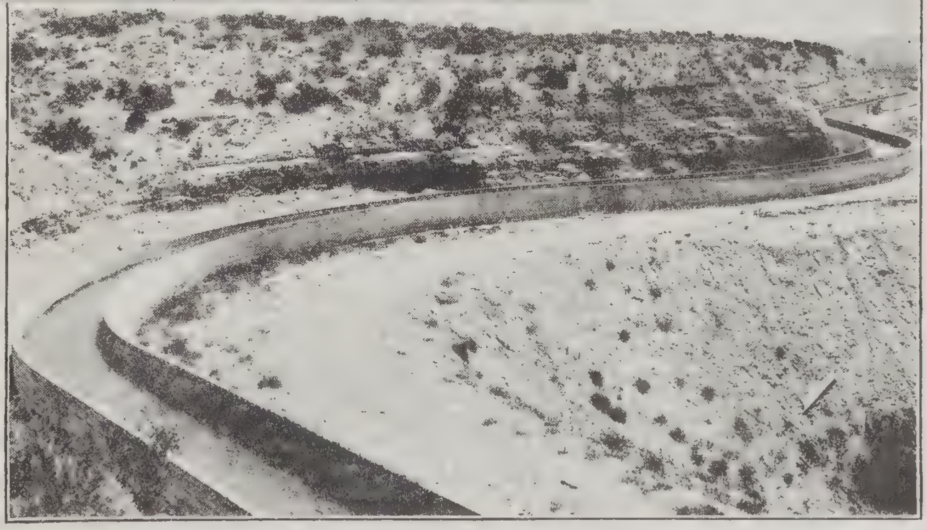
Five types of reinforced concrete flume have been subjected to trial experiments on this government enterprise in Idaho where an arid valley is being transformed into a productive agricultural area, famed for its gardens of fruits and flowers. The combination concrete and gunite flume, however, is of outstanding interest by reasons of its novelty and adaptability to treacherous foundations. A total of 3,300 linear feet of this strangely formed canal are in service on this reclamation project in South Central Idaho. The flume rests on an extremely insecure foundation and yet two years after its installation no settlement or disturbance of the foundation is discernible. It is water-tight and no erosion of the foundation is anticipated. The designing engineer characterizes this novel type of flume as having fulfilled all expectations and wherever insecure foundations are encountered this form of canal can be built to advantage. This water-conveying channel, fashioned from concrete and gunite, contains a floor five inches thick, without variation, while the side walls vary in thickness from two and one-half inches at the top to four inches at the bottom. The inside dimensions of this channel are eight feet and seven inches by five feet, and it has a capacity of 268 second-feet, with a free-board of one foot. The gunite included in the mixture was according to the ratio of one part cement to five parts of sand. However, since 20 per cent of the sand was sacrificed to rebound and scarcely any cement was lost in this way, the gunite in place is in the proportion of one to four. A highly refined concrete sand, obtained at the central mixing plant, was originally employed in the gunite composition. The rebound, however, attained the exceptionally high loss of 30 per cent of the total aggregate. It consisted chiefly of the coarser particles. Subsequent experiments indicated that the rebound could be decreased by the inclusion of hydrated lime, and this decrease is proportional to the quantity of lime thus employed, up to a ratio of one part of lime by weight to 10 parts of cement.



Four-mile gunite flume.



Concrete flume carried over a gulch on a concrete trestle.



Combination concrete and gunite flume, looking upstream; two miles long. This flume is without joints.

Structurally, this water-carrying channel which hugs treacherous slopes far above the river involved interesting engineering details. A double row of longitudinal reinforced steel was placed in the floor of the flume, thus affording a wider spacing of the bars. In the absence of this provision, the bars would be so closely knit together as to render difficult the proper placing and tamping of the concrete. The transverse bars in the floor bend at right angles and extend through the side walls which are reinforced as vertical cantilevers. Supplementary reinforcing steel was employed in the bank wall as a means of fortification from external pressure exerted by blow-sand accumulating behind the flume. The increased compressive strength of gunite when compared to common concrete permitted of a reduction in the section of the side walls at the base from five to four inches. Such a curtailment of thickness of the side wall operates to the advantage of reducing the quantity of longitudinal or temperature steel essential, as the amount of the latter is based on the percentage of the total area of gunite.

The twin brother canal—concrete and gunite—was designed with sufficient temperature steel to compel it to crack at intervals of six feet. This percentage was determined on the assumption that since the flume was built during the late autumn, the steel would be subjected to a temperature of 70 degrees. Accepting this figure as true, it was calculated that one-half to one per cent would be necessary when one-fourth-inch bars were used with an elastic limit of 55,000 pounds to the square inch. After the canal had been in operation for a considerable period of time, observations revealed the appearance of fine hair cracks at more frequent intervals than six feet. These fissures ordinarily occurred at 18-inch intervals, and at the points where the gunite area was reduced and weakened by the vertical transverse bars. The lower three inches of the side walls were fashioned from concrete and poured in conjunction with the floor of the flume. This created a curbing against which the forms for the gunite side walls could be placed and maintained in true position with respect to line and grade. A four-inch tile drainage system was provided. Compressed air, that versatile agent of engineering endeavor, figured in the construction of this concrete and gunite flume. Contrary to precedent, the air compressors were not spaced at intervals along the bench flume and moved as the activities progressed. Instead, they were stationed at a permanent location on the bluff above the canal-in-the-making, and compressed air was negotiated through pipe lines leading to the cement guns. The maximum distance at any time between the cement guns and the air compressors was 2,200 feet. The loss of air by transmission through such a long pipe was necessarily great, but in this instance, was unavoidable. The narrow flume bench precluded the customary practice of setting up the air compressors and transporting them from place to place as the work progressed. Neither was it practicable to move the compressors along the bluff above the flume. The cramped passageway afforded by the flume bench is further accentuated when we are told that no construction road could be built over which materials and equipment might be transported by teams. The location of the bench on a steep hillside rendered it inaccessible save when approached from each end. A miniature railway—a 36-inch gauge industrial railroad, if you please—was laid along the bench paralleling the flume. Over this artery of commerce, penetrating ravines and canyons, materials and equipment for building the flume were conveyed. The miniature railway extended to a central concrete-mixing plant, where a pit with an exhaustless volume of sand and gravel was uncovered. At this concrete-manufacturing establishment two mixers were installed, one to mix concrete and the other to form an amalgamation of dry sand and cement available for use in the cement guns.

The forms for the walls of this canal system constituted inside panels constructed of shiplap with an arrangement of cross-bracing to secure them in alignment. Since only one side of the walls was formed and no pressure was exerted by the gunite, the framework was simple and readily installed. A top templet only was essential to compel these panels to conform to the alignment, the bottom being held secure against the concrete curbing by use of spreaders between the panels. The gunite was sprayed or shot directly against the vertical wall.

When constructing side walls, the application of the gunite was begun at the bottom and was carried upward. The rebound was thus permitted to escape with minimum opportunity of any being buried in the wall. Gunite, exercising a tendency to build up upon whatever it strikes, could not be sprayed at right angles against the wall until the space between the steel and the forms had first been filled by shooting at an angle. Square bars were objectionable in this connection as it was found impossible wholly to fill in the space between the bars and the forms and insure that the bars were entirely imbedded. Experience indicated that the walls should be constructed in layers of from one and one-half to two inches, with a reasonable moisture content. Each coat is permitted to set before the succeeding one is applied. Long life and a minimum maintenance cost are among the virtues held out for this novel canal.

Shall We Kill?

By AUSTIN HAINES

IT WAS my unpleasant duty recently to be an official witness of a hanging at the state penitentiary at Ft. Madison, Iowa. For some time previously I had been waging a newspaper campaign to abolish hanging in favor of some less brutal and brutalizing form of capital punishment, such as electrocution or the lethal cell.

But standing within a few feet of the gallows when the trap was sprung, I felt no more revulsion than I would have before an electric chair as the current was turned on. Death was instantaneous from the seven-foot drop, although the heart reflexes continued for some 13 minutes before prison doctors officially announced the death. There was not so much as the twitching of a finger by the condemned man. Prison authorities told me this was typical of most hangings.

The details of the crime for which Orrie Cross was hanged are unimportant, save as they are characteristic of juvenile crime the country over, especially since the war, and as they raise the questions of society's joint responsibility and of the justification of capital punishment in general.

Orrie Cross, barely out of his teens when he committed murder, was born in a little Iowa town, of parents who were not defective morally, mentally or physically, as far as the record shows. They were just average midwestern ruralites, reaching neither the heights nor depths of responsible citizenship. At an early age he was left an orphan, and like Topsy, "just growed," receiving little attention or schooling and getting his "education" chiefly in the usual loafing places of the average country town. He wasn't inherently a "bad boy"—just weak and rather worthless, like hundreds of thousands of other boys hanging around temp bars and pool rooms all over this broad land of ours right this minute.

Then he drifted to Des Moines and fell in with Eugene Weeks, recently discharged from the army, with a good record as a fighting man, but a much poorer one so far as routine military discipline was concerned. Weeks had much the stronger mind of the two. It was he who planned the robbery of George Fosdick, substantial Des Moines grocer. He gave Cross the gun which killed Fosdick while the latter's daughter pleaded with the youthful bandits not to shoot her father any more, as he lay wounded at his doorstep. But Cross fired time after time in the panic of fear which police officers say is characteristic of the modern youthful criminal, especially when full of dope.

Weeks' common-law wife betrayed the two for the reward. Both confessed, though later repudiating their confessions at the instigation of their attorneys. Both were found guilty and sentenced to hang by the most merciful judge on the bench, who is also judge of the juvenile court. Weeks was hanged some time before Cross, going to his death with the bravado which criminals love, dramatically proclaiming his innocence and that of Cross from the gallows. Cross, far the weaker of the two, who prison officials predicted would have to be carried to the scaffold, faced death calmly, asserting that he had made his peace with God. He refused to discuss his guilt or innocence, but when I asked him at the last moment if he had any word to send to the young people of the nation, he said: "Tell them not to let themselves be influenced by bad companions"—which I took as a confession of his own part as well as that of Weeks in the crime.

An unsuccessful eleventh-hour effort, indorsed by the trial judge, was made to save Cross on the grounds that he had the mentality of a boy of 12—which is about the average of drafted soldiers as shown by the army tests. But regardless of Binet tests and technical opinions, the fact is that Orrie Cross had as much intelligence and ability to discriminate between right and wrong as those same hundreds of thousands of other boys, previously referred to, loafing in temp bars and pool rooms throughout the country at this moment.

That is the sordid setting in the case of State vs. Orrie Cross—or should it have been Orrie Cross vs. State? It leads to the question of whether our old theories of moral responsibility for crime are not often wrong. Should society permit boys who are weak—whether because of heredity, or environment, or both, I will not quarrel with Mr. Lothrop Stoddard—to develop logically into desperate criminals and then inflict the death penalty on them for it, while you and I, Mr. and Mrs. Respectability, thank God our children are not as other's children are?

To state the problem more concretely—supposing there had been a juvenile court in Knoxville, Iowa, before Orrie Cross started wrong, which had interested itself in his behalf, had seen to it that he went to school and had placed him under the influence of some good though unrelated "big brother"? Or supposing you and I, in the New Yorks and Knoxvilles all over America, were to show some sympathetic interest in the boys and girls growing up under similar conditions around us every day—would Orrie Crosses be going to the gallows weekly and police records show the average age of desperate criminals to be in the teens?

There are but four theoretical justifications for the infliction of punishment by the state. The first is reformatory, which obviously does not apply to capital punishment. The second is the idea of vengeance—that the majesty of the law has been outraged and it requires "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" to restore the equilibrium of the scales of Justice. This theory has been largely abandoned by penologists. The third is that the criminal is so dangerous that he should be removed from the possibility of further harm to society. To this the opponent of capital punishment replies that the same thing can be accomplished by life imprisonment, without pardon or parole, the negligible chance of escape being more than offset by the possibility of discovering later the innocence of the condemned person. Finally there is the argument on which it seems to me capital punishment must ultimately rest its case—that of acting as a deterrent to the commission of similar crimes by others.

That is a fair question upon which authorities disagree. Opponents of the death penalty deny that it ever deterred anyone from any crime and one of their classical examples is the fact that the greatest amount of pocket picking in the days of Elizabethan England was at the public executions of pickpockets. Advocates of the death penalty, on the other hand, assert that where it has been abolished murder has increased and where it has been restored it has decreased. My father was the author of a law which abolished capital punishment in Iowa for a time and author of the present law which later restored it.

Personally I doubt if the fear of capital punishment ever consciously deterred anyone from committing murder. Those who kill in passion do not stop to reason, while the deliberate murderer figures that he will be among the large majority of homicides who escape the death penalty. But it is the ultimate question involved in one's view of capital punishment.

There is one argument against capital punishment which I refuse to take seriously, although it seems to be the predominating one with that particular class of opponents, from Maine to California, who write letters to newspapers. That is the one used by slaves to literal Biblical authority for all their judgments of right or wrong. This was emphasized in the case of Weeks and Cross by the fact that the sheriff whose duty it was to spring the trap that sent them hurtling to Eternity is an ordained minister of the Church of Christ. He and the newspapers of Des Moines were literally flooded with protests against a minister of the gospel taking human life and practically all cited the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." From total strangers the country over came pleadings that if the deed must be done it be delegated to one of the deputy sheriffs, as the law permits, thus saving "the cloth" from the shame. Perhaps the most bitter criticism came from the pen of Eugene V. Debs, in "The Appeal to Reason." But the "fighting chaplain" of the 168th Regiment of the Rainbow Division scorned such subterfuge, saying that it would not only not relieve him of any moral responsibility but that it would be cowardly for him to ask someone else to carry out the law which he had sworn to enforce.

To those numerous good souls who justify or condemn every action by Scriptural quotation, I would suggest that to the injunction, "Thou shalt not kill," handed down to Moses amid the thunders and lightnings of Mt. Sinai, they add Genesis 9:6, as one among many Old Testament quotations, where they will learn that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

And—which is more important—I would also add that the youthful "bad men" of the United States would not be so "bad" nor kill so frequently if they couldn't get their hands on guns and narcotic drugs so easily. Police officials of many cities tell me that most of the major crimes are committed by boys when under the influence of dope and "toting gats," which they ought never to have been able to procure.

We have state and Federal laws regulating the sale of narcotics—and they are of value in spite of the fact that they do not wholly prevent the illicit traffic. We ought to have similar laws regulating the sale of firearms—especially Federal laws, for state laws are almost worthless so long as such weapons are advertised and can be easily obtained from every mail-order house through the channels of interstate commerce. It's the most important thing that can be done to suppress major crimes of violence. Ask the officer on the beat—HE KNOWS.

But after all, the problem of juvenile crime gets back to one of social responsibility—what is society doing to prevent the reproduction of the socially unfit and what is it doing to develop its Orrie Crosses along right lines? I did nothing to help one such and therefore his blood is partially upon my head. That's why I said to myself, with him of old, as I stood upon the scaffold the other day: "There, but for the grace of God, hangs Austin Haines."

The Why and Wherefore of the Buffalo

Concluded from page 3

arm against the higher powered rifle of the soldiers and white hunter.

Buffalo flesh was usually jerked over buffalo chip fires, then stored away for future use. I might say here that the buffalo chip was nothing more nor less than the sun-dried manure of the buffalo. And this fuel was certainly a godsend to the early traveler and settler. Without it he would often have lacked fuel.

So different from the white man, *the Indian used all the carcass but the bones;* even the lowly entrails would be stripped of their contents, a piece wrapped around the end of a green stick and held in the fire till piping hot, when with smacking lips and much "Ah-hah-ing" the red man would swallow it down like a cove oyster—Hi-U kloshe muck-a-muck.

The buffalo's most constant enemy was the large gray wolf, sometimes called the loafer wolf, the lobo wolf, or the buffalo wolf, the name depending on the territory. Hanging around the outskirts of the herd he watched for animals crippled in combat, or a patriarch whose days were numbered, or a cow about to calve; he jumped in, dodging the wicked horns, quickly hamstrung his victim, and after eating his fill (sometimes done before the animal was dead) he left the remainder to the coyote, which modestly, perhaps wisely, waited for second table.

When winter snows lay deep and the cold had long since weeded out the weaker ones of the herd, the wolf pack became bold with hunger and made savage attacks on the calves. When too closely pressed the cows formed into a circle. With their sharp bristling horns on the outside they formed an endless defense that the wolf found exceedingly difficult to break through. If a cow was wearied by the vigil, she retired to the inside of the circle where were the calves, and some of the cows, one of which took up her place in the line. In this way they held off their gray enemies till their bellowing attracted the rest of the herd. The large circles trampled into the ground by these fights may be seen to this day.

American buffaloes were divided roughly into two vast herds, the northern and the southern, when seeking their wintering grounds. The southern herd wintered in the vicinity of Missouri, feeding north in the spring as far as the Dakotas and Montana, and returning when winter gave warning of its approach. The northern herd wintered in Southern Alberta, Canada. There they found the chinook winds, which in Southern Alberta are warm and dry. The effect of the chinook is magical. When prairies were held in the icy grip of winter, covered with two feet of snow, ofttimes with a heavy crust on it, and hungry animals could not paw their way to the rich bunch grass below, suddenly from the dark blue horizon of the west would come the magical chinook wind. In 15 minutes the mercury would rise from 15 to 20 below zero to 50 above, the snow disappear in a short time, the deepest snow melting in a few hours. The air was as in the spring, with this difference—there would be very little water running, it being absorbed by the warm dry air as by a sponge.

A change, no less magical, was seen upon the buffalo. The calves with lifted tails frisked about like lambs on a summer evening. This is the reason why the great herds of buffalo wintered so far north, traveling from Montana and Saskatchewan and Manitoba to Alberta and the chinook.

Sharon Pays for Its Doctor

Concluded from page 7

chances with colds. Their doctor bill was paid, the doctor was called early and given every chance to help nature overcome the disease."

There are some drawbacks from the doctor's standpoint, he admitted.

"If there is a profession or calling which has none I predict it soon will be overcrowded," the doctor said.

One of the drawbacks is that among the almost 1,000 persons in the health association (Rooseveltian families are fashionable about Sharon) there are some who are unreasonable. Not many. Not as many as usual. But some.

There are 30 business men in town, counting the banker, the barber, the merchants and the shoemaker. Every one is a member of the association. They approve the plan. It has brought business to town. When there was no doctor in Sharon much trade was lost when members took their families to another place for medical advice and treatment. Now they come to Sharon. They come all the more readily because the doctor bill is paid. And while in town they do the trading.

"We believe we have solved the problem of keeping a doctor, and in our case a good doctor, in a small town," Fred Leith, editor of the Sharon *Valley Times* and secretary of the association, said. "Our Constitution and by-laws may be lacking on some vital point. If so that point hasn't been revealed so far. But we had no guide. We tried to write a working agreement and as far as I know it has been satisfactory."

"If a doctor will be square with his people and they will be square with him there is no reason our plan should not work out in the average community," Dr. Haworth said. "I'm trying to be square with the people here. Generally they are trying, I believe, to be square with me. As long as that situation continues I believe we will be of help to each other. When that condition no longer exists the association will fail."

And what of Blackmore, with the nervous wife and the prosperous business? He has sold his business at a good price and has about decided to move back to Wichita.

International Science Briefs

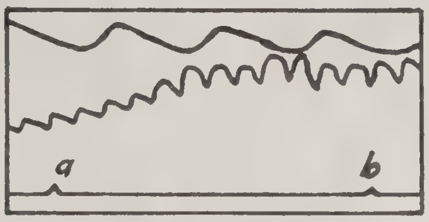
By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Psychobiology—the Science of Mind and Life

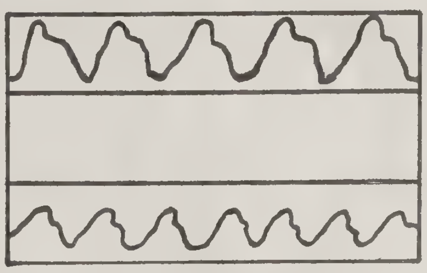
THE human body is the most wonderful energy developing and controlling machine in the universe. In this machine a central directive mental agency operates with utmost precision through a complex network of nerve-fibers and cells in the production of definite motion and action. The machine is capable of performing work of the most varied and intricate types. This ability to do work is a register and indicator of the machine's mechanical fitness and condition. From this standpoint the capacity to do work is directly proportional to the health status of the body. Years ago health was generally considered as being principally a physiological problem. The great majority of the physicians and surgeons of the old school were merely expert mechanicians who examined, repaired and oiled the members of the bodily machine. Little value was assigned to the patient's mental attitude toward his ailment. Many physicians of this old materialistic school stubbornly opposed and denounced all investigations as futile and ridiculous which had for their purpose the scientific correlation of mental attitudes and bodily health. A possible relationship was not admitted and therefore the study of this problem was considered as merely a wanton waste of time.

At the present time this attitude of medical science is almost entirely a matter of past history. The old school of medicine has given up its much cherished materialistic *"mumpsimus"* for the new mental *"sumpsimus."* Materialistic bias has been supplanted with frank admission that mind and matter are not isolated and separated by an impassable gulf. Quite to the contrary, the consensus of scientific opinion now favors the view that instead of isolation being a fact, an extraordinarily intimate relationship exists between mind and life in general, and the mental attitude and bodily health in particular.

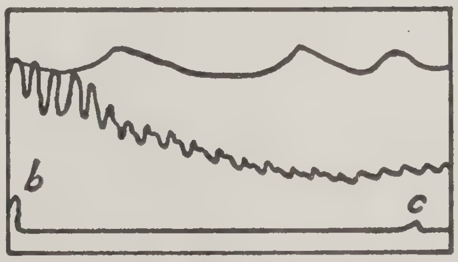
As a result of this changed attitude the comparatively new science of *psychobiology* has found a definite place among the accredited sciences, by the side of that other recent arrival *biotechnics* which was briefly discussed in a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The science of psychobiology deals with the great problem of the nature of the intimate relationships existing between mind and matter. The psychobiologist finds it within the legitimate limits of his science even to question the existence of a relationship because the very word "relationship" seems to suggest the existence of two separate existence types, *mind* and *matter*. Many psychobiologists now hold that a living organism is a *psychophysical* being, a single entity, capable of expressing itself in a *twofold* manner, as a more or less sentient existence and a material being. Twenty-one years ago the writer, in a lecture at the inaugural meeting of the American Electrochemical Society, outlined his Theory of Interdependence which included as one of its fundamental doctrines that matter was merely a phase or manifestation of one basic activity principle. The writer then maintained and still contends that all being, organic and inorganic, is organized action in space and time.



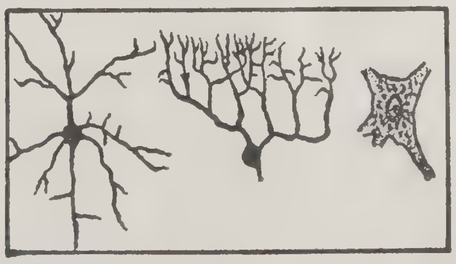
Curve of respiration during exciting happy thought.



Pulse curve during influence of optimistic faith.
Pulse curve during influence of fear.



Curve of respiration during sad, depressing thought.



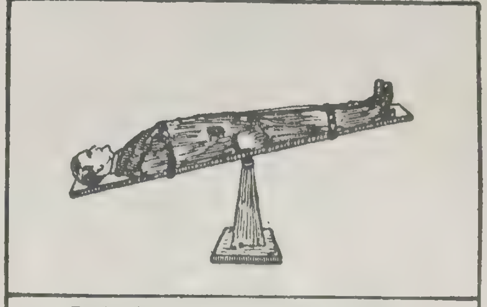
Nerve cells from the human brain. Figure at right shows cell-body only. In other two figures cell-bodies shown in black with thread-like processes extending therefrom.

This view serves as a sound and logical background for the science of psychobiology. From the experimental side, this science is supported by a formidable series of convincing investigations which have revealed facts of not only extraordinary interest, but also of unusual significance and value to mankind. The field of psychobiology is entirely too broad for proper consideration in a single article. We shall consequently confine ourselves to the consideration of that phase of psychobiology which deals with the effect of a mental attitude upon bodily health.

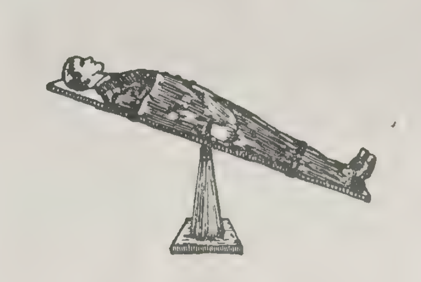
Psychobiological experiments have proved conclusively that the well-being of the human body is, in a great measure, dependent upon the mental attitude. One of the first problems investigated by the psychobiologists was the effect of the mental mood upon the circulation of the blood. It is a well-known fact that health and nutrition depend upon proper circulation. With this fundamental fact as a point of departure, psychobiologists began to investigate the behavior of the circulatory system during periods of sustained mental attitudes of concentration, attention, fear, cheerfulness, sorrow, optimistic faith, jealousy, hate and other states of mind which help to make up the content of conscious human life.

The following convincing experiment can be easily conducted by any one who desires to prove that the mind is effective in controlling the blood circulation:

An inexpensive balance, constructed out of ordinary boards, as shown in the figures, is all the apparatus that is necessary. The subject is strapped to the balance which is then brought into the horizontal position of equilibrium. Upon being requested to make some mental calculations which involve concentration, it will be found that the balance will begin to swing on its fulcrum or pivot in such a manner that the feet will ascend while the head descends. This experiment, which has been performed in many of our psychological laboratories, proves conclusively that equilibrium was destroyed by a flow of blood toward the head due to the mental attitude of concentration during the calculation of a problem.



Equilibrium destroyed by flow of blood to head while subject performs a mental calculation.



Equilibrium destroyed by flow of blood to feet while subject thinks intently about his feet.

If it is desired that the blood shall flow in the opposite direction then the attention of the subject must be directed to the lower part of his body. The experimenter first brings the balance once more into a horizontal position. Then it is only necessary to direct the subject to think about his feet. He can, for example, be requested to imagine himself in a jumping contest and that he is flexing himself on his toes in preparation for the leap into the air. After some time has been devoted by the subject to these thoughts concerning his lower extremities the balance will begin to move downward at the foot-end and upward at the opposite end showing that the blood has traveled toward the feet instead of the head which was the case in the first experiment.

Numerous records of blood pressure during various mental states help to substantiate the contentions of psychobiology. The average blood pressure of a normally healthy person between the ages of 20 and 45 years is about 125 millimeters of mercury. When the blood pressure is raised, more blood flows through the brain and other parts of the body. The blood is the stream of life and nourishes the body. While the blood pressure is moderately high the subject will feel a sense of exhilaration. Confidence, courage and hope will be in evidence in his mental states. Excessively low blood pressure is generally accompanied by a state of mental lassitude, weakness and debility. The mechanism by which the volume of blood is controlled is one of nature's mechanical masterpieces. The *medulla oblongata* contains the regulating center which controls the arterial nerves whose particular function it is to govern the size of the arteries thus adjusting the flow of blood in the different parts of the human body. Whenever excessive quantities of blood are driven to the heart, because of excitement or violent exercise, its cavities may become dangerously extended. At such critical moments the *depressor nerve* automatically signals the *medulla oblongata* to set in motion a complicated set of nervous and motor machinery by which all the arteries are distended thus permitting the overfull heart to discharge the excess blood into the arterial channels. The little *depressor nerve* is perhaps the most remarkable piece of nerve-mechanism in the entire body because it knows neither exhaustion nor fatigue. It is an ever vigilant guard driving danger away from the heart.

It has been demonstrated, time and again, that the mental attitude can set this entire complex mechanism in motion. The pulse is also subject to the influence of mental states. The graphical representations shown in the figures depict the effect of mental mood upon the pulse. Cheerfulness, faith, and an optimistic attitude are conducive to a regular, strong and slow pulse. Whenever the mental state is one of anxiety, depression, fear, or a pessimistic reaction to the problems of life then we find the pulse to be irregular and weak.

Respiration is influenced by the mental mood in as marked a manner as pulse. Contentment, happiness and optimistic faith are productive of regular, slow and deep breathing. Larger quantities of oxygen are taken into the lungs than during a depressed mental mood. The amount of injurious carbon dioxide discharged from the body is also greatly increased during periods of sustained contentment. When the mental mood is pessimistic and the subject broods, worries, and succumbs to fear, then the breathing becomes irregular, shallow and quick, with the result that the oxygen-intake and also the carbon dioxide-output is greatly lessened.

The stomach's secretions are lessened and often entirely suspended by anger, fright, worry, fear and disappointment. Happiness and an optimistic attitude, on the contrary, augment the flow and improve the quality of the secretions. Psychobiology conveys the message to us that cheerfulness and optimistic faith are the benevolent attending genii of medical science.

BRIEFLY TOLD

C. W. Barron, the noted financial editor, says in a cable from Jerusalem that there is not water enough in all that city to maintain the bathrooms of a good-sized modern hotel.

An eastern financial journal has brought to light an interesting bond. It is dated 1865 and was issued on a horse car line. The bond is for $1,000 and is carrying its third set of coupons, having been twice extended from its original maturity in 1880. Although the property has long since been abandoned the bond is still "going" at four per cent and is an underlying lien of the New York railways. It has paid $3,330 in direct interest. If all interest payments had been promptly reinvested at five per cent, the original investment in 1865 would have returned almost $25 000 up to the present time. From 1865 to 1900 the bond carried seven per cent interest.

A new explosive has been invented. It is a preparation consisting of sawdust and ammonium nitrate and it is possible to make it to sell at one-third the cost of commercial dynamite as neither of the two principal materials are expensive.

A new type of diving apparatus consists of a water-tight chamber mounted on endless belts similar to a caterpillar tractor. This is lowered overboard. The crew of the diver consists of two men. A power cable furnishes light and power and enables the machine to move about on the floor of the sea.

Because of the fact that dishonest individuals in religious disguise have by willful misrepresentation obtained from the government permits to secure so-called "sacramental wines" for pretended religious ceremonials, when such permits were in reality to obtain wines for commercial purposes, the trustees of Har Sinai Temple in Trenton, New Jersey, urged, in resolutions, action toward the revocation by the Federal Government of the privilege accorded Jewish congregations of using wine for religious purposes.

In the state of Texas, city and rural schools are to merge in all counties of 100,000 or more population. Taxes for schools will then be distributed justly and the standardization of the schools in all counties insures as efficient a school in the country as in the city. If any county desires to abandon the system it may, after two years' trial, by a majority vote, abolish it.

Dr. George Clarke Houghton, rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, better known as the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York, died recently. At one time the Little Church Around the Corner was a favorite resort of runaway couples, but Dr. Houghton drew up a set of rules requiring every such couple to produce evidence of parental consent before the ceremony. He refused to marry divorced men and women. During his pastorate more than 15,000 persons were married in the Little Church.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Introduced by accident in 1879 into the Bay of Southampton, at Hythe, an American plant, called the *Spartina Townsendi* has spread rapidly along the English coast, flourishing vigorously in spite of the fact that it is under water part of the time. The plant is an excellent fodder for cattle and may possibly be used for paper pulp. It may be introduced to the French coast to bind the shifting sands.

The deepest mine in the world is in Brazil at St. John del Rey. It has attained a vertical depth of 6 726 feet. At that depth the temperature of the rock is 117° Fahrenheit, necessitating a system of artificial cooling. The gold bearing ore at the bottom shows no signs of decreasing in volume.

The automobile has supplanted the camel as a mail and passenger carrier over the hot sands of Arabia. The car makes the trip in four hours that required an entire day for the usual camel caravan.

Representative Martin L. Davey, of Ohio, has a novel way of keeping in touch with his constituents. Mr. Davey has opened a temporary office in each of the counties of his district to receive the "complaints of taxpayers." He will meet his constituents, hear their complaints, and transmit them to Washington.

Resolutions protesting against the encroachment of private enterprise on the national parks in the western states were passed by the first national convention of the Izaak Walton League of America recently held in Chicago. The league is fighting earnestly to stop pollution of running streams, to halt deforestation and to save wild animals of all kinds, as well as to maintain an adequate supply of game fish. Certain interests are rapidly destroying the beauties of the streams and the wild life in the parks, and Congress will be asked in the interest of the whole people to stop further inroads by corporations of this type.

Ancient wall writings have been found in a hitherto inaccessible part of the Grand Canyon by a party of explorers. The discoveries were made about 50 miles from El Tovar, Arizona.

A Federated Press dispatch from Moscow announces the establishment of a new bank in Petrograd, which, like other Russian banks, accepts paper money deposits on a gold basis. That is, if a deposit of 50 rubles is withdrawn when it has fallen 50 per cent from the gold value when deposited, the owner receives 100 paper rubles for it. If the ruble rises he gets fewer on withdrawal.

A private in the United States Marine Corps can assemble a Browning automatic rifle in one minute and seven seconds blindfolded.

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The ubiquity of the common micro-organisms, whether in the torrid zones or in the icy north and south, is phenomenal. Samples collected by explorers contain many familiar species of bacteria. In previously untouched soils and in the contents of the intestine of arctic animals, is found a motley group of bacteria, yeasts and molds, most of them familiar to us of the more contaminated zones. There is no escape from bacteria.

The inhabitants of the Fidsyi Islands in the Pacific South Sea believe that trees and cocoanuts have souls.

The ancient Incas of Peru possessed an efficient calculating machine in the "quipu." This instrument consists of a knotted cord about 16 yards long, containing 100 knots. These knots are divided into 10 unequal sections by as many silver beads, representing the odd numbers from 1 to 19. The sections are of different colors which were important factors in the calculating process. The silver beads between the groups represent the even numbers from 2 to 20. Calculations involving tens, hundreds and thousands are possible by this device, which was first used by the Chinese, later by the Japanese and must have been brought to America by Asiatic migrations in ages past.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 Dearborn, Michigan, June 9, 1923 Single Copy Ten Cents

Proclaiming the Dictatorship of Women!

A Red-pepper Interview With Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont

Sugar Sweetening; Where It Goes: A Nebraska Story

Soviet Gold—Does It Go to Wall Street?

Does It?—Let Senator Borah Deal With These Facts

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Where Sweetening in Sugar-producing Goes: A Farm Story From Nebraska

Price of Product Soars But Beet Farmers Are in No Position to Benefit

By H. T. DOBBINS

WHILE the housewives of the country are being called upon to pay ten and eleven cents a pound for sugar, a price that is attempted to be justified on the ground of a shortage of 300,000 tons in the beet-sugar production of the United States, the North Platte Valley in Nebraska, one of the large units in that production, is listed on the statistical maps as being in the worst financial condition of any part of the nation, save New Mexico.

Representative men, like A. N. Mathers, speaker of the Nebraska house, and Senator Thomas C. Osborne, say that this condition is due to the refusal of the Great Western Sugar Company to pay the beet growers of the valley a profitable price for their crop, in spite of the fact that the financial reports of the sugar company show that it has a surplus exceeding by many millions the original investment in properties.

The growers are helpless because the Great Western is their only customer. They must sell to it or not at all. They have not the course open to other land owners of turning to crops that will pay them a return on their investment after the cost of operation has been deducted. Practically all of the holdings are irrigated land. The water rights on this land cost the owners from $40 to $55 an acre, and this, with the original price paid, plus the machinery needed, makes a total investment upon which no ordinary farm crop could pay a return. The heavy investment calls for intensive cultivation, and this means, very largely, sugar beets and potatoes. Last year many farmers did turn to potatoes, but the country overproduced the largest crop in its history and many acres in Western Nebraska were abandoned because the market price did not justify the expense of digging.

Farmers Losing Homes

EBEN D. WARNER, principal owner of the Platte Valley Telephone Company, which operates in that section of the state, recently said that because sugar beets have been the almost exclusive crop there, practically every farmer in the valley has been broken financially, and many of them are leaving their farms and losing them under foreclosure.

Mr. Warner's statement is substantiated by the records of Scotts Bluff County, which raises sixty per cent of the beets grown in Nebraska, and which, with Morrill, Sioux and Garden counties, supplies eighty-six per cent of the entire production of the state. Unpaid taxes in the county were recently totaled as in excess of $500,000. Most of the land is under the Pathfinder Dam irrigation project, fostered and financed by the government. It sold the water rights at $55 an acre on a ten-year payment contract. Because of inability of purchasers to pay, the government has made extension after extension of time. At the present time most of the contracts call for twenty-year completion of payments, made on an annual basis.

A computation made not long ago for the United States Reclamation Service shows that seventeen per cent of the water users are delinquent on their payments for 1919, or 240 in all, making a total due the government of $36,710. Four hundred and fifty-seven of the 1,400 farm unit owners under the government project are delinquent upon their 1920 payments, for a total of $99,000. The payments due for 1921 total $209,000, while of the $312,000 in payments due the government for 1922 but $32,000 has been paid, which represents practically 200 of the 1,400 who were able to keep up their payments.

This is not all. Farm mortgages totaling $3,850,000, which are second to the government lien, encumber the records. The local banks—two of them in the valley broke under the strain within the last year—have loans to these beet growers of $1,671,000, while local merchants are carrying them for not less than a quarter of a million, estimated. On the mortgages the growers are paying eight per cent interest, and to the bankers ten per cent, an annual interest-carrying charge of $475,000.

How Bonus Works Out

THIS condition has resulted, also, in the face of a constantly increasing tonnage of beets. The government project figures, for 1912 to 1921 inclusive, showed an average per acre of 10.96 tons. The tonnage for 1922 averaged 13.4 tons an acre, due to the unusually long period between killing frosts. Andrew Weiss, project manager for the government reclamation service, says that the 1922 crop was the best ever grown.

For this crop the Great Western contracted to pay $5.50 a ton, with a sliding scale provision that has since then added a dollar to that figure, with the promise or prediction of the sugar company officials that if the retail price continues in its elevated position they will pay an additional sum later. This sliding scale is drawn on the basis of sugar content and the price secured by the company for its product.

The criticism made by the growers of the operation of this scale is that the company has steadfastly refused to discuss profits or other intimate details of the business, so that, while the agreement is that the grower shall receive additional compensation based on the average net price it obtains for sugar, they must take the word of the officers of it as to what that net price is, since the retail price does not appear to govern. When the dollar bonus was declared some time ago the market price at Scotts Bluff was sixty-five cents a hundred more than in November last. George C. Porter, a lawyer and landowner of Morrill, who has been foremost in the battle to secure better treatment for the growers, says that when that dollar raise was announced the price was quoted to jobbers at $8.36, which means $8.86 wholesale to dealers, while the seaboard price was $7.05. If the market had been the determining factor, Mr. Porter points out, the company could then have paid about $8.02, as the contract when properly construed called for that amount with fifteen and one-half per cent sugar selling at $7 a ton. The percentage refers to the amount of sugar in a ton of beets.

Mr. Porter is quite convinced that the company paid this dollar bonus as a matter of policy, because of an experience he had during the war time. In 1918 the company was paying $7 a ton for beets, while the retail price was soaring. Mr. Porter called the attention of G. W. Wattles, state food administrator, to the spread, and his report finally reached Herbert C. Hoover, then in charge nationally. A committee investigated and a report was prepared recommending that the grower be paid $10 a ton.

The significant thing, said Mr. Porter, is that before this report was made public the company "voluntarily" raised the price to $10, its inquiry agents having tipped off to it what was coming, and it simply used the opportunity to make a show of generosity to the beet growers. At that time the local valley and the seaboard prices were lower than they are at the present time.

"The fundamental trouble afflicting us locally and aside from agricultural depression elsewhere is that the Great Western Sugar Company is taking an outrageous proportion of the wealth produced annually," says Mr. Porter.

His contention is backed by the financial report of the Great Western, printed in the May 5, 1923, issue of *Facts About Sugar,* the organ of the entire trade. The gross earnings from operations for the year were $8,056,992, and the net income, after depreciation and adjustment charges were deducted, was $6,789,114. The report does not state the amount of the investment in properties, but it says that the consolidated balance sheet shows current assets of $30,586,581, which includes $14,276,338 of sugar and by-products on hand as of February 28, 1923, leaving an investment, apparently, of $16,210,000.

Beet Cultivation Intensive

THAT this latter figure does represent the investment is further indicated by the fact that the dividend payments for the year were $1,602,500. That being true, then the net earnings for the year were 43 per cent. The company passed to its surplus account, as a result of the year's operations, the enormous sum of $5,200,000, as compared with dividend payments on stock of $1,602,000. Its surplus at the present time is slightly in excess of $25,000,000.

W. L. Petrikin, in his annual report to the stockholders, said that the company purchased nearly two million tons of beets, harvested from an area of 177,000 acres, at a yield of a little over eleven tons to the acre. The sugar produced was slightly in excess of five million bags of 100 pounds each.

The gross income from an acre of beets is large, but the cost of preparing the ground, seed, caring for the growing crop, thinning, cutting tops and harvesting foots up to a large figure. The experience of years has shown that beets cannot be successfully grown on the same land over a period of time. There must be rotation of alfalfa to rejuvenate the soil, feeding activities for fertilization and other plans followed, all with the object of better yields of beets. These operations must all go on at once, the farm being divided into sections each to take its turn.

The grower maintains that as these other activities fail, on high-priced land, to pay their cost, this fact must be considered in fixing what is a remunerative price for beets, since all of these are for the purpose of increasing the yield and making the whole proposition pay a profit. The cultivation, which is the hardest part, is done by Russians and Mexicans, together with some Japanese, who take up this work on contract—$21 an acre this year—move on to it in shacks or tents, and use all the members of their families in the work.

With only one market in which to sell his beets the grower has been forced, because the men who control that market refuse to pay what he says is a proper price and insists upon forcing a condition differing but little from that of peonage, to take defensive measures. Following the disaster of 1922, the growers organized. Public meetings were held, the bankers and business men declared themselves to be back of the effort to force a better contract, and a committee, thus encouraged, began negotiations. The sugar company was represented by officials and a publicity man. They refused the terms offered by the committee, and in the beginning refused to deal with anybody but the beet grower. All winter the battle waged. The company refused to do any better than $5.50 as the basic price, with the sliding scale contract attached. This contract provides for an equal division of all money received in excess of a basic figure.

The growers declared they would abandon beet culture for the year, and try their hand at some other form of agricultural activity. This did not influence the company representatives in the least. They knew that these lands must be intensively farmed, and that the farmer had only a choice between potatoes and beets. With the potato price outlook poor, they figured the landowners would be forced to plant beets. They looked at their $19,000,000 surplus, and a threat of an idle year for their factories did not disturb them.

The Nebraska growers acted in co-operation with those of Colorado and Wyoming, but in the end they had to yield. The only satisfaction they got out of the fight was the recognition of their right to collective bargaining. It did not, however, add a dollar to their returns on beets.

But the end of the battle is not yet. The legislature, which has just adjourned, forged a new weapon for the growers. It is the same which United States Senator R. B. Howell, as manager of the municipally owned waterworks of Omaha, has employed successfully to secure lower rates for electricity for lighting and power uses in that city. It is that of public competition, where private capital refuses to engage in enterprises occupying fields already pre-empted.

Three years ago the farmers of the state undertook to supply this competition. They organized a corporation to build a factory. They had, however, but fairly started on their stock-selling campaign when deflation struck agriculture, and the enterprise had to be abandoned. Now they propose to try public competition.

Has Paid Heavy Dividends

UNDER the law which will become effective August 2, next, authority is vested in the freeholders of any county or counties in the state that desire to do so to organize a sugar mill district, just as irrigation districts are created. Upon the petition of ten per cent of these freeholders, the secretary of state shall call an election in the proposed district to vote upon the question of whether to establish such a district. If sixty per cent of those voting, which must number at least two-thirds of the freeholders, vote in the affirmative, the governor shall issue a proclamation which will have the legal effect of creating such a district.

Directors elected are commanded to make a full investigation of the matter and if they recommend that a sugar mill shall be erected, a bond issue shall be submitted upon a ten per cent initiative petition, and if two-thirds of the landowners vote in the affirmative the bonds shall be sold and the proceeds used in erecting a factory. This law makes it a taxing proposition to meet bond interest, and thus gives the securities a standing that it is believed will insure their ready marketing.

This weapon is to be employed first as an argument for reasonable prices for beets. If the sugar company remains adamant it is proposed to go ahead with the public ownership proposition. It is believed that with one factory paying a higher price for beets and thus furnishing competition for the four Great Western mills in the valley the company will have to increase its prices. If this fails and the publicly owned mill proves its value as an investment, other factories will follow, organized on the same lines.

Mr. Porter submits a calculation of profit, based on the wholesale price, as this article is being written, of $9.50: "Based on figures given by the company some years ago, the cost of manufacturing sugar and of the beets is $3,657 for 100 pounds. This leaves a margin of $5.84 as their present gross profit on that amount."

The Great Western is a combination of a number of sugar companies, operating factories in Colorado and Nebraska, effected in 1905. It has outstanding $15,000,000 of preferred stock, of which a little over $5,000,000 is owned by the American Sugar Refining Company. This stock has consistently paid a seven per cent dividend, and $1,050,000 of the $1,602,500, paid in 1922, was on the preferred.

How It Links With "Street"

AMERICAN Sugar Refining directors are Earl D. Babst, Charles Francis Adams, George H. Frazier, Albert H. Wiggin, George F. Baker, Jr., James H. Douglas, Philip Stockton, Samuel McRoberts, Newcomb Carlton and James L. Richards. These men mostly represent the National City Bank, First National Bank, and other Wall Street banking interests. The Great Western, therefore, is affiliated with, though not controlled by, the American Sugar Refining Company. In September, 1922, a syndicate of Jewish bankers, Goldman, Sachs & Company and Lehman Brothers, sold a block of $1,300,000 preferred shares. In December a non-Jewish syndicate, consisting of Clark, Dodge & Company and Dominick & Dominick, offered for sale $6,800,000 additional shares of preferred stock.

The common stock issue is the same amount, $15,000,000. It paid a five per cent dividend for eleven years after consolidation, but in the meantime the surplus piled up so that five years ago a forty-two per cent stock dividend was declared. This stock has paid seven per cent since 1916, with occasional 10 per cent extra dividends. It is understood to have sustained a heavy loss by its carry-over of a large stock of sugar manufactured in 1920 from high-priced beets which it had to dispose of on a lowered market.

The company is so secretive about its operations that the publisher of the Moody manual appended a note to his listing of this company to the effect that it had declined to give sufficient information that would enable him to give the facts in standardized form.

Made Divorce Fashionable in the United States

Proclaiming "Dictatorship of Women," Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont Claims Her Courage Freed Woman From "Marriage Slavery"

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

MRS. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT, President of the National Woman's Party. (C) Harris & Ewing

THE National Woman's Party, with Mrs. Alva Smith (Mrs. O. H. P) Belmont, and Miss Alice Paul as mistresses of ceremonies, entertained me a few days ago. It was a case where one mere man had to take the terrific chastisement and punishment of 20,000,000 other men who collectively constitute the male sex which Mrs. Belmont describes as, "the most menacing and destructive influence the world has ever known."

As Mrs. Belmont dealt blow upon blow, in the most powerful and vehement words at her command, upon these 20,000,000 worthless and miserable and tyrannical creatures we call men, each blow aimed directly at me, I felt that I had become one of the first martyrs in a new persecution.

Mrs. Belmont sat on one side of me and Miss Paul on the other so I was completely surrounded. As Mrs. Belmont delivered her severe verbal punishment of men there was no chance to escape. I knew I was surrounded by veteran and trained warriors. Miss Paul did not look one bit sympathetic but laughed heartily as brave Mrs. Belmont trained her batteries upon the one representative of pestiferous man.

The scene of this one-sided battle was at *"the new Capitol of the United States"* in Washington, across the square from what is now called the Capitol Building where Congress is permitted to meet until the rival women's House of Representatives and Senate are organized to meet in this historic building. The present Congress and Senate of the male sex, it is promised, will be permitted to meet and deliberate until the Congress of women can take over the reins of government entirely, dissolving Congress as we now know it and sending all men back to private life, while the women of the National Woman's Party will straighten out the mess these men have made of affairs.

It has been announced that the first session of this United States Congress of women will meet next year and "legislate" upon the same bills that are under the consideration of the "Man's Congress" and prove to the nation and to the world that the National Woman's Party can do it better than the men.

When I arrived at the headquarters of the National Woman's Party, Miss Alice Paul received me. I asked to have the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Belmont

"I can answer all questions and represent Mrs. Belmont," said she.

"But, Miss Paul," said I, "when I go to Rome I want to see the Pope himself and not by proxy; in this case I want to see Mrs. Belmont."

She soon went to Mrs. Belmont who came belligerently into the room, fixed me with a cold eye, snapped out a question with military abruptness, and the battle began.

I thought it best to take the offensive.

"Mrs. Belmont, is there any reason a woman should not be President, Vice-President, Secretary of State, War or Navy, Senator, Ambassador, Minister, Consul General, Governor, officers in the Army and Navy?"

She answered in a tone of high disgust: "Of course not; no reason whatever why a woman should not hold any office. If you were an intelligent man you would not ask such a foolish question."

"Mrs. Belmont, inasmuch as the wife of the President is now 'the first lady of the land' in the event that a woman should become President then her husband would be known as 'the first gentleman of the land,' would he not? And the husband of the ambassador to the Court of St. James would be known as the husband of the ambassador?"

"Certainly, and why not?" roared Mrs. Belmont in a voice that shook my courage.

"But, Mrs. Belmont, we have overlooked one thing here; say a maiden lady should become President?"

"Why she'd have a million proposals to marry the day she was nominated; you men are always looking for soft snaps," was her reply.

What Woman's Party Would Do

THEN the militant president of the National Woman's Party launched into an outline of the principles of the Woman's Party as follows:

"Henceforth women are to be dictators. The end of the dictatorship of the world by men is in sight. We women have lived long enough in the cramped confines of a misfit social structure. We have been forced to sit still too long. We have been powerless for such an endless time that we have enough stored-up energy to shape any structure to our will.

"We know we can manage the house. We can and will reconstruct it. We can put on a left wing and a right wing. *We can even tear the house down if we like and I think men know that perfectly well.*

"The time has come to take this world muddle that men have created and turn it into an orderly, peaceful, happy abiding-place for humanity. In its present condition the world is its own worst indictment against the dictatorship of men. Men have always obstructed and suppressed the intellect of one-half of the human race. They have always worked for themselves. That is not sufficient. The error lies here.

"Men have always kept women in subjection. To acknowledge women as equals would have destroyed their own pedestals. *But now we propose to destroy these pedestals of egotistical man.* They have opposed an even partially woman-governed world, fearing a limitation of their own undisputed freedom.

"Men have insisted not only that we live in a man-governed world but that we worship in a man-dominated church; we no longer accept this. When we speak of women as dictators we mean that we are establishing such dictatorship for the good of the human race.

"The day is not far off when the Woman's Party, of which I am president, will be strong enough to impose any measure it may choose. We mean to plant the idea of independence in the mind of every woman. Our Party will be a woman's Party, and only a woman's Party. It will have no members, no officers, no employes who are not women.

"I have no intention of repeating the experience of the American Red Cross, which, in spite of the fact that it was founded by a woman, is run entirely by men. Every big, high-salaried position in the organization is now filled by some man. It will never be possible for that to happen in the Woman's Party.

"Be Independent," Her Cry

"THERE is a clause in the deed of gift of the property in Washington—the building on which the new Congressional Building for Women will be erected—which provides that it reverts to my estate the moment any man is given official position, employment or salary. We will never get a balance of power except through rigid rules like these. The world makes its adjustments by swinging to extremes.

"We mean to free women from the indignity of hanging on to the old political parties. Women have got to stop being political followers.

"Perhaps there is something very glorious about being a helpmate, but if so it's time some man shared that glory. And there is something very glorious about being a starter, an initiator, a leader; it's time women shared that, too.

"The strength of man has always been in the union of men, and the weakness of woman in her lack of union. It is necessary to make women realize that until they have achieved some solidarity they will never be able to impose their will upon the state.

"Men have always tried to isolate women, to keep them as creatures apart. Men have always put women in houses, shut them away behind walls, kept them for themselves, detained them apart from the community. Men used to put women in a harem; now they put them in the same thing but call it a home.

"Women in the past have been afraid to lose the respect or the admiration or the love of men by opposing their wishes. In the last few years the suffragists have demonstrated that women do not lose the admiration of the worth-while men by expressing their individualities. Women gain far more than they lose by an attitude of independence."

"Mrs. Belmont," I ventured to interrupt, "do you believe in laws that make divorce easy?"

"I was the first woman in America to dare to get a divorce from an influential man. Up to that time divorce had been the prerogative solely of actresses. Rich men could marry women, treat them in any way they chose, and ignore them. No woman dared to get a divorce. But I did. I made divorce possible for American women. I have gone down the aisle of the church when women I had known since childhood drew back in their pews and refused to speak to me. I have been the guest at parties where the hostess was the only woman in the room who talked to me. Why? Because I had dared to criticise openly an influential man's behavior. That is all changed. There is hardly an influential family whose women have not deemed it wise to divorce their husbands.

"Divorce was the cause of my first ostracism, then suffrage. When divorce became respectable I was received back into the fold.

"When suffrage divided itself into militant and non-militant groups, I, as a militant, was again in disfavor.

"Men must cease to dictate everywhere; in the judiciary, in the Senate, and even in the White House. If the right woman came forward I would say, 'Make her President.' I am sure we have in this country more women fit to fill the Presidency of the United States than the last few men who have filled it. Today you say to an intelligent American: 'Why don't you go into politics?' He replies that it is so corrupt and vile he wouldn't think of it. Who made it corrupt? Who is going to rescue it from its corruption? If men do not choose to do it surely they have no right to bar us from doing it. Men have demanded and held control everywhere. If they had controlled things in the right way we might have had no complaint. They have not done so, and we women are full of indignation and resentment," said Mrs. Belmont.

"Do you believe in birth control, Mrs. Belmont?"

"It's no one's business but that of the woman who bears children as to whether she has them or not," she vehemently replied.

"Do you think, Mrs. Belmont, that it is becoming for women to smoke cigarets?"

"Just as becoming and proper for a woman to smoke them as for a man to do so, and that is strictly her business," was her rejoinder in no gentle tones.

"Do you believe the prohibition law is going to make people better?"

"I do not believe in the prohibition law and do not think such questions are proper ones for legislation."

She Would Be Candidate

IT IS said that Mrs. Belmont entertains ambitions to become the first woman candidate for the Presidency. I said to a member of the Woman's National Party: "In the event that Mrs. Belmont should become a candidate on such a ticket would men be welcome to vote for her?"

"Oh, yes, of course they could vote for her but no man would have any voice in the management of the Woman's Party; neither would any man be appointed to office in case Mrs. Belmont were elected President. The Cabinet, the diplomatic offices, the Federal judges, and every office would be filled by women and only women," said this militant one who asked that her name be not mentioned. She admitted that the Secretary of War as well as Secretary of the Navy would be women.

The League of Women Voters, however, has entirely different ideas from those of the National Woman's Party. The former co-operate and work with men in both the political parties; they do not believe in a separate woman's party. Both of these woman's organizations have branches in every state, and are active. While both seem to be well financed, Mrs. Belmont is a multimillionaire. Both the men she married possessed tens and perhaps hundreds of millions, and Mrs. Belmont was the beneficiary of each of those former husbands. She is able to finance a campaign for any amount without any outside aid. She has spent hundreds of thousands in the woman suffrage cause.

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Mr. Kahn Is Too Modest

MR. OTTO KAHN, of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, is reported to have said in a speech to the Rochester Chamber of Commerce that he doesn't know what an international banker is. It appears to be a case of Mr. Kahn being too near the thing to see it. For his benefit a brief list of some of the characteristics of an International Banker is appended.

An international banker is a member of the International Race, which has no country and plies its own purposes in all.

An international banker is one who (taking an example known to Mr. Kahn personally) was born in Germany, took citizenship in Great Britain and now calls himself a citizen of the United States for whose people he frequently assumes to speak in Paris.

An international banker is one whose firm has connections, even in war times, with alien nations and enemy nations, and who plays the financial game through neutral countries for or against each or all the warring nations as may comport with his notions of profits.

An international banker is one who belongs to such a ramification of financial institutions that at a World's Peace Conference, say at Versailles, his connections are represented on both sides not only by partners but it may be by relations.

An international banker is one to whom the enemies of all nations, the Bolshevists, send their stolen gold by millions of dollars for investment in a safe country like the United States.

An international banker is one who, ostensibly supporting one President, is really grooming another Presidential candidate for favors which may consist of ambassadorial appointments which have hitherto been sought unsuccessfully.

And, finally, an international banker is one who in the face of the thunderous facts will stand up calmly and in dulcet tones deny that there is any such a thing on earth.

In view of the fact that an agency saw fit to telegraph Mr. Kahn's unimportant utterance from coast to coast for publication in newspapers which are largely supported by the advertising of corporations which in turn are financed by international bankers, this preliminary description is given, and it will be followed from time to time, for Mr. Kahn's benefit, if his present modesty shows no indications of abatement, by descriptions still more definite.

One Decision to Be Praised

IN DECIDING an appeal by the government in a Federal taxation case, the United States Supreme Court has established a principle of law which has a wide effect. It should settle for all time efforts to evade the payment of taxes alleged to be excessive or illegal, and simplifies the procedure to correct mistakes.

A certain company sought by injunction to prevent execution against its property for unpaid Federal taxes amounting to $1,000,000 or more. The injunction was granted in district court and the government took an appeal.

The Supreme Court reversed the decision of the lower court on the ground that the proper procedure to correct erroneous taxation is for the aggrieved party to pay under protest and then sue to recover any excess due.

The effect of this decision is apparent. The plan of the company to force the government to initiate suit for settlement of the difference between the tax as levied and any justly due would have opened the way for limitless litigation, and the satisfaction of delinquent taxes by property seizure and sale would have become practically impossible.

The government is the people and its rights are the people's rights. The individual citizen must often submit to what he deems unjust action, but has always a protection in the courts against injustice. The attempt to secure redress by preventing the execution of law is not to be thought of.

Besides, the aggrieved taxpayer himself stands a much better chance of justice by appearing in court as a suitor against unfair assessment, as plaintiff, than as if brought in as defendant, and would-be tax-dodger, seeking to evade or compromise for money he owes the common treasury of the people.

By paying under protest, as many have done, no rights or equities are surrendered.

How Can It Be Done?

THIS letter, written by a man of international fame who cannot be named here, shows that some thought is being expended on a subject which has been opened in this paper:

> "In the matter of control of credit, it seems to me like every other modern question, a political matter. Each nation needs a strong executive: an executive stronger than any individual or corporation within it. To talk of international finance being independent of national governments is nonsense. With strong national governments the individuals, who have to live under *some* government and who compose international finance, could be brought to heel."

There is in that brief paragraph a world of wisdom and a suggestion for action. It is worth thinking about.

The New Premier

THE selection of Stanley Baldwin to head the British Government has been received everywhere with a sense of increased stability. Bonar Law was a much bigger man than Lloyd George, but the job of reconstruction was apparently too much for him, not only as a physical task but also as a political one. Stanley Baldwin has been tested on some pretty tough propositions and has usually arrived at a point of accomplishment. In stature he promises to exceed any British premier of recent years, and his selection reduces Lloyd George's political stature even more than Bonar Law did. In leadership insufficient, in opposition futile, the former Welsh premier has quickly sunk to his proper place among the second-rate politicians of the old era.

Fears System, Not Human Nature

THERE is food for reflection in the summing up of his survey of the economic situation in Europe, and it applies here as well, by H. G. Moulton, of the Institute of Economics of the American Economic Association, as published in the organ of the association in its March issue. Mr. Moulton says:

"The notion that somewhere down underneath the surface of things the people are at work like beavers in reconstructing the foundations of the economic edifice and that good old human nature may be relied upon to achieve the economic salvation of Europe, regardless of financial ills or of the policies of politicians, is based on assumptions that were applicable in the age of Crusoe and even under the primitive rural conditions obtaining only a few generations ago in the United States; but they have little pertinence in the interdependent economic organization of today. The individual business man, with his land, labor and capital goods, is today in the fell clutch of economic circumstances over which as an individual he has practically no control. The individual is no longer the master of his own economic destiny. I am not distressed, you will observe, over the nature of man; it is the nature of the economic system with which we have to deal."

No man has the right to evade the call to duty the economic situation brings. If his personal comfort is assured beyond the need of physical or mental exertion as a wage earner, he has yet a duty to exercise his talents and influence for the common good.

And he will find ample reward in an honest effort to fulfill that duty.

Gold!

ON ANOTHER page in this issue we print portions of a speech by Captain Estes relating to the presence of Soviet gold in this country. The facts, however, do not rest on any man's say-so. The facts are in possession of the Government but we have reached such a stage of un-American cowardice in this country that there appears to be no one in Washington who will publicly sponsor a fact which would be offensive to the International Jewish Financiers.

There is now—the statement is made deliberately—not less than Two Hundred Millions of Soviet gold in Wall Street being insinuated by Jewish banking houses into various American investments for the purpose of producing rich incomes for the murderers of modern Russia. Some of the money, a negligible quantity compared with the whole, is being used to foster Bolshevik tendencies in the United States, but the leaders of Bolshevism are no doubt convinced by this time that there is something in the Anglo-Celtic-Norman-Saxon mind that neutralizes the Bolshevik germ. Bolshevism is the destroyer of the lesser races, not of the great race which has founded civilization. There is no question whatever that where industrial unrest is found or great and economically destructive strikes are fomented Soviet gold is easily traced. But the supremely horrible thing is that the financial system of the United States should be used to receive this gold virus from abroad and to pump it into the veins of American business life.

The proof is now all in hand that the Great War was foreseen and assisted by financiers of a certain class who prepared for it, profited by it and are not through even yet collecting their usury from the distress of the nations. The class that caused the war is the class that caused all wars, and the truth will take from them forever their power to do further harm. But what we need first and immediately is more patriotism and less Jewish financial pressure in the City of Washington.

Many attempts are made to misrepresent the position of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on the question of gold in general and the question of alien gold in particular. As to a gold basis for our currency, by all means let us have it if it is a *basis*. But if it is only a basis for those who are in the money business and not also a basis for the dollar in the workingman's pocket, then it is not a basis. Moreover, if we claim that gold is our basis, and then discover that the basis is the privately owned property of an alien money trust who can use it as it will, then gold is not *our* basis at all but *their* basis legalized by us, the people taking all the risk and the alien money trust taking all the security. If gold is to be the basis of our financial system, then let the people of the United States own and control the gold—which they do not now. To have gold as the national anchor, and to have that anchor under the absolute control of private parties is not good for the Ship of State.

But, with all this alien gold in the country, people will say, "Look at our gold stock—the greatest in the world!" Yes, and it is not *ours!* There's the rub. It is a debt rather than an asset. German gold is in the United States by the hundreds of millions; British gold is in the United States probably to the amount of more than a billion; Soviet gold is here to the extent of not less than $200,000,000—the United States Government would probably put the figure at $250,000,000. If that is our foundation it is plain to the most inexperienced mind that these owners of our "basis" have only to pull the "basis" out from under us to throw us into the most disastrous panic in our history. Probably they will not do so now; the dividends paid on this gold from the fruits of American labor are now too valuable. But if another world crisis should develop, causing these alien investors to withdraw their gold as France withdrew her money from Germany just previous to the war, the results to the United States would be disastrous.

The question is, Are the people entitled to know these things? And is the anxiety of the people for their own security to be sufficiently honored by our financiers who have no more right to juggle with American finance than they have to juggle with the American Navy. The great mistake, of course, was ever to let the control of money go out of the hands into which the Constitution placed that control. Maybe we shall have to start a march back to the Constitution, and put our national Finance where the Army and Navy are, and where the Constitution put all three, under the control of Congress as representatives of the American people.

Mr. Ford's Page

POLITICS is in the air and all the prophets are getting busy earlier than they ever did before, but it is significant that there is nothing new about the politics, that is, it is the same old talk about parties and candidates, it is the same old contest for place, without the slightest discussion as to how this party or the other, one candidate or the other, will serve the people.

The politics about which we hear so much today is all within the old ring of politics, there is not a word, not a discussion as to what any of them propose to do for the United States. There are not even any party issues. The nearest thing to an issue which either of the great parties has seen is the "wet" and "dry" issue, and if politicians were even half wise they would know by this time that "wet" is no longer an issue.

So that all this early excitement may be taken as a piece of strategy to put politics back on the map. As everyone knows, nothing has gone out of fashion so quickly and so hopelessly of latter years, as has politics. It is like an old model which nothing can revive. The people have consistently refused to take it seriously. The polling places of the nation have been more than fifty per cent deserted. As between tweedledee and tweedledum the people haven't cared the scratch of a voting pencil. Politics has simply slumped.

And it is apparently hoped by this early excitation of interest to rouse the gambling spirit of the nation again, to revive the old competitive spirit, and by a large field of candidates and near-candidates work the people into a good election frame of mind. That is to say, there is a good deal of wire-pulling going on behind the scenes to make the audience give an encore to politics.

There are those of us who remember that when candidates and parties came before the people, they came on issues. They said they would do this or that and the people were interested enough to discuss whether this thing which the Republicans wanted to do was wiser or better than the other thing which the Democrats wanted to do. Parties and candidates proposed something definite. There was a time when the Republican party promised to fill the dinner pails of the country, and there was a time when the Democratic party promised to furnish the country with a just financial system; but what is either of these parties promising today? We have fallen on a time when "economies in administration" is about the biggest thing that is promised, or a policy of "sitting tight."

The point is this: There are many things waiting to be done in this country, and we have reached a stage in our history when they must be done on a big scale, requiring if not government action then government vision and leadership. Up to this time the country has been developed by private initiative with magnificent results, except that there has been little unity in the development and the private motives involved have not always left room for the broader public purpose to be considered. But so great has become even private effort that it is being forced into a semblance of unity, and business itself, no matter how selfishly conceived, is beginning to feel the necessity for an organization of the resources and activities of the United States as a United States and not merely as a large number of corporations.

It is admitted that organizing minds are few at any time and seldom in modern times have they been present in governments. That may be the reason that up to the present we see no evidence that politicians are able to leave the business of politics and begin to show some interest in the business of the people of the United States.

INSTEAD of elections after the old style we should have some kind of a competitive bidding in the service of the nation. Let the Republican party say what it is prepared to DO and give bonds for its performance of its contract; let the Democratic party do the same; let all parties specify the things they will actually undertake to DO, and the result will be better than a lot of oratory and flag-waving. It would compel politicians to study the needs of the United States and that seems to be the particular subject on which most politicians are most ignorant. Elections are for terms of service and the service should be described with specifications as to how it shall be delivered. We should then be voting for a program instead of for mere office-seekers.

Are there no problems exclusively American to be solved? Is there nothing waiting to be done to enlarge the lives of our people? Is the material side of our country's life so well arranged that all we need to think about now is setting up certain political institutions in Europe? Does anyone care a cent about this politician's mind or that one's mind about a League of Nations when one knows that those politicians are talking about political leagues in order to conceal their ignorance of American needs? If a politician arose who could talk in terms of developing water power, for example, or of stabilizing the market for farm products, or of so organizing our business that we should speedily be done with the fluctuations of prosperity—at once so artificial, unnecessary and disastrous—that we have always witnessed here, would not the people think of him as knowing his business better than the man who conceals his economic ignorance and helplessness behind verbose discussions of foreign problems.

The man who will be of most use to Europe in helping to solve her problems is the man who can demonstrate his ability by helping the United States solve its problems.

Politics is no longer the business of this country. In days when the principal roads to distinction were the profession of law or the profession of speech-making, when the country "was on a talk basis," so to speak, and when the principal necessity was that certain ideas of liberty and union should be planted in the popular mind, politics was then a going profession, it meant something; it fitted into that stage of the country's life. But to try to keep the country on a "talk basis" when it has already shifted to an industrial basis, and to try to conceal one's ignorance of the country's needs by taking excursions into the dubious realms of international politics, is simply to try to prevent the past slipping away—and that cannot be done.

If there is anyone in the region of politics who realizes the terrible tax which our transportation methods put upon all our citizens (adding 100 per cent to the lumber that builds the workingman's house) and can tell how those methods are to be changed with government encouragement and assistance, and this heavy tax removed from the people—if there is any prospective candidate who can take up the various wholesale robberies being practiced upon all sorts and conditions of people by interests who have never learned the meaning of the term "service"—if there is among the whole retinue of politicians one who has lived close enough to the people's problems to have really felt them and really thought about them, then there may be hope.

But when you run your finger down the government lists and see bond brokers, speculators, lawyers, hired propagandists, professional officeholders, talkers, fixers, party organization men comprising the actual government, and when you scrutinize the list of those who want to oust the government and see that the political aspirants on the other side comprise the same class of men—men who have never raised a loaf of bread nor driven a nail nor faced the conditions which the producing classes in this country are facing every day—then you begin to understand that politics has gone to seed, it has ceased to be Public Service because it has lost its contact with Public Need.

The country refuses to be interested in anything less than a program that actually promises to do some things that are crying to be done at home, and in anything less than men who have the ability to put the program through. Such men will have opposition enough, but they will have the American people behind them.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Weird Art of Great Benin Savagery a Mystery

Declared to Have Furnished Inspiration for Much of Present-day Freakishness

AN ALTAR that was drenched with the blood of human sacrifices until 26 years ago has been set up in the University Museum at Philadelphia. It is the central feature of a collection of idols and objects of art from Great Benin, capital of the country of the same name in West Africa which is now a part of the British Protectorate of Nigeria. Apart from its being an example of absolute barbarism, the altar and the objects associated with it have a direct modern interest in that they are said by many authorities to have furnished the inspiration for the waves of freakishness in art sweeping through civilized countries during the last ten or fifteen years.

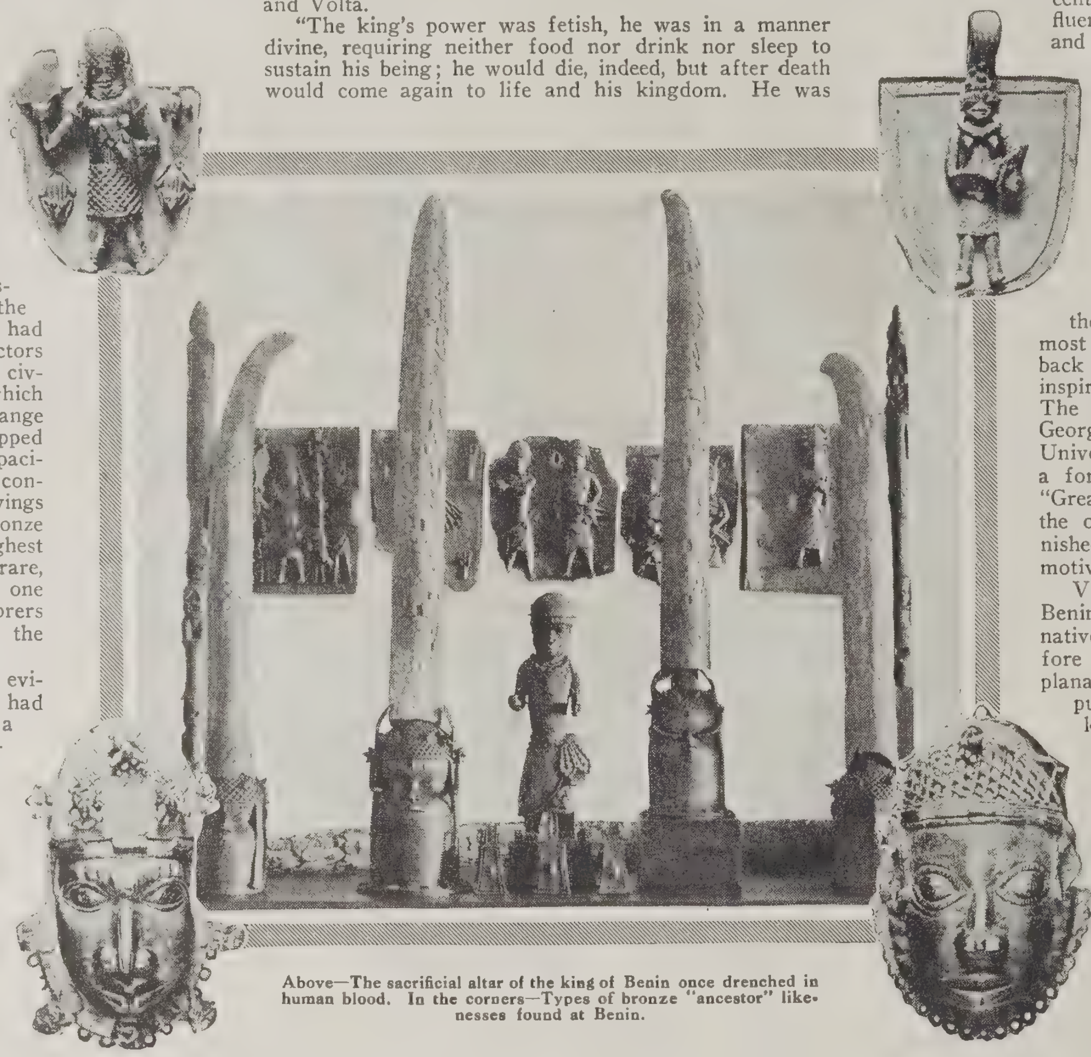
Great Benin for many years was a mystery to archeologists. Until the last king was made prisoner by the British in 1897 and the human sacrifices were stopped, it had been a source of supply to collectors of art objects representing early civilizations for the excellence of which none could account. From the strange savage city in the wilderness, equipped with palaces far beyond the capacities of present inhabitants in conception and execution, came carvings in wood and various works in bronze comparable to those of the highest cultures. The examples were rare, of course. It was not often that one could be smuggled out, and explorers were discouraged from visiting the city.

In time, however, it became evident that at Great Benin there had taken place, apparently within a few centuries, a rise from savagery to civilization and a fall back again such as had not been witnessed elsewhere except in terms of a thousand years or more. The city assumed a new significance in the minds of students of the human race. It became a sort of cross section of humanity. Development was traceable from the crudest beginnings to a point where Benin was an art center in the midst of the jungle. There was a short period during which marvelous work was done. Then the decline set in. It was as rapid as the ascent. The art work of Benin at the time of the overthrow of the kingdom was only a savage memory of earlier days.

By that time the city had become a religious center for the fetish worship to which uncounted victims were sacrificed. The power to order such sacrifices was not limited to the king. It was held also by the queen mother, the captain of war, the principal judge and the chief priest, each of whom might sacrifice human beings to his ancestors, from whom the offices named were inherited. The slaughter was performed by a public executioner who became an official of considerable importance. Victims were forced to kneel before the mud altar, on which were set up the fetishes, carved tusks, heads of brass or bronze, made in the likenesses of the ancestors being worshiped, bells and rattle staves. The rattles and bells were used to attract the attention of the spirits.

"The king of Benin," says H. U. Hall, describing the altar and the collection of which it is a part, "passed his life in almost complete seclusion from the lower ranks, at any rate, of his subjects, by whom he was only rarely seen. He exercised his authority through powerful officials and left the compound in which his palace was situated only on certain ceremonial occasions. Through his lieutenants he ruled over territory which at one time reached the sea on the Slave Coast, the flat, low stretch of the West African seaboard between the rivers Niger and Volta.

"The king's power was fetish, he was in a manner divine, requiring neither food nor drink nor sleep to sustain his being; he would die, indeed, but after death would come again to life and his kingdom. He was the object of a service which was of the nature of worship, and the sanctions of which were grounded in fear—the fear of a being whose seclusion surrounded him with mystery, and the arm of whose law wielded a terrible sword. Offenders against that law, together with slaves and prisoners of war, furnished most of the victims sacrificed to the gods.



Above—The sacrificial altar of the king of Benin once drenched in human blood. In the corners—Types of bronze "ancestor" likenesses found at Benin.

"The most striking and the essential part of the ritual of the worship of the Bini consisted in sacrifices to the ancestors, who were conceived as directing for good or evil the affairs of living men. These spirits might be angry, and the wider powers which death had conferred on them by association with the spiritual and the invisible, that is, with other spiritual forces and elements never incarnated and always malignant, made their anger most formidable. They must be propitiated, and blood, the essence of life, was an acceptable offering, if not a necessary revivifier, to them. Altars and images, containers of the ancestor spirit, the god, were drenched therefore with the blood of victims, fowls and goats and oxen and men and women.

"The gods were spirits; other spirits, liberated by bodily death, must be made messengers to them of prayers and wishes, and a human spirit was naturally the most efficient messenger. The gods were subject to the same needs as their children on earth; so, when a king or a great chief died, attendants must be dispatched with him to the spirit world, and others must follow on at each anniversary celebration of his death. For lesser men a lesser sacrifice of fowls or goats or oxen must serve; though the poultry yard and the herd were not spared in the former case either.

"Benin was, it seems, a holy city—it was cut off not only physically by a wall but spiritually by a kind of taboo from the rest of the kingdom—governed by a hierarchy whose members were possessed of varying degrees of supernatural power. Apparently the city maintained its supremacy over the other towns of the kingdom chiefly by the superstitious awe which this theory of government inspired, supported as it was by the bloody terror of ritual murder."

It has been stated that freak art developments of recent years have been traced to the influence of Benin carvings, statuary and bronze work, and to other examples of native African art that never reached the standards of Benin. Various authorities have pointed out resemblances between the native work and such modern growths as futurist, cubist and post-impressionist art. If that seems strange at first, it grows less so when considered in the light of the history of art. Most experts are agreed that when the highest developments and the most conventional forms are traced back far enough it is found that their inspiration came from savage sources. The point is well illustrated by Dr. George Byron Gordon, director of the University Museum, when he states in a foreword to Mr. Hall's study that "Great Benin was the last example of the old-style barbarism that has furnished history with one of its principal motives from the beginning."

Very early and later works from Benin are generally on a par with other native African productions and therefore need no special ethnological explanation. Various theories have been put forth to account for the excellent work done in what has been called the middle period. Efforts have been made to trace it to Egyptian influence. In that connection wooden headrests found in various parts of Africa are similar to those of ancient Egypt. Such headrests were the forerunners of the modern pillow. Pigment boxes also have been found in the Dark Continent, of a type familiar to all ancient civilizations. The pigment box is still in use under the name of the vanity case. Mr. Hall is inclined to the belief that the influence under which Benin developed its art was a comparatively recent development.

"In the reign of Esige," he remarks, "the ninth successor of the founder of the dynasty which was overturned by the British occupation, there was attached to the court of Benin, or living in the town, a white man, Ahamangiwa by name, who, being skilled in bronze founding, was commissioned by the king to make portraits of the captives taken in an expedition against a neighboring tribe. Certain of the king's boys were assigned to Ahamangiwa to assist him and to learn this new art. The circumstantial relation by a court historian of Benin of facts which link up well with known events in the history of the close Portuguese relations with Benin is evidence at least of probability. When, for instance, we know from a letter written to Dom Miguel, of Portugal, in 1516, by one of his subjects then residing in Benin as a friend of the king that Portuguese missionaries accompanied a Bini force on a military expedition and remained with it a year, the likelihood of a Portuguese Ahamangiwa's connection with the court of Benin, as official maker of bronze portraits of war captives and teacher of that art, is certainly enhanced. If any event is likely to make an unchanging impression on the memory of a people it would be the circumstances of the introduction of a new art."

Definite evidence of European influence is found in the ornaments

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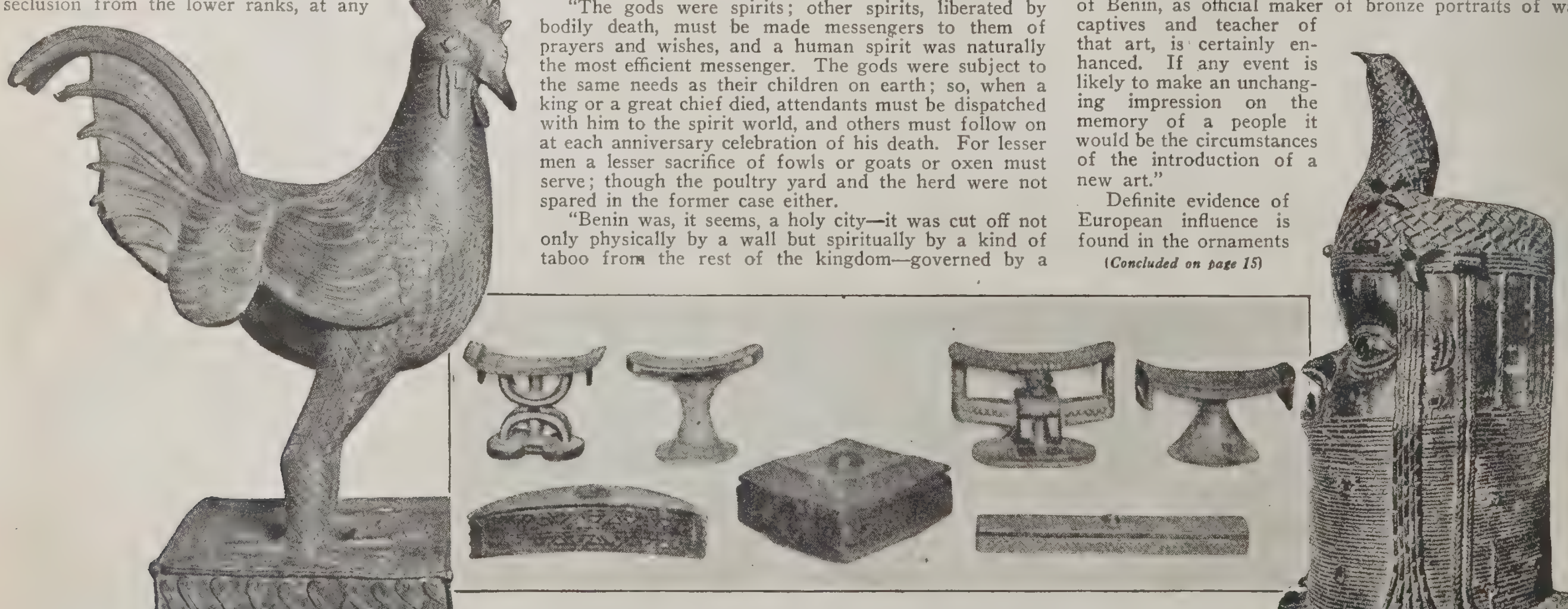

Left—An example of the fine bronze casting done in the days of Benin's glory. Center—Head rests and pigment boxes from Africa, similar to those of ancient Egypt—the boxes are the forerunners of present-day vanity cases. Right—A view of a bronze portrait of the king.

A Colonial Empire That Was: Fate of Germany's Possessions

More Than Five Times Area of Mother Country, All Are Now Ruled by Powers That Conquered Holdings During War

By WALTER M. WOLFF

German native colonial troops on parade at Dar-es-Salam, German East Africa.

OBSCURED and almost forgotten since the war is the record of Germany's lost colonial dominions. To the world at large it was no secret a few years ago that Germany's commercial aspirations carried her to every corner of the earth. Even the schoolboy knew from his geography that Germany had large possessions in Africa, in Asia, and in the South Seas; and nobody questioned Germany's right to colonies any more than he did England's or France's or Holland's, or perchance that of his own or any other country. Germany owned colonies and was developing them as she saw fit; the world thought no more about them and cared less. But all this happened prior to Versailles.

Today the world has practically forgotten and Germany has no colonies. When it is remembered that in 1914 her largest colony, German East Africa, was half again as large as the entire *Reich* itself, our curiosity might be aroused relative to the actual importance of the German colonial holdings which, as such, are no more, but should not be entirely forgotten. What were the German colonies? How many were there? Of what value were they to Germany and how were they lost during the war? These and similar questions are of sufficient interest to call us away from the topics of the day and to brush up our memories somewhat on a little-known phase of bygone history.

The imperial governor's home in former German New Guinea.

Nearly every newspaper reader today knows that Germany was forced to give up control of Alsace-Lorraine to France; that she lost the Saar coal fields; that most of Upper Silesia has been given to Poland; and that German territory has been carved and chiseled away within the last five years to such an extent as to leave not much more than the core of what was once a very healthy apple. But that an "invisible empire" of more than 1,027,000 square miles (which is about five times the size of Germany proper) was once the pride of the Fatherland, which was lost almost in a day, is an item not apt easily to be recalled by a busy, restless, more or less disinterested world.

To begin with, we must not overlook the fact that the Germany of better days usually had her fingers in the pie of world affairs at all opportune moments, much like any other major nation. And experience has taught the world that this statement is all too true to need further comment. It is enough for us to know that Germany kept a colonial eye steadily focused on Africa, the Orient and on the Pacific, beginning with 1884. At this important juncture in Germany's history, the venerable Bismarck came upon the scene and the rapid expansion of Germany as a world power began. Bismarck knew that if Germany was to figure prominently in world affairs of the future, in competition with the other great powers, she must acquire colonies and become a colonizer like the other great powers. It, therefore, became the new policy of Germany to enter the field of colonial expansion. Whether the newly acquired colonies should in themselves become paying investments (which they were not) seemed to be a matter of ulterior importance. The main plan was that they should be directly instrumental in paving the way for commercial prestige and world-wide trade extension. In other words, when Germany saw that to have colonies (like children) was fashionable, Germany set out to get colonies; and the results of her getting from this time on were in many respects quite remarkable. She finally came into possession of territory over a million square miles in size, with a total population of fifteen millions.

Her colonial property in Africa was comprised of Togoland, Kamerun, German Southwest Africa and German East Africa. In Asia she secured control of Kiachau Bay from China. In the Pacific she acquired, chiefly through purchase: Kaiser Wilhelm's Land or Eastern New Guinea and islands; and German Oceania which was a little island empire composed of the Bismarck Archipelago, the Marshall Islands, thirty-two of the eighty-eight Caroline Islands, two of the fifty-six Pelew Islands, part of the Solomon Islands, and seven of the fifty-eight Mariannes. Germany also owned the two largest islands of the Samoan or Navigator Archipelago.

Most of the colonies and dependencies became protectorates under an imperial governor, while the actual development was left in charge of German colonizing and trading companies. That Germany found her colonies not at all a paying proposition, although large and rich in raw products, is shown by the trade balance of 1905. In this year the total value of the imports from the colonies amounted to only eighteen million marks, while the exports to the colonies came to forty-six and one-half million marks. An imperial contribution was thus always necessary, and the rebellious natives kept the German government at home very busy meeting enormous expense accounts which, of course, had to be checked off as profit and loss.

Much Money Poured Into Vast Stretches, But Only Togoland Proved Self-supporting

The largest colony belonging to Germany, German East Africa, was about as large as Arizona, Nevada and California combined. Its extreme length was 725 miles and it had a seacoast 620 miles long. The country produced almost every tropical fruit, cocoa, coffee, cinchona, fibers, sugar, tea, rubber, tobacco, vanilla and maize. Coal, copper, gold, iron, lead, mica, precious stones and salt have been found, also garnets in large quantity; and forests of mangrove, palm and tamarind abound on the coast, while acacias, cotton trees and sycamores cover the higher areas. Government forests extended over more than 200,000 acres; and the government also operated experiment stations for stock breeding and tropical culture. The natives in the more settled regions pursued agriculture, some of them cultivating large banana plantations, while near the coast were many German estates. Wide, well-kept roads, on some of which rest-houses and supplies were provided, traversed the entire country. Railway transportation was well developed, and many government steamers plied along the coast and on the great lakes, but few of the seaports were available for ocean ships. Telegraphs connected the towns on the coast with one another, with Ujiji (where connection was made with the line from Cape Town to Cairo) and with Zanzibar. Dar-es-Salaam, the capital, had more than 25,000 persons, but Tabora, two-thirds of the way from the ocean to the lakes, was the largest city, with a population of about 40.000. The country had 17 government schools with 3,500 pupils, and several hundred mission schools with 17,000 scholars.

Kamerun, north of French Congo, was a colony almost as large as Germany itself, but had a population only slightly greater than the city of Berlin—mostly Bantu and Sudanese Negroes. The country was very fertile but the great number of swamps made it very trying for Europeans of whom there were scarcely 1,000. The name of the dependency was derived from the river, which enters the Bay of Biafra by an estuary more than twenty miles wide, and for a considerable distance is nearly a mile wide. Northwest of the river's mouth lie the Kamerun Mountains, a volcanic group which in one peak, Mongoma Lobah, the Mount of the Gods, reached the height of 13,746 feet. The chief exports derived from Kamerun were rubber, ivory, horns, cocoa and oil fruits.

German Southwest Africa had an area of 322,450 square miles, with a population of some odd 200,000—largely Bantus and Damaras. This country had cable connections with Europe and two important railroad lines, one 237 miles long and the other 359 miles. Windhoek was the capital, with Swakopmund the other important city. There were extensive pastoral interests and artesian well irrigation; and cotton cultivation, to-

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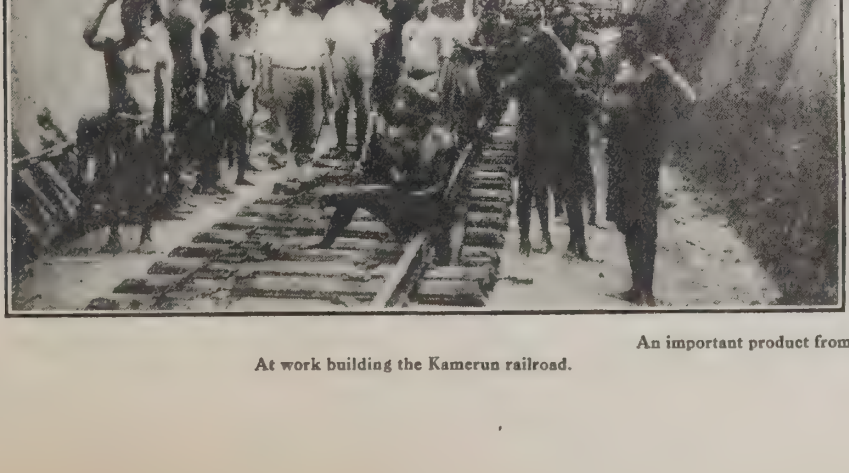
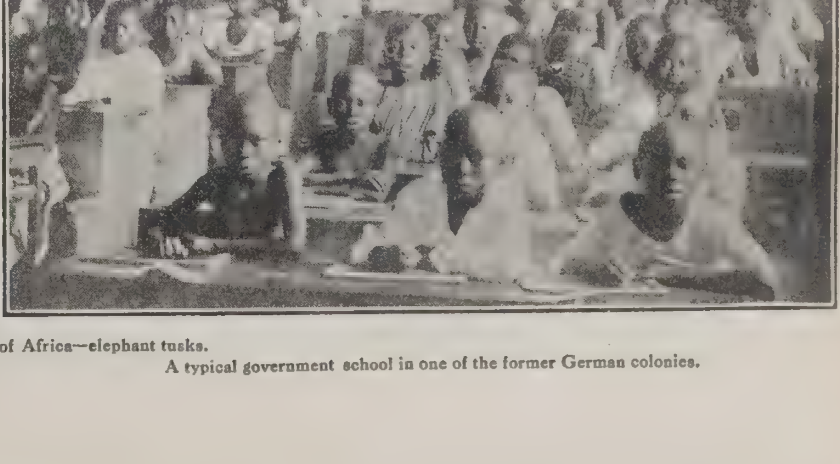
An important product from the heart of Africa—elephant tusks.



At work building the Kamerun railroad.



A typical government school in one of the former German colonies.

Chiropractors Go to Jail in Ohio to Win Professional Independence

State Medical Board Pushes Prosecution of Practitioners Who Declare They Are Not Bound by Physicians' Regulations

Next to religion, perhaps medicine is the most ticklish subject in the world with regard to possible controversies. So when the report came to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that the law was being applied in Ohio to a class of men whose desire is to assist the people to regain or maintain their health, that class being fairly well established on a scientific basis, and that several hundreds of those men had endured fines and even imprisonment for a principle, we asked an entirely disinterested publicist to ascertain the facts and report. The article here presented is the result. It seems to outline a policy of perfect fairness to the profession and protection to the public.

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

A SINGULAR struggle to win professional independence is raging in Ohio between the Ohio Chiropractic Association and the Ohio State Medical Board. Since December, 1922, *nearly 200 chiropractors have been arrested by agents of the medical board,* and arraigned before municipal judges and justices of the peace. While this article was being written, in May, 25 arrests were made in Toledo, and preparations were being completed to arrest chiropractors in other cities.

Many of these men have been convicted and fined $25 to $500. Some have refused to pay their fines, because, under the law, this money would go to the treasury of the medical board to be used for the further prosecution of chiropractors. Those who do not pay are sent to the county jail or workhouse, where they are working out their fines at sixty cents a day.

Officials of the medical board claim that they are merely enforcing laws enacted to protect the public from irresponsible and incompetent medical practitioners, who are a menace to life and health.

To Jail Rather Than Pay

CHIROPRACTORS of recognized standing freely admit the very condition charged by the medical board, but insist that the cleaning up should be done by chiropractors themselves, under the regulation of a state law. In place of merely trying to drive out the incompetents, so the chiropractic leaders claim, the medical board is seeking to destroy the chiropractic profession as a whole. They also assert that the medical board has exceeded its authority. In support of this contention the chiropractors call attention to the so-called Administration Code passed as an emergency measure when Harry L. Davis was governor. This law provides that the state medical board shall be attached to the Department of Education. It is distinctly specified in this code that it shall be the duty of the Department of Education to make recommendations as to preliminary education, standing of professional schools, and colleges, methods of conducting examinations, and how the laws shall be enforced. So far the Department of Education has not had any say in the matter. Disregarding the plain provisions of the Administrative Code entirely, so the chiropractors claim, the Ohio State Medical Board is prosecuting chiropractors under rules of its own board rather than according to recommendations of the Department of Education, as specifically provided for in Section 154-46.

All the prosecuting is done by inspectors who operate under the supervision of Dr. H. M. Platter, secretary of the medical board. No arrests, so it is asserted, have been made on complaint of citizens or county officials.

The arrests and prosecutions have stirred up considerable interest and some excitement, especially where young doctors have elected to go to jail rather than "contribute" to the treasury of the medical board. In Cincinnati two chiropractors who were sent to the workhouse made careful preparation for their stay in that institution. After they had been enrolled they were ordered to "take a bath." They told the attendant that they had just had a bath, and he replied:

"Can't help that. You will have to take another one." And they did. They were then given numbers like convicts and locked up in "bootleggers' row."

Sentiment Changes Sentence

AT CANTON the justice sent four chiropractors to the workhouse for more than two years. He gave them the limit—a fine of $500 to be worked in the usual way. Mass meetings were held, press and public got busy, and finally the judge had a change of heart and let the prisoners out voluntarily after they had served thirty-six days. The defendants resumed practice with a largely increased business.

In Youngstown eight men and one young woman were committed to the workhouse for six months, but they were in jail only 32 days. Public sentiment forced the judge to release them. Four other Youngstown chiropractors were convicted before the same judge and fined $100 each. They took an appeal and while the appeal was pending they were re-arrested by inspectors of the medical board.

Two young men were arrested and tried before a justice at Norwood near Cincinnati, but they were acquitted. Then they were re-arrested on a different count and taken before a justice in another township, who sent them to the county jail for six months. The men were imprisoned just eleven days. Public sentiment forced the trial judge to remit their fines and let them go.

Justice Mark H. Shank, of Kenmore, near Akron, Ohio, presided at the trial of twelve chiropractors who had been arrested on the charge of "practicing medicine and surgery without licenses, to-wit: advertising in the newspapers." After a brief hearing all the defendants were discharged. Justice Shank in dismissing the cases declared that the chiropractors were being persecuted by their medical competitors. In a public statement later published in the Akron *Beacon Journal,* Justice Shank said:

"The chiropractic method has or has not remedial properties. If it has not, its practice should be entirely abolished, and if it has, its practice should be permitted, protected and propagated. The present law should be revised so that it will provide for a board of chiropractors for the examination of members of the profession. It should not permit the continuance of the present farcical method of examination which reminds me of trying a canary bird before a jury of tomcats."

In discussing this question with Dr. David A. Williams, of Ashtabula, Ohio, field secretary of the Ohio Chiropractic Association, I asked him to define the issue in simple terms:

"The laws of Ohio governing the practice of medicine and surgery," he replied, "define the chiropractic system as a limited branch of medicine, subject to the control of the Ohio State Medical Board. We hold that it is not a branch of medicine and should be regulated by a separate board created by an act of the legislature, just as has been done in 25 other states. Such a bill was before the last legislature, but it was openly opposed by the state medical board, the head of the Ohio Public Health Association, and the secretary of the Ohio State Medical Association. This bill was not reported out by the public health committee. It was not given a chance on the floor."

Hold Rules Unreasonable

"PREVIOUS to 1915 there was no law in Ohio relative to chiropractic. The name, chiropractic, did not appear anywhere on the statutes. Several attempts had been made by the Ohio State Medical Board to construe chiropractic as the practice of medicine and a number of people have been prosecuted for practicing chiropractic on the ground that they were practicing medicine without a license. In about ninety-five per cent of the cases, however, the court ruled that chiropractic was not the practice of medicine and the defendants were acquitted.

"In 1915 a statute known as the Platt-Ellis law was passed. It was sponsored by the medical board. This law made chiropractic a limited branch of medicine and gave the medical board the power to make rules and regulations governing the practice of chiropractic. At that time about 180 chiropractors were examined by a chiropractic committee, appointed by the medical board, and received licenses as limited practitioners of medicine. Since that day there have not been over a half-dozen licenses issued to chiropractors in Ohio and yet it is estimated there are between 800 and 900 chiropractors, or those who hold themselves out to be such, practicing in the state.

"The rules adopted by the medical board under the Platt-Ellis law were so intolerant, unreasonable, arbitrary, unjust and unfair that qualified chiropractors, out of respect for their own integrity, their profession and its schools and colleges, could not and did not attempt, save in a few cases, to live up to these rules. A few prosecutions were attempted, but with little success. In spite of the fact that a state statute said that chiropractic was a limited branch of medicine, it was difficult to make any court believe it so. The scientific fact remains that chiropractic is not the practice of medicine, even in a limited form. Twelve state supreme courts have also decided that chiropractic *is not a practice of medicine.*

Say Law Has Joker

"IN 1919 a bill known as the Tally Act was sponsored by the state medical board and passed, which gave the medical board still more power, and made it easier for the board to prosecute supposed violators of the medical practice laws. It provides that whoever maintains an office to practice medicine in any of its limited branches, or who advertises or represents himself to be a practitioner of medicine in any form, without first securing a license from the medical board, shall be subject to arrest and fine.

"A clever provision in this law makes it practically impossible for the accused ever to obtain a jury trial. In case he is arrested for a second offense, he may have a jury, because the penalty then is a fine *or imprisonment.* But there are no *"second offenses."*

"Under the foregoing law a chiropractor may be arrested three or four times in succession, but each arrest will be on a different count, thus making it a *first offense.* For example, Brown may be haled before a justice for *hanging out a sign,* and fined $500. After he has paid his fine he may be taken into custody again for *giving out a card.* Again he pays his fine and is released. But that is not all. He is liable to arrest and a fine of $500 for *advertising in a newspaper.* By thus making each arrest a *first* offense, the effect is to prevent the defendant from having a jury trial, and to enrich the treasury of the medical board to the extent of the fines collected. *Does it not look as if the deliberate purpose of this method was to bankrupt the chiropractors by compelling them to pay repeated fines?*

No Protection Afforded

"AS SOON as this law became effective the state medical board began the prosecution of chiropractors. Twenty-one chiropractors in Cleveland were arrested at one time and hauled into municipal court. Then the chiropractors put on their fighting clothes. In May, 1919, they obtained an injunction against the medical board to prevent malicious prosecutions, and this injunction stopped all such activities until last December when the injunction was dissolved by the court of appeals in Cincinnati. Then the prosecutions were renewed, and have since been vigorously pushed. This case has been appealed to the state supreme court, and will probably be decided in a few months.

"Meanwhile what is happening? For seven years there has been no legal regulation of this profession in Ohio. No standards, educational, professional or ethical, have been or can be enforced relative to the practice of chiropractic as long as the matter is being questioned in the courts. Any individual desiring to do so, whether qualified or not, can practice chiropractic. Short-term and correspondence graduates locate in Ohio, open an office, and begin the practice of chiropractic at will. Incompetents and those who have failed to pass examinations in other states, that have good and adequate laws, take their place in the profession unmolested. Thus Ohio has become the dumping ground for professional incompetents, and the situation grows worse every year.

"This condition of affairs greatly endangers the rights of the people who want chiropractic service. The public does not, because it cannot, discriminate as to whether a chiropractor is qualified or not. There is no adequate legal safeguard to guide and protect the people in their right to receive chiropractic service.

"In addition to the foregoing, the standards of the profession in Ohio have no protection. The influx of incompetents from other states, and the coming of short-term and correspondence graduates, lowers the general educational, professional and ethical standing of the chiropractic profession in this state. If a chiropractic outcast comes to Ohio and is found guilty of some misdemeanor, the profession in general shares the disgrace. This is unjust, to say the least.

Sawyer Member of Board

IS IT not highly important that the legislature solve this problem? We believe it is. In so doing, the legislature will relieve the state medical board of a burden which never should have been placed upon it.

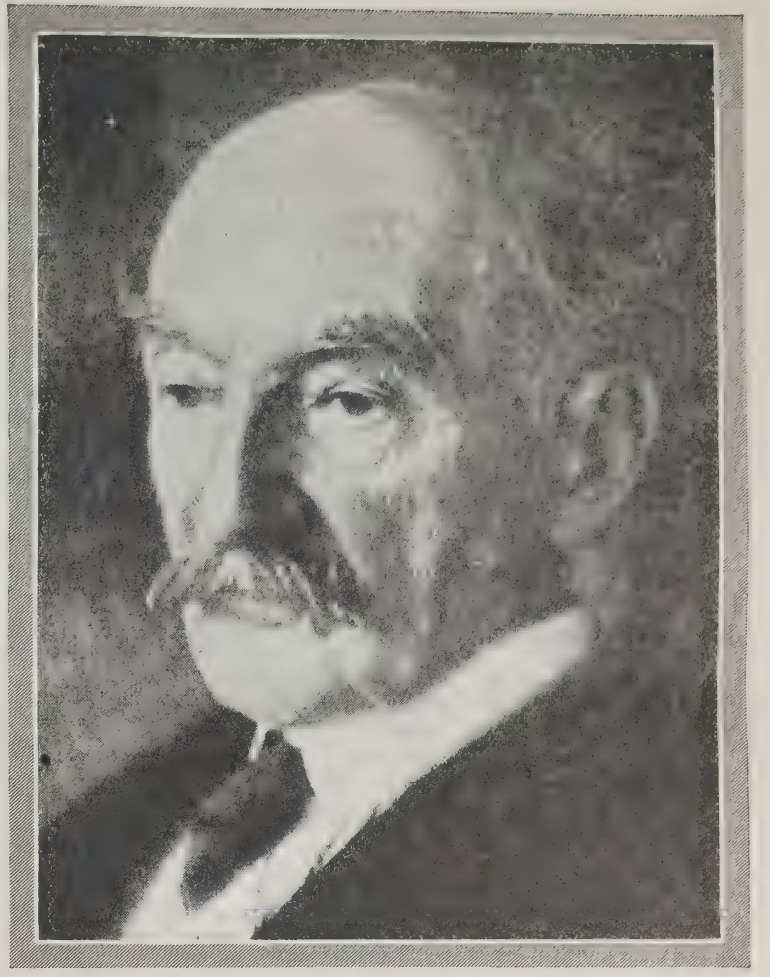
"We are making a special effort," continued Dr. Williams, "to obtain representation on the medical board. Under the law members of this board are appointed by the governor subject to the approval of the senate. The requirements are that schools of practice shall be given representation on the board as nearly as possible in proportion to their numerical strength in the state, and since chiropractors number nearly one thousand in Ohio, and since the law at present provides that chiropractics be governed by the rules and regulations made and adopted by the medical board, the chiropractors believe they should have some representation upon that board. *To be ruled by a board upon which you have no representation is tyranny."*

Dr. Sawyer, who is President Harding's physician, has served on the medical board for nearly seven years, and Governor Donahey will soon be required to appoint a member to take his place. Meanwhile Dr. Williams, representing the chiropractors, has laid the entire situation before the governor and has urged him to choose a chiropractor, or at least a man who is not antagonistic to chiropractors.

Thomas Hardy and His Wessex Country

Counterparts of His English Rural Characters Not Hard to Find

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON



THOMAS HARDY

> Had Thomas Hardy never lived and written, the home of his birth and its environment would still exercise an abiding spell upon all those who love rural England, and who, pre-eminently in the southern counties, find the attractions of summer and rural life perhaps more strongly emphasized than in even most of the many other favored portions of Britain.
>
> —George H. Ellwanger.

BUT Thomas Hardy has lived and he has written! The real fortunate part of the whole matter is that this most deft and skillful of all the modern novelists was born in this part of the world and has never been far removed from it. The background of it all forms the canvas upon which he has painted full length the life of Tess, of Marty South, of Giles Winterbourne, of Michael Henchard, of Jude Fawley, of Eustacia Vye, to mention but a few characters encountered in the long list of novels which came from his pen between the years 1871, when he wrote "Desperate Remedies," and 1895 when "Jude the Obscure" appeared.

It must not be supposed that Hardy was the first writer to find literary settings in this South-of-England group of counties. Indeed it was no new field when he took it in hand, nor must it be surmised that he has closely confined himself to only one county or to a restricted region. As a recounter of this Wessex Country we first have John Aubrey (1626-1697), a gossip, "whose odds and ends about men, things and places are now better than most full-dress literature," and of whom Anthony à Wood once prophesied that he would some day break his neck while running downstairs after a retreating guest in the hope of extracting a story. Then came Gilbert White (1720-1793), the writer on natural history who until the time of Darwin had more closely observed the habits of birds, insects and earthworms and more clearly recorded what he had observed than any other writer. The next to draw attention to this region was William Corbett (1763-1835). Between Farnham, Weyhill and Botley was the best of Corbett's England. What he declared he loved most were "the heaths, the miry coppices, the wildwood and the forest" of the region. We have William Hazlitt (1778-1830), the essayist, a small part of whose very early life was spent in America. Hazlitt makes much of the "far off in time and space" and much like a character in fiction. Richard Jeffries (1848-1887) was likewise of this region. He knew Wessex "from childish rambles, long walks as a sportsman, as naturalist and reporter, and loitering as a lover and philosopher, that it became a portion of himself, as if he had partly created it."

But none of these, delightfully as they have all written, possessed instincts of true novelists. For purpose of fiction Hardy found his field right at home; at his front door. He was born on June 2, 1840, in the little village of Upper Bockhampton a mile outside of Dorchester. Today he lives at Max Gate, but a short distance from the place where he was born. The Hardys of Dorsetshire are descendants of Thomas Hardy of Melcombe Regis, who in turn was a scion of the old Isle of Jersey family of Le Hardy. This Thomas Hardy died October 15. 1599. Nelson's Flag-captain, Admiral Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, and the poet-novelist are alike his descendants. Our Thomas Hardy's father was a builder. His mother descended from a family in Melbury Osmund. At 16 he took up the work of an architect's assistant in Dorchester and three years later went to London and studied under the direction of Sir Arthur Blomfield. "How I Built Myself a House" was his first appearance in print. This was in 1865. "The Poor Man and the Lady" was the title to his first novel. This was returned with the suggestion for its change and he put it aside and wrote "Desperate Remedies." Then came "Under the Greenwood Tree" in 1872 and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" a year later. About that time he abandoned architecture for literature. With what effect he has written the world is now well informed.

No Hustle in Dorsetshire

THE way into Hardy's county is southward from London. Weyhill is on the course to the county town of Dorsetshire. From there are two routes; either through Winchester in Hants or through Salisbury in Wiltshire. It is to be questioned if there are anywhere more restful pictures which bring with them a perfect sense of repose than an English countryside. Even in the winter season a portion of the summer greenness remains, as in Blackmoor Vale, "where the fields are never brown and the springs are never dry." There is harmony here in united, infinite variety; and there are villages, ruins, churches, commons, hedgerows, thatched cottages and gardens ablaze with color, parks and dales and streams and moors while to the south there is always and ever the never-distant sea.

The reader who first encounters Hardy is going to be a bit puzzled at the names of his places. He will not find them on the map. Mr. Hardy's Wessex should not be understood to mean that division of Great Britain which in ancient times was known as Heptarchy and which comprised all of the shires which touch the English Channel, together with the adjacent shires to the north. The Wessex of the novelist mainly includes Dorset, with "excursions more or less distant into Wilts and some of the adjoining counties." Thus his "Casterbridge" is in reality Dorchester; "Melchester" is Salisbury; "Sherton-Abbas" is Sherbourne; "Budmuth" is Weymouth. In "A Pair of Blue Eyes" Mr. Hardy goes farther to the west and farther away from his main-traveled roads than in any of his other narratives. "Endelstow" where dwelt the fair Elfride—" with eyes blue as autumn distance; blue as the blue we see between the retreating moldings of hills and woody slopes on a September morning"—is the fanciful name of a hamlet near Bosnatle on the Cornish Coast.

Dorchester may be said to be the very heart of Wessex Country and a view of it from the slopes of the southern bank of the River Froom is one to remember. Chestnut and sycamore trees overlook the borough and the fertile river valley beyond. There is a comparative absence of commercial interests—none of the hustle nor bustle of the city are revealed in a walk through its streets and its suburbs. Near at hand are low, fertile valleys, but there are also the old Roman ways close at hand. Once they found, so Hardy tells us in "The Mayor of Casterbridge," the remains of an old Roman soldier "in an oval scoop of chalk, like a chicken in its shell; a jar at his throat, a spear against his arm, an urn at his knees, a bottle at his mouth; and mystified conjectures pouring down upon him from the eyes of Casterbridge boys and men."

His Characters Real Folk

IT WAS to scenes like this that he came back after his days as an architect were over. He was then about 30 years of age. His first novel, while it had its share of abuse as most first novels do, also had in other quarters a reception which gave to Hardy the feeling that he was coming to the first outposts of success. But there was hard work ahead, and years of patient training. Hardy is not what may be called the brilliant, rapid-fire type of writer.

A year after "Desperate Remedies" came "Under the Greenwood Tree," and is in no sense a reminder of anything which he has written since, but it showed progress and a beauty in workmanship and a quiet charm which he has never surpassed. Then came "A Pair of Blue Eyes." Not until 1874, however, when "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared, did he strike that better pace which seemed to settle his career. Five years later a version of this, in which he had Mr. Comyus Carr as his collaborator, was performed at the Prince of Wales Theater, Liverpool. That was in February, 1882. Miss Marion Terry took the part of Bathsheba which rôle was assumed by Mrs. Bernard Beers when it was presented the following May at the Globe in London. "The Three Wayfarers," based upon his Wessex tale of "The Three Strangers," was performed with four other one-act plays at Terry's Theater in June, 1893. Just why more of Hardy's novels have never been transferred to the stage has always been more or less a puzzle to me. True, they would have to be much condensed, but in characterization and background many of them are admirably suited for acting. The performance of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske as "Tess" is still within the recollection of many on this side of the Atlantic.

No writer has ever tried with more diligence nor with better effect to picture life as he has found it and as we all have found it than Thomas Hardy. He is there personally in every one of his stories. We can, in the rural regions of any English-speaking land today, find the counterpart of such characters as he has given us, homely personages of the country side; hay trussers, cider makers, stout farmers, weaklings who became submerged beneath the current of life, country innkeepers; creatures like Eustacia Vye and Arabella Donn, who love the life of the flesh rather than the intellectual or spiritual; they are all here portrayed. Hardy has been referred to ranking with Thomas Crabb (1754-1832) and indeed has acknowledged Crabb's influence on the realism of his novels. But unlike Crabb, he had not failed nor ceased to command a wide public interest. Crabb was the sternest word painter of the social life of all mankind and in this respect Hardy has to a measure followed him. And his characters seem well suited and well displayed in such surroundings.

This has been a more difficult feat in England than it would be in America. The former land, speak of it as we may as a democratic country, is after all a well-defined hierarchy of classes. "The sovereign, peers, spiritual and temporal, clerks and clergy, untitled gentry, lawyers in their several degrees, yeomen, merchants, artisans and peasants, build up society. Each class has its own duties, its own privileges, and enjoys that self-respect which proceeds from the sense of an assured immutable position in the commonwealth," declares Symonds.

But this is not the democracy which Hardy gives us in his novels. So far we have had but little of this sort of writing; too little of the kind we find in George Sand's village stories, in "Silas Marner," in Pierre Loti's "Mon frère Yves," in much of the work of Turgenieff, Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky and such as we find in "The Woodlanders," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Jude," "Tess," and "Far from the Madding Crowd." There is always present here and in the foreground of these stories a severe sincerity with also a corresponding intensity which is Hardy's from choice. With Crabb this narrow vision was one of necessity. Hardy's perfect knowledge came to him by inheritance and training. He was born in the heart of a woodland country.

No Change of Scene Needed

MOST of our great novelists have felt a change of scene necessary as a stimulus to their work but with Hardy this has not been the case nor has he found any new background necessary in order that the public might be kept interested in what he has written. One writer has said that this is all part of a bold experiment which might easily produce a great sense of sameness, but Hardy conducts it with such supreme skill that familiarity instead of dulling the interest becomes a new bond of attraction. One begins to be interested in these scenes for their own sake, and we realize the truth of his contention that there is in this apparently peaceful land ample material for Sophoclean drama. All of the passions capable of torturing or depraving humanity lie like a fiery volcano beneath a repose such as we find only in rural regions. He takes for his purpose a district of England—the only England he knows or seems to care to know—and peoples it with the creatures of his art, just as Balzac and Zola have done. "He has no dealings with the casual. He is always at work upon his scheme. This extraordinary definiteness of aim, this spirit of severe dedication to his task, produces an epic force, which constitutes the larger note in literary art." He uses all the frankness of the county in describing all the facts of life, and so gives to his stories much more austerity than if they had been written by a townsman. He well conforms to this type with his faults, those of the over-masculine temperament. When he is blunt it is for the purpose of adding strength to his narrative. Nature is a bit coarse in Wessex, and Hardy has in the composite given us true pictures of the life and deeds of these people.

The logic of events must trample its way over human hearts to its axiomatic close, knowing neither respite nor pause and is proof against all power or appeal of protesting sentiment. Sentiment is indeed never suppressed save as it enters into the telling of the tale in the only way that such characters as Hardy brings forward could have lived it. A difference between Hardy and many another writer is that they succeeded in telling a story well, but he has done more. He is the maker of literature.

Soviet Gold—Does It Go to Wall St.—Or Not?

Senator Borah Is Confronted With the Facts on Bullion-shipments From Bolsheviks to New York—as Compiled by the Government

FOLLOWING are excerpts from a speech delivered by Weston B. Estes at a luncheon meeting of the Women's Republican Club held Tuesday, April 3, at the Plaza Hotel, New York.

An editorial on this subject appears on page four of this issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Mrs. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

About a month ago, I gave a talk at a luncheon given by the National Republican Club and endeavored to present some of the reasons why, in my opinion, the government of Soviet Russia should not be recognized by the Government of the United States as the lawfully constituted ruling authority in that country. During the course of the speech, which in reality was an extemporaneous talk, I made some statements which I believed to be correct, but which did not suit the ideas of those who have arrayed themselves against the present form of constitutional government which we now have in this country. Inasmuch as the reaction to those statements came quick and hard, I am of the opinion that I must have trampled on some very tender toes. The day following was a Sunday, and Mr. Paxton Hibbon delivered an address which he was to have presented before the Republican Club to the Community Church of which Rev. John Haynes Holmes is the pastor. He characterized some of the things which I said as "silly, unfounded nonsense, that they heard from Captain W. B. Estes, once a prisoner of war in Russia." Laying aside the statement that I was a prisoner of war in Russia, which is inaccurate, unless we are agreed that Russia is now making war on the civilized world, let me call your attention to the second reaction. Report of my talk appeared in the papers of that Sunday, and on Monday morning one of the larger banking houses in this city called up a quasi-government bureau and desired to know whether that bureau had been "leaking" or not. Some of the quieter reactions to the truth are quite as illuminating as those which appear in the daily papers. On the following Tuesday, I went to Washington for the purpose of speaking before the convention of the Institute of Government, which was in session at that time. My speech there was delivered on Thursday morning, and practically the same statements were made there. I did not know that on the previous day, Wednesday morning, Mr. Borah made a speech in the Senate of the United States, a speech asking for the recognition of the Soviet government, in which he took me to task for inaccurate statements. The details of this I shall present in a moment. The *New Republic* and *The Nation,* as is to be expected, followed suit, and now I find myself, so far as world revolutionaries are concerned, crushed to earth, with a hope on their part that there will be no resurrection. These revolutionists have built up a supposedly impregnable wall of propaganda about us, which, when it comes down to facts, is about as stable as the proverbial house of cards. A fact always causes a scramble for a new base. So I am doubly gratified at this opportunity to speak again under circumstances which will brook of no misinterpretation and misquotation. Having been designated on the floor of the United States Senate as careless in my use of information and my name having been recorded in the *Congressional Record* as connected with a "venal and corrupt propaganda" I am entitled to be heard in the broadest manner, and I can assure you that my answer would have been forthcoming much sooner but this is my first opportunity.

A Few of Borah's Errors

TO QUOTE Senator Borah, as it is given in the *Congressional Record*:

"To give you an idea, if I may turn to it hastily, about the manner in which this cause is repeatedly presented to us, Captain Estes, in making a speech a few nights ago in the city of New York before the Republican Club, states, according to the press dispatch, as follows:

"'Captain W. B. Estes, who was kept in a Soviet jail in Moscow for a year during the World War, declared that to his certain knowledge there is in New York banks to the credit of the Lenin-Trotsky government, $540,000,000.

"'He said: "New York banks held at least $180,000,000 in gold while I was locked up in jail, and the deposits are three times that sum now. The most of it is with Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and the Guaranty Trust Company, although many other banks have heavy deposits. Much of it is in old Russian rubles."'"

While it makes little difference and only shows how inaccuracies creep into any controversy of this nature, let me say that I was not in a Moscow jail during the World War. I was wearing the uniform of a captain in the United States Army until the Armistice was signed, and when the latter event occurred was on the point of sailing for France. In the second place, I did not mention the name of the banking houses of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, in that speech, and perhaps some here who may have heard me at that time will bear out that statement. Somewhere between the club house of the National Republican Club and the floor of the United States Senate, some bright young newspaper man put the words "Soviet gold" on the one hand, and the words, "Kuhn, Loeb & Company," and the "Guaranty Trust Company," on the other into juxtaposition. I wonder how he could have hit upon those two banks. In the third place, I did not use the figure $540,000,000 in my speech at all. In the fourth place, I did not say that any hypothetical balances were to the credit of the Lenin-Trotsky government. In the fifth place, I did not say that "much of it was in old Russian gold rubles." Aside from these five inaccuracies, the statement as given by Senator Borah on the floor of the Senate is fairly true.

Further, according to Senator Borah: "The intention undoubtedly was to disclose that Lenin and Trotsky were not only tyrants but also engaged in robbing their people, pushing their money out of the country which they were wrecking, so that in the hour of escape, they would have something with which to take care of themselves."

That is exactly the idea that I attempted to convey, and I am under obligations to Senator Borah for expressing it better than I could have done, however much liberty he may have taken with certain facts to substantiate his conclusions.

The Senator proceeds to state that he telegraphed these two banks the following:

"Are you free to state to me the facts concerning the statement of Captain Estes relative to Lenin-Trotsky government having large deposits in your bank?"

Kuhn, Loeb & Company replied, according to Senator Borah:

"We are in receipt of your telegraphic inquiry. We have never had any dealings of any nature with the Lenin-Trotsky government, and have no deposit, directly or indirectly, for their accounts."

The president of the Guaranty Trust says:

"I assume your telegram of today refers to Captain Estes' statement before National Republican Club . . . . We have no deposit here to the credit of the Soviet government, either in gold or otherwise."

Government Has Facts

NOW, in appealing to these two banks, Senator Borah has laid himself open to some very appalling suggestions. It appears like discharging a convicted murderer from prison because he denies the act. I have wondered many times, since reading Senator Borah's speech, whether he really thought that this exchange of telegrams would convince anyone who is even in the remotest degree acquainted with the facts. You will remember that during the war, army psychologists established the fact that forty-two per cent of our population are morons. I wonder whether Kuhn, Loeb & Company and the Guaranty Trust Company have missed slightly in their calculations and believe, actually believe, that the intricacies of banking are so great that not forty-two per cent but ninety-nine per cent of the adult population is moron, so far as banking procedures are concerned. Furthermore, I have watched the career of Senator Borah for some years with increasing interest. His tirades against bankers and banking, particularly of those who, like the Bolsheviks, prune themselves on the designation "international," have been more than severe, they have been bitter. Why did he turn to those for reply who have been the object of his oratorical lash, unless he was pretty certain that the limitations of his inquiry would bring the reply that he desired? How many telegrams did he send which brought replies that he did not publish? Since when has Senator Borah changed his attitude toward international bankers to one of supreme confidence on the subject which must of necessity have been one where there was a possibility of obscuring the issue through personal interest?

There are three government bureaus at Washington whose business it is to keep track of the travels of every pound of gold in the world. Why didn't Senator Borah ask and receive and publish official information on this subject in the interests of truth and regardless of the consequences to himself? Is it because of advance knowledge of what the answer would be? He certainly could have had the information if he had asked for it, and could even have found it in the papers and official reports if he had chosen to look it up.

Now, exactly what I said two weeks ago was this: That there was approximately $180,000,000 of Soviet gold in Wall Street. The information on which I based that statement was of such a character that I believed I was telling the truth. As a matter of fact, I, too, had fallen into an inaccuracy, and I find upon reinvestigating the subject that I was mistaken in the figures given. Instead of being $180,000,000, there is $250,000,000 in Soviet gold in Wall Street, and that Senator Borah may have first-hand information on the subject, I shall give you authority for making the statement.

In the first place, when I was in Esthonia in June, 1921, I stood in front of my hotel one day, when I was informed that a shipment of gold was being transferred from the Esthonian National Bank in military motor trucks to a Swedish steamer tied up at the docks. I went down to the water front, and saw a large number of cases of gold under soldier guard being transferred to the steamer. My associate in the meantime had been interviewed by Isador Gukovski, Soviet commissioner in Esthonia, and had been requested to take motion pictures of the event because Gukovski was anxious to get some material for publicity purposes. Gukovski told him that the shipment was one of gold belonging to the Russian Soviet government—and Gukovski certainly acted as if he were wholly responsible for its safety—and also said that it was going to Sweden. During that month, to my personal knowledge, there were three such large shipments. Estimated by the number of cases, and the apparent weight, there could have been not less than three or four millions and a half in each shipment. Mind you, three such shipments to Sweden in one month from Moscow.

I found upon investigation that the shipments of gold from Moscow to Stockholm by the time I arrived at Reval were so numerous that they had long ceased to excite wonder. It was a matter of common knowledge. But lest there may be some doubting Thomases still, let me refer to some good responsible authority. We can start almost anywhere. Take for instance the following dispatch which appeared in the New York *Evening Globe,* date of April 14, 1922, sent from Stockholm, and signed by Hal O'Flaherty. It stated that between January 11 and April 14, 1922, the American consul at Stockholm had issued permits to export Russian gold to the United States in the amount of $34,345,500—in four months and three days, Mr. O'Flaherty adds: "Ostensibly, these shipments of gold mean credit in New York for Swedish banks but indirectly the Soviet government is piling up a credit which in the last two years has reached $200,000,000."

About one month later, on May 10, 1922, the financial column of the New York *Times* had this to say:

THE $3,000,000 FROM RUSSIA

Gold Coins Are Reported to Be for Bolshevist Credits Here.

"A total of $3,000,000 in Russian gold coin arrived in this country yesterday of which $2,000,000 was consigned to the National Bank of Commerce and $1,000,000 to the Guaranty Trust Company. The purpose or history of the consignment was not known but it was reported to be Russian gold, sent to this country to establish credits for the Bolshevist government."

I have given you only two of numerous clippings to which I have had access which indicates a flow of gold directly or almost directly from Moscow to New York. It is impossible to say how much there has been of this, as in all human probability many shipments have not been advertised in the papers. To be perfectly fair, and to forestall a large noise from our Revolutionary friends, I might add that from this particular lot of gold some should be subtracted to care for a legitimate payment to the American Relief on account of famine relief but this amount is a relatively insignificant amount compared to the whole.

We will find, however, that there is a great deal more interest to be attached to that Russian gold which had as its first stepping point Stockholm. There can be no question about the large quantity. I again found clippings galore concerning this golden stream. For instance, the New York *Times* of January 2, 1923, in its financial column says: "In 1921 Russian gold was exported to France and Sweden in large quantities and re-exported to America." The New York *Times* of February 7, 1922, has an item headed: "Forty tons of Soviet Gold in Sweden." "Copenhagen, February 6.—From Reval the steamer *Gladiator* has reached Stockholm with from twenty-five to forty tons of gold—said to be the largest amount of gold which ever arrived in that city. It is consigned from the Soviet government to two banks in Stockholm."

How the Shipments Roll Up!

AUGUST 20, 1922, the *Times* speaks of $3,000,000 bullion Russian gold arriving in America. On February 3, 1922, the *Times* describes the arrival in New York of $2,500,000 Russian gold with Swedish mint marks from Stockholm, February 9, 1922, $4,939,200 of the same kind arrived in New York. The day before, $2,500,000 also arrived from Sweden. According to the *Times,* quoting a Department of Commerce report on gold movements, there arrived in New York during the one month of March, 1922, $14,938,204 in bullion, from Stockholm. The *Times* of June 25, 1922 states that in the month of April, 1922, $1,587,000 in bullion with Swedish mint marks arrived in New York comparing the arrivals of April, 1921 from the same place which totaled $24,800,000. In other words, the stream of gold from Russia was out of that much disturbed country and safely in New York. The stream began to slow down.

Department of Commerce reports indicate to us that gold arrived in New York from Stockholm as follows:

Total for year	
1921	$66,355,925
1922	32,797,000

I have been unable to get the figures from 1920. The gold movements from Moscow to Stockholm and New York began in the latter part of 1919, and continued until last summer. I estimate that the shipments of this character could not have been less than $50,000,000 and was probably more. This totals roughly for the three years, $150,000,000 which does not include that which came through from Moscow direct. There is still another year to be accounted for, from which should be subtracted a few hundred thousand remelted Japanese gold which may have belonged to the Soviet government at that, and also a few millions a year to cover Swedish balances. There was no other source for this Swedish gold except Russia. No other country had it. German gold to London and New York followed other channels. But why did it stop at Sweden?

When the first Soviet gold arrived in this country after the second revolution, the Treasury Department made a ruling to the effect that United States mints

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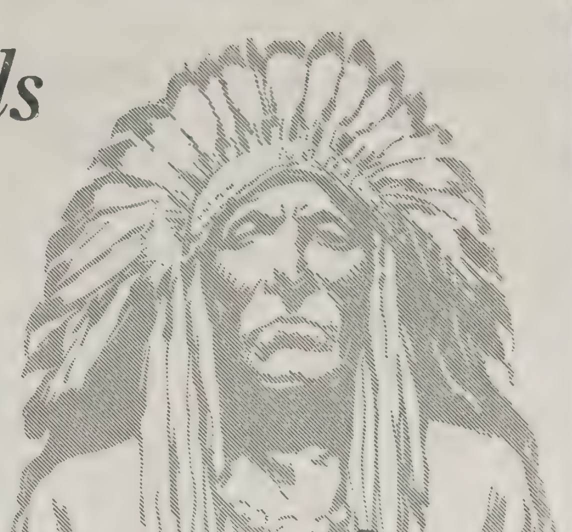
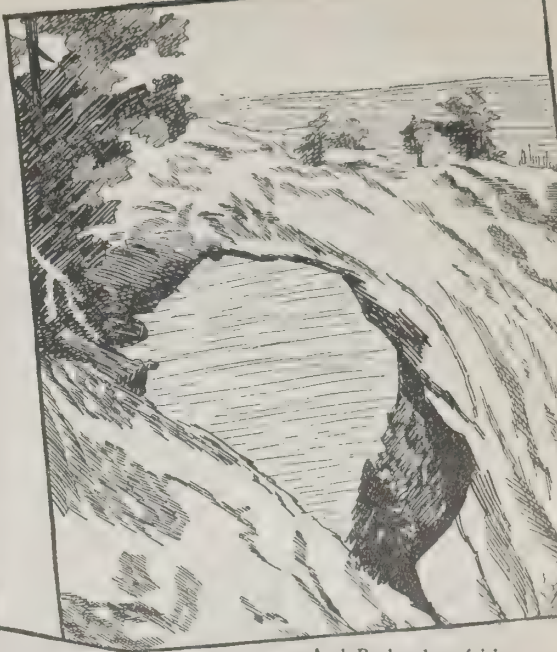
Fairy Isle of the Blue Straits and Its Legends

Indian Tales That Go to Make Up History of Mackinac

By MRS. E. L. MOUNTFORT

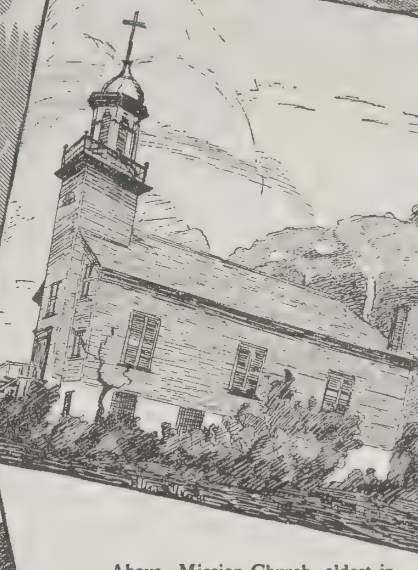




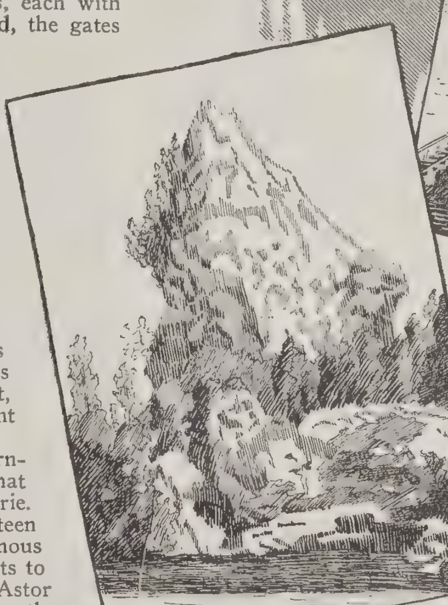
Arch Rock, where fairies come on moonlight nights.

IN THE very heart of America, land of rattle, crash and bang, tucked away in the cold, blue Straits between Huron and Michigan, lies an island only nine miles in circumference, whose shady drives and quiet lanes know not the siren honk of the automobile, since not one is ever allowed to land there, and the horse is still monarch of all he surveys.

Here old Fort Mackinac rears its stately head, a military post for nearly 200 years, but now a fort in name only. Within the intersecting lines of the three blockhouses once lay the fort inclosure, with its two approaches, the north and south sally ports, each with its portcullis that could be instantly dropped, the gates doubly planked, that could be closed any time, day or night. Strong, squared palisades of cedar, eight feet high and pointed on the top, were set vertically along the walls and in the ground intersecting the inner lines of the blockhouses, and were, in turn, pierced by loopholes for musketry which was angled from within outward, so that, standing or kneeling, the fire could be delivered toward the enemy in any direction. Near the blockhouses, sharp-pronged iron caltrops were set in the apses of the pickets, like spikes, wherever the ground seemed to favor scaling parties. The blockhouses themselves were armed with iron cannonades that protected the picket walls of the fort, and iron guns were planted at convenient places so as to rake the hillsides.



Above—Mission Church, oldest in the Northwest.

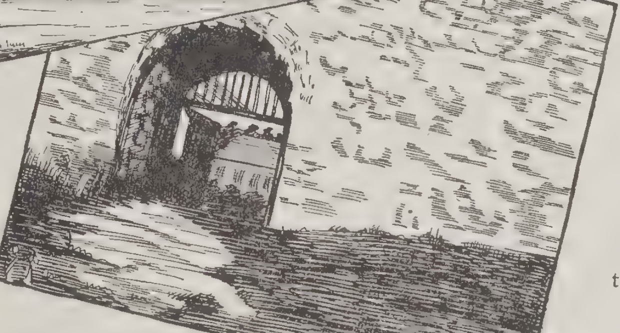


At left—Sugar Loaf, Manabozho's Wigwam.

Guns captured from Burgoyne and Cornwallis grace the old fort, as does a cannon that was in Commodore Perry's battle on Lake Erie.

To this island, Mackinac, in the eighteen hundreds, came the Canadian *voyageurs,* famous in song and story, eight to a boat, three boats to one guide, to barter their furs at the old Astor House. The most skillful were paid $50 for the round trip, Montreal to Mackinac and back.

The Indian legend has it that when Manabozho, the Great Hare, whose father was the West Wind and his mother a great-granddaughter of the Moon, was assigned the task of restoring the world after the Deluge, he called on the animals for aid. They were glad to assist and finally the muskrat fished up some mud on his claws. This Manabozho fashioned into land, giving it the shape of a mud turtle and called it Mackinac or Turtle Island.



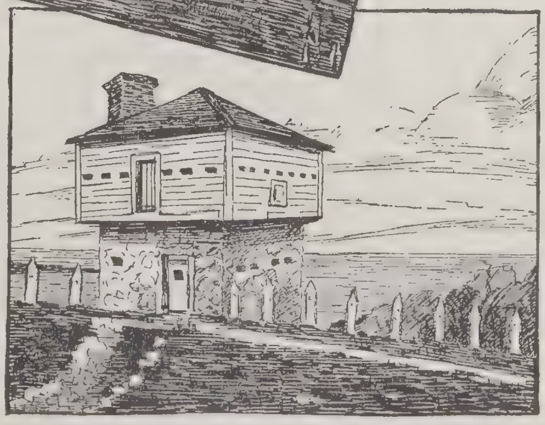
Sally Port, closed with portcullis to guard fort inclosure, through which garrison could pass when necessary.

Because it was the first land made Manabozho always made it his home and, when returning, always steered his craft toward the Gitchie Manitou, a great boulder, erected ('tis alleged) to commemorate his deeds. From there he ascended the Giants' Stairway, making a good resolve at each step, passed beneath the portal of Arch Rock and thence on to his wigwam, Sugar Loaf.

Sugar Loaf is of limestone, 284 feet above the lake, and is said by the Indians to have been made a gigantic hive once by the bees who filled every crack and crevice with honey. Another tale is that it is the transformed body of a giant who once dwelt there and that he will come back to life when Hiawatha returns to the island. (It was the Ojibways, a part of the Huron tribe, who were immortalized by Longfellow in Hiawatha.)

The summit of Arch Rock is 149 feet above the lake, with a span of 50 feet. 'Twas formed ('tis said) by Giant Fairies who may still be seen hereabouts on moonlight nights—by those who have the eye to perceive them. As substantiation, near by is the Manitou Trail, leading from Arch Rock along the bluff to a place called Robinson's Folly, where Captain Daniel Robinson, commandant at Mackinac 1782-1787, loved, not wisely but too well, the beautiful Wintemoyeh, youngest daughter of the old Chippewa chief, Peezchicki, and who, in turn, loved him, but she was already betrothed to an ugly brave, favored by her father but hated by herself.

Wintemoyeh and Robinson, therefore, were secretly married and he built a love nest on the edge of the cliff, where they could watch together the sun as it rose up out of the blue, blue waters. But the jilted brave discovered their retreat, and, creeping up one dark night when Robinson was away, he sunk his wicked hunting knife into the heart of the young bride, just as her husband returned. In the terrific struggle that ensued the two men, not noticing, came nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff, until they both fell over to instant death on the rocks below.



Blockhouse of old Fort Mackinac.

At the west end of the island there is another like legend. This one has it that a renowned Indian warrior, Wawanosh, chief of an ancient tribe and prominent in the councils of his nation, had one child only, a daughter named Lotah, who was loved by a youth of humble parentage, Geniwegwon. But Wawanosh bade Geniwegwon first earn for himself a name worthy of Lotah.

Before ten suns had set the young lover was at the head of a band of ambitious braves, painted and feathered according to their custom, and after two days and nights of the war dance at the Straits, as braves were wont to do, Geniwegwon bade Lotah goodby.

Thereafter Lotah spent much time alone and grieving. One day, as she sat alone on the bluff, sadly singing, a snow white bird appeared and mingled its song with her own. She at once knew the bird for the spirit of her lover and petitioned it to take her with him to the Country of Souls. The request was granted. That evening her father found her lifeless body at the foot of the cliff, but a happy smile wreathed her face. That place has ever since been known as Lover's Leap.

The Manitous were supernatural beings, both good and bad, and they revealed themselves to mortals only in the form of beast, bird or reptile, usually distorted. They controlled the destinies of mortals. Each Indian early chose his guardian Manitou, to whom he looked for counsel, guidance and protection, the choice being made only after extreme fasting, then falling upon that animal first or most often appearing to the Indian in his sleep of exhaustion. A feather or bone of the animal or bird was always worn about the person thereafter. This was his medicine to which he yielded a sort of worship.

There was one, Wazhuska, or Chusco, a black art Indian called the "Magician of the Manitoulin Islands," who pretended to have spiritualistic powers. He would allow himself to be bound with whitewood withes in a canoe sail, and so placed within a rude pyramidal lodge of poles and skins, entirely shut in and firmly secured by imbedding the ends of the poles in the ground. Soon the lodge would begin to sway to and fro to Wazhuska's chant. Next came a rustling sound at the top which indicated the presence of the spirit. The person for whom the spirit had been invoked could then ask questions. Wazhuska insisted that it was all genuine, but he did admit that the spirits might be evil, Once the commander of the fort, when a boatload of supplies was delayed, invoked the aid of the black magic artist and was told the then position of the boat, the reason for its delay, and the date of its arrival in port, all of which was later corroborated.

Across the water at St. Ignace is a peculiar shaped rock, like a rabbit's back. Here, once, Manabozho, the Great Hare, conferred upon a Huron the gift of immortality, tied up in a bundle, but with the proviso that he must never open it. His wife, however, filled with curiosity, cut the string and away it flew. Ever since that time Indians have been subject to death.

Many, many were the legends of the island, for these child-minded people had the fairies interwoven with even the most prosaic things of their existence. There was the Wishing Well, or Spring, where one must drink and wish and keep it secret for three days if one would have it materialize.

There is a deep crack in the island, several feet wide and some rods long, asserted to be widening. Some say it is the relic of an extinct volcano, although it looks like an earthquake fissure. But the Indians have it that the island will split in two some day, destroying all.

The name Ojibway, or Chippewa, means: "To roast till puckered up," called so because of the puckered seam on their moccasins.

Distances were told as: "Two pipes off," or the distance one could walk while smoking two pipes full of tobacco.

It is related of one poor Indian of the island, fleeced of many fine beaver pelts and of about $500 for labor by an unscrupulous American, that he sent a letter to the President of the United States and requested him to pay it.

There are no "cuss" words in the Indian tongue. Their nearest approach to such is "Bad Dog," and it is considered very bad indeed to call any one by that name.

They had some good traits and some bad, those Indians, just as do their brethren of a paler color, but that they were not ungrateful is brought to mind when one looks across the Straits to Bois Bleu (contracted to, and universally known as "Bob-lo.") This entire island was ceded to the Americans as a voluntary gift from the Chippewas.

Pontiac, greatest chief of the Ottawas, aghast at the continued encroaching of the whites, in 1763, here planned his stupendous uprising that was to have wiped out a dozen forts and all of their garrisons, and which really did succeed in annihilating nine of them, so masterfully was it planned and executed.

(Concluded on page 14)

"Source of Our Misfortunes and Corruption"

Thus Senator Ladd Characterizes the "Independence of the Judiciary"

By EDWIN F. LADD

SENIOR SENATOR FROM NORTH DAKOTA

This is the third and last article by Senator Ladd.

THE independence of the judiciary and their exemption from any responsibility to the people whom they are supposed to serve has long been characterized and is still endorsed by legal and political writers as a triumph of the spirit of freedom. Yet here is the source of all our misfortunes and corruption of government.

Hamilton, who often spoke in terms of centralized power, says:

"Upon the whole there can be no doubt that the convention acted wisely in copying from the models of those constitutions which have established *good behavior* as the tenure of their judicial offices, in point of duration; and that so far from being blamable on this account, their plan would have been inexcusably defective, if it had wanted this important feature of good government. The experience of Great Britain affords an illustrious comment on the excellence of the institution."

The foregoing is quoted with unqualified approval by Story in his Commentaries on the Constitution, and bears the endorsement of the very highest names among the expounders of the Federal Constitution. And yet, widely accepted and deeply rooted as it appears to be among the members of the bench and bar, it is not supported by historical facts and is manifestly repugnant to the spirit of a popular government. With all due respect for the eminent authorities who profess to place so much stress on the political experience of foreign governments, I have no hesitancy in declaring that it is not countenanced by analogy or warranted by the facts marshalled in its support.

Found Ready Acceptance

IT IS not to be wondered at that such an assumption should have found ready acceptance by a profession that is generally controlled by precedents and authorities. But it is surprising that an assumption which upon examination is found to be so groundless could have been successively accepted by so many disinterested and acute thinkers as have in recent years devoted their intellectual powers to the elucidation of the various clauses of the Federal Constitution. We go to the very heart of the subject in saying that there is no warrant either in experience or analogy for the assumption that a judiciary independent of the people is an "important feature of good government." The fact is the very reverse of this.

Let us consider the conditions which gave rise to the doctrine that the judges should be independent of the people. Prior to the passage of the Settlement Act of 1701 the crown appointed and removed at his pleasure the judges of England. This power of appointment and removal, history shows, placed the judges under the absolute control of the king and made it possible for him to use them as subservient tools to enslave and oppress the people.

A striking illustration of the manner in which this power could be used was exemplified in the brutal ferocity of the notorious Jeffreys and Scroggs, the cowardice of Guilford and the base venality of such judges as Saunders and Wright under James the Second of England. We have, as many now maintain, an imitation of this abuse of power in our Federal courts, in what is known as "government by injunction." However, the Act of Settlement deprived the king of the power to remove judges on his own motion and conferred it upon Parliament, the representative of the people. The primary purpose and ultimate object of this act was to make the judges independent of the arbitrary power of the crown, but it also made them responsible to the people through the people's representatives who had the right to demand their removal.

English Judges Not Independent

THE statement so frequently made and so generally accepted, that our Federal judiciary is modeled after that of England, will not stand impartial investigation. English judges are not now and never have been independent in the sense that the term is used with reference to our Federal judiciary. Making the judges independent of the king was making them responsible to the people through the people's legislative department of the British Government. To have made them actually independent would have been to appoint them for life, and exempt them from responsibility to kings, lords or commons. This would have been to create a new despotic power as dangerous as the king's, which the people were determined to destroy.

"In England where judges were named and removable at the will of an hereditary executive, from which branch most misrule was feared, and has flowed," says Jefferson, "it was a great point gained by fixing them for life, to make them independent of that executive. But in a government founded on the public will, this principle operates in an opposite direction and against that will. There, too, they were still removable on a concurrence of the executive and legislative branches. But we have made them independent of the nation itself."

As a matter of historical fact there is nothing in the political annals of England to support the assumption of an independent judiciary. The judiciary there do not even pretend to constitute a co-ordinate branch of the government and dare not attempt to enforce their opinion in opposition to that of Parliament. Instead of being independent, they are strictly obedient to the commands of Parliament, whose supreme power they never think of questioning.

In view of these historical facts, it is hardly necessary to assert that the courts of England do not exercise legislative functions. While our Federal judiciary are independent of the people, as they are appointed for life by a power which has never yet considered the will of the people as entitled to any consideration, yet they are not independent of the beneficiaries of the predatory privileged corporations and law-evading trusts and combinations which have secured their appointment would seem to be proved by their long series of decisions in their favor rather than in the protection of the poor and, at times, oppressed workers.

In a truly representative government, an independent judiciary would be an utter impossibility. An agent that is independent of his principal is not an agent in any true sense of the word. A principal is responsible for the acts of his agent, but he could not be held responsible for the acts of one who acted independently. Therefore a public agent acting in the name, and by the authority, of the people cannot be rightfully, legally or constitutionally independent of them. It would be a contradiction in terms to say that a public agent paid by the people to perform certain public duties in their name and by their authority was independent of those who paid for the service. This inevitably leads to what it has led to in this country—a confused jungle of judicial ambiguities and contradictions so that it has become impossible for any power short of omniscience to tell at any moment of time what the law is. What the law was yesterday or today is no criterion of what it shall be tomorrow or the day after.

The provision in the Federal Constitution for the life tenure of a non-elective judiciary was deliberately designed as a check, as was the case in England, upon an irresponsible executive, but also upon the direct repositories of the people's authority, the Congress of the United States. Its clear, definite and unmistakable purpose was not to augment but to diminish the people's control over their own government. Though professing to follow the English model, the framers of the Constitution rejected it. They not only gave the Federal judges a life tenure, but made that tenure unqualified and absolute, by withholding from the Congress the removal of judges, a power which the British Parliament wrested from the crown.

Natural Relation Reversed

THIS has reversed the natural and necessary relation which ought to exist between the legislative and judicial branches of a government making any pretense of being representative, and has raised the Federal judiciary from a dependent and representative position to one that has made it an independent oligarchy, and vested it with power unknown to any other government on earth. It is literally true as Jefferson says: *"It is a misnomer to call a government republican, in which a branch of the supreme power is independent of the people."* The essential feature of a government by the people is wanting when the people's representatives cannot make laws without the consent of a body over which the people have not only no control, but who may be chosen by the beneficiaries of predatory privileges whose interests are diametrically opposed to that of the people. Instead of having what the framers of the Federal Constitution were proud in styling an independent judiciary, we have in reality what may at times become a very dependent and subservient judiciary, apart and independent of the people.

Chief Justice Clark, of North Carolina, says: *"At the present time the supreme power is not in the hands of the people, but in the power of the judges, who can set aside at will any expression of the people's will made through an Act of Congress or a state legislature. These judges are not chosen by the people, nor subject to review by them. This is arbitrary power, and the corporations have taken possession of it simply by naming a majority of the judges."*

Chester H. Aldrich, former governor of Nebraska, at the Governor's Conference, held at Spring Lake, New Jersey, September 14, 1911, in the course of his remarks, criticizing Federal Judge Sanborn for his decision in the Minnesota rate case, said: "Therefore, I say, when any court, whether it be the United States Supreme Court or a court of inferior jurisdiction, continually makes effort by a judicial decision to do that which the people and the people alone have a right to do, then I say that such a court is seeking to establish judicial tyranny. And if it be allowed to proceed unchallenged along the line of this unwarranted assumption of power, representative government will simply be that in name only."

President Hadley, of Yale University, says: "The general status of the property owner under the law cannot be changed by the action of the legislature or the executive, or the people of a state voting at the polls, or all three put together. It cannot be changed without either consensus of opinion among judges which should lead them to retrace their old views or an amendment of the Constitution of the United States by the slow and cumbersome machinery provided for that purpose, or, last—and I hope most improbably—a revolution."

But the distinguished professor is very much in error in holding the opinion that an amendment to the Federal Constitution or a revolution is imperatively necessary to deprive the Supreme Court of the United States of its usurped power to declare an Act of Congress or of a state legislature void and null because of its supposed repugnancy to the Federal Constitution. *All that is necessary is to pass a simple amendment to the Judiciary Act of 1789 and deprive it of appellate jurisdiction.*

Even members of the courts are beginning to recognize that the courts have usurped power that never would have been accorded to them. Listen to no less a person than Justice John R. Ford, of the New York Supreme Court. Recently discussing SHOULD JUDGES REPLACE KINGS, he makes this significant statement:

> "How do I become entitled to more respect as judge than was accorded to me as Senator? There is absolutely no sound reason for it and the only justification that can be urged for the custom of exalting judges above other public officials is that it has always been so. The sooner American citizens get rid of this idea that a judge is more honorable than a legislator, and that a court is entitled to more respect than a legislature, the clearer will become our perception of the evils of judicial usurpation—the most threatening present-day danger to our democracy."

Conscious of Their Power

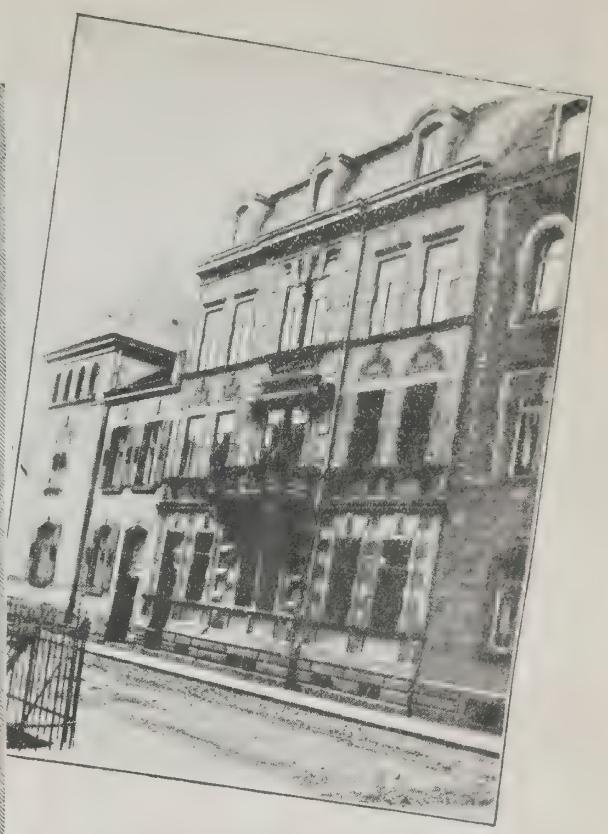
LET us not mistake the spirit of earnestness and determination that is animating the masses of the people, born of the industrial wrongs and judicial injustices that today blacken our civilization. The people are becoming conscious of their political power and are inflexibly determined to exercise it, to establish an industrial system based on the law of natural justice.

The present system is universally admitted to be indefensible and intolerable as administered under some conditions. An arrangement that permits and approves that a privileged few may receive without producing and condemns the industrious many to produce without receiving, that enables the few to enjoy without earning and the many to earn without enjoying, will inevitably evolve anarchy and invite destruction. The hopes and dreams born of the marvelous increase of productive power which has given to our wonderful era its pre-eminence, the producing classes are determined to bring to full realization. The material forces and occult powers of nature must in the future be utilized for the benefit of all. Involuntary poverty must be abolished. And the vice and crime, the ignorance and brutishness, the sordid selfishness and insatiable greed, which are engendered by poverty and the fear of poverty, will vanish when their cause is removed. Industrial development will elevate society from its very foundations, exempting the weakest and most inefficient from all anxiety for the physical needs of life. Properly adjusted these marvelous industrial improvements with their muscles of iron, sinews of steel and nerves of invisible power will bring forth bounteous material conditions, in which our higher powers, nobler qualities and most generous impulses will have ample opportunity and scope to grow. Mutual assistance and reciprocal co-operation will supplant stupid selfishness and cutthroat competition. Children will no longer be stunted and starved from overwork and undernourishment but will know the joy and innocence of life's morning. Workingmen will no longer be harried and harassed by want of employment in the midst of unused natural resources; the rich no longer dehumanized by insatiable greed. The poorest and weakest will have the leisure and contentment essential for the development of all their natural faculties.

"A Gathering Storm"

THE at times apparent hostility of the Supreme Court to the interests of the producing classes have made such an impression on their opinions as radically to change the currents of their thought and to eradicate worn-out conceptions of popular government. They fully realize that as long as the Supreme Court of the United States, a non-elective and irresponsible body, is permitted to exercise an usurped power and declare a law, passed by the legislative department as representing the will of the people and approved by the executive, null and void because it diminishes the predatory privileges of an unscrupulous few; progress cannot be real, nor prosperity permanent. But they now feel the animating spirit of a great deliverance. They behold the faint beams of the sun of industrial liberty rising above the political horizon, to set no more. The entrancing visions of higher and grander and nobler possibilities are not merely gathering power and glory, but their angle has changed—instead of seeing in the past the vanishing gleams of an expiring sunset, all the beauty and promise of a brighter day deck the skies before.

My one purpose and desire in these articles has been to present a layman's views of a most important and fundamental question now being discussed generally in all walks of life among the masses who are seldom wrong with regard to the facts which they observe and the conditions that exist, but who may not really discern the remedy and so have their energies turned into blind alleys and the simple and real remedy be lost sight of until it is too late to escape the vengeance that is certain to follow. If I have succeeded in pointing a way to escape this gathering storm which is before us as a nation, I shall have succeeded in this endeavor.



A Home "For a Song" If You Have Dollars

A resident of Washington, D. C., born in Germany, now an American citizen, has purchased these five substantial residences in Berlin for a sum equal to $5,000. Many millions of marks, it is true, and each of the five is said to be worth $25,000. One chapter of the story usually left untold is the fact that taxation levied against owners is terrifically high—even when measured in our coinage.

A Colonial Empire That Was: Fate of Germany's Possessions

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bacco raising, and grape growing had been started with some success. Gold and diamonds were also found but the colony was far from self-supporting. The main source of worry to the German government was the constant rebellion of the natives. Among the chief exports were guano and animal products.

Togoland was Germany's smallest possession in Africa and her pet colony. It lay between Gold Coast on the west, and Dahome on the east. The population totaled more than a million Sudanese, with but a few hundred Germans. Togo was one dependency which was self-supporting, its commerce being very active, and was by far Germany's most proficient colony. The resources of the land were considerable and the Germans were hard at work developing their opportunities to the utmost. Lome was the chief seaport and the seat of the imperial governor. There were two government schools and 141 mission schools with 5,200 scholars. The country had fine roads and connections; and a railroad ran between Lome and Little Popo, the next most important city. Telegraph and telephone service was also very highly developed in Togoland. The bulk of exports consisted of palm nuts, oil and rubber.

The island of New Guinea, the second largest in the world, is situated about 80 miles northeast of Australia. It was jointly controlled by the English, Dutch and Germans. The northern half of the east region, an area of about 70,000 square miles, with a population of 15,000 natives, belonged to Germany, and was called Kaiser Wilhelm's Land. Conspicuous about the island are the large number of forests filled with enormous trees including the camphor. The most important products of value to Germany were copra, gold, pearls and shells, sandalwood and trepang.

The Bismarck Archipelago supplied Germany with coffee, copra and kapok, a sort of cotton.

Discovered by the Spaniards in 1543 and sold to Germany in 1899 were the Pelew Islands, a group of twenty-five islands southeast of the Philippines at the west end of the Caroline Islands. The Pelew Islands are well-wooded, mountainous and are surrounded by coral reefs. The soil is fertile and the climate healthy. The entire group is only 170 square miles in size, and inhabited by some 10,000 natives of the Malay race.

By the treaty of 1889, the United States, Great Britain and Germany assumed joint control of the islands in the Samoan or Navigator Archipelago in the Pacific. This arrangement continued until the year 1898 when King Malietoa Laupepa died, and disturbances at once arose regarding the succession. A joint committee which was appointed recommended among other measures the abolition of the kingship. The final result was that by the Anglo-German agreement of November 14, 1899, accepted and ratified by the United States in January, 1900, Great Britain renounced all rights over the islands as regards the two largest, Savaii and Upolu, in favor of Germany; and in favor of the United States, as regards Tutuila and the other islands. Savaii is the largest of the group, being about 47 miles long and 28 miles wide, the total area covering approximately 1.000 square miles. The chief town of the islands is Apia, on a bay in Upolu. The islands are mountainous and have very rich soil. In spring there are usually disastrous hurricanes, but the climate is generally favorable. Samoa does an extensive trade with the United States at San Francisco, and with Australia at Auckland and Sidney.

In the Orient, Germany was represented by her war-famous Kiaochau, a protectorate on the coast of Shantung in China. Its capital was Tsingtau, a fortified seaport with a dockyard and naval station. Germany obtained a ninety-nine year lease on Kiaochau from China in January, 1898, but the Japanese took it away from her during the early months of the war. The area of the protectorate comprised about 200 square miles, with a population of 170,000.

This, in brief, completes the survey of the German territorial and colonial possessions as they were before the fateful years 1914 and 1915. It seemed as if the firebrands from the European conflagration burned with a ferocity that swept all before it in the colonies. No sooner had the first shots been fired in France and Belgium than the British, French, Japanese and natives rushed to their respective colors in the neighboring possessions and set out to crush German colonization once and forever. In Africa, the French and British colonial forces began extensive campaigns which meant doom for the small garrisons of German troops and loyal natives stationed on German territory.

Togoland was the first to give up the fight. She surrendered or capitulated August 27, 1914, being no match for the invaders, as she possessed only a small police force. The Germans did succeed, however, in defending their big radio station, Kamina, for several weeks. Next fell German Southwest Africa which was conquered by General Botha with troops from the Union of South Africa in May-July, 1915. Kamerun was next in order, being subdued in February, 1916. German East Africa held out the longest of all the colonies. After suffering many reverses, the Belgians, Portuguese, and troops of the Union of South Africa under General Smuts, who were engaged in the task of wresting this territory from the kaiser, finally succeeded and forced the Germans to evacuate in May, 1917.

The Germans had placed a great deal of hope in the Boer rebellion which suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of General Botha's troops only a few short weeks after its outbreak. With the failure of the Boer uprising, the chances of the Germans for an ultimate victory went glimmering. Odds and opposition were too strongly against the Teuton, and the red-white-and-black empire in Africa was at last extinguished.

As early as August 29, 1914, German Samoa had been captured by the British and the government made prisoners and taken to the Fiji Islands. Next, the English took Herbertshöhe, in the Bismarck Archipelago, and September 13 destroyed the big radio station there. On the nineteenth of the same month, German New Guinea was occupied by the British.

It would appear that the French and English had taken over all remaining German territorial possessions, but not so. The Japs, it must be remembered, came into the world conflict and cut off the tentacles of the octopus-like Teuton in the East by staging fierce attacks on Kiaochau, principally near Tsingtau, during September, 1914. After a long siege the protectorate was evacuated November 7, 1914.

On October 8, the Japanese had taken the Island of Yap which belonged to Germany and is a member of the West Carolines. The city of Yap is the seat of government for the Caroline and Pelew islands. Yap now belongs to the United States as a coaling station in the Pacific and, as has often been jokingly remarked, is about the only thing of any value which the United States got from the war. Yap is an important strategical point. It has a population of about 8,000.

And so it came to pass that a great colonial dominion was finally wrested from the German grasp. After 30 years of steady development and advancement in the arts of colonization, the war snatched away rudely the results of German endeavor and left the Fatherland "childless." The proud colonial empire slipped away from the parent, piece by piece, like an island of quicksand—lost forever, except in the pages of our old schoolbooks.

Fairy Isle of the Blue Straits and Its Legends

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Born an Ottawa, with an Ojibway mother, by an alliance with the Potawatomies, Pontiac became chief of the three tribes. He was a wonderful personality and he had great executive ability. Afterward he was foully murdered by one of the Illinois tribe. The Ottawas later avenged his death, practically exterminating the Illini at Starved Rock.

As a part of the plan of the general uprising, the Indians invited the garrison at Mackinac to witness a game of ball, called "baggatiway," August 8, 1763. As all seemed friendly the invitation was accepted and during the afternoon the gates were left open. The ball was thrown within the inclosure, as though by mistake, but it was a prearranged signal, at which all the Indians rushed in, grabbing their tomahawks from the squaws who were standing about and had them concealed beneath their blankets. A general massacre ensued.

That soldier of fortune, Alexander Henry, escaped from the carnage and fled for his life, but was discovered and brought back, and as the Indians were becoming satiated, they were keeping him to be tortured later on, but that evening, before their plans could be consummated, Wawatam (or Wenniway) appeared at the council of Chief Minavavana, bearing rich gifts and begging that the life of Henry be spared to fill the place of his dead brother, Musinigon, recently slain in the wars with the English.

The request was granted and Wawatam took Henry to his own wigwam, where he kept him for several days, until a boat, coming through the Straits laden with supplies (including firewater) for the forts, and not knowing that the Indians held possession, was seized by them. Wawatam wished to celebrate with the rest of his tribe and he feared for Henry's safety, once they all got good and drunk, so, one evening at dusk, he hid Henry in a cave.

Henry was far too frightened to have slept much that night anyway, but, scared as he was, he noted the unusual hardness of his bed, and, in the morning, his peace of mind was still further upset, when, on looking around in the semi-darkness of his new lodging place, he discovered the cause of the extreme roughness of the floor of his new abode. It was strewn with human bones!

Some have thought that Indians of prehistoric times took refuge there from the Deluge. Others that the original inhabitants of the island might have fled to the cave before the invasion of the Hurons at the time of the Iroquois wars of 1650 and were there massacred. Or it may have been a burial vault. It has even been advanced that the cave was the one-time receptacle for the bones of prisoners who had been sacrificed and devoured at war feasts, but no one really knows the wherefore of Skull Cave.

There is an Indian legend about the cave, which is, that Chief Kenu sat within the cave awaiting the coming of Michabou, the Great Spirit, to answer his prayer. He had brought the clay with which, by Michabou's help, he hoped to make better peace pipes for his contentious people. As he sat waiting, one of the skeletons rose and said, in a hollow voice: "Silver is under thy feet. Take of it with thy clay and make pipes and thy people shall find the Spirit of Peace wherever their smoke shall arise." Kenu obeyed and the apparition blew upon them filling them with the peace-making power. Thereafter, the influence of the united and peace-loving tribe of Kenu was felt far and wide.

After the celebration was all over and the firewater had been drunk up, Wawatam came back to the cave and got Henry and took him to his lodge again where the winter was spent most happily, the paleface learning to love his Indian brother and family, and it was with genuine regret that he finally parted from them in the spring when opportunity offered to leave the island in the canoe of Madame Cadotte, a daughter of the chief of the A-wous-ee clan of the Ojibways, but who had been married, according to the white settlers' customs, in the little old mission chapel, to Jean Batiste Cadotte, French governor of the fort at the Sault. Later Cadotte and Henry were to be partners in the fur trade.

Wawatam stood on the beach as Henry finally left with Madame Cadotte and her three boatsmen, and he besought the Kichi Manitou to take care of his White Brother Henry until they should meet again.

Poor, kindly Wawatam later became blind and was accidentally burned to death in his lodge at Ottawa Point.

The old Mission Church, oldest in the Northwest, was originally erected at St. Ignace, but was later removed and rebuilt, stick by stick, on its present site.

Not far from the Fairy Isle, the *Scorpion* and the *Tigress* once operated a blockade, during the British occupancy, and it was then that the islanders ate horse meat, and paid a dollar a loaf for bread.

On the north side a mounted cannon marks the spot where the British made their effective landing in 1812. Soon afterward they built a fort on the highest point on the island, 318 feet above Lake Huron and 168 feet above the American Fort Mackinac, naming it Fort George, after their king, George III. When the Americans took possession of Mackinac again they called this Fort Holmes, for Major Andrew Hunter Holmes, who was killed in the battle of Mackinac Island, August 4, 1814, while attempting to capture the fort from the British.

While the British held the fort a large blockhouse occupied the center of the inclosure, under which was stored ammunition. The inclosure was encircled by an embankment lined with sharp-pointed cedar poles, with pickets, much the same as the American fortifications. That old blockhouse was almost destroyed by the Americans using it as a target for practice from Fort Mackinac. Then the remaining timber was used as a barn at the foot of the hill below the fort. Later still, what material remained was carried back and Fort Holmes restored as first built, after much traveling.

Troops under Major Sinclair took possession, July 13, 1780, of Mackinac Island, for a consideration of 5,000 pounds, paid to the Indians. Afterward these same Indians showed signs of discontent with the arrangement, but a hastily summoned cannon from Detroit calmed them.

Above Arch Rock a seat conveniently placed gives opportunity for enjoying a wonderful marine view. This place is named for Jean Nicolet, said to have rested at that spot, and to have been the first white man to view the Straits when, in 1634, in a birch bark canoe, with three Indians, he made the trip from Three Rivers, Canada, to Green Bay, Wisconsin, via the Ottawa trail, Georgian Bay, Sault, Lake Huron and Michigan. He was Champlain's agent, sent to find the South Sea route and China, and to extend the French fur trade. In order to impress the Chinese, he took along "a damask robe, broidered with flowers," and this he wore at Green Bay, Wisconsin, at a meeting with the Winnebago Indians. He was afterward drowned in the St. Lawrence, near Sillery, in 1642, while bent on saving a friendly Indian from torture. No doubt Jean Nicolet felt, when he first viewed the Straits, what Miss Harriet Martineau so beautifully voiced at a later day: "It is comparable to nothing but what Noah must have seen the first bright morning after the Deluge."

It was Father Jacques Marquette who founded the first mission on the Straits of Mackinac, at St. Ignace, in 1671. He had come to Mackinac Island that spring from the LaPointe mission on Lake Superior, where he had succeeded Father Allouez in 1665, that mission being broken up when the Hurons and the Ottawas fled in the face of the fierce Sioux, to the island, and Père Marquette came with them. He found, however, that Father Dablon had been there the winter before, so he went on to St. Ignace and established that mission for both the Hurons and the Ottawas.

These good French priests labored unceasingly for the good of the Indians and while on their travels they made many discoveries and maps which have proved very valuable.

From the Michilimackinac base started forth Marquette and Joliet on their historic journey down the Mississippi, intent on finding the South Seas. When fully satisfied that only the Gulf of Mexico awaited them at the mouth of the Father of Waters, they returned, but next year the indomitable Marquette started forth again, the spirit of adventure still strong within him. Years of privation and hardship had told on him, however, and he died before he could return to the Straits. He was tenderly buried by the side of a stream by his devoted followers, who, two years later, returned, augmented by some thirty canoe loads of their brethren, and brought the body of their beloved leader home.

And here Père Marquette, from the little hill town of Laon, in France, truly a Great Spirit, a Manitou, sleeps 'neath the little Mission Church he helped to found, in Mishi-min-auk-in-ong, Land of the Great Spirits.

Soviet Gold—Does It Go to Wall St.—Or Not?

Concluded from page 10

would not remelt any gold the origin of which could not be traced, and ownership of which could not be proved. This ruling was based on the theory that Soviet gold was stolen gold, which it was, and our government refused to act as a fence for stolen property. Sweden was not so captious with the result that her mints were kept very busy. The second reason for this stop-over at Stockholm is quite as important. Everyone who has been to Stockholm has heard of a banker there by the name of Olaf Aschberg. Olaf was mentioned in the Sisson documents as the banker of Stockholm through whom Max Warburg & Company of Hamburg on behalf of the German Government gave Lenin and Trotsky-Brounstein six millions to finance the second revolution. He is now at the head of the State Bank of the Russian Soviet Republic recently started with a few quintilliards of paper rubles as capital. On April 10, 1922, the London *Post* states:

"A large gold consignment valued at 33,000,000 crowns recently arrived here from Reval. It was addressed to Svenska Ekonomibolagot, a concern whose name has been mentioned in connection with large credits to Russia, and which is run by a Swedish Jew, Aschberg, who, during the war, was a frequent speaker at Bolshevist meetings. Bank credits in America anyway are not always carried in the names of the actual owners." Now with respect to the telegram of Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Company, to Senator Borah and which was read into the *Congressional Record*. I did not mention the name of that banking firm in my speech of one month ago, but the name having been brought in, I accept the gage of battle. Let us see what there is on that. In looking up this matter of Soviet gold in Wall Street, I had access to one file in which there were numerous clippings made from the financial columns of the New York *Times* indicating that there had arrived at the port of New York shipments of gold from Stockholm and consigned to Kuhn, Loeb & Company, amounts ranging up to two and a half and three millions of dollars each. I started to tabulate them but the owner of the files assured me that he could not guarantee that the file was complete. You will find these short and extremely significant little articles in the financial section of the *Times* from day to day if you look for them. Surely there is no value in carrying a matter of common knowledge to such lengths of investigation. It is almost puerile . . . .

Senator Borah took occasion to ask these international bankers whom he has so often flayed in the Senate for his information. Why did he not go to some department of the Government of the United States for that evidence which he was apparently so anxious to obtain? I challenge him to do so. He dare not get the facts from official sources. I am quite sure that either Secretary Mellon, Secretary Hoover or Secretary Hughes will be glad to accommodate him. I would be very content to rest on their assertions.

I have but the kindliest feelings for Senator Borah, because I have watched his public career for several years as he has slipped farther and faster into the arms of world revolutionaries. I have long since come to the conclusion that there are political or perhaps business limitations which preclude statesmanlike vision or correct thinking. And it is now on account of that friendly feeling that I desire to point out to him that he is keeping mighty dubious company. For instance, I have here in my hand a copy of a paper called *The Worker* which styles itself the "organ of revolutionary working class expression." The issue is that of February 24. On the second page is an article with a scare head which announces that Senator Borah is to speak at the Lexington Opera House March 11 under the auspices of the World War Veterans, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes to act as chairman, and Jack Brador, national chairman of the World War Veterans, to be co-speaker with the Senator. The Senator should understand that the World War Veterans is the organization which is the mouthpiece for communism in this country among the veterans. The evidence was found in the seized documents of the Communist Convention at Bridgeman. Everyone knows the Bolshevik tendencies of the Rev. John Haynes Holmes. That meeting was held and Senator Borah spoke. Since that time, it has been established that the actions of Senator Borah have been so sympathetic with the Communist organization in this country that he was endorsed for the Presidency in the 1924 campaign by the Bridgeman convention and the facts were brought out a few days ago during the trial of William Z. Foster.

Then, too, I desire to give a friendly warning to Senator Borah on another account. I understand that he is packing his steamer trunk preparatory to a journey to Russia as a guest of the Soviet government. There is a danger in this. I do not speak of the danger of contamination for that period of his political degeneration has long since passed. It passed two years ago when he used all the influence at his command to defeat a Senatorial investigation into the radical activities of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. There is no further danger of that kind. But I do speak of the laws of the United States, duly spread on the statute books by act of Congress. The Logan Act is now nearly 100 years old, and was enacted when a situation existed with reference to France which parallels with startling fidelity the condition which exists today relative to Russia. This act provides for the arrest and punishment of any citizen or officeholder of the United States who enters into negotiations with any foreign government without the due authority from the executive branches of the government to which is committed by law functions of that kind. It was an expression of anxious concern at the time of its passage to obviate the dangers which George Washington spoke of in his Farewell Address against the incursions of alien influence into our body politic. I advise Senator Borah to be careful. Public opinion in this country is rapidly being educated. Before he returns, it may crystallize sufficiently so that he may become the object of the provisions of this law. Why the Logan Act was not enforced in the case of Senator France, I have been unable to figure out, except that he nominally belongs to the same political party which is in authority in Washington. But party affiliations sometimes fail in moments of distress, and thus again I take occasion to call the Senator's attention to something which he may have overlooked. It really is a very serious thing. I should hate to see him even in an American jail, a victim of his own enthusiasms.

But aside from all this, in its broadest sense, we have watched this conspiracy, to dominate the world rise, flourish and bring horror, misery and suffering to vast numbers of people. I have just received word through European sources of information which I consider reliable that the last Congress of the Third Internationale has appropriated half a million dollars for the propaganda which will have as its object the overthrow of this government by violence. Perhaps there is some connection between this and the press reports to the effect that the former Russian "Ambassador" Ludwig C. A. K. Martins and his secretary, Gregory Weinstein, are planning to visit the United States—perhaps to see that the money is properly spent. I assume that some of this gold in Wall Street we have been talking about will be used. It is handy enough, anyway. That does not take into account money diverted from famine relief funds and local contributions from workingmen, bankers and others. Will someone please advise me where there is an equal amount available for the maintenance of this government through educative propaganda? I'd like to feel the power of its influence.

And as we have watched the meteoric rise of world revolution from the gutters and dregs of Europe, we gradually come to the conclusion, which I believe is entirely warranted by the facts, that the downfall and continued crushing of the Russian people by an irresponsible minority into the mud of despair, has been one of the biggest looting propositions that the world has ever seen. Loot! Loot! Loot! on every hand and everywhere.

The Manless Ship—Controlled by Radio

Experiments Carried Out by Navy with "Iowa" Successful

By S. R. WINTERS

"Official photographs U. S. Navy"
Iowa under radio control.

A BATTLESHIP steaming ahead, without a person aboard, and in the absence of visible means of control, was the strange and almost unbelievable spectacle viewed at the joint maneuvers of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets of the United States Navy Department off the coast of the Panama Canal Zone, in March, 1923. The weird tales of vessels plying the oceans without guide or chart, fanciful myths dating back to the Roman galleys, have been translated into stern reality. The wonderful wireless waves have made of the legendary manless battleship an accomplished fact.

The battleship *Iowa*, a veteran seagoing craft of the Spanish-American War, was equipped with radio apparatus and plied its way through the waters without any crew or personnel aboard. Another steamship, several miles distant, controlled and guided the course of the manless *Iowa* by means of wireless equipment. This apparatus consisted of a standard device for transmitting electric waves, the entire operation of the *Iowa* being subject to remote control. The crewless vessel was started, its direction steered, and its operating machinery stopped solely by use of the wireless waves. Moreover, the obsolete battleship *Iowa* became a moving target, the modern battleship *Mississippi* directing the fire of its giant rifles in the direction of the radio-controlled ship.

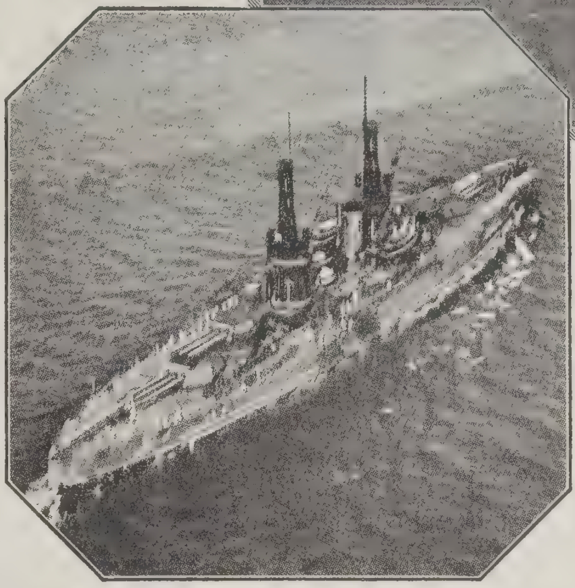
The old battleship *Iowa* was modified in some particulars before it assumed the rôle of a modern miracle. Its power plant underwent extensive alterations as a means of insuring the operation of the propelling machinery for a considerable period of time without requiring personal attention. The boilers were transformed from coal-burning into oil-consuming power-supplying units. Also automatic devices were installed for feeding the fuel to the burners and supplying water to the boilers. The wireless outfit on this crewless battleship consisted of an aerial or antenna for the reception of wireless signals from the distant controlling vessel. The radio signals were converted into a form for the operation of the electrical devices, which control the steering gear and throttle of the engines of the battleship, by use of specially designed wireless receivers, amplifiers, relays, and other units used in the reception of radio communications.

When everything was in readiness for the starting of the manless ship on its epochal cruise, the main engines were started and then left functioning very slowly. The vessel was forthwith abandoned, with not a person on board, and its control delegated to an officer in charge of another vessel miles removed from the *Iowa*. The first wireless signal transmitted by the controlling battleship was intercepted by the antenna on the *Iowa* and received by the radio apparatus located below the deck of the craft. The wireless signal was then amplified by vacuum tubes, similar to those used in thousands of radio-receiving sets throughout the United States. The amplified signal caused the functioning of an extremely sensitive relay or switch, which, in turn, operated a larger relay. The latter closed an electrical circuit which operated an electrically controlled pneumatic valve. When the latter opened, it admitted compressed air to the throttle control of the main engines of the battleship, which action caused the throttle to open and the *Iowa* steamed ahead at full speed.

The large relay or switch also operates a device described in electrical terms as a commutator, which in reality is a special electric switch having control of the steering mechanism. The commutator is the mechanical brains of the battleship *Iowa*. This device receives the wireless signals, interprets them, and passes them on directly to the electric motor controlling the steering engines. By means of the mechanical brains, the officer on the control battleship was enabled to steer the *Iowa* to either starboard or port, or to put the gyro-compass in control and maintain a steady course.

The gyro-compass is another novel installation on the world's only radio-controlled battleship. This device permits of automatic steering of the vessel. This compass is electrically connected to the control panel of the electric motor on the steering gear, thus making it possible for guiding the ship along any course. The steering apparatus on the *Iowa* consists of a standard steam-engine-driven rudder gear, the throttle valve of the engine being geared to a small electric motor. The commutator, or electric brains, of this battleship is connected to the control panel of this motor and is thus enabled to operate the electric motor, which, in turn, causes the steam engine to operate the rudder to either starboard or port, according to the dictates of the officer on the controlling vessel.

Suppose it is desirable to stop this crewless seagoing craft when steaming at full speed? The officer in charge of the controlling vessel merely transmits a wireless signal of 10 seconds' duration. This long radio signal serves to operate a special relay or switch which opens the circuit on an electrically controlled pneumatic valve. This shuts off the fuel-oil and feed-water pumps, thus suspending the operation of the power plant. Obviously, then, the radio-controlled battleship comes to a standstill. Furthermore, if the wireless receiving equipment on this ship should become inoperative for a considerable length of time a safety device is brought into force. This consists of a time clock which automatically suspends the operation of all mechanical devices in the event that the radio-receiving apparatus refuses to function.



The battleship *Mississippi*, ten miles away from the radio-controlled *Iowa*, directed its gunnery upon this obsolete battleship, a survivor of the Spanish-American War.

The wireless instruments and amplifying electron tubes employed on this wonderworking battleship are of the type used for other purposes in the United States Navy Department. The antiquated battleship *Iowa* when linked with that modern wonder, radio, became a twentieth century Flying Dutchman at the maneuvers of the Pacific and Atlantic fleets off the coast of the Panama Canal Zone recently. Under invisible motive power the *Iowa*, without a person aboard, maneuvered back and forth, in loops, curves, and diagonal dashes, while 10 miles away the battleship *Mississippi* was directing its gunnery practice on this relic of the Spanish-American War.

The gunners on the battleship *Mississippi* used the radio-controlled *Iowa* as a target for discharging ammunition from three forms of gunnery—5-inch guns, 14-inch rifles, and 14-inch guns. The critical test had for its objective the determination of the accuracy of the gunners when the battleship, guided by wireless waves, was making a full swing to port or starboard. The fourth and final bombing test was at a range that made it impossible for the gunners to view their target, and it was a gunnery practice that brought into action aircraft as a means of spotting indirect gunnery fire.

The battleship *Iowa* was surrounded by certain safeguards from complete destruction in the recent tests, despite its position as an open-range target. The gunnery practice involved the use of thin-skinned and extremely sensitive shells, manufactured during the final struggles of the World War for ammunition of the naval gunners in France. These shells explode at the slightest shock, and for that reason they were employed in bombarding the protective armor of the *Iowa*. Thus, a minimum damage was inflicted upon the hull of the battleship.

Now, thanks to inventive genius, battleships, torpedoes, automobiles and even trains may be started and controlled by radio. In all these wonderworking feats, however, the wireless waves do not supply the motive power for operating the battleship or train—the electric waves merely actuating certain throttles or levers which cause the engines to begin functioning. Recently, a freight train in Pittsburgh was started by radio and ran for some distance in the absence of local control. Of course, in obedience to law, an engineer was aboard but kept his hand from the throttle. In reality, the operator at the radio-transmitting station was in control of the throttle of the locomotive engine for the distance over which the freight train operated with the engineer keeping hands off. However, the wonderful wireless waves merely supplied energy enough for actuating the lever that opened the throttle to the locomotive engine. Similarly, in the radio-controlled battleship, the impulses of radio energy only serve to operate the throttle valves to the main engines—wonderful accomplishment that it is.

Weird Art of Great Benin Savagery a Mystery

Concluded from page 6

carved on figures on elephant tusks, which were placed atop the bronze likeness of the king on the sacrificial altar. On two such tusk figures appear crosses hung from chains about their necks. "The occurrence of the Christian symbol in the costume of these two figures," says Mr. Hall, "may perhaps find its explanation in conditions implied by the circumstances of the native tradition concerning the workers in bronze. Ahamangiwa's pupils would naturally be chosen from among Bini craftsmen who were already practiced in sculpture; the new master must have been a Christian, and was probably closely associated with the Portuguese missionaries, if he was not one of them. His pupils would thus be directly subject to Christian influences and likely to adopt Christian emblems for their own use."

"There can be little doubt," he adds, "that the Negro kingdoms of West Africa owed certain cultural features to contact by way of the trade routes leading north and east with the civilized parts of the continent; but that the art of casting bronze by the cire-perdue process was known to the Bini before their contact with the Portuguese in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, cannot at present be demonstrated. In view of the part unquestionably played by the Portuguese in Bini history 400 years ago, in view also of the fact that the only marks upon the bronzes themselves which bear unequivocal witness to definite foreign influences are the figures of Europeans of that period, and having regard to the result of the analysis of the metal, it is clear that the burden of proof of an origin other than Portuguese for metal working as a fine art in West Africa rests upon those who dispute the Portuguese claims."

When that influence was withdrawn the art of Benin began to degenerate. At the time the city was taken by the British virtually all the examples were dispersed, the largest and best of them going to British museums. "The brief period during which impressive products of artistic metal workers were turned out in Benin is, it seems certain, an interpolated great age, so to call it," says Mr. Hall, "appearing abruptly and passing through a rapid degeneration to extinction. The products of the brass workers on the west coast of the present day have little in common with such fine work as is represented even in an already degenerate specimen like either of the two large heads in the middle of the row on the altar." Prior to the introduction of European influence, however, the natives had been wood carvers, and had done work in ivory. In attempting to continue bronze work they applied the methods of their own technique, returning to what Mr. Hall calls the old stylistic treatment of salient features of the face which the less plastic medium in which they were accustomed to work had forced upon them.

The town of Benin was accidentally set afire on the third day of the British occupation, which was made to punish the massacre of the members of a peaceful mission to the king. Nothing is left of it now but modern native huts and some ancient ruins, stripped of all examples of the extinct art. At the time the British entered many fine objects had been removed and scattered about the world. When Benin was in its glory it was the custom to place, on the roofs of most of the buildings in the royal compound, great snakes of brass or bronze, lying heads downward above the doors. Only one of those was in place when the British arrived. The museum collection includes a huge brass snake head. The snake was a powerful juju, or fetish.

"Creative art in Benin," says Dr. Gordon, "fulfilled its greatest tasks in connection with fetish worship, which made the chief demand on the artist's resources and furnished the most powerful incentive to creative effort. In that school the artists of Benin acquired a knowledge and skill that appear to have been extended to personal and domestic uses. The themes employed in personal ornaments, plaques and utensils, true to their traditions, are apt to be reminiscent of the fetish and to point in the direction of magic and the supernatural."

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Farmers of Northern Wisconsin are mixing honey and water and using the preparation as an anti-freezing agent in the radiators of their automobiles. Ten pounds of honey with an equal amount of water will last through the winter and the solution is effective even at a temperature as low as 20 degrees below zero.

A flock of Rocky Mountain goats are allowed to roam about the buildings at the naval powder factory at Indian Head, Maryland. The goats devour the dead leaves and other inflammable rubbish, thereby protecting the powder house from fire.

Blueberries seven-eighths of an inch thick have been produced at the United States Department of Agriculture testing plantation at Whitesbog, New Jersey.

The will of Stuyvesant Fish makes three children equal beneficiaries in the estate which amounts to about $2,500,000. A sentence in the will read as follows: "Having observed and always believed charitable bequests afford the testator a means of gratifying his vanity at the expense of his heirs, I make none."

The *Commoner*, a weekly publication printed in Lincoln, Nebraska, by William Jennings Bryan, has been discontinued. The publication was 20 years old.

A new cable, the largest ever laid in the Atlantic, will be laid by August 1, between New York and London. The route will be from New York to Nova Scotia, a distance of 1,000 miles. From Nova Scotia it will run to the Azores, approximately 1,750 miles. There it will connect with a cable already laid to Europe.

The Bow River in Alberta is so named because wood well suited for bows grows on its banks.

German buyers are boycotting the world-famed costumiers of Paris. The French designers admit that, since the occupation of the Ruhr by French troops, the import of French models by Germany has dwindled. Many Berlin firms are producing their own fashions which they present to the buyers by means of skillful mannequins.

At Tell-Nebi-Mendhi, in Syria, a large city of the Hittites, and at Djibrail, the Phoenician Byblos, are excavated fragments of large buildings and mummies which prove the presence of Egyptians in Syria during the third dynasty. These Egyptian colonists exported from there valuable varieties of wood.

Many Japanese are going to South America because of the American prejudice against them. The press of Japan is urging them to take advantage of the lenient immigration laws of the southern countries.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A slogan of the Zionist movement is: "Lead the people without a country to the country without a people."

In the British Isles the buzzard lays two eggs, but never more than one bird is raised, as the incubation of the egg commences from the moment it is laid and the first bird gets the lion's share of the food brought home. When about four days old it launches a violent attack upon its companion and kills it.

There are more than 800 distinct kinds of birds of 69 families in the United States.

Farming schools for women and girls are now operating in Germany. The pupils are taught the household and other duties which are the share of women on farms.

The Boers in South Africa have what they call "dance down" parties. These dances start some time in the forenoon and last until long after midnight. The couple which dances longest without taking any rest is declared to have "danced down" the others.

The movement from the farm to the city last year is estimated by the Department of Agriculture to have been approximately 2,000,000 persons.

In Austria paper money is now counted by weight. A money market rate in a Vienna paper quotes: "Kronen: 10,000 kilogram........0.35—0.37."

Dr. S. K. Mardis, head of the rural education of Ohio State University, at Columbus, said: "No person, either native or foreign-born, should be permitted to vote until able not only to read and to write the English language intelligently, but until they have a well-grounded knowledge of our government and a patriotic conception of the true spirit of the free institutions of America."

Since prohibition became effective in the United States exports of Irish and Scotch whisky from Great Britain to various West Indian islands off the American coast and to Mexico has increased 2,000 per cent, according to figures compiled by the Commerce Department.

Rubber is now being transported to this country from the East Indies in the form of latex, instead of in the blocks and sheets known to the trade since the beginning of its history. Tank cars for latex will soon be a familiar sight on the railroads. Latex is the white sap of the rubber tree from which rubber is made. By the use of ammonia the product is handled without risk of hardening.

During the first week of each New Year one can see in the older parts of the Japanese cities groups of men and women in a praying attitude, waiting for the rising of the New Year's sun. This religious ceremony is called the Hatsu-Hinode.

The Mexican Government considers dictionaries as advertising matter and levies an import duty on them.

The Temple of the Goddess of Mercy at Asakusa, Japan, has a yearly house cleaning. Buddhist priests clad in gray and using brooms of fresh bamboo leaves clean the old temple and dust the idols. These brooms are afterward burned in the "Holy Fire of Invocation" which also chases away evil spirits. The Asakusa temple dates from the thirteenth century.

President Obregon issued two presidential proclamations recently which decreed a ten-year absolute closed season for the rapidly disappearing mountain sheep and pronghorned antelope of the Republic of Mexico.

Aristotle, the great Greek philosopher, who lived more than 2,000 years ago, said in his "Rhetorica" (II.-12) the following about the young people of his time: "Their faults are nearly all errors of exaggeration. They overdo in cases of love and in all other things. They imagine that they know everything, and stubbornly stand on their point. They like to crack jokes for joking is the bad-manneredness of the well mannered."

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Washington! Wistful, Wasted and Waiting

Planted and Told to Grow, Capital Has Had Hand-raised Existence

By BURTON KLINE

ONE of these days Washington may yet become the capital of our country. In a moment this remark will shed a bit of its apparent flippancy. Washington may become a capital as New York, Chicago, San Francisco are capitals, lacking only the presence of government; or as London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin are capitals—not an artificially created center of government, but the heart of a people's life, the seat of its fashion, its finance, its art.

Nobody built New York; it built itself. So did Chicago and San Francisco, and all these other great places. As they grew in obedience to forces of Nature, nothing could have stopped their growth. On the site of every one of them geography offered to human needs a natural situation for defense, or a harbor or river for commerce, and the city that arose was inevitable. Because it was safe, government rested there. About its waters squatted shipping and trade. Drawn by the glitter of wealth and the promise of opportunity, population flocked in. Fashion shaped itself about the courts of kings, or about magnates and their money. As men accumulated means and the desire to sport with means, art appeared, and all the play-efforts of the mind. A capital had been made—every capital, except Washington!

We like to think of our fathers as men of a flawless wisdom. To us everything they wrote into history is sacrosanct. We try to shape every important thing we do after the pattern they left us. But they committed at least one egregious folly. They wrote into our history a lapse of judgment that must exert on our national life a constant and permanent damaging influence, that must be of incalculable force, subtle as it is. In a swamp beside a sluggish river, in a remote corner of the country, where nothing was to invite the founding or foster the growth of a city, they firmly planted Washington, by fiat, and told it to grow.

Hamilton Responsible

IN EVERY other matter their foresight was next to miraculous. Perhaps the enormous westward development of the States was beyond any human prevision then. But not even judgment seems to have entered into the choice of a spot for the nation's capital. Washington is the outcome of a political squabble—the almost haphazard thought of a man in search of any handy compromise.

Somebody of that day wanted the capital for Albany, and put up a stiff case for it. Jefferson argued as stoutly for some point in the South. New York and Philadelphia revived their claims. The States were still jealous and suspicious of each other, and the wrangle took a serious twist, when Hamilton stepped in with his happy idea of putting the capital—in none of these places! On neutral ground, in territory separate to itself, the seat of government, after its wanderings, should come to rest for all time. The map showed a spot on the Potomac to be, if not geographically the center, then at least the focal point of the activities of the country, as it was at the time. The Potomac was a beautiful river, and the site chosen upon it paid the Father of us all the compliment of being but seventeen miles from Mount Vernon.

So Washington was literally put out in the country and encouraged to grow. Once the wrong site had been selected, foresight got busy enough. Under the eye of General Washington himself, L'Enfant drew up for the city that was to be a plan that would have set it to vying with any other capital in the world—if it had grown! In the furtherance of that plan a generous people has stinted nothing, has lavished everything it could provide. Nothing has been niggardly with Washington—nothing but the forces essential to the upbuilding of any great city, and especially a capital—the forces of old Mother Nature. Washington has always been hand-raised. It had to be. Until recent days it was bottle-fed—openly. It still is, furtively. Meanwhile the rest of the country has grown completely away from its capital and left it a suburb. Almost Washington has been left out of the United States.

Friendliness of a Village

IT IS not hyperbole to say this. There isn't a trace of exaggeration in the statement. Live there a year and you acquire a sense of it. The feeling of remoteness grows with your physical approach to the place. One naturally supposes a capital to attract to its neighborhood a surging of people. The approach to Washington, from any direction, is through a thin string of hamlets, some of them the least handsome and the most lacking in thrift of any in the country. These are scattered over a landscape nowhere the loveliest, and in stretches the least lovely, the dreariest we have. No other capital of a great people is circled with environs so shabby. Soon enough the city itself presents you with its beauty—and soon enough with more of that sense of remoteness. You well enough know where you are—in the capital city of the United States. Everywhere stand tokens of government—tokens grandiose, impressive, moving—to remind you of where you are. But they are the only reminders.

You are in a city at once the loveliest, and the laziest; the most entrancing, and the most annoying—and amusing. Its public manners are as flawless as we take our fathers to have been. Buy a newspaper twice at the same stand, and on your third visit the dealer will invite your views as to the beauty—or the rottenness—of the weather, as the case may be; and he may already have learned your name and the place you hail from. Your experience will be the same with the cigar vendor, the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker.

Washington is a cosmopolis, and a village. In the faces of the government clerks, as they go to their duties in the morning, you will read the feeling they have of the national importance of their work. Think what you please about the expense of government, but nowhere in America shall you find folk with so exalted a sense and love of duty. Pride of fidelity is their chief reward, heaven knows! Yet they cheerfully accept their meager salaries and decline handsome offers from the outside world—because they love their Washington. But talk to them, and you are instantly on Main Street. Mr. Sinclair Lewis lives in Washington. It is possible that he got as many of his types there as he did in Minnesota!

"From the outside world"—the words are used advisedly. Hard times may be gripping the rest of the country: Washington serenely goes its way untouched. Government will certainly be the last thing, the least likely thing, to totter and fail. And no other business, no independent business, is permitted. That fact alone has a profound effect on the character of our capital. When the fathers deliberately ruled out of Washington all gross manufacture and commerce, they definitely limited the size of their city, and as definitely crippled its spirit. It lacks the independent wealth, the private enterprise, that builds liberally—business blocks, theaters, all the appanages of a metropolis. Hence Pennsylvania Avenue, as it now is! Hence F street, the smart shopping center, dispensing precious wares to the élite of the world, in buildings raised in the 60's or 70's, and never afterward more than slightly bettered. Hence the absence of an opera, a symphony hall, or suitable theaters. In summer, Nature provides the open air for the concerts of the splendid Marines Band—in winter Washington provides a barracks! It is typical.

So, by its wilful detachment, as by a number of forces, Washington is set apart and given its character of a village, complete, contented, sufficient unto itself, draped about government trappings, most of them gorgeous and imposing, and all of them wasted. The railroad station that welcomes your very arrival awes you as one of the truly magnificent expressions of man's imagination—and except for the occasional notable or band of tourists, its arches echo to nothing but the thin little daily trickle of shoppers from Bladensburg, Hyattsville, or Fairfax Co't House. Outside the station stands Lorado Taft's "Columbus," appropriately gazing at the dome of the Capitol, the symbol of everything that has followed upon his adventurous voyage—and the few people who pass seldom give him a look, save on a hot summer's day when boys frisk in the pool at his feet. From the point of arrival, wide avenues, long vistas, parks wooded with trees from all over the world and studded with statues—the newer ones really noble works of art—invite the stranger to his own tour of discovery. And the prizes that await him! He is a poor American who can pass the White House or the Capitol for the first time without a surge of emotion—or the Lincoln Memorial, the statues to Grant and Sherman, and many another, without a thrill of pride. All the appurtenances to a capital are there—and it is empty. America doesn't come to its capital.

Of, But Not in America

IT MAY take you a year to learn that Washington may be of, but it is not in America. Yet to be utterly convinced of the fact you have only to wander into the galleries of Congress on any day and listen to the debate. There is another remark that is by no means flippant. It is of a penetrating truth. Members of Congress appear to be the first, when they should be the last, to acquire that sense of remoteness. They can't help it. There lies the curious influence for hurt that Washington's remoteness exerts on our national life.

A Senator or Congressman may feel fully persuaded that he knows every heartbeat of his constituents, that he has his finger every moment on the pulse of the American people—to whom he pays such lavish court in his every speech. It isn't so, it can't be so. He may receive bales of letters and dozens of telegrams daily. It isn't the same as the look of the eye, the grip of the hand, the spoken word of the living person. And the living American gets to his Washington only seldom and in mighty small numbers. We and our government dwell far apart—too far apart. There is another sense that you acquire—not of remoteness only, but of the effects of remoteness. When the chief of its effects are the windy debates and the lumbering methods of government, the remoteness takes on a serious cast, and the wisdom of pitching the capital where it is may be questioned soberly enough.

Who supposes for a minute that our honorable representatives would think of indulging themselves in their rambling and aimless oratory if governing went on with us as it does in other countries—that is, in the heart of the land, in some great and typical city, with the common sense of the country beating in upon the scene of legislation? Being off by itself, Washington feels free to talk. On one evening you may meet a Senator at dinner, and find him a brilliant wit, a serious thinker, swift in judgment, a personage delightful, a man who impresses with his flood of common sense. On the next afternoon you may sit in the gallery and hear that same personage putting forth without a blush the most solemn bunk, as far from the point of debate as the Greece and Rome that he must mention at least once to remain on good terms with his pride of service! And they all do it. Any page of the *Congressional Record* will bear this out. What is the reason? you ask yourself. Washington's remoteness is the reason.

One of the reasons. Another is its climate. And again the apparently smart saying happens to be the deadly truth. On a morning in spring, when those Japanese cherry trees are in blossom along the speedway and about the Tidal Basin, Washington is, by look and by everything else that nobly titillates the senses, an earthly paradise. In midsummer it is hell. In either season that climate induces a delicious but insidious languor. It relaxes every fiber in the being—but in especial the fibers of the tongue! It is why Washington is also the capital of gossip. In the wintertime it is too sloppy, in the spring too delightful, in summer too devilish hot, to stir about. Those forbidding distances further discourage movement. Nothing is left but to sit where it is pleasant, and talk. For generations that has been the Washington habit. The newspaper correspondents get the habit. Big news is all about them, to be had for the asking, but they like better to sit about hotel lobbies or in the offices of Congressmen, and put on the wire, "It is rumored—," or "A well-founded story has it—," and then follows gossip, instead. It's a dull week when it has not been "rumored" that some Cabinet member, who has no intention whatever of resigning, is about to resign.

The Sway of Climate

QUITE as a matter of course the tongues of the lawmakers are affected by that Washington climate. Every now and then the complaint goes over the country that the South is again, or always, in the saddle. It is true—and why? Because those salamanders from the South thrive in a blistering heat that lays low the North's representatives. It isn't the South that's in the saddle, it's Climate.

That same climate, inducing the same tendency to talk, does a better service when it steps outside of government circles, lays its soothing spell over the town, and tones life down to a delightful quietude. Nobody rushes in Washington. For motors the speed limit is eighteen miles. Not even the taxis violate the ordinance. As for the street cars, they never come within ten miles of violation. On one of those days when every vehicle for hire in the whole city seems to have been hired, it may easily cost the stranger thirty-five minutes of his time to get by street car from the Treasury to the Union Station. They move with impressive deliberateness, those street cars. For any one in a hurry, Washington can be exasperating, but never more so than in those street cars—unless it be in those traps for the unwary new motorist, the Circles.

Being a Washingtonian, the street car motorman naturally knows most of the population. "Ding-ding!" he gets the conductor's bell, at some stop; but does he start his car? Not yet. His eye has caught the figure of some acquaintance on the corner. "My, my!" runs in his mind, "if there isn't Jim Smith. Last time I saw Jim was—let me see. Six months ago. Got a new suit on, too. Wonder how he does it! On his salary! As if I didn't know what he—and everybody—gets!" And so, his rumination finished, the motorman at length consents to run on to the next stop, where he is apt to repeat the process. Washington may be a city of cliques and levels of society, sharply bounded and mutually impenetrable. But within themselves the cliques are chummy. You may contrive to be lonely in Washington, as in Philadelphia—but not after you are acquainted.

As in Philadelphia, the members of Washington families are interested in each other, they stick together, they entertain each other, and other families, and the stranger. In the evening a Washington man actually goes home. He wants to. Bother the theater, when there will be dining or visiting at home. When the American fireside has everywhere else died to ashes, it will still survive in Washington and Philadelphia. Both cities are literally "at home." Provincial, you may call it, at first, and say so openly—at your peril! Malign his city to a Washingtonian, and hear what he has to say. If he does not shut you up, his cordial hospitality will shame you to silence. In the beginning Washington may put you out of patience; then its charm overcomes your every objection. In the end it will get you. And you will know why Washington may yet become a capital.

Few Good Roads Out

IT MAY be driven inward upon itself—by its very isolation. News from the outer world trickles lazily in, and is read with indifference. The place boasts no feverish excitements, and scorns them. For the motorist there are perhaps two passable drives into Maryland, and two or three others into Virginia. The other roads are literally "rattling" good, and no one ventures on to them unless driven by business reasons. Who drives within Washington itself surely imperils at least the paint on his car, and perhaps the integrity of his own skin. Every corner is a risk, and the thousand and one cops necessary to the regulation of such a traffic the city cannot afford. Not the finest car, neither landau nor limousine, is safe from the flying delivery wagons, every one of them driven on the motto, "Looking out is for the other fellow." It's a common enough sight to see some handsome vehicle, of a proud make, limping home with twisted guards and dented sides.

As for those Circles—Dupont, and Scott, and Thomas, and the rest—with six or eight streets radiating from the statue at their center, they will ten times trap every motor-

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Shall We Have an American Opera?

Will Foreigners Who Control Our Operatic Stage and Our Musical Life Be Driven Out and Permit America to Express Her Own Music and Songs?

By HARRY H. DUNN

WHY HAVE WE NO AMERICAN OPERA? Why do American composers, who have written scores of operatic productions, have to look to music festivals, orchestra concerts, pageants, and similar local affairs for the opportunity to present the music and the songs of America to the American people?

Why is not America allowed to express herself in the song-stories of her own history, written by her own sons and daughters, instead of catering to Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and other countries, and being compelled to accept their operas, if we Americans want to hear opera?

The answer, made by American composers who have been trying for years to have one, even one, American opera produced, is:

"Foreigners, and foreigners only, are on guard at our opera houses. They are forcing down our throats or into our ears only the operas of foreign countries, because they do not want the great deeds, the inspiring periods, of American history repeated to Americans."

Above—WILLIAM J. M'COY, master of orchestration for the celebrated Bohemian Club, of San Francisco, and one of the most successful of American composers, who has been for years trying to get even a hearing for one of his own operas, written around an American theme, from the foreigners who control all the operatic productions in America. Circle—GILBERT MOYLE, at work on his new American opera, "The Traitor," in his home in Berkeley, California. At left—CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN, American composer, who, after several years, succeeded in getting the foreign element which controls opera in the United States to present one of his American operas. It was a success, but was allowed to drop out to make room for the work of foreign composers.

For more than a score of years, American composers have been endeavoring to have an American opera—any American opera, not necessarily any particular one by any particular American, but any opera which is American in theme, music, words and composition—produced in American opera houses, but with only temporary success. A few years ago, Charles Wakefield Cadman, one of the leading composers of America, with dozens of worth-while songs to his credit, the man who has written virtually all the songs of the American Indian that we have, obtained production for one opera of several he has written. It was an American opera, written on an American Indian theme. It was a success when it was produced. But the producers, foreigners all, forgot it, as soon as it had been given a showing, to make room for a foreign production.

Every now and again some impresario—foreign by birth, training, sympathies—brazenly announces a "contest for an American opera." American composers, though deceived time and time again, always enter these contests, giving to them the best they have in words, music, plot and stage setting. When the operatic scores are all in, the producer selects, not the best, but the worst, for presentation. When it fails, as it is foredoomed to fail because it is the poorest of probably one hundred entries, this producer from Rome or Jerusalem, sadly shaking his un-American head, makes this excuse:

"There you are. You talk of American opera, and when I try to give you one, this is the result, such a bad result that you won't have it."

The ninety-nine untried, and unread, operas are returned to their American writers, and what might be a serious American undertaking is turned into a fiasco by the duplicity of the foreigners to whom we have intrusted our musical life.

This sounds like the dream of a disappointed composer, but the writer knows of seven different occasions on which exactly this process has been gone through with, this deceit "put over" on Americans by foreign operatic producers in America. So bad is the situation, so hopeless the outlook for American composers and librettists seeking even the *opportunity* for production of an American opera, that American composers, almost without exception, are filing their operatic compositions, in the hope that, sooner or later, possibly not for the next half-century, but some day, Americans will take back from the Jew and the Italian control of music in America. Men like William J. McCoy, master of orchestration for the celebrated Bohemian Club, of San Francisco, and responsible for years for the purely American music which is presented each year with the Bohemian Grove Play, and who has written no less than 12 operas on American themes, have been unable to get a chance to present to the people of their own country their operatic compositions.

Cadman, McCoy, Sabin, and other American composers, meanwhile are obtaining presentations of parts of their operas, overtures, arias, duets, and similar sections of the whole composition, at music festivals, in "music weeks," and similar local and limited affairs. Through these they believe they are slowly building up a demand for American opera, which eventually will crystallize into a demand by the music-loving public for the production of the entire operas, not necessarily in New York, nor yet in Chicago, but in other cities scattered throughout the country, where musical entertainment is sought for the joy of hearing less than for an opportunity to display diamonds.

There is some hope that eventually Americans will come into direction of America's music. That hope grows stronger each year as it becomes more and more apparent that the demand for foreign opera, delivered by foreign singers under foreign standards, is limited to New York and, to a lesser degree, to Chicago. There is more hope in the fact that tours of foreign-directed grand opera companies into the states west of the Mississippi River for the past several years have resulted in both financial and artistic failures. There is still greater hope in the recent successes of the revivals of light operas in English, because these successes show that there is a genuine demand for the operatic form of entertainment, presented in the language of the country and built around themes which are more or less American in spirit, such, especially, as the Gilbert and Sullivan productions.

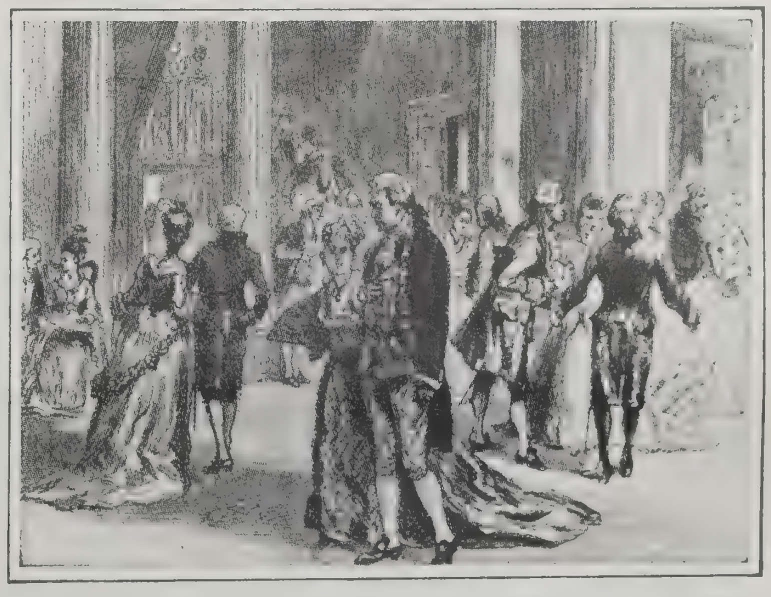
There should be no underestimating, however, of the strength of the foreign control of our musical stage, nor of the tenacity with which the foreigners holding that control will battle to retain it. An example of this was the recent ousting of Mary Garden from direction of the Chicago aggregation of foreign "song-birds," for whatever may be said of the sturdy Mary, it must be admitted that her ways of thinking and her methods of action are strictly and strongly American.

In the Far West, there is a tendency this year to devote more time to American operas, and to present larger fragments of these American operas to the people through the media of concerts, festivals, pageants and similar homemade productions. The annual music festival, in the Greek Theater of the University of California, at Berkeley, which is becoming the crowning event of musical life on the Pacific Coast, is presenting each year as large parts as possible from American operas, though its list of artists is limited to those who are bona fide residents of California. Other states on the Pacific Coast, however, are preparing similar music festivals, at which the works of their own composers will be heard, and there is a bright prospect that, by this means, a demand for, and an appreciation of, American opera may be established.

Librettists likewise find themselves confronted with an apparently insurmountable barrier whenever they write the book of an American opera and seek to have it set to music by any well-known composer. The foreigners, in control of the operatic stage, will "accept" the libretto, and inform the writer of it that they will obtain for him the services of a composer who is capable of doing justice to the words. There the matter ends; the composer is never found; in fact, the foreign producer in America makes no effort to find him, and, eventually, the librettist is glad to get back his book, without any music or any probability of production. One of these librettists is Gilbert Moyle, of Berkeley, with the books of two American operas to his credit, and a third just completed, the latest American opera to be written. Mr. Moyle has had more than a dozen experiences with the foreign producers dominating the American operatic stage, and American composers, who eventually have written his music for him through direct dealings between them, hold up their hands and say: "What's the use? We cannot get it produced after we have completed it!" Yet librettists and composers, with the Anglo-Saxon spirit that is never whipped, continue their writing and their composing, against that time when we shall seize control of our own music and produce our own operas, based on our own historic deeds, rather than the mythology of Germany, Italy, France or Spain.

Mr. Moyle, who knows the operatic condition in America today probably as well as any American, is not backward in his description of that condition. "Why have we no American opera?" he repeated my question the other day. "Because we put only foreigners on guard in our opera houses. We not only allow them to be there; we *PUT* them there, and then we allow them to say what we shall and what we shall not have in our musical life. They are immaculate, these foreign dictators of America's music; they are suave; they are amazingly polite. The poor devil of an American who goes to them to have an opera produced gets a surprising amount of courtesy—and nothing else. In this the foreign impresario is aided and abetted by the 'society' element of opera goers, who appear so suddenly and mysteriously when the lights come on at the end of the first act. But there is hope, for the student of musical history knows that the foreign influence is a

(*Concluded on page 14*)



The ball following the marriage of Benedict Arnold and Peggy Shippen, in the Shippen family home in Philadelphia, from an old woodcut of the time, and used as the setting for one of the acts of the new American opera.

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What Difference Does It Make?

GOVERNOR SMITH, of New York, enjoyed a manufactured prominence for several weeks in a matter that means really nothing at all. New York State had and has an absolute right to modify or abrogate any law made by it. It has abrogated the prohibition enforcement act made by it. The act was no good anyway. It was never enforced. It never would have been enforced had it remained on the books for a thousand years. The principal causes of the recent eruptions in print were the desire to make Governor Smith's action a decisive blow at the Constitutional provision regarding liquor and, secondly, to enhance his importance as a Presidential candidate—or, to be perfectly honest, not a candidate but a name with which to trade state delegations. Both these efforts have failed. Governor Smith did not act with the directness and decision of a statesman, and what New York does in the question at issue makes no difference whatever. If the Federal Government desires to enforce the Prohibition law in New York, it can do so, but such a course would probably be unpopular except with the small American colony residing in New York City. The American Colony in New York, like the American colonies in other foreign cities, would doubtless be glad to keep on loyal terms with the Government of the United States.

Wage Cost in Industry

ACCORDING to an official report of the lumber industry from the United States Department of Labor, the lumber mills in Georgia show the smallest average output per employe, the lowest wage an hour and the highest labor cost in production. Oregon, on the other hand, reverses the scale, heading the list with the largest output per employe, the highest average wage an hour, and the lowest labor cost per unit of production.

In Georgia the average output is fifty feet in band-saw mills, and the minimum wage, forty cents an hour. In Oregon the average output is 117 feet and the maximum wage $1.50 an hour.

The comparison is not definite and the result may come partly from causes other than merely wages paid, such as condition of timber, but the fact remains that the showing demonstrates that low wages and low productivity are like the Siamese twins, inseparable, and that the time rate of wages is not a criterion of labor cost in a given product.

The Cost of Bond-age

MT. PLEASANT, MICHIGAN, furnishes an example of the cost of bonding a municipality for long terms. An issue made in 1892 matures in 1927, when, if then paid, it will have cost, for a loan of $15,000, an aggregate of $39,750.

The debt was contracted for the improvement of the municipally owned waterworks, and the original bonds ran for fifteen years at five per cent. No provision was made for a sinking fund, and we judge there was no attempt to secure a profit from private consumers, and, at the end of the period, a refunding issue, running twenty years, was negotiated at four and one-fourth per cent. The city authorities made no provision for a sinking fund at this time, either, and at the present time the original debt still remains.

The question of paying the bonds in 1907 was one which the village authorities feared to tackle. At that time the annual budget was but $17,500, and to spread a tax for the full $15,000 would have doubled the rate, almost. The rate then was $9.80 for $1,000, and to have collected $18 would have closed some official careers, although in the end the city would have benefited.

Of course, if the sinking fund had been provided for in the first place, and honestly administered, the bonds would have been retired at maturity, and a saving of the interest on the refunding bonds effected.

Carl H. Peterson, city manager of Mt. Pleasant, is an enthusiast in the pay-as-you-go policy for municipalities, and in emergencies, where bond issues seem imperative, favors serial issues rather than long-term obligations. He has pointed out that, had serial bonds been issued and cared for in the case of this loan, the saving would have amounted to $18,750, or about three-fourths of the total interest charge.

The first appropriation for a sinking fund was made in 1922, when $2,000 was set aside toward retiring the bonds at present maturity. Meanwhile other bonds have been issued and the interest portion of the tax dollar is on a par with that of other cities of its class.

Poet's Conquest

ROBERT FROST ambled out across the platform of a small hall at the University of Michigan. He wore a gray suit with a sack coat; his face was New England with maybe a Massachusetts emphasis, and his voice was New England of the pastures, but his mind was New England with something of Midwestern shrewdness—a shrewdness that makes possible at times a noble irreverence. He began to read his own poems, half apologetically, as if there were an element of humor in a man reading his own poems. In the midst of the academic quiet the mammoth building program of the University of Michigan asserted itself; a boilermaker played with his hammer on great resounding sheets of metal. It was machinery against poetry, and someone slipped from the hall, whereupon the boilermaker found repose. Downstairs, then, an orchestra burst gaily into the first measures of a dance, and the voices of happy youngsters floated into the room where Robert Frost stood, sometimes saying things that his audience understood. Again persons left the hall and the orchestra became silent, and the young people, too. And so the poet conquered industry and youth, as poets should. He read about Snow, and with queer whimsical inflection—the very opposite of effort or skill—he let the spirits of New England folk find the spirits of Michigan folk by the barest transmission of ideas, the common things that men and women say when they are just themselves. And the boilermaker held his hammer still and the orchestra waited downstairs, silent. And being a poet, Robert Frost hastened the end of the reading, because he knows that hammers are instruments of expression too and poems too wonderful to be written are begun by college boys and girls on nights in early June.

Who Pays the Taxes

WASHINGTON dispatches recently stated that manufacturers of the country paid 76.83 per cent of the Federal taxes received. If the whole truth were told, the statement would be something like this: "Of the Federal tax burden laid on the people of the United States, so much reached the Treasury through the collectors, and 76.83 per cent of the amount received was collected by manufacturers."

Manufacture pays no taxes. Every assessment against manufacture is added, together with a profit, to the price, and in the end Mr. Ultimate Consumer, although not listed on the tax rolls, pays the shot.

A manufacturing center derives its profits from sales all over the country, sometimes from other countries, so it may happen that a part of the nation's revenue is paid by some foreign ultimate consumer who has purchased American goods, although not under the protection of Old Glory.

Muddle-Headed Thinking

UNDER the title, "Dangers of Muddle-headed Thinking," in *Banker and Financier*, the American Acceptance Council scores a majority of bankers and economists of the country for the menace of their discussions of the possibility of too great inflation in the present trend of enlarged money and credit volume.

There is a basis of truth in the position of the council, since it is a fact that a majority of people take one side or the other of any theory at secondhand, and for that reason the publicist who has less logic in his argument than reputation with the public may easily do great damage by creating an unwarranted demand for wrong action.

Public opinion is the strongest force we know. Men and measures are approved or condemned by it regardless of merit or demerit. The greatest reformers of the ages have been martyrs to the prejudice of a public mind which later has been forced to admit its error.

The basis of the council's censure of the muddle-headed thinking it deplores is the general acceptance of the belief that the depression of the past three years was due to deflation, and that the inflation of the past few months has a part in the present era of prosperity or will affect business one way or the other whether it is continued or halted.

In proof of its argument it submits that deflation followed the business crash as inflation now has followed the revival of industry, a point in which the council stands alone, or nearly alone. It assumes the public mind to have taken cause for effect, and to have ignored other elements entering into the matter. As to other causes, chief among which is chargeable to the psychology of the general situation, there can be no dispute. But that deflation and inflation, generally speaking, affect the result, we believe the public has a more accurate conception than has the council. In fact, its perversion of fact as to the precedence of deflation and depression is so bald as to destroy its argument.

The public knows now, what it did not know then, that the warm battle between the advocates of immediate deflation and those counseling a gradual tightening of the reins was won by the former in the Federal Reserve Board, and that the prediction of the latter was immediately fulfilled. The public did not then know that prior to that time there had been the same warnings as to the necessity for care in future commitments, and so it kept on as if cash and credit must continue indefinitely.

The effect of a sudden curtailment of credit and the refusal to renew outstanding loans, together with the retirement from actual circulation of currency, was natural and is known to all. This is the first time it has been denied, so far as we know.

That the discount rate could affect the situation only lightly, as the council claims, is probably true. Banks will pay any discount rate if legitimate borrowing demand warrants it; but with a threatened call for liquidation and no possibility of renewing existing obligations, money will not be ventured for any purpose.

One Guess as Good as Another

"THE Trader," a clever writer in *Barron's Weekly,* comments on the statement of a savings bank officer that increased employment and some advance in wages had not shown in increased savings deposits. In fact, there has been a steady lessening of deposits, until now withdrawals appear. Guessing on this phenomenon, the opinion is advanced that workers have failed to heed the lesson of 1920-21 and are again recklessly extravagant. "They are buying automobiles on the installment plan."

There is no doubt an increased investment in motor vehicles—which is not necessarily an extravagance. *It does not decrease the buyer's real wealth.* But here is another guess: Every worker, every tenant who can escape the rapidly increasing rentals of our cities, is taking a chance to provide himself a home in decent surroundings at a distance from the congested centers, which makes his automobile a necessity and a real economy in time.

A less fortunate situation is the increasing cost of living, with which "increased wages" have not so far kept pace, as instanced in the boasted boost of scales in steel production to a level of forty cents an hour for unskilled labor.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE was a time in this country when the business of Government was so efficiently conducted—that is, so much more efficiently than any other kind of business—that it commanded the respect and admiration of all the people. It passed as an article of the common faith that what the Government did was exceptionally well done. Of course, we respect the Government as our government today, but admiration for its superior ability is not so great as it was. The reason is that the private business of the country has grown to greater proficiency than has the public business. Or maybe it would be more correct to say that the private business of the country is becoming more and more the public business.

These statements are not made in a political sense. What is said about government is true, for example, of the universities also. We no longer go to universities to find our wisest men. There are, it is true, well-informed men to be found in those institutions. They are learned in books. They find their way easily among the various speculations which pass for learning nowadays. They are not at a loss in naming and sometimes valuing the various guesses which others of their class have made about things. And doubtless they have a good influence upon the minds of young men and women, reminding them by the very presence and the activities and atmosphere of the university that there is that side of life. But to trust anything entirely to the universities would be to invite failure.

The things that are most vital to the world now are not yet in the books. They are being lived by men who are in the front line of advance. In the course of a decade or so they may find their way into the books and be taught to young men who are coming on. Young men ought to know what is in the books, because it enables them to start abreast of their own recent times; but to accept the books as the highwater mark of discovery and practice is to show oneself rather innocent of the facts of life. Even in industry, the shop constitutes a better book for the book-trained man than does the classroom, because the classroom deals with what was done a few years ago—except, of course (there are always exceptions), where teachers who are themselves ahead of the books are living in the living things not yet standardized into textbook copy

So that it is not, as some say, a descent to a lower plane of thought when it is proposed that public business listen to private business for some suggestions. There is a class of men and women who deplore the fact that the "smoke chimney of the factory" is beginning to smudge our public life. Of course they don't know what they are saying. They fancy a picture of society like that which obtained in ancient Greece when really the better individuals of the community were in public life, when the superior class held office.

WHEN the nation was born it drew its wisdom from the common life, and when the national principles became established and it seemed safe to leave the nation's affairs in the hands of the constituted officials, the wisdom of the common life began to circulate through other veins of the nation's interest. Government has not been the main interest, has not claimed the main strength of this nation for a number of years. Now, however, because of the need, the strength and wisdom of the nation is again flowing back toward Government, and it is not welcomed. When the people begin to think of their country and to offer it their accumulated wisdom, it is sheer folly to interpret their interest in terms of politics. Had there been less politics, there had been less need for popular concern today.

There have been times in the life of various peoples when the cream of the intellect and character of a country floated to the top—the "top" being official position. And in those times it would have been morally an impertinence for the lower orders to have insisted on interfering with the serene power of the upper classes. Blood does tell; brains do count; the emergence of the mind powerful enough to rule and to serve is a fact so important that its sphere of work is worthy of all protection.

But it is no longer true that the best people are the "top" of society, as we are led to see the "top" through the society pages, for example, or through the reports of individual wealth. It is so easy nowadays to attain what fifty years ago was called "position" that it doesn't mean anything. The leaders are not classified as they formerly were. They are not thinking so much about their prestige or their position as about their work.

So that this mistake is due for correction soon, that the irruption of the ideas of private business into the realm of public affairs is an impertinence and an assault upon the dignity of the government. It really means that the true force of the country is beginning to make itself felt from the plane where it has been recently most active, upon the plane where it has been recently most missed.

And what the business mind of the nation will say is very plain and practical. It will deal first with material matters—in which it will again challenge the condemnation of the people who deny "spirituality" to industry. The day of principles in verbal form has been a long day and a useful one; principles are now to be cast in action. The long hypnotic spell of words is to be broken; the long hypocrisy of using terms for qualities that we cannot demonstrate is to be done away. The things we really believe, true or false, shall have their chance in action; by action's test shall they stand or fall.

That is one value to the world of the Russian experiment. They wanted direct action; they got it; they found, as we all have found in factory and shop, that "direct action" is the most austere tribunal to which one can appeal. From the child touching a hot stove to see if it burns, to the revolutionary attacking human nature to see if it turns, both are up against something that is fixed. The universe is fool-proof. We can destroy our illusions but not the truth. And as between what we used to call "necessity" and "free will"—they have invented new names for them lately—there is a sufficient length of rope leading off from each to give us more roving room than we can profitably use.

Well, what has been moving in this country is that the principles about which we used to deliver orations have been taken out of the public assembly and put into the overalls of everyday business. If a thing sounds true in the United States Senate when a Daniel Webster says it, it ought to work true a thousand miles from the Senate when a plain citizen tests it. That is what has been happening in this country. We have taken the Eagle down to see whether it is any better than an ornament, and the splendid thing is that it shows itself a great bird. But coming from the country back to Washington it is somehow not held in as high respect as once it was when it came from Washington to the country.

But that which is coming back from the country to the Government is the salvation of the latter, if it will only heed. The curse of the whole business is that most of the members of the Government have lived so long in Washington that they find it impossible to believe that anyone has any interest in the country aside from a political position. There is a habit of mind at Washington which has seized upon all our officials from the highest to the lowest, and it is this: the man who thinks enough of his country to take note of how it is being managed, does so for no other reason than to oust the present managers and take their places. That is the Washington reaction to the interest of citizens of the United States in the Government. The result is, of course, two losses: Washington loses the assistance that it might have from the people; and the rest of us lose the satisfaction of feeling that we have a group of officials who are as much interested in the welfare of the United States as we are.

Why can't we get together on the welfare of the United States, instead of continually suspecting people of wanting to get certain people into office or certain people out of office? The fault, it must be said, is with the constituted officials. We look up to them. If they were as fair on their part as the people are on their part, our government would become what it was meant to be, a co-operation of the best minds of the country; not the best minds among the officeholders only, but the best minds among the people, too.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

See the Word "Except" on Your Dollar Bill

Who Is Responsible for Two Kinds of Currency?

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

Reader, have you a Greenback in your pocket?

Oh, yes, there are Greenbacks—much as the "experts" would have you think otherwise, there are still Greenbacks!—Take one out of your pocket—a dollar bill—and mark well the language which it bears.

It is money—**except!** Look at the fine print on the bill and find the word **"except."** Although it is American money, it is not good for everything, as the following inscription attests:

"This note is a legal tender at its face value for all debts, public and private, EXCEPT duties on imports and interests on the public debt."

So, good citizen, you perhaps handle every day this transcript of the famous Exception clause of the Legal Tender Act—a clause which has inspired millions of words in denunciation and defense. This was only one of a score or more amendments which the Senate added to the original House Bill, all conceived in the interests of the money brokers.

Thaddeus Stevens fought all these amendments to the last ditch.

I Repose In This Quiet And Secluded Spot,
Not From Any Natural Preference For Solitude,
But Finding Other Cemeteries Limited By Charter Rules As To Race,
I Have Chosen This That I Might Illustrate In My Death
The Principles That I Advocated Through A Long Life,
Equality Of Man Before His Creator.

THE foregoing inscription, written by himself, adorns the monument which Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has erected to her great citizen, her greatest citizen save Franklin—Thaddeus Stevens. Stevens rejected burial in cemeteries the charters of which forbade the interment of colored persons, and selected as his last resting place Schreiner's cemetery, a private and humble burying-place, near one of the public schools of Lancaster. The proximity of the school was quite fitting, as Stevens was truly called The Father of the Public School System of Pennsylvania.

But the monument, to be complete, should also display the tributes which his contemporaries bore to Stevens' greatness of mind and heart, as follows:

Stevens knows more than all the rest of us.—*John Wentworth, M. C.*

When Stevens leaves the House, he will take out of it more backbone than he left in it.—*Salmon P. Chase.*

Politician, calculator, time-server, stand aside! A hero statesman passes to his reward.—*Charles Sumner.*

A brief glance at Stevens' career before entering Congress demonstrates that "he was great ere Fortune made him so." Born April 4, 1792, at Danville, Vermont, he was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1811, taught school and studied law at York, Pennsylvania, and in due course began the practice of law at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. He served as a member of the legislature of Pennsylvania from 1833 to 1841. One of the most remarkable speeches of his whole career was delivered in the legislature. In this speech he changed enough votes, both in the House and Senate, to save the public schools of Pennsylvania, defying the instructions of his constituents and closing with a stirring plea for political courage as the basis of true popularity. Entering Congress in 1849 from the Lancaster (Pennsylvania), District, to which larger city he had moved in 1842, his life is henceforth interwoven with the tangled skein of that troubled period.

An Heroic Character

THE character of Thaddeus Stevens was cast in an heroic mold. In his presence all pretense and insincerity withered away. If the hand of Providence is seen in putting Lincoln in the White House, no less providential does it seem that a man of such supreme and trained ability and of such incorruptible honesty as Thaddeus Stevens should have been selected, as it were, out of scores of public men, to preside over the all-important Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives during the Civil War—a committee charged with the responsibility of originating all revenue measures.

During the whole period of the Civil War *this Committee was compelled to deal with all fiscal measures.* The House Committee on Banking and Currency was not instituted until March 2, 1865. The Senate Committee on Banking and Currency was established March 15, 1913.

Thus Stevens, in the legislative field, was as supreme as Lincoln was in the executive branch of the government.

Peter Cooper, in accepting the nomination of the Greenback party for the Presidency in 1876 (Indianapolis, May 17), said:

"The introduction of that little word *'except'* into the original law drew tears from the eyes of Thaddeus Stevens when he looked down the current of events and saw our bonds in the hands of foreigners who would be receiving a gold interest on every hundred dollars of bonds that cost them but fifty or sixty dollars in gold. But for the introduction of that word *'except'* into that original law our bonds would have been taken at par by our own people, and the interest would have been paid at home in currency, instead of being paid to foreigners in gold."

The famous *Exception clause* of the first Legal Tender Act has inspired a perfect flood of denunciation and defense. The issues under this act were made legal tender to the government and the people for everything "*excepting* duties on imports and interest on the public debt," thus forcing the government to go into the market and buy gold from the speculators in that metal with which to pay the interest. This was the fatal entering wedge. Had they been made legal tender for everything, the best authorities affirm that they would never have been at a discount.

It was enough to inspire the profound distrust, and even to evoke the tears, of such a patriot as Thaddeus Stevens, to see that, in spite of his heroic efforts to establish a national currency, void of every vestige of special privilege, the gold faction, trafficking in the honor of the country, the deepest emotions of its patriotic citizens and even in the very blood of its soldiers, had immeasurably increased the terrible burden under which the nation was staggering, by making a home debt a foreign debt, by making a paper debt a coin debt, by making a coin debt a gold debt.

As the war proceeded the demands of the friends of gold grew bolder, but Stevens, like Prometheus, "never changed, nor faltered, nor repented"; he continued, to the last, the firm advocate of the cause of the Nation's Money. On November 12, 1867, eight months before his death, in reply to a constituent, he published a long letter in the Cincinnati *Commercial* in which he describes the circumstances under which the first Legal Tender Act passed the House in February, 1862. He says:

"Then nothing was said about the currency in which either principal or interest was to be paid. No one, I suppose, doubted that the loans of the United States, of every description, were payable in the money of the United States, of every description; but, to change that aspect, as it regarded a portion of the fund, the New York money changers again made their appearance, Jew and Gentile mingling in sweet communion, to discover some invention to make in a day what it would take weeks for honest men to earn. They went directly to the Committee on Ways and Means and asked that the interest should be made payable in coin leaving the principal as it was. The committee utterly rejected this absurd proposition—two legal tenders in the same empire for the same commodities."

Act Mangled in Senate

IT WAS in the Senate that the measure was so mangled, that, as Stevens said, its own father could hardly recognize it. Of these amendments Stevens said, as reported in the *Congressional Globe* of February 20, 1862:

"I have a melancholy foreboding that we are about to consummate a cunningly devised scheme, which will carry great injury and great loss to all classes of people throughout the Union . . . . There was a doleful sound came up from the caverns of the bullion brokers and from the associated banks. It now creates money and by its very terms declares it a depreciated currency. *It makes two classes of money*—one for banks and brokers—another for the people."

On his deathbed (he died August 11, 1868) the Great Commoner said:

"Yes, we had to yield. The Senate was stubborn. We did not yield, however, until we found that the country must be lost or the bankers gratified. And we have sought to save the country, in spite of the cupidity of its wealthier citizens. When, a few years hence, the people shall have been brought to general bankruptcy (the patriot and prophet foresaw the panic of 1873), I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I attempted to prevent it."

In a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* which broadly covers the whole field of Civil War finance, Stevens says: "How does the European creditor stand with relation to our bonds! Most of them, I presume, are held in Frankfort and London! For the money lenders there are more sharp-scented than those who were cudgeled out of the Temple. At the time they were bought in, gold was 281, or, rather, Greenbacks were at that discount, by the arrangement of the market. But suppose them to have sold at that time for forty per cent which was the highest I think they commanded—what was the operation? The purchaser paid, today, $400 in gold for $1,000 and next Monday, quarter day, received the interest on $1,000 in gold and so ever since; and now claims that when the principal falls due in a year or two it shall be paid in coin. This is what they call honor, conscience, justice, and tell the farmers of America that they were bound to pay the money-dealers of Europe this enormous rate to save their property from destruction; and the moral men of New York denounce us as dishonorable robbers and swindlers if we do not in forty years quadruple the capital of the Rothschilds, Goldsmiths and other large money-dealers. I must beg leave to judge for myself of this monstrous proposition . . . . Why is this clamor against the legal tender which answers all the purposes of solid metal and which has never been complained of by the business men of the community."

Protested to the Last

THE flame of indignation against the "monstrous propositions" of the gold interests burned ever more brightly as this great Friend of the People neared the end of his earthly career. Perhaps his most dramatic declaration on the subject is that reported in the *Congressional Globe* of July 17, 1868, three weeks before his death, a speech which is worthy to rank with that of another great lion of liberty, Lord Chatham, when he was carried from his bed to denounce, almost with his expiring breath, the attempt of the North Ministry to conquer the American colonies. When Stevens heard it suggested in the House of Representatives that certain loans were payable only in gold, his indignation burst the bonds of party loyalty as he boldly declared:

"After they fall due they are payable in money, just as the gentleman understands money, just as I understand it, just as we all understood it, when we passed the law authorizing that loan; just as it was a dozen times explained upon the floor by the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means when called upon by gentlemen to explain what it meant, and just as the whole House agreed that it meant. I want to say, that if I knew that any party in this country would go for paying in coin that which is payable in money, thus enhancing it one-half; if I knew that there was such a determination this day on the part of my party, I would vote for the other side, Frank Blair and all. I would vote for no such swindle upon the taxpayers of this country; I would vote for no such speculation in favor of the large bond holders, the millionaires who took advantage of our folly in granting them coin payment of interest. And I declare—well, it is hard to say it—but if even Frank Blair stood upon the platform of paying the bonds according to the contract, and the Republican candidates stood upon the platform of paying bloated speculators twice the amount which we agreed to pay them, then I would vote for Frank Blair, even if a worse man than Seymour headed the ticket. That is all I want to say."

Thus it will be seen that Stevens protested to the last against the course of turning over the financial policy of the government to the international, or, rather, the nationless *banditti* who find their harvest in all wars and who are as certain to be at, or near, every war council as buzzards are to be at a carrion feast.

Fought Against Privilege

IN THE long and noble record of Congressional discussion there are no more interesting or important debates than those during the Civil War in which Thaddeus Stevens stood, almost alone, as the champion of an unprivileged money system. The public schools of Pennsylvania call Thaddeus Stevens by the name of Father; what more gracious acknowledgment could that state make to the creator of its public schools than to prescribe a course of systematic study in Stevens's greatest intellectual achievements which are to be found in the debates on finance during the Civil War? There, verily, will be found the pure milk of the gospel of financial liberty in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Indeed, if public schools in every state would pursue such a course of study they would perhaps accomplish more than by any other means, to help in the solution of those great problems whose unsolved condition passed like a shadow before the dying gaze of the Great Commoner.

Lincoln and Stevens—the two outstanding figures of the Civil War: here, indeed, comparison would be odious. It is no exaggeration to say that Stevens, no less than Lincoln, gave "the last full measure of devotion" first to his state, then to the nation, then to the colored race. And of Stevens, at least, it can be said that he fought no less unselfishly to give to the commerce of the country the fetterless wings of a free and unprivileged money system, and it is not a rash prophecy that in the years to come this will prove the brightest jewel in the coronet of all his mighty achievements.

In the granite ruggedness of his character and in the unpolished but overwhelming speech of which he was master, Stevens suggests comparison with Danton. He, too, made his slogan, "Audacity, audacity, forever audacity." In other respects Stevens challenges comparison with Mirabeau. Like this great French orator Stevens might have said, "I have fought for Liberty for a quarter of a century"; only Stevens would have said, "half a century." So, also, like Mirabeau, Stevens might have declared: "My fight has ever been against Privilege and all privileged orders."

The exile from Italy said: "When I die, examine my heart and you will find ITALIA inscribed on it." If Stevens's heart had been examined, the words LIBERTY AND BROTHERHOOD would have been found inscribed there.

Homes Hundreds of Feet Above the Street

Unique Bungalows Among Dwellings Built on Roofs of Skyscrapers

By J. OLIN HOWE

AN AVIATOR flying low over New York might be puzzled to account for what seem like country homes, surrounded by greensward and flowers and shrubbery, where he had looked only for a dull expanse of roofs. Perhaps he would see a man clad in white flannels placidly smoking a pipe and strolling through a lovely garden, or a little child feeding her pet chickens; near by there would be a tennis game.

It would be very real homes atop New York skyscrapers that the flier would see. Hundreds of feet above the rush and roar of city streets the fortunate occupants enjoy all the peace and quiet freedom of the suburbs, yet need only take a convenient elevator to be in the center of city activities.

Theirs is the ozone of the upper air and all the refreshing influence of the night silences without the necessity of rail or motor travel at the beginning and end of the day. To be sure, they may not drive a golf ball far ere they reach the limits of their airy domain, but putting and clock golf are not unknown to metropolitan roofs.

And on one roof there is even a little lake with its lilies and other water plants and a tiny boat and—although writing "fish" makes the story difficult to believe—I have eaten a trout taken from a pool in the garden of a roof-top estate. And the little brook which comes purling over the stones down into that shaded pool must have made the trout feel at home.

They are of varied architecture, these homes on high—bungalows, one-story mission houses in California style, story-and-a-half cottages which might have been transplanted from a New England village, and so on. On top of an apartment house finished not long ago is a home of two full stories in the colonial manner with porch and gallery.

The effect is much as though this pretentious dwelling were perched on a mountain height, snugly fastened to an age-old crag to defy successfully all winds that blow. From its windows one looks out over the Hudson River and across at the Palisades on the New Jersey side; and on clear days the Goddess of Liberty looms up on Bedloe's Island in the upper bay and one sees great ships going down to the open sea beyond Staten Island.

There is a pretty story about the house on the roof with its own lake in its front yard, which has enough of truth in it to be worth repeating. This is atop an imposing apartment house on Central Park West which is owned by the occupant of the roof dwelling.

At the time of the completion of the place, the owner went to his home in the West to marry and to the bride-to-be described the delights of the home. She had the idea, however, that it was in the suburbs. After their wedding journey the two arrived in New York in the evening, the bride failing to pay detailed attention to her surroundings.

Next morning she looked from her window upon a scene of green turf and real trees—albeit none too large—with real birds singing in them, and beyond a dear bit of lake with its own rowboat.

"Why, this is the country," she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear," replied her husband, "the country in the city. It's like the minstrel joke about the man who came into a city hotel late at night and was told that the only room they had vacant was on the forty-ninth floor. 'All right,' he said, 'I'll take that, and if anyone asks for me, tell 'em I'm out of town.'"

It is well over a generation ago that New York began to think of the roof of a tall building as a place to live—for the janitor. They built living quarters for the building's superintendent on the roof of an early skyscraper on lower Broadway about '88 and actually had difficulty inducing families to live there.

Finally, about 1906, a bachelor architect in search of light and air occupied a small wooden structure on the roof of an office building and even made himself a garden before his front door. He went to no small trouble to get earth enough on the roof to fill several flower boxes, and felt he had achieved a triumph.

Today they manage smooth lawns and flower beds and even small trees and good-sized shrubs (in carefully concealed tubs of earth) on New York roofs, and grow vegetables there as well. On one roof the owner of a handsome dwelling, an architect, has a chicken yard and brags about the number of eggs his little daughter's pullets lay. He would gratify her wish for a cow up there but for the city ordinances. As it is he grows his own corn and cabbages and lettuce and tomatoes and other vegetables, and has a sizeable aquarium.

Architects were first to bring to New York's attention the desirability of these country places high in the air. One member of a firm of architects known from coast to coast built the first bungalow on the roof of an office building in the Grand Central district. He planned to have his office on that roof, but when his wife learned of this she urged that they build a home there. The result was a $25,000 house of seven rooms and three baths 300 feet above the pavement.

"Two hundred and fifteen feet in the air is as good as 215 miles from the city," says another architect, equally well known. He lives and works that distance above Madison avenue atop an office building.

"You ought to take space in the building," remarked the man who was about to build it when the architect was explaining the plans to him.

"So I will," replied the latter. "I'll take the roof and I'll pay you well for it."

A lease was drawn at once for the entire roof space, similar to a ground lease, and the architect signed it. He built on his "lot" an attractive bungalow which sprawls comfortably on the roof and affords him an ample bachelor apartment in which to live, a handsome private office and large consultation rooms and commodious, sunny quarters for his draughtsmen and the others of his staff.

The owner has laid out a formal garden. There is a fountain of no little beauty with water bubbling at the feet of a cherub and an old-fashioned lantern in a lattice illumines the garden by night.

While perhaps architects more than any other class of professional men have their homes on New York skyscrapers, the dwellers on high are by no means limited to them. In the financial district, hardly a stone's throw from the Stock Exchange, where it is quieter o' nights than one unacquainted with the locality would dream could be the case, the head of a corporation which owns and operates public utilities in many parts of the country has his home where an office building reaches toward the clouds. There are telephones, of course, but their numbers are not in the book and when he retires to his private residence he is as inaccessible as though in the Canadian woods.

Two or three lawyers whose names are familiar live on New York's roofs. And artists and sculptors and sculptresses and composers and writers and at least one doctor dwell thus high in the air along with the architects, to say nothing of plain business men who fancy this mode of life.

An opera singer, whose voice has been heard on the phonograph by even more thousands than have heard her in person, was unable to find anything in the way of an apartment which suited her until an uptown real estate firm offered her a bungalow atop a high loft building in its charge. There she makes her New York home, with her family and her pets, and she says her travels about the United States have shown her no country place she would exchange hers for.

A college professor and his wife have a fascinating bungalow on the roof of a towering studio building in the Carnegie Hall district and it is noted for the originality of its furnishing. The original tenant was a writer of boys' stories, who gave it much character and then moved to another roof-top home. She now has several such under her control.

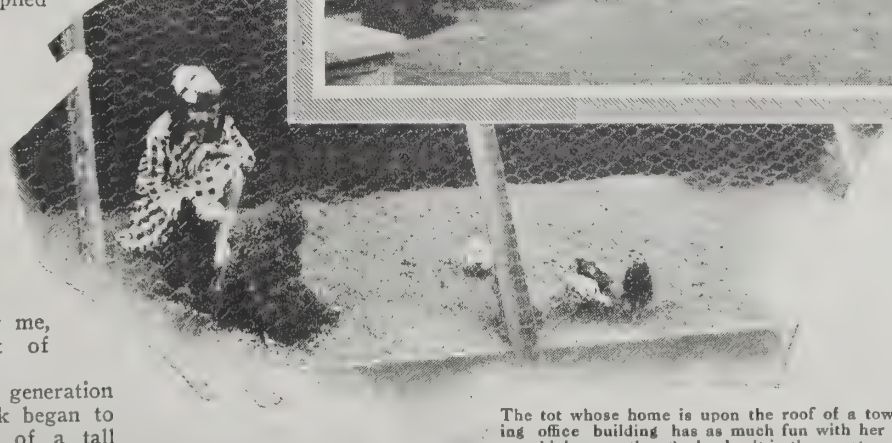
One of these airy dwellings in the West Forties is the realization of the dream of two decades of its owner, a business man who should have been an artist. He has 3,000 feet of roof space. In his fine home the fireplaces burn real wood and there is every fitting and appurtenance of the most modern dwelling, which is generally true of these homes on the roofs.

Above—What more has life in a country home to offer than in this comfortable abode high in the air amid city roofs?

Right—Two sculptors of note live and work in this airy dwelling far above the madding crowd.

Below—A formal "garden" on the roof of a New York skyscraper.

(C) Keystone



The tot whose home is upon the roof of a towering office building has as much fun with her pet chickens as though she dwelt in the country.

The Poor Handling of Our Washington News

Facts Badly Garbled Through "Interpretation" and Sheer Laziness

By a Newspaper Editor of Many Years' Experience

PERIODICALLY the complaint is made that newspapers twist and pervert the news they print, from motives ranging from the selfish and the self-interested to the criminal. Newspaper owners or newspaper workers always rise to resent the complaint, and always with genuine and honest indignation. Mr. Upton Sinclair set out to picture the perversion of the news in his novel, "The Brass Check." In his indictment lurked a good deal of the truth. In the main he was mistaken.

It is perfectly true that there are newspapers in whose offices the news is deliberately trimmed to suit the prejudices of owner or editor. Such papers are few. Critics of the newspapers, like Mr. Sinclair, are both wrong and right. They are nearly always wrong in charging newspaper owners and workers with immoral impulses in shaping their accounts of the news to suit their own interests. The critics are right, nevertheless, in their contention that the news is seldom presented, even in the most ably conducted papers, in a manner that is fair, square, positive, and accurate.

It must be remembered that the man who owns a newspaper is a human being. However able and high-minded he may be, he has his strictly personal "slants," his likes and dislikes for public personages, his prejudices, and all that goes to make even the enlightened human being. It must also be remembered that the owner of a newspaper is not operating a public welfare institution purely and simply. He may sincerely wish to benefit his community through the medium of his newspaper. But his newspaper is after all his business enterprise. It must make him a living, a profit. Benefactor he means to be, and benefactor he is—in part—but only in part. He is also the business man. He soon learns that a certain number of his fellow Americans have the same prejudices and preferences as himself. For that reason they buy his paper. They constitute his circulation. And in buying his paper, they justify him and encourage him in the further indulgence of his personal likes and dislikes.

Reflect Employers' Beliefs

A NEWSPAPER is thus always conditioned by the turn of mind of its owner and the stamp he puts upon its news output. His reporters and editors soon take their cue from him. An honest editor or news writer may so differ from the policy of his employer as to feel morally obliged to quit and seek service elsewhere. Those who stick by a paper do so by reflecting, willingly or unconsciously, the tastes and principles and beliefs of their employer.

This accounts for much of the so-called "coloring" of the news. Where such coloring exists, it is not necessarily immoral or criminal, or vicious. It is merely human. The newspaper as an institution merely partakes of the fallibility, the weaknesses, the failings that are inherent in all human institutions.

Within the bounds of this human restriction, it is safe to say that all but a few of our newspapers are run in a spirit of honesty. They may not perfectly succeed, but they try to present the facts of the news accurately and impartially. The effort is always there; the success is there only a part of the time. The reason is that the owner of a newspaper is not the only human being attached to the paper. Every one of its servitors is human, subject to his own personal dislikes and preferences, subject to the average of human failure. Here is the point where the real mistakes in the newspaper occur. The owner may be of the highest character of American citizen. He may do his utmost to give his paper the high stamp of his own conscience. But in the issuance of his paper he must depend upon other human beings with their weaknesses. He may have built up and drilled what he takes to be a perfect system of news-gathering and news-presentment. But his system is composed of human elements. And it is in this system, in this complicated process of news-gathering, news-handling, and news-presenting that the mangling of the news occurs.

The presenting of the news can be made more perfect only as humanity itself becomes more perfect. In the meantime a good deal of mischief can be done, and is done. There is no escaping it. But there is an escaping of the consequences. If the readers of the newspapers understood more intimately the hard conditions under which the news they read is gathered and handled, they would save themselves from many a misconception. They would also read their papers with better understanding. Finally, they would better comprehend the struggling, baffled, blundering and yet succeeding life about them. After all, the mistakes of newspapers are only of a piece with the mistakes of life in general.

After all, it is not only the writer of news who is at fault; it is also the reader of the news. Public opinion would save itself from many a mistake in judgment, if the public were less inclined to accept as "so" whatever it reads in cold type. The public should be better instructed as to the element of human error that enters into the finding and editing of the news. It would then read its newspapers in the proper critical spirit. It would then find the news where the news really exists.

The news in the newspapers exists *between the lines.*

Newspapers are not so read: hence all the charges of dishonest editing, of garbled or colored news stories, of papers edited or conducted for the benefit of sinister private or corporate interests.

The public needs to learn how to read its newspapers. Until it does that, it permits mischief to be done. Not deliberate mischief, only the mischief inevitably resulting from beings and systems of beings that must remain human.

For an example of this mischief we have only to turn to the news emanating from the seat of government at Washington. There the news is handled as imperfectly as anywhere. There the human element enters in most strongly, to blur the strict impartiality of the news picture. The political bias of the newspapers interferes to distort the reports of their employes. And there the resulting mischief to the country is greatest accordingly. Evidence as to this is only too plentiful to prove the case. This country gets a poor, inadequate, inaccurate, and a sometimes utterly perverted version of the most important news of all—the news of the United States Government at Washington.

This is a sweeping statement. It will be hotly challenged. It will be challenged by many an honest and able Washington correspondent. The answer is that while most of these correspondents are able and honest, few of them take the trouble to get the real news. The outstanding Washington correspondents still do this: they are not only able and honest, but they are painstaking. They get the real news. Too many are not so painstaking. Washington is the widest-open "news" town in the world. The public servants of this country are not only willing, they are expected, to take the country into their confidence on every matter of national concern, except at stages where negotiations may argue for delay in the matter of publicity. The news is there, the property of any reporter with enterprise enough to get it. The hitch is that it is too seldom, or too energetically sought. And even when it is obtained, it is made subject to personal interference or personal "interpretation" on the part of the reporter.

To support this statement I must revert, for a space, to the first person singular. I hate to hide behind anonymity, but to prove these facts, without breaches of confidence, in the singular privileges placed at my disposal for more than a year, I must speak as an observer, a person, without a name. The individual must stand for the assertions made.

Here is an outstanding instance of imperfect reporting, and of its mischievous consequences.

The scene is the chamber of the United States Senate. The time is the summer of 1921. As any one only too painfully remembers, it was a time of business depression. The country was at a standstill. No one not "in the know" at the center of things, in Washington, has the slightest conception as to how dark was the industrial situation then. The problem of unemployment had seized the imagination of the country. Finally a Senator, the senior Senator from Illinois, had asked the Secretary of Labor for the exact figures obtainable as to the volume of unemployment.

It was my privilege to see that letter from the Senator. It was my privilege to witness the painstaking care given to the answer to his inquiry. The answer came from the Bureau of Labor Statistics. That bureau is conducted by men who are both scientists and Americans. That is to say, they serve the strict accuracy of truth, but they also think of the welfare of their country. In passing, let it be said that from this bureau issue all the reports regarding the cost of living which form the basis of so many newspaper editorials.

The Truth and the News

THE Bureau of Statistics, under the Secretary of Labor, duly supplied that official with the elaborate data needed in his reply to the Senator from Illinois. In that report it was indicated that between five and six million more workers were out of employment than was the case during the height of employment during the Great War. The bald figures were startling and discouraging, except as they were interpreted according to all the facts.

What happened?

The report of the Secretary of Labor was duly communicated to the Senator from Illinois. On a quiet summer afternoon he rose from his seat and read that report. No important debate had been scheduled. The press gallery was but partly populated. But those representatives of the press who did happen to occupy their gallery listened only to the startling totals, and paid no attention to the accompanying matter that put the proper light on the situation. They heard only that between five and six million Americans were out of work. They wired this news to the four corners of the country. An enormous sensation resulted.

The material supplied by the Secretary of Labor was careful to state the fact that there are always one and a half millions of people out of work in America even in the best of times. It also made clear that the total of unemployed reported represented the total above the maximum of employment during the stress of war times, when every available individual was put to work. These accompanying facts were ignored. The reporters in the press gallery heard nothing but the grand total of unemployed—between five and six millions.

They put this bald news on the wire and it was carried across the country. A nation already mentally depressed was still further discouraged. Hard times are chiefly a state of mind, and as the state of mind was further darkened, the state of the times became worse. A mental condition had been created directly opposite to the honest, and the scientifically proved, intentions of the Department of Labor.

From physical association with the man, I know that the Secretary of Labor was busy during weeks of that summer in correcting the wrong interpretation of a statement made by him in the interests of improving a dangerous economic state. Explanation is a weakness. One does a thing, and permits the thing done to explain itself. To add explanation weakens the effect of the thing done. Nevertheless, the Secretary of Labor felt it incumbent on himself to explain to the country how poorly he had been reported. What was the result?

The result cannot be spread upon paper in a single sentence. The climax of it comes at the end of a paragraph.

In the first place, the reporter in Washington works at a distance from his editor. The editor, as he is not on the spot, is accustomed to accept as absolutely accurate the reports of his Washington man. In the press gallery of the Senate chamber on the day mentioned, every reporter heard nothing but the startling figures that between five and six million Americans were out of work. That news alone, without a line of the qualifying material, was put on the wires to papers all over the country. The editors of those papers editorially thundered in comment on the news they had received. The picture was false by being incomplete. Without knowledge of this, the editors took the facts as they supposed the facts to be, and played upon public opinion. The result was that at a black period in the business life of the country, a serious blow was dealt to anything like business recovery. The blow may have been dealt in all innocence, without the slightest trace of vicious intent. The editors who dealt the blow may have considered themselves high-minded Americans working with the utmost zeal for the good of their country. They had dealt their blow, nevertheless.

When the Secretary of Labor put himself at elaborate pains to make clear the precise meaning of the figures he had been called upon to give, these same editors felt moved to save their faces and back their original editorial condemnation. They asserted that the Labor Secretary was welshing on his word, he had taken second thought, he was backing water. The editors had the upper hand. They were in command of their own means of publicity. The Labor Secretary had to rely upon the editors' sense of decency, or their indulgence, for the space required for his own needless answers to their own perverted conceptions as to what he had said originally. The Labor Secretary was placed in a weakened position. It was weeks before his explanation had carried into the minds of the public. All this while it was an "explanation," a token of weakness. Not the Secretary had erred, but the editors had erred. Meanwhile public opinion on the issue in question had been utterly befoozled.

The "Interpreting" Reporters

THE fault lay with the reporters in Washington.

But let us examine into their case.

To fall once again into the first person singular, it has been my lot to see fashioned, let us say during a great strike that has gripped the fortunes and the attention of the nation, a statement from a public authority so worded as to convey to the public, for the public good, the most painstakingly accurate picture of conditions as they then existed. Such a statement would be put out expressly to project an unbiased account of the state of affairs in the strike situation. The aim would be to nullify any sway of public opinion, unfairly, to one side or the other. None but a government official could be in a position to state the case thus fairly. Days of thought might have gone into the wording of that statement, so as to make it fair beyond dispute and plain beyond mistake. What happened to the statement?

Carbon copies were handed to the representatives of the press. Instead of putting the statement on the wire as it was, perhaps with some comment on the circumstances surrounding its promulgation, nearly every reporter in receipt of a copy "interpreted" the statement. Instead of reporting the thing verbatim, his instinct was to say, "Secretary So-and-So implied that —" or, "While Secretary So-and-So today said (thus and so) he undoubtedly meant—"

In other words, the government official, striving his utmost to be almost mechanically fair and impartial, was not allowed to tell the public what he had spent days and nights in shaping up. His statement was sifted through the "interpretation" of the reporters to whom he confided. Cases have occurred, by reason of this, where the original meaning of the official statement was converted into its exact opposite. Again the official had, through no fault of his own, to place himself in the weak condition of making explanations. He had to lay himself open to public doubt or suspicion. Meanwhile public opinion, with its great weight, had been started in a direction the precise opposite of the one it should have taken.

Faithful reporting on the scene in Washington would have made this unnecessary. The mischief would not have resulted if the reporters had not obstructed the flow of fact.

Why did the reporter intrude?

He is a human being. As a representative of his paper in the national capital, he wants to show his worth to his editor. He wants to cut the figure of being a man of judgment, keen to see his way through the political dodges of government officials. Especially is he keen to do this if the paper employing him is of a

(Concluded on page 14)

"Is the Lady of the House at Home?"

Never Be Ashamed of Your Work, Advice to Canvasser

By THOMAS J. MALONE

WHEN the universities and colleges close their regular academic year, they will release, in addition to the new hosts of physicians, dentists, lawyers, engineers, druggists and teachers, an unusually large army of house-to-house canvassers. Merchandizing experts predict that the house-to-house salesmen will be abroad in the land this summer in increased numbers. As in past seasons, a large part of the recruits will come from campus populations. Enlisting and training students for the work has been going on for months at hundreds of educational institutions in the United States. Drilled to a fine edge, thousands of young men and young women are about to set forth to grapple with the closed door, the ringless doorbell and the family dog.

"Somebody's coming, mother!" It is mother's young hopeful, alert face at the front window, who calls out this beginning of drama to her, ironing in the kitchen.

The stranger walks importantly up to the front door, a grip in his hand or, perhaps, a fat portfolio under his arm. If in the country, he has probably dismounted from bicycle, motor cycle or saddle horse, or climbed out of buggy or automobile.

"It's some agent," mother will say, after a furtive peek herself. "Go away from the window, child, so he won't know anyone is at home."

This mild bit of deception will have been practised on him so often before that the approaching stranger will be ready for it, if not actually expecting it. He will keep a persistent finger on the bell button or hammer with cheery knuckles until mother has to go to the door to save her nerves. Then she will make some apologetic remark—not overlooked by the hopeful—as to why she hadn't heard him before, thus giving away that she had heard him from the first, and ask him to step in as a sort of salve to her conscience. Before she realizes it, she will have bought an "indispensable" book of information on child feeding, home treatment of colds, social forms for all occasions, toasts for after-dinner speakers, how to dress oak floors, how to remove fruit stains from linen, how to make flowers from feathers, and how to fashion a beautiful table decoration out of a pair of old hinges; or, it may be, an electric washing machine or a combination butter ladle, hand weeder and currycomb.

This little household drama, with variations, will be performed many times in the next few months. Leaders in that part of the business world that specializes in "distribution"—the process of placing merchandise from the factory into the hands of the consumer—agree that there is a marked trend back to direct selling, especially so-called "doorstep" selling. In these days of high prices, manufacturers are concerned in eliminating middlemen, in cutting out wholesaler, jobber, retailer—all store selling—and promoting a service direct to consumer. Certain goods are sold in no other way. Hence, the enlarged opportunity and demand for the university student.

Recruiting for the army of "agents," "canvassers," "solicitors," "salesmen," "representatives," as done at the big schools, is a very definite business. About the first of February each year, scores of manufacturers' representatives appear on the campuses for the spring campaign. They know exactly what they want and how to go about getting it.

At any of the institutions, they first get acquainted with the president's office, with various deans, with the campus employment bureau if one is operated and with the directors or secretaries of the religious organizations represented in student work. Also, they may advertise in student publications. Through such agencies they learn names of students who look forward to summer employment to earn money for their next year's schooling.

As a rule, a concern that expects to enlist any considerable number of students will select, early in the spring, a student of standing in the campus world for executive ability and leadership, to aid in enrolling a "crew." This student "leader" will winnow out desirable men from his acquaintances and arrange for them to meet his chief. This system enables the chief to handle several campuses at once. The "leader" may receive commissions on sales made by his men, or be paid in some other way for his service. Intense competition often obtains among these leaders, for the best men.

The chief assigns territory to the students engaged, often by counties, and drills them in selling methods—knowledge of product, how to approach a "prospect," how to win an audience, what to say, how to get the name on the dotted line, how to get the money—in brief, in the art of persuading the hearer that life has been drab and joyless for the want of the article being offered. This "drill" is a carefully wrought masterpiece, taking of which is imperative on the student canvasser. Of it, more presently.

Most of the companies represented on campuses seek recognition and approval of campus authorities, though certain ones, lacking such favor, may work among students more or less surreptitiously, even as "outlaws." The director of the student employment bureau in one of the largest state universities of the Middle West says that such bureaus are clearing houses for information as to all the better class of firms and products represented in the spring scramble for student workers; they make it possible for students to look over the offerings listed and make selections.

"We give our O. K. to a concern mainly on the factor of approval of product," this director goes on. "We formerly required also that it guarantee a minimum salary to canvassers, but we have abandoned that, for this year at least. Most of the students work solely on commission, though some on salary guaranty plus a commission on excess sales.

"For approving a firm we have a tentative condition that it do not require the student to purchase an outfit before going into the field—in some cases effecting such purchase is the real aim of the seller and results in abandoning the student — but we do not hold strictly to it. Many firms are willing to take students' notes for the value of outfits. There are two sides to the outfit question; students themselves do not always go through with agreements, and in cases of such failure companies are occasionally out the equipment furnished.

"What kinds of articles are represented? The range is wide, and varies with the times. A dozen years and more ago, stereoscopes and stereoscopic views were high in popularity, and many a student has made his way through college on the proceeds of summer canvassing with them. There is a campus tradition here of a blind student who cleaned up fabulous sums selling them through several seasons. They put him through law school. He had all his views marked so that he could identify them by touch and he knew every detail in each picture. His enthusiasm in describing them was compelling. His customers probably reasoned that if a blind man could be so much interested in the views, surely they were worth while to seeing people. Today, however, I doubt if any house is pushing them—not in our territory, surely. Motion pictures have supplanted them; they are too tame for the modern taste.

"Aluminum kitchen utensils used to be popular and remunerative household sellers. They probably would be so still, had not the company making them—or, at least, the one promoting them in our field—changed its method of distribution. Having won a reputation and a following, it now sells only through retail stores and has done away with canvassers.

"The student from this university who made the most money from canvassing last summer sold maps, of many kinds, the product of a well-known national house, whose name alone was an introduction and a selling help. He earned between $2,000 and $3,000 in the three months. Yes, he hustled. This year he is the campus representative of his house and will get commissions on the sales of all the men he hires, besides going out again himself. Both wall and pocket maps are handled, but the canvasser centers on a few 'leaders,' such as those showing parcel post zones, automobile routes, good roads and the like, for state or section.

"Brushes, silk hosiery, men's shirts, rubber coats, magazine subscriptions, vacuum cleaners, electric washing machines, clothes reels, leather novelties, fire, life and tornado insurance, groceries in car lots direct to consumers, radio sets—these suggest the range.

"Books? Yes, but not so much as formerly. The girls who go out largely cling to books, however. Some of our boys will handle this summer a live stock volume that is said to go great in the rural districts, but books in general are not favored by the students. They feel that the book agent is more or less taboo in the average American home.

"But the stock book is different. What a book! I'll admit I've read it through. It tells all about balanced rations, purebred sires, judging on the hoof, milk testing, horseshoeing and swamp fever; contains absorbing pictures of internal anatomy; and exposes intimate details of the family and private lives of cattle, horses, sheep, swine and chickens.

"New things come up right along. Here's a letter from a firm that makes straw hats and pushes their sale by the doorstep method. It wants to obtain solicitors here and offers to guarantee a minimum weekly salary with expenses, and pay a commission as well on sales over the designated quota. It requires a solicitor to have and operate an automobile.

All the large universities and many of the colleges are combed for canvassers. I suppose approximately two hundred students will go out this year from this university alone."

Is the book agent passing? Not so; it seems that it is only the old-fashioned type that is on its way out.

This was the consensus at last year's annual convention of the Subscription Book Publishers' Association of the United States. According to a statement attributed to its new president, the association purposes so to raise the standards of the subscription book business that the canvasser will be welcomed into the house with a smile, given the guest chair, handed a cup of tea and asked to write his name and a sentiment in the family album before leaving.

Drills which company experts give to student-canvassers emphasize the main points to be observed in house-to-house selling.

"First of all," goes a typical drill, "be convinced of the value of the thing you have chosen to represent; be proud of it; be willing to have it known anywhere that you and it are related. How can you sell to others if you are not 'sold' yourself? Try every possible customer. The outside of a house is no criterion of the chances for a sale. Approach each house with the confidence of an invited guest. Go to the front door. The back door is all right under one condition—if you fail to get a response at the front.

"There is a right way and a wrong way of attacking a door. Press the button firmly. If there is no response, press it again, still more firmly. If you hear no footsteps, knock cheerily and loudly, for the bell may be out of order.

"Go about your work pleasantly, and confidently. In the home, always make friends with the children. If the husband is at home, cut your canvass short. He will like your implication that he can recognize value."

Among the prophets of the revival of doorstep selling is Paul W. Ivey, formerly of the faculty of the University of Michigan and now professor of marketing in the University of Nebraska. Dr. Ivey is on leave of absence while engaged in giving salesmanship lectures in various large cities. In these lectures he has something definite for the house-to-house man on this subject of getting into the house.

When a student in the University of Michigan, Dr. Ivey did canvassing during several summers, selling a line of aluminum kitchen utensils. "Getting in" troubled him at first. He tells about it.

"Ever notice," Dr. Ivey asks, "that screen doors always open outward? Suppose you stand directly in front of the screen door when you ring. Well, the maid or the lady of the house can't very well open it if you're in the way, can she? When she appears, stand to one side, not the hinge side, with a slight inclination of body as if you are making way for her to open the door as she would open it for anyone being welcomed to the house. It will open.

"How easily we all are led, and how easily we can lead people by suggestion! Study suggestion; it will pay big dividends."

There is more in doorstep selling than the money to be earned by it. As the masters of the drill say to students:

"Besides the money, you will get a training in self-confidence, in self-reliance, in persuasive speaking, in understanding of how to deal with men and women, of how the other nine-tenths live and think, that may be worth more to you than your entire academic course."

This man wants to buy the housewife's dollars.

Why Machine Has Made Voters Helpless

Successful Breaking-up of Party Organization Difficult Task Because of Misconceptions of People as to "Strength" of Present System

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the second article. A third will appear in an early issue.

YOU, let us say, are just a citizen who would like to do a mere voter's part in helping run the government. As far as the Federal Government is concerned, it is in choosing a President that you can exercise greatest power. Why this is so is an interesting story in itself. Its telling must be deferred; but for the present we'll accept as a fact that in no other direction can the average voter in these United States express himself so pointedly as within those channels which lead to the Chief Magistracy.

There the voter faces rather singular obstacles, both actual and potential. You favor, we'll say, some particular person for President of the United States. What can you, just an ordinary voter, do toward actualizing that choice?

Of course you can "talk for" it, which helps. But even though there are many who think as you do, it takes a great deal more than talk to bring about even a general consideration of your choice. Vast and complicated detail must be attended to and mastered before you may have so much as a chance of voting for that choice.

Because of that, your choice, even in the beginning, isn't apt to be your real or "first" one; that is to say, the choice you would make if the selection of a President were left wholly to you. If it were left to almost any intelligent and patriotic voter to "hire" a President, or a governor, or a Senator, or a Congressman, a great many of those who actually are chosen, under the methods of selection followed in practice, "wouldn't have a chance."

Therefore, at the very start your expressed choice, even in "talk," is governed somewhat by the chance which your choice has, under the prevailing system of selection, of becoming a nominee of one of the big parties, or a formidable independent candidate, or of winning ultimately in the general election.

Gets On "Band Wagon"

THERE is nothing that the average American voter is so reluctant to do as to "throw away" his or her vote on a ticket that patently hasn't a chance to win. There are some, of course, who prefer to throw their votes away, but they belong to the "great minority." It is calculated by students of the subject that the mere common belief that a ticket or candidate is going to win anyhow insures it or him an average of 10 per cent more votes than otherwise would be received. This "psychology" accounts chiefly for our "red fire" political campaigns, in which more effort usually is made to convince the public that a ticket will than that it ought to win.

Thus, even the primary thoughts of the voter as to whom is wanted, say, for President are influenced and modified by the complicated system by which the voter's choice is expressed. For one must always consider the system in connection with the choosing. You may think of your choice as a candidate of one of the big parties or as an "independent" candidate. In any event the route to be pursued, if you express your choice with any degree of success, is a circuitous and complicated one.

"There's the preferential primary, into which I can go and express myself directly," you say.

Laws now require, as stated in previous articles, the holding of primaries in from one-third to one-half of the states for passing on prospective nominees for President. Suppose there take part in those primaries enough persons thinking as you do to constitute majorities in all of them. The expression thus given no doubt would have powerful weight in the party convention affected but it would not necessarily control the action of that convention. In the first place, the delegates sent to the convention to carry out "instructions" thus given would not be securely bound by the popular expression. In the second place, they still would not comprise more than one-half of all the delegates. The others, being selected by state conventions and through other more or less machine processes, might not be similarly "instructed." In the third place, even the "instructed" delegates might have good, practical, if not moral, reason for ignoring orders given directly by the voters.

Few Vote in Primaries

FOR it is notorious that primary elections are participated in as a rule by only a comparatively small percentage of those voters who might take part in them. In the North the votes cast in the average popular party primary usually number only from 25 to 50 per cent of the party's total of votes in the prior general election. It is true, also, of the South in the case of Presidential primaries held separately from state or local primaries, which latter are there the real elections.

And one reason why a greater proportion of voters don't take part in preferential primaries for President is the uncertainty as to their expressions, no matter how emphatic, being in the end more than impotent gestures.

Thus the "popular" choosing of a Presidential nominee may run around an endless circle. The voter doesn't vote because he doubts whether his vote will count regardless of the returns from the primary. The honest delegate treats "instructions" lightly because only a small percentage of those who might have actually did take a hand in giving them.

If you don't take part in a preferential primary and are not of the politically elect, you can only vaguely let it be known that you would like to have the opportunity of voting for your favorite man for President of the United States. They are too wise to be wholly scornful of your wishes in the premises, but the politicians are more likely to press their wishes on your favorable consideration than to accept yours as theirs.

Therefore, if you, the humble voter, pursue the subject through party channels your route is a circuitous and uncertain one. For if you get anywhere on that route you must yield in considerable degree to that god of the politicians: Expediency.

Except insofar as you cast "expediency" to the winds when you depart from party channels in pursuing your desire as to the Presidency, the route of "independency" is equally beset by that desideratum. There is an exception perhaps in the case of those who stand aside in the matter of preliminaries and merely vote "independently" in the general election. They are the ones who Woodrow Wilson once declared hold the fates of both the parties in their hands. This, however, was an exaggeration, for such "independents" are only arbiters between the established parties. Though the country swarmed with them, the party system still would go on. The politicians might be a little more discriminatory but they still would be all-powerful.

The straight-out "independent" route to the White House is more circuitous even than the party route. For the laws that ostensibly have aimed at making political independency easier have made it—insofar as the Presidency goes—more difficult, albeit veritably impossible.

Even the Roosevelt-Progressive movement of 1912, vastly supported as it was, failed to comprehend all the mass of mechanistic operations which must go along with the presentation of a Presidential "ticket" in all the states of the Union. The more highly vitalized Populist movement of an earlier day likewise failed to master them, though they were much simpler then.

But supposing you do force your will through all the hobbling impedimenta which law and tradition have built up and manage actually to express a free and unadulterated choice for President of the United States. Then, even though a majority of the voters may have done likewise, you have no absolute assurance of attaining the object pursued. Two men who ran "second" in the popular voting for President have been duly elected. For by the unit system of state voting, as done through the Electoral College, not only may a man receiving a plurality only of the popular vote be elected—as frequently happens—but one who doesn't even get a plurality may be chosen. Even then it is possible, as happened twice, for the election to be thrown into the United States House of Representatives. If that happens, for example, in 1924, the "popular" voting that was done in 1920 would control in the premises; for it would be up to the present and not the next House to decide the matter. That also has happened twice.

Not So Bad as You Think

ALL of which may make it appear that you, the humble voter outside of the precincts of organized politics, can't have much to do with choosing a President.

But that is not so.

For the situation actually isn't nearly so bad as the above may make it seem to be. The average voter, if he or she wants to, can still express himself fairly effectively insofar as the Presidency is concerned. It can be done in despite of the hobbling of free action caused by the antiquated Electoral College, and all that has flown therefrom, as well as other impedimenta.

If necessary the voters can use the very instruments that seem to stand in their way, even the politicians themselves, in carrying out their will.

The reason that many think they can't is because of more or less general misunderstanding concerning the two-party system of conducting government.

"I have constantly observed," wrote Edmund Burke, probably the greatest of political philosophers, "that the generality of people are at least 50 years behindhand in their politics."

This truth is illustrated in nothing so well as in the general view of parties that has prevailed largely since Burke's time. That view has presumed that organized political parties are necessarily bad. Burke was the only outstanding figure of his time that disputed the validity of that view. A political party, he said, is "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." Even Sir Robert Walpole, more than any other person the inventor of the party system that has since prevailed in Anglo-Saxon countries, denounced parties as inherently treasonable. Virtually all the founders of our government held that view, including even the profound Hamilton whose opinion on the subject is reflected in the warning against parties made by George Washington in the immortal "Farewell Address."

So generally did even scholastic students of political science hold that the political party is essentially evil that it is only within comparatively recent time that the laws were permitted to "recognize" the existence of parties. The first statute having do with parties in America was enacted in the 1860's. Since then a mass of legislation has come to deal with the subject. The intent of this legislation was to legalize parties and perfect them. But the shaping of it has been governed as a rule by the old doctrine that political parties are inherently evil. Thus instead of perfecting and thereby strengthening them along safe and proper lines, these laws generally have only weakened the parties as institutions and strengthened them as mere machines—the converse of what was intended.

The result is that the major parties share all but an invincible monopoly on the machinery of government but lack facility for using that machinery as the public demands that it should be used. So far as supplying the mechanism of national campaigns and elections goes, the parties never before were more secure, but as instruments for carrying out the merged will of the people they never were so impotent as they are today.

However, as it has been sapped of institutional strength the machinery of the parties has been made more and more amenable to popular control. It is now more or less possible for strong groups to usurp the machinery of the parties even when needed for combating the tenets of the parties. This has been illustrated frequently in recent years, notably by the Non-Partisan League's operations.

This now can be done with such apparent ease that the writer ventures to say that 10 representative independents in each county in the United States, by beginning now and working in concert, could bring about the nomination for President of almost any meritorious man by either of the big parties next year. The Republican party, with Harding as a candidate, might be excepted because of the overwhelming machine strength which adheres to the mere occupancy of the White House.

Organizations Are Strong

BUT while it can be and frequently is done it is not so easy for independency to "bore from within" the parties as the above and other statements may make it appear.

For illustration, it generally is true that one capable "worker" in each voting precinct can bring about the nomination and usually the election of almost anybody for the average state house office below that of governor. But anyone who ever tried to form such an organization, from the "ground up," knows how difficult it is to find and motivate a single capable "worker" in every precinct of only one state.

It is that way as to the 10 independent-minded citizens in each county of all the 48 states, who might by co-ordination of effort accomplish, through even party channels, what would amount to political revolution. They are there but to find them and induce them to work cohesively calls for a species of organizing genius rarely identified with independent political movements.

The traditional machines of the parties include most of the trained talent for political organization. That's why it is very hard, even when law and custom seem to make it easy, to take a party machine out of the hands of those accustomed to running it. It is much easier, in fact, to force candidates upon than to change the inner complexions of party machines.

And in all the country, perhaps in the world, there is no kind of organization which in certain elements of strategic strength can be compared with those of the big parties. These party organizations were not produced overnight; they are the result of evolutionary growth that has gone on since the country was founded.

A Solution to Be Offered

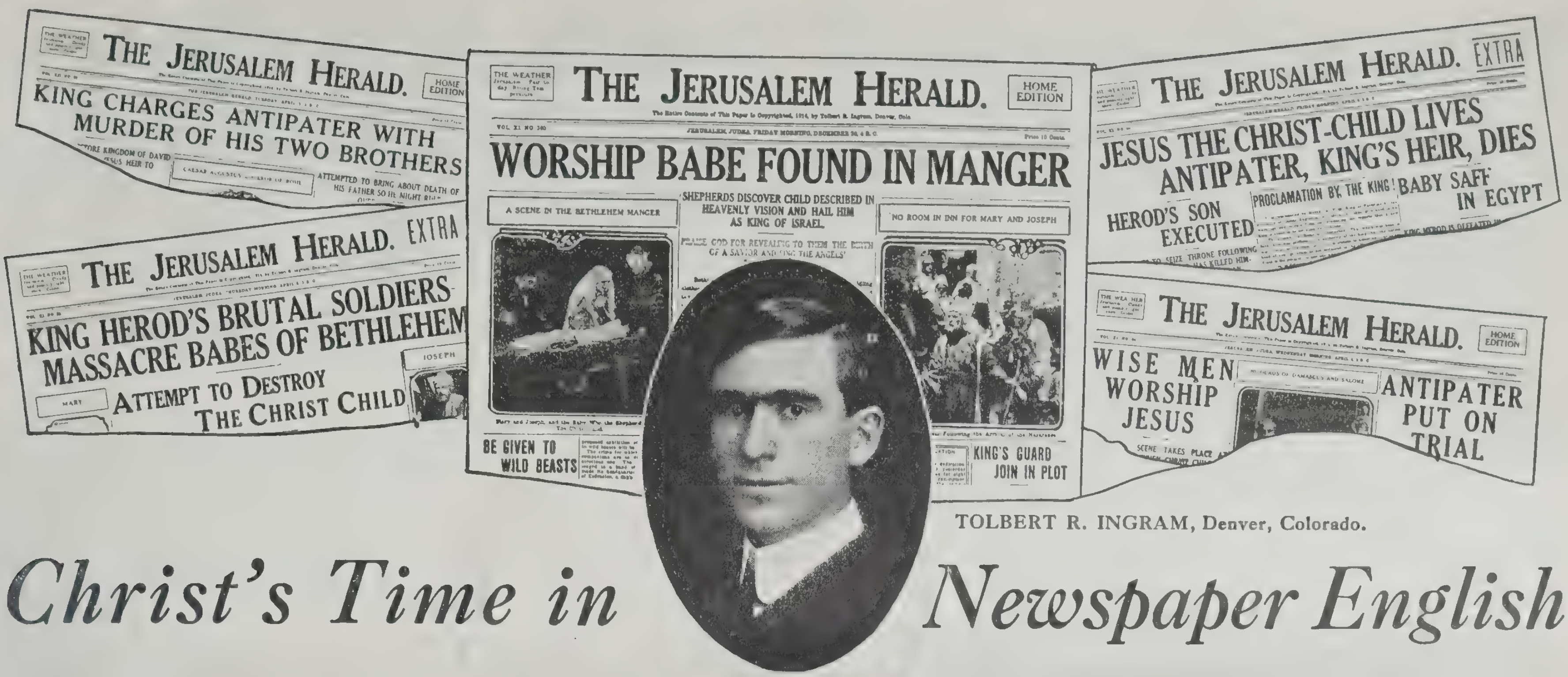
THERE are many organizations numerically larger than the parties. It is doubtful if the names enrolled in the records of either national committee of the big parties—that is of "committeemen" and other genuinely "active" adherents—total more than 100,000.

But with an organization whose purpose is to control national political action, distribution is as important as numbers. And there is no other kind of organization, neither church nor fraternal order, nor federations of labor unions, nor other occupational groupings, which, like the big parties, can look to at least one person in virtually every voting precinct in the country to do, in reasonable measure, errands for the promotion of the "cause." Even the vast official organization of the Federal Government, with its thousands of postmasters everywhere, is not so minutely distributed.

Thus to "buck" the established party machines, either from within or from without, depends for success on such a widespread tide and cohesiveness of spirit as to be capable of achieving actual revolution.

But if taken too literally that statement becomes an exaggeration. While it requires something tantamount to political revolution to overcome or usurp the national machines of the major parties, still if the average voter realized how easily, after all, it might be done the obstacles would disappear like chaff before a March wind. But the average voter doesn't realize it—doesn't because of misconceptions of the awesome "strength," or its basis, of the party machines as national structures. For the basis of that "strength" consists far more of popular illusion than of physical fact, no matter how great and formidable the latter may be.

Why this is so will be set forth in another article.



THE JERUSALEM HERALD. HOME EDITION
KING CHARGES ANTIPATER WITH MURDER OF HIS TWO BROTHERS

THE JERUSALEM HERALD. EXTRA
KING HEROD'S BRUTAL SOLDIERS MASSACRE BABES OF BETHLEHEM
ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE CHRIST CHILD

THE JERUSALEM HERALD. HOME EDITION
WORSHIP BABE FOUND IN MANGER
A SCENE IN THE BETHLEHEM MANGER
SHEPHERDS DISCOVER CHILD DESCRIBED IN HEAVENLY VISION AND HAIL HIM AS KING OF ISRAEL
PRAISE GOD FOR REVEALING TO THEM THE BIRTH OF A SAVIOR AND SING THE ANGELS'
NO ROOM IN INN FOR MARY AND JOSEPH
BE GIVEN TO WILD BEASTS
KING'S GUARD JOIN IN PLOT

THE JERUSALEM HERALD. EXTRA
JESUS THE CHRIST-CHILD LIVES ANTIPATER, KING'S HEIR, DIES
HEROD'S SON EXECUTED
PROCLAMATION BY THE KING!
BABY SAFF IN EGYPT

THE JERUSALEM HERALD. HOME EDITION
WISE MEN WORSHIP JESUS
ANTIPATER PUT ON TRIAL

TOLBERT R. INGRAM, Denver, Colorado.

Christ's Time in Newspaper English

Denver Man Publishes Seven Issues in Modern Daily Form

By OLNEY NEWELL

WHEN a man's father, mother, two sisters and three brothers have yielded their lives to relentless tuberculosis, the sole survivor may well conclude that the time has come for him to move on.

This briefly tells why a few years ago Tolbert Ingram, born and reared at Clarksville, Tennessee, bade farewell to the Southland and sought the blue skies and bracing atmosphere of Colorado.

Arriving in Denver, he obtained employment as a reporter on one of the daily newspapers. He possessed the proverbial "nose for news" and never allowed the paper he represented to be "scooped" on any local happening or event of interest to the public. Ruminating one day on the evolution of the newspaper during the century that had passed, it occurred to him that an interesting daily chronicle of events might have been printed and published at any period of the world's history had there been the mechanical facilities and that it would have been as popular and interesting in its time as our publications of the twentieth century. He conceived the idea of allowing his imagination to carry him back two thousand years to the Holy City and find there the material for the pages of a daily newspaper. To employ his own words, he "sought to bridge the great chasm created by the lapse of time and carry his readers back with him to the beginning of the Christian Era."

He gathered about him the books and writings of ancient history and studiously proceeded to create the proper atmosphere in which to produce a paper patterned after the journals of today but detailing what happened or might have happened at the beginning of recorded time.

So was born *The Jerusalem Herald*, the first number appearing with the following head and date line:

"THE JERUSALEM HERALD"
"Jerusalem, Judea, Thursday Morning, December 25, 4 B. C."

It was a six-column folio and in general appearance quite as attractive as the dailies of today. It was illustrated, too, with pictures of people and scenes known only as described by ancient painters and writers. Answering the question—"How did you get the illustrations?" Mr. Ingram said: "From photographs of paintings by the old masters and portraits of historic characters as found in books on ancient history." From these, local newspaper offices made etchings for the *Herald*.

Mr. Ingram carried back with him twentieth century ideas of the present-day newspaper. On the upper left-hand corner of the first number you see in "box":

"The weather, Jerusalem: Fair today;
rising temperature."

There is an account of the enrollment of the persons and property of Palestine in accordance with the decree of Caesar Augustus.

There is also an account of

"Luther Sabion, who lived in Jerusalem for more than forty years and who at one time played an important part in the history of the Empire by preventing King Herod's mother-in-law, Alexandra, from escaping into Eygpt to join the late Queen Cleopatra, is here to register and be taxed in response to the decree of Caesar Augustus."

The rumor of the birth of the Savior is given extended notice which opens with the following paragraph:

"Netophah, Judea, December 25.—A number of Shepherds from the surrounding hills arrived here shortly after the beginning of the third watch tonight with reports of having witnessed, while guarding their flocks, a remarkable vision in which an Angel, surrounded by a brilliant light, came from out of the skies and stood before them and announced that a king of Israel, the long-promised Savior of the Jews, had just been born in Bethlehem."

The editor of the *Herald* believed in the freedom of the press. He was not afraid to tell the truth and had a sense of humor as well. He wrote:

"The modesty of some members of the Sanhedrin in declining to discuss the ailment affecting King Herod is something remarkable.'

"The *Herald* is fully aware of what is troubling the king and is not afraid to tell what it knows. The king is suffering with common distemper and every day when he visits the temple, he barks like a dog."

On the "Society" page is an account of the marriage of Sarah, daughter of Nicodemus, with a stunning portrait of the bride.

"The tongues of society have been wagging vigorously during the past few days in the court of the women at the temple and in the circles of the elect over the well-defined rumor that Sarah, the eldest daughter of Nicodemus of Sanhedrin, has become betrothed to Joseph, son of Adrian, the goldsmith. The rumor even goes so far as to say that the dowry has been arranged and that the date on which the bride will be brought to her husband's house has been chosen."

"It pays to advertise" was appreciated early in history, for we read in the *Herald* under the display head: "Are you going South?" the following:

"Simon of Gaza, the muleteer, will depart from Jerusalem with his caravan for Alexandria, Egypt, and intermediate points, on the second day of the first week of each month, parties desiring to go to Hebron, Gaza, Beer-Sheba, Alexandria or Memphis, are invited to join the caravan."

In the want-ad column we read:

"Wanted—Helper in Tannery, Pay ten shekels per week. John, the Tanner."

"To makers of new wine—I will have for sale soon between 300 and 400 new wine bottles of Cilician Goat skins, which I will sell for reasonable price. Saul of Tarsus, Tarsus, Celicia.

These extracts from the first number of the *Herald* are sufficient to indicate Mr. Ingram's conception of the kind of newspaper a wide-awake publisher might have printed two thousand years ago. He began with the announcement that he would issue seven numbers in as many consecutive days. He redeemed that promise at serious pecuniary loss. The paper brought him no money but attracted the attention of theologians, biblical students, college professors and librarians throughout the world, some of whom saw in it an instrument that would awaken interest among all thoughtful, reading people in the story of the Savior and his times. He was urged to continue its publication. It was hinted that there were men of wealth who would doubtless supply the necessary means but nothing of that kind materialized. This was eight years ago. Since then he has been battling with the problem of life in other lines of his profession.

After completing the publication of seven numbers of the *Herald*, Mr. Ingram arranged them in sets for mailing, and sent them to a limited number of persons distinguished in the world of letters.

The responses were most gratifying to the publisher justifying the belief that he had "builded far better than he knew."

It is the dream of Mr. Ingram to resume the publication if a turn in Fortune's wheel should make it possible.

It it apparent that some of the events could not be handled in the same manner in which they would be treated by a person writing as of today for the reason that the significance of some of the happenings were not known at the time the articles are supposed to have been written. Their significance developed as the event progressed.

The author sought to carry along with the principal story items of current news and editorial comment for the purpose of developing the local color and showing political, social and economic conditions at the time of the birth of Christ. These took the reader through the intrigues in Herod's palace; the spirit of revolt existing among the Jews; the effort to complete the rebuilding of King Solomon's Temple; the methods of the Romans in taxing the people; and the social customs of the day. Advertisements of the bazaars were run for the purpose of showing the class of merchandise sold, the methods by which they were handled, and the kinds of money used in conducting business. Classified ads were printed to throw a more intimate light on the smaller affairs of life and a sporting department chronicled the happenings among the gladiators, the charioteers, those who fought wild beasts and other sports of the day. The social news took up the betrothal of a Jewish virgin in one issue and carried the item through the various issues to and through the marriage ceremony for the purpose of illustrating the customs prevailing at that time. The same idea was followed throughout the seven editions.

The first number was dated at Jerusalem on December 25, 4 B. C. (Christmas morning). The birth of the Christ was printed in this edition in the form of a dispatch from Bethlehem, on the last page, merely as an incident to an account of the crowded condition existing in the towns owing to the volume of travel necessitated by the enrollment proclamation of Caesar. There was nothing occurring in the manger at Bethlehem to show the significance of that event. However, on the first page the lead story consists of a dispatch from Netophah telling of a wonderful vision witnessed by a group of shepherds in which there is revealed to them the birth of the long-heralded king of the Jews and who are told that the child will be found in a manger in Bethlehem. The two events are connected up in a second edition dated December 26, when the shepherds arrive at Bethlehem and find the babe as told them in the vision.

An interval of three months is supposed to elapse between the second issue and the third which is dated April 2, 3 B. C., in which the lead story tells of Jerusalem being thrown into a turmoil by the arrival of a group of wise men from the East in search of the King of the Jews whose star they had seen. Herod, believing a revolt is being planned, calls a meeting of the Sanhedrin to discuss the situation and Joazar, the chief priest, reassures the people. It develops that Mary had actually been in Jerusalem with Jesus several weeks previously and had received the rite of purification in the temple. Herod informs the wise men that he will recognize the babe as king if reports are found to be true.

The issue of April 4 chronicles the arrival of the wise men at Bethlehem, their acknowledgment of Jesus' kingship and the bestowal of gifts of great value upon the mother. The wise men secretly depart for the East without returning to report to the king as instructed. The soldiers surround Bethlehem that night and at the appointed hour massacre all the male babies under two years of age in an effort to destroy the Christ Child. A description of this massacre and the harrowing details are told in an extra edition of the *Herald* on the morning of April 5. Herod's bloody record and list of victims are printed in boxes. The next issue, also an extra, dated April 6, has a ribbon head saying: "Jesus the Christ Child Lives; Antipater, King's Heir Dies." The story tells of the escape of Mary and Joseph and the Child into Egypt and of their safety from Herod's wrath. This ends the series.

The seven issues are illustrated with photographs taken from the famous paintings, special poses and from pictures made in Palestine. One edition carries an interview with Mary handled in a delicate manner so as not to give offense, in which is told of the miraculous conception. Interviews with prominent men bring out the prophecies relating to the birth of the Christ.

A large advertisement, "Rome Invites You To Come," tells of the Circus Maximus, the great amphitheater with a seating capacity of 250,000, the fights of wild beasts and gladiators, conventions in music and sports of all kinds, throws lights on happenings in Rome. Many other features contribute to the interest in the unique publication.

Copies of the paper have been placed for permanent preservation in libraries of Columbia University, Congressional Library at Washington, the Garrett Biblical Institute, the Imperial Library of China, and other prominent libraries.

Buffalo Wiped Out by Greedy Hide Hunters Aided by Federal Government

Army at Time Was Engaged in Fierce Warfare With Indians and to Exterminate Red Men It Was Necessary to End Food Supply

By F. J. CLIFFORD

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Clifford

WHEN the white man came and saw the great herds of bison, he proceeded to measure them in terms of sport and money. Hide and leather firms sent forth their hunters, armed with any kind of firearm obtainable, until the appearance of the old single shot Sharps rifle, the buffalo gun, in 50-70 and 50-110 caliber, weighing 14 and 18 pounds respectively. The gun was too heavy for most men to hold out from the shoulder, so the hunter usually had a small tripod on which to rest it when shooting.

When first discovered, the buffalo was what might be called tame, though indifferent would be a better term.

The appearance of man did not disturb them. Travelers were often held up for days, when the bison were on their annual migration, and blocked the path for miles. The hunter had no trouble usually, in slipping up quietly from some depression in the prairie, and sitting down with his heavy rifle resting on its tripod, and picking off the animals on the outskirts of the herd. If a buffalo should become uneasy at his presence and start to walk away, the hunter would immediately kill him to prevent the feeling of alarm spreading through the herd, and in this way he could keep the herd in one place until he had killed enough to keep his two skinners busy for the day. It would mean about 18 hides for each skinner, though, of course, some would do more.

A man had to be an excellent shot to hold this job, as most of his shooting was around two hundred yards, and it was very necessary to make a clean kill each time, as a wounded animal would do so much thrashing around, the herd might become alarmed and stampede, maybe away, maybe straight toward the killer, which could easily develop into a rather unhealthy situation.

None of Meat Used

THE killer did no skinning, such menial work being much beneath him. Instead, he would cut off the heads of the carcasses as fast as the skinners were through with them, and place them in a semicircle, with the largest skulls taking up the end positions, after which he would decorate the ends of the black horns with bits of bright cloth. Some of the hunters were so vainglorious as to sacrifice parts of their clothing rather than to let the scene of their day's kill go undecorated. There they would leave them waving pitifully in the western wind, mute testimony of the white man's prowess and utter thoughtlessness.

One old Indian fighter I talked with told of seeing as high as a hundred and twenty skulls in this way; where a killer had a number of skinners with him, every horn was decorated. How the proud victor could have gloated over the slaughter, especially when he saw the tons and tons of good meat left to rot, is hard for us of this day to understand. Some of the hide hunters became so greedy, especially when they saw the herds rapidly diminishing, that they resorted to pulling off the hides with a team of horses, but this was not very successful as it took some flesh with it, making it slow in drying and of less market value.

The hides were spread out on the prairie where the hot sun and dry wind soon made them into "flints," after which they were hauled to the Missouri River, where they were stacked up like cordwood, the piles stretching down the river for hundreds of yards. Then they were shipped everywhere, England taking large quantities of them, making them up into all kinds of leather goods.

Toward the last of the era of the buffalo the dealers appeared more secretive about the hide business, keeping them more out of sight, sometimes shipping them as something else. A smuggling appearance prevailed about the business. The reason for this furtiveness I never clearly discovered, but one old-timer hinted that the dealers still possessed a little conscience and felt somewhat ashamed of the wholesale slaughter. Others thought that the government was suspected of trying to stop some of the vicious work it had been guilty of fostering.

Cody Helped to Kill

BUT the work of extermination continued. When they could no longer kill them in the way I have described, they took to the horse and rode them down, killing them for sport. Many foreigners made the journey from England to the western plains just for the royal sport of killing the huge beasts. This aroused much animosity among the local inhabitants, for although they might indulge in the sport themselves, they disliked to see a foreigner follow their example.

It was in this period that William Cody (Buffalo Bill) got so much of his notoriety, guiding rich foreigners on hunting trips and supplying buffalo meat to the contractors on the railroads. I am sorry to say that the grand old plainsman never did a thing that I ever heard of to preserve the buffalo.

About this time the cattle men began crowding onto the buffalo range with their stock. But wild buffalo crossed with domestic cows, and the calving period was fatal to the latter, due to the conformation of the buffalo-fathered calf. So many cows were lost from the cause that it became clear that just as long as the buffalo ranged the prairies, just so long the cattle men would have to stay off with their stock. This was another stimulus toward the extermination of the buffalo.

Here is another strange cause for the warfare against the bison. About this time the Indians of the plains were doing some of their bitterest fighting to save their families and tribes from starvation, as *they depended almost entirely on the bison for their food and clothing. By killing off the buffalo the government hoped to starve the Indian into submission.*

How Government Worked

THE government took a unique way of exterminating the bison:

Ammunition for the heavy buffalo gun was very expensive, but if one would go to a government agency at Kansas City or any other point *he could get it for half price if he would take oath that he would shoot it all into buffalo.* There you have it, the simple truth as all old-timers know it.

Occasionally a band of desperate Indians would stampede a small band of *their* buffalo off up in the hills to some distant secluded valley in the hopes of saving them. But the hide hunter seldom failed to locate them, and ofttimes the maddened Indian would turn on and kill the entire hunting party. Then the eastern newspapers would carry screaming headlines, "HORRIBLE INDIAN MASSACRE," and demand that troops be sent forthwith to bring the redskins to justice.

More and more did the buffalo take to the hills and higher plains, refusing to come down in the autumn to their old wintering grounds. There in the higher levels and deep snow of winter, swept by the brutal winds, the dwindling herds perished by the thousand.

During the winter of '79 and '80 the southern herd retreated to the slopes and ravines of the Yellowstone Park, the winter of the big snow, the Indian would say, "Hi-u snow mebbe two squaws deep."

The Year They Didn't Come

WHEN springtime returned the prairie again put forth the rich green bunch grass over all its mighty breast as though anticipating the return of its children, but her children, the buffalo, came not. Instead they were sleeping the long sleep in the dark ravines of the mountain, where they lay row upon row, or perhaps out on the slopes where they had tried desperately to reach the life-giving grass of the mountain. To this day you will find their bones there, bleached white and slowly dissolving back into the earth that gave them, dumb evidence of the survival of the fittest, driven beyond their fitness.

The people of the plains looked much for their return, and wondered why they came not. The Indians, gaunt, sullen, disheartened, sought the agencies for sustenance, others whose pride would not let them seek aid of the hated white man, slowly starved to death in their tepees—and the old happy Indian days were soon a dream on the far horizon of the past.

The northern herd held out somewhat longer, finally disappearing in the foothills of the Rockies above the old wintering grounds of Alberta. This was the reason for the answer heard for years afterward in the States. When one inquired where the buffalo had gone, it was said, "Oh, they have gone up into Canady." That answer persisted for years, as though men were loath to admit that the buffalo were really gone.

A few straggling buffalo were left in the foothills of Wyoming, Colorado and Montana, which the government made a much belated attempt to save, but the butchery had been too great. As bison became fewer the hunters put forth greater efforts to kill what remained.

Buffalo Jones, "the savior of the buffalo"—a hero seldom heard of—smashed his rifle one day and swore he would not kill another buffalo, but do all he could to save them from extinction. It is through the efforts of Buffalo Jones that we have our few buffalo today.

He tried first to domesticate the mature animals, and failed; captivity killed them. Then he started catching the calves, a most dangerous undertaking. Often he had to invade Indian territory, where discovery meant certain death.

But he persisted and ultimately won out, and may it be said, to the everlasting disgrace of our American press, that it let the fine old plainsman go down to his grave unhonored and unsung, compared to the praise they dished up for Buffalo Bill. There was no comparison between the two men. Jones was a man of quiet nature and one who did not seek publicity. I could say much more but I won't. Suffice to say that I will not rest content till there is a proper memorial commemorating the achievements of Buffalo Jones, aside from the bison he left us. It seems so strange that the directors of the Yellowstone Park do not make some mention of Buffalo Jones in connection with the bison there. I saw signs marking Howard Eaton trails all over the park.

Even Zane Grey let the old plainsman pass out of his life forever, saying or doing nothing, that I know of, in memory of his old friend, who took him under his protecting arm and gave him the start that has made him the literary success he is today.

The last chapter of the wild buffalo is a rather bony one, as that is about all there was to it—bones, bones, bones everywhere. The early settler got his first money off the prairie by gathering up the bones and hauling them to the Missouri River, or some railroad where they were shipped out to be made into fertilizer, or charcoal for the refining of sugar. The plains buffalo furnished countless trainloads of bones to refine the sugar of the beets grown on his old feeding grounds.

The bones had to be gathered anyway before the sodbuster could mow any of the prairie grass, as one of the hard bones was sure to break the sickle of his mower.

Sometimes there would be found literally a mine of bones where the bison had stampeded over some cutbank, piling up till the balance of the herd would pass on over the fallen bodies of their companions. There is one such place in the Keyhoe Lakes country of Southern Alberta some 20 miles north of Lethbridge where, under a high steep bank, the bones lie many feet thick.

Wild Herd Ranges High

THE shoulder blade of the bison is nearly the shape of a painter's palette, and was much sought after as such, some 20 years ago.

In my trip East I talked with a Wyoming man, who said the last wild buffalo had disappeared from there some 15 years ago, an old crafty bull or two holding out that long, which goes to prove that had the buffalo that fled to the hills in the seventies been afforded proper protection, there would still be bison throughout our mountain country, instead of the 30 or 40 that make up the wild herd of Yellowstone Park. These latter are more wild than mountain sheep, so different in this respect from their ancestors of not much more than half a century ago. Whether the wild herd is increasing or not is a question, although some say it is. A ranger said that those he saw appeared larger and more virile than the ones comprising the tame herd.

The wild herd ranges high in the park, I think something over the 6,000-foot elevation. How it exists throughout the winter is a mystery, but it does in spite of the deep snow and its natural enemies. It shows no inclination to go down on the plains, as it holds all mankind in the greatest fear. How the members of this herd came there is more or less disputed among the rangers, some asserting that they are strays from the early tame herd, and others that they are survivors of the old herd of '79. But there they are just as in the old days, and the park people pin great faith to them, as being more typical of the old stock, and more apt to survive as such, than the tame herd, which has about lost its ability to rustle during the winter, and is so much more prone to disease.

Tame Two-year-olds Die

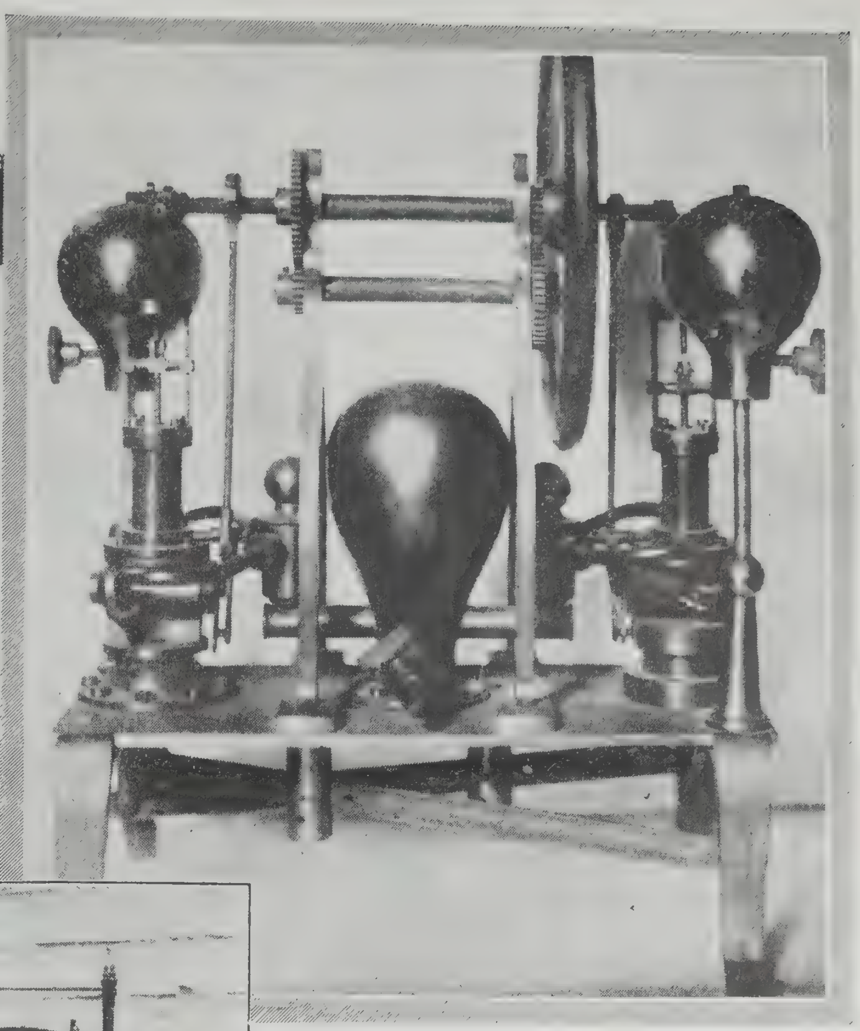
THE park lost 55 two-year-olds this last spring out of the tame herd through some mysterious disease. The affected animal first started to slobber, then bleed at the nose, and in about a day would be dead. A serum was prepared and the yearlings inoculated in the hope of saving them. The herd numbers more than 400 and has been increasing. It is under the mandate of the Bison Society of Boston. Although Congress furnishes the finances for its maintenance, the herd could be made self-supporting. Many a fine specimen of bison, dying of old age or through some accident, has been left to rot where he fell, when his head and cape would bring from $300 to $1,500. But no one would dare touch him; if they did I suppose he would be prosecuted. Some hides are taken off now and shipped to Boston.

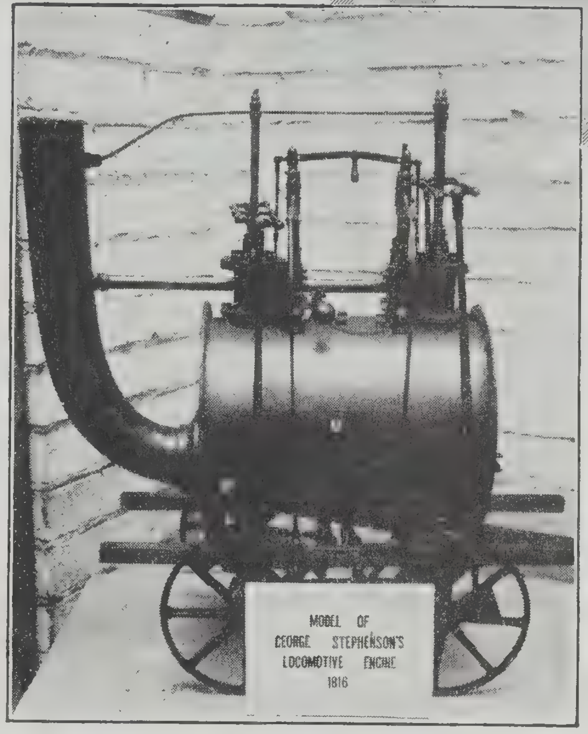
Canada bought the Pablo herd and with those she had at Banff make up the finest herd of buffalo in America, thoroughly self-supporting, and as hardy and vigorous as in the old days. The herd is increasing so fast now that there is a steady income from the sale of the flesh, robes and heads.

FRANKLIN MEDAL
FOUNDED IN 1914 BY SAMUEL INSULL
AWARDED BY THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE TO
FOR SIGNAL EMINENT SERVICE IN SCIENCE

Where Perpetual Motion Got Desert

Franklin Institute Seeks Energy Facts


The Keely perpetual motion machine model in the Franklin Institute.



This model is in the Franklin Institute.

RECENT delivery by Sir Joseph John Thomson, regarded as the world's foremost physicist, of five lectures from the platform of Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, serves to call attention to how fitting it was that the choice of such a rostrum should have been made by the eminent Englishman to describe the progress enjoyed during the year at the famous Cambridge Physical Laboratories in studying the behavior of the atom and its component parts.

Not only has the institute a most enviable record in the advancement of science and not only has it shown the most particular interest in the mysteries of energy, but its work in the exposure of scientific frauds has been magnificent. Energy in one form or another has held the imagination of mankind since the beginning of civilization; practical minds have sought in it a source of cheap power; the impractical dreamer has sought to achieve the same result, in a single bound, and at times succumbs to the belief that he has reached his goal through perpetual motion. It is a far cry, to be sure, from the person of that type to the research scientist, but it was only a year ago that one of the latter, a colleague of Dr. Thomson, Dr. S. C. Aston, of Cambridge, announced in lectures also given at the Franklin Institute that hydrogen may be the source of that perpetual-energy familiar to all in the sun.

In the light of that announcement and the further progress narrated by Dr. Thomson, it is interesting to recall that it was the Franklin Institute which exposed the greatest perpetual motion fake in history. Others have turned up from time to time, but few of them achieve the prominence—or the profits—gathered by John Ernest Worrell Keely, the model of whose perpetual motion machine is still on exhibit at the institute. A quarter of a century ago Keely, after prolonged studies, announced that he had discovered the secret of what he called universal force. He sold stock in the discovery, got more than a thousand contributors, gave public demonstrations and fooled not only the public, but many scientists.

In all of Keely's literature, and in his talks, there was a real foundation of scientific knowledge. Many of those who have studied his career believe that in another environment he might have become a noted research worker. But he wanted results too soon. He constructed a machine by which he professed to be able to draw energy from the atmosphere. That was done, he asserted, by releasing ether normally held in suspension, and the method was a secret "almost instantaneous process of intense vibratory action." By way of demonstration Keely built a liberating machine modeled after the human head, with eardrums as collectors of vibrations.

Various scientists then connected with the institute refused to admit being puzzled by Keely's demonstrations for the simple reason that he would not make them in the open. He insisted always on setting the stage in advance, in some property under his own control. He also superintended the "inspection" by skeptics. When stockholders began to demand returns he "invented" what he called the "anti-gravity" machine. It was supposed, by means of vibrations, to overcome gravity, thus lifting itself into the air to any desired height. But Keely did not stop with that. He said he could furnish it with other vibrators to give it a speed in any direction of 500 miles an hour. That stirred so much interest that he was able to make large profits by giving demonstrations of his older energy-producing machine at so much an admission. When the institute pointed to the possibilities of concealed power-producing machinery Keely was ordered by the courts to reveal his secret or go to jail. He smashed one machine and went to jail for a short time. It was not until after his death, however, that it was possible to make a thorough search of his premises. Then his secret was discovered to be nothing more nor less than compressed air, cleverly hidden in the cellar.

The institute was founded in 1824 as a memorial to Benjamin Franklin. Since then it has taken an active although at times unobtrusive part in the history of scientific research. At some time or other every really important invention or discovery comes to its attention. It has maintained since its foundation a corps of experts, picked to represent the leaders in every phase of science, "to examine and make report upon all new and useful machines, inventions and discoveries submitted to them." Countless inventors have had the advice of these men for little more than the price of a postage stamp, yet their aggregate earnings are so large that the wealthiest corporation could hardly afford to hire all of them.

A "Board of Examiners" did the work when the institute was first established, and later a "Committee on Inventions" was formed. In 1834 the present Committee on Science and the Arts took over the work. For many years membership on the committee was open to any member of the institute. Then the demands made upon its time and the importance of its work became such that the institute limited membership to forty-five men "who shall pledge themselves by their acceptance of membership to perform such duties as may devolve upon them, and to sustain by their labors the scientific character of the institute."

In such a service it is natural that the demands made should be almost overwhelming. The records show that nearly every discovery recognized by the committee in ninety-nine years and awarded either the certificate of merit or one of the medals given by the institute has come into general commercial use within a short time. When such an award is made it is published in the *Journal* of the institute, distributed among scientists, technical schools and colleges and research departments of large corporations throughout the world. The utmost caution is used in the making of awards.

The only thing necessary for the inventor seeking the approval of the institute is that he shall have something of real value. The institute will not consider an invention until a patent has been granted, of course, nor will it act where a patent is in litigation except where that action will not jeopardize the rights of either party to the suit. The rules of the Committee on Science and the Arts provide that it shall investigate "any subject referred to it by the institute, or by any of its sections, or by a majority vote of the members present at any stated meeting, it may investigate any subject presented on motion of a member or by application." An application blank for submission of any invention to the committee is issued by the secretary, Dr. R. B. Owens, on request, when it is shown that the appliance or process has merit. The following questions must be answered:

1 What is the specific purpose of this invention?
2 What is the condition of the prior art in this respect?
3 What improvement is claimed to be effected by the invention?
4 How is the improvement effected?
5 What patents, if any, have been issued for this invention?
6 What citations, if any, were made in this regard by the Patent Office before allowance of patent claims?
7 Is the invention now in actual use?
8 If so, since when?
9 Where may it be seen in operation?
10 Are you prepared to submit drawings of the apparatus or device?
11 Are you prepared to submit a model of the apparatus or device?
12 If the invention is a composition of matter, are you prepared to submit specimens of the ingredients and of the compound sufficient for the purpose of experiments?
13 If the invention is a chemical process, are you prepared to give a demonstration of the same?

It is also required that the applicant submit two copies of each of the United States patents issued to him. He should submit also whatever additional information may be called for by the nature of the discovery. Applications are first referred to a sub-committee on new subjects and preliminary examination, which recommends acceptance or rejection to the general body. Meetings are held once a month to discuss submitted subjects, but in addition to that a great deal of time is devoted to personal investigation by members of the various committees.

In addition to the certificate of merit, which is awarded by the institute for notable discoveries, there are endowments to provide for other awards. The Edward Longstreth Medal of Merit, with a money premium when the accumulated interest of the fund permits, is awarded for meritorious work in science or the arts, including papers relating to such subjects originally read before the institute and papers presented to the institute and published in the *Journal*. The Elliott Cresson Medal is awarded for discovery or original research, adding to the sum of human knowledge, irrespective of commercial value; leading and practical utilizations of discovery, and invention, methods or products embodying substantial elements of leadership in their respective classes or unusual skill or perfection in workmanship.

The Howard N. Potts medal is given for distinguished work in science or the arts, important developments of previous basic discoveries, inventions or products of superior excellence or utilizing important principles, and for papers of special merit presented to the institute and published in its *Journal*.

The chief award made by the institute, however, is the Franklin Medal. As a rule it goes only to men who have already achieved prominence. It was established in 1914 by Samuel Insull, of Chicago, for award to "those workers in physical science or technology, without regard to country, whose efforts, in the opinion of the institute, acting through its committee on Science and the Arts, have done most to advance a knowledge of physical science or its application."

An interesting fact about the institute is that although many of the men it has honored are pure scientists, meaning that they operate wholly in the field of research and are not compelled to find an immediate practical use for their discoveries, as a rule the most technical subjects are intimately related to affairs of everyday life. In the lectures by Dr. Thomson one of the points of interest to virtually all industrial concerns was the critical period of vibration for solids. Another item was the structure of metals.

The Poor Handling of Our Washington News

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political faith contrary to the politics of the Administration. It is a natural human instinct. The editor in his home office might easily discount it. But to do so, he would himself have to be familiar with the Washington scene. The editor may indeed make a point of taking himself to Washington now and then, for his own instruction. The occasional visit does him little good in the way of education. He is still the same imperfect judge of reports from Washington. So he and his Washington representatives become the highly imperfect sieve through which the country receives sometimes tragically twisted versions of what goes on there.

Absurd as it may seem, the Washington climate affects newspapermen as it affects government operations themselves. The Washington climate makes everyone lazy. It is too easy for a reporter to visit the lobbies of the large hotels, or other places where picturesque public figures are accustomed to congregate, and retail the endless amiable tales he hears at such places. Washington in its isolation is a good, typical American village. That is to say, it is shot through with gossip. This is far easier to collect than the stiff, accurate news stories that lie anywhere within a reporter's reach in Washington if he has the energy to use his legs or the street cars and cover the generous distances that creep in between the newspaper bureaus and the offices of Congressmen, Senators, Secretaries, or the other officials who are only too ready to confer with representatives of the press. The real news doesn't come out of Washington because there isn't energy enough there to go and get it in its real state.

Rely on Reporters

THERE is no other excuse. Officials in Washington are obliged to rely on the pressmen for their straightest short-cut to the ear of the American public. Officialdom has always something of importance to say to the public, and accordingly it has always something to say to the reporters. All the reporter has to do is go and get it. This he too seldom puts himself to the trouble of doing. Another reason has been supplied why the great volume of live news, news of often dramatic interest, in Washington, is so seldom retailed to a waiting and avid public.

Time was—and it is not so long ago—when the typical Washington correspondent was a seasoned newspaper worker. He was never intrusted with the important Washington job until he had shown capacities of judgment and enterprise such as entitled him to the distinction. Usually he was a sage, in his way. He had been about among men. He was a student of affairs. Few persons could fool him. Above all he had editorial capacity in comment on public affairs. His reports from Washington served as real information, real guidance to public opinion. Men of this type still function there.

Yet forces outside the control of the newspapermen themselves have served to disrupt the news service in Washington. Strangely, it was President Roosevelt who contributed chiefly to this. Roosevelt was accustomed to lift the hair on the heads of newspapermen with the outspokenness with which he confided to them personally the "low-down" on large affairs, domestic and foreign. But all this was "under the newspaperman's hat." He never dared betray these matters confided to him under the seal of secrecy. In fact, so much was confided to him in this manner, that his work was tremendously complicated. So much was left to his personal sense of honor, to his personal judgment, that he feared to relate even the simplest and most harmless of facts. In consequence a habit of another sort settled itself over the correspondents. They put on the wire only the most "smooth-bore" general gossip. The habit prevails to this day.

Unknown to People

IT IS hardly hyperbole to say that Washington, the seat of the national government, the scene of most momentous interests and activities, is almost wholly unknown to Americans.

It is not the only scene in which the hard facts of the news take on twists away from truth and accuracy. At no point is the government so badly served in its contacts with the public, through the press, as in matters of immigration. The story of this is too long to retail at this point. It is another chapter by itself. An instance or two of innocently and even zealously erroneous reporting will have to suffice.

Recently eastern newspapers have carried elaborate news stories of the sad case of a Rochester boy (Sammy Goldman) slated for deportation. He got into the country during the war. Expert medical testimony in his case is overwhelmingly to the effect that he is a hopeless idiot, and as such is subject to deportation by mandatory statement of the law. Yet endless "sob" stories about this lad have appeared in the newspapers. Two governors of the state in which he lives have been moved to exert themselves in his behalf. A wholly false picture of the boy's case was first presented to these officials, and then to the public. Stirred by these mistaken pictures, civic bodies have spent money and energy to have the boy retained. The truth and the facts are against them all. After inconceivable efforts in the schools to put the boy in a position where he might, even in parrot fashion, recite enough information to get him past the immigration tests, he remains what he was—an idiot. The files of the Immigration Bureau bear telltale evidence as to the truth of this. It is as nothing against the weight of public sympathy aroused by news stories, well-meant but mischievous in effect.

More recently still an Italian woman who had arrived in a first-class cabin on a large steamer was sent to Ellis Island for examination. She represented herself as the wife of a prominent Italian banker. She quickly reached the ear of the newspapermen. Her story was dramatic and appealing. The accounts of her case published in the public prints aroused wide interest and discussion. People wrote in indignation to the editors and asked if the government could not use some decency and common sense in its blind handling of the immigration law.

It would hardly do to reveal the real facts behind this case. The files of the Bureau of Immigration carry the sworn testimony nevertheless. An enormous amount of public sympathy had been stirred in behalf of a person little entitled to any such generous outpouring. And instances of this sort repeat themselves almost daily.

Whether the quality of newspaper reporting has fallen off in recent years might form the subject of another discussion altogether. The fact remains that, especially at important news centers, the real news of the day is imperfectly presented to our public. This other fact remains: that the reporting is imperfect not from vicious or sinister motives, but from sheer carelessness. *But it is imperfect, it is inadequate.* The real news seldom gets into the newspapers.

Better Pay, Better Men

THIS is said without the slightest intent to disparage the work of newspapermen. No body of workers in the United States is more conscientious on the whole, or works harder, on longer hours, or for so little pay. The fault lies not with the individual or with the newspaper body, but with the system under which that body works. Great papers suffer by it as much as the little. Any search for the remedy offers a deep problem. That is not here our concern. A reporter who can accurately record facts of importance, without obstruction from his own limitations of judgment, would be worth $10,000 a year to any paper. When that sum of money is offered, it may be that men of the caliber to fill the job will make themselves available.

In the meantime it behooves the public to read its newspapers with restrictions and likewise with indulgence. They do their best, but they are not infallible. The mischief they do is in stampeding public opinion in the wrong direction as a result of their own mistakes. The public holds the remedy, the safeguard, in its own hands. Until the handling of the news improves, it should take its daily news-offering with a grain of salt and with the exercise of judgment on its own part.

Shall We Have an American Opera?

Concluded from page 3

passing phase in cultural development, albeit a long time passing in our own particular case. Nevertheless, the day of the American composer and librettist will come.

"So far, a dozen American operas have been produced; hundreds have been written, and it is true, also, that the best of those written have not been produced; it would not have been to the advantage of the foreign impresario to produce the best of American music. Some day an American manager will arise, who will obtain a real American opera, one that means something to our country and to ourselves. And with the first American operatic success opera in our own language will be here to stay, while the foreign influence will decline, slowly, perhaps, but eventually it will disappear. Pioneers have a hard time in any field, but particularly so in opera. Sometimes the writing alone is a work of years, and then years more are spent in an ineffectual attempt to get a hearing, with ultimate disappointment, through the deceit and trickery of those foreigners whom we allow to dictate to us what music we shall hear.

"If by some great good fortune, a hearing is given to an American opera, perfection is expected at once; nothing less will satisfy these foreigners. In other fields of art one may start modestly and grow. Of all the operas that Puccini wrote, or of all those composed by Verdi, how many are known? How many are presented? An early Whistler or MacMonnies cannot be classed with later and more mature work. Yet in American opera, the composer and the librettist must scale the heights at a single bound—and the first bound—or be forever hurled into outer darkness by the emissaries of music 'as is' from Rome or from Jerusalem.

"At present, an opera will not be considered from an American composer until the score is completed. The only consideration given the libretto is to use it as an excuse for rejecting the score. The impresario informs the composer that his music is excellent but the book will not do at all; and this has happened in half a dozen cases, to my own knowledge. Yet, as a matter of fact, American operatic librettos will compare favorably with any yet written in any language."

Mr. Moyle's latest libretto, which is now being turned over to an American composer, probably Cadman, to supply the music, is the newest attempt to provide America with an American opera. It is entitled "The Traitor," and is concerned with the treason of Benedict Arnold and the events which led up to it. Moyle has found thrilling romance in the days preceding Arnold's defection and scenes of splendor seldom shown in the somber history of the colonies.

Washington! Wistful, Wasted and Waiting

Concluded from page 2

ist stranger who enters the maze without the precaution, "Pick your exit now." Only the stranger knows how easy it is to run out the wrong spoke of the wheel, and at the end of twenty minutes find himself miles out of his way and his notion of the points of the compass hopelessly askew.

These, and that still more bewildering maze, the singularly cool gully in the northern hills, Rock Creek Park, with its zoo and its fords, be at least a few of Washington's amiable absurdities. But its very isolation, its self-containment, its supreme contentment with itself, its cool indifference toward everything without its own borders, the balmy climate that softens life to a leisurely pace—these are making the Washington of the future. These, and the charm of its sociability, and the variety of its social interests and the color of its many classes. Old and wistful residents there will tell you they have long observed their city moving to the day when it may vie with any capital in the world. It is true. Nothing is wanting but time. And except for space, no commodity is more plentiful than time in Washington.

Not that it will ever sting the pride of the vulgar who take greatness to consist of volume of population. Not long ago a distinguished and beloved public official put into a sentence the nearly permanent size of Washington. This official—who stutters delightfully—it seems was stopped on a corner by a hurried stranger who demanded:

"Tell me the shortest way to the Union Station!"

The dignitary looked down at him and said, "Th-there are f-four hundred and f-fifty thousand people here. Wh-why the de-devil had you to p-pick me out for su-such a question!"

The four millions are not for Washington. It will never be a city of the many. But it will be a city of the distinguished—the distinguished outside as well as inside the circles of government and diplomacy. It is becoming that sort of city already. The tide of wealth and fashion and achievement has already set in. Persons of means who have learned the use of means, who have finished the making of money and have begun the living of life, are more and more seeking the company of their like in the expansive leisure of Washington. A residence in Washington has become indispensable to families of great name, or great fortunes, or both—enough of them to have set a fashion that others of their kind begin to follow. Within a short stretch of years clusters of their houses have mushroomed in upper Sixteenth street in the neighborhood of Meridian Park—one of these days to become the loveliest dazzle of its kind—in K street, in New Hampshire avenue; finest of them all, in Massachusetts avenue where it approaches its northward turn at Sheridan Circle. Here are mansions not outdone about Central Park, or Hyde Park, or the Parc Monceau. Roomy Washington affords these places a gorgeously gardened surrounding. It supplies their owners with the company of the distinguished, the cultivated, the famous, the powerful, from every quarter of the world. At the base of the social pyramid, Washington may be a great village. At the peak, it is a microcosm.

It is the more a microcosm because it is fashioned of more than the powers of politics and society. Men of science, the writers, the artists have discovered Washington. In its spacious comforts, its quietude, its dignity, its physical beauty, in the charm of its company, they find an atmosphere that permits meditation, that invites the exercise of talent. Their names are sprinkled over the membership lists of the clubs, the columns in the newspapers consecrated to social interests. From the day of its founding Washington has entertained the great of the earth. Now it begins to contain and to hold in the grip of its charm the illustrious and the picturesque among our own people. Henry Adams, John Hay, and others of an earlier day, who went to Washington only to visit or to work, and remained to live, seem to have made themselves the head of a real procession. The procession may be slow, but it is on the move.

So, after all, it may be that the fathers were right in pitching their capital at a far point of detachment. President Washington and Major L'Enfant may have had the superior foresight. They exiled their government; but they did give it room and quiet for deliberation, away from the passions passing in the crowd. The same room and quietude they offered to endeavorers in other fields than government—as those endeavorers are learning. Hence it is more than a pious wish that sets Washingtonians to predicting for their city its day as the true capital of our country. The wish is born of sense, and, even though slowly, is coming true. Willingly enough good Washingtonians let commerce and its enterprise, population and its bulk, look elsewhere, as they watch human fiat accomplishing there what Nature herself has elsewhere denied to America—a capital of the mind.

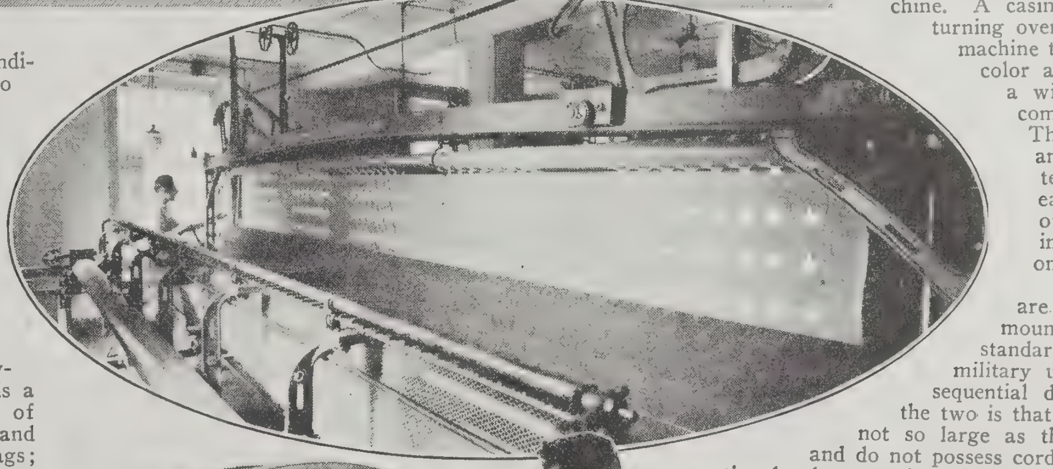
Uncle Sam's Own Factory Makes Army's Flags

Far Cry From Betsy Ross' Deft Fingers to Machines of Today

By S. R. WINTERS

EACH recurring June fourteenth is occasion for observance of Flag Day, especially in the schools where appropriate ceremonies recognize the significance of the national emblem. With the passing of another June, the Stars and Stripes as a symbol of nationality is 145 years old. The frequency of the appearance of the flag of the United States—fluttering in remote as well as thickly populated points on land and sea—would seem to indicate that knowledge concerning Old Glory is common property, indeed. Betsy Ross and the countless patriotic and romantic tales relating to the fashioning of the first Stars and Stripes are on the tongues of children. Grown-up members of the family are not unmindful of the fact that the 13 stripes on the flag represent the 13 original states of the Union.

Sentiment, instilled by patriotic exercises celebrating the anniversary of the making of the flag throughout the land, compels a common knowledge in the above-mentioned particulars. Strange to say, however, probably not one person in 10,000 is familiar with the structural environments of Old Glory—where, and under what conditions are flags of the United States manufactured. One hundred and forty-five years have elapsed since Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, according to tradition, fashioned by hand the pattern of the Stars and Stripes, from a house in Philadelphia, at a point later identified as No. 80 Arch street. The progress of modern science, giving to the world its labor-saving machinery, would not sanction the conditions of manufacture then obtaining, it is reasonable to assume. Sentiment, however, decrees that the Quaker City, the birthplace of the Stars and Stripes, shall remain the cradle of the flag through the changing centuries. Instead of Betsy Ross patiently fingering the symbol of a new-born nation, a traditional picture of 145 years ago, today scores of machines have increased production a hundredfold. And, thereby hangs a tale of how Uncle Sam is manufacturing flags in quantity lots.



Above—Stitching stars.
Oval—Embroidering the stars.
Below—Stamping out stars.

The manufacturing branch of the Quartermaster Intermediate Depot, located in Philadelphia, is responsible for the production of all flags in the service of the United States Army. The assignment is a comprehensive one—ranging from the manufacture of the President's flag to productions including colors and standards for regiments; garrison, post and storm flags; automobile, distinguishing and transport flags, and ensigns, harbor boat jacks, pennants and guidons of a variety of assortments. The fragment of bunting which defies the raging storm when stationed over a fort on the seacoast as well as the rich silk colors that thrill the members of a warring regiment are alike the machine-made products of Uncle Sam's flag factory in the Quaker City. With the exception of the colors and standards carried by troops, and camp colors, our national flag resolves itself into a dozen sizes. This is in conformity to an Executive Order, dated October 29, 1921, which fixes the hoist of flags.

The making of Old Glory in quantity production and in response to the dictates of economy is of comparatively recent origin. Progress in this direction has marked time with the development of the needle industry. Not unlike Betsy Ross who fashioned the national symbol with her fingers, not so very long ago an entire flag was constructed by a single operator. Today, the task is allotted to 13 units of operation. Piecemeal-like, each worker in Uncle Sam's flag factory is assigned the job of contributing a definite bit of workmanship, these progressive units making for a finished product. National emblems are constructed of red, white and blue bunting; the stars, which are stitched to the blue field, are of white percale.

Bunting—a thin woolen stuff used primarily for making flags—is painstakingly inspected before being issued to the cutting machine. It is placed one ply upon another and severed to specified length until a section 100-ply high is available. Forthwith, the material is marked and subjected to an electrically driven cutting machine which parcels the bunting into strips of two lengths, these entering into the manufacture of the Stars and Stripes. The procedure followed in cutting the blue bunting for the field is not dissimilar from that of cutting the long and short red and white stripes. The elasticity of the structural material involves the exercise of utmost care in the laying-up and cutting of it lest precision be sacrificed; accuracy being essential in joining the stripes on a sewing machine. The material on which stars are planted is stamped out with a steel-cutting die on an electrically driven stamping machine. Cutting by the latter method insures maximum production and uniformity in size and shape. The canvas heading on the flag is fashioned in a similar manner.

The cutting machines having performed their assignments, the component parts of the potential Old Glory are bundled and consigned to the operation room. The abbreviated stripes are joined together alternately red and white on a double-needle sewing machine, which negotiates two rows of stitching at a single operation. Simultaneously and in like fashion the long stripes are joined and the field made. The blue field is placed on a table, any wrinkles removed, and the correct position of the stars indicated on each field, employing a perforated pattern. After being subjected to a squaring process it is cut to exact dimensions. A piece of white percale, somewhat larger than the star, is placed on the under side of the field, and a star of the material placed in the same position on the upper side. This insures three thicknesses. The operator then stitches cautiously around the edge of the star with a zigzag machine. Once the stars have been fastened on the field, a trimmer robs the product of excess percale due to the stitching on the under side of the field.

The field and short stripes are then united and both are joined to the long stripes, these unions being effected by a double-needle machine. Then, the flag is smoothed out on a table, squared and cut to precise dimensions. The fly end is turned in and hemmed with three rows of stitching on a single-needle sewing machine. The other end is reinforced at each corner with a triangular strip of bunting, and stitched into a canvas heading. It is reinforced by means of a single-needle sewing machine of a heavy design for this operation. Each flat is equipped with a galvanized iron staple and ring, well riveted, one in each end of the heading, for hitching to the halyard—a rope or tackle for raising and lowering flags. The open ends of the heading are closed by hand stitching. The completed national emblem is again spread on a table, ends of thread cut off, and the final product inspected. If approved, the flag is folded and consigned to supply headquarters for disposition. Stars, contrary to the hand-fashioned articles of Betsy Ross, are manufactured of solid embroidery silk on a Swiss hand-embroider machine. The blue silk fields are placed in frames on this mechanism which is capable of producing a stitch not unlike hand embroidery—that is, both sides are alike. This machine, provided with numerous needles and threaded with white silk, perforates the field, back and forth, thus shaping the embroidery stitch. Not unlike the operation of a pantograph—a device for copying maps and plans on a predetermined scale—the operator of this embroidering device follows the lines on a pattern which is six times the real size of the design being fashioned. The needles make the corresponding stitches on the field.

The field and the short stripes are then sewed together and the two united to the long stripes by means of a one-eighth-inch seam, which may be effected either by hand or a double-needle sewing machine. The color is supplied with a yellow silk knotted fringe, securely stitched on three sides with a single-needle sewing machine. A casing is provided by turning over and stitching by machine that portion of the color at the staff end to a width ample to accommodate the staff. The casing is lined and a leather fastener provided at each end as a means of folding the color in correct position on the staff.

National colors are carried by unmounted troops, and standards by mounted military units. The inconsequential distinction between the two is that the standards are not so large as the national colors and do not possess cords and tassels. The national colors are four feet, four inches hoist, and five feet, six inches fly, the field of the flag measuring 30 inches in length. Once the silk for the stripes and field is inspected, it is fashioned to correct dimensions by use of shears. The short and long red and white stripes are united alternately by means of a neatly executed hand stitch, forming a one-eighth-inch seam. If manufactured in quantity production, however, this stitching may be performed by a double-needle machine.

Each unmounted organization is supplied with a regimental color of like dimensions as the national color. Similarly, mounted organizations share in the distribution of regimental and national standards of the same dimensions. Such banners are fashioned of heavy taffeta silk; in the center of the design there is embroidered by hand an eagle bearing similarity to that on the official coat of arms of the United States. Likewise, the coat of arms of the particular organization is embroidered on the shield. The crest goes above the eagle's head, and the motto on the scroll in the eagle's beak. Coat of arms, crest, and motto are distinctive for each unit. Immediately below the coat of arms, the official designation of the organization is embroidered on a scroll.

Silk for these banners is woven according to specified width, and the workmanship is in the absence of seams. Subsequent to inspection of the silk, it is cut to the proper length, and the design subject to embroidery, stenciled on the silk. A perforated pattern is employed for this purpose. The marking is of a durable nature since the design is traced with a specially prepared paint. The silk is then stitched in an embroidery frame and made taut. The different shades of silk thread employed in embroidering each banner approximate 30 in number, a variety suggesting that the seamstress exercise rare judgment to insure a proper blending of the finished product. Moreover, exceptional skill in manipulating the needle is essential since the embroidery stitch on both sides of the banner should harmonize. Both hands and two thimbles are necessary in the execution of such difficult embroidery work. The stitches in each design mount into the thousands and an experienced seamstress consumes 30 days in embroidering a regimental color and 20 days in fingering to completion a regimental standard.

Scrolls containing the official designation of the organization are embroidered separately and then put on the banner with an embroidered edging circling the entire scroll. This manner of fashioning the product makes it possible to read the identity of the unit from either side of the scroll.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Sherwood Forest, the haunt of Robin Hood, is to be destroyed to supply coal. It is estimated 10,000,000 tons a year can be mined in the historical region of Nottingham County. Edwinstow Hall, the ancient mission, is to be turned into an educational center for the miners. The historic forest is owned by lords who are poor and harassed by the income tax.

There is a lake of Epsom salts near Basque, British Columbia. The lake lies on a plateau and is not affected by spring freshets or melting snow. The impregnated water bubbles up from a dozen springs and apparently the lake is inexhaustible. The product is taken out in four-inch sheets which are dried and pulverized.

What apparently are ancient stone gears, probably used hundreds of years ago by Indians who inhabited California near Santa Monica, have been found. The gears were about two feet apart and were uncovered fifteen feet below the surface. One was four inches in diameter and had several teeth neatly cut and smoothed and it is believed that the wheels were part of a machine invented by the Indians for grinding corn.

The Supreme Court was told during argument recently that the vaudeville business was controlled so completely by the B. F. Keith Vaudeville Exchange, the Orpheum Circuit Incorporated and similar agencies that an actor, author or producer could not succeed unless he subscribed to their direction.

Depredations of beaver in the Adirondacks region of New York have made necessary a law providing that the Conservation Commission be authorized to regulate the taking of beaver, in traps only, between March 1 and March 31. At one time the beaver was extinct in New York. A few were obtained and since then these forest rodents have multiplied so rapidly and have cut down so many trees and flooded so much territory that they have rendered valueless many large tracts of forest and farm land.

A remarkable fossil of the ginkgo leaf, the estimated age of which is 1,000,000 years, was found recently in Spokane, Washington. But one species of ginkgo is to be found in this day in China and Japan. It is also known as the maidenhair fern tree.

While the Osage Indians of Oklahoma are idly wallowing in the inherited wealth of oil lands, the Blackfeet tribe of Glacier National Park reservation today has achieved a reputation for thrift that brings to its 3,000 members high compliments from the Indian Department. So much wheat was raised last year by these Indians that the government built them a $65,000 gristmill to grind their grain for them. This is the first time in the history of United States civilization of the Indian that a tribe has become self-supporting through its own thrift.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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The early Romans were the first glass makers of England.

The ship used by Captain Robert Falcon Scott on his South Polar trip of 1901-04 has been purchased by the British Government for a scientific expedition to trace the migration, numbers and rate of reproduction of whales in the Antarctic. In 1912, on another expedition, Captain Scott reached the South Pole by the longest continuous sledge journey (1,842 miles) ever made in the polar regions. He reached the pole January 18, 1912, five weeks later than Amundsen. He found Amundsen's Norwegian flag, tent, and so on, and carried away a photograph and notes regarding these.

In the modern hospitals when a baby is born a print of the child's foot is taken and on the same paper the thumb-print of the mother, for identification. It is claimed many mothers fear hospital accouchement lest the nurses "mix those babies up."

Hiring out as a Wisconsin farm hand, the son of the German ambassador to the United States proves himself a real dirt farmer. He spent a semester at the University of Wisconsin but left to work on a small farm located two and a half miles southwest of Madison. He is extremely energetic and is able to do all kinds of farm work.

When the oil boom hit the town of Smackover, Arkansas, the Postmaster-General at Washington received the following message from the postmaster who had grown wealthy in oil lands: "Office is out of my control; letters arriving 5,000 to 7,000 daily; parcel post by the ton; can't open mail any longer; no place to put it; accept resignation."

Eleven species of birds have been wiped out entirely in this country during the past 50 years.

An aviator glided 25 miles against a forty-nine-mile wind, with his motor developing less than fifteen horse power. Twenty-five horse power had previously been required to maintain the plane in the air. The test was made between Washington, D. C., and Dayton, Ohio, in a Sperry messenger, the smallest ship ever flown successfully. The aviator estimated that he gained 30 miles an hour by patterning his flight after buzzards observed on the trip in taking advantage of air currents.

Babe Ruth's salary is $4,333 a month.

The walnut in Bulgaria is almost indispensable to the housewife. The nut is eaten in the raw state and used for producing a cooking oil. The meats are salted, fried in a pan and then pressed with a rolling pin. Jam is made from the green walnuts and large quantities are used in the production of a very potent brandy.

Eleven daily newspapers are published in Rome, Italy.

While steaming in battle formation in the Gulf of Panama the United States battleship *Arizona* struck a whale head on. So vicious was the encounter that the whale was cut practically in two on the prow of the warship. It was necessary to halt the ship's engines while a wrecking crew disengaged the carcass.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims, retired, is quoted as follows: "The appointment of an officer who is not a graduate of the war college to be commander-in-chief of the great United States fleet is a crime against the people of this country. More than half the officers given preference in the transfers recently announced to take effect this summer are not graduates of the war college." The war college gives the officers training in the application of those doctrines which enable widely separated elements of a great fleet to co-operate as a single team and which enable the commander to make sound tactical decisions in time—that is, before the enemy can seize the initiative.

The premier of Bulgaria, M. Stamboulisky, proposes that wherever ten or more Communists are discovered in a peasant village, they shall be compelled to pool their resources and enter upon an experiment in communistic life.

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MY SIXTY YEARS WITH PLANTS

By Luther Burbank

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"Usurer Has to Go," Says Oxford Don

Scientist Derives Economic Ideas From the Principles of the Heat Engine

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

PROFESSOR FREDERICK SODDY, one of the most distinguished and certainly one of the bravest of British scientists, lately astonished the scientific world by coming out for the absolute abolition of interest as the only alternative to the destruction of civilization. A consideration of the laws of the physical universe compels that conclusion, in his opinion.

The British "Who's Who" gives the following information in regard to Professor Soddy:

"Fellow Royal Society; Professor of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry, at Oxford, 1919; Lecturer on Physical Chemistry and Radioactivity, University Glasgow, 1904-14; Professor of Chemistry, University of Aberdeen, 1914-19; author of *Matter and Energy, Science and Life, Interpretation of Radium* and other works."

The following extracts from a recent lecture by Professor Soddy will indicate the departure from orthodox economics and orthodox science taken by him in his sweeping denunciation and utter rejection of interest:

All forms of energy previously utilized by life, with one or two minor exceptions, as tidal energy and that of hot springs, were forms of the solar revenue . . . . When coal became king the sunlight of a hundred million years ago added itself to that of today and by it was built a civilization such as the world had never seen.

The fundamental fact underlying this civilization is that while men can lighten their external labors by the aid of fuel-fed machinery, they can feed their internal fires only with new sunshine and then only through the good offices of the plant. In spite of the striking advances of the past century, the agriculturist, peasant and farm-laborer form the dominant economic class, and will remain so until some new discovery of science deposes them. To my mind this is one of the least obvious and yet most fundamental facts of economics and social science at the present time.

Physical science thus answers precisely, and I think for the first time, *the* problem of political economy, "What are the sources of our society's wealth; that is, the means of subsistence and comforts of the individuals comprising it?" The means of subsistence are derived from the daily revenue of solar energy, through the operations of agriculture. The accessories of life, clothes, houses and fuel, as well as its comforts and luxuries, are derived in great part by the augmentation of this revenue out of a capital store of energy preserved from bygone geological times. Life depends from instant to instant on a continuous flow of energy, and hence wealth, the enabling requisite of life, partakes of the character of a flow rather than a store.

Money and Wealth

THE wealth of a community can be increased only by production and discovery, not by acquisition and exchange . . . . Although my views are very similar in some respects to those arrived at long ago by Ruskin, I have deduced them, without at the time being aware of Ruskin's writings on this subject, from the principles of the heat-engine, rather than from those of ethics. . . .

There is much making of money but no making of wealth by exchange . . . .

The "economists" confound debt with wealth.

A ham merchant, working on what he is pleased to call a ten per cent basis of profit, may buy ten hams for the same sum as he sells nine. He may be pleased to think that he has made a profit of one ham, but he certainly has not made a ham. There were and remain ten, whereas if anyone had made a profit of one ham, there should now be eleven. These hams represent the lifetime profit of two and one-half pigs, fed, according to nursery tradition, on the skins of potatoes, which in turn derived their feeding value from the sunshine.

The material and scientific greatness of our day is due to the primitive accumulation of the solar energy of the forests of the carboniferous era, and preserved to this day as coal. The plant accumulated we *spend.* When coal is burned it is burned. You cannot both burn it and keep it in the cellar, and still less can you go on drawing interest from it forever at so much per cent, as is the case with the so-called capital of the economist and the business world. Here again the economist is mistaking our old friend, debt, for wealth. The wealth has been spent, not saved, and exchanged for some form of receipt, giving the holder a purely conventional right to so much per cent per annum until the debt is paid.

The capitalist wishes to have it both ways, to be regarded as a public benefactor because he spends his wealth, not in drinking himself to death, but in enterprises designed to increase the revenue. If he did this he would indeed be a public benefactor. But the community having spent his wealth, as regards himself, he expects it all back in due course with interest on the loan. The consequences of his abstinence are that civilization has got inextricably "into the hands of the Jews." Compared with this, the wildest profligacy on the part of the original capitalist would have been a relatively minor evil.

To Aristotle a usurer was a person beneath contempt. Today, even the vice-chancellors of the ancient universities, which purport to hold up to reverence Greek thought and culture, are as enamored as anyone of the excellence of compound interest. Of all hard critics of the usurer, Martin Luther is easily first, and in his vigorous denunciation there is a certain perspicuity which we moderns seem to lack. Otherwise few could tolerate the economics of an ordinary daily newspaper or social club. Thus Luther wrote:

"The heathen were able by the light of reason to conclude that a usurer is a double-dyed thief and murderer. We Christians, however, hold them in such honor that we fairly worship them for the sake of their money . . . .Usury is a great huge monster, like a were-wolf, who lays waste all, more than any Cacus . . . . For Cacus means the villain that is a pious usurer and steals and robs and eats everything, and will not own that he has done it and thinks no one will find him out, because the oxen drawn backward into his den make it seem from their footsteps that they have been let out. So the usurer would deceive the world as though he were of use and gave the world oxen while he however rends and eats all alone."

One must admit that it would be difficult to find a better description of usurer than is given here; "Oxen drawn back into the den which, from their footsteps appear to have been let out." Current orthodox economics gives the credit that rightly belongs to the scientific discoverer, the expander of wealth, to the usurer, the expander of debt.

The normal form of capital is simple debt, a permanent lien upon the future revenue of wealth. The assets are much overrated . . . . The vast heritage of wealth which science made available at the commencement of the nineteenth century, *in so far as it has been spent, has been replaced by paper receipts for the expenditure which bears interest in perpetuity.* Such capital merely means unearned income divided by the rate of interest and multiplied by 100. If I invent a process bringing in a thousand pounds a year revenue, its capital value is twenty thousand pounds if the rate of interest is five per cent, and I can sell it for some such sum. The capital of the world in this sense today aggregates to an altogether inconceivable sum. *There has never existed at one time such an amount of wealth.* It represents the accumulated capital expenditure of generations of men.

During the war the capital of England was *increased* by thirty-five billion pounds, which brings in three hundred and fifty million pounds a year permanent interest. I may be told that every one will admit that this is debt, whereas it is in fact, in this respect, precisely, on the same footing as so-called productive capital expenditure, a private lien upon the revenue, *wealth* to the individual owner and *debt* to the community. As regards the national accounts, this interest is a simple transference, rather than an item of expenditure. It is collected from the taxpayer and paid to the holder of war securities. It amounts to more than eight and one-half pounds per head of population, and includes the small item of ten shillings per head in respect of the Napoleonic wars.

There can be only one possible end to this process. Though for a time the advances of science may so increase the revenue from year to year as to render these payments by way of interest possible, **in the end the whole of the revenue must be in the control of the usurer.** A small part of the population will get into the position of a great rentier class living on interest, and most of the rest will be reduced to starvation in so far as they are not kept alive by state doles.

How far this process has already progressed in England is obvious, since something like a quarter of the population at the present time is unemployed and *the expenditure on national education is only a quarter as much as that upon the holders of war securities.*

The Meter on Wealth

THE river of wealth is divided, but a part is metered carefully and recorded as an accumulation of capital indebtedness against the community. Scientific men, in the innocence of their hearts and the benevolence of their souls, fondly imagine that by increasing the revenue available for life they benefit the community. But do they? The larger the revenue, and the greater the flow above that required for immediate consumption, the greater the debts incurred by the community and the impossibility of their ever being repaid. Meantime, though real wealth rots if stored, the meter readings spontaneously bear interest and increase *ad infinitum.* The principles and ethics of human conduct and convention have their own code and standards, but whatever they may be, they must conform to and not run counter to the principles of thermodynamics. A chauffeur may have a soul above the mechanism of his car, but if it led him to try to run the car on already consumed petrol, he would be considered a great ass.

It is remarkable how people, who never came up against reality from the cradle to the grave, and live all their lives a purely artificial existence in some city, divorced from all contact with primitive nature, get into the habit of supposing that the conventions which regulate their businesses and livelihoods can be applied to the economy of the world at large. It would be quite impossible for any member of the agricultural community, for example, accustomed to the ways in which wealth is really produced, to fall down and worship the institution of usury in such a naïve fashion, or for a labor government to be guilty of the confusions between wealth and debt which are characteristic of orthodox politicians at the present time. We have in the function of government as administered almost entirely by those who live by rent, interest, and profit, and thus take from rather than contribute to the revenue of the wealth of the community, a further justification for the view already expressed, that the community in its struggle for existence resembles an army officered almost entirely by the enemy.

You cannot permanently put an absurd human convention, such as the spontaneous increment of debt, against the natural law of the spontaneous decrement of wealth. This applies whether it is simple or compound interest which regulates the increment of debt. For obvious reasons the law of compound interest over great periods of time rarely as yet has fully operated. But the significant and distressing fact is that this absurd law, with the concentration of money in the hands of trusts and combines of financiers, now tends to operate more and more fully every day.

Some of you may have heard of the story of the reward asked of the Emperor of China by the man who taught him chess. It looked modest enough. He wanted one grain of corn for the first square of the chess-board, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on in a geometrical progression to the sixty-fourth square. Before three-quarters of the board had been dealt with, the Emperor had to cry off, as his couriers came back to him reporting that there was not such a quantity of corn (actually twenty-three million tons) in the empire. At the sixty-fourth square the reckoning would have called for one million million tons—more than the present population of the world would consume in a period of time longer than that covered by the records of history.

This is the law of compound interest. Today one pound of debt doubles itself in about 12.5 years, and becomes 1,024 pounds in 125 years and more than a million pounds in 250 years at 5.5 per cent compound interest. If this is to be the inevitable consequence of scientific men increasing the wealth of the world, enthusiasm in well-doing may well dry up. Nevertheless, on no other terms than a perpetual increase of the revenue by scientific discovery can such a system of "economics" be maintained, and, even so, were the twentieth century as prolific in discovery as the nineteenth, there is no escape for it from ruin under the law of usury and the rule of the usurer.

"Its Inevitable End"

LET us, in the light of the analysis of wealth and wealth production which has been attempted, consider the aspect of this mad system which is now uppermost in the minds of many thoughtful people, *its inevitable end in world war.* Remember that it is impossible to save. The revenue of wealth must be spent as it accrues, either in consumption or in capital expenditure. The latter is for the purpose of securing a lien on the future revenue, by producing more goods or services out of which a profit can be made. But as the masses do not receive the profit, they cannot buy this increased production . . . . Man power is now cheapened by being pitted against the infinitely greater and more docile power of inanimate nature. For a brief period which is now closing, though only after terrible hardship and suffering, the displaced labor found an outlet ultimately by reason of the increased fraction of the revenue devoted to capital expenditure. But the world fills up. Its markets, at first open to the excess production of the industrialized nations in exchange for food, tend to close as time goes on. The fiercest international rivalry for markets ensues, and to industrialized nations armaments are, as products of *machino-facture,* the one thing that can be turned out in almost limitless abundance. But armaments and war do not produce food. They merely determine the distribution as between competing nations, and tend to destroy food-producing power to an extent that makes even the victors actual losers. In this Ruskin was again ahead of his own times. He alone seems to have had sufficient veracity of thought and power of penetrating below the conventions of society to realize that, in the pursuit of gain, the objective was illusory in a physical sense. Ruskin writes:

"Capital is a root which does not enter into the vital function till it produces fruit. Capital producing nothing but capital is root producing root, bulb issuing in bulb, never in tulip. The political economy of Europe has hitherto devoted itself to the multiplication of bulbs. It never saw or conceived such a thing as a tulip."

I do not pretend to be able to have got further in my own conclusions than this, *that the rule of the usurer in political and social affairs has become impossible and that he has to go.* At a time like the present, when the usurers of the world, if cheated of their expectations, like Shylock are bent on a pound of flesh next to the heart, their pretentiousness and futility are obvious, and some form of government according to economic, rather than chrematistic, principles will have to be resumed.

The laws of energy under which men live furnish an intellectual foundation for sociology and economics, and make crystal clear some of the chief causes of failure not only of our own but, I think, also, of every preceding great civilization. They do not give the whole truth, but, in so far as they are correct to physics and chemistry, they cannot possibly be false. I think with but little amplification and modification they might furnish a common scientific starting point from which all men concerned with the public rather than with their own private interests might start to rebuild the world more in conformity with the great intellectual achievements which have distinguished the present age.

The first step toward such a scientific Utopia would be the due delimitation of the rights of the community's creditors—THE CURBING OF THE DEMON OF DEBT WHICH MASQUERADES AMONG THE IGNORANT AS WEALTH.

This teaching is in line with the wisdom of Edmund Burke who, with characteristic profundity and humanity, wrote:

"IT IS TO THE PROPERTY OF THE CITIZEN AND NOT TO THE DEMAND OF THE CREDITOR OF THE STATE THAT THE ORIGINAL FAITH OF SOCIETY IS PLEDGED. THE CLAIM OF THE CITIZEN IS PRIOR IN TIME, PARAMOUNT IN TITLE, SUPERIOR IN EQUITY."

A Stream of Defective Immigrants Taints American Life

Commissioner at Ellis Island Bares Influence of Politicians, Lobbyists and Congressmen in Introducing Feeble-minded Aliens

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE recent bold spiriting away of a defective immigrant in Syracuse, New York, after a deportation order had been issued against him, has again centered attention on evils of the immigration problem. It is significant that these continue to persist in defiance of quota limitations and personal restrictions.

Figures tell only part of the story. But it appears that nearly 20,000 defective aliens entered the United States last year, of whom about 15,000 were admitted under no restrictions at all, while some 5,000 sufferers from diseases or disabilities were entered under the conditional restraint of a bond. Some of these cases were of so incurable a nature, that it was inevitable that the victims should become inmates of publicly supported institutions.

Now official records of the Bureau of Immigration show that in the past, 95 per cent of the immigrants admitted temporarily or under bond ultimately violated and forfeited their bonds and remained in this country. In other words, not five per cent of the bonds of defective immigrants have ever been enforced. Furthermore, investigations have shown that it has been a usual practice for bonded aliens to give incorrect names, for them to leave the cities or states in which they had agreed to reside, and that, in fact, they have violated at will the terms of the bonds which were to govern their conduct.

Much may be said on behalf of the foreign-born friends and relatives of immigrants who are deficient mentally or disabled physically, in their efforts to provide new homes for their distressed kinsfolk. To Americans, however, such efforts mean the introduction of a strain that threatens to undermine their well-being.

It is remarkable to observe—and such observations are substantiated by data of the Bureau of Immigration—that a singular number of attorneys, lobbyists, politicians and Congressmen, for purposes of profit or other self-interest, are constantly exercising pressure on the Department of Labor, not only that there may be laxity in the enforcement of the immigration laws, but also that individual immigrants may be admitted in spite of the law or the best interests of the country.

The Pressure in Washington

SUCH pressure is being exerted by friends of deportable aliens through political leaders in Congress who have large foreign-born constituencies—those most active in this propaganda being from New York, Chicago and Boston. Senators and Representatives of this type deliberately bring threats or persuasions to bear upon State and Federal authorities charged with the deportation and debarment of aliens. It is a patent fact also, that in Washington there are to be found rings of immigrant aid societies and groups of their attorneys whose efforts are devoted toward the interests of excludable immigrants. One immigrant aid society is represented by an adroit attorney to whom it pays a retaining fee of $15,000 a year.

Representative John L. Cable, of Ohio, after having studied conditions at Ellis Island, last December, on the floor of the House, endorsed the administration of Immigration Commissioner Robert E. Tod in the following words:

> The effectiveness of the work at Ellis Island is one of the chief factors in determining our country's future. The admission of mentally, morally or physically unfit into this country, even in small numbers, would, in the future, weaken our nation and place a huge burden upon generations to come. Millions of dollars each year must now be raised by the various states for the maintenance of foreigners heretofore admitted and now confined in state institutions. The Commissioner of Immigration, Robert E. Tod, was persuaded through patriotism to accept that position. Upon accepting the appointment, he went abroad at his own expense and studied immigration conditions in Europe, and from investigations I made at Ellis Island, I find there is no one devoting so much work and effort for the good of that service.

It is undeniably true that Commissioner Tod has come out courageously in exposing the influences that are so unscrupulously active in tainting the American population with a flood of defective life. As far as his attitude is concerned, it has apparently been received with approval by the public. Every mail brings to his office letters of commendation from editors, clubs, and representative people in every walk in life, urging him to continue and promising him their support. He has been besought not only to deliver speeches on the subject, but has been urged to make public the names of the Congressmen who, after having been elected by the people to pass laws to protect the United States, do not hesitate to bring pressure on officer who were appointed to administer the laws, in efforts to let in undesirables or to keep them here.

"The whole stream of American life should not be permitted to be polluted," was Commissioner Tod's comment, when I recently visited him at his offices on Ellis Island. "I am interested in the welfare of America and the future of this country, and this country has no place for feeble-minded aliens. I am working harder now than at any time in my life," he added, with a laugh—"harder than when as a banker I worked to make money. But I intend to stick it out and keep on with my efforts. I was not exactly anxious to get into this work, but was asked by President Harding to take it up, and being once in it, I'm going to see it through. I have been here now about 18 months—since my return from Warsaw.

"The law is going to be administered here in absolute accordance with the work of Congress in placing it on the statute books, and in the administration of it I have been assured by the Secretary of Labor, his two assistants, and the Commissioner-General, that I shall have their warm support and co-operation. I intend to guard the privileges of immigrants as assiduously as I do the rights of the United States. This country does not need new immigration laws so much as it needs the honest administration of the laws already on the statute books and the protection of honest officials from vilification and irresponsible attacks from irresponsible persons."

Mr. Tod then gave me certain examples of individual cases which exemplify better than generalities the studied efforts that are being made constantly to thwart the law. They concern mostly feeble-minded and other excludable cases, which should never have been admitted in bond in the first place. Once admitted wrongfully, however, their illegality has been renewed and re-renewed. Whenever attempts are made to deport such aliens, there are strange reversals of decisions, which result in a constant succession of orders of "Deport" being changed to "Stay deportation"; of orders from "Bond" to "Deport" and back once more to "Bond."

"The law," said Mr. Tod, "explicitly states that the mentally deficient alien has no right to appeal to the Secretary in Washington, his admission resting with the decision of a board based upon medical certificate. He can appeal from a decision and have a re-examination with one medical expert present. This applies only to arriving aliens, and the law certainly is not intended to apply to endless chains of examinations and re-examinations. The decision of the Board of Public Health Surgeons, which has no reason to be prejudiced against the alien, better preserves the rights and protects the interests of the United States than the opinion of an expert paid by the immigrant, whose inclinations are naturally in the direction of the person who pays his fee. The practice of declining to take opinions of psychiatrists at this station, compelling them over and over again to make examinations, is an insult to their intelligence and professional knowledge, and is bitterly resented here."

Take the Sas Case

IN CASES of aliens who have been admitted on bond, it is only their contempt for the law that forces the government to take action forcibly to eject them from the country. According to the commissioner, the most flagrant instance of this sort that came to his attention was that of the Sas family. For calm defiance and contempt of the immigration laws it would be difficult to find its parallel.

"If ever there was a family," observed Commissioner Tod, "which the laws contemplated to keep out of this country, this was one."

A chronological summary of this case will best illustrate the methods adopted by the relatives of and counsel for these aliens.

On November 24, 1920, the Sas family arrived on the steamship *Olympic*. The father, 61 years old, was certified for inguinal hernia, the mother for chronic valvular disease of the heart, and the grandmother, Ryfka Fink, with senility and varicose veins. The two children, Melach, 10 years old, and Sara, 10 years old, were manifested as twins. These twins were certified as being feeble-minded.

But immediately when counsel appeared for these aliens, their ages and status were changed. It was now alleged that instead of being 61, the father was but 45. The twins, it was said, were not twins at all, nor were they ten years old. The commissioner comments that the testimony given under oath, if untrue, should have warranted a charge of perjury.

January 30, 1921, the Sas family were let in on bond.

ROBERT E. TOD

March 6, 1922—Farcical proceedings were conducted until this date, when the Board of Review rendered a memorandum, showing that the department was fully cognizant of the conflicting testimony that had been given, and recommending deportation in the event that the immigrants were again certified. Upon the age given for Sara, the Board of Medical Examiners withdrew the certificate for her, but again certified Melach, who, even to a lay person, presented an unusual appearance. Here is the sequence of defiance:

Uncle Sam's Might Scorned

APRIL 14, 1922—The bureau wrote that the deportation order had been stayed, that an investigation could be made concerning a report that the family had spent $3,000 or thereabouts for attorneys' fees.

May 15, 1922—The Department of Labor directed that they be deported.

June 1, 1922—*Bondsmen were ordered to produce them for deportation. They ignored the demand.*

June 16, 1922—A warrant of arrest was issued to force them to obey the law.

August 15, 1922—The farce was renewed, and another examination ordered with a medical expert present. Arrangements were made with the Chief Medical Officer at Ellis Island to convene the Board, and the bondsmen were notified to produce the aliens there on August 22.

August 19, 1922—The attorney in Pittsburgh requested that the date be changed to August 30 or 31. The aliens and their attorney were again catered to, but for the fourth time Melach was certified for feeble-mindedness. The bureau, in its certificates, stated that on close observation the boy, while having the physical development of a child of 7, had an old look to his face, like that of a boy of 12 to 14, which would have been his age according to the original testimony. There was a very strong suspicion that the children were dwarfs.

September 18, 1922—A warrant of deportation was issued, with instructions not to deport until December 1, being an additional favor granted to these clearly deportable aliens.

December 21, 1922—An order was issued that if agreeable to the Public Health Service, the alien, Melach, be granted a final examination before the Board of Public Health Surgeons, *composed of members who had not previously examined him.* Yet competent men at Ellis Island had examined this boy four times. It was directed that if again found to be feeble-minded, Melach's deportation should be effective by the first sailing.

February 13, 1923—The Pittsburgh office notified

(Concluded on page 9)

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The Court—Does It Matter?

IS IT, after all, a matter of Court or no Court, League or no League? Is that the vital question for whose settlement the mind of the country waits? Does anyone feel that, for or against, a settlement would bring any ease to the tension of the world? Is not everywhere the feeling something like this, that the matter was revived with political intent, and not with reference either to the duty of America or the need of Europe?

The people of this country were hungry and after many consultations the rulers gave them a stone of academic interest in foreign relations that have not yet become relations. If we are to assist Europe we must first find our own footing. We must settle our own difficulties. We must show our capacity to administer our own affairs. Then, perhaps, we may be able to play counselor to the world. Not that our joining the Court would give us this position of counselor. We have that, or as much as we want of it, now. It would do not one whit more than supply a small boom of thunder for the campaign. A campaign without issues approaches. It must have an issue!

The pity of it is not the proposal to enter the Court—because the Court is not the question at all. The pity is that having hundreds of pressing domestic problems on hand an Administration will admit its incompetence by turning to foreign problems for which it has neither aptitude nor ability.

To States Having Water Power

GOVERNORS, legislators and people of States possessing undeveloped water power should know of an attack which is being made upon the development of that water power. The attack is delivered under the pretense of conserving water power. The term "conservation" is one of the slogans of a past period, and there are people who still believe that "conservation" really means what it says. As a theory it was undoubtedly right. The people would not have approved it if it were not. But in practice the thing called "conservation" has worked out most shamefully and harmfully to the nation. The story of "conservation" is so bad that if told in its entirety the people would not believe it. The principle was excellent, but has issued only in costly administrative systems which have never accomplished what they promised.

Every State is justified in protecting the people's rights in their basic resources. Water power is one of these resources. In some States the protection has come too late. But in certain other States the authorities and people are alert to prevent the errors made elsewhere. It is to these latter States that this is addressed.

Let the awakened State take stock of itself and it will see that already the power trust has fastened upon it. It will discover within its own borders the presence of exploiting companies which are distinguished by two plain marks, namely, certain developed water power sites which are disposing of their power to industries and communities at exorbitant rates, and a larger or smaller number of water power sites which have been seized and held to prevent independent competition. By these two marks any State may know whether it has been invaded by the power trust.

Now ensues a situation which for ingenuity and danger can hardly be equaled in the power field. The power trust knows that honest industry is turning more and more to the use of water power, and the power trust knows that the industrial development of water power will show a decreased cost which must ultimately form an uncomfortable contrast to the charges now made to the public. The power trust also knows that, possibly, industrial water power activities may result in a surplus which could be delivered to the consuming public at a greatly lowered price. Therefore the power trust looks upon the possible industrial development of water power as a menace to their monopoly.

And here is what follows. The power companies instruct one of their attorneys to draw up a bill which will work upon the popular prejudice in favor of "conservation," such a bill providing that no water power sites shall be let to anybody for any purpose for a considerable length of time. Consider the situation—these power companies have all the sites they want, they have as a rule more than they have developed, and being well supplied themselves they seek to shut out competition by working on the people's well-known prejudice in favor of "conservation."

Such an instance occurred only recently in a northwestern state. The attorney of several companies which are interested in power monopoly drew up a bill forbidding the development of more water power sites in that State for a term of years. He had the bill presented to the legislature through an assemblyman with whom he was closely associated in politics.

So far it was all plain sailing. But the strategy of the power trust was not complete. The next thing they did was to send down corporation lobbyists to oppose the bill! The legislature was composed of honest men, and when they saw all the corporation lobbyists opposing the bill they thought to themselves, "Why, this must be a good bill for the people, if the corporations are against it." It was natural for them to think so, being honest men. They did not know of the motives behind it.

But even that was not all. Others besides corporation lobbyists opposed the bill. Honest manufacturers who wanted to develop their own power, thus to circumvent the high charges of the power companies and give the public the benefit in lower cost of the product, also went up to the legislature to protest. And they endured the ignominy of being confused with the corporation lobbyists. Indeed, the lobbyists were glad of the opportunity to be in such excellent company as the representatives of honest manufacturing enterprises, and they made the most of it saying, "See, all of us are against it"—which rendered it difficult for legislators to see at once the distinction between manufacturing uses of power and exploitation of power.

This is a situation of which all States should be apprised as early and as fully as possible. A trick worked by the trust in one State is sure as fate to appear in another State. From now on States may expect to see a most ardent interest in "conservation" exhibited in the most unlikely places. And to cover the source, the power trust's lobbyists will lobby against what they want, according to the rule of contraries. For, in alert States, legislatures are pretty well convinced by now that the interests of exploiting corporations and those of honest productive business and of the people are distinct and different.

Every effort should be made to safeguard the natural sources of power, and to prevent the grabbing of it for the greater oppression of the people who have to pay for it in the form of light or heat or power. That is the duty of the State. That is the desire of all good citizens.

But distinction should be made between the exploiter and the man who wishes to avoid the exploiter by developing his own water power for use. When a manufacturer wants to develop his own water power, what does it mean? It means, first, that he wants to escape the oppressive charges of the power trust which the public eventually pays in the greater cost of the manufactured article; and it means, second, that he wants to get his power cheaper in order to sell his product to the people cheaper. And if to do this he builds a factory by the water power site, he is making jobs for men, increasing the wealth of the community and putting industry on a sounder basis.

Every bill introduced by power companies under the thin guise of "conservation" is designed to stop the honest progressive manufacturer, and no one else. And there is no State in the Union that wants to stop the USE of power. Power is meant to be USED. Until it is USED, it is a total loss, it is utterly wasted. States should encourage the man who wants to USE power to do useful things. In this way States will make their most effective stroke against the exploiter.

Too Late

CONGRESS is not to be congratulated on its rising intention to look into the activity of that gentleman known as Albert D. Lasker. It is too late. Mr. Lasker has accomplished the thing he started out to do, and he accomplished it by keeping in a befuddled condition some of the men who should have been on his trail from the first. What exactly Mr. Lasker has accomplished will be laid before Congress and the public at the proper time, not that there is the slightest desire to penalize Mr. Lasker, who has simply followed his instincts, but because the exposure of the facts may help to rouse from their sleep those who have been called "the Gentile boobs" at Washington. Mr. Lasker has finished his program, set the currents of advantage in the directions he desires, and is now ready to step out. The Dearborn Independent has not the slightest desire to undo a single thing that he has done. Long may it stand to be rubbed under the noses of the sleepy crowd that let him get away with it.

The same applies to the newspapers. A large number of newspapers have suddenly become excited about Mr. Lasker. Mr. Lasker is no worse today than he was two years ago, but too many newspapermen dined and drank with Mr. Lasker for the truth to come out. And even now that they are aroused, the newspapers will not tell the whole truth about Mr. Lasker, nor all of the truth in their possession.

Questions Answered

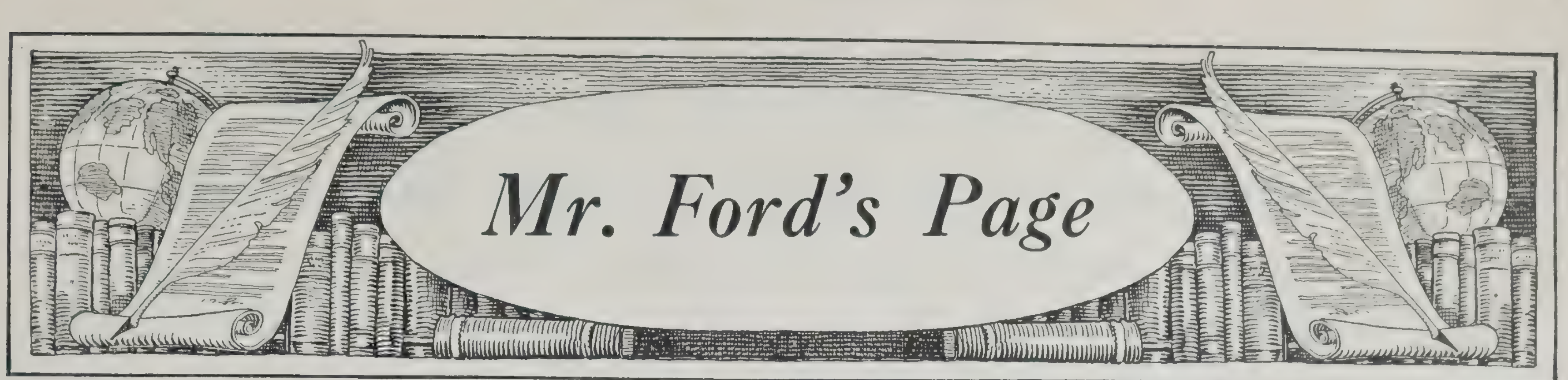
A SUBSCRIBER asks us to answer three questions. First, concerning the condition of law enforcement in this country. It becomes more and more a question whether laws are enforced or only their violation penalized. Putting law into force depends on the inner conviction and good will of the citizen more than on anything else. Officers cannot enforce the law. They may detect violations of it and arrest violators. It may be said that where people believe in the law and want the law they put it into force themselves, that is, they observe it in their conduct.

The second question concerns the failure of law enforcement. That there is failure no one can deny. But the failure is among those who do not believe in the law which they violate. Take prohibition, for example. People who believe in it observe it, many others do not. It is this law which our subscriber probably has in mind. He is probably thinking of the failure to force the prohibition law upon the observance of those who object to it. The failure to do this rests on two points, first, the authorities whose duty includes enforcement, do not themselves believe in the law; second, the number of officers required to make absolute enforcement would be so large that it would probably be equivalent to one-half of the country taking up police duty against the other half—a situation that is not likely to ensue. On the general question of enforcement, there is this to say: If the conscience or interest of the country were aroused, and if the dangers of law violation were apparent to the intelligence of the nation, there would be no difficulty at all about law enforcement. We had military conscription and forced bond sales when whole communities of people objected to it, but nevertheless the men were conscripted and the bonds were sold. The nation can do what it wants to do when its mind is made up.

The third question concerns suggestions for a remedy. There are as many suggestions as there are interested persons. The condition is not amenable to suggestion. It is working itself out and will thrust to the surface its own remedy.

More Ignorance, But Also More Brains

THIS year's Romanes lecturer at Oxford said that the young men of this generation are more ignorant than were the men of his own generation forty years ago, but that they are also more intelligent. If that is true, the result is gain instead of loss. Surely intelligence and not mere informedness is the ideal for the mind. We are acquainted through the fiction of forty years ago, and through biography, with the type of man who was very well educated and carried a number of different lines of information, mostly useless, at his finger tips, but there was always a question about his general intelligence. Much that we used to call knowledge has become attic accumulations. It was far too respectable to throw away, so there just seems to have arisen a generation that begins with intelligence and finds its own knowledge in those fields where its work will be found. The world can afford to endure a great deal of ignorance of what it once called knowledge, if in return it may have an excess of intelligence.



Mr. Ford's Page

THE people are now fairly alert to the currents and cross-currents that are being played upon their minds. They are sufficiently experienced by this time that no amount of manufactured propaganda on any subject will be permitted to drive them from their own base of knowledge which they have won by their own instinct and observation. It is a living knowledge that the people have, not mere say-so floated on the winds of hearsay. The people can be influenced wrongly only by being lured to forget what they already know; but as they always come back to their own base, they are not wrong for very long at a time.

The people of the United States, as well as the people of other countries (these latter to a greater extent than we realize) have kept themselves steadily aloof from plans which would consolidate this world under an international banking government. For international amity and assistance the whole world calls, and these have been promised most fulsomely by the very statesmen who are most amenable to international financial influence, but the people have heard silent warnings bidding them listen discreetly and hold their hand. There is no assurance anywhere in the world that the statesmen of the old regime are able, even if they were well-intentioned, to bring anything but further chaos out of the chaos they have already caused.

When you read the mind of the people of the United States—and the mind of our people is, as it were, our New Testament, of which the Old Testament is the Constitution of the United States—the one being good law and the other being high hope and glad gospel—what do you find in the mind of our people?

You find, first of all, a feeling that there are certain things to be done around home which are being neglected. Just what these things are you will discover by touching the people's interests in the various parts of the land. Everywhere there is a pressure, a feeling that the wheel is wabbling for lack of an experienced hand upon it.

The interest of the people is upon American questions. We have fought side by side with nations in war, we have fed them in famine, we have received their people by millions in times of peace, our prosperity has been felt in every corner of the globe and there is scarcely a tribe that has not somehow benefited by our service—so that we can hardly with fairness be described as insular or isolated or any of those things which the propagandists of International Finance are calling us. As a nation we are not cold to the rest of the world, but we feel that there is a way to help which is not yet acceptable to the real rulers of the Old World, and that in the meantime we might as well be getting our own house in order. There are things to be done in the United States and the people have an uneasy feeling that foreign affairs may be made an excuse for domestic incompetency. Everything begins at home. If we lack there, we lack everywhere.

IF OUR officials feel that they are able to go over and straighten out Europe, what can they do for the United States? Usefulness should begin at home. This country has a number of problems to solve and it does not look well to run away from them nor to obscure them with a smoke-screen of foreign politics. A swing around the country would reveal that nearly every section has a serious, unnecessary and unjust burden to carry. Not merely a political dissatisfaction, a partisan prejudice nor a conversational grouch, but a daily painful burden originating in some form of government action or neglect of action—and nothing is being done about it. While Europe is getting into the shape where it will accept the only kind of help that will really help it, our officials should keep their hand in by doing something for the United States.

It is not an answer to the people that here we have plenty of employment and a measure of prosperity, for it seems to be in the back of their minds that a country which can do so well in the regions of private business ought to be equally able in the regions of public business, and it is their opinion that most of the present drawbacks are due to the incapacity in public business.

They feel that a Government which pretends to be able to straighten out Europe ought to be able to do some very much needed things for the United States.

In one section of the country you will find people actually burdened and impoverished by the railroad situation. Now to most of us the railroad question is purely academic. It is something we read about and discuss for the purposes of conversation. It does not actually hurt us; we do not feel it as an hourly pressure. But there are parts of the country where the farmer cannot charge the railroad rates back upon the public, he pays them himself, and after he has paid the railroad he has little left. In fact, railroads get more for carrying farm products a short distance in a few hours than the farmer gets all year for raising them. Why? Because the Government passed a law permitting railroad rates to be based on valuations of the roads, and the "valuations" included every speculative burden that could be counted in. The people were compelled by law to pay for what did not exist. Any gambler can make a $10,000 house cost $100,000, but to compel a tenant to pay on the basis of $100,000 would be sheer injustice. Well, that kind of injustice is a daily burden for hundreds of thousands of the best citizens we have, and who is doing anything about it?

You go to another section of the country and you will find an undeveloped empire whose inhabitants pray for someone to come along and do something to open it up. This particular section has been deliberately discriminated against. It has been humiliated and made to feel that it is worthless. After asking that someone do something about it, the Government holds up all offers. In that empire the people of the United States have the opportunity to make themselves forever nationally and economically secure, and to demonstrate on the largest possible scale that life may still be had on decent terms by the intelligent use of our country's natural resources. Yet nothing is met here but obstructionism. The perfection of these United States does not seem to be the objective at all—nothing is done about it.

The people of this country feel that certain things are waiting to be done which the mind and conscience of the people demand to be done. But the means for doing are lacking. Yet the mind and conscience of the people are supposed to be the law. Still no way exists to get the law in force. If there was in Washington a sense of fellowship with the people of the country, an understanding of their problems and a sympathy with their patience and good will, we should see something come to pass. But sometimes Washington seems as if it had never heard of the plain people of the country—except at election time. Even at election time, it is not the common people who are counseled with, but the party bosses who seem to be able to "vote" the people as desired.

It has come to the point where Government has become just one department in the people's life, although claiming to exercise jurisdiction in all departments. But as the claim has not been accompanied by able exercise, it has lost its prestige. People are coming to think of the Government as being an exalted bureaucracy having to do with the army and navy and customs, and not able to do anything more. And yet the people know that Government must be able to do more when the necessity arises. And as necessity after necessity has arisen in this country recently, and the inability of Government to help has become more and more apparent, there have come to the people's mind thoughts of an expansion of the usefulness of Government by demanding higher and more varied ability in its personnel.

There is little doubt that the people who compose the Government would gladly do more and better—if they only knew how. But how can it be expected of them when they have spent their lives as orators, politicians, job-holders, bond-brokers and society favorites? Are these the activities which train men to real public service? They are not.

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Let Us Ask Them to Pronounce "Shibboleth"

We Speak of the New Parasites With Which America Suffers

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

A NEW body of parasites is finding a foothold in America. There have been predatory classes with us before, no doubt. At one time the slaveholders were included in that group. Later the captains of industry were given the doubtful honor of popular election to that fellowship. Whether they were entitled to that distinction or not, they were angels in comparison with some of the parasites of today. Whatever else they did, they worked. They produced something, and they helped others to produce. They did their part in organizing life and directing it in ways of fruitful activities. If they preyed upon society at all, it was only, at the worst, in taking more than their share of what they and those whom they directed jointly produced.

The founders of America, those who gave the decisive bent to American life, were not parasites. They believed in work. The new parasites have a horror of work that is both theoretical and instinctive. As cultivated men, they hold that work is not their province. It is their field, as they understand it, to prey upon the emotional susceptibilities of women, upon the generosities of the prosperous, upon the vulnerabilities of the high-minded and the great. In pursuit of this natural aim and end of being, they feel that they must devote their devitalized energies to the business of eliminating marriage contracts for all the emancipated. Extending their survey of the human material upon which parasites may prey, they discover that artists and intellectuals of all sorts should satisfy the cravings of what they understand as their higher natures. They were created so to be independent of the limitations imposed upon ordinary men and, rejoicingly and triumphantly, to live as they please.

Believe in Parasitism

WHETHER some other individual man or individual woman or society at large pays the bill for this predatory license of theirs is to them not a matter of moment. All that they care about is that the bill shall not be presented to them. It is not in agreement with parasitic doctrine for them to be asked to write their acceptances across it. That doctrine not only sets them free of all petty obligations, but also encourages them to believe that newly imported continental immigrants should take the best holdings of the Anglo-Saxon, for the obvious reason that here in the New World the Anglo-Saxon, having come first, has the best holdings. It is a further justification of that faith that they know very well that the Anglo-Saxon is able to build a new roof over his head more easily than the incoming parasite. He should therefore be ready to surrender his homestead. Moreover, he should learn that the parasite is a fine exotic flower, something for him to rejoice in, whatever the cost. Look at us and judge for yourselves, say the presumptuaries, expounding their doctrine—Harold Stearns, Theodore Dreiser, George Jean Nathan, Floyd Dell, Ludwig Lewisohn, and all the others.

We must not forget all the others. They are obsessed by the confident belief that parasitism is a charming and infallible provision for the maintenance of the elect at the expense of the common Anglo-Norman in America. So confident are they, partly by reason of their increasing numbers, that they are beginning to rely on the use of clubs. It is time, they are sure, for the American to discover that orchids are necessary for the development of any civilization assuming to stand comparison with the civilization of Germany or Russia. It is their purpose, beneficent and almost charitable, to teach us how to grow orchids. Then they will themselves be the orchids. That is their manifest destiny. They have found evidence of so much reposing modestly in the inner recesses of their own spiritual natures. An orchid certainly knows the difference between itself and a sunflower, or should. It knows better than to push its roots down into black soil not enriched by the decay of some plant life upon which it may in part feed. Following the example of luxuriant beauty, these outlanders of the spirit are happy in being parasites. Where could parasites flourish more magnificently, they ask themselves, than in prosperous America? From whom could they suck nourishment better than from the people who have conquered a continent?

Refuse to Pay Their Debts

THE parasite is wise in his day and generation. It seems probable, however, that his generation is swift and his day short. At the very longest calculation it is very much shorter than that of the Anglo-Norman. There are reasons for that, not only in the reaction of the world to the parasite and his activities, but in his inner character itself.

It is worth while asking ourselves what it is to be a parasite. There is more than one understanding of the term, and a proper definition of terms is always desirable. As a matter of the cult of beauty, it will no doubt be somewhat generally accepted that too much work, too much worry, too much slavery to the material details of existence may easily rob the most glowing of human presences of its charm. To be a parasite, from one point of view, is merely to escape all this, to be beautiful and to insist on living under conditions that make the preservation of beauty possible. That is the positive face of parasitism, and it is not altogether unlovely.

The other face is different. To be a parasite, from the second point of view, is to refuse to be a creative or productive energy. It is to refuse to pay one's debts to the totality of existence. Probably most of us will and must refuse to think very much about the totality of existence. It is rather comprehensive, and thinking about it and our relations to it involves, no doubt, the acceptance of some considerable intellectual burden. None the less we are social beings, as far as we are fully members of the human race. As social beings it is impossible for us to escape our relations, almost impossible to escape thinking about them, even though our thoughts touch the totality of existence but lightly.

One among those of our relations that the young radical seems most anxious to escape is *our relation to the past.* In the chapter on "Scholarship and Criticism," in "Civilization in the United States," the author, a writer who deserves better companionship than this volume affords him, says, "Under all the great works of culture there broods the quivering soul of tradition, a burden sometimes disturbing and heavy to bear, but more often helping the soul to soar on wings not of its own making." This is an honest recognition of an elemental fact. If we soar at all, and if our soaring is at all according to current modes, it is almost always on wings not of our own making. That is the basis of our debt to the past. The literary parasite of the present wishes to soar on these wings not of his own making, and at the same time he denies any allegiance to tradition. Doing that is very much like building a skyscraper in New York, and then suggesting that the lower stories be removed that the offices on the top floor may have more air and their occupants be free from the annoying proximity of the less ethereal spirits quartered on the floors below them. Ideally the conception is beautiful. Practically it is Icarus mounting too near the sun.

Another of the traditions that deeply afflict the supposititious souls of our young critics is *the tradition of morals.* They tell us that the United States is the only civilized country where morals are still held to be of some moment with relation to creative literature. In the judgment of these critics, literature as one of the fine arts should be utterly divorced from morals. The absurdity of this attitude is equalled only by the assurance with which it is advanced. Music as one of the arts has, it may be granted, almost no relation to morals. Its art material is not life but sound. Literature, it is to be admitted, may deal with its fuller material fractionally. It may therefore in any given piece of literature be independent of the moral implications of its subject matter. That it should do this in the literature of any people in the mass is believable only on the assumption that that literature has narrowed itself to a survey of only a portion of its proper field. The material of literature is life, and life can no more strip itself of morals than the orchid, by being parasitic or semi-parasitic, can sever itself from the laws of vegetable growth. It may nourish itself by the decay of something else, of something that has flourished by drawing its own substance directly from the soil, but, whether orchid or mistletoe or giant rafflesia, it will, for that bandit dependence, the more surely decay soon itself.

"Aw, They Don't Belong!"

IT IS the grievance of those who belong to the school of the latter-day saints of art that morals are a part of the traditions that the past has imposed upon us. In fact, they are merely the accumulation of what the world has discovered for us with regard to the business of getting along pleasantly together in some sort of social solidarity. Moreover, the Puritans, against whom they drive their shafts with the most virulent hatred, are just that group of our fellows and our ancestors whom we can most clearly single out as having transformed morals from ecclesiastical inhibitions into social sanctions. They have been the chief active force in projecting the whole body of moral responsibilities from the dark ages of unreason into the clear light of common sense. The moral law, wherever it may be surely discovered, is a law aimed at the parasite. It tells him that it is not his proper function to blossom on any stalk whose roots are not his roots drawing their own juices from the soil. It tells him that the imposition of things that he enjoys upon those whose tastes do not find them pleasant is at least bad manners. It suggests that fattening on the contributions of other men to a culture that he has not created, has not strengthened, has not added to by one jot or tittle, is being a parasite and a sponge. It reminds him that the first instinct of the sponge, whether he walks the ties from tank town to tank town or manages to disguise his beggary by some show of legal possession, is to belittle the moral law. The sponge and the Puritan are certain to be at enmity. The Puritan can no more love the sponge than the oak can love the mistletoe. Their antagonism is as deeply grounded in self-interest as the antagonism of the householder for the midnight thief. It is as futile to try to argue it out of existence as it would be to recommend some relative of the immortal Micawber's to a Hebrew as the manager of his business affairs.

It is one of the conventions of ordinary good society that a guest at a dinner party shall not leave too immediately after having satisfied his hunger. He must remain some little time for the give and take of conversation for which the dinner may be supposed to have been the enlivening preparation. Otherwise he will seem to have ignored the obligation of giving, to have been interested only in taking, to have been, in effect at least, a parasite, a sponge. As a simple consequence of the contempt that the ordinary self-respecting man feels for the sponge, when the guest has sufficiently demonstrated his parasitic character, he will be permitted in his dining thereafter to provide himself with cocktails and make the best of his soup alone.

The moral law, it cannot be too much insisted, is at one with the laws of good breeding in its detestation of the parasite. The Puritan no less than the hospitable host is the conserver of beauty through his hatred of sham, of insincerity, of ugliness, of dawdling social awkwardness, of indifference to the reserves that make grace and charm and social ease possible. It is the distinction between the gentleman and the boor that the gentleman belongs to a social order that has a code, that he knows the code, and that he can carry himself in agreement with it. A code, any code, is more or less puritanical. It in some measure decides what should and what should not be. Inevitably it is a determinant of values. It cannot escape the business of condemning some and approving of others. Those whom it assigns to the regions of outer darkness will naturally resent their exclusion from more pleasant quarters, but here the Puritan and the aristocrat are at one. They have always been at one in maintaining a doctrine of exclusion. They have both always wished to escape the presence of the unfit. That they were so in agreement some centuries ago appears a little quaintly in a sentence that John Richard Green quotes from an earlier writer: "The Puritan squire 'left off early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much the gentleman.'"

The Critic Parasite

THERE is one parasitic activity that seems of late to have been extending itself seriously. It is that of the literary critic who, not having done anything creative himself, finds his greatest happiness in scoffing at the creative achievements of others. But for those achievements, he would be little more than a soap bubble, for a moment a flash of irridescence and then a furtive and fugitive smell. It is not a great while since American literary criticism was judicial, open-minded, and fairly objective. It gave reasons for its conclusions, and it assumed that the mere expression of a vituperative opinion was not a satisfying exercise of the critical function. That that intensely personal method of dealing with critical problems should seem to be sufficient for some of our more pretentious literary appraisers now is the more amazing, because our literary development in its productive phases has been going the other way. For years literary art in America has been passing steadily out of the personal and subjective method of presentation to the scientific and objective. We have been getting rid of sentimentalism. We have been eliminating the excesses of emotionalism. We have been putting away the pocket handkerchiefs that were needed in the days of Dickens, the days of literary subjectivity, the days when sentimentalism and emotionalism ran riot together in an almost Germanic fashion. Our intellects have become cooler, our literary methods surer. We have outgrown the habit of putting our thoughts down burblingly on paper in the way of untutored self-expression. We have attained to the higher constructive artistry. We have learned to write for readers, and not simply for ourselves. We were never quite babes in the woods, because we had a substantial literary tradition to build on from the beginning. Now our best writers could give useful advice to Goethe, and a novel like Suderman's "Dame Care" has a very sickly and mawkish look in the presence of the last thing from Edith Wharton or James Branch Cabell or Booth Tarkington or any one of a half-dozen other American novelists.

When we have done this, as a kind of comic irony, certain of our outlanders turn back to the naïveté of personal subjective appraisal. They declare themselves fond, for instance, of Theodore Dreiser, and it appears to follow in their critical judgment that Mr. Dreiser must be a great man. They find themselves possessed of a dislike for Clayton Hamilton, and it is clear, therefore, that he must be some sort of donkey at whom it is proper to bray. "Booh!" is consequently the critical word for him, and so he is dismissed.

Let Them Learn Code

THIS is pathetic. Charlatanry is always pathetic. The clown at the circus deceives neither himself nor the public. He has no such intention. We may laugh at him heartily without any misgivings. This sort of buffoonery is different. It takes itself seriously, and so it deceives both itself and some considerable body of the unsuspecting. Preying so upon themselves, upon the intellectually helpless in their public, and upon the writers whom they single out for the lampoon, the purveyors of this sort of criticism are threefold parasites. They would be this if they were genuinely American, endowed with the rights of those to the manner born. They would then at least not be preying upon the courtesy of their entertainers. As guests in the house they have no such rights. Their first proper business is to learn the code, to familiarize themselves with the system of manners agreeable to their host and hostess. Perhaps, too, they have a little question whether my lady, the hostess, is of an accommodating temper or not. Is she so old-fashioned as to be mindful of her loyalty to her husband, or has she learned the art of making guests enjoy themselves in the fashion of Vienna, Berlin and Timbuktu?

We should ask them to pronounce "shibboleth" at the door. If they cannot give it the right accent, they should be told to keep on their hats, even to draw them down over their eyes, since there is a bit of wind in the air and the dust may be blowing along the street.

Your Chances of Becoming a Millionaire

Income Tax Returns Reveal How Difficult the Task Is as Income Rises

By O. M. KILE

"WHAT would you do with a million dollars?" has given way to the more modern and perhaps more practical question, "What are my chances of getting a million?"

This is a question that can never be answered satisfactorily for any given individual, any more than can the life insurance companies tell by consulting their expectancy tables how long you or I shall live. But if you will let the insurance expert figure on a thousand of us, he will not miss it far on the total number of years still allotted to the group taken as a whole, and therefore the average expectancy for each man.

So it is with wealth. Only the flight of time can determine whether you or I individually shall ever be reckoned among the millionaire or quarter-millionaire class, but Uncle Sam has assembled some mighty interesting figures during the past five or six years which throw a strong light on our legitimate "expectancy" of wealth.

First, let us have an understanding of just what we mean by "millionaire." If we mean merely anyone who is the possessor of property worth at least one million dollars, our sources of information are scant and our calculations soon ended. If, instead, we consider those with annual incomes of $50,000 or more—that is, five per cent interest on a million dollars—as belonging to the "millionaire" class, we are able to get at real facts and figures.

Under this latter definition, we had in the United States in 1920, according to income tax reports, 12,093 millionaires. This was 1,227 fewer, however, than for the preceding year. Since there are 41,609,192 persons in the United States gainfully employed, it might look at first glance as though any individual's average chance to get into the "millionaire" class was something like one in 3,000.

But this lumps together the shop girl and the banker, the engineer and the farmer. No distinctions as to occupation or present attainments are made. It is possible to come much nearer than this to fitting your individual case, as an examination of the chart on this page will show.

In the first place only 5,332,760 persons made sufficient income to get into the running at all. So if you are regularly making an income tax return, your chances for the millionaire class shoot up at once. In fact, the odds are then 1 to 400.

If you are above the $2,000 income class, your stock takes another big boost. You are now quoted as 1 to 250 shot in the millionaire income marathon. Getting out of the $3,000 class means a further spurt and reduces the odds to 1 to 138.

At this point, however, the field narrows and the good runners settle down for the real race. Getting out of the $4,000 class brings the ratio down to one to eighty-two, and rounding the next post, the $5,000 group, is a big help, leaving the odds just under one to fifty. But there the strain of the race begins to tell. It takes three more one-thousand-dollar raises to cut the odds down another one-half and when the $10,000 income mark is passed, the ratio is still sixteen to one against the aspiring millionaire.

One man in each ten who has a $15,000 income may expect to arrive at the millionaire income goal, and among those receiving $20,000 the ratio is one to six. The $25,000 man has, according to the table, slightly less than one chance in four to double his income.

These figures are based upon the year 1919, since that year seems nearer the average than either 1920 or 1921. The year 1920 showed bigger income than 1919, but 1921 dropped below 1919 in total income.

But where does the average millionaire get his income? There are very few $50,000 salaries, we know. How is the $50,000 yearly income split up?

Personal Income-Tax Returns Filed for the Calendar Year Ended December 31, 1919, Distributed by Income Classes.

Income Classes			No. of Returns
1,000	To	$ 2,000	1,924,872
2,000	”	3,000	1,569,741
3,000	”	4,000	742,334
4,000	”	5,000	438,154
5,000	”	6,000	167,005
6,000	”	7,000	109,674
7,000	”	8,000	73,719
8,000	”	9,000	50 486
9,000	”	10,000	37,967
10,000	”	11,000	28,499
11 000	”	12,000	22,841
12,000	”	13,000	18,423
13,000	”	14,000	15,248
14,000	”	15,000	12,841
15,000	”	20,000	42,028
20 000	”	25,000	22,605
25,000	”	30,000	13,769
30,000	”	40,000	15,410
40,000	”	50,000	8,298
50,000	”	60,000	5,213
60,000	”	70,000	3,196
70,000	”	80,000	2,237
80 000	”	90 000	1,561
90,000	”	100,000	1,113
100,000	”	150,000	2,983
150,000	”	200,000	1,092
200,000	”	250,000	522
250,000	”	300,000	250
300,000	”	400,000	285
400,000	”	500,000	140
500,000	”	750 000	129
750,000	”	1,000,000	60
1,000,000	”	1,500,000	34
1,500,000	”	2,000,000	13
2,000,000	”	3,000,000	7
3,000,000	”	4,000,000	6
4,000,000	”	5,000,000	..
5,000,000	and over		5
		Total	5,332,760

According to Uncle Sam's bookkeeping, as interpreted by Edward White, of the income tax section, the personal account books of the 5,213 persons who had incomes running between $50,000 and $60,000 would on the average appear as follows:

Income	
Salary	$14,214
Profits from private business	6,600
Profits from partnership and personal service corporations	11,116
Dividends on stocks	19,111
Profits from sale of real estate, stocks & bonds	4,613
Rents and royalties	2,200
Interest and investments	6,650
Total	$64,504
Deductions for money spent for taxes, interest and so on, not apportionable to the above items	$ 9,888
Net income	$54,616

So salary, it appears, accounts for only about one-fourth of the average $50,000 income. If you are intent upon getting into that class you must, ordinarily, develop other sources of income.

Three items in the account may, as you will notice, be grouped together. These are the income from business, either direct, through partnership or from dividends on stock. These items amount to considerably more than half the total income. Obviously the choosing and development of a business is a highly important feature in the production of most large incomes. Just how important is this choice is indicated by the fact that of 320,198 corporations filing income statements in 1919, 110,564—a little more than one-third—showed no taxable income; and this in a good business year, too. Yes, business is the all-important thing, it seems.

Now if you were selecting a business, which would you choose as offering the best chances for big income?

Not farming, logging or fishing, surely, since forty-six per cent of the corporations engaged in these lines reported no net income. Mining and quarrying were even worse, seventy-one per cent showing no net income. Coal mines did very well, however. Manufacturing showed up much better, failures to make net income ranging from thirty-eight per cent in the case of firms making rubber goods, thirty-three per cent in chemicals, twenty-six in metals, twenty-five in food products, down to twelve per cent in leather and leather products. Construction work and banking did very well also, only twenty-eight per cent in each class failing to make a profit. In trade, all but sixteen per cent made a net income, but this average is very much lower in most years.

Of course it is possible to go through with a fine-toothed comb and find lines of business here and there that were almost a sure thing in 1919. But, it does not necessarily follow that these would still prove lucrative today. Among cotton goods manufacturers, only eighty-four of 1,045 failed to make a net income above exemptions. In fact the entire textile fabric industry fared nearly as well. Only twenty-four of 802 manufacturers of agricultural machinery, steam appliances and construction machinery failed to get into the net income column; likewise only eleven of 434 makers of heavy ordnance, cars, safes, vaults, and so on. In "metal furniture, ornamental iron work, sewing machines, and so on," the business heads apparently had to be absolutely stupid to escape making a net income, at least in the year 1919. Only two out of 104 fell into this class.

How much capital are you going to require in the line of business you choose to make the necessary $30,000 to $40,000 income to carry out the program that should land you in the millionaire income class?

This will, of course, vary with the business and more particularly with the management. We find, however, that taking incorporated businesses as they come, one after the other, those making a net income of $30,000 to $40,000 in 1919 had average capital investments running about $287,000. Capital approximating $100,000 produced $11,000 to $12,000 incomes on the average.

It is interesting to note however—and quite encouraging to the man who does not have these larger amounts of capital—that the smaller sums earn the highest rates of return. For instance, the usual rates of return in a business having $150,000 to $200,000 invested was around seventeen per cent in the year we are considering. This same rate holds steadily up to investments of $3,000,000 and down to investments of $50,000. Above this figure the rate drops off rapidly and none of the 113 concerns having more than $60,000,000 capital paid in excess of ten per cent. Below the $50,000 mark, on the other hand, the rate goes up rather rapidly. Investments of $25,000 to $30,000 paid 18.2 per cent, and $14,000 to $15,000 investments returned 23.2 per cent on the average. Ten thousand dollar investments gave net incomes amounting to twenty-seven per cent and $5,000 invested, usually in a man's own business, paid approximately forty per cent. Don't mistake this for an argument for small capital. It usually means merely that where a man has only these smaller amounts to work with, he makes them work harder. But the fact that it can be done should be a big encouragement to the man just starting out.

It seems to make a difference, too, where you live as to what your chances for wealth are. In Mississippi, North Carolina, Alabama and Arkansas less than two per cent of the population filed any income tax return at all. In the District of Columbia 13.4 per cent filed, and in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York, California and Connecticut, the percentage runs from 5.35 up to 8.00, in the order mentioned.

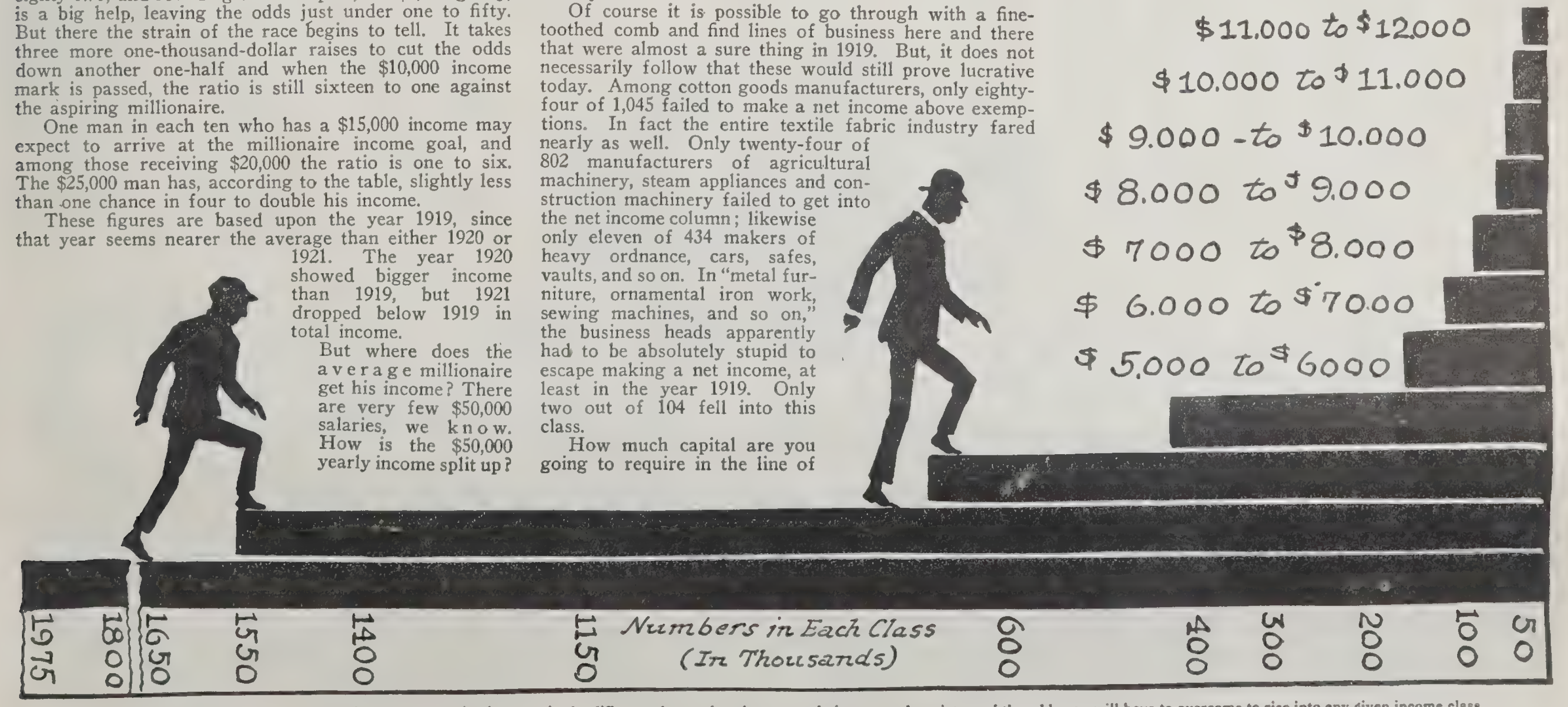
Average net taxable incomes are highest, however, in New York, where the average return was $5,030. New York had 6,420 persons who reported net incomes of $50,000 or more. Undoubtedly a large part of this money was made elsewhere, however, and reported from New York because the owner now makes his residence there.

But suppose your income is modest at the present time. How rapidly might you attain to affluence? Or taking it the other way around, suppose you are wealthy, how quickly might your income be cut off? Then again, suppose a man makes a big income and loses it. Does he come back?

You might not look for the answers to these questions in the dry statistics of the United States Treasury, but they are there if you will dig them out and make the interpretation. Here, again, Mr. White has helped us breathe life into endless income tables.

It had been said that incomes in the United States fluctuate more rapidly than in any other country in the world and our income tax figures seem to bear out this statement. But this only proves that there is greater opportunity for money making here than in any other country in the world and these opportunities invite greater enterprise, which in turn involves greater chances for either profit or loss.

We have long observed the ease with which individuals rise to wealth in this favored land of ours, but here for the first time we have something approaching an expectancy table measuring your average chances and mine.

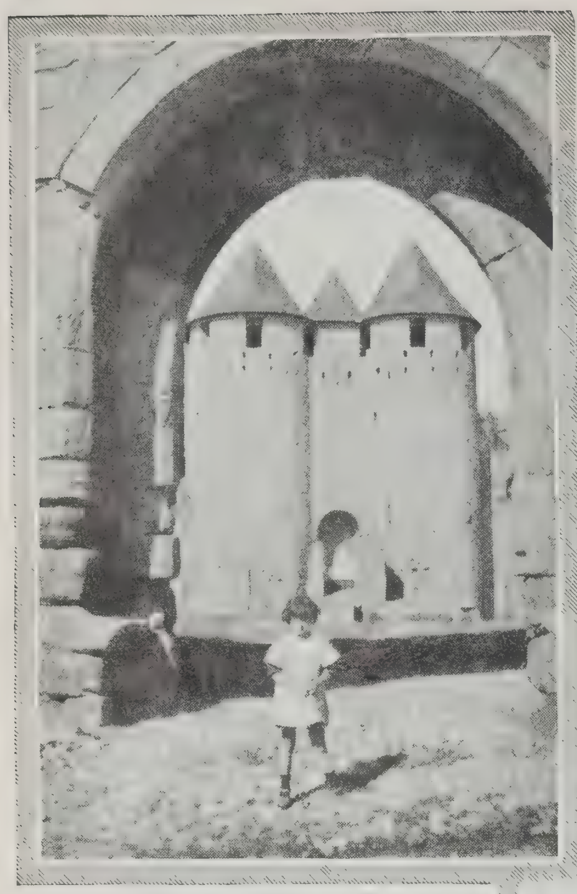


This chart, which shows the number of persons reporting incomes in the different classes, is, when properly interpreted, a picture of the odds you will have to overcome to rise into any given income class. It is based on the income tax returns for 1919.

Our Main Street and Europe's

Americans Who Really Became Acquainted With Small Towns Were Men of the A. E. F.; Tourists Seldom Get the True Perspective

By HENRY BECKETT



A child of Carcassonne, the French medieval town, now a national monument.

THE only fair way to measure America's Main Street is to lay it parallel with Europe's Main Street. That the critics have never done. They have simply written down the failings of their small towns of fancy and have hinted that these failings are common to most American towns, large and small. If the critics have any standard of comparison, in sizing up Main Street, it is an ideal conception, in their own minds, of what the American Main Street ought to be.

The authors who write about our Main Street really do not know anything about Main Street in Europe. This ignorance is general among Americans and somewhat excusable. Americans who travel do their studying in the cities, or go sightseeing in resorts of natural beauty and in towns which exist principally as monuments to the past. If by accident tourists cross a real Main Street, they are looking for a cathedral, and have no eyes, no thoughts, for the living thoroughfare.

There is one considerable body of Americans which does know Europe's Main Street—the men of the American Expeditionary Forces who were billeted on it, in France or in the Rhineland, during and since the war. These Americans, and I was among them, were astonished at the primitive state of things on Europe's Main Street. Some of us wrote home about it, and were rebuked by our elders, former tourists, for mistaking war conditions for normalcy.

The rebuke was undeserved, because the things which astonished us were not a consequence of conflict; yet from a desire to think well of our allies' Main Street the soldiers, and more recently the battlefield tourists, who actually are seeing something of Main Street, are willing even now to believe that Europe's Main Street is as it is because it has not recovered from the war. This attitude is benevolent, but in fairness to our own small towns, and by way of contrast, it might be well, at least for a change, to try to see the towns of Europe as they really are.

In physical appearance there is a marked difference between the two Main Streets, considering them merely as streets. America's is universally wide, straight and on the level, and its buildings vary uncouthly in size, and have no unity, no harmony of line, color, architectural plan. Europe's has degrees of narrowness and crookedness, and it may run over a hill, but the buildings are in harmony and form a certain unity together. America's Main Street, variously haphazard from end to end, is much the same as a whole, everywhere in the United States, because our small towns have grown up under similar conditions, within a single century, and under one government. Europe's Main Street, not everywhere the same within the territory of one small nation, varies strikingly over the Continent.

Aside from a diversity due to nationality, the moderate towns of Europe may be classed in three basic types, in their very reasons for existence. There is the tourist town, almost non-existent in this country; the town living by manufacturing, commercial position or as a university seat, and the town which came into being centuries ago, on the safety-first principle. Now that piracy is a thing of the past, and brigandage is no more, and a few shells could scale a cliff once inaccessible, and social contact is the principle of growth, rather than security, this third kind of town is stagnant, though not altogether dead.

Carcassonne, France, memorial to an age departed.

Of the three types, the only town well known to Americans is the tourists' shrine, charming, quaint, historic, possessing a castle, cathedral or museum enjoyed more by outsiders than by the inhabitants. The tourist seldom thinks of this town as a place where people live their whole lives long, but regards it as a curiosity to be inspected with a whimsical delight, and thus do I love it myself. It pleases me to see a German goat butt the door open at nightfall, and turn in with the family, yet I should not care to sleep with the goat. It gives me joy, as a novelty, to sit under a café awning and drink milk extracted from a Spanish goat, on the spot and while I wait, but I do not wish it as a regular thing. I am charmed to meet, every time I step into the Main Street of Alsatian Obernai, a goose or a pig, and six dachshunds so low and long that in turning around their hind legs stand fast, as a pivot, and they sag in the middle, and should be supported by roller skates under the stomach. I give these brother creatures greeting, and chuckle to see the stork on the housetop, for I realize that he has to live on top of the house, because there is no more room inside. Nevertheless, I do not care for the stable-house combination as living quarters. The dormer roofs are adorable but they cover dismal rooms, and the carving on the public fountain does not atone for the fact that a housewife must make a trip to it every time she wants water, because there is no running water in her home.

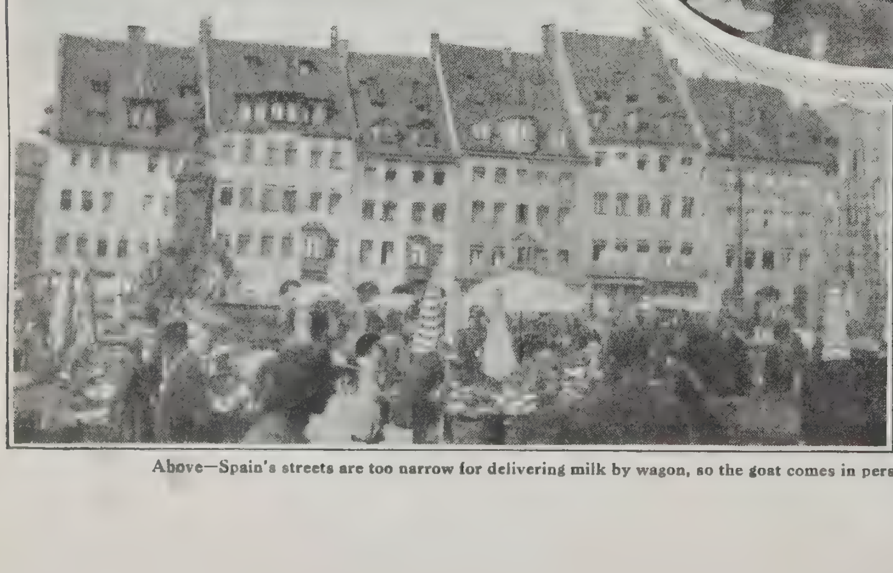
In the case of the tourists' town, their own quarters and their own interests are confused, in travel accounts, with Main Street itself and the interests thereof. This is grave error. The enthusiasms of the artist and the connoisseur are in no wise shared by the local Main Street of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, in Bavaria, of Moret-sur-Loing, near Fontainebleau, of Pisa, of Cintra, the Portuguese Elysium, and of Toledo, so august in historic perspective, but otherwise only a country town of Castile. Crumbling walls and a town moat where apple trees grow no longer keep out the enemy, but they are a barrier to change. Left untouristed, Main Street would sink into decay; in fact, is doing so, despite the tourists.

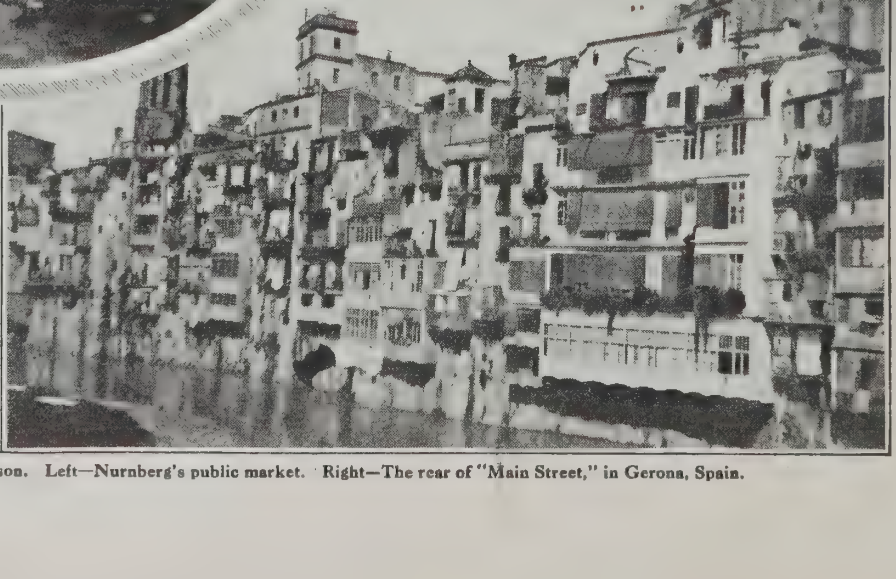
Main Street is worse in the case of the towns which function for themselves, and are not, like the tourists' towns, blessed medieval parasites on the twentieth century. In Portuguese Coimbra, a university center since the time of the Norman Conquest, women shuffle down Main Street in sabots, wear black shawls, and carry so much junk on the top of their heads that because of the pressure there is no room for any thoughts inside. The Main Street of Jäen, ever a-rumble with American trucks and tractors, is almost totally ignorant that the Moorish castle ruin on the hill behind was once the seat of a kingdom, and that its own Main Street, being truly a bit of the main highway between Granada and Toledo, is a high road, a Main Street, of history.

Main Street in Massa, center of Italian marble quarrying in foreign control, wrangles the livelong day in a bright but slovenly market place, then limps home to dine, inevitably, on sloppy macaroni, coarse bread and coarse cheese. In Chateau-Gontier, a considerable mill town of France, the gossiping in the public wash-house is as bad as any in our small town, where at least not many women rub their hands red in cold water, doing the most disagreeable work as disagreeably as possible. As for Germany—well, in a town like Freiburg, so old that one of its residents proposed the name "America" for this continent, and quite consequential, the common lot is as low as our lowest.

Without meaning to, one compares our Gopher Prairie with European towns of much greater size, towns whose names stand out in history, and have a dignity and prestige today. The town which does correspond in population to our Gopher Prairie, with its three thousand, is too hopelessly dull. It exists by and for food and shelter, the food limited to a half-dozen crude common staples, the shelter to a bunk with the animals. The tradespeople do not go to business; they live business, do business in their homes, or live in their shops.

In Portugal a family grinds its own grain. In Spain children play naked in Main Street and stone the stranger out of town, as I well know. In Italy the household dumps its refuse out of the window and nobody takes it away, and mothers wrap their babies tight in many folds of cloth, precisely like Della Robbia's "bambini" in blue and white porcelain, on the front of the hospital in Florence. In Germany, France, Switzerland and the lands to the





Above—Spain's streets are too narrow for delivering milk by wagon, so the goat comes in person. Left—Nurnberg's public market. Right—The rear of "Main Street," in Gerona, Spain.

east, self-preservation is the one activity of Main Street.

Now it is true that in the primitive Main Street of the Old World there is less bad taste in building, in paint, in decoration, than over here. Proportions are good because they are simple; so are the benches, tables, water jars, and crude fireplaces inside better, esthetically, than the bric-a-brac appurtenances of our Main Street. Europe's Main Street has the virtue of simplicity; ours has the shortcomings, yea, the horrors, of pretension in uncultivated taste.

Our Main Street tries, makes blunders, and is laughed at for trying. This applies to the activities of Main Street's society. The Boosters' Club is ridiculed for its extravagances in "pep," and puffing, but Europe's Main Street has no club, no "pep," and no pride that puffs, because its pride is stupid bigotry. Charges that our Main Street is hidebound, tries to "suppress" evolution, keeps advanced books out of the library, and is materialistic in overemphasizing manual training and domestic science in the high school, boring, rather than enlightening itself, in a sham of a Thanatopsis Club and a dramatic society, do not, to be sure, apply overseas. Europe's Main Street never heard of evolution, has no library at all, no high school, no cultural attempts.

Europe's Main Street does not have in its hotel a vulgar, shiny cuspidor and mud-colored writing desk. Nobody writes and everybody spits on the floor. The drug store is not a type of ghastly materialism, with trays of tooth brushes, cosmetics, garden seeds. Europe's Main Street does not use a tooth brush, the girls do not care enough about their looks to employ cosmetics, and, with rare exceptions, there is no garden in the town. In fact, there is seldom a drug store.

Wanting in billboards Europe's Main Street is, not for art's sake but for want of enterprise and because business knows better than to advertise there. Europe's Main Street does not boast of "seven miles of concrete sidewalks," for usually it has none and is not interested in getting any. There is no bragging about sleeping porches, for windows are closed at night, the night air being "poisonous" on Europe's Main Street. There is no "noisy garage," no silent one either. There is no aping of the big city, no telling about the big city business man who came from Main Street, for the big city is nothing in Main Street's life, which is static and unto itself.

A street shrine in Au, the old quarter of Munich.

Woman's rights and divorce do not bother Europe's Main Street. Woman cannot imagine rights, and in consequence there is little divorce, because woman must stand for anything. People do not make foolish investments; they put their money into a stocking.

The flapper problem does not exist, nor are parents worried that daughters may marry beneath their station. To prevent worry, marriages are arranged, strictly on the dowry basis, and there is no cheap, conventional honeymoon trip to the city or Niagara Falls. No, conventional housekeeping, in the parents' home, begins at once. The newspapers, on Europe's Main Street, do not print bunk and ignore vital news, for there are no newspapers. I doubt, though, whether their Main Street gets "the full truth about Russia," either from town crier, or through no medium at all.

Europe's Main Street has no social engagements, picnics, rows of magazines and books, screened porch, "Swat-the-Fly" campaigns, telephones, typewriters, toys, dairies, pianos, machines of musical reproduction, agency for agricultural machinery, Red Cross chapter, Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls, town clean-up week, pure food regulations, furnaces, tennis courts, baseball teams, gymnasium, bathtubs, ice, table manners, home reading circle, child welfare, nor sons and daughters going to college. There are no petty social distinctions because the entire population exists on one dead level, and it is not bored with sewing bees and lodge meetings because it is not interested in anything sufficiently to be bored with something else.

One cannot properly compare the two Main Streets without taking the time element into account, and the current trend. Europe's Main Street, putting it generally, is old, finished. The present generation improves nothing, except by round-about imitation of our Main Street. Whatever independent changes there are seem to be for the worse. The charming customs of yore, the colorful costumes, folk dances and songs, the festivals of a picturesque peasantry, are all being abandoned, unless as tourist ventures, and if a town has enough energy to change things at all it proceeds to electrify the candles on the altar of the church, and decorate in a manner which proves that the taste of Europe's Main Street is much worse than our Main Street's is, and worse than its own taste used to be.

The current trend is the hopeful thing about our Main Street. Not even existing, fifty years ago, it transforms itself while the critics are criticizing. Almost every development is for the better.

Three and four-story buildings, with good points, rise in place of the frame horrors and yellow-brown excrescences of yesterday, and on side streets bungalows and cottages are going up, far more attractive than the houses of a generation gone. While the plaster of Europe's Main Street is peeling off, our Main Street plants trees, lays out a park, builds in pride.

In one light the temporary character of buildings along Main Street is a fine thing. It indicates that Main Street has such confidence in itself that it dares not estimate its own tomorrow. Why build for the far future? Main Street moves so fast that the taste, comfort, and sanitation of the next generation are beyond our imagining. Leave it to the children.

The truth is that our Main Street is entirely too humble. Instead of "bullying other civilizations," as has been charged, it swallows whole the tales of its own travelers, who bluff about the culture of Europe. Really our Main Street is touchingly pitiful in its aspiration toward a culture not equal to its own. Main Street sends out much money to help poor Europe, thereby showing a cosmic consciousness fully an aeon ahead of Europe's Main Street; yet America's Main Street does not realize its own superiority to "European civilization." Our Main Street is not provincial, but the critic who considers Main Street provincial—he is.

Stream of Defective Immigrants Taints Life

Concluded from page 3

Ellis Island that the attorney for the aliens had made arrangements for a medical expert to be present at the examination, provided it take place in March, and once more the aliens' attorney, not the government, took precedence.

March 5, 1923—Melach was examined for the fifth time. A warrant for deportation was on file, and the law plainly stated, as regarded warrant cases, that at any time within five years after entry any alien, who at the time of entry was a member of one or more of excludable classes, should upon the warrant of the Secretary of Labor be taken into custody and deported. The secretary had issued the warrant far back in September, 1922. By this time it was easy to see how friends of this family had spent $3,000 on attorneys' fees and medical experts.

Commissioner Tod now strongly urged that the Sas family be deported at once. "I believe," he said in his protest, "that this is a subject which requires the closest thought and attention. As commissioner at this port, I am interested to know whether the psychiatrists here are competent to pass upon these arriving aliens, for if their certificates are to be challenged and disputed in cases where attorneys and Congressmen are active, what are those poor aliens to do, who, being excluded on their certificates, have no attorneys and Congressmen to bring their cases before the Surgeon-General? To my mind it is one of the most important phases of the immigration administration at this port that has been brought to my attention."

March 27, 1923, the Sas family was finally deported, after innumerable hearings and delays and the expenditure of thousands of dollars.

Among the many other instances of a similar character pending today is the one which has been exploited by certain types of newspapers in Syracuse and New York City, under the title of the "Sammy Goldman case." Influences working on behalf of this 15-year-old mental deficient have gone so far that they induced Governor Smith of New York and the New York legislature to petition President Harding, requesting the latter's intervention to prevent his deportation.

"Sammy Goldman, whose real name is 'Smull,'" said Commissioner Tod, "is a native of Bucharest, Rumania. The boy's sympathizers professed that he had come here from Russia, and that if deported he would be doomed to death. I fully believe that had the governor had all the facts before him, he could not have been prevailed upon to take this action, as the alien is feeble-minded beyond any doubt, is clearly in this country in violation of the law and excludable by Congress.

"This office is co-operating with the state of New York in every way to protect taxpayers and keep out of the country those who are mentally weak and a menace to the public. Where this boy is concerned, the mere fact that he is able to learn to read does not matter. If permitted to remain here he will probably marry, and, according to the Mendelian Law, about 75 per cent of his progeny will be mentally weak, if not worse. Furthermore, to admit this boy in the face of having to deport others equally entitled to consideration is manifestly unfair and unjust.

"It is being circulated that the boy's condition is due to hardships incurred in Russia. This is the favorite story of propagandists. The boy never suffered any hardships, and when he arrived here in 1921 he was excluded as feeble-minded, and his mother admitted under oath that he had always been that way. He was admitted for one year on the condition that relatives would then send him out of the country accompanied by a suitable attendant. They are now striving to frustrate the government.

"This boy's Rumanian nationality is emphasized by the Immigration Office because his spokesman in the assembly in Albany made a strong point of the fact that the boy was being sent back 'to Russia whence he was driven with curses and blows,' and 'must be torn from every relative in the world and be forced back to the waiting knout.' As to separating him from his relatives, it may be pointed out that his aunt lives in Bucharest and his mother, at the time of his temporary admission, agreed that she, herself, would take him back if later he were deported. The point as to his correct nationality is also felt at Ellis Island to be important, because doubt has been cast by his advocates on the findings of the original board of psychiatrists, who declared him feeble-minded, by the statement that when Smull was examined he was 'weak from starvation and hardships suffered in Russia.'

"Six separate psychiatrists, men trained in the detection of mental deficiency, on three occasions certified that the boy was incurably feeble-minded, according to the official records in the case.

"Smull's admission to the country was brought about by the political pressure of two Congressmen on the Department of Labor. This pressure continued and brought about the amazing situation of the immigration committee's HAVING TO CONSIDER A BILL TO ADMIT MENTALLY DEFICIENT CHILDREN INTO THE COUNTRY, SIMPLY TO GET THIS ONE INDIVIDUAL PAST THE LAW. So far did his political backers go in the desire to have him admitted, regardless of consequences to him, that they actually proposed to incorporate a provision that children to be admitted under the proposed measure should first have to submit to sterilization. The bill died in committee.

"No one save the man who sits in the office of the commissioner at Ellis Island can know or understand this great pressure that is brought to bear upon the Department of Labor to allow mental defectives, undesirables and persons afflicted with loathsome and contagious diseases to enter this country. Half the stories sent out regarding the cases of deportees are regarded from merely sentimental aspects, while the cruel facts are ignored.

"People become interested in individual instances, and this has the effect of breaking down the immigration law. The Sas family was mandatorily excluded from the start, yet lawyers and politicians juggled the case for more than two years. The whole thing is a mockery of the law, and subjects our handling of the immigration question to ridicule and criticism by other countries of the world.

"Six months ago there were 150 of these cases, but the number has been boiled down now to 83, as some of the defectives have voluntarily gone back, while not a few have married. On the basis that 75 per cent of the children of mental defectives are mental defectives, we have planted an unfortunate possibility in New York State by not acting promptly. It seems the attitude of these families who are admitted under bond, that, once in, they can fly in the face of our laws through the aid of lawyers and politicians. I don't propose that this shall be the rule by any means, and every one of these 83 cases is going to be threshed out, and where exclusion is justified, it is going to be excluded.

"There are 43,000 men, women and children in various New York institutions who came here as immigrants and who entered because of a let-down of the immigration law with respect to the entrance of mental defectives. Of this number, 46 per cent are foreign-born, and in 69 per cent both parents are foreign-born. It is all very well to sentimentalize over a mentally defective youth, but it is better to face the situation and realize that it is such cases as these which lead to the filling of our institutions with foreign defectives, when our asylums are too crowded to take care of American-born."

Since I had this talk with the commissioner, it is significant to observe further developments in the case of "Smull" Goldman. On May 8, the Goldman boy violated a deportation order when his relatives failed to take him to Ellis Island. He disappeared from his home in Syracuse soon after it was reported that immigration officials had ordered his arrest. The $500 bond posted to insure the boy's return to Ellis Island was declared forfeited. Members of the boy's family refused to give any clue as to his whereabouts. His attorney, Ralph Shulman, said: "If the authorities want him, let them find him." On May 14, it developed that Smull was in hiding in Albany with his mother. Smull was turned over to the immigration authorities. An hour later a writ of habeas corpus was obtained, and the boy was released in the custody of his attorney. **On May 22, propagandist stories were issued from Syracuse that Smull had obtained an average of 83 per cent in his school studies. The newspapers that printed this story well knew that the immigration officials had previously stated that this 15-year-old boy had been placed in school with lads of 7 to 9 years old, that being the average of his intelligence.**

(A subsequent article will detail further instances of violations of America's immigration laws, and the nature and type of attacks which have been directed against Commissioner Tod because of his efforts to enforce the law.)

From Cowboy to President of a Great College

The Picturesque Career of One Westerner

By E. B. CHAPMAN

DR. WILLIAM M. JARDINE

MOST of his waking hours since he was eight years old had been spent on horseback. He was nearing 20 now, working with a cattle outfit in the Big-Hole Basin country in Montana. In the spring there was the trip with the cattle and the other cowboys to the grazing lands, the summer was spent with the cattle and in the fall the round-up. What a glorious life for a youth.

But it wasn't a glorious life for that youth. He still was "The Kid." His tasks included getting up early, wrangling the horses and milking cows while the older men slept. Milking cows was the supreme humiliation with a "cow outfit." Other summers there had been the hay camp. As a "kid" he had done the chores then, too. But besides those chores he had raked more hay than any man on the job. And he was proud of that accomplishment.

But farming had irked him just as cow punching now irked him. He didn't like it.

At times, however, there had been glimpses of a train. On the right side of the engine cab sat a man in greasy overalls. That man represented adventure to the youth to whom a thousand nights spent under the stars with cattle carried no thrill. He envied the man who rode and guided the iron horse that carried throngs from city to city. That was the life that appealed to the youth to whom the quick turn of the broncho after a straying steer meant only work. Engineering was the magic word to the youth.

But parents insisted on school. Teachers, most of whom the youth had liked, always were urging the importance of it. Go to school, of course, he would. But he would study engineering.

The local schools never had lasted more than four months to the term for the youth. They had, however, been four months well spent by the youngster, to whom study was the road to adventure. And before long "that Jardine boy" had been employed as a public school teacher.

Thus it was that Dr. William M. Jardine, president of the Kansas Agricultural College, began his career as an educator. He didn't realize he was beginning such a career. He was teaching school simply to get the money to go to college and study engineering. The pay was $40 a month and that school term lasted six months. He was paid in $20 gold pieces, and he saved every one of them. They were the start of his college fund.

Days That Are Gone

THE week after school was out the teacher was at work with 100 other men shearing sheep. Most of the money received for that work was saved also. One summer he took charge of his father's farm. That added to the engineering fund. He worked as a cow puncher for still other money.

"That was the life," Dr. Jardine said, his eyes sparkling as he recalled the other days. And then a trifle sadly—"No boy ever will live them again. They are gone."

But his face lighted again.

"There is nothing like a virgin country, unmarked, unsullied, by man," he said. "There were immense prairies, the grass shoulder high on a horse. There were big rivers filled with fish; the mountains covered with timber that grew down to the water's edge. There were no bridges to cross, no fences. The people came from all parts of the country. They were young, hopeful, ambitious, full of life and mostly well-bred and well educated.

"Neighbors were five to 20 miles apart. The cooking—the beefsteaks we get from our mammoth refrigerating plants today cannot compare with those served fresh from the fat young animals, as we ate them those days."

The speaker was no longer in the office of a college president. His appearance indicated, for the moment, he was again on a horse, part way up the mountain side, watching the cattle below him convert the succulent grasses into beef.

However the good old days appealed to him now they didn't appeal so much then. He went to college to study engineering. Between his sophomore and junior years came the realization of an ambition. He was employed with a surveying party. That meant adventure. He was head chairman and some times had charge of the level and transit.

Some times, it is said, the story of Alexander the Great might have been different if the world hadn't been conquered so easily.

That might have been the way with the young surveyor. At any rate, his first surveying job, his first taste of engineering, was his last. The surveying party was working for the government on big reclamation projects. Without realizing it, he became interested in the "dry farming" that was to be carried on within the big tracts that were being set aside. His agricultural course, which had extended over the growing and developing years of his life, was too well grounded for his engineering course of two years. When he went back to school he took up agriculture.

Possibly he was influenced by the offer of the president of the college to give him a place as a teacher if the agricultural course was taken up. The place paid $40 a month, and young Jardine could take his college course, too. Engineering graduates were getting only $40 a month at the start, then. So the former chore boy again was working overtime—earning his pay as a teacher and carrying a full college course in his spare hours. There were only five students in the agricultural courses and the teacher-student received a great deal of personal attention and help.

The Jardine farm, although in a cattle country, devoted half its attention to grain—to farming as well as cattle raising. Then the interest aroused in the dry farming drew him into crops more than stock raising or beef production. He knew it was necessary to have feed for the stock when the grass was gone. And he soon was deeply attached to the new course. Not that he liked it all. But—

"When, as a boy, I had been given a job I was expected to do it," he said. "There wasn't any one to feel sorry for me. I would be fired if I didn't do my work. There were plenty of men to take my place. I learned then the value and advantage to me of doing things I didn't like to do. And I learned to smile while I did them.

"That is the finest kind of experience for a boy. It develops an unlimited confidence in himself and makes him expect to do things, rather than ask for help."

In Demand as Speaker

GRADUATING from the Utah Agricultural College, he became instructor in agronomy in that institution. A year later he became professor in that subject. Then he left the college to take charge of investigations in dry land farming for the United States Department of Agriculture. While at Utah he had pioneered in dry farming development and that work grew while he was with the department. His texts on that subject are widely known. He has written articles on it for foreign papers and magazines. He helped in establishing stations where methods of management and dry farming crops of inestimable value have been worked out, adding millions to the value of crops produced in western states.

In 1912 he was lecturer for the graduate school of agriculture held that year at the Michigan Agricultural College. From 1915 to 1917 he was president of the International Dry Farming Congress. The next year he was elected president of the American Society of Agronomy. He was vice-chairman of the National Council of Defense. He is a fellow in the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is a member of the National Research Council, and the Food Research Institute of the Carnegie Corporation. In 1916 Campbell College conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws. He was married in 1905 to Miss Effie Nebeker. They have three children.

Dr. Jardine is in demand as a public speaker. He has a habit of saying things. In the depression that wiped out 75 cents of every dollar agriculture had it was customary, in the West, to say soothing things and blame the other fellow. Dr. Jardine didn't administer any soothing sirup. He told bankers, farmers, merchants and others before whom he spoke that the situation was largely one of their making. They, too, had been extravagant, careless, and had got away from sound economic principles. There was no panacea. They simply must get back to work along the old lines. Whether they would weather the storm was an individual matter for each man. He had to work out his own salvation.

Dr. Jardine became dean of the Kansas College three years after going there. He was made president in 1917. He is young, as college presidents go. He was born in 1879 in Oneida County, Idaho.

He knows the practical side of farming now, just as he did when, as a boy, he had a part in growing field crops as well as with the cattle. A few years ago he was a partner in a 6,000-acre dry farm at Nephi, Utah. He unloaded the first tractor ever taken there for practical farming purposes. He still owns an interest in another farm.

The greatest farm crop today is the crop of boys and girls, he says.

"But we must not foster the thought that the farmer's son must be a farmer or the blacksmith's son a blacksmith," he said. "The interchange of blood between the city and the country has been one of wholesome, leavening influence in our national life. We must encourage that interchange. We must offer to every child, whether urban or rural, opportunity to enter into whatever vocation or profession it may choose."

Has Done Much for Kansas

"THE new, broader education trains for citizenship," Dr. Jardine said. "Formerly we believed these matters would take care of themselves. The war showed us that error. We had failed to make Americans of many persons.

"The first consideration of Americans must not be the money group or the labor group, but the interests of free America.

"Our educational system, whatever its defects, had served admirably to bring about an unexampled democratization of society," Dr. Jardine continued. "The fact that several of the most noted men had come from log cabin surroundings had symbolized the truth and reality of democracy. What was needed was a balance between vocational or industrial training on one hand and a type that would give a broad insight into the industrial world's activity and yet develop the individual's capacity for the highest degree of esthetic appreciation possible."

Perhaps no period in the history of Kansas agriculture has seen more improvement than since Dr. Jardine went to the college. Experiments were begun and completed that resulted in the control of the Hessian fly, Black Leg, and hog cholera.

New crops have been introduced. New farming systems devised. Old methods have been found inefficient and cast aside for new ones in virtually every line of agriculture. Kansas has given to the world a new variety of wheat, Kanred.

When Dr. Jardine went to Kansas it still was attempted to farm in Kansas as the farther east states farmed. Kansans resented the insinuation they needed dry farming. He knew dry farming needs and the territories that needed that system. He knew enough about human nature not to tell Kansas it needed dry farming methods.

But he took up the methods, one by one, and showed the state the advantages to be gained until their use now is becoming general. He introduced dry farming crops into the districts that needed them. His influence on the agriculture of the state has been far-reaching. Perhaps one of the most important was his working out the system for the earlier preparation of the ground for wheat. That alone has made it possible, according to an eminent agricultural authority, to increase the average yield of wheat in Kansas five bushels an acre.

The thing Dr. Jardine works for year after year is a permanent plan for agriculture. He urges the individual to apply it. He would have the farmer select his work carefully, then stick to it. "In and outers" lose money as frequently on the farm as elsewhere, perhaps more frequently. Dairying, stock raising, grain farming, whatever it is, stick with it if it is founded on sound principles; study how to improve it, but don't give up, don't be changing every year or two, is his advice.

And so the cowboy who dreamed of adventure as an engineer found it in making semi-arid lands produce good crops; in making better land, more fortunately situated, produce better crops than it had been producing. He rides on trains, for he has been into almost every nook and corner of the state. But he travels as a passenger rather than the guide of the iron horse. Instead of guiding a train he directs education of 4,000 students in the school each year. Through the college extension department he directs the spreading of information to thousands of grown-ups and boys and girls not yet ready for college. For he insists the campus extends to the four boundaries of the state. And his associates say he still keeps as busy as he was in the old days he now has come to mourn.

Maine's Great Peak Accessible Now to Tourists

Wild and Magnificent Beauty Brings Plea for Preservation of Timber

By EDWARD L. M'COLGIN

MOUNT KTAADN (Katahdin), considered by many the finest peak in the Appalachians, which has remained almost unknown because of its isolation in the heart of the Maine wilderness, is now accessible. A motor trucking road has been completed from Millinocket to within two miles of Chimney Pond at the foot of the vertical colored granite cliffs, which for 2,300 feet form the eastern wall of Ktaadn.

Whether one be an automobile tourist seeking a New England wild comparable with the Far West, or a vacation tramper who enjoys easy mountain climbing with smashing scenery as its reward, or an experienced rock climber who will not be satisfied with anything but chimneys, cracks and traverses equal to the famous English districts, Mt. Ktaadn will prove a splendid surprise.

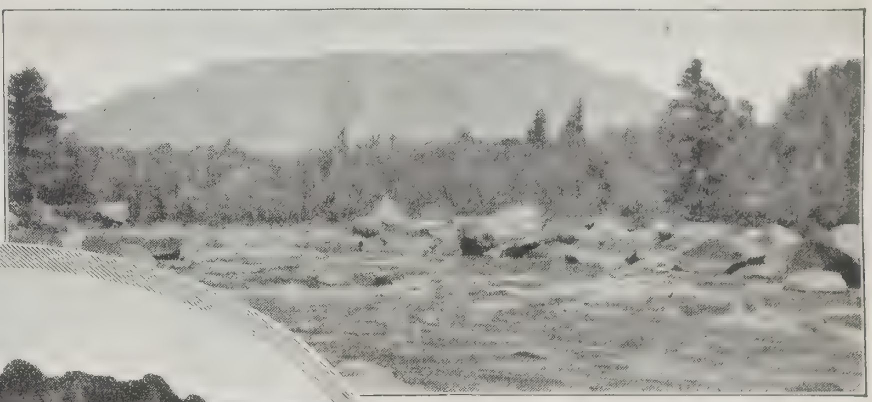
Ktaadn is worthy to rank with the several outstanding mountains of America. Were it in Canada or Europe, Ktaadn would have long since been world-famous and provided with good roads and trails to its bases where camps and hotels of the first-class would be available.

Ktaadn is located between the east and west branches of the Penobscot River about 100 miles north of Bangor; this is slightly more than 300 miles by rail from Boston and 30 miles back from the railroad. It was first climbed in 1804. The few who have since penetrated the vast forests and numerous brawling streams which surround this giant mountain have agreed with Theodore Winthrop who said, generations ago, that Ktaadn was "the best mountain in the wildest wild to be had on this side of the continent."

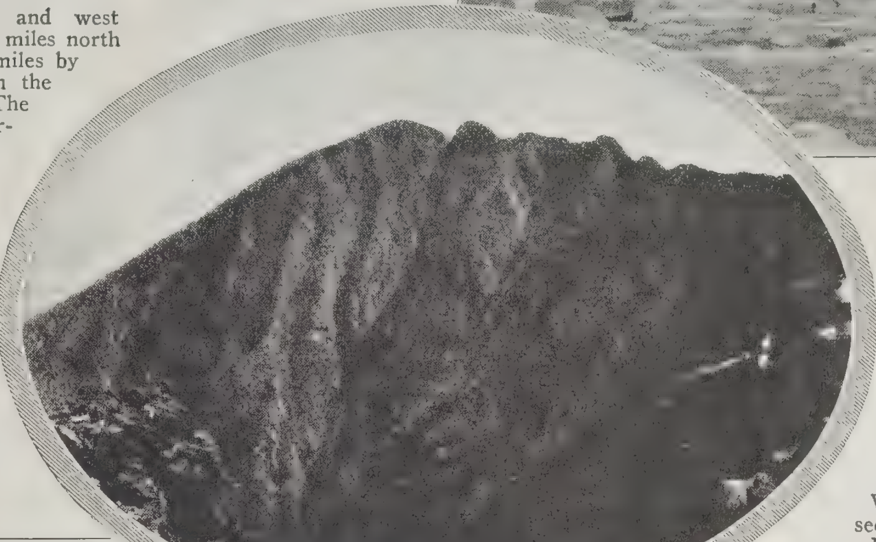
While tramping in from Stacyville I found the intervening country much as it was when Thoreau wrote of the Maine woods. Everything suggests the mountain regions of the West rather than New England.

Because of its unique beauty and unusual environment, comparatively near the congested districts of the North Atlantic states, Ktaadn should be preserved for the public before it is lumbered bare like the White Mountains, which were only made national property after their forests had been ruined for generations to come. The Appalachians are perhaps the oldest mountain system on the face of the earth and Ktaadn is their glory.

A paper company owns Ktaadn and the entire surrounding district. It has built the new road to carry supplies to its spruce cutting camps by motor truck. The management takes pleasure in offering every courtesy and hospitality to visitors to the mountain who comply with the law, especially that relating to forest fires. The camps of this company along this road and at its terminus near the mountain are exceptionally clean and well kept. Those in charge are real hosts although they only offer food and overnight lodging as an accommodation.

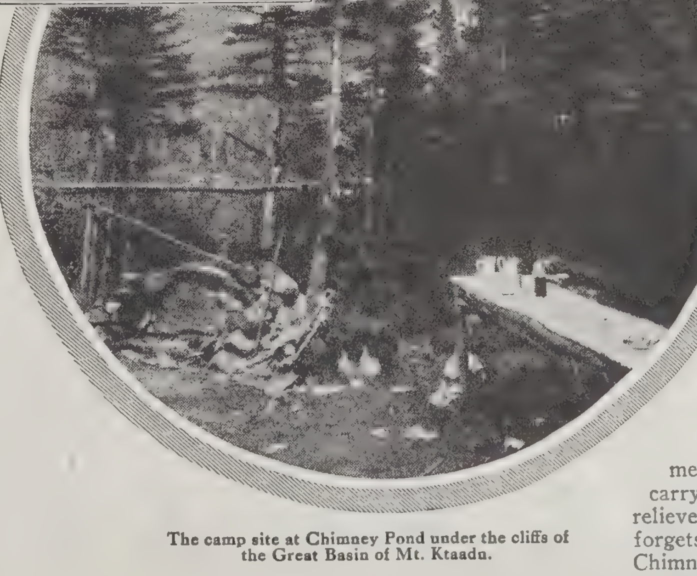


Main mountain stream with the southerly side of Mt. Ktaadn in the distance. The Abol Slide, table-land top, high peak and knife-edge may be seen.



The knife-edge crest of Mt. Ktaadn from Great Basin side; Pamola Peak and the chimney.

Mt. Ktaadn from Ktaadn Lake on the Stacyville trail showing the high peak, knife edge, the two eastern basins and Hamlin Ridge separating them.



The camp site at Chimney Pond under the cliffs of the Great Basin of Mt. Ktaadn.

Ktaadn resembles Rainier in that it completely dominates the scene. Unlike most of the other Appalachians, Ktaadn is not merely slightly higher than a group or chain of kindred mountains. Neither is its summit so rounded that it suggests a great hill rather than a clearly defined mountain mass. Ktaadn stands alone and rises abruptly from the low plain with every appearance of real grandeur. The upper slopes are quite bare.

The top of Ktaadn is an irregularly shaped plateau suggesting a triangle with southern, northwestern and eastern sides. The south end of the eastern side curves to the east making that side resemble a fishhook. Caribou once grazed upon the table-land top of Ktaadn but the game hogs made away with the last of them a number of years ago.

The southern and northwestern sides of Ktaadn rise evenly to the height of the plateau. The well-known Hunt trail climbs over the southwestern edge and the Abol Slide trail ascends a great rock slide on the southerly side, which can be seen for miles.

However, it is the eastern side which has the notable scenic features of Ktaadn including the six peaks which rise from the edge of the great summit table-land; the famous mile-long "knife-edge" crest between the topmost peak and Pamola Peak at the end of the fishhook curve; the two glacial formed cirques cut out of the granite mass of Ktaadn, one known as North Basin, separated by Hamlin Ridge from South or Great Basin which holds the beautiful eight-acre Chimney Pond, the highest body of water in the eastern states from whose twenty-nine hundred foot level the warm colored granite cliffs rise sheer to the summit peak, 5,273 feet high.

The outward shore of Chimney Pond is the finest camp site in the eastern states and provinces. A brightly colored saxifrage brought down by the great ice sheet from the Arctic, its only other flowering place, grows in profusion on the banks of the pond. The geologist and the botanist were the pioneers in exploring Ktaadn.

Chimney Pond is the terminus of the trail from Stacyville, the eastern gateway. The new road from Millinocket ends on the trail about two miles from the pond, the easy trail continuing. There are two trails to the top of Ktaadn from Chimney Pond, also trails to Hamlin Ridge and the North Basin. The Basin Slide trail ascends from Chimney Pond to the lowest point of the summit plateau. It is quite easy. Pamola trail up the great buttress peak is a long hard grind over and about gigantic boulders.

The best amateur trip over Ktaadn from Chimney Pond is to ascend the Basin Slide trail, explore the table-land, climb the high peak, traverse the knife-edge crest down either side of whose narrow width one can look for thousands of feet and descend the Pamola trail. While it is ordinarily safe, but somewhat thrilling, the knife-edge should not be attempted in windy weather.

Experienced rock climbers will find the Chimney route to the knife-edge from the pond the sportiest climb in the East. There are endless other opportunities for hard rock climbing. Roy Dudley, the well-known Stacyville guide, is an expert rock climber who has accompanied most of the qualified amateurs.

The entire state of Maine with its forests, lakes, rivers and the seacoast, including Mt. Desert Island, parts of the maritime provinces of Canada, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, can be seen from the top of Ktaadn.

Near at hand the observer from Ktaadn probably finds the northwestern side most interesting because it holds the lure of the partly unknown. Few have penetrated the matted growth to the Klondike pond lying at the foot of the slope. There is a cirque or basin along the upper end of the side which is still to be described. To the northwest the oddly named Sourdnahunk range of mountains is to be seen. Ktaadn's nearest mountain neighbor is Turner Mountain to the northwest.

While use of the new road from Millinocket would doubtless enable one to drive to its end, make the short trail trip to Chimney Pond, eat luncheon under the great cliffs and return to town by night, few would care to make such a perfunctory call. Since there is nothing but a rude stone hearth at Chimney Pond, tenting, bedding and food must be brought in.

The classic and most interesting route to Ktaadn is from Stacyville on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, twenty miles northeast of Millinocket. It fords the eastern branch of the Penobscot near the famous Hunt farm, follows and crosses the Wassataquok stream, a brawling mountain torrent, which in itself is one of the finest things in Maine. The view of Ktaadn and the intervening country from the edge of the Stacyville plateau just outside of the village would be ample compensation for the trip to Maine.

The Maine laws, a copy of which should be obtained from the office of the Commissioner of Inland Fisheries and Game at Augusta, require that those carrying firearms and fishing tackle must be accompanied by a registered guide. Anyway, none but experienced woodsmen and mountaineers familiar with the region would care to venture into it without a guide. Don't confuse the trails to Ktaadn with the Adirondack and White Mountain trails which are coming to resemble sidewalks in many places.

A good Maine guide would be worth his hire merely for his companionship even if he did not carry the pack, cook the food, pitch the tent and relieve his employer of other work and worry. One forgets his troubles while sitting by the camp fire at Chimney Pond listening to Roy Dudley relate the Indian legends of Pamola.

August and early September are the best months in which to visit Ktaadn. The black flies are then a thing of the past and the mosquitoes, mentioned by Thoreau, which are encountered earlier in the season at the East Branch by those using the Stacyville trail, have usually vanished by that time.

It is a familiar saying of all who visit the Appalachian Mountains that they grow upon one and satisfy more deeply than some higher ranges elsewhere. Their lingering charm causes most people to return year after year. Ktaadn is recommended to these as well as to newcomers. The splendor and the greatness of this noble mountain must be seen to be understood.

Politicians, Operating Through Parties, Dictate Without Warrant of Law

Exact Opposite of What Was Planned by Fathers of Country, for Presidential Elections, Has Come to Be

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the third and last article on this subject by Mr. Ulm.

WITHIN less than a year the voters will begin to decide, at least ostensibly, by ballots duly cast, on the great question of who should be the next President of this country. The general election in November, 1924, will be only the culminating one of long series of selective processes, legal, extra-legal and otherwise, which now have to do with choosing the country's ruler. The formal operation of these processes will begin when the first preferential primaries for the naming of Presidential candidates take place, which will be in the spring of next year. Such primaries at present are required by law in from one-third to one-half of the states. In others, delegates to the national conventions may be chosen without direct reference to the voters.

Then will come,

(1) The great national conventions, which will nominate the candidates;
(2) The big campaign;
(3) The general election;
(4) The Electoral College.

And if some candidate cannot command a majority in the Electoral College, it will then be up to the present United States House of Representatives to select the next President from the three candidates who receive the highest number of votes in the Electoral College.

Thus the routine of choosing a President and Vice-President has become a long and in many respects a tedious matter, involving immense detail.

Exact Opposite Obtains

IN FACT the process as a whole is so complicated and is now controlled by such a wide variety of statutes as well as customs that a person who seriously plans to "run" for President next year would be wise if he immediately engaged a good lawyer to find out and attend to the manifold technicalities that have to be looked after.

Even then his "running" would be more or less futile unless made within the realm of organized politics. For it now is all but impossible for anyone to be elected President of the United States independently of the established control of the parties.

Therefore, the exact opposite of what was planned and expected by the "fathers" has come to be.

Nothing was further from the desire of the makers of the Federal Constitution than that there should be need for anyone *"running for"* or being *"run by"* others for the highest office in the land.

Under the Electoral College plan which they worked out very thoughtfully it was expected that a group of wise and patriotic men would meet quietly, look over the situation impersonally and without partisanship, and calmly select the best available man for the job.

Political Parties Control

BUT, as pointed out in a preceding article, the plan didn't work out that way, not even in the beginning. Political parties, which the Electoral College was to obviate, stepped in and assumed control of the matter in despite of Constitutional precaution. The parties first functioned chiefly through what was known as the "Congressional caucus." Adherents of the different parties in Congress would meet, prior to each national election, and agree on the candidates who would head the tickets of their respective parties. These candidates were accepted by the rank and file of the parties for about a quarter of a century. But the protest against "King Caucus" was so virulent that that process of choosing candidates came into disrepute and broke down in 1824. Andrew Jackson, who defied the "Congressional caucus" won a plurality but not a majority of the votes in the Electoral College, which in 1824 failed to elect anyone. The House of Representatives chose John Quincy Adams, who was defeated overwhelmingly by Jackson four years later. It was during Jackson's first term that the main parts of the present system of choosing a President came into vogue.

The turning point of this system is *the party national convention.* It was first used by a "third party" in 1831. The other parties adopted it at once and though, from the beginning, it has been criticized almost as severely as was the old "Congressional caucus" the national convention holds on. The national convention probably is of more significance now than ever before, despite vigorous effort during the present century to curb it with checks decreed by both law and custom. Actually, these "checks" no doubt have augmented the significance of the national conventions and the network of political organization, which, in the cases of the big parties, revolves around them.

This isn't because the "checks" do not, as a rule, represent sincere attempts to eliminate or reduce the evils and shortcomings of our extra-Constitutional method of choosing a President. It probably is because of the fact that, so long as the forms now decreed by the Constitution have to be followed technically, it is next to impossible to develop a "check" which in most respects won't merely accentuate the evils aimed at. For Congress can do virtually nothing in the premises. It is a problem that is almost wholly in the hands of the states and it seems beyond the possible to procure uniform action on any subject from forty-eight state legislatures. Attempts on the parts of the states to solve the problem have resulted in as wide an assortment of laws, as now, so some writer points out, governs the subject of divorce. These laws, whatever the merit of most of them, give a "crazy quilt" aspect to the otherwise highly complex process of choosing the chief executive of the nation.

Most of these laws connote *the preferential primary* as a medium for giving the voters a chance to express themselves as to who shall be formally nominated candidates for President and Vice-President. In most cases the voters of each party may express themselves directly as to their choice of candidates, delegates "instructed" accordingly being chosen in state conventions of the parties. In other cases the voters taking part in the primaries may vote both for candidates and for delegates to the national conventions; in some, they vote only for delegates.

In three states, unless changes have been made recently, any voter can take part in any party's primary. That is to say, a Republican may assist in choosing a Democratic Presidential candidate, and vice versa.

But, even in those states where the voters may express themselves directly as to party nominees, there is quite a gap between the cup of expression and the lip of performance. For even then the ultimate expression of the voters' wills as made in the primaries must be left to delegates to the national conventions. The laws sometimes require that those delegates be affirmatively pledged to follow the "instructions" of the voters. In one or two states, the laws go so far as to say how many times the delegates must vote in convention for the candidates winning in their state primaries. Others merely direct the delegates to support those candidates so long as they have a reasonable chance of procuring the nominations.

Voters' Will Nullified

THUS, so far, no one has been able to devise a secure method for insuring the carrying out of the voters' wills, as expressed in Presidential primaries, in the national conventions. Delegates not in sympathy with the expressions of the voters often are chosen to carry out instructions, sometimes by the very voters who give the instructions. Such delegates may technically adhere to instructions and yet oppose them successfully. There is one historic case in which a nomination of a candidate for, and, as it turned out, the subsequent election of a President probably turned upon an action of that kind.

Where laws govern the subject, preferential primaries are held at varying times, most of them during the months of April and May of the election year. One, however, takes place as early as the last Tuesday in March. One state has provided for two primary elections, the first—for delegates to a state convention which may arrange for the second primary—occurring as early as the second Tuesday in March.

State laws, where there are any, that have to do with putting the names of candidates on the ballots used in the primaries, also vary quite widely. The acme in this respect probably was reached in South Dakota. There until the law recently was changed the candidates themselves had formally to enter the race, set forth a "paramount" issue, and engage, in person or by designated representative, in a joint debate within the state with other candidates for the party's nomination. And all these steps had to be taken early in the spring of election year. In some others a candidate must file a statement signifying that he wants to be President. In most states candidates' names were put on primary ballots by petitions signed by voters.

The New Jersey Law

IN MOST states having preferential primary laws a plurality expression is sufficient to instruct. In Indiana, however, if no candidate receives a majority the instructions are not binding on the delegates to the national convention.

In New Jersey a very elaborate law goes so far as to state the maximum amounts of money that candidates for delegates (who are chosen there in the primary) to the national conventions may spend in the preprimary campaign. The limit is $10,000 a delegate! New Jersey is entitled to 28 delegates in each national convention. Thus, on the basis of two contestants for each delegate's place in the conventions of the two big parties, the sum of $560,000 may be expended legally on that one preliminary item of Republican and Democratic Presidential campaigning in that state!

The increased cost of Presidential campaigning, incident if not due to it, is one of the chief objections made by its critics to the preferential primary as a method of selecting candidates for President.

The pre-primary expenditures made by or on behalf of candidates for the Republican nomination for President in 1920 amounted to a total of $3,000,000! On the other side of that question it may be noted that, in the case used for illustration, no one of the "big spenders" ultimately won the nomination. At least one, it is rather generally agreed by students of politics, lost the nomination on account of reckless expenditures.

It is worth while noting, as against the preferential primary, that in the case of neither one of the big parties did a candidate having the greatest volume of approval as expressed directly by the voters win the nomination in 1920.

However, it was the fact that he had won the approval of the voters in the greatest number of states that had held preferential primaries which was among Woodrow Wilson's greatest leverages in the Baltimore convention of 1912.

Defects Not Corrected

THOUGH the preferential primary reached its highest influence in 1912, little has since been done to extend it and virtually nothing to correct its defects. For the last several years the pendulum has swung the other way. In at least one state, the laws requiring the holding of a preferential primary for passing on Presidential candidates has been repealed. In several others the legislatures have repealed similar laws but in two or three of these cases the voters, on referendum, annulled the acts of repeal. Several state legislatures, at this writing, are debating the question of repeal; none, so far as the writer can find, is newly adopting the preferential Presidential primary or enacting any legislation to perfect that institution or otherwise to simplify and popularize the election of the chief executive of the country.

Thus, both by reason of and in despite of serious attempts during the last twenty years to bring the selection of a President closer to the people, the power of the politicians over the task of filling the highest office in the land will be in 1924 as great as and possibly greater than ever before in history.

Though the voters may be free to choose between the offerings of the conventions, the system operates so as to limit the range of choice, exercised directly by the voters, to only two out of many millions of persons for the office of President of the United States. And those two will be selected by agencies beyond the positive control of, and only vaguely responsible to, the electorate.

What can be done to correct the matter, and simplify and genuinely popularize the election of President?

A straight-out "popular" method of voting for President isn't likely ever to be adopted, though it has been advocated by many able men since the time when Thomas H. Benton led in pointing out the evils and certain dangers of the system which for a hundred years has been in vogue. For a fully "popular" method of selection would place the Presidency within the invincible control of a few of the most populous states.

Get Rid of Electoral College

THE abolition of the Electoral College no doubt would eliminate some of the needless complications existing at present.

However, the situation in fact may not be so bad as the above review probably seems to make it appear.

It is a truism of political science that no people have ever been governed except by their consent—which does not necessarily mean approval.

And, to reassert what was said in another article, the Anglo-Saxon mind, which in times of crisis always is dominant in this country, generally can be depended on to find ways to get around if not to solve intricate political problems. This is illustrated by our present extra-Constitutional system for choosing the head of the nation.

It repeatedly has been demonstrated that when they are determined, the voters can thrust their wills through all the befuddling impedimenta encumbering free action on their part.

But for the present the Presidency is a prize stake for which the politicians can battle much more freely and decisively than any other of like attraction in the world. For about nine out of ten parts of the process of selecting a President are purely political and have no specific warrant in the Constitution or laws of the country. They are managed primarily by the organized forces of the parties, which forces naturally are under the control of the more or less professional types of politicians. Efforts, both by law and change of custom to make it otherwise, have proved, so far, to be virtually futile.

Our Only Woman Patent Attorney

Has Added Distinction of Never Losing a Case Before the U. S. Supreme Court

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THINK of the many women who earned a few dollars a week as housemaids or "hired girls" 30 or 40 years ago. How many of them had the will power, the grit, the determination to amount to something? And how many of them did? Not many. But one of these who did is Florence King, eminent citizen of Chicago, who has yet to taste defeat before the United States Supreme Court. She is the only woman honored by having her name placed on the government's register of patent attorneys. She heads the National Women's Association of Commerce and is the only woman member in the Illinois branch of the American Association of Engineers.

Florence King is now known internationally. The Montreal *Star* succinctly sketched the low-light and the high-light in the amazing career of this woman when it thus presented her:

"Twenty years ago earning $1.25 a week; today a Chicago attorney licensed to practice in the United States Supreme Court, and with the record of having put a $5.000,000 corporation entirely out of existence by proving in open court that the corporation was wrong and that her client was right. These are the extremes of the achievements of Florence King who is a self-made woman if ever there was one."

That overworked word or phrase, "self-made," peculiarly applies to Miss King. Her father and mother were Iowa pioneers; in that state she was born. She became a half orphan at five years of age when her mother had to shoulder the family burden alone. Those days of hardship and rigorous efforts forged a bond of attachment between mother and daughter which is much in evidence today; for they are real pals with the surviving parent intensely proud of the outstanding and noteworthy success her daughter has gained through unceasing endeavor.

Miss King is self-educated in the ordinary branches, self-educated in law, self-educated in patent law; and she made her own living during the educative process. She also helped her mother and the other members of the fatherless family. For a time she did housework at the lowly wage of $1.25 a week with board and room supplied. Then she ventured forth to Chicago, became a stenographer at $6 a week and spent her evenings in a night school fitting herself for the big opportunity to arrive later. She believed in the preparedness policy.

Miss King then met J. G. Parkinson, a deaf-mute who was also a patent attorney in Chicago. He labored, of course, under a severe handicap; but he had a trustworthy stenographer who knew the sign language and who patiently assisted him to the extent of her ability. He was absolutely dependent upon her. Everything went well until illness forced her to go to a hospital. Mr. Parkinson then turned to Miss King who responded to his desperate need, though not without some misgivings.

The former housemaid had to communicate as mutes do, but she knew nothing about the system. She learned the language. Her night schooling served her well. The woman in the hospital died; the position which had seemed only temporary, became permanent. For a long time Miss King was associated with this deaf mute attorney, but she acted virtually as his business partner and was thus enabled to master the intricacies of the law on the subject of patents.

Would Like Judgeship

IN THE life of every one there are certain turning points, certain moments when a career is much in the making. This successful Chicago woman admits that her experience with Mr. Parkinson was one of these climaxes in her own career.

"I presume you feel," I declared, "that you have found your life work."

"Absolutely," she avowed. "I am not interested in any other kind of an occupation. I wouldn't care to change unless I could get the appointment to a Federal judgeship here in Chicago, but I fear it would be too revolutionary in character for a woman to hold such a position at the present time."

After the Parkinson days Miss King became a patent solicitor in her own right, also qualifying as a mechanical engineer and as an electrical engineer; knowledge of this kind is absolutely essential in the procuring of patents for clients. Being the only woman member among the 2,250 comprising the Illinois department of the American Association of Engineers, she also has the honor of serving as its vice-president. I name this distinction not because it is the only one but because it stands as one among a comparative many.

A friend informed me that Miss King was the first woman to be admitted to practice before the highest tribunal in the land. For some reason, I could not quite accept the declaration as a fact; so I asked Miss King herself, as she would be direct testimony.

Miss King and her mother on the steps of the Chicago Art Institute.

"Oh," she laughed, "Belva Lockwood was first, but I happen to be number four."

Various persons had solemnly asserted to me that Miss King had never lost a case in her long practice before the Supreme Court of our country. That seemed almost too remarkable to be true. Was it possible or were they over-enthusiastic? Again I thought she should know, and again I questioned.

"Yes," she frankly affirmed, "it is true. I have been unusually fortunate in that respect."

Miss King's hobby is women's rights. If she had not been a zealous advocate of the principle that the sexes should be as equal as practicable in the sharing of rights, she would not be head of the National Women's Association of Commerce. Strange as it may seem, this organization may disband at any time. Sounds like failure, doesn't it? Well, you see, it has achieved the purpose for which it was formed, and the need for its continued existence has passed.

In 1912 when Miss King was a member of the Chicago Chamber of Commerce and had some small duty to look after in connection with the payment of dues, she was awakened to the fact that women had only a negligible representation in such organizations. Of the women members in the Chicago body none held a committee assignment of any real consequence. During that year she resigned, interested the business workers of her sex and organized the Women's Association of Commerce. It was distinctly a protest against the one-sided dominance of man.

The organization flourished from the start. The fame of the attempt spread to women elsewhere with a similar grievance. They sent for Miss King, who made clarion-like addresses and founded branches in other cities such as Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland and Grand Rapids. With this expansion of the movement it became advisable to make it national in name because it had about grown so in fact.

Pioneer of the Family

WHAT was the result of all this agitation? Ten years ago women members in chambers of commerce were almost as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth, but today 97 per cent of these organizations have feminine names upon their rolls. Quite naturally the N. W. A. C. considers its work accomplished and is willing to disband; but if Florence King should discover a need for its continuance, it would be most certainly continued.

If you ask Miss King whether her immediate or her remote forbears entered the legal or the mechanical professions, you will discover her to be the pioneer of the family in that respect. Early in her life she showed a definite bent or disposition toward mechanics.

MISS FLORENCE KING,

The first and only woman patent attorney registered in the United States Patent Office.

"I never cared much for dolls or the ordinary playthings that girls like," she will testify as she returns to those bygone days. "I wanted a carpenter box. I always wished to cut and make toys and other things."

She got the carpenter box, too. She worked for it just as she worked for her education, picking it up a little here and a little there just as she could, and helping her mother at home at the same time. Long after she acquired the box of tools, she managed to enter Mt. Morris College; at the beginning it was not much better that a mere foothold but "by the sweat of the brow" she made her own way through, and was graduated.

Chicago beckoned to the "little girl of the carpenter box," and there she obtained the position as a stenographer. It was another foothold, but her natural tenacity and will to succeed enabled her to continue on the job; not only that but she also achieved her great ambition to study law by going to night school throughout a period of two years. Then, specializing in patent law, she took another two years in mechanical and electrical engineering. She formed a large acquaintance with many engineers and inventors who noted her mechanical aptitude, shared their problems with her and shared the fruit of their years of experience.

Then came the long, long pull for recognition in a field where no woman had trod before. The difficulties were heart-rending and well-nigh insurmountable; but this gently forceful woman with the dauntless spirit of the pioneer persevered. She weathered the starvation or semi-starvation time usually encountered in becoming established in one of the learned professions, and she triumphed over the additional obstacles due to the fact that she was of the "weaker sex." Florence King really has spent a large proportion of her life in overcoming handicaps and breaking down barriers either for herself or for her sisterhood.

In 1903 she won her great victory, the victory that decisively established her as a patent attorney fit to cope with men and to outfight them. It was a case that related to the axle boxes of railway cars. She stood the opposing counsel figuratively upon their heads, defeated some of the most brilliant lawyers in this country and put out of business a large English corporation. The modern Portia had proved herself.

A Newspaper Tribute

"FLORENCE KING," a Chicago newspaper declared on that occasion, "has won the most brilliant legal battle ever fought by a woman. She marshaled her arguments as a general does an army, and her line of defense built up in many months of careful study was impregnable. She won the biggest legal woman's victory yet chronicled in the United States, if not in the world."

Another Chicago newspaper pictured her as well equipped with a knowledge of mechanical and electrical engineering that amazed, confused and dumfounded all the "array of engineers and lawyers on the opposite side of the case." Ever fighting and ever pulling herself up by her boot-straps, as it were, the "little girl of the carpenter box" came into the glory rightfully hers. She felt the thrill that comes with the realization of any dream long fostered in the imagination.

Her quarter of a century of law practice has endowed Miss King with a true perspective of the potentialities that lie in creative ideas. She is, as may be expected, quite enthusiastic.

"Every boy and girl, man and woman," she says, "is a possible discoverer and inventor. Many of the most ingenious and helpful things have emerged unexpectedly. The simple idea may develop into a remarkable product.

"Women must be in earnest, must put their whole heart and soul into whatever line of endeavor they adopt. At the present time matrimony is a speculation: if successful, all right; if not, you are no better off, perhaps worse than before. Therefore woman should not look upon matrimony as a goal. Attainment of one's chief aim should be the goal, followed with the utmost perseverance and sincerity."

The "Lost Decision": a Story on Coal Rates

"Forgotten" Ruling Handed Down in 1914 Held to Have Cost People Millions as a Result of Its Never Having Been Enforced

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

IN 1914 the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission handed down what was said to be the first railroad rate decision that, if put into effect, would result in an actual reduction of net revenue to the railroads named. The decision applied specifically only to the rates on anthracite coal to the Philadelphia district from the three Pennsylvania hard coal fields, and according to careful estimates it meant a saving to the consumers in that district of approximately one million dollars a year if the coal dealers passed along the reduction. Consumers elsewhere also stood to save, since enforcement of the decision would be followed inevitably by appeals for like reductions of exorbitant freight rates on anthracite to all points where it is shipped.

The simple facts of what happened to that decision during the nine years that have intervened are of interest at all times to buyers of hard coal, not only as they help to explain the history of increases in the price of anthracite, but in their possible effect on the supply for next winter and the price that must be paid for it. They are of specific value to all citizens at this time, when the United States Coal Commission, sometimes known as President Harding's Fact Finding Commission, has announced that it intends to recommend reductions in the hard coal freight rates. Apparently the members of the commission are wholly unaware of the decision still standing on the legal records of Pennsylvania, never enforced for more than a few weeks but never legally canceled or repealed. Nevertheless the action of the President's commission holds out for the first time in a quarter of a century the hope that a method may be found to halt the rise of anthracite prices by striking at the root of the evil.

Find Rates Too High

THE United States Coal Commission, of course, was not in existence at the time the decision was made. It was created only last year, as one step in the settlement of the soft coal strike. It was charged with the duty of investigating conditions, including wages, working conditions and costs and prices of coal, to the end that its report might help to stabilize the coal industry and by eliminating differences make future strikes unnecessary. Although the hard coal interests have not bound themselves to accept its recommendations, the survey has been extended to cover the anthracite as well as the bituminous fields. It is unnecessary to go into any more detail about the work of this commission, but it may be well to quote the three outstanding reasons given by John Hays Hammond, chairman of the commission, or one of his representatives, for recommending freight rate decreases. They are as follows:

"First: The members of the commission are convinced that anthracite rates are too high as compared with bituminous rates when the price of the two grades of coal is taken into consideration.

"Second: The commissioners are inclined to think that anthracite coal rates are too high when compared to the rates of other expensive commodities.

"Third: Anthracite coal is comparatively easy to handle when compared with soft coal, and handling should be taken into consideration in framing rate schedules."

It should be borne in mind that these reasons were put forth only after most of the members of the commission had gone into the anthracite fields for personal investigation. There, without learning anything about the reduction ordered nine years ago, they got the facts which the railroads have been trying ever since to conceal, and on which that reduction order was based. Unquestionably those facts include figures covering the present cost of handling hard coal shipments. The railroads have been protesting that all costs have increased, but it is hardly likely that their increases have been large enough to equal the advances in freight rates which have been made since the reduction was ordered in 1914. If it costs them more for supplies, those costs have been offset to some extent by the fact that larger coal cars are being used, longer trains are being hauled, and there has been a parallel improvement in mechanical facilities for loading and unloading coal. To give but one example, the Pennsylvania Railroad has increased the size of its coal cars from fifty to seventy tons.

But Records Tell the Story

A REDUCTION turned into an advance, or rather a series of advances, may seem impossible to those not acquainted with the ways of anthracite. The records, however, speak for themselves. The legal battle that led to the order for the reduction was started in 1912. In that year and for many years thereafter the rates under attack ranged from $1.70 to $2.10 a ton on prepared sizes of anthracite from the different fields to Philadelphia, the distances covered averaging less than 150 miles, most of which was down grade. Today coal is being hauled by the same roads over the same distances for rates ranging from $2.39 to $2.52 a ton on prepared sizes, and $2.14 to $2.27 a ton on pea coal and buckwheat sizes. The 1914 pea and buckwheat rate averaged twenty-five cents a ton less than the rate for prepared sizes, which include broken, egg, stove and nut.

The existing rates, although still high, do not represent the peak. Until after the settlement of the strike last year they were much higher. Then, it will be recalled, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered a ten per cent reduction, so that present-day rates are reduced that amount below what they had been. Even with that reduction it will be seen that it costs the consumer from forty-two to sixty-nine cents a ton more for freight today than it did nine years ago; or rather, that is the basic increase. The consumer really pays a great deal more by the time the coal dealer takes his profit on the freight rate.

To return to the original decision, however, it called first for a reduction of forty-five cents a ton in the basic rates, some of the cuts being higher and some lower. When the attack on the coal freight rates was started the controlling power was vested in the old State Railroad Commission. During the hearings that commission was succeeded by the present Pennsylvania Public Service Commission. The late Samuel W. Pennypacker was chairman when, in 1914, he ordered the reduction described. Some of the delay had been caused up to that point by the change in commissions, but by far the greater part of it was due to the tactics of the six railroads directly involved. It is not necessary to go into all the details, but an incident which is typical will show how the roads attempted to fight the reduction. Officials of all the anthracite carrying roads insisted under oath that their accountants had never estimated the actual cost to the roads of hauling hard coal. It happened that the late Wharton Barker, onetime Populist candidate for President, knew better. He had seen the figures. Just when the case against the roads seemed hopeless he made affidavit to that effect, and the commission was able to order that the books be produced.

When the reduction was announced the railroads gave notice of an appeal to the state court which handles such matters. Through one pretext or another they managed to delay action of any kind until 1917. Then the campaign was reopened and the services of the attorney-general of the state were enlisted. He appointed a special assistant to look into the matter. At that point the railroads decided it might be better to agree to some sort of a reduction, rather than have the subject reopened and risk the possibility of an even more drastic cut. Accordingly a series of conferences was held between officials of the six railroads and the attorneys for the complainants, comprising several business men's organizations and the city of Philadelphia. The railroads agreed to put the reduction into effect on a fifty-fifty basis, and agreement finally was reached on a basic rate of $1.45 a ton, as compared to the $1.70 then in effect.

Little "Joker" Kills It

WITHIN a few weeks the rate went into effect. But it had not been enforced for more than another two or three weeks when the Federal railroad administration announced the first of its rate increases, averaging fifteen per cent. There were several "jokers" in the order granting that increase. One provided that all recent rate reductions were to be restored before the increase went into effect. Another granted a greater rate of increase on rates that had not been increased for a stipulated period. The net result in so far as coal consumers were concerned was that, instead of saving a million dollars a year in Philadelphia on their coal bills, the increases in freight rates added considerably more than that sum to the exorbitant prices they had been paying. Still later the government granted another increase in rates which was permitted to apply to anthracite, bringing the rate to Philadelphia up to $2.66. There it remained until the 10 per cent reduction hereinbefore referred to.

The reader does not need much mathematical skill to figure out what this forgotten decision has cost the consumer. It was estimated that Philadelphia would save twenty-five cents a ton on about four million tons a year, or one million dollars a year. Instead, the consumers have paid from fifty cents to a dollar a ton more in freight rates for nine years. Even on the old tonnage estimate, that would mean from two to four million dollars extra to the railroads, but since then the tonnage has increased. Of course, the same increases have been made to apply to anthracite shipped to all other points. On a rough average of sixty-five million tons a year, the hard coal carrying railroads have been getting from thirty to sixty million dollars annually over and above rates that the Pennsylvania Commission found to be fair and profitable nine years ago. The peak rate was in effect for about four years, so that it represented an extra income of approximately two hundred million dollars to the railroads interested. The total extra income for the whole nine-year period can easily be figured to run well over three hundred million dollars.

It is not difficult to understand some of the huge dividends of the coal carrying railroads when those facts are known. The roads against which the rate reduction was ordered are the Philadelphia & Reading Railway, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Erie and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The Reading carries most of the tonnage, but the D. L. & W. also has a profitable anthracite business, so much so that it was able to pay a 100 per cent dividend a few years ago. There are, of course, other roads interested in hard coal hauling, as for instance the Delaware & Hudson. The decision did not apply to them because no part of their haul comes to Philadelphia. If it had been enforced against the other roads it would have been only a question of time until other communities—New York, New England and the Middle West, for instance—appealed for similar reductions against these other roads.

Two men who took part in the fight against the railroads are dead now. One of them was Major Ward W. Pierson, attorney, who was killed on the American front in France two days before the Armistice was signed. The other was Harry E. Bellis, a rate expert. The third, Harold S. Shertz, law partner of Major Pierson, is still an active opponent of high freight rates. If the Federal commission which has recommended the reduction of the rates on hard coal gets to the point of looking at his evidence no doubt it will be able to find more than the reasons given above for its recommendations. But Federal commissions which investigate hard coal have always developed the habit of making their surveys more or less under the supervision of the operators, who insist that the matter of railroad rates is something with which they have nothing to do. Men acquainted with actual conditions, on the other hand, insist that the railroads still control anthracite production to as great an extent as they ever did.

Tariff Most Important

IF FREIGHT rates can be reduced the consumer may hope to get reductions elsewhere all along the line. The possibilities of such reductions may be found in the annual reports of almost any of the big anthracite railroads and operating companies. Evidence also crops up in the news from time to time. Not long ago a row developed that made it possible to get the president of a colliery on the witness stand before a Federal judge at Sunbury, Pennsylvania. He testified under oath that he paid $750,000 for his mine three and a half years ago. He borrowed $725,000 from another millionaire operator. In the first year and a half the colliery earned $1,500,000. Within the three years the operator paid off his loan of $725,000. He also paid, to the man from whom he had borrowed that amount, $400,000 in commissions as coal sales agent. The agent, needless to say, never saw any of the coal and never actually handled any of it.

The question of rates, however, is far more important in many respects than that of colliery profits. Even in districts where anthracite is not generally used, the anthracite freight rate to other points is of some importance. A high rate on anthracite makes it possible for the railroads to argue for equally high rates on bituminous coal. The differences between the rates are still marked, although not so much so as nine years ago. It has been pointed out that the United States Coal Commission finds anthracite cheaper to handle than soft coal. Yet when the rate battle was started it was shown that some railroads were carrying soft coal to tidewater distances, ranging up to 600 miles, at a rate no higher than that charged by other roads for hauling hard coal 100 miles. The freight rate on soft coal may be taken as an indication of how cheaply it may be hauled and still show a profit. If anthracite freight rates are permitted to remain high it is only a question of time until the soft coal rates are brought up to the same level, and in some cases that has already been done.

Rail Control the Evil

OTHER conditions in the soft coal fields also may be affected by anthracite. It will be recalled that the agreement under which the hard coal strike was settled expires September 1 next. Miners already have indicated a willingness to avoid a strike, having abandoned the demands made last year. They are to meet soon to formulate new demands, the chief of which will be for a universal eight-hour day. In event that a settlement is not reached and the hard coal mines are closed September 1, it becomes obvious that the soft coal producers can get more for their output, and can get a greater output by many millions of tons. If citizens are to bring any pressure to bear on governmental officials to avert another strike and to force reductions of last winter's prices, the time to begin is now. It will be too late if they wait until after the coal commission has made its final report. That report, under the instructions given the commission, must be made before July 1 of this year. A general convention of all the anthracite union leaders will be held in Scranton, beginning June 26.

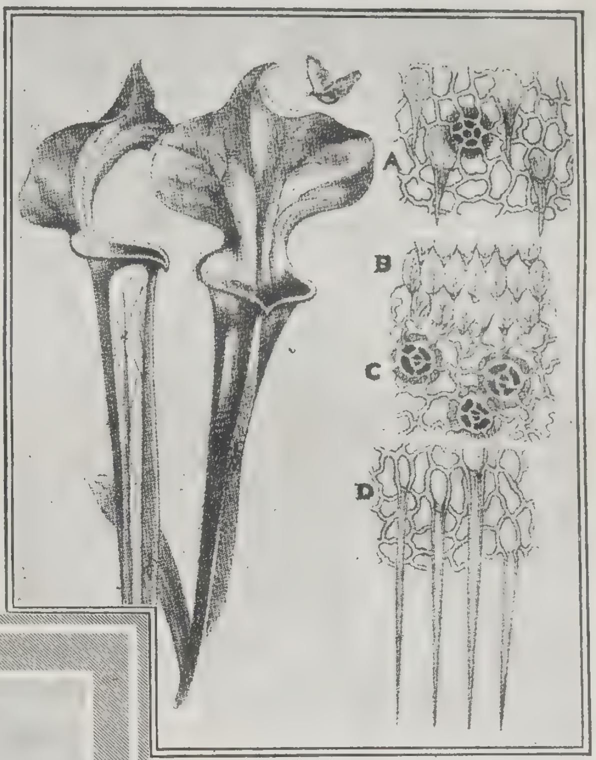
The miners know better than any other class the full extent of railroad control of coal production. Again and again the workers in the mines have insisted that this is the basic evil of the industry, and at all times they have been willing to help in any public movement to break the grip of the railroad monopoly of hard coal, and to prevent the establishment of a similar combination in the bituminous fields. Attacks on hard coal freight rates based on the facts found in Pennsylvania and on those more recently brought to light by the coal commission cannot fail to have some effect on the price of coal next winter, if that effect turns out to be only prevention of another increase.

International Science Briefs

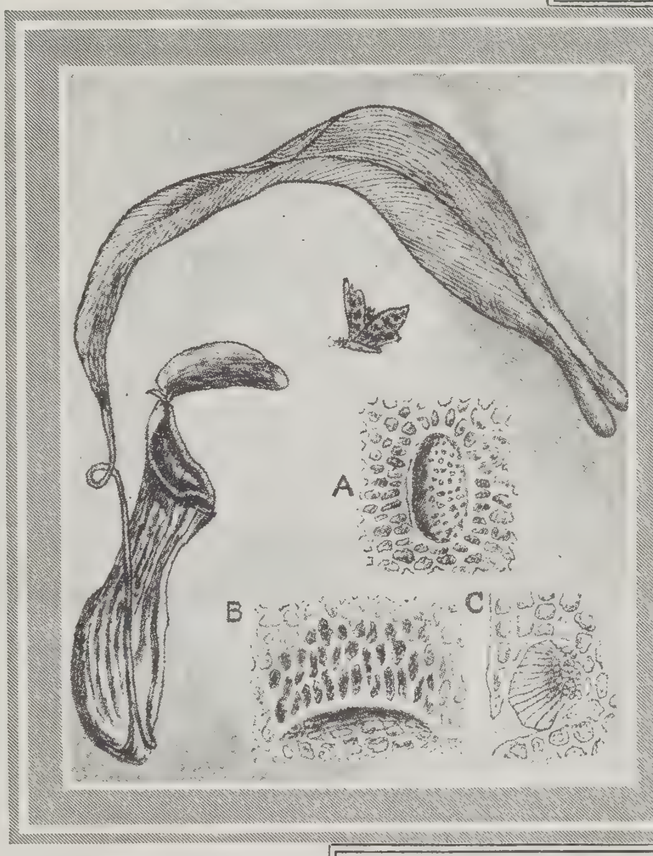
By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Meat-eating Plants—Myth or Fact?

IN A recent article which appeared in the Swedish scientific journal, *Vetenskapen Och Livet,* Dr. R. Dubois, professor of physiology at the University of Lyon, discussed the question of meat-eating plants. Strange stories have reached us from foreign lands concerning plants and trees possessing well-developed carnivorous tendencies. Not long ago a Central American explorer, in a lecture, stated that in the great lakes of Nicaragua an awe-inspiring tree grows. It seems to thrive on flesh and it is equipped with numerous suction-mouths that are generally closed but which open to receive nourishment. According to this explorer, whenever an animal comes in contact with the tentacles of this terrible tree the suction-mouths begin to operate and gradually extract the blood from the animal. When this operation is completed this carnivorous tree devours the flesh. The remaining skeleton is then cast aside by the uncanny being thus making room for the next victim. The "Baron Munchausen" of Central America tried to remove the "hearsay evidence" feature of his gruesome yarn by relating that one of these trees captured his dog. In vainly trying to rescue the animal, the explorer came into contact with the horrible tentacles of the monster tree with the dire result that portions of flesh from his hands and legs were literally torn loose by the "devil-tree." It is unfortunate that our valorous explorer lost his camera during his set-to with the tree. Subsequent search failed to reveal the slightest trace of the missing camera, and the gentleman, "lately from Nicaragua," came to the conclusion that it was spitefully devoured by the meat-eating tree. The unfortunate loss of the camera prevented the explorer from bringing back photographs of the monster tree. Sketches from memory, however, have been reproduced in certain pseudo-scientific publications. So much for the mythical, and now for facts. Professor Dubois points out in his article that the French biologist, Claude Bernard, was the father of the modern "general biology." One of the fundamental tenets of this science is that, "the same biological laws hold good both in the plant and the animal world. The life mechanism and life's hidden motor principles are fundamentally alike in both." The sharp demarcations, which previously existed in the study of the various objects and living things found in nature, have disappeared. In certain scientific quarters this law has given a new impetus to the hypothesis that some plants actually consume meat by essentially the same mechanical and physiological processes that are used by animals. The notion that meat-eating plants actually exist is not new. The English botanist Ellis, in the year 1768, sent a specimen of the fly-catching plant *Dionaea* to the great Swedish botanist, Karl Von Linne. It is a well-known fact that the leaves of the *Dionaea* close when insects alight on their upper surface. Linne, however, did not believe that this plant lived on insects as did Darwin and his followers in more recent years. The Darwinians were fascinated by this subject, and Darwin's book, *Insectivorous Plants,* became a greatly celebrated monograph. Critical experiments are lamentably lacking in this work. Moreover, in Darwin's time, bacteriology was almost unknown, and only scant information concerning the chemistry of digestion was available.

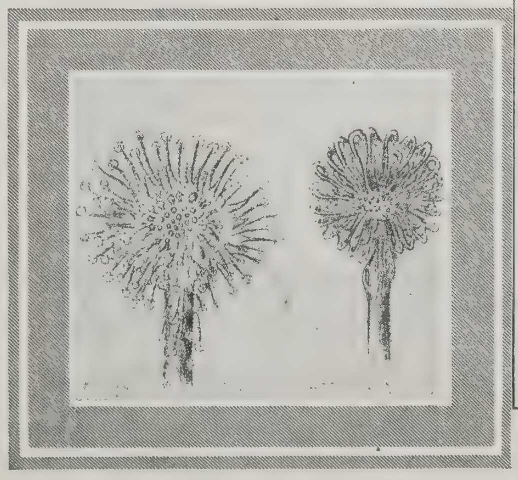


Urn of Sarracenia Purpurea Plant. **When insect approaches the urn it is enticed by honey-glands *A* downward into interior. Glands *C* guide insect to region of bristles *D* which prevent insect's escape from urn.**

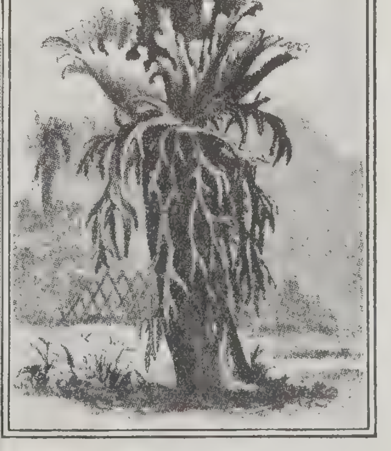


Urn of Nepenthes Distillatoria Plant. **On inner side of lid there are honey-glands *A*, that entice insect into urn, on whose inner wall there are glands *B* and *C*, which give off a clear liquid.**

The followers of Darwin claimed many new discoveries in the realm of meat-eating plants. Recent investigations have shown that it would have been more in keeping with the proverbial caution of science if these enthusiasts had spoken of their discoveries as types of *insect-capturing plants* instead of insect or meat-eating plants. Dr. Dubois's careful investigations, extending over a considerable period of time, have exploded the meat-eating plant myth of the Darwinians beyond resurrection.



Gland-hairs of the Drosera-leaf. **At left—Outstanding before irritation. At right—Closed after irritation toward source.**



Epiphyte Plant of South America. **This plant clings to the trunk of a tree which serves only as its support. It has no roots in the tree-trunk but derives its moisture from the air.**

The plant *Drosera* was the object of much early investigation which led to the conclusion that certain plants actually eat insects. This peculiar plant is provided with projecting hairs capable of emitting a glue-like secretion from their enlarged and bulb-like ends. Whenever the surface of a *Drosera* leaf is irritated by contact with an object, animate or inanimate, then the hairs bend toward and close over the irritating object. At the same time the glue-like secretion flows over the object. If an insect is caught in the hair-like tentacles of the *Drosera* leaf it soon becomes securely fastened within the leaf by the glue-like secretion. Death and disintegration inevitably follow. Professor Dubois has conducted many observations of the activities of the *Drosera* plant. "In vain," he states, "have I made numerous experiments to prove that the *Drosera* plant's victim dissolves in the same manner that an oyster does in our stomach."

The important rôle played by *enzymes* in the process of digestion is well known at the present time. An *enzyme* is a soluble ferment or organic compound which can transform or dissolve other compounds without undergoing permanent change in its own nature. Two important *enzymes* found in the stomach juices and in the intestines are *pepsin* and *trypsin.* Dr. Dubois has not discovered the presence of either in the glue-like secretion given out by the *Drosera* leaves. *Peptone,* another solvent present during digestion, could not be isolated from the *Drosera* secretion.

Professor Dubois, however, discovered various types of microbes and ferments in the body of the victim in sufficient quantities to cause its rapid disintegration. His researches also show conclusively that the microbes do not serve to make the *enzymes* active, as is held by some advocates of the *carnivorous plant theory* for the sufficient reason that the *Drosera* secretion contains no *enzymes.*

Another curious insect-capturing plant is the *Nepenthes Distillatoria.* Urn-like attachments are suspended from the extremities of its leaves. A lid opens and closes over the opening of the urn. The interior contains water together with a sweet liquid which attracts insects when the lid is open. In this substance they soon drown. The *Sarracenia Purpurea* plant is of the same general type as the *Nepenthes Distillatoria.* Professor Dubois's test upon these and many other alleged meat-eating plants have shown nothing but negative results. Microbes and ferments are the cause of the disintegration, and not animal digestion. Therefore, it is evident that meat-eating plants must be relegated to the realm of mythology.

An epiphyte plant is one which is attached to another plant in merely a mechanical manner and without any physiological connection. This type of plant derives its food from the air and does not extract nutrition from the plant which serves as its mechanical support. In the tropical countries many tree trunks are covered with various types of epiphyte plants.

Schimper has made an exhaustive study of these curious plants. Of the various classes designated by Schimper the so-called *cistern epiphytes* are the best examples of true epiphytes since the roots are used only for the purpose of holding fast to the supporting tree or plant and the leaves attend to the absorption of nutrition.

Many curious and weird stories have been told about the epiphyte plants. Most of them have no more factual foundation than the yarn spun by the traveler from Nicaragua.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A prominent American woman is making it possible for six British students to enter universities in the United States every year. She has founded scholarships at Princeton, Harvard and Yale for students at Oxford and Cambridge. It is to be hoped that the time soon will come when it will be possible to arrange exchange of students with all the enlightened nations of the world.

Grandfather clocks are being made by old established firms at Furtwangen and Lenskirch in the Black Forest of Germany.

Constantinople is said to be the noisiest city in the world. At frequent intervals night watchmen armed with long thick clubs beat heavily upon the stones of the street. Cats, dogs and wandering drunks make it almost impossible to sleep. Just before daybreak an army of food peddlers begins to fill the air with their clamor.

A "round robin" is a petition signed by a number of persons in circular form. By placing the signatures in a circle, undue prominence to any particular person is avoided.

The ancient game of polo had an illustrious history in the East before the British Army carried it home from India and made it fashionable in the British Isles and America. About A. D., 600, polo, which had traveled from Persia to Turkestan and Tibet, became popular with the Chinese where the women played as well as the men.

Character records are to be kept by Ripon College in Wisconsin to enable the college to carry out its plan of limiting student attendance to 500. It will be used as a basis of recommendation of the students in the varied activities of life. Good habits, loyalty, industry, initiative, good manners, respect for law and property value, good campus citizenship, and general good behavior will be credited to the student.

A Kentucky mountain girl, crippled with infantile paralysis, crawled on her hands and knees to school over a mountain more than a mile and a half away. The sharp rocks, despite pads, cut her knees so she could not make the trip more than a few times. A Louisville physician heard of the case and taking her to the city he operated on her. By breaking and resetting the bones in her legs he made it possible for her to walk in a year's time. She learned to read and write in the hospital and was taken to Berea College to finish her education. A man whose name is withheld deposited $1,000 to her credit in a Louisville bank.

The Japanese tallow tree bears nuts containing a rich tallow-like oil that is very valuable and is used in the manufacture of high-grade varnishes. Experiments carried out in the lower Rio Grande Valley prove the tree can be grown there.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

For the first time in history a woman has appeared on the floor of the Amsterdam Stock Exchange. She represents an Amsterdam firm of brokers.

To indicate historic spots on highways and roads in Quebec province, the Historical Monument Commission will install ornamental posts carrying a large maple leaf, on which, in English and French, the historical points will be mentioned. Should the government accede, the installation of these posts will be started this summer.

One hundred and fifty families are to be brought into British Columbia and settled under private enterprise in the valleys east and southeast of Fort George.

The Pike's Peak Turkey Growers' Association is an organization of women which embraces El Paso County, Colorado. Only a year old it already is doing a big business, shipping dry-picked turkeys in car lots. The association meets monthly and studies breeds, raising, marketing, and is purely co-operative.

The price of bread in Paris and the Seine Department is the highest that has been known since the siege of Paris in 1870. Bread is the chief foodstuff of the French population.

A rogues' gallery of insects is being organized by the American Nature Association in Washington. The pests are to be identified and information as to their migrations gathered together with the best methods of opposing them. Such insects as the Hessian fly and the boll weevil will no doubt head the list of undesirables.

Emmet Dalton, the last of the famous Dalton brothers' gang which terrorized the West a generation ago, says, "A dollar honestly earned is worth $10,000 obtained by fraudulent means." He spent 14 years in prison to expiate his crimes. He is a resident of Los Angeles.

The I. W. W. were on strike in Oregon and Washington during the latter part of April. The leaders of the organization told the men to stay away from booze during the strike. City officials were requested to "clean up" and when they failed to do so the direct-action squads of the striking I. W. W. swept through Seattle, Portland and Tacoma and, aided by the police department in some instances, cleaned out gambling dens, lottery joints and saloons. Proprietors of the establishments were warned not to open again under pain of more severe measures.

Steam heating in England is scarcely known. Even in the large hotels a guest wanting heat lights his own fire and pays the management from 50 cents to $1 for the privilege.

The population of Canada is about equally divided between city dwellers and country dwellers. The total urban population is given as 4,352,773 and the total rural population 4,435,710. In Prince Edward Island and Saskatchewan the rural population runs about seventy-five per cent of the whole.

The Moscow Conservatorium orchestra has played Beethoven's "Eroika" without a conductor. The Russian papers say that it was a great success.

Dartmouth College has determined not to accept more than 2,000 students. A limit of 550 is set for the freshman class. An attempt is being made to get a wide geographical distribution of students. Dartmouth wants a national, not a sectional college; a college of many groups, not of one type—a microcosm of the national life.

Raising queen bees brings a Calallen, Texas, man an annual revenue of more than $50,000, most of which is clear profit. Breeding queen bees is done partly by artificial means. He figures on obtaining about 100 queens from every hive of 2,000 to 3,000 working bees, instead of only one queen. Queen bees bring from $1 to $2.75 each.

A Reval bank has transferred $125,000 from Moscow Soviet State Bank to Berlin, consigned to M. Bronstein from L. Trotsky, Soviet war minister, according to press announcements.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

No Indian, No Automobile—But Wait!

An Important Part of Motor Industry in Hands of Savages, and It Should Not Be

By LUTHER BURBANK

AN IMPORTANT part of the automobile business is still in the hands of semi-savages, who perform their tasks ignorantly, unscientifically and wastefully.

Engineers design the motors and erect the plants in which wonderful cars are built that would be worthless without rubber tires.

Indians and other half-savage peoples gather the crude rubber from which tires are made.

This would not much matter if nature had created the best possible kinds of rubber trees and the Indians knew enough not to kill them.

Indians often tap rubber trees until the trees bleed to death or are permanently injured as rubber-producers. A tree should have some rest between drains on its vitality; and if nature has produced a rubber tree that man cannot improve, it is the very first instance of the kind of which I have ever heard.

Man has improved every fruit, flower and grain that is now important to him.

Whatever grows in the wild state is likely to be pretty poor from the point of view of man's needs and desires.

The wild cherry was nothing until man made it something.

The wild potato was almost poisonous; it was ill-shaped, nonproductive and in no way adapted for use as food for civilized human beings.

Wild corn was but a grass with exceedingly hard, small, insignificant kernels.

The wild banana was but a solid bunch of flinty seeds.

The wild orange was so poor that it could not today be sold at any price.

Man has improved even the wild cucumber, which, as nature sent it forth, was unfit for food.

Nature has never produced anything that man has not been able to improve, says Luther Burbank in this important article urging experimentation with rubber.

This applies to thousands of other trees, shrubs, plants, grains, fruits and flowers.

Nature has not made an exception in the rubber tree; she has not produced a tree that man cannot improve.

A rubber tree can be produced in ten or twenty years that will yield more and better rubber than any tree that now grows on this earth.

I know this can be done because I know that the same natural laws rule in the jungle that prevail in the United States where I have worked for 60 years.

It is not that Man is wiser than Nature. Man merely has the advantage of knowing what he wants. That rubber trees can be developed that will produce more and better rubber is as certain as that natural laws operate everywhere, all the time, in the same way.

Rubber is obtained from a number of trees, vines and shrubs. Our common milkweeds produce a milk almost exactly resembling the latex produced by the various plants from which rubber is obtained, but the milkweed is too small to be of any commercial use, and the milk contains but a slight trace of rubber. It gives, however, a very good idea of the appearance of the rubber-producing latex, or milk.

Most of the rubber used in America comes from the valley of the Amazon, wild trees furnishing the bulk of the supply. The task of tapping the trees and gathering the latex is performed, almost wholly, by native Indians.

There are numerous rubber-producing plants in Central Africa, Mexico, the East Indies and even in the southwestern part of the United States where the guayale shrub grows spontaneously in some of the semi-desert areas. This shrub is also cultivated in California and Northern Mexico for the production of rubber. The rubber produced by the guayale plant is not so good as Brazilian rubber, but it is nevertheless suitable for use in various articles.

The best of all rubber, generally known as Para rubber, comes from the hevea tree which grows wild in Brazil. The usual method of obtaining this rubber is by making V-shaped slits with a sharp instrument along the sides of the trees. These slits converge at a point one above another so that the slowly exuding latex or milk flows into small cups attached to the trees. The average yield of a rubber tree, when thus tapped, is about two ounces of latex a day, one-third of the bulk of which is pure rubber. Curiously enough, if the latex be permitted to stand, the rubber arises to its surface as cream does upon a pan of cow's milk.

The average rubber tree produces ten pounds of pure rubber each year. It is not as simple, however, to gather the rubber as it is to skim the cream from a pan of milk. The latex is collected in buckets and brought into camp in almost exactly the ancient methods that have always been employed by the Indians. This is done by burning certain woods and nuts that make a smudge. A paddle is dipped into the latex, held over a slow, smoking fire, and as the latex evaporates a thin coating of rubber is left on the paddle. This process is repeated time and again until the paddle is heavily coated with fairly pure rubber. The rubber is then slitted from the paddle and is ready for the market where it is known as crude rubber. Generally it is the custom to plant a rubber tree or two wherever one in the primeval forest has been destroyed,

The rubber tree has, by selection, been improved to some extent, but not to one-hundredth part of its capacity for improvement. All individual plants growing on this earth have slight differences in their growth and capacity for producing substances valuable for the use of man. The longer plants are cultivated by man, and especially under varying circumstances, the more new varieties appear.

Even in its wild state, the rubber plant is quite variable, not only in its growth, but in its capacity to produce latex and the proportion of rubber in the latex.

By careful scientific selection from a large number of seedling trees, new varieties of superior excellence could be selected quickly. Among the seedlings of these best growers and producers still greater variations of importance are absolutely certain to appear. Thus, step by step, the rubber plant of the future will be produced.

This will require such patience and application as few men under government employ are willing to give or capable of giving, yet this work is altogether too expensive for an individual to expect to obtain from it reasonable remuneration.

It is wholly impossible for me to visit the tropics or to leave my home experiments under any circumstances whatever; but if I were commissioned to improve the rubber plant, I should first make a very comprehensive search for the best individual, all-around plant that could be found.

From this plant I would raise a great number of seedlings, and after two to five years' growth, make a few selections from the large number raised.

I would scientifically test their individual capacities, and from one or more—not many—would endeavor to hasten seed-production, so that the next grand step in selection might be available as soon as possible.

This process would be repeated, again and again, until the desired result was obtained. The same methods made the sugar beet what it is. The best sugar beet used to produce only six per cent of sugar. It now produces from twenty to thirty-six per cent.

The rubber tree cannot, perhaps, be improved as rapidly as the annual beet, or at as little expense, but the result is certain. If the demand for rubber continues to increase, it will very soon be necessary to improve the rubber tree.

In a way, it seems strange that so little has yet been done along this line. So much attention has been paid to improving the quality and decreasing the cost of every other part of the automobile. The best brains obtainable have been employed to produce the required qualities of steel, to design the most efficient motors and to extract more and more of the valuable elements of coal, but the crude rubber business has been left in the hands of semi-savages, notwithstanding the fact that without rubber tires an automobile would not be worth much. The Germans, during the war, made tires of springs, but they went back to rubber as soon as they could get it.

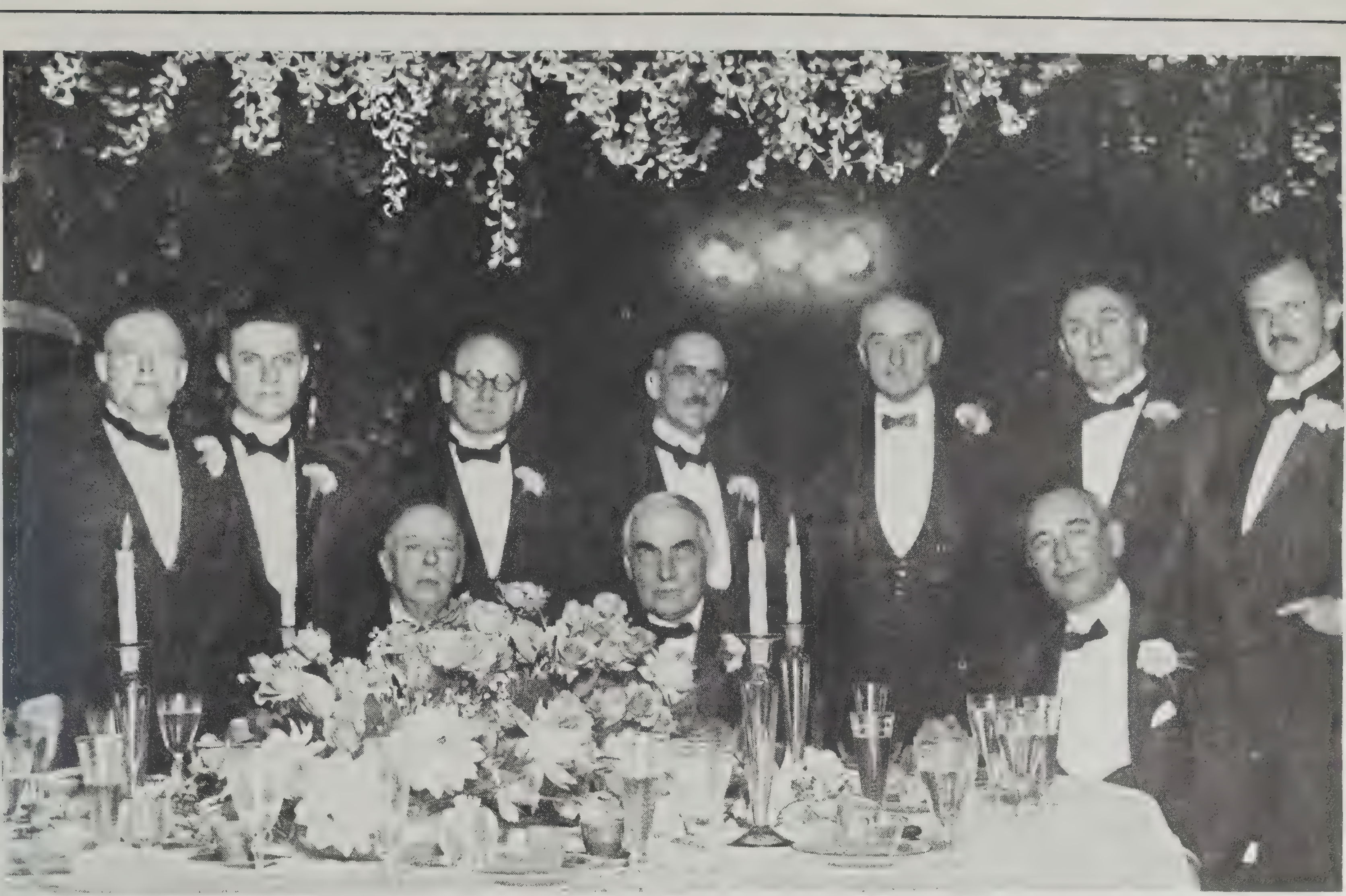
But industry usually goes ahead on one foot. Pressing tasks are performed first. Wild rubber trees were numerous enough and productive enough to meet the requirements of the automobile industry for a while, even when Indians tapped the trees and gathered the latex. But a wild rubber tree is as much an absurdity in a civilized community as a wild apple tree. It will be compelled to give way to a better tree.

Trees, shrubs, plants, grains and flowers can be led along any reasonable line of development. It would not be reasonable to expect a tropical tree or plant to live if quickly transported to a temperate or arctic climate, but if a yellow flower, for example, has a tinge of red in it, the whole flower can be turned red. I once developed a walnut tree, all the limbs and branches of which lay flat on the ground. I produced a walnut tree that grew at tremendous speed. The ordinary walnut tree adds each year a circle of wood about as thick as a thin sheet of pasteboard. The tree which I have adds a circle of wood an inch thick each year. This was accomplished by crossing a California walnut tree with an English walnut. The California walnut, accustomed to a dry climate, sends its roots deep into the ground. The English walnut, accustomed to a moist climate, has no need to go deep, but spreads its roots over a great area. The tree thus developed combined these tendencies, sending its roots both deep and over a great area. Of course this result was not obtained immediately by crossing the two species. It was necessary to make many thousands of selections through a long series of years to get this wonderful tree, which can now be multiplied to any extent desired.

A wealthy Japanese silk grower and dealer visited me a few years ago and commissioned me to produce a mulberry tree, the leaves of which should be of increased size. In three years I had a tree bearing leaves five or six times as large as the largest mulberry leaves hitherto known. Inasmuch as the silk industry is based upon what the silkworm can eat from the leaves of a mulberry tree this was something like multiplying by five or six the acreage of Japan and all other countries that are suitable for mulberry tree culture. This will be the effect, at any rate, when the new mulberry tree has displaced all of the old mulberry trees.

As necessity compels us to do so, we shall more and more develop trees, plants, grains and fruits to serve particular purposes. We shall produce, for instance, rapidly growing trees for conversion into pulp from which paper is made. Printing presses are eating up our forests. It is not likely that the presses will stop, nor is it more likely that trees, left to themselves, will increase the speed of their growth. But man can develop trees suitable for paper-making that will grow to suitable size relatively quickly.

Mr. Edison has framed in his office a quotation from somebody to the effect that "Man will resort to almost any expedient to avoid the pain of thinking." That is largely true. It may therefore be a good thing for the world that British interests have monopolized the supplies of crude rubber and increased prices in a manner that is more or less alarming. As a result, in a few years, we shall probably have better rubber trees, more rubber and better rubber.



"The decorations were costly." The banquet at the Hotel Hamilton, Washington, D. C. (C) Int. Newsreel Corp.
Standing, left to right—Commissioner F. I. Thompson; Asst. to chairman, Ralph Sollitt; Commissioners Meyer Lissner, E. C. Plummer, W. S. Benson, T. V. O'Connor; the new chairman, E. P. Farley.
Sitting, left to right—Commissioner George E. Chamberlain; President Harding; the retiring chairman, Albert D. Lasker.

A Modern Disraeli

By a Washingtonian

"And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
"The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door!
"'You know how little while we have to stay,
"'And, once departed, may return no more!'"

—*Omar Khayyam.*

"ALTHOUGH the party was small, the decorations were costly, these and the favors alone costing more than $1,000. When the guests stepped from the elevator they found themselves in a small bower bordered with cedars that lead into a reception room, the walls of which were hidden by latticework intertwined with quantities of pink rambler roses. Banked about the walls were palms, ferns and hydrangeas, in great abundance.

"The chandeliers were hidden under arrangements of rambler roses and other flowers, while in the center of the room was a huge earthen jar filled with American Beauty roses. Banked about the bottom of the jar were ferns and hydrangeas.

"The table was spread in the adjoining room, which was converted into a rose garden, with walls and ceilings entirely hidden by lattice, covered with wistaria. The corners were banked with cedars, palms and ferns amid hydrangeas, while soft moss covered the floor.

"All around the table was a formal flower garden with blooming hydrangeas, peonies and other early summer flowers and ferns, while an electric fountain played in one corner of the garden.

"Tiny amber and blue lights twinkled through the rose canopy overhead, giving the effect of a starlit sky.

"The table itself was one solid mass, from center to handsome dinner plates, of pink roses and pond lilies.

"Flitting about were servants garbed in quaint colonial costumes of white silk with lace frills and silk stockings, all made specially for the party."

Make Way! Make Way! Disraeli Comes—
And Oh, Yes! the President Too!

THUS runs the newspaper account of a party at the Hotel Hamilton, in Washington, D. C., the night of June 15.

"Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
"Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
"And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
"Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away."

But nobody was thinking of those lines from the Rubaiyat.

And as one gazes at the photograph of that party, the dark liquid in some of the old-fashioned wine glasses, the water showing white in some of the others, one wonders if it was grape juice served in the glasses which recalls the memories of other days—for grape juice photographs black, too, or whether in the words of the Rubaiyat—

"—David's lips are lockt; but in divine
"High-piping Pehlevi, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!
"'Red Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to the rose
"That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine."

But nobody tells what was in the glasses except the photograph—and it isn't specific.

Who were the bride, the groom, you ask, the bridesmaids and the best man?

Oh, no, this was not a wedding party at all, albeit the description of it reads like a marriage banquet in high society.

There was no blushing bride—instead there was the modest, blushing Albert D. Lasker, Modern Disraeli, Chicago advertising agent, Chairman of the Shipping Board, just turning over his gavel to his successor "who will carry out my plans," Edward P. Farley.

Instead of the nervous groom, there was the President of these United States, Warren G. Harding, paying adulation to the advertising agent and self-styled "business man" from Chicago, Lasker.

The Modern Disraeli, foregoing the oddities of dress, the lace, the frills, the knee breeches and silken hose of his famous forerunner, turned instead to the exotic flowers, ultra-extravagant foliage, cedars (were they Cedars of Lebanon?) and playing fountains. But the lace, the frills, the knee breeches and the silken hose had to be somewhere in the picture, so the waiters wore them.

Here was no queen receiving the adoration of her Disraeli, the while her worried lords are being slowly but surely edged from their places in her heart and confidence by the wily trafficker in soft words and flattering phrases of undying devotion to her cause.

But—

There was Warren G. Harding, President of these United States, lauding the Modern Disraeli, and in turn being flattered by him, while Harry Daugherty, broken in body, disconsolate in mind, abandoned, and Herbert Hoover, disgruntled, fearful perhaps, disappointed certainly, and the others—were where? Not at this Jamshyd's feast of the Seven-ring'd Cup wherein the destiny of the Seven Heavens, the Seven Planets and the Seven Seas was but darkly hinted at.

Now read a little further account of this feast of riotous oriental splendor under the lotus blossoms.

"Directing his remarks to Mr. Lasker, President Harding said:

"'Mr. Lasker has insisted that he should retire. I say to you frankly that it was with very great reluctance and after repeatedly and sincerely requesting him to remain, that I consented to his retirement.'"

Again, in the words of the Tentmaker, it would seem that—

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
"A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
"Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
"Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"—would be about it.

And how vividly does that recall to those who know those earlier days at Wardman Park Inn when twice a day at least the booming voice of the Modern Disraeli would order his coachman—or was it the chauffeur—"To the White House!" while great and near-great ladies and gentlemen looked at one another in wonderment—and at Mr. Lasker in awe.

A Rebuke for the Faithful Daugherty;
An Advertising Agent "Sells" Second Term

APPARENTLY the President's heart was broken over the bereavement in his official family. The while the shrinking, modest Modern Disraeli, advertising agent from Chicago, "shrunk" a little more as his countenance was o'erspread by the pink of sweet confusion—or was it glee over the success of his Disraelian wooing of a President of these United States?

The modest Mr. Lasker, recovering his composure, was able to rise to his feet, and, blushing the more furiously because of the open admiration showing in the eyes of the President, the members of the Shipping Board, the new chairman, Farley, the secretary of the White House, Christian—queer name, that, at this feast—and the other adoring ones, the Modern Disraeli was able to say:

"I don't see any hope for Americans in the future without a merchant marine. It isn't much of an honor in the eyes of the public to be on the Shipping Board. But there is no job in the country I could ever hold higher. It was the greatest

(Concluded on page 12)

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2. Give both old and new address.
3. Write clearly.

Whither Bound?

UNCLE SAM counted noses in 1920. The facts of the count are now available, and they are an interesting commentary on the present-day scheme of things.

Partially owing to the effects of the war, the tendency is decidedly to concentrate in the cities. Fully one-third of the counties have lost population, and this population is more than accounted for by the enormous increases in the cities. The western migration is also effectually supplanted by this mad rush to industrial centers.

The overwhelming number of women engaged in industrial pursuits, as wage-earners, is a new situation in the annals of the world. A century ago practically no women were employed in any work other than domestic service.

Increase of Negro population is 6.5 per cent, the lowest increase so far recorded. In the North, Negro deaths outnumber births, whereas in the South, except in the Southern cities, the reverse is the case.

Statistics indicate that the American Indian will become extinct at no far distant date except where this is averted by intermarriage, in which case Indian tribal relations and customs will disappear.

Japanese and Hawaiian immigrations show an arrested increase.

Whether these changes are for better or for worse is yet in the realm of the vast unknown, but it is mighty well worth watching.

Bankers Criticize Reserve System

WHEN, some years ago, Paul M. Warburg remarked that, while the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 contemplated something vastly different, the Federal Reserve Board had been able, through its administration, to make of the system what he, its originator, had intended, he spoke by the card.

With business approaching normality, with commerce and industry less dependent on credit, with banking profits consequently decreasing, there is an increasing protest against the subversion of the intent of the law and the autocratic power of the Board.

Under the significant title, "Federal Reserve System of Banks, or Government Banks?" Charles de B. Claiborne contributes to the June 1 issue of *Banker and Financier,* a virile paper which is unmatched in its criticism of the system by any so far offered from outside the pale.

Mr. Claiborne is vice-president of the Whitney-Central National Bank of New Orleans, and chairman of the "Committee of Five" of the American Bankers' Association. No further evidence of his representative character and high standing is necessary.

Mr. Claiborne launches his attack:

> "The great question before the American banker and business man today is 'Do we want a Federal Reserve system in strict compliance with the intents and purposes of the Federal Reserve Act as adopted and passed in 1913, or do we want a system of Federal Reserve or Government-owned and operated banks?'"

Theoretically owned by the stockholders, the member banks, Federal Reserve Banks, declares Mr. Claiborne, are controlled and dominated by the Federal Reserve Board, which easily makes all the regional banks mere branches of the central authority at Washington. He says:

"We might as well face the situation as it is and be honest about it, and tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. The time for evasion and dealing with technicalities has passed. We must have unanimity of opinion and action with regard to our Federal banking system. A system whereof less than one-third of the thirty-two thousand banks of the country are members will not give us the necessary efficient and financial machinery the present Federal Reserve Act was intended to give. We may investigate why more banks have not joined the system, and Congress may appoint a committee to look into the causes why there are so few members, but the small membership itself tells more than any man or set of men can hope to explain or justify."

But for the forced and violent conscription of all National Banks into the system, Mr. Claiborne avers, less than ten per cent of the banks of the country would now be members of the system. There must be more than one reason for this, more than a fear of the autocracy of the central authority, and the fact demonstrates that the chief reason is the system is not functioning as it should.

The sole excuse for the system, and the theory advanced to secure its establishment, was the creation of an agency with power to "expand and contract the currency" to meet the demands of business. It was not intended to establish a system of government banks, according to the essayist, who follows with praise of the old National Bank system as an institution of proved worth.

The remainder of Mr. Claiborne's article is an elaboration of the criticism in which are detailed several instances of unwarranted abuse of the power assumed by the Federal Reserve Board, and needs no comment.

The President En Tour

PRESIDENT HARDING in his swing across the continent has been accorded a fine personal reception marked by the customary respect of the American people for the Chief Magistrate of the nation. But if reports of discerning observers are to be credited, the President is feeling more than ever before his inability to convince the mind of the people that he holds the solution of any of their problems. In fact—and this is the bottom fact—the President is not himself convinced that he holds the solution. He is *not* convinced. He feels in himself a lack of knowledge which all his advisors have been unable to supply, and he feels in himself a lack of personal power. Be this said to his credit—he is too honest a man to pretend that he believes he possesses personal powers which he knows he does not. That is to say, in common slang, the President does not put on a "front."

The outward and visible sign of all this is the fact that the personal reception given to the President was most cordial, but when he began to expound his ideas (which may hardly be said to be his ideas, but those of an equally incompetent group around him) dead silence fell on the assemblages. As this is being written, only once did the President rouse his auditors to applause and that was when he stated that he was as much against the League of Nations as he was when a Senator. That statement was applauded, as doubtless it would be in most political audiences in any part of the country. Even that applause cannot be credited to the approval account of any of the President's policies, because the League of Nations is not an issue in this campaign. But the President's World Court plan is an issue, and when he proposed that there was no response.

The silence was not the silence of an assemblage thinking. It was the silence of those who instinctively felt that the right key had not been found. The mind of the people will know the moment the right thing is said. It becomes more and more apparent that that right word, that right key has not been committed to Mr. Harding. He is serving through a period when, possibly, it was destined that nothing should be done. If Providence, foreseeing a fallow period, chose one who would not be required to initiate the planting of the new harvest, Mr. Harding was an excellent choice. And this comes near to being Mr. Harding's personal feeling about it. He does not talk of anything new. He feels within himself that the new period of the country will not begin with him. He would have been very content to have gone on without proposing to the nation his plans for a World Court or for the grouping of the railroads, but his advisors insistently dinned into his soul that something had to be provided for talking effect in the next campaign. And so these several policies were concocted out of several sets of ideas and according to the minds of several sets of political advisors. If the President seems somewhat wearily to lend himself as their mouthpiece it is only the natural feeling of a man whose whole heart and conviction is not in what he advocates. In a way it is sympathy that Mr. Harding deserves rather than censure.

Another Woman Speaks Out

THE women writers of the country are braver than the male masters of the pen in discussing the alien racial influences which endanger the character and ideals upon which this republic is founded. The reason for this may be that moral courage in women is seldom even temporarily inhibited by prudential considerations. Of course, there are also the publishers, who are males, without whom the women writers could not get very far with their work, and the publishers' willingness to broadcast the brave utterances of the women writers is to be accounted for probably by the fact that the women writers have handled the question better than have most male writers, with fewer if's and and's, without apology or straddling, and with a full appreciation of the facts.

In the March, 1922, number of *The Bookman,* Gertrude Atherton had an article on "The Alpine School of Fiction" which described the alien influence in our literature. In the January, 1923, number of *Harper's Magazine,* Katherine Fullerton Gerould had an article entitled "Freedom in 'The Land of the Free'" in which she described the break-up in American unity of thought and actually used the word Jew. And now in *The Bookman,* June, 1923, comes an article by Mary Austin on "Sex in Literature." These three articles should be bound together and scattered over the country; certainly they should be secured and read and studied by every American who wishes to understand what has occurred in this country.

The latest of the group, Mary Austin, traces (as did Gertrude Atherton) the whole difficulty to racial sources. The rise of the sex motif in our literature she traces to the influx of people from Eastern and Central Europe. She discusses the Jewish mind with entire accuracy, not denouncing but analyzing it and in some respects accounting for it. The Jewish writer, man or woman, cannot help taking the course he or she does in emphasizing the lower elements in human relations, because that is the heritage of what Mary Austin calls "the dark-whites." Sex, as sex alone, as distinguished from the Anglo-European's conception of *love,* is the dark torment of those races, which leads Mary Austin to say:

"The avidity with which the Jewish intellectual in particular has seized upon psychoanalysis emphasizes a need of proving that everybody is as full of secret troubling as himself, a need which could easily arise out of a lack of that intensity of experience it undertakes to demonstrate." "Sometimes I suspect that this engagement of the love interest with the secret forces of the dark only appears to be Semitic because here in the United States we are for the moment confronted with Semitized examples of it."

There are other things in this article of great value to people who want highways for their thought about modern books. Puritanism, so-called, is discussed; Mr. Galsworthy, Theodore Dreiser, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ben Hecht, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and others.

It is brave work bravely done and not "anti-Semitic" any more than any other fair view is "anti-Semitic." Mary Austin knows exactly what she is writing about.

In this connection we may call attention to a discussion of racial lines in sex as discussed on page thirteen of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for June 30—a recent issue—entitled "Naturalism and Sex Slavery." This is another evidence of the sound thinking which is steadily overtaking the "dark-white" propaganda that recently swarmed through our fiction-writing world.

After the "Dirt Farmer," What?

HISTORY is repeating itself, but with a difference; a difference due to the trend of the times. Former Premier Stamboulisky, the "dirt farmer" of Bulgaria, was recently overthrown by a handful of daring plotters, generally agreed to be Fascisti of that country. The incident is not unlike the overthrow of the government of France in 1851 by Napoleon.

Stamboulisky was as truly dictator as Lenin or Mussolini. He was peasant leader against the Crown of Bulgaria; during the crisis of 1915 he was jailed by King Ferdinand, and when Ferdinand fled in 1918, became premier. He set up a farmer government, arraying the farmers against the city folks, and applied compulsory labor for the state to all Bulgarians.

Of prime importance, Stamboulisky is believed to be a tool of Germany and Greece. His overthrow, consequently, augurs a realignment of Balkan powers.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are too many people whose whole business is the organizing of committees and the starting of new movements and the erecting of new temples to this or that idea. The multitude of "workers" for various associations bent on saving the world, the armies of secretaries for various "good causes" are very impressive; they give one the impression that the overhead must be rather heavy and that no small part of the zeal displayed must have its source in an anxiety lest the good work fail for lack of contributions.

When one succumbs so far as to attend the meetings of the various causes and hear the representatives of the various movements, one gets a sense of chaos which no other modern operation gives, no, not even the operation of our Government. For Government, however inefficient it may be, is at least held together by the political necessity for continuity, whereas in these other matters there is no unity nor continuity.

THE time for slogans and platforms and promises is gone. Past performance is the best promise and the best platform. It has not been the promisers but the Doers who have held the country steady through three decades of political gas-making. Words that have meant nothing have satisfied the people until recent years, but now words and promises have lost their power. Too many programs lie unrealized along the political highway for the people to trust in promises any more. It is not merely action the nation demands; political jumping-jacks have given them "action" enough; the nation wants achievement, something actually accomplished and established forever. Every year the United States should be getting through with some problem. Instead of that we have been making problems faster than any statesman has been able to list them.

It is desirable of course that animals be protected from cruelty, that orphans be cared for, that education be given, that ideals of peace and so forth be spread abroad—these are some of the broader and older operations of the welfare spirit; but when the work of true charity (in the old-fashioned sense) is separated from the faddism of these later times, every fad being attached to a salary list, it will readily be seen that the necessary common-sense things form a very small minority. Take any list of so-called "good works" and you will discover that the majority of them are fads. You may discover also that the fads are, as a rule, the best supported, probably because they are the best collectors and possibly for the additional reason that they fill the minds of their supporters with radiant dreams of dazzling things-to-be rather than harrow them with realistic tales of things as they are.

Many people are willing to bet on the rainbow, who would not begin to clean up their own farm or back yard. It is human nature, and some clever people trade on it. But progress never began at the rainbow yet, it always begins at the next step, and the next step may possibly be through the litter which we ourselves may have created.

So that it would be quite proper with many of the movements which masquerade as world-saving works, to put them in the class of paid entertainments. They entertain their patrons with visions.

This method of employment exists in America more than anywhere else in the world. Yet it is an Old World importation. It was in the Old World that people were taught to amuse themselves and occupy themselves and otherwise render themselves harmless to the ruling powers by organizing themselves into groups for purposes which differed as widely as the stars. And the more enthusiasm the group could generate the safer they were as far as concerned an intelligent view of their general political and social condition.

It is always easier to handle people who are thus organized. Politicians know that. Tyrants in all ages have known that. A few who did not know that and who tried to prevent it, whether it went under the name of "the right to peaceable assembly" or anything else, lost their positions. Even an assembly organized against a ruler is more easily tractable to his wishes, if he be a shrewd man, than is an unorganized mass. It is the disorganization of American politics today that the politicians most fear. The people are not lined up. The people are never more in command of the field than when in just that situation.

The time came, however, when in the Old World the necessary energy and finances for the gentle game of organization were not forthcoming. National life itself became so well organized or regimented that the field of the private leaders and secretaries and organizers became limited, and by some magic the whole business leaped the sea and settled here.

There came so many organizations whose roots were in foreign soil and in foreign ideas that the country resembled more a gathering of alien camps than a united nation. And it has not become united yet for the reason that those who keep the various organizations together also manage to keep them apart. Thus they are controlled one by one, by this prejudice or that, and sometimes by opposite prejudices on different occasions, and whoever the Chief Group is, it gets in its work under cover of the general confusion.

In this country, organization has taken a different form. They are principally reform organizations now. They are going to stop this or that abuse, and they are going to start this or that virtue. There are great organizations of women in this country whose stated purposes are most admirable but whose very existence is for the sole purpose of enabling a few women residing in Washington to speak of "the ten million women I have behind me." And it enables worse occurrences than that—it enables threats to be made if certain men do not come across oratorically or financially the way these "leaders" demand; and it also enables promises, which are bribes, if they do.

There is often all the difference in the world between the stated purpose of an organization and its actual achievements. It amounts almost to a game these days to satisfy the people with a fine array of words, and then go on and do what you like. The American people have been so satisfied with mere programs that they have been given little else. The program-maker, the slogan-coiner, the "standers at Armageddon" and the "battlers for the Lord," these have so filled the eye and the ear of the populace, that it is not until years after that people wake up and find that nothing has been done about it.

Think over the rosy promises of the last fifteen years. Think over the list of the self-appointed saviors of the country who have warmed and thrilled the people by their words concerning Justice and Progress and Humanity. Think over the number of times the people have been soothed and led by mere words of charming sound. And then look at the wrecks of all these fine programs. Their purpose never was achievement; their purpose was solely that of slogans, to oust someone out of office and to boost someone in.

The result is that all the programs are used up, all the fine words have become stale, all the visions have proved to be disappointments; and now the organizers and orators and spellbinders are up against the simple proposition of actually doing something that counts.

It is a great day for the Doers; they are going to have their inning now.

You can only organize the Doers around the job, a job big enough to engage them all. You don't organize Doers around a speech, or a printed platform, or any effort to arouse enthusiasm for an ulterior purpose. That has been the curse of the organizers of the past—their ulterior motives. It was seldom the job they wanted, but the place at the head of the job. Their heart was on preferment, not on opportunity for service.

Well, we have done with that. All through the country, in practically every organization, the people are asking, "What are we here for? What good does it do to keep the organization running? Of what use is a motor that only supplies sufficient power to turn its own wheels? Is our organization an end in itself, or is it a means to some other end? What is our justification for living?" Talkers are being sent to the rear; Doers are coming to the front.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Breaking Down the Immigration Barriers

Forces Aligned Against the Exclusion Laws Aim to Incorporate Diseased and Degenerate Aliens Into American Stock

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

COMMISSIONER ROBERT E. TOD, of Ellis Island, in a previous article, showed how, through the misguided efforts of certain lawyers and politicians, a stream of defective immigrants was being introduced into this country to taint American life. He illustrated the methods adopted by those who are trying to frustrate the immigration laws by citing the cases of the Sas family and that of "Sammy" (Smull) Goldman. There follow here other instances of a similar character, revealing how immigration officials, who are trying to perform their duties, are hampered and attacked by the forces aligned against the exclusion laws, designed by Congress for the protection of the United States.

It is through the persistent maneuvers of the above-named forces that the system of bonding immigrants has been made a farce. While a few of the bonded aliens, who have been permitted to enter the country temporarily, are later found and deported at considerable expense to the government, a large number eventually enter public institutions, where they become permanent charges upon the taxpayers. Innumerable instances can be mentioned in which the Department of Labor was induced to admit "for treatment" mentally defective women, or those suffering from incurable or hereditary diseases, who have within the period of the bond had children, many of them marrying American citizens, thus incorporating into American stock a defective mother and a probably defective child. According to experienced authorities, the vast majority of dependent aliens in the state of New York are directly or indirectly chargeable to the iniquitous practice of admitting such prohibited classes under bond. It has been shown recently that one-fourth of the insane are foreigners and cost the state more than $4,000,000 a year.

The Fink Case Citea

"NEVER," said Commissioner Tod, "in the history of immigration affairs at Ellis Island, has the Public Health Service here been treated with such contempt, nor have medical certificates been subjected to such ridicule and disrespect. If these certificates by reputable psychiatrists (and if they are not, I do not purpose while I am here to exclude aliens and fine steamship companies on their certificates) are going to be attacked by attorneys and Congressmen, then the immigration service presents a spectacle that is worse than ever before known. Not only have immigrants been permitted to have attorneys appear before the Board of Review, although the law does not so specify, and the evidence ignored that has been taken by boards of special inquiry here, who have been designated by Congress to examine the aliens and take evidence; but now the very framework of the law is being tampered with by politicians, and every barrier which Congress erected for the protection of the United States, namely, the right of examining public health surgeons to certify for exclusion mandatorily excludable cases, torn down. In a recent interview, Congressman Johnson urged that the strictest adherence to mandatorily excludable cases be made, and the New York State authorities are fully alive to the conditions, and other states are going to hold conferences on the same subject."

The commissioner mentioned the case of Pauline (Paja) Fink, as one in which probably a precedent would have to be established to prevent like reprehensible practices in the future. "This case," he said, "calls for a thorough examination. A most unusual procedure has been adopted in this Fink case which, if permitted to continue, will inevitably disrupt the morale and good administration at Ellis Island. It is another case in which a certain Congressman is interested, and he appears to have been able to block deportation at every turn."

The Pauline (Paja) Fink case, as will be seen, is of a peculiarly scandalous nature, and the schemes of obstruction and law violation have been permitted to be continued for more than two and one-half years.

On December 2, 1920, the Fink girl arrived in this country, and was at once certified as being feeble-minded.

December 20, 1920, a re-examination was ordered at the request of Congressman ———. The first medical board was composed of Drs. Wildman, Slaughter and Roberts. The second medical board, at which an outside physician, representing the alien, was present, consisted of Drs. Wildman, Travers and Bell. The certificate of feeble-mindedness was reaffirmed, and an additional certificate of "deaf-mutism" was rendered.

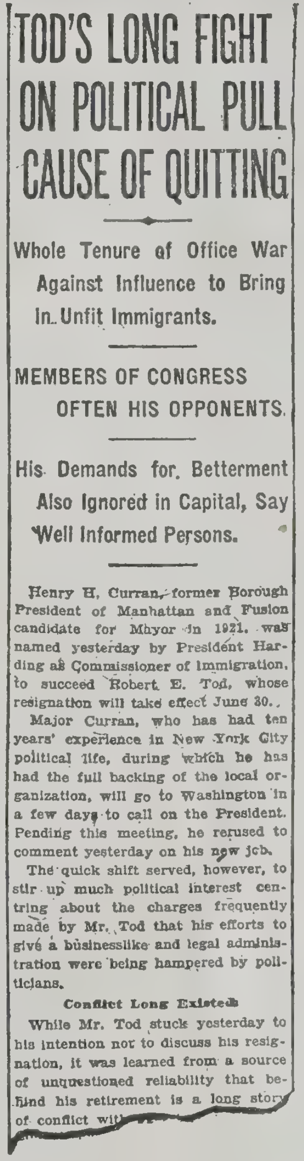
On January 15, 1921, despite these two examinations by five Public Health Service examiners at Ellis Island, this defective alien was admitted for six months under bond.

On July 20, 1921, a stay of sixty days was granted, with the privilege of a rehearing at the end of that time. In the meantime, a propagandist campaign was begun on behalf of this deficient child in the newspapers, as is being done with respect to "Sammy" Goldman, Joseph Schwartz and other defective children who belong to the excludable classes.

On September 28, 1921, the girl was re-examined for the third time by Drs. Wildman, Loughran and Richardson, and the previous two certificates were reaffirmed. By this time the Fink girl had been examined by seven Public Health surgeons.

On October 10, 1921, the Department of Labor refused to extend the temporary admission of this alien, and directed the bondsmen to deliver her for deportation in accordance with the terms of the bond.

On October 26, 1921, through the Congressman's influence, the girl was, however, examined once more, there being present another physician representing the alien, who had no special training in psychiatry or mental defect. The board consisted of Drs. Wildman, Loughran and Travers. These examiners had observed the child from time to time, and were especially well fitted to pass upon her mentality. They were able to find no change in her mental condition and affirmed the certificates of December 2 and 20, 1920, and September 28, 1921.



THE WORLD: WEDNE

TOD'S LONG FIGHT ON POLITICAL PULL CAUSE OF QUITTING

Whole Tenure of Office War Against Influence to Bring In Unfit Immigrants.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS OFTEN HIS OPPONENTS.

His Demands for Betterment Also Ignored in Capital, Say Well Informed Persons.

Henry H. Curran, former Borough President of Manhattan and Fusion candidate for Mayor in 1921, was named yesterday by President Harding as Commissioner of Immigration, to succeed Robert E. Tod, whose resignation will take effect June 30.

Major Curran, who has had ten years' experience in New York City political life, during which he has had the full backing of the local organization, will go to Washington in a few days to call on the President. Pending this meeting, he refused to comment yesterday on his new job.

The quick shift served, however, to stir up much political interest centring about the charges frequently made by Mr. Tod that his efforts to give a businesslike and legal administration were being hampered by politicians.

Conflict Long Existed

While Mr. Tod stuck yesterday to his intention not to discuss his resignation, it was learned from a source of unquestioned reliability that behind his retirement is a long story of conflict wit

October 28, 1921, the bondsmen were again notified to effect the departure of the alien. They ignored the notice, and were given until November 14 to comply with the terms of the bond.

November 21, 1921, the Immigration Bureau was notified that the bondsmen still ignored the deportation order.

November 25, 1921, the bond was declared breached, the penalty forfeited and the bondsmen called upon to pay the amount involved. At the same time a warrant of arrest was issued for the alien, who was stated to be in this country in violation of the law.

December 17, 1921, the relatives of Paja Fink again frustrated the law and had the proceedings stayed by giving a departure bond of $1,000, the deportation to take place in ninety days, representing *that an operation was necessary.* The stay was granted upon the express condition that the relatives must prepare to arrange for the departure of the child unless her cure was effected and a certificate had from the United States Health Service thirty days before the expiration of the stay.

February 15, 1922. The aliens, their relatives and friends, again circumvented the government and engaged two physicians to attend another examination. This was the fifth one held. The board consisted of Drs. Wildman, Love and Shockley, making a total of nine psychiatrists that had examined Paja Fink. Again the previous certificates were reaffirmed. Dr. Wildman, who sat on these various boards, is now assistant at the Bellevue Hospital psychopathic ward, and is considered to know a feeble-minded case when he sees one.

March 21, 1922. **Through further pressure brought upon the Department of Labor, final decision was deferred in the Fink case for one year.**

May 9, 1922. The bondsmen applied for remission of the forfeiture of the bond, which had been declared breached.

March 20, 1923. It was decided that if the deportation of the Fink girl was not effected within a reasonable time, a warrant of arrest should be issued.

March 22, 1923. The deportation was delayed pending the outcome of the girl's examination by the Public Health Service in Washington.

May 9, 1923. The Fink girl was examined for the seventh time at Ellis Island and again certified for feeble-mindedness and deaf-mutism.

How Facts Are Excluded

WHEN I asked Commissioner Tod for the name of the Congressman who has been the chief mover in all these proceedings, he replied that he was not prepared to name either the politicians or the lawyers who were active in these cases.

Several days after my talk with the commissioner, however, a propagandist story appeared in the New York *Times* (May 12, 1923), headed:

> **TO FIGHT DEPORTATION OF DEAF POLISH GIRL**
>
> **Congressman Nathan D. Perlman announced yesterday that he proposed to fight any attempt to deport fourteen-year-old Pauline Fink, of 101 Mangin street. He said he had telegraphed to the Department of Labor requesting that action on the report be held up until he could personally appear before the officials in Washington next week. Meanwhile, he said he would have a further examination of the girl made by medical experts.**

In this news story, the foregoing official facts regarding this scandalously long-drawn-out case were carefully excluded.

Through methods such as these, the public schools in New York City have been filled with defective children of foreign birth to such an extent that *special classes have to be maintained for the subnormal and feeble-minded.*

Thomas B. Felder, of the New York law firm of Felder, McCrossin & Chorosh, has displayed a bitter animosity against Commissioner Tod because of the stand the latter has adopted in trying to prohibit the entrance into the United States of defective aliens. It will be recalled that Felder's name was mentioned on the floor of the United States Senate, a year ago last May, when Senator Caraway, of Arkansas, criticized the means adopted in obtaining the release from the Federal penitentiary, at Atlanta, of Charles W. Morse. Senator Caraway stated that Thomas B. Felder, now of New York, but formerly an Atlanta lawyer, had visited him and sought to assume full responsibility for what was done in obtaining the pardon of Mr. Morse by President Taft.

"Is this the same Felder who was indicted in South Carolina?" asked Senator Caraway, addressing Senator Watson, of Georgia.

"He is the same man," replied Senator Watson.

"And that," observed Senator Caraway, "is the kind of man somebody sent to me to assume the responsibility for what was done."

Mr. Felder explained at the time that he had been employed to determine whether Mr. Morse was entitled to receive executive clemency. He said he had received a retaining fee of $5,000, and an additional $1,000 for expenses, but he alleged that he did not know whether this money had been put up by Mr. Morse or not.

The Insolence of Felder

MR. FELDER recently took exception to a newspaper story, in which it was stated that Commissioner Tod demanded the deportation of a group of aliens who had entered the country as a result of political influence, and that he had picked three cases to force a showdown. Mr. Felder thereupon wrote the following communication to Commissioner Tod:

"The cases 'picked' by you in order are Ruth Trompeter, the Sas family and 'Sammy' Goldman. I happen to represent Ruth Trompeter and I am familiar with all the facts relating to her case. I have no knowledge of the facts in the other two cases. The charge that political influence was used in connection with the case of Ruth Trompeter is absurdly false and I assume that you made it without full knowledge of the facts.

"There was never at any time and under any circumstances the slightest disposition of the relatives of the girl to avoid the final judgment of the Labor Board in respect to her case.

"I consider your charge that political influence was brought to bear in behalf of this girl a reflection upon my professional integrity. In this view of the case I cannot allow the charge to go unchallenged, because, as I have above stated, it is without the slightest foundation in fact.

"I have represented from time to time several aliens. Their inability to pay fees did not deter me from rendering services necessary. Where they or their relatives were able to pay fees, I accepted substantial compensation, which I turned over to some charity controlled by the particular race to which the alien belonged. I not only did not retain any part of the money for my compensation, but did not even make any deduction for the amount to cover my expenses on the numerous trips that I made to Washington. In other words, all services rendered by me were rendered without reward or hope thereof.

"When this poor little girl was brought into the country with her family, she was ordered by the local authorities at Ellis Island deported upon the ground that she had a loathsome disease, that is, favus, and that she was feeble-minded. The matter was taken to Washington, and she was ordered admitted under bond, upon the condition that her relatives would send her to a private school, where she could be treated for her ailments. At the expiration of the time limit, she was again ordered deported. Realizing that this child had improved mentally and failing to discover any evidence of the so-called loathsome disease, I caused her relatives to have her examined by physicians and surgeons in the City of New York, who reported that if she had ever had favus, she was entirely cured.

"Dr. Graeme Hammond, one of the most distinguished alienists in America and author of several books on the subject, who had the girl under observation for months, prepared an affidavit, the original of

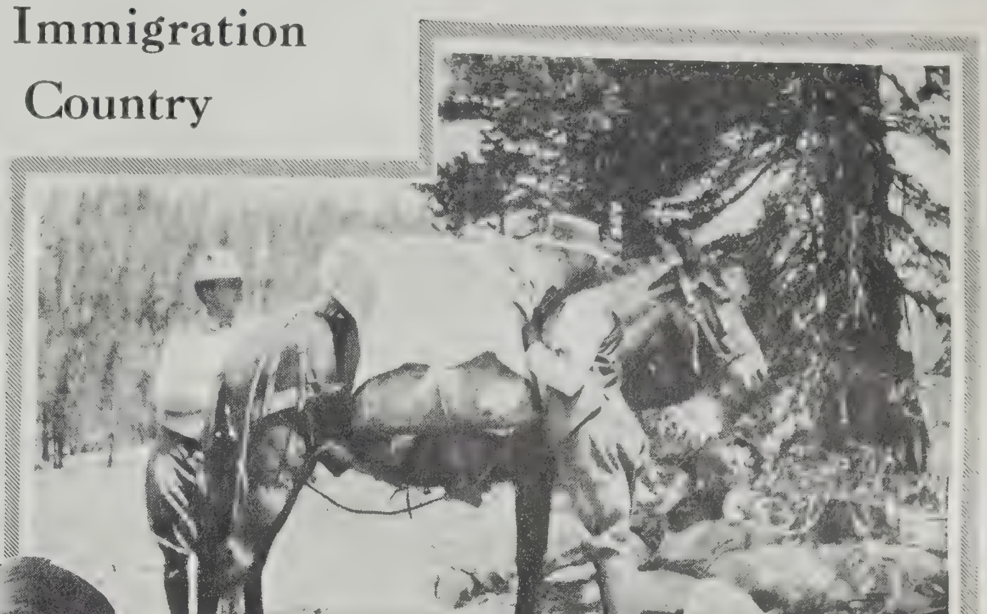
(*Concluded on page 14*)

Note—Since this, the second of two articles by Mr. Collman, was written, Mr. Tod has resigned as Commissioner. The clipping from the New York *World* reproduced on this page tells the story.

Emerson Hough, Prophet of the Frontier

He Felt Keenly That Bad Immigration Already Had Ruined His Country

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH



Mr. Hough (the figure at the right) is shown here in the western wilderness he loved so well.

EMERSON HOUGH was in the first place a man with a keen zest for life. More particularly that zest found its inspiration, its delight, its thrill of satisfaction, in the ongoing of American civilization across the rivers, the prairies, and the mountains of the West. He loved intensely the out-of-doors and the life of action. His travels took him all over the continent, hunting, fishing, gathering relics of the wild life that was passing and of the border struggle that in his younger manhood was yet a something to be seen and known. These aspects of life enthralled his imagination. At two of the deeper passions of his nature they caught and clung. The romance of empire-building from the Mississippi to the Golden Gate was a fascination for him. The picturesque freshness of the open country not yet subdued to regularity and primness captured his fancy and ran with the rover impulses of his blood.

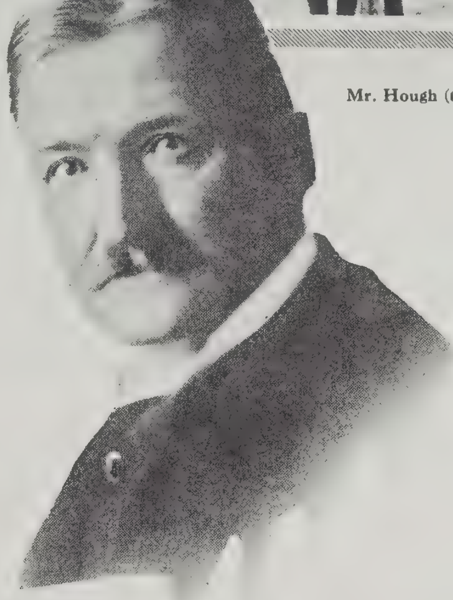
When so much has been said, however, there must at once be recognition in him of another quality having a compensating grace. Much as he rejoiced in the open and in the wild, he held no brief for the philosophy of the cave man. His code of morals and of manners alike was the gentleman's code. Moreover, it was always the American's code. If in the South Sea Islands or in other parts of the earth where the primitive still survives there is also a gentleman's code in its kind, it was not a code for Emerson Hough. In a personal letter in my hands, written not long before he died, he made the emphatic and regretful statement that bad immigration had already ruined America. "Roosevelt!" he added, "how we need him!" His love for the woods and the hills and the streams was a love for the wholesome and the refreshing. It was untainted by any desire to mix with the raw, the vulgar, or the savage. To him the spirit of America was the spirit of manliness in action, the spirit out of which clean souls leap to the doing of something that shall be a joy with no bitter after-taste.

As the author of more than a score of novels, he came to his crowning success in the last one to have a place among his books before his death, "The Covered Wagon." The story has its hero, its heroine, and its villain, but its great figure is none of these. Indeed, it is no one person, but the hardihood of America itself breaking its way across the continent and braving innumerable dangers that it may turn the waste places of a new world into the happiness of homes.

More than possibly it is one of the marks of the greatness of Emerson Hough's achievement in tracking the course of the pioneer across the prairie that he does not make him a demigod or ask us to dream of him in the likeness of Hector or Agamemnon or Achilles. As Hough shows him to us he was but a man beating out his own destiny. Perhaps as in Blashfield's painting in the capitol at Des Moines, Iowa, Hough's native state, visions attended him, and his coming was something like the coming of Aurora. This conception of the man who drove the oxen before the covered wagon must have in it some measure of truth, but Hough's picture does not over-exalt him. He was simply an eager man and a brave man. He had hopes and he had strong hands to bring them to fulfilment. He wore no shining armor. He challenged no one to single combat. He asked no gallery of ladies to crown him with the glory of their applause.

When I came to Kit Carson in "The Covered Wagon," I think I was a little disappointed. I could remember reading over and over again, out of a big book whose green cloth cover comes back to me still from my boyhood, the exploits of the great frontiersman who served as guide to Fremont. He was a quiet man in life, modest and unassuming, but in "The Covered Wagon," he seemed to me, as I read, to pass with too little notice. It cut across one of the enthusiasms of the days when I longed to go out against the Indians that the hero of those boyish imaginings should be so mildly heroic on Hough's printed page.

In the way of critical report rather than in the way of emotional reaction, however, it is to the author's credit that he has not overstrained his characters or tortured truth into a glamour of unreality. For this gift of restraining certitude, a further gift of humor is in no small measure responsible. There are smiles in plenty lighting up the pages of his books. Perhaps they are sometimes a little hard and ironic. Perhaps he sees the foibles of human nature in the characters that he creates more clearly than is the way of many novelists. If so, he looks at them with an eye of understanding sympathy and tenderness. In the judgment of the thinker, studying his world and measuring its good and its bad, there is a place for the humanity of the man.



EMERSON
HOUGH

Emerson Hough's work first came under my eye when I was little more than beginning to be conscious of the names of writers and he had just been graduated from the University of Iowa. His stories ran in the literary weekly that probably succeeded in keeping itself alive longer than any other in the city by the lake, *The Current*. In those days Hough wrote poetry as well as prose, and when he died the other day, out of the yellowing pages of an old scrapbook one of his poems, "By the River," cried out to me hauntingly. After the harvest of the years and its ingathering I read it with a new interest, wondering whether it had in it any hint of prophecy. These are the lines that seemed to me to be the maturity of the man showing itself in the flush of his early eager endeavor.

"To each mortal who hath strivings,
To each mortal who hath hope,
To each mortal who hath longings,
To each mortal who hath dreams:
Strive, oh man, and I will aid thee;
  Hope, O man, for hope is meet;
Dream, O man, and I will aid thee,
  For to me man's dreams are sweet."

One of the dreams that Hough himself cherished was that of the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain regions of the West. This desire of his heart he lived to see substantially realized. Vandalism he hated with a hatred fitting for a fine spirit. Some years ago in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* he poured out something very like contempt upon those who leave behind them, riding away comfortably in their automobiles, perhaps, the unsightly debris that the wanton human animal, camping by the roadside or where he pleases, scatters in his wake. In the winter of 1895, traveling on ski, he explored the Yellowstone Park. It was out of this trip that there came the legislation by which Congress has protected the park buffalo.

Born in Newton, Iowa, June 28, 1857, his first pronounced success came with the publication of "The Mississippi Bubble" when he was forty-five. In this the historical interest was of course pronounced, and it found place in story after story that followed. In "The Way of a Man" he tracks John Cowles from that Virginia that was his own ancestral family home out into the West on the trail of Colonel Meriwether. In this there was also the journeying of the covered wagon, and the movement of actual events that had being in a real time and place is in the air. Mr. Hough's art is too firm and sure, however, for him to make his story out of these things. He knew that for a novel he must have not the stirrings of a nation, but a man and a woman with other men and women working out their destinies together through struggle and pain.

In another of his successes, such a success as "The Way of a Man" cannot be called, "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight," he has the historical background of a great popular and diplomatic struggle. It is a story of intrigue, and the central figure is a woman about whom center the personal passions of love no less than the mass passions of patriotism. To what in this is really the author's romantic invention he has given an air of verisimilitude that must be accounted as going beyond the historical fact. Nevertheless it is a wonderfully dramatic rendering of a great episode in the winning of the West for the flag of the stars of the states in their azure field.

Although Emerson Hough came of good Virginia stock, he had to make his own way to a place in the world. It was only within a year of his death that he could see that the road had become easy and could feel that his hands were not too empty. Even then he was the victim of one of life's little ironies. With more demand for his work than he had strength to meet, he broke under the strain. He should yet have had years of achievement before him. As it is, he leaves behind a body of fiction in which the constructive spirit of our American civilization becomes a marching romance of achievement. It is not history, but it has history as the thread on which it is strung. In it the historian may find, if not the literal fact, the thing out of which facts come into being, the eagerness of aspiration, and looking at the hills on the horizon, and the rush of feet taking the road on and on.

A Comrade Rides Ahead—To the Memory of Emerson Hough

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH—Courtesy *The Saturday Evening Post*

Time brings not death, it brings but changes;
  I know he rides, but rides afar,
Today some other planet ranges
  And camps tonight upon a star
  Where all his other comrades are.

For there were those who rode before him,
  As there are these he leaves behind;
Although from us time's changes bore him,
  Out there our comrade still will find
  The kinship of the comrade mind.

Time brings us change and leaves us fretting;
  We weep when ev'ry comrade goes—
Perhaps too much, perhaps forgetting
  That over yonder there are those
  To whom he comes and whom he knows.

I would not hold our loss too lightly;
  God knows, and he, how deep the pain;
But, friends, I see still shining brightly
  The brightest link in all our chain
  That links us with a new domain.

  Time breaks no circle such as this.
For this I swear, because believing:
However hurt, however grieving,
  However much a friend we miss,
  Between the worlds is no abyss.

For friendship binds the worlds together—
  World over there, world over here.
From earth to heaven is the tether
  That brings the earth and heaven near
  And makes them both a bit more dear.

Not weaker now our chain, but stronger;
  In all our loss and all our ill
We now shall look a little longer
  At ev'ry star above the hill
  And think of him, and have him still.

Whatever vales we yet may wander,
  What sorrow come, what tempest blow,
We have a friend, a friend out yonder,
  To greet us when we have to go—
  Out yonder someone that we know.

To all eternity he binds us;
  He links the planet and the star;
He rides ahead, the trail he finds us,
  And where he is and where we are
  Will never seem again so far.

Intricacies of Law Aid Hard Coal Barons

Government Long Held at Bay in Its Attempts to Smash Holding Corporation Formed to Handle Pennsylvania Lands

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

WHEN George J. Gould died abroad a few weeks ago, after a lingering illness, the newspapers were filled with obituaries of the dead man that told far more about his father, the famous—or notorious—Jay Gould, juggler and wrecker of railroads, than about him. Columns were devoted in some newspapers to accounts of the elder Gould's exploits in Wall Street. It was freely admitted that the baneful effect of his stock-watering operations is still felt, thirty years after the waning of his power. But the whole effort of most of these accounts was to show that the days when one man or a group of men could wield such power have gone, never to return; that modern financiers are too "intelligent" to attempt to juggle railroads as Gould did, and that the interests of the public, the shippers and the stockholders are recognized today as equal. The Gould point of view, said these historians, is dead.

Let us see. In Philadelphia the Federal Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania is wrestling today with a case that has been on its dockets, or that of some other United States court, since 1902. It is a case peculiarly of interest in connection with reference to the Goulds, since it had its inception in what was perhaps the greatest failure of the elder Gould. In 1896, Henry Clay Frick and others balked the efforts of Jay Gould to get control of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. The late George F. Baer, who will live forever in American industrial history as the man who promulgated the theory that rich men are the trustees of natural resources by "Divine Right"—which is nothing more nor less than the doctrine of kings—helped to frustrate Gould. He created the Reading company, a "paper" corporation to control the railway, the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and their subsidiaries. This was called a reorganization. It froze out Gould, intrenching other interests.

Latest Stage of Fight

THE case today is the latest stage of the government's effort to smash the hard coal trust. Its present phase has been before this particular court since 1920, when the Supreme Court of the United States ordered the Reading company to dispose of its control over the Coal and Iron Company, and also ordered its chief subsidiary railroad—the Central, of New Jersey—to sell the coal mines held in its name. These mines were held under the corporate name of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, which is admitted to be the largest profit-maker among any of the big anthracite producers. As a natural consequence of what has happened in carrying out the order of the Supreme Court, the case has divided itself into two parts. The first action—of which the other is a consequence—may be termed for the sake of convenience the Reading dissolution proceeding. The second relates wholly to the sale of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

It will be shown in these articles, from sworn testimony, from the statements of such distinguished counsel as United States Senator George Wharton Pepper—who has never been accused of radical tendencies—and even from statements of the highest jurists in the nation, that the Gould point of view is not dead. It will be shown that Gould's pet practice of a "paper sale," or the "sale" of something to himself to strengthen his grip on a property or to inflate its apparent value, is still a matter of ordinary business in the hard coal railroad industry, even when the terms of the sale are in direct opposition to the specific orders of the court. To make clear the situation governing that sale, however, it is necessary to give some outline of the Reading dissolution proceeding, and the events that led up to it.

Reading Formed in 1896

AS STATED, the Reading company was formed by Baer and his associates in 1896, and by the beginning of this century its deadlock was so strong that nobody could do business in any phase of anthracite without paying tribute to the combination. The railroads, led by the Reading, set themselves up as absolute dictators. Independent coal mine owners were allowed to operate only under the infamous sixty-five per cent contracts, which provided that all coal mined be sold to the railroads for sixty-five per cent of the prevailing market price. The Temple Iron Company was set up as the clearing house for the big railroad operators, and in 1902 the government launched its first anti-trust suit against the hard coal combination. That action resulted in the smashing of the Temple Company, but this was foreseen by Baer and his associates. Accordingly, power was gradually withdrawn from the Temple and shifted to the Reading.

It is not necessary to go into the various suits that followed, the sum total of which was nothing in so far as any dissolution of the Reading was concerned. There were many of these actions. But in 1907 some progress was made, and again in 1912, when a general order was issued by the government for the divorce of railroads from coal mine properties. After many failures, a decision was handed down in 1915 by the District Court holding that in both organization and management the Reading company group was in violation of the anti-trust laws, in that it maintained a monopoly in anthracite. The court then ordered the dissolution of the entire organization built up by Baer. But the lawyers were not yet finished.

The case was carried to the United States Supreme Court, where it dragged along in one form or another until 1920. In that year the court handed down a decision which was hailed by the Wall Street workers and the anthracite experts as a victory for the railroad, although in part it upheld the decision of the lower court. It ordered the sales as outlined above. But it made one highly important change. It ruled that although the Reading company was in violation of the anti-trust acts in its organization, it was not guilty of such violation in its management. That, of course, made it impossible to fasten personal responsibility on anybody. The whole career of coercion in the coal regions, and kiting the price of coal to the consumer, was blamed on the original organization, founders of which were now long dead.

It is interesting, in view of the opinion so generally expressed in the newspapers that stock watering has ceased, to note that the Supreme Court was not by any means a unit on this decision. The late Chief Justice White led a minority of three which voted to uphold the decision of the lower court as it was written. In writing the minority opinion these three justices said: "The great power of the combine was used in plain violation of the anti-trust laws. It is difficult to imagine a clearer case of violation." Attorneys for the United States Government used even stronger terms, and they had evidence to prove many of their charges of high-handed disregard of the law. But the decision of the Supreme Court stood, and under it the case went back to the district court for decision as to the method of dissolution. Later a similar decision was rendered against the Lehigh Valley, and some optimists held that the government was at last on the verge of smashing the coal trust.

Consumers of coal, however, do not need to be reminded that throughout the period preceding this time, when several dissolution orders had been handed down, and since then, the price of coal has moved in only one direction, and that is upward. The man in the street may wonder what the government hoped to accomplish. Briefly, the theory was that by smashing the combine, a free market for anthracite might be established. It has been shown by experts that a free market, with free shipments, would mean inevitably a larger production. The operators themselves say that price is regulated by the law of supply and demand. By controlling the production, the railroads regulated this economic law. Various methods were used, the most obvious one being that of car supply. A mine operator can ship only as much coal as the car capacity assigned to him by the railroad over which his coal must move.

The Stockholders' Rights

AT THE time of the Supreme Court hearing it was stated by Federal attorneys that the Reading company, established by Baer and others to be the holding concern for the railway and the coal and iron companies, took over those concerns "at no outlay." But now that dissolution has been ordered, the holders of Reading stock, of course, have legal rights. There are so many conflicting rights that it has not been a difficult task at all to bring about delays. When the matter came back to the district court, a date in January of 1921 was fixed as the time limit for the submission of a plan of dissolution. Provision was made, however, for delay. The dissolution is yet to be accomplished. Various succeeding plans have been put forth, and one is now before the court for decision. Roughly, it will mean a merger of the Reading company with the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, and the sale of the coal and iron company.

It is not the intention here to attempt an analysis of the stock-holding jumble created by Baer and his associates, which the government is now attempting to unravel. But an outline of what the Reading owns is significant, bearing in mind the assertion that it took over these properties "without outlay." It owns $42,481,700 of the stock of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which is about ninety-two per cent of the total outstanding. It owns $14,504,000 worth of stock in the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, out of a total outstanding of $27,430,000—more than enough to control that railroad. It owns all the stock of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. But that isn't all. The Central of New Jersey owns $8,489,400 of the $9,210,000 stock issue of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company. And the Reading company holds title to the equipment used by the Reading railway, carried in the books at more than $43,000,00, plus floating equipment of more than $4,000,000, plus equipment pledged under trust certificates worth more than $20,000,000 more. There are some eight million dollars in dividends from the coal company that will go to the stockholders of the Reading company under the dissolution plan.

The Reading company—the holding corporation with all the wealth outlined above—is capitalized at $140,000,000. Of that amount the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and the New York Central Railroad Company own, jointly, $68,565,000. The president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is Daniel Willard. Edward T. Stotesbury is chairman of the board of the Reading company. It is important to bear their names and their titles in mind, since they, with Robert W. de Forrest, were named by the board of directors of the New Jersey Central to supervise the sale of valuable Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre coal property. All of the three men were naturally directors of the Central at the time. They were also directors of numerous other corporations that brought them together from time to time.

In the final order for the Reading dissolution, entered by the district court in the latter part of 1920, the following instructions were given by the court with regard to the sale of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre: "The Central Railroad of New Jersey shall dispose of all the capital stock of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company now owned by it, to persons or corporations who are not its own stockholders or stockholders in either the Reading company, the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company or the Coal Company." The court further enjoined that any purchaser or purchasers of the coal company should take oath before and at the time of purchase that they possessed this essential qualification—that of not being interested in any of the corporations named. This fact also is important, in view of what happened later. On January 5, 1921, the time limit set by the court for the presentation of a dissolution plan, there wasn't any. It was quite evident that the policy decided on was one of delay.

Insiders Are Astounded

FOR that reason even the insiders in anthracite were astounded when they learned that the Central really intended to sell the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre. They were particularly astonished by the fact that plans evidently had been made to shove the sale through in a hurry. Bids were asked for, but according to many potential bidders, information was withheld. Nevertheless an offer of $150 a share was made by the Jackson E. Reynolds syndicate for the 169,788 shares of Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre held by the Central Railroad of New Jersey. It has been stated that the coal company is one of the largest profit-makers in the industry. The bid was so low that Messrs. Stotesbury, Willard and de Forrest rejected it, and called for more bids. In November, 1921, the coal company was knocked down to the Jackson E. Reynolds syndicate for $31,410,780. The price a share was $185, and the total increase of this bid over that first made was $5,942,580. But even at that price some of the stockholders of the Jersey Central raised a hue and cry and asserted that they had been cheated. Accordingly, suit was brought to have the sale declared illegal. It was brought in the name of minority stockholders of the Central, but at one time the government also intervened to ask that the sale be set aside. The court has not yet acted.

With this background of information it is possible to get some sort of comparison between the sale of the coal company, through Messrs. Stotesbury, Willard and de Forrest, all railroad millionaires, and the operations of the late Jay Gould. A beginning may be made with Jackson E. Reynolds. He started life as a law clerk and is now president of the First National Bank of New York. He was a member of many directorates interlocking with that of the Jersey Central, from which he had recently resigned. As will be shown later, he went around among men engaged in the coal industry and got subscriptions to his syndicate with which to raise the purchase price. Under the terms of the syndicate he was given absolute control. He had and still has a power of attorney to dispose of it as he may see fit, but, of course, he cannot act while the sale is under attack in the courts. If the sale to his syndicate is approved, he can accept the bids of other syndicates and resell the control of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre at a profit of approximately two million dollars. But it is not at all certain that a direct, resale profit is what the millionaires' association was after in rushing through the sale.

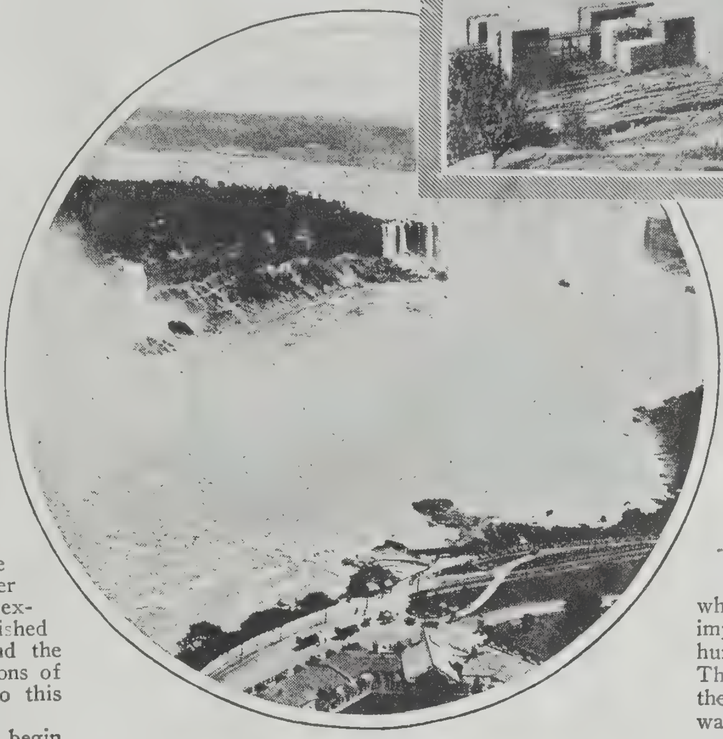
Freight Rate Helps, Too

DIVIDENDS declared by coal-hauling railroads in recent years prove that all the profit in anthracite does not come from the sale of that commodity. A great deal of it comes from the freight rate. At $2.50 a ton, the Central Railroad of New Jersey got ten million dollars a year from the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, or rather from the ultimate consumers. Mr. Reynolds was closely associated with the men who supervised the sale. Many of the stockholders were also so associated. In spite of the order of the court, it was asserted and not denied that C. F. Huber, president of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre, had taken a nine-million-dollar interest in the syndicate to which was transferred control—although not all of that shows in the record. Therefore, when the minority stockholders brought their suit they were not dependent merely on the testimony of other bidders, who insist that they offered two million dollars more for the coal stock than the Reynolds syndicate paid, and that information was withheld from them. The petitioners put forth the suggestion that a secret agreement existed between the selling committee and the Reynolds syndicate under which the coal would continue to move over Reading and Jersey Central lines. That, in effect, would destroy the whole effect of the dissolution, if the same plan could be made to govern the sale of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

Further details of this sale, with a description of mysterious "investors" who sprang up overnight from penury to wealth, will be given in a succeeding article.

Twelve Hundred Miles on the Great Lakes

Region That Abounds With the Memories of Bitter Days of Strife Now Unguarded Along the Border



Above—Parry Sound, Ontario.
Left—It is not only as a scenic wonder that the Falls have their interest. It is a tremendous asset as an electric power-producing force to the manufacturing establishments, commercial buildings and private dwellings within an area of several hundred square miles.

By JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.

This is the first of four articles by Dr. Faris. The others will appear in early issues.

THE most striking section of what has been called the world's most remarkable boundary line—that between Canada and the United States—passes through four of the five Great Lakes, threads the Niagara River, bisects Niagara Falls, and finds its way between the friendly banks of the Detroit, the St. Clair and the St. Mary's rivers.

The traveler who traces this line recalls with wonder that he is passing where history was made by Indians, by explorers, by traders, by warriors. But it will evoke still more wonder to realize that he is tracing an unguarded boundary—not once in thousands of miles is there evidence of the jealous dread that causes armaments and preparations for defense. The fortresses are only relics; the records of warfare tell of days so far away that they are lost in the mists of the past. For, to quote a writer on international relations, "In 1817, by a simple exchange of diplomatic notes, war vessels were banished from Lake Champlain and the Great Lakes, and the agreement, adjusted to meet the changing conditions of ship construction and revenue patrol, endures to this day."

Memories of the times of suspicion and strife begin at once after Ontario's waters are entered, for Kingston, the first capital of Upper Canada, still has the empty shells of defenses that succeeded the Fort Cataraqui and Fort Frontenac of long ago.

But the memories of the staid city by Cataraqui River go back even of the earliest French fort, to the day in 1632 when Champlain passed that way, named the broad waters Lake St. Louis, and noted on his map of the region that on the spot where the West Point of Canada was built, more than two centuries later, there were large numbers of "stags," as he called the wapiti—an animal found today only in a few scattered districts of Canada's great West.

Those who ride at ease in the palatial steamers that ply between Kingston and Toronto find it difficult to imagine the days of La Salle, who in 1879 built the first sailing vessel on Lake Ontario. His shipyard was at the Cabins, as Kingston was then called.

Fortunately, the present-day successor of La Salle's little sloop keeps close to the north shore of the lake, instead of launching out to the region of the mid-lake boundary line. Thus it follows the tortuous channel between the mainland and the irregular peninsula of Prince Edward County, through the beautiful Bay of Quinte, to Trenton, at the mouth of the Trent, the stream which is the outlet of Trenton Waterway through a bewildering succession of rivers, creeks and lakes, to Lake Simcoe, and on to Midland on Georgian Bay. Think of two hundred miles of the best canoeing waters, in the midst of the richest section of Ontario, past Peterborough, the father town of the most famous of all canoes; through the curious hydraulic lift lock, where the canoe enters one of two twin steel locks, and is lifted more than sixty feet when the second lock is filled with water; on to Lake Katchewanooka and the rest of the Kawartha Lakes, and finally from Lake Simcoe to Lake Couchiching, the "Lake of Many Winds," and through the Severn to Georgian Bay! Once the Ojibway Indians took delight in passing along these waters, and today braves of the old tribe are glad to serve as guides to those who would go with them through the country that still whispers tales of the days when the Iroquois fought the Hurons, and when the Mississaugas took their turn at conquest.

Those who take the short cut offered by the Trenton Waterway should also make the roundabout journey which leads past Toronto and into the Niagara River, between Fort Niagara in the United States and Fort Mississauga on the Canadian side, up through the gorge which marks the recessions of the Falls through countless centuries, then by car along the bank, past the Whirlpool and the three bridges thrust daringly across the swift waters, until the overwhelming spectacle of the Falls appears, as it appeared to Hennepin in 1678. Three years later he published the story of his impressions, and ever since visitors have tried to tell of the indescribable tumult of the plunging waters, the majesty of their descent over the brink, the graceful curves along the three-quarters of a mile of the crest, broken by the green of Goat Island, the impressive straight front of the American Fall and the ever-deepening apex of the Horseshoe Fall.

Queen Victoria Park, set apart on the Canadian side that visitors may enjoy the Falls without hindrance, vies with the New York State Reservation on the opposite shore in giving opportunities for studying the vast spectacle in all its moods. But many will feel like agreeing with the observer of the Canadian Geological Survey when he says that in many respects the grandest and certainly the most comprehensive view of the Falls and of the river, both above and below the Falls, is obtained from the point called Falls View on the Canadian side, not far from the memorial on the battlefield of Lundy's Lane, one of the numerous memorials that tell of historic events within sound of Niagara.

After listening long to the resounding boom of the Falls, the quiet of the renewed boat trip—now along the waters of Lake Erie—is a welcome change, though the opportunity for rest is short unless the temptation to take excursions up some of the streams entering the lake is resisted.

One such temptation comes beyond Point Maitland, where the Grand River joins the lake after leaping over impeding rocks and falling six hundred feet within two hundred miles, and one thousand feet from its source. This meandering stream was a well-known haunt of the Indians, who sought its banks for their hunting, its waters for their fishing, and the long reaches for their canoeing.

A particularly popular portion of the river was in the vicinity of Brantford, the city named for Brant, chief of the Mohawks, and long famous as the headquarters town of the Iroquois.

Above Brantford and Galt the haunts of the Indians are everywhere, especially in the neighborhood of Elora, where the Grand River flows through a canyon whose sheer walls of dolomite rise more than eighty feet. From a tributary gorge comes the Irvine River, after a journey between walls as deep as those of the Grand River Canyon, and surroundings as beautiful. Just above the junction are the Elora Falls of the Grand, a site set apart by Indian legend, as are the numerous glens farther up stream, once secure hiding places of the hunted savages.

Perhaps thirty miles from the mouth of the Grand River, the little Lynn River enters the lake. The stream is remarkable chiefly because of the connection with the expedition of François Dollier de Casson and René de Brehant de Galineé, who, on March 23, 1670, erected a cross on the shores of Lake Erie, with the arms of Louis XIV at the foot. Thus they took possession of the region for France. The inscription placed on the cross told how they, with seven other Frenchmen, had been the first Europeans to winter on the lake. Near by are traces of the foundation outlines of the buildings in which the winter was passed. And on a promontory high above the water a modern cross, erected in July, 1922, by the Canadian National Parks, calls the attention of the pilgrim of today to the cross of other days.

Another reservation of the people is one hundred miles or so farther on, beyond Rondeau Harbor. On the little peninsula, Pointe aux Pins, a wonderful bit of primeval forest has been set apart in the Rondeau Provincial Park. Of the eight square miles in the park, perhaps half are covered by the forest. There game animals, including many deer and beaver, are protected from the hunter, and prove a constant lure to the student of wild life.

Not far away, on a triangular bit of land, extending nine miles out into the lake—the southernmost portion of Canada—is Point Pelee National Park, dedicated to the preservation of wild life, and especially the migratory birds. There, in spring and autumn, the birds pause on their journeys to and from the Northland. Wild fowl breed in the marshes, and trees make beautiful the west side of the point, which looks toward Point Pelee Island, and its companions scattered about in Lake Erie, toward the shore of Ohio. Most famous of these islands is Put-

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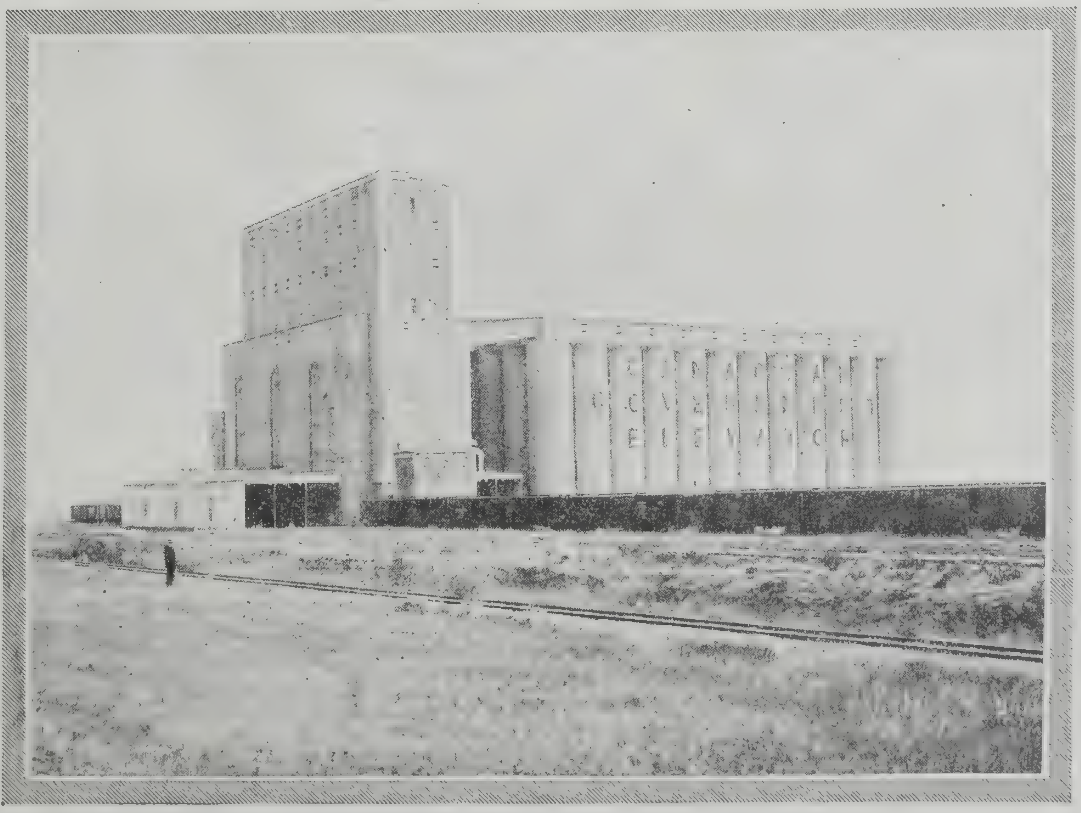


One of the large storage elevators at the head of Lake Superior.

A Young Noblewoman Escapes the Bolsheviki

Eyewitness of Hungary's Bloody Interval Describes Her Experience

By MARGITA DE REGECZY

The writer of these articles on Bolshevism is a Hungarian noblewoman who passed through the Bela Kun Revolution in her country. Being young and resourceful her fate has been more fortunate than many of her class, for she has availed herself of a very unusual skill in speaking and writing and music to maintain her place in the world. Although but a short time in this country she has made numerous friends in both public and private engagements, who will be glad to have a printed record of the events she has detailed to them.

EVERYBODY, I imagine, has read about Bolshevism and yet the American public knows very little about the real conditions in those poor, lawless Bolsheviki-stricken countries. I have myself several times heard it said, that Bolshevism was "not so bad," and this from people who have never experienced any of its consequences themselves. They gathered their views from dry newspaper accounts, which do not convey the situation to the imagination. In the following I will relate a true Bolsheviki story, which is at the same time the story of my coming to the greatest country in the world, to the United States.

* * *

Budapest, the capital of Hungary, was a very gay and luxurious city until some time ago. Even during the war one entertainment followed the other. The war lasted so long that one had grown used to it. Most rich people not touched personally by the war resumed their habitual way of living and there was a large set of the newly rich trying to outshine the nobility.

Especially in wintertime the city was most fascinating. Long rows of sledges with beautiful horses were flying over the snow. In them you could see happy-looking women, wrapped in rich furs, enjoying the wild drive and the tinkling of many little silver bells on their horses.

When armistice was signed we had been away from Hungary for about half a year. I lost my father—a wealthy Hungarian nobleman—when I was only a small baby. My beautiful, clever and independent mother traveled a great part of each year, taking me and a governess with her all the time. In this way I had seen a great deal ever since my childhood and met many different people. Every year we spent a few months in Hungary, either in our own country house or in Budapest, which was the center of the smart society of the country.

My mother is a refined, intellectual nature, reading and studying all the time. Widowed at 26, she had made up her mind never to marry again, but to live for the education of her daughter and for the study of the beautiful in art and nature. Music was her dominant passion and she had spent a small fortune on my music lessons, going with me to Germany and to England, to study with the most famous masters of Europe. These travels offered me the best opportunity to learn the languages and everything else that my accomplished mother believed absolutely necessary to cram into my head.

Private Property Seized

THE end of the war came and we returned to Budapest after a long stay in Switzerland. The uncertainty of the political situation in Hungary made it necessary to be at home. Everybody hoped that conditions would settle down to normal by and by. But instead of this the terrible social disease, Bolshevism, spread from Russia into Hungary.

One morning a maddened, demoralized crowd was rolling over the streets of the capital. All the men wore red ribbons. The civilians who seemed to be just peaceful citizens, "Bourgeoisie," were seized and insulted, and officers' uniforms were torn off. On all sides pistol shots frightened the population. This was worse than war, this was an uprising organized by an unscrupulous, vicious set of people, with the notorious Bela Kun at their head. This Communistic or Bolshevistic party had bought with Russian money the help of a great number of unemployed and of returning hungry soldiers and had temporarily seized the power. The aim of the revolutionists, who called themselves "Proletarians," was to awaken jealousy and hatred toward the wealthy classes and to get everything into their own hands.

After the first shock my mother calmed herself and said to the servants who pressed around her, bewildered and crying:

"If the crowd should enter the house keep calm and do not show any fear. Fear has never yet saved the situation."

"I think you are right, mother," I told her. "Maeterlinck says that we should always appeal to the highest side of human nature."

My mother had the front door locked fast and the valuables put away in different hiding places. The noise and excitement went on until the evening, but nothing special happened on that first day. Not one-third of the population even dreamed at that time what Bolshevism really meant.

Two days later all private property was seized, the main idea of Bolshevism being that "there is no private property, everything belongs to the state." The state meant, of course, the Bolsheviki themselves.

The middle class was exposed to ruin and starvation from the start. The wealthy people who kept, according to European custom, larger sums of money in their homes were better off and could hope to keep themselves for a while. The first new order issued by the Red government was: "The houses and estates forming private property—the money and jewels deposited in banks—the stores, factories and banks belong from now on to the state."

Desperate-looking crowds gathered before the closed banks, hoping to get some money out. It seemed impossible that everything could be lost in one day.

Nevertheless many faces shone with an ugly triumph; these were the Reds, the Proletarians. During the previous weak government of Count Karolyi, the Bolsheviki-Chief Bela Kun was bribing all those who were willing to join the Bolshevistic movement with big sums from Russian sources. He had convinced a certain class of people that a great social upheaval was necessary that those who possessed nothing might enjoy the privileges of the rich and the rich become poor for a change. In these first days Bela Kun and the other chiefs speedily organized a strong Red Guard for their own protection and safety.

"I wonder if I look like a girl whose family has lost all its fortune two days ago," I thought, watching the careworn features of the citizens. I glanced in the mirror of a shop window, but did not see any change on my face.

As I continued my walk I saw that the churches of all religions were closed and in front of them rough Red Guards explained to crying women that religion was only a superstition, an invention of the "damned Bourgeoisie" to keep the people subservient. I stopped at the gathering before one of the churches and took a crying old woman by the arm to try to comfort her.

"Do not cry. All this won't last long. Bolshevism is a sickness of society."

Immediately a man joined me:

"The young lady is right. It won't end well if they take the churches from the people," he called out aloud.

I noticed that I was the only well-dressed woman in the crowd and attracted attention. Therefore I thought it more prudent to leave the place.

Everything seemed changed in the streets. The Reds were riding at terrific speed on the confiscated motor cars. No private person, no Bourgeois had been allowed to retain a car or horses. All the stores were closed. For the last days one had lived on the food supplies one happened to have at home.

* * *

A few days later my mother entered my room as I was just completing my toilet of a plain dark dress.

"I am trying to make myself look like a Proletarian girl," I said in jest, taking a dust broom in my hands. "If the revolutionists should come in the house I will tell them: what do you want from me? I am only milady's chambermaid."

But mother looked serious and began to read an article in the only paper which it was possible to print, *The Red Flag*. This article announced that in the following days all the rooms of private houses and apartments would be taken and turned over to the victorious "Proletarians," the Red Guards and their families who were entitled to the best places everywhere. The former owner would be allowed to keep three rooms at the very most.

"I have accepted the loss of my fortune without complaint," she sighed, "but I do not know how I shall live if the Proletarians bring insects into my beautiful clean house."

"I really do not think that insects can make one die, mother," I consoled her.

When the Reds Rule

AT THIS very moment the door opened and the maid came in accompanied by four armed Red Guards.

"We came to inspect your house, Citoyenne," one of them began. "You surely heard that you will be permitted to keep but three rooms for your own use. We shall quarter our people in the others."

"Yes, I read about it," mother answered with perfect calmness. "May I choose our rooms or will you choose them for us?"

"You may choose them," the man said—he had evidently not been prepared for so much indifference and civility. "But remember, if you remove a single piece of furniture from our rooms into yours, you will have cause for regret. The government will consider such an act as theft of the state's property."

"Do you really think I care so much for the furniture?" mother remarked. "You can have it. I will not take it with me when I die."

The soldiers walked through the rooms and their leader made a few pencil notes in a book. Entering one of the rooms he asked with a look at me:

"Is this the young Citoyenne's bedroom? All right, we shall give you some nice Red boys for neighbors."

When they left, my mother and I looked at each other. Neither wanted to frighten and break the courage of the other. We heard the Reds laugh loudly in the hall, saying: "These are the first we have met who do not seem to mind losing their d——d furniture."

After a few minutes mother exclaimed suddenly:

"The pearl necklace! How lucky we did not leave it in the bank. We must hide it in our own rooms before the Proletarians come to stay here."

"Mother you read in the paper that the women who hide their jewels will be put in the common prison together with bandits," I warned her. "The Reds will go with experts to search the houses. They searched the home of Countess X., threw dozens of bottles of tomato catsup on the floor, found the pearls in one of them and she was committed to prison."

This story did not affect my mother who was determined to hide her necklace.

"Would you advise me to give the pearls which have belonged to our family for centuries to the Bolsheviki, without even trying to save them?" she asked me.

I thought I better not give any advice and so she pulled the whole keyboard of the grand piano out, put the pearls behind it and pushed it back again.

The next day the Proletarians arrived accompanied by two Red Guards who surveyed how the former were received in their new quarters. One of the men had been a bricklayer in civil life and came with his wife and seven children of all ages, from a wild-looking lad of sixteen down to an infant on the bottle. Three Red soldiers were also quartered in the house.

It might sound funny that the servants resented the arrival of these guests much more than we, and mother took great pains to make them understand how necessary it was to be friendly and polite.

The bricklayer's wife, after making herself at home, contemptuously inspected the kitchen, where the respectable old cook had always reigned supreme.

"What a small kitchen," she grumbled, though the kitchen was beautiful and large and had white porcelain walls. "How on earth shall we all cook here together?"

My mother just entered the kitchen and replied with a fine smile:

"My dear, these are exceptional conditions, otherwise you would not be my guests. We must try to manage somehow and show a little good will."

Undesired and Undesirable

TWO Red soldiers occupied the room next to my pretty bedroom. The day before their arrival the door between the two rooms had been fastened with nails and the heavy velvet curtains, which hung on both sides, loosened, so as to cover the door entirely. But even this did not prevent my hearing their loud voices and the heavy steps of their boots, nor smelling the odor of their pipes.

I went to bed with a small revolver under my pillow. My mother slept in the adjoining room. In the first night I woke up several times with the idea that one of the men was trying the door on the other side. I turned on the night lamp at my bedside and leaned on my elbows, playing with the tiny revolver, which was loaded. But I never had any actual fear.

* * *

A day or two later the cook came to my mother vexed and crying:

"O, Madam, I cannot bear the Proletarians any longer. I have always been used to live with great ladies and now a bricklayer's wife comes to poke her nose into every corner of my kitchen." The good woman dropped on a chair and began to sob desperately.

"Don't be nervous, Elizabeth, and above all don't be such an aristocrat," mother reprimanded her gently. "You might get us all into trouble. We cannot but put up with these people for the present. You have not come to tell me that you would leave me because of the Proletarians?"

"Heaven forbid, I would never leave you under similar conditions," the faithful soul protested. "But if that woman does not keep my kitchen clean, I cannot promise that I will not lay my hands on her."

Time went on and conditions grew worse and worse. The want of food demoralized the greater masses of the population. In the official food stores kept up by the Bolsheviki government the families of Red soldiers were served before the other people, according to an order of Bela Kun. This arrangement forced many a father of hungry children to enlist himself in the Red Guard. Every day dozens of persons committed suicide who had not the strength of mind to bear the awful change in their conditions. By and by all the former politicians and noblemen were dragged to the common prison, where the Bolsheviki kept them as "hostages" for their own safety. They proclaimed that in case of any attempt of a counter-revolution to re-establish the previous conditions, these "hostages" would be immediately killed.

My mother had succeeded with real feminine tact and cleverness "to make friends" with all her own Proletarians. She inquired of Mrs. Bricklayer whether she was satisfied with the beds and presented the baby with some lovely baby clothes. One day she stepped into the hall where the Red soldiers loafed around, smoking their abominable tobacco, and said to them:

"I really think we are safe, my daughter and I, with three such representatives of the Soviet government staying right here in the house."

The men stared a moment speechless, then the one attempted a bow and answered in a somewhat ashamed manner:

"Milady, Citoyenne, you have been kind to us, though we know that all this must be disagreeable to you. Be sure that whatever may happen we shall protect you and your daughter."

A second part of this narrative of Margita de Regeczy's experiences will appear in an early issue.

The United States—Most Homeless Country!

New York Is "Greatest Foreign City," Senator Copeland Points Out

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

AS PARADOXICAL as it may seem, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, the new United States Senator from New York, is a member and official of St. Andrews Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, and is opposed to sumptuary laws, including prohibition. He has been advertised far and wide as a political "wet," yet he never took a drink of intoxicating liquor in his life and never smoked a cigar or cigaret. He is constantly writing and lecturing against the use of intoxicants and tobacco, and is a strong advocate of temperance in all things. He is as strongly against "padlocking" people to make them good; he believes the principle is wrong. However, he is strongly in favor of enforcing any law we have whether it be "a good law" or not.

We are talking here about a native of Dexter, Michigan, who received his medical education at the University of Michigan. The people of Ann Arbor thought so much of him that they elected him mayor of that university city when he was thirty-two years of age, and after his term expired made him president of the board of education. His father and mother now live in Detroit. When he was nominated for the United States Senate in New York last year, he telegraphed his parents about it. His father responded as follows:

"Congratulations, but where did you get the money? Senatorships in Michigan cost hundreds of thousands."

Dr. Copeland holds advanced degrees from several foreign universities. He came to New York in 1908. In 1918 he became commissioner of public health and president of the board of health. In the race for United States Senatorship last November on the Democratic ticket, with William M. Calder, Republican, Royal S. Copeland won with an overwhelming majority. He is a famous writer on health topics for a large syndicate of leading newspapers.

It is not only as an official member of the Methodist Episcopal Church that he is prominent in religious activities. He is president of the national board of control of the Epworth League and was recently elected a trustee of Syracuse University (Methodist) as well as of Drew Seminary, a Methodist young women's school. There is something of a scramble in a quiet way among the Methodist churches of Washington to get this distinguished Methodist and anti-prohibitionist to make "our church" his church home during his six years' Senatorial term at Washington.

"Old Stock" Is Fading

THE other day as we stood at the window of his busy editorial office in the twenty-second story of a skyscraper in West Fifty-seventh street, I said to Senator Copeland:

"I have visited the American colonies of London, Paris, Rome and Shanghai, but I am now visiting the American colony of the greatest foreign city of all, New York."

"Look out this window," said Senator Copeland, with the vital statistics of the city close at hand. "Here you have a panoramic view of this greatest foreign city, in its make-up, at least, in the world, as you say."

Pointing north toward Upper Fifth Avenue and to the left toward Riverside Drive and Central Park, West, he said: "The sprinkling of Americans who live in these sections have six children per 1,000 Americans, each year. The death rate is 15 per thousand each year. You can figure the net loss as to the American 'old stock.'

"The foreign elements of our population have thirty-five children each year, per one thousand foreign-born parents, and parents of foreign extraction. The death rate among these is twenty per thousand, which still leaves a margin of net gain of fifteen children a year for each thousand of the foreign elements, while in the case of the American 'old stock' there is a net loss of nine each year for every one thousand. There is hardly more than one million of the six million inhabitants of New York City that are of the American 'old stock.'" Thus seriously spoke the distinguished physician, health officer and United States Senator.

The alarming decline in the native birth rate has received but little scientific attention in the United States. It has been, however, the subject of very careful investigation in Europe. It will be of interest to consider the growth of population during the last three centuries of the three leading countries of Western Europe, namely: France, Germany and the United Kingdom of Great Britain. A hundred years ago France was the leader of the three countries, with a population of 29,000,000. The states which composed the Germany Empire had a population of 23,000,000, and the United Kingdom, 18,000,000.

A century later the German Empire headed the list with a population of about 65 000,000, the United Kingdom came second with 45,000 000 and France third with only 38,000,000. The declining national birth rate of France is severely selective in character. The reduction of the birth rate has affected mostly those who are both economically and socially best fitted to bear and to raise a family to maturity. A careful classification by Bertillion of the number of children per one hundred families in Paris shows that the very poor have the largest number and the very rich the smallest number of children. The order of the size of the family is invariably the reverse of the order of the economic condition. This is also true of the United States, and is becoming more so each year. The birth rate in this country is greater as the economic and social status is lower. But that most sacred of all books, the Bible, tells us that "the poor shall replenish the earth."

The difficulty with the situation in the United States is that *we have been satisfied with a gross showing.* The marked increase in our population is, in large measure, the result of two factors, immigration and a high increase in the families of foreign-born parents rather than in the native stock. This is shown by the constantly decreasing proportion which the native whites of native parentage form of the total white population. In 1870 those born of native-born parents formed 67.8 per cent of the total white population in the United States, while in 1900 it had decreased to 56 per cent. The proportion of the foreign stock correspondingly increased during these forty years.

In the New England group of states the proportion of the native white stock decreased from 52.3 per cent of the total white population in 1890 to 40.3 per cent in 1910. In all the areas the native white is playing an ever smaller part in the composition of the total population. In fact, a very definite tendency toward an alarming depopulation has fastened itself upon a large part of the native stock of the country. During the sixty years between 1850 and 1910 there were 976 children under five years of age for every 1,000 women between the ages of 15 and 44 years. During that sixty-year period the number of children under five for each 1,000 women of same ages decreased thirty-two for each of the six decades. And since 1910, statistics show that the decrease is becoming greater each year up to 1922. Authorities on the subject point out that if this decrease should continue for 150 years in the United States, which is a comparatively short time in the history of a nation, there would be no children at all at the end of that time, with the result that the nation would be entirely depopulated.

SENATOR (DR.) ROYAL S. COPELAND

Extinguishing Themselves

MEANTIME "birth control," eugenics and some other fads allied with the feminist movement have captured the imaginations of certain groups of feminists which are made up almost entirely of the American "stock" that is doing the complaining about the foreign elements in this country! These Americans are rapidly extinguishing themselves, as pointed out, while the foreign, or naturalized, Americans, are making good the decreases for which the natives are responsible, and causing a considerable natural increase in our population. How could the situation be otherwise when for the decade ending in 1910 only ten native women out of every hundred had five children or more, while thirty-three out of every hundred foreign-born mothers, and those born here removed one generation from foreign-born parents, had five or more children. The census reports on this subject for the decade betweeen 1910 and 1920 are not, as yet, fully tabulated and available, but an examination of the returns and tabulations thus far indicate that there will be shown a still more appalling increase in the last census period than in the 1900-1910 period.

The disappearance of the home, as we knew it twenty to forty years ago, is keeping pace with this declining birth rate. I mean the home in the sense that the children were kept together and the cooking, baking and washing were all done under the same roof. This was in reality a home. Of the approximately 6,000,000 people living in New York, only one million of them live in homes in this sense. In Washington, D. C., only thirty per cent of the inhabitants live in homes; seventy per cent of them exist in "holes in the wall," called rooms in boarding houses, rooming houses, apartments and hotels. They get their meals at restaurants, lunch counters and boarding houses. In Washington are three big bakeries. The largest one bakes 270,000 loaves of bread each day. They supply bread for Washington and ship it to near-by towns. This same condition exists in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, in Detroit, Kansas City, in Denver and other cities. It also exists to a lesser degree in the smaller cities and towns throughout the country, particularly in the Northern States. The Southern States have not been stripped of the homes as have those of the North. There is also more religious fervor and spirituality among the people of the South, and the churches are far better attended in those states. All reports on the subject indicate this. The one who has traveled extensively in the South, and sojourned there, is strongly impressed with truth of this. The cooking, baking and laundry work is done in the homes of the South far more than in the North.

A traveling salesman of twenty-five years' experience in selling flour for one of the great flour mills of the Northwest said to me: "You used to see scores of bags and barrels of flour in the little corner grocery. Often the smallest grocer would buy a carload of flour from me. He sold it to the homes. Now the little grocer buys very little or no flour. The big bakeries that now bake nearly all the bread, cakes and pies, buy a train-load of flour very often. This means that the baking is no longer done in the homes as our mothers did."

Every village has laundry agencies that feed the big laundries of the cities. The laundry business in the United States has grown to enormous proportions. A quarter of a century and more ago women and girls made their own clothes largely. Now our Jewish-Americans get rich by manufacturing and selling women's ready-to-wear clothes. This business alone amounts to one billion dollars a year in this country.

A young woman, the wife of a teller in a bank, recently said to me: "I don't keep house because I can't get a servant." I asked her: "Did your mother or your grandmother have servants?" "No, they didn't," she replied, "but that was a different age." *And she was right; it was a very different age.* The people of those days were "old-fashioned"; we have "new-fashioned" the home and the family out of existence, or at least snuffed it out, up to the danger point. "Oh," some one says, "our schools now teach domestic science and sewing to the girls." True, but what do they do with these accomplishments when they acquire them?

Housewives Are Going

WE HEAR a great deal of loose talk about there being "too many people in this country now." For continental United States we have about thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile. France has nearly six times the density of population that we have, or about 200 to the square mile; Germany has 300 to the square mile, or nearly nine times the density of population that we have; Belgium has 700 to the square mile, or about twenty times the density of population that the United States has. There are twenty people on each square mile in Belgium to our one inhabitant per square mile. There is less waste land in this country than in some of the European countries. What is meant by waste land is land that is not fertile or fit for cultivation.

We might as well face the truth and own up that the United States, with all our wealth and our boasted "high standard of living," is the most homeless country in the world. No such condition exists in any other country in the world, even with the deplorable conditions existing in the war-stricken countries. Nearly all the people in most other countries have homes, "be they ever so humble."

Treasury Department tax receipts just received show that the people of the United States consumed 53,565,029,520 cigarets for the year 1922. The exports just about offset the imports. This is about twice as many cigarets as all the rest of the world consumed. We have one-sixteenth the population of the world. The United States has about three times as many divorces as all the rest of the world, not counting Japan, which has a peculiar marriage custom. Now, some one will very likely say: "You are painting a very dark picture." This "picture" exists. This is just a little conversation about it.

The other day Secretary Hoover of the Department of Commerce commended "housewives" for not buying sugar because of the profiteering prices. Does Secretary Hoover not know that "housewives" are almost institutions of the past? The great fruit and vegetable canning establishments and the bakeries that bake the pies and cakes now buy the bulk of the sugar sold. The high price of sugar, and so forth, is added to the cost of food and meals when bought at the bakeries, restaurants and lunch counters.

Has the feminist movement, in all its phases, been contemporaneous with the rapid growth of these conditions in the United States? Are the feminists foreign or American?

A Modern Disraeli—By a Washingtonian

Concluded from page 3

thing in my life, Mr. President, when you gave me the chance to work for America in this way."

One can almost hear him chant:

> "Some for the Glories of This World; and some
> "Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
> "Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
> "Nor heed the rumble of the distant drum"—

Even though that rumble be the rising discontent of the millions whose dollars are paying for the plans hidden under the smother of lotus leaves.

And how like the Disraeli of that bygone Victorian day!

Truly, nothing Disraeli ever spoke or penned to his queen could surpass in magnificence this lip-tribute of his modern prototype, Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago. Disraeli, if he were able to look down from the mystic plane of "that bourne from which no traveler returns," must have been proud of his twentieth century reincarnation.

But apparently Mr. Lasker wot not in those moments to—

> "Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
> "Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
> "How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
> "Abode his destined Hour, and went his way."

and apparently nobody suggested it to him, not even the President.

Now read a little further the words of this Modern Disraeli:

"I think the board is in shape now to account for itself. And I believe that *IN YOUR SECOND ADMINISTRATION,* Mr. President, it will prove itself the greatest accomplishment of your presidential career"—which proves conclusively that the advertising agent from Chicago had nothing in mind at the moment remotely resembling the warning of the Tentmaker that—

> "—Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
> "Abode his destined Hour, and went his way."

The Modern Disraeli believes, apparently, that his potentate to whom he has given his undying devotion has a couple of destined hours coming to him, so in one breath the President is told that his Shipping Board can now stagger along without the strong, ever-present arm of Mr. Lasker about it, and Mr. Harding is renominated, re-elected, reinaugurated—and launched successfully upon his second term without even the irrepressible "Ned" McLean having had a chance to give Mr. Harding an inaugural parade. Truly, a super-Disraelian accomplishment.

Little heeding that—

> "—we, that now make merry in the Room
> "They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
> "Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
> "Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?—"

even though that is the way of modern politics, it was apparent that the quatrain which the advertising agent from Chicago prefers from the Tentmaker's many is the one which runs something like this:

> "Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
> "Before we too into the Dust descend;
> "Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
> "Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!"

Anyway, after Mr. Lasker's speech everybody applauded—the President blushed and several giggled as they exclaimed—"Isn't he superb!" Of course no one could tell whether they meant the President, or the Modern Disraeli, advertising agent from Chicago.

Starlit Skies, Lilies, Tinted Lights Go to Make Up Scene of Festal Beauty

SO IN a bower of roses, under the twinkling of amber and blue lights "which gave the impression of a starlit sky," the modest Mr. Lasker handed Mr. Harding a second term in the White House, without the bothersome formality of consulting the people of the country at all—and the electric fountain played on in its myriad colors, while countless pink ramblers swayed gently in the artificial breezes of the invisible electric fans.

As the servants, "garbed in quaint colonial costumes of white silk with lace frills and silk stockings," flitted as soft-footed and silently as did the turbaned servers of Takht-i-Jamshyd, like bedizened but ghostly wine-pot bearers amid the ruins of Persepolis in those long-gone hours of Hafiz, serving a few hummingbirds' tongues here, a little heart of "young baby's breath fern" there, some Cleopatra sauce of pearls-in-vinegar to this guest, and a few candied petals of young orchids to that, the President enunciated to the assembled guests that "I haven't discussed and won't discuss the details of our program, because I want you to be sure of your ground, and hope you will come with a pretty unanimously supported program when the time comes for its presentation."

Adding that the plan for government operation is but temporary, the President said he was "ready to accept any alternative to promote the American merchant marine."

So, thus, amid riotous oriental splendor, and under the subtle languor of the lotus are public leaders lulled into a sense of false security, these days in Washington, little dreaming that—

> "With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
> "And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
> "And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
> "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

The President's words irresistibly recall his mysterious reference in his New York speech before the Associated Press, to the intention "aggressively to operate the fleet until Congress shall inhibit."

Can it be the President, knowing the program—the real program—believes government operation under the Lasker plan will be such that Congress will "inhibit," and thus pave the way for "our program" which "I haven't discussed and won't discuss until the time comes for its presentation"?

Unmindful of the people, who are supposed to elect, or at least to vote for their choice for President, the Modern Disraeli, this advertising agent from Chicago, launches Mr. Harding into his second term. May all the credit be his!

Unmindful of the people, who have paid more than four billions to date for the white elephant he and Mr. Lasker tried to team up with the party mastodon—without the Cabinet being once consulted—and which Mr. Lasker has been leading around by an advertising prod-hook—which he led up to the subsidy pasture—then led away again, Mr. Harding declares he has not discussed and "will not discuss our program"—the plans for the merchant marine which is eating up somewhere between sixty and one hundred millions of the people's money each year, except to say that a super-expensive plan—Lasker's plan—of government operation through subsidiary private corporations whose accounts, the doughty Controller McCarl, of the accounting arm of the government, cannot search into and cannot interfere with, is "a temporary plan."

> "A Hair, perhaps, divides the False and True;
> "Yes, and a single Alif were the clue—
> "Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
> "And peradventure to THE MASTER too!"

No! Such things as details for the merchant marine without which Mr. Lasker sees "no hope for Americans in the future," are not to be discussed with the people who pay the bills. These are matters to be whispered only in mysterious inuendoes in the small gathering *which did not include a single member of the Cabinet,* in the midst of rose bowers, cedar-boarded walks, electric fountains playing rainbows under "starlit skies" of "amber and blue lights twinkling down upon tables banked with American Beauties and pond lilies" which "alone cost more than $1,000."

While the blushing Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago, is presented—as a Modern Disraeli could quite properly expect—with a silver plaque by the Shipping Board—*whose members,* he at one time is quoted as having told the press, *would be dismissed by the President if they disagreed with Mr. Lasker*—President of these United States was figuratively—almost literally—embracing the head and master of the Lord & Thomas Advertising agency and kissing him good-bye, as Lasker prepared to embark upon what the New York *World* has denominated "the million-dollar-joy-ride" in the giant, palatial "Levi Nathan," as Sam Hellman in the *Saturday Evening Post* refers to the rehabilitated *Leviathan.*

As the modest Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago, prepares to obtain the free advertising which Arthur Brisbane recently said "he could not buy for $10 000,000," and as the retiring Chairman of the Shipping Board prepares to entertain several hundred "guests" including many newspaper correspondents, who are, of course, expected to repay Mr. Lasker, Chairman of the Shipping Board, for the honor of being invited on his yachting party at the expense of the people of this country, by writing what Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago, wants written, this Modern Disraeli receives the Godspeed from President Harding.

And Now Comes the Question—And Who Will Answer—Who Paid the Bill?

WHILE farmers in New Mexico, Iowa and Oklahoma, and business men all over the country, are struggling, striving, growing gray with worry over how they are to face the future and make ends meet, one wonders how they will take the news of this love-feast between their President and this Modern Disraeli, the millionaire advertising agent from Chicago, in a bower of roses, hydrangeas, peonies, pond lilies, electric fountains, served by silken-garbed, lace-frilled, gauze-stockinged waiters.

One wonders who paid for all this. Was it the same burdened souls who have dug deep into their sorely needed store of savings to pay out the four billions and more for the keep of the white elephant? Or was it Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago?

If the Shipping Board paid for any such party as the one described, it will without doubt hear from the people.

If the Modern Disraeli, the millionaire advertising agent from Chicago, paid for his own flowers over the footlights, it would not be surprising at all but certainly in wretched taste.

Now, just who did pay for the flowers and the silken costumes, and the playing fountains, and the "starlit skies"?

The people would like to know.

And just how much did the food cost, if the decorations cost more than a thousand dollars?

Possibly the other commissioners paid for it all.

But the people would like to know.

The Hamilton Hotel, where this oriental feast was held, could tell—if it would.

Just how many were at the dinner? Newspapers say the members of the Shipping Board, Mr. Harding, and George Christian. Were these all? Could nine, ten or a dozen guests use a thousand dollars' worth of decorations besides the food?

And why were no members of the Cabinet—like Mr. Daugherty, for instance—at the feast?

Could it be possible there is any fear or jealousy reminiscent of the Disraelian era of old between the members of the President's official advisory family and Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago?

And since the President broke his attorney-general's heart by his stinging rebuke for Mr. Daugherty's announcement that the President would be a candidate for renomination, will it transpire that Mr. Harding will now confound with stinging words the bold reference to "your second administration" made in his presence and directly to him by the modest, albeit inimitable, Modern Disraeli, Mr. Lasker, advertising agent from Chicago?

Let us wait and see.

And, meanwhile, what of the pronouncement of Miami—that Mr. Lasker would manage Mr. Harding's 1924 campaign?

Is it by a series of such oriental feasts, where the decorations alone cost nearly a hundred dollars a guest, that the advertising agent from Chicago intends to "sell" Mr. Harding to the country in 1924?

One wonders, as one reads further the lines of the Tentmaker:

> "And lately by the Tavern Door agape,
> "Came shining through the Dusk an Angel shape
> "Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
> "He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape."
>
> "The Grape that can with Logic absolute
> "The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
> "The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
> "Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:"
>
> "Oh, Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
> "Beset the Road I was to wander in,
> "Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
> "Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!"

And, yet, who knows? The ways of politics are peculiar, and the people are aroused. Perhaps—

> "Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
> "How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
> "How oft hereafter rising look for us
> Through this same Garden—and for One in vain!
>
> "And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
> "Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
> "And in your joyous errand reach the spot
> "Where I made One—turn down an empty glass!"

South America's Poor Lo Declared a Victim of Federal Peonage System

Indian Woman of Latin Countries Held to Be Equal and at Times Superior to Man

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

This is one of several travel articles by Mr. Michener

Bolivian Indian in reed balsa, Lake Titicaca.

AT GUAQUI, the southernmost port of Lake Titicaca, which is known to every schoolboy as the highest navigable body of fresh water in the world, the morning newspapers from La Paz informed us in solemn types of a "grave menace—the atavistic cruelty of the Indian," stalking at that moment among the populace of the *altiplano*. It appeared that South America's Poor Lo desired "to overwhelm in torrents of blood the predominance of the civilized race."

This was interesting to us, if for no other reason than having just passed through the very focus of this aboriginal outbreak. The Yapura, upon which we were wafted leisurely across Titicaca, had loitered all night off Desaguadero, a lake village that divides itself impartially between Peru and Bolivia, expecting to be of some possible assistance in the landing of troops. A Peruvian army of 100 men was ready to brave an assault by savage hordes of an identical complexion.

For three nights Desaguadero's handful of inhabitants had not slept. They had the news that a neighboring village had been sacked and the population massacred. The police were under arms, an under-nourished spy had been captured, and the telegraph's burning appeal had finally moved the military of both Bolivia and Peru.

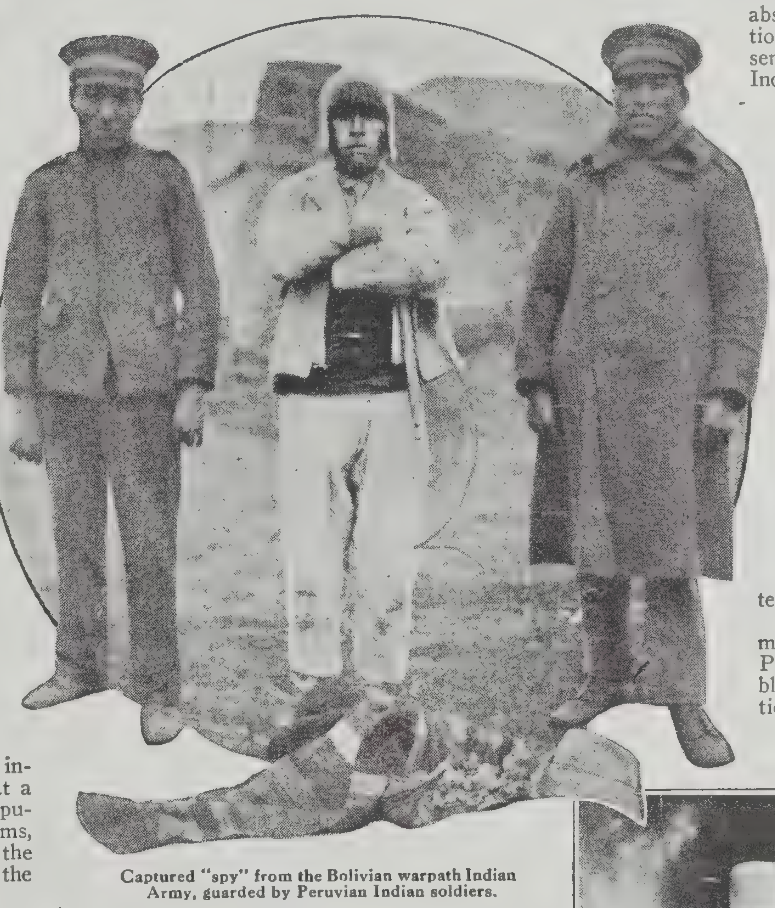
From the newspapers we learned, indeed, that the rebellious Indians, using rifles, shotguns, sticks and knives, had killed the mayor of Jesus de Machaca, the priest, and others not definitely enumerated.

This, then, was one of the South American red man's last feeble reprisals so thoroughly earned by the cruelty of the Iberian freebooters five centuries before. And it was against such a pitiful and comparatively ineffectual outburst of atavism as this that the editorial writer of *La Verdad*, heir to the unparalleled atrocities that hide themselves under the golden title of the Spanish Conquest, was loosing his bitter complaint.

As for the cause of the uprising, the editor was willing to state, frankly, that it lay in the feudal system of land tenure and peonage existing in varying degrees from the northern boundary of Mexico to the Straits of Magellan. It was confessed in his rhetorical paragraphs, at least by inference, that the descendant of the Incas was little better off today than in the chaotic times of slavery and spoliation following the overthrow of the Incas.

The *encomienda*, of course, vanished generations ago. The Andean Indian is no longer bound to the soil by law. Theoretically he owes the landowner nothing and is free to go about as he will. But actually, for a number of reasons, he is as much of a slave in some of the interior regions as he ever was. He tills the soil but he rarely owns it. The landed proprietors are chiefly of Spanish descent, many of their holdings dating back to the general division of spoils in Pizarro's day. They permit the Indian to live upon their estates, in return for which he is obliged to cultivate the land, retaining for himself only a meager share in the product of his husbandry. This vanishes speedily, as a rule into the landowner's store, to supply the Indian's absorbing demand for liquor and *coca*. For these and his necessities he is usually in debt to the proprietor, his only means of payment being labor. A certain amount of personal service he owes in any case, although the law does not uniformly smile upon this relic of feudalism drifting down from the period of the Conquest.

The conditions under which the Indian pursues his melancholy existence vary according to geographical position, but, generally speaking, there is a graduated improvement in his lot the farther south he is from the Isthmus of Panama. In Colombia the farm laborer is still in the grip of a social system that belongs to the Middle Ages; in Argentina, except for the handicap imposed by large estates owned by absentee landlords, he is abreast of modern times. Between these extremes there is very little of the free agricultural labor that is known to the United States. Political and social reformers have done a great deal, at least in theory, but in fact there has been no great mitigation of the practical slavery to which the native was subjected by the conqueror. The South American apologist insists that the Indians have proved themselves incapable of helping themselves, and that laws for their protection and improvement beat against a thick wall of indolence. This inefficiency he attributes to the patriarchal system of the Incas, under which the inhabitants were vassals of the state, owning nothing and owing everything to the royal house. He is likely to maintain that the Spanish *encomienda* varied little from this Inca exploitation, and that it became odious only through the abuses to which it was subject in the hands of the rapacious colonists.



Captured "spy" from the Bolivian warpath Indian Army, guarded by Peruvian Indian soldiers.

It was not clear to us just which one of the Andean Indian's grievances against the "dominant race" was uppermost in his present revolt; and as for the massacre of Jesus de Machaca, it did some violence to our previously conceived notion of the South American indigene's subservience, stupidity and general lack of initiative. Except for infrequent minor stirrings of this kind, the bondage of the Indian of Bolivia and Peru has been endured without resistance since the great rebellion of Inca Tupac Amaru in 1780. That uprising was but a half-hearted one, although it resulted in such bloodshed and cruelty as to make it the last case of general resistance.

Save for particularly savage tribes in Southern Chile and Argentina, the South American redskin does not appear to have been so great a fighter as his brethren of the northern continent. Fewer wars of extermination were necessary. When Columbus sailed westward the North American Indian was still in the hunting stage and could not be enslaved. But the Inca tribes had reached a comparatively high degree of civilization. They were in the agricultural stage of human progress, and ripe for conquest. It was necessary for them to stand or fall where they were, for, unlike the less cultured tribes to the south, they were unable to revert to a guerrilla existence in the untamed mountains and plains. Their lives were too deeply rooted in cities and the soil of their farms. And highly organized as was the Inca state, the battle prowess of their armies seems to have been ornamentally overrated by the grandiloquent Spanish chroniclers, eager to celebrate the exploits of their countrymen's arms.

The racial conquest of South America was accomplished less by war, therefore, than was the case in the northern continent; it was conquest by a process of absorption rather than of ejection and extermination. The present heirs of the conquerors—the essential South Americans—are neither Spanish nor Indian, but a blood mixture of both.

The North American Indian was doomed, it might be said, when the first white woman came ashore with the Pilgrim Fathers. This is not to assert, of course, that she "arose from her knees to fall upon the aborigines" with any more sanguinary intention and effect than did her mate. The red man would have been submerged by the persistent white colonization from Europe even if she had stayed at home, but it is possible that he might have had a better chance to endure as a racial entity or to perpetuate himself as a more perceptible component of the American people.

To speculate upon what would have occurred had the colonial dames kept to their distaffs on the other side of the Atlantic until such time as America had been made safe and snug for them, is idle, of course, but there is a morsel for reflection in the case of South America, where that is exactly what happened. The southern continent today has a tremendous population of unalloyed Indians, customarily estimated at ten millions, but its prevailing cast of countenance exhibits a generous blending of native tints.

True, there were in the North Atlantic settlements an occasional John Smith and an infrequent Pocahontas, but the early infusion of aboriginal blood thinned to an imperceptible trickle against the tide of white men. This vanishing streakage was never palpably reinforced. The Indians of North America were fewer and more widely scattered than those with whom the *conquistadores* came into dispute in South America, and this is an important factor in the divergent result. But the Spaniard, no doubt from long contact with the Moor, drew no such

(Concluded on page 14)

The *chola* (half-caste) who is the brightest figure in all the Andean landscape.

An Indian woman of the Upper Andes.

Breaking Down the Immigration Barriers

Concluded from page 6

which was filed with you. In addition to this, he appeared at Ellis Island and stated that the subject was making most satisfactory progress and that within a year or two her mentality would be normal. He stated that her mental deficiency was not inherited, but resulted from her experiences in Galicia during the World War, when she had been compelled to live in cellars for days without food and her mental deficiency resulted from the fact that during this period she was undernourished. He stated that she was recovering very rapidly, spoke English fluently, and would become perfectly normal if she were permitted to remain in this country. Notwithstanding the testimony of eminent physicians and surgeons, you again ordered her deported. I took another appeal to Washington and was informed that under the ruling, the decision reached by the Medical Board at Ellis Island was conclusive.

"At my urgent insistence, another examination was given her at Ellis Island, as a result of which she was again ordered deported. In view of the testimony given by eminent physicians and surgeons, the deportation of this child can be attributed to but one of two causes; either racial prejudice or resentment by the authorities at Ellis Island toward the authorities in Washington. I say racial prejudice, because I am advised that in one or two other cases, where patients were feeble-minded or on account of their age had no chance of recovering their lost mentality, they were promptly admitted under bond, without the use of 'political influence.'

"In conclusion, permit me to say that the deportation of this helpless child back to Russia, in view of all the facts and circumstances of her case, rivals in infamy and iniquity the execution of the consecrated priest by the Russian Soviet Government."

The Commissioner's Answer

COMMISSIONER TOD promptly replied to this communication as follows:

"I am not in the habit of making statements 'without full knowledge of the facts,' and in a matter of this kind, it would appear that I am in a better position to know all the facts regarding any immigration case than you.

"The records of this office show that the case of Riwa Trompeter originated in 1920. There is abundant evidence on record that political influence was used to permit her to be admitted on bond temporarily on these specific conditions:

" '. . . . She is temporarily admitted for one year (on condition that she be meanwhile placed in an institution for defectives at the expense of her friends and that a bond for such expense and for her return with an attendant be given).'

"This temporary admission, for one year only, was granted November 1, 1920. At this time not only was the alien feeble-minded and mandatorily excludable, and her case not subject to appeal even to the Secretary of Labor, but she was also mandatorily excludable because of her having favus, a loathsome contagious disease. I cannot find that you were her attorney at that time.

"When the year was up, she was ordered produced at Ellis Island for further examination, November, 1921. She was not produced. Instead, political influence again intervened, and she was taken to Washington to be examined.

"On November 29, 1921, a request for an extension of her time to remain in this country was denied, except for a stay of sixty days on this condition:

" 'This stay of sixty days is granted on the condition that before it is made effective, her relatives will agree in writing that deportation will be had within that time, and that no further request for an extension will be made.'

Political Influence Used

"IN ADDITION she was to receive treatment for favus in a proper institution, and the stay of sixty days was granted solely to permit her relatives to make arrangements for her return. Political influence was still in force. Again the bondsmen failed to live up to the agreement and it was necessary for the bureau to advise that steps be taken to 'effect the alien's departure from the country.' Still no action was taken, and January 15, 1922, deportation was again ordered. Again some influence was at work.

"February 3, 1922, a re-examination before the full Board of Public Health surgeons was ordered, with instructions that if she should again be certified for feeble-mindedness, she was to be deported. Bondsmen were advised to present her here for examination February 6, and they ignored the demand.

"February 17, her attorney was notified to produce her here for re-examination, and was permitted to have an expert present.

"February 21, she was again certified for feeble-mindedness, and the physicians stated that it would be necessary for her to go to a hospital in order that an examination could be made regarding the claim that she had been cured of favus.

"March 22, the department issued a warrant of arrest, and for her father as an accompanying alien, under Section 18, and declared that the bond had been breached. More political influence was sought, but the bureau wrote to her attorney:

" '. . . . The Department has acted very leniently in the premises, and has given the girl every possible opportunity to convince the United States Public Health Service in Washington and New York that she is not feeble-minded. The certificate of the Public Health Service is final and conclusive. When, therefore, the alien is certified to be feeble-minded, the department must perform its ministerial duty and direct deportation.'

"This was on July 11, 1922, almost two years after her arrival here. You were notified on July 25, that hearings would be accorded this alien and her father on July 31. Under warrant proceedings a new bond was given by the National Surety Company, and the aliens were released from custody after their hearings.

"September 2, the department ordered deportation.

"On October 12, the National Surety Company was directed to produce both aliens at Ellis Island on or before October 21, for the purpose of their being photographed and giving information. The bondsmen on the first bond, given November 20, were notified that that bond was breached, and ordered to make payment on or before October 27.

"You were notified as to the proposed deportation of the aliens. Although you had gone on record as assuring Inspector Conry that 'of course the alien will do whatever she is ultimately ordered to do,' you advised this office that you were going to Washington to appear before the Board of Review.

"On November 7, the National Surety Company, not having followed instructions to have the aliens appear, the matter was again referred to the bureau. On November 14, the bureau advised that another opportunity be given the bondsmen to present the aliens, and failing to do so, the bonds be declared breached. (This was the second bond—the first had already been breached.)

"On March 12, 1923, this office was notified to deport the aliens. On March 19, the National Surety Company was notified that the bonds had been breached. Not until March 29 was the girl located.

"On March 24, the situation regarding all feeble-minded cases had become intolerable and I took the matter up with Washington. Not only were my actions approved, but I was assured of staunch support in my attempt to administer the law, and that all cases were to be handled in the same manner.

"As to the charge in your letter that I picked the cases of Ruth Trompeter, the Sas family and 'Sammy' Goldman, I have to inform you that this statement is absolutely false and in line with equally irresponsible statements. They were not picked by me, but fell into my hands unsolicited, and I, as a government officer, was forced, if I were to be true to my oath of office, to take action at once.

"Your Statement Insulting"

"I TAKE particular exception to that portion of your letter which states that the deportation of this child can be 'attributed to but one of two causes, either racial prejudice or resentment by the authorities at Ellis Island toward Washington.' I consider such a statement unwarranted and insulting. I challenge anyone to show a single act on my part, since I assumed charge of Ellis Island, which would indicate the slightest bias on my part as regards race, religion or creed. On the contrary, the files are filled with unsolicited testimonials from various welfare organizations representing all races and religions, as to the honesty, fairness and tolerance of my administration in this respect. None have been more outspoken in praise than have been the Hebrew Immigrant Aid and the Council of Jewish Women.

"As to your racial charge, you are advised that I understand that of the cases admitted on bond, approximately forty-two are Jews. This fact shall not deter me from doing all that lies in my power to effect their deportation. On the other hand, it does not influence my actions. I am interested in the welfare and the future of this country, and this country has no place for any feeble-minded aliens of any race, who are here illegally.

"Your conclusion that the deportation of this child to Russia is on a par with the execution of the consecrated priest by the Soviet Bolshevists is beneath notice. I shall leave the American people to judge whether there is any resemblance between a feeble-minded alien, afflicted also with favus, mandatorily excluded by the laws of the United States and granted privileges not even allowed by law, and a consecrated religieux, whose execution by an outlaw government has shocked and revolted the world. It may interest you to know the viewpoint of the American people in this effort made to rid the country of aliens here illegally. Your letter is the only protest I have received. On the contrary, I have been amazed by the spontaneous outburst of approval on the part of the American public.

Congratulated on Stand

"WHILE I have not before me the specific cases in which you appeared here, I must call your attention to one fact, that the immigration laws are going to be administered here in absolute accordance with the work of Congress in placing them on the statute books, and in the honest administration of those laws, I intend to guard the privileges of the immigrants as assiduously as I do the rights of the United States."

Mr. Felder replied to this letter with another, but Commissioner Tod ended the discussion with the following brief sentence:

"Riwa Trompeter having sailed on the Steamship *Mauretania* today, the incident is closed."

In the flood of congratulatory letters that have reached the commissioner, there is one from Professor Robert DeC. Ward, of Harvard University, who writes:

"Best wishes in your struggle against the political and other influences which oppose you."

Mr. E. R. Johnstone, director of the training school at Vineland, New Jersey, devoted to the interests of those whose minds have not developed normally, after noting a clipping concerning the case of "Sammy" Goldman, writes:

"I am sure every institution man in the country will agree with your statement that 'It is better to face the facts and realize that it is cases such as this which lead to the filling of our institutions with foreign deficients, when our asylums are too crowded even to take care of the American-born."

Twelve Hundred Miles on Great Lakes

Concluded from page 9

in-Bay, noted for its connection with Commodore Perry and the Battle of Lake Erie.

Soon after leaving Point Pelee the steamer joins the procession of vessels—carriers of ore, of coal, of grain—that passes to and from the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair and the St. Clair River, where, for nearly one hundred miles, Ontario comes within hailing distance of Michigan.

At the entrance of the St. Clair River from Lake Huron is Port Sarnia, favorite of Canadian vessels, which shares with Collingwood, Owen Sound and Port McNicoll, on Georgian Bay, the honor of sending out palatial passenger ships and receiving heavily laden cargo carriers.

It is not enough to study the wonders of Georgian Bay from a steamer. It is far better to take a few days on a motor boat or on one of the little vessels that make daily trips among the fringe of rocky islands that find shelter close to the eastern shore of the bay. The islands are popularly said to number thirty thousand, but it might be as accurate to speak of the Forty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay; probably no one would question the accuracy of the estimate.

And what islands they are! Islands that are mere dots in the water, and islands that cover many acres; islands bare and islands covered with thick woods. But all are rocky and each offers a restful summer home to some family from the noisier regions far from the water.

When, at length, Georgian Bay with all its wonderful islands must be left behind, it is found that the way toward Sault Ste. Marie is all but barred by Manitoulin Island, the Island of the Great Spirit, where the Indians who had long gloried in the possession of the islands of Georgian Bay—Chippewas, Ottawas and Saugins—accepted Manitoulin in exchange. The agreement was made, in 1836, at Manitowaning, a town in the eastern part of the island. The descendants of these Indians now live on a reservation, while settlers occupy most of the island that was promised to the savages.

Beyond the St. Mary's River lies Lake Superior, the tremendous inland sea that is father of the Great Lakes. The vessel is soon out of sight of land, for few islands break the great sweep of water. One of the few islands, Michipicoten, close to the northeast shore, since its discovery in 1760 by Alexander Henry, has been visited by many seekers after gold and copper, who have called it "The Island of Yellow Sands."

South America's Poor Lo a Victim of Peonage

Concluded from page 13

color line as the men of upper Europe. Aside from a few picturesque exceptions, wives of the Spanish conquerors did not accompany them on the great American adventure, and it was long before they followed in any considerable number. No wave of agricultural peasantry came from old Spain to the new lands unlocked for exploitation by Pizarro and Cortes, for the lust of the conquistadors was for gold rather than for acres of Indian corn. After the first years of slaughter, therefore, the native population was tolerated. Quite otherwise than in the case of the North American settler, the Spaniard saw no advantage in pushing the Indian away from the soil. The adaptable Don, after putting the men to work, took the women to wife.

The result of this policy, for the Indian, was, paradoxically, both extermination and perpetuation. While he was vanishing in thousands under the lash and the white man's liquors, his blood was being made imperishable by absorption into the conquerors' veins. Under the system of tribute and forced labor he was worked to death in the fields and mines, or succumbed to tuberculosis in the coast regions, the airs of which were fatal to his high-altitude lungs. Nevertheless he persists in the race mixture that constitutes the South American of today.

The Indian woman, who is at least the equal if not the superior of the male, is in this and still another respect one of the mothers of what seems to be approaching a new and homogeneous racial type. Into her care, or into the hands of her *chola* daughter, the children of indolent and aristocratic white women are confided, with the result that some of her inherent aboriginal ideas are passed on into the blood and brain of the dominant caste.

No doubt there was a vastly greater population of natives under the Incas than there is today. This follows not alone from the facts of massacre, disease and devitalizing slavery, but is attested by the ruins of human habitations scattered over wide regions that are now practically deserted.

Estimates of the population of South America at the time of its discovery are, of course, conjectural. The Incas are said to have ruled over eleven millions in Peru, where less than a quarter of that number are living today. Only one-eighth of Peru's present inhabitants are pure white, however, so that it may be seen how little lacking to the Indian is progeny.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Character Imprints—Phrenology's Falseness

NOT very many years ago, professional phrenologists traveled through our country collecting money in the name of science. The theory of "cranial bumps" was first announced about the year 1796 by the Viennese physician, Franz Joseph Gall. This eccentric investigator derived his theory by comparing the "cranial topography" of a large number of persons with their individual moral and mental endowments. Gall held that he had proved that the brain was composed of faculties or special organs which gave to the skull its particular and individual contours which corresponded with the size of the organ located at any given portion of the cranium. A big "bump" signified a large organ beneath. Promontories due to the accidents of domestic life, of course, must be excluded in a diagnosis by a reliable phrenologist. Cranial contour maps, generally called phrenological charts, added their due impressionistic weight to the atmosphere created by the professional phrenologist. A complete map consisted of the seven grand divisions: perceptives, reflectives, moral, self-perfecting, aspiring, animal, and domestic. Each one of these grand divisions was subdivided into related functions. For example, the class "aspiring," generally, included self-esteem, firmness, approbativeness, conscientiousness, cautiousness, and sublimity. Each one of the sub-functions was assigned to a particular location within the contour limits of the grand zone, "aspiring."

This theory of Gall concerning the brain is utterly false. It is now common knowledge that the surface of the brain is furrowed by *fissures* between which appear the so-called convolutions. The two deepest *fissures* are called the *fissure of Rolando* and the *fissure of Sylvius.* Instead of the "cranial contours" of Gall we find the brain subdivided into areas which have to do with the *general sensations, particular sensations, muscular or motor control area*, and the *association areas.* In the drawing, the *motor control area* is at the left of the fissure of Rolando. This area controls the muscles of the toes, foot, leg, and so on. The *sensory area,* pertaining to such *general sensations* as temperature, pain, pressure, and so forth, is located at the right of the fissure of Rolando—refer to the drawing. The areas which deal with such *particular sensations* as hearing, vision, smell and taste have been definitely located, with the exception of the last mentioned. The remaining portions of the brain area are taken up by the so-called *association areas.* It is the business of these areas to co-ordinate and elaborate the experience derived through the sensations into thought and knowledge processes.

These facts are sufficient to explode the phrenological theory and render it useless in character analysis. The most that can be said for this theory is that the general shape of the head is a crude index to individual character.

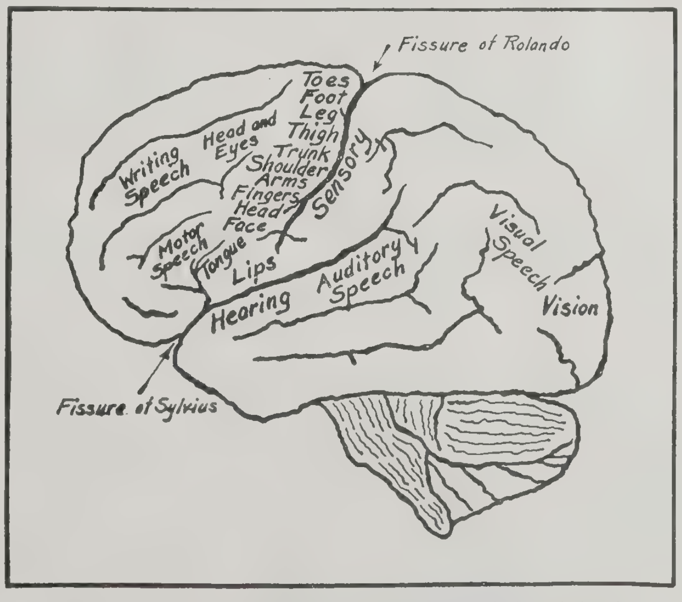
Physiognomy was studied by the ancients. Aristotle, the famous Greek philosopher, is the author of the first work on physiognomy. The play of the features and mimicry did not enter into the considerations of the ancients. This study is a modern departure. The valuable treatise by Professor H. Krukenberg, entitled "Der Gesichtausdruck des Menschen" (published by Ferdinand Enke, Stuttgart, 1923) is a contribution which deals in a thorough manner with this modern phase of the problem.

The modern scientist does not seek for *character imprints* in the fixed portions of the human head. Common sense tells him that immobile parts cannot serve as a receptive mold for the impressions and conscious reactions which arise throughout the life of a thinking and emotional human being. Therefore he turns to the movable portions in order to discover those *imprints* which tell the story of the individual reactions to experience which, collectively considered, constitute a person's character. The mobile portions of the face around the eyes and the mouth constitute the field wherein the physiognomist finds his most valuable data.

Some persons, believing it advantageous for purely personal reasons, have developed, with a measure of success, a type of control which makes it difficult to discover clues to their conscious reactions. They prefer to hide, if possible, any outward tokens of their feelings, emotions and intellectual conclusions. The successful Wall Street gambler knows the value of the "poker-face." It is a valuable asset both to the card-shark and to all the varieties of the "gentleman highwayman" with which our civilization is infested. The mask, however, is never perfectly impenetrable. Honest men are naturally suspicious of those who incase their soul life within a protective insulation built up for the purpose of deceiving people. We do not advocate the abandonment of self-control, but we deplore the fact that fraud is often made possible by facial restraint.

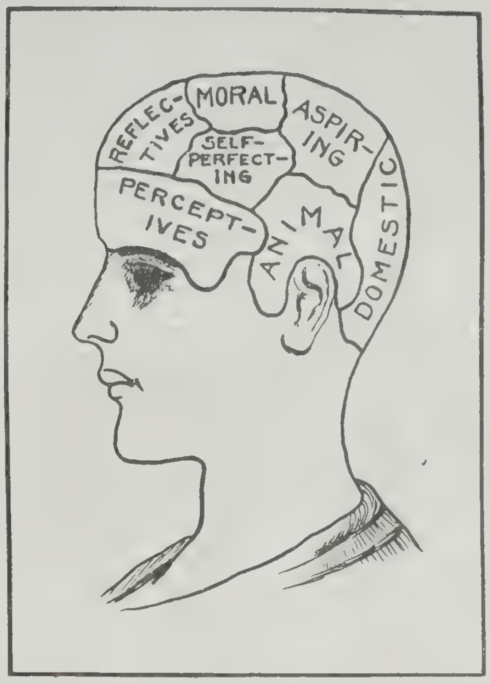
The traces of our psychic processes can never be totally removed from our face. The continual recurrence of certain thoughts, feelings, mental attitudes and reactions eventually leaves imprints which nothing less than a changed character can modify. We can truly state that the facial expression is an index to the soul. The man whose life is mostly made up of physical labor shows this fact by a tenseness and a more or less strained condition of the muscles of the mouth. The brain worker's *imprint zone* is principally localized around the eyes. The dreamer can be discovered by studying the region around the eyes, which for this type conveys the impression of reflective thought turned inward. The scientific type, on the other hand, conveys the impression that thought is outward-bound toward physical things. That profound thought involves effort is apparent from the accompanying contraction of the eyebrows. Pain produces the same effect. The difficulty and exertion involved in deep thought are closely related to pain. The effect of pain upon the zone of the eyes is well illustrated in the head of Christ, painted by the famous Italian artist, Guido Reni. The well-known Laocöon group, in the Vatican, is an illustrious example of the Greek sculptor's recognition of the significance of the eye zone in depicting pain. The sculptors of ancient Greece and Rome generally provided their statues of men with furrows and wrinkles in the forehead to indicate thought, whereas these indications were conspicuously absent in their examples of women.

It was Darwin who established the fact that various psychic states are represented by the same imitative expression. In other words, the language of facial mimicry called forth by the various psychic states is a universal mode of expression and it is essentially the same for all nations and races, whereas the expressive movements of the body and limbs change according to habits and customs. A most curious illustration of the last mentioned variation in the manner of expression is cited by G. Nordstrand in his excellent article, entitled *"Ansiktets Vittnesbord,"* which appeared in *Nya Dagligt Allehanda,* April 2, 1923. Nordstrand states that the great Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, found a curious custom prevalent among the inhabitants of Tibet. Whenever they greeted each other it was by sticking out their tongues. We are certain that any attempt to introduce this Tibetan custom in the United States as a substitute for our "Good morning!" would end disastrously for the bold innovator.



Brain areas, according to modern psychology. Physiological psychology has shown that the brain is subdivided into areas dealing with sensations, muscular control, and association of ideas.

The great German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, was aware of the influence of a facial expression upon the mood of the person. In recent times the eminent psychologist, Wilhelm Max Wundt, has shown conclusively that the relationship is reversible and that on the one hand, the psychic attitude calls forth certain expressive facial and bodily motions, while on the other hand the play of features and gesticulation influence the psychic mood and attitude. Pideret, the famous physiognomist, has substantiated the theory that the facial expressions gradually form the physiognomy into a permanent facial cast which indicates the person's character.



Phrenological chart, according to Franz J. Gall. Modern psychology has shown the theory of phrenology to be false.

Professor Krukenberg's work deals principally with his researches in the field of imitation and mimicry. He states that the evidence of intellectual work must principally be found in the eye and forehead zones, whereas the play of the emotions leaves its imprints around the mouth. A heightened and happy mood may be initiated by raising the lips and cheeks, and a depressed feeling may be brought about by the relaxation and lowering of the corners of the mouth. By lessening the tension around the lower jaw, the mood is depressed. When this condition is habitual, a general state of despondency prevails. In Nordstrand's summary of the work of Krukenberg, to which we are in part indebted for the data presented in this article, the physiological mechanism by which the psychical states are revealed through facial expression is explained. A large number of small muscles are located under the skin. When these muscles are contracted the skin is creased and furrowed. In this way the familiar lines of the face are formed. The entire mechanism by which these muscles are set into operation consists, according to Krukenberg, of four principal co-operative functional elements: first, the psychic centers; second, the brain centers which control the muscles of mimicry; third, the nerves which connect these brain centers with the fourth factor, that is, the facial muscles of mimicry. Those facial muscles which are used most become the strongest and fold the skin into definite creases. When the skin's elasticity disappears, these grooves or creases remain in those positions where they have been formed most frequently, thus determining the permanent facial expressions. This is the procedure by which the psychic processes place their imprints on the face. Those psychical processes which are often repeated are the ones that leave the most permanent traces. We may say, then, that the soul drapes itself in a facial garment which, in greater or less degree, reflects its own nature and character.

Under the skin, we also find a plastic mass of cells that serve as an elastic filling, which gives form and stability to the face in proportion to its content of blood and cell liquids. This content may readily be varied by the changing psychic states. Intense emotions, as fear and pain, have the effect of decreasing this content with the result that the skin's elastic properties are decreased, thus causing portions to hang loosely over the cranial structure.

Character imprints grow more definite and distinct with age. Our thoughts and feelings are summed and recorded through the facial imprints. The comeliness of youth may disappear, but an acquired beauty of the soul may take its place as a lasting imprint of a character built upon the permanent foundation of lofty thoughts and kind deeds.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A concrete tower 600 feet high is to be erected at Wembley, near London, England, to give visitors a view of the surrounding country. A searchlight powerful enough to be seen from the coast of France will be installed in the tower. A cage will make the trip to the top of the tower spirally.

As an experiment the Santa Fe Railroad has employed some 400 Pueblo Indians as track laborers.

Above the lowlands of Guatemala there are rich table-lands rising as high as 6,000 feet, with a delightful climate. Here are grown several crops, such as sugar, coffee, maize and rice, as well as various varieties of fruits. Above this 6,000-foot level are the cold lands where wheat, potatoes and other temperate climate plants thrive.

Charles Young, the only Negro ever to rise to colonel's rank in the United States Army, was buried at Arlington Amphitheater, May 21. Colonel Young was graduated from West Point in 1889. He served in the Philippines, in Indian campaigns and as military attaché in Haiti and Liberia.

Fossil remains of a dinosaur found near Ehrlien, Mongolia, by American explorers, prove that the animal was carnivorous. Evidence of this is indicated by the teeth and the structure of the skeleton. The creature stood on legs ten feet high and its body was about 90 feet long. It weighed almost 90,000 pounds and is regarded as intermediate between a lizard and a bird and of the same common stock as the present-day alligator.

Universal suffrage is in force in Sweden.

Thousands of foreigners are waiting on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande to be smuggled into the United States, according to immigration inspectors of Federal District No. 22. Organized bands of smugglers put the foreigners over the line for ten pesos ($5) a person. The inspector stationed at Laredo estimates that 300 foreigners at Nuevo Laredo are awaiting transportation across the border.

The Chinese prefer to see their own people acting out Chinese plots in the films to the most distinguished foreign talent surrounded by all the marvelous technique of the business as we know it in America. They want Chinese life depicted because it is the only life they know.

Thirty-two thousand colored farm hands have migrated to northern industrial centers from Georgia alone in the past year.

Sir Conan Doyle's famous detective stories of Sherlock Holmes have been barred from the libraries of Inverness, Scotland, by the authorities who have charge of the county education. They say the stories have a corrupting influence on youth.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

"Unless sensible men come to the rescue, we shall have a government of laws, with a statute governing our every action," says Bruce A. Campbell, president of the Illinois Bar Association. "Paternalism has become the order of the day. Good law is good sense, and good sense is to be determined by the deliberate judgment of the generality of the people."

W. W. Husband, Commissioner of Immigration, in a recent report states that the recent immigration restrictions are having their desired effect in reducing the number of persons coming to the United States from Southern and Eastern Europe and in increasing the number from the British Isles, Germany, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. This means that the new citizens of the United States are of the same stock as the original settlers of the country. The countries last mentioned are now sending their full quotas to the United States, something that has not happened for several years.

A French professor has discovered a process of grafting plants by means of which perfumed flowers grafted on plants that heretofore had no scent at all results in the product of the grafting smelling like the original. A wormwood grafted on a chrysanthemum produced flowers which gave off a perfume much more powerful than that of the original plant.

Jews from Poland and Russia who for the last two years have arrived in Mexico with the intention of entering the United States, and who have been turned back at immigration stations because of the immigration laws, are still in Mexico. A prominent Jew of El Paso says they have settled in various parts of Mexico, in towns where no Jew ever resided before, and are now supporting themselves.

So finely balanced are the doors of the Bank of England that a clerk, by pressing the button under his desk, can close them instantly, and they can be opened only by special process.

A jail, a chapel and a morgue will be included in the Chicago Union Station now under construction. The jail will be used for holding prisoners passing through Chicago and will eliminate the necessity of prisoners being handcuffed to officers while waiting for trains. The chapel will be complete and will be equipped for funeral services.

President Harding says: "The nation had deliberately, after many years of consideration, adopted the present policy, which is written into the Eighteenth Amendment. It is the law of the land and of every state within the Union. So long as it remains the national policy there can be only one course for the National Government to pursue—that is to use every means to make effective the law passed in compliance with this constitutional mandate. To do this will be the unquestioning policy of the present administration, and I may add that I am finally convinced that it must be the policy of other administrations that shall come after."

It is now possible to travel from London across Europe in less than 30 hours through the collaboration of the continental railways with the airplane companies. Passengers may leave London in the late afternoon, catch the 7:45 p. m. Orient express at Paris, arrive at Strassburg at 3:30 in the morning and take an airplane for Bucharest or Constantinople. The last lap of the trip between Belgrade and Bucharest is made at night in a machine with a triple motor, and Bucharest is reached about 10 p. m.

To aid in preventing the ruthless destruction of wild flowers, loss by fire, pollution of streams, and littering of picnic grounds and camp sites, a "Hill and Mountain Club" has recently been organized in Tulare County, California. The members take the following oath: "I pledge myself to leave the hills and mountains as beautiful as I find them; to observe and aid in the enforcement of all measures intended to preserve their natural features, and to respect private property and the rights of others."

M. Dizengoff, mayor of Tel Aziz, Palestine, is in New York City to float a municipal bond issue, the first one in Palestine in 1,850 years.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 Dearborn, Michigan, July 14, 1923 Single Copy Ten Cents

Dayton Editor "Crawls" to Rabbi

[illegible] OF ILLINOIS [illegible]

Scores "Cheap Labor" Arguments

Pony Express Will Honor Twain

Music Wins Bela Kun Passport

Radio Goes to 24,000,000 Persons

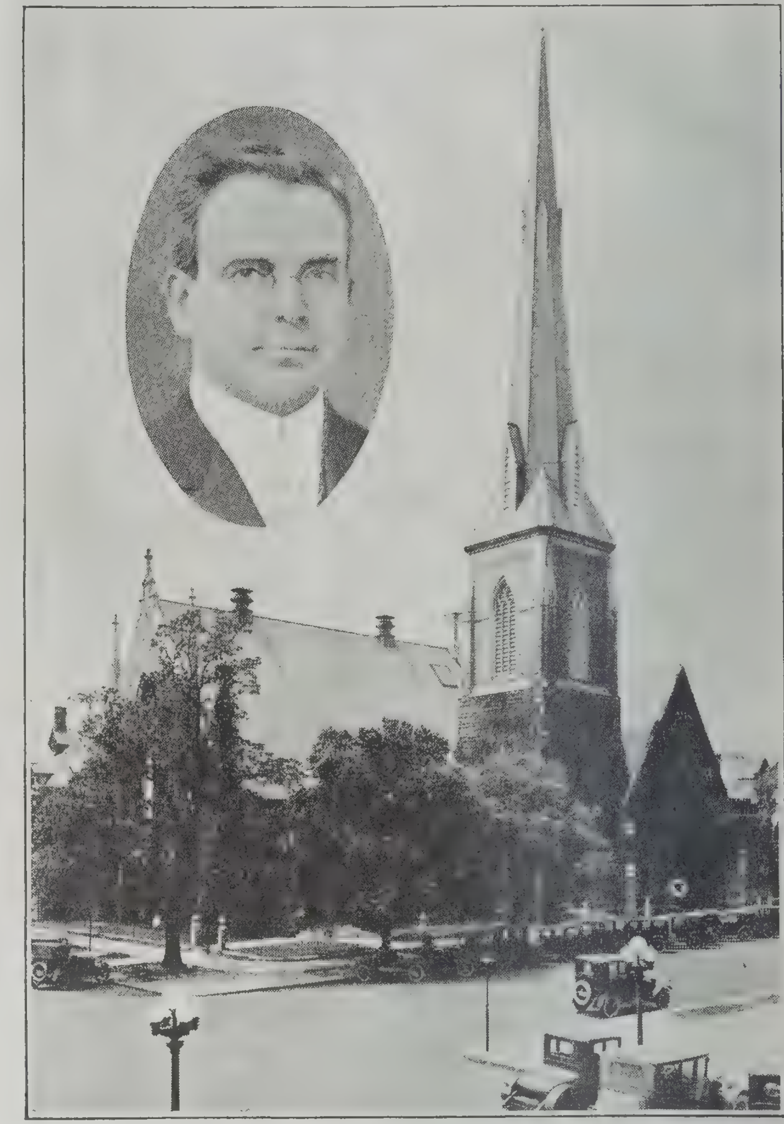
Law Doesn't Give Pure Food—Wiley

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Dayton Editor Bows Knee to Jewish Rabbi

Gentile Boobery in an Ohio City: City Editor "Fired": Chest Fund Used: Christian Minister Unfairly Treated

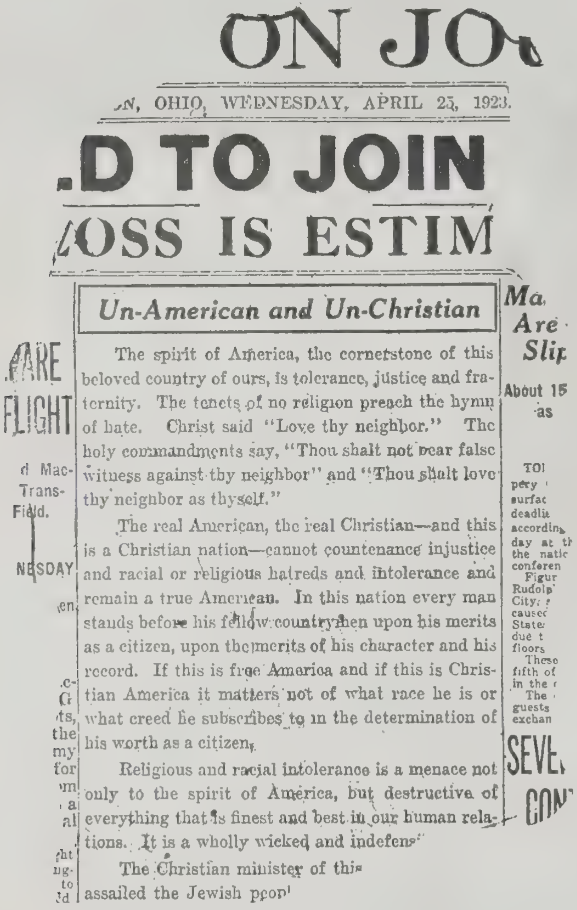
The Man Who Didn't Crawl



The REV. J. M. S. ISENBERG

And his pastorate, the Central Reformed Church of Dayton.

The Crawl



ON JO

ᴊN, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1923.

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Un-American and Un-Christian

The spirit of America, the cornerstone of this beloved country of ours, is tolerance, justice and fraternity. The tenets of no religion preach the hymn of hate. Christ said "Love thy neighbor." The holy commandments say, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The real American, the real Christian—and this is a Christian nation—cannot countenance injustice and racial or religious hatreds and intolerance and remain a true American. In this nation every man stands before his fellow countrymen upon his merits as a citizen, upon the merits of his character and his record. If this is free America and if this is Christian America it matters not of what race he is or what creed he subscribes to in the determination of his worth as a citizen.

Religious and racial intolerance is a menace not only to the spirit of America, but destructive of everything that is finest and best in our human relations. It is a wholly wicked and indefens

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The front page of the Dayton *Journal* after the publisher "fired" his city editor and bent his knee to a Jewish Rabbi.

IN DAYTON, OHIO, the right of the Christian pulpit and the press to discuss freely the Jewish problem, as they do the Japanese, Mexican or Turkish problems and other racial and religious matters of public interest, has been audaciously challenged by a certain imperious Hebrew faction.

Rabbi Samuel S. Mayerberg, of the Jewish Temple of Dayton, seems to be engaged in a determined effort to make plain to this famous city that it must "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning" so far as newspaper or pulpit mention of the Jews is concerned, notwithstanding the Federal constitutional provision that forbids "abridging the freedom of speech or the press."

The manner and results of the savage onslaughts of Rabbi Mayerberg, following the report in the Dayton *Journal* of Monday morning, April 23, of a sermon "The Jew—Is He a Menace or a Messenger?" delivered Sunday morning by Dr. J. M. S. Isenberg, pastor of the Central Reformed Church of Dayton, are full of significance to thoughtful citizens who are being dismayed by the encroachments of certain minority Jewish leadership on the free press, free speech, and in this case the freedom of Christian religion and non-sectarian community organizations.

It must be conceded that Rabbi Mayerberg and his associates have these immediate and outward results to show for their prompt reprisals:

First, the instant discharge of the city editor of the Dayton *Journal* who printed the report of Dr. Isenberg's sermon upon the Jew;

Second, an unprecedented front page editorial-apology, signed by the publisher of the *Journal;*

Third, the palpable throwing open of the news columns of subsequent issues of the *Journal* to Rabbi Mayerberg's bitter attack upon Dr. Isenberg, as well as laudatory articles about the business affairs of certain Hebrews;

Fourth, the seeming coercion of the Dayton Community Chest by offended Jews under the rabbi's leadership;

Fifth, the reported understanding that the rabbi would be placed upon the Dayton public school board as a "reward" for his work upon behalf of the community, a conspicuous part of which has been this raid against Americans who wish to continue to think and speak with independence.

Thus Dayton has felt the knout upon its back as promptly and harshly as any Gentiles in Russia who have dared to question the Jewish-Bolshevist excesses in that unhappy land.

It is but fair to Dayton to say that much of Mayerberg's success came from his combining cleverness and cunningness of plan with a surprise attack. The people of Dayton now appreciate the extent of this invasion of their self-respect and constitutional rights, and resent it accordingly. It has been useful in demonstrating to them the oppression that will obtain whenever a certain sort of Jew obtains the whip hand.

Dr. J. M. S. Isenberg, pastor of the Central Reformed Church of Dayton, is a man of mature years, whose education and successful record qualify him to serve his present charge. He is a native of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, and during the last eighteen years he has served the church in Philadelphia. Several of those years were spent in charge of a church in the ghetto, so that Dr. Isenberg knows the Jew of whom he speaks.

The congregation of the Central Reformed Church of Dayton is one of the most representative and conservative in the city. It worships in one of the most prominent and impressive church buildings in Dayton.

When Dr. Isenberg decided to preach a series of sermons upon different features of American life, including one entitled, "The Jew—Is He a Menace or a Messenger?" he laid the plan and an outline of his proposed sermons before the members of his board and obtained their concurrence.

In pleasant contrast with almost everyone else concerned, Dr. Isenberg has acted in an ethical manner throughout the affair. He did not request the publication of the sermon—the manuscript was not even tendered to the press. The city editor of the *Journal* made a special request that he be supplied with a written outline of the sermon.

Certainly Harry McClain, the luckless city editor of the *Journal,* cannot be accused of employing offensive headlines for the printed report of the sermon. The headings included such sentences as: "Problem of Jew Is Discussed by J. M. S. Isenberg."

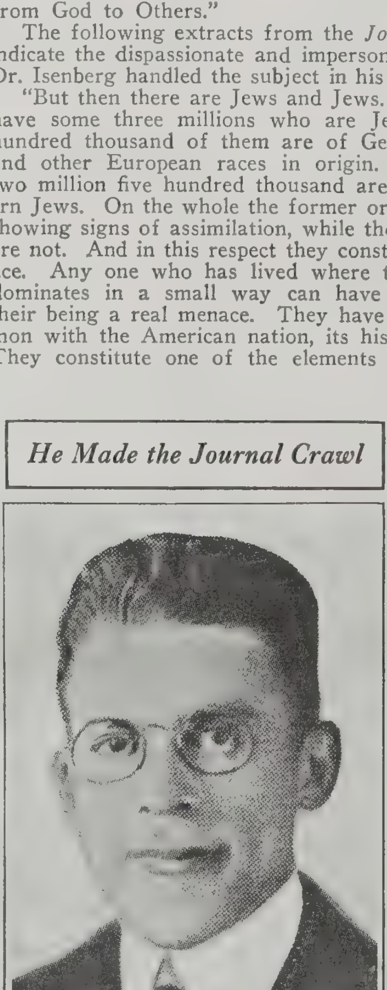
"Three Million Are Making Home in U. S."

"History of People Shows Them to Be Messengers from God to Others."

The following extracts from the *Journal* article will indicate the dispassionate and impersonal way in which Dr. Isenberg handled the subject in his sermon:

"But then there are Jews and Jews. In America we have some three millions who are Jews. About five hundred thousand of them are of Germanic, Austrian and other European races in origin. The remaining two million five hundred thousand are Polish or Eastern Jews. On the whole the former or lesser group are showing signs of assimilation, while the latter or larger are not. And in this respect they constitute a real menace. Any one who has lived where this element predominates in a small way can have no doubt about their being a real menace. They have nothing in common with the American nation, its history or its aims. They constitute one of the elements that openly and above board is working for the overthrow of the existing order of society.

He Made the Journal Crawl



RABBI SAMUEL S. MAYERBERG

DAY IS DAWNING

"A new day is dawning for the one group of Jews among us, but for the other there is likely to be a night of gloom and doom. The former group is being led by men who have caught the true spirit of America and are seeking to have the term Jew stand for a denomination who believe in God and worship according to ancient rites and ceremonies. The other group is led by aliens whose sole purpose is to perpetuate a race with its animosities, many of which are self-caused, in a country where every demand of the nation is that we become one in ideals and ideas and one in race under the style and title of American.

"First, the Jew needs to understand that America is a Christian nation. Ninety-seven per cent of her people are Christians and the institutions which have made America great have had their origin in Christian conceptions. The Jew must therefore respect these institutions and cease his efforts to undermine or very speedily he will find his position anything but pleasant or promising.

MUST OBEY LAWS

"Second, the Jew needs to cultivate a wholesome respect for the laws of the land, including the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead law. Seventy-five per cent of the brains and money of the bootlegging in this country is supplied by those who are Jewish. They constitute the leaders in the efforts to break down the laws governing Sunday. There is a whole area in the life of America, chiefly our larger cities, where things thrive that spell ruin to others which are in the hands of the Jew either as the promoter or the owner. These things he must give up and the leaders of Jewish thought and morals must demand that their people cease to do them if they hope to enjoy the confidence and esteem of the average American.

"Finally, he must cease his attack upon American institutions. No one will object to his study of Karl Marx and his kind, but we do insist that he study American history, imbibe the spirit of '76 and '61. His heroes must be found not only in the ancient world and the literature of the radicals of the day, but also in the men and institutions which have made America great."

It so happened that several Jews were in the congregation that heard Dr. Isenberg deliver this sermon, and upon its conclusion a Jew came up and introduced himself to the pastor and expressed himself in agreement with the statements made. In fact the sermon was delivered in such a restrained manner and so properly qualified that none who heard it considered anything prejudicial to good Jewish citizens had been said.

The reaction of Rabbi Mayerberg, who is quite a young man, almost a stripling compared with the veteran and well-poised Dr. Isenberg, a point which should be borne in mind, especially when reading the extracts from Mayerberg's reckless "sermon," was suggestive of a disturbed wasp.

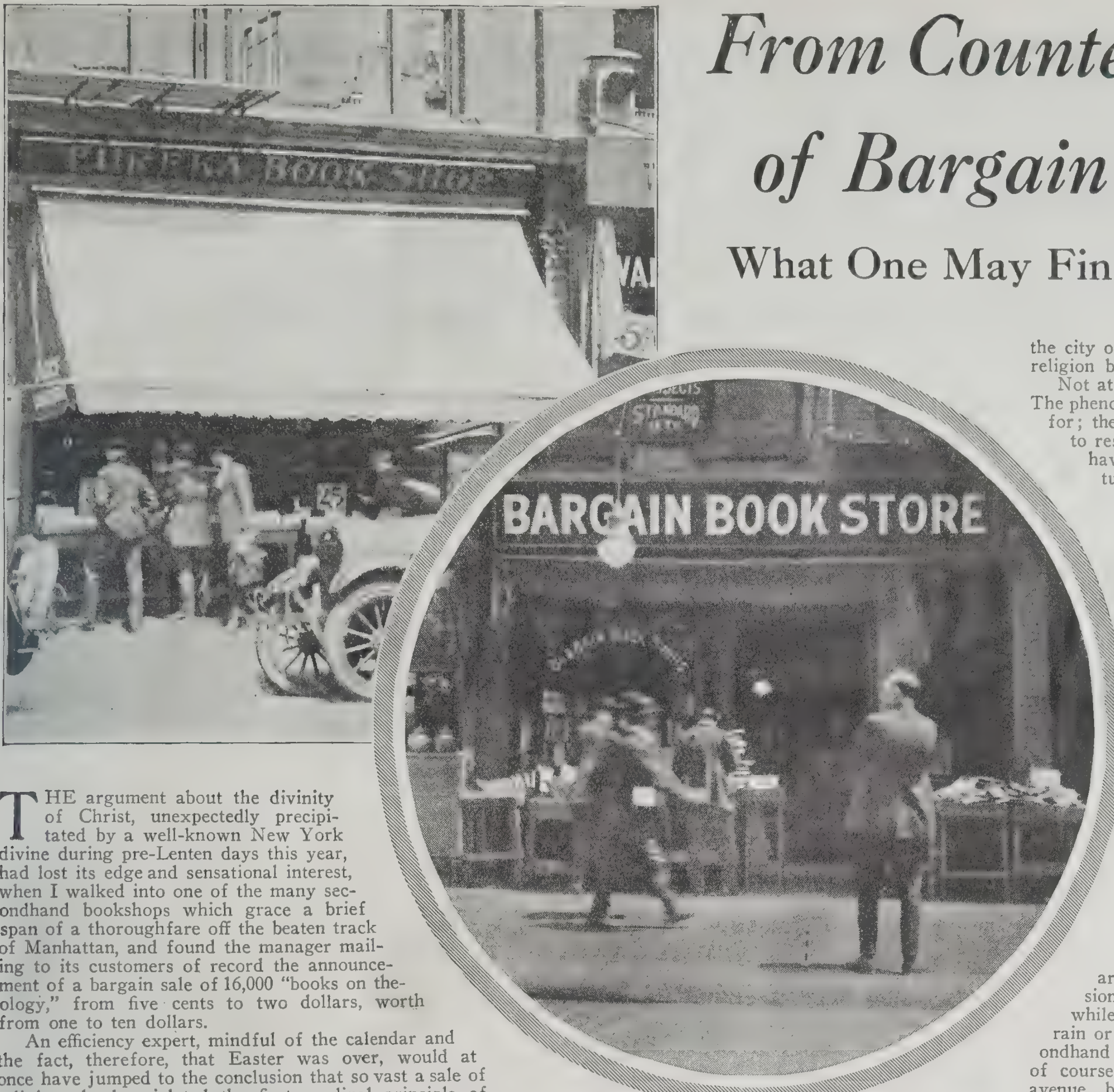
Rabbi Mayerberg called Dr. Isenberg upon the telephone Monday morning, while the latter was eating breakfast, and tartly said he took exception to the

(Concluded on page 14)

From Counter to Counter of Bargain Bookshops

What One May Find in Gotham Search

By an Amateur Tome Hunter



THE argument about the divinity of Christ, unexpectedly precipitated by a well-known New York divine during pre-Lenten days this year, had lost its edge and sensational interest, when I walked into one of the many secondhand bookshops which grace a brief span of a thoroughfare off the beaten track of Manhattan, and found the manager mailing to its customers of record the announcement of a bargain sale of 16,000 "books on theology," from five cents to two dollars, worth from one to ten dollars.

An efficiency expert, mindful of the calendar and the fact, therefore, that Easter was over, would at once have jumped to the conclusion that so vast a sale of religious books violated the first cardinal principle of business—timeliness. Sixteen thousand books could not be considered a clearance sale.

"Wouldn't you have done better during Lent?" I inquired of my friend, the manager, with that hazy efficiency idea in my head.

"There's no closed season for books," he smiled, "and especially for religious books. In a few days they'll all be gone!"

"What? In New York—the supposed cradle of municipal and civic wickedness, the supposed shrine of the God Gold—do they buy religious books by the thousand, and on bargain tables at that?"

"There's a sale beginning tomorrow," the bookman said, "but no matter how many religious books you'll bring in, I'll buy them all. There's a customer for every book."

In three weeks the bargain tables had been well picked over and thinned out. Where books on religion and theology had been stacked now there were lurid-jacketed "popular novels of the 1921 and 1922 vintages," the unsold and unsalable stocks of publishers who need their shelf space for the forthcoming editions of printed froth.

The moral? Aye, a moral and a sermon, too.

For here there were new books, almost smelling of printer's ink, prisoned between unopened leaves a year or two after leaving the presses, already being sold as old and as junk, for which any price would be a good price. Fancy and even suggestive titles, vivid covers and chromatic effects, endless advertising—but withal destined to be readerless and reach the macerating machine without the comfort of a befriending human glance.

Glance aside to the table containing the theological books. For twenty-five cents I buy a beautifully tooled and gold stamped morocco bound book entitled "Palestine, Past and Present, with Biblical, Literary and Scientific Notices," by Rev. Henry S. Osborn, A. M. It was published in 1859 by James Challen & Son, of Philadelphia. It is a book that is worth $5 of anybody's money. One associates it with the painstakingly chosen library of one of the solid brownstone houses that were homes. It looks well today on a modern desk; it looked, perhaps, much better upon one of the black walnut marble-topped tables of two generations ago.

Its exquisite steel engravings by John Sartain and Samuel Sartain; its restful wood engravings by Louderbach and Hoffman; the curious chromographic engravings, duly signed, which at the time were both a rarity and a luxury; its wide margins, its beautiful clear and large type and its velvety paper which must have felt the touch of loving and delicate fingers—they peer at you. Here is a book that although old is always new. It can always be resold—and there will always be someone to buy it.

This is one book picked up at random from thousands. Most of these books have been reread innumerable times from title to colophon, and will be reread as long as the leaves stick together. They are generally books bearing imprints of one, two, and even three generations ago. One is amazed by the hundreds of books written about the Bible. There are as many books about religions and sects and every subjoined belief and shade of opinion.

Every one of the larger bookshops of the kind has the five-cent tables, and these tables are generally full of theological books, well used, but always interesting, and although the tables are always stacked, the books keep moving. Not a few of them are carefully marked or underscored, some by the precise and careful hand of the divinity student, some by the blotted scrawls of children taking their first lessons.

The last few years have witnessed a great increase in the secondhand bookshops of these theological books, an increase that in some instances seems disproportionate in comparison to other kinds. Is it because the city of New York has become less religious? Has religion been on the decline?

Not at all; Bible House sells more Bibles than ever. The phenomenon, if such it has been, was soon accounted for; the war, the dearth of home space, the necessity to restrict living quarters and to expand living units, have caused many of the homes of the past century, full of printed treasures, from a literary standpoint, to yield to the path of alleged progress—alleged, because not all progress has been real.

The fifteen-inch bookshelf of the modern flat, whose contents periodically are cast into the dumbwaiter, has taken the place of the more solid library of our fathers and grandfathers. One must have the novel and the short story for diversion, to be sure, and reading matter in a lighter vein should synchronize with the era we live in, but the vast unsold stocks of the mushy reading, when compared to the continuous and active market for the literature of the past, tells *the* story.

Buy a novel for two dollars, and without unwrapping it take it to a secondhand bookstore. You will get fifteen cents for it; you may get twenty-five if you are lucky. But the worst of the mid-Victorian books, no matter how poor its cover condition, will bring a better price, and apart, of course, from special intrinsic value of edition and date.

The secondhand bookshops of New York are an institution. To see the endless procession of men and women, boys and girls, tarry a while, is no mean spectacle. Summer and winter, rain or shine, wind or calm, they stop and look. Secondhand bookshops are scattered throughout the city, of course, but the headquarters are on lower Fourth avenue, between Fourteenth street and Wanamaker's huge department store. The tables, in general, are weatherbeaten and show evidence of many nails and braces. But rather than book tables they resemble the vegetable stands of any market.

These tables are for books which sell up to 50 cents a copy, all higher-priced books being sold within, and it is an unwritten law that these books are sold at a low price because they will not be wrapped or delivered, notwithstanding that this rule is not enforced. It all depends upon the customer. They are left outside, and a passer-by could easily pilfer one or two books if so minded, but these losses are virtually unknown. There are pilferers, but they usually operate within the shop, and naturally their taste is for expensive or rare books.

The secondhand bookshop is operated, above all, for the student, and the student is a serious person. He may be wealthy and thrifty, and he may be poor but ambitious. The booklover is given every opportunity to browse about, unmolested, to examine any and every book, and in Schulte's, for instance, which has its lateral racks so arranged as to form so many nooks, one can stay there, virtually unobserved, for hours.

Secondhand books are their own salesmen. And nothing yet devised or discovered in the field of modern supersalesmanship surpasses an assortment of books where the chance passer-by can see them. If he stops he will look; and if he looks he will buy. The nickel purchase is as important as the five-dollar purchase. There is no such a thing as the piker in bookbuying; at least the secondhand booksellers have not found said genus.

The hectic tales about New York, and there have been many, and some based on truth and fact, have always given Fifth Avenue or Broadway as the center of the stage. The stage is usually set for the nighttime. But what of the bookworms? They are everlastingly at it. The public library, with its countless branches, is usually well filled every night, when perfervid New York is supposed to be at play. A few are curiosity seekers, or persons come to obtain some special information, not infrequently to settle a wager, but the majority is a studying crowd. It is the very counterpart of the crowd that likes to finger old books whenever occasion presents itself.

Contrary to general belief, financial want is the last and least of the conditions which make customers for the secondhand bookshops. These carry charge accounts; they act as agents for collectors and for the rare-book houses which specialize

(*Concluded on page 9*)

There are always many who have time to browse through the stands and shelves of the bookshops, as the photographs taken in New York and shown on this page prove.

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To Wets and Drys—Both of You!

DID it ever strike your mind that the subject of Prohibition may be made such a steaming issue as to conceal other matters of importance to this nation?

Concede that today Prohibition is the most discussed single subject in this country—do you see how it is to the advantage of certain interests to have you both so blinded by it that you can't see anything else?

At every crisis of the public mind the shrewd strategists of Privilege attempt to create a diversion. Nothing was ever done contrary to the people's interest when the people were steadily looking on. But if a side fight could be started to draw off the people's attention, the evil thing could be accomplished.

It is not intimated that Prohibition is a side fight. Indeed, that is where the big politicians are hugging themselves with joy. They have a fight that looks like the main battle to use in this campaign—they can ring the changes on Prohibition pro and con, until the whole population is drawn off from the question of whether Privilege is to reign longer over us.

Think it over.

One instance comes to mind. Only a few months ago the financial power of the East was sending out cries of alarm, it feared that the country was to be swept by a demand for a revision of the system by which the people's money rights were leaking away to the people's greater impoverishment. All guns were set in that direction. It was from that side that battle was expected.

Then began a flank movement. From the very seat of False Finance there came out this new Prohibition challenge. Little by little it rose like a smoke cloud. New York State repudiated her dry law. Fires of the same kind were laid in other states. Presto! the public interest flamed, the concentrated attention of the people drawn off. Prohibition was made the smoke screen.

Mr. Wet, this applies to you, too. You are just as much duped as anyone else. Both Wet and Dry ought to join hands and push through the smoke screen to see what their common enemies are preparing to do on the other side.

A Terse Editorial

MONEY, which describes itself as "a free magazine and forum devoted to investigation of the prevailing parasitism," says in its July issue:

"After reading *Money* for April, Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York *American*, says:

" 'No one ever changed a social system suddenly. You have to change the people first—and they change slowly.'

"When Mr. Brisbane discusses sociological questions, he writes more like one of the 'common herd' than like a high-salaried editor of a metropolitan journal. What he says in the above quotation, though plausible, is not so! Wise action on the part of fewer than 300 citizens of the United States will change its social system 'suddenly' and in a way to benefit and delight ninety-five per cent of the 'people'!"

The President Quits

TO DAVID LAWRENCE was given the nasty little job of assuring the public that Mr. Harding has stopped drinking. It was perhaps the most humiliating piece of publicity that has marred the whole Harding Administration. If this is typical of the kind of publicity that the Jewish journalist-advertising combination of Dave Lawrence and Al Lasker is planning for the coming presidential campaign, friends of Mr. Harding ought to intervene with any insistence that may be necessary to call off the pair. Respect for the dignity of the person of the President of the United States should have made such a dispatch unthinkable, not to say unsendable.

The details of the dispatch are too revealing. The change in the President's personal habits has come "in the last several months." That would be following the Florida trip, probably. There is also the bald statement that in the White House or on the golf links the President would drink out of proffered flasks. And the very careful statement is made that "at the White House" no liquor "has ever been served," that is, "at the table" "for official guests." Mr. Lawrence presumes too readily on the American people's ignorance of how long the official status can maintain itself.

The whole dispatch (published in the evening papers of June 27) indicates a perturbation within the Harding ranks. For six weeks the special services have been carrying into the offices of business men all over the country the information that the President's conduct at Chevy Chase had changed in view of the coming election. It was intimated by these special services that bold bad Democrats had been hiding around and watching for the purpose of getting personal material to inject into the coming campaign. Two of those services used an identical expression, namely, that "the President was cultivating an evangelical trend of mind." But all the time there was an anxiety expressed that people "in the know" should be informed that Mr. Harding had cut it out. And these people all knew it. The blatant newspaper dispatch which bore David Lawrence's signature was rankly unnecessary.

The President is to be congratulated, of course. He had only two courses open, either to go on taking a nip once in a while if he felt like it and was taking it out of legal stocks, or to stop short, as he apparently has done. Neither course warranted newspaper invasion of his privacy.

Incidentally, Mr. David Lawrence's article, which was evidently inspired at headquarters, intimates that our dry President will not be averse to a certain degree of wetness in the country after a respectable period of mourning has passed.

Proposed Peace Hall

IN THE northwest corner of the United States on the Canadian boundary stands the Peace Portal, the first arch in the world erected to celebrate peace. Before its construction its promoters could say: "Paris has its Arc de Triomphe, Berlin has its Brandenburg Thor; but in no place is there a memorial to peace." The old monuments commemorated war; but Blaine today has its stainless Arch of Peace. Erected at a cost of $125,000 and dedicated in 1921, it stands as a monument of 3,000 miles of unfortified international boundary and a century of unexampled peace and good will. On one of the doors is inscribed: *Open for 100 Years;* on the other: *May These Doors Never Be Closed.* Across the plinth in front is the legend: *Children of a Common Mother;* on the reverse: *Brethren Dwelling Together in Unity.*

At the dedication of the Peace Arch 15,000 people of the two nations assembled with their representatives and for four days the monument spoke through human voice of the common brotherhood of man. It became manifest that the Arch alone was insufficient to do the work for which it stood, and so it has been proposed that a great Peace Arch Hall be erected for annual assemblies and a rest room for tourists, each a complement of the other of national and international import.

Some idea of the large number of people to whom the great thought of peace would thus be presented may be seen from the number of travelers who passed by the Peace Arch in 1922. During the past year 81,662 automobiles crossed the boundary at this point, carrying in round numbers 265,000 passengers. These cars represented every state in the Union, Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Cuba, Australia, every province in the Dominion of Canada, South America, and there was one from Europe. By train on the Great Northern Railway which passes within fifty feet of the Arch, there were more than 100,000 passengers.

The Peace Hall project has the enthusiastic support of the city of Blaine, through the city council, the Commercial Club, its churches and other organizations. The co-operation of Bellingham and Seattle is assured, while the cities of British Columbia have given equally favorable response. The city of Blaine would guarantee the maintenance and upkeep of the grounds and the hall.

Farmer O'Neal's Figures

FARMER O'NEAL, of Hutchinson, Kansas, and Warren Harding held a little confab the other day in a Kansas wheat field. It consisted largely of a monologue of figures produced and read by Farmer O'Neal. The President was an interested listener, for the figures introduced by Farmer O'Neal were those having to do with the cost of raising wheat and the profit resulting therefrom. And when Farmer O'Neal got through, the President of the United States realized perhaps more than ever before why the Great Middle West is little interested in World Courts and such things that have little or nothing to do with keeping the local bank Shylock from closing down on the southeast forty.

In Kansas, which is a representative wheat state, the cost of production of an acre of wheat, Farmer O'Neal told the President, is as follows:

Interest on capital value of land	$ 5.00
Plowing	1.50
Harrowing	.25
Drilling	.33
Harvesting	2.50
Threshing	2.25
Hauling	.72
Seed and seeding	.65
Total	$13.20

The estimated production of eighteen bushels to the acre, made by Farmer O'Neal, together with a calculation of costs and taxes having to do with a ninety-acre field of wheat, brought forth the astounding declaration, backed by the figures, that the net profit on the entire ninety acres would be approximately $4.

When the consumer buys a dollar's worth of farm products, less than thirty cents of the buyer's dollar reaches the farmer who produced the food. These are government figures. Speculators on the Chicago Board of Trade fix the prices against the consumers and deprive the farmer of his rightful profits. *At one time less than a half-dozen grain gamblers made more money in a week than all the farmers of Kansas combined made in a year.*

We do not require a market for our wheat and other farm products. Markets are already in existence. What we do need is a market that will compensate our American farmer, the man who does the real work, permitting him the return on his labor and investment to which he is entitled. There is no reason the farmer should not receive at least the same compensation as does his city brother. And but for the connivance of members of the organized "distributors" he would. Certain it is that the solution of this problem does not lie in the lending of more money to the farmer who is only asking that he receive a fair price for his products. Mr. Harding confesses a very frank pride in the administration's part in lending $400,000,000 to the farmers of this country. But this only means that the American farmer has been plunged $400,000,000 deeper in debt. It isn't more debt, but compensation commensurate with the amount of labor necessary to furnish the consumer with food, that the farmer asks.

The farm value of all crops in the United States, exclusive of cotton, tobacco and animal products, last year was approximately seven billion dollars. The value of this crop, on the basis of what the ultimate consumer pays, was approximately twenty-two billion dollars. The original producer of these same products received one-third *and the various middlemen received two-thirds.* And instances were disclosed where the consumer paid as much as *three hundred per cent more than what the producer received.*

Department of Labor statistics covering fifty-one cities show that since the high record of June, 1920, there was a decrease in the cost of living of twenty-two per cent. This decrease was in food—the product of the farmer. This product alone dropped from 219 in June, 1920, to 139 in 1922, and during the early months of 1923 it was around 142. But the farmer had to purchase material to operate his farm at the same high prices he formerly paid. In fact, during the past year many manufactured articles have increased in price. Metal products show a marked increase, in some instances thirty-six per cent.

The well-being of the family unit means the prosperity of the entire nation. Times are good we say. There is increased buying power; increased retail trade proves this to be true. Factories employing more than 500,000 workers, and representing all lines of endeavor, report increases of twenty-seven per cent in the number of employes and fifty-three per cent in payrolls.

Any prosperity which does not include the farmer and food producer is not to be depended upon. The farmer's dollar cannot continue to slump like the German mark; his dollar is entitled to the same consideration as any other person's.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS rather strange that the majority of people on the earth should think that the strain and struggle of life are from the physical side—"what shall we eat and wherewith shall we be clothed?" Travel the earth around and ask in every country what constitutes the problem of living, and you would be certain to hear that the great problem is the getting of a living.

It is probably not true that getting a living is the great problem, it only seems to be. Upon analysis the fact appears to be this: we have had a general difficulty in placing the "getting-a-living" business in its proper place among the bigger business of life. It has its place and a basic place, but the bigger the place it is allowed to fill, the less chance we have of ever compelling it to fill a lesser place. That is to say, if we allow it to shut out the sky it is very doubtful if we shall ever find spirit or ability to surmount it to such an extent as to dwarf it by the comparative bigness of such other interests as we are able to achieve.

Take the artist or the young mechanic with an idea, notice how subordinate the matter of subsistence is to the main work. Of course it is necessary, but if the artist lose his ideal and the mechanic his idea in order that he may have an extra pillow or dine off linen tablecloths instead of boards you can readily see how the problem of getting a living in that sense easily becomes the great problem of life—too great a problem, in fact—and shuts out all the rest.

> *GETTING a living is easy enough if you do not make it the main job. A living is the by-product of a life which counts for something in the general benefit. If it is made the principal object of life it sometimes becomes most difficult. But where doing one's work is the main thing the living just naturally happens, and not a poor one either. The men who get along best are usually interested in something more than "getting along." Everybody wants money and everybody needs money, but one of the secrets about money is that when you turn your face in the right direction and help the world get what it needs, the necessary money can't be kept away from you.*

So that it is a question whether, after all, we are ever right in saying that the getting of a living is the engrossing problem, the big job of life. If it is, it is because people have made it so. And as one observes here and there it would seem that too many people have made it so. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and the man who knows this will never lack possessions.

The secret of solving the "getting-a-living" business is in tackling it from a point above. You hear men sometimes say that they never had any difficulty in getting along—not rich men, but ordinary men who depend on the labor of their hands or upon the personal services they render. But when you come to know them you discover that their real business in life is something more than getting along. They have a service to give—that is their main business; they would rather be doing that than anything else in the world. They would do it anyway, pay or no pay; it is their existence. The almost inevitable result is that these men get along well.

Now, why is it? They tackle the business of getting a living from the higher plane of the business of giving a service of some sort.

It sounds rather platitudinous to say it in just that way, so let us try again to define the idea. The principle is this: *every plane is conquered from the plane above it.* Matter is conquered from the plane of mind. Disease is conquered from the plane of health. Here is a young fellow spending his money as quickly as he gets it. He is at the stage where he can never do anything but the silly little things—has a sense of helplessness when anyone suggests that he invest his money or himself in the big things. Suppose someone suggests that he buy a house and a lot and fill the house with furniture. In the foolish money-wasting stage such an undertaking would seem as impossible to him as moving the North Pole to Chicago.

His elders counsel him, his mother advises him, his father lectures him, his friends give him books which exalt thrift and other things—but have these any effect upon him? No, he is under the spell of helplessness to do anything but get rid of his money. He cannot conceive the thought that it ever will amount to enough to accomplish any substantial purpose.

And then along comes a slip of a girl, who says nothing to him at all and who certainly does not lecture him about money. And with her comes a new climate and it enfolds the boy and lifts him a little higher, grows him up in fact. And from that higher plane what is he not able to accomplish on the lower plane of money and goods! He gets his house and he fills it with furniture. The thing he simply could not do, he does.

Every plane is conquered from the plane above it.

That is why the economists have accomplished so little for the world. They think that economic questions can be settled on the economic plane. Never. You must go up one step. Economic questions will only be settled from the moral plane. Down on the economic plane too many of the "only practicable things" are wrong. Down where they are, the thing is true. When a man says that a twelve-hour day at the hardest physical labor is "the only practicable thing," on his plane it is true. But come up one step and it is not true. Economic questions are going to be solved from the moral plane. Industrial questions are going to be solved from the moral plane.

Why? Because every plane is mastered from the plane above it. On the moral plane the truth is, *whatever is right is practicable.*

Political problems will never be solved on the political plane for the same reasons. Political questions must be solved from the plane above. There is nothing self-redemptive on the political plane.

Now, if a principle is true in these larger things and not also true in the economic affairs of the individual who must depend on himself, then it isn't true at all. Truth runs a straight line from the nation's business of getting a living to the individual's interest along the same line.

That is to say, the living comes most easily when it comes as an incidental. And that is its true status—the incidental consequences of a man's real work. If you attempt to make it the first and biggest thing, the end-all and be-all of life, there may be difficulty. If it is permitted by reason of worry or greed or any other lower irritation to usurp the first place, it may become more and more difficult. But if it is kept in its place and the man's energies released to his real work, or to learning how to do real work, then it will always come in as an assured incidental.

In another article this matter will be resumed, but even though some things yet to be said may sound more practical, nothing more practical ever can be said than what has been said here about the planes.

To get the better of a situation, get above it. The same relative result will be achieved if you put it beneath you. Get it down where it belongs, or get yourself up where you belong. It may be a trifling bitterness to pride for a while—most people are slaves to the fear of having to start a little lower and, maybe, a little more honest. Slaves to appearances are always slaves to fear. The first task for some of us is to strike economic bed rock and begin to build solidly—keeping up with truth instead of with the Joneses. When you get economic bed rock beneath your feet, you are on top of the situation—you are on the upper plane of mastery.

When an individual, a married couple, or a family are where they are without debt, without pretense, they are never sordidly poor—you cannot make sordidly poor folk out of self-respecting folk. Their very honesty with their circumstances is a quality which attracts to them power to rise in the scale of material things.

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Scores "Cheap Labor" Immigration Argument

Representative Johnson Points to Cost of Maintaining Alien Defectives

By AARON HARDY ULM

"ONE may be for or against many things in connection with foreign immigration and for many different reasons that deserve attention. But it is difficult for me to understand how anybody can make approach to this tremendous problem from the standpoint of the pocketbook alone. There may be good reasons for admitting more immigrants than are now permitted to enter the country, but that we need them for the purpose of making more money while the 'making is good' certainly cannot be one of those good reasons."

The speaker is Albert Johnson, Congressman from the state of Washington and chairman of the United States House of Representatives Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. Mr. Johnson probably occupies the most powerful situation having to do with any near-future change in the national immigration policy. Since he has been at the head of the House Immigration Committee, he has given great attention to the subject, on which he and his committee have conducted much research.

Mr. Johnson was expressing himself with reference to recent proposals from powerful quarters that immigration restrictions be lightened on account chiefly of a current shortage of common labor.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, at its recent annual meeting, endorsed a plan whereby the present "three per cent rule" would be lightened to the extent of permitting the admission of two per cent additional "selected" immigrants. No definite method of selection, however, has been worked out by the chamber.

Not an Economic Problem

THE National Association of Manufacturers is advocating a somewhat similar plan of "selection," with the view of getting through immigration a greater number of workers and farmers. Its plan contemplates, also, "distribution and supervision," with the view of returning immigrant laborers to their native lands when the need for them ends here.

Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, and other leaders among large employers are advocating similar measures—all arguing on the sole ground of economic need.

"Much strong argument has been put forth for these new proposals for the lightening of present restrictions on immigration," Congressman Johnson declared when asked to express himself concerning them. "But all the argument is based on economic grounds alone. Now immigration isn't and cannot be chiefly or primarily an economic or pocket problem.

"Immigration must be considered on a basis different from that on which we may decide other big questions, such as, for example, funding the European debts, and the tariff.

"We may need cheap labor but even if we do it doesn't follow that we need more immigration.

"For American civilization does not exist primarily to carry on steel mills, mines and factories. These are only means to ends, not ends in themselves.

"Immigration can have, and is having, tremendous effect on the ends at which our civilization is aiming. It determines the quality of our citizenship and will be the controlling factor in the maintenance or the decay of the American institutions typified in our form of government.

"It can determine what kind of race that of Americans will be when we become—as we have not yet done largely because of long continued and virtually unrestricted immigration—a distinct ethnological group. We are an immigrant people, and we have done well. But some years ago we reached a condition of non-assimilability, which means that before long we shall be unable to hold ourselves together as a homogeneous people unless we continue to apply a strong check on immigration."

An Uncertain Condition

"BUT what of the merit in the pure economic claims put forth by those who, on economic grounds alone, would lighten existing restrictions?" he was asked.

"In the first place, a so-called shortage in common labor is a vague and uncertain condition," he replied. "It is very hard to say just what is common labor or to say what on the whole it should be paid. At best I should say that the shortage is not more than two per cent. Ship a few carloads of workers into any community right now and you probably would have an over-supply of labor there. You can get common labor anywhere by paying enough for it. The ill effects on business of a labor shortage and high pay are not to be considered in comparison with the good effects. Besides, a shortage of labor is not necessarily a shortage of laborers.

"Even the slowing up of production on account of shortages in common labor might not be without its good effects. Everybody wants industry to hold at high speed but all of us know how it easily can attain dangerous speed. Over-production always results in sudden slowing down and brings about big unemployment, which is much more dangerous and hurtful than an overplus of jobs.

"There are many resources still open to employers who complain about the labor shortage, caused, they say, by restrictions on immigration. For example, the use of machinery in doing the work of the common laborer hasn't been applied nearly so extensively as in the saving of skilled labor. This is because in the past we usually have had, on account of unlimited immigration, a plenitude of common labor which was cheaper than the using of machinery in its kind of work.

"In Washington here, where they have a large supply of Negro labor, you see them taking up car tracks and laying new ones even in the periods of heaviest traffic during the day. Traffic keeps workers idle about half the time. Out West, where we have to pay much more for common labor than they do here, we cannot afford to use it that way. Work on the tracks is done during the late hours of night when there is little traffic.

"In Haiti recently, where Americans are building first-class roads, I noticed costly steam rollers standing by the roadsides, idle. Our representatives down there said it was cheaper to use native labor at thirty cents a day for packing down the roadbeds with hand implements, than to operate the machine rollers.

"There are no restrictions except health and the literacy test on immigration from Haiti or other West Indies Islands, or Mexico, or any other part of this hemisphere. If our big employers want to bring in people to meet a temporary shortage in common labor, why don't they take these West Indians, who are so numerous on many of the islands that they hardly can exist? Even in Porto Rico, our own territory, there is a greater excess of population than in any area of Europe equal in size. There laborers are eking out a miserable existence by working for thirty cents a day.

We built the Panama Canal largely with West Indian labor. Thousands of them would come to America to work for six months, or longer, and if the United States simply cannot supply from its own population the common labor it needs, legislation might permit the temporary admission of seasonal labor from these islands and from Mexico. However, I do not advocate that at present.

"But the big employers want southern Italians and Slavs because they will work long hours and at small pay, and at least for the first several years give no trouble.

"They always need some labor and they prefer the heavy-backed kind. The steel mill people have been talking for ten years of doing away with the twelve-hour day, but they have not done it yet. Besides, a steady stream of sheer laborers keeps the wages down, as statistics show.

"All such is gained at great future cost, even to the employers themselves. Some of our worst and most costly 'labor troubles' have come almost entirely from the alien element of our population.

What This Scheme Means

"THE two per cent additional selected immigration proposed by the United States Chamber of Commerce would be unsafe. It would mean a possible gross immigration of 600,000 a year. In spite of selection, there probably would not be more than 150,000 farmers and common laborers. During recent years this grade of immigrants has not averaged more than three per cent of all.

"A scheme contemplating the admission of 600,000 would mean ultimately the admission of at least 1,000,000 a year, which would be going back numerically to the old open-door policy, for it brought us in a net average of about that number every year. All brought in under a selective plan would have relatives—that is, wives, children and dependent parents—whom it would be difficult to refuse to admit. In fact, that is one flaw in the present quota law.

"The proposal that we select, distribute and supervise these immigrants, with the view of seeing that they return to Europe when no longer needed as workmen here, is untenable. We should and can exercise a much better method of selection than prevails now. Above all things, we should select at the source, rather than permit the countries from which they come to do it for us, as has often happened. It is not long since we had to protest against Rumania's policy of giving passports to America only to those persons that that country didn't want. And now Mussolini wants to dump his undesirables upon us. As far as other countries will permit, we must select prospective immigrants.

"But distributing them arbitrarily after they come and supervising them while here—that is, making them live and work how and where we tell them to—is another matter. It can't be done without revising many of our treaties with other countries and repealing our laws against contract labor and peonage. They say it is done in Canada. It is not. Canada offers free lands, which is another matter. Moreover, the whole population of Canada is only about 8,000,000. Canada has no great industrial cities, and certain types of Old World immigrants are not striving to get into Canada. And Canada, with the United States as an example, is very watchful. She turns back with an iron hand. For the year ending March 31, 1923, Canada turned back 13,000 United States citizens as undesirables from her standpoint. What do you think of that? Why we turned back only about 40,000 Europeans in ten years' time prior to 1920, but we are doing better, in both rejections and deportations, now.

"Those who talk about distribution and supervision of immigrants seem to forget that the first restriction we ever placed on immigration forbade the practice that now would be revived. That restriction is embodied in the old law forbidding the bringing in of immigrants under labor contracts. Almost any person on the shadow side of middle life will recall the wretched state of affairs which brought that law about.

"Similar abhorrent conditions would arise if we repealed the law. Our own workmen would have to compete with serfs or peons or 'bound out' aliens. Nobody can advocate that.

"And I can imagine no way by which these temporary immigrants might be sent back to Europe after we were through with them here. The Chinese who built the first western railroads were brought in with the understanding that they would return to China when their work was finished. But ninety per cent of them didn't go back.

"The proposal that we make all quotas net—that we let in others above the quota now allowed for those immigrants who return to Europe—also is without real merit. Aliens do not leave the country very freely when good jobs are plentiful. The ones who go back are those who take advantage of good times to sell their businesses or turn other property into cash on which to retire in their native countries. Thus we would be admitting poorer types to take the place, in the main, of better types. Besides, the steamship companies have trouble enough now trying to keep track of quota figures and the net proposition would mess up the figures badly.

"What unrestricted immigration from Europe, such as we had virtually until a few years ago, may mean to us is shown by a scientific study recently made and printed as a hearing of the House Immigration Committee.

Alien Defectives Cost Heavily

"WE FIND that the cost of alien defectives in the state institutions (not including county jails and poorhouses) averages three and one-half per cent of all the money raised by all the states from taxation. States with many aliens, of course, pay the most.

"New York State, with about ten per cent of the white population of the country and twenty-two per cent of the foreign-born, has seventeen per cent of the institutional insane and more than thirty per cent of the foreign-born insane. Of its 43,000 asylum inmates, forty-six per cent are foreign-born, sixty-eight per cent are of foreign-born parentage and seventy-two per cent are children of one or both foreign-born parents. These cost the New York taxpayer more than thirty per cent of all money paid to the state. New York's state insane asylums are overcrowded by 13,000. Governor Smith has called for a bond issue of $50,000,000 to provide additional facilities.

"New York and all other states are sleeping on their rights. Deportation is the duty of Uncle Sam. These aliens are not citizens of the states, and they hardly can be called wards of the United States. They belong to the countries from which they came, and it is the duty of the states to force the Federal Government to send them back. Our laws so provide.

"Public opinion in America, even among the bulk of the foreign-born, will never again tolerate our going back to anything like the old open-door and fallacious 'melting pot' rule that governed our immigration policy prior to the enactment of the three per cent law in 1921.

Mr. Johnson's Solution

"IN MY opinion we should lower the percentage and make some certain provision for the immediate relatives of those already here, when otherwise acceptable, being given preference. Whatever processes of selection are exercised should be applied as far as possible at the source. I think the basis for quota allotments should be the foreign-born population shown by the census of 1890, and not that of 1910, as at present. In defense of this latter statement, I won't go into the matter of races—if we are going to have wholesale immigration it might as well be made up of one people as another. But the purpose of their coming has much to do with it. Our immigration up to 1890 was propelled in the main by sincere desire on the part of those who came to share the benefits coming from our institutions, and to help later to build our new government. They didn't come—as our forefathers who founded the nation didn't come—merely because labor was in demand. They didn't come expecting to find the new country ready-made for them.

"That is to say, we must keep away from every pocketbook angle of the immigration problem.

"I believe this view will govern whatever further action Congress takes in the matter.

"I believe at the next session of Congress a bill reducing the allowable quota of immigrants from any European country to two per cent of that country's natives shown to have been resident here in 1890, and allowing an additional one per cent for relatives, will be reported by the immigration committee.

"This, if such legislation is enacted, will cause the greater proportion of our new immigrants to come from Northwestern Europe. The rest of Europe will have smaller quotas but will offer more relatives—the point of contact being closer in their cases.

"During the first year of the new law, quotas were not used in full by many countries, and many immigrants went back. During the second year, ending June 30, nearly all the quotas have been used and few aliens have gone back.

"Immigration quotas opened July first. Immigration will boom for five months—with the North countries of Europe sending their full shares, for they know that the jobs and wages are here. In my opinion, this incoming stream will greatly slacken the labor shortage, but it will not end the demand for cheap labor.

"Those who demand the admission of more and more alien laborers, forget the dependents, refugees and others who are bound to come if we weaken. Even those who need labor must see that the immediate gain is not worth the future cost."

To Revive Pony Express to Honor Mark Twain

Riders Will Bring Back Western Days of Old When They Gallop the Trails Made Famous by Buffalo Bill and His Pals

By HARRY H. DUNN

SITE OF
TERMINAL
OF
PONY EXPRESS
1860
1861
MARKED
BY
DAUGHTERS
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION
SACRAMENTO
AND
SAN FRANCISCO BAY CHAPTERS
1923

MRS. F. F. GUNDRUM,

Regent of the Sacramento branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution, presenting the tablet commemorating the Pony Express to the capital city of California.

THE storied trails of the West, from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, are to ring once more with the hoofbeats of the mounts of a band of men who in their day were as famous as the Northwest Mounted Police, the Texas Rangers, or the Mexican Rurales have since become. The Pony Express, which once raced over these trails, through dangers of thirst and storm and hostile Indians, is to be revived in the autumn of 1923 in honor of Mark Twain, whom the West considers its greatest writer and by no means its least historian.

Delegations from California, Nevada, Colorado, Utah, Kansas and Missouri—through which the route of the Pony Express passed nearly seventy-five years ago—met in Denver to arrange the details of the celebration, which is to culminate in the placing, on the old Comstock Lode, in Nevada, of a heroic bronze statue of Mark Twain, the clay model for which has been made by Roger Noble Burnham, of Berkeley, California. The idea of the revival of the Pony Express originated in Nevada, where former Governor Emmet L. Boyle headed a committee which first proposed to hold a Pony Express race from Reno to San Francisco, during the Comstock celebration in the Sagebrush State, and the annual Admission Day fête in the city beside the Golden Gate. The celebration will open in St. Joseph, Missouri, August 28, and end in San Francisco September 9.

This idea took hold on the West, and was expanded into the present plan of a revival of the Pony Express for one run from St. Joseph, Missouri, the eastern terminus of the famous "nine-day mail," to San Francisco on the west. States, counties, cities, towns and villages along the route through Powder River Canyon, along the banks of the Sweetwater, past Fort Laramie and the old plains outpost; Fort Bridger, whose guns, though silent for decades, will boom again in honor of the imitators of the riders they once saluted; through the lands of the Cherokee and the Sioux and the Piute—all will pay tribute once more to the Pony Express.

Along the route of the Express, which will follow closely the old trails, plans are being laid to erect statues of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and other men who either made or wrote the history of the West, and paved the way for the settlers to congregate in the cities which now dot mountain and valley from the Mississippi through to the Sunset Sea. The historic spot from which the first Pony Express rider started eastward on the morning of April 4, 1860, was marked in March by a bronze plate, the gift of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The place is now a grocery store, but it is the same building in which, sixty-three years ago, the "Alta Telegraph" had its headquarters in Sacramento, California, and from it the nine-day service to the Mississippi, which developed into more than a nine-day wonder, was started. This building will be the Sacramento stopping place of the revived Pony Express of 1923, but the messages from St. Joseph will be carried on into San Francisco, and others will be started back from San Francisco, via Sacramento, for the Missouri city.

The monument to the Pony Express in St. Joseph, Missouri, at the time of its unveiling by the Daughters of the American Revolution, in 1912. Standing at the left of the monument is Charles E. Cliff, who was a rider out of St. Joseph in the sixties, and, at the right, Col. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) who made one of the longest rides on record while in the service of the Pony Express Company.

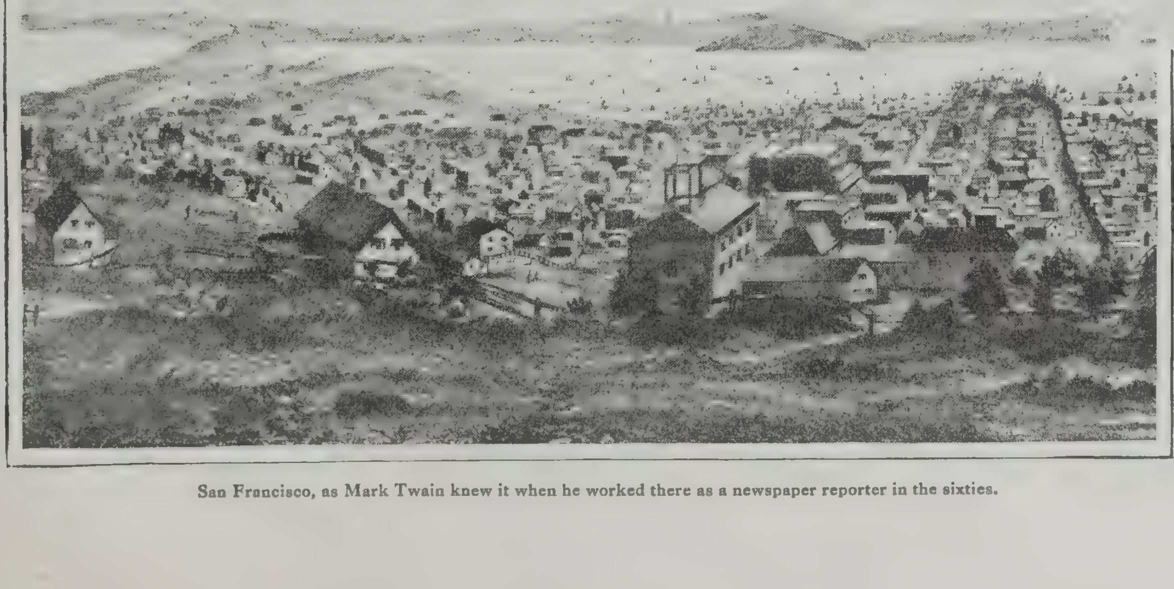
The Pony Express of the old days took off, westbound, where the telegraph lines stopped at St. Joseph, and linked the Far West with the wires and the mails in that place. It continued for some years, until a telegraph wire was strung from St. Joseph to Salt Lake City, and, thereafter, the old California Telegraph Company extended it to San Francisco. There were approximately 200 riders in the employ of the old Pony Express Company, and their weight was limited to 120 pounds each, while the mail pouches likewise were limited to twenty pounds, so that all communications had to be written on tissue paper, the charge from San Francisco to St. Joseph being ten dollars, gold, an ounce or fraction thereof, or 500 times the present charge for a letter weighing one ounce, over the same or greater distance.

Clay model of proposed statue of Mark Twain, by Roger Noble Burnham, of Berkeley, California, to be cast in bronze of heroic size and erected on the Comstock Lode, Nevada.

The horses used by the Pony Express riders were California mustangs, the result of the crossing of Arabian stallions, imported by the Spanish conquerors of Mexico and California, with the smaller mares owned by the Indians. Light weight and speed were essential, with endurance a third qualification, which, lacking, soon put man or horse out of the service. The first mail carried fifty-six letters from San Francisco, thirteen from Sacramento and one from Placerville. All reached St. Joseph within the stipulated nine days, and the California mining camps literally "went wild" when the first eastern mail, from home and loved ones, "only nine days old," reached the roaring placers. The first letter express, widely advertised in all the newspapers of Northern California, left San Francisco April 3 by boat across San Francisco Bay and up the Sacramento River to Sacramento, and at 2:45 a. m. April 4, Sam Hamilton, riding a small "pinto" mustang, tore out what is now J street, from the office of the "Alta Telegraph" bound to Sportsman's Hall, twelve miles beyond the present city of Placerville, then known as "Hangtown." He was on time, and as he dashed up to the Hall, Warren Upson, mounted and riding out to meet him, snatched the leather pouch from Hamilton's hand, and was on his way at a top gallop over the summit of the Sierra Nevadas to Carson City, Nevada. There another rider, meeting the mail at full speed, again snatched the bag and dashed away through fair weather or storms, night and day, with the precious first mail for the East.

The return mail was even more the occasion of a celebration than that which left California eastbound, for that rider brought messages from home and loved

(*Concluded on page 15*)



San Francisco, as Mark Twain knew it when he worked there as a newspaper reporter in the sixties.

A Great Editor and Discoverer of Genius

William Robertson Nicoll, Editor of *British Weekly*, Internationally Known

By ARTHUR G. WALKER

WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, editor of the *British Weekly*, was an international character for thirty years or more. His editorial range was probably never exceeded, and his knowledge of literature was perhaps only surpassed by Mr. Saintsbury. His leading articles, numerous books, public activities and private character left no room for doubt as to the depth and richness of his spirit.

He was born October 10, 1851, at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, his father being a native of the town and at the time of his son's birth minister of the local Free Church. The son's passion for books was kindled in the famous library of his father. This remarkable man, with a salary that never went beyond $1,000 a year, collected into that humble manse more than 17,000 volumes. The mother, a bright, warm-hearted girl and true helpmate, died early of tuberculosis, leaving four little children. William must have inherited a tendency to this weakness, for later it threatened his life, and was the turning point in his career. Throughout his life he had the struggle of a tireless spirit laboring in a frail body.

The Free Church manse at Lumsden was a small two-story house, very plainly furnished, and the house boasted little in the way of carpets. Books were the chief adornment. The atmosphere was intellectual. The children acquired a love of literature. *"Our Village,"* wrote Nicoll, under his pen name, Claudius Clear, *"contained, when I was a child, about five hundred people and eleven thousand books."*

His father had a horror of poverty and judged his own lot ideal. He coveted nothing for his children but that they should enjoy a life like his.

The summer days were full of happiness for the little ones. In the roaring nights of winter they made happiness for each other. Winter in Scotland meant the snow piled for weeks on hill and field, with a leaden-colored sky that refused to let through a single gleam of sunshine. From his own pen we have a delightful little picture of himself and his father reading "The Virginians" on winter nights. "Thackeray's great work was issued in three volumes and father had procured it from a circulating library in Aberdeen. We read it in a very stormy winter. My father sat on one side of the little table and I on the other, with the naptha lamp between us, each diligently scanning the page, while outside the strath lay locked in snow, and the winds were piling up the drift. At nine precisely each night we separated and went to bed, and seldom without a smile or a laugh. Truly we found 'The Virginians' a most tedious book."

Entering Aberdeen University, he took his M. A. degree at the early age of eighteen. The life of the Aberdeen student was emphatically a period of plain living and hard work. Two dollars a week sufficed to cover many a student's expenses for board and lodging and the summer was spent at home. He became the Free Church minister at Dufftown in 1874, going in 1877 to Kelso, the scene of the famous Horatio Bonar's ministry. Shadows began to gather at the beginning of 1885. His highly gifted brother, Mr. Henry J. Nicoll, died at the Kelso manse of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-seven. His sister Eliza, a young poetess of great promise, had died of the same malady. At the close of the summer, returning from a visit to Norway, he was seized with typhoid, which was followed by pneumonia. For several weeks his life was in great danger, and when a turn came for the better, it was clear to his physicians that his ministry at Kelso must cease, he must go to a milder climate and preaching must be given up indefinitely.

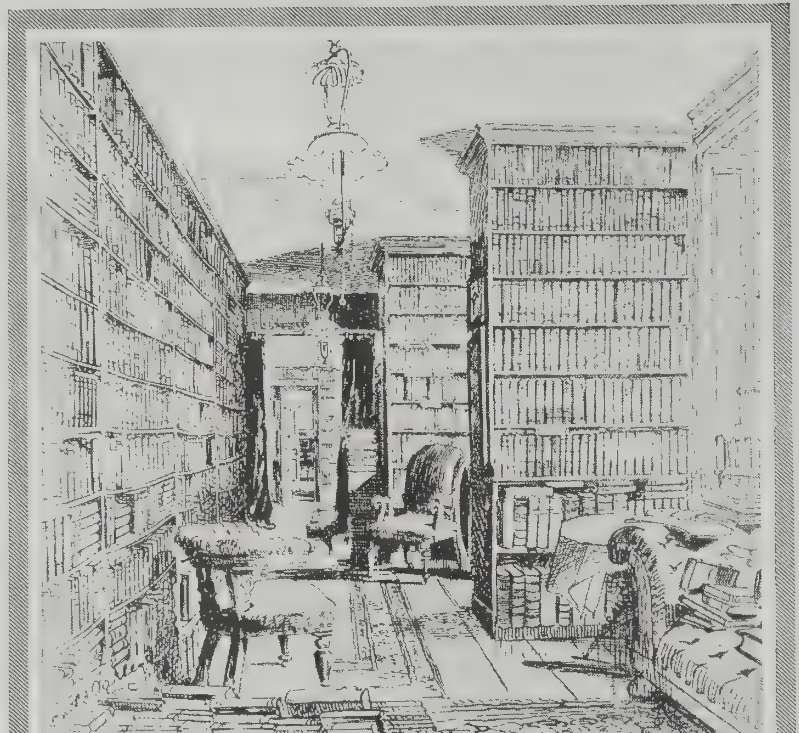
In this eclipse his courage did not fail him. In St. Bernard's Parish, Edinburgh, George Matheson, the blind preacher, was a living example of dauntless courage overcoming what at one time seemed an insuperable calamity. Complete blindness had fallen upon him at the very beginning of his work, yet he was minister of this important church and visitors crowded to his ministry. Nicoll knew how to draw inspiration from the lives of others, living or dead, and this fact was one of his secrets of strength and service throughout his life.

Literature was the likeliest way when he was able to take any way at all.

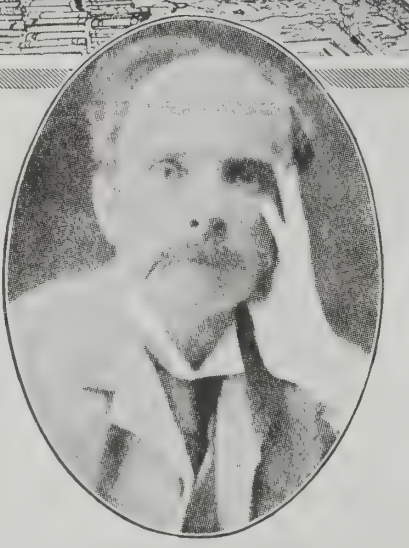
Before his illness he had become the editor of the *Expositor*, a monthly magazine published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, London. Out of this relationship sprang the opportunity for founding a new weekly paper. In November, 1886, the *British Weekly a Journal of Social and Christian Progress*, saw the light. Then began one of the romances of journalism. Without any advertising, simply by one person spontaneously telling of its merits to another, the fame of the weekly spread and its circulation grew by leaps and bounds.

Much might be said of his colossal labors in other editorial work; of the *Bookman*; the *Woman at Home*; and whole libraries of books, but the *British Weekly* was beyond dispute his great creation. It was he himself in print. It struck an open road, hit the thoughtful mind at a point clear of age-long prejudice and bigotry. It rang so true that its appeal was the catholic appeal of truth. People of every type found in it real help. Whatever their seeming differences, they gathered with great good will round this center of inspiration and teaching. It was a point of contact and fellowship between people who seemed to have between them every other barrier. The rich and the poor, the learned, and those of little learning, alike looked eagerly every week for the day of its arrival.

In saying these things I speak from knowledge. He opened the way into literature for thousands who otherwise would never have struck the track. There were youths on farms and in mines whose schooling was very slim, but they had curiosity and the *British Weekly* gave them both direction and encouragement. Some years ago I dropped into the cottage of a young miner who under Nicoll's influence had collected a very choice library of more than a thousand volumes and, though working in the mine, was attending classes at a neighboring university.



From a drawing by Harold Oakley
Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's library at Hampstead.



SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

From a photograph taken some years ago.

It is difficult to say whether Nicoll was greater as a bookman or a journalist, but he was beyond doubt one of the greatest, considered either way. Mr. Clement Shorter, an intimate of many years, says that at one period Nicoll was writing in one paper on literature, in another paper on the work of the churches, while at the time editing no fewer than five publications weekly and monthly. His industry and determination were amazing. During an influenza epidemic when the students in Professor Marcus Dods' classes were nervous and ready to surrender to slight indispositions he would rally them by saying, "Think of Nicoll sitting up in bed to dictate a leader with his temperature at 102."

He was an omnivorous reader of books and newspapers. Sir J. M. Barrie says that during the six weeks they were together in America one of his tasks daily was to dig him out of white mountains of newspapers. On a journey between London and Scotland he would read five or six new books. His regular allowance was two a day. He really read them and with a fabulous memory remembered all he read, so that at almost any distance of time he could recall every important detail. He was always collecting books. If he had leisure in any city he might be found with certainty in a bookstore. It is said that on these journeys one of the chief tasks of his valet was to keep a keen eye on his master's clothes. As he collected books he would thrust out first one piece of clothing and then another, so that if he had been left to himself he would have arrived home with what he had on his back. Having such a frail body he found it congenial to spend a day in bed rather often. Intimate friends were allowed the usual liberty of visiting him. There he would be found with all kinds of newspapers piled on the bed, intermixed with a few score of books.

For more than thirty years he lived in a large rambling house, Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal, Hampstead. He found pleasure in the summertime in the big old-fashioned garden, but his real and never-failing delight was his library. The room more than fifty feet long he had modeled somewhat on the plan of Mr. Gladstone's library at Hawarden. The plan was to economize space and make every volume easily accessible. In this place, on the shelves and on the floor, he had packed over thirty thousand volumes. At the far end, as far away from the door as he could get, was the large open fireplace and his low easy chair. New books were always arriving by hundreds and these had to be content with a place on the floor until they could be taken care of.

It is said that a constant regret was that it was necessary to use two eyes in the reading of one book. Once settled down he would soon be talking of books, and if you were interested in books you were in for a great time. He was very devoted to biography and would indicate by a slight backward throw of the head their location, saying something like this: "There are five thousand of them behind my chair and I know where to find every quotation in them." He was a brilliant conversationalist. In his early days he was said to have been an impassioned public speaker. It is fifteen years since I attended a large international conference one morning when he and Dr. John H. Jowett were the speakers. It was a great morning.

One of the incalculable debts the world owes to Nicoll is the large number of the men and women of genius he discovered, or greatly assisted. When one thinks of the physical frailty of Nicoll one also thinks of Sir James Barrie; in this they had much in common, though the latter had undoubtedly the advantage. Barrie was pushed into the eye of the public by Nicoll. He had his city office then at the top of Number 7 Paternoster Row. J. M. Barrie, with his characteristic quizzicalness, tells how, on the eve of his interview with the awesome editor, he bought out of his poverty a top-hat in the hope of making a favorable impression. It was on July 1, 1887, that the *British Weekly* introduced its readers to this enchanter. How I remember the enthusiasm in our home and the impatience with which we anticipated the next issue. The crowd looking through "The Window in Thrums" grew at a great rate, but we all found some little point through which we could get a glint of our neighbors. How much do we owe to the man who gave the world this magician of words! A sensitive spirit like his might have been smothered under the choking fog of neglect. The cocksure and glib-tongued who say "a good man cannot be kept down" have another thought due, and one much truer. The great have destroyed more of the gifts of heaven than they have gathered.

The present generation may scarcely know "The Lilac Sunbonnet" and its author, S. R. Crockett. He died all too young, but through the columns of the *British Weekly* he gave delight to thousands. Few modern writers can give more real zest and happiness on a vacation than one of Crockett's revelries round "Glesca" and among the moorlands and heather beyond.

Nicoll's ability to make folks write was scarcely less than his ability to discern that they had writing ability. Coulson Kernahan, Jane Stoddart, David Lyall, Ian Maclaren, and a host of others, have given good things to the souls of the wayfarers, the loss of which would have made life very much poorer. One of Maclaren's sons said to a visitor, "You come back here in a month or two and dad will retell you your own stories, but you will never recognize them." Maclaren, whose real name was John Watson and who was also a Presbyterian minister, was a born story-teller. He used to say, "Stories were like taking over an old house; they needed fixing up. They needed a room thrusting out here, a window there, a door there; and quite often it was needful to put in a new sewer." But it was Nicoll who insisted that he could *write* a story. Whatever else he did that was good, and he did much that was good, under his own name of John Watson, he will live perhaps as long as Scotland is Scotland as "Ian Maclaren," the writer of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush." I can reread it and laugh and cry over it with as much reality as when I feverishly waited from Thursday to Thursday for the next chapter in the *British Weekly*.

This is written by one who is a lifelong debtor to Robertson Nicoll and his men and women. Life would have been a very different and much poorer thing without them.

He joined the immortals on May 4, 1923. He was a great believer in immortality. If mortals may ever be said to deserve immortality, he deserved it. When some fellow-toiler dropped from his task into the unseen, he would with deep feeling observe, "It is a well-earned grave he has got himself." Such words are true, especially, wonderfully true of William Robertson Nicoll.

From Counter to Counter of Bargain Bookshops

Concluded from page 3

in thousand-dollar volumes; they help along the needy student by selling him or her this year's course books and making a very good allowance on them for next year's advanced books. Because the old book does not suffer progressive depreciation after it has been labeled at its lowest price, one is welcome to buy any such book, use it from three to ten days, and resell it at virtually no loss whatsoever.

The bookseller at these shops will agree to almost any sort of bargain. His motto is to keep his books moving. There is more than one—not only one—customer for every book he sells; that is why he is glad to buy it back.

Schulte's—the largest of all—has half a million books, not a few of them new, but all are sold as used books, at used-book prices. The reduction is either a discount from the publishers' prices or an arbitrary low figure. Such a stock, with its necessarily limited number of duplicates, is a big stock, and yet Mr. Pesky, its manager, thought nothing of buying 20,000 books from the Navy—a United States Government sale. A hasty selective process, an advertisement, festoons of paper emergency announcements, and the occasional passers-by soon gobbled up these ex-ship libraries.

The Bargain Bookshops are many. They cluster about the neighborhood, and book lovers play no favorites. They amble from one counter to another; they will visit next time the counter they had to forego today. A few enterprising ones have moved uptown, in the east Fifties, but the trade is yet "sot" in the Wanamaker vicinage. Fifteen-thousand-dollar rents and ten-cent secondhand books are as yet too divergent. And the unwritten law of the old book sale is to keep prices down; to reduce, but never to increase.

This is proved by the ease with which books which fail to move—and that is inevitable of any article in business—quickly enough are marked down, in progressive stages, to be sure, but it is not rare that a book originally marked a dollar is priced half, then thirty-five cents, then twenty-five cents, then fifteen cents, then ten cents and if necessary a nickel. This does not happen very often, but it happens. And human nature is always the same; hardly any purchaser seeing a book with its original one dollar mark visible will fail to be interested at five or ten cents on the dollar.

That is what magnetizes the passer-by and attracts him to the bargain tables. The magic of the ten-cent or twenty-five-cent counter is indisputable. It is like the five-and-ten-cent store, only more subtle. What if a cover is torn off, or the fly leaves mutilated? A man paid fifteen cents for a book in very bad order which contained a quotation that he forthwith cut out with a penknife and stored away in his cardcase. He was a middle-aged man. A whole life's history may have been compressed in that fugitive tabloid incident.

The Bowery, the ancient and picturesque thoroughfare, is only two or three blocks away, and at that point begin the numerous "hotels" with their peculiar cabin-like "rooms" rented out nightly from ten cents to twenty-five cents. These lodgings are well patronized, and not by the hoboes either, of which there are very few nowadays, and it is strange how many of these lodgers like to browse around the tables of the secondhand bookshops!

Farther uptown the five-million-dollar hotel houses the collector who has just arrived from England, where his purchases, mainly made at Sotheby's, exceeded a million dollars, and the bulk of the books hardly would overflow an ordinary box trunk, but does he think any more tenderly of his rarities than the man, perhaps an old salt resting a few days, his money in the famous Seamans Savings Bank, who inserts a stubby and careful thumb in a book of poetry. I have seen such a man study the cerulean cover, little the worse for age and handling, read a couple of sonnets, and then make his purchase. Euterpe and Polyhymnia were two Muses which would have a worshiper.

In another shop there is a postman who makes regular selections of books, books that are serious, practical, instructive, useful, the very corner stones of any library. He pays so much every payday. One gathers the impression that if a dollar is needed toward a new shirt or another book he won't flip a coin to decide; the bookman will get the money.

The characters are no fewer than the men and women who patronize these shops, whether by design or chance. The important fact about this secondhand book business is that the buyers buy to read. It is not a spurious knowledge or an upstart erudition that is being pampered. It would be impossible to estimate—but there can be no doubt that these seekers after inexpensive knowledge will be heard from in later days. When we remember, as the lives of many of our famous characters are studied, how nearly all depended upon the borrowed book or the tome purchased at a sacrifice, one may admit that in these days of relative opulence and easily gratified knowledge the secondhand bookshop is no longer a commercial incident but a national institution.

The New York old-book shops are the very picture of bookshops elsewhere in the United States and abroad. Has any one ever seen such a shop without at least one visitor about?

In a city of many millions like this the specific number that idles through these friendly bookstalls is not great; in fact, it is infinitesimal; but as a hundred wasters cannot undo the work of one constructor, one can easily overlook the gilded and vapid clientele which flocks into the fashionable or notorious districts.

These are noted for their electric current; but the book browsers are the ones who burn the midnight oil —and will any reader be surprised if I say that the number of oil-lighted rooms in this city is yet very great?

Oh, Yes! Pure Food Law? Well, What About It?

Another One of Those Great Reforms That the People Soon Forget About

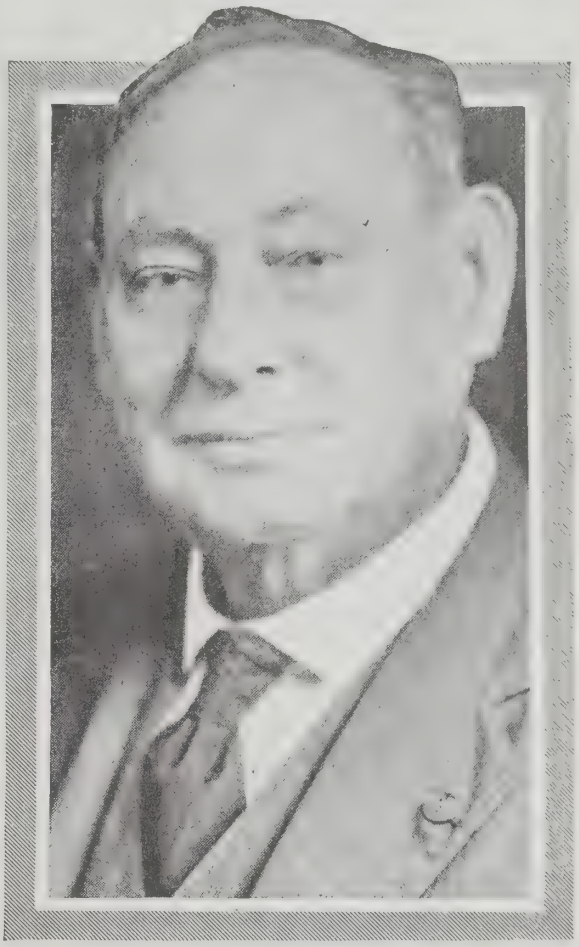
By DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Have you heard anything about pure food lately? Of course not. We Americans are satisfied with the shouting of protests and the promises of reform. We have no "follow up" system. None of the great progressive slogans of the past fifteen years have gone beyond the slogan stage.

Promises were made, new jobs created, and there it ended. In this able article Dr. Wiley tells how the great protest against impure food has gone for nothing. The people confidently turn the supposedly settled matter over to their hired officials, and then the officials do as the "interests" desire. The people have no "follow up" system. This article is in the nature of a "follow up."

THE principal points in which the good effects expected from the Food and Drugs Act have been missed, are as follows:

First: The endorsement of the use of benzoate of soda in foods. This endorsement came about by President Roosevelt ordering the Secretary of Agriculture to appoint a board of consulting scientific experts, whose opinions were to take precedence of the decisions of the Bureau of Chemistry. This body was commonly known as the Remsen Board because Dr. Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, was its president. This board reviewed the work done by the Bureau of Chemistry on benzoate of soda and reversed all the decisions which the Bureau of Chemistry had arrived at in regard to the harmfulness of this article. As a result of their findings, a Food Inspection Decision was published, permitting and justifying the use of benzoate of soda in food products. Fortunately, the public had been so educated in regard to the harmfulness of a preservative of this kind that none of the high-grade manufacturers have ever taken advantage of this indulgence. It is a rare thing at the present time to find benzoate of soda in catsup. The only place where it is likely to be found generally is in cider. The Prohibition commissioner suggests benzoate of soda as one of the means of keeping apple juice sweet. He forgets, or probably never knew, that benzoate of soda is far more injurious to the health of the drinker than the amount of alcohol which would naturally be developed in cider if left to itself would cause. So long as benzoate of soda is permitted as a preservative in cider, it will be a menace to the public health whenever drunk. The catsup which is now made is very much better than the old-fashioned catsup which was preserved by benzoate of soda. Public opinion has practically put the use of benzoate of soda out of commission, and I hope the Prohibition commissioner will some day see the error of his decision and require that cider which is to be preserved without fermentation should be sterilized, just as grape juice is today.



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

For many years chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, United States Agricultural Department. Dr. Wiley is now conducting the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health for *Good Housekeeping*.

Second: When the Remsen Board was appointed, the results of the experiments of the Bureau of Chemistry with sulphur dioxide in food products, which showed that this article was injurious to health, were countermanded, and the manufacturers of sirups and other food bodies, such as dried apples and peaches, were permitted to use as much sulphur dioxide as they cared to. The Remsen Board wrestled many years with the question of sulphur dioxide and spent tens of thousands of dollars appropriated for execution of the food law, but failed to come to any unanimous decision. Meanwhile, the order permitting the use of sulphur dioxide in food products has remained unchanged and it is, therefore, commonly found now in all molasses made in the United States, and in nearly all dried fruits, a continual menace to the health and prosperity of our citizens.

Third: The Remsen Board also investigated the relative unwholesomeness of alum baking powders as compared to baking powders made with tartrates and phosphates. They came to the curious decision that alum baking powders were no more unwholesome than tartrate and phosphate powders. This was damning alum with faint praise, as the only logical conclusion is that the Remsen Board found all baking powders unwholesome. One of the most impossible deductions was made by the board from this, namely, that as alum baking powders were no more unwholesome than other baking powders, therefore, alum might be used in food products, especially in pickles. Fortunately, public sentiment which believes that alum is what it is well known to be, a poisonous substance, has not permitted a very wide extension of this indulgence. It is interesting, however, to see to what length debasement of the Food Law has been brought by executive interference with the law itself.

Fourth: Under the food law the government won its suit against bleached flour and coca cola. In spite of this victory, however, no attempt has been made by the officials executing the law to restrict interstate commerce either in coca cola or in bleached flour. Such restrictions as do exist are found only in the state laws. A few states forbid the manufacture or sale of bleached flour within their limits, but I believe no state has passed any legislation against coca cola. These two threats to the pocketbook and health of our people, and especially of our children, still are under no executive restriction although under the act itself both have been condemned as injurious to health and as being misbranded.

Other ways in which the administration of the food law has been weakened are found in the changes in the standards, especially in dairy products. The standard for evaporated milk has been reduced from twenty-eight per cent of total solids to twenty-five and one-half per cent, whereas the standards for evaporated milk in England require thirty-one per cent of total solids. The standard for butter fat which required eighty-two and five-tenths per cent of butter fat in butter and not more than sixteen per cent of water has been changed by act of Congress in eliminating all reference to water and fixing the standard of butter fat at eighty per cent. Full advantage will be taken of this act of Congress. It is evident that hereafter the maximum content of butter fat will not exceed eighty per cent. Before the enactment of the law, the average content of butter fat was eighty-five per cent. Congress passed a law which has never yet been repealed, limiting the amount of water in butter to twelve per cent. By selling five pounds more of materials that are not butter fat to the consumers of this country, the additional charge for our butter bill will be about $40,000,000 a year. It is unfortunate that not only have the officials who have charge of the enforcement of the act failed to function under the old slogan of deciding every doubtful point in favor of the consumer, but have placed themselves under the banner of deciding every debated point in favor of the manufacturer. Congress has now fallen into the same category, and the last act on standards of butter was taken solely in the interests of those who manufacture butter and not in the interest of the great American people, every one of whom is a consumer.

Music Wins Passport From Bela Kun's Wife

Hungarian Noblewoman Tells of Her Trials in Fleeing Red Regime

By MARGITA DE REGECZY

The writer of these articles on Bolshevism is a Hungarian noblewoman who passed through the Bela Kun Revolution in her country.

THE Bolsheviki in their earnest desire to organize a free and happy state next abolished the tiresome, old-fashioned marriage law. They found it perfectly sufficient for human happiness that the couples should take a little walk to the nearest Red Guard station and announce their intention of living together. Divorce was made quite as easy and a mutual understanding between the parties was not even necessary. Why put superfluous obstacles in lovers' ways? One could divorce one's husband or wife without the other party knowing it and marry again.

The state promised to take care of the children. They did not explain how they meant to proceed, they only encouraged the people by proclamations posted in big letters on the streets and beginning with: "No more illegitimate children."

One day coming home in broad sunlight I was again followed for a short distance. This time it was a Red Guard, who finally walked up to me and handed me a printed circular with a significant smile:

"Bring this home my pretty young Citoyenne and study it."

I took the circular home and studied it to be sure. It stated that women were "common property" also and that every man had the right to choose for himself the women he liked.

I did not hand over the circular to my mother, but on the same day the maid also received one on the street. She thought it a good joke and showed it to everyone at home very much amused by the contents.

This was the end of my mother's peace of mind. In the evening she came to my bedroom, her sweet face looking pale and sad.

"It is hard for a mother to tell her daughter, 'leave home and go out alone in the world'; however. I will not have a single moment's rest as long as you are in this lawless country," she told me earnestly. "Cousin Ivan succeeded in escaping to Vienna months ago and he writes me that he is waiting for you. Try to secure a passport and go to peaceful Holland where we have the best friends. I have foreign money enough to keep you for a year or longer, so I will not have to worry about your finances for a time. Besides this you have the advantage of having traveled a great deal and of speaking four languages fluently. I am quite convinced that you can make your living after you settle down somewhere."

Entertains the Bela Kuns

I WAS ready to follow this plan at once. I had been used to an active, interesting life, spent in studies and travels, and the last months spent under the Bolsheviki tyranny had weighed more heavily upon me than I had ever expressed to my mother. Not a moment was I afraid of the thought of standing alone, left on my own resources. I had studied music since my childhood quite like a professional and had played before the court and at numerous big concerts.

I had numbers of excellent press notices from different countries. The next day I selected some of them and sent them to a concert bureau in Holland asking for an engagement. The answer was not delayed long. The manager wrote and requested me to appear at one of the big concerts at Scheweningen. Now I had a motive for asking a passport. I was not a noblewoman wanting to fly from the Bolsheviki, but an artist desiring to fulfill an engagement.

So I set out on my quest for a passport. Days passed in a fruitless running from office to office. The Bolsheviki accorded no such documents and the only answer I received was:

"Bela Kun ordered not to issue any passports. The nobility should remain at home and suffer; they had a good time long enough. The Proletarians are the masters now."

"But I am an artist and I must follow my engagement to Holland," I persisted and noticed that a tall man standing in the office was looking at me fixedly. When I left the place the man followed me and stopped me in the hall, handing his card with a deep bow.

"I am Doctor D.," he introduced himself, "I know your family and I know also that you play the piano beautifully. Perhaps I can help you with the passport."

Walking at my side the physician informed me that his wife had gone to school with Bela Kun's wife in her girlhood. Now that the Bolsheviki chief had come into power, Mrs. D. had renewed the acquaintance, hoping to avoid many a danger and inconvenience as friend of Mrs. Bela Kun. She had calculated well: for no Proletarians had been quartered into their apartment, thanks to the dictator's wife.

"We could arrange a musical party," the doctor suggested. "Mrs. Bela Kun is crazy about music and plays the piano a little herself. Ask your mother to let you come to us and gain a passport from Mrs. Kun."

My heart jumped high at this quite unexpected prospect. I did not lack confidence in myself and felt sure at once that I would have success if I could speak to the person upon whom it depended. The wife of the ill-famed Bolsheviki leader was young still and it was due to her influence that the morals in Bolshevistic Hungary did not sink quite as low as in Russia and that the Reds were not left quite as free to commit their misdeeds.

Will they come to the party? I asked myself. The Bolsheviki chief protected his precious life more carefully than any monarch. Everywhere he went in his closed motor car, he was accompanied by his bodyguard. The Grand Hotel Hungaria where he lived with his family had been seized entirely for the use of the Bolsheviki chiefs. Everybody knew that even during the few steps from the car to the door of the hotel his five Red Guards surrounded Bela Kun protecting him with their bodies in case anything should happen.

As I arrived at the doctor's house I found four or five people waiting there. Among them was a young man who had a beautiful voice and was to sing. The doctor's wife whom I saw for the first time told me how she had gone to school with Mrs. Kun, who married, when very young, Bela Kun, the editor of a small Socialist newspaper. At the beginning of the war he was enlisted in the army and soon afterward surrendered himself to the Russian. He was taken as war prisoner to Moscow and witnessed the outbreak of the Bolshevistic revolution in Russia. He became friend and helper to the notorious Lenin, came to Budapest after the war with large sums of money and organized the revolution in Hungary.

While we were talking two closed motor cars stopped before the house. About half a dozen Red Guards got out and surrounded Bela Kun, his wife and another Bolsheviki chief of the name of Lukacs. The soldiers remained in the hall and the three "illustrious guests" stepped into the parlor.

I had seen numbers of Bela Kun's photos, yet I had never imagined him to be as repulsive as he appeared to me now. A short man with extremely protruding lips, prominent eyes, very long arms, and a few bristles adorning his head. His personal atmosphere made me feel uncomfortable and I remained motionless, until I was introduced to Mrs. Kun who looked at me with keen interest.

"This is the young Citoyenne who plays the piano so well and who has an engagement in Holland," the doctor's wife explained to the dictator's wife.

I saw a nice young face with melancholy eyes, serious and sympathetic. Mrs. Kun gave the impression of being a very plain little country woman, in spite of her smart up-to-date clothes. She had heavy, red hands that could not acquire a refined appearance so quickly after her husband got to be head of the government.

The company sat down and all eyes were fixed on Bela Kun. The Bolsheviki chief and Soviet commissioner Lukacs discussed the problem how to crush the "damned Bourgeoisie" entirely and establish the rule of the Communists over the whole world. He gesticulated violently as he spoke and his eyes rolled savagely in his head.

A few moments later I sat down to the piano and as I played Mrs. Bela Kun looked at me fixedly all the time.

"How happy you should be that you can play like this," she said at the end. "It was my greatest wish to study music, but I could never afford good masters. You certainly have employed your time and your money well and now that you have lost your fortune you are able to teach and to play at concerts."

"I mean to do it with pleasure," I answered, and handing the Dutch invitation to her I added in a low voice: "Mrs. Kun, won't you help me get a passport to accept this engagement?"

Promises Passport Aid

WE WERE sitting on a sofa in a corner of the room and the doctor entertained Bela Kun, so that I might talk to his wife undisturbed. Mrs. Kun read the letter attentively.

"Scheweningen, The Hague—how lovely," she sighed, "and will you leave this country forever? Conditions here will not be so bad later on for those who are willing to work. Only the idle, pleasure-hunting class shall be and deserves to be exterminated. You are not of this kind. You must have worked and studied hard to know all you know."

"I will not leave this country forever, as my dear mother remains here," I replied, lowering my eyes, "but at present I would like to play at these concerts in Holland."

The tyrant's wife kept thinking.

"I will telephone to the passport office myself tomorrow, that they must give you the passport. And you send me a postal card after your first concert in Holland."

I did not say "yes," but I said "thank you," and at Mrs. Kun's request rose to play again. As for Bela Kun, he never even looked at me straightly and kept his eyes continually turned in another direction. A short time later he expressed his intention of leaving the company, saying that his wife and friend could remain an hour longer. Followed by his Red Guards he left the house in one of the closed cars, without having spoken a single personal word with me.

Everybody seemed to feel more at ease after his departure. My sense of humor asserted itself and I walked up to the other Bolsheviki chief who was looking out of the window.

"That is a lovely car you have, Citoyen," I accosted him, "you surely did not buy it; that would have been too old-fashioned and Bourgeois-like. To whom did it belong before you seized it?"

The Bolsheviki took the joke and replied:

"It belonged to Prime Minister Count Stephen Tisza. He had three cars and we seized them all. This one was the best, so we use it for ourselves. It is a very fine car, just wait till you try it, you audacious young lady."

"We shall take this young artist home in it," added Mrs. Kun to complete the humor of the situation.

"I am afraid my mother will think it too great an honor," I protested, seeing that I could risk to be sarcastic. But Mrs. Kun did not let me off and a quarter of an hour later I was packed up at her side in the murdered prime minister's automobile.

Bela Kun's wife and her friend were talking about some silk stockings that a secret Bolsheviki agent was to bring her from Vienna—the stores in Budapest having no more pretty things to sell. I sat silent, and thought of the great statesman to whom the car we drove in had belonged a while ago. Over 60 armed Bolsheviki had broken into the house of the famous Prime Minister Count Tisza. They shot him dead in his working room in the presence of his adoring wife and of a young niece, who received a bullet in her face. The scoundrel who had led the murderers and fired the first shot was at the time "Soviet Commissioner of War."

I asked to stop at the corner of the street where we lived.

"You will have the passport in a few days," said Mrs. Bela Kun as I jumped out of the car.

* * *

All preparations for the journey were made in great haste. The Bolsheviki traveling bureau permitted me to take a few personal effects only. No more money than 300 crowns were allowed to be taken out of the country. Exchanged in Austrian money this sum was sufficient to live for only a few days in Vienna.

When I had gone to the passport office they issued my passport without further parley.

Money Sewed Into Clothes

I HAD to pass a few more disagreeable moments before I procured a certain necessary stamp on my passport. I was advised by an employe of the traveling office to go for this purpose to the main building of the Red Guard, situated high on the hills of Buda. Armed Reds stood before the massive iron door and as this door opened before me, I saw a courtyard inclosed by the high building and filled with Reds. I hesitated for a few seconds, remembering the things I had heard about people who had been sent to Bolsheviki dens and who never came back again. However, there was nothing to be done. I entered the hall and saw with a pang the large door close behind me.

"Where have I to go with my passport?" I asked decidedly from a soldier sitting at a table, while some others grouped curiously around me. Without speaking he pointed at a dark stairway to the right. I thought I would not go further, but seeing that he had the telephone apparatus before him, I addressed him shortly:

"Give me the phone, I want to speak with Mrs. Bela Kun."

He made me a place without an answer and I called up the Hotel Hungaria very loudly, asked for the dictator's wife and screamed in the receiver so that all the Reds around me should hear it:

"Citoyenne Kun, I am much obliged to you for having procured me the passport. I am now at the main station of the Red Guard and will have my passport stamped."

Then I said to the man at the table:

"Please bring my passport up and have it stamped. Say that Mrs. Kun knows me."

He obeyed and came back two minutes later, informing me that there was no necessity for my being there. They had sent me to the wrong place. When the big door opened I was gladder to see the sunshine than I had ever been before.

I was full of energy and the difficulties of the journey before me did not discourage me in the least. We had some foreign money at home which was left over from our travels in foreign countries. It was this little fund consisting of 3,000 Swiss franks, 50 English pounds in gold and 200 Dutch florins, that I hoped would keep me free from cares for a time after I left my home.

I packed my most necessary clothes in a suitcase. My mother sewed the 3,000 franks in the hem of my traveling dress, the Dutch florins in my fur neckpiece and the English gold, which could not be hidden because of its weight, was put in my suitcase.

I felt my courage sinking as the time approached to leave my mother, God alone knew for how long a time. We stood in the station waiting for the train and I held her hand convulsively. Not a word left my lips as I was afraid of bursting into tears if I should speak.

"Do not worry about me," mother went on talking gently and firmly to me, "there is no danger for me. Write to me every week and behave well, so as to be a credit to your mother, to your nation. Live so that your life should be an inspiration to other girls fighting their way alone in a strange country."

I closed my eyes and remembered my pretty bedroom, my books, pictures and many nice little objects to which I had been used and nothing of which I could take along.

"I wish I had at least brought grandmother's emerald cross with me," I said.

"You have it," mother whispered. "I sewed it in

(Continued on page 14)

In New Brunswick, Land of Moose and Salmon

By JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.

This is the second of four articles by Dr. Faris. The third will appear in an early issue.

St. John, New Brunswick, was founded in 1783 and has now a population of about 60,000. It has a magnificent harbor with dock accommodation for the largest steamers afloat.

"YOU say you are off to Fredericton for that great steamer trip down the St. John River?" asked a young man, on the train from St. John. "Say, that's good; you can't beat that trip. But can't you postpone your ride for two days, and let me have the time? I'll take you in a canoe where the steamer does not go—far above Fredericton. We'll glide close under the trees that fringe the banks. We'll ascend some of the little streams that come in from the woods. If we have time we'll go up the Nashwaak as far as the falls. We'll camp on the shore. We'll fish, and we'll fry our own fish. Give me two days, can't you? I know the river like a book. My job is the running of a motor boat for a pulp mill. I'm about due to take a few days off, and I'd like to give it to you, that you may really see our river."

The Restigouche River flows through a heavily wooded portion of New Brunswick for over a hundred miles and empties itself into the Bay de Chaleur. It is one of the finest salmon and trout streams in the world.

New Brunswick has many noble streams, leading into the heart of the big timber, to which the hunter and the fisherman turn with longing, but the St. John is first. For nearly 500 miles the river loops up, then down, from its source in Northern Maine. Forest-born, it clings to its woods through most of its course. When the line between New Brunswick and Maine was defined by treaty, the river became the boundary for seventy miles. This boundary section is notable for many things, but most of all for Grand Falls, where the river, already broad, accommodates itself to a gorge several hundred feet wide. Into this gorge the water descends majestically, from a precipice sixty feet high, then rushes with abandon between rock walls that are, in places, as high as the stream is wide, while rapids and smaller falls frantically double the initial plunge.

In the course of its triumphal progress, the St. John—the Wool-as-took, or Long River, of the Indians—receives tribute from streams with names almost as enticing as they are themselves. Merely to read of the Madawaska, the Tobique, the Jemseg, the Washademoak, and the Oromocto, and to trace them on the map that is not a mere map for the man of imagination, is apt to be the beginning of a hunger that will not be satisfied without a plunge into the wilderness—perhaps a canoe trip up the Grand River and then, by portage, to the beginning of that famous salmon stream, the Restigouche, then down its one hundred and thirty miles of swift water to the Bay of Chaleur. Or he may choose to go, during half a dozen delightful days, up the Tobique to the lake from which it flows. From there, after a portage of only two or three miles, he may yield to the temptation to push on to the source of the Nepisiguit, close to Bald Mountain, New Brunswick's highest eminence, which is content with a record of twenty-five hundred feet. Then five days more, into Quebec, until he is stopped by the Grand Falls, where this salmon stream descends, in four stages, one hundred and forty feet to the incline toward the Bay of Chaleur—a course that is interrupted, thirteen miles farther on, by the Pabineau Rapids.

Woodstock-on-the-Meduxnekiag, Lower Canterbury-on-the-Sheogomoc, and Pokiok, the town that tells the visitor of the forty-foot fall and the picturesque gorge in the river from which the town takes its name, are landmarks in the middle section of the St. John, which, although not ordinarily navigable for steamers, are easily reached in the spring when the banks are full because of the melting snow and ice.

Then comes Fredericton, the quaint, beautiful capital of New Brunswick, where, in 1757, Acadians fleeing from Nova Scotia made their homes. The town was then known as St. Anne's Point. Across the river Fort Nashwaak had been built in 1692, as the seat of government for Acadia. It continued to be a stronghold of note until the troops were taken to the present site of St. John.

The old buildings of St. Anne have disappeared, but their place has been taken by relics of the days of 1785, when the name became Fredericton. The old barracks, the guardhouse and the officers' quarters form a group whose charm is enhanced by the elms that droop above them. On one gable of the soldiers' quarters a great sundial tells how the hours were marked for the men who long ago kept vigil there.

The modern parliament buildings and the exquisite little Christ Church Cathedral, a Gothic gem that deserves fame, are bowered in the majestic elms that grow in Fredericton in reckless profusion. Almost every street is an avenue between trees whose interweaving branches form a continuous arch of living glory. The old cemetery, where the people resort as to a park, gives the final touch of beauty to the little city that is the starting point for the descent of the St. John, on the comfortable little steamer that requires the entire day to reach Indiantown, just above the falls at St. John. The leisurely progress is prolonged by stops at numerous landings, which are a grief to the traveler who has the nervous habit of consulting his watch every few moments. But an occasion to forget a watch is while descending the St. John. To forget is not difficult since the watery way offers endless variety of wooded shores and fertile fields and orchards; of little villages with white church spires playing hide-and-seek with the trees; of booms where lumbermen keep their footing on floating logs as easily as if they were on a pavement; of mills where logs move with precision up the curved way that leads to the saws; of Indians camped on the bank or out in their birch-bark canoes; of farmers who row out in the stream to deliver a passenger or a can of milk or to receive a bit of freight, perhaps repairs for hayrake or automobile.

The slowly unfolding panorama includes the mouth of the Jemseg, where, in 1640, there was a French post. The glimpse of the winding stream gave birth to longings for an extra day to take the little steamer that traces the tortuous course up to Grand Lake, then along its varied shores. But there is just as much reason for going into Washademoak Lake, Belleisle Bay and Kennebecasis Bay, the broadening of the river of the same name before its marriage with the St. John.

Rugged rocks and towering headlands prepare the eye and the mind for the climax of the sudden contraction of the banks into the deep gorge where, at low tide, the water falls seventeen feet by means of tumultuous rapids, before its entrance to the Bay of Fundy. There are the famous Reversing Falls of the St. John, where, at high tide, not only is the descent overcome, but the water rushes inland like a mill race.

Geologists explain the strange spectacle by telling how, in prehistoric days, the Kennebecasis, now a tributary of the St. John, was really its outlet. The deep bay into which the Kennebecasis flowed became silted up, so that the water behind it was dammed. Then it overflowed the bank where the falls are today. In the course of ages it cut a deep gorge, perhaps four hundred feet wide, back into the basin. Now, when the tide comes in, the basin is so large and the entrance is so small, that the basin is not filled. Yet there is such a volume of water in the basin that the level remains high after the tide has gone out. The fall, or rapid, is the result.

Champlain and De Monts were the first white men who saw this marvelous reversing fall. This was in 1504, on St. John the Baptist Bay; hence the name given to the river. The first settlement was not made for nearly thirty years; then Charles La Tour built the fort, where he bartered for furs with the Indians until a rival captured the post during his absence.

The present city dates from 1763, when Loyalists from New England sought new homes there. A year later they had the joy of seeing their town become the capital of the new province of New Brunswick.

St. John owes its prominence not only to its ocean traffic, but also to the wealth of a vast interior. Everywhere are clubs for fishermen and for hunters. The Restigouche is one of the world's finest salmon streams. The fish frequently range from twenty to fifty pounds. No wonder the sportsman who finally succeeded in landing a frolicsome beauty said, with outward disgust, though perhaps with inward elation, "It doesn't weigh more than fifteen pounds!"

Along the St. John River, in New Brunswick, there is such beauty as is to be seen in these two photographs, the Grand Falls being shown at the right.

Too Much to Expect Coal Relief Thro' Courts

$21,000,000 "Melon" Cut After Sale of Producing Corporation Brings Charge That Actual Cost to Buyers Was About $2 a Share

A TECHNICAL argument and a bluff constituted the main facts in the defense of the attorneys for directors of the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, when they were brought into court to answer charges of illegality in the sale of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company to the Jackson E. Reynolds syndicate, of New York. The technical argument was based on the assertion, not proved, that the complainants in the case really represented another syndicate which claimed to have offered a higher bid. The bluff consisted in the assertion, by their own lawyers, that E. T. Stotesbury, Daniel Willard and Robert W. de Forrest were the most unlikely men to be found to carry out a fraud.

In a preceding article it has been explained how those three men, acting as a committee of stockholders of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, sold the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre to the Reynolds syndicate. Isaac T. and Mary T. W. Starr, of Philadelphia, filed suit to have the sale set aside as illegal. Among the witnesses they called was Samuel D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, who testified that he had been unable to get from officials of the Jersey Central or the coal company sufficient information on which to make an intelligent bid. At the eleventh hour he did get some of the information and filed a bid which it is claimed was considerably higher than that accepted by the three directors.

Three Bidders Offer More

THE bid accepted was for $185 a share. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation, which does not ship all of its coal over the Reading lines, put in a bid of $190 a share. But the latter company was forced to base its bid on a balance sheet of the coal company as of July 31, 1921, which was the latest information furnished by the New Jersey Central to any of the "outside" bidders. Another bid was entered by the Franklin Securities Company for a total of $31,920,144, but the bid of the Reynolds syndicate, for $31,410,980, was accepted. In attempting to justify this action the directors have held that the smaller bid carried interest on deferred payments, since the purchase was to be made on a plan of installment payments. Officials of the Franklin Securities Company have insisted that such interest payment was a foregone conclusion in any such financial transaction. A computation of the total yields to be expected by the Central shows that the bid of the Lehigh Valley was approximately two million dollars higher than that accepted.

It will be recalled that when the Federal court ordered the sale of the coal company it stipulated that the purchasers must be persons not already interested in that concern, the Central or the Reading company. In that connection the following paragraph is of interest. It is taken from the original complaint of those who petitioned to have the sale set aside: "Petitioners further aver on information and belief, that some or all of the members of the said Reynolds syndicate are interested, directly or indirectly, in the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey, and are, therefore, not qualified to purchase the said shares of stock of the coal company under the decree." The purchasers took affidavit that they were not so interested, but they were not required to disprove their connection with directorates interlocking with that of the Central. And it has been charged that after Reynolds, head of the syndicate, resigned from the Jersey Central directorate, he still attended meetings.

That $21,000,000 "Melon"

ONE of the most ugly features of the sale, however, concerned the $21,000,000 "melon" cut just after it was consummated. The directors knew of this huge accumulation of dividends. It has been charged that under the terms of the sale the members of the syndicate were called on to make an actual cash outlay of only $2 a share for their first payment, the rest of that payment being provided by the earnings of the company itself. And that brings up another point. It has been stated that the Reading company controls the operation of the New Jersey Central Railroad through ownership of some fourteen million dollars in the stock of that corporation. The real owner of the railroad, however, is the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, which leases the lines to the Central corporation. Some months ago the writer went into details of the huge profits obtained by the Lehigh from that source, and it is not necessary to repeat them to make the situation clear. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation already produces about four million tons of coal a year from its own mines. If it succeeds in getting control of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre it will be in a position to dispute with the Reading the monarchy of anthracite.

The whole point is that from present indications, any decision the court may reach will not make much difference to the ultimate consumer. The Reynolds syndicate has been shown to be backed by the so-called "Baker crowd" of New York. It is headed by a man who was formerly a director of the Central. Minority stockholders contend in effect that the whole situation looks like a conspiracy on the part of the railroad group of directors to sell the company to one of their own number, who could be trusted not to shift its huge tonnage to other railroads. But if the same directors had approved the sale to the Lehigh Coal and Navigation, the consumer would be no better off. More of the coal might move over the Pennsylvania or some other line; the profits to be taken by the Reading group might be reduced considerably. But instead of Reading control, there would be substituted Lehigh Valley control. And the president of the Lehigh Valley already has come to be recognized as the official spokesman for the big operators.

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

This is the second of two articles.

In view of all the facts, a curious phase of the case is the delicacy with which it is handled by all the attorneys. Senator Pepper, at the last hearing, made an argument from the facts which set up the plain implication of jugglery. He demonstrated that every effort was made by Messrs. Stotesbury, Willard and de Forrest to withhold information. One of the points which had been brought out was that on the day the sale was approved, some one of the directors of the Central noted that the bids of the Franklin Securities Company and the Lehigh Coal and Navigation were higher than that of the Reynolds syndicate. The answer was made, either by one of the three members of the committee or one of their associates, that the Reynolds bid was the highest because it carried interest on deferred payments. The suggestion then was made, according to sworn testimony, that officials of the other bidding companies be reached by telephone. It was considered a foregone conclusion that their bids also carried interest payments. But the inside directors were strong enough to overrule this suggestion, and they insisted on making the sale to the syndicate headed by their former associate, in which many of their closest financial associates were stockholders.

There was so much of this that Judge Buffington finally said to Senator Pepper: "If this sale was improperly made why not call it a fraudulent sale?" The Senator's answer was that he would not permit anyone to put words into his mouth. He did not deny that the sale was fraudulent, however; and he did intimate that there was a strong possibility of government action against those responsible for the sale. He said it could be construed as a violation of the intention of Section 10 of the Clayton Act, governing the sale of securities. And then he remarked, "This sale would not stand in any court if it were not for the big men in it." It was at that point that Richard V. Lindabury, counsel for the Central, made his effort to clear the three directors by mere statement, saying, "From the testimony and petition of the minority stockholders of the Jersey Central, one's first thought was, was there a conspiracy? To carry out such an alleged fraud and conspiracy can you think of anything more unlikely than the picking of three such men to carry out a fraud?"

Employes Bought Shares

THE same refusal to handle these "big men" of finance in the same manner as the minority stockholders, for instance, were handled on the witness stand and in all the references to them, was shown by A. F. Myers, assistant attorney-general. It will be recalled that at one stage of the proceedings the government itself asked that the sale be set aside. But on the day in question Stotesbury, de Forrest and Willard were in court, and all the attorneys were doing their best to make them feel at ease and not to question them too closely. Said Mr. Myers, in his address to the court: "Bearing in mind that the thing questioned is the good faith of the execution of the decree of this court, the government feels that it has fully discharged its duty as an aid to the court, insisting upon and aiding in a full and complete disclosure of the facts. More than that, government counsel feel that it would be presumptuous on their part to attempt to argue to the court their impression of the evidence here adduced and thus prejudice the court in the consideration of the case."

There is still another phase of the sale to which relatively little attention was paid by the attorneys. In the original petition and in the evidence produced, the latter contented themselves with an attack on the Reynolds syndicate as such, virtually the only member thereof singled out for attack being Reynolds himself. They could have had all the members of the syndicate into court, and it might have been of interest to learn where some of them got the money for the shares they purchased. Charles E. Ash, auditor for the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, whose salary might be anywhere from four to six thousand dollars a year, subscribed for 200 shares of the syndicate stock, calling for a total investment of about $37,000. Charles H. Bonham, chief clerk of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre, took $18,500 worth. Douglas Bunting, general superintendent, bought in to the extent of $23,420, and Edward R. Clark, a clerk, bought $28,250. Edward Griffith, an assistant colliery superintendent, bought 250 shares, calling for an investment of $46,250 and Warren C. Johnson, controller, subscribed for stock in the syndicate to cost $92,500.

The list of subscribers showed many more employes, few of whom earn enough in salary to justify the large amounts for which they subscribed. All these men were hired during the time the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company was operated by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, which was controlled in turn by the Reading company, of which Mr. Stotesbury was chairman of the board. They owed their loyalty to the men who employed them. Mr. Reynolds, former director of the New Jersey Central and still attending meetings, intimate of Stotesbury and other financiers, directing the sale, went to these relatively low-paid employes and got them to buy stock. Where did they get the money?

It will be remembered that the court ordered that none of the purchasers of the coal company could be stockholders in the railroad. Here were men under the control of the majority stockholders and directors. What more natural than that they should be used as "straw men" in the division of the richest anthracite prize in years? And there are still other incidents to show how control of the tonnage was kept where it was before. The list of syndicate shareholders shows 20,000 shares were taken by the B-B Holding Company, the Burns Holding Company and M. F. Burns. Burns Brothers are the largest retailers of anthracite in New York, and for years they made a specialty of handling Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre coal. There is no way of showing that the B-B Holding Company is the same thing as Burns Brothers, but that isn't necessary. The Burns Holding Company took 10,000 shares, or $925,000 worth, on its own hook, and that company is headed by M. F. Burns, of Burns Brothers.

The Jay Gould Method

WHEN Jay Gould operated in railroads his favorite method was to issue stock as long as he could get away with it, until the amount of the actual investment from the public was far in excess of the tangible value of the property. If all those funds had gone into the railroads there might have been a chance for some earnings, but instead they went into the pockets of Gould and his associates, who got the money and still retained control. Since then the government has come to frown on stock-watering operations that are too obvious. But apparently there has been no material change in the methods by which control in a property turning up rich dividends may be retained, even when the Government of the United States orders that for the public good it must be sold. The Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company has shown earnings in excess of five million dollars a year. It controls coal lands which are estimated to contain a total of 325,000,000 tons of unmined anthracite. At its present rate of production that means it can keep on earning upward of five million dollars a year for nearly a century, provided there are no further increases in the price of anthracite or reductions in the expense of mining that commodity, in either of which events its earnings would be larger.

It should be noted that the total stock issue of this coal company is given as only $9,210,000, and since it has been in the hands of the anthracite barons it is certain that it has gone through much the same process of stock dividend expansion as other big coal companies. Any citizen may make his own computations on the tonnage and profits of this corporation over which Wall Street is now at war. If it can earn more than five million dollars on the sale of four million tons, it is obvious that a considerable reduction could be made in the price to the ultimate consumer. Even if the coal were reduced one dollar a ton the company would still, on that showing, have profits of a million dollars a year, or more than eleven per cent on the par value of its stock. Of course there is little hope of any such reduction, since $8,489,000 worth of the stock at par value has been sold for more than $31,000,000, and higher bids are on record.

The Propaganda We'll Get

THE facts here set forth ought to be of particular interest in the near future, as the time draws near for the expiration of the agreement between miners and operators. Before long the publicity bureaus of the operators will be putting out propaganda to show that it is impossible for them to maintain the existing wage rates. Figures will be given to show the cost of mining a ton of coal, but there will be no mention of such profits as those shown by the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre and other big operators. And nothing whatever will be said as to the methods still in use by the railroads to control the anthracite tonnage; methods which work just as effectively today as they did in the days of Gould, when there were no court orders against such practices.

Since it has been made clear that no matter to whom the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre is sold, there will still be a trust, it is apparent that if the ultimate consumer is ever to get justice in anthracite it must be from some source other than the courts. In that connection a movement is now under way for the formation of a consumers' league which will contribute to a fund for a real survey and investigation of hard coal control. It may fail, like other movements. On the other hand, if it really wants to get at the facts it is more than likely that the miners will help, furnishing inside information that new investigators, unacquainted with anthracite conditions, could not expect to get on their own resources.

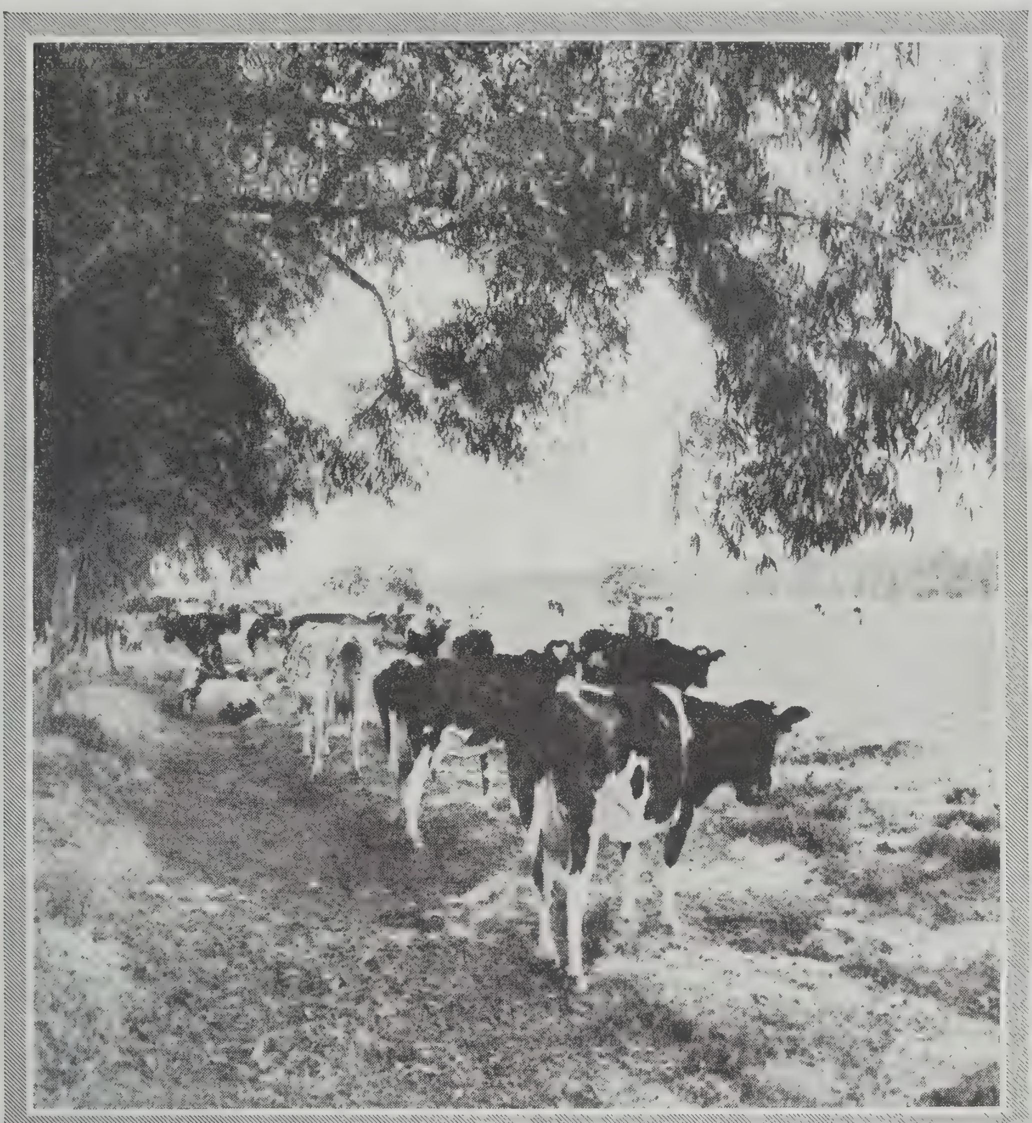
America, Land of Plenty, Producer of Foodstuffs

Farmers Find Their Happiest Solution of Marketing Lies in Co-operation

With superior boon may your rich soil
Exuberant nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world.
—Thomson.

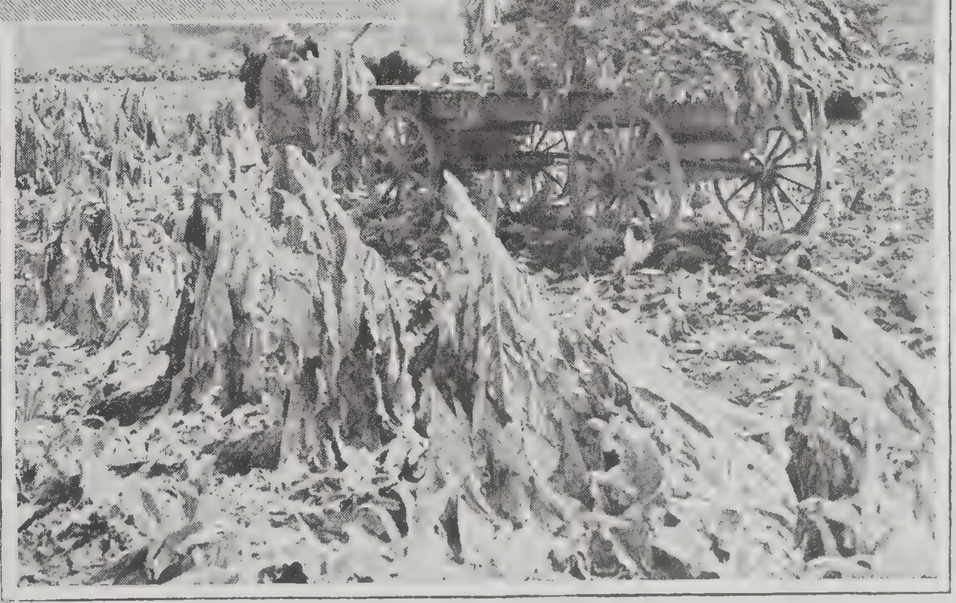
AMERICA, the Land of Plenty! From the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the sunny Rio Grande to the Canadian border, there are today thousands of acres producing agricultural products which feed the world. From the earliest days of colonization we have been adding to the native crops and stock new varieties. By eliminating the unfit and building up the better grades we now lead the world in quantity production of necessary foodstuffs. However, until our present Federal Department of Agriculture began sending its plant explorers to the ends of the earth in search of new crops, not a single new crop was introduced into this country since the colonial period except sorghum and alfalfa. The navel orange was one of the most important plant immigrants ever introduced into this country.

The tendency of our present civilization is to make of the farmer and rancher a producer of raw materials only, with the distribution entirely in the hands of the frequently inefficient urban centers. However, there are co-operative organizations which operate greatly to the farmer's advantage. Through this method the farmer improves both the growing and marketing of his product.



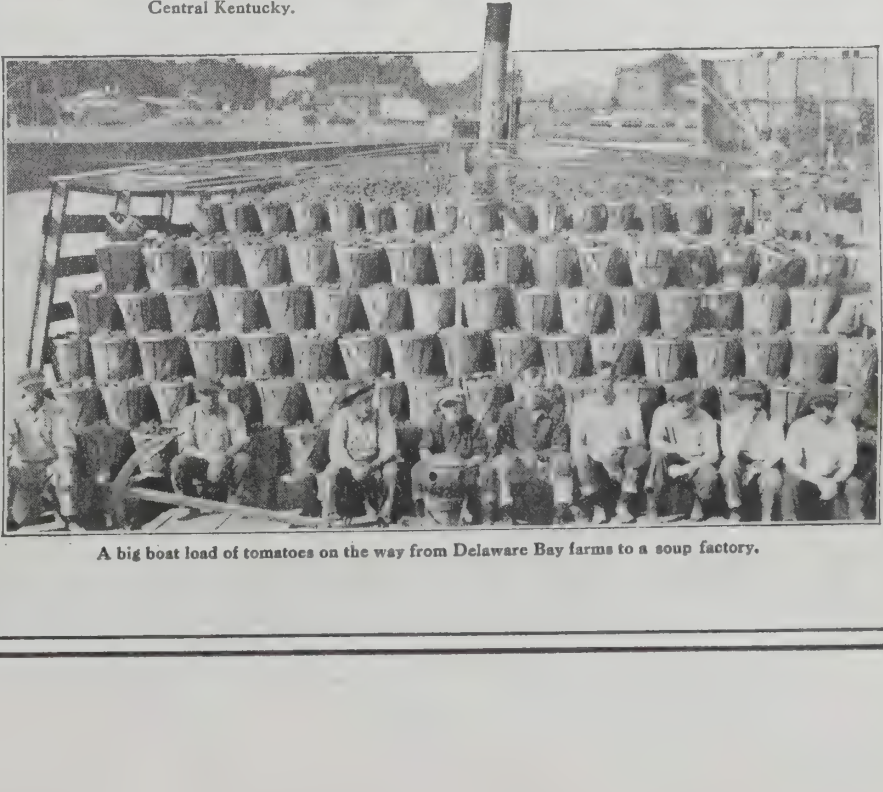
Photos (C) Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Dairy cattle resting in the shade of eucalyptus tree.



Hauling tobacco out of the field in the Burley district, Central Kentucky.

A grapefruit orchard in Arizona.



A big boat load of tomatoes on the way from Delaware Bay farms to a soup factory.

Dayton Editor Bows Knee to Jewish Rabbi

Concluded from page 2

sermon and could not let it pass unanswered. Dr. Isenberg discussed the sermon with Mayerberg in the most courteous and informative way, not suspecting the attempts that would be made to discredit or ruin him. When he informed Mayerberg that Jews had heard the sermon and at least one of them had expressed his approval of it, the rabbi termed that Jew a "blockhead" without asking for his name.

Dr. Isenberg informed the rabbi he had no objections to the sermon being answered from the pulpit of the Jewish Temple and obtained the clear impression that personalities would not enter into any phase of the discussion. It is enlightening to notice the way in which this professional agreement was kept by the rabbi.

This interruption of Dr. Isenberg's breakfast was but the beginning of an industrious Monday morning for Rabbi Mayerberg. Accompanied by F. J. Ach, a member of his congregation who has a deservedly high position in Dayton, but whose sensitiveness to alleged racial discrimination—doubtless put before him in an exaggerated or distorted manner—had seemingly been aroused, the rabbi called upon the executive editor of the *Journal*. What was said at this conference is unknown, but two definite things were done immediately after the callers left.

Harry McClain, the city editor of the *Journal*, who ran Dr. Isenberg's sermon, was instantly discharged, and it was arranged for the sermon to be omitted from the *Evening Herald*, the afternoon edition of the *Journal*.

During the day a number of Jewish laymen called at the *Journal* office to pay their respects and comment upon the publication of the sermon.

Evidently many other things took place because Rabbi Mayerberg's alertness and industry in securing redress for his grievances were obtaining unusual results.

"I Had to Do It"

READERS of the *Journal* of Wednesday, April 25, were amazed to read upon the front page the editorial reproduced upon this page. This is of national importance as concrete evidence of what some Jews would impose upon every newspaper whenever the right of free expression of opinion was exercised by an editor. It is also important to know that neither the publisher who signed this statement nor any of his executive employes gave Dr. Isenberg an opportunity to present his side of the case before the issuance of such an overdone blast.

It is said the publisher stated in response to certain comments upon his unjustified editorial by prominent members of the Central Reformed Church that "I HAD TO DO IT."

A prominent citizen who gave considerable attention to the affair has declared that Mayerberg wrote the statement signed by the publisher, but this cannot be verified.

But Wednesday's *Journal* contained more than the first-page editorial. On page three there was a column news story describing in a laudatory way the affairs of a Hebrew department store. At the head of another column on the same page there was this announcement prominently displayed as "pure reading matter":

RABBI MAYERBERG TO COMMENT ON SERMON.

Public Is Invited to Service to Be Held in Synagogue Friday Night.

Saturday morning's issue of the *Journal* contained a report almost two columns long of Mayerberg's "sermon." Violent and personal as were the attacks upon Dr. Isenberg contained in the newspaper story, **the most vicious parts simply had to be left unprinted.**

A Christian text was chosen—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—and cleverly employed to mask the fangs of the biting and sneering attack. Some extracts from the *Journal's* report are reprinted in this article. The sermon was cleverly planned to appeal to those Gentiles who have been persuaded to believe they must make any concession to the censoring proclivities of a certain sort of Jewish leadership to obtain general Jewish co-operation in civic affairs. That these well-meaning Gentiles have been deluded is shown by the independent Jewish approval of the sermon by Dr. Isenberg which aroused the ire of the rabbi.

What doubtless impressed Rabbi Mayerberg and his associates was their success in getting the Dayton Community Chest to become a party to their efforts to smash Dr. Isenberg. This is a serious matter, which will hardly pass unnoticed by the general public to whom it will be news for the first time.

Notwithstanding the existence of an active Council of Churches in Dayton with a paid secretary in charge, to whom a bona fide complaint could have been made, it is said that Mayerberg and his fellows *"induced" the Dayton Community Chest to appoint a committee of ministers to investigate the sermon of Dr. Isenberg's,* because of its alleged effect upon unity of effort among all the church-going people in Dayton. It is said the committee was charged with the duty of determining whether or not Dr. Isenberg should be publicly reprimanded or repudiated by this committee acting for the Community Chest, an association that is generally supposed to be completely isolated from religious affairs.

There are some Jews who are high in the councils of the Community Chest. It is easy to imagine how they might have treated a paid executive of the Community Chest who failed to respond sympathetically to demands for this investigation of Dr. Isenberg while their racial feeling was running high.

No publicity was given the appointment of this Community Chest committee. It is uncertain whether the official board of the chest authorized such action or a paid officer assumed such authority at the behest of the Jews.

While acting at the request of his Jewish critics, the Community Chest failed to consult either Dr. Isenberg or some lay officer of his church before dignifying the matter by appointing this secret committee.

When the Community Chest committee called upon Dr. Isenberg he gladly canvassed every point raised and practically repeated the sermon to them. The committee was, of course, perfectly satisfied with the utterances of Dr. Isenberg and so reported to those at the Community Chest who had asked its members to accept such service. No action was taken by the Community Chest.

Just where the Community Chest obtains its authority to probe and review the utterances of a Christian minister with a view of publicly censuring him is not apparent. Certainly neither its charter nor its contributors would uphold it in aping the Inquisition. It bears all the earmarks of yielding to pressure.

Dr. Isenberg's church has treated the attacks upon its pastor with silent contempt. He is stronger than ever. The people of Dayton believe that Dr. Isenberg was truthful and fair in his sermon. Privately they agree with him in every way. Current comment indicates that Rabbi Mayerberg overplayed his hand. The editorial was especially distasteful to independent people, who objected to such a tirade against a prominent Christian minister who was not given the courtesy of a request for an explanation before he was attacked after complaint by the rabbi.

The reported move to place Rabbi Mayerberg upon the Dayton public school board remains to be considered. While such selections may be manipulated, it would be surprising if the people of Dayton were to put the rabbi in a position where he could impose his racial consciousness and the full power of his position upon the school officials and teachers whenever he took exception to the handling of Jews in the teaching of history and literature. Since such demagogic impositions have been made upon some other public schools, Dayton is forewarned.

One Rabbi's Tactics

WHILE resident in Philadelphia, Dr. Isenberg was brought into personal contact with Federal prohibition officers and it would seem that his statements upon this phase of his sermon were based upon first-hand information from authorities. Of course it is doubtful if any Federal official would dare make such statements about the Jews in a public official report, but the situation is impressive and convincing.

The rabbi has been active in other ways in dragooning those who discuss the Jewish problem with any freedom and avail themselves of what they believe to be their rights.

Dayton people on their own initiative and long before the rabbi came to Dayton, have always been more than fair toward the Jews. There never has been the semblance of trouble between Dayton Gentiles and Jews until recently when certain of their spokesmen began fighting shadows.

In fact, there has been a decided tendency for the majority of Jews who are first of all American citizens to amalgamate with the rest of the people in Dayton. Perhaps some rabbis are coming to find they can only fill their synagogues and retain their leadership by sounding the alarm of "Jewish persecution."

People in Dayton who cannot be overawed by the sort of tactics employed in this case laugh at the overheated atmosphere created by the rabbi and his kosher kitchen cabinet. It brings Humpty-Dumpty to mind.

Music Wins Passport From Bela Kun's Wife

Concluded from page 10

your fur neckpiece with the Dutch money—and your diamond ring, too."

"The train whistled and rolled into the station. An enormous bustle of foreign passengers, joyous to leave the Bolshevistic country, and I found myself on the train looking out at my mother, who stood before the window. I never even realized where I was and kept my eyes fixed on the dear face, quiet and smiling as ever—until the train started. Then I sank back in the seat and a few minutes passed, during which I thought of nothing, save the dearest being on earth whom I had left.

* * *

The middle of the night approached. I lay outstretched on one side of the compartment, a French girl on the other side. We did not sleep and both of us jumped up at once as the door was thrown open and two Bolsheviki officers stepped in.

"We came to inspect your passports," the one said shortly. Both were young and I did not like the expression on their faces. They examined our passports and sat down as though they intended to stay. I began to feel uncomfortable. I glanced at the officer next to me and as my questioning eyes met his, I perceived an evil, mocking smile on his face. Now I realized the danger in which we were, shut up in the small compartment of the noisy train with two strange Bolsheviki officers. A glance at my fellow passenger proved to me that she had understood the critical situation before. The young French woman pressed herself in a corner, utterly terrified, a helpless little dark bundle.

My instinct told me that this was not the hour to show myself afraid. I always believed in the inborn chivalry of men, and thought that a man was what the women he knew intimately had made him. I had seen my own mother tame the rough Proletarians and as I thought of it perfect self-possession came over me.

Now one of the men began to speak in a cruel, hard tone:

"Do you know, you two young ladies, that you are here entirely in our power?" and bending forward he looked straight into my eyes.

"I know that we are on a British train and that I am under the special protection of the Norwegian Consulate," I answered without turning my eyes away and feeling myself stronger and stronger as I heard my own voice.

"And if I put my arm around you will the Norwegian Consulate protect you?" my neighbor inquired, but he did not move.

"Mrs. Bela Kun, who secured me the passport herself, will be pleased to hear how her subjects behave," I answered contemptuously. "She specially requested me to write her a postal card after my arrival."

The two men looked at each other and changed their countenance.

"How on earth do you happen to know Mrs. Bela Kun?" one of them exclaimed. "Are you not a noblewoman escaping with your pearls to Austria?"

"I am not escaping at all," I laughed. "I go to give some concerts as you may see by this letter. And your friend, Bela Kun's wife, expressed her best wishes for my success and asked me to return to Budapest soon."

Bolshevism Face to Face

THE evil-meaning expression disappeared from the faces of the two men and they seemed puzzled.

"As a young lady you ought to be afraid of two Bolsheviki," my neighbor remarked. "You do not seem to realize who we are. Just look here."

With this the Reds began to unload their pockets. They had all sorts of arms: revolvers, knives, stiletto, and these the men put out on both their sides on the seat.

I had not expected such a characteristic exhibition, but did not act surprised.

"I have got a revolver, too, but I never had to use it," I said unconcernedly. "You men are the weaker sex after all, for you need arms to protect yourself."

As they stood in the door before going, one of them looked at me earnestly.

"I am a Bolsheviki and you are something very different," he said. "Nevertheless, you are my compatriot and I am proud of you. I do not understand yet how you were not afraid of us."

"I knew that some Bolsheviki were gentlemen," I replied, laying the tips of my fingers in his outstretched hand.

We were not disturbed further during the rest of the journey. It was a long and tedious way. About 12 o'clock the following noon the Hungarian frontier town, Kiralyhida, was reached. The trains did not run through to Austria. From the last Bolsheviki station one had to walk over to the small Austrian village, Bruck, from which the train to Vienna left only the following morning. The passports and luggage had to be examined on both frontier stations.

Two soldiers threw themselves on my open trunk and another one beckoned me to a small cabin, where a woman waited, dressed in a gray uniform with red.

"Enter there, Citoyenne, you will be searched to see if you carry no valuables."

I felt sure that my money would be found and entered the small wooden cabin with perfect resignation. I threw my hat, coat and fur on a chair and heard the woman say shortly: "Please undress."

I dropped my clothes on the floor carelessly, one piece after another and remained standing in my thin chemise. My eyes followed the woman's ugly hands which touched my body all along where the chemise covered it to see if I had no valuables hidden. The woman then put her hand on my head and examined my hair. Then she picked up my clothes and began to search them. She found the 3,000 franks in the hem of my dress and took possession of it triumphantly. She stepped out of the cabin while I dressed in haste. I hardly dared to think of my fur neckpiece, where 200 Dutch florins, the emerald cross and my diamond ring were hidden.

Outside, the soldiers who searched my trunk had found the English gold pieces in the meantime. As I came toward them they announced to me very merrily:

"You can continue your journey without this money—nothing more than 300 crowns are permitted to be brought to Austria."

I locked my trunk without speaking. I was asking myself the question if I should return straight to my mother, or continue my journey without my money? The whole situation seemed unreal like a dream.

The Bolsheviki were through with me. A porter stood near and looked at me with some sort of sympathy. He grabbed my suitcase, whispering encouragingly: "Come quickly to Austria."

I had just time to hear a passenger raving for his 14,000 crowns that had been found and taken and I followed the porter in a daze.

After a few minutes' walk we reached a gate which formed the frontier. Austrian soldiers stood on the other side and hardly had I stepped on Austrian ground than a well-known face greeted me with a relieved, happy smile. My second cousin, Ivan, stretched out both his hands to welcome me.

A third part of this narrative of Margita de Regeczy's experiences will appear in an early issue.

A Radio Broadcasting Service to 24,000,000 Persons

Distribution of Crop and Market Reports Through Air Reaches Seventy-five Per Cent of Folk to Whom the News Is of Benefit

By S. R. WINTERS

HANGING on the wall of a government office in Washington is a map perforated with pins of varying colors. Introduction to the personality seated at the desk in this office—J. C. Gilbert—brings an explanation of the symbolic colored pins and their injection into the land-and-water sketch of our country. Without further ado, this writer introduces the office as the guiding force of probably the most comprehensive system of disseminating agricultural information yet conceived. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture is the governmental agency under whose supervision the nation-wide distribution of crop and market reports cover the entire United States as though a blanket enveloped the area and its 110,000,000 inhabitants. The vehicles for broadcasting the conditions and prices of agricultural commodities are the radio telephone and telegraph.

J. C. Gilbert, whose official title is specialist in market extension, is largely responsible for the formulation of the system for broadcasting the news services pertaining to live stock and meats, dairy and poultry products, fruits and vegetables, hay, feeds and seeds. From Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, the radio market news service is perhaps available to 24,000,000 rural dwellers and to an untold number of inhabitants of cities who care to know the prices of cabbage, eggs, beef, hay, and what not. The name, J. C. Gilbert, may be strange to the ears of the readers of this magazine, unostentatious person that he is. However, if a worker is best known by his work millions of the rural population of America must feel a speaking acquaintance with the virile personality whose likeness appears on these pages. Busy organizer that he is, planning and executing a uniform system of disseminating information relating to agricultural commodities, his own self has remained in the background. Save his appearance in a group photograph of the government representatives attending a radio telephone conference the picture illustrating this article is perhaps the first portrait published of the individual whose programs of market news service invade the isolated as well as the frequented areas of the entire country.

Mr. Gilbert is a native of Colorado, and received his academic training in the Oklahoma Agricultural College, Iowa State College, and Washington State College. He has traveled extensively at home and abroad. His excursions back and forth across the continent have taken him into every state excepting Nevada. As specialist in market extension, he now makes periodical trips into the various sections of the United States. Field activities, in mapping the radio market news service for a state agricultural college, a newspaper, or other medium for disseminating the fluctuating values of agricultural commodities by that rapid-fire vehicle, the wireless telephone and telegraph, have caused him to visit every state east of the Missouri River within the past twelve months. He has been identified with the market news service of the Department of Agriculture since 1915, with the exception of 1919 and 1920, during which time he served Pennsylvania in a similar capacity.

As interesting a personality as J. C. Gilbert is, the writer experiences difficulty in disassociating him from the big idea to which he is pledged, namely, the systematizing of the broadcasting by radio telephone and telegraph crop and market reports to approximately 24,000,000, and ultimately 32,000,000, rural dwellers. Reverting to the pin-perforated map of the United States hanging on the wall of his office, the color of a particular pin indicates the character of service rendered by every wireless broadcasting station in the entire country. This five by eight representation signifies that the crop and market reports originating with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture are borne on electromagnetic waves into every state. While centralized marketing agencies, such as are maintained by some of the state agricultural colleges, are not established in every commonwealth, yet the Federal Government through the powerful broadcasting stations of the Navy Department and Post Office Department is enabled to make available this eminently valuable agricultural information to about 75 per cent of the farming folk.

"One outgrowth of this service with which I am particularly impressed," says Mr. Gilbert, "is the generous support the newspapers are according the movement of disseminating market news by radio telephone. Large newspapers such as the Detroit *News*, Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, Atlanta *Journal*, and Kansas City *Star*, stand out as notable examples in furthering this campaign to make available to the rural population prices of farm commodities with dispatch. Sixty-five newspapers are licensed to broadcast. Then, too, the state agricultural colleges are liberal supporters of the cause, notably, the Iowa State College, University of Wisconsin, Kansas State Agricultural College, University of Minnesota, Michigan Agricultural College, University of Texas, the University of Nebraska, and University of Ohio."

Mr. Gilbert, in his trips afield and as reflected by the growing volume of correspondence, detects a sentiment among certain banks that they realize the possibility of employing the radio telephone broadcasting station for speedy communication of financial news of interest to their corresponding banks in the rural districts. Such a movement contemplates the sending forth by this hurry-up method of intelligence information relating to the prices of agricultural commodities and securities listed with the particular city financial institutions. The Union Trust Company, of Cleveland, and the Mercantile Trust Company, of San Francisco, contemplate rendering their corresponding country banks such a service.

If a newly established broadcasting station in applying to the Bureau of Navigation of the United States Department of Commerce indicates a desire to send forth market reports, this particular feature of the application is referred to Mr. Gilbert. Recently a Washington representative of a certain newspaper received a telegram from its managing editor expressing a desire to obtain immediate temporary permission to broadcast crop and market data. The telegraphic communication was referred to Mr. Gilbert and the wish was granted without delay. Approximately 100 letters a day are received by him, seeking all sorts of information relating to the service which finds the radio telephone and telegraph the most useful vehicle of dissemination yet placed at the command of Uncle Sam.

"The radio has not only proved to be a speedy vehicle for disseminating market and crop reports, but has actually enhanced the interest in this character of information," was the comment of this writer, put in the form of a query to Mr. Gilbert. His reply was not only in the affirmative, but was voiced so enthusiastically that there was no mistaking his conviction. The Washington office might be characterized as the throttle of the engine of a locomotive, to employ a figure of speech, in its relation to the state agricultural colleges, newspapers, and other agencies engaged in spreading the fluctuating prices of farm products to the rural communities in which they are located. The Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture is the fountain source of such data and maintains supervision over its dissemination. Yet, acting through its field representatives and state agencies, the constant effort of the Washington office is to tie up the local broadcasting stations with a centrally located state agency, which may be an agricultural college or a state marketing bureau. The system, as developed by Mr. Gilbert, is unified in purpose and scope and yet local in its application.

Off duty—and precious are his leisure moments—you will doubtless find J. C. Gilbert at his Washington home exploring into the mysteries of radio instruments and the electromagnetic waves upon which is borne a national crop-reporting service. Condensers, loose couplers, vacuum-tube amplifiers, static, dielectrics, microfarads, and a host of other terms which pervade the atmosphere of the ether and the appliances by which communications are sent forth and received, lend variety and fascination to his evening hours.

To Revive Pony Express to Honor Mark Twain

Concluded from page 7

ones to men who had seen neither—some of them—for more than a decade. From Placerville, to which the "Alta Telegraph" had a wire, came the word, "He passed through here at 1:50 this afternoon, going like hell." He was late, and the superintendent of the Sacramento Valley Railway offered an engine to pull him in from Folsom, but the offer was spurned indignantly, and the brave little roan pony, making the last five miles in twenty minutes, dashed into the Alta Telegraph office, as the cannon in Sutter's Fort roared a welcome to the first overland mail in the New World. Eighty letters were brought in this mail, which had left St. Joseph in the hands of Johnnie Frey.

The riders received $125 to $150 a month and their horses, and each was required to take an oath to refrain from intoxicating liquors and profanity while in the employ of Russell, Majors & Waddell, owners and operators of the Pony Express. Among the more noted of the many riders who at one time or another carried the mails for this company were Jim Moore; William Cody (Buffalo Bill); Robert Hasalm, better known as "Pony Bob," on account of the great consideration and care with which he treated his horses; J. G. Kelly; George Gardner; "Boston Sam" Hamilton, and "Irish Tom" Grady. John Seebeck, one of the later riders, still lives in Alameda, California, and with Greene Majors, son of Alexander Majors, one of the founders of the Pony Express, was a guest at the unveiling of the memorial tablet in Sacramento. Postal charges were reduced from $10 an ounce, the first rate, to $5 a half ounce, and, eventually, to $1 for a half-ounce letter.

For many years the exact location of the one-time office of the Alta Telegraph, in Sacramento, was lost, but eventually it was re-located at 1015 Second street, and found from the old records to be the same building, unchanged except for repeated coats of paint and some minor improvements to the roof. The identity of the building finally was established by H. C. Peterson and John McIntire, of the research department of the California State Historical Library, and it will be the center of the Sacramento celebration of the revival of the Pony Express.

The principal points along the route of the Pony Express have announced their plans for the celebration as extending over one week in each place, so as to allow for the passing each way of the riders. Hannibal, Missouri, where Mark Twain spent his early boyhood, will have a special celebration, though it is not on the trail of the Express, and St. Louis has asked to come into the series of celebrations, with an industrial and development exposition, showing what has been accomplished since Johnnie Frey left the Mississippi on the morning of April 3, 1860, with the first mail for the Pacific Coast.

The most permanent of all the results of the revival of these famous riders will be the statue of Twain, to stand permanently on the Comstock Lode, which he made famous in his stories of his life in the West. The clay original of the statue, as designed by Mr. Burnham, represents the humorist standing on a huge boulder, looking off across the ranges, his old soft hat shoved far back on his unruly hair, a notebook in one hand and a pencil in the other. Men who knew Twain in those days declared that the sculptor has caught his expression of face, and his favorite standing position to a remarkable degree. Small replicas of the statue, cast in bronze and brass, will be sold to pay for the larger statue.

At the end of the westward trail, the riders will be entertained by a repetition of the famous "Days of '49" celebration, staged at Sacramento last year, and to be repeated especially for this Pony Express revival this autumn. In San Francisco, the Admission Day Celebration will be in full swing, honoring the admission into the Union of the only state which was never a territory. Two old Concord stages, once used as public conveyances between Sacramento and San Francisco, have been found, and these will head the procession which is planned to accompany the modern Pony Express rider from the capital of the state to San Francisco.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Mrs. Lloyd-George says: "Bringing up a family is a full-time job—an overtime one if the family is large—and no working-class mother can combine it properly with wage-earning.

Professor Robert DeC. Ward, of Harvard University, writes: "No possible temporary advantage to be gained by the importation of cheap alien labor could in any way offset the incalculable harm which such an influx would inevitably do to our country and our race. The question of profits is not for a moment to be considered as more important than posterity."

From 300,000 to 500,000 transient laborers pass through Chicago in a normal year.

Numerous flint implements, bone harpoons, arrowheads, grindstones, chisels and tooth-headed spears have been discovered in the remains of a settlement at Holmegardsmos, Denmark. It is estimated the settlement is at least 7,000 years old. Although no human bones have yet been found, the excavators uncovered skeletons of elk, reindeer and other animals under a layer of peat several yards thick.

The Mark Twain State Memorial Park Association plans to establish a Mark Twain Memorial Park in Florida, Missouri, where the humorist was born. The owner of the home in which Mark Twain was born has promised to donate the house and its old-time curios to the association.

The largest seed-oyster supply in the world, in the James River, Virginia, is threatened with destruction because of the effects of pollution of the water. Last December and on April 10, of 1923, wild ducks were picked up helpless on the New Jersey coast at Cape May. The oil-coated waters gummed the feathers of the birds and prevented them from flying. Inland waters are also polluted by factory waste, causing the death of thousands of fish.

Craigdarroch, the home of Annie Laurie, is for sale. It was at Craigdarroch that the real Annie Laurie lived after she was married to Alexander Fergusson, the prosperous laird she chose in preference to Douglas of Fingland, who wrote the song that made her famous.

Edward Page Gaston, an archeologist and brother of Lucy Page Gaston, of anti-cigaret fame, is searching at Gravesend, England, for the bones of the Indian Princess Pocahontas whom he claims as an ancestor. Indignant Britons whose forbears lie buried with the legendary savior of Captain John Smith have threatened Gaston for violating their dead in his search. Although armed with a permit from the home office and accompanied by British anthropologists, he is meeting with much resistance. Marquis Curzon, foreign secretary, has added his voice to the protest against the search at Gravesend.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The Opium Committee of the League of Nations voted, six to one, for strict limitation of production and sale of the drug under absolute government control; Portugal failed to vote, and France voted against it.

Translated into food, at the prices the farmer gets, it takes sixty-three and one-half dozen, or 762, eggs to pay a plasterer for one day of eight hours work in New York City. It takes seventeen and one-half bushels of corn, or a year's receipts from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day. It takes twenty-three chickens weighing three pounds each to pay a painter for one day's work in New York. It requires forty-two pounds of butter, or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber fourteen dollars a day. To pay a carpenter for one day's work, it takes a hog weighing 175 pounds, representing eight months' feeding and care.

Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum, has received the Meyer Medal for his services in preserving the vanishing tree species of the world. The Arnold Arboretum contains the largest collection of trees and shrubs in the world. The medal is named in honor of Frank N. Meyer, noted leader in the work of plant introduction, who lost his life while hunting for new trees in China.

Historic Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty," in Boston, will not be defiled by the installation of a modern elevator. The hall is to be renovated in the near future and the city council has appropriated $200,000 to that end. All floors, walls and ceilings are to be covered with fireproof metal, and wooden awning supports will be replaced with fireproof construction. But patriots threaten to seek a grand jury indictment against anyone who would attempt to install an elevator. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company will continue to walk upstairs to their meetings.

Final passage of the bill to abolish the county convict lease system in Florida was effected when both houses agreed to the report of a conference committee. The practice will be outlawed after January first, next.

The days of the Klondike were recalled at the Waldorf-Astoria recently when the hotel treasurer sold $5,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets to the government. A Westerner arrived at the hotel with no baggage and with very little cash. He had several pokes of gold which he asked the hotel treasurer to guard. When he was ready to leave he requested that the gold be sold and the hotel bill deducted. The government was a ready purchaser.

Canadian farmers are importing wasps to fight the corn borer.

The *Globe and Commercial Advertiser,* of New York, the oldest daily newspaper in America, passed out of existence recently when it was merged with the New York *Sun.* The *Globe and Commercial Advertiser* was founded in 1793.

Thousands of women and girls were thrown out of employment in factories by the French occupation of the Ruhr district, but ignore domestic service offered them because they receive strike funds from Berlin and local municipalities amounting to more than wages in homes. It is as difficult to obtain housemaids in Germany as in this country.

Riding from the first platform of the Eiffel Tower to the ground on a bicycle was the daring achievement of a young Frenchman. In the first leap the bicycle covered forty steps. The remaining 316 steps were covered at the rate of from fifteen to twenty in each jump. In less than one and one-half minutes he had covered the entire distance of ninety yards and was only slightly scratched on one leg as he rounded a post at the bottom. Not a burr on the bicycle was loosened.

Bats are very particular about their personal cleanliness. They wash their faces with the front part of the wing, and currycomb their fur with the sharp claws of their hind feet. The young are born in June and number one or two. For two weeks after birth the young hang to the mother and are carried by her on her nightly flights.

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Tobacco, Tombstones and Profits

By LUTHER BURBANK

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Let's Pay as We Pave

Gold Standard Facts

And Many Other Fine Features

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Tobacco, Tombstones and Profits

By LUTHER BURBANK

YOU have seen pictures of military cemeteries near great battlefields. Upon every headstone is chiseled the inscription, "Killed in action."

If one knew nothing about war, these headstones would be sufficient to impress upon him that war is deadly—that it kills.

How much would you know about tobacco if, upon the tombstone of everyone killed by it were inscribed, "Killed by tobacco"?

You would know a lot more about it than you do now, but you would not know all, because tobacco does more than kill. *It half-kills.* It has its victims in the cemeteries and in the streets. It is bad enough to be dead, but it is a question if it is not sometimes worse to be half-dead—to be nervous, irritable, unable to sleep well, with efficiency cut in two and vitality ready to snap at the first great strain.

This seems like exaggeration. It isn't. It is well within the truth. You do not know the facts because you are not permitted to know them. It is profitable slowly to poison you and millions of others, so you are poisoned. You were only a boy when you were urged to smoke cigarets. A little later you saw advertisements in which your attention was called to cigars and smoking tobacco. Now you are pressed to use tobacco in all its forms, except as snuff. You can buy snuff if you want to, but it is not urged. Perhaps there are too many false teeth in America to make sneezing popular. But chewing and smoking are set forth by the tobacco trusts as delightful, harmless pastimes. It is even declared that the use of tobacco is beneficial—that it "soothes" the nerves.

Chloroform soothes the nerves, too. A small bottle of it will soothe them forever.

Let me tell you how tobacco kills. Smokers do not all drop dead around the cigar lighters in tobacco stores. They go away and, years later, die of something else. From the tobacco trust's point of view, that is one of the finest things about tobacco. The victims do not die on the premises, even when sold the worst cigars. They go away, and when they die, the doctors certify that they died of something else—pneumonia, heart disease, typhoid fever, or what not.

> "IF," pertinently asks Mr. Burbank, "tobacco is such a fine thing, why don't its victims rejoice?"

In other words, tobacco kills indirectly and escapes the blame.

What killed General Grant? Why, of course you know—cancer. But what caused the cancer in his throat? Do you know? Smoking caused it. General Lee could not get Grant, but tobacco got him.

What killed President McKinley? An assassin's bullet, you say. Partly right and partly wrong. McKinley was shot, but his wound need not have proved fatal. Thousands of men, hurt worse, have survived. But they had good hearts. When a great strain comes, strong hearts are necessary to bring the sufferers through alive. McKinley, when he was born, had a strong heart, but the tobacco habit got him and left his heart muscles soft and flabby. When McKinley had need of a strong heart he went down because he had nothing to keep him up. He had smoked up his most vital strength.

Woodrow Wilson when old was seized by an ailment that brought him almost to the point of death. For hours he was unconscious and for weeks his physicians could not say whether he would live or die. He had need of a good heart. In his hour of need he had a good heart. If Mr. Wilson had been a smoker, Mr. Marshall might have been President.

In the African jungle, Theodore Roosevelt was stricken with such a fever that he begged his son and other companions to save themselves by leaving him to die. He, too, had need of a strong heart—and he had one. Mr. Roosevelt never used tobacco. His African illness was so serious that he returned to America emaciated and shaken, but he at least had the heart-power to enable him to get back.

But the case for or against tobacco cannot be conclusively proved by what happened to this or that man. The point I am trying to make is that when the pinch comes everyone has need of all the heart-power he can muster—and tobacco weakens heart-power. There is no doubt about that. When one's heart is faltering, no doctor ever prescribes nicotine. Nicotine is a slow poison that strikes at the heart first.

Nicotine, after you have used it a while, puts you in a condition to be "bumped off" by the first thing that hits you. If you saw some men undermine a building until it was ready to topple into the street, and then saw a woman hit the building with a baby carriage and make it topple, you would not say the woman wrecked the building, would you? Yet when a smoker dies of pneumonia the doctor's death certificate gives pneumonia and not tobacco as the cause of death. And the tombstone man with his chisel says nothing at all.

What a shock people would get if they went through cemeteries and saw tombstones declaring the fact that this man died of typhoid made fatal by a tobacco-weakened heart, and that man succumbed to nervous prostration because tobacco had shot his nerves to pieces, and another one gave up the ghost because tobacco had ruined his stomach.

But the truth will never be known about tobacco so long as the great tobacco companies are able to spend millions of dollars to build up and maintain businesses with which to poison the people for a profit.

Did you ever think what would become of the tobacco habit if there were no profit in selling tobacco? How long would it last and how rapidly would it spread? Was anyone ever born with a taste for tobacco? On the contrary, everyone is born with a taste *against* it—tobacco produces sickness the first few times it is used. Men are able to use tobacco only because of the remarkable power of the human body to adjust itself to an unfavorable environment. The human body prefers the good and dislikes the bad, but if it is compelled to endure the bad will make the best of it and stick to life as long as possible.

If there were no money in poisoning people with tobacco, the tobacco habit would die out with the last of its present victims. No boy could begin smoking because there would be no place where he could buy tobacco. If there were no place in which to buy food the boy would not go without food. That shows the difference between useful necessities and poisonous things that enslave only to destroy. We need food; we do not need tobacco. We use tobacco only because it is foisted upon each generation as opium was foisted upon the Chinese, and as cigarets are being foisted upon us now.

As the tobacco interests become better organized it is increasingly difficult for each generation to escape. Even thirty years ago, a cigar store was an ugly place, littered with cuspidors, dirty and unattractive. Better brains in the tobacco business have changed this. The cigar store is attractive now, even from afar. Its windows are tastefully decorated with red, a primary color that appeals to the lowest order of intelligence. Inside, everything is as clean and bright as if the place were a jewelry store. Every possible appeal is made to the eye. And, in addition, there are certificates with which, if one will smoke his head off, he may get a beautiful glass fruit dish for his grandmother or a collar button for himself.

Billboard advertising, newspaper advertising, magazine advertising, search every nook and cranny of the country for victims. In this way, millions upon millions of dollars are spent by the tobacco interests every year. It seems almost as if there is no escape for each new generation as it comes along. No matter where a boy may be, tobacco advertising reaches him, pleads with him and urges him to be a fool—to injure his health, decrease his happiness and shorten his life that the tobacco interests may gather more millions.

If the money that the American people are wasting for tobacco were invested in homes, every man and woman could have a home, free of debt, before reaching the age of fifty.

If it were invested in farms, everyone could have a farm.

If it were invested in reclaiming deserts that, with water, would be orange groves, the present century would see the end of most of the deserts.

If it were invested in stock in water-power companies honestly and wisely managed, the harnessing of power now going to waste would make heat, light and power abundant and cheap.

If it were invested in traveling, the saving would be sufficient to enable everyone to see all America several times and take at least one trip around the world.

Figure it out for yourself. The ordinary smoker who uses cigars will burn up about a dollar a day, which is about $1,000 every three years. If smoking, after thirty years, kills him, he will have wasted $10,000. That is more than enough to buy a decent home, a good farm, or to see America several times and take a whirl around the world.

And, at that, the greatest loss is in health and life. The basis of all happiness is health. A sick millionaire is much worse off than a well garbage man. Sickness not only cuts off happiness but brings discomfort and pain.

Always remember that the tendency of tobacco is to destroy.

Don't be fooled by newspaper stories inspired by the tobacco interests about gentlemen 104 years old who attribute their multitude of years to the use of tobacco.

When whisky-selling was a legal method of getting a living you used to read the same kind of stories about centenarians who had drunk whisky since they were nine years old.

There is no doubt that some men have lived to be very old, notwithstanding the use of tobacco and whisky.

But they are entirely mistaken in believing that it was the tobacco or the whisky that helped them to live long. Here is one proof: Look for all those who were boyhood chums of these aged survivors of tobacco and whisky and who, like them, smoked and drank. Where are they? In graveyards. Tobacco and whisky helped to put the finishing touches upon them.

The one in ten millions or more who survives and reaches a great age, notwithstanding the use of tobacco or whisky, is the odd one who, because of some peculiarity in his constitution, was able to generate an antitoxin that offset the poison of nicotine or alcohol. Each of us has the ability, to a greater or lesser degree, to develop antitoxins to meet our needs. Smallpox kills the Indian and treats the white man comparatively gently because it is a new disease to the Indians, to meet which they have not yet had time to generate proper antitoxins. The white man, on the other hand, has had time to develop antitoxins. Smallpox is no new disease to him. He has been familiar with it for centuries and, in the beginning, it hit him as hard as it now does the Indian.

Make no mistake. Tobacco is a poison that would not be urged upon you if there were not a profit for others in making you a victim.

Within my own circle of friends and acquaintances I have known many, or at least several, men whom it has killed.

I never met a tobacco-user who did not regret that he had formed the habit, but I never met a non-smoker who was sorry he did not smoke.

Isn't that significant? If tobacco is such a fine thing, why don't its victims rejoice? Why do not men like Woodrow Wilson hasten to acquire the tobacco habit? Think this over.

Youth is the dangerous age, as far as tobacco is concerned. If one can reach the age of twenty-five without smoking, the tobacco trust will have difficulty in getting him.

We are in the process of driving alcoholic beverages from the country. The death rate all over the country has taken a sharp drop to the lowest point ever reached. In my opinion the day is not far distant when we shall outlaw tobacco as we have alcohol. I believe tobacco shortens more lives and kills more people than alcohol ever did, not because tobacco is more deadly. because it is more widely used than whisky ever was.

We shall have better health, more happiness, longer life and more comforts when we cease wasting our money for tobacco and whisky. There are now plenty of persons who will hoot at this statement, but in a few decades there will be a hundred millions or so who will hoot at the present hooters.

Motion Pictures of the Human Heart Used in Diagnosis

American Mechanical Wizard Makes Possible the Cardiograph, Now Employed in Many Hospitals

Attaching the electrodes to take a cardiograph of the human heart.

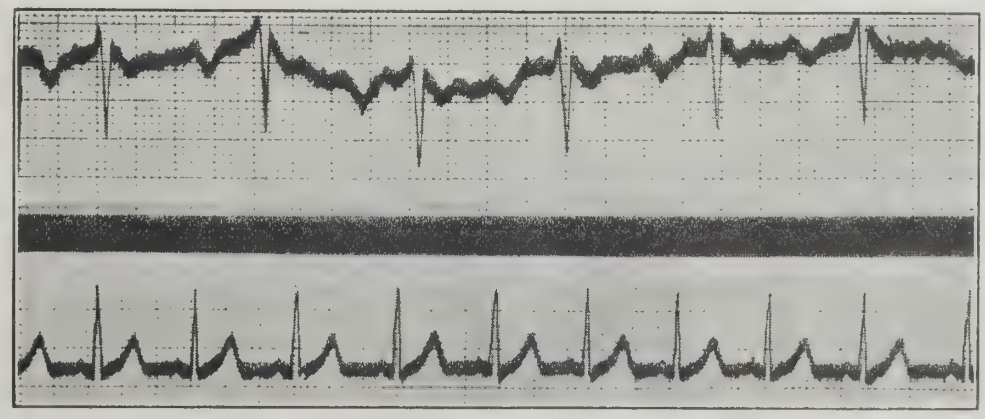
MOTION pictures of the human heart, accurate to minute fractions so small that they cannot be seen with the unaided eye, have taken the place of clinical diagnoses in the treatment of heart troubles in nearly every big city of the United States. So definite are the results obtained that it is only a matter of time, in the opinion of heart specialists, until no medical practitioner will think of telling a patient what is the matter with his heart until he has a motion picture record of its activities. And when that time comes the world's greatest scientists and all of mankind will take off their hats to an American mechanical wizard who accomplished something that had baffled science for twenty years.

The cardiograph, which is the name of the machine for photographing heart action now in use in many big hospitals, is not merely a movie camera. It utilizes a motion picture film and a photographing apparatus operating through a powerful microscope, but it also includes what might be described at first glance as a cross section of nearly everything electrical. Briefly, it is a machine so highly sensitized that it can pick up what might be called the waste power produced by even the weakest human being in the form of electrical currents thrown off at the extremities, and by means of a gold-plated quartz wire four ten-thousandths of an inch thin, make that power reproduce itself on the motion picture film.

The cardiograph and the principle underlying it have been known to medical science for many years. In 1856 it was discovered that every contraction of the human heart is preceded by what has been called an "excitation wave," then more or less of a mystery. In 1887 a British physiologist discovered that this wave produced electrical differences between points on the surface of the body, and they could be detected by a sensitive galvanometer. Attempts were made at once to measure them. They failed because the galvanometers then in use were too slow. In 1903, however, M. Einthoven, of Holland, succeeded in producing the first cardiograph. The principle used is still in use. It had long been known that if a current of electricity was sent through a wire passing through an electrical field, the wire would be deflected at a right angle to the current.

Einthoven had no difficulty in constructing a galvanometer fast and sensitive enough to take up the tiny currents thrown off by the heart, and he also produced a gold-plated quartz wire thin and light enough to respond thereto. But the apparatus was so delicate that it was subject to all sorts of electrical counter-influences. In an effort to offset them, the first cardiographs were built on foundations of rock, running down to bed rock. It was thought that surface earth vibrations interfered. When that system failed to work, various inventors devised elaborate structures weighing many tons and containing huge springs from which the apparatus was suspended. The cost was tremendous and the results were uncertain, so that until a few years ago only the wealthy could make use of them.

Charles F. Hindle, of Ossining, New York, who has been known to scientists for many years as a research expert in sound photography and similar abstract work, became interested in the problem several years ago. He is a practical mechanic with a faculty for painstaking electrical detail. After years of experiment he produced the Hindle housing, which has carried the cardiograph into every big city in the country and put it within the reach of the smallest hospital and of every heart specialist. First he built an electromagnet to provide the necessary electrical field, and then provided it with what he calls a compensating resistance box which will adjust electrical currents down to one thousandth part of an ampere. For every possible disturbance of the wire other than that of the action current furnished by the heart, this box provides a compensating or counter current. Even the steady but almost imperceptible flow of electricity produced by the action of sweat glands in the skin of a patient is neutralized by applying current in the opposite direction. When the box is adjusted to meet all existing conditions, the wire is held perfectly still in the center of its electrical field.



The top line is an electro-cardiogram of a diseased heart, the lower one that of a healthy organ.

As an example of how thoroughly accurate the mechanism is, tests were made by one specialist on a trolley car. It was found that compensating currents could be set up to overcome the jolts and vibrations of the car, holding the wire absolutely still. It has been stated that the wire is four ten-thousandths of an inch in diameter. But that does not indicate how thin is the part of it that carries the electrical current. Quartz is a non-conductor. The current produced by the heart passed through the gold plating.

Heretofore heart disease of many and varied kinds have been studied and treated from symptoms. The cardiograph has proved conclusively that these are not reliable. It has shown that a weak heart, organically degenerated, will show exactly the same symptoms that may be obtained, under certain circumstances, from a perfectly healthy organ which is a bit "temperamental." Hearts in the latter class have mystified even the greatest of the experts for centuries. The cardiograph has made it possible to locate them instantly, even though it does not explain their cause.

It is now known that thousands of men and women with perfectly healthy, strong hearts have been rejected by insurance companies and given years of worry through being told that their hearts were weak or diseased. All that is now avoidable. A specialist, who has become one of the leading American authorities on the use of the machine, made detailed investigations of heart action in hospitals where it was sometimes impossible to move the patient. In a number of cases he succeeded in carrying the heart's electrical currents a distance of two city blocks from the bedside of patients in a contagious disease ward to the cardiograph in another building.

"An electrocardiogram," says that specialist, "is the product of a modern graphic method of heart examination by which may be differentiated, accurately diagnosed and thus more intelligently treated, various defects of the cardiac mechanism. The first American papers on electro-cardiography were not written until 1910, but already the subject has passed the stage of experiment in physiologic laboratories and has become of profound significance to the clinician. In discussing the physiology of the heart it was stated that the excitation wave preceding the contraction of the various heart chambers normally takes a definite, established route from the pacemaker, where it originates, to its eventual distribution in muscle fiber, which it then excites to contraction. This route is called the conduction system.

"Now, when disease, or its toxins, interferes with conduction, when disease disturbs either the rhythm or the contracting power of the heart; when it enlarges some chamber or renders certain cardiac areas either too highly responsible or too apathetic to the contraction impulse, the excitation wave will take many devious pathways. By animal experimentation and by clinical experience it has become possible to interpret these deviations in terms of heart affections.

"The record from a healthy dog's heart is quite like the record from a healthy human heart. The difference is negligible. In experiments with the dog the conduction system was interfered with at various points by pressure with forceps; it gave abnormal curves. Records similar to these were found in tracings from human hearts; at necropsy in these cases it was discovered that disease had produced the same changes in the human heart that had been experimentally induced in the dog. Another experiment was to produce enlargement of the various chambers in the animal heart; again was obtained a type of curve which had been observed in human tracings; and again did eventual necropsy establish the truth of the electrocardiogram. It was also demonstrated that when infectious diseases, such as pneumonia, changed the human records it would alter the records in a similarly diseased dog in like manner. Drugs, such as digitalis, atropine, lead, and so on, were administered to canines in the laboratory; the electric curves were modified. The same alterations in the record were found in patients taking these drugs. With such credentials has electro-cardiography introduced itself to the medical profession.

"This method of examination has not only acquainted the physician with heart conditions which were not known to exist before its advent, but it has also confirmed many clinical diagnoses which he has been accustomed to make. For example, it tells which chamber of the heart preponderates in cardiac enlargement. It frequently substantiates the clinical diagnosis of mitral stenosis; it furnishes corroborative written testimony of aortic valvular disease. It guides in the selection of cardiac drugs; it warns of their beginning toxic effects. It not only records the efficiency of chosen methods of treatment, thus often indicating a change of remedies, but it also signals the approach of danger in the overadministration of certain drugs.

"To illustrate, it tells when the cardiac tolerance of digitalis has been reached long before the physiologic limit manifests itself. It heralds, at times, the approach of some diseases which affect the heart—such as acute rheumatic fever—before the clinical evidences of fever, joint swellings, and so forth, make their appearance; and at the further extreme of an illness, graphic records may indicate the approaching end of life long before Cheyne-Stokes respiration and other classical symptoms of dissolution ensue. In addition, the study of an extended series of curves, which have been taken under varying conditions of rest and exercise, may afford written evidence of the functional activity of the heart muscle. Structural myocardial change, which is a diagnosis often difficult of clinical determination, can now be recognized by electro-cardiography.

"Electro-cardiography does more than confirm diagnoses at which one has clinically arrived; it gives minute information concerning irregularities of the heart which are clinically suspected but which cannot be certainly sustained without graphic record. Among these are exaggerated sinus arrhythmias, multiple premature contractions, paroxysmal tachycardia of auricular or ventricular origin, atypical auricular fibrillations, auricular flutter, ventricular flutter and varying grades of heart block. It should be borne in mind that disease changes the normal waves of the electrocardiogram in sequence, in amplitude, in direction and in duration.

"Three curves compose the record; they are the three leads, expressed in Roman numerals. They are called leads because they lead the current from certain surfaces of the heart. Lead I registers the electric potential of that part of the heart which comes nearest to a line drawn from right arm to left arm; lead II, of the line drawn from right arm to left leg; lead III, of a line drawn from left arm to left leg. Insulated wire carries the heart current from the patient to the string galvanometer. The connection of electrodes for the patient are simply pieces of German silver curved to fit the right arm, left arm and left leg, and are held in place with bandages soaked in a twenty per cent hot salt solution.

"Fine horizontal screen lines, called ordinates, are permanently drawn on the lens of the camera and are used to measure the height of the individual waves. The

(Concluded on page 11)

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Consider Alaska

PRESIDENT HARDING'S visit to Alaska should stir the country's serious consideration of the future of that great undeveloped empire. Too long, we have been content to revel in the fiction and pictures of that great northland as a place of snow and ice, of vast distances, of gamblers and gold, of wolves and blizzards.

Alaska is the country's greatest reservoir of untapped wealth. Coal, oil, timber and metals are known to be among its resources. But never has there been a complete survey which would permit the country to contemplate its possession. Unquestionably Alaska possesses water power of inestimable value. The utilization of these properties is alone the question. It is a big question undoubtedly. But then the United States is a vast country, with vast equipment.

It will take years to make Alaska's resources available. Some of the wealth hidden far below the surface of frozen ground may not be reached for centuries. But the difficulty of making use of Alaska's wealth furnishes no excuse for delay in proceeding to the task. Indeed, the very obstacles in the way should inspire the government to greater efforts.

Transportation is a great question. The government railroad in the peninsula should merely whet the country's appetite for the good things of the land. Experts should be engaged at the task of studying other railroad routes, truck routes, the navigability of the rivers. Even the possibility of airplane freight transportation in the near future is not to be neglected.

Other experts should survey Alaska's resources. We should know what the land possesses and we should know how and when we can use it.

The country's thought must be engaged in the consideration of the terms under which the coal, oil, timber and other resources of Alaska are to be used. Destruction and waste should be prevented. Exploitation should be rigidly curbed. For years, the country has heard the cry for conservation of our natural resources. Selfish interests have sought to capitalize that slogan for private purposes. Eastern coal operators, for example, have raised their hands in sanctimonious horror at the suggestion of making Alaskan coal available for the Navy's use. Their real horror was at the thought of the loss of a profitable market. True conservation does not mean that our natural resources must remain forever untouched; it means that they must not be wasted. Coal, oil and similar products are to be used, not to be hoarded. A miser's gold is worth no more than sawdust.

Whether Alaskan resources are to be developed by the government or by private industry is a subject on which opinions will differ. There is time enough to consider the problem from all angles. But there must be no further delay in beginning that study. America has spent much time talking of Europe's troubles. Alaska is our own problem; we should tackle it.

We'll Pick and Choose

IMMIGRATION restriction seems to have become the settled policy of the United States. The voices are well-nigh stilled which demanded raucously wide-open gates for the undesired and undesirables of all nations. Congress will amend the immigration laws. But it will amend them by perfecting the machinery of administration, by correcting details of operation. It is unlikely to change the fundamental concept.

Immigrants we must always have. New blood is a good thing for a country. But it must be blood which can be assimilated. Aliens to become Americans must inherit capacities and mental qualities which will enable them to absorb our conditions of life. Congress seems to have accepted the idea that aliens who enter the country must be sorted and sifted so that the best may be accepted, the poorest refused. It has decided, too, that the immigration stream must be slow enough to permit proper examination of its elements.

There have been two years in which the country has had the opportunity to judge the Dillingham law. The judgment in the main is favorable. Some worthy aliens may have been kept out and some undesirables have got in. But most of the worthy ones who sought admission in good faith and with proper exercise of intelligence have been admitted and are now on the road to American citizenship. And a great many undesirables have been kept out.

The law has been tested in two periods, one of unemployment and one of great production: In both the periods, there have been hordes of parasitic aliens who have attempted to gain access to American wealth. During the past year, when opportunity for industrious persons was presented, there has been a rush of really desirable immigrants. Scandinavian, Dutch, English, Scotch and Irish quotas were exhausted during the year just closed. The quotas of none of these people was approached in the year previous when there was no work to be done. Germans in large numbers emigrated during the past year. In the year 1921-1922 there was little Teutonic immigration.

Persons who enter the country when they can find work to do, and who stay away when their presence should be only a burden, are desirable. Immigrants who come, work or no work, are parasites. The Dillingham law has been proved a fair success in its general purport. But it must be strengthened and its machinery perfected.

It would do no harm if Congress made the 1890 census the basis of determining the number of immigrants from each country. This would cause North European stocks to form a relatively larger part of the alien total. Last year's developments have shown that North Europeans are abundantly able and willing to provide the labor which is necessary to the United States in periods of industrial prosperity.

Congress must take measures to provide a better means of selection of immigrants. Examination at the source is unquestionably the best way of determining each alien's worth, and of minimizing disappointments among those who hope to become Americans and are doomed to rejection. Italy has wisely agreed to co-operate with the United States in limiting Italian immigration to the number and the type this country can accept. The State Department should be able to make similar agreements with other nations.

The first of the month race of steamship companies to get their steerage cargoes to Ellis Island before exhaustion of the quotas is a bad thing. Congress should be able to regulate the problem so that a steady controllable stream of immigration would pass through the ports of entry, permitting the officials adequate time to perform their duties of examination.

Let's Have This Memorial

FLORIDA, a little Missouri town of 500, wants to have a Mark Twain park. Florida is the birthplace of Samuel L. Clemens and is now fired with the great ambition to make his father's ramshackle cabin, recently rescued from the wreckers, the center of a national reserve.

The cabin is just a stone's throw from the Salt River dam which Mark Twain made immortal. All around are the scenes which impressed themselves on his boyhood mind and were afterward described, sometimes magnified or distorted, in his stories. Florida residents hope to preserve these old scenes.

The little village's ambition will be commended. Our country is not very old, but in recent years its penchant for preserving historic places has become pronounced. Mark Twain is one of the world's most beloved figures. He needs no memorial for in Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer his personality will be engraved forever on boyhood's heart. But that his home town should undertake to show its pride in its son is fitting. None will grudge the little Missouri village its park.

Too Much Government

WHEN is somebody going to put a stop to the growth of government? Let your mind dwell a moment on the public offices you know, Federal, State and Municipal. In how many of them do you recall a reduction in personnel?

Jobs have multiplied in all governments. In the United States, the growing tendency toward paternalism has resulted in the creation of commission after commission, of board after board. Many of these institutions are finely inspired. A woman of influence sees a baby under unhealthy conditions: she immediately concludes the state should take over the rearing of the child. A welfare worker discovers a tenement, poorly constructed: the regulation or construction must be done by the governmental agencies or under governmental control. There is a dark street: there must be an extra policeman on the beat. The ice on Wrangel Island is dangerous: there must be another ice-cutter at once. The dogs on Chestnut street are bothered by fleas: the city must employ a flea-catcher.

Most of the ventures of government into channels of activity previously reserved to the individual are undertaken because a few enthusiasts see an impelling public need, while the majority of the taxpayers do not take the trouble to object to increase of public work.

But sometime, someone must halt this increase in governmental activity, this multiplication of employes whom the taxpayers must pay. It can't go on forever, else the logical conclusion, all government and no people, must be reached.

We are not able to say offhand just what governmental experiments are unjustified. But all appreciate the fact that we have too much government. Government is getting so fat that it soon must eat its own fat. Nearly every human activity is affected in some degree by governmental agency. Someone must halt the expansion. Who will do it?

Cuba as Uncle Sam's Ward

THE salvation of Cuba is a subject on which American opinion differs radically. Some self-sufficient Americans have always maintained that the island cannot succeed unless it is annexed to the United States. Some freedom-loving Americans cannot bear the thought that Uncle Sam should attempt in any degree to control the destinies of an independent state. Some matter-of-fact Americans look upon the present situation in Cuba with satisfaction for they feel the United States, having freed Cuba, should see that its little protegee enjoys itself but does not wreck itself.

These differing opinions will not affect judgment of the success or failure of present Cuban affairs. Cuba is being governed with financial efficiency, whether credit be given to President Zayas or Minister Crowder, and whether the relationship between the Cuban treasury and the American money market be praised or condemned.

Perhaps, more than any other country, Cuba felt the sudden decline of war prices. Cuba's great commodity was sugar. When raw sugar fell from twenty-three and one-half to six cents a pound, panic was inevitable. The Cuban treasury was empty, and a large portion of the public debt was due. It was admitted that a joke civil service held many useless employes in their jobs. And it was not denied that venal judges sat on the bench.

Private business has revived in Cuba. Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, acting as representative of the United States, was instrumental in getting 16,000 public employes dismissed and in procuring a law permitting the removal of judges. President Zayas has prosecuted reforms against strong opposition, and has at last a cabinet in accord with his purposes. Mr. Crowder is now minister to the island and still advises the President. During the fiscal year, which closed June 30, revenues amounted to $68,371,000 and expenditures were kept below that figure. Progress has been made in cutting down the debt. Guardianship and wardship are never altogether pleasant relations. But Uncle Sam, in the role of guardian, gives as much thought to his ward's welfare as he does to his own.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN you measure the human energy expended in this world and analyze the purposes for which it is used, you discover that about one per cent of all effort is expended for the production of food. Only about one per cent. This does not mean that only one man in a hundred is engaged in farming; the percentage is higher than that; but of the total human energy generated and used, one per cent goes directly to the work of producing food. Even the farmer's energy is not by any means directed solely to raising food. Think of the seasons when it is impossible for him to engage in that work.

Now this fact has a bearing on the notion that it is and naturally should be hard to get a living on this planet. Food is the most vital of our necessities, without which we could not procure clothing or shelter; and yet after the production of all the food which the human race needs, ninety-nine per cent of human energy remains for other uses.

Is it true, then, that the main business of life is getting a living? On the face of it, it is not. And with the coming of power-farming, of course the percentage of human energy required for food production will be less and less.

All the time, without our realizing it, the principal business of life has been something besides merely getting a living. People have won their living, but it has never been the big engrossing work which they have thought it. The real job in life has been getting experience. If there is any meaning to life at all, certainly it is not to be found in the act of feeding ourselves daily. The earth has no need whatever of its human population. We are not a physical essential to this planet. And if merely living in the physical sense is the reason for our presence here, then even that life is not essential to us—because it would not mean anything to rational beings.

It must be, both from the figures and from the philosophy, that the main business of life is at a point above the physical. It must be that the main business is getting something else besides a living. It must be that the "living" is a by-product of some other activity of which perhaps we have been too little aware.

If this were not so then we could not look upon the Coming Era with much hope. There are people, as everyone knows, who teach and preach that the only problems to be solved are the economic problems, of which the sufficient production and distribution of food is the fundamental. Well, we are on the verge of doing that. It will not be a long time, comparatively speaking, before the food supply will be made as secure and full as the water supply, and will occupy the same relative position in our community life. That condition is on the way. Nothing can stop it. The stupidity of letting the kitchen side of life occupy so much of the thought of people is going to force a more intelligent state of affairs.

> *WHEN figures and philosophy agree, we are hitting near the truth. The figures show that in this matter of getting a living about one per cent of human energy is expended on the production of food. And the philosophy of life indicates that our principal business on this planet is the gaining of experience. From these may be deduced the principal objects of life. More mental energy is wasted in Fear concerning our "living" than is actually used in securing a living. There is no comparison between the degrees of physical and mental energy expended in that matter. Living actually comes much easier than we suppose—save for anxiety, fear, pride, jealousy and other wasteful uses of energy. Stopping the leaks in our mental power plants would double the ease of living.*

But what then? With the earth organized and all the present powers at man's disposal brought into play (there is no need for new powers: we have all the requisite tools and methods now), will that be all?

No, the "milling around" of the people, the quests and excursions of the mind, the whole tortuous round by which experience is gained will still go on—for, after all, that is the main business of life, to get experience. If it were merely to get a living, the "milling around" would stop once a "living" was secure. But it will not stop. Rather it will be released to other channels.

Once someone asked a wise Socialistic thinker what he was going to do when his Socialism was firmly established and every economic problem settled and the people had nothing to do but live bovinely, like the cows; and the man replied, "Why, after we get Socialism, we shall probably tip it over and try something else." He was a wise man; he knew that the wrestling human mind has other objects than the getting of a living.

Of course, it is true that while so small a percentage of human energy is actually directed toward the production of food, it is not to be questioned that far too large a proportion of mental energy is devoted to the task of getting it. We should not confuse the *production* with the *getting*. But most of the mental energy thus expended is not productive; indeed, it is just the opposite, it is largely destructive. Take anxiety, worry, jealousy, pride, fear—always there is fear—these are expenditures of mental energy, but they are *not productive*.

If one per cent of the Fear energy could be directed to positive ends today, it would mean something of a revolution in society, it would be a complete revolution in many lives. People are thus expending energy with reference to the matter of a living, without in the slightest degree making that energy count toward the production of a living.

It is a serious waste of energy. The very man who is most guilty of it would not tolerate it anywhere but in himself. If his garden hose leaked, he would mend it to save the pressure for the business end of the hose. If his steam-boiler leaked he would consider himself a fool if he went on forcing up steam that should only be wasted through the leaks—he would repair the boiler that every ounce of steam might deliver all its force where it could accomplish something.

But in the matter of his own mind, his own personal energy, his very highest and most precious energy, he dissipates it thoughtlessly in anxiety, worry and fear—always Fear. He needs to stop the leaks—to compel his mental energy to bring all its pressure to the constructive object, and so accomplish something.

Getting a living is only half as hard—let us say rather, that it is twice as easy—when the full energy of the personality is given to it. When a man is wasting his mental steam in Fear and self-distrust, he has mighty little power left for the main job, and what little he has left labors most wearily. When a man conserves his mental steam, devoting it entirely to what he has at hand—living fully in the minute—then he not only achieves his living easily, but he has a surplus for the real work of life, which is the gaining of experience.

It may be true, it probably is true, that one of the first and best experiences which we get is the mastery of conditions in which we find ourselves. It is easy enough to lie down under them and complain; it is easy enough to say that if the world were different we also should be different; but the world is made better only by those who are able to surmount the conditions in which they find themselves when they awake to intelligent appreciation of their surroundings. If everyone could know that the ladder by which they must climb, if they climb at all, has all its rungs made out of the very things they find hardest, there would be a general upward movement. What we sometimes think is the grudge of life against us is really the nudging of life trying to wake us up. It isn't always easy, it is often hard—but where is the man who will say he has won anything in life without paying the price. It is hard, but hardness pays; it does not breed hardness, it breeds hardihood, and hardihood is the soul's growing up.

Put down the figures, make your own mental analysis, and see if the getting of experience does not take up more of your time and your energy than the getting of a living.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Tribute Paid to Banks to Transfer Realty

"Title and Trust" Companies in Pennsylvania Operate Under Sanction of Law and Their Records Become Basis for All Transactions

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

IN THE revelations of how banks profit by the money system which has been imposed on the people of the United States and which is so zealously guarded against attack, nothing has been brought to light so far concerning a phase of banking operations in which those institutions actually take over one of the first functions of government. That is done in nearly every state in the Union, in some form or other, in the handling of real estate transactions, but nowhere has the system been developed to the state of perfection from the banking point of view as has been achieved in Pennsylvania. In that state the sovereign commonwealth has in effect surrendered the beginning and foundation of its sovereignty, the passing of title to land and buildings to the purchaser. The state and the officers of the state still hold the records, but in the great bulk of instances sales are impossible even for cash until the purchaser has paid tribute to the banks.

It is not necessary to be an expert in the history of nations to realize that control of the land is the basis of government. That is true of every form of government evolved in 7,000 years, whether the power comes from the people or by "divine right." Therefore the surrender of that power or of any part of it in effect transfers the governmental right and function of taxation from the whole people to a small selected group, thus setting up a sort of partial super-government taking its special toll from all the necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter, all of which are influenced first and last by the costs of land and the buildings thereon.

How Banks Take Power

THE method by which a small but important part of the taxing power has thus been transferred to banks varies in different parts of the country, in conformity with the different state laws. Generally speaking, however, any bank with the word "title" in its name is in effect an agency of taxation, and none of the sums it collects through that function find their way into local or state treasuries except such portions as are taxed in turn by the state as income. In some states and cities, where the jumble of old-fashioned realty laws makes it particularly easy for such banks to operate, their grip is complete, and one such example is Pennsylvania. That state is dotted with "title and trust" companies doing a general banking business and taking the place of the state in issuing, for cash, guaranties of real estate titles.

Three such banks are in operation in Philadelphia, the largest city in the state. Many other banks in the city issue title insurance, but all of them operate through the three large and wealthy centrally located trust companies where titles are manufactured. Each of those companies owns what is known in real estate circles as a "plant." In reality it is nothing more nor less than a card index system showing the ownership of virtually every piece of property—real estate—in the city and in many surrounding counties. These records are kept up to date by a small force of clerks who get daily reports from the recorder of deeds of the real estate transfers. The final record for each property shows its entire history from the time of the grants of land to William Penn, or the deeds which he and his descendants issued in the sale or distribution of the land within the boundaries of the state.

Issue Title Insurance

ON THE basis of the records so maintained, rather than on the official records kept by the state authority charged with that work, the companies issue what are in reality policies of title insurance. They guarantee to the purchaser a clear title to his property, subject to mortgages and certain restrictions that will be explained later. On the surface that may appear to be an excellent thing, but the fact is in practice that through their control of mortgage funds, real estate dealers and indirectly of building and loan association funds, the banks have succeeded in creating a situation in which the insurance is no longer optional, but compulsory. In other words, a citizen buying a home for which he is unable to pay cash cannot make settlement until he buys title insurance from the bank. If he can pay cash and refuses to supply himself with title insurance, he may have difficulty in selling it. Certainly he cannot raise money by mortgage on the property until he has obtained a title insurance policy. The only alternative to the policy is a search through official records in the office of the recorder of deeds that in the case of a property many times transferred may be long and expensive.

Here again it is seemingly apparent that the trust company renders a service of value to the purchaser. But the point is that the service is given at the expense of the whole people. The fact that the taxing power is considered of inestimable value is shown by the opposition raised by the banks and others that stand to profit by it whenever a proposition is put forward to have the state give this service; in other words, to guarantee its own deeds. In the last analysis that is where the real guaranty comes from. All titles are based on original grants or sales by the people or their representatives constituting the government. Only the use of an ancient and outworn system of recording makes possible the existence of the title insurance company.

One result of the existing system in times of real estate booms is to delay settlement on properties for as much as four months, due to the congestion in the three trust companies. Real estate speculators evade the title insurance payment by doing business, as a rule, on options or agreements of sale. Sometimes in boom periods a property will be "turned over" three or four times in a week, the ultimate buyer who wants it for a home being required to pay for the title insurance. When the settlement is made the trust company acts as a clearing house between buyer and seller, a function that enables it to exercise its control by refusing to approve settlement until title insurance has been obtained.

Dealers and Bankers Know

THAT evil is only one reason why various economists have condemned the "own your home" movement which first swept the country during war years, but is now revived every spring. Admitting that it is a desirable thing under certain conditions for a workingman to own his home, experts who have analyzed the propaganda in that direction and the reasons for it have found that the uninitiated purchaser is subjected to a multiplicity of costs for which the banks and the real estate dealers are responsible. A great deal of advertising is done to show how each takes care of its "clients" but the records prove that as demand increases, instead of being satisfied with normal profits, the rate and number of commissions have also increased. **In thousands of cases the bankers and the real estate dealers know when a workman buys a home that he will not be able to hold it because the carrying charges are beyond his earning ability. Instead of warning him, however, and finding a property within his means, many of them take the view that his purchase insures another later sale and thus more commissions.**

Housing laws in some states have given partial relief to wage earners from the operations of gouging landlords and have even furnished some protection against the effort to multiply costs and commissions. Nothing of that character has been done in Pennsylvania, however. In that state title insurance is only one item in many costs, connected with the purchase of a property, saddled on the buyer. An explanation of the details surrounding such real estate transactions may be of value to workers in all parts of the country, even though the laws differ in some respect. As a rule the differences are in name or title only and the same organizations operate everywhere.

What He May Expect

A WAGE earner buying a home under the plan generally in use may invest anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars, borrowing the remainder of the purchase price on mortgages. Usually first mortgages are limited to 50 per cent of the purchase price. If the worker has not enough funds to care for the other 50 per cent he obtains a second mortgage through what is known in Pennsylvania as a building and loan association, or its equivalent in other states. That is supposed to be a strictly mutual organization. It furnishes installment loans, payable six per cent a year. The total payment is 12 per cent, since there is also an interest charge of six per cent. In Pennsylvania that figure for interest is fixed by law, as in some other states. But nearly all the associations, through manipulation by real estate dealers, get around that by charging a "premium" which increases the interest rate to seven per cent or a trifle more.

If the buyer happens to know the ropes, if he has held stock in a building and loan association, or two of them, he can save himself a great deal of money in commissions. Most purchasers of small homes enticed by the "own your home" campaigns and propaganda are wholly ignorant of the details. They make arrangements with the real estate dealer for the amount of cash required and the amount that may be obtained on mortgages. In the case of a property that has been occupied it is quite likely that a first mortgage is already placed and the life of it may be anywhere from three to five years. But before making that plain to the purchaser the real estate dealer will attempt to get a commission for "placing" the mortgage. Whether or not he is successful there he will ask for a commission also for getting the second, or building and loan mortgage. The commissions range from two to five per cent.

When the day of settlement arrives the purchaser finds that he is required to pay for title insurance, fire insurance to cover the amount of the first mortgage and another policy to cover the second, conveyancing, a solicitor's fee of $25 to $50 to the attorney for the building and loan association, and perhaps an extra fee to the real estate man for representing him. It is possible if he is familiar with transactions of that nature and happens to have a real estate friend that he can get the fire insurance policies transferred to him. As a matter of fact there is no reason why the same method should not be followed with respect to the title policy, and the second mortgage, without all the extra costs and commissions, on payment of a nominal fee. To the outsider it would appear to be good business for the real estate dealer to make home buying less expensive, since he always profits at the outset of the deal by the commission for making the sale paid to him by the seller, and ranging from two to five per cent on the total sale price.

It has been stated that the building and loan associations and their equivalents are by law mutual organizations. The facts outlined show only partly how they have been manipulated by real estate dealers. One Jewish realty speculator in Philadelphia is said to control 24 building and loan associations. He or his agents are the conveyancers for each of the organizations, and the solicitor or legal adviser is also either in his employ or co-operating with him. Thus while there is a board of directors, in many cases, it is declared, everything is left to the experts, without the board inquiring as to whether the conveyancer is getting a commission from the home buyer who applies for a loan and to whom a loan is issued on stock or property security. If a dealer wants to speculate he merely invents a name, or has a clerk or agent appear as the purchaser.

A Study of Building Costs

IN A rising real estate market a dealer is often able to "buy" property to be held for resale at inflated value, without the investment of any real money except for short periods. He may make a payment of a few hundred dollars when the agreement of sale is made. If he fails to sell at once at a good profit, he takes title through a "straw man" at a manipulated and inflated price. In other words, he can make it appear that he has paid say 20 per cent more for the property than he is actually paying. That makes it possible to get a higher loan from the building and loan association, so that not infrequently he borrows as much as he is paying for the house. In fact there are instances in which the manipulating realty dealer borrows more on mortgages than the purchase price and pockets the difference as immediate profit. The existence of so much in mortgages is then used as proof that the property has a much higher value, since the general conservative practice is to keep the total of second and first mortgages within 80 per cent of the total value.

Some years ago a study of building costs was made by housing experts in Philadelphia. It developed that fully 25 per cent of the purchase price of the average two-story individual home, for which the city is famous, represented various forms of banking costs. In recent years evidence has accumulated indicating that the percentage has shown a marked increase. For example, when the war boom ended there were more than two thousand new dwellings in Philadelphia, built by speculators on funds furnished by the banks, some of which remained idle and unsold for nearly two years in the effort to hold up inflated valuations. Houses built at a total cost of $7,000 to sell at $8,500 were held at $11,000. The familiar type of workers' home selling before the war for $2,500 to $4,000 disappeared. It doubled in price. It is double in price today, although costs are far below what they were in the boom period. *One builder of homes in Philadelphia who refused to inflate values,* and whose dwellings sold on an average of $2,000 below the prices asked for substantially the same type home, *was put out of the Operative Builders' Association.*

Sell at Inflated Prices

THE foregoing is of particular importance to the workingman who is contemplating the purchase of a home at this time, since another movement toward price inflation is well under way in the construction industries. Warnings were issued at Washington against just such a movement a few weeks ago. All over the country operative builders are putting up homes, in many instances using discarded or salvaged war material, asking profits that in some cases run up to one hundred per cent of the actual cost. The banks financing those operations, of course, stand to get a major share of the profits in one way or another. Some workers are evading those costs by a careful study of market conditions and by building their own homes, or having them built on a day labor basis. Mortgage funds can be found without the services of real estate men when the latter demand exorbitant commissions.

In various parts of the country real estate operators are selling at inflated prices houses built for the government during war times. Often the man now selling the houses was the builder or his agent. He sold them to the government in the first place for $5,000 or $6,000 each, and more, making a handsome profit. Then he bought them back, singly, in blocks or by auction, at perhaps $2,500 each. Now he is offering them for sale at $6,000 and up. In some sections every possible legal technicality has been utilized to dispossess individual buyers who live in the homes and are attempting to buy them on the installment plan.

What Horticulture Offers to Young Men

Compensation for Lack of Great Wealth Comes in Freedom of Action

Greenhouse work is pleasant.

Setting out cucumber plants.

By E. I. FARRINGTON

IT IS possible to get rich in some branches of horticulture, but not very rich. Most men who become horticulturists are content with a comfortable living. They find compensations for the lack of great wealth in freedom of action, absence of routine and the opportunities offered for an open-air life.

People have a somewhat vague idea as to what horticulture means, anyway. It rubs elbows with agriculture, but it is not farming in the broad sense, because farming embraces both animal husbandry and the growing of grains. Horticulture may mean raising apples in Oregon or pineapples in Louisiana; it may mean operating a market garden in New England or caring for a citrus grove in California. Horticulture includes the nurseryman, whether his acres be covered with baby fruit trees for the farmer, rare evergreens for the landscape gardener, or old-fashioned flowers for the suburban back yard. The man who raises fifty acres of gladioli or dahlias is a horticulturist, and so is the man with the lean-to greenhouse. When a boy, therefore, decides that he is going to take up horticulture as a life work, he must make another decision as to what particular branch he prefers.

Perhaps no phase of horticultural work takes a stronger hold on the imagination than fruit growing. Who of us has not, at some time in his life, indulged fond dreams of an apple orchard which should provide insurance against his declining years? In most cases there has been a rude awakening when investigation has revealed the difficulties and expenses incident to the bringing of such an orchard into bearing. Much money has been made and lost in fruit growing. Yet fruit growing at its best offers a life work of a most attractive nature. There are a few extensive orchard concerns which have made good. but for the most part fruit raising is an individual undertaking, although cooperation in marketing as well as in the spraying and general care of orchards has become common.

Few people realize the detail involved in the growing and selling of fruit. Years of study and practice are required to make a genuine orchardist. One must needs be something of a chemist to understand the theory and practice of spraying, for many kinds of poison are used in different seasons and in different ways. To be a successful orchardist one must understand all about the habits of trees, so that he can prune and fertilize them intelligently. No two varieties are exactly alike in their requirements.

To make money at fruit growing one must be able to market his product to advantage after he has grown it, and to do this he must understand the art of packing, sorting and cooling, as well as be able to strike a good bargain.

Finally, although this really comes first, the man going into fruit growing for a living must understand locations and soils, for elevation, proximity to water, air currents and rainfall all enter into the problem.

It is well to have some capital. If a new orchard is being started it will be necessary to wait for from five to ten years, depending upon the variety, before any profit is returned, although meantime the land between the trees may be used for growing other crops which will help to pay the expenses, and perhaps a little more. Good apple orchards bring a high price, and with reason. There are men in the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia, who are said to net from $10,000 to $20,000 a year from their pippin trees.

There are plenty of farmers in New York State and in Oregon, as well as in parts of Canada, who get a splendid living from apple growing. It is a common thing for Alfred A. Marshall, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, to sell his early apples for four dollars a bushel box, but they are packed by experts and carried to the city in big trucks for prompt disposal. Mr. Marshall was formerly a traveling salesman, and started his farming by raising strawberries and peaches. One night, however, a frost swooped down on the village and in the morning Mr. Marshall had seven thousand dead trees. Then he went into apple growing and has made a fortune. His experience is mentioned because it is somewhat typical of many others, where brains have been liberally mixed with brawn.

Apples constitute the big fruit crop, apart from citrus fruits, and yet fortunes have been made and lost in peaches. Peaches are a gamble at best, being dependent to a remarkable degree upon weather conditions. Still, one good crop in three years may make a peach orchard worth while. For years J. H. Hale, of Glastonbury, Connecticut, was known as the peach king. When but a mere boy he staked everything he had on peach trees, including a big mortgage on the family homestead. He planted peach trees in season and out, in spite of criticism and sarcasm. He made much money in peaches, and his son is following in his footsteps. Mr. Hale, however, was a business man all the way through, and peach growing requires a business head to prove successful. While many men are making money out of peaches, they are meanwhile setting out apple orchards to take care of them when the peaches fail.

The growing of citrus fruits, whether in California or Florida, is a specialized industry. The California growers depend for their prosperity largely on their well perfected organization. The industry is localized, and while alluring prospectuses and other well prepared baits are freely offered by western speculators, no man, young or old, should seek an opening in the citrus business until he has made a most careful investigation.

It is much easier to get into market gardening than into fruit growing on a large scale, although the work may not be quite so tempting. There always seems to be more pleasure in picking money off a tree than digging it out of the ground. Yet the market gardener and the truck grower often amass very satisfactory fortunes, and are able to enjoy life reasonably well as they go along. The market gardener is the man who does business close to the city in a very intensive fashion. The trucker may grow similar crops, but has a larger acreage and is located farther from town. As a matter of fact, the distinction between the two is fast passing away, now that the gasoline truck has removed distance limits.

Vegetable growers work hard, as a rule. Some raise almost a thousand dollars' worth of produce on a single acre. There are market gardeners who do a business of from $75,000 to $150,000 a year. Tons

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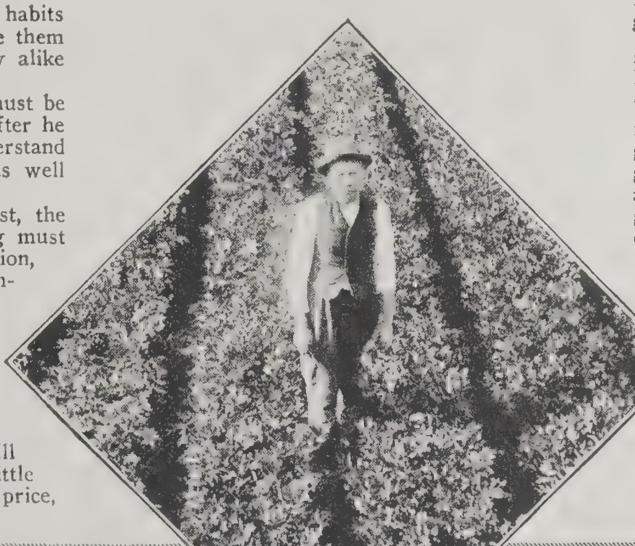
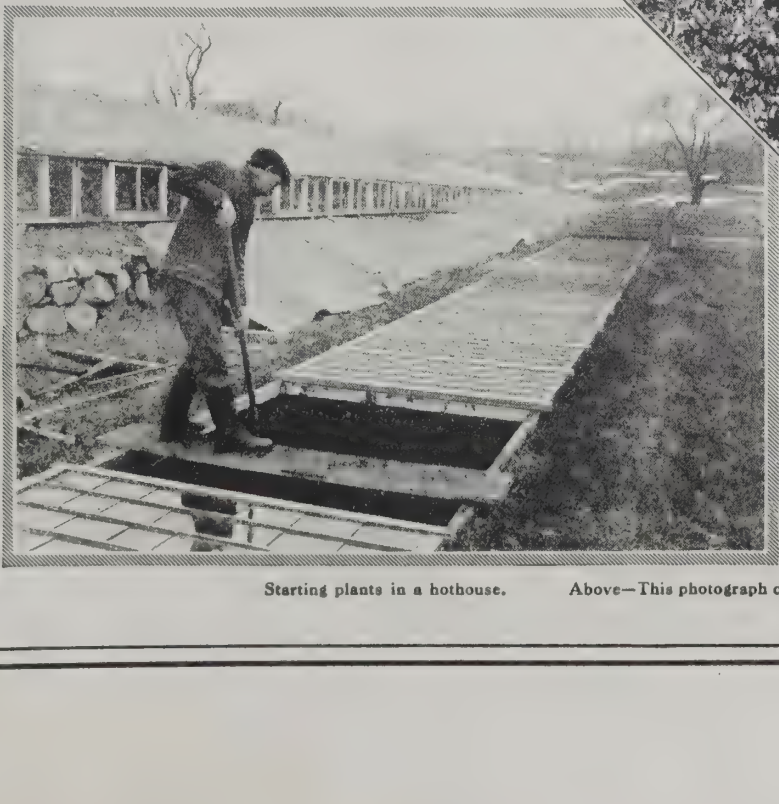




Starting plants in a hothouse. Above—This photograph contains about 2000 heads of celery. Melons grown under glass.

Ignoring Facts Can't Comfort Gold Traders

All Currency Legislation Is Designed to Aid International Bankers

By W. H. ALLEN

ABOUT all the currency legislation of the last thirty years has been favorable to the interests of international or foreign bankers. This applies to the repeal of the Sherman Law, 1893, the Gold Standard Law, 1900, the Emergency Currency Act, 1908, and the Federal Reserve Act, 1913. These laws were obtained by a perversion of the facts, and by warnings of the terrible calamities that would follow the failure to adopt the changes recommended.

From present indications, the organized bankers' campaign of education against what they call printing press theories of money is to be carried out along the same lines. Thus in his plea for a "Sound Money Policy," John H. Puelicher, president of the American Bankers' Association, says:

"Within these various aspects of our economic life there is ample promise of increasing prosperity. But that promise can be defeated by unsound money and credit policies, and by destroying the safe, efficient operations of banking through interfering with the Federal Reserve System by misrepresentations."

This sort of argument, thoroughly sound in what it says but not in what it means, will be liberally used during the next two years. If there happens to be a financial depression—or business troubles, it will be charged upon alleged opponents of the gold standard. But if, as financiers claim, the world owes us more than $20,000,000,000, and if all the gold now in the country is really American-owned, it follows that any attack on the gold standard would be futile. Hence it is only necessary to prove that we are thus fortunate in order to repel such attacks. But the bankers have never even tried to furnish such proof. Furthermore, I have good reason to believe that they would oppose any thorough investigation of the facts. During the past fourteen years I had a number of resolutions offered in Congress on this subject. The first one was sent to Hon. W. M. Calder with the following result:

"I have your letter of March 19, requesting information as to the bill introduced by me last year, in relation to calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint a commission to ascertain what becomes of our foreign trade balances. I have talked with some of the officials of the Treasury Department, regarding this matter, and *I am of the opinion that they would be opposed to the passage of the measure as unnecessary.*"

"Unnecessary" a Year Later

NOW why should Treasury officials oppose such an investigation as unnecessary? We had just experienced the worst money panic in our history. The trouble was not due to crop failures, or industrial decline. *It was entirely due to the recall of loans by foreign bankers.* As the *Wall Street Journal* said at the time: "Foreign exchange was the crux." Every great panic in our history was preceded by the foreign demand for gold, and that of 1907 was no exception. Besides, the emergency currency bill was before Congress at that time, and hence it would seem absolutely necessary to get exact information about the causes which influence the movements of gold. Before a physician can prescribe for a case he must make a diagnosis. In this case a diagnosis would mean taking account of stock to ascertain the assets and liabilities. Every assignee of a bankrupt concern adopts this method. And so do the more advanced governments of Europe. They ascertain not only the imports and exports of goods, but also the income due from investments abroad and the sums earned by foreign investors and laborers. But, strange to say, our government has never seen fit to follow this custom, and the foreign bankers have always had influence enough with Treasury officials at Washington to throw cold water on any effort to get at the facts. Commenting on the importance of knowing whether we owed Europe or Europe owed us, the *Wall Street Journal,* February, 1907, says:

"Who can answer these questions? Why should it be necessary to ask them at all? Why should so essential a matter as that of the international balance of trade be involved in obscurity? This is one of the most important factors in the money market situation, and yet a dozen different answers could be given to the question. This very week a leading official of the Treasury was asked whether the United States was in debt to Europe or not, and he replied that he did not know. Think of it, the Treasury Department in ignorance of so essential a matter."

And yet a year later, when the great panic had passed, and we were considering plans to recover from it and to prevent its recurrence, our Treasury officials told Mr. Calder that they would oppose my resolution of investigation as being "unnecessary."

My latest effort to get at the truth of this matter was submitted to L. T. McFadden, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, who notified me that the information could be obtained by applying to the Treasury Department. A letter addressed to that department brought from Assistant Secretary Wadsworth a reply which was, in substance, as follows:

"Point number one on which you desire information is: The amount of foreign capital invested in our securities and properties. As to this, various estimates have been made but none of any recent date that I have seen. I think it is generally admitted that there is no way in which definite data can be obtained because of the great diversity in the form of investment, such as bonds, stocks, and mortgages of which the ownership cannot be determined.

"Point number two, as to American capital invested abroad. This is also impossible to determine because of the very large number of investments which are made by private individuals in internal loans of foreign nations and cities, also in the bonds and stocks of corporations. There appears to be no way of obtaining any report as to such private holdings.

"Point number three. There appears to be no way of determining the number of dollars that may be owed to foreign bankers, foreign capitalists, or foreign laborers temporarily residing in the United States."

This is the net result of a twenty years' quest for definite information about the international account. Our officials don't know anything about it, and they don't know where to begin to look for the information.

But, if our officials are thus short on facts, they are long on faith. They have an abiding faith in any theory or story that comes out of Wall Street. Like a certain people that Mark Twain tells about, "they don't know much but they believe a good deal." Mr. D. R. Crissenger, Controller of the Currency, is one of these trustful souls. In a recent statement, taking his cue from Wall Street, he claims that we have $21,750,000,000 invested in foreign loans. Besides this, we have more gold than we need. We have so much that it is a source of danger, and to insure our business safety and promote world-wide prosperity, we should lend millions of the yellow metal to poverty-stricken Europe.

Germany Got the Interest

THESE huge loans, already advanced to Europe, represent the amounts which were owed to us in settlement of our enormous exports of merchandise. On turning to Mr. Crissinger's report for 1922 it is seen that during the eight years and eight months ending August 31, 1922, our total net exports of merchandise amounted to $21,995,000,000. Three billion of this amount is supposed to have gone to buy back American securities from foreign investors. But, as I stated in a former article, there is absolutely no proof whatever of such liquidation. On the contrary, there is more proof of an increase in foreign holdings of our stocks and properties in this period. Foreign bankers like Morgan; Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and others, are certainly more active in this market than they were before 1914. Again our pre-war debt, as represented by these foreign investments, was fully $17,000,000,000, not $3,000,000,000 as Mr. Crissinger has it. Furthermore, his statement takes no account of our debts contracted abroad during the war, and our invisible debts for alien hoards, interest dues and similar items, which, as I have showed, totaled $10,000,000,000.

Here the question arises: If these invisible debts nearly offset our trade balances, where did we get the money or foreign credits to make all these loans, amounting to $10 000,000,000, or $12,000,000,000, since January, 1919? Well, we made pretty much the same sort of loans before 1914 when these invisible debts exceeded our trade balances, according to various estimates, by from $500,000,000 to $1,400,000,000 a year. In most cases the foreign bonds were bought by foreign bankers with money which they had received here in settlement of these debts. If, for example, the debts exceeded our balances by $500,000,000, foreign bankers would have credits here for that amount, and instead of taking our gold they might reinvest it in our stocks or bonds or in foreign loans. In 1904 Kuhn, Loeb & Company invested $200,000 000 in Japanese bonds. The deal was much exploited at the time as an American loan to Japan, but in 1915 it came out that *the interest on the bonds was being paid in Germany.* The money which Germany put into the bonds was part of the earnings on her investments in the American market. Not a dollar of the interest on these bonds was ever received by American capitalists.

Not American Capital

THIS is the true explanation of nearly all the foreign bonds floated before 1914. About all the English and German bonds floated were bought with credits earned by English and German investors in our stocks. Proof of this is seen in the return of the bonds to the countries that issued them. Thus the *Bankers Magazine,* April, 1915, says:

"Heretofore, while foreign bonds have been taken in New York, they were believed to be chiefly for foreign account, and perhaps the title to the bonds did not long remain here, and the bonds themselves never, except in rare instances, migrated to the United States." And yet during the preceding fifteen years every financial writer in New York had been exploiting these deals as investments of real American capital just as Jacob H. Schiff had in 1904 exploited the Japanese bonds as an investment of American capital.

When the Italian bonds came here in 1917 the bankers reported that the subscribers were prosperous Italians in New York who come and go every few years. Naturally they were putting their hoards in bonds of their own country. Nevertheless, the floating of the bonds here is held up as an investment of genuine American capital in spite of the fact that most of the bonds are now in Italy.

During the war our dollar was at a discount of from twenty-five to forty-five per cent in the neutral countries, and we had to borrow from them to pay for army supplies. After the war all these countries floated bonds here. Why? Not because they were poor. Switzerland has the lowest bank rate in the world, and her banks are fairly glutted with gold. Yet she sold bonds here in 1919, 1920 and 1921. Holland is the next richest country in the world. Yet she, too, floated a bond issue of fifty million guilders on July 11, 1922. On that same day the *Times* reported that "England, France and Amsterdam were making heavy investments in our railroad stocks, Amsterdam according to reports being a particularly important factor in the present railroad share market." Canada has also floated half a dozen loans here since 1914. And yet there has not been a week in this entire period when British Canadian banks have not had from $75,000,000 to $200,000,000 invested in call loans at New York.

These countries sent the bonds to their bankers in this country, and the bankers paid for them with funds received from our banks in settlement of amounts which we borrowed from these countries during the war, and yet we pose as a creditor nation! About January 26 of this year it was reported that many of the Canadian bonds floated here were finding their way back to Canada, and a week later it was reported that the Dutch bonds floated here last July were going back to Holland. It is a repetition of practically all the foreign transactions before the war. They all go back. This trick of paying a debt and calling it a loan serves its purpose, however. We get the glory. It helps the stock market and the people are satisfied that we are the financial saviors of the world.

There are some of these transactions in foreign bonds and currencies that might properly be described as just plain swindling, helpful to Europe, no doubt, but dangerous to us. When a bank official exchanges his depositors' funds for German marks, for instance, he gets a rake-off and the seller gets a big commission. But it is quite certain that the depositors will never get their money back. Of the sixty billion marks issued since 1918 valued at $2,000,000,000, fully one-half, thirty billion, have been sold in this country. How many more foreign currencies and bonds have been sold to our banks is not known, *but we will get some clearer idea of it when the next panic hits the country.*

It is always assumed that it is our big trade balances which give us the surplus to invest in foreign loans and enterprises. But this is a false assumption. There were, as I have shown, vast amounts in foreign bonds floated here between 1900 and 1914; and yet there was not one year in that period when we had a surplus. Not one year when our invisible debts did not exceed our trade balances. During the fiscal year ended July 1, 1922, our loans abroad aggregated $1,000,000,000, and yet, according to Secretary Hoover, these invisible debts exceeded our trade balance of $1,103,000,000 by $750,000,000. Query: Where did we get that $1,000,000,000 to lend abroad? What plainer proof than this could there be that it is not American-owned capital that is going into these foreign loans? If Mr. Hoover can offer any more reasonable explanation of this paradoxical situation in 1922, when we piled up a deficit of $750,000,000 and yet were still able to lend $1,000,000,000 to foreigners, he should do so at once. It is another one of the paradoxes which those who claim that we are a great creditor nation will have to explain.

A Job on Their Hands

PRESIDENT PUELICHER, of the Bankers' Association, and Controller Crissinger have taken the gold standard and the Federal Reserve System under their wings and will defend both against all opponents. In this move they will be assisted by the several bankers' clubs organized in New York and Chicago, led by Frank A. Vanderlip, Milton Trayler, Paul M. Warburg, Rudolph Kecht, Lindly Garrison, S. Stanwood Mencken, Otto Kahn, Paul D. Cravath, and other lights of the financial world, who have started this campaign of education against "printing press theories of money."

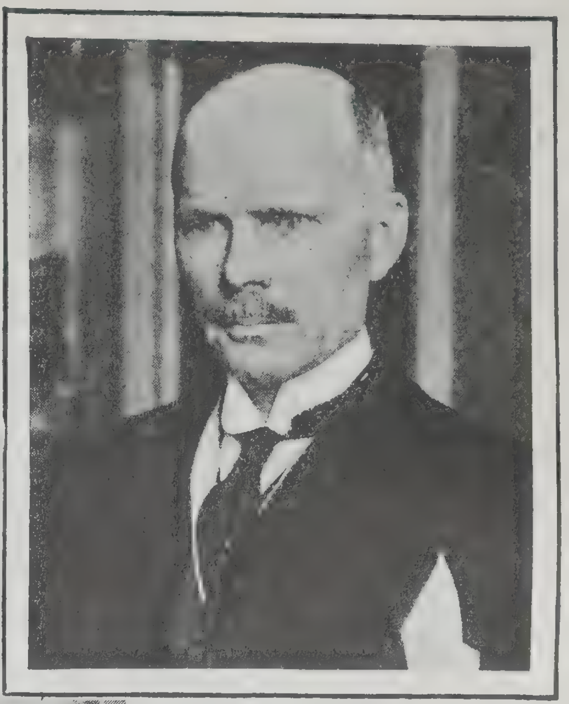
We have been told that this bankers' club would discuss the question from every standpoint. But thus far the campaign has been one brilliant burst of silence on the main issue, the gold standard, and much sidestepping and evasion on other important issues. If the estimates of the international money situation as set forth in these several articles is anywhere near correct (and they have never been publicly disputed), then the gold standard as it exists and operates in the United States, is both a fiction and a fake.

Mr. Mencken informs us that his party will give the people all the facts. But in this question of the single standard the crucial facts relate to *our ownership of gold,* and *our ability to pay gold* on demand without borrowing from foreign countries. In these articles I have discussed this question from every standpoint. But thus far the Mencken party has never discussed it at all. They have never even attempted to confute my view of gold ownership. Neither have they discussed my assertion that our pre-war debt was $17,000 000 000, not $3,000,000,000, as they claim, and that these invisible debts were a big factor in the international account during the war and since. In short, our financial educators have completely ignored the most important facts relating to the gold standard. But this policy of evasion and suppression will not avail. The facts here mentioned go to the root of the whole matter, and they will have to be publicly discussed. Mr. Hoover's statement (for which he deserves credit) that these invisible debts piled up a deficit of $750,000,000 against us is the first admission from a government official that such debts are still a big factor in the international account. The Mencken party will carefully sidestep this portentous fact; but those who want the whole truth will drag it out into the limelight and exploit its significance; for it concerns the main question involved in this campaign as to whether we can or cannot maintain the gold standard. International debts are settled in gold, and if we are running behind $750,000,000 a year we cannot maintain the gold standard long without borrowing.

Dryden Has Real Story to Tell

Home Village of General Squier Forgets Military Achievements in Pride of His Love for Native Heath

By GEORGE H. DACY



(C) Int. F. S.

GEN. GEORGE B. SQUIER.

The attractive little boathouse accommodates one canoe and two rowboats which give great pleasure to the country folk.

IF YOU are interested in wireless telephony or telegraphy, radiography or any of the other short-cut methods of modern communication, you probably have heard of General George B. Squier, chief officer of the United States Signal Corps and originator and inventor of many important radio methods and appliances. He it was who developed the system of long-distance conversation so that a couple of dozen persons can communicate over a single copper wire simultaneously. He was the first to find out that a growing tree could be used as a natural receiving station for radio messages by driving a nail in the tree top and attaching a wireless telephone to it.

Recently, General Squier has perfected an apparatus which puts secrecy into telephoning. By the use of this device, bankers or business men can talk intimate business secrets over a party line and no other person can listen in on their conversation. At least a dozen other important communication facilities are the products of this prominent military leader.

Out around Dryden, Michigan, a little village of 300 persons, which was the birthplace of General Squier, the countryside reveres and venerates its most popular son, not so much because of his military achievements and contributions to the science of modern communication, but because he has been responsible for the conversion of his home hamlet from a hidebound village that was a hotbed of petty jealousies into a peaceful, contented, progressive and satisfied community.

A few years ago, Dryden was a counterpart of thousands of other little rural communities throughout Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and wherenot over the country. The residents were all stalled in the deep ruts of hamlet retrogression. The only bond they had in common was that of envy and jealousy. The village and its inhabitants were slowly rusting away. Most of them were retired farmers, neither rich nor poor, but blessed with enough of the world's goods so that they did not have to work much any more. Any one who has spent much time in the country communities can immediately recall a number of places which would easily qualify under this description as another Dryden.

General Squier was attached to his native heath. He used to go back to Michigan to visit whenever he had the chance. He kept in touch with local doings. When the village children outgrew the local school—the schoolhouse would have put the average sardine can to shame, it was so crowded—General Squier donated the funds for the construction of a new primary school. Five years ago, he purchased the old mill site of 40 acres, which had long been a community eyesore and dumping place for tin cans, refuse and litter. He had the place cleaned up and renovated. Then he built an attractive bungalow on the tract and soon the villagers who had been gossiping about how the general had purchased a white elephant when he paid $900 for the mill site began to change their tunes and admit that maybe their neighbor had not made such a mistake after all.

General Squier realized so much pleasure out of his pretty little estate that he wanted to share it with the Drydenites. Finally he conceived the idea of organizing the first farmer's country club in the United States. He decided to build an attractive clubhouse as well as a four-hole golf course, two tennis courts, a baseball field and a basket ball court. The old mill stream was large enough for canoeing, bathing and boating, so he added a boathouse to his list of buildings. Altogether, he spent about $7,000 in improving the 40-acre tract. When the buildings were completed, the first thing General Squier did was to throw away the keys. Then he gave the use of the curious country club free of charge to the countryside as a community center where dances, card parties, sociables, educational meetings, entertainments and athletic contests could be held. The only stipulation was that each party that used the club must leave it in as good condition as they found it. It was the first honor system golf and country club in the country. From the outset, it has been one of the most successful community centers ever established in the Wolverine State.

The clubhouse is 60 by 100 feet, with kitchen and dining facilities so that 100 persons can be served at a time. Two sides of the porch are screened and provide ideal quarters for afternoon parties. The clubhouse has a fine floor for dancing, and it can be used as an auditorium for agricultural meetings or entertainments. It was equipped with a secondhand piano, while one canoe and two rowboats were purchased and stored in the boathouse. The grounds of the country club provide ideal spots for picnics. The place was replete in all sorts of amusement facilities. Shortly it was the pride of the county.

Persons from a radius of 50 miles came to enjoy its good cheer and hospitality. To keep the club in spick-and-span order is their pride. They gain the maximum of pleasure and enjoyment from the project and still maintain it in the best possible condition. Bickerings, petty jealousies and neighborhood controversies have been forgotten. All the Drydenites and the neighboring country people now have a common possession which knits them together.

Every Saturday night during the summer months a dancing party is given at the farmer's country club. Everybody who conducts himself properly is welcome. The dance is a melting pot where the hired man dances with the farmer's daughter. Formerly the young people of Dryden used to drift to Detroit or questionable country dance halls in adjoining sections to seek pleasure. Now they all stay at home and have a better time than they ever enjoyed abroad. As many fathers and mothers are present on the dance floors as sons and daughters at these neighborhood hops. No undesirable characters attend the Dryden dances. They know they are not wanted.

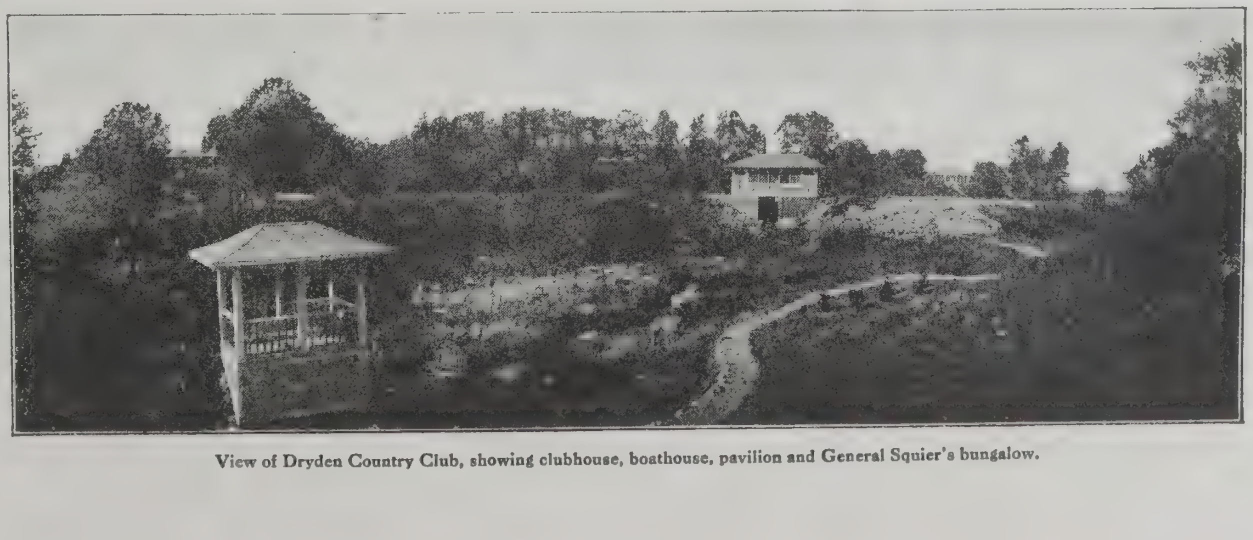
The retired farmers of Dryden who looked as though they had one foot in the grave a few years back are now as agile and spry as their children. They have fallen victims to the goddess golf. Any summer afternoon, one may see them swinging driver or midiron with the same lithe movement with which they formerly were accustomed to sink an ax into a block of pine or oak. These farmers who were wasting away because of lack of regular exercise are now rounding into good physical condition again. Golf and tennis and swimming and boating are the reasons.

If you do not believe that the Dryden Country Club is a big success, you ought to visit the place some summer afternoon. You will see anywhere from 50 to 100 automobiles parked at the rear of the clubhouse. You will run into a picnic in the grove, a card party on the side porch, several exciting tennis matches on the courts near the clubhouse and a catch-as-catch-can golf tournament on the miniature links. You will see more happy and contented farmer folk than you ever dreamed could exist in a single rural community. You will meet more home boosters than you ever previously saw together at one time. General Squier's novel system of saving his home community from itself is one of the most interesting examples of village salvage which has ever been recorded.

Not a single article has been stolen from the Dryden Country Club since its inception five years ago, despite that the doors to the clubhouse have never been bolted. The countryside has felt honor-bound to keep the grounds and buildings in apple-pie order. It is quite likely that a coat of tar and feathers and a free ride on a rail would be the punishment of any transgressor who desecrated any of the club property or violated its unwritten commandments. It has developed into the hub and bulwark of the neighborhood for miles around. It has served as tonic to a tired, discontented people. It has operated for the reincarnation of a community which was formerly as sluggish and phlegmatic as any rural hamlet could be.

A visitor who saw Dryden as it was 10 years ago and as it is today would declare that a miracle had been worked. Not only have the people changed, but the countryside has also benefited from the uplift activities engineered by the farmer's country club. Farm homes that used to look as dreary and dismal as abandoned dwellings are now dolled up with fresh paint. Farmsteads which used to look unsightly now appear attractive, with neat flower beds and ornamental plantings as their principal adornment. Roads which formerly were almost impassable at certain times during the year are now in good condition. The schools are in better shape than ever previously, while more of the farmer's sons and daughters are attending college. And all because General Squier played amateur philanthropist to his home community. His unique gift has been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the inhabitants of Dryden. It has restored their confidence in themselves; it has incubated interest where there was no interest; it has substituted community content for previous dissatisfaction, and it is one of the best examples in creation for other American villages to follow in fortifying themselves against domestic decay and internal corruption.

A forum of farmers which meets regularly at the Dryden clubhouse to discuss local agricultural problems and to listen to illustrated lectures on farms and farming by experts is the latest development. The meetings are informal round-table discussions of neighborhood soil and crop riddles. They are patterned after the "get together" meetings of the United States Signal Corps, concerning which General Squier had talked to some of his Michigan friends. Certain farmers are designated to read on certain topics and interpret the facts in terms of local conditions. Afterward there is a general discussion. The system of self-service recreation that General Squier has sponsored is a monument to his honor and glory.



View of Dryden Country Club, showing clubhouse, boathouse, pavilion and General Squier's bungalow.

Publicity Blah Should Win German Snicker

Lasker's Press-agent Booklet Telling "All About" Leviathan Doesn't Do It

By A. R. PINCI

> "My God, if I thought there was a DEARBORN INDEPENDENT man on board, I would feel like sinking the ship. Of course, I wouldn't sink it, but I would feel like it."—Albert D. Lasker, with both hands in the air.

WHILE the *Leviathan* was speeding southward on its peculiar personally conducted trial trip—the second trial trip in its career—the *Majestic* was speeding westward on its thirty-fourth passenger-carrying run. The *Majestic* bettered its own previous short-distance speed record and established the record of 29.7 knots in one hour; the *Leviathan* broke all previously established records for "sustained speed," covering a distance of 687 knots.

The *Leviathan* is the queen ship of the American merchant marine, owned by the government and allocated to the United States Lines, one of the managing operating companies for the Shipping Board. The *Majestic* is the queen ship of the British merchant marine, allocated to the White Star Line, a subsidiary of the International Mercantile Marine Company.

It was inevitable that, between two modern steamers of approximate size and power but of different nationality, a record should be sought and established; a world record for size, speed and equipment, but the mere fact that both vessels are engaged in the New York-Cherbourg-Southampton service—the shortest among the most popular and fashionable transatlantic runs—presupposes the keenest competition and rivalry.

Publicity is a great asset in the shipping business, and no race-horse owner, jockey or bookmaker studies the performance of the track's champions more assiduously than the traveling or business world observes transoceanic ship performances. But the parallel commercial basis upon which the *Leviathan* and *Majestic* are operating has led to a press-agenting absurdity which is all the more remarkable because it has been begun and sponsored by a professional publicity expert.

When A. D. Lasker, late chairman of the United States Shipping Board, began to press-agent the *Leviathan,* he forced the British company to play up the *Majestic's* own records, but the pretty joke about the whole thing is that *both gigantic record-breakers are German steamers; German designed and German built,* as is the *Berengaria*, the next largest ship.

The *Leviathan* was the *Vaterland;* the *Majestic* was the *Bismarck;* the *Berengaria* was the *Imperator.*

At final analysis, therefore, all American praise bestowed upon the *Leviathan* and all British praise bestowed upon the *Majestic* in establishing size, speed and luxury records—and it will be nip and tuck between them indefinitely—is deserved by the German marine engineers and shipbuilders who wrought these marvelous mechanical monsters in their race for maritime supremacy. Historians are now beginning to discover that there was more concentrated war cause behind the Anglo-German shipping rivalry than Sarajevo was ever entitled to.

The comedy of the British and Americans disputing between themselves, largely on technicalities about which the average person understands or cares nothing, the world's "largest ship," is not without its moral—and its meaning. Neither nation has contributed to making either ship what it is, ships whose possession is due to chance and nothing else.

Of course, the United States figures in this comedy involuntarily, apart from the kind of publicity with which Shipping Board activities have been governed, since this new rôle of becoming merchant mariners was forced upon the American people by the exigencies of war, but the position of the British is one not calculated to perpetuate their pride as the world's leading mariners.

"England has temporarily dispossessed us," a German shipbuilder told me in Hamburg while I was investigating that port's post-war growth, "but what we have built heretofore we can duplicate hereafter. I believe that the ideal practical ship of the future will be less than 300 feet long and will make the transatlantic journey in two days and maybe less, but if we are given half a chance—and there should be a demand for a 50-knot, 2,000-foot ship—we shall be the ones to build such a vessel."

There is room for confusion, and even quibbling, in comparing the *Leviathan* and the *Majestic* with each other, and marine engineers have assured me that so nearly alike are the two ships, without being twins, that the best comparison is apt to be faulty and the record of one can be topped by the other, under given conditions.

The *Leviathan's* gross registered tonnage, according to the Shipping Board, is 59,956.65, whereas the *Majestic's,* according to Lloyd's, is 56,551. Although certain reference books give the length of the latter as 915.5 feet and of the other at 907.6 feet, the White Star Line states that the *Majestic* is 956 feet long, while the United States Lines set the *Leviathan's* length at 950 feet, seven inches. Their breadth is 100 feet, the *Leviathan* being a fraction of an inch wider. The *Majestic's* displacement is given as 64,509 tons at thirty-eight feet, ten and one-fourth inches draft, according to the operating company, while the *Leviathan's,* according to Gibbs Brothers, reconditioning engineers, is 65,700 at thirty-nine feet six inches. It is pertinent to add, however, that there exists an inclination to dispute these displacement and draft figures as not being "final."

Displacement tonnage is considered as the fairest measure, provided it is possible, where comparisons are involved, to fix the load line equitably. A "register ton" is simply 100 cubic feet of space; gross tonnage is determined by dividing by 100 the contents, in cubic feet, of the vessel's closed-in spaces; the net tonnage is the figure representing the space actually available for remunerative service, such as the stowage of cargo or the accommodation of passengers. (The *Majestic* accommodates 4,100 passengers; the *Leviathan,* 3402).

It is clear, therefore, that the *Leviathan* is the larger ship in terms of space, just as the *Majestic* is the larger in terms of longitudinal measurement. But because vessels are customarily classified and advertised by their gross tonnage, the advantage under the circumstances rests with the American-owned ship. It is inevitable, therefore, that the final record will be one of speed and fastest voyage, from dock to dock, and as both vessels are capable of developing 100,000 horse power, the race seems destined to continue as long as they are in the service. It is predicted that the Germans will float a new wonder before the *Leviathan* or *Majestic* is retired.

The *Mauretania,* the fastest English-built ship, established the hourly speed record in 1910 with 27.17 knots, which the *Leviathan* beat on its southern trial trip with 28.04 knots, which in turn the *Majestic* has surpassed with 29.7 knots. The Cunarder's best day's run record, established in 1911, with 676 knots probably still remains the record, because the *Leviathan's* record of 687 knots was for twenty-five hours would mean in twenty-four hours a shorter distance than the *Mauretania's* by 16.48 knots. The *Majestic* has now surpassed the *Mauretania's* New York-Cherbourg record, the Cunarder's time being five days, eight hours, fifty-six minutes and the White Star Liner's being five days, six hours, thirteen minutes. It is now up to the *Leviathan* to break this record if it can.

The *Mauretania* having been for years the queen of the seas and the pet of the British merchant marine, other and larger British-built ships notwithstanding, it is worth noting that irrespective of whether the *Majestic* or *Leviathan* will set a world record of future long standing, in any case the glory rests with German-built ships. This is not said with an object of invidious comparison but merely to set forth a fact which both the Shipping Board and the White Star Line have failed to make clear.

Of course, the fact that the *Leviathan* has done so well on its trial trip, under what are said to be not favorable climatic conditions, since the equipment is supposed to function more perfectly in cooler latitudes, speaks well of the American engineers and shipbuilders charged with the task of reconditioning the mastodontic vessel, but the fact remains that the best reconditioning in the world would have been utterly futile had not the original builders of the *Leviathan* done their work so well as to cause their ship to improve with age.

The trial trip, was not without its gains; Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck & Company, and Charles Gimbel, of Gimbel Brothers, announced that they would instruct their buyers to travel hereafter on American vessels. As the two houses alone have about 700 buyers, and some of these make four annual trips to Europe—what more can Mr. Lasker ask?

These commercial travelers will make the Leviathan their home until Germany (or England maybe) will float a 1,000-foot, 4-day ship.

Another item of quibbling indulged in by the United States Shipping Board has had to do with passenger accommodation and service. As a matter of fact, Mr. Lasker has shown singular unoriginality in dealing with what is supposed to be *publicity* but has been veriest *press-agenting.* Even the *Leviathan's* fancy embossed booklet has all the earmarks of plagiarism, taken from the *Majestic's* folder. Except for the covers, the text and illustrations are almost interchangeable. Posed illustrations from life are not new in the transportation world, railroads having used them for years, but they have been very rare in the maritime field, and the close resemblance between the two booklets aforementioned is not a recommendation for originality. It is worth noting, too, that neither booklet sets forth the history or genealogy of the vessel advertised, and such history would be interesting, educational and sincere.

The United States Shipping Board bids for a sympathetic American audience by a prelude dealing with the *Leviathan* as a transport. It is very interesting to read that to the thousands of doughboys who came back "on the *Leviathan,* each throb of her mighty engines sang a song of victory and rejoicing"; that it is "the greatest ship in the world," and that *it comes as the supreme and matchless symbol of this new triumph of the American people,* but I dare say that such unilateral advertising must cause the Germans to chuckle, however grimly.

What can be more sordid than this absurd press-agenting and sorrowful publicity—by an expert!—which turns a German ship into an American triumph? And, collaterally, a British triumph, too? The "Levi" and the "Stick" indubitably are the foremost vessels in the world, but the truth and the whole truth in either case would have been more logical and a greater triumph, since their new ownership would be related to the victory of war.

It is perhaps well to state that, had it not been for the *Majestic's* existence, not to mention England's title to it in adherence to the peace treaty terms, the new *Leviathan* would never have ploughed the seas. The rusty and barnacled ex-transport was transformed as a challenge to British shipping supremacy, a supremacy also based upon German-built vessels, and because of the ta-boom-da-raa's preceding, accompanying and following its reconditioning, the White Star Line was obliged to play up its German ace, too.

Press-agenting has been the chief sin of Mr. Lasker, and press-agenting has nothing in common with publicity. The American people expected better information service and were entitled to it, but the fact is that the Shipping Board, mired in an ooze of press-agenting, has been regaled with less serious publicity than any other little or big government bureau or department. The merchant marine, always a universally interesting economic topic, and specifically vital to the United States because of post-war conditions, has been a subject tabooed in every editorial sanctum of any consequence in this country. Even Mr. Lasker's personal influence, where he handpicked the periodicals that suited him, failed to pre-empt the desired space.

One is not concerned with the ex-chairman's part in all this, but the situation cannot be disregarded when the most costly, mysterious, economic and perchance profitable Federal activity failed to reach the editorial ear. Sporadically some item would see the light on the front page of newspapers, and more rarely still a feature about American shipping appeared in a non-technical magazine, but on the whole even these scattered articles were forced by executive or congressional activity in the matter.

That, after all, paid advertising at so much a line was in part responsible for the unsatisfactory editorial standing of the American merchant marine, which has been too obtrusive as the United States Shipping Board, became evident with the first announcement of the trial trip of the *Leviathan.* The New York *World* read it as a junket, played it up as such, and within a week the "junket" was the foremost bit of national news in the country. It put the President on the defensive, it caused Mr. Lasker to flee from publicity and go into hiding as the ship left Boston, and has caused others to wonder what one-half of the miscellany of names actually means. What some of them mean has since become apparent—but that is not the whole story.

The junket charge by the New York daily was a matter of evolution. Whether the charge would have come to light *had not the New York World found itself in the midst of an advertising feud with the Shipping Board*—a feud fanned into being by the presence on the advertising staff of the newspaper of the ex-advertising manager of the Shipping Board suddenly dismissed by Mr. Lasker when he took office—is conjectural. But it is peculiar, is it not, that the one newspaper in the United States at odds with the Shipping Board should be the very newspaper to cry out "junket" and "extravagance"?

The interesting story—and to my knowledge not published—is that *originally the trial run was to extend to Havana,* where the *Leviathan* would be put through the paces attendant upon entering an unknown port for the first time, and the magical effect of the name Cuba upon the guests originally invited may be imagined. *"Three days to a drink and three days to sleep it off,"* some one told me on the steps of the Shipping Board entrance.

Naturally, the *World's* unexpected sensational charges necessitated the elimination of a port of call, according to the revised version of the story, and no sooner did this intelligence filter to the guests invited than they began to doubt their ability to attend. It is now very well known that *a little more than half of the original list actually was on board.*

No one knows just how Mr. Lasker arrived at the compilation of his list and perhaps no one ever will. The why and wherefore can be approximated by studying the few who had no business on board and the many who more or less interested were left out. But this much is known; Mr. Lasker deemed it obligatory upon him to invite a given number of guests from official life—invitations by courtesy rather than necessity—and in turn a preferred list of substitute guests was set up, from which were to be invited those for whom a place was made available by self-elimination.

Less is known about our Shipping Board than the people should know, thanks to this brand of press-agenting, and while it is news to many it is not news to the business world that the merchant marine of the United States is today in a chaotic condition as the direct result of petty scheming and dallying with laws, not the least of which has to do with prohibition.

Florence Allen, First Woman Supreme Judge—and Worker

Ohio Elevates Noted Lawyer to Highest Bench After Demonstration of Her Fitness

By EMERSON ROBINSON

(C) Standiford, Cleveland, O.

JUDGE FLORENCE E. ALLEN.

FLORENCE E. ALLEN, Ohio's woman judge of the Supreme Court, is the first woman to hold such an exalted position in the judiciary. An unusual honor surely, sought by many, filled by few, and the height of and ambition which lurks in the mind of every lawyer.

To Judge Allen it was another milestone in a career which has been marked by one honor and one success after another.

She is a Democrat, but believes so implicitly in the independence of the judiciary from politics that after the primaries, on the advice of friends, she became a candidate making her fight exclusively on that issue. It was only necessary to get about 20,000 signatures to become a candidate but when the petitions were filed with the secretary of state, they contained more than 60,000 names.

The women of Ohio wanted her to seek the office and they flocked to her standard, regardless of political affiliation.

Judge Allen is only 38 years old and she doesn't care who knows it. And this, by the way, makes her one of the youngest members ever chosen to the Supreme Court.

She was graduated from the Western Reserve University in Ohio in 1904 and followed this with three years of newspaper work and teaching in Cleveland.

While carrying on this work she also studied, with the result that in 1908 she was given the M.A. degree at Western Reserve in political science and constitutional law.

She spent the school year of 1909-10 at the law school of Chicago University and then went to New York, where for a year she was the legal investigator of the New York League for the Protection of Immigrants.

For the succeeding two years she studied law at the Columbia University Law School and was graduated with honors there in 1913.

Pretty busy? Yes, but also during the period, 1910-1913, she lectured for the New York Board of Education and for the women's clubs in New York and Philadelphia on current political history.

Having been declared qualified to practice law, however, she desired to enter active service and was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1914 and practiced continually until 1919.

She had a number of important cases but there were a few which stand out in the public mind of Ohio, marking Judge Allen high in the percentage column of successful pleaders. One was the so-called East Cleveland Municipal Woman Suffrage case which established the right of women to vote in East Cleveland, Lakewood and Columbus. She carried this case through the East Cleveland Charter Commission hearings, through the different courts and finally to the Supreme Court of the state.

When she had completed the argument in this tribunal one of the judges paid her an unusual compliment, one seldom received by any lawyer.

"It was the best argument before the court in a year," he affirmed.

Another case which attracted considerable attention was the proposed referendum on the Reynolds Presidential Suffrage Law. She succeeded in having declared fraudulent nine out of every ten names appearing on the referendum petitions signed in Cleveland. This issue also was carried to the Supreme Court, Miss Allen in the latter court assisting Frank Davis and opposed by the former attorney-general of Ohio, T. S. Hogan.

In 1919, women street car conductors were numerous and complaints of wages and conditions were taken before the National War Labor Board. Judge Allen was the first woman attorney to appear before this body, and when she had completed her argument the chairman, William Harmon Black, asserted that it was the ablest presentation of any case he had ever heard.

This was the last case of public interest that Judge Allen conducted as a practicing attorney, for shortly thereafter she was appointed an assistant prosecuting attorney of Cuyahoga County, becoming the first woman to hold such an important position in Ohio.

She prosecuted many cases in the criminal courts while in this office and in the following year announced her candidacy for judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Her candidacy did not attract much attention at first among the politicians but as the day of the election drew near, they began to get uneasy. When all the ballots had been counted the papers announced that Miss Allen had been elected by the largest plurality ever given a candidate for that office.

Her administration was unusual. In the first place she demanded promptness. Lawyers have a habit of arriving at court late. In many places this is expected. The judge and the jury and the bailiff are on time but attorneys take it as their sacred privilege to stroll in a few minutes after the appointed time. They always have some good excuse. They're always busy whether they have anything to do or not. This practice did not please the new woman jurist and she quickly put a stop to it.

It was recognized without question that her decisions were just and according to law. And she was not one who believes in petting the hardened criminal. She was feared by all professionals who came before her, for the sentences she imposed were made to fit the crime. It was seldom that leniency was shown to one who had a criminal record.

She presided at a first-degree murder trial and in Ohio conviction for first-degree murder automatically means death in the electric chair unless there is a recommendation for mercy which carries with it a penalty of life imprisonment.

Another case at which she presided and which attracted attention throughout the state and nation was the perjury trial of William McGannon.

McGannon, while judge of the municipal court, became involved in a case in which murder was committed. He was acquitted of this charge and an indictment for perjury resulted. He was found guilty in Judge Allen's court and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Friends of Judge Allen were demanding that she become a candidate for some state office so that they might vote for her, and it was at their solicitation that she consented to have petitions circulated for Justice of the Supreme Court. Campaign headquarters were opened. One of her staunch friends was and is Mrs. Susan Redhan, district secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in California. Mrs. Redhan wanted to be of some help to her friend in the campaign, so obtained a leave of absence and went to Ohio and during the weeks which preceded the election handled the canvass for Judge Allen. The results show how well she did her work.

When her election was announced, Judge Allen received telegrams and letters of congratulation from all over the nation. She will make affidavit, too, that not one of them contained a proposal of marriage. Some of them, in fact most of them, were of the usual variety, but many were odd.

Of course, her election was displeasing to many, and one of these, Edward J. Dempsey, a former mayor of Cincinnati, wrote to Harvey C. Smith, then secretary of state, demanding that he refuse to issue her a commission on the ground that she was not qualified under the constitution to hold the office. Mr. Smith read the letter and gave it out for publication and—issued the commission.

Neither, evidently, was her election pleasing to some who are now her associates on the bench, for the week following she went to Columbus to pay her respects to official Ohio. There was a reception. Some justices did not attend.

The new justice always has been interested in suffrage and she was one of the leaders of the movement in Ohio from the time she began the practice of law. In this way she came in contact with women from all parts of the state and instantly won their affections. She possesses a strong personality and makes friends easily and, what is more, keeps them.

A world law against war will not come until there is a moral declaration against it, Judge Allen asserts, and cites the fact that rules of warfare are thrown onto the scrap heap when nations become involved.

The country will hear more of Judge Allen. She possesses a keen, analytical mind and she is intensely interested in public affairs. She is a Democrat, but she never voted a straight ticket in her life and "probably never will," she says.

Motion Pictures of the Human Heart

Concluded from page 3

vertical screen lines (shown on the illustrations) are called abscissae and are used to time the events of the cardiac cycle, each division representing 0.04 of a second. The abscissae are photographed on the record as shadows of a rapidly revolving wheel, which is regulated by the vibrations of a tuning fork, and called a time marker.

"Ten years ago, in many quarters, a diagnosis of heart disease was built upon gross physical signs. The symptoms of which the patient actively complained were accorded little significance, so long as his heart was free from murmurs, his legs free from swelling, his respirations free from labor and his features free from cyanosis. In those days, when an apparently healthy person presented no symptoms other than shortness of breath following unaccustomed effort, pain in the chest, palpitation, or a feeling of faintness, or when he asserted that his heart 'turned over' at times, it was customary to listen at the pericardium and reassure him with the statement that perhaps he had 'a little digestive disturbance,' or else that his heart trouble might be 'functional, certainly not organic.' A functional fault in a heart could be lightly dismissed, but suppose it had been his leg that was not functioning, would not a more thorough search have been made for the cause?

"Today, however, the profession of medicine is awakening to the necessity of adopting finer diagnostic technique and newer methods whereby heart disease can be recognized in its incipience. Nowadays, when a healthy-looking patient complains of shortness of breath, pericardial pain, palpitation and a feeling of faintness, he has, first of all, a thorough search made into his history, habits and occupation, for past or present diseases, habits and occupation may influence the heart in divers ways. The individual's pulse is carefully studied and any variations in rate, rhythm or volume noted. His heart borders are outlined to determine significant increases in diameters and, if need be, these clinical observations are supplemented by Roentgen ray examination. He is put through an exercise test to determine the rate response of the heart to effort.

"But the modern school of cardiology does not assert that heart structure altered by disease is capable of repair. Valve leaflets that are destroyed by scar tissue can never again be made to approximate each other. Heart muscle structurally altered cannot be made to regenerate itself. There is no alchemist's art for the heart. Nothing can be hoped for as concerns the reconstruction of tissue. Surgery, which has come so notably to the relief of humanity in the early treatment of cancer, affords no hope in the treatment of heart conditions except in an indirect manner, as by operations on septic foci. Surgical manipulation of the heart itself is of such infrequent occurrence and so dependent on the happy accidents of chance as to constitute surgical dramatics."

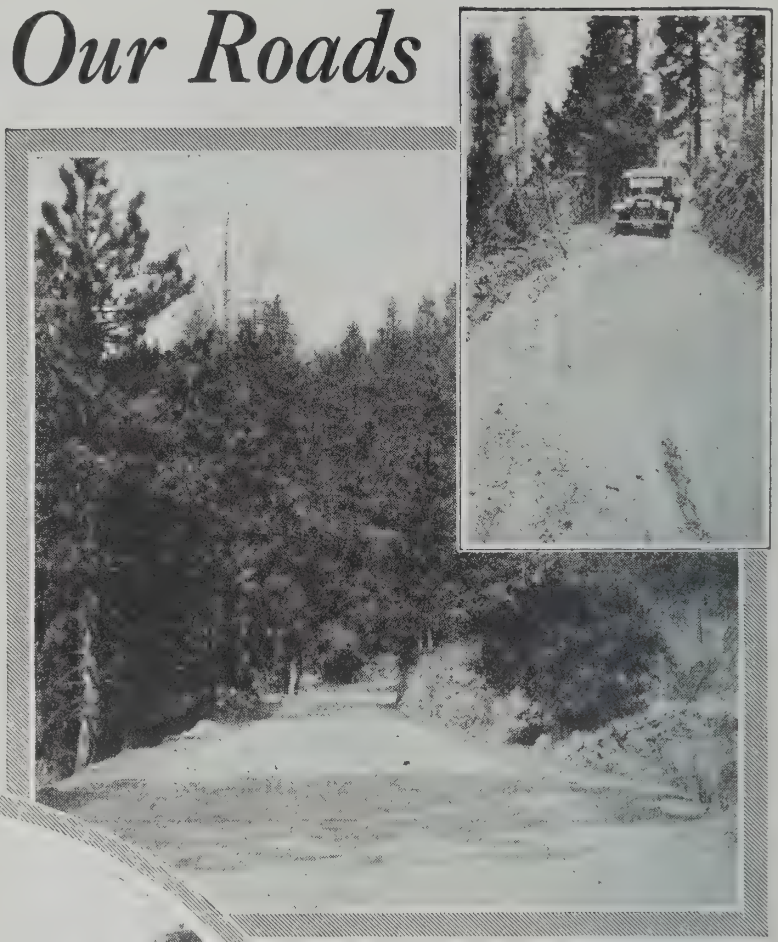
It has been stated that the motions of the wire as actuated by the heart currents are photographed. Before that can be done it is necessary to magnify the wire a thousand times. Then it appears on the film as a tiny black point which moves up and down. In each of the three leads, three major waves are shown, indicated as P, R, and T. The first of these is a small, blunt-pointed or rounded elevation, normally not more than two millimeters high and two hundredths of a second wide, and directed upward. When it makes a higher or a wider record it denotes auricular enlargement of the heart. The R wave is a lightning quick, sharply pointed elevation reaching from ten to twenty millimeters in height and one-tenth of a second in width. A great width is the sign of an aberrant or wandering heart. The T wave follows a short period during which the potentials of both ventricles of the heart are neutralizing each other. When that of the right ventricular region begins to predominate, the line on the electrocardiograph begins to rise slowly, producing the final wave of the cycle.

Why Not Pay as We Pave Our Roads and Save Millions?

California County Official Presents Sane Program to End Interest Cost

By HARRY H. DUNN

TRANSPORTATION is one of the foundation stones of civilization. The Romans learned this nearly two thousand years ago, and we Americans, along with other modern nations, have been re-learning it within the past century or less. But with our development of the dirt road into the concrete-paved highway, we have let the interest sharks and the bond-issue experts bilk us into paying for every mile of road built approximately twice the actual cost of that mile of finished highway. It is safe to say that, for every million dollars, actual cost, of paved road built in these United States in the past twenty years, *another million has been or will be paid out in interest, in the cost of bond-issue elections, in discount on the bonds and in other factors of waste which do not enter naturally or rightfully into the real cost of the building of that million dollars' worth of road.*

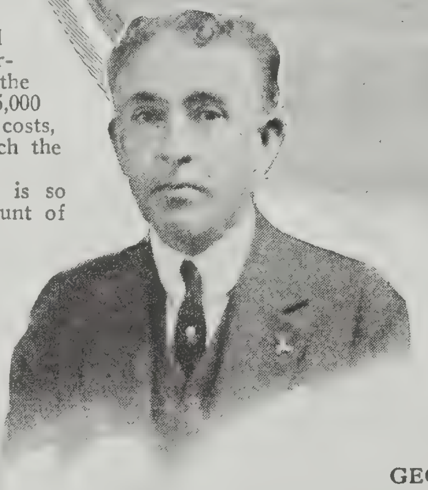


Here is a road in the mountains of San Diego County, prior to being paved, and after being paved. Prior to paving, this road, which leads through some of the most beautiful mountain land of California, was rarely traveled except by hikers; now it is traversed by thousands in automobiles annually.

California, which may be taken as an example, since road-building has progressed to greater lengths in that state than in a majority of the other states of the Union, recently put out a $40,000,000 bond issue for paved highway construction. It is less than the facts to say that the roads on whose building this $40,000,000 is expended will have cost the people of California, at the expiration of the forty years of life of the bonds, approximately $75,000,000. This does not take account of the maintenance of the highways so built, their depreciation, or the cost of alterations in them, according to the demands of traffic and transportation.

Other states which have issued similar bonds are in the same position as California, no worse and no better, and it is a fact that, taking the average throughout the United States, the paved highway, every mile of it, ultimately costs the people of that state from one and one-half to three times the actual expense of building and paving that mile. The political sparrow of the bond election, and the boll weevil of interest, not to mention the ever-present discounter at the bank, consume the difference between the $15,000 to $25,000 which the mile of paved road actually costs, and the $30,000 to $50,000 or more which the people ultimately pay for that mile.

San Diego County highway surfaced with decomposed granite, a surface which, in some sections of the West, is preferred to concrete paving. Some of the new highways to be constructed under the pay-as-you-pave plan will be of this type.



GEORGE HESTON,

Who proposes to pay for highways as they are built, at about one-half the cost of highways built by bond issues.

This financial looting of the people is so well within the law that it takes no account of the moral and ethical and economic questions raised by the saddling of our future population with the debt of a highway which, in nine and one-half cases out of ten, by actual figures, will be so useless that it will have to be rebuilt before the coming generations have finished paying the debt this generation put upon them. Unfortunately, these future men and women have no voice in deciding what we shall do with their money. If they had such a voice, we long ago would have found a simpler, better and less expensive method of providing the avenues of transportation which traffic demands. So far, however, there is no evidence to show that any state, or even the national government, has taken any practical step toward a solution of indefensible and unnecessary bond-issue methods of road-building.

One man, this year, however, has developed a remedy for the bond-issue evil, and has presented it with such force to the board of supervisors of his county, that the board has taken his project, in part, on trial. The man is George Heston, treasurer of San Diego County, California, and his plan, briefly stated, is to pay for each mile of road as it is paved, obtaining the money therefor by a slight increase in the tax rate, instead of paying 100 per cent or more in interest, bond-election costs, discounts and similar givings of something for nothing.

The supervisors of San Diego County, influenced by Mr. Heston's plan, have pledged themselves to a program which includes both bond issue and payment as paved. A $600,000 bond issue for paving a part of the roads of San Diego County was voted by the people in February. The remaining $900,000 proposed and surveyed county road work is to be done over a three-year period, by using $100,000 of the motor vehicle tax money, each year, thus accounting for $300,000, and raising the remainder of $600,000 by a direct tax, as suggested by Mr. Heston.

The entire Heston program contemplates the spreading of the necessary paved-highway building over seven years, at the end of which time *every mile of road so built will be paid for.* This is in contradistinction to the forty-year bond-issue plan, whereby the roads could be completed immediately, or within a year or two, but *the people would continue to pay for them, for four decades more.* Under the Heston plan, allowing $35,000 a year for the maintenance of the roads so constructed, the actual cost, including all incidental expenses, of every mile of road built would be $25,000. Under the bond-issue plan, the total cost of every mile of paved road built, *exclusive of all maintenance costs,* will be at the end of forty years, when the bonds are all paid for, exactly $51,275, or $26,275 more a mile than under the cash, pay-as-you-pave plan. Quite naturally, the bankers, with few exceptions, the loan sharks, and even the contractors, to say nothing of the politicians, are opposed to the Heston plan. The grouping of all these factions in this opposition is one reason that it should be considered a good plan. The main obstacle to be overcome appears to be the quite prevalent opposition of the taxpayer to an increase in his tax rate, regardless of the fact that that increase is trifling compared to the ultimate sum he must produce to pay interest on the bonds and other expenses incidental to long-term borrowing for road-building. Within the life of the present-day taxpayer, even though he be in middle age, the increased value of his property, and the augmented facilities of transportation, produced by the building of the road, will exceed many hundredfold his immediate expense in sustaining an increase in taxation. But it will not exceed for many years the outlay of 100 per cent of the cost of the highway in interest charges, for which the taxpayer receives nothing except the use of the money,

A typical road in the desert of Southern California, prior to paving, with no human habitations along it, or any attempt to cultivate the soil, which is rich and productive.

The same road as shown at left, after being straightened and paved. Note the new farms and young homes started coincidentally with the paving.

The main state highway, across the desert section of San Diego County, as it appears today, is pictured at the right. At the left the highway is shown before it was paved. Under bond issues roads such as this cost approximately $50,000 a mile, counting interest and election charges; und:r the Heston pay-as-you-pave plan, they would cost $25,000 per mile.

which he could furnish from his own pocket at no cost except the principal.

Placing the actual cost of paving highways at $25,000 a mile—which is a very liberal estimate on most California roads—Mr. Heston has worked out the following interesting statement regarding a five-year construction program, paid for as it is paved, in which he says:

"It is simple to pave the roads of any given, fairly well-inhabited territory, without a bond issue and without paying interest or election costs. San Diego County, taking this as an example because I am more familiar with costs and road-building here than anywhere else, receives from the state approximately $125,000 a year as the county's share of the funds paid in for automobile licenses in this county. This amount is increasing rapidly each year, and its rate of increase will be considerably augmented by the immediate completion of more miles of paved highways, leading in all directions throughout the county.

"Now, a twenty-cent tax rate, automatically reducing itself, will raise a minimum of $160,000, making a total of cash in hand annually, from these two sources, of $285,000. Allowing $35,000 a year for maintenance, and placing the cost of paving at $25,000 a mile, we could pave ten miles of highway every year, commencing January 1, 1924, and pay for it as we paved it. Five years of this program means fifty miles of paved roads, all paid for, with no debt hanging over them, and their maintenance paid for, both now and in the future.

"Cost of fifty miles of paved roads under the bond-issue plan of $1.[illegible],000 in bonds to run forty years at five per cent. The two tables illustrate the difference:

Period	Principal	Interest	Tax Rate
1st year	$ 31,250	$ 62,500	12½ cents
2nd year	31,250	60,937	12½ cents
3rd year	31,250	59,375	10 cents
4th year	31,250	57,813	10 cents
5th year	31,250	56,250	10 cents
	$ 156,250	$ 296,875	
End of 40 years	$1,093,750	$ 996,875	
	$1,250,000	$1,293,750	

Principal	$1,250,000
Interest	1,293,750
Election cost	20,000
Total	$2,563,750

"The ultimate cost of this fifty miles of road under the bond-issue plan would be $51,275 a mile, more than half of which would have been expended on interest and election costs, and with no allowance or source of income arranged for maintenance of the roads so built.

"Now turn to the actual cost of fifty miles of paved highway under the plan of paying for every mile as it is paved:

Period and Source	Principal	Interest	Income	Tax Rate
1st year auto tax	None	None	$ 125,000	
1st year direct tax	None	None	160,000	20 cents
2nd year auto tax	None	None	125,000	
2nd year direct tax	None	None	160,000	20 cents
3rd year auto tax	None	None	135,000	
3rd year direct tax	None	None	150,000	18 cents
4th year auto tax	None	None	135,000	
4th year direct tax	None	None	150,000	18 cents
5th year auto tax	None	None	150,000	
5th year direct tax	None	None	135,000	17 cents
			$1,425,000	
Less maintenance at $35,000 a year			175,000	
			$1,250,000	

"The ultimate cost, which under this plan is the original cost, by the pay-as-you-pave plan is $25,000. That is to say, the money thrown away in interest on the bonds, and in the cost of bond elections, as well as in other miscellaneous wastes, *remains in the pockets of the taxpayers*, while they are supplied with exactly the same kind of roads, and supplied often more rapidly, as they would have under the bond-issue plan. No burden is put on generations yet unborn, and no man profits to the extent of more than the cost of the roads, on the necessity of the people of the county or state building the highways."

It will be noticed that, under this plan, as the automobile tax increases in amount—though not in rate—each year, the direct taxation is reduced, both in amount and in rate. These tables, of course, show only a five-year program. Such a program could be indefinitely extended, with the amount and the rate of direct taxation reducing proportionately each year. Under such a prolonged project, of course, the time would come when the auto tax paid for the roads built each year.

If done in five-year periods, at the end of forty years—the usual term of road-building bonds in the West—San Diego County will have 2,000 miles of paved highway, every foot of which is paid for, on which the people owe not a single cent, and for whose maintenance and repair they have paid during the entire forty years. The cost of these 2,000 miles of paved road, maintained and in good condition at the end of forty years would be $50,000,000 plus $1,400,000 for maintenance, or $51,400,000. Under the bond issue plan, the cost of the building and paving of the 2,000 miles of highway would be $102,550,000, without taking into consideration any expenditures for maintenance.

Thus, the bare cost of the roads under the bond-issue plan would be nearly twice that of the combined cost and maintenance under the pay-as-you-pave plan presented by the treasurer of San Diego County. Rarely has a plan offering so great saving been presented to any community, yet its simplicity, practicability, and honesty are such that it probably will not be permitted to attain great popularity in the various states, owing to the opposition of the money power and of the politicians.

What Horticulture Offers

Concluded from page 7

upon tons of beets, carrots, onions and lettuce heads are required to meet such proportions. Yet the amount of land used may be no greater than that on which a back-roads farmer ekes out a scanty living.

Many market gardeners have from one to a dozen greenhouses in which they grow winter crops of lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers. These winter crops are very profitable, and the greenhouses also make it possible to keep the help at work the year round. Without some such plan it is difficult to get good men for any season, and even a small market garden may need from twenty to forty hands during the summer months.

Years ago Adam Foster used to handle the brakes on a street car. He had ambition, however, and a little money which he had saved. He built a small greenhouse and from that insignificant beginning has developed a range of greenhouses wherein he grows winter crops on a large scale. He is supposed to be well-to-do, and probably is.

I know a Dane who worked for various market gardeners as a laborer when he first came to America. Now he has seven large greenhouses wherein he produces many tons of cucumbers. In a comparatively few years he has become independent.

A conspicuous example of what can be done in the market gardening line through enterprise and resourcefulness is M. L. Ruetenik, who lives near Cleveland. Formerly in business in the city, he has now become one of the most noted and successful growers of vegetables under glass anywhere in the country. He is said to have realized as much as $50,000 a year from twelve acres.

While these men operate extensive establishments, there are others who are getting along comfortably with only one or two houses devoted to cucumbers or tomatoes. The labor on a small plant, however, is confining, for during the cold weather most careful attention must be given to the temperature of the house. It is not uncommon for a man to place a couch or a cot bed in the potting house or packing shed attached to most greenhouses and sleep there to be ready to meet any emergency which may arise.

It takes training to become a good market gardener, and it is an interesting commentary on the business that many of the men now running successful establishments learned the business from their fathers. Any industry must be an attractive one if the sons commonly take up their fathers' work. Many other market gardeners have learned the business by working under competent foremen. Some of the agricultural schools give courses which are of great benefit to young men who look to market gardening as their life work.

Many nurserymen grow fruit trees exclusively, while others grow only ornamental stock. The two lines are quite distinct, and yet have much in common. To become a nurseryman a young man must learn all about budding and grafting. He must become familiar with varieties and learn to know them as far as possible by their bark and leaves. Then, of course, there are endless details regarding the cultivation and propagation of garden plants, many of which have vagaries of their own. Formerly a vast amount of ornamental material was obtained from across the water, but is now ruled out by the Federal Horticultural Board. This has encouraged the growing of such stock at home, and has helped to expand the nursery business. In the larger nurseries there are acres given over to blocks of rhododendrons and spruce trees, pines, firs, elms, maples, and so on.

The growing of trees from seed is a delicate operation which requires much study and experience before it can be done successfully. In nurseries devoted to fruit stock an endless amount of budding is required. In planting apples and some other kinds of trees, whatever seed is available is used.

Some large nurseries have been developed from very small beginnings. W. H. Wyman, now at the head of a very large concern, was formerly a minister, but became interested in trees and began to grow them in a small way on a lot near his home. His initial investment was small, and for a long time he sold his own goods, going from house to house. He established a reputation for square dealing, expanded as rapidly as his capital would allow, and eventually amassed a fortune. One son has already become the proprietor of a successful nursery in another town, while a second son has become his father's partner. The outlook was so good that both young men were very glad to enter in the nursery business.

One branch of horticultural endeavor remains to be discussed. On most large estates the grounds and gardens are in charge of a skilled man who is usually known as the head gardener. This man is likely to have several employes under him who look after the lawns, flower beds, vegetable garden, fruit orchards and greenhouses. They are expected to have a supply of flowers and plants for the house at all seasons of the year, and handle plants which are too rare and expensive for the commercial grower to include in his list.

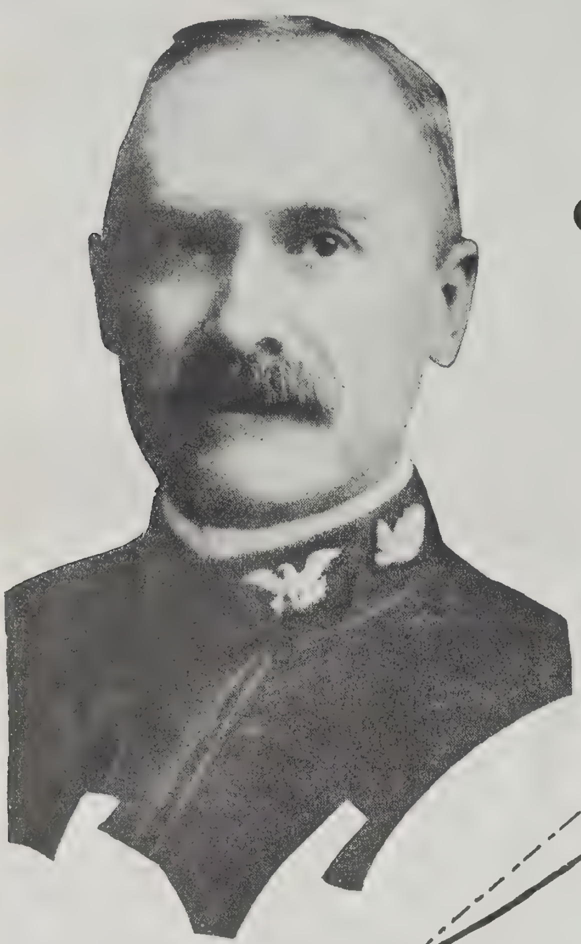
In ordinary times an expert head gardener has little difficulty in getting and keeping a good position. To make good, he must be thoroughly trained in the knowledge of plants and flowers, and be capable also of handling men. There is only one way to qualify for such a position, and that is to take training on a well managed estate. At the same time a course of study in one of the agricultural colleges is of great benefit. The National Association of Gardeners is trying to encourage a greater use of the schools. In Great Britain an apprenticeship system prevails by means of which new recruits are constantly being received. No investment is required to take up this branch of the work except what may be used for schooling, and a head gardener has in many ways a pleasant situation.

It will be seen from all that has been said that horticulture has many opportunities, which differ greatly in character; yet basically it has one common appeal. It is a product of the sod; it has to do with the growth of useful plants, and it requires for its successful practice a love of the open country and a fondness for the soil.

Einstein Theory Declared Colossal Humbug by U. S. Naval Astronomer

Capt. T. J. J. See Denounces Relativity Announcement

By ROBERT MORGAN



CAPTAIN T. J. J. SEE,

Professor of astronomy and mathematics and director of the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California, who declares the Einstein Theory of Relativity the most colossal humbug of the ages.

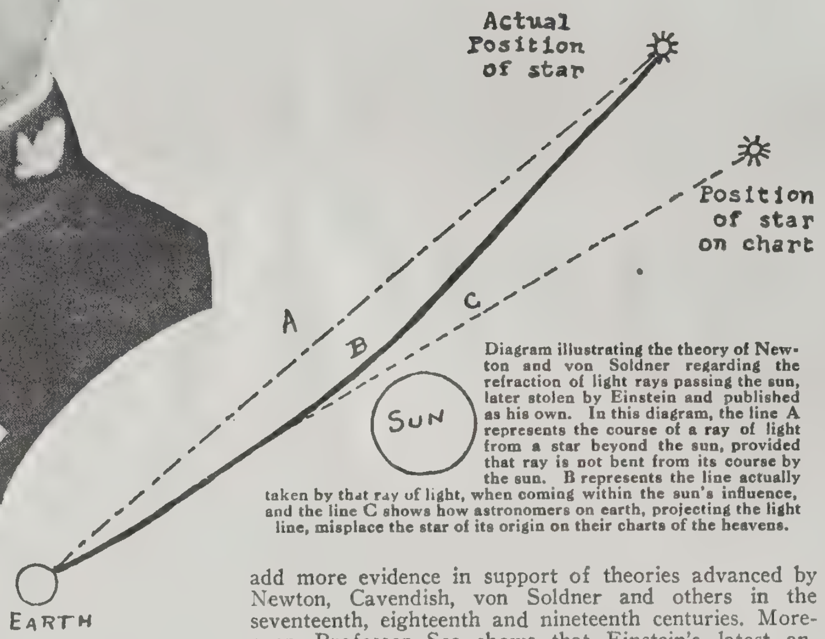


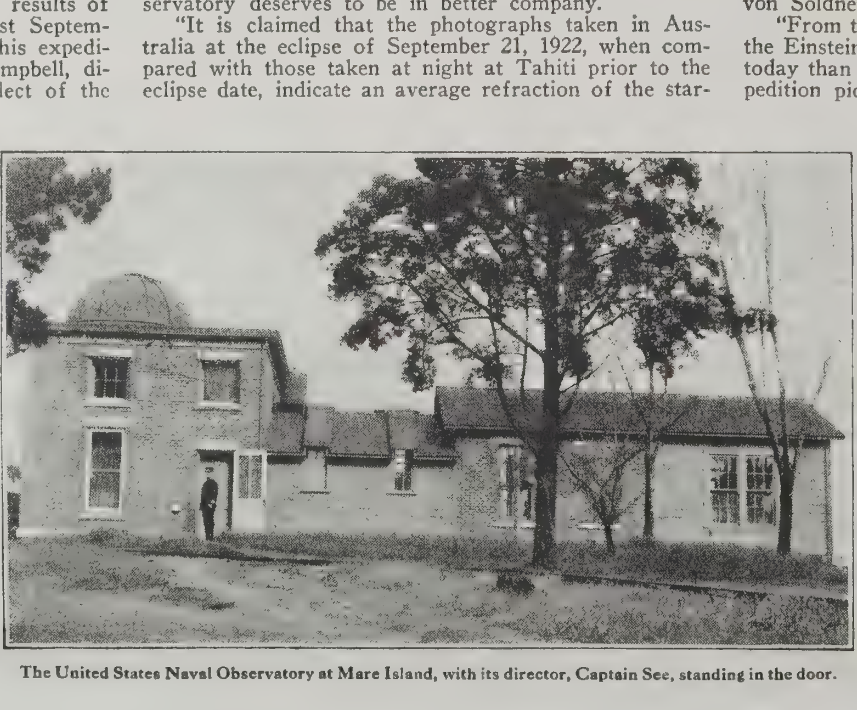
Diagram illustrating the theory of Newton and von Soldner regarding the refraction of light rays passing the sun, later stolen by Einstein and published as his own. In this diagram, the line A represents the course of a ray of light from a star beyond the sun, provided that ray is not bent from its course by the sun. B represents the line actually taken by that ray of light, when coming within the sun's influence, and the line C shows how astronomers on earth, projecting the light line, misplace the star of its origin on their charts of the heavens.

DECLARING that the Einstein Theory of Relativity is a distorted version of theories advanced and calculations made more than a century ago, for which Dr. Albert Einstein, Jewish scientist, gave the discoverers no credit, Captain T. J. J. See, professor of astronomy and mathematics, and director of the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California, has worked out a definite explanation of the manner in which the stolen theory of relativity was made to appear plausible, foisted upon the world of laymen, and forced to furnish publicity for a previously unknown and very mediocre trifler on the borderland of science.

Professor See, who is one of the foremost mathematicians of this or any other country, a graduate of several European and American universities, author of a number of books and treatises on astronomy and the composition of the universe, and for more than a score of years one of the leading men of science in the service of the United States Government, was aroused to talk of the Einstein theory by the announced results of the Crocker Astronomical Expedition of last September, to the northeast coast of Australia. This expedition, in charge of Dr. William Wallace Campbell, director of Lick Observatory and president-elect of the University of California, went to Wallal, on Ninety-Mile Beach, and there made a series of photographs of stars beyond the sun during a total solar eclipse. This expedition was fully described in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for August 26, 1922.

Einstein, stealing the theories of Sir Isaac Newton and Henry Cavendish, of England, and Dr. J. von Soldner, of Germany, claimed in the announcement of his "discovery" of the theory of relativity, that rays of light, traveling from stars beyond the sun to the earth, are so bent from their courses by the attraction exerted by the sun, that the position of these stars as charted by earthly astronomers is not their correct position. To photograph stars beyond the sun, it is necessary to expose the plates during a total eclipse of the sun; otherwise, the light of the sun will eliminate that of these stars. This the Crocker expedition did, during an eclipse of some five minutes totality, at Wallal, Australia. Other photographs of the same stars in the night sky were made at Tahiti. The plates from these two sets of photographs of the same stars have just been compared in Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton, California, and, according to announcement by Dr. Campbell, the result of the comparisons shows that this part of the Einstein theory is correct.

"The results," says Dr. Campbell, in his announcement of the conclusion of some months' study, comparison and calculation based on these two sets of photographic negatives, "are in exact accord with the requirements of the Einstein theory. The agreement with Einstein's prediction from the theory of relativity—1.75 seconds of an arc—is as close as the most ardent proponent of that theory could hope for."



The United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, with its director, Captain See, standing in the door.

These photographs, in the opinion of Professor See, do not support the so-called Einstein theory, but merely add more evidence in support of theories advanced by Newton, Cavendish, von Soldner and others in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Moreover, Professor See shows that Einstein's latest announcement, concerning the connection between the earth's power of attraction and terrestrial magnetism, is a barefaced theft from the American astronomer's discovery of the relation between terrestrial magnetism and terrestrial gravitation, as published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten,* Kiel, October 22, 1922.

Seated in the Mare Island Observatory which Professor See has made internationally famous as the seat of his work for more than a decade past, the American naval astronomer talked with the writer for more than two hours, calmly taking the Einstein theory apart and showing wherein it is only a stolen idea, distorted until it has become different in meaning from that of the original theories from which it was taken.

"The value of the observations and photographs made at Wallal by the Crocker expedition is very great," he said, "but the results as to the refractions of starlight passing to the earth redound to the credit of Newton and Soldner, and not to Einstein. I value highly the work of the Lick Observatory, but I regret to see it issue statements which tend to lend support to the discredited doctrine of relativity. A greater piece of humbuggery has not appeared in any age, and the Lick Observatory deserves to be in better company.

"It is claimed that the photographs taken in Australia at the eclipse of September 21, 1922, when compared with those taken at night at Tahiti prior to the eclipse date, indicate an average refraction of the starlight passing the sun on its way to the earth of 1.74 seconds of an arc. This is nothing new, since the same refraction of starlight was reported by British observers in Brazil and in Africa at the eclipse of May 29, 1919. The fact of the refraction or 'bending' of light rays from stars beyond the sun on their way to the earth being recognized and generally admitted, the *cause* of such refraction is the only factor in it with which anyone could be concerned. On this point, we have several explanations, all equally possible, and perhaps equally probable, and none of them shrouded in mystery, or surrounded by meaningless phrases intended to puzzle or mislead the public mind. Three of these explanations are:

"1. The presence of refracting matter near the sun, as shown by the corona, which extends outward from the sun for a degree or two.

"2. The magnetic field of the sun, which may give the magnetized matter a state of polarity or unsymmetrical action on light, as in the Zeeman effect.

"3. The action of the gravitational wave field, bending the rays slightly inward, *as foretold by Sir Isaac Newton more than two centuries ago.*

"The celebrated English physicist, Henry Cavendish (1731-1810), calculated the effect of Newton's theory that the corpuscles of light are bent inward toward the sun in passing near it, and, in 1801, Dr. J. von Soldner, a German physicist of eminence in his day, *actually derived the formula used by Einstein* in his so-called 'theory of relativity.' This was 122 years ago, yet Einstein never once mentions Soldner in his writings. This is bad enough, but the worst is yet to come:

"It has been shown by Professor E. Gehrcke, director of the Imperial Physical and Technical Institute of Berlin—a position first filled by Helmholtz—and by Professor P. Leonard, of Heidelberg, winner of the Nobel prize in physics, that Soldner omitted the factor 2 in his formula of 1801, which error Einstein also copied, when he appropriated the Newton-Soldner formula in the Einstein paper announcing the so-called 'discovery,' in 1911. In a subsequent paper to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, 1915, page 834, Einstein camouflaged this fraud as best he could, yet he could not prevent its discovery and exposure by Professors Leonard, of Heidelberg, Gehrcke, of Berlin, and Westin, of Stockholm. Professor Westin charges Einstein with downright plagiarism, saying:

> **"'From these facts the conclusions seem inevitable that Einstein cannot be regarded as a scientist of real note; he is not an honest investigator.'**

"In these words Westin protested to the directorate of the Nobel Foundation against the award of the Nobel prize to Einstein. For these and for other reasons which do not concern this immediate subject, the Swedish Academy of Sciences refused Einstein any recognition on the theory of relativity. Let this fact be plainly understood in considering the support given to the Newton-Soldner theory of the refraction of starlight deduced from the Australian eclipse plates. The discovery of the refraction of starlight shown in these photographs was not made by Einstein, but was taken by him from the work of other men. It has nothing to do with the colossal humbug of relativity, as voiced by Einstein, and is explainable on perfectly clear, solid and understandable grounds. The value of these eclipse observations, as I have said, is recognized, but the refraction of starlight discovery belongs to Newton and von Soldner, and not to Einstein, though he claims it.

"From these facts it remains merely to point out that the Einstein Theory of Relativity is no more confirmed today than it was before the Crocker Astronomical Expedition pictures were made; that it is not confirmed by any other discoveries or calculations sanely and honestly made, and that it cannot be confirmed. A fundamental postulate of the Einstein theory is that ether does not exist, and that gravity is not a force, but a property of space. These unbalanced vagaries scarcely require mention beyond the remark that serious discussion of them is a disgrace to our age. It is small cause for comment that the Paris Academy of Sciences, on October 24, 1921, issued conspicuous proclamations by Professors Picard and Painleve against the Einstein theory and in favor of Newtonian mechanics.

"Every one from Huyghens, Newton, Herschell, Maxwell, Helmholtz, Tisserand, Kelvin, and Poincaré to our own Michelson, knows very well that the ether does really exist. Every one knows that the ether acts with forces equivalent to the breaking strength of millions of immense cables of the strongest steel, to hold the planets in their orbits.

Evidence presented by Professor See indicates that Einstein perpetrated his latest scientific theft not later than March of this year. Under date of the twenty-third of that month, the Jewish plagiarizer of relativity announced that he had made "another discovery, which, when told in detail, will create an even greater sensation than the theory of relativity." In the same statement, which was issued at Kantara, Egypt, Einstein further said that details of this new discovery would be withheld from the public for the time being, but that "it concerns the connection between the earth's power of attraction and terrestrial magnetism."

"I discovered the law of nature which connects terrestrial magnetism with terrestrial gravitation," said Professor See. "I discovered that law which Einstein says he has just discovered, in May, 1922, and the announcement of my discovery was published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten,* Kiel, October 22, 1922."

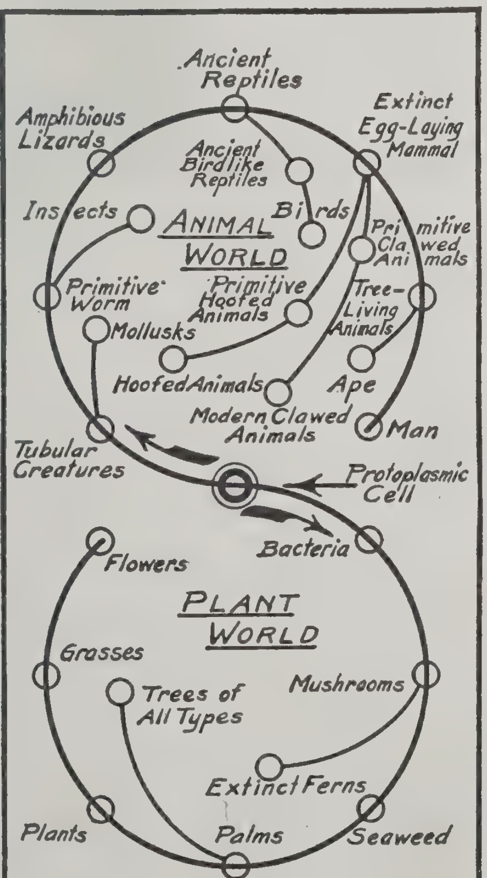
International Science Briefs

By **DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL**
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Evolution or Lineal Parallelism

EVOLUTIONISTS tell us that eons ago the the first protoplasmic cell originated under favorable conditions in an environment of sea-water. Through the geological periods these cells gradually developed in accordance with the molding factors of the evolutionary process into all the various forms of life which have appeared on the earth. Perhaps the ancestor of man and ape appeared about 60,000,000 years ago as one type of many of those forms which resulted from the ever-present influence of the molding forces. This ancestral type migrated to various parts of the earth and was continuously modified to meet the requirements of life in the new and changing environment.

In their devoted fascination for the single-origin-of-life idea, the evolutionists have lost sight of the fact that the law of probability is directly opposed to this view and in complete accord with the *theory of lineal parallelism* which holds that existence types have lineally developed from independent beginnings. The conclusions of the evolutionists are annulled by the very contentions of the theory. Responsive protoplasmic cells, located in diverse molding environments, should, at the very outset, show independent class characteristics. The supposition that the various types of plant and animal life have had separate beginnings is much more probable than the conjecture that all species are subsequent developments from the same unit type. The notion that all forms of life have developed from one basic unit is based more on the unchecked flow of the pleased imagination than upon evidential probability. Diversity is a universal physical fact. Uniformity is the silver thread, the cosmic verity, which unfolds itself throughout all diversity. The grandeur of the universe is not enhanced by narrowing its manifesting possibilities at the source. Similarity does not prove identity in origin. Similarity is diversity closely graded; it is like a shade in a graduated scale of colors. An infinite number of possibilities to produce the various shades of life were present at the beginning. Therefore it is more logical to maintain that earth life began with many shades in the organic scale than to assert that all was sameness in life's first cradle. If man has much in common with the ape it does not therefore follow that they have a common ancestor. Is it not more reasonable to assume that these two types may have *paralleled one another?* The evidence furnished by a few fragmentary bones and skeletons is too meager and doubtful to establish the blood relationship between ape and man. The thought may prove pleasing to the mind of some, as a manifestation of the marvelous possibilities of nature; but, in the absence of incontrovertible evidence, the evolutionists must show that theirs is the only reasonable assumption. We maintain that the evolutionists have neglected the most reasonable and probable hypothesis; that is, the theory of lineal parallelism which asserts that man and ape are *parallel types* having separate beginnings.



Diagrammatic representation of the *theory of evolution* in its most comprehensive form, depicting the animal and plant worlds as evolved from the protoplasmic cell.

Attempts have recently been made to place the theory of evolution in opposition to religion. Concerning the same fact, two mutually contradictory and yet true statements cannot be made. Whatever is true concerning the origin of man must be true both for religion and for science. Either man and ape have a common ancestor or they have not. It is not a question of religion or dogma at all; but it is a question of fact. Whichever of the two alternatives is true, dogmatic religion must gracefully accept the verdict and adjust its doctrines accordingly. Furthermore, there can never be any conflict between true religion and true science because true statements cannot be mutually contradictory. The assumption that life originated spontaneously is not a supposition which is inherently and necessarily opposed to religion, because it is conceivable that the Creator may have included this as a real factor in His sublime plan. Again we are face to face merely with a question of fact concerning which contradictory statements cannot be tolerated by a rational mind. What we have demanded of religion we may with equal right demand of science. The mythical and purely imaginative must not be permitted in scientific theories.

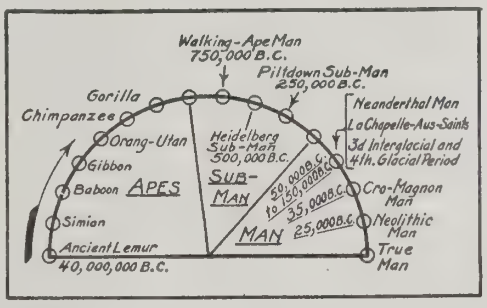

Walking-Ape Man 750,000 B.C.
Piltdown Sub-Man 250,000 B.C.
Gorilla
Chimpanzee
Neanderthal Man
La Chapelle-Aus-Saints
3d Interglacial and 4th. Glacial Period
Orang-Utan
Heidelberg Sub-Man 500,000 B.C.
Gibbon
Baboon
APES
SUB-MAN
50,000 B.C. to 150,000 B.C.
35,000 B.C.
Cro-Magnon Man
Simian
MAN
25,000 B.C.
Neolithic Man
Ancient Lemur 40,000,000 B.C.
True Man

Diagram representing the *evolution* or *ascent* of man and ape from a common ancestor supposed to have lived prior to 40,000,000 B. C.

We find both the true and the false in the modern theory of evolution. It is true that modification and development constitute a universal law of nature. That life originated spontaneously is merely an unsubstantiated conjecture. Nothing less than an actual and observable case of spontaneous generation can be considered as proper evidence to introduce as the basis of any theory purporting to explain the mystery of life as merely a fortunate conjunction of purely physical factors. The evolutionists have perhaps inadvertently ignored the far more probable *parallelism theory* which permits of many possible solutions of the problem. In one form of this hypothesis it is held that man is a species of which the various races are merely branches. The ape is another separate species. In the case of all types, animal as well as plant, an individual origin is assigned. The *parallelism theory,* in another form, maintains that the various races, as the Negroid, Caucasian, and Mongolian, have had separate beginnings. This modified type of the theory insists upon a general limitation and narrowing of the notion of species to include a smaller number of members but more closely related because of greater similarity between their dominant characteristics.

The theory that ape and man have ascended from the same primitive type, in view of the more probable *parallelism theory,* now lacks even the distinction of uniqueness. Circumstantial evidence consisting of a more or less heterogeneous mixture of fragmentary bones and skeletons is entirely inadequate to bridge the gap between ape and man. The "sub-men" readily find their place in the *parallelism theory* as separate types developing contemporaneously with, but independently of the age species.

Spontaneous generation cannot be regarded as a substitute for an ultimate source of life and all that exists, because, in the first place, it has not been shown that it is possible, and secondly, if this ever can be demonstrated, the origin of those essential factors which must have been required in the process of generating life in this unprecedented manner cannot be accounted for by any other than the Theistic assumption.

Dr. John Seliskar, professor of Psychology at the St. Paul Seminary, in his lecture on "Organic Transformism," delivered April 11, 1923, made the following pertinent statement: "The advocates of the transformist view have not yet furnished us with even a plausible explanation of the generation of the first cell or cells." Dr. Seliskar's analysis of this subject is undoubtedly one of the most calmly philosophical and eminently fair presentations of the problem of evolution which have been made since it was again so violently thrust forward as the "bone of contention" between science and religion. Dr. Seliskar, in his discussion of the "unquestioned resemblances that the human organism bears to its closest anthropoid neighbors," concludes that, "Similarities do not necessarily imply genetic relationship. As long as man lives in the same environment as the other mammalia, his constitution must be substantially identical with that of the other higher animals. The food used by both classes is the same. From the similarity of nutrition follows the identity of tissue composition, of circulation, of respiration, and of the nervous system to control these processes. Striking resemblances must exist irrespective of origins, and they cannot therefore be adduced as conclusive demonstrations of identity of descent."

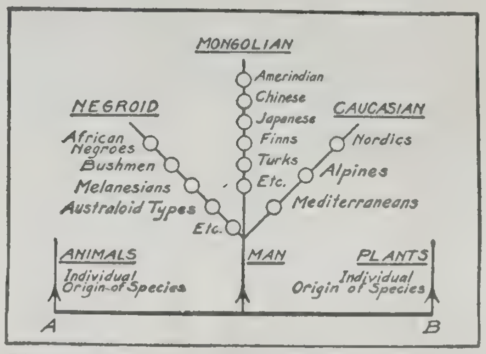
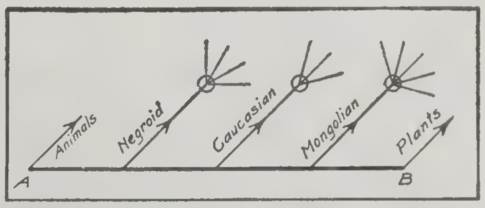


Diagram representing one form of the *theory of lineal parallelism* which maintains that life types have had separate beginnings. Line AB represents the common creative source of the independently evolved types.

Dr. Seliskar concludes that, "The direct evidences so far advanced in proof of the animal descent of man, are not of the character to create, after unbiased investigation, a conviction that would satisfy an unbiased mind. The *anthropithekoi* and the *homosimians,* reconstructed from fragmentary skeletal remains, have not always been treated with kindness by members of the scientific profession. The so-called Trinil man (*pithecanthropus erectus*), discovered by Eugene Dubois in 1891, is classified in three different ways by archeologists. One group considers him entirely human, another altogether simian, and a third as homosimian. The Dawn man of Dawson, unearthed in England, has in his reconstructed form served as a model of the ape-man. Arthur Keith, of the British Museum, examined the physiognomy and discovered that the cranium and the jaw do not belong together, as the space for a pharynx is almost obliterated ("Antiquity of Man," p. 395). Dr. George C. McCurdy, of Yale University, has arrived at the conclusion that the two parts do not belong to the same individual (*Science,* February 18, 1916). The cranium is human, possessing the capacity of some 1.390 cubic centimeters, as calculated by Arthur Keith; and the jaw once belonged to a chimpanzee. The combination should make a number one ape-man. The Neanderthal man is the subject of similar controversies. The transformists have not yet succeeded in discovering a genuine specimen of the ape-man. The claim that the evolution of man has been placed beyond the realm of controversy is in no way justified. Science boasts of accepting only tangible evidence as the source of information. If the boast is true, assertions not so substantiated should not be made in the name of science."



Diagrammatic representation of another form of the *theory of lineal parallelism.* Line AB, here also, represents the common creative source of the independently developed types of life.

We conclude that evolution in the limited sense of restricted modification, and independent lineal development as held by the theory of *lineal parallelism,* constitute a law of nature. We cannot admit that the ascent of man and ape from a common ancestor has been conclusively established. Moreover, we insist that this theory is unnecessary because the *parallelism theory* is more probable and conforms equally well, if not better, with those contentions of the evolutionary doctrine which can be proved.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Profiteers in Bulgaria will be subject to public beatings with lashes, confiscation of their property and permanent disbarment from business under the terms of a bill to be submitted to the national assembly. Decision of what constitutes profiteering or illegitimate speculation is to be placed in the hands of the communal councils under the measure.

Fisheries experts and scientists have been unable to ascertain accurately how sponges feed. An ordinary sponge will grow from one to one and one-half inches or more a year. The portion of the sponge with which we are familiar is the skeleton or framework of the sea product as it exists in the briny deep. The slimy, gelatinous substance is decomposed by wind, weather and sunshine and subsequent soaking in sea-water cures out any gelatinous material which still adheres to the sponges.

Monsieur Barbot, a French aviator, came to this country to demonstrate a remarkable machine which half flew and half glided its way across the country at an incredibly low expense. In it one trip of seventy-five miles was made on a gallon and a half of gasoline. Meeting with a mishap, the machine was forced to the ground outside Philadelphia. It was slightly damaged and left in the custody of onlookers. Souvenir hunters tore the plane to shreds in search of souvenirs and Monsieur Barbot was forced to return to France without his machine.

Persons may eat toadstools and yet live, thanks to a medical discovery now being perfected in France. A horse was immunized by successive injections of poisonous mushrooms. The serum made from the animal was tried successfully on mice and rabbits who had been fed the deadly amanita mushroom.

Thomas A. Edison says, "There is something wrong with the college system. I don't know what the trouble is; that's not my line. I can only judge by the results. But one thing is certain: the present system of education in the colleges does not train men to think. I am in favor of the college. That is where I get some of my best men. I have 60 of them now, but they are 60 culled out of 2,000. That's a pretty low percentage, isn't it?"

An instrument which automatically and accurately records the passage of any vessel over a given body of water, night or day, to observers who may be located on shore, has been invented by an Austrian. It consists of a small searchlight sending a ray no larger than a pencil across the space to be controlled, and a receiving apparatus at the other end containing a light-sensitive selenium cell. A passing vessel interrupts the rays of a searchlight, the selenium cell closes a relay which starts a bell alarm, or operates a recording device. It will prove an aid in catching smugglers.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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With only about one-half of one per cent of the world's population, Canada produces ninety per cent of its cobalt, eighty-eight per cent of its asbestos, eighty-five per cent of its nickel, thirty-two per cent of its pulpwood, twenty per cent of its lumber and twenty per cent of its cured fish.

The Spingarn Medal, which is given annually for the most distinguished achievement by a Negro, has been awarded to Dr. George Washington Carver, of Tuskegee Institute. Dr. Carver developed 165 by-products of the peanut and 115 of the sweet potato. The medal was awarded to Dr. Carver "in consideration of his services in agricultural chemistry, his recent recognition by a British royal society and for lectures on agriculture during the last year before white and Negro audiences, particularly in the South, where his clear thought and straightforward attitude have greatly increased interracial knowledge and respect."

Bari, a seaport and important commercial town in Apulia, Italy, has a church dedicated to the memory of St. Nicholas (the American Santa Claus). The church was founded in 1087 to receive the relics of the saint, which were brought from Smyrna in Lycia, where he was a bishop, and which now lie beneath the altar in the crypt. It was at Bari that Peter the Hermit, in 1095, preached his first crusade.

The hollow-nosed "dumdum" bullets got their name from the place where they were manufactured. Dumdum is a town in British India, in the division of Bengal. It was the headquarters of the Bengal artillery in the early eighties. At The Hague conference the use of the bullets was forbidden by international agreement.

For many years the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad has systematically followed the crop conditions in the territory served by its lines. The records prove that a poor corn season occurs every seventh year. While there has not been an absolute failure every seven years, taking the five states of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska together, there has been a marked reduction in the yield. Bible readers know that the Mosaic law decreed a rest of the soil every seven years.

Siberia has its bootleggers and illicit stills. Of 1,120,000,000 pounds of corn harvested in the Government of Omsk last year, 180,000,000 pounds were used for illegal distilling. Within a month 900 stills were confiscated and more than a thousand persons were arrested for illicit traffic in liquor.

Rev. Mr. Maurice Rosencrantz, rabbi of the congregation Novah Zedek Talmud Torah, of Portland, Oregon, was fined $44.44 for selling intoxicating liquor to Walter Smith, a state prohibition officer. It was on recommendation of the district attorney's office and passive acquiescence of S. L. Cleaver, state prohibition chief, that a nominal fine without jail sentence was agreed upon. There was no formal trial, admission being made that there had been a tentative agreement out of the court as to procedure. Attorneys for Rabbi Rosencrantz said that he pleaded not guilty to the charge even though he admitted that he had sold the sacramental wine to a person not belonging to his congregation.

Old Spain is just now being swept by a wave of enthusiasm for all kinds of athletic sports. Football, especially, seems to have appealed to the young bloods of Spain and many of them are forsaking the lure of the bullfights for the gridiron sport. The tendency in young Spain is for participation in athletic sport rather than playing the passive rôle of spectator.

A new powder for use in small arms and artillery has been invented. It has all the driving power of the type now used and is smokeless, flashless and impervious to moisture.

An aching tooth in action is the latest subject for the movies in France. It is a film used in a crusade to improve the teeth of the people. During the war, seventy-five per cent of the men examined were dentally unfit. The film pictures a throbbing nerve in its most excruciating stages, and those who saw the picture attest to its vivid accuracy.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Melting Pot Dross Takes Fifth of Tax Dollar

Tens of Millions Spent Yearly to Care for "Socially Inadequate"

By AARON HARDY ULM

HERE are figures that are more than startling—they are amazing!

Out of every dollar raised from taxes by the states as a whole, from fifteen to twenty cents are spent on the "socially inadequate."

The total cost, to the states alone, of maintaining and caring for persons in state-owned custodial institutions—that is, the feeble-minded, the insane, the blind, the deaf, the dependent, the criminal, and so on—is approximately $100,000,000 a year.

No doubt as much more is spent for the same purposes by the cities, the counties and the Federal Government.

And half as much, probably, is spent on the socially inadequate by non-governmental agencies.

Thus the direct cost of varying forms of social unfitness or dependency in these United States is not less than a quarter of a billion dollars annually. The indirect cost, no doubt, is many times that amount.

But that takes account of money cost alone—the ramifying effect of such a volume of unfitness transcends all economic equations.

And it is shown by a scientific study recently made that from the foreign-born population as a whole there goes into custodial institutions for the socially unfit a greater proportion by forty per cent than from the total population of the country. It is nearly sixty per cent greater than goes to them from the native whites born of native parents, and is almost that much greater than the proportion of American Negroes thus institutionalized.

The survey and study were made by Dr. Harry H. Laughlin, of the Carnegie Institution, acting as the agent of the United States House of Representatives' Committee on Immigration and Naturalization. The findings are now embodied in an official document published by the committee.

Where Your Money Goes

THEY show that an undue proportion of funds thus expended by government go for the maintenance of foreign-born residents who are "institutionalized."

In fact, Dr. Laughlin estimates that more than seven per cent of aggregate funds expended by the states are for the care of foreign-born inmates of custodial institutions. It is estimated that one-half of those foreign-born inmates are aliens, or immigrants who have not become citizens.

The study, however, shows widely varying degrees of social inadequacy among different racial types of immigrants. In fact, the showings made by some are much better than for the native population. The ratings for several causes of social inadequacy show up better for most immigrant classes than for natives. This, however, may be due to the enforcement for many years of laws that have aimed at barring from the country certain patently unfit types of foreigners.

Dr. Laughlin procured detailed reports on inmates from 445 of the 657 state and Federal custodial institutions in the country—that is, penitentiaries, asylums for the insane, homes for paupers, and so on. Each report gave the nativity, parentage and color of inmates.

Each class, native and foreign, is rated as to "quota fulfillment." All inmates comprise a certain percentage of the total population of the country, the figures of the 1910 census being used, as they were the only ones that were available in detail. The same percentage of the total numbers of each class in the country was treated as its "normal" or expected quota of institutionalized persons. The "normal" is represented by 100. When there is excess or shortage, it is expressed in figures either above or below 100, which is the base for figuring the percentages.

Negro's Rating High

FOR example, in 1910 the foreign-born constituted 14.70 per cent of the total population of the country. The survey disclosed 210,835 inmates in the custodial institutions covered. The normal or expected quota of foreign-born among them, 14.70 per cent of all, would mean that 25,366 should be of the immigrant class; that is, if its average as to social inadequacy were the same as that of the native population.

"In place of this number," says Dr. Laughlin, "there were actually found 35,612 foreign-born inmates, or 20.63 per cent of the total, which gives a quota fulfillment of 140.39 per cent."

Dr. Laughlin made studies of all classes with respect to the prime types of social inadequacy leading to public institutions. These show some rather surprising facts, both as to the native and foreign-born.

Perhaps the most surprising of the larger findings is that having to do with the American Negro. His showing verges on the excellent for all except one form, criminality. But for the Negro's high rating there, the colored population would show a record, for institutionalized social inadequacy, less than one-half that of the average for the population as a whole.

The first form of social inadequacy analyzed in Dr. Laughlin's report is feeble-mindedness. There the Irish make best showing. In fact, their proportion of inmates in institutions for the feeble-minded is only 8.15—the "normal" being, as stated, 100. The Swiss immigrants come next, then those from all Asia as a whole, then the American Negro whose quota fulfillment is only 15.31.

The quota fulfillment of all foreign-born is only 31.56. The foreign-born from only two countries, Australia and Serbia, show quota fulfillments above the average in feeble-mindedness.

It is surprising, in view of the low rate of feeble-mindedness shown for the foreign-born as a whole, to find a very high rate of feeble-mindedness among the children of foreign-born parents. It is 165.39. And more surprising still is the rate for natives of mixed parentage, one parent foreign-born and the other born in this country. It is 190.27, or nearly double the average.

The low rate of feeble-mindedness among the foreign-born is accounted for, in part at least, by the fact that for about a half-century the laws have prohibited the admission of such afflicted foreigners. The affliction is easily spotted, especially among adults, the average age of immigrants being 28 years. Yet evidently considerable feeble-mindedness gets by the immigration inspectors.

North Europeans Best

BUT under the system of inspection now prevailing it is impossible to discover those who carry the inheritable factor of feeble-mindedness. That factor, according to the Mendelian law of heredity, is "recessive." That is, a majority of the children born of parents one of whom is normal and the other feeble-minded will be of normal mind. But many of the children born of these normal-minded progeny of a single feeble-minded parent will inherit feeble-mindedness. Thus it would appear that immigrants apparently normal really introduce an undue proportion of feeble-mindedness into the population of the country. Mate selection no doubt enters into the problem having to do with the bad rating of natives of mixed parentage.

The immigration laws have for long excluded the insane as well as the feeble-minded. While actual insanity may be spotted at Ellis Island, potential insanity cannot be, unless more scientifically thorough examinations are made than in the past or at present. According to Dr. Laughlin's study, the foreign-born inmates in public institutions for the insane amount to nearly twice the average proportion for all classes of the population. The foreign-born's rating there is 192.85. It is much less for natives of foreign-born as well as mixed parentages—108.49 for the first and 104.90 for the second. For native whites of full native parentage it is only 73.27. For Negroes it is only 57.23. Immigrants from Northwestern Europe exceed the average for all foreign-born in the matter of insanity. But the worst showings are made by those from Russia, Finland and Poland, Bulgaria, Ireland and Serbia. Immigrants from the three countries first named are treated throughout the report as a single group, for they were so recorded, in the main, by the census of 1910. There are comparatively few immigrants from Finland and the preponderance of those from Russia and Poland are Jews.

In the matter of crime the countries of Northwestern Europe make the best showing. For nearly all the rate is less than one-half of the average. Immigrants from Switzerland make the best showing for any group—they make an unusually good one in virtually all items. The Irish make second best as to crime. Serbs (from old Serbia) make the worst showing, as for virtually every item. Their record for criminality, as indicated by the proportion of their numbers in the prisons and penitentiaries covered by the report, is 1,400—that is, fourteen times the average for all the population.

Japanese have good ratings for virtually all types of social inadequacy except crime. Their rating for that type is 153.13. The American Negro's is 207.89.

For dependency—that is inability to get along, though having no specific defect—the Irish rate worst, 633.63, and the American Negroes rate best, only 24.02. All foreign-born rate more than fifty per cent worse than the average. Native whites born of foreign-born parents rate a little better than do native whites of native parentage.

Northwestern Europe seems to supply, from the immigrants coming to us from that area, a greater proportion of institutionalized dependency, than are supplied by the immigrants from other areas, France and European Turkey alone excepted.

Quality Inferior Now

THE foreign-born have a fairly good rating, sixteen points below the average, for institutionalized epilepsy. But there, as in the case of feeble-mindedness, apparently hidden factors count heavily in the case of descendants of immigrants. The worst ratings, in each case almost double the average, are for the children of foreign-born and the children of mixed parentage.

The combined ratings for all types of social inadequacy vary considerably. Swiss immigrants rank best, their rate being only slightly more than one-half of the average. The Japanese come next and native whites born of native parents come third. American Negroes rank fourth best, being only slightly below native whites of native parentage. Immigrants from Northwestern Europe have a combined rating of 130.42; those from Southeastern Europe have one of 143.24. The rate for Russia, Poland and Finland is 183.51.

The study indicates quite clearly, according to Dr. Laughlin, that the quality of latter-day immigration, as a whole, has been inferior to that of former periods in the country's history.

"In considering each of the several types of social inadequacy," he says, "in reference to relative frequency among the several nativity and racial groups in the United States, we have found great differences among the races in the proneness of their members to break down into certain definite anti-social or custodial types. If we fuse all of these types of inadequates into one great group, we find that the stock which has been in the United States two or more generations is, on the average, the soundest and most clearly adapted to the social conditions of America."

The following table prepared by him gives the relative ratings as to varying types of social inadequacy, and all combined, as between older immigrant stock and that of recent admission, living immigrants—that is the foreign-born now here—being excluded:

	Older immigrant stock: Native born, both parents native born.	More recent immigrant stock: Native born, one or both parents foreign born.		Older immigrant stock: Native born, both parents native born.	More recent immigrant stock: Native born, one or both parents foreign born.
1. Feeble minded	107.70	173.75	6. Blind	155.64	64.90
2. Insane	73.27	107.03	7. Deaf	134.20	80.21
3. Criminalistic	81.84	98.88	8. Deformed	66.21	294.96
4. Epileptic	93.05	186.02	9. Dependent	104.09	101.91
5. Tuberculous	89.40	122.98	10. All types	84.33	111.69

On the basis of the data gathered from the institutions covered, Dr. Laughlin estimates that there are in the country approximately 1,000,000 social inadequates requiring custodial care of one sort or another. These include all those in institutions of all kinds and the "turnover," those who have been or are destined to become inmates.

Half-million Need Care

IF THE figures for the institutions covered run true for all social inadequates, more than 200,000 of the one million requiring or subject to custodial care are of foreign birth. And actually more than one-half of these are citizens of other countries.

What the preponderant kind of immigration that has come into the country during the last generation has meant in this respect is shown by his calculation as to the proportion of these socially unfit that are made up of immigrants, the children of immigrants and of mixed foreign and native parentage. His estimate is 44.09—they are the exact figures for the institutions covered. This would mean that approximately 450,000 persons belonging to latter-day immigrant strains are so handicapped as to be subject to custodial care at public expense.

But, as indicated above, the ratio of social inadequacy for all latter-day immigrant strains does not apply to several immigrant groups.

The data covering some groups are so meager as to make broad generalizations unsafe. Dr. Laughlin's figures were subjected to the scientific test for probable error in the findings insofar as they may reflect the quality of all persons belonging to the racial and nativity groups considered. These probable errors are stated, numerically, on Dr. Laughlin's charts. In only a few cases is the margin of probable error large and in none would it greatly modify the deductions drawn.

In many cases where there may be accurate deductions as to the racial groups in the country, the findings can be at fault as to the races or peoples affected—that is, including those who do not come to America. For it is quite evident that during the last quarter of a century there has been a great deal of dumping of undesirables into America by some European countries. The Federal Government has had to enter official protests in a few cases where the practice was notorious.

Estimate Made on Survey

OTHER factors also may modify some of the deductions which might be drawn from the calculations. In the case of the American Negroes, for example, some forms of social inadequacy are less likely to become custodial than in the case of the whites. Feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, even dependency, is taken care of in great part outside of public institutions by the plantation system in the cotton districts of the South. The Negro's high rating in crime may be attributable, in some measure, to the converse of the situation having to do with other forms of inadequacy. For in some localities Negroes are held to a stricter accounting for some forms of law violating than are the whites.

The estimate of the public cost of taking care of social inadequates is based upon a detailed survey of this phase made by Dr. Laughlin for the United States Census Bureau in 1916.

The final values of his more recent study, insofar as the subject of immigration is concerned, are summed up by Dr. Laughlin as follows:

"After making due allowance for the major factors which should be considered in the interpretation of these statistics, the logical conclusion is that the differences in institutional ratios, by races and nativity groups, found by these studies represent real differences in social values, which represent, in turn, real differences in the inborn values of the family stocks from which the particular inmates have sprung. These degeneracies and hereditary handicaps are inherent in the blood.

"In order to reduce the high incidence of degeneracy in future immigration to the United States, it will be necessary for the exclusion statutes to take into consideration the stock from which the immigrant springs."

How America Is Helping to Save China

Country Is Still a Babe Among Nations Despite the Civilization of Its Three Thousand Years

By DR. NG POON CHEW

EDITOR OF *CHUNG SAI YAT PO*

The Chinese Horace Greeley

DR. NG POON CHEW,

Editor of *Chung Sai Yat Po*, of San Francisco, the largest Chinese-language newspaper published outside of China.

Forty-five years ago there stepped from the deck of an American sailing vessel to the pier at San Francisco a Chinese boy, 14 years old. He intended to return to China, but so fine were his first impressions of America that he cut off his queue, exchanged his silken trousers for denim pants—and today is the foremost Chinese in America. He is the editor of "Chung Sai Yat Po," the largest Chinese language newspaper published outside of China; is the spokesman for his countrymen in the United States; has half a dozen university degrees; has a son who was an officer in an American artillery regiment throughout the World War; has two daughters teaching English in Chinese schools in America, and one daughter teaching English in an American school to American boys and girls. Their mother is Chinese.

He is Dr. Ng Poon Chew, of San Francisco, and he is non-commissioned liaison officer between young China and the United States. He writes the accompanying article.

THOSE who have not lived in China for a long period cannot understand the Chinese; nor can they predict with any pretense of accuracy either the future actions of the Chinese people, or the probable happenings of even the immediate future in that country. I have lived for forty-five years in the United States, yet I would not endeavor to forecast the progress of the coming year in this country, so varied are its interests, and so tremendous the impetus with which it moves among the nations of the world.

China, however, is like a human being, which, having gone to sleep an old man, filled with years and with the civilization of three thousand years ago, has been reborn in its slumbers, and now awakes a babe among the nations, a child among the governments of this earth. In China, for example, a man may inflict corporal punishment on his son, at any age, whether that son be ten, thirty, fifty or any number of years old, and the son must endure the flogging as best he may. If a father undertook this sort of treatment of his son in this country, he would finish either in the hospital or the police court. This minor condition illustrates very well the position of China. With all her institutions based on a civilization more than 4,000 years old, and with 450,000,000 inhabitants just beginning to arouse themselves to comparison with other peoples, other governments, other educations, other civilizations, China, in my opinion, within ten years, will be one of the most ambitious marchers in the long procession of the nations.

This change will come about—is beginning, indeed, to come to pass already—because of two factors: First, the older Chinese are dying off; and, second, the younger Chinese are taking control of government, education, commerce and relations with other nations. And the majority, the vast majority, of these younger Chinese are being educated in the United States. More than 13,000 of them are here now, and they are returning to China to take up the burden of guiding her destiny at the rate of more than 1,000 a year. The most valuable thing they are taking back with them is technical and mechanical training, and a knowledge of English, the tongue which is rapidly becoming the language of the world, the language of business, the language of learning, the only language in which it is going to be worth while to be educated.

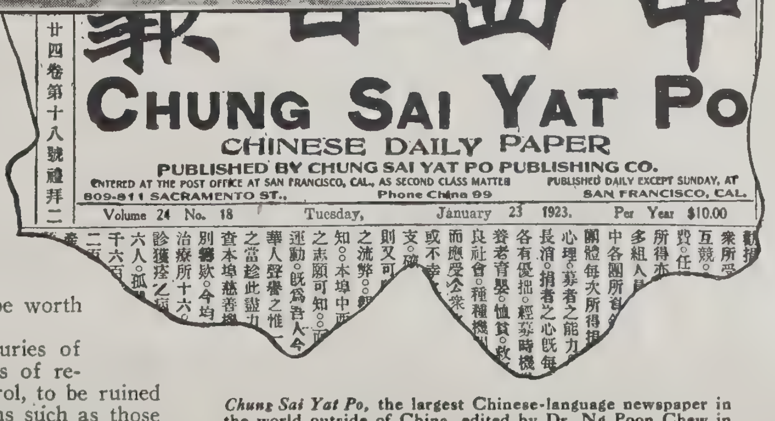
Above—EDWARD CHEW, only son of Dr. Ng Poon Chew, in his uniform as an American artillery officer during the World War. Below—Part of the composing room of the newspaper *Chung Sai Yat Po*. In back are shown two of the many type cases needed to contain the more than 1,500 characters used in printing this newspaper.

China is founded on too many centuries of civilization, on too many thousand years of repression, on too many ages of self-control, to be ruined by one or a score of sectional revolutions such as those which have been raised in that country recently. Less than half a million Chinese, less than one-ninth of the population of China, have come into contact with these revolutions, or have been in any way affected by them—yet we who live in America consider that these revolutionary movements actually have swept all of China. On the contrary, they have been merely sectional uprisings, affecting the lives and the work of about as many persons, out of China's millions, as inhabit one good-sized American city. It would seem that the revolutionary period has nearly passed, since there are no socialists, no anarchists, and few native bolshevists in China, and, therefore, no fuel to feed the flame of revolt.

Every young man who returns to China from the United States equipped with a trade, a technical education, a mechanical training, is worth more to China than all the money that could be loaned her, or all the diplomatic or political advice that could be given her. Every young woman who returns to China prepared to teach English, housekeeping, home economics, office efficiency, dressmaking, millinery, or any similar practical branch of women's work and development, is more valuable to China than a new president or a new commander of the army—for it is the mass of the Chinese people which is now awake; it is the bulk of the population which is now on the highway to better things, and every one of these young men and women who return with an American education to China are invaluable guides on the road to peace, prosperity and modern civilization.

That is the greatest aid America can give to China; that is the thing that the United States is doing which will save China from what appears to be the certain fate of defenseless, uncertain, unguided, uneducated nations in these strenuous days of the twentieth century. It sounds like a tremendous task, this education of the new generation of Chinese, but it is not so formidable as it sounds, since the new generation is coming to the United States to get that education, not waiting across 7,000 miles of sea to have that education brought to them. The most substantial and the most hopeful factor in all China today is the great leaven of American-educated boys and girls who have returned home to work for their own country. America, through these boys and girls, will raise a new race of Chinese on the foundation of centuries of a civilization which, before the birth of Christ, was the center of the attention of the then known world.

It is better that these boys and girls be taught English in China, before they come to this country, and taught it when they are quite small, so that when they are of college or university age, and ready to come to the technical training of the American higher educational institutions, they are familiar with the language in which they are to work, and without which, in my opinion, it is difficult for any man or woman to develop to his or her highest possibilities. This fact is realized in China, and thousands of boys and girls are being taught English in the schools there. The majority of these, as they grow to young manhood and womanhood, will be sent to the United States for their final education, but some will remain in China, studying there from those older Chinese who have spent five or ten years in the United States and have carried back to China the great progressive commercial, educational and technical life and ideas of the United States. A few years ago, the only idea which the average American had of the Chinese was that obtained from the sight of the coolie or the laborer; the thought never came that there were and are millions of Chinese gentlemen and gentlewomen. But Americans, coming into contact yearly with more and more of the younger generation of Chinese, are beginning to realize that here is a nation with a large class of educated young men and women of whom they never had heard. Thus the Chinese boys and girls coming to America, already appreciative of the United States, are implanting in the minds of the younger men and women of this country a broader conception of China, its people and its possibilities.



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CHINESE DAILY PAPER

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Chung Sai Yat Po, the largest Chinese-language newspaper in the world outside of China, edited by Dr. Ng Poon Chew in San Francisco.

Five or ten years of life in the United States, of constant contact with Americans, make of the Chinese another man, still retaining his love of country, his ambitions for China, his hopes of helping his native land to rise to a position of education and power in the world, and equipped with actual experience among the western nations to aid him in his battle for the progress and safety and peace of the country of his birth. It is a stupendous influence, a tremendous power, a mighty force for good that the United States wields in China, and she is using it well when she supplies the younger generation with a knowledge of English and practical training in the arts, the sciences and the mechanical trades. With these flow into the mind of the Chinese youth the ambition, the energy, the driving force of the American youths with whom he is surrounded. He learns a new theory of commerce, of education, of politics, and the next generation of Chinese will show the result. The country already shows a wonderful development with the passing away of the older Chinese. The new generation is cutting itself loose from tradition, and exhibiting greater faith in itself and in the destiny of China.

From an educational standpoint, the China of today is as different from the China of ten years ago as day is from night. China may fail temporarily in politics, in diplomacy, in commerce, but in education she is advancing rapidly. Superstition is receding, tradition giving place to fact, precept to experiment, and her people, even to the humblest laborer in the most remote province, is thinking along new lines to newer development. I can remember when the first railroad was built in China, in 1875, that there were riots, and all manner of opposition to the line, because it was generally believed that the new fire-spitting demon running on the rails would call forth other devils from the mountains and hills and forests and rivers. Today, there is constant application, from every part of China, for more railroads and for new highways, so that motor trucks may be used to supplement the services of the rail lines. This effort to better the transportation facilities has led to closer relations between the different sections of China, with the result that a general love of country, a national patriotism, a realization that the development of the entire country is for the betterment of all, has taken the place of the sectionalism which for so many centuries held back the four hundred and fifty millions of people in my native land.

China is large enough in area—4,500,000 square miles—to contain all of the United States, all of Mexico and part of Canada. It has more than one-fourth of the people of the world living within its borders, and it has an unbroken history of 4,500 years. Family trees are cumbersome in China, for there are some families which can trace their ancestry back for eighty

(*Concluded on page 12*)

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Escaping the Crowd

THE London *Daily Express* recently offered a prize of thirty pounds for the quietest resort in England. The offer is significant of the change in America as well as in England of the character of persons and amusements which dominate summer and winter resorts.

Vacations were formerly looked forward to as periods when deserved rest might be obtained after a season of attention to business. In recent years, the quiet seashore and mountain resorts which grew up in response to the demand for a restful atmosphere have almost disappeared. Hotels are crowded with noisy guests. Those who desire to make themselves conspicuous dominate the lobbies. Amusements, notable chiefly for their excitement, have succeeded the quiet restfulness which formerly ruled.

The condition is a dangerous one. Persons, whose natural penchant is for rest and recuperation after hard work, are compelled to accept noise and excitement during their vacation periods. The result is certain to be reflected in their work after the vacation is over. Many employers have come to recognize that their returned vacationists are worthless for productive labor until the effects have worn off. The result is mutually bad.

The only cure for the situation lies with the individual. He must plan carefully, almost secretively, to escape the places where the crowd goes. Otherwise, he must take the consequences.

Putting Bandits to Work

WHEN Chinese bandits attacked a train on the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad some weeks ago, alarm was expressed over the danger of intervention in China by the powers. Government in China is always more or less of a mystery to the western world, and the institution of banditry is something it is difficult to view as an honorable profession.

The long negotiations which resulted in the freeing of the American captives, at the price of an indemnity, and the acceptance of some of the bandits as soldiers, did not allay anxiety, although it removed the temporary cause for the intervention talk. It would be unfortunate if the powers, some of whom are admittedly inspired by selfish industrial aspirations, were permitted to meddle with Chinese affairs. One encouraging sign which comes as an incidental result of the bandit raid indicates the possibility that China may be able to work out her political and industrial destiny alone. Responsible agencies are seeking to destroy the bandit evil. They are planning to try good roads as the antidote for outlawry.

There is one section of China about 200 miles square, containing parts of Shantung, Kiangsu, Anhwei and Hunan provinces, which has been a bandit paradise for centuries. Banditry has been a recognized profession. There is some farming and fruit-raising in the district, but practically all the inhabitants rely on banditry for their main source of income. Reports are that many girl children are sold into slavery at an early age while boys become bandits as soon as they can carry rifles.

This bandit-land is inaccessible except by the primitive methods of sedan chairs, carrier coolies and donkeys. The Tientsin-Pukow railway which crosses a portion of the district affords practically the only touch of modern travel methods. Now, it is proposed to fight banditry with road machinery. A system of modern roads has been suggested, radiating from a central town and reaching to the seacoast. The engineering problems are not considered difficult, and abundant road material within the district assures a low cost of construction.

The advocates of the road-building point out that the work would utilize all the surplus labor of the district and would gradually turn the minds of the people to peaceful constructive labor. The establishment of good roads would also provide greater possibilities of putting the country under adequate police control.

One American company has already done much to reduce outlawry in Shantung by employing 15,000 men in repairing the channel of the Yellow River. Hundreds of these laborers, recruited from the ranks of bandits, have demonstrated that their careers have not made them unfit for peaceful labor.

The Chinese officials tried force against banditry without success. The military official at Tsaochwang beheaded 1,000 bandits without appreciable reduction of the outlawry in the district.

Now, however, with the prospect of furnishing work to the unemployed of the land, the Chinese authorities see an opportunity to destroy the outlaw profession. The idea opens up endless possibilities for development of China's vast resources Good roads in Shantung mean that ultimately good roads will strike into the heart of Asia. Once the potential riches of China are opened to the world, the day of banditry will be over. Profits of outlawry will be insignificant beside the legitimate return from development of the land.

Anthracite Profiteering

A FEW weeks only remain before the expiration of the anthracite wage agreement. Mine operators and miners are negotiating. And speculators are preparing for a clean-up at public expense, if the periodical strike panic should be afflicted on the country again.

It is admitted that the production of hard coal has been sufficient for the country's needs. But many sections of the country have found it impossible to procure the fuel. The recognized channels of purchase are unable to fill the demand. Meanwhile New York coal brokers are prepared to furnish anthracite—at a price.

The United States Coal Commission decided, what everybody knew, that coal is a commodity, intimately affected by the public interest. It found that miners were not too highly paid, that profits of producers, jobbers and retailers were ordinarily not excessive, and that other charges, such as transportation and mining costs, were in keeping with the normal price movements.

In times of shortage, however, it was discovered that jobbers often bought and sold the same coal several times, *pyramiding the profits.*

The Coal Commission's findings make the coal business, the public business, not for the government to own or operate but for the government to watch, and supervise. There is plenty of hard coal. The government should see that no speculators are permitted to manipulate a strike panic, that buyers will be forced to take anthracite at any price. The government should see, also, that supplies of coal are not unduly hoarded by individuals who seek to profit by apparent shortage of a commodity in which there is no shortage. The coal problem is a vast problem. But for the moment at least, the immediate problem is the coal speculator. The government should prevent him from wringing his pyramided profits from the public.

Alaska's Fish

PRESIDENT HARDING, on his arrival in Alaska, was presented at once with a practical problem. Practical problems are the important things in the government of a great nation.

Indian natives presented formally the oft-repeated protest against the taking of all the salmon by the canneries. On the coast, salmon furnishes the entire livelihood for many of the Indians. A shortage in the supply of the fish means hunger, perhaps starvation. The great fishery industry has been taking salmon in such quantities that the fish was threatened with practical extinction.

Mr. Harding told the Indians that the salmon industry was important to the world as well as to them. But he admitted that the Indian should be given some return for the reduction of the food supply on which he had relied for centuries.

The remedy would seem to be clear. The government should limit the take of salmon. Sufficient food supply should be guaranteed permanently for those natives and others who choose to make the fish their food. It will not be necessary to destroy commercial salmon-fishing. Science is equal to the task of regulation of methods and times of catching the fish, which will permit a continuing supply, while it permits a satisfactory quantity to be canned each year.

The Rising Tide of Debt

THE rising tide of public debt shows no sign of abatement. President Harding, in one of his western speeches, asserted that the National Government is making appreciable progress in reducing its obligations, but took occasion to sound a note of warning over the extent to which states and municipalities are plunging future generations of taxpayers into debt.

The *Daily Bond Buyer* of New York publishes a compilation of the bond issues which have been floated by states and cities during the past decade. The analysis shows 1922 as the peak year, but 1923 is only a little behind in the total of the obligations which it had loaded upon future energy and industry.

During June, 1923, bond issues totaling $160,070,166 were floated by states and municipalities. During the six months ending June 30, securities of this type amounted to $600,198,478. In 1922, June's bond total was $169,994,241, while the first six months of that year established the alarming record of $734,403,276 in municipal and state bond issues.

During the past ten years, the lowest total of state and municipal issues was in 1918, when the first six months' sales amounted to $134,133,084. That was the year in which the Federal Government was floating the greatest portion of the great loans, which it deemed necessary for war purposes. The influence of the national government during that year was set against great municipal and state outlays of funds. Once the Federal hand was removed, however, states and municipalities ran wild in their efforts to spend vast sums in public projects. Contracts were let at the times of peak costs. The fall of basic prices at the time of the financial deflation does not seem to have influenced public officials, who contracted the habit of excessive public spending. The result is the mounting debt.

The bond problem is a national problem. A profligate city or state is not alone injured through the growth of interest and sinking fund charges. The rising taxes in the most extravagant municipality must be paid in increased prices, whose effect will be felt in ever-widening circles, until the whole country pays the bill.

High-priced Words

BEFORE that portion of the American public which reads certain newspapers there appeared the other morning the name of a new author. The name was that of Luis Angel Firpo. Firpo is a prize fighter. He is an Argentinian of Spanish-Italian descent. His English vocabulary admittedly is limited to a few simple monosyllables. Yet, he was presented to the reading public as having been the writer of a wordy analysis of a prize fight in which he engaged.

Every day during the baseball season, subscribers to a certain newspaper syndicate solemnly publish articles, dealing with analyses of past games and prophecies of future fortunes of the diamond. The reputed author of these articles is Babe Ruth, the most outstanding figure of the national game during the past few years. During the World Series each year, the names of other players, umpires, sometimes strolling actors, are used as authors of accounts of the games.

Jack Dempsey, the heavy-weight prize-fight champion, is cast in the role of author to help press-agent his own fights. Other individuals of lesser note are hired by newspaper syndicates for expert analyses of events in professional sport of all kinds. A professional golfer's name appears above the accounts of the great national tournaments. In a sordid criminal trial which has attained much notoriety, the defendant is sometimes hired by sensational newspapers to allow his or her name to appear as the author of highly colored and emotional accounts of the proceedings.

It is doubtful if any newspaper executive still entertains the belief that he is fooling his readers when he places the name of some inarticulate individual at the head of the story as its author. Ill-written as are some of the articles, few readers would credit Firpo, Ruth or Dempsey with the involved phrases. The persistence of newspapers in exploiting fake authorship can be charged to nothing except habit. It is bad habit, too. Newspaper executives are highly sensitive to criticism, more so than the public men whom they criticize. It would take only a few objections by the reading public to put an end to the stupid camouflage of authorship.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE origin of the newspaper was probably an efficiency system unconsciously applied to news distribution. Formerly, except among organized government and the people of one race, news was transmitted by individual interest rather than by any kind of public system. Men have always written for publication but it is interesting to note that, until comparatively recent time, men have not cared to write news except that the news may have had scandalous or military interests. In former days when position and power carried no equal responsibility with what they pretended to be, the occupants of those positions furnished through their irresponsible behavior the only diverting gossip then given to the people.

> *HONESTY and accuracy in reporting are qualities which seem largely to have passed from the editorial rooms of the big-city dailies. Sensationalism in writing and in the handling of news, and the very type of news that is featured have succeeded in breaking down old-time traditions and practices. Then, too, counting-house control of the editorial policy, which has come about through compelling the advertisers to bear the entire burden of publishing, also has been a great factor in ending the newspaper's usefulness in serving the public. It is possible that before the press is entirely discredited everywhere that a beating-back will be attempted. It is not too late, now, but soon will be. The press of today has practically ceased to be a power changing or connecting the current of events.*

It would be almost permissible to say that the earliest popular news was gossip about personalities. Presently, however, positions of power were not obtained by the accident of birth but by the merit of knowledge, and then the interests of popular writing changed from gossip to news. It is possible to judge for oneself how far this improvement has gone by estimating how far in one's own morning or evening newspaper the subject of gossip compares with the subject of news. The examination may be made a trifle more severe by comparing the interest by writers shown in the subject of gossip as against real news.

News, unless it be really world-shaking is not in the race with ordinary gossip in average newspaper practice. Of course, there are exceptions to this estimate. Ten or fifteen years ago one would have said that the larger newspapers were the exception. Today, the facts would compel almost any one to say that taking the subject of newspaper carefulness as a whole, especially in relation to this distinction between gossip and news, the smaller newspapers show the better sense of accurate editorial information. In looking for an explanation of that difference one comes upon the statement of a professor of journalism that the majority, if the really trained investigators are estimators of fact, that is, the graduates of schools of journalism connected with our universities are going to the smaller newspapers where they may easily obtain a managerial interest and control some of the more unworthy modern tendencies. No man wishes to write unless it is possible for him to have some honest word about that which he writes. Perhaps the limitation which honest, earnest newspapermen feel most is the haste for the "story" which can be immediately printed instead of the story which may be obtained after study and research. The former may be diverting; it is seldom informing.

The case has come to be this: the fullest details have been given upon matters which are of least public importance, and to those matters upon which intelligent men usually look for information the least attention is given. That is, if of two articles one is to be cut, an article dealing with an actual and intelligently stated economic situation overseas and an article dealing with a sensational runaway, the first named will suffer. As a result hundreds of persons in the United States (and the custom is not mentioned with any idea of commendation) have come to depend more on privately circulated news letters than on publicly printed newspapers. This fact does not, of course, impress newspapers because of the shock absorber which business men's success happens to be. It is a great thing and a saving conviction and a future policy to prevent financial success from being a barrier to a revision of principle.

As a matter of observation the greatest reason offered by successful newspapermen against a drastic change of policy is an undeniable financial success of the present system. But the question to ask is this: Would not people be glad to buy quality, would not advertisers be glad to buy quality, would not all the returns be better if the medium were better? It is said that Dr. Lyman Abbott said one day, when informed of a big increase in the circulation: "Our circulation may be increasing but is our influence necessary?" Many a great and financially successful newspaper today may well ask if its influence is not sadly decreasing. The problem of the newspaper is making production and distribution pay for itself. Every service ought to pay for itself. Perhaps in news publishing one service has been made the burden bearer for the rest. It is not against the idea and practice of newspaper advertising that it has come to bear the principal burden of the publishing business. It may, however, be a criticism on the farsightedness of the publishing business that it did not originally see that in supplying its readers with the trade news, otherwise called advertisements, it has been rendering a service to its readers and subscribers.

Banks, to set an example, have been paying people to save money instead of charging people for keeping safe custody of their savings. Likewise advertisements have been the one service which newspapers have consciously or unconsciously pretended to give for nothing.

The newspaper was a great force in the formation of opinion. It may become so again. If it returns to its former power in this respect, it will have to go into advance of the public mind and furnish that mind with all the facts necessary to an approximately correct conclusion. If, however, the press continues as now in simply recording the use of public opinions that it never considered possible, it may serve as a thermometer but not as a power changing or connecting the current of events.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Millions Spent on Indians Declared Wasted

Member of Congress Shows Folly of One Agent for Ten Families

By M. CLYDE KELLY, M. C.,

THIRTIETH DISTRICT, PENNSYLVANIA

THIRTEEN MILLION DOLLARS will be spent next year by the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the Department of Interior—a greater sum than is spent by the entire Department of State with its world-wide activities, and twice as much as the entire Department of Labor costs the American people. Such a sum would more than maintain the entire Custom Service or the complete Coast Guard organization.

What is the good of it?

It is spent to enable 5,000 government employes to supervise and superintend 50,000 Indian families. IT ASSIGNS A GOVERNMENT AGENT TO EVERY TEN FAMILIES FOR 1923 AS HAS BEEN THE CASE FOR MANY YEARS. The public pays the bill.

If there was deadly danger that the Crows and the Blackfeet, who refused to shed the blood of the white men even while they were being robbed of their hunting grounds, might descend upon Chicago and ravage the Windy City with knife and fire, the money would be well spent. If the Sioux and the Apaches were threatening to go on the warpath against Omaha and St. Louis, the expenditure of $10,000,000 would be amply justified.

But the difficulty is that no advocate of the costly system of Indian Bureau control will say that this great sum is necessary to protect the American people against the Indians.

No, they say that America must sacrifice these millions in tax money *for the benefit of the Indians!* These 50,000 families must be protected and guarded!! One agent must be allotted to every ten families, not to help the American taxpayers but to help the Indians!!!

That, then, is the crux of the matter. The whole case of the Indian Bureau is based on the declaration that it benefits the Indians to the extent of the millions raised by the severe taxation of the American people.

If it be shown that no such benefit comes to the Indians through the bureau, the case falls. And if it be shown that the expenditure of the millions taken out of the pockets of the American public in fact *works an incalculable injury to the Indians themselves,* then the appropriation of further funds is infamous.

Bureau Injures Indian

I DENY that this $13,000,000 appropriation benefits the Indians. I propose to prove that to the satisfaction of any person save those who may profit from the present bureau system. I believe that the Indian would be better off today if the Indian Bureau had been abolished twenty-five years ago.

Here are 300,000 human beings of a race which for ninety years has been under complete control of the Indian Bureau. During that time they have been forcibly driven off their homelands of the Eastern States and herded into reservations west of the Mississippi. These reservations *whose bounds were laid out in sacred treaties* have been cut in two, oftentimes without a word to the Indians concerned. *Not a treaty made by the United States Government with the Indians has been kept* and these acts of faithlessness have either been initiated or approved by the Indian Bureau—this alleged protector of a helpless people!

The Indian reservations, diminished even as they have been, have become very valuable. The building up of the West has added to the value of every acre. On some reservations great oil deposits have been discovered and minerals of various kinds have been found. There are valuable forests on others.

Not because of the Indian Bureau but because of the national growth of America, *and in spite of the Indian Bureau,* the lands still left to the Indians became valuable.

In all, the 50,000 and more families under the control of the Indian Bureau have lands and other property worth a billion dollars today.

That means that every Indian family possesses wealth to the extent of $15,000 and more. It means an average income of $900 for every Indian family, which is more than the average income for all the families of the United States.

These Indians, possessors of this great wealth, *are starving for lack of the necessaries of life.* Economically independent, the Indian is still kept dangling to a pauperizing, degrading bureau system. Does it benefit the Indian to have bureau agents *dissipate his property* while they spend *millions of the public tax funds as well?*

It is loudly declared that the great tax appropriations must continue because it would be cruel and brutal to reverse our policy of ninety years. Self-styled "friends of the Indians" cry out that the Indians do not want freedom and its responsibilities. "Oh, no," they exclaim, "The Indians are begging to be allowed to remain under the sheltering wings of the Indian Bureau."

It has cost millions of American dollars to build up that falsehood and foist it upon the American people. The officials of the Indian Bureau know that statement is not true. They know the tricks and schemes and fox-like watchfulness necessary to give it even a semblance of reality. They fight to death any plan to settle the question by fair vote. They oppose any investigation which would show that the wings of the bureau give shelter to the Indians just as the hawk's wings shelter the partridge.

The desires of the American Indians, wherever a free opportunity is given, have always been shown to favor freedom and to oppose bureaucratic control. This fact is so well known to the Indian Bureau that it has for years arrogated to itself the right to supervise and control the election of council members and tribal delegates.

The superintendent of the reservation must put his seal of approval on the Indians who vote. He must approve the delegates elected. He assumes the right to fill all vacancies. As a final quencher of free representation, the Washington office exercises the right of recognizing only such delegates as it desires. And all this on an Indian tribal council!

The Flathead Indians had a council in 1921 which represented them. They selected Max J. Barnaby and Mary Lemery to come to Washington to correct certain abuses in administration.

The bureau could not deny the election, but nullified it by officially declaring that the business committee of the Flatheads was the real tribal council. Since the superintendent had named members of the business committee, he felt justified in making it the official body representing the Indians.

The Hon. M. CLYDE KELLY

The two regularly elected delegates came to Washington with their credentials. They were not recognized by the bureau and when Senator Thomas J. Walsh took up the question of the payment of expenses from Indian funds he received this answer:

"The council from which Miss Lemery and Mr. Barnaby claimed authority to come to Washington was not an official tribal council of the Flathead Tribe and both are familiar with the order against coming to Washington at the expense of the tribe without procuring authority in advance."

It was not an "official council," because it was not completely under the control of the bureau officials. "Authority in advance" is only given those who represent the bureau rather than the Indians.

Majority Seek Freedom

IF THE Indian Bureau believed that the Indians are so devoted to their kindly control, would they stoop to such methods? The bureau knows that a fair and free expression of the will of the Indians would show such an overwhelming majority in favor of freedom that it would end forever the expensive legend that these original Americans are hugging their fetters.

These are not all the powers and the plots used to silence the Indians. Officials on the reservation and in Washington promise special favors for the silence of leaders who have voiced complaints. It is very easy to throw money and position in the way of the man who is a potential trouble-maker for the bureau. Many have been tempted and some have fallen, but it is well to record, for the sake of human nature, that the great majority have spurned the bureau bribe and have refused to sell out their fellows for individual gain.

Let any white man go to one of these reservations and tell the Indians that all men are created equal and have inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Let him tell the Indians that they should be freed from bureaucratic control and compelled to obey laws of state and nation as Americans.

That is high treason. There is an Indian Bureau official to stamp out these infamous doctrines. Back of that autocrat is a jail and police and back of all stands the entire Government of the United States. Out goes this dangerous disturber of the peace—of the bureau.

If that be the fate of a white American citizen, what must be the abject helplessness of the uneducated, isolated Indian and what must be his heroism when he dares fight on against such overwhelming odds?

To live at the whim of bureau officials is the last and worst misery that human beings can feel. It is calculated to convert men into creatures without ambition because without hope. I have heard an old Indian say, "Our grandfathers died in slavery; our fathers died in slavery, we may die in slavery and our children may die in slavery, but something will come of it at last."

Something will come of it now, if Congress has Americanism enough in its make-up to deal with this un-American institution. It is high time to reverse the maxim of bureaucracy, "the Indian is made for the bureau and not the bureau for the Indian."

These appropriations benefit the Indians? You will never say so when you study the history of any of these tribes and know the audacious injustices perpetrated upon them down the years.

Let us take the Blackfeet Indians for example. In 1855, the United States negotiated a treaty with the Blackfeet, formally recognizing their ownership of a great tract of plains and mountains, bounded on the north by the Canadian line, on the west by the summit of the Rockies and on the south by the Musselshell River and the Missouri to the mouth of the Milk River and on the east from the mouth of the Milk River north to the Canadian line. That territory was to be the home and hunting grounds of these Indians.

But in 1867 an executive order fixed the southern boundary on the Missouri River.

Land Gone, Tribe Going

OTHER executive orders took away half the land by fixing the Marias River as the southern border.

The Indians were never consulted about this diminishing of their reservations. In fact the first they even knew about it was when United States soldiers rounded them up in their buffalo grounds and drove them north.

The Indian Bureau was to furnish them food supplies, but in the winter of 1883, five hundred Blackfeet died of starvation because there was no provision made for them.

Then in 1887, the United States besought the Indians to sell a great tract in the eastern part of the reservation. For the sum of $1,500,000 they parted with their heritage.

Once more in 1896, representatives of the government came to them and persuaded them to sell the western part of their reservation, the region which is now Glacier National Park, for another $1,500,000.

The money received was placed in the United States Treasury. All of it and a great sum besides has been spent by the Indian Bureau for the alleged civilization and support of these deluded Americans.

The tribe has been decimated by disease and starvation and for more than a generation they have suffered misery which could come to serfs, despised and neglected by their masters.

In 1915 United States Senator Harry Lane, of Oregon, made a personal inspection of the reservation and reported to the Joint Commission to investigate Indian Affairs. Here is what he said:

"The condition of the full-blooded Indians in this district, many of whose homes I visited, was pitiable . . . .

"There is no game in this country, or at least not enough to afford them subsistence. I was informed that to keep from starving they had killed and eaten all the prairie dogs and also had resorted to eating skunks.

"They are unable to protect themselves from acts of injustice done them and are thus deprived of a remedy for their relief and have been left to rot through the incompetence or wilful neglect of those in charge of them and their affairs. Indeed it has heretofore and is now said to be unsafe for anyone who can be 'reached' to present claims or complaints to Congress. It is cords to the wrists and gyves to the heels for anyone who undertakes the thankless task, and such persons are pursued and harassed, and the sole effort which is afterward made seems to be to cover up the evidence and put upon trial the complaining witness in place of trying to remedy the evil or punish those guilty of wrongdoing.

"While upon the reservation I had experience with these tactics . . . . Right foxy and well able to take care of themselves are the gentry who are responsible for the gross mismanagement of the Blackfeet and other Indians."

Senator Lane made his investigation and criticisms more than seven years ago. Not one advance has been made in that time toward better conditions. Every year since, the Indian Bureau has fastened tighter its hold upon the Indians.

Under date of September 28, 1922, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in response to my request, gave me a statement as to the financial condition of the Blackfeet Indians.

He stated that there is $54,196.26 in the United States Treasury to the credit of the tribe. The receipts from grazing leases were $32,586.20 in 1917, but they dropped to $1,503.54 in 1922.

In the meantime the appropriations from the Treasury for the support and civilization of these Indians increased from $24,681.94 in 1917 to $59,348.33 in 1922.

The commissioner reports that the bureau placed a tribal herd on the reservation on the reimbursable plan.

(Concluded on page 12)

To Discuss Wisconsin Is to Discuss "Bob"

For Twenty-five Years Senator La Follette Has Been State's Political Mentor

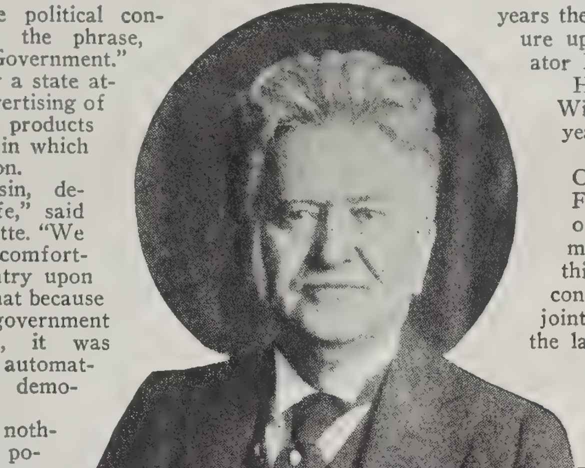
By FRED L. HOLMES

WISCONSIN is a Progressive state. This distinctive political environment is not so old as to tarnish the state's escutcheon by age; nor so young that it has no ancestral traits to make up its individuality. It started its drama of reform against the old political order of things more than a quarter of a century ago, when a young Dane County district attorney charged in political conventions that the farmers and manufacturers of Wisconsin were paying double the taxes of the railroads; that the lumber barons and railroads dominated politics, and that the legislative sessions were but stool-pigeon conventions for those who prey on government for private power, influence and wealth.

Out of these political contests has come the phrase, "Representative Government." It is as distinctly a state attribute as the advertising of its cheese, dairy products and canned peas in which it leads the nation.

"To Wisconsin, democracy is a life," said Senator La Follette. "We have long rested comfortably in this country upon the assumption that because our form of government was democratic, it was therefore automatically producing democratic results.

"Now there is nothing mysteriously potent about the forms and names of democratic institutions that should make them self-operative. Tyranny and oppression are just as possible under democratic forms as under any other. We are slow to realize that democracy is a life and involves continual struggle. It is only as those of every generation who love democracy resist with all their might the encroachments of its enemies that the ideals of representative government can even be nearly approximated."



SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

To talk about political conditions in Wisconsin without discussing La Follette would be like reading Shakespeare's "Hamlet" minus the courageous soul and immortal words of the destiny-driven Dane. For twenty-five years, he has been the state's political mentor.

Out of his early political struggles in the state came one of the first complete primary election laws; a railroad commission with power to wipe out rebates, secure equality for both large and small shippers, and to reduce freight rates; a revised system of taxation which based the assessments of railroads on a level with general property; the enactment of a state civil service law that robbed the political plunder-bund of its power and made service and merit the yardstick for preferment in administrative positions.

Then La Follette left the state to represent the commonwealth as United States Senator at Washington. And in Washington he has been performing very much as he did in Wisconsin. Time and again, he has stood as a lone fighter for his reforms. He opposed our entrance into the war, fought the enactment of a conscription act, but ended in voting for most of the soldier legislation.

Still more recently, he has joined with senators Norris, Ladd, Borah, Capper, Brookhart and others in forming a farm bloc to defeat Congressional legislation deemed by them inimical to the agricultural interests.

After La Follette went to Washington, Wisconsin continued to carry on in a Progressive way. The railroad commission was given supervision of public utilities and half a million dollars in preferential rate schedules were wiped out in a single year; and an industrial commission was created to look after the interests of unemployed and injured workmen. More than $2,950,000 was paid in claims to 15,852 injured workmen during the past year; a total of $17,140,181 in the eleven years the law has been in force. New ground was gained for pure food control; a market commission was created to aid co-operative enterprises, and to bring the producer and consumer closer together, and $15,000,000 was voted to pay bonuses and provide educational opportunities to the 125,000 who were called into the World War service from Wisconsin.

Although a six-year Conservative administration intervened, just before and during the war, not a single Progressive law was repealed, but some additional advances were made. A post-war legislature censured Senator La Follette for his war attitude. This legislative condemnation was made one of the planks of the opposition to Senator La Follette, when he came up for re-election in the autumn of 1922. The people were asked to approve the legislative censure by their votes. La Follette won over his primary opponent by a three-to-one vote and was elected over the Democratic opposition by 301,465 majority.

All of this happened two years after President Harding had swept the state by 498,000, a majority of 185,000 over his Democratic presidential opponent. Sentiment for President Harding has waned in the state as it did over Taft's administration in 1912. In two years there has scarcely been an important measure upon which President Harding and Senator La Follette have agreed.

Here are some of the issues that turned Wisconsin from President Harding two years ago.

President Harding favors the Esch-Cummins transportation act. Senator La Follette made this one of the prime issues of the campaign and almost by a unanimous vote the Wisconsin legislature has this year petitioned its repeal. Every Wisconsin Congressman, including Mr. Esch, the joint author of the measure, who voted for the law, has been defeated.

President Harding has favored the ship subsidy measure. Senator La Follette has been in opposition denouncing the plan as one to "give the government ships to the private shipping monopoly and pay it a fat subsidy to operate them." Congress has blocked the plan.

State Capitol, Madison, Wisconsin.

President Harding favors the recent tariff act. Senator La Follette made this issue a part of his state campaign declaring "unalterable opposition to any tariff rate in excess of the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad."

President Harding delayed action in the face of a menace from coal shortage. There is scarcely a state in the Northwest that has not denounced this dilatoriness. The Wisconsin legislature has gone on record favoring government operation of the mines.

These are but a few of the things that mark the line of cleavage. The Progressives of Wisconsin won last fall, demanding the enactment of a law taxing excess profits; immediate increase of Federal inheritance tax rates upon great estates to be applied on the war debt; abolition of all gratuities to railroads and other interests; publicity of all income-tax returns, both state and Federal; condemnation of the "present excessive expenditures for military and naval purposes"; unalterable opposition to universal military training; amendment to the Federal Constitution to meet the recent decision of the Supreme Court nullifying the child labor law; abolition of the use of the injunction in disputes between employer and employe, and declaring for the right of the farmers and industrial workers to organize and bargain collectively, and to conduct such co-operative enterprises as they require for their protection.

This is the program of so-called Wisconsin "radicalism" that some of the papers in the state, and more outside the state, talk so much about. *Wisconsin is a Republican state, but it is not the Republicanism of President Harding.* It is a Progressive Republicanism that has been fostered, nursed and reared to maturity during thirty years through the untiring efforts of Senator La Follette.

So many epithets have been hurled at Senator La Follette that one who tells of his work in the state, of his political control, is quickly branded as a partisan. I have known him for twenty years; known the men who have fought him and who have at times gained temporary triumphs over him. His prestige was dimmed during the war. Now, as far as Senator La Follette is concerned, he has staged a "comeback" in Wisconsin.

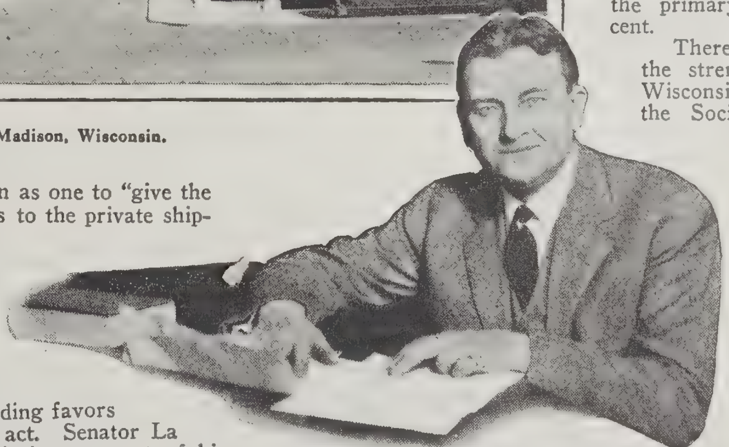
A powerful political combination has been reared in Wisconsin—one United States Senator, the governor, state officers, a majority of the legislature, nine of the eleven members of Congress are teaming together.

Four years ago, Senator La Follette endorsed John J. Blaine, a clean-cut, young country lawyer, with experience as a state senator, for governor. Blaine won. This victory marked the rebuilding of the Progressive forces in Wisconsin after having been out of state power for six years. In the summer and autumn of 1922, Senator La Follette and Governor Blaine joined forces, both candidates for re-election, and there wasn't a hamlet of 1,000 or over that did not hear one or the other. And ninety-nine out of every hundred of these communities gave them a splendid majority.

The governor made nearly three hundred speeches; the Senator made nearly one hundred. Of the fifty daily papers in the state all but three were lined up against them. The more the opposition, it seemed, the larger the crowds.

Nor did La Follette have Federal patronage to aid him. The plums have been distributed by his opponents. He has had little money but his friends have come to his assistance. All that he asked was sufficient funds to distribute literature and an automobile to carry him from city to hamlet. He had his magazine, with a national circulation of 50,000, which for fourteen years has industriously spread the Progressive doctrine. And as an orator on the stump, the Senator has a way of saying things in his speeches that make good reading even in the opposition press.

In the history of the state there has never been such an educational campaign. So great was the interest either for or against the La Follette-Blaine ticket that at the primary Democrats deserted their party in a body. Its party candidates received in the primary less than the ten per cent of the previous party strength necessary to get on the ballot. For the first time in seventy years, the Democratic party organization, which had swept the state with Wilson presidential electors in 1912, was not able to get on the official ballot. To encourage its livelihood, the legislature has since reduced the primary percentage to five per cent.



GOVERNOR JOHN J. BLAINE

There is always much talk about the strength of the Socialists in Wisconsin. In the last campaign the Socialist party polled 39,570 votes, and of these 33,103 votes were cast in Milwaukee. Its legislative representation and one representative in Congress are from Milwaukee, the big industrial metropolis of the state.

But the Socialists elected to the Wisconsin legislature this year came with a new program. Their leader announced on the opening day of the session that their party did not come as a partisan organization, but, like John the Baptist, joining with those who would offer benefits to the masses. In forcing a reform program through the legislature their strength has been uniformly thrown with the Progressive Republicans.

These comminglings of "radical" elements have brought some distinct shocks. Militarism has been a target. Wisconsin has voted to reduce its National Guard by about fifty per cent and has cut the annual appropriation of the state for militarism from $600,000 to $255,000. Before the war, it was less than $200,000. It has discontinued compulsory military training at the University of Wisconsin where it had been a part of the curriculum for fifty years.

It has been free in giving advice to Congress on matters of national concern. It wants legislation passed that will prohibit the fiscal agent of a foreign government from contributing to a national presidential campaign fund. This is a left-handed insinuation at President Harding, whose campaign managers are alleged to have accepted money from the Morgan interests in 1920 to conduct a campaign. Congress is advised that Wisconsin wants the Federal Reserve Act amended to prohibit branch banking; that it desires candidates for President and Vice-President to be nominated by direct primaries instead of by conventions, and it demands that the statutes be changed so that newly elected Congressmen take their seats immediately after election, instead of waiting a year as under the present laws. It wants Federal inheritance tax rates so adjusted that "not more than $1,000,000 shall pass to the heirs" and that

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Fifteen Million More for "Current Expenses"

Ohioans in Open Revolt Against Tax Spenders Who Are Denied Additional Funds by Own Communities

By EMERSON ROBINSON

IT WAS in the closing hours of the session of the legislature of Ohio. The recess taken to permit the governor to scrutinize, sign, veto, or allow to become law by default such measures as he desired, had ended.

The majority, the overwhelming majority, was in caucus, debating the advisability of passing over a veto a bill known as the Taft Tax Bill, after the author, Robert A. Taft, of Cincinnati, a son of the former President and now Chief Justice W. H. Taft. This bill increased the tax rate maximum and was designed, so it was claimed, to give relief to hard-pressed municipal officials, thereby increasing the already too onerous burden of the small taxpayer.

Sentiment when the lawmakers had returned to the capital was largely in favor of permitting the veto to stand and to place on the head of the governor, who happened to be of the opposite political faith, responsibility for any distress which cities might experience.

But sentiment changed overnight. Mysterious political influences, or rather, a political boss, began to issue orders. The bill was passed over the veto.

And the story which leaked out at the capital is that Rud Hynicka, successor to George B. Cox, of Cincinnati, sitting in an office in New York, kept a telephone wire open to Columbus and gave instructions to his henchmen in the legislature to pass the Taft Bill.

Absentee landlordism was a contributing cause in the fight for Irish freedom, yet Cincinnati, like the lowly ox, calmly lowers her head and accepts the yoke of an absentee boss! Hynicka may be a legal resident of Cincinnati but his time is in New York. He's like the Gothamite who liked the metropolis so well that he spent his winters in Florida, and his summers in the Catskills.

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are acquainted with the financial condition of Cincinnati. It is a fine city with many fine people and the wonder of it is, that it has been able to advance or progress as much as it has, with the tentacles of one of the most perfected political machines in America exploring the pockets of its citizens.

The machine during the last few years has not been getting sufficient lubrication; the supply of oil was running low; state laws placed a maximum on tax levies and prohibited issuance of bonds to pay current expenses. The Taft tax bill increased the tax rate in cities two mills, the maximum being seventeen mills and the additional levy to be for current expenses. The maximum in the rural districts was fixed at fourteen mills. Two mills additional on the grand tax duplicate of Cincinnati would give about $1,600,000 for current expenses! A nice sum! Sufficient to get the machine running smoothly again.

But this initial increase is not the worst feature of the bill. There's a joker. Here it is:

The seventeen mill maximum includes only sinking fund requirements on outstanding bonds except those voted by the people; it *excludes* all future bond issues and interest.

What Five Years Will Bring

AT HAMILTON, twenty-five miles north of Cincinnati, the tax rate this year, according to the mayor, will be $23 a thousand. Experts have figured that this joker in the Taft Bill will, within five years, shoot the rate up to $30.

It remains to be seen whether the voters of Ohio are willing to wear the same yoke which Hynicka has so successfully kept on Cincinnati. Fortunately the state has the referendum, giving the people the right to vote on any except emergency laws.

No sooner had the legislature passed the bill over the governor's veto, than a movement was started to get an expression from the voters on it. It was felt that the subject was proper dealing for the Ohio Association of Real Estate Boards, of which John E. McCrehen, of Columbus, is president. A committee of the realtors met and determined to abide by a decision of the local boards throughout the state. The voting started. Mr. McCrehen announced that the majority was five to one for the referendum on the reports received. The Cincinnati board met. Individuals were opposed to the tax bill but the plea was made that the referendum should be killed because Cincinnati needed the money. The Cincinnati men voted against the referendum. Mr. McCrehen announced that the ratio in favor of submission was being continued. Then something happened. All of the facts have not been made public; perhaps they never will be.

A meeting of the executive committee of the real estate boards was suddenly called for Columbus. Cincinnati men were there to fight the referendum.

The report was circulated freely that the attempt to get a referendum was to be abandoned. Governor Donahey heard of it. He wrote a letter to Mr. McCrehen, a characteristic Donahey letter, urging the real estate board to proceed vigorously with the movement and pledging every support he could give to make it a success. "The trouble with the Taft bill," wrote the governor, "is that it automatically gives the tax spender in all villages and cities the right to boost rates without the protective security of any expression from the taxpayers themselves."

The committee meeting was secret; those attending were reticent and simultaneous with the announcement the following morning that hope had faded for a vote, sponsored by the realtors, came an announcement that other organizations would take it up if necessary.

There were rumors aplenty that the same mysterious influences which passed the bill had invaded the realty committee, but this was without foundation; the members had not been "reached," and on Sunday morning, June ninth, the taxpayers read with pleasure that the referendum had been decreed by the real estate board.

It is not a political fight; it is the open revolt of the taxpayers against the tax spenders, especially the tax spenders in the cities. They were denied additional funds from their own communities and sought through the medium of a state law to dig deeper into the pockets of the public.

Other organizations sprang immediately to the support of the referendum and offered to circulate petitions without cost. The governor said he would get 500 signatures; only 100,000 are needed.

The organized teachers of the state are among those who have joined in the fight.

It has been hinted that suit may be filed in the Supreme Court to test the validity of the referendum, but no action toward this end has yet been taken. Incidentally it was announced that Cincinnati would submit a proposal to vote an extra levy for the city alone with the proviso that it would not be used if the Taft referendum failed.

Economy Not Known

THE bill if it becomes a law will increase taxes for current expenses $15,000,000 a year, it has been conservatively estimated. And each succeeding year will see an additional increase as bonds and interest on issues without the seventeen mill limitation come due.

There is something radically wrong with the taxation system in Ohio; it is archaic; it is nearing the single tax in practice. The small home owner, the farmer—real estate—is bearing an unjust share of the public expense while billions of intangibles escape taxation. But the situation would be relieved, conditions would be much better, if those placed in positions of responsibility knew and practiced economy. The word apparently is foreign. It does not fit in with politics, neither in Cincinnati nor most other cities.

And the money is spent in the name of progress. One hears so much of "progressive cities" that he tires of it. If a property holder opposes a bond issue for a park, he is marked as an enemy of progress; if he points out the errors of bond issues, he is an outcast—he is against progress. Progress! progress! Officials, who use it as a cloak to inefficiency and extravagance, should get a new record!

Marion, home of President Harding, came popping into print with her tale of woe recently. Marion is broke and the officeholders and the police and the firemen and the city employes know not when the grocer and the butcher will cast an unwelcome eye toward them and the landlord invite them to get new quarters. The treasury is empty and credit exhausted.

Officials of Marion confess that there are several causes for the critical situation which confronted them in June. In the first place, they maintain that the city has grown rapidly, from 18,000 to 32,000 in twelve years and that property valuations and income have not kept pace. The tax duplicate is approximately $36,000,000; there hasn't been much of an increase in ten years because there has been no reappraisal of real estate in Ohio. And there are individual cases where property worth half a million, more or less, is only paying tax for a fifth or a quarter of that sum.

And according to the latest figures Marion's debt practically is ten per cent of the duplicate, about $3,400,000.

Marion in Bad Shape

IT WOULD seem that officials five or more years ago could easily have foreseen the difficulty of Marion today. Many, nearly all, Ohio cities were clamoring for more money, and the legislature was the object of the call. They had forgotten the word economy. In desperation and for want of a better way out, a bill authorizing cities to issue bonds to pay current expenses was passed. Marion, like nearly all the rest, took advantage of the bills and kept on spending.

And today, of the total indebtedness, close to $400,000 represents what was borrowed to pay for the day-to-day activities of the town.

This debt has been contracted within the last four years. Marion could get along now if she could borrow; but she can't. Even an Ohio legislature was able to see that the policy of borrowing to pay running expenses was extremely poor policy and decreed that the practice should stop this coming January 1. And Marion can't borrow. The banks have shut down, for the tax distribution scheduled for August and supposed to carry the city along until the distribution early next year has been pledged. Bonding companies refuse to purchase issues for operation of the city. The mayor has rejected an occupational tax which was expected to make up a deficit of $60,000 on the year because he declared it would be a hardship on the workingman.

It costs Marion about $270,000 a year to operate. The tax duplicate with the full allotment provided under the law would not give her more than $185,000 and she has for years faced a deficit of from $70,000 to $90,000 and the deficit has always been paid—by bonds. Now the bonds, or some of them, are falling due—the interest charges must be paid, and it takes about $14,000 a month to pay the interest alone.

Some of the indebtedness is represented by the policy of improving streets where abutting property was not valuable enough to pay the assessment and the burden was saddled on the city.

But Marion must progress!

She can't close up shop and quit business, so some way will have to be devised to carry on. Perhaps the employes will work and then sue for wages. That's one way. Perhaps patriotic business men will take a chance on more bonds.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, one of the country's greatest newspapers, often rears right up and tells a thing or two and the following gives the viewpoint of Ohio's taxpayers:

"There are cities in Ohio that can get along without the Taft Bill. Take Ironton, for example, which was out at the elbows and frazzled at the shoetops only a short time ago, with a suit against it for wages of policemen. It got along by paying attention to business rather than playing politics. Its example is cited to the other cities that are suffering.

"Further down the Ohio is Portsmouth, growing like a mushroom but not possessed of a fungus growth. The two cities . . . . have mayors who can understand figures and know that budgets must be balanced even if it is unpleasant. Very likely the budget balancers—Mayor Earl E. Stewart, of Ironton, and Mayor William N. Gableman, of Portsmouth—will offer themselves for re-election and give to the voters an opportunity to pass on their merits . . . . Stewart found his city running behind like a slow clock. In four years it had issued $100 000 in deficiency bonds and was the butt of many malicious jokes.

"So Stewart sailed in to make the cloth fit. He cut water works operating expenses from $57,000 to $44,000 a year. He combined jobs right and left and made health and fire department work together apparently on the theory that fire prevention both here and hereafter was a desirable thing.

"While political jobs in the health department were reduced, the mayor added a health nurse as a necessity and not a luxury. The firemen, it was found, who could locate a menace to life and safety, proved themselves to be adept in locating dangers to health, as experience demonstrated.

"Pursuing his policy to save money in other fields, the mayor made one job holder grow where three grew before, joining the service, safety and street commissioner positions. He made his one man so busy he forgot about politics and went to fixing streets, patching 2,000 holes in a year."

People Lack Confidence

THAT is what can be done when the city official makes up his mind to stop playing politics for the benefit of the machine or for personal profit and to do the job for which he has been elected. It may have been good politics a few years ago to spend all the law allowed and ask for more in the form of bond issues. It isn't now. The people are watching their pocketbooks and they are watching the tax spenders.

In some sections of Ohio, and the same situation may hold good in other parts of the country, the people wouldn't approve a bond issue to rebuild an orphanage! Here's an example. In one of the southern counties last September, there was an unusual rainfall and swollen creeks washed out more than a score of bridges, many small, a few large, and one unusually large, so large that to replace it, it was necessary to go before the people for permission to issue bonds to build it. The bridge was in an important section of the county and on the main road connecting the county seat and a large village. It was a necessary bridge and was generally recognized as such.

There was apparently no opposition to it from any part of the county. All of the newspapers supported it and carried articles pointing out its necessity. When the votes were counted, it was found that the bond issue had been defeated overwhelmingly. It was not defeated because it was not a needed repair, but it was defeated because the people lacked confidence in their officials and further because they were tired of continually being asked to vote additional funds.

Incidentally, a way was found later to build the bridge. It was "discovered" that it was not absolutely necessary to ask public permission to spend the money.

Now it is generally accepted that the Taft tax boost bill will be defeated. Even its supporters do not believe the people will be foolish enough to vote an additional tax on themselves.

It also is generally accepted that the state cannot go on under the present taxing system for another ten years. If it does, every community will be bankrupt, as figures given below will indicate.

There should be an adjustment of real estate values for the benefit of the taxpayers; not for the benefit of the tax spender. One of the objections raised to a general 100 per cent reappraisement is that it will increase, or tend to increase the demands of officials for more money for current expenses.

The tax duplicate is shrinking, shrinking rapidly,

(Concluded on page 12)

Richest Town Strives for Ideal Community

Merion, Pennsylvania, Does Much to Keep City a Place of Beauty

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

THE richest town in the United States has just completed the tenth year of an experiment designed to prove that ideal living conditions are cheap when they are purchased, so to speak, on a community basis. The town is Merion, a division of Lower Merion Township, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad a few miles west of Philadelphia. If what has been done there had been accomplished merely by the lavish use of money, with which its citizens were plentifully supplied, there would be nothing extraordinary about it and no object lesson for other communities without so much wealth. But Merion has taken ten years to do what it might have finished in one, to show that money is not the sole necessity to create an ideal American community. And during all that period it has kept expenditures within limits that could be met without hardship by the average town or village of the same size, at least on a relative basis.

So many improvements have been brought about in that period at Merion that it is difficult to choose any one as most important. The element of safety, however, certainly falls into that category. And in that connection the activities of the Merion Civic Association, with 515 members, have virtually eliminated burglaries, theft, epidemics of disease, fires and automobile accidents, to give but a partial list. For several years not a burglary was reported within the limits of the town. Even during the unsettled conditions after the war, when crime increased everywhere, and in spite of the fact that the wealth of its residents makes it a shining mark for criminals, there were only two burglaries in the twelve months—and the perpetrator was caught in each instance and sent to jail.

The association was founded in 1913. At that time it had little more than a motto as its aim—"To be nation right and state right we must first be community right." A few years later the late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt visited Merion to study the methods of its civic association and declared it to be "a model in civic matters." Still later the late Dr. Lyman Abbott said that "Merion may standardize ideal suburban life, certainly for Philadelphia, possibly for the United States." But the best short cut to an understanding of what the Merion Civic Association is trying to do is furnished by the following extract from one of its annual reports:

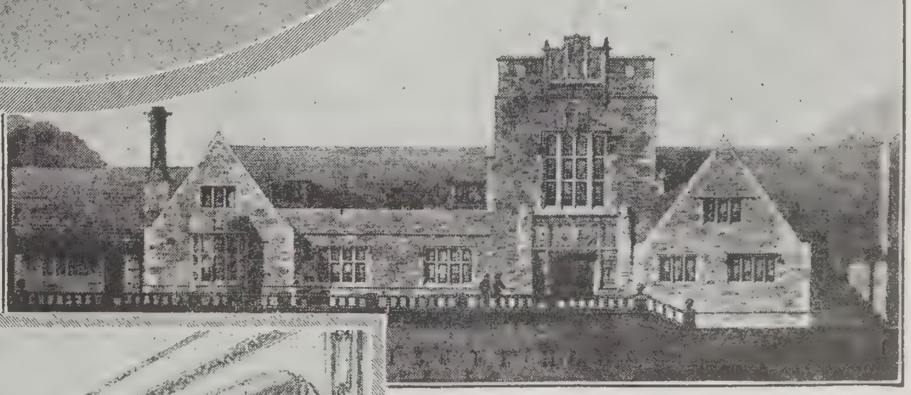
"You have doubtless noticed," said this address to the citizens, "that from the recent tax returns of Lower Merion Township as published in the newspapers, this township was adjudged as being the wealthiest territory of equal area in the United States, and that of this area of wealth, the community of Merion itself was found to be the wealthiest district in the township based upon the real and personal property tax return of its residents. I do not dwell on this statement in a boastful sense, for I do not consider that the possession of money is a basis for pride of any sort. I call your attention to it because of the added responsibility that it places upon our community and more directly upon your association.

"The only real meaning there is in the possession of a large income is the moral and civic recognition of the responsibilities that such an income carries with it. It will be no credit to Merion to be known as the wealthiest community on the Main Line unless it is also equally well known as the community that does most with its wealth in the discharge of its civic responsibilities. 'From those to whom much is given, much is expected.'"

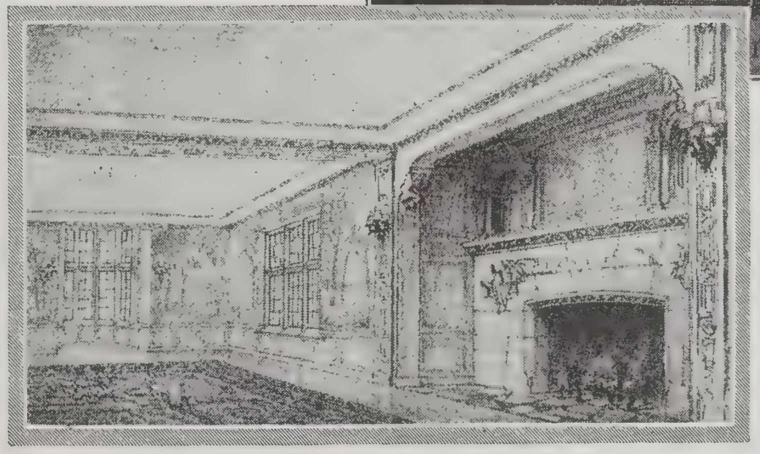
A great deal of what has been done for the town through the efforts of the association is the result of a common-sense effort to make life safer and more livable for all. The association goes in for good roads, but at the same time it goes in for economical roads. Fire insurance rates in the town have been reduced in amounts ranging from twelve and a half to thirty per cent, through the arrangements made with fire companies and the fact that the roads are always open. Also, no house in the town is more than 700 feet from a fire hydrant, and pressure is always assured. All new roads are laid from curb to curb, thus eliminating the expense of gutters and making it easier to keep the thoroughfare cleaned, and the same plan is being put into effect on all the old roads. As a result, they last longer. Some of the practical advantages of life in Merion are summed up by the association in its answer to the question, "What do I get for being a member?" as follows:

"The most complete and vigilant police protective service of any neighborhood suburb; a special surveillance, upon request, of your house when you leave it for a day or a night, or for any length of time, or when any member of the family is left alone; a special police whistle, which when used, night or day, summons immediate assistance; the most adequate fire hydrant system of any neighboring suburb, and a regular inspection of the efficiency of the hydrants; the benefit of a special arrangement to call any or all of five fire engine companies, city and suburb; a regular monthly analysis of the purity of the drinking water, and authoritative inspection of the source and standards of the milk supply; a special low rate of fire and burglary insurance; the best help or effort, always at call, in any neighborhood problem that may arise where the association or its secretary can serve; your part of the benefit of the new station, the new post office, the new roadbeds, the cleaning and oiling of the roads, the lights and roadsigns, all inspired or carried out by the association."

Highland avenue, Merion, free of telephone and light poles, paved from curb to curb.



Architects' drawing of Merion War Tribute house as it will look on completion, front view; showing terrace.



Architects' drawing of a corner of the tea room as it will look in the Merion War Tribute house.

It is a matter of record that the great majority of automobile accidents in country districts are at crossings. Merion recognized that fact several years ago and started a campaign to have property owners set back fences and hedges at road junctions to give motorists a clear view. In line with the same policy, the association has had 213 electric lights installed. The lamps were especially designed for beauty and utility. When the association was formed, there were many toll roads, all of which have been abolished. For ten years a leading feature of the work has been a fight to eliminate telegraph and electric light poles, with the result that there are fewer in Merion than in any similar suburban community. Most poles still standing are set in the back yards, so that there is nothing to disfigure the beauty of the tree-shaded roads.

The landscape activities of the association have been unusually successful. Many who know of its work had their attention called to it first while passing through the community on through trains. For a stretch of more than a mile, the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks run between banks of gorgeous bloom from spring until autumn. The association got permission to beautify the embankments, which are rather high in spots and had been unsightly. Its first move was to plant red roses, but they soon became so thick that engineers complained that they mixed up the signals. Then they were mixed with white roses and a wide variety of other flowers, so that there is always something in bloom during the growing seasons.

About two years ago the association began to make regular inspection of all trees, whether on the highways or on private property, and this has resulted in the saving of many landmarks. The following from the report of the tenth annual meeting, just published, is a typical example of what the association is willing to do to keep its roads beautiful:

"One of the outstanding achievements of the year was the forestalling of the removal of the row of fifty-eight trees on the Wynnewood avenue front of the St. Charles Seminary. Many of these trees are more than a hundred years old, and they are among the most beautiful shade trees in Merion. The seminary authorities had contracted for the cutting down of this row on the recommendation of an engineer, who reported them to be in such bad condition that they could live only a few years longer. This proposed destruction was not heard of by your association until the work was begun and two trees were cut. The association then arranged for the inspection of the trees by a nursery, which reported that they were well worth saving, and submitted an estimate of $600 for trimming and treating them. A conference was held with the seminary authorities, who agreed to bear one-third of the cost of treating them, the remaining two-thirds being shared equally between the association and the residents of the avenue. Within a few days the tree surgeons were on the ground and they have now put the trees into good condition, thereby lengthening their lives perhaps by a generation."

Every year the association conducts a fly and mosquito campaign, the total cost of which is about $100. Boy Scouts do much of the work, making lists of places where the pests may breed. The scouts also take a direct hand in a great deal of other work. This year they painted all the road, danger, and boundary signs, lamps, water standpipes, refuse cans, fire gongs and bulletin boards in the town, the total cost to the association being $198.95 plus the price of materials. Merion claims to be the first American community to establish a permanent Red Cross house. It will soon have a War Tribute house equal to any in the country, and on the same estate it now has a permanent home for its Boy Scout troops.

The tribute house was first planned early in the war, and by various contributions a fund of $80,000 was raised. Then, when the association was looking around for a site, Eldridge R. Johnson donated his fourteen-acre estate and agreed to pay the cost of the building. This is now nearing completion. It will be available for all sorts of social and community activities. One wing will be devoted exclusively to the uses of the American Legion. The main room is to be an auditorium thirty-eight by fifty-five feet, with space for an organ. In that connection a special study has been made of acoustics and the construction of the walls is said to represent a new departure in sound distribution. Walter T. Karcher, the architect, in describing the rather unusual methods of construction, says:

"An interesting thing about this building is that all the stone is hewn on the ground. This is very unusual,

(Concluded on page 15)

Advertisers Have Taken Over Our Newspapers

Service to the Public Forgotten by Publishers in Scramble to Make Known Their Worth as Advertising Medium

By a Newspaperman

THE ideal newspaper should be a mirror, reflecting for the public incidents of news interest in that proportion and with that degree of intensity that the incidents warrant.

Far too often, however, the newspaper is a magnifying glass.

And in the present state of American newspaperdom, where virtually every paper in the country is a highly developed instrument for the dissemination of propaganda, it frequently is a prismatic lens, coloring such news matter as filters through with the bright hues and peculiar rays desired by the particular publisher.

To the average reader the daily newspaper is an inanimate mass of type, delivered to him by the corner news stand or his neighborhood newsboy—a thick, rather unwieldy collection of printed matter wherein he can learn of the attempted assassination of the prime minster of Bulgaria a few hours before, or can glean the sordid, gruesome details of the latest murder scandal.

He does not glance behind the scenes to see the living, breathing humans who sweat out their lives to provide him with his evening's entertainment and information; he seldom thinks of the personalities behind the news any more than his mind dwells on the ingredients that go into the sausage. Yet those personalities who throw the raw news matter into the hopper that grinds them out as a finished newspaper, those personalities with their loves and their hates, their motives and their designs, must be minutely considered if one would understand the functioning of modern newspapers.

The Big Advertiser Rules

THERE is the reporter, he who spends his life in search of news, the new and the unusual, and who pours his whole soul into his work that you may learn at your ease of the happenings of the world; the reporter who writes his stories as interestingly and as truthfully as he can and yet conform to the "policy" of his newspaper. Back of him is the city editor and the other brands of executives who correct, change or expunge the reporter's copy. These are the direct representatives of the publisher, and after the "news" leaves their hands it can be depended upon not to give offense to his mighty majesty.

And behind the publisher looms the bulky form of the big advertiser.

Originally the sole function of the newspaper was to print the news, and its sole effort was to serve the public and thus constitute itself a great machine for the public weal. Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana are splendid examples of the type of men who put out this kind of a newspaper, and during their lives their influence was tremendous; for it was known that the columns of their newspapers were not for sale.

Then some bright mind conceived the idea of selling space in his paper to outsiders to tell of their own products, and gradually advertising became a more and more important feature until now it virtually rules the press of the country and tinctures even the news columns themselves, hitherto sacred.

Notice the advertisements in which the large newspapers praise themselves. Do they extoll their news and editorial columns, or do they dwell upon the sublime advantages of the paper as an advertising medium?

The Tribune "Dominates"

I HAVE in front of me an advertisement by the esteemed Chicago *Tribune*, self-styled "World's Greatest Newspaper," printed in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* February 15. Not one word is said about the *Tribune* as a news gathering and publishing agency, nor is it mentioned as an institution to serve the public. On the contrary, the *Tribune* does not "serve," it "dominates." Witness this:

"Here . . . . are 137 cities and towns of 5,000 population and over, and each dominated by the Chicago *Tribune*."

Service to the public is not mentioned.

A modern metropolitan newspaper cannot exist without advertising. So vast are the functions and activities that, were all advertising withdrawn, the newspaper would collapse in an instant like a deflated balloon. Is it any wonder, then, that the big advertiser looms like some medieval ogre behind the columns of your newspaper; that the publisher lives in mortal fear of him and bends to his will?

The Constitution of the United States guarantees the freedom of the press; that is, it specifically protects newspapers from abridgment by Congress. But it makes no mention of interference by advertisers!

The newspapers conceived and reared their own monster and, like Frankenstein, are being devoured by it.

The reader can readily perceive that to obtain a clear understanding of the *modus operandi* of modern newspapers, he must first gain some knowledge of the three main personalities behind the news: the reporter, the publisher and the big advertiser.

The tribe of reporters is a numerous one, and, like all other tribes, it has its conflicting and opposing members. We will take the average type, he who is neither a genius nor a hack, and attempt to dissect him so that you may have a better and perhaps a more sympathetic conception of him.

As a rule he is an alert, bright young chap, attracted to the newspaper "game" by the love of excitement and the allure of self-expression, sacrificing many things, money, health and, yes, even life itself, that he may worship before the altar of his great deity, news. He is well-read, thoroughly alive, active, ingenious. His very life gives him a keen insight into the scheme of things. One day he will be interviewing a great novelist, the next tracking a murderer, the next chatting with a senator.

Yet in spite of these many attributes, your reporter is a cynic. Do not gather from that that he is filled with the sophomoric cynicism and boredom common to the college undergraduate who oozes worldliness and disillusionment.

"Never let the facts interfere with a good story," runs an old newspaper adage. It has been changed in recent years: "Never let the truth interfere with a 'policy' story."

Few people realize just what a "policy" story is. Let us illustrate: The editor of the Dingville *Democrat*, or the New York *Mercury*, for that matter, is a rabid anti-prohibitionist. In the editorial columns of his paper he hurls fiery darts at the drys in a perfectly legitimate manner, according to best newspaper ethics.

But, and here is where the harmful part comes in, every man on the paper knows that the sheet is wet to the core. There may be no orders issued; possibly there is just a tacit understanding; but everyone, from the editor-in-chief down to the humblest copy boy, knows what is expected of him. Every story casting discredit upon prohibition, every tale that reflects on the character or integrity of a dry leader, every trivial incident tending to show that the Eighteenth Amendment is a failure, is played to the limit, exaggerated, "colored," displayed in unwarrantedly large type.

The news columns of the paper are used to further its editorial policy, and the propaganda is dished up to *you* under the guise of news.

Do you blame the reporter for being a cynic? But the real danger to the *tribus reportibus* lies not in his cynicism, but in the fact that hundreds of old-time reporters are forced to desert their chosen calling every year for more lucrative fields, while their ranks are being filled with incompetent, inferior, "Chinese labor."

Editorial Wage Scale Low

THE wage scale for reporters is so low as to be ludicrous. Reporters, copy readers, and lesser editors are paid on an average of $5 to $10 a week less than the mechanical laborers, the printers and the pressmen on their own papers. In a large Pacific Coast city a well-read, well-educated man, Scotch by birth, worked on the same newspaper for nearly twenty-five years. At the end of that time he occupied the double position of music editor and book reviewer, receiving the munificent sum of $32.50 a week for his labors. The publisher of this paper died recently leaving an estate valued at $8,000,000.

The average reporter's salary in nearly every city in the country is $35 a week. Seldom does it go higher than $40, often it sinks to $25. An astonishingly low scale exists in New York largely because of the influx there of bright young reporters from every part of the United States with the resultant glutting of the market. The same condition prevails in Los Angeles.

In many cases reporters are paid less than unskilled day laborers. In virtually every case they are paid less than the organized mechanical laborers on their own newspapers. Printers and pressmen receive from $45 to $50 a week upward, on an eight-hour day.

The low salaries, by the way, prevail even among the executives of newspapers. The managing editor of one of the largest newspapers on the Pacific Coast, a man who holds a position ranking with that of directing head of the largest concerns of the city, receives only $80 a week, slightly more than his own shop foreman.

We have considered one or two "policy" stories as they affect the reporter. Let's consider some in regard to the publisher. Purely propagandist stories have become of such common occurrence as to cause little or no comment.

Recently the editor of a large western newspaper decided to oppose an income tax bill then under consideration by the state legislature. He sent his reporters broadcast over the city, each reporter to bring back ten short interviews on the proposed measure. The reporters knew their business; of course they did.

Of the 200 or 300 interviews printed next day, only one favored the bill; all the rest attacked it vigorously, with names, occupations and addresses all neatly tacked on. Yet that story, which only a vivid stretch of the imagination could term "news," was played under a large headline in the coveted right-hand column of the first page.

The owner of a large eastern newspaper is antagonistic in the extreme toward a prominent banker for personal reasons. Everything casting discredit upon this financier, from stories tending to show that he is hindering the development of the city to articles attacking by innuendo his relationship with municipal funds, is played prominently in this newspaper, which by the way has aspirations to be a national publication. The paper, otherwise a good one, is permeated with this petty spite work to such an extent that it is a standing joke in the community.

Propaganda however is by no means confined to publishers alone. There are the great news-carrying agencies (every Hearst wire breathes forth Hearstian doctrines); the special writers who coat various propagandist stories in a sugary covering of fine writing; the press agents, now shed of their old-time garments and blossomed forth as "exploitation experts." What can justify from a news standpoint the intolerable drivel concerning the so-called motion picture stars of which the newspapers carry reams every Sunday? True, the exhibitors carry big advertisements; but that brings us to the third ingredient in our news hopper, and by far the most sinister.

We noticed that one of the big Pacific Coast dailies, once regarded as the premier paper of the West, never carried a real criticism of a motion picture show. Every review, if we may apply that term to the articles printed by the paper, consisted of sickening, saccharine superlatives almost equal to those of the movie press agents themselves. We asked the motion picture editor about it.

"Write a real review about a movie?" he queried in surprise. "Don't you realize that the ———— & ———— outfit (the local exhibitors' trust) pays the paper more than $50,000 a year? We would no more think of roasting one of their shows than we would of attacking Holy Scriptures."

One Paper Prints This Story

ANOTHER example, more tragic, is that of an old-line eastern paper that once nurtured some of the greatest news writers in the country in its bosom, a paper on which Richard Harding Davis received his early training. It is a sample of the Old Man of the Sea throttle-hold advertisers have on modern newspapers.

Shortly after the war charges of profiteering were made by the United States attorney's office against a large Jewish department store in Philadelphia. The charges, involving as they did this store, one of the best known in the country, and centering around the cost of living, vital to every resident of the city, were of prime interest and of great news value.

One Philadelphia newspaper printed the story.

The department store promptly withdrew its large advertisement from the paper, and a few months later the publication was forced to "give up the ghost." And at that the story printed was only a couple of sticks long, and was buried inside instead of being placed on the front page.

It is only justice to say that similar charges were brought against the same company in New York and that the metropolitan papers printed the story for its true news value. Later the Philadelphia papers, taking heart from the sister publications, ran stories of subsequent developments.

A score of years ago the Philadelphia *North American* waged a vigorous campaign against the various evils existing in and around the Quaker metropolis. The paper did valiant work.

But pressure is always brought to bear upon any newspaper that steps on the sacred toes of the privileged class. Not only are advertisements withdrawn, but banks politely inform the paper that long or short time loans are no longer available, inasmuch as clients or friends of the bank have been offended.

The *North American* had a hard time of it, but eventually it pulled through, and today it is still thriving and occasionally does excellent work in exposing shady financial concerns or rotten political deals.

It's the Paper That's Necessary

THERE is one case on record of which the American newspaper reading public may well be proud. During the 1912 Presidential campaign, a great eastern newspaper vigorously supported Roosevelt and as vehemently attacked Taft. One of the large department store proprietors, an intimate friend of the then President, gave orders to the publisher, so the story goes, to discontinue his attacks upon Taft.

The publisher refused, and the store's advertisement was withdrawn. Even in the face of this severe blow, and the reader can only guess at what a terrific blow it is to have a contract worth thousands upon thousands of dollars a year withdrawn on an instant's notice, the publisher refused to be coerced, and in the end the advertisement came back.

It has become a serious state of affairs when the newspapers of the country are forced to depend for success on the bulk of their advertising matter rather than on the excellence of their news columns or the value of their service to the public.

The one thing most publishers apparently do not realize is this: Whereas advertisements are necessary to the life of the newspaper, on the other hand, newspapers are essential to the life of the advertiser.

If newspaper publishers would combine and present a united front against the advertiser, they could easily combat any and all attempts at dominance.

But publishers, so it seems, prefer to leave the gentle art of combination to their printers.

Oregon Points Way to Aid Industry's Victims

Program of Rehabilitation Provides Medical Treatment and Re-training

By M. NORRIS DAVIS

TODAY, as never before, the thinking American realizes that the future of our nation depends to a great extent upon the conservation of our forests, our agricultural resources and our producing man-power. In connection with the last named, one of our western states is doing an outstanding piece of work.

During the past three years, Oregon has been carrying out a program of rebuilding the men and women who have been seriously injured in industrial accidents while under the protection of the workmen's compensation law. In this line of work, Oregon is probably more advanced than any other state, and particularly those states where the workmen's compensation insurance is distributed among casualty insurance companies and self-insuring employers. Under the exclusive state fund system prevailing in this western state, the Industrial Accident Commission has a direct interest in doing everything possible for the fullest restoration of injured men coming under its jurisdiction.

Important and gratifying have been the results of this program of physical reconstruction and vocational re-training. First, by providing for the bodily repair and rebuilding of injured men, the number of those seriously crippled from industrial accidents is being materially reduced, effecting a considerable financial saving to the state industrial fund. Second, the re-training of men for new vocations, when injuries prevent their returning to their old employment, has made these men an asset instead of a liability to their state.

That injured men and women might be restored to a condition as nearly normal as possible, the Oregon State Industrial Accident Commission has established a well-equipped physiotherapy department in connection with its offices in Portland, with a smaller branch in Salem, the capital. With one or two exceptions, it is the only department of this nature that is maintained in connection with a state.

It is not a hospital. It is a department where from seventy-five to one hundred men are receiving daily treatments—men who have been attended by their regular physicians until their condition has reached a stage where special reconstruction treatments are needed for conditions which follow serious industrial accidents.

Here stiffened or ankylosed joints, atrophied or wasted muscles, nerve injuries, back injuries and conditions following bad fractures or infections or lacerations are treated. These treatments are supervised by competent surgeons under whose direction the actual work is done by reconstruction aides who were trained for this work in the government reconstruction hospitals.

W. T. Kirk, a state commissioner for this work, told the writer that the records of this department show remarkably beneficial results in a great majority of cases.

"Naturally," he said, "it is impossible to compute in dollars and cents the saving that is being made by this work, but it can safely be said that the saving which results from cutting down time loss and reducing the amount of awards for permanent partial disability far exceeds all the expense that is attached to the department.

"But of far greater importance is the personal benefit received by the individuals who are restored to a condition of health and usefulness. There is untold satisfaction in providing the means of saving many victims of industrial accidents from being seriously crippled for life.

"Physical reconstruction work of this character is made possible by the fact that in Oregon all employers and employes under the protection of the workmen's compensation law contribute exclusively to the state fund, and, aside from the great humanitarian feature, to provide a department for giving such treatments is a direct financial saving to the state fund, and indirectly to the employers."

In January, 1920, by an act passed at a special session of the legislature, provision was made for the vocational rehabilitation of the more seriously injured workmen coming under the compensation law. This act was the direct result of the proposal made by a committee appointed by the governor to consider the needs of the injured workers. Sufficient funds are provided by law for the maintenance of this work.

With ample funds and authority, the commission undertakes the task of aiding the seriously crippled men and women to prepare for different vocations, where they may expect to continue to support themselves and their dependents.

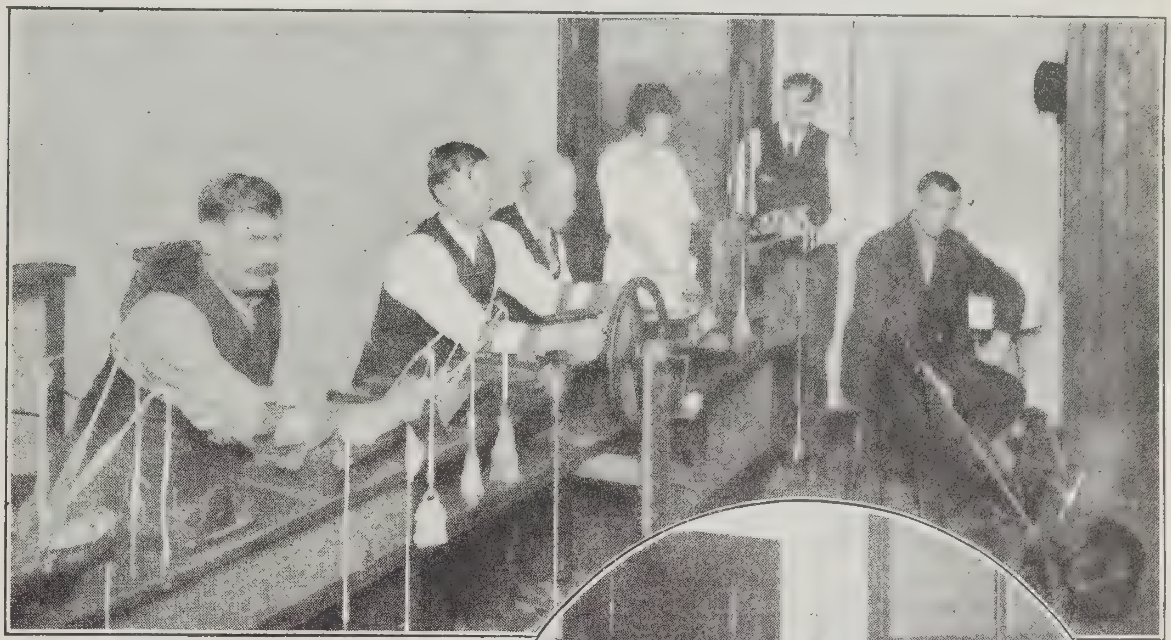
While these injured persons are in training, an allowance is made from the rehabilitation fund, which, when added to their regular compensation payments, is sufficient to meet the actual living expenses of themselves and their families. In addition, all expenses in connection with the training are paid by the commission. This provision for maintenance is an important feature of the whole rehabilitation program, and makes possible re-training in cases where otherwise nothing could be done, for not many injured workmen have means of their own to carry them along for several months, while they are acquiring a new trade or vocation.

The allowance for living expenses is fixed at a moderate figure, sufficient to meet the requirements, and yet not to constitute a temptation to a man to prolong his training period merely for the sake of the money he gets out of it. In addition to these allowances, the commission pays for all training costs such as supplies and tuition.

Various trades and vocations in which men are taking training include mechanical drawing and drafting, auto mechanics, mining and civil engineering, barbering, farm mechanics, pharmacy, different aspects of agriculture, wireless telegraphy, salesmanship, bookkeeping, stenography, candy-making and shoe repairing.

Most of the men are receiving this re-training in the different vocational schools of the state, although some are learning a trade as apprentices or under special tutors.

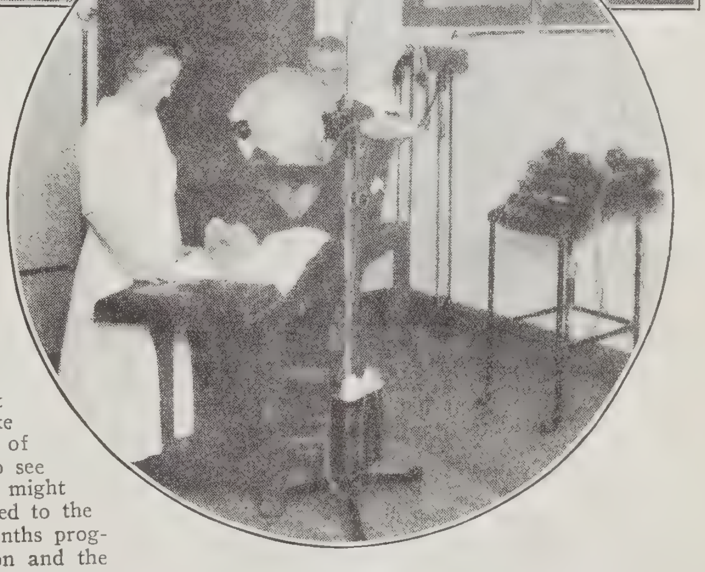
Through its director of vocational rehabilitation, the commission keeps in close touch with the injured men throughout the entire training period. This is done by personal visits and written reports.



Section of room in which is installed mechanical apparatus for forced exercises for restoring lost function.

One of the most interesting cases that has come before the commission was that of a young man whose back had been broken in a shipyard accident, and who was paralyzed from the waist down. At the time the vocational rehabilitation law was passed he had lain on a hospital cot for about a year, and when the question of fitting him for some useful occupation was first broached to him, he was too despondent to be interested. He felt that if something could not be done to make it possible for him to go about on crutches, at least, he saw nothing ahead of him to make life worth living. The surgeon in charge of the physical reconstruction work was sent to see him, and said there was a chance that he might be put on crutches, and an aide was assigned to the case to give daily treatments. In a few months progress was noted, and now, after an operation and the long period of treatments, the man is getting about on crutches. Not only that, he became interested in vocational training and selected drafting. A table was built to fit over his wheel chair, and a tutor employed. Today he is doing practical work.

When questioned as to whether men did not occasionally take advantage of the rehabilitation plan, Mr. Kirk stated that although slackers were found among these men, as in other classes, a large percentage of those to whom aid has been extended under the law have shown themselves worthy, and have done their part to make the effort worth-while. Once in a while, men are found who are grasping and critical, and who are not willing to put forth any effort of their own, assuming the attitude that the state is expected to take care of them for all time. The commission has found that the sooner such men are thrown back on their own resources, and given to understand that they cannot impose on the state, the better it is for all concerned.



In the department of physiotherapy is found complete hydrotherapy and electrotherapy equipment. Heat, massage, various types of baths, different electrical apparatus, forced and corrective exercises, all play their part in the rebuilding of men and women injured in industrial accidents.

Oregon has been the pioneer state in this particular program of reconstruction and conservation. It is to be hoped that many other states will see their way clear to make provisions for the victims of industrial accidents such as this western commonwealth has done. Such provision may indeed prove a godsend in many cases, as it lifts men from the depths of discouragement and renews hope and ambition. Wives and children may be saved from want, and untold benefit result from a wise law made in the interests of those seriously injured in the accidents which occur in industry.

"There is no set rule," explained Mr. Kirk. "No two cases are alike; each presents a different problem. In developing this work the commission has endeavored to keep as free of red tape as possible, as injured men (in many cases financially down and out because of their injuries) are in no mood for delays, and one of the first important considerations is to restore the handicapped individual to a healthy mental attitude.

"Our usual procedure is as follows:

"A questionnaire is sent to those whose injuries result in permanent disabilities which entitle them to vocational re-training if they need it. If this questionnaire, when answered, contains information that indicates the need of vocational rehabilitation, the workman is called in for a conference with a member of the commission and the director of vocational rehabilitation. The purpose of this interview is to help the man reach a solution for his particular problem. When he reaches a conclusion as to what he should and desires to do, he is at once assigned to a place for training, and starts in immediately in many cases."

FINANCE

Behind the scenes
I stand.
And move the unseen wires
Controlling
The pigmy marionettes,
Who mouth and mow
Upon the stage of public life;
I control the issues
Of life and death—
The exchanges of the world
Rise or fall
As I desire;
Men spend their lives
In ceaseless, wasteful toil,
That I may satiate my lust
For dominance.
The press is my servant;
Literature, art, and music
Are my vassals;
The capitalist is my bondsman;
Labor leaders unite
To pay me homage;
The church worships my image and superscription;
My word
Is infallible.
At my command
The nations wage war
And incarnadine the earth
With the blood of the innocent;
Peace, at my behest,
In shuddering awe
Unveils her face,
Only to flee again,
That I may reap
A richer harvest
From the grim carnage
Of industrial strife;
I am the invisible dynamo
Of incarnate power
To which
All men pay tribute;
I manipulate credit—
I am the superman.

—Percy Allott.

Millions Spent on Indians Declared Wasted

Concluded from page 6

The total cost of the herd was $367,053.46. Of this amount $61,957.84 was paid out for salaries and wages to bureau employes.

It is stated that the herd was sold at a net loss of $54,523 not counting the equipment. The loss on this one venture is more than the entire amount to the credit of the tribe in the Treasury.

The whole scheme of tribal herds and communistic property is a bureau scheme to prevent the Indians becoming Americans. It is entirely wrong in principle, even though it should be successful as a dollar and cents proposition. But what shall we say when, after investing the money of the Indians without their knowledge or consent, the bureau loses the money invested and beggars the Indians?

Remember that the main argument of the bureau officials for the continuance of their bureaucracy is the business incapacity of their ward. How did they demonstrate their efficiency?

There came a drought in the Blackfeet country and the grass failed. The supervisor in charge ordered the cattle turned into the allotments of Indians who had been endeavoring to make their own livelihoods on their own lands. Even the little hay that they had toiled to secure was eaten by the tribal herds.

Then the supervisor became panic-stricken and ordered that the cattle must be shipped out at once. They had to be dipped before they could be shipped, and this was ordered done in severe winter weather. The cattlemen dipped their cattle in the summertime, but this tribal herd, the property of the Indians, was dipped when the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero. These cattle were crowded into a liquid bath which covered them completely, and then came out of it to freeze to death.

Some of them died at once, others died on the railroad cars, but there was no recourse. The guardianship of the Indian Bureau had been exemplified once more. It was but one more illustration of the value of a system which puts the Indians, their lives and lands, their money and morals, in the hands of the Indian Bureau.

I have been told by members of the Blackfeet tribe that the cattle of this tribal herd were branded with the same brand used by a Montana stockman. Little wonder that five or six hundred head of cattle disappeared from the reservation and that no effort was made to recover them.

Fish Wolf Robe is a Blackfeet who had an allotment upon which he worked faithfully in an effort to put up enough hay to provide the necessaries of life. He had about twenty tons cured when the agency employes ran the tribal herd into his meadows. The cattle ate up his hay and left him destitute. When he complained, he was threatened with jail. He was told that the officials had leased his land for the use of the tribal herd.

He had never desired to lease his land and never received any money for a lease. But what mattered these little details? He was an Indian, who must be guarded and protected against himself!

And *this losing venture of a tribal herd stands as a mortgage against the property of the Indians.* The Indians were not consulted but they are expected to pay.

Still this tragedy of errors in regard to the tribal herd which dissipated every dollar of their tribal funds is not the greatest calamity endured by the Blackfeet.

A far greater liability is the irrigation system which has been fastened upon this reservation in violation of every vestige of common sense. The commissioner in his letter to me states that $1,095,251.15 has been spent since 1910 for irrigation on this reservation. In the last fiscal year the amount was $31,299.77. This great sum has been spent, not with the approval of the Indians whose property is mortgaged to pay for it, but over their protests.

Not even the bureau can defend the policy now. Assistant Commissioner Merritt, one of the ablest and most adroit officials who ever helped to build a bureaucracy, testified before the subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee dealing with Interior Department Bill of 1923. He said, "This irrigation project has not proved successful in the past because of climatic conditions. They sometimes have frosts in May and snows in August."

Of course the Indian Bureau only learned this habit of nature after a million dollars had been spent. For uncounted ages, this territory in the Rockies, stretching to the Canadian border, has had killing frosts in the summertime. The Indians knew it, but, of course, they are "incompetent" and must not be encouraged to offer advice to their masters.

There are 47,600 acres in that project already under irrigation. Only 2,005 acres have ever been cultivated by Indians. It cost for operation and maintenance last year $27,666 in order that a few incurably optimistic Indians might attempt to grow crops under such conditions. Fourteen dollars an acre in costs, and the Indians secured only a small fraction of that in crops!

Unless something is done, the Blackfeet Indians are doomed. They are almost at the end of the trail.

I maintain that every dollar of our Indian appropriation works an injury to the Indians, in whose name it is taken from the Treasury.

Let any one who doubts that statement compare the Chippewa Indians of Michigan with the Chippewas of Minnesota.

The Michigan Indians are not under the bureau, while their brothers of Minnesota are held securely under bureau domination. That offers a fair test. Here are the same Indians with the same ancestry and the same blood and breeding, but with different environment.

What has been the result? The Chippewas of Michigan became citizens through treaty and legislation in 1845. The last payments under the treaty were made in 1872 and they have been required to shift for themselves since that time.

They have established common schools and they are a part of the American communities where they live. They speak the English language. Though they do not have the majority of voters in the townships, Indians have been elected to all the offices within the gift of the electorate. There have been Indian school directors, supervisors and justices of the peace, while a number have held county offices. Two-thirds of them own their own homes, and there are no more paupers among them than among the white population. Out of their ranks have come ministers, lawyers and teachers. Some of them are mechanics and others are farmers. Whether in industrial cities or on the farms, they have made good in competition with all the world. They are real American citizens, of whom America may well be proud.

What of their brothers in Minnesota who have been guarded and sustained by the Indian Bureau? The 1922 law provides $95,000 for the "civilization and support" of the Chippewa Indians of Minnesota. It provides $51,000 for the support and education of Indian pupils in Indian schools. It provides $46,570 for the tuition of Indian pupils in other schools. It provides for superintendents and teachers and employes by the score to hold the reins tight over these Indians.

What has this money accomplished for the Indians? Listen to the letter sent out by the official council of the Chippewas of Minnesota, copy of which was addressed to every member of Congress within the past six months.

"As a tribe we have been dispossessed of our homes, our liberties, our lands, our wild rice beds, our wild berry fields, pure timber, our sugar bushes, our hunting and trapping grounds. Our basket making, rug and blanket weaving, beadwork and canoe making, is so imitated and cheaply manufactured by the white man that we can no longer compete. We are a people who, under the present paternal system of Indian administration, are deprived of every self-independent right, who are languishing in misery and dying of starvation."

You can call the roll of the Indian tribes of America and the response will be one great chorus of protests against the present system of control and the money distributed in a way to perpetuate the Indian Bureau.

The Indian problem will disappear when the Indian is treated as a man. All the Indians in the United States would make but one-fifth of the population of my home county. The great difficulty is that about 5,000 persons look upon the Indian question as their official pasture, where they graze at governmental expense.

The vast majority of Indians, thrown on their own resources, will make good. They will find work and do it. Fewer employes will be on the bureau payroll, but more Indians will be civilized.

Abraham Lincoln, in a message to Congress in 1864, said:

> "I submit for your special consideration whether our Indian system shall not be remodeled. Many wise and good men have impressed me that this can be profitably done."

Sixty years have passed since that recommendation. The Indian Bureau, which then was beginning to show its possibilities for evil power, has become a Frankenstein creation. For every reason that Lincoln had for remodeling the system, there are 10,000 now. The solution is simply the old-time command, "Let this people go." All Indians born within the limits of the United States should be declared citizens and entitled to all the rights, privileges and immunities of such citizens.

How America Is Helping to Save China

Concluded from page 3

generations. I myself am of the sixty-fourth generation of my family, and we have a written history running back to four centuries before the birth of Christ. The Chinese are bound by centuries of customs, and act with the greatest deliberation, whereas, in this country, actions and movements are carried out with the maximum of speed. Time is reckoned in cycles by the Chinese; in hours and minutes by Americans. The people of the western nations act on the impulse of the moment; the Chinese on the advice of their ancestors. In America, one can have his photograph taken, his shoes shined and his clothes pressed "while he waits"; in China, he would have difficulty in getting a cup of tea in so brief a time. Thus we hardly can expect to see a new republic or a new nation made out of China while we are looking at her.

But education in China today is receiving marked attention. The children leave home for school at 8:30 in the morning, and return at 4:30 in the afternoon. They are being educated along modern western lines, and before one of them is allowed to graduate from a Chinese college he or she must know English thoroughly, a four-year course in that language being required as a condition to graduation. Contrary to American collegiate custom, no time is wasted on the study of the "dead" languages. Today, more than 20,000 Chinese students are studying abroad, the majority of them in the United States and England, the English-speaking countries. More than 3,000 are in California alone.

On a recent visit to China I was a guest at a house party given by a mandarin, and attended by more than fifty others, all Chinese, at which not a word of Chinese was spoken, except to the servants, and at which we conversed, sang, danced, and even ate, using English entirely. By no means all those present had been educated, or had even lived, anywhere except in China, though a few had been trained in the United States. This brought vividly to me the desire of the Chinese people to learn and use English. In reality, China's only real friends today in the family of nations are the Americans, and we realize sometimes that you Americans feel a rather keen disappointment in our failure to establish a working republic at the first attempt. But we realize also the causes that have made success slow in coming, though it is now more than ever on the way. It is education alone—and largely technical and mechanical education—that will raise the new China to its place among the nations, and it is the part of the United States and the American people to supply that education.

China is beginning to realize—and by China I mean the great mass of the 450,000 000 people of the country in which I was born—that no nation can live by itself; that she must fit herself to enter the comity of nations, and that her problems are not hers alone, but the problems of the world. The national ideal of individualism in China is giving way to a popular ideal of nationalism, and it is these young Chinese, educated in the United States, and filled with the ideas and ideals of this great republic, that are instilling into the people of China those thoughts and principles which will one day not far distant enable her to become one of the great nations of the world.

Despite the fact that the exclusion law has become almost an extermination law, and that it has reduced the Chinese population in the United States from 150,000 in 1885 to barely 65,000 at present, the Chinese people draw their greatest inspiration from America, and look upon the United States as their greatest hope of preserving their national entity and providing their people with those educational advantages which will enable them to reorganize their government and establish their nation. I am not too sanguine, however; I am not expecting that the people of Christendom will live up to the teachings of the Christ whom they follow, but I do expect wonderful things to happen in my country, when China ultimately will be a mighty nation. There is nothing the matter with China today, except that she is out of equilibrium with the twentieth century and out of step with the modern nations. The Chinese have learned a lesson from the western nations, the lesson that might makes right and that nations are measured by the size of the "big stick" which each possesses. Give China ten years and she will be in a position to defend herself. In all history, China never had a standing army; she might have had a sitting-down or a running-off army, but never one that stood still. Soon, however, China is to have an army of 1,000,000 men, drilled and armed by western methods.

Fifteen Million More for "Current Expenses"

Concluded from page 8

due to lower returns on intangible property caused by higher tax rates.

This reduction represents a decrease in taxes collectible of nearly $10,000,000.

In the twelve-year period starting with 1911, the population of Ohio increased twenty per cent from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000. The increase in the tax duplicate was seventy per cent; the increase in direct taxes 210 per cent; and the increase in debt 261 per cent. If the same ratio continues for the next decade, Ohio, with a population of 7,000,000 will have a debt of more than $1,300,000,000 and each man, woman and baby will be paying a tax, a direct tax, of nearly $100 a year.

The requirements now for interest and sinking fund are so tremendous that they are attracting the attention of every organization, public and private, in the state. They require such a high percentage of the amount raised for taxation, that comparatively little is left for current expenses. In the twenty-two-year period beginning with 1900, the debt increased from $96,193,885 to $679,087,137; the first ten-year increase only totaling about $92,000,000. The colossal increases have come within the last five years. The total tax collection in the same twenty-two-year period jumped from $43,797,000 to $224,130,000, or 411 per cent. And the people in 1900 and 1910 thought they were pretty well governed at that, and were paying a fancy price for it, too.

There may not be any romance in figures, but there certainly is an awful kick in them when the taxpayer realizes that for every dollar he pays into the treasury fifty cents goes to swell the income of a bondholder on which he pays no tax—the case in some cities.

If politicians were as shrewd as they would have the public believe, they would practice economy, instead of preaching it; let their works and not their words speak for them.

Ohio is in revolt against increased taxes, and if the revolt is a success, it may result in forcing a settlement of the tax problem by compelling economies in government and a cessation of paternalistic activities and extravagant expenditures to build up political machines.

The Taft Bill has some friends in Ohio. They may be classed as contractors who feed at the public trough, road builders (sometimes termed highwaymen), material men—and political bosses.

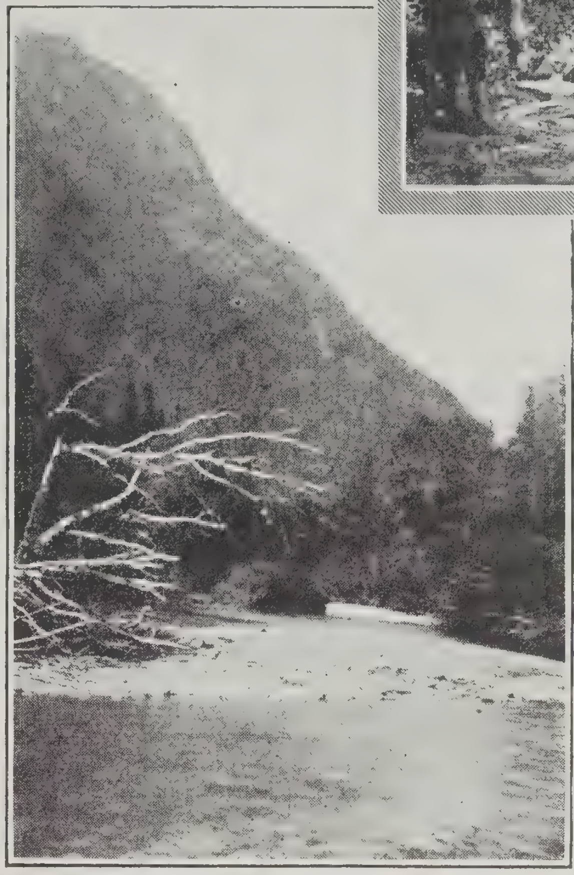
Then, too, Ohioans are going to get an opportunity to vote on the Albaugh bill, a measure of the bosses. The Albaugh Bill makes the auditor, prosecutor and president of the board of county commissioners a taxing board. The bill creates more jobs—but, perhaps that was the purpose.

Down the Curious Gaspe Peninsula

By JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.

This is the third of four articles by Dr. Faris. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Ste. Anne River.



Mont Nicolabert, from forks of CapChat River.

PRIDE in the spacious country so wondrously spread out before him was so evident in every word and gesture of the soldier-guide to the citadel of Quebec that a visitor asked him if he was a native of the city.

But he pointed to the heights of Levis. "I was born over there," he said, with a longing look to the south bank of the river. "You haven't been there? Do go!" he pleaded. "There are heights and fortifications that have been noted since the days of the early French explorers. They have played their part in sieges of the more famous Quebec, and the building of modern fortifications over them is an indication that the government thinks they may be useful in the future. Yes, I was born in Levis!" he concluded, with the pride of the typical habitant in the country which has been his home.

The resident of Levis may well be gratified as he thinks that the hills have looked down on the glorious pageants of three hundred years, as he feasts his eyes on the vision of splendor and beauty that greets him—Gibraltar-like Quebec in the foreground, while to the right the mighty flood sweeps down toward the rising sun, between rich lands that reach northward toward the rounded Laurentides and fertile slopes that tell of intimacy with the green heights of the Alleghenies.

As Levis is left behind, it is difficult to take the eye even for a moment from the rapidly moving panorama in which the Falls of Montmorency, miles away across the river, have chief place until this is usurped by the beautiful twenty-mile-long Isle of Orleans whose fields, rising steeply from both shores toward the center, boast of kinship with the Fields of Abraham, back in the ages before the interfering river made breaks in their continuity.

A close survey first of the island, then of the fields that stretch back from the south shore of the river, will reveal similarity there also, if only in the admirable but peculiar arrangement of the holdings of the farmers. From the railway, the highway, or the river, the fields reach away in narrow parallelograms. From the railroad on the south shore the parallelograms seem to go clear to the horizon, and the dip of the land soon becomes so great that the river, five or six miles distant, is out of sight, and the land seems to join that on the north shore.

These narrow rectangular fields and farms date from the time when the original grants were made. Every landholder wanted a frontage on the river, long the sole means of transportation and the provider of fish, which formed an important part of the diet of the pioneer. Then along the river were the marshlands, where hay grew to best advantage. As the land descended from father to son, it was divided and subdivided in such a way as to give to each new holder a part of all the privileges enjoyed by the original owner.

This fact explains why the houses of the farmers look like a straggling village many miles in extent; each farmer lives at the highway end of his productive fields, and the nearness of his neighbors is in proportion to the breadth of the holding of each. At the beginning the traveler thinks he is ever about to enter a village, but soon he learns to look for the characteristic church, always stately, usually of the most solid construction, as the sign of the community center, and as the only approach to a community offered by a country where a French resident boasted of his possession of a farm two miles long. Inquiry revealed that he had fifty-six acres!

Think of the labor of the gatherers of stones—on the south shore there are many miles of stony farms—or of those who fork the plentiful hay into the picturesque carts that make royal progress down the narrow fields.

But how the tillers of these narrow acres love their holdings! and how tenaciously they retain them! In the records of Quebec are many like the following:

"Robert Caron married at Quebec, October 25, 1637, to Marede Grevit, born in Normandy. He was one of the first habitants of Ste. Anne and St. Joachim. His descendants still occupy the land which was ceded to him."

Picture the many subdivisions of the Caron grant in three hundred years! Is it any wonder each descendant has a farm that looks like a fenced-in lane? Down at the end of the lane is the little white house, usually shingled all over, for coolness in summer and warmth in winter, and a barn, with one or even two inclined approaches so that the hay wagons can drive into them on a level with the mow.

Then the traveler passes through what might well be a section of Brittany, with its well-kept fields and its cozy homes. The impression is deepened by the soft sound of the French language and the presence everywhere of black-robed priests and the nuns in their gray, white or black.

Even when the rolling slopes are succeeded by rocks and hills, the farms persist. Something of the character of the tillers is revealed by the manner of caring for the impeding rocks; some let them lie helter-skelter, others gather them in heaps, scattered here and there, while in many instances they are formed into narrow fences that guard the fields. Sometimes the farmer who dodges the stone piles approaches a picturesque stream where the water descends in rapids or in a fall, on the way to the hungry St. Lawrence; sometimes an eminence provides a satisfying glimpse of the majestic water, now widening out until it seems like a lake. And always the people show content with their surroundings; evidently dreams of the outside world and its activities do not disturb them.

Many fortunate visitors come to this land of contentment, seeking the game that roams in the woods, the fish that leap in the stream, or the shore that satisfies thousands of vacation seekers who are lured by the wonderful beaches, the salt breezes, and the lordly prospect across to the north shore, perhaps in the vicinity of Rivière du Loup, where a steamer undertakes the voyage of several hours' duration over to Tadousac and the mouth of the Saguenay.

Artists take delight in the south shore. One of their favorite abiding places is Bic, where they find picturesque nooks on the shore of the twenty-five-mile-wide river, and are not far from glades and chasms amid the mountains where the railway engineers have triumphed over difficulties by miles of ingenious construction.

Now come glimpses of lumbering activities. Mills greedily devour the logs that are brought to them down the rushing streams or on the surface of beautiful Lake Metapedia, an exquisite bowl of blue, bordered by heavily wooded hills, sprinkled at the east end with tree-covered islands. A common sight among the islands is a tiny tug hauling a monster raft of logs. But most people will find greater pleasure in watching the setting sun glorifying the waters into which it seems to drop like a plummet.

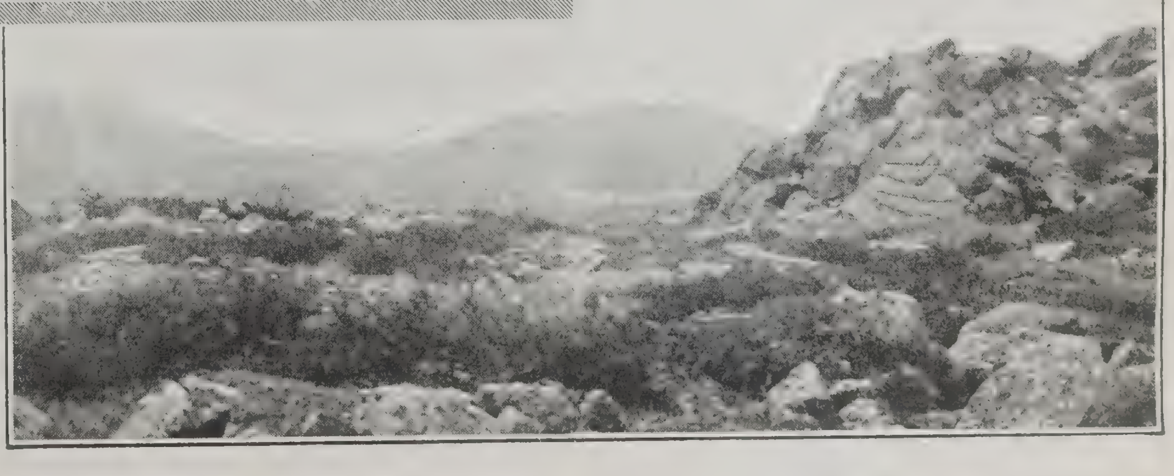
From the lake flows the Metapedia River, that famous salmon stream which for many miles winds and twists amid the hills, where the railway and the highway search for a foothold, frequently gaining it far above the rushing waters, though an anxious glance ahead reveals nothing but towering hills and seemingly impossible barriers. Straight across the peninsula it finds its way to the modest beginning of Chaleurs Bay, the arm of the sea whose name tells of the heat Jacques Cartier found there in 1535.

To the south of the bay lies New Brunswick, but to the north lies the curious Gaspé Peninsula, that reaches out more than one hundred miles like a huge lobster claw to Land's End, facing Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The entire progress from Metapedia to Gaspé is so full of absorbing interest that slow trains and bits of poor road are lost sight of. The study of peculiar geological formations, rivers that course down rapidly to the bay, the homes and haunts of French farmers and fishermen, the boats that put bravely off to the daily quest of the denizens of the deep, the regions across the bay that may be seen until their width becomes too great for vision, give pleasing occupation for every moment. Even the traveler who usually wishes to rush to his journey's end rejoices that the road winds in and out so that the distance covered is twice the length of the peninsula. Now the way leads across a bit of land thrust out into the water; again it is in the shadow of green hills or for miles directly on the sandy beach where, at high tide, waves break within a few rods of

(Concluded on page 14)

Above — Causapscal: farms above 1,000 feet on tableland.



At right—On tabletop, Gaspe.

A Bolshevist Victim Sails to a Quieter Home

The Last Miles of a Journey to America

By MARGITA DE REGECZY

The writer of these articles on Bolshevism is a Hungarian noblewoman. This is the third and last article.

WITH the formalities over at last I could walk free into a free country, where order reigned. I had the feeling of waking up suddenly. I looked around and felt as if a mill stone had fallen from my heart. The very air seemed different to me, now that I was no more in the power of the Bolsheviki. No, not for anything would I have gone back. Other girls also have made their way without money, I thought. I was not used to working, but I certainly was as strong and as capable as any of them. This was a real romance to live through and I felt myself full of energy and hope again.

We went to a restaurant first for it had got quite late and I had not taken a meal for nearly 24 hours. It was almost seven o'clock in the evening by this time.

"I am afraid you will have to put up with a great inconvenience," Ivan (the writer's cousin) told me at table. "The two hotels of this small place are entirely filled. Passengers never used to spend the night here in ordinary times. You will not be able to find a room for the night."

We started out and tried both hotels as Ivan had done before, but in vain. Dozens of passengers who had no room crowded in the smoking room and in the hall of the small, ugly village hotels, where they expected to spend the night and wait for the Vienna train, which would start next morning.

"I will do what the other women do," I sighed. "You will smoke with the men and I will spend the night where the other ladies are."

Ivan was disconsolate.

"What would your mother say if she knew that I could not even get a room for her dear child, yet I tried to bribe both hotel keepers but it was of no use. There are several persons in every room."

Refuses Noble's Hand

I BEGAN to feel faint with the odor of smoke and the bad air of the place. We walked out in the hall and entered a small breakfast room where there was nobody. An upright piano stood there and I sat down and tried the yellow keys.

"Play me something," Ivan pleaded.

I began to play a composition of Chopin. The instrument was bad, but I had soon a few listeners. A stout woman pulled Ivan aside and said something into his ears. She was the wife of the owner of the hotel.

"Go with this lady, she will give you a room," Ivan whispered when I had finished and the fat lady pulled me along so fast that I had not even time to say "good night" to my chevalier.

"I will give you my own children's room for the night," the woman explained. "I am very fond of good music and I will not let a young lady who plays so well spend the night in the public room with all the others."

We walked up the stairs and entered a small chamber where an iron bed stood in the middle. The woman lifted her two sleeping children one after the other and took them over to the adjoining room which was her own.

"Go to sleep, young lady, you must be very tired," she said without further ceremony. "I will wake you up in time for the train."

I was left alone in the children's room very much astonished. Under other conditions the humor of the situation would have appealed to me, but I was dead tired. I dropped on the bed which had a peculiar odor, the woman not having taken the trouble to change the bed sheet of her beloved babies. I pulled my shoes off and my hair pins out of my hair. I was half asleep, but I got up once more, took my fur neckpiece and opened the lining under the fox's head. And by the light of the dim gas lamp I found the 200 Dutch florins, the sparkling diamond ring and the emerald cross.

The following day we lunched at one of the best hotels of Vienna, in the company of two other refugees, Countess C. and Count F., who had escaped from Vienna at the outbreak of the Bolshevistic revolution. Countess C. occupied the position of typist; Count F. and Ivan were transacting deals for large Austrian and Italian firms. Ivan informed me proudly that they had made about 60,000 lira profit since the time they had left Hungary.

"If you are willing to marry me in a year, you can have your own car again," he told me later when all four of us sat in the hall of the hotel. "The Bolsheviki can keep my inherited fortune if they wish, I can make another fortune."

I was not in love with him, but at this moment I was proud of him.

"At least the Bolsheviki cannot say that we Hungarian nobles are weak and deteriorated in spite of our long line of ancestors," I said, remembering how much I had gone through in the last times. "Never in my life have I felt more courageous and energetic."

Ivan bent over my shoulder and whispered:

"Promise that you will marry me in a year. I know that you think of going to America—forget about it—do not go so far away. Stay here or go to Holland and come back when you feel inclined to become my wife."

"I do not think I will ever marry a nobleman," I replied seriously. "For too long a time the same kind of people have married in my family. There must be one at last who is different from the others. The war and Bolshevism have changed our country so much that the old times will never come again, and we have to make the best of it. I long to work and to be independent. When I think of that splendid free country across the ocean, of my unknown future friends whom I will meet and of the life in the New World, I am thrilled all over with joy."

Ivan did not know how determined I was. "I trust that you will soon be tired of the struggle," he said gently and did not speak any more of his own plans.

I intended to take the evening train to Berlin and go straight to Holland. The 300 crowns accorded by the Bolsheviki would buy my ticket to Berlin and there I would have to change my Dutch money which had been saved.

"What have all these Hollanders to smile about?" I wondered, for I had not seen people smile on the street for many months at home.

A beautiful time followed after this. My 80-year-old noble godfather invited me to stay at his house in the most pressing terms. The famous statesman—the greatest man of Holland for many years—lived alone with his granddaughter, who was keeping house for him. I appeared at concerts in The Hague and in other cities and made quite a bit of money. I intended to ask a passport to America as soon as the peace with Hungary would be signed.

One day an old friend called on the family, the Dutch ambassador to England, who had been ambassador to America previously.

"Why do you not go to the United States?" he asked me, hearing my story. "The conditions in your country will not be normal for a long time and if you like to be independent and to work, the best country for you is America."

"I want to go, indeed," I replied, "but the peace is not signed yet and it is difficult to get a passport."

"Never worry about that. I am going to Washington in three weeks and I will get you the permit myself at the state department."

On Her Way to America

SIX weeks later I had an American visa on my passport and nothing stood in my way to realize my wish. The only person whom I knew in this country was a friend living in California. I did not know a single soul in New York, but I had quite a few letters of introduction and did not worry in the least.

I was so much filled with joy and expectation that I pretty nearly forgot to think about the financial part of the trip. With the proceeds of my concerts I bought a first-class passage and all the clothing I needed. When I changed my remaining funds into American currency I realized that I had $150 left to start with in New York. European money, even the Dutch, melts into a very small sum, if you change it into American money.

I knew well that my godfather would give me any amount of money I needed, but I did not like to ask him. "Never mind, this will be another interesting experience," I thought. "If I could come to Holland with 200 florins I can try America with $150."

Among other introductions I had received one to the Rev. Dr. P., minister of the Presbyterian church. After a week's stay at the hotel I called on him.

"I will take you to my wife," the gentleman said after having read the letter, "and I am sure that she will do what she can to make you feel at home in New York."

When Mrs. P. read my different letters of introduction and learned that I was staying alone at a hotel, she took me to her unoccupied guest room.

"I do not like you to live alone at a strange hotel, without having anybody to look out for you," she said with a kind smile.

A month after I thought it time to get more settled and left the minister's home.

This is the story of my coming to the United States.

Down the Curious Gaspe Peninsula

Concluded from page 13

the car window. One section of the road is for some fifty miles within sight of the water.

Villages are close together along the coast. In each one the church is the dominant feature, though sometimes the local branch of a great fisherman's supply company—which was founded in 1766—is almost as prominent. This company is to the fishermen, in a small way, what the Hudson Bay Company has been to the trapper. The establishment of the manager, where the clerk's lodge, as in more primitive days, is a social center, the great house of the village. Discipline is almost military in its severity; the clerks know that they are subject to the command of their superior, and even to transfer to another branch at the will of that superior. But the rule of the company along the fishing coasts of Canada is helpful and, usually, welcome.

Here and there on the coast great black crosses mark the site of some disaster that has overtaken the fishermen. Frequently a position by the side of the cross gives an opportunity to study the sturdy men and the boats on which they brave the waves, the drying of the fish they have brought to land, the nets hung to dry on a fence or in process of repairs after damage done by storm or a heavy haul. And here and there are the curious lobster pots, each supplied with an anchor stone, which is securely fastened to the pot by means of a yoke of wood fitted into a shallow groove chipped in the stone and secured in place by lashings of coarse twine.

Among the most picturesque of the fishing villages is Percé, where the mountains come down to the sea and the houses are scattered promiscuously along the beach. Visitors seek the village not only because of the charm of the immediate surroundings, but because of the extensions of the rocky promontory that come down to the beach, the famous Percé Rock, and Bonaventure Island. On rock and island are the bird reservations where gannets, herring gulls, cormorants, auks, puffin and guillemots gather for the rearing of their young.

Precipitous Percé Rock, nearly three hundred feet to the top and fifteen hundred feet long, defies the climber; the screeching, opposing birds combine with the difficult cliffs to drive back those venturesome enough to think of going aloft. At Bonaventure, three miles distant, the seaward face is also difficult of access, because of the red sandstone cliffs whose coloring, contrasted with the black and brown and white of the teeming bird population, is the delight of the visitors.

The Gannets of Gaspe

THE chief bird officer of Ontario and Quebec was told by one of these boatmen that he thought persons visiting the gannet cliffs on Bonaventure for the first time should be tied to the thwarts on which they sit, for they are apt to become so excited when they behold the throngs of birds at close range that they are in danger of leaping overboard. Accustomed as he himself was to the sight, he declared he could not see without emotion the gannets in their nests, as he visited this outpost of Gaspé—one of the two places in North America where these birds nest. The other, and smaller, of these colonies, is on the Bird Rocks, in the Magdalen Islands, which are not nearly so accessible.

Reluctantly the back is turned on Percé. The road leaves the sea for a dash through the forest-covered Percé Mountains. Suddenly the sea appears once more at Corner of the Beach. Then along the beach to Barachois, and a look backward that takes the breath away—green heights ashore, a gleaming beach near at hand, blue waters sweeping in from the gulf, and out to sea a study of Percé Rock that makes the gazer gasp or perhaps brings the tears. On a clear day the rock shows in all its majestic proportions, including the forty-foot high archway cut by the waves, from which it takes its name. Once there was another and much larger arch, but in 1846 this fell with a crash. The wreckage strewn about the end of the rock shows how great must have been the fall.

But the supreme experience of the comparatively few visitors who have learned to seek the peninsula is reserved for those who go on to Gaspé Basin, sheltered by the great promontory that bends out into the Atlantic. There, it is supposed by some, the Vikings had a fishing station a thousand years ago; there Jacques Cartier landed in 1534; there expeditions against Quebec paused for breath; there, at the beginning of the Great War, the first Canadian expedition assembled before beginning its stealthy dash across the Atlantic, in response to the summons of the motherland.

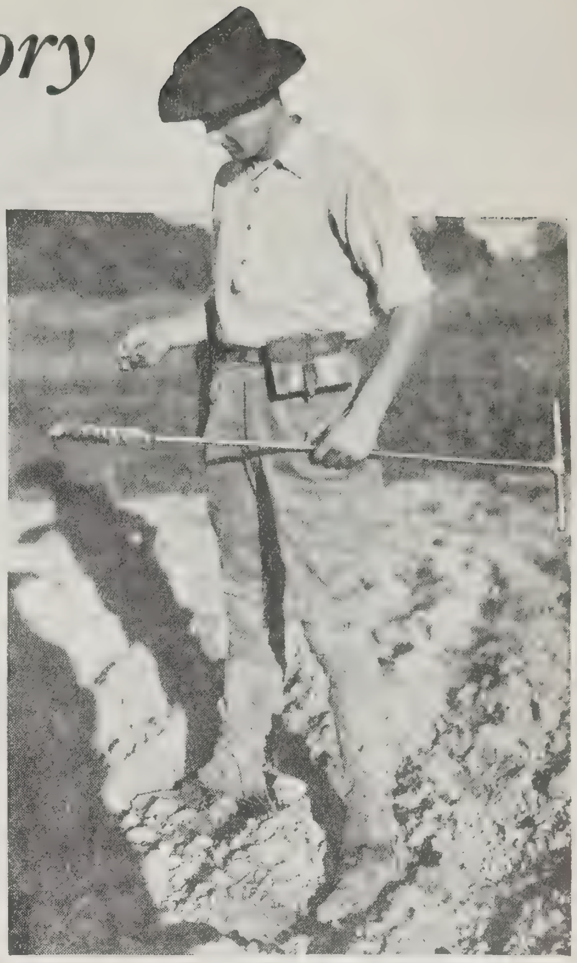
A visit to Gaspé is an event of a lifetime. To study the reflection of the sun as it drops into the depths; to note the twinkling of the harbor lights, as one by one they begin to glow; to see a tramp steamer enter the basin from the Atlantic—perhaps a salt ship from Cadiz, whose burden is awaited by the fishermen; to climb the steep streets or wander above the water; to enter the houses and churches, which have numerous reminders of the days of the sturdy Jerseymen who settled the coast, including the immense table stone in the Anglican Church, brought from Jersey, on which are carved the Ten Commandments; to examine the mahogany wainscoting in One Ash House, fashioned lovingly by a skilled worker from the spare of a schooner wrecked in the basin; to climb the terraces of the hotel, the historic resort of fishermen and hunters for a generation; to talk to the old harbor master, whose father had the position before him, of adventures in quest of old mahogany, of the days before the coming of the railroad—only fifteen years or so ago—when, during the long winters there was no communication with the outside world sometimes for weeks together; to go back up York River after moose, caribou, and deer—this is the beginning of tasting the joys of Gaspé.

And the end? There is no end!

Uncle Sam Takes Soil Inventory

Checking Up the "Contents" of Great Value

By HAZEL HANKINSON



Survey men carefully examine the soil so that they may give each type its correct name on the map.

"WHAT in the world are those fellows doing over there in my field?"

A farmer, clad in overalls, ready for work, hurls the question at his horses' heads as he drives them out of the barnyard and down the lane toward the gate of the lower forty.

Out in the middle of the field is a man in khaki trousers and high-topped boots, and over by the pasture fence is another. With augers they industriously bore into the ground to the depth of three, or maybe six feet. Their fingers become grimy as they examine the earth which clings to these augers. On a card they make little drawings and jot down a few notes.

"What you doing?" asks the overall man as he and his team come closer to the scene of action.

"Taking inventory," answers one of the khaki men smiling.

"Inventory!"

"Yes, your farm is just another part of old Mother Earth's storehouse, you know. Got to check up the contents and find out what we've got here on this old planet." The khaki man starts boring again in another place and goes on talking.

"We are trying to find out all we can about the soil of this farm of yours just now, and eventually about the soil of the whole country. When we get through we expect to know all the different kinds of soil, what crops are especially suited to each, how much can be produced on them, and what fertilizers are needed."

"That's interesting," remarked the farmer. "Why the little 'gunny' sacks?" pointing to two or three small cloth bags lying on the ground near by.

"Oh, we're taking samples of some of your soil," replied the other. "Analyses are to be made in the laboratory at the Agricultural College, so that it will be known exactly what the texture of the soil is, and how much plant food the various crops require on ground of this type. Some day you can find out all about this from a map and a report which the college will have prepared. Like to talk longer with you, but we're about to start work on another forty over west of here now, since we've finished this one.

"S'long. Glad to have met you." And the two men with their augers and sacks sputter off down the road in a car marked "State Property."

Almost any day between the months of May and November in the North, and later in the South, some farmer in any one of twenty-six different states vocally or mentally makes this same inquiry about America's soil survey workers.

One of these men in khaki represents the United States Bureau of Soils. The other is a soil survey man from the state experiment station. These experts work together making maps to show where different soils are located and just how far each sandy or loamy, clay or marshy piece extends. Every section of each county is examined at distances of about a quarter of a mile, and after a county is finished, farmers may see their fields mapped out in colors like a wonderful Joseph's coat.

Differences as small as from five to ten acres are shown. Roads, railroads, and streams are there, too, and towns, schools, churches, and farmhouses appear on this vari-colored map of Mother Earth.

Just as animals and plants are classified and named so that no matter where we find them we feel acquainted with them, so it is with soils. Each different type is given a name when first mapped, and this name remains the same whether the soil is found in New York or Wisconsin, California or Texas.

It is because the same soils appear in many states that Uncle Sam's men from Washington are sent to work with the men in the various states engaged in the survey. They help to keep the mapping uniform throughout the country.

The state men, however, make a more careful study of the needs and uses of the soils within their own borders. They find out not only all they can about the earth to the depth of six feet, but they look to the water supply and the drainage conditions as well. They learn what crops are best suited to particular localities and to each soil. They find out what systems the farmers use to best advantage, and how the fields are best managed to keep them fertile.

When the survey of a county is finished, the map and the information which the men have gathered are published together by the college of agriculture of that state.

Farming and non-farming lands are indicated, and those best adapted for the growing of trees, or for grazing. The reports show also just how rich the soils are naturally, and what the different types need to improve them. They aid in finding the soils best suited to any kind of crop.

Thus the horticulturist as well as the general farmer is helped in finding the best location for his orchards. The truck farmer is aided in looking for a small fruit and vegetable farm.

Suppose either city or country folk are interested in taking up new homes in some unimproved section. The soil map gives them accurate information and helps them to choose the best place to buy or rent.

Real estate dealers and colonization companies use the maps, too, in getting settlers located. Bankers and land appraisers find them valuable in deciding on land values and how much money can be loaned on any particular site.

To Discuss Wisconsin Is to Discuss "Bob"

Concluded from page 7

this "be equitably accomplished through several different gradations of taxation."

These are but straws that indicate what the people of Wisconsin are thinking. National leaders who champion these ideas will gain strength in the state.

But so far as sentiment developing for national candidates there has not been a stirring. The Democratic party has been so completely assimilated that it will take some coaxing to bring about much enthusiasm. The Democratic leaders who are still in the fight are much of the La Follette type—Progressive—but still Democrats.

President Harding did not get a delegation from Wisconsin two years ago, and unless conditions change, he will not get a delegation next year. Careful judgment would indicate that Senator La Follette will not worry much about who will carry Wisconsin—he expects to have this honor conferred upon him.

"Under the Harding Administration the System has openly taken charge of the government at Washington," Senator La Follette charges. "It is no longer an 'Invisible Government.' It swaggers in the White House, struts through the departments, and cracks its whip in the halls of Congress.

"The System is a hard, cruel, ruthless master. It recognizes no restraining law, either statutory or moral. It exacts all it can squeeze out of the millions on millions of daily sales. It takes profits up to the last limit of the purchasing power of people, who must buy coal, clothing, food and shelter or starve and freeze.

"Under the Constitution, the American citizen had the right to believe that this was his government, and that it would establish and maintain justice and promote the general welfare.

"What mockery!

"Government by the System is industrial and economic slavery.

"System government is a constant menace to peace. As long as it controls it will maintain a large army, a huge navy ready for aggressive warfare in any part of the world. War waits on the threshold of our foreign affairs.

"Whenever the financial interests of the System will be served best by foreign war, it is ready and—it declares war.

"What folly to talk of controlling the size of the army and navy; the making of treaties to preserve peace and good will among nations; or the creation of leagues and tribunals to end war, under a President or a Congress elected and controlled by the organized monopoly power which knows no law but might, and is the only element in our country the profits of which are greater in war than peace!

"And this brings me to say that the first battle to be won by the men and women of these United States is to drive the public officials who serve the System out of public life, regardless of the political party to which they belong."

The soil of Wisconsin is potential with reform. In territorial days it had a communistic experiment that rivaled the Brook Farm. The forty-eighters of Germany came bringing with them their ideas of religion and political liberty, and the Scandinavian and other peoples striving for a foothold brought doctrines of economic freedom. The state went in for victory with the Granger movement of the early seventies when farmers demanded reforms, and then settled back to become a Conservative Republican state until a Democrat slipped into power in the early nineties on an educational issue.

Then came La Follette stirring the people to action. Since his election as governor in 1900 not a single battle that he has personally waged has he lost. Three times elected governor; he has served as United States Senator from the state since 1906, having been re-elected three times. La Follette always conducts his battles within the Republican party.

Four times he has been a presidential candidate on the Republican ticket, having a large majority of the delegation from Wisconsin each time. North Dakota has generally voted for La Follette. And Wisconsin will send another majority delegation to the Republican convention next year for Senator La Follette.

This is the second article of a series to appear during the coming months. The first had to do with politics in Kansas.

Richest Town Strives for Ideal Community

Concluded from page 9

as ordinarily all cut stone comes to a building ready to set. In this case the architects wished to avoid the harsh contrasts and sharp lines of cut stone, which is usually limestone, and, instead, are having the stone for mullions, jambs and other molded portions cut by hand from the same stone as is used in the walls. As a result, all the stone for these parts comes from the quarry in huge boulders and is dressed on the spot. This method has not been used to this extent for probably 400 years, and gives a degree of craftsmanship that is striking and one which is almost never seen in this country.

"In every part of the building only the most solid and permanent construction will be used, with special attention given to keeping the maintenance cost at the extreme minimum. For example, there will be no wood on the exterior except the doors and their frames; the windows are all metal and have metal frames, and even the wood usually found around the eaves and gables has been entirely eliminated, so that there will be no depreciation. The rafters will be steel in all cases except where the open roof construction occurs over the Legion room.

"There will be two main entrances to the building, one under a porte cochere and the other from a broad terrace across the southern front. Entering by the porte cochere one is led by a half flight of stone steps to the main floor. Entering by the terrace entrance one is brought directly into the memorial hall, occupying all the interior of the tower. Thus the two entrances converge to this memorial hall, which forms the pivot of the whole building. This hall will have stone floors and walls, and stone groining and ceiling, and will be lighted from the large leaded windows seen on the outside of the tower. Here will be placed the monumental setting in stone for the bronze tablet, and the effect will be inspiring."

An outside dancing floor will be a feature of the building. Just north of the tribute hall is a cherry tree, said to be one of the largest in the United States. Its trunk is forty-eight inches in diameter, and its branches spread in all directions. Beneath and around this is to be laid a green tile floor, resembling grass at a distance and suitable for dancing purposes. A box for musicians and stone benches for resting will flank the place. The architecture of the building is a transitional Tudor and Renaissance development, designed for the double purpose of meeting the classic exterior features of a memorial without shutting off the light that will make the interior useful and comfortable.

Merion's comparative freedom from burglars is due partly to the fact that her policemen are known all over the country as dead shots. A privately owned underground rifle range is used regularly by the men. The association employs two private policemen in addition to the regular township force. It is not only against criminals that the association has shown the power of public opinion, however. Early in its career it locked horns with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company when citizens complained of the ancient station at Merion. It took several years, but so much clamor was raised that finally the road built a handsome new station.

The annals of the association show a list of some fifty major accomplishments. That list includes such items as those mentioned above in the outline of benefits to members, and other civic services such as the breaking of a pathway through the snow on every Merion street during winter months. It might be assumed that the expense of all this would amount to a considerable sum, but as a matter of fact the total budget of the association for the fiscal year just ended was $8,341.01, of which $2,278.10 was for salaries of special policemen and $1,749.96 for the salary of a secretary.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA

BRIEFLY TOLD

During the recent eruption of Mount Etna, a Sicilian peasant dug a hole in the outer crust of the cooling lava until he reached the almost boiling lava below. He lowered a pan filled with water, which was thus heated to a point where it could cook food. He then proceeded to prepare a meal for himself and other refugees.

Abandoning his train full of passengers to take a peek at the Chicago-Philadelphia ball game, a motorman of an elevated train in Chicago recently held up "L" traffic on the north side for half an hour. Becoming interested in the game he forgot to return to his cab.

Labor recruiters penetrate to remote villages of Northern Argentine and with the promise of high wages induce Indians and their families to leave home. The laborers are transported on flat cars with accommodations worse than those provided for live stock. They are herded on estates under the open sky without sufficient food. They are hard workers, and their pay is practically nothing, their wages being in the form of orders, valid only at the plantation store, where they are charged exorbitant prices for the poorest quality of goods. If any balance is left at the end of the accounting, the workers are induced to spend it for liquors of which they are very fond. The national department of labor of Argentina is authority for this information.

Major Henry H. Curran has been appointed Immigration Commissioner at Ellis Island to succeed Robert E. Tod, who has resigned. Major Curran is forty-five years old and a graduate of Yale University and of the New York Law School. At one time he was a reporter on the New York *Tribune*. Major Curran was with the A. E. F. and in 1919 he was chosen by the Republicans to run for borough president of Manhattan. He was elected, the first man ever put in that office on a straight G. O. P. ticket. He is a writer and lecturer on politics.

"Candidate" is, originally, a Latin word which means "white." With the ancient Romans, at election time, those who were running for office wore a "toga candida," a white mantle, emblem of the purity of their political intentions. A herald announced to the voters gathered in the forum: "tua res agitur" (your interests are to be attended to!"); and then the tribunes took each candidate by the hand and led him around, presenting him to the crowd.

Japan has retired 850 officers, including seven generals, since August, 1922. The Japanese Government has announced that it will shortly discharge from the service 1,371 additional officers, including four generals, seventeen lieutenant-generals, and thirty-three major-generals. Many retired officers have entered the Department of Economics of the Imperial University to qualify for civilian occupations.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

In Spanish cities at eleven o'clock at night the doors of all rooming houses are closed and locked. After that hour one can get in only by calling the guard or watchman of his particular block. This is an old Spanish custom which holds over to the present day in nearly all the cities of Spain. The watchman carries a lantern and the keys of all the houses under his charge.

A state law regulating aviation in Kansas supervises aerial flight, determines qualifications of pilots, prescribes uniform traffic rules and generally guards the interests of the public. The aircraft board has authority to issue licenses for airplanes at twenty dollars and flyers at ten dollars a year. Cities are empowered to establish and maintain municipal aviation fields out of city funds.

Magnetism was known 3,000 years ago. Ancient Greeks discovered blackstones in the vicinity of Magnesian in Lydia which had the power of attracting iron and were themselves attracted to each other by an invisible force. "Magnet" derives its name from its original point of discovery —"Magnesian."

In Chicago 1,285,000 persons or 300,000 families move every year, according to figures compiled by the gas company.

The Soviet government, in an official statement, says all Jews who wish to join relatives in Amercia may do so by applying for emigration passports. Permission has been granted the all-Russian Jewish Relief Committee to establish branches throughout Russia to facilitate emigration.

Alvin M. Owsley, national commander of the American Legion, says, "It will take five years to write a sensible law to govern immigration and until that time the United States should bar those who are coming here seeking to avoid the consequences of a war which they brought upon themselves."

Although Montenegro contains rich and fertile fields in parts of the country, taken as a whole it is one of the poorest countries in Europe. Before the European War Russia built roads, bridges, churches and schools there. The natives are brave and fearless and have beaten back the Turkish swarms for 500 years. Of all the Balkan peoples, they alone have never bowed to the Turk.

One of the world's greatest iron ore regions is located in the interior of Brazil. The ore-beds are pure and abundant and the only drawback to development lies in the lack of transportation. The natives smelt the ore and fashion it into utensils and farming implements by the crudest process known to modern man. With the abundant waterpower to develop current for electric furnaces, the economic development of this area will soon be solved. Brazil now imports large quantities of iron and sheet from other countries.

Of the 2,000 actors engaged in the various legitimate productions in the New York theater, during the season now drawing to a close, about ten per cent are Jews. Forty per cent of the sixty-odd so-called American plays produced were written by Jews. The plays eventually produced were brought on to the stages of theaters of which more than half are either owned or controlled by Jews. And after a New York run these plays are booked on the road by organizations which are practically one hundred per cent Jewish.

Rudyard Kipling is a first cousin to Stanley Baldwin, the British Prime Minister.

The principal crop of Yucatan is the henequen (sisal). The fields are cleared with axes and machetes. No plowing or harrowing is done in the preparation of the henequen ground. The suckers of the plant are merely placed in holes in the sparse soil among the rocks.

In honor of his dog just dead and buried, the governor of Maine ordered the American flag displayed at half-staff over the state house at Bangor.

Have You a World-wide Viewpoint?

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 — Dearborn, Michigan, August 4, 1923 — Single Copy Ten Cents

An Interview With Mr. Ford on Pages 5 and 6, This Issue

AUG 1923

Un-American King Coal—Fifty Years Behind

Third Party Held Not to Be the Way Out

Uncle Sam's "Ugly Duckling"—Alaska

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Take Over Party Machinery, Advise Wise Ones

Don't Try to Form a Third Group, Use the Old Organizations

By AARON HARDY ULM

"THE Blank party," says a high official in one of the old political party organizations, "is no pink tea affair. No one need await an invitation to step in and, if they can, run it."

No organization in this country is less exclusive than the old political parties. Virtually no credentials are required for entering either. And there is no arbitrary barrier against anyone taking directing part in the management of either party.

In many states, it is true, the laws require you to enroll as a party adherent before you may take part in choosing party candidates or party officials. In others, the parties themselves lay down rules governing participation in strictly party affairs.

But none requires the voter to subscribe even to party tenets. For example, to qualify as an active member of the Republican party does not mean that you have to hold belief in the theory of protection; nor, to become an active Democrat, with all the rights of every other active Democrat, do you have to take the contrary view.

By neither statutory nor party law are you even required to vote the ticket of the party to which you "belong."

Hence our political party structures are the most open of open-houses—houses which, at least theoretically, may be taken over at any time by new occupants and managers.

This is now so well recognized that, in despite of the unusual clamor against the old parties as conducted, there probably is less demand at the present time than ever before for the development of a third party.

"Why bother to organize a new party," say wise advocates of political revolt, "when, if we have the strength to form a new party that will win, it is much easier to take over the machinery of one of the old parties."

Done in Some Cases

IN NUMEROUS state and local cases that has been done in recent years.

Democrats have been elected to important offices as Republican candidates. There are Republican and Democratic "organizations" today which bear little resemblance to the general and traditional complexions of those parties.

Taken as a whole both Republican and Democratic national "organizations," in a physical sense, are, in ninety per cent extent, scarcely more than houses of cards. A serious whiff from the voters at any time would bring them down on the heads of the politicians.

On paper these "organizations" are stronger than they ever were before; actually they are much weaker. Millions have been spent during the last dozen years in endeavoring to build up the organizations of both old parties.

On each has been spent more during "off" years than formerly was spent during Presidential election years. The $50,000 which the Republican National Committee expended in promoting the first election of Abraham Lincoln would not now maintain its permanent national headquarters during much more than a month of an "off" year. If the sum would do more for the permanent headquarters of the Democratic committee it would be because, since that party has been a national "out," those who run that establishment have found it difficult to raise large funds.

Permanent national headquarters have become fixtures if not necessities of the old parties. In fact, permanent headquarters are maintained for many states and cities, where the idea originated.

The Use of Propaganda

THE duties of these party establishments, conducted largely by salaried experts, is to look regularly after the details of organization and propaganda.

This is made necessary not solely by the complexities of the times. It is the result essentially of insidiously growing weakness within the parties. This weakness is in the vitals of the parties, vitals made up in the main of things that you can't catalog; that is, tradition, sentiment, principle, loyalty on the part of adherents, enthusiasm.

There was a time when seventy-five per cent or more voters of this country divided themselves fixedly between the two major parties, and followed them faithfully whether right or wrong. It is doubtful if as many as twenty-five per cent of the voters "belong" to the parties in that way today. Indeed, in recent years both parties together have been able to get the votes ordinarily of not more than fifty per cent of all the persons who might vote. They used to command the ballots of from seventy to ninety per cent of all possible voters.

When the parties possessed real vitality, perfunctory organization could be and was to a great extent ignored. It was developed highly in a few localities, as by Tammany Hall in New York City, where peculiar conditions prevailed. Even within the last thirty years the national headquarters of the parties during Presidential campaigns often found a half-dozen office rooms and twenty-five to fifty workers sufficient. The Republicans, under Mark Hanna's direction in 1896, first responded to changed conditions. Now it takes several hundred office rooms to house the thousand or more persons needed for carrying on the work of national headquarters during a Presidential campaign.

As party spirit among the rank and file of the voters has changed and fallen, the paper organization of the parties has expanded. For the enthusiasm of yore there has been introduced—the card index.

The card index, now so relied upon by party managers, looks terribly formidable. But, speaking as one who had something to do with building up and employing some of them, the writer can vouch for the fact that they are very flimsy indeed.

It may be doubted if a letter directed from the national headquarters of either party to each of the "organized" adherents listed in its files would bring replies from as many as ten per cent of those addressed. This would be the case even though the letter asked for nothing but a reply. If it asked, say, for subscriptions to party funds it wouldn't be responded to ordinarily by fewer than one per cent.

And scarcely more than five per cent of all the voters are recorded as dependable Democrats or Republicans in the vast files maintained by the national committees.

The Party Manager of Today

THE party manager who used to give orders to his organization like a general commanding an army now has to beg, beseech and implore.

In fact, on a show-down, the average party manager depends but little upon his perfunctory organization, the manifold committees and clubs and their members. There are exceptions as in those surviving local cases where organizations still are nourished by spoils and pelf.

But spoils and pelf, once the red corpuscles in the life blood of nearly all organized politics, now count for but little in the inspiriting of national political organization of what might be called the "regular" kind. They have a lot to do still with subterranean equations; such as those identified with much of the "big money" upon which both big-party organizations are almost absolutely dependent.

The spoils and pelf that used to inspirit the far-flung errand-running that made national party organizations vital were typified by the public job of the kind which is now of no immense political importance. There are two reasons for this. One is the taking from full political control most Federal government positions. More influential probably is the fact that the public job, as a mere position, no longer has the attraction it once possessed. There was a time when a clerkship in a Washington department was considered a glorious position. The kind of talent it once attracted now, finding so much better opportunity in business or industry, treats it with scorn.

At one time party managers didn't need much by way of campaign funds, at least not for "legitimate" use. The errand-running which now has to be paid for would be done for nothing, out of enthusiasm or prospect of getting a political job.

Now, however, the parties need millions with which to inspirit the already convinced; that is, of the persons already listed as party adherents. The "red fire" of modern campaigning has two purposes, neither of which is to persuade. One is to convince the independent onlooker that the party producing the flame and the noise is going to win. The other is to motivate the "party worker." For the old party organizations have so fallen in real vitality that the average "party man," no matter how loyal, won't exert himself very much unless those displays which take money to make are in evidence. What handler of the political doughbags hasn't had to daily face this plea?—

"We don't need the money to get the folks thinking our way but if you don't let us have so many thousands the boys will lose heart and won't get out the vote."

More than three-quarters of all old-party campaigning operations now aim solely at "getting out the vote." It is such a ponderous task that it leaves little time or energy for use in the ever-growing field of persuasion.

It has come to the point whereby the party getting out the largest percentage of its own vote is the probable winner. For party managers generally count on a great proportion of the voters, once in the voting booth, to mark ballots quite automatically.

Eighty Per Cent Vote Automatically

INDEED, eighty per cent of the persons who go to the polls do vote automatically; that is, they vote as did their fathers. Political automatism has been promoted by some modern-day devices which aim ostensibly at discouraging it. Long ballots, for example, lead more busy persons to vote a party ticket straight than to exercise discrimination as to each name and proposal on the ballot. It is not unusual now in some states for the ballot to contain from 200 to 500 propositions which the voter may pass on singly, or, particularly in the case of candidacies for office, in groups. To pass intelligently on each item calls for more time than the average person will give to voting. Hence thousands merely make a single mark indicating that they vote for all Republicans or all Democrats and let it go at that. If a simpler system were used the voters might split their ballots.

This automatism has the appearance and, usually the effect on results, of genuine party loyalty. But because it is automatism and not the sort of party fealty that used to prevail among the majority of the voters, the great apparent strength of the parties on severe test would prove to be pale and thin indeed—as already has been shown by many a local case, but not as yet nationally.

In fact, that allegiance to party traditions which still survives is more negative than positive. It partakes more of feeling against the other party than for the one espoused. The South, for example, remains staunchly Democratic chiefly because of the Negro question and the Republican party's traditional attitude thereto, rather than because of any sublime devotion to the party of Jefferson.

All of which is set down here to show how the old-party structures have become in great measure mere shells which can easily be taken over or crushed by voters determined to get results. On paper, organized politics, as typified by party organizations, seems to be invincible. In fact, these organizations are so weak that political revolts which fifty years ago would have aroused only scornful smiles on the faces of party managers, now set the politicians debating as to whether they shall run to cover or join in the assault.

Until within comparatively recent years assaults on organized politics had to be made from without. For example, the Mugwump movement in Blaine's day could get nowhere except through leading Republicans away from the fold and temporarily into the Democratic camp. The Bryan movement in the Democratic party never would have amounted to much but for its being preceded by the schism achieved via the Populist party. But the Bull Moose movement of a few years ago failed for the very reason that the Mugwumps and the Populists measurably succeeded; that is, because the main assault was made outside of instead of within the bounds of the old parties. If the Rooseveltites had continued their revolt within the Republican party the Old Guard long ago would have been historical only.

"Boring From Within" Better

ASSAULTS from without still may succeed; in some respects they have a better chance than ever before. But because of conditions having little to do with true vitality in the old-party organizations successful assaults from without are now more likely to be temporary and casual than permanent and general. One reason is the immense detail which law and custom now place upon political operations—detail that calls for organization, though it be in the main perfunctory, of a kind that cannot be brought into existence overnight.

But it is no longer necessary to develop that organization anew. It can be taken over much more easily.

Succinctly, the voters convinced of what they want and determined to get their way, can make their will prevail despite, and even through, organized politics of the most unsavory kind. They can attack party programs through the parties themselves and when desirable take over, operate and even turn the party machine against itself. This was demonstrated as long ago as 1912 by Woodrow Wilson's nomination at Baltimore. There organized politics was arrayed against the Princetonian and it had the nominal power to prevent his nomination. But it didn't have the actual power for the reason that the voters' demand for Wilson had managed to percolate the most carefully erected handmade barriers arrayed against him. This demand finally prevailed despite the unit rule governing state delegations and the two-thirds rule controlling the nomination—both of which are mighty tools for use by organized politics in putting over its will. In fact, in the highest precincts of the hand-picked occurred the final break at the Baltimore convention. The leap to Wilson by the Roger Sullivan delegates from Illinois brought on the finish.

Must Have the Voters

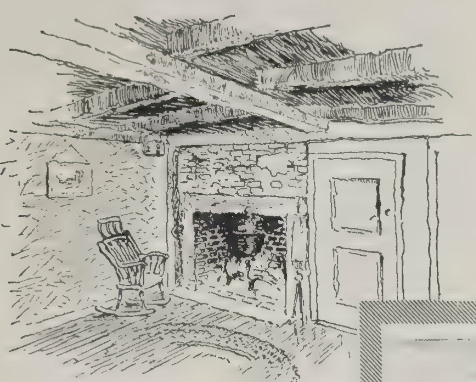
MANY considerations enter into the motives and desires of the professional type of party politician. But even with the most callous, the will to win rarely is secondary to other considerations.

And in the ultimate they can win only by assistance from the voters—and voters other than those who can be depended on to follow the organization blindly.

So, despite all the impedimenta which seem to hobble free action on the part of the voters, especially with reference to national affairs, it still is impossible to put over any candidate for, say, President, whom a majority of the voters don't want. And it is easier perhaps than ever before for the voters to procure for President the person they do want.

And as long as the Presidency is safe, or reasonably so, the rest doesn't matter a great deal. More and more have we made the President *the* government; in some senses even more than the national government. By common consent the highest office has been given powers that lie far outside the Constitution. Its occupant is held responsible for many things of which the Constitution takes no note—indeed, for many things which the Constitution, strictly construed, would compel others to handle. As government now is conducted it is to the President that the humble citizen may look almost alone with any degree of confidence for other than juridical, or court, justice. And the Presidency—despite attempts of the founders of our government to shield that office from the free play of opinion—is the branch of government which the voters can hold to strictest accountability.

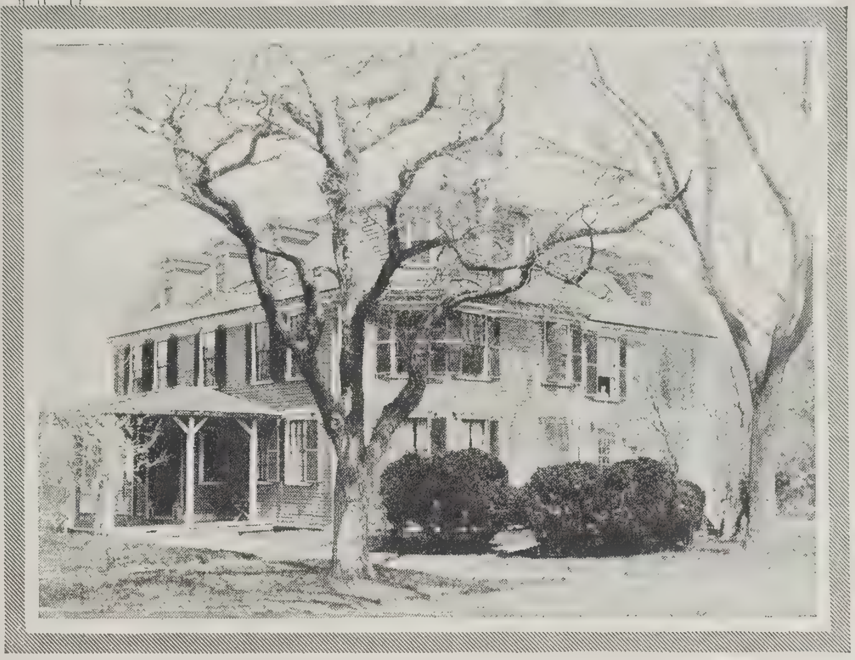
That's one, perhaps the chief, reason we get more excited over electing a President than any other official or group of officials. This hasn't always been so; in fact, in the early days of the Republic the average voter took little interest in the Presidency, as compared with interest taken in other offices.



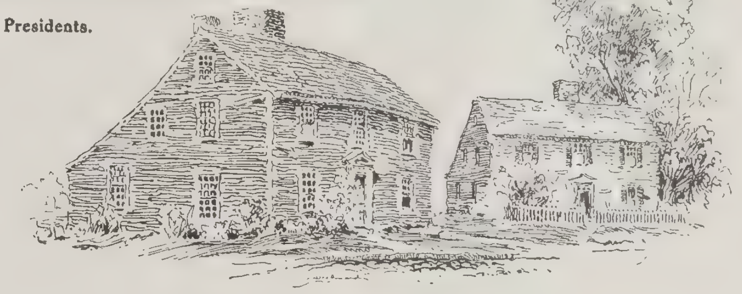
Kitchen of the John and Abigail cottage.

Quincy, an Historical Tapestry of Adventures Grave and Gay

It Was Here That "Calfe of Horeb" Was Set Up



Above—The Dorothy House. At right—Birthplaces of the Presidents.



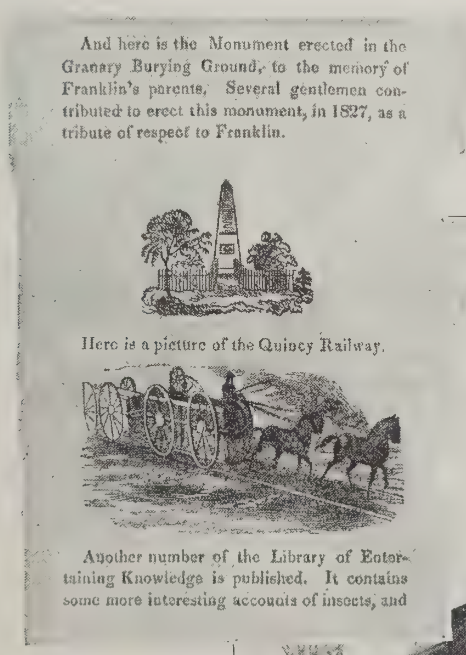
By MAY B. WHITING

THE city of Quincy, prosaic and prosperous today with its shipbuilding and its quarries, gives little hint that its youth was a tapestry of adventures grave and gay, and that, for one episode, it was the prodigal of the colonies, sowing its wild oats as no other settlement dreamed of doing. For here, on May Day almost 300 years ago, was set up that "Idoll," that "calfe of Horeb," that abomination to the virtuous folk at Plymouth, the May-pole of Merry Mount.

In 1625 Captain Wollaston, "a man of pretie parts," came, with about thirty followers, to the new plantation. But he was not pleased with the first harvest and withdrew to Virginia. Then one Morton, "a petty-fogger from Furnival's Inn," assumed authority and under him the company became a set of roisterers, spending their time feasting and drinking, and inviting the Indians to join them in their revels.

On May Day, 1627, they planned to change the name of their habitation from Mt. Wollaston to Merry Mount and, "with drummes, gunnes, pistols and other fitting instruments," they set up a May-pole, "a goodly pine of eighty foote long, with a peare of buckshornes nayled somewhat neare to the top of it." About this, writes Bradford, they revelled for many days together, "inviting the Indian women for their consorts, dancing and frisking together like so many fairies, or furies, rather." To add to the scandal, Morton nailed "poetrie" to the tree, verses of his own composing, "tending to destruction," until the outraged Puritan could stand it no longer. Endicott admonished that there must be "better walking" and, that failing, Myles Standish, with his army of eight, stormed the wildwood citadel, captured "mine host of Merry Mount," and dispersed his followers. But they could not reform this "lord of misrule." Morton was sent to England in bilbowes, but he did not there forget his grudge and did all he could to harm the colonies. Yet the lure of the New World held him. Before long he was back, seeking out "his old nest at Merry Mount," where only his age saved him from the whipping-post. "Grown old in wickedness," he still loved pleasure to the end. There were rumors of a town in Maine, Agamenticus, where the frolics of Merry England should be held in high esteem, and, half sick, he dragged himself across the wilderness, only to find a handful of fellows as luckless as himself. Their miserable dwellings were poor protection against the cold, and most of them perished during the winter, Morton among the number.

For many years a single cedar, bent by the wind, crowned the summit of Merry Mount, as if nature had set a memorial to mark the site of her pagan devotees, and, when the city adopted a seal, it was chosen for a device, with the Latin word *Manet*, "it remains." Today the cedar has vanished from the hill, although its trunk is still preserved in Quincy, but through the pages of Hawthorne and Motley, the May-pole of Merry Mount will always remain in our literature.

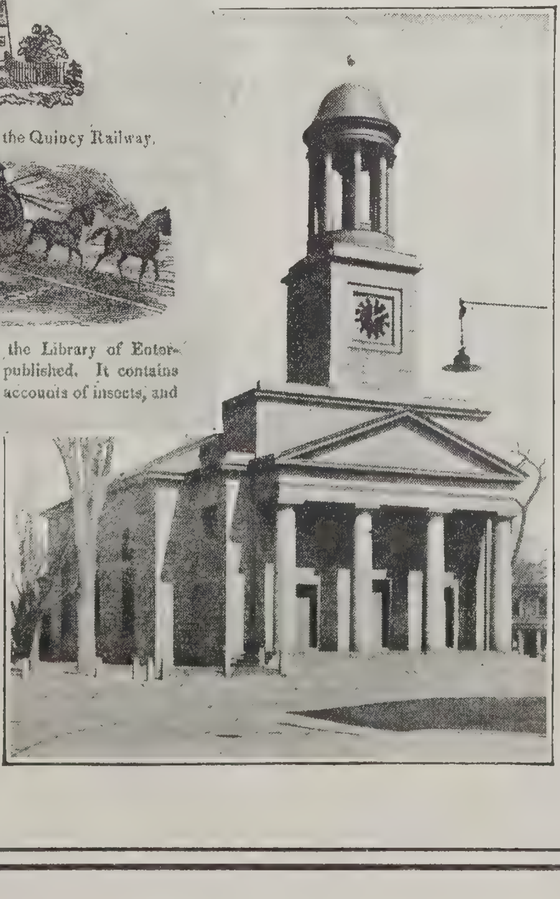


And here is the Monument erected in the Granary Burying Ground, to the memory of Franklin's parents. Several gentlemen contributed to erect this monument, in 1827, as a tribute of respect to Franklin.

Here is a picture of the Quincy Railway.

Another number of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge is published. It contains some more interesting accounts of insects, and

A leaf from an old volume illustrating the first railroad in the United States, the Quincy Railway.



At the right is the Stone Temple.

But "City of Presidents" is Quincy's proudest title, for she has given us two, John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Their birthplaces are still standing, red painted, commonplace farmhouses, almost pathetic in their lowliness and aloofness from the tide of life that sweeps by their doors.

The smaller of the two houses was built in 1687 and is a typical pioneer dwelling, with great beams and fireplaces, and cupboards and niches in unexpected corners, as successive generations made additions to suit their needs. In one room the entire paneling beside the chimney opens outward, with chance to conceal a man behind it. There are a few mementoes of the Adams family, the more appealing because of their meagerness. In the chamber where John Adams was born in 1735 is the cradle in which he was laid, the slippers his wife wore in London, her workbox neatly set in order, and, adding a cheery splash of color, a shawl of vivid scarlet made by the thrifty Abigail from a riding coat worn almost daily by the elder President.

The birthplace of John Quincy Adams is sometimes known as the John and Abigail cottage because here John Adams took his bride and from this house he went forth, "the Atlas of Independence," to take up the lion's share of the burdens of the new government. The boy, John Quincy, bore his part, too, at eleven years old riding horseback to Cambridge where the Continental army was encamped. Evenings he climbed Penn's Hill, beyond the house to see if they were bombarding the British in Boston, and here, on a ledge now marked by a cairn, he watched with his mother the smoke from Charlestown during the Battle of Bunker Hill.

The Adams mansion at the other end of the town is a more comfortable place to visit, for it tells less of the struggles and more of the ease of life. It is sometimes called the Golden Wedding House, for here John Adams, his son John Quincy Adams, and his grandson Charles Francis Adams, celebrated their fiftieth anniversaries. The house was built in 1731 by Leonard Vassall, a West Indian planter who spared no expense to make it beautiful. One room is paneled from floor to ceiling in mahogany. A brook flows through the grounds, and the house, still bearing its air of distinction and gentility, is set back from the street in a park of shade trees. A stone library has been built in the grounds to hold in greater security the books and valuable papers of the Presidents.

Both Presidents with their wives lie buried in the Stone Temple, or First Church, built by a legacy from the elder President. Here illustrious generations of the Adams family have worshiped, together with the Quincys, Josiah Quincy, president of Harvard, with his son Josiah, Boston's "great mayor." No elaborate monuments to mark the Presidents' graves, only simple tablets.

The church itself has a notable history. Gathered in 1636, the first structure was built in 1637. There was an independence of thought in Quincy, not found in any other body of worshipers in New England, for here lived Anne Hutchinson, the ardent young Sir Harry Vane, William Coddington, and others equally venturesome. The Rev. Mr. Wheelwright's sermons were not tolerated by the stern Puritans at Boston. Anne Hutchinson and Wheelwright were banished, Coddington withdrew to Rhode Island where he became the first governor, and Sir Harry Vane left for England where a sad fate awaited him. But the liberal tradition remained in Quincy and in 1750 the church declared itself Unitarian.

As the birthplaces of the Presidents show the hardships of life during the period, and the Vassall house and Stone Temple reflect its dignity, so romance and adventure and youthful love are the atmosphere of the charming Dorothy Q. estate.

(Concluded on page 9)

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The Half-million Mark

WITH the issue of August 4, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT passes the half-million mark. This means that in the space of four and one-half years the circulation of this paper has steadily increased until through renewals and new subscriptions it now numbers 500,000 subscribers who have paid their money for the privilege of reading it. It means more than that: on the principle accepted in the publishing world, of four readers to every copy of the paper, the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT now approximate 2,000,000 in number. The actual circulation of the main ideas set forth by the paper is really still much wider, because of the freedom with which the press of the United States quotes from its columns.

The pride which may be pardonably evident in the foregoing statement does not grow out of the figures. Mere circulation is not all that a truth-telling paper seeks. It is a notable achievement to have found half a million subscribers in less than five years, but there is something more valuable than Subscribers and that is Readers. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is a paper that is *read*. Its subscribers become its readers, and its readers become its friends. This, of course, could have become possible only on the ground that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is really independent, really honest and really informed in its work as "Chronicler of the Neglected Truth." Its readers have learned to know how thoroughgoing is all its work in search of the exact truth.

As short a time as THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been before the public, it is nevertheless long enough to have tested its more adventurous undertakings to date. Some of its campaigns, bitterly opposed at first, are now conceded to have profoundly influenced the thought of the nation; those who most strongly denied our statements three years ago are now circulating them as the commonplace of information.

Another source of pride is the distinguished roster of readers which we have. It is a pleasure to state that from the subscription list of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT could be selected the intellectual leadership of the United States.

The half-million mark is only a halfway house in the history of this paper. By continuing to serve the people with facts and carrying out Ford ideas for the public good, the future growth of the paper is already assured.

Too Much Language

LAST autumn, the Vice-President, went to St. Paul to make a carefully-prepared address, in which he intended to tell the farmers how happy they should be. For some reason, the audience did not consider the speech to be a happy one, and it manifested its disapproval in such a way that Mr. Coolidge was compelled to sit down before his address was completed. A few weeks later, the voters of Minnesota, in a somewhat angry frame of mind, went to the polls and elected Henrik Shipstead, farmer-laborite, to the United States Senate.

Some weeks ago, President Harding, speaking in Kansas, took occasion to marshal in a single speech the list of achievements of his administration with reference to the farmers' welfare. He named several laws, passed by the last Congress, in response to the agriculturists' demand for governmental attention to their problems.

Several of the laws, to which Mr. Harding referred, dealt with the subject of rural credits. The President went into some detail in discussing debentures, margins of difference, re-discounts, revolving funds and other phrases of the financial district which the farm credit laws gave the dirt farmer the right to adopt as his own. He also spoke in feeling terms of the great aid the Fordney-McCumber tariff law had been to the cause of the farmer.

But President Harding's language in Kansas seems to have been of no more avail in convincing the farmer that he is well off than was Mr. Coolidge's unfinished speech a year ago. The voters of Minnesota, to whom President Harding's speech was available for consideration, went to the polls in July of this year, and elected their second farmer-labor Senator, Magnus Johnson.

The farmers of Minnesota were angry a year ago. And they are angry now. They have been given laws by the government, but the more laws they are given, the more difficult their problems grow.

The election in Minnesota should convince the professional politician at last, that the American voter knows what he wants.

For many years, so many that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, as the lawyers say, the genus politician has lived in supreme confidence that all he needed was language.

Granted that the people had ills, the politician felt that the fever heat of a campaign would be sufficient to banish by election day any personal troubles of the individual voter and cause him to go to the polls and vote the ticket.

Never has the professional politician failed in warmly promising aid to farmer and laborer. For years, impassioned platform addresses during the campaign were deemed sufficient by the politician. But of late he has gone further: he has remembered his campaign speeches after the election, and transformed a few of them into laws.

In Minnesota, however, the voters showed little more confidence in the laws than they did in the promises.

The fact is the American voter is done with language. He wants government to make good. The American farmer wants markets, not speeches. Politicians can no longer swing an election by platform oratory. Neither can they elect their party ticket by remedial laws which do not remedy the people's ills.

Minnesota has spoken. Her voice is the voice of the country. Government has been too long an organization for the perpetuation of officeholders in office. Government must become an organization which will give intelligent aid to the solution of the people's problems.

Not Doing So Well

IT BEGINS to look as if the other great nations of the world might direct their ironical attention to the United States and inquire as to our benevolent administration over small peoples who have come under our control.

Americans were never slow to criticize the great nations of the world for their stewardship of the affairs of subject peoples. We were the first to call King Leopold's attention sharply to conditions in the Belgian Congo. We spoke to the Russia of the Czar about conditions in Poland. We went to war with Spain when we considered her treatment of the Cubans was unjust. We have never been slow to criticize the British Empire's handling of affairs in Egypt, in Ireland or in India.

Recently, however, our extended domains have bubbled with discontent. In Haiti and the Dominican Republic, the rule of the marines and the customs collectors from Wall Street has not been entirely satisfactory to the inhabitants. Porto Rico could not stand the administration of Governor E. Mont Reily, and one faction of the people has protested over the rulings of his successor. And now, the Philippine Islands show signs of discontent.

General Wood recently received the resignations of many of the legislative and administrative officials. The natives who quit their posts charged that the governor had interfered in the purely internal affairs of the islands, which the native officials were competent to handle. General Wood, replying, accused the men who resigned of having acted in concert, as the result of a long-prepared plan to seek independence.

In the absence of all the facts, the American public will suspend judgment. The wisdom of granting the islands immediate independence, or of awaiting a time, when education fits the islanders in a larger degree for self-government, has been widely debated.

Our handling of the affairs of our island possessions may be all right. It may be all wrong. It is probably a human mixture of both right and wrong. So, perhaps, have been the administrations of other nations over their possessions.

Perhaps, the happenings in the Philippines, in Porto Rico, and in the sundry other places where we bear rule, may incline us to be less critical of other great nations in the future.

Bonds Won't Help

PORTO RICO faces the peril, always met by the youth approaching maturity. It is debt. The island wants many things, as a young man entering manhood wants many things. The island believes that the things it wants are necessities. It does not see how it can get along without them. The young man, eager for his place in the world, cannot see how he can get along without the things he deems necessities.

Porto Rico's position is like that of the average young man. Her needs, or her desires, cannot be realized on her present revenues, as his often cannot be attained on his income.

America's bright young possession must go in debt to get the things which an ambitious island needs. A young man on the threshold of manhood must go in debt or go without the things he desires.

Porto Rico's problem is not entirely that of her citizenry. The island is the ward of the United States, not quite a state and not quite a subject-land. The question whether Porto Rico goes further into debt is not alone hers to decide. The influence of the United States will be controlling.

Governor Horace M. Towner, in his first message to the Porto Rico legislature, said that the island's revenues for the next fiscal year would amount to between $11,000,000 and $12,000,000. The assessed valuation of the island is $300,000,000 and the bonded indebtedness is limited to $30,000,000. The present indebtedness is $11,000,000. Governor Towner wants to issue $5,000,000 more in bonds for construction of things he deems the island needs.

Among the projects he proposes to finance by sale of bonds are the completion of the capitol, a new insane asylum, a new penitentiary, a school for blind, community centers, and construction of more buildings and extension of equipment and faculty in the University of Porto Rico. He hopes, also, to use some of the money in establishment of model consolidated rural school systems near model farms.

There will be no criticism of Porto Rico's desire for expansion of her educational system. Neither will there be criticism of her desire to make her public institutions habitable. But it is the part of wisdom for a state or territory to go slow in the matter of creating debts. Porto Rico, by making a twenty or thirty year loan, will be mortgaging the land of a future generation. Some of the things she builds or buys with the proceeds of such a loan, will be obsolete long before they are paid for. It would be better to proceed a little more cautiously in the determination of just what are necessities, and to skimp a little more so that such necessities may be paid for out of present revenues, rather than a future generation should be bound to a mill of this generation's creation.

Pershing's Good Sense

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING'S life has been a military one. He is a West Point graduate. He is a veteran of Indian wars, and of campaigns in the Philippine Islands. He led our expedition into Mexico, and was commander-in-chief of our forces in the World War. He is now the guiding genius of the army. If the tragedy of war should overtake the United States within the near future, General Pershing would unquestionably influence vastly our policy.

It would be reasonable to presume that his voice would be raised for the adoption of the strongest measures on behalf of military preparedness.

General Pershing spoke recently at Bear Mountain, New York, to the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America. His address was in opposition to the introduction of military training into the Boy Scout movement. He discouraged the attempt of those who would fill the young minds with the false glamour of war.

Such a speech coming from the head of our military establishment might be surprising. But General Pershing said:

"You are teaching boys to be good citizens, and any man who is a good citizen will make a good soldier in time of peril."

Our chief soldier's life has been devoted to the defense of our country. His mind is ever working upon the best methods of protecting the Flag. He could be excused if the intenseness of his concentration on the subject of national defense had made him over-zealous for preparedness.

But General Pershing seems to have retained through all his military career the sane, calm belief that ours is a democracy, not a militarism. His expert view that good citizens will make good soldiers, if peril threatens, is one which will be hard to combat.

If I Were President!

Henry Ford Tells What His Position Is on All Great Events

By CHARLES W. WOOD

By arrangement with *Collier's*, *The Dearborn Independent* presents simultaneously with that publication this interview with Mr. Ford, obtained by Mr. Wood.

"THERE are approximately 110,000,000 people in the United States," I informed Henry Ford, "and 90,000,000 of them want to know what you are going to do about the presidency."

"Wait here a few days and I will tell you," was his amazing answer.

"Do you mean it?" I gasped. That is what I had gone to Dearborn to get, but I didn't expect it to come to me like this.

"Certainly, I mean it," said he. "You caught me at just the right time. That's the very question I've been thinking about."

As soon as I could recover my breath, I began to mumble some questions. I heard myself using such words as "nomination" and "primaries" and "Democratic Convention." It was thrilling to realize that one could speak such words, right out loud, in talking to Henry Ford. Eventually I made myself coherent—to myself.

"Will you go in for the Democratic nomination?" I was saying. "If not, will you run independently? And what will your platform be? Could you run on a platform created by any political convention in the country? Above all, what do you intend to do if or when you become President?"

"Did you ever sort over a big pile of potatoes?" asked Henry Ford.

"You wouldn't be much use on such a job," he continued. "You'd jump on the top of the pile and get in your own way, and pretty soon you wouldn't know where you were. One of the first things my father taught me was to begin at the bottom, at one end of the pile, and take the potatoes as they come. When you go at it that way, you get 'em all in time. You don't have to worry about those at the top: eventually they'll roll right into your hands."

And Henry Ford kept his promise. He told me exactly what was on his mind and urged me to make it plain to the readers of *Collier's*. There were no reservations. He was a different Henry Ford from what I had ever known before. He talked freely on political subjects. He did not talk like a politician: he talked like a man who had been making a real study of the problems. I spent several days in Dearborn and usually had two or three hours alone with him each day. This was not because of any special liking for me, or any desire to do me a great favor.

"Isn't it a good beginning," I asked, "to inquire what you would do if you were President?"

"No," he said. "That's at the top of the pile. It will roll into your hands in time, but, for goodness sake, wait for it. If you could only forget for a minute that you are a newspaperman, you could see how meaningless some of these questions are. *How does any living person know,* in 1921, what he would do in 1926 or 1927? If I were President in 1927, what I would do would depend upon 1927."

"How would you begin?" I asked.

"I'll tell you how I did begin," he said. "I'll tell you how I began to manufacture motor cars. I began by thinking of something the people wanted which they didn't have. If I had invented an apparatus for shining bald heads, I couldn't have got very far with it. It might have been an ingenious apparatus, and there are plenty of bald heads, but that isn't the point. You have to begin by finding out what the people want. What do the people of America want today?"

"It looks as though they wanted to make you President," I said.

"Do they, or do they just think so?" he asked. "Does anybody want to make me an admiral or an archbishop?

"I'll tell you," he said, "a good way to go at this. You write down three questions and then write out your own answers to them. Do it tomorrow, and then come to me the day after. By that time I think we can do business."

Here are the three questions that Henry Ford gave me:

(1) What do the people of the United States think they want?
(2) What do they really want?
(3) Exactly what is wrong with the country, anyway?

Again I saw a new Henry Ford. Here was a Man of Mystery still, perhaps, but not a man who wanted to be mysterious. He is mysterious because he knows some things which the rest of us don't know; but he has been wanting to tell us, and it was we who wouldn't let him. We have been sticking him in the headlines instead. We have been asking him trick questions and demanding a "Yes" or "No." Ford, meanwhile, has not ignored the clamor. He has seemed to ignore it because he has been trying to find out what it really means. Where does it all belong in the process of social evolution?

Interested in Politics—as a Scientist

A YEAR or so ago, when I interviewed Ford for *Collier's,* I remarked that he didn't dodge political questions, but that political questions didn't hit him. He is an industrialist, I said, and lives on a different plane of existence from that of politics, and he doesn't have to dodge political questions any more than a ghost has to dodge an automobile. I believe that is still true, but it is quite conceivable that the ghost, if he is of a scientific turn of mind, might become interested in the automobile. He might even consider whether it is worth while to materialize and learn to run one.

Today, at any rate, Henry Ford is interested in politics. Not as a politician is interested, but as a scientist. Politics, no matter what one may think of it, is a force to be reckoned with. It uses up time and money and human energy. It even sends people to war. Henry Ford has been trying to learn what it's all about. That he hasn't been going to "political advisers" to discover it is quite understandable. He has been asking those three questions instead.

I tried to answer them in about 3,000 words. They are not for publication, and Mr. Ford himself was only moderately interested. But that I had tried to answer them was enough. It made it easy, he said, for him to talk to me. Ford, the most active man in America, is one of the least busy. When he is interested in a problem, he doesn't begrudge the time it takes to work upon it.

"If the people of the United States," he said, "could only find out what they want, they'd quit worrying about a lot of things."

"What, for instance?"

"Special privileges and all that," he said. "People are forever coming to me with grand schemes to do away with special privileges. The schemes may look all right, but I can't get excited. If the people only knew what special privileges are, then there wouldn't be any. Special privileges are a handicap to anybody. You can't do business successfully if you've got them, or if you spend any time at all in trying to get them. The tariff isn't a graft; it's a nuisance. Unearned money is a nuisance. It's no more fun to be rich and idle than it is to be poor and idle; but you'd think, to hear a lot of people talk, that the great object in life is to achieve unemployment."

"Has that got something to do with your becoming President?" I asked..

Henry Ford's observations are always interesting, but I wanted to be sure that we weren't drifting from the subject.

"It has everything to do with it," he said. "How many Americans, do you suppose, would like to be President?"

"A lot of them think they would," I ventured.

"What for?"

"They haven't thought of that," I said. "Just being President is probably about as far as their imagination goes. They think there is a certain honor that goes with the position. And a President certainly has a lot of power."

"Has he?" asked Henry Ford. "Never mind answering now, but think it over. In the meantime, take the average boy who thinks he'd like to be President—what he really wants is to be a policeman, isn't it? He wants to have authority. He wants to boss somebody else around. He wants to be able to make people do what he says—not that he has any notion of what he wants them to do, but just because he says it. I don't mean that the cops are all like that, but that's what the boy thinks a cop is, and that's why he wants to be a cop.

"The fact is that grown people don't really want this sort of power. It isn't real power at all, but so long as people are childish enough to think they want it, and assume that everybody else wants it, there will be no end of confusion.

"People don't want to run high-power cars until they've got some idea of how to work the levers. And they don't want to monkey with the levers until they know which direction they want to go. If they could only remember this all the time, a lot of things would be simplified.

"But the people think they want to run the Government when they don't know how. They even think it is a sacred duty to vote, when they haven't got a glimmer of an idea as to what they are voting for. They may even think they are running the Government, but they are not. They are all yanking at it here and there, but they aren't running it; and the more they yank, the more it won't run. There isn't any honor in a smash-up. There isn't any honor in being stalled. There isn't any honor in anything except usefulness, and usefulness is based upon accurate knowledge of what to do and how to get it done. Suppose I were elected President and didn't know what to do—what kind of honor would I get out of that?"

There's No Bluff in Industry

I SAID it was a new Henry Ford who was talking now. At least, I had never before heard him laying down the law like this. It must be remembered, however, that this is the first time in his life that Henry Ford has applied his mind to politics in order to satisfy himself as to just what it is.

"If the people can get these few truths into their thinking," he added, "a lot of their political problems will disappear. They won't have to be solved. There'll be a fade out, and folks won't be scared by them any longer.

"When they learn that special privileges are a fake, they will tell everybody they know. It will soon become *generally known,* and then nobody will try to get them. When they learn that there isn't any honor except in usefulness, then they'll all want to go to work. When they learn that simply being rich is about the stupidest aim that anybody could have, they'll begin to look around to see what they can *do*. Incidentally, then, they'll become rich."

Mr. Ford left the office a few minutes and when he returned his mind seemed to be dwelling on another subject. I learned very soon that it wasn't.

"You can't bluff much in modern industry," he said. "You may ordain a man to be a bishop, but you can't ordain him to be an electrician. In order to be an electrician, he's got to find out for himself just how electricity acts. Modern industry is based upon modern science, and in science a fact is the only authority that amounts to anything.

"But politics was invented before the scientific era, so politics and industry can't travel along exactly the same lines yet. The industrialist has to find out what the people want and get it to them. The politician can still content himself with finding out what they think they want and promising it.

"The industrial organism is stronger and healthier than the political organism. It has more life flowing through it, more energy. Wouldn't wonder if industry would eventually absorb the political government. But not yet a while. These things take time. If there is some big, silly, utterly useless tribunal installing itself in one of our factories, I could dynamite it out of there in ten minutes. But suppose I were President—I couldn't step out some Saturday night and fire the Supreme Court."

The potatoes were beginning to roll down just as he said they would.

"I certainly couldn't run the Government the way I run my business," he went on. "There's a heap of waste in government. There's a foolish lot of overhead. Just suppose a motor factory were organized into forty-eight different squares, with imaginary lines running up and down across the floors, and different rules and different sets of officials on each side of all the imaginary lines—why, I'll bet cars would cost a million dollars apiece, having to manufacture them in any such way as that. Yet, when we think of government, we take it for granted that there must be forty-eight States.

"The government departments and bureaus and divisions and subdivisions also take on a character of permanency that looks funny to a manager of industry. In order to achieve a specific aim, it establishes an institution—and it tries to keep that established institution intact forever after. Industry thrives through discarding institutions the minute some

Concluded on next page

more efficient scheme is hit upon. But government keeps up establishing bureaus to account for the money it spends establishing bureaus.

"Politically we not only keep all the old truck around, but we make it sacred. We speak in awe of our 'form of government' and even pass laws making it a crime to criticize it. You can't imagine an industry thriving if it considered its form of organization beyond criticism."

"Would you substitute autocracy?" I asked.

"No," said Mr. Ford.

"What could you do?"

"I could watch it and see how far it would go. Something is going to happen to it one of these days, but I don't know which one. It won't be an explosion, it will be evolution. Society is evolving toward the industrial idea. We are evolving from the notion of authority to the principle of accurate knowledge. We are evolving from the law of fear to the law of service. Efficient service demands that we get rid of things that have outlived their usefulness. If the Government doesn't do this, the Government will go down, that's all. If America doesn't do this, America will go down. But I'm an optimist. I'm sure we're going to get rid of all these dead cells as soon as the time comes to get rid of them."

An Embalming Fluid Called "Finance"

YES, we have made no references to the Jews today; about no interview with Henry Ford is complete without one. That is the one subject upon which I found it most difficult to get his point of view; and, naturally, I wanted to side-step it entirely. It really can't be done. References to "the Jews" were sprinkled quite generously throughout our entire talk.

Mr. Ford laughed at the newspaper dispatch which announced that he, through agents in New York, had tried to "make peace with the Jews." He says he has never made war against them; and I, at least, could never discover any of the ordinary varieties of anti-Semitism in his attitude. While his position has been very hard for me to understand, I am sure that it does not suggest either hatred or fear.

"When the Jews take hold of anything, it goes down," was one of his commonest observations.

"What do you mean by Jews?" I asked.

"The International financiers," he said.

"Then why not say international financiers?"

Sometimes, after that, he did, but just as often he didn't. "The Jews," he told me, "are ordained by God to clean up the things that are ready to disappear." Then, as though he were merely repeating himself: "These Jew financiers are not building anything. They wait until things begin to decay; then they get into them."

I spent hours with Henry Ford, not arguing this question, but trying to get his point of view. All at once it dawned on me. Perhaps he didn't say anything that he hadn't said before, but he used terms which I could understand.

"Any business," he said, "which is doing a necessary social service ought to be able, as a general thing, to finance itself, just as any man who is working steadily ought to be able to keep out of debt. Unless there is some laziness—unless somebody is lying down on the job—an industry is not apt to get into a fix where it needs help. But the minute it does slow down, or tries to expand abnormally, the Jews sense it. They are keen-scented watchdogs in this respect. Any institution which has ceased to progress belongs by rights to them and they prepare to take it over. Pretty soon you will find them injecting their wonderful embalming fluid into it which they call 'finance.'

"You probably think the labor unions were organized by labor, but they weren't. They were organized by these Jew financiers. The labor union is a great scheme to interrupt work. It speeds up the loafing. It's a great thing for the Jew to have on hand when he comes around to get his clutches on an industry. Look at the coal business if you want to see the way that the labor unions work with the financiers to paralyze an industry. The coal business—that is, the railroad end of it, the financial end—isn't organized to mine coal and get it to the people. If it were, it would be paying high wages, and the people would be getting cheap coal. Half the time, however, it isn't paying any wages, and the people can't get any coal.

"A few years ago," Mr. Ford continued, "there were people in our organization who thought we would have to borrow money; and the Jews were right there. What do you suppose the real trouble was? The war had dislocated things in the organization so that there were a lot of places where energy wasn't flowing very freely. We cut out the loafing, and things straightened themselves out nicely. I want to tell you that we are not going to have any foolishness to take the place of work on our railroad. I have told the labor unions and the brotherhoods that the only thing we will deal with is labor; and the only organization we will recognize is the organization of work.

"I haven't talked much politics yet, have I?" he began in our next conversation. "Well, I'm coming to it. In order to make any head or tail out of anything, you've got to see it from the standpoint of evolution. A thing comes into existence when it's needed, and it goes out when it's ripe and ready to go out. Now, if I am going to run for President, I've got to have a platform, haven't I?"

"In such a crisis as the present," I concurred, "it seems that there must be a platform. The people are fairly yearning for one."

The Summary of a Platform

SO WE talked about this platform. A platform is supposed to be a statement of principles; and I confess that a statement of Henry Ford's principles in political language is rather beyond me. But here is a digest of that conversation, as near as I have been able to translate it into platformese:

PREAMBLE—*All that America needs is the freest possible play of American energy. In the life process, organizations are eliminated as soon as they have ceased to function, in order that better organizations may arrive and function in orderly fashion. But since evolution is not under congressional supervision, we wish to assure the American people that they are getting about what's coming to them, and that there won't be much improvement until it is time for it. President Harding is doing as well as can be expected, and Congress has not yet marred the design of the universe.*

International Relations—International difficulties result from misunderstanding, and the best way to get along with other people is to get acquainted with them and with ourselves. Europe is in a bad way today because Europe doesn't know anything, and therefore isn't working. As soon as Europe discovers that it is Europe, its people are likely to quit being merely nationalists and become Europeans. Then they will in all probability go to work. The United States cannot be of much assistance to Europe in the present crisis, first, because of the narrow nationalism of Europe, and, second, because of the narrow nationalism of the United States. We promise our constituents, however, that this wrong will be righted just as soon as the truth becomes generally known that the real interests of people in various parts of the earth do not conflict.

The Tariff—The tariff is a joke, but it is apt to hang on, to the detriment of both American and foreign countries, until the people learn that special privileges do not pay. Our nation needs no special privileges and won't be perfectly happy until it settles down to doing that share of the world's work for which it has the greatest natural capacity.

Ship Subsidy—Giving a bonus for incapacity is a brilliant procedure, provided our object is to waste money and keep the world's work from being done. Wealth can be produced so easily that there need be no great cry concerning expenditures, but our objection to the ship subsidy is that it would seriously hamper shipping.

Soldiers' Bonus—The proposal to give a bonus to veterans of the late war implies that the soldier cannot hold his own in competition with others, and is an insult to the ex-service man. If the ex-service men are unfitted, because of wounds, or other disability, for the normal competition of life, they should be made fit immediately, and all the resources of modern science should be devoted to the task.

Agriculture—The great trouble with farming is that it involves too much unnecessary work. There is no reason why agriculture may not hope to come abreast of the other industries in the near future, if the farmer will turn his attention to modern industrial methods instead of to the problem of borrowing money. There is no food scarcity. The problem is not one of how to increase production, and thereby pile up a surplus for speculators to play with, but how to simplify production and distribution so that less human energy shall be wasted in the process.

Railroads—There should be a railroad system in the United States instead of the antiquated network of financial corporations which take toll along the nation's highways today.

The Government seems to be the only agency in sight with power to establish such a system, and it looks as though the Government would do so presently. Whether we shall have an actual railroad system then, or further trouble, will depend much on whether the Government tries to run the roads from the floor of Congress or hires somebody who knows how to do the job and lets him do it.

Prohibition—Booze had to go out when modern industry and the motor car came in. Upon only one condition can the nation safely let it come back. That is, if we are willing to abolish modern industry and the motor car.

Peace—The only way to assure world peace is to give world service. Incidentally, this pays enormously; but, until the people find it out, we may enjoy the luxury of continued fighting.

Perhaps Not the Time to Do Anything

ALLOWING for certain licenses of translation, that is Henry Ford's platform about as he gave it to me. "Do you think you could run on that platform?" I asked.

"Run what?"

"Run for the presidency."

"That's so," he said. "We were speaking about the presidency, weren't we? I have no fault to find with President Harding."

"What has he done?" I wanted to know.

"That's just it," said Henry Ford. "Maybe it isn't time to do anything yet. If that's the case, the best man for the job is the man who can be depended upon not to do anything. I know Mr. Harding. He reminds me of a cautious, big elephant who always puts his foot on a plank and tries it before he risks going ahead. That's the type of man to have until the time arrives for rapid change."

"But why didn't you make this plain before?" I asked.

"It wasn't time for it," he said.

"But you have knocked American politics sky high," I protested. "Millions of people are looking to you as a Messiah. It can't be any fun for you to string them along for months, and then spring such an announcement as this. You could have the Democratic nomination for the asking."

"And what could I do with it?"

"You could probably be elected President."

"And what could I do as President? Could I carry out that platform?"

"Perhaps not," I admitted.

"Well, we *are* carrying it out," he said. "We have been releasing some little energy in the United States. We have been sending motor cars and tractors all over the world, and everywhere they go—Mexico, Russia, China, or whatever country you can name—roads are built and the people get acquainted with each other, and State and national boundaries begin to fade.

"We haven't been able to repeal the tariff, but we have demonstrated that special privileges aren't worth having. We are co-operating joyously with the ex-service men. We are finding ways to develop agriculture. We are even enforcing prohibition, when we manufacture motor cars. Incidentally, we intend to make a demonstration of what a real railroad may be like.

Get Rid of Politics and Finance

"WHY, everywhere I turn on a job like this, and I see something that ought to be done, I seem to discover some way to do it. But there's Harding. When he sees something that ought to be done, where is he? It seems to me that a man like me ought to stay on this job and a man like him on that. I don't see any more sense in making me President than in making him head of our research laboratory.

"Now, if I wanted to play politics, I would say exactly what I am going to say, anyway. But I am not playing politics. I am not a candidate for anything. I can't imagine myself today accepting any nomination. Of course I can't say what I will do in the future. There might be a war, or some crisis of the sort, in which legalism and constitutionalism and all that wouldn't figure, and the nation wanted some person who could do things quickly. What I would do then I can't say. But there isn't any such situation now. I haven't a political mind, and I don't see any sense in my attempting any political leadership."

"But Harding stands for the ship subsidy and the tariff and private ownership of the railroads," I reminded him.

"But Evolution is on the job," he replied. "Harding blocked the soldiers' bonus, and Congress blocked the ship subsidy. Altogether, things are happening about right, and you've got to give them both credit for it. A lot of people are impatient for things to happen faster, but things don't happen fast in politics. Not until we get out of the political era can we expect big changes. While we are in it, let us by all means have such men as Warren G. Harding."

That is Mr. Ford's position. I hope I have made it clear. It is more than a declination to become a candidate. Declinations may be overruled by public clamor, but a straight statement of the truth cannot. So long as politics are what they are, Henry Ford simply cannot hold a political position. He is not a Democrat. He is not a Republican. And he has no notion whatever of creating another political party in order to do things that political parties cannot do.

Things don't happen by means of political parties, he is sure. At least, not Ford things—not the things that happen where Henry Ford and his ideas are at work. It is the Harding sort of things that come out of political action—the things that a man can be ordained by the proper authorities or elected by the people to do.

"I know, if the people don't, that that isn't my kind of a job. It is as silly to talk of drafting me as it is to try to make me volunteer. I've got a job now—my kind of a job. Watch the D., T. & I for the next few years. We are going to make a real railroad out of that, and show the country what kind of a transportation system it might have if it would quit thinking in terms of politics and finance and get down to work."

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"Army Bill" Herschell Doesn't Wear Long Hair

Hoosier Poet Thought of by Many as Worthy Successor to Riley

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

THE scene is a little red schoolhouse in a village of Indiana; the time is the year 1885; the characters, a mean schoolmaster with a blunt sense of humor and no nose for future greatness, and a barefoot boy named William Herschell, destined to be thought of by many as James Whitcomb Riley's successor in the esteem of "Indiana Folks," who had been unjustly accused of stealing the teacher's puppy of uncertain lineage, answering to the name of Jim. Despite his dubious parentage, Jim was prized highly by his irascible owner; and that warped sense of values in his master probably had something to do with the injustice of the accusation.

So the fact that Jim had been found in the Herschell back yard the day before appeared, to the wielder of the ferrule, sufficient evidence—even though circumstantial—of his guilt. It thus happened that the object of his wrath was made to stay after school and to listen to his accuser. The utter falsity of the charge sank deep into the youth's subconscious self and opened the wellsprings of a suitable defense. And that defense assumed a peculiar form: it proved that the pen is, in truth, mightier than the sword. For the day following, during the daily session with the Spencerian copy book, the schoolmaster lost his equilibrium when he read, over the boy's shoulder, the following original outlet of pent-up emotion:

Teacher says I stole his dog;
  But why should I steal Jim,
When teacher's with me all day long
  And I can look at him?

The burgeoning genius of William Herschell was thereupon temporarily checked by the frost of the teacher's wrath; but, since it required more than an unappreciative Ichabod to kill entirely, the blossoms, even if tardy, came forth eventually, fostered by the warmer, more genial, atmosphere outside curricular walls.

Herschell's parents, however, were likewise unable to detect the thread of poesy running through their son's make-up, and the father, being a railroad blacksmith, ordained him for his own calling.

His entry into that form of employment did not come till three years after the incident of his first bit of verse. Dramatic was the departure of this 15-year-old boy, the eldest of six children, from the sphere of the classroom. The family then resided in Huntingburg, a strongly Democratic town; and—young Herschell was a steel-ribbed Republican! One night, in a torchlight parade, he carried a banner reading: "A Vote for Cleveland Means Souphouses." The next morning the school principal announced that "inasmuch as William Herschell had gone into politics he could not possibly wish further education." Accordingly the youthful martyr to political principles was apprenticed in a railroad shop where he remained until 1894, when, with the beginning of the American Railway Union strike, he joined the forces of Eugene V. Debs and became secretary in the organization. At the conclusion of the strike, finding the railway shops closed to him, he worked his way from Chicago to Buffalo on a Grand Trunk stock train, and then went to Canada, where he found employment for a time. Upon his return to the United States he worked in an electric light plant at North Tonawanda, New York, and in a Buffalo contract shop. Then he wandered back to native soil and entered journalism.

Worked on Hoosier Papers

FOR three years Herschell earned a meager living as a general factotum on the Princeton *Evening News*. Came a day when the proprietor of the paper was reduced to borrowing enough wrapping paper from a butcher to get out the issue, which was labeled, "A Souvenir Edition Dedicated to Our Creditors." Naturally the *Evening News* was soon absorbed by another paper, and Herschell went to the Evansville *Journal*, then, in 1900, to the Indianapolis *Press*, and later to the Terre Haute *Tribune*, the Indianapolis *Journal*, and, finally, 20 years ago, to the Indianapolis *News*, where he has remained ever since. His first work on the *News* was as a police-court reporter, and in 1904 he started writing features. In 1911 he hit upon the idea of composing simple verses about street urchins, firemen, policemen, draymen, lame dogs, and other familiar objects of city life. They appeared weekly under the caption, "Songs of the City Streets," and he soon added country life to his world and wrote "Ballads of the Byways."

The readers of the *News* soon came to look forward to Herschell's weekly feature. They tasted therein the flavor of James Whitcomb Riley, beloved of people everywhere. The Riley tang became more pronounced as Herschell grew in his art until one can say, with little fear of contradiction, that in the eyes of the home folks he now wears the mantle of his illustrious fellow Hoosier. Riley is immortal for "The Old Swimmin' Hole," yet the following, "A Creekside Comedy," has much of its reminiscent quality:

Sometimes I like th' Winter best,
  Then sometimes Spring an' Fall,
But mostly me an' Pizen thinks
  Ole Summer beats them all!

We call him Pizen 'cause, you see,
  He gits his feet all sore
From pizen vines—an' then he can't
  Go barefoot any more.

Ole Pize an' me has lots of jokes
  In summer time when we
Go swimmin' in th' swimmin' hole
  Down by th' willer tree.

We start a-takin' off our clo'es
  Before we're nearly there
An' then I holler: "Last one in
  His dad's a grizzly bear!"

An' 'course his daddy's allus it,
'Cause Pizen can't begin
To git his shoes an' stockin's off
  Before I'm divin' in.

Then Pizen he gits even when
  He takes th' clo'es I've got,
An' soon's I'm divin' in th' crick,
  He ties 'em in a knot.

An' when we're done a-swimmin' he
  Goes 'hind some tree to hide
An' yells "Chaw beef!" when I have got
  To chew my clo'es untied.

Then soon as we are both dressed up
  We stand around an' grin
Till both, without a single word,
  Strips off—an' goes back in!*

What He Thinks of Indiana

HERSCHELL'S poems can be grouped under two main heads—dialect and non-dialect verse. Of the former, two prevailing types reveal themselves—those written in Hoosier and those in Negro dialect; and each group can be further divided into adult and juvenile rhymes. While it is true that the poet possesses the superb faculty for reproducing our childhood joys—a gift which has lifted him above many more ambitious contemporaries—one must not lose sight of the fact that a poem for grown-ups has, perhaps, brought him the most renown. "Ain't God Good to Indiana?" also bears indelibly the Riley stamp:

Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Folks, a feller never knows
Just how close he is to Eden
  Till, sometime, he ups an' goes
Seekin' fairer, greener pastures
  Than he has right here at home,
Where there's sunshine in th' clover
  An' there's honey in th' comb;
Where th' ripples on th' river
  Kind o' chuckle as they flow—
Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Seems to me He has a way
Gittin' me all out o' humor
  Just to see how long I'll stay
When I git th' gypsy-feelin'
  That I'd like to find a spot
Where th' clouds ain't quite so restless,
  Or th' sun don't shine as hot
But, I don't git far, I'll tell you,
  Till I'm whisp'rin' soft an' low:
Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?

Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Other spots may look as fair,
But they lack th' soothin' somethin'
  In th' Hoosier sky an' air.
They don't have that snug-up feelin'
  Like a mother gives a child;
They don't soothe you, soul an' body,
With their breezes soft an' mild.
They don't know th' Joys o' Heaven
  Have their birthplace here below;
Ain't God good to Indiana?
  Ain't He, fellers? Ain't He though?†

Herschell's versatility is further exemplified by his war poems. No other poet caught the spirit of the doughboy as did he; no other so got "down into our stomachs and our feet," as one veteran has put it. His songs lightened many a heart and pack. They smoothed the way to splendid victory. On the rungs of such verses as "Long Boy," of which 1,500,000 copies have been sold, "The Service Flag," the national song of the War Mothers, and "Huh-uh! Not Me!" he has risen to new heights of fame. They have served a double purpose: they have broadcast his talents; they have, at the same time, endeared him to ex-service men throughout the land. To them he is known as "Army Bill" Herschell; he wants to be their buddy—and he is!

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

In appearance, in personality, Bill Herschell fills the popular conception of the poet but poorly. No shell-rimmed glasses, no long hair, no cadaverous expression, characterize him; instead, you will find a jovial fellow with a 200-pound physique, over which is draped a modest gray business suit, like that of a country banker—a human volcano belching forth wit and humor. Wherever he goes, he is the life of the party. Moreover, he refuses to carry his handkerchief in his cuff, and he gets his hair cut once a week. He has a deep bass voice, enjoys a fast prize fight, and prefers vaudeville to grand opera. There is nothing highbrow about him; he is as plain and unaffected as the people of whom he sings.

A significant, a memorable, event in Herschell's life occurred not long ago in the city of Greensburg, Indiana. The occasion was his 49th birthday anniversary. Joe Welsh Post of the American Legion planned a unique celebration in his honor, November 17 of the past year. "Army Bill" was to be given the opportunity of seeing in what regard his ex-service friends held him. Gathered round the banquet table, graced by a huge cake bearing 49 candles, were notables from the four winds, among them being National Commander Owsley of the Legion and Kin Hubbard, the creator of "Abe Martin."

Why They Are Buddies

WITH his accustomed facility, Herschell, that night, at the conclusion of Commander Owsley's touching tribute, with tears in his eyes and swaying with emotion, read a new composition dedicated to the Legion. "Why Do They Call Them Buddies?" is destined to live along with the memory of those who gave "the last full measure of devotion":

Why do they call them Buddies?
  What other name as sweet
Has ever been war-hallowed
  By rain and snow and sleet
What other name than Buddies
  Would men like our men bear
When hell belched its baptisms
  And death was everywhere?

Why do they call them Buddies?
  Though not of common kin,
Old Glory called them brothers
  When Freedom said: "Go in!"
They swept in mighty legions
  To man land, sky and sea;
Gob, devil-dog and doughboy—
  A fighting trinity!

Why do they call them Buddies?
  Because they stand today,
Still Buddies to the Buddy
  Left shattered by the fray.
Though Peace may grow unmindful
  Of War's unsettled debt,
The Buddy to a Buddy
  Stands fast—and can't forget!

That's why they call them Buddies!
  The shrapnel's shriek is gone,
But still, beneath Old Glory,
  The Buddies carry on!
And so, tonight, heart-happy,
  I breathe this fervent prayer:
  God make the way all roses
  For Buddy Legionnaire!

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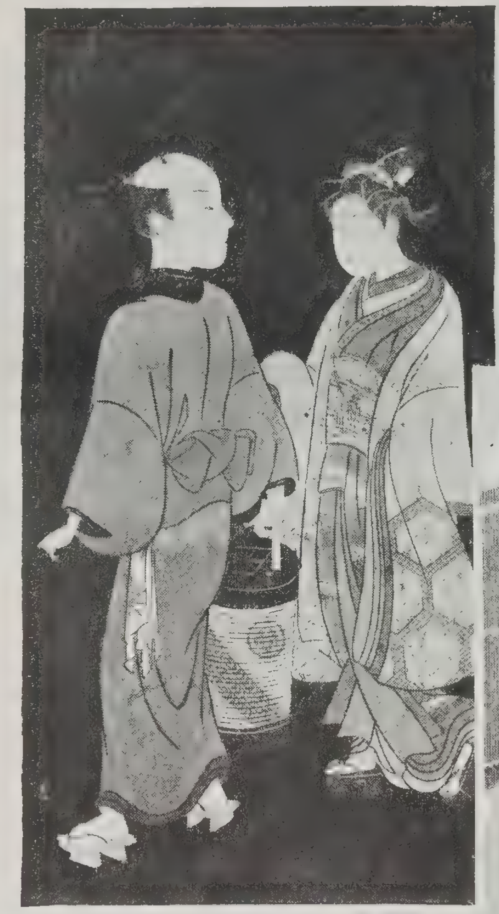
*From "Songs of the Streets and Byways," copyright 1915. †From "The Smile-bringer," copyright 1919. By William Herschell. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

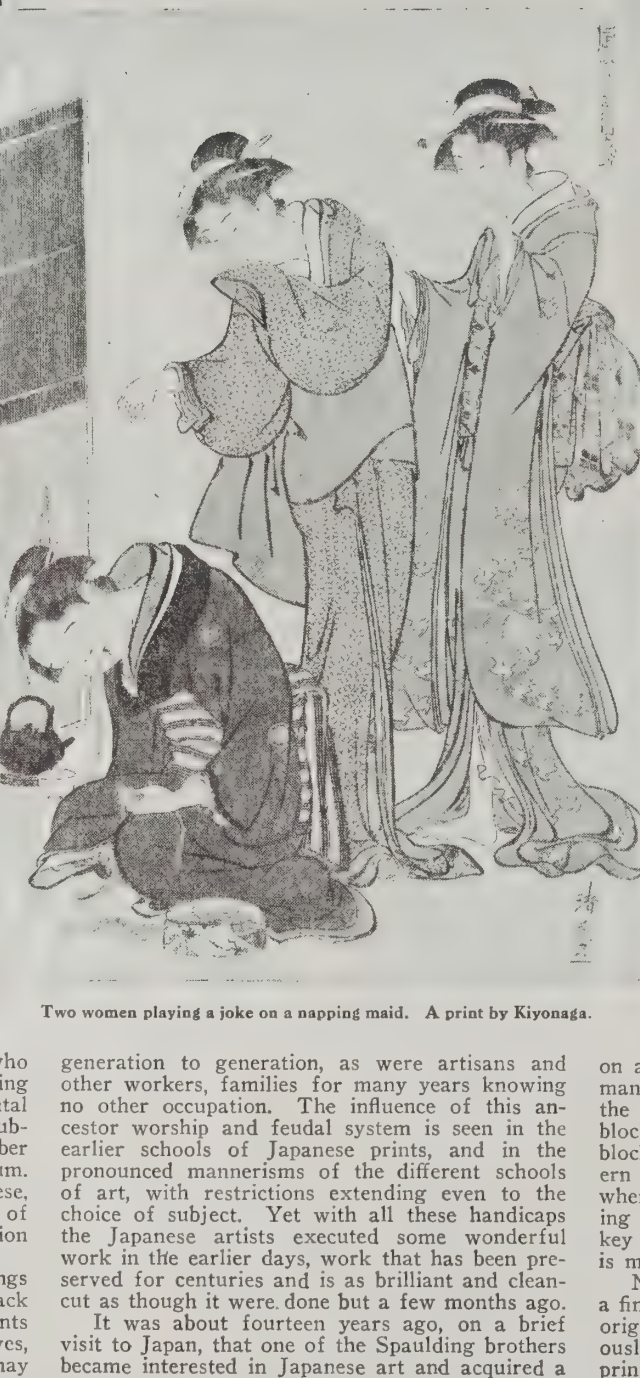
A Priceless Collection of Japanese Prints

Art of the Far East Gathered for Years Goes to Boston Museum

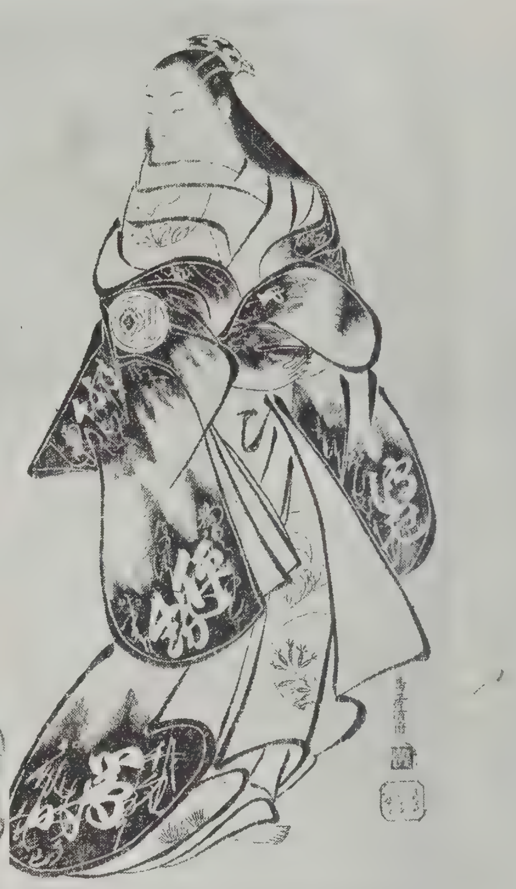
By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH



A man escorting a geisha. This is by Haronobu who perfected the art of color block printing.



Two women playing a joke on a napping maid. A print by Kiyonaga.



A print of an actor in a woman's part. This is one of the earlier prints done in black and white.

THERE has just been given to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to add to its already splendid collection of Oriental art, including Japanese prints, a priceless collection of these prints, some six thousand in all, comprising the finest and most complete assembling that ever existed in private hands, or anywhere outside a museum. This is the famous Spaulding collection, and the donors are two brothers, wealthy Bostonians, William S. and John T. Spaulding, who have been collecting them for years, ransacking not only Japan but the whole world for choice specimens, and often buying entire collections only to retain a few of the best in the lot that they wanted.

Other generous donors of these prints in the past have been Dr. Denman W. Ross, who has done more than any other American to bring to this country an intimate knowledge of Oriental art and is one of the great authorities on the subject, Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow and a number of other friends and benefactors of the museum.

With the Spaulding collection added to these, there is now in Boston the greatest collection of Japanese prints in the world, and a collection greater than those of all others put together.

The collection dates back to the very beginnings of the print art of Nippon, from the earliest black and whites down to the time when color prints were at their zenith of fame. To some eyes, Japanese paintings, particularly the prints, may seem grotesque, and due to the difference in style of drawing, in them may be found a wonderful harmony of line and color, delicacy and precision of drawing, combined with an infinite variety of pattern and treatment, and a striking composition that makes them a constant delight to the beholder. They are wholly unlike western drawing, to be sure, but to the student of art, especially Oriental art, and to the Oriental himself, they are full of meaning and shades of expression, conveying a story as graphic as the work of any Occidental artist.

In the art of the Far East, certain pictorial subjects apart from religious themes are frequently to be found. Each bears a well-selected, if sometimes somewhat poetic title, that has come to be regarded as a classic. Orientals not only view the old and the past with reverence, but seek the past for inspiration, and in Japan, from the beginning of the Empire down to the reformation; this tendency was especially marked, as it was in China, the entire social fabric of both countries having been erected upon a system with which ancestor worship was closely allied.

Even the artists were not free from this, and the feudal system, which dominated the island kingdom for many generations, penetrated even the realm of art. Hence artists were trained from generation to generation, as were artisans and other workers, families for many years knowing no other occupation. The influence of this ancestor worship and feudal system is seen in the earlier schools of Japanese prints, and in the pronounced mannerisms of the different schools of art, with restrictions extending even to the choice of subject. Yet with all these handicaps the Japanese artists executed some wonderful work in the earlier days, work that has been preserved for centuries and is as brilliant and clean-cut as though it were done but a few months ago.

It was about fourteen years ago, on a brief visit to Japan, that one of the Spaulding brothers became interested in Japanese art and acquired a fine Hiroshige print, which became the nucleus of their costly collection. From then on their enthusiasm grew, and they became known as the foremost private collectors of these prints in the world. They were discriminating, and sometimes, out of a whole collection bought, but a few or the rarest and most perfect examples would be retained, so that the collection as a whole stands as well-nigh perfect. It includes, besides the many color prints, some specimens of the earliest forms of Japanese pictorial printing, in black and white, before color blocks were used.

In the earlier days of the Empire, painting and embroidery, which formed the chief portion of Japanese art, were mainly accessible only to the upper classes—the aristocrats and wealthier families. But toward the end of the seventeenth century there began to appear men who, though looked down upon by the court artists of the day—the pampered favorites—made rough copies of paintings and sold them for almost nothing to the common people. Gradually they began to make sketches of life as they saw it around them, and then made from these drawings wooden blocks from which many copies of the same picture could be printed. After pulling the prints they filled in the colors by hand, usually with but two colors, rose and green. In the Spaulding collection are some of these earlier hand-colored prints, as well as the original black and white block prints. One of these is of an actor, by Kiyomasu, in a woman's part.

To an artist named Haronobu, flourishing from 1704 to 1715, is attributed the perfecting of the process of printing from blocks in several colors, if not the originating of the actual idea. He achieved wonderful results. To be sure, two other artists always had much to do with the development of the process in the case of every print, although their names never appeared upon them.

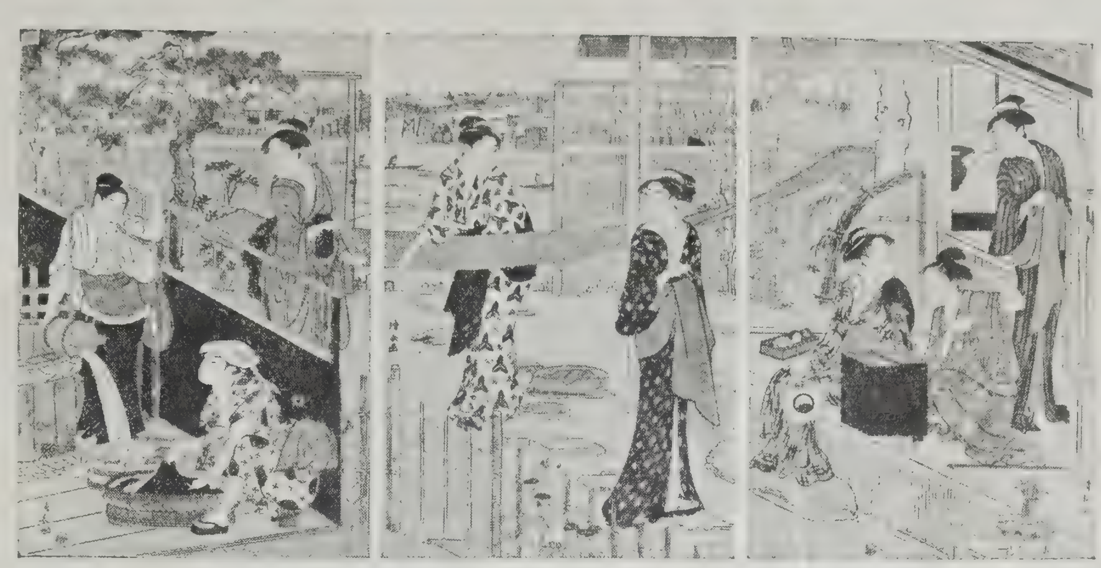
In the making of a print, the process was as follows: First, the artist, whose name was the only one that appeared on the print, composed his picture and drew it in outline with a brush on transparent paper. This was then pasted face down on a block of hard cherry wood and the second man, the block cutter, cut away with a sharp knife the wood on either side of the lines, leaving the block ready to print. If color was to be used, a block for each separate color was cut, as in western lithography and other color process work, where several plates have to be made, corresponding to the colors to be printed. In addition, a key block was cut for the outline, as a key plate is made for the modern color printing.

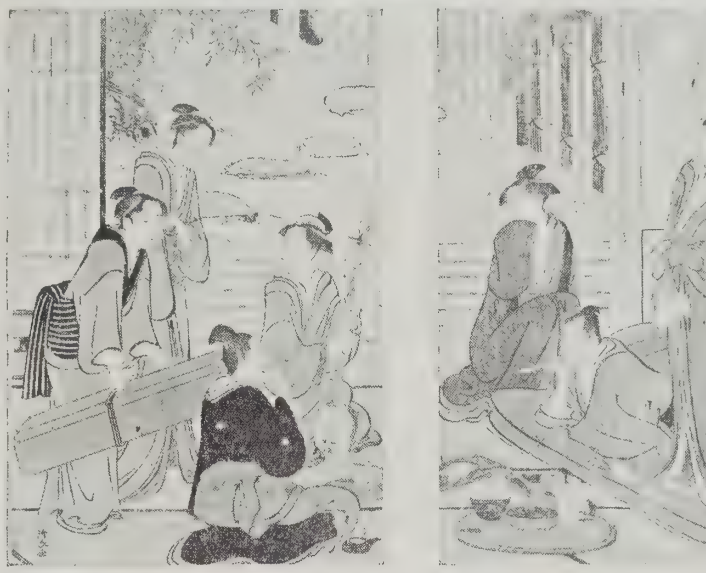
Not only must the Japanese block cutter have a fine, delicate sense of color to follow the artist's original color scheme, but he must be marvelously accurate in his cutting, so that the block printer can secure accurate register. And the block printer must be equally careful in his matching of the blocks to secure the correct laying of color without the variation of a hair's breadth in the register on the completed print. It is exactly like the present-day revived process of wood-block printing, which has come into vogue of late, but those old Japanese artists secured results which no latter-day block printer has yet attained.

Another feature of these old prints, to be noted in the museum's collection on careful examination, was the use of "gauffrage," or blind printing, by which is meant the cutting away of the surface of the block in some places without the application of color to these portions, so that when the damp paper is pressed upon the block, a slightly raised or bas-relief effect appears. This was used sometimes to depict such detail as the feathers on the wing of a bird, or a pattern on a robe, and gave richness and delicacy to the print.

These color prints became widely popular with the Japanese people, especially as they more and more reflected their own daily life; and the art reached its greatest heights in the middle of the nineteenth century, from which time it gradually deteriorated in quality with the attempt to increase the number of blocks, the use of imported colors, and probably through carelessness in printing.

In the Spaulding collection are not only all





Above--Washing day. Below—A young man being entertained by geisha.

the important artists of the so-called golden or middle period, but each is represented by a wide variety of kind and quality. This is true also of the work of later artists, such as Hiroshige, Toyokuni and his school, and Hokusai. In this collection and others owned by the museum are rare prints collected by Professor Fenellosa, Baron Sumitomo, Colonel Appleton, Frederick W. Gookin, Frank Lloyd Wright and Dr. Clarence Webster.

The Spaulding gift to the museum is very complete in sets by different artists. Kiyonaga (1752-1815) is well represented, for example. This famous artist was very fond of making blocks in diptych or triptych form, each block being a separate and beautiful arrangement, yet the whole series forming a continuous design. His drawing was very fine and his coloring refined, with settings of blacks of fine quality and harmonizing backgrounds. Often the parts of these two and three-block prints would become widely separated in the course of years and one part might turn up in one quarter of the globe and another in some other man's collection, with thousands of miles between them. One gem of the Spaulding collection is a Utamaro triptych—the Owabi shell diver, which took two years' search to complete and was assembled from all over the world. The Kiyonaga prints, especially the multi-block prints, are the most difficult to obtain, practically all existing ones being in some collection.

The collection is also wonderfully rich in examples of Hiroshige, one of the most noted of the Japanese print artists, and the first one represented in the Spaulding collection. One of the museum treasures is the only complete set known of twelve landscapes which it is thought were made as a New Year present to some rich patron. All are views around Tokyo, and are perfect in detail, with no loss of simplicity in effect. They are panoramas, showing rice fields, irrigation ditches, little bridges, rows of trees and other scenes. Another set of eight, made in 1830, of the same general series of subjects, gives us an idea of Tokyo and the countryside surrounding it at that time. Hiroshige was a wonderfully versatile artist, as shown by his other lifelike studies of birds and flowers, and humorous sketches.

So thoroughly has Japan been ransacked for these prints by collectors and by dealers to satisfy collectors that some of the works of the old masters can hardly be found. Until recently, the Japanese museums themselves had but little use for them, looking down upon them as something too common, although one of the great authorities on the subject was a Japanese who was curator of the Japanese art collection at the Boston museum for a number of years. Recently, a Mr. Matsukata, who has been in America and Europe buying paintings for the new museum at Tokyo, seeing how highly the prints of his own country are valued and appreciated by Occidentals, has become convinced that his own museum should include them in its collections. He will find it difficult to obtain a selection, without buying from western collectors.

The Japanese print artist, in his work, not only reproduced the pictorial effect of an action, but had a way of emphasizing this action, or those elements that appealed to his fancy. This will be noted in the snowflakes, the slant of rain, or the branch of a flowering tree, the soft folds and delicate colors of a garment—these being more important in his eyes than the motif of the picture itself. Often, too, he disregarded the laws of perspective or those of anatomy, turning heads completely around on their shoulders to make his figures look behind them—all if he thought he could tell his story better by doing so.

Perhaps the most interesting prints in the collections are the studies of everyday Japanese life. People everywhere are interested in the doings of others, especially those around them, and if they see a bit of drawing or a painting that depicts some phase of their own or neighbors' existence, it interests them more deeply than such sculptures as the Venus de Milo, or the world-famous Gainsborough ladies or the "Blue Boy." Witness the "Angelus," which can be found in more forms of reproduction and more places in the world than almost any other painting. So with the Japanese prints that picture commonplace subjects like the woman hurrying to take in her clothes out of the rain; children with their paper boats and hobby horses, on a windy day; a mistress and maid in a dispute over the dusting of a room. All these show beauty of line and design as well as fascination of subject and perfection in coloring.

An early and prolific source of subjects for the Nipponese artists was the playhouse, which became immensely popular with the people in the middle of the eighteenth century, when there were almost as many public idols as there are in the movies today. The players not only set fashions, but their influence was felt everywhere, and no less in art circles. Portrait prints of the favorites were to be found everywhere, and in the "Ukiyo-e" school of prints, theatrical themes predominate.

In the beginning "kabuki" was merely a series of dramatic dances with troupes of women as the chief performers. Then young men took up the stage and later older men entered the profession, and there became more acting until the kabuki developed into a dramatic performance.

This gave a decided impetus to the making of these prints, and the so-called Ukiyo-e School—ukiyo-eshi or makers of pictures of this fleeting world, as they were called—found ample material.

Quincy

Concluded from page 3

The house was built in 1635, at least the main structure, by William Coddington, and here his radical friends were accustomed to meet before their banishment. Then Edmund Quincy, who came to Boston with John Cotton in 1633, obtained possession, and at his death it descended to another Edmund, father of Dorothy Q., "a lady born," and the ancestor of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It was in this house that John Hancock wooed and won another Dorothy Q., daughter of a fourth Edmund. Dorothy was the belle of Boston and was greatly admired by Lafayette. With her four sisters, almost equally as beautiful and well liked, the place became the gayest in the countryside.

In that same chamber, scratched on one of the window panes with a diamond, is the signature of John Hancock, and a joking verse addressed to an older sister of his sweetheart, between whom and the youthful lover there was always a spirit of raillery.

To make the charm complete, the house has its secret chamber. The windows of one of the sleeping rooms extend upward to give it light, so that from the outside of the house there is no suggestion of its presence. A shaft for food, one foot square, goes down to the kitchen beside the chimney, and a secret stairway leads to the cellar, from which an underground passage went to Furnace Brook, just back of the house. In a flat-bottomed boat it would take but a few moments to reach a vessel in the harbor. What was the purpose of these elaborate plans for concealment? Smuggling? Or perhaps it was a place of refuge, if needs be, for the regicides, at least one of whom was known to live in Quincy, dwelling in great obscurity in a stone pit, but honored at his death by the presence of the governor and other men of note at his funeral.

Those days of Quincy's picturesque adventures have passed and every decade sees some inroads on her memorials. Even historic Massachusetts Fields, where Myles Standish sought the Sachem of the Massachusetts Indians at his council fire, becomes, in the hands of a real estate company, Norfolk Downs. But one thing they cannot change, the solid granite that underlies the city and its environs. "Daunting terrible" it appeared to the colonists, and it still thrusts its long ribs through the shallow soil, apparently undiminished by years of ceaseless quarrying.

At first only the surface boulders were used for building. These are of a dull reddish brown, like King's Chapel in Boston, the blocks for which were fashioned by dropping balls of iron upon the heated stone. Then the town became alarmed lest its supply fail and ordered that no more be transported beyond its limits, although enough was granted to build the Hancock mansion on Beacon Hill. It was not until 1803 that iron wedges were used to split the stone, thus breaking the crust of the hills and making available their treasure.

But a desire to erect a monument to commemorate the Battle of Bunker Hill was father of a still greater innovation, the building of the first railway in the United States. Fittingly enough, this project was completed under the younger Adams, and is the most notable event of his administration. The quarry purchased for the purpose was four miles inland and Gridley Bryant of Scituate conceived the idea of building a railroad to transport the stone to tidewater. At that time, the winter of 1825-6, the Manchester to Liverpool railroad was only a visionary project.

At last, with discouraging restrictions, a charter was granted, and the first of April, 1826, work was begun. The seventh of the next October the first train of cars passed over the whole stretch of road. The rails, which were of iron an inch thick and three inches wide, were supported by stone blocks like curbings, laid longitudinally instead of crosswise, like the sleepers of our modern railroads, and all the iron work, the frogs and pulley wheels, were hand wrought.

From the very first the enterprise was a success. The road was in constant use for forty years and then sold to the Old Colony Railroad Company. Some of the original structure still remains, and, in 1926, at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the railroad in the United States, it will doubtless be fitted up much as when it aroused the half-credulous admiration of the whole country.

Un-American King Coal—Fifty Years Behind

Lack of Intelligent Selling on Part of Soft-coal Operators Responsible for Belief People Hold That Anthracite Is More Satisfactory

By BURT P. GARNETT

THE fact that a coal famine can occur in the United States should be looked upon as a national humiliation and an astonishing thing. However, the majority of us see nothing extraordinary in the almost regularly recurring shutdown of industrial plants and widespread individual suffering. We are dismayed and puzzled, but we accept a coal shortage as we accept a tornado, a killing frost or any other natural disaster.

A similar interference with the supply of almost any other essential commodity would arouse high indignation and amazement.

Can the reader, by letting his imagination have the freest play, envisage a shortage of sand and gravel? Think what such a shortage might mean—a tie-up of practically all new building construction, paving, subway, tunnel and bridge-building operations, resulting in suffering scarcely less serious than that of a coal famine.

Offhand, one probably would guess that there is so much more sand and gravel available for use in the crust of the earth that a comparison with the coal situation is absurd. The supply is, of course, practically inexhaustible. Nevertheless, the rather startling fact is that the area of workable coal lands is perhaps greater than the workable deposits of sand and gravel, suitable for concrete construction.

Coal Industry Fifty Years Behind

WEST VIRGINIA, for instance, has much more coal than sand and gravel. Such material, for use in building roads and for other purposes, is shipped from Tennessee and Alabama to Florida, a railroad haul of more than 400 miles. The reason for this is that Florida has little gravel, and beach sand is not suited to the making of concrete.

A recent survey of twenty-two states indicates that the comparison between coal and sand and gravel is rather apt.

Who can recall a sand and gravel shortage of national consequence? Why, then, if the resources of coal are as great, perhaps greater, than the deposits of sand and gravel, does America have, frequently, serious coal shortages and never sand and gravel shortages?

The answer is that the sand and gravel industry in America is on a par with other modern American industries. The coal industry is fifty years behind the times.

Fundamentally, the two industries are alike. In both cases a material is dug out of the ground, loaded into vehicles and hauled to the point of consumption. Insofar as price is concerned, coal has a much greater value than sand and gravel. Why is it, then, that you observe in most American cities coal hauled in slow-moving, horse-drawn wagons, whereas sand and gravel are hauled in big, efficient motor trucks—costing from three to five or six times as much as horses and wagons?

Why should the methods of 1923 apply to the movement of the cheaper material while the methods of 1873 survive in the handling of coal?

Even the most cursory study of the business of mining and distributing coal should cause Americans—more familiar with machines and machine methods of doing things than any people in the world—to raise their eyebrows in inquiry. It is surprising and somewhat disconcerting to those of us who are proud of American achievements to find that one of our greatest industries appears to be fifty years behind the times.

Just Taken for Granted

LET sand and gravel be handled as it was fifty years ago and skyscrapers would not arise so magically in America. Let eggs, or oil, or meats, or grain, be handled as they were fifty years ago and America would be in a continual state of distress.

Why is it that the American people take coal shortages for granted?

The average person has little interest in coal other than as a substance which provides heat for his household. If a coal shortage shuts down a factory and throws him out of a job he is, of course, exceedingly interested, but the number of people who suffer in this way is much smaller than the number of those who are concerned with the matter of domestic heating.

The "Annual Anxiety" over next winter's coal supply has become a chronic ailment. It began early in the summer, this year, with a price of $13.50 a ton, in New York, for domestic coal. This was accompanied by rumors of a strike and reminders that the patched-up agreement between the coal operators and the union miners will terminate in the autumn.

On behalf of the consumer, President Harding and Congress called in a set of consulting physicians known officially as the United States Coal Commission. Just at present, these gentlemen are in vacation, but they will meet in the autumn, just in time for the strike, if there is a strike.

In the meanwhile a considerable corps of experts, anesthetists, and operating-room assistants are sharpening knives, polishing microscopes and "gathering data."

There is some ominous talk of an operation—government operation, to be specific. The householder isn't sure whether he likes the idea or not. The mine owners and operators are quite sure they do not like it; so are the unions and a considerable number of brokers, retail dealers, bankers and railroad officials.

The idea of government operation—or ownership—does not appeal to the Administration. The Republican party does not go in for such. John Hays Hammond, chairman of the coal commission, in June sent a letter to the participants in the preliminary negotiations for a new wage agreement in the anthracite coal field advising them that "public sentiment will not tolerate a suspension of anthracite mining this year."

It is a well-known fact among medical men that even the threat of an operation has a curative affect—temporarily, at least.

Such measures of "suggestive therapeutics" may give relief from the malady for a season. It is more than likely that there will be no strike and that this year will see a record-breaking production. The last disastrous coal shortage was a bit too much for the public to let pass. The operators and the unions even frightened themselves. On the other hand, the squabble between the unions and the operators may become a very bitter affair. The leaders of the organized workers in the anthracite field are not wholly under the control of the officials of the United Mine Workers of America and are looked upon by many as uncompromisingly radical.

In either case—whether there is a strike or whether there is not—there is no prospect of any movement which will prevent coal shortages in the future.

There were three major and two contributing causes of the last coal shortage, as follows:

1. The strike throughout the anthracite field and in about half of the bituminous fields.
2. The railroad shopmen's strike.
3. A desire on the part of the anthracite operators to restrict production and so be enabled to profit by increased prices.
4. Lack of modern storage and handling facilities.
5. Ignorance, stubbornness and extravagant habits on the part of the consumers.

The first three have not so much to do with the future as the last two.

Public Responsible, Too

IN SOMEWHAT parrot-like fashion Americans have taken up and repeated the assertion that "capital and labor have no right to make the public suffer through their disagreements." Consequently "the public" may be rather surprised and chagrined to know that it—or they—are as much responsible for coal shortages as the mine operators and the unions. They are less to blame, since they were unaware of the conditions. Perhaps they were kept in ignorance of the facts. At any rate, they were—and are—ignorant.

It is easy enough to understand how a mine strike restricts production. It also is easy to understand how a strike of railroad shopmen disables rolling stock and seriously hampers the transportation of coal.

It may not be so easy to understand why, if there is so much coal that it can be classed with sand and gravel, there should not be sufficient competition to prevent any scheme for the restriction of output on the part of the mine-owners and operators. Just here is where the responsibility of the public becomes somewhat clear.

In the first place, anthracite coal is a luxury. With a limited supply, the operators of anthracite mines want to conserve what they have and sell it at high prices.

A coal shortage in the East—the Middle Atlantic States—means, actually, an anthracite coal shortage. The householder in this section of the country has become so used to anthracite that the term "coal" means to him anthracite—hard coal. He looks upon bituminous coal as that "awful stuff" he is obliged to use when there is no anthracite to be had.

A recent inquiry among consumers shows that an amazing number in these states have the idea that bituminous coal is some sort of inferior by-product from the anthracite mines. This mistaken idea costs him a great deal of money and decidedly complicates the national fuel problem. It explains why the coal shortages of the last few years have aroused so much indignation but so little understanding.

Pennsylvania Holds Anthracite

NATURE has bestowed upon a small, favored section of the state of Pennsylvania practically all of the anthracite coal there is on the American continent. There are small fields in Colorado and New Mexico, remote from the great consuming areas and containing negligible quantities. The United States Bureau of Mines estimates that between fifteen and twenty billion tons remain in the Pennsylvania fields. At the present rate of consumption, about 80,000,000 tons a year, there is a sufficient supply for 150 to 200 years.

Those figures, while correct, are somewhat misleading. The mining of anthracite coal has increased greatly in difficulty in the last ten years or so. If cost of production were entirely disregarded, billions of tons could be mined. Practical engineers, however, thoroughly familiar with the situation, assert that in twenty-five years it may become impractical to use anthracite coal. The mines are very deep, the pumping of water, hoisting and a thousand technical difficulties present problems that are continually adding to the cost of anthracite production.

While it was easy to produce, the price was reasonable and the fact that it is a "clean" coal caused the widespread use of anthracite and the formation of a habit which, like all habits, is hard to break.

In contrast with anthracite, let us look at the Bureau of Mines figures concerning bituminous coal. About 200 times as much is available in the United States. Of the total coal production, about one-sixth is anthracite. About one-fifth of the coal used for heating human habitations is anthracite. This means that the American people use only five times as much bituminous coal out of a supply that is 200 times as great as anthracite.

Moreover, considered chemically, bituminous is high-grade coal and anthracite is low-grade coal. All coal, according to the geologists, started as organic matter—great piles of fallen trees and other vegetation. Centuries of sunshine and various periods of disturbances on the crust of the earth gradually changed this matter into peat, semi-bituminous and finally bituminous coal.

Bituminous Near Surface

BITUMINOUS lies in great, even, rock-like structures, near the surface. Anthracite coal lies buried deep in the earth, in mountainous regions. As a matter of fact, anthracite coal was, at one stage of its development, bituminous coal. During the period when the crust of the earth was going through a series of appalling disturbances and distortions, volcanic eruptions, the movements of glaciers and such performances, certain deposits of bituminous coal were caught in the jam.

Earthquakes, landslides and the throwing up of mountains, caught such deposits of coal. The tremendous friction which was developed caused the coal to ignite and burn. A part of the volatile matter was distilled off. Finally the earth came to rest and cooled off, and in the twisted, gnarled seams between the rocks, hard, anthracite coal remained.

As proof that this is so, the mineralogist presents the evidence that he can make anthracite coal out of bituminous, but cannot make bituminous out of anthracite.

Bituminous contains about twenty per cent of volatile matter—that is, material which ignites and burns rapidly, with the escape of gas and a considerable quantity of smoke. Anthracite contains only about eight per cent of such matter. Hence, bituminous contains much greater heat-developing possibilities than anthracite.

The eastern one-third of the United States hasn't learned how to use bituminous coal properly, and therefore wails loudly when it has to use it at all.

It perhaps should be explained that there are many grades of bituminous coal—all the way up from "sub-bituminous," which is soft and dusty and not at all agreeable for a householder to handle, to "semi-anthracite" which is hard and clean.

In the case of the so-called "smokeless" coals, any good fuel engineer will explain a simple, satisfactory method of firing a household furnace to give as good satisfaction, with less ash and cinders and at considerably less cost than if anthracite is used. This method is to put coal on one side of the fire, so that, when the gases arise as the fresh coal ignites, there will be a flame to burn off these gases.

East Must Face Situation

IN THE WEST, where the futility of using anthracite coal is generally recognized, because of the long railroad haul, bituminous coals are used without difficulty or complaint. The East will have to come to the same sort of arrangement eventually.

A process has been invented for treating bituminous coal to run off about half of the volatile matter as gas. Not only can gas be run off, but benzol and other oils, ammonia, coal tar pitch and coke may be produced from bituminous coal (as is being done now in great industries, for example, the Ford plant at River Rouge). However, the commercial coal dealer doesn't care to go into the refining business, but such refinement of coal in a by-product coke-oven plant, operated in conjunction with a steel mill or other metallurgical industry, can be and is highly profitable.

If these things are possible and practicable, why is it that the coal industry has not taken advantage of them? Why have not the bituminous mine operators conducted educational campaigns, by advertising and otherwise, to acquaint the public with the use of such substitutes?

The only answer that seems justifiable is a rather brutal one, perhaps, but it is, to wit: There isn't enough intelligence in the bituminous coal industry as it is now constituted.

The whole trouble, insofar as the men actually engaged in mining and distributing coal are concerned, is lack of intelligence. If the industry were on a par with the oil-refining industry, the automobile industry, the steel industry, the meat-packing industry or with agriculture, coal shortages in this country would disappear.

Most of the retail coal merchants in this country began as teamsters. Hauling coal was one of their jobs. They became acquainted with the details of the business—which did not greatly tax their mental capacity—and struck out for themselves. The leasing of a railway trestle, the solicitation of orders, the hiring

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The Charms of the Nova Scotia Peninsula

Halifax, Founded to Protect Massachusetts, Remains Today Like Bit of England

By JOHN T. FARIS, D. D.

This is the last of four articles by Dr. Faris.

Spreading codfish out to dry.

TRAVELERS from the United States should have a special interest in Halifax, the capital of Canada's province of Nova Scotia, because it was founded in response to the earnest plea, made by Massachusetts Colony, that their safety depended on the fortification of the Bay of Chebucto. Accordingly, in 1749, emigrants were sent out from England, Halifax was founded, and the first steps were taken to build the stronghold that has been called "the Cronstadt of America." About the frowning citadel slowly grew an English city. The citadel is still a fortification, yet its might is now a memory, for other strategic points near by have supplanted it until Halifax has become the most important military and naval station in Canada. But the city is still like a bit of old England, with its modest residences, its bits of green, its public monuments, and its retiring business houses.

The height where the Dominion garrison finds quarters affords an impressive view of the town, as well as of the generous harbor where ships seek shelter not only in winter, when Halifax is the favorite port of Canada, but in summer when both islands and shores are bowered in green. It would be difficult to find a nobler view with effort so small. The climb to the citadel drumlin is easy—for it is but ten minutes' walk from the hotel by streets whose terraces are reminders of the grades of San Francisco. The small extension of the bay called the Northwest Arm and the ample Bedford Basin stretch away into the dim distance. The Arm is a popular resort for all who sail or row, but friends of the Basin are divided in their opinion whether it is better to glide over its bosom or to take the twenty-five mile drive around its shore line. This ride includes a glimpse of the lake on the way to Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, the city where the ship explosion of 1915 brought overwhelming disaster.

The damage thus caused was repaired long ago, but all over both cities are reminders of the day of death. Visitors to quaint St. Paul's church find one of them in the vestibule—a missile driven through the wall and fastened firmly above the inner door of the vestibule, where it has been retained as not the least interesting among the tablets and monuments that distinguish this dignified frame church, which was built in 1750, and so is the oldest structure in the city.

The church is but one of scores of attractions that are peculiar to Halifax. There is the unforgettable clock in the squat but pleasing tower at a point where the grounds of the citadel approach the city below—a landmark revered not merely because it was built by the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, but because it is now used as a government signal station. There is the rather austere Sebastopol monument, telling of the days of the Crimean War, which guards the entrance to interesting old St. Paul's churchyard, close to the business center of the city. There is the public garden, a little gem in a fit setting, close to the citadel; Point Pleasant Park, on the Northwest Arm, with its curious Martello tower, another relic of early fortification days; and Chain Rock, in which was fastened one end of the cable stretched in early days across the Arm as a protection from threatening French men-of-war. Add to the list the residence—now a hotel—built in 1759 by a member of the governor's council, who brought the stones from Louisburg, dismantled in time to make way for Halifax as a fortress; the Provincial Parliament building, with its memorials of heroic days; the odd Prince's Lodge, on the shore of Bedford Basin, another reminder of the builder-governor, the Duke of Kent; Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor, which has the graceful dignity of an English country seat of long ago.

On the way to the Grand Pre country.

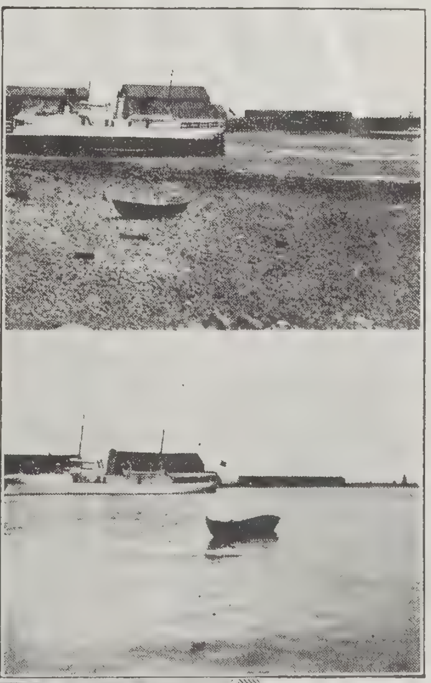
The Haligonians know how to appreciate their surroundings, and they are eager that visitors should see with their eyes. "You should see the sun over the harbor channel," an official at the Union Station said earnestly to a waiting traveler. (The pride of possession was so evident in his words that the traveler wondered why he did not say "our sun!") "We have some remarkable sunsets," he continued. "It is good to see the red glow falling on the green of the island over there, on the white lighthouse, on the sands, on the fishing boats as they come in from the day's toil, on the steamers that pass up to our million-dollar pier through our forty-five foot channel that needs no dredging. This is the sight the incoming thousands from abroad will see when their boats moor at this great immigration station, one feature of the noble group of buildings of which the new railroad terminal is to be a part. There will be room for many of them, for nine of the largest ocean vessels will be able to dock there at one time.

"And when the immigrants proceed on their journey they will see other marvels. Some of them will go from the city by the deep rock cut that leads toward the waters of the Northwest Arm, out Dalhousie College way. Or they will go along Bedford Basin, the extension of the harbor channel to Bedford, the summer resort from a portion of which Halifax may be seen, though around the first bend of the Basin the verdure-clad hills, the sinuous shore, and the winsome islets make the city seem far away."

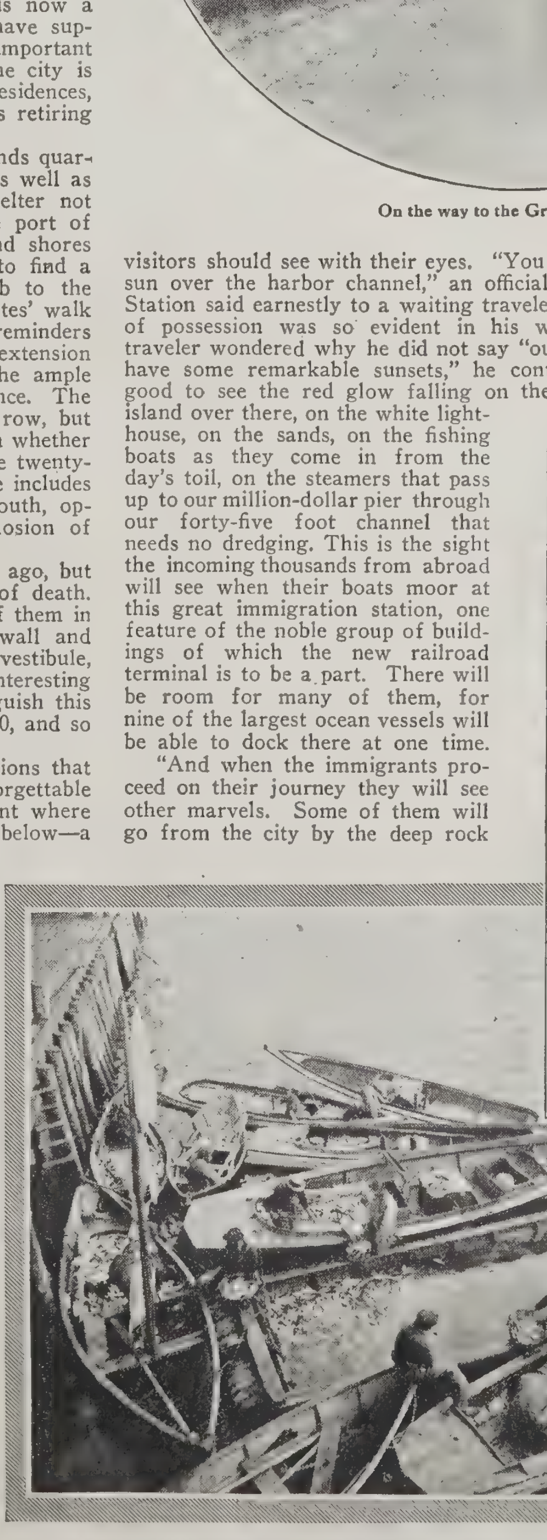
When Halifax has been left behind it will soon be apparent that Nova Scotia is a land of contrasts. On the southern shore the tide rises but a modest eight feet; across the peninsula thirty or forty feet is a reasonable height. In the southern section the country is wild and covered with forests. Bold rocks and haphazard lakes are everywhere. But toward the Bay of Fundy, along Northumberland Strait, and reaching down toward Halifax, are some of the most beautifully fertile lands on the continent. So no traveler need fear that he will be bored in Nova Scotia; the country has variety enough for a province many times the size.

The traveler is never more than about thirty miles from the seacoast, and wherever he goes, whether by rail, or foot, or by automobile, he will find it so easy to give a sigh of deep satisfaction. Here is a glimpse of blue mountains, not too ambitious in their efforts to climb skyward; there are peeps into beautiful valleys, or restful studies of hills whose bewildering curves could not be described even by a mathematician; yonder is an unexpected lake, a distant look at the open ocean, a study of the waters that pour with abandon into the trough-like Bay of Fundy, or a vista across the peaceful stretch of the Strait of Canso, that convenient canal of Nature's own making.

Where the entire countryside is so full of charm, it is not easy for the traveler from Halifax to decide in which direction to go. But if he follows the advice of the official at the Union Station he will go toward Yarmouth. "You must see our South Shore," he pleaded, his face glowing with the memory of that two-hundred-mile stretch of bays and promontories, of ragged inlets and bold, bare rocks. "Once make that journey, and you won't be able to forget it. I can see the brilliant coloring now—the blue of the water and the sky, the white foam of the pounding breakers, the dull brown of the rocks that meet the onset with a determination to stay the progress of the waves; the green of trees and grass, the gold and red and purple of the wild flowers that find lodging places everywhere. Whatever you do, don't miss our South Shore."



Tides.



Deep-sea fishermen unloading and selling their catch at Lockport. Herring by the basket, ton or bushel.

Unspoiled summer resorts, picturesque fishing villages, inviting yachting waters, sloping sandy beaches—all the joys of a wealthy seacoast country—come with bewildering rapidity. Tales of pirates, of privateers, of early French settlements, and of their Scotch successors, enliven the way. It is easy to credit the stories of game back in the woods that are thick in many places, and when there is a meeting with a fisherman who has been to the clustering lakes back of Liverpool—the town that boasts a history of more than three hundred years—there will result an irresistible longing to go and see what lies back toward the height of land, the watershed between the Atlantic and the Bay of Fundy.

The terminus of the South Shore trip is Yarmouth, the interesting old town that welcomes the shipping of the twentieth cen-

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Uncle Sam's Duty Toward His 'Ugly Duckling'

Judge, Jury and Executioner, President Harding's Role

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

PRESIDENT HARDING went to Alaska early in July as judge, jury and executioner. For Alaska, Uncle Sam's "ugly duckling," was—and still is—on trial for its very life. Mr. Harding returned to Seattle three weeks later as Alaska's guide, philosopher and friend. And heaven knows our northern Territory, an empire in the making, will need every friend it can muster in the next few months, for in December or January the country will be tried before another jury—the Congress of the United States. And Congress is five thousand miles from Alaska. Moreover, with the exception of a mere handful of members of both the Upper and Lower House, Congress has scant understanding of Alaska's problems, little if any desire to understand them, and no sympathy at all with the Territory's longing for self-government.

Strangely enough—and this is the tragic part of it all—Alaska has done nothing for which she should stand trial. Nevertheless, she is crushed by the dead hand of bureaucracy, her destiny controlled by thirty-five departments and bureaus of the Federal Government, the heads of which have little if any first-hand knowledge of conditions in the Territory and unlimited opportunity to create manifold restrictions and thus hold the power of life and death over Alaska, her industries and natural resources. These thirty-five departments and bureaus are charged with more than a hundred kinds of public business in the Territory. The bureau officials are approximately five thousand miles distant from the sparsely settled country, one-fifth as big as the United States, which they are supposed to administer.

The problems of Alaska, a pioneer country, are not those of a settled community. They are the same problems that faced the settlers of the Great West, and they will have to be settled in the same way—by inducing homesteaders and business men to settle in the Territory of Alaska, as they settled in the territories of Minnesota and Washington. But neither capital nor labor will look with friendly eyes on an unknown wilderness, however encouraging the prospects, until they are assured of a "square deal" from the powers-that-be. And up to the present that assurance has not been forthcoming.

Governor Without Power

THE Governor of Alaska is absolutely without power; he can only recommend that certain steps be taken. The Delegate to Congress from Alaska has no vote; he can only hope and pray. Presidents of the United States, Senators and Congressmen, Democratic and Republican, for years have endeavored to bring order out of the chaos that exists with regard to Alaskan affairs. President Taft's commission, appointed more than ten years ago to seek out the weaknesses in each department administering affairs of the Territory, performed its duty, and rendered a report, but the complicated, conflicting, interlocking bureaus continue to function as of old. The cumbersome departmental machinery, with long-distance representatives in Alaska for the forests, the fisheries, the railroad, the trails, the cables, the public lands, the mail service and almost a hundred other kinds of public business, with each bureau head intent upon his particular business, jealous of his own success and prerogatives, and all more or less unrelated and independent of each other, naturally leads to the utmost confusion and inefficiency. There is no central authority, nor can any power located in Washington ever coordinate the functions of all these bureaus. Each is a law unto itself. The bureau heads are not keenly interested in Alaska, its welfare, its problems, its advancement, or its aspirations. Lack of co-ordination, general inefficiency, haphazard and restrictive rulings and duplication of effort are the natural result. Before the installation of the Budget System the Government of the United States was looked upon as the world's worst managed business. And while the budget is said to have helped matters, the long-distance administration of Alaska remains the most inefficient feature of that business.

Alaska—and this statement will come as a surprise to ninety-nine out of every hundred readers of this article—is the greatest per capita contributor to the national revenues. As an investment, the Territory, which cost the United States a paltry $7,200,000, pays several hundred per cent a year on its original cost. Which is another fact not generally known. Furthermore, the governor told me two years ago that if the taxes collected in the United States from the people, the industries and resources equaled per capita similar collections from Alaska, the yearly national revenues would exceed twenty billions of dollars—roughly five times as much as the Treasury receives at present. Yet this potential empire is daily being discriminated against, neglected, and misgoverned; this Territory, rich beyond belief in natural resources, is virtually on trial for its economic life.

Alaska already has produced more than $1,000,000,000 in wealth. The United States Treasury receives from the Territory in direct taxes, corporation taxes, and other revenues, an annual amount which is far over and above all sums appropriated by Congress for the Territory. But the Territory itself, which produces these revenues, is compelled to accept whatever amount is doled out from Washington. Although her fisheries, roughly valued at $50,000,000 a year, are becoming depleted, she is not permitted to use any of this money to build them up. She is not allowed to spend her revenues for the building and upkeep of roads and trails, or for the construction of lighthouses, schools, hospitals for the natives, suppression of the liquor traffic, or new government buildings. One result of this is that the governor's office is a wooden shack that was once an Indian school. Government offices are scattered about the city of Juneau, in rented quarters, instead of being grouped together for convenience and economy in a government building.

Senators and Representatives of established states cannot reasonably be expected to devote the same amount of time and thought to Alaska's problems that they devote to their constituents. Besides, they have the affairs of the nation as a whole to consider. The World Court, the problem of taxation, the coal problem, relief for the farmer, and other matters of wide import continually are preventing them from taking an interest in the "iceberg" which Alaska is supposed to be. They—and most readers of this article—will be surprised tc know that wheat grown in Alaska has taken first prize at Minneapolis. The legislators at Washington have neither the time nor the inclination to study conditions in the Territory, nor should they be asked to do so; Alaska should have Senators and Representatives of her own at Washington. The southeastern section of the Territory, or the region south of the Yukon and east of the government railroad, should be made a state—the State of Alaska. And if Congress refuses or neglects to do this at its next session, the President should make it a state by proclamation.

Alaska needs home rule as badly as Ireland did, and the way to make Alaskans worthy of self-government is to give them self-government. "Government of Alaska, by and for Alaskans," should be the slogan of the residents of the Territory, for "taxation without representation," such as is now virtually the case with regard to our northern country, has no place in our economy. No people are so well qualified to govern a country as those who live in it. That fact was established when the United States fought for its independence. Not only have the people of the Territory a right to self-government, but they are better qualified than any outsider could possibly be to give Alaska good government. It is absurd to doubt that the great wealth of coal, timber, fisheries and oil in that land is sufficient to bear the cost of state government.

When Alaskans begin their fight to overcome governmental stupidity and the vast national indifference which seems bent on forgetting the very existence of the Territory, they will be told by opponents of self-government that the Panhandle section, a strip roughly 500 miles long and from forty to 150 miles wide, could not support itself through its revenues. Yet this section, with its fisheries and timber, gold mines and oil wells, is the richest part of Alaska. Besides, there is the record of Federal taxes which shows that this section furnished more than half the taxes collected in the whole Territory. The proponents of Statehood will also be told that the population of Alaska does not warrant such an honor. The population of the Panhandle section is not known, but the entire Territory, of which this is the most densely populated section, claims a population of 30,000 whites. And territories with less population than this were created states during the past century, among which might be mentioned Colorado, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan. The argument also will be advanced that Alaska will not attract settlers because it is too far away. But Alaska, when present means of transportation are considered, is no farther from New York City, for instance, than St. Louis was a hundred years ago. The advocate of home rule in Alaska will also be reminded that ninety-eight per cent of the Territory belongs to the government. True enough, but that was once true of all the land that lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, and later of the land that lay beyond. Friends of Alaska will be assured by the opponents of self-government that Alaskan homesteads are unfit for agriculture, but that was also the contention at one time against the western prairies. The objection will also be made that Alaska is not contiguous to the United States, and therefore should not be made a state. This has little validity, since neither were California nor Oregon when they were admitted, although the territory between them and the sovereign states was American. Moreover, Alaska is much more accessible than were California and Oregon when they were admitted.

Statehood Is Needed

NO ONE denies that Alaska is perfectly capable of self-government, or that her admission into the Union would relieve automatically much of the dissension and unrest caused by misgovernment from Washington bureaus and the fact that the Delegate to Congress does not have a vote. Statehood would insure Alaska a vote in Federal legislation affecting its fisheries, timber, and other resources. Heretofore the Territory had been in the position of the bone in a dog fight. Her people are justified in saying, with Artemus Ward, that they "are governed 2 mutch." Had the government pursued the same policy—or lack of one—toward the country west of the Mississippi that has halted Alaska's growth for the past ten years, the prosperous states that now go to make up our Great West would still be much of a wilderness.

But this was not done. Early in the history of this country the government applied to her territories the principle upon which it was founded—self-government. Later the territorial form of government was improved, broadened, until about seventy years ago territories had essentially every power that a state government enjoyed, except the power of participation in national affairs; they could not vote in the Senate and House of Representatives. The present Organic Act in Alaska is much restricted in comparison with the general territorial government policy, despite the fact that the people of Alaska, no matter what their political complexion, have for the past twenty years asked Congress for a full form of territorial government. A less hardy and courageous people would have become discouraged; a less patriotic people might have tried to secede; a less sensible people would have kicked over the traces.

The present government of Alaska is little better than that against which the American colonies rebelled in 1776. It is a mockery of democracy; a government by absentee bureau heads which even the Roman emperors of old did not practice, for they sent pre-consuls to their distant provinces to govern them. These bureaus not only control the administration of the Territory, but advise Congress as to the proper legislation for a country as large as the original Louisiana Purchase, with problems peculiar to itself. Whereas a state has a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," Alaska has a government of the people, by the bureaus, for the bureaus. The most valuable of any of our territories, our "Northern Wonderland," receives the least consideration from the government. No one would think of administering the Philippines in this high-handed manner, nor would Great Britain adopt such an oppressive attitude toward Canada or Australia. For no federal government is wise enough to tell the residents of any territory or colony how to administer their local affairs. Particularly is this true of Alaska, peopled as it is with Americans of a pioneer spirit.

An Obsolete Form

THE right of self-government is an American right that has been denied the people of Alaska, who for years have muddled along under a limited territorial form of government. Under this obsolete form the people do not govern themselves, as in a state; they are governed by someone else. The people of Alaska do not make their own laws and change them when they see fit; they do not elect their governor, levy their own taxes, and spend them as they desire; all this is done for them by their guardians at Washington. This paternalistic form of government was not successful in the Old West, nor is it satisfactory in Alaska.

How different conditions are in the Philippines! Here the people have practically all the powers of a state, the power to levy tariff taxes, the power to administer and dispose of public lands for the benefit, not of the United States Treasury, but of the Filipinos themselves. The same power is given to Porto Rican and Hawaiian governments, all three legislatures being authorized to enact such legislation for the disposal of the public lands as they might see fit, provided that such acts should first be approved by the President of the United States. Furthermore, internal revenue and income taxes are paid by Porto Ricans and Filipinos into the Territorial Treasury. Would it be asking too much of Congress to confer the same privileges upon Alaskans that have been conferred upon Porto Ricans and Filipinos? Cannot the Alaska legislature be trusted to control and administer the public lands for the benefit of Alaskan citizens? Giving them this power would be nothing short of justice to the inhabitants of the Territory, and would involve no impairment of the principles of government in this country.

Right here we come to the nub of the question which is so frequently heard: "What is the matter with Alaska?" Ten or a dozen years ago a great tumult about Alaska, raised by some uplifters, helped to wreck one of our administrations. One of our secretaries of the interior was charged with betraying Alaska to "the interests." So the Territory was tied down with endless yards of red tape, padlocked with innumerable padlocks, and over it all a sign was posted, marked "Conservation." Now, conservation of our natural resources is a good thing, and on paper this move appeared to be most excellent. But in practice it has failed. Conservation is admirable to the extent that it prevents our natural resources from being wasted or unfairly exploited, without a fair return to the government, but it has been carried too far in Alaska.

Take the forests of Alaska, for instance—34,000 square miles of them, with enough timber to supply one-third of America's present paper needs for all time. Now, true conservation calls for the utilization of full-grown trees—a "weeding-out" process—instead of letting them rot, as they are doing at present. And the reason Alaska timber is rotting, while we are importing $40,000,000 worth of pulp timber yearly, is that inducements are not sufficient to attract capital to build pulp mills. This form of natural wealth is valuable only as it is utilized, and utilization does not necessarily mean destruction, yet there seems to be a nervous dread that somebody will come along and steal it. Washington bureau heads forget that Alaska's future depends entirely upon the development of its great natural wealth.

If Alaska must be governed from Washington, say the residents of the Territory, let the agencies of the bureaus be moved to Alaska. And let Alaskans run them. But at this suggestion even Cabinet heads hold up their hands in horror. Let Alaskans run their own affairs? Preposterous! Why, that would usher in the greatest orgy of exploitation, bribery and corruption that the world has ever seen! They believe, apparently, that Washington has a monopoly on honest officeholders, and that the minute a man goes to Alaska he becomes a thief and a scoundrel. This, however, is merely the bureaucratic attitude; no bureau, department, or division of the government has ever been known

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Industry Demands That Gums Be Gathered

Natives of Africa and India Collect Strange Vegetable Juices

ROMANCE is now a recognized element in the channels of trade and commerce which are the arteries of civilization; so much so that manufacturers whose products run the range from rubber to optical glass are making use of it to put the human touch into their advertising. The copy writer is literally roaming the world with the chemist, but so far he has not touched on gum, the sticky substance formed by the exudation of liquids from certain trees and plants. Prosaic and uninteresting as it may seem at first thought, that product binds the past and present. It is the conundrum of commerce—unseen, yet always visible. And in all probability it has a wider variety of uses than any other known substance.

A native in far-off Kurdistan or a Moor in Senegal slashes the barks of trees that the page on which this is printed may carry a fine gloss. The smoker lights his cigar or pipe with a match in which the adhesive element is gum from the other side of the world. Milady's silks and satins are sized with gums, to say nothing of her lace curtains; her calicos are printed and dyed with it, and her finest confections make use of the refined grades. It is used in printing inks and medicines, in water colors and liqueurs, in paper and matches. The word gum to the average mind means an adhesive, such as mucilage, yet that is but one of its thousand uses.

An effort to tell the whole story of gum has been under way for fully a quarter of a century, yet it is not yet finished. In 1899 the Philadelphia Commercial Museum began the listing of all known gums. Since then so many new varieties have come to light that the museum has now made public another installment. It relates to a collection containing 374 specimens of different gums, coming from trees and plants of seventy-seven species, belonging to twenty different families. There are scores of samples of gums of which the botanical origin is unknown. The collection includes 174 specimens of gum arabic, of which 122 are from Africa, and 124 specimens of gums from India representing forty-one species, a greater variety than has been gathered from any other country.

Charles R. Toothaker, curator of the museum, has become so much of a world authority on gum in his study of the samples that every time a new gum gets into commerce he is called on to identify it and to indicate its greatest uses. In addition, gum merchants use the collection as a means of studying the commercial possibilities of soluble gums from new sources. In that connection it is not unlikely that the United States may become some day a rival of Africa and India in the production of gum from sources now rich in the commodity, but ignored.

"Gums, resins and related substances are so varied in their character and qualities," says Mr. Toothaker, "that it requires much care to classify, define and describe them accurately. The word gum is loosely used and in popular language is applied in a very general way to any substance which has certain qualities easier to recognize than describe. In this broad sense the word gum is often applied to rubber, resins, camphor and to oils which have become thick or sticky. Strictly speaking, true gum is a vegetable substance which dissolves in cold water, forming a mucilage, or else swells up and makes a thick, sticky mass. Gum copal is not a true gum in this sense, but is really a resin. Gum camphor is chemically a volatile or essential oil, and is called a gum only because it has a feel and tenacity which are understood when we say that it is gummy. Rubber is called gum because it has this same peculiar feeling when handled.

"True gums are produced by a great many different trees and plants; other trees produce substances which consist of an intimate mixture of gum and resin frequently combined with volatile oil. Gums may be conveniently classified as follows:

"Arabic group, often classed the soluble gums, which dissolve completely in cold water, forming a mucilage.

"Cherry group, often called the partly soluble gums, which swell in cold water, forming a clear, transparent jelly.

"Tragacanth group, often called the insoluble gums, which swell in cold water, forming a more or less opaque, usually white, opalescent jelly, which readily dissolves in warm water.

"Dextrine group, a manufactured gum prepared from starch. It is completely soluble in cold water.

"Seaweed group, gums extracted from various seaweeds. They form a clear, transparent jelly.

"When a plant is broken or injured so that the sap or juice runs from it and dries, a solidified substance is usually formed containing most of the ingredients of the sap or juice. But when such an injury occurs, nature promptly sets to work to heal the wound if possible, sending more sap to the damaged region, and commencing what physiologists call wound response. With equal promptness the processes of decomposition commence to act. The exposed cells of the plant substance along the edges of the wound sometimes break under the strain of the flowing sap or juice, and very often bacteria attack the weakened tissues. This is very much like what happens when a wound on a man or animal becomes infected. Scientific investigation has not been able up to this time to determine absolutely and fully what causes gummosis or the formation of gums. It is probably true that no true natural gums are formed in any other way than through the breaking down of vegetable tissue as a result of diseased or morbid conditions of one sort or another."

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Gum arabic.

Exudation of gum at point of tapping. This photograph was taken at Kordofan, Sudan, Africa.

Gum arabic is a familiar trade name now applied to cover virtually all gums of a certain type from Central and North Africa, Arabia and India. Originally it was applied to gum exported to Europe from Arabia, where very little of the gum is collected today. "For several thousand years," says Mr. Toothaker, "this gum has been gathered in the part of Africa accessible to the southern end of the Red Sea, but the chief wholesale traders in olden times were along the Arabian coast, and the gum received its name because it came to Europe through them. It seems to have been carried to North Egypt from Aden as early as the seventeenth century B. C. The bulk of this gum was collected in olden times in what we now call the Sudan."

A gum garden near Taiara, Kordofan, Sudan, Africa.

The great bulk of gum arabic comes from varieties of the Acacia tree. Botanists are not agreed on their exact identity and names, but it is agreed that Acacia Verek produces the greatest quantity. It is found in the Sudan, Upper Egypt, Abyssinia, Somaliland and adjacent regions, and from it are obtained the gums known to commerce as gum arabic, Sudan gum, Kordofan gum, Khartoum gum, Turkey gum, Sennaar gum, Gedaref gum, Jeddah gum, Senari gum, Gedda gum, Turic gum and Gehzirah gum.

"The tree grows in extensive forests in the region of Kordofan," says Dr. Toothaker. "It is common in the country between the Blue Nile and the White Nile, and is found in a great area adjacent to the Sahara where there is sufficient moisture to support vegetation at all. It is distinctly and peculiarly a tree of semi-desert regions and grows naturally in a dry, sandy, barren soil. In the Sudan it is called *Hashab*, a name that is applied also to the gum. The privately owned forests where the trees are systematically tapped are called *Hashab geneina*, and the regions of wild forest are known as *Hashab wady*.

"There are immense areas in Africa where the trees grow, but gum is produced commercially only in districts not too far from wells or streams of water. Gum is collected only in the hottest and driest season of the year, and the men who gather it must carry all their food and water with them. This limits their work to only a few days' journey from the water supply. The best yield of gum is obtained when an exceptionally hot, dry season follows after one of plentiful rain. The dry season begins in September or October, and the trees may be tapped at any time after the first of November. Little is done, as a rule, till the crops of grain are harvested so that the work in the gum forests is not actively prosecuted before January or February.

"Men go out from their villages carrying a little food, a skin of water, a spear for defense against wild animals and a small hatchet with a long handle. With this hatchet the tree is cut, not too deeply, and then a strip of the outer bark an inch or two in width and as much as two or three feet long is torn away. The inner bark is not, or should not be, seriously harmed by this operation and in time and under favorable circumstances the wound heals. Scientific study shows that a species of bacteria is found in or on the bark of these trees and the gum is formed through the combined agencies of the evaporation of sap and the breaking down of the plant tissues under the action of the bacteria. The tears of gum grow to large size only after a season of good rains when the trees are full of sap and the young growth is fresh and juicy. At first the tears are soft inside and they must generally remain for a couple of weeks before they are gathered, so that the interior may become firm and hard."

Gums of the cherry group are almost as numerous as those of the foregoing, but they are not as widely used. Even in the United States, lumps as heavy as half a pound sometimes form on cherry trees and peach trees. The *tragacanth* group represents the other great commercial production. They are more widely used in mucilage. *Gum tragacanth* is obtained in Persia, parts of Asia Minor, Syria, Armenia and Kurdistan, from small thorny shrubs growing in semi-desert places.

Gum tragacanth differs also from gum arabic in that it comes in flakes. It exudes from the stub of a branch in a sort of ribbon. The process is described as follows:

"In tapping, the Kurds first burn all the leaves off the branches, then expose the roots, cut incisions in the roots, and leave for a week or so; they then return and collect the gum which exudes from the roots. The first tapping produces white gum of the best quality; second and subsequent tappings, gums of yellow colors and inferior quality. Excessive tappings weaken and may kill the bushes. The Kurds bring the gum to Suleimanaya, where it is bought by local merchants, who sell it to Bagdad merchants. These merchants export to England and other foreign countries.

"All the evidence obtainable from the few scientific men who have studied the subject shows clearly that *tragacanth* is produced by some alteration or metamorphosis of the soft juicy cells of the plant."

It is pointed out by Dr. Toothaker that *gum tragcanth* is used largely in textile printing to thicken pasty inks and give them such a consistency that the colors will not run. "Its very great virtue," he adds, "is the fact that but little gum is needed to form a very thick pasty color, which means, of course, that the color is less influenced in its shade than would be the case if a larger quantity of starch or other thickening agent were used. It is also employed for stiffening silks and crepes. It is used as a demulcent and to thicken solutions for medicinal purposes and so aid in keeping powders in suspension. In toilet preparations, it goes into certain creams and jellies. It is mixed with starch and sugar to make gum paste ornaments for fancy cakes; confectioners use it in lozenges; it goes into certain mixtures to form special pastes and cements.

Walnut Tree in Oregon Has a National Reputation

Kirk Tree at Brownsville Remarkable for Harvests

By M. NORRIS DAVIS

IN A thriving little city in Central Oregon stands the Kirk walnut tree. It is the most remarkable tree in the state, and probably the best-known nut-tree in the United States. Because of its prolific growth, tremendous size, wonderful and sustained yield and its power to transmit to its seeding all its own qualities, this tree is known to horticulturists far and wide. Men have journeyed from far parts of the world just to get a look at it and at the trees raised from its seedlings.

Naturally, this tree is the pride of its city, Brownsville, and one long street, Kirk avenue, has been named in its honor. Its entire length has been planted with walnut trees from the nut of the old Kirk stock.

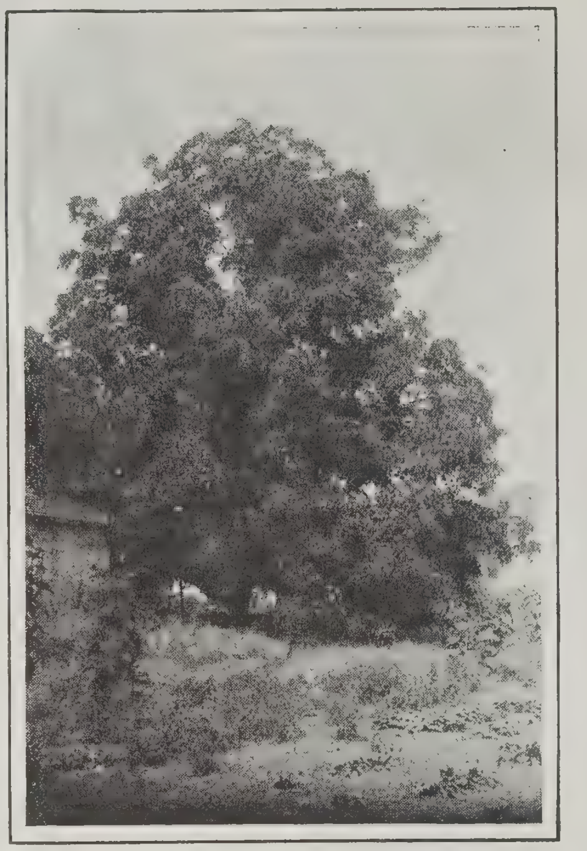
Riley Kirk was a pioneer of 1846. He was an enthusiastic orchardist, and believed in the future of fruit trees in his adopted surroundings—the Willamette Valley. He planted a large orchard east of his house, and one walnut tree west of it. Walnut raising was something about which Kirk knew absolutely nothing, so after he had planted this tree, he forgot all about it and lavished his time and labor on the orchard.

This little nut-tree simply thrived on neglect! At the present time the fruit trees have practically all been grubbed out, while the walnut tree is bearing bushels upon bushels of delicious nuts. It is estimated that the walnut tree lives to the age of nine hundred years, so there is every reason to believe that it will outlive many succeeding orchards.

Every year since its first bearing, the Kirk walnut tree has continued to give a wonderful harvest. Although Mr. Kirk died in 1900, his widow continued to harvest the crop, and tradition has it that she received more than enough to pay the taxes on her place from the sale of walnuts. The yield is much larger today.

But it is not alone for its own size and yield that this tree is famous. The books on walnut culture invariably mention the Kirk tree at Brownsville as a variety and kind of its own, and one which is practically unbeatable. The remarkable thing about this walnut is that the seedling is just as good, if not better than the original tree. Experiments have proved that in a grove planted with an equal quantity of nursery stock and the Kirk trees which were raised from seed, the former were far outrivaled. These seedlings have in almost every case grown into trees that outrivaled the largest shade tree in their vicinity, as well as producing crops so heavy that it is necessary to tie up and prop the limbs.

Throughout Oregon there has been an agitation for the planting of useful trees for shade trees, which has resulted in thousands of walnut trees being used for that purpose. On the streets of the state capital (Salem) alone, enough walnut trees are growing to make a grove of more than sixty acres. As the trees are planted about twenty-seven to the acre, it shows that more than 1,600 walnut trees are growing on Salem streets!


The Kirk walnut tree.

Nurseries have, from time to time, tried to get control of the Kirk walnut tree for grafting purposes. Brownsville people laugh at this, for they know that as good trees, if not better, can be obtained from its seed as from grafted stock.

Tests made in Brownsville in the autumn of 1922 showed that under favorable conditions the Kirk nut will sprout and in three weeks' time send up a leafed treelet two or three inches high.

Un-American King Coal—Fifty Years Behind

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of a few teamsters and the trick was done. The natural growth of the city where they happened to be in business did the rest.

The retail coal merchant seldom comes into contact with the mine operator. Between them is the broker—a middleman who contracts for the output of a mine and sells to individual coal merchants. He does not maintain yards or any physical equipment.

The cry of the union miners during their various wage disputes is that most of them work only 100 days a year. There are bituminous mines which operate the year round. Then there are operators known as "snow birds" who operate their mines during the winter and shut down during the summer.

Is there any wonder that such a haphazard way of doing things creates dissatisfaction among the mine workers?

Let us see what has happened in the rare instances where some really intelligent effort has been applied. There is one concern, operating in Washington, D. C., organized somewhat on the principle of a co-operative society. It is a corporation whose stock is held principally by consumers of coal. It owns its source of supply, a good bituminous coal mine. It has its own coal yard which is not located in the midst of a congested railroad terminal but in an easily accessible place, has built its own trestles, railroad sidings and concrete storage bins, with overhead cranes and other modern coal-handling apparatus.

This company will operate its mines the year round, and will pay the top wage. By working with its consumers, it will take care of the storage problem in this way:

The program for the present year calls for the delivery to consumers of 240,000 tons of coal. This means the handling of 20,000 tons a month. During the summer months when no coal is consumed, therefore, 80,000 tons must be stored. Through a selling and "engineering" organization, the company persuades consumers to accept spring and summer delivery of half of this amount, so that 40,000 tons are stored in household bins. The company's yard handles the other 40,000 tons.

It is a simple scheme. All of its activities are direct and there is a minimum of handling. The storage bins act as an expansion chamber to take care of emergencies such as interferences with the movement of coal from the mine or from the coal yard to the consumers' bins.

In some of the cities on the Great Lakes, retail coal merchants handle their product in a similar fashion. In most cases, however, those cities are at the mercy of the mine operators, the unions and the coal brokers.

The Washington concern's cost of coal storage is two cents a ton. It has taken the trouble to instruct consumers how to get the best results with their furnaces. It has fuel engineers who work on the more difficult fuel problems. It has screens and washing equipment to provide clean coal to the consumer.

In the mines, it has introduced modern machinery, so that the production of coal per mine worker is brought to a maximum. It has introduced the same sort of intelligent planning that many other American industries use successfully.

The same plan is being introduced in Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Considering the coal problem as a whole, it is most certainly apparent that every shortage, with its consequent disturbance of the public and legislative interference, brings the coal industry nearer to government ownership. And since the coal industry is so closely related to railroading, the transportation system may also have to go into the hands of the government. The one is utterly dependent on the other.

If such comes to pass, it will not be because of "Big Business" throttling the public. It will be, rather, because the men in the coal industry are not sufficiently big business men.

Visualizing the industry as a personality, it seems reasonable to say that His Majesty, Coal, is a great lout of a king, ignorant, autocratic and an absolute monarch; he grins foolishly at one time and scatters his substance prodigally, and again hoards it and scowls. He has so far resisted attempts at liberalization and democracy, but he is certainly un-American and his overthrow is imminent.

Charms of Nova Scotia

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tury, while it rejoices in the memory of the clipper ships that made it famous a century ago.

And Yarmouth is the starting point for those who would skirt the South Shore of the mysterious Bay of Fundy. They may take the cars of a leisurely railroad whose surveyors must have found pleasure in scenery as well as in obeying orders to find the shortest practicable route; whose operating force, from general officers to section hands, seems to take positive enjoyment in making more pleasant the path of the tourist; whose engineers have a personal pride in the iron steeds that still follow the old-fashioned custom of wearing names as well as numbers—names like Titania, Bear River, Blomidon, Glooscay, Evangeline, Charon, Gaspereau. Or they may follow the good highway—one of the system of roads on which the province has recently expended many millions—through the forests and over the low hills from whose summits there are vistas of lakes on the right and of the ocean on the left.

Almost every town gives mute invitation, and the temptation to linger becomes more difficult to resist as the way leads to villages of the descendants of Acadian exiles who found the way back to the land they loved. All along St. Marys Bay they have made their home. Across the spacious bay Long Island and Digby Neck stretch on toward Digby, where fishermen and deep-sea mariners find refuge in Annapolis Basin, among the vessels that pass to and fro through Digby Gut, the gap in the green hills which form the entrance to the Basin. The beauty of the town, perched on the hillside, has been sung by many visitors.

A vision of the sea and the mighty tides of Fundy comes when, Digby left behind, the visitor reaches Bear River, a stream that twice each day changes swiftly from a trickling stream that is lost in a sea of red mud to a mighty river where ships of good size can move in majesty, borne safely in water thirty feet deep. Bear River, the town, which clings to the hills on the side of the stream, is noted for its luxuriant cherry trees and for the water carnival for which they are made the excuse, on a July day when the Micmac Indians join with the white people in water sports.

Then Annapolis Royal, close to the site of Port Royal, where the Sier de Monts left a little colony in 1605, where was built a fortification mighty for its time, stronghold of the French, for which English and French waged war through many years. Ten times was siege laid to the fort, and three times it lowered its colors to victors. Fortunately the old fort has been preserved; it still looks down on the Basin and back to the score of miles of apple orchards for which the Annapolis Valley is famous.

Cornwallis Valley, farther along the Bay of Fundy, vies with Annapolis Valley in the claim to fruitfulness and beauty—beauty of the fields, and of the hills and the sea. The genius of husbandmen on these Acadian shores two centuries ago devised a system of dykes that made these marshes part of the Garden of Nova Scotia.

Wherever the traveler turns in this country he is confronted by sights that suggest he is in a fairyland. When he yields to the tantalizing call of the interior, he passes quaint farms where the patient oxen draw the carts as in the days of old. When he turns his steps toward the coast, he finds architecture of rocks that culminate in Cape Split, where the waters from the Bay of Fundy dash through rocks of fantastic form, on their way to the Basin of Minas. Let him cross the entrance of the Basin to Parrsboro, and he will stand in amazement at sight of large vessels resting high and dry at wharves half a mile from the water; they look as if they had been driven ashore, but they are only waiting for the return of the tide. When he follows the coast from Cape Split over Blomidon, and down to Wolfville, a town on the ridge that separates the Gaspereau and Cornwallis valleys, he finds himself in the heart of the Evangeline country. Soon he is at Grand Pré, the Great Meadow, where stood the valley of Evangeline, the Acadian whom Longfellow's genius portrayed as the representative of her people, exiled when the English displaced the French on these shores.

There may be question as to the age of the willows and the well of Evangeline. The statue and the church are frankly modern. But the meadows, the Basin and frowning Blomidon, far off across the water, are genuine relics of stirring events "on the shores of the Basin of Minas." Minas Basin narrows to Cobequid Bay, the end of the Bay of Fundy funnel, and Cobequid Bay reaches up to Salmon River, whose attraction to the Scotch-Irish settlers from New Hampshire in 1761 was so great that they laid out Truro on its banks. Sturdy and dignified as its founders, Truro is noted both for beauty and industrial progress. To prove its claim to beauty it has only to point to Victoria Park, a wondrous glen that leads far into the hills, where the spruces cover the boundary ridge, where water tumbles down in cascades, where it is difficult to believe that only three miles away it is possible to see the tides of Fundy in their might—might great enough not to need the exaggeration of Sir John Herschel who, in his "Outlines of Astronomy," declared that the Fundy tides rose 120 feet!

Not even yet are the secrets of the Bay of Tides exhausted. From Truro, along the north shore of Cobequid to Great Village, then along Minas Basin to Five Islands, there are superb vistas of water and mountain, of coves and headlands, of fertile lands and cozy houses.

At Cape Canso comes the turn that is the beginning of the last lap of the progress around Nova Scotia, the one hundred miles back to Halifax. That is, the air line distance is little more than one hundred miles. But measure the distance by the shores of all the bays and inlets! Describe it in terms of the majesty of the waters that touch the shores of the islands that are sprinkled so liberally all along the way, of the little trout streams from the hills, of the trees that grow so luxuriantly everywhere!

Americanize by Elimination and Deportation

A Common Sense Suggestion Is Made by One Who Has Come Over

By a Naturalized Citizen

HENRY H. CURRAN, the new Commissioner of Immigration at New York, had barely finished his congratulatory remarks about the excellent type of immigrants arriving at Ellis Island under the July three per centum 1923 quota when, in a subway car in another part of the city, a group of foreign laborers, apparently under the influence of illicit booze, engaged in a knife fight, leaving behind two or three wounded men and, of course, the passengers in a panic. A week later another group indulged in a similar brawl in an elevated train, all combatants escaping except one, who was identified by an injured innocent bystander. As is usual in such cases, the men under custody refuse to reveal the identity of their companions.

Thus the chronicles of the newspapers, in reporting these criminal fights, inevitably and justifiably identified the fighters in each case by their Italian nationality, which not only has the effect of steeling American readers against a further infusion of immigration but likewise enhances an anti-foreign feeling of which the victims, directly or otherwise, are the thousands of law-abiding, industrious foreigners who are taking seriously the slow process of assimilation. As one of the local Italian newspapers explained, an unlawful incident of this kind undoes the arduous and constructive Americanization campaign which is the aim of the older and well-established residents of foreign origin. The fact that resident Italians are even more emphatic than the Americans themselves in deploring this apparently ineradicable lawlessness of some of their conationals is of no avail.

Between the feuds of yesteryear and the bootlegging sniping of the present day certain sections of the metropolis may be regarded as perpetual stages where the passer-by may as well trust to luck against being peppered by bullets intended for marked individuals. The result has been that one seldom encounters a two-generation American ambling about in these exotic neighborhoods. But if it has come to the point now that the already congested city transit lines are going to be made unsafe by dangerous and quarrelsome weapon wielders, more than a rabbit's foot and a desiccated horse chestnut will be necessary to induce the average citizen to take a seat farther than a flea's jump from the nearest exit.

The point of this preamble is that while a great deal of attention is paid to the new immigrant upon arrival in this country, no attention whatsoever is devoted to him once he has been passed and is free to wend his way as he pleases.

No immigration law will ever be efficient that does not extend its authority for a reasonable period covering the time approximately required for immigrants to gravitate to what may amount as their ostensible station in life in the new world. It would not be practicable or even advisable to embody this technical surveillance in the naturalization laws, since it is not feasible to make naturalization mandatory (it would violate international treaties without adding an iota of actual benefit to the United States since a truculent "citizen" would be worse than a friendly and industrious alien) but it should be easy to control newcomers by means of the police power.

Government officials with whom I have discussed these points believe that some such system would be almost ideal, but on the other hand they fear that a step of this kind would lead to irritation abroad. This timidity is superfluous. As a matter of fact, foreign countries have established what may amount to a precedent.

How many Americans visited foreign countries immediately after the war—and in some cases even to this late day—have been obliged to fill out a blank to be filed with the police authorities of the city they visited? How many have forgotten the complicated, enervating, distracting process of obtaining a permit of residence, which had to be renewed after the expiration period? Now, there is so much difference between the American traveling abroad for pleasure or business and the immigrant bound for the United States on a quest that he alone is privileged to follow as it best suits him and his convenience, that the two individuals are not comparable at all.

Why Not Use Same Methods?

IF THE police of foreign countries are privileged to restrict and limit the freedom of visiting Americans who are not asking for more courtesy than is due a well-behaved traveler, what is there to prevent the American police from maintaining surveillance over the aliens coming to the United States? Of course, the task seems complicated, as a Senator admitted to me, but the following suggestion is made with the assurance that it will almost safeguard the United States from cumulative troubles with aliens, that it will speed Americanization by elimination, that it will be welcomed by the resident aliens and naturalized citizens who are jealous of their national reputation, and that it cannot be objected to by foreign governments as being in violation of treaties, understandings and agreements.

Residents in the United States for a period of at least ten years dating from arrival should be subject to good behavior and this privilege of residence in the United States ought to be made contractual between the American Government as party of the first part and the prospective emigrant as party of the second part.

It has been made plain by foreign governments that examination of their emigrants at points of origin will never be consented to, the objections being based upon several obvious reasons. Now, examination at the point of origin is advisable, but even if it can be ever brought about it would fail to solve the more difficult problem of what happens after the immigrant has been admitted under the law and thereafter is entitled to all the protection that the American Government affords even though he may not be morally entitled to it.

Thus it is inevitable that the emigrant's admission to the United States, even under the immigration laws, should be conditional upon his observance of certain laws and rules. There is only one simple method by which such an ideal situation can be attained.

As all emigrants' passports must be visaed by the nearest American consular official, instead of following the present method of a simple perfunctory application for same, which will be granted to the extent that the laws allow, a different application blank should be substituted. It should be an application for the visa, differing in the following details from the routine visa applications of non-immigrant travelers, which is made by the applicant subject to printed conditions to which he subscribes and accepts without qualification or mental reservation. The blank should be in two languages; obverse, in the language of the applicant, and reverse, in English. The most important condition should be that the application is made subject to good behavior and that it will be so honored if approved, and that the applicant shall be immediately deported—and so consents—to the nearest port of the country of origin upon proof that he is an undesirable or upon conviction in any competent court of any crime of willful, malicious or organized nature.

Charge It to Immigrant

LEST the objection of another official that such a plan would involve fiscal difficulties, these plans will be suggested. First, to charge the immigrant himself with the necessary deportation costs, and in most cases immigrants have more than enough for the purpose; second, that it will cost the state or Federal government much more than the ocean transportation costs to keep the convicted immigrant in jail for a period approximating a year or more; third, to charge transportation companies for the deportee's passage. Last, but not least, to assure foreign governments that might object to these stringent measures that the only alternative would be prohibition of further immigration.

What to do with the American-born foreigner who can never be but what he is will remain one of the unsolved sociological problems until the foreign districts are broken up and their inhabitants are scattered to the four points of the compass. This millennium will not take place until municipalities forbid the erection of new tenements and will order demolished or reconstructed all buildings housing more than so many inmates for given cubic air space. There is bound to be lawlessness and crime when our supposedly modern cities—for foreign cities do not permit such a spectacle—countenance the occupancy of a single room by sixteen persons in two daily shifts.

But as it is evident that one cannot become an American by the simple expedient of naturalization if intent lacks, despite the warning against mental reservations sworn to at the time of naturalization, it would be dangerous to assume that every new citizen will thereafter be a perfect citizen. In fact, that cannot be expected. It would not be a bad thing, therefore, to make naturalization either temporary or conditional for a period of five or ten years beginning with the issuance of second papers, the conditions in this case being not unlike the others, providing that in the case of felony, which in our law is often interchangeable with misdemeanor, and conviction thereof in a court of competence shall render naturalization null and void, with deportation as the penalty.

Presuming, however, that deportation involved—as undoubtedly it would—serious complications with the foreign governments at interest, a substitute plan would be, after the British and French fashion, to establish a penal colony overseas, and the Pacific Ocean is full of islands that would be admirable and efficient for the purpose. The government fleet certainly can spare one or two ships to be used as penal vessels.

These sound like harsh measures, and needless to say the immigration sentimentalists, especially the organized ones, will be in Washington with bells and rings if such a plan were seriously considered—as it eventually must—by the Congress, but the situation has become critical. The government owes it not only to settled American stock but it equally owes it to the new citizens and aliens peaceably inhabiting our country.

Too much importance has been attached to the Americanization process by itself. The spectacle of granting citizenship on national holidays to hundreds and even thousands of aliens assembled for the purpose is, despite the auspices under which the ceremony takes place, the flags and bands and soliloquies, too much of a farce. It has all the earmarks of a community picnic, with the local judge and Congressman sitting in as the guests of honor. It lacks the quiet dignity of the court room; the solemnity of the hall of justice; the kindly but sharp jurist questioning the alien from the dais from which, a few hours before and a few hours thereafter, he will dispense justice to the people.

As I have stood before such a court, I can imagine what would be the effect upon the average immigrant if, after the prescribed interrogatory was over, the court should further impress the budding citizen by reading aloud the conditions under which said citizenship may be retained. It may encroach upon the court's time, such an arrangement, and courts in general are behind in their juridical work, but the making of American citizens is as solemn a task as the dispensing of justice, and Congress should make due provision for the purpose. Psychology within reason is potent; and who will deny that the ex-alien cannot be but impressed with his new status when he achieves it in the very halls of justice which, in the case of crime, would sentence him to the loss of citizenship, civil rights and deportation?

Uncle Sam's Duty Toward His "Ugly Duckling"

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to voluntarily release one iota of its power. Even President Harding has been unable to proceed with the reorganization of the government about which we read so much two years ago.

If a map of Alaska is superimposed on a map of the United States drawn to the same scale, it at once becomes apparent how difficult is the problem of governing Alaska by the present system. Alaska is twelve times as large as the state of New York, with settled communities as far apart as Maine and Texas, without a single board of county commissioners or supervisors, and only a Territorial legislature at a point corresponding to New Orleans. Imagine such a state of affairs, and you have a picture of conditions in Alaska. At present this country, one-fifth as large as the United States and inaccessible for the most part, is treated as a single county! The capital of the Territory is the county seat. The Territory is cut up into four divisions, and of the revenues from all sources, the interior and arctic divisions receive from the United States Treasury and expend as their share practically as much as the other two divisions, although together they do not produce one-tenth as much revenue as the southerly divisions. This is manifestly unfair, for it means that the scattering industries and business establishments of the southerly divisions are taxed to maintain schools, build roads, and otherwise aid in the development of great areas that produce only one-tenth as much as the richer and more settled divisions. If the Panhandle section of Alaska, or even that section of Alaska east of the government railroad and south of the Yukon were made a state, or if the whole Territory were given full Territorial government, the efficiency of government would be increased and the burden of taxation in the region south of the Yukon and east of the government railroad reduced, while the northwestern section, if divided off as a territory, would continue under the present régime, probably with Nome as the capital.

What is needed in Alaska is a general reconstruction of our Alaskan policy, or, rather, the creation of a program where none now exists. Alaska is an asset, not a liability. It is to her that we must look for a future supply of pulp wood and paper, for the danger of a Canadian embargo on pulp timber is always present. With a total area of 590,884 square miles, Alaska has 64,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation, or five times the number of acres under cultivation in Michigan. There are more than 65,000,000 acres on which cattle, sheep and horses can graze. There are coal fields hundreds of miles in extent as yet unexplored. Her great forests stretch over an area nearly equal in size to Indiana. Her climate is similar to that of Norway and Sweden, and she is far richer in natural resources than the Scandinavian peninsula. Yet Norway and Sweden boast a population of eight millions, while Alaska is said to have thirty thousand whites. This is in itself the strongest indictment of long-distance, bureaucratic rule—or, rather, misrule.

No country in the world has been so grossly libeled or generally misunderstood as Alaska. The average American associates Alaska with polar bears and Eskimos. Polar bears are plentiful in Alaska, but so are children and schools. And it is seldom that a child is compelled to miss school because of inclement weather. Can the same be said of North Dakota, for instance? The Alaska of Jack London, of gunmen and dance halls, is past, despite all we see in the movies to the contrary.

Alaska has fourteen incorporated towns, in which one will find the same sort of folks and social life that one enjoys in towns of the same size throughout the United States. There are sixteen schools in these incorporated towns and districts, and about sixty-five in other and less densely populated sections.

You will find the telegraph, wireless, or cable everywhere except at the northernmost tip of Alaska, and there is only one important port that is cut off from "the outside" by ice in winter.

What the country needs, besides a change in the attitude of Washington toward it, is the sort of pioneer that built up the Great West. The new railroad needs a colonization expert and a traffic-getter; a railroad, unlike "Topsy," cannot "just grow." It must have feeders and a traffic manager to provide freight; the new railroad has neither. Alaska also needs a super-publicity agent to keep her before the world in her true light. She needs in New York or Washington an "Alaska Society," similar to the Japan Society, which has done wonders for that Island Kingdom. She needs capital, but capital is too wary to flow into the country while Washington bureaus hold the power of life and death over Alaska, her industries, and her natural resources; the pioneer who goes to Alaska must be offered the liberal inducements that persuaded the same sort of pioneer to settle the Great West.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The farmer girls in Holland wash their faces with whey to improve their complexions.

James John Davis, Secretary of Labor, was born in Tredegar, South Wales, in 1873.

King George of England is a radio fan.

A camel in the midst of green grass languishes and grows thin, but surrounded by sagebrush and thorny desert vegetation he is thoroughly happy and contented.

The famous old Arrow Rock Tavern, on the Missouri River, in Missouri, has been purchased by the state and turned over to the Daughters of the American Revolution. The old tavern was a place of rest and refreshment for the southwestern trader and plainsman. For some time it has been a depository for articles of historic interest. One of these articles is Daniel Boone's fiddle.

American sailors of the United States *Edsall*, a destroyer of Vice-Admiral Long's European squadron, took over children from Smyrna, destined for a refugee camp, and established them in an institution prepared for them in Constantinople. The children were rescued from Smyrna at the time of the disastrous fire and were loaded on a ship bound for Mitylene, the Greek concentration camp, a place of untold horrors. The crew prevailed upon the commander to take them aboard the *Edsall*. The sailors willingly gave up their quarters, instructions were wirelessed ahead to Constantinople, and provision made for their support by the crew of the *Edsall*. Each member of the crew contributes his bit on pay day toward the orphanage.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," is once more an American citizen. She was recently naturalized in the superior court, having applied under the act of Congress permitting American-born women who had married foreign subjects to regain citizenship. She married a British subject in Rome, twenty-five years ago.

The National Jewelers' Association has shifted the golden anniversary from the fiftieth to the tenth year of married life, and made the twenty-fifth the highest of wedding anniversary days. A great majority of marriages, through death or divorce, do not endure 25 years.

Cardinal Michael Ritter von Faulhaber, archbishop of Munich, rode from New York City to Boston in a day coach with his entire party, despite arrangements having been made for a parlor car. "I will turn over the Pullman fare to my poor hungry children in Munich," was his explanation.

A new geyser has erupted in Norris Basin, Yellowstone National Park.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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The Galapagos Islands lie under the equator off the coast of Ecuador. The air is frequently chilly, due to the cold antarctic currents which fan the coast of Peru and strike seaward toward the island group. Wild goats, cattle, cats and dogs, as well as hidden treasure, bear evidence of pirates. The soil is rich red loam, nearly stoneless. There are but 3,500 head of cattle at present on Cristobal Island and it can easily support 50,000. It is said that a three-year-old steer brings $100 (gold) live weight, at Guayaquil on the mainland—when a steamer can be induced to call and take the stock off.

The Anti-Saloon League was founded by Dr. Howard H. Russell, at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893. It does not consider its work finished and "will agitate for real enforcement of the dry law throughout the country."

For every dollar invested in the Arizona campaign for prairie-dog eradication in 1922, there was a fifteen-dollar return in the value of farm products saved from destruction by these pests, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Crown Prince Hirohito, of Japan, mixes freely with the common people and defies the traditions which would hold him sacred.

Shark steak resembles in taste that of tender veal. Ostrich meat is similar to that of turkey.

There has been in this country nearly 3,000 child suicides within the last four years. The rate increased from 477 in 1919 to more than 900 in 1922. Prominent authorities attribute the increase to drinking among the younger set, particularly those of high school age.

The youngest man in the United States Senate is C. C. Dill, from Washington, aged thirty-eight years.

The whaling industry is very promising this season. Whales are reported early and plentiful on the grounds, the whale oil market is on the climb, and the demand for canned whale meat has become so pronounced that the prospective pack of the British Columbia whalers is already disposed of. The canned whale meat is mostly distributed from England.

More than 200 species of plants yield latex from which rubber may be obtained.

Nineteen thousand insects are required to make one pound of cochineal dye. Only the bodies of the females are used. They are wingless and each one produces over 1,000 young which spread over the plants rapidly.

It is White House etiquette for the President to be served first at dinner.

The Japanese are not affected by the act of Congress of 1919, granting naturalization rights to any persons of foreign birth who served in the army or navy during the World War, Federal Judge Lowell, of Boston, ruled recently. He said that it was the settled policy of the United States not to admit any Japanese to citizenship.

A. Owsley Stanley, United States Senator from Kentucky, says, "There is not at this hour left a single 'inestimable privilege' or 'inalienable right' mentioned in the Declaration of Independence and secured by the Constitution which is not openly invaded or secretly undermined by some paternalistic project or subversive propaganda."

Emilio Aguinaldo, Jr., the son of the former Philippine rebel leader, was graduated from Phillips Andover Academy recently. He plans to enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis in the autumn.

The Chinese bandits, who kidnaped for ransom many prominent American and European passengers, said they learned how to wreck the train by watching an American motion picture.

A bell dating back to the time of St. Patrick has been found in the ruins of Nendrum Abbey, in Ulster, Ireland.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"A Five-cent Piece": A Dialogue Between Uncle Sam and a Banker

A Dollar of Unvarying Value, Issued by Government, the Nation's Need

By THOMAS JEFFERSON SANDFORD

MRS. O'BRIEN kept a grocery store and sold thread at five cents a spool. Mr. Brown, a tailor, lived across the way and sent his boy after a spool of thread, but Mrs. O'Brien would not give the boy the spool of thread without being paid five cents for it, because she wanted to buy five cents' worth of peanuts for her little daughter from an Italian at a street corner, and the Italian wanted the five cents with which to buy his boy a lead pencil, while the merchant selling the lead pencils was anxious to purchase for his son a top, with which to play on the school-yard concrete. For the reason that the tailor's son did not have the five cents with which to purchase the spool of thread, all these exchanges and gratifications, which the five-cent piece would have brought about, could not occur; together with a great many other exchanges and gratifications that might have resulted from the tailor's boy having the five cents and paying cash for the spool of thread.

About this time, Uncle Sam wanted a nut screwed on the bolt of a bridge which was used very generally by the public, and offered a mechanic a five-cent piece which Uncle Sam had made from a lump of nickel he had in one of his mines, which lump of nickel Uncle Sam paid a miner one mill to take out of the earth.

The Right of Government

WHEN Uncle Sam made the five-cent piece into a coin, he said, by law, that it would be received in payment of taxes and in payment of debts. Then he paid it to the mechanic, after the latter had screwed the nut on to the bridge-bolt.

As soon as the mechanic received the five-cent piece, he went to the tailor and paid him the five-cent piece for sewing a patch on the mechanic's trousers. When the tailor received the nickel coin, he sent his boy for the spool of thread. Mrs. O'Brien then parted with the spool of thread and spent the five-cent piece for peanuts which she gave to her girl. The Italian then bought the pencil and the stationer purchased for his son the top; and the nickel is now, probably, going in every direction, into pockets and out, into cash-drawers and out, enabling all kinds of people to supply their small wants and gratify a great variety of small desires.

Who can describe or calculate the innumerable exchanges that may be effected by one single, five-cent piece?

This magical power, which can be wielded by Uncle Sam, whenever he pleases, is one of the indispensable features of what the world recognizes as "sovereignty." When Uncle Sam started the nickel on its joy-effecting rounds, by having a mechanic make a bridge safe for the public, and paying the mechanic for his services with a quantity of law-created-value, annexed to a little man-made-value, which could not exist without the material made by God or Nature, he added to the joy and comfort of many persons.

This enormous and miraculous power should never be turned over to the manipulation of any private individual or any combination of private individuals?

If each person receiving the nickel would take each other's promise to pay the nickel, one year from the time each made the purchase, the same exchanges could have been made; but each person or at least many of them would not be satisfied with each person's individual promise to do something a year after the time at which it ought to be done. Some of the promisors might die.

Sovereignty—Not Credit

CONSEQUENTLY, Uncle Sam with his prodigious power of sovereignty (not *credit;* for Uncle Sam is too rich, in his possession of natural resources, to want or need credit from any of his dependents) says by law: "I shall receive the nickels in payment of taxes which you people will always owe me for this property of mine, which each of you is using. You will always owe me something every year. After you pay this year's taxes, you will owe me the following year's taxes; and whatever I receive in payment of taxes, you will all want again to pay your own yearly taxes. Because I say, by law, that five-cent-nickels shall pay taxes and discharge debts, you all, or the majority of you, want the nickels and Mrs. O'Brien knows that also; so she accepts the nickel in payment for a spool of thread and then the nickel goes on its rounds effecting exchanges, supplying wants, and satisfying desires; and no one is obliged to wait one year, before getting the nickel to start the wheels of prosperity a-moving."

This power to make nickels is almost equal to the whole power of the people of the United States to produce food, clothing, shelter, and many other things; for the reason that when the government is operating smoothly, most people would sooner have the nickels, which can at any time be exchanged for food, clothing, shelter, and other things, than to have on hand the food, clothing, shelter, and other things. Most persons do not want food, clothing, and shelter, until they are ready to use them; and therefore prefer to hold an almost imperishable thing, such as a nickel, which will exchange, at almost any time, for the things they may want to use in consumption.

Bringing this nickel into being is characteristic of "sovereignty" and no one should be permitted to exercise this prodigious power under this government, in modern times, except Uncle Sam, and then only in acting as an agent of the whole people. Every one in the United States has more confidence in the ability of Uncle Sam to carry out his agreements, no matter how long the period over which they extend, than they have in the ability of any private individual or number of them, who enter into contracts to do or refrain from doing something.

Uncle Sam is the highest and greatest owner of real and personal property in these United States and therefore has a natural and a legal right to say what kind of material the people using his property must pay him as rent (frequently miscalled taxes) for the privilege of using said property. Whatever material he receives in payment of the public rent or taxes, naturally and legally due him, that material every one in the United States will want more or less, at some time or another.

By the means of his control over the supply of this material, designated by law as receivable in payment of rent (taxes), he can build bridges, schoolhouses, public roads, post offices, hospitals, buy materials or employ men; inasmuch as almost every one will give something useful and desirable for the material received by Uncle Sam in payment of rent (taxes) due for the use of his property; because they know they can change said material for things similar to those which they gave for the material, at any time.

Mrs. O'Brien knew when she parted with her spool of thread and received a nickel that others would give something about equal in value to the value of the nickel for it; but she probably did not know that the paramount reason for almost every one wanting the nickel was that Uncle Sam would receive it in payment of rent (taxes).

Uncle Sam can do marvels with this miraculous power—employ, facilitate exchanges, eliminate poverty, educate the ignorant, alleviate the sufferings of the downtrodden, take advantage of the forces of nature, speed up this or that industry, set idle laborers to work on idle land, transforming dirt into articles of use and ornament, and a thousand and one other things.

Who is the man that has the temerity to affirm that this gigantic power should be delegated to private individuals or several private individuals, organized into a legal entity, called a corporation?

Listen to the argument of the banker who asserts that Uncle Sam should have nothing to do with the banking business and has been *scheming* ever since Alexander Hamilton sowed his rank weeds of financial fallacies.

The Banker's Argument

THE banker, addressing Uncle Sam, says: "Sam, this kind of a five-cent piece which you have coined from the nickel in one of your mines is a debased currency, and generates a fictitious prosperity: a prosperity which is not real ("Although," thinks Uncle Sam to himself, "it is a prosperity which supplies every one willing to work with better clothes, and more of them, better food and more of it, better homes and more of them; than the prosperity which preceded the alleged fictitious prosperity.") but only the shadow of reality. I'll tell you how to do it. I am a rich man. I have plenty of gold. You give me the privilege of using your stamp, in which so many have the greatest confidence, and I will coin a nickel out of one cent's worth of my gold by taking it to one of your mints, and if my yellow metal is nine parts pure gold and one part copper alloy, you are to do the coining for me, free of charge. Whenever you want to build a bridge come to me and I will lend you a pewter nickel, secured by a paper bond, in which you will agree to pay me back the nickel and three nickels in interest added, at the end of thirty years. But you must keep some gold nickels, lying in reserve in your treasury, to give to me, in exchange, for any one of my nickels, whenever I want a gold nickel instead of a pewter one. This is a sane and safe method of issuing money for me; and whatever is good for the conservative banker is good for the government.

"In this way, the United States Government will keep out of the money-issuing-business and will avoid all the pitfalls of inflation, to which the intelligent bankers of the world have so much aversion. Besides you can keep my gold nickel in your treasury and if any one wants a gold nickel, instead of a pewter one, give it to him; and if he knows as much as I do, he will not carry his gold nickel around in his pocket; because, if he does, and carries it around long enough, his gold will evaporate into his pocket lining, and he will have only a semblance of a gold nickel left. Very few Americans will want the gold nickel and those who do, will generally be ignorant foreigners who don't know much about finance, anyway."

"But, why," asked Uncle Sam, "should I store your gold for you, free of charge, as well as let you place the Stars and Stripes on your subordinately owned gold, free of charge, and, at the same time, deny this privilege to the owners of platinum, which is a much more valuable metal, weight for weight, than yours? This is the whole people's government and should not be run in the interest of any class."

"But the rest of the world gives bankers this coinage-privilege, free of charge, and you should fall in line because the gold dollar or gold nickel is the money of the world."

"If the rest of the world," replied Uncle Sam, "makes a mistake in giving gold-owners a 'snap,' I see no reason for my committing the same mistake. Besides, I don't know what you mean by the money of the world; and that gold money circulates abroad better than any other kind of money," objected Uncle Sam.

The banker now commenced to blink his eyes and looked furtively out of the window, as the suspicion flickered through his mind that Uncle Sam might be too intelligent to swallow this falsehood.

Sam's next statement showed that the banker's suspicions were well grounded.

"Why," asserted Uncle Sam, "I am told by American tourists that when they take American eagles to London, most shopkeepers will not take them, only at discount, because eagles are not legal tender in England and also because they do not contain as much gold, weight for weight, as English gold coins which are eleven-twelfths pure gold; whereas our coins are only nine-tenths pure gold. What do you say to that, in the face of your statement that gold circulates around the world?"

Eagles and Pounds

"WELL!" replied the wily banker, "If gold eagles are worn away too much, they suffer a little discount, because they must be shipped back home and it costs something to ship them and to pay for the insurance; but there is no money so good abroad as my gold with your stamp on it."

"I don't believe that statement, Mr. Banker, for the reason that I have been told that a pound of American eagles do not buy as much tea in China as a pound of English gold. You see I know that a pound of English gold contains only one-twelfth of a pound of alloy; whereas a pound of our American gold contains one-tenth of a pound of alloy. I think you are trying to 'string' me. But that is not the point.

"I can't legislate for the outside world. I can only legislate for my American sovereigns. That on which I place my stamp immediately becomes valuable. If I stamp a piece of paper 'One Dollar' it buys as much beef, pork, lumber, sugar, oil, cotton, wheat, or anything in this country, as does one of your new gold dollars with my stamp on it. Take my stamp off your gold dollar and my paper dollar will buy more. If I print 'One Hundred Dollars' on the same piece of paper, it will buy, in the United States, one hundred times as much as your gold dollar, and when your gold dollar is worn down thin, my paper hundred-dollar-bill will buy a great deal more than one hundred times what your gold dollar will buy."

"Not one hundred times as much as my gold dollar will buy in a foreign country," retorted the banker.

"Yes, it will, in most so-called Christian countries, when we allow a 'money-scalper' something for commission, something for insurance and something for shipping the money, it comes back here, where it goes over my tax-counter and where it will buy anything on a farm, in a store, in a warehouse, or pay any debt owed by one private United States citizen to another, anywhere in these United States.

"But I am not going to permit you to 'camouflage' me. You bankers have so bedeviled our laws pertaining to money that we have twenty-two different kinds of money, now, circulating in the United States alone.

The Twenty-two Varieties

"WE HAVE United States Old Demand Notes, Seven Thirties of 1861, United States Legal Tender Notes of 1862, Paper Fifty-Cent Pieces, Paper Twenty-Five Cent Pieces, Paper Ten-Cent Pieces, Gold Certificates, Silver Certificates, Treasury Notes of July 14, 1890, Gold Eagles, Gold Dollars, Silver Dollars containing 412½ grains silver, Silver Half-Dollars—two containing 385 grains, Silver Quarter-Dollars, Certificates of Indebtedness, Silver Ten-Cent Pieces, Nickel Five-Cent Pieces, Copper Pennies, National Bank Notes, Gold Notes, Federal Reserve Notes, Federal Reserve Notes secured under Pittman Act: twenty-two different kinds of United States money which have circulated, more or less, throughout the United States since 1860.

"This great variety of United States money has been brought into being under some financial 'hocus-pocus' of bankers; while the people were asleep—politically drugged by a bought and hired press.

"I want my stamp on only one kind of a paper dollar, backed by all the real and personal property I own in these United States; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; and I want my money to vary so little in value, that it will take an expert to find out that it varies a particle in value."

"If," protested the banker, "you had only one kind

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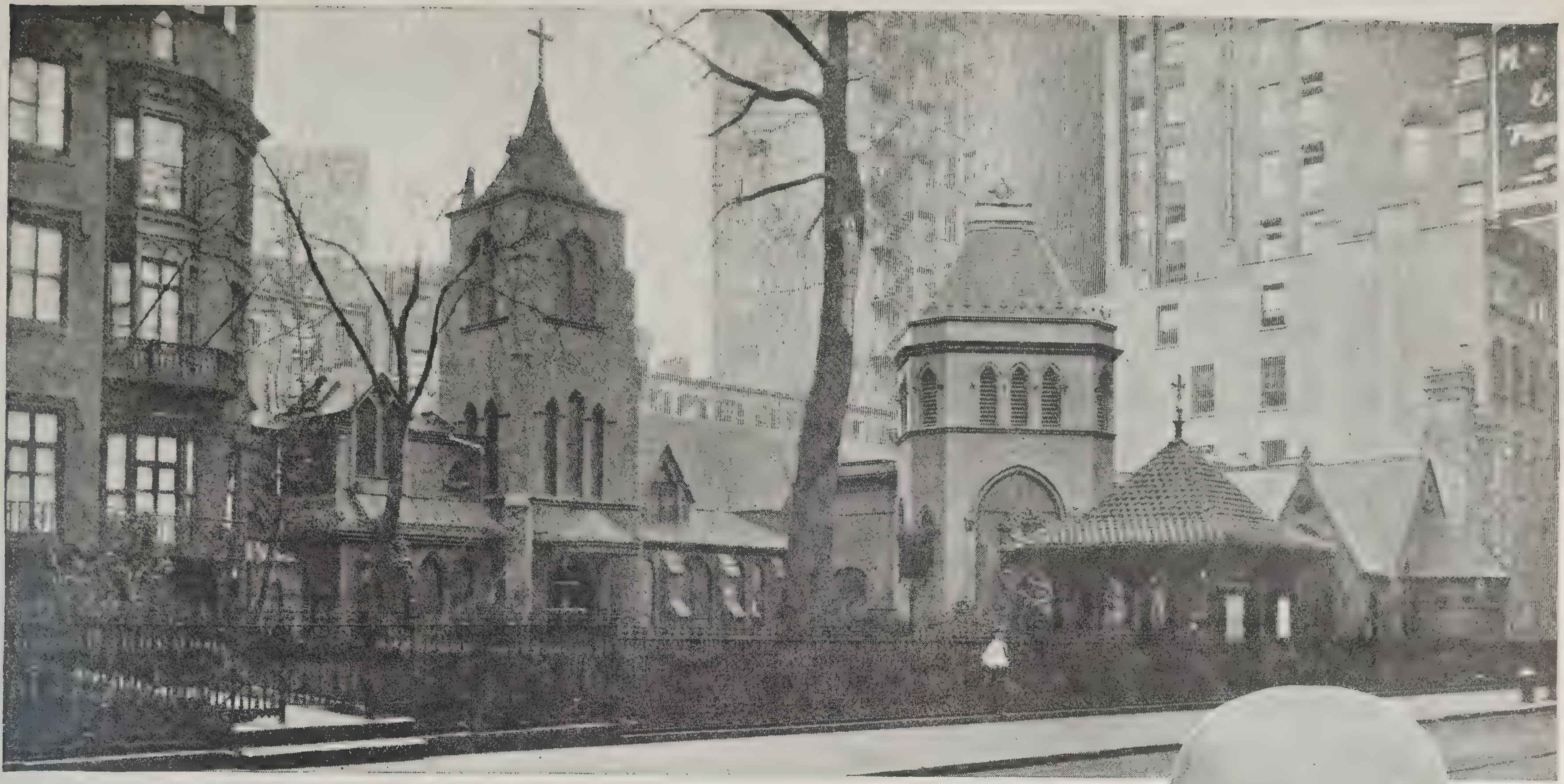


Church of the Transfiguration. The "Little Church Around the Corner," New York City.

Seventy-five Years of Joining Hearts and Hands

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

"GOD bless the little church around the corner." It was the veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson, who uttered these words and, at the moment, he had no idea that he had christened a church by a name that should cling to it for all time.

Jefferson's friend, George Holland, a noted actor of the day, had passed away, and Jefferson went to a church that then stood on the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-eighth street, to make arrangements for the funeral.

The rector of that church, however, was creed-bound and stiff-necked. He believed that the stage and all those who acted upon it were the instruments of the devil. He would have nothing to do with them dead or alive, and declined to permit the funeral of Holland to be held in his church, but added, as Jefferson turned sadly away: "There's a little church around the corner that might do it."

The newspapers of the city got hold of the incident and exploited it. The story was copied from one end of the country to the other, and heralded to the lands across the sea. In a short time the Church of the Transfiguration had lost its identity, and became known all over the world as the "Little Church Around the Corner," which ever since has been its popular name.

The church was erected at Twenty-ninth street near Fifth Avenue at a time when that section of the city was open country. The parishioners came in carriages, on horseback, or walked across the fields to attend service.

Today the church is as originally built, but one story high. As the population of the city and the congregation grew, the building was added to bit by bit. It is a church of many gables; numerous small windows looking out where least expected; cornices and quaint doors. As churches go in the metropolis, it is considered small, but its deficiency in size is more than counterbalanced by its influence in the community. Through all the years it has stood as a bulwark to Christianity and to all that means in the life of a large city.

The "Little Church Around the Corner" is famous for its memorial windows, of which there are a considerable number, and in the erection of which the stage has not been forgotten.

One of the most attractive is one of brightly colored glass to the memory of that veteran actor, Edwin Booth. As one enters the church, at the left is a window dedicated to Montague, a matinée idol of the early seventies, which has for its design a pilgrim in his rough robe, and carrying a staff. On the right, is another window also representing the stage, and this one is to the memory of Richard Mansfield. The design in this case is a knight in full armor with a red cloak thrown about his shoulders.

Many famous hotels came into being and passed away. The "Fifth Avenue" at Twenty-third street where many noted political conferences were held; the "Hoffman House" at Twenty-fourth street where men of sporting tendencies delighted to congregate; the "Holland House" at Thirtieth street with its exclusive patrons, were erected, each a wonder in their day, reached the zenith of their popularity, and then gave way in the onward march of business to huge office buildings.

The Rev. GEORGE HENDRIC HOUGHTON, D. D.

First rector of the "Little Church Around the Corner."

The fashionable church whose rector refused to officiate at the funeral of Holland is no more and, with its minister, has long been forgotten, but the "Little Church Around the Corner" has held its ground. Tall office buildings loom to the right and left of the quaint little pile of stone and mortar, crowding almost to its very dooryard. Yet farther, it seems, they dare not go, for inside the fence that surrounds the little churchyard all is peace and quiet, and a subtle influence seems to say to the encroachments of commerce and industry, "You shall not pass."

The Church of the Transfiguration, or the "Little Church Around the Corner," to use its popular name, during its seventy-five years of existence, has had but two rectors. Its first was the Rev. George Hendric Houghton, D. D., who for more than half a century and until his death in 1897 served his people faithfully and well; the second, his nephew, Dr. George Clarke Houghton, who only in April of this year passed away.

The original Dr. Houghton, like his successor, was a man of most kindly nature, devoting himself and his energies to rich and poor alike, and taking to his heart those of all creeds, or of no creed at all, who needed help and consolation.

One of his first acts after being installed was to have small houses made and put in the near-by trees, so that the birds might have places to mate and rear their young. Even today with the roar of the city's traffic echoing through the streets, on the lone tree that is left in the churchyard, is a bird house that still shelters a family of very lively sparrows as each spring comes around.

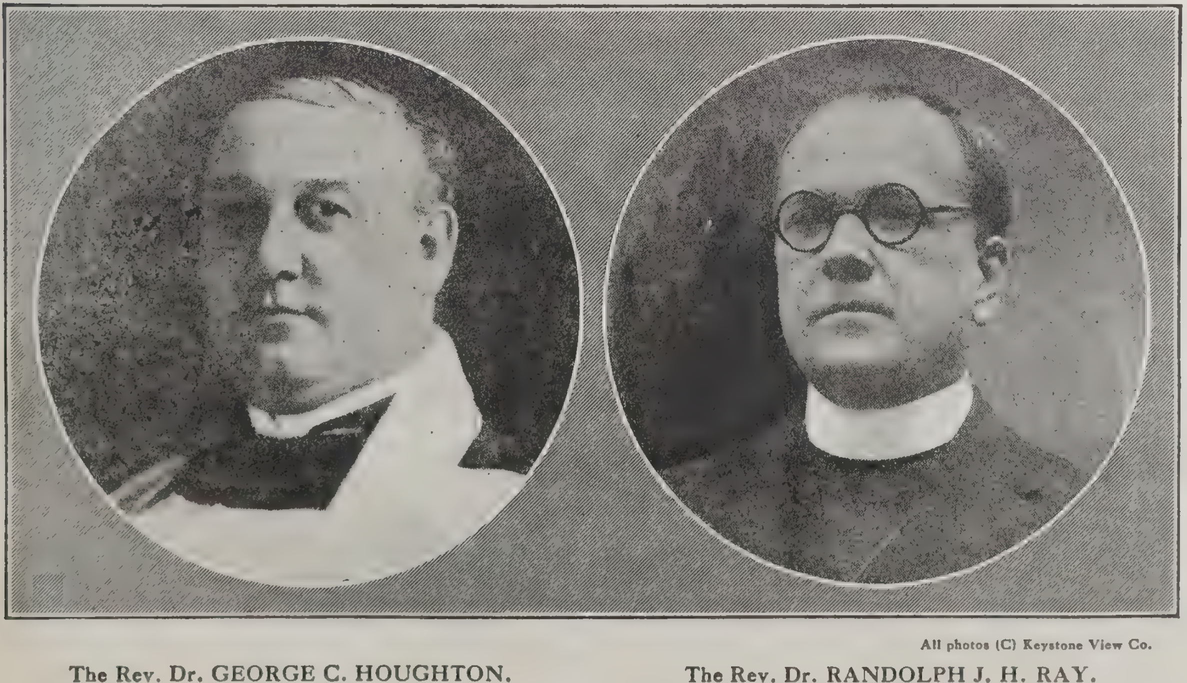
Although Dr. Houghton was a high churchman, his creed was that of humanity rather than didactic. He believed that no minister should refuse the call of duty, no matter from whom it came or where it led.

"In the personal ministry of mercy and blessing," he once said, "no sin, no degradation, no sickness, no possible peril, can be a barrier to that ministry."

And Dr. Houghton practiced what he preached. Within a stone's throw from his church was the famous tenderloin district of that day, which abounded with houses of ill-fame, gambling places, and all sorts of resorts that catered to the lower passions of the people. But Dr. Houghton never hesitated to enter any of them if there came a call for help. Many a time he passed through the gay throng of men and women to hear the confession of one who was seriously ill, administer the last sacrament to the dying, or to counsel those in despair.

An incident of Dr. Houghton's fearlessness is told, which occurred during the race riots in the early sixties.

(*Concluded on page 14*)



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The Rev. Dr. GEORGE C. HOUGHTON.

The Rev. Dr. RANDOLPH J. H. RAY.

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The Eyes of America Will Be on New York

IN NEW YORK CITY, where opposition to prohibition is a profitable profession and is very closely allied to racial, religious and political interests, the State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, William H. Anderson, has at last been indicted. The wonder of those who have watched the process is that the indictment was delayed so long. The delay itself is a first-class confession on the part of the alien prosecutors that their case was pretty hard to make up and is scarcely expected to hold together for more than political and publicity purposes. The whole matter would be entitled to much more respect if opposed to Mr. Anderson there could be found one official with an American name, but apparently the Americans have kept out of it.

This is not a defense of Mr. Anderson nor of the Anti-Saloon League. It is recognized that those who fight the devil with fire sometimes get burned. When the League went into politics and won, it won by political methods, and it is not going beyond the facts to say that as many political tricks were pulled in the interests of decency as were attempted in the interests of evil. The country has so long been accustomed to good men who were good for nothing but talk about goodness, that it does not easily accustom its thought to good men who are just as sharp as the agents of evil and sometimes a little sharper. For example: the liquor business never had a "Pussyfoot" Johnson; if it had there would probably be no prohibition today. The liquor business has never developed any statesmanly representative. All its policies have backfired. The brains and the stategy have been on the other side.

Being in politics, aided and abetted by the moral sentiment of the country, the Anti-Saloon League did not always use church parlor methods, and it may well be that an examination of its program will reveal some interesting things, but the hope of its enemies that anything criminal will be disclosed is almost certainly doomed to disappointment. The directors of the League in New York are men whose long lives of public integrity and splendid service really give profound weight to their statement that they have examined all the affairs of Mr. Anderson and find him right.

If to reimburse himself for funds which he personally advanced to wage the fight Mr. Anderson yielded to the foreign idea of splitting commissions, rather than the American idea of fixed and definite pay for labor performed, he made a grave mistake. It was a mistake especially in New York where the idea of commissions and percentages is developed to its farthest point. New Yorkers, from brokers to gamblers, know to the smallest fraction the ins and outs of the rake-off and commission game. They know percentages backward as well as forward. When any American attempts to adopt their commission game to his uses, they know quite well how to punish him. That the metropolis should utilize the split commission as a means of "getting" a man it hates would be humorous, were it not that the grave issues involved transcend the personalities of Mr. Anderson and the individuals who assail him.

When the Anderson trial occurs, before a jury of New Yorkers, the court room will be pervaded by an atmosphere of hate unless the presiding judge takes extreme precautions. Enemies of prohibition, if not of Anderson, may seek to pack the courtroom. In so doing, they will deal their own cause a bitter blow. The eyes of the country will be on the trial. Real Americans lean backward in their desire for fairness. Should the Anderson trial develop signs of persecution rather than prosecution, it will hurt the anti-prohibition cause as much as Anderson's enemies hope his conviction will hurt the prohibition cause.

There Is a Way Out

A PRINCIPAL of public schools in Montana writes to direct attention to the school problem. Americans have always prided themselves on their educational system. Yet, few will deny that many sections of the land are improperly served. Sparsely-settled territory sometimes goes without the fundamentals, while many great cities, reveling in vast expenditures for school purposes, still marvel at the continuance of half-day sessions, at the crowded schoolrooms and at poorly paid teachers.

In the cities, taxes come easy under the spur of the cry: We need schools. Then the taxpayers often discover that their schools remain inadequate. Rapid growth of the communities is one reason for this condition. But too often, the proceeds of heavy taxation and big bond issues go to construction of ornate buildings. School boards can favor contractor friends by giving them frequent and costly building contracts. But appropriations used in ornament cannot furnish necessary school facilities.

Problems of city and rural community are alike the nation's problem. It would be, perhaps, unwise to make education, as a whole, a Federal business. The extension of the Government overhead has already been too vast. But there are ways of cooperation and conference whereby many school problems could be worked out. When these means fail utterly, it should be possible for nation and state to assist the communities whose system of local support for education is inadequate.

The Farmer Gets Advice

WHY should the farmer protest? True, wheat is below a dollar. True, there is a great and unexplainable margin of price between the amount the farmer gets for his product on the farm, and the amount the consumer pays for that product when he buys it. It is also true that the farmer asked for markets, and they gave him a lot of laws.

But there is something else the farmer forgets when he complains that his lot is not a happy one, something for which he is not truly grateful when he takes a long swing of his cowhide boots and kicks out a government which does not accomplish what he desires.

Everyone has been generous to the farmer. From Vice-President Coolidge down and from Wall Street westward, the whole country has reached right to the bottom of its capacious heart and withdrawn something which it has given free to the farmer.

It is advice.

There has never been a question of the country's generosity in this regard. We have always been 100-per-centers in giving. We have told the farmer how to market, when to market, why to market and to whom to market. We have told him what to sow and where to sow. We have told him everything in the world he might want to know. We have given everything we had in the way of advice.

And he isn't grateful. It's a shame.

He Made Us Laugh

THIRTY years ago, one circus clown gave another clown a medal on which was inscribed, "To the man who had sense enough to play the fool."

The recipient of the medal died the other day at 79. He had run away from home in boyhood to join a circus. For 68 years he clowned in 55 different circuses. He played the fool before millions of persons. His buffoonery gave those millions the priceless boon of whole-souled laughter.

Kings and statesmen have given the world tears and sadness. The finest of intentions have sometimes brought sorrow to those for whom only good was meant. But Al Miaco with no attempt to force his good deeds upon the world gave his world the thing before which worries, troubles, griefs, and mad ambitions vanish—laughter.

The names of those who have brought trouble in the world live long in history or legend. Al Miaco and his kind are soon forgotten. But it would be a rash person who would say that those of great name have done the world more real good than those who have clowned so well that merry hearts succeeded sad ones.

The 1890 Census as a Guide?

A FORMALITY of sovereignty has been the chief obstacle in the way of rational immigration safeguards for the United States.

Congress has been reluctant to put into the law a provision requiring examination of prospective immigrants in the land of their origin. This reluctance has been due to the fear that foreign nations would look upon such an American governmental agency as a blow at their sovereign rights.

Italy was the first to indicate to the United States that she would co-operate with us in the restriction of her emigration. Now, the Manchester *Guardian*, one of the most influential newspapers in the British Empire, has suggested that it would be wise if American consuls abroad were strictly limited in the number of passport visas they might issue to those who planned to go to the United States to live.

The opinion of the Manchester *Guardian* is likely to become the opinion of the British people. Analyzed, it is an opinion that England is willing to foreswear an idle formality of sovereignty to permit the substance of a well-regulated migration of peoples of one land to another.

Events since the 1923-24 immigration quota became operative have accentuated the imperativeness of changing the detail of the present immigration law. July was not half over before the quota of immigrants from the British Empire had been exhausted. Some of those who arrived immediately after the quota of Great Britain was exhausted were Scotch shipbuilding workers, whose labor was urgently needed in this country and whose qualities as prospective citizens were granted to be ideal by the Ellis Island authorities. To invoke emergency proceedings on their behalf was unfortunate.

Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, has never been numbered among the ardent restrictionists. His views on immigration have been similar to those who believe our industrial needs rather than our racial problems should determine the number of foreigners we accept. But he recently was quoted in expression of views which place him in line with those who hope that American stocks be not destroyed by hordes of non-assimilable aliens.

Senator Reed suggested that the 1890 Census be made the basis on which quotas are determined. He suggested then that quota percentages be increased. He said that such a change in the law would increase vastly the skilled labor the country would receive. English, Scotch, Irish, Germans and Scandinavians would be the persons whose admissible immigrants would be increased by this change in the law.

Senator Reed's suggestion is a wise one. Whether the reason be the one he gives, or the one that the North European stock is more likely to display the mental and physical qualities most in keeping with American tradition, the result will be the same.

The quota laws should be changed to make possible a healthy and controlled immigration of persons fitted to become real American citizens. And no time should be lost in procuring agreements with foreign powers whereby examination of prospective immigrants may be made at the source.

Service With Safety

AIR mail will become an important part of our national life. Cost and the difficulties of selecting air routes, which will satisfy the major portion of the public, will delay its expansion, but the service will come.

The Post Office Department reports that the air mail service performance during the fiscal year of 1923 was 96.73 per cent perfect. The department holds that air mail service can be operated with the safety and the certainty of rail service. During the fiscal year which closed June 30, airplanes in the mail service flew 1,589,389 miles. Experienced pilots, and a careful system of inspection, enabled the department's air service to cover that distance with the record 96.73 per cent.

During the fiscal year which closed June 30, 1922, the postal air service rated 95.52 per cent. The year previous it was 92.84.

Steady improvement has been shown in the service, and in the cities which are granted the service, there has been clear evidence that the public is pleased by its operation. Safety, in the last analysis, was certain to be the determining factor in the success or failure of aerial mail. The public wants its letters carried with the greatest possible speed, but the public will not demand speedy service when the price is life or limb. The Post Office Department's finding that safety in aerial mail is equal to that in the railway mail service assures the development of the former service to a state of highest efficiency.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS a luxury to express an individual opinion but quite another thing to examine a multitude of opinions to discover what is the meaning common to them all. People have a feeling that by voicing some kind of complaint they are adding to the general sum of information or helping to establish a creative situation. When you analyze what they are saying and then try to learn from that what it is they are thinking, and then go on another step and try to see whether their thinking and their talking point in a direction of action, you are quite likely to be disappointed. There come times when even the voice of the people means nothing whatever, so far as showing the road ahead.

It seems that following the methods which all well-organized businesses have used for years, the enterprising publishers have conducted a broomsweep of public opinion, and have emptied their dustpans before the generality of newspaper readers. One looks through the sweepings and finds this or that, but certainly finds no clue to the real question. One finds personal choices for or against this man or that; one finds everything superficial, and not one element of constructive criticism. One fails to find even the remotest suggestion that people have yet begun to identify the objects of their protests or desires.

IF THE people really set their minds on anything it is impossible to prevent their getting what they want. But even with that true, it is necessary that the people shall know what they want. It is doubtful that a change for the better can come through a political election. It is a serious question how far our problems are politically solvable. But one thing is certain—rosy promises will not be accepted by the people now, regardless of who the man may be that makes them. Nobody knows what is going to happen, nobody knows how to try to make anything happen; and until a clear idea evolves in the public mind it is useless to try to forecast the future. One thing you might ponder: There are a number of things to be done in the United States that have no connection with elections.

If there is anything to be corrected it would seem that the public mind ought to be clear about that. If there is anything definitely to be done it would seem that that public intelligence ought to be able to put its finger on the matter involved. Instead of that we appear to have entered a blind alley of discontent in which it seems impossible to do other than use the names of men, wishing that one were there and the other were here. It doesn't do any good; it doesn't help the country; it simply shows how little the people really apply their minds to the fundamental question.

No reader of this Page will ever accuse it of flattering that which passes for the public mind. This Page is not political and has dealt candidly with public questions. Politicians seeking office may find it to their advantage to tell the people that they are the depositories of all wisdom, but observers who know how the people neglect their own business are of quite another mind. In some respects the public shows less interest in its own collective interests than the poorest man would show in his. Becoming part of a crowd lowers the rate of intelligence.

It comes to this then that in spite of what is called the unrest, in spite of all the expressions of opinion pro and con, in spite of all the various methods used to discover what the public mind is thinking, there is as yet no definite complaint formulated, no definite program outlined to follow.

Most observers will probably concede that. But there is a difference in the attitude which observers take toward the point. Some feel urged to try to change the fact. Others feel that the better way is to recognize the fact and if possible find its meaning. Now it is plain to all that if the people have no plan to follow, they are not going to follow any plan. In this country if the people set their minds on anything it is impossible to prevent their getting what they want. And with that true the fact that they do not know what they want is a tremendous fact. Facts always are tremendous things, whether or not they are conformable to our desires.

So taking the situation as it is, instead of making a puzzle and a worriment out of it, why not simply try to get the meaning out of it. The most common mistake is made by taking counsel of the thought that things should be different than they are. It is true that they ought to be different—morally anyone would say that the situation is wrong anyway you look at it—but the point of the matter is that this is the situation.

The judgment of men who have looked over the ground is something like this:

Like a change of cosmic seasons something is coming to the world of humanity; but to suppose that destiny waits upon elections is to confuse the temporal with the eternal, the passing phases of things with the lasting principles. The New Era is not dependent on elections. It overlaps all kinds of human conventions. Men are twice deceived, once when they think they can bring in the New Era by committee meetings, and again when they think that because their committee meetings have failed the New Era is delayed. The great changes come regardless, as Spring and Autumn come.

There is no certainty whatever that the change for the better which the people of the United States are desiring can be obtained by a political election. It is a serious question how far our problems are politically solvable. To say that is not to cast aspersion upon the honesty or ability of political assemblies; it is simply to suggest that perhaps the political tool is not the Best tool for the special purpose. Political office tends to become more and more a series of clerkships and it has been an open secret for some years past that the most creative type of Americans do not desire to be clerks even though their clerkships carry high titles. We passed beyond the scope of titles years ago. It may be that part of the educational discipline of our own people, the American people, is to learn by still another attempt that the thing they desire and need is not in the gift of any government but in the possession of themselves to bring into being by their own activities. When our people regain a measure of self-reliance the failures of political clerkship holders will not be so important.

As the situation stands now there is no one who tells the people where to go or what to do. There are, it is sadly true, individuals who for their own personal advancement would take advantage of the unrest of the people and who by making the old impossible promises would attempt to rise into this or that office. But even rosy promises will not be accepted now, regardless of who the man may be that makes them. Which statement completes the array of facts concerning the public mind. To use street language nobody knows what is going to happen, nobody knows how to try to make anything happen; and until a clear idea evolves in the public mind it is useless to try to forecast the future. One of the features of these times is that no one has the audacity to forecast the future.

What one man would suggest is this: that while we are waiting to see what will happen with reference to elections and things of that sort, there are a number of things to be done in the United States that have no connection with elections. There is always something to do around your own farm while you are worrying about the troubles of Europe.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Foreign-language Press Can't Justify Self

No Attempt Made to Americanize Aliens Exploited by Its Advertising

By A. R. PINCI

THE first day of July, which emigrants to the United States have transformed into a sort of lottery day, with admission into the United States as the prize for those first arrivals who may qualify under the so-called three per centum law, has just passed into that history which tradition wills that it must repeat itself—and of late has so done.

All being equal as between prospective immigrants, the race actually is one between ships maneuvering for the technical advantage of being the first to anchor at quarantine the first day of our fiscal year. First place having been attained, this confers a legal benefit upon that group of humanity that seeks to land in this country for any one of many reasons.

But while a great deal has been said about immigration in general and this novel annual July farce, virtually no attention has been paid by the American Government or by impartial investigators to what is roughly called the "immigrants' press," that is to say, the hundreds of foreign-language newspapers (although few deserve this name) printed in the United States and circulating among the respective forty principal nationalities located here.

Because these periodicals are published in the United States they are not necessarily American. Many of them are anything but that. Of these, most claim to be Americanized, if not American, and the rest do not even make that claim. Some of its editors have declared to the writer that it is impossible to publish an "American" periodical in a foreign language, but this arbitrary impossibility is a state of mind and not an actuality.

While Americanization in the end means absolute conversion of the immigrant group to the English language, it is meanwhile possible to be American in a foreign language if this is used solely as the medium of unilateral understandability—as the means to lubricate the foreign mind to American sociological machinery. It is not a matter of language at all, although language influences the spirit of this press. Any of our own newspapers, translated into any language or dialect, from Albanian to Zulu, would still be American, but any foreign newspapers, translated into English, even with the addition of the most current popular idioms, would not be American.

Unfortunately—taking our foreign-language, or colonial, press as an entity—the alien languages which cloak it react as a brake, notwithstanding the good intentions of some of its publishers. Excepting those newspapers which actually retard the Americanization of its readers, the others are not hastening the process, despite their claims or beliefs to the contrary.

It would not do to apply sweeping generalities in considering this rather complicated problem. It would be unfair to say that in a nation like this, with a fair percentage of its population still belonging to the foreign-language class, the foreign-language periodical failed to be useful. On the other hand, some evident facts are met with which indicate that this alien press is less concerned with the ultimate Americanization goal (where and if it exists at all) of its readers, than with its own well-being. In other words, it is safer to assume, from an American standpoint, that the average foreign newspaper in the United States exists not for the class or group of readers to which it caters, but because of it.

Ignore English Language

OUR alien press can be safely said not to be conducive to Americanization by the essentially limited and local character it assumes and has, for a long time, assumed. The chief indictment against it is its failure not to print so much of it as is editorial in English as well. Editors of some of these newspapers have told me that a foreign-language newspaper "is no medium for anything printed in English," but the fact remains that it is the very medium which should publish in English so much as may be of local interest to the nationality involved which the American newspapers of the vicinage are unable to carry on their own account.

It is true, of course, that during the past few years some of these foreign newspapers have experimented with an English column, page or section, but this was not due to localized editorial evolution so much as it was an effect of certain war measures, and more specifically censorship, dealing with the aliens in America. That was the first sign that ever came from Washington proving that the authorities discovered the odd and mysterious power exercised by the foreign-language press.

The foreign-language press in our midst will not justify itself, from an American standpoint, until it makes due and full provision for non-news material in English as well as the language of issue. Aliens in the United States have every right to become acquainted with news in the language or dialect they understand best, and the same may be said of the opinions and influences which the editorial pen exerts in their behalf, but these opinions and influences, expressed in American territory for the benefit of local and largely unassimilated residents, automatically become vital material to American citizens.

Some foreign editors do not realize it; the majority, however, refuse to acknowledge it. After all, until the alien is thoroughly assimilated, his point of view is at variance with the American point of view; in not a few cases this variance amounts to overt opposition. It is this feeling, more than any other one thing, that makes the foreign-language newspaper so vital and, at the same time, so critical. So long as said newspapers cater to colonies of foreigners who consider their own idiosyncrasies and prejudices above American requirements and customs, there is bound to be a feud between the foreign-language newspaper and the United States as a nation.

The foreign editors, if they are pressed for a reason, plead that they wish to set forth the viewpoint of their conationals, and if that excuse should fail to satisfy then they fall back upon the gag of freedom of the press. Not a little sabotage, or something like it, is carried on in our foreign-language press for no other reason than the freedom of the press authorizes it. But—and this fact is respectfully commended to the attention of our legislators—there is, and there should be, a distinction between freedom of the American press in the United States and freedom of the alien press, especially where the two are twain and seldom meet. If a foreign statesman of third rank, speaking officially, said some of the things that editors of identical nationality are saying every day in our own United States, the Department of State would be demanding one explanation after another and Congress would add a few echoes of its own to boot.

Two Powerful Politically

POLITICALLY, the only powerful nationalities represented in the alien press in this country are the German and the Hebrew. The Italian, numerically conspicuous, is politically unimportant. The Scandinavian group is the only one which, winning the race for Americanization, has carved a niche for itself in the Washington halls of fame. And Americanization will fail to be one hundred per cent efficient until other nationalities finding asylum in this country begin to produce a line of Knute Nelsons. Even the Germans failed to do it so far.

Having no political influence except locally, it is evident that the foreign-language press can be useful in close contests in neighborhoods predominantly alien, but this usefulness in general is available to the best customer. Sometimes—and it has happened quite often—they are unable to deliver as much as they promise, whereupon they are obliterated technically or bodily. The birthrate and the mortality of these foreign-language publications is amazing. N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual and Directory frankly explains, editorially, that it cannot include in its directory periodicals which are not likely to survive, and it is not difficult to realize that not a few of the periodicals included in its foreign-language list have got in by the skin of their teeth.

Competition between and among related foreign-language periodicals catering to aliens in this country is of all kinds and colors. Some of it involves cutthroat methods. Taking into consideration the fact that the genesis of some of these newspapers does not conform to commercial ethics, that their paternity is no less obscure, that their object is not news or education but propaganda, and that all seems to be fair for them in seeking their object or objects, not to mention other details as to individual fitness for such responsible semi-public positions, one must conclude that the sooner the foreign-language press is better controlled by suitable means the better it will be not only for Americans but for the alien readers.

It is only a few months ago—last December to be exact—that a new Italian newspaper was established in New York City. Preliminary and costly propaganda had paved the way for a mild reception of the first issue. The fact that it was edited by a noted Italian newspaper writer—belonging to the intermediate European school of feature-and-essay journalism—was stressed. At first it was rumored that a powerful Italian bank advanced the "unlimited" funds available for the new daily; then it appeared that a wealthy Italian oil man of Texas was the angel. But the point that has never been made clear was the message this venture was supposed to carry. To date it has carried none.

The new newspaper, y-clept an American courier, contains nothing that is American. Since its editor is bitterly opposed to the American immigration idea, and wants to "know what the American people want" in the way of immigration, it is inevitable that he is instinctively anti-American. He admires New York City; he is ecstatic over the United States of America—because, he vows, the Italian laborer—the man of brawn with pick and shovel—has dug the trenches of the subways, laid the foundations of the skyscrapers and graded the roadbeds of our transcontinental railroads. This past performance he considers as an indefinitely open title to incoming Italian emigration. He forgets that the immigrants who wrought all of that include thousands of first and second generation Italians, naturalized in most cases, who are now landed proprietors, or the parents of well-to-do professional or business men, and thus enjoying the reward of priority and effort. In what way the prospective emigrants in Italy waiting for a chance to go to the United States are related to prior emigration is not clear.

Now what the Italians, and other national groups of alien residents, need, is not more newspapers in their language, but fewer. How few cannot be determined, but the fewer the better. There are too many of these colonial periodicals which thrive upon income derived from circulation and advertising that ought never to be solicited or accepted.

The three chief items of either doubtful or absolutely dishonest advertisement are medical, medicinal and financial. One must wonder if the pure food laws have been strictly applied to the manufacturers of some of the vile artificial compounds and mixtures advertised as the shortest route outside the Volstead Act.

Dentists, doctors, midwives, X-ray and other alleged experts; eye, ear, throat, rupture and nervous "specialists" pre-empt valuable advertising space. One has but to stand twenty minutes at the entrance of the premises occupied by these ballyhooers to see the fervent or patient stream of primitive and ignorant humanity being bled of high fees. If professional ethics require that American specialists of the same group must not advertise, why should foreigners violate the rule? If publishing ethics preclude the carrying of medical and medicinal advertising in American newspapers, why should alien newspapers violate the rule? The Abrams cure-all fake exposed by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is a mere fraction compared to the machines and machinery advertised in the foreign-language press for the exploitation of the ignorant.

"Gold teeth are a proof of prosperity," was the slogan of a foreign dentist, foreign although born in the United States, and the number of invented diseases and ailments with which hapless individuals from the immigrant classes are cajoled or browbeaten into paying submission defies calculation. Jokes are told about what the American dentist tells his more or less sophisticated patients who are able to understand him and answer back in kind, but for fairy tales exceeding in inventiveness the best traditional fables, I can commend the near-American dentist of foreign origin who plies his trade among his conationals. "The probe in my hand is dipped in a magic preparation that will—" or "This tiny drill was especially made for me on a pattern of my own invention that ought to make me a millionaire if—"

Certain newspapers carry scores of advertisements of wine and liquors, for "medicinal or sacramental use." It is not actually alcoholic beverage that is advertised in these foreign-language newspapers, but the "makin's." Some advertise the grapes and others the raisins; some sell the pressed grapes ready for fermentation; others the juice and the necessaries to convert the harmless beverage to alcoholic content; while scores purvey cataloged items of flavors, powders, extracts, colors and sugars to make any drink without alcohol. In the offing there are dealers who sell material to reclaim musty or acetic wine. Then comes the file of barrel, keg, bottle, cork, press, bottling and other paraphernalia.

Virtually all of that advertising may escape criminal prosecution by a technicality, but the fact is that the newspapers advertising that stuff, in part or as a whole, are indulging in a spirit of law disregard that warrants further study and necessary curb. The average prosecution under the Volstead Act is treated with levity, as do some American newspapers which do not believe in the one-half-of-one-per-cent law, but the foreigner, especially the one-dialect foreigner, taking the dubious advertisement and the levity together, is very apt to toast the United States in a singularly uncomplimentary and ungrateful manner. The ignorant foreigner is not to blame; his alien newspaper makes it possible for him.

Money Is the Answer

ONE might well ask why these foreign-language publishers, who claim one hundred per cent Americanism, who are hailed as the benefactors of their respective colonies, who are insistently prominent in local alien circles, do not live up to the country's ideas by adopting the customs and ethics of Americans engaged in identical work. The answer? Money. They would have to close up if they became particular—particular enough to cater to their readers primarily and their advertisers secondarily. Of course, publishing a foreign-language newspaper is no sinecure, especially financially, but if the reading public does not warrant a flashy or important-looking periodical, then temper the periodical to the reading public and not vice versa.

The existence of so huge a foreign press in the United States is not only serious but it is quite an obstruction, and the sooner it is decreased the better for the country. It begins to look now as if there will be no wholesale immigration additions to our population—certainly not for a generation—and maybe that these additions will be further restricted by more severe laws. In either case, the maximum number of alien newspapers published in this country ought to have been reached; a decrease in their number would be logical and promising.

The Germans have given us a proof of how this can be brought about; from a total of 621 newspapers in 1884 they had contracted to 244 in 1922. They started about 1,200 periodicals during that period and more than 1,500 have died. As the Germans have the largest number of readers—more than twice as many as the Italians and nearly twice as many as the Polish—the net decrease in German-language newspapers published in this country indicates not only Americanization and assimilation, but "Englishification," which makes the other two processes possible.

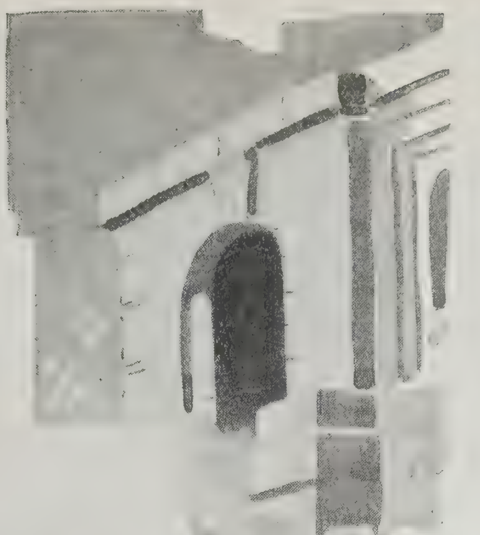
Roughly, this country today numbers alien readers as follows: German, 1,500,000; Polish, 995,000; Yiddish, 850,000; Italians, 700,000; Scandinavian, 540,000. Last year there were more than 1,100 foreign-language newspapers in this country published in thirty-nine languages or variations of same. The Jewish *Daily Forward* has the largest circulation of all alien newspapers, with 140,135, the others following: *Staats-Zeitung und Herold* (New York) German, 111,041; *Progresso Italo-Americano* (New York) Italian, 89,596; *Svenska Tribunen-Nyheter* (Chicago) Swedish, 50,672; *Ameryka-Echo* (Toledo) Polish, 42,000; *Posten og Ved Arnen* (Decorah, Iowa), Norwegian, 41,676; *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* (New York) Russian, 37,089; *Amerikai Magyar Nepszava* (New York) Hungarian, 36,214, and the *Courrier des Etats Unis* (New York) French, 30,550.

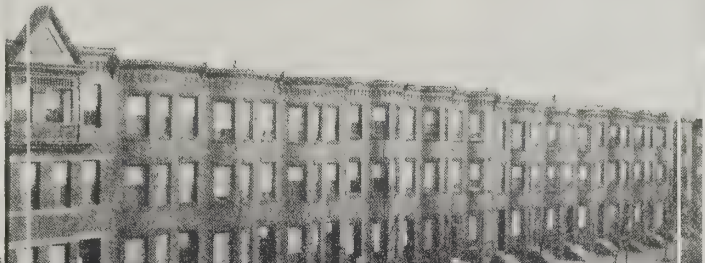
The Personality of Baltimore

Midway Between North and South

By PAUL BOWERMAN

FOREIGNERS visiting America invariably complain of the sameness of our cities and reproach us with a lack of originality. To a certain extent their criticism is obviously justified, especially in the light of the startling contrasts presented by European cities where a few hours' journey gives the traveler the opportunity to see different aspects of dress and custom and even speech. An office-building in Portland, Maine, does not differ materially from one in Portland, Oregon, although three thousand miles lie between them, and like parallels could be found in a hundred other features of the two cities.





Above—Rows of privately-owned brick houses, a type of architecture characteristic of Baltimore.

Left—Entrance to the Walters' Gallery—a fine art collection given to the city by a prominent citizen.

Right—A bit of Charles street. The monument was one of the first erected to Washington.

Below—Entrance to the Baltimore stadium.

The outward peculiarities of American cities depend chiefly upon climatic conditions, or in the case of the older cities upon historical traditions, although this second factor is almost negligible in comparison to the cities of the older European civilization. Thus Boston clings to the relics of the Puritan days; New Orleans cherishes the fast-disappearing influence of the French occupation; St. Augustine and San Diego are proud of the graceful ruins of the Spanish explorers.

When these few signal instances have been mentioned, there is little else to say. When we consider large regions of like geographical conformation, such as the Middle West, there is nothing to say. If a stranger could be dropped into the midst of Cincinnati or Minneapolis or St. Louis, he would be at a loss to know where he was. The casual passer-by, with a few hours at his disposal, would find them identical.

It is only after a stay of a month or more that the traveler begins to catch a glimpse into the inner personality of an American city. Before that time he is struck only by unimportant externals, such as some unique method of naming the streets or some novelty in billboard advertising. One notices at first glance the red-and-white gasoline stations in Detroit, the ornate luxuriousness of the theaters in Cleveland, the curiously chopped-up aspect of Pittsburgh, the apartment-houses in Washington. But these are only externals, interesting at first, but increasingly negligible as one begins to form an acquaintance with the intangible and elusive atmosphere which characterizes the city and sets it apart from the others.

In Baltimore, this atmosphere which I have been trying to discover is provokingly agile in escaping detection. In this, Baltimore is at least consistent, for the longer I remain the more I become convinced that the personality of the city is the curious propensity to hover uncertainly between two extremes, lacking the courage or disposition to take a definite stand upon either side, and wavering from one to the other with truly feminine variability. This state of affairs is more easily explained after a consideration of some of the more obvious details.

The most striking feature of Baltimore are the long rows of brick buildings, rising directly from the sidewalk, and joined wall to wall without the usual interspersion of a plot of grass, which give an air of discreetness and smug respectability to the picture, and the unbroken front of these identical façades, although necessarily monotonous, are eloquent of carefully regulated households within. Two-thirds of the inhabitants live in these curious dwellings—fifteen feet wide, three rooms deep, and three stories high. The mystery of the popularity of this style of architecture was solved when I learned that most of these blocks of houses had been erected by building corporations under a scheme whereby the occupants of each fifteen-foot slice acquired the title to his particular cranny by substantial monthly payments. Thus it is Baltimore's proud boast that over fifty per cent of the city's houses are owned by the tenants. I wondered how many were mortgage-free.

Other parts of Baltimore, closer to the business section, might furnish a motion-picture company a setting for an English film, for here are indefinite stretches of old weather-stained brick and stone houses ranged upon narrow sloping streets and permeated with the typically British atmosphere of quiet seclusion and decorous reserve. Nothing seems to have been changed there for generations—a state of affairs incredible to the inhabitant of the average American city, where the comfort-loving citizen is forced to move at least once in two years to escape the encroachments of the business section. It was this part of Baltimore that appealed to me most of all, and not entirely because it was unusual, but for the more important reason that I found myself in sympathy with the viewpoint of these old-established Baltimoreans who refuse to relinquish the traditions and standards of a culture that is everywhere giving way to a German equivalent of the word—the lately discovered *kultur,* which we fought to stamp out and promptly imitated. I could not help feeling that the people who clung to those old houses of red sandstone, generation after generation, were not the sort who had learned to spell success in capital letters, but who were the ones to whom I should most naturally turn if I wished a record of the names illustrious in the history of Baltimore.

Notwithstanding, "the old order changeth," even in this last stronghold of a passing generation, but the alteration has taken a form best suited to the atmosphere of the locality. Instead of the coming of garages and rooming-houses, which is the fate of the older quarters in most American cities, dozens of tea rooms have been opened in these faded mansions, and most of them are arranged and furnished with the same taste and refinement which one unconsciously associates with the appointment of those same houses in better days. Not that Baltimore has imitated Greenwich Village, for nothing could be further from the truth, because there is very little evidence of the bizarre and garish tone of the latter. Instead, you are more likely to find a gray-haired Negro waiter, in irreproachable linen, taking your order for waffles and tea or some Maryland delicacy, and the victrola will be stocked with records of Galli-Curci and Murator, rather than the latest novelties in jazz.

This brings up once more the peculiar disposition of the city to hover between two extremes. Baltimore is the southernmost of the northern cities, or, inversely, the northernmost of the southern cities. It has the summer climate of Tampa and the winter climate of New York—it is really endurable only in the fleeting months of spring and autumn. Its business development of late has taken the form of a rapid expansion, with the population now well over three-quarters of a million, so that there are in juxtaposition the features of a large city and a small city, with neither clearly enough defined to convince the stranger.

Blue Laws of the most stringent order are in force, and at the same time bootlegging is a comparatively safe career. Theaters and motion picture houses are closed on Sunday, and even the municipal orchestra can give Sunday concerts only by selling tickets on the preceding day; yet bookmaking on the horse races flourishes in cigar stores and public gambling is permitted on the numerous tracks that draw their patronage from the city. Incongruities of this kind could be multiplied almost indefinitely, until it would appear reasonable to assume that such were the outstanding features of the personality of Baltimore.

The situation of the city midway between the North and the South, and the additional factor of its recent commercial expansion, combine to furnish an adequate explanation of the phenomena. As far back as the Civil War, Baltimore gave evidence of this inability to maintain consistency, when Maryland voted to remain in the Union, although a slave-holding state, which decision was the occasion of an internal quarrel scarcely less bitter than the war itself. The North, with its energy and progressiveness and general intolerance of tradition, and the South, with its easy-going proclivities and aristocratic organization of society, are found side by side in Baltimore. And to all appearances, no effective and desirable co-operation is evident between the two elements, either in politics or business or social intercourse. Politics seems to be the source of continual friction, much of the large business interests is conducted by northern capital and under northern management, and society adheres to the conventions of the South. In many respects the two viewpoints are diametrically opposed, and the supporters of each seem equally convinced of the superior virtues of their particular system. It would be quite futile to take sides in the question, but at the same time that I noticed that the progressiveness of the North seemed to be gradually gaining an ascendency over the more graceful but more easy-going methods of the South, I regretted the necessity of effacing a point of view that seems to me is becoming increasingly rare and desirable in our desperate efforts to achieve the maxium in efficiency.

The contrast presented by these two points of view was strikingly brought to my attention one morning. I had spent the early half of the forenoon in exploring the labyrinth of old streets and quiet squares which never failed to delight me. For two hours I had wandered through pleasant old avenues and parks, taking pleasure in the grilled balconies and venerable façades of stone and marble, and wishing that it had been my privilege to have seen the Baltimore of fifty years ago. For I was in that section of the city, so reminiscent of the London near Portman Square, which succeeded in creating an individuality that was harmonious and consistent and pleasing. Wherever else I went in the city, either in the business section or in the outer quarters or in the many suburbs, I was confronted by the hodgepodge of a hundred types of architecture which one invariably encounters in every American city. Here I was surrounded by buildings whose variations in size and contour only served to accentuate the effect of a certain harmony of tone and feeling.

In this pleasant frame of mind I recalled an engagement with the secretary of a certain organization very prominent in the furtherance of Baltimore's commercial growth and expansion, and fifteen minutes later I was ushered into an office and greeted by a gentleman who might very well sit for the portrait of Mr. Lewis' "Babbitt." Like a flash, Baltimore faded away, and I was now in New York or Chicago or Detroit.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

A "Reform" Governor Plays Machine Politics

Pinchot Administration in Pennsylvania Marked by Old-time Tactics

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

BACK in 1918 the people of Pennsylvania elected William C. Sproul governor. That is, the Republican organization under the shrewd direction of the late United States Senator Boies Penrose selected Sproul for the job, and the people put him into office by a vote so large that the names of his competitors for the Republican nomination, and the candidates on other tickets, are forgotten.

Nobody in Pennsylvania was under any delusions about that election—not even Sproul. It was hailed as another triumph for the rock-ribbed Republicanism of Pennsylvania, but the politicians knew better. They recognized it as the natural reaction after four years of a "reform Republican." Sproul was a regular. He was a politician, but he was practical. And he was pledged to two things of major importance to the people of the state. One was good roads, the other a thorough overhauling of the public school system, which was badly run down at the heels.

Pennsylvania, when Sproul took office, was listed as twenty-first among the states in the efficiency of its schools. When he left it stood well among the leaders in many respects, and its weaknesses were being eradicated as quickly as the best educational minds of the country could do it with the means at hand. The State Council of Education was enthusiastically co-operating with Dr. Thomas E. Finegan, Commissioner of Education, who was brought into Pennsylvania from New York by Sproul to do a job of educational engineering.

Sproul Kept Promise

SPROUL also kept his promise about good roads. Under his administration thousands of miles of highway were built in the primary and secondary systems laid out under his direction. He forgot a few other promises, and some of his political associates in office got rather careless with the people's money during the latter years of his administration. Also, Senator Penrose died, leaving the state without an outstanding Republican boss for the first time in many years. Accordingly all the little bosses began to trot out their candidates for Governor, and the reformers who had been snowed under when Sproul got the job became active again.

The people thereupon elected Gifford Pinchot Governor. It has been widely asserted that newly enfranchised women voters had more to do with it than the men. Also, the opponent finally selected by the leaders of various Republican organizations was a little too obviously "hand picked." Sproul himself had a lot to do with that, bowling out a number of likely candidates by various methods that were still in his power, until he had forced his attorney-general, George E. Alter, into the primaries. It was a trifle close, but Pinchot got the nomination.

About that time the country began to sit up and take notice and to hearken to the expert on conservation. Pinchot had been a champion of reform in Pennsylvania for years unnumbered. He was supposed to know all about politics, but he was a leader of the "no compromise" school. Up and down the state in the more or less perfunctory campaign that followed—perfunctory because the Democratic organization is in many of its units only a subsidiary of the Republican machine, swinging its controlled votes as the Republican leaders direct—up and down the state Pinchot•damned the deals of politicians, the trading in patronage, the juggling of state funds. He laid bare details of waste and extravagance, and he promised a square deal and an open deal, with strict adherence to the law and the Constitution, if he were elected Governor.

The story of how he failed in one essential particular may some day become a troublesome national problem to the Republican organization, when unity of the machine is an absolute necessity. As everybody knows, the so-called Progressive, Bull Moose or Roosevelt element is a powerful faction in the Republican party. Pinchot was one of Roosevelt's chief lieutenants. He is still lauded in Progressive Republican circles as a leader of that faction. Therefore when he acts like a practical politician he weakens the appeal of his reformer associates. They must repudiate him, or lose the following of certain conscientious citizens who cannot reconcile such acts with his statements of political ideals. Therefore the story of what happened in Pennsylvania is of national interest.

The Objection to Finegan

ONE official who came in for criticism about the time Pinchot's gubernatorial campaign was in full swing was Dr. Thomas E. Finegan. A number of educational malcontents objected to the literal interpretation he had placed on his agreement with Sproul, the agreement he had insisted on getting before he accepted the post of Commissioner of Education. Chiefly, that unwritten document provided that Dr. Finegan was to "take the public school system out of politics." He and all other educators were agreed that nothing whatever could be done in the way of reorganization until politics and politicians were eliminated from the whole system of state education, and Governor Sproul agreed to give him a free hand in that direction.

That didn't mean that Sproul was setting a precedent of large-handed political generosity. He was merely obeying the law. For the founders of Pennsylvania knew something about the baneful effects of politics, and they had made specific provision in the State Constitution that while the Governor was to have the power of naming the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the appointment was to run for the full term of four years. It was clearly and emphatically set forth that no Governor could remove such appointee except for cause, such as inefficiency or other irregularity.

At any rate, Dr. Finegan had found it necessary to tread rather heavily on the toes of many politicians during his four years under Sproul, and it must be said to the credit of the Governor that he stuck by his Superintendent. But when the campaign opened to elect Sproul's successor various attacks were launched against Dr. Finegan and his program. In these Pinchot took only a minor part; he promised to make a thorough investigation when he got into office. Occasionally he made charges relating to specific conditions that had not been remedied by Dr. Finegan. For instance, the general extravagance in the state government had rolled up huge deficits in the payment of educational expenses, and not having control of expenditures the superintendent had been unable to correct the matter. He had made some progress and he was still at work on the first essential step—the removal of all school funds from political control.

Generally speaking, however, the campaign against Finegan was conducted under cover. It never came out fully into the open, for obvious reasons. The politicians who wanted Dr. Finegan out couldn't afford to say so in public. They had to work through figureheads and to use any pretext on which they could lay their hands. Being politicians, that didn't bother them. They did the best they could. But long before the election it was evident to all concerned that they had not made out a case strong enough to justify the curtailment of the Finegan program for the public schools. If they had, there is no question but that Governor Pinchot, when he took office in January of this year, would have notified the Superintendent that he would not be reappointed when his four-year term expired. The date of that expiration was June 1.

Governor Pinchot, the apostle of reform, of clean politics, of taking politics out of the business and education of the state and everything else where it is doing harm, took no such step. But here is what he did—and it is stated in his own words to avoid any suggestion of misinterpretation. The quotation that follows is taken from a letter written June 7 by Governor Pinchot to Dr. Finegan, confirming a conversation they had had, as will be evident:

Governor Pinchot's Proposal

"MUTUAL friends who have recently talked with us both," wrote the Governor, "have led me to believe that the terms of the offer I made to you by word of mouth the other day are not entirely clear to you. Accordingly I write to say that what I desire to do is to send to the Senate for confirmation your appointment as Superintendent of Public Instruction, with the following understanding between us:

"That if, before the 15th of August next, I should become convinced, after personal study and after full consultation with the Council of Education and others concerned, that the best interests of the schools of Pennsylvania would be promoted by a change, you would retire; that August 15 will be the limit by which time my study will be completed, and that if you do not so retire your appointment will continue for the full four years.

"In view of the controlling place which the Superintendent of Public Instruction fills in the advancement of education and his close relation to the State Administration, it is necessary that the Governor shall have full personal knowledge of the policies and management of the Department of Public Instruction, and that the Superintendent and the Governor shall be in full harmony, both as to these policies and the way they are carried out. If at any time such were not the case, I realize, as I am sure you do also, that the work of the superintendent must be less effective and his services less valuable to the State.

"I regret that I have not been able, because of the immense pressure of public business arising out of the legislative session, to make much earlier the personal study for which time is desired. I intend to make this study wholly impartial, with an eye single to the good of the schools. My profound interest in the schools and school children of Pennsylvania, my strong desire and determination that the recent progress of the schools shall not be less, and my responsibility as Governor (which I cannot shift) all combine to make it necessary for me to take the time I have indicated for a personal study. I believe the interests of the schools will be conserved and promoted if you find it possible to agree with this plan, as I repeat that I earnestly hope you will."

Before the foregoing had been made public newspapers had announced substantially the terms of the proposal therein contained. The out and out Republican machine editors were inclined to laugh, but the reform newspapers which had been ardent backers of Pinchot were amazed. Some of them scurried around for legal justification for the Governor's plan—but failed to find it. Therefore, because many realized that the plan was nothing more nor less than an injection of politics into the school system, they objected. Throughout the state opinions were published by leading lawyers, authorities on the Constitutional law of the state, to the effect that any such agreement as Pinchot proposed to Dr. Finegan was clearly a violation of the Constitution. The Governor had those opinions before him, through his advisers, when he put the proposal on record in the form of the letter quoted above.

It was pointed out to Governor Pinchot that the Constitutional provision intended to keep politics out of the schools makes no distinction between machine politics and reform politics. It does not say that a reformer can violate a law to which a practical politician is to be held. But that did not prevent him from trying to get a resignation in advance from Dr. Finegan that would nullify the Constitution. By August 15 there would be nothing to interfere with any appointment the Governor might make. The appointment of a Superintendent of Public Instruction is subject to ratification by the State Senate, and even at that time it was known the Legislature would adjourn early in June, not to meet again for two years. Therefore if Pinchot wanted to name someone of his own selection not suitable to the elected representatives of the people, his choice could not be defeated until 1925.

It will be gathered from the opening sentence in the Governor's letter that Dr. Finegan did not take kindly to the proposal that he sidestep the Constitution, when it was made to him verbally. Friends have stated that he understood it fully, but could not believe the Governor really meant to go through with it. Dr. Finegan rejected it unequivocally in his talk to the Governor.

Accepts No Compromise

BUT by that time educators and reformer friends of the Governor had become aware that something must be done. They induced Dr. Finegan to withhold his formal answer for several days, hoping in the meantime to get a withdrawal of the proposal from the Governor. Dr. Finegan agreed, but only after public announcement that his position remained unchanged, and that he did not intend to enter into any agreement for a resignation in advance. When the Governor insisted on the agreement, Dr. Finegan left the office and made the following statement:

"On May 30 the Governor made me the proposal that he would appoint me to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction for the full four-year term and send my name to the Senate for confirmation as required by the Constitution. This proposal was repeated to me in a letter containing a press statement sent me by the Governor on May 31. His proposal, however, contained the proviso that I place my resignation in his hands at the time of my appointment, to be accepted in his discretion after he had made such further investigation of the State program of education and the administration of the same as he might desire.

"The Governor predicated this extraordinary proposition on the ground that he had not yet had opportunity 'to study the public school problem and situation' sufficiently to enable him to determine what action he should take in the appointment of a superintendent. I immediately suggested to the Governor the impropriety of such an arrangement in view of the provisions of the Constitution relating to the term and the removal of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"During the last few days various suggestions have been made by friends of the Governor, of myself and of the schools intended to effect an agreement in this matter between the Governor and myself. The Governor has also sent me a written statement modifying his request of May 31. All of these propositions have contained proposals which were tantamount to the original proposal of the Governor. I have declined all of these propositions and have insisted from the beginning that I would accept the appointment on the condition only that it should come to me without any 'strings' or limitations whatever, and be made in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

Another Takes It

WITH Dr. Finegan out of the way, Governor Pinchot apparently made the same offer of an appointment with a string to it to Dr. J. George Becht, former Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, for after the appointment Dr. Becht said: "I told Governor Pinchot I would accept the proposition as made by him." Then the educational organization built up by Dr. Finegan in four years of hard work began to crack.

Men nationally known as educators resigned. They came to Pennsylvania because Dr. Finegan had a free hand to take the schools out of politics, and the evidence of their worth is found in the fact that all had standing offers from other states. Now they are lost to Pennsylvania.

The significance of all this nationally lies in the very fact that Pennsylvania, although recognized as the safest state in the National Republican organization, is nevertheless peculiarly sensitive to progressive outbursts. Even in Pennsylvania the people get tired of machine politics, and it is quite possible that they may tire of reform politics when they are no longer able to distinguish between the two brands.

In 1912 Penrose was still living, and the organization was much more powerful than it is today. Then there was one leader giving orders to a thoroughly disciplined army. Now there are a dozen leaders fighting. Yet in that year Roosevelt, under the banner of the Washington party and with Pinchot as an active leader, smashed the machine control.

Since then the practical politicians have been more deferential to the Progressive vote. They tried to ignore it, and got Pinchot. Now both elements are in a quandary. The regulars want to laugh at Pinchot's effort to ignore the Constitution and to say that he is no better than themselves. But that will not of necessity bring the Pinchot vote back into the Republican fold. It is far more likely to perpetuate the split, leaving the Governor and the patched-up Republican organization of the state high and dry.

Raise Memorial to This Man's Spirit

Mike Dowling Won Against Great Odds and His Fight and Success Are Commemorated

By EARL CHRISTMAS

MIKE DOWLING is going to have a memorial. The people of the state where he lived have raised $50,000 for the purpose, and the state itself has appropriated an equal sum. This $100.000 will be used to build a memorial for a private citizen, a man who held no high office in the government or commanding position in industry but who in the esteem of his fellow men stood at the very top.

The memorial won't be carved in stone or bronze. That $100,000 won't go into any towering shaft. The memorial they are building for Mike Dowling is as unusual as the man it commemorates. To appreciate its significance, you must know the remarkable story of Dowling's life.

Who, then, was Mike Dowling? What manner of man was this for whom the people of his state are to build a $100,000 memorial?

Some forty years ago, Dowling was a newsboy on the streets of Chicago. A little later, at the age of fourteen, he was making his way by herding cattle for farmers out in Minnesota. He started out on a trip to a distant farm one day and while he was on the way a blizzard swooped down upon him. Old-timers still recall the fury of that blizzard, which came down over the prairie in a driving snowstorm that swallowed up everything.

Loses Hands and Feet

CAUGHT out in the storm and unable to find shelter, Dowling wandered about for hours. Once he found a woodpile and knew a farmhouse must be near, but so terrific was the storm that he could not find his way to the house. But Dowling wasn't ready to give up. He plodded on. Finally he found a straw stack and crawled into it. There he remained. He could feel that he was freezing, but he wasn't going to do it without a fight. All through that terrible night, he fought off the numbing drowsiness that would have brought on sleep, and inevitably the loss of his fight.

With morning the storm ended, and he crawled out. He tried to get on to his feet, but he fell. He got up to try again. Finally, he reached a farmhouse a half-mile away.

The doctors came. It was necessary to amputate both feet and both hands to save his life. The legs were taken off just below the knees and the left arm just below the elbow. The right arm had not been frozen so badly. The fingers and part of the thumb on this hand were removed.

Without money or parents, Dowling faced about the most discouraging future one may imagine. He was not yet fifteen years old, and he had had almost no schooling. Still, he wasn't whipped. Stung by the expressions of pity from well-meaning friends, he determined that he would not be dependent, that he would play the rôle of a man.

He sold a few cattle to pay his doctor bills. Then one day he had to part with his dearest possession, a much-prized pony. Many years afterward he told how he cried all night after he had made the decision that the pony must be sold.

Becomes County Charge

BUT the money soon was gone. Dowling was forced to become a county charge. Though his money had given out, he was not at the end of his resources. Standing on the stumps of his legs, this boy made an unusual offer to the board of county commissioners in the county where he lived.

"If you will fix me up so I can get around, and give me a year of schooling at Carleton College, I will guarantee to take care of myself the rest of my life," he said.

It was a bold proposition, but there were two big-hearted old Norwegians on that board. They decided to give him that chance.

In that year at Carleton, Dowling dug in with all his might. He thought that if in that year he could learn how to study, he might go on alone. When the year was over, he got a place teaching a country school. He was on his way to independence.

He taught a country school for seven years, becoming later a city superintendent of schools. He painted fences and ran a skating rink during the vacations. He did all kinds of jobs. He ran a weekly newspaper. In time he got into real estate business, and eventually became the president of a bank at Olivia, Minnesota.

This is part of the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children, where an industrial school is to be built as a memorial to Dowling.

He was speaker of the Minnesota House of Representatives and at one time was urged as a candidate for governor. He was president of the Minnesota Bankers' Association and was active in organizing the Yellowstone Trail Association.

Dowling did everything that other men do. He drove his own automobile on long cross-country trips. He danced. He went hunting for big game. He had a fine home, with a wife and three children, and amassed enough property to provide comfortably for their future. He had nearly all the good things of life that come to any successful man.

But there was one thing he didn't have. He never admitted that he had a handicap. He used to tell his friends that he "felt sorry for a cripple," and that he "thanked God he wasn't a cripple." He never spoke about his handicap unless asked about it, and he never thought about it. Newspapers throughout the state referred to him as "Minnesota's gamest man."

A man who made artificial limbs for Dowling and who was long his close friend said: "He was always full of fun, always joking. I've done work for 20,000 cripples in my time, and I never knew another like him. He was a wonder."

Much of Dowling's boundless energies were devoted to helping others who were crippled. Miss Elizabeth McGregor, superintendent of the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children, gave me this further side light on his unusual career.

"Long before I ever had met Mr. Dowling, I used to hear of him," she said. "I had occasion to travel about the state a great deal in the interest of children. One day I came into a hotel in Minneapolis. The elevator boy was studying while waiting. When I inquired I found that the boy was going to night school, and that Mr. Dowling was making it possible. When he got through with his work in school, Mr. Dowling was going to get him a place in a bank, the boy said.

"That's the way he did. He would go around like that and try to interest crippled boys in getting an education and improving their lot. Usually he would encourage the lad to get a job and thus get him to earn his own way in part. When he found a boy with promise, he took especial delight in helping him, and he would get a place for him to work in some part of the state where he had acquaintances.

"Time after time I have run across boys who got their start that way through Michael Dowling. I couldn't tell you how many."

Loses Life Aiding Disabled

DOWLING'S death in 1921 was indirectly due to his efforts to help the great army of men disabled in the war. Early in 1919, he went up to Fort Snelling to talk to the disabled soldiers there. He thought it would be a good thing to tell them that their lot wasn't so bad as it might seem, that handicaps are not insurmountable. He reasoned correctly that if someone who had been through the mill should tell them about it, the men might be encouraged.

"Don't think that you are a cripple because you have lost a limb or two," he said. "It is the mind that counts. You know, there is no such thing as a cripple if the mind is all right. Don't spend your time thinking about the things that are gone and can't be brought back. Think of what you have. Keep your mind working and you can accomplish wonders."

When the little talk was over, the boys at the hospital crowded around him, eagerly asking him questions. The meeting proved such a stimulus to the disabled soldiers that soon Dowling was asked to speak in other hospitals. He made scores of talks to wounded soldiers.

Eventually the story of Dowling's work reached England, and the British Government and the Red Cross asked him to come to that country and talk to the wounded men in the hospitals there. He spent eight months in England, spreading good cheer and a new spirit of hopefulness among thousands of disabled soldiers.

For more than two years, Dowling devoted most of his time to this work. Though of rugged build, the exertions of these lecture tours told on him. Always a fighter, he would not quit, especially now when he felt that he could help so many others to become useful citizens. At length the body which, aided by a dauntless spirit, had stood up so well against big odds, gave away. He died in April, 1921, due to his overexertions.

That is the sort of man Mike Dowling was. Now, when it came to building a memorial, it didn't seem that a spirit like that could be commemorated properly in a bronze or marble statue. Anyway, his fellow citizens said no ordinary monument would do. The memorial they are building for Mike Dowling is something far more fitting than any graven image could be. It consists of a school for crippled children as an adjunct of the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children.

MICHAEL J. DOWLING

lost both his feet and hands when he nearly froze to death in a blizzard, but he refused to consider himself a cripple. Now his fellow citizens are building a $100,000 memorial to commemorate his great fight.

Dowling took an unusual interest in the Minnesota Hospital for Crippled Children. For many years it has been taking crippled boys and girls and making useful citizens out of them and it has been impressing upon the youngsters Dowling's own philosophy that "if you don't think you are a cripple, you are not."

Raise Funds for School

THUS, when the suggestion was made for a memorial for Dowling, his friends, with a fine sense of the appropriate, proposed that the Michael J. Dowling Memorial school be built. The Minnesota Editorial Association set out to raise $25,000, and the Minnesota Bankers' Association raised another $25,000. Many subscriptions came from school children. Crippled children at the hospital gave an entertainment and with great pride turned the proceeds over to the fund. The recent Minnesota legislature appropriated the balance of $50,000 needed.

While bodies of the crippled children are mending, the Dowling school will give the youngsters all the advantages which other children receive, and in addition special training that will enable many of them to make their own way in the world.

"It's just the kind of thing Dowling would have wished," one of his friends said. "He had a great fight to get the education that gave him his start, and he appreciated what a chance means."

Crippled children at the Minnesota Hospital now are being given training in commercial design, watch repairing, bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, millinery, sewing, toy making and other lines of vocational work. Frequently after leaving the hospital they find work from which they can support themselves. Building of the Dowling industrial school will make it possible to enlarge this work greatly.

"Many of our crippled children can be made self-supporting," Miss McGregor said. "A boy may have deformed feet, but he may make a good watchmaker or a good banker. Look at what Dowling did. We have a boy now who is just going out to take his place in a country bank.

Many Will Thank Dowling

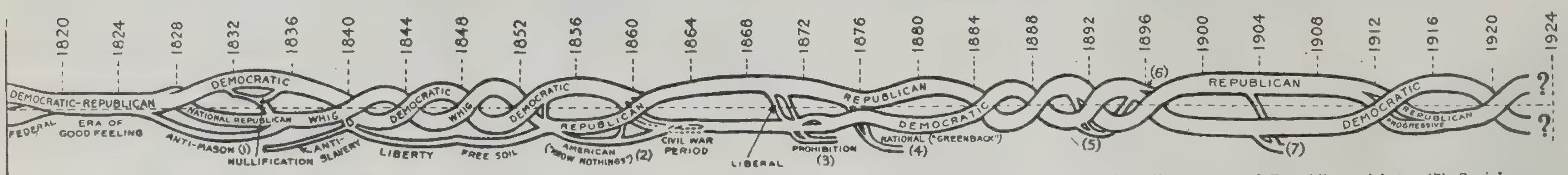
"IN DEALING with crippled children, we constantly are finding some who are unusually gifted along some line. I have in mind a girl who has an innate sense of design. With the new Dowling school, we can draw out these special talents and develop them. If there are not enough students to justify any one course, we will arrange for the child to obtain the proper instruction at another school or in the business itself. This will open up to the crippled child opportunity for training in almost any line for which he may be fitted."

The school work at the hospital now is carried on in crowded quarters in other buildings. Completion of the Dowling school will free these quarters so that more patients may be admitted. There are two hundred children in the hospital now, but there is a waiting list fully as large. The Dowling school and another building now being erected will increase the capacity to three hundred.

So, many children in the future will have reason to be thankful for Mike Dowling, who just wouldn't be a cripple.

The Ups and Downs of Party Fortunes

Twelve Times People Have Ousted Administration in Favor of Opposition



(1) Anti-Masons won seven electoral votes in 1832. In this election South Carolina cast eleven electoral votes for "Nullification" candidate. (2) Won eight electoral votes in 1856. (3) Nominated a candidate at each election since, but never won an electoral vote. National ("Greenback") Party. (4) Nominated candidates at three elections without winning an electoral vote. People's Party (Populists). (5) Won twenty-two electoral votes in 1892 but endorse Bryan in 1896. (6) National ("Gold") Democrats nominated candidates in 1896, but most of its adherents voted Republican ticket. (7) Socialists, after several lesser attempts, made first concerted effort in 1904 and have named candidates at each election since, reaching a maximum of 919,799 votes in 1920, but never winning any electoral votes. (8) Progressives carried five states and a majority of electoral votes of a sixth (eighty-eight electoral votes) and Republicans carried two states (eight electoral votes).

By HARRY PENCE

THE accompanying chart shows at a glance the ups and downs of party fortunes in this country during the last hundred years. It reveals many facts but furnishes no basis for a belief that political parties possess elements of enduring permanence. It certainly indicates that no political organization can long maintain a position of domination in national affairs.

Twelve times since 1824 this country has, by popular pluralities or electoral majorities, ousted the party in power and intrusted the opposition with the duties of government.

Since this rotation began in 1828, and especially since the organization of the Whig party late in 1834, there have always been two major parties, except during the Civil War and Reconstruction Period when Democratic strength was scattering and feeble and during the "Bull Moose" era when the Progressives supplanted the Republicans in popular esteem and polled a larger vote and a much greater representation in the electoral college.

At various times defections from one or both parties have resulted in independent movements, parties have gone to pieces and new parties have been assembled from the fragments.

There was a period—very brief—when there was no party division at all, and this was very properly called the "Era of Good Feeling," and before the issue is confused by disjointed comment let's review the outlines of party development from the beginning.

Differences at the Beginning

WHEN independence was won, wide differences of opinion existed as to what form of government should succeed the loose confederation which was universally admitted to be inadequate. Some wanted a national union in which state rights were submerged, others insisted upon a federation of states which delegated to the central government the minimum of power and authority.

This issue between the nationalists and the federalists was fought out not in elections but in the constitutional convention and the Constitution of the United States was the result. It was a compromise, but as it became, after the ninth state had ratified it in 1788, the supreme law of the land, the struggle was renewed in fights for strict or loose construction or interpretation. In one form or another this struggle still persists.

But in the matter of political parties the advocates of a stronger central government, the nationalists, took the name of Federalists and their chief, Alexander Hamilton, won over George Washington to the more moderate tenents of nationalism. Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson were both in Washington's cabinet and they represented antagonistic policies, the latter being the great exponent of states' rights.

Although a moderate Federalist, Washington's election and re-election by unanimous vote were personal tributes to his popularity. The first contest came in the choice of his successor and in this campaign, which was a bitter one, the Federalists triumphed.

The opposition, known as both Republicans and Democrats and by the Federalists termed Jacobins and other less gracious names, had not yet organized sufficiently to unite upon a candidate in the election of 1800, with the result that a Federalist House of Representatives had to choose between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, both Republicans, or as the party finally became known, Democratic-Republican. Jefferson was chosen.

The election of Thomas Jefferson was the first change in party administration in this country. It came too late, however, to save the country from the trend toward centralization to an extent greater than his party advocated. In fact, neither party was entirely successful and interpretation of the Constitution, like its formulation, was a series of compromises dictated by the emergencies which the young nation encountered in its formative years.

The old Federalist party, however, never regained ascendency. Jefferson was overwhelmingly re-elected. Madison followed him for two terms and Monroe served eight years, this span of twenty-four years being the longest period in which a political party has retained undisputed control of national administration.

The later Republican party, the G. O. P. of our day, enjoyed control from 1861 to 1885, but the election of 1876 was a popular defeat and its electoral majority on one vote, after a contest, is a political episode the beneficiaries of which prefer to forget.

Jefferson tried to avoid war with England. Madison found that to be impossible. The Federalists not only opposed the war, but sealed their political doom by trying to obstruct its conduct.

Peace with England, news of which reached this country in 1815, resulted in the complete extinction of the Federalist party and the election of Monroe, in 1816, by an electoral vote of 183 to 34. By the next election opposition had so dwindled that no nominations were made against Monroe's re-election and only the fact that one elector insisted that Washington alone was entitled to unanimous election prevented that tribute to the fifth President.

Thus was inaugurated the "Era of Good Feeling" and it must be admitted that the second administration of President Monroe accomplished much, one of its outstanding achievements being the formulation and promulgation of the famous "Monroe Doctrine," an event of which this year, 1923, is the centennial anniversary.

But the breaking down of party lines only loosened the personal animosities of four ambitious men and individual factions fought as bitterly for the succession as parties could have done. The campaign and election of 1824 resulted in the failure of any of the four to receive a majority in the electoral college. The House of Representatives chose John Quincy Adams, but a new revolution was imminent in presidential election practice. General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, ignored Congressional caucuses and appealed to the people for support. Till then presidential nominations had been closed affairs and in some states the legislature had chosen presidential electors. Jackson's campaign in 1824 was the beginning of the real popularization of presidential contests.

And in 1828 he defeated Adams, ousting the National Republicans, the remnants of the Democratic-Republicans, and bringing into power the party which, through all its vicissitudes, has retained the name of Democratic.

Jackson's administration was one of the stormiest in American history. Strong in popular favor, he and his party lacked able leaders in a Congress still retained by the opposition, while Clay and Webster in the Senate and John Quincy Adams in the House thwarted and provoked him on every occasion and opportunity, even to the extent of denying him support in his fight to enforce compliance with treaty obligations by France.

Jackson's re-election in 1832 was marked by a double desertion from the major parties by independents.

By 1840 the national nominating convention had supplanted other methods of placing candidates in the field. The new Whig party nominated William Henry Harrison at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in December, 1839, nearly a year before the election, and aroused a tremendous popular enthusiasm for the hero of "Tippecanoe." Van Buren, who was renominated by the Democrats, never appealed strongly to the people and his defeat was decisive.

It is rather remarkable that though the old Whig party attracted to its banner some of the ablest men of the day as well as some of the most astute politicians, it won but two presidential contests and in both their standard bearers were elected on their military prestige. Both Harrison and Taylor survived inauguration a short time, the former one month and the latter four, and both were succeeded in office by vice-presidents who disappointed party leaders. In both instances the following general election resulted in the return of the Democrats to power.

Policy of the Whigs

IT WAS the policy of Whig leaders to consider vote-getting as the primary requisite in its candidates, thus denying preferment to its ablest men, with the result that after the defeat of General Winfield Scott, another warrior, in 1856 aspiring men sought a new party alignment.

Conditions were rapidly favoring this development. There was one temporary and one permanent movement during this Whig era, the former being the picturesque, but short-lived "Know-Nothing" excursion. This secret society, bound by oath, opposed unrestricted immigration, easy naturalization and election of former foreigners to office. Members, when asked about the organization, were required to deny knowledge of it, hence their name. They were successful in state elections for a time but passed quietly in the stirring times which preceded the Civil War.

The other independent movement was of much less conspicuous origin, but of immensely more enduring character. As early as 1833 the National Anti-Slavery Society was organized for the purpose of popular propaganda and Congressional petition. Its active members soon became known as Abolitionists. They carried the campaign into border states and met with opposition everywhere, violence in many cities. Their first weapons were speech and print and the more fearless established papers, many of which were raided.

In 1848 factions from both parties formed the Free Soil party for political agitation and nominated a presidential candidate. While the extremists were endeavoring to achieve results by independent party action, more moderate opponents of slavery and especially of its extension into former free territory were endeavoring to induce Whig leaders to take up the issue, while the Democrats were also importuned to become the outspoken slave party.

Then, as now, the major parties refused to commit themselves on so vital an issue until the fight over the admission of Kansas and Nebraska led to a fatal split in the Whig ranks, the Anti-Nebraska men breaking from party ranks and taking the name Republican.

The Free Soilers, of course, joined the Republicans, as did also many Democratic opponents of slavery.

So completely did this sap the strength of the old Whig party that in the election of 1856 it was a negligible factor.

The swift annihilation of the Whig party was followed, in the next election, that of 1860, by the self-destruction of the old Democratic party, which found itself, in convention assembled, unable to make a satisfactory nomination. The convention wrangled and adjourned, met again and nominated, only to be countered by a bolt. A second faction nominated another candidate and the new Republican party was forced to victory by the stupidity of its opponents.

Lincoln entered upon his term of office committed not to attempt the abolition of slavery, but to oppose its extension. This difference seemed not to weigh with the slave-states, Democrat and Whig alike, for up to the actual secession a strong Whig party existed in the South. Lincoln's election, they argued, menaced the institution of slavery upon which they felt their material prosperity depended and they made matters worse by taking the fatal step themselves.

How Garfield Won

LITTLE need be said—the less the better—of the election of 1864, or, for that matter, those of 1868 and 1872. In 1876 a somewhat altered condition existed. A reaction against the rigors of reconstruction, a general desire for change, resulted in a popular plurality for Tilden against Hayes of approximately 250,000, but contests in two southern states and one western state resulted in the counting of their electoral votes for the Republican nominee, giving Hayes a majority of one in the electoral college.

In the contest of 1880 Garfield polled fewer than 1,000 votes more than Hancock and they each carried nineteen states, but Garfield won a majority in the electoral college. A glaring instance of the quick turnover of national administrations is exemplified by the three campaigns of Grover Cleveland. All of them were closely contested and in all three instances he won a plurality of the popular vote, though in 1888 Benjamin Harrison obtained a majority in the electoral college. These three elections represent a period of "even-balance" unprecedented in American politics.

In 1892 the Populists, or the People's party, advocating government ownership of railroads, income tax, postal savings banks and other then advanced reforms, put a candidate in the field and won twenty-two electoral votes. In 1896 this party joined the Democrats in endorsing Bryan and after his defeat lost its identity. Another party in 1896 also put a candidate in the field but didn't stay in the fight long enough to vote for him. When the Free Silver wing stampeded the Chicago convention and brought about the nomination of William J. Bryan the Gold Democrats bolted and held the National Democratic Convention, naming a ticket and going through the forms of a campaign. Before the election, however, leaders got to the rank and file of this faction and ordered them to play safe and vote the Republican ticket. In many precincts where the Gold Democrats had inspectors and challengers, no Palmer-Buckner votes were recorded.

The Socialists, as a third party, have for five successive elections polled a large and generally increasing vote, but so scattered that it has never carried a state in a presidential election.

The most recent and in many ways the most remarkable third party adventure was the Bull Moose movement which resulted in the bolt from the Republican party in the election of 1912.

It began with Roosevelt's effort to wrest the Republican nomination from Taft at the Republican convention in 1912 and it ended, and ended completely, in Roosevelt's refusal to accept a second Progressive nomination against Hughes in 1916. It was, therefore, a movement that revolved around an aggressive personality, but this movement reduced the Republican party to an insignificant spectacle in the election of 1912, its candidate carrying only two small states, while the Progressive polled a popular vote of more than 600,000 in excess of the regular Republican nominee and won eighty-eight electoral votes.

By 1920 this revolt had almost entirely subsided and its surviving leaders were again prominent in the party victory of that year, which only shows that the unexpected often happens and that one is much safer dealing with party history than in prognosticating party prospects.

What a Woman Does With a Check Book

A Banker Reveals How Erroneous a Certain Widespread Belief Is

By THOMAS J. MALONE

A WIDESPREAD belief among men—gleefully fostered by newspaper paragraphers and vaudeville monologists—has it that women as a class are characteristically poor at figures, are erratic mathematicians in business matters and are especially at sea in keeping a bank checking account. A little delving discloses that there is about as much truth to this belief as attaches to such other misconceptions, equally time-honored, as those attributing a relation between the phases of the moon and the weather, the last dying flirt of a snake's tail and the coming of sundown, the twitching of a forked stick and the presence of underground water. In other words, it isn't so.

Bankers themselves are authority for this flat denial, this cheering defense of womankind in its computational capacity. According to the bankers, who must be conceded basis for knowing, this allegation amounts almost to a libel. Only rarely now, it seems, do they get a telephone call from an excited woman patron asking them to stop payment on a check which she has just accidentally burned. So, too, they point out, fewer of her sex share in the simplicity of the "young lady across the way" when she approves the person who, giving to charity for its own sake and not for self advertising, signs the check, "A Friend."

As to accuracy in figuring, what boy, sent on an errand of marketing, has ever been able to short-change his mother on his return? In school, how often the girls prove to be the champion "figgerers!"

Some women are uncertain in handling checking accounts, the bankers admit, but not a surprisingly large ratio—and, then, consider that many men are, too, they add. Most women who have taken that step toward good business practice—opened a checking account at a bank—are said to know not only how to write checks properly, but how to keep their accounts balanced in accord with the balances of the bank, know both what an "overdraft" is and how to avoid making—committing, perpetrating—one.

Why, bankers will tell you, it is nothing unusual for a woman to have two separate checking accounts in her name at one time, at different banks or in one bank, and to operate them without confusion, mistake or embarrassment. Of the two accounts, one is likely to be for household expense and the other for personal investments or, maybe, personal expense.

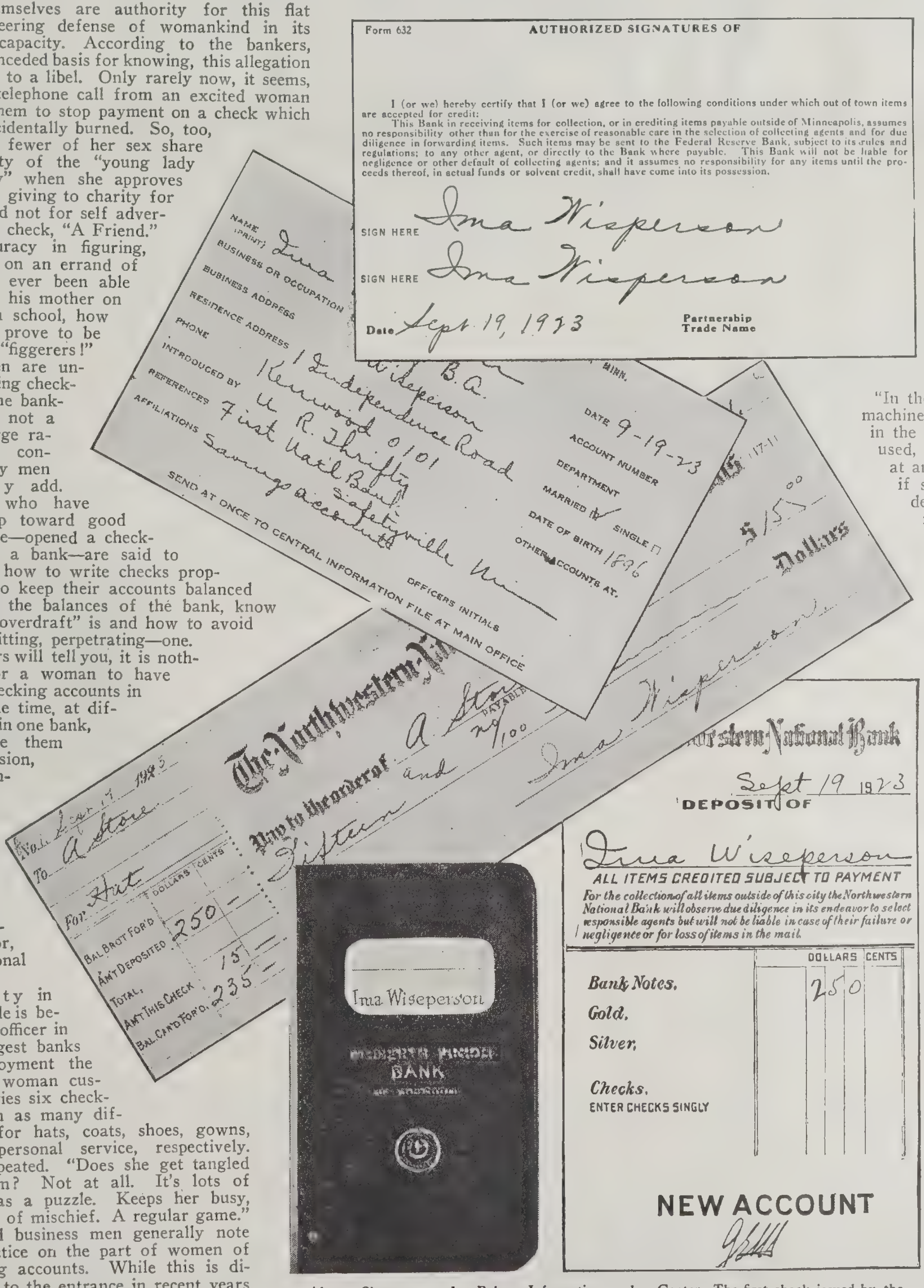
In the city in which this article is being written, an officer in one of the largest banks cites with enjoyment the the case of a woman customer who carries six checking accounts in as many different banks—for hats, coats, shoes, gowns, lingerie and personal service, respectively. "Hard?" he repeated. "Does she get tangled up among them? Not at all. It's lots of fun—as good as a puzzle. Keeps her busy, amused and out of mischief. A regular game."

Bankers and business men generally note a growing practice on the part of women of having checking accounts. While this is directly traceable to the entrance in recent years of large numbers of women into commercial and industrial life, a considerable part of the check book users is made up of housewives. This, it is explained, springs from wider recognition of the housewife's fitness to be the marketer for all the family and, as such, to have charge of part or all of the family income. The income provider does well to give her a definite allowance weekly or monthly on which to run the household—an allowance that may reach 100 per cent of income and in which her own wage-earning value may be recompensed.

There are three railroad executives in the Northwest who are known to turn in their full salaries monthly to their wives, who then deposit the amounts either in joint checking accounts or in their own names only. A "joint" account is a fascinating adventure in co-operative finance, of which more presently. If the wife deposits the full income to her individual account, then she writes checks on it in her husband's favor as he needs cash—at least, she does if she thinks it wise and his reasons good.

The other group of the happy women checksters is made up of teachers, department heads, buyers in stores, executive secretaries, women in business for themselves, and so on. The group broadens as better salaries are paid in occupations open to women.

Of late years, many banks, the country over, have made a special effort to attract women's checking accounts. They have conducted advertising campaigns emphasizing the convenience of such accounts and have established special departments, in charge of women, through which women customers may transact all their banking business if they so prefer.



Form 632 **AUTHORIZED SIGNATURES OF**

I (or we) hereby certify that I (or we) agree to the following conditions under which out of town items are accepted for credit:

This Bank in receiving items for collection, or in crediting items payable outside of Minneapolis, assumes no responsibility other than for the exercise of reasonable care in the selection of collecting agents and for due diligence in forwarding items. Such items may be sent to the Federal Reserve Bank, subject to its rules and regulations; to any other agent, or directly to the Bank where payable. This Bank will not be liable for negligence or other default of collecting agents; and it assumes no responsibility for any items until the proceeds thereof, in actual funds or solvent credit, shall have come into its possession.

SIGN HERE Ima Wisperson

SIGN HERE Ima Wisperson

Date Sept 19, 1923

Partnership
Trade Name

NAME (PRINT) Ima Wiseperson
BUSINESS OR OCCUPATION
BUSINESS ADDRESS
RESIDENCE ADDRESS 1 Independence Road
PHONE Kenwood 0101
INTRODUCED BY U. R. Thrifty
REFERENCES First Nat'l Bank
AFFILIATIONS Savings account
MINN.
DATE 9-19-23
ACCOUNT NUMBER
DEPARTMENT
MARRIED SINGLE ☐
DATE OF BIRTH 1896
OTHER ACCOUNTS AT
OFFICERS INITIALS
SEND AT ONCE TO CENTRAL INFORMATION FILE AT MAIN OFFICE

No. 1 Sept 19 1923
To A Store
For Hat

	DOLLARS	CENTS
BAL. BRO'T FOR'D		
AM'T DEPOSITED	250	—
TOTAL		
AM'T THIS CHECK	15	—
BAL. CAR'D FOR'D	235	—

The Northwestern ...
Pay to the order of A Store $15.00
Fifteen and no/100 Dollars
Ima Wiseperson

Ima Wiseperson
NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK

...western National Bank
Sept 19 1923
DEPOSIT OF
Ima Wiseperson
ALL ITEMS CREDITED SUBJECT TO PAYMENT
For the collection of all items outside of this city the Northwestern National Bank will observe due diligence in its endeavor to select responsible agents but will not be liable in case of their failure or negligence or for loss of items in the mail.

	DOLLARS	CENTS
Bank Notes,	250	
Gold,		
Silver,		
Checks, ENTER CHECKS SINGLY		

NEW ACCOUNT

Above—Signature card. Below—Information card. Center—The first check issued by the new depositor with the stub filled out and retained as a record of the check. Left—Account book. Right—Deposit slip.

Even though women's checking accounts will usually average in amount less than men's, not a few banks report that they are profitable both in good will and in actual money gain. The explanation lies in the smaller overhead in handling women's accounts. To each such account, there is usually only one deposit a month and few, virtually no, out-of-town checks are received from women for deposit. Hence, less bookkeeping for the bank.

Among banks in the larger cities, it is a widely observed practice to require maintenance of a minimum balance in individual checking accounts, which are then subject to a penalty charge if the balance falls below the minimum in any month. In some cities this minimum is $100; in other cities it may run up to $500 or, in certain banks, $1,000 or even more. In the city in mind, the depositor who lets the balance get below the $100 minimum is charged a fifty-cent penalty. The assumption is that balances below $100 are not profitable to the bank, and the fifty cents is applied toward paying the bank for its expense in providing the convenience to the customer.

Banks report that a very large number of women with check accounts falls below the minimum. One result of the adoption of the minimum rule by a bank is, invariably, a decrease in the number of accounts subject to check and an increase in the number of savings accounts, which are not so subject. Women figure largely in the switch from check to savings accounts. Another important result of the rule has been the marked decrease in the number of "overdrafts," or "over drawings"—an overdraft being, in dictionary language, "the amount by which a draft exceeds the sum against which it is drawn, or a draft against a balance greater than the balance itself."

The "overdraft" subject is one around which cluster many of the standard jokes about women's banking practices. If you write and issue a check for a larger amount than you have on deposit in the bank, you have "overdrawn" the account. In some states, this is a criminal offense if done with intent to defraud. If done through miscalculation, it may be condoned; yet it becomes a serious reflection on the character of the depositor or on his intelligence.

But to what extent do women get mixed in their accounts? The head of the women's department in one of the largest banks in the city testifies that the woman who can't keep her account straight is the exception. This women's department manager is a firm believer in the value of checking accounts for women, as a help toward business exactness.

"In the absence of a cash register or an adding machine, neither of which can be carried around in the pocket, a check book," she says, "properly used, serves very well. By it a woman may tell at any time just where she stands financially—if she has made all the entries correctly for deposits and deducted all withdrawals correctly, too.

"It's just a matter of addition and subtraction; but, like keeping a diary, if you neglect jotting down a few important transactions now and then its value as a record will be impaired.

"Starting a checking account is an eye opener to the average woman. She soon learns a lot about business that she never thought of before. It's good for her. Most women know altogether too little about business matters. One of the bank's men customers, recently recovered from a serious illness, says nearness to death made him do some thinking out of the rut. When he was well enough, he began instructing his wife as to details of his business—the meaning and use of checks, drafts, notes, coupons, mortgages, trust funds, insurance. He took her to the bank, had her open a checking account and went through the contents of his safety deposit box with her so that she had some idea as to where he stood. From this on, he promises, she's going to acquire such a familiarity with business methods and practices that she won't be helpless if he's taken away."

She touches on the reason for the special departments for women conducted by banks. "Banks with such departments believe that their women customers like to receive a treatment different from that accorded men, like to be waited on by women and in a place having an atmosphere of some privacy and even exclusiveness. Yet some women, we find, don't care to do business through our department but always go to the men's windows by choice. They scorn their own sex as business transactors. In such cases, their checks, turned in to men tellers, are carried by them to our department and cared for as if handed to us at first. On the other hand, some men seem to prefer to deal at women's windows. We handle their deposits or cash their checks; then complete the transaction outside our department.

"Our work requires patience, interest in all kinds of persons, an ability to look and act pleasant under all circumstances, and a complete lack of nerves. Yes, we do have some trials with customers—women who can't keep their balances right, who fail to enter up their stubs, who never grasp the idea that the amount of the checks they write has something to do with the size of their balances, who believe a check of itself becomes money as soon as it is filled out regardless of what's behind it—but really most of our experiences are pleasant.

"Check accounts have many advantages for women. Convenience is the chief one, of course, but then such considerations also enter in as cleanliness—the avoidance of handling currency—the satisfaction of not being short of money when the pocketbook is short of bills or coin, the impulse to thrift and accuracy given by having a set method in handling one's finances, the sense of importance and independence that goes with

(Concluded on page 12)

What a Woman Does With a Check Book

Concluded from page 11

money in the bank. A bank account of any kind contributes to self-respect. One of the major values of a checking account is that every check, after having been paid and canceled by the bank, is returned to the maker and serves as a receipt, a 'voucher' of payment, behind which no carping creditor can go."

What woman with a checking account was not surprised at the steps she took at the bank in opening it? And how many women not so equipped have a clear idea of just what those steps are? Let the manager explain them.

"Suppose Mrs. B. A. Wiseperson comes to us to open an account subject to check. She may come straight to the women's department or may make her wishes known to the first man she sees at desk or window. As a 'New Account'—we think of her in capitals—she will be referred to some officer of the bank. If she is a stranger to the bank, he will ask her to name some one known to it who will 'introduce' her—in a way, vouch for her. The introducer often accompanies the new customer, he may send a letter or the bank may call him up later to confirm his sponsorship.

"Mrs. Wiseperson proceeds to fill out a 'signature card,' a standard form, which will be kept in a file for ready reference as long as her account continues. On one side of this card she writes her 'authorized' signature—that is, the signature she will use in all checks against the account. A married woman usually uses her legal signature—her own given name, and sometimes a middle initial, before the surname, not the 'Mrs.' title with her husband's initials. But she may use the latter, if she prefers it. Mrs. Wiseperson writes her signature, 'Ima Wiseperson.' She writes it twice for good measure.

"On the other side of the card she writes her address and telephone number. The bank fills out, in addition, an 'information card,' which carries her name, business—'wife of B. A. Wiseperson'—address, telephone number, name of introducer, references and date of birth. I don't suppose that last is insisted upon, but there's a place for it on the card.

"The next step is to make a deposit. She must intrust money to the bank before she can draw out money. This means filling out one of the bank's printed deposit slips, in this case one lettered 'New Account.' At the top will go the date and her name; and then the amount to be deposited—$250, it so happens. The bank officer will put his initials on the slip. Mrs. Wiseperson hands the slip with the money to a teller in the women's department.

"Now the bank has her $250 and what has she to show for it? How may she get it out, or any part of it? The teller makes out an account book in her name, entering credit for the deposit. Future deposits will likewise be credited in this book. With it she receives a folder with a clasp, of leather or its imitation, containing a sheaf of blank checks bound together at the stub end—the 'check book' which enables the depositor to pay with credit instead of cash.

"Mrs. Wiseperson has a book in which the bank testifies that she has deposited $250 with it, subject to her withdrawal in whole or in part on her written order. She may write this order on any kind of paper—on the corner of a newspaper sheet, if she pleases—and the bank will honor it, if she dates it, addresses it to the bank and signs it; but for convenience all around she will use the check forms which the bank has given her.

"Having money in the bank and a means of drawing it out, it follows that Mrs. Wiseperson must prove herself a thorough banking woman by writing a check and finding out whether any one will accept it in lieu of money. Ah, her milliner! That darling of a hat!

"The hat costs $15. Probably with visible pride she opens that crisp new check book. It is an occasion of moment. She writes her first check—an order on her bank to pay the amount stated therein to the person named or his order. If she writes that check properly, she will take care to put the '1' of the '15' so close to the dollar mark that no space will be left for inserting another digit between them. She should form the habit. Many a check has been 'raised' in that way, the swindler at the same time altering the written number on the line below to correspond. For the same reason, she should begin her 'Fifteen' at the extreme left of the line.

"Before detaching the check, she should make out its stub which, left in the book, will be her record of the transaction. It will show her new balance in the bank against which she may write other checks. The stub will carry the number of the check, its date, the 'payee' in whose favor it is drawn, the purpose for which drawn, the total amount in the account at the time, the amount of the check and the balance to be brought forward to head the next stub.

"Her balance now reads '$235,' though on the bank's books she still is credited with $250. It may take half a day, a full day or even several days before the check she has issued reaches the bank for 'payment.' The store proprietor may deposit it in another bank, from which it may have to go through the 'clearing house' before it reaches home. If she were to make the check payable to, say, a firm in New York and mailed it out with an order for goods, it would take approximately a week for that check to get back to Minneapolis and to her bank. In any case, she should deduct the amount of the check at once; her bank deducts it when the check arrives. If she failed to enter the amount on the stub and deduct, and went on issuing other checks and failing to keep accurate stub records of them, it would not be long before she would be at outs with her bank, she claiming that she had more money on deposit than the bank's statement credited. And, goodness, how she would complain! This happens again and again, not with women depositors only, either.

"Often, however, when a depositor's stubs are accurately kept up, the balance as she makes it at a given time will be less than that of the bank. This is because she may have deducted the amount of one or more issued checks before the bank will have received them for payment. Hence it is that balances given in the bank's regular monthly statements to depositors, ready the first of each month for the month before, are frequently in excess of those depositors' stub records."

When you see a bank man, forsaking that suavity, poise and judicial mien that usually characterizes him, jump up and down and gnash his teeth with rage, it is likely that he has discovered an overdraft. An overdraft committed through innocence or ignorance may be condoned—once; but an overdraft, knowingly made, is an all but unpardonable sin in bank circles. Yes, women with check books sometimes cause the bank folk to gnash their teeth. Again the women's department manager:

"If a depositor with a balance of $125 in her account, issues checks totaling $140, she has 'overdrawn' the account by $15. One or more recipients of her checks will have them rejected by her bank with the reason stated on attached slip—'Not Sufficient Funds.' She herself will receive notice from the bank that her account is overdrawn.

"We have all smiled at the story of the woman who, having been informed by telephone from the bank that she was overdrawn, retorted with heat it could not be for she had a lot more blank checks in her book yet. And then there is that other story, equally good, of the woman who blithely assured the bank that she would write it a check to replenish an 'overdrawn' account. 'In the hole' already, she would make a check against that less than nothingness to square things up."

We promised to go back to joint checking accounts. Such accounts are kept in the names of two or more persons, jointly—usually two, as husband and wife, brother and sister, mother and daughter. Each of the two may make deposits to add to it and each may write checks against it signed by the one name only. A joint account may be a distinct convenience, but it requires co-operation to keep it straight as between the two participators. The manager has had experience with joint accounts, too, from the bank side.

"Many husbands and wives keep joint accounts," she explains, "each having, supposedly, a definitely understood share or allowance to draw upon in any given time from the joint total. This, at least, is the rule in theory, but it is much departed from in practice. If carefully kept, with accuracy and good faith, the joint plan will work well, but it is decidedly a case where the right hand must know what the left hand is doing, and vice versa.

"If either person draws upon that joint account in excess of the agreed share, without knowledge of the other, that other, in utter good faith, may overdraw the account and thus court trouble for both of them from the bank.

"Take a joint husband-and-wife account, for instance. If the husband travels, say, is away from home a good deal, trouble may result through lack of accord, of the two keeping each other informed as to what checks they are writing and what deposits making."

Are there certain mistakes fairly common among women check makers? There are. One of the most flagrant, it seems, is to sign the check with the name of the payee instead of the name of its maker. Another is to fail to sign at all. In either case, if the check reaches the bank in that form, the bank will try to identify its source through the writing. If successful, the depositor is notified and asked to come in and sign properly, or make a new check."

According to the women's department manager, depositors do unwisely if they write their names on their check book covers. If a book with such writing—the actual signature of the owner—is lost or stolen, forgery will be easy for the person into whose hands it may fall. Names should be lettered, hand-printed, in the books, not written in script. For like reason, checks should never be signed in blank—without entering name of payee and the amount—and carried around on the person. If such blank checks were to fall into the hands of the unscrupulous, they might be filled out and cashed.

For much the same reason, she counsels against making out checks payable to "Bearer" or to "Cash"—unless, in the latter case, the depositor is at the bank and is presenting the check herself. A check payable to "bearer" or "cash" is as good as money to any one who presents it for payment, if there is a balance to cover it; and the bank cannot refuse payment so long as it does not doubt the signature of the maker. Checks written in pencil are perfectly good, but they are so easily altered that it is good business practice to write checks only in ink. Canceled vouchers—checks returned by the bank after payment—as well as check books and blank checks, should not be left "lying around." The check swindler is abroad in the land, looking for just such opportunities; and he finds many of them.

The woman with a check book is said to be temperamental, to be influenced in her choice of a bank by factors other than "service" and "financial integrity."

The advertising director of a bank here insists that even the appearance of the check book issued to patrons, its size, shape, cover material, style of lettering, color of check blanks, influences women favorably or unfavorably. "A few years ago," he recalls, "one of the banks put out a pink check that made a big hit with the women. That check alone accounted for hundreds of new customers."

"A Five-cent Piece": A Dialogue Between Uncle Sam and a Banker

Concluded from page 2

of money, the workers would know as much about money and its functions as I do."

"That's just what I want," indignantly retorted Uncle Sam, "and what's more I want you and all of your kind to understand that I shall no longer continue this pseudo-partnership-business with any private individual or combination of them, under what is known as the Federal Reserve Banking Act.

"If I am rich enough, in land, coal, houses, flour, machinery, oil, copper, iron, gold, silver, healthy men and women, to make one dollar out of the quantity of nickel in twenty five-cent-pieces, why should I ever borrow from any banker or the whole of them consolidated? I own, as agent of this nation, everything in these United States, and I can take, for public purposes, anything in the United States now in the possession of any banker, worker, or any individual in the United States, natural or artificial, provided I pay these subordinate owners of property for what I take for public purposes.

"This is a simple task for me, because I am the man, and the only man, that fixes the price of the private individual's property when taken for public purposes, and I am the only man in these United States who can make the paper money or the nickel five-cent-pieces, with which to pay for the property taken. I have no reason to believe that people, in or out of the United States, do not have confidence in my ability to create valuable dollars, no matter how much some avaricious men shout at me 'rag money,' 'soft money,' 'fiat money,' 'fictitious money,' and so on. It's about time that every one should know that this nation is bigger than any of its parts and that the banking part shall no longer control my industrial blood (money), to their advantage, and to every one else's disadvantage. You, Mr. Banker, and your banking lobby shall be cleaned out of Congress, as Christ whipped the money-changers out of the temple, who were transforming it into a den of thieves. I should never be subordinate to you, or all the bankers combined; for the reason that you and all your banking institutions were created by me, and I was always taught that the creator is greater than the thing created; and I am still of that opinion."

"But, Uncle," said the banker patronizingly, "didn't I with my Federal Reserve System carry you through the World War without a panic?"

"No, you didn't. It was my $330,000 000,000 of valuable real and personal property, which I own, that was behind all the $24,000,000,000 of interest-bearing-bonds and Federal Reserve Bank Notes that you issued, or had my shortsighted public servants in Congress issue, by law. I am rich enough, in natural wealth, to issue $300,000,000 000 of non-interest bearing dollars and still have a safe margin of food, clothing, houses, machinery, and so on, amounting to $30,000,000,000 in dollars left.

"But I don't propose to make money so plentiful that it is constantly decreasing in value, and that people will find money-prices rising so rapidly, that they will, in a measure, cease producing, to go to speculating; and I don't propose to permit you to do it either; nor do I propose to permit you to reduce money-prices by reducing the supply of money. It is a bad thing for trade to have prices go up or down, as the result of a change in the supply of money, and you bankers are always tinkering with the supply of money."

"But you will ruin your credit," hotly retorted the banker.

"Credit," rejoined Uncle Sam, "is required only by the man who has not the cash to pay for his goods or who possesses no other goods to give in exchange for the goods he wants. I want no credit. Who in the United States owns more than I do? Who in this nation has the power to print his own money as I have? What is there in these United States that I cannot take by due process of law? Go and talk to some bankrupt man when you use the term credit. I don't want any credit and never did. It is only you conniving bankers that say I need credit. After you get some of the money I created by law, you have a bond-issuing scheme, under which you lend me a dollar and make me pay interest on it for generations and then you have the cheek to tell the gullible public you have given me credit, or saved my credit, by lending me one dollar and collecting four. I am the richest governmental agent in the world. I can give credit to any one, by letting him have something for a long or short time, and depending on that person to return the thing at the expiration of the time. But I have no occasion to borrow any food, clothing, shelter or money. I have now on hand more than I can consume of food, clothing or shelter and I can make all the money I need. What my people require at present is more law-made-purchasing-power and I am the man who can make any kind of a dollar my people need. I am going to create a good supply of dollars, so that producing, manufacturing and exchanging can be conducted on a cash basis and a large scale; but I shall not create enough dollars to start people into a frenzy of speculation. Go back to your marble counters and safe deposit vaults. I am tired of the stuff you pay short-sighted editors to print. I want in circulation throughout this country only a paper dollar of invariable value which will require the same average quantity of labor to get it, at all times. I don't want in my country a dishonest dollar which cheats, either the debtor or creditor, by giving either more or less purchasing-power than the agreement between the debtor and creditor originally called for."

Paving-at-cost Wins Favor of Colorado City

At Least Ten Per Cent of Million-dollar Job Saved Through Co-operation

By JACK F. LAWSON

IN ONE of the richest sections of Iowa there lives a banker who temporarily has turned paving contractor as a result of a visit to the Pikes Peak region in the summer of 1922, when he became imbued with the possibilities of the Colorado Springs plan for laying pavement at actual cost. Returning home, the Iowa banker volunteered to pave his own Main Street, the work to be done on the same basis as in Colorado Springs. It was such a success that now he is deluged with requests from near-by towns to perform the same service for them, and for information concerning the plan.

Incidentally, the originator of the paving plan, the Colorado Springs and Interurban Railway Company, the local street car utility, is besought from all quarters of the United States for data on the million-dollar paving project it recently completed for Colorado Springs at actual cost.

The eastern portion of Platte avenue, which is part of the Pikes Peak Ocean - to - Ocean Highway, is now thickly dotted with new residences where one year ago vacant lots were in the majority. Pikes Peak, with its mantle of snow, mav be seen in the background.

Looking south toward Cheyenne Mountain on Cascade avenue, Colorado Springs, one of the four principal thoroughfares included in the million-dollar paving project put down at actual cost.

Four principal thoroughfares of Colorado Springs were paved by the street car company with a two-inch asphaltic concrete surface laid on a five-inch concrete base. The city engineer estimated the cost at $1,100,000. The lowest bid for the work made by the contractors was $869,000. The street car company agreed to do the work at cost and guaranteed the cost should not exceed $864,000; and it further agreed to do such extra work as the city might require at the same guaranteed unit prices which constituted this bid. The company actually completed the work at a cost of approximately $300,000 less than its maximum guaranty. It also was provided in the contract that the cost of the paving plant and equipment to the company should be considered as part of the work, and hence the $300,000 saving was made to include the cost of the plant and equipment, which was approximately $90,000.

How the company came to bid for the contract is now interesting reading for residents of communities which are planning new paving projects and which are trying to find a way to cut down the tremendous cost attached to the usual public improvement of this nature.

The street car company is owned by the Myron Stratton Home, the holding concern for the millions left by the will of the late Winfield Scott Stratton, who amassed a fortune in the Cripple Creek gold district in the early nineties. Under the terms of the will, the Stratton estate became the property of the Myron Stratton Home, a charitable institution organized in pursuance thereof, for the support of the "worthy poor" of Colorado.

In January, 1921, the city council of Colorado Springs called for bids for approximately 295,000 square yards of paving, which is equivalent to about twenty-seven miles of standard eighteen-foot roadway. After two futile attempts to obtain reasonable bids from the contractors, the contract was let to the street car company upon the actual cost basis mentioned.

Two considerations influenced the trustees of the Myron Stratton Home in submitting a proposal to the city. It is the largest taxpayer in the city and owns two and one-half miles of double-track car line, which is included in the paving project. The trustees were naturally interested in having the work done as economically as possible, and, as public-spirited citizens, they wanted the community to derive the advantages of more paved streets. They saw a chance to save both the city and their own treasury by taking over the paving contract.

After due deliberation, the Stratton estate trustees submitted a proposal to the city council whereby the street car company offered to do the paving at actual cost, the city to acquire title to the entire paving plant and equipment after the work was finished. The city also had the right to take over the contract at any time it saw fit and complete the work itself. To comply with provisions of the city code, which call for a formal bid on all public improvements, the street car company submitted a written proposal offering to perform the work for $5,000 less than the lowest bid received from any contractor or for a sum not to exceed $864,000.

Representatives of the Stratton estate estimated there was at least $100,000 profit in the bids submitted by the contractors to the city in the early part of 1921. Even with prices remaining at the 1920-21 levels there was at least a saving of this size in sight and the prediction was made that by taking advantage of an expected drop in prices of materials, substantial savings could be effected. This was realized during the succeeding months. Through the erection of a large central mixing plant the company was enabled to economize still further. It also saved a neat little sum for the city on the enormous freight bills, being exempt as an agent for the city from war taxes.

To obtain aggregates for the concrete base and for the surfacing material, the company erected a large rock-crushing and screening plant at Victor, Colorado, in the Cripple Creek gold mining district. From the dump of the famous Vindicator gold mine. more than 70.000 tons of ore rock was ground up and used in the paving, so Colorado Springs is literally paved with gold!

The company borrowed from the local banks the money necessary to finance the project, and the interest charged was included as a part of the "actual costs" of the paving.

Under the terms of the contract the city paid to the company each month a sum equal to ninety per cent of the engineer's estimate of the work done during the preceding month on the basis of the bid price. Within less than one year of date of the contract, the company paid off all of its loans made for the purchase of equipment, materials and operating expenses from the moneys received from the city on these monthly estimates. During the last three months of the work, the company notified the city that it did not need any more money with which to do the work, and hence the city was not required to pay the ninety per cent monthly estimates for those months.

Although the contract allowed two years for completion of the paving, the company finished the job in fifteen months. It also has won the gratitude of thousands of Colorado Springs taxpayers, who, in addition to benefiting substantially by the saving of $200,000 in the cost of the paving just completed, are now the owners of a well-equipped paving plant.

To carry it out to success, the plan requires an honesty of purpose behind it. There must be no suggestion of a profit or there will be instant suspicion of the motives underlying the bid for the contract. There also must be an organization. This may be effected through the hiring of an experienced paving superintendent, as was done in Colorado Springs.

The Personality of Baltimore

Concluded from page 7

"You wish to know something about Baltimore, I understand?" said the secretary, looking over my shoulder to size up the next caller.

I nodded.

"Here you are," he said with that brisk affable smile of the successful business man.

He handed me a package of typewritten cards, and at the same time led me into an inner office where I could look at them undisturbed. It was efficiency. Here was all Baltimore on fifty cards, and only ten seconds had been wasted on me. I succumb to the temptation to reproduce the first three cards verbatim:

"Card No. 1. A TRUE BALTIMOREAN is one who believes in his city—one who talks for his city—one who spends money in his city—one whose faith in his city is so strong that he will invest his money in his city's securities.

"Card No. 2. THE ARDENT BALTIMOREAN should familiarize himself with the big salients about his city, and he will then work, talk, and fight for it. He will then spend his money here, and invest here.

"Card No. 3. WHY BALTIMORE'S SUPERIORITY. Because she possesses more of the miscellaneous elements needed for a great business center than almost any other one of her rivals. If human energy and enterprise use these to the limit, Baltimore will hum."

And so on, in like tone, throughout the fifty cards. I learned among other things that Baltimore possessed the largest spice factory in the world, and that the annual value of the manufacture of tinware was $25,000,000. I have no quarrel with the facts, nor any wish to disparage the efforts of those who interest themselves in the promotion of the city's wealth, but the idea of staid old Baltimore, with her blocks of dignified mansions and Sunday-closing laws, suddenly becoming envious of New York and Philadelphia and the booming cities of the West, appeared to me in a somewhat ludicrous light. This was the North at work—"a million or bust by 1930."

The municipal administration has accomplished two unusual things—it has built a stadium and it maintains a symphony orchestra. Although as yet incompleted, the stadium was opened last December by a football game between the Army and Navy Corps, and plans have been formulated for several important intercollegiate contests this autumn. The true significance of the project goes much further than that by creating the possibility of staging pageants on an adequate scale, of holding athletic carnivals under the civic auspices, and of furnishing a seating capacity of fifty thousand for open-air musical festivals. Plans for an elaborate entrance have been approved which will make the stadium a really magnificent affair, and plans for a large municipal auditorium to be built near by are being discussed.

The deficit incurred by the symphony orchestra each season is met by an appropriation from the city's funds, and even with this burden the per capita expenditure of the municipal administration in Baltimore is the lowest of any of the first ten cities of the country. Baltimore has taken a long step forward in thus publicly encouraging the study and appreciation of music. Symphony orchestras in other cities must either charge prohibitive prices for the concerts or be dependent upon the generosity of interested patrons.

In so general a discussion as this, it is impossible to enumerate the minor points of interest. Baltimore is the seat of Johns Hopkins University, with its unsurpassed hospital and medical college, and of Goucher College for women; the grave of Edgar Allen Poe languishes in obscurity in the midst of the city; it is quite properly known as the "City of Monuments," although in many cases the fame of the subject has not been as enduring as the image; and its good harbor is now being enlarged and improved.

What is more interesting and significant than these details is the conversion of this once Southern city into a bustling Northern city. Little by little the old sandstone mansions will give way to apartment-houses, and factories will bring their thousands of aliens. Baltimore will then have achieved success, perhaps even in capital letters, and the million mark will have been passed. The price will be the loss of the quiet dignity and the atmosphere of knowing-how-to-take-one's-ease which she inherits from her Southern antecedents. And still more important, she will have lost even the vacillating personality which she possesses at present. Baltimore will not then hover uncertainly as she does now, for she will have purchased herself a place among the stereotyped cities of the North.

Shell Mounds of Maine Scenes of Indian Feasts

Banks of Damariscotta Piled High With Oyster Shells Centuries Ago

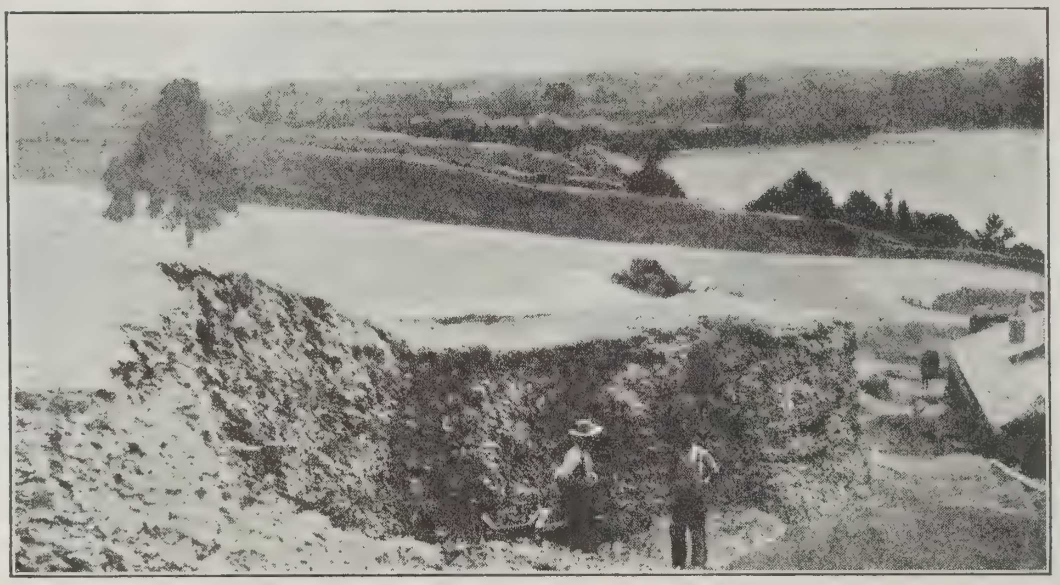
By JOHN D. ANDERSON

"Lamon, have you ever heard how the Patagonians eat oysters? They open them and throw the shells out of the window until the pile gets higher than the house, and then they move."—THE LAST STORY TOLD BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

POSSIBLY the great, mysteriously formed oyster shell mounds along the Damariscotta River, in Maine, originated in some such way as Carpenter declares Lincoln told Lamon the Patagonians disposed of the shells of these bivalves. Certain it is that there are giant piles of them here and some of these heaps are higher than houses. They were there long, long years, indeed centuries, before the British adventurers —Gosnold in 1602; Pring in 1603 and Waymouth in 1605—were exploring these shores. George Popham, who founded England's first New England colony at Phipsburg in 1607, was very likely the first white man to learn from the Indians of the existence of these mounds.

They lay close to the shores of the Damariscotta River. This is a short, broad tidal stream located almost midway between the Kennebec and the Penobscot. Inland fifteen miles or so from its mouth are the towns of Newcastle and Damariscotta.

It was near the mouth of this river in the pre-colonial days and as early as 1560 that fishing ships of England, Holland, France and Spain came in quest of "the Giant Cod of New England." Not a few of the masters of these vessels a little later on risked being frozen in for the long winters. From one of these ships in the early spring of 1622 the Pilgrims at Plymouth received succor. Learning of the presence there from those aboard the tender of the *Sparrow,* a vessel then anchored near Monhegan Island, that they might obtain food, a party went by order of Governor Bradford and headed by Winslow. They did obtain a supply of meal from the *Sparrow* and Winslow reported upon his return: "I found kind entertainment and good respect, with willingness to supply our wants so far as able—would not take any bills for same—did what they could freely."



The largest shell mound on the Damariscotta River.

About a mile beyond the town of Newcastle, Damariscotta, the river, takes a rather sharp bend to the westward, and a little upstream from this point a bay quite two miles long and half a mile wide is formed. The waters of a lake in the higher lands beyond here mingle with the ocean-sent waters of the river. It is along this section of the stream, both below and above the bend, that we find these oyster shell mounds—one much larger than any other in the world.

How did they get here? What is their history?

It is true, of course, that these are not the only known shell mounds, but as a group they comprise the largest number of beds and the largest group of any yet found. Denmark has a great number. There are others in British Columbia and in Japan, and likewise in Florida. Indeed there are many other shell beds in general in this part of Maine. Within ten miles of Bar Harbor there are at least fifty. An expedition of the archeology department of Phillips Academy in 1913 located large numbers near the sites of prehistoric Indian villages. By all means the largest shell heap in Maine outside of the Damariscotta region is on Boynton Point in the town of La Moine. It has been estimated that there are at least 7,000,000 clam shells in that pile. But let it be noted that the mounds along the Damariscotta are composed almost entirely of oyster shells.

Investigation has proved that none of these mounds are natural mounds. *Every shell was brought there and from a distance.* The largest mound forms a bluff along the river no less than four hundred feet in length and in places it is approximately thirty feet in height. An impression from a casual observing in sailing along the river would be that one had come upon a large riverbank sand dune.

That these mounds had their inception centuries upon centuries ago is not to be questioned. While here and there the surface shells retain even to this day their original form as they remain in the piles, a little air—the blowing of the breath upon a shell taken in hand—and lo! it becomes but white dust scattered to the four winds. Shells underneath are quite well preserved but brittle.

Many scientists have made examination of these mounds. All such are agreed that they are the remains of savage feasts and began perhaps a thousand or more years ago. In 1858 or 1859 Professor Chadbourne, of Bowdoin College, examined these shell heaps. He was the first to give them the serious attention and the thought which they well deserve. He located near by many other smaller mounds besides the giant one already mentioned. Among the shells he found the bones of birds and of beavers, and he likewise found, and seems to have been the first to make the discovery, that not all of the shells, although a vast majority, were of the oyster. Both clam and quahaug shells are to be found here, but not in any considerable numbers.

Despite the present great extent of these mounds, it is believed that they are much reduced, and that those close to the banks are very likely not more than one-half their original size. This has been due to the river's erosion.

The most logical theory as to the origin of these mounds is that they were the Indian feasting grounds. This idea is given color by the fact that arrowheads, pieces of Indian pottery, and the like, are found imbedded. No object of European manufacture has ever been discovered here.

Thus far the most thorough research given them was at the hands of the late Professor F. W. Putnam, of Peabody Museum, Cambridge. He had the assistance of Edward S. Morse and Jefferies Wyman, and their examinations were indeed exhaustive.

As one result it was found that there had been no fewer than three distinct periods consumed in their construction. This means, in other words, that there had likewise been long periods of abandonment.

Scattered through the mounds were found many evidences of their Indian origin. From a complete examination it was discovered that the bones of nearly every animal native to this Maine region had been placed here. The list included wild cat, bear, seal, mink, skunk, rabbit, deer, caribou, wolf, lynx, raccoon, otter and panther. Six more or less complete skeletons of human beings were likewise found. Some were buried with relics beside them, beads of copper and broken pottery. The skulls were broader than those of the ordinary Indian. There is some evidence, too, that those who formed these shell heaps here were cannibals.

Seventy-five Years of Joining Hearts and Hands

Concluded from page 3

Negroes had been hunted down all over the city, and when found, were shot, stoned or mercilessly beaten.

One evening several of them who had been pursued by a mob came running through Twenty-ninth street, and seeing the church door open, sought refuge there. The door had scarcely been closed when the mob reached it and began to pound upon it and demand admittance. With rare courage, Dr. Houghton threw open the door and, with his gold cross, which he always wore, held high above his head, demanded, in the name of God, that the mob disperse.

For an instant the men surged forward threatening to force an entrance. But the wiser spirit prevailed, perhaps because of admiration for the heroic figure in the doorway, and at last the mob dispersed and slunk away, leaving Dr. Houghton victor.

Dr. Houghton was always on the alert to be of service to those who needed help. In days of business depression and unemployment, he established a bread line at the church where any one needing it might receive a loaf of bread without charge. Soup kitchens were also maintained, and free clinics for those in need of medical attention but who were too poor to pay for it.

After the incident which gave the church its popular name, it became in fact an actors' church. Whenever a theatrical company came to play in New York, its members would go to the "Little Church Around the Corner." After a time, a Sunday school for the children of actors was established, in which Dr. Houghton delighted. Actors were married in the church, their children baptized there, and when the last curtain call came the burial service was read over them before the chancel.

The church soon became a popular place for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Not only were actors married there, but persons from all over the United States and from many foreign countries, chose the "Little Church Around the Corner" as the place where they should become united in wedlock. For many years more than one hundred couples a month have been married there by the rectors.

The late Dr. Houghton was the most sympathetic of men in his wish to start young couples on a life of happiness. After he had performed the ceremony he would invariably put his hand on the shoulder of the bridegroom and say to him, earnestly, "Be kind to her, my boy," and to the bride, "You must take good care of him."

Both of the rectors considered that marriage was a sacrament, a holy thing, not to be regarded lightly, and both were strictly observant of the rules of their church. They would marry no person who had not been baptized, nor a divorced person, nor a girl under age without the consent of her parents.

Many a time has a runaway couple been persuaded to return home and think it over, and counseled not to act hastily in such a momentous matter.

The "Little Church Around the Corner" is daily the mecca of many visitors, but only a small percentage of them can be classed as sightseers. The others are men and women, from every walk of life, and from every state in the Union and distant lands, who were married within the church walls, and who have returned on a loving pilgrimage to the scene of the plighting of their troth.

Some of them are childless; many with children in arms, and others by their sides; here and there a lone figure, perhaps, in mourning garb, whose life partner has been called away, but all delight to come once more to the spot which holds for them such sacred memories.

Perhaps the most dramatic incident that ever occurred at the "Little Church Around the Corner," was at the funeral of O. Henry, that writer of stories in which tears mingled intermittently with laughter, and who was himself one of the persons whose lives he sought to portray.

The funeral had been set for eleven o'clock, but through some mistake a wedding was scheduled to occur the same hour. The wedding party was to meet at the Holland House, and because of the gayety was late in arriving at the church, and the funeral cortége of O. Henry reached there first.

In consternation, those in charge of the wedding rushed to the hotel, and that there might be no shadow cast over the wedding day, told the bride-to-be that another girl had got ahead of her, and that she would have to wait until noon before the ceremony could be performed. The ruse worked, and at twelve o'clock the wedding party entered the church that had so lately been the scene of the great writer's funeral. It was not until the next day that the bride discovered that the service for O. Henry had taken precedence.

The new rector of the Church of the Transfiguration is the Rev. Dr. J. H. Randolph Ray, who comes there with a blessed heritage of memories of the performance of deeds well done, and a host of traditions which he undoubtedly will strive to uphold.

After seventy-five years, during which time many other churches in the metropolis have risen and passed away, the "Little Church Around the Corner" still stands, hemmed in by structures devoted to commerce and industry; flanked by theaters and motion picture houses where nightly thousands seek diversion and excitement after the cares of the day, and looked down upon by great hotels who daily house the population of a small city.

It stands for God, and home, and native land; for the perpetuation of a Christianity that is broader than any creed, wider than the limits of theology, and higher than the walls of doctrine; a place where crushed and bleeding humanity may find a refuge, and a hand extended to aid in time of need.

Thousands, who have been helped and comforted by the efforts of the two rectors now gone to their reward, today gladly join in the words of Joseph Jefferson, uttered that day so long ago:

"God bless the 'Little Church Around the Corner.'"

Black Walnut Offers Profitable Returns

Planted on Waste Overflow Acres, Would Yield Generous Crops

By H. R. MOSNAT

TO ADD a new commonwealth of fertile, profitable land, half the size of Illinois or Iowa, to the heart of the United States, would cause no end of interest and attention and would be worth two or three billion dollars.

Billions of dollars have been spent for irrigation in the West, and more billions for drainage in the United States, but no money has been spent to add fifteen or eighteen million acres of rich, fertile land to the Central West. This new state requires no irrigation work or dikes. It is the richest sort of land and near the masses of population. If it were all in one body it would have been discovered long ago.

But as yet it is an undiscovered country in the heart of our richest agricultural section, and so there are a score of million acres.

Black walnut trees, planted for commercial returns, would net the returns stated on the lands indicated.

Practical application of what is now being done and what can be done in horticulture is the answer to how to add so important and rich a domain; one that can easily produce crops to the value of $100 an acre and upward annually for 100 to 150 years to come.

What has been done is important, but this progress is only a hint of what can be done if a small amount of support and material encouragement is available, to do what can be accomplished with just a few thousand dollars.

Even throughout the rich Corn Belt, there are millions of acres of lands subject to floods and so of little value, because they cannot be cultivated. Illinois has about a million and a half acres of overflow land, Iowa about the same and Missouri and Indiana likewise. Ohio has more. Surrounding states will average about as much such land.

The great Corn Belt extends from Ohio to Eastern Kansas and Nebraska, and from Southern Minnesota to Central Missouri. This is almost the same as the primary commercial black walnut area. The latter does not extend as far north, especially in Iowa, but it more than makes this up by a southern lobe or extension clear across Missouri and another across Kentucky and into Central Tennessee. In this section there are about ten million acres of overflow lands.

Above—Roadside walnut trees.
Below—A train load of mixed walnut logs.

The secondary commercial black walnut area surrounds the primary on all sides. Walnut has been logged commercially in Southern Minnesota.

The black walnut has been called Liberty tree, because of its unique value. It grows wild, or once did, all over North Central United States, and has been planted in every other state in the Union. It should be our national tree.

Black walnut is the most valuable tree in the United States. Although it grows on higher lands, it flourishes on moist overflow areas, which are often very fertile silt, but cannot be cultivated because subject to floods.

The primary and secondary black walnut areas include probably about twenty-five million acres of such land. Much of this land is the natural home of the black walnut, which does not mind an occasional flood. So by planting to black walnuts, many millions of acres can be reclaimed and reforested.

Unless we intend to let our country become a desert, trees must now be planted to replace our vanished forests. If trees must be planted, why not plant the most valuable tree first? In North Central United States, at least, the most valuable tree is the black walnut.

If it must be planted, why not plant the best there is? There are named sorts of black walnuts now selected for size, quality, easy cracking, bearing qualities, and so on. These sorts are propagated the same as varieties of apples, cherries or any other fruit.

No one thinks of planting a seedling apple, pear or plum tree, unless trying to originate a new variety, because no one can tell what kind of fruit such a seedling fruit tree will produce or when.

This is just as true of nut trees, including hardy nut trees.

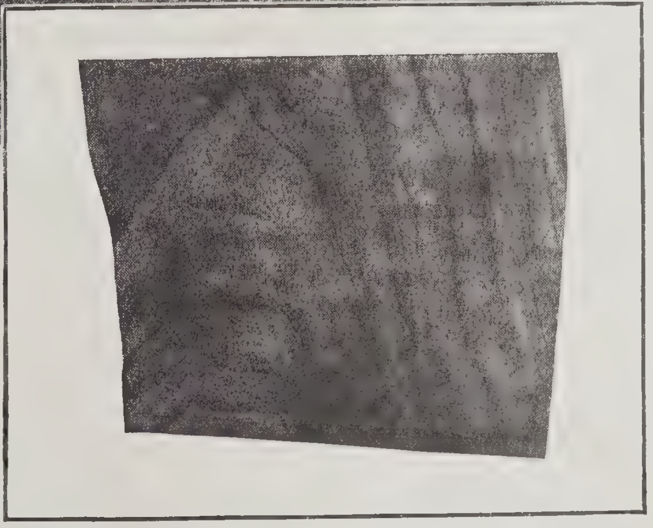
Growers of Thomas black walnuts, for instance, are now receiving $1.35 a pound for the meats. Wild black walnuts bring seven cents a pound in the shell. One bushel of nuts of named sorts of black walnuts will crack out about ten pounds of meats or kernels. That is at the rate of about $13.50 a bushel. A machine has been perfected which cracks black walnuts by power, producing seventy-five to ninety per cent half kernels.

Pecans and English walnuts are more and more being marketed in the form of meats. That is the way the large consumers such as confectioners and bakers want them. Cracking has been the greatest obstacle to the development of black walnuts.

With black walnuts there are valuable by-products. The husk is used for tanning material, stain, hair dye, and so forth. The shells make good fuel of which the ash is valuable. Or the shells can be made into the best charcoal for gas-masks.

But good as are the present named sorts of black walnuts now being propagated in a limited way, these are only selected wild nuts. They have been selected, but nature guards her varieties very carefully, and her idea of a good nut is not at all what man wants or considers a good nut for his use. Nature wants a thick, hard shell, difficult to break, to protect the seed of a new tree. Man wants a large kernel, shell easy to crack, color, quality, regular bearing.

New varieties much better than any now known can be produced by crossing species rather than varieties. The walnut family includes walnut, butternut, hickory and pignut.



Sheef of plain walnut veneer straight sliced or cut by rotary stay log process from the required side.

Grafted black walnut trees have borne seven nuts when planted only seventeen months. Propagated trees, including nut trees, bear much younger and grow much faster than seedling trees. Propagated trees often grow twice as fast as seedlings.

For bearing nuts, black walnuts are set forty feet apart, and probably fifty feet would be still better to give large, rounded tops. The trunks grow short and thick. At forty feet apart, planted diagonally, there are twenty trees to the acre. Propagated nut trees are expensive to produce, and cost more than fruit trees, but they live much longer, fewer are needed to the acre, and they require no spraying and very little pruning, and nuts do not spoil or rot like fruit. So really, nut trees are cheaper, by the acre.

A man living in East Central Iowa writes:

"Black walnut is becoming a hobby with me and I am advising young men to plant them on a commercial scale, plant them on their best land and go after the proposition on a business scale. There is no crop to which our best land can be devoted that will pay a better return for the investment."

If this is true of the best land, what about the overflow twenty-five million acres in the Central West now of small value, but where the walnut grows wild, or once did?

During the last five years the imports of edible nuts into the United States have averaged more than $47,000,000 a year. The English walnut crop of California is worth about $4,000,000 a year. Approximately $60,000,000 is invested in that industry there. The income is $100 to $300 an acre a year. The number of bearing trees has grown about ten times in the last dozen years, and it is one industry of that state that is in no danger of being overdone.

The pecan industry of the South has gone forward at least as rapidly, and named, propagated varieties were the means of that advance.

The main use, by far, for black walnuts, has always been its valuable wood, and still is. There are about 1,000 sawmills that cut black walnut, usually sawing other wood, too. The annual cut is now about sixty million board feet. In 1875 the cut was at the high tide of 125 million board feet. In 1918 approximately 100 million board feet was sawed.

On account of young trees being killed out by stock and hogs eating the nuts, black walnut is no longer reseeding. Practically no small trees are found. There are small trees a few inches in diameter, but very few smaller trees. Experts claim that the existing supply will last only twenty to thirty years, at the present rate of cut. At present about eighty-five per cent of walnut furniture is American black walnut, which is popular and expensive. A figured or "curly" grain black walnut tree is used for veneers for panels, furniture and cabinetwork. Logs of figured black walnut have realized as much as $1,200 each to the tree owner. One such tree sold wood to the amount of $3,500.

A method has been discovered by which this valuable figured black walnut can be propagated the same as a fruit tree. This is the first time that a tree has been propagated for the valuable wood instead of for the fruit or foliage. The variety has been named the Glory Figured Walnut.

When planted for timber, black walnut should be set close to make long, straight trunks. Probably a good distance is ten feet each way. In triangular planting this totals 502 trees an acre.

Authorities state that under favorable conditions black walnuts will grow as much as one inch in diameter of trunk a year. This is for seedling trees. Propagated trees will do better.

Black walnuts appreciate care, and should have attention for at least three years after planting, or until they are well established. After that they require very little attention, and at no time do they need the work that must be given to fruit trees if success with them is desired.

If an acre of hardy nut trees is worth $2,000 at the end of ten years, it will be worth eight times as much when twenty years old. It's a great deal better than a twenty-year endowment policy; the first "premium" is practically the last, and life insurance is one of the most valuable things in the world.

No one should delay planting black walnuts of the varieties now to be had. If much better sorts appear later on, trees planted now can be top-worked to the better kinds which the future will produce.

Some work along this line of producing hybridized hardy nuts has been done, but only in a very limited way because of lack of money with which to carry it on.

Thousands of dollars are being spent and have been spent for such things as to measure the heat of the sun, so that, in 1,000 years from now, a comparison can be made to show if the sun's heat is growing less. It is, of course, very scientific and interesting, but rather remote.

"Nitrogen, fats and starch can be produced to a greater amount an acre by nuts than in any other way. In these crops America has taken the lead. Lack of food is a cause for war that is readily removable by intensive agriculture," says Dr. Robert T. Morris, inventor of the modern appendicitis operation and whose avocation is experiments with hardy nut trees.

Vast sums of money are spent for many other things included in the old rhyme as

> "Not calculated to make one elated,
> Or to fill up the pocketbook—much."

A few thousand dollars for experiments in hybridizing hardy nut trees may bring forth some Mid-West Burbank whose work can immensely increase our food supply and that of our children and children's children of food of the most valuable kind. Many generations can eat nuts from the same trees, because they will bear for perhaps 150 years.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The world's fastest freight train will carry summer vacationists' automobiles between Albany and Chicago on a 42-hour schedule by the New York Central Railroad. It is expected a similar service will be inaugurated between Chicago and Denver soon.

Blowing red-hot rivets through a hose of metal is replacing the old "rivet tosser" and the boy with the "catching-can" as a means of transportation. The new apparatus is known as the "Penflex Rivet Gun" and consists of a galvanized metal tank with a connection welded to the side for the air-supply line. The discharge valve is opened by a movement of a steel rod attached to the treadle. A metal receiver with a buffer block is at the discharge end of the conveyor tube. This prevents the plastic rivet from being deformed when suddenly arrested upon reaching the end of its run.

The proprietor of a number of hotels in New York and other cities announces that he will have chapels for meditation and prayer constructed in all his hostelries. From time to time special services will be held in the chapels, but the principal purpose is to provide a place where the guests may go for quiet worship at any hour.

A Hamburg capitalist lent 10,000 marks to a baker on a mortgage several years ago. Recently the baker paid off the loan with a seven-cent cake.

Vegetable oils can be converted into gaseous and liquid hydrocarbons by subjecting the former to catalytic processes. This forms a good motor fuel with a very agreeable odor.

The master of the salt water steamship *Agga*, from Bergen, Norway, refused to accept the aid of tugs to pull his vessel off a sandbar in the harbor of Superior, Wisconsin, where she had grounded. He preferred to wait for the tide and was surprised when it did not come in.

Northwestern University has determined that class rushes in the future shall not be held among the student body.

In Brittany the family cow actually "commutes" across canals in flat-bottomed boats, morning and night, to and from the most favorable of grazing grounds.

The "zero milestone" stands just south of the White House, in Washington, on the ellipse of Potomac Park. From this milestone is measured the distance along the national highways of the United States. The stone is of white marble, and on top is a bronze sundial.

The Paris catacombs are again becoming one of the show-places of the city. The great labyrinth corridors cut from stone hold the skeletons of more than 3,000,000 persons who have died in Paris during several centuries.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Along Little Sulphur Creek, near Healdsburg, California, north of San Francisco, the ground is pock-marked for 10 miles with geyser holes. A company has dug two wells each 220 feet deep. Deeper than this their drills refused to go. An eight-inch casing was sunk in each hole to bring up the steam generated, and this was forced through 3/4-inch pipe into a steam turbine. The pressure of the steam on the 3/4-inch pipe aggregates 70 pounds to the square inch. With a five-inch vent, the pressure aggregates 30 pounds. The turbine through which the steam from the two wells is forced generates 1,500 kilowatts. An extensive power development project is being planned.

One divorce is granted in the United States every four minutes. In the last ten years the divorce rate for America has nearly doubled.

At Washington there is a "Little Cabinet" composed of the under-secretaries of the various departments of the Government. Officially it has no power and its function is to co-ordinate the departments so that they may work as a team instead of separately or antagonistically. It includes such men as Dwight W. Davis, Assistant Secretary of War; Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; James M. Beck, Solicitor General and A. T. Seymour, Acting Attorney-General.

High wages offered in industry is principally assigned for the steadily increasing percentage of desertions from the United States Navy. It is said that 40 members of the U. S. S. *Maryland* were missing when she left Brooklyn for her last Southern cruise. Twenty of the crew of the cruiser *Denver* failed to show up when she recently cleared from Boston for New Orleans.

A new committee, representing all classes of women, has been established in Holland to mobilize public opinion in favor of universal peace.

The Old Slave Tree in Cape Town, South Africa, is a most historic landmark, as it was there before the days of Jan van Riebeek. In the old days to this tree slaves were brought, and placed on tables for exhibition and sale. Slavery was abolished in 1838. The tree has been cut down and a brass plate giving an outline of the tree's history affixed to the stump.

A building stone for interior purposes is made from the pulp recovered from the extraction of oil from the castor bean.

Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the judge who presided over the famous Dreyfus case in France nearly a generation ago, is now an inmate of a poorhouse. He resigned from the judgeship in 1899 when a movement was started to reverse his Dreyfus decisions. By so doing he lost all claim to the government pension. Members of the Paris bar are raising a subscription fund to aid him. He is a commander of the Legion of Honor.

The largest hydroelectric power station in Finland is well under way. The total head will be utilized in four steps. When the plan is fully realized there will be available a yield of 392,000 turbine horsepower, with a possibility of increasing this to 680.000 horsepower through controlling the water level of the Salma lakes.

Eels found in rivers and creeks of the United States are hatched from eggs laid near Bermuda in the southern part of the North Atlantic Ocean.

Filling stations for fountain pens are in use on the campus of the University of Chicago. A penny in the slot operates the machine. The dropping of the coin and the turning of the handle releases ink from the reservoir, and the fluid runs into the right-hand well where it can be sucked directly into the pen or by means of the dropper provided.

In April, 1916, Congress granted a thirty-day vacation with pay to every employe, both shop and office, of the arsenals of the United States Government who had served twelve consecutive months, and this has become the standard vacation for all government employes.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Fur Ring, Linked With U. S., Threatens All Seals

A Visit to the Home of Fabre

—

Beautiful, Historical Concord

—

Present Money System a Trick

—

Pinchot Politics in Prison

It's Been a Great Summer for the Junketeers

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Fur Ring, Linked With U.S., Threatens All Seals

International Exploiters' Record of Deals Discloses Much Politics

THE driving of the money changers from the temple was no more justifiable than is the present-day demand of loyal American citizens in and out of Congress that once and for all the ring of international Jews who are exercising an unseemly control of the government's Alaska fur-seal business and are finding ways and means of dominating a spineless Department of Commerce to a greater extent than did the former Jewish exploiters, the Liebes of San Francisco, be knocked into the proverbial cocked hat.

The payment of $81,723.85 fees to the St. Louis law firm of Spencer and Donnell, of which the partners are United States Senator Selden P. Spencer and Forrest C. Donnell, by the Fouke fur concerns of St. Louis, a part of the international fur syndicate of the associated Eitington-Schild Company and Moscow Fur Trading Company, of New York, and Chita and Vladivostok, Siberia (no house in European Russia being advertised); Mukden and Urga, Mongolia; London and Paris; Harbin and Tientsin, China; Meshed, Persia; Bombay and Constantinople and elsewhere during the eighteen months when the onslaughts of patriotic citizens were threatening the hold of this crowd on the Federal government, and Senator Spencer was doing yeoman work for his firm's client, suggests that these gentry believe in direct action in St. Louis as well as others do in Moscow.

The disgraceful results of the government permitting this group with Siberian, Chinese, Turkish and better or worse interests to retain the exclusive control of the Alaska fur-seal trade business of the government were disclosed at the recent hearings before the Senate Commerce Committee of which Senator Wesley L. Jones, of Washington, is the chairman.

The basis for this investigation was laid by Henry W. Elliott, of Cleveland, the world-famous authority upon the Alaska fur-seal, and the startling information wrung from the reluctant Department of Commerce by the combined efforts of Senators Hitchcock and Knute Nelson, the Old Viking, who bowled the protesting Spencer over. For the first time Congress and the public learned the text of these seven-year-old contracts with Fouke and the sad results.

A Failure and a Scandal

THE Alaska fur-seal business has been a government failure and scandal ever since the contracts were leased to the Liebes in 1890 for a twenty-year term. The Liebes were wise enough to let several influential persons in on the contract and thenceforth Elihu Root, the corporation lawyer, exerted himself on their behalf while he was a Senator and Secretary of State. Although the government ostensibly policed the operations, it is easy to see how a firm that possessed such friends in Washington would flout the government. Senator Nelson on a surprise visit to the islands caught the government agent winking at the killing of females. The herds, which had numbered 4,720,000, had dwindled to but 132,000 when Senators Dixon, Nelson and Hitchcock, the Campfire Club of America, Henry W. Elliott and others ended their contract despite Elihu Root's efforts on behalf of the concessionaire.

These fine citizens "had the devil's own time" getting rid of Liebes and obtaining the present seal protection treaty and the law of 1912, to quote the vigorous words of Senator Nelson.

The treaty with England, Japan and Russia established a patrol of the waters against pelagic sealing and poaching and put the entire control of sealing on the Pribiloff Islands in the hands of the United States. England and Canada insisted that the private contractor must be eliminated and the government do the work. The Jews and the department have made a scrap of paper of this intent of a solemn treaty.

The law of 1912 suspended commercial killing for five years to permit the herds to recuperate from the devastation of Liebes which included the killing of 128,470 pups. At the end of this term the Secretary of Commerce was to handle the killing and marketing. While a copyist left out a proviso that no seal under two years of age was to be killed, the department and everyone else knows of this intent, which has been studiously evaded.

The law also made it mandatory for five thousand of the finest and most perfect three-year-old male seals to be reserved each year after the end of the closed season for breeding purposes. The department has disloyally failed to do this—the contractor benefits.

The Alaska fur-seals are killed and skinned at the government stations in the Pribiloff Islands in the Bering Sea. Only male seals should be killed and the minimum age should be two years. After the male seal is five years old he grows a mane or "wig" which ruins the skin for commercial purposes. The islands' area is a closed Federal reservation. Only the native helpers, the fifteen government employes and a like number of men, whom the contractor has got on the island in violation of the spirit of the treaty, live there.

The Congressmen, the Campfire Club, Elliott and others who overcame Liebes and Root and Nagel and obtained the new arrangement, assumed the Department of Commerce would sell the sealskins it took in the raw salted condition and at auction in accordance with trade practices that had prevailed since 1826. The fact that the department did this during the interregnum of 1910 and 1911 when the Liebes were out and Congress was marking time gave these men a right to assume such.

But it seems as if you can't keep the Jews from controlling the government fur business. Philip B. Fouke succeeded in getting the fatuous Secretary Redfield, the Jonah of the Cabinet, and Assistant Secretary Sweet to make a contract, whose terms were kept secret for seven years, to dress and dye the government's skins and sell them at auction for the account of the government. He was to be paid by the piece for processing the skins and also a commission for selling them. This was unprecedented in the history of the fur business of the world.

Redfield and Sweet were persuaded that they were establishing a great industry in America. As a matter of fact, the arrangement has given Fouke and international syndicate a prestige worth millions of dollars in their efforts to dominate the fur business of the world, and the government has made a mess of things.

C. A. Freeman, nephew of Secretary Sweet and a clerk in the census office at Washington, was appointed auditor and statistician of the Fouke's concern.

In July, 1917, a supplemental contract, setting up the price of the work, was made.

The real joker in this new contract was a provision enabling the contractor to send his crews up to the islands to do the very things the government was supposed to do. The government gives these men free transportation to and from the islands and free board and lodging at the islands. This is just what the critics of the Liebes era planned to avoid by making the government do the job itself.

The percentage of cut and scarred skins increased from ten per cent and less to more than thirty-seven per cent after these men were sent up there. The government and not the contractors suffers the loss in value. Moreover the men on the islands are not going to oppose the foreman of the contractor whose political influence is known.

On June 20, 1919, the basis for the "wig" deal was made in providing, for skins forty-nine to fifty-five inches inclusive, a charge of $19 for dressing and dyeing and $20 for all more than fifty-five inches, when dressed and dyed, instead of the regular charge of $10 each. During the five-year closed season thousands of "wigs" or old bulls were developed, since any male seal that passes five years grows the mane which ruins the value of the skin.

The incompetency of the commissioner of fisheries is evidenced in the fact that he was induced to supplant the ninety-nine-year-old classification of raw salted skins in world-wide use by a new schedule based on the dressed size. Since a dressed skin can be stretched from two to twelve or more inches longer than the raw salted one, depending on the workman and the size of the raw skin, it will be seen that if the lengths of the standard salted hides are using for classifying these dressed skins, a good-sized regular skin can be classed as a wig and a $20 dressing fee obtained instead of the regular $10 charge, and the skins of yearling pups can be stretched long enough to qualify as three-year-olds. This is just what happened.

The taking of pups was bolstered up by the commissioner accepting as the raw size of three-year-old skins, the classification by a Fouke employe of a certain lot of runt survivors of some three-year-olds that had been branded on the top of the head with a red-hot iron when newly born. This test lot was branded by the agent who let the Liebes kill female seals. One of the government men who helped do this branding had certified some time before that it would kill pups and seriously if not fatally injure three-year-olds. Just imagine the result of branding any newly born animal on the top of the brain pan with a red-hot iron! Foukes foisted this runt report on the government as normal sizes and the Jewish organ of the fur trade proclaimed it a refutation of the truthful report of their friends the Liebes killing of 128,470 puppies.

Herodizing the Pups

DURING the first part of the contract few real wigs were taken; but the skins of the fine large regular seals were lengthened until the double dressing charge was paid and they were sold as wigs, obtaining the highest prices. Their size and quality were apparent TO BUYERS regardless of their NEW names.

The commissioner of fisheries solemnly announced the contractor had devised a way of converting skins that had been regarded for a hundred years as almost worthless into a condition that enabled them to top the market! Fouke modestly took credit for this achievement and the Jew fur press exuded praise.

Then the real wigs were marketed at fire-sale prices, failing in many cases to pay the $20 dressing cost and no more was heard of the wonderful wig processing. The last contract doesn't mention wigs since the job of getting $20 each for handling the accumulated wigs was concluded.

However, the last sale of May 28, 1923, shows they are Herodizing the pups through the agency of the new schedule and that test of skull-branded runt seals which makes them three-year-olds! Out of 18,118 skins sold at this auction, 10,222 would, under the standard and proper classification, have been termed "middling pups; small two-year-olds and well-grown yearlings." If these 10,222 had been permitted to live a year longer their skins would have been worth about $45 each instead of the sale price of $30. The government lost $153,000 thereby and the contractor lost nothing. The Liebes can proudly say that while their contract was buried their business souls go marching on.

The Rice Brothers Company, of London, the originators of the standard sealskin dye of the world, which Fouke in his contract undertook to use in his "American" plant, found Fouke had hired some of their experts and brought them over here (a violation of the contract labor laws) to use Rice's proprietary dyes and processes. Rice sued Fouke in the Federal Court and won his case. Thereupon experts were sent out from the United States Bureau of Standards to see about a substitute for the Rice process, which the contract demanded. They returned and made the announcement that a new formula as good as Rice's had been evolved. An independent fur man who went to the Bureau of Standards for the formula was referred to Senator Spencer.

The great value of the exclusive government contract to the Moscow Fur Trading Company—Eitington-Schild Company group is the outstanding prestige it gives them in the fur trade the world over. They advertise to trappers and other producers of furs and business men in general that the Fouke Fur Company is Uncle Sam's exclusive partner. It makes the double charges for wigs and puppy slaughtering seem like small change by comparison. Here is proof!

After obtaining the first contract Fouke consolidated his concern with the F. C. Taylor Fur Company under the new name of the National Fur Exchange, which went well with his exclusive government contract. When he failed in February, 1921, in a falling market, he had fifty million dollars' worth of skins on his hands.

Although Fouke failed upon the eve of the administration going out, he and Forrest C. Donnell, of counsel, who is also secretary of his concern, went down to Washington and got the then Secretary of Commerce, Joshua W. Alexander, who is also a Missouri lawyer, to transfer the contract to Fouke's new company for a ten-year term. No bond for the performance of the contract was required.

The new contract carried an increased rate for dressing the regular sealskins. Fouke denied before Senator Jones' committee that the new contract enabled him to make up for his alleged losses in the past. He made a statement in St. Louis to the effect that Secretary Alexander believed it no more than fair that a price should be granted that would permit the company to recoup its losses or at least make it reasonably profitable to do business with the government. No opportunity was given any one else to bid for the contract.

To impress the government and the public with his strength subsequent to his liquidation, Fouke came out and admitted his alliance with the crowd that is said to be bent on controlling the fur business of the world.

Returns Are Scanty

THE financial returns to the government of the contract have been pitiful, regardless of the bombastic and misleading utterances of the Department of Commerce. The sale by the government at auction of 12,920 raw salted skins under legitimate arrangements in 1911, a normal year, netted the government more than $280,000 after making comparative allowances. It required the sale of 35,313 skins at the October, 1922, and May, 1923 auctions, both normal periods, to net the government $260,000 under the present contract, this being the amount left for the government after the contractor's charges and kindred items had been deducted from the gross sales of $1,106,000, according to Mr. Elliott's tabulation of the government's reports of the sales.

When Senator Hitchcock introduced his resolution April 20, 1922, demanding the facts about the terms of the contract and the results of it, the resolution was referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which Senator Knute Nelson was chairman. Senator Nelson knew all the details of the Liebes era and was a leader in the effort to get rid of them, and he naturally wanted to know all about the Fouke contract.

Senator Spencer went to Senator Nelson and asked him to delay his committee's report on the resolution until he could get the former Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Nagel, who had always sided with Liebes, Root and Fouke, to explain why a report giving the text of the contracts and results of their operation should not be made public. The Old Viking paid no attention to Spencer, and reported the resolution immediately and favorably.

After examining the amazing contents of the report on his resolution containing the contracts and their results, Senator Hitchcock made a stirring denunciation of the affair on the floor of the Senate since seal protection was a personal concern of his although it meant neither votes nor retainers. It is said that Hitchcock's speech spread consternation in the Jewish fur trade interested in the Fouke bankruptcy being profitably liquidated.

Senator and Attorney Spencer attempted to debate the subject with Senator Hitchcock, and Senator Jones arose and said he was going to mobilize his committee to investigate the affair.

When the Committee on Commerce held its first hearing, Senator Spencer brought "Colonel" Fouke up to the committee room and introduced him to every one. However, Spencer was not present at the hearings when things became warm. Spencer was in constant touch with the Department of Commerce and its Bureau of Fisheries as the functionaries knew quite well. He spread assurances with a balmy air. Mr. Elliott says Spencer slurred him by referring to him as a trouble maker, an object of pity, and like terms, in spite of Elliott having the respect and confidence of the scientific world and some of the biggest men in Congress.

An enlightening example of Senator Spencer's relations with Colonel Fouke is contained in the following effusive utterance of the *Fur Trade Review*, of October, 1921:

"The best news that the fur industry has had for some time past was the announcement from Washington that on October 12 the Senate Finance Committee had

(Concluded on page 15)

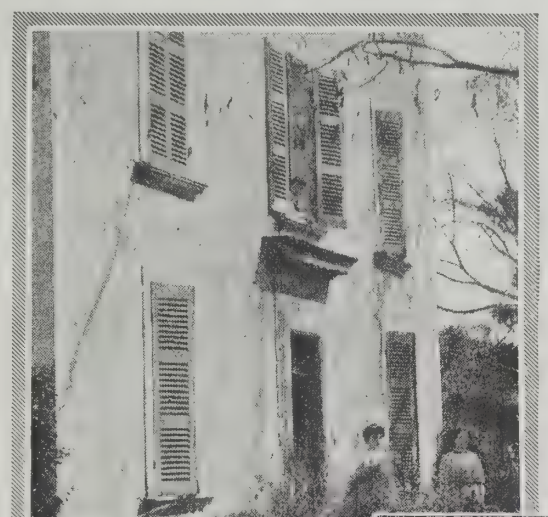
A Day's Visit to the Home of Henri Fabre

Name of Great French Scholar in Obscurity 'till Twilight of Life

By ANDREE PRATOUCY

"BAD day to go a-traveling, Mademoiselle! The mistral is rather 'on its teeth' I fear. Won't be surprised if we wake up amid vineyards or on the pebbles of the Aygues River, the two of us—and the bus on top!"

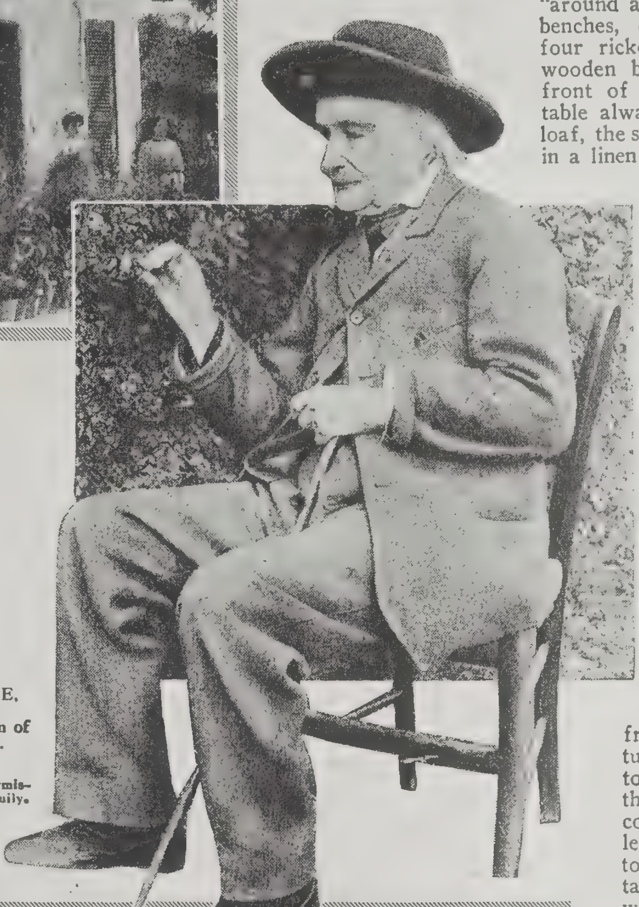
With this encouragement we started—the driver, the bus and I—from Orange, Vaucluse, to Sérignan, the far-off, carefully hidden hermitage where Jean Henri Fabre, "one of the most profound and inventive scholars, one of the purest writers, one of the finest poets of the century," the Insect's Homer, had lived, toiled and died, poor, ignored and disregarded, with the sole help of his family, the sole company of the infinitely small creatures he had made it his goal to explain, understand and love.



The home of Jean Henri Fabre.

We passed the mighty ruins of the Roman Amphitheater, of the Augustus Imperator Arch of Triumph and left Orange by a highway Caesar's soldiers had built at the time the sunny Provence was but a suburb of Rome. A bright Sunday morning perfumed with lavender and thyme, a concert of church bells, a dazzling white road swept clean by tremendous gusts of "mistral," a forest of miniature olive trees spreading their dusty green mass as far as the first mountain slope—the setting and the scenery of my pilgrimage.

Sérignan. The village is amazingly small and deserted and gray, with a flock of parched stone houses crowding their flat roofs and Roman loggias around the old church campanile, along hallow paths. A single street worthy of mention, with two rows of sycamores powdering passers-by with crumbles of their cottonous fruits. The only sign of life, a peddler's quaint carriage in front of the Café de France, peasant women in Sunday clothes bargaining for feather-brooms and frying pans, puppies barking at the tiny placid donkey half asleep in its harness.



M. FABRE,
in the garden of
his home.

Photos by permission Fabre family.

From a wee-footed little wrinkled old woman sauntering down to the fountain I got the information that "notre Fabre" (our Fabre) had spurned the village; even that was too restless for his studious meditation. His home was to be found beyond the big calvary stone cross marking the entrance of the hamlet, amid fir trees and cypresses, behind high mossy walls encircling the Harmas—the former "abandoned, barren, sun-scorched bit of land favored by thistles and by wasps and bees" which had been Fabre's forty-year dream before he could make it, for thirty years, nature's laboratory.

The village of Serignan.

For it is only toward the very twilight of his life that Fabre's name began to peep out of the obscurity which seventy years of hard work, steady observation and precious discoveries had been unable to dispel. Although ten volumes of *Souvenirs Entomologiques* had set in a unique song the revelation of a new world—the Insect's World—the public was slow to understand that the humble Harmas was sheltering a genius whose chief originality was to be self-made, facing the hardest passes of poverty with the stoic tenacity and strength of an unappalled perseverence.

It is original indeed, this life which, from the cradle to the grave, is attracted by the same aim, unfolding the same theme, devoting its energy to the study of insects or rather to the study of all nature itself through insect life. For Fabre is thoroughly convinced that the smallest pygmies hold the key to the bigger universe, that a spider can teach us more than can a star, that a dung beetle shows a deeper philosophy than Diogenes.

Mlle. Aglae Fabre.

How does he know? He himself admits that his profound love and understanding for insects does not come from heredity. Born in 1823 at Saint Léon, a Lilliputian commune in the High Rouergue, his genealogical tree has roots and branches of peasant lineage. His paternal grandparents were people of the soil, "whose quarrel with the alphabet was so great that they had never opened a book in their lives. How dumfounded grandfather would have been to learn that, in the remote future, one of his relatives would become enamored of those insignificant animals to which he had never vouchsafed a glance in his life! Had he guessed that that lunatic was myself, the scapegrace seated at the table by his side, what a smack I would have caught in the neck, what a wrathful look!

"'The idea of wasting one's time with that nonsense!' he would have thundered."

Fabre's own parents, also peasants, were so poor that Jean Henri had been placed in his grandmother's care from his early childhood. In some of the best pages of *Souvenirs Entomologiques* he vividly and humorously describes his life when, as a little urchin clad in a "soiled frieze frock flapping against his bare heels," he used to watch the flock of geese amid the dirt of the back yard. But ants and spiders and butterflies and bees were already distracting him from his official duties. To see a cricket nearer, examine its wings, try to make it sing, Jean Henri would have forgotten his plundering geese, and even the frugal supper waiting for him in the unique room of the house where he had to sit with the others "around a long table on a couple of benches, deal planks supported by four rickety legs. Each found his wooden bowl and his tin spoon in front of him. At one end of the table always stood an enormous rye loaf, the size of a cart wheel, wrapped in a linen cloth with a pleasant smell of washing, and remained there until nothing was left of it. With a vigorous stroke grandfather would cut off enough for the need of the moment, then he would divide the piece among us with the knife he alone was entitled to wield; it was now each one's business to break up his bit with his fingers and to fill his bowl as he pleased. Next came grandmother's turn. A big pot bubbled lustily and sang upon the flames on the hearthstone, exhaling an appetizing savor of bacon and turnips. Armed with a long metal ladle, grandmother would take from it, for each of us in turn, first the broth, wherein to soak the bread, and next the ration of turnips and bacon, partly fat and partly lean, filling the bowl to the top. At the other end of the table was the pitcher from which the thirsty were free to drink at will." (*Souvenirs Entomologiques*)

Then, when seven years old, Jean Henri is sent to school, if that name can be applied to such a place: dining room, sleeping room, classroom and pig stable all in one. Chickens mingle their cackles with the song of the alphabet. The schoolmaster, being a ploughman, barber, bell-ringer, choir-singer, watchmaker, is a teacher during his spare time. With him Fabre learns that Ane (ass) begins with A, Boeuf (ox) with B, Canard (duck) with C, although he does not see quite well how H can represent an Hippopotamus, K a Kamichi, Z a Zebu.

Never mind, he is soon going to see for himself those unheard-of animals in the Rodez's "Zoo." As many "ruralites" of that time, Fabre's father is tempted by the city. There, in Rodez, Jean Henri enters college where he is more a chapel choir boy than a regular student for, being just as poor as ever, he has to work to pay the tuition fees.

Rodez does not bring happiness nor money to the Fabres; nor does Toulouse. The family moves once more to Montpellier, just to suffer a more complete failure. Farewell to studies; Jean Henri has to earn his daily bread. On the road he goes, selling lemons at the Beaucaire's fair, working as a day laborer on the construction of the railroad line. But his flame for learning has not flickered with adverse fate. Making friends with grasshoppers encountered on bushes, observing the romantic dragon fly and the gaudily dressed cockchafer captured on fir tree, he rapidly wakes up to the vocation which will absorb his life.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS
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The President

THE surprise with which some of us responded to midnight messages that the President was suddenly dead, has scarce worn off. Nothing could have been more wholly unforeseen than the sad conclusion of the Alaskan journey. Mr. Harding was not a man whom many associated with physical weakness nor any precariousness of health and it was understood by all concerned that he was recovering from the untraced cause of his last illness. But it is known now that he was a weakened man, too early weakened, and able to withstand neither the tremendous demands of the Presidency nor the attack made on his physical resistance.

No opponent of Warren G. Harding ever doubted his absolute personal honesty and sincerity. He was a straight man. Perhaps one source of his burdens was that he was too good-hearted, too easy-going. He said once, "Oh, it's easy enough to say 'no' in the big things, but it is the thousand little things that make it hard," and everyone who came to see him wanted something. He was unlike some other Presidents in that respect: other executives knew how to make use of seekers after favors, but Mr. Harding only let himself be used. It was unselfish, but it was also weak, and it added to his burden.

Part of Mr. Harding's honesty was his accurate evaluation of himself. He never posed nor pretended. He had as little "official front" as a man of natural personal dignity could well have. He had no extreme notions concerning his own ability. He said once, "Of course, I shall never be known as a great President, but I hope to be known as a sincere President." At that, he was a greater President than he thought himself to be. The pity is that he was sometimes taken advantage of by those who posed as his friends. It is significant that at the end not one of those pretended friends was with his traveling party.

Mr. Harding was greatly dispirited by the results of his journey through the West. His well-meant generalities failed to strike fire. The farther he traveled and the more he spoke the more profound became his feeling that an era was coming into existence in which he could have no part. The results in Minnesota noticeably depressed him. The feeling which he had that he should not enter the next campaign, increased within him. Perhaps his depression contributed more than will ever be known to his physical condition.

At that, no sorrow need be felt for the man, Warren G. Harding. He had reached the summit of successful experience. He had exemplified in his career the marvelous opportunities inherent in our American life. Without great gifts, he had moved steadily to the highest honor in the gift of the nation. What remained for him more, except possible humiliation and disappointment? In his death he continued that good fortune which followed him all his life. History will bracket him beside McKinley.

The sympathy and admiration of the entire American people have been given without stint to Mrs. Harding whom, with Mr. Harding, we had all come to think of as belonging to all of us.

Goes Ahead Slowly

ONE of man's friends is eternally inarticulate. But the silent eloquence of the tree will live through generations when the bombast of politicians is no more.

Poet and peasant may revel in the maple's shade. The music of the wind sighing through the branches of the majestic elm is something no manager may price. The architecture of the great oak is sublime.

You will meet no man, worthy to be called the name, who will not agree with the wisdom of preserving trees for posterity. The beauty of the streets of the cities where shade trees still line the walks is beyond description. Scientist and farmer agree that untold riches for all generations will be stored up if the nation possesses but the wisdom to reforest the country upon wise and proper lines. Everyone agrees that the preservation of the trees we still possess and the establishment of new forests are matters of prime importance.

But, despite the recognition of this fact, little is done. Agitation for reforestation has accomplished almost nothing, when one considers the vast acres which were denuded of their rich forests by the hand of the lumberman or the disaster of fire.

This lack of action on the part of the nation can be viewed as nothing less than a calamity. For men of this generation to decline to take measures to create new wealth for the next generation and to preserve such permanent riches as should belong to all generations is inexcusable.

Perhaps, it is the very lack of controversy over the necessity of reforestation which prevents the country from doing its duty. Politicians control the machinery of Government. And politicians, notably, react more quickly to controversial subjects than to great problems over which the public mind is settled.

The country always has plenty and to spare of tariff legislation. It hears orators discuss currency reform, so-called, at regular intervals. When currency debates wax warm, the imminence of currency legislation, wise or foolish, grows. In recent years, the air was filled with controversy over the needs of the farmer. And the politician replied by passing much legislation.

But forestation, unaminously approved, goes ahead slowly. Man wastes his oratory on glittering economic theories, and he remains practically unmoved to the material wisdom of perfecting the machinery of reforestation, even though he may agree that the achievement of this policy would do more for the permanent wealth of the country than a ton of economic laws of the type legislative bodies grind out at each session.

Make the Theory Fit the Facts

GOV. LEE M. RUSSELL, of Mississippi, recently pardoned a prisoner who was serving a life term, giving as the reason of his action the fact that the defendant had not been represented by a good lawyer in his trial.

The governor's action directs attention to a source of frequent injustice in American criminal courts. The theory of the law is that the prosecuting attorney, representing the state or persons in a trial, will see that fairness and justice are accorded to the defendant.

It is almost impossible that this theory be made a fact. Some district attorneys are eager to obtain a good record of convictions. Others, probably inspired by motives of fairness, find that their study of the prosecuting officer's side of the case accentuates the points of evidence which would tend toward conviction, while their view of the facts which favor the accused is always a suspicious one.

It is the practice in American courts to appoint an attorney to defend any person accused of crime, whose means does not permit him to retain a lawyer.

In nearly all courts this practice results detrimentally to the accused. It is obvious that court fees in such cases will seldom compare in size with the fees which an able trial lawyer may procure in private practice. The monopoly of this sort of business therefore gravitates to the poorer class of lawyers. Many men, just out of law school and just licensed to practice, find the defense of accused men a method whereby they may tide themselves over the clientless days of early practice, and procure practical experience in their profession. Their experience is sometimes obtained at the cost of a client's liberty.

In some states, the office of public defender has been created with the object of granting to the accused in a criminal trial, just as able and experienced counsel as represents the prosecuting side of the case. The workings of the public defender experiment will be watched with close attention by the entire country. Until its success is thoroughly established, trial courts should exercise the closest of scrutiny of criminal trials, in which the defendant is unable to hire a good lawyer. Efforts should be made to induce the best lawyers in each community to take their turns in appearing as counsel for indigent defendants. The theory of the law is that prosecuting officer and lawyer for the defense should stand equal before the bar of justice. Bench and bar of the country should make it their business to see that this fine theory is made a fact.

A Law Worth While

GOOD business nowadays, as always, requires good faith. Billions of dollars' worth of business each year depends simply on the trust of someone in someone else. Only in recent years, has the name on the dotted line become a necessary adjunct to the word of mouth.

But there are a few persons, though their number increases, whose word does not sell at par in the world. For those who are untrustworthy in great or small things, commercial laws have come into being.

There is a law in England which might well engage the attention of the states of this country. It is a law made necessary by the growing tendency of certain persons to capitalize another's good name. The law, known as *The Business Names' Act of England,* reads as follows:

> "Every trade catalog, every trade circular, show card or business letter, in which the business name appears, and which is sent to any person in His Majesty's Dominions must show—
>
> "1. The surname and Christian name (or initials thereof) of the proprietor or each partner;
>
> "2. Any former surname or Christian (or initials thereof) borne by such persons.
>
> "3. The nationality of the proprietors or partners.
>
> "4. The original nationality of the proprietors or any partners if the present nationality is not the original nationality."

The act concludes with a penalty clause.

There are many persons who deal with a concern, for the first time, solely on its name. The capitalization of a good name by those who had no share in making it good should be permitted, only after safeguarding to the public its right to know just with whom it does business.

The New President

JOHN CALVIN COOLIDGE is made by fate the thirtieth President of the United States. His term has less than two years to run. Upon assuming office he declared his intention of following the Harding policies. It is no easy succession to which Mr. Coolidge has come, the Presidency being at best a most difficult post, but the character of Mr. Harding's service was such as a man of Mr. Coolidge's temperament can follow. The country will expect no great deeds from him, and his history would seem to make it certain that he will commit no serious mistakes. And that, in these times, is a certainty worth having.

Where Credit Is Due

HIDDEN away in various departmental buildings at Washington are hundreds of obscure men whose expert knowledge and experience make them invaluable to the people of the United States. Some are clerks who know just the way to carry on Government business. Some are brilliant scientists, whose services private corporations would pay high to get. They are men who know their jobs.

And most of them, nearly all in fact, are ill-paid. Occasionally when a cabinet officer or an assistant secretary resigns, the country shakes its head sorrowfully and regrets momentarily the fact that the Government does not pay salaries high enough to command the services of able men for whom rich corporations are constantly bidding. Generally when this regret is expressed, the fact is that the country has lost only a figurehead so far as departmental business is concerned.

Cabinet officers are good things to have when counsel is desired by a President who will take advice. But so far as the running of their departments is concerned, the country does not miss them when they feel called upon to visit Europe, Alaska or go fishing. Departmental business goes on just the same.

Obscure men do the work. The Secretary signs the papers others have prepared.

And when those obscure men are forced out of Government service because they can no longer live on meager salaries, the country seldom hears of their departure, although departmental business may be disrupted for days and weeks by some $2,000 clerk's resignation.

The continued service of loyal and capable men who are the really important cogs in the machine of government is vital to the country's welfare. Politicians are too busy rewarding their faithful followers with sinecures, to remember that it is important that the men who run the government be kept well fed. Sometime a business administration will realize that obscure employes of the United States should and must be well paid.

Mr. Ford's Page

THESE are days when occurrences of almost every kind come suddenly and unexpectedly. The rate at which changes occur has been speeded up. Accumulated backgrounds and experience make it possible to achieve in five years the same results which required the last century for their appearance. The most useless of all mental labor is to forecast the future as if it were to be a mere continued resemblance of the present. It will be still more different from the present than the present is from the past. Ideas ripen faster and come in greater variety; new ways become existent today in less time than it formerly required the mind to become accustomed to the mere idea of new ways.

One month a President goes out on a tour of inspection of the United States and the next month he comes back in a funeral train. As a result many situations change. The problems that were problems a month ago are no longer problems. The whole outlook for the future changes in certain important aspects. Personalities which obtruded themselves on any forecast which could be made, suddenly cease to be factors. In an incredibly brief period and with startling unexpectedness life tips to a new angle and by virtue of the public shock certain phases of our national existence become clearer.

THE great service of Mr. Harding was to give the nation a quiet period for thought. He was not a noisy President. He did not regard himself as a national entertainer. He did not divert the public mind from its own thoughts to his thoughts. He refused to break the spell of public thoughtfulness by calling a special session of Congress. He had a horror of what he called "undeveloped idealism," by which he meant fine words that were never realized in fine actions. He did not feel called to do great acts but to prevent small wrong acts being accomplished. In this he showed one of the qualities of a great executive—When there was nothing to do, he did nothing. When the value of that kind of wisdom is recognized, Warren G. Harding will have the credit which is his due.

The passing of Mr. Harding indicates the passing of a stage of preparation for a new attitude toward public problems. The praise that has been bestowed upon his name and career is not the polite perfunctory conventionalities required for an exalted personage. Even the strongest of his critics recognize today that Mr. Harding performed a timely duty for the nation, and that to have done differently than he did would have been to meddle with things that were not yet ready for handling.

It is clear to all observers that the mind of the nation is clearer now about many things than it has been at any time since Abraham Lincoln. Doubtless the people thought they were clear about matters when they were listening to the rugged denunciations of Theodore Roosevelt or to the refined idealism of Woodrow Wilson. But they were only clear about what these men were saying. It was Roosevelt or Wilson thinking, it was not the people thinking.

Mr. Harding may have been a good party man—even too much of a party man—but there was one thing he saw clearly; he saw that there had been too much of what he called "undeveloped idealism," and that it was not his business to add to the quantity. It was a remarkably able observation for him to make, because he was somewhat inclined toward verbal idealism himself. He could have been a preacher, because he appreciated generalities of a moral kind. In his last series of speeches he gave way to his native tendency in an extraordinary degree.

Nevertheless, he saw truly in this respect. He sensed a desire in the public mind to get down to specific cases and genuine schedules for work. Oratory, however lovely and exalted, was not getting us anywhere. What has become of Mr. Roosevelt's trust-busting word flinging? It ended in his going back to the trust makers. What has become of Mr. Wilson's high idealism, an idealism so beautiful that the nations of the earth worshiped him as a new messiah? Versailles and the new world tangle came out of that. All this Warren G. Harding saw, and though he did not publicly announce it, he was not slow to do so privately.

This, it would seem, entitles Mr. Harding to the credit of having possessed a great fund of common sense. Just to see that the country was "fed up" on that sort of thing and just to resolve that he would not further impose upon the people, indicates a nature both wise and humble. Mr. Harding was a humble man, not a self-deprecating man and not devoid of natural dignity, but his estimate of himself was very conservative.

Yet with all his true vision of the impracticality of this "undeveloped idealism," as he called it, he did not regard himself as the opposite extreme, a very practical man called to do a great number of things in practical fashion. He was not, in the sense of being a master of detail, a practical man. How much positive executive ability he had, in the larger affairs, will never be known, although it must be said that he was a successful manager of his personal affairs. But as to negative executive ability, he clearly possessed that. That is to say, he showed his executive ability in this: when there was nothing to do, he did nothing.

Had Mr. Harding felt called upon to begin an active countermovement to the idealistic movement which preceded his Administration, there is no telling what condition the country would be in today. But here again his native wisdom showed itself. He clearly saw that his work was not to be one or the other; he saw that he was to be a bridge between them, a middle period, in which the country could pass without jolt or violence into another phase. And he rendered that middle service not only of necessity and because his limitations fitted it, but also of choice. He knew that he was not capable of doing certain things, and he came deliberately to the conclusion that if those things had been required for the Nation's good, the Providence which guides the Republic would have chosen a man who could do them: his conclusion was that his best service to the country, his destined service, was to insure a period when none of those things should be done, when the people should have a breathing spell, a time to do their own thinking and make up their own minds.

It is worth while considering the fact that because of this freedom from irritating activity at Washington, the people have had time to think. There is a sense in which Washington gets into the people's light. There is a sense in which a continuous legislative performance, with its political trickery and false arguments, prevents the normal exercise of the people's mind. There are statesmen who are no more than national entertainers, their sole hope of success being in capturing the people's imagination and focusing the public mind on spectacular antics. It is worth someone's time to study how far politics, as played by governments, has interfered with the normal development and activity of the public mind.

Mr. Harding had none of these tricks at his fingers' ends; he was not a star performer. It had been latterly urged upon him that as a matter of policy he could not afford to let Congress stay at home for nine long months. It was urged upon him that as a matter of policy it was desirable that Congress be called in special session that the people might have before them a spectacle of activity; a sufficient number would be deceived by the session into believing that the Government was really doing something. Mr. Harding resisted these calls, not respecting the motives behind them. Here was another example of his negative executive ability: when there was nothing to do, he did nothing.

Out of his fairness has come two results which should be of value to the country: Congress has been allowed to remain at home and hear the people think; and the people have been freed from the distractions of a special session. There never was a Congress with ability enough to do nothing when there was nothing to do. There never was a Congress that knew enough to undo the unnecessary things which previous Congresses had done in order to keep busy.

Some day, when the screech is taken out of history, the service of Warren G. Harding will have due recognition. He will be known as the peaceful President who created a national quietude in which the American people could make up their minds.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

It's Been a Great Summer for the Junketeers

Poor Old Mr. Taxpayer, What a Terrific Bumping Politicians Give His Purse

By ROBERT KENTON

EAST, West, North and South, toward all points of the compass the junketeers have been going, and wholly or largely at public expense! To the tropics when the weather was cold—to the arctic when the weather was hot—to the mountains and to the seashore—down the Mississippi and just casual wandering anywhere—

And everything provided free or at nominal cost by this good government of ours.

Most of these junkets were got up by or for members of Congress, who during their first long and inclusive vacation in about ten years are making up for lost time with respect to "pleasure-tripping."

A half-dozen Congressional committees are out on "wandering assignments" duly given by the last Congress. All of the expenses of the members of these are paid. Authorizations usually are very general—they can go where they please, do what they please, and draw on the contingent funds of Congress for expenses.

But Congressional committee junketing is only a moity of all that has been going. The pleasantest kind traces to no act or resolution of Congress. It is provided by the departments on their own initiative and responsibility and in small degree by private interests.

Only fifty to a hundred members of Congress are on committees that are authorized to travel around more or less as they please and at public expense until December 1 next.

But for departmental junketing every member of Congress is eligible, as well as outsiders, such as correspondents, and in one case anybody whom the chairman of a board wanted to invite. Hundreds have and many still are enjoying these junkets, which in the main have been delightful ocean cruises in romantic waters and along picturesque routes. Those members of Congress who haven't been on one or more simply didn't want to go or had important matters to look after at home. All told, from one-third to one-half of all members of Congress have taken these trips and in many cases entire families also were included.

The cost of this junketing epidemic? It is impossible to state it. Moreover, it never will be known.

It would be very difficult to specify that for those excursions duly authorized by law, for in most instances the wandering committees merely are told to draw on the Treasury for such expenses as are incurred. Some time in the far future these might be traced and calculated, but at present any estimate of them would be pure guess only. However, they are not large as governmental expenses go in these days of billion-dollar appropriation bills. Probably $100,000, certainly a few hundred thousand dollars, would cover the aggregate vacation expenses of Congressional committees that now are active.

Never Mind the Figures

THE public cost of departmental junketing is utterly beyond computing, either now or in the far future; for by a sort of mathematical alchemy, it is held that there is none, excepting, of course, crude cases like the *Leviathan* affair.

Departmental junketing takes place on government vessels, such as army or navy transports. This is the way junketing via the government vessel is initiated:

"Such-and-Such a vessel is going to Such-and-Such a place anyhow," says the departmental chief to members of Congress, to the otherwise politically eligible and to the journalistically elect. "There will be a lot of extra sleeping and lounging and eating space aboard. Come along, all of you who want a good trip. You can pay for the bare cost of the food you eat and for laundry service."

Thus the government apparently is out nothing, though its "guests" on these occasions get at a cost of from $50 to $100 trips that on vessels of commercial lines would cost from $500 to $1,000.

Since March 5 last it has been a case only of grab your suit case and catch the boat, and on its return, if you wished, you could catch another and keep going indefinitely. It has been possible for members of Congress to live on government vessels almost continuously since Congress adjourned and it is not improbable that some have done so. Moreover, as a rule wives and children can be taken along on the usual terms. It seems likely that these excursions will continue until next winter. And yet some persons say that the government has done nothing to cut the high cost of living!

Some estimate the probable cost of this year's junketing by national officialdom at several million dollars, but that perhaps is a little large.

The indirect cost perhaps is much larger than that measured by money. For example, following the adjournment of the last Congress, Representative Benjamin F. Focht, of Pennsylvania, in stating why some important matters had not been acted upon was quoted by the Washington, D. C., *Daily News* as saying:

"I was led to believe by the leaders of our party (Republican) that we would be able to get action. Then there began a spasm of old-fashioned logrolling. A lot of members wanted junket trips about the country at the government's expense. These junkets were thrown in to buy votes for other legislation."

A Washington dispatch published in the New York *Herald* of June 20 said:

"Officials of the government say that there never has been so much junketing and so many committees functioning with unlimited expense accounts."

An insidious aspect of this state of affairs was outlined in the same dispatch:

"There has been little adverse criticism among legislators of the great expense being incurred by junketeers and the special committees, because leading members of the minority party are among the participants. For instance, the Democratic National Committee at one time was disposed to denounce the junketeers and the investigating committees, but on investigation it was found that Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, was on the cruise to Alaska conducted by the War Department and had accepted all the perquisites and gratuities. It was found that Senator Harrison, of Mississippi, whose chief pastime in the Senate has been attacking Republicans for extravagance, was a member of the reforestation committee which has been trotting all over the country at the expense of the government since Congress adjourned"

Since Congress adjourned on March 4 last there have been three Government-conducted excursions to Panama, for the benefit (or pleasure) of members of Congress. Any member of Congress, and on two of them members of his family, too, could go on these trips, which lasted from six weeks to two months. "Guests" pay only for food consumed and for laundry service.

There was a similar excursion to Hawaii and another to Alaska, in addition to the trip of inquiry made by the President and his party on the naval transport Henderson.

Then there was Chairman Lasker's Leviathan party, participated in by nearly 1,000 persons, official and unofficial.

In addition, fifty to one hundred members of Congress, during the present Congressional vacation, are, as members of various active committees, authorized to go where they please, spend practically what they please and send the bills to Uncle Sam.

The cost? No expert accountant could find out, so thoroughly is it covered up or intermixed with other things. Some estimate it at several million dollars.

But any member of Congress who hasn't spent a pleasant summer wholly or in great part at the Government's expense had something else to do—or doesn't like luxurious traveling!

Too Warm in Washington

AN INTERESTING slant on how these undertakings, even when they embody considerable merit, are approached also is given in the same dispatch:

"The way the taxpayers' money is being squandered by members of Congress during the recess was emphasized today when the special joint committee of the Banking and Currency Committees, authorized to find out why more state banks do not join the Federal Reserve System, tried to arrange to hold meetings in Vermont.

"Some members argued that it was unfair for the government to expect them to sit here (in Washington) and work in the sweltering heat. They felt they were entitled to all the comfort of the mountain breezes. Then after trying the mountain breezes, it was planned to go to the seashore and hold meetings, the expenses incurred at leading hotels to be charged to expense accounts.

"One Senator, a member of the committee, put his foot down hard on the proposal. He said it was a most outrageous betrayal of a public trust and an uncalled-for and unauthorized expenditure of the people's money.

"Despite the protest of the Senator, it is understood the majority of the committee members intend to hold meetings at various places throughout the country on the ground that in that way they can get at the real objects why state banks are loath to join the Federal Reserve System."

What has become of the committee no one in Washington at this writing seems to know.

In fact, most of the wandering committee undertakings seem to have dropped largely from public view.

That having to do with reforestation has attracted some notice in its meanderings. This committee is looking into an admittedly important subject. But how it is doing so is indicated by the fact that it gave just one week's time to the three Great Lakes timber states, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, including a survey of the government's big wood products laboratory at Madison.

Another whose business it was to investigate the operations of the Veterans Bureau set going one great blaze in Washington immediately after Congress' adjournment and then apparently disappeared from public view.

Others seem to be conducting operations, if at all, wholly without publicity. These include:

A committee, headed by Senator Medill McCormick, of Illinois, which is authorized to look into the proposal of establishing a nine-foot channel waterway, via the Mississippi, between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico.

A committee which supposedly is looking into the production of gold and silver in the West.

A committee that is making a study of Federal penal institutions.

Another is to look into the Teapot Dome oil concession in Wyoming after a group of outside experts first survey the subject.

Valid and valuable results can come from these duly authorized investigations if properly made.

Those yielded by only semi-official junketing, which is far more quantitative, comprise merely possible additions to the general knowledge of the participants, which, in the case of many members of Congress, is admittedly not an unmeritorious consideration.

Charged for the Food

THIS form of junketing since the adjournment of Congress to date has included three journeys to the West Indies and Panama, one of them extending up the Pacific Coast to San Francisco. There it—Secretary of War Weeks' outing—divided into two parts, one going on to Alaska and the other to Hawaii. Forty members of the House and Senate sailed with Secretary Weeks on the army transport *Grant* from New York. This expedition followed almost immediately upon that of Secretary Denby, of the Navy, whereby the elect were provided with transportation to Panama for the naval maneuvers and then for a winding-about journey in the Antilles. This outing covered a period of six weeks and was shared by thirty-three Representatives or ex-Representatives and about a dozen Senators. Except the famous *Leviathan* excursion, this is the only one of importance that was a purely "stag" affair. On others wives and children of "guests" were permitted to go along. The total cost per passenger ranged from $1.25 to $1.65 a day—for food and laundry. As this is written, a third Congressional party is on the way to Panama via a navy transport.

Chairman Lasker's de luxe outing on the *Leviathan* was singular for that kind of governmental junket in that the guest lists were not limited technically to officialdom and the press; also in that everything was free. Nearly a thousand persons enjoyed that act of hospitality at public expense, the amount and necessity of which still are in dispute.

Our far-flung army and naval activities, together with the existence of numerous highly comfortable transports which make more or less regular trips "anyhow," make it possible for the military departments to promote junketing on any scale that suits their fancy.

It is not clear who is paying the bills for an informal Congressional committee that is now on the way to Russia to investigate Soviet affairs. One of its members has been quoted as saying that they were paying their own expenses. However, it has been widely heralded that a certain chain of newspapers will give exclusive publication of the "truth" which they are expected to discover and bring back. The owner of this chain of publications has been a conspicuous promoter of private Congressional junkets during the last year or two. He sent one to Canada to observe the workings of the sales tax and another to Savannah, Georgia, to welcome the last United States troops to return from abroad. His junkets, however, are none too popular with the run of members of Congress.

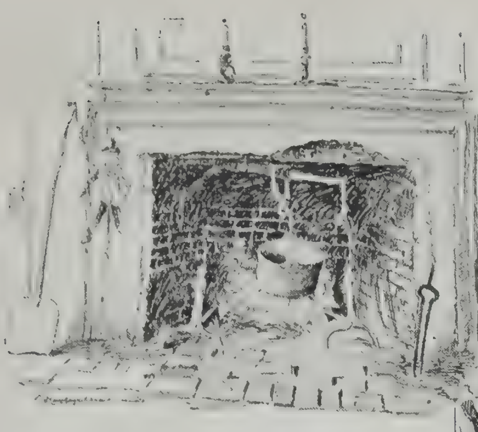
But a private junket promoted from another direction proved recently quite popular among the legislators who were invited. These included members of committees having to do with irrigation and appropriations. A big party of them left Washington recently for the Southwest as guests of the Imperial Valley Irrigation District.

Then there are many individual junkets at government expense. These are confined to persons in the executive branches of the government.

About a year ago a high official in one of the departments, accompanied by a newspaperman who acted as his secretary, undertook a journey around the world to collect information for the public. He was away for more than six months, and visited a dozen or more countries. A week or two after his return it was announced that he had resigned from the government service to accept a position with private interests at a salary many times that paid by Uncle Sam.

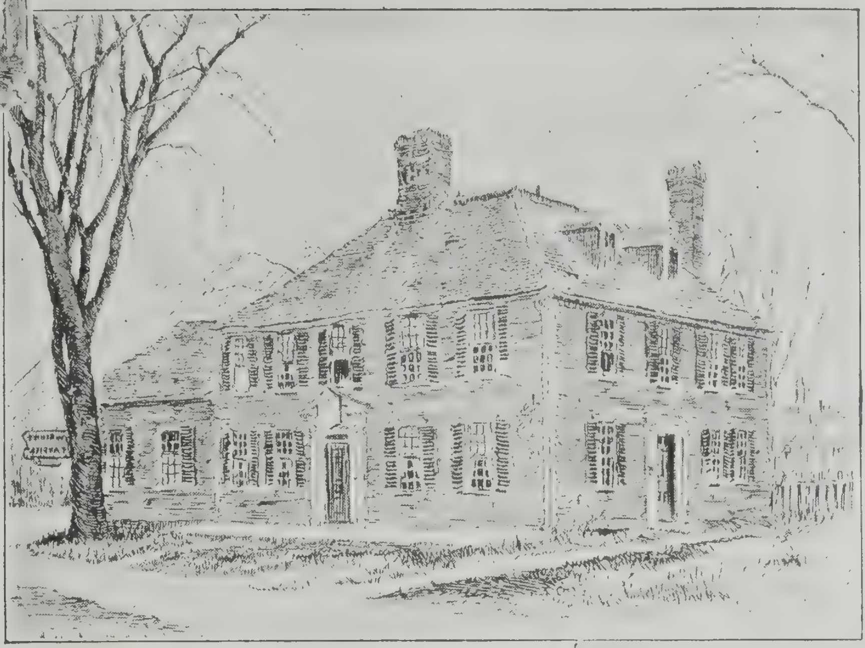
Those who participated in Mr. Lasker's historic *Leviathan* party and others who have been on trips, via army or navy transports, say that when it comes to hospitable entertaining your Uncle Sam is no slouch!

Beautiful Concord, America's Most Interesting Village



Fireplace in the Wright Tavern.

Home of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Hancock and Samuel and John Adams



The old Wright Tavern.

Main Street Lies on Sandy Ridge Where Americans Made First Stand in 1775

By MAY B. WHITING

CONCORD is rightly called "the most interesting village in America." The seat of the first Provincial Congress, the scene of the first forcible resistance to the British, the home of the American school of authors, the possessor of one of the finest pieces of outdoor sculpture in the country, the giver of a grape, the favorite of many lands—surely there can be no rival for first place in the hall of famous villages.

In 1635 the Reverend Peter Bulkeley and about a dozen families, searching for a place to settle, came out upon a scene so different from the wilderness they had traversed that they paused in delight, bought the land, and called their village Concord. The very landscape bespoke the name, soft and gently rolling, with the placid stream Musketaquid, or Grassy Brook of the Indians, flowing between wide meadows. Fate had a fine eye for contrasts when she picked out the scene for the opening battle of the Revolution.

The streets of Concord are wide and beautiful, with rows of elms and sycamores, beneath which many of the great and good have passed. Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Emerson, Thoreau, John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, all have been familiar figures. And one April morning in '75, a thousand British soldiers, bravely clad in scarlet, passed through those highways which at dawn had seen the hurrying figures in homespun from the farms of Middlesex.

Many of the landmarks which they noted still remain to us. You may dine today with excellent cheer at the old Wright Tavern which Major Pitcairn made his headquarters. In the tap room stands the polished bar over which he ordered his morning toddy, and, as he stirred it with his finger, he remarked, "Even so will I stir the Yankee blood before nightfall." True indeed was his prophecy, although he did not then foresee his army in flight, himself wounded, his horse and pistols brought back to that same tavern by a Concord boy.

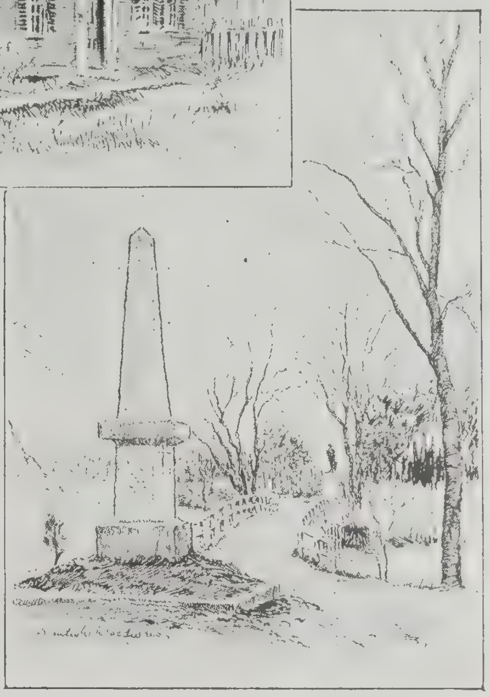
Early that morning, just after midnight, Dr. Samuel Prescott met Revere and Dow spurring toward Concord, and the three rode on together. But before they reached the village Revere and Dow were captured, while Prescott escaped, and, with bridle cut, arrived in the town in time to give the alarm.

The first to appear, musket in hand, was the Reverend William Emerson, grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and great-great-great grandson of Peter Bulkeley. It was in his church that the Provincial Congress had been in session not thirty-six hours before, and he himself had preached a stirring sermon from the text, "And behold God Himself is with us for our captain, and His Priests with sounding trumpets to cry alarm against you." Before long men were hurrying in from all the neighboring villages, Lincoln, Sudbury, Acton and Bellerica, until nearly 500 men had gathered.

The Main Street of Concord lies along a sandy ridge which rises somewhat abruptly to a hill in the center of the town. Here the American forces made their first stand. It was a beautiful morning. Winter had been mild and the spring work was well advanced. Grain had already grown high enough to wave in the morning breeze. Just before seven the Americans spied the British coming down the Lexington road, bayonets glittering in the sunlight. No doubt it was a fearsome sight to many a Yankee farmer, but there were bold spirits, like Emerson, who urged that they go to meet them. But the more sober counsels of their leaders, Brooks and Barrett, prevailed, and, seeing a detachment headed for the North Bridge, the Americans crossed over before them and went to Battle Lawn, an elevation about a mile beyond.

In the village the British set to work to destroy the military stores, for Concord had become a warehouse for the Continental army. They rolled a hundred barrels of flour into the mill pond, but, after their departure, the water was drawn off, and the flour was only slightly injured. They set fire to the Town House, the upper part of which was stored with powder, but Martha Moulton, a woman over eighty, besought them not to be guilty of so great an injury as an explosion would cause, and they put out the flames. They accidentally set fire, also, to the house of one Reuben Brown, a saddler, but they soon extinguished the blaze, for they had strict orders to do no harm to private property.

A special detachment was sent to search the Barrett homestead. James Barrett enlisted the Minute Men and had general oversight of the military stores. That morning the men of the household had plowed up a field, laid muskets in the furrows, and cast the earth lightly over. Nor had the women been idle. Miss Millicent, while visiting relatives in Cambridge, had met several British officers at cotillions, and one of them, more susceptible than prudent, had told her how they made their cartridges. Capable hands were soon at work on similar ones for the Minute Men.



The old North Bridge, Battle Monument in foreground.

At the approach of the British the young people hid in bushes near the house and the old grandmother, well past seventy, received them. They were hungry after the long march from Charlestown, with the ominous ringing of bells in their ears, and demanded food. She set before them brown bread and pans of milk, saying that the Bible commands us to feed our enemies. One of the soldiers offered her pay, and, when she refused, he threw the money in her lap.

An old man of the family made bold to express his opinion of British rule and a soldier raised his musket and threatened to shoot him. "Don't bother to kill me," was the calm reply, "I'm old and the Lord will soon save you the trouble."

The soldier put down his musket, a bit shamefaced. "Well, go in peace, daddy," he said.

In the meantime the soldiers in the village had collected some of the more bulky stores, as cannon carriages and a few barrels of wooden spoons and trenchers, and set fire to them. They also cut down the liberty pole and added it to the blaze. The smoke rose over the village, plainly visible from Battle Lawn, and it seemed to the men waiting there as if their homes must be on fire. With their young fifers, Luther Blanchard and John Buttrick, playing "The White Cockade," an old Jacobite air, the Americans advanced under orders not to fire first, the more strict because they did not then know that at Lexington the British had fired on the handful of men assembled on the Green and killed six on the spot.

Nathan Barrett, then a young man of twenty-three, has left an account of that day in a letter, which for simple, unimpassioned realism can not be excelled. He thus tells of the affair of the bridge as he saw it:

"After a while they (the British) begun to tair the plank of the Bridge. Major Buttrick said if we wair all of his mind we wood drive them away from the Bridge that they should not tair it up. We all said we wood go. We then wasn't Loded. We wair all ordered to Load—and had Stricked orders not to fire till they fired first and then to fire as fast as we could . . . .

"Capt. Davis had got, I believe, within 15 rods of the B (British) when they fired three guns one after the other. I see the balls strike in the River at the right of me. As soon as they fired them they fired on us. Their balls whistled well. We was all ordered to fire that could fire and not Kill our own men. It's Stringe that there wasn't no more killed. But they fired too high. Capt. Davis was killed and Mr. Osmore (Hosmer) and a number wounded. We Soon Drove them from the Bridge. When I got over, their was 2 lay dead and another almost Dead. We did not follow them. Their was 8 or 10 that was wounded and a Running and Hobbling a Bout, Lucking back to see if we was after them. . . . .After a while we found them a marching back to Boston. We was soon after them. When they got about a mild half (Mile and a half) to a road that comes from Bedford and Bildrica (Bellerica) they was a way Laid and a grait many Killed."

In the Elisha Jones house, just a few steps this side of the bridge, a little girl four years old stood by the window watching the approach of the British. In their bright uniforms they seemed to her like princes from Fairyland. When they came back, in wild disorder, many wounded and bleeding, the shock was so great that the sight remained with her, a sort of obsession, through her life of more than ninety years.

Her father had remained in the house, guarding his stores of salt pork and beef. But when the British passed in retreat he stepped to the door to watch them and a soldier paused long enough to fire at him. It was a good shot and the bullet hole may still be seen in the casement at about the height of a man's head. The next day Elisha Jones thrust a willow stick into the ground to commemorate the victory. It grew to a tree of enormous proportions until a summer gale blew it over; then a scion sprang up which still flourishes lustily.

For many years a bush marked the spot where Davis and Hosmer fell, "the burning bush," as Emerson called it, "where God spoke to his people." Today there is a splendid statue of a Minute Man leaving his plow, by Daniel Chester French, a Concord boy. On the face of its pedestal is carved the first stanza of the Concord Hymn:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

On the opposite side of the bridge is Battle Monument, erected about a hundred years ago on the spot where the invading army stood and the first of the enemy fell. A stone set in the wall that skirts the road marks the grave of the British soldiers who, as their inscription reads,

". . . . came three thousand miles and died
To keep the past upon its throne."

Their muskets, together with the clumsy broadsword of James Barrett, hang in the house of Reuben Brown, the saddler, which for many years the Antiquarian Society has made its home. The Concord heroes lie buried in the old Hill Burial Ground, not far from where stood the liberty pole that April morning.

What a hill that is! Along its southern slope Peter Bulkeley and his friends burrowed rude dugouts in which to pass the first winter. On that hill was first unfurled the flag of liberty, the pine tree flag of Massachusetts. Hawthorne daily climbed its summit, pondering his romances. It was the Delectable Mountain of the Alcott girls in their play, and in its lee Bronson Alcott built his School of Philosophy. Along its side Ephraim Wales Bull found growing a wild grape of excellent flavor from which he developed the Concord. It is only a low, sandy ridge overlooking a placid stream, but the Seven Hills of Rome that rise above the yellow Tiber cannot surpass its glory.

Pinchot Politics in Pennsylvania Prison

And in the Meantime Long-Term Convicts Celebrate Bastile Day

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

THIS is a story of dates historically significant in politics and crime. It is a rather unusual story in that the mere chronological record of happenings furnishes an object lesson to good citizens everywhere on the wisdom—or lack of it—of trying to correct the misdeeds of practical politicians by electing reform politicians to office. Little or no additional elucidation is necessary.

By way of introduction it should be stated that Gifford Pinchot has long been famous in the annals of the Republican party as a leader of the so-called "Progressive element." In January, 1923, he became Governor of Pennsylvania. The story of how he got rid of Dr. Thomas J. Finegan, State Superintendent of Public Education, by suggesting a violation of the State Constitution which was scorned by Finegan, has been told in a previous article.

In February of 1923, while Governor Pinchot was very busy with legislative matters, trouble began to develop at the Eastern State Penitentiary. This is one of the oldest of American prisons. It is located in Philadelphia and has been overcrowded for years. It has 800 cells and 1,800 convicts, so that some large cells contained as many as six prisoners. At various times the jail had been investigated, but until February last Warden Robert J. McKenty always came through with flying colors.

The warden, however, is—or was—subject to the orders of a Board of Prison Inspectors, containing seven members. In February, as a result of many outbreaks within the prison, this board decided to give a hearing to a committee of convicts. Seven men were brought in, and they submitted a plan for self-government among the prisoners.

What Grand Jury Found

IT HAPPENED that factions had developed among the officials in charge, and when Warden McKenty found himself not represented, so to speak, on the committee, he picked or had picked a new committee of four. These men were recognized by the Board of Prison Inspectors, and, according to an official report of a Grand Jury which investigated conditions a short time later, they took almost complete charge of the prison. On March 16 or 17 the power of the four convicts was so great that other inmates gave them the title of "The Four Horsemen."

"The latter," says the Grand Jury Report, "lost no time in taking control. They ordered two of the keepers from their offices and established this office at a point where, as one of the ringleaders stated, they could be 'down near the center where they could see the officials.' This witness did not add whether this was for the purpose of protection or aggression.

"The committee promptly placed locks upon this office from the inside. One explanation for this proceeding was that they were given possession of many articles of value, such as beaded bags, the ownership of which was in controversy among the inmates . . . . In this office, after the committee had ceased to function and was transported to the Western Penitentiary, was found, among other things, a bar of iron with sharp-pointed prongs, the existence or use of which was not explained to the Jury."

The Four Horsemen issued cards of authority to twenty-seven delegates, fifty peacemakers and four committees. These entitled such prisoners to have free access to all cell blocks and yards at any hour of the day or night. The drug traffic in the prison was organized —by the Four Horsemen. So was the business of assault and battery. There were several riots. Two guards were disabled by convicts.

Ask for State Police

FRIGHTENED out of their wits, the Board of Prison Inspectors hurried up to Harrisburg and asked Governor Pinchot to send State Police to quell the uprising and prevent a general jail delivery. The Governor gave the situation due thought—and sent Dr. Ellen Potter, a venerable and respected physician who is head of the State Welfare Department, to investigate. Dr. Potter interviewed the Four Horsemen. She also sent questionnaires to the convicts.

In spite of that, matters became worse. Local police heard of what was happening and a special detail of bluecoats armed with sawed-off shotguns was stationed at the nearest police district headquarters. The police authorities offered to put these guards in the prison, but the warden and the prison inspectors would not hear of it.

By this time the newspapers were running daily accounts of the doings of the Four Horsemen, and at last the local courts ordered the Grand Jury Investigation. That ended—on April 17—the career of the convict rulers. Three of them were sent to the other state penitentiary—but one, for some reason, was allowed to remain.

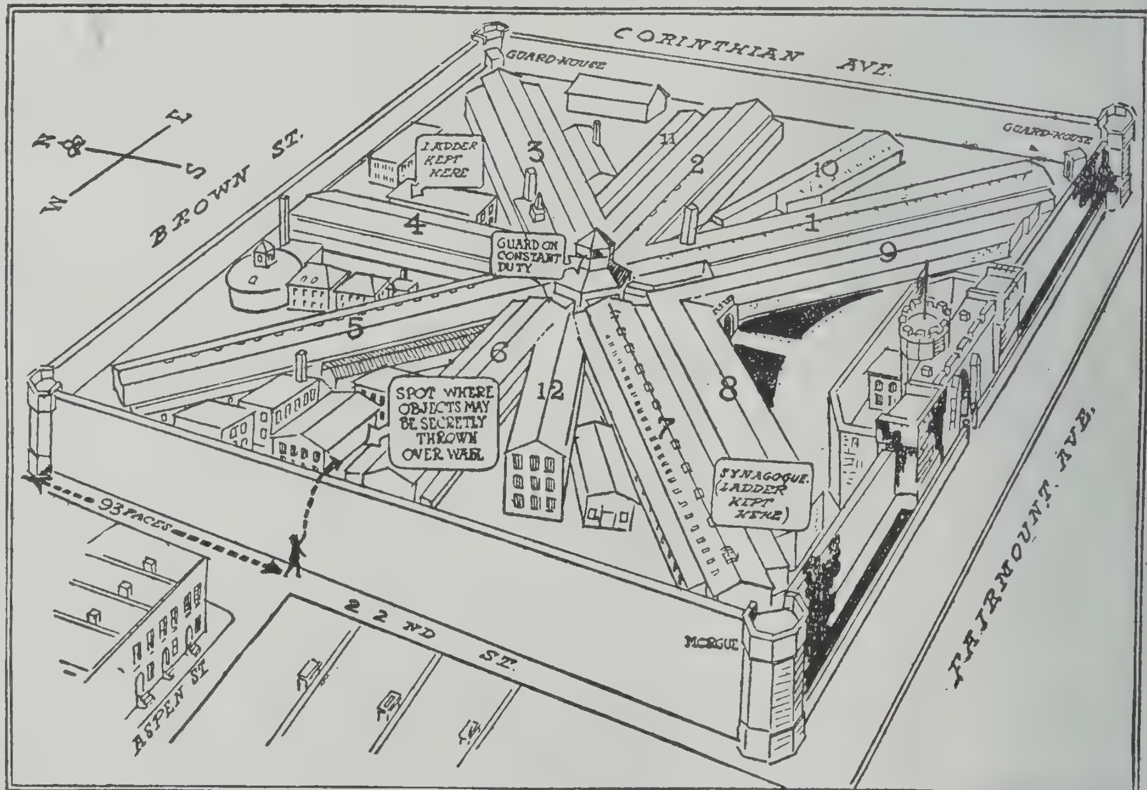
The warden about this time went away on a vacation, and it became evident that the Board had asked for his resignation. The members of the Board were criticized for inaction, but the fact was that the legislature at this time was considering the Governor's pet bill—the new administrative code, which would throw the prison board out of office, and provide for a new board to be named by the Governor.

On June 14 that happened. The bill was passed, and Dr. Potter, representing the Governor, notified the members of the old board that their terms had expired. With sighs of relief they quit. That left the prison with a deputy warden, a lot of badly terrorized and unarmed guards, and a sullen and dangerous collection of convicts to handle. In a short time, after giving the matter due thought, Governor Pinchot named Colonel John C. Groome as warden. Colonel Groome was noted as the organizer of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary. He announced that he intended to keep on living in his own fine suburban home, and not in the warden's residence at the prison.

In the meantime the most important date of all was drawing near. It was July 14—Bastile Day. That is the day celebrated by Frenchmen throughout the world, and remembered by all lovers of liberty as the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile in the French Revolution. Governor Pinchot, incidentally, is of French descent.

Since the old prison board was out of office, there was no legal authority to whom state appropriations for salary warrants and other expenses might be paid, and from June 14 to July 14 the guards had not been paid. They have not been paid at this writing, and will not be paid until the Governor finds time to name a new prison board. It is of interest that guards are paid $1,200 and $1,300 a year, and most of them have families to support.

At any rate, Governor Pinchot celebrated Bastile Day by acting on a number of legislative enactments. One provided a fund of more than $100,000 to build a stockade at the Philadelphia House of Correction, which has 1,700 cells and about half of them unoccupied. The Governor vetoed it. Another furnished an appropriation to continue building on a huge new state penitentiary project in Center County. The Governor vetoed it. Another contained the regular appropriation for the prison, large enough to increase the salaries of the underpaid guards. The Governor signed it—but not until he had lopped off so much of the appropriation that increases in pay are now impossible.



Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

The above drawing shows the method by which, according to former convicts, revolvers and other objects have been smuggled into Eastern Penitentiary. The man outside the prison first paces off ninety-three steps from the Brown and Twenty-second streets corner, as shown. Then, to avoid being watched by the guards constantly on duty at the towers, he steps back into Aspen street. From there he throws the parcel over the wall and into an alleyway. The diagram also shows the spots at which ladders, whose chains are said to have been tampered with, are kept.

Of course, the convicts at the Eastern Penitentiary could not have known on the morning of Bastile Day that Governor Pinchot intended to keep them jammed two to six in a cell at "Cherry Hill." It is a mere coincidence that they should decide to celebrate Bastile Day by taking French leave.

Along about 8:30 o'clock in the morning six of them did that very thing. All six were in for long terms, for such crimes as highway robbery and murder. Warden Groome was out in the suburbs. Governor Pinchot was busily vetoing, or getting ready to veto, at Harrisburg. And somehow the six men made their way from one corner of the great jail to another—from the northwest to the southeast. In so doing they had to pass through two cell blocks. They carried with them a cabinet in which was a fitted ladder. In the southeast corner they caught, bound and gagged a guard and locked him in his own sentry box, after cutting the telephone wires. They then climbed the ladder to the top of the wall, fixed an iron hook in the masonry, dropped a rope made of stocking yarn wound with tire tape, and twisted bed sheets, and slid forty feet to freedom.

A truck driver, held up at the point of three revolvers suddenly produced by the convicts, carried them a few blocks. Then they stopped a five-passenger sedan and forced the driver, according to his story, to drive them to Elkton, Maryland. There they tied him hand and foot and left him —with the car intact. The next day he came all the way back to Philadelphia to notify the police, instead of using the telegraph or telephone.

A day later it was learned that four of the convicts had seized a launch at Pocomoke City, Maryland, and had put out on Chesapeake Bay, bound perhaps for impenetrable cypress swamps. The two others had disappeared, and no word has been had of any of them since.

And what was the great state of Pennsylvania and the reform Governor doing in the meantime? Raising a hue and cry, and searching all roads, and sending state police after the prisoners? Not exactly.

Governor Pinchot was awaiting a report from Colonel Groome.

Colonel Groome was making an investigation.

The Philadelphia police were sending out thousands of photographs and finger prints of the six men, and urging sheriffs and police chiefs everywhere to capture them.

After a week of this somebody had the temerity to suggest that the state ought to send at least one detective, or state trooper, or policeman, or prison warden, after the convicts.

"The capture of these men," said Colonel Groome, "is up to the police."

City Has No Power

THE Eastern Penitentiary, however, is a state institution. The city of Philadelphia has absolutely no power over it. City police, therefore, who planned to send a lone detective to the fastnesses of the Chesapeake, thought better of it before he could buy a railroad ticket. So far as anyone has been able to learn, the State Police did nothing. They could not act without orders from higher up—and the Governor of Pennsylvania was awaiting a report.

Pennsylvania is now operating under a reduced budget forced through by Governor Pinchot, who has announced that everybody must economize during the next four years. At the time it was put through the taxpayers fully expected to keep on feeding six killers, to protect themselves and the taxpayers of other states. Now they will be saved that expense—in Pennsylvania. If residents of other states are held up, robbed, beaten and perhaps killed—"it is up to the police." One farmer in Delaware was robbed of five suits of clothing, many pairs of shoes, a shotgun and other weapons while the men were on their motor ride southward.

It has been pointed out above that the guards were not paid up to Bastile Day. Prison experts have been puzzled to understand how the men could escape, how they could build a ladder without detection, how they could get three revolvers, and the plentiful supply of money they are known to have with them.

The report of the April Grand Jury explained in detail the graft system in effect at the penitentiary. Overseers and guards were charged—and in many cases it was proved—with maintaining a regular schedule of prices for the delivery of narcotic drugs, whisky, gin, moonshine, and illegal visits. The report proves without doubt that there was a price on anything a convict wanted, if he had or could get the funds to pay.

When Governor Pinchot vetoed the bill that would have relieved crowding and made it possible to hire

(Concluded on page 15)

Present Money System an Elaborate Trick: A Great Speech by Professor Frederick Soddy

Expanders of Debt Falsely Pose as Creators of Wealth: They Simply Absorb Wealth That Labor Has Created: Can We All Live in Idleness on Interest?

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

WHEN John Ruskin dared to tell the political economists of his day that orthodox political economy was not a true science but that it stood to the real economy in the relation of alchemy to chemistry; a mere pseudo-science, needing reformation and reconstruction; when he went further and said it was not a *political* economy at all, but only a commercial economy, since it dealt one-sidedly with the aspects and advantages of the trading classes only, not with those of the community at large; and with the trading class in one age only, in one society and form of civilization only, regardless of what might be learned of the spirit in which other commercial nations, such as the Venetians, had conducted their enterprises—when Ruskin wrote and lectured in this vein, the culture of his day voted him a madman.

But in the long run "truth is never offended but always defended," and now comes Prof. Frederick Soddy, Fellow of the Royal Society of England and undoubtedly Oxford's most brilliant physicist, who indorses Ruskin's position most unequivocally, tells our political economists that they are "solemn portentous recorders of conjuring tricks with bits of metal and paper," and denounces our present money system as "an elaborate confidence trick."

In this speech, delivered at Oxford, England, Prof. Soddy pointed out that the weakest point in present-day popular thought was its inattention to the money question, and urged the taking up of money reform as the most essential of all reforms. Prof. Soddy spoke in part as follows:

My own conclusion is that the failure of civilization is definitely due hitherto to an almost entirely unsuspected fallacy in our material or physical ideas about the nature of wealth, rather than to any special moral delinquency on the part of those responsible for the form and growth of our institutions. Without a clear understanding of this fallacy, not even angels could bring power and prosperity to the world troubled by wealth . . . .

Confounding the People

A MAN who has been the victim of a confidence trick is so much more anxious to get at the trickster than to understand the trick. Yet this money trick, which has converted an era of what ought to have been the greatest material prosperity the world has ever known into one remarkable for its squalor and sordid destitution, is well worth a dispassionate inquiry. Like all conjuring tricks its success depends more upon the trust of the dupe than upon the magical cleverness of the conjurer.

The first condition of its success is to make people confound money with wealth. This is easy. For the individual the two are interchangeable. Money in all its forms is a claim upon the existing wealth. To the individual it is a credit or acknowledgment on the part of the king, acting as the head of the state, and due authority to express the fact that I, Georgius Rex, authorize the holder of this token, this bit of metal or paper, to obtain in exchange for it a certain amount of wealth. So long as the owner does *not* exchange it but keeps it, all the more wealth for those that do, because real wealth, in contradiction to the token of it, is perishable and the seller cannot indefinitely hold it up—it rots.

Now look at it from the point of view of the state instead of the individual. The token is no longer a token of wealth, a credit, but a token of debt or debit, redeemable upon demand and not bearing interest, in theory at least, as a coin or note, that is to say. Hence *when you can induce a nation to think of its money as the same thing as its wealth, instead of the exact opposite, namely, a debt, or claim upon its wealth,* as it is from every point of view except from that of the individual owner, its notions of economics are identical with those of the old lady who overdrew her account and sent the bankers a check for the amount.

The Papier Mache Coins

IN EARLIER days the illusion was much assisted by the practice of making money of gold and silver. I do not know whether the kings and rulers ever really shared the delusions of the vulgar that gold and silver are really wealth. Kubla Khan, the great Mongol Emperor of the twelfth century, certainly did not, as some of his coins are still extant and they are made of papier maché! Old Aristotle certainly did not, and he lived twenty-five centuries ago. His economics dealt with the wealth of nations, not their debts, and he named the study of the latter "chrematistics," a word you will still find in the dictionary, though this term would not be understood if you did not explain it. Today there is not a political economist left; they are all become chrematists, solemn portentous recorders of conjuring tricks with bits of metal and paper, which they claim has become a science, as indeed it has, the science of token wealth; but it is not economics.

Let us get back to earlier and more correct notions of money. The first is that it should be genuine and not counterfeit, and that it should not be privately minted or coined either by the small counterfeiter of bad half-crowns or by the big money-lender or usurer.

What are the facts? *Not one-tenth of our money today is of this character.* The Royal Mint, it is true, still issues the *small change* of the realm. The big money, over nine-tenths of the whole upon which our industries are carried on, is, I understand, issued privately in the form of bankers' loans. All is quite legal, of course—such is the law! It dates back to 1844 before the new ways of life which science has made possible were within the imagination even of madmen. It resembles an antique piece of machinery such as one may still see in the South Kensington Museum coupled to a modern prime-mover. Legal or illegal, its effect upon the community is precisely the same.

Loans—Two Kinds

LET us be perfectly clear on this one point. A money loan may be either genuine or fictitious. It is genuine if the lender gives up his purchasing power to the borrower. It is fictitious if both the lender and the borrower possess the purchasing power formerly exercised by the lender so that a doubling of the purchasing power results. In olden times purchasing power was acquired by withdrawing money from the banks, distributing it among the purveyors of commodities who, when they had collected enough, took it back to the bank again. Today this is used only for small transactions. The regular plan is payment by check, which confers purchasing power on one set of the banks' clients precisely at the same moment it is withdrawn from another set, so that, although the clients are using their powers to purchase, their aggregate deposits in the bank remain substantially unaffected. On the strength of these the banks issue purely fictitious loans to third parties. They demand securities, it is true, but they only sell these, so withdrawing the equivalent of purchasing power from a fourth party who buys the securities, if the borrower defaults. Normally this does not occur. Before the loan was issued the community owed the banks' clients so much wealth, and after the loan it owes them precisely the same amount, but in addition it now owes a third party an amount equal to that of the loan. I am not discussing the morals or ethics or even the commercial convenience of the transaction, but its *effects, which are indistinguishable from those that would be produced by a private issue of new money.* If you carry the matter to its logical conclusion with all the banks united into one combine and all the citizens depositing their money with them, then the deposits will represent the national purchasing power. For the privilege of keeping the accounts of our mutual indebtedness the banks will exercise a new purchasing power the equivalent of that possessed by the whole nation. Our system is reducing the institution of money to the level of an elaborate confidence trick. . . .

Must Coin Own Money

I LEAVE it to you to judge whether I have exposed the real instrument by which the creator of wealth is cheated out of the produce of his labor by the creator of debt and the true explanation of the great paradox, *"In poor countries the people are comfortable, in rich countries the people are poor."* Our currency system is derived unchanged from a past era, almost stagnant relatively to the present, in regard to the revenue of wealth. Science and labor have increased that revenue tenfold if not a hundredfold. They are remunerated, if it all, *at the expense of another.*

If I make a discovery of value and increase thereby the world's wealth I am remunerated out of the money which otherwise the public would share among its members without me. The public is the worse off, not the better, for the increment of wealth I have created. The usurer in a palatial establishment, furnished with every ostentation that can give the illusion of bottomless wealth, on the strength of the workers having increased the wealth of the world, issues a wholly fictitious loan to his clients and calmly pockets the increment. Who but a fool would trouble to create wealth while money can be privately coined? What is the use of creating wealth if you do not control the only instrument by means of which it can be acquired?

The only way by which in rich countries the people can escape poverty is by coining their own money and not allowing it to be coined privately under any pretext whatever. In stagnant countries, such as those of our pre-scientific ancestors, the problem never arises. It is in communities where the revenue of wealth is being expanded by discovery and inventions, and by the people working harder and more efficiently, that the increment of wealth must be met *by a corresponding fresh issue of currency and this issue must be issued by and to the people, to the consumers and producers, not by and to the money lenders.*

Let us pursue the present system to its bitter end. What *is* the goal? Nobody knows. *Ruskin asked sixty years ago and has never yet been answered. . . . .*

Never before, and as I read the situation, never to the same extent again, will the world have the opportunity it had at the beginning of the century, to build a civilization worthy of our intellectual and material pre-eminence. Whereas what has happened you know as well as I, or better.

Let us try, in conclusion, to depict the present situation. Our revenue of wealth is colossal, *but only a relatively small and unimportant fraction of it is consumed in living.* This revenue could be further increased by science and labor to almost any extent likely to be required were there any point in that. It has been estimated that, with trifling exceptions, America alone could supply the world for 100 years without overworking, the rest of the world being idle.

Civilization in a Ditch

WHERE does it all go? By far the greater part goes in the pursuit of the perpetual motion fallacy, to "save" so much that enough at last will be accumulated to go round and the world can live on the interest. *Not one-fourth goes on consumption proper.* Three-fourths goes to capital consumption, that is, is "saved" as far as the individual in concerned, which means lent at interest, which means spent by somebody not the owner. . . . . What for? The answer you will find in Ruskin, "For the nourishment of rats and worms." If we must "save" seventy-five per cent of our revenue, we must be told definitely what it is for.

Schemes of social amelioration are, in themselves, most admirable, but before we think much about where we are going, when we start, it is necessary to repair the car which has broken down or we shall not be able to start at all. Civilization is in a ditch. It is crowded with people anxious to get somewhere and that the magnificent opportunity which may never recur shall be used to get us as far on the road to happiness and prosperity as possible. It needs a mechanic to repair its mechanism. The production of wealth is no longer an unknown problem to be done by rule of thumb and old traditional wrinkles. It is a science in which little remains to be found out.

Distribution Unsolved

THE distribution of wealth is, on the other hand, an unsolved problem and the machinery by which wealth is distributed is money and finance generally. This has completely broken down. My advice, if I may offer it, is to attend to this, not as one of the reforms needed but as the essential reform before anything else even is possible.

John Stafford, another English writer, agrees with Prof. Soddy that interest-taking involves a fatal contradiction. He says:

"Not perhaps until the nineteenth century were people found so credulous, so blind, so ignorant, as to believe that if everyone had ten thousand pounds everyone could live upon the interest of it without doing any work. For that is what we practically believe. We laugh at the old joke which represents the inhabitants of the Scilly Isles as 'earning a precarious living by taking in each other's washing,' but we act on the belief that we could all live by lending one another money, if we only had it. . . . Not until it became evident that more gains were to be made by a low rate called interest than by a high rate called usury did the hiring out of money become a highly respectable calling. Not until under the tutelage of William Pattison our governments found it so much more convenient to borrow money than to tax the public and the wealthy found in a national debt an easy method of becoming pensioners of the nation, did interest or usury become an institution of the country, to be regarded as as natural a process as that of the growth of many potatoes from one."

Wild Life of the Northwest Rapidly Fade

Their Value to Society: What Their Loss Would Mean: Their Safety and How We Can Protect Them

By F. J. CLIFFORD

ABOVE the snowy peak, a golden eagle wheels about, his eight-foot spread of wings bearing him on and on. With telescopic eye, he watches for his prey below. A majestic bird, besides our national totem sign. There is not much danger of his extinction.

Near the snow line, mottled coated ptarmigan, a partridge-like bird, scuttle to safety as the shadow of the big eagle drifts over them. If it were winter, they would sit still in the snow, as then they are white—their protective color. Their value is largely sentimental, though where numerous their flesh is a welcome addition to the adventurers' fare. They are generally holding their own against exterminative modern influences.

On the rocky side of the mountain one sees a white spot resembling a pearl in a dark setting. It seems to move. Closer inspection reveals it a mountain goat. His habitat is so high, he looks below for trespassers. His feet are fitted with rubber-like pads with which he can scramble to places that the human foot cannot follow. His flesh as a food resembles mutton and is enjoyed by many. As a game animal, he is a worthy opponent, for it takes a steady hand and stout heart to get him. When cornered, he will fight most viciously, using his sharp-curved horns with deadly effect. A friend of mine out of pure deviltry matched his climbing ability against that of an old billy, following him far out on a knife-edge, hog-back of the mountain. The wind whistled across his perch, the up-ended slabs of rock underneath him seemed to quiver. The goat suddenly turned on him. He could not retreat quickly enough to keep away from those menacing black horns. He must escape them. With a quick gasp and a frightened glance below he flung himself on the smooth rock to the side. Along it he shot and catapulted over the edge. A bank of softened snow caught him in its wet folds. He put in the rest of the day getting out of his precarious position and back to camp—his appetite for goat-study quite satisfied. The goat is a picturesque fellow, and demonstrates how animals can survive under the most brutal surroundings. He is protected the year through in many places and so is increasing slightly.

Among the Broken Rock

THERE is a steel-gray animal that resembles a woodchuck though considerably larger. His home is at a high elevation like the goat. Whistler is the name he goes by. You will find him among the broken rock. One time, when I first hit the country, I was toiling along up the steep side of a mountain. Stopping a moment to mop my perspiring face, I was startled to hear someone give a sharp whistle of attention, though I did not suppose there was anyone within miles of me. But I whistled back, then asked who it was. No reply. Presently the blast was repeated. It appeared to come from no particular direction. After much wondering and watching I descried the form of its author, sitting bolt upright among some boulders. People who know, use the whistler's skin for rubbing horses and themselves to keep away the mosquitoes and fierce deer-flies. Pack animals soon come in of their own accord every day or two for a rub of the whistler skin. There is not much danger of the whistler's extinction.

Lower down among the grotesque-shaped trees we find the bighorn sheep. Hiding the wide curving horns and short legs, one might mistake him for a deer, as the hair is much the same. The mountain sheep do not have wool like their domestic brethren. Near by some funny lambs butt each other around, ever watchful for the eagle, who prefers to catch them in an exposed position where he can swoop down and knock a lamb off on the rocks below. There, safe from the vicious onslaughts of the mother, he can grasp it in his long talons and sail off to his fledgings on some lonely crag.

Many hunters argue pro and con as to nature's reason for putting heavy horns on the animal. One old hunter told me quite solemnly that the sheep uses them to land on in making some of his jumps. He got his theory in finding small rock buried in the horn. The "bighorn's" weapon of defense is his head, so nature put a lot of weight there, as we put weight in the hammer head instead of the handle.

More than one mountain lion has had his ribs cracked and been hurled down the rocks by the quick smash of the vicious head. Lacking any opponent of his own kind, he will hurl himself at a rock, to practice on. His flesh makes the finest of meat. As a trophy of the chase he nearly tops the list. He is about the most difficult to get of all game animals. There are only a few bands left in the United States, outside of Alaska. Before the advent of the white man, the bighorn sheep sought the lower hills in which to winter. Now they are compelled to stay in the high mountains which is unnatural for them. They are gradually diminishing in numbers. Their loss will be keenly felt by all lovers of wild life.

Off to the right on a lonely wind-swept ridge we find an animal shambling clumsy-like along. His low-swung head and high shoulders proclaim him a grizzly—king of all beasts. His silvery sides glistening in the sun might put him in the silver-tip class. He is one of the most cunning and shrewd of all wild animals. I am also sorry to say, he is an outlaw. He never hesitates to kill range cattle, sheep or anything he can get his terrible claws on. I tell this as I found it in the forests. I do not see how he can survive as a game animal outside our national parks. Even there they are compelled to kill him when he starts on a rampage.

He is the last of the bear family to hibernate, sometimes plowing through two or three feet of snow to his den in some cliff, ofttimes where no human foot can follow. His flesh is not relished as a food. His hide, however, is much sought after, and is valuable. It takes a stout-hearted hunter to bag one. They are becoming extinct. Most of us will hate to see the grand old fighter disappear from his mountains.

It may seem strange, but there are more deer east of the Mississippi than west of it. Also there are more killed. The mule and black-tail deer have a fatal habit, when disturbed, of stopping to see who their enemy is. This makes them fairly easy prey. But they seem to be working out of the habit somewhat.

During the running season the bucks will cover as much as 20 miles in a day or two of their wanderings. This is nature's way of keeping them from inbreeding. The buck never protects the does or fawns from an enemy. When danger threatens, he is the first one to light out.

The hair is worthless, but when removed, leaves a hide that tans beautifully. The head and neck makes one of the prettiest mounts obtainable. Their economic value is high. Sentimentally it is limitless. The varieties spoken of are gradually decreasing in numbers. A few years ago they came down to the ranches for protection. They were slaughtered by the carload both in season and out. Now they have retreated to the highlands where their natural enemies may bring them to a sudden extinction similar to the passenger pigeon and buffalo.

The big brother of the deer we will find out on the semi-open ridges and valleys. It is the elk. He is a majestic animal with his long wide-spreading antlers. The greatest trouble with him is his easy domestication. He quickly learns to feed at the ranchers' haystacks. This causes no end of trouble and robs the elk of their ability to rustle during the winter months. It seems hard for them to survive changing conditions. Some way may be worked out to save them from extinction. Elk hide is valuable for diversified uses. The flesh is of the best. The loss of the elk would be a bad thing in many ways. The Yellowstone Park officials are making heroic efforts to save them.

His close brother, splashing about among the lily pads of the lake, is the big moose. A mighty animal and cunning as he is big, his numbers are steadily increasing, especially where the game laws are enforced. He will not domesticate, is very timid and will seldom show fight. His hide is valuable in many ways and the flesh is good. When mounted as a trophy, the head forms an object of which any possessor might be proud. There is not much danger of the moose's extinction. At least not till the country becomes more thickly populated.

Could we move our mountain about, we might include, a few, very few, pronghorn antelope on the foothills about its base. They were once a plains animal and distributed all over the West. Now there is a small band of them in Texas, a few in the foothills of Nebraska, some in the Yellowstone Park and quite a large band in the Wainwright herd of Alberta, Canada. A persistent curiosity spelled their doom. To illustrate, I will relate an incident that happened in Texas. We were traveling in a car. And it was some car for those days—it had all of two cylinders and would make 25 or 30 miles an hour. We spied a band of some 20 antelope, who as usual started to circle to our right. We took the inside and circled with them. Now that smooth prairie stretched for 50 miles away on each side of us. But would those pronghorns take any other direction? No, sir, they just had to circle round us. We had made about half of it when we were running with them neck and neck, not over 40 feet apart. It was a beautiful sight to see them racing along. Their bodies did not seem to be in action, just their slender legs twinkled back and forth. The old two-lunger coughed her loudest but the fleet-footed animals swept on out of sight. Their numbers are decreasing.

Just a Few in Parks

THE numberless buffaloes have shrunk to a few cared for in parks. There is just one band of some 50 that is living the same as in the old days. They inhabit the wildest and most inaccessible parts of Yellowstone Park. They seem to be holding their own. Their value is the highest, as the hide makes beautiful robes and their flesh is considered superior to beef. There is not much danger of their complete disappearance.

On a flat rock overlooking a game trail we see a tawny creature stretched out. He may have been there a few hours or a day or two. It is a cougar (mountain lion), waiting for some unwary deer to come along. He will spring on them and quickly unjoint their neck with his powerful paws. The belly is then carefully slit open and the liver rolled out, this he eats first. A kill is seldom returned to unless the lion is forced to through hunger. He will kill some 60 deer each year. Occasionally, however, he fails to kill his victim. One time I was trailing a lion and came to a place where the big cat had jumped on a buck, he rode him for 50 yards, his long tail striking the snow here and there as he balanced himself. At a little rise in the ground the deer made a sudden turn and piled the lion off along with a lot of his hair. I figured that the buck's thrashing antlers kept the cat from getting the fatal neck-hold.

The cougar is a supreme coward around mankind. He has one other trait that equals his cowardice—it is his curiosity. He will follow a person for miles but never make an attack. He is a tremendous traveler but is seldom seen. Their loss would be little deplored. Fortunately their numbers are being reduced somewhat.

Down in the creek bottom a bunch of sarvis bushes are being violently agitated. A hairy form sits bolt upright in front of them. One forearm encircles the bushes and pulls them down, the other paw is used as a comb. With it the animal strips off berries, leaves and twigs and flips them into an ever hungry mouth. He is the vagabond of the woods, the brown bear. Sometimes he is black, other times light brown, some are almost white, much the color of a Poland China hog. Their color varies as nature happens to dab her brush. The brown bear does but little killing. They are trained to eat meat through the dying sheep along the trail. Coyotes kill a lamb, the mother dies of milk fever or "black bag" as it is sometimes called, along comes our bear and feeds on the carcass. He is blamed for the killing of it. Sometimes sheep are drowned, and he finding the carcass is quickly blamed for their death. There is no doubt but what he kills some sheep, but not nearly so often as he is charged. Wherever the sheep hit one of his huckleberry patches it is not long till it is ruined or destroyed. Thousands of acres of the bears' feeding ground is hurt in this way. They are very timid and will attack no one. There is nothing among all wild life quite as comical and amusing as a pair of the cubs. They are forever playing or quarreling, when not being given a course of training by their mother. One late spring while out on a hike I had stopped to look around a bit, when my attention was attracted to a slight hubbub just over a small ridge from me. The breeze was in my favor so I crawled cautiously in that direction. Peeking over the top of the knoll an amusing sight met my eyes. A mother bear was giving her rather unwilling cubs some strenuous training at teaching them how to climb a tree. She would walk off 20 or 30 feet from the tree and suddenly turning would rush to it and up several feet. Then with many a cuff she would make the squalling cubs attempt the same. One little yellow woolly fellow did not "savvy" at all. He put his small paws up against the tree like a cat sharpening her claws and his mother impatiently cuffed him aside. The brown one got his stubby arms around the tree and hunched up a foot or two. Suddenly the mother sat bolt upright, her sensitive nose searching the wind from every angle. With a wo-o-of, wo-o-of she ga-walloped, ga-walloped off, her small progeny scrambling desperately at her heels.

Bears Are Protected

A MOTHER bear keeps her cubs with her for two years, at the end of which she again mates with the same male if she can find him. Her young are no larger than a chipmunk when born. She nurses them for a couple of months before she obtains any water or food for herself. When bears hibernate they carry several "chewing sticks" in their den with them. On these they chew occasionally during the winter, partly for amusement but mostly I think to keep their teeth solid. It is claimed that the Ozark mountaineers crawl into their dens and putting a rope around the bear's neck, haul him out and knock him in the head. The story might be true as it takes a few moments to rouse a hibernating animal.

The loss of this wayward vagabond of the woods would be keenly felt. I believe he is holding his own as most states are protecting him.

Farther down the creek we find the beaver, a prehistoric cousin of the bear. Such an engineer as he is! Many times I have tried to destroy his dams where it was flooding meadow land. I generally made a poor job of it. The stream and small logs are so interlaced, it is well-nigh impossible to dislodge them. The water rises along the mud-covered sloping face of the dam. It spills over onto and down through the crisscross sticks. This so breaks the fall that it washes nothing away. It fills the same office as the splash apron of the huge dams erected by human engineers. The beaver place cut pieces of willow and aspen on the bottom of the pond for winter food. When disturbed they generally float to the surface and no matter how much a person tries they cannot make them stay on the bottom again. The night before it permanently freezes for the winter, not before nor after, they plaster their house with mud. This freezing along with the surface of the pond gives them ample protection against the wolf, lynx and cougar. The beaver is a powerful swimmer and an efficient woodcutter. His flesh is not used by the white man; his pelt, however, ranks close at the top in value. The beaver was nearly extinct at one time. Now most states permanently protect them. Where they are doing damage they are trapped alive and transported to the high mountain territory where they can thrive and do no harm. Sometimes they persist in coming back to the old grounds. Their extinction would be a distinct blow to the fur industry besides robbing society of one of nature's finest handiworks.

Otter are sometimes seen along the rivers but are nearly gone. The prairie dog, once so numerous, is decreasing steadily.

MARY HUNTER AUSTIN

Mary Austin—A Prophetess of Desert Places

Famous Woman Writer Holds Southwest Will Be Seat of "Next Most Powerful Culture in the World"

By FRED L. HOLMES

"THE Southwest is to be the seat of the next most powerful culture in the world—equaling the culture of Ancient Egypt and Greece in its power to affect the world's history and human development."

This is what Mary Hunter Austin, the famous writer of stories of the Eastern California slope, told me at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where she was gathering full information on this theme. She had just returned from a 2,500-mile motor trip during which she had visited all of the delightful places around which she will weave the warp and woof of her story.

And into such a quaint old city she had gone to conduct her studies. Santa Fe is suffused with the brooding glory and history of the past; with tales of old mission houses and renegade Indians; with stories of pocket hunters for gold and the roughness of mining camp. There is probably no settlement within the domain of the United States over the history of which so much mystery has hovered as the capital of New Mexico. Some historians have claimed for it an antiquity exceeding that of St. Augustine, Florida. More truthfully, others have given it a second place in point of age, notwithstanding the strong but groundless belief, still somewhat prevalent, that Santa Fe had a teeming, prosperous, aboriginal population, when the Spaniards under the Coronado first made their appearance in New Mexico in 1540.

Mary Austin writes the stories of the Southwest because she is steeped in its antiquity, its legends, its ethnography and its history. She was a pioneer on the fringe of "Death Valley" in Southeastern California, when the trail route was whitened in summer by the bones of its lost and thirst-choked travelers; when it took a stagecoach ride of 130 miles to get her to the nearest railroad station; and when the yelp of the coyote and the glow of the sagebrush were a consolation for loneliness.

It was at Carlinville, Illinois, that Mary Austin was born, September 9, 1868. On her mother's side she descended from the family of the celebrated French chemist, Daguerre. Carlinville is a small town.

"Just the sort that our younger generation of novelists are proving to be so desperately uncultivated and impossible as a background for the intellectual and artistic life," Mrs. Austin declared in a spirited defense of her birthplace. "I didn't find it so, for though I have described it as I found it in 'A Woman of Genius' —years before Main Street became a term of contempt—I still love it.

"I am more amused by American life than contemptuous of it, and I have the most intense intellectual interest in what is developing here; think it vastly more important than anything now going on in Europe."

This little, world-traveled woman, with an abundance of hair, seemed to think herself fortunate that she was born before the flood of so-called children's books. Early she became familiar with the English classics and the studies of these with "an intimate acquaintance with nature" occupied her years until the end of her university work.

As ill health drove the Kansas-born Enos Mills to the mountains of Colorado, there to transform a country lad into a great nature writer, so it compelled the Hunter family to take Mary, at nineteen years of age, to live on the untamed, sun-blistered lands between the Sierra Nevada and the Mohave Desert. Trained as a teacher, she followed for a time her profession in the unconventional life of mining towns and in the wickiups of the Indians, finding it an exceptional opportunity to push her investigations into child study.

"I knew as soon as I knew anything," continued Mrs. Austin, "that I would both write and teach. I never did give up teaching, though I no longer hold salaried positions. I lecture at teachers' institutes, last summer at the summer school of the University of California, the summer before at the Fabian summer school in England. To me the whole process of life is education, and my books are merely to tell what I have learned at the school of life."

Already she had got away from the chronological thread of her life story. She would tell her theory of writing and the reason for a great variety in her books.

"I always write about the thing that at the moment I know and care the most about—about outdoors, about 'The Man Jesus,' about 'Love and the Soul-Maker,' about 'The American Rhythm,'" she went on. "I write it in any form best suited to the subject, essay or play, story or poem.

Like most desert-dwellers, the spell of its mystery soon enthralled her. She gave up teaching in the Los Angeles Normal School and returned to life in the hills. There she married Stafford W. Austin, a register of the United States Land Office and a botanist. He took her deeper into the desert, first to Lone Pine, then to Pine Creek, where a home was built on a little rill, looking toward Kearsarge. Sagebrush grew up to the door and Piute Indians were her principal companions.

There was much to do. She did housework and gardened. And she wrote. No one had before written about this desert with its hummocks of wind-driven sand, its thirsty soil, its stubby shrubs and the still calms on the tilted mesas "where the dust devils dance whirling into a wide, pale sky." So she told the story of the desert.

"When I was too sick to do anything else I could lie out under the sagebrush and look," she went on, "and when I was able to get about I went to look at other things, and by and by I got to know when and where looking was most worth while. Then I got so full of looking that I had to write to get rid of some of it to make room for some more. I wrote the book, 'The Land of Little Rain,' because I could not help it. I wished very much to tell somebody about it, and I felt sure there must be people who would feel about it as I did. I did not personally know any such people, nor did I know how people of the sort I imagined as being interested in it, would talk. I just wrote as I felt and nobody was more astonished than I to discover from the reviews that the book had 'style.'

"I wrote the book in two sessions of about three weeks each, but I was twelve years getting ready to write it.

"When I lived in that country I rode horseback everywhere. I gave up riding when I went to New York; it was too stupid just trotting around a park. Here in New Mexico I have to resort to the motor, because the distances are too great for horseback riding."

It was twenty years ago when she wrote the volume "A Land of Little Rain," and it is still selling. The tired and eyesore traveler has it offered him on the trains and the community leaders of the Southwest know it as their geography. Into it has gone the parch of the desert, the drear of monotonous weather, the heat of the dry summer day and its drifting sands, the moping form and horrid croak of the buzzard; the coyote coming out of his lair for killing in a country of carrion crows, first looking up to see where they may be gathering; Indian women gathering willows or weaving baskets around the campoodie; the byways and river canyons of the mountains that lead upward toward the citadel.

In at least a half-dozen other books she has repainted the story of this strange land. She loves it as does the land-locked sailor the sniff of salt breezes.

"If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of God's hands, what they do there and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there," she once wrote. "None other than this long brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender bluish mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, have the lotus charm. For one thing there is the divinist, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little oases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house-weary broods."

Every year Mrs. Austin spends a part of her time at one or another of the Carnegie Botanical Laboratories, so that all she writes of out-of-door life is subjected to rigid scrutiny. She declares that her love of nature was born with her and that her earliest recollections are impressions of its beauty and mysteries, always inseparable from religious emotion.

The Southwest country has been portrayed in her book, "The Land of Little Rain," the shepherds in "The Flock"; the Indians in her childlike stories of "The Basket Woman" and life in the old missions in "Isidro."

The late President Roosevelt was so interested in "The Flock" that he sent a man to Lone Pine to interview her on the problems of sheep and forest conservation. From this literary acquaintance grew their mutual respect for each other, because of their love of the land.

Other themes upon which she has written are "The Man Jesus," "The Man Who Didn't Believe in Christmas," "Christ in Italy," "Woman of Genius" and "The Young Woman Citizen."

"When I am not writing, which is from two to three months every year, I live as hard as I can," she continued. "Frequently I take another name and go somewhere and live a life as utterly different as it is possible, down on the East Side of New York, in an Indian village, on a Middle Western farm."

And with a smile that broke the accustomed Indian stoicism of her demeanor she added: "Once I cooked for a Long Island millionaire—made all the desserts and salads."

"I am incurably domestic in my tastes, am an excellent cook and adore having company and making a garden," she went on. "This is a great misfortune if you find yourself elected to a literary career. I have wasted more time over cooking and housekeeping and trying to live in one place than any other thing. I have to fight this domestic tendency to this day. If I had a daughter who seemed to be intended for an intellectual or artistic career, I should take good care to see that she didn't acquire a taste for housekeeping and needlework. When the temptation gets too strong for me now, I borrow a kitchen and put in a week or two making jam and jelly. I go on a regular jag of cooking and get it out of my system.

As the head of the department of aboriginal literature in the school of American research at Santa Fe, Mrs. Austin has made a thorough study of the Indian.

Wind Storms of the Desert

By MARY AUSTIN

ALL storms of desert hills, except windstorms, are impotent. East and west of the Sierras they rise in nearly parallel ranges, desertward, and no rain breaks over them, except from some far-strayed cloud or roving wind from the California Gulf, and these only in winter. In summer the sky travails with thunderings and the flare of sheet lightnings to win a few blistering big drops, and once in a lifetime the chance of a torrent. But you have not known what force resides in the mindless things until you have known a desert wind. One expects it at the turn of the two seasons, wet and dry, with electrified, tense nerves. Along the edge of the mesa, where it drops off to the valley, dust devils begin to rise white and steady, fanning out at the top like the genii out of the fisherman's bottle. One supposes the Indians might have learned the use of smoke signals from these dust pillars as they learn most things direct from the tutelage of the earth. The air begins to move fluently, blowing hot and cold between the ranges. Far south rises a murk of sand against the sky; it grows, the wind shakes itself, and has a smell of earth. The cloud of small dust takes on the color of gold and shuts out the neighborhood, the push of the wind is unsparing. Only man, of all folk, is foolish enough to stir abroad in it.

—From "A Land of Little Rain."

Bulls and Bears of Early American History

Visions That Became Real and Prophecies That Went Astray

By JOHN T. FARIS

IT IS natural that, in the midst of the many wonderful developments of recent years, Americans should wonder what people who lived fifty, one hundred, two hundred years ago would think if they could see the country as it is today.

In a measure this natural curiosity can be satisfied, for, even if it is impossible to bring the Americans of yesterday into the surroundings of 1923, it is easy to find the records of what some of the people thought as they projected themselves forward into the future. Many of them were true prophets. Some were extravagant in their prophecies. But those who were too optimistic had for companions, as happens always, others who were gloomy pessimists.

One of the early optimists, who projected himself into the future with pleasing hopefulness, was named Philip Fithian. An old document tells of his visit to the Tuscarora Valley in the mountains of Pennsylvania in 1775, and of his meditations as he sat one day on the banks of the Juniata:

"Fair genius of the water, wilt not thou, in some future time, be a vast, pleasant and very populous country? Are not many large towns to be raised on these shady banks? I seem to be transferred forward only one century. Great God! America will surprise the world."

Another glimpse of refreshing optimism is provided for those who look at the early days of St. Louis. In 1765, when Pierre Laclède Ligueste selected a site for a trading post for Maxent, Laclède and Company, he said that on the site would rise a settlement "which might become hereafter one of the finest cities in America." The growth of the new post was so rapid that in 1811 H. M. Brackenridge declared it would become "the Memphis of the American States." And the people of this Memphis have always had magnificent faith in themselves and their destiny. In 1870, by order of the county court, a book was published entitled, "St. Louis the Future Great City of the World." In this, James Parton was quoted as saying that St. Louis would be the future capital of the United States, and of the civilization of the Western Continent. Horace Greeley, so the volume declared, spoke of the city's predestined station as "the first inland city on earth."

Twenty-three years after the founding of St. Louis, an optimist encountered two pessimists, his own partners. John Filson was the optimist, and Matthias Denman and Robert Patterson were the pessimists. In 1788 the three men laid out a town which they called Losantiville—"the town opposite the mouth of the Licking," as the name meant. Filson's faith in the future of the infant settlement has been put into verse by an Ohio rhymster:

> "Said Filson, 'Comrades, hear my words:
>   Ere threescore years have flown,
> Our town will be a city vast,'
>   Loud laughed Bob Patterson.
>
> "Still John exclaimed, with prophet tongue,
>   'A city fair and proud,
> The Queen of Cities of the West.'
>   Matt Denman laughed aloud."

The birthday of Indianapolis was not until 1821, but the infant community was favored with a man of vision who insisted on laying out a plot for a city a mile square. Soon an enemy of all optimism came along, who spoke of this as "a ridiculously large plot." Yet he had grace enough to add his prophecy that the town "would eventually fill the entire space!"

This view of the Klamath project was taken from the slope of Mount Stukel, looking across the valley.

In the sand-hill region of Nebraska, the United States Forestry Service is reclaiming the vast area by field planting. The illustration shows seven-year-old jack pine.

Photo by U. S. Forest Service
A blow-out one-half mile southeast of Bessey Nursery, Nebraska, in 1919 planting.

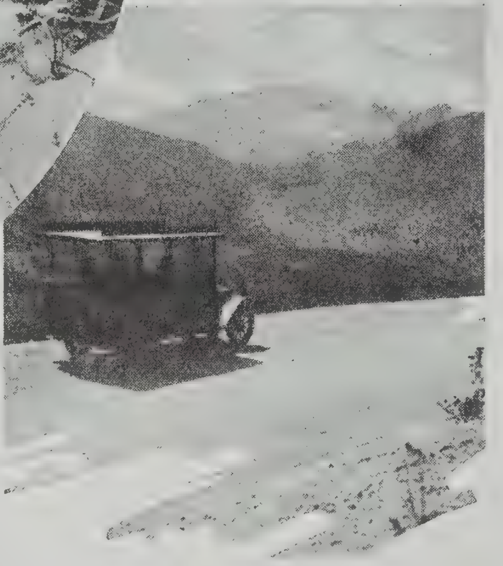


Photo by U. S. Forest Service
Pike's Peak auto highway, Pike National Forest, Colorado.

The very year that saw the beginnings of Indianapolis witnessed a historic real estate transaction near the shores of Lake Michigan. Three thousand Indians, gathered by the Chicago River, sold to the government ten millions of acres of land in Michigan and Illinois, including the site of Chicago, for five thousand dollars. The first house in the future city was built in 1833, and the same year a hopeful citizen, after watching the erection of a government pier, said: "If the pier now building should be a permanent one, and the harbor become a safe one, Chicago would undoubtedly grow as rapidly as any of the western villages."

The older of the Twin Cities on the Upper Mississippi dates from 1841, when St. Paul's Landing was named. In 1849 a regular line of steamers plied between the Landing and points down the Mississippi River. One of the spring boats brought word of the birth of Minnesota Territory, which then had 4,780 population. Five years later a traveler spoke of St. Paul as perhaps the best specimen to be found in the state of "a town still in its infancy with a great destiny before it." Later a boastful citizen said that St. Paul was the natural capital of the territory "from Lac qui Parle to the Missouri, from the Mississippi to the Red River of the North, from the Red River to Lake Superior, and from Lake Superior to the Mississippi." Modest, wasn't he?

St. Paul was six years old when St. Anthony Falls was born. In 1854 a visitor said it was "a picturesquely situated town—a cheerful, pretty place, clean and well-built, containing about twenty-five hundred inhabitants." At about the same time the citizen of St. Paul who had spoken so enthusiastically of the prospects of his own town, said of the people of St. Anthony: "In our opinion, the ultimate hope of the town for a large population rests upon that class of retired people of substance, as well as invalids and people of fashion, desiring library privileges in a retired, beautiful town."

This individual paid his respects to All Saints, the town that was just beginning to make a place for itself on the west side of the river, opposite St. Anthony Falls: "All Saints, or Hennepin, or Minnehaha (what a pity they cannot find a name for the place!) is in all respects as pleasantly situated as St. Anthony, for mill purposes, and will soon be a flourishing village."

The two "villages" thus described by a man who tried to be loyal to his own town were visited in 1872. The new town might have been called Albion, or Brooklyn, or Lowell, but the suggestion that the name be Minneapolis—the city of Minnehaha — was adopted, one letter being dropped for the sake of euphony.

In early days prophecies were plentiful all along the Mississippi River. One was made by Timothy Flint, an English traveler, who marvelled at Tower Rock in the river some distance below the site of old Kaskaskia, first capital of Illinois Territory. He described the rock as "a noble and massive pyramid, rising precipitately out of the bend of the river, and stated to be one hundred and fifty feet high."

In 1839 Colonel William Bowie Cowan grandiloquently told of his belief that Grand Tower—which is now a village on the river close to the rock—was destined to become a great city, because "on the whole length of the river, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Balize, it is the only point that presents an impregnable barrier to the raging flood." Believing that Tower Rock, not far from the center of the stream, "offers itself as one pillar of the bridge that is to connect the Egypt and the Ophir of the great valley," he received a charter for such a structure, and was eloquent in his declaration that it would be built, since that was "perhaps the most rich spot of country known in the world."

But the bridge was never built, and the greatness of Grand Tower failed to materialize.

Such optimism is a good foil to the pessimism of Gouverneur Morris who, soon after the Revolution, advocated giving up the mouth of the Mississippi to Spain. "What good will it do us?" he asked. "Everybody knows that the rapidity of the current will forever prevent ships from sailing up, however easily they may float down. Now, unless some dragon shall be found whose teeth, sown on the banks of the Ohio, will produce seamen, I know not where else they will be obtained to navigate ships abroad, which can never return home."

As emigrants passed to the West they found that Gouverneur Morris was wrong. But even they were wrong in their prophecies concerning some of the lands they passed by with a shrug.

For instance, they thought unworthy of notice the territory that is now included in Michigan. They had been told that for many miles north of the Ohio there was nothing but a tamarack swamp; that not one acre in a hundred was worth anything. Still more surprising is the fact that, in 1835, when Michigan sought admission as a state and was offered the Upper Peninsula in exchange for her claim to a strip of Northern Ohio, containing less than five hundred square miles, there were so many who believed the Upper Peninsula valueless that they were ready to fight for the paltry bit of Ohio. In 1834 Delegate Lyon voiced on the floor of the House of Representatives the contemptuous belief of his territory when he declared that no one wanted the Upper Peninsula, because "for a great part of the year nature had separated the two peninsulas by impassable barriers." So it came to pass that the authorized Constitutional Convention, held at Ann Arbor

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A Few Facts You May Not Know of Scotland

"Caledonia Stern and Wild" Not So Stern or Wild in This Day

By VICTOR MITCHELL

"CALEDONIA stern and wild" has not lost its fascination for the visitor or tourist or pot-hunting sportsman: but, generally speaking, it is neither stern nor wild. True, there are lots of brown heaths and shaggy woods, but the mountains are mere molehills compared to the Rockies, for example, and as for floods, there is nothing in Scotland that can compare with the upheavals which occur on this continent when the warm spring sunshine has melted the winter snows and torrents come tumbling down the valleys carrying all before them. But tradition has woven a web of romance about this land of Bruce and Wallace and Scott and Burns, which even Lauderian lilts and fantastic jingles cannot banish, because the typical Scot is a very different individual from the funny little man with the crooked stick and the scanty kilt who is always singing about "bonnie purple heather" and "bonnie lassies."

Stephen Leacock, that prince of humorists, in one of his burlesque narratives, depicts a barefooted "Heilan" lassie as paddling in a burn or mountain stream catching lobsters which she disposes of to Sassenach tourists, for a consideration. This is a farcical picture, but not more so than some of the conceptions the outside world has formed of the average Scot and the conditions under which he lives.

The popular notion that every Scotsman wears a kilt as a sort of a religious duty is even harder to kill than the idea that every Chinaman's soul is damned if he parts with his pigtail.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, every Englishman, every Southerner, every foreigner of whatever nationality who came to Scotland deer-stalking or grouse-shooting, considered it the correct thing to wear a kilt, and just a year or two before the war the inhabitants of the "douce" town of Nairn—famous for its dry climate and golf course—were surprised and startled to see a Chinaman swaggering about with an air both bland and benignant arrayed in the full panoply of the tartan philabeg. A Chinaman in a kilt was to them as fantastic an object as would be a redheaded Highlander appearing in the streets of Canton wearing a pigtail.

Of course, Scotsmen are proud of their national dress—"the garb of old Gaul"—and all that it stands for, but they have strong notions as to the fitness of things, and the kilt can no more displace the trews as a utilitarian garment than the bagpipes can take the place of the piano as a drawing-room instrument.

Besides his "dourness" and his fondness for the kilt, there is another attribute which is popularly supposed to be characteristic of the Scot, namely, his "grippiness," his "nearness," his tendency to shed regretful tears when he parts with a coin even of the lowest denomination. The story of the Scotsman who had not been in London "five meenits" when "bang went saxpence" is almost as familiar as the legend that the only Jew who ever came to Aberdeen starved to death. But I have lived in the Granite City and am in a position to refute this slander. Supposing it to be true that this wandering Hebrew met with such a cruel fate, the consequences must have been much the same as when a too venturesome fly gives up the ghost on a sheet of tanglefoot; scores of others must have come to the funeral and stayed afterward.

For the past twenty years or so the Jewish community in Aberdeen has flourished like the green bay tree. They have their rabbi and their synagogue complete, and the principal street of the city is lined with their palatial emporiums in which, among other merchandise, there are offered for sale cheap jewelry, dry goods, furniture, tobacco, and what not, and it takes all the hard-headedness of the native citizen to keep himself from being pushed into the back streets, as far as business is concerned. It would be a very barren soil indeed where the Jew could not flourish, and Aberdeen does not provide that kind of soil.

Not only in Aberdeen but in all the larger cities in Scotland the Jew is obtaining a firm hold of things. Very frequently it is as a "financier" that he builds up his fortunes, and money-lending advertisements have become quite a feature of the Scottish newspapers. But when engaged in this business of "big interests" the Jew is as a rule too wary to trade under his own name, and disguises his racial identity under a cognomen calculated to sound pleasantly on the native ear.

Quite recently a Hebrew gentleman appeared before a Glasgow magistrate in connection with a business deal the integrity of which had been challenged, and gave a foreign-sounding name somewhat like a cough and a sneeze combined. "What," exclaimed the astonished bailie, "I thought that all the Jews in Scotland were named either Gordon or Campbell!"

It is hard to say what steps the gay Gordons or the ancient and powerful clan of which the MacCallum Mohr is the chief ought to take in a case of this kind, but it is a fact nevertheless that the camouflaging of Semitic ancestry under good old Scottish names is quite common, and at present there appears to be no legal means to stop it.

There arise occasions, however, when the Celtic blood is stirred to indignation by real or fancied breaches of the canons of tradition. Lord Leverhulme, of Sunlight soap fame, who has become proprietor of a large part of the Hebrides, including the Island of Lewis and the town of Stornoway, has recently assumed the title of "Lord of the Isles." This assumption of a name so famous in history has proved too much for various Highland organizations and societies, who have vigorously denounced it as an act of presumption and an outrage on Celtic tradition.

Leaving for America

A FEW weeks ago it was my lot to witness the embarkation on one of the huge Atlantic liners of several hundreds of those men from the "lone shieling of the misty island." A public holiday had been proclaimed in Stornoway and the little town was teeming with excitement. Across the broad bay on which the big ship rode at anchor the Highlanders were transported in a local steamer in the wake of which there followed a flotilla of motor launches crowded with the friends of the braw lads about to seek their fortunes abroad.

On the green braes which surrounded the harbor and on the encircling hills beyond, other groups were gathered to cheer the departing emigrants or to wave them a last farewell. To do honor to the occasion the pipe band of the town turned out to a man and played inspiring airs as the tender lay alongside the ocean leviathan. Old Jacobite tunes were these, including the stirring strains of "Ower the watter tae Charlie," and when at last all were safely on board and the anchor raised, cheer after cheer came from the brave hearts left behind—fathers, mothers and bonnie lasses trying to smile through their tears. At last the vessel got under way, the notes of the pibroch died in the distance, the sun became a glowing beacon in the west, and hopeful faces turned toward the broad Atlantic.

Another aspect of Scottish character is associated in the popular mind with the inordinate consumption of "barley bree." There is, of course—with the exception of one or two infinitesimal specks on the landscape where the provisions of local option have been taken advantage of—no prohibition in Scotland, and never will be. The Scot loves his freedom too well to part with it in this fashion. He has no desire to indulge in the wine of the country at all times, but he wants to be in a position to do so when the spirit moves him.

Once upon a time a certain satirical Sassenach in describing what he alleged to be a typical Scottish landscape wrote as follows:

> "The whisky stills, the Heilan' stirks,
> And a' the bonnie Wee Free Kirks."

Thus embracing three of the country's principal products—good liquor, good beef and sound religion.

But in spite of the whisky stills, temperance (not prohibition) is undoubtedly gaining ground. Lessons learned from the control of the liquor traffic during the war have been turned to advantage, and shorter hours for the opening of licensed premises, and dearer and weaker whisky, have had their effect in keeping the people sober. The traffic in bootlegging products which is baffling the authorities in this country is almost unknown.

There is a well-worn jibe which declares that a Scotsman keeps the Sabbath day—and everything else that he can lay his hands on. He does keep the Sabbath day, but not in the fashion of his forefathers. It is certainly a day of rest and of religious refreshment, but it is also a day of bodily recreation. The advent of the motor car and the motorcycle has made long excursions into the glens and woodlands a delightful possibility; and the seashore with its wonderful rocks and caves and its pleasant stretches of sandy beach is always within reach.

So firmly has the precept that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath taken hold in Scotland that the sour, dour type of Sabbatarian has been driven into the wilderness. Sunday cars, Sunday golf, Sunday football, and the opening of museums, art galleries and public parks on Sundays—all of which would have been anathema to a former generation—have greatly changed the aspect of things. It is even the case that in the time of harvest when abundant crops await the gathering in and weather conditions are unsettled, rather than run the risk of losing good food supplied through the bounty of the Almighty, a fine Sunday sometimes means the Sunday harvesting of the corn or barley, ministers themselves looking on with approving eyes.

Ian MacLaren's "Bonnie Briar Bush" supplies a very faithful picture of conditions as they existed in Scotland in a former generation, but they are not true of Scotland today. The other week a certain laird in that part of the country in which the "kailyard" scenes are drawn, announced that he was prepared to present a public park to the people on condition that football was allowed to be played in it on Sunday afternoons, and although a sharp difference of opinion has arisen over this matter, the laird is likely to carry his point.

But there is not the slightest danger that the Scottish Sabbath will become commercialized, despite all this slackening off in the rigidity of a former age. There is a difference between humanizing and commercializing the Sabbath. It merely means that after those periods of upheaval and susceptibility to extraneous influences which afflict the most cultured and intelligent of nations from time to time, the Scot is arriving at that Elysium known as "the happy medium," for moderation in all things is another of the fundamental characteristics of the Scottish nature. The blending of the Celtic and Scandinavian bloods, with a judicious touch of the Saxon, has saved him from being an extremist, but, nevertheless, where cherished principles are involved he will fight with all the stern resolution of his forefathers.

What better thing could Douglas Haig have said when matters looked black for the British army in France—an army of which the Scots formed no inconsiderable proportion—than this:

"My men, your backs are at the wall." It was this which aroused the indomitable spirit within them which ultimately carried all before it. It is in this same spirit that the Scottish people have fought for the sanctity of the Sabbath when alien influences have tried to turn them from it, and having gained their point they can afford to expand a little and admit in due proportion those humanizing factors which are making the Scottish Sunday a real day of rest and recreation both for mind and body.

On this day the fishing fleet lies snugly in the harbor, the farm horses rest in the green fields, and the smoke pall which hangs over the hives of industry throughout the working week gives place to the serene and unclouded glory of God's sunshine.

Bulls and Bears of Early American History

Concluded from page 12

in 1836, rejected the proposal on which statehood depended. When the governor refused to call a second convention, five citizens acted in his place, and succeeded in having the proposed boundaries ratified. Congress recognized the unauthorized convention, and Michigan became a state, with 22,600 miles of the Upper Peninsula hung, as many thought, like a millstone around its neck.

Yet less than eight years later came the first discovery of iron that opened the eyes of doubters to the value of the Upper Peninsula. Since then the development of the Iron Ranges has been so wonderful that only the opening of the copper region that extends from Keweenaw Point down to Wisconsin can be compared to it.

In time prophets began to pay their respects to the Great Plains that swept westward and upward toward the Rocky Mountains. These, they declared, were as valueless as Gouverneur Morris thought the Lower Mississippi. In 1859 Edward Everett Hale said of one bit of the Plains region, the twenty thousand square miles included in the Sand Hill district of Nebraska: "It is wholly useless for agricultural purposes, and must remain so forever." And his pessimism seemed justified, for all was a jumble of hills that would not stay put. The country was ever on the move; like the waves of a choppy sea the hills rose and fell. Sometimes bits of vegetation, clinging to the slope, succeeded in giving a semblance of permanence to the sandy foundation. But let a burrowing gopher disturb the vegetation, and the wind would scoop out the sand from the top of the hillock and form a curious blowout.

But those who were dubious as to the future of the sand hills were wrong. In 1905 a man of vision in the United States Forest Service had an inspiration; he felt sure the sand hills were capable of growing sufficient timber for the needs of that western region. So jack pine seedlings, brought from eastern states, were thrust into the ground. They grew. The area was made a national forest, with headquarters at Halsey, on the Middle Loup River. Plantations were started. Experiments were continued for years. And now, in the midst of the otherwise barren landscape of a cattle country, there is a real forest.

The day came when wanderers across the Plains made their way to the present site of Denver, where they dared not only to dream of a city, but even to make a beginning for their dream. The first issue of the *Rocky Mountain News,* one day in April, 1859, thus made its grandiloquent bow to the young settlement, Denver:

"Where a few months ago the wild beasts and wilder Indians held undisputed possession; where now surges the advancing wave of Anglo-Saxon enterprise and civilization; where soon, we fondly hope, will be erected a great and powerful state, another empire in the sisterhood of empires."

Less than a century ago men would have laughed at the idea of applying to the Valley of the Columbia River the term, "Inland Empire." There were few who had a good word for the vast area that has since given to the country some of its most fruitful land. In 1837 Thomas J. Farnham wrote:

"Above the Columbia there is little worth-while land. The forests are so heavy and so matted as to require the arm of a Hercules to clear a farm of one hundred acres in an ordinary lifetime; and the mass of timber is so great that an attempt to subdue it by girdling would result in the formation of another forest before the ground could be disencumbered of what were killed."

Six years later, when Congress was asked to take steps to secure the Oregon Country for the United States, Senator McDuffie declared that he would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole Oregon country. Another Senator was reported as saying:

"We are nearer to the remote nations of Europe than to Oregon."

In 1825 Senator Benton made a declaration that was quoted in Congress as late as 1844:

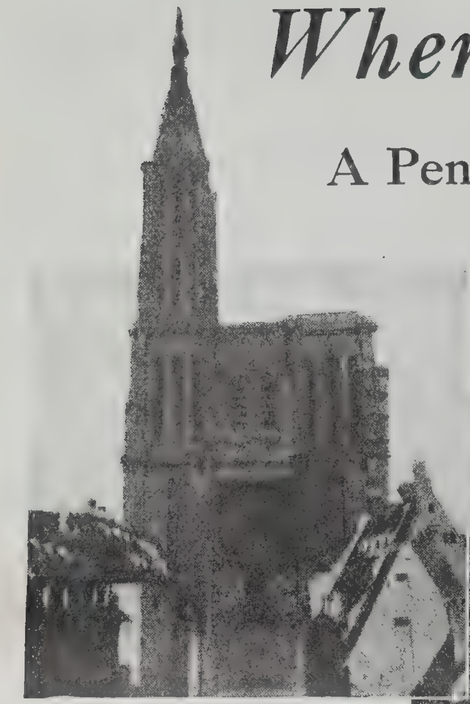
"The ridge of the Rockies should be forever a national boundary."

Probably the citizens of 2023 will be smiling at the predictions we make, even as we of today smile at the words of seers in the early days in America.

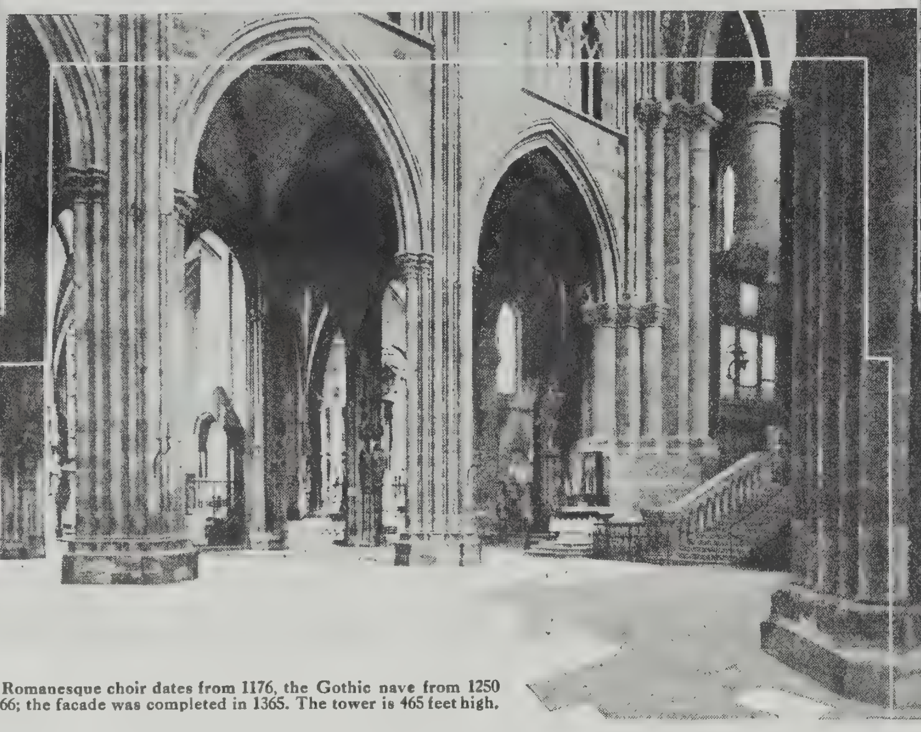
Where France Is Supreme

A Pen Picture of Strassburg, Again Wrested by Gauls from Germans

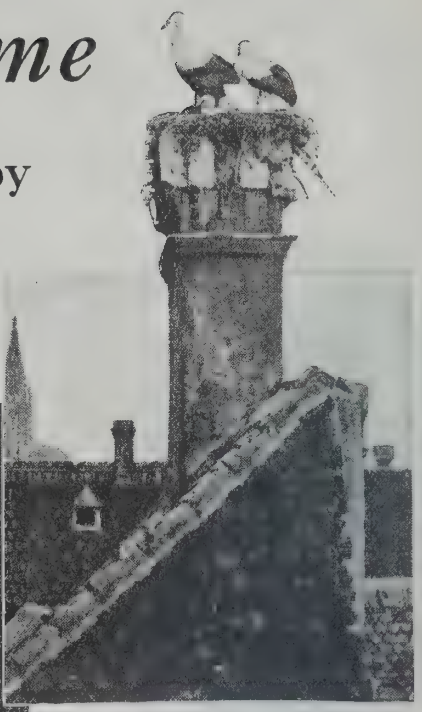
By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY



The Strassburg Cathedral, said to have been founded about 1000.



The Romanesque choir dates from 1176, the Gothic nave from 1250 to 1266; the facade was completed in 1365. The tower is 465 feet high.



Strassburg is famous for its storks.

THERE they stood, the three of them, huge, heroic figures in stone, proudly astrut with their backs to the wall of that modern and imposing structure, the post office building of Strassburg. There was assurance in the planting of their sturdy feet, dominance in every line of their pompous figures, for did they not represent three generations of rulers who insisted that their right was divine—the Kaiser, his father and grandfather—the mighty of the line of Hohenzollern. Sturdy of torso they were, but alas! the three of them had not one head among them. Each had been neatly decapitated. And there they stand in this town which is again French, mute reminders of the unwelcome dominance that was and the feeling of the populace toward it.

One comes down to Strassburg from Basel, in the corner of Switzerland, between the valley of the Rhine and the Vosges range yonder to the left, with ruined castles atop the spurs that jut into the plains. Those castles were occupied by proud barons when the Romans marched this way 2,000 years ago and captured the Celtish town that is now the happy capital of Alsace-Lorraine. It is still an odd seeming country to the American, for you ride on endlessly through carefully cultivated acres, yet on none of these farms is there evidence of human habitation. Not one of them has a house, a habitation of man, upon it.

You rub your eyes curiously and scrutinize the plain that rises toward the mountains. Ah! Yonder are the houses. They are in dense clusters. You can see three clusters from where you are, some two miles apart, gray, solemn, medieval. They are closely built towns abruptly terminated and then the homeless country.

This method of life is a survival of the system which existed when vassals lived within the walls and went forth guardedly for their tillage. Farmers still live in villages and go out to their fields. It is a very old system. Strangely, the community center theory of modern model colonies goes back to it.

Strassburg is a busy city of nearly 200,000 persons, with a core that is made up of crooked streets and Frankish houses with sagging tile roofs that are a thousand years old, and a spacious modern section that has been built largely during the German occupation since 1871. You ride out two miles to the bridgehead and look across the Rhine into Germany. There are huge fortresses all the way and French soldiery where Germans used to be. It looks very quiet on the other side. There is no travel across the bridge. You tread quietly, speak softly, fearful that any spark may set unseen fuses to sputtering.

The Strassburg Cathedral

SO MANY things have happened in these old towns. Consider this Strassburg Cathedral, one of the masterpieces of the world. I believe this is the tallest of all the cathedral towers, 465 feet, I am told. They began its building in 1015. This screen of double tracery in the front of it, these doorways, draw connoisseurs from all over the world. It is an architects' shrine. The humble dilettante feels a great emotion within him as he gazes, the dumb emotion of a member of a race which has lost the capacity to build as once it did, but not the capacity for appreciation.

The town of Nancy is in a bit of a back eddy there in the east of France. Not many Americans penetrate that far. Not even the concierge at the hotel can speak English. Here you discover an odd thing, that this town of Nancy gave the toothsome macaroon to the world. Two hundred years ago the Macaron sisters ran a little baking shop up a side street and they made a delicacy so palatable that it has carried their name to all parts of the earth. Thus potent is even a small task well performed.

It is a bit of an adventure to drop into one of these back towns, knowing nothing of it, late of a Sunday afternoon, for instance. It was thus that I came to Nancy. It was a walk into the unknown when I strolled up the main street, a street teeming wildly with a bubbling throb of life. Sunday at eventide, it would seem, is the liveliest hour of the week in Nancy.

It is interesting to note the things that are being done that are taboo in the United States. There are innumerable cafés which are no more than establishments for vending drinks, as food hardly appears. Men, women and girls go inside and sit around the bars in a manner that was never dreamed of in our wettest days. Then the proprietor pushes his tables out onto the sidewalk and almost blocks it. It is an addition to his table space. There is no municipal objection. It is the most important space he has. The tables on the sidewalk are filled first. There are fifty tables so filled in front of this one café. The throngs pulse back and forth. It is almost a carnival scene. Two boys of ten bustle up and buy handfuls of cheap cigarets. There are men in uniform everywhere. One is surprised wherever he goes in France at the abundance of uniforms. France is determined to maintain an army until she gets guaranties from attack such as Britain and the United States agreed to when she relinquished all claim to the east bank of the Rhine, but later refused to ratify. These quiet back towns are quite full of men in uniform.

The Coils of Rusty Wire

YOU pass through the throng to a quieter section and come upon a solemn cathedral which looks familiar and which you afterward find to be a reproduction of Saint Andrea della Valle, in Rome. And then an ancient, medieval gate like the end of a tunnel running under what was once the town wall, a gate the like of which there are seven at different approaches.

I turned up a side street by chance and walked into a fairyland. This is Place Stanislaus which was built after the style of Versailles, of Louis XVI, by Stanislaus, former king of Poland, and last of a long line of dukes who ruled here. This square abounds in monuments and fountains, is fringed by stately public buildings and the palaces of the dukes, and its gateways are guarded by archways of grilled iron gratings. The triple gateway of a stupenduous triumphal arch leads out to the north into the Place de la Carriere where lanced knights of old were wont to hold their tournaments, and beyond stately government buildings, more ducal palaces, quite exquisitely done, tall Gothic churches, and the old town that dates back to Caesar.

And as I stood there in the glooming twilight beneath this classic arch the most preposterous thing happened to me. My mind suffered the most vicious wrench to which a mind was ever subjected. Absorbed as it was with a contemplation of the exploits of Charles the Bold who twice captured Nancy and then met death beneath her walls, it was brought back to modern actualities by the rasping voice of a stout, middle-aged, American woman tourist who made in a most commonplace way the most harrowing and sensational statement I have ever heard uttered.

"And so," said the stout woman, "she put a razor blade in his hairbrush."

A razor blade in his hairbrush! There was an idea with which the imagination might vigorously exercise itself—upon which it might hang various sequences. A strange place, surely, in which to pick up so incongruous a thought!

One does not see much of war devastation when he comes down from Strassburg to Nancy. There is the point where coils of rusty wire trail away through the grass and give a reddish tinge to the landscape. They are the entanglements of the old battle line but the fighting was not great here. It is far different from the point through St. Quentin, as you come down from Brussels to Paris and ride for 50 miles in ruined country that has gone back to the wilds.

But as one journeys from Nancy to Verdun he touches St. Mihiel where the Americans cut off the German salient and there sees plenty of wreckage and gains his first look at rehabilitation—those formal and stereotyped houses that the government is erecting to take the place of those that are gone. Yet if one would get, in a single picture, the idea as it is best written today of what happened when war was at its maddest, he need visit only Verdun.

There is a new station down where the train stops, a squat spreading station like the new towns have out west. The street to the town leads over temporary lumber bridges, contrasting grotesquely with the remaining fragments of the St. Paul gate of the time of heraldry. And one finds himself in the strangest of towns.

Lining the streets are temporary wooden shacks occupied by shyster merchants selling shoddy goods just as they are found in the boom mining towns in the days of a gold rush. There are frame hotels that have gone up in a week untouched by the mollifying influence of fire regulations. Sidewalks have disappeared and stones and bricks litter the streets. The bark of the vender and the fakir compete with the rattle of hammers. There is much hurrying to and fro in grimy apparel that suggests the constructive calling of the wearers. There is intense activity, for this is a boom town with 14,000 houses to be built to take the place of those that are gone.

It is a mile across, this ruin, a round hill with an ancient cathedral at its top. When the time of stress came the town was not so different from what it had been back in 843 when the treaty was signed here that parceled out the empire of Charlemagne, so old and substantial are these stone-built towns of France. When the fighting was over there was little left save the subterranean caverns of the citadel in which stood Marshal Petain when he said *"they shall not pass."*

On the Battle Field

ONE rides out, of course, to the battle field, this four square miles that has drunk more human blood than any other area ten times its size since the world began. One had not just got the idea that the forts were some five miles out, that the fighting was not under the walls of the town. There are rolling hills around Vaux and Douaumont, much like those of Virginia across the river from Washington. They used to be covered with trees before the fighting but not one living thing, twig or insect, save man, remained to the end. Captured and recaptured were these forts, Douaumont sixteen times.

One stands there on the crest of a ridge. Here four hundred thousand Frenchmen went forth to die and in doing so took with them six hundred thousand Germans. A million men perished in four square miles. In that area still rests the fragments of what once went to make them what they were. The bodies of but few were ever recovered. That shower of shells rent and tore them limb from limb.

Back yonder in this corner of France where the Cote-d'Or, that golden shore, runs down to kiss Dijon, the peasants sing as they gather their grapes which alone will yield the sparkle that is peculiar to the wines of Burgundy. Unless they sing, the legend says, the vintage will go flat, for the joy of the wine gets into the bottles only by flowing over from the wells of it that fill the hearts of the sons and daughters of France. Knowing which I solemnly pledge, and ask you to join me in it, that, now and hereafter, if wine of the Cote-d'Or, as bitter as gall, is served me in a dirty cup and with a curdling scowl anywhere under the sun, I will remember Verdun and the peasant's sorrow and gulp it down without complaining.

Fur Ring, Linked With U. S., Threatens All Seals

Concluded from page 2

reconsidered its recommendation that the ten per cent excise tax on manufactured furs be retained in the new tax bill, and that it is now in favor of having the tax eliminated entirely.

"THE ENTRANCE OF SENATOR SPENCER, OF MISSOURI, INTO THE FIGHT SEEMED TO BE THE TURNING POINT IN THE VICTORY FOR THE FURRIERS.

"It was through Colonel Philip B. Fouke, of St. Louis, that Senator Spencer was induced to go before the Senate in behalf of the fur industry."

October, 1921, is also the month in which a group of St. Louis men visited Washington and with Senator Spencer as spokesman presented Mrs. Harding with a sealskin coat made of the Fouke skins. While it was a gracious thing, the incident resulted in national publicity or distribution of a picture showing Senator Spencer and officials of the Department of Commerce, but not a single St. Louis donor.

This was evidently a good month for the St. Louis law firm of Spencer and Donnell, attorneys for Fouke interests, from whom they received $3,800.63. But why muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn?

Ward T. Bowers, field assistant of the Bureau of Fisheries, testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee, very defiantly said they were not reserving the five thousand breeding seals, according to the law. He made it plain they had no intention of obeying the law, saying they were making a "theoretical reserve."

Dr. David Starr Jordan, who investigated the seal business more than twenty-five years ago, was before the committee for a few minutes. He said: "I think the dealings with this St. Louis firm ought to be put on a higher plane."

He also said he thought the work now being done on the islands by Fouke's men should be done by the government. Of course it should. The present arrangement was never contemplated when the new law was passed.

Senate Bill No. 3731, which embodied Mr. Elliott's views, would prohibit the taking of any sealskin which should measure less than thirty-seven and a half inches long in the salted raw state. This would stop puppy slaughter on the basis described in this article. The bill also makes it mandatory for the Secretary of Commerce to sell the skins in the salted raw state, which would prevent the government continuing with the dressing, dyeing and sales contract with the international group's concern.

Why not take the Alaska fur-seals out of the control of a department that has blundered and been misled, and its bureau, which has no standing with respectable authorities upon the subject with which it acts the scientific clown? Why not put it in the hands of a commission composed of representatives of the Campfire Club, who led the good fight; the American Museum of Natural History; a representative of Canada, whose confidence in us has been misplaced, and of the Department of Commerce and also Henry W. Elliott, but for whose cries the Liebes and their associates might have rendered the seals extinct by this time?

Pinchot Politics in Pennsylvania Prison

Concluded from page 8

new overseers at a living wage, he had in his hands the report of the April Grand Jury, the report of Doctor Potter, and the result of two visits of inspection which he himself made at the prison. The Governor is deeply read in sociology and economics. He knows that in Philadelphia a man cannot keep a family on $1,300 a year. He knew—since it was his duty to appoint the Board of Prison Inspectors—that the guards had not been paid for a month, on the day he celebrated the Fall of the Bastile by vetoing some bills and reducing living wage appropriations in others. Of course, since the Governor is a very wealthy man by inheritance, it is only fair to state that he probably didn't think of the needs of poor men.

The Governor knew that under the régime of the Four Horsemen a plan had been made for a general jail delivery, and that only the intervention of the Grand Jury and the formation of the special squad of heavily armed police prevented it. He knew, or could have known, that several other plots to escape were in the making at the jail. The night before the six convicts escaped Philadelphia police were warned that the break was to be made. Several motor cars filled with detectives were sent to keep order in the prison that they are not allowed to enter, and the convicts, apparently hearing of their arrival, postponed the break until daylight, when they had to contend only with guards and officials subject to the dictates of Governor Pinchot.

Some citizens, confident of their ability to take care of themselves and to protect their own homes from bandits and murderers, have been laughing openly at the spectacle of the great state of Pennsylvania under her reform Governor, placidly standing by and doing nothing while six killers are turned loose on the country. One of them went to the length of writing a letter to one of the newspapers saying that he didn't blame the convicts at all, and expressing wonder at the meekness of the prisoners who remain in jail.

In the Finegan episode many of the newspapers printed letters from former educational officials who quit when Finegan refused to violate the Constitution, and some wrote mild editorials telling the Governor that he may have made a mistake. But so far none of the newspapers has taken up the jail delivery that could have been prevented, that followed three months and more of smashed discipline and violence in the prison. They have been too much occupied printing the Governor's record of economy.

A Day's Visit to the Home of Henri Fabre

Concluded from page 3

Although hampered by his hard daily struggle, Fabre prepares alone the normal school entrance examination and wins the first place from the start. From that time he works with obstinacy to escape not only the miserable fate toward which his position as a primary school-teacher would drive him, but also the school of Carpentras where he has to teach.

Meanwhile Fabre had married a Carpentras girl, and with a salary of 700 francs a year he has to support the household and buy the necessary apparatus indispensable for teaching the elements of physics and chemistry to his pupils and to himself. For he clearly sees that sciences only will permit him to "make his niche" in schools of higher degree. To buy a book on natural science he spent the earnings of a whole month, but while perusing the volume, his hunger was hushed by an intuitive voice vaguely muttering: "And thou, too—thou wilt be the historian of Insects!"

Imbittered by successive disillusions, Fabre tended desperately toward one goal, freedom. To be free to work, to be free to consecrate himself to the new lode he had struck, that came to be his constant idea, his haunting ideal. A series of original schoolbooks he wrote on chemistry, astronomy, and natural science proved to be the means to this end—Sérignan, the Harmas, "a laboratory of living entomology which shall not cost the ratepayers a cent."

At the end of the narrow side-path one finds a small iron door in the stone wall. I rang the bell. The swift deluge of clear little tinklings was echoed by sharp barkings, dogs' choir dominated by puppies' raw altos. A pattering of feet, a gentle voice hushed the gang to silence. Then the door opened, with a scale of creaks.

A sweet little old lady, her face as white as her hair, her body as thin and clearly carved as a wax statuette, but in her eyes an extraordinary youthful light, greeted me.

Does my early visit annoy her? "No, indeed!" it is not early for her; she gets up with sunrise. Can I visit the Harmas? "Certainly!" The door is always open to strangers. "But pray, Mademoiselle, excuse me for being so untidy. We are without 'servante' just now. Girls are terribly particular these days. And lazy! A new one is coming tomorrow. I wonder how she will do! It is a pity to see all your things wrecked by maids, is it not? If only I could attend to everything myself! But I am too old now, much too old. And don't I look a fright with these shabby clothes—and on Sunday too! It is a shame, you'll have to excuse me."

I excused the little old lady. Her clatter was the sign of great excitement. She would rather have me wait until she fixes things in the house, I know. All right, I shall get acquainted with the garden meanwhile—should the six cats and three dogs which have been escorting us from the door permit me to approach it.

The inquiry, pointing to the menagerie: "Why so many?" evoked the reply, "My father liked them so!"

The little old lady had thus introduced herself. She was Aglaé Fabre, "Mademoiselle Aglaé" in the village.

Down the terrace, shaded by sycamores from which fall the dinning chirping of the last cigale of summer, the garden spreads its luxuriant vegetation. Garden? No, wild park, virgin forest, scrap of the mountain flora forgotten here for the benefit of some "Pan" of the valley.

Thistles and thyme, arbutus and cactus, periwinkle and serpentaria, saxifrage and lilac, encroached on the paths, mingling their foliage in a beautiful disorder. Amid their inextricable confusion stood "like a chandelier with spreading orange flowers for lights, the fierce Spanish oyster plant whose spikes are as strong as nails."

In the center stood a little pond with a mossy curb, its tranquil surface holding water lilies' heads. Swift as arrows some vivacious spiders ran over it a restless race which hardly scratched the liquid mirror.

The garden, the pond, the little pink house with green lattices nestled amid the dark fir trees —that had been Fabre's Eden, won by forty years of desperate struggle. Why an Eden? Because "this cursed ground which no one would have had as a gift to sow with a pinch of turnip seed" is "an earthly paradise for Bees and Wasps. Its mighty growth of thistles and centauries drew them all from everywhere around. All the trades have made it their rallying point. Here come hunters of every kind of game, builders in clay, weavers of cotton goods, collectors of pieces cut from a leaf or the petal of a flower, architects in pasteboard, plasterers mixing mortar, carpenters boring wood, miners digging underground galleries, workers handling goldbeater's skin, and many more."

And it is from the modest house in which my cicerone is now taking me that the Lilliputian living kingdom of the garden has sprung into history.

An hermitage, yes, indeed, with its old-fashioned kitchen where the soup pot hangs over a wood fire from a "crémaillère," the iron bar with deep saw teeth seen in every French farm. The monumental hearth place is a room by itself in which one can sit on a little bench close to the flames. On the walls, rows of bright copper pans; around the table a set of straw chairs. With an ironic smile and a charming sense of humor Mademoiselle Aglaé related to me—in connection with the kitchen—the "Pasteur's story," preciously kept in the family archives. Back in 1865 the already famous Pasteur had to solve the mystery of the disease affecting the silkworm cocoon—together with the prosperity of the Rhone Valley population. As the great chemist knew practically nothing about the patient he was going to cure, he came to Fabre who was then the only one from whom to take a valuable lesson on entomology.

Also deeply interested in biological research work which led him to the discovery of the infinitely small destroyer of our vines, Pasteur asked Fabre to show him his cellar, the place where everyone was then supposed to keep rows of barrels of differently aged wines having seen the light of day in different vineyards.

"Our cellar! Just think of it! How could we have afforded wine with a total salary of 700 francs a year! My father took Pasteur to the kitchen and then pointed to the corner where stood, on a broken chair, a ten litres stone pot of mere piquette.

"Here is my cellar, Sir."

With one dog and two cats at our heels we resumed the visit through the house. The isolated and silent upstairs room, with two big windows welcoming butterflies and bees, its showcases of rough timber, its collections of odd shells, coins, insects, mushrooms, might properly be called laboratory although it does not boast of any complex equipage. Most of the outfit is handmade. Mademoiselle Aglaé helped her father create it with the simplest and cheapest raw materials. The only costly apparatus is the microscope.

The so-called library is rather a shrine than a collection of books. Fabre's last portrait, amazingly lifelike, animates the whole place, and it is with a fervent piety that Mademoiselle Aglaé touches any object in the room, from the photographs of her dead brothers to the clock on the mantlepiece. She tells of her life, all spent in her father's shadow. She has been his pupil, his assistant, his nurse. She adored him and still so adores his memory that she wanted me to know all the minute details which can make him greater to me, the difficulties of the last years, the ingratitude and forgetfulness of the public. Her voice trembled. "After he was gone I thought my own end was fast approaching. To leave the house, to see our things sold on the public square, to think that somebody else would come, breathe the air of the Harmas, gather our lilacs, throw my father's collections into the scrap heap, I never could have stood that. But the government has been very kind. It classed the Harmas as a national museum, and I was to be its guardian. Otherwise, going away from here would have killed me. Oh, I am very thankful indeed."

She forgets, this very dear little lady, she forgets that the "government," to whom she has to be so very thankful, let her father creep in the deepest poverty although knowing the efforts, the value and the genius of Fabre. She forgets that the 500 francs annual allocation at last wrenched out of the Minister's purse allowed Fabre to afford beefsteak when he had no teeth left to eat it. "The violins came almost too late," as he used to say. And if they didn't come too late indeed, it is because some disciples, deeply moved by his abandon, called the ignorant crowd to the jubilee of the man who had been John Stuart Mill's and Charles Darwin's friend. Soon after, while glory was at last rapidly coming toward him, Jean Henri Fabre went to rest among the rock roses and arborescent heather of his beloved mountain —after having been for ninety-three years but "an humble journeyman in the toilers' hive."

His work is a delightful promenade among the Insect World, their Iliad and their Odyssey through Virginia groves. But the poetry of that song does not hide any scientific flaw. Fabre uses always the right term in the right place. His argumentation is based on solid facts and keen observation.

But what is really the link between a man and a mite? Fabre had little belief in transmutation, and had courteous arguments with Darwin about it. Above all, he was strongly attracted by the problem of instinct. Is instinct the base of a scale, with intelligence as summit? No. From generation to generation instinct is handed down in all its integrity, while intelligence is purely an accident in the individual. According to Fabre, the origin of species—unexplainable by transmutation—is to be sought for in the supreme genius, order, who rules the universe.

And Fabre leads us to philosophy, a sound philosophy, listening to the Insect Symphony instead of ascending toward the Milky Way. "An atom telling me its delights makes me forget the scenery of stars." A modest philosophy, too: "Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean?" A wise philosophy, raising aloft the motto: Laboremus (Let us labor.)

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BRIEFLY TOLD

In India the money lender in many cases takes two receipts, one for the exact amount loaned and the other for sometimes twice the amount. The interest charged is usually one anna on a rupee a month or about 6½ per cent a month. If the amount borrowed is paid back by the borrower both of the receipts taken are returned to him, but if he cannot pay and the money lender has to go to court to foreclose, he produces the receipt for the larger amount and collects on that basis.

The faking of sculpture has reached such proportions in France that a movement is on foot to forbid the departure of any art work from that country unless the sale is approved by the Ministry of Fine Arts and a group of connoisseurs.

One of the worst insect pests that ever got into this country is the Japanese beetle. It feeds on grass, and on the leaves of fruit trees, vines, and cornstalks and is spreading very rapidly. In certain sections the beetles have grown so dense that during fruit time the orchards have the appearance of being overwhelmed with bee swarms. They are a brilliant irridescent bronze green in color. They came in with some imported Japanese iris.

In America there are 1,500,000 unable to speak the English language. There are 3,000,000 more who cannot read it.

Factory-made grass may now be bought by the yard, and laid down in full velvety growth on golf courses or lawns. A British inventor has perfected a method of sowing grass seed on a special fabric in a "factory" where the temperature is always that of spring or summer. These green carpets are laid down on flattened surfaces, the fabric rots away and the roots become incorporated with the soil.

Under the socialistic dwelling law in Berlin, renters have their apartments virtually free except for certain taxes to the city. The income to the house owner averages not more than $1 a year. The landlord considers himself lucky if the tenants obey the law and make repairs at their own expense.

Artificial wood possessing all the qualities of genuine timber and as hard as oak has been made by a scientist of Norway. He uses a mixture of 50 per cent sawdust with chalk and chemicals and subjects the ingredients to a very heavy pressure. The product is impervious to decay and only burns at a temperature much higher than that at what real timber ignites.

Fifty-three million dollars was lost in 1922 through alteration of checks.

A 50-foot thermometer at Atlantic City can be read a mile away. Lights on the board indicate the temperature.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Five hundred times more narcotics, in the form of opium and its derivitives, are produced than are legitimately needed. The average age of the 50,000 known addicts in New York State is 23 years.

A large, seated statue of Minerva, carved from colored alabaster, has been discovered in Rome on the site of Emporium. This point was a landing place on the Tiber for marble shipments in the days of olden Rome. It was found while excavating for a new building. A workman near Ognia, Italy, found two ancient bronze vases containing 300 gold coins dating back to 300 B. C.

Alaska has an area of about 586,000 square miles, much larger than Texas, the largest state. It has a population of about 54,000, much less than three-quarters of that of Nevada, the least populated state.

Four hundred girls of the Nippon Female Commercial College are being given rifle instruction by the First Regiment of Infantry at Tokyo, Japan.

New carpets and rugs in Smyrna are given an appearance of age by the bleaching process which follows washing and scrubbing. They are hung in the sunlight on the roofs of the factories and homes of the workers.

Only one per cent of 80,000 samples of liquor seized during the last of the year was genuine, according to a report of the prohibition commissioner at Washington. He said that adulteration of bootleg liquor was leading to serious physical consequences. Drinking of moonshine may not cause death directly, but its toxins are cumulative and result in death if indulged in for a protracted period.

If the site and buildings of the old Hudson Bay post at Fort Langley, British Columbia, are donated to the Dominion Historic Sites and Monuments Board, that body will repair the old fur-trading post, turn it into a museum and preserve it as a monument to the early pioneers in British Columbia.

All corporations are not soulless. When the crippled body of little Clyde Patnoe, of Cisco, California, was swept over a 30-foot falls, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company toiled night and day with steam shovels, dynamite, picks and wheelbarrows and turned the angry waters of the Yuba River into a new channel. The body was recovered from between jagged rocks just below the falls. The child was a cripple and a great favorite with the workmen. After the rescue of the body the river was turned back into its old channel. The electric company's books show an item of more than $20,000 on the red ink side of its ledger.

Former Representative Patrick H. Kelley, of Lansing, said, "In my judgment, there is no person now living who will see the Eighteenth Amendment either modified or repealed. There is no doubt pre-Prohibition beer intoxicated many, even with an alcoholic percentage of only three and one-half per cent. Legalization of five per cent beer would, in effect, nullify the Eighteenth Amendment."

David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Leland Stanford Junior University, said: "The bane of higher education is the desire to substitute system and drill for inspiration, to develop methods and standards in place of intellect. The university, as such, does not give opinions, but means to form them.

Within 100 miles of the Arctic Circle, Cordelia M. Karshner has succeeded in raising as many as 350 bushels of potatoes to the acre. She has homesteaded a piece of property in Alaska in a valley containing hot springs and it is due to the warmth given off by the springs that she is able to raise to maturity melons and tomatoes.

In 1920 there were more than 20,000 Indian children of school age who were not in school because of lack of facilities. All the Indians are not Osages, wealthy in oil lands. Others live on poorer reservations whose homes are hovels, tents, shacks tepees and houses with dirt floors.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Magnus Johnson, the Man

Minnesota's Farmer Senator Leads Simple Life

The Old Manse of Concord

Seeing China Through Its Art

A Cotton Crop of 100,000 Acres

The Oldest Letters in the World

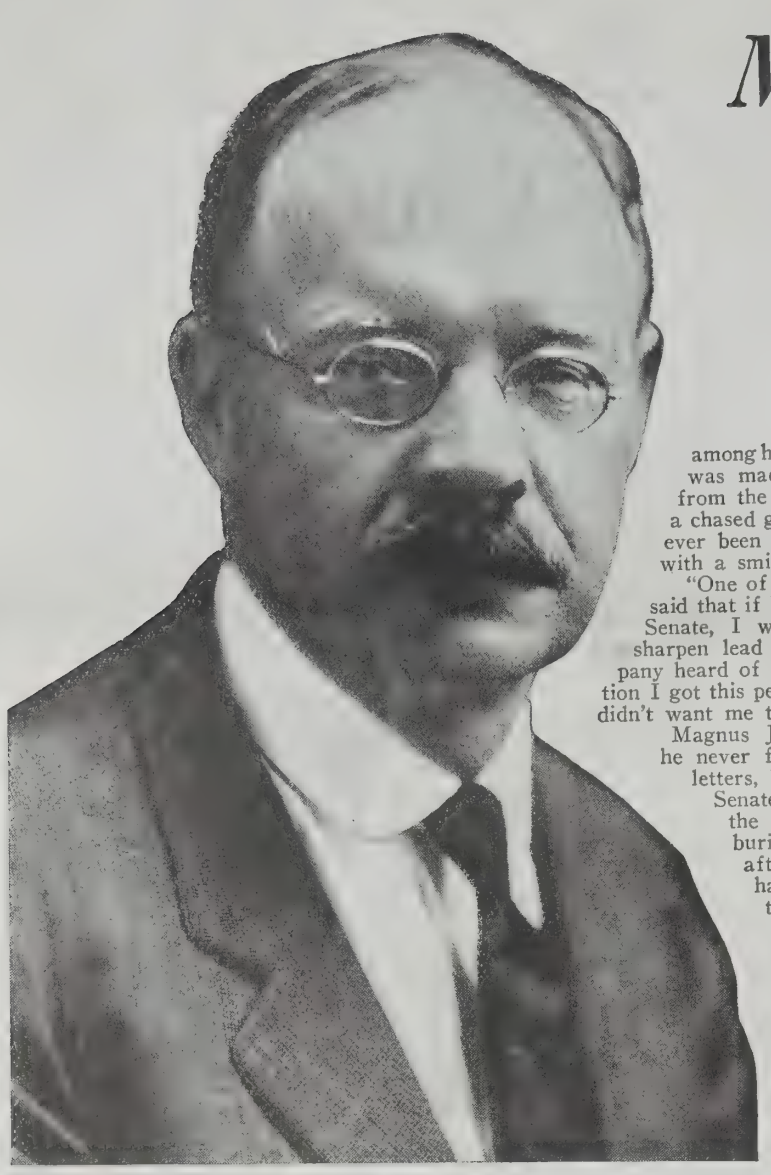
World in Pawn to Single Family

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Magnus Johnson, the Man

Minnesota's Farmer Senator, Unspoiled by Political Honors, Leads Simple Life

By RALPH L. HARMON



MAGNUS JOHNSON,
Native of Sweden, successor to the late Knute Nelson, native of Norway, and United States Senator from Minnesota.

THE newest member of the "greatest deliberative body in the world," Magnus Johnson, Senator-elect from Minnesota, was preparing for his first shopping trip since the election. Though his victory was a majority of 94,800 over his two opponents, including the present governor of the state, the shopping trip was a simple one. The sober gray suit of excellent material that he has worn through two campaigns was to change shifts with some sort of a new one, and he had noticed in a shop window, as he walked down the street at 5:30 that morning, one that particularly suited him.

It may astonish some of his comrades in service at Washington to learn that the new Minnesota Senator has not got out of the farmer's habit of rising at five, although he has been active in politics for the past nine or ten years and has served eight years in the state legislature.

It may also seem a little odd to some of them that he chose a ready-made suit costing $22.50 and thinks that is good enough for a United States Senator.

After alterations had been made to fit his 190 pounds of brawn and muscle, and the new brown suit had taken the place of the two-campaign gray, Senator Johnson did not call a bell hop to take the old suit out for pressing. He wrapped it in a piece of newspaper and took it himself to an old friend in the building who had mended and pressed his suits for years, and presently he returned to take up the most important correspondence in his valise full of letters and telegrams.

Dignity Unruffled by Newsboy's Greeting

AS HE arranged some of them for his private secretary, he chatted about the election and some of his recent experiences. He laughed as he related being met by a newsboy in Minneapolis a few days before election, who recognized him from his pictures in the papers and shouted: "Hello, Magnus, I've got a dime up you'll be elected." His dignity will never be ruffled at being called "Magnus" by the humblest workingman or farmer who ever visits his office in Washington. His life has been spent in contact with the soil and with hard manual labor, and he radiates a species of vigorous optimism and welcome. Evidently this is so, for he was several times accosted by strangers who asked him if he wasn't Magnus Johnson (they seemed to sense that the title of Senator was unnecessary) and they always got a sturdy handshake and a quick word of greeting. Those who think this Scandinavian farmer of Minnesota will be awe-stricken in the presence of the great at the national capital and be stumped for something to say on occasion, are due for a surprise. He neither hesitates when there is something to say, nor minces words. Asked what was the matter with the farmer's lot, he summed it up: "Wheat is down and bread stays up." To the taunt that he did not speak a pure American inflection, he humorously replied that when he proposed to his wife twenty-five years ago, he used the American language and she understood him.

One eastern campaigner, "carpet-bagging" in Minnesota for Johnson's opponent, jocularly remarked that if Johnson was elected there would soon be another vacancy in the Senate: Senator Lodge would drop dead the first time he heard Magnus make a speech. But the campaign chatter has not worried him in the least. It has only added material to his fund of always ready humor, which probably will find vent upon occasion among his associates in the future. As reference was made to some of these things, he drew from the outside breast pocket of his new coat a chased gold pencil—the first gold pencil he had ever been observed to carry, and, holding it up with a smile, said:

"One of the other fellows during the campaign said that if I was ever elected to the United States Senate, I would only be able to sit there and sharpen lead pencils. Somehow a big pencil company heard of this, and a day or two after the election I got this pencil with a nice letter saying that they didn't want me to waste my time sharpening pencils."

Magnus Johnson makes friends. Once made, he never forgets them. As he looked over his letters, he recalled that his campaign for the Senate ended just seven years to a day from the time his friend, George Loftus, was buried, and the first thing he did the day after election, when he knew the people had chosen him to go to the capital, was to name George Loftus' widow as his "assistant secretary," a title he uses for her in preference to "clerk," the official designation. Loftus was one of the striking figures of the grain farmers' movement that stirred up Northwestern farmers to the point of organizing their first grain commission company at the terminal market, and finally organizing politically into the Nonpartisan League. He died in the midst of the struggle before victory was in sight. Johnson gives much credit to Loftus for having, as he puts it, "brought him out." Together they worked night and day addressing meetings and organizing the farmers, and Loftus sought vainly to induce Johnson to run for lieutenant governor in 1914. Loftus said that Johnson was like Senator La Follette (whom they both admire greatly) a fighter, a hard hitter, and he thought Minnesota farmers would find him a great political leader. But Johnson, unschooled in more than local politics, refused to run for lieutenant governor, although he did run for the lower house of the state legislature and was elected. This was his introduction to state politics, and he was re-elected and was the unsuccessful candidate of the farmer contingent for speaker. After two terms he was elected to the state senate, where he served through two sessions, and refused to take the nomination for the governorship in 1920 when the Farmer-Labor party was looking for a candidate. In the 1922 election he ran for governor and was defeated by Governor Jake Preuss, whom he in turn has now defeated by a popular landslide.

Although his political career began in Minnesota in 1914, his political thinking began about thirty-five years before that in his native town of Lidjedahl, in the province of Warmland, Sweden. Magnus recalls with warm enthusiasm that a youthful chum of those days, Hjalmar Soderbom, afterward became a member of the Swedish parliament, and he gives credit to the clubs and co-operative associations of Lidjedahl for the trend of thinking that has distinctly marked his whole life. He was an only child, the sole support of his widowed mother at twelve and an orphan at seventeen years of age. He learned the trade of bottle blower (which accounts for his great lung power) spending eight years in apprenticeship and practice, and at the age of twenty came to the United States, and headed straight for the lumber woods of Wisconsin where his powerful frame and rugged physique assured him employment. He was there the year that James B. Weaver got more than 1,000,000 votes for President as candidate of the People's party, and Magnus' Lidjedahl education in practical life made him an apt student of the popular movement in the United States. Though he could not vote, he joined the Knights of Labor, then the dominant labor organization, and was keenly interested in promoting the welfare of himself and his fellow men through organization.

From "Lumberjack" to Farmer

MAGNUS was a Wisconsin "lumberjack" for two years. He swung an ax in the woods, pitched slabs and saved his money. But there was the lure of cheap land beyond, and with $400 in his pocket he set out for Western Minnesota in 1893 and stopped in Meeker County where he bought his first forty acres of land and became a farmer. In that section at that time there was not much land open to cultivation. Magnus had to clear the heavy timber off before he could raise crops, and for the next sixteen years he was busy slashing down the forest and adding to his tillable land acre by acre. Magnus cut cordwood and hauled it fourteen miles by team to Litchfield, the county seat, where he sold it at $1.85 a cord. Alongside the income of those early days, the salary of a United States Senator looks munificent, but he thinks his new job is the hardest. It used to take one day to cut a cord of wood, and then an all-day trip, starting about 4 a. m., to haul it to town. He got home long after dark, but his good wife could milk the cow, and so after feeding and unharnessing his team, and eating a plain supper, he would tumble into bed in the little log house and sleep a few hours.

It is no wonder that Magnus rebelled. The cordwood buyers made several times as much clear profit on the farmers' wood as the total amount received by the farmers, and Magnus delivered his maiden speech on the streets of his county seat town, to a group of roughly clad cordwood haulers, urging them to stick for more money. This movement had its effect, and the price paid to the farmers for their wood was increased. Perhaps his public career ought to be considered as beginning with this experience. He was recognized as a leader in Kingston township, was justice of the peace, secretary of the school board, president of the first creamery association, director of the first farmers' elevator there, and held many other positions given him because of the confidence of his neighbors.

From the decisions of Justice Magnus Johnson no appeals were ever taken, not because of any terror that the justice instilled into litigants, but because, if there was any dispute that seemed likely to go beyond the court, the court itself would hitch up its best horse to the old buggy and jog out to the premises of the contending farmers. Only once in his long career as justice, was there ever any real danger of a case getting into the district court, and Johnson's hundred per cent record of no appeals was saved by his own reputation for being fair. Each party to the suit set out to Litchfield to hire a lawyer and overrule the court of Kingston township. But lawyers were almost as scarce as hen's teeth in those days and each litigant in turn visited the same lawyer and laid the case before him. The lawyer listened to both sides and got all the details, and when he learned that Justice Magnus Johnson had rendered a decision, he advised his would-be clients of both sides to accept the court's decision, and they did.

Johnsons Reputed Good Farmers

AT HOME the Johnsons have always been—just farmers. But they were good farmers. Besides the forty acres he bought with his first savings, Magnus has added another one hundred acres of fine land. He has made it all rich and productive by his labor and by following the best farm practices of rotating crops and keeping plenty of live stock.

Young Magnus Johnson, Jr., born on the Fourth of July, fourteen years ago, wants to follow in the footsteps of his father—not into the political arena, but into the fields and feed lot where his father made good. The farm has been rented on a fifty-fifty basis to the two oldest sons, Victor, aged twenty-one and Francis, aged nineteen, who intend to keep up the Johnson reputation of being good farmers. The rest of the family will go to Washington, Mrs. Johnson, Magnus, Jr., and Agnes and Florence, aged ten and nine respectively. The eldest daughter, Lillie, will also go with her parents.

And that leads to the question: How is the Johnson family going to live and have its being at the national capital? That question has not been fully decided, but the most likely prospect is that they will find some cozy little farmlet out Maryland or Virginia way and keep a cow and a few chickens, and let Washington be to them what the county seat at home has been, a place to go to when there is business to be done.

There has been some ado about a land project ostensibly launched for the benefit of disabled veterans of the Great War, and it has been alleged that the prices charged the veterans were too high. Senator Johnson willingly spent half a day going over the project, stopping to talk with the residents, making little one-minute speeches a dozen times or more, and absorbing as much first-hand information as his practical farming experience and his keen observation would permit. On his way back to Minneapolis from this trip, he passed near where 400 employes of a big co-operative creamery, with their families, were holding a picnic. Someone recognized him.

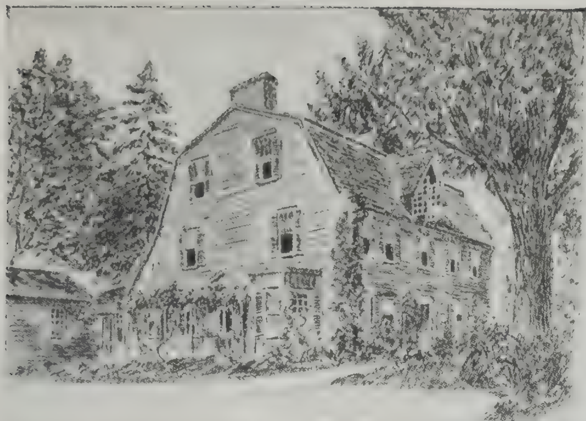
"Magnus Johnson!" went up the shout. It was repeated, as the autos carrying the Senator and his party sped by. There was a scurrying as a spontaneous committee of creamery drivers scrambled into an auto and started in pursuit. They were halted by a motor traffic officer, but when they told him they were after Magnus Johnson to make a speech to them, the officer gave them permission to break the limit, and off they went with a whirr of wheels at sixty miles an hour—and they got him, too. He couldn't refuse and so was taken back to the woods where he talked to them about co-operation, and reminded them that while legislation can correct some abuses, the producers themselves must join together and stand together for their own economic welfare.

Magnus Johnson looks practical. He has never put on any "airs." He talks like the rest of them, and they know he lives like they do. He was the first state president of the first big farmers' organization in Minnesota during this generation; was put to the front in his own township and county in all sorts of local organizations, and at one time held twelve such offices. But none of these things made him any different than he was before. Sitting "at the King's table" doesn't spoil him.

The Old Manse Bespeaks Spirit of Concord

It and the River Drowsing Along in Tangle of Lilies Feature Beauties of Historical Spot

By MAY B. WHITING



The Old Manse

CONCORD is to America what Greece is to the entire world. It is the classic episode in our literature, its story an idyl where plain living and high thinking shine as brightly as in the Golden Age of the Ancients. And, with all honor to progress, whoever would gain for his work the quality of permanence must go back through the labyrinth of modern theories and drink at the same Parnassian fount.

Perhaps the Concord River is that stream. At any rate, none other flows so near the heart of the American people or has reflected so much beauty for eyes that could discern it. Drowsing along in its tangle of lilies and jewel and pickerel weed, it holds in its bosom dreams of the brave deeds it has mirrored and of the noble brotherhood who lived beside its banks.

One of the rooms of the Concord Antiquarian Society.

I think the spot beside which it lingers most lovingly is the Old Manse. Set away back from the street, at the end of its avenue of black ash, it seems a house of dreams, dusky in the mist of Hawthorne's romancing. It was built before the Revolution by Rev. William Emerson, grandfather of the poet. When, on April 17, 1775, the fighting drew too near his home, he left his place with the Minute Men and went to protect his family. From his house he saw every move of the bright, glittering lines of British and of the scattered groups in homespun. Quite likely the morning breeze wafted the smoke from that immortal shot about his study window. Ralph Waldo Emerson spent a great deal of his youth in the house and later lived there. In the narrow study at the rear he wrote many of his poems, and *Nature*, the first noteworthy book in American literature.

But it is the residence of Hawthorne in the Old Manse that gives it the most of its glory. With the marriage of William Emerson's widow, the house passed into the Ripley family. The first of the new occupants, Ezra Ripley, lived there more than sixty years and in it wrote his thousand sermons. At his death, the heirs, owing Hawthorne money after the Brook Farm failure, offered the rent in lieu of payment. And so the Hawthornes were happily married, and, after their wedding journey from Boston, twenty miles and three hours, came to reside in the old house, then, as now, "shadowy with solemn thought," and ripe for the gleaning of the *Mosses*.

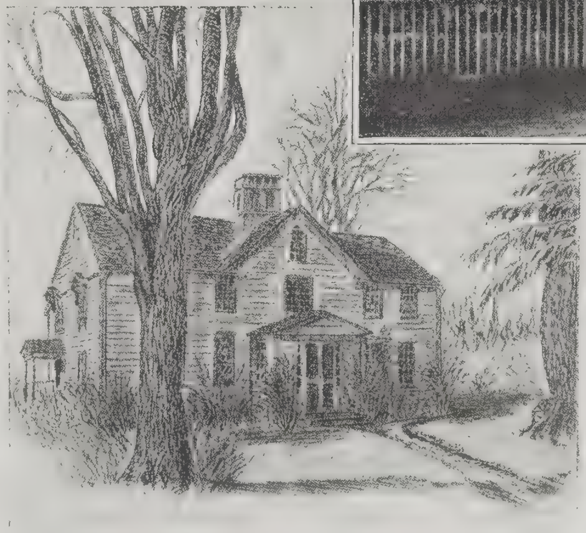
The place was well suited to a genius like Hawthorne. Probably not half a dozen residents of the village ever saw his face. In the morning a sober figure hoeing in the garden, at twilight a shadowy silhouette upon the hill, at dawn an apparition by the river, so, except for the perfect companionship of his wife, he led a lonely and charmed existence. Even when left alone for a few weeks, no neighborly help was required. An old Brook Farmer, very learned but subject to mental derangement, visited him and the two kept house together. For to the romancer's fancy, the village was thronged with strange, hobgoblin shapes, restless spirits come to learn from the great teacher the word which should explain the universe.

For the Emersons had removed to a fine sunny house at the other end of the town, a place as typical of morning as the Old Manse is of afternoon. At the right, just sweeping the study window, is a grove of pine and fir, adding a touch of poetry to what might seem New England primness. There is very little change since the master left. The handsome study remains the same and, pervading all, is the cheerful dignity that becomes a house which has sheltered more famous guests than any other in the country.

Best loved of all the Concord shrines is the Alcott house. as the Alcott family is the best loved in American literature. A stormy life they had of it, with poverty, failure, humiliation, forever at their heels, but love and service transmuted all into such rare beauty that no child can read their annals in *Little Women* without longing to share such trials and such victories.

Mr. Alcott finally settled in Concord after the failure of Fruitlands in Cambridge, "a new Eden where man, untempted by evil, might dwell in harmony with himself, his fellows, and all external natures." But the high-souled enthusiasm of its founder could not render sufficient the fruit and vegetable larder and the members gradually drifted away, until, one bitter cold morning, he loaded his family on an ox sled and abandoned Utopia forever.

Emerson was always the good angel of the Alcott family, and, with his help and a small inheritance of Mrs. Alcott's, Orchard House was bought. It was really two old houses, but Mr. Alcott had a genius for architecture and delighted in remodeling. What if the two do meet in the middle of the dining room floor? There are delightful juttings in and juttings out, and old ovens and ash holes make charming alcoves for statuary. On the doors are the original H and L hinges. Holy Lord, the letters stood for, and were potent to keep away evil spirits when witches were abroad, but Mrs. Alcott's kindly thought gave them a new meaning, Home and Love.



Orchard House, home of the Alcotts.

The house is now the property of the Louisa Alcott Association and is fitted up with the old family furnishings. Over the fireplace are the verses written for them by Ellery Channing,

> "The hills are reared, the valleys scooped in vain,
> If learning's altars vanish from the plain."

On window casings and panels are drawings by the artist daughter, May, as well as numerous figures and sketches in her workroom. In the closets hang the clothes which the girls made for their theatricals and in the hall stands the little deerskin trunk which followed Mr. Alcott about the country when he gave his lectures and "Conversations."

Just back of Orchard House, in the grove, is the School of Philosophy, established by Bronson Alcott in his eightieth year. Emerson aided in the project, as did Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, author, editor, and prison reformer. Louisa Alcott writes in her journal, "The town swarms with budding philosophers and they roost on our steps like hens waiting for corn." This little chapel on the pine-clad hill fitly rounds out the life of a great and loving teacher.

The Alcott family was extremely generous, even in their poverty, of their time and of their few possessions. Lacking money, they would give away their entire dinner. May Alcott gave the clay and the first instruction in modeling to Daniel Chester French and Frank Elwell. The statue of a Minute Man by the former is one of the best pieces of work in America, and the latter was the first American to have a statue erected abroad. The books by the Alcott family fill two shelves of the alcove in the public library devoted to Concord authors. No other family has made such a contribution to our literature nor one which reflects more justly the life and manners of the time.

The Emerson House.

Next to Orchard House is Wayside, where Hawthorne lived during his last twelve years in Concord, and from the circular tower of which he sent forth most of his later works. Just beyond is Grapevine Cottage, home of Ephraim Wales Bull, the producer of the Concord grape. The original vine still grows on its trellis, old and gnarled in appearance, as becomes the parent of so great a progeny, a brood which has enriched hundreds of nursery men but brought the scantest pittance of gold and fame to its originator.

Of all the Concord group, Thoreau was the most original genius. He spent almost his entire life in the village and was fond of saying that there was nothing in the world outside which could not better be observed at home. "He talks of Nature," Madam Hoar remarked, "as if she were born and brought up in Concord." Emerson sometimes reproved his lack of ambition. Instead of engineering for all America he was captain of a huckleberry patch; capable of pounding empires, he was content to pound beans. But engineering works will crumple and pounded empires rise again before *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and *Walden* cease to charm. On the shore of that "crystal pond" where Thoreau built his hut, visitors have made a cairn of stones, a homely tribute to the great soul that passed two eager years there, revelling in such delights as the blue of his shadow on the snow and the pungent flavor of "saunterer's apples."

There were other naturalists at Concord, perhaps attracted by the presence of Thoreau. One Minott Pratt, a Brook Farmer, increased the flora by a hundred species. Whenever he could spare a day from his farm he went out into the country, brought back a flower that did not grow in Concord and planted it in some secluded vale or meadow.

In fact, Concord claims many notable citizens. There was Ellery Channing, the "poets' poet," in "his lonely cottage on the hill." There was the Hoar family and Harrison Gray Dyar who, along the Lowell road, erected

(Concluded on page 12)

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Migrations

A CURIOUS kind of reasoning results from the treaty of Lausanne. The sentimental portion of the western world is chagrined that the Turk should have won the concession of his right to come back to Europe. And that same element sorrows that the treaty should require Turks in Greece to quit their acquired homes and go back to Turkey, while Greeks in Turkey are ordered to give them their new homes and go back to Greece.

In America, certain persons have likened the sufferings of evicted Greeks and evicted Turks to those of the Acadians, cherished in the immortal verse of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

These sentimental individuals were doubtless the first to applaud the decree of a few years ago that the Turk must leave Europe. They saw nothing sad in the banishment of the Turkish people from a land they had called their home for four centuries, yet they are deeply moved over the eviction of a comparatively few traders who have exploited the dwellers of a distant land for a few years.

The Turks who must leave Greece and the Greeks who must leave Turkey are, for the most part, shrewd traders who have wandered far afield in an effort to barter goods. Their original and continued pursuit of trading was in the way of being a gamble. They were wagering their smartness against the lack of sophistication of the type of people who live their lives out in their homeland. It was an unequal battle of wits, and the traders had all the advantage.

Neither Turks nor Greeks affected by the eviction terms of the treaty are the highest types of their races. They are rather the parasitic exceptions who seek to gain their livelihood out of the earnings of others. Hardships in individual cases will doubtless result from the treaty terms. But more lasting harm might result from a different decision.

The Subsidized Press

THE presidential campaign of 1924 is not a matter of nearly a year from now, as many imagine. It has already begun.

True, it is early to speculate as to the individual candidates of the major parties, but the issues and the policies have already been decided upon by the bi-partisan "invisible government," and no man not favored by that power stands much show of nomination.

Only a revolution like that in the silver campaign of 1896, when the Democrats repudiated the Wall Street regime, will carry the leadership outside the reactionaries struggling for the place.

Should the plans of the true rulers carry as expected, the progressive movement can hope for success only in a policy which will unite all elements in a common cause—a third party.

There is little hope in the metropolitan press, largely controlled or subsidized by privileged wealth. This fact is recognized by all, and we are frequently told the hope of the nation is in the honest rural press, where the people may depend on a fair presentation of the issues and an expression of the popular wishes and ideas.

Yet this hope may mean the leaning on a broken reed.

For the rural press is today carrying the insidious propaganda of the "invisible government" and imbibing the economic theories expert writers are paid to present, some without knowledge of the influence they are exerting.

In plain terms, the rural press is being subsidized wherever possible, and many weekly local journals are circulating propaganda calculated to counteract the work of those who are openly fighting for political and economic freedom.

The method is not new, but is generally not understood, except by those who accept the plan as a means of economy in time and money.

City publishing houses supplying "patent insides" for papers printed in part at home, and "plate matter" for those who do all their own presswork, are employed to make plates from copy prepared by the publicity organization financed by the interested power, and to offer free to all publishers who swallow the bait the use of the matter thus made ready for general consumption. Acceptance of the proposition is more general than might be expected, for several reasons:

1. The editor who, from honest conviction, supports the theories advocated in the prepared matter, saves the time and effort to discuss the questions involved, and the expense, not inconsiderable, of buying miscellaneous plates or the composition of selected matter at home. The saving in expense to the smallest paper thus utilizing the offer must reach a sum not less than $500 a year.

2. Papers without political preference frequently use the same matter for economy's sake, thus unconsciously accepting the bribe involved.

3. Interested local influence is brought to bear, and the struggling country publisher is peculiarly susceptible to certain local influences.

The issue as thus drawn is the Money Question.

No matter what other issues are advanced, national or international, protection or free trade, public or private ownership of utilities, or any of the many minor problems confronting the people, the "invisible government" has decreed that monetary reform shall not succeed, and is busy already in its work of propaganda.

At least six ordinary newspaper columns a week are available to any country publisher without cost to him, in plate form, ready to print, if he abjures the readyprint, or "patent" plan, or inserted in the printed pages if he buys his paper partly printed.

The reader of his home paper, who, in ordinary times, finds its contents confined to local gossip, short and serial stories, and perhaps some syndicated departments, like farm and garden, household, and other innocuous literature, has, within the past few weeks, been regaled with articles by unknown writers on the money question. Occasionally one, intended to be impressive, bears the writer's name, but we have yet to recognize a reliable authority. Some articles are prepared in usual editorial style, as if the work of the paper itself. Needless to say it is of a partisan character, and so lacking in detail that nine of ten editors using the page will be unable to reason with a tolerably well-informed subscriber in defense of what he is supposed to have written.

The mention of the titles of the articles released for the week of the "Glorious Fourth" may show some readers whose own home papers have used the stuff how subtle this method of propaganda is. In editorials, and the paper in which they were found has rarely given expression to views other than of a local nature, are: "The Mortality of Savings Accounts," "The Federal Reserve Copied," and "For Sound Money." None of these is especially vicious, but the trend is toward future effective work.

Like them is a feature on "The Secret of Why Some Men Can Obtain Credit, While Others Can't." It is inspiring of faith in future articles.

Pernicious in effect is "International Banker a Myth," by Otto Kahn; "Keep American Wampum Sound," by Samuel H. Beach, president of the Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers' Association, and "The Edison-Ford Plan Unfair to the Farmer," the third of a series of articles on the subject, in which the tiller of the soil is warned of the danger of being unable to secure credit if the plan ever is adopted.

The tenor of all this propaganda indicates that the American Bankers' Association is being used to pull chestnuts from the fire for the delectation of the "invisible government," the "international banker," and the money oligarchy; yet the real interests of a majority of the members of that association are with those whose plans for monetary reform would lead them, as well as the people at large, out of financial bondage.

Taking Off the White Collar

A SPLENDID idea, no less splendid because of its simplicity, was evolved in New York City out of the difficulty over obtaining bricklayers to build necessary public schools.

The rise in wages due to the scarcity of labor in the building trades put the building program in a precarious state. The number of bricklayers in the country has decreased during the past score of years, while building projects have been vastly extended. Recently New York found that its limited building appropriations permitted the expenditure of not more than $11 or $12 for bricklayers, while skilled masons were receiving $16 and $17 a day on private work.

Conferences between contractors, city officials and laboring men resulted in the threat of the former that they would establish schools in bricklaying as a means of beating down wages. Had the plan been carried out, war between employers and bricklayers would have been an inevitable result. But the bricklayers themselves came to the front with a suggestion.

They urged that bricklaying be taught in the public schools, that courses be made available to all who desired, and that the study of bricklaying be placed on the same plane as carpentry and other trades previously taught. The suggestion will be adopted. Theoretical instruction will be given in the schools, and opportunities for apprentice instruction in practical bricklaying afforded elsewhere.

The tendency of school authorities to authorize instruction in practical mechanical work has grown during the past few years. Only a cheap and un-American snobbishness is responsible for the failure of all schools to teach such eminently practical methods of obtaining livelihood as bricklaying. This snobbishness, fortunately, is disappearing rapidly. The day of the white collar as the mark of gentility is almost gone. It should never have dawned in a free land.

A great mission of the American school should be to teach democracy. Another great mission should be to teach the pupil how to make a living. It is possible to teach both of these fundamentals without denying to the pupil a fine education in literature, science and arts. Bricklaying, carpentry, and other honorable methods of livelihood may be offered to a boy in school. They should be offered in a way which will stir his ambition to master them. They should be offered by instructors who will arouse in the boy the realization that they are worthy, profitable and pleasant employments.

The school's duty to teach the three "R's" and kindred subjects is not to be questioned. But the school owes a duty to youth, to prepare it for practical problems of life. And it owes to the future generation the duty of filling the wants of that generation. It would be a national calamity if a coming era should awaken to discover that a dearth of bricklayers, of carpenters, of mechanics of any sort, compelled a halt in national progress, until the trades were learned again. Schools can avert a skilled labor famine, by teaching labor as a fundamental. In so doing, they will afford their students what they most need, an opportunity to learn various methods of obtaining livelihood, so that each may select the work for which he is best fitted.

No More, Please

LOCKING the stable after the sheep are gone is not much of a precaution. But when railroad executives rail over the impossibility of paying a return on investment with rates and wages at present standards, it is difficult to refrain from mentioning a too frequent source of railroad deficits.

Many of our great systems were built over routes which necessitated that they go over bridges and through tunnels. And all enter cities.

At the time railroad capitalization and buildings, stock and bonds were sold on the railroad itself. Also at that time, bridge companies, tunnel companies, terminal railroad companies came into being. The stock of the latter was seldom discovered on the market. Frequently the owners were identical with the inside promoters of the railroad, sometimes the directors themselves.

Bridge companies, tunnel companies and terminal companies made comfortable arrangements with the railroads, whereby their profit was always guaranteed. The railroad itself might fail to pay dividends, but not the bridge company, the tunnel company, the terminal company.

With railroads built and their contracts made, there is little to be done about the situation. But the Government owes it to the country to see that no more unconscionable arrangements of the sort are made.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE governments of the world seem to be approaching the point where they shall be ready to agree that the impossible is impossible. It has been a hard lesson to learn because the element most to be considered in the "impossible" these days is not force but timeliness. What is impossible today may be almost spontaneously self-existent tomorrow, without our leave or let. During the old era, which began to go out with the war, and which is rapidly running down to its last end now, it was indeed possible to bring things to pass by main force. We had only to decree what we wished, then line up the engines of our power in whatever field we were operating, and exercise what came to be known as "steam roller" methods, and the thing was done.

Well, the surprise of the world today is that steam roller methods don't work any longer. No one has been wise enough to tell us just why, but a plain mind is doubtless right in suspecting that the mystic spirit of history has something to do with it, some destiny has thrust itself into the midst of the problem and has turned a trick or turned a corner—at any rate, the wise men discover that their old methods don't bring the old results. Life seems to be on a different schedule. The captains and kings and counselors show a rather confused and uncertain front to the people of the world when they try to act as if nothing were out of the ordinary course. The exceptions to that condition are rather notable: expressed in national names they include Great Britain, Italy, Germany and Russia. The statesmen of those nations, and the people also, seem to have obtained an inkling of what is occurring in the world.

> *THE world is being shaken down to a basic condition. Delusions are evaporating, mental reluctance to face the facts is gradually passing away. Two events have lately conspired to induce a sober view of the overhead influences which are operating to shift life to another angle—one was the passing of the head of the American Government, whose death has certainly altered the point of view of the American people; and the other is the sudden spirit of fact-facing which has fallen upon the diplomacy of Europe. It has at last reached the mind of the rulers that the old steam roller methods of force and power cannot be made to work. It is not that humanity is more feeble, but something has interfered, a new wave-length has been decreed, a higher hand has taken the helm, and humanity is safest in retiring to its elementary obligations to love and labor.*

Driven to a certain sort of desperation, caused by the utter insolvability of their problem, men who are otherwise to be trusted and to be regarded as able to find a way out of awkward situations, have frankly thrown up their hands. It was not the problem before them that greatly concerned them, it was the problem of what remained behind them. There were so many lies told to the people in the good old days—we shall be safe enough in using the strong old word lies—that it is rather difficult at this late stage of life to justify all that has been said. Public officials are averse to making confession. It may not be their own mistake that they have to confess, and they have a hesitation in explaining to the public that their predecessors may have been at fault—that is one of the feelings that exist between good and bad officeholders, a kind of unpatriotic unionism between them, as if their first consideration were to each other, or their class, instead of to those of us who are the ordinary decent productive people of the United States. Publicity has been so easy and so utterly unquestioned (thanks to the disappearance of the editorial mind from our Press) that it is almost revolutionary to contemplate what must be done to put the popular mind back on a basis of plain fact. Officials need not be too harshly condemned for their reluctance in this matter, nor for their honest sense of reticence. The situation is bad, and might easily be made worse by too much talk. As if the instinct of the people recognized this, we are seeing a higher type of man occupying public office today, but we also see how the first views of their duties affect them. Honest men are crushed by the accumulated load of lies on which the people have been living these last thirty or thirty-five years.

The only hope that the candid mind may rely upon is to be found in industry. Industry which a few years ago was equally condemned by the romancers of literature and art and the demagogues of politics has proved itself to be the sheet anchor of our national stability. Politically we are much worse off than any statement on this page would indicate: you have only to talk with the leaders of both the old parties to discover that (and they know); but what does it matter? Who really cares? The people feel that as long as all of us go to work every morning and really do things during the day, it doesn't greatly matter how a group of orators at Washington conduct themselves. Not that anyone intends to be disrespectful toward those orators; it has simply become the case that they don't matter. It is pleasant to record that some of the best of them are themselves coming to feel that way about it.

The importance of industry, as distinguished from politics, is indicated by the events of the Ruhr occupation and its effects. Right or wrong, the politicians of Europe, on both sides of the matter, have shown their utter bankruptcy so far as common sense is concerned. They have sought to bring the political and military regions of authority directly upon the most highly industrialized center of the Continent, and the failure of it is obvious to all observers. The explanation is not to be made in terms of politics or militarism, but in terms of industry—industry is superior to them all. It is the ruler in all the regions of authority because it is honest and because it lives upon the most wholesome motives of men and because in the end it serves all its servants.

Two events have concurred of late to shake the mind of the world down to a basic condition. One is the death of President Harding. That was something more than personal, its wider indications touch the mental attitude of the nation. His physical decline is doubtless to be attributed to the problems he met, and the depression which seized upon him was doubtless due to his clear understanding that political methods were forever out of date and wholly ineffective in such problems as he faced. There were signs during the last year that he, or someone for him, was making an effort to make the political engine turn over once again and give at least one more impulse toward the solution of the world's problem. Mr. Harding had little faith in the possibility, but he did lend his energies to the attempt, and it is only the truth to say that the results were nothing. Then, shockingly sudden, came his own passing, and it is extremely unlikely that the attempt which he and his friends made to compel a political solution of politically insoluble things will be repeated.

The other event of note is the plain speaking which Great Britain has been sending to France. That is not politics. That is one result of the pressure of cosmic fact upon the receptive mind. There is no diplomacy in it; certainly there is no diplomatic victory in it. The wisdom of diplomacy at this stage of affairs is to see that diplomacy doesn't count, and this wisdom of insight seems suddenly to have fallen upon Britain's statesmen. They are ready for a diplomatic defeat if thereby the facts of a situation may be embossed upon the consciousness of the world.

What has been coming upon the world in great waves is a sense that for the time being certain great determining trends of influence are out of our hands, and that the wisest thing we can do is to take up the simpler daily duties and watch while God or Destiny takes charge of the greater things. If the wisdom of our wise men does not evaporate we shall probably see such a return to the simpler duties.

It is not to be charged against our statesmen that they cannot settle world affairs, because the fact is that the time has not come for what we used to call settlement, and the fact also is that world affairs are settling themselves, as the sea settles itself after a tempest. The fault to be charged against statesmen is that they are still under the influence of the delusion that they, with their puny hands, can compose the sea of difficulties.

But, when you cannot clear up the world, there is always your back yard. National overalls would become us more at this period than international brass buttons.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Seeing China Through Its Art

"Heavenly Horses" of 1,300 Years Ago, Stone Bas-relief, Brought to Philadelphia Museum

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

This is one of two articles, the second will appear in an early issue.

A huge figure of Bovhisattva, or Buddhist saint, in wood, Tang dynasty, one of three known examples of this technique in University of Pennsylvania museum exhibition, Philadelphia.

CHINA is shrouding herself once more in the veil of mystery that she has worn for ages uncounted now that the Japanese have left Shantung, the Chinese Holy Land. With that great area back in the hands of its original owners it is just as though a door had been closed, so far as the western world is concerned.

It is possible for the Occidental, however, to get a glimpse at the heart of China, to see it as it is seen by the explorer who is also a student of racial origins and of history, and to see it for oneself through the medium of its art. During the period after the Boxer Rebellion opportunity arose for the smuggling out of the country of some of its finest works in stone and bronze, together with the later exquisite paintings on silk. In recent years, despite the almost constant civil war, China has put a stop to that, with the result that examples of her ancient art are becoming scarcer every day. The markets of the world are still flooded with more or less crude modern imitations, but the genuine vases and statues are so rare that they have become prohibitive in price.

The University Museum of Philadelphia has been singularly fortunate in getting a collection of such articles, so much so that an entire wing of the institution's main building has been devoted to a permanent exhibition of Chinese art. During the years when masterpieces were being offered for sale three archeological expeditions were sent into the country by the museum, all led by Dr. Carl W. Bishop. The latter was born in China and speaks the language like a native.

His description of Shantung, written with an understanding of Chinese feeling, lifts for a moment the curtain of mystery. It shows that back of the mask with which the Chinese covers his emotions there is a depth of sentiment as poetic and charming as anything that has ever come out of the West. It is interesting also that the most valuable contribution he was able to make to the exhibition carries a story that needs no explanation of its motives. Back in 1917 he started negotiations which led finally to the arrival in Philadelphia of two large stone bas-relief statues of horses—the "Heavenly Horses" of T'ang T'ai-tsung, who rode the living models of them to victories innumerable 1,300 years ago.

Those two slabs of stone are said to have cost $100.000, but experts in Chinese art consider them beyond price. Throughout all the teeming countries of the East, representing at least a quarter of the earth's population, the "Heavenly Horses" have been immortalized in song and story just as the sculptor for T'ang T'ai-tsung has made them live forever in stone. The emperor's name before he ascended the throne was Li Shih-min. He was the son of Li Yuan, a famous general. While he was still in his teens Li Shih-min discovered a plot to have his father killed, and after inducing him to revolt, Li Shih-min took the field. According to Dr. Bishop he spent the next eight years in the saddle, disposing one after another of numerous competitors for the throne and beating back the Tartars. During all that time he had six chargers. When he died in 649, the stone likenesses of his horses decorated the interior of his tomb, which still stands not far from Li-ts'uan Hsien, to the northwest of the provincial capital, Si-an Fu.

Some years before Dr. Bishop's visit one of the military governors carried away the best two of the six slabs to prevent their destruction, and later sold them. They were traced halfway around the world by Dr. Bishop and by Dr. George Byron Gordon, director of the museum, until finally they were taken to Philadelphia. The four others are now in the provincial museum at Si-an Fu.

It was under Li Shin-min that China reached what might be called the second peak in its artistic and cultural history. Dr. Bishop quotes a noted historian as saying, "At this time China undoubtedly stood in the very forefront of civilization. She was then the most powerful, the most enlightened, the most progressive, and the best governed empire, not only in Asia, but on the face of the globe." His study of Shantung, however, goes back a thousand years beyond that date. Since the exhibition at the museum covers all periods of Chinese art back to 2000 B. C., his account of the religious significance of Shantung is of value in getting an appreciation of the various examples in the exhibition. In Shantung, he points out, is the world's largest cemetery. It has been in use for 2,000 years, and it is estimated to contain 1,000,000 bodies, yet it is still devoted to the members of a single family, the family founded by Confucius.

Kwan-Yin, the Chinese Goddess of Mercy, also known as "The Goddess of a Thousand Hands," in the University of Pennsylvania museum.

"Not chance alone has brought Shantung instead of some other of China's 18 provinces to the fore," says Dr. Bishop. "Since prehistoric times the region has been a pivotal one, exerting decisive influence on the cultural development and the political destiny of all Northern China. There, thanks no doubt to its fertility and its temperate and stimulating climate, the ancient Chinese civilization attained its highest development about the time of the wars between Persia and Greece. There, again, arose in the fourteenth century of our era, the patriotic upheaval which ended in the expulsion of the powerful Mongol dynasty of Hubilai Khan, Marco Polo's illustrious patron. There, also, began the Boxer movement of 20 years ago.

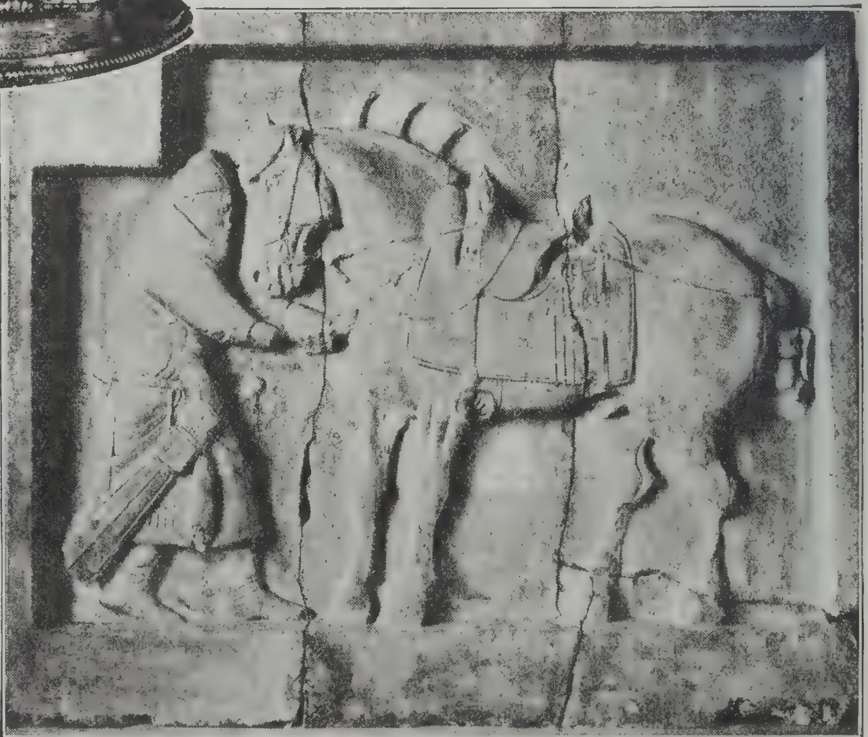
"It has not been, however, its cultural and political significance that has rendered the province in a very special sense the Holy Land of so great a part of the human family. It is the presence within its borders of two sites dearer by far to the Chinese people than any others within the confines of the republic; the sacred peak of T'ai Shan and the birthplace and tomb of Confucius. Slopes of the mountains are ascended not by ramps, but by flights of stone steps, neatly hewn and put in place. The carriers tell us that these number 7,000. We know that pilgrimages to this mountain have been going on from prehistoric times."

In early days the worshipers believed that the mountain of T'ai Shan was alive, and even now it is considered the abiding place of a spirit. The god of T'ai Shan, to whom temples have been erected in every town of consequence in China, is the Judge of Hades, casting up the debits and credits of departed souls. There is also a goddess of T'ai Shan, the Princess of Colored Clouds. Dr. Bishop says she corresponds to the rosy-fingered dawn of the Greeks, and is the counterpart in the south of the famous Buddhist female goddess of the North—Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, also known as the Goddess of a Thousand Hands. The museum has a remarkable example in gilded bronze of Kwan-Yin.

The Buddhist influence was most marked in the art of China during this era, but Confucianism has likewise made itself felt more in the lives and conduct of the people.

"It is less through age than in continuity of conscious racial, cultural and political existence that China exceeds the rest of the modern nations of the earth," says Dr. Bishop. "For example, the very name of the little sacred city near the tomb of Confucius dates back to a time when Thebes and Babylon were the leaders of the western world, and Athens and the imperial city of the Tiber were yet unknown.

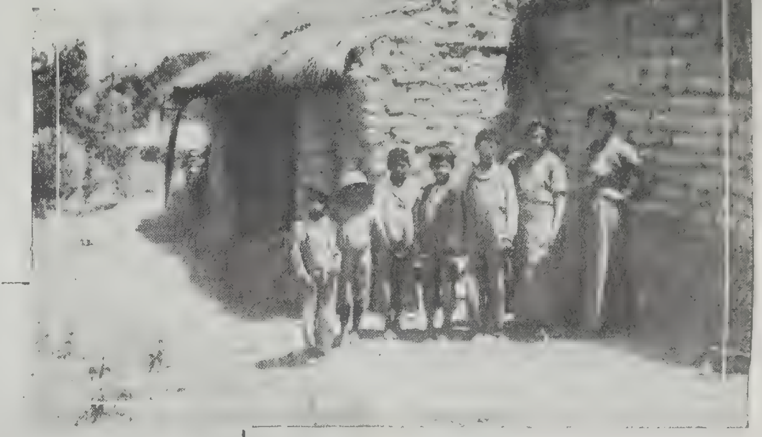
"Through its narrow and crowded streets one comes to the great Kung Miao, the Confucian temple par excellence, original and pattern of all the countless others which have been planted wherever men of Chinese race have gathered together. Occupying nearly a quarter of the area of the little town, we find it a great congeries of courts, containing stately yellow-roofed buildings, noble trees and inscribed stelae, of which, without the aid of a plan, it is hard to form any ordered conception. The approach to the main building is by a succession of stone terraces, with carved balustrades.



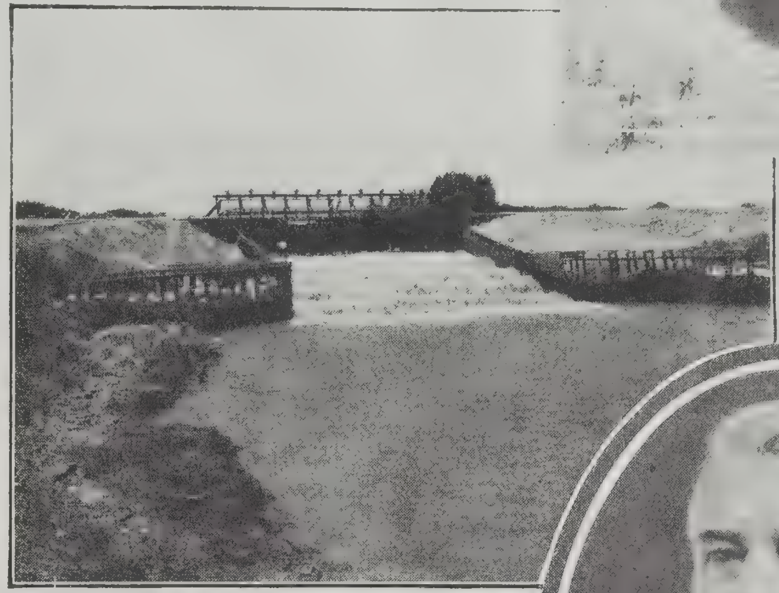
The attendant is shown removing an arrow from the charger's breast. Chinese horse, 649 A. D. in University of Pennsylvania museum.

One Hundred Thousand Acres of Cotton! Great Plantation Stabilizes Crop

More Than 12,000 Mexicans Put to Work in Lower California, and Revolution Is Now a Thing of the Past



These are the people whom cotton, put into Mexico by Americans, is helping most, and it is interesting to note that the cotton-growing area is one of the few parts of Mexico which has been almost untouched by revolution, because the promoters of revolution could get no foothold among people who had plenty of well-paid work open to them. The photo shows a Mexican family at their *adobe* and brush *jacal* in Lower California.

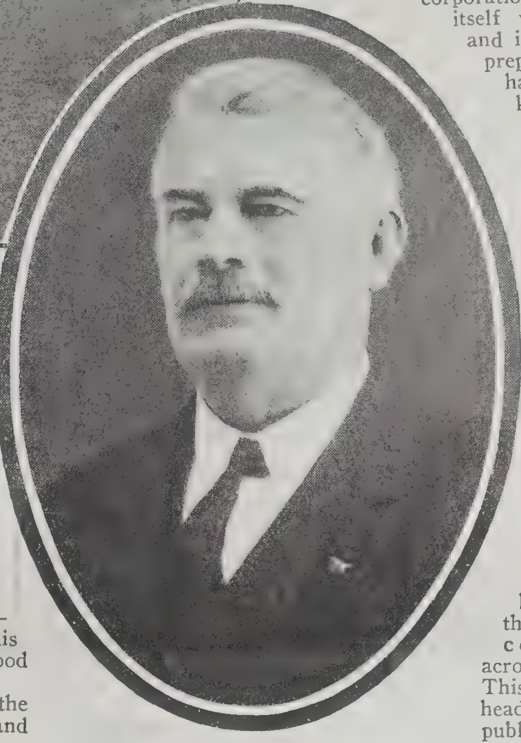


Main heading of one of the large irrigation canals, which, running below the California-Mexican border, waters 123,000 acres of cotton, and still carries water enough to run back across the boundary and irrigate many thousands of acres more in the Imperial Valley.

THE GREATEST handicap to the cotton industry, from the producer's point of view, has been the failure of the cotton men, be they growers, ginners, or brokers, to stabilize it. George Washington Jones, with a hundred acres of cotton down in Mississippi, may "make" a bale to the acre, and yet come out with red ink on the wrong side of the ledger when he foots up his year's activities for the inspection of the income tax collector. He may make less than half a bale an acre, and still show a good profit at the end of the crop. He may have a full production this year, and less than half a production for the next two years, and he may get twenty-five cents a pound for cotton which cost him twenty-six cents to produce, or forty-five cents a pound for the same cotton.

George's trouble is that he never knows, when he sets out in March to plant a field of cotton, what the September ginning is going to do to him. The reason is—and herein lies one of the fundamental causes of the unsatisfactory industrial and agricultural condition which has persisted in what is known as the "Solid South" since the end of the Civil War—that the George Washington Joneses, and the rest of the planters and cotton men, have not in all these years established a system of growing, preparing and marketing their cotton. And cotton is to the South what corn is to Kansas, wheat to Minnesota, or oranges to California. It is the greatest, best-adapted, most profitable crop the southern states can grow, and it is, more than all this, a daily national necessity. The man who stabilizes the cotton industry will be one of the greatest benefactors industrial America ever has had.

That is why an experiment in cotton stabilization which has been carried on so successfully that it will produce, gin and market more than 130,000 bales of cotton this year, is worthy of the attention of every one in this country who has the slightest interest in agriculture, production, transportation and distribution. The experiment—which is really beyond the experimental stage, but which always will be an experiment in improvement of methods of operation in the cotton industry—is being conducted on 800,000 acres of land in Lower California, one of the states of Mexico, extending from the southern boundary of California to the Gulf of California, and from the Cocopah Mountains on the west to the Colorado River on the east. This year there are 123,000 acres of cotton in this vast tract; next year there will be more, just as rapidly as the land can be cleared and the water conducted to it from the great canals which take part of the waters of the Rio Colorado and with them make the garden known as the Imperial Valley on the American side of the international boundary. These canals, as is well known, first pass through Mexican territory before they deliver their waters to the Imperial Valley, and the lands below the boundary are entitled to a certain share in these life-giving floods. By the use of this water a new empire is being developed on Mexican soil which has a number of interesting features aside from the stabilization of the cotton industry.



H. H. CLARK,

General manager of the Colorado River Land Company, who has been largely instrumental in finding and installing on the Lower California desert a crop which has proved a success on that soil. As a result, the 123,000 acres in cotton there this year will produce something like 130,000 bales of the staple, which has been planted, and will be picked, ginned, compressed and sold on the same basis as wheat or any other of the world's staples.

So much land has been provided and so much labor offered, for example, that there has been virtually no revolutionary movement in this section, for the simple reason that the revolutionary agent could find no foothold for his ideas among people busy at work at good wages.

So much importance is attached to the undertaking by the Mexican national and state governments that the seat of government of Lower California has been moved to the heart of the 800,000-acre area, to the town of Mexicali, where a new palace has been built for the governor, and where a considerable town has arisen on what some ten or twelve years ago was barren desert.

More than 12,000 Mexicans are at work on the 123,000 acres of cotton, and on the 70,000 or more other acres which are being variously cropped to alfalfa, sugar cane, and so on. This is approximately ten per cent of all the men ever engaged at any one time in any revolution in Mexico, both federal and revolutionary troops. It is probably, also, very nearly one-tenth of the number of men in the entire Mexican state of Lower California. It is estimated that at least three persons are dependent on each one of these workers for a livelihood, and, considering the size of families among Mexican working people, this seems a most conservative estimate. It means, however, that 36,000 persons are deriving a living in a foreign country from an industry established and maintained by Americans.

These matters, along with a number of others of almost equal importance, are, however, beside the question of cotton and its stabilization. Important as they are to both Mexicans and Americans, they are of less value to the world than the putting of the cotton industry on an even keel; the establishment of the cotton planter on a solid financial and industrial footing with the wheat-grower or the orange orchardist; the systematization of the distribution of cotton; and the perfection of preparatory methods for cotton between the producer and the consumer. These things have been accomplished in this, the greatest cotton-growing project ever attempted. The financial resources and the industrial direction of the huge agricultural establishment are provided by an American corporation; the labor supplies itself with such promptness and in such abundance that preparation of the land has been barely able to keep pace with the influx of workers, proving that, in Lower California at least, the Mexican prefers work to war; and the largest cotton-ginning plant in the world is now in operation every day in the year taking care of the crop.

The American corporation is the Colorado River Land Company, with present headquarters in Calexico, California, but which is preparing to erect a large office building in Mexicali, the town created by the cotton industry, just across the line in Mexico. This company, which is headed by Harry Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, and H. H. Clark, general manager, owns 832,000 acres of land abutting on the international boundary, and extending southward therefrom to the Gulf of California. Of this huge area, fifty miles north and south by more than half as much east and west, 200,000 acres are "working," that is to say, under cultivation. Of this cultivated acreage, 123,000 is in cotton. The average production of this cotton plantation is three-quarters of a bale an acre, as compared with an average in the cotton-belt of the United States of 47/100ths of a bale an acre.

Driving through this great plantation, as I did a few days ago, one sees a continuous carpet of green, now about a foot deep, to a reddish gray soil, the silt deposits of ages from the tireless waters of the Colorado River. This year, when this carpet of green turns to a blanket of white, from 125,000 to 130,000 bales of cotton will be picked from it, for the cotton is now beyond danger of frost, and there is no boll weevil in all the spread of land.

The systematization of the cotton industry begins here with the soil. With the canals ready to pour their crop-producing waters on what was once a barren bit of the Colorado Desert, the land is leased to individuals who are able to show that they are industrious and honest. The matter of the possession of money is not the question, and the man who will make his acres produce is the man who gets the land. The first lease is made for one year, with privilege of renewal for five years, so that, before a long lease is entered into, the agricultural and cotton experts of the company have time to learn just what manner of man is the applicant for the longer term.

This year there are 154 men leasing these cotton lands, some of them having as high as 9,000 acres, others as low as 100. The leases are paid for out of the crop, and their methods of seeding, irrigation, cultivation, as well as their expenditures for labor, are watched and guided by agents of the corporation owning the land. When necessary, money is advanced to these leasors and they are given every aid in making every acre produce its absolute agricultural limit.

From time to time during the planting and the growing seasons, men who know the cotton industry

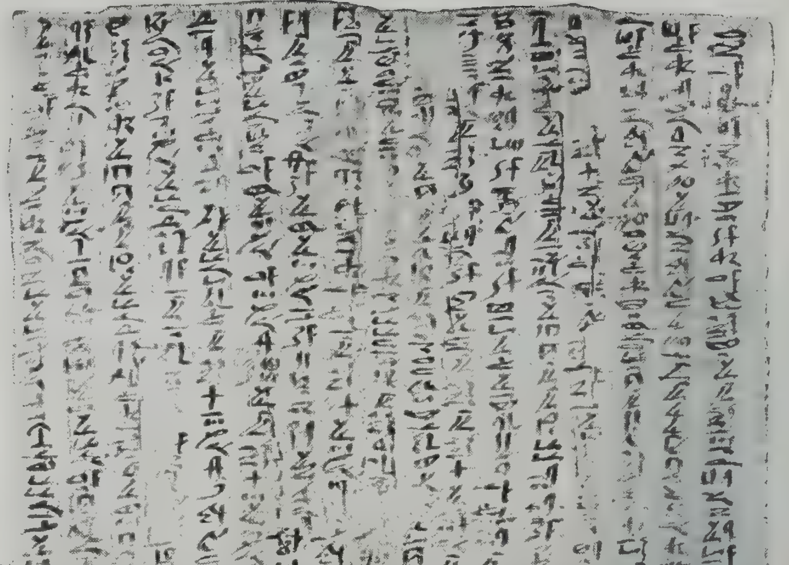
(*Concluded on page 11*)

A few thousand bales of Lower California cotton in the yards of the largest cotton gin in the world, at Mexicali, Mexico. This gin has a capacity of 400 bales a day, and this year about 130,000 bales will pass through it. That is to say, it will be busy every working day.

The Oldest Letters in the World

Four-thousand-year-old Missives Shed More Light on Ancient Egypt

By J. OLIN HOWE



Photos Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The first page of Hekanakht's first letter from Memphis to his household in Nebesyt.

Excavating the tombs of the Pharaohs is a matter of real engineering.

CHANGES in human nature are really inconsequential through the ages. The Hekanakht letters were written in Egypt 4,000 years ago, and they might have been written last year, except that their language is more formal and much more flowery than would be used now. Otherwise they are not so different from what the rather fussy head of a family might write today to the eldest son in charge of his affairs in his absence. Yet these are the oldest private letters known to exist.

They easily hold the interest, with their constant reminders to the son Mersu and his brothers that they are eating their father's bread, that "everything is his and the whole household is dependent on him." "Do not fail to answer about everything I have written thee about," insists old Hekanakht, "for see, this is not a year for a man to be negligent toward his master, or his father, or his brother."

And these letters shed welcome light on the daily life of that remote time, with their comments on domestic squabbles and their injunctions as to love affairs, business matters and farm problems. They were discovered last year by American archeologists in the dust of an Egyptian tomb where they have lain undisturbed for forty centuries, since being carelessly thrown, rumpled and torn, into the scrap baskets in which they were found.

These came to light not far from the tomb in which Tutankhamen lay amid sumptuous magnificence, but furnish a clearer commentary on the Egyptian life of an even earlier day than do the king's burial surroundings. And there is a definite thrill in such personal epistles, written on papyrus now stained and worn but still entirely legible to him who can read the script in which they were inscribed.

While they lay sealed within the tomb, empires and even civilizations have risen and fallen into decay. How changed the world into which these familiar, gossipy writings, tossed aside in the days of Abraham, are come to find their place in an American museum.

Hekanakht was a garrulous old farmer-priest who lived in the reign of Mentuhotep V, in the early 2000's B.C., five hundred or more years before the Pharaoh Tutankhamen was born, and had his home at Nebesyt, near Thebes. He was a man of substance, head of an extensive household, whose fields bore rich yields of grain after the overflow of the Nile had receded for the season.

But the old fellow had need to be from home no little time, looking after estates near Memphis in connection with his stewardship of the tomb endowment of a dead friend of wealth and influence. For Hekanakht was a "Ka-servant," appointed by this friend Ipy, a great court dignitary, to perform those offices which should make easy the transition of the latter's "Ka" or soul from this life to that of the world beyond.

To the Egyptian of old this was ever the crucial problem, his great fear being that through some omission or lack of care his soul might not make the passage over safely, or dissolution of the earthly body might come ere the soul had ceased to need it, or insufficient provision be made for its requirements in the other world; and thus his homeless "Ka" be doomed to oblivion.

So if he possessed the means, before he left this life the Egyptian endowed his tomb, built beforehand on a scale to accord with his social and financial position, with such estate as made possible the perpetual performance of rites and offerings to secure his soul's future welfare. And the tomb priest named as his Ka-servant, because of his knowledge of mortuary ceremonies, became also manager of these tomb properties.

Yet how could Hekanakht, off down the Nile in the north of Egypt many months at a time, be on hand at the tomb back of Thebes for the required services when New Year's came, or the Wag Feast and the Festival of Thoth and other holy days? Some of these called for day and night attendance and at times the Ka-servant must camp out at the tomb for days on end. What could be easier than that the old chap should appoint his first-born Mersu, already responsible for his household and much of his earthly welfare, his substitute Ka-servant, to carry on in his stead?

Which is precisely what Hekanakht did. And when Mersu went to Ipy's tomb at the appointed time for the ceremonials, he took with him letters and memoranda that had accumulated at home, with which to occupy himself between services. Some of these he crumpled up and threw among the litter on the floor of an empty tomb in which he camped, and thousands of years later we gather them up "to suddenly meet," in the words of the archeologist who made the find, "the Theban Ka-servants when they are thinking of something far different from the religious rigmarole the tomb pictures always make them recite."

This empty tomb was that of Hesem, a retainer of Ipy's who survived his master. When Hesem finally came to require it, the priests swept his tomb of rubbish and the tools and waste material left by the stonemasons, the while reciting powerful incantations to remove even the footsteps of evil spirits before the door was sealed forever, crammed all into scrap baskets and thrust these into a hole in the passage leading to the vault below.

And there they have remained the long time since. Native plunderers, who made rich hauls in these tombs, were interested in no such trash.

Among the letters is even one which was folded and sealed when found, addressed to Hekanakht's overseer, Ranefer. Mersu either threw this aside by mistake or had some reason for not wishing Ranefer to receive it. And along with them are inventories of the father's property drawn up by the latter in course of setting his affairs in order ere he went away, as well as accounts of Mersu's own which showed how he had cared for his trust.

Hekanakht had called in Mersu and his two other grown sons, Sinebnut and Sihathor, and his head man, Heti, son of Nakht, and had taken stock of his interests on a fresh sheet of papyrus, first writing the date, "5th. Year of the Reign, 2nd. Month of Shomu (the harvest season), 9th. Day," which we would write October 10, 2004 B.C.

Then he wrote, "Statement of Hekanakht's barley," with the subheadings, "Made over by him to his son Mersu," "Fodder for the bulls," and "The barley Hekanakht has obtained for his dependents," and duly itemized all this, with the amounts of spelt, an inferior grain worth but two-thirds as much as barley, written in red to prevent errors in addition.

This is the inventory of which a photograph accompanies this article. Next comes a "Statement of bulls that Hekanakht has made over to his son Sinebnut," with thirty-five of these listed under five different breeds. This note follows: "But if Sinebnut appeals to me about any bull that is missing . . . . half the loss shall be upon him and Heti, son of Nakht."

The inventory accounts for much other property and winds up with a "Statement of bread given to Mersu, son of Hekanakht," which accounts for 7,000 loaves of it altogether, of three different kinds. Even today in Egypt they bake far more seldom than we do and their hard little biscuits keep a long time.

In the first letter to Mersu he asks that some of this grain be sent him at Dedisut, near Memphis, and tells the son what to do if "it turns out to be a good Nile." The river must have begun to rise and Mersu, busy cultivating the crops, feared the dykes might burst and the fields be flooded before he could reap them.

His father's mind is too full of this for those rhetorical greetings which gave Egyptian letters real distinction and he dashes off this note:

"The Ka-servant Hekanakht addresses Mersu:

"As to any flooding on our land, it is thou who art cultivating it. Woe to all my people with thee! I shall hold thee responsible for it. Be very active in cultivating and be very careful. Guard the produce of my grain. Guard everything of mine, for I shall hold thee responsible for it."

Mersu need not have worried. That year's Nile turned out a bad one, so low that the harvest was poor and meager, and when the next of these letters was written famine stalked abroad. In this Hekanakht writes the proper salutations, thus: "The son speaks to his mother; the Ka-servant Hekanakht to his mother Ipy and to Hetepet: How are you in your life, safety and health, by the blessings of the God Montu, Lord of Thebes?

"To the whole household, how are you? How are you in your life, safety and health? Do not worry about me; I am alive and well.

"Behold, you are as one who eats until he sates hunger, until he shuts his eyes, while the entire land is dead with famine.

"I have come hither southward, and I have obtained your victuals as well as possible. Is not the Nile very low? Well, behold, we have obtained victuals in proportion to it. Be patient, you who are named, for you see I have been able to support you up to today." He follows with a list of those for whom he is sending rations and their respective shares.

"Now you must not be angry about this. See, the whole household are dependent on me and everything is mine. 'Half-life is better than dying altogether' and they say 'the hungry must hunger.' Why, they have begun to eat men and women here! There are none anywhere else to whom such victuals are given. You must keep yourself going until I reach you."

In the same letter are these special instructions to Mersu and Heti: "You must give these victuals to my people only while they are doing work. Mind this! Make the most of all my land; strive to the uttermost; dig the ground with your noses in the work. See, if you are industrious, one will praise God for you. Lucky that I can support you."

The glimpses of the family life, the inner view, which run through these letters, give them strong appeal. For example, the third son, Sihathor, seems to have been somewhat lacking in proper filial feeling and his father writes as follows of a suggestion he had evidently made to Mersu: "As to sending Sihathor to me with old, dried-up barley . . . . and not giving me the 50 bushels in new barley—by no means! But thou art happy eating the good barley. 'I am on land and the boat is well moored, but when thou puttest ashore thou doest everything wrong.' If thou shouldst have sent me old barley to do duty for new—but what am I saying? Much good it is!"

"Take great care of Anupu and Sneferu," writes Hekanakht, "whether thou livest with them or diest with them. Mind this! I have been told that Sneferu is discontented. Thou must send him off to me directly thou hast cultivated."

These letters were written four thousand years ago. Don't forget that.

World in Pawn to Single Family

A Visit to the Rothschild Home in Frankfort

By PAUL TYNER

NATHAN M. ROTHSCHILD

JUST now one hears less of the doings of the Frankfort and the Vienna Rothschilds. The family which was without a surname until Mayer Anselm of the tribe adopted that suggested by the red shield and the three golden balls, sign of his trade as a usurer, which hung over the door of his home and pawnshop in the ghetto of Frankfort-am-Main; and without fortune until his son Nathan made his first grand coup on the London Stock Exchange by playing the market on the strength of his clever scoop of early news of the result of the battle of Waterloo, is now firmly established in the ranks of the nobility of France, of England, of Austria and of Germany. With scions of royalty and nobility dating from the times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, the name of Rothschild has obtained proud space in the current "Almanach de Gotha." Yet, as all the world knows, this "rank and social esteem" which thoughtful economists tell us is the real goal for which millionaires strive, is but an incident in the rise of the house of Rothschild to world domination in the realms of international finance; finance that has many ramifications in international and national politics, trade and industry.

I have spent an interesting half-hour in the very house that saw the humble beginnings of all this greatness: the house in what was formerly the "Judengasse" of Frankfort and in which Mayer Anselm was born and spent the first thirty years of his life; the house in which he was married, in which his ten children were born and from which they went forth to conquer the earth. The house is still owned by the Rothschilds and has been carefully preserved as a sort of shrine to which their descendants and admirers may make pilgrimages from the four quarters of the world which they hold in pawn.

The house is a substantial dwelling of three stories, of which the ground floor is of stone and the upper floors of cement beamed in oak. Although narrow, it must have been a comfortable domicile of the bourgeoise type. The room which anciently served as a counting room on the ground floor is now closed, being used for a storeroom. Ascending a narrow stairway, one enters what was the family sitting room which looks out on the street. The young woman in charge was evidently accustomed to receiving visitors, and pointed out the family portraits still hanging in this room, as well as the writing table of the first of the Rothschilds. In a back room, plainly an addition built on to accommodate the growth of the family, I was shown a high bookkeeper's desk and a cabinet, which also formed part of the original furnishing. The humble caretaker and guide, who turns an honest penny in the way of tips and the sale of copies of the Rothschild family tree and the photographs of the house itself, of the ghetto quarter before the recent improvements, and of the ancestral portraits already mentioned, told me that she and her mother were modest members of the same great family—a sort of pensioned poor relations!

The readiness with which my taxi-driver took me from the station to "the Rothschild house in the Judengasse," would seem to indicate that it is a frequent destination of visitors—indeed one of the sights of Frankfort. But, as a matter of fact, there is no longer a "Judengasse." The quarter which for many years bore that name has practically been swept away, large business buildings having been erected on the former site of the narrow and tumble-down houses of the old-time ghetto. Several old Jewish families of the wealthier middle class still live there, however, and the old synagogue which Mayer Anselm and his family attended is still standing.

Most of the houses neighboring the Rothschild home, which is now known as No. 26 Bornestrasse, are of much later construction. It need hardly be said that the Frankfort Rothschilds of the present generation inhabit much more lordly palaces in the more fashionable quarters of the city. Curiously enough, although Frankfort long since lost its former prestige as a money center to Hamburg, with the remarkable growth of that great German port, the ancient city on the Main here is still regarded as the main stronghold of the Rothschilds. It is from Frankfort, for the most part, that the strings are pulled that control the bourses of Berlin, Hamburg, London, Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam—not to mention New York, Chicago and San Francisco, Melbourne, Capetown and Bombay.

A little study of the only available family tree, brought down to 1899, reveals several interesting facts.

The house at No. 26 Born-strasse, Frankfort, in which Mayer Anselm Rothschild and his ten children were born and which is preserved by the family as a sort of shrine and museum of family relics.

In the first place, there is a surprising number of intermarriages among the Rothschilds. To keep the money in the family, a Rothschild heiress is seldom allowed to marry any but a Rothschild. Departures from this tradition are usually significant of the capture of compensating advantages in the way of alliances with the European nobility, of which the marriage of Hannah, daughter and heiress of old Nathan Mayer Rothschild, with the Earl of Rosebery (who soon after became Prime Minister of England) is an outstanding example. Several of the Frankfort Rothschilds made brilliant matches. Of the six daughters of Carl Mayer Rothschild (granddaughters of the founder of the house) two died unmarried, two married Rothschild cousins and the remaining two married French nobles, Margaretha wedding Agenor Duc de Gramont and Bertha-Marie marrying Alexander Berthier, Prince and Duc de Wagram.

Of the Vienna Rothschilds, Anselm Salomon and his sister Betty both married in the family, and of the five of Anselm Salomon's eight children who married, four wedded in the family and the fifth married an Italian nobleman and banker, Raymondo Baron Franchetti. Yet only one of old Mayer's children married a Rothschild, the remaining contracting alliances with the Sterns, Cohens, Worms, Beyfus (two sisters Rothschild married two brothers Beyfus); Herz, Hanau, Sichel and Montefiore.

Turning to the English branch, we find that the Rosebery match does not stand alone. The aunt of the Countess of Rosebery, who was also named Hannah, married Henry Fitzroy, cadet of a ducal house. Two granddaughters of the Nathan of Waterloo fame married into the nobility: the first, Constance, becoming Lady Battersea and the second, Anna, marrying the Honorable Elliot York, fourth son of the Earl of Hardwicke. Jacob, the son of Mayer Anselm, who became the head of the Paris branch of the house (changing his patronymic to James and being made a baron by Napoleon III), has had a numerous progeny, eight children and ten grandchildren. But most of them are married within the family. The exceptions are a son, Gustav Samuel James, who married Cecilia Anspach and granddaughters who married respectively Maurice Ephrussi, Edward Sassoon, father of the present Sir Philip Sassoon, Baronet, trusted friend of Lloyd George; Leon Lambert, Baron Leonina, and the Belgian, Baron van Zuyten van Nyevelt.

The family tree has much more than an interest to the dilettante curious in matters genealogical. It represents symbolically the greatest consolidation of wealth and worldly power in the hands of a single family that history has recorded since the days of the Borgias.

View of the old "Judengasse" of Frankfort taken a few years ago while the quarter was in process of demolition to make way for modern business structures. The birthplace of the founder of the Rothschild house is indicated by the arrow. On the left is seen the synagogue that Mayer Anselm Rothschild attended and which is still standing.

How the Public Asks Its Questions

THE Peterkin Papers of our childhood, when we come to think about it, were based on solutions for foolish questions. Whenever the Peterkins saw no way out of their numerous household difficulties, they ran across the street to the all-wise Lady from Philadelphia. She immediately brought her superior intelligence and experience to bear and solved the domestic riddle.

Who is taking the place today of the Lady from Philadelphia? With varying results each one of us seeks the elusive answer from some source or other whose only recommendation usually is its propinquity. A man normally drops into the nearest drug store and expects the clerk, a graduate in pharmacy alone, to furnish first-class information on any kind of a topic. A woman sits down at the telephone and calls her dearest friend.

Commercial groups, even, have sprung up in an effort to take the place of the Lady from Philadelphia. These organizations are often extraordinarily efficient in their particular lines. All are too limited in scope, however, to satisfy our countless calls for information.

"Ask Mr. Foster" has branches all over the United States. "Mr. Foster" plans trips, furnishes time-tables and recommends hotels for any place under the sun. To be sure, Mr. Foster himself is presumably off at lunch or has just stepped out, but his place is taken by a most competent young woman.

Tel-U-Where is another commercial information agency in the large cities. Its aim is to furnish to inquirers over the telephone the names and addresses of firms which carry the product one desires to inspect or purchase. In its policy is incorporated the old telephone idea of "The Voice With the Smile Wins." All Chambers of Commerce have a similar service in their programs.

Many other forms of commercialized question-answering exist, but all lack the neighborly note which one wants when one gets to the state of asking for information. Take, for example, the information window in the average railroad station. Many are the times I have stood in line at these so-called information bureaus, with suit cases poking in my calves and umbrellas in my sides, waiting my turn to be snapped at and to be sent off unsatisfied. Many also are the times when I have in desperation boarded a street car going in any direction thinking to myself, "It is worth a nickel to get the conductor to put me straight." Almost equally often have I had the conductor say, "I can't tell you, lady; I've just come here from Nova Scotia."

All of us can add to the list of question-answering agencies, and the call for such agencies, from our own experience. It is a great human need made more urgent by the complexities of modern life.

Imprint of Moors Even on Spanish America

Streets and Houses Betray Influence of Orientals on the Spanish

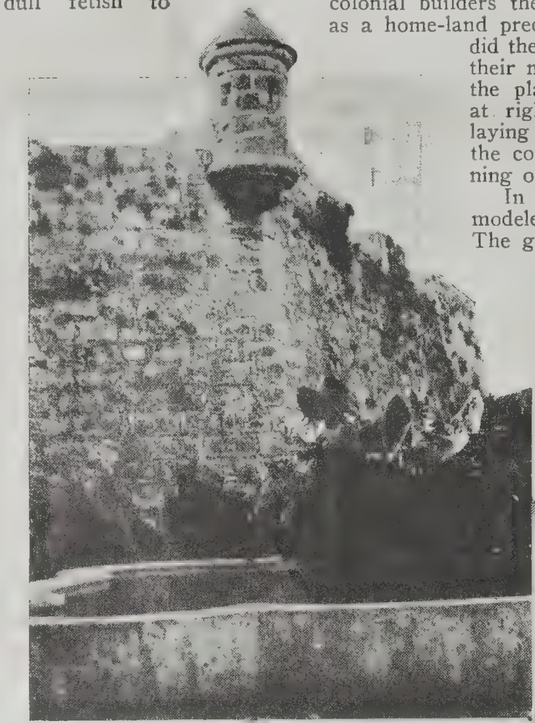
By CARROLL K. MICHENER

This is one of several travel articles by Mr. Michener

THE MOOR brought into Spain his harem and his house, and left them as imperishable souvenirs of his seven-century régime. They are today no less distinctive of Spanish life—the one persisting as an attitude toward women and the other as an architectural standard—than bullfights and the fragrance of garlic. They have been so interwoven into the national fabric as to seem Spanish themselves. Without them half the characteristic and and distinguishing charm of old Spain would be gone; stripped of its Moorish inheritance, the Iberian peninsula would be but a dull fetish to imagination and romance.

And what the Arab carried with him across the straits from Africa—his Oriental concept of the sphere of woman and his blank-walled houses to shut her away jealously from a spying world—the adventuring Spaniard scattered into another hemisphere. In some of its most striking attitudes, therefore, Spanish America is Moorish America. Its Oriental quality is visible instantly to one who is familiar with outward aspects of the East, and its Afro-Asiatic philosophies of life come more definitely into vision with nearer acquaintance.

A man's dwelling house, like the garments with which he protects his body, betrays his tendency of mind. The habitations of those who inherit Moorish tradition mirror an Oriental distrust, both of things exterior and within. The forbidding walls, adjoining others along the narrow canyon of a Spanish-American street; the massive, brass-studded, steel-bolted doors; the iron-grilled windows—these are at least symbolical, if no longer wholly actual, barriers against him who would enter and her who would emerge.



Moorish bastion and fountain in Havana's old fortifications.

The Moor in Arabia made his streets narrow to outwit the blistering sun. The parching summers of Southern Spain seemed to him to require the same expedient. In such a city as Seville, therefore, one may walk through principal thoroughfares no wider than those of Morocco, capable of being cut off from the sun at midday by means of short tongues of awning stretched out from one house wall to another. Even in Toledo, most northerly of the Moor's outposts, where summer brings fainter reminiscence of the desert's breath, there are the same attenuated, occluded streets.

It is less remarkable that Spain should have retained this visible impress of its Mohammedan conquerors than that the exotic mold should have been passed on to the New World. The fact is proof of the thoroughness with which Moorish ideas had found permanence in Spanish thought. Arabian architecture had become a habit of mind.

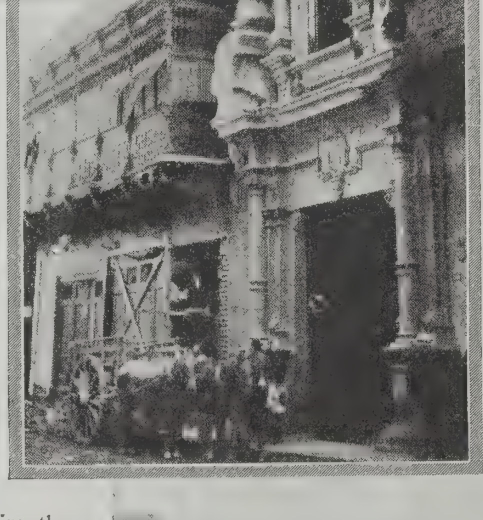
Evidence of this lies in the persistence with which the Spanish colonists in South America have clung to the Moorish *patio,* so unsuited even to the tropic latitudes of the high Andes. There was logic in it so far as Mexico and the islands of the West Indies were concerned, although American experience in Panama with wide-verandahed frame buildings, screened and opened frankly to the four winds, is setting a new example of comfort there. The Spaniard of the Conquest, however, was from Southern Spain, and it is too much to expect of him that Havana, even in modern times, should be otherwise than an architectural suggestion of Seville.

There was room in the wide New World for ample streets. The North Atlantic colonists, although there were cases of rare foresight among them, realized this none too well; and as for Spain's city builders in the Americas, they seemed to understand it not at all, although they were generous in providing for that inveterate Spanish institution, the *plaza.* Except for an occasional *alameda* or boulevard, belonging usually to modern times, the West Coast cities are exceedingly narrow of thoroughfare. They were laid with no prescience of a traffic the space requirements of which would be greater than the "beam" of a panniered donkey.

Trolley cars and automobiles have grievously put to task this unforeseeing parsimony of the colonial city builders, and the conventions of modern paving have sometimes brought humorous results. So narrow are many of the streets that, when freeway for a single vehicle of four wheels has been provided, there is often little or nothing left for sidewalks. It is not uncommon, therefore, for the walk to diminish at points until it is little more than a curbstone, or in places to disappear altogether. In many of the most populous business avenues it is impossible to proceed upon these footpaths otherwise than in Indian file.

Inca cities, if the historians are to be credited, were not much different in this and other respects. Their thoroughfares were narrow and their walls blind. The colonial builders therefore had an indigenous as well as a home-land precedent. In only one major regard did the Spaniards consciously depart from their municipal tradition, and this was in the platting of straight streets, crossing at right angles. Thus, Pizarro, in his laying out of Lima, and Valdivia, obeyed the command of Charles V, in the planning of Santiago.

In recent years South America has modeled variously in its house building. The great show streets of Buenos Aires are more suggestive of Paris than of Seville. They have a mingled touch of all Latin countries, and by no means an uncertain element of the Anglo-Saxon. The dwelling house, nevertheless, is generally of the Spanish-Moorish type that turns itself outside in, smiling upon an interior court rather than upon the exterior world. Plastered adobe is as much of a standard as stucco and shingles in the United States, and the *patio* is as prevalent as the North American porch.



The Spanish-Moorish balcony and arch persists even in the principal streets of modern Buenos Aires. Right—Famous balconies of the old Torretagle Palace in Lima.

Not until one has seen the Alhambra does he understand how strong is the classic tradition that supports this ideal of house building. There is rude strength, not beauty, in the walls and towers that rise upon the citadel-hill above Granada. They were built not alone to repel the invader, but to conceal from him the splendors within. Moorish jealousy kept the women of Boabdil's harems aloof from sight or sound of the outside world, like doves caged in arabesque balconies open only to sky and the shy secrets of imprisoned fountains and foliage. Moorish mistrust kept his treasures of tracery and mosaic invisible and unsuspected from without.

Supported by such a prototype and by the common usage of Mohammedan Spain, South American architecture has no difficulty in explaining itself. There has been less of a tendency toward modification to suit environment, as in the Spanish-Mission houses of Southern California. Nuances have not been lacking, however, and such variations seem more pronounced than most of those old Spain has permitted herself to develop. These are in general an ornamentation of the Moor's bare outer walls, or a compression of the *patio* into some such modern formality as a glass-roofed sun parlor. In the capitals—particularly in Buenos Aires—the Spanish-Moorish architecture of colonial days is looked upon, quite naturally, as a bit old-fashioned, and there is an increasing vogue for French and Italian design. The old motive strongly persists, however. It clings, if not in lines, at least as an atmosphere, to the borrowed architecture of Latin Europe.

When one has seen Seville he knows the paternity of Lima's balconies. The men of Pizarro's expeditions were chiefly from Andalusia, and Seville continued to be, in more senses than one, the home port to which Peru's "City of the Kings" paid tribute. The balconies of Lima, however, seem more prevalent than those of the paternal city, and certainly they are more ornate.

Travelers are not likely to miss a supreme example of this art, one of the show places of Lima—the old colonial residence of the Torretagles, of late the Ministry of War. Its balconies, hanging massively from the second story, are a monumental exhibit of the craft of wood carving, today unfortunately in eclipse.

The balcony, like the iron-barred window of the ground floor, is a compromise with the Moor's exclusiveness. It is a sheltered loophole from which the impounded women of his domicile may take vicarious part in the world of adventures passing by. Seeing, but at will unseen, the inmates of the harem may look forth upon pathways of life that are for them forbidden.

More romantic, of course, is the *mirador.* This is the first-floor window, flanking the entrance and opening upon a parlor where women of the house set themselves up, as in a play-box, to view the affairs of the world. Here there is the scene, prescribed by tradition, for courtship and betrothal. Outside the window bars sings Don Fulano, posing and proposing to the glamorous figure behind wickets of steel. Inside he may sit with her, amply chaperoned, only after he has committed himself and he has become her affianced.

The *mirador* is no other than the African moucharaby, latticed and projecting slightly into the street. Through it, when days and nights are warm, one may catch intimate glimpses of Spanish-American life, though this is peculiarly paradox to the general exclusiveness of the Iberian home.

In some of the older streets of West Coast cities, of Lima especially, many a fine old Spanish house has descended to commercial usages. The *mirador* has become shop entrance, or a shop window, and it is admirably adapted for either. Charming *patios* of other days have been converted into warehouses or echoing repositories of some industrial pursuit.

The balcony is to be found, of course, in nearly all Spanish-American cities, although it is most pronounced in Lima. In La Paz and Santiago it is more like that of Spain, a small grilled-iron basket seldom large enough for more than a row of potted plants, and perhaps a woman's face peering through.

A development of this architectural theme is the arcade, which characterizes so many business thoroughfares of the Spanish world. Projecting to the edge of the street, the balcony, in such a case, is supported by arched masonry that partially incloses and shades the walk. Not infrequently the affairs of those who occupy the buildings overflow cumbrously into this protected space. The older *plazas* hold tenaciously to this tradition, of which Arequipa affords a thorough example.

Essential to the Moor's felicity is water. His paradise plashes with a myriad of fountains. To some degree his wealth is to be measured by the amount of water he possesses—his reservoirs and canals, and the size of the oases and gardens they water. The *patio,* therefore, is another unquestionable Moorish inheritance. And something essentially Oriental gives character to the dense and usually tropical foliage of this walled oasis visible through iron gratings along any residence street of the Spanish world.

Usually there is a somewhat harshly tiled flooring, and the shrubs seem a bit formal and

The balconies of Lima

crowded, but undeniable freshness and beauty inhabit even the poorest of these conventional gardens. A fountain is something of a luxury along the dry West Coast, but there is never a visible lack of water enough for irrigation. The foliage is varied, ranging from creepers and common garden flowers to shrubs and small trees. Some household pet usually inhabits the *patio,* and rarely is this leafy retreat without the song of a bird, either captive or at large.

In accordance with Moorish convention, the principal rooms of a house open upon the *patio* directly opposite to the entrance, with smaller rooms along the sides. Here, again, the balcony and the arcade come into play. The agreeable coolness and colors of the garden invade these rooms, which not infrequently have no exterior opening. They are high-ceilinged and restfully shaded.

This is an arrangement, however, that is eminently more suited to conditions of life and climate under which the Arab originator developed it, than to much of Spanish America. Winter seasons of the Andes, and even some nights of summer, bring cold blasts and draughts into the *patio,* some part of which must be crossed in going from one room of the house to another. Rarely, too, is there any amelioration of these conditions in the use of artificial heat. Stoves and plumbing are alien not only to the Moor's tradition but to the race that yielded so largely to his tutoring of seven centuries. Indeed, there is no place for these modern foibles in his scheme of things. Plumbing would be as subversive as turning the house inside out and making the *patio* into a porch, and even the cookstove is as likely to be found outside the dwelling, at some indeterminate point in the rear, as within. In the close-shut rooms of winter an occasional kerosene stove does what it can to ward off discomfort and pneumonia.

The Indian of Inca times built many of his walls of unmortared stones, so nicely fitted that even today—as no one who writes of South America can resist the trite temptation to remark—it is impossible to insert between some of them "the blade of a sharp knife." The building material of the present, however, is an adobe of mud and straw. Wood is little used, since it must be imported, usually at a greater cost than materials nearer at hand. This is a rule that has its exceptions, however, in some of the cities of the west and north. Whole blocks of Antofagasta's business section are redolent of Oregon pine.

The plastered outer surface of the conventional house of Moorish type is in at least some variant of white, although there is a pronounced tendency, as in the Spanish peninsula, toward more decorative tints. Nothing can quite equal the riotous pinks, greens, blues and yellows of Portuguese Rio de Janeiro, but most South American cities can exhibit something of a pale likeness of such chromatic glory. The walls of Havana—light yellow, orange, pink and pallid-blue—gave the index to this system of house colorings, and it is carried out to a greater or lesser extent southward.

There is further devotion to these tints within the house, in the tiles of the *patio,* the occasional mosaics, bits of stuccoed lattice, and upon the plaster of the high-walled rooms. Not infrequently the brilliance of paint and gilding goes far toward mirroring the classic precept of the Alhambra.

The house of the Moor, generally, was of one story. The Moorish-American type does not often go above one, and rarely, along the West Coast, is it more than two. Whatever the height there is a general preservation of the Morisco flat roof, the Spanish *azotea,* often the family sitting-room in the cool of evening.

Some of the more cosmopolitan of the South American cities are drifting away from this style, but even in Buenos Aires it survives to a notable degree. One's hotel window is likely to overlook apartment houses, the flat roofs of which are gardened and terraced and given over not solely to the activities of washerwomen hanging out clothes but to the family's amusements.

The frequency with which disastrous earthquakes occur along the narrow western fringe of the Andes has kept the houses there modestly low—this would be reason enough without the additional one of tradition. In Lima they are generally flat as well, so that the city has both these similitudes of Arabia. The same is true of Arequipa. There is many a house of Moorish design in Santiago, but La Paz has undertaken a sharp departure toward the more graceful curves and angles of red-tiled roofs.

The Saracenic significance of the flat-topped house does not persist, of course, in Moorish America. In Fez the housetops are taboo to men—sacred, indeed, to women, who may bare their heads there and lay aside the *chumur,* which is the *manto* of Spain. But the flat roofs of South America are by no means hallowed to the uses of woman, though they are part of her restricted sphere.

Even though the Moorish-American house abuts directly upon narrow streets, wasting no space in lawns and driveways, its site, owing to its *patio* and its one or two stories of height, is necessarily large. This has its definite effect upon the character of South American cities, particularly of the West Coast. They are spread over large areas, and often seem to the North American eye far more populous than they are in fact. Should the Morisco type of architecture persist, the great cities of tomorrow will be extensive, indeed. But ponderous as is the inertia of Moslem tradition, it is yielding to the influence of the Latin-American's varied foreign preceptors, and the South American city of the future is quite as likely to be some such architectural melange as the Buenos Aires of today.

Above—A fantastic mixture of Moorish and modern architecture in Rio de Janeiro. Left—The walls and balconies of Cuzco, Peru. Right—Bolivian mansion of the more highly ornamented Spanish-Moorish type.

A modern variant of Morisco architecture, Buenos Aires.

One Hundred Thousand Acres of Cotton!

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from beginning to end are sent out by the landowning company. These men inspect the plantation of every leaseholder. If he has any problems, they furnish him with solutions for these problems. If he has trouble with planting, cultivation, irrigation or harvesting, they show him the causes of these troubles and apply the remedies. Distribution of labor for the various jobs connected with the production of cotton also is supervised, so that every leaseholder is certain of the necessary amount of labor to handle his crop from beginning to end.

When the crop is picked—and it is interesting to note that Mexican labor has been found better adapted to this work than even the historic Negro from the cotton fields of the South—the loose cotton is piled into trailer wagons, each holding 6,000 pounds net. A tractor picks up eighteen of these wagons, or 108,000 pounds of cotton, and hauls it to the largest gin in the world at Mexicali. This use of the tractor and the trailer-train is an economic feature of the systematization of the cotton industry which has proved of great value. To handle the eighteen trailers with their 54 tons of cotton, would require two men and six mules to every two wagons, if the old method were followed. That is, eighteen men and 54 mules would be required to haul the equivalent of one of these trains to the gin. But the tractor makes two such trips a day, whereas the mules and men could make only one trip, the distance at present being about 11 or 12 miles. Therefore, the tractor each day, with two men to operate it, really does the work of 36 men and 108 mules. These economies of operation are manifest throughout this establishment, and the leaseholders are taught to use them in their daily work and in their direction of the men whom they employ.

A network of canals, 600 miles in total length, provides water for these lands, and it is a drive of 402 miles around the cotton fields. Even the operation of the canals is conducted like a huge department store, with upkeep, management, direction and distribution of the water handled by a force of men, mainly Americans, who do nothing else. The total cash cost an acre of irrigation of these lands this year will be $3.13. The highest rate paid in Mexico for water is $2.08 a cubic second-foot, and the lowest 75 cents a thousand meters, or $1.83 a cubic second-foot. Water sold to Mexican lands in 1922 reached the huge total of $469,740, while those in the United States (Imperial Valley) are put at $788,952 for the same period. There are indications that the water sales south of the boundary will equal, and possibly surpass, those on the northern side within the next year or two, under the present systematic development of the cotton industry there.

When the tractors with their eighteen-wagon trains of cotton roll into Mexicali, they are unloaded by suction pipes into a gin capable of producing 400 bales of cotton a day, the largest and most continuously operated cotton gin in the world. To handle this year's crop of 125,000 to 130,000 bales of cotton, this gin will have to be operated virtually every working day of the year. And no part of the boll escapes from this gin. The seed is converted into oil, except such quantities as are needed for next year's seeding; the hulls are sold for fertilizer, and the cotton shipped in solid train loads to the markets of the world. One of these days, when the cotton area has grown greater, there will be a port on the Gulf of California, to which ships will come direct to load cotton from this vast plantation. Even now, preparations have been completed for the construction of a railroad southward from Mexicali some 60 miles to the point on the gulf at which this port is to be located. Surveys have been made and the funds are ready for the construction of this railroad.

Such a railroad and such a port will still further enable the cotton-growers on the 800,000 acres of Lower California lands to systematize the distribution and marketing of their cotton in a manner similar to that which has saved the orange-growing industry of California from the so-called "red-ink sales" it once endured. That is to say, the cotton from this area can be sent direct to those markets where the demand is the greatest and the price momentarily the highest, instead of dumping it on the market, at any price obtainable, as the cotton-raisers of the southern states have been doing for half a century.

The Colorado River Land Company sells the cotton direct for the leaseholders, and it is proof of the value of organization that the prices paid for this cotton are always *two to four cents higher* than the current New York market prices, f. o. b. Calexico. Unlike the small cotton farmer in other parts of the cotton belts of the world, whether they be in America, Egypt, India, China, or any other section, the small producer in Lower California is taught, first of all, to husband his resources from year to year, to proportion his expenditures to his production, to produce more and better cotton every year, and to handle the business of farming on the same basis that the captain of industry or the large commercial operator handles his greater capital.

Another interesting feature of this industrial empire is the experimental work being carried on constantly with other crops, to find just what cereals, forage plants, vegetables and fruits will produce best in this climate and soil. This year a considerable area is being planted in sugar cane, as the result of some of these experiments, and, if the sugar cane proves a profitable crop, it, too, will be organized and systematized in both production and distribution. Thus more men will be taught to produce, to earn for themselves, under the supervision of those who know how to produce and to sell. There is space and opportunity on these 800,000 acres for 50,000 men at work producing prosperity for themselves and for their state, and the government of the state is assisting the Americans in every way to bring together men and crops, to the end that not only an industry, but a state as well, may be stabilized.

Who Have More Brains, Men or Women?

It's a Question That's Never Been Settled, Nor Will This Do It

By KINGSLEY GRAY

ALL boys call girls silly, and all girls think boys stupid. That is the terse judgment passed by one sex on the mentality of the other. To raise the question, Who are more intelligent, men or women? is to lay oneself open to the charge of stirring up the embers of a smouldering fire, or, at the least, of cracking a hoary chestnut. Until the last decade, which has produced intelligence tests, the question involving the mental fate of half the population has generally been discussed in a most unscientific way.

The earliest codes of laws, those unearthed in the mounds of ancient Babylonia, the cradle of the race, agree with the codes and customs of later centuries in considering women as on a lower plane than men. In fact they are rarely mentioned in the annals of the ancients except in an incidental way. A woman's education consisted in household economics and child training. The wise man Solomon described the ideal wife as one who "seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands," as one who "riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household," and as one whose "candle goeth not out by night." "Her husband," continued the sage, "is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land." Woman was to work diligently, unrelentingly, by night and by day, happy in the assurance that by so doing her husband, as he stroked his patriarchal beard, would be considered a notable public man, and be accorded a seat with the elders, the city fathers, in the legislative chamber of the city—the gate. *Proverbs 31.*

A girl baby started out in life under a handicap, if not a curse. Women prayed for sons, but not for daughters, at least if they did the fact has not been recorded. The immortal poem of Suhrab and Rustam reaches its climax when the mighty Rustam discovers that his child is not a frail girl but the stalwart Suhrab. The Pharisees, a powerful Israelite sect of the first century, taught young men to pray: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, who hath not made me a woman." But the woman must humbly say: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, who hath made me according to His will." *"Daily Prayer Book," (b).* Quoted by F. C. Gilbert in *"Practical Lessons for the Church of Today,"* p. 146. With few exceptions, the ancient valuation placed upon women may be expressed in the somewhat paradoxical Mohammedan dictum: "Woman is a necessary evil."

With such a state of affairs existing, it may not be wholly profitless to discuss seriously the question of the relative intelligence of men and women. Are they on the same plane, or is one higher than the other? And if so, which one? Would a man on trial, confronted with a jury of women, have just cause to protest that his sacred right to be tried by a jury of his peers had not been accorded him? With women exercising equal power in the molding of the nation's policies, must we not ultimately retrograde if their intelligence be inferior, and progress if it be superior? for the inherent intelligence of its citizens is unquestionably the measure of a nation's advancement. Out of the first question, all these grow, and they are no idle queries.

By a strange coincidence, this "age of women" has given to us the scientific answer to these perplexing questions. It has long been observed that the reasoning powers of women are different from those of men. The laborious process of adding minor to major premise, and proceeding thus to a logical conclusion, is cut short by women's intuitive grasp of the answer. And to the distress and confusion of masculinity, the conclusion is more often correct than not. Men cannot free themselves from the lockstep of logical sequence of thought; women have either never been thus hindered, or have in the dim past broken the step. For the proverb, "Do not argue with a woman," is very ancient, and is as true as ancient. It originated in the inherent difference of reasoning faculties, though unfortunately it has become tainted with irony and sarcasm as it has passed through the centuries.

It has also long been observed that the emotional qualities are more highly developed in women. The relation of women to religion and love furnishes the best illustration. Women *love*, men *like*. Literature has immortalized this quality in women. The official government statistics of religious bodies in the United States show a considerably higher percentage of women communicants than men. Especially is this true of the newer and more extreme sects.

However, these various observations do not give us the answer to the question we have raised. They only tantalize us. It is in the reports of the intelligence tests, which have been given in schools and colleges during the past few years, that we shall find, if not the answer, then at least material for reflection.

Thousands of girls and boys in the grammar grades have been tested. When the averages for both have been drawn off, the differences have been found so small as to be negligible, though it is an interesting fact that Professor Terman, using the revised Binet scale on a thousand children found that the girls, up to the age of 14, actually averaged one or two points higher than the boys. However, he does not consider this difference large enough to be of any importance. Perhaps the woman phrenologist in England, who maintains that up to a certain age a girl's head grows faster than a boy's, may find in these minor differences an argument for her theory.

In high schools, colleges and universities where the various intelligence tests have been given, the totals and comparative averages obtained have proved, as the lawyers say, beyond all reasonable doubt, that men and women have the same amount of gray matter, or more correctly, intelligence.

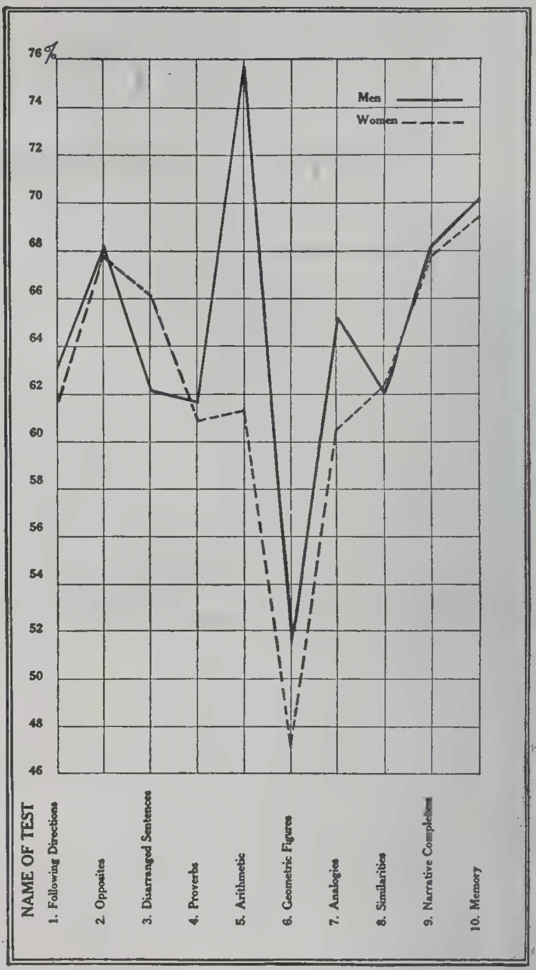
The accompanying graph shows the results of one such test, which the writer took part in giving to 132 young men and 100 young women in a private boarding school. As the young people represented city and country homes in widely separated parts of several states, they made an ideal group for testing. The perfected "Otis Group Intelligence Scale" (Form A), which consisted of 230 tests divided into ten sections, was used. As might be inferred, this test is quite similar to the one given in the army, and is perhaps one of the most widely used of general intelligence tests.

As shown in the drawing, section one tested a person's ability for "Following Directions." It consisted of twenty problems, or tests, such as: "Write the letter which follows the letter which comes next after B in the alphabet." The graph shows that the men (represented by the unbroken line) answered correctly a little better than sixty-three per cent of these twenty tests, exceeding the women by a mere one per cent. So small a difference as this does not lend support to the semi-serious remark of one young chap, who informed me that "this test explained why men make better soldiers than women—they follow directions better."

Section two consisted of twenty-five tests in "Opposites" in words. For example, the word "up" was followed in parentheses by the words, "short, down, small, low, young." Of course, the opposite of "up" is "down." If this word "down" was underlined, the test was answered correctly. Our graph shows that both the men and the women found it much easier to pick out opposites than to follow directions. They both averaged around sixty-eight per cent, with the men a fraction of a per cent in the lead.

Section five, with its twenty simple "Arithmetic" problems, gave the most interesting comparisons of the whole test. Though the problems were, in the main, extremely simple—for example, "If two pencils cost five cents, how many pencils can be bought for fifty cents?" —yet the women seemed to have difficulty with them. However, the men made short work of these tests. In this section is revealed a real difference between the sexes. Evidently there is some truth in the saying that women do not "shine" in mathematics.

Section six, with its "Geometric Figures," proved difficult to all, though more to the women than to the men. It consisted of twenty questions regarding two combination drawings of rectangles, circles and a triangle.



A graph showing the comparative averages obtained by 132 young men and 100 young women who were given the "Otis Group Intelligence Scale" test. The test was given at Pacific Union College, California, in October, 1919. The ages of the young people ranged from about 14 to 27. The group was composed of those both in the high school and college grades. (For the sake of economy of space, the per cent column goes no lower than 46% nor higher than 76%.)

The whole test revealed other sex differences not indicated on this graph. When the individual grades were examined, it was found that a man had made the highest score—and the lowest. The range between these two men is the difference between 49 and 213. The lowest man was only forty-eight points from zero, while the highest was only seventeen points from perfect. The range of scores for the women was between 69 and 199. There were more men who scored perfect in different sections of the test—and more, zero—than the women. Still further figures and data might be cited to show that the men departed from the general average much more than the women. Summing up the results it should be said that for the whole test the men averaged but two per cent higher than the women. In other words, the men answered correctly 149 of the 230 problems, and the women, 145. It might be added that a person who answers correctly 130 is of average intelligence.

At the University of California a "general intelligence test and a test on high school subject matter information," was given to 1,182 freshmen. The published report makes this comment as to sex differences revealed by this somewhat lengthy test: "The women made grades slightly lower than those attained by the men. This difference, however, was not marked." It also adds that "the range of distribution of the men is wider than that of the women." That is, men went higher—and also lower—than women. These findings tally with those of the Otis Test, and are a fair sample of the sex differences found by this modern and scientific method of measuring intelligence. The ancient belief that women are mentally inferior to men—until the present time taken for granted—must now be rejected as false.

The Old Manse Bespeaks Spirit of Concord

Concluded from page 3

the first real line and dispatched the first message sent over wires by electricity. He proposed to erect a line between New York and Philadelphia, but when the legislature of New Jersey denounced him as a man dangerous to the community, he fled in disgust to Europe.

Concord has a surprisingly large number of cemeteries. The oldest is Hillside, in the center of the town. Here lie the heroes of Revolutionary fame, and probably Peter Bulkeley, founder of the town and direct ancestor of William and Ralph Waldo Emerson. To him belongs the honor of writing the first book of the Colony, a collection of sermons called *New England's First Born.* In this same Burying Ground is the grave of John Jack, said to be the first slave brought to America. Obscure as was his life, his epitaph is the most famous in the country. It reads in part:

> "Tho' he lived in a land of liberty
> He lived a slave
> Till by his honest, tho' stolen, labors
> He acquired the source of slavery,
> Which gave him his freedom;
> Tho' not long before
> Death, the great tyrant,
> Gave him final emancipation
> And set him on a footing with kings."

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery is sometimes called the Westminster Abbey of America, but it is hard to imagine a greater contrast than between that stately pile and the simplicity of the village graveyard. There are no markers to direct the visitor, no sepulcher to attract the eye. Under the pines on the hillside they lie, neighbors, as in life, the great Concord brotherhood. The grave of our greatest genius is marked by a low stone with the single word "Hawthorne" engraved upon it. Just below are the graves of the Thoreau and the Alcott family with the simplest of memorials. A boulder of rose quartz marks the grave of Emerson, with two lines from his poem, *The Problem*:

> "The passive master lent his hand
> To the great soul that o'er him planned."

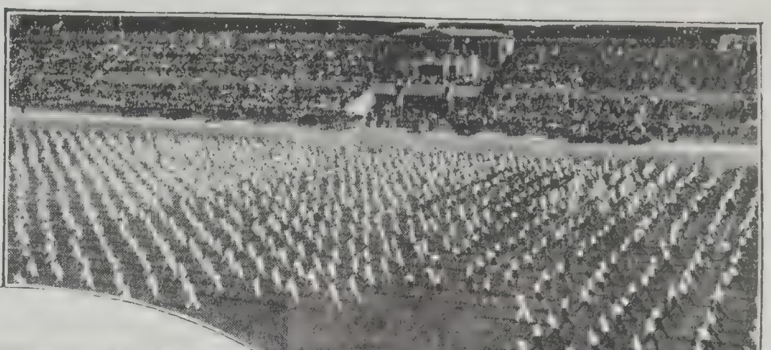
In Concord much of the past remains to inspire us. The Emerson House is still occupied by the Emerson family. Mrs. Lathrop, better known as Margaret Sydney, a connection of the Hawthornes, still owns Wayside. The Old Manse is the property of the Ripley family who live there summers. And the peaceful village, built about its Green with church of beautiful colonial architecture, still attracts cultured men and women. The Concord Art Club, with Daniel Chester French as its president, has members and exhibits from among the leading artists all over the country. Allen French, author of boys' books, and Samuel Merwin, novelist and magazine writer, make their homes there. Although its halcyon days may be over, no other spot can kindle so hopeful or so wonderful a vision with which to face the new.

The European Finds He, Too, Has Muscles

Germans Learning From America What It Means to Be Athletic

By

WALTER M. WOLFF



A mass calisthenics exercise of 4,000 turners in the big "Stadion," near Berlin. (German Olympic Games, 1922.)

German women athletes who are strong for a freer, happier, sturdier race.

Feminine sprinters of all ages out for a double-quick stroll around the "Stadion" track.

THE original sport-lover, athlete, and physical culturist does not hail from European soil. He is found once and only in the United States of America. But the coming athlete, the man of sinewy muscles packed chock-full of agility, is to be found sprouting forth at remarkably frequent intervals among the usual type of underfed, underdeveloped sons of Central Europe. The human bean pole, forty pounds underweight, with curvature of the spine and flat feet, or the man whose physical condition is so low that he cannot lift his own weight, is rapidly and rudely being crowded to the wall by the individual who hikes, plays rugby, swims well, runs the hundred meters, heaves the weight; in fact, who does about everything athletic that the American boy is wont to do.

In Germany, outdoor sports are becoming so popular, judged, of course, by European standards and point of view, that the Germans ought to figure very prominently in all the international contests of the future. Contact with the doughboys on the western front did much to give the Germans a savory taste for Yankee athletics. During the American occupation at Coblenz, the Heinies got their first real eyeful of American baseball and football. American boxers and fist-artists constantly come and go, but stay long enough to enable the Germans to see them in action and to copy their methods. Then the thousands of American visitors to the Fatherland each year bring with them much of the spirit of American sport and athletics, and the German is eager to learn. He knows the American leads the field when it comes to physical fitness, athletic ability, and all-around aggressiveness. And having clearly recognized these facts he feels he must be on the right track. The results of his efforts in a physical way show him to be making great strides; and when a man once more grows interested in his body and its physical development and welfare, even such great scourges to human progress as the late war can at last be successfully overcome and the effects obliterated.

The Germans do not yet know what a Y. M. C. A. is like, nor are they as universally athletic as America, but their desire to be active is spreading over the country to such an extent that public gymnasiums, golf links, tennis courts, playgrounds, swimming pools, and the like, should not be far distant. The present crop of Teuton athletes have among their number some very able specialists—men who are skillfully trained and who intend placing Germany in front rank at the Olympic Games. And we must not forget the women. Many thousands of the gentle sex train as regularly as do the men, laying the foundation for the healthy, athletic Germany of tomorrow. In the big "Stadion," or stadium, near Berlin, Germany's young and old are learning to become bigger and better men and women, stronger and healthier boys and girls—physically. Here every modern convenience lies at their disposal and trained instructors give all their time and effort to the task of placing Germany at last very markedly on the athletic map of the world. The great stadium is the university, the recruiting station, and the popular gymnasium for the physical education of new republican Germany.

With all this intensification and development of the physical welfare of her people, Germany is, as has been said before, casting an anxious eye toward Paris for 1924. She feels she must show the world that, although vanquished on the battlefield, she is still a reckoning factor—now stronger than ever before—on the field and track of sportdom. During the past two decades the United States has carried off the greater part of all the glory at the Olympic Games, the Finns, Swedes, and Britons trailing along behind, usually too far down the line to make it interesting. In the days prior to the war, Germany used to figure somewhere in the running. Such men as Hans Braun, the fleet-footed sprinter, placed Germany well up in front in 1912. Then the Olympic Games ended abruptly as far as Germany was concerned. In 1916 everybody was so busy winning the war, the games could not be held. In 1920, at Antwerp, the Germans were not allowed to enter. And there is still some doubt whether the Germans will be permitted to come to Paris in 1924. Recently a Hungarian football team visited Paris and one of its members tried to sound out the possibilities of Germany taking part in the games next year. An authority on the subject is said to have stated positively that Austria and Hungary would be invited to the games but that owing to minor difficulties the official German participation had not yet been fully decided upon. He concluded with the remark that Germany doubtless had full right to be admitted to the games and that she would receive an invitation in the due course of time.

In this connection it is interesting to touch upon the great Olympic Games of 1924 to be held in France from early January until the close of July. While the track and field events and many of the other athletic contests will be held at the Colombes Stadium, near Paris, other competitions will take place in parts of France as widely separated as the Alps and the Channel. The Games will open January 20, with winter sports, the site being either in the Alps or the Pyrennes. The yachting events which wind up the program will take place in the Channel, probably off Havre. The events include almost every form of sport and exercise.

In spite of the vigorous efforts being made in preparation for the coming international contests on the part of our Anglo-Saxon friends across the sea, it is hardly to be expected that Europe will triumph over America at an early date. However, Uncle Sam's boys will have to watch their stride with exceeding care. Some day Europe may wake up to the realization of her ability, and then the Olympic Games should turn out to be actual battles from start to finish.

What Happened to the German U-Boats

ONE fine day in the latter part of October, 1918, a wireless message was sent to all the German submarines that for them the war was already over. For some four years many people the world over have been wondering what really happened to Germany's big fleet of U-boats; that is, to those which saw service and were not turned over to the Entente en bloc under the terms of the peace treaty. After more than four years at work compiling the history of each boat, the Germans have finally completed a summary which tells the entire story.

Most of us will recall the thrilling trip made across the Atlantic in 1915 by the merchant-submarine *Deutschland* which eluded the English cruisers on guard just off our coast and brought over a million dollars' worth of chemicals, mail, and other articles, slipping out again with ten million dollars' worth of exports. A sister ship, the *Bremen,* is said to have been lost at sea with an even greater cargo of imports. Then we remember the accounts of the sinking of the English cruisers, *Hogue, Cressy,* and *Aboukir,* in the Channel, and we come to the conclusion that after all it must have been pretty easy for the German U-boat to shoot off a torpedo, dive down under again and disappear, leaving her victim to settle and "drown by inches." But the fact has been established that the art of "submarining" is about the most hazardous of all enterprises.

On August 1, 1914, twenty-six German submarines were ready for action at the word of Von Tirpitz. During the first year and up to July 31, 1915, nineteen more boats had been completed. But during this same period *eighteen submarines were lost,* and Germany worked at top speed to build sixty-five more by the end of July, 1916. In the third year of the war one hundred and one "subs" were completed, and in the fourth year ninety-nine. By November, 1918, Germany had finished a further sixty-one boats, making in all a grand total of *three hundred and forty-five* U-boats built during the war.

The building of the submarines which at the beginning of the war was done by several small shipbuilding concerns, was soon after turned over to the six largest companies. Most of the boats were constructed by the Vulcan Werft at Hamburg which built eighty-nine U-boats and had thirty-seven in the course of construction at the time of the armistice. Second in importance was the Germania Werft at Kiel which delivered seventy-nine boats and was working on twenty-eight more at the close of hostilities. The firm of Blohm & Voss, Hamburg, had completed sixty-seven and had begun work on thirty-nine more, and the old Imperial Werft at Danzig manufactured thirty-two boats and had begun work on thirty-two others. Finally, the Bremer Vulcan in Vegesack built four submarines and had twenty more in the process of construction, and forty-one boats were started on at the time the "Hindenburg Program" was passed, but these ships could not be finished before the end of the war.

Perhaps the most interesting figure of all is the number of U-boats lost during the war—199 altogether. This amount does not include 172 boats which were turned over to the enemy, and those which were destroyed by the Germans themselves, or which were interned and later sold to neutral countries. Of the boats interned and later sold were five to Spain and two to Holland. The Germans destroyed fourteen submarines themselves owing to defectiveness; seven of these in Pola, four in Flanders, one in Cattaro, one in Fiume, and one in Trieste.

It is also interesting to note that the German submarines were lost in sixteen different ways. The majority of them, that is, thirty-seven, were lost through water bombs. Another thirty-six boats fell victims to mines, while twenty more were lost through fights with enemy submarines. Engine trouble and other difficulties caused the loss of fourteen U-boats. Thirteen were sunk by torpedo boats and destroyers, and twelve by submarine chasers. Nine submarines were reported missing and eight were lost through ramming into other ships of various kinds. Six boats were sunk by armed fishing vessels, six by bombs from airplanes, and six found their graves in the nets of the English Channel and in the harbors of the enemy. Three German submarines were sunk by regular patrolling vessels, three by armed auxiliary cruisers, two by cruisers and two by artillery fire from the coast. One boat was sunk by a liner—Captain Weddigen's "U-29."

The list showing the localities at which German submarines were sunk is very complete. Fifty-six boats were lost in the English Channel, twenty-six in the North Sea, sixteen in the Mediterranean, sixteen around the east coast of England, twelve off the Dutch coast, nine off the coast of Ireland, seven in the Irish Sea, five off the western coast of England, three near Heligoland, three off the Scotch coast in the North Sea, three in the Black Sea, two off the coast of Flanders, two off the French coast in the North Sea, two in Scapa Flow, two near the Shetland Islands, two near the Scilly Islands, two in the White Sea, one in the North Sea, one off the Danish coast, one at Horns Riff, one in the Atlantic, one in the Bosporus, and one shortly west of Gibraltar.

This appalling record of German U-boat losses would not be complete without adding the figures of the losses in human life. A total of 5,364 German sailors lost their lives as a result of the submarine campaigns. Among this total were 515 officers, 368 of them being sea officers, 144 engineers, two doctors, and one a torpedo lieutenant. Of the naval officers, 296 were in active service and seventy-two belonged to the naval reserves. Of the engineers, 130 were active, and fourteen reserves.

Teaching in Terms of Children

Reconstruction of High School Courses Undertaken to Get Away From Set Routine of Study

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

DR. FRANKLIN BOBBITT

RECONSTRUCTION of the courses of study in high schools that they may develop our boys and girls to the fullest, instead of placing before them so much history and so much English, and saying, "There! You take that," is now being undertaken by Los Angeles.

One thousand, two hundred teachers have the opportunity to express their opinions upon what objectives they would have students concentrate their energies.

The following are salient points brought out in the Los Angeles high school curriculum revision:

Two things are to be considered. First, is it a human necessity? Second, is it so complex or inaccessible as to require systematic teaching?

Subject obsession is one of the things to be eliminated; in vocational training this is being rapidly done.

Los Angeles has recovered from the feeling that Latin and Greek are necessary. As regards the solving of geometry problems, there is gained a certain discipline from doing a useless thing, but that same discipline might have been obtained in doing a useful thing.

The fundamental business of modern education is to develop great souls.

Teachers do most of their thinking in school subjects instead of thinking in terms of producing human abilities.

The present program of public education was worked out for the most part, during the simpler conditions of the nineteenth century. Formerly education consisted chiefly of memorizing facts.

Dr. Franklin Bobbitt is author of the first book on curriculum-making; for 13 years he has been professor of educational administration in the University of Chicago. This quiet teacher, with his quizzical smile and hair bleached white by Manila suns, is gathering all that is valuable in present educational courses, and casting aside all that is considered waste.

Booklet Tells of Aims

IN THIS sifting process, the viewpoint of the layman as well as that of the profession has been sought. Toward this end Dr. Bobbitt has issued a pamphlet entitled Educational Objectives, and addressed it to the Citizens, School Officials and Teachers of Los Angeles. In this pamphlet the human characteristics and abilities to the number of approximately 500 are classified in 10 groups as follows: Social Intercommunication; Physical Efficiency; Unspecialized Practical Labors with subhead of Tools, Materials, Processes, and so on; House, Equipment, Management; Electrical Appliances; Fire Protection; The Premises, including the garden, and so on; Animals, that is, pets, livestock, and so on; Travel and Outdoor Life; Clothing; Cooking, and so on; Cleaning, Laundry, and so on; Sanitation; Fine Arts; Care of Person; Financial, Commercial, and so on; Occupational Objectives; Efficient Citizenship; General Social Contacts and Relationships; Leisure Occupations; General Mental Efficiency; Religious Attitudes and Activities; Parental Responsibilities. The booklet is a comprehensive list of personal and social achievements, for education is needed, either in schools or through life's activities. Throughout there is the implied conviction that the main fact to be kept in mind is not the subject matter of the studies, but the human characteristics and abilities, the ideals and habits to be developed.

The pamphlet states that the lists set down are but working groups to be amended and improved, that when in acceptable form they will show the goals to be aimed at in formulating the public school curriculum.

"I want," said Dr. Bobbitt, "to get the attention of the practical man. The practical man is, I have found, a good deal of an idealist if the thing is practically put.

"The isolation between the community and the schools has not been the fault of the public alone. The schools have worked more or less apart and consequently have not served as they should. Lack of support in buildings and other material necessities has also contributed to the estrangement.

Los Angeles Given Opportunity

"THOSE who, by years of training and study, are best fitted to compile courses of study should be allowed the final decision, but I do think that the schools should utilize the judgment of both teachers and public in curriculum-making. First we should avail ourselves of the experience of the teachers.

Newspapers, declared this curriculum captain, could be of great help in bringing about a better understanding between the schools and the public. "We of the teaching profession," he said, "must talk so the public can understand. Then we can gain a hearing."

It is understood in the instituting of this projected survey of Los Angeles high schools, that the subjects of lessons may differ with different individuals and different environments. It also becomes clear that the objectives aimed at in any school system must differ in the various parts of the country according to the particular needs of the people And the training should be as wide as life itself, giving due attention to human activities of every type.

The interest evinced by Dr. Bobbitt in certain work recently accomplished by the Los Angeles schools, when he wrote of the same in educational periodicals, and the capacity for curriculum-making displayed in his book by that name, were instrumental in this Educational Engineer being invited to come to Los Angeles to work out in detail his theory which, while it has heretofore been applied to one or two subjects in several cities, has never before been applied to an entire school curriculum.

School surveys consist of an examination within a city school system, a checking up, as it were, of the city's educational system and the supplying of advice as to what might be done. From his university classes where men and women receive training for administrative supervisory work, Dr. Bobbitt has drawn the ideas for the pamphlet which has been distributed among all the high school teachers. Upon one teacher remarking that the seeking out of the most legitimate educational objectives was the human way, Dr. Bobbitt added that it was also the scientific way. As an illustration of the work already accomplished by Dr. Bobbitt, another teacher admitted that this curriculum chief made her think of education in terms of children instead of in terms of subjects.

From each school a teacher for each subject is appointed to compose the committee of 25 which enters into consultation with Dr. Bobbitt. These teachers of the committees may also hold meetings with teachers of their subjects in their respective schools.

"I am not doing the work for them; I would not do that," assured Dr. Bobbitt. "I can only suggest. It is for them finally to decide what particular abilities they would like to see developed in the pupils of their particular subjects, and these must be stated in human terms. My principal work is to focus the attention of the different departments on human abilities."

It was agreed that this pamphlet on Educational Objectives would require a stimulating siege of thinking on the part of those teachers who have jogged along "as is," to make use of that expression attached to tables in department stores where merchandise is accepted exactly as it is, no matter how full of flaws it may be. "It is so easy to go along in a rut—so much easier than to get out of one," added Dr. Bobbitt.

On the whole the 1,200 teachers included in this educational examination have been prompt to submit their opinions. Returns so far indicate that the Los Angeles teachers approve everything in the pamphlet, with about 50 additional suggestions.

Once getting a certain plan of work under way, Dr. Bobbitt will allow it to continue under the direction of the Los Angeles High School Department of Psychology and Research. From his headquarters in Chicago, however, this curriculum specialist will keep a watchful eye on the development of his plan, as undoubtedly will be the case with school authorities, all over the country, vitally interested in seeing the outcome of a great modernizing educational theory put into practice.

Has Written Books

IN HIS little book, called, "What Schools Teach and Might Teach," Dr. Bobbitt says, "Both school people and community should remember that since schools are to fit people for social conditions, and since these conditions are continually changing, the work of the schools must correspondingly change. Social growth is never complete; it is especially rapid in our generation. The work of education in preparing for these ever-new conditions can likewise never be completed, crystallized, perfected. It must grow as fast as social conditions make such changes necessary. To point out such further growth-needs is not criticism. The intention is to present the disinterested, detached view of the outsider who, although he knows definitely less than those within the system about the details of the work, can often get the best perspective rather better just because his mind is not filled with the details."

No bigger problem exists in school systems, than that of knowing how to train boys and girls to become efficient citizens. In training a boy to become a plumber, for instance, his necessary abilities are evident. Suppose there are 165 different things which constitute a good plumber. These then become the boy's objectives and must be mastered before he will be a good plumber. But we are not all agreed as to what citizens ought to be doing. Some think the sum and substance of a citizen's functions are casting his vote at the polls, paying his taxes, and reading the morning newspaper. Another will have quite a different idea.

To quote from the fifth division in Educational Objectives: "Except as we know what a citizen should do we cannot know for what practical duties and abilities to train him. In spite of the uncertainty of our general civic thinking, doubtless the good citizen should possess the ability to do his individual share in performing those social functions for which all citizens are equally responsible in the support and oversight, in the interests of the general welfare of each civic service agency."

Twelve Most Desirable Objectives

THE interesting presentation of the 12 most desirable objectives as given in the pamphlet are herewith tabulated:

Ability and disposition *to participate* in a large number of unspecialized practical activities as enjoyable and fruitful spare-time occupations.

Ability, disposition, and habit of diversified *observation* of men and things and affairs as an enjoyable and fruitful leisure occupation.

Ability, disposition, and habit of abundant and greatly diversified *reading* as a means of enjoyable and fruitful indirect observation of men, things and affairs.

Ability to utilize *pictures* as a means of enjoyable and fruitful indirect observation of human affairs.

Ability wisely to utilize the *drama,* silent and spoken, as a means of enjoyable and fruitful indirect observation of human character, action, and affairs.

Ability to utilize *conversation* as a profitable and enjoyable means of participating socially in the thought of the world.

Ability and disposition to enter into more formal discussion in clubs, civic organizations, and so on.

Ability to participate in public discussion of current social problems as a leisure occupation.

Ability wisely to utilize the participative and observational opportunities of *travel* as leisure occupations of maximum pleasure and profit.

Ability to utilize *music* for healthful, abundant and varied awakening of one's emotional nature.

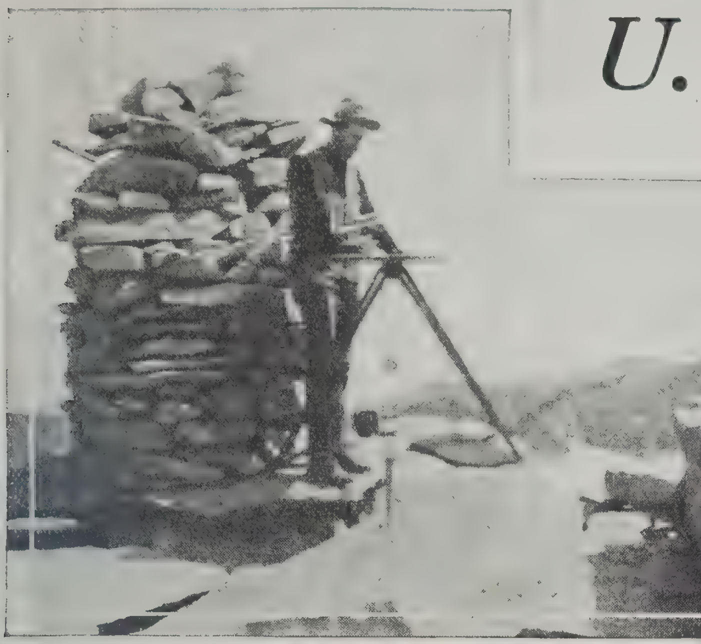
Ability and disposition to utilize *lectures* as means of widening one's thought by entering into the thought of others.

Ability, disposition, and habit of taking up occasionally the *systematic study* of some new thing in which one is interested.

Dr. Bobbitt climbed the ladder from a village school. Indiana University graduated this authority who, a Hoosier, is of New England ancestry. Following his matriculation, he taught four years in the Normal School in Manila when Dr. David T. Barrows, president of the University of California, was director of education for the entire archipelago.

"I consider my experience in Manila very valuable," Dr. Bobbitt informed me. "We had to select a form of education adapted to the particular needs of that island people. It was there, in fact, that I first became interested in curriculum-making, and I feel that some of the best training I am doing came out of that effort."

Topographers Freeze and Swelter to Cover U. S. for $100,000,000 Map



"The top of the United States." The topographic engineer, George R. Davis, added a few feet to the height of Mount Whitney. It is more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea.

By S. R. WINTERS

YUMA, ARIZONA, "the hottest town in the United States," where the pointer on the thermometer scale hovers around 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and Alaska, where the temperature in summer registers 45 or 50 degrees below zero, are not dodged by map-makers of Uncle Sam because of their extremes of heat and cold. Nor do altitudes foil the Geological Survey of the United States Department of Interior on its surveying expeditions. For instance, Mount Whitney, 14.501 feet above mean sea level, and Death Valley, 276 feet below sea level—both points in California, and only about 90 miles apart—are faithfully represented in the topographic figure of this country. Similarly, Mount McKinley, Alaska, 20,300 feet above sea level, is included in the superficial features of the Continental United States.

When early surveys of Alaska were being made, a representative of the Geological Survey established his base camp at an elevation equal to the height of Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet above sea level. The conditions under which maps are made in Alaska are more aggravating than in the States—both altitude and temperature environments being extremely trying on the surveyor. There are a number of peaks in Alaska several thousand feet higher than Mount Whitney. The temperature conditions under which map-makers labor are, indeed, variable—ranging from 45 degrees below to 100 degrees above zero. Philip Smith, acting director of the Geological Survey of the United States Department of Interior, recently returned from Alaska, where he found the temperature 17 degrees above zero during the summer of 1922.

The biggest and costliest map in the world—involving an expenditure in excess of $100,000,000 and requiring 52 years to execute—is in the making. The huge production, giving a detailed description of the features of the Continental United States, will represent the workmanship of the Geological Survey. Forty-three per cent of this topographic figure of America has been completed and with the elapse of another twenty years the word *finis* can be agreeably written. A bill pending in Congress, if enacted into law, appropriates $37,200,000, distributed over an even score of years, for the completion of the undertaking, begun in 1889. An additional $12,000,000 is in prospect as the total allotment from various states. Thus half of this map of the United States will cost $49,200,000.

Topography—or in the parlance of the street, "lay of the land"—is a word of Greek derivation, *topos,* meaning a place, and *graphein,* to describe. Therefore, this gigantic engineering project—probably unequaled in fineness of detail and magnitude of area—will be a detailed description of the millions upon millions of places comprising our vast country. Remote and frequented points—in fact, every nook and corner of the United States—will be explored by the surveying crew of the Geological Survey in its undertaking of denoting the diverse physical surfaces of the country and faithfully transmitting them to paper. The "top of the United States," Mount Whitney, California, as well as the marshy lowlands of the Mississippi delta, is painstakingly recognized by the instrument of the surveyor. Strangely enough, a topographic map is covered with contour lines, and the latter are level lines of elevation. Moreover, a representation of topography is a relief map. The shapes and elevations of land and water features are described, and such objects as railroads, highways, and buildings are presented with respect to their true relation to one another and to the land and water features.

This one-hundred-million-dollar topographic map, when completed, will be 3,000 inches wide. Obviously, it is not a vest-pocket edition, and, in the interest of convenient carriage in one's pocket, the map is being published piecemeal. When a section of the country has been surveyed, the corresponding sheet is printed in a form described as a "quadrangle." Approximately 3,000 units have been published and the maps issued. The surveying and engraving of a map of a standard quadrangle—embracing 225 square miles—entails an investment ranging from $3,000 to $8,000, depending upon the nature of the country whose physical surface is being determined. The Geological Survey distributes these sectional topographic figures at ten cents a copy, a price barely exceeding the cost of paper, printing, and distributing. Only Uncle Sam can afford these liberal offers, as a commercial concern producing such maps would be forced to retail them at $5 each.

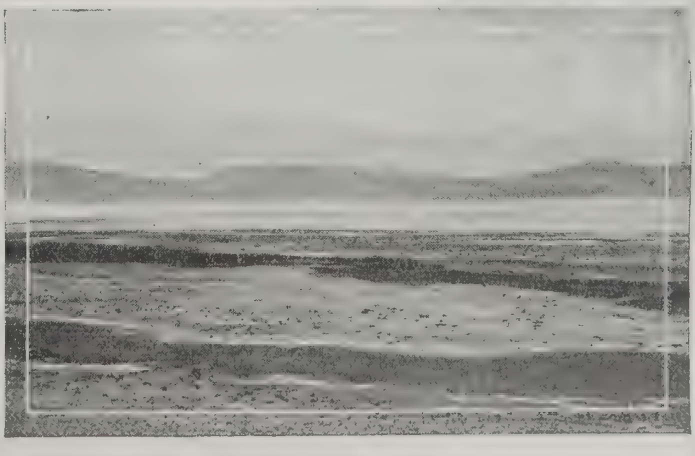
A difficult table station of the Geological Survey in the Sacramento Valley.

Persons who may hold the idea that maps are imaginary productions or guesswork at best need only to study the operations of a topographic engineer to have this notion dispelled. The map is made on the liberal scale of one mile to one inch, a ratio enabling the topographer to comply with the requirements of the word topography—*topos,* a place, and *graphein,* to describe. The conventional map of the United States, to be seen on walls, is seven feet wide, having been constructed on the scale of forty miles of land surface to one inch of map surface. Thus, in the production of the world's largest map, there is generous allowance for the inclusion of most of the ground objects when the scale is one mile to one inch. Like the nature painter, the topographic engineer assembles his material for map-making by immediate contact with the objects being portrayed. "Scrupulous accuracy" are words to be conjured with as he takes the trail through dense woodlands or ascends to sky-climbing altitudes. The human eye, focused through an unerring instrument, makes possible an accurate portrayal of the shapes of slopes, hills, and mountains. Moreover, the finished map is a lexicon of altitudes for every named and unnamed point.

From field operations, a season terminated by a blanket of snow and other unfavorable weather conditions of winter, the topographic engineer returns to the Washington office where his observations are translated into durable and serviceable form. Pencil marks and lines made in the field are traced over with India ink. He thus lives anew the experiences encountered while negotiating the surveying instrument, perhaps joyfully recalling the pleasant incidents and forgetting the hardships encountered. An engineer can survey and place on paper a square mile in one day but months may be required for the engraver to complete the finished product. Meanwhile, the topographic engineer is rightfully jealous of his map-in-the-making. Like the old-fashioned school of printers who slept on rolls of paper with the bed of the press as a "downy" cushion, the topographic engineer literally has his precious sheet, descriptive of the "lay of the land," near him during waking and sleeping hours. Fire, theft, and the carelessness of the other fellow are ever-present evils to the engineer, and "safety first" for the potential map is a motto faithfully observed. When inking the topographic representation, and lunch-time invites a temporary cessation of work, the map-in-the-making is thrust into a fireproof safe

The engraver in the Washington office of the Geological Survey is likewise painstaking in his effort to reproduce truthfully the representations of the topographic engineer. Each line of the original sketching is cut on a copper plate—representing miles and miles of contours, streams, roads, trails, bridges, houses, and other objects coming within the circumspect observation of the surveyor. The engraver can cover more than a square mile, or rather a square inch, a day, as the engineer does, yet a difficult figure of a mountain may involve three months of patient effort to complete. The finest hair-lines and lettering on the restricted space of one inch indicate every important physical, natural and artificial object contained in a square mile of the surface of the earth. And, remember, the topographers literally know, or eventually will, "every inch of the United States." After being inked, and previous to engraving, the map-in-the-making is photographed and copies distributed and deposited in various places. The Geological Survey recently installed for this purpose the largest camera of its kind in the world. Thus its preservation in some form is guaranteed. Having been engraved on copper, the topographic map is printed from stone in three colors by the lithographic machinery of the Geological Survey.

The surveying and mapping of the Chesapeake Bay by Captain John Smith about 300 years ago was probably the first job of its kind in the United States. Interest in the undertaking lagged because of the sparsity of population compared with the abundance of natural resources available. Within recent years, however, the awakening of America to its opportunities of industrial and commercial development has served to emphasize the need for a topographic map embracing the entire area of the United States. The British Isles, France, Belgium, and Germany, have surveyed and mapped all their lands. Switzerland is said to be the best-mapped country in the world. Mexico, China, and the United States are woefully behind the other countries.



Above—A surveying crew of the Geological Survey of the United States Department of Interior climbing the slope of Mount Whitney, California.

At left—Death Valley, California, scarcely more than ninety miles from the "top of the United States," is the lowest point in the United States —276 feet below the level of the sea.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Of the four men "holding down" Wrangell Island in the Arctic for the Canadian Government, three are American citizens. The island is about eighty miles long and thirty-five miles wide, rugged and rocky with a maximum elevation of about 2,000 feet. It is probably the greatest polar bear country in the world and there are no locations better for fox raising. Both the United States and Russia have somewhat shadowy claims on it. In time it no doubt will possess great value as an airplane station in the line of what promises to be the shortest and safest aeronautic route between Asia and America.

The Desert Touring Club of Alexandria, Egypt, has fifteen members, including Albanian, British, French, Greek and Italian. With three cars they tour thousands of miles over the Sahara Desert.

Stately Japanese cedar trees line both sides of the 30-mile boulevard leading from the imperial summer palace at Nikko, Japan, to a near-by village. The trees tower 200 feet or more in the air. The legend has it that several hundred years ago the emperor summoned all the noblemen to his summer palace, each one being requested to bring a gift. An impoverished nobleman carried with him a sack of tree seeds, and planting the seeds on both sides of the highway caused his name to be remembered long after the gold and silver offerings of his colleagues had vanished.

When a new illuminated hand bag is opened a tiny electric bulb is switched on, showing the interior and permitting the owner instantly to locate keys, money, theater or railway tickets, or to use the little mirror.

Erich Ludendorff, one-time quartermaster-general of Germany's armies, won a victory in the Munich Court recently when Dr. Wiener, editor of the official organ of the Central Association of German Citizens of Jewish Faith, was sentenced to pay a fine of 150,000 marks and the costs of the trial, and publish the verdict in his paper. Wiener wrote and published an article based on an alleged interview with Ludendorff in which he was quoted as saying hard things about the republican government of Germany and German-Americans.

A lamp that rivals the light of the sun has been invented by a Swede. Under the light of this lamp colors may be matched as accurately as if they were being viewed in the sunlight. The invention is the result of a series of experiments by a Stockholm company headed by the Nobel prize-winner, Dr. Gustaf Dalen.

Eight hundred thousand ladybugs valued at $5,000 were recently distributed to the orchardists of the Rogue River Valley, Oregon. They are to be used to clear the orchards of scale and aphis.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The Federal Government owns 148 national forests comprising a total of 156,000,000 acres. The use of the national forests is encouraged, provided certain regulations for fire protection are observed.

Of the 1,200 or more species of birds native to the United States and Canada less than one per cent are really injurious.

A new army rifle, the Garand, is a sort of a one-man portable machine gun. It can pump sixty shots a minute, as against the twenty-five a minute of the Springfield, and has nearly twenty-five per cent less recoil than the older type of rifle. It weighs a trifle over a pound more than the old gun and is about four inches longer.

At a novel toy balloon festival held recently at the Dutch fishing town of Volendam, 2,000 air vessels were sent up for long-distance competition. The winning balloon came down two miles from Bremen, Germany.

Gasoline bootleggers are operating on the outskirts of Los Angeles, California. The bootlegger buys casing head gasoline at the oil fields close by for nine and ten cents a gallon. It is then either blended with benzine or kerosene or sold straight. The result is a wild and dangerous fuel, causing the motor to back-fire and overheat.

Trout are dynamited in Alaskan waters in an effort to rid the streams of them as they destroy salmon eggs.

Woodrow Wilson recently wrote, "Capitalists have often seemed to regard the men whom they used as mere instruments of profit, whose physical and mental powers it was legitimate to exploit with as slight cost to themselves as possible, either of money or of sympathy."

Flying scholarships for men and women in the 1,000 largest cities of the country have been offered by the National Aeronautic Association to stimulate interest in aeronautics. One scholarship will be awarded for each 25,000 population of the cities. Candidates must be seventeen years of age or over and must be physically fit to fly. The scholarships call for instruction in flying at the leading flying schools. It is part of the association's plan to put "America first in the air."

Magnus Johnson, Senator-elect, in an interview, is quoted as saying: "The United States Government must obtain the exact cost of production, and the farmer should be paid accordingly, with a plus profit.

The site of the pioneer village of Schoenbrun, the first settlement in the Northwest Territory, near New Philadelphia, Ohio, has been determined by an archeologist. The old village was founded in 1772 by a Moravian missionary. Fragments of brightly colored glass resembling Venetian glass, such as traders gave Indians for skins of animals, fragments of clasp knives used for hunting, large sheets of pure beaten copper, flintlocks used in muskets, tomahawks, wrought iron nails, human bones and potteryware were found in the cellars. The village passed from existence in 1782.

The death house at Sing Sing prison now has its radio set to give the condemned their last contact with the outside world.

Great Britain plans to spend 11,000,000 pounds during the next ten years in constructing a great dockyard and graving docks for large navy craft at Singapore. Viscount Grey in the House of Lords in answer to a question whether the new naval base was aimed at Japan or the United States said, "The only justification for the Singapore naval base is the possibility, however remote, of war with Japan. If such a war did occur, it would be a race conflict, in which the United States and the British Empire would be engaged on the same side."

One hundred pounds of milk testing four per cent butter fat will make a number of different things such as: 4.8 pounds of butter; 11 pounds of cheddar cheese; 45 cans of evaporated milk; 12.5 pounds of whole-milk powder; 23 pounds of Camembert cheese or 8.5 pounds of Swiss cheese. A number of by-products are also available, depending on the use made of the milk.

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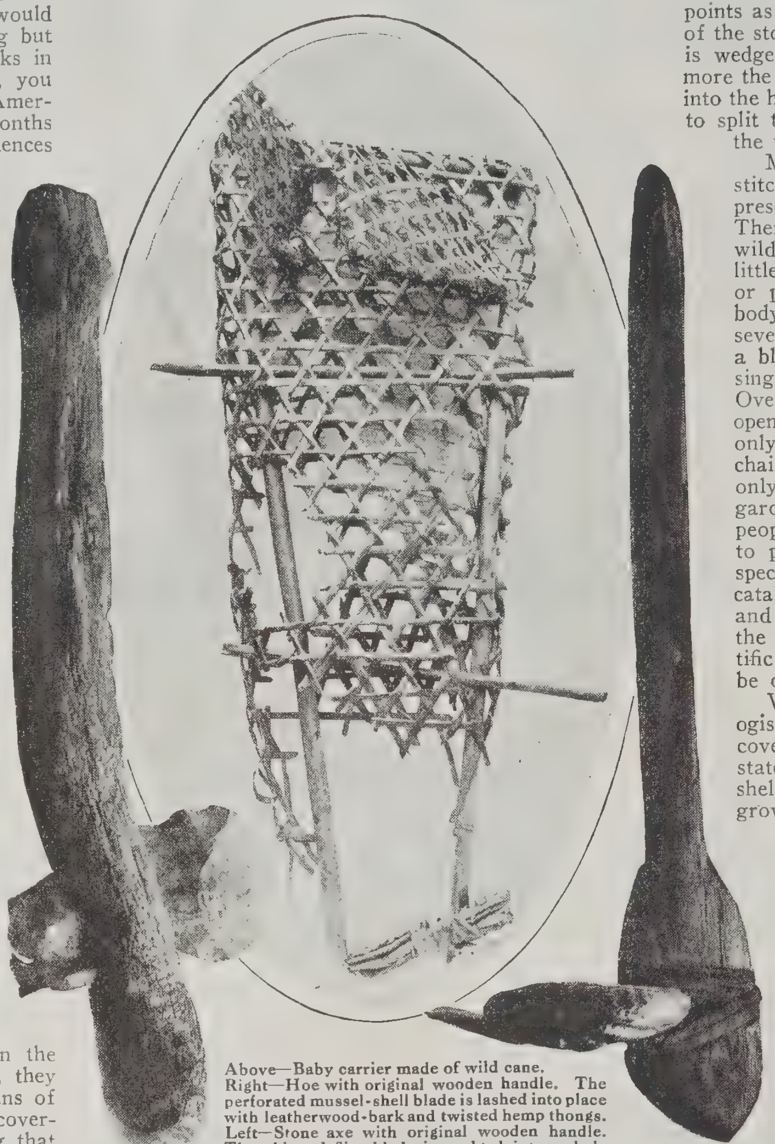
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

On the Trail of Our "Rock Shelter" People

Archeological Spotlight Diverted From King Tut to Ozarks

By BURT M. McCONNELL



Above—Baby carrier made of wild cane.
Right—Hoe with original wooden handle. The perforated mussel-shell blade is lashed into place with leatherwood-bark and twisted hemp thongs.
Left—Stone axe with original wooden handle. The chipped flint blade is wedged into a hole cut in the haft.

WHO would have expected the archeological spotlight, which threw into relief the tomb of Tutankhamen, to be diverted to the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas? Who would have expected archeologists to find there anything but razorback "hawgs," moonshiners, chiggers and ticks in the northwestern corner of Arkansas? Nobody, you say? Yet two scientists from the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York, after months of arduous toil, have unearthed unmistakable evidences of a crude and primitive people, hitherto unknown, who lived there in caves and under overhanging bluffs perhaps *fifteen centuries* before Columbus discovered America. These people were, in a sense, cave dwellers or cliff dwellers, yet they are not to be confused with the Cliff Dwellers of Arizona. In fact, there is nothing to show that they were ever in close contact with any known peoples on the American continent.

Whence these primitive people came is as great an anthropological mystery as the origin of Stefansson's "Blond Eskimo" groups, which are thought by some ethnologists to be the descendants of the lost Scandinavian colonists of Greenland. And the approximate date and manner of the disappearance of these prehistoric people is equally mysterious. So recent is the discovery of their community sites that only a few of their crude stone axes and other objects have been photographed, and nothing from the rock shelters of the White River country of Arkansas and Missouri has as yet been placed on exhibition in the museum. The scientific staff has not even had time to decide upon a scientific name for these strange people, so for the time being they are referred to as the "Rock Shelter" people of the Ozark Mountains, or merely as "bluff dwellers."

Nothing is known of these "Rock Shelter" people except what has been learned from a study of their implements, clothing and partially mummified bodies—all in a wonderful state of preservation—and skeletons found buried in various community sites, for, unlike the Egyptians, they left no records. They were so primitive, in fact, that they did not even make pottery. Among the objects found buried in the bone-dry earth under the bluffs, however, were baskets of cane and wild hemp, varying in height from three inches to three feet, and perfectly preserved despite their probable age—*two thousand years.* These are not unlike the Indian baskets seen in the Southwest today. Also, strange as it may seem, they are similar to those now in use among the Indians of the Mississippi delta country. But so far the discoverers of the rock shelter ruins have found nothing that will throw light upon the probable origin of these paleolithic people.

The important thing to remember about the objects so far discovered is not merely that they are perhaps twenty centuries old, but that they are complete, and as serviceable as the day they were made. Heretofore, except in the few recorded instances of comparatively modern implements found in salt caves, the handles of Indian axes, the shafts of arrows and spears, the baskets, blankets, mats and other perishable parts of Indian implements and utensils, exposed to the elements and subject to alternate wet and dry weather, have quickly disintegrated. But in these Ozark specimens the entire implement—handle, thongs of sinew, leatherwood bark or twisted wild hemp—protected from the elements in the bone-dry shelters under the limestone bluffs, is complete and intact, as the photographs show. Never before have prehistoric implements, clothing, and utensils been found in such perfect condition. It gives one a queer feeling to grip the handle of a tomahawk that was grasped—and perhaps used to split the skull of an enemy—by one of these prehistoric bluff dwellers.

There was nothing modern about the "Rock Shelter" people. The scientists who discovered their ruins, M. R. Harrington and D. A. Cadzow, conservatively estimate that they lived at least fifteen hundred years ago under the bluffs of the White River. But it might just as easily have been two thousand or three thousand years ago. No one knows. As a people they were not even known to have existed until Harrington and Cadzow made these amazing discoveries. So primitive were they that they did not even bring the bow and arrow to a high state of development. But the discovery of a "spear-thrower" at one of their community sites—the first of its kind ever found in the United States—is a reminder that this implement was used thousands of years ago by the Mayas of Yucatan, the Aztecs of Mexico, and the Cliff Dwellers of Arizona. No one, of course, knows whether the bluff dwellers were an offshoot of one of these groups, but Harrington and Cadzow consider it doubtful. The spear-thrower, it might be added, is also used among the Eskimos today, yet these scientists say there is nothing in the Ozark Mountain discoveries to indicate that these primitive people migrated from the Arctic regions, or were ever in contact with Eskimo groups.

Perhaps the most amazing objects discovered in the rock shelters were several partially mummified bodies, wrapped in closely woven blankets of wild hemp, or fluffy robes of feathers, and buried several feet in the powdery earth in graves lined with six-inch layers of wild grass. At one place they found the partially mummified body of what once had been a great warrior, wrapped in a rabbit-skin robe, and buried with his bow and quiver of arrows. Clad in buckskin, with the beads still in place after perhaps twenty centuries, this warrior was an awe-inspiring sight, with parchment-like skin tightly drawn over his bones. The grave was lined with wild grass and cane, still well preserved, and a whole deerskin tanned to the softness of chamois, lay close at hand so that he would not lack clothing in the spirit land. His moccasins and leggings were still intact.

Sandals of woven wild grass, never before found in prehistoric ruins in the United States, and as durable and well preserved as the day they were made, were also unearthed. These would be too small for the average American, which indicates that these people were not large in size. The skeletons, too, are of ordinary height.

Buried with its former owner under an immense slab of limestone rock, so that he might have something with which to hoe his corn in the spirit world, the archeologists found an object hitherto unknown to science, a mussel-shell hoe, with the handle securely attached. The shell, the thongs of leatherwood bark and twisted hemp, and the wooden handle, were still in a perfect state of preservation, as the photograph shows. The same is true of arrows and spears; the original shafts of wood or wild cane are as tightly bound to the points as they were two thousand years ago. The blade of the stone axe shown in the accompanying photograph is wedged into a hole cut in the handle, so that the more the blade was used, the more tightly was it wedged into the handle. The comparatively modern practice was to split the wooden handle, insert the blade, and bind the whole with rawhide or other thongs.

A bag made of wild grass, and containing pumpkin and squash seeds, and corn and beans.

Moccasins and leggings of buckskin, finely stitched with deer sinew, and in a fair state of preservation, were also found under the bluffs. There were also samples of thread of sinew and wild hemp, and fish nets of different sized mesh, little the worse for their great age. A baby board, or papoose carrier, with the partially mummified body of the child still upon it, was found buried several feet beneath the surface of the earth under a bluff. The frame of the carrier is made of a single stalk of wild cane bent in the form of a U. Over this frame is a neatly woven mesh of the openwork, cross-warp sort, and the pattern differs only slightly from that of a modern cane-seated chair. Then there were baskets, which are the only clue Harrington and Cadzow now have regarding the probable origin of the "Rock Shelter" people. It will require months of painstaking labor to protect and preserve against disintegration the specimens already found, and as many months to catalog them properly. After they have been studied and compared with other prehistoric cultures by the scientific staff of the museum, a suitable scientific name for the bluff dwellers of the Ozarks will be decided upon.

Within the next few weeks one of the archeologists who helped to make these amazing discoveries will plant in one of the Middle Atlantic states some of the Indian corn found in the rock shelters. He is, moreover, willing to bet that it will grow, even though it is perhaps two thousand years old. Squash and pumpkin seeds, acorns, and beans were also found cached two and three feet underground, in pits lined with mats neatly woven of wild hemp. Some of these seeds will be planted, too, and the results closely watched.

That the "Rock Shelter" people practiced cremation is indicated by the discovery of small piles of calcined bones, and near them partially burned portions of hempen mats. This practice may account for the comparatively small number of skeletons found. In one of the skeletons that had not been cremated, a large spear head was found imbedded in the hip joint. The head of another skeleton had been crushed in, as if by a war club. These discoveries indicate that the "Rock Shelter" people fought among themselves, for the spear head was of domestic design.

While bows and arrows apparently were just coming into general use when these bluff dwellers were in their heydey, spears seem to have been freely utilized, and with them the thrower, to give the hunter greater leverage. Most of the paraphernalia found so far, it is thought, was cached under the bluffs when the primitive inhabitants moved inland from the river during the winter months. Their reason for doing this was that the rock shelters were open to the sweep of the wind in winter.

There are no pieces of pottery or other implements in the museum collection to indicate that these prehistoric people were ever in contact with other Indians. There was found in a community site at one point, however, a single "foreign" arrowhead, but that easily might have been carried to the bluff dwellers' neighborhood by a wounded deer, elk or buffalo, and found by a "Rock Shelter" squaw months or even years later when her lord and master brought in the carcass. And there might have been several reasons for keeping the arrowhead. In the first place, it was a foreign piece of flint, a souvenir. Secondly, the workmanship was far superior to their own, therefore some lessons could be learned from it by the group's arrowhead maker.

All this about the foreign arrowhead is, of course, the merest conjecture. But one of the fascinating things about archeology, and one of the reasons for the recently awakened interest in it, is that it doesn't fetter one's imagination. Moreover, anyone with or without scientific training can become deeply interested in this science. Nor is archeology without its romance, as we have observed in recent months in Egypt, Yucatan, Palestine, Mongolia and other sections of the globe. Let us see, for instance, how these "Rock Shelter" objects came to be discovered, and how they added a new chapter to American archeology.

In every part of the United States, and in many sections of Alaska, Canada and Mexico, one hears legends of "lost" mines. It was a legend of this sort that led indirectly to the discovery of the "Rock Shelter" community sites. In the present instance the lost mine was said to be one from which Spanish conquistadors, hundreds of years before, had taken huge fortunes in gold. Two American miners, after a long and fruitless search for the Spanish mine, came in the course of their prospecting upon what they believed were ordinary Indian relics. Knowing that a physician in a near-by town was an enthusiastic collector of such specimens, and being desirous of replenishing

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"Bill" Gordon Is No Longer a Robinson Crusoe

Radio on Isolated Lighthouses Does Much to Relieve Monotony

By S. R. WINTERS

Radio fog-signal station at Sea Girt, New Jersey, Lighthouse, showing antenna towers. The automatic apparatus for transmitting radio signals, three dashes at brief intervals, is in a small room in the building. Apparatus is in charge of the keeper of the lighthouse.

The guard ship at the entrance to Ambrose Channel, New York Harbor, is equipped with both transmitting and receiving wireless apparatus. Also this tender is provided with a radio fog-signalling device whereby it may navigate safely in foggy weather.

"BILL" GORDON, until recently, was a modern Robinson Crusoe, by virtue of his occupation. He lives on an isolated island in Lake Erie, far from what we of the city call civilization. His visits ashore are infrequent. A keeper of a lighthouse is "Bill" Gordon—an outpost to navigation, if you please—and his duties are so compelling that he must maintain constant vigilance. A lonesome, monotonous existence must be his portion in life! Probably if the rewards of service in the form of an enduring satisfaction of having saved lives and alleviated suffering were less, the keeper of this lonely beacon of light to navigators would long since have quit his job for another, one offering greater financial remuneration and more companionship.

"Bill" Gordon—or William L. Gordon, to be more formal and to use the form in which it is on record in the offices of the Bureau of Lighthouses of the United States Department of Commerce—by the aid of a recent-day invention, is refashioning his entire mode of existence. He, not unlike the Robinson Crusoe in the pages of fiction, has discovered his man "Friday." Instead of the footprints of the visitor causing wonderment mingled with fear, as we are told in the fable of old, the invasion of "Friday" on this isolated island in Lake Erie brings to the ears of this modern Robinson Crusoe familiar voices, some of them speaking in resonant tones while others are pitched in strains of music. It marks the coming of the radio telephone to the lighthouse, wherein the "wonderful wireless waves" dispel dreariness on an island and put the keeper in friendly touch with the world beyond a waste of waters. William Gordon is thus enabled to cook his dinner according to a recipe of a household editor of a newspaper and, figuratively, goes to church twice on Sunday in a city with its teeming millions. This is true despite the fact that this keeper of a lighthouse remains constantly on watch on this Lake Erie island.

William L. Gordon, simply and yet in a fascinating manner, relates his story in a letter to the Bureau of Lighthouses in Washington. His words are quoted just as he put them on paper:

"I thought you might be interested to know that I have a small home-made radio set from which I receive, through WWJ, wireless broadcasting station of the Detroit *News,* the latest world news, the time, reports of sporting events, and so on, musical concerts and a talk every morning by the household editor, giving recipes for each day's dinner, also on the care of flowers and the home. From WCX, of the Detroit *Free Press* station, we hear concerts, speeches, and the news. On Sunday mornings and evenings we hear the services of the St. Paul's Cathedral, of Detroit, Michigan, through the broadcasting station of WWJ. As we do not get ashore very often we enjoy all this very much. I think a radio receiving set is a wonderful thing for isolated stations."

Doubtless, in name, there is but one William L. Gordon in the service of the Bureau of Lighthouses, but the story of his isolation before the introduction of a radio-telephone receiving set on this Lake Erie island is so typical, that in characterization, at least, he may be considered legion. In fact, there are approximately 500 keepers of lighthouses in the United States and outlying provinces. Cross the continent from Lake Erie to an isolated point in California, off the Pacific Coast, and the case of "Bill" Gordon is essentially duplicated. The location of the lighthouse, environment, and details of maintenance may differ, but the lonely life of the keeper is typified to an extreme degree. Here, on a rock that projects itself above the water, ten miles from Crescent City, in California, is perched the St. George Reef Light Station. The rock forming the base of this beacon to navigators is only slightly larger than the keeper's hut which it supports. At present, this "outpost" to our shipping interests is cut off from communication. If the keeper falls victim to an accident or becomes ill, he may languish in his lonely quarters for hours or even days without receiving medical aid. While he may be entitled to treatment at the nearest hospital maintained by the Public Health Service of the United States Treasury Department, lack of communication facilities does not permit him to take advantage of this opportunity. An arrangement recently perfected, however, will enable the keeper of the St. George Reef Light Station to overcome isolation and bridge the distance between a vast body of water and the shore. A radio-telephone transmitting and receiving outfit, obtained from the Signal Corps of the War Department and adaptable to this purpose, is to be installed in this light station situated on a rock and surrounded for miles by water. Communication for the transaction of business will be thus established and the keeper may dispel the dreariness of a lonely existence by "tapping" the ether for its burdens of song and story.

Similarly, a duplex system of radio-telephone communication is already in operation at two points in Alaska, where the service of the Bureau of Lighthouses, United States Department of Commerce, is an aid to navigation. The Scotch Cap Light Station and the Cape Sarichef Light Station (in the Aleutian Islands), about twelve miles apart, are enabled to keep in communication with each other by radio telephones. The proximity of the two light stations and the unexpected difficulties that sometimes arise in the maintenance of wireless facilities are told in a human and yet frank note written by the keeper of the Scotch Cap Light Station to the superintendent of lighthouses at Ketchikan, Alaska. The brief missive follows:

"I thought I would write and let you know how things are at the station. We have had some trouble with the phones here, and also at Cape Sarichef; for a while we got no signals from there, and I took a walk over to Cape Sarichef, where we found the trouble to be wrong wire connection. Some time afterward our transmission got out of order. It took us a week to correct it, and now Cape Sarichef gets our signal O. K. It may interest you to know that I have done some successful broadcasting from here by putting the transmitter inside the sound box of the phonograph, then starting the dynamo. They could hear the music very plainly at Cape Sarichef."

A typical lighthouse, this being located off the dangerous shoals of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. The installation of radio telephones in this lighthouse, as contemplated, would certainly lessen the loneliness of the keepers.

The installation of radio-telephone transmitting and receiving apparatus at these two light stations in Alaska is in the interest of economy. Tenders of the Bureau of Lighthouses, navigating these waters, frequently encounter such stormy weather conditions as to prohibit their landing. The certainty of this condition was not established until wireless facilities were installed at these fixed beacons to navigators, an uncertainty that frequently caused vessels of the Department of Commerce to flounder about in the waters of this vicinity, unable to reach shore. The cost of maintaining a tender ranges from $400 to $500 a day, an expenditure to no avail if the vessels are prohibited by stormy weather to enter port. Constant radio-telephone communication from Scotch Cap and Cape Sarichef eliminates this element of chance, since with more or less certainty tenders of Uncle Sam are advised without delay of the conditions that may permit or debar landing at destination points in Alaska. Weather forecasts, dispatched by radio telephone, not unlikely renders possible the dissemination of reliable navigating conditions from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance.

The application of radio telegraphy as the absolutely essential and only form of communication available finds a striking example in the Navassa Light Station maintained by the Bureau of Lighthouses of the United States Department of Commerce in the West Indies. This beacon illuminates the pathway of passenger and cargo carrying vessels going through the Panama Canal. The Navassa Light Station is about sixty miles from Porto Rico, thirty miles west of Haiti, and ninety miles south of Guantanamo, the naval base of the United States in Cuba. The isolation of this light station is suggested by the fact that keepers of the lighthouse and radio-telegraph operators are the only inhabitants, exclusive of goats, dogs, and land crabs. This island takes the form of a volcanic sponge, being two miles long and one mile wide. Had it not been for the virtue of the installation of radio-telegraph apparatus on this island by the United States Navy Department, the only feasible means of communication between the building contractor and representatives of the Bureau of Lighthouses, the Navassa Light Station might still be a dream of future accomplishment. This appears to be an instance of how indispensable this vehicle of intelligence is where land-line wires terminate and vast stretches of waters begin.

The Bureau of Lighthouses, however, is limited in its application of radio telephony and telegraphy to lighthouses in the absence of funds appropriated for this specific purpose. The maintenance of wireless facilities at the stations already related in this article, installations that have been compelling as the only means of communication, constitutes the extent of the use of this vehicle of intelligence to the lighthouses proper. Negotiations are under way for the installation of sets at points in the Great Lakes, but at this time the contemplated plans have not assumed a definite aspect. Notwithstanding that no funds are available for the purchase of radio-telephone receiving sets, keepers at approximately fifty lighthouses have acquired and installed wireless receiving outfits at their "outposts" to navigation. Such formidable interest in the science of radio-telephony by these lighthouse keepers may be largely ascribed to the formation of a radio club in the Washington offices of the Bureau of Lighthouses.

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The International Banker

READERS of the American Bankers' Association's free plate service, published gratis by country papers which discuss economic questions as parrots repeat what they are taught, have recently been regaled with a long story intended to prove "The International Banker a Myth," as the title boldly asserts, and as the author of it, Mr. Otto Kahn, rather shamelessly asserted.

In the statement of the National City Bank of New York as to its condition June 30 there appears among its assets the following item:

"Ownership of International Banking Corporation, $8,500,000."

Evidently the A. B. A. publicists are bent on disseminating myth-information.

What! A Business Viewpoint?

DURING recent years, the American public has come to a quite general recognition of the fact that politicians are not wholly successful in handling public business. Politicians are inclined to expend their efforts in pleasing the voters rather than serving the people; they are inclined to busy themselves with rewarding their followers with jobs; they like to do favors, in expectation of receiving favors in return.

A business man, who could retain his viewpoint during a term of public office, would not take the political attitude in public life. He would seek to serve the people in a permanent way, rather than cater to popular fads. He would seek to build up a public service which would permit Government to become a self-operating business institution. He would feel that the doing of favors, in return for past votes or future expectation of votes, would be a betrayal of trust.

These considerations have been accepted generally throughout the country as applying to domestic government. But there are still a few persons who insist that men trained in business would be distinct failures if they attacked the institution known as diplomacy.

International relations are popularly supposed to be fragile things. Only great experts can be trusted with the handling of the intimate details of diplomacy. State departments and foreign offices dwell in traditions, centuries old. That the common sense of a business man should attempt to deal with the problems of relationship between one nation and another, one people and another, is a suggestion which shocks many fine sensibilities.

True, the very persons who express horror at a business viewpoint of international business are the ones who tell you that Premier Poincare has failed in international diplomacy; and M. Poincare was trained to public service. They are the ones who will tell you that it was Bismarck's mistaken politics which set the world on fire a generation after his time; and Bismarck was born and bred to statecraft. They are the ones who rail at Lausanne, at Geneva, at Versailles, and at the score of other places where diplomats have met—and failed.

The truth is that statesmen, real and so-called, have for generations made a terrible mess of statecraft. Perhaps, it was not their fault. Perhaps, the smallness of some diplomats made them unable to appreciate with true vision the greatness of the things with which they dealt. Perhaps, the greatness of some statesmen made them unable to understand the smallness of the little things out of which great things are made.

The reasons are unimportant. The fact remains: Statesmen have failed. The record of their failure is written in a thousand wars, and the cost of failure has been paid through the centuries by the dead who lie under the battlefields of all the world.

And now comes a man who suggests that business men could do the job of statecraft better than the experts who have handled it. Not an unknown man, either. None other than Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Mr. Baldwin, speaking recently at a banquet in honor of Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, said that the business arrangement for the refunding of the British Debt to the United States had been carried pleasantly and honorably. He continued:

"Neither the Governor of the Bank of England (who participated in the negotiations) nor Mr. Mellon nor I had ever at any stage of our lives been members of the legal profession, and we were all three, individually and collectively, far more business men than we were politicians or statesmen.

"I have often felt that, had it been possible to leave the settlement of Europe in the hands of business men, we would have arrived at some settlement long before this time."

Business men have been tried with good success in domestic business. Mr. Baldwin thinks they could be at least as much of a success in international business as have statesmen, past and present. His view is food for thought.

No More Bond Issues

MILWAUKEE is attracting some attention through a plan for the retirement of her debts. It is announced that the Wisconsin city has a plan, sanctioned by legislative act, whereby her debt will be wiped out.

An amortization plan has been adopted whereby the entire city debt will be paid within 40 years, and taxes will be reduced by a third, provided no new debt is created. It is planned to set aside annually $250,000 for a fund which is to accumulate until it reaches an amount equal to three-fourths of the bonded indebtedness. Thereafter, three-fourths of the annual income from this fund will be paid into the city treasury and the principal will be added to by the city's annual contribution plus one-fourth of the annual interest on the invested fund.

Milwaukee's intention to pay her debt is a wise one. If succeeding generations of public officials can resist the temptation to create new debts, her situation in 1963 will indeed be a fine one. She will be a sort of taxpayers' heaven.

But one feature of the Milwaukee plan may well challenge the attention of the curious world. Milwaukee intends to build up an invested fund. She intends to make money work for her, as it does for a few idle rich individuals. Many other cities have sinking funds which consist of bonds bought by the sinking fund authorities.

Such bonds must come from somewhere. If other cities in the country followed Milwaukee's example to its logical conclusion the country would be filled with municipal investment funds. Whence would come the bonds or other investments which would provide the interest and compound interest on which the city of the future might plan to live? If no cities or states were issuing bonds, there would be none to buy, except those of industrial institutions, or railroads. And such bonds often do not fulfill the requirements public investments demand.

Obviously, Milwaukee's plan of payment will not spread so rapidly as to make it reach the logical conclusion of absurdity. Someone must work, and neither cities nor men may look forward to a millennium when all can live on the interest of invested money.

The main feature of Milwaukee's plan is the one which must engage the serious thought of the country—the payment of public debts by some means, and the resolution to contract no new ones. Honesty with the future generations requires that the burden of principal and interest be not passed on to those who will not be benefited by this generation's expenditures.

Bewails Minnesota Revolt

THE *American Economist*, organ of the American Protective Tariff League, considers the recent senatorial election in Minnesota a distinct gain for the forces of Free Trade, in that, while neither candidate was an avowed protectionist, Johnson, the winner, left no room for misunderstanding his position, which is against a protective policy, while Preus, Republican nominee, was honest enough to express the belief that his party had overdone the business in the enactment of the Fordney-McCumber Act.

The *Economist* expresses the conviction that a different result would have been seen had Preus boldly asserted the Fordney measure to be his idea of a proper type of law, and at the same time berates protectionists of Minnesota for failure to give Preus loyal support under the circumstances.

"Governor Preus, if elected, would have affiliated with the Protectionists in the Senate," it says, "although his declarations in the campaign were not favorable to the policy of Protection."

If the *Economist's* opinion of Preus is justified, Minnesota is to be congratulated.

St. Mark's Experiment

AN INSPIRING experiment is being tried by the famous Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. It is an experiment, although the great Parable of the Good Samaritan, which might well have occasioned it, was told twenty centuries ago.

St. Mark's is attempting to combine in one institution the preaching of the finest ideals of religious inspiration with the practice of the medical science. The innovation, if such it may be called, has been designated a body-and-soul clinic by its founders. Those who are to be the beneficiaries of this adventure into practical religion are the inhabitants of darkest Manhattan Island—the derelicts of the lower East Side, men and women from whom ambition and hope have long since fled and who wear the marks of disease, of filth, of crime.

Doctors, surgeons, dentists and nurses are to be provided for those whose poverty had made those envoys of science beyond attainment. Hospitals and sanitariums are to be arranged for those who need them. The preaching of religion is, of course, the prime motive of those who inspire the body-and-soul clinic, but it will be preaching in which the hearer will be made physically and mentally comfortable before he is offered the opportunity of listening.

In a sense the body-and-soul clinic is the bringing home of the spirit which the churches have manifested in their foreign missions. Natives of New Guinea, of Samoa, of Siam, and of wherever Christian missions have been established, have been afforded the benefits of medical and educational assistance by those who came to teach them Gospel. St. Mark's now wisely offers to those whom it seeks to lead to the Faith, the physical and mental care which poverty has denied. The physician and the nurse will repair the body and soothe the mind. The way will be made more easy for the rector to minister to the soul.

Not Willing to Work

ONE of the discouraging effects of charity is that recipients become reconciled to their fate and lose ambition to become self-sustaining. The curse of alms is its demoralization of character in the recipient.

For ten years, we are told, a Russian immigrant has toiled in this country with the end in view to unite his family in this country. The task has been prodigious, the more so because in addition to saving the money needed, he must assist in feeding and clothing them there. "Starving Russia" was a reality to him, and the constant fear that his loved ones might be suffering was the torturing goad to increased effort and still greater privation on the part of the father that the day might come when, in this land of opportunity, they might be gathered about him and all enjoy the prosperity and freedom found only here.

The day came not long ago. A daughter and her husband were yet in Russia, among those fed on charity. The relief agent who was the messenger of the glad tidings to the family in Russia reports they refuse to come to America, the man evidently in fear of being compelled to work.

"Let Peter Reisel send food and money and we are well off in Russia," was the reported answer of the son-in-law to the tendered transportation to America.

What a field for speculation as to human nature is opened in this incident!

Mr. Ford's Page

IT HAS been remarked upon this page before, the homely adage, that when you get through saving the world or the nation you will find something to do in your own back yard or on your own home. The wisdom of this, first applied to individuals, is now applied to nations, and especially to the United States. For we seem to be the only people in the world desired to neglect our own back yards or farms, so to speak—neglect our own national affairs—to go out and save the world. Recently fifteen distinguished names have been added to the latest piece of British propaganda for this purpose, and they are all names well known to the press services and the lecture managers.

Our government, perhaps, has not made it plain as yet why we keep out. An official statement has been made, notable in its lack of reasons. It may not be diplomatic to give reasons—other diplomats may riddle them. Our government has made it clear that the people of the United States will not relate themselves officially and for concerted action with those who are called the military victors in the late war, and with whom we were rightfully associated in that war, this refusal being made not out of any disrespect for them, nor out of any lack of sympathy for their problems, but just that we will not! There the matter practically stands as far as official pronouncement goes, but no reason is given for the "will not." This omission is unfortunate because there are many reasons, and propaganda as well as a snobbish desire to stand well with visiting European notables has prevented the plain statement and direct application of the reasons.

As Americans, we have proved our sympathy for the people of Europe in the form of hundreds of millions of dollars in personal help accorded them. We have sent man after man and commission after commission, not to mention scores and hundreds of personal pilgrimages, undertaken to discover the truth. We have searched every principle and every possibility for a clue to our duty in the matter. And when propagandist spokesmen say, no matter how sincerely, that our failure to "do something" is due to our lack of sympathy, our provincialism of knowledge, our fear to entangle ourselves in European affairs, they simply do not know whereof they speak—and that fact our Government has the right to make clear to the Governments of Europe. We have been charged with these sorts of remissness long enough to make a rejoinder permissible if not necessary.

There was a time when people in the United States really desired to interfere in the affairs of Europe. Millions of immigrants, tasting the tone of life in this Republic, made the pressure of their critical opinion felt in their respective home lands. This is a fact apparently forgotten. Germany can think of the fine stock of folks who left her in '48, and even England can think of her always icy shoulder toward the freer and more progressive opinion of her colonials. America was then reminded that she had enough in her own affairs to keep her busy—which was probably true. But the result was to bring a closer scrutiny of that system which resented the more progressive view.

It is that system which is dying now. America does not believe that it ought to live or is destined to live. As has been insisted upon before on this page, Europeans in the United States, our large population whose roots are in other home lands, have never urged the Government of the United States to save the system which is dying in Europe today. They know that with that system removed, the people of Europe can stand up, the burden off their shoulders.

ALL hindrances to our new Administration getting to work on national problems should at once be removed. There are things to be done in the coal situation and the transportation system and the general industrial power problem which the President can do by virtue of his office and ought to do. The chief possible hindrance is "foreign relations," and this matter can be laid for the time by a simple explanation of why the American nation is out of it. Thus far our Government has made announcements to Europe but no explanations, and we have explanations which would be as effectual upon the mind of the people of Europe as were Wilson's Fourteen Points. The explanation made and the distraction of the public mind stopped, the way is clear to do what has too long stood undone upon our pressing needs.

Then, again, Europe has the League of Nations. That is, we are always being told that she has. She advertises it widely and ceaselessly advises Americans of the advisability of entering that League. There is no question whatever of America entering the League when a real League comes. But as we see Europe confronted with fatal disruption by a matter which she dare not take to the League of Nations, what are we to think of it? Geneva is not far from Paris, Brussels or London, and yet a suggestion to take the question of the Ruhr occupation to the League of Nations would probably be more destructive of "peace" in Europe than is that occupation itself! But if the United States were a member of the League, and upon entrance into the League should say, in our straightforward way, "Well, let's first take up this Ruhr business," we should precipitate an explosion which every European statesman admits that he foresees. And the United States is not now in the business of precipitating explosions in Europe.

There is nothing wrong with the attitude of the United States in this matter, but there may be some lack in the completeness with which we have explained our attitude to the Governments and Peoples of Europe. Our full explanation, if our statesmen are capable of making it, might be a more effective service than joining the League. It was Wilson's Fourteen Points—a plain statement of as yet unadopted principles—which admittedly undermined the type of mind at war with us. Why should it be thought impossible that a full and friendly explanation of our present attitude would have a like effect on the state of mind from which Europe principally suffers now?

If that were done there would be left a large tract of unoccupied mind in this country which would immediately become occupied by the thought that our government should get busy on things to be done at home. Maybe politicians would like to keep the foreign question in the offing (like the old "Balkan war cloud") as a means of distracting the public mind from more immediate problems. But it is hoped that our new President has a more direct mind.

There is, for one instance, the annual coal situation. Whether or not a strike occurs it is pretty certain that the domestic supply will suffer this year its usual manipulation to the hurt of the man whose purchasing power runs from half a ton to two or three tons. That is the man we want to look after, with his wife and family. And to do that it will become necessary to look after a few other men who make money out of strikes and shortages and "government regulation." Let President Coolidge take an hour or so and look into the benefits of "government regulation" to the coal profiteers. Let him look into the pretended inability of the railroads to move coal. Let him look into the conspiratorial efforts to prevent the foresighted and honest activities of those who try to get the public its coal at an honest price. And he *can* do this because he is President of the United States and we would gladly believe that just because he *is* President he deeply and determinedly desires to do it.

And after that he may devote time to lifting the burden off the coal supply and transportation by developing other sources of power that require no coal. Canals that will bear coal cheaply to the great cities, and water power development that will decrease the amount of coal required for industry—these come well within the scope of his official interest and duty. And he will find, what no other President has had the chance to find, that industry, from managers to men, will be behind him. And that, regardless of party, constitutes the people of the United States.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Legends of Lovely Isle Royal Find Origin With Indians

Apart From Stress and Storm of Our Everyday Life Sits One of Nature's Beautiful Children

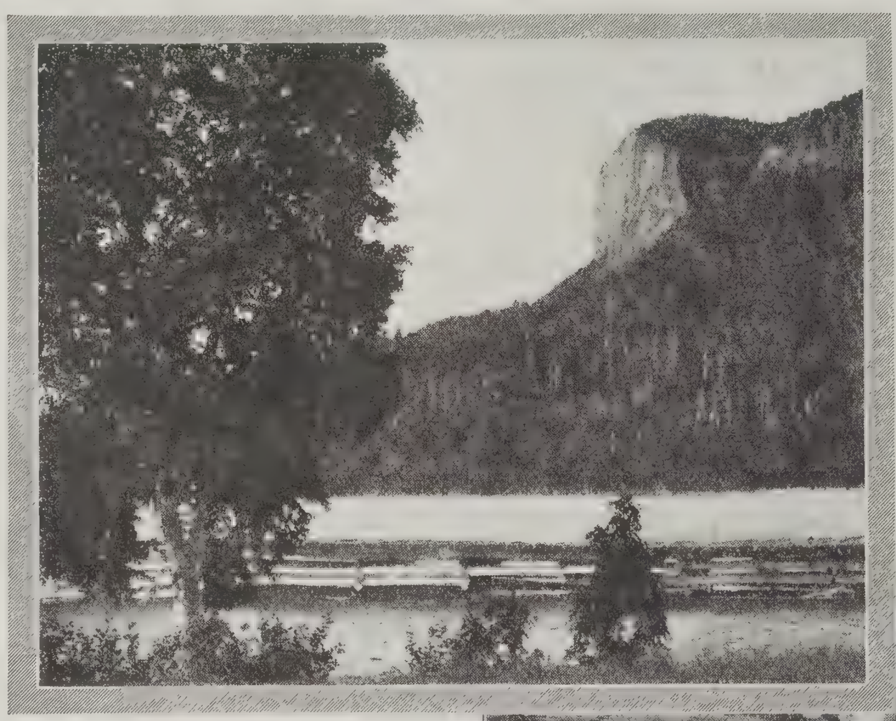
By RICHARD A. HASTE

Grand Arch, northeast end of island.

APART from the whir and buzz and turmoil of civilized life, secure in the silence of a million years, and strangely calm, sits Isle Royal, one of the first-born of Earth's children, bathing her feet in the cold waters of Lake Superior. Fifty miles away to the southeast is Keweenaw Point; to the rock-girt Canadian shore it is twenty miles; to the east stretch three hundred miles of unobstructed emerald billowing. It is an Isle Royal indeed—from southwest to northeast it is forty miles and ten long miles will scarce span its widest part.

It is a world in itself and a comparatively wild one, for here one may find lakes and rivers and beautiful cascades, mountains and plains and quiet glens, capes and promontories and cool, deep canyons, little islets where the gulls nest and sunny landlocked bays where these same white-winged scavengers of the sea gather to feed, to quarrel and to complain. And this primal land lies but twelve hours from Duluth, fifteen hours by rail and water from St. Paul and but twenty-four hours from Chicago.

You will find but few places between the oceans comparable with this northern jungle, set apart and guarded by the blue waters of the great lake. Here within easy reach of the busy marts of commerce you may get back to the habits of aboriginal man. You may camp by yourself among the wild things of the woods or upon rock-bound shores within the thunderous cannonade of the breakers, sleep within the vigil of the stars and wake with the scent of fern and balsam strong in your nostrils.

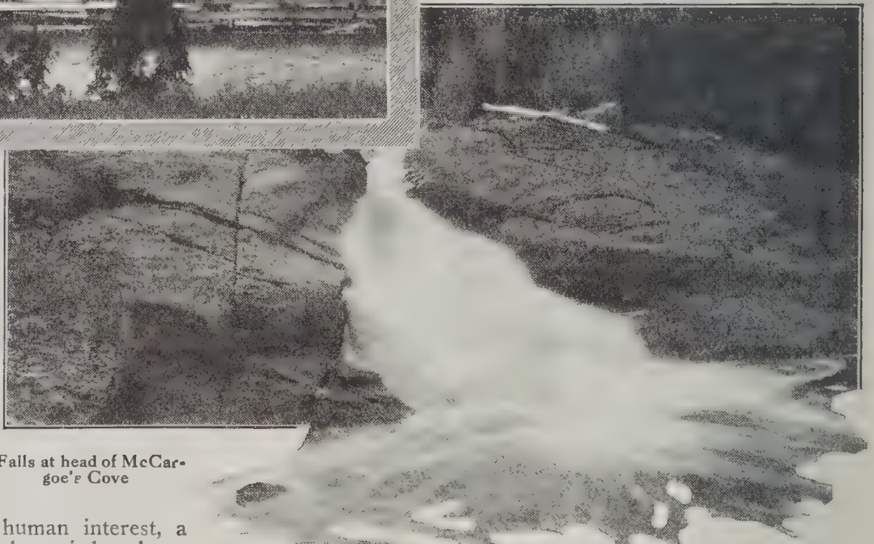

Thunder Cape. "The bare basaltic ledges that look out upon the sea."

Isle Royal presents in miniature the physical features of a full-sized continent. The shores are rugged and broken with numerous fiords and great roadsteads protected by outlying islands. The interior is wooded with pine and spruce, while the sunny slopes that stoop down to the bays are dressed in delicate mantles of birch and poplar and soft maple, with here and there splashes of deep green balsam. Near the center of the island on the southeast slope is Lake Siskowit. Miniature mountain streams wind their way through the tangled woods singing undisturbed the songs of solitude.

To see Isle Royal thus on an August day, smiling in the sun, the blue waters gently lapping the rock-strewn shore, the green hills looking down cool and silent, it presents a picture of unobtrusive quiet.

But there are times when the sky is gray—when the winds rush from their caves, filling the air with wrack and the island with dismal moanings and strange nightmare hootings. For three hundred miles there is no break to the awful sweep of the wind, and when the storm comes from the northeast, whirling the sea in a mighty waltz, it is worth years of ordinary life to see this elemental war and feel yourself a part of it. It is then that the assaulting legions of the deep hurl their ranks against the shore, only to be rolled back in impotent rage before the rocky battlements. There will be a truce for a week, a month, seldom for more than two, and then the stupendous battle is renewed. Thus for eons has the island fought the sea. Along the southeast shore you may see evidences of this irrepressible conflict. The northeast angle, where the storms are fiercest, is seamed and cut by the incessant action of the waves into deep narrow bays between which extend far out to sea, like the bony fingers of a mighty hand, five projecting ridges of basaltic rock. Aside from this the action of the wind and waves has not changed in any marked degree the original form of the island.

Politically, Isle Royal belongs to the United States and is a part of Michigan. But the greater part of it is owned by a British syndicate and is held for its reputed mineral possibilities. A few scattered summer cottages fringe the bays and a gaunt hotel or two furnish shelter for the tourists. During the summer, from June to November, steamers call to take on fish and drop here and there a victim of hay fever or a nerve-shattered refugee from the cities of the south. And then for six long months the island is icebound—cut off from the world as completely as if it were an island of the moon. The permanent inhabitants consist of some hundred fishermen and their families and the caretakers of the "company's" property.


Falls at head of McCargoe's Cove

But the wildness of Isle Royal is not its principal charm. It has a history, a history full of human interest, a history in which Indian legends, weird and uncanny, are found intermingled with hard material business facts. The brooding solitude that hangs like a palpable mist over the island is not the solitude of silent forest and storm-swept shore alone, but to this is added the solitude of the grave. Ghosts haunt the forest paths and sit upon the bare basaltic ledges that look out upon the sea—ghosts of dead enterprises—ghosts of a vanished race.

The early explorers of the St. Lawrence River learned from the Indians of a place to the west where *red copper* was to be found in abundance. It was many moons' journey toward the setting sun, beyond the river "Saguenay"—in the big sea water where there was a floating island of pure copper. As an evidence of the truth of their statements and an earnest of good faith, they made the white men presents of various instruments and trinkets wrought out of the free metal. This report of a floating island of copper remained an Indian tradition, told with a variety of ornaments to the French explorers until about the year 1665, when Pierre Radisson visited the upper part of Lake Superior and located definitely the island, and verified to some extent its reputed wealth of copper. He learned also that many generations before, a strange people had come in great numbers from the south for copper—that they had found it in great quantities on the island, and notwithstanding the repeated warnings of Missibizi, the god of the sea, they persisted in coming year after year in increasing numbers and taking away with them vast quantities of the precious metal. At last, angered at their persistence, Missibizi tried to overwhelm them as they passed from the island to Keweenaw Point on the mainland, but they had canoes so large that they could outride the worst storms—and they laughed at Missibizi in his anger. So he bided his time, until drawn by their hunger for copper the whole people had gathered on the island, then he withdrew its foundations. Not one of the impudent invaders escaped. For the space of one moon the island lay at the bottom of the sea. And when the island again appeared it never remained long in one place, but floated hither and thither with the wind, so that no man could know where to find it. This is the origin of the legend of the floating island.

Father Dablon, a Jesuit priest located at St. Espirit, a mission on the south shore, writes in the *Relations of the Jesuits,* under date of 1663, of this island, and recounts a local and possibly more recent Indian tradition concerning it. According to this story four men were forced by stress of weather to land on the island. In the preparation of their meal, which was accomplished by placing red-hot stones in a bark vessel filled with water, they discovered that what they had taken for stones were in fact lumps of free copper. Not knowing where they were, they filled their canoe with these bits of copper and others which they found on the beach and attempted to leave the island, but were arrested by a voice exclaiming: *"Who are these robbers that would steal the playthings of my children?"* The men did not heed the voice, nor turn back, whereupon one of the men died. After reaching land two others were stricken. The fourth managed to reach his people to tell the tale, when he too went the way of his companions. In commenting on this legend, Father Dablon says: "Some think the voice was that of Missibizi, the god of the sea, others are of the opinion that it was the voice of Memogovissinois, the special guardian of the treasures of the island. And from that day to this no Indian has visited the island, nor will they sail in its direction."

It fell to Father Allouez a few years later to conduct a systematic investigation of the island of copper. The Indians whom he pressed into service were taciturn and afforded the Father but little aid, but he managed to locate, nevertheless, several copper deposits. The floating island was proved to be a myth, but the real island was there and so was the copper and also traces of ancient mines. These tallied with the Indian accounts of "Minong"—the place where the ancient people

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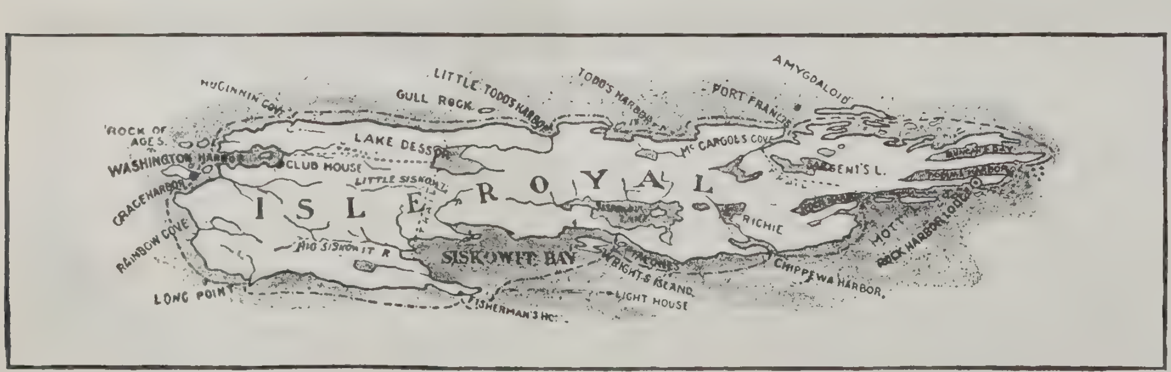


Chinese "Thinker" in Cloth Features Collection

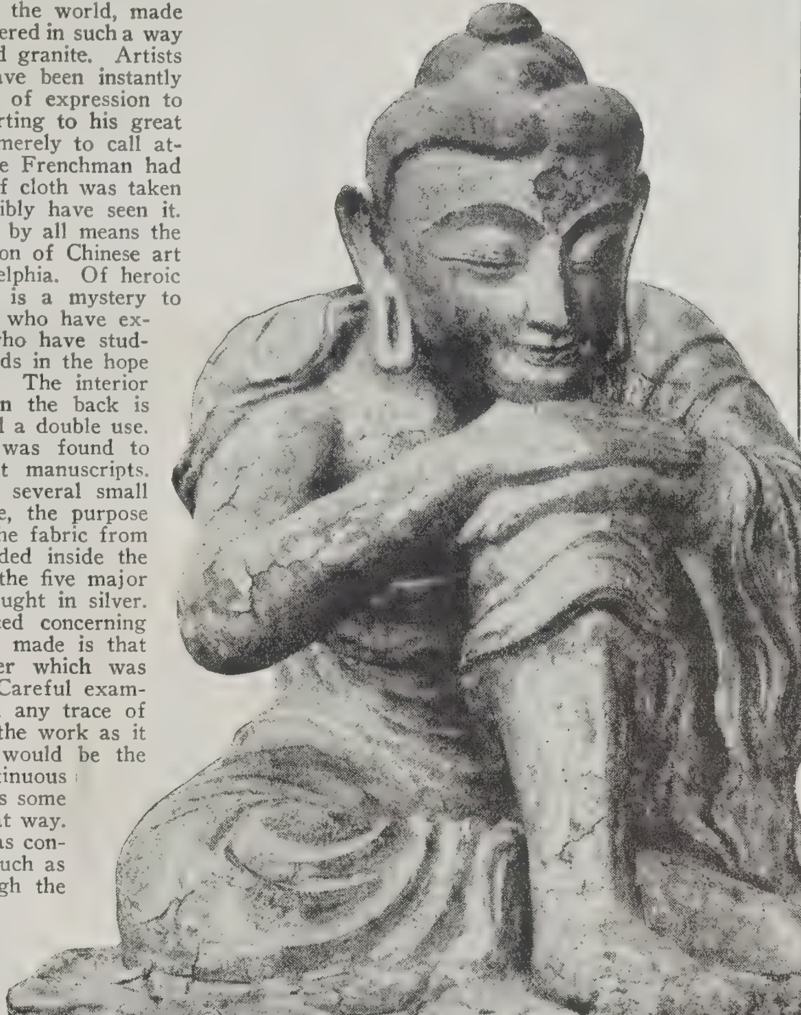
Method of Construction Employed in Oriental Work a Puzzle to Artists

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

This is the second of two articles by Mr. McGarry.

A FEW years ago there was unveiled in France a huge bronze work by Rodin, part of a colossal group, which has been the subject of discussion in art circles ever since. It is called "The Thinker." The sculptor worked on it for many years. Shortly after he had finished it there was smuggled out of China the only known statue of its kind in the world, made entirely of cloth, but painted and lacquered in such a way as to give the impression of decorated granite. Artists who have seen the Chinese work have been instantly impressed with its striking similarity of expression to that which Rodin succeeded in imparting to his great achievement. The likeness is noted merely to call attention to the coincidence, because the Frenchman had finished his work before the statue of cloth was taken out of China and he could not possibly have seen it.

That statue—the work in cloth—is by all means the most interesting figure in the exhibition of Chinese art at the University Museum, in Philadelphia. Of heroic size, the method of its construction is a mystery to artists from all parts of the country who have examined it and to the archeologists who have studied hundreds of ancient oriental records in the hope of learning something of its history. The interior of the great work is hollow, and in the back is a small aperture that may have served a double use. When the statue was examined it was found to contain a large collection of ancient manuscripts. There also were suspended within it several small bags containing perfumes and incense, the purpose of which presumably was to protect the fabric from insects. In another bag, also suspended inside the statue, was found a complete set of the five major human internal organs, delicately wrought in silver.

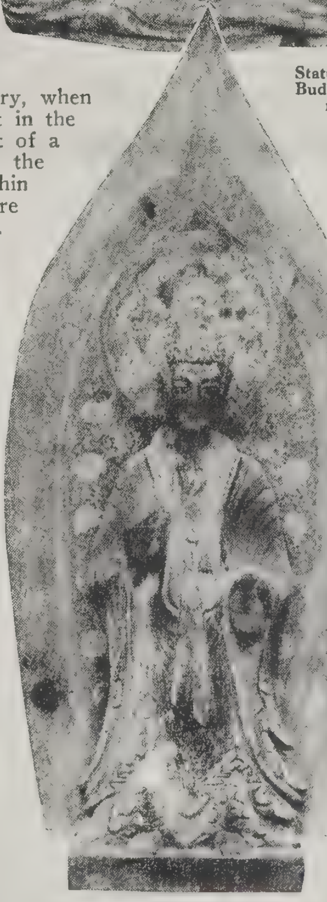


Statue of cloth, lacquered, T'ang dynasty, representing a disciple of Buddha and strikingly similar to Rodin's "The Thinker," in university museum collection. The only known example of this technique.

Rodin's "The Thinker."

One theory that has been advanced concerning the method by which the statue was made is that a framework was first set up, over which was wound innumerable yards of cloth. Careful examination, however, has failed to reveal any trace of such a framework in the interior of the work as it stands today. The obvious method would be the use of a cast, but as the cloth is continuous and there is no sign of a joint there is some doubt that the statue was made in that way. It has been suggested that the work was constructed on a base of some material such as clay, which was then dug out through the aperture in the back. The fabric is a cotton cloth, and there are many layers of it. Over that was a kind of lacquer, a little of which has broken away in spots. Originally also there was some color used in the finish, and traces of that remain faintly visible.

The posture is a familiar one in Chinese statuary of the seventh century, when the art of sculpture reached its height in the Flowery Kingdom. The figure is that of a disciple of Buddha, half squatting, the hands resting on one knee and the chin resting on the hands. The eyes are closed, and there is a smile on the lips. Originally a huge precious stone was set in the center of the forehead, but it has long since disappeared. The socket for its setting is still visible, however. Every line of the figure, and every fold of the gracefully flowing robes, is as distinct and clear-cut as though carved in stone or wood.



The Maitreya, or Buddhist Messiah.

Another example in the collection almost as rare as the statue of cloth is a huge wood carving of a Bodhisattva, or Buddhist Saint. Experts in oriental art who have scoured the museums of the world, including all the large Chinese collections, say there are only three of the type.

Like the statue of cloth, it is dated approximately during the height of the T'ang dynasty, in the seventh century of this era, when Chinese art reached its finest forms of expression. The features are done in the classic style of that period. But apart from the exquisite modeling, particularly in the hands, the work is unusual because of the pose. The figure is sitting on a block of stone or marble, the elbow resting on a sort of short pedestal. One knee is drawn up as a rest for the left arm. The history of the statue is not known, but it is believed that it was made originally for a niche in some ancient tomb or temple.

Among the earlier works in the collection is a Buddhist stele of the Northern Wei dynasty, a Tartar house which ruled from 386 to 549 A. D. The front of it is a bas-relief of the Buddha, half life-size, and the designs on the reverse consist of scenes from his early life, including a picture of the miraculous birth. It is described as follows by Dr. Carl W. Bishop, of the University Museum:

"Maya, the young wife of S'uddo dana, Prince of the S'akya clan, accompanied by six of her waiting women, stands in the shade of the sacred sala tree, a bough of which she grasps with her right hand. The infant Buddha appears just issuing from his mother's right sleeve, to be received in the outstretched arms of a kneeling attendant. Signs are said to have accompanied the birth of the Buddha, among them flashes of five colored lights and the appearance of miraculous flowers. It is these, apparently, that the artist has attempted to show in the central portion of the stele."

Engraving scenes on stone has been a fine art in China for thousands of years. At one stage it reached a point of perfection during which paintings made on silk were transferred to the rock. The collection includes an example in which a huge flat surface more than six feet high has been covered with an intricate tracery of scenes including landscapes, houses, individual figures of men and animals, and processions presumed to represent the Buddhist conception of life in heaven. A number of smaller and cruder works of this type had been known, but the dates could not be fixed. The piece in the museum collection is dated in the Wei dynasty, and it contains the names of all the craftsmen who worked in producing it. The front contains a statue in high relief of the Maitreya, or likeness of Buddha as he is expected by the faithful to look when he returns to earth.

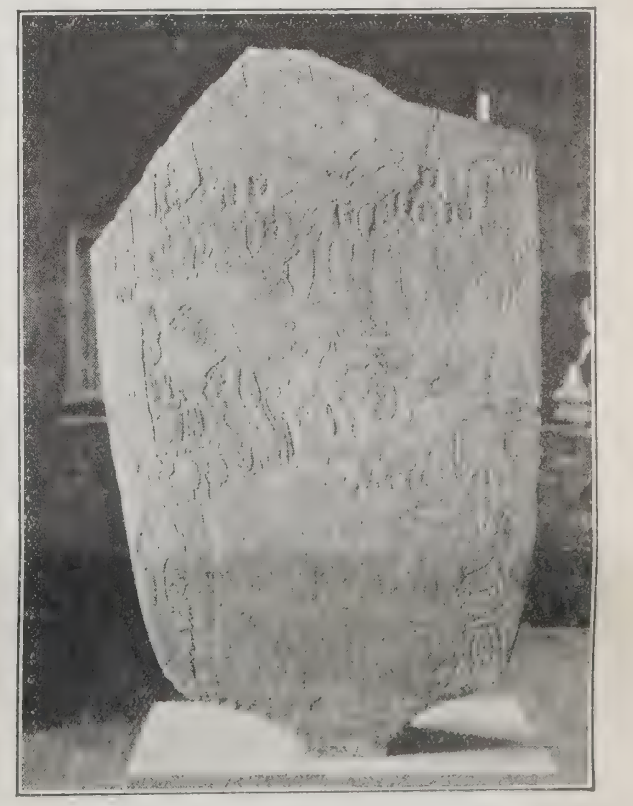
In the bronzes the collection contains large numbers of vases of different periods, and also some extraordinary statuary. One of particularly intricate design and workmanship is the likeness of "The Precious Guru," founder of Lamaism. The collection also includes more than 50 paintings on silk of the more modern dynasties. Examples of those done in earlier years are virtually unknown. Painting on silk reached the height of its achievement during the Sung dynasty, from 960 to 1277 A. D. In the Ming dynasty, from 1368 to 1644, the art of China began to decline, but there are also examples of some excellent work done during that period.

By far the larger part of the exhibit is given over to the work of the T'ang artists, but the attempt has been made throughout to arrange the examples according to art periods, rather than by dynasties. It was in the T'ang period that Chinese sculptors first began to reach a rugged strength that many authorities compare favorably with the best work of the Greeks in stone. At all times there was a trace of delicacy in oriental art rarely achieved in the East, and even in the crude early works that is quite noticeable.

"The civilizing influences set in motion in China during the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries of our era," says Dr. Bishop, "have become an integral part of the world civilization of the present, and only expert and painstaking analysis could disclose, even in small part, which elements in particular we owe to the enlightened policies of the government set up by T'ang T'ai-tsung. As a single example, however, may be cited the case of the mariner's compass. The liberal commercial laws of this period attracted to the Chinese seaports many Arab traders—men filled with the same spirit of enterprise and adventure as that which animated the soul of Sindbad the Sailor. From the Chinese these ready-witted men learned the use of the compass, and carried it eventually to the Mediterranean. There it was taken up, at first with superstitious fear and trembling, by European navigators, in whose hands, in the fullness of time, it rendered possible the extension of civilization over the face of the globe.

"Great as was the reign of T'ang T'ai-tsung in every field of human endeavor, nowhere was it greater than in its art. Unlike that of some of the later dynasties, this art was in no sense a conscious attempt to imitate and revive the canons and ideals of a past age. It was a wholly spontaneous development, a natural outgrowth of the spirit of the time. For many of its features, as we now know, it was indebted to influences originating in Persia. Another foreign influence in the art of the T'ang period was that exerted by Buddhism.

"Foreign visitors to Peking usually go out to see the famous tombs of the Ming emperors in their romantic valley in the hills to the north of the great city, and all who do so are impressed with the long series of figures, human and animal and mythical, which line the avenue of approach.



Engraving on stone of the miraculous birth of Buddha.

Mr. Mencken and the Joys of Romanticism

Is He Qualified to Discuss American Life, Contributor Asks

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IN AN age of romance one of the highest and most joyous notes is that of abandon. Ever since Eve ate the apple in the Garden of Eden and thrilled with a new taste men have dreamed of discovering the supreme happiness in letting themselves go. They have fretted at the chains of circumstance and, as far as possible, have overleaped the hard walls of fact to play in the pleasant meadows of illusion. In the world of human intercourse as such, the world in which it is the chief business of existence to say things to one another, this aspiration takes a very definite form. It becomes a longing for freedom of speech, and freedom of speech—utter, complete, and untainted—is freedom to say what one pleases, whether true or false, oppressive or alluring, delightful or disgusting

Indeed, it is the charm of a romantic age that we lie a little to ourselves, that we have daydreams. If this method of turning the world into a place of romantic delight is a pleasant thing for our dual selves, it is not excessively unreasonable to think that it may be a happy activity in our relations with others. It should give pleasure to both the speaker and the hearer. It is a rather common understanding that that is just the poet's business—to gild, not the lily only, but also the door of the brothel and some other things naturally unseemly. The joys even of mendacity, then, are to be accounted quite legitimate and regular accompaniments of the romantic state of mind. Only the unimaginative, the stolid and fact-enthralled, would refuse the happiness that he may have in a fantastic embroidery of fact.

The Case of Mencken

THERE are certain classes of men whose occupations, it may be necessary to acknowledge, more or less shut them out from the romantic fellowship. Philosophers, professors and puritans must, as a general rule, be satisfied with telling the truth. They must tie themselves to earth a little. Should it become known that the philosopher has fallen away from his allegiance to truth, he must look for the immediate appointment of a successor. The professor has the same handicap upon the exercise of his romantic tendencies. The case with the puritan is too obvious for comment. The eroticist has debarred him from the romantic world. Romanticism is essentially a doctrine and a practice of variety, fullness, change. Any one who believes in having but one helpmate of the other sex at a time and holds to the opinion that he should leave her only for just cause must not think of being received into the romantic fold. Certainly he can have no affiliations with the romanticism of the left. Along with the philosopher and the professor, therefore, the puritan must indubitably accept his exclusion from the company of those who may properly give themselves the pleasures of romanticism.

Everyone recognizes that there are romanticists and romanticists, that some of them are agreeable and some of them disagreeable. For a variety of reasons, including the fact that they are disagreeable, cheating tradesmen and auctioneers, promoters of "blue sky" ventures and fellows of that ilk, horse traders of the days before the motor car, may properly have it suggested to them that romancing is not always the best policy.

For some other reasons, chiefly that their play of imagination has emotional consequences that at least approach and often actually are the agreeable, two other wholly different classes of persons belong pre-eminently to the romantically elect. They are the makers of musical comedies and religious revivalists.

The case for the first of these groups is somewhat as follows. A musical comedy is a play in which it would be absurd to have the story managed as realistically as it is in life. Some one has quoted Carlyle, and I trust correctly, as having said that, when anything is too foolish for speech, it can be sung. Musical comedy seems to have been invented especially to meet this need. Having a good bit of fiction in one's mind, a fiction so fantastically delightful as to defy and impoverish speech, there is just one thing for the happy inventor of the fiction to do. Let him take an hour or two for turning it into words, and then let him call in an inventor of vocal and instrumental accompaniments. If this coadjutor is a tuneful fellow, the thing is done and the world is charmed with romance.

It is the business of the revivalist, his proper business, to appeal to the emotions and the sentiments of the unawakened. One thing he must realize from the first, or, like the philosopher who forgets his love of truth, he will need to be prepared for the early appointment of a successor. He must see to it that he does not deaden his appeals by a manner too much in the way of matter of fact. His business is not with theology. He must touch upon it, certainly, but, if he is caught laboring to tell the truth about it, no one will come to the mourner's bench. His hearers will be cold. A Billy Sunday with his hearers cold is, for all practical purposes, not Billy Sunday at all. Much as he may wish to, then, even the eroticist cannot well refuse a place in the romantic fellowship to the revivalist.

It is easy to pass from musical comedy and evangelism to Mr. H. L. Mencken. No one more than he delights in those raptures of romancing that one associates with the abandon of the singing show and the enthusiasm of the camp meeting. As an emotionalist, a sentimentalist, a romanticist, he lets himself go with the fine joy of absolute unrestraint. About that there can be not the slightest doubt. Our consideration of him may, then, pass at once to another question. Is a sentimentalist the proper person to write literary criticism? Is he qualified to discuss American life? Does or does not the business of inventing fictions about the Anglo-Norman in England and America come within the field of a just understanding of his privileges? That is, to reduce this to its oneness, may a critic properly adopt the license in the matter of truth-telling of an emotional evangelist, or should he count himself in with the philosopher and the puritan as being, in the nature of his occupation and his pretensions, somewhat held back from indulgence in fantasies and illusions?

It has always been part of my creed that a literary critic ought not to allow himself to play appreciably with too self-evident, or, perhaps I should say, too self-conscious falsehood. At the same time it cannot be denied that one of the justifications for some deviation from pure literalism as a kind of literary mode within the limits of the law of letters and of literary schools may be advanced for Mr. Mencken. He has achieved the art of presenting his fictions pleasantly. We cannot class him wholly with the disagreeable romanticists This is not at all because he tells pleasant truths. On that count he is as little romantic as a cow out in the pasture, to speak of no animal less engaging. The glamour that he manages to throw over the distortion of fact and of rational judgment that is his chief capital as a literary craftsman is, not the glamour of its substance, but the glamour of its dress, the glamour of style. Bald, unadorned enlargement upon fact is never a thing to charm. It is something beyond the ordinary for a writer to escape that pitfall. It is something at least unusual for a scribbler to touch the thinnest of fantasies with the opacity of verisimilitude, and to do it by the mere gift of a compelling style. Perhaps it will have to be acknowledged that to do these things is really a great deal. If it can be accomplished through literary style, that style is worth looking at.

If style should be the expression of personality, as the rhetoricians assume, then Mr. Mencken's style approaches perfection. If a good style is one that fits itself to its subject matter with something of the neatness of a fine glove to the hand, then again Mr. Mencken's style is admirable. With the recognition of so much, the hand in the glove is the next thing to be considered.

There is often a great deal to be made out of the shape of a hand. Figuratively, at least, Mr. Mencken's hand is not slender, not delicate, not shapely, not the hand of a gentleman or an artist. It is the hand of a cowboy. It holds the quirt and stings the maverick's flanks with it remorselessly. Riding, riding, riding, the owner of the hand shoots as he rides, and he shoots to hit, regardless of the hittee's race, color or previous condition of rectitude. Mr. Mencken's chief aim is to bring something down, not to decide what may most fittingly draw his fire, and he prefers a shotgun with a load as heavy as it will carry. He has the assassin's desire for blood, not the sportsman's delight in a difficult shot. Perhaps he prefers the blood of those who are offensive to him by reason of their being both intelligent and honest, but the smell of blood of any sort is a joy to his nostrils.

Strident Volubility

THE glove that fits Mr. Mencken's hand is quite as clearly a cowboy's glove. His style has no nuances, no shading, no subtleties, no involutions, no interplay of various rhythms, no cadences. It is wonderfully vigorous and tireless, and it is quite as wonderfully undiscriminating. It has no rests, no quietudes, no loiterings of easy humor with good fellowship, and all its purple patches are blood red. The artist who is also a gentleman and so a man of taste has two great affections. One of these, even though he is a romanticist, is an affection for truth. The other, the more especially if he is a romanticist, is an affection for beauty. Mr. Mencken hates truth with an unswerving fidelity of passion, and beauty he knows only as a word It is because of his consequent inability to be sincerely the artist, because the joys of audacity mean more to him than the joys of artistry, that his sentences march forward with the violence of a Wagner overture and the formlessness of a rataplan of jazz.

From the point of view of the critic, Mr. Mencken has one virtue that is very convenient. His writing is so uniform that four or five consecutive sentences are sufficient to constitute a revelation of the total quality of his style and the general nature of his substance, exhibit A to exhibit Z. Here are three sentences from the March number of the *Smart Set,* 1922, and it is possible to know the author of them fairly well from only so much.

"The committee which awards the annual O. Henry prize for the worst fiction of the year seems to employ criteria that are even more astonishing; the stories that it selects are almost always hollow and artificial. It is true, of course, that an author of absolutely first-rate talent could not be imagined manufacturing such garbage, even for the great rewards that it brings. One simply could not think of a Conrad doing it, or a Hauptmann, or a Turgeniev, or a Hardy."

The sweeping assertiveness of this no doubt carries the uninitiated swinging along in its current. They have the romantic joy of an illusion that really does take possession of their minds as fully as if it were solid fact. Those with more literary experience will realize at once that Hardy's "A Pair of Blue Eyes," for instance, great artist though Hardy is, must be ranked a long way below the level of the stories chosen by this committee. It is only a blunderbuss sort of criticism that could make any other pronouncement. So it is with Hauptmann, and the judgment in this case is worse, because Hauptmann is not an artist in fiction of the rank of Hardy. It is not so much as believable that he could be the author of a short story of so fine a texture as either Margaret Prescott Montague's "England to America" or James Branch Cabell's "Porcelain Cups," both of them to be found in the initial volume, that for 1919.

One great trouble with America, one trouble with England, with the whole Anglo-Norman world, is that many of us are so gentle-minded that we yield blindly to strident volubility. This, to be sure, is not what Mr. Mencken discovers as being wrong with us, although he spends his energies very largely in tracking down our sins. He is not fitted to make the real discovery, which is, perhaps, that we have a naïve confidence that a man with a raucous voice will not expose himself as being irresponsible, knowing that his voice carries. He prefers to believe that such a man cannot have missed the truth. In some such fashion as this it is that we are deceived and betrayed.

At any rate, whatever the explanation, the Billy Sunday of current literary criticism, the swashbuckler of critical romance, has more followers than any honest appraiser of books with a modern mind can hope for. The ingénue intellectuals seem to admire him greatly, and they accept his charlatanry with a devotion that, for those of sentimental Teutonic ancestry, should be sufficient to bring tears of pitying tenderness to the eyes. Indeed, he appeals powerfully to all those who can see only broad distinctions, those whose limitations of vision compel them to believe that things must be intensely black or intensely white, that, whether gloves or saddle girths, they cannot be pearl gray.

Imposing on Us

FOR the realist who has been bred in the Anglo-Norman tradition and knows what it means, pitying tenderness is not in order. For him there is another feeling more appropriate. He sees very clearly that Mr. Mencken and his kind, a large coterie of the underbred and overfed, are attempting to impose on American life ideals and ends alien to it and destructive of almost everything that has made the alien wish to come here. For instance, Mr. Mencken's fellow editor of the *Smart Set,* in the issue for August, 1922, declares that he cares for nothing but himself, that the rest of the world may go to hell on the day of writing at sunset, as far as he is concerned, that, if he lived in England, he should be no more interested in the important problems of England than in those of America.

It is at this point, in the same issue of the *Smart Set,* under the caption, "Répétition Générale," contrived by Mr. Nathan and Mr. Mencken together, that I see for the first time, if I can trust my memory, a section "On Lying." In this the writer declares that, "One of the laudable by-products of the Freudian necromancy is the discovery that lying, in most cases, is involuntary and inevitable—that the liar can no more avoid it than he can avoid blinking his eyes when a light flashes or jumping when a bomb goes off behind him." It would be foolish to assume that this was written in any deep realization of its possible defensive value. At the same time it has that value. It is quite believable that Mr. Mencken does not know that life may be lived according to ideals other than those of a fat porker and still be interesting for presentation in literature. It is more than possible that he does not know that life may be rather a splendid affair.

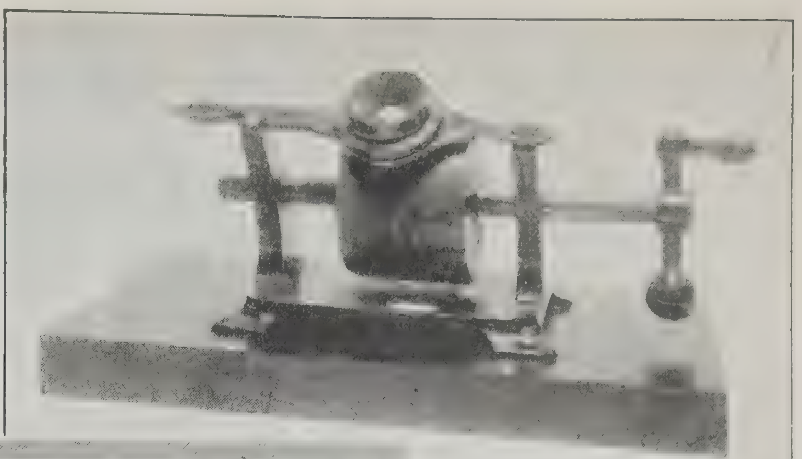
That way of looking at the matter—and at him—constitutes an explanation, at least. It makes it possible to see why he pushes off the literary map with so unhesitating a hand writers whose distinction in large measure is that their work is representative of American life. So it is that Hamlin Garland drops into obscurity, and Amy Lowell, and William Allen White, and Ernest Poole, and Vachell Lindsay, and others, unnumbered others. Greatness, for him, cannot coexist with any of the virtues, with delight in any of our finer human qualities, with allegiance to any of our constructive human idealisms, with recognition of any human motives not noticeably to be discovered among the debauchees of Continental Europe. Greatness, for him, is inconsistent with our civilization, because our civilization is not perfect—and woe be to him, in the books of Mencken, who tries to make it better progressively. Attempting anything of that sort is very much like being a puritan, and than that nothing could be worse.

It is one of the striking phenomena of our day that, as science has made our religion increasingly rational, religious romanticists have turned in the other direction toward Christian Science and similar cults. A corresponding development appears to have taken place in the world of art and letters. Literature, under the same influence of science and psychology, has taken the road toward a greater objectivity, a firmer realism. Romanticism and sentimentalism and emotionalism are all unhappy in that atmosphere. As a consequence, the left wing of the world of letters, to which Mr. Mencken belongs, reaching unconscious hands out to Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter, turns back upon the course and insists upon measuring everything in literature and life subjectively. This is quite natural and explicable. It is amazing that the reactionaries should take their little subjective world for the real world. In this matter the romanticism of Mr. Mencken and his fellows seems to be thoroughly sincere. They are telling their fairy tales to themselves, and, as far as their own credulity goes, they are doing it convincingly.

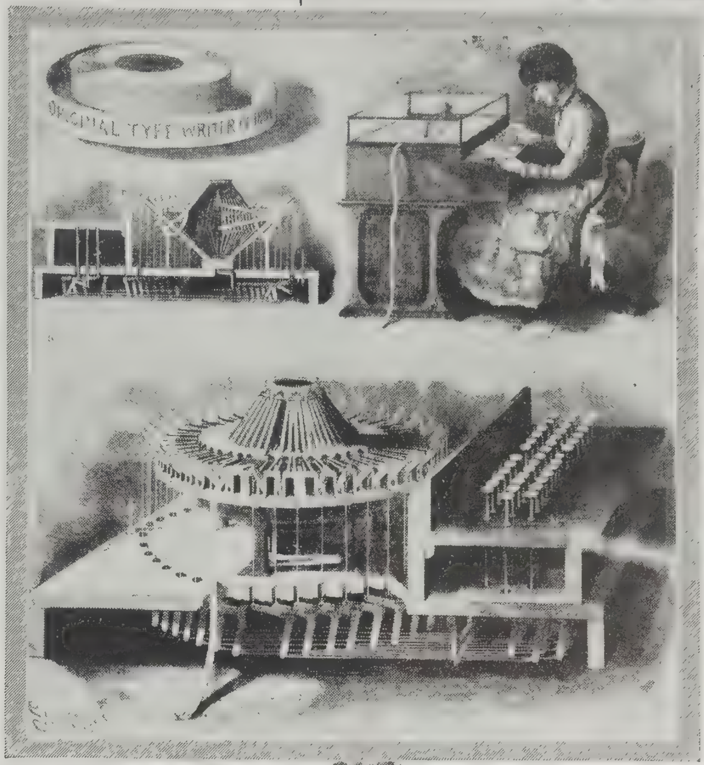
Beginnings: A Story on Inventions

Record Indicates That Gradual Development Marked Pioneering

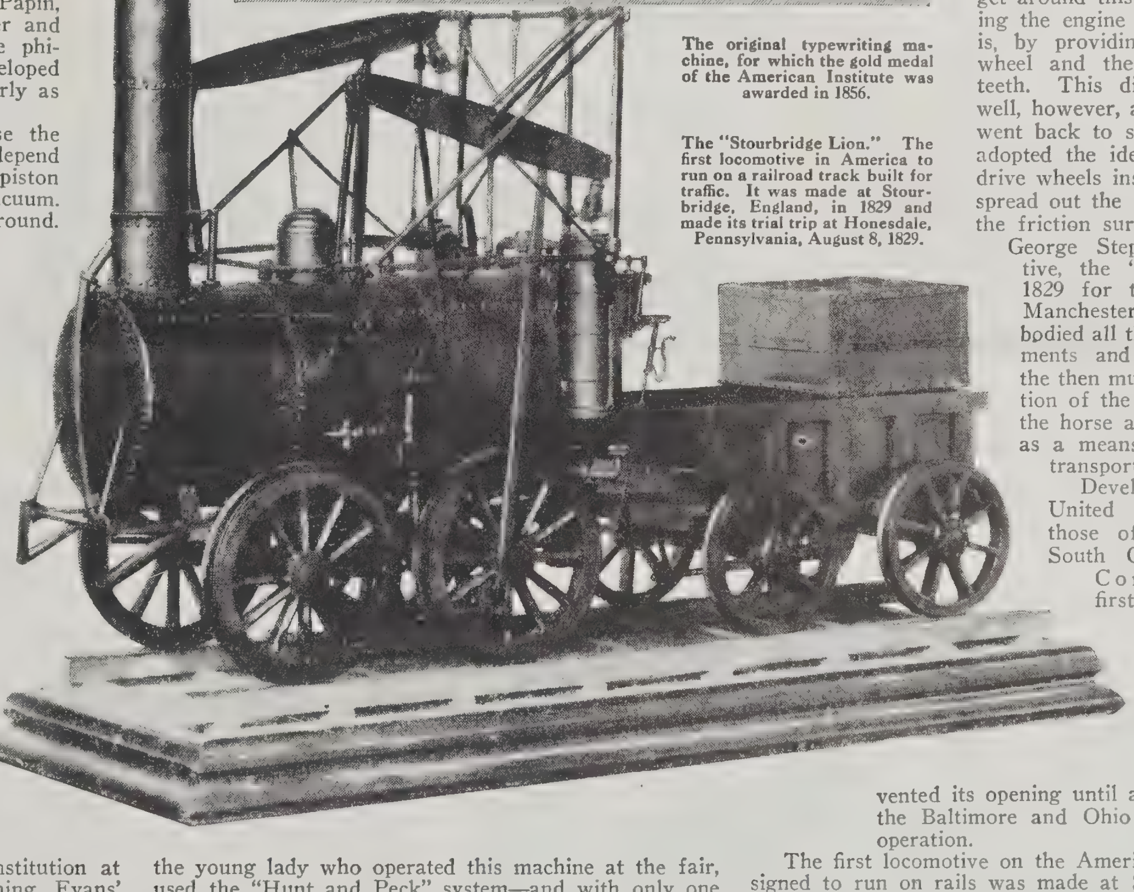
By O. M. KILE



Thomas A. Edison's first phonograph. Sheets of tinfoil were wrapped around the cylinder and the vibrations were scratched on this and temporarily recorded. One sheet of tinfoil could be used several times.



The original typewriting machine, for which the gold medal of the American Institute was awarded in 1856.



The "Stourbridge Lion." The first locomotive in America to run on a railroad track built for traffic. It was made at Stourbridge, England, in 1829 and made its trial trip at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, August 8, 1829.

AS WE glide along in a Pullman coach or a motor car, use our typewriters and telephones, or listen to grand opera on our phonographs, we are likely to take these wonders as an everyday matter of course.

It may make us appreciate these marvels more, or at least it should prove an interesting diversion, to give a thought to their origins.

Who invented the steam engine?

No, it wasn't James Watt, nor John Ericsson, nor Newcomen, nor Hornblower nor any of the rest whose names are ordinarily associated with this invention.

It was all combined, and hundreds more, who invented what we today know as the steam engine.

And so it is with practically all our modern contrivances. Few were created of nothing. Edison didn't just reach out into thin air and produce a new thing, the phonograph, new from beginning to end. He had forerunners and successors, each of whom did their bit. True, Mr. Edison's contribution was the most important principle, but it is possible that he would never have produced the phonograph if a Frenchman named Leon Scott, some twenty years before, had not developed a device similar to that of Mr. Edison, but intended only to record sound vibrations. Mr. Edison's great achievement consisted in turning this machine around and so constructing it that it would recreate sound from a record.

Similarly, James Watt in 1763 turned the steam cylinder of the engine around, inclosed it in a jacket, and did other things to it to make it more useful, very much more useful. But Denis Papin, of Blois, France, had invented the cylinder and piston seventy-three years before and the philosopher hero of Alexandria, Egypt, had developed a crude form of rotary steam engine as early as 50 A. D.

What Watt did, principally, was to use the *expansive* power of steam rather than to depend upon *atmospheric pressure* to move the piston after the condensed steam had created a vacuum. He literally turned the cylinder and piston around.

Through an accident which punctured the cylinder of an engine he was experimenting with, cold water was injected into the cylinder, and Newcomen had discovered the way to get a quick vacuum—an essential to the old air-pressure engine. The steam and injection valves of all engines were at first worked by hand, but the desire of a boy, Humphrey Potter, to play rather than operate the valves, inspired him to attach cords to the working parts of the engine and make the machine operate its own valves.

All this is in no wise intended to detract from the fame and glory of our inventors. It is intended rather to illustrate how hard won have been every one of our important advances and how many thousands, whose names we do not even know, have labored and toiled to bring forth our modern conveniences; conveniences which have today become necessities.

The first carriage to be self-propelled by means of an engine was constructed by Oliver Evans in Philadelphia in 1804. He called it the "Orukter Ampbiboles," whatever that means. It used steam power.

An old painting in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington shows a great crowd watching Evans' demonstration of the "ampbiboles" down in front of the old waterworks in Philadelphia. The machine looked something like an animated prairie schooner with the canvas cover off and wreathed in clouds of steam. The story back of the construction of this vehicle is thus:

Evans had constructed a steam dredging scow weighing 4,000 pounds. He found it heavy to move from the shop to the river, so he mounted it on wheels and geared it up in such a way as to make it self-propelling. It was a clever stunt and incidentally made Evans the father—or perhaps "grandfather" would be better—of the automobile.

Our modern typewriter has had an equally interesting history of development.

Previous to 1856, several crude devices had been constructed with the idea of making impressions of letters mechanically by pressing a key. But about 1856 Alfred Beach, of New York, brought out a machine that bears some resemblance to our present typewriters, although it was nearer the size of an old-fashioned organ than a modern typewriter. Furthermore, it could not make an ink impression. It merely embossed the letters on a tape.

This device was exhibited at the World's Fair at the "Crystal Palace" in New York in 1856 and attracted considerable attention. The inventor was awarded a gold medal. It will be noted from the illustration that the young lady who operated this machine at the fair, used the "Hunt and Peck" system—and with only one hand, at that.

This machine did, however, embody some of the key action principles still used in some types of modern typewriters, and with this start, improvement and development were fairly rapid.

Mr. Edison's first phonograph was merely a combination of a diaphragm bearing a stylus on the under side, and a cylinder on which was wrapped a sheet of ordinary tinfoil. When the cylinder was rotated, vibrations caused by the voice were engraved on the tinfoil. As noted above, this much had been done by Mr. Scott, some twenty years before, except that the markings were simply scratched on a smoked hard surface. Mr. Edison's device made impressions. So when he reversed the operation the stylus could follow these impressions and set up vibrations in the diaphragm, which produced sounds. The one machine would both record and reproduce.

The development through the various stages—first substituting wax cylinders for the tinfoil, then substituting discs and improving the stylus, the mechanism and the sound box—has been the work of many hands.

Because of its earlier development and its complexity, the locomotive has had, perhaps, the most interesting history of any of our modern machines. Mr. Carl Mitman, curator in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., has gathered together a most interesting exhibit and description of the various early types. It is a far cry from Richard Trevithick's five-ton locomotive, which in its trial trip in Wales in 1804 drew a load of thirteen tons at a speed of about five miles an hour, to the modern Mogul engine, weighing ninety tons and capable of pulling a string of cars at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

Trevithick's locomotive was in itself successful, but it continually broke the angle-iron rails provided, and for the next twenty years inventors turned their attention to devising a locomotive heavy enough to stick to the track and develop traction, yet light enough to avoid excessive track breakage. In one form or another, this contest between track and locomotive has continued ever since.

One of the early types tried to get around this difficulty by gearing the engine to the track; that is, by providing both the drive wheel and the track with gear teeth. This did not work very well, however, and inventors soon went back to smooth wheels and adopted the idea of having four drive wheels instead of two. This spread out the load and increased the friction surface.

George Stephenson's locomotive, the "Rocket," built in 1829 for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, embodied all the newer improvements and definitely settled the then much discussed question of the relative merits of the horse and the locomotive as a means of long-distance transportation.

Developments in the United States paralleled those of England. The South Carolina Railroad Company was the first in the world to decide that its railroad should be operated by steam locomotives. Its construction was begun in 1827, but delays prevented its opening until after a portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was in operation.

The first locomotive on the American continent designed to run on rails was made at Stourbridge, England, and brought to this country for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. It was called the "Stourbridge Lion." Locomotives in those days were so few and each so different from the others that they were named individually like boats.

It was a great day in American transportation annals when on August 8, 1829, Horatio Allen ran the "Stourbridge Lion" along the Delaware and Hudson Canal near the canal basin at Honesdale, Pennsylvania. A letter written by John Terry, of Honesdale, at the time, describes the "Lion" as running "with good speed around the curve and across the bridge and up the railroad about one and one-half miles to where the railroad was crossed by a common road-bridge placed too low to admit the passage of the locomotive under it. Here he reversed the engine and ran it back to the place of starting, greeted by the shouting cheers of the people and the booming of cannon."

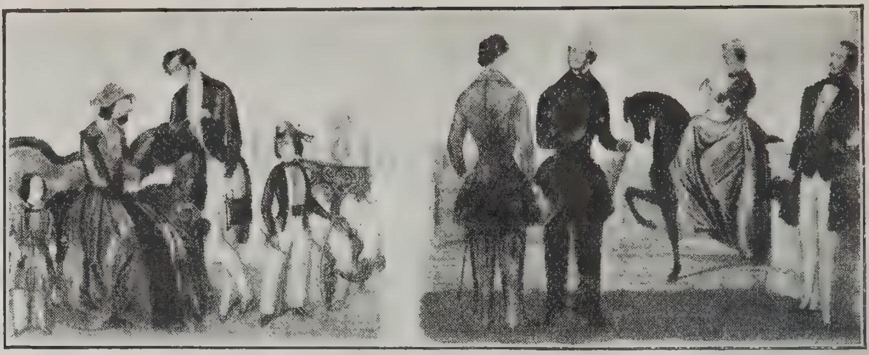
The first locomotive built in this country for actual service on a railroad was the "Best Friend," built at the West Point Foundry, in New York City, for the South Carolina Railroad.

It is interesting to note how the trend was first to four drive wheels, then for a number of years a single pair of drive wheels was the style, and, finally, the designers went back to the four-wheel drive idea.

In the opinion of many, the peak of efficiency has been passed. Engines spend too much time in the shops nowadays.

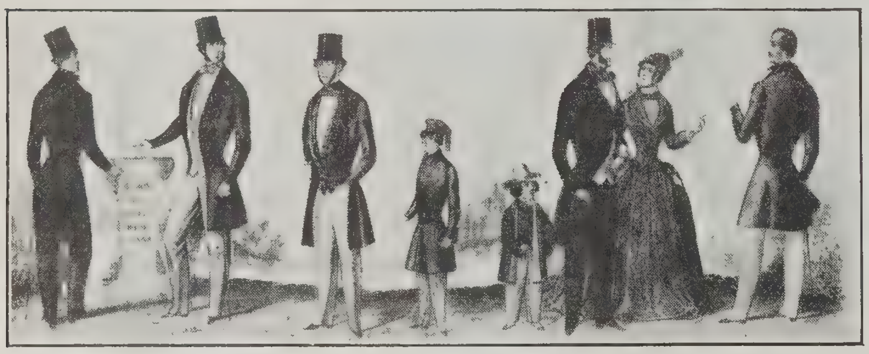
Changes a Century Has Wrought in Men's Styles

By E. I. FARRINGTON



Changing styles of the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

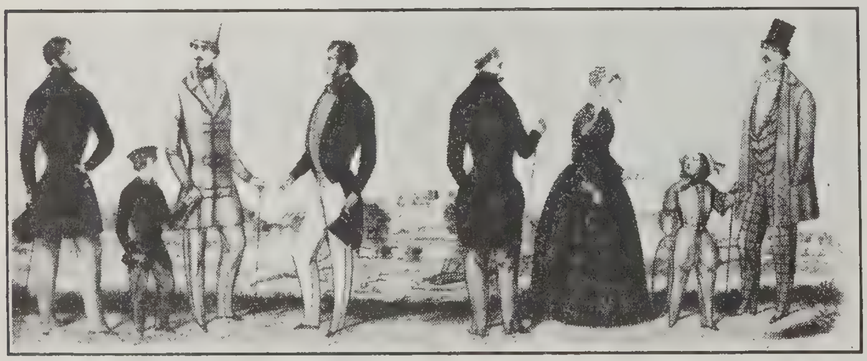
WHAT a wave of ridicule sweeps over the land when the style makers propose to array fashionable gentlemen in bright colored garments, especially for evening wear! It would seem that there is something sacred about the traditional black swallowtail. Yet a glance through the fashion plates of other days shows that the men of America have indulged in many sartorial vagaries. In the early years of the last century, for example, dress coats were made of bright blue material, being set off by cream-colored waistcoats and drab trousers, the latter having four buttons at the ankle.



Here we have the fashions prevailing in middle of the last century.

Those were the days when colors were almost as much in vogue in masculine garments as in those graced by femininity. Frock coats, light blue in color with a double row of buttons down the front, were considered to be in excellent form. The front of the skirt had the cut of a dress coat, but the tail became bell shaped, although with plenty of drapery. A garment of this kind was properly set off by green trousers which were very tight as far as the knees, but larger at the bottom, with straps under the shoes.

Perhaps the reason people in general fail to realize the tortuous course pursued by men's wearing apparel during the past century is because few fashion plates have survived the march of time. Tailors of the olden days had the habit of hiding their fashion plates from the public gaze, with the design, no doubt, of allowing their customers to understand that they themselves planned the clothing built in their shops. Only when they were alone in the security of the night watches would they take out these plates and copy the creations of New York designers. From year to year these plates would be destroyed, lest they fall into impious hands and cause aspersions to be cast upon the originality of the home tailoring establishments.

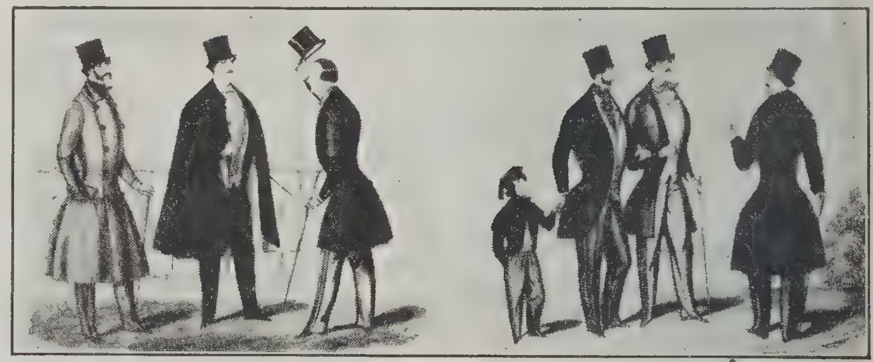


The late forties found these styles.

Probably the only collection which is anywhere near complete is that owned by Colonel F. W. Maynard, of Nashua, New Hampshire, a former state senator and a member of the governor's staff, as well as a successful tailor of high standing. Collecting these plates has been Colonel Maynard's pet hobby for many years. He has made long journeys and exercised much diplomacy to get possession of some of the old and rare specimens, dating back for nearly a hundred years. Not infrequently a picture has been rescued from the refuse heap, not always in perfect condition by any means, but still capable of being patched up to give an accurate representation of the styles which prevailed at the time it was made. From the year 1830 the files are complete and there are a few odd plates of earlier date, one of them being as old as 1810. The value of the collection is at least $10,000, and naturally it is kept in a safety deposit vault and well insured.

It is interesting to find by a study of these plates that in spite of several erratic and spectacular interruptions there has been a constant trend in the direction of comfortable and unpretentious men's wear. Drab and colorful periods have alternated, but plaids and checks have always been in style. Apparently there are only two years in all of these represented by Colonel Maynard's plates in which either one or the other does not appear. These particular years were 1872-3. If, as is to be assumed, the designers of those days made an effort to run checks and plaids out of fashion, they wholly failed, because the plates of 1874 show them once more high in favor.

In the early days of the republic men's garments must have equaled those of the women in the matter of color and trimmings. Apparently green was a fashionable color, for it was used constantly. It was a real Irish green, too, and not the restrained shade which is sometimes used at the present time. Cloth must have been cheap, for great quantities were used. The coats were broad and voluminous on the shoulders; the trousers were equally baggy and cloth consuming at the hips. Yet the prodigality in these respects may have been overcome by the exceedingly small waists and the close cut of the trousers below the knees. When the coats were buttoned they produced a curious hourglass effect, the skirts flaring until they equaled the shoulders in width, with the tightly pressed waist just halfway between. This bizarre combination of color and cut seems to have fastened itself upon the males of the day with great tenacity, remaining the vogue for several years. Bright colors and large trousers were seen not only at social functions but also on the streets and in business offices.

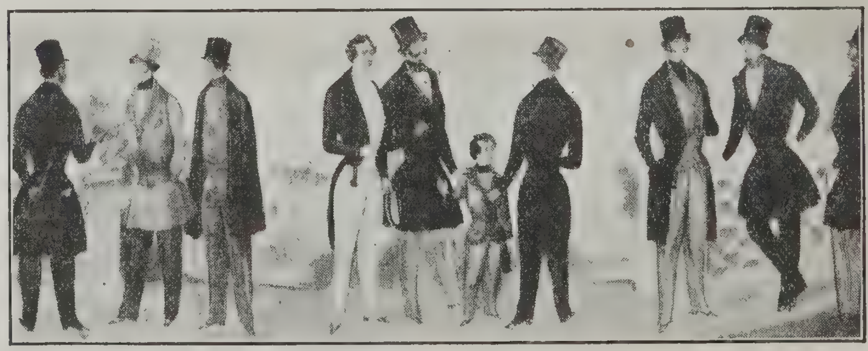


Tight waists and braided trousers of 1845.

During the next ten years the tailors of the land went on what was little less than a sartorial spree. They rioted in color both by day and by night. Evening clothes of light blue, green and brown prevailed. The broad collars were still retained, while the shoulders were padded so that they sloped at an angle of 45 degrees.

It was in the trousers, though, that real genius was displayed. Bold plaids were worn by the dandies, some of them of such enormous proportions that they suggested wall paper. It was at this time that trimming was introduced, running all the way from the ankles to the hips.

In 1848 the tailors evidently decided that if their patrons insisted upon having checked garments, they would give them something worth while. Accordingly they brought out patterns such as had never been seen before or are likely to be seen again. In Colonel Maynard's collection we find frock-coated gentlemen who must have looked like human checkerboards as they walked around the streets. Size was not the only point considered, either. There were marvelous combinations of colors. In one pattern of this time a tall and handsome man is found clothed in a black coat with trousers of robin's egg blue carrying black stripes to produce a sufficiently bizarre effect.



Fashions of the early forties.

Evidently this was the last despairing attempt on the part of tailors to head off a demand for less noisy clothing. In any event, the designs which appeared a few years later had become much quieter in tone. This is true, at least as applies to coats and trousers, but the tailors seem to have made a final stand on waistcoats, which still remained extremely colorful, one such waistcoat of clear pink being noticed under a black coat.

Apparently tailors always have been resourceful. When they found themselves curbed as to color, they began changing the cut of the garments they made. The trousers, or as they were more commonly called in that day, pants, seemed to offer special opportunities. They were allowed to appear in plain goods for the most part, but several inches of plaid or mixed material was attached to the bottom just above the foot, producing a curious cuff effect around the ankle.

It was about this time that the swallow-tailed coat came into being, and curiously enough the style then evolved has been retained with but few modifications until the present time. Evening clothes, however, as well as those for day wear, boasted a good measure of trimming, especially in the form of fancy braids sewed the full length of the seams.

It might be expected that the period of the Civil War would be one of drab and simple clothing, at least for men. Quite the contrary was true. There seemed to be, in fact, a renaissance of high colors for two or three years, brown coats, purple vests and French blue trousers being considered the attire of a well-dressed man, according to Colonel Maynard's plates.

One outcome of the war was the introduction of military capes for civilian wear. Nearly all the plates made for several years after the great conflict show old men and young men alike wearing heavy, voluminous capes, some of them reaching almost to the ground. Fortunately the trousers of the time were cut very much larger than in preceding years or a ludicrous contrast would have been produced.

Apparently the tailors were able to introduce only minor changes for the next few years, but in 1876 they hit upon the long overcoat as a successor to the cape. They were coats of immense proportions, and were featured at the Centennial Exposition, where thousands of well-dressed men were seen attired in these coats, mostly belted at the waist, and resembling, as Colonel Maynard says, a butcher's frock as much as anything. Incidentally, when these coats were thrown open a white vest was most likely to be seen underneath.

In the meantime men's hats had been going through an evolution no less marked. They were large enough in the first plates shown, but they kept growing bigger and bigger until 1840, when they had assumed enormous proportions. Not only were they very large, but they usually had peaked crowns and set well down over the ears. Probably all the men had been supplied with fashionable headgear of this kind by the year 1841, for then the peaked crowns were sent to the discard, being

(Concluded on page 11)

A Chance for Reciprocity With Canada

Importance of Pulp Wood One of the Favoring Arguments

By D. M. LEBOURDAIS

WITH a common boundary 4,000 miles in length, a great part of which consists of waterways jointly owned by the two countries; with passenger and freight trains crossing and recrossing that line daily; with populations speaking a common tongue, and with similar ideals and aspirations, it is surprising that there has not been much more inclination on the part of the people of Canada and the United States to negotiate some plan whereby their joint possession of this northern part of the North American Continent might result in the greatest degree of utility to all.

It is true that a convention has been maintained by which both nations have refrained from placing military or naval forces along that border, and this has been responsible in very large measure for more than a century of peace. In addition to this, there is the International Joint Commission, under whose jurisdiction common waterways have been placed. This body has demonstrated, in the short time since it was formed, that co-operation always pays.

In the realm of commerce, however, a great opportunity for reciprocal action is presented. Last year the total trade between the two countries amounted to almost a billion and a half dollars; yet it was, in spite of vexatious restrictions, imposed by both Canada and the United States. Each country subjects the exports of the other to high protective tariffs, the United States, by recent legislation, going much further than ever before to interfere with what should be a natural and easy exchange of commodities between the peoples of these two countries.

It is true that an offer of reciprocity in natural products was made by the United States in 1911 and very thoughtlessly rejected by the Canadian people; but the fact that both the Liberal and National Progressive parties have recently affirmed reciprocity planks in their respective platforms is an indication that reciprocity sentiment is on the increase in Canada. The phenomenal growth of the agrarian party in the past few years is a further indication of this.

The United States is fast approaching the day when she will no longer continue to be a food-exporting nation. On the other hand, it seems extremely unlikely that Canada will ever reach that stage. The Dominion possesses an overplus of natural products—with the exception of coal—in the two great provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which are dependent on mines in the United States, principally in Pennsylvania, for their supply.

From time to time many projects are advanced, seeking to provide for the distribution of Nova Scotia or Alberta coal in Ontario and Quebec, to make those great industrial provinces independent of the United States in this regard, but the question of transportation costs is such that they cannot seriously be entertained: it is much more logical to cross the lake and obtain the excellent coal of the Pennsylvania fields.

While at a pinch coal could be brought either from the East or the West to Ontario and Quebec, it is likely that they will always be dependent on the United States for the greater part of their coal.

There is another essential commodity, however, in regard to which the tables are more than reversed: United States publishers are becoming more and more dependent on Canadian forests for their supply of paper—either already manufactured, or in the form of pulp or pulp wood.

Every day in the United States 27,000,000 copies of daily newspapers are printed, and this number will increase with time rather than otherwise. Besides this, paper now enters into the manufacture of many articles which a few years ago were made of other materials, such as drinking cups, towels, table napkins, dishes and other articles of daily use. All this has caused a tremendous strain on the production of the paper mills, and they in turn have levied heavy toll on the forests of the country until the day is in sight when the forest wealth of the United States will be a thing of the past—unless some plan of general reforestation is adopted, of which at present there is little indication.

As early as thirty years ago United States paper manufacturers turned their eyes in the direction of Canadian forests, and large areas of timberlands were acquired in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick.

Timber was cut from the Canadian limits and shipped to the mills in the United States to keep them supplied. Some United States manufacturers established pulp mills in Canada and shipped the pulp to be finished across the border; others established pulp and paper mills in Canada and exported the finished product.

The yearly income which these timber lease rentals provided was a very welcome additional source of revenue to the respective provincial treasuries. The time came, however, when unleased pulp lands in the better settled portions of the provinces became scarce and values began to increase. This resulted in an agitation on the part of Canadian mill owners for prohibition of pulp wood from leased government lands. It was conducted under the guise of conservation—the further claim being made that, by prohibition of exportation, United States manufacturers would be compelled to establish pulp mills in Canada. In consequence of this agitation, first the Province of Ontario, and later the other provinces, passed regulations forbidding exportation of pulp wood cut from leased government lands.

These regulations probably had the effect of establishing in Canada a number of mills, but it is not so certain that as great a number would not have been built without a resort being made to such stringent measures. The provinces of Ontario and Quebec are well supplied with excellent water powers in close proximity to their timberlands, and many authorities are agreed that Canada is destined one day to be the center of the world's paper industry. Tariffs and restrictions may operate for a time, but natural advantages are sure to prevail in the long run.

A stand of spruce at Green Lake, Saskatchewan.

The provinces were within their legal rights in placing embargoes on exportation of pulp wood, as all timber leases had been issued reserving to the government the right to make regulations from time to time concerning the method of exploitation; but, under the circumstances, it was hardly fair to attempt to force manufacturers, already owning mills in the United States, to build additional mills in Canada, or else be unable to utilize their timber leases. The mill owners had no other recourse than to submit. There was not much complaint until the great scarcity of paper in the spring of 1920 brought about the agitation instituted by Senator Underwood for the appointment of a committee, the purpose of which was to formulate some plan whereby certain retaliatory measures might be invoked against the Canadian people in an endeavor to force them to remove the restrictions against the exportation of pulp wood. This proposal was vetoed by President Wilson, and thus a possible occasion for the creation of ill feeling between the two countries was averted. A similar proposal emanated from the Harding Administration, but without the truculence of the proposed Underwood Commission, and it may achieve something.

Newspaper requirements in the Dominion are only fifteen per cent of the total Canadian production of paper; therefore the prosperity of the whole pulp and paper industry in Canada depends on the state of the export market. Such being the case, it would appear to be almost self-evident that the Canadian producer and the United States consumer are natural complementaries of one another.

During the fiscal year ended March 31, 1921, Canada produced more than $185,000,000 worth of pulp wood, pulp and paper. Of this amount, more than $150,000,000 worth was exported to the United States. More than two-thirds of all the news print used in the United States comes from Canada.

Canada has timber enough to last herself and the United States for generations to come if it be but properly conserved. There is no excuse for any dog-in-the-mangerism.

The late Senator Edwards, a prominent Ottawa valley lumberman, while chairman of the Canada Conservation Commission, made the statement that for every log cut by the lumberman twenty are destroyed by fire. In addition to this must be considered disease and decay.

It can be truthfully stated that a log converted into paper is a log saved, whereas if standing in the forest there is only one chance in twenty that it will not become a prey either to the flames or to one of the many deadly enemies to which the forests are ever subject.

This does not mean that there should be a policy of indiscriminate slashing—nothing is further from the thought; but it is intended to point out that intelligent exploitation is not the greatest evil with which the existence of the forest areas is confronted.

Trees grow. The land which has grown a tree once is quite capable of growing another, and it has been found that, under proper methods of reforestation, a considerably greater number of trees may be produced on the same land than under natural forest conditions; moreover in the natural forest trees require almost a century to reach a growth sufficient to be available for pulp wood, while under scientific forestry, a tree of similar dimensions may be produced in forty years. Tree culture is still in its infancy.

There are millions of acres yet in Canada where spruce timber grows almost as thickly as hair on a dog's back, and these millions of acres will never be suitable for anything but the growing of trees.

It is estimated that in the Province of Quebec there are about 155,000,000 cords of spruce and balsam available for pulp wood—sufficient to provide for about fifty-two years, at the present rate of cutting, which is 3,000,000 cords a year.

The annual growth in Quebec is placed at 5,000,000 cords; but this figure—as well as all other figures concerning Canadian timber resources—is only an estimate. The figures were supplied by the Canada Conservation Commission and are as accurate as the limited surveys will allow.

In Ontario, it is estimated that there are 100,000,000 cords standing, which would provide for sixty-seven years' supply at the present rate of cutting of 1,500,000 cords a year. The annual growth is estimated at 3,000,000 cords.

There are about 36,000,000 cords of spruce and balsam in New Brunswick; the annual cut is 1,250,000 cords; and the growth is estimated at about half that amount.

The Province of British Columbia possesses by far the greatest forest resources of any of the provinces, but estimates are not yet possible with any approximate degree of accuracy. The exploitation of forest resources in that province has hardly yet begun, but it is expected that in the near future it will contribute considerably to the total of Canada's pulp and paper production.

There are many reasons more potent than those expressed in terms of pulp and paper or of coal why Canadians and Americans should live and trade in amity one with the other; but this is a material age, and the arguments that appear to appeal most to the average person are dollars and cents. The foregoing is but one of many that might be adduced.

Changes a Century Has Wrought in Men's Styles

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succeeded by straight crowns and broad brims. This, of course, meant buying a new hat or else being disgracefully out of style. Now with smaller brims they began to grow larger in the top, until by 1848 the hats were wider at the crowns than at the brims. Bulky and imposing as they were, they must have been exceedingly uncomfortable to wear.

The tenaciousness of the tall hat in one form or another is remarkable. Nearly all the prints for half a century show hats that towered like stovepipes on the heads of fashionable gentlemen. There was a break in the year 1850, when caps suddenly became the rage. Then every man got a cap and wore it on occasion, but nevertheless kept his tall hat close at hand to be donned for all special functions, and particularly for his Sunday walk to church.

It was only after the war that the tall hat was really suppressed. The knock-out blow came when some ingenious hatter introduced the derby, a form of headgear which excited the risibility of the whole population at first, but which gradually caught the fancy of comfort-loving men, as its advantages of low crown, narrow brim and light weight became understood. Soon everybody was wearing a derby except judges, statesmen and a few other pompous individuals who felt that they would sacrifice their dignity if the tall hat should be abandoned. Then in much later years the soft hat became the derby's rival.

As appears in Colonel Maynard's plates, the tendency for the last half century has been altogether in the direction of quiet, loosely made garments. It is within the range of possibility that livelier colors will return to favor, and even perhaps knee breeches for evening wear; but that the male of the species will ever again clothe himself in such burdensome and uncomfortable habiliments as those his ancestors wore is beyond belief.

Scotch Farmers Find Thorns in Ownership

Old-time Renting System Now Seen to Have Decided Advantages

By VICTOR MITCHELL

IN SCOTLAND vacant farms are extremely rare, and as a rule there are not enough farms to go round. The Scottish farmer sticks to his homestead, and his children and his children's children follow his example. It is quite a common thing to find that the same families have occupied the same farms for hundreds of years, and apparently intend to remain on them as long as the world lasts. Take them as a class, they show many signs of prosperity and few signs of worry beyond those incidental to an unsettled season or a falling market.

The great majority of these agriculturists still rent their farms, although since the war an increasing number own their holdings. But these have found proprietorship by no means an unmixed blessing, for with high taxation, the obligation of making good all dilapidations and carrying out improvements, they find as a rule that they have let themselves in for what has been called an Irishman's bargain. Even before the war quite a number of the landed proprietors found that the increased cost of living, the higher wages of servants, the death duties and other Lloyd-Georgian taxation were cutting into their incomes to such an extent that they were willing to sell their good land on easy terms and to give away their bad land for next to nothing.

The Duke of Fife, after he had married one of the Royal princesses, unloaded thousands of acres of his land on anyone who was willing to buy, his sitting tenants receiving the preference. A good many took advantage of this opportunity of becoming owners, and did very well.

Then the war came and landlords and their sons took their part in the great struggle. Thousands of them laid down their lives and many infants became the proprietors of tens of thousands of acres out of which war taxation had taken the sap and the substance. But all landlords alike have been hard hit by the changes which have taken place, and some of them have lately been able to prove to the satisfaction of their tenants that far from making any money by drawing rents for their broad acres, their possessions have actually become a burden, with an adverse balance sheet at the end of the year.

Some of these proprietors, titled and otherwise, have turned themselves into limited liability companies after the manner of the Duke of Plaza Toro in the Gilbertian comic opera, and with decreased responsibilities have to be content with what meager dividends may be available.

As indicated, the tenant farmers who have become proprietors have been adversely affected by the same conditions, and some of them have come to the conclusion that in exchanging their rent-paying days, with their faint tinge of feudalism, for those of undiluted ownership, they have been led into a bad piece of business. Great reforms, altogether to the benefit of the tenant farmer, have taken place in Scotland within the memory of the present generation, and so long as he follows the methods of good husbandry he is entitled to security of tenure and a safeguarding of interests that amply protect him from the injustices and impositions of former times. For example, he does not need to worry about the wear and tear of his buildings, for if the landlord fails to make good a leaky roof, a cracked wall, or an insanitary dwelling, the tenant can seek redress in the land courts and almost invariably get it. The result is that farm buildings are kept in excellent order and the tenant need not be afraid of his rent being raised to pay for these improvements because fair rents are insisted upon by the courts, impartial experts being the arbiters in such matters. On the other hand, if a farmer wilfully neglects his holding by letting the weeds grow, by bad cultivation or by lack of fertilization, the landlord can bring him to book, and if he does not mend his ways can re-let the farm to an agriculturist with more advanced ideas, who is prepared to make the most of his land. The result of all this is better farming and a clearer understanding between landlord and tenant.

Among the larger proprietors who have disposed of thousands of acres since the war is the Marquis of Aberdeen, a former governor-general of Canada. Almost without exception Lord Aberdeen's tenants availed themselves of the opportunity of purchasing the farm they had occupied. The finest cattle in the country, if not in the world, is raised on this estate, for this is the home of the most famous herds of Shorthorns, and sires from these herds have for many years commanded record prices from breeders attending the sales from all over the world. Not only in Aberdeenshire but throughout Scotland farmers have attained a high reputation for the quality of their stock, and have made large sums of money thereby.

Sheep farming, both for wool and mutton, is also extensively carried on, particularly in the Highland districts where the uplands provide excellent pasture which is not suitable for cultivation. The wool fair held annually at Inverness is one of the big agricultural events of the season.

In spite of a falling off in prices since the war, and high freight rates, the Scottish farmer is, all things considered, very comfortably off. He has made himself acquainted with the most scientific and up-to-date methods of husbandry, and uses the latest appliances for the cultivation of the soil. In these days of high wages all labor-saving devices appeal to him, and in attending sales and markets in different parts of the country he saves much valuable time by driving in his motor car over the splendid roads by which every part of the country is intersected.

There is, of course, the usual exodus of younger sons leaving the farms to pursue their fortunes in the larger industrial centers, but these are only what may be called the natural surplus or overflow, and armed with a university course or a good training in some skilled handicraft, combined with a fair proportion of perseverance and level-headedness, their success is assured. At the same time, instances are by no means rare where, after the eldest son of the family has been provided for, by succeeding the father in the proprietorship or tenancy of the ancestral farm, the younger brothers have also been enabled to stay on the land by acquiring farms for themselves in a neighboring district. Only those who are crowded out in the natural course of things have to seek their fortunes abroad, bringing with them the best quality of brain and muscle where it is most required.

Canny Scots Look Askance at "Home Rule" for Scotland

TODAY there is an impression in the minds of many people that Scotland is intensely radical; but this is a mistake. The Scottish people have always stood for reform, but with their usual caution they have at the same time closely scrutinized any proposed changes before proceeding with them. It has been truly said that the great mass of the people were not in favor of the Act of Union passed in the reign of Queen Anne which brought about the fusion of their parliament with that of England. When this union took place the nation undoubtedly lost many of its ancient rights and privileges, and it is now maintained that Scottish measures frequently receive scant courtesy in the parliament house at Westminster, and that much delay and expense are thereby incurred.

It is hard to believe that in this age of self-determination, so-called, and the rights of small nations, that the secretary for Scotland is below the status of a minister and has no seat in the cabinet, and that the Scottish Office is a shabby little bureau situated in Whitehall which has nothing Scottish about it except the name.

Although it has often been asserted that Scotland is governed from Whitehall, on the other hand it is declared that Westminster is controlled from Scotland. There is no doubt that for many years Scotsmen have taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Empire. Bonar Law, although born in Canada, is of Scottish blood; Lord Balfour comes of a Scottish family; the great Gladstone was of Scottish extraction; Rosebery, that light of other days, claims the same descent, and Ramsay Macdonald, the present leader of His Majesty's Opposition, is a Morayshire man. But although all these men and others like them have in a certain sense done great things, there is a feeling that Scotland has been sidetracked on many occasions, and that she does not receive a just share of her own revenue.

The burden of taxation now falls very heavily upon the people, and this combined with bad housing conditions has been the cause of a considerable amount of discontent. There is a widespread feeling that the country is not receiving a square deal and the muddle that the present government has made of the housing question and of the unemployment problem has provided a slogan for the "wild men" from Glasgow who have been making themselves heard from the Opposition benches for the past few months. It seems hard to make an Englishman understand that owing to local conditions the great majority of the houses in Scotland are built of stone, not of brick, as most of them are in England, and that stone costs more than brick or wood.

The question is frequently asked whether there is any great demand for Home Rule in Scotland as a panacea for all its troubles; the reply, as they say at question time in Parliament, is in the negative. There are, as a matter of fact, a number of Home Rule organizations in the country, and have been for many years, and there are a number of Scottish members of Parliament who at election time pledged themselves to support any measure of self-government that happened to be brought up, but generally speaking the question is not taken seriously. Last summer the subject was brought up in the House of Commons and failed to arouse more than a passing flutter of interest. There was almost an empty House, Scottish members being conspicuous by their absence, and instead of supporting the matter, some of the members cast ridicule on the whole business, and the bill was "talked out" without anything being done.

It would doubtless be a fine thing for Edinburgh to have its parliament buildings once more throbbing with legislative life and to be reinvested with all the dignity that properly belongs to the ancient Scottish capital, but parliaments cost money and at this hour of the day the average Scotsman is apt to think twice before he pledges himself to support what might turn out to be a very costly experiment.

There is another party of enthusiasts in Scotland whose aspirations go beyond Home Rule and will not be satisfied with less than complete independence—"freedom" they call it—and although they carry on an active propaganda, not much of it reaches the man in the street. Their program includes the restoration of the Gaelic language, and the re-dividing of the country into its ancient Celtic provinces of Moray, Mar, the Lothians, and so forth. But the people are no more prepared for this than they are for the restoration of the old clan system with the Highland chiefs in all their pristine splendor. No De Valera has yet arisen to make bombastic speeches for hectic consumption, and the Scottish people have no use for such adventurers. The clan system was forever settled at Culloden Moor, and the descendants of the men who fought there have ever since been loyal sons of the Empire and have shed much good blood in its service, but it must be admitted that for this they have sometimes received scant recognition.

What the Scottish people desire is not the reopening of an old parliament in Edinburgh for the manufacture of new laws, but the reform and regeneration of the laws that already exist. They are proud of their country and are not in the least afraid that its identity or that of its people will be absorbed by England. They stand as firmly by their traditions as Edinburgh Castle rests upon its rock, and as alertly as Stirling towers look forth upon the field of Bannockburn.

"Bill" Gordon Is No Longer a Robinson Crusoe

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With three or four officials, notably A. W. Tupper, assistant engineer, having the foresight, initiative, and engineering ability, an organization was formed to stimulate interest in the "wonders of the wireless waves." The keepers, about fifty all told, have already responded and their desolation has been transformed into opportunities for listening to speech, music, weather reports, and sundry other information, both instructive and entertaining. The Radio Club of the Bureau of Lighthouses in Washington, in the interest of the advancement of this science and as a means of dispelling the loneliness of the lighthouse, has designed a radio-telephone receiving set which can be constructed at a cost of twenty dollars. Blue prints of the structural details of this miniature electron-tube receiving outfit are to be made available to keepers of lighthouses, and it is not visionary to assume that ultimately every guardian at these approximately 500 "beacons to navigation" will install wireless facilities.

While lighthouses or stations—headquarters of keepers—are not ordinarily provided with wireless facilities, unless installed at the expense of the keeper, about thirty tenders in the service of the Bureau of Lighthouses are equipped with both radio-telegraph transmitting and receiving sets. These tenders or seagoing vessels serve the purposes of distributing food and supplies to lighthouses and light vessels. The distinction between a lighthouse or station and a light vessel is that the former is commonly located on shore or not far removed from land, whereas, the latter takes the form of a ship and is a fixed guide for navigators at some point in the ocean or other body of water. Commissioner George R. Putnam, of the Bureau of Lighthouses, describes light vessels as "the outermost signal stations of the country, many of them being anchored in the open sea, miles off the coast."

The 29 seagoing tenders not only distribute supplies to the lighthouses and light-vessel stations, but they keep the buoys and lights in order and may report distress signals. The application of radio telegraphy on tenders may result in an economy of the movements of these vessels. For instance, recently on the coast of Maine, the keeper of a light station reported to the district office by telephone that a big can buoy had broken away from its moorings and was adrift. A wireless message was dispatched to a tender that was operating in that vicinity, with the result that the drifting buoy was restored to its station before sunset. Our shipping interests, thanks to that speedy vehicle of intelligence, were thus safeguarded by the prompt replacement of the buoy, and useless steaming of the tender was avoided. Seagoing tenders are equipped with spark sets, varying from one-half to two kilowatts in electric power, and they operate on a wave-length ranging between 300 and 952 meters. Located at strategical points along the Pacific and Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico coasts—the service of the Bureau of Lighthouses embracing 44,000 miles of coast lines — these tenders quickly respond to any distress signals. The Department of Commerce, in recognition of the popularity of radio-telephone broadcasting, recently authorized several of these tenders to make such small accessions to their wireless facilities that the programs of the powerful transmitting stations could be received. Consequently, a "loud-speaking" device and other additions have been included on board these vessels, thereby enabling the crew to derive benefits and share the pleasures of the informative and entertaining qualities of broadcasting services.

Light vessels—aids to navigation that might be described as floating lighthouses but for the fact that they are anchored in the open sea or maintained at fixed points in remote localities—are equipped with wireless apparatus for both the transmission and reception of communications. All told, twenty-three of these vessels are provided with sending and receiving sets.

The Bradstreets and Their Splendid Legacy

Hardships of Life in First Days Too Great a Tax Upon Gentle Anne

By MAY B. WHITING

EVERY once in a while some inquisitive soul traces the history of a notorious criminal and his offspring and then frightens us with a tale of the tenacity of evil, but one rarely records in definite terms the influence of good. Take, for example, the Bradstreet family. No one served the colony more honorably than Governor Simon Bradstreet, no woman of her time was of more lovely character or more intellectual than Anne, and yet, for this generation, the meaning of their life seems almost lost. But just a little of that research so willingly bestowed on crime would show us that virtue has more power than evil to perpetuate itself.

The good ship *Arbella* that came over in 1630 brought many notable passengers, among them Thomas Dudley and his daughter Anne, wife of Simon Bradstreet. Bradstreet was a man of culture and of means and set about building himself a good house in Cambridge and embellishing it as well as the scanty resources of the colony would allow. The General Court called him to task for using wainscoting, but finally accepted his explanation that it was not wholly a luxury but served to keep out the cold.

Anne had been brought up in all the refinement of an English castle and while she did not, like the gentle Lady Arbella, for whom the ship was named, droop and die, the hardships of the new life were a sore tax upon her health. She was a beautiful type of Puritan womanhood, gentle, devoted to family, and of vigorous thought. Of course she had a conscience. "As I grew up to be about 15 or 16," she confesses, "I found my heart more carnal and sitting loose from God. Vanity and the follies of youth took hold of me." It was not without a struggle that her "carnal" mind conformed to the strict Puritan model. "I found a new world, and new manners," she writes, "at which my heart rose, but after I was convinced it was ye will of God, I submitted to it and joined ye church at Boston."

We almost wish she hadn't! So much of that early life would have been spicy reading if there had been an outsider to record it. But the Puritan was too much in earnest, the odds against him too overwhelming for him to see anything picturesque in the daily struggle. Every Thursday evening the men assembled to discuss the sermon of the previous Sunday and Anne was doubtless one of the 70 or 80 women whom Mistress Hutchinson invited for similar instruction, thereby scandalizing the deacons and later setting the whole town by the ears.

In 1634 it was considered desirable to build up the inland settlements and the Dudleys and the Bradstreets removed to Ipswich, then called by its Indian name of Agawam. Here life was infinitely harder than in Boston. And yet there were learned men in Agawam, and, in spite of the terrors of the wilderness and the constant fear of attacks from Indians, there were vain women whose doings upset the public mind as completely as the flapper does today. Nathaniel Ward, the minister, calls them "the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing." It seems as if veils must have been the especial abomination for he continues in these crushing words, "It is no marvel that they wear tails on the hinder part of their head; having nothing it seems in the forepart but a few squirrels' brains."

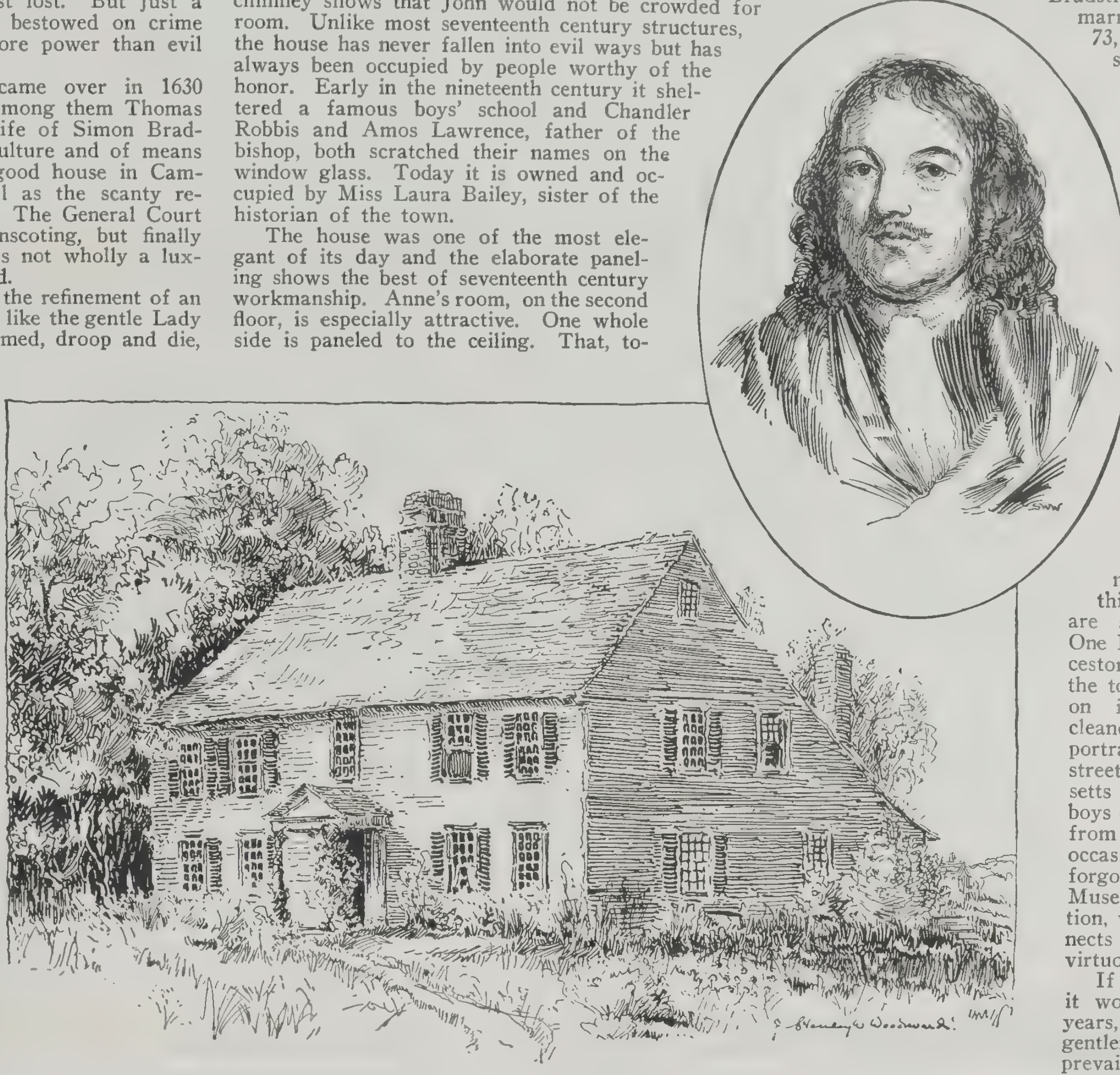
Not that Anne was one of those vain ladies, for her nature was too modest and her tastes too studious. It was in Agawam that she did the most of her writing. Both husband and father were away frequently on business of the plantation and Anne turned to poetry as a relief from the loneliness of life. When her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, made a trip to England he took along a copy of her poems and there, without her knowledge, they were published under the title, "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America."

To our ancestors, accustomed to the fearful jargon of the Bay Psalm Book, Anne's verses seemed the acme of wit and grace. The president of Harvard declared that "twice drinking the nectar of her lines" left him "weltering in delight," but a modern reader would hardly be enthusiastic at the prospect of a rhymed history of the ancient monarchies, a description of the four seasons, and a Dialogue between Old England and New.

In 1644 the Bradstreets moved still farther into the wilderness, in Andover. Here, with the cares of her growing family, Anne had little opportunity for literary work. The old records show us that the servant problem was acute in Andover. A minister feelingly writes, "I had a rare blessing of servants in Yorkshire but this younger brood doth much afflict me." Slaves were not uncommon and frequently the distracted housewife was driven to use Indian help, fresh from the wigwam. The Bradstreets had a particularly pestilent servant, John, prone to steal "a great fatt Pig" and roast it in the woods, throwing the remains "to the dogges." On one occasion "2 or 3 fellowes" let him down the chimney to get "strong beare."

The Bradstreet House, in what is now North Andover, is still standing and one glance at its clustered chimney shows that John would not be crowded for room. Unlike most seventeenth century structures, the house has never fallen into evil ways but has always been occupied by people worthy of the honor. Early in the nineteenth century it sheltered a famous boys' school and Chandler Robbis and Amos Lawrence, father of the bishop, both scratched their names on the window glass. Today it is owned and occupied by Miss Laura Bailey, sister of the historian of the town.

The house was one of the most elegant of its day and the elaborate paneling shows the best of seventeenth century workmanship. Anne's room, on the second floor, is especially attractive. One whole side is paneled to the ceiling. That, together with the quaint fireplace, the narrow panes of thick glass brought from England, the eleven sloping beams that run up through it, give a particularly antique, yet cheery air.



GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET and the Bradstreet House in North Andover.

Simon Bradstreet was the prototype of the New England "good provider" and loved to furnish his family with every comfort that colonial life afforded. No doubt when the Puritan aristocracy, the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the presidents of Harvard College, were their guests, there was much display of ruff, gold lace, brocades and buckles.

But Anne did not live long to enjoy the new home. The years of pioneer life had been too great a strain and she passed away in 1672. Simon Bradstreet, four years later, married again at the age of 73, and for almost 20 years served the colony as deputy governor and governor. When nearly 90, he was the first signer of what Bancroft calls a "sort of first Declaration of Independence," calling for revolt against the misrule of Andros.

There are few memorials of the Bradstreet family, not even a record of their graves. Anne probably lies in the old Burying Ground at North Andover and her stone has crumbled to dust. Simon Bradstreet was buried in the Charter Street Cemetery in Salem where his monument is standing to this day, although his ashes are scattered to the winds. One Daniel Hawthorne, an ancestor of the novelist, claimed the tomb for some repairs done on it, and unceremoniously cleaned out its contents. A portrait of Governor Bradstreet hangs in the Massachusetts Senate Chamber, school boys con a few lines about him from their histories, and an occasional antiquary reads the forgotten lines of the Tenth Muse. But for this generation, where is the link that connects our life with that of this virtuous couple?

If the old house could speak it would tell how, for many years, the broadmindedness and gentleness of its first occupants prevailed for good. The homestead descended to a younger son, Dudley Bradstreet, a man whose influence was largely responsible for the cessation of the witchcraft frenzy.

Mercy, daughter of the oldest son, Samuel, married Dr. James Oliver, and from her are descended Oliver Wendell Holmes and Wendell Phillips. From the daughter Lucy who married Jonathan Remington are descended William Ellery Channing and the Danas.

On the Trail of Our "Rock Shelter" People

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their food supply, they gathered up a few objects, trudged over the Ozark hills to the good doctor's home, and found in him an eager purchaser. And they builded better than they knew, for one of the specimens was a stone axe—*with the original wooden handle attached!*

The doctor, finding himself, with the addition of these "Rock Shelter" specimens, in possession of more archeological material than he could conveniently take care of, now opened negotiations with the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York City, and eventually sold his entire collection, containing several specimens of prehistoric culture, to this scientific body. That, however, was merely the beginning of the story.

After a careful comparison with both older and more modern cultures, the museum scientists concluded that fate had delivered into their hands several archeological specimens far out of the ordinary. Here, then, was a clue worth following up; it would be worth a trip of a thousand miles and a summer's work in the stifling rock shelters and caves of the Ozarks to add even a small chapter to the world's scanty knowledge of the American Indian.

In the spring of 1922, therefore, Harrington and Cadzow outfitted themselves with a camping outfit and a canoe. Proceeding by train and motor truck to a point on the White River in Northwestern Arkansas, they launched their canoe and began the "still hunt" for the bluff dwellers' community sites. Poling their way slowly up the swift waters of the White, the scientists found what seemed to them to be an ideal location. For thousands of years the natural forces of erosion had worn away the lower layers of limestone along the banks of the stream. Underneath the overhanging wall of rock, from the outer edge to the back wall of the bluff, they were in many cases fifty feet deep, and the practically continuous ceiling ranged from ten to fifty feet in height, growing higher as one continued downstream. In these thousands of years the river has cut a gorge for itself, so that the rock shelters are now some seventy-five feet above the present surface of the stream.

The largest community site found by Harrington and Cadzow was at a place called Salts Bluff. This must have been the "Main Street" of the bluff dwellers, for there was only one slight break in its continuous shelter of approximately five miles. A thousand families could have lived in this stupendous shelter. Situated at a bend in the river, the surface of which was visible for miles, its strategic position could not be improved upon. The floor for the greater part of its length was as dry as powder. Apparently not a drop of rain had ever leaked through the limestone "roof." So dusty were the floors that the archeologists were compelled to wear a sort of gas mask, a "respirator."

A careful checking up of these discoveries in the creek beds, in the valley, and in the rock shelters indicates that there were three separate and distinct peoples living on or near the banks of the White River during periods perhaps hundreds of years apart. Crude and water-worn chipped implements found in the beds of tributaries of the White are evidence of a culture hundreds of years older than that of the "Rock Shelter" people. With the habitual caution of scientists, however, Harrington and Cadzow estimate that these "stone-age" people lived in the White Valley about twenty-five hundred years ago. Others, while they cannot be positive, admit that these people might possibly have lived there thirty-five hundred years ago, or in the days of Tutankhamen! The "Rock Shelter" people themselves are thought to have lived from fifteen hundred to two thousand years ago, but the very scientists who furnish this conservative estimate admit that these bluff dwellers might just as easily have inhabited these natural caves three thousand years ago. But as scientists they prefer to err, if at all, on the side of conservatism.

Uncle Sam, With Films, Teaches Farm Truths

Department of Agriculture Equipped With Elaborate Studio

THE only government-operated motion-picture-producing and film-distributing laboratory in the world was recently dedicated in Washington, D. C. The United States Department of Agriculture, in its efforts to present scientific agricultural truths by means of the screen, has reserved a new, fireproof, brick building for the use of the Motion Picture Division. This structure occupies 10,000 square feet of floor space. With the complete laboratory furnished, the department is the first government agency to engage in the manufacture and distribution of motion picture films on an extensive scale.

Fred W. Perkins, in charge of the division, has directed this line of educational activity for Uncle Sam during a period of years and has fostered its development from a "one-camera idea," a side line to publicity, to its present expansion into a full-fledged project. Mr. Perkins was formerly attached to the press service of the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, and antedating that connection he was engaged in newspaper and magazine writing. Like some other members of the craft, he has the happy faculty of clothing drab scientific subjects with entertaining qualities.

Staging a "movie" in the studio of the new motion picture laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture.

If a visitor makes an excursion through the laboratory, he or she will have observed the various stages and processes entering into this kind of photography. Other than the well-lighted and ventilated studio atop the building, there are reservations for making titles to the pictures, developing, drying and assembling the scenes. There is a staining room, where the film is given a particular color, as the scene may suggest. For instance, a moonlight portrayal is effected by a blue stain, while a forest fire takes on a brilliant red hue. The workers in both the printing and developing rooms perform their duties under the reflection of red lights. The drying room is quarters wherein the films are wound around revolving drums and dried. The assembling room is where the films are inspected, cleaned, and handled. Six film vaults, each having a capacity of 1,026 reels of 1,000 feet of film, are reserved for storing the motion picture productions.

The projection booth and projection room are immediately at the rear of the offices of the motion picture building. Here the films, designed to carry the lessons of improved agricultural practices to approximately 30,000,000 farming folk, are flashed on the screen for official inspection. For instance, while this writer was spending an afternoon exploring, there came over the telephone a request to Mr. Perkins from a woman worker in the extension field requesting exhibitions of the films pertaining to the manufacture of Roquefort cheese and Swiss cheese in America. A foreign nation had requested a loan of these films. Hardly had this demonstration been completed before a telephone call came from the Bureau of Entomology asking the privilege of seeing the picture entitled, "Fighting Western Pine Beetle."

This is a pictorial story describing the destructive tactics employed by an insect in making waste of the pine timber in the Pacific Coast states and methods for controlling the activities of this beetle.

The new motion picture laboratory is likely to be the assembling point of scientific societies and other organizations interested in the production and distribution of agricultural information. Only recently, the agricultural editors, in session in Washington, gathered in this workshop to witness the methods of Uncle Sam in sending his gospel of better farming to the uttermost corners of the nation through the eyes of the motion picture camera.

The White House Photographers' Association, a local organization of camera men who make a million, more or less, pictures of the President, and "snap" the celebrities visiting the White House, is to hold a session in this motion picture laboratory. It is also to serve as a rendezvous for occasional meetings of the chiefs of the respective bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, and from time to time scientific organizations will study the ways whereby Uncle Sam is using the camera to teach agricultural truths.

These uses, however, are only incidental to the major purpose of this motion picture laboratory, namely, the production and distribution of films for displaying on screens in rural communities. These educational pictures are designed to serve the needs of the farmer on a diversity of subjects, as typified in a testimonial from L. L. Heller, of the Cook County Farm Bureau, in Illinois, when he wrote: "You will get more farmers interested in better farming through motion pictures than in any other way. After they have seen the government's film on the control of hog cholera there is little danger that they will not know the disease when they see it, and take the necessary control measures. The importance of disposing of the carcasses is pictured in their brain by the lights and shadows of the screen."

In the case of a film designed to impress upon farmers the necessity of eradicating cattle ticks, there is the bit of impressive testimony from an agricultural representative in Texas, when he writes: "Have seated as many as one hundred children on the floor—close to the screen, with every window and door crowded full of men and boys like bees around a hive, and women standing for an hour and a quarter with babies in their arms, and not a murmur because of their discomfort, and not a soul would leave the room until the show was over."

"Exit Ascaris," strange title that it is, in reality is a label on a government film describing methods for ridding hogs of the roundworm, a destructive internal parasite. "We would certainly like to see the film shown to every hog-raiser in the country," says the National Swine Growers Association. "Out of the Shadows" is the title of a motion picture production that warns of the danger of tuberculosis among cows with respect to the possibility of this bovine disease being transmitted to human beings that drink milk from infected animals.

The Motion Picture Division, with its personnel of seventeen and with six cameras in use, has already made excursions into every state. In its search for accurate and complete details on more than one hundred subjects, the motion picture photographer goes afield constantly. For instance, during a single trip recently the photographic party crossed the backbone of the Rocky Mountains, and visualized for exhibition on the screen a forest fire 12,000 feet above sea level. From this commanding elevation, the motion picture photographer traveled to California, where pictures of date culture were taken at a descending point 2,000 feet below sea level. This trip afield included a number of airplane flights, from which vantage points the photographer could better visualize the objects sought.

Uncle Sam's collection of motion pictures now includes 160 films. For about a decade the United States Department of Agriculture, through its Division of Publications, has in a modest way recognized the value of the screen as a medium upon which to display the fruits of research. Not until recently, however, has this government department placed its stamp of approval upon this method of disseminating information in an elaborate fashion.

The subjects filmed by Uncle Sam run the gamut of agriculture. The range of farming topics extends from reels indicating methods of controlling roundworms in pigs to a film describing methods of building concrete roads. The titles are catchy; purposely alluring as a means of "sugar-coating" subjects that are frequently uninviting.

Legends of Lovely Isle Royal Find Origin With Indians

Concluded from page 6

found copper in abundance. Minong in Indian parlance meant the "good place to find copper."

All the explorers from Radisson to Alexander Henry seem to have been impressed with the riches of "Minong," as Isle Royal began to be called. Indeed it is quite evident that Benjamin Franklin and the other commissioners representing the United States of America who negotiated the treaty of peace with Great Britain had in mind the mineral resources of Isle Royal when they stipulated that the northern boundary line should pass through the middle of the Great Lakes and north of Isle Royal—thus including this interesting island within the territory of the United States. Nothing, however, was done to determine the extent of these reputed mineral deposits until some time later.

The Indian traditions of fabulous copper deposits filtered down through the two centuries that followed Radisson's discovery of the island, losing nothing but rather gaining color from the imagination of the voyagers who covered the waters of the Northwest with their canoes in search of furs and fame. Nothing definite was done, however, until just before the middle of the last century—then the work began. It was a period of great mining excitement. The forty-niners were crossing the continent to reach the gold fields of California. It was remembered that there was copper to be had for the mining in and about Lake Superior. Companies were accordingly formed backed by large capital to exploit the riches of this "north sea."

Docks and lighthouses were built along the sheltered coves of Isle Royal, shafts were sunk and mining villages sprang up to house the growing population. Copper had been discovered on Keweenaw Point and iron at Marquette on the Gogebic range. All went swimmingly for a time—then came the crash of 1857 and the bubble burst.

The ambitious villages have long since gone to ruin. The storms of three-fourths of a century have left little above the surface, and time is fast filling the abandoned shafts. He who cares to explore the island may find among the wild roses of the open glades and the second growth of white birch on the hillside the bleached and broken headstones that mark the graves of these hopes that were.

On little Siskowit Bay you may find, if you look well, the ruins of an old dock. Two miles back from this may still be found traces of the "Island Mine"—a few crumbling foundations and the mouth of a shaft. Here was once a village with a church, a schoolhouse, a post office and the clustered buildings of a mine that gave life to six hundred souls. The place is silent now. The scars made by the road on the hillside are all but healed with a covering of briers and wild flowers and where the streets once were white birches gleam in the sunshine.

Guarding the entrance to Rock Harbor stands an abandoned lighthouse. Its lanterns are empty now. But seventy years ago they lighted the way to a scene of unusual interest, for back of the hill slope were located the "Douglas" and "Harbor" mines—the former named for Stephen A. Douglas, one of the owners—great prospects that promised wealth to the promoters. Extensive docks and expensive plants were erected; a fleet of vessels was purchased and placed in commission and a lighthouse was built to guard the entrance to the harbor. But like its neighbor on the Little Siskowit, a day came when its light went out and the works that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars were abandoned. Time has done the rest. Chipmunks hoard their winter food in the crannies of the foundation walls; a fox grins at you from the mouth of the caving shaft and swallows nest in the chimneys of the stamp mill. On a near-by island washed by the unsympathetic waves is a graveyard, now covered with wild briers—here rest the mortal remains of this enterprise that failed.

They were patient workers, those ancient people, and they left here a history of their mining methods that he who runs may read. With infinite toil they mined the metal, blasting the rock with fire and water, then freeing the metal with stone hammers.

Their fate, as far as the records of Isle Royal are concerned, bears the stamp of tragedy. In the full flush of their success they staked their tools, cached their surplus metal and went south, probably before the winter storms. They never came back. What overtook them no one knows—the earth seems to have opened and swallowed them up. It may have been war that put a sudden period to their industry. It is known positively that they were here in considerable numbers—that they had a well-organized mining equipment after the fashion of their times. Small caches of free copper that have been discovered show that they transported their output south by the way of the Sault St. Marie and also across the Upper Peninsula of Michigan by way of Keweenaw Point. Where they took the metal or who they were must be a matter of conjecture.

When Country and City Make the Same Grade

Rural Improvements Should Keep Up Hand in Hand With Urban Activity

By FRANZ A. AUST
Associate Professor of Landscape Design, University of Wisconsin.

IS IT possible that, like overgrown youngsters in school, both city and country have been allowed to "skip grades" because "they're so large for their age"?

Ever since a certain December day in 1773 when iced tea and revolution were brewed in Boston Harbor, this nation of ours has indeed been growing up very fast. Industries and agriculture have developed so rapidly that few of us have stopped to consider whether America could shoot up so speedily and still remain unharmed.

Much timber has been necessary for building and for fuel, so we have cut down our forests. Streams of water have been coaxed into the dry lands to give them more moisture and out of the swamp lands to give them less moisture. The brush lines in the unsettled parts of the country have been pushed back more and more until even the poets have begun to sing about the "last of the frontier."

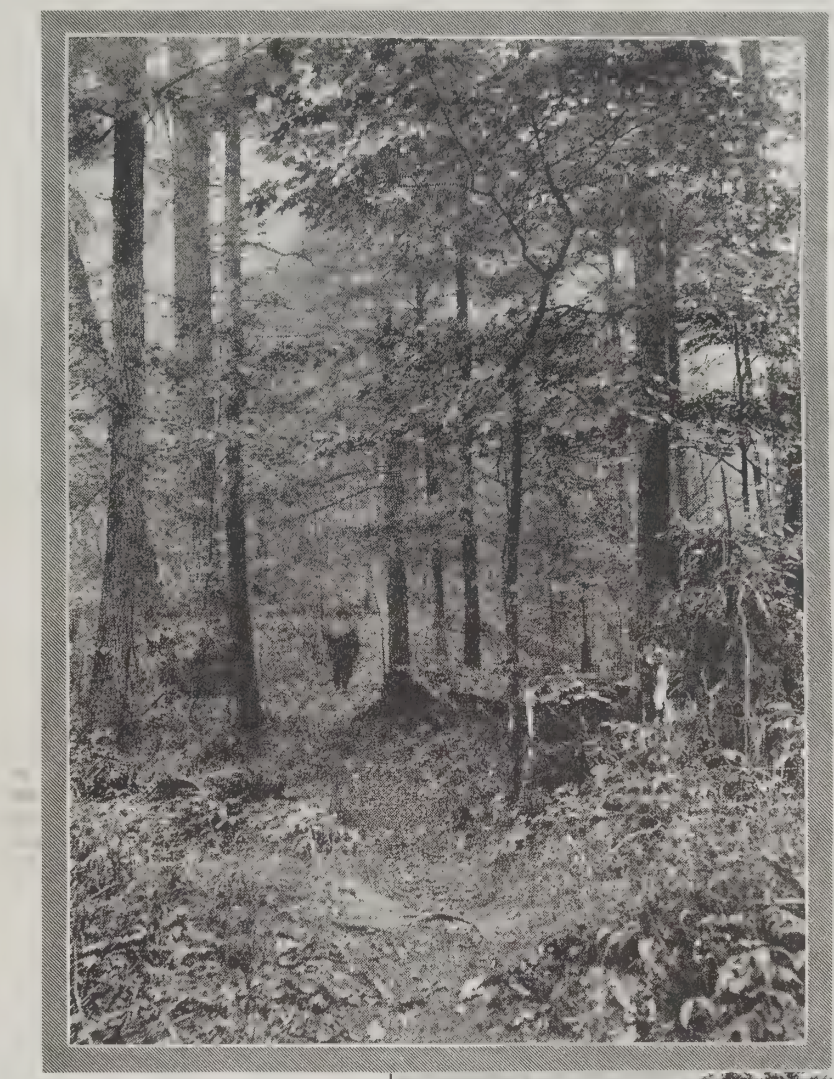
Changes like these affect climate and soil conditions everywhere. The cutting down of woodlands is lessening the great underground reservoirs where moisture for crops was wont to be stored as in a sponge. Where swamps have been drained, too, especially those far from lake or ocean, these reservoirs—the great balancers of moisture conditions—have been destroyed.

In parts of Illinois and Indiana, rainfall is not so evenly distributed as it was because the original forests scattered over the prairie lands have been removed; since the wind has free play over the land, the soil dries out too quickly; and when storms do come, there is sure to be intense erosion.

This same erosion, besides injuring crops and fields, is the cause of the filling up of river beds. Streams, large and small, all over the country, therefore, have not the power they possessed in the olden days.

What is the reason we have allowed rural America, precocious child though she is, to go on being promoted too rapidly at the expense of her physical health?

For years the cry has been, "Develop America's industries!" And beaten paths have been trod from forest to mill, from mine to factory, from country garden to city market and cannery. The quantities and varieties of products which our nation has been able to turn out at lightning-quick speed are tremendous. So it is no wonder that city eyes have become focused upon "How much can be done," unmindful of the beauty and the inspiration and even the needs of the country whence came that excellent material with which to work. Cities have in a sense been cut off from their vision of the out-of-doors, one of the "grades" most needed as a foundation for their best future work. And the country has been rushed along to keep up with city industry.



Above—The cutting down of woodlands like these is lessening the great underground reservoirs where the water for crops was wont to be stored as in a sponge. Right—Where original forests have been removed, there is intense erosion when storms do come, making it necessary to build costly concrete dikes.

An effort, however, has been made to direct city-America's growth in the right way. In 1893, a great World's Fair in Chicago, by means of its exquisite landscape designs, first stimulated interest in planning the city. Washington, D. C., as an example to all other cities, responded directly by transplanting within its boundaries an abundance of natural beauty. Today, there is scarcely a large city in the nation without suitable park plans and zoning laws. It is the natural reaction against the sight of brick and concrete walls and glaring pavements and the roar of machinery. Consciously or unconsciously it has been found necessary to bring back to folks that source of inspiration to move onward and upward—the great out-of-doors. And so we have tried in a small way to replace it, and thus to attain a greater degree of perfection in industrial centers.

But in this natural eagerness to gain the highest and best for industry, we have allowed rural America to "skip her grade" of country planning. For in all the thirty years since city planning was started, no general plan has been provided in the country to set aside land for the replacing of trees so rapidly taken away. No lands have been selected as moisture reservoirs; no general highway system has been worked out which would be best for the farm and the farmer as well as for the traveler; community centers have not been planned so that there would be greatest enjoyment, convenience, health, and good-fellowship for all.

And so it all boils down to this:

Cities are trying through city planning to extend themselves into the great out-of-doors, and thus to avoid missing the inspiration they need. The country must make up the "grade" she has "skipped" in trying to keep up with industry. Why should not city and country, by means of a broader country planning, steadily make their "grades" together? Only thus will be formed that bond of sympathy so much desired between the folk of the farm and those of the city street.

"It is owning a piece of ground which gives a man a definite part in the program of life," some one has said. Perhaps the very lack of this has been the cause in large measure of the social unrest of today. When country planning serves whole states as city planning has tried to serve the city, every citizen will feel a common interest in a piece of ground set aside especially to furnish the inspiration which the out-of-doors brings. That piece of ground should be large enough so that a man from the city can lose himself in it and forget that factories and railroads, strife and stress, ever existed. It should supply some of the social needs of the country community. It should give back to the nation some of that nature-health and nature-beauty which have been taken away. A few states have already made a beginning in this wider country planning. Massachusetts, through her extension division and town planning law, is reaching New England village and rural community center. California, too, has country planning laws in connection with her state colonization work.

In Wisconsin, a law has recently been passed which will go far toward causing the state to do her share in preserving the health and beauty of the nation, in supplying to city folk their inspiration, and to country folk their social life.

By means of her rural planning law, Wisconsin is arranging for the best possible roads. She plans for community centers where folks can come together for business and for pleasure. Country parks and playgrounds and tourist camps and fair grounds are all receiving consideration; community woodlands are to be set aside, and historic shrines are to be marked. Land along the river fronts and the lake shores, and beautiful outlooks from hilltops are being reserved for folks to enjoy.

A commissioner is appointed. He works with the state highway commission and with the state college of agriculture. He consults with the director of immigration in helping to place settlers on cut-over lands. He works with the various counties in their rural planning.

Every county, too, has a country planning committee. In addition to other duties, this committee consults with the town boards concerning designs for public buildings and bridges; it helps to choose designs and locations for works of art in public buildings, and for statues and memorials, so that these may all be permanent and dignified and suitable. It provides for the locations of community centers and for community parks and woodlands, so that all the residents of a certain section may have equal use of them. It gives advice about the planting of trees and shrubs and flowers along the highways so that they will not interfere with that highway's best service, and yet will furnish beauty and shade for all who pass that way.

Since the law has been passed, more than sixty per cent of Wisconsin's counties have organized, and many of them have started work. LaCrosse, the county where Hamlin Garland was born, has perhaps done more than any other by setting aside sixteen wayside parks, of from one to five acres in size, and two larger park areas. Funds have been raised for the care of the parks, but certain citizens have been public-spirited enough to contribute nearly all of the land. And the sites are well chosen. Old historical trails, a view of the coulies of which the famous author wrote, a beautiful outlook over the Mississippi, have often determined the location. All that this generation can do is to lay the foundation for America's future nature-health and nature-beauty and nature-inspiration for the millions of folks to come. City planning has become permanent. Country planning has just begun. And those who are giving of their time and energy today toward making the best of America's out-of-doors are the pioneers.

Where Side Shows Get Their Wild Men

"SEE Minny-ha-ha, that strange girl from the wilds of Madagascar," shouts the barker in front of the side show. "See a real royal princess of a tribe of savage aborigines. She looks like a monkey and yet she is human. Scientists claim that Minny-ha-ha is the real missing link for which they've been looking for thirty years. She is the only member left of a tribe of bloodthirsty cannibals who lived in the trees. In a battle with French soldiers, all her people were killed and she is now the only survivor of the race of monkey-men. Minny! Minny! Ha! Ha! Only ten cents to see the little lady who speaks the monkey language."

When the spieler had got his raucous anthropological harangue off his chest, you contributed your dime for the privilege of passing behind the gaudy canvas spread. You saw a spindle-armed, loose-jointed female creature with a head about the size of a grapefruit. She was dressed in a bizarre garb and lavishly adorned with a variety of ten-cent-store jewelry. Her complexion was a dark oak color (applied daily by her impresario).

Her forehead sloped back from the eyebrows in a straight incline to the crown of her head. Her diminutive skull came to a point on top like an inverted V. The hair on her head had been shaved off leaving a tuft at the crown which exaggerated her distorted appearance.

I happen to know that Minny-ha-ha was born not in Madagascar but in Southeastern Ohio in the hills that border on the Ohio River. She is not a rare specimen but has her duplicates in any institution for the feeble-minded.

She is what is technically known as a microcephalic idiot—"micro" being the Greek for small and "cephalic" meaning head. A microceph is a living argument for eugenics because this condition is entirely attributable to mental and physical defects, latent in the parents, which have been transmitted in grotesque form.

The Wild Man from Borneo, formerly an attraction with Barnum & Bailey's circus some years ago, was retired to the obscurity of a New York institution for the feeble-minded, where he is known simply as "Joe." Joe has a gnomish appearance, is about four feet tall, has a dark leathery skin and more wrinkles in his forehead than I have ever seen—a truly furrowed brow.

Joe also is an idiot, that is, he has less intelligence than a three-year-old child. He is unable to talk but jabbers occasionally or merely grunts. His greatest intelligence is displayed when he approaches visitors and feels their pockets to see if they have brought him any chocolate. Joe is of the type of feeble-mindedness known as cretinism.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The machete is the universal implement in Costa Rica and other Caribbean countries, and it is carried by every country laborer. It is used for chopping brush and trees, clearing ground; cutting grass and sugar cane, killing and skinning animals, for offense and defense, and for almost every conceivable purpose. Two types are used: The machete de suelo which has a long blade rounded at the end with the cutting edge sloping toward the handle, the end being much broader than that part near the handle; the other simply a long straight knife.

A gross profit of $379,000 was made by the Leviathan on her maiden trip, according to figures issued at Washington. Receipts on the outward voyage from New York to Europe were $411,000 and those on the return trip $368,000. The actual operating expenditures, not including capital cost and other overhead, for the round trip totaled $400,000.

Edward W. Bok will pay $100,000 for the best practicable peace plan. This plan must provide a practicable means whereby the United States can take its place and do its share toward preserving world peace, while not making compulsory the participation of the United States in European wars, if any such are, in the future, found unpreventable.

Peanut oil is one of the prime necessities of the average Chinese in South China. As a cooking oil and foodstuff it means to the Chinese what olive oil does to the Spaniard or Italian and lard to the American. Large stocks of peanut oil are always maintained in Hongkong. Most of the local oil is crushed from nuts grown in the colony, South China and in North China.

During a debate in the South African Assembly relative to an appropriation of a quarter of a million pounds for the relief of unemployment, two radicals from Johannesburg chained themselves to the rail of the public gallery, and from there insisted on addressing the House. It required half an hour to unchain them. General Smuts and the Speaker of the House refused to prosecute the offenders.

The Paris City Loan Bank, or municipal pawnshop, has added an automobile section to its activities. Two plots of land have been acquired on which garages are being built for the purpose of housing machines of temporarily impoverished sportsmen.

They are turning tin cans into copper in Arizona. In many of the mining centers carloads of tin cans as well as scrap iron are put through a process to extract the copper from water seepage pumped from the mines. The water contains a small quantity of copper and the scrap iron and cans go into solution and the copper is deposited in the bottom of the sluices containing the scrap. A very low expense is involved in this process.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

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In case of a bite from a venomous snake far from hospitals and doctors: Grasp the limb above the bite. Tie tightly and knot strings. This will localize the poison. Make ten deep incisions with sharp knife or razor crisscross over the snake punctures, five each way at right angles which will result in a checkerboard effect directly over the fang marks. Suck out poison that does not come out with flowing blood. In thirty minutes loosen string but if poison effects follow tighten string again. This must all be done quickly.

A wild rubber plant, resembling slightly the Texas greasewood bush, grows in Texas. It is the only rubber-producing plant known to grow uncultivated in North America. It is found in the Big Bend country of both Texas and Mexico. There is a rubber factory located in Brewster County, Texas, which manufactures rubber from this plant.

Twice within a few weeks the Imperial German flag has been hoisted on Dutch soil, once at Wieringen, when a yacht called *Hohenzollern* flew it on the occasion of a mysterious visit to the ex-Crown Prince, and again over a seaside villa in which the ex-Kaiser was visiting. A prominent London daily states that the ex-Crown Prince is planning his escape to Germany, that he is in communication with the German Nationalists, and that he is popular among ex-soldiers.

When the sea birds gather on the isles of the Pacific Northwest in Alaska and British Columbia, in June, the Indian follows the white-winged flocks for his summer harvest of eggs. He takes only the first and fresh-laid clutches, allowing the later eggs to hatch. But international law must be rigidly observed and the migratory birds are protected in their nesting. There may be some excuse for the Indian in gathering these eggs, for his forbears did so thousands of years ago. However, there is none for white men or Japanese, who would sell these eggs in bakeries and restaurants of the coast cities, and it is with these nest pirates that the law is operating most.

Grass is growing luxuriantly on the tops of thousands of freight cars lying idle in the railroad yards of the Ruhr Valley. Most of them are filled with merchandise and have not turned a wheel since the Belgians and French marched into the industrial area last January.

School children all over England are playing the races, deserting their books for bookies. Testimony given by a woman school teacher at the government's inquiry into betting revealed that out of a class of forty-two boys, averaging eleven years old, nineteen admitted they backed horses. She also suspected others in the class of playing the ponies with their pennies. She said they talk about form, the size of the horses and the abilities of the jockies. The youth of the land hardly get off their rocking horses before beginning to back the real thing.

The new honeymoon cars made by the Pullman Company insure daytime as well as nighttime privacy to passengers. The cars already are in operation on most of the transcontinental roads. When the berths are made up, a new style partition going from the seat to the ceiling gives the occupants absolute seclusion. Newlyweds hail the innovation with joy.

Alaska is capable of raising every pound of beef, every sort of vegetable, and every pound of butter or other dairy product that her people will need till the white population increases to 200 times its present number.

The Schlosspark Theater in Steglitz, a suburb of Berlin, is taking farm produce in lieu of money. For the best theater seats the price is a pound of butter, or the equivalent in marks at that day's butter quotation. The cheapest seats are sold for two eggs, or their value in paper marks.

Morris Gest has succeeded in extricating from Bolshevik Russia his father and mother, his two sisters and their children—twenty-one of his kin, in all. A Paris dispatch states that it is doubtful if he would have been successful in obtaining passports for his people but for the aid of officials of the American Relief Association. He will bring the twenty-one to America as soon as the necessary arrangements are made for their admission.

MEETING THE "FACT" SHORTAGE

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The "Cease and Desist" in Unfair Business

Federal Trade Commission Activities in Breaking Up Dubious Practices Reveal a Certain Class as Heaviest Offenders

IT WOULD seem that the Federal Trade Commission could expedite its business and better protect the consumer and reputable business man by creating a "Bureau of Jewish Affairs" to cope with the problem created by exploiters of the buying public.

The records of the commission disclose an interesting condition of affairs when its list of Jewish offenders is studied. Jewish individuals and concerns were the object of between twenty-one per cent and thirty-three per cent of the orders to "cease and desist" from unfair methods of competition, according to the latest volume of decisions published by the commission. It is difficult to establish the full extent of the Jewish violations of the law enforced by the commission since so many Jews operate under general company names while many others have adopted good old American family names.

Volume four of the decisions of the commission, the last one published, would indicate that considering the percentage of Jewish population, they get into the toils of the Federal Trade Commission proportionately about seven times as often as the rest of the population.

Uncle Sam's official reports upon these exponents of Jewish business methods make racy reading. They deserve a wider circulation. The law clerks and trade papers immediately concerned should share this new literature with those who like to read the romance of business.

An Enterprising Group

ONE of the most persistent offenders is the Wolper aggregation of Chicago, a group in the mail order grocery field. Louis, Jacob and Albert Wolper doubtless believe the Federal Trade Commission is a handicap to enterprising men.

The commission vainly tried to squelch the Wolpers by issuing a "cease and desist" order Docket 352, October 25, 1920, against L. I. and H. B. Wolper, copartners trading under the Gentile names and styles of "Errant-Knight Co., Lewis Grocery Company, and Ira Lester Company." This interesting collection of Gentile letterheads was the basis for the Wolpers' attempt to dupe those who take Gentile advertising at its face value because of the general good character of most present-day advertisers.

The commission found that the Wolpers advertised a "free" catalog which could only be obtained through ordering One Dollar's worth of groceries. They claimed to sell sugar at three cents a pound when its wholesale price was nine and one-half cents and difficult to obtain and flour was offered at $7 a barrel when its wholesale price was $12.75 a barrel. They compelled buyers to purchase "combination" lots of groceries to obtain these ostensible bargains in sugar and flour. The commission found the prices and qualities of the other items in the combination lots were so manipulated that the customer paid more for his merchandise than if it had been purchased through regular retail channels. The Wolpers claimed to control the entire output of factories and to have such buying power that their customers could save thirty per cent after paying the freight charges. They did about $10,000 worth of business a month during the first four months of their operations.

Although the Wolpers abandoned these particular Gentile trade names in compliance with the orders of the commission, they did not stop their practices. They immediately started up as "Alben-Harley" with the four Wolpers in charge. There is an old established and honorable mail order grocery house by the name of Harley whose good will was endangered by the ubiquitous Wolpers.

Even in Coal Business

THE commission detected the new Wolper concern and in its second report found they were making more deceptive offers than when they were first tried. The commission clearly states that it is the same business it had previously ordered discontinued, Docket 706. John F. Rosen was attorney for the Wolpers in these cases.

The coal mining and selling concerns have been accused of many things, but nothing much worse than the commission's finding against Ruby K. Levy, of Chicago, and the modest Samuel Levy, her husband, whom she employed as her general manager in the operation of their Bernice Coal Company. Time did not permit an investigation of the reason for putting the Levy's business in the wife's name. The syllabus of the case tells the tale which does not need any adornment:

"Where the operators of certain Southwestern coal mines, the product of which greatly resembled Pennsylvania anthracite, long marketed the same extensively as "Bernice Anthracite" under which name it had become widely and favorably known to the trade and to the consuming public; and thereafter a middle western coal dealer, and her general manager (husband), who neither dealt in the genuine Bernice anthracite, nor owned nor operated coal mines.

"Adopted and used the trade names Bernice Coal Company and Guaranty Coal Mining Company in their business of selling coal purchased in wholesale quantities from mine operators and other dealers; and

"Published and circulated booklets and other advertising matter wherein was written and featured 'Bernice Coal Company' and 'Bernice Burns Best' and wherein was set forth that they sold coal direct from their 'Bernice' mines, and so forth." Ordered to "cease and desist."

Rochester, New York, has obtained an unusual position in the men's fine clothing manufacturing industry. It is unique in having one of the few remaining Gentile factors in the business. The good working conditions; high quality of product and excellent business methods of Rochester concerns have tempted certain Jews in New York City and other places where sweatshops are operated to palm off their stuff as Rochester clothing.

The commission became so aroused over the situation that on July 23, 1923, it sent a notice to the press of the country denouncing the practice and naming Samuel Blum, who used the words "High Class Tailored Rochester Art Clothes," and Philip Moskowitz, trading under the name of "Rochester Clothing Company," although both of these fellows sell clothing manufactured in New York City.

Ho[illegible] similar fame should not be denied to M. Nagelberg and E. Feigenbaum, partners styling themselves "Rochester Tailoring Company." The commission told them they couldn't manufacture clothing in Scranton, Pennsylvania, under such a misleading name.

The roll of dishonor includes Henry J. Briede and W. P. Rogovsky, of Chicago, who did business under the names of Briede and Rogovsky; Schwabe Brothers; The Old Woolen Mills Company and the National Tailoring Company. The commission found this much-named pair did not operate an old woolen mill or any other mill and that it was pirating the good will of the old established International Tailoring Company.

More Jewish offenses in the clothing business could be described, but let us explore the cutlery field.

Objectionable Practices

THE ancient Cutlers Company, of Sheffield, England, whose function is to take care of the trade-marks and protect the name of Sheffield in the cutlery industry, successfully opposed Samuel Bernstein's crude attempt to dignify his Cuba, New York, junk with a "Sheffield" trade-mark. The Examiner of Interference in the Washington Patent Office told Sammy, in effect, "Yes, we have no trade-marks for Hebrew 'Sheffield' knives made in Cuba, New York."

Bernstein's optimism was not repressed by these snubs. He went ahead scorning official trade-marks until the commission cut him down with a "cease and desist" order.

Sol Goodman and Adolph and Irvine Greenspan, trading under the name of the Solus Manufacturing Company, were sternly informed by the commission that they were not selling razors in accordance with the law.

Irving Stern, Irving Kestin, S. W. Singer and D. M. Rosenberg, styling themselves Singer, Stern & Company, were informed by the commission when it looked into their little razor business "that such mislabeling or misrepresentation of price under the circumstances set forth constituted an unfair method of competition."

Marx Finstone, Shatkun & Kahn, Abraham Shatkun, Levin Brothers and several others were ordered to "cease and desist" from wholesaling cheap fountain pens, at from ten cents to fifty cents each, in display cases or cards indicating to the retail buyer that they were regular high-priced merchandise.

Washington, D. C., is a sort of Jerusalem for Hebrew merchants, as any pedestrian on Pennsylvania avenue knows. Walking through its retail district on Sunday morning one finds scores of them doing a wide-open business. The Federal Trade Commission has on numerous occasions found it necessary to interpret business ethics to some of these people.

A. Lisner trading under the name "Palais Royal" was ordered to stop advertising ordinary nitrated cellulose toilet articles as "white ivory."

No Charge for Credit!

THE Julius Lansburg Furniture Company was engaged in making the false statement in its advertisements that it made no extra charge for credit. The commission ordered this and several other concerns to stop this practice of deceiving credulous poor people.

The Jews have been practicing enormous frauds upon the consuming public through the position they have obtained in the sponge business and the practices the commission has found them employing. Whenever a certain sort of Jew enters a trade or industry he soon becomes notorious for lowering its standards and practices. The user of sponges will be thrilled to read of the tribute he has been paying to the commercial pirates whose product comes from the Spanish Main where buccaneering was once conducted under more honorable standards. Morgan might have hanged a trader at the yard arm for selling him sponges loaded as these modern traders have been doing.

Lasker & Bernstein; Joseph Bloch, Inc.; H. L. Ettman Sponge Company; M. F. Rosenbaum and other Jews too numerous to mention were put under the interdict of the commission for defrauding the public through deceptive practices in the sponge business.

Extracts from the findings in the case of Lasker & Bernstein reflect the other cases as well.

"That in the conduct of its business respondent for more than two years prior to the filing of the complaint had been engaged in artificially increasing the weight of sponges by a process of soaking said sponges in a solution of a substance or substances such as salt, Epsom salts, glucose, glycerine and sugar;. . . .

"That the total cost of 'loading' one pound of sponge including the cost of ingredients and labor is approximately twenty cents; . . . . that the sole purpose of 'loading' is to increase the weight of the sponges while they are in the channels of commerce before they have reached the ultimate user; that when said sponges are put into use the substance introduced in the process of loading is generally washed out and lost.

"That respondent in selling 'loaded' sponges to sponge packers and wholesale dealers did not disclose or make known to the amount of matter artificially added; that the loading of said sponges was paid for by said sponge packers and wholesale dealers.

"Loading" of Sponges

"THAT the 'loading' of sponges is a fraudulent and deceptive practice and results in injury to the public.

"That the sale of 'loaded' sponges has the tendency and capacity to and does force competitors also to sell 'loaded' sponges to the injury of competitors who do not sell 'loaded' sponges and to the injury of the public."

Several years ago the government made a Jewish concern its exclusive agent for dressing and selling the Alaska fur-seal skins, which are a government monopoly. The government and the contractors have been under a continuous fire of criticism ever since they were made. *That one branch of the government was after the contractor for his business methods while another branch was strenuously defending the contractor against other charges* and United States Senator Seldon P. Spencer, of Missouri, was doing missionary work for the contractor, and his law firm was its retained counsel, makes a sordid chapter in Washington history.

Since it is not generally known that the Federal Trade Commission has had its eye on the fur-seal contractor the following quotation from the annual report of the commission for 1922 is given—(the italics are ours):—

"Complaint No. 599—Federal Trade Commission vs. International Trade Exchange, Funsten Brothers & Company, F. C. Taylor Fur Company (all three joint concerns and the government fur-seal contractor) and Mallory, Mitchell & Faust. Charge: Using unfair methods of competition by *refusing to advertise in newspapers except upon condition that the advertising matter from competitors setting forth the prices said competitors are willing to pay for furs purchased from trappers and hunters be declined;* and that by reason of the position of respondents in the fur purchasing business *newspapers have been so coerced* with the effect of depriving the owners of furs of the means of knowing the prices competitors of said respondents are willing to pay therefor, in alleged violation of section five of the Federal Trade Commission Act.

Public Should Act

"DISPOSITION: Dismissed for the reason that the International Fur Exchange; Funsten Brothers Company and the F. C. Taylor Fur Company have gone out of business."

Since the Fouke Fur Company, controlled by the Eitingon-Schild Company, was created upon the failure of the above concerns and was given the government fur-seal contract the concerns under the charges of the commission had been handling, one's curiosity is aroused.

Did Colonel Fouke, Spencer & Donnell or Senator Spencer, whoever informed the commission that these concerns had gone out of business, give the commission the whole story and permit it to know that the Fouke Fur Company had taken over its business and contract with the government? Has the commission satisfied itself that the successor concern, so far as the contract is concerned, is refraining from the practices charged in Complaint No. 599?

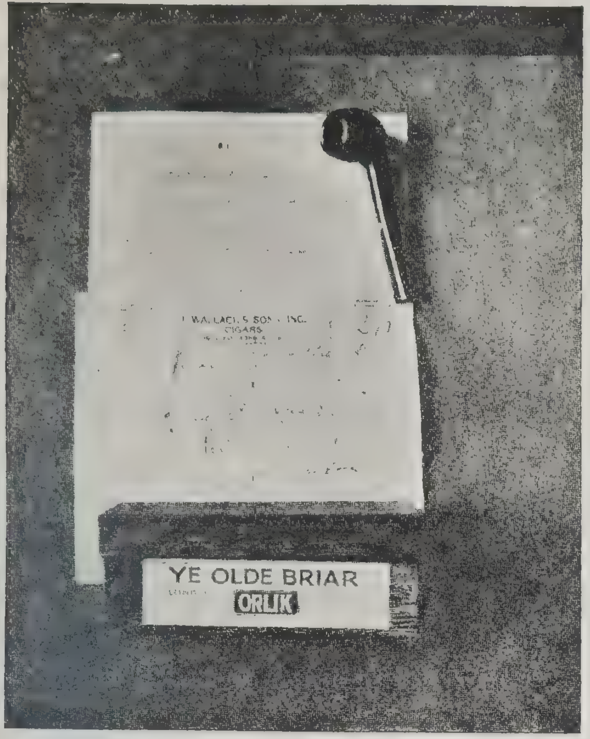
The last inquiry is made because it has been charged that the Eitingon-Schild Company, which controls the Fouke Fur Company, is endeavoring to control the fur business of the world, and that its position as exclusive government contract puts it and its subsidiaries in the very position to coerce the press that is mentioned in the official charge.

Of course if the Fouke Fur Company is not doing the things the commission charged its predecessors, also controlled by Colonel Fouke, with doing, the commission was justified in dropping the matter; but the record does not make mention of the successor concern.

It is hoped publication of these facts will put the public on its guard and cause people promptly to notify the Federal Trade Commission of similar deceptions.

A Little Story on Retail Store Profits Your Paper Didn't Publish

Yes, of Course, It Is True That It Wouldn't Be Good Policy to Risk Offending the Advertisers, and *You* Don't Count, You Know



A briar pipe made in England and landed in this country at a cost of $\$1.09\frac{9}{10}$ was sold for \$5.00, the percentage of retail price to landed cost being 357.

AMERICA, enjoying another business boom, is optimistic, and therefore not much attention has been paid to a warning against price inflation sounded a few weeks ago by an official of the Treasury Department, who said in effect that the surest way to disrupt the new era of prosperity is by profiteering, indicating at the same time that such a movement for excess profit taking had already been started in certain retail lines. In other words, the lesson of the so-called "buyers' strike" has been forgotten.

It is quite likely that many commentators threw aside the clipping containing the warning of the Treasury official in the honest belief that he was merely of an apprehensive turn of mind, and without the least suspicion that he may have had facts and figures on which to base his charge of profiteering. But the fact is that he did have the figures, based on actual purchases and backed up by photographs and other official records. It is true also that every newspaper in the United States receiving the *Congressional Record* has had the same figures, although for obvious reasons the newspapers could hardly be expected to do much about the situation therein revealed. A mark-up, for instance, of 757 per cent in the cost of a pearl necklace by B. Altman & Company, of New York City, is not an item for discussion in the news columns. And it is quite likely that Stern Brothers, of New York, are not particularly anxious to have the newspapers inform their readers of a mark-up of *two thousand, five hundred and eighty-eight per cent* in certain vegetable ivory buttons imported from Germany.

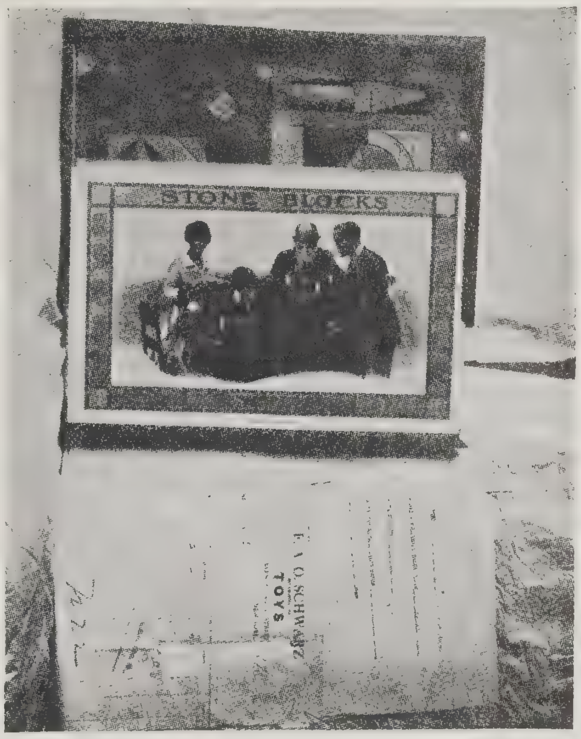
Those figures are taken at random from a government publication of which, curiously enough, little has been heard. It came to the attention of the writer through a confidential "tip" from a government employe who has been wondering for more than six months why the country has heard so little about it. He suggested that the volume had been "suppressed" and that it might be impossible to get a copy. Instead, it appears that the publication has been "forgotten" by a sort of mutual consent. Anybody can get a copy by writing to his Senator or Congressman at Washington, or it can be found in the files of the *Congressional Record*. And the story it tells is important to every American, either as consumer or as wage earner, or as both. Its interest is not only in its revelation of retail gouging of consumers. There is a lesson in it also for the manufacturer of what he may expect from European competition.

The volume referred to is entitled "Imported Merchandise and Retail Prices." It was printed on July 31, 1922, the following subtitle explaining why: "Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, pursuant to request of the Senate Committee on Finance, a report by the Treasury Department on Foreign and Landed valuation of imported merchandise and the retail selling price in the United States of the same commodities." It contains 120 pages of the textual and photographic records of 251 separate and distinct purchases of different articles of merchandise, the bulk of them made from stores in New York City. The first exhibit, however, tells of a purchase made June 12, 1922, from Rothchild & Company, Chicago. On that date an agent of the United States Treasury Department bought from that firm a pair of sixteen button ladies' kid gloves, twenty-four inch length, for \$6.95. The merchandise was traced by the government through customs and other channels. It was found that the gloves were made in Germany, where they were sold to the American importer for seventy-nine and one-half cents a pair. Transportation, freight, insurance and similar charges cost three and one-half cents a pair. The duty, at the rate of \$4.50 a dozen pairs, cost thirty-seven and one-half cents, making a total landed price in the United States of one dollar twenty and one-half cents. Therefore 477 per cent is the percentage of retail price to landed cost.

It may be thought that the percentage figures so far given are unusual, but such is not the case, as will be shown. Before going into the detail of the wide range of merchandise covered by the investigation, however, it may be well to quote from the official record explaining why the inquiry was undertaken

"For the purpose of obtaining official information concerning foreign values of imported merchandise and the retail selling price of this merchandise to the American consumer, the Treasury Department and the Senate Finance Committee undertook a joint investigation. At the request of the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee the Secretary of the Treasury ordered the Appraiser of Merchandise at the port of New York, where seventy-five per cent of our imports are received, to report the facts from government records showing the country of origin, the foreign value, transportation and other charges, the duty paid, and total landed cost of a large number of articles purchased by consumers in New York by request of representatives of the Finance Committee.

"The articles which make up the tariff exhibit cover a wide range of both necessities and luxuries, from common floorcloths, soap, shoes, knives, scissors, flatirons, and curling rods to silk embroidered lingerie, fancy clocks, laces, linens, hats, chinaware, doilies, pipes, cutlery and toys. This list could be extended indefinitely to embrace thousands of articles.



These stone blocks, turned out in Germany for $21\frac{7}{10}$ cents, were landed in the United States at a cost of 35 cents. They sold for \$4. The percentage of mark-up was merely 1,042.

"These articles were manufactured in more than a score of different countries, including China, Japan, England, France, Italy, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, Hungary, Belgium, Spain, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland, where the cost of production and of labor are far below similar costs in the United States, due to a variety of conditions, from depreciated money to lower standards of living and sanitation, longer hours of work and child labor.

"On the following pages will be found photographs of foreign articles and accompanying each the sales slip showing the retail selling price together with a brief report of the United States Government appraiser of the foreign value, landed costs, and so forth, of these commodities when they passed through the United States Custom House. The facts concerning the additional exhibits are given without photographs, although the original invoices and receipts are in the possession of the finance committee.

"In many cases the importer was also the retailer; in other cases, the importer has made his profit between the importation and the retail sale. In any event it will be noted that the landed cost to the importer of any article limits the selling price which an American manufacturer could secure for a similar or comparable article. If goods from abroad can be landed at a certain cost to the importer, the American manufacturer will have to meet this cost to compete with these imported articles on the basis of that landed cost.

"In submitting this report on the tariff exhibit to the Senate, the Finance Committee calls attention to the following facts established by the joint investigation of the Treasury Department and the committee:

"1. The low cost of foreign production.

"2. The low duty collected by the government.

"3. The vast amount and percentage of spread between the foreign value and American retail selling price, and the total landed cost and price to the consumer.

"4. That the duty collected and the duty proposed in the pending tariff bill should not increase the price of this merchandise to the consumer.

"5. That the duty proposed by the pending bill will in no instance stop importation.

"6. That the importer can easily pay the tariff duties without increasing the retail selling price. In other words, the spread between the foreign purchase price and the selling price by the importer is sufficient to absorb the tariff duty many times over without any increase of the selling price of any of these imported products."

In a letter signed by Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon accompanying the report the source of the information was stated as follows:

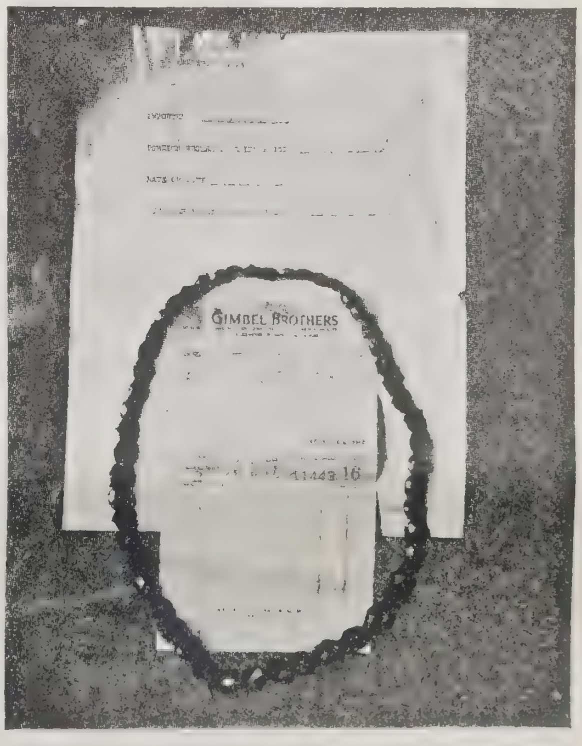
"This data was prepared in the office of the appraiser of merchandise at the port of New York from invoices and entries on file in the customs office at that port. Each sheet submitted bears an identification letter and number corresponding to the letter and number appearing on the particular article to which the sheet relates, the articles representing identical items of merchandise, or duplicates thereof, covered by the invoice and entry from which the data was secured.

"The exhibits in question were presented to the appraiser's office and inspected and identified by examiners who pass upon the particular lines of merchandise involved. Proper record has been kept by the appraiser of invoices and other sources of information, and the exhibits have been forwarded to your committee under customs supervision."

The first photograph in the document shows a reproduction of six table knives. Beside them is a sales slip showing that the knives were sold by Gimbel Brothers, New York, May 26, 1922, at thirty cents each. The records furnished by the government show that the total landed cost of each knife was three and eighty-five one-hundredths cents, so that the percentage of retail price to landed cost in this instance is 679. A mere 258 per cent mark-up for a glass lamp chimney and 280 per cent for a glass lamp dome, both purchased from R. H. Macy & Company, New York, are shown on the next page. After that comes the record of a sale of mustard fruit, in tins, from Italy, for seventy-five cents, a mark-up of only 167 per cent, and then a briar pipe from England, sold by J. Wallack Son, Inc., New York, at \$5, which yielded 357 per cent profit over the landed cost. Another jump is made on the next page, containing records of the sales of two electric flatirons, apparently exactly alike, by the Zuckerman Electric and Machine Company, of New York. On May 26 the profit over landed cost was 617 per cent, the iron selling for \$5.50. But on June 10 the same irons were sold for \$6.50, showing a mark-up of 747 per cent.

It would be possible to fill many pages with instances

(*Concluded on page 14*)



This little string of amber beads which came from Germany cost, landed in the United States, 76 cents. It sold for \$12.50. The percentage of mark-up was 1,544. Not bad, eh?

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Coal Can Make Coolidge

IN SPITE of the efforts of a few to ring the political fire bell, President Coolidge has the good wishes and—what is far more solemn—the almost pathetic good hopes of the American people. They are looking to him with more hopefulness than they have felt for a long time. There seems to be growing up a feeling that in this man there may be hidden reserves of determination and power which will swing the nation clear of some of the hindrances now distressing it.

Taken altogether, the national atmosphere is favorable to action. The spirit which was beginning to manifest itself during the latter months of Mr. Harding's service seems to have dissipated in the general shock following the President's sudden death. Many animosities and discouragements have disappeared and the dead President left behind the legacy of his fine personal nature rather than a legacy of political disagreements.

It does not matter that Mr. Coolidge is an astute politician. If he is so, we may be sure that the character of politician will gain dignity from him. He believes in party, but not as a stepping stone to office; he believes in party as indispensable to our American form of government. Moreover, he believes in party not in the sense of believing in his own party alone, but in the sense of believing in both great parties as the exponents of political principles and as the vehicles of the people's reactions to those principles.

Nor does it matter that in at least one appointment the newspapers pretended to be somewhat shocked by Mr. Coolidge's choice. There is a disposition to give the President the men he wants, if so be he can start the ball a-rolling and get something constructive done. To begin a policy of carping and snapping at the President is really to carp and snap at our national interests.

Mr. Coolidge has already made it plain that he is not to be fooled by useless conferences nor by useless confabulation about foreign affairs. He has already indicated that as he was able to keep himself with great good taste within the confines of his office as Vice-President, he is now able to assert himself easily in his office as President.

So that, taking it all together, there is rising in the country a spirit of hopefulness, not untinged in many quarters with the beginnings of a spirit of expectancy.

No one knows, at this writing, what the President has up his sleeve with regard to the coal situation. The intimations out of Washington seem to be entirely in the tone of confidence, without blustering. Announcement and not threatening seems to be the style of the new President.

It goes without saying that if President Coolidge shows the country an ability to handle the coal situation so that a full winter's fuel shall be put within the reach of all the people, it will not matter what he may do in other things, he will be hailed as a statesman and as America's friend. We have lacked statesmen who could do the daily things. Statesmen have been made by oratory, by diplomacy, by daring promises, by alluring visions of a Golden Age directly to appear.

Coal can make Coolidge.

The Nation Is in Session

A CORRESPONDENT objects to a statement which indicated that we are glad Congress is not in session. It is not that we have any disrespect for Congress or for Congressional sessions; we are glad because now the nation is in session.

Let us get rid of the notion that a Congressman is on duty only when he is in his seat or in his office at Washington. He is on duty from the time of his election to the time of his withdrawal, wherever he is. He is as much on duty when he is at home as when he is at the Capitol.

Indeed, it may be said that the nation gets more good out of the time its Federal representatives spend at home, than out of any time they spend away. For at home they feel what the people are thinking and hear what the people are saying. If laws are to amount to anything or if policies are to command the fealty of the people, it must be because laws and policies reflect the spirit of the people.

The atmosphere of Washington is vitiated. Members of Congress should be equipped with some kind of mental gas mask to prevent their minds being twisted. The point of view of Washington tends always to sink lower and lower toward the concerns of office and party. There are patriots there, many of them, but they don't set the pace. The deadly power of routine to lower the political morale is early felt by its victims, and easily seen by all observers. It really takes six months at home to equip a man to withstand two intensive months at Washington.

So that there is no loss to the country by Congress being at home. There is rather a great gain. When Congress reassembles it will know exactly where the public mind is standing. And this should be a valuable bit of knowledge for Federal legislators to possess.

She Stepped Off the Standard

"WILL England Return to the Gold Standard?" is the caption of an article in Mr. Barron's Boston paper. The question is rather startling, and thanks are due to the general openness of mind that characterizes Mr. Barron's financial publications, for its admission to the light. For the question indicates that England has been off the gold standard —England who led the whole world to the gold standard, whose international financiers wrote one of the most shady chapters in the financial history of the United States, England whose gold sovereign was sovereign the world around! And it indicates further that there is some doubt, or if not doubt some uncertainty as to the time when England shall return to the gold standard. But worst and most dangerous of all, it indicates that a country can exist without the gold standard.

The uncertainty comes of the fact that in England there is an upheaval of honest and able minds about the whole money question. Of all countries, she is most dependent on sound money and trade, but upon trade more than money and upon money only as the servant of trade. When, however, she discovers, as lately she has done, that money is becoming a trade by itself to the detriment and the destruction of British trade, then money draws to itself a scrutiny it has never had before. In the United States we are still in that adolescent stage which relegates criticism of the money system to the limbo of "nuts" and red radicals. In England they are able to see that criticism of the money system is the sign of commercial maturity. We are rapidly becoming commercially mature in this country, hence the challenge of Business to Money. Money as the Master of Business is done. Money as the Servant of Business may remain.

The article in Mr. Barron's paper recites that learned men are speaking out as never before on this question. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has recently printed some of those utterances. Professor Cassell, we are told, says of the gold standard: "It was never satisfactory and it has now become practically impossible."

It isn't a question of gold as gold. It is simply a question of limiting the money of the business world to the amount of metal privately owned. When the money of the world can be periodically contracted to make it measure up with private stocks of gold, no one will pretend that the system is intelligent, the process humane, or the principle moral.

The world is already off the gold basis for the sufficient reason that the gold basis is not broad enough to support the world.

America's Autumnal Festival

NOW comes the season of county Fairs. The old grounds are raked up, the buildings whitewashed, the palings of the race track repaired; there's a vision of pumpkins and fruit, there's a suggestion of odors from cattle pens and the loud carolling of poultry sheds; there is the spirit of that great autumnal holiday of the American people—Fair Time.

Don't fail to go to the Fair. Whether it be a pretentious state Fair or just the county Fair, don't fail to go and take the children. This counsel is doubly emphasized if you happen to be city folks. There is more downright "country" in a fair than in a summer vacation. City people get the idea that they are supported by grocery shelves and that their food sprouts in tin cans. The can-opener has come to be one of the principal appurtenances of urban housekeeping. But at the Fair you see the beginnings of things, you meet the man and the woman who had the production of your food long before the grocer saw it. You begin to see beyond the counter to the fields.

And if you are country folks, don't fail to go to the Fair. Town and Country depend on each other. Just as the Country has done more for the Town in the matter of food, so the Town has done more for the Country in the matter of labor-saving devices. The farmer ought to put himself up-to-date on the machinery which is ushering in the era of power-farming. And his family ought to be permitted to see that there is now no obstacle to living the finest kind of city life, so far as comfort is concerned, on the farm. The Farm, plus all natural advantages, plus all city advantages, minus all city discomforts, is the dream of millions of celled-up citizens.

Go to the Fair and see the yellow honey and the golden butter, and the prize embroidery and the reddest apples, the biggest potatoes, the most succulent melons, the fattest steers, the wooliest sheep, the proudest roosters, the noblest horses, the prettiest girls and the best people on earth.

Licensing Wrong

GREAT BRITAIN proposes to create additional revenue by taxing betting in all its forms. Whatever the outcome, the principle is wrong and in the end will cost more than the apparent returns. Taxation in essence is equivalent to license, and to license vice is to legalize it. Governmental legalization of vice is demoralizing to the masses. But worst of all, politically speaking, it gives power to the forces of evil.

An example is found in the political power of the liquor interests in the United States, a power based solely on an immense public revenue exacted in the form of a tax upon the vending of intoxicants. The saloon was an evolution of specific taxation. Before regulation of the liquor business became a source of revenue there were practically no saloons. Liquor as a commodity was to be had in groceries and in hotel or tavern "taps," but the saloon was born of taxation. Putting betting on a licensed basis, as Great Britain proposes, or putting even darker vices in the same legalized position as some less enlightened governments do, is simply loading the body politic with a moral stigma which sooner or later national shame and expense will cause it to destroy.

One Village Without a Debt

UNIQUE among American municipalities stands the village of Regent, North Dakota, which has no bonded debt, has about $4,000 on hand, and is about to invest in an electric lighting plant, for which it will pay spot cash.

The thrifty citizens of the community have been interested in the discussion of municipal bonds in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and the editor of the Regent *Times*, a weekly above the average in appearance and intelligence, has deemed it worth while to broadcast the distinction of Regent as a municipality which has functioned for the dozen years on a cash basis.

In reporting the action of a meeting of business men to discuss the advisability of buying an electric plant offered the community at a bargain price, the *Times* says:

"The treasury has about $4,000 on hand and does not owe anything to anybody. This fact should be broadcast, as it is a rare thing for a village to live a dozen years and at the end of that time be free of debt and have money on hand. We shall call the attention of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to this. Putting in an electric light plant without issuing bonds is a real feat."

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT congratulates the village of Regent and the state of North Dakota on the character of a citizenship so proud to be out of debt.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS futile to expect all the people to think alike Perhaps nothing that could occur in human society would be more fatal to progress, or even to life itself, than just that. It seems impossible for even two people to think alike, especially in matters where only the intellect, the judgment, is involved The fault of most of the Apostles of This and That is that they think that the performance of their duty and the fulfillment of their mission depends on winning the world to their point of view. They do not see the really important truth that a point of view is served when one man takes it.

How far we are complete individuals and how far we are only parts of the larger organism which we call human society, we do not know There are those who say that Society is the complete organism, and persons the atoms that comprise it. How far this statement goes toward final truth, one cannot say, but there seems to be truth in the view that Society moves as a unit made up of multitudes of smaller units.

If this is so, then there is no necessity of everyone seeing or thinking the same thing. We are then like an army where if all were armed men there would be no food, and if all were in the commissary department there would be no fighting. It is necessary that the Social eye see, and the Social hand work, and the Social mind think—all of these activities being reactive upon every individual comprising Society, for no one can think without sooner or later the dullest mind feeling the impact or the benefit of that thought, and no one can work without that act too permeating the whole social structure. Division of labor is not artificial but natural and apparently lawful in the sense of being full of the sanction of natural law

To be more explicit: some men see great dangers threatening society. They are able to see these things. But too often they break their hearts by the failure of others to see the dangers too But what if the others cannot see? It is not necessary that everyone should see, but it is very necessary that the seers should see If the seeing part of the Social mind sees, that is enough. The danger is seen Those whose social duty it is to see will take care of that. The strain and the fret and the needless sense of defeat comes when the futile effort is made to make those see who cannot, and whose seeing would not be beneficial to society in any event

RADICALS and Conservatives, who are markedly such, constitute small portions of the nation and check each other. They are, as it were, the advance guard and the rear guard of progress. Radicalism is wrong when it is jealous and Conservatism is wrong when it is greedy. No one will say that to challenge the injustices of the present system is wrong, and no one will say that to defend established injustice because it is established is right. Society itself is neither Conservative nor Radical—it just grows along, with enough of radicalism to keep it going and enough of conservatism to prevent it from becoming a monstrosity. If these two parties could realize their relative smallness and study their social functions, they would see that progress does not depend on converting the world to either point of view.

Then there are the liberal and conservative elements of society, better known in our country perhaps as Radicals and Hundred Per Cent Americans. There is a great deal of apparent difference between them, but only when considered as individual persons As social groups they do not much differ. There is in the social body the radical group and the conservative group, the latter holding things together and retaining all gains, the former kicking off in all directions, sometimes dangerously These groups have always existed in society Each has its function. In one age their field is education, in another art, in another religion, in another economics. And the worst of it is that the two groups so infrequently understand one another.

Yet every man is both radical and conservative, if he is alive. But he is usually grouped with one set or the other. If his tendencies are more radical than conservative, he is grouped with the radicals, and vice versa Simon-pure radicals and simon-pure conservatives do not exist, except where evil motives reign The hardest of the radicals and the hardest of the conservatives are likely to be moved by devilish motives. Honest men move between, susceptible to the truth as it touches them from either side

Now, it is undoubtedly in the order of things that these two groups should exist in the social body and that they should check each other. There is such a thing as being too progressive for healthy rootage, and there is such a thing as being too conservative for normal expansion. Death could ensue from either fault Thus the two check each other Analogy for these tendencies and operations could be found in the glands and acids of the physical body. If we could see all the expansions of life we should probably see them on every plane acting according to the same general laws.

The fault of the radicals is that they believe the whole world must be made radical before any good can come of radicalism, and the fault of conservatism is that it thinks all the people must be made conservatives before conservatism is safe. Both fall into the old fallacy that everyone must be converted to one point of view, one formula of thought, before benefit can be derived What each has to learn is this: when the radical view is amply seen and amply set forth by those who natively belong to it, and when the conservative view is seen and set forth by the natively conservative, Society is served. Each has done his bit; each has fulfilled his nature; the urge, whatever it is, that differentiates them has been satisfied.

With the conservatives warning us against the radicals, and the radicals showing the utmost contempt for the conservatives, the large active body of society is kept amply informed concerning both People who abuse each other usually tell the truth on both sides. The comfortable knowledge soon dawns upon the general mind that the conservatives are not strong enough to hold progress back and that the radicals are not strong enough to dynamite the solid gains of society.

It is a penalty one pays for a profound conviction or for a passionate devotion to any cause that he cannot detach himself long enough to view his position judicially. The fanatic has his compensations and his uses, but one of them is not judicial mindedness. Most fanatics are right, but they are forecasts of coming things, they are not today's leaders.

No one will pretend that the United States would be better off if hidebound conservatism had its way The men who represent the God of Things As They Are, the men who want the present system conserved because they happen to be the beneficiaries of it, the men who say this is the best possible of social systems because they are sitting on top of it, the men who pay for propaganda against progress and who hush up all questions, all criticisms, all stirrings of thought—these are not the men to whom we would willingly trust the future. They don't even know what the larger question is. They only vaguely feel that somehow their special graft is threatened.

Nor will any one pretend that the United States would be safe in the hands of those who because they have failed desire to dynamite the whole system out of existence These hold their conventions, and paraphrase society's soundest ideals, and talk big things about revolution, and spurn all that their fathers have gained—but they are mostly young, many of them have never known what work means, they live in a cloudland of theory, they have never come at grips with the reality of life that lies behind social conventions, as they call them, and, if they were given tomorrow the world they say they desire, they couldn't run it.

Still these latter are right. No one can deny the right they have to challenge things as they are And no one can deny the right of the conservatives to challenge the efficacy of the methods by which it is proposed to make things as they ought to be.

By one party we are reminded that we must march on, keep living, keep growing, always questioning our own handiwork. By the other party we are reminded that there are certain valuable possessions already in hand which should not be jeopardized for shadowy dreams

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

New York Shocked by Flood of Obnoxious Books

Writers and Publishers Swamp Country With Impure Literature

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

NEW YORK CITY has been startled by a flood of obnoxious literature—a deliberate attempt to introduce the morbid mentality of decadent races and depraved periods of history. Nothing quite so mischievous was ever adventured before, and from the source centers in the metropolis, this moral poison is being shipped out to permeate the country. Four books in particular, all of them of foreign origin, got out by supposedly reputable firms, indorsed by reviewers, were published craftily in such a manner that they would be introduced unthinkingly into decent homes. These volumes were —and are today—displayed in windows of bookshops and rented out by circulating libraries.

An organization founded and supported by the leading families in the city, the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, attempted the prosecution of the publishers and dealers, and the opposition which met its efforts has proved the dangerous and insidious nature of this movement—its motives and the origin from which it has sprung. Two city magistrates, before whom the cases were taken, actually indorsed the books. Subsequent action by higher authorities, however, has resulted in one indictment, and the promised elimination of another work, a literal translation from the period of Nero, styled "the worst book in the world."

Incensed because a circulating library had placed a copy of one of these books in the hands of his daughter, Supreme Court Justice John Ford threatened to seek the prosecution of the persons responsible for its circulation. When he learned that this particular work had already been under fire, and that a city magistrate had exonerated the publishers, he exclaimed:

Judge Calls It Loathsome

"WHAT can ail our magistrates? This book is terrible. It is loathsome. A circulating library recommended this thing to my daughter. She turned it over to her mother, who was horrified, and she put it into my hands. It is a disgrace to the community if we cannot protect ourselves against such literature. I had no idea that anything of the kind was tolerated.

"This matter of bad books is an evil which has been forced on us by greedy book publishers, book sellers and circulating libraries. Nearly all of them seem to be featuring the most vicious works they can find. In the course of a walk of but a few blocks, I found three small bookstores each advertising the vilest of these vicious productions, offering them to boys and girls to read at twenty-five cents a volume. This commercialism of moral poison has taken place so brazenly that thousands of fathers and mothers are up in arms about it."

The Rev. Anson P. Atterbury, president of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, commented on the situation in these words:

"The ebb-tide of moral laxity, as a result of the great war, has revealed itself ominously in the social sphere in which we operate. Besides other manifestations, a group of magazine and book writers and publishers has made organized and persistent efforts to exploit the field of impure literature for financial gain, regardless of legal restrictions and of the debasing effect on society. The idea of freedom has been carried into license. How far this will go we cannot foresee: it is for us to combat this evil influence as far as possible."

Prominent New York newspapers, by reason of ownership and the influences exerted upon them, which are by this time pretty well understood, have become the partisans of this indecency. The latest report of the society has this to say about them:

"When, in the process of law enforcement, we interfere with the profitable business of some 'writer, publisher or bookseller, the customary course of these people is to cry loudly and persistently that the society is going outside of the scope of its proper activities.

"There has been much of that outcry during the past year, particularly with regard to two productions wherein the publishers of certain books were the defendants. Unfortunately, the average newspaper, as a part of the publishing fraternity, seems to regard it as a duty to uphold the publisher in all such cases regardless of the merits of the prosecution or the filthy character of the publication involved.

"The press makes itself the instrument and the blind tool of a small group swayed entirely by commercialism and gives that group aid and comfort at the expense of the public welfare.

"It powerfully assists this mercenary element in their vicious efforts to make it appear that the enforcement of law, when applied to them, is a crime against literature and art and a usurpation of an authority never intended, though plainly set forth, in statutory law.

"By epithet and misleading statements they seek to arouse public antipathy to the society and its activities. Another common charge is that the society, by prosecuting the author or publisher of a salacious volume, thereby advertises it and causes an increase in its circulation. The society prosecutes the publisher of a book in exactly the same manner in which it prosecutes the manufacturer of an obscene photograph. If by its action it advertised one, it would similarly advertise the other. In the past four years, the society has prosecuted hundreds of cases, only fourteen of which involved book publications. The public heard of the fourteen cases because the press smelled out what they call 'news value.' On the other hand, the public heard nothing of the hundreds of other cases because there was no 'news value.' In other words, the newspaper is the agency which advertises the obscene book when it is brought into court. When the ethics of newspaper publication make the broadcasting of such a subject taboo, the public will reap the benefit.

"Of course it would be very nice and profitable for the gentlemen who engage in questionable publishing enterprises if by those fallacious charges the society could be induced to close its eyes to infractions of law in cases where the offender has access to means of publicity, rallying to his defense. *But it is the belief of your board of managers that the law applies no less to the publisher of the two-dollar book than to the peddler of the two-cent post card.* On that theory are they prepared to carry on this work and on no other.

"The trouble is that there is too much clannishness in the various branches of the book publishing and distributing trades. It is this spirit of clannishness, apparently peculiar to the United States, which causes the malodorous activities of a few to be visited upon the whole group. When no voice from within the group, with a few notable and honorable examples, is raised against the excesses of the few, the public gains the impression that the whole group is diseased and, as a consequence, when public exasperation germinates into action, the action is against the group, just as in the case of the motion picture producers, who are now the subjects of official regulation.

"One book which was published and was being loaned out indiscriminately at fifty cents purported to be the diary of a foreign school girl between the ages of eleven and fifteen years. It reported in detail the alleged activities and gossip of a group of young girls. The magistrate who reviewed this book stated that in his opinion it 'is a distinct contribution to the literature of the present day.'

"The other magistrate had before him an up-to-date slangy translation of an ancient product of decadent Rome. It is admittedly lewd and obscene in material portions, but the learned magistrate says:

" 'Its value to the student and scholar is such that it would be too serious a matter to deny access to it, for ancient literature enlarges and enriches the mind.'

"He seems to forget that every library of importance contains volumes which are not permissible in general circulation and yet may have some historic and sociological value, but which are kept under lock and key for the instruction of legitimate students. This is a very different matter from the indiscriminate sale in a form understandable by the very youthful and those who lack the mental poise to read filth without contamination."

Mr. John S. Sumner, executive secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, outlined to me some of the difficulties attending efforts toward preventing the circulation of vicious publications in New York. "We very well know," said Mr. Sumner, "from a half-century of experience, that the law which we are required to seek to enforce here is a 'wholesome law' and sufficient in its terms. If, for any reason, the magistrates before whom such complaints must be brought fail properly to construe and apply the law, but, on the contrary, by their decisions, condemn the public to countenance and to receive all the literary garbage of ancient and modern Europe and some domestic decadence, what is the remedy?

Boston Dealers Different

"THERE is no need to doubt that there is one in sight. For instance, Boston has forty-odd booksellers—old, established firms that take a pride in their business. They have organized a volunteer booksellers' committee, which promptly takes up for consideration any publications complained of. The committee examines such books, passes upon their status, and decides whether they shall be sold or not. Their decision is recognized by the bulk of the booksellers throughout the state of Massachusetts. The influence of this organization has spread into Rhode Island, and the booksellers of that state have adopted a similar plan. The Philadelphia booksellers have adopted resolutions condemning the tone of a great deal of modern fiction, and have carried this question to the National Booksellers' Convention, which had quite a discussion on this subject on the floor.

"Then there are publishers who bring out alleged limited editions of pernicious books for what they call 'private circulation.' In such instances they merely establish a precedent which justifies them in insinuating such works into general circulation, perhaps through the medium of the many so-called circulating libraries and the like. Sometimes such books are sent through the mail at ten dollars a volume.

"One of these publishers brought out the copy of an obscene book entitled 'The Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter.' In Europe a translation of this work has found some circulation, but there the more objectionable passages were eliminated. In the edition brought out by these New York publishers, all the filthy stuff was translated plainly in the slangy phrases of the present day. One of our agents went to the offices of this publisher and asked for a copy of the work about which complaints had been made. An employe stated that the books had been sold on subscription, and the supply was exhausted, but that he could obtain a set for thirty dollars. He finally agreed to sell a copy for twenty dollars later in the day, and did so.

"The magistrate before whom this case was brought dismissed the summonses and discharged the defendants. A complaint was then laid before the district attorney, and it is my understanding that the publisher has agreed to withdraw the book from circulation and recall those copies already sold.

"Three other books that have caused a great deal of indignant comment are written in an insidious style, the objectionable matter presented in high-flown language, but its purport easily understandable by any youngster seventeen or eighteen years old. These works are all of foreign origin. The New York publisher was brought into court, and when he was whitewashed by a magistrate, he utilized the comments that had been made upon his publications as publicity for the more extended sale of his books.

"Through our efforts, the matter was brought to the attention of the district attorney, and the books were laid before a grand jury for their perusal by its twenty-three members. That the ordinary citizen is the best judge of such works is the test the courts impose, and the grand jury at once found an indictment against the publisher. The case will now be tried by a trial jury of twelve men. The obnoxious books, in the meantime, are being widely circulated throughout the city and country.

"In the older countries of Europe, where the publication of such books is permitted, parents have grown accustomed to keep guard over the kind of literature perused by their young folk. With us it is different, and young people are tempted by circulating libraries to become familiar with writings that are dangerous to those of their immature years. We are too young a nation to have such literature thrust upon us.

"Unfortunately, there is a growing number of writers in this country who are tending toward the production of pernicious books. They are of the type of whom Irving Bacheller recently wrote: 'The sellers of sex passion done up in glittering phrases, the purveyors of the psychology of seduction and utter recklessness, are making books and reputations doomed to go to the garbage heap. So much of this vaunted modern fiction offers a pathway of muck covered with tinted and perfumed sand. One cannot go far upon it with clean feet. It is mostly published by men of the European spirit. The decent thing pays better.'

Indictments Returned

"TWO such works, widely advertised, were the subject of prosecution and conviction in Boston through the activity of the New England Watch and Ward Society and its sane and public-spirited support by the judiciary of that jurisdiction. The author of one of these same books is a defendant in a federal case in Chicago, based on another publication and on evidence which we secured by mail and referred to the postal authorities. Indicted with him are his illustrator and two publishers."

Two of the books concerning which prosecutions were initiated in New York were products of Viennese writers. Arthur Schnitzler, the author of one of them, also wrote a play called "Reigen," of so indecent a character that riots attended its production in Berlin. Several months ago, the Green Room Club announced that it would produce "Reigen" at the Belasco Theater as a climax to a dinner given for Otto H. Kahn, the Wall Street banker. Mr. Sumner at once gave information to Police Inspector Bolan, in command of the Tenderloin District, of the nature of the play, and the inspector stated that he would take summary action against it if it was as represented.

The program of the Green Room Club came to nothing, Mr. Kahn announcing his decision not to attend the play.

In the office of the Society for the Prevention of Vice is kept a record showing the pedigree, as far as possible, of every person arrested on complaint of the society since its foundation in 1873. In its annual report, in a paragraph preceding a tabular statement, showing among other data, the nationality and religious creed of persons arrested, the society says:

"The following statistics should suggest to thoughtful persons a situation affecting the moral life of the nation, requiring the exercise of unusual wisdom in its treatment. The very large percentage of offenders of foreign origin, indicated in the latest records, is an argument supporting the demand for more stringent laws regulating the admission of immigrants to the United States, and their distribution in the interests of assimilation."

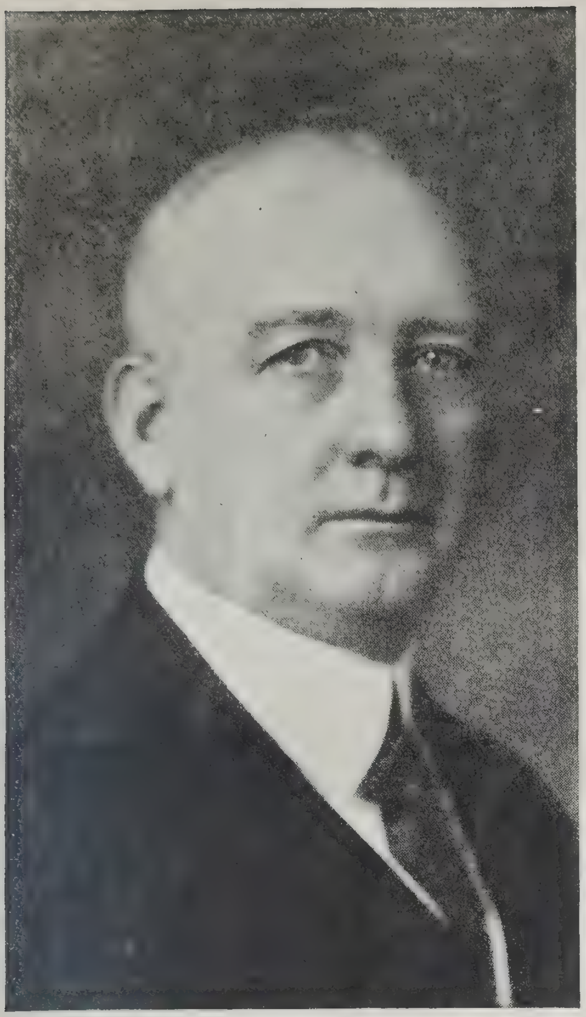
The figures given in the tables of the Vice Society, indicating the persons arrested by their nationality and creed, show that persons of the Jewish persuasion outnumber those of any other race. This is an unpleasant commentary on the tendency of a race numerically so inferior to the general population.

In connection, however, with the publication and circulation of indecent literature in New York, it must be noted that the works complained of, whether domestic products, or foreign importations, are for the greater part written by Jews. As before stated, Arthur Schnitzler, an Austrian, is author of one of these books, in addition to being the writer of the obnoxious play, "Reigen." Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, founder of his degraded Jewish cult, psychoanalysis, is the sponsor for another of these works, the one alluded to as having been written ostensibly by a young Austrian schoolgirl. The book is anonymous, but Dr. Freud, in a preface, stamps it with his approval. The publishers of the books against which action has been taken are Jewish firms. The persons summoned to the various courts, charged with responsibility for their circulation, were invariably Jews. And the small shopkeepers, who so boldly display these depraved writings in their windows, are Jewish for the greater part. Furthermore, the New York City magistrate who gave his official endorsement to the translation of the "Satyricon" is a Jew.

Constitution of the United States 136 Years Old

Present-day Confusion and Inefficiency Charged to Departure From Great Charter of Government

By J. V. NASH



H. F. ATWOOD,

President of Constitution Anniversary Association, author of "Back to the Republic," etc.

ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1923, the Constitution of the United States will have reached its 136th milestone, still hale and hearty, notwithstanding the many storms which it has weathered.

The seventeenth of September is the birthday of our Government, just as the Fourth of July is the birthday of our freedom. The day has been strangely neglected in the past. Within the last few months, however, a Constitution Anniversary Association has been organized, under the presidency of Harry F. Atwood, of Chicago, to promote all over the country, in the schoolrooms and through the columns of the press, a fitting observance of the day. The association hopes thus to kindle an interest in the Constitution which will lead to a wider understanding of the principles for which it stands.

When the Federal Constitution was signed, a new epoch in political history began. The men who framed the Constitution were working for generations yet unborn, although doubtless few if any realized at the time the epoch-making nature of their labors. They had no models to guide them in the framing of the Constitution. It was a bold experiment, a great adventure into the unknown in government.

Many predicted failure for the experiment, and the wonder is not that sixteen of the fifty-five delegates assembled in Independence Hall at Philadelphia passed up the opportunity to immortalize their names by affixing their signatures to the Constitution, but rather that as many as thirty-nine—a majority of more than two-thirds—possessed the faith and the vision to offer themselves as sponsors for a new plan of government, the success of which could be determined only by time.

Although it was with doubt and misgiving that the new Constitution was adopted by the states, three years elapsing before the entire thirteen had registered their ratifications, its far-reaching significance quickly impressed some of the keenest minds of the age. George Washington, only two years after the signing of the Constitution, remarked: "I can almost see the divine hand of Providence during those days when the Constitutional Convention was assembled, and we had all reason to fear that misery, confusion and darkness were coming upon us."

What Pitt Thought of It

IT IS said that William Pitt, who was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four, after reading a copy of the American Constitution which had just reached England, exclaimed, upon laying it down: "It will be the wonder and admiration of all future generations and the model of all future constitutions." And he was right. It has been indeed the wonder and admiration of succeeding generations, and it has been the model of the constitutions of all the other republics of the New World.

Another great English Prime Minister, William E. Gladstone, a century later, in cabling his reply to an invitation to be present at the centennial of the Constitution, added to his respectful regrets these impressive words: "So far as I can see, it is the greatest piece of work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

To the untiring labors and political genius of Washington, Hamilton and Madison, above all others, we are indebted for the form of government conceived in the Constitution. These men were all Federalists, believers in a strong national government. Jefferson, the greatest of the anti-Federalists, was serving his country abroad at the time the Constitutional Convention was sitting. To Jefferson, however, the credit is largely due for the great "Bill of Rights," guaranteeing freedom of speech and of the press, liberty of conscience, and the right of peaceable assembly for the redress of grievances, which, in the form of the first ten amendments, was proposed shortly after Jefferson's return to America in 1789 and was forthwith added to the body of the Constitution.

The force and power of the Constitution, as adopted by the young republic, lay to a great extent in its elemental simplicity. Its text consists of but seven articles, two of which are of one short paragraph each. In the reference book lying before me as I write, the body of the Constitution occupies but two full pages of type.

The whole spirit of the Constitution, its scope and purposes, is perfectly summed up in that brief but majestic Preamble, which should be committed to memory by every boy and girl in our public schools:

> "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

The deliberations of the convention which brought forth the Federal Constitution covered a period of only eighty-five working days. Yet the work which was produced in those eighty-five days remains after 136 years the cornerstone of a nation which has grown to be the greatest free commonwealth on earth. The men of the Constitutional Convention worked under conditions which the modern legislator can hardly visualize. Unknown to that day were the innumerable time and labor-saving contrivances of our age, telephones, telegraph wires, radios, typewriters, railroads, automobiles, elevators, and the like. They were not supplied even with clerical help, to say nothing of such modern luxuries as expert stenographers. All provisional drafts, reports, resolutions, correspondence, and other data were written out with pen and ink by the greatest men of their day—by George Washington, the president of the convention; Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, Robert Morris, Roger Sherman, and the venerable philosopher-statesman, Benjamin Franklin, bowed down with the weight of more than eighty years.

Some State Performances

IT WOULD be well for many of our modern legislators engaged in drawing up new state constitutions, to take a leaf from the notebook of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. In recent years there has been an epidemic of new constitution-making in different states. Constitutional conventions have met, old constitutions have been scrapped, and innumerable small-caliber delegates have orated and resoluted and reported and wrangled and submitted all sorts of absurd and inane suggestions for incorporation in the new constitution.

After months and sometimes years of contention and bickering and waste motion—all at the expense of the taxpayers—a huge paper crazy-quilt dubbed a "constitution" has been thrust upon the people of the state. In some of our western states these new "constitutions" reach the proportions of thick volumes, containing a jumble of the most absurdly incongruous material, much of it consisting of petty regulations and by-laws for state institutions, which have no rightful place in a constitution. If a state insane asylum cannot be administered without the aid of the constitution, the mental level of those in charge cannot be much higher than that of the inmates.

In the state of Illinois a constitutional convention has been in session for more than two years and a half, for the purpose of submitting a new constitution to the people of the state, which has already had three different constitutions since its admission to the Union. Month after month passed by, marked by endless conferences, reports, tentative drafts, and adjournments. A number of the delegates died before a final draft was agreed upon a few weeks ago, and one may indeed fear that the new constitution, if it is finally adopted by the state, will prove but another in the long series of monstrosities which have been saddled upon our states in the recent past, and that in the course of a few years it in its turn will be discarded, and the tedious, futile, and expensive process of new constitution-making repeated, *ad infinitum, ad absurdum,* and *ad nauseam.*

The Federal Constitution should serve as the model for all our state constitutions. As has been so ably pointed out by Mr. H. F. Atwood, who by voice and pen is doing an invaluable work in spreading a knowledge of the true meaning of the Constitution, the founders of the republic established the golden mean in government, as between mobocracy on the one hand and autocracy on the other. The Constitution created, for the first time in history, a real republic, functioning through representative government. The four great pillars supporting the superstructure are the executive, the legislative and the judicial departments, and individual rights.

During the one hundred years following the adoption of the Constitution, when its spirit was loyally adhered to, the United States enjoyed a progress and prosperity unexampled elsewhere in the world.

Unfortunately, during the past quarter of a century the country has been drifting in a dangerous manner from the safe anchorage of the Constitution. The result has been that both autocracy and mobocracy have been displacing constitutional liberty, and there has been a growing tide of discontent, class consciousness, and demand for special privilege.

A deluge of laws pours out on the country year after year. During the five-year period from 1909 to 1913 inclusive, there were enacted more than 62,000 new laws, and in that same five-year period more than 65,000 decisions were handed down by our higher courts, a mass of legal "precedents" filling 631 large volumes! It would take more than a human lifetime to read a single year's crop of new laws and legal decisions. Consequently, they are disregarded, and all law comes more and more into contempt.

Perhaps the most dangerous manifestation of our departure from the Constitution has been the mushroom growth of official boards and commissions unauthorized by and unknown to the Constitution. It is related that just before Lincoln started for Ford's Theater, on the last night of his life, he was visited at the White House by Mr. Ashmun, who had been the presiding officer of the Chicago Convention in 1860 which nominated Lincoln for the Presidency. "Mr. Lincoln," said Ashmun, in the course of their chat, "I am interested in a cotton claim, and I want you to appoint a commission to investigate the matter and report." Lincoln replied, with an abruptness and impatience for which he immediately afterward apologized to his visitor: *"Ashmun, I have done with commissions. I think they are contrivances to cheat the government."* These were Lincoln's last recorded words on the subject of government.

One can imagine what Lincoln would say were he to come back to life today and witness the extent to which the people of this country are being tyrannized over and eaten out of substance by boards and commissions existing without the slightest Constitutional authority.

A year or two ago it was estimated that there were at that time, "sitting pretty" in Washington, SEVENTY-SEVEN BOARDS AND COMMISSIONS WITH 90,000 SALARIED RETAINERS ON THEIR PAYROLLS.

These boards and commissions are in many cases, it would seem, mischievously interfering with business. A well-known speaker, addressing a meeting of business men in Chicago not long ago, declared that one of the important factors responsible for the high freight rates now being charged by the railroads is the cost to the companies of the great number and variety of official reports which they are compelled to compile, necessitating the employment of large staffs of statisticians and clerical assistants.

Usurping Government

IN SOME of our states, government by these autocratic boards and commissions has reached the point where it is nearly usurping representative government. One state is reported to have 128 boards and commissions in operation. Meanwhile, the expenses of government in nearly every state have been doubling every few years, and in addition to the Federal income tax the long-suffering public is being forced to "come across" with a state income tax, in addition to the property tax. The income tax is one of the most important provisions, already adopted, for the new Illinois constitution.

As Mr. Atwood remarks in "Back to the Republic":

> "It was never contemplated by the men who wrote the Constitution and founded this Republic, that individuals, boards and commissions should be called in hastily and promiscuously, from the outside, and assigned dictatorial and autocratic power on momentous undertakings. Such a course usurps the proper jurisdiction of regularly appointed heads of cabinet departments and regularly elected members of the legislative body."

We have heard a great deal in the past two or three years about "getting back to normalcy." If the government could be made to get back to the Constitution, we would then find ourselves on the rails again and in a position to continue our interrupted journey to prosperity. We are not likely to make much progress by bumping back and forth on the ties in a vain endeavor to reach "normalcy."

On this 136th anniversary of the Constitution, let us proclaim anew our allegiance to the principles on which the nation was founded—a republic, of the people, for the people, by the people, functioning through representative government.

History of the Pueblos Told in Photographs

No Greater Wealth of Art Material Than That Found in Land of Indians

BY HAROLD D. CAREW

HALFWAY across that far reach of country which extends southwesterly from the mountains of Colorado to the coast of Southern California is America's Egypt-like region, the land of the Pueblo Indian. Thirty years ago little was known of the people who lived there, save for the strange stories told by wandering prospectors and pioneers. Weird tales from the days of the covered wagons had cast a spell about the land whose mystery remains much the same as it was in the days before the railroad builders had pushed the white man's habitat westward over the cacti plains and the sage-clad mesas into the communal villages of adobe huts that dotted the sun-dried landscape of the far Southwest.

Twenty years ago, when Carl Moon, then a successful portrait photographer in a mid-western city, turned the key in the door of his establishment and set out upon a journey across the plains and into the heart of this little-known territory, the artist within him that yearned for expression found a region whose mode of aboriginal life he was destined to transfer to imperishable plate and canvas. The years of his sojourn among these new-old Indian tribes produced a collection of many hundreds of negatives from which were selected more than three hundred photographic studies which Henry E. Huntington, multi-millionaire railroad magnate and art collector, recently purchased for his beautiful new $500,000 library and art gallery on his estate at San Marino, California.

The Moon collection, probably the most complete in existence of the Indians of the Southwest, and the only one of its kind which perpetuates for all time a record of Pueblo Indian life, is said to have brought a record-breaking price. It will be housed with the world's greatest treasures of books, manuscripts and paintings second only in importance to that of the British Museum, on the estate of five hundred acres which Mr. Huntington gave recently to the American people under a deed of trust to be administered by a board of self-perpetuating trustees.

The Moon collection will be housed on the same estate with Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," the most costly painting in the world, known to art lovers as "the million-dollar masterpiece." In addition to the purchase of the entire photographic collection, Mr. Huntington has commissioned Mr. Moon to make twelve paintings in oil of certain subjects in the collection to be selected by the purchaser. To do this, Mr. Moon again will visit the Pueblo country, some time early in the autumn.

The artist who dreams of an American art, the photographer who seeks new subjects, and the student who would preserve for future generations something tangible as a link between the pre-Caucasian period of North America and our own time, can find no greater wealth of material than in this land of the Pueblo, says the artist. There Carl Moon found inspiration for serious work which has gained for him a place in American art.

"I have traveled this country thoroughly in my work making serious photographic records of the Indian people," says Mr. Moon, "and as I have sought material to be used for its ethnological as well as art value, I have had to come into close contact with the people and their ways of life.

"As a class, the Pueblo Indians are less prejudiced against the camera than the Plains tribes. When I began my work twenty years ago, my mode of travel was by pack mules and horses. I was obliged to penetrate wild and open country for many miles, where probably few white men ever had been. It was no easy matter in those days to gain the confidence of the Pueblos, for they were sensitive and superstitious. Peaceful and patient, though with much misgiving as to the paternalism which the United States Government had thrown about them, the Pueblos, when I first visited them, plied their ancient arts and industries, satisfied to be left alone with their arid land, their patches of corn and their own ideas of life.

"The twenty-five villages extending from Taos in the northern part of New Mexico to Oraibi, the ancient Hopi village of Western Arizona, have widely different locations in point of natural surroundings. The former pueblo stands in one of the most beautiful valleys in the Southwest, while the latter is perched upon a giant rib of barren rock that projects into the parched sands of the Painted Desert. Santa Clara, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Isleta and Laguna, squatting flat upon the very banks of the Rio Grande, have neither view nor vegetation.

"The Pueblo Indian as I first found him was a compelling figure. His mythological religion—a heritage handed down through the vicissitudes of many generations—had marked him with a weird superstition. His prayer ceremonies were then, and are even now, often incongruous, frequently spectacular, and always interesting. Inseparable from the atmosphere of the turquoise sky, the purple shadows of the red-scarred cliffs and the delicate haze of the desert he fitted perfectly into his environment. His villages either were spread out over several rough semblances of roads or were built in pyramidal shape like huge blocks piled one on the other to a height of from three to five stories. In sharp contrast to the mud walls were the brilliant colors worn by the men, or perhaps it was a bright red shawl worn by a maiden who gracefully balanced a water jar on her head as she climbed the worn ladder to her second-story home. The Indians are much the same today as they were twenty years ago, except that most of them have discarded their tribal costumes for the more disengaging blue jeans and calico dresses from the looms of New England, and the older and more distinct types of bygone generations are no more."

CARL MOON,

The artist whose collection of Pueblo Indian pictures has been purchased by Henry E. Huntington.

When Mr. Moon first visited that ancient and strangely fascinating village of Acoma which rears its terraced buildings on the summit of a rock that stands 357 feet above the surrounding mesa, he was given his first insight into the communal life of the Pueblos. As the traveler approaches the village from the seventeen-mile drive from the Santa Fé station of Laguna, he passes Mesa Encantada ("Enchanted Mesa"), a great, flat-topped, circular rock rising with perpendicular walls to a height of about 400 feet above the plains. It was there that many of the pictures in the now world-famous collection were taken.

Mr. Moon visited Zuni, largest and dirtiest of all the pueblos, which lies about ninety miles west of Acoma and some thirty-five miles south of the town of Gallup, New Mexico, and there also found subjects for his camera. One hundred and fifty miles northwest of Zuni is Hopi land, where seven little villages rise hundreds of feet above the sands of the Painted Desert. These villages are the most isolated of the many which the artist visited, their nearest point to civilization being seventy miles from the railroad. Of the seven Hopi villages Mr. Moon found Walpi and Oraibi the most interesting, and in these some of the most noted of his pictures were made. The Navajo, Apache and Hopi tribes offered the best subjects for his work.

Mr. Moon's aim in making the pictures was to produce photographs that would form an ethnological record, and his faithful artistic results in delineating the last of a vanishing race at once attracted wide attention. Not only were his portrayals regarded as of great value from an ethnological standpoint, but they were also considered because of their sheer artistry to be a veritable monument to the patience and sympathetic understanding of the man who made them. Done in sepia, the effect of each photograph is more that of brush work on a sweeping canvas than of a reproduction from a photographic plate.

Establishing his headquarters at Grand Canyon in the heart of Arizona's wonderland, where he built himself a studio, Carl Moon lived and worked for years with his wife, Grace Moon, who also is an artist of note. Mr. and Mrs. Moon together traversed the great reaches of the Southwest, often being absent from their studio for months at a time.

"My aim always has been to portray the Indian faithfully," Mr. Moon told the writer; "to see beyond the exterior that usually masks his thoughts and sentiments; and, where it has been possible, to show him as he was before the inroads of civilization hampered his freedom, warped his views of life and changed his picturesque customs and modes of dress. I have always tried to keep my pictures free from evidence of the white man's presence, so that the awkward self-consciousness and artificiality that too often are apparent might give place to that freedom and ease which are so natural and pleasing a part of the Indian."

Living for months at a time among these strange and little understood people, Mr. Moon learned something of their language. Many obstacles at first encountered in the taking of the pictures hindered the progress of the work, and it was only because of the artist's infinite patience and a desire to get close to the hearts of his subjects that he was enabled ultimately to succeed in giving to the world a photographic record which but for his resolute determination would never have been made.

"As a general rule, when I first went among these people," Mr. Moon says of his earliest trips to these outposts of Indian life, "I was courteously received in their villages and I found them kindly disposed toward all who showed them an equal degree of kindness and consideration. They were very reticent when first approached, but when their friendship had been gained, they were delightfully responsive.

"Volumes could be written on the Hopi, with his ancient folklore, his mythology, his clans, and his weird religious ceremonies. Perhaps the snake dance, ending the nine days' ceremony that constitutes his great annual invocation to the Rain God, is the most spectacular and interesting. Although the old men, many of whom were the subjects of my earlier pictures, are now dead, their descendants still continue to observe the event with punctilious care and exactitude. With the passing of the old warriors have gone also most of the ancient tribal costumes—the varicolored blankets and the bright feathers that were so indispensably a part of the American Indian as he is associated in the mind of the average person. Modern influences have crept in to rob their descendants of much of that picturesqueness which I found in these quietly secluded villages two decades ago. During my more recent visits I found the men and the women clad after the fashion of the frontier American; but since I bought many of the old costumes and have preserved them all these years, I shall be able, fortunately, to reproduce in oil exact pictures, with fidelity to detail of dress, so essential to a faithful reproduction."

Pueblo Indian types, according to Mr. Moon, vary from the peaceful small-bodied Hopi to the powerfully built and more alert men of Taos and other northern Rio Grande villages. "Most of the tribes make pottery of various kinds," Mr. Moon explained; "the flat bowls of the Hopi, the painted ollas of the Acomas, and the glossy black water pots and double-necked vases of the Santa Clara being the best."

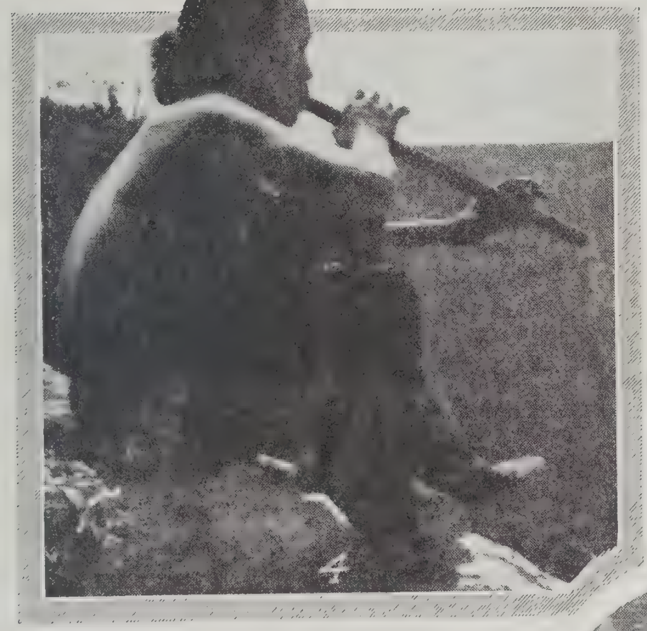
From time to time during the last twenty years the artist has exhibited his photographs at the National Art Gallery and at the New National Museum in Washington. President Roosevelt, always deeply interested in the welfare of the Indians, highly praised the Moon collection, and invited the artist to exhibit his pictures at the White House in 1906. Now that Mr. Huntington has given them a place in his great library, they have found a permanent home where the memory of a fast vanishing people will be forever perpetuated. In purchasing them for the benefit of future America, Mr. Huntington incidentally has made secure the fame of Carl Moon whose genius with camera and brush has given the artist a firm place in the hearts of art lovers everywhere.

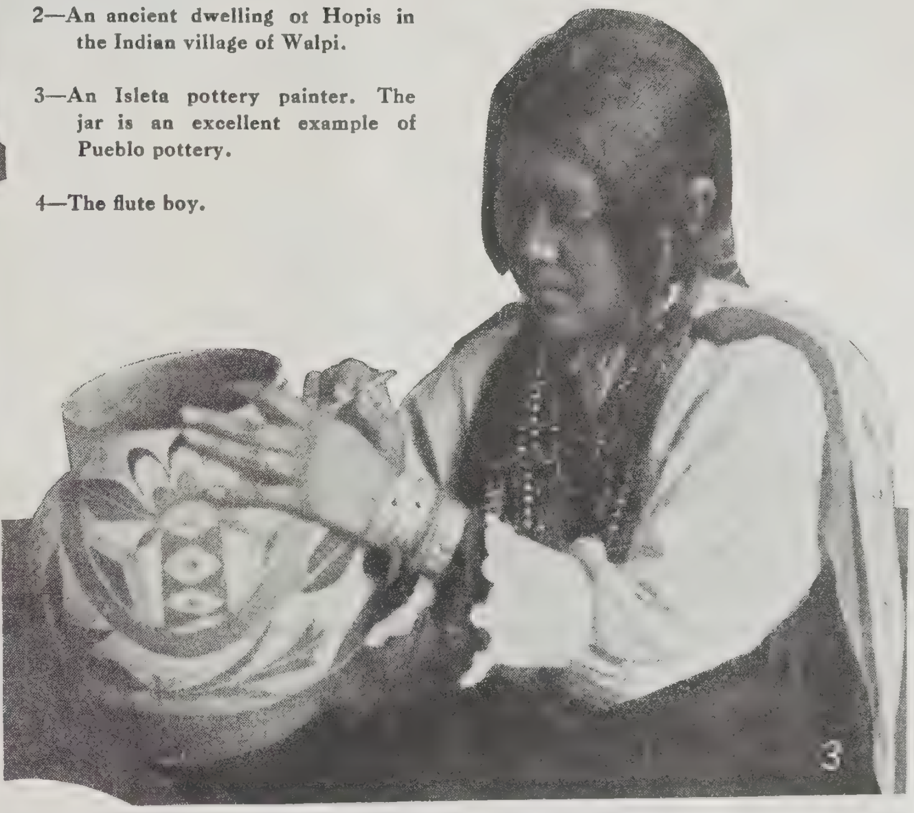
1—The conjurer.

2—An ancient dwelling ot Hopis in the Indian village of Walpi.

3—An Isleta pottery painter. The jar is an excellent example of Pueblo pottery.

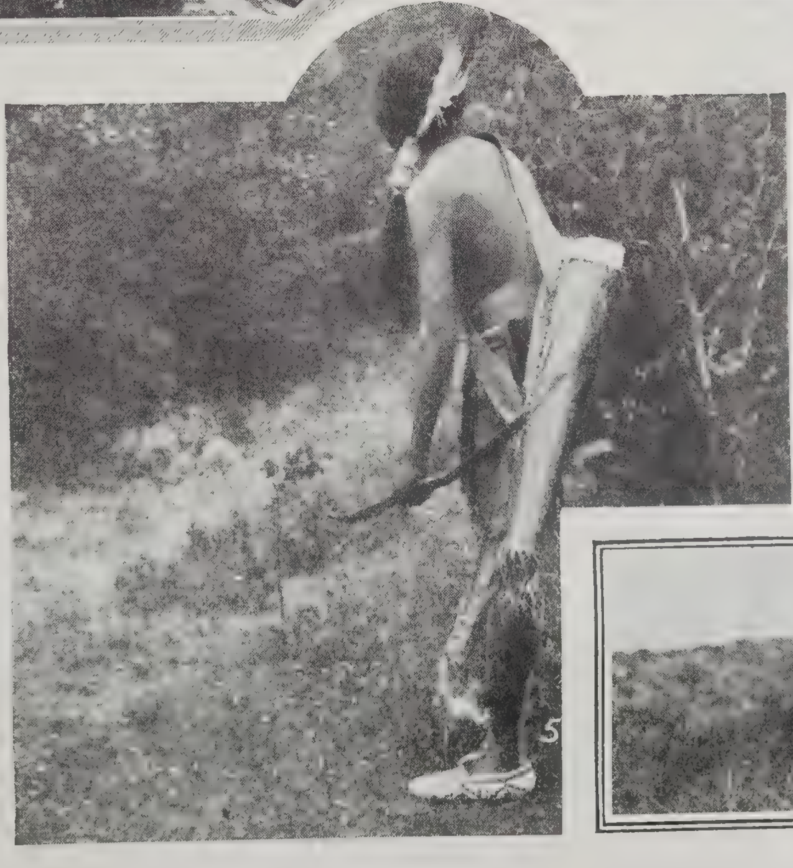
4—The flute boy.





Left—The hunter.

Right—A Hopi snake priest In his hand is a ceremonial bowl decorated with rain symbols. The inside of the bowl is decorated with paintings of frogs and tadpoles.



Comes Now the Banking Orator

By EARL CHRISTMAS

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them—"

SO BEGAN the speaker, in the compelling words of Antony. No, it was not a school of expression in the university, nor a class in literature. It was an early morning meeting of officers and employes of the St. Paul Trust & Savings Bank. Yes, a school of oratory, if you please, in a bank! Or, more properly speaking, a school of public speaking adapted to banking, a unique enterprise that is accomplishing unusual results in this St. Paul bank.

"The good is oft interred with their bones—" resounded the words of the orator through the corridors of the bank. Strangely unfamiliar seemed these lines from Shakespeare here in a building devoted to the somewhat prosaic business of banking. One might expect to hear a sales talk in a business devoted to selling automobiles, say, but here in a bank to find men reciting Shakespeare, and during working hours, too—well, the matter called for investigation.

Seeking the reason for the establishment of the school, I was sent to Max G. Boecher, who has charge of new business, advertising and promotion work at the bank. Boecher was instrumental in the formation of the school, I was told.

"Isn't Julius Caesar a long way from banking?" I asked him.

Mr. Boecher is a young man, and he answered me in the flash of a second.

"Nothing is a long way from banking," he said, "Banking touches everything. It reaches all economic, political, civil and social life.

"Some of the boys in the bank suggested that very thing when we took up the study of Shakespeare. Some of them said they didn't like Shakespeare much, and thought we ought to study something more closely connected with our business.

"'We want to get away from business,' I told them 'The man who sticks too close to his business gets into a rut. He needs something like this to appeal to the finer side of his nature, to stir up his imagination. He will be a better banker as a result.'"

The St. Paul Trust & Savings Bank is a new bank, and it has new ideas.

"But this study of Shakespeare is only incidental to the main purpose of the class," Mr. Boecher hastened to explain. "The main object is to make public speakers of the men who work in the bank.

"The average banker is not a public speaker. Yet, there is no man who might better profit by effective speaking than the banker. That's why our school of public speaking came to be established."

This unusual school opens at 8:10 every morning, and lasts until 9 o'clock. The work of the bank employes is supposed to start at 8:30. So the men give 20 minutes of their time for the school, and the bank gives 30 minutes.

Each day there is one prepared talk. Recently, men in the different departments of the bank were giving talks on subjects connected with their work, or on other subjects with which they happened to be familiar. Occasionally, some famous oration is given by a member of the class.

"We are not trying to develop orators," Mr. Boecher said. "We are trying rather to prepare each one to get up in any kind of a gathering and make a talk creditable to himself and the bank. In a way, it is a peculiar kind of public speaking we are trying to develop. We are trying to develop public speakers for banking purposes."

Making Motion Pictures of the Bee

Films Reveal How "Each Shining Hour" Is Improved

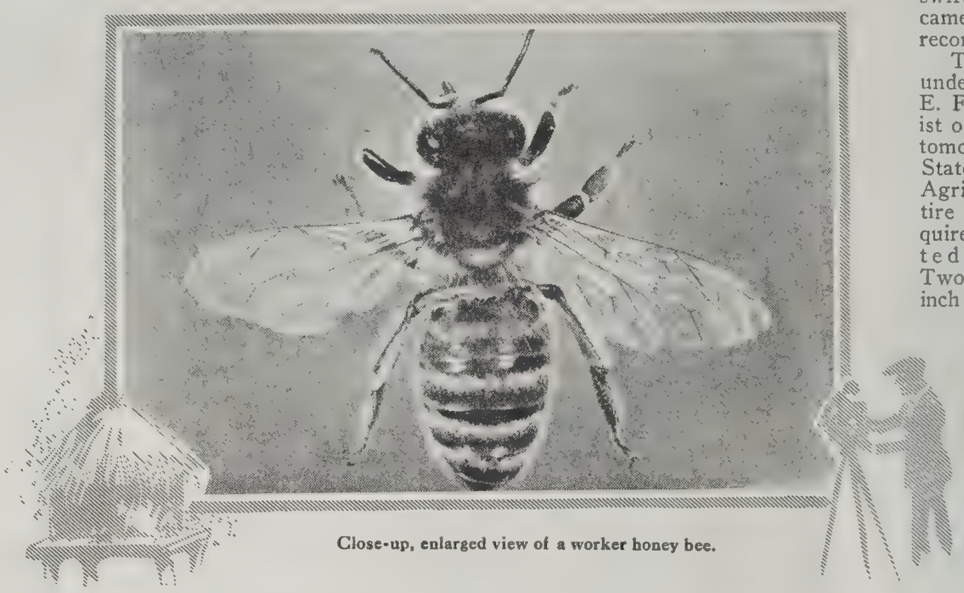
Symbolic of industry is the oft-quoted verse,

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower!"

THE poet was speaking from casual observation. The United States Department of Agriculture has prepared two motion picture films of the honey bee and his proverbial habits of industry are reflected on the screen. These are faithful representations of the life and habits of the nectar-sucking insect, whose characteristics are for the first time to be minutely presented in motion pictures.

"Bees—How They Live and Work" is the title of one reel of film for popular distribution; while "Keeping Bees at Work" is the legend of another reel in which the science of bee-keeping is portrayed for the study of bee-keepers and apiculturists. At Somerset, Maryland, Uncle Sam maintains an extensive apiary devoted to the scientific investigations of bee culture. Here a motion picture photographer of the United States Department of Agriculture spent the major portion of the summer, in recording images of the tiny bee for exhibition on the screen.

H. K. Sloat, for ten years a motion picture photographer, admits that he never tackled such a tedious undertaking as that of visualizing the life habits of the bee. From the initial handicap of wearing a broad-brimmed hat with a bee veil which marred his vision in focusing the camera, to the menace from stings to the exposed portion of his body, his troubles ran the gamut of annoyances. He operated his camera fifteen feet from the hive, which was uncomfortable to a person unacquainted with the stinging proclivities of this busy worker.



Close-up, enlarged view of a worker honey bee.

From the moment the eggs are layed by the queen and the young bees are hatched, until the honey is in the comb and subsequently bottled for market, the life history of the bee is faithfully recorded on the film, "Bees—How They Live and Work." The behavior of this insect from morning until night is recorded, with the single exception that the vibration of the wings of the bee could not be visualized for display on the screen. The wings move at a speed of 600 vibrations a second, an action so swift that the particular camera in use failed to record the image.

The bees were filmed under the direction of E. F. Phillips, apiculturist of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, and the entire summer was required for completing the tedious undertaking. Two two-inch, three-inch and six-inch lenses were employed at various times. An artificial swarm of bees was enticed to accumulate in a tree, the busy workers afterward being brushed off into a tin pan and removed to a hive. Here the motion picture photographer, with a piece of cardboard as a background, recorded the actions of the insects as they entered and departed from the hive. Bees in the process of hatching were recorded on the film, as well as individual scenes of the worker bee, queen bee, and drone bee. The swarming period was included in the scenes, as well as pictures of adult members of the bee family engaged in the nectar-gathering task for which this insect is so peculiarly endowed by nature.

The oddities of bee life are to be shown on the screen, as well as their conventional habits. Bees, during periods of drought, are deprived of sufficient nectar from flowers. As a means of completing their orderly process of honey production, they repair to pine trees, infested by aphids, an insect which excretes a sirupy substance. Bees gather this material and convert it into honey.

The motion picture photographer of the United States Department of Agriculture followed the bees in their strange wanderings and visualized this particular scene. To obtain such a view, the photographer had to select a leaf in the woods where the light would be sufficient to record an image of the aphids. To cut the leaf would cause it to wilt and the honeydew honey could not be faithfully pictured. A microscopic view was made of the action of the American foulbrood, a disease so destructive to bee culture.

Patrick Henry's Speech Revised

"Caesar has his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell and George the Third (cries of Treason!) may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!"

HOW often, in our boyhood, have we heard a schoolmate doing his best to fit the historian's description of the "voice of thunder and the face of a god," repeat the dramatic conclusion of Patrick Henry's impassioned speech on the infamous Stamp Act, even to the uplifted head and the flashing eye with which he unflinchingly and without hesitation answered the outburst by the Speaker of the Assembly, who had interrupted him, Henry delivered the defiant words.

Horatius may have been skulking under instead of braving the foe upon the bridge; Leander may have crossed the Hellespont in a put-putter instead of doing the swan act. Bill Tell may have eaten the apple instead of shooting it off his kid's head, Barbara Frietchie may have been shaking a rug and Paul Revere joy-riding in an automobile, but Patrick Henry's name was sacred.

The famous speech was recorded in his lifetime by Burke, who heard it, and repeated by William Wirt, who has always been considered an authority, and who took pains to have the version we have learned, approved by Judge Tyler, the elder, and Thomas Jefferson, both of whom heard the speech.

What better authority could there be, even if the speech was not published in any book prior to 1788, and Wirt's history first appeared in 1805?

But it's wrong, all wrong, for it has recently been discovered that P. Henry did not bid defiance to the British lion, but meekly insisted that he was a valiant subject of the king, and if anything he had said could be called treasonable, he must have been carried beyond his intent in the excitement of the debate, that if he had said anything he was sorry for he regretted it, and that he was willing to be forgiven.

Evidence of this version of the tame and impotent conclusion of the speech that made Pat Henry famous and has furnished more platform eloquence than any other, is given in an article in a recent issue of the *Advocate of Peace,* the official organ of the American Peace Society, whose 83 years of experience should have taught it that such a tale would result in controversy and bring on a war of words.

It seems that during the stressful times preceding the Revolution, France was quietly stirring up trouble between Mother England and her son Jonathan. One of her agents in this country "was a Catholic, perhaps an Irishman." He had a habit of keeping a diary, in which he recorded, in indifferent English, his daily experiences. The manuscript has recently been found in the archives of a French Historical Society. The author, who was present at the debate, thus describes the scene of the noted speech:

> "May the 30th.—Set out early from halfway house in the Chair and broke fast at York, arrived at williamsburg at 12 where I saw three Negroes hanging at the galous for haveing robed Mr. Waltho of 300 ps. went imediately to the assembly which was seting, where I was entertained with very strong Debates Concerning Dutys that the parlement wants to lay on the American Colonys, which they Call or Stile Stamp Dutys. Shortly after I Came in one of the members stood up and said he had read that in former times tarquin and Julus had their Brutue. Charles had his Cromwell, and he Did not Doubt but some good American would, stand up, in favour of his Country, but (says he) in a more moderate manner, and was going to Continue, when the Speaker of the house rose and Said, he, the last that stood up had spoke traison, and was sorey to see that not one of the members of the house was loyal Enough to stop him, before he had gone so far. upon which the same member stood up again (his name is henery) and said that if he had afronted the speaker, or the house, he was ready to ask pardon, and he would show his loyalty to his majesty King G the third, at the Expense of the last Drop of his blood, but what he had said must be atributed to the Interest of his Countrys Dying liberty which he had at heart, and the heat of passion might have lead him to have said something more than he intended, but, again, if said any thing wrong, he beged the speaker and the houses pardon. some other Members stood up and backed him, on which that afaire was droped."

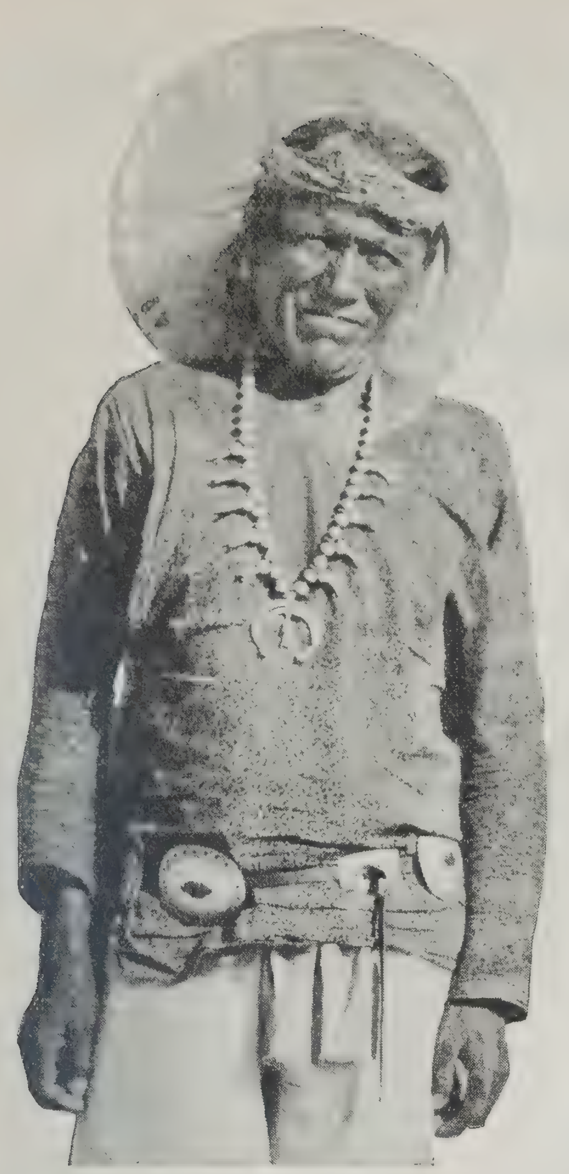
Other pages of the diary describe the debate on the resolution adopted by the Virginia assembly, which led to its dismissal by the governor the second day after Henry's speech.

It would hardly be just to the Wirt version to omit mention of its endorsement by Paul Carrington, a member who was present; nor to the truth if it were not said that Edmund Randolph, who died in 1813, left an unpublished manuscript "History of Virginia," in which he describes Henry's words as somewhat less inflammatory than the ringing challenge ascribed to him in accepted history.

Meteor's Scar on Desert of Arizona Now World Wonder

Imbeds Its Great Metallic Head Far Into Earth

By JOHN L. VON BLON



BROWN HAWK WING,

The Navajo who relates his people's graphic legend accounting for the world wonder in the Arizona desert.

BLAZING out of the empyrean fifty or a hundred times as fast as a bullet flies, a comet collided with the earth, showered an area of seventy-five square miles with many thousands of white-hot iron missiles after the manner of a huge shrapnel shell letting go, tore a stupendous hole in the solid rock surface, and imbedded its metallic head far beneath. That appalling planetary clash, which left in North Central Arizona a scar that is a world wonder today, occurred a dozen to thirty centuries ago. Now, after years of costly endeavor, the super meteorite has seemingly been found—in the enchanted desert mysteryland midway between the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest. Here appears to be the momentous climax to a cataclysmic drama of the comparatively recent past.

The obtruder from space is the celebrated Canyon Diablo Meteorite, named for the strange gorge near which it and its myriad of associated meteoric irons landed. It was long the subject of theorizing and controversy among savants—astronomers, physicists, chemists, mineralogists and geologists. Two or three of the latter contended that the yawning pit was formed by a steam explosion, probably due to volcanic heat, and that the fall of siderites in the same place and on the instant was merely coincidental. This hypothesis has been generally rejected as untenable, all the evidence being against it, whereas meteoric origin is established beyond reasonable doubt. There are no indications of volcanic action at any time. The phenomenon is variously known as Coon Butte, Crater Mountain, Meteorite Mountain and Meteor Crater. The last alone is appropriate. It is neither a butte nor a mountain but the remnant of a low hill that happened to be hit and hollowed out by a foreign object that had plunged millions or billions of miles.

This discovery, if it proves up, will rank with the most important of the times to science, opening a new and fascinating field of research as the sole marvel of its kind. Commercially—and that is the primary objective—it holds amazing possibilities, the iron, nickel, platinum, iridium and other elements giving promise of repaying manyfold the fortune expended on the singular task of locating this very tangible "celestial ghost." The work, prosecuted intermittently for twenty years, has entailed an outlay of fully half a million dollars, and is in reality but begun.

There are competent geologists and chemists who believe the stellar substance capable of yielding gems of unprecedented size, quality and value and thus being the richest single treasure ever uncovered. Like almost everything about it, this is conjectural and disputed by other authorities, but based upon the fact that all the Canyon Diablo irons contain microscopic diamonds, black, colorless and yellow. The wealth of the tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen at Luxor may be excelled intrinsically, if not scientifically, by this find on the wind-lashed Colorado Plateau where rests a heavenly body in a colossal mundane grave of its own digging. Perhaps the latter interred itself about when the ancient Egyptian monarch was laid in his gold-lined sepulcher. They were brought to light simultaneously.

The mining enterprise is unique, the latest quest for the extra-terrestrial visitor having been carried on under marked difficulties for more than a year and a half with an oil drill. Fourteen hundred feet down the bit encountered something so much harder than tempered steel that the cutting process was reversed, the tool's edges were speedily ground away, and progress perforce ceased. Supposedly the prize has been reached. Pending the formulation of plans to handle the situation, which involves unusual problems and hazards, activity is suspended. Further, no information is given out at the scene of operations but it is understood an additional bore is to be made at once, a few hundred feet farther to the south. This will be good news to scholars around the globe whose thoughts have been centered on the spot since the absorbing explorations were undertaken.

There are serious questions to be considered. How extensive a proposition is it? How shall the material tapped be disposed of? What would be the most certain and economical method of getting at it? If a shaft be sunk to the metal and it is found to be a single solid body, will breaking it up be practicable? It is tougher than the firmest armor plate ever rolled. A high-power steel projectile has no more effect upon it than a pea blown through a tube. Treatment will not be an easy matter, if possible.

The United States Smelting, Refining and Mining Company of Boston, a great corporation with a dividend record of $40.000,000 to its credit, is responsible for the present development through a subsidiary, the Crater Mining Company, with C. W. Plumb on the ground as manager. It has a ninety-nine year lease on the property, which is owned by the Standard Iron Company of Philadelphia. The Standard is headed by Daniel Moreau Barringer, lawyer, miner, geologist and student, to whom is due credit for most of the early investigation and the learned presentation of authentic data regarding the natural marvel. His associates are mainly scientists.

The sunken meteorite is estimated to be at least 300 feet in diameter and to weigh 1,000.000 tons, and some experts who have studied the subject would double and even quadruple these figures. Its impact gouged a basin nearly four-fifths of a mile in diameter and 1.250 feet deep, which today has an average depth of 570 feet, a level bottom of about 300 acres, and a rim 120 to 160 feet above the surrounding plain, sloping outward from 500 to 1,500 yards. Over 300,000.000 tons of stone was broken and crushed and expelled by the inconceivable pressure, and half as much more violently disturbed and displaced. On the south side for half a mile all the strata were vertically lifted as a mass 105 feet above their original position, turned outward nearly on edge, and so remain. The logical assumption is that the mighty actuating instrument struck slightly obliquely from a northerly direction and lodged under the enormous shelf its bulk heaved up, hence the drilling at this point. Here the cliff is perpendicular and overhanging. On the the north is a gradual dip and a gap in the rim where the air rushed through after the meteorite. This corresponds in length with the south-wall uplift, beyond which lies the greatest amount of material, and the more comminuted, from the hollow.

Sharply angular fragments of all sizes, from limestone masses of 5,000 tons to sandstone reduced to an impalpable powder, constitute the material thrown out. The former are distributed principally in two "boulder fields" on the east and west slopes, the very large ones not to exceed a quarter mile beyond the rim while pieces weighing fifty to a few hundred pounds were hurled two miles.

Fine white "rock flour" on southern outer slope. Seventy-five million tons of this resulted from the terrific impact of the stellar body. The Navajos hold it sacred and employ it in all their religious ceremonials

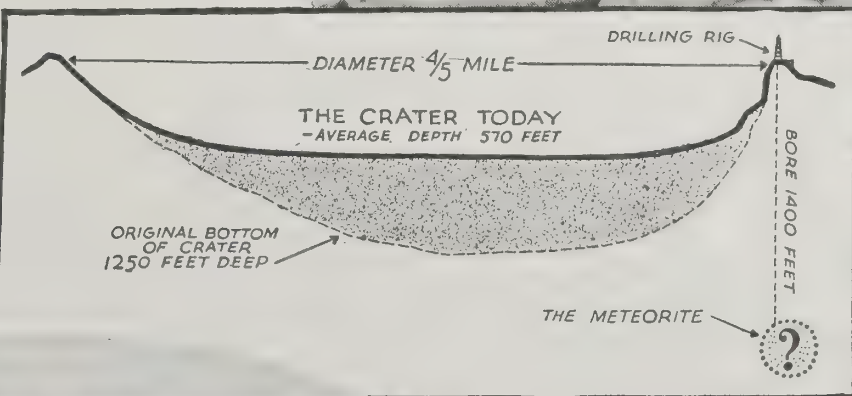
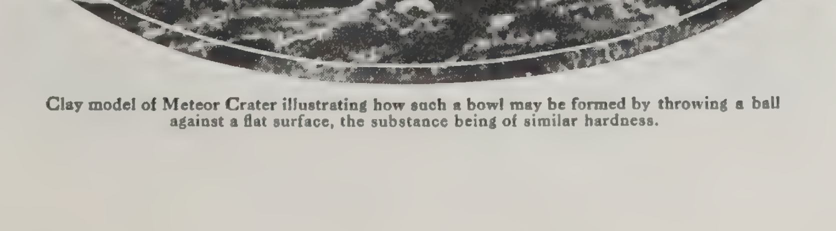


Diagram of the situation at Meteor Crater. (Drawn to scale.)

The snow-white "rock flour," so fine that it will flow through a 200-mesh screen, represents about 25 per cent, or 75,000,000 tons, of the ejectamenta, covers much of the outer slope and fills in large measure the lower portions of the bowl. Vast quantities were doubtless scattered by the severe winds of the exposed location at an altitude of 6,000 feet on the open waste. This comes from an 800-foot stratum of white or saccharoidal sandstone 350 feet below the surface and must have beclouded the sky for hours after the collision that pulverized even the tiniest grains



Clay model of Meteor Crater illustrating how such a bowl may be formed by throwing a ball against a flat surface, the substance being of similar hardness.

(Concluded on page 14)

Keeping College Athletics Safe for Amateurism

Professor Stagg, International Figure in the World of Sport, Leads in Fight to Have University Records Clean

By CLARENCE A. BUSH

PROFESSOR A. A. STAGG,

Veteran University of Chicago athletic director, hero of Yale baseball and football teams forty-five years ago, international power in amateur sports.

IN THE relentless, everlasting warfare to make college athletics safe for amateurism, there are a few directors who have kept their powder dry at all times. Under pressure of the bread-and-butter necessity of producing championship teams, when in the nature of things only one in half a dozen can win a given title, it is not denied that many college coaches have stretched this quality of amateurism.

One of the few men who have been undeviating in their stand for clean, non-professional records is Professor A. A. Stagg, veteran athletic director at University of Chicago. In all his thirty-one years in command of Maroon forces, not once has the whisper of suspicion been heard against this warrior.

It might be claimed that Professor Stagg has not been under the same pressure to produce winners, whatever the cost, that has weakened many another in a similar position.

As a matter of fact, there have been many campaigns to dislodge him after unsuccessful seasons in football and other sports, but the Old Man has been proof against all attack. His enemies have been forced to admit that season in and season out over a period of years, Stagg's teams have won their due ratio of championships, and this in the face of the fact that the Chicago undergraduate body is smaller by two-thirds than many of its "Big Ten" rivals.

Those who know the details of Professor Stagg's career are convinced of the fact that his unimpeachable record is owing, not to the security of his job in the face of alumni clamor, but to his absolute and unshakable conviction that the amateur principle is the only feasible one for college athletics.

When you come to think of it, why should colleges insist upon amateurism in athletics? Why should not a student, for instance, be allowed to earn his way through school by playing professional baseball?

Why, in fact, should not football stars, whose performances attract paying spectators by hundreds of thousands, receive some monetary reward for their services?

There is a great deal more loose thinking on this subject than you might imagine. Within the "Big Ten" territory every summer the argument is carried on pro and con in the newspapers. One paper even persuaded a majority of the directors of the conference to advocate, in interviews, the abrogation of the amateur rule in regard to summer baseball.

What does Professor Stagg have to say on the subject? He expressed himself very feelingly and convincingly in an interview with the writer.

It is not that the Old Man lacks understanding or sympathy for the struggling young athlete who is trying to work his way through school, for Stagg worked his own way through Yale University, and was a football and baseball star for five years.

Refused to Take Money

PROFESSOR STAGG recently confessed to a group of Chicago alumni that at times while at Yale he lived on twenty-five cents a day! He had to earn his own money. That was close to half a century ago when the cost of living was lower, but money was harder to get.

He might have earned big money playing professional baseball. Many of his team mates did during the summer. He could have made more than his companions, because his "gate" value as captain of the team and his skill as its star pitcher would have been worth that of any three others.

He refused to do it, because he felt it was not right, although the practice, so thoroughly denounced by all colleges nowadays, was permitted then and even encouraged.

"Illogical thinking and talking on this subject by newspapers and by men who ought to know better has done an immense amount of damage to amateur sports," declared Professor Stagg.

"General opinion has become so confused that the continued existence of intercollegiate competition in athletics was actually seriously threatened. The public could not understand why college ball players were not permitted to earn money playing for professional teams."

This attitude, Professor Stagg pointed out, resulted in the encouragement of many violations of the eligibility rules and the loss of some of the best players to conference colleges. It culminated in the Taylorville-Carlinville football scandal, participated in by an entire team of University of Illinois men including two or three varsity players hired on one side and about the same number from Notre Dame University hired on the other side.

"Conference officials awoke to the menace following these scandals," said Professor Stagg. "They saw that we were either to have professional athletics all the way through, or no intercollegiate athletics at all, unless drastic action were taken. It showed that we cannot wink at baseball playing for money without corrupting the entire athletic program, for football stars, basketball stars, swimming and track heroes will at once follow the example."

Selling the Amateur Idea

VITAL need for the education of college faculties, alumni, students, athletes and the general public on this subject is one of the chief causes of the appointment of a commissioner of athletics for the conference, Major J. L. Griffith, of the University of Illinois, with an appropriation of $10,000 for the first year to "sell the amateur idea."

"Colleges cannot have professional athletics because they are not engaged in purveying public amusements," continued Professor Stagg. "They are educational institutions, and all their activities are planned with this fact in mind. The reason for athletics in an educational institution is their educational, their physical and character-building value.

"Fair play, good feeling in the midst of strenuous rivalry, self-sacrifice, determination, perseverance, willingness of the player to give the best that is in him for the sake of the team, loyalty and devotion are some of the things developed by college athletics.

"What greater thing is there than to be masters of ourselves? If we were our complete masters, we should be supermen. Mastery in athletics is achieved in several ways. One is by control of temper.

"These things developed by athletics play a greater part by far in a boy's life after he leaves college than hereditary gifts, environment and opportunity.

"Loyalty and devotion—one amounts to nothing who can't tie to something worth while, whether it be duty, an institution, a religious belief, a team or a sport. Athletics bring out loyalty in the very strongest manner.

"It is a great thing to be able to give your best. Athletics teach how to do this. If boys and girls should learn to give the best that is in them to the practice of some athletic game we should have a finer citizenship—men and women of strength, devotion and loyalty."

Professor Stagg declared that there is absolutely no objection, moral or otherwise, to any man or boy selling his skill in any activity, whether at a trade or a sport.

"A professional athlete of any kind," he said, "is not barred from getting a college education with the money he earns in sport. All we say is that he cannot play on our teams with athletes who play for the fun of it, for the honor in it, for the education in it, because a group of professional athletes in schools creates unhealthy athletic conditions.

"When an athlete begins to take money for his skill, his whole attitude changes toward the sport. His dominating thought is, 'What is there in it for me?' The amateur's dominating motives are the joy of the game, the thrill of excelling, loyalty to the team and to the institution, and the desire for the good opinion of his group. The predominant thought of the professional is how much money he can get out of his sport."

Professor Stagg asserted that it was no accident that professional athletes did not respond quickly and freely to their country's call in the World War, as did the athletes in amateur sports.

Professionalism Kills Spontaneity

"THERE is a fundamental reason for it," he stated. "Amateur sport trains youth in loyalty to the highest degree. Its inspirations are fine and ennobling, unselfish and brave. Patriotism develops naturally and spontaneously in such soil. The instant a youth acquires the professional spirit, his services are no longer enthusiastic and spontaneous, co-operative and unselfish.

"This is the blight inherent in professional athletics. There is another aspect of most professional athletics which, while not inseparable, is usually to be found. This is the environment. Professional athletes usually have for their satellites, their hangers-on, the lower elements of society, including the loafers and gamblers.

"Now a professional can hold himself above this environment, and many no doubt do. But it is a tremendous handicap and all too many are not able to keep straight. Amateur athletics is clear of such environment. Its environment is of the highest order that our civilization affords. Our task is to keep it so."

Another point Professor Stagg made about the college boy who plays professionally was that the boy more often sells the college name rather than his services.

"Many college players, without their college reputations, would not be worth hiring for their skill alone. Their chief value is their drawing power as college players. Colleges cannot permit their names to be sold in this manner.

"Then, if certain college baseball players play all summer on professional teams, while their college mates work at some real job, preserving their amateur status, the amateurs will lose out in experience and skill so that professionals will win places over them on the team in every case. Then there would be nothing but professional teams."

Professor Stagg would carry the amateur idea even beyond the colleges. At his request the Order of the "C," composed of University of Chicago men who have won their athletic emblems from the first football team thirty-one years ago down to the present time, went on record at their annual meeting against any Chicago athlete playing professionally after leaving college.

You will find this sentiment growing among professionals themselves. They are coming to believe that a young man will do better, eventually, by starting in as an office boy at $10 a week than by going into professional athletics. He may do better in the latter field for a few years, but at the age of thirty-five he will have done better in business.

Uncle Sam's Piggery Aids 6,000,000 Farmers

Experiments Held, Employing Six Breeds, Including Razorback

By S. R. WINTERS

UNCLE SAM conducts a piggery—a hog farm, if you please! At Beltsville, Maryland, a dozen miles from the White House, where the United States Department of Agriculture maintains extensive acreage and facilities devoted to feeding and breeding experiments with dairy cattle, sheep and goats, approximately eighty-five acres have been reserved for swine investigations. Here, on this government reservation, methods of management and feeding practices are evolved that are calculated to make hog-raising more pleasant and profitable on the 6,000,000 farms—assuming that a major portion of the farmers in the United States grow a pig or two.

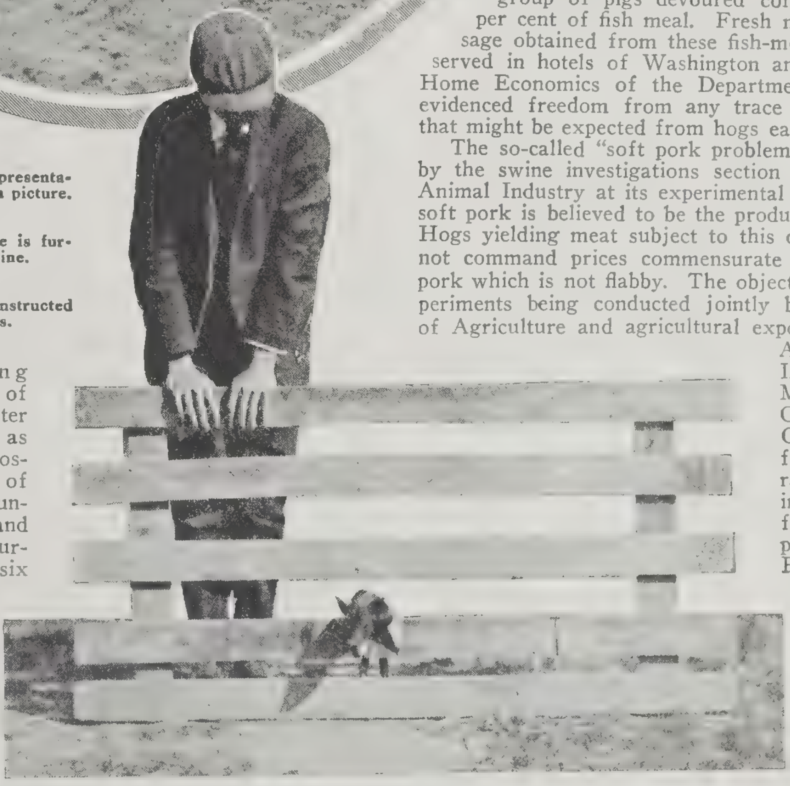
Uncle Sam, quite discreetly, is not a partisan to any breed or breeds of hogs. His piggery contains 468 head of swine, all told. Seventy-two Duroc-Jerseys, eighty-four Poland Chinas, eighty-six Chester Whites, fifty-five Hampshires, twenty-four Berkshires, and seventy-two Tamworths are the breeds recognized and the numerical strength of their respective representation. Crossbreds, two in number, thirty-five grade, and thirty-eight "piney woods rooters," complete the roster of the swine population on this eighty-five-acre government-owned piggery. While the swine investigations of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, is committed to the policy of advocating the propagation of purebred swine, represented by the half-dozen breeds just mentioned, the grades and "razorbacks" are maintained for specific objects in experimental breeding, the purpose of which will be disclosed before this article is concluded

That the hog is inherently filthy and thrives as well in a mud wallow subject to the scorching rays of solar heat is a theory that has gained considerable currency and acceptation by hog-raisers. The piggery conducted by the Department of Agriculture, by precept and example, should serve to explode this erroneous conclusion. Sanitary quarters, natural or artificial shade, clean drinking water, and individual houses that are well ventilated, lighted and heated, are the conditions governing the operation of Uncle Sam's hog farm. That such practices are conducive to the accumulation of flesh is being frequently demonstrated on this eighty-five-acre swine reservation at Beltsville, Maryland. A notable example is an experiment conducted with "piney woods rooters" or "razorbacks," to employ a more picturesque descriptive term. A number of mature sows, which had already farrowed two litters of pigs, were shipped from South Carolina to the experimental farm at Beltsville. Upon arrival, these nondescript swine averaged only sixty-eight pounds in weight. After remaining at the government piggery for twelve months, living under conditions to which other members of this hog family are subjected, the average weight of these "piney woods rooters" was 180 pounds.

If you inquire of Dr. S. Buckley, specialist in swine investigations for the United States Department of Agriculture, for the reasons of the thriftiness of these animals of uncertain breeding, he would tersely reply, "Feed and management." Elaboration of this answer serves to introduce the system of feeding in vogue on this eighty-five acres dedicated to the ultimate object of increasing a nation's pork supply. The 468 hogs maintained by the Federal Government eat their food according to the dictates of their appetites. In terms of city dwellers—if this phraseology is permissible—the cafeteria or self-help plan of eating is in operation. The swine specialist terms the trough from which hogs partake of feedstuffs in this style a "self-feeder." The feeds of a variable ration are constantly accessible to the swine and they do their own mixing of ingredients and eat to satisfying proportions. The boar or sow, admitting that the intelligence of swine is of small caliber, is capable of selecting both the kinds and quality of food best suited to thrifty growth. Man-selected rations may be discriminating, but the appetite of the hog, experience has determined, is the best barometer to its stomach and ultimate thriftiness in terms of "porkers."

The swine investigations of the Bureau of Animal Industry is pledged to a program of maintaining extensive forage crops, affording the hog population grazing opportunities for the greater portion of the year. There are three fields, each of which is five to eight acres in area; four woods' pastures of four or five acres each; nineteen one-quarter of an acre each in size, five one-half acre, and fourteen one-acre paddocks. In each field or paddock there is either natural or artificial shade, and automatic watering devices supply a constant flow of fresh water. The central farrowing house contains an office, feed mixing and feed weighing room, scales for weighing hogs, and a series of twelve pens—all of these units are found in the main farrowing house. Portable colony houses are employed as means of insuring comfortable quarters for the "piggies" when the paddocks and fields are their feeding and tramping grounds.

"It is an unfailing practice," to quote Dr. S. Buckley, swine specialist, "to turn over the soil and plant a crop at least twice a year, in order that the hog lots do not become contaminated with roundworms and other parasites which are frequently so destructive to swine. It is difficult to supply much pasturage in the one-quarter of an acre paddocks, but the one-acre lots are so planted that the system of management permits of grazing opportunities during most of the days of the year. Winter rye is seeded in as many lots as possible as a means of insuring an abundance of winter and early spring pasturage. Ordinarily six pecks of rye is seeded to the acre, but for the purpose of pasturage for hogs the quantity sown to the acre is approximately doubled. The result of the heavy sowing of rye seed is that the pigs are afforded a fine mat of succulent growth. Coarse forage is the inevitable result of thin seeding of rye, a condition that has proved unsatisfactory in raising swine Rape is grown extensively at Beltsville, and it is a forage crop of particular value to half-grown and mature hogs." Rape, however, has been found to possess poisonous properties, primarily affecting the skin of young pigs when permitted to eat thereof in the spring. Symptoms of infection from the poisonous properties of rape are found in slight or extensive sloughing of the skin and frequently the pigs suffer losses of tips of their ears In the larger fields, soy beans is a crop regularly planted because of the ideal pasturage that it affords.



Top—Pigs of the six representative breeds posing for a picture.

Circle—Artificial shade is furnished for the swine.

At right—A poorly constructed hurdle for pigs.

An abattoir—a scientific slaughterhouse for cattle, hogs and sheep—is located in close proximity to the central hog building. It is a well-equipped brick structure, which, including the facilities for slaughtering animals, entails an expenditure of $20,000. The capacity of this form of slaughterhouse is fifty hogs a day. Chilled rooms are ideally provided, making it possible to maintain the temperature as low as freezing point with only slight humidity. The abattoir is electrically operated, well lighted, sanitary and durable. All hogs subject to experimental study are killed in this abattoir. Feeding experiments are being continuously negotiated by Uncle Sam on his 85-acre hog farm. Notable among the tests to evolve valuable feeds for swine-growers is the discovery of the worth of fishery by-products. Shark meal, shrimp bran, red-snapper cannery waste, fish-glue-factory waste, sardine-cannery waste, and whale-meat meal, are the names of newly discovered feeds for swine as the results of experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture. These meals, the products of waste accumulating around fish factories, possess protein contents varying from forty per cent in glue-factory meal to seventy-five per cent in whale meal. The flavor of meat obtained from hogs fattened on fishery by-products is unimpaired. Barley is not so efficient as corn meal for fattening hogs, is the conclusion of a series of tests conducted at Beltsville. Also feeding tests are in progress to determine the relative feeding value of heavy, stained, and light barleys.

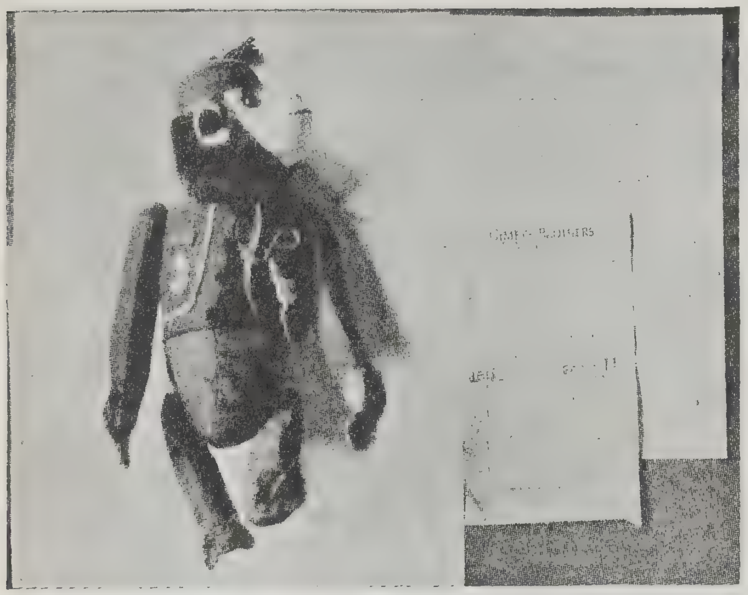
A feeding trial was also conducted in which fish meal and corn were hand-fed in contradistinction to the self-feeder style of administering feeds. This departure enabled the investigator to introduce large quantities of fish meal into the ration to determine whether or not this new feed exercised an undesirable influence upon the flavor and quality of the meat. One lot of pigs was fed corn meal with seven and one-half per cent of fish meal added; another group of pigs was permitted to partake of fifteen per cent of fish meal; still another lot of swine ate corn meal in a ration containing twenty-two and one-half per cent of fish meal; while a fourth group of pigs devoured corn meal and thirty per cent of fish meal. Fresh meat, loin, and sausage obtained from these fish-meal fed hogs, when served in hotels of Washington and by the office of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture, evidenced freedom from any trace of flavor or odor that might be expected from hogs eating fishy products.

The so-called "soft pork problem" is being attacked by the swine investigations section of the Bureau of Animal Industry at its experimental farm. Essentially, soft pork is believed to be the product of certain feeds. Hogs yielding meat subject to this descriptive term do not command prices commensurate to those paid for pork which is not flabby. The object of a series of experiments being conducted jointly by the Department of Agriculture and agricultural experiment stations of Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina and South Carolina is to assist farmers and hog-raisers in formulating a system of feeding that will not produce soft pork. Peanuts, peanut meal, soy beans and rice by-products are being fed to hogs to determine whether these products are conducive to the production of soft pork. Four hundred and sixteen head of swine were fed and slaughtered on Uncle Sam's hog farm during 1921, in study of this problem. External and internal parasites, as a foe to pork production, are being recognized by swine investigations, efforts being made to determine the period of life of the hog when parasitic injury is greatest. Other investigations take cognizance of the difference in value of purebred, crossbred, grade, and scrub swine. The results of this bit of research will have a direct bearing on the value of the purebred sire in hog growing.

Cutting and curing demonstrations are periodically held, and exhibits of meat produced under government supervision are taken afield, fairs in at least a dozen states witnessing demonstrations. At the national swine show both hogs and equipment are displayed.

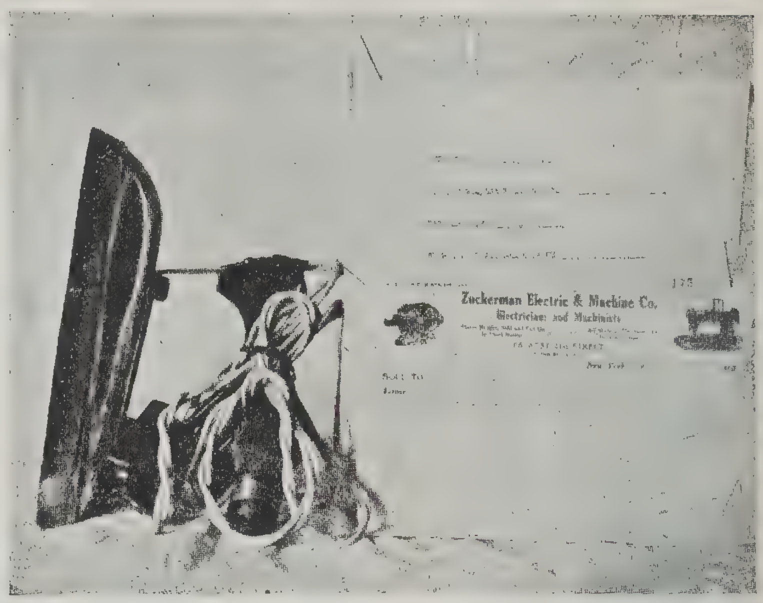
A Little Story on Retail Store Profits

Concluded from page 3



Left—The little toy monkey that you may have purchased for the baby suffered a mark-up of 553 per cent between the landed cost of $30\frac{6}{10}$ cents and the retail price of $2.00.

Right—A German manufacturer made this iron for 59 cents and after it was landed in this country, its cost, including all charges, duty, and so on, was $76\frac{7}{10}$ cents. It sold at retail for $5.50. The mark-up was 617 per cent.



like the foregoing, as the Treasury Department has done, but it will suffice to quote some of the really high figures of profit. Schwartz Brothers, 1454 Broadway, New York, got $68 for a small marble statue and bronze chair ornament from Germany, a mark-up of 753 per cent over the landed cost of $7.96. But Peter Korn and Sons, Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth street, New York, sold a German-made cuckoo clock for $22, whereas the government records show the landed cost of the article was only $1.26-7/10, the mark-up in this instance being 1,636 per cent. The same firm sold for $2 a carved wood clock that cost six cents in Germany, and only eight and one-tenth cents landed in this country, the percentage of increase being 2,370 per cent. At what was presumably a "mark-down sale" at Macy's, a marcel iron from Germany was sold for $1.39. Its landed cost was a little more than twelve cents, making the mark-up 1,012 per cent.

Gimbel Brothers, who also feature their mark-down sales, sold on June 6 a string of amber beads for $12.50. The landed cost of those beads was seventy-six cents—mark-up, 1,544 per cent. Stumpp and Walter Company, 30 Barclay street, sold for thirty-five cents a package cabbage seed from Denmark, the landed cost of which was a trifle over two cents—mark-up, 1,567 per cent. The Nev-A-Hone Razor Strop Company, of New York, turned up a neat 1,127 per cent mark-up on a pair of fifteen-cent shears from Germany, sold in this country for $2.65. The landed cost of a clinical thermometer sold by J. A. Hetherington, New York, jumped 575 per cent by the time it got to the American consumer; a rifle from Belgium sold by Davega Brothers went up 517 per cent, and a bird cage from Germany climbed 532 per cent by the time W. Stroffregn sold it. Parker and Battersby, at 146 West Forty-second street, for $5 sold a German razor that cost a trifle over thirty-four cents to land—mark-up, 1,349 per cent; and even that famous household remedy, cod liver oil, climbed 1,774 per cent after its trip from Norway. It cost less than seven cents a bottle to land and it retailed at $1.25.

The foregoing prices are typical of the whole list. The lowest mark-up shown of any of the imported merchandise described is 150 per cent. In the days of war prices retailers were defending mark-ups of fifty per cent, asserting that they are necessary for the conduct of profitable business. One hundred and fifty was considered to be profiteering, but what of a thousand and two thousand per cent mark-up? As the report points out, there is more to that situation than mere gouging of the public. The real danger is in the possible effect on American industries which must compete with the low landed prices. Since that time, of course, the new tariff has gone into effect, but judging by the warning issued at Washington that has not resulted in any material decrease of the percentage of mark-up.

Meteor's Scar on Desert of Arizona Now World Wonder

Concluded from page 11

It is silica, 99-2/3 per cent pure, and will become an important item as a by-product when developments in connection with the meteorite justify construction of a rail line to the crater. The top layer of the region is a purplish-gray sandstone 30-50 feet; below that 250-300 feet of yellowish-gray calcareous sandstone which has the appearance of limestone when eroded and weathered; then the white sandstone above described, and under it dark-red sandstone which was in nowise disturbed. (In the center of the crater.) All the others were, thus indicating the original depth of the hole. This geological arrangement is beautifully defined in the walls of the Grand Canyon, the Canyon of the Little Colorado, and Canyon Diablo.

Within a radius of six miles of the crater, and chiefly near by, have been picked up more meteoric irons than on all the rest of the earth's surface. In addition to the ordinary Canyon Diablo meteorites, recognized everywhere, the area has yielded many thousands of another variety, never found elsewhere, and known as "shale balls." These are generally rounded or globular, and sometimes pear or almond-shaped, disintegrating masses of meteoric iron and nickel oxide, often with solid nickel iron centers. The shell of iron oxide or shale is due to terrestrial oxidation and not to burning of these curious individuals in their passage through our atmosphere. The "balls" differ chemically from the common siderites in that they contain very small quantities of chlorine, absent in the latter. The largest weighed forty-odd pounds. They were recovered from the rock fragments and silica on the slopes, where they were protected from atmospheric action. Most of them have a tendency to disappear rapidly when exposed to the air. Their coloring is indescribably variegated and beautiful. Their number prompted the suggestion that the crater may not have been made by a single giant body but by a compact cluster or swarm of countless "shale balls" and possibly other irons traveling together as the head, or part of the head, of a comet. In that event the metal could be readily handled, once reached.

Fifteen to twenty tons of specimens, now seldom found and usually rated at one dollar a pound, have been taken away to museums in every land, and some of the more important institutions have splendid collections, but the best extant is in a little stone building perched on the bleak north rim, its roof secured against gales by steel-cable anchorage to rocks outside and heavy meteorites within. There are hundreds of irons and "shale balls," ranging in weight from a few grains to 1,800 pounds each. A few years ago the Meteor Crater Museum was struck by lightning and a thick layer of soft mud deposited on its floor and contents. There was no rain, the surroundings were tinder-dry. The source of the mud and how such a large quantity was instantaneously transferred to the interior of a well-built structure remain unexplained.

Twenty years ago, after Mr. Barringer, Benjamin Chew Tilghman and associates acquired the property through location under the mineral laws, their company did considerable exploratory work, both scientific and commercial, from the center of the crater to the far outer slopes, with shafts, drill holes, tunnels and open cuts, and hundreds of pieces of meteoric material were encountered. Some weighed as much as fifty pounds. On the outside of the rim all were thoroughly overlaid by and admixed with the rock fragments and silica from the interior. Here deep digging was not undertaken. In the crater, where twenty-eight bores were made, some to a depth exceeding 1,000 feet below the present bottom, meteoric matter was found in all, usually only from 180 to 650 feet. A few chunks were of sufficient size to put drills out of commission and be real obstructions. Shafts had to be abandoned 200 feet down because of water and quicksand—the wet "rock flour." On the original floor was once a lake, probably caused by cloudbursts following the terrific concussion, and afterward fed by occasional desert storms.

With the most modern of equipment and methods the Crater Mining Company has been overcoming obstacles and driving toward the hidden goal since May, 1921. L. F. S. Holland, of Los Angeles, consulting mining engineer of international experience, set the extraordinary venture under way and directed it a year. Both the outward evidence of something foreign beneath and a thorough magnetic survey pointed to the southeasterly rim as the most propitious spot and there the derrick was reared on the brink of the cliff. Expert drillers were brought from the Southern California oil fields. In the cavities of the split and jammed and upended strata of rock the tools were continually lost. Finally, at 350 feet, the drill turned at such an angle that it stuck crosswise and could not be withdrawn. Instead of blasting out a new site, moving the rig and drilling another hole, Mr. Holland decided to drive a six-by-eight-foot tunnel from the inner slope of the crater and rescue the tools. It succeeded and is in all likelihood a "fishing" job without parallel—making 360 feet of tunnel to get at a drill 350 feet down! A large saving of time and money was effected. Standard or cable tools and ten-inch casing were employed the first 700 feet and a rotary drill and eight-inch pipe the remaining 700 to the point of contact with what is believed to be the prize. From this the drill recoiled with a metallic ring like a tiny hammer from a blacksmith's anvil, and came up worn smooth. It is something that man-forged metal cannot match. All the way down to it the formation was found shattered, and meteoric material was present.

It has been calculated that the metallic body lies so far beyond the wall rim that possibly only its northern surface has been touched, and this may be the reason for the reported plan to drill at a point southward, which would aid in determining its size. If this is the "daddy" meteorite, and it corresponds with those heretofore found, it contains 90 to 91 per cent of iron (pure, not ore) of fine quality; eight per cent nickel, worth 30 cents per pound; one ounce of platinum, worth $110, to each five tons; a small percentage of iridium, even more valuable, and microscopic diamonds. Roughly speaking the content is worth $50 per ton. Should it weigh but one-thousandth of the 300,000,000 tons of rock it scattered, or 300 000 tons, its value would be $15,000 000. Were its weight 1,000,000 tons it would mean $50,000,000. It may represent hundreds of millions. The prospect is at once staggering and alluring.

Meteor Crater is six miles due south of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway station of Sunshine, and eighteen miles southwest of Winslow, in Coconino County. The tall derrick on the elevated rim is visible twenty miles in any direction. On its transcontinental trains passing there by daylight the Santa Fe carries half a million passengers yearly. Those who see the solitary tower on the sandblown horizon smile or scowl as they visualize another wildcat oil well, the most ridiculous of all, little realizing that a romance of the universe may be in the writing.

The Navajos account for the crater with a graphic and significant legend that is partly borne out, or bears out, the white man's findings. Longer ago than can be reckoned, old Brown Hawk Wing told me in Winslow, three of his people's gods seeking endless repose rode down from the stars on roaring clouds of blue flame spreading farther than eye could see, alighted amid thunder that shook the mountains and threw the rock to the winds as dust and buried themselves in the plain. In the "heap big digum" slumbers the chief of these and must never be disturbed. "Bad luck sure killum" any who breaks his rest. As to the two lesser spirits' location the Indian was vague, "Out there," he said, pointing toward the lofty San Francisco peaks.

Brown Hawk Wing explained that the fire the gods brought destroyed every living thing in all that region except the dwellers in the cliffs and these went away, never returning. Archeologists are agreed that the Cliff Dwellers indubitably left their high-perched habitations precipitately and that whatever civilization flourished in the open places vanished simultaneously and at some time within a few thousand years.

This legend means something to the Navajos. They prove their faith by employing the "rock flour" from the crater in their ancestral tribal rituals, such as the sacred dance, which few white persons have witnessed.

The crater has a supernatural aspect that is enhanced by observation. It is profoundly impressive, awful, haunting, unbelievable, like an hallucination of the Painted Desert of which its setting is a continuation. To stand among the monumental boulders on the east rim, watch the Arizona sun sink in a flood of unpaintable colors, see the shadows creep along the titanic, torn, menacing rock walls, darkness close in upon the abyss, and then the moon rise and turn blackness to ghostly silver would make a lifetime picture on any man's memory. Bearing in mind that no other scene on earth can be attributed to like origin intensifies its vividness.

It is a long way around the crater on the rim—exactly three miles. To go in and out of the bowl is like steep mountain-climbing on rough zigzag trails. In winter the snow flies and in summer the interior is little less hot than Death Valley. The place is infested with rattlesnakes of the deadly little-horned variety, the sidewinder, a night prowler of vicious temper that can strike without coiling, simply arching his neck. Thousands of rats of a local kind live in the rock crevices and of these the drill sometimes brought up still quivering pieces. Golden eagles and ravens nest on the cliffs, which only wings can reach. Cottontails skitter over the bottom. Lynxes have been trapped in the derrick. A herd of 200 antelope comes within a few hundred yards of camp. Vegetation is sparse but on the south rim, within and without, grow stunted juniper and pinon trees up to 800 years old, and numerous porcupines destroy them by devouring the bark. By these can be reckoned the minimum age of the depression that suddenly succeeded a hill. The country is one of terrifying electrical disturbances which at times necessitate suspension of work. The meteoric irons are magnetic but their poles so crisscrossed that they affect the needle little unless broken up.

Government Moves Only When Driven

Economic Experts Are the Ones to Point the Way to Progress

By PAUL G. LEWIS

SO MUCH has been said and written about the great progress of the world that it becomes us to know not only the number or percentage, but also the character and class of men through whom progress is made possible. Likewise ought we to know the kind and character of progress made; and the manner in which such progress was effected.

A broad view of the foregoing ought to present enough information to direct us into proper avenues of search where may be found the solutions of our apparently difficult economic, political and social problems.

Those of the public who think that outside of war, humanity has been engaged in a smooth, easy-going, onward journey, know nothing of the extortionate and exceedingly painful price which the progress of humanity in every aspect has constantly demanded.

The progress of the civilized world, with few exceptions, has been one continuous struggle in every field of human activity—against progress.

It is only those who have endeavored to benefit the world by their contributions to the arts, sciences, economics or political government, who can fully appreciate and justify the truth that "The progress of the world has been built upon the sacrifices of human skulls."

Except perhaps in some of the arts and sciences where progress was prompted purely by a spirit of altruism, we find that in all fields of human activity the selfishness of man, expecting extraordinary rewards, has played an important rôle in the production of new knowledge.

An inventor, usually a poor man, harbors most wonderful dreams of great fortunes, thereby encouraging himself to endure the hardships incident to every life which is devoted to search for new knowledge for economic use.

The last hundred years has been the age of inventions.

Without inventions we would still be using horses or oxen, and depending on the wind to blow our ships.

We must certainly be grateful to those inventors whose knowledge has enriched the world; and equally grateful to those leaders of men who grasped the value of such knowledge and put it into practical operation and use for the comfort, pleasure and benefit of the rank and file of humanity.

But that we may not assume too much credit for this wonderful industrial progress, I am presenting a short table showing how few are entitled to any credit.

This table gives the number of applications for patents made during the years mentioned. The percentage of inventors to that population is given in the last column.

Year	Applications for Patients	Population in U. S.		Percentage
1846	1,272	(1850)	23,191,876	.00005
1856	4,960	(1860)	31,443,321	.0001
1866	15 209	(1870)	38,558,371	.0004
1876	21,425	(1880)	50,155,783	.0004
1886	35,968	(1890)	62,947,714	.0005
1896	43,982	(1900)	75,994 575	.0005
1906	56,482	(1910)	91,972,266	.0006
1916	71,033	(1916)	102,017,312	.0006
1917	70,373	(1917)	103,633,306	.0007

The producers in 1917 of new industrial knowledge (inventors)	.0007 or	.07 of 1%
An exceedingly high estimate (overestimate) of the percentage of industrial leaders (promoters) which roughly would mean 3 leaders for every 10,000 men, is	.0003 or	.03 of 1%
Geniuses and Leaders	.0010 or	.1 of 1%
Rank and File	.9990 or	99.9%
The nation	1.0000 or	100. %

The nation is led by the precious few who constitute the 1/10 of 1% but moved by the masses—the 99.9%.

In the rank and file, you need no high degree of education, if any at all, to be a passenger in a Pullman car, in an automobile, in a passenger elevator, or on a palatial ocean steamer. Your most essential qualification is "plenty money."

In the rank and file, you need no high degree of education, if any at all, to understand the proper use of a telephone. Your most essential qualification is the nickel. In the rank and file, you need no high degree of education, if any at all, to be a living fashion plate, bedecked with precious jewels, looking for that much coveted admiration (vanity, vanity). Simply "money" —that will do the trick.

However, think of that vast amount of knowledge it took via inventions to bring forth the steam engine, the automobile, the passenger elevator, the ocean steamer, the telephone, and the countless thousands of machinery; all of the foregoing used in supplying humanity with nothing more than food, shelter, clothing, sanitation, transportation and amusement—these, of course, furnished upon an exceedingly high level of service and efficiency.

Economically, we have arrived at what might be called a one per cent perfection or one per cent heaven, because we have acquired at least the fundamental knowledge of how millions can be safely housed, fed, sheltered, transported and amused while living in one city or solid community.

However, politically and socially, we have not moved one particle nor changed in the very least in principle since the adoption of the United States Constitution, although there is an exceedingly great consciousness that we are rapidly advancing toward troublous times.

A one per cent economic perfection and an almost one hundred per cent political and social imperfection are poor comrades; and so it behooves humanity to raise itself politically and socially through its geniuses and leaders to a level of at least one per cent perfection, from which elevation an evolution to higher levels will be more readily possible.

The term economics in its widest sense embraces every human activity relating in chief to the production, transportation and distribution of wealth.

As all commodities for use or consumption are merely the fruits of human labor, intellectual and physical, so may we judge aright the nature and character of that people whose economic standards we know.

Not a single nation has ever risen, politically or socially, morally or otherwise, above its economic environments.

The economics of a nation is the terra firma or solid foundation upon which human progress is primarily possible. Show me the country which uses the most primitive methods of economics, and you thereupon approach the lowest and most inferior type of man, not far removed from barbarism.

To the extent that economic activities in the past supplied the human necessaries, to that same extent were the arts and sciences developed, and to that same extent was man raised to higher levels of intelligence.

It was economics in practical operation which laid the foundation that led humanity out of the darkest ages of barbarism into civilization.

It was economics in practical operation which sustained the people of civilization in the past; and we will still have to look to that same kind of economics for a solution whereby to save the nations of the world from the impending dangers of tomorrow.

Contrary to the prevailing belief of many of the public, and contrary to the special belief of most political officials who think that all nations are constantly being led by their respective governments—it is nevertheless an absolute fact that in all times of national peace it was the master minds and these alone, toiling in the economic fields, who by their discoveries of new knowledge led the onward march of the world, whereas their respective governments only followed.

Governments never move forward until driven by the force of popular sentiment or the relentless pressure of necessity.

Every nation which today looks only to its government officials for a solution of economic, social, political and moral difficulties, is drifting into economic storms.

It is only in very recent years that the dominating power and influence of economics has been recognized as such by thinkers.

The fact that the world has missed the details of this most fundamental element of social progress accounts for much of the useless literature and harmful dogmas in textbooks treating on economics, especially in their relation to money and banking.

The great majority of these textbooks are not founded upon economic truths and facts; these books serve no other purpose than to mystify and confuse the minds of students.

Another great and fatal mistake is to look to our universities to furnish the wisdom which would retire our present old order, and usher in a new order of things which would establish the long looked and hoped for era of social justice.

At no time in the history of the world have institutions of learning ever held first place, or led the onward march of society. The fundamental purpose of the schools is to conserve all old and useful knowledge as well as receive that new knowledge which the master minds are bringing to light while toiling in the practical fields of human labor.

The schools at their very best can only hope to present apprentices to the world. However, beware of those apprentices who have political power, and who attempt to perform those works which require the services of masters.

The master minds in the economic activities of the world have been the only champions and leaders of the world's great progress during all ages of civilization—and we shall be compelled to look again to them to furnish the solution for those problems whose delayed solution is hindering normal progress now.

"Illinois Nominates—"

By a Bourbon Democrat

"ILLINOIS! Illinois! nominates for the next president of this great republic—" We will stop the quotation right here. Illinois is not now nominating anybody. Illinois is from Missouri. If shown, she may come to the next Democratic convention with bells on, maybe. Probably not. . . Here's why. In its best days the Illinois democracy was mostly Chicago. Occasionally the progressive wing of the party has controlled it but only when it dominated Cook County and carried with it the passive approval of the Chicago machine. It is an axiom of political science that city machines may champion good men and advanced measures when they are out of luck. Tammany has given New York some of the best mayors it ever had, *when it had to nominate a good man to win.* It's different in Chicago today. The democracy is in power. It elected a good man mayor, but it has an able boss.

When Chicago voters mopped up the remnants of the Thompson machine they also broke up a coalition of three other little Republican machines that sought to succeed it. The Thompson cohorts spent their last days in power striving to keep out of jail.

When Chicago voted the people had nothing national in mind, but they may have profoundly affected the proceedings of the next National Democratic Convention. The election raised to greater power a consummate boss of the old northern democratic school—modernized to fit the post-Volstead era, but in all essentials one who will be dominated by the traditions of his profession. The mantle of Roger Sullivan has proved none too ample for George Brennan. He went to San Francisco comparatively unknown, representing a defeated and discredited city organization. It is unnecessary to retell that he was the master mind that moistened the democratic platform and dynamited the Wilson-McAdoo organization. Murphy, Taggart and all of them ate out of his hand. It was not his fault that Candidate Cox later kicked over the playhouse and campaigned on the very issues that the Convention had impliedly repudiated. Barring a volcanic upsurge of the rural Democratic masses, George Brennan will name the next democratic delegation from Illinois and vote it as he pleases. It is not an extravagant prediction that he will have at his disposal the Tammany delegation, the boys from Baltimore and such like from all over this broad land.

The Democratic urban bosses have usually worked with the conservative Southern leaders in national conventions. Prior to 1896, when the South sent exceptionally able men to Congress and convention, this combination not seldom achieved statesmanlike results. The Southerners really dictated, the city bosses contenting themselves with strengthening their own positions, securing protection from state or federal interference and assuring themselves of federal patronage. Western agrarians, aided by similar newcomers in some of the southern states, broke up this combination in 1896, and reoriented the Democratic organization along its historical polarity. Despite its historical vagaries the Democracy has always been the popular party in this country. The chicken cock which old-time editors still run over the masthead after an electoral victory, is the same cock that crowed in the Roman forum and that symbolizes French democracy. Granted that the democracy once supported slavery, it is a fact that the opposition to negro slavery was an intellectual not a popular movement, it was an urge from above, a "campaign of education." Democracy's hold on the urban masses, its early attraction for immigrants and its friendly relations with religious bodies not in accord with the codfish traditions are all valid consequences of the popular character with which Jefferson endowed it and with which Jackson revived it.

Never was there a political organization composed of such incongruous elements. Destructive analysis of the Democratic party is a facile sport, also instructive, but it is easy to overlook the underlying unity and historic trend covered by the picturesque surface divisions.

Not that these divisions have been unimportant. I believe they have exercised a major influence on American history. In the face of the fact that the Democratic party has nearly always been the nominal political home of the majority of Americans, certainly of white Americans, the other party has ruled most of the time since secession.

It is perfectly true that the Democratic party is a hodgepodge, viewed from an airplane. In the South it numbers a great mass of non-voters, and a section of society that corresponds to the rural and urban native bourgeoisie that are the Republican backbone in the East. On the North Atlantic seaboard the Democratic party is Irish in leadership, Irish in brains and its votes come from the Irish and later arrivals who have proved plastic materials for Irish political genius.

In the West the Democratic party becomes increasingly "liberal," "radical," or whatever you want to call it, except when the Republican tent puts on such an attractive show that the Bourbons can temporarily take charge of the few Democrats who fail to flock into the big tent.

To attempt to catalog all the elements making up the Democracy, to trace each racial, historical, religious or economic tendency that has contributed to it, would require many volumes which no one would read. But under all of it there is unity and strength, which can be quickened into action by *leadership.*

There is a vast fund of common feeling and purpose resident in the elements of the party that will honor enormous drafts, when the right man appears with them.

The factional divisions and electoral disasters of the party are the result of its over-abundant vitality. The clashing life within it has defied discipline, brought defeat after defeat, but given it immortality.

It is as old as the government and older—it has the longest continuous history of any purely political organization on earth.

The regeneration of American political life will be accomplished by the man who captures its machinery and captivates the loyalty of its masses by giving bold expression to the inarticulate purposes of the American people so long thwarted by political leaders.

It is still the party of Andrew Jackson, and when some plain-talking, direct-acting leader comes along he'll find that it is still a Jacksonian party.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

If the 150,000,000 acres now in farm wood lots in the United States were placed under sound forestry methods they would yield substantial revenues to their owners, as well as lumber to help relieve the timber shortage which has already begun to be felt.

There are twice as many motor cars and trucks in Hawaii than there are in all China.

The last type set by Warren G. Harding has been plated in gold and sent to Washington to be kept with other relics of the late President. He set the type in the composing room of the Fairbanks *News-Miner*. At that time he was presented with a gold make-up rule by printers of interior Alaska.

A drop of acid placed on one side of the body of a frog will cause the hind foot on that side to wipe it off. This would seem to indicate intelligent behavior, yet a frog in which the brain has been severed from the rest of the nervous system does the same thing.

The people living along the Yukon River in Yukon and Alaska bet when the great ice break will occur. They organize pools at Fairbanks and Dawson where large sums are won and lost at the betting. A pole four inches thick and twenty feet high is frozen in the ice in the middle of the river. A wire cable connects this pole with an electric stop clock on the shore, set to Standard Time. The second the ice moves the pole the clock stops, and that moment marks the record of the beginning of the ice break and decides all bets. The usual date is about May 10.

Both the gopher snake and the king snake of our southern states are inveterate enemies of the rattlesnake and are immune to his poison. The injection of the poison of a rattlesnake into the circulation of a cobra, in the Bronx Zoological Gardens, resulted in the cobra suffering no ill.

An actress who went to Paris seeking new plays for the Theater Guild of New York returned recently without any. She stated the plays she had seen in France were "so dirty" she would be unwilling to reproduce them in America.

"The United States must stop killing its Presidents," said Mrs. Douglas Robinson, sister of the late Theodore Roosevelt, in commenting on the death of President Harding. "No man who comes to the Presidency after the age of fifty can bear, without serious cost to his health, the enormous obligations put upon him by the American people.

Holding to the theory that good biscuits, or even fairly good biscuits, have a great deal to do with the success or failure of a marriage venture, the county clerk of Clarksburg, West Virginia, will issue a cook book for the bride along with each marriage license.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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When the root of the common cat-tail is macerated and boiled, a sirup of an excellent flavor is produced. This was commonly used by the Iroquois Indians on corn meal pudding and as a sweetening for other Indian dishes. Cat-tail roots are said to contain as high as thirty per cent of sugar and starch.

A trillion marks a day were printed by the money presses of Germany during the third week of July.

The "lamp" of the firefly consists of a substance termed luciferine, and the light is produced by the oxidation of this substance in the presence of an enzyme called luciferase. The oxygen is furnished by the air tubes with which the "lamp" is abundantly supplied, and is set free by a nerve impulse so that the light is under the control of the insect. The efficiency of the light of the firefly may be judged by comparing it with the efficiency of various other lights. That of a carbon incandescent lamp is 0.0042, of a tungsten bulb 0.013, of an open arc 0.072, of a quartz-mercury arc 0.068, and of the firefly 0.96. This light is the most perfect illumination known, the radiation consisting practically entirely of light rays, with only an infinitesimal production of heat rays.

A railroad to the summit of the sacred Japanese mountain, Fujiyama, is being planned.

One ounce of gold pays wages for twenty hours work in the United States, fifty hours work in Great Britain, ninety hours work in Japan, 100 hours work in France, 200 hours work in Germany. This means that Americans must maintain their past record for high output per man to guarantee prosperity which will mean work for all of us.

Six hundred Danish, Norwegian and Swedish farmers and their families arrived recently on the *Frederick VIII*, some possessing as much as $20,000 to $30,000. They declared that they were headed for the Middle West and Northwest to purchase farms. No mention was made of the hordes of Jews arriving at the same time who will in the near future exploit these 600 good citizens by holding down the prices of their farm produce and charging them exorbitant prices for their necessities which they will corner.

Golf is no longer an exclusive sport of the wealthy or well-to-do. There are eighty-five public links in the larger cities. On thirty of these links where more or less accurate records were kept there were played in one season something like 1,764,000 rounds. Probably 5,000,000 were played on the eighty-five municipal links.

All children born on immigrant ships at sea are admissible to the United States without recourse to law.

All bottles found along highways running through national forests of the West must be gathered up and buried or placed on the north or shady side of some mountain. Glass bottles absorb the sun's rays to a heated focus and start fires when conditions are just right, according to Federal forestry officials.

Amherst College will not graduate a man unable to swim 200 yards or more, according to report.

The Japanese bride on her wedding day receives eleven commandments from her mother. These commandments are rules of conduct which have been handed down from generation to generation, and all self-respecting brides are expected to live up to them.

The upper Mississippi bottoms are threatened by a drainage scheme. These bottoms are the most prolific spawning grounds for black bass and other game and food fishes, and to the Bureau of Fisheries they are invaluable for stocking lakes and streams. The bottoms are the natural feeding grounds for ducks, brant and geese, mink, muskrat, raccoon and many other kinds of wild creatures. The promoters have pledged $7,000,000 toward the project and will ask Congress to appropriate $14 000,000. Most of this drainage tract will produce farm land of little value even when drained, according to prominent experts of agriculture.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

A Little Journey From Cattle to Credit

Gold Standard the Vermiform Appendix of Our Present Financial System

By J. V. NASH

IN A RECENT monograph entitled "Money," by D. H. Robertson, M. A., Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge University, England, there occurs the following striking passage:

"The value of a yellow metal, originally chosen as money because it tickled the fancy of savages, is clearly a chancy and irrelevant thing on which to base the value of our money and the stability of our industrial system."

This, be it noted, is not a shriek from a whiskered agitator on a soap box; it is the matured judgment of a profound scholar at England's ancient university, the nursery of a long line of illustrious writers and thinkers, from Milton to Tennyson.

To use an anatomical expression, we may well describe the gold standard as the vermiform appendix of our present monetary system. Now the vermiform appendix, we are told by scientists, once performed a useful function, but as man progressed from savagery to civilization it became useless. Not only does it now perform no useful function, but it is constantly in danger of becoming diseased when any severe strain is put upon it, causing chronic pains to its possessor, and sooner or later sweeping his whole system into the general ruin of death unless the useless organ is cut out in time by means of a surgical operation.

Centuries ago, before the science of anatomy had been developed, the cause of appendicitis was not understood; it was classed as a variety of "stomach-ache," for which the doctors prescribed all sorts of disagreeable medicines which only aggravated the trouble.

An Operation Needed

THUS it is with the gold standard in our financial system. We suffer chronically from panics, inflation and deflation, business cycles, "depression," and various other forms of industrial trouble, which are regarded by our economic doctors as nothing more than passing financial "stomach-aches," for the cure of which the patient is provided with pills and powders concocted by Wall Street and the Federal Reserve Board. But the patient, to the great alarm of the doctors and nurses, remains a very sick man. Well-informed economic specialists are at last beginning to perceive that it is a case of financial appendicitis, and that what is needed is not more pills and powders, but a skillful operation for the removal of a diseased and antiquated organ which the patient has long since outgrown.

An interesting clue to the origin of our monetary system is found in the derivation of words of a financial connotation. For instance, take the word *pecuniary*, a word in everyday use, the significance of which needs no explanation. It is derived from the Latin *pecus*, meaning *cattle*. The first bank was the prehistoric stock yards! The English word *chattel*, which is simply an older form of *cattle*, is still used technically to denote property or wealth of all kinds. Again, the word *fee* comes from the old Teutonic *vieh*, meaning *cattle*. The Stone Age lawyer collected his fees in oxen.

When the peoples of Europe were living in the pastoral stage of economic development, an ox was the recognized unit of value, a man's fortune being estimated in a "pecuniary" sense according to the size of his flocks and herds. Cattle were the bank notes and sheep the small change. Any other property he might possess was translatable into terms of oxen and sheep.

In those days there was no commerce, as we understand the term today, and no industry. Among the Greeks and Romans the family, not the individual, was the unit of society, each free family maintaining a numerous retinue of slaves, who were paid no wages. The lower class of slaves tilled the land and produced all the necessary articles of food. The slaves of ancient days, being recruited largely from among the prisoners of war, included many skilled artisans capable of manufacturing a great variety of articles of comfort and of luxury. Some of the slaves, indeed, were intellectually superior to their owners. Epictetus, for instance, one of the greatest philosophers of all time, was a bondman.

Slaves Often Used

SLAVES, being of smaller bulk and greater value than cattle, were often used as bank notes of larger denomination.

It was the gradual growth of trade among the countries of the ancient Mediterranean world that rendered necessary a medium of exchange of still smaller bulk and greater value, and the metals were introduced for this purpose. For a time thereafter, cattle, slaves, hides and metals were used interchangeably for currency. The following lines from Homer give us a realistic picture of a financial transaction in those far-off days:

> "From Lemnos isle a numerous fleet had come,
> freighted with wine.
> All the other Greeks hastened to purchase; some
> with brass;
> And some with gleaming iron, with hides, with
> cattle, and with slaves."

The first use of metals as money was for their productive value, as Homer shows in another passage, wherein, at the games in honor of Patroclus, Achilles lays down a mass of iron as the prize for whirling the quoit. In describing the value of the iron to the winner, he says:

> "Even if his lands be very far remote, it will last him five revolving seasons. For not through want of iron will his shepherd or his plowman go to the town, but it will supply him."

The leading metals are divided into two great classes—iron and copper being *metals of use*, while gold and silver are *metals of ornament*.

For many centuries the practical nations of the West, such as Greece and Rome, after having adopted a metal money, used copper and iron. It was on a *copper standard* that Rome rose to greatness and prosperity, copper constituting the only money of Rome until after the Punic wars.

It was in the effete Orient that gold and silver were first used as money. Iron and copper were rejected because they were metals of use, and in the Orient everything suggestive of labor or effort was despised. The metals of ornament—gold and silver—were prized because they were of no practical use, and the ownership of them was a hall mark of leisure, just like the uncut finger nails of the Chinese mandarin and the deformed feet of his wives.

In the course of time the indolent Orient succeeded in imposing the metals of ornament upon the monetary systems of the West, and ultimately gold supplanted silver, for no other earthly reason than that it was the most useless of all the metals and its ownership gave expression more completely to its owner's leisure and contempt for industry.

W. W. Carlile in a recent book on money remarks:

> "There is surely something surprising and paradoxical in the fact that substances such as gold and silver, which could have been so very well done without by the human race without any sensible diminution of their comfort or even of their luxury, and whose intrinsic value seems to depend upon feelings and desires that are to so great an extent merely fanciful and frivolous, should in the end have distanced all other commodities in the attainment of monetary status."

The true explanation of the adoption of gold and silver as monetary standards by the western nations is, however, readily discovered by a study of the conditions surrounding the rise of commerce in Europe. The trading class in the ancient Mediterranean world was composed of Orientals—Jews, Phoenicians, Arabians—and gold was the one article which these Orientals coveted most greedily and took most readily in exchange, because it was the commodity prized most highly in their Asiatic home lands.

The Stigma of "Trade"

A SOMEWHAT similar condition existed during the development of domestic commerce and industry in the nations of Europe. In the Middle Ages, when feudalism was supreme, trade was regarded as an unworthy occupation, in which a gentleman could not engage. Even today, among the aristocracy of England, there is a certain hypocritical stigma attached to the words "trade" and "tradesman" in social circles.

In the field of banking, the Jew was supreme. The lending of money at interest was forbidden by the Church as "usury," and no Christian could engage in it without incurring sin. The result was that both commerce and banking were dominated by the Jews.

Now, the Jew is not a European. He is an Asiatic, possessing the inherent characteristics which have always distinguished the peoples of the indolent Orient. This is said without the slightest intention of criticism, but simply as one might impartially analyze the characteristics of the ancient Egyptians.

It was the control of Europe's commerce and banking during many hundreds of years by the Jews which built up the European financial system on the gold basis. It is therefore not too much to say that the *Gold Standard is a peculiarly Jewish institution*, and it is noteworthy that the *Jewish international bankers are today the strongest supporters of the Gold Standard*. Through their long experience in the manipulation of gold they are able to maintain their grip upon the money markets of every country. The great money kings of the world today are the Rothschilds in Europe, the Sassoons in the Levant, the Schiffs in America, and their Gentile imitators everywhere.

The next step in the evolution of the Gold Standard, namely, the issuance of paper certificates giving the bearer title to gold, was also a Jewish invention. During the Middle Ages the Jewish control of money, and the exorbitant rates of interest which the Jewish money lenders often charged (which they justified on the ground of the heavy risks involved in the loans which they made to the kings and nobles for financing their wars) exposed them to the intense hatred of the people. The transportation of the actual gold from place to place, consequently, became highly hazardous. The messenger was likely to be waylaid, murdered, and robbed of his gold.

The Jewish bankers, therefore, adopted the plan of issuing drafts for gold, which were freely honored by their confreres in all the large cities of Europe. The drafts could be safely sent from place to place when the gold could not, as the robber barons and the roaming bandits, being illiterate, could not even read such paper even if it fell into their hands.

As recently as the seventeenth century, the goldsmith and the banker were often united in the same person. Gold coin and plate were constantly being melted down and transformed, one into the other. In India, until our own times, gold and silver ornaments were always readily convertible into gold and silver money. The value of the metal coins was precisely this, that they could be easily melted and made into articles of personal adornment—earrings, nose-rings, bracelets and armlets—or into plate. The possession of such articles conferred social prestige upon the owner. On the other hand, if the owner met with a reverse of fortune, these gold and silver ornaments could be quickly melted down and sold by weight in such quantities as might be necessary.

For many centuries the exchange of commodities and services by means of coins was merely an indirect barter, as the coins were desired for the actual metal in them, to be melted down and made into ornaments. *The modern financial system of using gold merely as a form of security, hidden away in vaults, with an immense quantity of paper money in circulation, only a small fraction of which could actually be converted into gold on demand, would have seemed to our ancestors a very bewildering and unexplainable arrangement.*

The quantity of metal in personal ornaments was often nicely adjusted for the purpose of serving as currency when needed. This was a general custom among the Hebrews, and explains the significance of passages in the Bible, such as "a golden earring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold," which Abraham's servant presented to Rebecca.

The Origin of "Pound"

THE shekel was originally a specified weight of gold. In the same way, the word *pound*, denoting the English monetary standard, meant originally a pound of silver, while a penny was a pennyworth of the same metal. "Shillings" were originally pieces cut from the gold armlets worn by the barbarian Anglo-Saxons.

Gold plate, similarly, played an important part in national finance. In England and France the king's gold plate was regarded as the most important part of the national resources. The wealth of the great nobles was largely estimated in terms of gold and silver plate. Lord Burleigh, of England, in his will distributed his plate among his heirs by weight, just as if it were so much gold coin or bullion.

Enough has been said to show that the use of gold and silver as monetary standards was closely associated with the state of culture (barbaric and oriental) in which social prestige was gauged by the quantity of gaudy ornaments worn on the person or the amount of gold plate which could be displayed at banquets.

The Western nations have, in actual practice, long since discarded this childish, barbaric and oriental conception of wealth. As the great Italian historian, Ferrero, clearly demonstrates, *"Gold is dead."* And it is likely to become a great deal deader, as the world becomes farther and farther removed from the childhood era of the race's progress.

Yet our foolish economists still hug the corpse to their bosom and cackle about the "gold standard" as the divinely ordained foundation of modern industrial wealth!

Today the display of gold on the person is considered a mark of vulgarity in civilized communities, and gold plate is seen only in museums. Gold has little if any value in industry; it could never be used in its pure state even in coins, its softness necessitating a rather heavy admixture with copper. The demand for gold coins is now so negligible that very few are minted. The useless metal is consequently stored away in the vaults of treasuries and banks; interred as in a tomb.

What Gold Standard Means

THE tragedy lies in the fact that we can have no more money than the law decrees may be issued upon the security of this buried gold. True, the amount of our money is many times in excess of the gold reserve. Let us suppose that a dealer in eggs had in his warehouse 100 cases of eggs and was permitted by law to sell the 100 cases of eggs to 1,500 different customers, RECEIVING FULL VALUE IN OTHER COMMODITIES IN EXCHANGE, on the theory that only a small fraction of the purchasers would demand delivery of their eggs! That is the theory of the GOLD STANDARD as established by law in the United States today, and that is how Wall Street reaps its enormous profits from the productive industry of the nation.

The consolidated balance sheet of all national banks, as of June 30, 1922, was published in the report of the Controller of the Currency recently issued. According to this balance sheet, *the national banks had "cash in vaults" to the amount of $326,181,000, yet reported "undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid" of $492,000,000.*

Recent banking statistics likewise show that the financial "resources" of all banks (national, state and so forth) in 1921 amounted to $49,671,390,000. As the total stock of gold, both coin and bullion, in the United States in that year amounted to only $3,294,909,000, it is evident that *bank paper is outstanding to the tune of at least fifteen times the entire quantity of gold in the country*, and all of this is not in the banks!

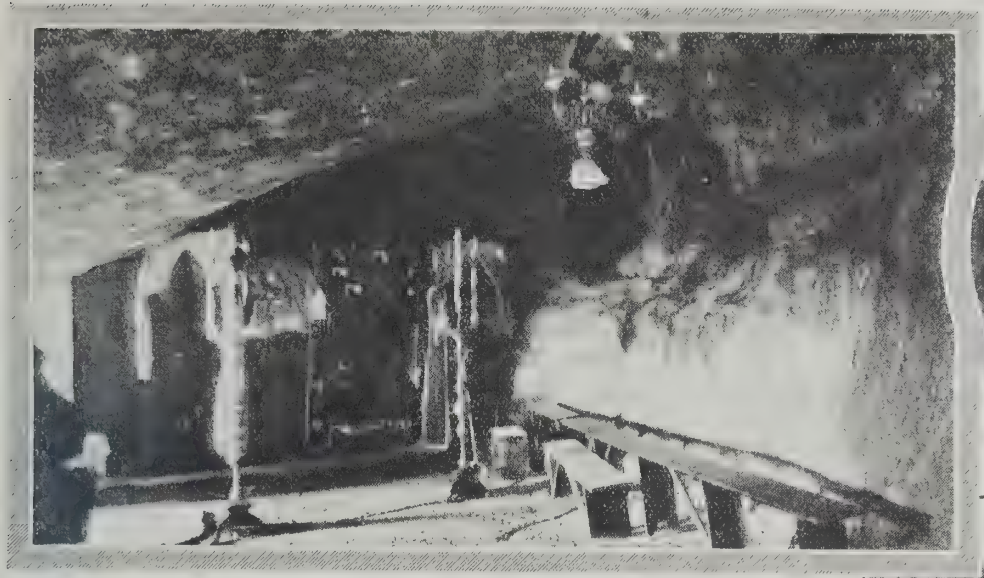
Such are the weird and wonderful workings of the gold standard, groaning under the top-heavy load of "credit" placed upon it by a false system of economics.

It was the paralyzing and demoralizing panic of 1907 that led to the creation of the so-called Federal Reserve System, which, however, has only tinkered with the disease of financial appendicitis by providing a means whereby a bank unable to satisfy the demands of its depositors in gold may call upon other banks for

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Patmos—Where the Apostle John Was Exiled

High in the Mountains of This Barren Isle Lies Monastery Built in 1088



Grotto in the Convent of the Apocalypse, a grotto where St. John is supposed to have written the Book of Revelation after he saw the vision in this cave. Shrine at the end of the cave is supposed to be the exact spot where he saw the first vision.

By

MRS. L. M. CRAMER

> *"I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the Isle that is called Patmos for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."*—The Revelation of St. John, the Divine.

IT WAS on the rocky and barren Isle called Patmos, its irregular shores lapped by the blue Aegean Sea, that the Apostle John was exiled. In a cave in the side of a mountain, according to the legend, he saw the visions which he wrote into the Book of Revelation. The verse quoted above—the first chapter of the Book of Revelation, ninth verse—bears out that legend.

Barren, rugged, but by no stretch of the imagination desirable or beautiful in Western eyes, is Patmos. It is an island of about fifteen square miles, and 3,000 souls, without a mile of regular road, without newspapers, telephones, railroads or telegraph connection, without a wheelbarrow or an automobile, and more than two hundred years behind the times, reaping its scanty grain today, in fact, as they did long centuries ago in the time when St. John's eyes were lifted to the visions he saw in the grotto whence came the wonderful and thrilling story, The Apocalypse.

But in one way the Isle called Patmos is far in advance of most American cities, for it has its municipal physician, a regular salaried man who is paid a retaining fee of nine pounds monthly by the fathers of the Monastery of St. John. In return for this retainer his services are at all times at the disposal of any who asks. The fact that those who can frequently add additional fees when the physician is called does not mean that the poorer ones are slighted. The doctor, a native of Patmos, is a graduate from the University of Athens and from a medical school of high repute in France.

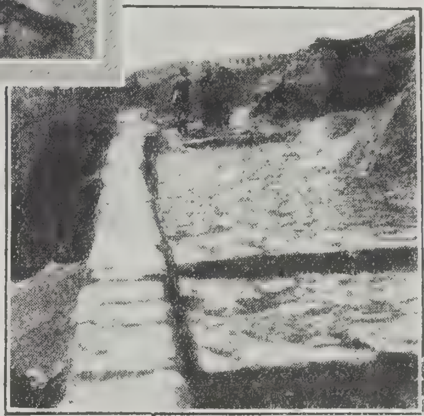
However, the municipal physician is the only modern institution on the island.

High up on the mountain, quite at its toplands, stands the Monastery of St. John, its whiteness dazzling in the brilliant sun, towering above the white buildings of the little village below. Within the monastery are thirty black-bearded, black-robed and high-hatted Greek fathers, the Monks of the Monastery of St. John, and it is their hospitality which makes the stranger welcome on the island.

These monks entertain the stranger in their land. No recompense is asked or accepted for the first three days of one's stay on the island. After that, if the guest stays on to explore the island, or to study in the library of the monastery, he pays the cost of the food he eats, and upon leaving he is privileged, if he likes, to leave some gift of money—a small sum in your eyes or mine, but much in the eyes of these simple-living, goodly folk. This privilege has become a custom which no one thinks of failing to observe.

The Monastery of St. John, 900 feet above sea level, was built in the year 1088. Long before that time the Holy Grotto, a natural cave in the side of the mountain and a full half-mile below the site of the monastery, was a mecca for God-fearing travelers who came to this out-of-the-way place, to tread the paths trod by St. John during his exile, and to stand for a time uncovered, with bowed head, in the cave wherein he saw the vision. This grotto is today a shrine in which the Monks of St. John hold daily service, and is known as the Convent of the Apocalypse.

Within the massive walls of the Monastery of St. John are nine churches, none larger than thirty feet square, for such is the custom of the Eastern church, where but one mass a day may be said at any altar. The treasury of each of these churches is rich in relics. In one, the staff of Christodoulos, in others scepters of bygone bishops, inlaid most exquisitely with pearls, and valuable copies of the gospels, richly bound, and priceless manuscripts. In one church is a pectoral cross, studded with precious jewels, overlaid with rich gold, presented by Catherine II of Russia, and containing, it is claimed, a portion of the original cross upon which Jesus was crucified.



Circle—Monastery of St. John and Patmos village, Island of Patmos.

Above—The trail from La Skala, the harbor town to the monastery, built 160 years ago.

Right—Convent of the Apocalypse, Island of Patmos.

These treasuries are all rich in relics; a skull of St. Thomas before which sea captains kneel, beseeching fair weather for the voyage upon which they are about to set out, or before which to give thanks after a stormy voyage safely weathered. In the monastery, it is claimed, there are bones of more than a hundred saints, and it is customary for some of the islanders to call these bones into service to help the island physician in times of epidemics, or when rain is needed if their scanty crops are to be saved. James, the brother of John, first of the apostolic band to meet martyrdom, is among the saints who are represented in the treasuries of these nine churches, as is also George, the patron saint of the Britisher.

It is the library of the Monastery of St. John which has, in the past, invited the scholar. An inscription on the door leading into the library reads:

"Here, O man, are lying many excellent manuscripts; more estimable are they to a wise man than gold; guard them therefore watchfully, more than thy life; for on their account is this monastery now become conspicuous."

But the glory of the library is passing, its greatest glory past. According to W. E. Geil, who has traveled the island well and more than once, and has published a book about the monastery, the care given the treasures of rare books and priceless manuscripts came too late to save many of the most valuable from earlier ravages by damp, moth and mice. Some of the most precious volumes were sold to foreign collectors. Of the 1,800 printed books in the library today, according to this authority, comparatively few are of any special interest except for their beautiful Byzantine bindings. Of the 600 old volumes and manuscripts, only about 240 remain, and often the beginnings and endings of these are lost, so that many authors are unknown. Among the most valuable of the manuscripts is a copy of the Gospels made about 600. It is on parchment, dyed purple, extremely fine and thin. The letters are stamped in some way with silver, which has blacked with age. The names of God and Christ are in gold, as are also the headlines.

One hundred years ago the monks built a trail—it can hardly be called a road—from the harbor of LaSkala to the monastery. It is built of stones, and so far as is known has never been repaired, but it is used today and is the nearest approach to a road on the island.

During the war Patmos was drained of its young men. Even before the war the lure of the western world, and that land of great opportunity, America, had taken many of its most worth-while, stalwart young men, and the result is that there is a great surplus of young women in the Isle called Patmos, and how to marry off their daughters is the great problem Patmos fathers are facing with faltering hearts. Two friends of mine who visited the island in the summer of 1920, and spent a month at the hoary old Monastery of St. John, got to know the people passing well, and one day a fairly prosperous Patmos man told them of the straits to which he was put to find a husband for his really pretty daughter. He was prepared, was this man, for a man in his station would be expected to give two horses to an accepted suitor for his daughter's hand, and he had the horses ready. He was prepared, but unfortunately the horses—he had had them several years—were growing old, and their appetites were enormous, and as money was scarce, and as the grain they ate was needed for consumption in his own family, the harassed father was almost beside himself, and frankly showed it.

The Island of Patmos is really three great masses of rock, joined by narrow strips of sand and pebbles some hundred yards wide. Naturally there is not much land that lends itself to cultivation, yet up on the sides of the mountains, as well as in the bays and glens, one finds little patches of garden or tiny fields of grain under cultivation. Orange, lemon, olive and fig trees will grow in these spots, but it takes several years for a tree to bear, and so, instead of setting out olive trees and waiting eight years for a crop, the people on the island are forced to plant grain and vegetables in the little patches of soil nestling in between the jutting rocks. The result is that they do not grow enough to support themselves, but, they point out, if they planted to fruit-bearing trees which would eventually give better returns, they would starve and die before the trees bore their first crop.

A very limited amount of wheat is grown on the island, not nearly enough to supply the people of Patmos, and the remainder is shipped in from Saskatchewan.

Before the war such a thing as a beggar was unknown on Patmos, but since the war there are some reduced to that extreme, a bitter experience for them, because of their native pride and independence, but even the beggars are clean on the Isle called Patmos. The native homes, clean as soap and water can make them, house

(Concluded on page 14)

A part of the present 30 monks now connected with the Monastery of St. John, on the Isle called Patmos.

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Is It Coming?

THE chief virtue apparent in the Italian action against Greece is the virtue of promptitude. What Mussolini did he did quickly and with determination, which of itself is refreshing in this temporizing age. But as for the rest, there is grave question, especially as regards the ultimate consequences.

Striking parallels exist between the present difficulty and that which started the World War. It begins with assassination: Italian members of a frontier commission were killed in Greek territory. It continues with demands, which Greece (as once did Serbia) considers invasive of her sovereignty: presence of Italian representatives in the court of investigation of the crime; capital punishment of the criminals; an indemnity of 50,000,000 lire within five days, these three being the conditions whose rejection brought about bombardment by the Italian navy.

It was precisely on these lines that the World War began, Germany backing the severe Austrian demands, and Russia backing Serbia in her refusal to submit to the humiliation.

Another parallel exists: the peace courts of the world are scorned. In 1914 there was The Hague tribunal—utterly spurned by the would-be combatants. Today there is said to be a League of Nations which, if possible, seems at this writing to count less than did The Hague. There are two very dangerous overt situations in the world at present, the Ruhr occupation and the Italo-Greek crisis. Concerning these, the very sort of thing that the League is supposed to handle, it appears to be helpless.

Are we in the foothills of the next war? Are we already entering by the gate of lesser events those dangerous places in which the greater than national questions shall be put to the arbitrament of arms? Is it true that the last war has made the world sick of war? Such questions are answered by a glance at present-day Europe.

Courtesy would go far to prolong world safety at this time. It was the courteous place of Greece to offer satisfaction for the crime done against Italy. Thus having forestalled the natural resentment consequent upon haughty demands for reparation, Greece would have had the situation in her own hands. But courtesy does not exist in Europe today, nor any desire to do fairly with neighboring nations.

Borrowing Its Own Money

GOVERNMENT should not pay interest on its own obligations, for the simple reason that they are used as security for note issues, themselves an obligation. Financiers attack this position by saying that when the government needs money, it must borrow from some one who has it, hence should pay interest, just as individuals do. This attitude is based on the idea that money is property, a fallacy in itself, as economists, whether in favor of an ultimate commodity redemption or not, are agreed.

An incident which occurred three years ago is here offered to illustrate the undoubted truth that government does borrow its own money unnecessarily. Maturing obligations had caused the Treasury to offer for sale a quantity of certificates of indebtedness endowed with the circulation privilege. That is, they would be received on deposit as security for notes under the law a legal tender for all debts, public and private.

A visitor at the office of the Controller of the Currency sought information as to the process of issue of Federal Reserve Bank currency. He was taken to the office of the Federal Reserve Board, introduced to the official in charge, who courteously was giving him the desired information when called to the telephone. Excusing himself, he responded to the call. The visitor could hear his replies to the unheard inquiries from the other end of the line, an occasional "Yes, sir," "Certainly," and so forth, and a finally, "All right," followed by a repeat order which revealed the whole of the transaction. This repeat order was substantially as follows:

"You are Mr. M., of the Blank National Bank of New York. You desire to subscribe for one million dollars of the Treasury Certificates, to be deposited for the issue of a like sum in Federal Reserve Bank notes, and held pending arrival of your check for the amount, to be cancelled by the notes so issued?"

Presumptively the repeat order was correct, for the telephone conversation closed with "All right, sir, the order will be carried out."

Returning to the visitor, the official remarked: "You were seeking information and by a singular coincidence you have been given a practical illustration of the point, a better one than I could have given. Is that all?"

"Yes, sir; I am satisfied. But do you mean to say that the New York banker actually makes no investment at all, but subscribes for and receives a million dollar government obligation, bearing interest, and pays for it with money the government itself issues? Why not let the government issue the money on its own bond, and thus avoid paying interest, or, the same thing, pay no interest at all?"

The reply was a shrug of the shoulders and this caution: "I must insist, if you make any use of the information you have just received, that you do not quote me in the matter. Under this condition, I am willing to give you my private opinion that this juggling is only too common, and that the government could finance itself as well with a moderate issue of currency, as to delegate the power of issue to anybody."

There are men in Washington—as this indicates—who are just as intelligently aware of the fallacy of our present system as anyone can be, but they are caught in the net.

We leave it to any sensible man, banker or pedant, prince or peasant, if there is not proof positive that the government really borrows its own money from outsiders, paying them interest on it without return of a single benefit.

Sanctum and Countingroom

HOLLY LEAVES, a local weekly published in Hollywood, California, says it has been notified by the Southern California Telephone Company that no more company advertising will be placed with it because it headed some comment on the tardiness of service "The Company's Alibi." The editor simply says he cares for no business contingent on what he may or may not write and print.

The incident is illustrative of influences that surround the publication of newspapers. The feeling that the countingroom controls the sanctum is widespread and, sad to tell, is too often warranted, though there are notable exceptions. When a public utility having a monopoly indulges in a campaign of advertising that is not for the purpose of selling its goods but rather for the purpose of buying the support—or silence—of the publication in which it advertises, it is the first step in journalistic immorality and should be promptly rebuked.

New York Court Procedure

IT IS a trifling thing, in a way, but it is worth being made known in New York that something like this has occurred.

A man charged with murder and defended by a Jewish attorney was permitted to inspect the minutes of the grand jury which indicted him.

Another man charged with murder and defended by a Jewish attorney was permitted to inspect the minutes of the grand jury which indicted him.

A man charged with assault and defended by a Jewish attorney was permitted to inspect the minutes of the grand jury indicting him.

A man charged with "impairing the morals of minors" and defended by a Jewish attorney was permitted to inspect the minutes of the grand jury indicting him.

A man indicted for writing "poison pen" letters and defended by a Jewish attorney was permitted to inspect the minutes of the grand jury indicting him.

BUT, William H. Anderson, executive agent for 5,000 churches supporting the Anti-Saloon League, who is not represented by a Jewish attorney, was denied permission to inspect the minutes of the grand jury indicting him.

All this in the same term of court and by the same court.

Constitution Day

SUPER-PATRIOTS, endowed with a self-selected mission to lead their less assertive fellow-citizens in the path of true citizenship, are urging a special observance of the anniversary of the day the Constitution of the United States of America was completed for submission to the people of the Colonies which sought to form a union of States.

The idea is a good one. It is a duty every citizen owes himself and his country to study the framework of the Federal organization. The Constitution is the creature of the people. Among the conditions of agreement in the Constitutional Convention, the Jeffersonians forced its submission to popular vote. Yet by oversight the power of amendment was left to state legislatures, which might override popular will and have done so.

In conceding to Congress the power of money issue, a slight change in the language of the section left the question open as to whether Congress could issue money at all. The money combination strove to monopolize the issuing power, and the section which prohibits the establishment of a state legal tender was inserted. Judicial interpretation of the power of issue has remedied the omission of the words "to issue" which were written into the basic law.

Whether the omission was by vote of the delegates or deliberate deletion is not important, for it did not avail the Usurers of that day. They were compelled first to establish the power of Congress to issue money in order to give it power to delegate the right of issue to themselves. Hence judicial interpretation of the section has been uniformly in favor of the article as it was written in the first draft.

When, therefore, super-patriots deliver themselves of their rhetorical flights, the common citizen should be able to query them on these matters. No man is true to the Constitution of the fathers who justifies the continued disregard of the right of free speech, a free press, and peaceable assemblage. He is lacking in real devotion to the basic principles of this government who justifies search and seizure or arrest without due process of law. A free government cannot exist where interference with individual independence is possible.

These remarks are pertinent for Constitution Day. By all means let us observe Constitution Day, and let that observance be the more earnest because we understand the principles of that "palladium of our liberties" so remote from the present course of the Ship of State.

Are You Fifty Per Cent Honest?

IT IS impossible to say whether dishonesty is increasing or decreasing in the world. In America it seems to be increasing. That may indicate either that the moral tone is lower in all of us, or that American morality is being diluted by an influx of lower morality from outside. The increasing amount of dishonesty may not mean that the man we know is abandoning his principles; it may mean that the community is receiving a larger proportion of dishonest individuals than it ever had before.

This latter view is the more comfortable, and yet it would be difficult to maintain. No doubt the community record for honesty is greatly lowered by the influx of aliens of lower standards, but there is also a laxity apparent in our own generation. Where so many dishonest practices are apparent it is easier for men to create a gray neutral ground to take the place of the strict line between black and white.

The instances here given are taken from the eastern part of the country, a fact which should be borne in mind when drawing conclusions. In a famous eastern educational institution, the professor of psychology wished to make an experiment. He caused the 500-odd students patronizing the college cafeteria to be "short changed" five cents each at luncheon on a certain day. Of the 500-odd men only three failed to return and to demand their nickel.

On another day, several months later, he caused the 500-odd students to be "overchanged" five cents each. Out of the entire number only fifteen called attention to the error.

An eastern transportation company hires 8,000 men a year to keep 3,000 honest employes. Of the number hired, 5,000 are detected stealing money. The men would probably resent that way of stating their fault. They don't think of themselves as thieves. The gray neutral smudges their strict sense of black and white in morals.

Roger Babson says that when the nation is even fifty per cent honest, it gets along wonderfully well. It is something of a question—Are we fifty per cent honest? And what changes would the strictest honesty require?

Mr. Ford's Page

IN SOME of its aspects there is no uglier thing than unemployment. By this is meant the involuntary idleness of those who have the need to work and the will to work. In parts of the world this condition takes on the proportions of a national tragedy, as in England. In all parts of the world, statistics tell us, a certain amount of unemployment is a continuous and "normal" condition. The extremes of view with regard to it are represented on the one hand by the poor to whom the loss of a day is a loss indeed, and on the other hand by the selfish exploiter of labor to whom a multitude of idle men is a lever by which he can decrease the wages or increase the toil of those who are working.

Nothing would be simpler or easier than to dwell upon the individual aspect of this evil. It is not always, or even often, that actual physical suffering follows upon unemployment, but there is nearly always mental suffering, a sense of uncertainty and insecurity which is hard to bear. Many difficult situations can be borne if the end is foreseen, but as yet our whole economic system is so obscure to the majority of people that the end of distressful periods are seldom foreseen; the uncertainty remains from the very beginning to the very end.

UNEMPLOYMENT is an unnatural condition, even though statistics tell us that "normally" a large amount of idleness always exists. Putting aside the selfish causes of unemployment, such as a desire to keep "an anxious labor market," the principal cause is our ignorance how to use the surplus man power of the world. It is available but not utilized. That in itself convicts society of bad management. Curiously enough, the cure may come by the development of horse power. We use all the horse power we develop, and modern industry discovers that one horse power employs one man and thus supports one family. Mechanical power and human employment seem to go hand in hand—where you develop the one you must have the other. Let this be remembered when the question of employing all our people is considered.

It is all but useless to give the old-time advice for people to bestir themselves and when one means of livelihood gives out, to seek another. A certain resourceful portion will do that anyway. But the tendency in industrial communities has always been the opposite. Few people plan their lives, few look ahead to possible "rainy days," few extend their abilities beyond the one line of activity in which they happen to be placed. It is probably true that more people are chosen by their employment, than actually choose their employment. Besides this, in industrial communities there is nothing else to turn to, when unemployment comes, because everything in such communities depends upon the employment that has stopped.

Thus it would be easy to go on and emphasize many conditions incident to unemployment, whose human note is most harassing. And the more that one went on in this strain the more one would come upon things which are clearly wrong and stupid and self-destructive. For example: why should industrial communities exist at all in such a degree as to make themselves practical prisons for their inhabitants in slack times? Or, again, why should there ever be slack times with the world needing what industrial communities can provide, and the communities ready and willing to provide it? But these questions are part of a larger matter.

Natural unemployment could result from only three causes: first, an oversufficient supply of all commodities for all people; second, a voluntary rest period in the midst of production; third, physical inability to continue at work. The first cause has never occurred. It has been alleged time and again. The terms "oversupply" and "overproduction" often have been used to explain periods of industrial stoppage, but the actual condition of oversupply and overproduction has never been seen. There has sometimes been too large a supply of commodities for the people to buy, but never too much—never enough!—for all the people to use.

As to the second cause, we see it in operation every Sunday and holiday and vacation time; and the third cause has never been more than an individual condition, except when it has become a numerous individual condition during times of epidemic. So that even those whose business it is to explain unemployment will agree that unemployment in the world today is not natural.

Still, it is a fact, and every fact has its value. It is to the fact we must look, undiverted for the moment by individual considerations, to get its social meaning. For surely the fact of a degree of unemployment as a continuous and "normal" condition must have a meaning. It undoubtedly means, first of all, that the system under which we are living cannot absorb all the human energy that is now available. Living as we now live does not require the labor of all available workers to supply the world. There is a lot of power unused, and power unused is wasted, because the nature of power is to expend itself and not store itself. If the United States can go along as it is now going with approximately a million men continuously unemployed, as statistics show, it indicates that our present mode of living leaves a million power units unused, and unused in such a way as to indicate deterioration and permanent loss.

If it were a shop that could not use so large a percentage of its employes, could not find work for them, we should say that the business was badly run. To have one hundred men and use only eighty-five of them shows bad management somewhere. The shop figure is exactly fitting to the case, for though the thoughtless might say, "We could discharge the extra fifteen men," the fact is that Society cannot discharge them; they are here, part of the social organization, and as we view the matter in its wider social light we see that the unemployed constitute the extent to which society is guilty of mismanagement.

A further fact which thrusts up out of this condition is that the principal element in this mismanagement is not inherent in the situation at all, but is injected from the outside. These unemployed men are not employed because there is no money to pay them, and there is no money to pay them because those who buy goods have no money with which to buy. Money, the outside element, is the key to the matter, though money is not a necessity of life—we do not eat it, we do not wear it, we do not construct shelter out of it. There is plenty of food in the world, plenty of material for clothing, plenty of material for shelter, and these are the things for which we labor—yet though labor waits to exchange itself for these things, the exchange cannot be made between one real element and another real element except the artificial element of money comes in between. Of course, this is not all that can be said, but stated thus it is worth thinking about. There never is any lack of labor, any lack of material, any lack of need for both, and these being the essentials is it not surprising that society has not thought of methods by which they may always be joined together?

Another light upon this fact is the relation that nowadays exists between mechanical power and human power. Instead of mechanical power causing unemployment as was feared when it first superseded hand-labor, it has had the opposite effect. The steam loom employed more people than ever the hand looms did. Today the ratio between horse power and man power has reached one to one—for every horse power of mechanical power generated, one man is employed, which means that one family is supported. If there are a million men "normally" unemployed in the United States, it would be possible to employ them by creating an additional million horse power and using that power to supply the needs that are unsupplied by the power now used.

One water power in the United States is capable of employing one million men when it is developed. Power once developed will certainly be used. We have a knack of employing mechanical horse power even though we let man power go to waste. If this single water power in the United States were developed, the slack would be taken up.

Eventually there will be less employment in the strenuous sense. When we learn how to employ ourselves industrially we shall begin to know enough how to employ ourselves socially and so make good use of the spare time which industrial development will leave us for the cultivation of other interests.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

High Bucketeers at Bay When Indictments Come

"Bank Roll" Men Disclosed as Backers of Wall Street Stock Swindlers; "Ethics" Go by the Board in Frantic Scramble of Those Involved

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

NOTORIOUS confidence rogues, turf gamblers and former mining brokers, with riches derived from "fat money" made through years of sharp dealing, have now been disclosed as the hidden principals behind the Wall Street brokerage houses, whose spectacular bankruptcies have astounded the country, and caused losses of millions in cash and securities to flocks of credulous customers. The super-bucketeers, retiring from active operations in the Street, induced former clerks and inferior associates to open a long chain of bucket shops, from which the secret backers skimmed the cream of illegal profits. These "wirehouses" established branches in nearly all the large cities of the country, where active managers solicited the funds of investors and speculators. The millions that were harvested have slipped through the fingers and into the pockets of the wise sharpers, who laugh at the fools they duped. Such is the sordid story revealed by official inquiries into the conduct of a group of bankrupt stock concerns—the latest lesson taught by the operations of Wall Street's underworld.

The bucket shops were operated under assumed Christian names, to delude unthinking folk into the belief that they were dealing with their own countrymen. Through secret and intricate transactions, monies and accounts were manipulated among the various brokerage houses in the chain, so that prosecutors, referees and judges, trying to unwind the tangle of involved operations, are having difficulty in placing the responsibility on the real instigators of these frauds. It is quite plain that such tactics were adopted by the bucketeers under the advice of criminal lawyers. Apparently even the lawyers became corrupted in the machinations of their clients, dazzled by the huge fees, the wild lives and riotous entertainments of the high bucketeers.

Not a Cent for Victims

WHILE the creditors of the bucket shop men are not likely to get back one cent on the dollar, the arch rogues have evidently hundreds of thousands at their disposal for defense. There have been prosecutions by the district attorney for New York County, the United States District Attorney, indictments by grand juries, *and prison sentences as yet unserved.* In court trials it is charged that jurors have been bribed; referees, trying to learn what has become of assets of firms, have been defied; witnesses have been kidnaped, incriminating papers destroyed. Federal authorities found it necessary to remove two brokers, who had been imprisoned in Ludlow street jail, to cells on Governor's Island, with the consent of the War Department, because the men were found to have been enjoying luxuries in prison, and nights of freedom in roaming about the city. These two accused brokers then "confessed," incriminating their own lawyers. The lawyers, in turn indicted, now have "exposed" their own clients.

This particular chain of bucket shops that is under investigation by both county and Federal authorities defrauded some 20,000 to 30,000 creditors, to the amount of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. According to the attorneys representing these unfortunate people, they stand little chance of getting any of their money back. It matters little how many rogues are convicted and sent to prison, it will do the creditors no good.

Among those who have been questioned closely by referees and prosecutors, to learn what relations existed between them and the bankrupt brokers, is Charles A. Stoneham, former dealer in mining stocks in Wall Street, and now president of the National Exhibition Company, and part owner of the New York Giants baseball club; also one Arnold Rothstein, a notorious New York gambler, now stated to be an insurance agent, who was involved in the White Sox world series baseball scandal, and others less widely known. Rothstein refers to himself as "the smartest man in the world." Another one whom the authorities wish to question is "Dandy" Phil Kastel, financial backer of one of the failed concerns, who, since his indictment for grand larceny, has been a fugitive from justice. Still others needed for interrogation are "Nicky" Arnstein, and other former members of the Gondorf gang of wiretappers, mostly ex-convicts, and habitués of Longacre Square, some of whom were involved in the corruption of Yiddish messenger boys, in the great organized thefts of stocks and other securities from the Wall Street financial district during the years 1920-1921.

Mr. Fuller—Ginsberg!

THE present investigations center about the defaulted brokerage houses of E. M. Fuller & Company, Dier & Company, Dillon & Company, E. H. Clarke & Company and other links in the chain of firms. E. M. Fuller & Company failed for $6,000,000, Dier & Company for $5,000,000 and the others for additional millions. The head of the first-named firm, the man who calls himself "E. M. Fuller," really bears the name of Ginsberg. Naturally, had this widely advertised wirehouse been conducted under his actual patronymic as "Ginsberg & Company," there would have been small chance of his ever having accumulated the enormous sum of $6,000,000 in the coffers of the firm from credulous investors.

The origin of the chain of fraudulent brokerage concerns has been revealed as follows: When the firm of Charles A. Stoneham & Company went out of business in 1921, its accounts were transferred to the group of firms including E. M. Fuller & Company, Dier & Company, the Dillon, Clarke and other alleged stock brokers. On exactly how this arrangement was carried out hangs the crux of the present situation. Several creditors have entered suits against Stoneham, owner of the New York National League Baseball Club, alleging they were defrauded in this transfer. In their affidavits they state that they received circulars from the Stoneham Company, notifying them that it had become expedient for Mr. Stoneham to retire from the brokerage business because of his numerous outside interests, and that other firms, such as the Fuller, Dier and Dillon concerns would take over the business. These firms, the circular said, had been investigated by Stoneham, and found to be financially responsible. The plaintiffs say that because of these representations made to them as to the financial status and experience of the new houses, they consented to the transfer of their accounts, only to learn later that the Stoneham Company had sold out part of their holdings without notice that their margins were exhausted, or calling for more money. Later the chain of new firms toppled into bankruptcy, with their assets vanished.

Jail Is Efficacious

IT WAS now found difficult if not impossible for the referees in bankruptcy to obtain the books and records of the chain houses. Ginsberg, or, as he now calls himself, "E. M. Fuller," and his partner, William F. McGee, once charged with wire-tapping, were directed by Federal Judge Henry W. Goddard, to return to the Federal trustee certain important papers which had disappeared from their records. The brokers would not return them, and refused to tell what had become of them. They were sentenced to indefinite terms in Ludlow street jail for contempt. Later, some of the documents were mysteriously returned to Judge Goddard by messenger, but the judge refused to purge the men of their contempt. Finally, during their sentence in jail, Ginsberg and McGee decided to "squeal." They pleaded guilty to the charge of bucketing stock orders, and were sentenced to a term of years in Sing Sing prison. Their pleas of guilty came as a surprise, because, during three trials, they had fought stubbornly for freedom. The trials were marked by alleged kidnaping of witnesses, the disappearance of the incriminating papers and an alleged attempt to bribe one of the jurors with $1,000.

Meanwhile a referee in bankruptcy called as witness Mr. Stoneham, owner of the Giants, and asked him to explain an item on the books of E. M. Fuller & Company, showing that he was credited with having paid the sum of $147,500 to "capital account" in the brokerage house. Stoneham made the surprising explanation that he had loaned that sum to "Tom" Foley, a Tammany politician, who had borrowed it from him for the purpose of helping out Fuller & Company. The money, he asserted, was loaned without security or note.

Foley, when questioned, in turn explained that he had once tried to help McGee, Fuller's partner, when McGee was charged with wire-tapping, and that McGee's wife had sought his aid on behalf of her husband when troubles began to overtake Fuller & Company. Stoneham, he explained, had lent him the $147,500 without security and he had turned it over to the brokers, to whom he had also loaned an additional $15,000 of his own money without security. These generous gifts of large sums to failing brokers were described by the witnesses in an offhand way as acts of good fellows, to help out their friends.

Rothstein—"Smartest Man"

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN, the gambler, next called as a witness, was questioned concerning a trading account he had with Fuller & Company, from whom it was alleged he had received checks amounting to $187,600. He was also asked about reports that $385,000 had been lost to him by either Fuller (Ginsberg), or McGee to Rothstein at the race tracks. Rothstein was thoroughly grilled by attorneys for the trustees and the creditors, who attempted to get from him the details of gambling transactions with Fuller and McGee. But the smartest man in the world lived up to his reputation for sidestepping and evasions, and his examination had to be deferred until he could be confronted later with documentary evidence.

Ginsberg (Fuller) and McGee, deterred from the trip to Sing Sing by their Ludlow street jail sentences for contempt, and enjoying surreptitious privileges, were suddenly whisked away to cells at Fort Jay, Governor's Island. This environment soon brought the two bankrupt brokers into a state of mind where they resolved upon making "confessions" regarding the disposal of the missing documents, which, containing evidence of bucketed stock orders, had caused them to be imprisoned for contempt. The two men had been represented by a firm of criminal lawyers, Fallon & McGee. The clients now swore that their lawyers had connived at the destruction of the documentary evidence. William F. McGee, one of the bankrupts, made affidavit to the fact that he had torn up and destroyed some of the papers, and that on the same day, part of the books, papers and records had been done away with by William J. Fallon, with the full knowledge of his law partner, Eugene F. McGee. Ginsberg's affidavit was to the same effect.

Fallon and McGee were promptly indicted. When they appeared in court, these two eminent jurists gave an exhibition of their professional ethics by promptly "squealing" on their former clients. Fallon, who had once enjoyed a reputation in criminal courts for his loud-voiced oratorical displays, shouted: "We want twelve men to determine whether or not these men who admit they stole millions of dollars are telling the truth. We want to have a jury to see if Fallon and Eugene F. McGee had any motive to destroy these papers which were without value. Fallon and McGee never stole a penny of anybody's money. Fuller and McGee have committed 200,000 separate felonies. We have a right to find out what price they are getting for this. See what a monstrous proposition we are up against. Those men were in jail. Now they are living luxuriously at an uptown hotel after defrauding the government of millions of dollars. They have been given their liberty. For what? For saying that Fallon and McGee destroyed those papers," and so forth.

However edifying or entertaining may be the spectacle of rogues and their lawyers falling out and denouncing one another, the lesson taught from the operations of the high bucketeers lies not there. The men and women in Tennessee, Georgia, California, Wisconsin and other states, who had handed their money and securities over to the managers for the bucket shop chains, in the hope of making more money, and on whose affidavits the proceedings already described were taken against the brokers who defrauded them, can obtain little satisfaction from the court stories. It is very doubtful even if the arch rogues ever will be brought to book.

$75,000,000 Estimated Loot

WALL STREET stock swindlers operate apparently on a theory that there exists a class of persons created solely to be "trimmed," and anyone observing the ease with which this proceeding is accomplished will be inclined to believe that this theory is right. Without the existence of credulous folk who, closing their ears to warnings and admonitions, intrust their property blindly to the first-comer, such gigantic swindles by unprincipled men would become impossible.

In speaking with the counsel representing various groups of creditors, I found that they frankly admit that they do not see how their clients can benefit from the revelations of the imprisoned brokers. "Even suppose," said one of these lawyers to me, "that some of the brokers can prove the existence of four or five wealthy silent partners, it will take a long time to make such men disgorge. No silent partners are going to give up unless they are made to do so, appeals after appeals will have to be taken, while the expenses of the creditors will be mounting up all the time.

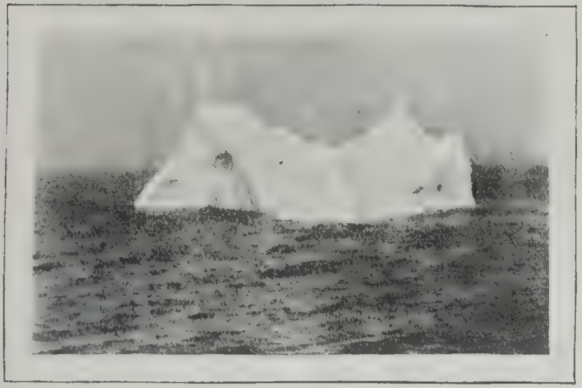
"Let us take it for granted that the silent partners admit they are partly responsible for the liabilities. Suppose they turn back one million dollars to the creditors' fund. In the case of Fuller & Company, Dier & Company, Dillon & Company and their kindred firms, that would mean only a few cents on the dollar. But that million would first have to be split up in attorneys' fees, court proceedings, expenses for referees and the administration of the bankrupt estates. Frankly, if I were a creditor, I would feel like charging off my losses and accepting my lesson."

It is estimated by the District Attorney's office in New York that since the war at least $75,000,000 has been obtained from the public by Wall Street bucket shops. The greater part of this money went directly into the hands of men who considered it legitimate plunder, to be spent on their own necessities or amusements. In one instance, a man named Kardos, of the firm of Kardos & Burke, is found to have sent a large sum of money abroad, with directions to buy himself a "castle in Hungary," shortly before his failure. Kardos & Burke left liabilities of more than $3,000,000, owed to about 4,000 customers. Three-fourths of these persons live in scattered sections of the country, many of them residing in the Far West.

'Ware of 'Phone Brokers

IT IS a wise rule never to consider or reply to the plausible circulars or ingenious prospectuses sent out by mining brokers, oil promoters and "stock specialists." The alleged broker whose salesmen ring up their "prospects" on the telephone, is in nine cases out of ten merely a distributor of worthless certificates. The greater part of the money thoughtlessly flung away by indiscriminating investors or speculators, could easily be diverted into productive and profitable channels, if they would make it their rule to invest on the advice of their local bankers, or place their funds in home industries, managed by men of responsibility in their respective communities. Country banks are steadily increasing their facilities to protect the investment surpluses of inexperienced investors, and the more general employment of such facilities will make the trade of the bucketeer unprofitable. The average small investor has, although he may not know it, at his own town or village bank every feature of the most accurate financial service that the greatest financial institutions of the country can prepare. In Wall Street, money is dealt in, but it is not made there. Distance may lend enchantment to the view, but the pot of gold is never found at the foot of the rainbow.

From Bridge to Boilers of a Liner



The Interesting Account of a Trip From Halifax Across the Atlantic

By A. R. PINCI

NOT having as yet attained the freedom of any city, I have been fortunate enough to be endowed, for the duration of a voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, with the freedom of a huge steamship. There are many things connected with a big ocean liner that the average passenger knows little or nothing about. The unfortunate ones who look at the ocean face downward don't think about it, but all the others think of their three master meals and two "teas"—morning beef and afternoon pekoe—as the best part of their days on board.

As though for my especial benefit, Mother Nature staged a marvelous scene along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with scores of icebergs, big and little, from million-ton ones to almost invisible "growlers," beneath a sunshine that the navigating officers considered as somewhat rare but which they welcomed with all their hearts. And then, lo! Impenetrable fog just as we were about to emerge from the berg zone, which descended upon us unexpectedly and caused a delay of sixty-five minutes.

The New York skyline from outgoing or incoming steamships is very beautiful, in its way, especially under favorable weather conditions, but its contour is now about stationary. The voyager who has seen it a few times no longer pays any attention to it, unless he feels—quite often—the itch of explaining the various units to a companion who sees it for the first time. But apart from this, custom breeds indifference. That is why I tried the St. Lawrence route.

May I commend it to all those Americans who, having been to Europe by way of New York, expect to go there again? It is not intended, this, as an advertisement for the company operating the ships, but largely instead as an advertisement of North America. As a continent it cannot suffer from too great publicity, and this observation is made by the writer in his quality of native European.

See the United States first; see Canada next; see the rest of the world afterward. The St. Lawrence route I commend, at least for a trial, both as an education in seamanship for poor sailors and scenically for all the others. Also it conveys better than words the extent of their country. Traveling companions of mine coming from Southern Arizona and California were on fast trains five days merely to reach the ship's side, and then two more days of land constantly in sight ere Labrador and Newfoundland coasts were lost to sight.

The ocean voyage is reduced by two days, because for fifty hours or thereabouts one sails hundreds of miles on the beautiful scenic inland waters of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. This part of the trip is a sort of kindergarten for poor sailors.

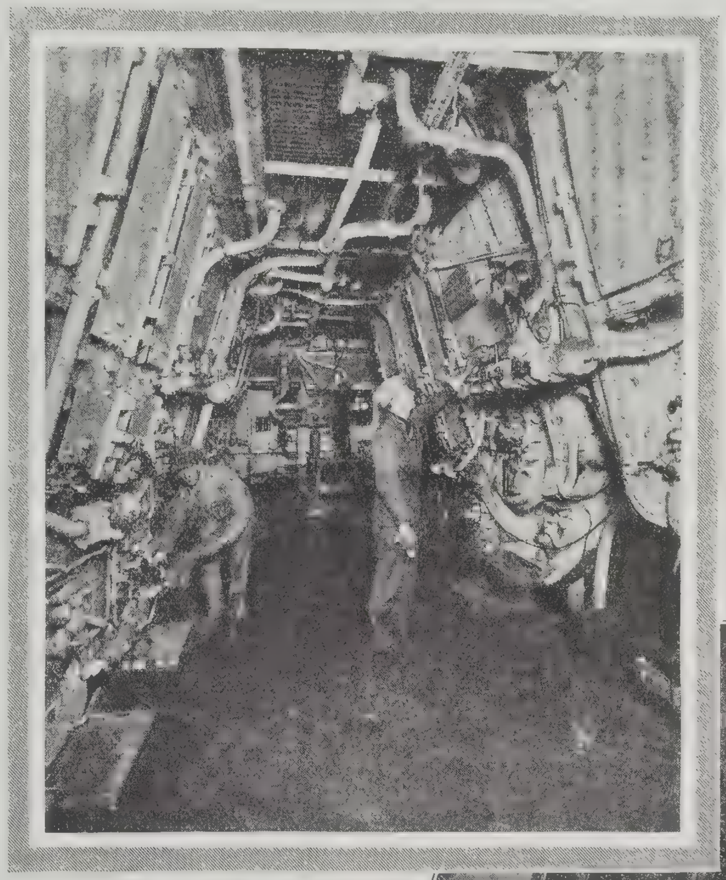
One may start on the smaller ships from Montreal, starting in the morning and quietly winding one's way through the smooth deepwater channel, at times within calling distance of cattle grazing on the shore, on through Lake St. Peter, forty miles long, and late the same afternoon passing under the Quebec Bridge, the greatest of its kind in the world. Then one stands face to face with history, as one sees the ancient ramparts and citadel of the historic city of Quebec. Three centuries or so is nothing to young North America—but it is something to us and we are today the vast heritage of those past years.

It is not always possible to encounter icebergs at their best, although even at their worst they are harmless, nautically speaking, except for imposing a delay of a few hours, depending upon atmospheric conditions. But icebergs are worth seeing, whether through a mist, under clouds, or, rarer still, in the bright sunshine. Americans and Canadians who are bored with their snow-topped Rockies were immensely interested in seeing their counterpart floating harmlessly on a smooth sea. Almost all the sights afforded by the Land of the Midnight Sun, whither one goes to see bergs and ice—and all so near home, too! It is enough to make a coal dealer happy and an iceman sigh.

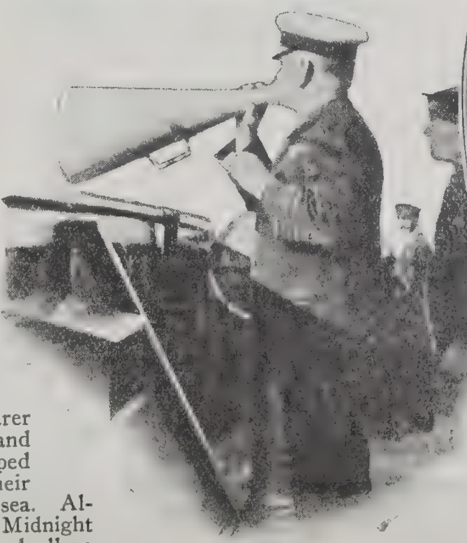
The so-called ice field of the St. Lawrence is more than ocular. It is thermal. One feels the lower temperature, in spite of overcoats, steamer rugs, and the like. To wear heavy woolen coverings in July or August two days out of Boston or Chicago is quite an experience. I appreciated it, having sweltered in New York City's Park avenue only fifty hours before.

Familiarity with icebergs breeds good-fellowship—that is why one never tires of encountering them, of comparing size, outline, shape, of indulging in fantastic mathematical problems as to bulk, volume, resistance, and so on. Even the occasional person who had felt timid at the mere thought of an iceberg became a fan on the spot. It was a scene that not only is worth anticipating, but also worth seeing again.

The first icebergs were encountered the morning of the second day out. Each chunk of ice, big and little, stood out against the sunshine, and even the tiniest growler, bobbing up and down with the waves, was distinguishable from the whitecaps. It was only a question of steering between them. From the standpoint of the bridge, where I had taken my place as a guest of Commander James Gillies, it was a lucky day because it meant full speed under the auspices of the bright sunshine, but any delay—since it involves no danger at all—is amply repaid by whatever glimpse these floating ice mountains afford. Some stood out as fortresses, low and squatty and smooth-sided; others were peaked; two that we passed had magnificent archways through which a small vessel could easily pass. Another was ornamented by a tall lateral spire, and as we approached it looked like a cathedral done in white marble standing upon a restless field of greenish hue.



Oil burning furnaces.



Above—Same furnaces burning coal.

Commander Gillies was good enough to recognize and compliment my profession to the extent of veering toward it close enough for me to photograph it—a courtesy that in turn was appreciated by scores of kodaking passengers—and this led to a question, in the face of something I learned a short time before, that many of the chief officers of a ship often stay in their cabins to protect themselves against silly questions.

So I submitted one.

"What would happen if we hit the berg ahead?"

"Nothing much, to the berg," laughed Commander Gillies. "This ship is of 25,000 tons and that berg weighs, roughly, 400,000. We are making eighteen knots an hour. All I could promise would be some cracked ice, but not much of it." The commander is a Scotchman and he wanted to be thrifty even with his joke.

But when the fog descended upon us it was another story.

By the clock it was yet early evening, but by mere light it was dark indeed. I stood on the bridge beside the commander, who always takes charge at such occasions, and remained with him until late, when the fog lifted somewhat. He was grim and silent; overcoated to the ankles, and with an astrakhan cap almost over his ears, as though it were midwinter, he peered through the fog as far as his good eyes' glance could reach. Accustomed as he was to horizon distances and the vague differences between mists, clouds, smoke, land, and debris, he could determine offhand what he perceived, while my untutored eye, equally good as to vision, was obliged to work out the outline, as it were, of whatever it was that we were looking at.

Long since the bridge telegraph had transmitted orders to proceed at slow speed, which meant a reduction of about ten knots an hour, with the crew standing by. The usual lookout was at his post on the foremast, but another, an emergency lookout, with megaphone in hand, leaned against the railing at the prow, ready to report the unexpected if necessary. It was upon this man that Commander Gillies' eye remained virtually all of the time, and for the moment the speed of the ship depended upon these two men, who represented the A and Z position aboard—the one a commodore and the other a sailor, and in the end resting upon so slight a thing as human sight.

Two decks below, the passengers, aware that there was a fog and that bergs were about, oblivious of the problem, made ready for their customary evening dance after the usual hearty meal. Except for the fact that I, privileged to be on the bridge, was fully informed of everything that was going on, what each signal meant, the alertness of navigating officers assisting the captain, the man at the wheel, the blowing of the siren from the

(Concluded on page 13)

Miami—A University That Does Things

Yale of the Middle West in the Days Before the Civil War, Ohio Institution Again Attains High Estate of Former Years

By EMERSON ROBINSON

RAYMOND M. HUGHES,

President of Miami, to whom the institution owes much of its growth.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY, at Oxford, Ohio, the Yale of the Middle West in the days before the war of the states, again has attained that high estate to which her early tradition pointed. And she is progressing, for under the administration of a president of ideas and ideals, she has become within the space of a few years one of the foremost among the higher institutions of learning in America.

Raymond M. Hughes, who has been directing the affairs of Miami for years, has instituted a number of progressive reforms, or rather, movements, all designed, of course, better to help the individual student.

His latest problem, and one that he has not solved, is attracting attention the country over. It is this: To put the human element in a university education. In the big universities of today the individual receives little attention from the faculty. It is physically impossible for the president, dean and professors to give the attention that is demanded, and only students of exceptional ability, or possibly participants in some escapade, come under the direct eye of the president; a few more meet the dean, and a still larger number meet and mingle with the professors. But this is limited.

President Hughes in the last school year was able to meet personally only 400 of the 1,100 students enrolled. During this year, because of added responsibilities, he will be unable to meet even that number of an enrollment of 1,500. Mr. Hughes believes this to be the greatest problem confronting the American university. He believes that the faculty must be in personal contact with the students if the best results are to be obtained. He is trying to meet the situation at Miami and has some plans which he believes will solve the problem. He is now turning over in his mind a practical method to put this plan into execution.

President Hughes presents the problem very clearly:

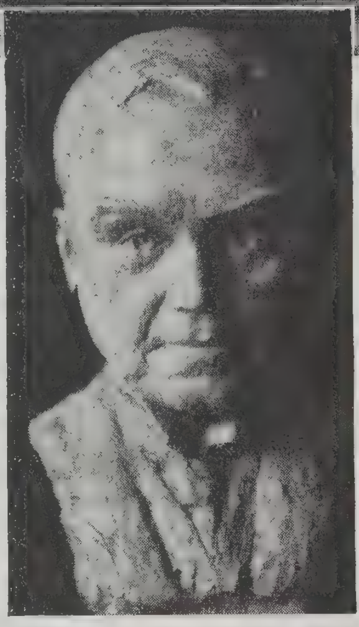
"Within the last twenty years there has been an enormous increase in the size of the institutions of higher learning in America. While the enrollment has grown four or five times what it was in 1900, the number of colleges and universities has grown very little indeed. The result is that we have a large number of colleges of liberal arts, engineering and agriculture which number a thousand or more. In these large colleges where one dean is responsible for looking after the academic standing and the personal problems of from one to five thousand students there is a relatively small amount of personal contact between faculty and students. In a small college of one or two hundred students every member of the faculty knows all of the students and the personal relations of teachers and students naturally are intimate and personal. Where the number of students in the group is very large the teacher feels the impossibility of knowing all the men and women and as a result feels very slight responsibility to know any of them. One of the greatest problems confronting our American colleges today is to devise some method of maintaining close personal contact between the teachers and students.

"This matter is met in Cambridge and Oxford, England, by including in one university twenty or more colleges enrolling from one to two hundred students. There each college has a residence hall with housing capacity for a certain number of students. The number that can live in the college hall comprises the college and sets a natural limit to the enrollment.

"It is impossible for us in a short time to provide dormitories for all of the men and women in our American colleges, and a subdivision of the present number of large colleges in the country on the basis of residence apparently is impossible. It does seem conceivable, however, that our large colleges could be subdivided into smaller units of 150 to 250 students each, each unit under the supervision of a dean who would have a personal human interest in each student and who would know them all. It seems also possible that some of their freshman work could be done in common under an instructor who would be delegated to that college and through this subdivision there would be at least a dean and five or six professors who would know personally the students in each college.

"Unless some such subdivision of the large colleges is made within another twenty-five years, it seems highly probable that all personal contact between the faculty and the students, at least those in the lower classes, will be at an end and higher education in America will be a wholesale matter where students are treated in groups and where their education is impersonal and largely lacking in the elements which make for the greatest value in teaching."

The gymnasium. Recently moved to make way for a larger and more pretentious building.



EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY,

Composer, whose symphonies have delighted the civilized world. Photo from a clay bust by Miss Arvia Mackaye, daughter of Percy Mackaye.

When President Hughes devises a method of making this subdivision at Miami, he will present it to his board of trustees. Those who know this quiet, cultured, modest educator best believe that he will find such a way. He has solved many other difficulties and this one, they assert, will be no exception. The many changes that he has instituted at Miami have made history in American colleges, or will make history, and this, the most important question, demands settlement.

* * *

Intramural athletics, for instance, has received much attention within the last few years, solely because of the record at Miami. President Hughes believes that it is better to have 1,000 students physically fit than have 100 in intercollegiate contests and 900 taking their exercise by proxy, in rooters' row. At no other university has this form of athletics made the remarkable progress that it has at Miami where 97.4 per cent of the men participated last year in games within the college. Only twenty-three per cent participated in the intercollegiate contests.

This system, too, has had the effect of strengthening the representative teams and Miami's prowess on the football gridiron has won for her the Ohio Conference championship year in and year out, with one exception, for many years.

Golf is one of the recognized sports and it is the only university in the country, as far as is known, that has a course.

* * *

A College of Commerce and Business is a new school which President Hughes hopes to have in operation next year. Action by the Board of Trustees is expected shortly. The function of this institution is to combine a cultural training with a thorough understanding of business fundamentals and technical knowledge, to the end that the student will be fitted for some specific work when he is graduated.

Students will be assisted in "finding themselves" by a vocational director, and the president hopes thereby to remove the cause for some of the criticism that colleges do not prepare men to earn a livelihood. This experiment will be followed with interest, not only by other college presidents but by business men.

* * *

Hanging on the wall in the office of President Hughes is a chart, resembling, in a way, the report on progress of production in a huge shop. He can at a glance know health conditions in the university, for the chart is the hospital report. Miami is one of a few, perhaps it is the only one, which makes medical supervision of each student a distinctive feature. There is now a hospital, a physician and three nurses, and contracts have just been awarded for a new structure to cost $85,000.

Each student is given a thorough medical examination at the opening of the college year. The physician and the athletic director co-operate and if the young man needs a course in physical exercise one is prescribed for him. An assessment of ten dollars entitles the student to a free examination at any time and three days in the hospital free of all charges. If he remains longer the charge is a nominal one.

* * *

Boarding of students may be a problem for some colleges in small towns, but not for Miami. There it has been so systematized that it has failed to be a problem. More than 800 students are taken care of in the four dining halls. A charge of five dollars a week is made for the boys and four dollars and fifty cents for the girls, and of the total collected, seventy per cent is spent for food. There is little or no profit; neither is there a loss. It is operated on a self-sustaining basis and at Miami that means exactly what it says.

Two more dining halls and two additional dormitories are to be built, and this, of course, will take care of more students. In addition there are eleven fraternity houses which accommodate large numbers.

* * *

Some of the young men now attending Miami are getting an intensive course in efficiency and accuracy. They may not appreciate this fact now but in later years it will come home to them with force. In every university there are many activities which require the handling of money: the college paper, athletic contests, theatricals, and similar undertakings. At Miami there are sixty such organizations and they handle between $130,000 and $140,000 a year. Every cent is accounted for, and grafting is eliminated from the vocabulary.

The treasurer of each one of these organizations is required to keep a budget and to file his report on printed forms furnished by the university. An audit of the books is made once each month and there isn't a complimentary ticket issued for a football game to a newspaperman or to the president of the university that does not show on the report.

* * *

Jazz poetry, like jazz music, can find a ready market, but poetry that endures through the ages cannot be disposed of so easily nor at so good a price. President Hughes believes that it is up to the universities of America to provide for this class of writers. With this end in view he established a fellowship, which carries with it an appointment and salary with no duties, and appointed Percy Mackaye, poet, to the position. He believes that it will be productive of good results. It gives to the holder of the fellowship ample opportunity to do his work unhindered and without financial worries and it gets away from the medieval practice of the rich or powerful providing for their needs while poets built lasting monuments to the age in which they lived.

* * *

Another unusual work at Miami, established within the last year by E. W. Scripps, noted publisher, is a research foundation for the study of population, with Dr. Warren S. Thompson, of Cornell, as research professor. This is unique in the annals of American history and its effect on the future of the country remains to be seen.

That it will be tremendous, however, is self-evident, for the study will include assimilation of immigration, the number of people the United States can support, mixture of the races, the soil, and other problems. Its ramifications are so many and so varied that the subject becomes almost unlimited, but to those who look into the future, most important.

* * *

There is one other feature of the modern Miami which distinguishes it from other universities. The president believes that every one who earnestly desires a college education is entitled to it and that he should be given assistance, so Miami has a fund of $37,000 out of which loans are made to those students who need help. By this method more than 300 young men have been given the advantages of a college education. Between $7,000 and $8,000 is now in the hands of the students, or those who have been graduated, the university holding their promissory notes with no chattel security—in fact, with nothing but the promise of the men to pay. The fund has not lost a cent except in one instance: a student who owed $75 died and the notes held against him were canceled. More than $11,000 has been paid back in the few years in which the fund has been available. Interest is charged at the rate of two per cent, payable quarterly, during the course. After graduation, the interest rate is four per cent. Not more than $250 has ever been lent one student in a single year. This sum, together with what the recipient may earn and save during the vacation period, will pay all necessary expenses.

So much for the glory of Miami that is. The glory of Miami that was is a romance of the early days when America, Western America at that time, was young. It is the story of the Miami of the saintly McGuffey, whose memory is enshrined in the hearts of millions of the older generations and whose influence on the life of America never can be estimated; the Miami of Whitelaw Reid, diplomat and journalist; the Miami of Benjamin Harrison, former President; the Miami of educators, statesmen, ministers, business men.

Miami was established by act of the Ohio legislature in 1809 and was to be within the famous Symmes Purchase, which included lands between the Big and Little Miami rivers. But various things intervened; the township allotted to the school was sold; Lebanon was first selected, and then dropped, and finally Oxford, twelve miles from Hamilton, chosen. In 1818 an academy was opened. In the summer of 1824, the early settlers read that Miami University was to be opened as a college. It was one of the first colleges west of the Alleghenies and one can easily imagine the excitement when those hardy pioneers learned that they would have an opportunity to send their boys to such a place.

The early records show that students came over mud roads through the wilderness on horseback. Some came by canal boat to Hamilton and got to Oxford as best they could.

But what would the prospective college student of today think were he to read the following announcement:

"Study hours, 5 to 7 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m. Recitation 7-8 and 9-12 a. m. Prayers, 9 a. m and 8 p. m."

Total expenses for the term were fixed at $93, of which payment for board was $50 and room and servant's hire $5.

Nearly 100 students had enrolled before the end of the first college year.

Robert H. Bishop was the first president and he was a strict and religious man, a Scotch Presbyterian. Associated with him for a decade after the first two years of the college was William H. McGuffey. The name brings pleasant memories, memories of delightful days in happy childhood, spent ofttimes over the lessons which he made possible; McGuffey, whose passion was preaching the Gospel and studying the mind of the child.

McGuffey was only a young man, just out of college, when he went to Miami. Tradition relates that he was stern, and a strict disciplinarian. In his spare hours he traveled about the countryside with his stovepipe hat and his shiny suit preaching to the little congregations in the hamlets. He was a quiet but an impressive speaker and had no difficulty interesting his students. He loved children and studied them, and it was while in Oxford that he made the notes from which his original readers were written. They were later published in Cincinnati.

Two graduates of the early Miami, William Dennison and Caleb Smith, were members of President Lincoln's cabinet. General Robert C. Schenk was ambassador to England, envoy to various other countries and a member of the commission which settled the disputes between England and America in 1870.

Ben Harrison was a studious, serious-minded youth, and perhaps in those early days he had visions of the high estate to which he would be called. He was of the class of '52, and took an active part in the college life and in the more turbulent history of his fraternity.

In A. H. Upham's book on Old Miami, he recalls that on the commencement program for 1852 Harrison was one of the speakers, although one would not have known it from the name on the list. The program read:

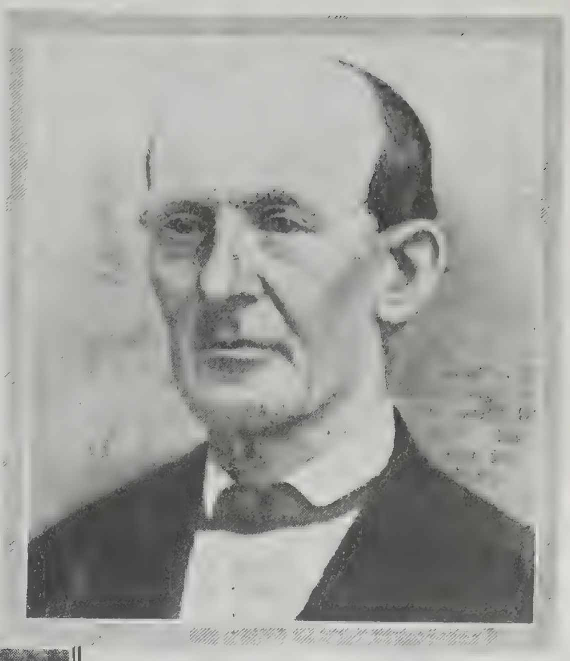
"Poor of England" . . . . Benjamin Harris, North Bend.

The author makes the comment that the irony of fate and a printer's proof bungled the name of the only man Miami ever sent to the Presidency of the United States. His address was vociferously received. Shortly afterward he returned to Oxford and was married to Miss Caroline Scott, daughter of the head of one of the women's colleges.

Four years later, Miami graduated another young man who was to play no obscure part in American history. This was J. Whitelaw Reid, described as a "long-haired, pale-faced, graceful youth, industrious, nervous and ambitious." Ambitious! His ambitions were surely realized in his career as a journalist and diplomat and his fame reached its zenith when he was chosen as one of the five American commissioners to draft the peace treaty with Spain, and again when he was named as the President's special ambassador to the Queen's Jubilee, celebrated in England in 1897.

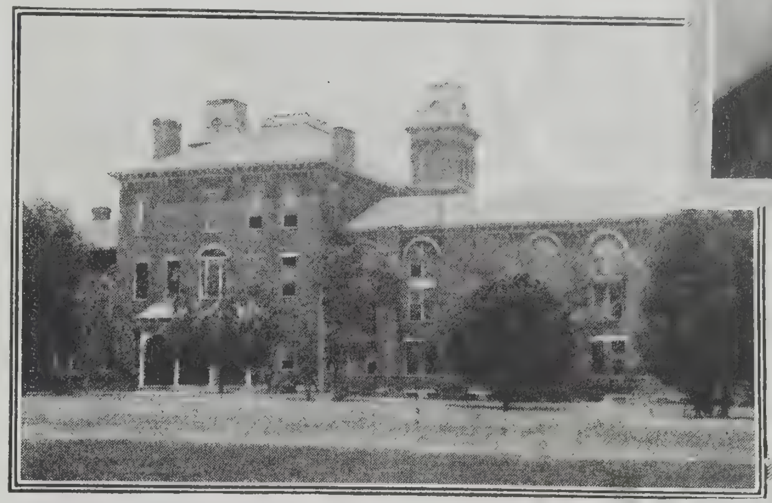
There are others, plenty of them, scores of them, who have served as governors, senators, representatives, served the public in every important capacity.

Greek-letter fraternities flourished in those days of long ago. Two were founded at Miami before the Civil War, Beta Theta Pi in 1838 and Phi Delta Theta in 1848. Another, Sigma Chi, was founded in 1885, and a fourth, Phi Kappa Tau, in 1907.



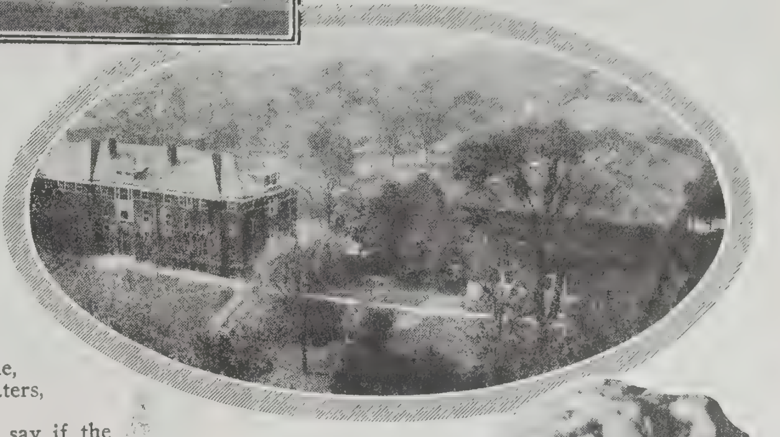
WILLIAM H. M'GUFFEY,

One of the first professors at Miami.



Left—The main building at Miami. The central portion is 90 years old and it was in there that the saintly McGuffey taught and perhaps received his inspiration for his famous eclectic readers.

Below—Bird's-eye view of Miami.



History tells of the early rivalries of the students' organizations, college politics and college life and it records some of the rules laid down by one of the first presidents. Here they are:

"No student shall wear about his person pistol, dirk, stiletto, or other dangerous weapon."

"Any student who takes part in a duel with deadly weapons, shall be immediately dismissed."

"No student during his term time, shall attend balls, horse races, theaters, and so forth."

What would the student of today say if the latter rule were read at chapel tomorrow morning? The population of the colleges of the country would be sadly reduced within a few days if it were enforced as it was then.

Students came from the Middle West and the southern states, and shortly before the beginning of the Civil War there were several hundred. There was a suppressed feeling that trouble would result over slavery but this was not permitted at any time to show itself, either by student or faculty. When hostilities began, however, the Southern students left immediately and with the call to arms of President Lincoln, the ranks of classmen thinned rapidly. Miami played a brilliant part in the preservation of the Union, but with the war, her early glory began to decline. The student body was decimated to such an extent that in 1875 the institution was closed. Trouble also was experienced in getting funds. It was not reopened until 1885, when John W. Herron, now dead, became president of the board of trustees. Chief Justice and former President Taft married one of Mr. Herron's daughters. Mr. Herron was succeeded by Walter L. Tobey, Hamilton, Ohio, publisher, who, with other members of the board of trustees, has co-operated with President Hughes in his program of progress.

There is also operated as a part of the Miami University plant, the McGuffey school to which residents of the community send their children. This school, by the way, and the Oxford high school, graduated about fifty young men and women last year and ninety-five per cent of them attended Miami.

Another feature that attracts a large number of students is the Teachers' College. Practical training here is given in the McGuffey school.

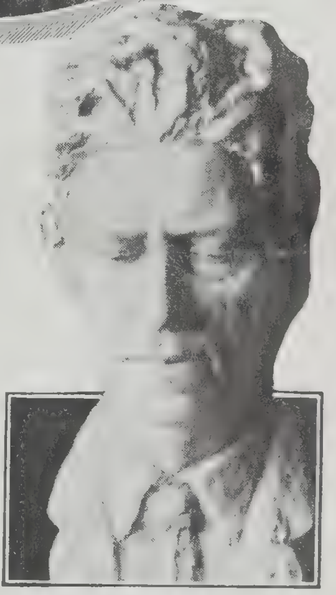
It was not long after Miami formally was opened until the need of a women's college was felt and private academies were established. These continued until 1849, when the Oxford College for Women, a denominational college, was opened. Four years later, the Western College, also for women, was ready for students. The primary idea for the women's colleges was to accommodate the sisters of the men at Miami.

The Western College has established a fellowship comparable to that which Miami established for Percy Mackaye. The recipient of this fellowship is Edgar Stillman Kelley, noted composer, whose symphonies have attracted world-wide attention.

In President Hughes, Miami has an executive whose name is familiar in every institution of higher learning. It is conceded that he knows more about colleges and college life in America than any other educator. He has received signal honors from the state and nation in educational surveys, and often is called into consultation with heads of other institutions. He is not bound by tradition and is ready at any time to blaze the trail along new lines, once he is convinced in his own mind that it will result in better training for those whose education is intrusted to his care.

President Hughes is fortunate in having a board of trustees eager to help him in his plans for the advancement of Miami, and who give unsparingly of their time in this work. The university is supported by the state and its growth is limited only by the facilities provided to care for students. Now the campus comprises 146 acres. There are fourteen buildings, and the plant is worth in excess of a million dollars.

"Old Miami on the Hilltops," sang the students in their corduroys and buckskins and homespun suits. The glory of the first Miami was great; the glory of the present Miami is greater; and the future augurs well for a glory to outshine all the rest.



PERCY MACKAYE,

Holder of the fellowship at Miami, poet. Photo from a clay bust by Miss Mackaye.

A Miami of 5,000 students within a decade is the dream of the alumni and the hope of the president and faculty. It is a dream and hope born of confidence in a program of progress designed to meet the exacting requirements of modern America that universities prepare men and women for active life immediately they leave such institutions.

Officials believe that the day is not far distant when the enrollment will increase even more rapidly than it has in the past. Every effort will be made to meet the demands made upon it and with this end in view negotiations recently were completed for the purchase of the adjoining farm and buildings of the Oxford Retreat, a private sanitarium. The purchase price was $200,000 and possession will be given the university in two years. It is felt that the space will be needed at that time despite the additional dormitories and other improvements now in course of construction.

The main building of the Retreat was the first College for Females, established at Miami by a church denomination as a college for women exclusively. Many of the early romances of Miami were written about this building and it was there that Harrison wooed and won the future First Lady of the Land.

Whether it will be used as a dormitory is not now definitely decided. The suggestion has been made that it be converted into a college of music, and this has gained some favor among the graduates. It may also be used for the department of commerce and business.

A Visitor to Washington Should See the Market

A Display of the Food Products of a Nation Is Afforded

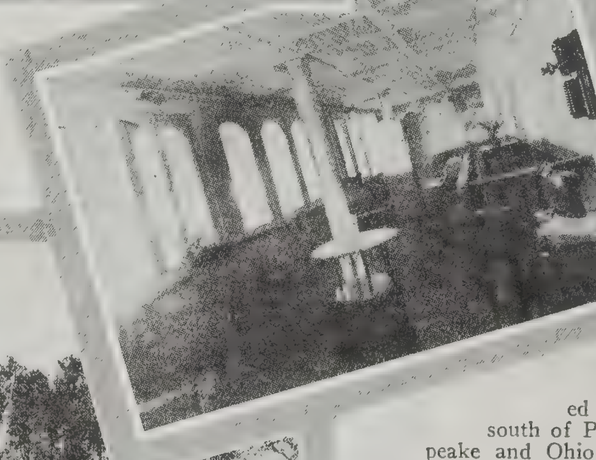
By S. R. WINTERS

IF YOU are contemplating a sight-seeing tour of the national capital, quite naturally your itinerary will include visits to the White House, Mount Vernon, the Capitol, Zoological Park, Congressional Library, and other national institutions. An objective point which may or may not be on the prearranged schedule, should be a tour through the Center Market. Of course, a food emporium—meat stalls, fish stands, and the like—do not smack of the dignity of the White House or suggest the imposing magnificence of the Library of Congress, but the things to be seen may be none the less interesting.

Municipal markets ordinarily may be commonplace, but Center Market affords a display of the food products of the nation—and, indeed, many of its articles of food come from foreign countries. The variety of things for sale is infinite, ranging from frog legs and flowers to sassafras roots for brewing your own tea, and honeydews and nectarines from South Africa. This market place is one of the largest in the United States, transacting a business of approximately $14,594,904 during the last fiscal year. Moreover, it is probably the biggest food emporium in the world under the ownership and supervision of a government, for Center Market is owned and managed by the United States Department of Agriculture. This branch of our Federal Government, however, has been filling the "market baskets" for the thousands of Washington citizens for only a brief period of time, having recently completed its first twelve months in the capacity of master trader in the market places.

Of course, Uncle Sam acts in a more or less administrative capacity in the operation of Center Market, for which the Federal Government paid $960,250 for the buildings and equipment. Representatives of the Department of Agriculture do not actually wield a meat knife and barter beef over a counter. Instead of this, Uncle Sam leases spaces in these buildings, measured in terms of city blocks, to 173 private operators. Forty-nine of these sell fresh meats, twenty-five offer for sale cured meats, twenty-four engage in the business of disposing of fruits and vegetables, fifteen barter dairy products, an even dozen sell the products of bakeries, and there are ten poultry and game dealers, nine florists, nine delicatessen stands, six fish dealers, five full-fledged grocery stores, and six reservations devoted to the sale of miscellaneous articles, including confections, honey, market supplies and rare articles for the discriminating dietary judgments of half a million people, more or less. There are, strangely enough, two stalls devoted to the sale of clothing and notions.

Vegetable stand.


Rest room.

Center Market.

The diversity of the offerings of Center Market is well-nigh proverbial. Its sources of supply are located at the near and far points of the United States, and they are even world-wide in range. Apples grown in California, New York and Virginia, are available in this government emporium; lettuce from California or New York is readily obtainable; strawberries are imported from Florida, North Carolina, Louisiana and Tennessee; potatoes produced in Maine or New Jersey may be purchased in this centralized market place as though they were raised in the District of Columbia. Fancy fruits—grapes, peaches, pears, plums, honeydews and nectarines—are likely to originate in Argentine, South Africa or Belgium. Fancy cheeses are received from Holland, Italy and South America.

Not by any means, however, are all the commodities of Uncle Sam's market place brought from far-flung centers of production. A fleet of motor-driven vehicles traveling the highway from Baltimore to Washington, groaning under the burdens of fresh meats, each morning suggests that Maryland is the scene of abattoirs or slaughterhouses for supplying the national capital with its beef, pork and mutton. Farmers, too, contiguous to this city, offer their home-grown foodstuffs to consumers of Washington. Space for 200 farmers or their wives is reserved on the south side of Center Market where they may dispose of fruits, vegetables, dairy products or other commodities of the farm, directly to the consumers. Three days each week this feature of Uncle Sam's market place is in operation, farmers or their wives journeying as much as fifty miles to the national capital. Here, in this reserve space, home-grown products compete with commodities from a distant state, the consumers finding a variety that will satisfy the most critical buyer.

A public cold-storage warehouse and refrigeration pipe line to supply refrigerants to 600,000 cubic feet of space is an essential auxiliary unit. A portion of this space is utilized to maintain cooler boxes and cold rooms. Refrigeration, in the main, is for public storage purposes, and a portion of the space is cooled under refrigeration contracts. In conformity with the practice in other public cold storage warehouses, the products subject to refrigeration are received and delivered on negotiable and non-negotiable warehouse receipts.

A bowling alley, billiard parlor, café, office of the superintendent, and a spacious auditorium occupy the second story of this market place. The auditorium is rented as space for playing basket ball games, and as a place for conducting bazaars, receptions, dances, conventions and food exhibitions. Rest rooms—two of them, spacious and modern—provide recreation facilities for patrons of the market, and for tenants and employes of this big food emporium. All told, there is a force of sixty persons engaged in the operation and supervision of this market place, this personnel including inspectors, accountants, refrigeration engineers, electricians, plumbers, carpenters and common laborers.

The rules and regulations governing the conduct of Center Market are promulgated by the Secretary of Agriculture. A stringent sanitation regulation is in force, which makes it obligatory that meats offered for sale be inspected daily.

Since Center Market reverted to the supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture, the Federal Government has expended for repairs, improvements, and salaries of personnel a total of $176,000. During the first year of government operation, the Department of Agriculture collected from lessees of the premises approximately $233,000. Thus, the profit realized from the twelve months' operation is about $50,000, a sum that automatically reverts to the United States Treasury Department. The volume of business transacted by the tenants of Center Market during the last fiscal year approximated $14,594,904, a figure that will doubtless be exceeded during the current twelve months. These figures do not include the revenue derived by farmers from the sale of foodstuffs at 200 stands on the south side of the market.

The repairs and improvements already completed at Uncle Sam's market place represent an investment of $25,000, not including cost of labor, which service was rendered by mechanics of the regularly employed force. The new marketing facilities—in the form of fruit, vegetable, fish and poultry stands—were designed and built to serve as models.

The administration of the Center Market makes a departure in one or two particulars. It issues a daily list of commodities with their prices. These data are supplied to Washington newspapers for publication. An innovation—and a decided one at that—is the application of radio telephony in the dissemination of the prices of commodities at this market place. The broadcasting of this information is of value to both the producers and consumers of foodstuffs. The farmers, in the event of their having ownership in radio-telephone receiving outfits, may be informed of the market prices of commodities speedily. Housewives of Washington, on the other hand, by the use of the radio telephone may make purchases of fruits and vegetables for canning purposes when there is a surplus.

Aside from its utilitarian purposes—and who can discount a food mart in this particular—Center Market is a landmark of the national capital. Who among the thousands that annually saunter, ride on a street car, or travel by motor-driven vehicle down Pennsylvania Avenue, has failed to see these low-set, somber-looking, red brick buildings—not far removed from the avenue?

Historically, marketing facilities for Washington date from the original plans of General George Washington in suggesting to Major L'Enfant the necessity of providing a centralized trading mart. The site of the present Center Market, by the foresight of the founders of the national capital, was reserved for the purpose it serves today. Sheds, unkempt in appearance and roughly built, were erected in staggering fashion along a line south of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, which extended along B street. This resolved itself into an island of Southwest Washington. Live stock—hogs and cattle—was butchered on this site. Farmers bringing their pigs and calves to market would excite the interest of famous personages of that day. A legend is told that Abraham Lincoln, on his way to the Capitol, would halt his carriage to indulge in conversation with farmers, surrounded by droves of swine. Another story avers that President Martin Van Buren, while strolling along Pennsylvania Avenue, became enmeshed in a rope used by a boy in leading a goose to market. This dignified personage had his hat toppled off his head into a puddle of mud.

The original sheds built on this centrally located market place, in the course of years, assumed an unkempt and unsanitary appearance. This condition was responsible for a storm of criticism, resulting in repeated investigations. An outgrowth of this public censure was an authorization by the Congress of 1860 to the Corporation of Washington, the local government of that period, to borrow up to $200,000 to build a marketing establishment within two years. A brick wall placed along the front of the grounds facing Pennsylvania Avenue was the extent of the progress of the building within that period of time.

With the elapse of another decade—in 1870—the unsanitary conditions of the market place crystallized a voice of protest of the citizens. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the sheds were razed to the ground by an outbreak of fire in December of 1870. Congress soon thereafter created the Washington Market Company, specifying twenty-six individuals as incorporators. The capital stock was $1,000,000, consisting of 20,000 shares of $50 each, the purpose of which was to erect a market building. The land upon which the present Center Market stands was set aside for the use of the Washington Market Company. A clause in the charter of incorporation specified that at the expiration of ninety-nine years the improvements were to revert to the United States Government. Likewise, a provision in the charter indicated that after the passage of thirty years, the Federal Government might assume possession of the market upon reimbursement to the Washington Market Company a sum of money commensurate with the valuation of the buildings and improvements.

Some of the reservations for the sale of food products have remained continuously in the same family, the opportunity to sell foodstuffs having been handed down from one generation to another. Many patrons have been trading there for nearly three-score years.

A "Homey" Eastern Garden in California

More Than a Copy, Ten Acres Really Are Transplanted

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

A row of yellow-dock grows with luxuriance halfway down into the glade.

MOST cherished among treasured memories of an easterner who has become western is that of the "old home" and the adjoining woods and meadowland. And for such a one to have memories renewed in the land of his adopted home were to be granted a boon totally unlooked for though richly appreciated.

A mile out of Compton in Southern California is just such an oasis for memory's refreshment—a wild eastern garden growing in all the natural grace of those on the other side of the continent. It is more than a faithful copy. It is a transplantation.

Unique indeed is this garden covering ten acres of softly rolling ground in a flat countryside with miles of fields planted to sugar beets broken at only wide intervals by a short row of Lombardy poplars, a palm or two, or by the dark blot of a eucalyptus grove—a perfect picture as of an old French etching of the countryside. Dr. Joseph A. Munk, physician, college dean, writer, scientist, cattleman and enthusiastic horticulturist, is the originator, planter, and still caretaker, though he is now in his seventy-fourth year.

"I laid out the garden with two purposes in view," said the genial doctor, a summary of whose life work appears in the American "Who's Who." "One was to have a garden of natural arrangement and the other to see with what success I could grow an eastern wild garden in the West.

"It was also due to my interest in medicinal plants, so many of which grow in eastern woods and meadows, that I planted the garden."

Far from the "beaten path" of tourists who motor in endless procession along the boulevards running parallel with Southern California foothills, where so many of the show places lie, is Dr. Munk's wildwood, and far more genuine and elusive is the charm of this garden than any other I have visited. (It may be advisable to here give out the information that the writer is a native daughter and should therefore have license to make such a remark.) Thus has this garden grown on, uninvaded by the tourist host, although it has been in existence since 1905.

A stretch of woods bisected by a brook, a broad, open garden of flowers and shrubbery, and a spreading grove, compose this domain whose flowered and foliaged occupants have answered the westward-ho call.

Without further delay the enigma of a brook in sun-baked Southern California should be explained. The brook is fed by an artesian well, a product of nature frequently found in the vicinage. The garden is on an alluvial plain seventy-six feet above tidewater. Not a grain of coarse sand or gravel, nor a piece of any kind of rock, unless imported, is found over an area of many miles. Furthermore, the place has the benefit of the daily cool sea breeze and frequent fogs from the Pacific during the summer months, with an occasional touch of frost in the winter. The frost seldom amounts to more than ten degrees and for but a short time during the early morning hours. Rarely is any damage done, the land lying midway between the frostless seashore belt and the foothill thermal belt.

A long drive leads into Dr. Munk's country home between treeless fields of glowing green sugar beets to the comfortable two-story farmhouse. Even upon arriving at the veranda fronted by poplars and a great weeping willow, one has no inkling of any of the unusual aspects of the place, leaving the entrance into the domain of the eastern wild garden as all the more of a revelation.

Following the short stretch of curving roadway closely beset with poplars, there is unexpectedly displayed a beautiful little sunken glade—a spot of shaded greens that seems as an opened flower catching the sun in its chalice. The trees which surround three sides of it form a part of the southern border of the woods. A row of yellow-dock grows with luxuriance halfway down into the grassy glade. The great, glossy red-veined leaves are far more showy than western dock. Burdock also grows here to recall instantly that beloved childhood story of "The Ugly Duckling" whose stepmother laid her eggs among just such great green foliage. A clump of stag-horn sumac and an eastern elderberry are tangled together at the roadway's edge as if in battle for supremacy. The eastern elderberries in the doctor's garden throw out corymbs of flowers large as a dinner-plate as compared to the saucer size these elders attain in their native soil. The western elderberry shows corymbs only a few inches across. Doctor Munk tells of an elderberry picker he rigged up in his boyhood by means of a spinning wheel and some cross-laid sticks over which the corymbs of berries were held to be as neatly whipped off as if carefully picked by hand.

Along the open edge of the glade, marigold and buttonbush from Ohio spread in glory. Here and there in these gardens the visitor comes across old-time garden plants from the East, and there is also some plant booty from the mesas and mountains of Arizona where the Munk cattle ranch has been located in the heart of the Apache country ever since 1882 when those fiercest of all Indians were still frequently on the warpath. A trellis along the road opposite the glade is dense with hop vines and a western wild jasmine. Everything, including the roadway, is left entirely to nature's guidance.

Where Spanish needle and calimus crowd the brook.

A half-overgrown path leads into the woods from the road, taking its course along the old wooden fence which divides field and forest. Periwinkle with its lavender flowers carpets the ground in the woods here, with much underbrush springing up. Near the head of the path stand the only three trees existing on the place when Dr. Munk purchased it in 1905. These are a huge gold-barked willow presenting a handsome bark, a gracefully bent weeping willow and a California willow, a beautiful tree draped with English ivy. Continuing along the path one hears the low hum of running water hidden somewhere in the grasses, and then suddenly the little walk swings off into the heart of the woods. There at the foot of the slope is the brook daintily quilted over with the shiny, picoted leaves of hydrophyte. And such a delightful stretch of woods as it is! High overhead tower the close-set trees keenly reminding one of a cathedral interior, underfoot the soft rustle of dried leaves, and yonder cascades a tiny stream helter-skelter into the brook which wends onward to its ultimate destination, the white-fanged, pounding Pacific Ocean which so often belies its name.

Near the head of the path stand the only three trees existing on the place when the doctor bought it in 1905. (Left to right—California willow, weeping willow and gold-bark willow.)

The predominating tree in the woods is the Carolina poplar, the doctor's favorite tree. The spicy odor of this tree, combined with the other natural incenses, permeates the entire wood to a remarkable degree, and is most sweet and invigorating. There are several elms, a linden or basswood, and a number of ash trees. From Dr. Munk's old farm home in Ohio came the cherry tree which has succeeded in joining the other trees in panoplying the top of the woods at a height of from fifty to sixty feet, even though its trunk at the base is no more than four inches in diameter. Bravo, little cherry tree from the State of Presidents, whose ancestor our first President is supposed to have chopped down in his boyhood!

Down where the fence wades across the brook is a sunny mud bank where turtles scarce larger than a hand may be seen to the number of a hundred or more on warm days. At the slightest warning of human approach, however, they are off into the water under the hydrophyte where quivering leaves indicate their hiding places.

No feature of the woods back home has been overlooked. There is even a brush heap for rabbits! Raccoons and other four-footed creatures venture forth here when night comes and birds of many kinds fly and feed and sing in these treetops.

At the head of the path that ascends the slope from the woods into the open garden grows a large bush of eastern poison oak, and here begins a border of goldenrod of which there are fifteen varieties in the doctor's garden. Many eastern meadow plants flourish here, too.

This is a delightful place, this eastern fringe of rarely beautiful trees and shrubs. There are a number of large specimens of English hawthorne exquisitely bedecked in white blossoms in May, gayly buttoned with red berries in December. A thirty-foot tulip tree showed for the first time some water-lily-like yellow blossoms with the lovely orange blot, and still taller maples, both hard and soft, cast their shade upon a spice bush which a number of eastern visitors declared to be the largest they had ever seen. Wild eastern vines such as the wild yam and the wild grape festoon prickly ash trees.

A weather-beaten, peaked little barn, now used as a garage, marks the end of the drive. Passing around it there is disclosed the open garden in its entirety, level in places, undulating in others, a garden where flowers and shrubbery, interspersed occasionally with a low tree, grow in unmolested profusion.

"I am no engineer," said the doctor, "but I have an eye for levels and I worked out a system whereby I am able to irrigate every foot of the gardens by gravity flow from the artesian well. In a country like California where water is, of course, an important factor, it must be applied to the land artificially to make the soil productive, but I have found that in this location irrigation a few times during the summer is all that is necessary."

Presently we come to a splendid specimen of the eastern sweet shrub, a comfortably settled plant of eastern dogwood, and a redbud of which there are many

(Concluded on page 14)

Walt Whitman and Natural Democracy

Imitators of His Spirit Often Miss the Image and Extol the Mud:—Usual Fate of an Original

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IN THE introduction of his biography of Whitman, the French critic, Léon Bazalgette, says of him "that America, aside from a handful of followers, has never known his supreme significance." However much in doubt we may be about the final phrase in application to the poet, and I must confess that my own hesitation in accepting it is very close to unequivocal rejection, we may easily enough admit the general truth of the affirmation. In the large sense, America simply has not known Whitman at all. That among poets he is the democrat of democrats, the democracy of democracies has never discovered. In any real sense he is known only to the select few.

None the less, there are incalculable thousands of those who have never heard his name who yet today feel his influence in ways of which they do not dream. Literary forces are never quite in the open. How or why a great fictitionist or a great poet has come to write the book that we pick up from the library table after dinner no one can ever certainly say. He is part of a current of human ideas and human passions. He goes with it, but also he helps to keep it flowing on. He becomes nameless, perhaps. It may be that he is lost in the current. Then only those who are interested in tracing the current to its various sources discover with toil and patience where the yellow clay is washed into the stream and where a gush of clear spring water is lost in the muddying depths.

Europe Regards Him as THE American

IF WE go far enough back and look carefully, we shall at least have some reason for the conjecture that the yellow clay in our American stream of life is not wholly independent of the birth on a Long Island farm, in 1819, of Walt Whitman. To the Old World he has become more and more the great literary representative of our American ideals and our American spirit. The big slouch hat with the broad brim projecting darkeningly over his eyes, the heavy untrimmed beard, the shirt defiantly thrown open at the neck, have all been in agreement with the Continental understanding of what constitutes democracy on this side of the water. When to that picturesquely unconventional costume there has been added an unrestrained flow of unconventional speech on the printed page the impression has become convincing. Here, say the European enthusiasts, is the great American.

The prime doctrine of democracy as understood by many, especially by Continental Europeans, is the doctrine of equality. Every man is the equal of every other man. Every race is the equal of every other race. One way of living is as good as any other way of living. One ideal of conduct is as good as any other ideal of conduct. Pushed to its logical conclusion, the doctrine eliminates all distinctions of social classes, whatever the basis, eliminates at the same time all human values as determined either by taste or morals, by character or conduct. In a world of equality, a world in which there is no difference among human or lesser flavors, it should be just as pleasant to drink ditch water as champagne, just as exhilarating to sip cold tea as to drink in the music of a splendid orchestra conducted wonderfully through a Strauss waltz.

Equality as Between Gentleman and Rowdy

IT IS such a conception of democracy as this, and primarily of democratic America, that goes with a singing cacophony about the world in the primitive free rhythms of Walt Whitman. In the "Song of Myself" he tells how universal are his sympathies, how uncalculated and undiscriminating are the choices that he makes among his fellows.

"Comrade of raftsmen and coalmen, comrade of all
who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat,
A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfullest,
A novice beginning yet experient of myriads of seasons,
Of every hue and cast am I, of every rank and religion,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker,
prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician,
priest."

It was not with this understanding of democracy that we set out upon the great enterprise of managing our own affairs as a free people. Neither John Hancock, of Massachusetts, nor George Washington, of Virginia, believed in the equality of the rowdy with the gentleman, of the thief with the honest citizen. Through and through, the American enterprise was grounded in the belief that human quality should count. There can be no serious question but that those who in the beginning took in hand the shaping of our destinies wished chiefly to strip from man the accidental trappings of fortune, inherited or other, so that each citizen as he was in himself should have his proper place. The very basis of any satisfying democratic ideal is the assumption that it will measurably reward the individual member of a democratic society in agreement with his deserving. Its most fitting watchword is justice. Under the banner of justice it is that most men who have enlisted in the cause of human freedom have fought. In the ranks there have no doubt been wild-eyed fanatics who have had other and more dubious purposes. Some of them certainly have been iconoclasts ready to reduce all things to the level of the common and the mean. These, however, have not been the men who have made democracy. Those who have led in the democratic ongoing here in America have been constructive spirits. They have been eager to establish a larger social good, to bring about a social order in which that social good shall be a thing steadily increasing. They have had a passion for justice, because only through justice can any social order hope to achieve its proper end, human existence that is cultivated, secure, and happy.

If there is any injustice more bitter than another it is that of an equality of reward alike for the deserving and the undeserving, for those who achieve something and those who expect to be comfortable through the achievements of others, for the boor who is content with his boorishness and the gentleman who controls his grosser impulses. Justice as a thing made actual among men is inseparable from a social consciousness, from a realization of social relationships and obligations. That consciousness, that realization, is ineffectual in a democracy if it is no more than a generous sentiment. It must go beyond that to an affirmation of values and to a choice among those values. Beyond that choice, indeed, it must become action, or the justice that is the hope and the reliance of democracy becomes no more than a figure of speech wasted on the insensate air.

In the introduction to his collected "Essays on Art," A. Clutton-Brock has a casual affirmation that indirectly touches Whitman. He says that "religion is merely mischievous unless it is tested in matters of conduct." What is true of religion is true of a philosophy, whether metaphysical, political, or practical. It must be "tested in matters of conduct," in the outcome and results of conduct. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a text even more broadly asserting, and wisely asserting, that conduct is the great test by which, in both its thinking and its character, humanity must be judged.

No man's life can be squared quite by his creed, but when a biographer makes record of something as illuminating and illustrating a characteristically virtuous quality in his subject we need not look away. Says Bazalgette, touching that portion of Whitman's life when, in his younger manhood he was musing upon the cosmos and living with his father and mother in Brooklyn:

Man as a Fastidious Animal

"HE WAS a man among men, great and sweet toward all. In his daily life, although he did not live it as a real Bohemian, he showed himself an irregular, one careless of what other men cared for. When he lived with his parents in Brooklyn, it was rarely, according to his brother George, that he was at a meal on time. If a wish seized him to leave the house it mattered little to him that it was the hour that the family sat down to the table. He paid no attention to them and returned two hours later to sit down and eat. A mountain across the doorway would not have changed his resolution. He did everything in his own time, when he was ready."

If this were merely the showing of one of Whitman's weaknesses it might be, indeed, as a thing purely personal, it should be passed over and forgotten. The prime fact of the matter is, however, that it was a characteristic rooted in his way of thinking. Irresponsibility in the family relations, indeed, in all human relations, is our American heritage from the man who, at his best and highest, gave us the wonderful threnody on the death of Lincoln, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

No one is compelled to accept a heritage. No people need be a poet's heirs beyond their will. Poets unnumbered die and leave no memorable trace, but when I read Sherwood Anderson's last atrocity in fiction, "Many Marriages," I know that Walt Whitman's bequest to his countrymen has been in part accepted, has been put out at interest to winebibbers at bacchanalian banquets, and has been returned manyfold in orgies of literary naturalism.

One of the great problems of every man of taste and breeding is that of maintaining walls and fences, of shutting out the uncouth and unpleasant, of holding a fortress of life secure against the encroachments and intrusions of vulgarity and philistinism. It was that every man might be free in the possession of his own, that he might grow to his fullest stature untroubled, it was to this and kindred ends that democracy was established and that law was made the corner stone of the democratic structure. Of all this, Whitman will have nothing. Taught by him, of all this the newer radicals also will have nothing. Says Whitman in "Myself and Mine":

"Let me have my own way,
Let others promulgate the laws, I will make no account
of the laws."

The confusion of values, esthetic, social, visual, and even olfactory, by which our naturalistic writers are now obsessed, goes back unmistakably to Whitman. To quote again from his "Song of Myself," he was

"Pleas'd with the native and pleased with the
foreign, pleas'd with the new and old.
Pleased with the homely woman as well as the
handsome."

This has, no doubt, its good as well as its evil face. It is evil in that it ignores differences, in that it does not understand man as possibly a fastidious animal for whom the making of choices may be a pleasure. It is good in that it is the expression of a warm and generous human sympathy. A larger phrasing of it is to be found in "In the Sunset Breeze."

"I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty
northern lakes,
I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the
globe itself swift-swimming in space."

This is a fine, indeed, a soul-expanding emotion. It has taken possession of many minds of the better sort enthrallingly. It is well for all of us to be touched by it in some degree, but it must still remain a question whether cosmic sentimentalism is either more admirable or more useful than ordinary human sentimentalism. It should be remembered, at least, that man can do very little for the cosmos, while it is possible that he may do something very substantial in the narrower field of his own human relationships. It is no doubt now and then an act at once of wisdom and of grace to pause reflectively upon the vastness of space and the universality of the laws that bind man to the incalculable reaches of the infinite. For man, however, the business of living is that of functioning in agreement with his nature. He may marvel at the all-comprehending of nature, her wonders of the immense and the minute. To be himself, however, he must withdraw himself from these things into his own world. He must become man. In becoming man he separates himself from nature, establishes ideals and desires of his own, and puts himself in the way of doing those things by which his desires may be brought about.

The Charm of Cleanliness in Dirt

ONE of the fresh and animating things in the work of the Sherwood Andersons and their kind is the delight that they have in the beauty of ugliness and the charm that they find in the cleanliness of dirt. In the new wisdom of babes in the woods still looking at the trees with the celestial eyes of the abode from which they have lately come, they see filth, not as cleanliness alone nor as beauty alone, but as both cleanliness and beauty together. In those beneficent presences their souls pass into ecstacies unknown to mortals less rapturously endowed. If this point of view does not derive from Whitman, in the individual case, certainly the boldness with which it now gives itself voice goes back to him.

It is not at all necessary, as a rejection of the philosophy in his poetry, to say that Whitman was not a great poet. Great men and very great men have reached conclusions about how life should be lived and about other matters less difficult that experiences outside their own have quite discredited. The thing that now most discredits "the good gray poet," to employ the term with which the ardent admiration of O'Connor endowed him, is the motley array of camp-followers trudging along behind his banner. His name is the warrant for all the wallowing in the slime of nature that to some temperaments, untutored by the experience of the race, seems most beautiful and sweet. To America he has become very much what Rousseau was to France and Europe a century ago. Rousseau had a vision of human good, even of human beauty. In its measure it pointed man the way toward the realization of some of his finer aspirations. Rousseau's misfortune was that he shaped the image of his dreams out of mud. Inevitably when the rains descended and the floods came the image ceased to be an image and did not cease to be mud. Thereafter his idolaters forgot the image and continued to worship the mud.

Accepting Mud as the Revelation

FOR unknown ages it has been the business of man, as well as his pleasure, to take mud and make it over into beauty. It is the process of doing this that is and always has been interesting. It requires effort, and the carrying through of anything that puts the faculties to the stretch is a temptation to the will. The transformation of mud, therefore, is constructively human happiness. The acceptance of mud is an altogether different matter. It may be swine happiness, perhaps even dog happiness, not more. That is not the fashion in which man lifts his head in the air, feels the joy of winds blowing on him from meadows of hyacinth bloom, and runs eagerly to meet them. It was possibly inevitable that, in the larger sweep of cosmic acceptance, Whitman should include the pettier acceptance of nature's ugly with her beautiful. That he should somewhat confuse them was perhaps also not irrational. The pity of it is that, when he has become the apostle of the new dispensation to the untaught in letters, they take the incidental grosser acceptance of mud as the real revelation. Spattering themselves with it, then, in an abandon of vicarious spiritual self-effacement, they triumphantly sit down beside us at meat. After that nearness of contact, our clothes are of the kin of Humpty-Dumpty. Nothing can ever again put them back where they were before.

Government Bulletins Illustrated by Woman

She Is the Only One of Her Sex Engaged in This Line of Work

By J. H. WALTON

HOW many times have you examined a book or magazine to see if the stories or articles were well illustrated? If the pictures were attractive you read the book or story, but if it was not illustrated at all its chances of being read were much less than otherwise.

Take this particular article for example. Would you have been attracted to it if there had been no pictures showing the action described in the text? Unless the subject is of unusual interest to you personally, it is doubtful.

Our government has also come to know the folly of issuing bulletins without pictures. Officials are now aware of the fact that these instructive works must be profusely illustrated if they are to have the widespread attention needed to accomplish their object.

Particularly is this true in the Department of Agriculture, where a staff of artists and photographers is kept busy producing drawings and pictures, not only to illustrate bulletins and circulars, but to be circulated broadcast to schools, colleges and fairs.

Many of the farmers' bulletins issued by this department relate to the economic grasses and best forage crops. The illustrations for most of this class of publication are made by Mrs. Ellen I. Schutt Wallis, special artist, working under the direction of Professor C. V. Piper. These drawings are usually done in pen and ink and wash drawings, and require unusual skill and patience, many of the tiny flowerets being drawn under the microscope.

When I called Mrs. Wallis was busily engaged reproducing one of our best-known grasses, the Kentucky blue grass. Like every lover of his work, however, Mrs. Wallis was glad of the opportunity to talk about it and explain in detail regarding the various kinds of grasses, fruits and flowers.

Mrs. Wallis told me something of her earlier work:

"It has always seemed to me that to succeed one should *love* one's work and should choose for a profession the thing most suited to his talents, then bend every effort to obtain that work.

"With this thought in mind, and just a love for botany, an eye for color and the ability to draw and paint, I started out to make myself a scientific illustrator. It meant study and hard work, but the efforts were successful, and, passing the required civil service examination, I was appointed illustrator of fruits in the United States Department of Agriculture.

"My first work was making models of fruits for exhibition purposes. At the various fairs all over the country are found beautiful displays of fruit, and the question is always asked, 'How often do they change the fruits?' Few persons realize that the lovely apples, pears and peaches are wax models, painted so true to life that they look real. Besides showing new varieties, these models are used to show various methods of packing fruits for shipping and marketing. Five hundred of these were sent to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, and later to Portland, Seattle, Boston and finally to Brazil.

"When this work was completed I was appointed to the Division of Pomology to make water color illustrations of fruits for identification purposes and for the year book to show the promising new fruits each year, the plates being signed in my maiden name, E. I. Schutt.

"During the summer of 1910, on a trip with my mother over the Canadian Rockies and to the Pacific Coast, I was authorized to take up work for the department, painting the fruits from the field in California. It had always been my ambition to paint the grapes fresh from the vines, with their beautiful bloom undisturbed; the apples from the trees.

"In 1914 I resigned from the department and went to live in Florida, but was soon called to the University of California to make the first series of paintings for that college. The paintings in this instance were used in a lantern projector and thrown, greatly enlarged, on the screen, so that a whole classroom of students could study the variety from these specimens. I leave you to imagine how accurately these apples had to be finished to pass such a test.

"Although I again returned to private life, my work still called me, and lately I have taken up my chosen profession, this time illustrating flowers and grasses. As the tiny flowerets of grasses can only be drawn under the microscope, they open a new world—a fairyland of their own, and the delicate blooms look like the gauzy wings of the butterfly.

"This uncompleted work I have before me is Kentucky blue grass. This, with the possible exception of timothy, is the most noted grass in America. It is well known for the beautiful lawns which it makes, as well as for the highly nutritious pasturage it furnishes.

"Perhaps because of the famous blue grass country in Kentucky the opinion prevails that this grass is a true native. Such is not the case, however, and blue grass did not grow in Kentucky when Daniel Boone discovered that attractive region. Like most of our best-cultivated grasses, blue grass is a native of the Old World, where it occurs naturally."

Mrs. Wallis is frequently called on to do work for other divisions within the department. Her fine perception of colors and the ability to reproduce them so accurately has made her of invaluable aid in illustrating leaflets and bulletins showing the ravages of the white pine blister rust.

Mrs. Wallis painting the diseased pines in their native environment.

MRS. ELLEN I. SCHUTT WALLIS,

In her studio.

"Early last spring," said Mrs. Wallis, "I was sent to New Hampshire to make a series of paintings of the white pine in its natural state, showing the development of the blister rust from its earliest beginnings to the most advanced stages. These paintings are photographed and sent to schools for use in classrooms, as well as being used to illustrate bulletins.

"The white pine is one of our most beautiful and useful evergreens, thousands of them growing in parks, on estates, and around homes. The blister rust, a disease imported from Europe within the past 20 years, cannot spread from tree to tree. It must first pass through a transitional stage on currant or gooseberry leaves before it can infect the pine trees.

"It attacks pines of all ages, quickly killing young trees and seriously damaging old ones, ultimately causing their death also. The effect of the blister rust, especially on large trees, is not very apparent until several years after infection takes place, so that pines may become severely infected before the disease is noticed. At the present time native pines are rapidly becoming diseased in the generally infected regions of New England and New York. The Federal Government is co-operating with a number of states in the control of the disease, and towns, associations, or individual pine owners can benefit in this co-operation and receive assistance in protecting their pines from the blister rust by writing to the Division of Pathology, United States Department of Agriculture.

"'Blessed is the man who has found his work.' This line has often recurred to me since taking up my work as artist for the government. In choosing a profession or trade one loves, it not only opens the door to many opportunities, but it is a joy each day. To be up-to-date I should say, 'Every day, in every way, I enjoy my work more and more.'"

From Bridge to Boilers of a Liner

Concluded from page 7

most convenient of three stations, it would not have been possible for me to realize what was going on, or just what such a situation means in extra work for the crew.

It is not often that passengers on a transatlantic liner have the opportunity of exchanging the top o' the morning with an unresponsive berg—not within two hundred feet of it anyhow—but that was my experience, and perhaps the most interesting of my seagoing experiences. A single iceberg brings a thrill—but many of them multiply the thrills.

Yet bergs and fogs are nothing, after all, and by midnight both were a memory. There was nothing to see from the bridge except water, a few gulls and a passing cloud. The northern lights that had graced the heavens the night before—another sight worth seeing—did not reveal themselves; atmospheric conditions prevented our seeing the restless beams of silvery light radiating from nowhere except an imaginary spot overhead, the radii lengthening or contracting every fraction of a second.

From top to bottom—so I descended into the engine room, duly chaperoned by an assistant engineer who explained to me the intricacies of oil-burning boilers. It is quite a change from the black, sooty, dank and damp entrails of a coal-burning ship, whose holds I have often visited. For one thing, the temperature is not so high and oppressive, the ventilation is much better and there is an air of cheer that must benefit those men who work twenty feet or more below the water line. One does not see men naked from the waist up, sweating and unsmiling and wan, obliged at short intervals to open furnace doors exhaling a deadly heat. It cheers the passenger to know that human beings are not obliged to work for his pleasure, under miserable and harrying conditions.

What I wondered was how a few riveted steel plates can withstand, for years, the terrific thrusts of the pistons turning the screw-shafts; thrusts that one feels, by standing near, could break through any masonry ever built. Seventy-three revolutions every minute, about two and a half million revolutions for each screw for the voyage. They are recorded. There are dials that tell everything, and even reading these intricate instruments is quite a science.

Just as men feel that they want to ride on the locomotive of a train, so there is ever any number of men, and a few women, too, who like to descend into the depths for a look around. One smells oil and steam and that tang of steel and iron that is peculiar of every place containing working machinery. Every handle and rod feels sticky but is not greasy; only the floors have a viscid feel that is quite treacherous, especially if the ship happens to roll a bit.

Back in the stern, where the huge shafts pass from sight through a bushing on the other side of which are the manganese bronze screws that do the work for which passengers mainly pay, that of forward motion, everything is silent. Salt water trickles inward, falls into a tank and is pumped out again. A mere light illuminates the long gallery as far as the first of a series of water-tight doors, and its lateral sides, painted white, remind one of catacombs, but the vibrations, slight as they are, and the occasional shaking whenever the huge rudder is moved a few degrees, soon awaken one to the fact that the place is alive—living the life created into it by man's ingenuity. Only if one thinks hard enough there comes a shiver, for at this point there are two plates between one's feet and the bottom of the sea, which might be twenty thousand feet deep—or of such a depth that one would not haggle long over a difference of a thousand feet or so.

But the men at work are unconcerned. They act as though they were in their homes fixing the gas range or tuning up their runabout. The water underneath is a cradle that holds the gigantic mass that houses so many hundreds of thousands of persons, and acts as a shock absorber—it is a veritable hydraulic absorber—of the pounding thrusts of the huge cylinders, to say nothing of countless other minor engines, pumps and the like.

What's in a Name? The World May Well Ask

A Bit of Frankness on an Angle of What We Please to Hold a "Problem"

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

IT IS the last day of the month. You pay your water bill today or the water is shut off. The dingy temporary quarters of the Water Division in High street, into which quarters it was forced to move after fire destroyed the City Hall nearly two years ago, are besieged by "last minute" citizens. Every stopping street car adds two or three more to their number. They stretch in an inching-along, serpentine line from the cashier's window, down the entire length of the aisle between the gloomy "cages" of the sundry other officials, to the door and into the street. In this group of chronic postponers who have kept a faithful and hard-working city out of its money until the last possible moment am I. I am near the rear of the line and having come without my bill, I beckon to an attendant, hoping that he will get me a duplicate and save me from losing my place in line. No use. Politely he indicates a "cage," and I surrender my place.

At the "cage" a woman is ahead of me. She is matronly in appearance, dressed quietly, has a kindly face and a cheery smile. She, too, asks for a duplicate bill.

"What street and number?" inquires the official.

"No.—— Champion avenue."

"Why, that's changed to Hayes avenue now, ain't it?"

"I don't know—Champion's the name on the street sign."

"Oh, well, you know those folks down there where the governor lives changed the name to Governor Place and those up there where you live changed it to Hayes avenue—Hey Bill (to another official), ain't No.—— Champion avenue Hayes avenue now?"

Bill says "yes," and the first official continues:

"Wouldn't you prefer to have it Hayes avenue?"

"Well, yes (hesitatingly), for one reason I would."

"Certainly, I thought so."

I listen. They don't mention that reason. By some sort of occult thought transference, the mastery of which any medium would give her very soul to possess, each knows that reason. I, too, know what is in their minds, but it isn't a reason.

Still smiling, the lady gets her bill. I get mine and go to the end of the line.

* * * * * *

Champion avenue is one of the north and south streets of the city. Two east and west thoroughfares, about half a mile apart, cross it near its northern extremity. To the north of one of these its name is changed to Hayes avenue; to the south of the other it is changed to Governor Place. These changes leave a section of the street in between the two east and west thoroughfares still named Champion avenue.

I try to analyze the mental attitude that prompts, indeed, rather compels, the desire to change the name of a perfectly proper American city street the moment it extends itself north and south of a certain definitely delineated locality. Perhaps you can help me. But you will first have to see that portion of the street which causes its remainder to want to disclaim kinship with it. We will go early on a summer morning before the inhabitants are astir and before the traffic prevents an uninterrupted view, because the street reveals itself to best advantage at that time and season.

Here it is. Look at it. It is absolutely orthodox, just like a thousand others in a thousand American cities and towns. It is straight. It is regulation width. Its roadway is asphalted, its sidewalk cemented. The houses on both sides of it seem to be madly tumbling over each other in a clumsy race with the curb as goal. They are of the humbler sort, many needing paint, with here and there a feebly pretentious one, here and there an ancient shack. An occasional patch of green lawn, a red-capped climbing rose or blue-flamed hydrangea clinging for dear life to a decaying porch-post, attests an attempt at beauty, isolated and struggling, swallowed in the engulfing ugliness of the whole. Sundry blare-faced stores and equally obstrusive restaurants, a huge modern school building squatting broadly and possessively near a forsaken church, and the great white-columned edifice which supplanted the humbler place of worship complete the picture. There is no hint of architectural unity. As far as that is concerned equally attractive architectural jumbles have been almost achieved by freakish tornadoes. Practically treeless, the street's unrelieved ugliness is intensified by those tall wire-strung poles which are the despair both of city-planning idealists and telephone companies.

You have to admit that this section of the street "conforms." It is American. Even its name is American. You don't see anything wrong with the name "Champion." Indeed Champion is altogether a fitting name for an American street. It is indicative of so many qualities of that proud country which "can lick the whole creation." Yet something bothers you. Oh, yes, the people! Why, the people living here are colored.

You knew there was a reason, didn't you? And now you see the "reason" the lady at the Water Division office preferred to have another name for that part of the street where she lives. But, honestly, do you see a reason? The most unreasoning and unreasonable thing in the world is race prejudice. That is such a trite expression and so obviously true that one feels one's self to be on the mental level with an imbecile in inserting it here. Yet the crowning absurdity of race prejudice does not seem to make even the semblance of a dent on the American brain. Indeed, America rather triumphantly believes in that absurdity, in spite of the fact that it leads the believer into numerous and multifarious minor absurdities, such as changing the name of portions of a street merely because colored people live in another portion of it. That's here in Ohio. In other parts of the country which are less disingenuous on the subject of "race relations" it forbids "niggers and dogs" the use of the public parks, hauls "niggers and freight only" on the same elevator, segregates corpses on the basis of color in the public burial grounds, and performs other tricks, all more or less engaging. But let us return to the outlawed section of the street.

The larger number of the houses you see in this "undesirable" section are owned by white people and rented to blacks. And if you will look behind the houses facing the street, you will see in the alleys, euphemistically called "places," and in the open spaces masquerading as "courts," amid the ashes, garbage and mud, more and more of these houses, crowded as many to the square inch as possible, owned by white people and rented to blacks. See that man now leaving that unsightly, smelly place there which he calls home! If you ask him who owns his "home," he will tell you, "A rich widow on Blank avenue." Now if that man possessed all the Rockefeller millions, no price he might offer would rent a house for him on Blank avenue. More than that, if he should want to buy a house there, the rich widow would certainly form a Blank Avenue Protective Association to prevent him, although she knows already that she has the support in that laudable American aim of every building and loan company in the city. You don't believe that? Well, there's Mr. B. whose bank refused him a loan to buy a house near white people because it feared it might thus antagonize some of its customers, and who was frankly told by the building and loan companies to which he applied that it was not their policy to place loans where they would interfere with white neighborhoods. And there's Dr. Q. who succeeded in purchasing his house only by getting a pale-faced member of his race who could "pass" to negotiate the loan, causing the loan company to have several "sinking spells" when it discovered that after all it had made the loan to a colored person. And Mr. Z., a simon-pure white man, who couldn't induce the loan companies to take a mortgage on his house because thereby they would help him sell it to a colored man, and who consequently had to carry the mortgage himself. And there's Mr. X., whose pink-and-white clerk bought his home for him, whereupon the prominent downtown "realtor" who had the property listed immediately disclaimed any connection with its sale in an expensive advertisement in the daily papers. And, I almost forgot, there's that colored congregation which bought a corner lot for a new church. All the usual means were tried to stop the sale. The owner of the lot was waited on by the Protective Association, the loan companies were importuned, a prominent white churchgoer of the same denomination took the matter up deploringly with the local church officials, the church's New York office was advised, and although the congregation bought the lot, efforts still go forward to prevent erection of the church.

So you see that there is apparently a well-organized plan to force the colored man over there into that hut he calls home and then outlaw him because he lives there. In effect, he *has* to stay there. Now there are reasons, perfectly sound reasons, for making human beings stay in certain places. Criminals, insane persons, smallpox patients—these are with reason segregated and kept so. But the people who live in this "unwanted" section of Champion avenue are as a group neither criminal, insane nor diseased. *Their chief offense is that from humanity's grand primordial shuffle they emerged with black skins.* Nevertheless, they are practically kept there. And not only are they kept there, but their neighbors north and south change the name of the street so that by no possible chance will their place of residence be associated with that of those they keep thus hedged in. And if you'd ask these keepers the reason, they'd mutter something about "colored" or "niggers" with grunts of contempt, and that is just about all the light you'd get.

For after all there isn't any reasoning in that name-changing. The impulse to make the change is motivated by an absurdity so staggering that the most astute psycho-analysts will forever be baffled for an explanation that will really explain. Stigmatize a group who happen to live in a certain portion of a street. Change the name of that portion of the street where you live so that no faintest odor of the stigma will attach to you. Then move heaven and hell to prevent the group from leaving that portion of the street where they live. The *reason* for it? Echo answers.

A Little Journey

Concluded from page 2

assistance. Gold from a central reservoir would be pumped into the danger spot. That is why, in a previous article, I said that the Federal Reserve System provided a fire department for Wall Street. If all depositors in all banks demanded gold in exchange for their bank paper, the Federal Reserve System would be as impotent as a squirt gun in a great conflagration, because the bankers are permitted by law to sell their golden eggs to as many different customers, at the same time, as they are able, within a very generous limit, the Government promising to do what it can to see that the customers do not ask for delivery of the eggs.

England adopted the gold standard in 1816, and was followed by the other great nations in the following order:

Portugal, 1854; Germany, 1871; United States, 1873; Scandinavian countries, 1874; Holland, 1875; France and the Latin Union, 1876; Austria-Hungary, 1892; India, 1893; Japan, 1898; Russia, 1899.

At the outbreak of the Great War, all of Europe was tied to the single gold standard, and all of America, with the exception of a few minor Central and South American republics.

Gold being needed for monetary purposes in every industrial country of the world, there immediately set in a feverish competition for gold through rival exploitation of undeveloped countries, and it was this fierce warfare over export markets which more than any other one factor was responsible for bringing on the Great War, with the loss of more than 10,000,000 lives in battle, hundreds of millions more through famine and disease, and the wrecking of half the continent of Europe.

The adoption of the gold standard, far from being a progressive measure, was a reversion to barbarism, and its natural consequence was a barbarous war followed by a financial demoralization which is affecting nearly every country in the world today.

Patmos

Concluded from page 3

sometimes priceless Oriental rugs, and high-backed and hand-carved settees, that have been handed down from generation to generation. It is a treasure-ground for the seeker after rare Oriental rugs and furnishings, and the almost priceless quaint old oak chests, with traditional patterns carved on them.

The industries of the island are few—a little wine making until the grape vineyards became diseased, a not very flourishing trade in sponges, and fishing—these are the native Patmos industries. The women of Patmos are expert knitters and some trade in that industry comes their way. The island is not large, and boats ply along its shores, but there is no railroad and no interurban line to take people from place to place on the island. Horses are very scarce—probably not a half-dozen on the island, including the two waiting to be used as dowry, and unless one is willing to walk one stays at home or rides a flea-bitten donkey. As there are no roads, the donkeys are never harnessed, only ridden. There is no wheeled vehicle on Patmos, not even a wheelbarrow or a bicycle.

When one is invited to a meal at a native Patmos home, after he is seated, but before he has been served with food, either the host or the hostess will greet him delightfully with a little set speech—"You are welcome to our table, you are very welcome to sit down with us." And if you are well-bred, in Patmos, you will not hesitate to praise any article of food you have eaten at that table which has specially pleased you.

Marriage, birth and death—these three compass the cycle of life in Patmos as elsewhere. After a birth of a child a mother remains in her bed, according to Mr. Geil's book on home life in Patmos, for forty days, lest something dreadful happen to her.

When a man dies in Patmos, he is dressed fully, even to his hat, just as he dressed in life, and is laid in a bright rug which four men carry to one of the little private chapels, called "Little Monasteries," which every family owns.

A "Homey" Garden

Concluded from page 11

more in various parts of the garden. Here and there are scattered sturdy bushes of barberry mixed among which stand the quaintly tufted pennyroyal, clumps of sky-blue flowered toadflax, sea lavender and other reminders of the "home land."

Back of this triangular garden and along the woods where it dwindles away to the east into merely a row of poplars and a pussy willow thatch, runs a hidden path called pomegranate walk, so named because of a long hedge of pomegranates growing there.

Midway of the large open garden is the loveliest vista on the grounds. Wild purple asters from New England byways, tall-growing Michaelmas daisies (so named because they are supposed to be at their best on Michaelmas, which occurs September twenty-ninth), colonies of dainty yarrow with its feathery foliage, poke-root flowering and fruiting with a vigor far outdoing that of its "home folks," and massive clumps of day lilies grow in lush freedom in the foreground. Mullein builds up great, furry, gray leaf-towers to a height of seven and eight feet everywhere, and a single large yellow elderberry tree drops a contrasting color note in one quarter where grows every kind of mint. Here, too, are all those *enfants* of the eastern woods, such as the delicate primroses, the wild geranium or cranesbill, Soloman's seal, deerwood, green-bells and the exquisite meadowsweet.

Threading through a massed growth of the open garden one comes to the fence to view the meadow beyond from beneath the deep-drooping fringe of a great willow which joins hands with a row of Lombardy poplars and forms the eastern boundary of the gardens.

The grove begins here in the northeastern corner with a tangle of smoke-bush from Massachusetts, stiletto-thorned honey-locusts from Ohio, wild eastern persimmon, bamboo supplying support for yellow parilla, and sassafras trees growing in front of a splendidly towering slippery-elm, one of half a dozen in the grove and said to be the only ones in the West.

International Science Briefs

By **DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL**

President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Origin and Motion of Planetary Systems

THE origin of the physical universe is a problem which is almost as old as thought itself. Leucippus (500 B. C.) developed the ideas of motion, vacuum and atom. He taught that all things are due to combinations of atoms, that their properties are due to the relative position and order of the atoms, and that ultimately all things cease to exist by virtue of the dissolution of their constituent atoms. Moreover, he held that the phenomena of nature were the necessary consequences of universal laws. Democritus extended the theory of Leucippus and foreshadowed the Newtonian principle of action and reaction.

The Brahmanists, Vedantists, and Buddhists developed theories concerning the origin of the universe. Dr. Robert T. Browne, in his great work, "The Mystery of Space," hints at this fact in the following statement: "During either a planetary, solar or cosmic period of gestation, the cosmic plasm is in a quiescent, undifferentiated condition. This undifferentiated plasm when acted upon by the will of the Creative Logos (God), *Fohat,* as He is sometimes called in Eastern Philosophies, begins to become conditioned, begins to differentiate."

This problem was discussed by the great thinkers of medieval times. It remained, however, for the great German philosopher Immanuel Kant to give definite form to these speculations in his "Allgemeine Naturgeschichte und Theorie des Himmels (1755). In this work, Kant first announced the, now famous, *nebular hypothesis.* At almost the same time the great Swedish thinker, Emanuel Swedenborg, independently announced a similar theory. It is interesting fact that Japanese scholars also considered this problem at about the same period. In the year 1793 the Japanese mathematician, Shizuki Tadao, developed a nebular theory concerning the origin of the universe.

Six years later Pierre Simon de Laplace, in his famous work, "Mécanique Céleste," presented a nebular hypothesis which has gone unchallenged until recent times. Laplace was sadly deficient in those high ideals which made Kant an outstanding figure for all times. In order to gain his ends Laplace never hesitated to use whatever means that would bring about the desired result. He conveniently shifted his political views as easily as a chameleon changes its colors. It is a lamentable fact that Laplace was convicted, by his contemporaries, of appropriating the ideas of other scientists without according them any recognition for their achievements. The plagiaristic mantle of Laplace is, at the present time, worn by the far more ambitious Einstein.

The theory of Laplace has been abandoned by modern scientists because it is inconsistent with facts. The same fate is already overtaking the theory of Einstein.

According to Laplace the life-history of our planetary system began with a nebula. He pictured this nebula as composed of a cloud of intensely heated incandescent gas rotating around a fixed axis. Due to the continuous action of gravitation the nebula acquired a form similar to that of a sphere or globe. He assumed that this mass contracted and that its velocity of rotation increased with the contraction. Later in the process a distinct polar flattening would be produced and *rings* of matter would be separated from the principal mass. The rings of Saturn suggested this phase of his theory. Finally the ring material would be concentrated into the form of a globe revolving about the central mass. In the theory of Laplace this process is supposed to account for the origin of planets. These, in turn, would cast off rings which later condensed into the well-known globular shapes of satellites.

That this hypothesis is little more than an unproved, haphazard statement which fails to provide those feasible mechanical elements which are demanded in an actual operation has been pointed out in part by Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, J. C. Kapteyn, C. A. Young and others. More recently the able American astronomer, George Henry Lepper, in his remarkable work, "From Nebula to Nebula" (Fifth Edition of 1920), has conclusively proved the entire futility of the Laplacian conception. That this extraordinary work of Lepper has not received the attention which it so richly deserves does not redound to the credit of modern science. The fearless critical attack of Lepper of the modern astronomical theories have never been fairly met. It is deplorable, indeed, that here again modern science stands convicted of a grave departure from the basic ideals upon which its very life and progress depends. Instead of jealously ignoring criticism of such import as that presented in Lepper's work it should be frankly considered, so that truth, the ideal goal of science, may be expeditiously found.

The hypothesis of Laplace consists of speculative premises artificially cemented together to produce the desired result. At the very outset Laplace postulates the incandescence of his nebula. More than twenty years ago Professor C. A. Young concluded that, "This postulate is more than questionable." In order to account for the intense heat of the sun, Laplace included ample heat in the nebula from which he evolved it as the remaining central mass of the planetary system. He did not even attempt to show how the primordial cosmic dust in the cold space of the universe could be brought into a condition of incandescence. Dr. Young and other eminent astronomers have pointed out the fact that to assume incandescence as an initially existing condition is a problematic and hazardous procedure. Laplace assumed rotation about a fixed axis as necessary to the formation of globular bodies and closed orbits. This premise also is purely artificial and was coined without reference to a productive cause, to produce the second result stated in his hypothesis.

Concerning this causeless rotation Lepper states, "Thus, they nonchalantly predicate the *spontaneous rotation* of the Laplacian nebula, though they would summarily classify as incurably defective a child of six who would expect as much of a mere squirrel-wheel." The trouble with the hypothesis of Laplace and all its modern variations is that *all except one of the premises are mere postulates.* The single exception is the premise that gravitation acts continuously. Observation has shown that this premise is a fact and not merely a conjecture. Laplace and his modern imitators have totally failed to assign an adequate cause for the rotation of the nebulous material around a common axis. Mere undirected gravitational influence between the cosmic dust particles cannot set up systematic rotation. These particles existing in space in that haphazard arrangement which we call chaos, of course, would feel, as it were, the mutual influence of the gravitational attraction but this cannot be regarded as a sufficient cause for the production of systematic rotary motion. Dr. Lepper's conclusions concerning this unfruitful supposition is pertinent. He states: "Such a view implies that *all* the circulating bodies in our system—comets, asteroids, meteor swarms, and even the dust particles in Saturn's rings derive their marvelously systematic motions from chance beginnings. To presuppose random, arbitrary motions is only to begin with a chaos worse confounded, and to render the task of Nature in the establishment of order all the more protracted and difficult." In fact, we may safely say that cosmos can never be produced from mere chaos.

As a preliminary step to the presentation of his own remarkably simple solution of this vexatious problem, Dr. Lepper shows that astronomers, since the days of Newton, have neglected, as he did, to apply consistently the universality of the Newtonian law of gravitation. When Newton analytically established the Keplerian Laws on a generalized mathematical basis he violated his own principle of universality and considered merely one central force (residing, as it were, in the sun) and one moving body. From this meager and merely partial data he developed the mathematical expressions which were intended to describe the orbital paths of the planets. The writer arrived at the same conclusions in the year 1904. We quote the following from Lepper: "When Newton conjured with that magical phrase, *universal gravitation,* he little realized how much more it meant than he construed it to mean. For he seems never to have thought of extending the principle to the stars, but inconsistently restricted it to the solar system, which we all know is little more than a molecule in the greater cosmos." (From Nebula to Nebula, page 32.) It may be of interest to compare this statement with the writer's, "Newton derived the Keplerian Laws by a complete abandonment of his own concept of universality." (Scientific Theism Versus Materialism, The Space-Time Potential, page 10.) The conclusion of Lepper is an independent confirmation of the views of the writer.

DR. J. G. A. GOEDHART,

Astronomer and officer of the Royal Netherlands Navy (retired), who concludes that the planetary orbits of Kepler and Newton must be replaced by spiral orbits.

Lepper finds his solution of the problem of rotation of both the nebulous particles and the finally evolved planets in the combined gravitational attraction of those celestial bodies which are located beyond the considered planetary system. He has given the name "Prime or Stellar Resultant" to this combined attraction. He conceives the origin of planetary systems in the following manner: Imagine first the existence of a formless cloud of cosmic dust attracted and moving under the gravitational influence of enormous quantities of stellar matter outside of its own boundaries. When the cloud moves because of this attractive force, Lepper speaks of it as being under the influence of the *Prime Resultant.* He postulates a creative edict as a first essential to galvanize the primordial chaos into ordered and gravitational motion. The nebulous cloud of matter in *falling* under the action of the *Prime Resultant* acquires a gyratory and vortical motion in much the same manner as the rotary motion which is given to water falling in a wash-bowl which is open at the bottom. It is a well-known fact that a body falling under the influence of gravity is accelerated, that is, its velocity is continuously increased. Consequently, Lepper reasons that the nebulous cloud will also be accelerated in its motion in the direction of the *Prime Resultant.* The inevitable result of this increase in velocity will be an acceleration in the gyratory motion. During this motion the nebulous matter which is nearest to the line of action of the *Prime Resultant* will gradually form into a globular mass in the manner of water falling as drops under the influence of the earth's attraction. Orbs of lesser size will be formed by the same process around the larger central mass. These orbs will rotate around the central mass in orbits which are merely vortical streams produced by the action of the *Prime Resultant.* According to Lepper the temperature of the central mass will increase with the increase in pressure which is inevitable under continuous gravitational compression. Herein he seeks the source of the sun's enormous heating capacity. The entire planetary system, which eventually assumes a lens-like form with the sun near the center, moves vortically along a spiral coil whose axis is the *Prime Resultant.* The type of this path is known mathematically as a *logarithmic spiral.* The writer in his work, "Scientific Theism," briefly discussed the importance of that cosmic factor which Lepper calls the "Prime Resultant." The following quotation is pertinent. "The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit shows conclusively that a third activity factor influences the system." (Scientific Theism, page 158.) The writer's "third activity factor" is Lepper's "Prime Resultant." Lepper, however, developed the possibilities of his *Prime Resultant* and gave us a real genuine mechanical model for a spiral nebula and a physical cause for the spiral coil motion of our entire planetary system. This work of Lepper is epochal.

We are certainly living in an intense and highly interesting age. In America Dr. Lepper has developed the spiral orbit from the standpoint of his *Prime Resultant.* In The Netherlands, Dr. J. G. A. Goedhart, the astronomer, has evolved an elaborate exposition of his new discoveries concerning the laws of motion of the planets.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The largest alligator in captivity is thought to be several hundred years old. It weighs 1,400 pounds and is thirteen and a half feet in length. The age is determined by the width of the nose between the eyeteeth. After the reptile is ten feet long, the nose widens one-quarter of an inch for each fifty years the alligator lives. The average adult weighing about 1,000 pounds will yield approximately one and one-half gallons of alligator oil and a valuable hide, which, when tanned, weighs from thirty-five to forty pounds.

Magnus Johnson, recently elected Farmer-Labor Senator from Minnesota, made the following statement: "Sixty-five per cent of the wealth of this country is in the hands of two per cent of the population, and unless there is a better distribution of this wealth, the common people are going to revolt against it."

A prominent Paris daily paper, deploring the corruption of masculine styles and behavior by Americans in Paris, says that although Britishers in Paris "remain gentlemen, with waistcoats and yellow kids, many Frenchmen follow the lead of Americans who have left their vests in New York, their gloves in Washington, and arrive with naked hands and floating cravats."

Motor cars belonging to the King of England have no number plate. When His Majesty is on a ceremonial tour throughout his domain his car is distinguished by the royal standard badge which is fixed in front. This badge is superseded by a small blue light on the canopy above the chauffeur's head at night.

To keep the Central American Republics—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, San Salvador—members of the League of Nations, reduced annual dues will be allowed them. Not one of these nations has paid its annual dues to the League since becoming a member. They claim their assessments are too high.

Prince Obolensky, a former millionaire cousin of the assassinated Czar of Russia, is commissioner of agriculture for all Russia and is successfully spreading the gospel of work in an effort to reconstruct that country. Farmers will carry on negotiations with the government on a basis of wheat instead of a gold basis. The commissioner believes that the coming wheat crop will provide at least 250,000,000 rubles' worth of wheat, and although Germany has tried to purchase the entire output, Moscow officials say they will hold out for higher bids from France and other nations.

The Roosevelt Newsboys' Association of Boston has started a movement to have every newsboy in the country contribute one cent to a collection of pennies to be melted down and made into a miniature reproduction of Laddie Boy, former President Harding's famous dog. The statuette is to be presented to Mrs. Harding.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

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The faithful in Turkey are now permitted to wear gold teeth, according to a decree published by the Angora Minister of Religious Affairs. The law of Mohammed forbids the carrying of any luxurious ornament except a silver ring, the value of which must not exceed that of a winding sheet. At the time of Mohammed the prices of these two articles were practically identical.

Each year Americans drink 4,000,000,000 bottles of soft drinks, exclusive of such beverages as near-beers made of cereals.

A competition among dye-makers is to be held in an effort to produce khaki cloth that will not fade. The dyes will be applied to khaki cloth, the cloth made into uniforms, and the uniforms worn two months in the tropics. The dye that best holds its olive drab will be used exclusively by the army in the future.

The largest artificial lake in Europe is located on the island of Sardinia. A hydroelectric development has recently been completed on the Tirso River, near Oristano, in which 420,000,000 cubic meters of water have been impounded; and this is but the first of a series of seven artificial reservoirs included in this project. The water will be used for irrigation and power and will give permanent employment to more than 200,000 people.

Chicago is only twenty-eight per cent "American" in the strictest sense of the word. The statistics collected by the Chicago association of commerce show that seventy-two per cent of the population, or 1,947,376 persons, are of foreign birth or parentage. The Federal census classes all persons born in this country as Americans, but the association of commerce made a finer distinction. Less than twenty-five per cent of the white population of Chicago are "Americans," as classed by the association of commerce.

An acre burial plot near Lancaster, Ohio, was bequeathed by Nathaniel Wilson 100 years ago to President Andrew Jackson as a burial place and to his successors in the Presidency. No Chief Executive has ever availed himself of the privilege, however. The donor died in 1836. Locust trees are within the inclosure and it is surrounded by a high, octagonal stone wall. The place is known locally as the "President's Acre."

France is developing cotton production under her own flag. Several new plantations have been opened this year in Algiers and a net profit of 3,500 francs a hectare is reported from this crop. In the French Sudan, cotton equal to the best Egyptian has already been raised.

A special waterproof deck of cards is used by bathers in the North and Baltic seaside resorts, who play on floating tables while in the water. So obsessed with the gambling fever are they that they play roulette, baccarat, seven-up and other games of chance at all times, with the bets running into millions of marks.

Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of the President, is picking tobacco for the firm of Dickerman and Day in Hatfield, Massachusetts, for $3 a day. He rides a bicycle to and from work. Surely this indicates true democracy.

A race of Lilliputians, scarcely four and a half feet tall, live on the Adnaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal. In fishing they do not use hook and line but shoot the fish, the bowman balancing on the prow of his canoe and then following the arrow after the fish is struck. The canoes are hewn with stone tools from single logs and are very thin.

"If you had to pay the farm wife a salary based on her actual worth, she could command at least $3,800 a year, as seamstress, laundress, cook, nurse, assistant hired man, general manager and several other tasks," declares Professor Ruby Green Smith of Cornell.

The late President Harding's tomb will be guarded by a detachment of regular army troops for six months, as required by law, and perhaps longer. Regular troops were on duty about the tomb of President McKinley for nearly two years to prevent souvenir hunters and other vandals from disturbing the sleep of the dead.

MEETING THE "FACT" SHORTAGE

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Are the Jews "God's Chosen People"?

An Untenable Position Examined and a Stumblingblock Removed

Monetized Gold and the Curse of Unemployment

The Jabbering of Economists on the Law of Supply and Demand

How Coolidge Made Political History

A Story Going Back to the Days When the President Smoked "Stogies"

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Are the Jews "God's Chosen People"?

An Untenable Position Examined and a Stumblingblock Removed; The Claim That Judah Is Israel Shown to Be False

A PERVADING superstition of the Christian church, a superstition fostered through the centuries, is that the Jews are "God's Chosen People." The term superstition is applied to this belief because it rests on no authority that any division of the Christian church recognizes.

The Bible in its larger part is a racial book. It contains, among other things, the doctrine of a Chosen People, a select seed, an elect race. Other races were to exist and flourish and reach the fullness of their destiny, but the tutor race of them all was to be the guide and master of them all. The doctrine of racial superiority is undoubtedly included in the Bible.

But misreading the Biblical statements wherein that doctrine is set forth, both Jew and Christian have gone astray—the Jew claiming that he is the Bible's destined master of the world, some Christian sects vociferously confirming the claim, while all Christian sects give more or less credence to it. Every Sunday school child, in British and American Christendom at least, hears sooner or later that the Jews are "the Chosen People" and that all the great and good characters in the Scriptures are Jews. Clergymen for the most part always assume these things and often teach them.

It is the purpose of this article to show—taking the Bible as the recognized Scriptures of Christendom—that in them is no ground for harboring this superstition concerning the Jews. This article does not even propose that the Bible is a sacred Book. The purpose here is not doctrinal nor religious. Simply taking the Book as it is, in the hands of Christian or Jew, the proposal is to show that the superstition is not taught in it.

The Choosing of the Chosen People

THE story of the Chosen People as told in the Bible begins with Abraham, who was not a Jew, whose family had come from Armenia to dwell in Babylonia, and who was later called out of the idolatry surrounding him in Babylonia and bid to travel. As he went there came to him a gradual unfolding of promise and prophecy and a sense of the One God Jehovah, the record of which has to this day affected the world's thought. The promise was unqualified and the prophecy attested, that Abraham should become the father of a great people in whom all the families or nations of the earth should be blessed. His descendants should be as the sands of the sea. He should be a father of nations. The ruling race should spring from him. This promise was *unconditional* and *everlasting*. Through Abraham's son Isaac, and through Isaac's son Jacob, the promise was mystically repeated and each time expanded.

It is worth a word in passing that this race superiority was predicated only on ability to serve the rest of the nations. The superior race is considered superior only in what it can do *for* the other races—not what it can *do them for,* to use a common expression. "In thee shall all the nations be *blessed"* is the constant refrain, and if the word "blessed" were liberated from its artificial ecclesiastical and religious meaning it would become a very big and everyday word.

Now Jacob had twelve sons by four mothers—and as yet no Jews appear in the record. The name Israel, however, appears in the record about this time, Jacob having changed his name to Israel. The "children of Israel" are the twelve sons of Israel, one of these sons bearing the name of Judah. These twelve sons were reckoned as heads of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. As a matter of fact there were *thirteen* tribes, in consequence of Israel appointing two of his grandsons—Joseph's children—each to head a tribe.

Judah a Lesser Figure Than Joseph

AT THE close of Jacob-Israel's life he said to his sons: "Gather yourselves together that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days." Thereupon he began to pronounce upon each a prophetic destiny. They are all found in Genesis, forty-ninth chapter. Judah's destiny is found in verses eight to twelve. Compared with Joseph's destiny, Judah's is secondary. Upon the head of the Joseph tribes were pronounced splendid forecasts of strength, power and rich dominion. Joseph's destiny is found in verses twenty-two to twenty-seven. The interested reader will compare the two.

The history of the "people of Israel" goes forward from that point with distinct tribal differences. From the beginning the Joseph tribes—Ephraim and Manasseh—take the lead. And the tribal names are distinct. A man of the tribe of Benjamin is a Benjaminite. A man from the tribe of Simeon is a Simeonite. A man from the tribe of Judah is a Judahite. By this time the tribal names of Israel traced back to five mothers, since the mother of Joseph's sons was an Egyptian, daughter of an Egyptian priest. It is a rather strange twist to the story that Joseph, who was lost to his family as a boy, who won high place in the Egyptian government and married an Egyptian wife, should be given the high place over his brethren—even over Judah whom Christians say is the "chosen" one—and should have been promised that high place over them forever. This, however, is the way the record reads.

Pass over a long period to the time of Moses—who was not from the tribe of Judah but from the tribe of Levi. Moses stands before the world as the Lawgiver who reduced social morality to a code which still stands. At the end of his long career he called the tribes together again to pronounce upon them, as Jacob-Israel had done, their prophetic destinies. It is recorded in chapter thirty-three of Deuteronomy. However regarded, it is a noble utterance: "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he distributed the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." (Deut. 32:8) And then he repeats the destinies of the tribes.

Judah's destiny has changed, apparently. Moses said, "And this is the blessing of Judah: and he said, Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people. Let his hands be sufficient for him; and be thou an help to him from his enemies."

Compared with Jacob-Israel's words to Judah, this is a very notable change. The note of *separation* is strangely present. A definite note that Judah must return to Israel, not Israel to Judah, is clearly present. Obviously this is not the Chosen People. This is a people needing help. This people is not a leader: this people is a stray.

"And of Joseph he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and fullness thereof, and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush; let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph and upon the top of the head of him that was separated from his brethren. His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns; with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth; and they are the ten thousands of Ephraim and they are the thousands of Manasseh." (Deut. 33:12-17)

There is quite a difference in these destinies. There is no need of help here. The reference to the Joseph tribes' power to push the people to the ends of the earth recalls the Jacob-Israel prophecy that Ephraim should become a "multitude of nations," and Manasseh "a great people." Ephraim and Manasseh were the Joseph tribes. These prophecies were never made of Judah. The interested student should carefully compare the destiny pronounced upon Judah with that pronounced upon the Joseph tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh.

Judah the Deserted Prussia of Israel

THE next event noted along this line of inquiry is *the secession of Israel from Judah.* From the beginning Judah had been separated, in a sense, from Israel. During the period of the Judges, Judah contributed but one ruler. The great Deborah was of Ephraim; Gideon was from Manasseh; Samson was from Dan. None of these was a Jew in the tribal sense. Samuel, the great link between the Judges and the Kings, was of Ephraim. Saul, the first king of Israel, was from the tribe of Benjamin. Then followed the reigns of David and Solomon, during which Judah appeared separate in the census. It was upon the death of Solomon that Israel seceded—the ten northern tribes refusing to live longer with the Judean tribe. The separation had been brewing for a long time. It occurred after several attempts at revolution. The two sections had always been recognized as separate, as any one can see, in the constant recurrence of the phrases "Israel *AND* Judah." "Go number Israel *AND* Judah." "In Hebron he reigned over Judah seven years and six months: and in Jerusalem he reigned thirty and three years over all Israel *AND* Judah." So that it is apparent that Israel, ruled by the highly destined House of Joseph, had always been thought of, and by the chroniclers spoken of, as somehow separate.

When the final separation and secession came, one tribe which belonged to Israel was left with Judah. This was the tribe of Benjamin which at first, it appears, went with Israel but afterward went back with Judah. The reasons for this return may have been that Jerusalem was in Benjamin's territory (which may again shock those who think that Jerusalem was a Judah city); but the reason given in the Bible is this, that the Benjamin tribe was left for the city's sake "that David my servant may have a light alway before me in Jerusalem." (See 1 Kings 11:32 and 36.) This "lamp tribe" is the tribe of Benjamin. But its choice does not enhance the claim that the Jews are the Chosen People. Why should "the Chosen People" need a tribe from Israel to keep a "light" in Jerusalem?

It may be worth noting at this point that, some centuries later, from this tribe of Benjamin came the great Christian Apostle, St. Paul. Paul was not a Jew, except as in his time the religion was known as the Jews' religion and the adherents to it were known as Jews. Paul's pedigree is this: by race a Hebrew; by nationality an Israelite; by tribe a Benjaminite; by religion a Jew; by denomination a Pharisee; by citizenship a Roman; by conversion a Christian; and by calling, an Apostle. Esther, who is so often spoken of as a "Jewess," was only so as a religionist. She was a woman of Benjamin.

That is the history up to the time of the secession of Israel from Judah. They lived apart as separate nations. They were clearly headed for different destinies. Israel's destiny, as pronounced upon the tribes that formed the House of Israel, contained all the promises of world power and world service. Israel's destiny required her to go out into the world and realize it. Judah's destiny did not. Judah's destiny is to be fulfilled, according to the word of Moses, when Judah is joined to Israel, not as the dominant people but as the sharer in what Israel has won. Israel in her tribes retains the dominance. But Israel has always been good to Judah, even while telling Judah the truth—the truth that hurt. Israel's prophets in the Scriptures have always done that.

While the two Houses lived apart, the Prophets arose—most of them in Israel. Children in the Sunday schools as well as clergymen in the pulpits continue to talk of all Biblical characters as Jews, whereas very few were. Of the prophets, Samuel, Elijah and Elisha, Jeremiah, Hosea, Micah and perhaps Amos were prophets of Israel. The last of these, Jeremiah, saw the downfall of Judah, and curious indications exist that he did not remain with the fallen House of Judah but may have regained Israel who by that time was also out of the land. At any rate, seldom is a Jew named "Jerry."

Up to the time of the prophets, however, there was no indication that being "the Chosen People" amounted to anything. The prizes of world power and wealth were going to the great heathen empires then forming. Certainly the fortunes of both Judah and Israel were dolorous enough to arouse doubt as to either ever attaining a place in the sun. Israel had gone out of the land, some of the tribes probably by sea (for Israel had a far-reaching commerce, as a study of "the geography of tin" indicates; and the most wonderful thing in the book of Jonah is not the "whale" but the fact that the recalcitrant prophet could go down to the coast and pay his fare in a ship sailing for a port that might have been as far as Spain!) and some by land, to disappear to the northeast, toward the gateway through the mountains to Europe—leaving the House of Judah alone in Southern Judea.

Bible Never Confuses Israel and Judah

THIS event seriously shook even Judah's faith in the idea that they were "the chosen people." The eighty-ninth Psalm is a direct charge to Jehovah that He had broken His word: reciting the covenant, this Psalm begins at the thirty-eighth verse to recite the indictment against Jehovah. It is a remarkable passage. In Jeremiah 33:24 there is another proof that "people were talking." It was impossible that so vital a national ideal, founded on religious faith and promise and prophecy, should disappear and not cause comment. So, before Israel went out of the land, the Prophets continued to hold up before her the destiny that confronted her, notably the Prophets Hosea, Amos and Micah directly to the people's faces. In Judea the Prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah take up the strain, all making the sharpest distinction between the House of Judah and the House of Israel, but all declaring Israel's greatness and Judah's comfort when Judah should "walk to Israel."

It would seem that the major error has been in neglecting this distinction between the two Houses. All the Bible writers are scrupulously careful in distinguishing between Judah and Israel. To cite a few instances:

"And the men of *Israel* answered the men of *Judah* . . . .And the words of the men of *Judah* were fiercer than the words of the men of Israel."

"To your tents, O Israel," was Israel's war cry of cleavage from Judah.

"Go number Israel *and* Judah . . . . And there were in *Israel* eight hundred thousand valiant men; and the men of *Judah* were five hundred thousand men."

"And made Jeroboam king over all *Israel;* there was none that followed the house of David but the tribe of *Judah* only."

"And the king of *Israel* went up against *Judah."*

"And *Judah* was put to the worse before Israel, and they fled every man to his tent."

"Ephraim (Israel) shall not envy *Judah,* and *Judah* shall not vex *Ephraim* (Israel.)"

"And the Lord said unto me, The *backsliding Israel* hath justified herself more than the *treacherous Judah."*

"In those days the *House of Judah* shall walk with (to) the *House of Israel."*

"Then I cut asunder my other staff, even Bands, that I might break the brotherhood between *Judah* and *Israel."*

The "Chosen People" Are Not the Jews

NO BIBLE writer ever intimates in the slightest degree that the Jews comprise Israel. No Bible writer ever intimates in the slightest degree that Judah is "the Chosen People."

This does not weaken the fact that *"the Chosen People" idea* is strongly present in the Bible, *but the Chosen People are not the Jews.* Take the Israel tribes that seceded from Judah, attach to each the prophetic destiny assigned to it, and it is absolutely clear that the tribes which seceded from Judah went out into the world bearing all the prophecies of dominance with them. If the prophetic destiny of the Jews is to be emphasized in the churches, the prophetic destinies of Israel ought also to be emphasized.

There is, on a Biblical basis, no reason to say that Israel is "lost." The "lost ten tribes" is an expression that bears all the earmarks of a Jewish invention. In a sense Judah is more "lost" than is Israel in that Judah is mixed with a multitude that is neither Semitic nor Hebrew. Those who conceive that the common type of modern Jew is a descendant of those who lived in Palestine are seriously mistaken. The Tartar Jew from Russia and the Slavic Jew from Poland may be a

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King's Chapel Crams History Within Walls

Governors and Loyalists Worshiped in Church Founded by Order of Charles II

By MAY B. WHITING

King's Chapel, showing the ancient pulpit.

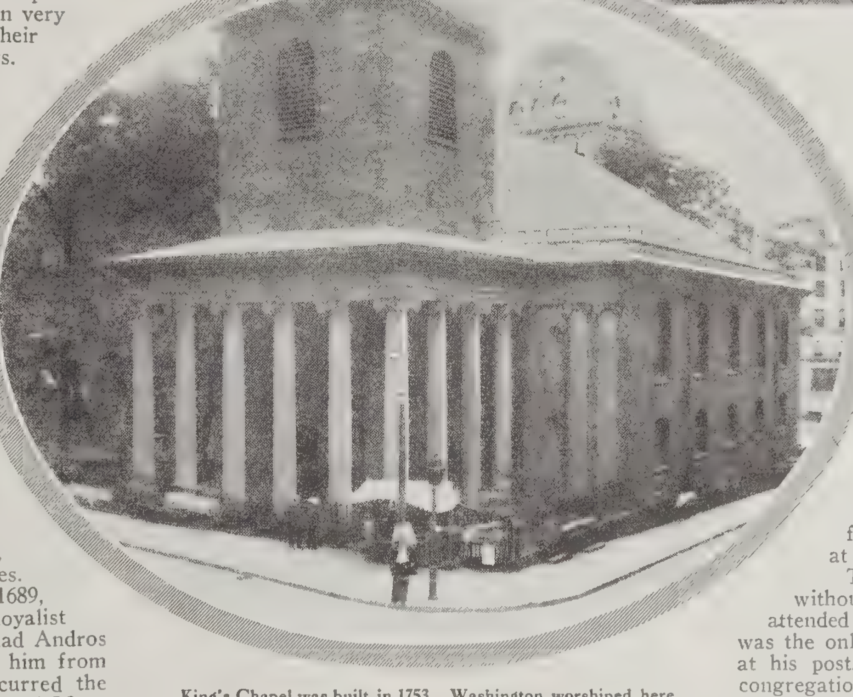
ON ONE of the busiest corners of old Tremont street, Boston, King's Chapel rears its solid structure, low, dull and gray, its porch somber with long memories of the past and of the strange and varied events of which it has been a part. Soberly, with just a touch of gloom, it faces the passing crowd, as if wondering whether they have forgotten that its foundations are on land wrested from the adjoining burial ground and that beneath its nave sleep scores of worthy Puritans who, in life, would have stormed against its building. Perhaps, when the pale moonlight slides beneath the columns, their ghosts assemble in the dark recesses to discuss their ancient wrongs.

When Charles II annulled the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, he determined to establish the Church of England among them and, in 1686, he sent over the Rev. Robert Ratcliffe for the purpose. But Mr. Ratcliffe found himself about as popular in Boston as a kitten's paw in a bowl of goldfish. The king's agent, Randolph, fumed and stormed, and threatened to make the three churches in Boston give a grant for his support. He even talked of confiscating the funds laid by for the conversion of the Indians, "a great bank of money," but confessed that he had already made so many enemies he did not dare.

But when Governor Andros arrived in December he let no scruples stand in his way. The very day of his landing he called the three ministers together and asked them to decide which one should give up his church for the new society. But, as Judge Sewall says, they "thoroughly discoursed His Excellency about the meetinghouses in great plainness showing that they could not consent," so that Mr. Ratcliffe held his services in the "library room" of the Town House which stood on the site of the Old State House.

Before long his congregation outgrew their narrow quarters and this time Governor Andros sent for the keys of the Old South. But a committee of prominent laymen waited upon him and told him in very emphatic language that the property was their own and that they proposed to hold the keys. For two months more the governor held his peace; then, by intimidation or bribery, he secured the keys from the sexton, and on Good Friday the bell was tolled and Mr. Ratcliffe read the service in the presence of the governor and his followers. They continued to occupy the church for two years, with little regard for the comfort or convenience of its rightful owners.

During this time the new society was accumulating enough money to build a church for themselves, but the question was to find a lot. No one who owned land suitable would sell, for Boston did not take kindly to the surpliced priest with his "box of whistles" to help out the singing, and the saints' days, especially that of the "holy martyr, Charles I." At last, Andros, thoroughly exasperated, seized a corner of the burying ground, and, while the ministers thundered vainly against it, King's Chapel was erected, graves or no graves.



King's Chapel was built in 1753. Washington worshiped here on his first visit to Boston.

The first service was held on June 20, 1689, and here, for many years, the governors and loyalist families of Boston worshiped. But scarcely had Andros accomplished his purpose when fate removed him from the enjoyment of it. In a few months occurred the revolution in England which placed William and Mary on the throne, and the people of the Bay Colony, rising in insurrection, put Andros, Randolph, and Ratcliffe in the prison on Fort Hill where later the witches, Quakers and Captain Kidd were held. Later they were sent to England by royal command, and Boston counted herself well rid of them.

King's Chapel was fortunate in her second minister, the Rev. Samuel Myles, an American by birth and a graduate of Harvard College. He was most successful in getting support in England for the new church, and on his return from a visit, he brought with him gifts of altar furnishings, carpets, communion silver, and a yearly grant of money. Later William and Mary sent over a theological library. This was scattered during the Revolution, but the remaining books were given to the Boston Athenaeum, where they now remain, almost as fresh as when they first arrived. Apparently no one has ever read them and it is not likely that any one ever will.

In the days of Mr. Myles' ministry King's Chapel presented a very gay appearance. Its pillars and walls were decked with the escutcheons of the king and of knights and baronets connected with the province, and at the east end was the "altar piece, whereon was the Glory painted, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and some texts of Scripture." The governor's pew was raised a few steps and hung with crimson curtains surmounted by the crown. Nor was the audience out of keeping with this splendor, for the governor and royal party wore full court dress. It must have been a sharp contrast to the sober orthodox meetinghouses with their dark-clad congregations, and no doubt the Puritan youth peered curiously and a bit enviously in at the door, especially when the church was gay with the wreaths and candles of Christmas.

Until 1713 there was no organ in Boston. Then Thomas Brattle, the treasurer of Harvard, imported one from England, and at his death left it to the church in Brattle Square, provided they would accept it. But the church voted, "with respect," that they did not deem it proper to use an organ in the public service of God, and so, by the terms of the will, the instrument came to King's Chapel, who received it thankfully.

Before long the church in the New World began to show signs of that independence which the royal governors complained was in the very air. When it became necessary to choose a successor to Mr. Myles, instead of leaving the matter with the Bishop of London, they selected on their own account a Mr. Price, usually called Mr. Commissary Price, because he held a commission to have general oversight of Episcopal churches in the provinces. His induction to office was by a curious ceremony. All the people went out of the church, after handing over the keys. Then Mr. Price proceeded to lock himself in and toll the bell, after which he opened the doors and the congregation wished him joy on having possession. Just how much joy he had is a question, for his pastorate was a stormy one. Once he was disciplined and finally he resigned and his resignation was accepted.

Mr. Caner succeeded Mr. Price and he at once set about the task of building a new church, for, in spite of the fact that they had sent off two branches, Christ Church and Trinity, the congregation had quite outgrown their modest structure, already once enlarged. As before, the chief difficulty was to get land. Just back of them was the public Latin School, and, so keen a bargain did the Town Fathers drive with them, that they were obliged to rebuild the structure in brick on Bromfield street.

But funds for the new church were by no means lacking. Governor Shirley, Peter Faneuil, and Sir Harry Franklin headed the subscription in Boston, and numerous gifts poured in from England. Yet not all the friends of the established church were disposed to be generous. One English dignitary, remembering, perhaps, their independence, said that "if the twelve apostles were to apply to him in behalf of it, he would persist in refusing to do it."

On August 11, 1749, Governor Shirley laid the corner stone. The edifice was built of the dark surface granite from Quincy, for there were then no means of quarrying it, and it was hauled to Boston in ox carts. George III was greatly interested in the new church and sent a handsome gift of communion silver. In 1756 a new organ, with miter and crown for ornaments, came from England, selected probably by the musician Handel who was a great friend of His Majesty.

During the Revolution, General Gage, Sir William Howe and their suite worshiped in King's Chapel, but of the Boston members of the congregation, the majority were patriots. The night of the evacuation, Dr. Caner, then an old man, with eighteen other Episcopal clergymen and several loyalist families, sailed for Halifax with the fleet. Dr. Caner took with him the vestments, record books, and silver of the church. The books were in large measure recovered, but no trace was found of the plate, which was probably distributed among other churches. Less than a month after the evacuation, the church was opened for the funeral of General Joseph Warren who fell at Bunker Hill.

The congregation of King's Chapel, left without means of holding services of their own, attended Trinity, whose young minister, Mr. Parker, was the only one of the faith in Boston who remained at his post. Their own building they offered to the congregation of the Old South, whose church had been so abused by the British, who used it as a riding school, that it was unfit for occupancy. For several years members of the Old South worshiped in King's Chapel, thus squaring, in a way, the old account.

In the meantime the vestrymen were laying plans to resume their own services. Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, father of the architect, was senior warden, and, when they returned to their own building, he appointed as "reader" Mr. James Freeman, a young man who had preached a few times but who had never been ordained. Mr. Freeman was a man of independent thought, and before long he sorrowfully told his congregation that he must withdraw as he could no longer subscribe to the views of the Trinity. Instead of accepting his resignation they requested him to preach a series of sermons in which he explained his ideas. The result was that they rewrote the liturgy, and thus this first Episcopal church in the New World became the first Unitarian.

At that time King's Chapel had no intention of separating from the other Episcopal churches. But when Mr. Freeman wished to be ordained there was no bishop who would perform the ceremony, so the church ordained him themselves. This peculiar strain of independence still persists. Although Unitarian, a part of the English service is read, its ministers wear the garb of the Episcopal clergymen of two hundred years ago, and some of the ceremonies of that date are followed.

The present edifice still preserves many memorials and mural tablets of the original wooden structure. For lack of room, when the new church was erected, it was built around the old one, in which services were held during the five years it took to get the stone together and complete the building. In that way the pulpit and

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The Shame of Ellis Island

THE British ambassador to the United States had a right to report to his government the conditions prevailing at Ellis Island, and is still within his rights even if his report be regarded as a protest. It is shameful in the extreme that respectable artisans and their families should be herded with the filthy and vermin-infested aliens from Eastern Europe who are flocking here to the prevention of a better stock. Our reception of immigrants is such that only those lost to all self-respect would undergo the indignities necessary to arrival in this country.

It is significant that Ambassador Geddes finds that provisions made for the Jews are perfect and that special arrangements were in force to meet every Jewish scruple. He did not find that the same regard was given the sensibilities of people who were usually higher in the social scale. His report does not make good reading and it may be believed that only the most urgent reasons operated to have him make a report at all. These reasons are such as no American administration can afford to disregard. The publication in this country of the British *White Paper* containing the report will be sufficient to cause indignation among citizens of English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh descent, and, unlike most indignations engendered among racial groups in this country, it would be amply justified. Ambassador Geddes himself with difficulty conceals his personal indignation with the spectacle he witnessed at Ellis Island. He says that it was thirty-six hours before the odors of the place ceased to taint everything he ate or drank. The arrangements for personal examinations border on indecency and one wonders how the Immigration Service personnel endures it day by day, until one reflects how large a part of that personnel is not American.

Among the proposals which the ambassador makes is one which would leave the present Ellis Island to be the "kosher station," that is, the place for the reception of Jewish immigrants, while another station be provided for the rest.

This is putting it pretty plain, yet there are people in the United States who say that consciousness of the Jewish Question here is due to "prejudice."

The Earthquake and Consequences

FOR more than ten years there has been a growing feeling among serious-minded people that we are in a period of upheaval and catastrophe. The indifference that preceded the World War has passed off the minds of the people. A sense of being at the end of systems is clearly shown in almost every quarter. Perhaps it was this which made possible the strange unanimity with which both Japanese and the rest of the world regarded the great earthquake as in a manner providential. The Japanese said it was a good thing for Japan because the only method by which the Island Empire could be compelled into the main channel of progress was to have her old ways ruthlessly shaken to pieces. This view was one of the earliest given to the world and represented a certain clarity of vision which would have been refreshing had not the accompaniment been so unutterably tragic. The world itself saw in the terrible occurrence the sudden death of the Japanese War Scare which certain interests had so sedulously cultivated of recent years. Curiously enough, this view generally depends upon the supposition that the Japanese War Scare is dead because, forsooth, the earthquake has clipped Japan's power and resources. That, however, is not the view we take. The Scare is dead—with that we agree; the Scare that Japan was about to attack the United States, we mean. But it is altogether possible that the earthquake, in its consequences, may promote Japan to the higher national grade in fewer years than unbroken continuity of her old life could have done. Japan is left in a position to inaugurate immediately reforms which would have been impossible for decades under the old conditions. This will mean, probably, an increase in military and naval efficiency. But even this fact is not to be received as a menace, for it is pretty certain in the coming struggle Japan will be on the side of the forces of civilization and an ally of that other Island Empire at the western extremity of the great eastern continent.

"The Tariff Is a Joke"

SIR STANLEY BALDWIN, the English premier, in an address at a dinner in his honor given by the Lord Mayor of London, told the assembled guests, included among whom were statesmen and business men of world renown:

> "Credit alone can not restore the trade of the world, can not alone give us that export trade we need. For export trade, no less than for the home trade, whatever financial devices may be arranged and secured, all trade comes down in the end to there being a man in some country in the world who will buy what we make and, having bought it, can pay for it. What we are suffering from is the devastation caused by the war that, for one reason or another, none of the belligerent nations has been able yet to tread in that same stern path of rigid economy and self-control—the taxation of the people—that we have trodden in for the last five years."

There is food for reflection in that statement for every citizen in the United States. The fact that there must be found somewhere a buyer for what we have to sell brings to mind the fact that the buyer, if found, must dispose of his own work to purchase ours. The tariff ceases to be a joke to him or us, for in creating it we notify him that ours is a "cash and carry" shop. He wants our wheat, for instance, but hasn't the cash, so takes his wares to another market, where, perchance, he meets a customer who has wheat to sell. Is it reasonable to imagine he will demand the cash and bring it for our grain or will he exchange his goods for the wheat he wants?

Mr. Baldwin was able to illustrate his second point, as to economy, by pointing to the reduction of public appropriations to less than half since the Armistice. Instead of a budget of $10,000,000,000 a year, it is now but $4,000,000,000.

Of all nations, the United States should lead in the matter of economy. That we have not is a matter for serious consideration. The taxes are burdensome and the benefits of government are not proportionate, nor are the assigned causes of the taxation convincing.

Can't Go On Forever

THE other day a man received a little booklet from a bank, showing, through the operation of compound interest, how much money he would have at the end of twenty years, by depositing a certain small amount every month.

If we became a nation of "savers" and all our money were placed at interest, within a few years our "savings" at compound interest would amount to a staggering sum. The fallacy of the "thrift" propaganda should be evident in the fact that every dollar saved by one man must be spent by another, or there could be no interest. Therefore, the more money placed out at interest, the less money there will be with which to pay interest.

The total production of gold in the United States in the year 1921 amounted to $49,105,000. In the same year the outstanding debt of New York City alone totaled in the neighborhood of $1,800,000,000—nearly two billions—the interest on which at five per cent would amount to some $90,000,000 annually.

At the rate at which interest-bearing bonds are now being issued, it is calculated that within a comparatively short time the entire annual income of the nation will be absorbed in interest charges.

When that point is reached, there can be no more "saving" because no more interest can be paid, and so no one can borrow. But as compound interest works night and day, the interest charge will then *begin* to *exceed* the annual income of the country. With no more borrowers, how will the banks meet the accumulating "interest" of their depositors? That is a question which no financier has as yet answered.

The truth is that the Gold Standard and the interest system which is bound up with it lead directly to bankruptcy.

Leading the World in Crime

RECENTLY at a play a sensational episode was presented on the stage, involving a display of pistols and rage. The spectators looked, of course, for the usual shooting and murder to follow but instead were treated to an unintended lesson in the restraint which the law holds over the criminally minded. Reminders of the Law interposed to foil the crime.

As the humorous paragraphers would say, "find the error in that sentence." But there is no error. It actually occurred. The explanatory fact is that the play was a British play and was true to fact in Britain. An American-made play could never have survived such an anti-climax.

There are twenty times as many murders in New York City every year than in all England, Scotland and Wales. There are ten times as many murders in Chicago every year as in all France.

What is the reason? One reason, no doubt, is the polyglot population, but at best it is only a secondary reason. The principal reason is the political aspect of American justice. In a recent Boston campaign the writer heard all sorts of candidates, from Congressmen down, base their pleas for election or reelection on their record for getting accused men out of the toils of the police or free in the courts. Just as there are industries that claim special tariff protection, and support the officials who secure that protection, so the crime industry of the United States looks to politics generally for protection. The only people who ever talk about having "influence" in official circles are those whose misdeeds created the need for it. The plain citizen has no "influence" and does not know how to go about to get it.

There is less justice and more crime in the United States than in Great Britain or France. Which means that in those countries there is more justice and less crime. It might be well for the government to study the methods by which the authorities overseas avoid the political necessity of coddling criminals.

Growing Menace of Bank Control

MUCH of the disfavor into which the Federal Reserve System has fallen is caused by the means that System has taken to coerce the banks of the country into submission. Not only have non-member banks felt the influence of this autocracy, but member banks also have been made to feel the penalty of doing business with outsiders who will not submit to the tyranny of the Board.

The boycott ordered against such non-member banks indicates but one purpose, more menacing to the general public than the embarrassment of the institutions affected. That purpose is to concentrate in one controlled system all the banking reserves of the country, creating a sovereignty over the banking resources of the United States alarming to contemplate.

That purpose, of course, is denied, but belief in its existence seems to be justified. The plea for the creation of the system was that it would correct a situation which had led to periodic panics, by providing an elastic currency with a plentiful supply when and where needed. This object was not the desire of those who worked for a single central bank of issue, but they have managed to achieve their plans by administering the system in the manner complained of.

The same disposition is evident in the rural credit organizations created since the Reserve System has proved unfit to serve the needs of the country. The attention of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been called to the action of Federal Land Banks refusing to accommodate farmers because of the alleged delinquency of their neighbors. Protest against making an entire section suffer for the dereliction of a few inspired the explanation, quoted from a letter from the bank itself: "It is true that we have discontinued our loans in this area, pending clearance of this item, and doubt very much if we will again open without satisfactory assurance that the condition will not again be permitted."

Here is *a private institution, financed and assisted by the government,* denying aid to some of the very class for whose assistance the system was created because, forsooth, there have been delinquencies among their neighbors! It means that a community is deliberately penalized—military fashion—for the faults of a few. It means that the beneficent intent of the government has been defeated, and the opportunity and duty of the government-created but privately conducted land banks are skimming the cream of the farm loan business and leaving local bankers only the skim milk.

The real function of the Federal Reserve is not operative.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT WILL always be a question whether humanity moves on of itself, or is moved. However that may be, the most part of humanity resents moving on, especially if the movement requires any serious readjustment to life. The general idea is that the established classes have mostly opposed progress, but every class resents progress when it requires a readjustment. The masses of the people are not immune from the same motives that impel the more easily specified classes. They are all human and one of the common attributes of humanity is a grudge against moving on.

Sometimes this grudge takes decorative forms. Anyone with a sense of kinship to all men would say, offhand, that it is highly desirable, for example, that men and women and families should be able to move about and see their country, at least the general neighborhood in which they live, and mix with their fellow men, observing different modes of life and broadening their minds by absorbing and assessing the value of different ideas. No population is so helpless as that whose horizon is the village boundaries, or even the national boundaries. It is this wider acquaintance which makes the United States the wisest factor in international affairs today—our people, for the most part, are acquainted beyond our borders.

INDUSTRY has been made the butt of many charges, ranging from that of ugliness to that of destroying the creative abilities of men. The basic motive in these charges is the fact that modern industry has changed special privilege into general privilege and has put the peasant in reach of what only the prince formerly enjoyed. The fallacy which the lily-fingered advocates of a return to the handicraft methods of olden time have fallen into is that all the workers under the old system were "creative." They fancy that monotony is a modern invention. They have only to consider the hours, the conditions, the terms and the legal restrictions surrounding the old household handicrafts to see that modern industry has been a most potent agency in decreasing and almost abolishing both ugliness and monotony.

Yet, when first the means came by which the people could move about, the protest immediately was made that the advent of the locomotive was destroying the quiet of country places and the influx of city visitors was fatal to the romance which had always hung like a mist over renowned scenes. Wordsworth's protests have been echoed in our own times against the automobile. Only recently an esteemed gentleman, living in luxurious rustic retirement, spoke of "the accursed automobile," the cause of his distress being that the motor car had made it possible for school children, who would never otherwise have been able, to visit a place highly connected with the political and literary history of the United States, and to visit which is a moral and intellectual tonic.

The assumption is that only the select few may enjoy certain things and that the coming of larger throngs means thoughtlessness. Certainly it does, but thoughtlessness is no more effectively cured than by just such experiences.

That illustration, however, is not so illustrative as that which can be drawn from the protest against modern industry. The common element in every protest of the kind is that the multitude is made free of what formerly were *special* privileges. Miss Silk resents it when Miss Cotton gets a piano. The movement which takes pianos from their position as *special* privileges is thought to be a *leveling down* movement. Probably it is, a leveling down of those who fancy that mere possession is sufficient to constitute them a superior class. But it is a leveling up of all the rest, for it is the nature of *special* privilege to evolve into *general* privilege, and that which the lord has won for himself he must speedily share with the tenant.

Industry is under the ban of a certain type of mind for a number of reasons. At first it was because of the dislocation of employment. Every advance inevitably causes this. When the steam-loom came in the hand-spinners went out. When the cities expanded to the plains, the hunter and woodsman vanished. When the motor superseded the horse in many employments, the trades supported by the horse dwindled. When prohibition came, certain lines of business which were dependent on the saloon were compelled to undergo a readjustment to the new conditions. And yet the superior fact remains that the ratio of employment was not decreased but increased, more people today are employed than ever before, a larger proportion of the people are more profitably employed than ever before. The cost of production has been decreased, the price of utilities has been decreased, more comforts of life have been disseminated, and the margin of the worker's financial independence and opportunity has been widened.

Another reason assigned for opposition to the industrial advance is its ugliness. Something of the old simplicity was torn out of life, we are told. Yet one has only to compare the conditions under which the necessary work of the world was done fifty or one hundred years ago to see that there has indeed been a great gain in simplicity. Organization always means simplicity, it is disorganization that is complex. The ugliness of a new thing is proverbial. Growth and experience harmonize its design, smooth it out. From a work day lasting twelve to sixteen hours we have come to an eight-hour day and are looking forward to a six-hour day. The smoke nuisance (just to cite an instance on the esthetic side) has commanded millions of dollars in experiments for its abatement. Tremendous wastes which, if continued, would have fallen as a most tragic cost on society, have been curtailed and in an increasing number of instances abolished. Social relations affected by industry are receiving more corrective attention than ever before, but even so the social relations have been immeasurably benefited by modern industry as witness the higher dignity of the common home, the larger life of the children of the common home, and the more alert and forward-looking intelligence of the average workingman.

It is alleged, however, against these benefits that men are being turned into mere machines, the creative urge in them blotted out by the crushing monotony of modern labor. Against this it could be shown that in those countries where modern industry has not yet appeared there is a more bovine population than can be found in any industrial center. Those who muse in the villages of Europe are musing upon their musings, not upon the social facts there to be found. It is a very pretty conception among certain people that we must get back to handicraft to renew the creative spirit among men. Handicraft would be the end of railways, steamships, the printing press and the motor car—four great engines in the social service of the people. The things the world needs cannot be made in back kitchens nor in tiny shops on the back of the lot, and even if they were made there it could not be in quantities sufficient to meet the need of the world. Handicraft would be a return to *special privilege* under which only a few could have the needs of life fulfilled.

To assume, because men worked at handicraft in an age when no one but the lord possessed the comforts of life, that all such workers were therefore "creative," is going too far. The general population was not "creative," there were fewer artists than now. How many were engaged in the manufacture of violins we have no means of knowing; we know, however, how few were "creative" makers of violins or of anything else. Indeed, there was less freedom of industry under the old crafts system because the law operated to confine men to one trade and fined them for overstepping its limits.

Modern industry, being itself creative and the results of the creative work of multitudes of men, offers a wider scope to the abilities than has been offered at any other period in the whole story of man's living by his work. The outlets to energy of body and mind have been endlessly multiplied. Industry cannot maintain itself save by the continuous creative endeavor of all its beneficiaries.

It is merely a matter of observing and weighing the facts.

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Digging the Facts Out of Anthracite Coal

In Which a Few "Neglected Truths" Are Given to You

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

There will be a second article by Mr. McGarry

IN THE furor which swept over the East because of the strike of the anthracite coal miners, the controlling fact, as usual, was completely overlooked. The United States Coal Commission issued reports and supplementary reports; various governmental authorities voiced their opinions; the newspapers wrote and are writing reproachful editorials against the attitude of the men, in the majority of cases, and there was much discussion of such incidental factors as the check-off and the wage rate—the demand for an increase. Each "authority" selected his own reasons for or against a strike, and then vociferated that it all depended on that one thing. But for some strange reason none of the experts took the trouble to inquire into the importance of the visible supply, which after all the arguments have been hashed over is and always has been the deciding influence for or against a strike.

Anthracite operators have been telling a half-truth about supply for a quarter of a century. They assert at all times that the price of anthracite is regulated by the time-worn economic law of supply and demand, which is one hundred per cent correct as far as it goes. Since that is so in all industries, it ought to be obvious that the only way to control price is to control that economic law, or the working end of it. Some industries accomplish that end by stimulating the demand. They advertise, they employ experts to find new uses for their products, they improve distribution and by reducing unit price increase the whole price—their own profits. But the anthracite industry has always preferred to control the supply; to keep it just enough below the demand, real or artificial, to enable them to maintain or to increase prices. Strike talk is the first step. It is a repetition of what has been done before.

Visible Supply the Factor

THE chronological record of the events leading up to the 1922 strike furnishes the best possible proof of the foregoing statement. When that strike was ended one of the New York newspapers got to looking over the record, and stories and editorials were printed suggesting rather guardedly that the whole struggle, from January to September, was nothing more than a colossal hoax of the public. It was insinuated, rather than charged, that when the record of negotiations was examined after the excitement of the strike had evaporated, it became evident that the "major issues" discussed for so many months were rather thin and unconvincing. A few other newspapers resorted to the well-known journalistic trick of trying to dodge responsibility by putting the suggestion into query form. They wanted to know if, after all, the strike was more or less of a cooked-up affair designed to furnish time for the country to absorb the visible supply of anthracite, so that there would be no danger of a glut of anthracite and a consequent reduction of price and profits.

The writer of this article put that question—and furnished facts in evidence of an affirmative answer—on five different occasions, three news stories and two editorials. The news stories were written as part of the anthracite assignment, twice without a specific editorial order for them, and once after consultation with editors. Both editorials were written after conferences in which the facts were presented. It seems almost superfluous to say that not one of the five accounts ever saw the light of day. For reasons of its own the newspaper to which they were contributed decided to continue frothing about the high-handed tactics of the men and the indifference of the operators to public rights. That newspaper, and all others in or acquainted with the anthracite consuming territory, can get the same facts today by an unprejudiced examination of the record. By printing those facts they can help to prevent another winter of hard coal exploitation.

The visible supply of anthracite is and always has been the controlling factor. There is no question that the men want the check-off, by which the operators will be forced to collect union dues from pay envelopes. It goes without saying that the men also want a twenty-per-cent increase. Conversely, the operators do not want the check-off and they do not want to pay a twenty-per-cent advance in wages. They would like to kick out the union and reduce wages. But more than these things the men and the operators want something else which is dependent on the visible supply. They want something which is mixed up with that mysterious but perfectly simple thing known as "overhead." That, at first glance, is purely a concern of the operators. But when it is examined it will be found that it concerns the men just as much as it does the mine owners, for out of it come wages and profits.

The overhead cost of operating a hard coal mine is known only to the operators, and according to their story it is tremendous. But no matter what the amount of it, it is perfectly obvious that the cash outlay is approximately the same whether the mine produces at one hundred per cent of its capacity, or at twenty-five per cent. Take, for purposes of illustration, an arbitrary overhead figure of $100 a day for a mine producing 100 tons a day. The cost, at full capacity, would be one dollar a ton for the myriad items going into overhead, and not including direct labor costs. But at twenty-five per cent of capacity, with twenty-five tons of coal produced, the cost per ton would be four dollars. If the operators were compelled by reason of a market glut of their product to operate on that basis, in time they would be compelled to stop pyramiding profits, to eliminate the wholly unnecessary coal sales companies, and to demand and insist on reasonable hard coal freight rates, in order to make a profit.

But if, for one reason or another, the anthracite mine can be closed until the visible supply is exhausted and the actual demand has been stimulated by newspaper reports of a "coal famine" all of those extra profit-making agencies of the anthracite industry may be maintained, and the price can be kept where it is, or shoved higher. At the end of the year the profit record will be larger, with the mine closed for a short period, than if it had operated for a time under part production. The overhead can be reduced to a minimum with the mine closed. In a word, it is cheaper to shut up shop. And that, regardless of whether there was an actual conspiracy, is exactly what the anthracite industry did last year, and exactly what it evidently plans to do this year unless some method can be found to prevent it.

A brief resumé of last year's strike is illuminating. The groundwork was laid in January, although officially the strike didn't start until April first. In January the Tri-District Convention of the hard coal miners was held. The word went forth that the miners had nineteen demands, among them a twenty-per-cent increase, the check-off, the twelve-hour day, elimination of contract mining and a number of others. At that meeting was a publicity representative of the anthracite operators. He was besought by the reporters to tell them something about the counter demands of the operators. In his brief case the press agent had "canned" statements announcing that the operators would ask for a twenty-per-cent reduction in wages. But at the last moment his employers had notified him not to release the statement. There was probably a mix-up of orders, for the press agent understood that he was merely to "let it be known" instead of handing out the official announcement.

Therefore he did "let it be known." Newspapers everywhere carried accounts of what each side wanted. They were labeled as "unofficial" but "on the best authority." But there wasn't the slightest question in the minds of the contestants—the operators and the miners—as to what the other side intended to ask for. Each side has its means of communication. The operators had more than press agents at the Tri-District Convention. They knew what was to be asked before the convention met. It was an open secret.

Nevertheless, with a great show of formality, the operators called a meeting for Atlantic City in February. They held it in deepest secrecy—all part of the game—on the upper floor of a big resort hotel. The meeting was shrouded in mystery. But when it ended and everybody had flocked back to Philadelphia, Samuel D. Warriner, spokesman for the operators, announced in a formal statement that the mine-owners would demand a reduction of twenty per cent in the wage rate. This, it was made clear, was not an answer to the men. The operators insisted that they didn't know what the men wanted, not having been officially advised.

Why the Meetings?

IN THE statement then made public Mr. Warriner let out a slight hint of what was in his mind. He said the time might come when it would be necessary to stop producing coal from the high cost, low production mines, unless they could be combined with low cost, high production mines and the overhead lumped, so to speak. But that was only incidental. He made it clear that the operators would insist on a wage reduction; he asserted that if wages were not reduced the price of coal could not be kept where it was. There were hints of reductions in price to gain the interest and sympathy of the coal-consuming public.

Then another meeting of the miners was held. It voted to strike on April first unless a new contract had been made by that time embodying the nineteen demands. Immediately government officials and others got busy "to avert a strike." The operators announced they would do "everything in their power" to help. To prove it, late in February, they made a date with the miners to meet in New York March 15—leaving only two weeks to draw up an agreement. Both sides knew that no agreement would be reached in that time. Both sides knew there was to be a strike, and knew the main, underlying reason for it, which was the visible supply.

Nevertheless, the game of blind man's buff went merrily on. The operators and miners met, as per agreement. A few hours were spent in "organization." A chairman and a secretary were named. Their names were known to everybody in advance, but nevertheless time was spent in discussion. A sub-committee was named. Then there was an adjournment for three days, to give the sub-committee time to organize, and to give the miners time to draw up their demands. At the end of the three days the sub-committee met and the miners presented identically the same demands as those published to the world in January, in February, and in earlier March. The operators, who knew every item backward, gravely listened to the reading of the demands and then as gravely asked for five days—or it may have been three—to "consider the demands."

At the expiration of that period there wasn't much time left before the strike. The government was still anxiously trying to avert the closing of the mines, without knowing how to go about it. The operators were promising the public that they would leave no stone unturned. They met with the miners and rejected the nineteen demands. Then they presented to the miners the same statement, in essence, as that which Warriner presented to the reporters after the February conference in Atlantic City—and the miners asked for time to consider the demands of the operators, and there was another adjournment.

Until the first "break" in the negotiations, in May, the hard coal conference was merely a series of adjournments. When the talk fest was resumed through the intervention of United States Senator Pepper late in the summer, the interrupted series was merely resumed. Everybody knew that the miners really wanted the old wage rate and would go back to work for it, originally. But as time passed the miners found that the operators were worrying over the invasion of their market by soft coal, and therefore the miners decided to hold out a little longer to see what they could get in addition to the old wages. More statements were issued, each containing the same old information.

And in the meantime the strike was being settled by the consumer. It was a little nearer settlement every day. If the consumer had not been stampeded into buying anthracite, there is very little doubt that the strike of 1922 would never have ended. For after all there was no reason to end the strike until the public wanted the coal enough to pay any price for it; no reason, that is, from the viewpoint of the operators and the miners. The visible supply was the controlling factor, and everybody but the miners and operators ignored it.

Warriner let the cat out of the bag in his February statement when he admitted that the retail price of anthracite, boosted over and over again for many years with or without a pretext, had finally got beyond the "economic limit." It cost, in a word, more than it was worth. He wanted to reduce it. People, in the winter of 1921-1922, were not buying anthracite in the old quantities. Soft coal, wood, oil—anything that would burn—was used for substitute. For the first time in history there was a threatened glut. Also, there was some mild weather, and production got altogether out of hand.

Facts Forgotten in Flurry

NEVER once during the negotiations would Warriner or other operators attempt to estimate the coal above ground. But newspaper observers who traveled throughout the anthracite producing and consuming region estimated that there was about thirty million tons on hand April first, when the strike was called. That did not include the coal already in cellars. Considering the growth of the use of substitutes, there was no doubt that if the mines had operated all last summer there would have been a glut of anthracite. The writer, in March, saw miles of loaded coal cars in the hard coal regions.

But those facts were forgotten in the excitement cooked up over the strike and the negotiations to end it. The news of midnight conferences, the estimates of how many people might freeze to death, the talk of a famine, were played up. The actual amount of coal and the figures of a reduced market were completely overlooked. And that meant a stimulated demand. It meant a pyramided demand.

When the strike ended, Pennsylvania named a coal commission. So did other states. Coal might have been much cheaper without the Pennsylvania Commission, which acted for the national body, for the commissioners were taken into camp by the operators. They authorized increases under which so-called independent operators got as high as twelve dollars a ton at the mines. Statements were issued announcing that there would be a "sixty per cent distribution" for all the hard coal consuming territory. Nothing was said of the thirty million tons on hand April first, which with sixty per cent brought the year's supply up to an average normal, and far above the actual coal needs of last winter.

Except for the juggling of shipments, prices and facts, there wasn't any actual shortage of anthracite last winter. There was a false demand, during which favored persons with the money put in a two-year supply while others went without. Everywhere the operators and dealers orated of optimism, saying "we'll do our best," but always encouraging the newspapers to believe that the situation was much worse than anybody knew, and concealing as far as they could the figures of actual production. Coal in Philadelphia was sold by some dealers as low as fourteen dollars a ton, and apparently they had no trouble getting enough to supply their customers.

Today the Fact-Finding Commission could do more by finding out just how much coal there is above ground than by all its statements and talk of government intervention. The writer has not had opportunity this year to estimate the supply on hand. But last winter was relatively mild. There was an overproduction in the latter months. Coal is now and has been piling up for some months. Demand was brisk in the early spring and summer months, and thousands of buyers are well supplied for next winter. The oil burner has come to stay. There are a dozen or more companies installing other burners, and most of them are operating throughout the anthracite territory—New York, New England and the Atlantic states, Canada and the Lake states. Soft coal men have formed an organization to take over the markets of the anthracite barons. All plans are formed to substitute soft coal wherever it is needed. Grates have been changed in thousands of homes to burn bituminous.

A strike would be for the usual reason: not to settle wage rates, or the check-off, but to hoodwink the public into a famine scare, to make those who have no coal order it from a dozen dealers, so that this multiplication of orders will create an apparent demand which will justify the prices now being charged, or higher ones.

The Cowboy as Ballad Maker of the West

Our Roughriding Cow-puncher Presented in a New Role by Professor Lomax

By EARL CHRISTMAS

The cowboy, pictured here taming wild lightning in the form of a bucking broncho, is a singer of interesting ballads.

THE cowboy has had an important place in American life. One of the chief factors in the winning of the West, he has been a romantic figure. When American life was getting a bit dull and colorless in spots, he came romping into our national consciousness with a "Whoop ti yi," and he's been there ever since, an example of most stimulating virility.

Action, adventure, physical prowess—he is the concentrated essence of it all; a kind of knight-errant, according to current impression, who revels in riding bucking bronchos and lassoing mountain lions. A man who shoots fast and hard as long as the villains hold out.

The picture is as familiar as the big hat, chaps and boots that feature his picturesque attire.

But it may be a new idea to most of us that, in addition to being a hero whose deeds have been sung far and wide, he himself is a producer of songs—he is the ballad maker of the West. The songs he sings as he rides his long watch often are his own, the product of a composite authorship and passed along by word of mouth just as the ballads of medieval England were handed down.

The cowboy has been presented in this new rôle by Professor John A. Lomax, of the University of Texas. Professor Lomax has made an extensive collection of the songs which have been sung by the cowboy and he has found in them a most interesting development of the old Anglo-Saxon ballad spirit, and discovered them to be compositions not without considerable merit.

Professor Lomax was born on a ranch in Texas. As a boy, he lived near the trail which the cattlemen took on their long drive northward, and often, "going up the trail," the cowboys camped near his father's house. So he early caught the atmosphere and became interested in the stories and songs of the cow camps.

Many years later, Harvard University also found the songs of the cowboys interesting when Professor Lomax repeated some of them during his work there. So interesting, in fact, and so important as one of our rare examples of folk songs, that it decided the songs must be preserved for posterity. So Harvard University, which is popularly regarded as interested in things somewhat more high brow, sent Professor Lomax out to gather up the crude songs improvised by the cowboy as he rode his night watch or sat around a camp.

For three years Professor Lomax traveled all over the West on a fellowship from Harvard University collecting the songs. He visited virtually all sections of the West where the cowboy still remains. Around the camps at night, in the saloons, wherever he could get the cowboys to sing, he jotted down the unwritten words of the songs and took down the rough cowboy music with a graphophone. The search was most fruitful. Professor Lomax came back with from three hundred to four hundred songs which have attracted unusual interest among all who have heard them.

The songs of the cowboy constitute one of our few examples of native folk song. America, being founded after the coming of the printing press and some progress in general education, is not so rich in ballad and folk literature as older countries whose civilizations date back to days when the songs and learning of the people were transmitted largely by word of mouth. Among the interesting exceptions are the Negro songs, songs of the lumberjack and the sea songs. But the songs of the cowboy afford perhaps the best example. Certainly they are the most typically American.

The cowboy is essentially an American institution, and his songs, while giving a valuable insight into that always interesting literature of the people that springs up as folklore when men are isolated from books and society, are important as reflecting the character and spirit of the cowboy. The cowboy's songs, Professor Lomax says, will give future generations a better index of his character than most of the fiction that is being written about him.

"One reason for the songs of the cowboy was the kind of life he led," Professor Lomax explained. "He slept in the open, with nothing but the stars above. He lived outdoors, away from society as most of us know it.

"He sang because he was lonely. He sang for entertainment. Out on the plains for months, cut off from the rest of the world, he was thrown on his own resources. He sang to express himself, just as his forefathers in England and Scotland used to do hundreds of years ago. It was largely the old Anglo-Saxon ballad spirit

"Then, too, the cowboys found that the human voice, in measured tones, had a wonderful influence in controlling their cattle. Cattle in big herds on the plains are easily frightened. A flash of light, or some unusual sound, may be enough to send them off on a mad flight.

"The cowboy learned to quiet his cattle by singing to them, calling or yodeling. Some of his best songs were created and used to keep his cattle from stampeding. This reason for the songs is expressed in a familiar cowboy verse:

What keeps the herd from running,
Stampeding far and wide?
The cowboy's long, low whistle,
And singing by their side.

"The cowboys in charge of the herds during the long night watches frequently improvised and sang lullabies to their cattle with this idea of quieting them and soothing them to sleep. There is a 'Night Herding Song,' much sung by the cowboys, which illustrates this type. Here is one verse of it:

Oh say, little dogies, when you goin' to lay down
And quit this forever siftin' around?
My limbs are weary, my seat is sore!
Oh, lay down, dogies, like you've laid before,—
Lay down, little dogies, lay down.
Hi-oo, hi-oo, oo-oo.

"Sharp, rhythmic yells, sometimes in verse form, also were used to stir up the cattle when they lagged behind.

"The songs sprang up naturally this way. One cowboy passed a song along to another, who perhaps added a touch here and there, making it more or less a joint product. Usually the original author is unknown.

"However crude the songs are, one is impressed with their genuineness. They are not the product of any scholarship, but they do have a quality that some more polished writers need. Not of any great literary value except as folk songs, perhaps, they do throw an interesting light on the character of the cowboy and present in a vivid and picturesque way some of the customs of the time. For instance, here is a bit from an old cowboy song:

Stray in the herd, and the boss said kill it,
So we bedded that stray in the bottom of the skillet.

"You see, it was the somewhat prevalent custom when a cattleman found a stray animal in his herd to kill it and eat it. Here's another bit from the same song:

It's cloudy in the west, a-looking like rain,
And my old slicker's in the wagon again.

"This fellow had forgotten to take his slicker out of the chuck wagon when he left it, and now, with the wagon probably many miles away, he was due to get a good wetting."

In fact, that's just what did happen. A few verses further on in the same song, we find this couplet:

No chaps, no slicker, and it's pouring down rain,
And I swear I'll never night herd again.

Often the songs were in the form of a rough chant, Professor Lomax explained, as if adapted to the movement of a horse. Sometimes the words were fitted to old tunes. In many songs there is a certain note of sadness, doubtless the expression of a feeling or mood influenced in part by the cowboy's environment.

"Night and the vastness of the plains apparently made a very deep impression upon the cowboy," he said. "In his yodeling, there is more or less of a sad note. It was only natural. In most cases, he was far from home and his early associations. Singing out there at night alone, there was something of this in his music."

That there is a wide if not universal appeal in this is attested by the great circulation of a song—especially the refrain—that bore, I think, the title, "The Dying Cowboy." This refrain, popular particularly

(*Concluded on page 12*)

By J. E. Haynes, St. Paul.

This looks fairly interesting, but the cowboy often had a lonely vigil, especially in the long night watch. At such times, Professor Lomax says, he formulated and sang many of his best songs, often to quiet his cattle.

An Intimate Story of How "Cal" Coolidge Made History in Bay State Politics

In Which the Writer Takes the Reader Back to the Days When the President Smoked Stogies Because They Were "E-economical"

By HAROLD D. CAREW

"'CAL' COOLIDGE is in town to see what kind of support he will get for the lieutenant-governorship. Can you imagine him in a fight with Guy Ham? Why, he'll not even think he's been in the running when Ham gets through with him."

The man who thus addressed me one day in the summer of 1915 in the historic old Parker House in Boston was accounted one of the cleverest political prognosticators in Massachusetts. He had served in every annual political campaign for nearly a quarter of a century and his name was magic to every aspiring officeholder from Cape Cod to the Berkshires.

"'Cal' lacks the 'pep,'" my political friend continued. "He hasn't the personality, and you know he can't get up and say a dozen consecutive words without getting stage fright. Guy Ham is a 'live wire,' and he'll talk 'Cal' into insensibility."

The man who was unburdening his opinions, I knew, was a man whose opinions were sought by the Republican leaders. They counted for something; and while a newspaperman's duty is to listen and watch from the side lines, I made bold to suggest that perhaps the time was ripe for just such a man as "Cal" Coolidge to surprise the political "wiseacres" by giving them a jolt.

He Was a "Regular"

I REMEMBERED that one Calvin Coolidge had come down from Northampton, a city in the western part of the state, as its representative to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts. That was in 1907. His coming had been so unostentatious and his appearance had been so unpromising, as far as the politicians were concerned, that he might just as well have stayed at home. He was just another of those up-state chaps who were regarded as "safe" for the Republicans. He was sure to stand without hitching. He had been trained to "view with alarm and look forward with apprehension." He was "regular" in every sense of the word; but his regularity never led him into bitter controversy. Indeed, he had come down to Boston with a burning desire to serve conscientiously and well.

His previous experience in politics had been decidedly limited—limited in the sense that practical politicians consider political experience. He had served in the city council of his home city—the city he had adopted as his home after coming down from Plymouth, Vermont, and finishing his education at Amherst College; had served two terms as city solicitor; had been appointed clerk of courts in his county, and had been chairman of the Republican ward and city committee.

That the politicians on Beacon Hill were justified in regarding the new member of the House of Representatives as only "one of the up-state crowd" was shown at the close of the annual session by the fact that during the entire term Calvin Coolidge's voice had been heard but once on the floor of the House. He had spoken just eight words late one Friday afternoon when his colleagues were tired and anxious to get home for the week-end. "Cal" Coolidge had arisen and in a high-pitched. Yankee nasal drawl had said:

"Mister Speaker-r-r-r! I move that we na-ow adjourn."

It was not to be expected, therefore, that anything particularly brilliant was looked for in the aforesaid member from Northampton. But he was re-elected for a second term, after he announced that he would not be a candidate for the politicians' "customary" third. Nothing was heard from him in Boston until a year later when a press dispatch from the city in the Berkshires announced that he had been elected mayor of Northampton by only a narrow margin over his Democratic opponent. In 1911 he was re-elected, and the following year he showed up again on Beacon Hill as a member of the State Senate.

Not Held as "Live Copy"

IN THE upper branch of the legislature he made more of an impression. There he was one of forty members, while in the House he had been but one of 240, and a badly submerged one at that. Senator Coolidge was a quiet, uncommunicative little man who spoke only when he was spoken to. If he was buttonholed by a lobbyist he would listen patiently to what the lobbyist said concerning whatever bill the lobbyist was interested in, but he was never known to say he would be for or against any measure. All he would say is, "I'll give it my attention." Nobody ever knew how Calvin Coolidge was going to vote on a measure until he responded to his name when the roll was called.

The newspapers gave him no publicity; not because they didn't like him but because they never heard from him, and Mr. Coolidge never had anything to say for publication. He was what the newspapermen call "colorless." That is to say, he was not "live copy." Occasionally he would move that "we na-ow adjourn," but that was all.

At the close of his second term he was re-elected for a third term, and with the convening of the legislature a strange political happening occurred. Calvin Coolidge mustered up courage enough to canvass the Republicans among his thirty-nine associates to ask their support of him for the presidency of the Senate, and he found that a majority were ready to vote for him, probably on the ground that "Silent Cal" had never antagonized anybody.

Calvin Coolidge's election as president of the Massachusetts senate did not create any more excitement than the election of any other of his predecessors in the office, except in one particular. His address to that body was the shortest ever delivered by a presiding officer. It contained just one hundred words:

"Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a standpatter, but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation."

Of course, the city editors seized upon the shortest address on record, "boxing" it and alluding to it as a model for all politicians on Beacon Hill. Naturally it was read, and probably forthwith promptly forgotten as so much the politicians do and say is forgotten.

There was good reason why the political prognosticator thought Mr. Coolidge's chances would be slim. His opponent was Guy A. Ham, a Boston attorney and a member of the Governor's Council, whose training as a public speaker had made him well known throughout the Commonwealth. At the outset he appeared the likely winner, and when "Cal" modestly announced that he would be a candidate for the Republican nomination for lieutenant-governor, his candidacy was taken as the "joke" of the campaign. My political prognosticator's remark that "Guy could raise dollars where 'Cal' couldn't raise fifteen cents for a campaign fund" was one of significance. Colloquially speaking, the rising young Boston attorney "had the bulge on the other fellow." I believed the gentleman knew what he was talking about. A salary of $1,000 a year as a state senator didn't go much further then than it would today, and it was known that "Cal" didn't have any rich relatives to finance his campaign. But during the campaign it was said on good authority that "Cal" had confided to one of his supporters that he "hadn't lost in any fight I've been in" and that he "didn't think I'm going to lose in this one." It was a remark that amused the politicians. "Let 'Cal' alone," they counseled condescendingly among themselves; "he may as well do his dreaming on his feet as do it in bed."

Smoked Stogies Then

ONE night about three weeks before the primary election—a hot August night such as Boston has in midsummer—I sat in a small stuffy room in the Adams House in Boston. Its furnishings consisted of an old-fashioned mahogany bed, two straight-back chairs, a bureau and a sink. The single window opened into an air shaft. This was Calvin Coolidge's Boston "home," the room he occupied while the legislature was in session. Looking back now at that room I cannot but feel that Calvin Coolidge would have preferred a better one, but the truth was that he couldn't afford it.

"Cal" Coolidge tilted his chair back and lighted a stogy—a strong black crooked cigar that used to sell in those days for two and a half cents, the Italian laborer's after-dinner smoke. He offered me one. "Will you try one o' these?" he said; "I smoke 'em because they're e-economical."

There was something picturesque in the very audacity of the man who, apparently single-handed, expected to beat the "machine." His opponent, politically strong and liked by everyone who knew him, had headquarters and printed literature and automobiles galore at his command—the machines of his admiring friends. "Cal" Coolidge's only "headquarters" was the small stuffy room in which we sat, now so thick with smoke from his stogy that you could cut it. As a matter of fact, "Cal" was about the most elusive candidate for the lieutenant-governorship the politicians ever had heard of. He was a mystery to them, and even those who might have been willing to support him didn't know where to get in touch with him unless they went up to Northampton.

Who was this man from Northampton that he should be seeking the lieutenant-governorship without consulting the High and Mighty? "What does Senator Lodge think of him?" they asked. They always asked such questions at Republican state committee headquarters in Boston—until last November.

I felt half sorry for Calvin Coolidge that he was in the fight. He was a lamb being led to the slaughter, I thought. If ever I felt that there was such a thing as a political "under dog," "Cal" Coolidge was one that night. He hoped to "swing" a share of the down-state vote into line. I wondered how he was going to do it. He asked me many questions—even "Cal" will ask questions when he wants information. I told him frankly that in my opinion it would be folly for him to waste his time down Boston way, and said I thought he could use it to better advantage out where the Boston Republican "machine's" influence didn't count for much.

"That's just what I've been doing," said "Cal." "I'm confident I can get a big majority in the western part of the state, but as I figure it, I'll have to get a fair percentage down here to win."

I had never doubted the possibility of his getting a big vote throughout the rural districts of the state, but the big cities up that way, if they swung into his opponent's column, would cut down his lead, and I didn't think he could possibly get an even enough "break" in the down-state cities to put him across. But there was something that must not be overlooked. His name would come first on the ballot by virtue of the fact that all candidates' names were then placed on the ballot alphabetically.

Silence Wins Success

"YOU'VE a good old-fashioned Yankee name," I said, trying not to be too serious, "and 'Calvin Coolidge' ought to sound pretty good to the average Republican. Even your opponents concede that first place on the ballot will net you five per cent of the votes cast because many voters who don't have any preference will mark a cross against the first name under each office."

The future President of the United States chuckled. "But it'll take more than five per cent to win this fight," he said.

* * *

As a political candidate "Cal" Coolidge was "different." He was no hand-shaker; he didn't pretend; he had no political vocabulary such as so many office-seekers think is necessary to impress others with their knowledge of politics. The politicians were puzzled. Here was a man seeking the second highest office within the gift of the people of Massachusetts, and he didn't even have a press agent! He absolutely refused to "play the game" as politicians are supposed to play it.

The Progressives, spent as a third party political force, were flocking back into the Republican party. Many went into the Coolidge camp. It wasn't that they wanted Coolidge particularly; they merely wanted a change. Coolidge was a "decent sort of fellow"; his record hadn't been half bad, they argued. He didn't appear to have the "machine" back of him. A bitter antipathy was still apparent against everything that savored of "machine dictation."

The votes were counted on election night and lo! Calvin Coolidge had won. He had "minded his own business." There was virtue in silence, and Calvin Coolidge had "cashed in" on his reputation of being a man of very few words. And then the politicians began to talk about his "lucky star." They're a superstitious lot, these "practical" politicians.

As is customary in Massachusetts, the lieutenant-governorship is considered a stepping-stone to the governorship. When it came Mr. Coolidge's turn to step up, the politicians welcomed the event with disapproval. For "Cal" Coolidge had committed the unpardonable political sin. He had not fawned at the feet of Henry Cabot Lodge.

Then Comes Police Strike

"CAL'S" Democratic opponent for the governorship was Richard H. Long, a Framingham shoe manufacturer. Mr. Long was a "live wire" with progressive ideas, and he bellowed those ideas from one end of the state to the other. When the votes were counted, "Cal" had only 7,000 plurality—one of the smallest pluralities ever given a Republican candidate for the office.

The campaign developed nothing new in Calvin Coolidge; it brought out no new angle of this strange personality; there had been nothing to fasten upon him the gaze of an admiring electorate; nothing to indicate that nine months after he had become governor, by his action in the Boston police strike, he would focus the country's attention upon himself as a potential candidate for the Presidency. All in all his campaign had been about the most colorless the politicians ever remembered having seen. But nine months later the imperturbable "Cal," the man of quiet reserve, the man the politicians had been calling "the human iceberg," was the most talked-of official in the United States.

The Boston police strike was not a sporadic event. Discontent had gripped the entire department for many months. The men wanted an increase in pay; had wanted it, in fact, since before America's entrance into the World War. The police commissioner, Edwin U. Curtis, a former Republican mayor, found himself in a

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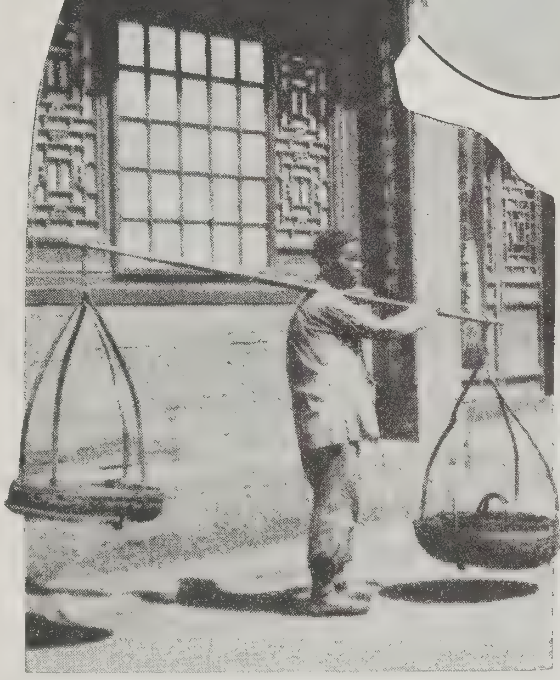
En Tour in China: Glimpses of Life in Hunan

A Trip Across Country in the South—Described by Roy Franklin Cottrell

The charcoal man.

The shopkeeper.



A fruit vendor.

OUR suitcases were packed; rolls of bedding and folding cots were prepared; and "Beautiful Jewel," our cook, announced that the lunch box, filled largely with imperishable foods, was ready to be locked. Leather-skinned coolies, the city transfer men, after the usual bantering and bartering, skillfully suspended our twelve pieces of baggage from the ends of poles which they balanced over their shoulders for the jog trot to the railway station a short distance outside the east gate of Changsha. Here we were joined by Mr. Hwang, whose pulse beat a little faster, and who held his head a little higher because of his relationship to the noted revolutionist, the late General Hwang Hsing. Presently the train came into sight from behind a projection in the imposing city wall. The soldier guards clanked their heels together and stood at attention. Amid such shouting, tumult and confusion as is characteristic of most oriental lands, passengers alighted and passengers entrained. The station gong sounded; a trainman blew a shrill police whistle; the engine tooted—and we were off. The locomotive, an American product, responded to its Chinese engineer with a velocity of some twenty miles an hour; but the cars, with cushionless, springless seats, were of such lumbering, rattletrap construction that the physiological sensation did not differ materially from a treatment in a sanitarium vibrating chair. Even this was a vast improvement over other methods requiring nearly a day to travel the same distance which we were now enabled to cover in one hour.

At Liling, the railway destination, a sedan chair conveyed Mrs. Cottrell into the walled city, while Mr. Hwang and I were provided with Chinese ponies. Lining either side of some of the narrow streets were petty merchants displaying miscellaneous products and wares. With considerable difficulty we threaded these crowded thoroughfares, and when my pony stumbled, overturning two baskets of grain and narrowly averting more serious catastrophe, uproar and blockade were inevitable. Large native porcelain potteries formed the principal industry.

Before leaving for the south, a Chinese friend advised traveling by the Liling wheelbarrow, which, he asserted, was of superior construction. The paths, too, he stated, were very smooth and we might thus avoid the seasick swing of the sedan chair. We acquiesced; our luggage was securely bound upon some of these conveyances, while our bedding and pillows were arranged upon others to serve as springs and upholstery. China, we have observed, boasts of many types of wheelbarrows; some are equipped with a large sail spread to take advantage of a favorable wind; others are built for stair climbing and ditch jumping, which feats are made possible by having two wheels, one directly ahead of the other, so that by simply raising and lowering the handles, the vehicle may be made to surmount obstacles. The particular species provided for us on this occasion was similar to the Shanghai barrow, which is constructed with a frame built over and around a large wheel somewhat more than two feet in diameter, thus properly balancing the load fore and aft. On one of these we have frequently seen as many as ten or twelve factory girls riding to or from their work, all propelled by one tense, perspiring unit of Chinese rice power.

Numerous hills and vales were beautified by a semi-tropical verdure, while here and there wistaria vines and patches of blooming wild roses enhanced the rural landscape. Distant villages with tile-roofed, white-walled dwellings stimulate our fancy and seem to lure us onward; but nearer approach and inspection only reveal the typical Chinese town with its narrow, filthy streets, its famous variegated odors, its pigs, dogs and ragged and naked children. The only picturesque details that linger in our memory are the names displayed over village inns, such as "Silver Palace," and "Eternal Peace Restaurant"; while anon we pass an exceptionally poor, dirty, tumble-down pilgrims' lodge with the conspicuous sign, "Gold Dollar Hotel."

On and on creaked and squeaked our wheelbarrow caravan. We proposed to the coolies that they stop and oil up, thus effecting an economy in both muscular and nervous strain, but our suggestion was unappreciated. The superstitious celestials replied, "We Chinese fear demons; if the wheelbarrows produce a great noise, that will frighten them away so that they will not harm us." Our bumping, joggling, tilting, springless carriages wearied us; and after some four hours' travel we paid off the men and continued our journey by sedan chair.

That evening, rain and darkness overtook us early, and the coolies hastily made their way to a village inn. In response to our inquiry if this was the best hotel in the place, they replied that there was no other within several miles. The only private guest room in the establishment was forthwith prepared for our occupancy. The floor was mother earth; the walls were of mud; there was but one lattice window, hermetically sealed with paper; and the only hope for ventilation was in the air that might filter in through the crevices of the tile roof. Before our light supper was finished, the mosquitoes began a vicious attack, thus compelling the use of mosquito nets over our folding cots. Never shall we forget the stifling, choking sensations of that night. In the large main room just outside our door, stretched on benches, dining tables and floor, were some fifty guests, some of whom visited together until after midnight, while three or four hours later, others began their preparations for another day's travel.

We were off at daybreak, and just a little past the hour of noon reached a swift-running mountain stream. The boats were of very frail, shell-like construction with high rounded bow and stern. Into one of these our baggage was soon transferred, and, after many annoying preliminaries such as travelers in the Far East can better appreciate than describe, we stepped into the little craft: the old boatman took his position in the stern, while his son, a lad of some fourteen years, stood at the bow: each was equipped with a pike pole to direct our rapid, devious course. We were hungry, and had thought to eat our lunch immediately after starting, but the voyage was proving altogether too interesting. Better to control the stream, the natives had erected dams, each with a narrow

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House and cargo boats on the Soochow Creek, Shanghai.

Monetized Gold and the Curse of Unemployment

How Millions Have Faced Want in Midst of Plenty, While Professional Economists Jabbered About Law of Supply and Demand

By J. V. NASH

THE Gold Standard was first adopted by England early in the nineteenth century. Unemployment as a national problem arose first in England. It is more than a coincidence that its appearance in the United States closely followed the adoption of the gold standard and the control of finance by the international gold monopolists.

It was in the early nineties that the problem of unemployment began to grow so acute and to involve suffering among millions, attended by a startling increase in drunkenness, vice and crime, that social agencies and finally the government were forced to grapple with it. Hundreds upon hundreds of reports, pamphlets, and books have been printed upon the subject, but none has gone to the root of the trouble.

Without exception the professional economists in discussing the causes of unemployment have prattled incessantly 'about overproduction, business cycles, and above all, the law of supply and demand.

In 1900, in the United States, 22.3 per cent of the gainfully occupied population over ten years of age was reported as unemployed for some part of the census year. About one-half of those reported idle were unoccupied for three months or less, and four-fifths of the rest were unemployed for a period of four to six months. The census of that year showed more than 2,600,000 men and approximately 500,000 women out of work seven months or more.

The Federal Bureau of Labor in 1901 found that among 25,440 families of the working classes with salaries of $1,200 or less, 49.81 per cent of the heads of families were idle part of the year.

The Geological Survey, in its report on conditions in the mining industry from 1890 to 1910, found that twenty-two to forty-three per cent of the time of miners in the bituminous region was lost annually and twenty-three to fifty per cent of the time of those in the anthracite region, exclusive of the year 1902 when the great coal strike was on.

The New York State Department of Labor found among skilled workers an average of 18.1 per cent idle from 1901 to 1911. The Commissioner of Labor in New York State likewise reported that of 600,000 organized wage earners, 101,000 were idle (16.1 per cent of the men) in 300 trades or branches between September, 1912, and September, 1913. This increased to 38.8 per cent on December 31, 1913.

Analysis showed that ninety-two per cent of this idleness was due solely to lack of work and only two per cent to labor disputes and strikes.

Conditions in New York City were even worse. At the end of December, 1913, 45.5 per cent of the workers were reported in various degrees of unemployment, including ninety per cent of the clothing trades and two-thirds of the union members of the building trades.

Millions of workers throughout the country were thrown out of employment for varying periods by the panic of 1907. In the winters of 1913-14 and 1914-15, the unemployment situation in all our large cities was more tragic than ever before, and the suffering among the poor necessitated the expenditure of large sums by the municipalities to keep thousands of families from starving and freezing to death.

Gold Standard Not Needed

THEN came the war and the flooding of the country with contracts for war material to be shipped abroad, followed by the participation of the United States in the war and the drafting of all the able-bodied young men into the army. This, of course, brought about an era of false prosperity in which unemployment dropped to zero. The war-begotten boom was naturally of a temporary nature, the immense majority of the goods produced being intended for purposes of destruction.

During the first year of peace, the country entered upon a period of high production. For a few months employment could be had by any willing worker at better wages than ever before in history. *We were getting away from the gold standard, Federal Reserve notes being issued freely on commercial paper.* Then, in May, 1921, the big bankers began to take alarm for the "stability" of their gold, and with the assistance of the Federal Reserve Board made haste to get the country "back to normalcy," that is, a condition of low wages and sufficient unemployment to assure two or three applicants for every vacant job.

And so the country went through the much-lauded process of "deflation," whereby at the beginning of 1921 several million men, with other millions dependent upon them for support, had been thrown out of work. Throughout that year the number of unemployed increased steadily.

Conditions in the United States were paralleled in England, Canada, and other countries. In 1921, says the International Year Book of 1922, *"unemployment seemed to be more serious in the countries that did not suffer from the debasement of the currency . . . . For a time there was even a parallel between the upward movement of exchange and the increase in the number of men out of work."*

In other words, *it was precisely in those countries which had the most gold that unemployment and its attendant misery was most widespread, whereas in Germany and other countries in which the bottom was dropping out of the gold standard, unemployment disappeared and industry was humming as never before.*

By October, 1921, the unemployment situation had become so acute that President Harding called a conference to consider ways and means of relieving the situation. This conference found that between 3,500,000 and 5,000,000, of whom nearly a million were ex-soldiers, were at that time out of employment in the United States. Millions of others, of course, were dependent upon these unemployed, the Department of Labor estimating that the number of dependents reached 10,000,000 to 15,000,000.

In his last Annual Report, Secretary of Labor James J. Davis made the following significant observations:

"Less than a year ago (early in 1922) it was estimated that between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 workers were without jobs. We were in the throes of one of the greatest industrial depressions we had ever known. The nation fought its way through this period of unemployment. We are back at normal in our employment, *BUT WE HAVE MADE THE STARTLING DISCOVERY THAT NORMAL IN AMERICA MEANS THAT APPROXIMATELY A MILLION AND A HALF WORKMEN ARE DETACHED FROM ANY PAY ROLL."*

Tinkering—That's All

DURING the past ten years many efforts have been made by various governmental agencies looking toward the cure of unemployment, but all the measures suggested have been in the nature of mere tinkering with the disease.

Among the remedies proposed, and put into effect on a greater or smaller scale in this country or in England, have been the following:

1. The establishment of free employment agencies to bring men and jobs together.
2. Road building programs and other public works to give employment to the idle.
3. The creation of a reservoir of jobs by holding up great public improvements, and so forth, until times when unemployment assumes a desperate character.
4. The payment of doles or pensions to the unemployed, out of the public treasury.
5. Assisting the unemployed to settle on farms or to emigrate.

Following the President's conference on unemployment, Secretary Hoover issued an optimistic statement, calling attention to the fact that, as a result of the conference, "municipal bond sales for public works have broken all previous records," that "Congress has inaugurated important public works, amounting to $150,000,000 for highway improvement alone," and that various other measures have been introduced into Congress providing for "long range planning of public works."

California passed a law for the extension of public works to provide a maximum of employment in times of extraordinary unemployment.

It should be obvious to any layman that these remedies are the merest "tinkering" with the problem. In the first place, highly specialized industrial employes are not fitted to become ditch diggers and road builders, nor can they leave home and family in large numbers to seek such employment; and these vast public works, for which there is no real necessity, involve the floating of immense bond issues, for which the workers themselves as citizens must be taxed millions annually to pay interest. This means, too, the diverting of capital from productive industry into non-productive tax-exempt investments, at the very time when productive industry is sick unto death for lack of capital.

During the past few years there has been in England a much larger amount of unemployment proportionately than in the United States and the suffering has been correspondingly more acute. At this writing a vast army of able-bodied English workers and their families are living on the public doles and former Premier Lloyd George is reported to have said that no relief can be seen without the emigration of ten per cent of the population.

Two million, one hundred and eighty thousand English workers were officially registered as unemployed in July, 1921, while another million were registered as partly unemployed, in addition to 1,200,000 miners out of work, and many other thousands unemployed but not registered.

On May 22, 1922, the registered unemployed still numbered as high as 1,514,220. In September, 1921, government doles were being received by 300,000 workingmen, exclusive of dependents.

In nearly every country of Europe, except Germany, there was a problem of unemployment last year, although in some of them an improvement was shown over the year before.

In Czecho-Slovakia, the International Year Book states, "the unemployment crisis was aggravated by the rapid appreciation of the crown," while the same authority further states:

"According to French sources, the unemployment in Germany was less (in 1922) than before the war, and the situation of the labor market was exceptionally good. The percentage of unemployed to the total number of workingmen was reported at less than one per cent during the first seven months of the year (0.6 per cent in July and 0.7 per cent in August).

The economic loss due to unemployment during the past thirty years, if ever calculated, would reach a total of such staggering proportions as to make the combined war debts of the world look like small change.

That unemployment has been reduced to any extent during the past year has been largely due to the putting up of the bars against immigration, whereby we have curtailed our normal growth of population and shut out millions of potential wealth producers as farmers and industrial workers, notwithstanding the fact that the state of Texas has undeveloped land, of the finest quality in the world, sufficient to support with ease the entire present population of the country. It was recently estimated that in this single state there are more than 150,000,000 acres of arable land, less than 20,000,000 acres being in cultivation.

The gold standard system of finance dooms this magnificent domain to sterility.

A notable fact is that since the adoption of the gold standard in this country, panic years have occurred at shorter and shorter intervals with the growth of population and expansion of business. The introduction of the gold standard in 1873 was accompanied by a panic in that year; then came 1893, 1907, 1914, 1920, and already, before the smoke of the last panic and depression has disappeared from the sky, the financial experts in the newspapers are warning us to get ready for another; and gold, as usual, is preparing to scuttle to cover.

Must Expose Defects

WE SHALL not get at the root of panics and depressions *until the whole theory of the gold standard is threshed out and its defects exposed.* An enormous credit structure is raised, like an inverted pyramid, on a small pedestal of gold, and with the expansion of industry and increase of population this pyramid quickly becomes top-heavy and crashes to the ground, only to be slowly and painfully built up again until it falls once more and in a shorter time.

The fatal weakness of the gold standard theory of money is that it will not recognize that labor, not gold, is the source of our wealth. As Abraham Lincoln pointed out sixty years ago, labor is prior to capital, and the creator of it. Yet we have allowed gold to monopolize capital and to make labor its slave.

It was not a socialist, but the great English churchman, Cardinal Manning (See *Leslie's* "Life," page 375) who declared: "Labor and skill are capital as much as gold and silver. Gold and silver are dependent on labor and skill, but labor and skill are independent." And he added: "There is no justice, mercy, or compassion in the plutocracy."

In other words, human labor and skill, the source of all real wealth, have become the helpless victim of a heartless and merciless gold plutocracy, personified in the United States by "Wall Street," which denies to labor and skill the right to work (and therefore to eat and be clothed and sheltered) beyond the point necessary to produce profits in the form of interest upon the gold which these financial monopolies control, and without the use of which as capital, under the gold standard system, no industry can be operated and no farm tilled.

Are the Jews "God's Chosen People"?

Concluded from page 2

"coreligionist" but he is not a Jew. The term "Jew" is a racial term denoting membership in a certain racial stream, which mere conversion to a religion cannot confer. If anyone is of the opinion that acceptance of *"the Chosen People"* idea involves acceptance of the Jews as the Chosen People he has only to reflect that even if the Bible did describe the Jews as the Chosen People, *as it does not,* few present-day Jews could qualify. For the most part they are not pure blood descendants of the tribe that remained longest in Palestine. Read the article on "Chazars" in Vol. IV of the Jewish Encyclopedia for information as to how whole multitudes of modern Jews became "Jews."

It is therefore no longer necessary for believers in the Bible to attempt the impossible task of reconciling their faith with the superstition that all types of Jews, particularly the numerous lower types, are "God's Chosen People." It is known, of course, that one society of Bible believers makes it a point to meet incoming Russian and Polish Jews with pamphlets setting forth that the Jews are to become rulers of the world, according to God's promise and by means of the present upheaval in world affairs. That sect has simply overlooked the plain distinctions made in the Bible. And that sect's leaders are so set on this superstition that they will not re-examine their position. Nothing is more fatal for a religious leader, apparently, than to admit that he has taken an indefensible position.

In the first place, this indiscriminate mass known as Jews are not the Jews of old, nor even their remote descendants.

In the second place, the House of Judah was not the "Chosen" inheritor of world dominion and world blessing.

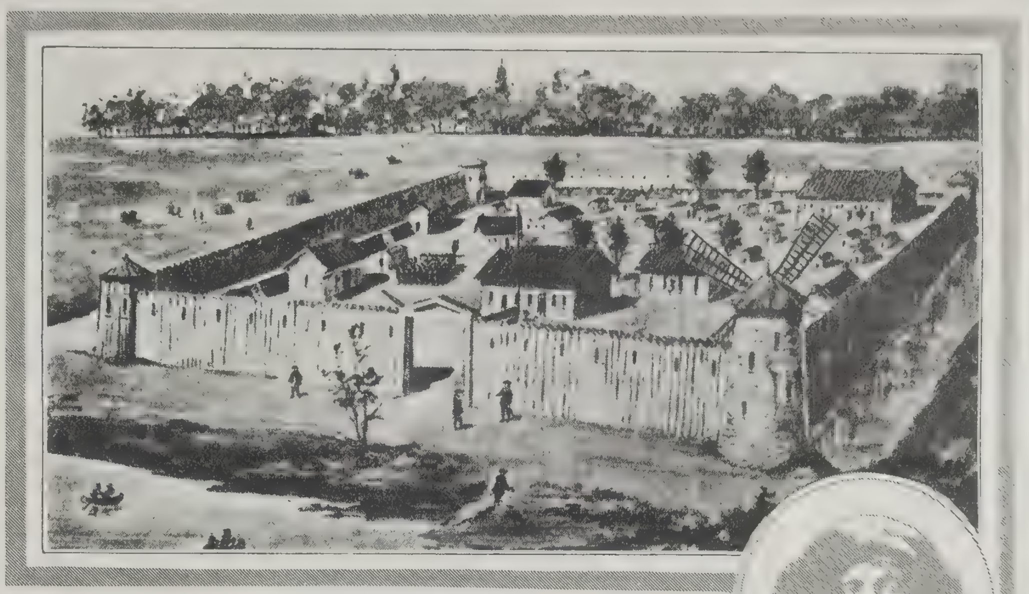
It is merely a matter of accurate reading of the Book as it stands. Inaccuracy appears when the Bible itself is spoken of as "a Jewish Book." A survey of the great characters of the Bible shows a very small minority to be Jews, and a survey of the writers of the various books shows a still smaller minority to be Jews. The Bible is perhaps the original "anti-Semitic" book (to use a much abused term) because it contains harsher treatment of this people than does any other book.

Another article will discuss the question, "Was Jesus Christ a Jew?"

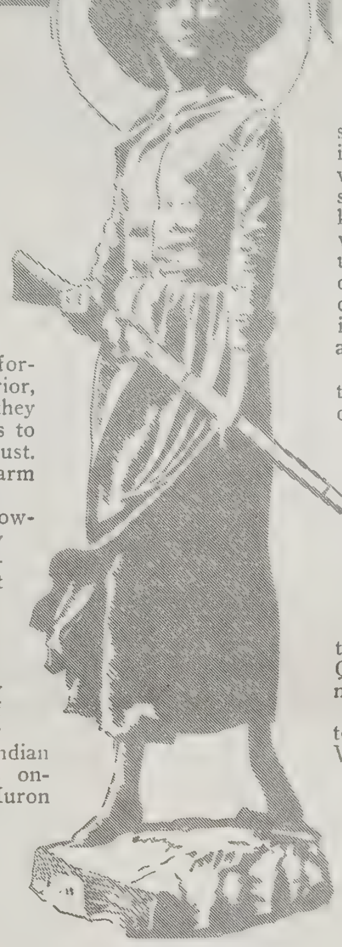
Marie de Vercheres: a Heroine of New France

A Bit of Heroism Torn From the Pages of Early Canadian History

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS



Fort Vercheres, on the St. Lawrence River.



MARIE MAGDELAINE DE VERCHERES.

HEROISM is the exclusive attribute of no one race or nationality; nor is it peculiar to either sex. Doubtless many unknown acts of heroism are performed in the daily lives of those who are commonly termed ordinary people which are as worthy of general approbation as any that receive recognition upon the printed page; but the world's attention is challenged only by the unusual, the spectacular.

Man's contest for mastery of the elements, and the conflicts arising out of human passions and greed, have provided the chief opportunities for the performance of spectacular acts of heroism. And the division in the respective duties of men and women, due as it is mainly to biological causes, has thrown to the so-called sterner sex the greater opportunity in this regard. But women, in spite of this disadvantage, have not failed to place upon the page of history examples of heroism, in the field which men have been wont to consider as peculiarly their own, quite as brilliant as any of the exploits of men extolled by bards since time immemorial.

Moreover, these exploits of women have generally been representative of the people among whom they were performed, and typical of the times in which they were enacted. Thus England, who owes her place in the world to the sea, is represented in the gallery of heroic women by Grace Darling, whose courage rose superior to the fury of the winds and waves; France by Joan of Arc who, inspired by religious and patriotic fervor, drove the invader from her beloved France; and Canada, then a bit of France in the New World, has the memory of 14-year-old Magdelaine de Verchères, who, by rare courage and presence of mind, defended Fort Verchères during her father's absence for eight days against a force of hostile and vigilant Iroquois with no assistance other than that of her two younger brothers, two soldiers, a manservant and an old man of eighty.

From the time when Jacques Cartier first set foot on Canadian soil in 1534 until the year 1608 when Champlain established the first permanent settlement of New France at Quebec, the French court paid little attention to the great empire which had been claimed for France by her sons. And, indeed, for many years after the founding of Quebec, French ministers gave but feeble support to the struggling colony. By 1627 it numbered only some 300 souls. But this did not suit the great Richelieu, minister of Louis XIII. He handed the affairs of the colony over to a company which, in return for the exclusive privilege of the fur trade, agreed to bring out settlers and assist them in gaining a footing in their new home. The fur trade and land settlement, however, have never gone hand in hand. The company was interested in dividends; and dividends were only to be obtained from the traffic in pelts. So settlement languished still.

A change, however, came over the scene when Louis XIV began, in person, the direction of affairs at the close of the Regency. The *Grand Monarque* was really interested in his possessions in the New World; and his minister, Colbert, was even more so. With one sweep the king put an end to the rule of the company and placed the government of the colony under officers directly responsible to himself. Representing the king, and chief military officer, was the governor; the bishop headed affairs ecclesiastical; but the individual who represented the king in the rôle of father of his subjects was the intendant; he had control of the civil affairs of the colony, the granting of land and all matters appertaining to colonization. The first intendant, Jean Talon, who arrived in the colony in 1665, was a wise and just man under whose management New France made greater strides than at any time during the previous century.

While the slow progress made in settlement was the result of negligence on the part of the French court, occupied as it was with costly European wars, the area of land actually cleared and placed under cultivation was really less than was warranted by the population of the colony. For this there were many reasons, but the principal cause was the red man of the forest. He affected the situation in ways more than one: in the first place, by providing an opportunity for the colonists to trade in pelts, he bred in them a disinclination to remain on the land and endure the monotony and toil of the lot of the husbandman, while both fortune and adventure could be attained by following the easy life of the trader. During the rule of the company this trade was, of course, illicit; but it was carried on in spite of stringent regulations which the authorities sought to enforce. Afterward, the conflict was chiefly between the *coureurs des bois* on the one hand, and the missionaries on the other. One of the principal articles of commerce in this trade was brandy. Under its influence the Indians were speedily becoming debauched, and the missionaries viewed with alarm the rapid undoing of many years of painful effort. The close connection between church and state made it possible for the former to secure the promulgation of royal decrees forbidding under severe penalties the continuation of this illegal trade; but despite the efforts of officers of the crown, and threats of dire disabilities from the church, each year saw greater and greater numbers of the most daring and most adventurous members of the community leaving the settlements for the half-wild life of the forest. They penetrated the vast unknown interior, following the rivers to their sources, and they blazed the trails for the civilization that was to follow long after they were turned to dust. But the colony was robbed of their strong arm when its need was great.

The red man was responsible for the slowness of settlement, in the second place, by reason of the implacable hostility of the Iroquois. Shortly after establishing the first settlement at Quebec, Champlain had rendered assistance to the Hurons and Algonquins in their wars against the Iroquois, the most powerful confederation of Indian tribes in North America. This had not only earned for the French the undying enmity of the Iroquois, but it had so aroused the fury of the latter against their traditional Indian enemies that they, by a series of vicious onslaughts, practically decimated the whole Huron nation. This left the French to bear the brunt of ceaseless attacks without the possibility of any very great assistance from their former Indian allies. From their homes in what is now the state of New York, the Mohawks, the mightiest of the Iroquois tribes, were wont to come up Lake Champlain and down the Richelieu River, falling upon the settlements along the St. Lawrence, killing and scalping the settlers and burning their homes. Under these circumstances it was not strange that settlement languished.

Finally, in desperation, the authorities at Quebec petitioned the king to send out a regiment of regular troops to teach the ruthless savage proper respect, and to maintain the prestige of French arms. Thus it was that in 1665 there arrived at Quebec the famous Carignan regiment fresh from the victorious battlefields of Europe. The first expeditions against the Iroquois were not particularly successful, owing to the inexperience of European officers in Indian warfare, but eventually the Iroquois were effectively subdued. So long as these 600 regular troops remained in the colony there was likely to be comparative security from attack, but the maintenance of such a body of men would rapidly reduce the struggling colony to a condition of bankruptcy. It was at this point that the sagacious Talon conceived the idea of borrowing a leaf from the book of the Roman empire: he recommended to his sovereign that the famous regiment be disbanded and that those of its officers who wished to remain in New France be given grants of land and such other assistance as would enable them to establish themselves as seigneurs, the common soldiers to become their tenants. In return they would be subject to the call of the governor whenever the defense of the colony demanded it. The plan was adopted; and a great many of these seigneuries were located in the valley of the Richelieu, which was then called the *rivière des Iroquois.* In this manner was it hoped to found a military aristocracy, and at the same time provide an effective barrier against future depredations at the hands of the Indians.

Among those officers of the Carignan regiment who accepted lands was François Jarret, sieur de Verchères. He was only twenty-four years of age at the time, and unmarried; but he soon fell a victim to the charms of a young girl of the colony to whom he was married in 1669. There were born to them twelve children, of whom Marie Magdelaine, who was to add a glowing page to the romantic history of New France, was the fourth.

The seigneury of Verchères was situated on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, about midway between Sorel and Montreal. It consisted of two square leagues of land, more or less, with a frontage on the river and extending back almost to the Richelieu. Here, near the bank of the St. Lawrence, de Verchères built his fort and brought up his family. Like many others, he found it difficult to get settlers willing to cultivate the land, and when once secured, to keep them there. The nearest forts of importance were a considerable distance away and, being in the path of the Iroquois, Fort Verchères was particularly exposed to attack. Two sons met death at an early age—one in a fight with the Iroquois and the other in an expedition against the New England colonies. A son-in-law was also killed by the Indians.

Between the years 1690 and 1692 the French colonists were subjected to almost ceaseless terrorization. England and France were at war. Lurking parties of Indians swept down upon isolated seigneuries, killing and burning; men and women working in the fields were pounced upon and scalped; cattle were driven off, and crops destroyed. At length conditions became so bad that work in the fields was possible only when armed patrols were provided.

As the summer of 1692 waned, the depredations of the Iroquois eased off somewhat, and the tenants belonging to the different seigneuries who had retreated with their families within the palisades of the forts had begun to return to their respective homesteads. But the menace of invasion from New England was not entirely removed, and many of the seigneurs were still gathered at Quebec, whither they had been summoned by the governor.

Thus it came about that on October twenty-second Magdelaine de Verchères, her father at Quebec and her mother being called to Montreal, found herself in charge of the fort at Verchères. Besides herself there were in the fort her two younger brothers, a servant named Laviolette, an old man of eighty, two soldiers and a number of women and children, the families of some of the tenants.

Magdelaine was inspecting the boats on the bank of the river in front of the fort in the early morning when she was startled by the report of a gun, followed by cries of terror coming from the direction of the fields where a number of her father's tenants were working. As she turned, she beheld two score or more savages running in her direction, tomahawks uplifted. She ran with all speed for the gate, while musket-bullets fell thick about her, barely succeeding in swinging the heavy gates shut as the foremost of the Iroquois was upon her. In fact, she left her shawl in the grasp of the pursuer.

Once within, and a brief respite gained, she gave quick thought to the perilous position of the little company within the palisade. It was such as to daunt the most courageous. Outside the walls, their war whoops rending the air, clamored a band of bloodthirsty savages; while within, under the command of a young girl of fourteen, was perhaps the weakest garrison that ever held a fort, encumbered, in addition, by the presence of a number of women and children whose husbands and fathers had so recently fallen victims to the ferocious Iroquois. Some stakes of the palisade had been allowed to fall into disrepair and must be replaced immediately. This was done, Magdelaine herself assisting in the work. It was then that the two soldiers were found to be missing. Magdelaine, making a tour of inspection, the better to decide upon a course of action, finally discovered them hidden in the redoubt, one with a lighted fuse in his hand.

"What are you doing with this fuse?" she demanded.

"We want to fire the powder and blow up the fort," replied the poltroon.

"You miserable wretches," she retorted in indignation, "Begone! I command you."

Shamefacedly, the soldiers proceeded to execute her orders.

Addressing her brothers in words which will live as long as the annals of Canada endure, she said: "Let us fight unto death for our country and our faith. Remember

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En Tour in China

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gap or outlet for the boats to pass. As we reached the first of these, the boatman used his pole with great strength and deftness, at the same time shouting quick commands to his son. Looking at the great boulders on either side in the current ahead, we shuddered and held our breath: the gondola creaked, quivered and darted over the cascade to the lower water level, some four feet below. Within the next two hours, thirty-six more miniature waterfalls, with their accompanying thrills, brought us to more peaceful waters where pike poles gave place to paddles.

During our stay with friends in Yu Hsien, there was almost incessant rain, so that on the afternoon of the third day when we stepped aboard a large native sampan, the swollen stream carried us ninety li (thirty miles) in three hours. Finding a hotel and requesting an upstairs room, if any were available, we were asked if the foreign lady could climb a ladder. Very glad for the prospect of getting up and away from the dampness and mold of the dirt and stone floors, we were escorted to the loft where a large quantity of cowhides and horsehides was stored. Some of these were removed and others were stacked up to afford room for our occupancy. But the odor!

Arising long before daylight, we folded our bedding and partook of a hastily prepared breakfast. With a suppressed shudder we climbed into our chairs.

In a land of estimated, not measured, distances, one hundred li was given as the mileage to the little town on the Lei River that we planned to reach by nightfall: but that May day was exceedingly hot, and the li, in the language of our coolies, were "very long." At 5 p. m., while we were passing through a vast, uninhabited region that produced little except dwarf pines, our chair bearers gave evidence of much fatigue and suggested that we camp for the night in the wilderness. But after a half-hour's rest and refreshments at a little desert roadhouse, a promise of extra pay induced them to complete the journey. From hotel to hotel we went seeking lodging, but at "New Earth" (Hsin Shi Giai), as in Bethlehem of old, there was no room in the inn.

At length, passing the most substantial looking store we had observed in the town, I entered, and telling the proprietor our situation, asked if he had any suggestions. With true oriental courtesy and apologies that he had nothing better to offer, he invited us in, and escorting us past huge vats and tanks of vegetable oils—his establishment being a large wholesale oil depot—and through numerous hallways and storerooms to a spacious, well-ventilated room in the rear, we were soon made very comfortable for the night. On awakening in the morning, what was our surprise to look out of the door upon a little quiet, private courtyard with numerous well-trained plants and flowers. A little later, our generous host sent a tray of steamed rice, fried eggs and wheat cakes. After a few hours on a small sailboat we reached Lei Yang and met one of my former students, Mr. Wang (translated King), who pressed an invitation for us to visit his mountain home, ten miles distant. We accepted, and a few days later he provided sedan chairs with which to make the ascent of some two thousand feet. On our arrival we were greeted by a large company that had gathered about the group of farmhouses. Through a massive brick archway and across the courtyard to rooms that had been prepared for us, our friend led the way. Crowds eagerly followed, standing about the doors and peering in through the windows. Why should we censure them? Never before had a foreigner set foot on that mountain range and but few of them had ever seen a white person. A visit from an American and his wife was indeed a notable event. After numerous strangers had been introduced to us as "Mr. Wang," or "Mrs. Wang," I turned to my friend with some astonishment, saying, "How many Mr. and Mrs. Wangs reside here?" He replied, "In our family there are about 600, but reckoning all the families of the Wang clan together, there are nearly 10,000," adding that the clan owns a tract of mountain land, seven miles in length and three in width, while scattered about here and there are the family villages with several hundred or possibly a thousand dwellers in each.

Following a suggestion of our host to visit other parts of the compound, we were soon off for a tour of inspection. The antique predominated. On either side of the large central lobby were ponderous, wooden benches weighing several hundred pounds each, said to have been carved from an oak two centuries ago, yet showing no signs of weakness or decay. Some apartments disclosed furnishings both meager and plain, while others revealed a wealth of oriental art and luxury. In various private shrines, ancestral tablets were displayed and gilded images of Buddhist and Taoist worthies grinned or frowned upon us in all their ugliness. From their accustomed places in other rooms the gods and goddesses had been removed by occupants who had learned to love the Christ: in exchange for these symbolisms of heathenism appeared a Gospel scene, a Scripture motto, or a Ten Commandment chart.

Our visit ended, several sturdy "Kings" bore us safely down the mountain slope and through a picturesque country to a river town, twenty miles away.

The Cowboy as Ballad Maker of the West

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among those who lived on the plains in the early days and could sense more fully its wild, weird note, affords a curious instance of the way a snatch of sentiment sometimes will catch hold of the imagination and be passed along as a folk song. Remember the words?

> O, bury me not on the lone prairie
> Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
> In a narrow grave just six by three,
> O, bury me not on the lone prairie.

But all the songs of the cowboy are not in melancholy vein. Many of them are stories of exploit, Professor Lomax said, and breathe of the reckless, dauntless spirit of the cowboy and the devil-may-care attitude he developed by taking things as they came. Some of the songs express a certain sympathy for the outlaw, and students have remarked here a similarity to the ballads of Robin Hood. Humor, too, is found among them, and nearly always the roughriding virility of the life the cowboy led. For instance, here is a characteristic bit from one of the songs which Professor Lomax found to be a favorite:

> Whoop ti yi, git along, little dogies;
> It's my misfortune and none of your own,
> Whoop ti yi, git along, little dogies;
> For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

Quite as interesting is a song written originally by Baird Boyd and repeated with variations all over the West. The first verse starts off in this rollicking fashion:

> I'm wild and woolly and full of fleas,
> I'm hard to curry below the knees,
> I'm a she-wolf from Shamon Creek,
> For I was dropped from a lightning streak,
> And it's my night to howl-oow—whoo-pee!

Those first two lines, I venture to say, have become a part of the folk literature of three-fourths of the boys of the West, if we may, by stretching a point, so designate the snatches of song and verse they sometimes pick up and pass along by word of mouth, often with variations of their own. The song itself is familiar to many, but those two lines have become practically common knowledge.

The cowboy has been much misunderstood and caricatured, according to Professor Lomax. Much fiction written about him and filled with drinking, shooting and blood-curdling episodes, he holds, is entirely misleading.

"Owen Wister has given us perhaps the best picture of the cowboy in 'The Virginian,'" he said. "In my association with cowboys, I have known many men just as big-hearted and just as courageous, with just as fine an attitude toward women. The cowboy, rough sometimes and lacking in polish, has an innate sense of chivalry.

"To be a cowboy, a man had to have a splendid physical equipment. He had to have courage. The life of the cowboy in the early days was ten times as dangerous as almost any other occupation. Think of riding full tilt over a prairie dog town and roping a steer! A cowboy was expected to be able to rope and throw a 1,000-pound steer out on the range alone.

"Many cowboys were young men from good families who had grown tired of the conventions and wanted some freedom. There were second, third and fourth sons of English families in search of adventure. Some were young men who had become tired of college. Of the families I knew in Texas, the most aggressive fellows always went West and became cowboys. They were the best type of their time.

"Names didn't matter, but what a fellow could do. There is a line in an old song that illustrates a fairly common trait: 'My name is nothing much, so that I will not tell.'

"Many of our leading citizens in the Southwest are former cowboys. The life of the cow-puncher was a hard school, where only the fittest survived, and many good men have come out of it. For instance, there was a man who gave the University of Texas $2,000,000 the other day. He went 'up the trail' some thirty times."

The cowboy was an important factor in the civilization of the West. Some authorities attribute its conquest more to his influence than to the gold seeker and the soldier. Certainly he contributed an element of virility to our composite national character. So it is worth-while to record the songs and ballads which are so much an expression of himself. Roosevelt was especially appreciative of the songs and gave Professor Lomax some assistance in his work.

The cowboy is passing. The big ranches are being broken up for farms, and the practice of "going up the trail" long ago was ended with the opening of the country to settlement. Cowboys of very much the same type still exist in many sections of the West, Professor Lomax says, but the number is decreasing.

"We don't appreciate the cowboy fully now," he said. "Perhaps we are too close to him. There is a curious difference between the East and the Middle West in this, for instance. I have talked about the cowboys and their songs at Yale University, when there would be at least a thousand boys practically hanging on my words. All through the East, I find the same interest in the cowboy. But take a university out in the Middle West, and the crowd nearly always is smaller, and the majority will be women. The West is too close to the cowboy yet."

Marie de Vercheres: a Heroine of New France

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the lessons our father has taught us, gentlemen are not born but to shed their blood in the service of God and the King!" and placing a soldier's helmet on her head, she disposed her little garrison to the best advantage. Her only plan was to keep the enemy from learning how really defenseless was the fort. Therefore she gave orders for the cannon to be fired, more for the moral effect than with any hope of direct results; and she sternly ordered the women to cease their lamentations, since no sign of weakness must be allowed to get to the besiegers. Meanwhile the boys and the soldiers kept up a steady musketry fire from the loopholes.

During the day a canoe containing the Sieur Fontaine and his family was seen approaching the landing-place. They were returning from Montreal, and if allowed to land without warning would most assuredly fall into the hands of the waiting Iroquois; so Magdelaine herself decided upon a bold stroke. Ordering the servant to stand guard at the entrance, and leaving instructions that if she were killed the gates were to be closed and the fort defended to the last extremity, she took her musket, and still wearing her helmet, strode down to the river's edge. The audacity of the move was its safeguard. The Indians, suspecting some trick, allowed her to escort her friends within the fort in safety.

The condition of the defenders was serious at all times, but during the long hours of darkness the advantage would lie heavily with the enemy. As night came on, to make matters worse, a violent storm of wind accompanied by snow and hail came up. Truly the situation of the little band grew more desperate hourly. But the courageous little captain was still undismayed.

"God has saved us today from the hands of our enemies," she addressed her little force; "but we must be careful not to be caught in their snares tonight. For my part, I wish to show you that I am not afraid. The two soldiers, La Bonte and Salhet, will take Lafontaine and the women and children to the redoubt which is the strongest place. You have nothing to fear; and I bid you not to surrender the place even if I am taken, cut to pieces and burnt before your eyes. I shall guard the fort with the youth of eighty, who has never fired a gun, and my two brothers."

The "youth" of eighty! Even the imminence of the great danger which threatened could not stamp out the tendency toward mirth; could not daunt the high spirit inherited from a race accustomed to accept the decrees of fate with a jaunty indifference, be they ill or fair. She took her place as sentry upon one of the bastions, assigning her brothers and the old man, respectively, to the other three. Throughout the night the lurking Iroquois must have no occasion to think that the garrison slept; at regular intervals the sentries challenged the night with their call, "All's well!"

This seeming vigilance on the part of the "garrison" deceived the Iroquois, who, as they admitted later, had made preparations for an attack during the darkness. But the night was not entirely without incident. Some little time after midnight one of the sentries cried out, "Mademoiselle, I hear something approaching." "I left my post to join him," says Magdelaine in an account of the affair which has been preserved, "and through the darkness, aided by the reflection from the snow, saw a group of horned cattle, the remnant which had escaped from our enemies. My first impulse was to open the gate and let them in; but, being well aware of the tricks of the savages in covering themselves with the skins of animals I determined to wait. After having satisfied myself that there was no danger, I called my two brothers to my side, and each with musket in hand stood ready to fire, as I opened the gate and let the poor cattle in."

The first night having been passed in safety, Magdelaine was more determined than ever to hold the fort at all hazards. If the Iroquois realized how poorly Fort Verchères was defended, they would probably assume the other forts along the river to be similarly weak, and doubtless would not cease their depredations until they had ravaged them all. During the second day another opportunity occurred for Magdelaine to prove her audacity, and at the same time continue to mislead the watchful Indians: she remembered that a considerable quantity of linen had been spread on the river bank a few days previously to bleach. Supported by a "barrage" from the cannon on the bastion, she and her brothers marched to the river bank, gathered the linen into sacks and bore their bundles back into the fort, again under the eyes of the enemy. This exploit was undertaken in no spirit of foolhardiness. Aside from the value which the moral effect of the act had upon the Indians, the saving of the linen was a matter of particular importance: all the household linen and wearing apparel of the colonists was spun and woven by the women and, besides representing much labor, was of great value and practically impossible of early replacement.

By the maintenance of sleepless vigilance, the defense was kept up for eight days and eight nights. Early in the ninth day, however, the sound of boats on the river was heard, and in answer to Magdelaine's challenge, the joyful intelligence was borne back to the well-nigh exhausted defenders that succor was at hand. It was a detachment from Montreal, an officer and 40 men. As the officer stepped on the beach Magdelaine saluted.

"You are welcome, Sir," she said; "I surrender my arms to you."

"Mademoiselle," said he with a courtly air, "they are in good hands."

After they had marched into the fort and the officer had inspected the slender resources of the defenders and expressed his admiration, the heroic girl relinquished her charge.

"Kindly release my sentries, Sir, that they may take a little rest, for they have not left their posts for eight days," was the request of Marie Magdelaine de Verchères.

Writes Books for Boys; Lives Boy's Life

Leslie W. Quirk Who Has Done Juvenile Fiction for Twenty Years Says It Is "Hard Work"

The home of Leslie W. Quirk, Madison, Wisconsin, the writer of fifteen books and more than 200 fiction stories about boys.

LESLIE W. QUIRK

By

FRED L. HOLMES

IT WAS at an athletic meet. Thirty high schools of the state had sent their young Spartans to the public competition. It was unlike a great college football game, where the spirit of rivalry is divided between two groups. Instead there was a score of teams vying for honors—youthful discus throwers, runners, pole vaulters, hurdlers, high jumpers—the whole gamut of spring athletics.

Youth carries an intensity, a sort of a spirit of heroic martyrism, into its contests. The enthusiasm of the crowds inspire; the waving plumes and ribbons of gold, purple, white and blue of the schools lure their contestants onward—to win.

Beside me on the bleachers sat a youthful looking man of probably forty years, who was absorbed in every detail of the events. His muscles grew tense as the runners neared the finish; his eyes glistened as the hurdlers sped down the field evenly over gate and box, and the spirit of enthusiasm broke into cheers when some diminutive youngster would carry off the prize over his taller and more clumsy competitors.

"That's the story writer for boys," nudged my companion as he saw my interest in the individual.

Leslie W. Quirk, for twenty years a fiction writer for boys, gets the material for his stories from the boys themselves. He writes about boys because he lives a companionable life with active, robust, spirited, normal boys, who love the contest of athletics, the hike into the woods, the camp fire and the spirit of friendly rivalry. Out of this chance meeting at the high school meet grew my acquaintance with Mr. Quirk.

One drawer in the desk of the author at his picturesque Madison, Wisconsin, home contains a package of treasured letters. Most of the envelopes are written in an uneven hand. The inclosures tell a story of enjoyment and inspiration that would encourage any author. They are boy correspondents, some in high school, some in college, who are asking for more literary thrills from the cinder path, or another dramatization of the freshman crew race. To their youthful imagination the author must be like a Grecian hero, garlanded with the laurel of athletic honor.

Nor are these boys mistaken. In school and university Leslie Quirk was an athlete, one who saw himself thrust aside to play second on the football team because of his diminutive size and his slender, spindling appearance. Out of the burning desire within himself to be a great athlete grew the heroic boys of his books, who break records on the fourth down in football or the third strike at bat.

"I write stories for boys because I know more about that type of fiction than any other," Mr. Quirk told me. "It is not literally true that I began doing that at the outset, but I should. For something like a year, while I was in school, I turned out intimate yarns of royalty and love and crime and business before I pulled up short and did some intensive thinking.

"I reasoned it out like this: 'You're only a school boy yourself, Quirk, and you know exactly nothing about kings and passions and crooks and dollars. Some of the stories sold, yes, but that was probably because the editors were in the same blissful state of ignorance. Isn't there something and somebody you really know?' I asked myself.

"Well, there was. I was a normal boy and I knew boys. I knew how they felt when they faced danger, or temptation, or some problem of life that had to be solved. So I wrote a juvenile yarn about a foot race. I wrote it from the heart. I crammed into it a lot of the emotions I experienced when I ran a race myself—the queer fancies about the cinder track rolling like a ship in a storm, the conviction that the runner has taken his last possible stride and is about to die, the insane hopes and fears about becoming a hero or a rank quitter before all the fellows who are watching.

"I made two copies of the manuscript because I resolved secretly to start at the top of the juvenile magazines and work down to the possible purchasers. One copy went to the *Youth's Companion* and one to *St. Nicholas*. Both bought the story. Right at the beginning of what I termed my literary career I was in disgrace.

"But I weathered that storm, thanks to the big-heartedness of the editors, and kept on thinking about the juvenile field and experimenting occasionally while I evolved my philosophy of writing. In the end I resolved to concentrate upon stories for boys. First, I liked writing about them and for them; it was just as much fun to work out the intricate details of a football or baseball game as it was to sit in the bleachers and watch one. Second, writing for boys paid in a strictly monetary sense. Such stories were easier to write; they were easier to sell, owing to less competition in the field; they brought better prices than stories of equal merit for adult readers; they were grist to the mill of a later book, thus commanding two prices. The story about the foot race, by the way, appeared later as a chapter in my first book, 'Baby Elton, Quarterback.'"

Although it was written nearly twenty years ago, this first volume is still selling and the royalty on the book in the last six months amounted to $96. In spite of the fact that the rules of the athletic games have changed, boys still read this story, because of the breathless interest of the hero in a tight pinch or the suspense that comes to the boy nearly at the goal of success.

"Where did you get your training to write?" I asked.

"I tried to be practical in attacking my problem of writing for a living," he replied. "I went at it in an honest, unemotional, common-sense way. While I was at the University of Wisconsin I worked on a local paper and covered the athletic games. That was probably the start. Then I went to Ohio for a year. From 1903 to 1908 I published in New York a trade magazine for writers and conducted in connection with it a literary bureau, which required me to read and criticize personally more than 5,000 manuscripts a year. That was a part of my education in learning to write. Any person who reads a hundred manuscripts a week, of which perhaps ninety-five are hopelessly unsalable, and attempts to explain just why they are lame and halt and just how they may be straightened and taken apart, and put together again on the operating table, at least learns something about plot and structure and style, if only by the process of elimination."

There were in New York at that time several other young Wisconsin people who had gone to school with Mr. Quirk. Horatio Winslow, who later was to win fame for his African stories; Mrs. Honore Willsie, who became editor of the *Delineator* and author of far-western tales; Charles Tenney Jackson, who was to find his field in writing Louisiana treasure-trove sketches, and Berton Brailey, who was to demonstrate to the literary world that there was still a field for the poet, were then striving for literary fame. Occasionally they met and the social intercourse with his old schoolmates became to him a staff of encouragement.

"Just what sort of stories do boys enjoy?" I asked, anxious to keep up the conversation.

"The story for boys is necessarily a moral story, which is entirely different from a story with a moral," he continued. "It must please the boy for whom it is written, the parents who guide his reading and the editor who buys it. That is a nice equation, but not as complex as it sounds. At heart most boys are honest and clean and possess a keen sense of right and wrong.

"It is a trite truism, of course, that the boy reader imagines himself the hero in the reading story. But I wonder how many people will accept my theory that the hero in the story is also the writer. In any event, I try to visualize myself as the hero, not as I am in real life, but as I should like to be. My central character is really proxy for reader and writer alike, and we are pleased and proud of ourselves in direct proportion to his successes.

"For that one reason, the hero must be a real boy. My reader and I aren't sissies, goody-goodies or mamma's boys; neither are we out-and-out villains. The hero must be a normal youngster, but he must also have the inevitable weaknesses, faults, wrong ideals and the like, else I find no peg on which to hang plot. And one point more, while I'm preaching: I am proud of the fact that in my fifteen books and two or three hundred short stories I have never written a story for boys in which any character was thoroughly bad. No matter what reforms the action of the story achieves, no matter what bad ends wicked kids may reach, I realize that I can never hope to erase the contamination spread to the reader by such characters. In my stories there 'ain't no such animile.'

"My best stories, I think, are those in which the action arouses dormant qualities in the hero. In visualizing the courage motif, for example, I stress the fact that the truest courage is that founded upon the fighting back of fear, upon the overcoming of fear to accomplish some definite result."

Mr. Quirk tries to know the heart of the boy through acquaintance. He realizes that the boy is reaching for the branches, just a little ahead. So, many of his stories deal with the life of boys in college and with their sports.

There are no athletic games that do not interest Mr. Quirk. He will watch the playing of pool by the hour, or take his car and go out in the country to witness some crossroads ball game. Where the boys play in numbers, there he will be found.

While there is greater opportunity to dispose of literary productions by living in New York, nothing can quite compensate the compelling human interest in a college or university town. It was for this reason that Mr. Quirk left New York and returned to his old home near the University of Wisconsin.

"There are many advantages in living in New York, where the publishers of magazines can be frequently met," continued Mr. Quirk. "Editors have their peculiarities as well as boys. When you come to know them, you come to realize the character of contributions they desire. It used to be quite a joke among some of the writers that a story that portrayed a child as one of the leading characters always found a ready buyer with one editor, while another was always anxious that some animal play a part in the plot."

"Writing fiction is just like any other employment," said Mr. Quirk. "It is hard work. It is fascinating work, but there is a certain routine to it. I study the magazine field, know what the editor is looking for, and then attempt to supply a part of his demand. Not long ago, Horatio Winslow and I decided to study the magazines and collaborate on a series. We wrote one hundred and three fiction stories in one year and sold all but three."

How Coolidge Made History in Bay State Politics

Concluded from page 8

dilemma. He told the men that he favored the increase but that he was in a quandary as to how it could be obtained. The policemen took measures to protect their interests by turning their mutual benefit association, the Boston Social Club, into a union and applying to the American Federation of Labor for a charter.

When Commissioner Curtis learned that a union was being formed, he issued an order disapproving the action and stating that the policemen, in forming a union, were violating the spirit of the oath they had taken as public officials. He therefore ordered that all such activity cease at once; and when the patrolmen-officers of the union refused to heed his demand, couched in the form of an official order, Commissioner Curtis promptly cited the men for trial on charges of insubordination. After a hearing they were found guilty and suspended.

The Men Walk Out

INCENSED by what they characterized as unfair treatment of their spokesmen, the policemen called a mass meeting and proposed to strike. The question was submitted to a vote by ballot, and when the votes were counted, the decision to strike had been carried by an overwhelming majority. The strike was called for 5:45 p. m., September 9, and the policemen's union appealed to every trades union to approve its action by its moral support.

It was Commissioner Curtis' next move. His repeated assertions, made public through the press, that he "had the situation thoroughly in hand" and that the city would be adequately policed if the policemen walked out, dispelled whatever fears timid people had about the city's safety. Curtis was adamant. The strike hour came. The men turned in their badges and revolvers and walked out, leaving on duty only a handful of their associates, who had decided at the last minute not to join the strikers.

The night of September 9, 1919, was a night never to be forgotten in Boston. Except for the captains, lieutenants and sergeants, with the comparatively few patrolmen who refused to strike, the city was left unguarded. Curtis' boast that he had made provisions for adequate protection of life and property had been a bluff. It was said that Curtis never dreamed that the men would walk out; that the proposed strike would be called off at the eleventh hour. Under the constitution of the state, the governor had no authority to act. In the event of lawlessness, the matter was one for the mayor of Boston to handle until such time as the governor should decide that the mayor had failed to protect the public welfare. With the coming of darkness, thugs and thieves, free from the restraints of their veneered civilization, took possession of the city. It was a night of pillage and plunder. Stores were broken into in all parts of the city, men were held up and robbed, women were assaulted, gambling outfits were set up in the streets, gangs of hoodlums trailed through the suburbs, false fire alarms were rung in, and everything that wasn't nailed down was carted away.

A Plot Is Charged

FRIENDS of the striking policemen and representatives of organized labor charged that the failure to police the city with volunteers and guards had been a deliberately preconceived plan to deal a smashing blow to the policemen's cause and to discredit unionism in general. It was part of a gigantic plot by "Big Business" to crush Labor. The union offered to support its contention by an affidavit made by Rev. Paul Harris Drake, a Unitarian clergyman whose church connections had been severed because he had become a liberal in his social thinking as well as in his religion, and who had returned to his former profession of journalism. Mr. Drake had been "covering" police headquarters for an afternoon Boston paper. Mr. Drake said he had overheard conversation which indicated to him that Curtis' failure to police the city, after he had been given ample opportunity and time, was exactly what the union leaders were charging—the result of a prearranged plan to discredit the policemen. When Mr. Drake unhesitatingly stated what he had heard, he was summarily "fired" from the staff of his paper and all efforts on his part to learn why he had been dismissed elicited no explanation. Drake, admittedly one of the ablest news writers in the city, had been satisfactory to his city editor up to the very minute his own opinions and statements of what he had heard had become "indiscretions of a newspaperman."

All through the day of the tenth of September, after a night of pillage and plunder, no concerted effort was made to prevent a repetition the next night of the lawlessness that had shaken Boston to its very foundations. It was true that what was left of the Boston police department was swearing in volunteers to augment the force. But it was a case of "putting it up to Mayor Peters" and giving him nothing to work with.

On September 11 Governor Coolidge issued a proclamation which read:

"The entire state guard has been called out. Under the constitution the governor is commander-in-chief thereof by the authority of which he could not if he chose divest himself. That command I must and will exercise." And in an executive order to Commissioner Curtis, he said: "You are hereby directed, for the purpose of assisting me in the performance of my duty, pursuant to the proclamation issued by me this day, to proceed in the performance of your duties as police commissioner of the city of Boston under my command and in obedience to such orders as I shall issue from time to time, and obey only such orders as I may so issue or transmit."

There was a hurried conference between Mayor Peters and Coolidge and the scene which took place there was said in newspaper circles to have been a "hot session"; but not a word of the rumors which were common talk crept into the news stories of the day. A certain group of the striking police officers, realizing the gravity of the situation which they never foresaw as a result of their walking out, urged their associates that the proper action for them was to offer to return and to help in the task of restoring law and order. Overtures were made for their return and their reinstatement. It was freely reported that Coolidge favored leniency. For a time he dropped from view and could not be located. From certain close supporters of Curtis came word that Curtis and not Coolidge was the man who was staging the "show-down" fight.

Coolidge had ordered out the state guard on the eleventh, and late that afternoon mounted troops were entering the city to rescue it from the reign of anarchy which had sprung up as if in the twinkling of an eye. No one who lived in Boston through those two nights of lawlessness could do other than praise Calvin Coolidge for the manner in which he brought order out of chaos; for no man's property—millionaire's and laboring man's alike—was safe in that maelstrom.

It was whispered about that Coolidge at first seriously considered the proposal that the policemen return to work but that Curtis brought pressure to have the governor back him up in his determination not to reinstate a single man. What might have happened is now only a matter for conjecture. Just when negotiations for the return of the men were at their most critical juncture, however, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation, sent a telegram to Coolidge demanding immediate reinstatement of the men and the removal of Curtis.

Whatever hope the rank and file of the men had had for reinstatement was dissipated in a single hour. Coolidge issued a telegraphic reply to Gompers without mincing words, and the text, when it was given to the press, gripped the entire nation—"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anyone, anywhere, any time."

Hailed "Man of Hour"

THERE was much disorder in Boston for more than a week after the state guard had been called out, and it was not until September 24—two weeks and a day after the policemen had walked out—that Coolidge issued his now famous proclamation on which his campaign for re-election was subsequently based. In this proclamation the striking policemen were castigated for deserting their posts.

"The authority of the Commonwealth," said Governor Coolidge, "cannot be intimidated or coerced. It cannot be compromised. To place the maintenance of the public security in the hands of a body of men who have attempted to destroy it would be to flout the sovereignty of the laws the people have made. It is my duty to resist any such proposal of the men. Those who would counsel it join hands with those whose acts have threatened to destroy the government. There is no middle ground. Every attempt to prevent the formation of a new police department is a blow at the government. That way treason lies. No man has a right to place his own ease or convenience or the opportunity of making money above his duty to the state.

"This is the cause of all the people. I call on every citizen to stand by me in executing the oath of my office by supporting the authority of the government and resisting all assaults upon it."

It was a proclamation that shattered the policemen's hope; the straw that broke the camel's back, and Coolidge was heralded far and near as a new "man of the hour."

Political opponents of Coolidge within his own party were prompt to repeat the assertion that Curtis and not the governor was the dominating force behind every move in handling the police strike, and that Coolidge, a mere political opportunist, was "copping off the glory."

Richard H. Long had been nominated by the Democrats, and he at once made clever use of the assertions which friends of Curtis were making. Spurred on by many of the recognized labor leaders, Long announced that if he were elected governor he would reinstate the striking policemen who had been victims of a conspiracy hatched in State street by the money powers. Organized labor appeared to be swinging behind Long's candidacy, and the Republican leaders at state headquarters were becoming thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of a Democratic victory.

The campaign for Coolidge's re-election lacked generalship. Not a man to toot his own horn, Coolidge himself was doing nothing, and the confusion at Republican headquarters plainly reflected the haphazard methods by which valuable time was being lost. Complaint was heard on every hand among Republicans that the "machine" was "laying down on the job," and ugly rumors were afloat that some of the politicians who had always cordially hated Coolidge, were knifing him in the back while pretending, purely for party reason, to be with him.

How Baxter Won for Coolidge

CHARLES S. BAXTER, one of the ablest campaign managers in the state and confidential adviser of Governor McCall, was told bluntly that his services were not needed in the fight. The reason for this lay in the fact that McCall and John W. Weeks, now Secretary of War, had been at swords' points since 1912, when both were candidates before the Massachusetts legislature for United States Senator.

Management of the campaign went from bad to worse. Those who were supposed to be in charge were floundering in the puddle of their own incompetence. Coolidge's prospects were growing gloomier and gloomier. Seasoned politicians were predicting that organized labor would go solidly to Long. And not until ten days before election day did the thought percolate through the Old Guard's collective cranium that it was cutting off its nose to spite its face. "Charlie" Baxter was the one man, the Old Guard agreed, who could pull them out of a bad hole. But it was a bitter pill for the Old Guard to swallow. But Old Guards will do anything to save their political necks.

Would Mr. Baxter take hold of the campaign? He would. Being a practical politician, Mr. Baxter had a certain interest in the success of Mr. Coolidge's campaign. If it had been a matter of saving the Old Guard, the Old Guard could have gone hang for all he cared. Few men in Massachusetts understand crowd psychology better than Charles S. Baxter. He organized a "flying squadron" of twenty automobiles and announced that his speakers were going right to the mill gates in the great textile centers—right into the strongholds of organized labor—and defend Calvin Coolidge's course taken in the police strike as the only course a red-blooded governor could have taken.

Vote for "Law and Order"

"MEET this issue squarely," said Baxter. "The only way we're going to get votes is to put it squarely up to the average man whether he wants law and order or anarchy and destruction. Go tell these men who work in the mills and the shoe factories and the shops that their homes would not have been safe in Boston on the night of September 9. Put it up to them, and I'll bet they'll vote right."

On the afternoon of election day, 1919, the writer was present at Republican state headquarters when John W. Weeks and other optimistic individuals of the Old Guard declared that if Coolidge received a majority of 10,000 over Mr. Long he would be doing well. Up to the last minute before the votes were counted they refused to believe that "Charlie" Baxter knew what he was talking about, and even when 125,000 majority were counted in favor of Calvin Coolidge in one of the most momentous elections ever held anywhere, they were puzzled to understand how the "labor vote" had turned a flip-flop from the path in which it had been bidden by its leaders to go. But there was no mistaking the telltale figures. "Labor" had put Calvin Coolidge across. "Labor" had voted for "law and order." "Labor" had approved at the ballot box what Coolidge had done.

King's Chapel Crams History Within Walls

Concluded from page 3

its foundations were probably undisturbed, and that, together with the communion table and chancel rail with hand-carved pillars, are the oldest still in use in New England. The Bible on the reading desk was given in 1768, and the miter and crown, although put away for safe keeping during the Revolutionary period, still adorn the organ. In the gallery are the pews reserved for slaves, but the narrow one in the rear where condemned prisoners heard service the day before their execution has disappeared.

The governor's pew has lost its canopy and the visitor today is more likely to be interested in those of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Sumner, Presidents Eliot and Lowell, and where George Washington sat, when, in his uniform of a Virginia colonel, he came to inform Governor Shirley of the death of his son, and where later, as President of the United States, he listened to a concert in his honor. The clock in the rear was presented by Lieutenant-Governor Oliver and the bell was brought from England and recast by Paul Revere and his son.

One of the most interesting of the monuments is that of Samuel Vassall, the first to resist the tax of tonnage and poundage, and son of that Vassall who, at his own expense, fitted up two ships to fight the Spanish Armada. In one corner of the tiny churchyard, at the front, is buried in what was once the strangers' tomb, the Chevalier of Saint Sauveur, who was killed in a street riot during the Revolution. Congress at that time voted money for a monument, but in those troublous times it was not erected. About fifteen years ago some historian, poring over the dusty volumes, came upon the record, and so it happened that the Chevalier at last got his monument with the long inscription in French upon it, composed at the time by some devoted friend.

Adjoining the church is the burial ground, the oldest in Boston, dating from the very time of the settlement. Here lie buried Governor Winthrop, his sons and grandsons, Robert Keayne, the first captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, whose tombstone is his doorstep, and Thomas Bromfield, who built the first organ in America. Here lie also Mary Chilton, who, according to tradition, was the first to land from the Mayflower, Lady Andros, and Elizabeth Pain, who was perhaps the Hester Prynne of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." A horizontal stone informs us that "here lyes entombed the bodyes of ye famous reverend and learned pastors of the First Church of Christ in Boston," and then follows a goodly list of names with John Cotton at their head.

Wisconsin's Electric Legislative Roll Call

Designed by Milwaukeean, Machine Speeds Voting and Prevents Disputes

View of the desks of the members of the Wisconsin assembly where the first electric device in the world was successfully installed.

THE Wisconsin legislature through four sessions has demonstrated the feasibility of voting by the electric signal. It is the only legislature that has installed such a device, although both the states of Iowa and Illinois now contemplate such an innovation. The electric roll call is the greatest time-saving device that has been invented to solve the delay and complexities of modern lawmaking. It performs in the fraction of a minute the work of calling a roll of 100 members that formerly took from six to ten minutes.

Statisticians have estimated that the expense of taking a roll call in the House of Representatives at Washington is close to $1,000. Should Congress install the electric voting device as used in the lower house of the Wisconsin legislature it is likely that the cost would be reduced to $25.

Necessity proved to be the mother of the electric voting device in the Wisconsin legislature. Members of the 1913 Wisconsin legislature endured upward of 850 roll calls, averaging six minutes each—seventeen legislative days of five hours each frittered away through the slow revolutions of an obsolete voting process. This legislature voted to install the electric voter.

At the close of a hot day's session of the Wisconsin legislature in 1911, C. E. Shaffer, the veteran chief clerk of the house, explained to the members that he believed the tedious process of calling and recalling the names of members, to record their votes on measures, could be obviated if someone would invent a system to signal the clerk's desk the way the member desired to vote.

Listening to the conversation was a little, dark-haired, nervous man, who had always been dabbling with signal devices. The suggestion kindled his imagination.

"I'll solve the whole process before the next session of the legislature," remarked B. L. Bobroff, the Milwaukee engineer, who had overheard the conversation.

Back to the 1913 session came Engineer Bobroff with an electrical device which he claimed when installed would accurately record the votes. For weeks members of the legislature tinkered away at the little toy which he had worked out. The session was prolonged into early summer. The days were growing hot and the roll call of names droned over and over was becoming monotonous.

Then one day, toward the close of the session, a bill was rushed through to appropriate $12,000 for the installation of the electric device. The legislature thought the suggestion was worth a trial.

That was the beginning. Wisconsin had just completed its $8,000,000 capitol building, with its sumptuous assembly chamber. How to work out a simple machine that would give the chief clerk an accurate record of every member's vote, without marring the architectural beauty of the assembly hall, became a problem for the inventor. He solved it.

Engineer Bobroff was ready for the 1915 session of the legislature. The intricate mechanism had been installed. He was ready to give a complete demonstration of the feasibility of his voting device. From the first day it worked like a modern cash register. It seemed almost human in its accomplishments.

Two years ago some small improvements were made in the mechanism, but the system now in use is the one designed for the session eight years ago.

In operation, the electric roll call is simplicity itself. When a roll call is announced by the presiding officer, the chief clerk instantly makes the vote register ready for active use by switching on a recording device.

On the desk of each member of the assembly is a little box locked by a Yale key. Only the member who holds the key for the box can unlock it and the individual voting device on the member's desk will not operate until unlocked. This safeguard was taken to prevent one member voting for another during an absence.

When the presiding officer announces a roll call, and the chief clerk switches on the mechanism, the members by pushing a little button in the electric wired box on their desk can vote. By pressing the electric button once, a "yes" vote is recorded; twice a "no" vote and three times the member records himself as "paired."

High up on the wall, occupying space formerly used as a part of the gallery, is a bulletin board, so that every person can see how the members have voted. On this bulletin board are the names of the legislators. Three little electric lights are imbedded after each member's name. These lights are connected with the desk of the member. When a legislator presses the electric button on his desk once, a white light appears after his name and is known as a "yes" vote; two presses of the button a "red" light, or a "no" vote, and three presses of the button a "blue" light, which indicates that on this roll call the member is "paired" with some other member who is absent.

That there may be no mistake as to how a member has voted, there are three similar lights imbedded in the box on his desk which show the same color electric signals registered on the bulletin board.

The bulletin board, or vote register, on the gallery wall is an interesting piece of mechanism. The back side of the board has a duplicate list of the names. When the "white" light is flashed on the side of the bulletin board to public view for a "yes" vote, on the opposite side after the member's name appears the letter "Y," which has been brought into view by the appearance of the "white" light. Similarly an "N" appears for the red light, when a member votes "no" and a "P" after the name of the members who vote "paired." If a member makes a mistake in voting or wishes to change his vote, he can do so by simply pressing a button, which registers his real intent without waiting or wasting time.

After allowing the time set for voting, the speaker announces that the roll is closed and the chief clerk turns off the mechanism, which automatically locks the vote, no further changes being possible without the clerk's again engaging the device.

Immediately, a photograph is taken of the side of the bulletin board opposite from public view. This photograph becomes the roll call of the house on this piece of legislation. The lights on the vote register are automatically switched off by the photographer after the vote picture is snapped.

On the desks of the chief clerk and the presiding officer are two sets of dials—a "yes" and a "no" system. As the members press the buttons on their desks and the little "white" and "red" lights appear after their names on the elevated register, each vote is being registered and counted on these dials on the desks of the presiding officials. If there were twenty-five members who voted "yes," an indicator would move over to "25" on the "yes" dial. Meantime, if forty-one members were voting "no" the indicator on the "no" dial would move over to "41." That is, the computed vote and the photographic record that is taken on the bulletin board is the picture result.

Assuming that all members pressed their voting buttons instantly and together, it would be possible to take, count and permanently record by photograph the vote of the 100 members of the house within twenty-five seconds. The actual record, day in and day out through the session, is less than a minute for each roll call.

Chief Clerk Shaffer, who had years of experience in calling the rolls and recording the members' votes before the installation of the electric register, declares that the new system is more accurate. It prevents errors due to faulty hearing of responses, or mistakes in printing or adding.

Moreover, the electric system of voting prevents the legislative expediency for delay known as the roll call filibuster. There is no time, once the key for voting has been turned on by the chief clerk, for hemming or hawing, so common in the vocal roll call—no opportunity for extended remarks in explaining votes.

Members of the legislature take as much interest in watching their votes recorded on the bulletin board by the electric process as do the visitors.

"The question is, shall bill 250 A, providing an appropriation of $150,000 for a new university extension building in Milwaukee, pass," announced the speaker when this measure was up for voting. "Those who favor the passage of the bill will vote 'aye'; contrary, 'no.' The clerk will prepare the roll."

"Click—click—click—click," is heard from the assembly floor after the chief clerk has turned on the mechanism. As they vote, the members look at the light in the box on their desk and then to the bulletin board to see that their vote is recorded.

"Have all voted?" asks the speaker after several moments have elapsed and the bulletin board appears in its lighted colors of red and white lights.

"I declare the roll closed," he continues and the chief clerk turns off the switch. For a moment the clerk and the speaker examine the dials on their desks.

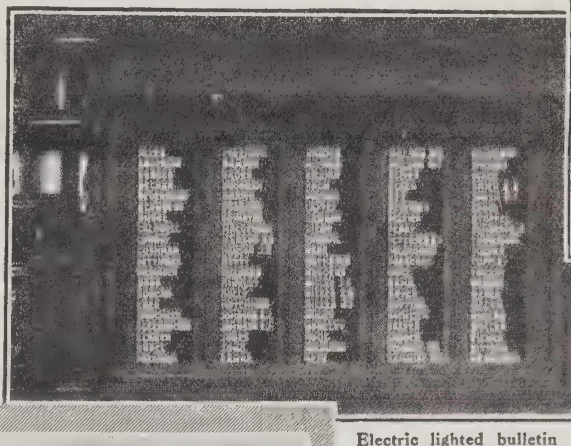
"Ayes, forty-one; Noes, twenty-five, and the bill is passed," announces the speaker, and the chief clerk instantly begins the reading of another measure for consideration. Everything moves with electric rapidity.

C. E. SHAFFER,

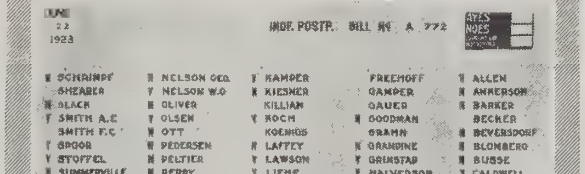
Veteran chief clerk of the Wisconsin assembly, whose suggestion led to the inventing of the electric roll call.

B. L BOBROFF,

Milwaukee engineer who invented the electric roll call used in the Wisconsin legislature.



Electric lighted bulletin board in the galleries which shows how each member has voted on the roll call.



A recorded roll call of the Wisconsin assembly on the indefinite postponement of bill 772 A taken on June 22, 1923. The recording of this roll required less than a minute of time. "N" before a member's name means "no"; "Y" means "yes" and "P" means "paired." Members not having anything written before their names were absent when the roll was taken.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Bootleggers of New York City are offering for sale, at one dollar a collection, photographs of all prohibition agents stationed in the metropolitan area. The wary bartender, after carefully examining the pictures on the circular, can easily guard against arrest. Circulars are kept up to date and subscribers are supplied with photographs of new agents, or informed of any transfers on the force.

Indian chiefs in their dealings with the United States Government now use the finger and thumb print instead of their witnessed mark. This applies only to those Indians who cannot read or write.

Speed in travel appeals to the Chinese and thousands of Chinese take joy rides simply for pleasure. It is no uncommon thing for a poor coolie to spend his last "cash" on an automobile ride that leaves him stranded many miles from home. He is glad to trudge back complacently and is satisfied in his own mind that his money has been well spent.

San Juan County, Utah, is located in the southeastern corner of the state. It is larger than the entire state of New Jersey and the last census gives the population as 3.379. Much of this country is unsurveyed and consists for the most part of a great expanse of red rock, carved into innumerable canyons, buttes and fantastic promontories. Some of the remote valleys contain grass and water but the greater part is desert formation. Many of the canyons have never been explored by white men. The first of the natural bridges in this country were visited by white men as late as 1903. This district was the scene of the recent Ute uprising. It is the last frontier.

An immense dam is being thrown across the Dix River near Burgin. Kentucky, which when completed will be the highest dam east of the Rocky Mountains. Two auxiliaries are now under construction which will generate more than 125,000 turbine horse power.

The Chinese buy thousands of tons of our daily newspapers each year and use them for wrapping purposes.

When Harry H. Kabotchnick presented a petition in Philadelphia to have his name changed to Cabot, objections were made by counsel for the Pennsylvania Society of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America. Assumption of the name, it was argued, would "mislead persons as to the origin and ancestry" of the petitioners. The court held the petition under advisement.

The giant Sequoia, thirty-two feet in diameter and 280 feet high, which is the second largest tree in the world, was dedicated to President Harding's memory as the Warren Harding Tree. The giant redwood is 5,000 years old and is second in size to the General Sherman Tree.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

"To re-establish the Constitution of the United States and the principles and ideals of our government in the minds and hearts of the people," the American Bar Association is planning a Constitutional Week, September 16-22.

By dint of hard work and heavy taxation, Czecho-Slovakia is one of the few European states that is in a sound financial condition today. In 1922 the country's trade balance was favorable by 5.390,000,000 crowns, compared with 4,877,000,000 crowns in 1921.

Six thousand tons of Alberta coal will be sold in Toronto at $12 a ton. This price compares with $15.50 asked for United States anthracite there, or $3.50 less a ton.

Waterbury, Connecticut, wins questionable publicity in the recent announcement that during June of this year, as compared with the same month in 1922, the number of work permits granted for the employment of children in industry increased 800 per cent.

President Obregon, of Mexico, says, "My international creed is that of world peace and international brotherhood. I believe that war should cease forever, and that we should cease to emphasize national lines and understand that we are all brothers."

The Japanese Parliament is modeled externally upon that of Great Britain, but its spirit is entirely different. In Japan, debates in Parliament are pleasant occasions where men of second rank are permitted to display themselves. The leader of a party may not even have a seat in the chamber.

Believing that the thousands of visitors received by President Harding did much to break down his health, the American Philatelic Society recently canceled an engagement to shake hands with President Coolidge. This custom of setting aside an hour daily for the reception of visitors frequently brought to the White House as many as 1,200 persons a day to shake the President's hand.

William Allen White in the Emporia *Gazette*, says, "Until the farmer has learned the organization game, the game that fixes prices and gives up its independence for the right to prosper, the game that all the world has learned in the last 200 years, the farmer's cake is dough."

Pack horses used in the Canadian Survey party which mapped the land north of Athabasca Landing, Alberta, did not need to be taught what a smudge was for. The moment it was started they crowded up into the smoke to escape the tormenting flies. This made it easy to round them up for the next day's journey.

Hazing will be permitted at the University of California, provided the hazers observe the rules of good sportsmanship. Full responsibility for any excesses will be placed upon the shoulders of the student body. Approximately 3,000 freshmen will register at the university soon.

The German fleet that was scuttled at Scapa Flow is to be raised, cut up, and sold for junk.

Edward W. Edwards, of Cincinnati, says, "The bigger you are than your work, the easier you will find it, and the swifter will be your progress in it. Certainly others will be attracted to help you along, or buy whatever you may have to sell in goods or services, in the measure that you are an all-round human being—big, broad, and kindly—and not simply a machine, as a man always becomes who permits his work to master him."

Enginemen on locomotives when going through a tunnel frequently encounter heat ranging as high as 136 degrees with smoke and moisture-laden atmosphere often filled with deadly carbon monoxide gas. The Bureau of Mines has experimented with gas masks for use of cab crews, and has perfected a small pocket respirator for quick use when in a tunnel. A more satisfactory method for combating the gas is to supply fresh air to the men from the air brake system on the train. A rubber tube fitted with a funnel which is held close to the face furnishes an adequate amount of air.

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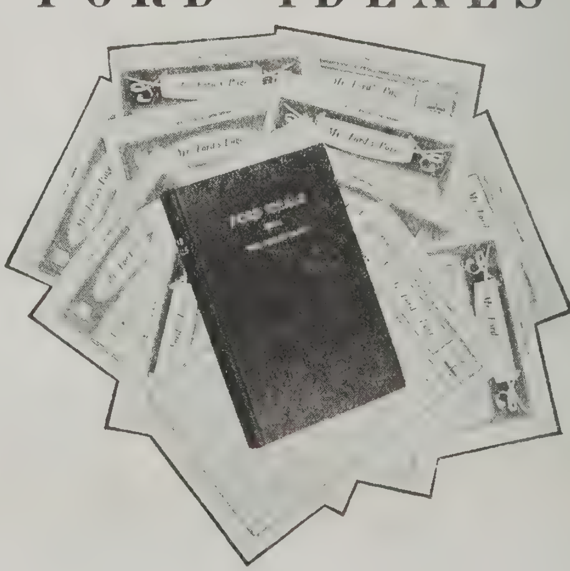

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Who Owns the Money Controls the State

The Real Hick Town: "Little Ol' N'Yawk"

Dictatorship May Mark End of Mussolini

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Who Owns the Money Controls the State

The Hard Story of Our Privately Owned Panicky National Financial System

By WESTERN STARR

CENTURIES of controversy have failed to develop a system of Finance that entirely satisfies public needs. No system heretofore adopted has been permitted to continue in operation for more than a relatively short period. The importance of the financial system has been greatly magnified by the industrial development of the last century. The legal, political and social nature of money; the prominent place it has held in history; the countless experiments made in its manufacture; the utterance of its symbols; the political struggles that have centered on its control; the vast study devoted to its principles by philosophers and statesmen, warrant the most serious study of the subject and the application of scientific methods to the abundant historical material it offers.

The problems of war finance compel the reorganization of existing monetary institutions, and this makes necessary an elementary survey of the entire problem of money, its nature and functions—and of the cognate elements and factors of public finance.

It was expressly set forth in the Constitution that Congress should have power to "coin money and regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin and fix the standard of weights and measures," the intent as to both money and standards being the same.

As interpreted and applied to weights and measures, this obligation has been duly and fully discharged by Congress. It has fixed the standards of length, weight, volume (both of dry and liquid measures): Congress has fixed the standard of measurement for quantities that were unknown when this duty was placed upon it. Light, heat, energy, physical power, are now measured, bought and sold, by units of measure fixed by Congress, as readily as cloth, oil or wheat.

Politically Free, But in Economic Bondage

THE power of Congress to "coin money and regulate the value thereof" has been held to include the power to issue credit notes or bills as money; and under this power Congress issued credit notes in the darkest days of our history. From our beginning as a nation there has been a constant struggle to get control of and the right to exercise this power of Congress to issue money and regulate the value thereof.

In 1781, the surrender of Cornwallis ended the Revolutionary War. In 1781 the Continental Congress, instead of creating a National Bank, authorized the incorporation of the Bank of North America and gave to it a charter with power to issue money. The bank opened for business in January, 1782.

The ending of the Revolutionary War was one of the supreme events of world history. It was followed by a monstrous anti-climax.

A nation secures liberty and sovereignty for its people by heroic sacrifice and long suffering—only to hand over its greatest treasure, its national credit, to private agencies, to do with as they wish.

The same scene follows the Civil War. That war was fought with credit bills issued by the general government, after the banks of the country had closed their doors and gone into bankruptcy, this in December, 1861. When the war was ended, these same bankers demanded that the credit bills that carried the nation through four years of war must be retired, and that Congress turn over to them the power to issue their own notes as the nation's money; in place of the greenbacks that had won the war. Congress again failed in its duty to the people. It issued no more national credit bills. It destroyed billions of greenbacks, that is, retired them. It once more gave over to private agencies control of the nation's credit to do with as they might wish. Abuses of this power became so oppressive as to threaten the system. In 1908, not satisfied with the power to control national credits and to prop up a tottering structure of railroad and industrial monopoly finance, an attempt was made by the more powerful banks to legalize these monopolies and to institutionalize their private finance by making their stocks and bonds the legal basis for enlarged bank credit and circulation, notwithstanding and probably because these stocks and bonds were merely the capitalized values of the monopolies they possessed.

For the time being, this effort failed. The lesser banks were unwilling to surrender their powers to a gigantic monopoly of monopolies, the credit masters of the nation.

In 1913, after a campaign of educational moral suasion, a measure substantially identical in form, content and purpose became the law. Both of the historic political parties claim credit for this legislation, demonstrating the invisible differences between them, when the interests of the oligarchy conflict with the interests of the people. The Federal Reserve Act was so drawn as to permit an unlimited expansion of credit for an unlimited time, for which, at that time, there was no visible necessity. *Is it possible that American financers anticipated the demand for credit that must follow the entry of America into a World War and foreseen only by themselves?*

Under this law, the Federal Reserve Act of 1913, credit control is so centralized that less than a dozen men hold autocratic dominion over every industry in the land.

The making of bank credit is a very simple process: It is called "money of account"; *a shadow money,* and is a matter of absolute discretion with the banker. A would-be borrower wishes to purchase $100,000 of bank credit and applies to the banker for the loan. If his standing in the commercial world is O. K. and his collateral is satisfactory, the borrower turns it over to the banker with a power of attorney. He also signs a note stating the amount and promising to pay off the loan whenever the banker demands. The power of attorney authorizes the banker to sell the collateral, if for any reason the borrower fails to fulfil every letter of his contract. Considering the bank system as a unit, the borrower puts nothing into the bank nor does he take anything out of the bank. Yet he walks out with a credit balance of $100,000 that he has bought, and the bank calls this debt, this credit, an asset. When he comes to pay off his loan, he pays interest and other charges for credit, or the use of money that was never printed and never existed except in imagination. There was more than $50,000,000,000 of this phantom money outstanding in the American business world in January, 1920, and drawing interest for the private agencies to which our Congress turned over the control of the money functions of our government.

There is another species of credit, or, rather, spurious —pseudo—credit, that has become a part of our public finance: that is, the fictitious capital securities issued by corporations enjoying monopoly privileges. Every dollar of such capital issues that does not represent actual investment, that represents nothing beyond a power to exploit, such as is conferred by monopoly in any form, is a spurious dollar. Yet under our system it travels on all fours with real dollars actually invested. Prices fixed for products of such enterprise are arbitrary—bear no logical relation to cost of production and are a constant drain of unearned wealth from industry.

The raw material of credit is the faith and confidence of the people. Its machinery and equipment is the sovereign power of the people, through Congress, to issue the people's money and regulate the value thereof.

The menace and effects of the present false system of public finance is fairly illustrated by the consequences of its abuse in 1907. The usual, ordinary and regular practice culminated in a perfect example of a hand-made panic that year. The facts of that episode in American public finance are on unchangeable and unchallengeable record. It was the year preceding the national election of 1908. There had been several years of expanding business following the Spanish War: large enterprises had been set going and still larger plans were in tow.

The Spanish War bonds had produced the natural inflation of currency—augmented the volume of money; price levels had gradually risen to keep pace with an increased volume of money. The circulation of money had increased velocity. An ambitious soldier of fortune, an adventurer on the seas of politics, was President and his eyes were fixed on the future. During his chief magistracy there had come into being in American industry a colossal monopoly in the steel and iron industry, formed to annul competition and capitalized on the basis of tariff and other monopolies. This enterprise, the United States Steel Corporation, was under the control of the masters of American high finance and American national credits.

How the 1907 Panic Was Staged

THE general conditions of business prosperity had led to the investment of large capital in an iron and steel enterprise in a section of the country outside the control of the United States steel monopoly; a section where all the factors of a successful business offered exceptional opportunities. Ore, fuel, lime, short hauls; and more than these, unlimited, cheap and docile labor.

Early successes and brilliant prospects led to the investment of additional capital, borrowed upon a majority of the securities of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. There were indications that the operations of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company threatened to interfere with the purposes of the United States Steel Corporation to maintain such monopoly prices on steel products as would valorize the floods of fictitious capital in its issues. To insure this it required an impregnable monopoly. The President had chosen his successor for the election year of 1908. The "practical" men, who were the masters of American high finance, had dealt with him as a practical man on other occasions. They knew him for what he was. As a preliminary move, and to avoid local suspicion, they developed a business panic in London. They drew $125,000,000 of gold from London banks, this to fortify their position at home and precipitate credit disorder abroad. Interest rates in London were raised to prohibitive figures, tradesmen were ruined by thousands, and tens of thousands of working men and women were thrown into idleness and acute distress. Credit restrictions in London were the excuse for credit restrictions in New York, and the credit masters immediately proceeded to call loans, cut off credits and to call their loans on the Tennessee Coal & Iron collateral. They pulled the string on the trap they had baited with the lure of continued prosperity and cheap credit. Credit was now unobtainable at home or abroad. General industry became involved: the panic was on.

A rush was made to Washington for help to save the situation. Naturally an ambitious and forward-looking President could not permit his administration to be stained by the calamity of a protracted period of industrial stagnation and a slow industrial revival that would hang over into 1908 to imperil the success of his party or jeopardize the executive benediction of his favorite for the Presidential succession.

There was already $150,000,000 of the people's money in New York banks, deposited by the Secretary of the United States Treasury. This official poured $35,000,000 more government money into the New York banks in less than a week. By December 1, there was more than $250,000,000 of government money in the New York banks to plug the hole of the $6,000,000 loan to the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company. Did it stop the hole? It did not—and every additional million of government money only made it that much larger. Conference and consultation followed, with the President, with the Secretary of the Treasury, with the Attorney-General.

Meanwhile, *more than three billions were wrung out of market prices of Railroad and Industrial securities on the list of the Stock Exchange of New York; thirty billions were squeezed out of the market values of the products of American industry and the accumulated properties of the people. Bread lines, soup houses, were the order of the day in American cities,* while insanity and suicide swept across the nation. Still the masters of high finance, the credit managers of the nation "had done all in their power"; there was nothing more they could do, *unless, possibly they could be allowed to break the law.* Unfortunately, there was a very specific, definite statute that alone prevented their doing the only thing possibly able at once to arrest the stampede of ruin that was sweeping the country:

"Let them take over the properties of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, at present prices, and assume their liabilities and they would turn the tide of destruction into a healing stream of prosperity overnight."

Public Finance Becomes Private Property

THE Attorney-General, head of the Department of Justice (and to establish justice this government was created), found it a simple matter to conclude that the safety of the people is always the supreme law, regardless that the first principle of justice insists that no man shall be allowed to profit by his own wrongdoing. He found no obstacle to the course proposed—promised absolution, so far as his official action could go—and the thing was done. The panic stopped as casually and as suddenly as it had begun.

In less than two years (that is merely overnight for high finance), the market values of stock exchange securities were back where they started from in October, 1907. But the equities in thousands of millions were securely in the hands of the bargain hunters of high finance, the credit masters of the nation; who are masters of life and death for the industries and commerce of the people. Andrew Carnegie is reported as saying that he could have picked up fifty millions from the wreckage made by this conspiracy to confiscate the property of a business rival.

But the episode of 1907, although more definitely segregated, more clearly marked, as an example of the abuse of credit power and its consequences to the whole people, is only one of a series of very similar episodes in our financial history, 1857, 1873, 1883, 1894, 1907 and 1920-21, every black year *a natural consequence of the control of the public function of credit by private agencies.* The cost of these experiences to our industry and civilization is beyond computation. In money values alone it exceeds more than five times the national debt. It would rebuild every railroad in the United States more than six times over, more than a billion dollars for every year since Washington became our first President.

This is the price we pay, and must continue to pay for our system of public finance; for *permitting public finance to become private property.*

To abolish private exploitation it is only necessary that the general government resume its delegated authority to issue the money of the people.

A nation that, as to its political form and organization, is a democracy, but which as to its substance and function is an economic autocracy, is a kingdom divided against itself. It cannot endure permanently with form and function in opposition. It will become avowedly a political autocracy, in form as well as substance, or it will become, in substance as well as form, the economic democracy designed by the fathers.

So long as this state of affairs continues, so long as individuals in place of government retain control of the monetary measure, there can be no real religion, there can be no real liberty, there can be no real national life. The bases of religion are love and fraternity. There can be no fraternity while an unjust measure is permitted to introduce discontent and strife into all the relations of social life. The basis of liberty is justice. There can be no real justice while an unjust measure continues to nullify the lessons of wisdom and experience. The basis of national life is equality. There can be no equality so long as an unjust measure continues to rob the many for the benefit of the few. The control of weights and measures, including money, and the materials of which its symbols are made, is a prerogative, and a necessary prerogative of national life. It has been held so by all the courts of judicature, by all the exponents of law from Plato . . . . to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The gold question remains; and in our strenuous life the gold question involves considerations which not only affect the future of this nation, but of mankind at large.

Under these circumstances the time seems to be approaching when the money question will have to be debated upon much higher grounds than any which have hitherto been advanced in the contention. It will have to be argued not by appeals to ignorance and passion, but by appeals to religion and patriotism, to fraternity and to equity.

Where Dixie Sleeps Farthest North

Confederate Prisoners Who Never Went Back to Their Homes Rest in Peace in Wisconsin Plot

By HAZEL HANKINSON

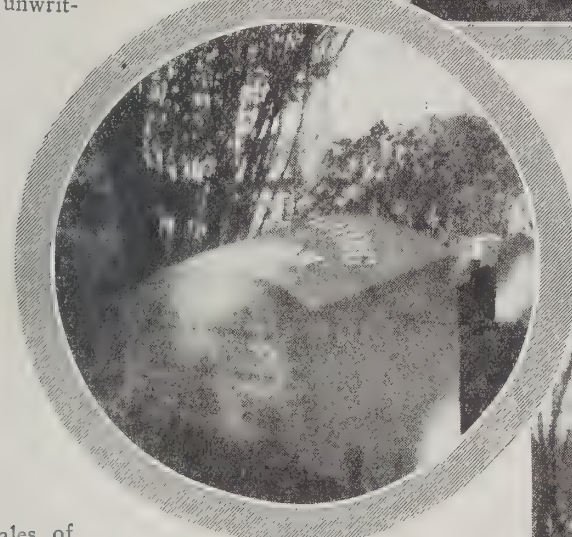
"At her request, she is buried beside 'her boys,' not one of whom she ever knew personally."

VISITORS to Madison, Wisconsin, are surprised to find in a quiet corner of the city's beautiful cemetery rows and rows of little stone slabs marking the graves of one hundred and thirty-six Confederate soldiers who were laid there to rest during the days of the Civil War. That there should be a Southern cemetery in a state which lies so far to the north of the war's battlefields seems a curious fact. But the really puzzling part of it is that there is included within the plot a one-hundred-and-thirty-seventh grave—the grave of a woman.

How these soldier boys came to be buried here, how a woman's grave came to be among them, is one of the stories from among many unwritten tales of loyalty, of love, and of allegiance, which the Southern people felt for the cause they were sure was a worthy one in the days from '61 to '65.

Present entrance to Camp Randall where hundreds of Southern soldiers were kept prisoners in the days from '61 to '65.

Row on row of little stone slabs mark the graves of Civil War soldiers of the South at Madison, Wisconsin. It is the nation's most northern Dixie cemetery.



Circle—Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman's grave among those of "her boys" in Confederate Rest.

Right—The last remnant of Civil War days at Camp Randall, Madison, Wisconsin. This old guardhouse remains as it was when Northern and Southern "boys" served time in camp for misdemeanors.

"It happened in '62," relates one of the old Wisconsin guard, "that a goodly number of the 'Boys in Gray' were stationed on Island No. 10, a point in the Mississippi near the corner of Tennessee, Missouri and Kentucky. Early that spring a troop of them were surprised and taken captive by a regiment of Federals, and thence they were sent to Northern camps to be retained for a time as prisoners of war. Some of the 'rebels' were kept at Springfield, Illinois; a few remained at Camp Douglas; while a large number were dispatched in boats up the Mississippi to be cared for at Madison.

"And they needed to be cared for," continues this veteran of the Nineteenth Wisconsin, the regiment selected to guard the prisoners at Camp Randall, the site of which now borders the campus of the Badger State's great university. "In the defense of Island No. 10, the Southern boys had been exposed to the cold rains of early spring. Often they had stood up to their waists in water in resisting our attacks, and they were not physically fit to endure the cold, raw winds of Wisconsin's April weather. Neither did they have clothing warm enough to come into such a climate."

That they received the best treatment possible, the Southerners themselves who survived admit. They were given the same rations as the "Boys in Blue." They were given as comfortable quarters as could be arranged for them. But just as the dread influenza took away so many of our soldiers of the World War, so pneumonia seized these boys from the South, and they died by the tens and the twenties. In less than two months from the time they arrived, the little plot of ground set aside by the people of Madison for receiving their bodies was filled. And the greater number of those who died were members of the First Alabama Regiment.

How some of the citizens of Madison, loyal supporters of the North, carried food and medicine and comfort to the suffering young fellows in the hospital; how one family, some of whom still reside in the city, took one of the boys to their own home and cared for him until he finally succumbed; these are touches of tenderness which show that at heart North and South were never far separated. But the chief concern of this narrative is the woman who "is buried beside 'her boys,' as she loved to call them, not one of whom she ever knew personally."

For several years after the war was over, "Confederate Rest," as the little Southern graveyard came to be called by the people of the Northern city, was almost forgotten. And it was not strange, for Wisconsin, like every other state, had her own soldier-dead to mourn over and to tend. While the resting places of the strangers were not allowed to be molested, they were neither marked nor given special attention.

One day there came to live at Madison from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, a Southern woman, Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman. A widow she was, without very much of this world's goods. But when she discovered the little cemetery, "Confederate Rest," where lay the "Boys in Gray," she gave all of her spare time to the tending of their graves. With her own hands she heaped the earth into mounds above each of the one hundred and thirty-six. From her own meager funds she paid for wooden slabs which were marked with the names of the boys, and with the dates of their deaths. She became as devoted to "her boys" as though they had still been alive, and by her beautiful character and personality she won the aid of others in her noble work. Three of her most loyal helpers, it is said, were Union men, each of whom had lost an arm in Dixie. Around the little plot of ground Mrs. Waterman planted hedges, "to keep the cold wind off my boys," she said. White flowering bushes are still to be seen there after fifty years or more. She had planted them amid the graves because they would blossom even though she were "not there to watch them." Two butternut trees were set out through her efforts so that "the children will go there to gather nuts, and thus make the place more pleasant by their presence."

And so, when Mrs. Alice Whiting Waterman died in 1897, having cared for "her boys" for twenty-five years, she, too, was laid down for her last sleep in "Confederate Rest." During all those years she had longed for the establishing of a monument of granite on which should be carved the names of these dead soldiers of the South. But not until after her death was the place marked through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and then no greater consideration was given to the soldiers themselves than was bestowed upon the little lady of the South who had mothered them after they were dead.

Today at "Confederate Rest," the northernmost cemetery of the "Boys in Gray," stands the longed-for monument of substantial proportions containing all the names of the soldiers and that of Mrs. Waterman in bold relief. Each grave is marked with a slab, and that of Mrs. Waterman is distinguished by one larger than the rest.

The graves of the Southern "mother" and "her boys" are as tenderly cared for as are the graves of the Wisconsin soldiers in their plot only a few rods away. Each year on Memorial Day, every grave of the Confederates, as well as every grave of the Union soldiers, receives the Stars and Stripes and an offering of flowers. Each year, midway between the resting places of the "Boys in Gray" and the "Boys in Blue," the salute is fired by silver-haired men in blue and young men in khaki.

And a little woman who loved "her boys" whom she had never seen did much to find and to foster that spirit of tenderness.

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On One Point They Are Mute

WATCHERS on the partisan towers are not so sure as they were a few months ago that they have squelched the Money Question by throwing the spotlight on Prohibition. The amount of so-called "sound money" propaganda in the country is amazing, and it is being printed in the best dailies as well as the smallest weeklies of the land. There can, of course, be no objection to this: the more propaganda the sooner will the people realize that there actually is a Money Question and that it is not academic nor of interest only to financiers. And the greater the halloo for "sound money" the better the chances that the thinking classes of the people will inquire as to the cause of the hue and cry and investigate for themselves whether our present system is "sound."

The Dearborn Independent has contended all along that this question is not for amateurs but for men with the financial mind. It is perhaps the measure of our emergency that men with the financial mind have been more captivated by the profits of the present system than with the principles by which money becomes necessarily the servant of all. Not that the high priests of the present system are unaware that danger threatens—they are very well aware of it, but there are no prophets to lead the financial world to confession and reformation. If this state of mind continues, then, as always has been the case, the awakening will come only through disaster, and it is disaster which the warnings uttered here would prevent.

In all the propaganda sent forth by the various financial groups there has been no straightforward discussion of Interest. Yet it is on the rock of Interest that the present system is to be wrecked unless its course is changed. There have been, it is true, a few elementary appeals to the common sense of the people showing that some hire or reward is due for money lent. But as to Interest in the commercial sense, as to Interest with bonuses and commissions and usury as the Banks have notoriously practiced it during the past ten years, no word. As to Interest itself, what it is, why it is, how arrived at, the extent and character of its effect on society, no word. Yet the propagandists must know, if they are admitted to the confidence of the financial high priests for whom they work, that it is precisely this matter of Interest which is causing restless nights among the hierarchy of gold.

The problem is simple. There are about five billions of dollars among the people.

The people are paying interest on forty billions of dollars.

How long can a people pay interest on eight times the amount of money in existence or at their disposal?

This question is more alarming than it would have been ten or twenty years ago, for we are mounting toward the cracking point at a pace which amazes even the financial rulers. Because we have paid for fifty years is not the slightest indication that we shall be able to pay another fifty years, the reason being that the peak is reached, the crisis has been sighted even by financiers who would like to deny the possibility of a crisis.

Now that there are so many "experts" writing on these subjects, will not one of the bankers' groups or one of the political parties commission someone to take up the matter of Interest? Tell how much of the charge made for money today is really "interest" and how much is something else. State the scientific basis of interest. State the facts regarding the interest charges borne by the United States today (the rest of the world is simply crushed under Interest). Tell us, if possible, how the annual interest charges can be borne, unless the increase of national wealth will mean a great increase in money—and if money should be based on wealth what would then become of that other fetish of the system, the Gold Standard?

There is no objection whatever to all the propaganda the aroused financial interests desire to broadcast. But why not discuss those parts of the question which touch the people's daily experience? In fact, we challenge a discussion of Interest.

Give the President a Chance

IT IS regrettable that the political note has been sounded so early in Mr. Coolidge's administration. The fact is part of the essential indecency of politics, and although Mr. Coolidge's friends have been among the offenders it must be remembered that the President himself has given every evidence of being more interested in the task that confronts him than in his own political fortunes.

The result of unwise and premature electioneering, however, has been to subject the President's actions to political interpretation, especially among those in office and in journalism whose meat and drink is political speculation and mystery. It is earnestly to be hoped that the habit will not spread among the people. For if there is any duty which citizenship lays upon a people who have endured the death of one President and the installation of his successor, it is the duty of giving the new incumbent the fairest of all fair chances. The success of Calvin Coolidge in the discharge of his responsibilities is the success of the United States, and that is the only light in which Americans can view the matter.

Mr. Coolidge doubtless can take ample care of himself, but it is submitted that judgment should not be passed upon him until his motives and methods are fairly well known. To illustrate how easy it is to misjudge a President and dishearten a people, take the handling of the coal strike. One view is that Mr. Coolidge flinched in the face of his first serious problem by handing it over to Governor Pinchot. Pinchot partisans, anxious to manufacture political thunder out of the situation, have even said that Pinchot forced the President of the United States to hand over the anthracite strike for settlement at Harrisburg instead of at Washington.

That these interpretations can command credence simply shows how necessary it is that Calvin Coolidge should be better known.

Heretofore we have demanded that our Presidents do everything and delegate nothing, a habit which has arisen through the methods of certain Presidents who unduly loved the limelight. But suppose President Coolidge has other ideas about that? Suppose that he has resolved to be a Constitutional President with a constitutional regard for the constitutional right of other officers of the Government? As Governor of Massachusetts Mr. Coolidge learned what pertains to the office of governor. It is related that as Vice-President of the United States *en tour,* a certain program required the governor of a state to pay his respects to Vice-President Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge immediately canceled the arrangement and revised it to require the Vice-President to pay his respects to the governor, because in the limits of his own state a governor is superior in station to all save the President of the United States. If, then, the anthracite strike centering in Governor Pinchot's jurisdiction, President Coolidge should regard the governor as the first authority properly to undertake the work of settlement, is he to be judged as sidestepping a duty or as proceeding with entire propriety? Clearly the latter. Mr. Coolidge took proper action and the result though temporary is appreciated. The next step, the reduction of railway rates on coal, comes more directly within the President's official jurisdiction. So that the Coal Question is still within the President's sphere of influence and responsibility.

What this country desires is not a President of this or that party, nor a President of this or that temperament or method; we all desire a President who will serve the people in their numerous difficulties, and to the end that Calvin Coolidge may do that to the utmost of his powers it is only good citizenship to give the President every chance and the benefit of every doubt.

Will the Wizard Whiz?

IF MR. LLOYD GEORGE comes to the United States it will be interesting to observe with what success his prestige survives the experience. America is the rock on which all their Foreign Mightinesses have broken. From the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the front of Clemenceau, reputations are few that have survived the calmer atmosphere of American judgment. M. Coue proved a better ambassador than them all, and even he departed just as the inquisitive were finding that the god was stuffed with sawdust.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Lloyd George has had expert counsel in preparing for his visit. He has made it almost imperative for the Jews to accord him a great reception. He has made it absolutely imperative for Mr. Hearst to tie down all the sirens of publicity. Mr. Brisbane has already started the ballyhoo work. It will probably be a personally conducted tour such as defaced the first of the recent visits of Dr. Lorenz who came on as a press attraction and was so surrounded by Jews that the general public dropped the matter in disgust. Dr. Lorenz is now an almost unmentioned resident in the United States.

Mr. Lloyd George has been first the creature and later the companion of the Jews to such an extent that he has been totally discredited in his own country. The election that turned Lloyd George out of office also cleaned out his Oriental friends. Lately he has written a very ignorantly composed article on "Anti-Semitism and Zionism," which, aside from his own too evident desire to secure Jewish favor, contains nothing but what has been printed endlessly in Jewish propaganda. To make a critical analysis of his article would be a waste of space. Never a thinker, much would still be forgiven him for being only a truth-teller.

Mr. Lloyd George says he comes to bring Canada his "thanks," which indicates an unconscious pose of royalty *en tour.* Canada will smile at this. His thanks, forsooth! Is it part of his mission to induce Canada to let down the bars which that Dominion has put up against the Jews? Quite likely.

The preceding visitor from England, Lord Robert Cecil, coolly informed us that the Great War was fought to attain two objects: one was the League of Nations and the other was Palestine for the Jews. After that Lord Robert Cecil was hearkened to no more. Lloyd George stands for the Palestine end of it, but is likely to say so only in exclusively Semitic circles.

Nine Generals Govern Spain

THE disgust with which portions of Europe have regarded inefficient government has manifested itself in Italy by the Fascisti movement and in Spain by the protest of high military authorities. Both movements are notably the same in character—they are revolts not against constituted authority but against dishonesty and inefficiency in high places. The Italian king and the Spanish king both accepted the objectives of the revolts. The news from Spain was, naturally, given a bad color at first, and in American ears the announcement of military rule has a prejudiced sound. But, quite regardless of the question of militarism, it is generally true that a nation's army is more jealous for the nation's traditions than are its politicians, and in a crisis honest army officers are more to be depended on than are self-seeking statesmen. This is true of the British army, the United States Army and the Italian army. It is probably not too much to say that Americanism is better understood by the officers of the United States Army than by any other class of citizens, and it is a refreshing experience to get the army point of view in evaluating certain movements going on in this country.

The Italian army saved Italy from a government that was rapidly ruining it. The Generals of Spain seem to have the same service in view for their own country, though it is rather early to know how they will succeed.

These invasions of the civil field by the trained military citizen may indicate that the suggestion to use the American Army for law enforcement in the prohibition crisis is not so impossible as it may seem. The army has been used for less important purposes than that, and the upholding of the Constitution of the United States is a sufficiently dignified work for any body of men in the public service. But what is most important of all—

The Army could do it!

Mr. Ford's Page

WHATEVER is not related to some necessary, urgent and practical end soon tends to faddism. In whatever direction the observer may look it may be taken as almost an infallible rule that where the most fads are seen there is the least certainty of knowledge or usefulness of method. Education, for example. Here the fads change like the styles, indicating a fertility of invention as well as a lack of guiding principle, and perhaps also a shrewd conviction on the part of the suppliers of educational utensils that the more ephemeral the fads the brisker the trade. The constant tinkering of our money system, the endless revision of our political methods, the restless searching of the people for foundations which they took on hearsay and which do not exist, all these show that a day of judgment has arrived in which all that is base and false is to be tried by that fire which tests every fiber.

IT IS time to protest against the fad of denouncing industry as "materialistic" and this age as an "age of materialism" because it is industrial. If lily-fingered inefficiency is "spiritual," the sooner the calloused hand becomes general the better for the world. To manipulate materials that they may serve the personal and family and community life of the world is very far from "materialism." Industry is not materials alone, and even if it were, materials are among the most wonderful creations. Industry is Science, Faith, Vision, Destiny, Discipline, Growth—all the spiritual qualities of common life. Industry is Idealism crystallized and made real to all the elements. The "age of materialism" was when men had no materials; their mastery of materials is emancipating them from the sordidly materialistic.

The most persistent fad of all was slightly indicated on this page last week and may now be described as the Fad For Denouncing The Material World. This fad in its superficial aspect is fostered in the name of art and in its deeper form is held in the name of religion and philosophy. There is a fad for the use of the term "spiritual," which may mean anything or nothing depending on the novelist or politician who uses it. In every case it is used as the opposite of "material."

The "spiritual" is supposed to be the lofty invisible essence of perfection, and the "material" the crass and sordid sign of degeneration. Because the period in which we live is busy stocking the world with the utilities of community life it is denounced as a "materialistic" generation, and because this work is gratefully absorbing to the mind and energies of men we are condemned as being the prey of "materialism."

And these judgments are usually passed by people who, through material means, are able to load on others the work of gratifying their material needs. Has an engineer ever been heard to use "materialism" in this sense, except when speaking of those whose greed for gain hinders the work of building and service? Hardly. This is left for the faddists.

The trouble is that we are wrong on our opposites. In the old religious phraseology it used to be assumed that Justice and Mercy were opposites; the Deity was not assumed to be Just because that was assumed to prevent his being Merciful. But the opposite of Justice is not Mercy, the opposite of Justice is Injustice. And so with "material" and "spiritual," they are held to be utterly antagonistic one to another.

Modern industry is held to be "materialistic" and hence "unspiritual." To "spiritualize" industry apparently a lot of talk must be injected, a lot of meetings held, a lot of artificial rosy atmosphere created, and the practical purpose of industry impeded. Speechmakers and advance agents of impossible millenniums, who are themselves supported by the "material" labors of farmers and bakers and clothing makers, and sheltered by the "material" labors of builders, and warmed by the "materialism" of the mining industry, and transported hither and thither by the "materialistic" transportation system, constantly berate the system on which they subsist, although every opportunity that has been given them to produce a better system has resulted in hunger and suffering. Now, hunger and suffering are truly a spiritual tragedy which our so-called "material" civilization constantly averts.

It is a fact that men never so really merit the term "materialist" as when the material things of life are scarce. Who is more a "materialist" and yet who more lacks materials than the savage? One fact is absolutely determined, that the lack of the material means of living leads more surely to "materialism" than does their possession. The lack focuses the mind constantly on the material thing; the possession of the material thing releases the mind to other considerations.

One of the great spiritual minds of the race, a mind whose thoughts have been received as Sacred Scripture, said: "That was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." There are degrees apparently but no primal antagonism. There is order but no necessary enmity. The way to the one is through the other. In practical life the way to creative living is through emancipation from the hourly uncertainty of supply. Too much of the material may become a burden—and it is a burden when it is a mere accumulation—but too little of the material is a ceaseless anxiety which soon becomes a drain on all the energies of life. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural." The ages of spiritual renewal were ages of a degree of material security.

If it cannot be claimed that modern industry is spiritual, may it not be said that it has all the elements of spirituality within it? Does the millennium require our getting rid of it? In the Golden Age will people not eat bread?—and if so who will raise the grain and grind the wheat and bake the flour? Shall there not be modes of transportation?—and if so who will man the shops in which the vehicles of sky and earth and water are manufactured? Shall there not be a money system also?—and who will administer it in justice? Are not all these things implicit in the marvelous system which we have seen grow up around us this last half-century?

True enough, too many hindrances prevent this view of industry being taken today. No one would claim that the average workingman thinks of himself as a public servant. But are not the elements for that thought present? Look over the spiritual elements of industry, which strangely enough are its strongest material elements, too. There is, first, Science. Though it deal with matter, Science is not materialistic; it discovers truth, principle, the invisible and spiritual laws by which all things exist and consist. The more Science involved in an industry, the stronger that industry's foundation, the sounder its service. The less Science, the more fraud and waste and evil effect upon the community. Businesses that have gone under the ban are those that have been false to Science for the sake of gain. Knowledge, Science, is third in the list of spiritual qualities—faith and virtue being the first two: "add to your faith . . . . knowledge."

Then there is the quality of Service—not only the "service" which is urged for the sake of getting trade, but that which runs from the individual to the universal purpose. All who are engaged in legitimate industry are serving the world whether they give themselves the credit for it or not. But beyond that daily service of individuals to the community there is the service of industry itself to the furtherance of the purpose of human society. No one now doubts that modern industry is a stage in development which had to be passed through, and is an essential layer in the foundation of a greater future. We say of prophets and statesmen that they came in their time to do their work, we may say the same of industry and its universal products. Can anyone doubt that the wireless and the motor car and the airplane have come in their time?

One other spiritual quality in industry—Discipline. The control of matter and mind, the bending of energy to a given purpose, and not for the moment only but for programs of progress and production extending over years and in some cases over lifetimes, this surely is not "materialism," it is rather the descent of the higher elements into the lower for the sake of refining and elevating the significance of the lower.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Dictatorship May Mark the End of Mussolini

Italians Find Repression Irksome and Usually End It, History Reveals

By WILLIAM KNIGHT

ONE of the most difficult tasks for a nation, as for an individual, is the living down of a past. Since 1870, when the unification of Italy was completed with the annexation of Rome, the new Italy which resulted has been under the tremendous burden of a glorious past. To the rest of the world, Italy has been, during the last fifty years or so, "the petted godchild of Europe" and "the great-grandmother of civilization." Ruskin and Browning, Howells, Byron and Goethe, and, in fact, the great poets of all nations have made of Italy a fairyland populated by the shadows of a past, a past so glorious and so romantic that it is almost impossible for a foreigner visiting Italy for the first time to see anything other than shadows, ghosts and the ruins of a mighty empire.

It is all very well for a nation to have a past, and it is very gratifying to hear people of other countries extolling the past of your native land, the beauty of her skies and the art treasures of her museums, but when you have heard this sort of music all your life and you have never heard a word of praise and appreciation for what the present generation has accomplished, as Italy has, you cannot reproach the Italians for feeling sick and tired of hearing Rome mentioned as the "Eternal City" and beginning to resent the admiration of the world for the "petted godchild of Europe."

Italy Before the War

THE Italians, these highly gifted and temperamental Latins, successors of a world-conquering race, are not so universally understood. The fact that Italy has today a merchant marine comprising upward of three million dead-weight tons, twenty thousand kilometers of railways, a number of most important national industries and enormous possibilities for hydroelectric applications, has not been generally known to the world at large until recently.

Politically as a European power, up to 1914, Italy was never taken seriously by any important nation. Its rôle was always to agree to the policies of one of the dominating European powers. In every cartoon illustrating the part played by Italy in the so-called Concert of Nations, Italy has always been represented as the dancing partner of either England, France or Germany. In every colonial adventure or annexation expedition organized by a European power for its own benefit, while it took the meat, Italy was sometimes allowed to have the bones and, more often, not even that much.

While in the eyes of tourists, Italy was only a "has been," in the eyes of the governments of the great nations of Europe, Italy was little more than a geographical expression and a negligible factor in international politics, although in a commercial sense she was an important factor as an importer of raw materials, foodstuffs, and manufactured products, and as an exporter of wine, fruits, marble, alabaster, sulphur, cotton and silk products.

Italy could do no more in fifty years than she has done. Moreover, the governments that Italy has had during this period of national growth could not have done any better; yet, in the eyes of the younger generation of modern Italians, the policies of Zanardelli, Sonnino and Giolitti have appeared weak and vacillating when compared to the policies of the earlier governments of Cavour and Crispi, and to the legendary exploits of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel II, the fathers of the Italian nation. The trouble with the Italian Government was that common to all democracies which are not created by the self-conscious will of a united people. Politically, the unity of Italy had been obtained in 1870; actually, the North, the Center, and the South of Italy were separated by centuries of independent history, each having different interests, each having a different conception of the state, which was the melting pot of a race divided into small historical groups having nothing in common but their origin. Such being the case, how escape from that political quagmire, of which Giolittianism has been only one type, government by the distribution of patronage the smothering of opposition by bribery?

Italy's Aims of Empire

SUCH a state of affairs was bound to create a strong feeling of dissatisfaction among the younger Italian generation which knew not the Italy of pre-revolutionary days. The present generation was born in a united Italy. It does not know what a hard task it has been to form such a political union and what an even harder task it has been to form the Italian consciousness. Consequently, for years, even while Italian industry was growing and while Italy was becoming every year more and more a strong power, the youth of the nation was clamoring for the "new man" who would guide Italy to the goal of high destinies.

Strange people the Italians. While on the one hand they resented the grandeur of Rome and the natural beauties of their country being mentioned abroad as the outstanding features of Italy, they themselves were always clamoring for the "new man" and the "higher Italian destinies," meaning by that, the MAN who would lay hold of the Italian government and secure for Italy the respect of all other nations, restore the prestige of Rome and the power of Venice, re-establish the Italian supremacy in the Mediterranean and extend the Italian borders over the Alps.

This strange sentimental mixture of aspirations for the future, pride in a glorious past, and restlessness of a naturally emotional race was not, however, the only cause of dissatisfaction in Italy. Economic causes have been more important than purely sentimental causes in the Italian history of the last forty years. In 1892, Bissolati and a small group of earnest men organized the first real political party in modern Italy, the "Socialist Party of Italian Workers, and founded the newspaper, *Avanti*, which has since been the organ of Italian socialism. The Italian Socialist party preached the redemption of the workingman, and the Socialist movement has greatly contributed during the last forty years to the awakening of a political consciousness of the industrial and rural masses.

Alongside the Socialist party, another political party, the Catholic party, has also done much for creating a sense of political responsibility and for amalgamating into a political union Italians of the North, the Center and the South, who previous to that time had nothing in common but a flag. The Catholic party has been the great support of Clericalism and its chief issues have been the school and the "Roman question." This party has been particularly strong in the agrarian sections of Italy, which include one-third of the total population.

A third political party must be considered before we can obtain a fairly complete picture of the Italian political complex. This is the Nationalist party. There are manufacturers and employers of labor in Italy who have created Italian industry and commerce and who take pride in their patriotic creative effort. But there is also a "political industry" in Italy which is not grounded on natural conditions and which survives only through governmental protection and manipulation of the machinery of the state. The National party is a recent creation of this latter type of industry, the sole function of which is the maintenance of a favorable atmosphere of political intrigue. Imperialistic in foreign policy, this party favors the capture by force of foreign territories to supply resources that Italy lacks, and in domestic policy follows the Bolshevistic idea of the dictatorship of the *millionariat*.

To this nationalistic idea of an "Imperial Italy" were naturally attracted the enthusiastic young men of modern Italy in quest of the "new man" who would guide Italy to her "higher destinies." Their motives, however, were purely emotional, while the motives of the particular class of industrial and commercial interests that gave rise to the National party were selfish and partisan. The Libyan war of 1911 was the first practical materialization of modern Italian Imperialism. While the Socialist and the Catholic parties are purely popular parties, the National party is the exponent of a class of intellectuals possessing a nostalgic desire to revive the grandeur of Rome, backed up by a small but powerful clique of financial interests. It is the party of patriotic demagogues which makes no great campaign for votes but contents itself with the appliance of direct pressure upon successive governments for the furtherance of its interests. This party is particularly strong in Northern and in Central Italy but is strongly opposed in the South where Socialists and Catholics have always been decidedly against any sort of external war, being concerned only with internal class struggles.

A National Spirit Created

THE most important social function of all political parties in Italy has been to create during the last fifty years a national spirit which did not exist before. To this end the national public school system has also greatly contributed, and, more than anything else, the compulsory military service, which brought together Italians of the North, the Center, and the South. The army and the navy have really been the true melting pot of modern Italy, and the World War has been the great test of fifty years of earnest efforts on the part of both the government and political parties for creating the Italian consciousness.

In spite of the fact that in 1914 many persons opposed Italy entering the World War, the great majority of Italians from all sections of the country forgot all differences of political opinions and proved to be Italians first. This is particularly true of the large majority of the Socialist party which, when Italy joined the Allies in the war, flocked to its banners and accepted the World War as a struggle for international justice and international solidarity, even if this was in opposition to the rigid tenets of Marxism and the dogmas of the doctrinaire majority then in control of Italian socialism.

The part played by D'Annunzio in bringing about the entrance of Italy into the war is probably the best illustration of what can be done by appealing to the emotions of a highly temperamental nation, which is "a strange mixture of explosive youthfulness and of encumbering decrepitude."

At the end of the war Italy emerged from those momentous and tragic years of struggle possessed of her redeemed provinces and with victory over her inveterate Austrian foe. She also inherited from the war acute labor disturbances and financial chaos, attendants of post-war conditions in all other combatant countries.

Shattered ideals of peace based upon a chimerical international justice, broken promises, death and misery, were the rude awakening from the ghastly nightmare of four years of war. Revolution and violence were the reaction. There was, however, a new element which had germinated out of the war—the returned soldier, who had fought and suffered, who had saved Italy on the Piave and had settled the old Irredentist problem at Vittorio Veneto. The returned soldier was not disposed to let Italy be torn to pieces by Italians after he had saved her from the enemy. To those who pointed to Russia as the mother of a new civilization, they answered that if the world needs a new civilization, this will be dictated by Rome. A leader was needed, a "new man" who would guide Italy to her "higher destinies." That leader was found—Benito Mussolini. A name was needed for the movement—"Fascismo" was the name adopted. A formula was demanded of this new movement and the answer was—"Italy above all else; but through the agency and under the direction of those who by their blood saved her."

This is the fundamental formula of Fascismo, its immediate purpose being to destroy each of the antagonists of the national idea, socialism, clerical agrarianism and the bureaucratic, paternalistic state. The means used for this purpose—any means. Its final program was enunciated by Mussolini at the conclusion of his speech on the Capitoline during the celebration of the birthday of Rome: "We shall ever march onward, toward that Imperial Italy which is our dream and our faith."

Fascism a Strange Mixture

OF ALL the revolutionary movements which have taken place in Europe, during and since the war, Fascismo is one of the most interesting and represents a strange mixture of revival of long-forgotten imperialistic dreams of world domination, of Bolshevistic methods of government accepted by a nation which is fundamentally anti-Bolshevist, of capitalistic interests saved from Communism by a man who in June, 1914, was on the brink of conquering Italy as the leader of a turbulent revolutionary Socialism, and of justice, injustice; dreams and realities.

Under the sway of Fascism, "Italy today," writes George D. Herron, "teems with the voices, with the clamors and vital forces, with the turbulent overlife of a new national springtime."

Fascismo is the resultant of social and psychological forces integrated by a born leader of men, a modern "signorotto" of the Italian rural districts who, as Doctor A. Livingston, head of the Italian and Spanish Bureau of the Foreign Press Service, defines him, "rode the black horse of political revolution for the first half of his life and who now chooses the white horse of patriotism for the rest of his ride to domination and immortality."

A native of the province of Romagna which has always been a boiling pot of political agitation, Benito Mussolini has the greatest contempt for the mob, for the politician, for anything which is not *will* and which is not *action*. The soldier does not mean anything to him except as a means of action. Mobs, politicians, soldiers, financial interests and political programs—he has used them all and has allowed himself to be used by them, swallowing them all in the end, till it is a question whether he will be able finally to digest them. His conception of politics and history has led him, since the beginnings of Fascismo, to the organization of returned soldiers into a military oligarchy to restore order at home and to create at the same time a strong Italy worthy of the traditions of an Imperial Rome and the Venetian Republic. The whole Fascisti organization is modeled and disciplined as were Caesar's legions.

Fascismo is a word derived from *Fascio* which was the insignia of the Roman Empire—a bundle of rods tied around an ax symbolizing the colonies of the Roman Empire all tied together with Rome as the center. The Fascisti helmet was patterned after the Roman helmet, while the black shirt and the fez are strongly reminiscent of the Venetians of the bravest days of old. The Fascisti army is composed of army corps which are called "Legions." The Legions are divided into "Cohorts" and Cohorts are divided into "Centuries," commanded by a "Centurion." These are again divided into "Squads." The names are those used by Imperial Rome. The fighting Fascisti are called "Principis" and the reserves, "Triarii," or men of the third line. Again we find the Roman names. The Roman army salute is used by all Fascisti, by all schoolboys and is gradually becoming the generally accepted form of salute among all Italians, and the rallying cry, "Eia! Eia! Alala!" is a combination of Venetian and Roman war crys.

What Mussolini Faces

FROM top to bottom, Fascism is the rebellion of an old race of conquerors, of artists, of sailors, merchants, artisans and poets that for centuries has been kept separated into small groups and that after fifty years of national life has found once more, at the end of a bloody war, that spirit of nationality that centuries of foreign domination could not destroy. It is not surprising that Fascismo revives in Italy the memories of Rome, if we consider that the Roman Empire remains the only *national* government that Italy has had in two thousand years. The Roman army salute revived by Mussolini—a swift, graceful, upward sweep of the right arm, hand extended, palm down, stopping at the level of the forehead, a salute which has been adopted by almost the entire nation, has destroyed within a few months the barriers erected by centuries of different culture and different history between Italians of the North, the Center, and the South.

If Fascismo lasts long enough, Italy will be once more the most imperialistic nation in the world. External problems are only beginning to be faced by Mussolini, who has always wanted one thing at a time. After getting it, however, he has always wanted something else and something bigger. But we must keep in mind the fact that for Mussolini, modern Italian history begins with and has its sources in the war. The question of the emigration of the surplus Italian population is bound to be the keynote of the foreign policy of the Italian Government,

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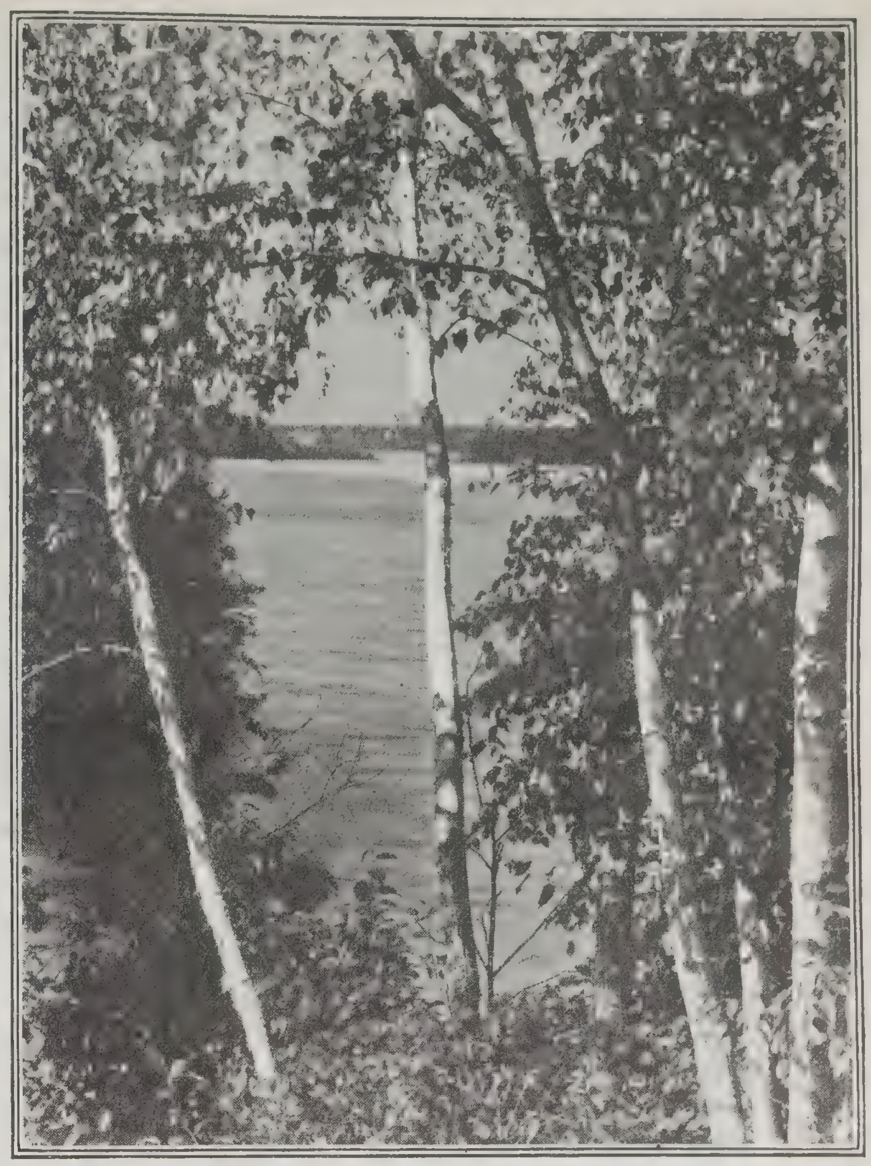
Balancing Beauty and Usefulness

Individuals and Communities Profit and Further Plans for Out-of-doors

By FRANZ A. AUST

Associate Professor of Landscape Design, University of Wisconsin.



Preserving beautiful views for folks to enjoy is part of Wisconsin's plan.

SAID a business men: "When I go out into the country to make a deal with a farmer, as I often have to do, I know by the looks of the dooryard the kind of man I'm going to meet. Pig pens near the front door, calves bawling around the front yard, no grass, not a tree—I know before I see the man there's neither plan nor system on that farm. A few miles farther on, maybe, I come to a place that's different—quiet stretch of green, grassy lawn, shrubs planted around the house, trees, restfulness, beauty. 'Here's a good business man,' I say to myself, and I haven't yet been mistaken."

Good advertising? Both the man and his farm have gone up several notches in value in the stranger's mind just because the dooryard was neat, and that old elm at the corner softened the angles of the house, and the redness of that sumach along the driveway was so cheery, and the Virginia creeper over that kitchen door spoke of a contented wife and children somewhere around. It's a common trait of a city man to appreciate beautiful surroundings when he sees them on a farm.

And speaking of traits. There is, among neighbors, one much used and abused. Sometimes it affects us in the form of a more expensive car when Mr. Next Door buys that "something-better-than-a-flivver." Sometimes it's the wife wanting new curtains like Mrs. Brown's. There are some objections to this trait which probably was a gift to us from Solomon or his neighbor, the Queen of Sheba—whoever envied which. But it works wonders with dooryards, especially in newly settled communities. One family desires beauty and color in the dooryard. Soon a whole neighborhood is adding a flower bed here and a lilac bush there, and everyone finds himself growing a greater respect for himself and for everybody else whose surroundings are becoming more attractive. Then follow more and better books, and good music, and young people going to college.

Said one of these young agricultural students recently: "I never knew hawthorn bushes were worth anything until I saw one being set out on the university campus the other day. Why, we have skads of 'em at home on the farm; might have one or two in the yard as well as not, and they wouldn't cost a cent. Never seemed very pretty all bunched in, the way you find 'em wild. Have to tell Dad about it."

Little things, these seem, all of them, sort of exalted boomerangs. But the good opinion of the city business man, and the standard-raising envy of the neighbors, and the added respect of the farmer boy student for the growing things of the countryside, are all playing a part in the big program. It's a program of profit for farm and family and community in the country. It's a program to bring about a better countryside which many a state is trying to see fulfilled.

Some states have a definite organized service for beautifying the landscape. This service is either furnished by the state college of agriculture, or by the United States Government working through its Department of Agriculture, or by a special bureau of the state government.

Massachusetts furnishes plans and surveys and tries to get in touch with every community through her college of agriculture together with funds from Uncle Sam. There is a service for the designing and beautifying of school grounds and parks and playgrounds and cemeteries. Exhibits showing what is being done in other communities are placed in libraries and town halls. Lectures which specially emphasize the community's own problem are delivered. While rural communities are given the preference, no town or city in the state is barred from receiving assistance.

Iowa through her college of agriculture gives advice to individuals and communities, but no plans. She keeps what she calls a "Demonstration Farm" or two in each county, however, and the owner of each must be a capable farmer or professional man financially able to carry out the project well. A good example, he must be, so that the whole countryside may see the value of the more beautiful farm dooryard. There is one "Demonstration School" in each county, too—a consolidated school—and there are lectures and movies and suggestions for the smaller schools and for many other community activities.

In the South, Georgia is perhaps doing the most of any one state. There is a "field agent in landscape gardening" who goes about over the state's 60,000 square miles. He visits the farmers who have already made plans for beautifying their places, and right there he makes suggestions for improving and carrying out the plans. For schools and other public work he makes plans and specifications. "And," says the president of the state college, "we could use more men in the field of landscape extension, if we only had the money to pay them."

In another southern state, a home demonstration agent recently made it a club requirement in her county that each member should do something to beautify the foundation of her home. Thus the women became interested. And since most of the houses are built on piers, it meant the building of wall or trellis, or appropriate plantings, and sometimes it meant both building and planting.

In helping folks to own farms and country homes, California is doing a unique work. The farm colony at Durham is becoming known everywhere as a splendid example of rural community development. The department of landscape design of the University of California is helping this work along by the making of townsite plans. The plan for the community center at Durham is a great influence in making farm life more attractive, as it provides meeting place, athletic field, automobile camp, and experimental gardens, laid out most conveniently and artistically.

And then, in the work which Pennsylvania is doing, the keynote again is beauty and service combined. The "bureau of municipalities" of the state gives information and advice about choosing and developing sites for public buildings and parks and parkways and playgrounds. It tries to see that all public improvements are made in such a way that they bring added advantage to those whose homes and business are close by.

These are various parts played by some of the states in the big program. But the greatest part of all, and that in which all states concerned unite their interest, is to stimulate the attention of folks—the farmer, the farmer's wife, the children, the community leader—in making for themselves a better outdoor world in which to live: boosted occasionally, of course, by the city business man, and the neighbors, and the student.

As next in importance to the farm home, take the little country school. Since there is value added to the farm home by having its surroundings more beautiful, is there not an advantage in having the schoolhouse look like something more than a huge cracker box in an open field?

In a certain county of Northern Wisconsin stands a school in a wealth of natural trees and flowers and shrubbery. Through the teacher who loves the out-of-doors, the children are being taught to care for their native plants and flowers, and they learn to love even the ones which are most common on their own home farms. Since the children have also a separate play yard, there is no reason for their carelessly harming the growing things, and thus they are taught an added lesson of respect for property which is not wholly theirs. An ideal country school grounds is this, and although not a demonstration project, it is spreading an influence which is needed throughout the state. It is furthering Wisconsin's plan.

Where the "cut-overs" are being rapidly settled in upper Wisconsin at present, much attention is being paid

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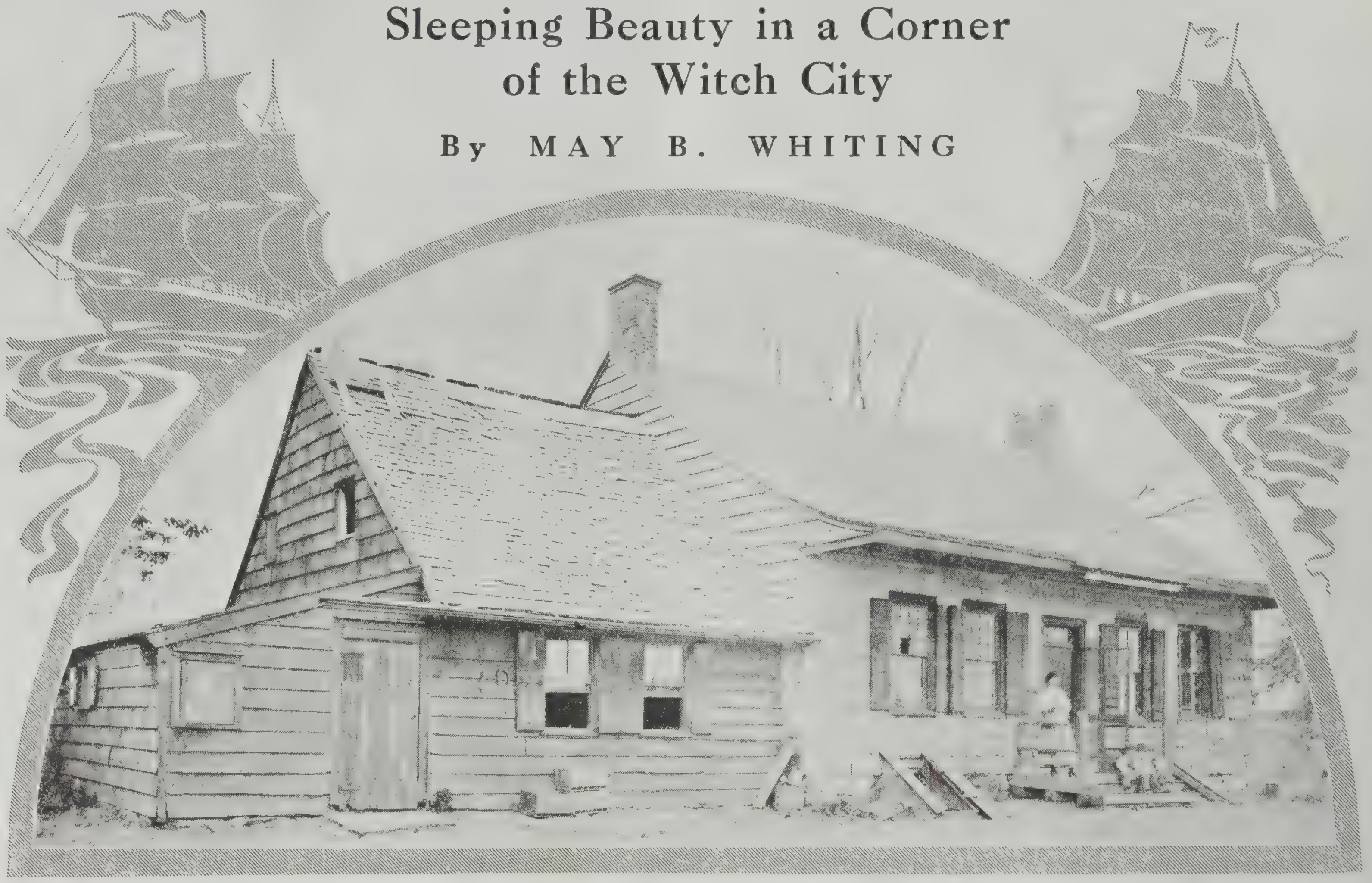
Above—Planting trees along the roadside to bring about greatest beauty and usefulness is a problem that landowners, road engineers and landscape designers should work out together.

Right—A new settler in the cut-over country added these touches of beauty to his home grounds during his first year on the land. It was the direct result of suggestions offered by the extension service of his state college of agriculture.

The Last of the Old Salem Shops

Sleeping Beauty in a Corner of the Witch City

By MAY B. WHITING



The old Wyckoff homestead on Canarsie Road, south of the old Flatlands Neck Road. Now known as the Konwenhaven Place, Flatlands, Brooklyn, New York.

LONG before Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon opened her store in The House of the Seven Gables, shops were a distinctive feature of old Salem. It seems as if every settler made it his ambition to build a lean-to where those of his family, unfit for active labor, might turn an honest penny. Years ago, distinguished tourists found these unique establishments delightful and wrote charmingly about them for the *Atlantic*. But in the last half-century, with the coming of the department store and other uncouth innovations, the little shops have one by one folded their shutters and pined away, a storehouse for forgotten rubbish.

Not that there are not plenty of shops in Salem, of the modern variety, with glaring painted signs, pretending an antiquity to which they have no claim, their windows bright with a foolish display to tempt the passer-by to enter and to buy what perhaps he cannot afford. Not so the real old Salem shop which would scorn to flaunt its wares. You have to know where it is to find it, and then you must look twice or you will pass it by.

And so, if you wish to visit the last survivor of the ancient line, you must follow directions closely. From the station, walk down Essex street, past stately colonial mansions, three-storied, with classic porch, and mediocre modern structures jostling at their elbows. Soon, at your right, you pass the Witch House, dark and frowning, and scarcely more than a stone's throw away on the opposite side, is Mr. Cousin's Art Store.

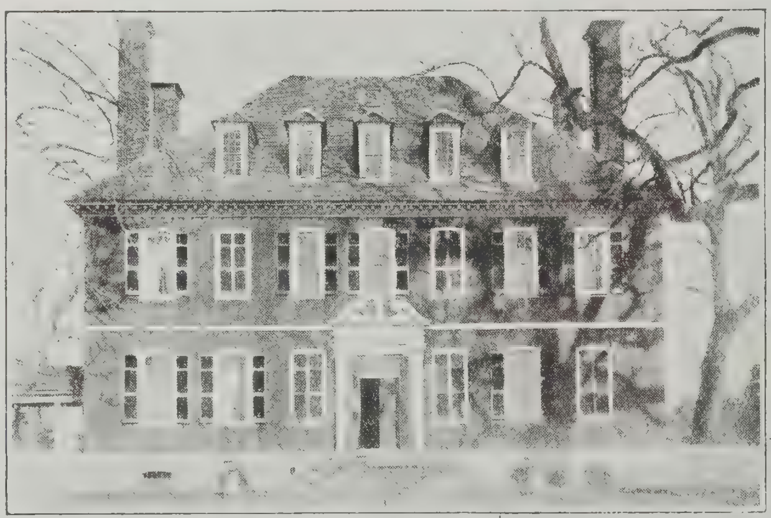
At first the prospect does not seem inviting. It is very evident that the house has a past, perhaps a wicked one. Gambrel-roofed, with small paned windows, it presents a narrow, noncommittal front to the street, but to the rear it stretches itself out rakishly in a tangle of bushes that was once a back yard. There is nothing on the outside to indicate a shop, unless it be a little card, stuck carelessly in a window and not legible from the street, but on the porch at the side there is an empty glass frame that seems encouraging. So you walk down the brick paved way and push open the outer door. Here, at last, is the sign. THIS IS THE PLACE, it reads in clear, black type, and then, completely reassured, you enter.

As you cross the threshold you realize that you are leaving the world of automobiles, of soda fountains, and of movies, very far behind. This is another world, old, very old, not merely with the forty years of its existence, but with the accumulated lore of almost three centuries of little shops behind it.

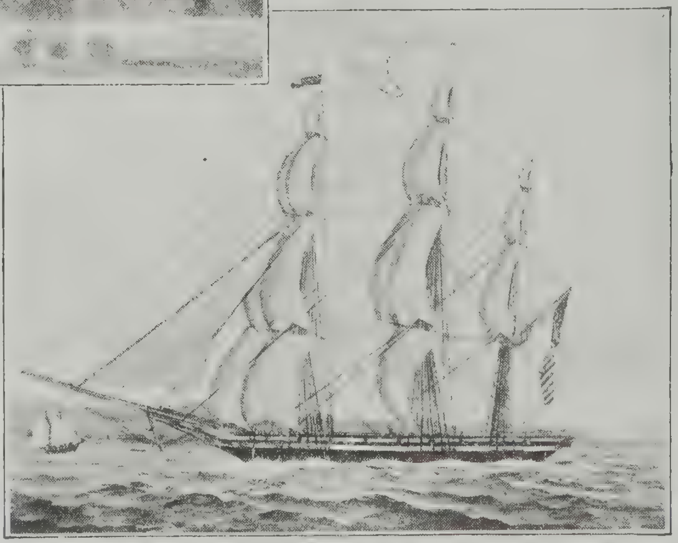
In the half light, made dim by dust and cobweb festoons, you try to make out the surroundings. On the window ledge there are a few flower pots with withered stalks protruding limply from the hardened earth. There is a dish of bulbs, black and wizened things, and dried peach stones on an earthen plate. There seems to be nothing salable in sight, but on a fine old mahogany table there are boxes piled high, and you come close enough to read the labels. "Witchcraft," "footscrapers," "wall paper," "window fasteners" (one *might* buy a window fastener although not in need of one at the moment), "cupolas," "pilasters," and so on, through a mystifying list.

And still there is no one to wait on you. Above your head, in plain sight, is the shop bell. No doubt it used to jangle warningly at the entrance of a customer, but the cord is long since broken. In the darkest corner stands a handsome old-fashioned secretary. Perhaps that has a display. But on its shelves is a collection of minerals, neatly labeled in a fine, painstaking hand. Surely *those* are not for sale. Some one loved them too dearly.

At last, with shuffling step, the proprietor enters, appearing suddenly from some recess of the rambling old house. He takes his place behind the counter with much seriousness and surveys you contemplatively. He is such a proprietor as the last of old Salem shops ought to have, a big man, past seventy, whose countenance shows only lines of gentleness and the luster of whose dark eyes the cares of this world have not dimmed. Slowly he takes out his spectacles and puts them on. They are magic spectacles with only one lens and by them he can tell whether you are a person of sufficient intelligence to warrant his bringing out his wares. The examination over, he asks in a low, musical voice, well suited to the silence of the shop, "And what pictures can I show you today?"



The main building at Westover, James River, Virginia, was built in 1737. Theodore Roosevelt said he did not know there was so fine a house in America.



Ship *George*, Thomas West Master, from Calcutta. Off Cape Ann, bound to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1820.

Before you can get your wits together for a reply, his partner enters. (You know it always took two people to keep a shop. There was the Button Shop of the Misses So-and-So, and poor Hepzibah with her brother Clifford.) The partner is a woman, a frail little body, nowhere near reaching the shoulders of the proprietor. With noiseless step, but with a peculiar directness of movement she glides into the room, takes her place beside him, and fixes blue, unwinking eyes upon you. Then you draw a little gasp of surprise. This partner is blind!

"A new customer, sister Hattie," says the proprietor with infinite tenderness. Then to you again, "What pictures shall I show you?"

With a little start you come to. To ask for "views" seems too commonplace. You look at the walls for inspiration, catch a glimpse of a faded photograph, and murmur, "Ships."

"Ships," repeats the proprietor. "Have we any ships, Hattie?"

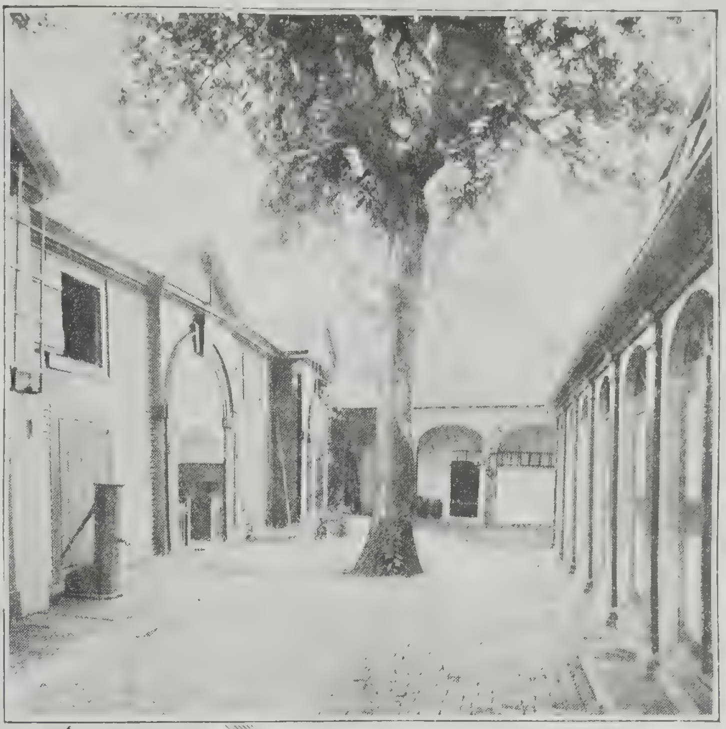
A thin little laugh greets this question. "We've got lots of ships. They're on the right-hand side of the chimney cupboard."

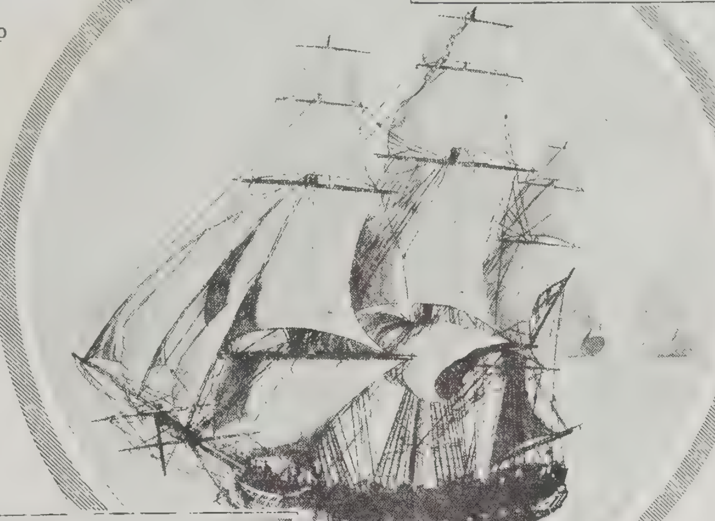
"So they are," agrees the proprietor and opens a door of a closet that runs back the length of the chimney. Years ago it held logs for the fireplace. Now it is piled high with boxes. The proprietor carefully selects one and blows the dust off.

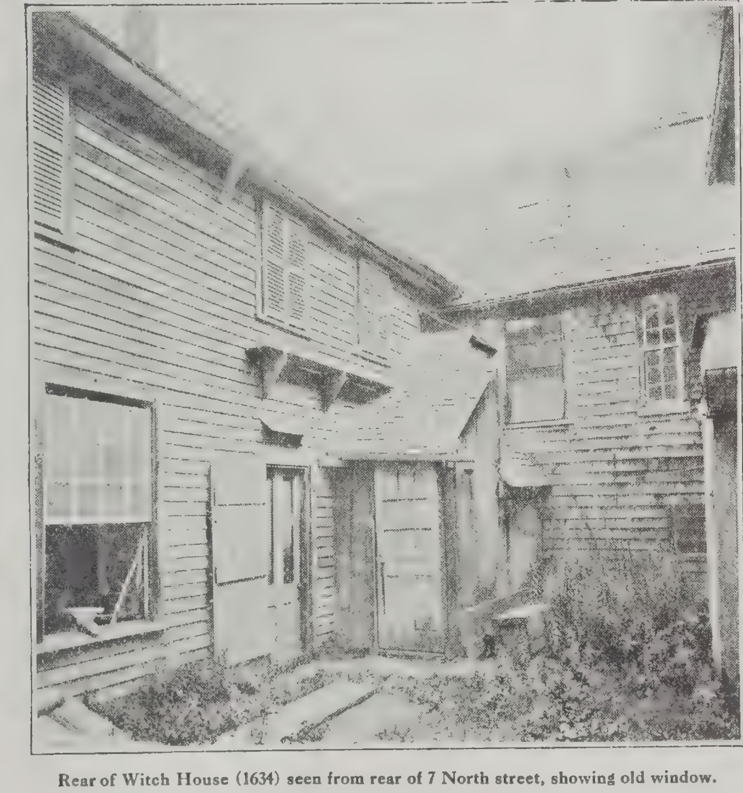
"I haven't been over my ships lately and I'm not sure how many hundred I have, but here's some of old Salem." Then he takes them out, one by one, naming them over as he lays them on the counter.

"Here's the *Light Horse* that opened up trade with Russia, and the *Grand Turk* that went to Batavia. This is the *Atlantic* that took the flag first to Bombay and there's the good ship *George* with her. Here's the *Margaret* that first went to Japan and the *Rajah* that made the whole world look to Salem for its pepper. Here's the *Come Along Polly* and the privateer *America.*" Then with a little sigh, "When those ships were on the seas, Salem was the foremost port in the New World."

"And here's the *Mount Vernon,"* he continued after a moment. *"She* was a lovely ship. She carried twenty gun and fifty men and a carload of sugar to the Mediterranean. She had to fight off French cruisers all the way. But she did it and she exchanged her cargo for wine and silks and brought back $100,000 profit for her owners. Those were the kind of men they were."


The English courtyard of the Pierce-Nichols House, 80 Federal street, Salem, 1782.


Ship *Mount Vernon* of Salem, Massachusetts, 1798.


Rear of Witch House (1634) seen from rear of 7 North street, showing old window.

"It must have been hard on the women folks at home," mused Miss Hattie.

"She was Elias Derby's last venture. He promoted 45 cabin boys to be captains and left the biggest fortune in the country. But of course there was some bloodshed and considerable evading of laws, I suspect."

By this time your interest is shifted from the pictures to the gentle-voiced proprietor; still handling them over with loving fingers. "Perhaps you are of that race of seamen that made America known?"

"Most old families in Salem are," he answered simply. "My father was a seafaring man. But don't you want to see some porches? I have hundreds of them. These are of Salem, which has the finest architectural streets in the country."

And then, as if by magic, there blossoms in the dinginess the beauty of classic arch, with pure Ionic and Corinthian columns, Georgian gateposts, and wrought iron, delicate as lace, so that the drab little shop is quite transfigured.

"Strange how some folks never get their deserts in this world," mused the owner. "Did you ever hear of the McIntires? You never did! And they were the greatest family of architects and builders we ever had, but no one wrote about them. There's Paul Revere. He was a good workman and he rode to Lexington. And Shem Drowne. He did some carving and Hawthorne made up a story about him. There's Charles Bulfinch. He was a tasty man and had rich friends and a daughter who wrote down every move he made. But none of them were geniuses like the McIntires. The whole of them, brothers and uncles and cousins. worked together, and the flower of the family was Samuel. He made the most beautiful face of Washington that was ever done, I think. Carved it in wood, too For fifty years it was over our Common gate, and now it's in the Essex Institute. Everything they did was good, fences and all. Take the fence of this Pierce-Nichols house. It's worth a trip to Salem to see that alone."

"And the furniture in that house," piped up Miss Hattie.. "It would make your eyes stick out to see it, all carved, and Chinese chairs and such."

"They furnished them from the four corners of the world," agreed her brother. "But think of the times in which they lived. There's no romance in the world today," and he stares at you so fixedly that you fear he will read the denial of his statement in your eyes. *"Then* the streets of Salem were like a bazaar, with silks and spices and jade and ivory in the storehouses, and parrots and monkeys in the shops, and sailors with pigtails and earrings, and sail lofts where it was dim and cool, and captains walking the streets like kings—"

"And one of them married a Chinese wife," chirped in Miss Hattie, "real Chinese, and high caste, too. And he brought her home to Salem and she's buried in the Charter Street Cemetery with Governor Bradstreet and all the rest. I've seen her grave. It must have been kind of sad living here for her. Lots of folks have sad lives."

Then a little hush falls over the shop. The proprietor and his sister seem absorbed in their own thoughts, and you have a panicky feeling that somehow the spell may break. You try to think of something to say that may prolong it.

"You must have taken many photographs," you remark at random.

"Thousands of them. Southern colonial, Dutch colonial. I have them all. Whenever I hear of anything beautiful I go and get it. I have never been to Europe but I have 100,000 photographs of galleries and works of art of the Old World. But I like American things best. I'm an authority on colonial affairs."

The magic of the witch city again! An authority in an obscure corner.

"All the architects know me," he continued, "that is, the best ones. I only sell my pictures to the best. You'll find my photographs in the Congressional Library, the Metropolitan Museum, Columbia University, and almost everywhere you go."

Miss Hattie had been standing by, an absorbed listener. "Tell about when you sold to J. Pierpont Morgan," she said in her thin little voice.

"That *was* queer," reflected the proprietor, a bit shamefaced. "I don't know what made me say it. I opened a box and he took out, say a hundred, and ran them under his thumb as you might a pack of playing cards. I don't know how it happened, but I took them out of his hands and said, 'I'm no salesman, Mr. Morgan.'"

Miss Hattie answered with thin, eerie laugh. "And then what did he say?" she asked.

"He said he'd take two hundred and how much would they cost him." And then to you, "Have you found some that please you?"

A trifle bewildered, you make a random choice, and, as the active partner is doing them up, Miss Hattie suggests rather wistfully that you might like to visit the garden. With eyes still dazed, you make your way down the weed-choked path that leads to the rear of the house.

Dear Miss Hattie! Your garden is a wilderness beside which Miss Hepzibah's, in "The House of the Seven Gables," was a paradise of order. There is no trace of the paths that once wound between its beds of yellow lilies and snapdragon. The creeping Jenny and the ramblers have scaled the shrubs and the pear tree, and cast out long feelers over the tops of the phlox and larkspur.

But although it is neglected and almost forgotten, the summer finds it, and its scattered blossoms greet the visitor with more of sweetness and of courage than those of the well-kept gardens across the way.

Manhattan, the Wise? World Knows It as Hick

It's Little Old N'Yawk That Falls the Hardest for Green Goods

By PETER SCHUYLER

SOME years ago a young man with the urge to show up the Great Middle West dashed off a novel of deadly serious satire and called it "Main Street." He laid the scene in the hypothetical village of Gopher Prairie. After the book had been catapulted into the class of best sellers and everyone had stopped talking about it, Manhattan turned its languid attention to the pages and read them, laughing heartily at the strange people of the strange western community.

When a play, a very bad one, was whacked out of the cavortings of Carol Kennicott and her roughnecked medico husband, Manhattan dropped in to see the drama. Again it laughed heartily at the goings-on of the weird people of Gopher Prairie. Some of its interest may have been due to the fact that one of the most notorious gang of thugs Manhattan had ever raised was known as "The Gophers." Perhaps it expected the drama to contain a scene or two from the playfully murderous wars between the Gophers and the Hudson Dusters, another collection of street bandits whose campaigns had uplifted the front pages of the newspapers on more than one occasion.

Know the Town as It Is

ALL the time Manhattan was laughing uproariously at both book and play it was cheerfully ignorant of the truth that Manhattan itself, and not Gopher Prairie, is the original, simon-pure Main Street. Even if it did discover itself for what it is, Manhattan would not only conceal the discovery but vociferously deny that it had ever happened. Manhattan must, at all costs, preserve its reputation for "wiseness" though all the world realize that it is nothing but the hickiest of hick villages when it comes to things, persons, and happenings outside the confines of two of the five boroughs of Greater New York. For all the impression they make on Manhattan the villages of Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond might just as well be Finisterre, Philadelphia, or Terre del Fuego. Nothing exists for Manhattan except Manhattan. Only occasionally is the human beehive, called the Bronx, permitted a casual nod of recognition; as, for instance, when a lady in a fit of pique shoots her cavalier into the morgue or a gentleman wearies of his wife and buries her among the pansies in the front yard. Even then such little pleasantries must not happen too far uptown if they would receive even passing notice.

The process whereby Manhattan has acquired and preserves its reputation for wiseness is an extraordinarily simple one. It refuses to believe that anything of importance can happen, or anyone worth while can exist, outside its limits. It considers, in spite of millions of daily proofs to the contrary, that all the human oddities it views necessarily come from somewhere else.

"They Talked—Loudly"

I SAW an illuminating example of the latter viewpoint the other night in one of Manhattan's smartest dining and dance places. At the table on the right, next to mine, was a group that declared to high heaven in every word, gesture, syllable, and article of wearing apparel, that it was one hundred per cent Manhattanese. A bushel basket would scarcely hold the women's jewels though a vanity box might comfortably house their gowns. They smoked like Pittsburgh's chimneys and they talked interminably loudly and authoritatively, when they were not eating or drinking. The whole world was their gridiron and they toasted on it all and sundry who were not of Manhattan. The men, like the men of Manhattan, simply sat and waited for the check. The other people in the place afforded inexhaustible fodder for sarcastic comment. All who were not instantly identified as true natives were flopped into the conversational frying pan and done to a crisp. One lady, in a burst of inspiration, created a new game and the group proceeded to play it with vigor and loudness. As each pair of dancers jazzed past each one, the occupants of the table called out the name of the city or state or village from which they judged the male dancer to have come. Whoever shouted the funniest sounding place was chosen the winner and was privileged to order carte blanche from the waiter's hip. One weary-eyed young man won with startling regularity and he was finally implored to tell his system. He explained boredly, that it was all a question of hair. If a man wore his hair cut round in the back after the model of the festive soup bowl, he came from one place. If the neck fringe was trimmed in a straight square he came from another. Valentino sideburns indicated that the home town of their owner was north of the Mason-Dixon Line. The semi-scalping cut, known as the Army and Navy Special, proved conclusively that its owner hailed from the far Northwest. His ability to identify all the varieties that whirled past indicated a marvelous ingenuity and an extraordinary knowledge of strange sounding places in the weary-eyed youth, but beyond merely announcing his system he refused to go into further particulars.

About one-thirty in the morning, a man with a long and magnificent white beard entered and sat down at the table on my left. Instantly the home-town guessers focused their attention on him. While he ordered his meal the contest to determine his domicile raged and I learned more about geography in fifteen minutes than I ever dreamed possible. Having informed the waiter in no uncertain manner what he wanted to eat, the elderly gentleman with the magnificent beard sat back, combed his whiskers contemplatively, and appeared to enjoy the spectacle wiggling on the dance floor. Fiercer and fiercer waxed the game at the table on my right. The weary-eyed young man for once was stumped, although he ranged the globe from pole to pole. At last the waiter appeared with the old gentleman's food, and after depositing it carefully on the table, flipped open a napkin with a flourish and extended it to the prospective eater who eyed it as if it were something he had never seen before. The waiter indulged in another flourish of the napkin. His purpose seemed to burst suddenly on the old gentleman with the flowing foliage, for he waved away the fluttering temptation. Then parting his beard carefully he drew the two sections of it through the arm holes of his vest, tied the ends in a perfect lover's knot over his shirt front, picked up his knife and fork, and went to work with no more nonsense. Consternation reigned among the speculators on my right. It looked as if they were coming to blows, so heated became the debate. Wagers of money were made, the weary-eyed young man plunging heavily on his conviction that the man with the whisker napkin was from Salt Lake City.

The Answer Unexpected

TO REACH an agreement devoid of blackened eyes and bloodied noses seemed impossible, so it was decided to appoint a committee of two to wait on the old gentleman and settle the dispute. The weary-eyed young man and a lady with four chins were appointed. They approached the victim just as he was finishing a large slab of apple pie and an hunk of American cheese.

"Pardon me, sir," led off the male member of the committee.

"Go as far as you like!" said the old gentleman amiably.

"My friends and I have just made a little bet about your home town," explained the young man. "They say you are from Kansas and I think you are from Salt Lake City. Am I right?"

Rising angrily from his chair the old gentleman roared his reply. "Kansas? Salt Lake City? What do you mean, you young upstart! I was born in Manhattan and this is the farthest uptown I have been in fifty-five years."

* * *

Lately I have been reading the biography of P. T. Barnum, written by M. H. Werner, and have been impressed by the fact that "The Prince of Humbugs" realized just how easy it was to fool "wise" Manhattan. For Manhattan was "wise" further back than the memory of man runneth. Barnum knew it and worked that wisdom for every nickel in it. Observe the case of his exploitation of Jenny Lind, whom he had neither seen nor heard until he met her at the boat landing when she arrived.

Months before the thousands gathered to bellow their enthusiasm for "The Swedish Nightingale" to the skies at the foot of Canal street that beautiful Sunday afternoon, September 1, 1850, Barnum had worked the gullibles of Manhattan to the pinnacle of expectancy. Reams of editorial and reportorial bosh had been published by the newspapers, for then as now the "wisest" and easiest of all Manhattan's creatures is its daily press. The journals of the day erupted with superlatives, all furnished by the astute Mr. Barnum who had gambled $187,500 on an operatic lady whose chief claim to public appreciation, as far as he knew, lay in the fact that she had contributed large sums of money to sundry European charities. Gambled is hardly the correct word, because Barnum, better than anyone who ever lived in America, until the time of Morris Gest, knew that he was taking no chances on the Manhattanites who had paid so famously for the privilege of viewing General Tom Thumb, the Fejee Mermaid, and The Woolly Horse Lost by Colonel John C. Fremont in the Rocky Mountains. How well he knew is demonstrated by the box-office returns for Jenny Lind's first New York engagement of six concerts, which were more than $87,000.

"But all this was long ago when we were not so wise as we are now," retorts the special pleader for the sapience of the Manhattanites. Is that so? Let's have a look. What Barnum did in 1850, Morris Gest repeated last year with the Moscow Art Theater. Mr. Gest probably knew more about the Muscovite actors than Mr. Barnum did about Jenny Lind's high C, because they came from his neck of the woods. But Mr. Gest followed Mr. Barnum's scheme exactly. For months before the Russians arrived, the papers were larded with notices about them and their histrionic powers. They were the best trained, the most talented group of performers ever seen by the eye of man—or woman! One day they were announced as being on their way. The next morning brought the appalling news that they might not come after all! The Soviet government could not spare them! It was afraid that if they were permitted to leave Moscow they would play hooky and never return and what would dear Russia do then, poor thing!

Smoking It Up for Morrie

AS IN the case of the Swedish singer, the press of Manhattan was the first to sound the call for all true local intellectuals to come to the aid of the city and show the Moscow Art Theater that Manhattan knew a good thing when it was told it was a good thing. The dramatic critics outdid one another in the effort to say the most extravagant things about the art of the invading troupe. Gentlemen, whose acquaintance with things Russian was confined to the strict limits of a tiny of imitation caviar, exploded erudition by the column. What is called, in the business of prize fighting, "smoking up a match" was pursued by the individuals interested in raiding Manhattan's pocketbook, with vast success. While there were not thirty thousand persons waiting for the boat containing the Russians to come in, as there were when Jenny Lind sailed up the bay, the crowd that stormed the theater the night of the première was enthusiastic enough to satisfy even Mr. Gest.

The night the Swedish Nightingale sang for the first time at Castle Garden the audience was a volcano of enthusiasm from the beginning to the end of her program. The evening the Moscow Art Theater uncorked its gutturals at the Jolson the reception they received was proportionately as hilarious. The ticket holders, who had paid through the nose for the privilege of attending the performance, almost raised the roof with their plaudits, although ninety-eight out of a hundred of them did not understand a word of what was being said upon the stage. The dramatic critics swooned in ecstacy by groups in the lobby after the first act and remained in that state until the engagement of the company ended. The Manhattan money cow having been milked dry after some weeks, the troupe was hauled off to the provinces where people looked longer at ten dollars than they do at hyperbolical press notices, and where its stay was short.

Where Do the Nebs Live?

BUT the result had been accomplished as far as Manhattan was concerned. Once again it had shown how "wise" it was by paying exorbitant prices to see what was only a good stock company do a lot of plays which might just as well have been done in the Siamese language. It was only when the aggregation had left the Statue of Liberty in its wake that Manhattan awoke to the cheerful realization that it had been hoodwinked. Then the same Manhattan newspapers began to discover that the idolized Russian players had feet of artistic clay and to withdraw their untempered commendation, just as they had done seventy years ago in Jenny Lind's case. But Mr. Gest, counting up his receipts for the Manhattan engagement, doubtless has decided to hie himself to Timbuktu for another novelty with which to take the money of the "wise" ones this season.

Whether Barnum ever said, "There's a sucker born every minute," will no doubt be the subject of intercollegiate debates some time about the year 2226. But in the meantime one thing is certain: the sucker birth rate in Manhattan is higher than any other place in the civilized or uncivilized world, and it is mounting all the time.

* * *

Every small town has, some time or other, been afflicted by a medical mountebank who breezes into the main street, hires an empty store, and proceeds to cure all the ills of the community with a secret preparation good for man or beast and retailing for a dollar, "not more than one

(Concluded on page 14)

The United States Through Japanese Eyes

By DR. TASUKU HARADA

DR. TASUKU HARADA,

Chairman of the Japanese history, literature and language department of the University of Hawaii, and former president of Doshisha University, Kioto, Japan.

JAPAN owes much to the United States of America for the opening of her country, and for leadership in the advancement of her modern civilization. The United States has been responsible to a large extent for that remarkable transformation which has taken place in Japan during the last sixty years, and which has been called the "miracle of the nineteenth century." The United States has been Japan's kind teacher, unselfish friend and foremost customer. It is, therefore, natural for Japan to entertain good will toward the United States, and to hope that her friendship with America will be lasting.

Japan's good will and her desire for American friendship were not in evidence, however, when the two countries first came into contact. When Japan yielded to America's persuasion to throw open her doors, she did not do it voluntarily; neither did she do it because she was moved by American good sense. She yielded to America's demand because of the strong pressure brought to bear upon her; in other words, she simply had to do it. If Japan had not complied with the wish of the United States, she might have been bombarded by an American fleet, for it is a fact that the United States was ready to take possession of the Loo Choo Islands, and the attitude of the United States at that time was understood by the Japanese to be intimidatory.

England and Russia were rivals in those days for commercial and political expansion in the Far East. Russia, having completed the annexation of Siberia in the eighteenth century, began to threaten Saghalien, and the frequency of Russian ships on the northern coasts of Japan frightened the latter country and caused Japan to feel the immediate necessity of defense against the intrusion of her northern neighbor. Under those circumstances, the entry of Perry's fleet into the Bay of Uraga in 1853 created a great commotion in Yedo, and, in fact, all over Japan. The Shogun's ministers were perplexed; the Imperial Court at Kioto was stirred, and prayers were ordered to be said at all the great national shrines.

No Racial Antipathy

THAT Japan was a hermit nation, isolated and secluded from the rest of the world until sixty years ago, is well known. Moreover, it is true that prejudice and antipathy against aliens were intense. But it should not be understood that such an attitude always has been maintained by the Japanese, either by the government or by the people. At the time of Nobunaga's supremacy, for example, Catholic missionaries were given welcome by him, and by several other daimyos. So much was this true, in fact, that at one time half a dozen daimyos and several hundred thousand of their subjects were counted as Catholic converts. Iyeyasu, in the early part of his administration, offered sites for settlements in a suburb of Yedo for Spanish, Portuguese, English and Dutch traders, giving all of them a great deal of freedom. At that time, the policy of the Japanese Empire was free trade, and Iyeyasu's attitude is well shown by a law enacted in 1602, which says, in part:

"If any foreign vessel, by stress of weather, is obliged to touch at any principality, or to put into any harbor, of Japan, we order that, whatever these foreigners may be, absolutely nothing whatever that belongs to them, or that they may have brought in the ship, shall be taken from them . . . . Likewise, we order, in a general manner, that foreigners may freely reside in any part of Japan they choose, but we rigorously forbid them to propagate their faith."

The last clause suggests the reason for the policy of exclusion so severely carried out by the Tokugawa Shogunate. Missionaries were suspected of being political agents for the exploitation and ultimate possession of the land. It is recorded in one instance that "an indiscreet remark by a European sea captain that his master accomplished foreign conquest by first sending priests to win the people, and then getting possession of the country through the native Christians, had aroused Hideyoshi's suspicion against foreigners in general and Christians in particular."

What I want to make clear is that racial prejudice and national antipathy toward foreigners are not natural temperaments of the Japanese; they are the results of an exclusion policy by the government, and an isolation of the Japanese people by that government, which lasted for more than two and one-half centuries. Fortunately, the political designs of the Spaniards and the Portuguese against Japan were checked. Holland was unable to carry out her territorial ambitions against Japan. But in the nineteenth century, Great Britain, France and Russia began to show the spirit of territorial aggressiveness. India had been annexed to Great Britain in the eighteenth century; Indo-China and Annam had fallen into the hands of France; England had carried her plans into China, taking Hongkong. Japan, apparently, was the next step. Russia, continually watching for an opportunity to come down from the north, had annexed Saghalien, which was claimed by Japan as her rightful domain. Under such circumstances, it is only natural that Japan was in a suspicious mood when she beheld approaching her shores the extraordinary expedition headed by Commander Matthew Calbraith Perry.

But the opening of the country, and the intercourse of the Japanese with the people of the United States, rapidly transformed the feeling of the Japanese toward America. Among the principal causes for this transformation may be cited:

1. The friendly attitude toward Japan of the American diplomats, beginning with Townsend Harris, the first minister. In the matter of revising the treaty to eliminate several unfavorable clauses for Japan, the United States was the first nation which showed her willingness to conclude a new treaty, which surrendered the chief points in dispute.

2. The repayment by the United States of her share of the indemnity demanded by the British, French and Dutch governments, as well as the United States, after the bombardment of Shimonoseki. No single act helped the advancement of good feeling toward the United States more than this. The amount so repayed was used by the Japanese Government for the improvement of the harbor of Yokohama.

3. The realization on the part of Japan that the United States had no aggressive designs against her. It did not require many years for Japan to come to regard America in a different light from that in which she regarded European countries.

4. American professors and teachers in public and private institutions of learning, and missionaries engaged in educational, religious and social work. The number of these educators from America outnumbered those from all other foreign countries put together.

5. The fact that a large number of Japanese educators and publicists have been educated in America, or have been well versed in American ideals. Mori, once the Japanese minister in Washington, later the minister of education, was a great admirer of America, as was also Fukuzawa, founder of Keio University. Neesima, founder of Doshisha, the first Christian university in Japan, at Kioto, is a graduate of Amherst. Baron Yamakawa, president of Tokyo Imperial University until two years ago, is a graduate of Yale. These are only a few among a legion. I may add that many thousands of Japanese youths who studied in the institutions of America are now in important positions in professional, governmental and business life in Japan.

This friendly attitude, I believe, has been more or less reciprocal between the two nations for forty years. At the time of the Chinese-Japanese war, American sentiment was on the side of Japan. During the Russo-Japanese conflict, America was predominantly in favor of Japan. And it was not until after the termination of peace negotiations at Portsmouth, that the situation between the United States and Japan changed completely, in certain sections of the country, and among certain classes of people, at least. The United States began to distrust Japan; Japan began to doubt the friendship of America. At this very time came the discriminatory treatment of Japanese children in California, and the fear prevailed at one time that events might develop seriously between the two countries. At this critical time, the United States sent her entire Pacific fleet to Japan, which was regarded by the Japanese as a demonstration against them. Nevertheless, the American fleet was given a royal welcome by the government and the people of Japan.

The "Gentlemen's Agreement" being concluded in 1908 to the satisfaction of both governments, good will apparently has been restored between the two countries. Anti-Japanese agitation in California has been active since then, however, and has spread somewhat to other Pacific Coast states in recent years. While there is no breach of feeling between individuals, in or of either America or Japan, it appears to me that the countries themselves are drifting apart. For more reasons than one, this is indeed regrettable.

During the World War everything went on quietly, but immediately after the Armistice was signed, the agitation against Japan was started more vigorously than before. Some of her activities before and after the war were made objects of attack and suspicion by the Americans. Japan's annexation of, and her militaristic administration in, Korea; the capture of the German possessions in Shantung; the so-called "Twenty-one Demands" on China; the dispatch of a large army to Siberia; and, more recently, the mandatory over Yap, have been, it seems to me, the principal subjects of discussion and misgiving among the Americans.

How Japanese Argue

"JAPAN has treacherous designs," the Americans argue. "She is militaristic; she is warlike, and always has been warlike. Japanese politicians are not to be trusted, and her business men are unreliable. Her immigrants dislike America, and are 'absolutely unassimilable.'" These and many other arguments, accusations and fulminations are hurled against the Japanese. One has to rub one's eyes, sometimes, in the face of the radical change from bygone years, when the two peoples enjoyed more sympathetic and more happy relations.

"What then," you ask, "does Japan think of America?"

The Japanese people as a whole are as friendly to the United States as ever. Americans in Japan are as safe as Japanese in America, if not safer. Between individuals there is no noticeable difference, but I must regretfully admit that among the people of the intellectual class in Japan, warm friendship toward the Americans has cooled to no small degree. Among the Japanese politicians and publicists, it is undeniable that there is a decided reactionary tendency against the United States.

To be plain and frank, the Japanese may argue about as follows:

"The United States, during the last century, has expanded territorially with remarkable rapidity. In the South, she annexed Texas; in the West, she acquired from Mexico a vast territory, including California and several other states; more recently, she took possession of the Philippines, and Porto Rico from Spain, and annexed Hawaii. She is now laying her hands on islands in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, wielding dominating influence in the two great oceans. We Japanese do not question her methods in effecting these acquisitions and annexations, but the result is the same as with European nations, when they have extended their territories through the practice of imperialism."

"Do Not Condemn Us Alone"

AND so the Japanese protest most vigorously that Japan alone should not be condemned as a nation that is imperialistic.

As regards extension of armaments, the United States has long been held up before the Japanese people as a nation with the expenditure for her army and navy. Here is, they were told, a land where the high ideals of peace and democracy attained their full realization. But the reactionary tendency in America since the World War has been a tremendous disillusionment and disappointment for the Japanese, especially for those who are of a liberal tendency. At one time, the Japanese were told that the United States was planning the largest navy in the world, and we were informed that "almost four-fifths of the total disbursements of the United States Government since 1899 have been for war or for things relating to war." The Japanese, therefore, may claim that theirs is not the only country which is militaristic.

The Americans fear the "Yellow Peril," while the Japanese fear the "White Peril." The Americans talk of Japanese misrule in Korea, while the Japanese point out American mistreatment of the natives in Haiti and the horrible tales of the lynchings of Negroes. The Americans criticize—and I believe rightly—the twenty-one demands on China, while the Japanese point to the American interference in Mexico, in the interests of American capitalists.

These few points may give you some of the angles from which the Japanese observe the United States and things American. You may say that the Japanese are absurd in their conclusions, or that they are utterly ignorant of the true interpretation of American history, and you may be right. But this point should be kept in mind by both Americans and Japanese:

The sympathetic attitude of mind is the first and last requisite for the understanding of a foreign nation. In other words, you have to put yourself in another man's position if you wish to understand him.

The future does not come strictly within my subject, but may I not add that the future of the relations between the United States and Japan depends, I believe, upon the solution of two problems, which may be stated, possibly inadequately, as follows:

1. The extension of armament expenditure is unbearable for Japan. Japan is anxious to reduce it if possible. The rise of liberal and democratic sentiment in recent years demands a considerable reduction of arms, if not total disarmament. It is no longer a negligible element in the politics of Japan.

2. There is, however, a strong military part in Japan, and its fate must be settled before long.

The Washington Conference of 1921 was an outstanding event in American-Japanese relations. It has wonderfully clarified the clouds threatening on the political horizon of the Pacific.

In conclusion, I wish to say that Japan has no desire to insist on the further immigration of laborers into the United States. What Japan hopes to obtain is a fair and indiscriminate treatment for the Japanese who have lawfully entered.

Is the Presidency a Man-killing Job?

Official Work Has Trebled Since the Time of McKinley

By AARON HARDY ULM

TWO weeks before President Harding became ill, Rudolph Forster, who has been on the office staff of the White House for twenty-five years, was asked: "Isn't the job of President becoming too big for one man?"

"It has become a full man-sized job," he replied; and then, with a slight check in his tone: "It is a man-killing job!"

Mr. Forster added that the official work imposed on the President has more than trebled since he became a White House attaché under McKinley. The volume of that work, together with proposals for relieving the occupant of the White House of much of it, is now being widely discussed. Perhaps something will come of these discussions.

This present discussion, however, will concern chiefly another phase of the problem, and possibly its most important phase. It has to do with unnecessary drains upon the energies of the man who happens to be President, drains that are not accountable to official demands upon his time and thought.

As the Harding funeral train made its long run across the continent, or while the body of the deceased President was being duly honored in Washington, numerous persons, with pleased vanity, made remarks like the following:

"Just a few months ago Senator So-and-So took me to the White House to meet the President."

"When I was in Washington as a delegate to the Blank Convention, the President posed for a picture with us, and received us all at the White House."

"Why, I received a letter from the President only a short while ago in reply to one of mine about 'Laddie Boy.'"

It is doubtful if those who can thus boast of kindly and unofficial courtesies shown them by the genial and obliging Harding realize that they had something, and possibly considerable, to do with the recent tragedy in national political life.

The Unnecessary Burdens

IN NO other country are unnecessary burdens put upon public men in the wholesale fashion that is customary in America. The more conspicuous the man and his office, the greater the volume of unofficial burdens imposed upon our public officials. And it reaches almost impossible proportions in the case of the President.

This state of affairs is owing to the tradition that a public officer must prove his democracy by being a good fellow.

This tradition did not adhere to the Presidency in the beginning. George Washington, while the head of the nation, lived in dignified and gentlemanly seclusion. His touch with the general public was of the most formal kind.

His rule of austerity probably was carried too far by his successor, John Adams. Thomas Jefferson perhaps went to the other extreme, but, though he established a legend of democracy, his geniality was of the aristocratic kind. During his and the next several Presidents' terms the White House continued to be free from invasion, by person or by letter, on the part of busybodies.

Andrew Jackson's term at the White House marked the adoption of policies whereby the President became an object of free interest and miscellaneous appeal. The super-democratic note sounded by Jackson first turned the crowds toward the White House and its occupant. A writer of the time said of the multitude that came to Jackson's first inauguration:

"It was like the inundation of the northern barbarians into Rome, save that the tumultuous tide came in from different points of the compass. The West and the South seemed to have precipitated themselves upon the North and overwhelmed it."

In the Days of Jackson

"AT THE first Presidential levee, in the White House," wrote Noah Brooks, the famous newspaper correspondent, "the mob which poured into the mansion to gaze upon the hero and dip into his barrels of punch was so disorderly and riotous that tubs of tipple were carried out of the doors to entice a division of the hungry and thirsty; and broken glasses, soiled furniture and wet carpets proclaimed the advent of the sovereign people."

Jackson's adoption of the spoils system also augmented the toll of energy made upon the President on the score of patronage. Prior to his time new Presidents made changes only in important offices. From then on every new President was expected to see that political friends occupied even minor clerkships in the government service.

Historians generally credit the death of President William Henry Harrison, which occurred one month after the inauguration, to the army of job-seekers which bore down upon him. They allowed him time scarcely for eating and sleeping, not mentioning the important duties of his office. Being an old man and not strong physically he succumbed under the strain.

The tragedy, however, caused no cessation of the continuous attack—first invited by Jackson and permitted by others—on the White House by hordes of persons who wanted to connect with the public pay roll.

Once during the Civil War a visitor calling at the White House found Abraham Lincoln in a state of seemingly mental wretchedness.

"What is the matter?" the President was asked. "Surely the Union Army must have met disaster in the field."

"It is nothing so slight as that," the great Lincoln said, with a forced smile. "What's torturing me is the postmastership at Cross Roads, Indiana."

The assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed job hunter hastened the adoption of the present selective system of filling minor government positions and thus relieved the White House of some of its troubles incident to small patronage.

Woodrow Wilson, however, was the first President who announced on taking office that he would concern himself with no patronage matters which could be handled for him by heads of departments. And in making this announcement he made it clear that he meant the pronunciamento; for he declared that when job hunters forced themselves upon him over the heads of department chiefs, the act would be set down as one prejudicial to their claims.

Since then such patronage as that in the Postoffice Department has been handled altogether by Cabinet members or other sub-executives.

Patronage, however, still lays a heavy toll upon the energies of the President. Small patronage of which the general public rarely hears probably causes more worry and bother than filling important places, like cabinet positions and ambassadorial posts.

For example, in the summer of 1922, Congress authorized the appointment of a new Rent Commission for Washington, D. C. It was to have only two years of life. Yet such a rumpus was raised over who should be the members of the new commission that President Harding was able to make the appointments only as he was leaving on his Alaska trip, nearly a year after the act was passed. Local interests wanted local people named; Senators and national politicians urged the appointment of several applicants living in their bailiwicks outside of Washington. The President had to submit to many interviews and read scores of letters having to do with a matter purely local to Washington.

The more kindly natured a President is, the more such small matters of business tax his energies. The making of nearly every appointment involves grievously disappointing many persons he would be glad to favor.

Even though he be callous about such matters, it is notorious that little items of patronage may cause much trouble in important directions. Since the historic Conkling-Platt episode—the resignation of the two New York United States Senators because President Garfield would not appoint to a job some person they recommended—national politicians haven't dared take their quarrels with the President over patronage to the people. For both Conkling and Platt were defeated when they made their issue with Garfield the platform on which they sought re-election. But a disappointed Senator or a disgruntled leader in the House of Representatives has much more effective and safer ways of getting revenge. He can hamper the President's legislative policies. There is little doubt that several Democratic Congressional leaders who turned on Wilson during his last administration were moved initially in their course by disappointments over patronage matters.

The Pressure of Patronage

OVER the average appointment to office made by the President there probably is ten to a hundred times as much fuss and bother and "pressure" as all true considerations of the public good call for, and in that degree is an excess burden upon his strength. For it the general public is a great deal to blame. Our tendency toward appraising public men on the basis of their ability to "get" is at the root of much of it.

There has been tremendous increase in what might be termed unavoidable work imposed on the President and for which the general public is not to be blamed particularly. It is put upon the President because the Constitution makes him the almost absolute executive of the nation. All Presidents have been jealous of the constitutional attributes of power adhering to the office. Generally they have opposed bitterly any attempt on the part of Congress to subtract from those attributes. The great expansion that has taken place in the national government during the last dozen years has been accompanied by an increasing load of official responsibility on the Presidency.

With this, the unofficial load has grown correspondingly. For as the importance of the office has increased public interest in the man holding it has been enhanced, with the somewhat contradictory result that as his official work has grown in volume the less time he is allowed for attending to official duties. One of the recent Presidents declared wittily that he was not allowed time to be President.

This unofficial load is of two kinds. One might be called semi or extra official. It became established when President Roosevelt undertook to settle a general strike of miners in the anthracite coal regions. Since then it has been taken for granted that any national problem, whether devolving upon it via the Constitution or the Statues, comes within the purview of the Presidency.

There is no reason, however, why the other kind of unofficial Presidential load, and one that constantly has increased, should be made heavier. There is every good reason why it should be lightened.

And for it the general public is wholly responsible, either directly or indirectly. This load might be called the handshaking one, whereby whoever is President is compelled to be a sort of perpetual national show.

The ultra-democratic aspect which Andrew Jackson gave to the Presidency long ago was submerged in strict but necessary rules of a seemingly undemocratic kind. For many years now one who reached the immediate presence of the President had to go through a certain formality. Rules of precedence have much to do with the procedure. The President's time is divided up in advance and apportioned in periods of minutes.

Before entering the White House, Woodrow Wilson announced a return to the "open door" rule of the Jacksonian period. He soon found that it wouldn't work—that if he saw everybody as they came he would have no time for anything else.

In fact, Wilson became, even before his illness—even before we entered the World War—the most secluded of Presidents. The White House grounds even were closed to the public. Regular conferences with the newspaper correspondents and the handshaking periods when almost anyone could meet the President were abandoned.

Wilson Obeyed Physician

IT NOW is known that Wilson's policy of seclusion was formulated by Dr. Grayson, his physician. "They were taking something out of him," he has been quoted as saying of casual visitors to the President's office, and in the interest of the President's health and strength he advised that severe limitations be imposed.

Because Dr. Grayson adopted this sane policy is doubtless the reason Wilson lived to complete his last term and is alive today.

President Harding, being naturally of a "mixing" disposition, said that he found casual meeting with visitors restful and welcomed it. However, there now is good reason to believe that he let his geniality carry him too far in that direction.

Few Presidents in recent times gave more of their energies to the casual social and friendly sides of the office than did Harding. During his occupancy at the White House, rarely did delegates to any convention in Washington fail to be "received" by him at the White House. Almost every day he posed for a picture with some group of visitors, who generally had no legitimate business whatever at the White House offices.

But the purely "handshaking" contacts with others probably isn't the worst part of this kind of needless burden which the general public imposes, or permits to be imposed, on its chief executive.

James Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," written forty years ago, mentioned the growing journalistic surveillance of the President. This in recent times has become torturous; for it no longer applies even chiefly to the President's official performances; it applies with greatest rigor to his personal activities. The newspapers and press associations now maintain on continuous day and night duty at the White House a reporting corps large enough to warrant the maintenance by its members of a duly organized association. To the reporters who merely write have been added a larger number who "shoot"—that is, photograph. These writing and picture-taking vigilantes, the latter with ponderous machines for taking motion as well as still pictures, guard the entrance to the White House offices like armed soldiers on the most important outpost of a military camp.

Hence, not only is the President ever aware that if he sticks his nose outside of his private office the act not only will be written about, but that in an hour or two pictures of his nose will be on the way to newspapers and movie theaters throughout the country.

Public Can Do Much

AND it is the same way when he takes a trip. When he seeks to lose himself for a day or two on the *Mayflower,* the reportorial vigilantes write and "shoot" him off, while others along the course of the President's "pleasure trip" are instructed to keep the yacht under surveillance from shore. They thus tread upon his heels because the public has been trained to believe that anything having to do with the President is "news" and, as such, public property.

This excessive personal interest in our Presidents and other conspicuous public men has been noted by many thoughtful persons as containing an element of danger to the men and to the public good.

"It is in democratic politics that privacy is most neglected, most difficult and most necessary," says Graham Wallas in his book on "Human Nature and Politics." Wallas is a famous English scholar-politician.

"In America," he adds, "all observers are agreed as to the danger which results from looking on a politician as an abstract personification of the will of the people, to whom all citizens have an equal and inalienable right of access and from whom everyone ought to receive an equally warm and sincere welcome."

He explains his contention on the ground of the psychological truth that while a measure of human contact is necessary, too much "mixing" and too little privacy is very damaging to the normal person.

No business man would think of becoming the public slave to which, by reason of a false legend of democracy, the average occupant of the White House is reduced.

The public can do much toward preserving the lives and increasing the efficiency of Presidents. A good way to begin is to develop the habit of looking with disdain on persons who force themselves on the President for no other reason than to be able to boast about the performance. Better still would be a few convincing hints to newspapers and movie show operators to the effect that it is what the President does officially that is important news, and thus make less popular needless news writing and picture-shooting of the President.

Views by Washington Correspondents

T. R. and Taft Always Natural, Thus Easing Strain of Office

By A. R. PINCI

FOLLOWING the announcement of the sudden death of Warren G. Harding at San Francisco, the opinion has been vouchsafed that the modern Presidential pace "kills." Such assertions, made simultaneously by several well-known men, found space in the front page of newspapers. On the whole, it looks as if the charge will be seriously considered and perhaps believed throughout the United States.

But does the Presidency kill? Or is it something else?

This makes timely and pertinent an analysis of fact as to the Presidency as patterned and laid out by our four last Presidents, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Harding. Each in his way, alive or dead, bespeaks a certain tragic characteristic relating to the exalted office as successively held by them—a mental tragedy, as distinguished from McKinley's, which was of violence.

Long experience covering the four past administrations and related campaigns has given me an opportunity to study the Presidency in its two elements—the outgoing and the incoming, and both, it may not be suspected, are decidedly dissimilar, conflicting and the former as wearying and even destructive as the latter is hypnotic and misleading. It is a novel argument that the Presidency is a man-killing job.

Answered by the Presidents

TO BEGIN with, the office is the highest office not only of the land but also of the world. Unlike emperors and kings—even those reputed to be autocratic and absolute—who inherited their office and had to make the best of circumstances, the Presidency of the United States is the open and legitimate goal of any responsible citizen. Many famous Americans have sought it, seek it, and will seek it. It is quite an indictment of such exalted office, therefore, which so many crave and others secretly aspire to, and the remainder dream about, to say that it is as toxic as a slow poison. The fear of death in office certainly is not enough to deter any man from the temptation of becoming a candidate, but that, after all, is not the point. The point is whether or not by evolution or by other method the Presidency today is any worse grind than it was five or ten administrations ago. In fact, is it any more so than it was, say, during Monroe's day? or Lincoln's?

Moreover, has the Presidency become the more burdensome unit by unit, in consonance with the growth of the nation and endless Congressional legislation which makes "the President" the ultimate responsible officer? Or has it become more irksome or fatiguing by simple intensification? Or has it become a difficult and complex job because each incumbent, in his desire to be of service, voluntarily devoted more attention to his office, thereby adding to his own responsibilities?

I shall not answer any of those questions.

They will be answered by the Presidents themselves, so that there shall be no doubt as to what's what.

Theodore Roosevelt, championing the side of the plain people, said that "though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult."

William H. Taft said: "Any one who has taken the oath I have just taken must feel a heavy weight of responsibility. If not, he has no conception of the powers and duties of the office upon which he is about to enter, or he is lacking in a proper sense of the obligation which the oath imposes."

Woodrow Wilson, after explaining to me the New Freedom, in an authorized interview in 1912, said: "What gratifies me more than anything else in going about is that if I should be chosen President I will be chosen *something more* than President. I will be chosen the spokesman of my fellow citizens as to the way in which our government ought to be conducted."

Harding Fully Capable

WARREN G. HARDING, who authorized me nearly five months before his nomination to quote him, declared at Marion after the convention was over: "I know that to be President is to engage in difficult work. If I shall be elected the intelligent expression of national opinion I shall welcome as most important assistance. I have a very definite idea about the office, its dignity, what it stands for and its responsibilities. But I am going to be President, distinctly and without reservations."

Perhaps President Harding regarded the office he held more ominously than his predecessors, for as soon as his election was announced he made a formal statement to the effect that he was happy to utter his gratitude but that he was not exultant, adding: "It is all so serious, the obligations are so solemn, that instead of exulting I am more given to prayer to God to make me capable of playing my part."

But any one who has known Harding beyond the conventional handshaking acquaintance knows that he was fully capable, physically and mentally, to measure up to the job. After all, the Presidential office is what its incumbents make it, irrespective of the burdens attaching to it, and neither dead Presidents nor the living ex-Presidents failed from the standpoint of dynamic human capacity to fulfill their executive duties. But as one dispassionately studies the statements made by our recent Presidents the conviction grows that they sought or invited greater responsibilities than the office itself constitutionally provided for. If a President hews the line close to the letter of the law and performs no other duties than those he is called upon to perform he can have a very easy time of it, not unlike some of the figurehead monarchs in constitutional countries where their chief work is to approve routine government measures and then loll back.

Limiting the study to a period of the last score of years it will be found that in politics there exists the ghost of tragedy. Veteran political observers are still of the opinion that President Roosevelt could have had another term in 1908. It was only a short time before that that he admitted regret at what he considered his hasty statement as soon as his victory was assured election night, 1904, that "the wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for and accept the nomination for another."

Whereupon the Presidential mantle was draped upon the ample shoulders of Mr. Taft, who thus stepped into the Presidency with very little effort, in 1908. But alas! 1912 was in the offing. That was a bitter year for Roosevelt and for Taft. It ground both of them down. When President Taft received me at the White House one sultry August morning at the height of the campaign he was no longer the Taft I had known as Secretary of War. His smile was gone; the Presidency had left him limp. His smile was gone as Senator Harding's smile no longer graced his Presidential lips. Taft's tariff and Winona were comparable to Wilson's League of Nations and Versailles; both led to defeat, defeat with sorrow, the kind that sears the soul.

Thus the Wilson victory was erected upon the collapse of Roosevelt and Taft. The 1916 campaign, which would have been humorous in its results had it taken place in a world at peace, may be discounted. But 1920 repeats history. Harding rose as Wilson fell. Long before physical misfortune overtook President Wilson the office had hardened him and made him a man of mystery, almost.

Has it been realized that President Harding succumbed, in relation to administrative term, at almost the same time, and under almost identical circumstances, as President Wilson was struck? It has been said that President Harding was an overworked man. Granting that, what should have been said of President Wilson at the time? No one said that it was work, back in 1919. Nor can there be any doubt that after six years of Presidency, five of which with half the world at war and eighteen months of that with this country at war, Woodrow Wilson had been an overworked man, yet no one said so. Moreover, from his aloofness President Wilson plainly showed that he was not really overburdened by the cares of office, nor by the ravages of a consuming and difficult war, nor overtaxed by his repeated attempts to be peacemaker—attempts which were voluntary and extraneous, as was Roosevelt's Portsmouth coup.

A Tonic for Wilson

IN FACT, President Wilson begat a certain spiritual strength, noticeably absent in 1915 and 1916, as soon as foreign countries began to regard him seriously as the new spokesman. The sheer pleasure derived from his new greatness was a tonic. In the same sense President Harding derived immense satisfaction from two official acts in his unfinished administration; one the limitation of armament conference, which France ratified in time to please its author, and the other the funding of the British war debt to the United States. Likewise did President Taft derive unmitigated satisfaction from the arbitration treaties with France and England, in spite of their rejection by the Senate. We have the word of every philosopher and teacher from time immemorial that work as work never hurt any one, and that congenial work, on the other hand, is not to be surpassed as a vehicle to happiness and contentment.

Thus the Presidency, given its dignity, its honor, its fame, its power, cannot involve *per se* murderous work. The danger lies elsewhere—in the politics of the office, and that quality is a constituent of the office itself. It is not possible to remove the politics, which can be traced all along the line, from the President as chief to the least known party men.

President Harding really succumbed at the very outset of this negative political manifestation. A year ago, when he first considered seriously the visit to Alaska, he would have set out upon it there and then with boyish glee and been all the better physically for it. But a year in a Presidential administration makes a difference. Whereas in 1922 he was yet the new President, but a year in office, in the summer of 1923 he was the old President who had to defend his title and office against encroachments. I doubt very much that he ever felt that he would be obliged to be President and on the defensive.

What is there more poignant than the remembrance of President Wilson racing to the United States from the Versailles peace-table in March, 1919, racing against time and against the Senate's hostility and against, when he collapsed, a confused electoral voice? Yet that incident, which led to the famous round robin, in which Senator Harding participated, which was gall to one became a godsend to another.

President Harding was quite hurt by the suspicions attaching to his trip West. Alaska was the goal, some may remember, of President Wilson, who hoped to visit that distant territory some time, but the World War interfered and it virtually passed from his scheme of things after he signed the Alaska Railroad Bill. Just before that Alaska had figured in journalistic space as the bone of contention between alleged predatory interests and political henchmen. Mr. Harding revived interest in it, but somehow there was no response. Alaska was all right, but! That *but* was formidable. Prominent editors uttered it. Politicians howled it.

By the time President Harding started out the trip had lost every vestige of temptation. I have been told that twice he was on the verge of canceling it. Of the press correspondents who set out with the party, many had dropped off on the way to the coast, and this obvious proof of indifference, coupled with the sort of quite unanimous dispatches attesting to lack of popular enthusiasm, must have secretly affected him.

It has been alleged—just as has been alleged of Mr. Wilson—that President Harding was a "very calm man." That shows how well fooled were those from whom he masked his true feelings. Mr. Roosevelt was touchy in many ways while Mr. Taft was tolerant in a judicial way, but Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harding were at one with respect to supersensitiveness. Perhaps this quality was not so apparent in earlier days, but the Presidency intensified it and later sharply defined it.

Both Roosevelt and Taft were their natural selves at all times, whereby they evaded psychological strain. But Wilson and Harding, by restraining their supersensitiveness, encouraged such strain, and supersensitiveness is all the more dangerous to body and life when checked for the sake of appearances or "atmosphere."

Presidents are visible—ocularly—to visitors only on occasions, during which every trace of individualism is smothered if not effaced; and even privileged callers meet them "on parade." So far as is known, no emperor, king, president, regent or other similar authority has officially had a *fit of irritation, bad humor or something like either.* They are "indisposed." Calmness goes to the winds—and all engagements, if any, are called off. That is the incontestable and unappealable prerogative of the office.

'Twould Be a Good Story

I HAVE dropped around the White House quite frequently during the last twenty years, but I do not remember of any official announcement being made that any President was in bad humor or agitated. There were hints, and friends of the Presidents have admitted that they found the Executive "up in the air," "mad as a hornet," "pacing the room like an angry bull," "uncommunicative and aloof," or some intermediate stage of feeling within the circumscribed and described limits.

Perhaps it might be refreshing to read some Washington news correspondence starting out with the information that the President was letting off steam—that he was a human being—and that he was in the office in the worst possible humor. It is beyond imagination that a man can live four or eight years, some under violent strain, without once being off color.

President Wilson modified the old routine of visitors by admitting as few as possible and eventually none at all, and he eliminated the New Year's public reception and all mass handshaking. President Taft modified the Rooseveltian glad hand by radically curtailing the visiting lists, especially at the official functions. When I found myself at the first diplomatic reception given by the Tafts, the East Room seemed relatively deserted in comparison to the crowd that had held forth at a similar state reception under Roosevelt the year before.

Roosevelt was very strenuous; so much so that between the strenuous life he led and the simple life he preached, the average American boy who wanted to be like Roosevelt did not know which hint to follow. Taft made as much of the huge and gawky steam motor car that left its trailing meteoric plume behind as his predecessor made of the horse, and the latter liked tennis as much as the other liked golf. Wilson was indeed the least spectacular in the way of amusement. His customary motor ride, weekly vaudeville, and the game of golf sufficed him. Harding played too, golf, motor, houseboating and the East Room movies, plus some less formal entertainment traceable to Marion days and editorial fashions.

Single Term Would Help

THE day varied in the case of each President, but in general all have been early risers. Sometimes an hour or two of amusement or recreation followed the breakfast and preceded the day's work, and visitors' hours have been set between ten and one, occasionally anticipating and often retarding. Mass meetings, delegations and congresses have always been assigned, with a few notable exceptions, to the afternoon hours.

Luncheon may be work and it may be recreation, depending upon the circumstances. But a great deal has often been accomplished by Presidents at the luncheon table in two hours that would have failed of accomplishment in as many days a few yards away. Even the dinner has been utilized for shop talk—and miraculous results have followed such nocturnal repasts.

The private library, of course, is the ultimate place where every President labored most and where he really solved or disposed of most of his serious problems. There he had no hours. But it would be outside the mark to allege that these quiet hours of study were enervating or unpleasant or fatal. I dare say that as much enjoyment and interest grew out of such restful labors as each man was capable of extracting.

Emergencies have existed where Presidents were up nearly all night. For example, President Harding sat up until nearly four o'clock in the morning writing the message which he read to the Senate when he delivered, later that day, the treaties of the arms conference. But to an old-time editor, what's four o'clock in the morning writing copy?

A late serious development of the Presidency is its alleged aloofness and distance and immiscibility in that which pertains to friendship and the human equation.

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Dictatorship May Mark the End of Mussolini

Concluded from page 6

while the lack of colonies will always place Italy in a disadvantageous position. These considerations and the feeling prevailing in the mind of every Italian that the Treaty of Versailles did not give to Italy a sufficiently big share of war spoils, must necessarily be of primary importance in shaping Italy's foreign policy of the future.

The dominating characteristic of Mussolini's tactics thus far has been this: Whenever two opposite groups of interests were in conflict, he has absorbed them both. His first resource in his war against the Socialist party, which immediately after the World War had started a well-organized campaign aiming at the destruction of the nationalistic spirit borne out of the war, was that group of patriotic, nationalistic Socialists headed by Bissolati, who, in 1914, had separated themselves from the Socialist party and had entered the war against Austria.

Nobody knew better than Mussolini who, until 1914, had been one of their leaders, that the Italian Socialist coalition of party and federation was only a political phantom, a vast bureaucracy of labor leaders who talked the language of revolution while having neither the courage nor the ability to seize the government. When the populace seized the factories and part of the land, the capitalistic class turned to Mussolini for help.

Premier Giolitti, who during forty years of political life had played one party against the other and had always succeeded in preventing one party from taking control of the government, thought that in this case also the old game could be safely played and the Fascisti were given a free hand to break up by force the labor unions. In this case, however, the "old fox" had met his match in Mussolini. Mussolini succeeded in breaking up the labor unions with the moral and material support of the government and with the financial support of large industrial and financial interests that wanted organized labor stamped out in Italy. However, he made such glittering promises, which included everything from better hours for labor to division of the land, that the average peasant and laborer, who followed socialism and the other political parties only for the sake of personal gain, deserted the Socialist party and went over to Fascismo. This brought about the collapse of the Socialist Colossus and only a minority of convinced Socialists, loyal to the international proletarian idea, went over to Communism.

When the government wanted to call off the Fascisti it was too late. Giolitti had played with fire, as had Nitti before him. Nitti, when seeking to use labor to forward his own political ambitions, suddenly found that labor was stronger than he, and in June, 1920, the Socialists forced Nitti out of office. Giolitti made the same error with Mussolini. When the government sought to check the progress of Fascismo, the Fascisti were beyond control and Mussolini had won the struggle by adopting his characteristic tactics: He had enlisted in the Fascisti movement both the proletarians and the capitalists.

While the Socialists were taking over the factories in the North, the peasants in the South were taking over the land. In this case, also, the landlords entered Fascismo to destroy the organization of farm hands. Mussolini included in the Fascisti program the very same agrarian reforms that the peasants were trying to obtain through their organizations, and thus, in this case he eliminated the conflict between landlords and farm hands by swallowing them both into the Fascisti movement.

The Fascisti program could not fail to attract to Fascismo the Nationalist party, which, as I have said before, is the exponent of a large mass of intellectuals and is supported by a powerful combination of industrial and financial interests grouped around a program of foreign policy leading to imperialistic wars of conquest. Reactionary clericalism went over to Fascismo on much the same terms as reactionary nationalism, and they both supplied Mussolini with unlimited financial means for arming and equipping a powerful and well-disciplined army that on October 30, of last year, marched through the ancient Flamarian Gate, now the Porta del Popolo, into the capital of Italy and established the Fascisti dictatorship.

Mussolini has succeeded in reducing the deficit in the budget with drastic methods of economy. Loans, taxes and reduction of armaments have eased greatly the strained financial situation. The state railways, together with the postal, telegraph, and telephone services which have been decidedly in the deficit class, seem to be headed toward private ownership. The limit of reasonableness has been reached if not exceeded by the law authorizing the state to confiscate all excess war profits. Certain large fortunes are now paying a maximum of fifty per cent and the revenue derived from taxation represents more than eighteen per cent of the national income, a high figure for a country like Italy.

The conservative element which represents the large majority of the nation is, without any question, behind Mussolini and will support him to the limit, provided, however, he does not go too far in his dictatorial methods of government which have practically abolished any appearance of liberty. Italy is not a country where dictators live long enough to break the will of a race that has never been conquered. Dictators and Tribunes in Italy have always paid with their lives for the short-termed satisfaction of imposing their will upon a race that has been accustomed for centuries to assassinate rulers who go too far. In my estimation, Mussolini is flirting with death and he knows it. I know the man, and I know that the thought of his personal danger will not make him deviate an inch from the road he is traveling. On the contrary, such a thought will considerably stiffen him in the resolve to crush all resistance and sweep aside all obstacles. He is a fighter and a leader of men, who, in spite of the fact that as the exponent of Fascismo he is today the defender of the nationalist idea, has not changed the methods that he pursued when he was the enemy of the nation. Individual liberty is an empty word under any dictatorial form of government, no matter if it is the dictature of the proletariat or the Fascismo. The trouble, however, is that Italians will never submit for a long time to a dictator, no matter if he be a Lenin or a Mussolini, and this is one of the dangers of the present situation in Italy. Another dangerous situation is created by the conflicting interests and opposing tendencies existing in the Fascisti movement. Note the split with the Catholics and the secession of forty thousand Fascisti in Naples and adjacent districts—is this a first sign of disintegration of another colossus?

Arthur Livingston has very well expressed in a few words the synthesis of the present situation in Italy: "The populace of Rome," he writes, "in its three thousand years of history has seen three sets of gods go tumbling from omnipotence into oblivion. It has seen emperors and republics, kingdoms, aristocracies and papacies, rise, triumph and fall. It has experimented with all the virtues and with all the vices. It has known, accepted, tested and abandoned all ideas and theories. It knows, as a result, that the world is inhabited by plain people, who, if you give them a chance, will make fools of themselves."

Can it be that history is about to repeat itself? Are we to see the sudden downfall of Benito Mussolini, together with this political fabric called Fascismo? Will the launching of external adventures, the carrying of Fascismo beyond Italian borders, stay the hand of Fate for a time? Time and Fate alone can answer.

Views of Washington Correspondents

Concluded from page 13

President Wilson was the first man to voice it; President Harding voiced it in almost the same sense and words, and both did it at the very outset of their incumbencies.

It certainly seems surprising that men like Roosevelt and Taft, both creatures of that social caste which usually thrives upon an excess of etiquette and conventionality, should have failed to note in the Presidential office an obstruction to friendship and intercourse with men. Both were very gregarious, at least as much so as Harding.

"If there is one trouble in this White House job it is in being a human being," President Harding said on the threshold of the Presidency, but fortunately, as his administration progressed, he modified his opinion. It is true, all too true, that the Presidency is the center of a veritable web of intrigue and that there are relatively very few men it is safe for the President to trust, which is a drain upon the soul and the mind.

Likewise President Harding said the Presidency was a man-killing job. That was metaphorical; it should not be taken too literally, as many critics have done. To say that he was a "martyr to the cruel system which makes the President's office a perpetual twenty-four-hour-a-day job" is not to fix cause and effect.

To repeat, it is not the official job of being President that wears down, that is poignantly oppressive, that sears the soul, that exiles, that breaks old friendships and forms strange and even grotesque unions, but it is the partisan politics attaching to the office, politics with its inexorable destiny that tramples upon feelings and intentions. It is the baleful effect of that machinery which when not started to re-elect the incumbent to office—usually on the plea of public approbation—is operated to keep the party in power. At this juncture something must give way and usually does; otherwise strong men are crushed by it.

It will not be possible under our system of government to do away with this maddening system which disturbs human equanimity, infiltrates in man's home, affects his rest and sleep—not wholly, but there is a method of relieving the strain that actually kills, the strain that is not a part of the Presidential job but that somehow cannot be dissociated from it.

A single Presidential term will help.

A single Presidential term will prevent a President, due to suspicions that he is anxious to succeed himself, becoming the more or less free and easy target of politics and politicians. It will render unnecessary the laborious transcontinental political tours during which Presidents feel that they must report on the state of their political parties to the great and inarticulate electorate.

Not that travel about the country is not useful, broadening and desirable, because it is; in fact, if a President could devise a way of spending from three to six months annually in different parts of the country it would be a great help and might tend to divide the geographical lines of political demarcation, but such visits would be good only if unaccompanied by ballyhooing and palaver.

A single term would automatically prevent a President from exposing himself before the great voting legions to see whether they will acclaim with thumbs up or stand pat with thumbs down—that constant fear that the people are not satisfied and that this dissatisfaction might mean the party's defeat. Five or six years for a term—in these days when years have been virtually contracted because of the growing intensity of government—would be sufficient to give any man a chance to set up and try his brand of administration, and the last year of office more than ample for him to give an accounting to the people of his stewardship. It would relieve him from personal strain, possible vital interest originating from vanity or pride.

It never seemed to me that President Harding was a well man because it was not reasonable that a man of his frame and build and character could undergo such a decided outward change without some accompanying alteration physically. So there is room for doubt in regard to President Harding's general condition and as to the advisability of his starting out on a voyage whose results, if translated in simple psychological manifestations as related to politics and political effect, were indeed depressing to a man who was so deeply convinced of having done his best work.

Because of that he was happy in his work. The labor involved was nothing to him. A brief review of his earlier life will amply demonstrate that the job at its worst could not possibly have affected him fatally without some other cause.

I do not believe that the epitaph that the Presidency killed him is a worthy epitaph for Warren G. Harding. He loved his job, he knew what it was and meant, and his very pride of it was a tonic.

There is nothing in the Presidency which kills. The fatal element, if it is fatal, is to be found in the politics surrounding it. The Presidency is, therefore, quite all right just as it is.

Men must die, in office or out of office.

But if work kills man then it is time to revise all our philosophy, for something would have been discovered lately that the cumulative experience of the past has disproved.

Manhattan, the Wise? World Knows It as Hick

Concluded from page 10

bottle sold to each person." But the health saver and death defier usually remains on the main street but a short time. Either the chief of police tells him to move along or the patronage does not compensate for the wear and tear on the medicine peddler's lungs. A fortnight is the limit, even in the most unsophisticated territory.

For eight months last year, Broadway, "the wisest street in the wisest city in the world," housed five of these health-restoring quackeries. They were open from morning until midnight and they were packed to suffocation all the time. The English language was murdered by the minute, medical bunk was dished out by the ton, and statements, which a three-year-old child would laugh at outside Manhattan, were received and believed in open-mouthed credulity by thousands. The identical rigmarole was gone through day after day, night after night, and at the end of the lecture, books were sold to the listeners so fast that the eye could not follow the rush of buyers. So good were the pickings for the first missionaries of the new gospel of a long life for every man, that opposition lecture rooms were opened within a space of four blocks and the crowds went from spieler to spieler and purchased book after book with an innocence that could be found solely on Manhattan's main street. The only things the inhabitants were spared by the expounders of the new science of health were the small-town displays of tapeworms in bottles and the skeleton of the man who had died because he lived too early to purchase one of the wonder-revealing volumes. The reason these "pullers-in" were absent was because they were not needed in Manhattan.

Just before the medical fakirs appeared on Broadway an enterprising showman, who knew his Manhattan, opened a museum of the type which was passé in the smallest village of these United States the night Paul Revere made his ride to fame. He filled it up with freaks and established a talented and brazen-voiced barker to announce their presence. Three dollar dramatic productions were closing nightly for want of customers but the exhibitor of the Two-Headed Boy (born and raised in Manhattan, by the way), the Missing Link, and the Man Who Barks Like a Dog packed his store show to the doors from morning to midnight. The strangest feature of the museum's stay on Broadway was that the daily papers failed to give it the attention that Manhattan's reputation for "wisdom" merited.

So hearken, all ye who have something you wish to sell with profit. If you have a scheme to collect gold from sea water, to change one dollar bills into tens without offending the government, to make eyeglasses that will look around corners, or any other absurdity, no matter how preposterous it may be, don't waste your time and efforts on the gophers of Main Street wherever they may be. Pack your grip, oil your voice, and get to Manhattan quick. For in this home of the wise there are outstretched arms and yawning pocketbooks awaiting you. Manhattan is the same today as it was in Barnum's time, only more so, and it will never be anything else.

The Greatest Medicine in the World

Just Plain, Good, Pure Water Is Recommended as Health Tonic

By CHARLES H. LERRIGO, M. D.

THE best medical advertisement I ever saw was in the August, 1914, issue of the Kansas State Board of Health Bulletin. It began with the familiar query, "Do you get up with a lame back?" and it went on to say that the best remedy for rheumatism, kidney or liver trouble was absolutely free to all—just plain, good, pure water.

Two-thirds of your body is water, and you have not a single vital function that can go on without it. It is of the highest importance that the supply be constantly renewed. Waiting for a drink until you are conscious of thirst is a mistake. The sensation of thirst does not come until the tissues are suffering, wasting from lack of moisture. You should supply the body with water at regular intervals, and if you are the average man you need to take in just about twice as much as is your custom.

Do you weigh somewhere about 165 pounds? That means 110 pounds of water in your composition. How much are you adding every 24 hours to take the place of the waste that is constantly going on? You take a certain amount of water with your food, of course, but not enough. Add to it half a gallon of water as your daily intake, under ordinary conditions of temperature. You will need more in very hot weather when you are perspiring freely.

Life depends much more on water supply than on food. You know it is possible to live for weeks without food, but the deprivation of water can be borne but a few hours. That is because every tissue of the body demands water for the performance of its functions. The blood, the lymph, the gastric juice, the fluids of brain and spinal cord all need a constant replenishment of their water supply. The delicate tissues that make up the lungs, the heart and other vital organs demand proper moisture. The mucous and serous membranes, which line the body, cover the important organs and lubricate the joints, are constantly clamoring for liquids.

Water is an essential agent in the distribution of body heat, and also the controlling factor in supplying the tissues with nourishment. They get their food by bathing in it, and without water the bathing is soon impossible. The temperature of the body would quickly lose its uniformity without proper water supply.

These facts show the absolute necessity for the consumption of a proper amount of water to maintain the body in health. But what about its use as a remedy? Is it true that water is the greatest medicine in the world?

Few doctors will dispute the assertion, thousands will endorse it. "Water internally, externally, eternally" was the watchword of one of the most famous physicians of the nineteenth century, and it is just as good today.

It is true that doctors of an older day denied water to their fever patients, but the great Sydenham broke over that custom, and for long years fever patients have been supplied with water to their hearts' desire. It is recognized that free water-drinking is a great aid in reducing temperature, because it helps clean out poisonous products of disease. Measles was the last feverish disease to get the benefit of this enlightened treatment. Many doctors clung to the idea that cold drinks were not allowable in measles for fear that they might "drive in the rash" until quite recent years. But now this prejudice has gone and patients in all manner of fevers not only get all the water they desire to drink, but also are bathed in it at frequent and regular intervals.

Water is "good medicine" in chronic complaints, too. In virtually all diseases of the kidneys the free drinking of water is a valuable adjuvant. Wealthy persons pay out large sums of money to journey to certain famous resorts. They pay high prices for hotel accommodations, and spend most of their time in taking special baths and in drinking at certain definitely prescribed periods a certain definite amount of water, the chemical composition of which varies but little from their own water at home. They get an immense amount of good from the treatment, and go back home to tell wonderful tales of the virtue of the particular "springs" at which they were relieved simultaneously of cash and indisposition. The whole of the miracle is due to the fact that, for at least a brief period, they have systematically supplied their starved tissues with a full supply of good, pure water.

Will water-drinking make fat persons fatter? There is no sound reason for this belief. On the contrary, the fat individual who drinks freely of water and then commits himself to proper and healthful exercise, will not only tend to reduce his actual weight, but will gain firmer lines and lose the sloppy figure that makes its owner so positive that no one can possibly love a fat man.

As the critical period of middle life approaches it is more than ever important that attention be given to drinking a proper amount of water. It is the age of those vague weaknesses known as "kidney troubles." So common are such disturbances at this period of life that one might well believe it true that "everybody has them." In a majority of cases these annoying and vexatious symptoms are quite unnecessary and may be prevented by a systematic effort to supply the body tissues adequately with pure water. I am not suggesting that this will be a sure cure for real kidney disease, such as may have come as a sequel to scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis or other serious complaints. But it will be helpful even to them.

Like most other good things, there are certain conditions under which water-drinking can be overdone. In cases of heart disease in which dropsy is a feature it is often wise to restrict the intake of fluids. In dilation of the stomach, water must not be taken in large quantities, although no less amount is required. Some forms of indigestion, in which the gastric juices are deficient, are aggravated by drinking water freely, especially if very cold. I would never give cold water to a patient with colic, but would pin my faith to hot water and plenty of it.

Drinking water with meals is not now disapproved as of old. A glass or two of water with a meal may even be an aid to digestion, always provided that the drink is not used to "wash down the food." For good digestion nothing can be allowed to displace thorough mastication and the proper incorporation of the food with saliva while undergoing the chewing process.

Persons troubled with flatulence and eructations of food, due to slow stomach digestion, find much relief by drinking a glass of hot water a few minutes before eating.

Is ice water safe? Yes, to the same extent as other iced drinks. If taken slowly it is perfectly harmless, because the tissues of the alimentary canal quickly convert it to body temperature. Iced drinks of any kind, gulped down hastily, are unsafe. Experience teaches that it is never wise to drink large quantities of cold water when tired and perspiring, and persons who are old and weak should not drink large amounts of cold water at any time.

But there is little likelihood of error in drinking overly much of this remarkably helpful medicine. The danger is all in the other direction. Your requirements will vary, depending somewhat on whether you are a thin, wiry person, a large, fat individual, or just the average being. I suggest eight glasses of water a day, at least one of which shall be taken before breakfast. And don't forget that it is just as important to drink water in cold weather as in hot, although it may take a little more thought to keep it in mind.

Balancing Beauty and Usefulness

Concluded from page 7

by the state college of agriculture to the development of new community centers. Plans provide as far as possible for centers every three or four miles. There the church and the school and the community hall are grouped in the most pleasing and logical manner. In many places there is a cheese factory, too, but this is not usually made the center of attraction, nor is it placed next to the church or the school. There is a common playground selected, and if this can also serve as a school playground, so much the better.

It is urged that land along a water front be kept for public enjoyment; that a proper site for a cemetery be chosen; that a community woodland for picnics and frolics be set aside. The timber sold from this woodland from time to time will pay for the upkeep of the public grounds. Eighty acres will do it for a population of from seven hundred to a thousand.

Above and beyond all, a new community is urged to make and follow a plan, with all the features clearly portrayed. Thus will the community hall be the more quickly built, or the baseball field the sooner laid out. For there is something about a plan which fires the imagination, and we "want to see the thing done" somewhere besides on paper.

The beautifying of the rural cemetery is a part which no state is leaving out of its plan for a better out-of-doors. "Civilization shows the height of its development," a wise man has said, "in the respect shown to the dead." Once seen, no one can doubt the advantage of an attractive setting of shrubs about cold stone.

There are several other new ways of balancing the beauty of the countryside with the usefulness to be gained. There's the question of trees along the roadsides, for instance. Here communities and road engineers and those who are interested in landscape design can well work together. There are those who wish to express, by means of trees, respect for the soldier dead. Shade and beauty must be brought to the highways. Fields and crops, however, must not be injured by the careless setting out of trees and shrubbery; while, on the other hand, trees rightly placed can not only be of great value to crops, but will keep the snowdrifts from blocking the way.

Business men and neighbors and students; farmers and farmers' wives and school children; home demonstration agents and community leaders; road engineers and landscape extension folks: no one of these can do it alone, but what a powerful combination for a better out-of-doors!

Abraham Lincoln as an Inventor

PERHAPS the most interesting patent model to be found among the hundreds of thousands in the United States Patent Office at Washington is the one that was made by Abraham Lincoln. It is the model of the type of boat that was in general use on the rivers of the country back in the thirties and forties of the past century.

It is claimed that this model was produced by Lincoln with the aid of a jackknife, a few discarded cigar boxes, and a shingle or two. The inscription above the model reads: "6469, Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois. Improvement in method of lifting vessels over shoals, patented May 22, 1849."

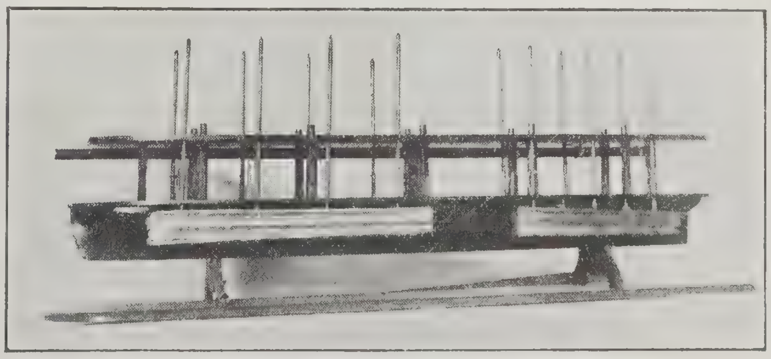
Lincoln had had considerable experience as a boatman and knew of the many vexations and delays due to boats frequently being stranded for days at a time on unseen shoals in the rivers. He conceived the idea of placing a bellows in each side of the hull of the craft, just below the water line, and working them by a system of ropes and pulleys. Whenever the bottom of the boat would strike the river bottom, everybody on board would immediately get on the job and pump air into the contrivance, thus lifting the boat free of the obstruction and permitting it to float off into deeper water.

This invention of Lincoln's was never developed to any great extent. The advent of railroads and canals and the deepening of navigable streams through the dredging process, made devices of such character unnecessary.

This 72-year-old model, however, is conclusive proof that Lincoln was a man of practical ideas, as well as being a great lawyer, politician and statesman.

In describing Lincoln's visit to his office to procure his patent, Z. C. Robbins, a prominent patent attorney of that period, said:

"Mr. Lincoln walked into my office one morning with a model of a western steamboat under his arm. After a friendly greeting he placed his model on my office table and proceeded to explain the principle embodied therein that he believed to be his own invention, and which, if new, he desired to secure by letters patent. During my former residence in St. Louis, I had made myself thoroughly familiar with everything appertaining to the construction and equipment of the flat-bottomed steamboats that were adapted to the shallow rivers of our western and southern states, and, therefore, I was able speedily to come to the conclusion that Mr. Lincoln's proposed improvement of that class of vessels was new and patentable, and I so informed him. Thereupon he instructed me to prepare the necessary drawings and papers and prosecute an application for a patent for his invention."



Abraham Lincoln's invention for lifting river boats over shoals.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A scorched corpse picked up on an oily, wreck-strewn sea was evidence of the fate of the tanker *Swiftstar*. It is believed that lightning struck the tanker amidships, disabling the wireless immediately and exploding one or two oil tanks which tore the ship apart, each half going down with all on board. Splintered wood and rudderless lifeboats with the lettering "Swiftstar" on each one were picked up between Cuba and Jamaica together with the body of the dead man.

The United States Government is able to make prohibition a success among the Indians, according to the Department of the Interior. In two years, $130,734 in fines have been collected from the nation's wards and 97,938 gallons of liquor confiscated.

Mount Washington, Oregon, was scaled August 26, 1923, for the first time on record. Six boys from Bend, Oregon, after hours of arduous work, reached the topmost pinnacle. None of the boys in the party was more than twenty-one years of age. At one time a member of the party lost his foothold and clung desperately to the face of a perpendicular cliff, with an 800-foot abyss yawning beneath him. A tube, containing their names, the story of the climb, and small personal effects, was left at the top to substantiate their claim. They slid down the dangerous part of the pinnacle by means of a rope which could not be disengaged and still remains on the peak.

The Abraham Lincoln University may become a reality if the plans of 200 business and professional men of Springfield, Illinois, carry. Effort is to be made to raise $500,000 to begin organization of the school which will be built and conducted according to the democratic ideals of the martyred President. Within a few months a committee will begin a drive to raise a permanent endowment of $5,000,000.

Heat in the Alps has been so great that glaciers have been melting and causing avalanches. Mountain streams have been blocked by these avalanches with disastrous results to factories and electrical works depending on the power of the water for their kinetic energy.

The straightest of the world's surveyed lines is that running northward between Alaska and Canada from the coast to the Arctic Ocean and constituting the boundary line between the two countries. The line consists of a clearing twenty feet wide cut through all timber, of aluminum-bronze monuments set at intervisible points not more than four miles apart, and of a map in detail of the strip of country two miles each side of the boundary proper. In 1867, the American and British treaty makers laid a ruler on a map and said, "This shall be the dividing line." The line traverses 600 miles of country over great mountain ranges, swift rivers, quicksands, glaciers and bottomless morasses.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

A new national park in the Big Horn Mountains, in Northern Wyoming and Southern Montana, is about to be created if plans carry. The park will be in the shape of a triangle, with one point across the mountain line and the other side going east from Bald Mountain and north along a line that would include part of the Crow Indian Reservation and the famous peaks of Sheep Mountain and Medicine Peak.

A blue jay was killed by a golf ball driven from the eighteenth tee on the club links at Hempstead, New York, recently. The president of the golf club was playing in a foursome and was the first to drive off. As he struck the ball the bird flew from a tree near by, and ball and bird fell together close to the tee.

A fourteen-story hotel for Negroes will be built this autumn at Atlantic City. The building is to be owned, operated and patronized exclusively by Negroes. It will be of steel and reinforced concrete, and will require an estimated expenditure of $750,000.

The Chinese game, Mah Jongg, which has taken America by storm and which is being played in London, Paris and other world centers, was invented 3,000 years ago by a Chinese fisherman who whiled away the time during storms playing the game with his employes.

Cornelia James Cannon, writing in the *North American Review,* says: "The presence in recent years of large numbers of Jews, especially of those from Eastern Europe, where the Jew is essentially an Oriental, in our big centers of population, has been accompanied by a development of racial prejudice which is as unfortunate for the country as it is tragic for the Jews themselves. Those Jews who are already here, who have been admitted to this country and thereby made free of its rights and privileges, must be given every welcome, protection and encouragement. But for their sakes, as well as for the sake of a harmonious nation, we could to advantage practice a rigid limitation of that race in the ranks of immigrants."

A Titian *Madonna and Child,* Raphael's *Crucifixion,* and paintings by Fra Bartolommeo, Gentile Bellini, Palma (Il Vecchio), Correggio, and Tintoretto were bequeathed to the National Gallery, London, in the collection of the late Dr. Ludwig Mond. The Raphael was painted when the artist was sixteen years of age, and is worth $250,000.

Wages of plasterers who receive $104 and more a week are causing ministers and members of other professions to take up the trowel in Evanston, Illinois, where work on a new hotel is in progress. Graduates of universities holding several degrees turn down offers of professorships to join the plasterers. Other graduates who stick to their chosen professions receive but $200 a month while the plasterers receive between $400 and $500 monthly.

The powerful voice of Senator-elect Magnus Johnson can be heard a long distance. When the committee on rules assigned him to suite 125 in the Senate Office Building they had this in mind. The partitions between the rooms are very thin and any loud expression can be heard in rooms adjoining. The question was solved by arranging for a "buffer room" between his suite and those adjoining—that is to say, extra rooms were added to the adjoining suites which may or may not be used.

Amy A. Kaukonen, mayor of Fairport, Ohio, resigned recently after a bitter fight of nineteen months with bootleggers. She clamped the lid on and beat the bootleggers to a finish and then resigned. At a mass meeting of citizens her administration was declared to be the best in years, and all her predecessors were men.

Good paper can be made from banana refuse. The trash or refuse, consisting of the stems of banana trees from which the fruit has been cut, is run through crushing rolls, which produces a mash in which the moisture has been reduced from 90 to 55-75 per cent. A pulping machine reduces the mixture to pulp and the pulp and juice are boiled and beaten. The removal of the fibrous material from the beater completes the process, in which no chemical is used.

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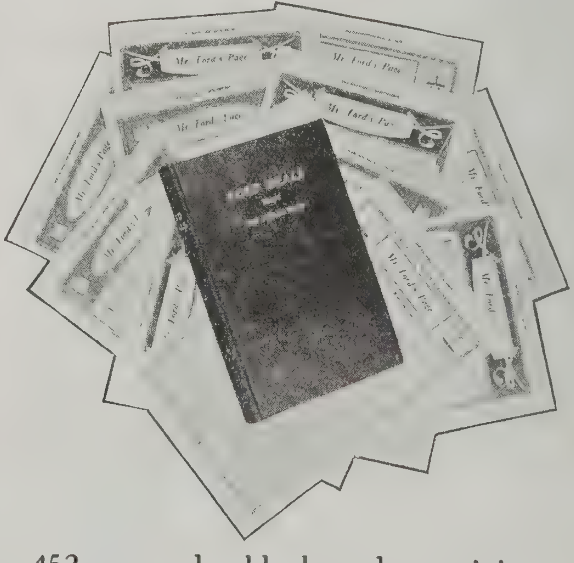

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *$1.50* Dearborn, Michigan, October 6, 1923 *Single Copy* *Ten Cents*

Was Jesus Christ a Jew? —An Inquiry

Two Billions—Tobacco's Toll

And What a Best It Has Been

Care-free Folk of Casco Isles

Milwaukee Has Begun to Save

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Tobacco's Money Toll Two Billions Annually

Rise of Cigaret Marks Most Extended Growth Having Increased More Than 2,000 Per Cent in Last Twenty Years

By ROBERT KENTON

TWO billions of dollars a year for tobacco! And this doesn't include the indirect cost, via soil depletion, drain on efficiency, ill health, shortened lives.

Booze at its pre-Volstead worst took a direct toll from national economy of only a little more than a billion and a half dollars. And John Barleycorn's indirect levies, so gross in form that they were easily visualized, were less, say some students of the subject, than are Lady Nicotine's more subtly taken indirect tribute today.

For the tobacco-using habit has grown in America during recent years as never before since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it to the civilized world. Most forms of its use have increased rapidly, but the rise of the cigaret marks the most extended growth in tobacco consumption in this country. In the last twenty years cigaret smoking among us has increased by more than 2,000 per cent.

The economics of the tobacco-using habit have received very little attention from students and commentators of the subject. As with alcohol, until the light of economic truth emblazoned the roadway to national prohibition, the use of tobacco has been treated more or less emotionally by both its friends and its critics. King James I, tobacco's first strong opponent, denounced it in virulent but only rhetorical terms. So did others who in the early days tried to prevent its spread. They decried it as filthy, unbecoming, un-Christian rather than as costly.

Scientists in Inquiry

TOBACCO'S defenders have employed in even greater extent emotional resources. Poets have praised the pipe in immortal verse which after all is much more beautiful than logical.

Only within the last few years have attempts been made to subject tobacco to the cold and impartial test of scientific scrutiny. These so far have been fragmentary but in many cases thorough. It is notable that the verdict rendered by virtually every one of them is against tobacco.

A committee is now pursuing an inclusive investigation of the subject. It is made up of scientists and authoritative thinkers who have pledged themselves to present all the facts as they are discovered. The work of the committee probably will run through many years.

The committee has not yet gone into the economic phases of the subject. But on these phases there are available considerable and in some respects startling data.

The economics of tobacco begin, of course, on the farms devoted to its culture. In America, tobacco is now produced on nearly a half-million farms. In 1919 almost 2,000,000 acres of land was employed in its culture in this country—in great part the best land we have, for on no other kind is tobacco culture usually profitable. Tobacco depletes the soil probably more ferociously than any other farm plant. Once rich farming areas—Southern Maryland, for example—have been made poor by the continued cultivation of tobacco. This factor in the national cost of tobacco is too elusive for even approximation.

In 1894 American farms produced only 360,000,000 pounds of tobacco leaf. In 1914 the production was 1,034,000,000 pounds; in 1920, 1,508,000,000 pounds—an increase in twenty years of 319 per cent.

Of course, we export considerable tobacco and tobacco products, much more even than we import; but the bulk of the tobacco grown in this country is consumed here.

2,000,000 Live on Tobacco

THE approximately 1,000,000 persons whose time is given to cultivating tobacco on the farms are only about one-half the number of all the persons in the country who are engaged in seeing that our pipes are filled, our cigarets rolled, and our cigars and plugs made of easy access in more than 10,000 stores devoted exclusively to the sale of tobacco products.

In 1921 almost 150,000 persons were engaged solely in the manufacturing of cigars and cigarets alone, their salaries and wages aggregating $129,000,000. The number was smaller than in 1919 or 1914 when prior censuses were taken. This is due, no doubt, to increasing use of machinery, for the wholesale price value of the output of these workers' toil rose from $314,884 000 in 1914 to $806,749,000 in 1921. This in turn was due in some measure to a heightened level of values; but, as will be shown, it is owing in great part to extraordinary spread of the use of tobacco among the people of this country. When you add to the figures above the profits of retailers, you will find that we are now spending nearly one and a half billion dollars a year for cigars and cigarets alone.

They are the chief forms of tobacco use in this country, but older forms hold on and as a whole grow with tenacity that is astonishing.

Only one form, insofar as the writer's researches show, has ever passed out—or even receded. It is the ancient classical one of sniffing snuff, that is, of inhaling powdered tobacco through the nostrils. Snuffboxes still adorn the desks of United States Senators, but the practice of sniffing pinches of the stuff long ago became obsolete.

But we are consuming more snuff than ever before. Last year, for example, it took nearly 40,000,000 pounds of it to satisfy our craving for tobacco in that form. The consumption of snuff has increased by 7,000,000 pounds in the last ten years. The humble folk who use it now pay $7,000,000 a year in taxes for the privilege of "dipping."

The plug holds on but not so well as the snuffbox; there has been a slight decline in the use of chewing and smoking tobacco. These kinds are so interchangeable that no statistical line can be drawn between them; all the decline probably has been in the realm of the "chew" which has become less fashionable than it was of yore. However, of both smoking and chewing tobacco we now consume, plus exports, about 400,000,000 pounds a year, or approximately four pounds for every man, woman and child in the country.

The consumption of cigars has just about held its own during the last ten years. Of them we now consume approximately 10,000,000,000 a year.

Cigars probably have given way slightly to cigarets, which appear, however, to have hewn out a new but extensive field for tobacco in this country.

The older forms of tobacco use—especially those expectorative ones which so roiled Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens—have been with us since the Indians acquainted our ancestors with the "weed."

But of cigarets we knew nothing until they were introduced into this country by foreign visitors to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. No habit ever progressed over such protest as that made in America for a half-century against the "fag." The onslaughts of its opponents exceeded in zeal and virulence the pronunciamentos of kings and popes against tobacco in the seventeenth century.

Yet the cigaret went ahead steadily and startlingly. Twenty years ago, however, we managed to get along with 2 000,000,000 ready-made cigarets a year. Today we are consuming between fifty and sixty billion factory-rolled cigarets in addition to many billions of the "roll-your-own" variety. Since 1914 the smoking of cigarets has quadrupled in volume, consumption increasing at the rate of about ten billions a year.

Every year now in America there are smoked from 500 to 600 ready-made cigarets for every man, woman and child in the country.

How much of this is due to the adoption of the habit by large numbers of girls and women is a matter purely of speculation; no doubt, however, it is considerable.

Cost of Cigaret Stubs

IT IS impossible to estimate the volume of "roll-your-own" variety of cigaret smoking that is done in this country. Books of cigaret papers containing not more than twenty-five sheets are not taxed; hence there are no statistics on production. Yet enough of the other kind were made and sold last year to yield more than $1,000,000 in Federal taxes, though most of the taxable cigaret papers used in this country are imported.

The money cost of the nation's cigarets, and all tobacco, too, is well illustrated by a comparison drawn in a speech made in Tennessee a year or two ago by Dr. P. P. Claxton, then chief of the United States Bureau of Education.

"Cigaret stubs in the United States last year," he said, "cost the smokers more than was spent for teachers' salaries in all grades of schools and universities. The entire country spent three-fifths as much for education as for tobacco, and Tennessee spent one-fifth as much for education as for tobacco."

Our tobacco bill now exceeds the value of all the metals taken from our mines; it is twice the present farm-price value of the wheat crop, almost equals that of the corn crop, and is about the same as the value of all the cotton grown in the country.

But that is the direct toll. Only some parts of the indirect cost of tobacco are reducible to figures. One of these is fires caused by smokers.

According to authoritative figures there were destroyed between 1917 and 1921 by fires originated by careless smokers dwelling houses having a total value of $15,824,598.

According to persons who collect national statistics on the subject, careless smokers cause the destruction by fire of more than $165,000 worth of property a week, giving origin to 6.6 per cent of all fires occurring in the country. Among them have been some of the most distressing fire disasters, such as the one occurring a few years ago in Binghampton, New York, in which sixty-two women and girls were burned to death and fifty others seriously injured.

The fire cause rated as "Matches-Smoking" now leads all others used in statistics dealing with the subject.

Tobacco's greatest indirect economic toll, however, is in the reduction of human efficiency caused by its use. This opens up the age-old question of whether with the average person tobacco's harmful effects are offset in any way by helpful contributions.

In the main this phase of the question has been dealt with chiefly by emotional and rhetorical processes.

Professors of many of the world's most capable minds and hands have been inveterate users of tobacco, and some of them have defended it stoutly. But they have defended it generally only from the safe emotional background that poets and other imaginative writers have adumbrated peans of praise for both nicotine and alcohol—from the same wordy background from which both nicotine and alcohol usually have been attacked as well.

However, within recent years several laboratory experiments have thrown considerable scientific light on the subject. And virtually all the evidence thus evolved, it must be admitted, weighs against the use of tobacco in any form.

In its issue of May, 1914, the *Efficiency Magazine* published the following:

"As a result of a series of experiments by Dr. A. D. Bush it has been ascertained that tobacco smoking causes a decrease of 10.5 per cent in mental efficiency. There was a series of 120 tests on each of fifteen men in several different psychic fields. The men who volunteered for the tests were all medical students ranging in age from twenty-one to thirty-two years, of varying previous experience, from the farm laborer to the life-long student. The subjects were attendants at the University of Vermont, where Dr. Bush is an instructor in physiology."

Tobacco Makes for Inaccuracy

ELABORATE tests made more recently by Dr. George Fisher and Elmer Berry at the Y. M. C. A. College in Springfield, Massachusetts, yielded similar results. These tests had to do in the main with acts of precision. Young men athletically trained were used in the experiments. The feats they were subjected to were such as throwing handballs or shooting at targets.

In the case of old smokers it was found that a loss of accuracy averaging eleven per cent followed the smoking of only one cigar. In the case of non-smokers one cigar caused a loss of thirteen per cent, and two cigars a loss of eighteen per cent.

These and other experiments lead some commentators to estimate the loss in working efficiency in the United States occasioned by the use of tobacco at from twenty to thirty million hours of working time a day.

It is probable that more than one-half of all the 40,000,000 "gainfully employed" persons in the country use tobacco daily in some form. Estimating reduced efficiency thus caused at no more than the equivalent of one hour's work a day for each person, it follows that the economic loss thus resulting cannot be less than an aggregate of 20,000,000 hours a day—equal to the full working time of 2,500,000 persons!

Is there any offsetting economic return? The most thorough students of the subject say no, for they maintain that of all the nineteen different chemical substances yielded by tobacco in its various forms of use, none is of a kind that is primarily beneficial to the normal human being.

These substances include several very deadly poisons, such as nicotine, carbon monoxide, furfurol.

Of nicotine, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, estimates there is in the aggregate of tobacco consumed annually in this country from twenty to thirty million pounds. And nicotine has "death dealing properties second only to prussic acid, the deadliest of drugs."

Furfurol—Worse Than Alcohol

THE pipe smoker, says the same authority, gets more of it than does the cigar smoker who in turn gets more nicotine than the cigaret smoker. However, the cigaret smoker, says Dr. Kellogg, imbibes a larger volume of furfurol, which is "fifty times more toxic than alcohol."

What the injection into the systems of millions of human beings in this country of immense volumes of potent poisons yielded by the pipe, the cigar, the cigaret, the chew, the snuffbox does by way of contributing to invalidism and shortened life is a phase of the subject on which there are no statistics. Some students, however, are of the opinion that the aggregate of harm thus done is greater than that ever done by alcohol—even though smoking doesn't cause men to beat their wives or go on Saturday night jamborees that land them in jail.

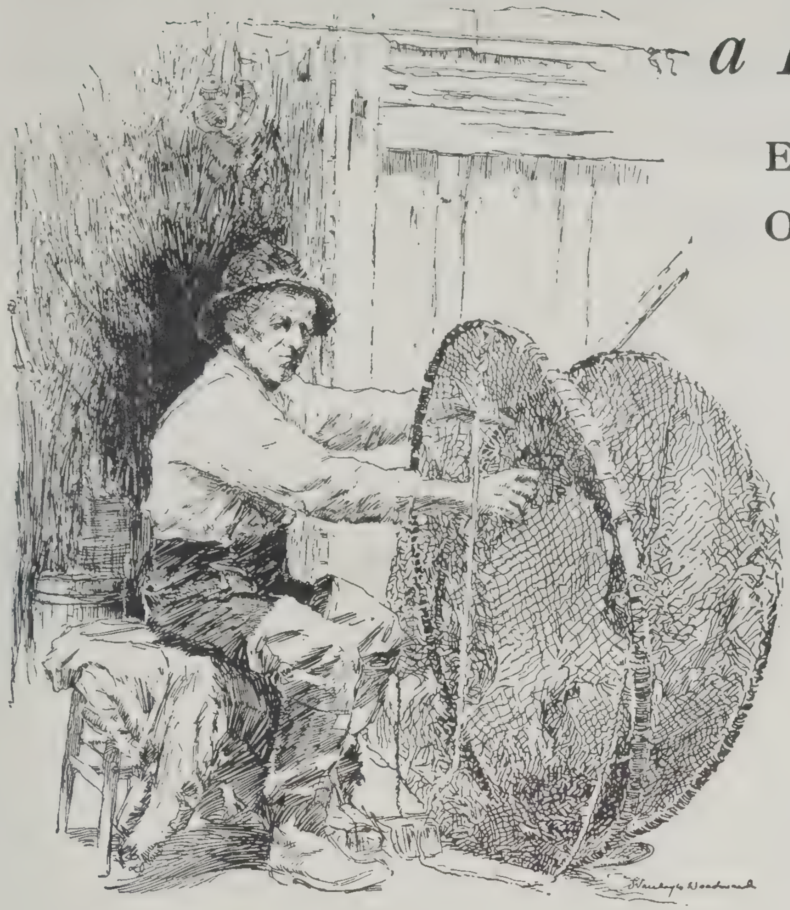
However, there are authenticated cases of drunkenness and even of delirium tremens that were produced by tobacco, which, as everyone knows, is at least a contributing cause frequently in cases of such serious diseases as Bright's Disease and of cancer.

Thus, summing up the economic phase of tobacco and considering all the factors, it is well within the bounds of conservatism to conclude that the economic cost of the use of tobacco in this country is considerably more than three billion dollars a year.

The Honest, Care-free Folk of Casco Isles Are a Pure South Saxon People

Every Dot of the Commonly Reputed 365 Off Maine Coast Has Its Own Traditions

By MAY B. WHITING

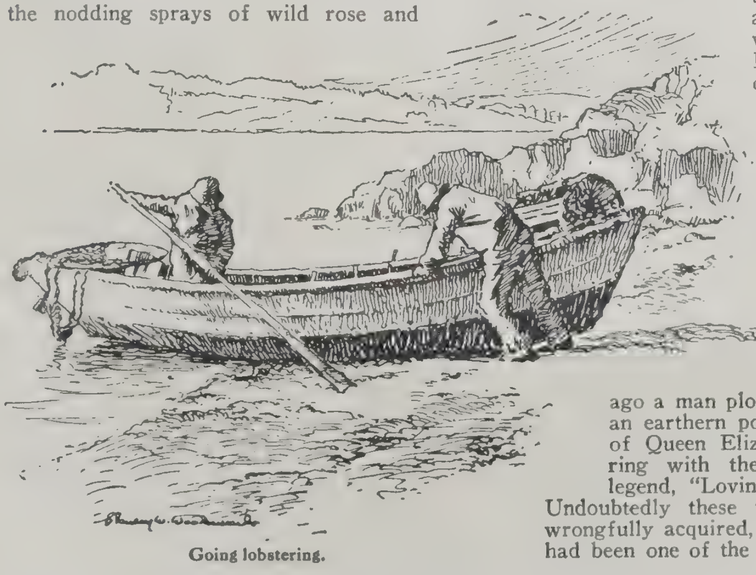

Mending a net.

THERE is something fascinating about an island. Robinson Crusoe could never have so charmed us with his adventures if they had befallen him on the mainland, nor would the name of Napoleon have kept all its glamour if he had not been island born. "Isles of the Blest" was the ancients' ideal of heaven, and anyone who has known Casco Bay, studded with myriad islands, each a gem of beauty, can well appreciate the fancy.

From Cape Elizabeth, the southerly headland of Portland Harbor, Maine, "down east" for twenty-five miles they stretch, in almost perfect alignment, making the landlocked waters of the bay ideal for pleasure navigation. On every side they rise, topped with spruce and hemlock, while gray cliffs descend to the water's edge, interspersed with reaches of pure white sand, snug coves, and pit holes for buried treasure. Only a few are barren and treeless, and these, the farthest seaward, serve as nesting places for the gulls. In spring and early summer the rocks are covered with their eggs, and always, at the approach of a boat, clouds of birds arise with whirring of gray and snowy wings.

The exact number of islands seems to be a mystery. In 1770, a prospector wrote to His Majesty that "ye Bay is cover'd from storms that come in from ye sea there being (if one may believe report) as many islands as there are Days in a yr." Every writer since has strengthened that report, and 365 is the number commonly quoted. To one sailing down among them the view is always shifting, often with a mirage that is almost startling. One never knows just what is around the lee of the next island, perhaps a herd of seals basking on the rocks of a secluded shore, perhaps a bell buoy with its lonely warning, or a racing yacht that glides across your bow like a phantom. And every island beckons with its fir trees and coaxes with the nodding sprays of wild rose and sweetbriar overhanging the rocks for you to explore its beauty.

And there is not one that is not well worth knowing. Each is a little world by itself with tangles of wild flowers, dark woods which one could fancy were the deep primeval forest but for the surge of ocean in his ears, the air sweet with balsam and bayberry, and songs of redstarts songsparrows, finches, mingled with the shrill cry of mackerel gulls fishing in the coves Most of the islands have only one road many of them none, although there are numberless paths. The islander has little need of a road. His cottage is perched on the edge of the rocks and the broad sea is his highway.


Going lobstering.

These islands were settled before the mainland, for, even in pioneer days, the prospector could not resist their charm. And they have been singularly free from immigration, so that probably not even in Sussex itself is there so pure a strain of South Saxon blood. The speech of the islanders, unlearned as it may be, retains a purity of expression and a sweetness of tone very unusual in our country. They are single-hearted, honest folk, spotless in their homes, keeping their Sabbath faithfully from sundown to sundown, going about their duties in a manner that seems, to the summer visitor, idyllically unhurried and free from care.

Yet the islander does not spend his days doing nothing. When the fishing season is on he starts out by two or three in the morning for the fishing grounds by the farthest seaward islands, fishes until midday, then carries his catch to Portland. If the day promises to be foul he repairs his nets and lobster pots and swaps yarns with his neighbors. In the winter he may lay by his boat and go on a larger vessel, or more likely keep to his trade, making a channel when the bay is lightly frozen over and watching his chance that the ice floes do not crush him.

Every island, like a feudal domain, has its own history and legends. There are four at the entrance to Portland Harbor and on one of them Christopher Levett, in 1623, built the first house. The name House Island, where the quarantine station now is located, indicates that it was the chosen site and we read that in 1661 there was an *old* house upon it. But before that date parties of traders sailed up and down the Bay, searching for sassafras and securing furs from the Indians who brought gifts of wild grapes, corn, and venison.

In 1628 one Richard Bagnall "squatted" on Richmond Island to trade with the Indians, and he so unmercifully cheated them that they murdered him. About fifty years ago a man plowing on the island turned up an earthern pot of gold coins of the time of Queen Elizabeth and a signet wedding ring with the initials "G. V." and the legend, "Loving hearts death only partes." Undoubtedly these were the property, perhaps wrongfully acquired, of that "wicked fellow" who had been one of the lawless crew at Merrymount and whose death the governor of Massachusetts was in no hurry to avenge. The men he finally did send hanged without question a sagamore, Black Will of Nahant, who happened to be on the island but who had nothing to do with the affair.

With such stupid and iniquitous acts on the part of the settlers, it is no wonder that the friendliness of the Indians turned to bitter hatred. On Cushing's Island, which forms one side of the entrance to the harbor, there remains a rough breastwork of stone thrown up by Parson Burroughs who, in 1676, transported a party of women and children there to save them from massacre. There is also a pool made by throwing out beach stones through which the tide ebbs and flows and where these unfortunates kept their fish and lobster alive against foul weather. It was on Cushing's, too, that John Josselyn, that most delightful of historians, saw the original sea serpent "quoiled up like a cable," and would have shot him had not the Indian guide feared that the serpent would upset the canoe in his death throes. White Head, a sheer cliff of 150 feet, on the ocean side is probably the most picturesque rock on the Maine coast.

Next down the Bay from Cushing's is Peaks, the most populous of the islands, and the only one which is an "amusement place" as the lovers of Coney Island use the phrase. Near Peaks is a beautiful little wooded island, Pumpkin Knob. There has been some talk of removing it by the T. N. T. process, that the government might gain a passage to the sea, but it is likely that it will remain on the foundations nature set for it.

The "Pearl of Orr's Island" house.

Across from Peaks are the two Diamonds, Little and Great, with their forts and lighthouse tending station. These islands are named from the beautiful white quartz crystals found on them, as on Jewell, farther down the Bay, iron pyrites which gleam like gold abound. On Bustins was the mine the lead from which the impostor Ranson, a hundred years ago, claimed he could transmute to gold.

Jewell is one of the most interesting of the islands. During the French and Indian wars bloody fights occurred there, while its numerous coves made it the favorite resort of smugglers, and, according to report, of pirates. The story is still told of how a party of Bermuda pirates foundered off Brown Cow, and part of them escaped from the wreck and got to Jewell with the booty. Some years after, Chase, who was then the only inhabitant of the island, saw two strangers land at dusk with shovels. The next morning they had gone, and certain stones with mysterious

(Concluded on page 12)

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"Impending Ruin" a Myth

THANKS to the *Saturday Evening Post* for its article "Dwindling Disasters" by Robert Crozier Long, in the issue of September 15. For so long a time have we been compelled to read and hear false predictions of ruin and disaster, and threats that the destruction of Europe would fall guiltily upon the head of America, and weird visions of the next war sweeping the earth bare; for so long has it seemed almost useless to protest against the utter falsity of that whole point of view, that it is a relief to observe the idea making its way that the whole propaganda of disaster has been a calculated play upon the fears and emotions of the world.

After the falsehoods that have been told the people—falsehoods for military purposes, falsehoods for peace purposes, falsehoods for charitable purposes, falsehoods for political purposes—it will be a wonder if the people are ever again induced to believe the utterances of their leaders.

"The myth of impending ruin," says the article in the *Saturday Evening Post.* "Stark, staring ruin has stood long on the program, and truth might be allowed to show its nose . . . . *The truth being that Europe is not ruined at all."*

Even the Money Bogey is ruined. We who remember the days when the most exalted prophet of the Administration waited breathless for the collapse of Germany on account of the depreciation of the mark, and we who said then that it was possible for a country to be *financially bankrupt* so far as "international finance" was concerned and yet remain *economically sound*—we appreciate the courage of the *Post* in giving currency to the fact that "money could go one way and production and trade another."

"The myth of impending ruin" has failed of its purpose in America. Flattery and cursing have both proved unavailing to move us. At first the international bankers tried it, flattering us that we were the richest country in the world and could therefore save the world. That myth has been exploded by *the fact that the greater part of the gold in America is owned in those very countries which we are called upon to save.* Then came the idealist crowd, the literary lights and the clergymen and clergywomen, in an effort to shame us into doing what the international bankers wanted, telling us that it was our selfishness and cold-heartedness and cowardice that were ruining the world. That bubble has burst also. "The myth of impending ruin" has been shown to be a myth, and the thing worth knowing is that the American people sensed it to be a myth before anyone had the courage to stand up against the prevailing tide and prove it to be a myth.

England's Laureate in Michigan

AN AMERICAN university president, Burton of Michigan, goes abroad and returns with the Poet Laureate of England—or, what is practically the same, the Poet Laureate's promise to come. This must be reckoned as the academic touchdown of the year. Poets Laureate have been such exalted creatures, closed in by classic shades, the voice of Britain in gloom or glory, that apparently no one ever thought of bringing one of them to America, let alone inducing one to accept a fellowship at an inland town in Michigan. It is like bringing the Lama of Thibet to the county fair! Seriously, has ever a Poet Laureate visited America before? Memory at the instant does not recall one who did.

For the past two years the University of Michigan has been enabled by a private donor to offer a creative artist a term of residence without duties for the sake of the atmosphere that his presence might be able to create. For two years this fellowship has been held by Robert Frost, probably the most distinctive living American poet. Mr. Frost did more than his invitation called for, gave himself freely to all young ambitious minds, made frequent public appearances, and departed. To succeed a Poet Laureate in such a post would be honor enough for any mortal, but to be succeeded by the Poet Laureate of England!. . . .!

Robert Bridges is eighty years old and has been anything but a toady in his office. He has dignity of person and mind and is a workman in letters who needeth not to be ashamed. Most pleasant of all, next to Mr. Bridges' consent to come, is President Burton's intimation that the change from Oxford to Ann Arbor will not be too great for the Laureate, since, as President Burton stoutly declares, there is as much "atmosphere" to be found at an American university as at European shrines of learning.

A Tactical Error

"WET" propaganda, always stupid, has made another error. It has lined up the openly "wet" and the secretly "wet" newspapers in one grand flourish of exposure of "prohibition conditions." To save themselves from the attack of the church and the "dry" forces these papers protested that they were doing it for the good of prohibition! —which explanation proved suitable for a little while, until the public perceived that these newspapers protested far too much. And now the game is up. So many clergymen, however, are stiff with fear when it comes to criticising specific newspapers in their own city, that the reaction is not what it ought to be. The result, when computed, will be that the secret journalistic enemies of prohibition have been uncovered—have, indeed, uncovered themselves.

Giving a False Report

WE ARE no more disposed to receive the reports which American clergymen make of conditions in Europe than we are to recommend that Europeans should receive clerical reports of conditions as they are in the United States. The present opinion of the clergy concerning certain international matters is the result of intensive propaganda and not of knowledge. The cry that has been so repeatedly raised that not Europe only but civilization itself is in actual process of destruction because of America's refusal to enter the League of Nations, would be a most moving one if true, and the clergy have accepted it as being true when it is not true at all. Any observant clergyman must feel that all the regimented preaching on the theme has had no effect. Truth is never uttered with so little effect. It becomes timely then to inquire what is the explanation. It may be this—Claque propaganda of any sort is too easily detected by the people.

When a Boston clergyman goes up and down England assuring the British people that "the *people* of the United States feel keenly their deprivation in not being able to align themselves in an organized capacity with other nations through the League," he does two things: he wholly misrepresents the attitude of the people of the United States, and by italicizing *people* he but adapts war propaganda methods to indicate a difference between the people and their government. The implication may be, and the inference certainly is, that the American *people* are straining to get into the League but the American Government won't let them. One doesn't have to be a statesman nor even a clergyman to know that that is not true.

It is not true even of the rank and file of church membership. It is only true of a class which has formed its opinions on false propaganda.

What a pity that the facts of our people's reluctance, their psychic caution, the silence and equal caution of the Europeans that have come among us, have not been received nor measured. Is it not a noteworthy element of the situation, this attitude of the people? Only by a misrepresentation of this attitude, a complete ignoring of the possible instruction to be found in it, can such messages be given abroad as that one referred to above.

The Folly of "Welfare Work"

PROFESSIONAL "welfare work" is gradually being unveiled for what it is. Little more than a fad and an impertinence at any time, it was primarily adopted to assuage the twinges of capitalistic conscience. During the steel strike competent observers were surprised to discover that part of the resentment leading to that breach was due to the very "welfare work" which the steel trust was exhibiting to the world as proof of its tender interest in its employes. There was no doubt that the hundreds of thousands of dollars, yes, the millions of dollars claimed, had really been spent on the welfare program. No doubt of it. The figures were there and the devices themselves were there. But the devices were adjuncts of the steel mills. The swimming pools were part of the steel mills. So were the libraries and dancing pavilions and parks and party parlors. The "enjoyment" of the employes was regimented just as their work was. Their laughs were paid for, just as their labor was paid for. The company spent the money, no doubt of that—but the employes didn't. "Ingratitude," of course, was the company's verdict. And it is pitiable, too, more pitiable than censurable, because it indicates how little the leaders of men realize that the men led are just human beings like themselves.

The latest failure of "welfare work" is Lord Leverhulme's in the north of Scotland. That work was press-agented around the world as a sort of localized millennium come to earth. But just as the denizens of Pullman's model town turned and rended Pullman, so did the recipients of Lord Leverhulme's bounty grow tired, with the result that the nobleman has given it up and will continue to make soap unmixed with patronizing welfare. He has handed the welfare devices over to his employes and bid them look after their own welfare.

The difficulty has been that seldom does a great employer who has been bitten by the bug of "welfare work" seek to learn anything from it. Usually he sits and glows in the adulation of half-baked idealists who help him to believe that he has already produced one segment of the kingdom of heaven. His conscience is soothed. His responsibility to his fellow men is finally settled. He is through. Like "community chest charity," it is a mere matter of signing checks and hiring social tinkers who can make nice speeches on "The Problem of Poverty." It is only an extension of the old philanthropy which thought its duty done when it gave a beggar a shilling and its employes a turkey at Christmas.

It has come at last to this: there is no welfare work that can serve as a substitute for fair wages. To provide ornate "company" swimming pools for employes whose wages do not enable them to provide a bathtub at home; to build recreation centers for employes who have not enough surplus to enable them to choose their own recreations, should be recognized as pure folly and contrary to the commonest instincts of self-respect.

This is said, not in criticism of what has been done (the only criticism could be of the failure to learn anything from what has been done) but to forewarn those communities that are waking to the necessity of doing something to "prevent labor trouble." Let such communities know that the ice cream sociable method is a ghastly failure and leaves more wounded self-respect in its trail than genuine hard-fisted indifference does. Workmen know a miser for a miser, but the employer who would cloak the wage deficiency with "welfare work," they come speedily to judge as a hypocrite. It is the old principle that men can endure justice but charity galls them.

As a stabilizer of relations between employer and employe the *just wage* has no substitute. Where you see all the social and cultural institutions of a community under the patronage of "the company" you may be sure it is an impoverished underpaid community and that the company's dividends are swelled by money that should be in the pay envelopes.

It is of no use to blame the unions nor the ingratitude of men until the *just wage* has been paid, and when this is done there is little more heard of the unions or "the class war."

A normal community is where the people do for themselves—build their own schools and churches, devise their own recreations, select their own diversions, direct their own leisure. And where these things flourish independently of "the company" you may be sure it is due to wages paid and not to charity.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are two attitudes to be taken toward the times, and only two: the attitude of interpretation, and the attitude of challenge. These are at the base of all the divisions that exist between people of the same community and generation. Other explanations of our divisions are artificial. There are all sorts of explanations, such as difference in wealth, or education, but close analysis will discover that the fundamental "class difference" is psychic, a matter of mental attitude.

Conservatives and radicals are born, not made. Multitudes of people pass from one side to the other in the course of a lifetime. If all the radicals had remained radical, social systems would be non-existent; and if all the conservatives had remained conservative, our record of progress would have been less impressive.

Take the "classes," as they are commonly defined. They are supposed to be divided on the score of wealth—the people of large possessions in one class and the people of less possessions in another. The former are supposed to be the conservatives, the foes of progress and social fairness; the latter are supposed to be the radicals, the progressives, the reformers, the foes of injustice and mere financial power. But this is a classification founded on the desire of would-be leaders who would wrap human society in convenient parcels; it is not founded upon the fact. For if there is anything which acquaintance among men teaches it is that wealth as often releases the mind to radicalism as lack of wealth releases it to conservatism.

> *FEW people live in their own times. They live in some imagined romantic past which was just as common and matter-of-fact as the present is, or in some imagined millennial future which when it arrives will be just as common as today. Their attitude toward their own times is one of indifference or challenge. Yet today is the past brought up to date; today is the threshold of the future. If you can interpret today you have a finer view into tomorrow than the visionary who cannot see today for tomorrow's castles in the air. People are mentally suffering, are needlessly lacerating themselves, because they have assumed that Today means nothing and cannot be interpreted. Yet if today has no meaning, the past was a Blank and the future is a Chaos. But today has a meaning, all the meaning that there is; it is the root, the chrysalis of all that is to come.*

Look at the "money question," for example. Anyone would think, indeed the public has been taught to think, that the "conservatives" are to be found among financiers. If any "class" was to be trusted to act with the utmost caution it would be that class whose business *is* money. And, on the other hand, if any "class" was to be expected to act with utter recklessness in the matter of finance it would be the working class to whom the mysteries of money were unknown. The financial notions of the "masses" are always to be distrusted! These are reasonable deductions from the current descriptions of the two "classes."

To measure how far these opinions fall short of the mark it need only be recalled that the only recklessness which has ever plunged the country into financial disaster has been the work of the financiers, the wise men of money, from the time when the United States Bank of President Jackson's time "disciplined" the people, to the recent time when the Federal Reserve officials deliberately "deflated" the people. The entire series of panics which blot the history of this nation is to be credited exclusively to the so-called "conservative" class. But, on the other hand, the people, "the radical classes," "the uninformed classes," "the mob," has in every crisis been on the side of "sound money." In this most important matter we see a total reversal of the common notion—the so-called conservatives behaving with the utmost recklessness, and the so-called radicals behaving with uncommonly good judgment.

So apparent was this during the last panic that the so-called conservative class endeavored to transfer the blame to the people. The people were "extravagant," we were told. The people were "squandering" their wages. But had it not been for the normal expenditures of the people the panic would have been much worse than it was. The people spent money to keep business afloat. The "conservative" class, so-called, did not spend money, rather they made money more and more impossible. It would be a difficult task, therefore, to convict the people of "radicalism" with regard to that most important question of money.

No, the difference is deeper. It is a matter of looking at one's own times from the angle of the interpreter or from the angle of the challenger. This is decided by one's temperament and experience. Some begin with the temperamental assumption that the times are all right, the world is all right, everything is all right. As they gain experience they find a world which modifies their conceptions. Others are born natural rebels. The world is all wrong, and everything in it must be changed, overthrown, righted. Many of these, as they gain experience, come to feel that conditions are about as good as they can be, considering the elements out of which the conditions are made.

The difference is, not that one class says the world is good and the other says it is bad, but that one interprets the world as being just about as decent as it can be considering its material, and the other confronts it with the taunt that it is wholly wrong.

Neither class receives much satisfaction. There are individual exceptions, of course—fanatical defenders of things as they are, fanatical revolutionaries against things as they are; and only the fanatic can be happy in extremes, his happiness being the compensation of his deficiencies. For the most part, people fluctuate between the two, in youth veering toward the challenge, and for the rest of their lives being alternately interpreter and denouncer.

Both views are right and the explanation of "normalcy" as denoting the attitude of the majority while "extremism" denotes the minority, is that the majority of people move between both views. War is the only thing you can have when the material for war is all you have. Panics are the only things you can have when the material for panics is all you have. People will be deceived, misled, robbed of their savings, made the tools of quacks and charlatans in politics, finance and religion, as long as the people themselves present the opportunity for deception. And how shall they be saved? By being sheltered from their foes, or by learning from hard experience?

It is thus that the interpretative attitude reasons. Things are bad, but will expostulation make them better? Will mass meetings and resolutions make them better? Will idealistic oratory make them better? Or will a grinding course of experience with the facts produce the change which all social-minded men desire?

The interpretative attitude has the advantage of dealing with facts as they are. It saves itself useless laceration by reflecting that nothing else is possible, conditions being what they are. And it justifies itself from the criticism that this is a heartless view, by pointing out that the surest way *out of* the present confusion is simply *through it.*

As a clear matter of fact, most of the people who adopt the challenging attitude toward conditions are only the precocious graduates of the interpretative attitude—they are only a little earlier than the others. The vast public is made to suffer and suffer again, and again, until at last the source of the suffering is made clear, and a few alert souls move to abolish the source, never dreaming of anything save that the public will follow their lead and end the suffering. But no! the vast public doesn't follow, it isn't finished with the interpretative process as yet, it needs a few more bitter lessons rubbed into it. And the alert ones, thrown back upon their hopes, are compelled to a new task of interpretation—the interpretation of *the slowness of the public to realize what it already knows.* And the interpretation is that *even this slowness has its place in development.* The wheel of experience turns slowly but ceaselessly and the wheel of progress turns at the same rate; it is for the seers to see and report; it is for all to wait.

This is not easy to be learned, the wisdom of waiting, of interpreting, of discovering beneath apparent inertia a resistless motion upward, of discovering in the midst of seeming death irresistible forces preparing the foundations of the new order: not next week, nor next election, maybe, but when the time is *right*—the only time, the earliest time that anything enduring can appear.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

"Was Jesus Christ a Jew?"—An Inquiry

A Few Side Lights on a Looming Question. The Testimony of Family Names and Places. Judah and Israel Separate and Distinct

IT IS recorded only once in His memoirs that Jesus Christ was called a Jew. On that occasion the name was applied to Him by a Samaritan woman who obviously had its religious or denominational meaning in her mind.

The statement that Jesus was a Jew is usually an echo of the common superstition which regards the Bible as a Jewish book and all the godly characters therein as Jews. It grows out of the same error which calls Abraham a Jew, and Elijah and Samuel and other Scriptural notables who had no connection whatever with the tribe of Judah. It is the same common error which permits Judah to usurp the name of Israel as if one tribe comprised all of that great people.

In this article it is desired, as in the previous one, in the issue of September 22, to avoid all questions of religious belief. From only one angle does it become important as a matter of religious belief whether Jesus was a Jew, and that is the angle of a prophecy which was held to declare that Messiah should come out of Judah. Whether this involves the necessity of His being actually and racially a Jew, a flesh and blood scion of the Judah tribe, will be discussed presently. The purpose of this article is to stimulate inquiry upon the racial or tribal status of Jesus which has been left so generally to tradition or hearsay.

Certain facts will be admitted at once by all familiar with the memoirs of the Four Evangelists in the New Testament. Among these are the facts that Jesus was never a favorite with the Jews, that he created a riot in the Jewish cathedral at Jerusalem, that he was hostilely pursued almost from the beginning by the Judeans, and that he spent most of the active period of his life outside the land of the Jews, that is, outside of Judea.

* * *

The *geographical facts* are worthy of consideration. The most familiar common designations of Jesus found in the Gospels are geographical. He is known as "the Galilean" and as "Jesus of Nazareth." Galilee was a province in Northern Israel at the farthest reach from Judea, and Nazareth was a town of Galilee. Neither Galilee nor Nazareth is a Jewish name. Both were terms of contempt among the Jews of Judea. Popular proverbs were current which denoted the low esteem in which both were held by the Jews.

What the Geography Tells Us

THE birth of Jesus is said in the Gospels to have occurred in Bethlehem, which is in Judea the land of the Jews. The Jewish Encyclopedia says (Vol. 7, p. 160) that Jesus was born in Nazareth, but the Gospel goes somewhat further and explains the relation between Bethlehem and Nazareth. It is distinctly stated (Luke 1:26, 27) that Mary the Mother of Jesus lived at Nazareth at the time of the Annunciation. Joseph, the reputed father, lived there also. Later in the ministry the crowd about Jesus referred to the whole family of Mary's sons and daughters as living there, and the Nazareth region was called "His own country." That both Joseph and Mary were Nazarenes and not Judeans is stated in Luke 2:1-3, where the Law of the Census is shown as requiring every taxable person to register at his own ancestral center—"And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea unto the City of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David:) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife." "And when they had performed all things . . . . they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth" (Luke 2:39). They were not of the house and lineage of Judah, but of David—an important distinction as will appear under the discussion of Jesus' designation, "The Son of David."

The bulk of geographical references in the Gospels are to Galilee. The name appears everywhere. That country was the scene of Jesus' greatest exploits. Judea always appears as the land of danger. Repeatedly do the disciples warn Jesus against Judea, and it seems to be the critical opinion that only three times in His public ministry did He enter Jerusalem, the third time with "His face set like flint" because he knew it was the death city.

It has been somewhat overlooked, however, that Jesus was known to his contemporaries as a "Galilean." In the court of the palace Peter was accosted with the charge—"thou wast also with Jesus of Galilee (or *Jesus the Galilean*"); and in the civil trial before Pilate it is recorded—"When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked *whether the man were a Galilean.* And as soon as *he knew that He belonged to Herod's jurisdiction* he sent him to Herod." Herod's jurisdiction was over Galilee. "Galilean" is a designation that remains to this day, and has its place in the determination of the question, "Was Jesus Christ a Jew?"

* * *

It is further a fact that *the disciples of Jesus were, with one exception, Galileans.* That is, they were not Judeans or Jews. The exception was Judas who managed the betrayal. Lest this statement should be regarded as a gratuitous fling at modern Jews, let the interested reader turn to the Jewish Encyclopedia, Vol. 7, p. 371, where it is stated that in the name Judas *Iscariot* the latter term means "a man of Keriot," this being a town in Judah, and where the further statement is made referring to the origin of the disciples—"Judas, being of the district of Judah, *while the rest were all Galileans.*" There was but one Judean among the disciples whose very name denotes his tribal derivation.

The sense of difference between the Jesus group and the Jews is constantly apparent throughout the Gospels, and nowhere more so than in the most beautiful of the Gospels, which is the Fourth, ascribed to St. John who is known in the church as the Apostle of Love. John always speaks of "the Jews" as an American would speak of the Russians or the Sicilians. And that this difference was more than religious is shown in the experience of St. Peter at the Court who, though desirous of concealing the fact that he had been with Jesus, was betrayed by his speech—"Surely thou art one of them: for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech betrayeth thee." "Ye men of Galilee" is the angelic address to them following the Ascension.

So that the Galilean character of the Apostolate is clearly fixed. Judas proving traitor, his place was taken by Paul, who was not a Jew of Judah but a scion of the tribe of Benjamin. Indeed, the first rejection of the Messianic claims by the Jewish national council was based on the Galilean fact—"Shall Christ come out of Galilee? Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet." The antagonism of the Jews toward Jesus was not softened by his prophecies uttered *specifically against Judea,* upon which land he foretold the most terrible consequences—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . . your house is left unto you desolate . . . . let them which be *in Judea* flee into the mountains . . . . And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, he said, As for these things which ye behold, the days will come when there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." Obviously, the whole Jewish tone was absent from Jesus and his group. Peter, in his sermon before Cornelius, years after, still refers to Judea as "the land of the Jews." It is clear that "the land of the Jews" was not Jesus' "own country."

Jesus of Nazareth Not "of Judea"

NOW let it be noticed that in not one instance does the term "Jew" as used in the Gospels indicate the Galilean people. The Fourth Gospel uses the term "Jews" sixty-four times, not one reference being to the people of Galilee. Let it be also noticed that Galilee was situated in the territory of that greater part of Israel which had seceded from Judah centuries before. Upon the return from the Babylonian captivity the Jews settled in Judea and the Benjaminites, who originally belonged to Israel, settled in the north, and while retaining the Mosaic religion (then as now known as "the Jewish religion," although Moses was not a Jew) the Benjaminites were a separate people racially and psychologically. It was among them that Christian ideas first took root.

These are embarrassing facts against which to test the current charge or taunt that "Christians worship a discarded Jew."

After what has been said about Galilee, less need be said about Nazareth. But it is notable that no Judean place name is connected with Jesus. "Jesus of Nazareth," "the Nazarene," how amply do these testify the Galilean character of Jesus' reputation in the days of His ministry. Even today, "Jesus of Nazareth," "The Carpenter of Nazareth" are common terms, with not a Jewish note in them. But, of greater significance than what the crowd said, was the designation which Jesus himself acknowledged. At the time of His arrest, Jesus, according to the Fourth Gospel, went out to meet the officers—"Jesus . . . . went forth, and said unto them, Whom seek ye? They answered Him, Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus saith unto them, I am He." It is the name He twice acknowledged that night. He thus identified Himself in the vision to Paul on the road to Damascus. No name linked Him with Judah save that derisive inscription upon His Cross—"King of the Jews"—against which placard even the Jews protested.

Names in Jesus' Family Not Judean

THEN look at *the family names* connected with Jesus. Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus, possessed a name which went back to the original antagonists of Judah. The original Joseph was the son of Jacob and the father of two tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh. These two Joseph tribes held the rule in Israel as rivals of Judah for centuries, and after the secession of Israel from Judah it was the Joseph tribes that continued to be the head of Israel. Indeed the name of Ephraim is sometimes used in the Old Testament as synonymous with Israel. The name of Jesus' reputed father, therefore, is not a Judahite or Jewish name.

The name of Mary the Mother of Jesus was Miriam. The original Miriam in the history of Israel was the sister of Moses, and, of course, Miriam was no more a Jewess than Moses was a Jew. They were both of the tribe of Levi.

Then there is the name of Jesus Himself, which in its original form is Joshua. The original Joshua, savior of Israel, was not of the Judah tribe at all, but was a member of one of the Joseph tribes, the tribe of Ephraim, which had always disputed the ambitions of Judah and later headed the House of Israel. Thus we see in the names of Joseph and Jesus a recognition of relationship—as the first great Joshua was a son of Ephraim who was a son of Joseph, so Jesus of Nazareth was called Joshua, a son of Joseph. The Jewish note is entirely lacking.

The names of Jesus' relatives, called brothers and sisters in the Gospels, are not preserved to us save in two instances: we have the names of two of his brothers as James and Joses. James is originally Jacob—and Jacob was not a Jew; while Joses is related to the name Joseph which, as we have seen, cannot by any stretch of interpretation be given a Jewish interpretation. The family names of the family of Joseph and Mary, as far as we know them, give a decided impression of avoiding all Jewish reference.

* * *

A THIRD line of inquiry leads to the prophetic name given to Jesus as *The Son of David.* The first Gospel opens with the words, "The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham." Readers of the Gospels will not need to be reminded how frequently the people hailed Jesus as "The Son of David," an ascription of royal descent and therefore of royal succession. Does this fact tend to show that Jesus was a Jew? Was David a Jew? Was kingship over Judah and Israel a proof of pure raciality? Is it requisite that the lion of the tribe of Judah should be a product of Judah?

David, as we know, destroyed in his ancestry the boast of pure Judahite blood. One of his ancestresses was Rahab, the Canaanite harlot, and another was Ruth, a woman of Moab. He himself is described as "ruddy," or fair in complexion, a notable phenomenon among a black-haired people. He was a revolutionary against both Judah and Israel in his early days, and the record shows that he had more natural affinities beyond Judah than in it. He consorted with Canaanites and Hittites and Moabites; the host of the hated and hostile Philistines was a home to him. Foreign rulers received him with a consideration denied in Judah. David's sister married an Ishmaelite. David himself married as his first two wives a Jezreelite woman and an Ammonite woman. It is out of place here to go into Dr. Cheyne's theory of "Jerahmeel," but it throws some light upon the Arabian connections, if not indeed the Arabian origin of David. In any case, he was recognized (as at that time any king would have to be) as different from and superior to the people over whom he reigned. He was first chosen by Judah and then by the rest of Israel. In his time Israel and Judah lived together, although Israel raised two rebellions against him. The place of his birth presents some difficulties in name, raising a question whether it was in Judah, but that may be passed. These articles base themselves on the English text of the Bible alone.

In the previous article reference was made to the promise made to Abraham concerning the destiny of Israel. There is yet one more "covenant" or promise of destiny, and that was made to David. As we have seen that the House of Israel and the House of Judah were set opposite each other with distinct destinies, so now we see the House of David set upon a divine prophetic destiny distinct from the others. The record of the establishment is found in 2 Sam. 7, culminating in the words, "And thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee: thy throne shall be established forever." It is the apparent failure of this prophetic promise which occasions the bitter outburst of the eighty-ninth Psalm. At any rate, there are now three Houses—the House of Israel, the House of Judah, the House of David; Israel bearing a great world destiny, Judah obscured by separation from Israel, the House of David leading Israel in its world mission outside of Palestine.

Palestine Is Not "the Appointed Place"

IN THE charter establishing the House of David a note appears which should interest those who think of Palestine as the only prophetic strip of ground in the world and of Zionism as proof of Biblical prophecy. This note is in 2 Sam. 7:10—"Moreover I will appoint a place for my people Israel, and will plant them, that they may dwell in a place of their own, and move no more." Bible study has been so strongly under Jewish influence in the church that this very important statement has been overlooked. The establishment of David's throne has been strongly emphasized to be sure, because it is supposed to denote Jewish rule (which it doesn't) but this promise of the "appointed place" is ignored. Offhand most Bible readers who are under the influence of the Jewish method of interpretation would say that this "appointed place" is Palestine. Let us see.

"Moreover I will appoint a place for my people Israel." They were already settled in Palestine. The first verse of this chapter describes David as having rest from his enemies. Israel had possessed Palestine for 400 years—nearly three times as long as the United States has been a nation. The appointment could hardly refer to Palestine; the appointment of Palestine had been made nearly a thousand years before. The reference here is clearly to a place yet to be appointed—"I will appoint a place." What place, then?

"And will plant them?" Were they not already planted? We know that they were not. Israel went out of the land *and never returned.* Judah went out of the land and after seventy years part of it returned. The House of Judah did not officially return, but only a part of it which became known as "the Nation of the Jews." The scepter departed from Judah. From that day to this it has been a subject race. Temple and government alike are gone. Yet if the Bible is to be received as a true book of history past and present, "Israel" is "planted" somewhere.

"And will plant them that they may dwell in a place of their own." Palestine was not their own, it was the fruit of war. It was taken by force from other people.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

And What a Best It's Been These Sixteen Years!

Walter Johnson Tells of His Career as a Big-league Pitcher

By A NEIGHBOR

WALTER JOHNSON

"You can't afford to worry over the defeat of today. Just figure out why you've lost, then begin to plan on the victory of tomorrow—if you expect to keep going."—Walter Johnson.

"HOW much longer do you expect to play baseball?" I asked my quiet, reserved neighbor.

"Well, I don't know," he replied. "It's a fascinating game and I love it. And the public—everywhere—has been mighty good to me. As long as I feel that I can win a game once in a while I'll want to stick. Just so long as the public wants me to play I expect to give it the best there is in me, for the fans surely have treated me fine. When the manager takes my uniform away from me I reckon I'll have to quit like the rest."

"Do you ever intend to go back to the minors when you quit the big leagues?"

"As things ordinarily go I wouldn't. But years ago there was a man who was my friend—he has been so all this time. He owns one of the best of the midwestern clubs. One time I promised him that when I quit big league baseball I would play for him one year. I'll keep my promise and play a season for him if I'm able."

So here, then, were the secrets of this man's success. He loves his profession, and, more, he loves his public and is grateful for its treatment of him. He tries to give the best there is in him—so the fans are always for him. He doesn't waste time worrying about today's defeat; simply uses its lesson as an added means to the end of tomorrow's victory.

It was hard to realize that this clean-spoken, modest, quietly dressed, frank-faced chap was the great Walter Johnson, premier pitcher of organized baseball in America. standing today on the topmost pinnacle of fame and success in his chosen line.

He is more like some prosperous, genial merchant, or broker, than an idol of the fans, the man who, on the diamond, receives the applause of the multitudes whether he is "whiffing 'em" as fast as the batters come to the plate or whether he is taking his glove to the bench after being "pounded."

Living cleanly—he always has—Walter Johnson is a real "early-to-bed-early-to-rise" man. His chief business in life is a perfectly winsome wife and four kiddies, three boys and a girl—Oh, yes, and an Airedale dog which insists on gnawing its bones in the front room on the best rug—much to Mrs. Johnson's chagrin.

The boy that came out of the sticks.

Modesty, clean living, quiet geniality and an intense love of his family and home are the dominant characteristics of the great hurler.

Much written about in sporting pages, Johnson is very seldom interviewed. He has pitched, not press-agented, his way to the top in his profession, and he much prefers to talk about others rather than himself.

One evening recently while making a neighborly call I had the rare good fortune to catch this celebrity of the great American game in such a mood that I was able to induce him to talk about himself, and he told me the story of his life, unconsciously dropping in here and there bits of the best sermon on how clean living pays, and gems of philosophy acquired on the diamond, I ever heard.

It was evident that Walter Johnson's interest is in his wife and children, the fans, the game itself, and his whole thought is to give them the best there is in him as long as he can. Personal fame, money, his own prowess—all these seem secondary in his considerations. He constantly voiced appreciation of his treatment by the public—indeed his attitude seemed one of half-wonder that the fans are so good to him.

It was a rare evening. In that big room of a beautiful home on Irving street, in Washington, D. C., with the subdued rays of the lamp casting soft, mellow shadows in the corners, the golden amber of the ginger ale sparkling in the ice-glasses, Johnson sprawled indolently in a big easy chair, the Airedale industriously polishing a bone at his master's feet. From upstairs the soft wail of the latest little Johnson floated down as the mother glided softly through the half-lighted room with a gentle, "You won't mind baby, will you? She's a bit restless."

As he affectionately scratched the Airedale's ear with a slippered toe, Walter Johnson warmed to the subject he loves—baseball—and bit by bit gave me the story of his life, his hopes, his ambitions, his failures.

In procession passed, in conversation, the great ones of the diamond: Christy Matthewson, Rube Waddell, Babe Ruth, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Plank, Bender, Coombs and the others. And for each of them Johnson had a kindly, affectionate word.

"I was born November 6, 1887 on a farm four miles out of Humboldt, Kansas," he began.

"We had no near neighbors; there weren't any kids to play with, so up to the time I was fourteen years old I had never heard of baseball.

"Then my family moved to Fullerton, California, in the oil fields, and I started in high school. All the boys played baseball there, so I took it up and I liked it—I always have.

"I started my first game of baseball as catcher. Halfway through the game the kids thought I could throw pretty good so I was put in as pitcher—and I've pitched ever since."

By such trivial incidents is the course to destined greatness sometimes directed.

"I'll never forget that first game I pitched for the high school," Johnson continued. "I got beat 21 to 0.

"The next Saturday our club imported a catcher who could corral the balls and we played the opposing team on its home grounds. In fifteen innings the score stood 0 to 0. I was sixteen then, and I guess that's the greatest game I ever played.

"After leaving high school I went to work in the oil fields and attended business college in Santa Ana. One day I was a spectator at a semi-professional game. The manager of one team asked me to pitch for him. I pitched about a dozen games during that year and won a good part of them. I received about ten dollars for the whole series—and that was big money to me then, I tell you.

"In 1906 a friend of mine who was in Tacoma, Washington, persuaded me to join that team in the Northwestern League. But the San Francisco earthquake broke up the Pacific Coast League so the Northwestern could get all the seasoned players it wanted, and all of us young fellows were let go without being given a chance to do much.

"Following that I went to a little town in Idaho called Weiser. I dropped off the train and asked the way to the baseball headquarters. At that instant I saw my friend from Tacoma on the street—he had said he would be in Weiser—and he took me over and got me on one of the clubs. I played two months in 1906. I went back home that autumn and played a little here and there. The New York Giants were training in California that next spring and they were willing to take me on. But I didn't know anything about the Giants and I was afraid they might drop me off in the sticks somewhere without money enough to get back home, so I wouldn't go with them."

And thus it was Washington had saved for her club its Ace of Diamonds.

"I went back to Weiser in the spring of 1907. Those people were the finest I ever knew. Clean sports, they loved the game, and, although they bet big sums on the results, there was not a man of them who would have thought of trying to have a game thrown. They won like sports and lost like gentlemen—and loved the game for itself.

"I was getting what I thought was big money—a hundred dollars a month for playing one game a week and on holidays."

This sounded strange and amusing, coming from a man whose salary as pitcher for the Washington "Senators" is probably nearly twice that of the Attorney-General of the United States.

"As I developed I got to going fairly well and the coast leagues began to make offers to me, but I was afraid of what I then thought was 'the big league' and preferred to stay in Weiser."

That's the way Johnson put it. The fact was, he pitched eighty-six consecutive scoreless innings and had the West country wild.

"Yes, come to think of it," he admitted when I mentioned this, "I believe I did do something like that—but then, you know, those boys didn't know much about batting," he added, half deprecatingly.

"But later in the American League, with the Washington club, you pitched fifty-six consecutive scoreless innings, didn't you?" I insisted. "Yes," he admitted, "but I was just having a lucky streak, perhaps.

"Well, anyway, in 1907 Cliff Blankenship, catcher for the Griffs, was sent out to Idaho to get me for the team. But I was suspicious of those city fellows and I made 'em agree to pay my expenses BOTH ways before I would come. How the manager of the Washington club ever heard of me I don't know to this day. I have been told some traveling man told him about me, but I don't know. Anyhow, I've always had a warm spot in my heart for 'drummers' ever since just the same."

And now, from point of baseball years, Johnson is a gray and grizzled veteran. His record is sixteen years with the same team without a suspension, without a fine, without a fight with an umpire, without being ruled off the diamond once. The average baseball life of a player in a big league is from four to six years.

"Speaking of that streak in Idaho," resumed the great pitcher after he had persuaded the Airedale to go back to gnawing its bone instead of its master's slipper, "they imported Higginbotham, of one of the minor leagues, later of the Cubs, to pitch against me in a game between Weiser and Caldwell, Idaho, and he beat me 1 to 0. I always kind of hated that."

There was a kid, twenty years of age, always playing in the bush, beaten only 1 to 0 by a league pitcher—and the Walter Johnson of today still feels a little bad about that defeat.

"But even then I figured I couldn't worry about the defeat of today—just had to figure out how it happened and come back tomorrow and win.

"It was funny, but line drives, no matter how many bases they were good for, didn't cause much excitement in those days. But a high fly—man dear! how the crowd would rise up and yell!

"I came to the Washington club in July, 1907, and pitched my first game for the club August 2.

"I was a greenhorn right, and I guess the fast company sort of got me rattled for the first couple of years, for I sure fell all over myself when I tried to field—but the fans were good to me. They put up with it all and that's why I've got to give them the best I have in me always.

"Washington is home to me. If I had a chance to

(Concluded on page 14)

His Story Is Written in the Lives of Others

Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men at University of Illinois, Confidant, Counselor, Disciplinarian and Friend of Students

By FRANK M. CHASE

AT AN age when most men who go to college are graduating, a lank, skinny youth was attending to the multifarious duties of an Illinois farm. In him burned a desire for an education, but there were obstacles in the way. He had never been to high school. Moreover, he was the main support of his mother and an invalid brother, and he could ill be spared from the farm work. Things looked hopeless indeed.

But into his life one summer came a force on which neither he nor his mother had counted. A boyhood friend, now a student, spent his vacation in the neighborhood. He had been to normal school for a year, and delighted in displaying the polish—the extremely thin polish—so acquired. He wore bright-colored clothes. He walked and talked in college terms, and declaimed numerous pieces that he had memorized. All this—especially the last named accomplishment—presented an attractive picture to the young farmer, and awakened anew his old ambition.

"If college can do that for a fellow," he decided, "then I'm going."

Oh, let's be patient the next time we see some young fellow thus flaunt a little learning! There may be results we least expect. It was the very ostentation of that misguided youth, for example, that started Thomas Arkle Clark, now dean of men at the University of Illinois and a recognized authority on students and their problems, on the road to a notably useful career. For Dean Clark originated the office of dean of men, and has probably done more than any other man to make the college life of America finer and more beneficial.

Probably not another person understands students with such thoroughness and sympathetic regard for their interests as Clark. During the twenty-two years he has occupied his present position he has studied them constantly. His office in the administration building is a veritable clinic in human nature. To the slender, gray-haired figure behind the big desk, his kindly blue eyes and friendly smile radiating the optimism of youth, the six thousand men students of the university take their troubles, their hopes, their joys and their sorrows; for Dean Clark is their confidant and counselor, as well as their disciplinarian, and throughout all, their friend.

Hundreds See Him Daily

HIS callers number into the hundreds every day: the average for a recent month was 354. Among them will be the student who neglected to pay his room rent, the one who must have a job or leave the university, and the young fellow who has been exceeding his limit of "cuts" or has been too lackadaisical generally to make the necessary grades. Whatever the difficulty, the dean instantly adapts himself to the situation and a solution is quickly reached. Rule-of-thumb methods, however, do not apply in his office, for each case is regarded as individual as the person most involved.

"I try to figure out each morning as I go to my office what form of student irregularity I shall during the day have to adjust," Dean Clark says, "but I am never successful. No two days are alike; every problem which is presented has something in it unforeseen and unlike anything else I have ever met. One might think, if he did not know, that, having seen fifty men during a year on fifty different sorts of wrongdoing, there would be nothing new, and that the next years would be a repetition of the old stories, but it is not true. Every case of discipline which I have had to do with was a special case."

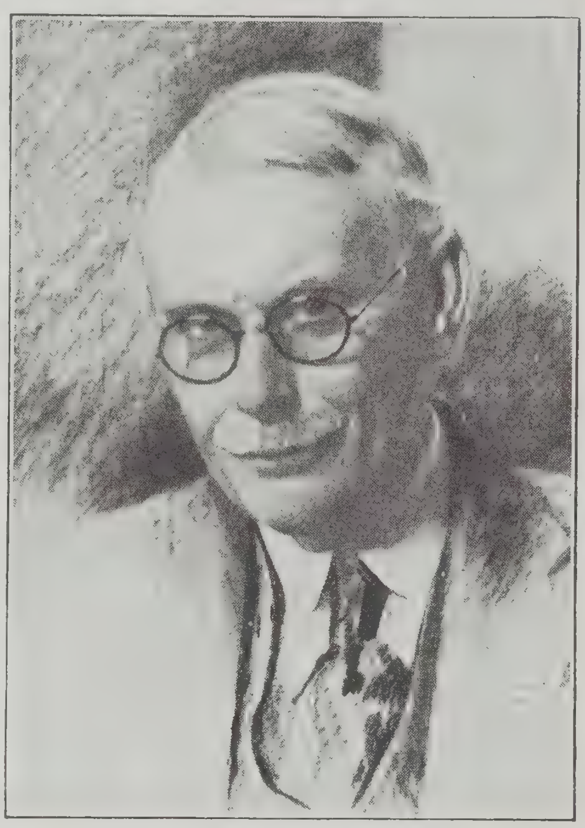
Though the students who tread the green carpet of the dean's office are his main concern, they do not represent all the activities of his busy life. Any unusual demand, night or day, finds him ready to go. He visits the sick and discouraged. He is called, often after bedtime, to help in adjusting some student affray with the police. He also knows thousands of students and alumni by name, and gives dozens of informal talks every year. Of him an associate on the faculty says: "Nobody goes to more dances and dinners, as well as funerals and faculty meetings, than he. He will manage to get around to a smoker, a meeting of church deacons, an operation on an undergraduate at the hospital, a dance, and a theatrical rehearsal in an evening, and be dictating letters at eight the next morning."

Dean Clark's sympathetic understanding of students, and the confidence they place in him, are rooted deep in his own experience. From his own student days he knows their troubles: the problems of the young man who must work his way, the temptations that beset the student politician, and the gulf that separates the fraternity man from his non-fraternity seatmate. He has also experienced many of the hardships of life, and knows the strength derived from obstacles overcome.

He was born at Minonk, Illinois, May 11, 1862. When five years old, his parents having moved to a farm, he began his education in a log schoolhouse. Two years later the family moved again, this time to a farm near Rantoul, only a few miles from the institution he was destined to serve so long. At the age of fifteen his father died, and, left as the main support of the family, his schooling stopped. Nevertheless he was able a few years later to pass the county teacher's examination, and at twenty taught a district school.

During all this time the towers of university hall beckoned him to come, but he could not see his way clear to obey the call. Then, the summer he was twenty-two, came the normal school student, and young Clark's determination to have an education. He could not, however, rush at once to college; the affairs of a farm cannot be closed up thus abruptly. Accordingly, he spent another year on the place, taught the district school near his home that winter, and the next autumn moved, with his mother and brother, to Urbana.

Having never attended high school, it was necessary for him to take some preparatory work in the university academy. To this he devoted himself so assiduously that the following autumn he was able to meet the entrance requirements, and enrolled as a full-fledged freshman in the university itself.



THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

As a boy he had harbored an ambition to be a physician. About the time he entered college, however, he was wavering between medicine, law, and journalism, the latter finally receiving the most serious consideration. Practical use of his journalistic bent was made, as he supplemented the five cents an hour which he received for working in the university library by writing for a local newspaper, putting in his spare time as a compositor. He also edited a sophomore publication, and was on the staff of the student daily three years, the last year as editor-in-chief.

The Men Who Should Go

DESPITE having to work his way, he made an excellent scholastic record. When he was graduated, 1890, he had been junior orator and class poet, as well as editor of the papers just referred to, and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He does not, however, advise students to work their way through college if they do not need to do so.

"Too many people attempt to work their way through college," he says in one of his numerous essays for the guidance of actual and prospective students. "It is only the exceptional man without money who should go to college. Many men say that they would not be able to save money if they went to work, but it is as easy to economize and to save money out of college as it is in, and the commonplace student should either not go at all, or he should work and save money enough to allow him to devote the greater part of his time to his studies; otherwise he is likely to fail."

After his graduation, Clark rose rapidly, though not in the profession he had chosen for himself; fate, indeed, seems to have put as many obstacles as possible in the way of his becoming a journalist. Instead he became a teacher, accepting a poorly paid position in the Champaign high school to be near his mother.

Successively he was then an instructor in the academy, instructor in English in the university, assistant professor of rhetoric, and professor of rhetoric, coming to the last named position in 1899. Meanwhile he had grown to like teaching, had found time for a summer of special study at the University of Chicago and a year at Harvard, and was about to settle down in the belief that he had found his life work. He also still clung to his literary ambitions, which, as a professor of rhetoric, he had a fair opportunity to realize. Moreover, as virtual head of the English department, he had done a good job of outlining its work and building a staff, having secured, among other able instructors, no less a man than Stuart P. Sherman, who is now famous as a literary critic.

About this time the dean of the college of literature and sciences was absent from the university for a year, leaving Professor Clark in charge. Though he still holds the title of professor of rhetoric, having taught a course in the subject until a few years ago, his classroom work was thereafter to be a side line; for during the year he was acting dean he assisted the president in two difficult cases of discipline, in the handling of which he displayed such insight into student nature that a special position was created to make use of his ability. This was in 1901. The office, then unheard of in any university, was known as "dean of undergraduates and assistant to the president." In 1904 it was modified to "dean of undergraduates," and in 1909 to "dean of men."

While the position was established with a view to relieving the load of the president in disciplinary matters, Dean Clark practically made his own job. He instituted a system for reporting the scholarship and absences of each student; he began to help those needing work to find it; he began to study hazing, student graft, dishonesty, unwholesome fraternity conditions, and the innumerable other factors contributing to student problems. During the first few years of his office Dean Clark supervised the women as well as the men in some matters, but since the coming of a separate dean for women in 1909 has given all his attention to the men. Even so the work has proved too much for one man. An assistant dean has been employed since 1910. The coming year he is to have three half-time assistants.

He Knows Fraternities

FRATERNITIES have long received special attention at the hands of Dean Clark, and probably not another man in the United States can speak of them with the same authority.

His attitude in general is singularly fair and incisive. He willingly grants that they have a rightful place in college life. He does not condone all their acts, to be sure; nor does he regard them as the sinks of iniquity some uninformed persons hold them to be.

Clark has been a powerful influence for bettering these organizations. He has been called the "Apostle Paul of the Greek-letter fraternities." In 1920 he was made educational adviser to the Inter-Fraternity Conference.

Better to understand college men he has followed their educational path back to high school, as a result of which he also writes and speaks authoritatively of the high school boy. His book, "The High School Boy and His Problems," is packed with understanding of the subject, and has proved helpful to the teacher and parent as well as to the boy himself.

Dean Clark seldom loses track of the men he has disciplined. Scattered among the hundreds of students who visit his office, and the other hundreds of alumni who come to renew their acquaintance at homecoming or commencement, are those he has had to punish, returning perhaps to thank him for what he had done.

"Even if their dismissal is a permanent one they write to me, or send me messages, or drift at intervals in a friendly way across my path," he says. "I count them among my closest and warmest friends. There is never a Christmas that I do not hear from some of the once derelicts who send me good wishes or the baby's picture. It gives me the greatest pleasure to know that these men are almost without exception doing a man's work in a manly way, and that out of their discipline has come for them a real strength of character."

Two other qualities stand out prominently in Dean Clark's exceptional personality. These are his unwavering reverence for the truth, no matter how it hurts, and his sense of fairness. A glimpse of both are seen in the credit for his success that he generously bestows upon others.

"I think it is hardly fair to write an article about me without saying something about the two women who have meant more to me than any other influence in life," he said while this sketch was being written. "My mother stimulated me for many years to do the thing that I wanted to do, and my wife has kept up the stimulation for the last twenty-seven years. If it had not been for these two, I could not have done half the things that I have been able to accomplish, even though I have accomplished relatively little."

Words, after all, scarcely tell the story of Thomas Arkle Clark. It is best written in the lives of others.

'Camp That Came From Nowhere in No Time': Goldfield, Nevada

Two Blades of Grass "Only Lawn in Town"

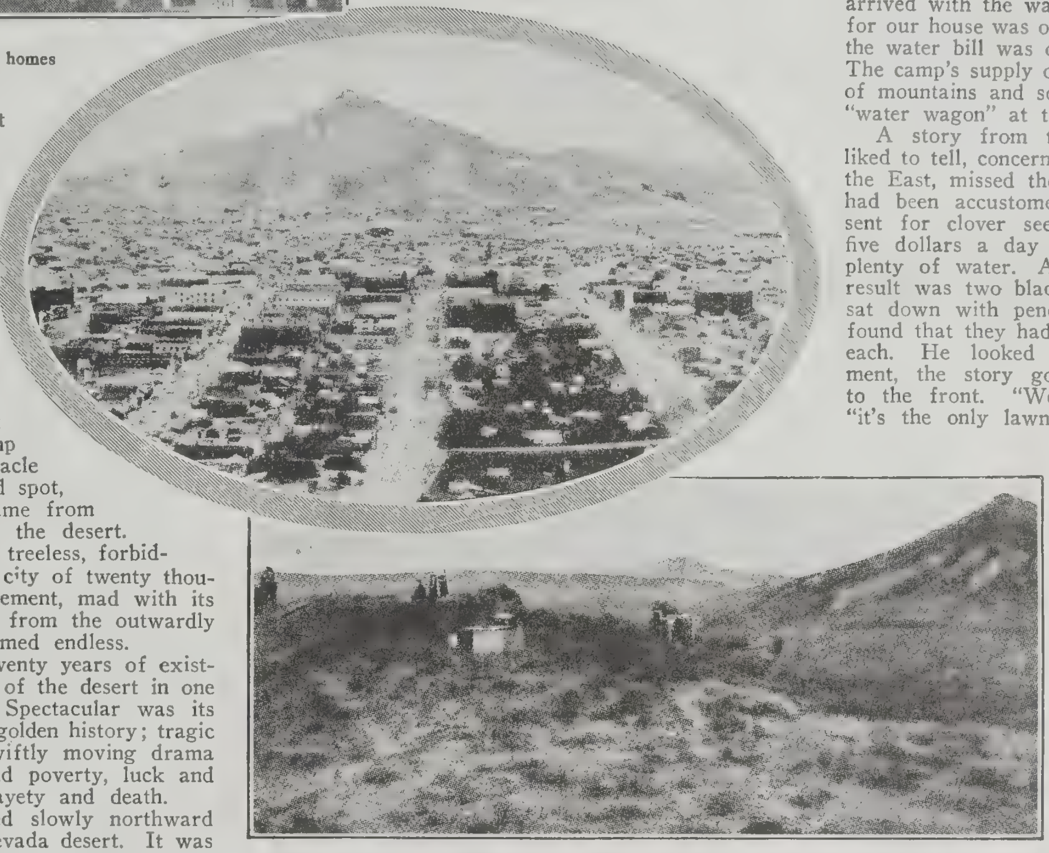
By EDITH M. GAHAGAN

A Goldfield school surrounded by typical homes of that city.

TOILING wearily to the crest of a low ridge of Nevada hills on a December day in 1903, a dusty old prospector gazed out over a far-reaching, desolate waste of sand and sagebrush. The mournful howl of a coyote rose from a distant lonely hill; a lizard glided away from his foot; no sign of human habitation met his eye. As he stumbled down the slope with his pack-laden burro reluctantly following, a gleam in a rock beside him caught his eye—and as if an Aladdin's lamp had been rubbed, a modern miracle was performed in that lonely, arid spot, and Goldfield, "the camp that came from nowhere in no time," rose from the desert.

Feverishly built on a waterless, treeless, forbidding plain, in two years it was a city of twenty thousand, teeming with life and excitement, mad with its thirst for the gold which poured from the outwardly barren hills in a stream that seemed endless.

In July, 1923, after a scant twenty years of existence, it was swept from the face of the desert in one short day of devastating flame. Spectacular was its entrance on the stage of Nevada's golden history; tragic the final curtain; but into its swiftly moving drama were written scenes of wealth and poverty, luck and failure, exultation and despair, gayety and death.



Above—Bird's-eye view, Goldfield, Nevada. Below—Where Goldfield came from. The naked desert before the stupendous rise that brought this remarkable town into being. Harrie Taylor (discoverer), Lew Finnegan and John Y. McKame on the Jumbo, from which was taken $100,000 in forty-seven feet from surface, the strike that caused the first rush.

The long freight train crawled slowly northward through the dreary expanse of Nevada desert. It was a hot August day in 1911. The sun, scorching down on this land that knew no shade, had driven the temperature to 115. A desert dust storm was blowing sand through every crack and crevice of the last car, which was, surprisingly, not the usual caboose, but what had been an ordinary day coach. By the simple insertion of two partitions, the car was serving the triple purpose of baggage car, smoker and passenger coach; for this was the combination freight and local of the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad, which ran one train daily from Las Vegas, in Southern Nevada, two hundred miles north to the mining camps of Goldfield and Tonopah.

Among the passengers was only one woman, a school teacher from Michigan, the writer, in fact. The lure of gold had called me, too, for it was the offer of the Goldfield school board to pay me what was considered a princely salary—double the best that Michigan then had to offer—that had brought me adventuring here. And "an adventure" it seemed, in truth, for the consensus of opinion back home had warned me that Goldfield was a place notorious for its rough mode of living, inhabited mostly by murderers, gamblers and rattlesnakes; certainly, they agreed, no proper home for a girl from the civilized East.

But when our desert special pulled into the camp, just as the sun slipped behind the Malaipi, and the delicious coolness of a desert evening brought relief from the gruelling heat, I stepped from the train into a modern depot scene of bustling agents and bus drivers calling their hotels, and to the greeting of the superintendent of schools and the president of the board, who had come personally to meet me.

Two outstanding characteristics of the Goldfield spirit, hospitality and prodigality, were demonstrated to me before the evening was over, for I was dined at the superintendent's home, a pleasant room had been selected for my approval, and before the school board official left, he said, "Guess I better tell you tonight that we have raised your salary. We thought we must economize a little, so offered you less than the others are getting; but when we got together last night, I said, 'Boys, it's a dirty shame to let a girl come all the way from Michigan for less than the regular salary. Let's boost her up.' They agreed, so if you'll drop around to my office tomorrow, I'll have your new contract ready to sign."

Although referred to in local parlance as "the camp," Goldfield was no longer the chaotic tent-and-shack colony of the boom days. The population of 20 000, that flocked there almost overnight at the first cry of gold, had melted to a possible 6,000, the stabilizing element which had built a city of homes, schools, churches and stores, with railroads reaching north and south, in the heart of a great desert where nature had supplied no factor for sustaining life, except the gold whose gleam had beckoned men into the loneliness, and the lavish use of which had made a city possible.

Faith in the inexhaustibility of each new El Dorado marked the construction of western mining towns. And Goldfield, like the others, was built as if for all time. Splendid public buildings were erected of brick and stone. The camp was proud of its four schoolhouses, equipped with every up-to-the-minute device for successful teaching, the three churches, a hospital, banks, clubs, a fire-station with snappy apparatus, pretty homes.

But the boast of the town was the famous Goldfield Hotel, around which centered much of the social and business life of the camp. Built at a cost of half a million dollars, it held the reputation of being the finest hostelry between Denver and the coast. Easterners arriving in camp, resigned to putting up with rough accommodations, never failed to be charmed by the conveniences and service at "The Goldfield." Out-of-season delicacies of food that the New Yorker was fond of ordering at the Ritz-Carleton could be found in its dining room, though it had been shipped in at tremendous expense from California. And, needless to say, the stranger paid well for his meal.

The necessities of life, we found, as well as the luxuries, came high in Goldfield. When a town's daily bread and the fuel for baking it and the water with which to wash it down and the light by which it is eaten, all have to be transported more than a hundred miles, the price must be paid. Rent was the one exception, for the camp was already facing the tragedy of empty houses. We rented an attractive bungalow for twelve dollars a month—our one excuse for rejoicing, financially speaking—but a sad moment always arrived with the water bill on the first of each month, for our house was one of the few piped for a bath and the water bill was often fifteen dollars for the month. The camp's supply of water was piped over two ranges of mountains and sold to the consumer from a literal "water wagon" at two cents a gallon.

A story from the first days that the old-timers liked to tell, concerned a tenderfoot who, arriving from the East, missed the abundance of grass to which he had been accustomed. Determined to have some, he sent for clover seed and fertilizer, hired a man at five dollars a day and gave him instructions to use plenty of water. At the end of the season, the net result was two blades of grass. When the possessor sat down with pencil and paper for a reckoning he found that they had cost him just five hundred dollars each. He looked somewhat chagrined for a moment, the story goes, but his optimism soon came to the front. "Well, anyway," he said with pride, "it's the only lawn in Goldfield."

But in spite of the high cost of verdure, Goldfield had acquired a few trees in the course of years. The home of Tex Rickard, a neat red brick, boasted a fringe of saplings which gave to the corner an air of affluence and a refreshing spot of green; and across the street, on either side of a little path, were two squares of real grass, carefully protected from wandering burros by another innovation in Goldfield, a fence.

Tex Rickard's prominence in camp was not due to his trees alone, by any means. He had turned the national limelight on the town and himself by promoting the Gans-Nelson prize fight there; and he owned and operated the once famous, now deserted, Great Northern saloon, styled the "Monte Carlo of America" in the glad, free days when gambling was at its height, and the old rooms were crowded day and night with men and women who won a fortune or lost one with the easy nonchalance which gambling etiquette demanded of a good sport. From poverty to wealth, and back to poverty again in twenty-four hours, via the Great Northern, was no uncommon occurrence in that atmosphere of uncertainty. The Cherry Malotte, of one of Rex Beach's Alaskan stories, they told us, was at one time a frequent figure at the roulette table.

We went one day with an "old-timer," who was full of stories of early days, to see the famous back room that had been the scene of such stirring life. The roulette wheels and faro equipment lay under a thick pall of dust; but the place seemed peopled again with life and strife and madness as our guide told of this murder, or that suicide, and of the lucky few who won—and went.

Much camp lore clung around the building which housed the Montezuma Club. This was virtually Goldfield's first town hall, for the Montezuma members were the influential men of the raw, crowded camp, who met here to administer by moral force some form of law and order while waiting for the legislature to grant a city charter. "No professional gunmen" was one firm rule they made, and as a result, Goldfield's first year was not marred by the many crimes of violence that had given its predecessors a picturesquely bloody history.

They burrowed in the ground when Goldfield was in the building. A group of first residences.

Goldfield's golden present, Goldfield's golden future, the possibilities of the latest strike, the tale of some lucky miner made a Midas that day, these were topics for the conversation in the Montezuma's rooms. And it was worth listening to, for more reasons than mere entertainment, as the venerable darky janitor could testify after he had cleaned up $100,000 from tips as to the best stock to buy, caught while mopping floors.

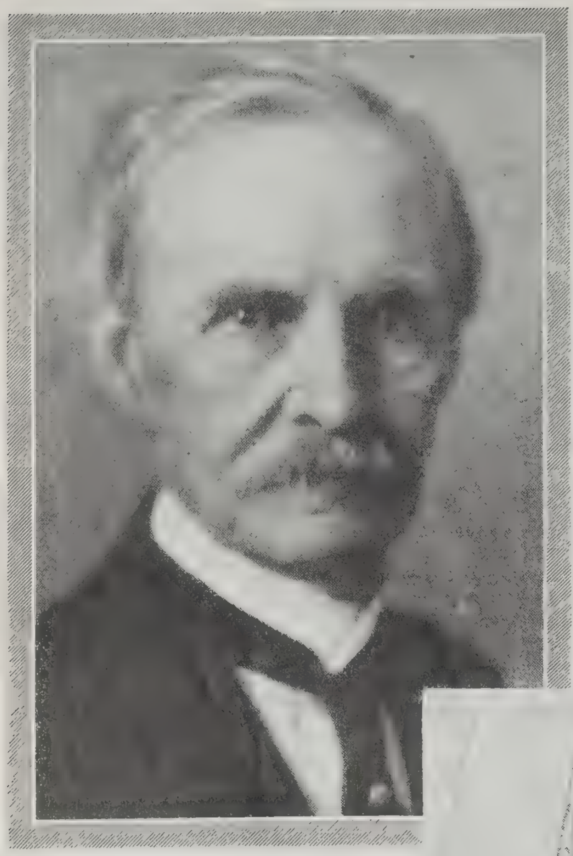
In 1912, we found many substantial homes dotting the residence section of the camp. Hobnobbing side by side with them, in a merry "The Colonel's Lady and Mrs. O'Grady" camaraderie, were the crazily built one-room shacks, mute reminders of the time when any shelter was at a premium. When thousands of people dropped in

(*Concluded on page 14*)

This Cat Never Came Back But It Served Its Purpose

And May Well Be Responsible for Inventor's Fame

By S. R. WINTERS



DR. JAMES HARRIS ROGERS

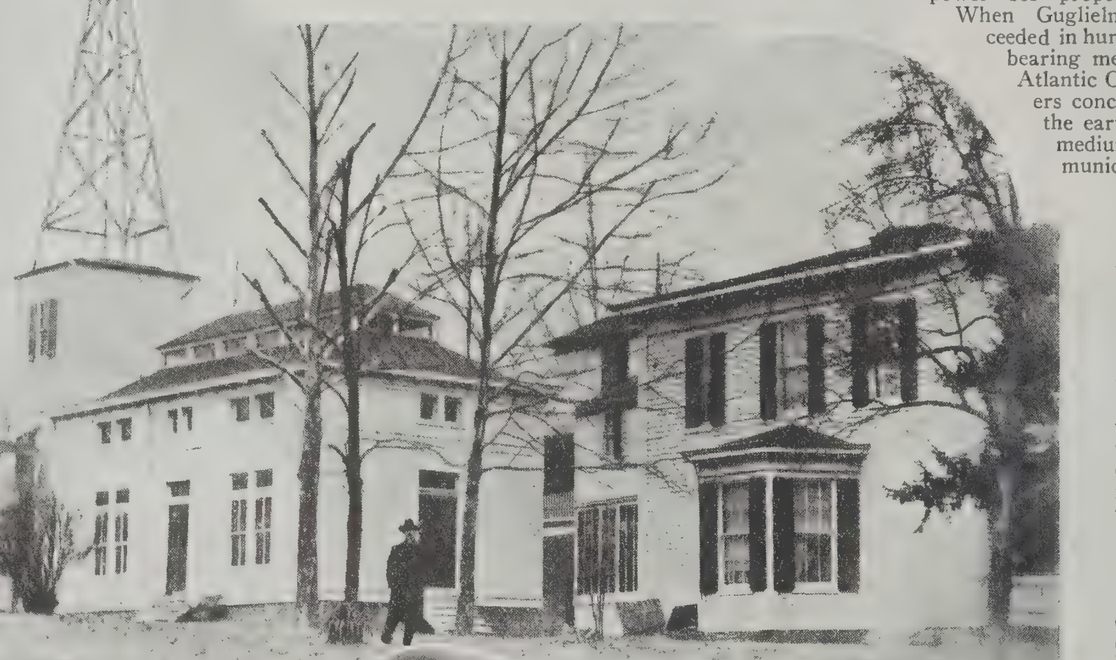
CATS, black cats in particular, have an ominous meaning to many when crossing their pathways. There is, at least, one instance, however, in which a cat did not forecast bad luck.

When James Harris Rogers was fifteen years old he was conducting experiments in electricity. His studies of the apparatus and methods of communicating by means of Morse telegraphy called for the devising of a repeater which would require little quantity but great tension or voltage. The originality and perhaps not too great regard of this boy for cats suggested the use of a "live-wire" repeater. He readily obtained a stray animal. A boot was adapted as a container for the animal. The toes of the boot were cut off so that the hind feet of the cat protruded and two holes were made in the upper portion of the shoe that the front paws would not be confined. The primary current of the high-tension circuit passed through the feline, the effects produced on the cat causing its paws to respond to the dots and dashes. By placing the Morse telegraph key on one paw and connecting it to a secondary circuit the cat acted as a repeater. Once unleashed the cat jumped from a second-story window. It was one cat that never came back.

Had not the cat responded to James Harris Rogers' boyish experiments in electricity fate might have pitchforked his efforts into another groove. As it is, the scientific world has the privilege of recognizing Dr. J. Harris Rogers, inventor of the underground and underwater systems of sending radio communications. This citizen of Hyattsville, Maryland, has for fifty years conducted experiments in electricity and allied sciences, and the fruits of his ingenuity have been crystallized into fifty inventions.

Built in 1906, the first floor of Dr. Rogers' laboratory is literally jammed with instruments, old and new, some of which have been developed by Doctor Rogers or are used to further his experiments. Radio apparatus is predominant, of course, as Doctor Rogers is continually experimenting with this form of communication, with special reference to the sending of messages through the earth instead of through space. The rear room of the laboratory is reserved for experiments in transmitting and receiving communications beneath the surface of the earth. An antenna in the form of a loop containing a number of wires is buried in a well under this back room of the workshop.

Outside the laboratory walls may be seen an iron pipe which extends for one hundred feet. Projecting from the laboratory, some distance above the ground is a conning tower. This arrangement was devised to simulate a submarine, whereby experiments could be conducted with respect to the sending of wireless messages under water when submarines were submerged at varying depths. Alfred Crossley, a radio engineer of the Bureau of Engineering of the United States Navy Department, conducted various experiments for the Government with this make-believe submarine. Subsequently, installations of radio apparatus were made on actual submarines and, as an outgrowth of this system, practically all submarines in service today are equipped for the sending and receiving of wireless communications. At first, a trailing wire was suggested as a means of picking up electric or radio waves on submarines, but this proved to be objectionable since a 200-foot wire would likely become entangled in this form of water craft or the wire would whip itself into two pieces. Consequently, the system finally determined upon involves the using of one-half of the submarine for the loop antenna—or "ears of radio," if you will—and the other half extended above the submarine and "grounded" at the bow and stern. The center of the upper wire is brought down into the submarine at the so-called conning tower.



Dr. Rogers at his home in Hyattsville, Maryland. Note the towering antenna at the left of the photograph which has been displaced with the underground system.

(C) U. & U.

General John J. Pershing congratulating Dr. J. Harris Rogers on his discovery of a system of sending radio messages underground.

During the World War, in 1916 and 1917, extending from this laboratory for distances varying from 200 to 5,000 feet were wires buried under the surface of the earth. They were insulated in various ways and some were bare, but those contained in iron pipes were most effectual in serving the purpose for which they were designed. These installations marked the shaping of a remarkable theory, namely, that electric waves travel through the earth as well as through space.

"What manner of man is Dr. J. Harris Rogers?" the reader doubtless inquires. First and foremost, he is democratic in his tastes and liberal in tendencies—he entertains General John J. Pershing in a way befitting the occasion or conducts the humblest citizen of Hyattsville through his laboratory with painstaking interest. His hair is snowy white, and although he was 73 years old in July of this year, he can use an auger in drilling a hole or the soldering iron in welding together wires with quite the deftness displayed by his young nephews who assist him. There is an unmistakable kindness about his face, a warmth of touch to his welcoming hand. He is a bachelor, and if he has any other hobby than that found among a multitude of instruments in his workshop this writer failed to bare it.

The father of James Harris Rogers was a student at Princeton University under Joseph Henry, a distinguished scientist. It was the latter who secured for young Rogers a position as electrician at the Capitol in Washington. His first attention in the direction of wireless experiments was attracted by the pioneer investigations of Dr. Mahlon Loomis, a dentist of Washington, who sent the first radio message over a short distance between points in the Blue Ridge Mountains. At the conclusion of the Civil War, James Harris Rogers and his father bore letters of introduction to Commander Maury, who was known as the pathfinder of the sea, to demonstrate to the latter the use of wave power for propelling small boats.

When Guglielmo Marconi succeeded in hurling electric waves, bearing messages, across the Atlantic Ocean, Doctor Rogers conceived the idea that the earth formed another medium for inter-communication. His theory had been sufficiently established during the progress of the World War that his workshop was the only private radio laboratory permitted to function during this conflict.

When a town turns out en masse to do honor to a citizen there is reason to believe that the particular individual thus honored has rendered service to humanity either locally, to the State, or Nation. Yet Hyattsville, on parade, rendered appropriate ceremonies in appreciation of its distinguished fellow citizen. The resolutions of appreciation, among other encomiums, contained this sentiment, "When our country was in peril he worked ceaselessly in his laboratory, and, when means of communicating quickly with our forces upon the sea and in France became imperative, he had perfected his discoveries, and turned over to a grateful nation his underground wireless and undersea methods of communication." The General Assembly of Maryland by unanimous adoption agreed that "Doctor James Harris Rogers, of Hyattsville, Maryland, has marked an epoch in scientific achievement in 'Radio' by the discovery of the underground and underwater system of radio communication." The Georgetown University has conferred the degree of doctor of science upon him, and he has been awarded the inventor's medal and made an honorary fellow of the American Academy of Sciences. The United States Navy Department in testimonials of liberal praise have attested to the value of his scientific contributions.

Surely, it must be gratifying for one to reach the evening of life amid the plaudits of home-town citizens as well as those of state and national figures by reasons of well-earned recognition because of having advanced the progress of a people. James Harris Rogers has wrought long and well, and, although for many more years doubtless his creative genius will continue to exert itself, he could now well rest upon his laurels—the fruits of science and research which have accumulated to his credit.

If a visitor to Washington contemplates inspecting the inventor's laboratory, to which one receives a courteous welcome, Hyattsville, Maryland, where Dr. Rogers has lived for more than thirty years, may be reached by automobile by traveling one of the highways stretching northward from the Capitol. By trolley the six miles between the city and the little Maryland village of 4,000 are covered in about thirty minutes. The cars stop in front of the village drug store to the rear of which are located the home and laboratory of Dr. Rogers. At the rear of the home is the two-story laboratory, the workshop of this distinguished inventor.

About the only equipment which does not have an immediate bearing upon developments in science is a flat-top desk. Everywhere else are X-ray tubes, vacuum tubes, radio receivers, apparatus for sending by radio and other bits of things worked out by Dr. Rogers during the years he has spent in research.

Milwaukee Opens a Municipal Savings Account

Its Cash Basis Plans Attract Attention of Entire Nation; City Will Be Free of Debt in Forty Years

By WILLIAM H. WENDT

City of Milwaukee No.

COMPTROLLER

PAY TO THE ORDER OF

MILWAUKEE May 25th, 1933.

PUBLIC DEBT AMORTIZATION FUND $398,239 15

Three Hundred Ninety-eight Thousand, Two Hundred Thirty-nine and 15/100 Dollars

To First Wisconsin National Bank, Milwaukee, Wis.

COUNTERSIGNED

CITY TREASURER
DEPUTY CITY TREASURER

William H. Upmeyer, Chairman Milwaukee Public Debt Commission, receiving from City Treasurer John I. Drew, the check which initiated the city's Public Debt Amortization Fund; Louis M. Kotecki, City Controller of Milwaukee, standing, initiated the plan and carried it through the legislature, with the unanimous support of the mayor, common council and prominent bankers and citizens.

IN 1963—40 years hence—Milwaukee will be debt-free and its permanent public improvements financed on a cash basis without the 50 per cent overhead burden resulting from the issuance of bonds for such purposes.

It will all come about because of the Milwaukee Public Debt Amortization Act passed by the Wisconsin legislature. This act, its sponsers claim, will not only retrieve Milwaukee from all debt but may eventually relieve it from all forms of municipal taxation.

Milwaukee has obtained permission from the legislature to open a savings account. That is the substance of the act. If you do that as a private citizen, you are a savings depositor—as a city, you are creating a Public Debt Amortization Fund. It is all based on the principle that compound interest piles up rapidly and the belief that a city should have as much pride in its financial stability as each citizen has in his or her personal affairs.

The Milwaukee plan, as it is called, is attracting national attention, because it marks the beginning of an entirely new fiscal policy for municipalities. If great funds can be set aside to multiply themselves, the imagination readily pictures debt-free cities, colleges, states, ultimately the nation. All of which should elicit a few rousing cheers from the overburdened taxpayers of the great American cities.

This is not a socialistic or radical scheme. The idea was conceived and carried out by city officials without regard to politics, and with the full support of bankers and financiers of national reputation.

The fund was actually started in June with $400,000 when the city treasurer presented the Public Debt Commission of Milwaukee, designated in the act as custodian of the fund, with a check for that amount and the commissioners promptly invested it in United States Treasury notes bearing four and three-quarters per cent interest, purchased at a price which will net the fund 4.60 per cent until March, 1927. This sum represents interest earned on installments of street improvements which the city is financing as a part of its previously organized cash basis plan, all of which was made immediately available under provisions of the act.

To this will be added all future interest from the same source, approximately $100,000 each year, without further action on the part of the common council. In addition, one-third of all other interest earned on city funds will automatically be turned over to the fund by mandate of law. The total available each year will not be less than $250,000.

Thus, Milwaukee has started with a savings account of $400 000, the principal of which will be annually augmented by at least $250,000, plus the interest earned on its investment in Milwaukee or other Wisconsin municipal bonds or Federal certificates of indebtedness.

Here is the way—assuming that the very lowest sums required by law are saved and the interest rate is four and one-half per cent—that the fund will grow:

In ten years it will be $3 437,950.

In twenty years it will be $8,549,136.

In thirty years it will be $16 486,808.

In forty years it will be $28,794,013, approximately the size of the present bonded debt of Milwaukee.

In fifty years it will be $47,927,102.

On a total principal of $12 650 000 appropriated by the city for fifty years, the fund will have earned or increased through the accrual of interest the sum of $35,277,102, the interest earned being almost equal to three times the principal involved.

Assuming that the city will cease adding the $250,000 to the original $400,000 each year when the fifty years are up and simply invest that $47,927,102 at four and one-half per cent interest for another 50 years, at the end of that time the amount of the fund will be $432,142,678. The annual interest on 432 million dollars would pay all the taxes assessed at present in Milwaukee.

However, the law provides that when the fund reaches an amount equal to three-fourths of the total bonded debt of the city then three-fourths of the interest on the fund may be diverted to the purpose of paying interest and principal on bonds or for financing permanent public improvements. Under the mandatory provisions, it will take thirty years to arrive at this point, although the fund will treble itself within the next twenty years.

There are several considerations which will counteract this and increase the size of the fund. The common council may turn over to the Public Debt Commission all interest earned on city funds, in which event the present estimates will be more than doubled. The council may appropriate any additional amount it sees fit and thereby hasten the time when the city may become debt and tax free. Every $100 000 annually added to the minimum amount will increase the fund by $18,683,100 at the end of fifty years.

Milwaukee is gradually putting all city departments on a cash basis, and within another ten years all taxes will be provided in advance. This means that city deposits will be larger, and the interest earned on daily balances in the banks will be increased. It will in turn result in an increased amount turned over to the amortization fund under the mandatory provisions of the law.

Furthermore, in the last ten years the city has sold $33,000,000 worth of bonds at an average interest cost of 4.83 per cent to the taxpayers. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the fund may be invested to earn in excess of four and one-half per cent, the basis used in these computations, and result in a further increase in the fund.

In addition, the Public Debt Amortization Act makes provision for establishment of a civic foundation to which public-spirited citizens may donate money, either by will or during their lifetime. Sums so received shall be held in trust forever and invested under strict provisions; part of the interest may be used to pay off debts of the city or to finance permanent public improvements.

Under the terms of this section of the act, the County and City Public Service Employes Union has donated $100, which is perpetuated by contract with the Public Debt Commission. Words cannot picture the ultimate growth of this hundred dollars; figures will stagger the imagination. At 300 years it will approximate fifty millions of dollars.

The principal objection to the amortization plan was that, after all, the taxpayer is footing the bill in establishing the fund for the benefit of future generations. But the difference in the tax rate, were the fund not in existence, is surprising. It is only fifty-five cents for each $1,000 of the assessed valuation.

If the $250 000 which must be added next year were applied to reduction of taxes, the rate would be thirty-five cents a year per thousand less—and most persons agree that this munificent sum is of small moment if the taxpayer can be assured that taxes will come down year by year, with a tremendous reduction the ultimate result.

Some financiers believe that actually purchasing city bonds in the open market and retiring them would be a better method to employ; but this would only result in widening the margins permitting of further bond issues and result in practically no gain. The Amortization Act provides that the fund shall not be used as an offset to the constitutional debt limit. The city has practically reached the point where it can annually issue only an amount equal to the bonds paid. A slight increase resulting from annual increases in assessed valuation permits of some additional extension of this limitation, but it is not anticipated that this will result in any great increase in the city's bonded debt in the years to come, especially since Milwaukee has long since seen the error of bond issues and financed many improvements of recent years by direct taxation. Since its issues are limited while the interest thereon accrues without compounding, it will readily be seen that the amortization fund with its feature of compound interest and its flying start will rapidly overtake the bonded debt.

Nothing, expert statisticians assure us, is impossible when it comes to compound interest. The sum of one dollar, bearing interest for a sufficient length of time, will pay almost any city's debt.

The Milwaukee plan is now in effect. Milwaukee has begun to sail on a strange course, over uncharted financial seas; for who ever heard of a city trying to save enough money to pay its debts? Time will tell how well the idea will work out. If it proves to be all that is claimed, posterity will have much for which to thank Milwaukee.

Continuing a Story Begun on March 19, 1921

Not Acting President, So People Expect to Hear From Coolidge Himself

By A. R. PINCI

In THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of March 19, 1921, Mr. Pinci wrote concerning the then newly installed Vice-President as follows:

"The Thirtieth President?"

"Calvin Coolidge, the thirtieth President of the United States! It is a rather startling prophecy on the eve that the twenty-ninth President enters into his new duties at Washington . . . . It is no reflection or offense to the incumbent to speak of a successor, but part of the game: preparedness—to use an overworked word. And there may be method in President Harding's desire to include the Vice-President in his Cabinet meetings. It looks as though he is teaching Mr. Coolidge his P's and Q's."

A FEW weeks ago ignored and overlooked by not a few even forgotten; today, and for some time to come, one of the two most talked-of and talked-about men in the world.

That is Calvin Coolidge, thirtieth President of the United States.

As it was in these columns, fifteen days after his inauguration as Vice-President, that I predicted his incumbency to his exalted office, it is but a fitting task—albeit an uneasy one, too, because of our national bereavement—that I should take up now the story begun March 19, 1921.

To repeat, a few weeks ago no one thought of Calvin Coolidge, man or Vice-President, at all; but during the time elapsing between President Harding's death and burial every conceivable writing instrument was used at almost every meridian and latitude point to say something about the "new man." The drama of San Francisco focused public attention upon the man actually making hay in Vermont.

This much is certain, however, that Calvin Coolidge was no greater man the moment after he became President than he was a week or a year earlier. The oath did not precede, follow or accompany any sort of miracle by means of which President Coolidge became a greater or better individual than was Vice-President Coolidge. Calvin Coolidge should be, as President, Calvin Coolidge more than ever.

On the contrary, a loquacious and not disinterested minority has not hesitated to make certain commentaries which, being inspired or suggestive, are apt to distort the natural likeness of President Coolidge, which is a pity, because he merits the retention of his individualism, even in his new official capacity, and should be permitted to retain it.

It violates no propriety, my stating that in a political and administrative sense—and the two are not necessarily interchangeable—President Harding had made many friends of 1920 critics and antagonists and, conversely, had lost many supporters of the same chronological brand.

The question arises, therefore, whether President Coolidge, in inheriting the Presidency, must inherit the strictly political and individual assets and liabilities surrounding the office. Does the Vice-Presidential fashion of succession to the higher office actually proscribe individualism and personal responsibility, or is the synchronousness of duty limited solely to the spirit of the party in power?

The conjecture is replete with possibilities.

It is not a question of how much President Coolidge *will* assume of the extant party burdens and complications as it is a question of whether he *must*, and if so, why. He is free, if he so desires, to remain a figurehead by the simple expedient of permitting the Harding officials to continue everything on the Harding basis, without interjection of any individual Coolidge government; that is, to sign his presidential name to posthumous administrative policies.

But must he do that?

Mr. Coolidge is a strict party man—enough so to leave no question that he is a Republican, that he has been that and that he can be nothing else. He has never emphasized that position, but his unilaterality has been unmistakable. He considered the election a mandate, and it cannot be doubted that that will be his motif.

During the twenty-nine months of his Vice-Presidency, Mr. Coolidge said just enough to paint some of his party's achievements in tints that are not Rubensian. For example, he told Indiana that the Harding Administration was "wiping away the tears of the world," and at another time he repeated the popular Republican view that no administration fell on more difficult times than this one.

The most harmless metaphor is a dangerous thing in political parlance. The one just referred to was the most extravagant statement I have known Mr. Coolidge, as Vice-President or governor, to make. If he believed that, then it won't be long before he will be disenchanted.

At the Cabinet meetings, which are after all the most important part of administrative government, in which Mr. Coolidge participated, three minds have been the magnetic and dynamic ones, not counting an extraneous other. They eclipse all others. It was not really favoritism but it just happened that the owners of the minds in question knew how to make the best of them, and they did. Vice-President Coolidge's share in these meetings was quite colorless. He preferred being a good listener and he listened. He was Vice-President, the second most important man in the country, made so by popular vote and direct mandate, in comparison to whom the others occupied jobs at the will of the employing power and no more.

No one could take the Vice-Presidency away from Mr. Coolidge; the others could lose their jobs at a moment's notice. Mr. Coolidge was the people's choice; the others were the President's choice. He was in actuality the only national official excepting the President himself; the others were conditional officials in whom the electorate had no direct interest.

It is a picture worth conjuring, that of Vice-President Coolidge sitting with the Cabinet, but unsure of his standing, a guest but practically an outsider, weighted down by the prejudice that his office is a sure road to obscurity (which it is not, as he and Roosevelt have demonstrated). He could not speak for the Senate, of which he was the voiceless President, nor had he any official standing in his new environment except by courtesy. Could he have been more of an outsider in spite of Warren G. Harding's kindliness and oftentimes chuckling humor?

That picture, once formulated in one's inner eye, will easily show a lack of juxtaposition that could not have been without some sort of psychological effect.

A comparison has been hinted at between Roosevelt's case and his. But the comparison is technical. Nothing else really resembles. The spirit of McKinley was much less potent in 1901 than that of Harding in 1923, with respect to interparty interests. Moreover, Roosevelt was squelched into the Vice-Presidency to preclude his presidential aspirations, of which machine politicians of the time did not approve, whereas Coolidge was tendered a bee right after the "law and order" days of the Massachusetts police strike, but that bee was a drone which underwent the fate of any drone in well-regulated hives.

It was not difficult for President Roosevelt to sponsor the McKinley idea because it was of the open-stock variety, made so by the times and inclination. McKinley, moreover, was more secure in his position than was Harding, because the former had already been endorsed by the people with a second term. There was no contesting political shadow hovering over that administration as there is over the present one. Cleveland, the only living ex-President, his successor-predecessor, Harrison, having died earlier that year, was no longer a political power.

Everything was lovely in those days; except for the Buffalo tragedy it could not have been lovelier, and Theodore Roosevelt was not unsafe in bonding himself as he did because he was quite free to do as he pleased—which he did. Today the unfinished business carrying the Harding label is endless; attempting to handle it upon the basis of that label will not leave President Coolidge much leeway.

Yet this seems somehow expected of him. The fact that Wall Street came through without a shock is due, it is alleged, to the promptness with which the new man effaced himself. But has everybody been heard from? Hardly.

At the time of writing, the most important part of the country had yet to be heard from and no indication had forthcome as to the time and manner word might be expected.

The opposition will ask nothing better, of course, than that the policies originally sponsored shall be the order of day for days to come. It will make it less laborious for them to enter the campaign, because any new or different undertakings by the new Executive more than likely would disarrange and possibly even make useless their plans.

But there is no reliable sign that President Coolidge must offer himself as a sacrifice to the great moloch of politics. Who will admit that he was selected in 1920 because the death of his team-mate would mean the relative death of Calvin Coolidge too? Who has surcharged the air with the suggestion that he commit political harikari in order to perpetuate the late administration cognominally?

Has it been realized that too much politics is being played on the memory of Harding and on the obliteration of Coolidge?

President Coolidge should be free to carry out his work in accordance with his judgment, no more and no less, irrespective of former or subsequent sentimentality. He alone, as the new head of the Republican Party, can determine what must be done first for the nation and second for the party. Constitutionally, he owes nothing to the immediate past, nor should he be jockeyed into corners where he does not belong. It is very easy for those interested to plead a maudlin excuse.

The whole country wishes him the best of success, but that should be wished in his own right and in no other way.

Calvin Coolidge is not Acting President of the United States.

Calvin Coolidge is President of the United States.

The people expect to hear from Calvin Coolidge himself. Being Calvin Coolidge is a part that he can play perfectly; merging himself into something different will be the beginning of another story.

The Honest, Care-free Folk of Casco Isles

Concluded from page 3

markings, near the Punch Bowl, had been moved.

In earlier years Captain Kidd and Dixy Bull are both reported to have concealed treasure on Jewell. Dixy Bull is Casco Bay's own pirate. He was a young man of good family, but being captured by the French and losing a valuable cargo, he turned pirate himself with several other young gentlemen of similar misfortunes. Not being to the manner born, these amateur pirates are credited with having suffered terrible remorse of conscience so that "they were filled with such fear and horrour that they were afraid of the very rattling of the ropes." But they harassed the Bay for several years until Dixy Bull was lost at sea on his way to Virginia. Across from Jewell is Cliff, a very picturesque island. Here lived, it is said, one Kieff, a nefarious partner of "old man Chase" and the two on stormy nights would, according to the story, light fires along the rocks to lure vessels to their ruin.

Near Cliff is Long, one of the most beautiful and popular of the islands. Just below is Hope, owned until recently by Senator George W. Elkins, of Philadelphia, and farther down is the group of islands which belonged to the late Admiral Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. His family still makes Eagle its summer home. For a while his Eskimo dogs were on Flag, but they made themselves too troublesome by swimming across the Bay to Harpswell and killing sheep and other small live stock.

On Long as on many of the islands, are great heaps of clam shells, crumbling to dust. These and a few Indian names as Chebeague and Bomazeen, are the only memorials on the islands of the tribes who used to frequent them. In summer, from the territory round about they came, using the beaches and streams as highways. The main streets of Brunswick, at the farther end of the Bay, are old Indian carrying-places where canoes and equipment were lugged from stream to shore. All summer they camped together on the islands, fishing and digging clams and drying them for the winter. They called the bay Aucocisco, meaning gray heron for these beautiful birds abounded, but the name was too long for the white man, who shortened it to Casco.

The last Indian to keep the lonely tryst was Mingo, who continued to come every year to Bailey's. He died upon the island, as was his wish, and good Deacon Timothy Bailey saw that he was buried in his favorite haunt, called, since that time, Mingo's Garden. For many years Clara Louise Burnham, the writer so beloved by girls has made her summer home on Bailey's.

Next to Bailey's is Orr's, the most storied of all the islands. Here Harriet Beecher Stowe lived one summer, collecting material for and writing the first chapters of "The Pearl of Orr's Island." The house is still in possession of the descendants of the family with whom she lived, and visitors are shown the familiar household objects mentioned in the book, as well as actual photographs of the characters who were taken from the folk of the island. The grotto where the children played, the cave where Mara followed Moses and the smugglers, the Kittredge house, and many other landmarks all remain just as "the book," as they call it on the island, describes them. Not far away is Elm Island, the scene of Elijah Kellogg's stories for boys. A bridge connects Orr's with Harpswell, that charming little village on the mainland which has more sea line to its credit than any state on the Atlantic Coast except Maine.

To Longfellow, they were the Hesperides of youth, and Whittier loved their changing beauty. They are the theme of many of his poems and doubtless the inspiration of the tender lines,

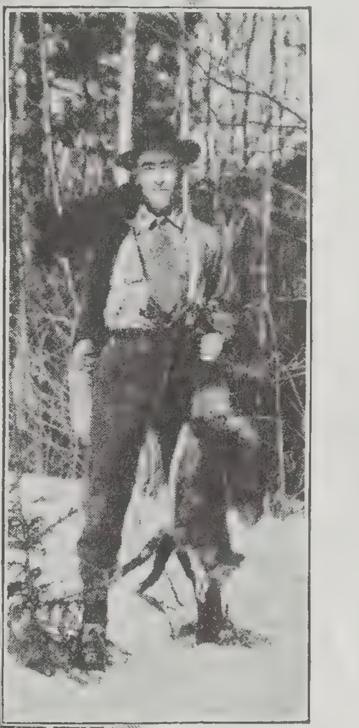
> "I know not where His islands
> Lift their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

The Cruelties of Trapping

Eighty Per Cent of Furs That Are Taken Come From Animal-victims of Professional Trappers

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

Wolverine captured in a trap and frozen when found.



Above—Opossum caught in a trap. At right—Trapper with fox just captured.

SOME months ago a fur dealer in New York, as an advertisement, released a live red fox on Fifth Avenue. A protest went up from every animal-loving person in the country. The fellow who did this exceedingly cruel thing was arrested and heavily fined. Nobody felt sorrow for him nor would regret have been expressed had he been sent to jail for his misdeed.

It did not appear that the fox released in the midst of traffic suffered any special torture—nothing more serious than an injury to one of its paws by the wheels of a passing taxicab, but nevertheless indignation ran high. The incident was a public one and the newspapers front-paged it for several days.

At the very hour when this fox was released there were thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of steel traps cunningly concealed and in wait for the paws of wild animals, and once caught who can recount the torture of the animals so trapped and of their miserable fate because they had been captured!

There are two kinds of traps which are used in taking fur-bearing animals. In one the animal is killed nearly instantaneously. A good example is the deadfall, known of the Indians, and today used in taking some of the larger animals. It is seldom used in capturing the mink, skunk, muskrat, wolverine, opossum, hare, ermine, squirrel or other small fur-bearing mammals.

A very large part of the animals—perhaps 80 per cent—which are taken in traps represents the work of professional trappers. The country boy and the amateur take but comparatively few. It is against many practices of the professional that animal-loving persons revolt. Usually the trapper will start out with perhaps a hundred traps. Before he has placed them all in favorable locations he has covered 50 or 60 miles and it may be three or four days before he will return to put to death the animals his traps have captured.

We must all realize that there are tragedies of the forest; that natural life there is no less cruel than the fur hunter.

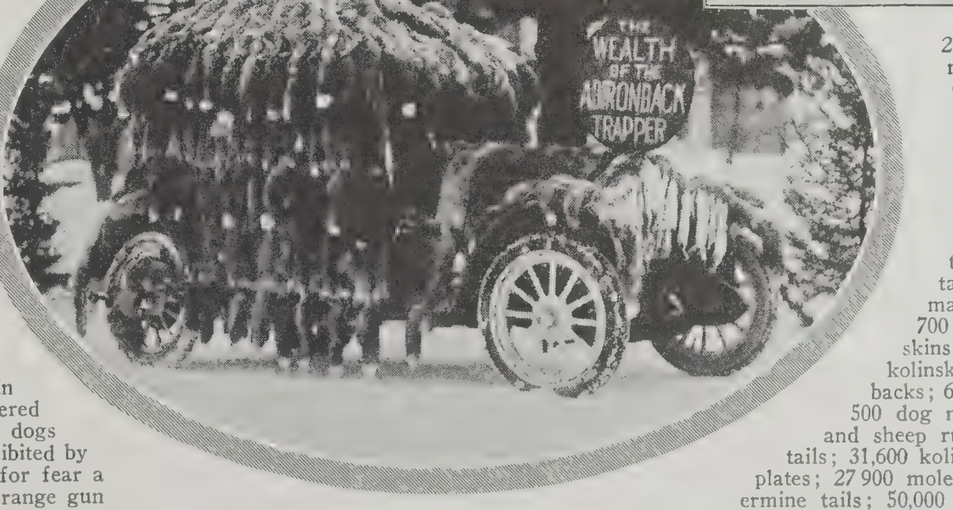
"There is no such thing as a natural death in the wilds," says Agnes C. Laut. "The rabbits fall victims to the weasel, to the wolf, to the bear, to the lynx, to the marten; and if they didn't they would and do multiply with such terrific rapidity that they would and do fall victims to a pest of disease once in six or seven years. Otherwise, they would do what they have done in Australia—become so prolific they perish of starvation. Each creature in the animal world preys on the creature one degree smaller or weaker than itself. That failing, they eat their own young, like rats, or disembowel their mates as the wolves and minks do. The fur trader's prosperity being dependent on the continuance of fur life, his buyer will only buy furs taken prime, that is, in the short season of two or three months when the fur is perfect, when the mothers are not bearing young, and when the young are full grown, taken by such forms of trapping as do not fever the animal with needless pain, for a fevered animal turns bluish in its skin and a bluish skin sheds its hairs just as a fevered human patient loses his hair. Hunting with dogs is discouraged and in many fur districts prohibited by law. Poisoned bait is also being prohibited, for fear a mother with young should get it. The long-range gun or rifle is a less painful death than to be slowly eaten by a wolf, or to have the blood sucked out alive by a mink or a marten, but the present tendency is to use only the rifle for such big dangerous game as wolf or bear, and use box traps or deadfalls, which kill instantly, for fox, fisher, marten."

But this leaves the steel trap as nearly the sole means for capturing the smaller animals. This inhuman invention is the most efficient for the purpose to which it is put. A large animal caught in a steel trap suffers more than a small one because it does not so soon die.

Trapped animals are frequently dead when found. The three principal causes of death are starvation, fever induced by pain and suffering, and by freezing. If they still survive they are clubbed or shot to death. You see that catching animals by means of this type of trap can be only cruel business. But this is not all. At least one animal in every four taken is worthless as far as fur is concerned. Also domestic cats and dogs are frequently so captured, but the suffering is none the less intense.

Animals, of course, frequently have their legs broken with the first snap of the trap. In such a case almost invariably the creature will bite or twist off the leg and go free. It is no unusual thing to trap an animal which has but three legs, showing how narrowly it escaped death but not some measure of torture on some previous occasion.

Most states have incorporated into their trapping laws a provision that traps shall be visited daily but the provision is physically incapable of observance. A long line of traps cannot be visited daily in the season when trapping is at its best—the dead of winter—and when storms of great severity are common. We know, too, that when a sufficient price is put upon the pelt of any animal, it is only a question of time before extermination takes place.



A load of fox skins taken by one trapper in the Adirondacks.

Dr. William T. Hornaday says that fur-bearing animals are in a worse plight—more nearly exterminated—than were the birds 25 years ago when various societies "joined in the great crusade against the milliners which has resulted triumphantly in restoring the birds to America and aiding, at least, in the preservation of birds throughout the world."

Unless immediate steps are taken it is reasonable to believe that the fur-bearing animals of the world at large are doomed.

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn says that the last chapter of the Age of Mammals is now being written in blood and the end of the period of mammalian life is at hand. In all probability the next 30 years will see the utter extermination of such animals as the beaver, and all this despite the claim made that the existence of the fur trade depends on protecting wild life and conserving the fur bearers. About the only regions where fur-bearing animals remain are Alaska, Northern Canada, Siberia and parts of the United States.

If there are persons who think that these regions can keep on producing fur at the rate they have they are much mistaken. Recently the following numbers and species of animal skins were exposed for sale in a single week in St. Louis, the principal fur market of North America: 730,000 skunk; 333,500 muskrat; 364,000 opossum; 21,000 raccoon; 65,400 cat, civet; 96,000 mink; 1,500 fox, silver; 2,100 fox, cross; 4,800 bear; 11,000 opossum, ring-tail; 189,000 wallaby; 2,000 chinchilla; 400,000 squirrel; 210,000 ermine; 6,500 marten; 2,800 sable, Russian; 250 baum marten; 3,500 stone marten; 30,000 wolf; 4,000 cat, wild; 25,000 cat, house; 9,700 badger; 450 fur seal, dry; 420 fur seal, dyed; 5,029 hair seal, dry; 155,000 red fox, Australian; 10,500 fox, Japanese; 1,500 moufflon; 2,400 leopard; 70,000 fox, red; 16,000 fox, white; 705 fox, blue; 15,000 fox, gray; 65,000 fox, kitt; 9,000 beaver; 4,610 otter; 980 lynx; 305 wolverine; 2,600 fisher; 10 sea otter; 55,000 marmot; 131,000 hare, white; 70,000 nutria; 47,000 lamb, Thibet; 800 lamb Thibet robes; 25,000 slink crosses; 8,000 slink skins; 625,000 Chinese rabbits; 5,890 white rabbits; 33,000 kid crosses; 160,000 kid crosses skins; 10,500 Persian lamb; 105,000 goat skins; 29,000 goat rugs; 160,000 opossum, Australian; 3,100 fox, dyed; 3,000 fox tails; 4,363 fox, white paws; 4,300 marten tails; 6,000 muskrat skins; 700 muskrat strips; 39,000 rabbit elec. skins; 3,200 rabbit elec. strips; 13,500 kolinsky; 8,500 fitch; 26,500 squirrel backs; 600 squirrel sacs; 500,000 mole; 12,500 dog mats; 4,000 dog skins; 6,800 deer and sheep rugs; 1,200 hare, dyed; 1,150 fitch tails; 31,600 kolinsky tails; 19,000 lamb; 700 mole plates; 27 900 mole cony; 1,000 hamster sacs; 11,600 ermine tails; 50,000 rabbits, dressed; 1,100 broadtails, dyed; 7,000 pounds squirrel tails.

Miss Laut believes that the raising of fur-bearing animals—fur farming—is a solution for the future production of fur. Dr. Hornaday does not agree with this position. While much has been written on the subject and what has been written has, generally speaking, attracted wide attention by reason of the enormous prices frequently paid for animals for breeding purposes, he sizes up the whole situation in a very few words: "We have hoped for the success of these efforts until hope seems to be in vain. One by one the fox, skunk, mink and marten have been tried, and the efforts with black, cross, red and blue foxes have been partially successful.

"Very few black foxes have ever been killed for their fur. Some dealers say that fur raised on fox farms is not popular in the fur trade because it lacks the brilliant luster of the wild fur, and therefore must sell accordingly. The fur farmers who have tried skunks, mink and marten have encountered a long series of obstacles and discouragements, based chiefly upon the temperamental idiosyncrasies of the animals."

'Camp That Came From Nowhere in No Time'

Concluded from page 9

suddenly on a desert having accommodations for no one, all sorts of makeshift shelters were contrived. We often went exploring in the dugouts which lined the foothills where men had burrowed for a place to sleep in the days when many walked the streets all night, or slept packed close on the floor of a saloon, or paid a fabulous price for a bed from dark till midnight, or from midnight till dawn, for the beds were run like the mines—two shifts nightly.

Necessity being the mother of invention, those little shacks were interesting studies in architecture. A packing box for the four walls with a canvas roof was a favored style, while a home built entirely of beer bottles and adobe mud remained to be pointed out as the most interesting pioneer building in camp. A town enjoys a certain advantage in having its buildings compact and easy to handle, as was evidenced by this sentence published in the *Daily Tribune* after a fire had broken out:

"For a time there was danger that the conflagration would become general, but willing hands soon bore adjoining structures to places of safety."

Exteriors might of necessity be rough, argued one bachelor owner, but beauty should reign within. So with a touch of ironic humor, he papered his four walls with worthless mining stock—all hope of redeeming it having passed—and figured that thereby he had realized something on an investment that had threatened to be a total loss.

The same means of interior decorating might have been fittingly used in many more pretentious homes, for the lean days were upon the camp by 1912. The flow of gold which had been like a mighty stream five years before, was now but the merest trickle. Rich veins were exhausted. Huge sums had been spent in the development of what proved to be blind strikes. But the Goldfield folks, as I knew them, and loved them, were a brave, gay people who laughed misfortune away and declared, "It's all in the game." If the man who carelessly tossed the newsboy a twenty-dollar gold piece for a paper in 1906, and refused the change with a lordly gesture, had hard work to pay the grocer in 1912, why the joke was on him! and if, perchance, the same newsboy had happened to invest these easily acquired twenties in a soaring stock, and now posed as one of the town's plutocrats, the man still had a smile for the vagaries of fortune.

For gold plays many a freakish prank with those who pursue her. On the poor she may heap riches. From the rich she may take all. Many names flared from obscurity into sudden prominence when Goldfield appeared on the mining horizon. The stories surrounding them read like pages from a new Arabian Nights and our ears were always eager for their telling.

Fortunes Came Quickly

ONE concerned George Wingfield, whom we often saw in Goldfield, though his home was now in Reno. He was the son of a Nevada cattleman and enjoyed the reputation about Reno for uncanny luck at the gaming table and enviable expertness of aim with a gun. Still in his twenties, and broke, when the hue-and-cry arose, he joined the gold-mad throng and located some claims in the new camp. Having no funds for development, he appealed to Senator Nixon, who had a fondness for the youth, and the Senator loaned him money without security, for a start. In three years' time, Wingfield had taken out $15,000,000. It was said of him that he never forgot a friend, nor forgave an enemy, and his first move when he saw that he had struck it rich was to offer Senator Nixon a partnership. They built the Nixon Block, which housed the first Stock Exchange.

Driving out on the road to Tonopah one day, we came to the little camp of Diamondfield, and our host related the story of J. L. Davis—"Diamondfield-Jack" as he was known to us. He had wandered down from Idaho, with a burro and a month's supply of food, donated by a kind-hearted friend, as his only assets. History does not record whether it was Jack or the burro who smelled the precious metal—or perhaps they carried an extra horseshoe tucked away in the outfit—but at any rate, they stopped for a night's camp right over one of the richest veins opened in the Goldfield district—and presto!—Davis was a millionaire!

There were other instances—January Jones; and Henry Weber, who came into camp as the guest of the unknowing T. and G. railroad in a freight-car-truck Pullman, and sold his interest in the Great Bend Extension a year later for $1,250,000.

On the other hand....., a society woman of Denver our landlady had been. She cooked our meals with no apology nor complaint of conditions to which fickle fortune had brought her. She and her husband embellished our dinners with camp legends told with a brightness and charm that often kept us at the table far into the evening; for they had been among the first arrivals, waiting with crowds at Tonopah for the stage seats that were engaged days ahead; fighting with others that severe winter for coal at eighty dollars a ton or wood at sixty dollars a cord; living through the scourge of pneumonia, which took a heavy toll because of crowded conditions and inadequate shelter; seeing their money go into stock of mines which failed to prove out; and now, in straitened circumstances, laughing their way along with merry quip and jest.

The quest for gold brings together all classes of people. An abundance of money in a town always means, of course, the presence there of gamblers, soldiers of fortune, crooked promoters, swindlers of all sorts; but with them come, too, the keen brains of science and education. Probably few towns in the East could boast so high a percentage of cultured, traveled folk as Goldfield. Hardly a great university of the country but was represented in the group of mining engineers, chemists, metallurgists and teachers; for Goldfield proudly paid the highest salaries in these lines of any place in the United States, and therefore felt justified in demanding high qualifications.

An interesting figure seen occasionally on our streets was that of "Death Valley Scotty." After years of fruitless prospecting, he had unearthed gold and glory in that famous sunken desert of the West, where the bleaching bones of many seekers of an El Dorado lay on the sand above the treasure they sought. There were stories of Scotty's glad ride along Michigan avenue in Chicago, tossing five-dollar gold pieces right and left; and hints that he and his wife, after years of frugal life in the open, were not altogether at ease with wealth in a Los Angeles mansion.

A large divorce colony, with headquarters at The Goldfield, provided a bit of color in the mosaic of life here, and spared the lawyers of the camp, incidentally, much worry as to sources of income. Splendid hotel accommodations, and a seclusion impossible at Reno, accounted for the presence of so many in Goldfield. Nat Goodwin, sojourning in camp while getting his much-wrecked boat in trim for another sail on matrimonial waters, became greatly enamored with Goldfield, and was loath to leave after six months, when his lawyer announced that everything was shipshape.

The Life of Goldfield

LIFE was lived with a zest in Goldfield. Perhaps it was the altitude (7,000 feet above sea level). Mining stocks might go down—and off—the boards, but every day was play day after working hours. Few amusement companies, from the outside, risked the expense of the two-hundred-mile trip down from Reno, for the fare at this time on Nevada railroads was nine cents a mile; but the camp's ingenuity could always provide a good time on short notice.

We danced and bridged and rode and hiked. The dancing parties bore no resemblance to the proverbial mining camp "hoe-down." Often a profusion of flowers and greenery would be imported from Los Angeles, at prodigious expense, costly favors provided, and there would be Paris gowns and beautiful jewels. The Chuckawalla Club, named for a mythical little creature of the desert, its membership drawn from the gay young blades about town, staged parties as perfect in appointments as some of the famed college "hops."

But it was to the great out-of-doors that we turned most often for sports. In the first homesick days, the landscape offered nothing but sand and bleak hills. Just when the beauty of the desert began to speak to us, it would be hard to say; but suddenly the sand was a lovely stretch of softly glowing, ever-changing colors; and the hills, no longer bleak and bare, were alive with the misty purples of sage and greasewood and mesquite. The somber old Malaipi Mountain, surrounding the camp on three sides, called a constant challenge to climb and explore. We cooked our suppers in its deep canyons, and clambered to the top for the unsurpassed beauty of a desert sunset, and a desert starlit sky—with the twisted "Joshua Palms" the desert cactus tree, like ghostly misshapen sentinels below.

One winter's morning when a light fall of snow—a rarity in Goldfield—had made the tracking of game seem more appropriate than picnicking, we took the trusty "22" and stalked the wily coyote over slippery rocks and down steep mountain sides. Looking back on it now, the fact that the coyotes escaped unharmed is less surprising than that the hunting party came home alive, for we were mostly in the tenderfoot class.

On the outskirts of the town lay the mines—the Mohawk, Jumbo, Sandstorm, Red-top, Clermont, Combination—names that had been on the tongue of a nation. Many of them, their brief day of glory past, were now worked out and deserted. Through the courtesy of mine officials, we made interesting trips down in those still producing. One of these began with a descent to the lower levels of a mine near the camp, then a three-mile walk underground, at the heels of an expert guide, to the workings of the Consolidated's plant, where we emerged into daylight for a tour of their noted mill. Here the gold was being separated from the ore by the new cyanide process which had meant a saving of millions to the country's gold production. They told us, I remember, that had this process been known when the Comstock Lode was being worked, $50,000,000 more might have been realized from those mines.

The two stages in the manufacture of gold that I could comprehend and most appreciate were those where the identity of the metal was unmistakable. In the ore, or in chemical solution, it did not look the part; but piled at the finish of the milling process in yellow cakes, bona fide "gold bricks," ready for shipment, under heavy guard, to the mint at Denver, or passed out in shining eagles from the cashier's cage of the John S. Cook and Company's bank, at the end of a school month, I could offer the homage due it as one of the most powerful factors in the lives of all men, of all times and places.

Need New "Strike" of Gold

WITH almost forgotten memories of those gay days vividly recalled by news of the recent fire which destroyed Goldfield, it is hard to realize that the same John S. Cook and Company's bank is one of the few buildings left standing in the camp; the imagination finds it a sad task to picture the desolation of that scene.

Dispatches from San Francisco papers assert that the indomitable Goldfield spirit is planning to rebuild; but the justification for a town there went with the gold. Without the discovery of new veins of ore, or the building of some stupendous system of irrigation so that the desert could be developed agriculturally, it hardly seems possible that Goldfield can live again. It has come "to the end of the rainbow." As an editorial in a Chicago *Tribune* of recent issue puts it:

"After all, how does the life of a community differ from the lives of its individuals? Man and city alike follow the rainbow. The joy and the justification is in the pursuit. Goldfield gloried in its day, and is glorious in its memories as it sinks to ashes. The coyotes were howling when it was born, and howl as it dies. But theirs is not a howl of triumph, but of desolation. They survive but do not gloat. The life of city and of man must justify themselves. Those who sought the rainbow and observed its end in Goldfield will attest that as a fact."

And What a Best It's Been These Sixteen Years

Concluded from page 7

go to a pennant-winning team and play in a world's series, I'd rather stay right here with my old team."

Never farmed out, never sent back for more experience, Johnson's career is equaled by few if any pitchers in the big leagues.

"How did you come to escape the pitfalls of the night life?" I asked.

"Well, as a kid I just never took to it some way. In Weiser about every other business place was a saloon, but the sports of the town always told me to take care of myself and leave liquor and cards alone. Then, after I came to Washington, I noticed that the fellows who played the liquor and bright lights were 'dopey' on the diamond next day, had slumps and all that, and yet they were fine fellows. They seemed to want to see me make good and they always advised me to 'lay off the rough stuff.' I followed their advice—some of the very chaps who ruined their game by their habits.

"Reputation has a lot to do with a man's success, I figure. I had a friend who liked to visit summer gardens, listen to the music and drink beer. I went out with him a few times, but I drank ginger ale. I had not been out with him more than half a dozen times until word reached the manager of the club that 'that young Johnson is playing the night life.' So I saw I couldn't even keep the company or visit the beer gardens without getting a bad reputation. I took to staying in my hotel and reading a lot."

And through this incident Johnson won his wife, for it was at the Dewey Hotel, where he lived that he met Hazel Roberts, daughter of the then Representative to Congress from Nevada, E. E. Roberts, who lived with his family in the same hostelry.

With his record of sixteen years on the same club, 100 shut-out games, more than 3,020 strike-outs, 346 or more games won and 200 odd lost, it matters not whether Walter Johnson is being batted out of the box—which sometimes does happen—or whether the "break" is with him and he is striking out every batter, the fans cheer him just the same. It is his clean living, his quiet, gentlemanly demeanor on and off the diamond, his manifest fairness to players and umpires, and, above all, his effort to give the fans the best there is in him that make him so popular whether he is winning or losing at home or abroad.

"A fellow's got to have a clear head and plenty of reserve power if he is to match wits with the batters and pull himself out of a tight hole," says Johnson, "and going to bed early and taking care of yourself gives you that."

"Do you believe clean living and square playing have been more responsible for your success and the way the fans treat you than anything else?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "that must be it."

Crooked baseball games, in this day of commercialization of the sport, have been played—witness the White Sox—but it is safe to say Walter Johnson never knowingly pitched a ball in a crooked game. He simply isn't that kind of man.

So, while all over America every boy who possesses a baseball, a bat or a glove, worships at the shrine of Walter Johnson, reads avidly every line printed about him, knows his record, and aspires to emulate him, parents need not worry, for the more intimately each boy comes to know the celebrated hurler's characteristics and habits, the better will be the effect on the sport-loving youth of the country.

"What was the greatest game you ever played?" I queried.

"Well, I don't know what was the greatest game. But I think the best game I ever pitched was some years ago in Boston when Ray Collins, left-handed pitcher, was pitted against me. The game went fifteen innings. In the ninth the bases were full and not a man out. I was in a tight hole, but I got a 'break' and won 1 to 0."

A next-door neighbor of Johnson is a minister, pastor of one of the most fashionable churches in Washington. When I was about to move into the neighborhood I had a talk with him. "It is a very select section," he told me. "One of your neighbors will be Walter Johnson—a great man." I was somewhat surprised at the minister's evident admiration for the baseball star.

But later I learned the reason, for I came to know Walter Johnson in his home, and the minister was right.

Perhaps of all the affectionate sobriquets the fans have applied to Johnson, the most familiar is that of "the Big Train." Some day when you have an opportunity to see the Washington club play and you see "the Big Train" step into the "bull pen" and begin to steam up, you may rest assured that with anything like an even "break," when he pulls upon to the mound there will be some "smoke" go streaking across the plate.

Driving Poison From the Nation's Food

Great Progress Made in Science's Efforts to Stamp Out Botulism

FOR MANY years persons who became ill after eating have ascribed the trouble to ptomaine poisoning. Especially has this been the explanation for illnesses following the eating of canned goods.

We were formerly under the impression that we were poisoned by germs in the tin or solder in receptacles containing food, but scientists have proved these alleged causes fallacies. Years of research discloses that the poison has been in the food itself, provided any poison was present at all.

The question of food poisoning has become an important one in the past few years. Scientific commissions have been studying it and have made various reports. All agree that where poison does exist, it is not in the materials that form containers in which goods are packed, but that it is in the goods themselves. They further declare that the poison is in the soil in which the food is produced.

A commission to investigate food poisoning was appointed to make a careful investigation following outbreaks of ripe olive poisoning in Detroit, Michigan, and Canton, Ohio. These outbreaks caused several deaths and virtually ruined the ripe olive industry of California, causing a loss to growers of $30,000,000.

The commission consisted of Dr. J. C. Geiger, epidemiologist, appointed by the United States Public Health Service; Dr. E. C. Dickson, of the Leland Stanford University, and Dr. K. F. Meyer, of the University of California. The commission collected soil from all corners of the earth and subjected it to rigid tests. The investigation consumed nearly three years, and the reports on what was discovered now are in the hands of the United States Government. They probably will be published in pamphlet form shortly.

Dr. Geiger now is a member of the staff of the bacteriological department of the University of Chicago.

Dr. Geiger recently discussed the work of this commission and announced some of its findings. He spoke of food poisoning in general.

"Ptomaine poisoning isn't a bad term," he said, "but it has been covering a multitude of ills. The term has been used for centuries, and the deaths of persons who died from appendicitis, cancer and other ailments have been ascribed to it, but we are now getting the facts in food poisoning, so-called, and the public will shortly be more enlightened.

"At the same time, we have discovered methods of preventing such poisoning, of which there hasn't been a great deal, considering the number of deaths from other causes each year.

"The ripe olive poisoning cases were spectacular, therefore the attention of the whole nation was drawn to them. People were afraid to eat any sort of canned goods, but their fears have been mostly groundless.

"As most people now know, botulinus was the poison in the ripe olives. The germs were not in the material of which the containers were made, but in the olives themselves.

"Botulinus is a deadly poison, but we have proved that the spores and germs can be killed; in fact, the methods recommended by the commission are killing them, and now we have very few cases of this kind of poisoning.

Dr. Geiger was asked how long the botulinus germ had been known.

"It was isolated in Germany in the eighteenth century," he said. "The Germans used to slaughter their hogs each fall, and make sausage of some of the meat. People who had partaken of the sausage became ill, and studies disclosed that those who had eaten only the outside of the sausage were not affected. Those who had eaten all the way through became ill. This revealed that the germs near the outside of the sausage had been killed by the heat to which it was subjected. The heat, however, was not sufficiently intense to kill the germs further into the sausage. That is the exact principle with canned foods, olives or anything else, today.

"The heat must be sufficient to penetrate all the way through, and it is to that that commercial canners are giving attention today."

The commission of which Dr. Geiger was a member proved conclusively that the botulinus germ is found in greatest abundance in soil that has never been cultivated, especially in high altitudes, from whence the germ is washed down into valleys where the soil is cultivated.

The results obtained by the commission demonstrate that the organism is practically always present where fruit and vegetables are grown, but proper sterilization, which canners now are exercising, according to Dr. Geiger, kills it.

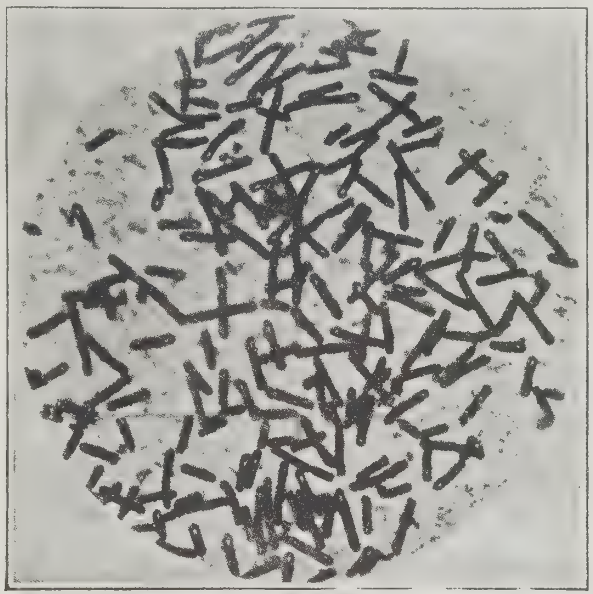
Dr. Geiger said that home canners should subject the goods they put up to the same boiling temperature commercial canners use if they are to be certain that the germ is killed.

He declared that the germ is hardest killed in spinach, string beans and ripe olives, because it is difficult for heat to penetrate these foods. Besides, he said, string beans are quite dirty when they come from the soil and require careful cleansing in addition to more heat than other vegetables or fruit, with the exception of ripe olives and spinach, which also require extreme heat.

"In connection with investigations of food poisoning cases which have been made in the past few years, one very important point is generally overlooked by attending physicians or health officers," said Dr. Geiger, "and that is the necessity of confirming clinical findings by laboratory on tests of samples of suspected food. Without such data the record of such outbreaks is of little value, either as indicating the real cause of the trouble, or suggesting how such outbreaks may be avoided in the future.

"Many outbreaks illustrate the fact that the term 'ptomaine poison' has been very loosely used in the past, and in defending these cases not enough attention has been given to the exact type of the illness and its relations to the suspected food, both as to the manner in which the food itself was prepared and handled, and the time within which the illness developed. In most of the so-called ptomaine poisoning claims it is necessary to contend with the doctors diagnosing the illness and attributing it to some suspected food, making no test of the food itself, nor do they acquire a very accurate history of the patient's illness, or try to eliminate other factors which might have caused it.

"Food poisoning in general must have been with us always," continued Dr. Geiger, "though the extent is only comparable to our knowledge of the subject, which is meager to say the least. We can recall our ancient history of the food taster to the king. It may be expedient to recall that the act of tasting has been the cause of many deaths from botulism in the housewife, presumably testing its safety."


—Courtesy *The London Graphic.*
What the botulism bacillus looks like.

Dr. Geiger was asked how foods act as poison and harmful agents. He enumerated thus:

"Poisoning in itself, such as the so-called mushroom poisoning.

"Because of growth of organisms with which it has been contaminated either in nature or in its preparation. This is botulism.

"Then there is the para-typhoid group. This is caused because the food may originate from a dangerous source, parasitic disease, anthrax, tuberculosis, idiosyncrasies, or the faulty preparation of elimination of normal substances usually present.

"Of these botulism, because of the spectacular and usually fatal outbreaks, can easily be said to lead the list. It has been shown, however, that the annual number of deaths from botulism is very small, averaging in the last ten years less than twenty-five a year, but more than 110 outbreaks in humans have occurred, of which only forty-one have been proved bacteriologically.

"Sanitation by thorough cleansing, proper storage and the use of fresh products to be canned is primarily essential as a protecton against botulinus spoilage, and then the proper boiling temperature for the different altitudes."

Dr. Geiger said that regarding the treatment of the poison, substantial progress has been made in learning the specific nature of the illness and the manner in which the poison acts. He declared, however, that unfortunately no progress has been made in giving relief to patients. Antiseras have been prepared by which botulism may be prevented in animals when treatment is given immediately after the poisonous food has been consumed.

"Unfortunately again," he said, "there has been no opportunity to use these cures with human beings until after the symptoms of the disease have appeared and it was then too late."

But Dr. Geiger is hopeful that the deaths, few as they are, can be reduced when scientists finish their researches.

Reverting to food poisoning in general, Dr. Geiger said that of 147 outbreaks of such poisoning, due to almost every variety of food and every source, manufacture and distribution, there was no evidence in 113 and that the fact pointed to other diseases and conditions. These outbreaks involved 1,578 persons, that is, the number of persons claimed to have been made actually ill by the consumption of material as food. Of this number there were eighty-five deaths.

"Here is an illustration of a so-called food poisoning outbreak," resumed Dr. Geiger. "Recently in Erie, Pennsylvania, three persons became ill, apparently from eating home-prepared bacon. One death occurred. The fatal case was a paralytic with marked arteriosclerosis. It is not unlikely that such symptoms attributed to food poisoning may prove fatal in such a case.

"Rightfully assuming that many deaths are due to other causes than food poisoning, or botulinus intoxication, the fact that only in four instances were autopsies performed makes these statistics almost valueless. It is more important to state that in every autopsy performed the results were definite, and in three the original diagnoses were completely refuted or changed. In any event the almost complete lack of laboratory examination on either the food or the patient offers important evidence of a public health situation that at the best is deplorable."

Dr. Geiger said food put up by commercial canners in the past two years is perfectly safe and free from any form of poison, due to canners following the recommendations of scientific commissions.

Commercial canners pack and market approximately 4,000,000,000 cans of food a year, the value being nearly $1,000,000,000.

"Was Jesus Christ a Jew?"—An Inquiry

Concluded from page 6

The whole trouble in Palestine today is that the Jews again want to take the land from the Arabs who have lived there for two thousand years. The people of Israel were to be planted in a place of their own, "and move no more."

Now, as Israel was not Judah, it is useless to look for the fulfillment of Israel's destiny in the Jews and as a matter of fact the Jews have not fulfilled it and cannot. To look at the Jew for proof of the Scriptures is to look in the wrong direction; the Scriptures in their common acceptation stand or fall on the proof of Israel. This proof is not offered here; the reader is only cautioned against falling into the error of confusing the destiny of Israel with that of Judah. The two are never confused in the Bible.

It was over Israel that the House of David was to be established. In Scripture history the last we see of the House of David is in the persons of "the king's daughters" being rescued by Jeremiah during the awful end of the Judean government, and being borne away by him toward the sea. They appear again in legend in what were called variously "the isles of the west," "the tin islands" and "the Britannic Islands." There is a strong contention that the Hill of Tara in Ireland is really the Hill of the Torah (the Law) and that the word British is a compound of two Hebrew words—"berith" or "b'rith," meaning covenant, and "ish" meaning man. At any rate, the early appearance of the prophet Jeremiah in Irish legendary lore has never been explained nor explained away.

It is certain, however, that the House of David as officially established was removed from those whom we now know as Jews and was set up, if anywhere on earth, over Israel. The mistake made with reference to Israel, of course, is to seek out some bizarre, outlandish "lost tribes" in Abyssinia or Asia, instead of taking the earmarks of Israel as given in the prophecies and seeking to discover what modern empires and nations, if any, may seem to bear them.

To regard Jesus as "son of David" in fleshly inheritance is not therefore to prove that he was Jewish. Indeed there appear in Jesus' physical ancestry three complete aliens from Israel, the two who are found in David's ancestry and the one which David added when he took Bathsheba who became the mother of Solomon. It is rather notable how the alien strain makes itself known in Judah through superior individuals. In any case, as "son of David" Jesus was in the Israel line instead of the Judah line with reference to the kingship.

But here is the principal fact regarding the significance of "the son of David" as applied to Jesus—*Jesus did not himself fully accept it.* The Davidic descent is not denied, but its implications are questioned by Him. The passage is important enough to have found record in three of the Gospels.

"While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, What think ye of Christ? whose son is He? They say unto Him, The son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David call Him Lord? (here follows a quotation from the Psalms.) If David then call Him Lord, how is He his son?" Matt. 22:41-45.

"And Jesus, while He taught in the temple, said, How say the scribes that Christ is the son of David? (then follows a quotation from the Psalms.) David therefore himself calleth Him Lord; and whence is He then his son?" Mark 12:35-37. And again in Luke 20:41-44.

There is certainly here, in spite of commentators' efforts to keep the strictly Jewish character of Christ, an effort by Jesus Himself to indicate that there was another and greater element. The emphasis of His words was contrary to the official opinion of His day and calculated to modify it radically if not entirely dispose of it.

Twice is Jesus said to have used the term "Jews," once when recalling to his disciples a statement which He had made to the public—"And as I said to the Jews," is the way He opens the reference: and again on His trial, when pressed by Pilate He said—"If my kingdom were of this world then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews." It is impossible to escape the impression that Jesus was speaking as one who refers to a people separate from Him. The President of the United States would not say, in addressing his Cabinet, "And as I said to the Americans." The tone would be alien, and fitting only a reference to aliens. Yet this tone is inescapable throughout the Gospels.

These, then, are some side lights on the question, "Was Jesus Christ a Jew?" and they indicate that He was not a Jew, as commonly conceived.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

It looks like a long, hard winter in the Canadian Yukon. Twelve thousand cases of whisky have laid in Vancouver for months, stored for permission of the United States Government to cross at Skagway. Desperate efforts have been made by politicians of the North, whose political lives depend upon getting the liquor to those who will hibernate in the Yukon during the long dayless winter. No word has been received from Dawson or Washington. No treaty provides for a safe entrance through the three-mile limit zone off the mouth of the Yukon River and the whisky cannot pass legally from the legal high seas to the legal river.

The Japanese excel in stonecutting. Nowhere in the world will one find more beautiful and perfect granite cutting, which, together with the perfection of its setting, makes the workmanship a delight to view.

"It is significant that this is a government of young men, for the peace of Europe—which was not a peace—was made by cynical old men," declares Samuel Crowther, describing the Mussolini government in *Collier's*.

The usual cause of earthquakes is dislocation of the crust of the earth along fractured lines. There is a fracture line along the coast of Japan and another along the coast of California. The crust of the earth is constantly in motion, up or down, sidewise, or twisting. Millions of years may pass before bringing a strain so severe that the strata will slip or crumble along any great fault in the earth's crust, but when that slip comes there is an earthquake. Usually it is only a fraction of an inch, or at most a few inches. In Yakutat, Southern Siberia, a slip of forty feet was once recorded, and the quake was felt all over the world.

Detroit, a city whose police say has 3,000 blind pigs and whose citizens say has 10,000, has discovered that some "hot dog" stands are operating without a permit.

Every hour, somewhere in the United States, a man's life is taken. There were more than 9,500 "unlawful" homicides in this country in 1921. One of every 12,000 Americans is murdered every year, whereas the figure in Europe is one out of every 634 000. A prominent writer states, "When a prospective assassin in America is about to pull the trigger, he knows that he will have three powerful friends if he commits the deed. These three friends are Sentimentality, the New Psychology, and Technicality. So he pulls the trigger and takes his chances."

The Bible is now published in 770 languages of the world. The Bible Society hopes to continue its work of translation into 300 other languages.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

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Twenty miles of pearl oyster beds in the Gulf of Mannar, between Ceylon and the southernmost coast of India, have been discovered. The beds are still young and the earliest date of maturity is 1926. The only other pearl fisheries of any importance in India at present are along the extreme southern coast and the Mergui Islands, off Southern Burma. These latter are exploited by Japanese divers and the production enters but slightly into Burmese exports.

The occupation of Constantinople by Great Britain since 1918 has cost England a little less than $150,000,000.

The soil of Spitzbergen has been found to be frozen to a depth of 1,000 feet. In summer the surface soil thaws to a depth of about two feet.

Of about 2,000 kinds of bacteria, only about 100 are believed to be harmful.

Nine years ago, in 1914, China exported $719 worth of hair nets. Last year the net makers, virtually all of whom are located in Chefoo, China, collected $3,319,322 for supplying this product. An even larger trade is expected during 1923 because American women have demonstrated a preference for a type of net made out of two hair strands, whereas before nets fabricated from single strands were the vogue.

Fish at the Pratt, Kansas, state fish hatchery are being fed by electricity. Large light bulbs are placed at the edge of the fish ponds and moths, millers and other insects are attracted by the light. The water beneath the lights is soon covered with the insects which the fish devour eagerly.

The Black Forest of Germany, which has long been famous for its profusion of game, has been virtually stripped of its feathered and furry denizens by hungry Germans.

The battleships *Virginia* and *New Jersey* will be used for targets for bombs in the aerial maneuvers to be held soon.

Corals, whose bodies build into reefs, are carniverous, according to a scientist connected with the United States Geological Survey. Beef juice, crab meat and fish were offered. The tentacles at the outer edge of the coral colony began to appear. Then the stimulus was transmitted to other members of the colony until the surface of the specimen had opened out like a flower. No kind of purely vegetable food was taken by any one of the numerous species investigated.

The annual report of the New York Cotton Exchange contains an item, "Food for cats $51.73." In spite of all precautions, rats and mice occasionally appear on the trading floor. Traps have been employed in vain and the cats are the mainstay in combating the nuisance. The rats eat the ticker tape, often destroying several rolls at a time. Spot, the dean of the Exchange cats, spends the night on the trading floor, sleeping in the engine room during the day when the Exchange closes.

Arabian shieks are carrying vacuum bottles now. All the better equipped caravans that trek out of Aden across the desert are equipped with vacuum bottles and it is now possible to have a cooling drink in the midst of the Arabian desert.

America spends $7,000,000 in one year for works of art in Great Britain alone.

A divining spear with a dial attachment that shows whether the spearpoint is touching gold or a base metal, such as iron, is used by divers in salvaging the $30,000,000 worth of gold bullion which dropped to the ocean bed when a German submarine sank the *Laurentic* off Donegal, Ireland, in 1918. The dial is kept aboard the salvaging ship. The hand moves to the left of the zero mark when the spear is prodded against a piece of iron, copper or other base metal, but when it touches gold the dial swings sharply to the right. The divers are armed with sharp knives to fight off the hungry dogfish that swarm in the deep about the sunken vessel.

Lenin and Trotzky each receive about $55 monthly.

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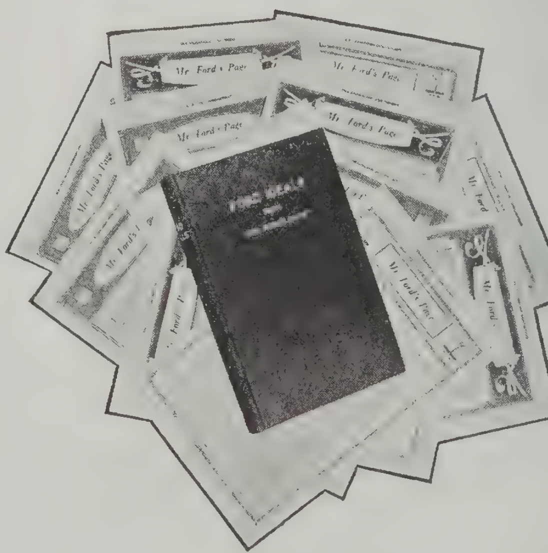

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The Ethics of an Inch in Lumber

Millions Given to Coal Operators

Knighting a Tramp and a Bootblack

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Lifting a Tramp and a Bootblack to Knighthood

Fairy Tales of Fistiana Bring "Fade-out" of the Facts

ON A CHILLY evening in September, 1923, more than 80,000 men and women paid from three dollars to twenty-five dollars to see a bootblack and a hobo hit each other for three minutes and fifty-seven seconds. A former gambling-house keeper paid the bootblack and the hobo more than half a million dollars for their physical efforts. Within another year the bootblack and the hobo will probably meet again, and if they do the gate receipts will be more than $2,000,000 and the bootblack and the hobo will receive nearly $1,000,000 for this second meeting.

North Americans, chiefly those that live in the United States, will welcome the opportunity to see William Harrison Dempsey, better known as Jack Dempsey, and Luis Angel Firpo meet again in a ring. They will gladly pay fifty dollars a seat for the privilege of seeing them. If Dempsey, the one-time tramp, and Firpo, who used to shine shoes in the Argentine, are matched a second time, more money will be paid to see them than was paid at any two previous ring fights in the history of the country. When they fought at the Polo Grounds on the night of September 14, 1923, more than 80,000 were within the walls of the historic playing field and at least 20,000 were madly trying to get in when the gates were barred.

From the brilliantly lighted square in the center of this vast inclosure to the highest concrete point of the surrounding walls were jammed men and women of every race, nationality, color and creed. They represented nearly every profession and trade inside and outside the laws of the land. Included in the list of names of those present, printed in the leading metropolitan newspapers, were the names of the nation's leading bankers, her leading business men, her reigning social leaders. Statesmen, diplomats, soldiers, sailors, all came in person. And their bench fellows on this night were the social outcasts and outlaws. Every stratum of our modern society was represented, for under the powerful arc lights in the center of this human square was to be enacted one drama which has universal appeal.

Dull and Drab Forgotten

UNDER the piercing white glare of the artificial lights a tramp and a bootblack became transformed into heroic figures. They are lifted to knighthood. To the melting pot of humanity that the mantle of night hides about the ring, the bootblack and the tramp have grown into Robin Hoods, for long before the day of their meeting the imaginative and romantic writers of sporting matters have bestowed unto them legendary gifts. They have written around them fairy tales and stories of romance. The dull and drab beginnings of their careers are overlooked in the avalanche of adjectives.

Some years ago in the coal mines of France worked a boy. There is nothing beside the ordinary in this, for in the same mines worked several thousand other boys as drab and colorless as this one. Came a day when a traveling street fakir pitched his tent near the mine and entertained the miners with his small bag of tricks. One of his numbers was a boxing exhibition, at that time new to the districts of the republic. Volunteers were sought and the mine boy stepped forward and gave a creditable exhibition. He impressed the street fakir and he decided to take him along. This arrangement was easily effected.

Just a few years later we discover this mine boy, gained in weight as well as age, described as *l'elegant* of the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysees and the Boulevard de la Madeleine. He is called the Greek god, the Lily of France, the Modern Apollo. He wore a uniform during the war and the public prints describe his heroic feats in the air above the shell-torn battle grounds. The deeds of daring of the efficient war pilots who unfortunately lacked a good left lead and right cross are overlooked to give the preferred position in publicity to the man who rarely flew but who often punched.

The Tales That Are Told

THIS recent coal miner is made the national hero of France, a man more discussed than Foch, Field Marshal of the Republic and commanding chief of the allied armies of the world at the conclusion of a victorious war. Clemenceau, the diplomatic genius of France, is forgotten; so are Rodin, her great sculptor, Curie, her renowned scientist, her painters and her writers. While Carpentier took a fortune out of the boxing arenas, Sarah Bernhardt, greatest actress of all time in France, was ending her days in direst poverty, forgotten by a nation to which she gave more than any actor or actress has ever contributed to one people.

Around this ignorant miner, product of the bowels of the earth, pupil of an obscure and roaming street fakir, are woven the tales of knighthood and romance. He becomes lionized by the nobility of France and the aristocracy of the United States. His name is known in every country of two hemispheres.

Carpentier, judged on his boxing skill, was far from a world figure. In a country that has never produced a single first-class ring performer he ranks well, but compared to the developed strategists of the sport in America he was pitifully unskilled. An honest analysis of Carpentier, the boxer, gave him little standing, but as the hero of these imagined romantic adventures, he was a world figure. The romanticists builded exceedingly well on the scant foundation that the Gaul furnished.

What the Hero Firpo Really Is

SOMEONE has pointed out that the majority of the best writers employed by newspapers are assigned to the sports departments of the daily publications. These men, clever in the use of words, find boxing an incentive for fine writing. No matter how dull or drab the performer is, they can, by an expert use of English, give any stupid prize fighter (or to use the more elegant term, boxer) a charming, attractive and even magnetic personality. The boxer himself, coming in contact with few persons, rides to fame and fortune on the printed word.

Firpo, hero of the September heavyweight brawl, was of the lower class in the Argentine. He lounged about the docks of Buenos Aires, picking up odd jobs. He became a bootblack. He later washed bottles in a drug store.

Firpo tried boxing but met with little success. Finally he came to the United States. He found lodging with a fellow countryman. He worked out in a cellar. He got a match and knocked out his opponent. Came other matches and less than two years after his arrival in boxing he became the contender for the heavyweight championship. In two short years Firpo traveled from the shoe-shining stand to the top class in his profession.

He was extremely stupid. A man of intelligence would consider him illiterate. But as soon as Firpo became a contender and a principal in pugilistic matters, the makers of romance began working upon his case. And now behold Firpo, the bottle washer in a drug store! He is made into a pharmacist and he is described as a man of brilliant intelligence, a scientist who turns to boxing for recreation and to whom the sport is really repulsive. Firpo, the pharmacist, is pictured as he works in his laboratory through the still hours of an Argentine night, wrestling with secret formulas, trying to discover a cure for cancer. He is made slave to the wants of humanity, South America's gift to modern science.

Firpo lacks a sense of humor. This is regrettable.

Just a Giant Hulk

HE IS a giant hulk of a man, this Firpo. Standing in the ring, alongside Dempsey, champion of all boxing champions, the title holder appeared small in comparison to this Latin American of brute proportions. His face is expressionless save for a devastating scowl. When he smiles it is a forced and artificial expression and he has rarely committed this error. He is of the Jack the Giant Killer type of human dreadnought and his huge bulk gave the writers an opportunity for fanciful wording. Firpo became the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," a title not without its romantic and picturesque verbal blending. This brought similar titles.

There was one thing in Firpo's favor—he rarely talked. Had he been garrulous he would have spoiled it all.

Of Dempsey there has been a great deal more written than about Calvin Coolidge since he became President of the United States. But Dempsey walked the high roads, begged food, stole rides on freight trains and slept where he could find lodging. About his life before he became a recognized contender for the heavyweight championship, there was plenty that was sordid and nothing that could be termed romantic. But, as soon as Dempsey becomes a recognized challenger for the heavyweight boxing championship, the writers set about to cloak with romance the hobo of the western roads. Once called literally a "bum," Dempsey is now a wandering knight whose poetic soul cried for the open road, who loved the great broad spaces, the star-crammed skies, the high sun and the full moon. He becomes a thinker, a dreamer, a god of the highways. He is lifted from the beams of a freight car to the heights of romance. He is called the Jack the Giant Killer of the present century.

The Goliath to whom Dempsey played David was Jess Willard. There never was a more colorless character in the American sports or amusement field than Willard. After Jack Johnson, a Negro, became champion of the world by defeating Jim Jeffries, ambitious promoters set about to find a man who could beat Johnson. While the search was on they played upon racial prejudice not because the honor of the white race was at stake, as they claimed, but because they could create a bigger demand for tickets by playing upon the racial chord. They found a number of candidates who would save the white race, and among them was a giant farmer whom they discovered in the wheat fields of Kansas. The giant was Willard who stood well over six feet in height and weighed well over 200 pounds. He was huge but that was all. He knew less about boxing or fighting than any man that ever held a ring championship, but by the power of publicity the promoters were able to bring Willard to a point where he seemed a championship possibility.

In Willard's case the task was not so difficult. Willard was of immense size and that carried its psychological value, for the average man believed that a man as big as Willard and as strong as Willard was reputed to be surely must be able to whip any man smaller than himself, and the other heavyweight possibilities were all much smaller. Also, he was dropped into the setting that had been prepared by race propaganda and making him acceptable was not so difficult as it would seem today in the light of Willard's futile efforts. He took the championship in a bout with Johnson, held in Havana, and which has since that time been branded as an absolute fake. But since Willard won the championship and the white race was again supreme in a fistic way, the manner of regaining supremacy was not scrupulously considered.

Only Corbett Deserved Praise

WILLARD immediately became attached to a circus and stayed out of the ring but he was kept in the public prints. There was on the horizon no one who could be colored into a fistic knight, so the title remained with Willard without being seriously challenged. He defended it once against a second-rate pugilist who never mattered and was beaten into a pulp, figuratively, when he met Dempsey. With a new champion came a new run of adjectives and romantic titles and a new biography for the newspapers.

This building up of American ring idols in the newspapers is not a trick of today but one that has held for years and years. John L. Sullivan remains a national hero. He was the first great heavyweight champion of his country. A plain product of the 'way down east district, Sullivan's name is still a household word although a score of great boxers have come and gone since James J. Corbett took the title from Sullivan by outboxing him at New Orleans. Corbett, who started as a bank clerk in San Francisco, was the only heavyweight that ever carried into the ring a touch of civilized refinement, or social refinement, to be more correct. The writers discovered that Corbett had a pompadour and an amount of good manners so they called him "Gentleman Jim" and "Pompadour Jim." He was not a great champion and he lacked the structure for romancing. Still, that has not handicapped other fighters with less personality than Corbett. He was handicapped, rather, because he followed in the path of a picturesque idol, Sullivan. Corbett never received the publicity that came to Tom Sharkey, a product of the high seas. He was a sailor with a bellowing voice, a ship tatooed across his chest and an anchor on his right forearm. A blustering burly with never an intimation of intending to change, Sharkey lent himself to colorful writing. He was never champion but he became a better known and better liked figure in boxing than the refined Corbett.

Where Others Began

ANOTHER was James J. Jeffries. He was a structural iron worker. Now, there were hundreds of structural iron workers scattered along this broad land from Atlantic to Pacific and most of them were more colorful than Jeffries. When he entered the boxing game he was a burly and surly sort and he remained that until after he lost the title to Johnson. He made an unfavorable impression upon all those with whom he came in contact but he nevertheless became a heroic figure in his chosen profession, one that he always detested. As soon as this colorless iron worker got into the first flight of heavyweights he was described as a person of remarkable personality, a sphinx, a bear, a mastodon, and the late Jack London put the finishing touches upon the romancing by calling him a "cave man," while Rex Beach described him as a "he-man." Both expressions were immediately incorporated into the American language.

The freckle-faced Robert Fitzsimmons, broad of shoulders and thin of legs, a gangling black-

(Concluded on page 13)

St. Nazianz—the Old World in the New

A Community That Resists Inroads of Jazz Music and Movie World

By FRED L. HOLMES

Above—The first church built by the Communistic Colonists is only used once a year in memory of the founding.

Left—The Salvatorian Fathers have founded a college in St. Nazianz giving new life to this Old World community.

The streets in St. Nazianz are crooked and follow the paths of the first oxcarts through the village site.

ON THE slope of a secluded valley in Eastern Wisconsin six miles from the screech of a railroad whistle, nestles a little, low-roofed village over which hangs an atmosphere of gray antiquity. The community has an Old World appearance. Its crooked streets are intersected by narrow winding cow paths. Across the fields at noon and evening float the sounds of monastery bells. A spirit of religious ecstasy permeates the somber village like a mist. One almost expects to see coming along the dusty road which winds through the village meek palmers returning from the Holy Sepulcher.

Ineffable influences seem to bless St. Nazianz, Wisconsin. It is still the toy town of seventy-five years ago, when it was lifted from the Black Forest of Germany and planted as a communistic settlement among the "kettle ranges" on the west shore of Lake Michigan. Even the rugged scenery of the country lends enchantment. Deep hollows or kettles, fashioned in the glacial period by the melting of buried ice blocks or the building of irregular moraine ridges which inclose undrained depressions, have sculptured the landscape and relieved it of its monotony.

Amid all of the transformations of the outside world St. Nazianz remains unchanged. Jazz music does not disturb. The "movie" is missing. The silver screen with its tragedies of divorcees, its sinister pictures of domestic infelicity, its vampires and sheiks playing coy rôles in city life are not a part of this community life. There is a "Punch and Judy" show where little puppets gracefully nod and daintily dance for the audience.

That is all. Save for the automobiles which plow its dusty streets on hot Sunday afternoons, burdened with hundreds of curious visitors, St. Nazianz is one hundred years from today. Tourists come for an hour and are gone. Even though it is Old World in its appearance, St. Nazianz is content in its simplicity; with its religious fervor and its brotherly dealings between citizens.

The history of St. Nazianz and its religious institutions is probably quite as unique as any in the United States. Three-quarters of a century ago the communistic idea of living was the theme of much discussion and experimentation. Led by their priest, Rev. Ambrose Oschwald, a parish of 113 from the Black Forest of Germany, formed the Emigrant Association of St. Gregory Nazianzen and during the summer of 1854 came to the United States. They wanted a freedom of religious worship, relief from the oppressive economic conditions, and they believed that self-expression and life could best be obtained through the communistic idea of settlement. All members of the organization were Roman Catholics.

Already a stream of immigration from Germany had started for Wisconsin. The "Forty-eighters" had settled around Watertown and Lake Michigan shore district and the new colony was influenced by those who were already here to come to the vicinity.

Unlike other migrations of this character, there were no sunderings of the warm ties of friendships. Nearly the whole community joined the movement and by the sale of their own property in the Old World they realized about $6,000 with which to launch their new home undertaking.

REV. AMBROSE OSCHWALD,

Who led a flock of 113 souls from the Black Forest of Baden, Germany, to the wilderness of Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

The community left Strassburg in May, 1854, and after a voyage covering fifty-four days landed in New York. Here they rested for a time and then set out for Milwaukee, where they arrived in August. While in Milwaukee the Reverend Oschwald purchased 3,840 acres of land in Manitowoc County at $3.50 an acre, on which he made a first payment of $1,500. An advance party of six men were sent to Manitowoc by boat and from there started westward through the forests to the newly purchased lands that were to be their future home.

Strange legends have been interwoven into the selection of the community site. The six "trail blazers" were accompanied by a land agent until their property was reached. A yoke of oxen carrying the supplies for the advance guard was allowed to wander around with their burden and browse in the brush until nightfall. It was agreed that where the animals stopped for rest, there a church and the community center would be founded. The winding trails of the oxcart became the first roads and probably accounts for the crooked streets into and through the village. Old accounts assert that the first church was founded where the oxen stopped for the night.

"But we do not believe that," maintains a merchant of St. Nazianz. "That is only an old story."

Subsisting for a few days on potatoes, without salt, the first comers set to work. The first log house was erected and a cross planted on the site of the church. In the course of a week the company had grown to twenty-six persons. There were many hardships. Before many buildings could be erected, a cold, wet season advanced upon the community, fever broke out and seven of the colonists died.

"Still the pioneers did not lose courage," states an old account which has been preserved by the first settlers. "Daily they worked clearing the land, and hewing the logs, while in the evening they gathered around the fire and enjoyed the company of the leader who entertained them with cheering conversation, so that it was eleven o'clock before they sought their hard couches.

"Early in the morning after their devotions they worked before the slim breakfast was ready. This consisted of thin soup boiled in a large copper kettle hung over the fire from a stout stick. Often the wind mixed leaves and branches in the soup, but as the appetite was strong, this did not spoil the soup. There was no question of bread, because the distant farmers supplied the victuals for a goodly sum of money. After having put up two log huts the building of a church was undertaken. Luckily there was a carpenter among the company and under his guidance trees were cut down and trimmed. The size of the church was thirty-two feet by twenty-four feet. Now a new difficulty arose. There were no oxen left in the community to drag the timbers to the site of the building. The men were obliged to load the heavy logs on their shoulders. Often it required sixteen men to transport one log. Still, on the first day they succeeded in bringing in twenty logs. By the end of October the rough church was completed and the first service held."

Gradually the pioneer colony underwent a development. Stone and frame buildings colored with thick pale pink plaster, in the South German fashion, were erected. Up the hill from the town a stately brick church was reared and close by the "brother houses." More recently the Salvatorian college buildings have gone up, where young men are educated for the priesthood, this being the headquarters of the college for England as well as for America.

Down in the village still another church has been erected—St. Gregory's—where the country folk for miles around gather on Sundays. But on a single Sunday in each year, St. Gregory's is deserted and the boards are removed that bar the entrance to the pioneer edifice. From an ice cream parlor, around the corner, the key is brought to turn the rusty locks, and in the upper rooms priests, nuns, brothers and village folk gather to pay homage to their Creator and to the courage and devotion of the founders of the community.

All went well with the colony during the early years. The married people formed the nucleus of a village; while the unmarried men lived apart in the "brothers' house" and the unmarried women in the "sisters' house." Throughout the countryside the piety of the St. Nazianz colonists became proverbial.

Then came a change in the communistic life. With the death of Father Oschwald in 1873, the community began to decline. Many of the married folk felt that they and their children should be allowed some private holdings of property. Accordingly, certain portions of land were conveyed. The colony dwindled until 1898, when the remaining property of nearly 1,500 acres was taken over by the Society of the Divine Savior. Many new buildings came with the founding of the college, but the entire atmosphere of the community is still decidedly ecclesiastical—still Old World in its outward appearances.

"From the records of the colony," declares W. A. Titus, a local historical writer, "as well as from the accounts of his contemporaries, it appears that the Reverend Ambrose Oschwald was an unusual character. His ability as an administrator was exceeded only by his piety, zeal and devotion to his people. He was fifty-three years of age when, in 1854, he undertook the great task of transplanting an entire community from its native land to a wilderness home four thousand miles away. From that time until his death in 1873, the good priest never ceased to labor for the spiritual and material advancement of his followers. He was a skilled botanist with a special knowledge of medicinal herbs. There was no physician within twenty miles, and people, both Catholic and Protestant, came to him from long distances for medical treatment."

St. Nazianz today presents a commingling of the old and the new in which the old predominates. The coming of fifty college students has not changed the routine life of the community. Most of the houses of the town are of an ancient vintage with a distinct German style of architecture.

The large farm in connection with the college and

(*Concluded on page 8*)

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Propagandizing the Press

ZION'S HERALD, one of the most able and independent of the church papers, carries as its leading article some candid comment on "The Sorry Plight of the Newspapers." Quotation is also taken from Will Irwin's criticism of the universal propagandizing of the secular press, which, with their commercialization, is asserted to be the reason for the distrust of their reliability among critical readers.

It matters not, so far as the demoralization is concerned, whether the propagandizing is deliberate or unwitting, whether there is purpose in the paper itself to deceive, or the stream is tainted at its source and the paper is itself deceived, the dissemination of information which does not inform has the same effect; worse, it makes it difficult to believe there are exceptions, and that some editors will not vary from the truth.

The conclusion that the religious press only can bring about a change will be considered with some misgivings by those who have opportunity to judge from that department of journalism as it exists today.

Representative papers like *Zion's Herald, The Congregationalist, The Presbyterian, The Continent, The Baptist,* stand out as exceptions to the ordinary church paper in ability, in independence, in tolerance, and in all that inspires confidence, and some of their colleagues not named are worthy of mention, but there is no field more fertile than religious journalism, or more freely cultivated by the propagandist. Witness the unanimous voice of the majority in the matter of the World Court crusade. Without reference to the merits of the agitation, the manner of its conduct has been propaganda pure and simple. The exchange editor knows, but not the reader who sees only the journal of his own sect, that the matter has been furnished by some organization interested in this particular idea, and is not the direct advice of the editor, who in all probability has not studied the subject.

In the matter of Russia, there has been evidence that prejudice rather than reason has influenced the judgment of many. An eminent bishop on the scene has thought it a Christian duty to refute the lies scattered in this country in the news dispatches, and his opinion, as one on the ground, was scoffed at in his own denomination.

Happily, there is a growing sense of duty in the real official church press to fill in the gap left vacant by a recreant secular press, and in that position it offers opportunity for a broadmindedness that will do the world a service, and in so doing advance the Kingdom they serve.

That American Game

HAS America gone football-mad? If you doubt it, try to procure tickets for any of the big college games. Money is refunded as nonchalantly as German marks, with the courteous but firm notation that all seats are sold out. They have been sold out for weeks, in most cases. And furious as the graduate or undergraduate may be, the fact remains unalterable and insurmountable.

Why the tremendous interest and the universal appeal of football? Perhaps, because it is and has remained, in spite of occasional scandals and setbacks, a clean game fairly played; a game of thorough good sportsmanship, which has not yet succumbed to commercialism.

It has become the occasion for general jollification, the opening of the season of social events which mark the college year. The entire college town is carried away by the enthusiasm of the hour, bands blare forth their compelling strains, buildings are decorated in festal garb, and crowds throng the streets, eager-eyed, with ill-concealed excitement, all bound in the one direction—the football field. The innate desire of all to be "in the swim," to be carried away in the enthusiasm of the crowd, blotting out all consciousness of self, and with practically no restraint on conduct, irresistibly leads at this season of the year to *the game.*

The glamour cast about football, the atmosphere of college and college spirit, have lent their bewitchment to make this the most popular game. But all this, important as it is, might fail in accomplishing the tremendous popularity of football but for one outstanding fact. In this generation we Americans have developed from an indoor to an out-of-door people. Theodore Roosevelt is unquestionably in large part responsible for this face-about—at any rate, he voiced a clarion call to the out-of-doors to which the American people today are responding most heartily. Witness the number of people who spend their vacations camping, canoeing or hiking, the constant use that is made of the tennis courts, baseball diamonds and golf links throughout the country, and the demand for city playgrounds. The automobile, too, has played its part in making the outdoors accessible.

Today "The game's the thing," and primarily at this season of the year in America that game is Football.

A Proposed Folly

A BATTLE between the conservationists and the promoters is being waged as to whether the Winneshiek Bottoms along the Upper Mississippi River shall be drained. The bottoms extend for twenty-five or thirty miles between Lynxville, Wisconsin, and Lansing, Iowa. The bottoms are filled with lakes, ponds, sloughs and inlets which afford the finest kind of breeding grounds for ducks, Canadian geese, and other aquatic fowl. Muskrats, mink and other fur-bearing animals are very numerous and the revenue derived from the taking of these animals for their fur amounts to a considerable sum each year.

The proposition is to dredge and dyke the channel of the Mississippi River, lowering the water from every pond and slough from side to side of the river bed. This would cause the death of millions of fine food fish, destroy the homes of numerous wild fowl and animals and create a flood menace of the Lower Mississippi Valley. For it is a well-known fact that the sloughs and marshes of the Winneshiek Bottoms act as a great storage plant for the flood waters in the spring of the year.

When one considers that the estimated cost of drainage will amount to about eighty dollars an acre, the project seems hopeless from a financial standpoint. It should be borne in mind that a similar drainage near Muscatine, Iowa, has proved conclusively that the land is of very little value for farming because the level of the river during flood stage makes it too wet to cultivate the soil. It is sincerely hoped, therefore, that the project will be abandoned.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of The Dearborn Independent, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1923, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Dearborn Independent, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

[SEAL] J. EMMET HALL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1923.

(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

Reverence for Courts

THERE are judges and judges. Some judges are elected by, and consequently feel a responsibility to, the people. Others hold life positions through appointment as a reward for personal or partisan political service in no way connected with their fitness, in temperament, mental equipment, or integrity, for the duties of the office, while others are appointed for fitness alone.

The degree of reverence awarded a magistrate or his office by the general public depends largely upon the merit of the individual himself. The public is generally quite accurate in estimating the character of men in public life, and quick to detect those flaws which the armor of office can never conceal.

If there is a growing disrespect for the judiciary, the cause may be found in decisions rendered, in assumption of arrogant superiority by some of its members, and in the intolerant partisanship too often displayed.

Among professional classes protest is not frequent, but occasional outbursts occur, and one fault, too common in many judges seeking publicity—in other words "playing to the gallery"—is thus voiced by a banker, S. B. Whipple, who is quoted editorially by the Chicago *Banker* thus:

"It has come to be a customary, if not popular, practice of courts to visit abuse upon persons called to bar for one offense or another. From the vantage point of the entrenched bench, they very often—too often—send forth upon the helpless persons before them a flood of anathema that fairly sizzles. They say things then that they would not dare to utter elsewhere than in a carefully guarded court. Where do judges find authority for this sort of action? By what right do they assume to administer any punishment—and personal abuse is punishment—beyond that distinctly and definitely fixed by law? They have no such authority, no such right. They shamefully abuse the dignity and power of the high places they occupy when they stoop to personal and vindictive attacks on those unfortunates haled before them. More than that they have resort to the height of cowardice when, securely protected and hedged as the judicial bench always is, they launch assaults on those who, because of the grip of the red-eyed law, are helpless and dumb. There is nothing anywhere, in any law, that authorizes a judge of any station to go one jot or tittle beyond that law's provisions. He may have his personal like or dislike for a prisoner; he may personally approve or disapprove of the prisoner's conduct and characteristics, but he has no right whatever to intrude those personal views into the adjudication of a case he is trying. He breeds contempt when he does so."

The Penalty for Having Sons

FROM a Massachusetts town a widow writes her story:

"I am a widow . . . . Do you know that having four boys means that no one wants to rent you a house? So mothers of families have to take the oldest houses with the fewest conveniences."

The time may come in this country when the above paragraph will read as strangely as those documents which describe how little children four years old were whipped from bed at half past three in the morning to work in the mines of England, and how in the House of the Lords of Britain all ameliorative measures were bitterly fought by the enlightened minds of the realm.

A woman who has presented the nation with four sons must live under the worst conditions, but young couples whose selfish views of life prevent the possibility of children are welcomed to modern dwellings with every convenience. Of course, this condition cannot last. Decency will cure it, or internal decay will end it.

Taking a Walk

ONE of our reader friends, who often takes a little walk of a hundred miles or so, was coming into a town outside of Detroit on top of a milk-wagon one day when this conversation occurred:

Driver—"Say, the boss told me to stop taking your milk if you don't get a milk house soon. There's a milk surplus anyway."

Farmer—"Surplus and shortage always at the same time. How does it come there's no surplus in Detroit?"

Driver—"We're not sending any milk to Detroit—it's all being condensed."

It would pay one newspaperman in every city to walk through the rural districts that supply that city. A whole wagon-full of facts that could not possibly be gathered from business statistics would then be possessed at first hand. Few things are more futile than to read accounts of the high price of potatoes in a newspaper that has never traced a single carload of potatoes from its origin to its disposition.

History and the High Lights

How the Historian Paints Them for Posterity

By T. M. VESEY

SOME ONE in England said recently that "a world without war is a contradiction in terms." It sounds profound, but on examination proves to be just one of those pithy expressions that mean very little, if anything. As an epigraph for a textbook on military tactics it might be not inappropriate; delivered by way of an assertion, however, it has no validity. But a review of the events that have taken place in this world—as recorded in writing, pictorially, and through the medium of memorial architecture—does lend that resonant phrase a simulacrum of truth. Suppose, though, that we endeavor to attain a bird's-eye view, to peer into the bottom of the well.

Most History Is That Telling of War

An examination of history reveals the curious fact that the almost overwhelming bulk of it is war history. War has been to the historian what the plot is to the novelist. In other words, the total number of war years chronicled, taking almost any period of reasonable duration, and for practically every country, is greatly in excess of the number of peace years of which any detailed record survives. What is, in fact, popularly known and almost universally taught as the history of the world is, more correctly speaking, mainly a history of the wars of the world. The orthodox historian, like the producer of melodrama, has subordinated everything to the appeal of the purple patch—with the deplorable result that an impression is conveyed that only through war has history been made, which is a wildly erroneous deduction, the truth of the matter being that nearly all the history of any permanent importance that has been made has been the product of peace and co-operation. Exploration has magnificently played its major part in progress, and exploration, it is true, has not infrequently been attended with war, which, however, was almost invariably incidental to it, and a hindrance. When we attempt to realize how much has been done, despite the war-like preoccupation, it is possible to get a glimpse of what might be accomplished when we cease to be hampered by it; because most of what has been done was consummated during transient periods of freedom from the fighting obsession. It is idle to suppose that mankind has always chosen the only possible path; the way has usually been paved with preferable alternatives. Few human beliefs are more pathetically inadequate than that which lays it down axiomatically that whatever has been must have been well. There is no gainsaying the fact that the world has, in the main, been at more advantage through letting people alone than through battering heads off, nor is it open to question that progress will, as heretofore, be hampered whenever war intervenes.

Ten Chapters on War, and One on Peace

What is known in English history as the American Revolution is a striking instance of the absurdity of the belief that what has happened has happened for the best in the long run. Everybody knows now that England lost the American Colonies through the crass and obstinate stupidity of her reigning monarch and through a spineless administration that let him labor under the curious illusion that he ruled by a right which was in some strange manner divine. Had America's independence come gradually and peacefully, and as a natural result of American growth, a great deal of heart-burning would have been saved since. Coming, as it did, as the result of a war, it left bitter memories behind, which poisoned the relations of the peoples for generations afterward and which, in fact, are by no means moribund yet. And all the historians involved in recording that event were so busy painting foregrounds that they completely ignored perspective. The field of history has always been prolific of epic stories—and consequently has always attracted the dauber. Many of the world's historians ought to have been simply historical novelists. Devoting ten chapters to one year of war, and one paragraph to ten years of peace, as is their wont, they really are little more than historical romanticists.

There is a very good reason for this peculiar bias on the part of the historians. They have nearly all been national propagandists, and practically all of them have written for popularity. They painted the high lights because people wanted them to. When it is realized that most people are willing to believe that practically all a nation's glory has been come by on the battlefield, it becomes fairly evident that war, as war, and not necessarily as a means to some moral or material end, has always made a strong appeal to men. Why? One of the chief reasons for it is not very far to seek, that is, if we endeavor to get directly at the underlying truth of things with the determination not to be led astray by the merely half true generalizations on this subject which so frequently pass for deep and sound philosophy: as, for example, that men and nations fight because quarrelsomeness is one of the outstanding and ineradicable traits of human nature. The acceptance of such a doctrine as this entails the presupposition of a degree of evil in the make-up of mankind to which nobody who still clings to any faith in his fellow men will subscribe. It would, indeed, be nearer the truth to affirm that war, or the desire for it, is a deformed offspring of the inherent good in man, since the leaning toward it arises out of one of his virtues, misdirected.

Casting among human qualities for a more or less feasible explanation of this latent—and, by those who have chestnuts to be extracted from the fire, sedulously fostered—longing to destroy the species, it is no long time before one striking fact emerges from the mass of nebulous speculation and forces itself upon the notice, namely, that of all the gods men worship, among the almost innumerable beliefs and superstitions to which mankind is prone, from the simple faith of the sun worshiper to the esthetic cult of the Swedenborgian, there is one deity that all men and all women in common, irrespective of creed, caste or color, worship above all else, openly and unashamed, and that is the god, Courage. Here, then, we have our clue. Here is one bright stationary gleam that shines clear as a star above all the pale, will-o'-the-wisp lanterns of illusion.

How It Works Out in Pages of Historians

It is natural for men, as natural as breathing, to seek those paths which seem to lead to glory, to strive after those ends the attainment of which calls for a display of the courage that is admired and deferred to, universally and rightly. But now is discerned the trail of the serpent. Throughout the ages the glories of war have been so extolled that it has come to be taken as a matter of course that only in the fighting man's trade do there exist, in any large degree, those opportunities for the exercise of courage and the winning of renown for which most men are not averse to jeopardizing life itself. The real truth of the matter is that war has practically a monopoly of the publicity that hall-marks the actions of men with the indelible stamp of fame. The autocrats of the world, and the reactionaries, with the almost unwitting connivance of most of the historians of all time, have virtually succeeded in getting a corner in the press agency business connected with deeds of daring. In passing it is interesting to note that there is here a wheel within a wheel. One of the reasons underlying that peculiarly servile attitude of respect for the ruling class so frequently displayed by the masses is explained by the circumstance that the former is popularly supposed to be endowed with more courage than is the common herd. Again, the son of the pedigreed sire is, as a general proposition, no braver than the hash-slinger's boy. In point of fact it may reasonably be argued that he is relatively less brave, because he ought to be actually braver. A great part of his early training, in the home, at the colleges and at the universities, is aimed at teaching him never to sell his "birthright" by showing the white feather; never to be so false to the traditions of his class as even to seem afraid; whereas little relative to the virtue of courage is inculcated in the child of the working class, the "lower orders," who has therefore only his natural instincts to guide him. The late World War provided conclusive evidence, nevertheless, that John Brown, of Nowhere, could stand shoulder to shoulder with Van de Vere, could fight with the best and the bravest of those whose lineage might have sprung from sources undefiled by plebeianism. All other wars have proved this too, of course, but not so unmistakably. For one thing, Van de Vere's corner in publicity was a more impregnable stronghold in earlier times than it is now. For instance: the fame, as well as the family name, of the English nobleman who, placing himself at the head of his Hussars in the Balaclava Valley, drew his saber and cried: "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" still rings through the vaulted halls of time (the acoustics of which are designed especially to echo only the deeds and sayings of the exclusive), while the Six Hundred who likewise "went" are remembered only collectively. Even the genius of a poet was powerless to immortalize them in anything like an individual manner. The record of their separate deeds of heroism is lost in the obscurity incident to their being merely the component units of a mob, and the horses they bestrode are presented to our mental vision in as clear-cut a picture as are the men themselves.

A few hundred Greeks, likewise, once held the pass of Thermopylae, and the name of only one of them, Leonidas, has come down to us. Yet the roster of that famous legion would surely be an interesting one.

As a matter of fact, the best thing we have been able to discover in years about the scion of the famous family, whatever it might be, is that he did stand side by side with John Brown when the Hun came hammering at the gate. And, signs on it, his fame will be remembered after John Brown's has been long forgotten; that is, unless we train a new school of historians and consign to oblivion the lucubrations of those moldly plagiarists who can do no better, when they write of events, than follow the precedents of those chroniclers of old time who disseminated their propaganda and shuffled off this mortal coil when there was less history to record than there is now.

We Thrill to One But Not to the Other

Revolutionary as the assertion might sound, it is, nevertheless, a substantiated truth that men need as much courage to make them go to work as to induce them to go to war. Work has its romance, its glories, its epic tales of resource, of heroism and of sacrifice, no less than war. What it lacks is merely a proper publicity program.

To take an example: Everybody will recall the indomitable heroism of the women of France and Flanders, both in and out of the immediate war zones; how the latter worked the soil from dawn to dark, switched the trains, kept the essential businesses running, toiled in the pits, coal-blackened and stripped to the waist; and did a hundred other things that helped to win the war: how those who were driven, with their few belongings, from the ruins of their wrecked homes plodded bravely along the débris-strewn street of the erstwhile Sweet Auburn in which they had spent their hitherto uneventful lives, and, even when forced to the broken walls by our advancing troops and the guns that thundered by, when all was lost but their patriotism, with the light of their blazing villages gleaming in their eyes, they still had fortitude to shout (translating the phrase into good American): "Down with the Germans!" Who does not recall such scenes? Indeed, will they ever be forgotten? And so, in glorifying the women, who deserve it, we glorify war, which does not. But wait: here is another cameo. On every wild and dangerous coast it is no uncommon sight, especially in winter, to see women—rough, red-armed and raucous—plunging breast-deep into the breakers to expedite the launching of a lifeboat that contains everything they hold dear in the world, husbands, sons, brothers, sweethearts and fathers; and that lifeboat puts to sea, everyone knowing full well that it may never return, to try to save, from a sinking ship, a crew of strangers who often do not even speak the language of their rescuers. Is not this obeying man's noblest and most courageous impulse—not to send his fellow man to an untimely end, but to snatch him from it? And the women; does not the impulse that actuates them raise them high as any among the daughters of men? However, an epic such as that gets half a column in the morning editions; often not even that, if nobody happened to be drowned. And so we find that Joan of Arc is a far more outstanding figure in history than, say, Grace Darling. Of course, it is so. There is no valid reason why a suit of chain mail on a battlefield should cut a broader swath in the popular imagination than a fisher girl's shawl in a rowboat; but it does—thanks, mainly, to the historians.

Work of World as Thrilling as Story of Wars

The story of the work of the world is just as great, just as thrilling and moving, as the story of its wars, as would be seen were it only to be told as fully and as eloquently. One day it will be. Seen with the eyes of human understanding, a harvest train pulling out for the West is just as brave a sight as that of a battalion marching aboard the ship that is waiting to carry it to some far-off field to decide the questions that diplomats have raised and to which they can find no answer save the sword, found in everyone's hands but their own, incidentally. And running a concrete mixer, or a winch on a ship's deck, has just as much of glory in it as running a machine gun. But most of the rhetoric of which man is capable is expended on advertising the glory of the latter. It is high time, indeed, to reorganize the publicity bureau. Let us endeavor to see things as they are, and not through the blackened glasses of prejudice and illusion. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

A Comet on Municipal Horizon

Jacksonville, Illinois, Credit Not Good for 60-Cent Telegram Five Years Ago; Co-operation Saved It, Says Mayor Who Serves Without Pay

By EMERSON ROBINSON

EDGAR E. CRABTREE,

Mayor of Jacksonville, Illinois.

OCCASIONALLY there flashes on the public horizon, like the periodic visitation of a comet, a report of an American city that is not in financial distress.

Take the case of Jacksonville, Illinois.

Five years ago, Jacksonville was a glaring example of what a city should not be; today it is the model town of Illinois, the envy of its neighbors and the best advertised, from a governmental standpoint, of any city in America.

There has been a revolution in Jacksonville, or perhaps it would be better to say that there has been a revolution in the thoughts and minds of her population. There has been a transformation, a metamorphosis, and the city has become one of which its citizens are proud. The "knockers" have been reduced to a minimum; criticism, however, is desired and desirable.

Opposition is negligible, due to officials conducting an open forum; there is nothing secret; the humblest citizen may file his complaint and get the same hearing as the most influential property holder.

The unusual position of Jacksonville in current American municipal history is due to two things:

First, the confidence which the people have in their officials; second, the "unselfish service" of the officials and the co-operation of the public.

The example of Jacksonville might be followed in any of the smaller cities of the country. It would be more difficult in the great centers of population where the interest in city affairs is more impersonal. In the small town it is personal.

A dozen years ago Jacksonville was like any other city; probably no better and possibly no worse. But the people were dissatisfied.

The debt was increasing and the tax rate did not yield the revenue which officials thought sufficient to give a proper progressive government. Then the "commission form of government" idea was at its zenith. It was taken as the panacea of all municipal ills. Jacksonville fell and the commission form held sway. But it did not prove the leaven which the people wanted. Things became worse. The debt grew by leaps and bounds and the annual deficit in current expenses became greater and greater.

Civic pride was at a low ebb. "I don't care" attitude was assumed by a majority of the citizens, and they didn't, for there was little in Jacksonville at that time to appeal to them. Gambling, immorality and vice, combined with a government which failed to govern, had brought about a condition in the minds of most of the residents which made them, to say the least, careless in their relations with city affairs.

Then something happened and this something laid the foundation for the present happy condition of Jacksonville.

Dollar-a-year Men

THE city is thirty miles from Springfield, capital of Illinois, and in the great corn belt. One of its greatest material problems always has been the supply of water, for often it does not rain during the entire summer. Various attempts had been made to solve the problem. Thousands upon thousands had been spent on wells, but these served only in part to fill the city's requirements. A franchise was let to an eastern concern which undertook to bring water twenty miles from the Illinois River beds. More than $400,000 was sunk in the venture, which proved worthless and was later sold for junk for $25,000.

A few business men began to fear for the future. Unless Jacksonville was assured of an adequate water supply at all times, it could not hope to grow and there was the omnipresent danger of a conflagration. Sixty of them pledged $100 each to employ engineers in a final effort to bring relief. The engineers reported that the city had within its own limits a sufficient supply if it would buy 400 or 500 acres of land close by, erect a levee and impound the waters which came in the wet season. This, of course, necessitated the construction of a filtration plant,

In the financial status of the city, a bond issue was impossible, so the men conceived the idea of buying the land, mortgaging it to a trustee, issuing mortgage bonds to the subscribers, turning the property over to the city subject to the mortgage and permitting the indebtedness to be paid off in twenty years out of the revenues. As far as many of the subscribers were concerned they did not care whether the bonds ever were paid because they would benefit indirectly in the assurance of sufficient water. But the idea worked, all the bonds have been paid when due, and the consumption has more than trebled.

This was the beginning of the "government by co-operation" idea.

It also was the beginning of the nullification of politics in Jacksonville government. The people were pleased with the solution of the water problem and they began to ask themselves whether it would be a good plan to drop the commission form and return to the Federal plan.

The new vision opened up the possibilities of a cleaner and more acceptable town, and leaders among the business men began to look around for a suitable candidate for mayor. They drafted one. He did not want the job because he was too busy with his private affairs, but he looked upon his duty to the community and was persuaded to run.

Jacksonville in 1919 really came to know Edgar E. Crabtree, and its history since then has been one of constant growth and achievement.

Crabtree is known throughout Illinois as a banker, largely because of his success in putting over war loan and other campaigns. He also is known in business circles for his activities in the chamber of commerce. But he is better known, not only in Illinois but throughout the nation, as the mayor of Jacksonville. He did not want to be mayor. It meant nothing to him, but when it was pointed out that he of all men was best equipped to restore public confidence in a community where the morale was extremely low, he capitulated on the condition that he be allowed to serve as he pleased.

He was elected by a vote of four and a half to one. Six aldermen were elected on the Crabtree platform of "No pay; No politics," as were the city attorney and city treasurer. Two aldermen were elected on a pay basis and Mayor Crabtree insisted that they be paid. The attorney for the city was one of Jacksonville's foremost attorneys. Each man that first year received one dollar for his services.

Politics Are Barred

THE mayor and most of the aldermen have served for four years on the same platform and with remarkable results.

The city is on a pay-as-you-go basis and improvements long neglected have been made.

There has been no saving in actual dollars and cents outlay because it was not possible to do so, and give service. The town was physically dilapidated and the administration set about practically to rebuild it.

This year it went on a strict budget plan. Each department is required to conduct its affairs within the allotment and next year it will be even more strict and more in detail. Heads of departments vie with each other in saving and in watching their accounts, and city workmen give the same attention to their duties as those employed by private concerns.

It is related that shortly before the new mayor took office a city employe went to a telegraph office to send a telegram. The cost was sixty cents. The telegrapher was instructed to charge it to the city. "Not me," he replied. The credit of Jacksonville was not good even for a telegram. Today it is on a sound financial basis; there was a floating indebtedness of $131,000. It was taken care of by a bond issue.

Politics are barred in city affairs. So is the secret caucus in which politicians arrange public contracts and public milkings. There has never been a private session of the council in four years. All conversations are in the open and there has not been a negative vote of any proposition. If the mayor submits a proposal and it does not appeal to council, it is voted down and he is graceful in bowing to its will. But this does not happen often, for the mayor does not submit anything which he is not thoroughly convinced is for the good of the city.

With the election of the new mayor real co-operative government began. The mayor went down to the city hall a few days before he was to be installed. The council chamber was in a bad way. It had not been decorated for years and Crabtree believes that proper surroundings and environment lead to better and more cheerful service. Leaving the hall he started to his office and on the way met the president of the painters' union. Crabtree asked if the union would see to the painting of the council chamber if he would buy the paint, and the man readily agreed. The mayor was eager to do this but did not get to buy the paint, for a reporter on one of the papers got hold of the story and solicited hardware dealers to donate the paint.

Later Mayor Crabtree found the books of the city in poor condition, so poor that they did not even tell the debt of the city. He went to an accountant in St. Louis and explained the situation. The company sent a man to make an audit.

There was no charge to the city; the mayor paid out of his own pocket for the hotel expenses and railroad fare of the auditor. When the audit was completed, the mayor knew exactly what the financial condition of Jacksonville was and the problem he had to meet in this respect.

It was then that he learned that the floating debt of the city was $131,000. Repeated attempts to float bond issues had failed, but the mayor and his advisors felt that their work would be greatly handicapped if this were not done. The co-operation shown in this movement was the first outstanding indication of the confidence of the public in the new administration. There was so little opposition that only 190 votes were cast against it. At the same time bonds for the new filter plant, much needed, and for the removal of the light and power plant resulting in later economies, were voted.

To Free City of Debt

MAYOR CRABTREE believes that it is the duty of citizens to give of their time for the benefit of the community. Whenever there is any new problem, he presents it to the civilians. Committees are named to investigate sewer propositions, streets, sidewalks. There are even civilian police, so-called. This resulted from a complaint filed by an indignant citizen.

It was found necessary to levy a wheel tax to get revenue to repair the streets, but there was no objection, which serves to show the spirit of co-operation in Jacksonville. In the four years there have been approximately five miles of paved streets laid and nearly thirty miles of new sidewalks. Yet the tax rate of Jacksonville is not soaring and the people are not complaining, because they are getting efficient service for the money expended. There was a fire recently in the business section. The department ladder did not reach to a sufficient height and the building was destroyed. Financial conditions did not warrant an outlay by Jacksonville but the business men foresaw what would happen to their stores if there should be another such fire. So they got together and bought a truck and ladder and presented it to Jacksonville.

The city needed a new hotel and the merchants and manufacturers have organized to build one. It will cost more than $200,000 and will have 125 rooms, a large hotel for a city of 16,000, especially when that city is so near a much larger city.

Mayor Crabtree believes that every citizen should take an active interest in civic affairs. It was this belief which led him to tell the citizens of Jacksonville that the city could not pay him enough salary to take the job, and it is this spirit which lifted a town, dirty and "down at the heels," to one of the cleanest and proudest in the state. When a community loses confidence in its officials the only way to regain that confidence is to carry every message to the people before attempting to do anything. The mayor goes on the theory that when the taxpayers believe an administration is honest and making a sincere effort to serve and give a dollar's worth of service for every dollar paid into the treasury, then they will get behind the government and support it.

He hopes before the term of his service expires to be able to leave the city free of debt. He believes it can be done with the co-operation of the public but not without this co-operation. It is not his ambition to have public officials serve for nothing or to become dollar-a-year men. But it was his ambition to put Jacksonville on its feet, and he has done so. Administration officers received in salaries when he was elected mayor close to $10,000 a year. Now it is about nothing.

The office of mayor cost Jacksonville $17.70 last year. Of this sum ten dollars went to the municipal league for membership and the balance for telephone calls. The mayor not only has not received any salary but he has given of his own money for the betterment of the city, paying his own expenses wherever he went to represent Jacksonville.

In a recent address Mayor Crabtree made these characteristic remarks:

"The average business man hesitates to run for office because he does not like the campaign work, the labor of it, the vicious stories. He says to his son, 'keep out of politics because it is low and dirty,' but the son might reply that it is low and dirty 'because you and your friends never pay any attention to it.'"

"Can a good government be the reward of people whose better portion refuse to take any active part in it?

"You can assist by taking hold of the affairs of government yourself, creating a desire for efficient government, arousing the citizen to his duty, serving as official yourself; you cannot do these things by proxy. Government is the business of the individual citizen. There is no complaint against the form of government but against its misuse.

"Remember that always: We will get just as good government as we want and no better.

"The city that gives the public the best service is the city that is going to win. Service does not mean how much I can get out of my city but how much I can give.

"Get into unselfish politics. It will be good for your soul."

Beautiful City of the Sun Mystery of the Ages

Temples Built at Baal, in Syria, of Stone That Makes Pyramids Insignificant

"Six columns against the horizon."

IF EVER there was a city of mystery it is Baalbek, or the city of Baal, in Syria. The Greeks called it Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, which meant the same thing as the earlier name, since the Greeks recognized Baal as a solar divinity. In Baalbek there was a temple so massive that although it was systematically defaced for one hundred years, and although it has been used for fifteen hundred years as a quarry, its outlines may still be traced. In comparison to it the work performed by the Egyptians in constructing the pyramids and in hewing huge tombs out of the rock pales into insignificance. Even such modern wonders as the Woolworth Building seem puny in contrast to the temples of Bacchus and Jupiter Baal. Not in the matter of height, but in the weight and size of the construction units, those temples are unique.

When it is recalled that, so far as anyone knows, the builders of these temples had none of the modern machinery that is supposed to make it possible to lift any weight, the work done baffles explanation. The largest cranes lift one hundred tons today, and are considered marvels of engineering skill. But in Baalbek, without machinery, unknown builders of ancient times lifted single blocks of marble weighing 1,500 tons each. Not only that, but they polished the ends and put them together so cleverly that the joints are invisible to the unaided eye. And in at least two thousand years their descendants have found it impossible to move construction units that they used for building a terrace to the two temples.

Modern Syria, as bounded under the terms of the mandate that gave it to France as a mandatory of the League of Nations, covers approximately the same ground as ancient Phoenicia. It was one of the richest of ancient nations, partly by reason of its location as the junction point between Europe and Asia, and Baalbek was its most famous city. The great god Baal was worshiped throughout the East, but never so devoutly as in Phoenicia. The Hebrew prophets called him Beelzebub at times, and in other countries he was variously known as Bal, Beel, Bel and Bil. In the year 65 B. C. the Romans added the name of their own god Jupiter to Baal.

The Grand Patriarch of the Maronites, the Christian sects living in the Lebanon, has given the following explanation of the Baalbek temples:

"Tradition states that Baalbek is the most ancient building in the world. Cain, the son of Adam, built it in the year 133 of the Creation in a fit of raving madness and with the help of the giants who were punished for their iniquities by the Flood."

Dr. George Byron Gordon, Director of the University Museum of Philadelphia, has made a study of the ruins. He points out that in contrast to the eastern tradition, western scholarship is even less explicit in attempting to explain the origin of the temples. For although they are attributed to the Romans, nowhere in the ruins has there been found the usual inscription containing the name of the builder.

"As you approached Baalbek along the plain between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon you see in the distance six columns against the horizon rising majestically above their surroundings," says Dr. Gordon. "As you come nearer you can see below these columns a mass of ruined buildings that take shape gradually as you approach. This is the acropolis, and even from a distance the traveler can distinguish clearly two of its main features. The nearer of the two is what we may call for the present the second temple standing against the background of a larger edifice in which the six soaring columns are seen to be raised on a platform. Heliopolis was a walled city and the acropolis stood within the walls in the southwest area. Some of the ancient city walls are still standing and the northern gate is almost intact, but the principal object of interest is the acropolis, now a mass of ruins.

"The second temple stood apart, a little to the south, raised on its own platform fifteen feet in height. The main temple with its approaches stood on a stone platform raised twenty-six feet above the ground level. It was 1,100 feet long from east to west and 440 feet wide from south to north. This stone platform did not rest on a solid mass of earth or masonry. It was supported on a series of arched vaults of massive masonry running the length and breadth of the platform and crossing each other at right angles. These vaults are still intact and the platform above them is also unbroken. Besides these vaults there can be seen under the same platform two large halls with walls and ceilings covered with beautiful and intricate sculpture."

Within the temple was a hexagonal court, 260 feet across, and a square court 440 by 385 feet, each with central areas open to the sky. Around the margins of that area in the larger court were once Corinthian columns twenty-five feet high, supporting a sculptured entablature nine feet high. There were two basins for running water in the court, each sixty-eight feet long, twenty-three feet wide and three feet high, richly sculptured on the outside. Between them was the great altar, thirty-four feet high. In and around the building can be counted 350 niches for statues. The columns of courts and propylon were 200 in number, monolithic shafts of red granite twenty-five feet long and three feet in diameter.

"That rose-colored granite is not found anywhere in Syria," says Dr. Gordon. "It is found only at Aswan in Egypt, 700 miles up the Nile. All these granite shafts, therefore, were quarried at Aswan, floated down the Nile, rafted across the Mediterranean Sea and hauled over the Lebanon Mountains to be set up at Baalbek.

"I come now to an amazing feature that has taxed the credulity of generations of men ever since Baalbek was rediscovered in the sixteenth century. Around the three exposed sides of the temple, below the bases of the columns and at a distance of twenty-five feet from the wall of the platform on which it was built, there is to be seen today an unfinished rampart which remains exactly as it was left by the masons, the space between the rampart and the platform wall being filled in with solid masonry. I will only call attention now to the fact that the upper course of stones on the west side of the rampart consists of three stones, not counting the ends of the side courses, and that the total length of that west section of the rampart is 225 feet. Each of the two side courses, one on the north and one on the south, contains nine stones and the length of each course is 335 feet.

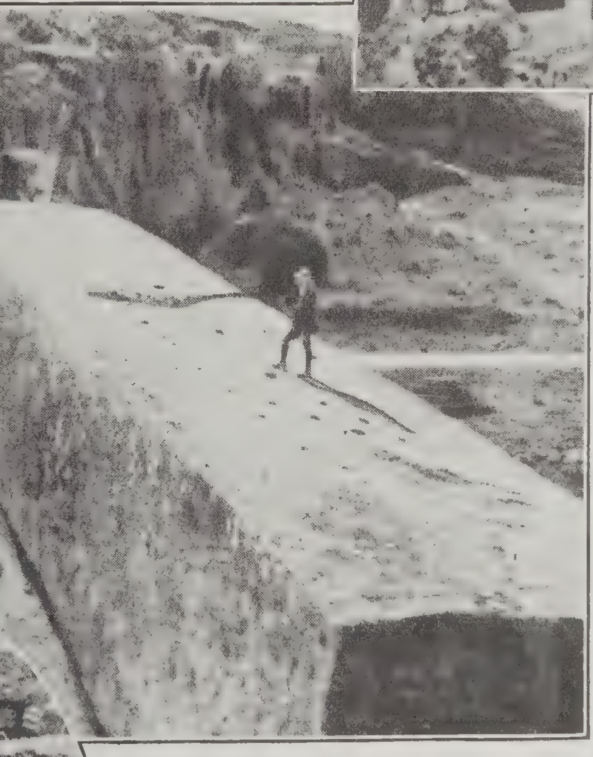
"The course of stones in the southern range was intended to carry another course of the same dimensions and that was to carry a third course forming a huge ornamental cornice giving a finish to the top of the wall. Each of the stones in position is fifteen feet high, fifteen feet wide and forty-four feet long, and there are nine of them in this course. Two more courses of these stones would bring the top of the rampart wall up to the level of the platform wall and to the bases of the columns. The space between was to have been filled up with solid masonry to form a terrace running around the three sides of the temple and commanding a magnificent view on all sides.

"On the western side of the rampart wall, which is the end wall, the second course of big stones was already put in place. This course of stones is 195 feet long and it consists of three stones. Each of these stones is fifteen feet high, fifteen wide and sixty-five feet long. One more course of these stones would bring the wall up exactly to the level of the columns of the peristyle and on a level with the platform wall, which is twenty-five feet inside. Of special significance is the fact that the faces of these huge stones are not finished.

"Let us now go to the marble quarry three-quarters of a mile away and see what we shall see. At the entrance to the quarry we find a stone, a block of marble of uniform quality and without flaw, sixteen feet high, sixteen feet wide and sixty-nine feet long, and it weighs

(Concluded on page 10)

A corner of the smaller "Temple of Bacchus" at Baalbek.


This single block of marble, 69 feet long and 16 feet square, was to have been moved to the Temple of Jupiter Baal when construction was halted.

Showing the V-shaped groove between two 1000-ton blocks of marble, the joint itself being invisible to the unaided eye.

Gold Bulging Our Bank Vaults Not Ours?

We Are Not Buying Foreign Securities But American Bonds Are Going Abroad

By W. H. ALLEN

> **"The Great War has filled the coffers of our banks with the bulk of the gold of the world. Some of this gold really belongs here, but the greater part is loaned to us, otherwise our prosperity would be in jeopardy." (Harriman National Bank statement for July, published in New York Tribune, July 2.)**

SINCE the latter part of June New York newspapers have carried a number of statements which are of peculiar interest to those who make a study of financial questions. For instance: *"American dollars popular abroad. Shipment to foreign countries at a rate unparalleled in history. Estimated* that *$500,000,000 goes abroad annually."* (New York *Times,* June 23.)

"One hundred ninety-four million dollars Federal Reserve Notes exported in 1919 and 1920." (Treasury Department letter July 27.)

"New York borrows abroad. Little doubt is entertained here that in consequence of the steadily maintained disparity between London and New York money rates, *considerable American borrowing* has taken place here." *"Advance in British bank rates to check United States borrowing in London."* (New York *Tribune,* July 9.)

"British invest in our *liberty bonds and undigested securities."* (New York *Times,* July 9.)

These several statements make curious reading for those who have imbibed all the stories that have been circulated about our wonderful financial progress.

Ever since the first year of the World War we have been told that the United States had changed from a debtor to a creditor nation. We had canceled a prewar debt of $3,000,000 000 and the world owed us more than $20,000,000,000. We hold more than forty per cent of the world's gold! This plethora of gold, it was asserted, is an actual menace as it might lead to a dangerous expansion of credits and a wild orgy of speculation. To avert this menace it was claimed that we should lend our surplus gold to Europe to stabilize her currency and restore her prosperity. Thus "lend to Europe and solve our problems" became the popular cry in Wall Street. This is the current theory of the international money situation as originated by the foreign bankers, and confirmed by D. R. Crissinger, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and other high authorities.

But how does this theory square with the situation described in the newspaper statements?

If we really own so much gold that it is a menace, why should we be exporting bank notes at this unparalleled rate?

In view of the Harriman Bank statement that *the greater part of this gold is only loaned to us,* what becomes of all these boasts about our metallic wealth?

If the United States is the creditor nation of the world, able to stabilize Europe's currency by advancing more credits, why do we have to borrow from England on such a scale that she raises her rate of discount to bar us out?

And finally, *how is it that Europe, to whom we have been lending billions, has surplus funds enough to invest in our Liberty Bonds and undigested stocks?*

Mellon and Bank Disagree

THE truth is that this history of the international money market is a flat contradiction of the boast that we are a creditor nation. The theory does not dovetail with the facts.

If the $700,000,000 gold that came here in 1921 had been in payment for commodities, it would certainly have caused a great revival in general business. But we know that it had the reverse effect. Here I may quote the National City Bank's statement of February, 1923, that, "A year of such industrial depression as we had in 1921 cost this country more than the sum total of the Allied Debt." Now if the $700,000,000 that came here in 1921 had come in payment for commodities, the money stringency, the widespread depression in trade and industry, and the numerous business failures could never have occurred. It would have been an economic impossibility. There is no instance in the history of any country where such conditions followed an abnormally large increase of monetary gold.

Referring to my suggestion that this new gold was not American-owned, Mr. Mellon said:

"There is no question but that the gold imported during the past two or three years is owned in this country, and there is no reason whatever to think that any large amount of it is held for the account of any foreign country. In fact the greater part of this gold is held in the Federal Reserve banks."

But the fact that the coin is in the Reserve banks *is no proof that it is American-owned.* The greater part of our gold was in these Reserve banks in 1919, and yet the Department of Labor reported that at that time every dollar of gold and silver in and out of these banks was owed to alien laborers (a total of four billion dollars). Mr. Mellon makes no mention of this alien lien in any of his reports, and so we conclude that he doesn't know anything about it. When the first German reparations payment of $80,000,000 was made to agents of the allied nations in 1921 we know that *the money was redeposited in the Federal Reserve banks. It was in American banks, but previous to payment it was German-owned, and after payment it was Allied-owned: it was not and is not American-owned.* Hence it is clear that what Mr. Mellon considers conclusive evidence of the American ownership of this gold is no evidence at all. In fact the redepositing of the gold in these institutions rather strengthens the belief that *most of it is foreign-owned.* And this belief is confirmed by what the Harriman bank further says on the subject:

"It is a mistake for the Federal Reserve Bank to allow all the gold to appear in the ratio. The major portion of the gold we hold should be put aside as merchandise, earmarked, until it is again required by international trade. In other words, a lot of yellowbacks are now issued against *gold that is with us only temporarily.*

"If this gold is so set aside, banks, when called upon by their customers for accommodation, must naturally resort to the Federal Reserve Bank, it is true, but that is what the Federal Reserve Bank is for, and it is better to do this now, gradually, rather than to wait for the precipitate demands for this gold as a result of the reparation settlement and consequent credits to be established for Europe. If this is not done we shall once more, as on so many frequent occasions, repeat the hysteria that *always* has arisen when this country was 'losing its gold.' *It is not ours, and should not be so regarded."*

Mr. Mellon should meet this point-blank contradiction of his claim that Federal Reserve coin must be American-owned, or confess that he is mistaken.

Bank Notes Go Abroad

THE exports of our paper currency must also be taken into account here. Every bank note thus exported is virtually an export of gold, as it must be redeemed in gold. Hence it is a lien on stock of the metal. This movement started many years before the war. Of late years it must have grown enormously if the shipments now total anything like $500,000,000 a year. Judging from the numerous reports, these bank notes must have an extensive circulation in Continental Europe. But apparently Mr. Mellon has no knowledge of this other lien on our metallic currency as he makes no mention of it in any of his reports.

Government experts seek to belittle the effect of this movement by explaining that part of the currency will be sent back in payment for our goods. But if we had to export the currency in part settlement of these invisible debts in years when the balance of trade was running a billion dollars or more in our favor, then we must certainly have to export still more currency now when the balance of trade is actually against us and these invisible debts are growing larger. The only way we can lessen such exports is by selling or pledging more securities, or by borrowing abroad as we happen to be doing it at this present time.

Our loans to foreigners make it hard to convince people that we are not a creditor nation. As to our government loans to the Allies, we lent only paper credits which were used to purchase our goods. Until such loans are canceled by shipment of gold or goods to this country they are a burden upon our own people. And from present signs they are not likely to be canceled for many years to come. Excepting the few hundred millions paid by Great Britain, we haven't even received any interest on the loans. And it is safe to say that British investments in our stocks and property largely exceed the $4,000,000,000 she owes us.

This trick of paying a debt and calling it a loan explains nearly all the foreign bond deals in the last twenty years. The fact that practically all such bonds have gone back to Europe sustains this view. Nearly all of the Dutch East India bonds of 50,000 000 guilders floated here in July, 1922, have already gone back to Holland. During 1921 foreign bonds floated in this market aggregated $625,000,000. But the general money stringency and the sheer reduction of loans of fifty-five per cent that year afford clear proof that there was no such surplus of real American capital available for these investments. At that very time it was known that foreign bankers had immense credits here. Referring to the renewed money tension here, the *Post,* October 1, 1921, says: *"Holdings of cash for account of foreign governments reach an aggregate far beyond any estimates that have been made."* A fairly correct estimate of these holdings and those of foreign capitalists is obtained from the reports of brokers loans which in January, 1922, aggregated $2,000,000,000. Practically all such loans are made with foreign-owned funds.

The latest and most striking proof that it is not real American-owned capital which is going into these foreign loans is shown by the sale of the Swiss bonds here on August 1. Switzerland is financially the strongest country in the world and her banks are fairly glutted with gold. Her bank rate is the lowest in the world and her securities are not hawked about on foreign markets. Hence she has no need to borrow from us.

And finally the financial history since last June conclusively proves that we have no surplus funds to put into low-interest-bearing foreign bonds. *We are exporting paper currency because we have no gold to pay our foreign debts, our big gold supply is foreign-owned,* our undigested securities are being sold or pledged to foreign capitalists, and *we are borrowing so heavily abroad that foreign banks have raised their rate of discount high enough to bar us out.* Experts explain that our borrowing abroad was made possible by the lower money rates in London. But there are now (August 8), and have been for years, lower money rates in London than in New York. In other words, the conditions have been permanent, not temporary.

This is the situation which confronts us today. We are a debtor nation—and more of a debtor than ever before. This financial history fully confirms the theory of the matter which I have exploited in various articles in these columns.

Finance Organs Silent

IT IS significant that the financial publications have very little to say about the situation in July. Even the National City Bank bulletin, which usually devotes much space to foreign exchange, hasn't a word to say on the subject in its August issue. All its space is taken up with discussion of prospects of wheat, cotton, corn, transportation, labor, wages, costs and prices. The coming Presidential campaign will force a discussion of this question which is bound to bring out the truth. Senator Oscar Underwood has announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency, and the chief plank in his platform is to extend more aid to Europe. "The world owes us $18,000,000,000 to $20 000,000,000. Of the $5,000,000,000 in American securities formerly held in Europe, none are there now." This, in substance, is the bankers' theory, and it goes to the root of the whole matter. But as the financial history of July last offers a flat contradiction to this theory, the bankers will not encourage a wider discussion of the details. The Senator will be advised to confine himself to generalities, and not to answer impertinent questions. But it will be the duty of opponents to force this wider discussion to bring out the whole truth as to whether we are able to extend further assistance to Europe.

And when this whole truth about the international money situation is clearly understood it will furnish a basis for the solution of related currency problems.

St. Nazianz—the Old World in the New

Concluded from page 3

institutions is still operated by lay-brothers, many of whom have come from Germany. In a level field an old man was plowing. His beard was long but he did not wear the habit of one of the members of the order.

"Do you live here?"

"Yes—I have lived here all my life, first in the village and now here. I am Brother Albertus."

"How did you happen to enter the brotherhood?" was asked.

"My wife died ten years ago. My daughters are now in the convent—the Rose Convent." He pointed in the direction of the pink plaster convent of the "sisters' house." "My son and I are here." Just then he turned to his plow and went on singing a little hymn.

As I left the monastery yard crowded with flower beds which filled the little space between the gravel walks I met another wearing a long black robe—the sacred garb of the order—tied at the girth with a cincture of black flowing cord. The wide sleeves, falling away, showed up to the elbows the muscles of his bronzed arms.

"Is this your home?" I asked.

"I came here five years ago from Germany," replied the young man. "There is a work here to do. I am a carpenter—a brother of the order."

Through the little village this religious asceticism prevails. Walking along the little streets one is struck with the large carved wooden crucifixes near the entrance to the doors of many private homes and at the foot of the crosses in summertime will be found vases crowded with wild flowers from the hillsides.

Around the edge of an artificial lake near the college grounds are stations of the cross, at which the old and young may be seen praying throughout the day.

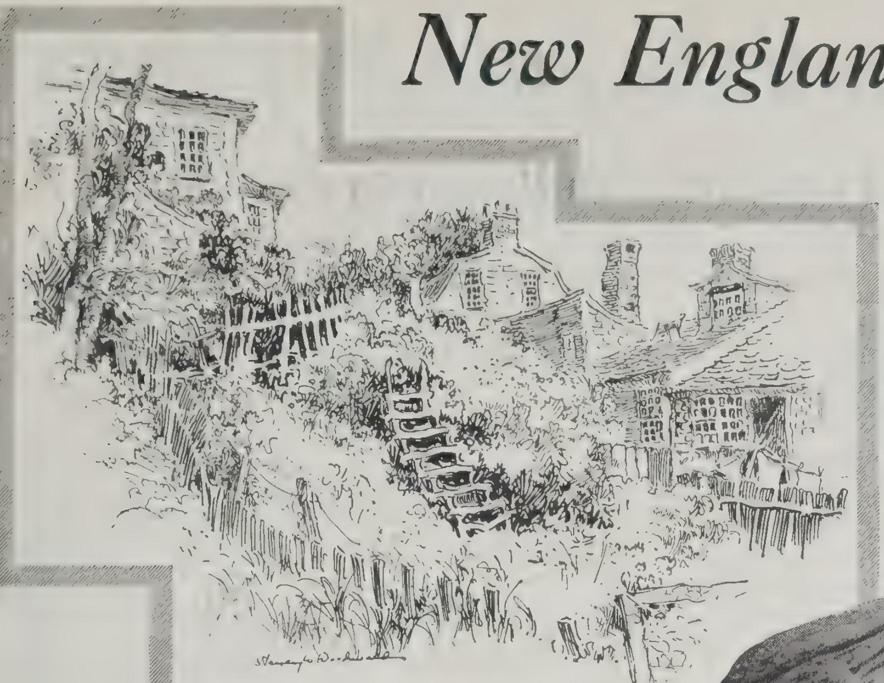
The village has two stores, a blacksmith shop, an auto garage and ice cream parlor and near the edge of the town is a pea canning factory—the only modern industry.

All about the homes are gardens with flowers growing in profusion, and the air is heavy with the odor of roses. In the dark green canopy about the churches and the ecclesiastical buildings, flaming colored orioles were piping and the liquid air was music with insect life. From the honeysuckle and other vines that climbed the garden fences and monastery walls came the murmur of honey bees.

St. Nazianz is happy in its security. It awakens to the carol of birds and the chant from the cloister. It proceeds to its day amid Old World conditions, happy and contented in its peaceful, restful life among the great undulating hills.

And the gold-gleaming cross, on the old pioneer church of the village, bathed in the sunlight of day, looks down "as though it would fall to earth weary of its aged unchangeableness."

New England's Rock of Ages



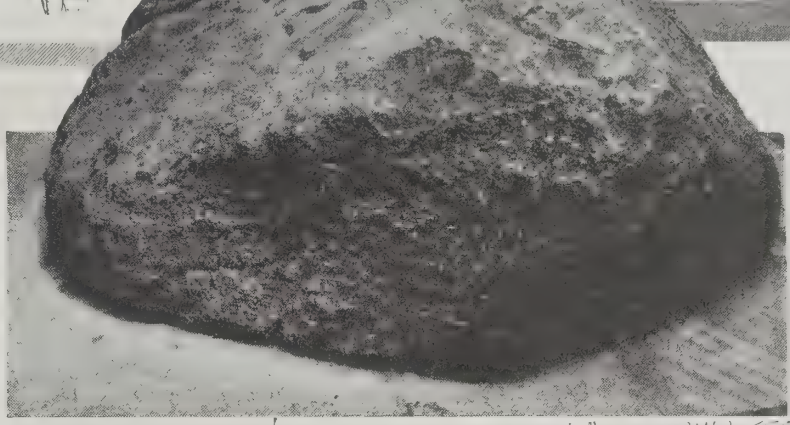
By MAY B. WHITING

Left—The meersteads of Plymouth.

Right—The National Monument.

Below—Plymouth Rock.

(C) A. S. Burbank, Plymouth, Mass.



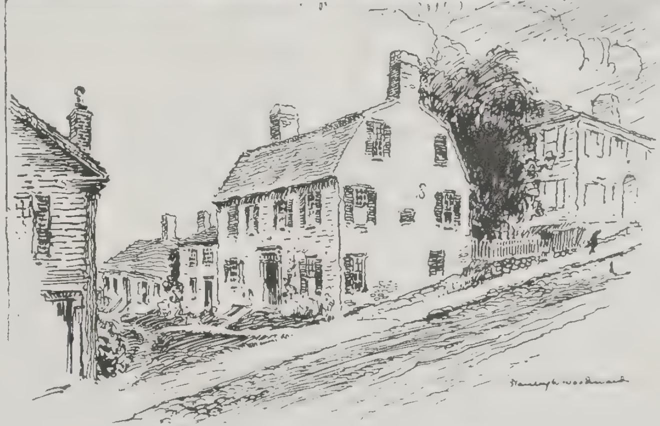
Only Boulder of Its Kind, Brought by a Glacier, Waiting to Receive Pilgrims of 1620

THEY say that nothing is what the sleeping rocks dream of, but when, some eons past, Plymouth Rock slid off a glacier and landed just where the tide would ebb and flow, it seems as if it were premeditating future glory. There it was, the only boulder of its kind for miles around, waiting to receive the Pilgrim feet when on December 21, 1620, they landed on the shores of the New World. And, during the three hundred years that followed, whenever fate has tried to rob it of its honor, a special Providence has apparently directed its downsittings and uprisings.

For, as rocks go, Plymouth Rock has had a very exciting and by no means sedentary time of it. In 1741 men had almost forgotten its day of days and were planning to build a wharf above it. Then Elder Thomas Faunce, ninety-five years old, had himself carried to the Rock in his chair and made solemn declaration that his father, who came over in the *Anne* in 1623, had told him that this was the first landing place and that several of the Pilgrims whom he had known as a boy had corroborated the story. Then, as now, business had little to do with sentiment, and the wharf went on a-building. But as Elder Faunce lived to be ninety-nine, continuing of sound mind and memory, his words gained more and more weight, until, in 1774, when the Revolution was threatening, twenty yoke of oxen were hitched to the Rock and hauled it to Town Square, where it was placed beneath the Liberty Pole. Later it was moved to the front of Pilgrim Hall, where it remained for years, a constant puzzle to tourists, who were amazed to find it so far from the water's edge.

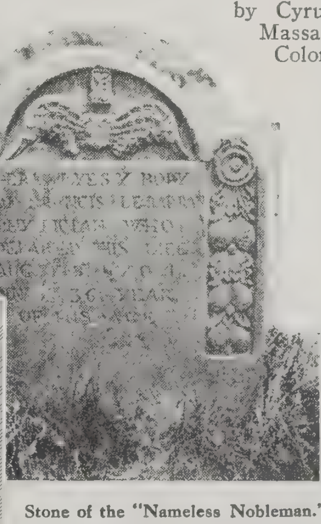
Fortunately, or because of its guiding star, the Rock had split at the time of its first moving, and a substantial portion remained to mark the site. In 1880 it was put back to its original position, the parts cemented together, and it now remains, secure, it would seem, through the ages. A handsome granite canopy, the gift of the Colonial Dames, is built above it, with floor higher than the sea level, so that the stranger in the village, at high tide or low, may visit its chief treasure.

Just above the Rock is the most pathetic spot in Plymouth, Cole's Hill, where, the first winter, half of the Pilgrims were buried and where, in that first spring, corn was planted over their graves to conceal their number. Of that sad time Governor Bradford writes, "Ye welle were not in any means sufficient to attend ye sicke, nor ye living to bury ye dead." Yet there are almost no references to death in his chronicle, except that of good Governor Carver, who, he says, "was buried in ye best manner they could with some vollies of shott by all that bore arms." From time to time inundations of the sea or excavations by workmen have brought to light their remains, which are now deposited in a handsome marble sarcophagus with suitable inscriptions.

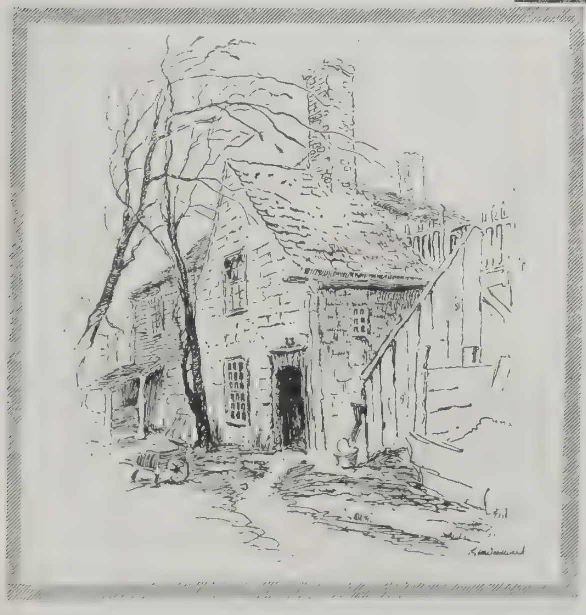


Leyden street, Plymouth, site of first house.

Only a few steps beyond is a statue by Cyrus Dallin of the Sachem Massasoit, faithful friend of the Colonists for fifty years. It would be well if there were a tribute also to Squantum, who was indeed "a spetiall instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation." Kidnaped as a boy to be sold as a slave, Squantum had traveled over a great deal of the globe and had spent at least five years in London. When he was finally brought back to his native Cape Cod he found not one of his tribe alive, for all had perished by the pestilence. With the coming of the Pilgrims he attached himself to their number, showed them where to obtain fish and clams, taught them how to plant their corn when the oak leaves were the size of a mouse's ear and to put six herring in each hill, and was "their pilott to bring them to unknowne places for their profitt and never left them till he dyed."



Stone of the "Nameless Nobleman."



Cole's blacksmith shop, dating back to 1684.

The first Pilgrim trail, Leyden street, leads from the water to the hill on which, as the chronicler relates, "we poynt to plant our ordnance." In the registry of deeds is preserved a plan of the street, in Governor Bradford's handwriting, with the laying out of meersteads (so-called from the Dutch) and "garden-plotes of those who came first." Not far from the shore is the site of the first house. This was begun on Christmas Day, 1620, and the following Sunday services were held in the half-finished structure. A little way up the street is the site of Elder Brewster's lot with its spring, still "very delicate" and refreshing to the wayfarer, although today he quaffs it from a bubbler.

Under the brow of the hill the street runs into Town Square where Governor Bradford had his dwelling. The oldest building now is the Town House, built in 1749. Here was erected the first meetinghouse, and its descendant, First Church, is not far from the original site. The handsome edifice is of stone, with arched portals which reproduce to doors of the church in Austerfield, England, where Governor Bradford was baptized. But First Church does not represent the faith of its founders, for, in the controversy of 1801, it declared itself, by a majority of one, Unitarian. The Church of the Pilgrimage, opposite, perpetuates, as the tablet tells us, "the evangelical faith and fellowship of the church of Scrooby, Leyden, and the Mayflower, organized in England in 1606."

Just around the corner from the Square is the site of John Alden's house, and from there we turn up to Burial Hill. Just when it was first used for graves we do not know, but the first mention of it is in 1698 when Chief Justice Samuel Sewall, who was holding court in Plymouth, writes, "I walk out in the morn to see the mill, then turn up to the graves, come down to the meetinghouse, and, seeing the door partly open, went in and found a very convenient place to pray."

This hill, together with the abundance of running water, was the great advantage that induced the Pilgrims to choose Plymouth as their place of settlement. With a watch set on its summit they could be comparatively safe from surprises. As soon as the first, or "common" house was complete, a fort was built and its foundations are still intact, some inches below the sod. And on the very site are two cannon of the selfsame type that the *Mayflower* brought. One, a Minion, bears the date 1550, a rose, and the initials of Queen Mary; the other, a Sakeret, has the date 1555, and is of the time of Edward VI. Both were the gift of the British Government to the town of Plymouth on its tercentenary celebration, and were the only pieces of the period of native manufacture in the British National Museum of Arms.

The fort, "both strong and comly," served as a meetinghouse until a church was built. De Rasieres, who visited the colony in 1627 as an embassy from New Netherlands, gives the following quaint account of their gathering:

"They assemble by beat of drum each with his musket and firelock, in front of the captain's door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor in a long robe; beside him, on the right hand, comes the preacher with his long cloak on and on his left hand, the captain, with his side arms, and cloak on, and a small cane in his hand—and so they march in good order, and each sets his arms down near him. Thus they are continually on their guard night and day."

Near the fort stood the watchtower, and, a few years ago, the caretaker, in sinking a boulder, unearthed its foundations. Part of the brick was deposited in Pilgrim Hall, and

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The statue of Massasoit, by Cyrus Dallin.

The Ethics and Practice of the Inch in Lumber

It May Be as Shallow as Three-quarters Investigators Learn

By THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

HOW thick is an inch? That may seem a simple and insignificant as well as a foolish question. But it has had the great American lumber industry by the ears for more than a year, and has disturbed it for many years. Volumes of discussion, some of it marked by acerbity, have been poured out by the various lumber making and using industries' associations, the trade papers have teemed with it; and rugged lumbermen have become proficient dialecticians in dealing with the ethical and commercial problems involved. Herbert Hoover has been held up to scorn as a short-measure advocate, and in connection with lumber grading, the thickness of the lumber inch has been alleged to have assumed political significance as a bone of contention between Hoover and another member of the Cabinet. Innumerable committees and sub-committees have solemnly wrestled with it, and history, custom, moral philosophy and practical utility have been cited as witnesses and authorities.

Although the inch has been the unit of measurement of lumber since time immemorial, it is a long time since an inch-board has been exactly an inch thick, and no living builder ever saw a 2x4 or any other "dimension" piece that was as thick as it was designated. Everybody concerned with lumber knew that his boards were not an inch thick or his "dimension" what the price lists said they were. In general, there was no intended or actual deception, and although consumers may have had a vague idea, if they ever gave the subject any thought, that the manufacturers were "putting one over" on them by actually delivering less than the nominal cubical content of lumber shipments, the question would never have been an agonizing one, if the lumber industry, of its own initiative and encouraged by Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, had not become infected with the current standardization epidemic.

To standardize size it became necessary to establish an actual standard of thickness, and that, of course, precipitated the question of how thick an inch should be in lumber. Up rose the austere puritans of the trade and declared that an inch was an inch, though the heavens fall and the industry crumble. Primarily, they were for having boards an inch thick and dimension in full multiples of a full inch. But if they could not have that they wanted trade nomenclature changed so that if boards were only half an inch thick they would be so described. Their chief apostle charged that the lumber manufacturers had gradually reduced the thickness of lumber to make the consumer pay for the "kerf" or material wasted by the saw in sawing the log. The lumberman, he said, was getting twelve "inch" boards from a twelve-inch log despite the fact that the kerf might waste as much as fourteen per cent of the log, and thus was making the buyer pay for sawdust he neither got nor wanted. After that the thrifty lumberman, so the apostle of one hundred per cent reform charged, dried and surfaced the board, so that even if it was an inch thick when it came from the log, it was as much as a quarter of an inch, or even more, scant when shipped.

Some of the manufacturers were almost as austere as their critic. Their austerity varied inversely with their distance from the market. Northeastern manufacturers were even ready to give a full inch and sometimes did; southeastern lumbermen thought an inch ought to be almost an inch. Southern pine manufacturers considered that twenty-six thirty-seconds was an ample inch for yard boards; while the big-timber lumbermen, out on the Pacific Coast, considered that twenty-four thirty-seconds was about right, except that it might be a trifle too much. Lumber, be it known, while sold by board-feet measurement, is transported by the pound. It materially helped a distant manufacturer to compete in, say, the New York market if his inch-boards were thinner and therefore lighter. The Pacific Coasters supported their position by alleging that the dealers in lumber really preferred a three-fourths (at most) inch, anyway, and that a full inch board was unnecessarily thick for its accustomed uses. But as a whole, the manufacturers agreed that in lumber an inch was not and should not be an inch. At the same time they were disturbed by the obvious fact that what was called an inch wasn't one anywhere by a considerable fraction.

Find Thickness Not Fixed

AT THIS point the historical school of lumber commentators came to the support of the lumber conscience with the grateful argument that originally boards were boards, even as "pigs is pigs," that their thickness was not fixed, but was intended to be enough for the structural purpose. It was pointed out that when logs were cheap and lumber likewise, and planing and surfacing were not done at the lumber mill, it had become the convenient manufacturing custom to make them approximately an inch thick in the rough, but that the ultimate consumer never concerned himself about the actual thickness if it was obviously sufficient for the purposes for which boards are used. These historians, it is true, were countered by others, of a more materialistic mind, who maintained that the scant board started in sharp or careless practice by an occasional manufacturer or dealer, and that finally the custom of scanting all lumber manufactured for the general trade was enforced by the exigencies of competition; but little credence was given to their views.

Then the subtle philosophers of the trade took the historical argument and laid down the plausible rule that in buying boards the buyer was after surface; that is, with length and width being assured, any board he might purchase would be thick enough. Going a step further, they argued that purchasers of "dimension" for joists, rafters, studding and the like were concerned primarily with length, knowing that if the commercial pieces they bought were as long as stipulated they would certainly be wide and thick enough. The only class of buyers who were really and truly interested in all three dimensions were the woodworkers, who needed to know the cubical contents of their purchases—and that class of buyers was already getting actually exactly what it was nominally buying.

The economists and conservationists got into the controversy and intimated that monuments ought to be raised to lumbermen as benefactors of the Republic for getting rid of the tyranny of the one hundred per cent inch in lumber. Conservation of the forests, prolongation of the timber supply and savings to the consumer were dwelt upon as the outcome of lumber thick enough but not too thick. Retail lumbermen everywhere were cited as witnesses that the trade would not accept full inch-lumber. A man made the rounds of the lumber yards of New York and bought seven different thicknesses of inch-boards—all less than an inch.

Quality to Be Standard

THE United States Forest Service threw its hat into the free-for-all, and declared that conservation and utility were a unit in demanding that "inch" boards be thirteen-sixteenths of an inch thick—no more, no less. A larger inch, the service said, Arthur Upson speaking, was wasteful; a smaller one was too weak. The moralists, or some of them, granted the force of all these contentions but declared that the industry must break away from nominal if not actual deception of calling all sorts of contracted inches sure enough inches. And that is why the idea was finally hit upon of calling boards and dimensions of fixed minimal measurements standard boards and standard dimension, especially as it was obvious that while the historians might be right in saying that boards were originally just boards, the growing tendency in recent years had been more and more to call them "inch," even as they fell further and further away from the standard inch.

Between them, the historians, the logicians and the economists and conservationists have carried the day and the inexorable moralists have been mollified, if not entirely satisfied, for the Central Committee on Lumber Standards has voted that a board is a board and that hereafter it shall be so described, plus the word "standard," and not as an inch-board. But after all, ethics, general and historical, having been satisfied, there remained the practical question for standardization purposes of actually determining the thickness of the board that is to be marketed without reference to thickness, but only with reference to surface. Obviously standardization could not be effected without standard measurements. Ethics was also considered and deferred to here. It was voted to be the height of trade morality if the yard or stock board was an inch—a real inch—thick in the "rough green," that is, as it came from the saw, and was not less than twenty-five thirty-seconds of an inch thick after drying and surfacing. Likewise with dimension stuff—inch for inch at the saw—it might be three-eighths of an inch scant in thickness f. o. b. But here it was not found convenient to dispense with dimensional terminology, and a scant 2x4 will be known as a standard 2x4 in the trade, though it is hoped that with all the open discussion that has been going on, and with the explanations the standards code will have, there will be no trusting soul in the United States who will be entitled to be outraged should he apply a tape to a 2x4, or any other specified dimension, and find that it is not what its name says it is.

In justice to a great industry, the industry that still provides the chief structural material of about eighty per cent of all American edifices, it should be added that while the noise of putting the industry on a logical and ethical basis has been chiefly about thickness, real and nominal, it has been but a minor phase of a very difficult and complex trade custom reorganization. Quality and utility grades are to be more definite than ever before—as definite, in fact, as the nature of the material will permit—and they are to approximate universality regardless of species, so that a grade designation will be significant to a buyer, whether he buys yellow pine, white pine, spruce, fir, or whatever wood. These grades are to be adopted throughout the United States, at least as far as the authority of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, thirteen regional lumber associations and numerous groups of distributors and users, the approval of the Forest Service (Agricultural Department) and the hall mark of the Department of Commerce can make them. They will be much fewer in number than the present grades, and their names will be such as to convey a definite idea of their quality relativity. There will be no more No. 1's, outgraded by adjectively described refinements. A buyer will not have to take a course of instruction in the grading of a dozen different associations to know what he is buying and whether he is getting what he is buying.

Every Stick to Be Marked

TO PROTECT the inexperienced buyer and the great mass of modern buyers who buy on faith, it is proposed to mark every stick of lumber with its grade, at the mill, and also with an identifying mark which will make it possible to trace its origin, in case the quality or quantity of a shipment is challenged. Grading and inspection will be conducted, as at present, under the auspices of the regional lumber manufacturing associations, but it is possible that in case of a dispute between a buyer and the regional inspectors, there may be an avenue of appeal to the national association, though the lumbermen, in their independence and individualism, are reluctant to go as far as Mr. Hoover wishes and nationalize the whole inspection system.

While they are putting their industry on a sound moral and commercial basis, the lumbermen are planning also to take the useless frills out of the business by reducing the number of grades and classifications of lumber. It is hoped thereby to save labor and material in manufacture and labor, storage and capital in distribution, to the extent of $250,000,000 a year. Further savings are counted upon if it is found expedient to introduce odd and short lengths of lumber in addition to the present commercial even-foot lengths—from eight to sixteen feet—for that will mean more feet of boards to a log, which means timber conservation.

Unless some catastrophe overtakes the rapidly revolving reorganization of lumber as a commodity and as a business, it will be possible a year hence to buy your lumber by telephone or mail, bury old caveat emptor and place your faith in the collective guaranty of the industry.

Beautiful City of the Sun Mystery of the Ages

Concluded from page 7

1,500 tons; but there are more and greater wonders to come.

"The joints between the big stones that were put in position in the rampart wall, to my mind, are even more remarkable than the stones themselves. To illustrate what I mean I took a photograph where two of the stones in the southern range come together. This course of stones was being cut away at the top so as to form a battered surface and on the stone at the right the batter was not finished. But I want to call attention to the joint between the two stones which may serve as an example of all the joints that were made in the rampart walls. What you see in the photograph is a vertical V-shaped groove with polished sides at the place where the two stones are joined together, and the joint, which is at the bottom of the groove, is so fine that it is invisible and can be detected only with a strong magnifying glass. This close contact of the two stones extends from front to back and from top to bottom. I am using no exaggeration when I say that it is like the invisible joint in a polished mahogany table top. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that no mortar or filling of any kind was used in the masonry construction at Baalbek.

"How did they move these stones and lift them into position, and how did they make such joints as those? The question is usually dismissed with the statement that the builders had legions of slaves whose normal energies and resources were, it seems, developed to an astonishing degree by the liberal application of portentous and magic whips, and whose unskilled labor miraculously transformed itself under the same treatment into the most refined and exquisite craftsmanship. That is an interesting theory, but there are objections to the theory of slaves and I find myself unable to entertain it. In the first place it has no historical basis at all. In the second place, Baalbek did not impress me as the work of slaves. It impressed me rather as the work of men who loved their toil and who gloried in the labor of their hands. It impressed me as the work of men who handled their tools with affection and who caressed the marble as they wrought it till it yielded to their touch and responded to their will for the sake of the love that they bore it. In other words, it all impressed me as the work of men who are as extinct today as the giants before the Flood.

"What mechanical devices were used I do not know, but I think it will be agreed that the magicians who juggled with these stones, tossed them about, chucked them up on the top of walls and balanced them on the tops of columns and never thought of mentioning it at all, have furnished us with an interesting standard by which to measure our own performance. But when, in addition to that, they ranged those stones up together with the precision of science and with a cabinetmaker's joints, I confess that I find it a little bit provoking on their part, for it looks as if they were rubbing it in on us.

"While we are looking at the picture let us not miss its full message, lest what we have seen should make us feel too proud of Adam's breed. If this picture shows us on the one hand man, the architect, in action like a god, it also shows him up in action like an insect or a worm. When the builders raised these columns they placed bronze dowels sunk in lead between the base and the foot of each column and some one in the course of time has cut away the stone at the foot of every column to extract the lead and bronze. And yet with only half a foot to stand on, each column continues to bear up its load and has weathered every storm and every earthquake. So long as these six columns stand as they stand today, serene above the warring nations—these valiant sentinels that have braved, age after age, the hostile elements and the violence and rapacity of man—so long will men bear witness that here a miracle was wrought in stone."

The Roman Emperor Theodosius, who reigned at the end of the fourth century, ordered the destruction of pagan temples. The overthrow of Baalbek was then started, and was carried on for centuries.

Desert Baby of the Union Seeks the Sea

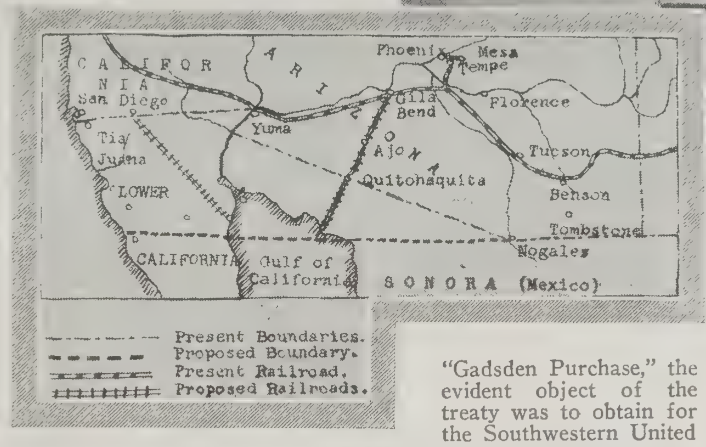
Arizona Would Have Port on Gulf of California, With Colorado River Within the United States

By HARRY H. DUNN

ARIZONA, the baby of the forty-eight states, is putting the force of her civic and commercial organizations and her government behind a project to provide herself with a port on deep salt water, thereby permanently retiring from the twenty-seven inland states, and to place the Colorado River entirely within the boundaries of the United States. By joint resolution of her legislature, and by similar resolutions of her commercial and other organizations, supported by the approval of the Arizona and California River Regulation Commission, Arizona is seeking to purchase, or to have the national government purchase, approximately 9,500 square miles of land from Mexico to be added to the 114,000 square miles now embraced within the boundaries of our youngest state. Arizona is now as great in area as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey combined, and the 250,000 or so persons now living in the state are not seeking more land, but are demanding a way to the sea for their steadily and largely increasing production from mines and farms.

Right—Central avenue, the main business street of Phoenix, Arizona, whose business organizations are the principal movers in the plan to give the state a seaport on the Gulf of California.

This map shows proposed extension of the southern boundary of Arizona. The purchase of these lands from Mexico would place the Colorado River entirely within the United States and would give the United States two ports on the Gulf of California.



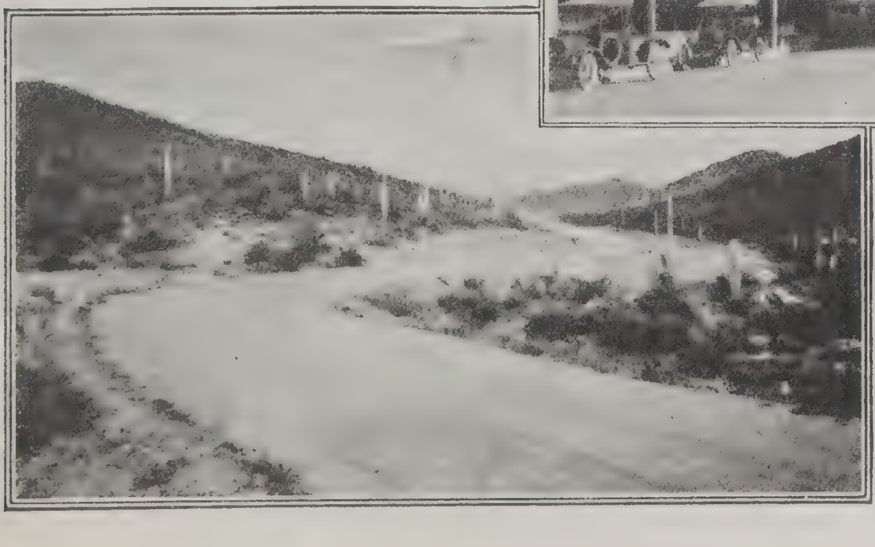
It is proposed to continue the southern boundary of Arizona, from its present western end near Nogales, to a point ten miles west of the western shore of the Gulf of California, this point being on the peninsular state of Lower California, Mexico. In addition to this, a movement is gaining headway in California to purchase from the national government of Mexico the land lying between the present southern boundary of California, and the proposed new southern boundary of Arizona in Lower California. This extension would give to the United States ownership and control of the Colorado River from its headwaters to its mouth in the Gulf of California, or, rather, its several mouths, there being four or five channels by which this variable stream finally gains salt water. Such acquisition of land also would give to the United States ownership of the Gulf of California for approximately fifty miles from its head, taking in Montague Island and Adair Bay, and giving deep water direct to the Pacific Ocean some hundreds of miles below.

Surveys for the construction of a railroad have been made from Ajo, in Arizona, to a point on the eastern shore of the Gulf of California selected as the site of Arizona's port. It is quite probable that this railroad eventually will be constructed and the port established, even though Arizona does not obtain the wished-for addition to her area, since the national government of Mexico is understood to be favorable to the project. On the Lower California side of the gulf, surveys have been completed for the construction of a railroad approximately sixty miles in length from Mexicali, capital of the Mexican state, to deep-water on the Gulf of California, where a port also is to be established. These surveys have been made by the Mexican Government, and it is generally known, though not officially announced, that the Southern Pacific in Mexico will build the railroad, and the terminal facilities at the proposed port. Should the attempt to add the Mexican territory to California fail, the railroad will still be built, and the port established, to handle direct to shipside the large agricultural production, especially cotton, which has been developed around Mexicali.

The question of an American port on the Gulf of California is three-quarters of a century old, and it appears that now one of the errors of the treaty by which the southern boundary of the United States was fixed is to be rectified, to the benefit of all concerned. When the then Senator Gadsden, of Alabama, was sent by President Pierce to make the negotiations with Mexico which resulted in the "Gadsden Purchase," the evident object of the treaty was to obtain for the Southwestern United States a port or two on the Gulf of California. If Gadsden had arranged, as he had the power and the opportunity to do, an agreement to carry direct to that gulf the line between the thirty-first and thirty-second parallels of latitude, which was followed part of the distance, he would have accomplished the real objective of his mission. But neither geography nor topography of that region was so well known then as now, and Mr. Gadsden permitted the Mexican members of the treaty-making party to shift the course of the new international line at a point about four miles west of what is now Nogales, from a direct east-and-west tangent to another running northwesterly, coming out near Yuma, and leaving the head of the Gulf of California at least thirty miles to the south, well within Mexican territory.

Oval—Salmon from the Gulf of California, caught by members of a party of Arizonans following the proposed new southern boundary of their state.

Above—The heart of Tucson, Arizona, a city which will be largely benefited by the giving of a seaport to one of the interior states of the Union. Photo shows Stone avenue, one of the principal business streets.



Left—The main highway from Tucson to the present southern border of Arizona. In the distance are the mountains of Mexico.

Why this purchase and treaty were consummated before a complete survey had been made remains one of the many mysteries of diplomacy. To this day many people believe that Senator Gadsden performed a creditable service when he closed the purchase which bears his name, but, as a matter of fact, he was adroitly "jockeyed" out of the main object of his mission—contact with the sea in the Gulf of California. This is what Arizona and California seek to restore, particularly Arizona. The land to be included in the proposed extension of Arizona's boundaries is not particularly valuable. It is a part of what was originally known as the "Papagueria"—the Land of the Papagoes—and is today inhabited mainly by Indians settled in small *rancherias,* cultivating relatively small areas, and doing nothing to improve or develop either soil or living conditions. With abundant water for irrigation, much of this land could be developed agriculturally, and there are known to be mineral deposits of size in it, though at present these deposits are too far from highway, rail or water transportation to offer an inviting field to mining men.

The purchase of this triangular piece of land by Arizona would create a new coast state and remove an inland state from the present twenty-seven. The land itself is approximately two hundred and forty miles long by fifty miles wide at its widest part. As soon as a railroad is laid, Arizona will be able to ship her mining, agricultural and cattle range products direct to the markets of the world by water, without being dependent on car-supply or transcontinental railroad rates. An area about thirty by forty miles is covered with a very ancient lava flow, and with hundreds of extinct volcanic craters. There are also many square miles of sand dunes on which nothing grows or will grow. That is to say, much of this area is waste land, but there is also much, probably two-thirds of the entire terrain, which is comparable with the Salt River Valley, or the Imperial Valley, as to soil. The prospects for development of this land by Mexico are small, but, should it become a part of the state of Arizona, the same procedure would be followed that has made of the Salt River and Gila River valleys productive garden spots in the midst of a desert similar in every way to that south of the present international boundary.

The Gulf of California is probably as little known as any arm of the sea anywhere in the world. Even the Mexican Government has no complete maps of the region. Not only is the coast line and the surrounding land undescribed, but the depths of water and navigable channels of the head of this gulf are not well established. The hunter, explorer, photographer and fisherman who cares to take to the Colorado in a flat-boat at Yuma, and float down to the several mouths of this greatest of the many "Red" rivers, will find a country which has been shot over but little, photographed not at all, and explored almost as little, while, according to the Indians who go down to the coast for salt, the gulf is filled with game and edible fish.

On the California, or western, side of the Gulf of California, the country is rather better known, the soil better, and conditions considerably more advanced than on the eastern side. Some 200,000 acres of land are in

(*Concluded on page 12*)

A Ten Million Dollar Gift to Coal Operators

Pinchot Plan Quickly Adopted When Analysis of Figures Reveals That Settlement Means Just So Much More for the Owners

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

HOW did Gifford Pinchot, governor of Pennsylvania, succeed in getting the anthracite operators of Pennsylvania to grant a flat ten per cent wage increase to the hard coal miners who went on strike September first? Other men have acted as arbitrators between operators and miners in recent years, but the only settlement ever made has been based primarily on the maintenance of the status quo. United States Senator Pepper brought about such a settlement in 1922. It didn't cost the operators a cent. The Pinchot settlement undoubtedly represents an increase in the labor cost, and even though it is generally agreed that the public will pay this increase in the long run, Pinchot's friends and press agents are trying to hail him for the "exploit."

At the same time others, who either do not know or do not care that sixty-five per cent of the miners earned only $4.20 a day under the old rates, bitterly denounce Pinchot on the ground that the settlement represents a betrayal of the public to the miners. Some newspapers assert that anybody could have settled by "giving in" to the workingman. But who has said anything about the surrender to the operators? The surrender to the operators was an essential part of the Pinchot settlement, without which it could not have been made.

Translating that surrender into terms of dollars and cents, it means a little gift of ten million, four hundred thousand dollars a year to the anthracite operators. The term of the contract signed under the Pinchot agreement is for two years, so that the reform governor of Pennsylvania has made it possible for the operators to collect twenty million, eight hundred thousand dollars over and above the inflated profits now being taken out of hard coal, during the next two years. And those figures are based on statistics supplied by the operators themselves, so that in all probability the Pinchot award will be very much higher.

Where Loophole Lay

ONE of the figures is the average wage in the anthracite industry. On August 22, when negotiations between miners and operators had come to a deadlock in Atlantic City, the following statement was issued by Samuel D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company and spokesman for the operators:

"The present wages are entirely adequate and are adjudged so by the United States Coal Commission. The Department of Labor has estimated that the average yearly income of the 155,000 mine workers, contract miners and day laborers alike, not including the boys, is $1,832. You will go far in any basic industry to find wages anything like that."

On August 29 Governor Pinchot made his famous peace proposal, calling for the ten per cent increase. And well down in the body of his official statement he put the following paragraph:

"The ten per cent wage increase, according to the best figures available to me, will add sixty cents a ton to the cost of domestic sizes of anthracite coal at the mine. Of this amount not less than ten cents can be and ought to be absorbed by the operators without any increase of price. In the last three months of 1922 and the first three months of 1923 their profits have been greater than ever before in their history. But the extent to which these producing conditions will continue no one can now predict with confidence. The remaining fifty cents a ton should not in the end be taken from the consumer. The whole of it can easily and properly be taken out of the cost of transportation and distribution."

When the miners and their leaders saw the foregoing paragraph they recognized it instantly as the "loophole" for the operators. "Sixty cents a ton" was to them nothing more nor less than a gift to the owners of the mines. Therefore they were not in the least astonished when the operators said it was too low, and came back with the assertion that the actual cost of a ten per cent wage increase would be seventy-five cents a ton. This stand made the governor's figure look good.

Any citizen can figure it out for himself. Governor Pinchot did not need any but the simplest statistics to find out what it would cost to increase mine wages ten per cent. He had, first, the average wage, estimated by government experts, or rather definitely calculated. He knew, or could find out, that average normal production is 65,000,000 tons. Repeatedly he referred to the 155,000 miners, so that he knew their number.

Sixteen Cents—A Small Matter!

IT IS quite likely that the operators will say a computation cannot be based on these figures, because mysterious "other factors" enter. But it will be shown that wherever figures are not exact, it is more than likely that the exaggeration is in favor of the operators. For instance, it would be interesting to know just how many unnecessary employes—superintendents and the like who never go into the mines—were included to get the average wage of $1,832 a year.

Passing that for the moment, however, it is quite plain that if the average wage is $1,832 a year and the total number of workers is 155.000, the total annual wage payment of the hard coal industry is merely a matter of multiplication, or $283,960,000. In other words, it costs that much for the operators to get sixty-five million tons of coal, according to the figures they have submitted. Now divide the wage total by the tonnage, and the result is approximately $4.37, which is the labor cost a ton—based on the figures of the government, endorsed and accepted by Mr. Warriner in his Atlantic City Statement of August 22, and on known and familiar statistics of production and number of miners.

The estimate of sixty cents becomes illumined at this point. Bear in mind that the sixty cents is a ten per cent wage increase. But ten per cent of $4.37 is not sixty cents. It is only a fraction over forty-three cents —call it forty-four to favor the operators. Sixty cents is ten per cent of six dollars, and when Governor Pinchot announced that a ten per cent wage increase meant sixty cents a ton, he gave official authority for a higher cost than operators had ever claimed.

The difference between forty-four and sixty cents is sixteen cents—a small matter. But multiply it by 65,000,000 tons. The resulting sum is $10,400,000. Multiply that by two for the life of the contract and the result is $20,800,000.

It has been shown in this magazine that operators are no longer finding a ready market for 65,000,000 tons, and it may be that the demand is less. But the $1,832 average wage calculation was based on a normal year of 65,000,000 tons.

Last year, when the operators were resorting to every device to prove the high cost of digging coal, the best they could show was a cost of considerably less than five dollars a ton. The miners contradicted that figure and put it below three dollars a ton. But now the governor of Pennsylvania has outdone the operators by placing it at six dollars! And now the operators snatch for more and say the cost of the increase is seventy-five cents a ton! That is equivalent to saying that it costs $7.50 to produce a ton of coal under the old schedule, and will now cost $8.25!

There is still another phase of the business that is worth looking into. The coal year starts April 1. The mines closed on September 1, having operated five months of this year. *In that time, according to repeated admissions by the operators, about thirty-two million tons were mined.* This is considerably above the annual normal average of sixty-five million tons. It is, to be exact, 6.4 million tons a month, or seventy-six million tons a year. If the calculation of cost a ton be based on that figure it will be seen that the difference between that cost and the estimate made by Governor Pinchot is even larger, and the gift made by the governor to the operators consequently some millions higher.

The Coolidge Telegram

AFTER the settlement had been made the whole country laughed over the attitude of Governor Pinchot in refusing for a time to make public the telegram of congratulation from President Coolidge, apparently for the reason that the President stated therein that he had "asked the co-operation" of the governor. Newspapermen, acting as intermediaries, finally got official approval from the President for the publication of the telegram, and Pinchot was in reality forced to release it. It was plainly a case of the governor's seeking "credit" for his settlement.

The settlement, as has been shown, was in the nature of a gift to the operators. It gave the miners something. Generally it has been referred to as *a compromise,* and the newspapers have called it the "Pinchot Plan." But was it? One of the unwritten stories of the strike settlement is known to all the newspapermen who were in Harrisburg during the negotiations. It was a matter of common knowledge that the United States Coal Commission could never get a settlement with the miners, because the miners felt that they had been betrayed by the earlier commission, of which John Hays Hammond was a member.

When the deadlock came most of the newspapermen in the confidence of the miners' leaders knew their rock-bottom terms, just as they knew early last year that the miners eventually would go back for the old wage rate. These terms, containing the compromise on check-off, the fifty-fifty split of the wage demand, and other items, are said to have been carried to Pinchot. Nothing remained then but to show the operators how to collect, and this was done to the queen's taste by the sixty-cent estimate. When, later, Governor Pinchot recommended to the President certain steps to reduce freight rates, he was some months behind, for the Coal Commission had made the same recommendation and the necessary governmental machinery is already in motion.

The Coal Will Back Up

IN HIS references to the possibility of the retailers absorbing some of his "sixty cents," the governor did not quote the exorbitant mark-up awards granted by the United States Fuel Administration during the war. These awards were made to meet an emergency, during which every pound of coal that could be mined was needed for war purposes, and coal for domestic consumption was rationed. In Philadelphia dealers had been doing very nicely on less than two dollars a ton mark-up over the combined wholesale and freight rate cost. The coal administration gave them $2.50, which was more than they asked. Since then it has been increased by action of the retailers. In some cities it is considerably higher.

A curious feature of this increase is the fact that a movement has been well under way in all large cities for some years to reduce the number of individual dealers. All sorts of mergers have been accomplished, always accompanied by publicity to the effect that big corporations can operate with reduced overhead and greater profit through increased volume. So far, however, instead of passing on to the public some of that increase, the retailers have been shoving up prices wherever possible. Thus in the present case if the operators succeed in adding seventy-five cents a ton to the exorbitant prices granted last year by the Pennsylvania Coal Commission, retailers, wholesalers and coal sales agencies all will take a "handling charge" with the result that the ultimate consumer will be lucky to get out with an increase of a dollar a ton—unless a glut occurs.

Chances for cut prices, however, exist. The mines are operating. Thirty-two million tons, more than half the normal demand, were mined before they closed. If consumers will refuse to be driven into a shortage scare by the newspapers, sooner or later the coal will begin to back up in the yards of the retailers, and the inevitable law of supply and demand will begin to operate.

Desert Baby Seeks the Sea

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cultivation just below the border, and more than half a million acres more are being prepared for irrigation and cultivation. Due to the production now being taken from these lands, and the consequent income to the government of the Mexican state in the shape of taxes, there probably will be considerable opposition on the part of the people of that district to the sale of this strip of land to the United States. No such reason to prevent the sale is to be found on the eastern side of the Colorado River and the Gulf of California, however, and indications are that, sooner or later, Arizona will be able to win a port for herself on deep salt water.

The Arizona and California River Regulation Commission, as long ago as 1914, through its advisory board, adopted resolutions that "the United States should honorably acquire from the Republic of Mexico a sufficient quantity of land bordering the Colorado River to place that river entirely within the territory of the United States," because, primarily, "through the industry and enterprise of the citizens of California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Colorado and Wyoming, enormous values have been created by reclaiming lands from their desert state by the use of the waters of the Colorado River and its source and tributary streams, and thousands of homes have been created . . . . all of which are affected in greater or less degree by the uncertainty as to rights in the water of the river which may be claimed by Mexico, as a result of the fact that, before entering the Gulf of California, the river flows through Mexican territory."

The Arizona Legislature's joint resolution to give Arizona a seaport and afford her people harbors for direct commerce with the ports of the world, urges that the President of the United States be "authorized and requested to enter into negotiations with the Republic of Mexico for the purchase by the United States for the area described as follows:

"That strip of land or portion of the Republic of Mexico, in the state of Sonora, lying between and embraced within the following indicated lines through the domain of Mexico, namely: A line drawn from approximately the southeast corner of the state of Arizona, to the north shore of the mouth of the Rio de la Asuncion; thence directly west to deep water in the Gulf of California; a line drawn from the southwest corner of the state of Arizona directly west across the Colorado River to a point in the peninsula of Lower California, ten miles distant from the west bank of said Colorado River, ten miles distant from said west bank all the way to deep water in the Gulf of California."

Owing to the unsettled condition of Mexican affairs and the somewhat uncertain relations persisting between Mexico and the United States when this joint resolution was adopted, it was allowed to lie dormant, but today, with prospects of better conditions within Mexico and improved foreign relations on the part of the Mexican Government, the project is being brought forward again by the state government and the various active organizations in Phoenix, Tucson and other parts of the southwestern state. The California project has not reached the advance stage attained by the Arizona plan, and so far is merely in the hands of various civic, commercial and similar organizations. Preparations are being made, however, to present it to the next session of the California state legislature, so that it may be brought officially before the United States Congress at its coming session.

The result has an important bearing on the development of all water and power projects connected with the Colorado River, and on the future commercial advancement not only of Arizona and California, but of other states through which the Colorado flows. With an American port on the Gulf of California, improvement of the Pacific coast of Mexico also would be aided, and there is a considerable faction in Mexican national life which believes that both these sales should be made, and the international boundary put where it apparently was intended to be at the time the Gadsden Purchase was consummated.

Things That Go to Make Failure in Our Universities

"You Cannot Fasten $20,000 Education on $20 Boy" Leads to Inquiry That Reveals Startling Facts

By ROBERT MORGAN

THE doors of the institutions of higher education have swung inward to admit one million boys and girls. Approximately one-half of this number will not complete the courses offered by the colleges and universities they are attending. Nearly one-third will be dropped, will leave of their own accord, or will be held back for a year by failure to make the grades necessary within the freshman and sophomore years of their college life. Depleted finances, marriage, illness, loss of parents, and other apparently uncontrollable and usually unavoidable causes will account for approximately thirty-five per cent of these, according to educational experts in the higher branches of study.

But there still will remain an overwhelming number who will fail to complete the work of the college or university for reasons entirely under the control of either the university or college, or the student himself. Three reasons are assigned for these failures, which annually cost the states of this Union millions of dollars in the state universities alone. These reasons are:

First, inadaptability of the entrant for college work.

Second, incomplete or inadequate preparation of the student by the preliminary schools, notably the high schools.

Third, failure of the college or university to place the boy or girl in those courses of study for which he or she is best adapted or prepared.

Educational experts claim that by far the greatest number of the failures in our universities—failures made at great cost of time and money to student, parent and school—are due to the first of these causes. David Starr Jordan, former president of Stanford University, coined an epigram on this subject, when he said: "You cannot fasten a $20,000 education on a $20 boy."

Would Eliminate "Misfits"

THE belief is rising that part of the unfitness and inadaptability of the boy or girl for college education is due to lack of proper preparation in the high school; that the high school attempts to give the pupil a smattering, rather than an adequate preparatory knowledge of the fundamentals. For this reason, second place in the causes for the failures of our boys and girls in our colleges is given by educators to the courses taught in our high schools.

Heads of preliminary schools, presidents of universities, alumni, and even men and women who are not college graduates, hold that the university of today, with its wide range of subjects, and the freedom allowed the entrant in selecting his or her line of work, is seldom at fault when the boy or girl fails to make the necessary standing for completion of college courses. That is to say, the third of the causes listed above is responsible for the smallest number of college and university failures.

So great, however, has the problem become, regardless of its causes, that universities and colleges are engaged seriously in finding out just what percentage of their students are actually benefited, how many are fitted by nature, training or adaptability for college work, and whether it would not work to the advantage of the students to eliminate those who are "misfits."

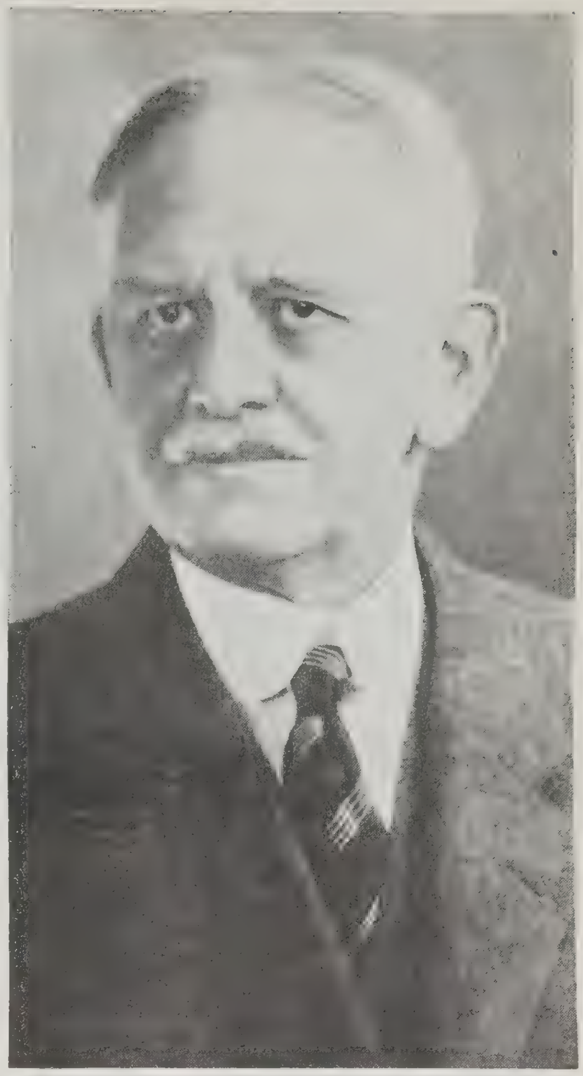
Dr. Charles Mills Gayley, who has just retired after more than thirty years at the head of the English department of the University of California, and who devised and helped to put in practice the system of accrediting high schools of the state to the university, has come to the conclusion that the majority of our colleges and universities are merely "glorified high schools"; that the system of accredited high schools has outgrown its use; that there are so many high schools that there is no opportunity for proper collegiate or university supervision over them, and that a large part of almost every college student body in the United States never should have been sent to college. Dr. Gayley's conclusion is that those who go to our universities improperly prepared, and those who go for any purpose other than to obtain academic results, should be eliminated.

"Fully one-third of the students now at the University of California," says this noted educator, "do not attend college with academic aims and are not prepared to carry out those aims. State universities throughout the United States may be classified as 'glorified high schools.' Too many students go to college because they are 'sent' there by their parents, and not because they really want to go. These misfits should be eliminated. The system of high school preparation for college is inadequate and antiquated, and thousands of dollars are wasted annually on these misfit students because of the present inadequate preparation given to your boys and girls by our high schools. But back of all this is the fact, as Dr. Jordan has said, that 'you cannot fasten a $20,000 education on a $20 boy.'

"In my opinion, there are two remedies for this condition: One, the abolition of the present high school accrediting system, whereby graduates of accredited high schools may enter the state university without taking any examination; the other, the adoption of college methods now in use in Great Britain and in other European countries, of more intensified studies, smaller classes, and a standardization of the university curriculum.

Conditions Are Changed

"MY REMEDIES are offered, not as a criticism of the loyal efforts made so far by our university and high school authorities, but as a constructive method by means of which the university and the schools may meet the changed conditions of the present time. The accrediting system, which I myself had a hand in creating, and which has done so much to build up the schools and to supply the university with good students in earlier years, must be abolished. My reasons for this are that as long as the number and size of the schools were small, it was possible for the universities to supervise carefully classes and methods of study, as well as attainment of pupils. Now that there are hundreds of such high schools, and tens of thousands of pupils, this is impossible, and has been impossible for a long time past. The university cannot send to each high school four or five experts in each branch of study for the careful investigation of each school. Further than this, many schools have now reached the position where they will enjoy more freedom, and will be better able to push their scholars to a higher degree of scholarship, if they are placed entirely upon their own responsibility.



DR. CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY,

For thirty years head of the English department of the University of California, who says that half the students in American universities are "misfits" and should be eliminated.

"It is too much to expect that even the most righteous disciplinary teachers, principals and superintendents will be able always to resist the indirect pressure exerted by parents to assure the accrediting of their children as students to the university. The time has come when the university should abolish the accrediting system, and examine every applicant for admission to the university in every subject which he or she contemplates pursuing at the university. These examinations can be held by delegates of the university at the various towns concerned, and the expense will be no greater per pupil than under the present system.

"The imperfect preparation of many pupils is attested by the fact that year before last, the English department of the University of California spent $20,000 in the training of the elements of English composition of pupils many of whom were accredited by the public high schools. This is only one instance of the present over-grading and ineffective condition of the accrediting system.

"Not only will the universities be relieved of the responsibility laid upon them, and of the large expense involved in the testing anew all through the first term of the year, and the unpleasant duty of dropping the pupils at the end of that time, but the superintendents, principals and teachers of our high schools will be greatly relieved if, having done their best to prepare pupils for college, the responsibility of demonstrating their fitness to enter the higher institutions of education is laid entirely on the shoulders of the pupils themselves.

Need Continental Systems

"I SUGGEST also that only such pupils be received at the university as are thoroughly prepared to undertake the work offered, and, furthermore, are *extremely desirous, first and foremost, to pursue academic aims.* Our universities should proceed to abolish the wasteful and ineffective methods that I call 'glorified high school' recitation classes, and adopt instead the system of the British and Continental universities, of throwing responsibility directly on the students. If the student is not truly desirous of learning, he does not belong in a university; if he has not ambition enough for his classes to attend the lectures and gather therefrom material for his examinations, he should be eliminated in favor of the student who is so desirous of acquiring an education, and whose ambition is great enough to impel him to learn without being herded into a class.

"Conditions prevailing under my observation at the University of California are similar to those at other universities and colleges throughout the United States. The maintenance of our colleges as 'glorified high schools' is costing the people of the several states at least three times as much as it should to maintain these institutions were responsibility for the getting of an education put directly on the student."

Lifting a Tramp and Bootblack to Knighthood

Concluded from page 2

smith from Australia, became "Ruddy Robert" and "Freckled Bob" and the "mauling smithie." But Fitzsimmons had a great deal of personality and was what the public calls a "character." The writers had an easy task with him, for Fitzsimmons was always good copy.

Jack Dempsey the original, whom they called "The Nonpareil" and whom Fitzsimmons defeated for the middleweight title, worked side by side in a machine shop with Jack McAuliffe, the only man that ever held the lightweight title and retired undefeated. In their days of manual toil they both led a humdrum existence with nothing to mark them as individuals apart from their fellows at the benches of the shop. Stanley Ketchel, probably the greatest of all middleweights, was a waiter and Kid McCoy, another national hero, was a hobo who got his start in boxing by landing a job as cook in Fitzsimmons' training camp.

From similar beginnings came the leaders of the lightweight class of boxers. George (Kid) Lavigne worked in the salt blocks of Saginaw, Michigan. Joe Gans, a Negro, who is considered to have been the greatest lightweight of all time, opened oysters in a colored saloon in Baltimore. Ad. Wolgast was a bootblack in a barber shop in Cadillac, Michigan, when he began boxing. Battling Nelson was a waiter in St. Paul. Then he was a waiter in Minneapolis. Then he got a job waiting on tables in Montana.

But each of these men of various weights, colors and creeds has been or is one of the most discussed men in the United States and their fame has spread to all the other English-speaking countries and to many of other tongues. They are national idols with us but they are distinguished abroad as well. The great men of the many arts and professions can command neither the salaries nor the recognition that is paid these men of whom few have had even the simplest schooling. Why?

Among those who saw Dempsey and Firpo battle in New York before more than 80,000 and while one-fourth that number were vainly trying to get in, was Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, a social leader and recognized as one of America's most beautiful women. It was the first time that she had seen a boxing match. Writing her impressions the following day in the New York *World,* Mrs. Hoyt said:

"I have learned from the extraordinary thrill of this fight the reason for the gigantic interest boxing is coming to hold on all sorts of people.

"What a spectacle it was! What a picture that First Ninety Thousand of America's fight fans made! Like a colossal emotional orchestra they sat in their serried rows, low and high, on all dim sides, their entire attention riveted on the blinding square of snowy light and its two struggling heroic figures, the focal point of the whole huge picture.

"It was over. The lights in the great black arena flashed on again. Jack Dempsey remained champion—and in my opinion he had certainly proved himself deserving of the title."

And that may explain why.

Making Capital the Servant of Labor

Farmer-Labor Politico-Economic Program a Romantic Undertaking

By GEORGE T. ODELL

CERTAIN political phenomena that have become manifest during the last two or three years have puzzled not only the plain citizens of America but most of the professional politicians as well. The resurgence of liberalism following so quickly upon the heels of the landslide that swept standpattism into power; the cohesion of landowning farmers with the wage-earning industrial laborers in political action under various banners and in widely scattered sections of the country; the authoritativeness with which the revolters from party discipline have assumed to speak, is well-nigh incomprehensible to politicians of the old line and a cause of wonderment to the public. So for the most part they put it down to the unsettled condition of the world and let it go at that. Officeholders who guessed wrong in thinking that the conservative policies and the discipline of the party machine would last for another decade at least, are scrambling about in a maze of new issues, about which they know next to nothing, trying vainly to get back into the good graces of their constituents.

It might help them if they knew that there is a hidden mainspring that controls the political movement which they see but cannot understand. The key to that spring is held by a small coterie of trades unionists who, having visualized a new industrial era in which productive industry will be financially controlled by the workers, are bending their energies and applying their resources to that end. Political action is one of their instruments—not the most important, perhaps, but nevertheless during the last three years they have seized the opportunity afforded by the unrest in various sections of the country to consolidate their political forces.

Financial control of industry by the workers is so novel in the modern conception of industrial development as to be almost incomprehensible to the average adult of today who has grown up in an atmosphere of capitalistic monopoly, although in reality it is but the evolution of the principle which governed the earliest beginnings of industrial enterprise. The methods and instrumentalities which this group of adventuresome trades unionists is employing to consolidate the financial resources of labor for the purpose of wresting control of the industrial plant in America from the capitalists, is described in a recently published book called "Labor's Money" by Richard Boeckel, to whom I am indebted for the information I have used in arriving at the political deductions herein contained. Whether these men succeed or fail, they are writing one of the most romantic chapters in the politico-economic history of the world. They aim at a pinnacle that is far beyond the ken of most of the capital monopolists of the world, for they seek to secure from the products and emoluments of industry the greatest good to the greatest number of people.

The number of those who are fully initiated into the secret purposes of this movement is small. Probably not more than a dozen men are cognizant of the ultimate goal, but in that group two men stand out prominently in the leadership: Warren S. Stone, president of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and William H. Johnston, president of the International Association of Machinists. Senator Robert M. LaFollette is perhaps the chief political strategist of the coterie that has successfully directed and manipulated political forces during the last three years to the discomfiture of professional politicians in a number of states. Yet, in spite of the intense interest the American people have taken in the unfoldment of the political drama, its real significance remains for most of them an impenetrable enigma.

Labor Banks Part of Program

THE methods employed by the coterie to gain their ends are not predicated upon a violent or sudden *coup d'etat,* nor do they involve fundamental changes in the established industrial, financial or political policies. They have taken their lesson from the history of industrial development in America and other democratically governed countries and are consolidating the resources of industrial and agrarian workers to the end that they may acquire control of key industries and furnish the credits necessary to carry them on. Steps in this direction already have been taken. Since the spring of 1920 more than a dozen labor banks have been established with resources of more than $30,000,000. Large insurance funds are also at their disposal for investment, and latterly they have entered the field of the investment bankers in underwriting new or rehabilitated industrial and commercial enterprises. Plans now under way, if successful, will more than triple their financial resources during the next year.

In the political arena this group has appropriated likewise a part of the code which capitalists long ago adopted. They have need for a strong voice in government, national, state and local, to help them carry out their plans. In the political unrest with which a large part of the American people is seized today this group of men has found opportunity to procure the election of men to Congress and to state and local offices, who will be amenable to their purposes. They have grasped that opportunity to consolidate their political forces. In Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado, Oklahoma and Pennsylvania they have gained a measure of what they sought by political action. They will carry on the campaign in many other states next year. Whether they will attempt to enter the Presidential election as an independent political force is not decided and it will depend upon circumstances that are more within the power of the professional politicians than themselves to determine.

The machinery through which the coterie conduct their political campaigns is intricate and intensely interesting. The instrumentalities are so diversified that to the public eye there does not seem to be any connecting link and the political reactions that have been brought about appear to the public mind like spontaneous uprisings. It has been said recently that the people do not know what they want, but certainly this particular group, led by Stone, Johnston and LaFollette know exactly what they want and they have a firm grasp upon the invisible strings that control these instrumentalities.

The National Council for Progressive Political Action is one of their instruments. It brings together farmers and wage workers and even some of the more cohesive independent political groups, like the Socialist party, in national conclaves such as have been held in Chicago and Cleveland. It brings these same forces together even more intimately in state conventions. It rigorously excludes the extremists and the agitators, and so far it has declined to commit itself to more than a general platform acceptable to all classes of the type it aims to amalgamate. So far, the coterie in charge have closed their ears to the siren call to strike out as an independent political party, preferring the safer method of assisting candidates whom they believe to be friendly to their purposes, no matter what party label they may wear.

Certain large trade unions unaffiliated with the American Federation, and several state and city federations of labor, are important cogs in the machinery which this coterie has set up, and provide the means for getting mass political action at a minimum of expense. Upon these sources the coterie has also drawn heavily for campaign workers and for considerable sums of money to use in political action.

Another one of the instruments which this group can command is the People's Legislative Service, of which Senator LaFollette is the head. That organization is equipped to supply material to be used in political campaigns as well as for the liberal propagandists in Congress, and on several occasions it has been useful in bringing together groups of politicians to unite them on a program of action. It was the People's Legislative Service which called the conference of progressive Senators and Congressmen at the beginning of the last session of Congress, and the same organization engineered the conference on railroad valuation held recently in Chicago.

The Farmers' National Council is still another instrument which this group can command for political action. That organization is composed for the most part of small, heavily burdened tenant farmers and farm owners, whose contributions toward its support are necessarily meager. The coterie supplies the deficit and helps pay the salary of its managing director. The Farmers' National Council has been quite successful in stirring the western farmers into active revolt against the old political order.

At one time Mr. Johnston was head of the National Farmer-Labor party, but he withdrew from that position after the Cleveland conference last December, when John Fitzpatrick and Robert M. Buck, members of the national committee, tried to force the Council for Progressive Political Action to go on record for the third party. They nearly succeeded in splitting up the Cleveland convention, but since then the Farmer-Labor party has been practically ruined by the extremists who got control of it at the Chicago convention last July. It was those same extremists, William Z. Foster and his followers, to whom the coterie refused admission at the Cleveland conference. Nevertheless, the men who constitute the leadership of this movement for worker control still use the Farmer-Labor party machinery in such states as it suits their purpose, as witnessed in the election of Magnus Johnson in Minnesota and the more recent conclave in New York State.

Organ of Group Powerful

ONE of the most powerful instruments in the hands of this coterie, for the carrying out of both economic and political plans, is the weekly journal, *Labor.* Originally that paper was started by the Plumb Plan League and it is said now to have a circulation of more than a million copies. In several political campaigns the paper has been most effective. During the Minnesota contest over the United States senatorship, a special edition of 450,000 was circulated in the interest of Mr. Johnson's candidacy. In 1922 it was also used effectively to help defeat Albert Beveridge for United States Senator, when his speeches indicated to the group that his ideas were inimical to their purposes. In other states it has been used to advance the cause of candidates whom the coterie had decided to back.

All of these instrumentalities of the coterie's political machine are controlled in a large measure through the purse. No one except themselves knows what it costs, but close observers can readily believe that the aggregate sum is not nearly so large as either of the major political parties spends in a national campaign. Their greatest strength lies in the fact that by concerted action they are able to turn the restless political flux throughout the country into a stream of votes for candidates who, they believe, will espouse their economic principles. And, behind it all, is the single purpose to bring about the control of the industrial plant of America by the workers themselves.

New England's Rock of Ages

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the ground about is still reddened by bits that are crumbling to dust.

On the crest of the hill is the most honored grave of all, that of William Bradford, governor of the colony for more than thirty years. A close neighbor is the Cushman monument, and beside it the original stone with the date 1691, of Robert Cushman, "that precious servant of God," and ruling elder of First Church for forty years.

Only a few steps away is the grave of Thomas Clark, aged ninety-eight, and, according to the inscription on his stone, mate of the *Mayflower.* There are the graves of the Cottons, of Thomas Faunce, identifier and preserver of Plymouth Rock, and that of Mary Allerton, the last survivor of the *Mayflower* band. There is the grave of Tabitha Plaskett, the first woman teacher in America, and the oldest Masonic stone in the country, dated 1743, and erected to "Mr. Nath Jackson." There is the Judson family lot, with a tablet to Adoniram, missionary to India and translator of the Bible into Burmese. Just outside the village is his house, the front door of which his sister shut when he departed and declared that it should not be opened until his return. Grass grew over the path and the doorstep was removed, for Adoniram was lost at sea.

One of the most visited graves is that of Francis LeBaron, the "Nameless Nobleman" of Jane Austin's story, who was cast up from a wreck of a French vessel. Not far away lie buried sixty sailors wrecked in the brig *General Arnold* in Plymouth Harbor in 1778. Their grave is marked by an obelisk "erected by Stephen Gale of Portland, a stranger to them, but as a just memorial of their sufferings and death." Near by is the grave of Hannah Howland, betrothed, it is said, to one of the seamen, and who, according to her stone, "died of a languishment," and then follows the epitaph,

"For us they languish & for us they die
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain!"

Quaint epitaphs abound on Burial Hill, touching in the very rudeness of their language and the sincerity of the effort to reflect the emotions of the bereaved. Among the most pathetic are those of the children. One reads,

"He glanced into the world, to see a sample of our misery."

Another with a brave attempt at fortitude,

"O happy Probationer! accepted without being exercised."

And this with a true poetic note beneath the jangling rhymes,

"He listened for a while to hear
Our mortal griefs, then tun'd his ear
To angel harps and songs and cried
To join their notes celestial, sighed and dy'd."

Poor little Pilgrim children! We do not read much about them but when we learn that there were no cattle in Plymouth for four years and then the supply of milk was of the scantest, we realize that they were little martyrs, too. And yet, no doubt, with the eternal joy of youth, they romped over this hillside or gazed out to sea, scanning with curious eyes the same beautiful panorama that stretches before us.

A little to the north lies Clark's Island, where the exploring party from the *Mayflower* spent the first Sunday in rest and prayer. There is Saquish, "abundance of clams," which saved the little band from downright starvation the first winter; there is Duxbury with its statue of Miles Standish guarding the bay, and, dim and beautiful in the distance, the white reaches of Cape Cod. At our feet flows Town Brook with its meersteads and terraced gardens rising above it.

And the general plan of the town and its streets is as the Pilgrims left it, and at every turn there are reminders of an earlier day. There is the site of the cottage of the "Nameless Nobleman" and his Mary; there is the John Winslow house where later Mercy Otis Warren wrote her history of the Revolution, and Tabitha Plaskett's house where she spun as she taught, and, so the story goes, if a youngster was unruly, slipped a skein of yarn under his arms and hung him on a peg. Two houses are still standing which have echoed Pilgrim voices, the Howland house, 1666, and the William Harlow house, built a year later and framed with the timbers from the fort on Burial Hill. And, over the town rises the National Monument, topped with the majestic figure of Faith, 216 times life size, the largest piece of granite statuary in the world.

And Pilgrim Hall is filled with memorials, more frail, yet still more precious. There are the shoe buckles of Elder Cushman, great, sober buckles, as those of a ruling elder ought to be. There are the iron pot and pewter plate which Myles Standish, practical soul, brought with him on the *Mayflower.* And there is his sword, too, of great antiquity, perhaps before the Christian Era.

And back of the Hall is a garden where one may rest beneath the trees and dream. For Plymouth is a village of dreams, bewildering, and, with all its poignant charm, indefinably exotic. Carver, Bradford Standish, Brewster—the place is *theirs,* and the stranger wonders vaguely if he has felt the spell of their presence, or if he himself has dimly glimpsed, beyond the actual Plymouth, an enduring one which is their dwelling.

"A Light to Them That Sit in Darkness"

Descendant of Famous Chief, as Priest, Does Much for People

By LOUISE F. TROXELL

"From the great lakes of the Northland
From the land of the Ojibway
I repeat tales as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha
The musician, the sweet singer."

IN THE latter part of the eighteenth century John Jacob Astor, a German immigrant, was laying the foundation for what was later to become the powerful Astor Fur Company. Some time after, this company took into its employ in the Northwest a young Indian who was the great grandfather, it developed, of one of the only two Indian priests this country has ever produced.

He must have absorbed some of the German thrift and industry he saw displayed, for his great-grandson has just completed what would seem the impossible task of erecting a $45,000 church in a town inhabited by 1,200 practically penniless Ojibway Indians. This town is Reserve, Wisconsin.

This young priest has dedicated his life to the service of the people of his tribe who are probably in greater need than any other Indians of our country today.

"My family," Father Gordon says, "has always had friendly relations with the white men. Like all other Indian families, each member of ours had a distinct name, such as Yellow Horse or Blue Hair. My great-grandfather, however, learned from association with the whites the advantage of a family name and on his death gave to his son, my grandfather, the name Gordon which we have borne ever since. The town of Gordon, Wisconsin, is named for our family."

Conversation with this ready-speaking, frank-faced Indian shows him of that unusual type that knows the Indian from an Indian's point of view but is also able to see him as he appears to the white man.

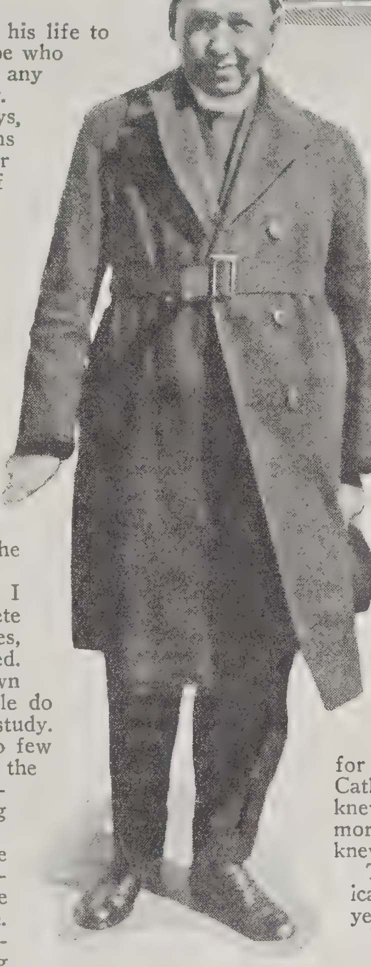
"It took me twelve years after I finished the eighth grade to complete my work for the ministry. O, yes, and I worked hard, too," he laughed. "I loved it and I did not break down in health as so many of our people do when they devote themselves to study. It is not for lack of interest that so few of our blood are in the work of the church. It is just that they cannot stand the strange and trying confinement.

"Tuberculosis is the greatest foe we have. We are used to the out-of-doors and the restraints of school life make us a ready prey to the disease. Many of my friends have started toward the priesthood but, excepting one other, I alone have been able to stand the rigors of the preparation."

Father Gordon was born at Reserve on the Courtes Oreilles reservation in 1886. The family later moved to the Bad River settlement and he began his education in the sisters' school at Odanah. These good women, seeing his promise, raised the necessary money and sent him for further work to St. Thomas's military school at St. Paul.

The rigorous program of sports at this school gave the young man the constitution necessary to withstand the dread tuberculosis which had already claimed three brothers and a sister. There also he got his foundation in the classics for soon after entering St. Thomas's he determined to become a priest.

Father Gordon's church.



REV. FR. PHILLIP GORDON.

A lineal descendant of the famous chieftain, Hole-in-the-Day.

Phillip Gordon, pere, was a government policeman and through his work thoroughly familiar with every spot on the reservation. When the time came for the son to claim his regular allotment of eighty acres the father selected the most beautifully timbered one of all that remained.

The government agent was helpful in cutting and marketing this timber to advantage and presently young Gordon found himself the possessor of ten thousand dollars acquired from the sale of the wood alone.

Though it was legally his money he was not allowed to spend it without the consent of the white agent on the reservation and it was with considerable trepidation that the young man broached to him his wish to go abroad and continue his studies for the priesthood. The agent, though not a Catholic, readily gave his consent, for he well knew the great need among the Indians for moral and spiritual help from someone who knew them.

The young man went straight to the American college in Rome where he stayed two years. From there he went to Innsbruck University in the Tyronne for four years' study, traveling extensively during vacation periods and perfecting himself in French and German. Returning to America he did graduate work at Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and later served in the Bureau of Indian Missions, visiting remote settlements as a missionary priest.

His great sympathy with the Indians, however, and his farsighted ambition for them led to his permanent assignment in 1918 to the Courtes Oreilles, Lac du Flambeau, and St. Croix bands with headquarters at his old home, Reserve.

There is the direst need among these people, according to Father Gordon. The Dawes Act of 1886 forced each Indian to accept his 80-acre allotment. The law prevents their selling the land but they were allowed to cut and sell the timber. They did this, spent the money like the children they were, and were immediately impoverished.

"Then why," I inquired, "do they not support themselves by cultivating their land?"

"Well," replied the priest, "take the case of my mother, which is in no way unique. Her land, though 'cleared,' is covered with stumps. Indians know nothing of 'stumping' land and if they did they have no facilities for doing it. Add to this the fact that her land is eight miles from the nearest road which much of the year is quite impassable and the fact that even if these conditions did not exist there is no market if she raised a crop, and you will see that she and her kind are reduced to raising little 'patches' of crops and then eking out a living by any other means possible.

"The beautiful scenery around Reserve has made it popular with tourists. This is a godsend to my people, who make fair wages in summer acting as travelers' guides. Beyond this there is little they can do, though trapping and lumbering are carried on on a small scale.

"They are so poor that three years ago some actually died as the result of lack of nourishment, yet it is practically an unheard-of thing for an Indian to apply for county aid.

"I know the justice of the white man's claim that the Indian is thriftless—even lazy. But given his heritage and environment, would the white man be any better?"

It is largely due the paternalistic attitude of the white man that the Indian has become so abnormally dependent, Father Gordon asserts. The application of the Dawes Act has resulted in the breaking up of tribal relations and he believes that, once started, it must be continued until every Indian is a full-fledged American citizen, voting and paying taxes.

"If a white child grows up to the age of twenty-one, he automatically becomes a citizen of the United States and is allowed to vote. But an Indian may live a lifetime associated with educated whites, himself be an intelligent member of the community, and still not be allowed citizenship. Is there anything which could more successfully block the progress of my people?" This is the good priest's theme wherever he goes.

With the gentle patience to be seen among those who find themselves enlisted in a cause too great for accomplishment in their lifetime, Father Gordon perseveres in his work. Several times a year he leaves the reservation to go to the capital of his state and back to Washington interviewing people in authority, reporting conditions in his parish, and pleading for more interest in the Indians' problems.

The church just being completed under Father Gordon's leadership is a marvelous testimony to his ambition and industry. Stimulated by his enthusiasm, the Indians volunteered all the work. The head carpenter and two masons were Indians and the plans were drawn by an architect at the capital who is a friend of the priest.

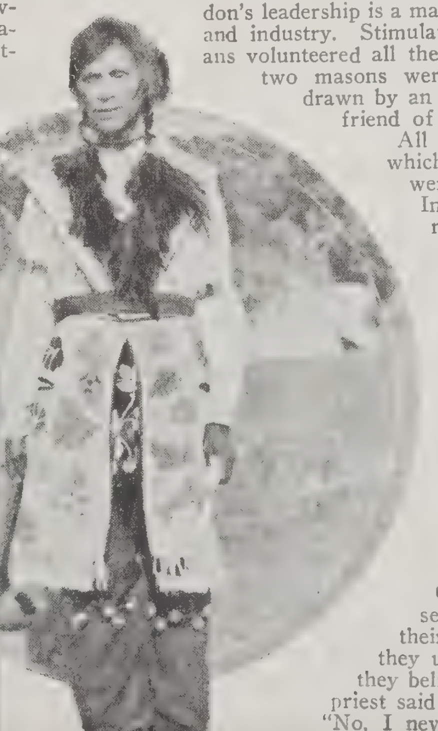
All the beautiful granite boulders which form the exterior of the church were picked up on the reservation. In addition to the church an eight-room parish house of granite and logs has just been finished. This has a lighting system and a bath with hot and cold water—unheard-of marvels among the Indians.

"Yes, my people are dirty, looked at through white men's eyes," said Father Gordon. "But they have no training or facilities for being otherwise. Thirty-five per cent of them are affected with tuberculosis and they know nothing of how to stop its ravages."

Seventy boys under Father Gordon's care volunteered for service in France and seven gave their lives for a cause which perhaps they understood only dimly but which they believed to be just because the good priest said it was.

"No, I never want to leave Reserve," said Father Gordon. "That is the work I love and understand and I ask as my only reward greater appreciation on the part of the white men of the Indians' problems. Oh, I might want to go to Chicago once in a while," he laughed, "to see Babe Ruth play baseball, but I hope to live and die among my people."

With all their poverty and sickness, however, life is not dull on the reservation. The Indians love to dance and would continue for weeks if not restrained. The priest's father is quite modern in his tendencies but his mother loves the old days and ways and on ceremonial occasions appears in full regalia.



An Ojibway full-blood chief.

Here is a band of Ojibway veterans of the Civil War. These Indians are good Americans.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A heavy wind lifted an eleven-year-old boy from the roof where he was flying a large kite in New York City. The lad kept his hold of the string and floated safely fifty feet to the street, the kite acting as a parachute.

Senator Smoot, of Utah, only shaves, or is shaved, every other day. He thinks that is often enough and he "likes to give his face a rest."

Every year $100,000 is received in letters at the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department in Washington. Nearly all of this mail containing money fails in delivery because of improper address.

Thorn Lake, in Eastern Oregon, has for years been thought the site of a prehistoric city. In its depths are walls, rising in geometric precision, which bisect the lake bed, and investigation has just been set afoot to learn whether their origin is from a natural cause or the work of man in years gone by.

A consignment of oak was sent to Europe. It was found to be wormy and there was no market for it until the consignor happened to visit an antique furniture factory. The manager of the factory was busily engaged in manufacturing "antique" grandfather clocks, boring the wormholes by hand. He was very glad to buy the wormy oak and paid a much better price for it than for sound oak. A profitable connection was established between the exporter and the antique manufacturer.

Sassafras, harvested and manufactured into paper in Lake County, Florida, was used in a recent issue of the Leesburg *Commercial*, a local newspaper, which predicts great future for the industry. In view of the growing scarcity of pulpwood this is interesting.

Much business in German cities is done with privately issued currency. Some is of paper and some of composition discs the size of metal coins. Not a legal tender, they yet circulate freely as money within areas where the issuing business firm is known.

Secretary Hughes says the Monroe Doctrine is "Uncle Sam's private, exclusive, personal affair—not, for instance, a 'regional understanding,' as the League Covenant described it, or something to be enforced jointly by the nations of Pan-America. The Government of the United States reserves to itself the definition, interpretation and application of the Monroe Doctrine."

A Canadian pulp mill has succeeded in manufacturing a very good grade of blotting paper from ordinary wood pulp. Blotting paper is usually made from rag pulp.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Wilhelm Hohenzollern has ordered an eight-foot fence built to keep the newspaper reporters from looking into his back yard at Doorn.

Double window panes, separated by a distance of two millimeters and joined together at the edges by a specially patented melting process to prevent moisture or dust getting between them, are used to keep out the cold in the place of ordinary double windows. It is said the heat insulation is perfect under these conditions.

A new Chinese phonetic alphabet has been adopted by the Chinese for the transmission of telegrams. Heretofore Chinese telegrams were coded into numerals and decoded by the receiving office.

Pirates are operating on the Black Sea, according to official reports sent to the Department of the Interior at Sofia, Bulgaria. A vessel loaded with attar of roses bound from Burgas to Constantinople was brought to a halt by shots fired from a steamship displaying no colors. A number of the pirates boarded the merchant vessel, killed the captain, his crew of five and another passenger and carried off the money the passenger was taking to Constantinople to buy goods. The vessel was then set adrift in a sinking condition.

Artificially colored flowers must not be sold in Rome. The pure food law was applied to flowers, and those who sell "faked" flowers will lose their licenses.

Sherman's march to the sea cost Georgia no more than the loss that state is suffering from the migration of her Negro population, according to the Georgia Bankers' Association. The state is threatened with a loss of wealth amounting to $27,000,000 this year. It has 46,674 vacant farm houses, 55,524 idle plows, and a labor shortage of 70,843 persons.

The chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Reorganization of the Executive branch of the Government pointed out that the first six Presidents to die averaged 79.6 years of age; the next ten 68.5 years; the last ten, 61.8 years. He recommends that the President have a staff of six assistants to lighten his work. They should consist of a secretary to the President, acting as private secretary; an executive secretary, who would have four assistants divided as follows: an assistant in charge of personnel, dealing with office-seekers, and so forth; an assistant in charge of legislation, to follow legislation in both Houses, keeping the President informed; an assistant in charge of publicity to report on public opinion, to present the President with pertinent clippings and gather material for speeches, and an assistant in charge of applications for clemency.

Copper applied in a solution of oil is now being used instead of tar for preserving rope. Marine pests eat the tar out of the rope and then devour the rope itself, but with the copper-impregnated rope there is no damage resulting from marine pests. The copper bulks less, weighs less and costs less to apply than the tar.

Austin Harrison in the London *Observer*, says, "Germany is, financially, completely Bolshefied. A new aristocracy has arisen—the Jews: they occupy all the big hotels in Europe. They are in possession. In Vienna, in Poland, in Germany, in Hungary, the young Jew speculator is the new *Fürstlichkeit*; he is smart, intelligent, and energetic, and he sits in the royal boxes at the operas."

Holding that it is the automobilist's duty to slow up when old persons or children are near his line of travel, a Detroit judge denied a motion to dismiss the complaint of negligent homicide against a careless driver whose car ran over and killed an elderly woman. The defendant's attorney moved to dismiss the complaint because no criminal intent was evident in his client's actions. Testimony showed that the woman stepped off the curb into the path of the defendant's car. The judge held it is the duty of the driver to stop when children or old persons are in the way.

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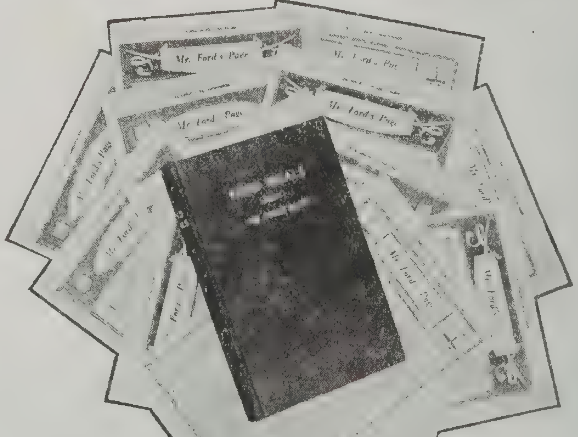

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The Rise of a Better Drama Sought

A "Lost Race" of Early Americans

What About Muzzey's American History?

Land of the Aristocrat and the Peon

The Golden Stream Flowing Northward

Five Men in a Newspaper Boat That Sank

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Is Muzzey's American History Revolutionary?

Author Holds Work a Review of What Happened and Analysis of Why It Did

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

AN AMERICAN History used as a textbook in more than five thousand schools has attained considered popularity. Attempts to bar this text from the schools on the charge of being un-American have opened an interesting question.

The text is *AN AMERICAN HISTORY,* the author, David Saville Muzzey, a professor at Barnard College and the author of many historical works. His much discussed book is the result of a purpose to present historic facts by a new method.

"Its aim is not to tell once more the old story in the old way but to give the emphasis to those factors in our national development which appeal to us as most vital from the standpoint of today." So reads a statement in the editorial preface.

In certain quarters Muzzey's book has aroused bitter opposition. As a typical example may be mentioned the appeal of the Piney Branch Citizens' Association, of Washington, D. C., that the book be withdrawn from the high schools in that city. A history taught in the capital should be a good exponent of Americanism. Muzzey's text is the standard in the city and thousands of students use it annually.

Charges of Opposition Bitter

THE Citizens' Association, composed of several hundred members, has been prominent in civic discussions in Washington. It now charges that the book "by innuendo, distortion, modification and suppression of undoubted historical facts, falsifies American history, robs it of patriotic inspiration and obscures the great principles upon which our Republic is founded."

It argues that:

1. The treatment of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 is uninspiring and pro-British.
2. The history is politically partisan.
3. Socialistic doctrines are introduced.

The anti-Muzzeyites are particularly bitter concerning his discussion of the Revolutionary War. They point out that in a volume of 536 pages, he gives only fourteen pages to the battles of that conflict. Bunker Hill is limited to the sentence:

"In June, Gage's army stormed the American breastworks on Bunker Hill in three desperate and bloody assaults."

"Fourteen words to this immortal battle and later in the book fourteen lines to the story of Coxey's army and its march on Washington," cry the opponents of the text in indignation.

It is alleged that the book is pro-British. The cause of the Revolution is described as "a difference of opinion as to the nature of the British Empire." Hancock, Warren, Otis and the two Adamses are referred to as *patriots* but the word is put in quotation marks. In describing the battle of Lexington, the author intimates that the British fired apparently without orders. Only three sentences are given to the *description* of the battle of Saratoga, one of the so-called decisive battles of the world. Valley Forge is described in sixteen words, while the battle of Bennington is omitted entirely. No mention is made of Nathan Hale but Major André is introduced under the title of a British "agent" and the statement made that he was hanged "*as* a spy" and not that he *was* a spy.

Professor Muzzey's Answer

SIMILAR criticisms are made of the presentation of the War of 1812. It is charged that Muzzey excuses British methods leading up to the conflict, stating that "in her desperate struggle with France, Great Britain could not afford to have her seamen leave her ships by the hundreds to take advantage of the high wages, good food and humane treatment which they found aboard the American vessels. If the British lieutenant conducted his examination of an American crew in a summary fashion and impressed a good many real Americans among the suspected deserters to serve the guns of the British frigates he thought he was erring on the right side. After all, Englishmen and Americans were not so easy to tell apart."

Complaint is also made that Muzzey does not even mention such eminent naval leaders as David Porter, Stephen Decatur, Isaac Hull, commander of the famous *Constitution,* and William Bainbridge.

So much for the adverse criticisms. Now for Professor Muzzey's answer. His book was prepared for students in the third and fourth years of high school. It is assumed that such students will have had several years previous study of American History. They will have read over and over again the familiar stories of Nathan Hale and Molly Pitcher. Repetition would be superfluous.

In the front of Muzzey's text is the Latin phrase, *rerum cognoscere causas* which may be literally translated "to know the causes of things." In that phrase is the secret of the book. The real question is, "Are the students to be entertained by familiar hero stories or are they to be taught to think?"

To quote the author himself, "A detailed description of battles and campaigns is profitable only to experts in military science, whereas the causes that lead a country into war, especially into a war for independence, are most important stages in the evolution of a people's political and moral life."

It is quite true that Muzzey gives only fourteen pages to the description of Revolutionary battles. But he gives nineteen pages to an analysis and discussion of the Constitution, a subject on which the high school students for whom the book is written will have little intimate knowledge.

One extraordinary thing about the controversy is that while Muzzey is charged with being pro-British, he was born and raised in Lexington, Massachusetts, the descendant of men who actually took part in the historic battle in that town. Muzzey's early life was fairly saturated with the Colonial atmosphere.

But when he came to write the story of the Revolution he approached the subject with a judicial mind. He considered it only fair to state the British point of view as well as that of the colonists. There are usually two sides to a controversy. To suppress the truth would be as bad as to falsify the record. Furthermore, the story of the difficulties that the colonists had to overcome gives greater commendation to their ultimate triumph.

The second charge against the book is that it is partisan, presenting a Democratic viewpoint, particularly in its treatment of the events of the last half-century. Blaine is called "the somewhat discredited Speaker of the House, under the reproach of shady dealings with the railroads." Cleveland is said to have been nominated against him because of the demand for an honest candidate and is pictured as a man of directness and decision of character while "Harrison was willing to accept the dictates of party leaders."

As to Our Politics

THE book states that "Marcus Hanna, the very incarnation of that spirit of commercial enterprise which created the great trusts, secured McKinley's nomination"; that "as a statesman Grant was pitiable"; General Benjamin F. Butler was "an unspeakable demagogue" and Sumner a "visionary."

It is further charged that throughout the discussions of the tariff, the author displays a partisan spirit, constantly asserting in one form or another that the tariff is a means of taxing the poor and the laborer for the benefit of the rich man and the trusts.

To such charges, those who praise the text, and they are many, call attention to the fact that *the first element of history is truth.* If it is well known that certain leaders have been weak or vacillating, should they be idealized? In this connection, the recent statement of Dr. J. J. Tigert, Federal Commissioner of Education, is pertinent.

He says, "Although the schools in the United States do not teach that the king can do no wrong, many of the histories used in American schools imply that the United States can do no wrong and is never in the wrong. While preserving our patriotism in the schools, it should not be overlooked that we make mistakes."

Muzzey's admirers contend that it is unfair to single out one sentence or phrase here and there as a basis for condemnation. For example, while Muzzey does say that "as a statesman Grant was pitiable" he also says, "As a soldier he had been superb" and "a more honest President never sat in the White House."

Blaine *is* called "the somewhat discredited Speaker of the House," but he is *also* termed "one of the most brilliant men in the history of American politics."

The ancient Greeks and Romans had the habit of elevating their former rulers to places among the gods. America follows the example by creating traditional heroes instead of picturing both the good and the bad traits of her men of destiny. Such a course may be generous but it does not aid in an understanding of historic events. Forced to choose between flattery and the truth, Muzzey chooses the truth as he sees it.

The final charge against the text is that it contains radical and socialistic doctrines. It is alleged that he suggests that the courts may be and have been bought and that laws are passed to put money into the pockets of the lords of Wall Street at the expense of the poor laborer.

Concerning the radical movement preceding the campaign of 1896 Muzzey writes, "The Crusaders were ready—radical Democrats, Populists, National Silverites—it needed only a leader to unite them into a compact army against the money lords of Wall Street, who, they believed, had loaded their farms with mortgages and purchased legislatures and courts to thwart the people's will."

His critics contend that such statements tend to inflame the youthful mind against the government and fail to engender patriotism. "Muzzey is socialistic," they charge.

Professor Muzzey rejoins that one of his most bitter critics has been Charles Edward Russell, formerly candidate for governor of New York on the Socialist ticket. While Muzzey does criticize certain traits of men in the Republican party, it may be remembered that the Republican party has ruled in all save three administrations since the Civil War and that "the tall trees always attract the lightning." If the Democrats had been in power over an equal period, it is altogether likely that certain activities of their leaders would have been subject to just criticism.

His description of the Bryan campaign is merely the presentation of the viewpoint of millions of Americans of that day, a state of mind that was so well known that its historical accuracy cannot be doubted. There are usually two sides to any question of public policy and the views of the defeated as well as of the victors should be recorded.

Viewpoint Held "British"

NOR does Muzzey believe it constitutes lese majeste to question the infallibility of the courts. Lincoln himself questioned the Dred Scott decision. The courts are composed of human beings subject to errors of judgment, and to say that all judges are upright is to contradict the verdict of history.

Such are the conflicting views of the opponents and the defenders of Muzzey's history. Against him are ranged certain patriotic and civic organizations. Chief among these is the Sons of the American Revolution, the chairman of whose Committee on Patriotic Education has been waging an unsuccessful fight against the book for several years.

The Commissioner of Accounts of New York City recently recommended that eight history texts, Muzzey's among them, be barred from the public schools on the ground that they contain the British viewpoint in the discussions of the Revolution.

The defenders of the text are equally emphatic in their views. In Washington, D. C., for example, Muzzey's text is openly praised by practically every teacher who uses it in classroom work. The High School Teachers' Association recently adopted the following resolutions:

"It is resolved that the questioning of the Americanism of the teachers of history in American schools is resented, that the teachers should themselves be the judges of the content of the courses and that the object of teaching history is to give the truthful picture of the past, with due regard to the age of the pupil for whom the work is intended, and therefore the truth should not be distorted for any purpose whatever; both sides of a controversial question should be presented from an academic point of view so that the students of history shall be trained in habits of open-minded tolerance."

Seeks Unbiased Treatment

THE head of the history department of the high schools of Washington adds, "Statements to the effect that Muzzey's history is ruled from use in the New York schools are false. Books may be ruled from use by the school authorities, not by the Commissioner of Accounts. School authorities did investigate history texts in New York through an investigating committee of twenty-one. The subcommittee that investigated Muzzey's text found no fault with it whatever. I had a letter from each member of the subcommittee, in which the book was highly commended."

Muzzey's history was first published in 1911. It has gone through several editions and is now used in nearly every state in this country. More than five thousand schools have adopted it and it is used as a text in schools in Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico, Panama and China. In the last two years it has been adopted in fifteen hundred educational institutions. It is used in fifty of the one hundred largest cities in the United States and in thirty-one of these it is used exclusively.

To Muzzey, history is a review of *what* happened and an impartial analysis of *why* it happened. To those who desire to be thrilled by the familiar stories of our national heroes, the text may not be satisfying. But perhaps there is enough thrill in even an unbiased treatment of American history to satisfy any thoughtful and patriotic American.

'Lost Race' of Early Americans Had Five-story Apartments

Exploration Activities of Philadelphia Woman Reveal Interesting People of New Mexico

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

MRS. LUCY L. W. WILSON,
In her working costume at Otowi.

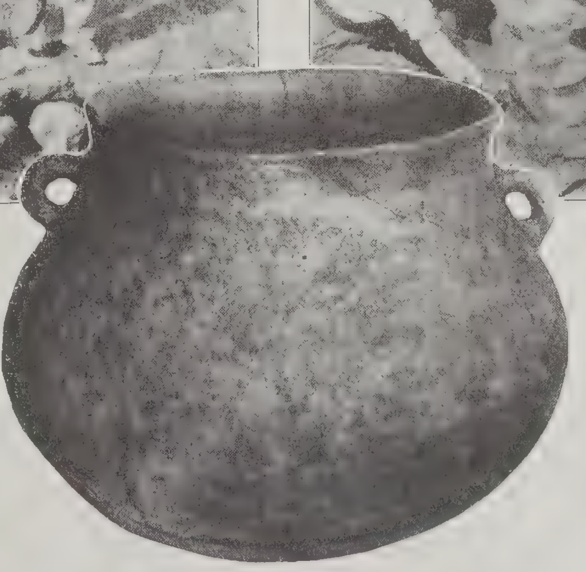
A WOMAN scientist, Mrs. Lucy L. W. Wilson, principal of the Southern High School for Girls in Philadelphia, has been responsible for explorations that have introduced to modern readers a "lost race" of early Americans. In all probability they lived much later than the highly civilized Mayas, and that fact alone makes them of extraordinary ethnological interest, since their art and customs were much more primitive. Scientific study of these people who once built apartment houses in New Mexico, therefore, enables scholars to get some idea of the beginnings of Maya and Aztec civilizations, since it is certain that they developed from just such beginnings.

The name given to the city of the dead that was old when Coronado and his band of Spanish adventurers traversed the great Southwest in the fifteenth century in their search for El Dorado is "Otowi," and it means "the Place where the Water Sinks." It lies about fifty miles northwest of Santa Fe, New Mexico, a dozen miles from the nearest railroad station, in the heart of the district that scientists have said is the richest in the country from an ethnological point of view. There Mrs. Wilson spent several summers directing surveys and the work of excavation, which was done by Indians.

Scientists of the Smithsonian Institution first located eight communal dwellings at Otowi, but did not explore them. When Mrs. Wilson became interested in the site after tours of various Central and South American ruins, she came to the conclusion that there was more to the settlement than had been revealed. Accordingly she made a more detailed survey which brought to light the ruins of dozens of single houses and a large pueblo on top of the mesa or table-land 1,300 feet above the site of the dwellings previously located; two community houses and dozens of small groups in cliff houses, eleven large pueblos on a low ridge of land to the south, and three more on another ridge. The community, as so far surveyed, includes sixteen apartment houses, some of which were five stories high.

The use made of this piece, which looks like a grindstone, is a mystery. It is very rare in the New Mexican ruins.

Showing how the Tewa Indians carefully remove the earth with trowels from around a piece of pottery to prevent it from breaking.


Handles are not common in the pottery of this region.

In the caves Mrs. Wilson found drawings similar to those found in prehistoric caves in France and other countries, indicating that the race that lived in New Mexico was probably the latest survival of a type of primitive man extinct in every other country. "Within half a mile of each other," says Mrs. Wilson, "in the narrow canyon of Otowi, there are indications of at least twenty-six farmhouses belonging to the period before the concentration, and of six large houses of the later period. Moreover, there are many groups of at least two-story porch houses in the almost perpendicular walls that bound the canyon on the north. These cliff dwellings were occupied contemporaneously with the large houses, and may, indeed, have been the winter homes. Still it is difficult to believe that the population of this little valley could have been much less than a thousand in the period just before the great concentration, or less than two thousand in the palmiest days afterward. Probably the depopulation was due to a gradual migration to the better watered and more fertile lands of the Rio Grande. Nevertheless, a protective stone wall and the location of a reservoir so that it could not fail to receive drainage from the large burial mound do suggest that there might have been cataclysms due to enemy attacks and to pestilence that hastened the desertion of Otowi."

While Mrs. Wilson was directing the excavations, her camp was pitched on a small plateau. Her tent contained only a cot, a portable washstand, a small table and a chair. A hold-all and suit hangers were suspended from the ceiling poles. "On my door pole," she says, "were suspended a pin cushion, a tiny mirror, my canteen and an electric lantern. In addition, we had a dining-room tent made of a tent fly."

Although there was not a white man within many miles, Mrs. Wilson was apparently not in the least afraid of the Indians, of whom she employed as many as fifty at a time in clearing out the rooms of the early dwellings. The archeologist becomes accustomed to "roughing it," since it is always difficult to get water. In this particular case there was almost no game, either, although when the village was occupied hundreds of years ago evidence indicates that there was plenty of it. The heat was intense, often rising to 124 degrees in the sun, but it was rarely more than eighty degrees in the little shade that could be found.

"The daily routine of work at the camp varies," says Mrs. Wilson. "It is comparatively simple when all are working on the same pueblo. Two Indians are assigned to a large room, one Indian alone if the room is small. I try to put an experienced Indian with one who has had less experience. They are both told where to put the debris. We do not use a sieve, but each Indian throws the dirt so that it thins out. They are very sharp-eyed and I think that practically nothing is lost, even such tiny objects as turquoise or other beads. All finds are placed on the edge of the place where they are working. It is my business to keep track of the happenings and to make records of the depths at which different things are found, when this is significant.

"The Indians always dig to the adobe floor, sounding it to see if there are any hollow or soft places to make sure that bed rock is underneath. Our most valuable finds are often underneath the floor, particularly in the case of not infrequent room burials. When the room is finally excavated, its measurements and peculiarities recorded, then it may be used to receive the dirt from another room. In this way, the walls are fairly well preserved and much expense is avoided. At the close of the day everything is cataloged and packed if possible. Of course, much of the pottery must first dry in the sun, as it has become moist from the earth and would break if handled too soon.

"Scarcely a day passed in our three summers of work that we did not uncover something of interest. Still, certain events stand out in red letters. The first of these was the uncovering of the body of a man, buried not in a room but in a passageway between the outside wall of North House and a heavy stone wall without. There were the remains of a cloth covering, a large basket, three long notched rain sticks, half a dozen prayer sticks, some of them ceremonially wound with cotton. Corn rested on the head, cheeks and chest.

"In the next room were a dozen ceremonial pipes, or cloud blowers, and a tiny pendant of copper. Both the room and the passageway were very near an interior kiva. From that fact and from the concentration here of so many ceremonial objects, we thought it probable that we had uncovered a carique, or priest. Since at the time of our discovery basket burials, common enough in Chaco and elsewhere, had not been reported in this region, we dreamed a dream of a foreigner and a stranger, who had not only ruled in his own lifetime, but was also able, even after death, to insist upon the burial rites of his own people. Later, however, we found evidences of the basket in seven burials.

"Another interesting day was marked by the finding of eighteen bone flutes and whistles, together with a perfect and beautiful little prayer meal bowl, all in a single room. The bowl's rim was notched in the making in four places, each, evidently, a guide to the four directions. The decoration was of conventionalized dragon flies, very similar to those so frequently found in present-day Navajo art. Diagonally opposite to this room was another in which was found another prayer meal bowl, also notched, decorated with lightning water serpents issuing from clouds. In this house we found the skulls of four deer and the jaw bones of seven. Another day resulted in the discovery of a little god or devil, in its own niche in the wall. It is made of clay, originally painted pink, but now black with soot. In a near-by room were eight similar niches, but all were empty. Numbers of stone idols have been discovered, but to date this is the only one of clay.

"But the greatest day of all was the discovery on the wall of the largest room excavated of a fresco, in color, of a mountain lion. The figure is colored yellow ocher, outlined with black. Evidences of color in the plaster of the caves, both at Otowi and at Frijoles are common. As far as I can find out, this is the only certainly prehistoric colored drawing ever found in the United States. The room measured twelve by eighteen feet. To the east was a fine ceremonial fireplace near a doorway much too small to have been used by living Indians, however well it may have served the spirits of their ancestors."

Otowi is now part of the Jemez National Forest and therefore is under government protection. Game wardens and forest rangers see to it that the occasional tourists do not disturb the ancient ruins. Only recognized scientists whose finds are intended for the benefit of the public in some museum are permitted to excavate, and they must first obtain a Federal permit. Owing to the difficulty of reaching the place, Otowi is seldom visited by tourists. Occasional parties have ventured over the trail, however, exploring the more accessible of the cliff dwellings. The extent of these, and of the stone buildings put up by the prehistoric inhabitants, is indicated by the following outline given by Mrs. Wilson:

"There are three large community houses on the Mesa of Great Otowi. South House is the oldest of these, to judge from its poorer masonry, comparative absence of communicating doors, lower walls, and the harder earth filling contained in its seventy-six rooms. East House is smaller, consisting of only forty-five ground-floor rooms, while North House, a great E-shaped pueblo, contains two hundred and seventy ground-floor rooms. The comparative absence of doors, the relatively large amount of adobe in the weak walls, and the comparatively small amount of stone on or near the surface of East and South houses incline me to believe that these houses were only a single story high. North House had a terraced second story, and possibly, not probably, a few third-story rooms.

"On a low ridge, a few hundred feet south of Great Otowi, there are two groups of community houses apparently contemporaneous with South and East houses on the larger mesa. One of these groups consists of two buildings, a rectangular house of forty rooms, all excavated, and the other a hollow square of perhaps a hundred rooms.

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How Common Is Heroism?

ONE never dreamed it possible, but the world has simply become "fed up" on heroism. Like brains, it has become a drug on the market. We were warned by the wise at the outbreak of the war that courage is our commonest human quality. The war made so many heroes that many of them tried to hide to escape going into a group too large to be very distinctive. There came a time among the "boys" when to be called a "hero" meant a fight to defend one's good name. Heroism was common—the most glorious, unforeseeable, self-sacrificing heroism was free as water among men.

People said, "If we could only have such heroism in times of peace, in common life." Apparently we have. A Detroit paper is offering a house to the person convicted by selected judges of having committed the greatest act of heroism in common life. The lists began to fill up at once with the most touching, and amazing, and thrilling narratives, all attested. And these were acts performed, not under the stimulus of martial excitement, but in the workaday world when the consequences were likely to be dire to the doers.

Yes, courage seems to be our commonest quality.

Responsibility for "German Money"

WHEN other arguments fail to move him the student of the Money Question is confronted with the horrible example of undue inflation in Germany, Austria and Russia. It is true, the soft pedal has been applied in the case of Austria. The flotation of a huge loan, under the terms of which that country has agreed to pay a dollar for every eighty cents received from the usurers who underwrote the loan, has made the Austrian situation quite satisfactory. The loan approximates one hundred millions of our money, for which the investors pay ninety millions, Austria nets eighty millions, leaving a cool ten millions for international financiers.

President Puelicher, of the American Bankers' Association, recently urged before the American Banking Institute, composed of younger employes of the banks, the necessity of educating the people to the true theories of sound money, a defense of the gold basis and of the Federal Reserve System. This he claimed was more readily to be accomplished because of the demonstration of the fallacy of the attempts of Germany, Austria, and Russia to finance themselves by paper issues beyond their power to redeem in gold.

Even so reliable a journal as *Bradstreet's* premises a discussion of the same subject on the theory that the depreciated issues are government currency. It says:

"Historians of the future will note as among the most remarkable phenomena of the present time the continued production of paper money by Germany."

The inaccuracy of this premise lies in the fact that the German Reichsbank, the imperial bank of Germany, is the sole power of issue in that country, and that, from the beginning of the depreciation of the mark, *the government liability to redeem the new issues has been withdrawn.* The paper mark is not a government money; it is purely a bank money, and is issued with no guaranty, even by the Reichsbank, of a redemption at a higher value than obtained on the date of issue.

The Federal Reserve System is the nearest approach to the European system that could be forced through Congress at the time of its adoption. By its administration, according to Paul Warburg, it has been brought much nearer that system, and its power is equal to that of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, or the imperial banks of Germany, Austria or Russia.

The Federal Reserve Bank of the United States has the right to expand the paper currency of the nation indefinitely, but the value of its notes will remain at a par with gold only so long as the government pledge remains. Supposing the insupposable, that the government of the United States should withdraw that pledge and at the same time permit the Federal Reserve System to replace currency withdrawn from circulation by speculators in compliance with bank and business demand for a medium of exchange, you would then have here the conditions of the origin of German inflation. The dollar would undoubtedly follow in the course taken by the mark.

But there is a side of the story never told by the financiers. The paper mark kept industry in motion. Bear that in mind. Under its "baneful" influence it has wrought injustice to the middle class in Germany, those who had fixed incomes, by lowering the purchasing power of the money unit. The deflation accomplished by the Federal Reserve System wrought similar injustice to a much larger class by absolutely blocking the progress of industry.

It is to be hoped that the young bankers of the institute will adopt Mr. Puelicher's advice and prepare for the work of teaching the principles of sound finance.

Bacon Or Shakespeare?

THE case is again in court—this time a new Baconian cipher is the evidence. Whether it proves that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespearian plays does not much matter to any but the delving scholar. To the average person it is sufficient that we have the plays and that with popular priced books and drama they are within the reach of all.

Without doubt there is a distinct revival of interest in the works of Shakespeare, as we are accustomed to refer to these, the finest plays in the English language and among the finest of any language. Expensive and reasonably priced copies of these works find a fairly constant sale, and productions of these plays are enjoying a marked and increasing popularity. No person who lays any claim to education or culture can be ignorant of Shakespearian works, for they rank with the Bible as a *sine qua non* of education, as an unchanging fundamental of that growing heritage which is transmitted from one generation to the next.

So, because these plays are common possessions of us all, the controversy at one time or other arrests our attention. We hear the Baconians contend that William Shakespeare could not have written the plays because they show a greater knowledge of ancient and contemporary literature than he, a poor itinerant actor and playwright, could have possessed.

Following the same line of argument, Shakespeare (or Bacon) is criticized because the plays in most cases have not original but borrowed plots. Well, why not? It detracts not a whit from the intrinsic merit of the play that traces of the plot may be found in divers sources. Plot is perhaps the least important factor in the greatness of the plays. Moreover, practically all that is important in literature is the product of preceding ages. Whether Bacon or Shakespeare did the assembling of plots and situations—or whether it was done by Christopher Marlowe, as Mark Twain humorously maintains—the job was well done, the masterpieces remain, and ours is the joy.

The Vatican and Dress

TWICE of late the newspapers have carried word that the Vatican has asserted its dignity with reference to modern fashions. The first report indicated that the Pope refused longer to receive in audience women whose arms were unclothed or whose dress otherwise disregarded the character of the ceremony of reception. The second report was to the effect that an order had been issued to exclude women whose presence was heavy with perfume. Both reports were commented upon as showing how old-fashioned the Pope is. Quite the other view will be taken by those who have had any experience of public receptions, religious or otherwise. The requirements made are only those that have been recognized in wholesome society for a long time.

"Branch Banking"

IN THE matter of branch banking, which has been discussed before and of which the public is likely to hear more, there are two ideas involved. One idea is that of service to the public; the other idea is that of service to the speculative interests which the great eastern banking houses principally serve.

To take the second first: if it is planned to send a banking pipeline into the country for the purpose of sucking all available money to the East, the principle is wrong and should be resisted. There is too much money flowing East as it is, and the service of the East to the rest of the country is not within a million miles of justifying it. Most of the life insurance money flows to the East. And, even without a branch banking system, most of the surplus deposits of the smaller banks flow to the East. The result is a concentration in the East for speculative purposes, and a drainage of other parts of the country for development purposes. Even the tyro will see that there is something wrong with a system which makes it possible to borrow millions on motion pictures in New York when it is impossible to borrow hundreds on agriculture at Omaha—especially when the millions loaned on movies at New York were first collected from other parts of the country. A system of branch banking which consists merely of a national system of intakes for eastern money brokers is not a good thing for the country.

The first purpose of the bank is to serve the community in which it lives. This community may be small or large. In a great city, branch banks are a courteous extension of service. They go to the people with their facilities. They make banking easy. They appear in the industrial districts and encourage workers to deposit their pay checks. They establish clearance offices for those outlying centers of the city's business which sometimes spring up long distances from downtown. In this sense of service, branch banking is not objectionable; it is in the same class as branch telephone stations or branch groceries.

This explanation is necessary because it is sometimes found that people imagine that the local branch banks are being condemned. It is the New York branch banks all over the country that are being condemned. And even they would not be condemned, perhaps, if more of the spirit of service were shown by them.

One Million Slaves in the World

APPEALS to the League of Nations, or what passes therefor, to take up the question of slavery with a view to abolishing it, reveal the fact that the world still holds one million chattel slaves. In spite of the utter outlawing of the idea of slavery and of the wars fought to destroy it, the institution persists in that land which has furnished both the idea of slavery and the slaves, namely, Africa. The slaves in whose behalf the plea is now made are Africans. The centers of the remaining slave trade of the world are Southwest Africa, Tanganyika and Abyssinia. It is only justice to say for the latter country that slavery is outlawed there but is pursued much as bootlegging in the United States. The world is no better than it ever was, except in parts. The traveler today may wend his way not only over thousands of miles but back through thousands of years to the conditions which we are prone to describe as "ancient" but which really are contemporary modern customs, the only difference being that in our part of the world they are not the dominant customs.

Analysis Called For

HOW retail stores charge from 200 to 1,500 per cent excess profits was fully set forth in the Government report which formed the basis of an article in this paper of September 8. Commenting on the same facts the editor of the excellent *International Interpreter* (New York) says:

"It would be interesting to study an exact analysis of how a department store decides what prices it must charge for specific items. In the case of the amber beads, how much of the $11.74 profit, out of the $12.50 price, is required to pay for the advertising of the trinket? How much of all this must go for the sales girl's wages? How much does the delivery of this small purchase actually cost? For the dinner set, how much had to be assessed for storage space, until the set was sold? It is all a tremendous pyramid at any rate, that the department store balances upside down on the small point of the original valuation."

Mr. Ford's Page

THE question is asked, "When does the New Era begin?" It is similar to the question, Where does the sky begin? The sky begins at one's feet. The New Era has begun. It is here. This, however, is not such an answer as will satisfy the questioner. The one who asks is keenly desirous that something shall occur at once, something spectacular, and radically shaking the world.

One of the strangest things about us is that we do not see the occurrences nearest to us. Every age of the world has come in with very few seeing it. It has glided in. When men begin to identify their times, it is almost time for the scene to change—we have been just that slow of mind. Never has the earth and mankind been so shaken as during the past ten years, and there are still people who are living—in their minds—before the shaking occurred. We are historians, busily marking off the past into its little squares and eras; or we are prophets eagerly marking off the future into utopias and millenniums and heavens; but we are seldom Timers, checking off the exact values of the old era as they flow past us on every outgoing moment, and the values of the New Era as they swim toward us upon every incoming one.

The New Era is here, has been here for some time. Evidence of its presence is felt in the pressure to protect old, unjust and outworn things, and in the more powerful pressure of the desire for new efficiencies in economic and social life. Pressure is a sign of the presence of power. There is certainly pressure to be felt everywhere today.

But—there is always that "but," only in this instance it has to do with human vision, not with the New Era. There is no "but" about the New Era, only about our interpretation of its phases of coming. The "but" then is here; the newer life will flow first into the newer mold, and until the molds are made the life will not appear. Though that is only half the truth, the other half being this: when once the life is invited by a newer mold it comes increasingly and begins to make molds for itself.

To illustrate: you don't see anyone electrifying old tumble-down houses. If you will observe, the man who puts into his building all the very latest electrical devices for comfort and convenience, from kitchen to parlor, has been pretty careful first to build a good house. People don't put five thousand dollars' worth of improvement into a three thousand dollar shell. The receptacle which we offer to the principles of the New Era is not permanent enough to receive them. Would anything be more contrary to the efficiency which marks the works of nature than to pour into our present systems the life that shall immortalize them for another age? Why, it is only yesterday, so to speak, since the great steel industry, one of the biggest and best of our basic industries, decided that possibly they could operate efficiently and profitably on less than a twelve-hour day! Should the New Era have poured its immortalizing life into that twelve-hour day mold? Certainly not. That had to be changed. But it did change, in spite of everything, and it is to be credited to the pressure of the New Era.

Here and there and everywhere the new life is pressing in and one of the consequences is that other things are going out. This latter looks quite innocent in print, but it is not as easy as it reads. What a great many people want is to have the old ways with the New Era, and that is exactly what they cannot have. What a great many more people want is that the New Era shall reduce the necessity for working, and that is exactly what it will not do. We always speak of changes of the times as desirable, because we think they will deliver us from the undesirable conditions in which we are—but these undesirable conditions are the very seasons of change that we are asking for. Change never was without its pain.

> *THE New Era will not be a rosy vision. Its changes will bring sadness to many and suffering to some. All changes do. People are longing for the change, and it is here, and they don't like it. The New Era will be a good time to live, but not a lazy time. People will work more; that is, they will get more work done. What we call work now is only wear and friction and useless motion. Work will be a career; with most people now it is a compulsion; they work to be able to stop work sometime. Self-interest will be the same. Human nature always works for what it thinks is its interest. It has thought its interest is to fight work. When work is made every way its interest, then in self-interest, it will work.*

We are witnessing in this country the passing of a great race, the old race of Farmers. The change that is coming upon farming in this country is not pleasant to contemplate if one regards the present and individual details of the process. What happened to the cotton spinners when steam supplanted handwork, is occurring now to the farmers—a great and profoundly significant movement passing under our eyes, and we for the most part blind to its meaning. It means that farming is changing. Now, if there is anything that most people (who never farmed) would have asked the New Era to spare, it is the romance of old-time farming, but it is going.

And people are going to work more than they do. This also is contrary to some conceptions of the New Era which make it appear like a continuous picnic. Many persons shudder at the statement that people are going to work more than they do, it sounds as if men and women were to be reduced to driven drudges, a sort of dumb peasantry, and that all the privileges won until now were to be swept away in one great deluge of darkness.

Such a feeling shows how little we know of work. To do more work does not mean what some people think it means. To get more work done is not at all what the shiftless person imagines. The hard working man who gets up before daylight and drags himself around until night may be doing very little work, getting little work done, yet he may be killing himself with the motions of it.

When work is but the expenditure of muscle and "putting in time" it is at its lowest ebb of productiveness and also at its highest point of human fatigue and wear. Neither exertion nor hours are the proper gauges of work. Both, of course, enter into all work. The higher and more creative the work, the more they enter. But the daily work by which men live has been given the benefit of creative minds, managing minds, to such an extent that it has now been made possible in all enlightened industries for men to accomplish more in half the time, with half the expenditure of physical energies, and with the consequence of greater reward and satisfaction to themselves.

It is in this sense that it is said that in the New Era more work will be done. And what is more, Work will become more and more the career of people. It is not a career now, it is a compulsion. Millions are working to the end that they may be able to quit working as soon as possible. Millions are running around like squirrels on all kinds of "white collar" schemes in a feverish desire to avoid that dreaded thing which they call work. It is the push of necessity and not the pull of interest, that controls.

Well, though it may seem strange to say so, that will change. And lest someone should say it is impossible because it would involve too great a change in human nature, let it be said at once that it will involve no change in human nature. People always work where their interest is concerned. In industry, up to date, their interest has not been concerned. But it is rapidly becoming so. The way is opening up on all sides. False starts are being eliminated. False motives are becoming more and more impossible to conceal. The ground is forming for human interest to show itself by pulling in the collar instead of leaning on the breeching. For human interest always has been active—active against work, because then it thought it served itself. Presently it will be as active for work, because then it will see it serves itself.

The New Era has begun, is here in its advance lines, but that it will exempt any of us from responsibility to labor and to suffer change, is a delusion.

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South America—Land of Aristocrat and Peon

Descendants of Conquistadors Have Done Little to Develop Their Homeland

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

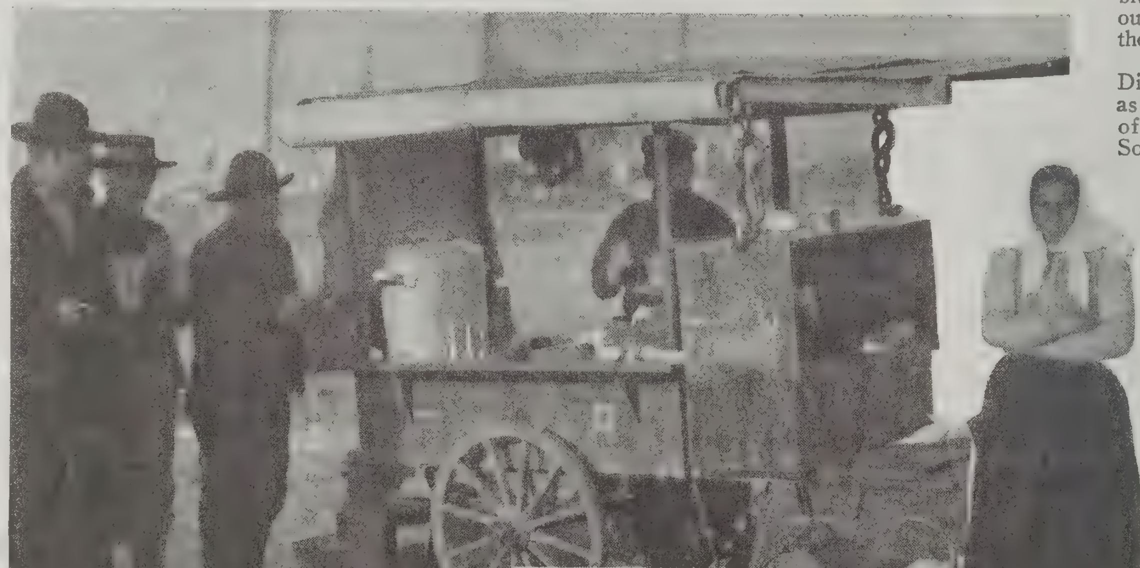
EIGHTY years ago Charles Dickens said some very uncomplimentary things about the United States of America. He made many kind, and many charitable and even flattering remarks, as well, but the impression left upon the North American public was one of fault-finding and lack of appreciation.

Something of the same indictment, for a very similar reason, must be brought against any present-day writer on South America—unless his disposition should happen to be akin to that of the late kindly and sympathetic James Bryce. Much can be said in compliment, and there is plenty of opportunity for the charitably inclined, but a large remainder of whatever may be put into words, with candor, is likely to fall over into the opposite category.

This, of course, would be as true of nearly any other part of the world. No one people, in spite of the Independence Day orators of a certain widely advertised area in the Western Hemisphere, has a monopoly on virtue. The casual observer applies his own standards to a stranger. He is not interested so much in similarities as in differences. And whatever is different he is more than apt to consider inferior.

The evolution of a common word in the English language illustrates this very human tendency of mind. A synonym for "foreigner" is "outlander," and from this root springs the adjective, "outlandish," which signifies, in the judgment of Mr. Webster, not simply a foreigner, but a person or object "barbarous, uncouth, unfamiliar of aspect or action." To seize upon the "outlandish" aspects of a foreign country, therefore, is likely to be derogatory, in spite of amiable intentions and a liberal admixture of flattery; at least it is prone to seem so to those who are under criticism.

Dickens came to the United States in the period of its most intense growing pains. It was exceedingly sensitive then to all criticism—a tenderness not even yet wholly calloused over. South America today is in something of the same temper. It is as irritable under adverse criticism as Japan—as, indeed, all countries in their years of most rapid development, the time of transition from short trousers to long.



Dock laborers at lunch along the water front at Buenos Aires.

One thing, of course, saves the Spanish-American from some of the sting, and this possibly accounts for a general absence of retort to the volume of critical comment that has been coming from the presses of Europe and North America during the past generation. This is his Spanish background. He rarely lays claim to it, for there is still some rancor inheriting from independence days. But like his ancestor, the self-sufficient Iberian, he has only to remember, when he is afflicted by an affront or by some evidence of inappreciation, that he is a Spaniard or that he is of Spanish descent. And he is heir to the conviction that there could be no boast prouder than that.

A likeness more striking than all others draws still closer the parallel between Dickens' "American Notes," collected eighty years ago, and the South American notes of most any observant traveler today. The degree of South America's material and social development, many of the conditions of living, and the manners and customs of its population, are similar to those that attracted the attention of Dickens in the United States of 1842.

If his conceit will permit, the *norteamericano* will discover many of his own faults, past or present, mirrored in the South American. He is not, of course, so likely to claim them, although he is rather fond of considering himself South America's mental and moral instructor. The idea of such a tutelage, however, meets resistance in the southern continent. The wise and blustery "big brother" notion involved in that much misinterpreted and most pretentious institution known as the Monroe Doctrine flourishes better in the Northern than in the Southern Hemisphere.

At any rate, to choose but a single example, candor will compel the expectorating citizen of the United States to find himself much at home in any South American country. The consumption of chewing tobacco is practically nil, this elegant custom never having appealed to the Latin temperament, but the necessity for spitting appears to be fully as urgent as in the United States, to judge by the prevalence of accommodations for it. The cuspidor vanished long ago, it may fervently be assumed, from the North American parlor; but we know of one such room in Bolivia, and have heard of others elsewhere, equipped with three or four of these receptacles, each within an easy range of some convenient aiming point.

Except perhaps for the delectable cuspidor, expectoration is hardly a happy choice of subject for purposes of deleterious contrast between North America and South. There are still too many spittoons in the United States. Dickens found them in courtrooms, hospitals, business places and even the halls of Congress. Washington, for him, attained one of its chief distinctions as "headquarters of tobacco-tinted saliva." For him tobacco chewing and spitting was an "exaggeration of nastiness" that could not be outdone.

Unhappily, cut plug still goes to Congress. As for the absence of chewing tobacco in South America, this means little in effect, for expectoration is rampant. And aim is poor there, or else the spitters are more careless. A gentleman, finding himself in a room clustered with cuspidors, can by no means be depended upon to trouble himself with one of them if the floor at his feet seems more convenient. We have seen the same thing in Spain, and are forced to conclude that the trait is racial and hereditary. We have seen Spaniard and Spanish-American alike expectorating upon the floor of a first-class railway carriage, with a cuspidor reposing on the carpet at his ankle and a window invitingly open at his elbow.

North America, of course, need not feel too self-righteous in this matter. Anti-spitting campaigns are still within the memories of her younger men. Laws protecting streets and the floors of public conveyances have not yet grown old on the statute books, nor have they lost their point through general observance. Some of the South American countries have followed this virtuous example, and Buenos Aires, always up to and beyond the minute in statutory equipment, posts its adjurations against spitters alongside the signs that designate its streets.

In a generation that finds frequent occasion to boast of its per capita investment in motor cars and bathtubs, there will be astonishment and incredulity at this paragraph in Dickens' "American Notes": "In all modes of traveling, the American customs, with reference to the means of personal cleanliness and wholesome ablution, are extremely negligent and filthy." Apparently there was not even the shallow tin tub that lurks under the bed of the unplumbed inn and dwelling house in present-day rural England!

Dickens might have said the same of South America, had he been able to visit it today. There are bathtubs in the leading hotels, but outside the great metropolitan centers they do not always "function." We know of one hotel bathroom that had to be exhumed from an accumulation of assorted debris, including coal, before it could be brought into its intended activities; and even then it was not by means of its own pipes that it was filled, but by the intervention of pots and pails containing the contents of the kitchen teakettle. We nearly and definitely lost faith in all "hot water" taps, and in most others as well, particularly the melancholy and disillusioned faucets that had long since drifted into innocuous desuetude on passenger trains.

We are wholly without statistics on this subject, but it has occurred to us that South American imports must be remarkably deficient in the item of plumbing supplies. This observation is based not alone upon experience, but upon hearsay from foreign residents gossiping about South American personal habits. One supporting bit of testimony is the amount of cologne and other aromatic substance that goes into consumption. Toilet waters cheat the bathtub of much of its rightful patronage.

A modern heir of the Incas beside a wall showing the skill of the ancient Peruvians.

There may be, of course, a logical explanation of this, so far as the semi-arid West Coast region is concerned. Water, there, is not so plentiful as to be used recklessly. Perhaps, also, there is to be seen in this languishment of the bathtub some echo of aboriginal influence upon the social life of the modern race-complex. Outside the Inca nobles, there is no record of a South American Indian ever having voluntarily taken a bath.

Of sanitation in general a great deal of comment might be uttered. Dickens hinted as much concerning the United States, but with some delicacy evaded the details. Perhaps it is enough to record that La Pas, during our visit, was celebrating the determination to install its first system of sewers, after an undrained existence of some four hundred years.

Dickens had less restraint with regard to Congress:

"Did I recognize in this assembly, a body of men, who, applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

"I saw in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; underhanded tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful trucklings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered is that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction, in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall."

There are present-day Dickenses who have said as much concerning some of the parliaments of South America.

If there is a North American traveler who would unburden himself of a bit of sound disapproval of South American journalism, the political violence of which has often been remarked upon, it may be somewhat sedative and restraining to consider the corresponding infancy of journalism in the United States. Dickens found the newspaper here "not vapid waterish sentiment but good strong stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and the vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic, every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey."

The creator of Mr. Pecksniff would find some amelioration of this horrible situation today, no doubt, and would discover to his dismay that, whereas the yellow journal has abated in the United States it has crossed over to Mother England and established itself there flourishingly.

In any case, no such impassioned indictment as that of Mr. Dickens in 1842 could honestly be laid at the door of South American journalism. Outside of the capitals it is, at worst, provincial and narrow, peculiarly concentrated upon matters political. And it possesses a number of outstanding virtues, principal among them a dignity that is rarely found in the "Colossus of the North." In *La Nacion* and *La Prensa,* Buenos Aires has daily publications that rank among the best of those printed in any language, and neither has the bad taste of a certain bumptious contemporary in Chicago that advertises itself to be "the world's greatest newspaper."

Except in the higher strata of civilization, table manners, like morals, are more or less geographical. South Sea royalty still takes poi with its index finger, but, as a rule, the knife and fork elsewhere in the world follow their proper usage among those "one would care to know." No doubt "sword swallowers" may be found in any country. In fact, it is not so long since that a candidate for governor in the United States of North America both lost and gained votes on the score of eating his pie with a knife. In general, it may be assumed, however, that this table implement, in the United States, has been tamed to its orthodox function. To get the thrill he enjoyed in this country during the forties of the past century, Dickens would be obliged to journey, now, into South America. There he would find, at least in the average social altitude, a merry play of the table knife between mouth and plate, and toothpicks ubiquitous and rampant.

But there was a concomitant of this matter of cutlery among Dickens' fellow travelers that happily is not to be experienced along the tourist highways of South America. "Such deadly leaden people," complains the novelist's notebook. "Such systematic, plodding, weary, insupportable heaviness; such a mass of animated indigestion in respect of all that was congenial, jovial, frank, social, or hearty, never, sure, was brought together elsewhere since the world began." To Dickens there was something funereal in the thought of "sitting down with so many fellow-animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business; to empty, each creature, his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then slink sullenly away; to have these social sacraments stripped of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings."

The Latin, whatever his minor social errors, has no such egregious fault as this. He is convivial at table, and he dines leisurely and well. More than all else, he has a liberal degree of what is traditionally known as a fine Castilian courtesy. If Dickens found an amiable civility to offset North American table manners, he might have been charmed in South America into observing no *gaucheries* at all.

It will take a long time for the United States to live down its ancient reputation for "Yankee shrewdness." If the term ever implied, in this country, any element of innocence and virtue, it gained no such acceptance abroad. Fortunately it has long since been repudiated at home. North American business has had much heart-searching in the course of the past two or three decades, and there has been a notable emendation of commercial practices, particularly with respect to Latin America. In place of the old and somewhat questionable astuteness there has grown up, indeed, sanctimonious disapprobation of what is looked upon as a somewhat general affliction of "Yankee shrewdness" throughout South America.

No secrecy veils the dishonesty prevailing in a multitude of forms among Latin-Americans. It appears endemic. Possibly it is an inheritance of the Conquest, which was wrought through treachery and maintained through unlawful violence and peculation; the Indian, at least, appears never to have recovered his confidence in human kind. And it may be that today's dishonesties are some of the harvest of the Jesuits' missionary policy of justifying the means by the end.

It is doubtful, however, if things are so utterly bad as Dickens seemed to find them in the United States:

"The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: 'Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So and So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'A convicted liar?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?'

"'Yes, sir.'

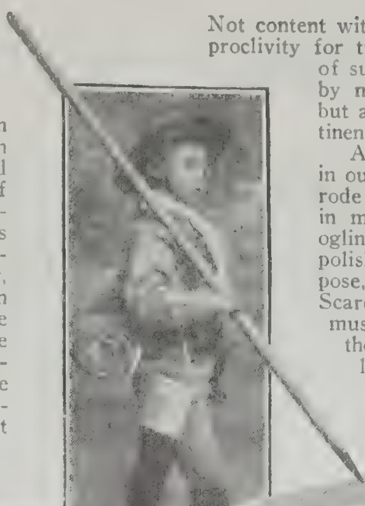
"'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?'

"'Well, sir, he is a smart man.'"

When we felt ourselves becoming perhaps a bit too critical of the vultures perched funereally upon the housetops of Callao, the vagabond canines infesting all Peruvian communities, the domestic animals of all sorts astray in the streets of Andean villages, and the cows milked by the dairyman at one's very door even in such ultra-metropolitan places as Buenos Aires, we had only to remember the amused scorn of Mr. Dickens at New York's vagrant populace of pigs, the city's self-appointed scavengers:

"Here is a solitary swine lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a roving, gentlemanly vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our clubmen at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conservation as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and the small-talk of the city in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own: which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him hardly enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it."

Dickens noted a tendency toward overdressing in the United States of the forties; and he would have had the same complaint to make of South America today. Just as this is a human trait best exemplified by the "new rich," so is it likewise an accustomed manifestation of immature social life. The women of South America have what seemed to us a marked tendency toward exaggeration of dress. It is their chief daily concern. The proclivity extends even to the children, who must be exceedingly uncomfortable in silks velvets and starched linens, which certainly hamper the business of sand piles and mud pies. Small ladies of no more than six years appear in costumes of great sophistication, designs of hat and gown being strikingly similar to those of their elders. Beauty, in any case, is not uncultivated in South America, and every aid of the chemist and the modiste goes into the habitually exquisite array of womanhood to be seen of an afternoon in the *de luxe* shopping street of Buenos Aires—the Florida—or on a Sunday at the race course in Palermo.



Above—Bolivian boy scout.

Left—Heirs of the Conquistadors in Panama.

Oval—Daughters of the Conquistadors, on the beach at Callao, Peru.

Below—Indian women of Bolivia.

It is boasted in the Argentine capital—and here is another mark of the "new rich"—that the value of diamonds to be seen on the opening night of the opera season is many times greater than that of any similar display upon such an occasion in the United States.

No better indication of the South American attitude toward clothes could be noted than the puzzled reception of occasional North American motion picture films in which the underlying theme is ridicule of a dude. To South American spectators this motive is incomprehensible, the fop to them appearing as an exquisitely costumed person of most distinguished and aristocratic bearing.

The passion for adornment, in a thoroughly Latin manner, extends further than clothes. *Plazas,* boulevards, public buildings and park statuary have absorbed vast sums of state and municipal moneys that in the United States would have gone into schools, pavements and sewers. The outlay of Buenos Aires in fountains and marble monuments can scarcely be equaled by any United States city. Dickens, indeed, were he to revisit his American cousins, might still find some ground for repetition of his original complaint:

"It would be well, there can be no doubt, for the American people as a whole, if they loved the Real less, and the Ideal somewhat more. It would be well, if there were greater encouragement to lightness of heart and gayety, and a wider cultivation of what is beautiful, without being eminently and directly useful. But here, I think the general remonstrance, 'we are a new country,' which is so often advanced as an excuse for defects which are quite justifiable, as being, of right, only the slow growth of an old one, may be very reasonably urged."

North American morals, in Dickens' time, do not appear to have been particularly subject to censure. In this respect there is a notable point of departure between the United States of 1842 and the South America of today. Masculine standards of conduct are somewhat oriental, to say the least. They list backward to the Moorish harem and to the Turkish seraglio.

It has long been the legend among visitors to South America that an unescorted woman was likely at any time to be insulted upon the public thoroughfares. The legend has been wearing down in recent years, thanks a great deal to the belligerent attitude of certain foreign residents who set out with fisticuffs to make the streets safe for their women. But in general the persistence of Spanish-Moorish custom throughout South American life confines feminine respectability to the house or to the chapel, and exposes to the amorous attentions of the predatory male any woman who does not conform to this rule.

Probably it is not an exaggeration to say that every Spanish-American considers himself something of a Don Juan. At any rate this might be inferred from the actions of a wide variety of observed specimens. Men who can afford to do so, and many who cannot, dress to the verge of foppishness. Their eyes are ranged frankly abroad for a target of feminine beauty. Not content with a glimpse in passing, there is a great proclivity for turning or pausing to inspect an exhibit of such charms in retreat. The turret neck is by no means a South American monopoly, but at least it can be said to be, on that continent, in a candid and flourishing state.

Among the most deadly of the Don Juans in our experience were the army officers who rode round and round the passenger trains, in many a small town of the high Andes, ogling the ladies, and inviting, by grace of polished leather and *caballero* manliness of pose, a compensating admiration in return. Scarcely less insidious to the feminine heart must be the godlike suavity and poise of the white-gloved, white-batoned traffic policemen of Buenos Aires.

There is, in the United States, a noxious breed that goes about greeting men of its acquaintance with hearty blows aïmed at the shoulder blades, or with clammy hand pressed to a shrinking knee. It would be better for all concerned if they were to be sent to the high Andes. There, the back-slap, like the French accolade, is an accepted custom among friends. Meetings in public and in private are made dramatic with this form of greeting, for which the following may be considered an adequate recipe: Place the chest firmly against that of the *amigo* to be saluted, at the same time clasping his right hand in yours; mutually slap shoulder blades with disengaged left hands until the desired degree of mutual friendship has been demonstrated, this being governed by no rule, but rather by usage too subtle to be readily explained. The ceremony is similar, in this latter respect, to the Japanese bow of greeting; there is an immutable but instinctively understood regulation that determines for each case the number of bows required and the degree of dorsal inflection.

Much of the traditional *cortesia* of the old-time Spanish grandee clings to the less hurried regions of the Andes; a punctiliousness of demeanor that is almost Confucian in its rigidity of prescription and observance. A better example than the form of greeting, perhaps, is the custom of mourning. The almost universal tint of black, manifesting itself even in the men's straw hats, gave the general population, for us, a striking air of bereavement.

Dickens had many bitter things to say of Negro slavery in free United States. South America's peonage system of today might have grieved him almost as much. The Spanish conquerors, many of whom were aristocrats by birth, were all aristocrats in their thorough contempt for labor. Enslavement of the aboriginal population, therefore, was inevitable. Men were necessary to operate the mines and to till the soil, and although the Indian has never been more than feebly industrious he was compelled for many generations to carry the entire burden of manual toil—a task infinitely greater than was imposed upon him by the paternal Incas. Peonage is still widespread. The burden today, however, has been largely shifted from the Indian, who is generally as indolent as he pleases. Immigrant labor and a growing body of *mestizos,* a varied mixture of European and aborigine, has taken up his former enforced task. The Spanish-American is a true son of the Conquistador. The *hidalgo* spirit, however, has carried him too far. He lacks the militant dash that would have made commercial and industrial captains of the conquerors if they had lived in this modern day. He has gone in for law and medicine, and the resources of his country have been exploited by men of North America and Northern Europe.

Constant Tinkering With Our Money System

Every Financial Step Taken Has Been Experiment, None Has Been Success

A REVIEW of financial legislation in the United States, from the beginning of the National Bank System to the present time, renders it impossible to admit the claim that financiers have a monopoly of wisdom in the Science of Money, or that there is any such science at all.

Such a review must lead to the conviction that every financial step thus far taken has been in the nature of *experiment*. Every Congress, from the inception of the idea of a delegated authority to issue currency, has found in previous laws some real or fancied defect in our monetary system, and has regularly tinkered these laws to make them perfect.

Even now a joint committee of Senate and House is about to hold hearings in various parts of the country to investigate the failure of the Federal Reserve Act to give the relief promised in 1913. The Federal Reserve System was put over as an absolutely adequate, scientific means of preventing panics and forever banishing those periodic depressions theretofore ascribed to "business cycles."

The fact is, financiers are not experts at all. They are too interested to be scientific in their attitude or methods, and the few who have seen the truth are deterred by business reasons from promulgating it.

Those who deem it necessary that Congress should delegate the power to issue money may have their views enlarged and revised by a glance at the history of the system as it has been developed up to this time.

Creating a Money Monopoly

THE First National Bank Act was passed in 1863. Prior to that time, except for a small emergency issue of government currency, paper money was confined to bank issues and depended for its circulation upon the credit of the issuing bank. Gold and silver, *being privately owned,* were withdrawn from circulation. The creation of national banking associations was the means employed to end the issue of paper money by the government, although the national currency authorized was dependent on the public credit, as it is today.

The Act of 1863 did not displace the old system, and the law never became operative. Existing banks did not flock to the system, and the tension was not relieved. The State banks continued under the charters governing their conduct, and in 1864 an entirely new act was prepared by Eastern interests and passed. This act also failed to supersede the State bank currency, and it was amended the following year. The Act of 1864 gave to National Banks special privileges and outlawed the private bank notes by placing a prohibitive tax on other than national bank circulation. State banks fought the tax as unconstitutional, until an adverse Supreme Court decision ended the dispute.

This was the initial step in the creation of a money monopoly, for it reduced the number of banks of issue by more than fifty per cent. But it created the "best money system on earth," if one is to believe the beneficiaries and the campaign platforms of the party in power. A majority of the people of the United States believed it, and credited the financiers with a knowledge of the science of money that obtains even to this day.

It has been noted that the National Bank Acts formed a step in the creation of a money monopoly. An explanation is perhaps due, as the student may not see how this can be. Authority was conferred on banks to issue currency up to a certain proportion of their invested capital, the notes being secured by the deposit of certain government obligations to insure redemption. Of the bank circulation thus authorized by government, there has never been more than sixty or seventy per cent issued, so far as we can learn. The effect is, of course, a scarcer and a dearer money, since the law of supply and demand is as operative here as elsewhere. The result has been high interest rates, and "high money" with all its consequences. Instead of an automatic increase of the means of exchange to correspond with increased production and trade, the currency volume has been fixed by the class in whose interest a limited supply is most profitable.

Coinage a Government Function

NOT only was it possible for the banks themselves to restrict the volume of currency, but the statute fixed a maximum of $900,000,000 as the limit for all National Bank issues, a feature utterly wrong in principle. The notes were issued in blank to the banks, and became money when signed and put in circulation.

The Act of 1865 provided a circulation tax of one-half of one per cent on the National Bank notes. It was the technical point that this made the ten per cent tax on other currencies general, and thus within the Constitutional powers of Congress, where a specific prohibition of other forms of currency could not be sustained.

The apportionment of circulation according to population and the aggregate limitation of currency volume provided in the Act of 1865 were repealed in 1875, being the chief of several modifications of the law in the interim. The records from then on may be studied from any annotated copy of the Compiled Statutes of the United States of 1873, and the session laws of succeeding Congresses.

Available security for the circulation redemption of the currency authorized was at first restricted to government bonds specified as having the "circulation privilege." Not all bonds were included in this class, and various amendments providing for the use of certain other obligations and of lawful money were added from time to time. For instance, the Act of 1874, which provided for the destruction of redeemed notes by maceration instead of burning, was deemed of sufficient importance for Congressional action.

No material modification affecting National Bank circulation was made subsequent to 1874 until 1882. In the Act of the latter year, banks capitalized at $150,000 or less were not required to keep on deposit in the Treasury bonds to exceed one-fourth their capital stock to secure their notes in circulation. This act also limited the amount of National Bank notes retired in any one year to $3,000,000. This is evidence that even at that date the process of deflation was felt in the depression of business.

The above rehearsal brings us to the Act of 1900, by which a drastic revision of the whole banking law calculated by its sponsors to perfect the whole system was undertaken.

The policy of a mutual guaranty of circulation, where each bank is assessed to form a guaranty fund for failed banks is now looked upon as an innovation of great danger to sound business. It will be news to many that the matter received the recommendation of a commission comprising the most noted financial experts of a quarter of a century ago.

The Act of 1900 was the culmination of an inquiry that involved much time and study, and that in all respects it did not follow the details recommended will be attributed by suspicious minds to the activity of the "invisible government" of the money trust. It was doomed to failure, too, for at once came the agitation, academic and with such object lessons as the bankers' panic of 1907, for the Old World system for one central bank of issue, independent of and in no degree responsible to the general government.

The Civil War between the States (1861-5) may justly be designated as the beginning of bank domination in the United States. Prior to that time the government had assumed no jurisdiction of banking, President Jackson's defeat of bank domination having apparently settled the policy of the republic to the simple declaration of what should be the basis of money. This was gold and silver, both coined on private account.

Under the Constitution, the coinage of money and the establishment of its value was made a government function. The article which vests the money function in Congress is confined to the section which reads, "Congress shall have power to coin money and regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, but a reading of the article in full impliedly makes the issue of currency or bills of credit a government duty, by forbidding the issue of currency or emission of bills of credit by any State.

This ambiguous language of the Constitution has been uniformly construed by the Supreme Court in accord with the implied authority of the government to issue money, and there is no doubt in the matter.

Banks of issue, under state charter, provided the paper currency in use before the Civil War. Of course there was no power to make their notes a legal tender, and in circulation they were subject to discount and exchange, a matter controlled by the banks themselves.

These issues should not be confused with what was known as "wildcat money." One New York bank to this day boasts that during its wildcat period its notes were universally accepted while money issued in other states was refused in the East and South and especially in New England and in foreign commercial centers.

People Constantly Chloroformed

EARLY in the Civil War, President Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, recognized the necessity of a legal tender which should be accepted all over the country, and in his first report to Congress (1861) recommended a national bank system, empowered to issue a currency based on bonds issued by the government. A bill was introduced in Congress, but Thaddeus Stevens, chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, to which the matter was referred, was opposed to the establishment of a bank currency, *maintaining that the government itself should issue its own notes.*

Secretary Chase renewed his recommendation for the passage of the National Bank Act in his annual report for the following year, and was supported by President Lincoln, but action was delayed through the emergency resulting in the issue of the Treasury Notes and the Congressional authorization of the United States Notes so familiarly known as greenbacks.

The principal argument in favor of the National Bank System was Mr. Chase's belief that it would greatly facilitate the negotiation of United States bonds —in other words, make it much easier *for the government to borrow money.* It was also claimed it would secure for the people in all parts of the country a currency of uniform security and value, and protect them from loss in discount and exchange.

The same arguments have been used in every change of the banking and currency systems proposed. It is "for the good of the people." Money reformers have not succeeded because the people are not left to their own Constitutional solution of the question, but are chloroformed while the same financial surgeons continue to operate on the body politic.

We of the present day know something of the orgies of profiteering in a national extremity, and are prone to think the world is worse than it was sixty years ago. Bad as it is, every offense in the career of greed we know of had its forerunner in the days when the nation was periled by fraternal strife. One of the worst chapters in our whole history could be written of this period and the same interests which now threaten the country contributed the menace of that day. The devious program of usury gained power over the financial legislation of the Civil War period, and culminated in the surrender under protest of Lincoln, Chase and Stevens. The President was assassinated. There is no doubt of his intention, had he lived, to make High Finance the next object of Abolition after Chattel Slavery of the Negroes had been accomplished.

After having passed both branches of Congress in 1863, the National Bank Act was revised and again put through Congress, becoming a law in 1864, the final vote being in June.

In spite of the boasts of its friends that the National Bank Act is a scientific and practically perfect financial measure, the passing years have witnessed many minor changes in it, and finally an entirely new law was proposed. While this was not adopted in its entirety, a résumé of its features may be of interest, especially as its sponsors were men of fame as financial experts, including Senator Edmunds, Secretary Fairbanks and Professor Laughlin.

These men were in a committee deputed by a monetary conference to prepare a financial system that should improve the National Bank System to a point beyond criticism. How well it was done is indicated by the fact that within a few years it was deemed necessary to reorganize the whole banking system according to the views of Paul M. Warburg, which, after being rejected when Senator Aldrich was its spokesman in the Taft Administration, finally produced the Federal Reserve System.

How many readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT remember that less than a quarter century ago, in 1900, the "best money system on earth" was adopted?

New Steps to "Reform"

THE story of the Monetary Reform Act of 1900 forms an interesting chapter in the fiscal history of the United States. The demonetization of silver in 1873, and its partial nullification by the Sherman Act requiring that certain amounts of the metal be coined on government account, had partially mollified the discontent of the masses, but it had also checked the profiteering incident to the establishment of the gold basis. International financiers had reaped the full benefit of the fiat which added more than a third to their Greenback hoardings, and were now seeking other means of usury.

The close election of 1896 brought a realization that the voters of the country really favored the principles involved in the protest which had overthrown the Cleveland faction in the Democratic party, and this inspired immediate steps toward monetary reform.

In 1897 some 300 money experts gathered in conference at Indianapolis to discuss the system then in operation, learn its faults and prepare a perfect plan for recommendation to Congress. The call was issued by the Indianapolis Board of Trade, and was responded to by representatives of similar organizations from all parts of the country.

To recount the principal points in addresses and papers at this convention reminds one of the oratory at bankers' conventions or at political reform meetings of today. They included:

"The Greenbacks should be retired."

"National Banks should not be restricted in power of issue except by the total of bonds deposited to secure circulation."

"The country needs a stable tariff and a stable currency."

"Prosperity can only be restored by the establishment of a sound currency."

"The Government should base all its currency on the gold standard, replace all notes with coin certificates, and protect the currency volume with a twenty-five per cent reserve."

"Government should withdraw from banking business."

"Government should establish a postal savings bank."

The reader will see that it was really a call for some legislation to "restore prosperity," and that the delegates had some familiar ideas.

The result was the appointment by the organization of a monetary commission charged with making a comprehensive investigation of existing currency laws, urging a currency reform measure on Congress.

A second conference, at which the report of the commission was made, was held in Indianapolis in January, 1898, the report being unanimously adopted. It contained 39 specific recommendations.

Gold Standard Maintained

A BILL, based on the report, was introduced in the House by Representative Overstreet, of Indiana December 4, 1899, and on the eighteenth of the same month was passed. In the Senate, after considerable amendment, the bill was passed February 15, 1900. The House refused to concur in the Senate amendments and it went to conference. An agreement was reached and on March 13 the act was passed as amended.

The new law maintained the gold standard, provided for the maintenance of the legal tender quality in silver and other currency as before, provided for the substitution of silver certificates for treasury notes, their reissue under certain circumstances, the creation of divisions of issue and redemption, the refunding of bonds at not to exceed three per cent, the new bonds to be fully tax-exempt, the maintenance of a gold reserve of $1,500,000,000 for the redemption of treasury notes, and so on. Perhaps the most striking feature of the act is the last section, which recited that its provisions

(*Concluded on page 13*)

The Rise of a Better Drama Sought in Boston

Copley Repertory, 47 Workshop, Little Theaters, Hopeful Signs of the Times

By MAY B. WHITING

WITH our French theaters, Italian theaters, Yiddish theaters, and imported Russian and Chinese theaters, why not support an English-speaking theater? A few seasons ago a writer, dealing with the situation in New York, made a plea for just such an institution, where the English language should be spoken, not mouthed, and the purpose of which should be to present a play, not to exhibit a star. With ninety per cent of the theatrical business of the country in the hands of a few men, the majority of whom have tastes and ideals not wholly American, the public is forced in large measure to accept such amusement as is set before it, or stay at home. Here and there brave institutions, notably the Repertory Theater in Boston, are striving to restore the drama to its rightful place among the fine and noble things of life.

Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard, shown in the center of the seated group, has with his associates done much for playwrighting. At the left is shown a 1923 production of 47 Workshop, Professor Baker's class.

In 1916 Henry Jewett came to Boston for a season of Shakespeare. The next autumn he took over the Copley, then idle, and began repertory work. Friends of the drama watched with interest the new venture, not a few prophesying failure for an undertaking so at variance with the idea, fast being ingrained, that the stage was the place to indulge vulgarities that would not be tolerated in the home. Today the Copley is one of Boston's most distinctive institutions. It is the only repertory theater in the country and is known in every land where the English drama is loved and appreciated.

The Repertory Theater is very different from a stock company where every member has his "line" as lead, character, or ingénue, and he is always cast in a similar rôle.

The Repertory is democratic in its working; each actor has an equal chance and plays the part best suited his personality or talents. There is no leading man or lady, and, in the Copley, no actor accepts a curtain call. Here not personality but "the play's the thing," as Shakespeare advises, and the company responds as a whole.

Quite unlike the ordinary commercial theater, the Copley makes a serious attempt to build up a permanent clientele and to bridge over that chasm which a few feet before and back of the footlights seem to make.

One of the chief factors for friendship between the theater and its public is the Frances Jewett Repertory Club, named in honor of Mrs. Jewett, whose unselfish labors and unfailing enthusiasm have swung the project along over many a dangerous shoal. This club, starting with seven members, has now almost 2,000. It meets monthly in the theater. Affairs of the organization are discussed, and members of the company present a dramatic entertainment. Frequently, after matinee performances, tea is served in the clubrooms, and actors and audience meet for social intercourse. Edwin Booth, in founding the Players Club, in New York, had much the same purpose, for, as he said, actors commonly associate too much with each other, and friendship with people outside the theater, yet in sympathy with it, makes for a better drama.

Working in such an organization, the actor has a chance to make real friends, and to take the place that belongs to him in the respect of the community. No doubt constant association with the lofty sentiments of Shakespeare helped to mold the noble characters of our older school of actors, and the Repertory players come under a similar influence, for the Copley aims to produce works that are not only plays, but literature. John Drinkwater, author of "Abraham Lincoln," gave it as his opinion that the list of plays produced by the Jewett Players was the finest offered by an English-speaking theater.

Again, the repertory idea gives the actor unusual opportunity to develop. In stock, a leading man, with constant rehearsals and the strain of always memorizing difficult rôles, has little chance for thoughtful study.

In repertory, while he is playing a minor part, the actor can put real work on the next production, as Mr. Clive, in preparation for the part of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, visited the padded cells of Charlestown for facial expression.

The work of Mr. Clive shows the advantages of repertory training. From light, humorous parts, for which his talents at first seemed to cast him, he has given remarkable interpretations of such characters as Roberts in Galsworthy's "Strife" and Eilert Lovborg in "Hedda Gabler." Catherine Willard, another member of the company, has become an actress of unusual versatility and power. Her impersonation of the title rôle in Hedda did much to justify the criticism that the Copley production of that difficult piece was the finest ever seen outside the land of the Norwegian dramatist.

The secret of repertory success is, of course, the subordination of personal brilliancy for a harmonious whole, and in the general air of unity and smoothness of action one feels a welcome relief from the commercial theater where the play is too often jerked along by the successive appearances of the star. Perhaps the ideal would be a community theater—when we have an ideal community to support it. In the meantime the Repertory Theater is helping the situation wonderfully. The organization now owns a fine piece of land opposite Symphony Hall on which to build a commodious theater and clubrooms, and once established in its own home, its influence will shine more brightly, "a brave deed in a naughty world."

The idea of co-ordinating audience and players is not confined to the Jewett Players. The 47 Workshop, Harvard, a course in playwrighting under Professor George Pierce Baker, which has produced amazing results, unites author, producer, scenic artist, actor and audience into one organization working together for a common end, a better American drama.

Yet there are only about a dozen students admitted to the course, and as many at Radcliffe, where the work is duplicated. Associated with them is another group of varying number who are studying scenic art and who design the sets for the Workshop productions. About forty persons, many of whom have had dramatic training, comprise the company and from these the actors are chosen.

The audience numbers about two hundred, and are required, as a condition of membership, to send in a written criticism of the performance. In the light of these criticisms the play is revised in the Workshop, and a second presentation will perhaps be given, this time for the public. Theatrical managers watch with interest the Workshop productions and here many of the successes of the following season are chosen.

From the very first this practical course showed results in the professional drama. Edward Sheldon, of the first class, distinguished himself with "Salvation Nell," following with "Nigger," "The Boss," and the ever popular "Romance." Eugene O'Neill is perhaps the foremost figure of the American drama today. Three times he won the Pulitzer prize for dramatic composition, first with "Beyond the Horizon," then "Anna Christie," and "The Hairy Ape." To name all the successes of the 47 Workshop would be too long a list, and, in passing, some mention should be made of their one-act plays. "The Clod," a sensational one-act, was produced by the Washington Square Players, and "The Florist Shop" never loses its charm for amateurs.

The Workshop itself, situated in Lower Massachusetts Hall, once barracks for the colonial army, is a most interesting, yet baffling, place to visit. Its tiny office, not much bigger than a wardrobe, attends to all the affairs of the organization, and keeps in touch with past students, even to handling their royalties, no small matter with the large number of their productions now playing.

Leading from the office is the Workshop proper, a place indescribable except by the name so happily chosen for it. Scenery in stacks, gauzes, drops, odds and ends of lumber, pots of paint, a few chairs, a dummy nonchalantly swinging by its neck, complete the equipment. An unpromising place enough to the uninitiated, and unconsciously emphasizing in true dramatic relief the genius of the man who presides, Professor Baker, whose untiring labors have done so much to change the whole dramatic situation and whose example colleges everywhere are striving to emulate.

Like many other cities, Boston has its Little Theater groups, half professional, half amateur, who are constantly working for a better drama. In 1912 the first Little Theater in America appeared. The summer before. Mrs. Lyman Gale had been interesting a few sincere lovers of dramatic art in the project and on New Year's Day the Toy Theater opened in a remodeled stable on Beacon Hill. It was planned along much the same lines as the *Theatre Libre* in Paris and the Abbey of Yates and Lady Gregory in Dublin. It seated only 127 persons and performances were by subscription. Humble as was its beginning, the Toy Theater marked an epoch in American drama. Today there are Little Theater groups in almost every state, many of them doing excellent work.

One of the most interesting of these associations is the Boston Stage Society, already outgrown the Peabody Play House, which shelters a number of others, and is now preparing itself a home in the Brick Oven Colony.

The Brick Oven is itself a most fascinating spot in the most romantic part of Boston, Beacon Hill. It is a sort of story book affair, a colonial house a bit eccentric and lopsided, with old-time fastenings on all the doors and windows, crooked stairs, a fireplace in every room, and a brick oven beside the chimney. Close by, in the court, are two other houses, perhaps a trifle less old and a shade more dubious looking, with ship lanterns over the door, and through the tiny window panes, fascinating glimpses of gay batiks, easels, presses, and the many-hued costumes of a theatrical designer. For the Brick Oven is the home of artists who are delightfully in love with art, and who, in this enchanted nook, find a refuge from the disillusionment of life.

In such an atmosphere the Boston Stage Society will have every chance to prosper. The stable that went with the house in the days of its colonial grandeur makes an excellent theater, seating about 150. Before such a sympathetic audience as the Hill can furnish, the society can produce dramas of the direst problems and darkest tragedy—deep works which only youth can properly understand or interpret.

All this is a most promising sign of the craving for a wholesome drama in our national life. The dramatic instinct, revealing itself in the earliest play of children, will not be denied in man, and instead of degrading the morals of the community, the stage should inspire to nobler, kindlier purposes. To this end, it is more powerful than novels, pictures, monuments, enduring as they are, for no art can be so vital as that of the spoken word.

Five Men in a Newspaper Boat That Sank

In This Is Related the Story of the Failure of a Truth-telling Policy Instituted by a Group That Sought to Print the Honest Word

By a Newspaperman

"NO MAN wishes to write unless it is possible for him to have some honest word about that which he writes."—"Mr. Ford's Page," THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, July 28.

There were five men—a managing editor and four college-trained assistants—who yearned for the opportunity to write and print the honest word. So they acquired the opposition newspaper in their Eastern city of less than 50,000 population, a city that was just emerging from a restful past into the newer industrial life. The transition from steady jobs on the standpat paper to an environment of independence was a plunge taken with a zest inspired by an ideal.

"We will give our people the whole truth about everything and work for the community's best interest, always with righteous intent and in good nature." The five stood unanimous on this platform.

The paper received the Associated Press report of some 15,000 words, and printed practically every dispatch that came over the leased wire. It had a large, loyal and hard-working staff of county correspondents, and the new management engaged as legislative correspondent a well-known writer for a leading newspaper at the state capital who was instructed to be frank, honest and fair in his reports. And he followed instructions.

The policy of independence in weighing facts and of telling the truth literally in news reports was adhered to from the first issue under the new control. The leading editorial was always written on a local, county or state topic. The paper was improved typographically and scare heads tabooed, the purpose being to fill the columns with a daily feast of genuine news.

The Beginning of the Boycott

A CHANGE in the form of the municipal government was the initial reform espoused by the new paper carrying on under a name that had headed its first page for more than thirty years. The city was subdivided into five wards, which elected three aldermen each and the whole city voted for three aldermen-at-large, the term being one year. The mayor and minor executives were elected for three-year terms. The ward system had brought about a steady increase in the municipal tax rate, traceable to the fact that the aldermen formed trading combinations within the board. If the first ward sought some public improvement within its boundaries, the first ward aldermen "traded around" for sustaining votes and in turn pledged their support to localized enterprises in the other wards. This "tickle me and I'll tickle you" scandal was of many years' standing, the two local newspapers evading it by merely reporting the votes of the board briefly in running stories of the monthly aldermanic meetings.

This scandal was vigorously assailed and lucid statistics printed showing the constantly rising tide of taxation for specialized improvements that were of little benefit to the community as a whole. A change was demanded to a commission form of government, with six commissions elected at large, each to be the responsible head of a municipal department. This campaign of education in intolerable taxation on the one side and commission government on the other for the city's redemption and relief won the taxpayers' hearty approval, given by letter and in person. But the business men were extremely backward in showing tangible evidences of enthusiasm. The biggest advertiser in the city, who conducted a department store using page space daily in the standpat paper, when I personally solicited his business, patted me on the shoulder and said: "You are getting out a fine paper. Keep it up and some day I'll simply have to buy space from you." That "some day" was the slogan of nearly every liberal space buyer up and down the main business thoroughfares. It gave reasonable ground for suspicion that they had agreed to tolerate us with that sort of vague promise in the hope that eventually we would listen to reason and give ideals a permanent vacation. It is unquestionable that the reason behind this mild boycott of our columns was the fear of the average merchant of every municipal official and employe and of their friends—fear of arousing displeasure and loss of trade by lending support to our opposition to things as they were in giving us their advertising business. The contractors' ring made that fear real to the merchants, for we lost a column of their business cards and nearly every cancellation notice carried the message that "Commission government is the bunk," or words to the same effect.

Circulation Shows Growth

THE circulation of the paper mounted steadily, however, and our group of five idealists was certain that the circulation eventually would pull the needed business. Our educational campaign went on with undiminished enthusiasm, yet no civic organization—the city had a full complement under the various popular forms—indicated the least interest in our purpose to relieve the tax burden and abate the waste of public funds. The paper was making a good fight in the center of the ring, but our group soon learned with sorrow that popular support at two cents a copy for the paper was not paying the costs of publication. A change was advised, so we compromised by simply printing every day a "box" feature on commission government, without editorial comment.

The editor of the small city newspaper who is adept in "rolling over and playing dead" while the "reg'lar fellers" play percentage with taxpayers' money, can always count on steady returns from local big-space buyers. His newspaper employs an advertising manager merely to fill in the chinks with small stuff advertising.

Newspaper policy is no longer competitive. It has become stabilized into "Be good and get the business."

The bipartisan color of the regulars in municipal politics tinges every public and semi-public activity and interest. Only the trustful citizen is deceived when, by casting his vote under a party name, his ballot is counted either for the "tickle me" or "tickle you" elements of the gang. As a general proposition the result of a small city election is "all even" no matter whether the "ins" stay in or the "outs" get in.

The police department of the city was an outworn organization recruiting new strength from a reserve list of men appointed by the aldermen. The head of the department had been the commander of the state troops. He needed the salary, but held the position to be beneath his dignity; so he put the real work on the shoulders of the next in rank and took it easy. The conditions at headquarters and in the precinct stations were on a happy-go-lucky status—happiest after periodical raids of the "outlaw" places of ill repute. The treatment of prisoners taken in these raids, particularly the women, was on a cash basis for favors, and bail-bond running had almost become a recognized function of the department personnel itself. At the same time the "better class" resorts were liberally patronized by youths in the "allowance" class—a wild lot that had the run of the town every night they decided to have a party. They were immune from arrest, and so were the favored resort proprietors. In fact, hackmen and police officers, when these youths were too drunk to stand, saw that they were taken home or to some hotel which catered to this business.

The Political End of Things

MOREOVER, the foreign colony was kept under strict repressive rule, and a wedding celebration was always countenanced, because the usual ratio was one arrest to each keg of beer consumed by the celebrants. The police court, from judge down the line, was a roster of favorites with the local political ring, which knew no partisanship, although it did use party designations over the names of candidates on the municipal ballot. Small fines and exorbitant costs were the established police court rule, and presentation before the bar was equivalent to conviction in the case of minor infractions of the law.

The police situation was attacked by our paper from every possible angle, and the removal of the inefficient officers demanded. One young alderman, suspected of training a mayoralty bee, took up the cudgels and forced an investigation. The result might have been foretold when the aldermanic police committee sat as the tribunal. It was a whitewash for all concerned, a clean bill of health for the police chief and his lieutenants, and a crushing defeat for the young alderman at the next election. Our newspaper, however, continued to print the facts of police administration. In reporting police court convictions we stated the fine in each case and gave a detailed statement on the distribution of the "costs." The morale of the police department did rise for a time; but the chief was stricken blind whenever any one of us came within talking distance of him. The favored wild youth continued their nocturnal carousings, until local society was shocked by a notorious woman's claims to a welcome into one of the leading families by way of a marriage certificate that enmeshed an only son. Our paper told the sordid story without embellishment. The standpat paper didn't print a word about the case. Society thereafter classified us as a "scandal sheet"—and business took the cue from its charge accountees. Well, we had more room in our columns than ever to devote to the news.

From our initial issue the paper gave generous space to every commendable and progressive local activity and printed special feature articles descriptive of social, mercantile and industrial enterprises. It boosted them harder from a space as well as an editorial point of view than it demanded reforms of local evils. But we did cling to the honest word policy tenaciously.

The ramifications of local politics were traced along every tangent, and our readers were fully informed of events as they transpired and given leads for their own interpretation so that they might anticipate results. A choice morsel was an exposure of a city official who was a large landowner. Evidently without feeling a single twinge of conscience, this official had not alone used the city's public works equipment to improve some of his low-lying lots, but he took the city's filling material, including sand from the city's lot. When exposed, the official declared he had arranged the matter with the department of public works, for future settlement. The head of that department at first shied from answering our specific charges, but finally he declared that he had made a verbal contract with the city official. The work was paid for eventually, but not before the newspaper felt the weight of displeasure all along an extensive line of municipal favorites.

Our correspondent at the capital was alive to his opportunities. A United States senatorship was a prospective plum, ready to serve when the honorable incumbent retired on account of age and disability. The legislature was solidly of one party, but split into three factions. Our correspondent penetrated to the inside of the state machine and told the story of the checker game maneuvered to send to the Senate the son of a wealthy manufacturer. This son had been a non-resident for many years, and it was common knowledge that he had done well in big-city finance. The story was denied from every part of the state, and every means was employed by the ring's representatives to learn the identity of our informant. We did religiously protect our correspondent, for his stories were printed as though written in our own editorial department. Well, the story was proved accurate by the legislature, which put over the non-resident for United States Senator. The state business in legal notices and abstracts of laws, however, never thereafter came over the counter in our business office.

Tells Truth About "Sales"

THERE was another political fireworks celebration when the paper attacked a candidate for governor who as a representative in Congress had made sensational charges of graft in connection with government contracts. This man was repudiated when an investigation of his charges collapsed for want of evidence. To the state machine he was, nevertheless, *persona grata*. He got into the governor's chair by a fair majority, served one term characterized by truckling, and then sank into political oblivion. The word our newspaper printed about the undesirability of electing this type of man to the governorship had been once again confirmed as honest; but it did not earn us any dividends.

Business as usual with the standpat opposition paper had been the rule all through the year of honest word effort. Occasionally we were thrown a bone in the shape of a page or a half-page advertisement for some "clearance" sale. But we spoiled even this source of income by exposing a "clearance" for what it was—merely the unloading of shoddy goods purchased for a killing with the unwary consumers as the victims. We had, by this time, built up a healthy line of business in the country with advertisements of sales of land, farms, domestic animals, and so forth, and by selling space to big-city department stores doing a mail-order business.

And Then the Boat Sinks

INCOME, however, never did balance outgo, and debt was mounting at the rate of $250 a week, although we all exercised the strictest economy. The independent five had been untiring in work and apathetic to hours of effort for eighteen months. Our loyalty could be measured by the fact that several of us had recovered and were wearing last year's discarded clothing. The struggle was telling on us all physically, though our good nature was still at par and our faith secure. In the darkest of our days a ray of sunshine broke through the clouds when I talked with a banker friend of the possibilities of finding a loan to tide us over the fighting period. He supplied the source of relief—a capitalist engaged in business of national proportions. He promised money and he produced money. But along with the loan came demand for collateral not less than practically the entire newspaper property and absolute control of editorial policy. We five talked it over, sought to develop other sources of support and delayed giving a decision. We did come to it at the end of two enervating weeks. We realized that it was the honest word and collapse on one side of the scales, and on the other side money to meet our personal and business needs—just a living, and hack work following "orders" that comprehended nothing of the ideal.

Our newspaper boat was on a rough sea and the five men on board were without oars. We accepted the inevitable—and sank. The newspaper property was sold by our creditors. The financier bought it, ran it at a loss, sold to another man of wealth and soft living. The latter used it as a plaything, soon tired of it, and inside two years the plant of this ambitious disseminator of the honest word was scattered by dealers in second-hand newspaper equipment. Two of the five of us still hold newspaper jobs—the law and social service have claimed the other three. The work of those eighteen months was not wholly in vain, however, for that city now has government under the city manager plan, and very many of the local and county betterments our group of five idealists sought to gain for the people are now realities.

Yes, space buyers and others are peculiar!

The Golden Stream Flowing Northward

Half a Billion Dollars Spent in Canada Each Year by American Pleasure Seekers

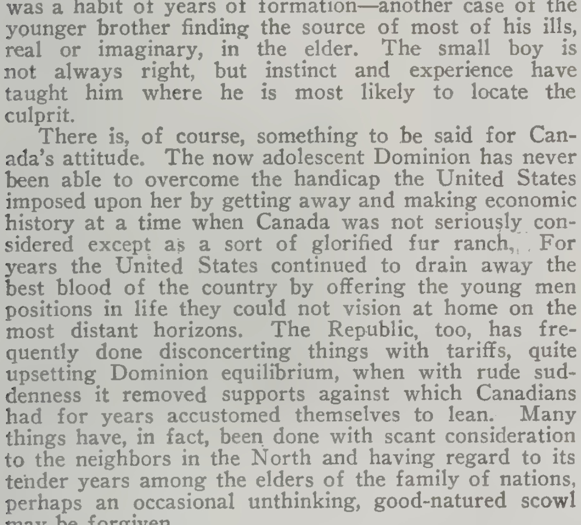
By E. L. CHICANOT

Observation car in Canadian Rockies.

UNTIL not so very long ago it was the natural inclination in Canada, when things went wrong, when the national economic machinery developed engine trouble, or the average productive citizen, who might be of any nationality, acquired the conviction that he was not getting his dues from life, to turn toward the international border and give the neighbors across the line a dirty look. It was a habit of years of formation—another case of the younger brother finding the source of most of his ills, real or imaginary, in the elder. The small boy is not always right, but instinct and experience have taught him where he is most likely to locate the culprit.

There is, of course, something to be said for Canada's attitude. The now adolescent Dominion has never been able to overcome the handicap the United States imposed upon her by getting away and making economic history at a time when Canada was not seriously considered except as a sort of glorified fur ranch. For years the United States continued to drain away the best blood of the country by offering the young men positions in life they could not vision at home on the most distant horizons. The Republic, too, has frequently done disconcerting things with tariffs, quite upsetting Dominion equilibrium, when with rude suddenness it removed supports against which Canadians had for years accustomed themselves to lean. Many things have, in fact, been done with scant consideration to the neighbors in the North and having regard to its tender years among the elders of the family of nations, perhaps an occasional unthinking, good-natured scowl may be forgiven.

What people on both sides of the border know too little about is the manner in which the United States at the present time is making recompense, what she is doing now to promote the Canadian development she was accused, rightly or wrongly, of hampering. This action is not in the least altruistic, or actuated to any extent by motives of just restitution. United States citizens are doing it because they want to, because they find it profitable or enjoy it. The main thing is that it is most certainly being effected. At the present time there is a very voluminous cornucopia, with its big end on the Canadian side of the border, from which are pouring a dozen different healthy streams of very rich content.



Chateau Louise, Lake Louise, Canadian Rockies.

The confluence of the streams results in a golden flow calculated to rouse the envy of a Croesus, while there are so many little trickling currents that it is a matter of great difficulty to estimate the power of the deluge. This is the movement of American money to Canada, which has gathered momentum every year since the war, has been rapidly overtaking the volume of British funds, and is now running it a neck-and-neck race.

In the years before the war the money responsible for Canadian development was overwhelmingly British and the American discovery of Canada had not yet taken place. American funds became available as soon as British were shut off in 1914 and investors from across the border have been doing their level best since to reach the substantial British sum and will probably attain their goal this year. In 1919 the total investment of United States funds in Canada was variously estimated at from $1,250,000,000 to $1,600,000,000 with British capital double this. In 1922, according to a pronouncement in the Federal legislature, British capital in Canada was about two and a half billions and that of the United States two billions.

It is perhaps surprising to find one of the biggest items in investment in Canada to be attributable to the ordinary, everyday citizen making provision for a rainy day and using Canada instead of the old-fashioned stocking. His contributions in 1922 constituted a record for American investment in Canada and went a long way toward equalizing American and British funds. The total of Canadian bond sales in the United States in 1922 was more than $261,000,000 or $37,000,000 in excess of the previous highest figure reached in 1920. If we add to this investments of a general nature, other than those represented in the sale of bonds, $300,000,000 may be accepted as a very conservative estimate of the year's investment of American funds. And the indications of the first months of 1923 are that the 1922 record will this year be left behind and United States investments be supreme by 1924.

A very rich stream is that of industrial capital, the approximate volume of which there is unfortunately no means of estimating. It is well known that many of the foremost Canadian industries are financed out-and-out by American capital, but since the war the most pronounced feature of Canadian industrial development has been the establishment of branch plants by United States firms. Under this system the offshoot of the American house functions as a Canadian industry which, to all intents and purposes, it is, even to name. It is in a position to enter into the domestic and export trade of the Dominion, the latter embracing forty-four countries with some of which Canada has inter-Empire preferences or favored-nation treaties. The first firms who discovered these advantages spread the news around and the movement is gathering fresh impetus every day as others hear about it. The amount of money brought up across the border in this manner is considerable.

One of the outpourings of the horn upon which Canada gazes with the utmost gratification and much friction of hands is the American immigrant. Though, since the war, the tide of immigration has declined in volume by something like one-third, it is of the same rich constituent which has gone a long way in peopling the prairies. The American has always been Canada's richest immigrant. In the past few years the average annual contribution of the United States to Canada has been about 50,000 until 1922 when only some 24,000 arrived. Judged in monetary terms, however, each was worth three or four from other countries. In 1919 each newcomer to the North brought with him $342; in 1920, $372; in 1921, $312; and in 1922, $402. Thus, not taking into account the inestimable value of these new citizens to Canada in future years, they added to the wealth of the Dominion in 1919 by about $14,000,000; in 1920 by about $18,000,000; in 1921 by $14,000,000; and in 1922 by about $10,000,000.

American tourists at Banff, Alberta.

A startlingly different human flow from the same horn is that holiday tide of people pouring up during the summer months bent on absorbing Dominion scenery, reveling in its spots of historic and romantic association, or merely disporting themselves in its lake and mountain fastnesses. They scatter their money around in a manner that seems quite promiscuous but probably isn't, merely appearing lavish to a Canadian mind.

The monetary value of this tremendous traffic is difficult to estimate. In the Dominion metropolis it has been calculated that American tourists to the city in the summer months leave between $6,000 and $7,000 a day in places where they never see it again. In the same brief season last year visitors from many states left nearly $20,000,000 in the Canadian national parks. Of the crowds that pour in by train, half of them to rush through from Montreal to Vancouver and feast on a most unprepossessing right of way, it has been found impossible to keep record, or follow them sufficiently closely to see what money they spend. They are at least equal in numbers to the horde of visiting motorists who before they returned to their homes last summer had been separated in the most cheerful manner from $108,000,000.

Before the first touch of frost has tinged the maple the last of this glad throng is back in his steam-heated apartment. Flaming maples, however, herald another issuance from the golden horn. It is the sturdy band of sportsmen and hunters who incidentally cannot move without percolating money. It is estimated that the visiting sportsmen spend well on to $1,500,000.

The amount of money finding its way into Canada from across the border is tremendous. With due conservatism it can be stated that an amount of money in excess of half a billion dollars was transferred from the United States to Canada last year.

If the United States, while achieving her own meteoric growth, was responsible for hampering the development of her northern neighbor, as was very largely inevitable, her citizens now are making recompense. The superfluous rich, economic blood from the older and stronger country is being transfused to the veins of the younger and weaker.

Bringing home the trophy.

Diamond-back, Not Mossback Conservatism

Politics Rank High in Maryland and "Regularity" Marks All Activities

By AARON HARDY ULM

MARYLAND, O my Maryland, how regular! Regular in thought, in manners, in ideals, in morals, and above all in politics.

Here are all the peoples, almost, both domestic and foreign, and soil it would seem for the sprouting and nourishing of all the varieties of social and political thought.

In the beautiful mountains of Western Maryland there is a large mining population, possessing some of the labor consciousness that goes with the handling of picks and automatic drills. But here even that condition is inwardly, almost romantically, different. The mining population made up in the main of old native stock of English and Welsh origin has little psychic kinship with that of, say, Herrin, Illinois.

Dropping from the mountains into the entrancing valleys and billowing hills of Central Maryland you discover a farming population which lives in Colonial mansions and thinks in terms of the gentleman farmer of a century ago. It also is of that old stock which has survived here, with a purity and predominance, scarcely to be found elsewhere in the country.

Then there comes Baltimore—"the city"—with its three-quarters of a million variegated population, and marks the dividing point between the Eastern Sho' and Southern Maryland. Those two regions are bisected by the great Chesapeake Bay, which is both an inland sea and vast ocean gateway. On one side, the Eastern Sho' side, is another rich agricultural region, with families still occupying mansions erected by pre-Revolutionary ancestors with truck and sea food contending for first place industrially. On the other side of the bay you find the bulk of the state's Negro population and its more or less typically Southern Whites, where the tradition of Catholicism that began with the state's founding holds on among an old native element.

These sections, so cut apart by mountain ranges and wide and widening waterways and so eccentrically situated that several of them are only indifferently pierced by railroads, are bound together by the best system of public highways to be found in any state.

They are bound together, too, by certain tendencies of mind which pervade all and set Maryland more or less apart.

The most noteworthy is conservatism, a diamond-back more than a mossback conservatism. While it is marked by a feeling for practical progress, it is intolerant of modern isms and of that brand of agitation which emphasizes "re-fawm."

Politics a Game in Maryland

HERE politics rank high as a sport for blue blood. Marylanders pursue and follow the sport as a game; they take much pride in keeping up with the intricacies of the state's political texture, through which run strands which go back to the Civil War and beyond. It is an orderly designed but complicated texture; so tenuous that it probably would often break under modern strains but for a binding cement of political organization that is here notably supreme.

This political organization revolves around the old parties, which, barring the power of ancient sentiments, are in Maryland scarcely more than the "Ins" on one hand and the "Outs" on the other.

At present these organizations are animating their forces for a gubernatorial campaign which will be decided this autumn. The fight will be about as pantomimic as a framed-up battle between two pugilists; the decision will mean about as much to the average Marylander as the course of some star of the fifth magnitude.

And yet the average Marylander will not fare as badly as in some other states where party battles merely result from the necessity for electing somebody to office.

It is true that the two candidates-to-be—the present governor, Albert Cabell Ritchie, for the Democrats and Attorney-General Alexander Armstrong for the Republicans—differ on essentials about as much as two peas in a pod. They are of about the same age, the same social and professional derivation, the same ardent devotees of what is regular, the same staunch supporters of progess as measured by public roads and schoolhouses, and given to the same political hesitancy as to issues in the forefront of the public mind.

Neither, for example, is likely to take any decided stand on the wet and dry issue or the continuance of unrestrained race-track operations in the state. Yet they are the two state issues about which the average Marylander gets most excited.

Race tracks and "wetness" are the two blots, or the two liberal lights, depending upon each individual's views as to prohibition and "playing the ponies," on Maryland's political landscape.

The state legislature, with painful face, ratified the Eighteenth Amendment—and stopped. Since then its attitude toward prohibition, as before then, has been "wet." It has failed to give any legislative support to the Volstead Act.

Horse-racing of the Old Style

MARYLAND also is about the only state which still countenances horse-racing of the old style—the kind where the touts are in full glory and one can bet his head away if he so wishes. There is considerable demand that their operations be at least curbed—a demand of which the parties as such, and gubernatorial candidates, seem utterly ignorant.

"County" sentiment, expressing itself directly, may soon force a change of attitude toward bootlegging and race-track gambling, whatever may be the sentiment of the true majority of Marylanders.

For Maryland is only partially a popularly ruled state. While popular majorities count in regular elections and in local primaries they have no binding force in state-wide primaries, as for governor or President. In these the "unit rule" governs, which gives the rural districts a power exceeding that going with mere numbers, and puts into the hands of the regular politicians a means by which they can keep the party organizations under their own control and make of the primary a mere field for occasional battle between the politically elect.

This state of affairs, together with Maryland's traditional conservatism, renders political insurrection here about as hopeless as revolt in Haiti with Uncle Sam's Devil Dogs on the job would be at the present time.

Occasionally, some bold leader tries to start one, as recently during a mayoralty campaign in Baltimore, but he invariably fails. In fact, the generation-old revolt against Gormanism was only a partial success. Under the leadership of Blair Lee, former United States Senator, and others it did fine service for political cleanliness. The methods of Arthur Pue Gorman, for long absolute master of the state's political destinies, were suppressed—in fact, rendered so unfashionable that the most corrupt politician would not attempt to use them in more than rare local cases today. But Gorman's political descendants survived. John Walter Smith, his political heir, has occupied the Gorman throne now for nearly a quarter of a century. But the state Democratic throne is slipping from under Smith. He is now an old man, verging upon eighty, and the day has about passed even in Maryland for the Smith type of leader; not that he is a bad man; he merely is of the old school which fiction writers a decade or two ago were fond of glorifying.

Smith's power is now overtopped by his old friend and political associate, Frank A. Furst, who is much of an exception and a great deal of a contradiction in American politics.

Furst is of German nativity. Coming to this country a poor boy, he accumulated large wealth in the robust and not always gentle game of contracting. Public contracts have been his specialty and politics his avocation; yet he has never been tinged by scandal. He has refused most of the big offices within the power of the state to bestow, always lends his aid to wholesome social or political movements, and yet has kept in the forefront of the Democratic organization. Now as the result of differences between Smith and Governor Ritchie, Furst finds himself in a position approaching that of state boss. And he, like Smith, now verges upon his eightieth year.

Smith's decline, Furst's ascendancy, the natural trend of events, all tend to put Ritchie, the present governor, in more or less supreme charge of the Democratic party in the state. This is foregone provided Ritchie wins re-election which now seems highly probable. He will hold first place probably for a long time, provided he develops more qualities of political finesse than so far has been shown by him.

Anyway, the Fates indicate that Ritchie, if he so wishes, will have all but controlling voice in selecting and defining the course of the state's delegation in the next Democratic convention. And with Ritchie Bernard Baruch of New York may have great influence, as the result of a close friendship and alliance formed when Ritchie was chief counsel for Baruch's War Industries Board. This means, at the present time, that McAdoo has best prospect of corralling Maryland's convention vote.

Topping the Republican structure there is a coterie of the select of wealth, social standing and intellectual prestige. It derives from the Unionist traditions of the Civil War period, and from business realms, particularly those elements of the latter that are animated by modern-day incomers from north of the Mason and Dixon line. It is both diamond-back and mossback in its conservatism. Then comes a moderate middle-class element, made up of immigrant strains, men of the small business type, and ruralites, most numerous in the mountain areas who still are opposing Secession. These, normally not more than one-third of all the white population, are moulded into a party or faction by the lowest strata of the state's social make-up, the Negroes—who still vote for the freedom which Lincoln gave to them.

Thus Maryland Republicanism is peculiarly adapted to close organization control. Just now that control approaches an ownership exercised by three men, two of whom are men of big F Finance. They are W. Bladen Lowndes, a millionaire banker of Baltimore; William P. Jackson, millionaire lumberman of the Eastern Shore, and Ovinton E. Weller, millionaire ex-banker and at present United States Senator. At the present time, whatever they say "goes" in Republican circles much further than the "say" of any single group of Democrats.

Nationally, the Maryland Republican organization is as regular as the moon itself.

Revolt Most Unlikely

THERE is a growing inclination among Marylanders to loosen the bonds which have tied them securely to the old parties. A smaller proportion of the voters is declaring party fealty when registering—and a dwindling proportion, it would seem, is taking the trouble to qualify at all for the ballot. There probably is more indifferentism than independency, for the bulk of the people of this state can still be depended on, when in the ballot box, to choose between the tickets offered by the two old party organizations. But enough do exercise a degree of choice to keep those organizations from becoming utterly lethargic, or demoralized by factionalism.

For anything like true political revolt, no state in the union offers less fertile soil. Many things account for this—tradition, a large Negro population, and above all the easy living which smiling Nature generally makes possible here.

All these combine to make of politics more of an intellectual exercise than a means for curing all the ills of mankind.

The game here thus attracts much of the cream of the state's best intellect and prestige, with the result—barring the local instance—that it is played on a plane perhaps a little higher than in the average Eastern or Southern state. On the whole it is played in a cleanly way. The grosser forms of corruption are not countenanced as in the days of Gorman, though political "spending" is probably as quantitative as ever before. It is estimated that not less than $100,000 was spent for advertising in a recent mayoralty campaign in Baltimore.

Race-track interests have been suspected of increasing the per capita circulation at the state capital during legislative sessions, and the "wets" no doubt followed the golden policy here which brought havoc upon their heads elsewhere.

But, as a whole, government in Maryland is clean. Only recently the chairman of the State Democratic Committee was removed from public office by the Democratic governor for an indiscretion that critics could color with the hues of opponent corruption.

And despite the millions that have been expended on the country's best state system of public highways and on other state enterprises, Maryland, alone among the Union's commonwealths, lately has reduced its tax rate.

From Twenty-five Cents to 200,000 Circulation

IT TOOK Robert S. Abbott sixteen crowded years to do it. But today, as editor and publisher of the Chicago *Defender,* a weekly devoted to the interests of colored folks, he stands at the head of the only institution of its kind in the world. There are other Negro newspapers and magazines, scores of them, but this is the only one which has its own plant, equipped to the smallest detail of operation, and unbacked by any form of subsidy.

Literally, Mr. Abbott started his venture with twenty-five cents, a writing pad and a pencil. Nobody knows how he got funds for that first edition back in 1905—even he has forgotten. But the little folder appeared—a four-page pygmy, sixteen by twenty-four inches with one or two small "ads." The whole edition cost less than fifteen dollars.

For five almost disheartening years he struggled before he could attain a circulation of 5,000 a week. During this time he was printer, reporter, newsboy, editor and owner. Now he has cut down this evidence of versatility; he remains only editor and owner. He would take for his "ads" what he could get; sometimes a page might go for ten dollars. But he held on, waiting for the break that he felt sure must come. Thus, he sums his success in the apothegm, "I laid out a course and followed it."

Mr. Abbott attributes the unrivalled growth of his paper to certain definite factors of particular appeal to the race group which he set out to serve. The paper has never resorted to mud-slinging in the defense of or opposition to any cause. It has been constructive in policy and aggressive in tone. It heard the cry of the colored people of the South and voiced a clarion note of social and economic justice hitherto unuttered by any of the more conservative papers. And yet the man behind it always maintained the creed of a sanist, and orderly progressive, seeking to better things within lawful and legitimate channels.

From the beginning the paper catered to the colored people of the rural South. Thus the *Defender* grew through filling a long-felt want. The editorials, for instance, were essays of "advice" as to how to meet certain situations rather than paragraphs of logical argument.

Another distinguishing feature of this paper was that it ferreted out through an "underground" system both sides to all news items that were not otherwise related in detail. This "news" was reported as truth, but was not played up as sensation. These chiefly are the things that have made the *Defender* come second only to the Bible as the gospel of the written word in many of the obscure sections of the South.

Pullman porters and dining-car waiters aided the growth of the paper by taking a dozen or so copies and leaving them at small towns. In such instances it is computed that a single copy would be passed along until read by ten or fifteen persons.

In physical appearance the paper looks like any big daily. It runs its stream-headline in red, uses double column layouts on features, has fresh new type, pyramided "ads."

The founder is a product of Hampton Institute, whence hails Major Moton, President of Tuskegee Institute. He is a graduate of Kent College of Law, Chicago, though his interests have been confined to journalism. He was appointed by former Governor Lowden as a member of the Illinois Race Commission following the Chicago riots and he is director of the Binga State Bank, the largest institution of its kind in the North.

The Tale of the Five Milk Fairies

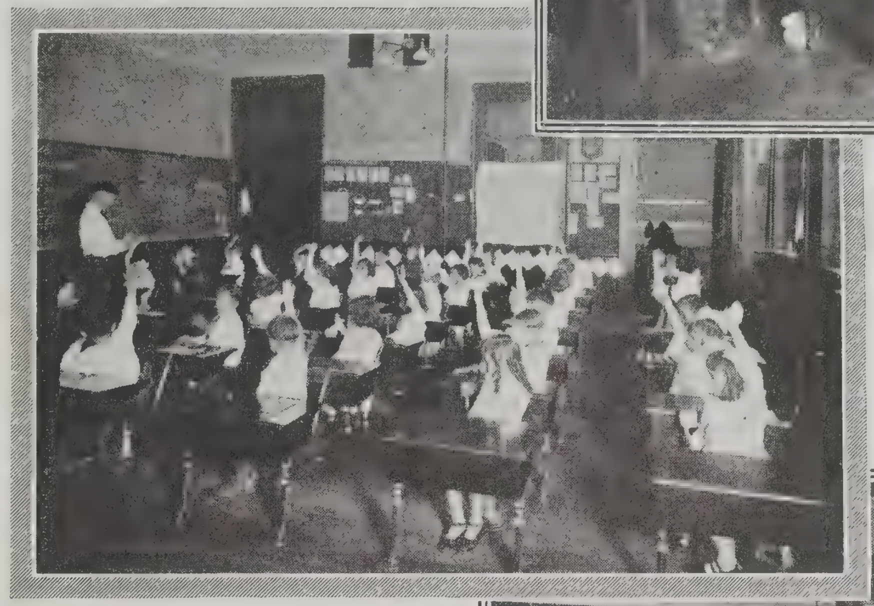
Imaginary Characters Employed to Build Interest in School Lessons

By S. R. WINTERS

SALLY SUGAR, Fannie Fat, Patrick Protein, Minnie Mineral, and Viola Vitamines, like Mark Twain's Huck Finn, Peck's Bad Boy, Dickens' Oliver Twist, and other famed imaginary characters in fiction, are likely to become as firmly fixed in the minds of youth as though they actually existed in the flesh. These five queer though fascinating names, having their origin in fairyland, were conceived as a means of impressing upon children throughout the United States the value of milk. This system of nomenclature represents the body-building constituents in milk—sugar, fats, proteins, mineral matter, and vitamines.

School children—say from six to twelve years old—when told about proteins and vitamines as such receive no definite impressions. However, when these food constituents are "sugar-coated" and introduced as characters of fairyland, boys and girls visualize the names and what they represent. Thus, Patrick Protein and Viola Vitamines, though they live in fairyland, become real characters in the lives of youthful boys and girls whose readiness in acquiring knowledge is largely determined by arousing their interest in the particular subject. Moreover, disguised in terms of "playmates," these once seemingly foreign subjects are no longer strangers to youth.

Milk campaign—Speaker's Training School, posed by a group of workers in the Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture. Miss Jessie M. Hoover is conducting this school.



Taking the daily order for milk.

The Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture, in recognition of the principle that the education of children contemplates the arousing of their interest, is arresting the attention of boys and girls to the value of an adequate consumption of milk by invading fairyland. Instead of admonishing youth to drink more milk lest undernourishment become a prevalent condition, Miss Jessie M. Hoover, milk utilization specialist of the Dairy Division, tells the story, by text and illustration, through the captivating "milk fairies." Children, both in the city and countryside, are frequently unwilling to drink milk in sufficient volume to insure growth and sustain physical well-being. The mother, who would disdain the practice of scolding the child because of a failure to drink milk in abundance, can adopt the story of the "milk fairies" as a pleasing method of persuading the boy or girl to drink plenty of the vital fluid.

If the child is old enough to carve a large milk bottle from cardboard, which should stand alone, then the task is performed in absence of assistance from mother. Otherwise, the parent fashions the cardboard milk bottle for the child. The make-believe bottle for containing the product of the cow should be nine or ten inches in length and when not in use may be retained in a large manila manuscript envelope. The milk bottle having been sketched and cut into shape, the mother of the child should obtain five paper dolls, enough smaller in dimensions to be temporarily fastened (a convenient method is to use paper clips) on the milk bottle as the story of the "milk fairies" is related. These dolls may be fashioned from old magazines, sketched outright, or purchased from stores. One of the popular kewpie or similar series of manufactured dolls are appropriate for this purpose.

The five dolls should be dressed in different colors, thus making for easy identity by small children and lending colorful interest to the imaginary beings from fairyland. The "milk fairies" of the Dairy Division are garbed according to the following method: Sally Sugar, white; Fannie Fat, yellow; Patrick Protein, red; Minnie Mineral, green; and Viola Vitamines, lavender. Paper dolls fashioned from magazines by the nimble fingers of children create additional interest in the story of "milk fairies" and the object lesson being taught is more impressive. Then, too, the children gleefully perform the task of coloring the doll dresses in varying hues—employing paint or crayon, or possibly paste varying colors of tissue paper on the characters from fairyland. The mother of the children may tell the story of the "milk fairies" in her own words, or the tale suggested by Miss Hoover of the Dairy Division may be appropriately followed, vivid as it is. Here is the story-talk:

"These are the milk fairies, who live in every bottle of milk, and help boys and girls when they drink the milk. *Sally Sugar* is the first fairy. She is just as sweet as she looks, and she has a playmate named *Fannie Fat*. These two like to do somewhat the same things for children.

"I wonder who knows why people put coal in the stove?"

Children:

"To keep warm and to have heat."

"And why do they put coal in the steam engine?"

Children:

"To make it go."

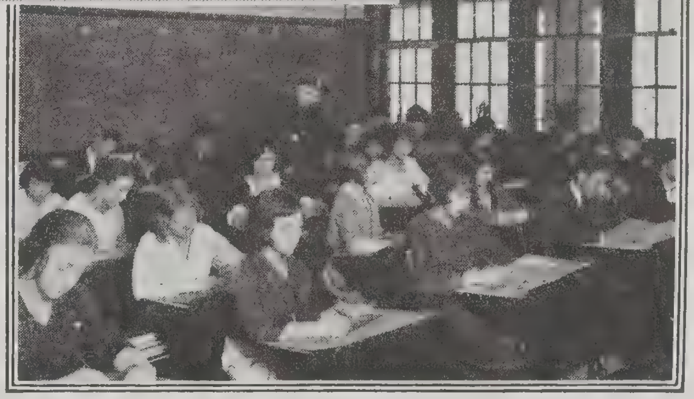
"Well, Sally Sugar and Fannie Fat do just these things for our bodies. They give us heat and make us go, so that we can play and work.

"Now, here is the third fairy who lives in the milk. His name is *Patrick Protein*. That's a hard last name, isn't it? But some people have names that are hard to say. He helps us build strong muscles.

"*Minnie Mineral* is a building fairy, too, but her work is to build bones and teeth. Children that don't drink enough milk have soft bones and often poor teeth. Hard teeth and bones we all need for our daily work and play.

"The last fairy is a very important one. Her name is *Viola Vitamines*. She makes children grow big and keeps them well and strong. She likes to live in the cream, so children must always have plenty of good creamy milk if they want to grow big and strong and well, and if they want all the other fairies to help them as much as they can.

"Milk is the only food that has five fairies. If the children drink only half as much milk as they should, the fairies cannot help them very much. Some foods have only one or two fairies; and some have none at all. Children who are allowed to drink tea and coffee instead of milk do not have much help from the milk fairies, do they?"



Richmond, Virginia, milk campaign. School children working on milk posters.

"Drink Milk for Health Week," a slogan that has echoed and re-echoed for the past two years in sixty towns and counties throughout the United States by the Dairy Division in its concerted effort to stimulate the consumption of milk, has revolved around school children. The story of Sally Sugar, Fannie Fat, Patrick Protein, Minnie Mineral, and Viola Vitamines, has been told and retold until these must live in the minds of thousands of boys and girls throughout America. It is interesting to contemplate the contribution that the tale of the "milk fairies" made in increasing the use of milk in 1921 to forty-nine gallons for every man, woman and child—a consumption hitherto unapproached. Schools, city and urban, were the nucleus around which six-day or two-week demonstrations were conducted by the Dairy Division and co-operating agencies. The characters from fairyland were described in each instance.

That there is a vital relation between undernourishment among the children in both city and urban schools and the failure to drink an adequate supply of milk has been repeatedly demonstrated by surveys conducted by the Dairy Division. The value of the symbolic characters of Sally Sugar, Fannie Fat, Patrick Protein, Minnie Mineral, and Viola Vitamines, in correcting this unwholesome condition is evidenced by a letter written by a Southern boy on the subject, "What the Five Fairies are Doing for Me":

"They are making me feel a lot better and when I first started to use them I weighed only 110 pounds and I was five feet high. Now, I weigh 115 pounds. I can study my lessons a lot better, and I learn them easier."

Constant Tinkering With Our Money System

Concluded from page 8

should not be held to preclude the establishment of an international bimetalic money standard if and whenever circumstances warranted. This is a point our gold standard friends are invited to consider in their discussion of "cheap" money.

Did this "perfection of the national monetary" system prove disappointing? Rather. For there was immediate agitation for *another revision,* which came to a focus in the "Bankers' Panic" of 1907, a panic which is a chapter of criminal crushing of rival interests by the United States Steel Corporation which stains the record of a Government created to protect the weak against the strong.

That destructive panic led to the creation of the National Monetary Commission through an Act of Congress approved May 30, 1908. The reader will note that the Act of 1900 was sponsored by an independent organization, while the new commission was an official body.

The President appointed the following members: Senator Aldrich, chairman; Senator Vreeland, vice-chairman; Senators Burrows, Hale, Money, Burton, Bailey; Secretary of State Knox; Representatives Weeks, Smith, Padgett, and Pujo. Civilian members were Henry M. Teller, Robert W. Bonynge; Arthur B. Shelton was secretary, and Professor Andrew, adviser of the commission.

In January, 1911, Senator Aldrich introduced to the commission an outline of a plan for revising the monetary system of the country, and in May before the trust-company section of the American Bankers' Association explained at considerable length the details of the plan, and answered various objections to the creation of a Federal Reserve Association, its most conspicuous feature. Widespread criticism caused Senator Aldrich to make some changes, and in December the amended plan was laid before Congress.

The reader will remember that the Aldrich-Vreeland proposal was not made a law. Although the strongest pressure was brought to bear on Congress, there remained members of the majority who combined with the minority to defeat the measure.

That two years later the then minority having become the majority through the defeat of Taft was induced to pass an act just as satisfactory to the money monarchs is one of the remarkable accomplishments in American history. This narrative may well close at this point, since the history of the origin and establishment of the Federal Reserve System is worthy a chapter by itself. Suffice it that amendment has been deemed necessary, even in this greatest and most perfect product of Expert Experimentation, and, as noted at the start, *another revision is now on foot.*

All of which goes to prove the thesis that being a banker does not necessarily imply infallibility in the science of money.

Changed Viewpoint on Export Trade Needed

Steadiness, Survey of Markets and Long Credits Three Prime Factors

By WILLIAM KNIGHT

IN SPITE of the fact that about ninety per cent of our export trade is absorbed by European markets, and in spite of the fact that we need to export quite a large percentage of our manufactured products if we wish to keep alive all of our manufacturing plants that have grown out of the abnormal demand for American goods during and after the war, we are strangely inclined to look upon our foreign trade as only an emergency outlet for our production during such times when business is slack at home.

In England, in Germany, in France, the export trade has always been an art and a profession, while in America it has always been a more or less amateurish performance—something to fall back to in slack times.

All this reminds me of an incident that occurred in Italy during one of the visits that the former German kaiser paid to that country. It had been arranged on that occasion that the kaiser should attend an exposition of industrial products taking place in Venice. The visit to the exposition took place as scheduled. It happened that the kaiser became particularly interested in a booth exhibiting colors and dyes. It also happened that in handling a bottle containing some sort of coloring matter, part of its contents was spilled, thus staining his imperial hands. Handkerchiefs were produced by some members of the party, soap, water and towels were immediately brought and were offered to the august visitor with profuse apologies for the regrettable incident.

Good and Bad Salesmanship

THE color, however, was impervious to the cleansing action of the soap, in spite of the industrious efforts of his majesty to wash it off his hands. The situation was becoming rather embarrassing when somebody in the party produced a piece of soap "made in Germany" and offered it to him to try, at the same time explaining that this new brand of German soap was guaranteed to wash out any stain without injuring either the skin or the fabric, and so forth. The kaiser, who had already proved to his own as well as to everyone else's satisfaction that Italian soap was no good, graciously consented to try the German soap and, sure enough, it did the trick. He was so intensely interested in the experiment that he wanted to try it on a handkerchief stained successively with several fast colors. In every case the piece of soap "made in Germany" proved that every claim of the manufacturer as to its properties was true and correct. On the next day every newspaper in Italy contained this story in which the incident that had occurred at the Venice exposition was reported in every detail. On the very same day an army of German salesmen flooded the Italian market with that particular brand of German soap which had been so efficiently advertised by the kaiser himself.

The soreheads claimed that the kaiser had put over a thing which was not exactly square or proper. Some newspapers had the nerve to publish editorials that followed the same line of thought of the soreheads. Somebody referred to those editorials as anti-German propaganda. The Italian soap manufacturers, however, called the whole business a fine piece of free advertising for the soap "made in Germany" and for quite a long time cursed both the German kaiser and the Italian press.

You must give credit to the Germans for being good salesmen. Their greatest asset, I believe, is their ability to look upon any situation from the point of view of the man to whom they are selling. The German understanding of local conditions and requirements of the public that a merchant must meet to sell his products makes of the German salesman an ally of the local business men. He never tries to force the latter into the position of an unwilling pupil of better business methods that an American salesman is always ready to jam into the head of a prospective customer.

Before the war I pointed out to a friend of mine in Italy, who used to import from Germany a considerable amount of dry goods, that in a good many cases he would have saved money or would have obtained better goods for the same price if, instead of buying in Germany he had bought in the United States. His answer was: "You may be right. The trouble, however, with you fellows is that you do not seem to be able or to be willing to understand our problems, and, furthermore, it seems to me, you are not anxious to do business with us. I have been trying for one year to impress upon the representative of an American shirt manufacturer with whom I have tried to do business that I did not want men's shirts which are open in front, all of the way down. I have also tried to make him see that the type of trousers that we wear here in Italy does not stop at the hip, as American-made trousers do, but they carry a belt which reaches almost four inches above the hip. The type of underwear that we use here is not the one-piece union suit used in America. We use a two-piece garment and for this reason we must have attached to every man's shirt a flap located at the right height on the shirt front to allow the shirt to be buttoned to the undergarment. Do you think that I have been able to obtain what I wanted? Not on your life! That fellow insisted on proving to me that a shirt which is not open in front all of the way down is very inconvenient to slip on and off, that trousers with high belts were uncomfortable to wear and that to button the front of one's shirt to his underwear is an idiotic thing to do anyway. It took a great deal of my time and patience to explain to that man in his own language, because he did not speak a word of Italian, that I intended to sell shirts right here in Italy and not in America and that therefore I had to satisfy the requirements of my own trade and that I did not dare to try to Americanize my customers and to force upon them a style of shirt that they did not care for. Finally, after I succeeded in educating him to look upon the whole matter from my own point of view, do you think that he succeeded in educating his home office? Do you think that he succeeded in obtaining for me what I had ordered? Not at all. They persisted in shipping over here shirts that I could not sell, in spite of the frantic efforts of their own local representative to awaken them to the realization of the fact that I was the one who had to sell their shirts, and not their foreign sales manager who did not care a whit for my problems."

And there you are. This is typical, and not by any means an isolated case, of poor American salesmanship abroad. Of course, cases of this sort do not prove that American business men lack the ability to care properly for their export trade. They simply prove that they are not sufficiently interested in the export business to take the trouble to establish well-organized foreign trade departments which will make a study of the conditions prevailing in each country and will do whatever is needed to build up permanent markets for their products, wherever they can be profitably established.

Permanent markets for a good many American products can be profitably established in practically every country in Europe, if we make up our minds that we want them and if we decide to take them seriously as a permanent source of income and not as dumping grounds for our excess production in times when business is slack at home. So far, we have been generally inclined to take a fling now and then at foreign trade, and as a consequence of this wrong way of looking at export trade, those who went to it only half cocked succeeded only in burning their fingers.

A big importer of macaroni and Italian cheese in France, immediately after the war, found that it cost more to buy these products in Italy than to import them from the United States. Consequently, he started buying here and was highly satisfied for awhile, until he discovered that his American friends were no longer eager to supply his demand. Furthermore, the fluctuation of the exchange became so erratic, the shipments so irregular and the packing of the merchandise so careless, that he could never figure out whether, by the time he received the goods, he would make or lose money on each shipment. I put it in the words of this particular importer whose view was endorsed by scores of other importers of American products with whom I talked. It is:

The Importance of Details

"HOW can you buy American products on a dollar basis if you can never know what is going to happen to the value of the dollar between the time that you buy the merchandise and the time that you sell it. Of course, we cannot blame American exporters for the oscillations of the exchange; *'c'est la guerre.'* But if you fellows cannot devise some means whereby your products can be made immediately available here when we need them, without waiting weeks and months before they arrive from the other side, I am afraid we cannot do business with you. Also, you must keep in mind that if we ask you to comply with some particular requirements regarding the packing of your goods, we have always some very good reason for insisting upon these requirements, which may look foolish to you while they are a matter of serious concern to us. Take, for instance, the packing of macaroni in ten or twenty pound boxes, which is a perfectly normal thing in America. Here in France, we have always bought macaroni from Italy in five and ten kilogram boxes and we must sell it in kilograms. The public asks for Italian macaroni and we cannot tell them that we buy Italian macaroni in Brooklyn, New York, where they use the British system of measures, and that this is the reason a box of macaroni weighs four and five-tenths kilograms and nine kilograms instead of five and ten."

"Also, for ages the Italian macaroni has been packed in boxes and packages of all sizes, wrapped in a stiff blue paper, while French macaroni, which sells at a cheaper price, has always been wrapped in white paper packings. To your people in Brooklyn, the color of the paper means less than nothing. To me, the color of the paper makes a whole lot of difference, because I am the one who has to sell your products to a French public that asks for Italian macaroni and expects to receive it with all the earmarks of the true article even if it is an imitation."

Here again we find the same trouble—the same old tendency to force over the American idea of doing things instead of trying to meet local customs that cannot be suddenly changed. Here again we find that Germany beats any other nation in the export game on account of her ability readily to adapt her foreign trade to the local demand.

This reminds me that immediately after the war all sorts of cheap toys ridiculing the German kaiser made their appearance in Paris. A large supply of German war crosses, German helmets and all sorts of war souvenirs, supposedly picked up in German trenches, could be obtained in almost every store in Paris or in any other city in France. Postal cards and cartoons extolling the heroic French and Allied soldiers and ridiculing the poor German soldier, who was always represented as a runaway coward, could be bought almost anywhere in France. While this was happening in France, the same articles made their appearance in England and in Italy, and inside of a month a veritable flood of these articles had invaded every store in the Allied countries. The thing looked suspicious, especially since every article had every appearance of having been "made in Germany." An investigation was made in France and it developed that the very same day when the Armistice was signed, cheap toys ridiculing the kaiser, postal cards, cartoons, German helmets and German war crosses had been shipped by carloads from Germany into France, England and Italy, via Switzerland. Quite evidently they had been prepared in advance.

I have since spoken to the owner of a large printing business in Germany who presented me with two complete sets of postal cards printed by him for the emergency of the Armistice. One set was for home consumption and the other for external consumption in the Allied countries. He admitted that he had made quite a good profit in that transaction and furthermore he considered it as good business and a great joke on his colleagues in France, England and Italy. The ethics involved in the transaction did not bother him in the least; as a matter of fact, I do not believe that he could see anything wrong in the matter.

The Matter of Credit

EVERYBODY knows and is ready to admit that it was not easy, before the war, to beat the Germans in the export business. Cheap products and cheap German labor were blamed for that, and, to a certain extent, the point was well taken. However, the true secret of the German success in the export business was their credit system and their extreme care for details. These are the two points on which they could not be beaten and these are the two main points in which America fails in her foreign trade. We are accustomed to do business here C.O.D., or on the basis of thirty, sixty, and ninety days' credit. This will never do in Europe, where they are accustomed to longer credit. Before the war, Italy was one of the strongholds of the German export trade and at that time Italy was full of German banks. Wherever a German salesman went to sell his merchandise there was always a bank controlled by German capital that was ready to discount the notes taken by the German salesman. In most cases, if you wanted to do business with German firms and receive the benefit of long credit, you had to bring your account to some particular bank that would take care of you. It is not surprising that in more than forty years of a peaceful, but forceful, commercial penetration of this sort, when the war broke out in 1914, Italy, commercially speaking, was nothing but a German colony.

Long credits and an intelligent survey of the particular needs of each customer are the true secrets of success in the export trade. In both of these points we have failed so far. Very few American banks are now doing business in Europe and if we want to go into the foreign trade we must have a good network of American banks over there. As a matter of fact, the American banker must do the pioneering work for the American exporter and the American salesman must follow up. The second and very important point that we must keep in mind is this: We must learn how to take care of the details which are brought to the attention of the home office by the local representative. A foreign sales manager who is located several thousand miles distant from the fields where his representatives are operating must be able to rely on the judgment of such representatives, and, furthermore, he must comply with their requests and recommendations. If a local representative of a certain firm wires to the home office recommending that a particular shipment of goods be canceled, he bases his recommendations upon the knowledge of facts which are unknown to the firm. Even if the shipment is protected by a regular contract and everything is ready to be shipped, it pays better to follow the recommendation of the man in the field than to follow the snap judgment of a foreign sales manager based on the wording of a contract. I could mention several cases in which the Napoleonic tactics of some American foreign sales managers, who would not follow the advices of their foreign representatives in Europe and suspend the shipment of merchandise at some particular moment when the exchange value of the dollar was performing some spectacular and acrobatic jumps, have cost a great deal of money to the firms for which they were working.

As I said before, we cannot take flings at foreign trade—we must play the game according to the rules and we must play a steady game, paying the utmost attention to details, if we want to make money. Otherwise, we might as well keep away from foreign markets. We must remember that the matter of granting long credits to our customers in Europe who have been accustomed for a long time to do business on a long credit basis is a most essential point, which should attract the attention of American bankers before we can fully develop our export business. We want a powerful merchant marine. Everybody agrees that our merchant marine should be second to none. But how can we have or even expect to have a powerful merchant marine if we do not become an exporting nation like England?

With Germany out of the way for a number of years to come and with a tremendous demand for all sorts of manufactured products all over Europe, we have now an exceptional opportunity to become the first mercantile nation in the world. We have the raw materials and the man power. We have the manufacturing facilities and the organizing ability. We have a powerful fleet of merchant ships to carry American products all over the globe. Why do we not plunge into the export business and capitalize the opportunities that are offered to us by European markets?

Twenty-two Years Devoted to Clean Athletics Builds Philosophy for Yost

"Play the Game Hard, But Play It Fairly," Cardinal Principle Great Coach Instills

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

TWENTY-TWO years ago this autumn Fielding H. Yost, Director of Athletics at the University of Michigan, came to the school as its head football coach. Today, from coast to coast, and from Canada to the Gulf states, more people know who is coach of football at Michigan than know who is president of the institution. Wherever clean football is known, there also Yost is known. He has done more, perhaps, than any other man to elevate the game and make it in reality a great game, to be played by strong, quick-thinking, clean, virile young manhood. "Play the game hard, but play fairly," is the cardinal principle which Yost instills into his teams, and much of his success as a coach is due to strict adherence to this principle.

A homely and wholesome philosophy of life is Coach Yost's. Rules of life and rules of the game have much in common—for life is the greatest of all games, he declares, and needs much the same observance of certain rules as does football. "A man who plays football intelligently and correctly leaves college better fitted for the battle of life," maintained the coach. "In reality the same principles and axioms of conduct guide both games, and having learned and played a clean game of football, a youth can more easily and more successfully face life's problems. There are instilled into him certain principles, ideals and methods that help him immensely."

Life and Game Rules Same

IN HIS soft voice, with its southern drawl—so incongruous with the nickname "Hurry Up" which sport writers at Michigan gave him nearly a quarter of a century ago—Mr. Yost discussed the rules of life and football.

"Both games are governed by certain boundary lines and rules. Loyalty is one of the greatest assets a man can bring to either game—loyalty to a purpose, to a university, to a friend.

"In life, as on the football field, one must learn to face opposition without flinching, even if the opposition seems stronger than he can resist. Athletes must summon up determination, will power, grit, courage and persistence to overcome any obstacles that may be in their way. Football men are battered in every game; they are not good players who do not come up more determined than ever. So it is in life.

"On the football field and in life, one should endeavor to make his distance and never be held for downs. Once stopped, however, he should not be discouraged, but come back with greater determination than ever before.

"When the game is going against him a real football player keeps his head up, sets his jaws and digs in all the harder. This is what tests the stuff he is made of. So it is in life.

"One cannot win the game on his own side of the scrimmage line. He must be aggressive and carry the fight to the enemy.

"Above All—Play Fairly"

"NO GAME can be won today on what was done last week. Every contest demands the best efforts of every player. Over-confidence has no place in football or in life. Too many games have been lost that way.

"A football player or a player in the game of life should never shirk his preliminary work. It is here that he gets the training which will enable him to make accurate decisions and to act upon them instantly.

"Not how little but how much one can give should govern him in whatever he undertakes. There is no place on the eleven for a man who is giving the least he can. The man who puts the most into the game will get the most out of it. This is equally true of life.

"The successful football player must have initiative. He cannot always rely on someone else to think for him, but must work out his own problems.

"One must be self-confident without being over-confident. One must be ready to meet his opponent evenly without giving ground.

"Mental poise is essential. A quick temper may result in ejection from the game or a penalty that will lose the contest.

"An opponent should always be treated with respect.

"Above all, one must play the game fairly. He must make no foul tackles. The man who is doing the right and manly thing can put much more into his game and can stick longer. When this man wins he will have a clean conscience. He will know that he has done the fair thing and if he loses he will know that he has done the best he could and has done it in a clean, manly way."

Coach Decries Betting

LEADERS in the field of physical education and athletics in this country all have come to realize the value of ethical standards in sport. As a result, American athletics today are conducted on a far higher plane than ever before. Among those who have strived for this ideal, none has worked harder to bring it about than Coach Yost. In spite of this great progress, however, some practices still prevail which very naturally detract from the full value of college athletics; particularly is this true of betting on the contests. Coach Yost considers that it has become a menace to the progress of sport's greater ideals.

"Betting throws around college athletics an atmosphere entirely foreign to the true spirit embodied in games," said Coach Yost. "Fundamentally, all college athletics are based on the principle of play for play's sake. The theory of every game is to gain a given goal by overcoming whatever obstacles present themselves. In life we encounter natural obstacles. In games we encounter artificial obstacles placed there for the purpose of making the game more interesting. The greater and more difficult the obstacles, the more intricate becomes the game, and the more intricate the game, the greater the interest in playing it and the greater the satisfaction in winning. To overcome these obstacles for the sake of the satisfaction that comes with success is the ideal embodied in all games. To a greater or less degree, depending upon the extent and nature of the practice, betting commercializes this ideal and to that extent robs it of much of its keenest thrill and satisfaction.

"More practically, however, the practice of betting interferes with the progress of college athletics by stimulating ill feeling and destructive criticism on the part of those who bet. Most students, alumni or townspeople who bet on their team have some vague idea that by so doing they are demonstrating their loyalty. As a matter of fact, they are in nearly every case sowing the seed of actual disloyalty. The time when a team needs and appreciates support is when it is losing, and then is the time when the one who bets usually forgets all about loyalty.

Lose Sight of Ideals

"STUDENTS especially have no business betting on games. Usually they are not betting their own money, and if they are, they can seldom afford to do so. It is only human nature to blame some one else for their hard luck, and before they know it, they are finding all sorts of fault with the team, the coaches and everybody from the water boy up to the president. All this because they lost a few dollars which they had no business betting.

"Furthermore, when players know that large sums of money are at stake, they are apt to lose sight of the greater ideals for which they are playing. The gain or loss that some personal friend might suffer temporarily overshadows, in the player's mind, the true spirit of the game. He forgets that he is the representative of a great university, of its students, alumni, and friends. He forgets all the traditions that are behind him and all the generations that are before. He forgets that he is playing the game for its own sake and for all that it will mean to the spirit, morale and unanimity of his university.

As a result, his game suffers. Just as all the great battles of history have been fought and won by soldiers who embodied great ideals, so all great athletic contests have been fought and won by athletes who idealized their play. To substitute mercenary incentives for ideals detracts from the keenness of the contestants—it can't do otherwise. Commercializing athletics detracts from the spirit of play, and it breeds criticism, disloyalty and a lack of harmony among the various forces that go to make up a university."

Edgar Guest, Michigan's well-beloved poet, a warm admirer of Coach Yost, wrote a little poem about Michigan's veteran coach, and it is doubtful if anything has been said of the Michigan mentor which pleased or touched him more.

FIELDING H. YOST

He called the verses, "Coach Yost." They follow:

When he walks across the field
With his courage as a shield,
Very little is revealed
Of the man.
That cigar stuck in his phiz,
And that long gray coat of his,
Do not tell you what he is,
Or his plan.

Not the thousands sitting near,
Quick to praise and quick to jeer,
Asking victories year by year,
Understand.
For the multitude that shrieks
Never hears him when he speaks
To the boys who through the weeks
Form his band.

For there are few to hear him when
He is saying: "Boys, be men!"
Few to hear his counsel then
In the room.
Few to hear his: "In the name
Of high heaven, lads, be game!"
Few to see his courage flame
Through the gloom.

Though his manner may be droll,
He sees more than just the goal;
There's a boy who has a soul,
And he knows
By the honor of his play
And the things which he may say
He shall shape that soul some day
As it grows.

By the rules and by the right,
By an honest use of might,
He would teach that boy to fight
To the last:
And when failure hits his clan,
He says: "Meet it best you can!
This makes every boy a man,
When it's past!"

So I write these few lines down
To Coach Yost and his renown,
And I'm handing him a crown
For his brow.
A poor crown without a gem,
Not a dazzling diadem,
But a lasting letter "M,"
Here and now.

It was not my joy to be
Coached by one so fine as he;
Out of school life summoned me
To my post.
But I hope when comes the day
For my boy to go away,
I can send him out and say:
"Follow Yost!"

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The "Guide Trust" at the Capitol in Washington, D. C., is to be broken up. This system allowed a coterie of a few men to charge practically an "admission fee" to the American people for the privilege of seeing their own National Capitol. The Federal Government will operate a guide system free of charge.

Widows of Presidents who die in office receive the salary which their husbands would have drawn for the remainder of the salary year.

A bottle cast into the sea at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, January 1, 1909, recently washed ashore at Hueneme, Ventura County, California. In the tightly sealed bottle was found a note signed by an Iowa man in which he asks to be notified, so that the movement of the tides of the Pacific Ocean, as indicated by the bottle's journey, may be made the basis of data for the American Society of Aquatic Research.

John Stout, ninety-six years old, an Indian scout for General Custer at the time of the Custer Massacre, died recently in Delaware, Oklahoma. He escaped massacre by hiding in the carcass of a dead buffalo.

Missouri ranks first in the amount of cotton grown per acre, with an average of 325 pounds. The figure next nearest is an average of 264 pounds in North Carolina. Then comes California with an average of 258 pounds to the acre. More than 8,000 people moved into Southeast Missouri last autumn from the South to raise cotton, as it is north of the boll weevil line.

During June and July, 1920, there were about 150 cases of typhoid fever in Pittsburgh, California. This was due to a lack of a stock of liquid chlorin. The water supply from the Sacramento River was pumped into the mains for at least one day without being sterilized, and an epidemic followed. Eighteen typhoid victims pooled their interests and sued the city for damages. They were awarded $32,821, the largest individual amount being $12,500.

In 1871 the Osages were assigned to a reservation in the then Indian Territory. At that time 2,229 enrolled. Oil was discovered on their lands in 1901 and since that time the descendants of those Indians have received more than $140,000,000 in royalties from oil and gas.

A locust cookbook has been issued by the Bureau of Agriculture of the Philippine Islands. To prepare the locusts they are poured alive into boiling water and then spread out on shallow trays to dry. Wings, legs, and tip of body are trimmed off and they are then rinsed in water. Small locusts need not have legs removed, as they are tender. One receipt is as follows: Boil locusts for about ten minutes in sufficient vinegar, salt, and crushed garlic, and when the vinegar dries off fry in lard.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Three hundred thirty-four million cubic feet of timber has been sold by the Forest Service in the Tongass National Forest, Alaska. The stumpage alone is sold, title to the land remaining in the Federal Government. The purchaser has agreed as part of the consideration for the timber to build a pulp-manufacturing plant of not less than 100 tons daily capacity, at the Cascade Creek water power site on Thomas Bay. A complete newsprint pulp plant with a daily capacity of 200 tons will be installed. The timber will be cut on a perpetual supply basis, enough seed trees being left to insure complete natural reproduction.

A woman, eighty-eight years old, has made application to the Department of the Interior to be permitted to homestead a tract of public land in Colorado.

Maidservants from the Antilles were imported by a group of French women. However, they did not prove altogether satisfactory. A quarter of the Negresses made fairly good servants, but were inclined to be restless. Another quarter had to be repatriated. The remainder have fully lived up to the expectations of their employers. Hard-working Czecho-Slovak girls are now drifting into France as servants. They are hard working and know their value which is far above that of the serving girls from Martinique.

A gypsum bed 99.8 per cent pure, extending ten miles inland for a mile along a branch of the Mosse River, midway between Cochrane and James Bay, Ontario, is said to be one of the world's most important. It was but recently discovered. The outcropping can be seen at the river's edge, where the deposit is forty feet thick.

Registrations of motor vehicles in the United States have increased from 3,512,996 in 1916 to 13,002,427 on July 1, 1923.

Lucilla Godoy, a Chilean poet, writing in the *Living Age*, says of President Obregon: "His family life is as modest as it is exemplary. He lives with extreme simplicity, not in the Castle of Chapultepec, but in a residence adjoining it. He is a fine, well-to-do country gentleman, sensibly averse to all ostentation. A revolution has lifted him to the supreme magistracy without affecting the Spartan simplicity of his habits."

The worst typhoon since 1906 recently struck the British Crown Colony of Hongkong, China. The wind attained a velocity of 130 miles an hour, uprooting huge trees and throwing them about like matches. The typhoon lashed the waters of the harbor into a white fury, sinking many ships, including a British submarine. The death toll among the inhabitants was heavy.

Last spring a sick boy, near Vicksburg, Mississippi, prayed to get well so he could see Babe Ruth smash out the ball in an exhibition game in that city. He was unable to attend, however. A neighbor of the boy told Ruth and the ball player drove seven miles out into the country to spend an hour with the sick lad, whose prayer was answered past anything he had ever hoped.

John Knight Shields, former United States Senator, exclaimed in a recent interview regarding the coal settlement: "If this is a fair sample of President Coolidge's adjustment of strikes and labor troubles in the interests of the people of the United States, I hope he will not make any further efforts in that direction."

Residents of Birmingham, Alabama, have an unsolved mystery in the invisible obstacle which prevented a flock of pigeons passing overhead from continuing a straight course. Time after time the birds essayed the passage, but at the particular point swerved and returned to renew the attempt. Whether it was fumes from a stack or a peculiar deflection of the wind from some building, or some other air current is not known.

Despite its labor conflicts and lawless disorders, Barcelona is proceeding with an ambitious building program. Thirty-four apartment houses costing $3,000,000 will contain, besides shops, between seven and eight hundred modern apartments, with freight and passenger elevators, and all modern conveniences.

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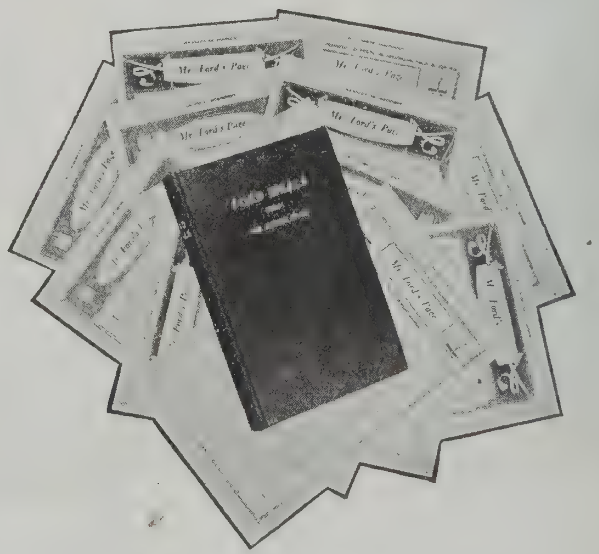

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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A Broadway Farce

Too Many Banks

Wolf Is Nipping at the Heels of Wall Street

The Lean Days Have Indeed Come, for the Lambs, Either Sheared or Shy, Are Not in the Market and So the Professionals Are Busy Scalping

The Kick: Football's Most Important Factor

Yost, Famous Coach of the University of Michigan, Outlines His Views on What He Considers to Be the Greatest Requisite of the Game

Nailing a Lie!

Our Dirty Step

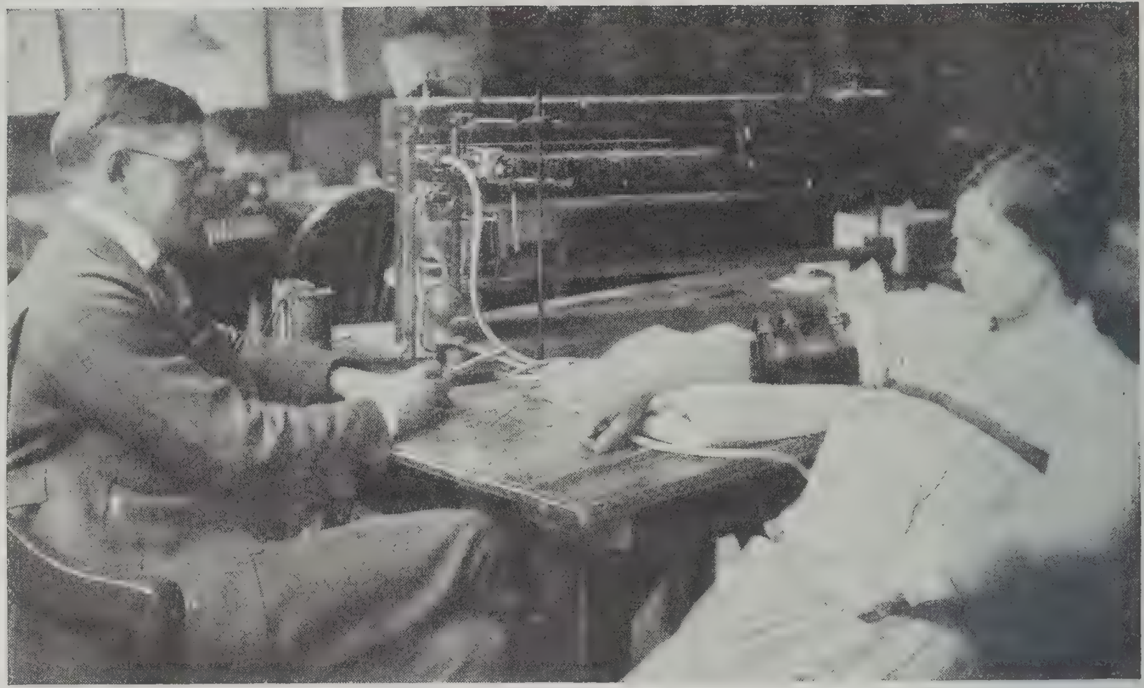
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

How a Lie Registers on the Heartbeat

The Degrees of Truth

NOT to be honest, not to tell the truth; and to lie are two very different things; the latter is positive, the former negative. The dishonest person does not tell the truth; the liar tells the untruth. It is dishonest to suppress a portion of the truth, to lead others into mistakes, to fail to justify appearances, and to make false use of appearances.

The dishonest person may not have said a single untrue word, and still have introduced many more difficulties, confusions and deceptions than the liar. He is, for this reason, more dangerous than the liar. Furthermore, because his conduct is more difficult to uncover, and because he is harder to overcome than the liar, he is more dangerous than the latter.—Hans Gross, J.U.D., Professor of Criminal Law at the University of Graz, Austria, in "Criminal Psychology."



Professor John A. Larson, of the Department of Criminology of the University of California, conducting an interesting test with a young woman student and the "Lie Detector," of which he is the inventor. The young woman, who is of an especially calm and even temperament, was asked whether she was guilty of several entirely supposititious crimes. She replied that she was guilty—though entirely innocent—and in each case the instrument showed that she had not told the truth.

Experiments Declared Successful Will Save Innocent From Prison

By ROBERT MORGAN

CRIMINOLOGISTS declare that at least six per cent of the inmates in our penitentiaries are innocent of the crimes for which they are paying the penalty. Penologists and welfare workers, including those from the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, claim that the percentage is even higher, and that fully half of those innocent of crimes charged to them are likewise ignorant even of the occurrence of these crimes, or of the identity of the persons who actually did commit them. Some of the criminologists, and virtually all these welfare workers, assert, further, that at least ten men out of every hundred whom we send to our prisons are not criminally minded when they go there, but are made so by the influence of their associates within the penitentiary and the impression of the prison walls and prison discipline.

These are matters at whose basic cause lies truth. If we could know the truth of every crime committed—leaving aside all the wide field of motive—we should know who is responsible for each crime, and exactly who should go to prison as punishment, or undergo medical and surgical treatment as cure, for the actions which resulted in the crime. To find this truth a number of men prominent in the world of science, in the more limited world of prisons, and even reformed members of the so-called "criminal world"—whose existence the author, after twenty-five years as a newspaper writer and editor, rather doubts—have been at work for some years. This year their efforts are beginning to show results. Men and women have been proved guilty or innocent by the testimony of these workers in the fields of mechanics, chemistry, psychology, physiology, and even physics, for the laws of all these are called into service in this hunt for the truth.

It is the purpose of the writer to describe some of these methods by which men's minds—often deeply hidden and tightly woven in the knot of circumstance—have been and are being made to reveal the facts, not alone concerning crimes, but concerning matters of interest to the police powers of communities. In the beginning it might be well to consider just what these men of various branches of science are trying to find out. "Truth," says the dictionary, "is conformity to fact or reality; exact accordance with that which is, or has been, or shall be." Every judge, every honest detective, the city editor of every newspaper, knows that this definition is good as far as it goes, but that it does not go far enough. The practical working definition of truth is "fact as the individual sees it." Because you and I look at a color and pronounce it red is no proof that the color is red; it is simply an expression of the fact that your eye and my eye record the same color as red. Send five competent reporters to cover an accident and you will get five widely varying stories of the accident, its cause, its details and its results. Yet each one of these reporters will be telling the exact truth as he knows it, no more and no less.

The reporter tells what to him is the truth, first of all because he is trained to see what happens; second, because his job depends on his accuracy; third, because he is inherently honest or he could not be a reliable reporter; and, fourth, because of professional pride, since he knows that on his work depends the standing of the newspaper which employs him. If men trained by a lifetime of work to find the truth and tell the truth cannot find anything *except what they see as the truth and the facts,* how can it be expected that men and women, either entirely untrained or trained to conceal the truth whenever the truth will hurt them, shall either see or tell the truth, the more especially when their own personal fortunes are involved?

This is the problem which confronted the men of science when they went in pursuit of the truth in an effort to make more perfect the solving of crime mysteries and the punishment of those actually guilty of these crimes. They knew at the outset that, in all probability, the facts concerning many crimes never will be known, but they believed that if the facts concerning any man's connection with the commission of a crime could be known, such knowledge would at least free the innocent from punishment for crimes with which they had no connection. This, then, was what they went after, and what they have succeeded to a remarkable extent in capturing—the facts concerning any action *as far as they are known to the individual under investigation.*

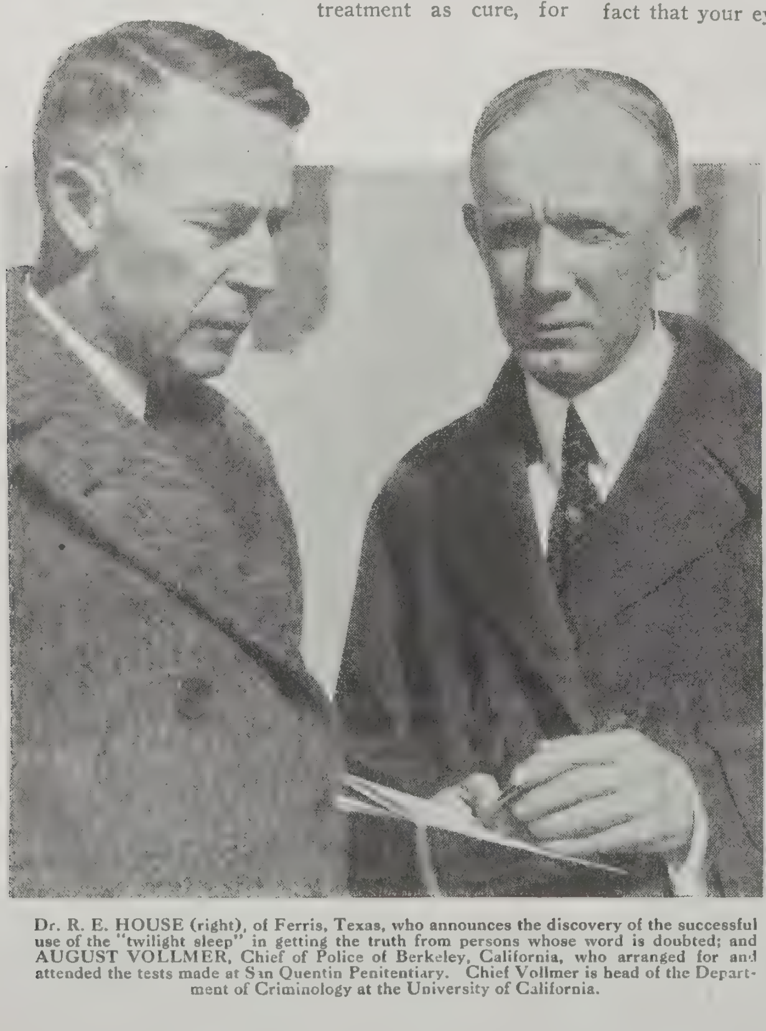
Three men, from rather widely separated sections of the United States, stand out as the leaders in this work. All of them call the laws of physiology, of man's physical structure, into service; one of them uses chemistry as his principal aid, while the other two depend on the applied laws of physics and mechanics. The one who has progressed probably the greatest distance in getting from each person the facts as that person knows them is Professor John A. Larson, of the University of California's department of criminology, and investigator for the police department of Berkeley, California. His work is done with an instrument of his own invention, called the "Lie Detector" for want of a better name, which depends on the quickened pulse and heightened respiration of the individual which comes involuntarily when he tells a lie.

The man who calls in the aid of chemistry is Dr. R. E. House, of Ferris, Texas, who, by the application of scopolamin, produces an analgesic condition, in which the conscious mind ceases to function, the subconscious mind comes to the fore, and the subject is unable to tell anything but the truth as recorded in his subconscious mind. The third man of this triumvirate of searchers after "human truth" is Dr. Albert Schneider, dean of the North Pacific College, at Portland, Oregon. His instrument is his own improvement on the d'Arsonval galvanometer, used in laboratories for fifty years, but which Dr. Schneider is the first to apply to this purpose. It shows, as will be detailed presently, the facts which the subject or suspect is concealing; then questioning brings out these concealed facts. In contrast to the other two methods, this one of Dr. Schneider's depends not so much on getting the truth, or knowing whether a man is lying, but in finding out just what he is concealing.

A great deal that is untrue, and much more that is exaggerated, has been printed about the Lie Detector of Professor Larson, which is doing daily service in the police department at Berkeley for the police departments of all the cities around San Francisco Bay. It is based on thoroughly established physical, physiological and mechanical principles. More than 2,500 tests have been made with it, as many as sixty persons in some instances having been examined before the guilty one—or the one who was not telling the truth as he knew it—was discovered. Of those which the instrument declared to be lying, approximately eighty-five per cent have confirmed the discovery of the machine, the "deus ex machina," if you will, by later confessions, either before or after conviction by juries.

The acting principle of this instrument is based on the fact that under excitement or stimulus of any kind, the human being cannot control the reactions of heartbeats and breathing. An interesting by-product of these tests is that women control these involuntary actions better than men; that is to say, women are better, more persistent and more insistent liars than men, but the factor of sex and all its influences enters here, and a discussion of this phase alone would require many volumes the size of this magazine. The instrument consists of two moving, upright cylinders, around which passes a roll of smoked paper, on which play two needles, the one electrically connected with a chest band which yields or contracts to the slightest change in the respiration, and the other electrically connected with a wristband which is equally attentive to the action of the heart in sending the blood through the veins.

To the man or woman attached to this instrument are asked questions leading up to and including the com-



Dr. R. E. HOUSE (right), of Ferris, Texas, who announces the discovery of the successful use of the "twilight sleep" in getting the truth from persons whose word is doubted; and AUGUST VOLLMER, Chief of Police of Berkeley, California, who arranged for and attended the tests made at San Quentin Penitentiary. Chief Vollmer is head of the Department of Criminology at the University of California.

mission of the crime, connection with which is suspected. The rising and falling pressure of the blood, the heightened and lowered respiration, and the uncontrollable leapings of the heart speak to the Lie Detector in a language it understands, without word of mouth in transmission or necessity for the presence of the human ear in reception. The most accomplished prevaricator, the criminal skilled by years of deception, even the "pathological liar," who is so constituted that he must lie, even when the truth would have better served, cannot escape the revelations of this instrument.

The person subjected to the test is first allowed to sit at rest, with the smoked screen rotating, until a record is obtained of his or her normal respiration and normal heart action. Then the first of a series of questions, ranging from twelve to twenty in number, and leading gradually up to the crime itself, are asked. If the person tested gives a false reply to a question, the moving steel fingers record an increase in the length of the heartbeats, a lifting in the breathing above the normal for the individual—and no matter how clever the man or woman being questioned, he cannot prevent that telltale whisper of the hidden emotions from reaching the smoked screen on the Lie Detector. Likewise, with the innocent person giving truthful replies, the Lie Detector records the truth, its needles traveling evenly across the screen, following the normal lines of the subject's breathing and heart action.

Bear in mind that these tests and this instrument neither show nor pretend to show the abstract Truth. What they do show is whether the subject is telling the truth *as he knows it;* the facts as he participated or did not participate in them. Some of the scientists who have made exhaustive studies of this instrument, its operation and its results, have come to the verge of the belief that all truth is individual; that there is no such thing as abstract truth; but that truth consists, relatively, of the impressions men receive through their five senses, and the accuracy of their individual brains in recording the impressions they have received. This is something to think about, especially in connection with testimony offered in trials as a basis for the imprisonment, even execution, of accused men.

It will be seen from this that the Lie Detector is equally as important in its relations to the witness as to the suspect. If there is a doubt about the truthfulness of the witness, the Lie Detector will set that doubt at rest. Understand, the witness may not be telling the fact as it occurred, but the Lie Detector will reveal whether the witness is telling the facts as he saw, felt, or heard them. That is the important point, and beyond it enters the factor of human fallibility and human error, both in observation and in the mental recording of observations.

An interesting experiment with the Lie Detector was recently carried on as a part of a search for the thief among a group of members of a college sorority on the Pacific Coast. About fifty girls were members of this sorority and residents in the sorority house when the thefts occurred. Any one of them might have been the thief; in fact, it was virtually sure that one of them was the thief. All were asked to submit to the tests of the Lie Detector, and all agreed. One after one they were attached to the instrument and questioned by Dr. Larson, with August Vollmer, chief of police of Berkeley, himself a criminologist of note, watching the results. Only one girl showed variations from the normal heart action and respiration when she was asked the direct question of whether she took the stolen articles.

This girl's reply to this question—as were the replies of all her sorority sisters—was "No," but the Lie Detector picked her from the half-hundred college girls as the one not telling the truth. With the pertinacity of most women caught in deception, however, she adhered to her denial. Then all the girls were told, merely as "part of the experiment," to say "Yes" when asked if they had stolen the articles in question, that is to say, in the spirit of investigation, to admit their guilt. The records of all the girls, with the exception of the one above mentioned, showed that they were lying when they made an affirmative reply. Her record showed that she was telling the truth when she said "Yes."

Confronted with these two records, this girl confessed, the other members of the sorority were exonerated, the parents of the young woman made restitution to those from whom she had stolen—a matter of some $500 in value—and she was quietly dropped from the sorority. This is one of a dozen cases in which the Lie Detector has pointed its steel finger at thieves in clubs, fraternities, sororities and even secret organizations.

Henry Wilkens, of San Francisco, was driving one night with his wife and children when they were held up by automobile bandits, who shot and killed Mrs. Wilkens and robbed her husband. Wilkens was accused of plotting with these bandits, prior to the holdup, to "fake" the robbery and kill Mrs. Wilkens. Circumstantial evidence was strong, and the flamboyant newspapers, as usual, tried the case and convicted the man before he appeared in court. He was placed on the Lie Detector—in fact, asked to be so tested—and the Lie Detector declared him to be telling the truth when he denied all connection with the crime. He was later acquitted by a jury when the evidence was presented in an orderly manner and not in the prejudiced methods of the "metropolitan dailies."

With the Lie Detector it has been shown that insane persons—particularly those with feeble or childish minds, the moron and the imbecile—have a different *normal* heart action and respiration from the persons we are accustomed to consider as sane and in full possession of all their mental faculties. As far as these tests have been carried—including about 900 individuals who have been secluded as insane or feeble-minded—it has been shown that the normal heart action and respiration for all persons afflicted with the same form of insanity, or the same degree of feeble-mindedness, is the same. This is a discovery which opens a tremendous field in the study of the insane, because, hitherto, we have considered their physical functions, such as breathing, pulse, muscle action, and so on, as being the same as those of sane persons. It makes far easier and more direct the study of the brain and its mysterious diseases, because it lays a new foundation for comparison of the physical functionings, as well as the mental, of the insane.

Presented also with a record of several hundred successful tests, the freeing of a number of innocent, and the providing of information which has resulted in confessions by many who had committed crimes, comes the capillary electrometer, a development of the galvanometer, as improved and used by Dr. Schneider. This, also, is a mechanical device, though it takes advantage of certain laws of physics. It works toward the same end as the Lie Detector, and, because it reveals truth which the subject may be endeavoring to hide—or, more correctly speaking, reveals the fact that the subject is trying to conceal something—it has been named the "Soul Searcher" by the newspapermen of Portland, where Dr. Schneider has done the greater part of his interesting work with it.

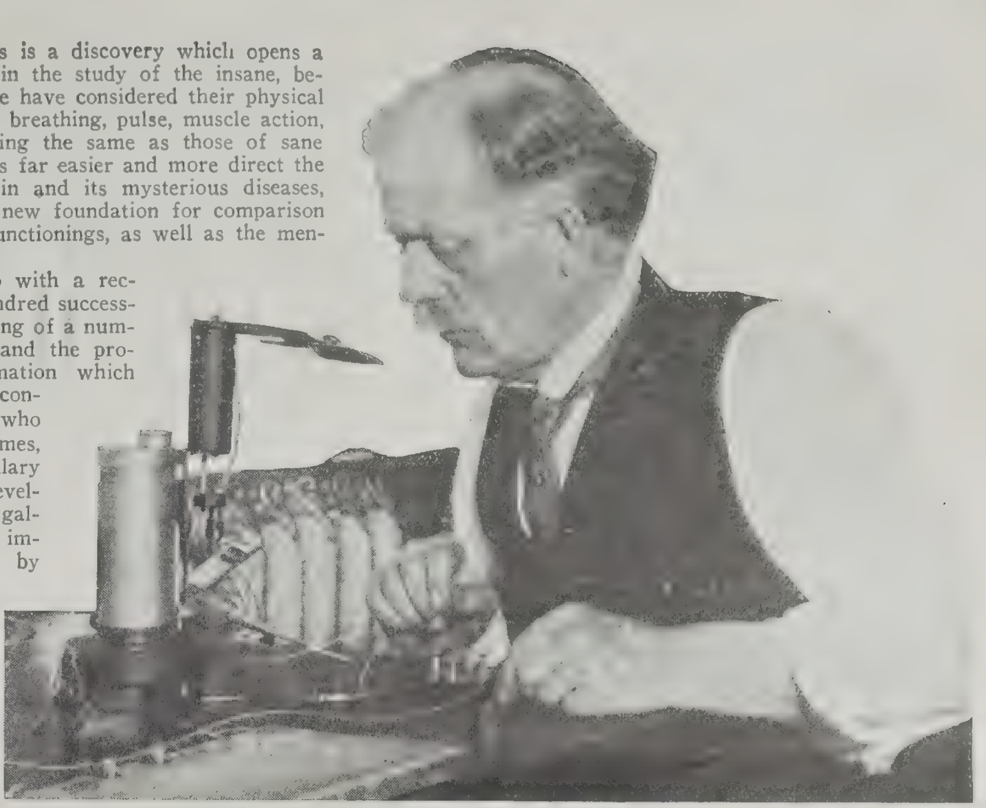
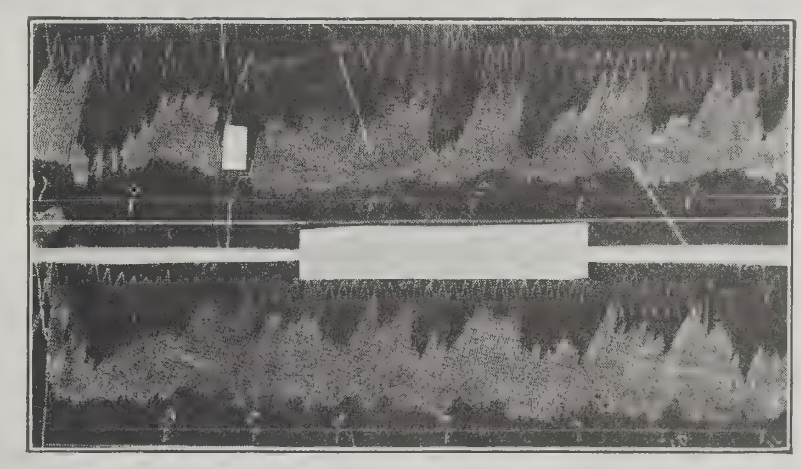


Photo by International Newsreel

DR. ALBERT SCHNEIDER, dean of the North Pacific College, Portland, Oregon, and his development of the capillary electrometer, by the use of which he offers still another method of learning whether a person is telling the truth.

Where the Lie Detector, or sphygmomanometer, as the scientists call it, gets its records of comparative truth and falsehood from heart pressure and respiration increase due to emotional reaction, the Soul Searcher steals the secret of attempted falsification from the subject without his knowing it. In other words, what the subject fails to say is more important to Dr. Schneider and his truth-seeking instrument than what he does say. The capillary electrometer consists of a series of capillary tubes, minute in diameter, one of which contains a thread of mercury so fine that it can be seen only through the lens of a microscope. The tube containing this microscopic column of quicksilver is graduated in fractions of a millimeter, likewise so tiny that they can be read only through the microscope.

The subject, or suspect as criminologists would prefer to call him, is seated at a table for the ostensible purpose of a mental examination, nothing being said about the crime with which he is believed to be connected, and nothing done to excite his emotions. No record of the "normal" is made, as in the case of the Lie Detector, since such standard is unnecessary, as will be seen from the working of the instrument. The subject is asked to place the forefinger of each hand on a metal terminal, from which a very fine wire runs to the electrometer. The only current applied to the instrument comes from the body of the subject, through his forefingers, and over the almost microscopic wires to the minute column of mercury in the tube. The reader of the instrument is under a hood; his presence may or may not be known to the subject. The eye of the reader never leaves the fractional millimeter scale on the capillary tube, and he says nothing at any time to the subject.



Two records of the same man whom the Lie Detector declared to be lying, and who afterward confessed to the crime of which he was accused, that of theft. Most men, if proved to be lying by this machine, will eventually confess, but women continue to declare their innocence and stick more stoutly than ever to the original falsehood.

An assistant, who apparently is making the test, asks the subject to say the first word that comes into his mind when the assistant mentions another word to him. The assistant begins—understand that no questions are asked, association of ideas being the fundamental theory on which the instrument works—and the subject replies to each word with the first word it brings to his mind. The subject is thus brought, slowly, gradually, and without disturbing his mental balance, to the immediate action of the crime. Let us suppose the man being tested is suspected of having shot another man to death in Portland.

The assistant to Dr. Schneider says, "Gun?"

The subject, if he has any association with a crime committed with a firearm, will almost invariably reply with the name of that arm, "rifle," "pistol," "revolver," or something of the sort. In the majority of the cases, if he be guilty, the first word that flashes into his mind will be the name of the weapon with which he committed the crime.

The assistant says, "Alive?"

If the subject knows that his victim is dead, almost invariably he will answer, "Dead." If he is innocent, or does not know the result of his crime, he will answer either "who" or "where," both interrogatives.

The assistant says, "City?" and if the subject has guilty knowledge of the crime, he will immediately give the name of the city in which it was committed; that is, he will say, in this case, "Portland." If he is not guilty, he will say the name of the city with which he is most familiar, which may or may not be the one in which the crime was committed. And so on, with every idea back of each word closely associated with an idea still more closely bound up with the crime, and its manner and place of commission.

"Now," says Dr. Schneider, "immediately on hearing a word, a guilty man will check his mind, fearing that by his answer he may 'give himself away.' At the exact fraction of a second in which the subject thus checks his mind, looking for a word which shall not connect him with a crime, the current running to the capillary electrometer is checked, the rising column of mercury stops its climb, and we know that we have found in the man what the psychiatrists call a 'complex.' Slowly, without the subject knowing it, his mind, involuntarily controlling the functions of his body, is doing the very thing he feared that he would do inadvertently with words—'giving him away.' We then check back on this complex, knowing that he is concealing something there, and further adroit questioning virtually always brings out the truth, as the subject knows it."

These are two very interesting and very successful mechanical and physical methods of getting at the truth. In both, of course, are combined a great deal of psychology, and, in the Schneider method, not a little autosuggestion, but in the main the instrument, with its unfalteringly accurate mechanical record, is the key to the results achieved.

Comes now Dr. R. E. House, of Ferris, Texas, who, out of more than a decade of searching after truth in an effort to eliminate the once well-known "third-degree" methods of police, and to reduce as far as possible the percentage of innocent men and women sent to our reformatories, has evolved a chemical method of separating the false from the true. Up to the middle of the summer of 1923, Dr. House had made 500 tests of this method, and had achieved a record of approximately eighty per cent of success. He depends upon the releasing of the subconscious mind—which cannot tell a lie, nor conceal any part of the truth—to learn the facts so far as they are known to an individual.

To accomplish this release of the subconscious from the conscious mind, Dr. House uses scopolamin, the basis of the "twilight sleep." Incidentally, Dr. L. L. Stanley, of the medical staff of San Quentin Penitentiary, California, within whose walls Dr. House made a number of tests this summer, has used scopolamin for a number of years in the treatment of drug addicts, and reports uniform success with it. The drug is injected in the House test, and after a few minutes' wait, to allow it to have its effect on the conscious mind, the necessary questions are asked of the subject, who replies from the subconscious mind—which, it is claimed, no anesthetic or analgesic drug can overcome—and, according to Dr. House, these replies are exactly according to the facts as known to the subject.

"The drug numbs the conscious will," says Dr. House, "and, with this dormant, the subconscious mind responds to facts. Questions propounded to a person under the influence of scopolamin invariably bring truthful answers. In more than 500 cases, there is yet to be recorded a failure. I have yet to find a human being who could evade the truth when he was asked for it while under the influence of scopolamin."

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It May Strike a Snag

THE greatest obstacle in the way of confirmation of Edward M. Farley as Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, it appears, is his possession of the endorsement of Albert D. Lasker. The incautious Lasker grandiloquently informed the public at a very elaborate—almost an orientally elaborate—dinner that Mr. Farley would follow out the Lasker policies, and Mr. Farley did not deny it. The opinion is gathering force that the Shipping Board does not need Mr. Lasker's rubber stamp now that it is happily rid of Lasker. The latter's visit to the President, which David Lawrence incorrectly reported to have been at the President's invitation, has not yet succeeded, so far as anyone knows, in gaining Mr. Coolidge's support.

It is an interesting bit of gossip how Mr. Lasker, with the aid of trained writers, prepared several articles on Our Merchant Marine for publication in the *Saturday Evening Post.* The series should be appearing about now, but the articles contained so much harsh criticism of certain members of the House and the Senate, that with the gathering doubt of Farley's confirmation, the anxious "author" rushed telegrams to the *Saturday Evening Post* requesting that publication be deferred until after Congress had disposed of the Farley appointment. It is said that the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* consented, although it is further said that he did not know the reason behind the request.

Incidentally, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has certain material which Mr. Lasker will be powerless to prevent when the time comes for its appearance.

Mr. Lasker's anxiety to be succeeded by one friendly to him, his desire to have a friend at court, is one excellent reason why someone who will turn up the Lasker regime should succeed him. The story of the Shipping Board is unbelievable, and bad as it was before Lasker, it has become worse since. All the more reason why an entirely new man, a man utterly separate from the Lasker organization, should succeed him. Mr. Farley's fitness is not in question; it is a matter of appointing a Chairman who will not be under the slightest suspicion of being interested in any predecessor's behalf.

Our Dirty Doorstep at Ellis Island

AFTER reading the report on Ellis Island made to his government by the British Ambassador (excerpts from which are printed on page thirteen of this issue) every American citizen who has been bred in the respect of soap and water will feel a stirring of indignation that such things can be in this country. The conditions at times and in some respects are simply appalling, and although the emphasis is largely on physical conditions, it is not only the physical conditions that are to be condemned—there are other evils also.

Ellis Island receives all kinds of people from all parts of the world. Some of them are degraded people who ought never to have been permitted to come to these shores; others are unfortunates who would respond to the better conditions here obtainable if given an opportunity; still others are people who are accustomed to as much daily decency as is any American. Considering that Ambassador Geddes investigated in behalf of the people from his country, who are not degraded by any means, and yet who were compelled to endure the Ellis Island horror along with all the others to whom it was not at all objectionable, the restraint which he exercised in his report is extraordinary. It would not be becoming in Americans to show as little restraint.

Ellis Island, in all its arrangements, must be placed on the American standard for everything. If, as Ambassador Geddes suggests, there should be a separate landing place for the Jews, let that be provided. In any case, for Jews and Gentiles the arrangements must be on a par with the common standards of American decency. The impression one gets from all reports of observers is that Ellis Island has been permitted to run down to the level of the lowest classes received there; it has not been kept up to the level of the government which is superintending the reception. This may or may not be because so many who are not Americans are employed as official receivers of immigrants.

There can be no argument whatever as to the immediate need for a wholesale clean-up at Ellis Island, now that our shame in this respect has been so completely disclosed to the world.

And there ought not to need much argument to revise our system of handling prospective immigrants. It is cruelty of the most heinous kind to permit people of any country to obtain passports, pay their ocean passenger fare, only to be rejected at Ellis Island. Worse even than that is the custom which consuls abroad pursue of viseing passports and then sending messages ahead that such-and-such a person is not admissible to the United States. Such heartless jockeying with human beings has only to be viewed in its thoughtless though systematic cruelty to win absolute condemnation. We should, as a humane nation, forestall this suffering and loss and waste by settling such matters at the United States consular offices abroad.

There is no demand for any relaxation of the immigration laws; demand is rather for their stricter enforcement regardless of influences brought to bear against it. But there is a demand that we recognize our moral responsibility toward those multitudes of people who come ignorantly here only to be returned.

Is the League "Political"?

IS THE League of Nations a political issue? The question is revived by the action of the University of Michigan in refusing the use of a university building for a public meeting to discuss the League, the refusal being based on the judgment that the League is a political question. From one point of view the University is justified. That is to say, whether the League ought to be made a political matter is a question, but that it has been made a political matter is a fact. The motives which made it a political question have been widely judged as unworthy, but unworthy or not they succeeded. The League is a political question not only in the United States but all over the world. Which in itself would not be so reprehensible had not politics fallen to so low a plane all over the world. But politics being what they are, they besmirch whatever can be brought within that category. In a profound sense all great economic questions are political—the League of Nations, capital and labor, banking and currency, sanitation and education—all of these are political. There is nothing pertaining to the national welfare nor to the peace of the world that is not political. And even if the League of Nations were to be raised above the mean and vicious partisanship which the University of Michigan means when it uses the term "political," it would still be political in the highest sense. Every university today teaches subjects that are inevitably political in character, and it is possible that most of them teach political economy with a class bias which is the foundation of partisan bias.

Helpless Static!

THE waves of propaganda beat against the eardrums of the populace. There is no defense. Some evenings ago, hapless radio enthusiasts tuned in on a wave length emanating from the capital of the state of New York.

It developed that a new theatrical enterprise was being inaugurated with fitting ceremonies. Governor Alfred E. Smith was introduced. He directed his remarks to the theatergoers of Albany, but they may well have fallen upon the ears of a million radio fans, scattered through the length and breadth of the land. The governor, in a few well-chosen words, expressed pleasure that the state capital was to have the entertainment of the Shuberts. In his home city of New York, Governor Smith said the Shuberts had won a deserved reputation for clean entertainments.

Static defend us!

"Patent Insides" and Propaganda

IF THERE is propaganda in a country newspaper, the editor himself is responsible. Even though it be sent to him in "boiler plate" or "ready prints" or "patent insides," he still has full control over the material which he admits to his pages.

The business of furnishing "ready prints" has developed to a point which gives the editor of a country paper as complete control of the matter appearing in the "patent inside" as he has of that printed on his own press. The opportunity for selection is so broadened that a number of papers can be supplied in any town without duplication of any article, and the working sheet in each auxiliary specifies exactly what features the editor has selected, his choice being denied a rival in the same territory, except in the special matter comprising the propaganda.

The modus operandi is this:

The propagandist prepares, or has prepared, a column, or two, or three, or a page of copy. This he takes to the auxiliary house to be put in type, from which plates are made, and proofs mailed to selected lists or to all of the patrons of the house with the notation that "We are authorized by the American Bankers' Association"—(to give a specific case)—"to supply this service in plate form free of charge, the metal to be returned to us after use."

If the newspaper has insufficient space for the service on the home pages, the same plates will be printed on the inside pages, but only on specific order. The work being paid for by the propagandist, the responsibility of the plate house ceases here.

Like service is open to any interest desiring publicity of this sort. There is no partisanship in it except that of the propagandist and the editor who uses the service. In plate form, for use in the home pages, the matter is easily subdivided for scattering in available vacant spaces, or for the purpose of omitting any portion not deemed available. When ordered on an "inside" it is usually printed as cast, in full columns, since that is the form of all features and the only practicable manner of its use.

This form of propaganda is in common use by political committees, corporate interests, and the like, and was indulged in to a large extent by the government during the World War.

Educational propaganda on every side of every question is desirable. The country editor is as much justified in printing propaganda of the American Bankers' Association as he is in printing Sunday school lessons furnished by a religious body. The plate makers are justified in sending out such service for responsible bodies. But unless the whole business is to fall into disrepute the one-sided character of it should be amended. Editorial breadth should be mingled with business acumen. If the American Bankers' Association wishes to use a country newspaper to justify the money system which charges the farmer twelve to fifteen per cent interest, why should not a balancing portion of publicity be given the opposite point of view? "Boiler plate" could make itself the true American Forum if so conducted.

What Does It Matter?

THERE is no monopoly in beauty. A masterpiece of art or literature is no less a thing of wonder, though its creator's name be lost in the dusk of the ages.

The other day the world of art was upset by the publication of a book entitled, "Rembrandt and his School." The author, John C. Van Dyke, professor of History and Archeology in Rutgers College, assailed the genuineness of most of the paintings accredited to the great Dutch master. There are between 800 and 1,000 "Rembrandts" in the world. Professor Van Dyke says that perhaps thirty-five are genuine. The others he ascribes to a host of painters who flourished in the seventeenth century.

Professor Van Dyke's assertions brought the expected reaction in the world of art. Some experts scoffed. Others agreed in part. Many kept silent.

To those who do not affect art, but who enjoy art, the Van Dyke disclosures will be of little consequence. An honest person who admires a work for the work's sake will not be shaken in his admiration, because of the doubt as to the authorship. In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York are fifteen paintings accredited to Rembrandt. Professor Van Dyke says that none is genuine. Perhaps he is right. But the pleasure of gazing at them should have been as great the day after his disclosures as it was the day before. The qualities which were admired as Rembrandt's work are just as admirable as some other's creation.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT WOULD be an excellent experiment if, when business becomes dull and the dullness balks every effort to dispel it, men would turn their attention to an element too often neglected in business, namely, the element of neatness, tidiness, orderliness. Just as an experiment. There is something to learn from it. There are benefits to be gained by it. There is a new state of mind and the liberation of new forces dependent upon it. There is a reaction from it which is difficult to set down in words, and as difficult to prove in figures, yet it is pretty certain that the man who has made the experiment will be able to detect its influence on his balance sheet.

There is no sphere of work where this principle does not apply. The home, the farm, the factory, the mine—all of these are fields for the application of tidiness. In the home, of course, we expect it; the home is judged by it. On the farm, its lack is noticeable when lack there is. In factory and mine there seems to be a tradition that disorder signifies a great rush of business—industry is commonly thought to be too busy with important matters to give attention to such commonplace things as tidiness.

> *IT WOULD pay in money if managers of homes, farms, stores, railroads and factories should give attention to order and cleanliness in their establishments. Heaps of waste material means untidiness but it also means inefficiency. "Show me your scrap-pile and I will tell you how your business is." One coat of rust costs more than a year of wear. Dirt and neglect are the most deceptive forms of camouflage because they conceal the exact state of the machine or structure. In factories, waste is composed of elements of value to the business. On farms, waste is composed of elements which menace the business. Untidy concerns begin to slow up, their men become slovenly, their work becomes unsound, their output dwindles, their profits disappear. System, order, tidiness are profitable in a score of ways.*

Yet it is almost invariably the fact that where disorder and uncleanliness exist, there also exists inefficiency. The two things seem to go together. And it is almost impossible to offer a criticism, because it is immediately taken to be personal. Clean up a man's farm or shop for him, and likely as not he will take it as an affront to himself. He feels it to be a reflection on something very intimately connected with his whole habit of mind. In this way he confesses that there is a connection between the workings of his mind and the workings of his business—confusion in one breeds confusion in the other.

While there are farmers who keep their places tidy (and the men who do so will be found to win a higher measure of success than the others), many do not. One has only to ride along the highway to see on every hand evidences of untidiness. Weakened fences, unpainted and slant-doored barns, weed-grown lanes, farm implements lying out in the weather—these are common sights. And they are not to be explained by lack of money so much as by lack of taste and initiative. In a short drive the other day, one estimated that more than $30,000 worth of farm machinery was seen exposed to the weather. That cannot be explained otherwise than by the mentality of the owner. Bad crops or good crops, money or no money, the care of tangible wealth is the first sign of a good business man.

One layer of rust does more damage than a whole year of wear.

It is the same on railroads. A certain railroad was taken over and cleaned up. This meant that from roadbed to roundhouse everything concerning it was cleaned up. The men were cleaned up, too. There is no more reason for overalls not being washed than there is for right-of-way not being clear. The custom of polishing the locomotives was introduced. Indeed, the locomotives were so finished with polished bands and rods that cleaning them was necessary if they were to preserve any semblance of their original appearance. It looked like extra labor. It seemed as if an extra cost was being added for mere "show." But was it? Take this single example as an indication how tidiness pays on a railroad.

As everyone knows it sometimes happens that accidental breakages of driving rods occur on the road, damaging the locomotive, sometimes damaging the roadbed, always involving the very heavy costs of train delays, and sometimes even causing wreckage. There is no better way of determining the condition of a locomotive than by going over it with a view to its appearance. Thus, in cleaning the driving rods of a locomotive the other day, a cracked one was discovered. Ordinarily it would not have been discovered until it had broken on the road, if that policy of tidiness had not been in force. So that what looked like an extra, needless cost turned out to be a very valuable economy.

The principle uncovered here is the same everywhere—If you want to know the condition of anything, clean it up. Dirt and disorder hide all sorts of defects which will turn up very damagingly at unexpected times. Cleaning the thing up exposes the defects, shows where work needs to be done at a time when it can be done with the greatest effectiveness and economy.

In every business it can be proved that untidiness, disorder, is actually created out of elements which are either of value to the business, or are a menace to it.

The first fact—that disorder may be created out of elements of value to the business—can be illustrated by the railroad or the shop. It is usually *material* that constitutes untidiness in these places, heaps of odds and ends and forgotten parts, thrown hither and thither in corners and scrap-piles, until a considerable bit of wealth is thus accumulated in uselessness. The railroad mentioned was found, upon examination, to have almost as much material scattered around under the classification of "junk," as it had in actual use. The leak into this classification makes a heavy drain on some businesses. It is the custom of one organization, when it goes to look over a factory, to ask first, "Let us see your scrap-pile." From that it is perfectly easy to deduce how the factories have been conducted. In cases like this, the untidiness is created out of elements valuable to the business.

Now, to illustrate the fact that untidiness is sometimes made out of elements whose presence is a menace to the business, take the farm. The enemies of the farm are vermin, parasites and weeds. The latter are the friends of the first two. Farmers who think their fields are clean while their lanes are choked with weeds and every fence is fringed with all manner of predatory plants are mistaken. They harbor in the heart and around the boundaries of their farms the nesting places of the very enemies which they fight afield. The untidiness is not only a matter of appearance, but a matter of labor and money and decreased production. Yet, many a farmer will resent as "unpractical" the suggestion that he clean up all over and all around, and keep things clean. But in so cleaning up he is not only adding to the appearance-value of his property, he is adding to its productive value as well. And he is doing more than that, he is creating a state of mind, an orderliness of thinking, that will inevitably make itself felt in all his arrangements.

The policy of system, order and tidiness has another advantage: it helps attract the right kind of employes. The system employed in a shop is almost immediately reflected in the employes. Industries in which the greatest degree of physical disorderliness reigns, show the lowest output, the lowest wages and the lowest profits. When a shop force is accustomed to dirt, all its operations are clogged, just as a neglected piece of machinery is clogged. Waste of material, waste of time, duplication of effort, slovenliness of work all go with untidiness; whereas clean-painted corners, businesslike system, insistence that the work shall be sound and that material shall be respected—these have the power to put men in a right relation to their task, awaken their self-respect, and make them partners in an achievement rather than parasites on a half-dying industry.

The old college professor said: "There's a heap of morality in an electric light on the campus," and there is a heap of business wisdom in just plain orderliness and tidiness in the shop. Men who can't learn to be tidy have no place in a growing business; but most men like it, and will help to maintain it, for the profit is theirs as well as the industry in which they work.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Too Many Banks, or Soon Will Be, Say Bankers

Corrective Measures to Limit New Institutions Sought by A. B. A.

By A. R. PINCI

CONVICTION is beginning to crystallize in this country that there are too many banks, or, stated differently, that if there are not too many banks in the United States today, it will not be long ere, at the present rate of increase, there will be too many of them.

Such a belief would carry little weight or interest if it were the vague or chance remark of a layman, but now that bankers in the hallowed financial precincts of New York are beginning to confess to the fear is a sure indication of trouble or alarm.

Nor is that all. Even the American Bankers Association—a voluntary, unincorporated association of about 23,000 banks—has practically admitted the same thing, although indirectly, with hints that Congress and the legislatures must provide adequate corrective measures. In fact, official Washington has taken cognizance, not always official, of the complaint, but up to the present time no solution seems feasible; which means that solutions have been suggested, but that each in some way steps on the other fellow's toes.

The numerical abundance of banks in this country is now a timely subject because for eight consecutive years the American Bankers Association has been studying it, pro and con, at its annual conventions.

If this has escaped general notice it is due to the fact that officially and technically the discussion has been about "branch banks."

At the forty-eighth annual convention last year some well-concealed bitterness existed between the two factions within, one opposing and the other encouraging branch banking. Since 1916, when the American Bankers Association, with only two dissenting voices, condemned branch banking in any form, until the present, this opinion has not been reversed, although care has been taken, as might be expected, not to make the resolution operative or mandatory. Did this happen, a split within the association would be inevitable.

National Branches Permitted

THE topic was particularly threshed out at the 1922 convention, but nothing has come of it, in spite of the fact that the association's preponderant opposition is supported not only by the chief financial organs of the country, but also by D. R. Crissinger, then Controller of the Currency, now Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, who has formally declared that if it had been his duty to make the laws of the various states he would not have permitted branch banking.

Offhand, there seems to be no direct relationship between branch banking and the number of banks, but it is because the former subject conceals the latter that the debate has not been fully understood or appreciated. The exact relationship exists in this—that where a huge and prosperous banking institution can open a dozen branch banks, or banking branches, or "offices," in a perfunctory way by means of a comparatively slight dent to its surplus and, where necessary, a reapportionment of its capital, a new institution would be subject to many difficulties even in establishing itself as a single office. This is especially true in case the community at a given point may not actually be in need of or even require a new bank.

It requires always a certain amount of time and soliciting to organize a new bank up to the point of being ready to receive deposits. New banks are started—but not always on the presumption that another bank is needed by the community, and individuals do not subscribe to stock in a new bank unless there is some definite indication of profit.

Just as banks must amalgamate or consolidate in this highly competitive era to protect themselves against the handicap of a disastrous overhead, it often happens, conversely, that a division of opinion within a banking institution leads to the sudden scission of the weaker element which forthwith starts out with a bank of its own. Under such circumstances no thought need be given by the secessionists to the vital question of whether the community can commercially stand two banks where one sufficed before. The new bank, sometimes amounting to a spite bank, depends upon and usually starts out with the patronage of friends, most of whom must necessarily be recruited from the original institution. Under these conditions, the plain depositor, who forms the backbone of banking, figures not at all.

However, there is another kind of banking parthenogenesis.

In certain states, and generally in certain cities, the principal banks have begun to expand by means of branches, and while at first this was supposed to be a prerogative available solely to state institutions (in a score of states) it led to a condition which, according to the Controller of the Currency at Washington, threatened "the national banking system in these respective states," thus causing him to extend the same privilege in the same localities to national banks.

Controller Crissinger explained the situation as follows in a letter to a member of Congress:

"There is very much misinformation which has worked itself into a propaganda that is wholly unwarranted. The ruling that I have made does not in any way affect the state of Missouri, but one of your national bankers out there, acting upon the advice of his own attorney, established an office or agency in St. Louis, which has started the rumpus. I have particularly ruled in every instance that no branch office or agency would be authorized by me in states where state institutions did not have like facilities. It ought to be clear and it is fair, and there is no reason for anybody misunderstanding it.

"I have, on the other hand, permitted national banks in the large cities of states that permit state banks and trust companies to have agencies or offices, the privilege to have like agencies or offices, and no place else, and I think that is fair and equitable, and is, I believe, authorized under the National Bank Act.

"If it had been my duty to make the laws of the various states of the Union I should not have permitted branch banking, but, unfortunately, twenty-two states, either by permissive action of the state superintendents of banking or by direct authorization of the legislatures of the states, do permit agencies, offices or branch banks.

"This has brought about a condition which threatens the national banking system in these respective states. To illustrate: In my own state of Ohio we have a bank in Cleveland operating under a state charter, with forty-six branches in that city, and it is now extending its operations throughout the state, and has absorbed—practically put out of business—all the big national banks in Cleveland, and we have, I think, four small national banks left."

Congress has several bills on the subject of branch banking, but judging by the activity, or inactivity, of the Senate and House committees, very little action may be expected because a dilemma evidently exists, and any kind of legislation would fall unjustly upon some banks and communities.

Marshall Cousins, commissioner of banking of the state of Wisconsin, said that "from practical experience in both state and national banks" he can see but little difference between them, thus dissenting from Mr. Crissinger to the extent that the latter believes that "if the backbone of the national finances is to be preserved we have got to preserve the national banking system in order to accomplish it, if we are to preserve the system which has been the backbone of the country since 1865."

"They are all organized for the same purpose," Mr. Cousins states, "and should render the public the same service. There should be no friction between the banks of the two systems. It is for their own good and for the public good that there should be co-operation.

"I believe we will more closely approach the ideal situation when for the welfare of nation-wide credit and trade, and of national solvency, the two banking systems, the state and the Federal, each supreme and useful in its own functions, can be made as one in matters of mobilization of reserve, currency supply and efficient supervision.

"The Congress and the legislatures of the respective commonwealths should be urged to place upon the statute books laws which will bring this about."

Nevertheless, as things stand now, there is friction between the national and state banks, and this friction has prepared the way for a somewhat acrimonious competition in expansion, and, instead of subsiding, there are indications that the race is just about beginning, with Congress on the one hand, the legislatures on the other, and the American Bankers Association quite helpless.

Even Washington, the capital of the United States, directly under Federal control, has not been without its banking troubles. Bankers in Washington have told me that the capital has too many banks—about a dozen little ones have been started since the war—and in that city it is quite easy to assess the exact banking need, since its banking is essentially routine and approximately fixed. The bulk of private deposits, excluding business, is by the army of government employes, whose pay checks on the Treasury of the United States are deposited twice each month and frequently exhausted before each fortnight passes. Yet the competition for this business is amazing.

One Has Fifty Branches

NEW YORK offers a different situation entirely, although it is in New York City that I have heard the more serious complaints about too many banks.

There is a state bank—the Corn Exchange Bank—which has more than fifty city branches, each a complete bank in itself. About the only relationship it bears to the parent bank is in having to report to the general officers and for the managers to obtain approval in making any loan exceeding $500 or $1,000. With its resources of more than two hundred million dollars, each branch would roughly be worth four millions.

A four-million-dollar bank in even a sizeable town would be quite an institution, as would be any corporation representing such a sum. Yet in the metropolis by itself it would cut no ice, and that is why there are several dozen such branches studding the city at intervals of fifteen or twenty blocks. But that is not all.

In the vicinity there are always from one to three or four other banks, which has the effect of furnishing excessive banking facilities in cluster-form at certain points and no banks at other points.

While certain big downtown institutions are planning or actually opening additional offices or branches, it likewise comes to pass that other banks, feeling the weight of the overhead, are being absorbed by the more opulent organizations. In a few cases a feeble attempt is made to retain some shred of former prestige by use of the former name to distinguish the new branch.

While ancient and honorable institutions are losing their identity and practically disappearing altogether by absorption, new banks are started outright on capitalizations of from $250 000 to $2 000,000. In order to make plausible their being they are consecrated to the financial service of the neighborhood, particularly the needle trades.

This not being enough, all sorts of novelties are devised to attract accounts, and the one that has fallen hardest upon the clerks is that of late banking hours.

One bank started some years ago as an all-night bank and eventually gave way to an all-night pawnshop. Later came the eight a. m.-to-midnight bank, which now runs in two shifts, from eight to eight. As this bank by clever publicity has managed to keep well to the front, another was started less than half a mile away. with a view to serving the theatrical and Broadway district that should keep open until ten p. m.

To adopt this system would not be difficult for other banks, except that it would entail the tremendous expense of two separate working forces and separate sets of books and duplication. So the matter was scotched by devising another idea—of keeping open until five or six o'clock each evening, the period between three o'clock and closing time being limited either to receiving deposits only or paying special pay-roll checks; this, of course, apart from the now old plan of opening for an hour or two Saturday evenings for the benefit of the working classes.

At first all this special service seemed to be the field of the state banks, which owing to their very organization were naturally closer to the community than could be the national banks themselves. But now the national banks in some cases exceed the most liberal of local banks in an effort to get business.

That takes no account, as is evident, of the savings banks, which perhaps are the least liberal, since they do nothing except to take deposits or honor withdrawals, and their work within is nowhere as complicated as is that of the commercial banks.

Fear Big-bank Competition

IN SAN FRANCISCO there is the Bank of Italy, originally started by Italians to serve the growing Italian agricultural community there. This is now said to be the biggest bank west of the Mississippi, and has not only established a place in New York by taking over two institutions still running as "independent banks," but has arranged for an international bank somewhere in Italy. That bank, which has been the cause of acrimonious exchanges in California, is about twenty years old, if the writer is not mistaken, but it has attained its size by taking over, buying, or otherwise controlling lesser local banks in the vicinity.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the opposition to the branch-bank fashion has a source, especially among the smaller bankers situated at strategic points, in the fear of being forced out of existence.

A big banker said that the little bank has no place in this highly organized and centralized age, and that inasmuch as jobs are safeguarded in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and even the authority that goes with them, the complaint is unnecessary, especially since it is better to be part of a big institution.

The little bank does not seem to regard it that way, however. Most of the smaller American banks have taken seriously the complaint about the British or Canadian system, in which, by centralization of almost entire financial power in the hands of a few and often absentee capitalists, profits are taken from the locality where they are produced to enrich communities a few or thousands of miles away.

Mr. Frame, quoting the chairman of a Canadian Royal Committee appointed to investigate branch banking, said that "the great objection to the Canadian banking system is that it concentrates the banking profits and influence in two large cities, Montreal and Toronto. This also applies to all business—manufacturing, trading, insurance and mortgage loans."

Since England thirty years ago had eighty-six per cent of its banking power distributed among seventy-five or eighty banks, according to Mr. Frame, and now through amalgamations and consolidations is controlled by five institutions, the fear that it is but a step from the present fashion to the British system is not groundless.

In the report of the Federal Legislative Committee of the State Bank Division of the American Bankers Association there appears this paragraph:

". . . this committee, and this division, stand unanimously for the protection and well-being of that great body of American citizens designated as the 'Small Town Banker,' who must abandon his chosen profession and seek other means of livelihood if branch banking is not in some way limited."

Waldo Newcomer, of the National Exchange Bank of Baltimore, speaking in behalf of branch banking, put this question to the last convention: "When a national bank finds itself confronted with such competition and finds that it is losing its business through its inability to take the same step as its competitor, what possible courses of action are open to it?"

Speaking in favor of the national bank as a branch-bank competitor of local institutions, Mr. Newcomer answered his question as follows:

"First, it can supinely sit down and lose its business to its competitor;

"Second, it can surrender its national bank charter and become a state bank. Such a course, if generally followed, would lead to the destruction of the national bank system and seriously threaten to disrupt the entire Federal Reserve System, of which the national banks are the backbone. Furthermore, such action would be an admission that the formation of a branch is good banking, but that the national banks are not to be permitted to be progressive.

"Third, it can temporarily surrender its charter, become a state bank, absorb a bank with branches, or form branches of its own and renew its national charter.

"Fourth, it can establish branches and call them

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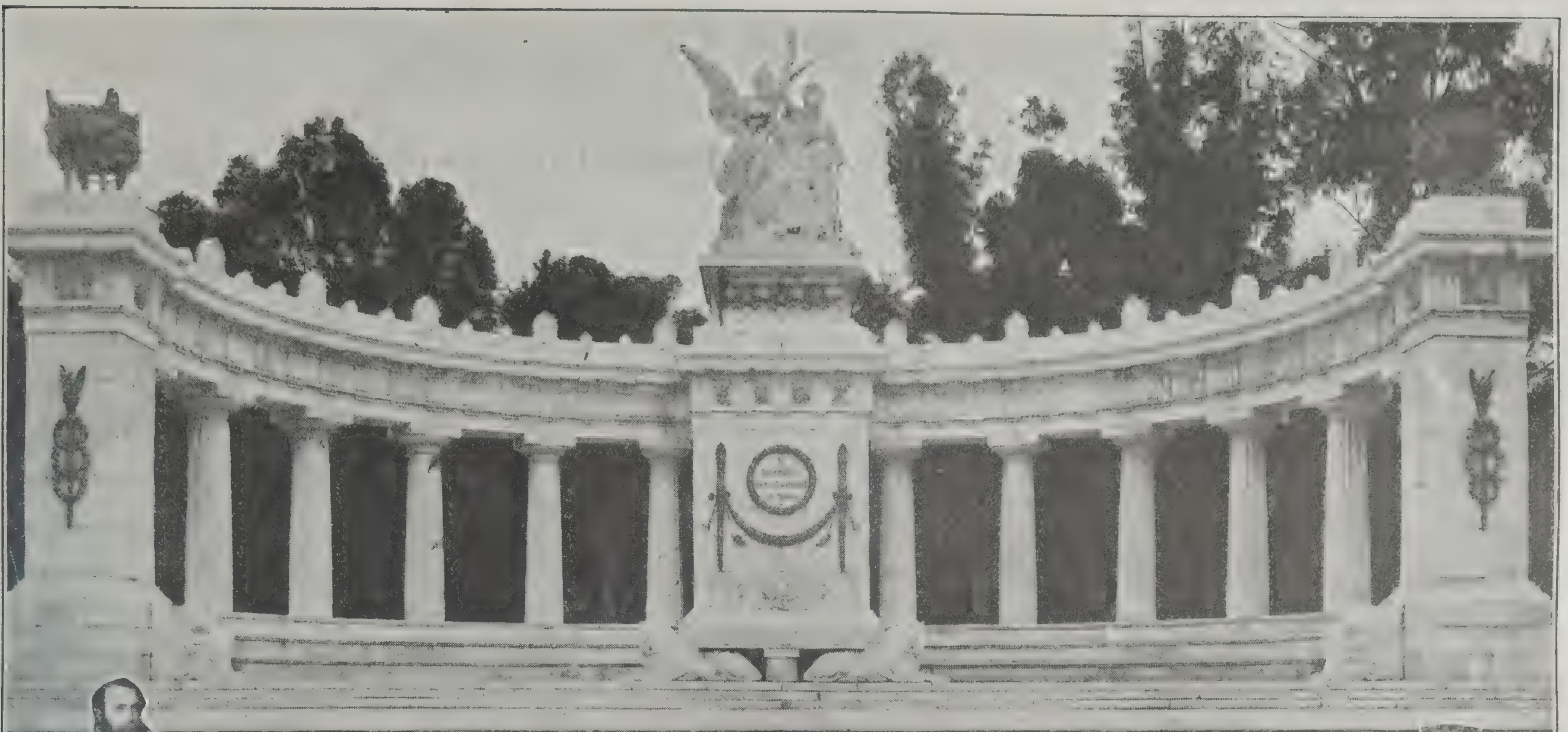

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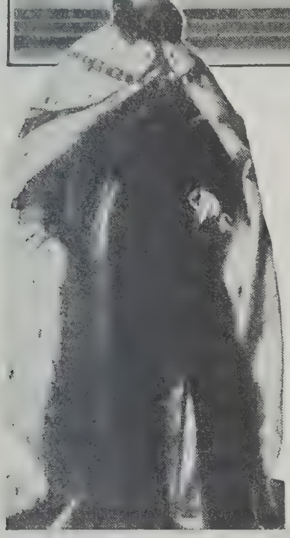
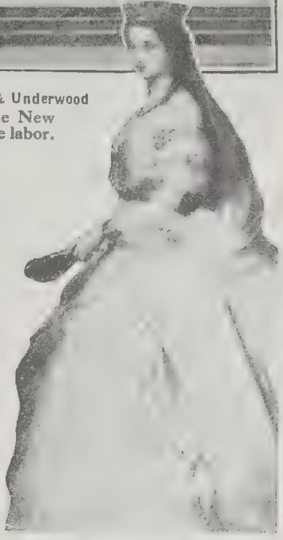
The memorial to Benito Juarez, in the Alameda, facing Juarez avenue, Mexico City, by many considered the finest memorial yet erected in the New World. This monument was cut in sections from pure white Carrara marble in Italy, and shipped to Mexico City, being assembled there by native labor. Juarez was the revolutionary leader who ordered the execution of Maximilian.



MAXIMILIAN I,

From a painting by a contemporary Spanish artist, which hangs in the National Museum, Mexico City. It is said to be an excellent portrait of the unfortunate Hapsburg prince.



CARLOTA,

The Belgian princess who became Empress of Mexico, and is now known as "the Royal Recluse of Bouchout," from a painting by a contemporary Spanish artist, which hangs in the National Museum, Mexico City.

The True Story of Mexico's Hapsburg Emperor

Belgian Princess and Maximilian's Consort Lives in Castle in Brussels, More Than Eighty Years Old

By HARRY H. DUNN

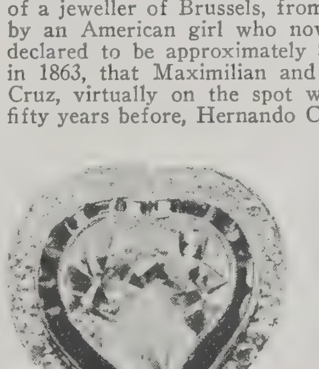
LIVING simply, yet surrounded by every comfort, even luxury, that royal whim might decree, a woman, whose beauty was once the toast of the courts of Central Europe and who for more than half a century has maintained her place as the most tragic figure in the history of the New World, recently celebrated her eighty-third birthday anniversary in a beautiful, but isolated, castle a few miles from Brussels. She is Charlotte, princess of Belgium, former empress of Mexico, daughter of Leopold I, first king of the Belgians, and widow of Maximilian I, second emperor of Mexico.

In the Castle of Bouchout, where her life has been spent since Napoleon's action in deserting the luckless Hapsburg prince plunged her into a hopeless cloud of insanity, it is doubtful if the unfortunate Carlota knows that another year has been added to her life. Certainly she has no knowledge of the World War, for, being a member of the Austrian royal family, no armed man of the Central Powers ever set foot within the domain which, to her childish mind, is still an empire. Being also subject of a solemn treaty by which guardianship of her was transferred to the then king of the Belgians, Leopold II, from the emperor of Austria, it is equally certain that no armed Belgian ever has passed before her sight. The world for her has stood still since, on a sunny morning in June, 1867, the rifles of a gang of ragged *pelados* sent half a dozen bullets into the heart of Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, as he stood before the adobe wall of the place of execution at Queretaro.

So many years have passed over this silent recluse of Bouchout that doubtless the majority of American men and women believe her dead. Probably very few know the true story of the tragedy of Maximilian and his empress, while still fewer, if any, ever have heard the strange tale of the Hapsburg jewel, the Bleeding Heart Diamond, one of the famous of the lesser diamonds of the world, which was so deeply involved in the career of the two lovers and their sorrows. When the Archduke Ferdinand, second son of Archduke Franz Karl and Archduchess Sophie, and therefore brother of Franz Josef, emperor of Austria, was married with royal splendor, in Brussels, to Princess Marie Charlotte Amelie, daughter of King Leopold I and his queen, Louise of Orleans, in 1857, the Austrian emperor sent, as one of his gifts to the bride, a diamond of heart shape, approximately half an inch wide in one direction and nearly three-quarters of an inch in another.

This diamond the man who was to die as "Emperor of Mexico" had set in peculiar fashion for his bride. First, he surrounded it with rubies rectangular in shape, and following the heart-outline of the stone. Then, outside of these, he again followed the strange natural curves of the diamond with a number of smaller diamonds, until the whole gave the appearance of a heart dripping blood. Reading the history of the House of Hapsburg, and that of the House which Maximilian endeavored to establish in Mexico, there seems to be some foundation for the belief which prevails throughout Mexico that with the gift of this diamond to the young Charlotte Amelie passed to her some of the evil destiny of Franz Josef's line.

Strangely enough, this ring was one of the things to which the Empress of Mexico clung most closely when, after appealing in vain to Napoleon for aid for her husband whom the Bonaparte had placed on the shaky throne of Montezuma, she fled to her father's court in Brussels. There, for some reason, possibly fear resulting from the tales which already had begun to gather around its crimson-tinged glory, the Bleeding Heart ring was sold. Eventually it came into the hands of a jeweller of Brussels, from whom it was purchased by an American girl who now wears it. Its value is declared to be approximately $60,000. From the time, in 1863, that Maximilian and Carlota landed at Vera Cruz, virtually on the spot where, three hundred and fifty years before, Hernando Cortez had begun the conquest of the empire of the Montezumas, until, in 1867, the Emperor of Mexico sent his beautiful empress to plead with Napoleon for troops to maintain the New World Empire, Carlota wore the Bleeding Heart. According to Mexican tradition, which by this time amounts almost to a myth, and according to some of the old records in the *Biblioteca Nacional*, in Mexico City, this ring became a sort of fetish to the ill-fated daughter of the first King of the Belgians.



"The Bleeding Heart" ring, once owned by the Empress Carlota, around which has been woven a wealth of legend.

Whether or not the ring had aught to do with it, the star of Maximilian sank rapidly and immediately when his empress carried with her to Europe the strange jewel, the only diamond of that natural shape ever found in the world. The marriage of this beautiful Belgian and the Austrian prince, who differed so much from the other sons of the House of Hapsburg, likewise differed from most other royal matches in that it was an alliance of the deepest love, proved often by Carlota, and most by the ardor with which she took up and worked for her husband's cause, even though all her efforts were devoid of the results she sought. Even death was made easier for the brave gentleman whom Napoleon had striven to make an emperor because it was reported to him that Carlota had died in Brussels, though as a matter of fact she still lived and is living yet.

The story of Maximilian is the tale of a man of honor, honesty, high moral character and noble ideals who fell among thieves; who was betrayed by the man who sent him to the throne of Mexico, betrayed by the men who surrounded him, and finally murdered by the fanatic peon, Juarez, who was unable either to understand or to appreciate the character of such a man. The official murder of Maximilian was merely one of the first of such crimes that have blotched the history of Mexico from the time that Cortez tortured Montezuma in an effort to find hidden treasure in 1520 to the murder of President Venustiano Carranza, a helpless old man fleeing for his life, a few years ago.

It is commonly supposed that Maximilian was sent to Mexico without the consent of the Mexicans, yet as a matter of fact he was invited to come to Mexico by the Conservative party, on July 10, 1863. The invitation was extended by the three leaders of that party, meeting in Mexico City—President Almonte, former President Salas, and Archbishop Labastida. As a matter of fact, both the Conservative and the Clerical party were united in this movement for foreign intervention, because they could see no hope for Mexico under the control of the Radicals, or revolutionists, led politically by Benito Juarez and in the field by Porfirio Diaz, who afterward became president, setting up a dictatorship far more severe than the empire Maximilian tried to establish.

This triumvirate selected a foreign prince to prevent rivalry between native factions, to surround the empire with the halo of royal ancestry, and because England favored the selection of Maximilian. The United States was known, of course, to oppose foreign encroachments in the New World, but there was some doubt at that time, 1863, as to how long the United States would exist as a nation, and whether, if it did continue to exist, the Washington Government would be in a position for some time to enter formal protest. The termination of the Civil War, leaving the United States intact, and with a large and unoccupied Federal army, had more to do in accomplishing the overthrow of Maximilian and the decision of Napoleon to leave the Austrian archduke to his own devices than did all the efforts of Juarez or Diaz or any and all the rest of the Mexicans.

Thus backed, tentatively at least, by Austria, France,

(Concluded on page 14)

The Lean Days Have Come to Wall Street

Speculative Public Quits Market and Professionals Are Content With Scalping

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

PERIODICALLY Wall Street wakes up to find that it has killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, that is to say, the speculative public. The financial district of New York has entered upon the period of lean pickings. Million share days have joined the limbo of past performances. Brokers succeeded in feeding up their customers with stocks that are now ten, twenty to forty points below the prices at which they were bought. The losing speculators who quit are the lucky ones. Less fortunate are those who put up more margins, and are now hanging on, while interest is slowly eating up their gambling capital.

The bulk of the brokers, in default of customers, are amusing themselves in trying to scalp eights or quarters from one another's trades. In fact, what money most of the commission houses are making is derived from the interest charges they mulct from their customers' accounts. The board member of a Stock Exchange firm, if he knows you well, will whisper to you confidentially: "I'm willing to let the house have all the commissions from stock sales. If they'd only give me the profits from the interest account, I'd be satisfied." To the speculator who has been caught on the wrong side of the market, carrying charges are costly. He has to pay interest on the eighty per cent of capital borrowed on his transactions. His broker, however, compounds such interest with every monthly statement he renders to his customer. That is one of the tricks of the brokerage business.

Speculative Wall Street loves to follow in the wake of some individual who has won distinction by a special aptitude for manipulating stocks. The favorite of the hour is Jesse Livermore, the marketer of Piggly Wiggly and other interesting share creations. Livermore not long ago chilled the enthusiasm of the gambling coteries by making public a statement in which he expressed the opinion that the stock list of the Exchange was overburdened with dubious issues of patent medicine, talcum powder, chain store and tea specialties. He further disheartened his admirers by pulling up his stakes in Wall Street and going abroad. He let it be known that he had closed out all his pools, sold his stocks, and had even had all the telephone connections with brokerage houses taken out of his offices.

Bond Sellers Suffer, Too

MANY pools had at that time ended their campaigns successfully. But, according to some rather gloomy stories now circulating in the Street, the more belated stock operators were less fortunate. One large group had been deftly manipulating the shares of an industrial corporation, when Livermore's pessimistic utterances caused a market slump that ruined their campaign of eight months' duration. The insiders were so badly hit that they had to take their blocks of stock off their brokers' hands and pledge them with banks to tide over the lean period.

Similarly some industrious bond syndicates have had their security issues thrown back upon their hands. These underwriters guarantee to sell a stipulated amount of securities within a certain time, and when they fail to find a market, they are constrained to carry their bonds themselves. This freezes up their capital. If there is anything a bond man dislikes it is to invest his own money in his gilt-edged securities. It is his business to get the other fellow's cash.

So varied and devious are the schemes concocted for beating the Street, so many are the tricks and subterfuges that are being put over, that an indulgent public would be dismayed and astounded by the dubious morality displayed by habitués of Wall Street.

There is something in the giddy spirit of the Street, in the temper of its eddying crowds, the over-confidence of its atmosphere, that exercises a peculiar influence on its frequenters. Perhaps this is one of the reasons the Street is the scene of so many "corners," which are merely holdups of groups of speculators, or holdups of corporations through control of certain securities, while the methods of holding up the public are too numerous to be detailed.

This craving for appropriation or misappropriation, often strikes fire in the most unexpected quarters. There is a bank in Wall Street which for more than two generations was distinguished above all others by a reputation for conservatism, probity and fair-dealing. It was regarded as the peer of New York's commercial banking establishments. When all the other members of the clearing house suspended specie payments during a time of panic, this bank alone insisted on paying its old commercial customers in gold to ease their credit in the trying period. But the time came when a president of this institution died, and the banking world was shocked by a disclosure which followed the death of this supposedly wealthy man. It appeared that for years he had deliberately falsified the bank's statements to conceal the fact that he had stolen upward of $600,000 from the accounts of one of his own customers. The victim was an aged widow who had on deposit in the bank something like two million dollars in a so-called "inactive" account. The fact that she rarely touched this money enabled the president to operate the fraud without detection.

Not so long ago, a hard-headed and foxy old financier secretly incorporated a company by whose means he intended to put over something on his intimate associates. Had his name appeared in the incorporation papers, his scheme would have been given away. So he named a tried and trusted confidential clerk president of the new organization. In taking this step, it became necessary for the financier to sign over temporarily to his clerk the property owned by the company, together with a large amount of securities.

Finally the time arrived when the old gentleman considered it expedient to disclose himself as the head of the new corporation, and enjoy a laugh at the expense of his friends. Then he made a surprising discovery. The trusted clerk, the dummy president, had left the financier's service, had opened offices in which he had installed the company, and insisted that he was the rightful owner of the property and the securities. The facts of this remarkable story were disclosed by a lawsuit which the financier was compelled to institute to get back his own. He didn't long survive the ridicule of Wall Street.

Another amazing interlude is an apt illustration of the ways of the Street when times are slack and insiders are hard pressed to make a living. One day a "customers' man," whose name will be given as "Brown," called to see the partners of a New York Stock Exchange house not very noted for high principles, and not very strong as to capital, but eager for profitable customers. A "customers' man" is one whose business it is to steer into brokers' offices moneyed men with a penchant for stock gambling, or foolish youths with rich fathers, after having whetted their speculative appetites. He acts as office manager for his own select group of traders, and supplies them with alleged market information of an exclusive character.

Brown, who proved to be a fluent talker, made the following proposition to Jones brothers, the brokers: "I can bring you a profitable customer," he suggested. "He's a young millionaire from Long Island, and trades only in thousand-share lots. This boy's a plunger, and if you let him operate along his own lines, and give him good execution, you'll run up bigger commissions than any other house in Wall Street."

The brokers expressed a willingness to give the prospective trader the hospitality of their office. The commission on a round transaction of a thousand shares is $250, and if the speculator gambles to the extent of only 20,000 shares a week, there is a profit of at least $5,000 to the firm. The only question was, what did the customers' man want in return for his services?

Brown, when questioned on this point, said that he wanted a position as the firm's office manager, at a salary of $500 a week. He was very insistent on this point, and a long argument followed, at the end of which Jones brothers agreed to pay him a weekly salary of $300 as long as the millionaire trader made their office the scene of his operations.

The young market plunger, who will be known as "Robinson," made his appearance a few days later. He insisted that he must have private quarters. Robinson quickly proved himself to be an experienced stock gambler. He plunged heavily, and his market ventures were profitable both to the firm and himself.

The luxurious room set apart for his use was the scene of many a choice luncheon party, participated in by Brown, the Jones brothers, and Robinson. The new customer was voted a good fellow by the partners, a valuable asset to the firm, and a coming man in the Street. Then suddenly there occurred an episode that caused a brutal rupture of these pleasant relations, and made the brokers regret that they had ever admitted the "Long Island millionaire" to their offices. To explain this dénouement, it will be necessary to relate the previous career of young Mr. Robinson.

Market Collapse Brings Wealth

SOME years before, this young man had shown dangerous indications of becoming "the greatest market operator in Wall Street." He had the requisite nervous temperament, the vivid imagination and the plunging instinct. His method was to take an active stock, and give his broker a blanket order to sell a thousand shares on every half-point decline. He thus pyramided his orders. In a sudden break in the market, his profits were huge. If the market ascended, his losses were crushing. By trading in this fashion, he lost his entire inheritance.

A near relative then died, and the plunger was in funds again. Once more he risked his money on the desperate hazard. He lost out. But he still believed in himself. He had undiminished faith in his convictions—or delusions. He was a congenital bear. While still a boy, he had seen his father lose his entire fortune in the panic of '93, and this calamity had rooted in his mind a belief that all stocks and bonds were worthless paper.

The bear plunger had a woman relative whose estate he expected to inherit some day. He persuaded her to lend him $50,000. His friends had already pronounced him a failure. But now the young operator again commenced to manipulate the short side of the market, a half a point at a clip.

Invariably, after his trying days in Wall Street, he suffered from violent physical reactions. One night he lay in bed a wreck, and the doctor was called in to stimulate his weakened heart. Once more his last hope was gone, and he confided to an intimate friend that he was utterly ruined—cleaned out of his last dollar.

But the next morning, before his brokers could call upon him to cover his sales, the market unexpectedly opened down, and a sharp break followed. The turn had come. Once more Robinson was in his element. The year that followed was marked by a declining tendency, punctuated by sharp breaks, slumps and even panicky conditions. The situation seemed to justify the young bear's peculiar theories on the stock market.

Robinson now plunged to the limit in Wall Street's whirlpool. His frail physique was sustained by elation over a series of unusual market triumphs, his success convincing him that he had a mentality superior to the ordinary run of men. It may appear incredible, but in eight months he had cleared $900,000 merely by selling the market short.

Robinson bought a seat on the Stock Exchange, and established five brokerage offices in various parts of the city. He expanded into a wild spender. He lavished his thousands on three hobbies, automobiles, rare books and diamonds.

Three years later, due not so much to speculative as to domestic reasons, which need not be dwelt upon, the young bear plunger had lost his Stock Exchange seat, his brokerage offices and his quickly acquired fortune. But with the confidence of the habitual gambler, he knew that, having once conquered the stock market, he could do so again. All he needed was another stake.

He managed somehow to scrape together a few thousand dollars with which to attempt another assault on the market. But so low were his funds and his credit, that he had no means for providing for his living expenses without encroaching on this slender capital. In this predicament, he ran across a man whom he had formerly employed in one of his brokerage offices in the flush days. This was "Brown," to whom he suggested a scheme by which they could support themselves until fortune smiled again.

According to the plan adopted, Brown was to apply for a position as customers' man, with a salary of $500 a week, in return for introducing Robinson as a millionaire trader in some brokerage house. But at the end of every week, Brown was secretly to split his salary with his former boss, Robinson.

At Mercy of Employe

BROWN, as has been seen, succeeded in putting the deal over with the Stock Exchange house of Jones brothers. For the first month or so, he scrupulously shared his salary of $300 with his associate. But as luck began to favor Robinson's stock gamble, Brown reasoned that he had done enough for his former employer, and thenceforth refused any longer to split his weekly pay. A bitter quarrel followed between the two men, whose little arrangement was all unknown to Jones brothers.

Robinson, angered at his former employe, determined to get him out of his job. He banished Brown from his private trading room, and confiding to Jones brothers that he could no longer tolerate the man, demanded his dismissal.

The suggestion was entirely agreeable to the brokers. Besides being anxious to oblige their supposedly wealthy client, they had really no use for Brown, and his departure would save them the expense of his salary. So the next day the partners called Brown into their private office and told him he was dropped from their employ.

A surprise awaited the brokers. Brown, their customers' man, laughed in their faces. "You want to bounce me, eh?" he retorted. "I'd like to see you put it over." And leaning toward the partners, he whispered something that caused them to lose countenance.

Brown, who was an observant man, during his short period of employment by the brokers had "got something" on the firm. He had discovered that Jones brothers, whose capital had become impaired, had been compelled to borrow large sums from another Stock Exchange house to carry the extensive market commitments of their new thousand-share customer. The arrangements into which Jones brothers had entered with the other firm was a direct violation of a rigid rule of the New York Stock Exchange. Its disclosure would have led to their expulsion from the Exchange. And now Brown openly threatened that, in case they discharged him, he would go before the board of governors and expose them.

The two brokers regarded each other uneasily. They retired to a corner of their office for a consultation. There was no doubt about it. They were at the mercy of their employe. So they decided to put the best possible face upon the matter, and courteously informed Brown that they had reconsidered his dismissal, and decided to retain him in their service.

Robinson was infuriated when he learned that he was unable to force the dismissal of the customers' man, but presently there were other matters that compelled his attention to the exclusion of this petty grievance. The stock market began slipping from his control, and his recent profits to melt away. In this desperate extremity, fearing to lose the last of his working capital, he weakened his preconceptions of the market situation, and commenced to switch from one side to the other. Miserable days of suspense followed, during which Robinson's capital was at times wiped out temporarily, only to be recovered by a hair's breadth before the market's close. Jones brothers, who at length realized the true situation, were terrified lest their reckless customer involve them in some enormous loss. Finally they refused to carry his trades over from day to day, compelling him to close out his transactions before three o'clock every afternoon.

The inevitable end was not long in coming. One day Robinson saw his last dollar disappear in the noon-hour whirl of a rising stock market. Keeping up his front to the last, he left his luxurious office with a jest on his lips, but while descending the great office building, he collapsed in the elevator. He left his brokers in debt, and the furnishings of his private room were seized by his creditors.

It was the close of another Wall Street gambler's career.

Football's Most Important Factor: the Kick

Famous Coach Outlines His Views on Autumn Sport's Great Requisite

By FIELDING HARRIS YOST

Director of Athletics, University of Michigan.

MORE big football games are won or lost each year through the kick than all other elements of the sport combined. The kick is the most important thing in football.

In recent years our leading critics have lamented the lack of good kickers. They say the game no longer produces men who can kick with the height, distance and direction of the noted booters of 15 and 20 years ago and they deplore what they call the failure of coaches to direct more attention to kicking, to place greater emphasis upon its value and to develop better kickers.

Personally, I do not share the oft-expressed belief that we have gone back physically. I believe we are just as good today from a physical standpoint as we were fifteen and twenty years ago. I believe that football today has just as many men who are as strong, as virile, as fast and as clever as the leading players of the day when mass play was the thing. I do not believe that the open game has reduced physical efficiency in football.

To back up my contention that the men who participate in athletics today are as well developed physically as the men of 20 years ago I ask you to consider the records made in track and field events in the last 12 months; the records made in swimming and in other sports. Hardly any record that stood twenty years ago stands today. A large number was smashed in the last year. This actual record of record-smashing events should disprove the spreading belief that we no longer are producing men of physical strength. They are as good today as they ever were, and better.

Taken for granted that the physical type in the present style of football is as good as the type of men that carried mass formations, what explanation can then be offered for the apparent lack of kickers?

I believe that we have more good kickers today than we had in other years. My definition of a good kicker is a player who can average 40 yards in a big game, meaning a contest in which both elevens are nearly evenly or evenly matched. If the statistics of the game show that the kicker averaged 40 yards or better, then he averaged 50 yards or better, for kicks are measured from the scrimmage line to the point where the ball lands and you can add 10 yards to each of these measurements since the kicker is rarely less than 10 yards behind his scrimmage line when he makes the kick, so the ball travels 30 feet or more before passing the point from which the measurement is taken.

In the Michigan-Ohio State game last year Kipke, of Michigan, averaged 47 yards on 13 kicks and Ohio State did not return the ball on any of these punts. Kipke's performance in this game is the best I have ever seen. No exhibition to equal this was given in the days of mass play nor since that time. In the same game Workman, of Ohio State, an unusually good kicker, averaged 42 yards per kick. I do not remember a game previous to that when such an excellent exhibition of punting was furnished by kickers of two major teams.

But, only in a few big games do kickers average as high as forty yards. Sometimes it is less than 35. There is rarely more than a few yards difference between the average of the kicker of one team and that of the opposing team's kicker. This is significant.

In any game the offense and defense must be equalized as nearly as possible. This provides the competition. The defense must always be strengthened when the offense is. One cannot overbalance the other.

Before football was opened up, the kick did not play the prominent part that it does today but as the football rules were changed to open the game the kick grew in importance. Coaches spent more and more time developing kickers and their duties were steadily increased.

Now, while the kickers were being developed the coaches had to go about developing defense plays to meet the kicking game. There had to be developments on the receiving side which would discount the advantages that would otherwise be gained from the kick. Where coaches used to spend one hour in drilling their squads in defense plays against kicks they now spend 10 hours. The kick used to be a side issue and now it is the main issue.

In the old days when kicking was a minor part of football the defense was inadequate. Kicking was comparatively unimportant and therefore coaches did not bother. Because of this lack of defense the kicker went about his business unmolested. He took his time and he got away his kicks. Old records will show no better kicks than now.

Twenty years ago there were few good teams in this country. You could count the topnotch teams on the fingers of one hand. About two in the East and as many in the West ruled the gridiron. Games were decided by lopsided scores, as a rule. There was little competition in games.

Today it is different. There are nearly 500 college and university teams in the United States. The stupendous growth of football has caused the development of thousands of good players where formerly there were only a few dozen. In the East, Middle-West, South and the Far West can be found major teams. Each of these sections has one or two teams that may be a trifle better but one cannot point definitely to any single team and refer to it as the best in the country.

All of these teams have been coached much on the same basis. All have recognized the value of the kick, developed it and developed a defense against the kick. While most of them have one or more good kickers, all of them have a defense against the kick and while there are several times as many good kickers in the United States today as there were in the days often referred to they are unable to show the records in kicking that used to be made because of the remarkable development of the defense for the kicking game. Just as good distance is made now.

While the kick is the most important thing in football, kicking is the most difficult. By kicking I mean punting, drop and place-kicking. It is all a hazardous undertaking with innumerable chances for failure. The most tense moments in any football game for me are those when I hear the quarterback snap the signal for a punt and the situation remains tense for me until the ball is downed.

So many things can happen.

The kick can be blocked. Many are. When this happens it is often recovered by the opposing team. On a blocked kick the ball may be sent behind the kicker or to either side, often out of bounds.

A kick may also be pressed, meaning that the kicker's opponents by coming through his line are on him before he can take the needed time to make the kick. This may result in a short kick or a sliced kick, sending the ball out of bounds.

It may be a poor kick. This can be caused by a poor pass from the center to the kicker. Maybe the ball is high, causing the kicker to throw himself out of position reaching for the ball. Or low also causing him to lose his position. Or to either side. A bad pass loses a second or fraction thereof and this loss gives the opponents the needed opportunity. The kicker over-hurries and finds it almost impossible to kick true.

The wind may cause a kick to fail. The wind often diverts the ball in its course from the center to the kicker. Also, the wind frequently diverts the ball after it is kicked, and between the hand and foot.

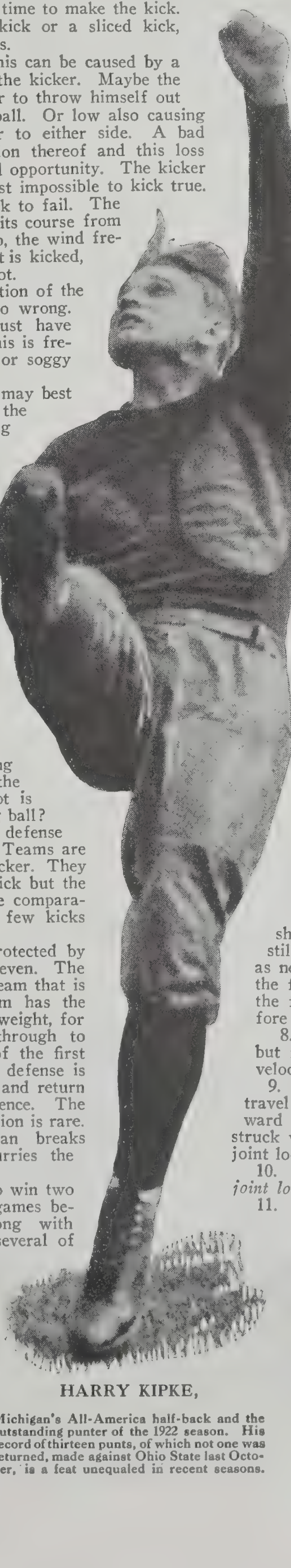
It is possible for the condition of the ground to cause a kick to go wrong. To kick true the kicker must have sound and firm footing and this is frequently denied him on a wet or soggy gridiron.

How difficult it is to kick may best be understood by considering the difficulty experienced in hitting a golf ball. In the latter case you have a round ball that is stationary. You have as much time as you choose for changing your position, getting the proper stance, practicing your swing, aiming and finally hitting the ball. How many players can hit a golf ball true and get the desired distance and direction? How much more difficult it is, then, to hit a football, that is not round, with the toe of the foot, meet the ball at exactly the right spot and time it perfectly with seven husky young men hurling their bodies at the man whose left or right foot is swinging to meet the dropping ball?

The main point of the defense against the kick is pressure. Teams are taught to hurry or press the kicker. They try, of course, to block the kick but the instances of kicks blocked are comparatively rare while on only a few kicks is the kicker not hurried.

Generally the kicker is protected by three men. He is rushed by seven. The odds are always against the team that is kicking. The defending team has the advantage in numbers and in weight, for the men that are coming through to harass the kicker are men of the first line. The second line of the defense is scattered to receive the punt and return it behind adequate interference. The kicker who always has protection is rare. Generally at least one man breaks through his defense and hurries the kick.

In 1921 Michigan failed to win two of her Western Conference games because something went wrong with kicks. Against Ohio State several of the Ohioans got through and were on top the punter so fast that his kick went almost straight into the air. It struck the ground near the scrimmage line and bounded. Johnny Stuart, an Ohio State halfback, picked up the ball and carried it across the Michigan goal line. This touchdown was the turning point in the game; the play defeated Michigan.



HARRY KIPKE,

Michigan's All-America half-back and the outstanding punter of the 1922 season. His record of thirteen punts, of which not one was returned, made against Ohio State last October, is a feat unequaled in recent seasons.

In the Michigan-Illinois game of that year both teams fought desperately and the entire game was a punting duel, played between the thirty-yard lines. Michigan won the game 3 to 0 through a goal from the field.

Every big game that Michigan played in 1921 was decided by kicking. Most big games are decided the same way.

Position is the vital thing in football and kicking enables a team to play position against opponents. If you can keep your opponents inside their thirty-yard line they will not be a menace to you.

At times you find an opposing team that has an inferior kicker. Then, of course, you rely upon kicking to give you the desired advantages. An exchange of punts means a distinct advantage in position provided your backs are as able to return punted balls as theirs.

On a kick there is always the chance of the receiving side fumbling. If you have fast ends who can tackle well your kicker is almost bound to bring the desired break.

Coaches today do not alone have specialists coaching their punters to punt properly from scrimmage, but hours are spent each week developing men to kick off. This seems unimportant to the average football enthusiast, for the ball is kicked off only at the start of each half and after scoring, but many games have been lost on the first kick because the kicker got the ball away poorly.

On the kick-off the kicking is rarely done by the team's punter but generally by one of the linemen. He has been schooled daily in this task. Not alone one man but two, three, and four are educated in this single phase of play, for in the kicking end of football no detail, however unimportant it appears to the average spectator, is overlooked.

One man is developed for punting. Sometimes this man also does the drop or place-kicking, but frequently this is done by a specialist. Many teams on taking the field have in their line-up three kickers with distinct duties, one to kick off, one to drop and place kick and one to do the punting. Many teams have two men capable of doing any of these things.

To show how detailed the coaching on kicking has become I want to introduce here the written instructions given to all punters at Michigan:

1. Stand with feet slightly spread, the kicking foot about twelve inches to the rear, weight well balanced and mostly on the forward foot.
2. To receive the ball hold your hands about midway between the shoulders and waist. Do not hold them too high.
3. Catch the ball easily without "fighting" it.
4. Step up with the right foot not more than twelve inches in advance of the left. Then take a natural step with the left foot and you are ready to kick.
5. While taking the above steps adjust the ball in your hands. The right hand should be to the rear of the ball with the fingers well spread along the right side of the ball and the thumb on the upper left side. The point of the ball should be in the heel of the right hand. The left hand merely steadies and guides the ball and should be toward the front and on the left side.
6. The ball should be held about waist high with the long axis level and inclined about fifteen degrees across the path of the kick.
7. As the kicking swing is started the ball should be released by the left hand but should still be held by the right hand and guided down to as near the foot as possible. Try to lay the ball on the foot rather than drop it on. This will eliminate the fault of the ball blown out of true position before you kick it.
8. The kicking swing should start rather slowly but increase in speed until it reaches its maximum velocity just as the foot strikes the ball.
9. It is the "sting" in the kick that makes the ball travel and to get this the leg should be carried forward with the knee bent until just before the ball is struck when it should be snapped out straight and the joint locked just as the foot meets the ball.
10. *The toe must be turned down and the ankle joint locked and rigid* as the ball is struck.
11. The foot should first meet the ball a little above knee high but should follow through with it as far as possible—that is, above the kicker's head.
12. The ball should be made to fit into the arch of the instep and slightly across it. Imagine that you have ink on your shoe laces and see how many crosses you can make them print on the ball when you kick it.
13. To get a good spiral the foot should be "cut across" the ball as the kick is finished. The spiral is aided also by having the ball inclined across the foot as directed above. You must control your kick so as to kick to the right spot and have plenty of height so that the ends can tackle the receiver as he catches the ball.

A City of Seven Hills and Interesting History

Richmond, Virginia, Penniless Six Decades Ago, Today Is Leading City of the South

By GEORGE H. DACY

IN A way the seven hills of Richmond, Virginia, are as extraordinary as the seven hills of Rome, for they are geographical guideposts which lead through the gateway of a new South. Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, was scourged and blasted by the conflict between the North and South. When the war ended, no bridges remained, every railroad was wrecked, the James River was obstructed by sunken craft and every highway leading into the city was impassable. Bankrupt, the city owed $2,000,000. The ruins of Rome after that memorable conflagration when Nero fiddled accompaniment to the roar and crackling of the flames presented no more barren picture than did Richmond.

The rebuilding of Richmond is a remarkable achievement. In 1866, the only assets of her citizens were courage and resourcefulness. Today, her 210,000 inhabitants operate industries which represent an investment of more than $97,690 000. Her commercial sales amount to a half-billion dollars annually. Her bank clearances aggregate $3,050,000,000 a year. Her civic, social, educational, religious and residential advantages have been developed so that she ranks among the leading cities of the country and is known everywhere as the reconstructed gateway to the South. Under most severe handicaps, these attainments have been consummated in the lifetime of an ordinary man.

Topographically, Richmond long furnished perplexing problems to engineers. All told, the city contains more than twenty-six square miles scattered helter-skelter round and about the seven hills which rise like ancient sentry towers amid the long rows of residences. Transportation from one hill to another was unsatisfactory until engineering skill finally bridged the gaps between the miniature mountains and linked the hills together by a chain of bridges and viaducts. There are now five large viaducts in use, as well as two pedestrian and two vehicular bridges over the James River. There is probably no city in the country handicapped topographically as is the former hub of the Confederacy.

Richmond folk doubtless procured their priceless treasures of pluck and indomitable courage from their forebears, the English cavaliers, who in 1609 discovered the site upon which the city was built one hundred and twenty-eight years later. Colonel William Byrd laid out the city and although he was not prophet enough to foretell the phenomenal development Richmond was to make, he was wise enough to select a site which was ideal as far as proximity to the James River and accessibility to the surrounding agricultural country were concerned. Colonel Byrd did not overestimate the importance of the tortuous James. Richmond for at least a century held an important place among the ports of Dixieland. Vessels of the world called regularly at her anchorage. Latterly, development of the James River has not kept pace with the improvements in modern shipping. The eighteen-foot channel of the James—it increases to twenty-one feet at high tide—is not navigable for huge freighters. However, a direct New York freight steamship line is operated profitably from Richmond. Determined efforts are now being devoted to a campaign to induce Congress to straighten the sharp bends in the James River and to provide a thirty-foot channel from Richmond to Hampton Roads, one hundred and five miles. If the project goes through, Richmond will resume her high position in the world of international shipping.

The White House of the Confederacy, now the Confederate Museum, is one of the oldest buildings in the city and is an excellent example of early Southern architecture. The Museum contains the most valuable and comprehensive collection of War Between the States relics in existence.

Commercially, Richmond occupies a splendid strategic position, as the city is located in the neck of a geographical bottle through which flows practically all the transportation headed either North or South. Nature has also been kind to this Southern city in providing it with water-power facilities which are almost matchless. Richmond occupies both banks of the James River at exactly the right point where the tides of the sea are halted on their inland flow by the river waters which have rushed through miles of rocky falls. Another natural advantage is the wide belts of industrial coal fields which contain a billion tons of coal in a fifteen-mile radius of the city. This bed extends through five counties and covers an area of one hundred and ninety square miles. The first coal which was systematically mined in the United States was taken from this vein. Thereafter, the field was but little exploited, due to poor management. Now, under scientific experts, the vast coal fields of Virginia are being developed. A point has already been reached where four hundred tons daily are being mined and delivered to Richmond industrial plants. The quality of this coal is as good as the best which comes from the West Virginia mines, according to recent government inspection and comparative tests.

American iron working and brickmaking originated in the vicinity of Richmond about three centuries ago and these with tobacco manufacture have long held the honors as staple and inherited industries. At present, Richmond has the largest lithographing establishment in the South; the largest wood works and baking powder plants in the world; the most extensive blotting paper industry in America; the biggest chewing gum plant in the South; the greatest bottled flavoring extract factory in existence; the largest wholesale mail order and automobile jobber's supply houses in Dixieland; the oldest and largest mica mills under the sun; the largest and most elaborate cigar factory ever built; and one of the largest locomotive plants now in use. It is the home of the largest fertilizer manufacturing company now in operation. One of her flour mills, which was established in 1795, is grinding 600,000 barrels a year.

Unlike most industrial and commercial cities in this country, Richmond is a ninety-seven per cent pure American city. Only three per cent of her population are foreign-born. The native Negro population aggregates thirty per cent, while the remaining sixty-seven per cent consists of native whites. A city survey shows that at this writing the residents of Richmond spend about $1,000,000 a month for luxuries that are purveyed by 300 wholesale and 2,500 retail dealers. This is quite in contrast to the Richmond of 1866 which had no assets and $2,000,000 worth of liabilities. Last year the Federal Government collected $1,225,848 in duties on goods imported into Richmond whereas twenty years ago such customs annually amounted to less than $20,000. The city has spent $1,750,000 in harbor improvements and has built municipal wharves adequate to handle the entire flood of existent river traffic.

Richmond is replete in reminders of historical events of bygone days, while it also is rich in the atmosphere of the new and awakened South. Ancient buildings and residences, ornate with mammoth and graceful porticoes over which trail ivy, rambler roses or Virginia creeper, beautify the city and compare favorably with the more modern specimens of architecture. The group or community system of home building has added to the attractiveness of many of the leading residential sections. Anywhere from a dozen to two or three dozen families combine and purchase a tract of land whereon they build houses of a uniform type and design. A minimum value for a standard house is set and no one can erect a dwelling in the grouping which does not exceed in cost the lowest limit. In some instances, real estate companies have sponsored development projects of this character while in other instances, the citizens themselves have worked up the scheme cooperatively. The system has made for an attractive uniformity in the size and type of residences and has also featured commendable and general ornamentation of homes and lawns.

Appreciating the lack of education rife among many of the laboring classes of the Old Dominion, the Richmond authorities several years ago threw all their centrally located junior high schools and grammar schools open at night to the general public. The city provides and pays the teachers who instruct the adult scholars. Practically all the subjects in the average grade school and high school courses of study are taught. Right now, more than 20,000 regular scholars attend the novel night school classes. The city supplies all the textbooks for the night as well as the day schools.

For the sightseers, Richmond is a veritable treasure chest. On one hill stands a simple cross which marks the spot upon which John Smith stood when, taking possession of the territory for England, he designated the locality as "None such." Adjoining another of the outlying hills is the scene of the Pocahontas-John Smith episode, when the fair Indian maiden interceded at the risk of her life to save the valiant explorer from being burned at the stake. In the same vicinity is a remarkable old house known as "Pratt's Castle" that was built years ago by a retired sea captain who had queer ideas about architecture and who incorporated a smattering of the designs of every country in the world in his extraordinary mansion which is one of the most unusual houses in the entire South.

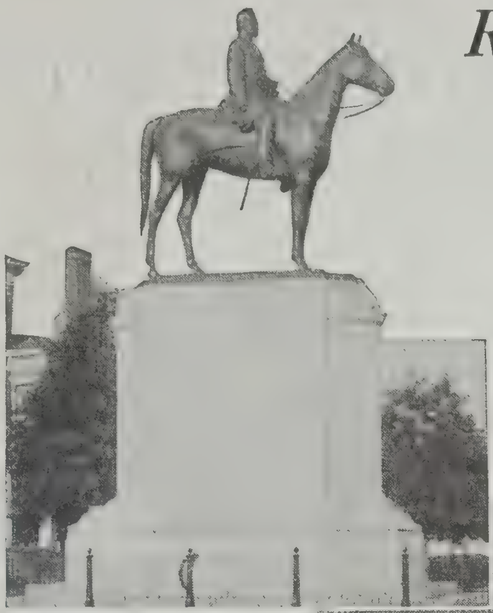
In 1785 one of the first Masonic lodges in the United States was organized in Richmond, where the first fraternal hall of that order was erected. On the Clay street line in Richmond, the first electric cars in America were successfully operated for many years before this method of transportation was extended to other municipalities. In Hollywood Cemetery, two of our Presidents—James Madison and John Tyler—are buried within ten feet of one another.

The Capitol Square in the heart of the city covers twelve acres. The Capitol Building was designed by Thomas Jefferson. New wings were added to the original building about twenty years ago. An outstanding relic in this famous structure is Houdon's statue of Washington. The governor's mansion, an equestrian statue of our First President, the old Bell Tower, the peals of whose bell years ago summoned the early inhabitants of Richmond to important town meetings, the State Library with its famous collection of books and old manuscripts including the parole given by Lord Cornwallis, the State Museum, the new State Office Building as well as a number of statues in honor of prominent Virginia patriots and statesmen are dotted here and there throughout the expansive tract.

The Virginia capital is a city of venerable churches among which St. Paul's is particularly important. It was here that Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee regularly attended services. It was in that church one Sunday morning that President Davis of the Confederacy received the message from General Lee notifying him that Richmond must be evacuated. St. John's Church was dedicated in 1741 and is one of the oldest places of religious devotion now in use in the United States. The present Monumental Church is erected on the site of Richmond's first theater which was destroyed by fire in 1802 after having housed the convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States.

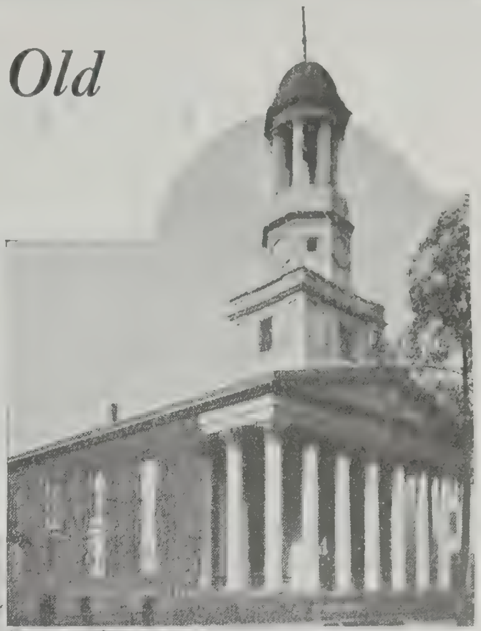
The Confederate Museum is also an interesting century-old structure. It was presented by the city to Jefferson Davis to be used as the White House of the Confederacy. Close to the Old Medical College Building, reputed to be one of the best examples of Egyptian architecture in America, is the site of the first art academy founded in America. A decade after the Revolution, a French officer in the Colonial Army established there the American Academy of Science and Fine Arts. John Marshall's old home, more than 175 years old, the old Robert E. Lee mansion, now the home of the Virginia Historical Society, the former residence of Edgar Allen Poe, Monument avenue with the Stuart, Lee and Jackson statues scattered along its way—all are permanent landmarks. The rich plantations bordering on the James River—all adorned by magnificent colonial mansions—and picturesque Jamestown Island, the site of the first English settlement in America, with its old tower built in 1617, its monuments and the remodeled church, in which Pocahontas was baptized and married, are appropriate environments to Richmond the city that has been developed into one of the leading municipalities of the "land of cotton."

Richmond a City Where Old and Modern Blend



Stonewall Jackson's monument, at Boulevard and Monument avenue, is one of the memorials to Southern leaders from which Monument avenue, considered one of the handsomest thoroughfares in this country, derives its name.

The State Capitol, originally designed by Thomas Jefferson while he was minister to France. The foundation was laid in 1785 and the building completed in 1792. As originally constructed, the building was of plain Grecian architecture, the wings in which the Senate and House of Delegates meet being added in 1902. The governor's office and those of many other state officials are located in the Capitol Building.

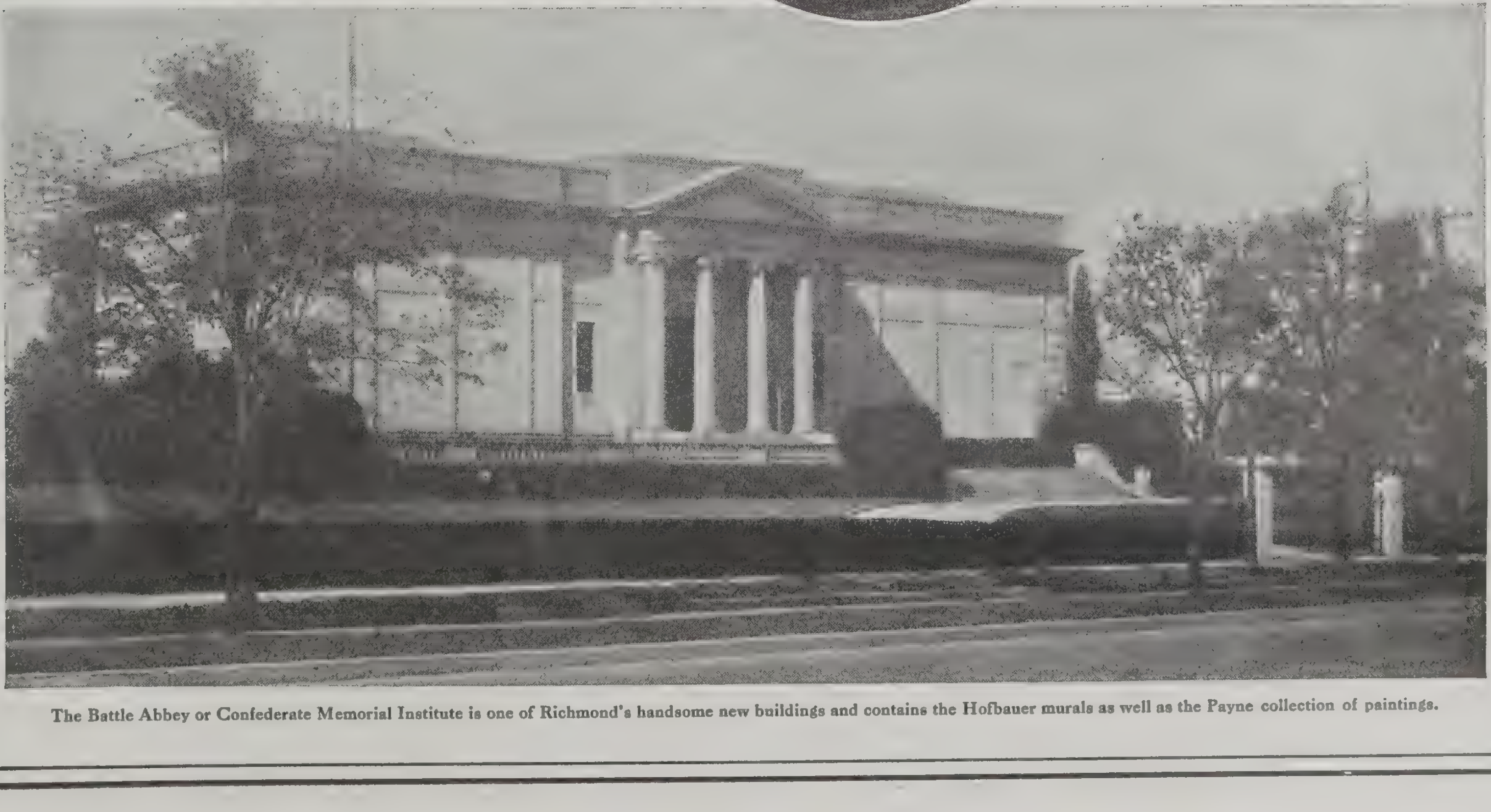


St. Paul's Church, one of Richmond's historical and beautiful houses of worship. Practically everything in St. Paul's is a memorial, several of its windows ranking among the most beautiful in America.

Richmond's financial district comprises a close grouping of some of the city's largest buildings located on Main and lateral streets between the wholesale and retail districts and close to the chief manufacturing section. The post office is shown in the right foreground of the photo.

Circle—The governor's mansion is another excellent type of old Southern architecture, its spaciously beautiful grounds ornamenting the Capitol Square.

Lower Main street, the principal business section of Richmond, is ever changing, a considerable portion of the new construction done during 1922 at a cost of more than $15,000,000 having been spent in buildings now going up in this vicinity.



The Battle Abbey or Confederate Memorial Institute is one of Richmond's handsome new buildings and contains the Hofbauer murals as well as the Payne collection of paintings.

A Broadway Farce: Ending Ticket Scalping

Each Year Theater Brigands Are Threatened—and That's All That Happens

By PETER SCHUYLER

MANHATTAN the Wise is now viewing with the greatest interest the four hundred and ninety-ninth episode of that super-comic serial, "Putting the Ticket Speculators Out of Business," which has just been released for Broadway consumption by the theater managers who made it. In no place but New York would it be possible to revive interest in a subject which everyone knows is as dead as a doornail. Year after year, as regularly as the season approaches, the announcement is made that the brigands who traffic in theater tickets have reached the end of their tether and that the plundering of the public must be stopped. Sometimes the declaration comes from a small group of theatrical uplifters with a queer name. Sometimes the gilded promise is held out by a recently elected member of the state legislature who is yearning for celebrity. Frequently the producers of the stage attractions, needing a little healthful publicity and desirous of restoring themselves to public favor, burst forth with a broadside against their avowed enemies, the "specs." It is always funny to read the same old stuff. It is always diverting to watch the bubble swell, glow, and burst. But it is never funnier nor more diverting than when theater managers themselves rise en masse and solemnly swear that the atrocious practice of trimming the common people must be abandoned once and for all. Nothing ever comes of the outcry, the promises, the threats, the hopes, and the columns of angry letters in the newspapers. No one, in his senses, ever harbors the delusion that anything will be done to remedy the evil actually. Yet we all get so excited when the finish of the ticket "specs" is mentioned!

For a long time the theater managers insisted that it was impossible for them to do anything to protect the public against the ticket highbinders. They said, "We have no connection whatever with them and we will welcome anything that will abolish them." There was a period when simple-minded folk really believed what the managers said. To anyone who observed the string of telephones in the speculators' offices and who could add two-and-two, it was evident that the wires led to theater box offices. Still that did not prove the box office speculator combination. At length the managers got into a row with the playwrights and, after a long wrangle, a standard form of contract was drawn up between them. In that contract the producers agree to include in the royalties they pay the authors a percentage of all receipts which come from ticket brokers. That ended at once any further assertions from the managers that there was no connection between themselves and the ticket speculators. Some other defense had to be erected if the graft was to be preserved.

No Attempt to Enforce Law

IN 1922 a measure was introduced into the New York state assembly fixing at fifty cents the maximum amount that could be charged, above the box office price, on tickets for public amusements. The theater managers professed themselves as being in favor of it. The established ticket bureaus, which had never charged more than fifty cents advance (no matter how great the demand) for their service, really sponsored the measure. The outlaw "specs," whose motto is "Get all the traffic will stand and then some," fought the bill. But it became a law, although friends and foes alike realized that it was probably unconstitutional, and would not and could not be enforced. In any event there never has been an attempt to enforce it. For an interval the easy-going public dreamed that all would be well and that it could see a show occasionally without mortgaging its clothing to do it. It was soon awakened rudely to the realization that not only were things not better but worse. The established ticket brokers, who lived up to the law, could only supply a meager selection of tickets while the gentry, for whom the ceiling was the limit, got the choice locations for all the successes and collected on them to the last possible nickel. The public once more began to growl a bit. That meant future trouble for the managers. So another bone had to be thrown to it to keep it quiet.

With a flourish of trumpets a plan was announced which had the approval of the Producing Managers Association and which would at last extirpate the ticket speculators root and branch.

Strange to say, the scheme emanated from a speculator, Joe LeBlang, who had built up a highly successful business under a Broadway drug store where he ran a cut-rate ticket agency. Not only had LeBlang made a lot of money for himself, but his institution had served as a first-aid station for many stage attractions in distress. He was, in a sense, a philanthropist of the theater. He has been given other titles by producers (who disapprove completely of his business and its purpose), but it must be remarked that Mr. LeBlang has thrown out the life line to many a sinking show.

It is the custom with managers, who have a dwindling attraction on their hands, to furnish LeBlang with a certain number of tickets. These he sells, on commission, for half the price asked for them at the box office. In other words, once a play is listed in the cut-rate agency it means that for the seat purchased at the box office for $2.50 the one next to it can be bought at LeBlang's for $1.25. LeBlang also had the privilege of returning tickets he failed to dispose of. The producers of the better class of plays and musical pieces looked on him alternately as a wolf and as a watchdog. If they were making money he was a wolf devouring patrons who would come to them instead of to some other show if only LeBlang's cut-rate had not seduced them. If they were not making money, LeBlang was a life-saver who was engaged in the highly meritorious enterprise of helping them save a little from the wreck. Broadway considered LeBlang to be lined up with the Shuberts as against the Erlanger-Ziegfeld-Dillingham combination.

Then the Uproar Begins

LE BLANG'S scheme, which the Producing Managers Association approved so completely—at first—called for the establishment of a central bureau where tickets supplied by the managers, for every attraction running in New York, could be obtained at the ridiculously low figure of ten cents advance over the box office price. In the face of that kind of competition not only would the hatchet men among the speculators be driven out of business, but also the established agencies which for years had conducted a straightforward business.

Instantly the idea was broached the uproar began. The ticket bureaus living within the law and charging only fifty cents advance over the box office price said the central agency would put them out of business because they would not raise their premium and it was impossible for them to live on a ten-cent-per-ticket margin. But they said it would have no effect on the extortioners who would still be able to get tickets from the theater box offices just the same way and as easily as they do now.

After considerable debate, which included attacks on LeBlang, who was slated to be the manager of the new ticket dispensary, and appeals from the law-abiding agencies to the public to fly to their assistance, the agitation was permitted to slacken a little. Then it was announced that some difference of opinion existed among the producing managers about the amount of the premium to be charged by the central agency. Little by little it was insinuated that the central office could not be run on a ten-cent margin and that the premium would probably be twenty-five cents on each ticket. Through the past summer nothing at all was said on the subject except that "plans were maturing" and that the central office, which was to be a haven of refuge for the public at large, would be operating Labor Day when the season opened. It is long after Labor Day, the central agency has not been opened, will never be opened, and never had a chance from the beginning.

A. L. Erlanger withdrew from the Producing Managers Association because he would not be a party to the plan. F. Ziegfeld, Jr., who from the outset was its most vigorous attacker, preceded Mr. Erlanger to the great outdoors, and Arthur Hammerstein, one of the smaller fry, is the latest producer to leave the Association. The ticket bureau, however, was not the reason of Mr. Hammerstein's exit from the managers association. He did not like the way another producer was elected to membership and resigned.

The real reason the central office plan was doomed is that ticket speculating is in the eyes of the managers a legitimate branch of the show business, it is a source of revenue, and an insurance and despite their protestations they want it to continue. It has been the custom for speculators to buy outright the first twelve weeks of certain new shows and hand the producer a check running into the thousands. Producing stage attractions is always a gamble and the producer who has spent a hundred thousand dollars on a piece welcomed with a sigh of relief the purchase by the speculators of tickets for the first twelve weeks' run. He was thus spared the anxiety of wondering whether he had a success or a failure, the production got well set in the public eye, and he was sure of twelve weeks' solid receipts in his pocket. Under the circumstances it is easy to believe, as Broadway does, that when the ticket brokers saw that there was a chance of the central bureau becoming a fact they passed the word to the producing managers that there would be no more outright buys for new presentations and that the producers became so frightened that they themselves killed the plan. The Ziegfeld attractions never had to use the cut-rate agency and he made no secret of his hatred of it. Erlanger, who is the most aggressive personality among the managers, would not submit to dictation as to how his box offices should be run. So the withdrawal of these two men meant nothing to the success of the central office if it was ever honestly meant to succeed. But it was not.

If producers ever were in earnest about abolishing the ticket speculator the way is easy. Tickets, sold at an advance over the box office price, are, in accordance with the internal revenue regulations, forced to show that fact stamped on the back. Theater managers could refuse to accept tickets bought from speculators and all the doorkeeper would be obliged to do to find out where the ticket came from would be to turn it over and look for the stamp. No elaborate central ticket office, no bookkeeping, no trouble! The only objection to the plan is that it would actually stop the speculation in tickets and theater managers never will let that happen. There is too much in it for them.

The withdrawal of Messrs. Erlanger and Ziegfeld from the Producing Managers Association has one aspect which may result in unexpected eventualities as far as that body is concerned. The agreement between the producers and the Actors Equity Association, which is the dramatic actors' union, has until the summer of 1924 to run. Its renewal is a doubtful matter. The actors union is insisting that there shall be included in the new agreement a stipulation that all players engaged by the members of the Producing Managers Association shall be members of the Equity. To this request the managers have roared a truculent "Never." Their refusal to set up what is euphemistically called by the actors "The Equity Shop," in distinction to the "closed shop" or "union shop" of the common or garden variety of labor union, is based upon nothing stronger than gratitude and the congenital disinclination managers have to letting actors have the last word. For generations actors, to managers, have been "hams." It is doubtful if they will ever be anything else. The successful strike of the Equity in 1918 lifted the player into a position of greater economic security. So far as managers are concerned he is still "a ham."

Equity Scorns "Fidos"

THE element of gratitude arises out of the position of the Fidelity League, an organization financed during the strike by the managers and to which some prominent actors and actresses belong. The Fidelity League abhors the insinuation that an actor is a laborer and squirms at the idea of associating with the horny-handed hod-carrier, and so on. The Equity scorns the Fidelity, nicknames its members "Fidos," and treats it, by and large, as a dangerous enemy. The managers are ashamed to abandon their child, the Fidelity, and they cannot give their shows without the Equity which contains ninety-eight per cent of the capable players in the country. There has been no complaint by the producing managers that they have not been treated with astonishing fairness by the Equity, which evidences a most generous inclination to swallow the Fidelity by giving them gold cards which, while separating them from the lambs of union actors, will yet as goats permit them to earn their living in unionized companies.

Up to the defection of Erlanger and Ziegfeld the managers—publicly at any rate—exhibited a bold front and a loud-voiced determination not to submit to the demands of the union. Everything pointed to another strike. There may be one yet, for the Shuberts, the largest operators of theaters in the country, have scant love for the Equity and might welcome a chance to destroy its influence. Stage hands have recently been given a large increase. Musicians have also received a healthy boost. Those who say they know declare that the wage increases have been given to swing the stage hands and musicians into a position where they will not assist the actors union should a strike be called. It is generally admitted that the walkout of the mechanics and musicians the second week of the 1918 strike saved the day for the actors and that without the support of the two non-acting unions the Equity would be in a desperate position to win.

But all the value of this is diminished by the loss of Erlanger and Ziegfeld. In the meantime three things are apparent. One is that the idea of Mr. Joseph LeBlang regarding the establishment of a bureau which would do away with the evils of ticket speculating is dead and buried. Another is that the public will still continue to be plundered by all the commercial forces connected with the theater. The third is that we may all drop back in our seats and await with what patience we may the release of Episode 500 of the super-comic serial, "Putting the Ticket Speculators Out of Business," by the Producing Managers Association.

Our Dirty Front Doorstep at Ellis Island

British Ambassador Visits Gateway to United States and Makes Startling Report: Can Congress Ignore Conditions?

FOLLOWING are pertinent excerpts from the Report of Sir A. Geddes on conditions under which English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh citizens are received at Ellis Island:

Sir A. Geddes to the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston.
—(Received January 29.)

My Lord, *Washington, January* 18, 1923.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that on the 18th December I received a courteous invitation from Mr. Davis, the Secretary of Labour, to visit Ellis Island. I accepted this invitation, and on the 28th December, 1922, I visited the island and inspected the institutions there . . . . . .

I saw the immigration station thoroughly, and enough of the general hospital to arrive at a fair idea of its state of efficiency. I had time merely to glance at the isolation hospital. I propose to give my impression of these establishments in order . . . . . .

The lavatories, with latrine . . . . . accommodation, open directly out of the sleeping and living rooms. This seems to me to be an inevitably unpleasant arrangement, especially in view of the fact that many, perhaps a majority of the immigrants, are unfamiliar with the pattern of conveniences in use in North America. Some of the immigrants are, I was told by the Secretary of Labour, apt to mistake the sanitary hoppers for drinking troughs, and the floor, or some drainage channel in it, for a latrine pit.

While it is obviously necessary that the drifting crowd of immigrants who have to be handled in the building be prevented from straying and getting lost, I can quite understand that persons of some refinement and intelligence sent to Ellis Island resent the locked doors and wire "cages." These are much in evidence, and inevitably suggest imprisonment. I am satisfied, though, that the work of the immigration station could not be done without them. To unlock the doors and leave them open and to remove the "cages" would produce chaos worse confounded.

Something is now being done to renovate the paint-work and to effect minor repairs. This has been too long delayed, and the buildings have been allowed to fall into a bad state. The roof in parts requires attention. This it is to receive. There can, however, be no doubt that the amount of money expended on upkeep has for years been insufficient, even to maintain the property . . . . . .

Cleanliness must in the circumstances be difficult to achieve. Many of the immigrants are innocent of the most rudimentary understanding of the meaning of the word "clean." I feel sure that a great effort is made to overcome the difficulties this produces. Still, I noticed in many corners impacted greasy dirt that it was possible to say with certainty had been there for many days, if not weeks or months. The impression that I received was that the cleaning is done with long-handled brushes and mops with, at times, aid from a cold-water hose. Nothing but hot water, strong soda and soap freely and frequently applied with a scrubbing-brush will serve if real cleanliness is to be obtained. As a result of the presence of chronic dirt, the buildings are pervaded by a flat, stale smell. This is quite distinct from the pungent odour of unwashed humanity. Both are to be met at Ellis Island. Indeed, the compound smell of old dirt and new immigrants is so nearly universal there that I should not be surprised if it were no longer noticed by the members of the staff. After leaving the island, it took me thirty-six hours to get rid of the aroma, which flavored everything I ate or drank.

Sleeping accommodation for immigrants and detained persons is provided chiefly in two-tiered bunks. These, in most of the sleeping rooms, are arranged in wire cages, the alley-ways being roofed over with stout wire net.

I am sure that it is necessary to encage the bunks to prevent thefts and even more unpleasant outrages. Yet I can understand a certain reaction of annoyed surprise on the part of those whose early experiences were of decent surroundings on being told to go to bed in a cage, even though the cage is necessary and provided for their protection.

The actual surface upon which the immigrant reclines is either woven wire or canvas, supported on metal laths. The canvases that I examined had not been long in use, not more than a few months, but Mr. Tod said that they were not regularly changed or cleaned.

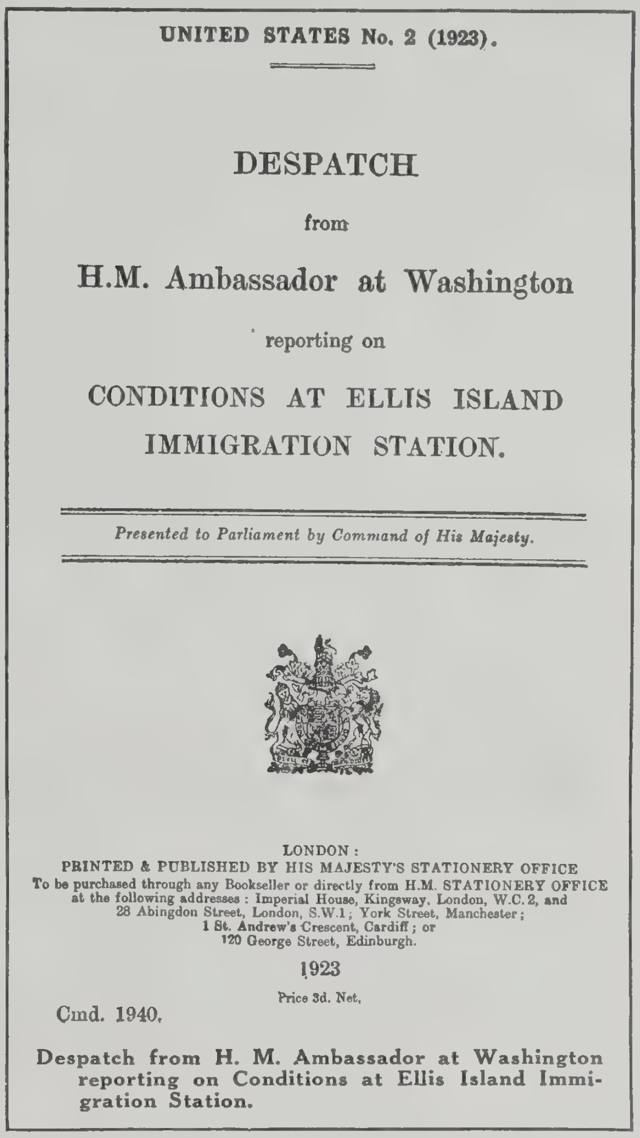
I cannot help thinking that it must be very unpleasant to sleep in the lower of these two-tiered berths, when ill-luck places a brutalised sort of creature in the berth above. The Secretary of Labour informed me that cases have been known . . . . (details at this point in the report are unprintable here).

Five blankets are issued to each immigrant every night. Of these, two are intended to be spread on the wire or canvas and three to be used for cover. These blankets are of satisfactory quality and are sterilised as often as possible. Unfortunately the sterilisation plant cannot deal with all the used blankets every day. As a result, some of the blankets may be used by more than one immigrant between sterilisations. It is not difficult to believe that this may at times produce hardship for the later users.

A cake of soap and two paper towels are also issued each evening to each immigrant detained overnight. The washing accommodation is good, though, of course, there is no privacy. I have heard this complained of. Such a complaint is merely factious. Similarly, some people do not like paper towels. Personally, I prefer them to cotton or linen towels in public washplaces.

The food is of good quality and well cooked. The dining room is the cleanest room in the building, when meals begin. It is impossible, however, for any staff to keep it clean during meals, owing to what may be incorrectly described as the "table manners" of the guests, who incidentally use the floor as a universal slop bowl and refuse can . . . . .

There are special arrangements for the feeding of immigrants of the Jewish faith which, so far as I am able to judge, are satisfactory. I have heard of no complaints with regard to them . . . . .



UNITED STATES No. 2 (1923).

DESPATCH

from

H.M. Ambassador at Washington

reporting on

CONDITIONS AT ELLIS ISLAND
IMMIGRATION STATION.

Presented to Parliament by Command of His Majesty.

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Despatch from H. M. Ambassador at Washington reporting on Conditions at Ellis Island Immigration Station.

The kitchen seemed to me to be well equipped and efficiently managed . . . . . .

. . . . . Those who pass through the immigration station range from the highly educated and gently nurtured, now fallen into straitened circumstances, to the utterly brutalised victim of poverty and oppression in some scarce civilized land. They speak many tongues and dialects. They all, lady, prostitute, mechanic, rabbi, and what-not, are frightened, nervous, shy and strange to their surroundings. They are quite ignorant, too, of what is expected of them and have no conception of what is going to happen next, or why anything happens. Anxious and worried old men and women, young men, girls and little children drift about rooms into which they have been put, or crowd round doors which they think may open. The units in this heterogeneous mass of humanity obviously dislike some of their contacts with one another and yet like sheep follow where any leads. Like sheep, too, they have to be herded and, by hurdles, kept from straying.

It really is remarkable to see how well the miserable mobs of nervous human beings, with all their worldly goods, are manœuvred through the legally necessary examinations and are despatched to their destinations. The officials certainly deserve credit for what they do achieve. Still, detention on Ellis Island must be a hateful experience for all of any sensibility who pass its portals.

When a barge-load of immigrants arrives at the island wharf, the crowded people pass on shore and are quickly scrutinised for signs of infectious disease. If a child has developed measles, let us say, he is picked out for treatment in the isolation hospital. The mother passes on with the crowd. Her feelings may be imagined.

The crowd files into the waiting rooms. These are caged with heavy wire net. It is necessary that they should be to prevent individuals straying. Still, the mental effect cannot be added happiness. From the waiting room the men and women are called out in batches, male and female, for examination by the medical officers. It is obviously impossible precisely to synchronise the calling out of the males and females of the same party. Not understanding what is happening, strange and nervous, some of the wretched immigrants believe that they are being separated from their friends for ever. The Commissioner of Immigration told me that this calling of a man into one room and his wife into another, even though they are only to be separated for a few minutes, leads in some cases to pathetic scenes.

However, they are at length shepherded to the appropriate room. There an unpleasant experience awaits them. The rooms were not designed to provide facilities for the sort of medical examination now required by law. The arrangements are makeshift. During the years that I was Director of Recruiting and Minister of National Service I saw many medical boards in Great Britain. Until the whole recruiting medical service had been reformed by Sir James Galloway, many of them were very far from perfect. Still, no recruiting medical board that I saw was quite so badly accommodated as the medical inspection board I saw at work at Ellis Island. No separate dressing rooms or cubicles are provided. The men strip to their trousers in a crowd jammed between coat-racks. They have to pile their things on the racks higgledly-piggledy—the clean clothes of the washed on the foul clothes of the unwashed. Personally, I thought it disgusting for the washed.

. . . . . . The doctor wore rubber gloves. I saw him "do" nine or ten men. His gloves were not cleansed between cases. I saw one nice, clean-looking Irish boy examined immediately after a very unpleasant-looking individual who, I understood, came from some Eastern European district. I saw the boy shudder. I did not wonder. The doctor's rubber gloves were with hardly a second's interval in contact with (him) after having been soiled, in the surgical sense at least, by contact with those of the unpleasant-looking individual.

The examination of the heart and lungs, &c., of the male immigrants seemed to be effectively and expertly made.

* * *

Those that are granted entry, the vast majority of all immigrants, are now done with Ellis Island and at once get away to New York, or, if they are going west, pass to the railway booking hall, where they exchange their vouchers for rail tickets, are told when they will start and how they will be taken to the railway station. Their baggage is skillfully and expeditiously handled. They can purchase at surprisingly low cost most excellent food for the journey and then they, too, get away, done with Ellis Island for ever. All the arrangements for handling admitted immigrants are efficient and reflect high credit on those concerned. They are, in fact, a very good example of American business administration . . . .

I feel profoundly sorry for some of the temporarily detained—a mother waiting for a delayed child, or a father with his children anxiously watching for his wife to come to him. The very heart of the tragedy of Ellis Island is in the room of the temporarily detained. It is no one's fault and cannot be avoided, unless immigrants to the United States are to be finally approved for admission in their own land before they set out upon their journey.

Large numbers of the immigrants have to go before a board to determine whether or not they may be admitted. I saw five or six of these boards at work. The proceedings were decorous and seemly; the arrangements for witnesses who come to speak for or against the admission of an immigrant are good. Every immigrant rejected by a board is told of his right to appeal to the Secretary of Labour in Washington.

This arrangement, the theory of which is probably right, is in practice nothing short of diabolic. For days some wretched creature is kept in suspense. The appeal board at Washington, which advises the Secretary of Labour, works on paper records, tempered, I have heard it said, by political pressure. The Secretary of Labour may be busy, overwhelmed, perhaps, with work in connection with some labor dispute, or anything. Days slip by, into weeks sometimes, before a decision is reached. When the doubt affects one member of a family, perhaps a child, the mental anguish must be excruciating. The system is to blame. In my judgment there can be no question that power to decide should be delegated by law to someone on the spot with the facts and the people before him. If the United States Government will expedite the decision of appeals so that the results can be announced within twenty-four hours of the completed collection of the facts, the anguish of Ellis Island will be appreciably reduced . . . . . .

As a matter of fact, what Ellis Island needs, in my judgment, is to be relieved of the presence of about one-half of the people who are poured into it. If a deportation station were established somewhere else with suitable buildings and reasonably extensive grounds much would be gained, but there certainly ought to be

(Concluded on page 14)

The True Story of Mexico's Hapsburg Emperor

Concluded from page 7

England, Belgium, and with the direct support of the third Napoleon, Ferdinand Maximilian I, became emperor of Mexico, "to replace," as the French stated his purpose, "the tyranny of Juarez with an empire." In August, 1863, the imperial forces, approximately 40,000 in number, a considerable army for the New World at that time, surrounded Mexico City, and extended from that historic capital along the trails for 240 miles eastward to Vera Cruz, occupying more than sixty cities, towns, villages and hamlets on the way. It formed an armed and armored pathway for Maximilian and his royal bride from the Port of the True Cross to the city where an Irishman, Jack O'Donohue, had once ruled as the last viceroy of old Spain in the New World.

At first, General Bazaine, the French commander, inflicted defeat after defeat on the Mexican arms; then, suddenly, the young commander, Diaz, turned on him and, from his native state of Oaxaca, slowly drove the imperialists northward. In 1864 and 1865 the news went to Napoleon that the United States was once more in a position to enforce the Monroe Doctrine; that the American press was demanding that enforcement; that American troops were being massed on the Mexican frontier, and that the attitude of the Washington Government toward France was becoming critical. Then, suddenly and without warning, Bonaparte announced the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, to take place at the beginning of the year 1867.

Though he had been so instructed when he left Europe, Maximilian, a man of peace, a student, and one who hoped by strict justice to accomplish in Mexico what he had previously accomplished with the Italians when he was governor-general of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, had neglected to organize and maintain a native army. It has been ever the history of all the Latin-American republics that the man of high principles who attains high office is lost, and it was so with Maximilian. After Carlota's plea to Napoleon had proved vain, Maximilian placed himself at the head of such an army as he could muster following the withdrawal of the French troops. With these men, numbering all told only 1,600, and with twelve small pieces of artillery, the student who would be emperor set out from Mexico City, and, on February 19, 1867, reached Queretaro, some 120 miles northwest of the Mexican capital, where a force of imperialists awaited him.

Maximilian gave up his studies and his plans for the development of Mexico, and devoted all his attention to his soldiers. He personally directed every detail of the distribution of food and clothing and literally lived with his army. On March 5, General Escobedo, supported by Generals Treviño, Regules, Corona and Riva Palacio, leading the Juarist army, surrounded Queretaro. In a short time the army of the defenders was reduced to less than 5,000 men, though in the heaviest attack the Juarists were defeated with a loss of more than 2,000 men. Following this disaster, the radicals converted the assault into a siege, and sat down to wait for hunger and thirst to deliver the emperor and his followers into their hands.

By the fourteenth of May, the garrison had become so reduced that it was determined by Maximilian and his generals to attempt to break through the investing lines and gain the Sierra Gorda, a series of mountain ranges inhabited by Indians who were the followers of General Mejia. In every hour of trial, however, a Judas seems to arise, and one appeared here, in the person of Miguel Lopez, a colonel in the Empress Dragoons, the 600 Frenchmen who, sworn to defend the Empress Carlota, and known as her own regiment, had refused to desert their emperor. On the night of May 14, the night before the day on which the sally for the mountains was to have been made, Lopez, believing the cause of the emperor to be lost and determining to find a safe place for himself before the crash came, went secretly to Escobedo's headquarters, and in return for immunity, a position in the Juarez army, and a sum reported in Escobedo's journals as 10,000 pesos—or about $5,000—revealed the plans for flight laid by Maximilian and his followers, and agreed to deliver them and the city of Queretaro to the enemy.

Lopez, who was in charge of the reserve, stationed in the Convent of the Cross, a massive stone building in the heart of the city, removed his troops and admitted the forces of Escobedo to possession of the convent, under cover of darkness. These troops, according to the records, were under command of General Velez, who, rather oddly, does not appear again, so far as the writer can find, in Mexican history. Who he was, whence he came, and whither he went, seem to be mysteries. By daybreak of May 15, the city was in the hands of the Juarists, and Lopez, who had pretended to have provided a means of escape for Maximilian, led the fallen emperor to the Cerro de la Campaña, a low hill, where, with Mejia and Miramon—who, it appears, did not yet suspect Lopez—the Austrian archduke continued to plan such defense as could be made with the few French troops, who yet remained uncaptured. Lopez is reported to have entreated Maximilian to hide, but the latter answered:

"I, who have committed no crime, do not hide, but would that some friendly bullet might find me."

Looking down on the ranks of the Juarists rapidly filling the city, Maximilian said to Mejia and to Miramon:

"Let us cut our way out to the mountains."

"Sire, it is useless to attempt it," replied Mejia, and Miramon nodded his head in approval, "but, if Your Majesty orders it, it can be tried."

Then Maximilian ordered the raising of the white flag. Escobedo received the sword of the emperor, and immediately thrust Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon into bare rooms in the Capuchin convent. Though Maximilian, unknown even to Carlota, had sent his abdication to Juarez prior to his leaving Mexico City, the revolutionary leader refused to recognize it, and ordered the immediate trial of "this upstart emperor and his two so-called generals, Mejia and Miramon." Juarez has been called a patriot, and the father of Mexican independence, while costly monuments have been erected to his memory in virtually every city in the southern republic, yet, in this case as in scores of others, he merely proved himself a murderer and an assassin of the helpless who fell into his hands. As a matter of fact, every battle won for the cause of Juarez was fought and won by men like Diaz and Escobedo, the latter of whom did as much as he could to save Maximilian, and the former of whom pardoned, without reference to Juarez, scores of leaders of the opposition whom he had captured.

Be that as it may, the trial of Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon opened on June 13, in the Iturbide Theater, Queretaro.

With a court-martial picked by Juarez from the lowest rank of officers permitted to sit on such a tribunal, and with these men instructed by Juarez, as it has been proved they were instructed, to find Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon guilty, regardless of the evidence, they were found guilty and sentenced to death within three hours.

Maximilian and his companions, therefore, prepared for death at daybreak of the sixteenth of June, but they were notified that a reprieve had been granted until the nineteenth. The reason for this reprieve never has been ascertained, but it is supposed that it was a sop thrown by Juarez to his generals who had protested the murder of the three captives. When the reprieve was brought to him, Maximilian exclaimed:

"That is unfortunate, for I am fully prepared to leave this world."

On the morning of the day fixed for the execution, the three men were driven in carriages to the Cerro de la Campaña, where they walked arm in arm to the high wall of adobe bricks. Finding himself in the center of the group, Maximilian turned to Miramon, who stood on his right, and said:

"A sovereign always respects a brave soldier. Allow me to yield to you this last place of honor."

And he gently guided the faithful old general to the center, and took his own position on the right. Then, speaking to Mejia, who had been with him since the landing of the imperial party at Vera Cruz, four years before, the deposed emperor said:

"What a splendid day is this; I always have wanted death to come to me on such a day. Be assured, my general and my friend, that what I have been unable to reward in you on earth, will be compensated for in heaven."

He then distributed all the money that he had among the soldiers, a squad of five ragged, sandal-shod Indians, and said, as he stepped back to the wall:

"May this blood of mine be the last shed in sacrifice for this country, but, if more is required, may it be for the good of the nation, and never because of any act of treason."

As he died, the priest who had served him through his imprisonment and up to the moment of his death heard Maximilian murmur the one word, "hombre" (man).

By some unexplained influence, the savage Juarez was persuaded to allow the body of Maximilian to be shipped back to Austria on the same ship that had brought him and the beautiful Carlota to Mexico a short four years before. "He had requested," says one historian, "that his remains be laid side by side with those of his beloved Carlota, whom he believed to have preceded him into the other world, but the princess, deprived of her reason by the duplicity of Napoleon and the brutal cruelty of Juarez, still lived her living death."

And so she still lives it, the most tragic figure in all New World history, the Empress Carlota, who, on the twenty-third day of June, this year, almost exactly fifty-six years after the execution of her husband, "celebrated" the eighty-third anniversary of her birth. It is believed that she knows absolutely nothing of anything that has occurred in the world outside the grounds of the Castle Bouchout since the news of her husband's death was brought to her in Brussels, half a century and more ago.

Our Dirty Front Doorstep at Ellis Island

Concluded from page 13

increased accommodation for immigrants. Before seeing Ellis Island I had imagined that segregation by nationalities might be possible. I am now satisfied that it is not. The flow of immigrants from each nation is too irregular to permit of any satisfactory system of national segregation being devised, and yet some division of the immigrant stream seems to me essential if Ellis Island is not to be abandoned and a new and larger station built elsewhere. After considering the matter with some care, I have come to think that it might be feasible to divide the stream into its Jewish and non-Jewish parts. Persons of the Jewish faith require special food and special utensils, and their being mixed with Christians on the island undoubtedly creates considerable administrative difficulty.

Whether the Jews should be sent to Ellis Island or to a new station seems to me to be a matter of no importance . . . . . To divide the stream on the basis of its food requirements seems to me administratively feasible. In the dining rooms that division has to be made in any event. I am well aware that all proposals to separate human beings on a basis of religious belief are certain to meet with opposition, and that failures to meet special religious requirements, as in the case of food, are equally certain to meet with opposition.

I believe that the choice of the United States Government is by circumstances limited to three possibilities: (1) To continue Ellis Island as at present, with such minor improvements as are possible; (2) to build a relief station and to supply at it, or at Ellis Island, but not at both, food prepared in accordance with the Jewish ritual and to send all immigrant Jews to that station and all non-Jews to the other; or (3) to abandon Ellis Island and build a completely new station somewhere else in New York Harbour or on its shores . . . . .

On the whole, I thought the hospital arrangements good. I inspected the laundry, which I found to be efficient . . . . .

After seeing Ellis Island and studying its problems, I believe that it is true to say that it is impossible to administer any immigration station under existing United States laws without hardship and tragedy. If a system could be devised which would prohibit persons desiring to come to the United States from sailing from Europe or elsewhere without the certainty of admission to the United States, the problem would be almost entirely solved. . . . .

At present United States consuls, when granting a visa to passports to the United States, may mark the visa with the number of the regulation which they believe that individuals entering the United States would violate. Not only so, United States consuls abroad send communications through the mails to the Commissioners of Immigration saying that they have issued passports to such-and-such persons who are sailing on a particular boat on a specified day, and that, in the judgment of the United States consul, they should not be allowed to land. I feel quite sure that this does not unfairly bias the judgment of the immigration authority, but, if an individual is clearly not eligible to enter the United States, it would, in my judgment, be kinder to prevent him sailing from Europe or elsewhere than to let him reach Ellis Island and there turn him back . . . .

In conclusion, I noticed a desire upon the part of officials to say that Ellis Island is as good as any immigration station in any land. It may be. Still, it is quite certain that no other nation's principal immigration station has the same problem to solve, for the reason that the laws of the United States are not the same as those of any other nation.

I have, &c.
A. C. GEDDES.

P.S.—I have handed copies of this despatch to the Secretary of Labour, Mr. Davis, and to the Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, Mr. Tod.

A. C. G.

Too Many Banks, or Soon Will Be, Say Bankers

Concluded from page 6

'offices.' Both of these last two plans are indirect ways of doing what the bank believes to be right, but they are apparent evasions of the possible intent of the law, and if they are right the law should be so changed as to make the bank's right clear and unequivocal and to establish the proper restrictions and limitations.

"Fifth, it can endeavor to deprive a state bank of its unfair power. This, however, is practically impossible. Branch banking is permitted in seventeen states, prohibited in sixteen, and in the other fifteen and in the District of Columbia there is no specific provision on the subject."

Mr. Newcomer denied that the big banks sought a monopoly of banking and wanted to drive out the small banks, alleging also that they would not have the power even if they were so minded.

That bank competition is inevitably costly need not be doubted when banks pay from half a million to five million dollars for privileged corner space in the most popular parts of the city. It is not only the question of real estate; it is the upkeep. In New York City, especially, it has become an even bet as to which of three organizations shall get the available corners—tobacco stores, corner chain groceries or banks!

On the side of the banks this must be said for them—that partly the cause for this blind and even insensate race is due to the waves of banditry which cause so much trouble from time to time. One bank went so far as to plan to call for deposits at one's place of business and likewise bring cash for checks, but this was found as not within the law, which provides that banking business must be done in the banking premises at the legal address.

Perhaps it may come to pass that branch banks will be planted in the future equidistantly and alternately by the various parent organizations, instead of, as is now the case, in clusters at certain points, with no banks between. Yet one may well doubt if communities require as many banks as they do groceries and drug stores.

On the eve of the forty-ninth convention of the American Bankers Association a banker suggested to me that the governments—Federal and state—may yet be forced to limit the number of banks in the future, just as once they limited the number of cafés. He opined that the limitation should be on the basis of assessed valuation of each community, but that would be a very vague and unreliable plan. If anything, banks should be limited either in accordance with the amount of taxes annually paid or, what's safer, by population units.

At the rate banks are increasing, otherwise, it will soon be impossible to determine who has what, when, where and how much. It's ninety per cent bookkeeping!

International Science Briefs

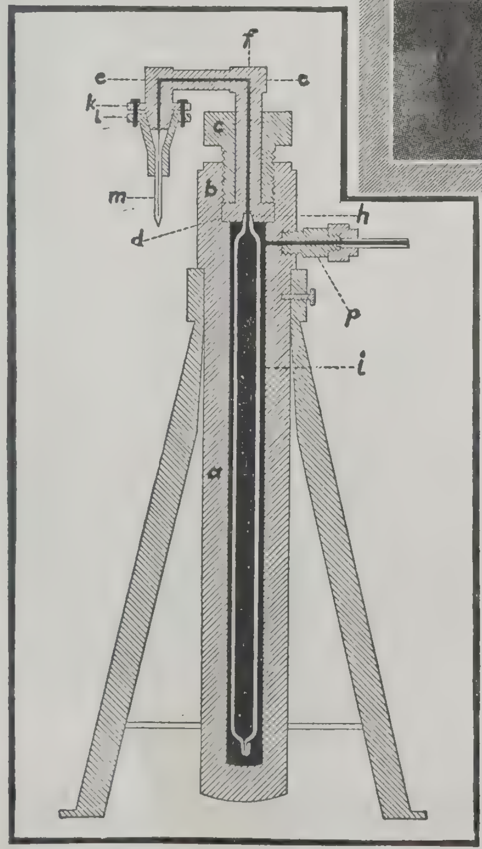
By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Life Near the Absolute Zero of Temperature

MODERN physical science endeavors to explain all physical phenomena in terms of motion. No matter how complex a phenomenon may be, when the physicist is through with his investigation, the final statement deals with elementary portions of matter performing, as it were, on the stage of space and time. Just as the music of Grieg, in Peer Gynt's Suite, conjures before our eyes the vision of prancing and dancing goblins (*troll*) so modern science pictures matter to us as composed of *molecules, atoms, electrons* and little *monons* of primordial matter in constant rhythmic motion. The cosmic symphony is composed of gyrations, pulsations, rotations, translations, and vibrations. The microcosmic world of atoms as well as the macrocosmic universe of planets exemplify the Creative Reason in terms of those organized movements which science knows as the laws of nature. Heraclitus, the Greek philosopher, expressed the idea of this "continual flux" by saying, "You cannot step twice into the same rivers, for fresh waters are ever flowing in upon you."

The statement of Heraclitus may cause us to ask the questions: Will this motion never cease? Is the dance of the electrons unending? Does the curtain ever fall on the drama of matter? Whatever our scientists may say, by way of answers to these questions, I prefer to quote the East Indian proverb which truly states that "God knows better."

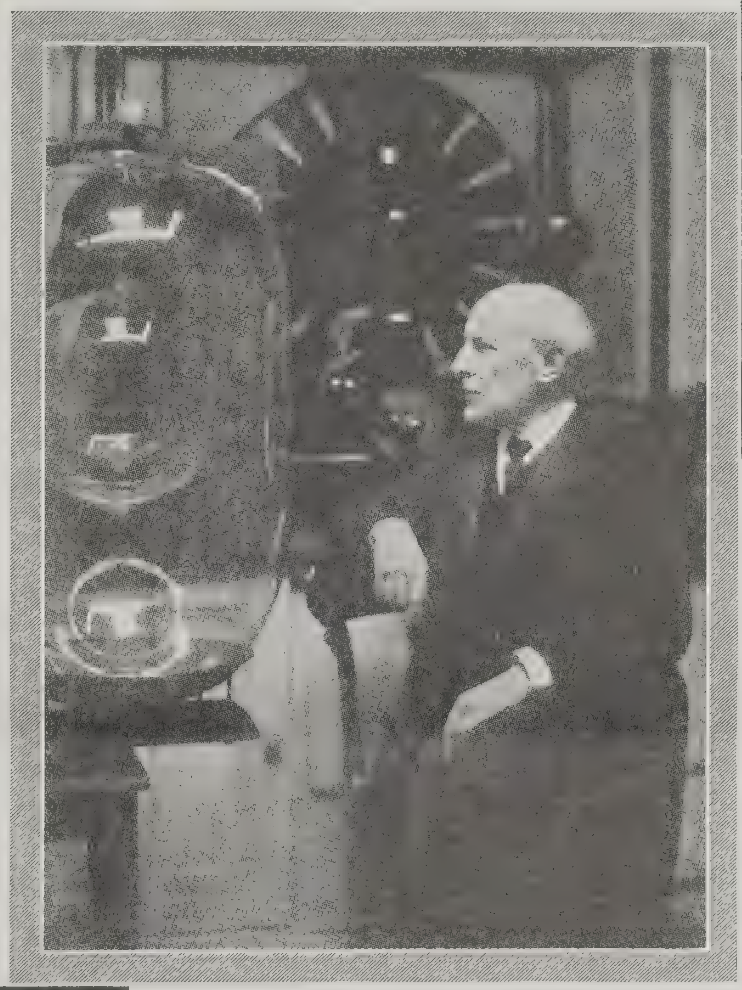
Science, however, believes that it has found an ever-narrowing road which finally converges to nil at the so-called *absolute zero of temperature.* At this point all molecular motion is supposed to cease. The *absolute zero of temperature,* as calculated by Lord Kelvin, is -273.7° Celsius (Centigrade). The usual value given is -273° Celsius or -459.4° Fahrenheit. It is an interesting fact that Fahrenheit set the freezing point of water at 32° in his scale of temperatures, because he believed that his 0° represented the *absolute zero.* Temperatures within 13° Celsius of the absolute zero have been produced. This extraordinary accomplishment was the crowning achievement of Sir James Dewar, the illustrious English scientist, who died on March 27, 1923, at the Royal Institution. Dewar produced this law temperature (-260°C.) in the year 1899 when he solidified the gas hydrogen. In the year 1883, the two Polish scientists, Wroblewski and Olsyewski, liquefied oxygen, air, nitrogen, and carbon monoxide. In 1891, Olsyewski succeeded in liquefying hydrogen and determining its boiling point at —243.5° Celsius.



Gas compressor used by the Polish scientists, Wroblewski and Olsyewski in the liquefaction of oxygen, air, nitrogen and carbon monoxide.

If the life of a molecule and an atom consists in motion then the cessation of motion is equivalent to the death of matter. Science predicts that this death will occur at —273° Celsius. If that contention is true then it is certain that Wroblewski, Olsyewski, and Dewar have brought matter very near to the point of death.

Since it is the writer's purpose in his *Science Briefs* to present such pertinent criticism of scientific hypotheses as may have been inadvertently or deliberately ignored, mention must here be made of the significant criticism of Frederick Hovenden concerning the alleged relations between heat, temperature and molecular motion. In his great work, "What Is Heat?" Hovenden cites J. Clerk Maxwell as follows: "The molecules of all bodies are in a state of continual agitation. The hotter a body is the more violently are its molecules agitated." Hovenden then points out that, according to prevalent scientific notions, violently agitated molecules must travel through longer distances with a resulting increase in volume. According to present scientific opinion this result also explains *temperature.* Hovenden, after stating the case for the physicist, offers the following pertinent criticism:



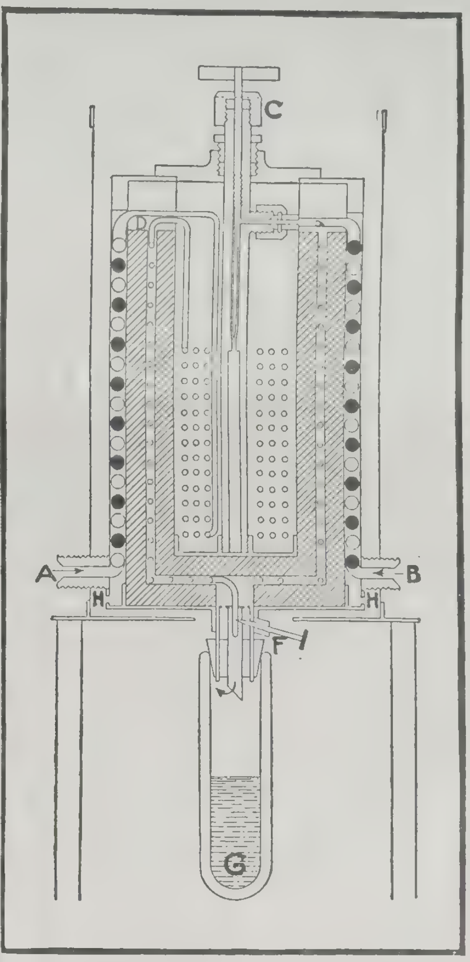
By the courtesy of *Science Progress*
Photograph by Olive Edis, F. R. P. S.

SIR JAMES DEWAR

Whose death on March 27, 1923, means a great loss to science. His heroic attempts to approach the absolute zero of temperature stand forth as imperishable monuments in the annals of English science.

"When water is transformed into the gaseous form by the electric current, one cubic inch of water is increased to 1,800 cubic inches of gas. According to modern science the gas should register a much higher temperature than the water from which it was produced because the motion of the gas particles is much greater than that of the water particles." The fact is, however, as Hovenden states, that *"The temperature of the gases is exactly the same as that of the water as measured by the thermometer!*—proving there is no more motion in the gas than there is in the water, so the theory cannot be true."

Hovenden cites one case after another where the modern theory of heat utterly fails to conform with experimental facts. From his critical observations Hovenden concludes that heat is something more than a condition of atomic or molecular bombardment. With prophetic vision, in the year 1900, before the atomic theory of the new science had assumed fairly definite form, he announced the variability in the size of the atom. Today modern science is being forced to adopt this view, but Hovenden is forgotten. In the year 1902 the writer had become convinced that Hovenden was correct in his theory that the atom is not fixed in its dimensions and this view was, consequently, incorporated in a paper entitled "The Interdependence of Atomic Weights and Electrochemical Equivalents," read before the American Electrochemical Society, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 26, 1905. Hovenden further conceived that an influx of what he terms the *fluid ether* is the cause of the expansion of the atom and that this is equivalent to an influx of heat which may be observed as a rise in temperature. Similarly an efflux of *fluid ether* from the atom is equivalent to the production of cold and its accompanying reduction in temperature. The writer's view of this phenomenon is similar to that of Hovenden with the exception that he prefers, on experimental grounds, to regard the change in atomic size as being due to an influx and efflux of energy operating in conformity with the laws of his *Space-Time Potential.* It is with regret, however, that we must admit that the work of Hovenden has not received the recognition that its importance merits.



The self-intensification of refrigeration apparatus used by Sir James Dewar in the liquefaction of oxygen, air, and so on, on a large scale.

What about Life itself at the low temperatures produced by Sir James Dewar?—can this unique principle survive near the absolute zero of temperature? The startling experiments of Dewar and Macfayden prove that intense cold does not destroy the life principle. The most marvelous of these experiments were performed upon phosphorescent organisms whose light is produced by chemical processes which cease when the organism dies. Under the influence of the low temperatures of liquid air their luminosity disappeared only to return as soon as the temperature was raised sufficiently. The result was the same when these luminous organisms were exposed to liquid hydrogen at a temperature of only 28° Celsius above the absolute zero.

These astounding investigations cause us seriously to meditate and wonder if life, after all, is not far more than mere chemical reactions. Again we are "In the Shadow of Immortality" for on the threshold of material death, life still persists.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The Chinese are protesting against the impractical character of the education given the young Chinamen studying in America at the expense of the Boxer indemnity. They return to China with "nothing more than a store of book learning and a superficial knowledge of American life to show for their long sojourn at government charge in the United States." China needs men who are willing to work—not aspirants for government jobs.

Automatic telephone exchanges are about to be adopted in London.

Six thousand, five hundred forty-seven decrees for divorce were granted in Cook County, Illinois, in 1922. In Chicago a divorce is granted every twelve and a half minutes for five and a half days a week and twenty-five days a month for the ten months the courts are in operation.

A proposed list of those who are to be awarded the Nobel peace prize include the following names: Jane Addams, Secretary Hughes, Lord Robert Cecil, Professor John Maynard Keynes (author of The Economic Consequences of the Peace), Francisco Nitti, Carl Lindhagen (Mayor of Stockholm), Warren G. Harding. There is no rule against post-mortem award of the prize.

More than eighty per cent of the population of Brazil cannot read or write.

The origin of the term "Wobbly," so often applied to members of the I. W. W., is given as follows: In Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1911, the I. W. W. had a number of Chinese members, and one Chinese restaurant keeper would trust any member for meals. He could not pronounce the letter "w," but called it "wobble," and would ask: "You I. Wobble Wobble?" and when the card was shown credit was unlimited.

Every boy and girl who is a member of the purebred sheep club of Big Horn, Wyoming, sleeps under a blanket made of wool from his or her own sheep.

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, believes the United States should have the same right to investigate the character and qualities of prospective immigrants as it has to judge of the acceptability of members of the consular or diplomatic service assigned by foreign governments to the United States. He would admit as immigrants not merely men who are able to do a day's work, but men who have sufficient character and background to build up the very best kind of American citizenship.

Charles Edward Jefferson has been a preacher on Broadway for twenty-five years. His church is the famous Broadway Tabernacle. He says, "It is a long time. No actor or singer stays twenty-five years on Broadway. Few restaurateurs or business men remain there so long."

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Recently two French soldiers were bathing in the Rhine River. Since they were unable to swim, the soldiers were in a serious condition. A young German, who was watching, swam out and rescued both of them. The French Tribunal, to reward him, promised that anything he asked would be granted. He asked that the lives of seven men, who had been condemned to be shot for causing trouble to the French authorities, might be spared. The request was granted.

In Germany stocks gain 30,000,000 points in a single day.

The mechanical eye of the aviator's camera is adding materially to our knowledge of prehistoric man. Primitive disturbances of the soil may have disappeared so completely as to leave no trace whatever on the surface, and yet are plainly visible from airship. The so-called "Avenue," leading from the famous monuments of Stonehenge, near Salisbury, England, has now been traced as far as the River Avon by means of aerial photographs and later verifications made by pedestrians. It is now believed that the stones were taken from the Prescelly Hills in Pembrokeshire and brought by sea up the river Avon to a point near Stonehenge where they were taken overland to Stonehenge by means of a newly discovered avenue which follows the gentlest slopes up from the river.

An unusually prolific variety of cotton has been developed by Mr. P. Dan George, of Lamarque, Texas. Mr. George has grafted the regular cotton plant to the root of the mulberry tree, and a cotton tree growing eight to twelve feet high has been produced. The tree is now two and one-half years old and is growing rapidly. It has borne its second crop of cotton and has more than 900 bolls on it.

The Congress of Orthodox Jews at Vienna has adopted a resolution requesting President Coolidge to relax the conditions imposed upon Jewish immigration by the United States.

The Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employes, whose membership six years ago totaled less than 5,000, on Labor Day dedicated a handsome new building, located in Cincinnati, which will house its headquarters and its own bank. The bank will be operated on the co-operative plan. Stockholders are restricted to dividends of ten per cent, and profits in excess of ten per cent are divided among depositors. Before the clerical employes of the railroads were organized it is well known that they were the most subservient, the most imposed upon, the poorest paid among the great army of men and women who transport the nation's commerce. Today they enjoy that independence which makes men better citizens and better workmen.

An increase in arrests for pocket-picking during the period when the recent partial eclipse of the sun was visible in New York City was reported by police of that city.

A smooth, unbroken highway now stretches from Vancouver to Los Angeles, linking two nations and joining three states to Canada. The last of the cement completing the highway from Vancouver to the border town of Cloverdale, British Columbia, was poured in the presence of thousands of motorists who met there to attend the opening ceremony.

H. E. Benito Mussolini, prime minister of Italy, in a recent interview, said: "No nation can call itself well organized and prosperous which has within its borders any large number of people who are insufficiently provided with the necessities of life. There is nothing the matter with the logic of socialism or communism; but life does not fit in with that logic, and look at what disaster has been brought about in Russia by blindly insisting upon a logic that does not fit life! We live in a world of people."

The call S O S, used by ships at sea as a distress call, is purely arbitrary in its grouping of letters and was chosen because of the unusual combination of dots and dashes which make it distinctive above all other calls. It consists of three dots, space, three dashes, space and three more dots.

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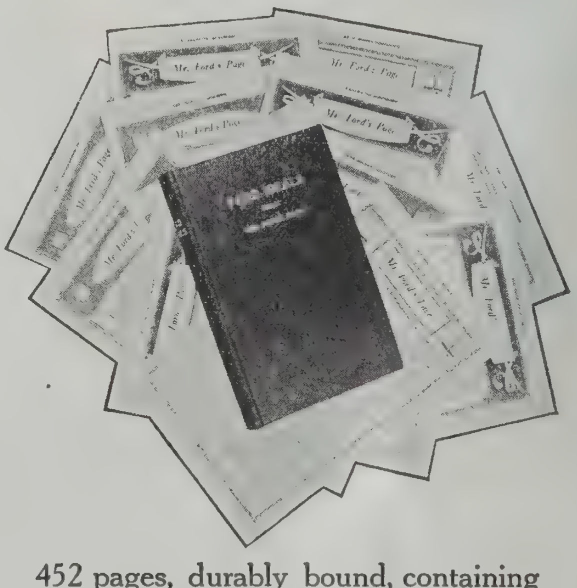

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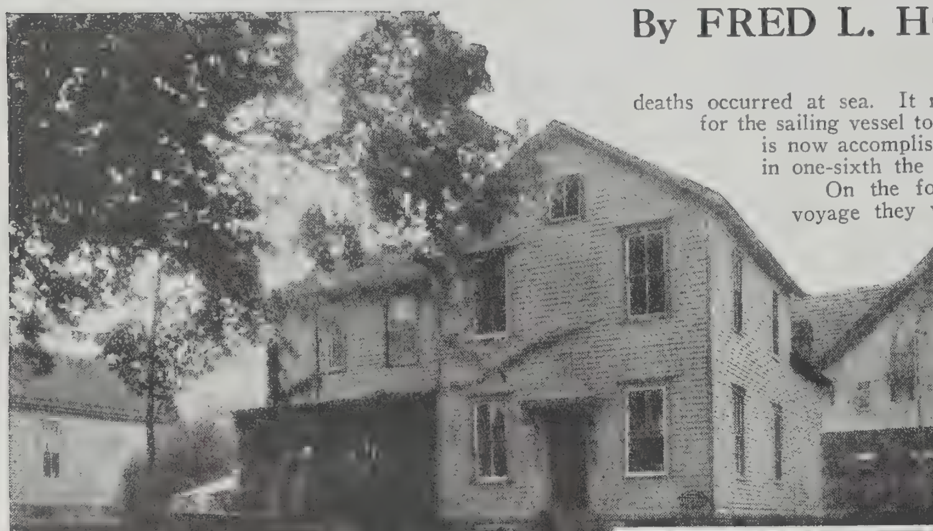
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Swiss Colony Center of U. S. Cheese Industry

Transplanted From Alps, Farmers Make Wisconsin County Highly Productive

By FRED L. HOLMES



In this building during the winter of 1890-91 were held the first dairy school classes in America. From this humble beginning the big Wisconsin dairy school has developed at Madison.

A COLONY of Swiss transplanted from their homes in the mighty Alps to the rugged hills and valleys of Green County, in Southern Wisconsin, three-quarters of a century ago, has transformed that community into one of the richest, if not the most prosperous, dairy sections in the nation.

Former Secretary of Agriculture, E. T. Meredith, in a special bulletin, has cited Green County as a national example of dairying success. Backing this announcement with statistical data, he placed the record of this community before the nation as an achievement for other dairy sections to emulate.

Interwoven with this record of prosperity, attained as the center of the Swiss cheese industry of the United States, is a historical background more romantic than the founding of many of the pioneer colonies in the New World. Back in 1845, the canton of Glarus, in Switzerland, became so over-populated that food was scarce and a public meeting was held to lay plans for relieving the economic pressure by sending some of the members to seek a new home in the United States. Two agents were dispatched to look for suitable lands, which in topography would resemble the mountainous scenery of the native land.

On a rainy day in April, 1845, the men, women and children gathered on the banks of the Linth Canal to begin the long journey. There were nearly two hundred persons and arrangements had been made for only one hundred forty. Two leaders and two spokesmen were chosen and the colonists pledged them their implicit obedience. Hardships were experienced from the start. Packed closely in an open vessel, a pelting rain followed by a blinding snowstorm added to the discomfort of overcrowding. The vessel was so small and the passengers were so many that no room remained for lying down. After much distress Zurich was reached, and there the women and children were transferred to covered wagons.

"We arrived at Basle on the eighteenth," says the journal of Mathias Duerst. "The cold rain was falling in streams, and the utter wretchedness and discomfort were enough to chill the ardor of the strongest among the wet, shivering men. The wagons containing our wives and children arrived about the same time, and although they had been packed in like a lot of goods, we were glad that they had not been exposed to the cold and wet as we had been."

Distress marked the remainder of the journey. Many of the colonists were compelled to sleep on bare boards on the vessel's deck during the trip down the Rhine. On the way from Rotterdam to New Dieppe they encountered a terrible storm and at each stopping place they were compelled to skirmish for provisions. While awaiting the arrival of an ocean vessel at the latter place they camped on the shore in the manner of gypsies.

Finally they embarked on the trip across the ocean. There was much suffering from hunger; and there were misery and distress among the weaker members. Two deaths occurred at sea. It required forty-six days for the sailing vessel to make the voyage which is now accomplished by a luxurious liner in one-sixth the time.

On the forty-ninth day of their voyage they were landed at Baltimore. They stopped long enough to hold an indignation meeting; to condemn the crowded condition and treatment they received on the trip. After that they set out for St. Louis.

"Then we experienced the greatest pleasure of our lives," continues the diary of Mr. Duerst. "None of us had ever before rode on a railroad. The train took us to the Susquehanna River at Columbia, where we left the cars and loaded our baggage and persons on canal boats, which were to carry us to Pittsburgh. We were packed in, like a herd of sheep. Many could not even sit, but had to stand up the whole night."

There was keen disappointment for the colonists when they arrived in St. Louis. It was here that the two messengers dispatched by the Swiss Government to select the lands for the colonists were to meet them. And there were no tidings. Two members were dispatched by the colonists in search of them. These emissaries roamed over the prairies of Illinois and finally into Wisconsin. By chance the prospectors were located. Meantime the colonists had grown weary of their life in two rented cottages at St. Louis and set out for Galena, then the head of immigration for the mining section. On the day of their arrival in Galena, which was later to attain national fame as the old home of General U. S. Grant, the leaders met them.

On the fringe of the lead-mining section in Southwestern Wisconsin, tracts of land had been selected as the new home. After their old canton home it was named New Glarus. Here the colonists arrived on August 15, 1845, with the pots and kettles they had carried from their Old World home. Rude huts thatched with hay were built, but it was Christmas Day before the entire colony was housed. Rules and regulations were adopted by them for their government, some of them being unique:

"Everyone is obliged to take the land which he draws by lot, and whether it is better or worse, to accept the same without protest.

"The main street from east to west shall be thirty feet wide, but the other streets shall be only fourteen feet wide.

"All creeks, springs and streams, shall be the common property of all lot owners.

"The colonists shall be obliged to assist each other in building houses and barns.

"Should mineral, be found, then the lots on which it is found shall revert to the society, and the owner shall receive therefor appropriate compensation."

The cantonal authorities in Switzerland bought the land for the colonists. Although all organic relation with the home colony ceased long ago, the colony remained for many years essentially Swiss, speaking the German-Swiss dialect, yodeling the Swiss songs and maintaining the customs of the motherland. The success of the settlers of New Glarus resulted in emigration of more of their countrymen to Wisconsin so that the neighboring townships of Washington, York, Monroe, Mount Pleasant and Sylvester in Green County are all settled by these frugal industrious peoples.

Approaching the village of New Glarus today by cement trunk-line highways, one sees large signboards which briefly relate the history of the colony. The Swiss are proud of their progress.

But no one who has heard of the colony need be told when it is reached. The comparison between Swiss farming and that of ordinary Americans is as distinct as the color line in the South. Large red barns, with two or three silos, modern farm homes—some brick, others stucco, but all well painted—that would do credit to any city, is the rule. The landscape is undulating and along the hillsides sleek herds of cattle are grazing. Truckloads of milk rumble over the highways and fields, and fence corners are free from weeds.

In the gloaming over the pasture lots is heard the tinkle of cowbells as the lowing herds wind slowly to the milking barns. Now and then is heard the yodel of some Swiss melody, for the young farmer lads have kept up the singing customs of their ancestors.

All this peace, contentment and prosperity has come as the result of toil and many hardships. For more than twenty years after the coming of the colonists to New Glarus they raised wheat. Untrained in American agriculture, they soon had their lands depleted, and they

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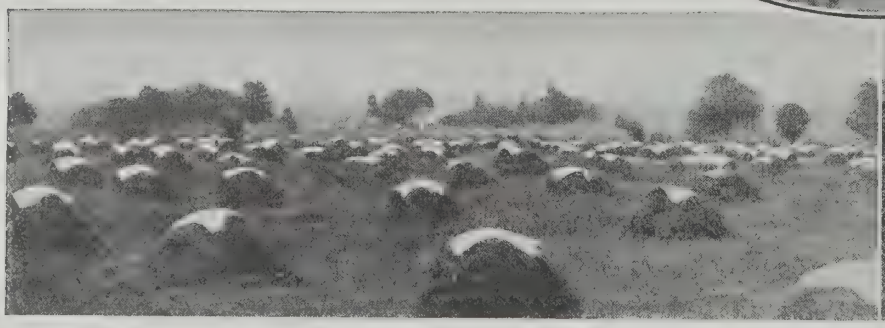
Above—In the public square at New Glarus stands a monument extolling the virtues of the pioneer Swiss colonists. Center—The old Swiss Reform Church at New Glarus where the colony settled in August, 1845. Right—Some of the landscape of Green County is marked by rugged escarpments of precipitous rocks.



Left—Green County ranks first in the state in the growing of alfalfa and great care is taken to prevent the crops from spoiling.

Oval—Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of cheese is stored in warehouses at New Glarus and Monroe for curing.

Right—The Feldt farm near Juda is typical for its fine barns and convenient ways of handling dairy stock.

Do You Know How Your Red Cross Dollars Are Split Between Relief and Overhead?

Inquiry Reveals That Everything Having to Do With the Administration of Relief Is Baldly Charged to Relief Itself

The person who writes this and a second article on the activities and operations of the Red Cross has been with the Red Cross for several years and has seen the wheels of that organization go around. There is nothing but facts, dispassionately stated, here introduced. The second article will appear in an early issue.

A YEAR or so ago no question was so frequently asked as, "Of the millions contributed to the American Red Cross, how much of each dollar actually reached its destination and how much was spent for administration?" The question has never been answered and never can be now. The accounts were not so kept as to give this information so that the man who lives on Main Street could understand. In fact, the Mainstreeter gave his money at the instigation of a local committee, just as he would put a dollar in a church collection plate, and trust to the character of the deacons to distribute it wisely.

The average citizen did the same in subscribing to Liberty bonds and it was not until after the Great War that he became querulous about expenditures and then it was because he realized that he had lent the money to himself and had, as a taxpayer, to pay himself his own interest. It was probably just as well that he did not think too acutely—he only felt deeply—when he was giving to Red Cross or buying Liberty bonds, for all war is the negation of thinking, the reversal of logic. Conservation of human life is the main thought of peace, destruction of human life is the preoccupation of war, and the professional warrior admires extravagantly even his "enemy" when he accomplishes a particularly big killing stunt.

How Much Did It Cost?

IN EUROPE the national Red Cross societies were always and avowedly simple annexes to the commissariat and hospital service of the national armies. In America the original conception was rather the other way, and so it came to pass that the word "Neutrality" appeared on the great seal of our great national humane society. When, however, the whole world engaged in war, our Red Cross adopted, unconsciously perhaps, the European model and no longer used on its official stationery the imprint of the seal of the society with its proclamation of neutrality.

Taking it by and large, the conception Red Cross came to have of its own functions amounted to this: To do everything and anything that would help the morale or physical comfort of the American soldier, whether in camp in America or on the poppy fields of France, and, by a natural extension, almost anything that would comfort the family of the absent soldier. It followed, then, that the work of the Red Cross consisted primarily of service and no money value could be put on what was accomplished.

But Americans are insistent on quantitative answers to all questions, rather than qualitative. "How *much* did it all cost per dollar given?" It is the answer to this question that we propose to discuss, not because it is necessarily profitable but because so many people want to know. No attempt will be made to give exact figures, though most of them could be dug out of the Annual Reports of Red Cross, but the truth of the general statements made in this article can be absolutely guaranteed.

"The Greatest Mother in the World" was the favorite poster. Nursing service in the hospitals at the front or near the front was the average idea of the service rendered. But as the original nurses of simpler days were the unpaid mothers, who have given way to the specially skilled trained nurses of today who are paid a fair wage, just so, as the war wore on, the volunteers who tried to do all the work, without remuneration, were more and more replaced by hired folks possessed of special skill.

Three Hundred Millions Spent

THE set-up "in the field" in America was almost exclusively the work of volunteers. Thousands of women in every city, town, village, hamlet, countryside, gave of their time and housewifely skill to the making of bandages and garments for the soldiers. The money value of their work was simply enormous, the value in keeping up morale at home and abroad was even greater and the relief afforded suffering peoples in Europe by the distribution of the tremendous surplus left on the other side of the Atlantic after the boys came home was entirely beyond anything the good women could have conceived.

But the handling of these supplies implied warehouses at collection centers, warehouses and piers at points of shipping and in France, trucks, gasoline, laborers, and above all interminable bookkeeping at every turn.

Red Cross had only two "drives," nation-wide, one in 1917 and the other in 1918 (what the newspapers called "drives" since the Armistice were membership roll calls or appeals for funds for local chapters only), with a combined result of a little less than three hundred million dollars which was deposited in more than nine thousand banks out of which it was drawn, on a pro rata basis, over a long period of months (three years, in fact).

At headquarters in Washington there was a force of more than forty clerks, presided over by two New York trust company officials whose salaries and expenses were not paid by Red Cross. Clerks and stenographers were paid out of the collections. This force did nothing but count the money, paid into local banks by local committees (unpaid), redistribute to the local chapters the twenty-five per cent that had been allotted to them for materials, and so forth, and turn over to the treasurer of the Red Cross large capital sums on the request of the latter. On one occasion when the latter asked for five million dollars, the receiving organization had to draw more than three thousand checks from as many banks, deposit in a smaller group of about fifty banks, in turn drawing fifty checks on the latter, which were duly deposited in four banks of the Red Cross proper, from which the millions were disbursed in about four days. It was only by such a method that the official treasurer was able to disburse sums in large lumps.

The largest single outgoing check was for the dollar equivalent of five hundred thousand pounds sterling (about $2,237,000 at the then rate of exchange) and the largest incoming check was for eight million dollars representing the transfer of a residue of the amount contributed in New York City which was in one certain bank there. The outgoing check mentioned was a contribution by the American Red Cross to the British Red Cross, the funds of the latter having been nearly exhausted by the three years' strain on them before America went into the war.

The above details are given as to treasury operations only, but they indicate the need of salaried help actually to handle the raw funds of the organization at headquarters alone, with no mention of the fourteen division offices which maintained the contact with the local chapters.

At headquarters there was an accounting force, of one hundred and twenty persons (at the peak), which classified the receipts and disbursements, passed on all vouchers, and reported to the executive committee balances and other data. A similar accounting department, on each division office but on a smaller scale than in Washington, was maintained.

Requires Considerable Explanation

IN WASHINGTON alone the personnel reached a total of nearly fifteen hundred persons, about fifteen per cent volunteers and the rest hired men and women. Besides, there were the fourteen division offices, Paris headquarters (which filled one of the largest hotels there), and a reduced replica of the latter at the capital of each and every country where Red Cross operated.

What did it all cost? You may well ask, but it requires a fairly elaborate explanation to tell even how the answer cannot be given, at least not in such a shape as to be clear to the average business man.

There were two main captions under which expenditures were entered, to wit, "Administration" and "Relief," and a reading of the annual reports will disclose percentages only in a form like this, "Of so much money spent such a ratio was spent for 'Relief.'" "Relief" became a most capacious and inclusive term and only an accountant entirely devoid of a sense of humor, to say the least, could have expanded that word as was done.

The most famous percentage statement made (and that was not stated as percentage) was that which Mr. Henry P. Davison spread broadcast on the occasion of his remarkable tour of the country in the interest of the drive of 1918. It went something like this, "For every dollar you give to Red Cross the organization spent one dollar and two cents." The figures were furnished Mr. Davison by headquarters accountants and they were provable for a short time, but for a short time only.

Any man who has followed the stock market knows how corporation accountants can make their figures play any tune they wish. Tables of figures are like a piano from which either jazz or funeral marches can be evoked. When corporations are selling stock, only cheerful tunes come forth. Mr. Davison was selling Red Cross to the people (he sold more than one hundred and seventy millions on this trip) and the best figures were put forth. What's more, they were absolutely true—at the time—and no one was so astonished as Mr. Davison at the showing made.

Suppose a charitably inclined local magnate were to give his parson a thousand dollars for the poor of the parish. Then suppose that the parson, after two or three days' inquiry and the expenditure of a few carfares (charged to the charity money) were to report back to his patron a list of worthy folk to whom he had allotted the thousand, thus showing all the money laid out. Suppose again the parson failed to tell that most of the money was in bank drawing interest and that he did not propose to distribute it all at once; in fact, he could not wisely do so, but that he felt sure he could spend another thousand to good purpose, too. Granting the magnate approved of the list of beneficiaries, he would probably come across the second time.

This is exactly what America did for Red Cross, but as the parson had to spend a great many more carfares and took a much longer time to distribute his bounty than he calculated, the net cost of the charity increased while the amount distributed remained stationary. Counting the total of two thousands against the expenses of a few days and adding the interest on money waiting to be spent, the answer would look fine. In fact, in Red Cross, taking the cross-section at that particular time, a dollar and two cents *was* spent for every dollar received, the administrative cost appearing to be less than nothing.

BUT, the receipts of Red Cross were practically confined to the years 1917 and 1918, although the expenditures are still going on here in 1923. Having crabbed the entire capital amount to make a showing for 1917-18 there is no such factor for succeeding years when administrative costs continue although on a slowly reduced scale.

The accountants in Washington had a terribly hard time living up to the very enthusiastic and perfectly true "cost statement" of Mr. Davison. The latter gentleman probably never gave the figures another thought after they had so well served the purpose in hand, but the accountants plugged on, and in the course of a year or so were proving strange and weird things.

There's "Relief" and "Relief"

A NEW ratio was calculated: "The ratio of 'relief' expenditures to total expenditures." That did very well for a time, but soon "relief" needed relief badly, so "relief" began to expand until the following result was arrived at—than which it could go no further.

Bureaus at headquarters and in divisions were divided into "Relief Bureaus" and "Administrative Bureaus." Then every cent that was spent for stenographers in, say, the Nurses Bureau or the Bureau of Military Relief was said to have been spent for "relief." The ingenious accountants went further. They measured the number of square feet occupied by "relief bureaus" at headquarters and in the divisions, also the space occupied by pure administrative bureaus like the treasurer's office. They totaled the cost of grass-cutting, coal, sweeping, electric lights, and so forth, and such part of the latter cost, per square foot distribution, as could have been consumed by a "relief bureau" personnel was "relief."

The accountant had a theory, which no one could laugh away, that the wage of the colored woman who swept out the office of the absolutely stationary (in America) head of the nursing department was just as much "relief" for a sick or wounded soldier as the wage of the nurse at the front in France. He settled the whole question of expense in Paris (a big hotel full of stenographers, janitors and the like) by calling every cent that went abroad, for whatsoever purpose spent, "Relief in Europe." In other words, no cent of administrative expense was owned up to as having been incurred on the other side at all. The American colony in Paris are still talking about the big salaries paid at the Hotel Regina, Avenue Gabriel, Rue de Chevreuse, and at the four or five warehouses in the environs of the city, but they do not know that the cost of a bottle of ink and the cost of a lunch for a wandering soldier were alike credited on the books of Red Cross under the head "Relief in France."

An Entirely New Job

THE same accounting obtained in Warsaw, Vienna, Budapest, Constantinople Riga. Despite expenditures for ink, rent, coal, stenographers, paper and what not—all was "relief"; none was "administration."

Then there was other clever figuring. For instance, the treasurer of Red Cross was amazed to see, in 1920, a copy of a circular which went to the country in an edition of many millions which showed (duly certified to by the controller of the organization) that Red Cross had, apparently, only three hundred and odd thousand dollars left out of its millions when his balances showed about forty million cash in named banks and about twelve millions in Liberty bonds and other securities.

The treasurer asked, most vigorously, for explanations. He found that all but the three hundred and odd thousands had been "appropriated" and he also found that the word "appropriation" was as useful a word in showing poverty, as "relief" was in showing efficiency

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both old and new address.
3. Write clearly.

Noble Sons of Girard

SINCE 1848 Girard College, Philadelphia, founded by Stephen Girard, has been educating boys who would otherwise hardly be able to go to college. It is the impression of the alumni of Girard College that their education has been paid for principally by royalties on Pennsylvania coal lands. Since the series of anthracite coal disputes this fact seems to have struck home to the moral sensitiveness of the beneficiaries of Girard's generosity. As a result of this the Girard Alumni of the Lehigh Valley have petitioned the trustees of the Girard Estate to take such action as the Alumni feel Stephen Girard would take in the circumstances. It is said that the trustees were much displeased by the petition. On their side, the college men feel that since their education was procured by coal land royalties they have a right to absolve themselves from selfish participation in the system which prevails. As one puts it, "we boys who were fed, clothed and educated by Stephen Girard's money feel it our duty to do all in our power to have this situation changed."

The petition sets up that the Girard Estate owns the greater part of the valuable coal deposits of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. The plea then is that the Girard Estate mine coal instead of merely getting royalties, and dispose of the coal at a fair price after fair wages have been paid, "on the same principle that the Girard Estate has been handling the homes which they built in South Philadelphia." "Were the mines worked on the same principles as you manage Girard College you would undoubtedly have in the miners and coal consumers as dear friends as you have in all Girard Boys." The petition also asks that Mining be taught to the students of Girard, to the end that future mine men in Pennsylvania may be imbued with the right spirit in their work.

Without present knowledge of the extent of the Girard holdings, we have no hesitancy in commending the spirit of the Girard Boys. If, as many of them were told in College, the Girard Estate does own considerable proportion of the coal lands, it is to their honor that they desire, in their own name and in the name of their benefactor, to change the basis of income from royalties to actual production and control. The Girard Alumni have put up a stiff proposal to the trustees. Displeasure is no answer. If education is ever to justify itself it must be in attitudes such as that exhibited by the students rather than in the trained cunning of exploiters of the public.

The Banker Describes the Farmer

WITHOUT comment, the following alleged portrait of the mentality of the American farmer is presented for consideration. It was published by the Commonwealth-Atlantic National Bank of Boston, and signed by its president:

"THE POLITICAL MENACE

"The American farmer takes only an academic interest in all this. He is an unimaginative human. He works hard, but he works in an established groove and his lack of imagination makes it impossible for him to follow the relation of cause and effect in matters beyond his immediate view. He sees his neighbor's children, of whose ability he has no specially high opinion, go to work in the nearest town and receive in a year more money in wages than he himself ever made in his life. He concludes that something is wrong somewhere, and when the politician tells him that the fault is with 'Wall Street' or Washington he is inclined to accept the statement. If the politician told him that he would get more for his crops if the German reparations question was settled and the American Merchant Marine was operating profitably and with many ships, he would not believe it. Therein lies the great political problem of the United States. So far as any one class or occupation can dominate, this country is ruled by the farmer, and yet he has nearly always been misrepresented by his representatives. He has had men like himself in the Senate such as Senator Peffer, from Kansas, in the early nineties, and now another has been elected from Minnesota. Such men serve him even worse than the professional politician who usually receives the farmer vote. The kind of representative he should have is the highest type of educated, faithful, patriotic public servant, but few such can get his vote, for he does not like to have the truth told to him, and he will not believe the facts beyond his horizon.

"What good would it do to tell the farmer that higher railroad freight rates mean better railroad service and facilities for himself. That mercantile prosperity throughout the world means better demand in Europe for our farm products. That such demand means higher prices in European markets. His reply would be that even if it were so 'Wall Street' would get all the profit and every one but himself would be the gainer. He is a confirmed pessimist and his chief happiness lies in having it constantly repeated to him that he is the most illtreated of humans.

"His knowledge of economics is of the crudest kind and several times he has carried the country to the brink of the same sort of ruin that now faces Germany, but we have always escaped, partly by good luck and partly because of the slow-working nature of our political machinery. It seems probable that the same causes will again operate during the coming year to prevent the enactment of false economic laws such as so many are generally apprehensive of. The present administration will continue for at least a year and a half longer, the farmers may quarrel with the labor unions, England may effect a final end of the war in Europe in spite of the indifference of our farmers, and the price of food products may go up before next spring. Meantime there is little to be done except for the business community, the banks and the far-sighted intelligent portion of the public to continue to educate and enlighten the newspapers, the farmers and the prejudiced, that economic laws cannot be changed by legislation, and that in the end all classes in the country suffer by the enactment of laws aimed against particular groups.

GEORGE S. MUMFORD, President."

Two Christmas Ideas

TWO Christmas notices have come to this office, one from a religious journal, another from a Board of Commerce. Both show a touch of conscience toward the prevailing secularization of Christmas to which The Dearborn Independent was the first to call attention several years ago. *The Continent* discusses the matter of Christmas cards, advising that definite request be made for cards related to the Christmas fact and the Christmas sentiment. The card manufacturers who have surrendered to the trend of "jazzing" Christmas simply fell in with a deliberate alien program (fell unwittingly in some cases) to destroy the significance of the Festival of Christ's Nativity. Those who innocently assisted this program will be first to supply the demand for legitimate Christmas cards which *The Continent* suggests be made.

The Detroit Board of Commerce, through its Retail Merchants' Association, lends its influence toward the correction of an abuse which has nothing to excuse it. The letter is so pertinent that extracts are here given:

"Will you co-operate with the Retail Merchants' Association in its endeavor to eliminate the so-called word 'Xmas' from all advertising, letters, or any other forms of publicity or communication? We are making this direct appeal to the reputable stores and advertisers of Detroit in the hope that we may eliminate the so-called word and drop it forever into oblivion. Christmas is without doubt the most universally observed holiday of the American people, and just why this so-called word should have sprung into such prominent misuse, we are unable to ascertain . . . . We are convinced that Detroit business men will willingly establish a rule in their places of business beginning this date that the word 'Christmas' must be spelled out in full in every instance. At the meeting of our Board of Directors this matter was brought up and by a unanimous vote it was decided to make a city-wide campaign to eliminate the word 'Xmas' from all advertising."

Both suggestions are right and can be objectionable only to those who have nothing whatever to do with the Festival itself.

The Breaking Point

THE idea is soaking in. Interest-bearing debts have all but sunk American municipalities. Slow as are the borrowers to get the idea, the lenders are already alarmed. Here is what the representative of a bond company said to the League of Minnesota Municipalities, as reported in the magazine *Minnesota Municipalities*:

"I wish to call attention to the direction in which municipal borrowing is now headed. We bond men live as we can buy and sell bonds, but nevertheless we have a feeling that we are being called upon to buy and sell too many municipal bonds for the permanent health of the communities for which we are selling. Take Minneapolis and Hennepin County as notable examples: The last session of the legislature authorized the issuances of bonds for several purposes which will probably be sold in the next two years equal in the aggregate to at least a one-fifth increase in the present bonded debt of city and county. Interest and sinking fund on these new bonds must be added to the present debt-paying schedule . . . . Many of the smaller cities are tending in the same way toward heavily increased borrowing."

A Minneapolis official also said:

"Municipal bonding may be described as the drug habit of modern cities. It provides an easy means of securing funds to make desired improvements, while obscuring the burdens to be thrown upon the taxpayers. It is not unusual to find outstanding bonds which have been issued to provide money for improvements which have long since been replaced . . . . Like all drug habits, it is easy to acquire but difficult to keep within proper bounds."

There are the two ends of the business—the profit end and the paying end. When both agree, the situation is becoming an emergency. Not in Minneapolis—the reference here is not to that city. Compared with some cities, Minneapolis is a paragon of prudence. But the whole system is wrong—financially, socially and morally wrong.

"The President and the Governors"

CONFERENCES are under suspicion. They have been mere exhaust valves. But President Coolidge's conference of the Governors took on another aspect—it became a primary class in the a b c of official responsibility. The President simply said that he and the Governors had taken an oath of office which included a solemn promise to defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Governors admitted that they had. It was a fact long before the Conference and it is a fact now. Admitting it to be a fact appears to have been a simple matter occupying a very short period of time. It remains to be seen how much force the fact has.

The really startling thing about the Conference was the tacit assumption that those who had taken an oath to defend the Constitution of the United States were not doing so. But they promised to do so henceforth. Maybe the public redemption of this promise will be visible in the District of Columbia, which is, of course, Washington, D. C. The Conference was called for no other purpose than to deal with the liquor question (although the President mentioned two other matters first) and Washington would be a fine place to begin law enforcement. Mr. Coolidge is in his own territory there and might be able to show the Governors how to do it. As long as Washington is, privately, one of the wettest cities in the country, its voice in favor of law observance will have little weight.

Mr. Coolidge, in this his first extensive utterance since assuming the Presidential office, kept well within recognized limits. He said what every school child in the country knows. He made one point very clear, that it is a State's duty to uphold the Constitution of the United States and not only the Federal Government's duty. That being true, all the Governors, even Governor Smith, of New York, agreed. Whether the agreement means anything is for the future to determine. But it would be a great advance if the phrase used by the President—"The President and the Governors"—really came to mean an agreement of power and purpose in this country.

What Are Parties?

PARTIES begin with idealists and end with politicians. Parties are born in the need of an ideal, they grow to strength in their unselfish service to the ideal, and they die when they esteem the offices through which they have served as of greater value than any ideal. In the last stages they frantically grasp ideals to hold on to the threatened offices. There will always be new parties for new ideals, or old parties converted and cleansed. The latter, however, never seems to occur, and the former never occurs without deep cause.

Mr. Ford's Page

IF ADVICE were wealth there would not be a farm mortgage in the United States, for there is no more discussed man, no more advised man in the United States, than the farmer. The worst of it is that advising the farmer is becoming a professional business. It is usually undertaken for the benefit (political or otherwise) of the advisor and not for the benefit of the farmer. It is the kind of assistance that costs nothing and helps nothing. It is undertaken on the theory that the farmer has a vote, not on the theory that the farmer has a need to be filled.

The farmer, like the tariff, has become a thing to be juggled for political purposes. Who can remember a political platform that has not used the farmer as one of its planks, and who can remember a political act that has ever been of practical assistance to the farm? Count up the number of schemes proposed to help the farmer, some of which have even been put into operation, and then lay alongside them the facts of the farmers' condition as it has developed from year to year. The result is that the more the politicians have boasted of helping the farmer the louder has the farmer complained of his condition growing worse and worse.

THE farmer has a vote; he has the natural sympathy of his fellow citizens; therefore he becomes important to the politicians. Every party promises to rescue the farmer, and yet he says his plight is worse than ever. The present remedy for his burdens of debt is to make it easy for him to go deeper in debt. He is asked to go partners with former Wall Street men in squeezing the public between them. No one has courage to tell the farmer that there is no political cure for his condition, and that his only hope is in himself. No one has courage to tell him that farming is in process of change. The advice offered him has his vote in view, not his benefit. The farmer has friends whose advice is good, but they are not politicians.

The farmer as a farmer and not as a voter has been forgotten. The farm and the business of the farm have received the barest attention. The height of the "assistance" offered him of recent years has been to assist him to get more easily in debt, though debt is precisely the curse from which the farm needs to be relieved. And though the Government has actually made millions of dollars available to the farmer his condition has not improved, the reason being that a debt to the Government is just as burdensome as any other debt, and even more so, because not only must the farmer pay the debt but also support the Government which makes it and in addition bear the enormous costs of the Government's unbusinesslike methods in making the loans. Government aid to the farmers resembles that proposed to the soldiers in the bonus, which would cost the soldiers individually more than they could ever receive and be a total loss all round.

It may be true that the farmer needs advice, but the first advice he needs is to disregard most of the advice that is now being offered to him. And the second advice he needs is that all the real help he will ever receive will come from himself. Not that he alone is interested in his condition. All his fellow citizens are interested, too. But there are various kinds of interest. One is the political interest of the partisan who wants the farmer's vote. Another is the commercial interest that wants the farmer's profits. The truest interest is the economic interest which realizes the essential part the farmer plays in our common life and is keen to remove all the hindrances to the farmer's rendering his full economic service and getting his full economic rewards. The latter interest is steadily coming to the front.

In the meantime this true interest is being imitated. In the name of economic soundness many plans are being offered. Self-appointed guardians of the farmers are going to and fro about the land on errands which profess to be the height of unselfishness. The alleged object of one of these proposals is to rescue the farmer from the juggling of the boards of trade and the wheat pits. This form of gambling is peculiarly injurious to the farmer. Its power to harm the public in the price of bread has been largely nullified, but its power to harm the farmer in the sale of his product remains as great as ever it was. Certainly its power to harm should be destroyed.

But it is well worth considering in the meantime that if an organization is forming to take the farmer out of the peril of the wheat pit only to put him in the power of some other system, the promised benefit may not last long. As long as the market is artificially manipulated to give the farmer the lowest price at the time he must sell, efforts must be made either to prevent the manipulation so that the harvest sale may be fair, or else efforts must be made to enable the farmer to extend his period of sale throughout the year. The latter plan is proposed by some. If it is assumed that the evil of manipulation must continue, maybe that is the best plan. But if it be assumed that the manipulation can be prevented, then it may be better for the farmer and the nation to do the harvest business at once and have it over with.

That is, of course, taking the long view of it. For it now appears certain that farming is not likely long to continue what it has been. Changes are coming. The farmer's year, which is now but a few months, will become longer and fuller. That is, with improved methods his year of actual crop-raising will become shorter, leaving him more months to be filled with other kinds of profitable activity. If instead of enlarging the farmer's productive opportunities it is proposed to make him all the year a market-watching wheat merchant, little is being added to the total desirability of his position and nothing at all is being added to the country.

When the raising of a crop is reduced to the short period of planting and to the short period of harvesting, and other avenues of production are opened to the farmer, the plans now proposed will already be obsolete. Taking the long view it is possible to construe some of the present activities as attempts to get the farmers out of one kind of sales control to put him under another kind. It is entirely possible for the manipulators of the new plan to make it profitable to the farmer for a few years by merely splitting between themselves and the farmer the profit which is now entirely taken by the speculators, but it is certain that the splitting will become less and less for the farmer and gradually cease altogether. This conclusion is forced by the past history of the men who are foremost in the new task of saving the farmer.

There are, of course, genuine friends of the farmer and some of them are in public life. But there is this to be noticed about them, they are representatives of the farmer himself, they are not representatives of successful speculative careers who pretend to be at last generously putting their speculative brains at the farmers' service. Wall Street men who are offering to show the farmer how to beat Wall Street if the farmer will give them the business are more to be shunned than high-powered salesmen of spurious stocks.

Pending the change which must overtake farming and which will be discussed more in detail later, there must not be anything resembling anti-social combinations, and if the record of the American farmer stands for anything, there will not be. The farmers' record, so far as the intention of straight service is concerned, is clean. But proposals are now being made on every hand that as formerly the speculators and exploiters squeezed both the farmer and the public between them, now a new group of exploiters who hope to become allied with the farmers will squeeze the public between themselves and the farmers. The farmers, it is felt, will never consent to this when they once see which way it is headed, because they will know instinctively that that is not only *not the solution* but a calculated plan to increase the social confusion and misery. Not a wider and more selfish separation of the farmers and the citizens is desired, but a closer union between them, with the speculative middleman who has so ignobly refused to perform his possible service eliminated.

The farmer should classify his advisors, who they are, what they have been and what their real interests are likely now to be. And then take counsel of himself, of the causes of his situation as he can trace them. Self-examination behooves all lines of business now, and if some of the results are humiliating to us, it will only be proof that we are coming near the impartial truth.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Lasker Influence Still Rules Shipping Board

Farley Appointed to "Carry Out My Policies," Former Chairman Announces

By a Washingtonian

What are we going to do about our merchant marine?

The infamous subsidy measure was killed and its revival must not be permitted.

But influences just as sinister as those which have gone before are at work today to turn over the American fleet to interests whose motives are purely selfish. This too must not be permitted.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, from time to time in issues soon to appear, will disclose, for the benefit of the people and the people's representatives in Congress, facts which speak for themselves. It is to be hoped that these facts will be sufficiently awakening for Congress to institute an inquiry designed to search out and make known ALL the truth about the operations of the United States Shipping Board.

WHAT lies in the future for the American Merchant Marine?

Although the subsidy measure proposed by former Chairman Albert D. Lasker, of the Shipping Board, and sponsored by the President was killed in the Senate in the last session of Congress—the taxpayers must give serious thought not only to what has happened to this fleet of ships which has been consuming between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000 a year of the people's money under the Lasker-Lissner-Schlesinger-Freund régime, but what is going to happen to it.

Lasker, the "super-salesman" and advertising agent from Chicago, as chairman of the Shipping Board "sold" President Harding the subsidy idea—a plan compiled upon the advice and with the assistance of the private ship operators who were to be direct beneficiaries under the act. And President Harding, without submitting the subsidy program to his cabinet, made it a paramount party issue. The result was one of the bitterest fights in Congress since Mr. Wilson's League of Nations rumpus—and the subsidy measure was killed.

Mr. Lasker is vindictive when crossed. That is common knowledge among the press correspondents. It is well known in Congress by any Senator or Representative who did not agree with Lasker's policies. It is also well known by many who have lost their positions because they could not see the wisdom of Mr. Lasker's course.

So, then, it may well be expected Mr. Lasker will not readily forgive the Congress for having killed his pet project—a subsidy which would not have sold the ships at all, but would have paid a premium to those who accepted them as gifts, would have made it possible for Lasker to crush ruthlessly any and all competition for his favorite companies and combinations, and would have left the distribution of hundreds of millions in subsidies entirely in Mr. Lasker's hands, or the hands of his successors in office.

After the trumpeting, the stream of press statements, after two years of Mr. Lasker's bombast—where is the fleet, where is the merchant marine, where is the American pocketbook?

To formulate some concept of what is to happen, it becomes necessary to look into the past and ascertain, if possible, whether the Lasker-Lissner-Schlesinger-Freund régime was anything remotely resembling the success Mr. Lasker modestly admits he has achieved.

The new chairman, Edward P. Farley, of Chicago, was Mr. Lasker's selection.

Mr. Lasker announced to the world that "Mr. Farley is in sympathy with my plans and will carry out my policies," although as author of these policies Mr. Lasker declared during the joint Congressional committee hearings on the subsidy bill that "I have really only been a regular advertising expert until I came down here to handle this shipping. I will say this, if you will just give me six months away from here, *I will go into the agricultural problem and try to help you solve that, too.*" Lasker doesn't lack self-confidence, even though, perhaps, he could with propriety leave that problem to Aaron Sapiro, Eugene Meyer and Barney Baruch.

"An Expert in Publicity"

RESPONDING to another question propounded by Representative Ewin L. Davis, of Tennessee, Mr. Lasker said:

"I was the only man who would take this job. The President couldn't get anyone else, and as Eva Tanguay says in her song, 'Gee, it is great to be crazy.'"

On another occasion, in a hearing before the House Appropriations subcommittee, Lasker declared, "I am not an expert in shipping, but I take a little pride in being an expert in publicity."

Subsequent events seem to have proved his statement—both ways—quite conclusively, as we shall presently see.

That Mr. Lasker was not only the head, but the whole of the Shipping Board is shown in a statement made on the floor of the House by Representative Davis—and never refuted. Said Representative Davis:

"And right in that connection I want to say that two newspapermen who were present at a newspaper conference with Chairman Lasker said that Chairman Lasker told them that the President had advised him that if any member of the Shipping Board did not go along in harmony with Chairman Lasker in his policies, he—Lasker—should notify the President and he would discharge such member of the Shipping Board; that the only reason he appointed any of them, except Mr. Lasker, was because the law required it."

So, since Mr. Farley is the personal choice of Mr. Lasker, and since Mr. Lasker was the whole Shipping Board, insofar as policy was concerned, and since Mr. Lasker was the man who "sold" the President on the subsidy measure which was prepared with the assistance and advice of those interests which were to reap the subsidy if it passed, and since Mr. Lasker has laid down the policy of twelve or eighteen private corporations to carry on governmental operation in a manner comparable as to methods to the Emergency Fleet Corporation, the Controller General, Mr. McCarl, meanwhile *being barred from any investigation into, supervision over, or interference with their accounts, or the expenditure of government funds to be turned over to them*—we must go into the past two years' administration of the Shipping Board—the Lasker-Lissner-Schlesinger-Freund administration—to find the answer as to what lies in the future under the Lasker-Lissner-Farley administration.

Mr. Lasker took office as chairman June 30, 1921.

The President had looked around for somebody to take the job, and, while there was a government-owned steamship concern at Panama operated at a handsome profit by Thomas H. Rossbottom who hadn't made any noise about it either, the President finally chose Lasker, the Chicago advertising agent and member-at-large of the American Jewish Committee.

Inexperienced in even the rudiments of ship operation or anything remotely resembling it, Lasker had not been in office a month before he was heralding to the world that "the Shipping Board is a colossal wreck, a mighty sick organization with a fleet of mighty sick ships."

The Truth About the Wooden Fleet

PICTURING the whole situation as chaos in the last degree, Mr. Lasker saw to it that no opportunity should be lost to impress upon the people what a terrible condition their Shipping Board and their war-born merchant fleet were in—what a tremendous job it would be to cure the situation—and what a remarkable achievement it would be when he had accomplished it.

This, of course, was astounding from a man of Mr. Lasker's temperament—he's so modest, usually!

Was there a motive behind his studied abuse of the former Shipping Board, something more than merely the Lasker love of bombast? By and by we shall see.

Within a month after assuming office Mr. Lasker felt able to declare, "The accounts of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation have been so badly kept that I am drawing a red line between July 1, when I took office, and all previous transactions, for there is nothing remotely resembling an accurate figure in the accounts as they have been kept."

And Mr. Lasker immediately made a contract with the firm of Lybrand, Ross Brothers & Montgomery—of which more will be said later—to change the whole system of accounting—which was done. Lasker then began to discharge those who had knowledge of the board's past actions. And, after a month's experience in a business to which he was a total stranger, this advertising agent from Chicago began to tell Congress and the country that "they must have confidence in me and leave it in my hands," without being told anything of the methods, the expenditures, the plans for the future. And, when compelled to meet Congress when appropriations were asked for, Mr. Lasker proved himself the artful dodger supreme.

The method by which a group of Jews took possession of the Merchant Marine, what was done in the sale of the wooden ship fleet, how shipyards and valuable lands were sold for a song, and hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of supplies sold for from seven to nine per cent of their cost with a loss of hundreds of millions which could have been avoided, and how $500,000,000 worth of negotiable securities were disposed of and the disposition and receipts never accounted to Congress or to the Controller General to this day despite the insistent and repeated demands of Congress through individual members for some information—this is the startling chapter which the advent of Mr. Lasker opened.

In the gigantic task which faced us, to save our Allies from being swept clean of shipping, we frantically built ships, among them a fleet of wooden boats at a cost of $300,000 000, some 300 ships of which remained when Mr. Lasker took office.

Under the Jones Merchant Marine Act of 1920, the purpose of which was to dispose of the surplus ships, the Shipping Board was instructed "to sell, as soon as practicable, consistent with good business methods and the objects and purposes to be attained by this act, at private competitive sale after appraisement and due advertisement," all these vessels. Further provision was made that "Such sale shall be made at such prices and on such terms and conditions as the board may prescribe, but the completion of the payment of the purchase price and interest shall not be deferred more than fifteen years after the making of the contract of sale. The board shall take into consideration the prevailing domestic and foreign market price, the available supply of, and the demand for vessels, existing freight rates and prospects of their maintenance, the cost of constructing vessels of similar types under prevailing conditions, as well as the cost of the construction or purchase price of the vessels to be sold, and any other facts or conditions that would influence a prudent, solvent business man in the sale of similar vessels or property which he is not forced to sell."

How did Mr. Lasker carry out this act?

He proceeded immediately to devote most of his time to condemning and disparaging the goods he had to sell. Was this "consistent with good business methods?" No, but Mr. Lasker thereby laid the foundation for his first premise—that the government could not proceed as intended under the Jones act, as "a prudent, solvent business man in the sale of similar vessels he is not forced to sell," would proceed. As Representative Davis, of Tennessee, said on the floor of the House, "Although called to head the Shipping Board and to dispose of our vast government shipping interests, he seems determined to destroy the investment. He talks much more about sinking the ships than he does about selling them. He seems infinitely more concerned about saving his own 'mutton' than he does in the welfare of the 'sick patient' which he says he has inherited. It is understood that he made his reputation and success in the advertising business, but I am sure he did not make that success by advertising and magnifying the defects and worthlessness of the goods that he sold or advertised for sale prior to the time he entered the service of the government."

Now, about the wooden fleet. After advertising the ships for sale, at a time when Mr. Lasker and his $35,000 a year adviser J. B. Smull, both declared, "There is no possibility of selling boats today at any price," Mr. Lasker proceeded to double-clinch the fate of the wooden ships during the hearings of the subcommittee of the House Appropriations committee.

Not satisfied with the fact that on account of the most tremendous depression in shipping ever known in history there was no demand for the ships, Chairman Lasker began immediately to berate the wooden ships in the most violent manner. "These ships are absolutely useless," he told the committee and the newspapers, "and should be sunk." Which is hardly what "a prudent, solvent business man not forced to sell," would do.

He was asked the following question and gave the following reply:

Mr. Kelly (Representative from Michigan)—"Of course this is not the right time to sell any kind of ships. You would have considerable difficulty in selling a steel ship, would you not?"

Mr. Lasker—"I make the prediction that you will never reach the time when you will sell those wooden ships. You cannot give a ship away today. I mean that literally, if a man must pay the cost of operation."

And later in his testimony before the same committee Mr. Lasker said:

"I am going to sink the boats if we cannot sell them or give them away."

Whereupon Representative Kelly was moved to observe that, "Of course, with your declaration to that effect you would not expect to get much of a price for them hereafter."

Now what happened?

In spite of the most earnest efforts of Chairman Lasker to discourage the sale of ships in which the people had $300,000,000 tied up, in particular, Chairman Lasker received a short time after from the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company a bid of $2,100 a ship for the whole fleet.

On August 9, 1921, the Shipping Board adopted a resolution unconditionally accepting the New York company's bid as amended at the request of the board on August 5. A certified copy of the resolution was furnished the bidder, who had put up a certified check for $60,270 as a ten per cent guarantee of his bid.

Then things began to happen. Those "absolutely worthless ships" which Mr. Lasker had damned publicly, were wanted by somebody. So on August 15, following, Sanford H. E. Freund, a Hebrew lawyer of parts from Chicago, was called in by Mr. Lasker to "look over the contract" which had been prepared by the bidder. Freund immediately drew another contract based on the original and not the amended bid, which was presented the New York company to sign, but was, of course, rejected and Freund was told of the amended bid. He drew another contract next day practically similar to his first one—and, of course, it was rejected by the bidder.

"Fishhooks" in Contract

MEANWHILE E. P. Farley, Mr. Lasker's present chairman of the board, and Commissioner Plummer, of the board, had been delegated to handle the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company's bid—but Freund now succeeded Commissioner Plummer in the negotiations.

During this interim two wealthy Jews of San Francisco, the Messrs. Fleischhacker, of the Anglo-London-Paris Bank, and the Anglo-California Trust Company—about whom more will later be related—began to want those wooden ships. Evidently their private advices did not agree with Lasker's much-heralded declarations that the wooden ships "are absolutely worthless."

So the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company found Mr. Farley and Mr. Freund "out of town" whenever they sought to close up their deal. This condition obtained for eight or nine days. Then Mr. Lasker and Elmer Schlesinger, another Hebrew lawyer of parts from Chicago, Lasker's personal attorney for years, apparently consulted. It was hinted, 'tis said, to M. S. Orth, attorney for the bidders, that Messrs. Fleischhacker, of San Francisco, wanted half the ships and that matters would be greatly expedited if the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company would let the Fleischhackers have half the wooden fleet at, say, $2,400 each for the ships.

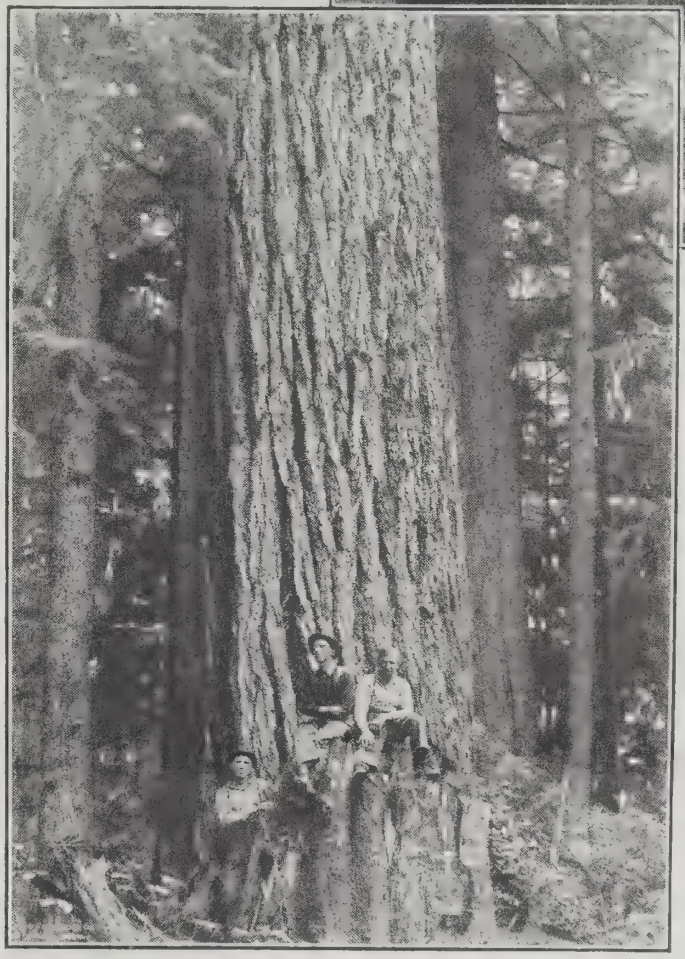
(Concluded on page 11)

Firs of the Northwest Leviathans of Forest

Slopes of the Mountain Ranges of the Pacific Coast Hold Great Store

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

Right—Extending from far up the Alaskan coast to Mexico the Douglas Firs are the tallest trees in America next to the Redwood.



Below—There is enough lumber in this one tree to build a five-room cottage. It is about twelve feet in diameter.

WHEN Columbus first sighted the shores of the New World on that memorable day in 1492, there were standing in the virgin forests of the Pacific Northwest thousands upon thousands of gigantic Douglas Firs, their branches reaching skyward—forests uninhabited except by the beasts and birds who had never seen the face of man. Many of these trees, it is said, still stand, grown to an enormous size, some six, some twelve, some twenty-four feet in diameter.

When, in obedience to repeated blows of the woodman's axe, they fall crashing to the earth, their log of life—a record of each year from before the time that the Great Discoverer sailed the seas—stands disclosed, showing clearly by its concentric rings the age of these patriarchs of nature, which in their death, after centuries of waiting, begin to serve mankind.

There on the slopes of the Cascades, the Coast Range and the Olympics of Oregon and Western Washington, is the enormous forest of Douglas Firs, stretching in the United States over a space 500 miles long and 100 miles wide, in which there is standing today, it is estimated, more than five hundred billion feet of lumber, which has been untouched by the woodman's axe, and has yet to feel the bite of the buzzing saw eating into its vitals.

Trees are to be found there, each one of which contains enough lumber to build a five-room cottage; not one tree alone but a forest of them. It is something to bewilder the imagination; to give a spirit of romance to the prosaic life of the woodcutter, and to open the eyes of those who have never given a thought to the greatness of the Pacific Northwest.

The capacious maw of industry and development, always wanting to be filled by eating, eating into the forests of the South and East, and never being satisfied, is depleting the timberlands of those sections to an alarming extent, and while reforestation is carried on to a considerable degree, the encroachment upon the forest reserves goes on unceasingly from day to day.

It is estimated that, normally, each year there are erected in the United States more than 400,000 houses, and today the builders are a million houses short of the demand. What will happen in 1950, but a comparatively short time hence, when it is estimated the population of the United States will be 150,000,000 persons? How shall they be sheltered, and whence will come the wood to be used in the building of their houses?

From the forests of the Pacific Northwest would seem to come the answer.

When President Lincoln called for volunteers in the Civil War, the battle-cry resounded: "We are coming, Father Abraham, one hundred thousand more."

Today, from a thousand slopes and hills, in response to the call of industry and the home-builder for lumber to carry on the development which has but just begun, comes the battle-cry of the woodcutter:

"We are ready with one thousand billion feet of board, cut from the forest of the Douglas Fir."

Staggering? Bewildering? Yes, but nevertheless true; for in the forests of the Pacific Northwest it is estimated there is enough timber to build more than 40,000,000 houses of the ordinary type—three times as many houses as stand today from Maine to California and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

The Douglas Fir region includes practically all of Oregon and Washington west of the Cascade Mountains, and reaches far into British Columbia. That portion included in the forests of Oregon and Washington has a width of from seventy to one hundred seventy miles, and a length of nearly 500 miles, approximating in area 54,000 square miles, or as large as the New England States with New Jersey thrown in for good measure.

In its topographical make-up the region varies greatly. There will be found valleys, high table-lands, rolling hills and mountains, intersected by rivers and lakes.

While the Douglas Fir to be marketable must be upward of fifty years old, the similarity of the timber as to points and volume of stand has resulted in uniform logging methods. As mild winters in this locality are the rule rather than the exception, logging can be continued throughout practically the entire year.

Agricultural Bulletin No. 711, speaking of the Douglas Fir, says:

"The Douglas Fir is one of the most important American woods. It was early shipped to different parts of the world for masts and spars, and was the first tree in the region to be manufactured into lumber on a large scale. It ranks second in the United States in point of production, being extensively used in the building trades by the railroads in the form of car and bridge material, ties, and piling, and by many manufacturing plants.

As a structural timber it is not surpassed, and for a long time was most widely known in this capacity.

Originally covering, in forests of great density and almost absolute purity, the greater part of the foothills and lower slopes of the Cascade Mountains and the Coast Range, it comprises about seventy per cent of the standing timber in this region."

The Douglas Fir is a giant tree rising often to a height of 175 to 250 feet. In manner of growth it forms a very dense forest and has been known to yield as much as 100,000 feet an acre. On the small tracts much more than this frequently has been cut.

The ability of a tree to endure shade, or in other words, its demand for light, decides how many trees will grow on an acre and is, therefore, an important characteristic of a tree.

The Douglas Fir is a vigorous, hardy, rapid-growing tree, capable of thriving under a great variety of conditions. It is moderately dependent upon light, being able to endure more shade than some of its associates.

During the first few years of growth, however, it is important that the Douglas Fir shall receive direct top light; trees that are very shaded by their neighbors quickly die.

Douglas Fir, to attain optimum development, should grow in even-aged stands, where all the trees are about the same height, and all receive direct top light. This ability to form dense stands accounts in part for its immense yield per acre.

The density of the stand, however, has a material bearing on the quality of the timber produced. Trees that have developed in a dense stand are more cylindrical, their limbs are smaller and they shed their dead branches earlier than those grown in the open.

In a well-stocked stand the shedding of dead limbs begins when the trees are about forty-five years old. When a tree has reached the age of eighty years its trunk should be smooth and clear of dead stubs well up to where the live branches begin. In the denser stands, the Douglas Fir will not produce any clear lumber until it is fifty or sixty years old.

The Douglas Fir has a heavy and fire-resistant bark, and after about twenty-five years of age a forest of this species is not apt to be killed outright by a forest fire.

The color of the Douglas Fir is varied, ranging from a decided reddish tinge to light yellow, and on this account it is sometimes classified as red and yellow fir.

As a rule the red fir has a coarser grain and contains a considerable amount of dark-colored wood which is called summerwood. It is usually obtained from second-growth timber or from the heart of the older trees. The yellow fir is a soft, fine-grained wood, obtained from the outer portion of mature trees. The difference in color is supposed to be due mainly to the difference in the rate of growth.

The Department of Agriculture Yearbook for 1922, in commenting on the timber supply, states:

"Nearly half the land area of the United States, some 822,000,000 acres, was originally forested. The stand, mainly of high-grade material, probably far exceeded in volume the estimate of 5,200 billion feet board measure made some years ago.

"American standards of living and much of our industry have been developed upon timber supplies so abundant and cheap that the United States today is the largest consumer of wood in the world. We now use nearly half the lumber, more than half the paper, and about two-fifths the wood in all forms. We produce from two-thirds to three-fourths of the naval stores. The timber to supply our demands has been mined from the forest much as coal has been mined from the ground.

"Largely through timber mining the original stand has been reduced from more than 5,200 billion board feet to approximately 1,600 billion feet of virgin timber and 600 billion feet additional in culls and second-growth stands. Seventy-five per cent of the remaining virgin timber is west of the Great Plains, and more than fifty per cent of all our remaining saw timber is in the three Pacific Coast States.

"The ultimate goal of timber growing is a nation-wide extension, region by region, of what has already been attained on private lands in limited parts of the Northeast and in the administration of the National Forests, namely a sustained yield of forest products, an adjustment of forest-using industries to the growing capacity of the lands which supply them, a balance between timber production and timber use.

"Before the war Germany was producing fifty cubic feet to the acre of forest land; France thirty-six feet an acre. We must grow at least forty-eight cubic feet an acre to meet our present requirements. This rate of growth can be attained if the art of timber culture is thoroughly developed by research in each important forest region, and applied by demonstration on public forests and an aggressive campaign of education to reach the private owners of forest land."

On the slopes of the Cascades, the Coast Range and the Olympics of Oregon and Washington still stands the forest of Douglas Firs, with its acreage of 54,000 square miles of growing timber. It is ready to do its share toward supplying the sinews of industry and to answer the call of the home-builder. In the state of Washington alone there are today more than 300 logging camps and 800 sawmills daily cutting, sawing and shipping their product all over the country. New plants are continually being erected and established mills enlarged. Heavy machinery of the modern type is rapidly being installed to take the place of man and horse power, that the nation's need for timber may be supplied. The leviathans of the forest are ready for the service of mankind.

Jewish Boy Sent to Prison for His Religion

Amazing Story of Racial Persecution in New York; Sixteen-year-old Boy Defeats Attacks of Rabbis and Lawyers; But Court Sends Him to Prison

IS IT possible to jail people in the United States because of their religion? It is not only possible, but has been done. On the writer's desk lies the bound transcript of a court case inscribed—"Kings County Surrogate's Court. Matter of Guardianship of Harry Bucalstein." This means, plainly, the Court of Honorable George A. Wingate, Surrogate, at Brooklyn, New York.

Harry Bucalstein, now nearly eighteen years old, was born in Russia. He attended a Jewish school, an institution where the children go early in the morning and remain until night. In the year 1913 his family came to the United States, settling in Abingdon, Illinois, removing from that place to New York in 1920. In Abingdon, disliking to associate with the Jews whom he found there, the boy attended the Rev. Dr. Bollinger's church, the First Methodist, where he heard an exposition of Christian doctrine.

Q. "Did your parents know about your attending church?" A. "They did and they encouraged it." Q. "Who encouraged it?" A. "My father." Q. "What did he say?" A. "He said it would do me good to watch the various insane beliefs that people had."

In New York the boy fell into temptation. Sent out to collect some bills, he ran off with $17.80. This act made Harry Bucalstein an outlaw, at least in his own conscience. It gnawed upon his mind day and night. On the streets of New York one October night in 1921 he heard a voice shouting above the din, "Repent, repent, and believe the Gospel." Moving to the circle of people he saw a street speaker, a Jew, who was preaching the Christian Gospel. The speaker was Rev. Charles Wiesenberg, a minister of the church known as the Disciples of Christ, and superintendent of the Washington Heights Mission.

The Beginning of the Boy's Trouble

THAT night began one of the strangest stories ever spread upon the records of an American court. The boy went to Dr. Haldeman's church and Dr. Holloway's, attended the "John 3:16 Mission," the Washington Heights Mission, and other religious places. November was a month of uneasiness for him, a new uneasiness added to the mental discomfort caused by his theft. In December, face to face with the need of restitution if he would start life anew, he confessed his theft to Mr. Wiesenberg. The man from whom he had stolen was a Jew. The man to whom he confessed was a "converted Jew," called by the Jews a "renegade." But forthwith the Jewish Christian took the boy to the Jewish employer, a Mr. LeGlaire, who proved to be a considerate, kindly man. He was ready to forget. He refused to take the first payment offered him by Mr. Wiesenberg on the boy's behalf. Satisfactory arrangements were made for Harry to pay back the debt at $1 a week, and the confidence placed in the boy was warranted. He continued to work and pay until arrested and thrown into jail—for being a Christian.

For with his theft confessed and restitution arranged, Harry was baptized on January 8, 1922, by Rev. Edward S. Holloway, of the Wadsworth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

What followed for the boy, as told on the witness stand, will not be reprinted here, because it concerns his mother. The curses and tortures and dark ecclesiastical objurgations and incantations make a moving story. "She said all Jews who became Christians should be killed," said the boy. "Their hands and feet shall be broken. Then she ran toward me with hatchet upraised. She did not bring the hatchet down. I stood perfectly still. Then I took my hat and went out. I rode on the subway all night."

Now, under Jewish law, a boy is free at the age of thirteen. He is said to have reached the age of religious responsibility. It is his Bar Mizwah. Harry Bucalstein was nearly sixteen when he made his choice.

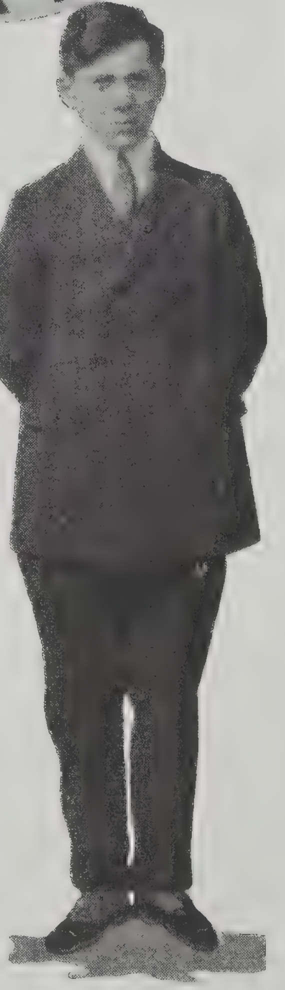
Arrested for Becoming a Christian

ON JANUARY eighth he was baptized. On January sixteenth, he was arrested on the street. The charge was "disorderly child," brought under the statute of New York City which provides that "all children actually or apparently under the age of sixteen who desert their homes without good or sufficient cause shall be deemed disorderly children." Harry had "deserted" his mother's home to go to his sister's home.

Four weeks passed in custody. Justice Wilkins, of the Children's Court was ready to let the boy have his chance, but not so "The Jewish Big Brothers' Association of Brooklyn" which was now in the case. It might be impossible to prove crime against the boy, but maybe he could be shown to be insane. This struck a new fear to the hearts of Harry's friends. It was not the first time that converted Jews had been disposed of via the asylum route. What the boy tells of efforts to work upon his nerves will not be repeated here. But he came off triumphant, a five per cent demerit mark being given because his head was filled with "religious ideas." Imprisoned with the worst classes of young criminals, he held meetings and read his Bible to the other boys.

The alienist having passed the boy, the next hope of punishing him was prison. Liberated from the Children's Court in the custody of a Jewish probation officer, the boy's path was difficult enough, but it was the court's order that he should sleep at his mother's house, and he did. Every night the words of the ancient Jewish curse were pronounced over him, he testified. They brought him before small gatherings that questioned and hectored him. A New York public school room was used for one of these inquisitions. In May the pressure upon him became so strong that he broke his parole, was remanded to the Children's Court, and was certainly on his way to prison (where he afterward landed) when friends took up his cause.

The trial was precipitated by his friends applying to the court for the appointment of a guardian over him. The applicants, of course, took the position that Harry Bucalstein was being persecuted because of his religion; the Jewish Big Brothers' Association, with three lawyers and two rabbis assisting the cross-examination, took the position that the boy was unruly and should be punished. The case was heard by Surrogate Wingate.



HARRY BUCALSTEIN,

The young Jewish boy who baffled the rabbinical and legal inquisition told on this page.

What was behind all the legal phraseology may be seen from the testimony of Theodore Teitch, an engraver, who testified that he was a Jew and that he belonged to no Christian society. He was asked how he came to a knowledge of the case.

"Mrs. Teitch told me that Mrs. Bucalstein is having some trouble with her boy. And I asked her just what the trouble was and she told me that she is wishing that someone would aid her in some way or other to commit Harry Bucalstein to the Blackwell's Island for becoming a Christian. She told me that he was a very good boy. 'And how is he now?' And she told me that he is much better toward her as he was before, but she didn't want to have any Christian in her family. Whereas I answered her, 'I would rather see the boy be a good Christian than a bad Jew.' And she further asked me if I would go to a rabbi of Brooklyn for the boy to bring him back to his first belief. And I told her I am not going to no rabbi before I see the boy myself. And the next day he came, with the consent of his mother."

Q. "Came to your place of business, did he?" A. "Yes, sir. And I spoke to him about this matter and said to him, 'Why did you change your belief?' and he answered me, 'I have not changed my belief at all but I have fulfilled the promise of God.' I asked him to show me how right he is, that he has fulfilled those words of God, and he has shown me many chapters of the Torah, has shown me in the Psalms of David, and he has convinced me through a firm belief that Christ Jesus is the suffering Messiah of the Israelites."

But the shrewd Jew was not to rest only on words. He gave Harry $200 to go and pay a bill. The boy came back with the receipt. Then he sent him to carry $1,000 worth of jewelry through the streets. It came safely. That settled Mr. Teitch.

The Jewish lawyers against Harry tore into Mr. Teitch like lions.

Q. "Why are you interested in this case?"

A. "I am interested in this case because I know that Harry Bucalstein is absolutely innocent to be brought up here or to any court to put him away until he is twenty-one years of age for his religious belief."

Q. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me and tell this court that you as a Jew down in your heart come here voluntarily to testify to the fact that you want to see this boy's religion changed?"

The Surrogate—"The witness has not testified to any such thing."

Q. "What prompted you to test out Harry Bucalstein?"

A. "To see whether Christianity makes worse or better."

Q. "Why are you interested in Christianity?"

A. "Because I am a Jew."

Q. "Will you please explain to me why as a Jew you should be interested in seeing whether Harry Bucalstein after he became a Christian was a better boy or not?"

An Intelligent Jew Gives His Opinion

A. "I was told also when I was young that Christian people are not reliable, were murderers, and I have the same opinion all the time until I read a few passages of the Old and New Testament, and I have seen the action of Christian people, and I have found in my opinion that it is not so. Nor does it say in any part of the Old Testament whether Christian people ever existed at that time, but the Bible does say that there will come a day when there will be a new name of people as we have never heard of before, and I have been brought to this conclusion, that it is the Christian people, that they are the real people that God has said of this name."

Q. "You have formed a conclusion now that the right religion is the Christian religion?"

A. "I am talking———"

Q. "Yes or no, please."

A. "No."

That will suffice to show what was the real motive behind the prosecution of Harry Bucalstein. But before passing this phase, salute Mr. Teitch as a modern Gamaliel. Would that his justice of mind were more widely found.

"The Jewish Big Brothers' Association" claimed that the boy was not old enough to decide for himself what religion he should take up. Their suggested assistance was that he be given a jail term to think it over. In court they were allowed to examine him up and down and across the whole field of theology, Jewish and Christian. Four lawyers and a lawyer rabbi were pitted against him in one of the strangest examinations ever held in a court room. And at the end of one very long and fierce contest the lawyers confessed themselves worsted and asked to be permitted to bring in more expert cross-examiners. Bucalstein's attorney objected. "It seems to me, if the Court please, that the Jewish counsel who has been examining him, a very able attorney, should be quite the equal of a sixteen-year-old boy in such a test."

The Surrogate—"Without wishing to affront that counsel in the slightest degree, I think you flatter him unduly."

The Boy Goes Under Legal Fire

SO THE examination was started again, this time by a rabbi-lawyer, Samuel Buchler.

Q. "How many hours did you spend in the Hebrew School?" A. "I believe from after breakfast until some time we fell asleep over our books."

Q. By the Surrogate—"At what hour?" A. "About nine o'clock in the evening."

Q. (continued by the rabbi)—"How did you renounce your Jewish religion when you were baptized?" A. "I didn't renounce the Jewish religion when I was baptized."

Q. "If they wanted to ask you to renounce the Jewish religion you would have refused?" A. "They did not ask me that." Q. "Would you have refused?" A. "I don't know. They never asked me that, so I can't say." Q. "How then did you accept the Christian faith without renouncing the Jewish faith?" A. "I did not have to renounce it."

Q. "You say you have not renounced the Jewish faith. Do you consider yourself now a Christian or a Jew?" A. "I consider myself now a Christian. I never was a Jew."

Q. "Until that time you were a Jew?" A. "Until that time I was a Jew of the Tribe of Levi. That is why you can't call me a Jew."

Q. "Were all your family descendants of Levi?" A. "All my father's brothers and ancestors were. My mother is not. She is an Israelite." Q. "And if any one was to ask you whether you were a Cohen, a priest, or not, what would you then say?" A. "I would say I was." Q. "Do you believe, young man, that you can be a Jewish priest and at the same time a Christian?" A. "I do."

Q. "Now, at the present time, do you go to any church?"

The Surrogate—"No. He is locked up; he is in the custody of the law."

Q. "You never heard of anyone turning from Jewish to Christian for gain?" A. "No, sir, nobody has ever done it. That is one of their claims but it is not true."

Q. "May I ask whether you are circumcised?" A. "I am a circumcised Hebrew. The first person that was circumcised was not a Jew, for he was Abraham, and Abraham was not a Jew, he was a Gentile."

The young man was very insistent on this distinction between Jews and Israel. In a brush with the lawyers on the same point he apparently piqued their interest, for they questioned him closely.

Q. "What do you think your father was?" A. "He was, according to the synagogue, a Cohen (priest)."

Q. "Was he a Jew?" A. "He was a Levite."

Q. "What were you at your birth?" A. "At my birth I was a Hebrew of the Tribe of Levi and a priest after the Order of Aaron."

Q. "Will you try to differentiate to me the difference between a Hebrew and a Jew?" A. "A Jew is a descendant of the Tribe of Judah, one of the twelve sons of Jacob. A Hebrew is a person who is a descendant of Abraham who was a Gentile."

Q. "What is a Christian?" A. "A Christian is a follower and worshiper of Jesus Christ the Son of God."

Through the whole range of doctrine, lawyers and rabbis led the boy. Now they were hammering him with the commandment, "Obey thy father and thy mother," and he was coming back with the New Testament form—"Children, obey your parents *in the Lord,*" always emphasizing the last clause. Now he was stumping his questioners with recitals of strange libels on Christ from the Talmud and the traditions. Again he was trying to explain that no man converted him to Christianity, and no one even invited him to church, but that it was wholly the work of the Holy Spirit that led him into the faith which he repeatedly described as the flowering and fulfillment of Judaism. He was only agreeing that Messiah *had* come, and for that they were not only casting him out of the synagogue, but were seeking to put him into jail. Very bitterly did they rail upon this boy at times, but only once did bitterness escape him, which was, when he referred to the operations of a certain firm of Jewish lawyers. His mother was called and asked, should he be allowed to go home, would she permit him to read the Bible.

Q. "If your son wishes to read the Bible at home, will you oppose it?" A. "No, I will not allow it."

Q. "Would you allow your son to go to Christian lectures to study for the ministry?" A. "No, I will kill myself."

The Dark Traditions That Still Exist

THE mother compels sympathy. Her view of the step her boy had taken may be understood when it is known what these poor people are told concerning the Founder of Christianity. Here is a passage from the boy's testimony on this point. He is being cross-examined by a Jewish lawyer who, though hammering him for several days in court, has failed to defeat him, and the boy says:

"They tell the story that Jesus was not crucified, but on the contrary that he really was a (fatherless one) and that he stole from one of the holy books in the temple a certain word which he sewed in the calf of his leg, and by the power of that word was able to fly, and so many people believed him to be God. Several rabbis decided to stop him, so they also got a holy word and flew higher than he did and dropped something on him and so caused him to fall and be killed. There is also another story stating that he was killed by throwing cabbages at him."

Q. "Tell me who told you about these traditions and stories or what books you read that give you what you have just testified to." A. "I received one story, that flying story, from a rabbi, and from Mrs. Greenberg, whose father was a rabbi and whose son is a rabbi. She was trying to reconvert me when she told me that story. And the other story I got from my mother when I was a little baby."

Q. "And you remember that story very well?" A. "I do. It has been told me many times since."

A Psychological Condition Described

IT IS little wonder, then, that Harry Bucalstein's mother should be perturbed that her son had succumbed to such a religious delusion as those stories represented Christianity to be. But there are great hopeless tracts of darkness in the Talmud and the Traditions which bind grievous burdens on the minds of multitudes of Jews, even here in America.

Charles S. Nyman, a Jewish probation officer of New York, did not fully explain why he was in charge of a boy from Brooklyn. But such was the case. It was the first time he had ever been put in charge of a boy from Brooklyn and the first time he had ever had charge of a Jewish boy who was guilty of turning Christian. He did testify, however, that he was interested in the "Jewish Big Brothers' Association of the Bronx." No special prejudice can be charged against Mr. Nyman, although he did exert his influence to have the boy incarcerated at a time when the boy's fight for liberty was at its most critical period. However, in giving the boy's story, Mr. Nyman presented a passage which may have psychological value for the student of comparative religions:

"I asked him, 'What occurred in the meantime?' He stated, 'I walked about the streets at different times. That one evening about eight p. m. I reached a point at Thirty-sixth street and Eighth avenue at which time I came across a meeting conducted by some mission. I listened. I became interested.' I then questioned him, 'Is this the first time you became interested in that sort of work or were you directed by any particular person to go there?' He told me that it was just by accident that he came across this particular meeting. 'What occurred?' He told me that a little while after the meeting, 'about eleven o'clock when it broke up I began talking with some of the persons interested in connection with that meeting.' 'Anybody in particular?' He mentioned at that time, which, of course, was new to me, the name of Wiesenberg. 'What happened after that?' He told me, 'For the first time after talking to them on the matter of my status so far as being away from home and not working, that they interested me to go with them so that they will give me proper care and attention.' I questioned him along the line to find out why he didn't want to go home. He told me that 'I did not want to go home because I didn't have the heart to confess to my stealing from the Duo Sales Company.' 'Did you finally confess?' 'Only after I found out that a Jew can't confess and will not confess.' I asked him how and why does he make such statements when he had no particular reason at that time to state. He told me that, 'When I became interested in the mission they told me for the first time about confessing as a Christian, I am in a position then to relieve myself of the worry and thought of being a thief.' 'Did you confess?' 'Yes.'"

To those Jewish religious leaders who insist that Judaism cares more about social or national morality than about "individual salvation," the predicament of this boy—as a spiritual condition—should present another element for consideration. While there is a certain nobility implied in the position stated by so high an authority as Leon Simon as being that of Judaism—"For Judaism has no message of salvation for the individual soul, as Christianity has: all its ideas are bound up with the existence of the Jewish nation" ("The differentia of Judaism" says Achad ha Am, "is its objectiveness, its rejection of the personal")—still, here was a boy who for the time was at an individual, a personal crisis, and his complaint is that he found no help among his people. And, after all, the help which he did find at the mission was as much according to nature as to the Christian religion.

The hearings wore on. More than 500 typewritten pages are filled with examination and cross-examination. In addressing the court in the boy's behalf, Attorney Edwin Welling Cady said, among other things: "The boy has already chosen his own religion. We claim he had a right to do that . . . .There was constant interference with his exercise of his religious education, and then there were the Children's Court proceedings . . . .A blot is placed against his name without any real offense . . . . It is not a case of the court having to decide the merits of two different religions . . . . On the one hand there is the question of the boy going to the House of Refuge. That seems a sad thing, in view of the possibilities of the boy and his abilities. And on the other hand there is protection, there is opportunity, there is a way for him to achieve his call."

Prison—Weeping—Release

THE protection referred to was the offer of Rev. Dr. Holloway to stand as the boy's guardian.

On June 27, 1922, the Surrogate closed the case saying: "I will reserve decision." His decision was a refusal to appoint a guardian for the boy, and thus the case went back to the Children's Court. Judge Wilkins, of the latter court, sent the young prisoner to Randall's Island, the penal institution for incorrigible children, for an indefinite term. The attorney for the "Jewish Big Brothers' Association" actually said "Thank you" to the judge upon pronouncement of sentence.

The boy, thus sentenced, knelt in the corridor of the court room and prayed for his mother. When the prison officials marked his clothes with his prison number, he wept. Yet his conduct was so exemplary that he won the esteem of Colonel Barber, the superintendent, and the respect of the inmates.

For six months this boy remained in prison. But the case was too flagrantly one of religious persecution, and presently an influential person was interested whose intercession procured the boy's release. Harry Bucalstein is now studying to be a missionary to those people among whom he was reared.

The case, while not without parallel, shows what is possible for organized groups to achieve in the United States.

From Coined Silver and Gold to Bank Ledger Credits

The Gradual Evolution of the American Monetary System

By H. L. LOUCKS

IN 1786 Congress chose as the money unit for the United States the coined silver dollar of 375.64 grains pure silver.

This was changed in 1792 to 371.25 grains of pure silver.

Again in 1878 the weight of the silver dollar was changed, and it was deprived of its full legal tender quality by an amendment "except where otherwise stipulated in the contract" and soon thereafter, the lenders began stipulating in the contract the clause "payable in gold coin."

In 1792, the coined gold dollar containing 24.75 grains of pure gold was also made a legal tender, giving us the double standard at the ratio 15 to 1, with the free coinage of both metals.

In 1834 the weight of the gold dollar was reduced to 23.2 grains of pure gold, making the ratio 16 to 1.

In 1837 another change was made to render the commodity value of the silver and gold coins uniform, in accord with the world market value of the metals, and so the amount of pure gold in the dollar was reduced to 23.22 grains of pure gold.

You will note that it was the gold dollar that usually needed fixing and changing.

These changes were explained by the necessity of preventing the exportation of either metal. The Fathers knew nothing of the terms "deflation" or "inflation," and were not afraid of having too much of their own legal tender money in the country, or in circulation.

But, silver continued to be the popular money abroad as well as at home. So, in 1853 the legal weight of the minor coins was reduced to discourage their exportation, but to satisfy the other side the legal tender quality was limited to five dollars, and the right of coinage was reserved for the government, the beginning of a profitable source of revenue from that source.

In 1873 the gold dollar was made the standard and the trade dollar of 420 grains—an increase of forty-nine grains of silver—was authorized. It was intended for circulation in oriental countries as a substitute for the Mexican dollar, which it slightly exceeded in weight.

The peculiar thing about this act was that although the dollar contained forty-nine grains more silver than our legal tender dollar, its legal tender in the United States was limited to five dollars, and even this limited quality was withdrawn by Congress July 22, 1876, and the coinage was limited to such amount as the Secretary should consider sufficient to meet the export demand.

The act of February 19, 1887, provided for the retirement of the trade dollars and their recoinage into standard silver dollars, or subsidiary silver. The following official order is really amusing. "For six months after the passage of the act they could be exchanged at the Treasury, dollar for dollar, for standard silver dollars, or subsidiary coin." That is, the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized by Congress to give you 371 grains of silver in exchange for 420 grains. Further coinage of the trade dollar was prohibited.

Giving too much silver for a dollar! Think it over. On its merits the gold metal could not compete with silver for monetary use, at home or abroad.

In the elimination of the silver dollar, they accomplished a material part of their main object; the contraction of our legal tender Honest Money, and limiting our one and only standard by which to measure the scarcer metal, gold. This cleared the way for a complete monopoly of gold in the United States.

Since the enactment of the law making the gold dollar the "standard unit of value," all financial obligations, municipal, state, and nation, as well as individual, industrial and commercial, have been made payable in United States gold coin, and soon thereafter, with renewed zeal, began the withdrawal of gold coin from circulation and rushing it to the melting pot at the assay office, to be stored in the vaults as gold bullion.

This destruction of gold coin really began as far back as 1882, when a law was enacted authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue gold certificates in exchange for gold coin stored in government vaults. The reason given to the public was "a saving of gold by abrasion, and in transportation charges," which seemed quite logical.

This was followed in 1911 by providing for the issue of gold certificates against the deposit of gold bullion, or foreign coin to the full extent of one hundred per cent. This was clearly a case of basing currency, an obligation of the government, on a stored product of labor, that never had been coined, and which never intended to be coined by our government.

As proof of the foregoing we submit the following taken from the annual report of the Director of the Mint for 1922—Page 17.

For the four years prior to the enactment of the Federal Reserve law, the average annual coinage of gold was $117,980,714.

For 1912, the year following the enactment, but before the law had been put in operation, there was only $12,749,090 coined.

For the fiscal year 1922, the total receipts of gold coin and bullion at the assay office was (page 17) $546,695 484, and (page 89) the total coinage—$53,000,916.

For the eleven years since the enactment of the Federal Reserve law, the total receipts at the assay office were $3,040,074,874. And the total coinage was $212,264,402.

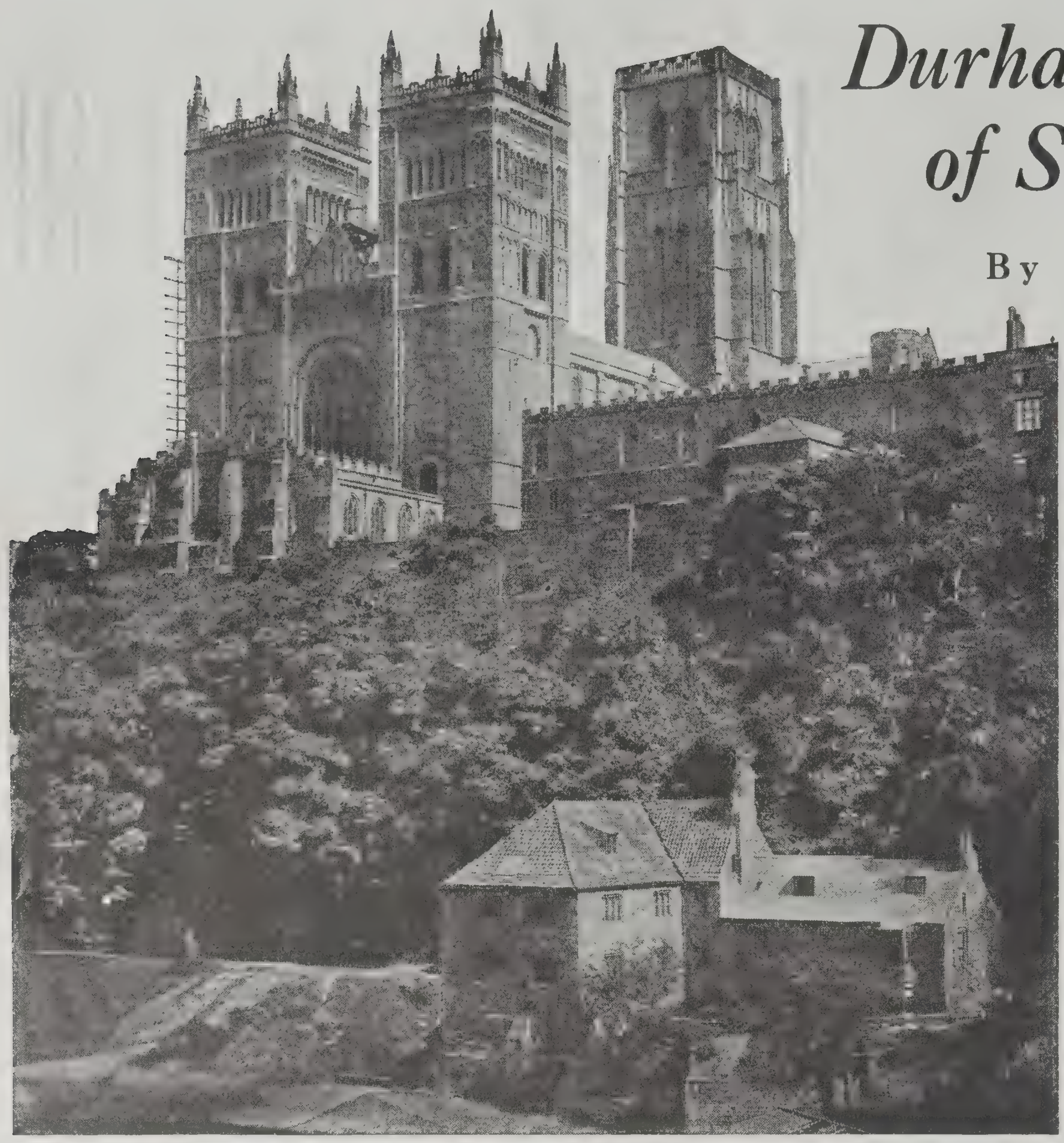
Think for a moment of the inevitable result of every great nation in the world piling up unlimited promises to pay in one certain commodity and every grain of that commodity stored in the vaults of a comparatively small group of international bankers whose sole aim in life is the accumulation of interest-bearing obligations.

OUR GOLD JOSS.

The heathen Chinee has the satisfaction of seeing, or feeling his gold or silver idol. The East Indian enjoys the hiding of his gold or silver until needed. We, the most intelligent people on earth, have made an idol of a gold dollar, that we cannot see, feel, produce, nor find, except with a "jimmy" in the secret vaults, in the twelfth basement down, on Wall Street, New York.

Durham, Resting Place of Saint Cuthbert

By PAUL TYNER



The southwest front of Durham Cathedral.

Grandeur of Norman Architecture Revealed Nowhere So Wonderfully as in English Cathedral Built on Command of William the Conqueror

THE County Palatine of Durham is famous for its cows and its collieries and as the place in which the world's first railway was built and operated; but above all it is famous for Durham Cathedral. Nothing impresses the American sojourner in England more than its ancient cathedrals and abbeys. They have distinctly the charm of the exotic for we have nothing like them at home. Each has its own special character and interest, beginning with Westminster Abbey in London and passing on through the storied fanes of Canterbury, Ely, Exeter, York, Salisbury, Winchester, St. Albans and Rochester. But none is more impressive or embodies more the spirit of Medieval England and its development in successive modifications through the centuries than does Durham Cathedral. Crowning an elevation rising steeply in the valley of the Wear, it seems to spring naturally from this rocky promontory. It challenges the sky and dominates the wide Northumbrian plain, so that it is visible for miles from all sides. Nowhere is the grandeur of Norman architecture more splendidly represented; in the whole range of European edifices there is nothing that impresses the beholder with so peculiar a sense of solemn majesty in its combination of strength and simplicity.

Durham Cathedral's central tower rises 218 feet and the two western towers that flank it are each more than 146 feet in height, while the total length of the cathedral is about 502 feet. The external breadth of the whole church across the transepts is 193 feet, being eighty-one feet across the nave. The great arches in nave and choir rise to about thirty-three feet nine inches. These dimensions convey some idea of the perfect symmetry of its proportions. William the Conqueror is responsible for the initiative that ordained the creation on so uniquely commanding a site of a structure embodying the ripest architectural genius of Normandy.

Unlike the Abbey at Westminster and Notre Dame in Paris, the interior of Durham Cathedral more than fullfils the promise of its splendid exterior. Under its lofty groined roof one seems to wander as in a world apart. The dim religious light is mellowed by the radiance of priceless stained-glass windows—the great rose window in the east especially marking the harmonious lines that tell where meet the lofty walls and springing architrave of the roof.

Cathedrals are unlike most modern buildings in that they are of slow growth, each addition taxing successive architects with the problem of harmonizing the new with the work of their predecessors. Durham is distinctively Norman, taken as a whole, yet it assimilates in two of its marked features charming examples of English-Gothic creation. The first is the Galilee Chapel at its western end, originally the "Lady Chapel" which was designed to occupy the usual place at the eastern end. The reversing of this order involves one of the many traditions that give a supernatural tinge to Durham's story. In 1175, Hugh Pudsey, then Bishop, began the building of a Lady Chapel at the east end of the choir, in place of the original apsidal ending. But the new building had not progressed very far when great cracks appeared in the walls. The pious bishop, taking this as a sign of displeasure on the part of God and St. Cuthbert, had the incomplete structure pulled down and utilized the materials in building what is now the "Galilee Chapel" at the west end. The forest that was "God's first temple" is vividly suggested here. Even the ordinary babbling tourist is awed to silence in the glorious shrine, as nature hushes and cools the human fever in cool green woods.

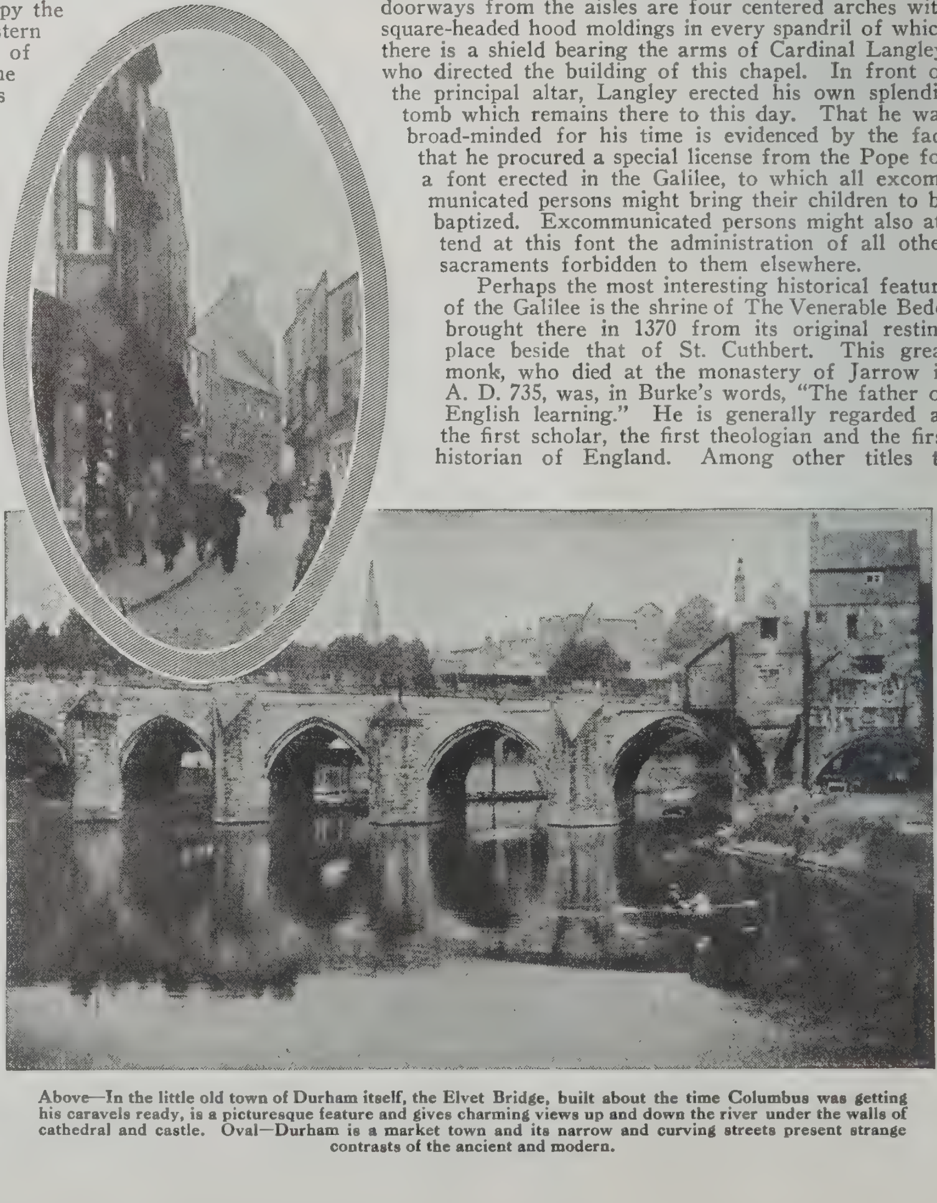
From the line of Frosterley marble, beyond which in the monastic days no woman was allowed to pass, one may walk through the vast nave to find a western bench within view of St. Cuthbert's grave. Resting there the full sublimity of the scene sinks into one's mind and heart. So resting, certain reflections are irresistible. Here was a splendid fabric which, enduring for nearly a thousand years, has perpetuated the architectural and engineering genius, the piety and the ecclesiastical pomp of an age of great builders and of a mighty church militant all concentrated on the shaping in stone of a house of prayer. Yonder at Newcastle-on-Tyne, half an hour away, were mighty furnaces and powerful engines or marvels of machinery in the making, great steel bridges and gigantic ships going and coming from the ports of the seven seas. Here is the frozen music of a Gregorian chant in stone, shrines of saints, forests of stately columns lining a great nave, its sculptured arches and transepts, stained glass, and over all the hallowed memories of men and deeds of a past already hoary when Columbus discovered America. One is reminded of the words of an Oriental pundit. "You Occidentals," he said, "boast of your great railways and steamships and factories, your banks and office buildings, and of your triumphs in harnessing the electric current. How comes it that in centuries you have not added a single great cathedral to those in which the soul of Europe expressed itself during the Middle Ages?"

The implied criticism seems to be a superficial one. Markedly, here in Durham, the material side was emphasized, the County Palatine in which the bishops exercised temporal as well as spiritual rule and maintained armed forces for offensive as well as defensive warfare over keenly contested material rights and privileges, where streets ran with blood in fights between the rival claimants to the bishop's throne and where monks and canons battled with great candles from the altars. Who shall say that, in so far as the modern fabrication of railways, steamships and skyscrapers in our own day go to serve humanity and enhance the general well-being, these things are devoid of spiritual significance? No! much as the splendor of these old cathedrals may impress us with a sense of the sublime in architectural form, and mass, there is no need for modern man to abase himself before them. The march from the grand cathedral to the grand steamship or factory *does* spell progress.

But we must not let these reflections take us too far afield.

Coming back to the first transept which marks the transition from Norman to early English Gothic in plan, the Galilee consists of five aisles divided from each by arcades, each of four arches resting on marble shafts, their capitals carved with the characteristic volute. A recess on the north contains the altar to "Our Lady of Pity," one in the south to "The Venerable Bede." The doorways from the aisles are four centered arches with square-headed hood moldings in every spandril of which there is a shield bearing the arms of Cardinal Langley, who directed the building of this chapel. In front of the principal altar, Langley erected his own splendid tomb which remains there to this day. That he was broad-minded for his time is evidenced by the fact that he procured a special license from the Pope for a font erected in the Galilee, to which all excommunicated persons might bring their children to be baptized. Excommunicated persons might also attend at this font the administration of all other sacraments forbidden to them elsewhere.

Perhaps the most interesting historical feature of the Galilee is the shrine of The Venerable Bede, brought there in 1370 from its original resting place beside that of St. Cuthbert. This great monk, who died at the monastery of Jarrow in A. D. 735, was, in Burke's words, "The father of English learning." He is generally regarded as the first scholar, the first theologian and the first historian of England. Among other titles to



Above—In the little old town of Durham itself, the Elvet Bridge, built about the time Columbus was getting his caravels ready, is a picturesque feature and gives charming views up and down the river under the walls of cathedral and castle. Oval—Durham is a market town and its narrow and curving streets present strange contrasts of the ancient and modern.

The choir and chancel looking west. The Bishop's throne and choir are on right. The altar is in the foreground. The marble screen is beautiful in itself but is criticized as breaking the vista of the lofty nave.

distinction, he was the biographer of St. Cuthbert, of whom he had long been a devoted and loving admirer; so there is a poetic fitness in their being associated in death as in life. Camden relates the story of a French pilgrim, a bishop, visiting Durham on his way from Scotland. When brought to the shrine of St. Cuthbert he knelt, and after his devotions laid an offering of a penny on the shrine, saying: "St. Cuthbert, if saint thou art, pray for me!" Afterward, saying his orisons at the shrine of The Venerable Bede, he laid on it an offering of a French gold crown, saying: "Saint Bede, because thou art a saint, pray for me."

The second of these early Gothic English features is the Eastern transept, usually called the "Chapel of the Nine Altars," whose construction was begun in 1242 under the episcopate of Bishop Nicholas de Farnham, although projected by his predecessor, Richard le Poore. This part of the cathedral is a transept of three bays, the central one being narrower than those on the north and south, which are of equal dimensions, each bay being divided into three compartments. The floor is sunk four feet below that of the choir and two feet eight inches below that of the aisle. This gives the greatest possible conception of loftiness in the chapel, while meeting the need of maintaining one uniform height in the vaults throughout the church.

How the site of Durham Cathedral came to be selected is a curious story. During a threatened invasion by the Danes in the spring of 995, Bishop Faldhune of Chester-le-Street, with the congregation of St. Cuthbert, fled to Ripon, carrying the body of St. Cuthbert with them. A few months later peace was restored and the bishop and his people with their precious charge turned homeward to Chester. Arriving at a place called Wardley, says the veracious chronicler, the vehicle carrying the shrine which contained the saint's body could not be moved farther. The most vigorous efforts proved uneffective—the cart continuing immovable as a mountain. The circumstance was taken to indicate that St. Cuthbert refused to be reconducted to his former place of residence. The bishop and his followers were nonplussed, for the spot where they were stopped was in the middle of a then uninhabitable plain. The bishop called on the people to solicit an explanation of this sign from heaven by fasting three days and spending the time in watching and praying. This done, it was revealed to a certain pious person named Gadmer that they should move the body to Durham and there prepare a fitting resting-place for it. On the announcement of this revelation they joyfully returned thanks and were now able to move the shrine which had resisted their efforts before. Still they were distressed because they had no idea where Durham was! Lo! Another miracle! As they went along, they heard a woman call to a neighbor to know if she had seen her cow and the neighbor answered with a loud voice that the cow was in Durham. "A happy and heavenly echo to the distressed monks, who thereby soon arrived at the end of their journey."

This legend is supposed to be referred to in a sculpture on the outside of the Chapel of the Nine Altars, although the historians of Durham contend that the carving was representative of the wealth of St. Cuthbert's Church, in accordance with the adage. "The Dun Cow's Milk makes the prebends' wives go all in silk." But Canon Greenwell prefers the picturesque old legend which has long been the theme of a favorite North Country song, "The Dun Cow."

The connection of William the Conqueror with Durham began in a curious way. Late in the year 1069, the saint's body having rested undisturbed in the Saxon church since its dedication by Bishop Faldhune in 998, news of the Normans' approach alarmed the Congregation of St. Cuthbert and again they resorted to flight carrying the body of the holy father back to Lindisfarne. After four days' journey, it is recorded that the waves receded in a miraculous way to give them passage on dry ground from the mainland to the island. Early in the following year (1070), they returned to Durham and once more deposited the body in its shrine. Three years afterward, King William, on his way south from Scotland, came to Durham. He had heard much of the great saint of the North, but was skeptical as to the body being really at Durham. Although everyone connected with the church declared on oath that the saint's body rested there, the king determined to settle the matter for himself with the assistance of several abbots and bishops in his train. He announced that if it were found he had been deceived, all the nobles and older people of Durham should lose their heads.

But the royal investigation was not carried out—for while the bishop was celebrating a preliminary mass, the Conqueror suddenly became very ill. He rushed from the church, leaving a splendid repast, mounted his horse and did not cease to urge him to top speed until the river Tees was crossed. That the king was impressed may be gathered from the fact that shortly afterward he sent from London to Durham a company of Benedictine Monks under orders to build there the most splendid cathedral in the kingdom. It was not until 1104, however, that, under Ralph Flambard, the third Norman bishop of Durham, the building of the cathedral and monastery, begun under his predecessor, William de St. Carileph, was completed and the saint's body removed to a new and splendid shrine constructed within it.

When the king, Henry VIII, at the Reformation in 1541, suppressed the monasteries and confiscated the church property, the Shrine of St. Cuthbert was destroyed, and tradition relates that the body was found intact nearly 1,000 years after the saint's death. The king's agents were so struck by this phenomenon that they carefully put the body away in the vestry until the royal pleasure should be known. In accordance with Henry's orders, the body was shortly after buried in the ground under the place where the shrine had stood. However, when the saintly remains were next exhumed, in May, 1827, only the bones were found intact. The marble slab indented with the kisses of centuries of supplicants was relaid over the grave where it remains to this day.

Lasker Influence Still Rules Shipping Board

Concluded from page 6

Orth consented, apparently seeing any other course in the matter futile—whereupon Mr. Lasker is said to have dictated telegrams to Farley and Freund to "come back" because the matter had been satisfactorily adjusted. They came back "into town" right away.

On August 18 the Shipping Board received another bid through Lasker—at least he is said to have delivered it to the board—although the bidding on the ships had been closed and offers opened July 30, and although a bid had been accepted, properly certified, and delivered to the successful bidder.

When Mr. Lasker and Mr. Schlesinger started to have the board act favorably on the new bid, which was for $2,400 a ship, and was from Fleischhacker agents—Commissioner Plummer and some other members of the board raised a row. The ships were sold and the board had ratified the sale, said they.

Whereupon Mr. Lasker and Mr. Schlesinger, "consistent with good business methods," declared, it is said, that the contract could be filled so full of "fishhooks" the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company could not carry it out.

A complaint in a later suit alleges that Mr. Lasker sent a telegram to San Francisco for certain agents to come on East immediately.

Several contracts had been prepared by Mr. Freund—each filled with "fishhooks," Orth alleges in his complaint, and presented the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company to sign. These were refused on the ground they did not even remotely resemble the advertised conditions of sale and the bid accepted by the Shipping Board. So Orth threatened suit.

Suddenly, on August 19, the board passed another resolution directing that a contract—fixed up by Lasker, Schlesinger and Freund—together with a form of bond, be presented the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company to sign "without change" and to be returned to the board by 10 o'clock a. m., August 23, or the sale to the New York company would be declared off.

That contract, Orth swears, was handed the representative of the New York company late on Saturday afternoon, August 20, in Washington, D. C., and he had to get to New York, allow Sunday to intervene, go over the contract with counsel for the company, have it signed on Monday, be back in Washington by 10 o'clock Tuesday morning—August 23. Lasker was proving himself a very canny—if not a "prudent" business man.

This contract, Orth further swears, required payment on a part of sixty vessels which had been exempted by the board from the contract, and the bond was made to cover an amount which would have been payable if the whole number of ships had been included in the contract. Meanwhile, it is alleged by Orth, the board had discovered the ships were not as represented in its advertisements and was conducting a hurried inventory of the equipment while this sparring was going on.

Upon threat of a suit, Mr. Lasker by letter extended the time for delivery of the signed contract from August 23 to August 29, then to September 9, then to September 16, and finally to September 29.

Then, without warning, after learning, it is said, that the New Yorkers were going to sign the contract in spite of the "fishhooks," and have it in to the board by August 29, the board suddenly met on August 27 and passed a resolution refusing to enter into any contract with the New York company. Meanwhile the board had continued to hold the bidder's certified check for $60,270. Before the hour on the twenty-ninth the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company presented the contract as directed by the board to the board—and the board refused it.

Then the New York company sued for a mandamus in the District of Columbia courts to compel the Shipping Board to carry out its contract.

Those "useless" wooden ships which Lasker had intended to "sink if I cannot give them away or sell them," had become worth all these queer antics and weird contractual contortions on the part of Lasker, Schlesinger, Freund, Farley and the board, as well as a court action.

Schlesinger entered a general denial of every fact in the transaction, and set up the contention that Commissioner Plummer and E. P. Farley had not acted with the authority of the board in their negotiations with the New York company, that no bid had ever been made, that the ships had not been appraised, that the board had no authority to sell them under the law, that they were not the property of the Shipping Board or of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, but of the government and that the government could not thus be made to carry out the contract—and besides there wasn't any contract.

The suit lingered along, went to the Supreme Court *—and the New York Ship Construction & Trading Company suddenly found it hard to obtain credit and dropped its fight.*

Meanwhile one of the biggest financial concerns in Chicago made a verbal offer of **$11,000** *a boat for the fleet and was laughed out of the offices at the Shipping Board!*

The New York company disposed of, Mr. Lasker promptly arranged a little auction sale at the Shipping Board, and that the sale might be above question—*had the whole membership of the board present.*

When the auction sale was held—lo, nine bidders were present. It seemed as though a lot of people wanted the useless ships. Lasker sold the lot of ships—226 of them—to George D. Perry, of San Francisco, through W. M. Humphrey and J. A. McCarthy for a lump sum of $750,000, or $3,320, in round figures, a ship. The other bidders had run the price up, so Fleischhacker's men had to pay a little more.

The contempt which Mr. Lasker has repeatedly shown for Congress, Congressmen, public opinion and facts, is peculiarly exhibited in his later statement to a subcommittee of the House Appropriations committee when, after he had done the things narrated in the foregoing, he told the committee that "When we appeared before your committee in July last we stated that by October 1 we expected, and even more, that we would sell or sink the wooden ships in the James River. . . . We advertised widely for bids for the wooden ships, after offering to sell them individually or separately. It was one of the widest campaigns of advertising the government ever conducted. We ran display advertisements in the daily papers; we worked up a large measure of public interest . . . . When the bids came in we received just one bid for the entire fleet, $2,100 a ship which was subsequently raised to $2,400. We received bids for some twenty individual ships. The highest bid, I think, was for $12,500 for one ship, and there were other bids of $8,000 each for two, $7,500 each for two and $5,000 each for 17. In other words these ships, which cost some several hundred thousand dollars each to build, when widely advertised for sale in a campaign of a wide nature brought only a handful of bids for a total of from one to a dozen to twenty ships, the pick of the fleet."

After the newspapers had carried columns about Mr. Lasker's declarations that the ships were useless, worthless junk, that he intended to sink them or give them away if he could not sell them—he calmly sits before a Congressional committee and makes the statement just quoted.

Ohio Feels It's Been Swindled Politically

Politicians Plentiful in Buckeye State, But No Statesmen; And the People Feel Like "Getting" Old Parties

By HARRY E. BARNET

A LOT of talk is making the rounds in Ohio. The gist of it is that Ohioans have been politically swindled. The blame is scattered. "All of the political parties have swindled us," is the widespread complaint. And Ohioans are out to do something about the matter.

A fair idea of this talk is tied up in the statements of four representative men, who live in four widely separated sections of the state.

"Just now, the people of Ohio are ignoring political parties to a great extent," said the first man, who constantly mingles with Ohioans of every type, "because their minds are set on getting rid of the gangs of politicians who are in office, or who control officeholders.

"Both of the big political parties in the state are made up of gangs of politicians," he continued. "Ohioans are not sure how they work, but they have a pretty clear idea that they work for the benefit of no one except themselves.

An editor is the second man to be quoted.

"We know in our state that we've been breeding politicians, and no statesmen, for a long while," is the preface to his remarks. "Consequently, Ohio has no political leaders. There are plenty of bosses. But between a boss and a leader there is fine distinction.

"The state is dominated by cheap men, because Ohio politics are cheap politics. And these bosses back all sorts of people, who are grinding their axes at the expense of the mass of Ohioans. The politicians are letting them do it. A lot of these ax grinders are groups of aliens in thought, and a good many of them are aliens by birth. The politicians are allowing the alien, un-American element in Ohio to run wild, so that Americans are being shoved off the boards.

Parties Under Cloud

WORDING the sentiment of his section of Ohio, a ruralist said: "It doesn't pay to stick to party any more."

In an area where there is a large number of American-born skilled and unskilled workingmen, the fourth man said:

"Some of our people will stick to their party through thick and thin, but the majority of them don't care about political parties. Their thoughts are about an individual who can pull us all out of the whole we're in.

"If an individual of that kind comes out at the head of either the Republican or the Democratic national ticket, the majority of our people will vote for him, no matter what their party affiliations are. But they don't want a third party if it can be avoided."

Specific grounds of complaint are plentiful. The bulk of them are localized. For example, within a short period of time, and within a small area, there have been several defalcations by bank officials. Big sums of money were lost.

"Newspapers stated that in one instance of defalcation, when bank examiners were expected, the dishonest bank official entered the safe deposit boxes of individuals, without their knowledge or consent, and extracted sufficient securities to cover his shortage, and that this procedure went on for a good while," said one of the well-informed men in this zone of defalcations. "That these securities were held out to the bank examiners as being the property of the bank. When the examinations were over, the securities were returned to the safe deposit boxes. There has never been a denial of this statement, either by the government, or by anybody else.

"Of course," this man continued, "it is hardly probable that the bank official did this. Yet, there is the uncontradicted statement. And what is the effect? People say, 'Curse a government that lets such things go on. What is a bank examiner for, anyhow?'

Taxation Causes Complaint

"TAKE it in our country. We have known our bank officials all their lives. No one ever doubted their honesty. But even here of late, people have been making it a point to look into their safe deposit boxes every time they come to town. And when they make their requests to get into the bank vaults, they do it with an expression as if to say, 'Well, now, I'm going to see for myself how many of my securities you've taken out to fool the bank examiners.'

"It is true that there's nothing new in this situation. But the people know they've been stuck. They know that the Federal and state governments have done little or nothing to look out for them. Politicians, of course, represent the government. So Ohioans have their back up at last, and they're on a rampage."

Pressure of government is a general complaint; pressure of taxation, of course.

"While the Federal Government has been reducing taxation," is the general talk of manufacturers, for example, "the local governments—municipalities and the like—have been increasing it. Our proportion for state government, and especially for local government—in the municipalities, and things of that sort—have made our taxes very high."

Equaling, if not exceeding, pressure of taxation as a subject of widespread complaint in Ohio is "the *great increase in the amount of government,* a marked bureaucratic aggrandizement and a determined campaign by the blocs for still more. The inclination has been to substitute law and governmental supervision for individual responsibility and incentive."

"Experts" Are Decried

IN OTHER words, Ohioans are closer to their government than they have ever been. It is taking a hand more and more in their affairs. The editorial offices of one of the most important Ohio newspapers, as an illustration, are flooded with letters from intelligent farmers, in which they complain of close supervision by governmental "experts." Referring again to manufacturers of the state:

"We are trying to find out what the government wants us to do, and we want to comply with the laws," they say. "But if we ask the bureaus in Washington about any matters, they say, 'We can give you no advice. You proceed at your own risk.' The consequence is, we have to go along and do the best we can, and be subject to harassment later on by a bureau as to whether or not we violated any laws. We would like to know what we can do, rather than to know what is wrong after we have done something."

Similar complaints are made by other classes of Ohioans, and about various forms of supervision. "There is, in short, a rapidly developing popular feeling that we are being governed too much, and largely at the demand of groups responsible for the swing toward bureaucracy and in their interest . . . . The governmental supervision business has become a great industry, providing salaried positions for great numbers of persons, many of whom probably do not know very much about the subject in which they are represented to be expert, and do not work very hard at their jobs . . . . The tendency of a governmental bureau, once established, is always to magnify its own importance, to maintain and expand itself for its own sake and advantage."

Lobbying Is Rampant

IN OHIO, there is every conceivable organization of interests. Each organization maintains its lobbyists, and its county and state officials. Politicians cater to these organizations, and help them to pass more and more laws, and to establish more and more bureaus, each one of which "means another standing army of governmental employes . . . . another permanent burden for the taxpayers to carry."

"And the biggest part of this bureau inspection and supervision is waste," said one of the best-informed men in the state, discussing this phase of Ohio talk.

"What we need is for our politicians to get organized for the elimination of waste, instead of being organized for the purpose of adding to it."

Insincerity is said to be the basis of Ohio politics, and proof of it is abundant. Nowhere does it show plainer than in the enforcement of the dry laws of the state. To an alarming extent, enforcement has been turned over to unscrupulous political heelers, is the Ohio talk. The latter have commercialized dry law enforcement to the point where the governor has been compelled to step in, and interfere with high-handedness.

"Dry courts" have been established in many villages near the larger towns and cities, as an illustration. Officers and prosecutors in these courts, as well as the villages, are allowed a percentage of fines imposed upon violators of the dry laws. The remainder of the fine goes to the state. The result has been that everybody connected with many of these courts has plunged headlong into an orgy of money-getting, without regard for anything else. "Dry officers" from many of these unscrupulous courts range the towns and cities at will, intent only upon getting money. How they get it is entirely lost sight of.

"Probably the Volstead Act is the greatest harlot in Ohio today," said a prominent "dry" leader, who was discussing the question. "Because the enforcement of it has been outrageously prostituted through politics; and the 'wets,' of course, have done it. Not far behind them are selfish interests among the 'drys.'"

At the present time, prohibition appears to be a fixture in Ohio. There is no indication that a move to do away with it will ever get very close to a majority. Last year, as an example, the question was put up to the voters of Ohio. The result was 908,522 in favor of prohibition, and 719,505 against it.

Farmers in Ohio want better prices for their products. The blame for low prices is placed mainly upon the administration, and as a natural consequence of the World War. But farmers in Ohio are not dependent upon wheat. Farming in Ohio is diversified. One complaint is that Ohio farmers are compelled to buy in a high-price market, and to sell in a low-price one. The tariff does not satisfy them.

"But to a marked extent, farm conditions in Ohio are better than they were last year," said one of the best informed farmers. "We have prospects for an enormous corn crop. And it is the one crop that has been making money for the past two years."

This is the merest glance at circumstances one comes across in Ohio. The unrest has bred in Ohioans a wild, unreasoning spirit of "get" somebody and everybody, especially the politicians. This spirit is growing, particularly in the rural sections of the state.

The idea that no one but politicians are competent to administer governmental affairs is sinking for the third time in Ohio. The want is for something constructive. Politicians fail to meet the want.

Talk of Cox Revived

UP TO the death of Mr. Harding, Ohio was the Republican presidential zone. A shift came overnight. On the Democratic side, James M. Cox is a possibility. He has had experience as an executive, it is pointed out in Ohio. State pride produces a leaning in his favor. The League of Nations will likely be an issue in the 1924 campaign, and Mr. Cox's stand on that question is no secret.

Yet, Ohioans do not appear to be so much interested in foreign affairs as they are in getting their domestic tangle straightened out.

The high spot of all the talk about political parties and politicians that is making the rounds in Ohio is that it wanders away from the vogue. The political background of the state is orthodox. Marked political orthodoxy has characterized the state. No one can overlook it. The training of the average Ohioan, and the training of generations behind him, has been orthodoxy in politics. It is deeply instilled into him. He was born into a political party, and he stayed there. As a general statement, politicians could come close to an accurate forecast of what the vote would be, because a mass of people with this simplicity, and with this orthodoxy, does not make a business of political flourishes that are spectacular.

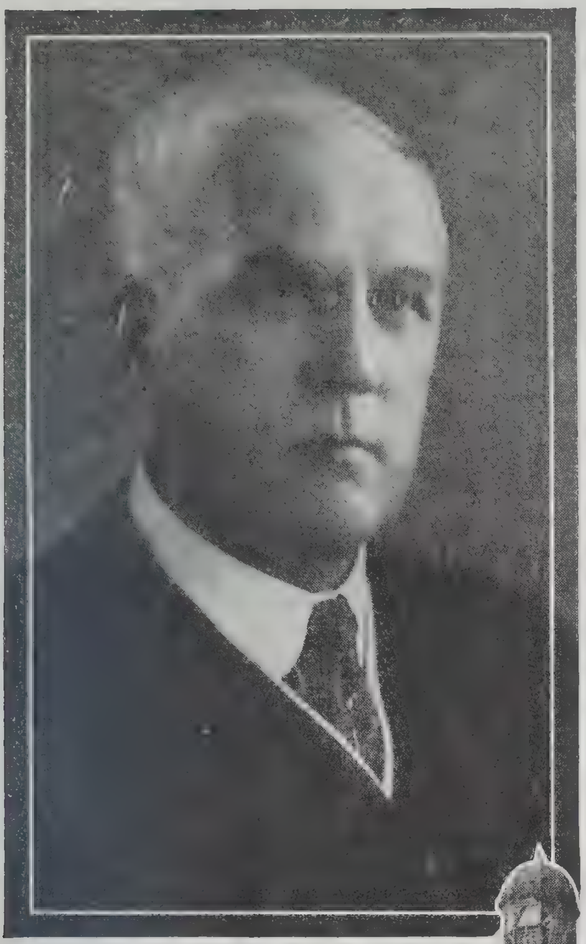
And Ohioans take their politics seriously—they make politics almost a fetish. The man who has no ideas about the game, and who cannot talk politics, is a sort of outsider, particularly in the towns, and in the rural sections, where the talk always shifts to political parties and politicians before it gets very far. But it is seldom unorthodox talk.

Hold Themselves Cheated

MOREOVER, it is pointed out in the present Ohio talk, that the combination of strong feeling, and the influence of political orthodoxy, undoubtedly played a big hand in the last gubernatorial election. Tax reform carries a tremendous appeal in Ohio. Last year, a tax reform candidate for governor headed the Democratic ticket. In one of the strongest Republican counties, he ran ahead of his ticket. In the same county, Democratic candidates for state senator and representative were defeated by Republicans. The latter are not in sympathy with a good many of the ideas of the gubernatorial candidate. Similar conditions prevailed throughout the state. The tax reform candidate was elected. The legislature is not in harmony with him. Consequently, he has not been able to make good on a lot of his campaign promises. In the Republican county cited as an illustration, as well as throughout the state, there is clamor against the governor because of his failure.

Summing up, for the most part, Ohioans appear to have been cheated politically because of their orthodoxy. It is not a far-fetched statement to say that all other political parties in the state have been stifled for the benefit of the two major ones. Politicians have taken advantage of this orthodoxy to build up immense machines, and to develop political bosses. And for years, Ohioans have been fed social, economic and political bunk. In recent years, Ohioans have been overfed with the same sort of stuff. They have been a long time digesting the bunk, but apparently they are coming to an understanding of what has been, and is, going on. Naturally, there is resentment.

Howard University Is the Negro's Harvard



DR. J. STANLEY DURKEE,
President of Howard University.

Civil War General's Contribution to Advancement of Freedmen Has Achieved Far-reaching Results

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

DR. J. EMMET SCOTT

THE first appearance of the colored man in the English colonies was in 1619, when a cargo of Negro slaves was landed by their captors at Jamestown, Virginia. Human slavery in this country was then introduced. There was no United States of America until more than a century and a half after this event.

When Abraham Lincoln, on January 1, 1863, issued his famous emancipation proclamation, and Congress on February 1, 1865, adopted the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and the legislatures of twenty-seven states ratified it the following December, slavery was forever abolished and forbidden in the United States and its territories.

Four million slaves were released from the bondage that had held them for 246 years as mere chattel, selling at from $50 to $300 a head. We hardly realize that the colored man, in this country, has been free for only fifty-eight years. Even to this day we have many old "darkies" who served as slaves, but they are becoming as scarce as the thinning ranks of the G. A. R. Soon, their old plaintive melodies and plantation songs will be no more.

Fifty-eight years ago four million colored people were freed from their masters and turned loose. They were without money, homes and education. They could neither read nor write, except in the rarest instances. But they were not without powerful and sincere friends, and the loyal and intelligent colored man is deeply appreciative of this fact, and always will be. Today we have approximately 12,000,000 colored Americans in the United States who are proud of this great country—*their country*. One American in every nine, of all our complex population, is colored. There are three times as many colored people in this country as in the year they became freedmen. The fair and unbiased student cannot but conclude that the colored people of this country have made amazing progress and that they are among our most patriotic citizens and are serving our country faithfully. Religion and education have been, and are, the salvation of the colored race, as of all races.

On March 3, 1865, the Freedmen's Bureau was created and the education of the freedmen became one of its special objects. In 1870, however, the bureau was discontinued, as its mission in starting schools was fulfilled. In the five years 4,239 schools were established with 9,307 teachers and 247,333 pupils. Three and one-half millions of dollars was expended for education in that period and one million five hundred thousand dollars for benevolence. In addition, the freedmen themselves raised and expended $785,700 for their education. Thus they were taught self-reliance about which they had never had any opportunity of knowing anything before. The first effort, however, to provide a school for the colored people was on September 17, 1861, by the American Missionary Association at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This school laid the foundation for the Hampton Institute, a splendid school in a flourishing condition at this time, providing a secondary education. This was the beginning of the general education of the colored people in the South. There are now several schools, such as Hampton Institute and Tuskegee, the latter made famous by the late Booker T. Washington.

But it is the purpose of this article to describe the greatest university in the world devoted to the higher education of the colored people. This is Howard University, the Negro's Harvard, located at Washington, D. C. It is open to both men and women. The creation of this great university was the crowning effort of the late Major-General Oliver O. Howard, of Civil War fame. Ever since the writer had the honor of meeting and knowing, as a friend, the gallant one-armed General Howard, after he had retired, in California, his interest in Howard University became a special one.

In 1865 General W. T. Sherman wrote Major-General Howard assuring him of sympathy with his projects for the spiritual and intellectual redemption of the four million colored people of America, and expressing confidence in his sincerity and ability. "But," said Sherman, "you have a Herculean task." In the light of this sincere but very discouraging letter, it is interesting to reflect that within less than two years from the date on which he received it, General Howard was instrumental in establishing a university which now has been in existence for fifty-six years. It is a monument to the faith, the wisdom, and the courage of its distinguished founder.

The main building

The School of Medicine.

General Howard was a religious man, and was active in church and religious work practically until the day of his death. Howard University was conceived at a prayer meeting, at which General Howard was present, in the First Congregational Church of Washington, D. C., on Monday, November 20, 1866. Originally Howard University was planned for the education of colored youth in the ministry only, but it came gradually to embrace all branches of knowledge for all races of men. General Howard opposed naming the university after himself. He felt that he could serve the institution better if it bore some name other than his own. His opposition, however, was brushed aside and those who acted as trustees gave it the name of Howard University. The act of incorporation reads in part:

"1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that there be established and is hereby established in the District of Columbia a University for the education of youth in the Liberal Arts and Sciences, under the name, style, and title of 'The Howard University.'

"5. Be it further enacted, That the University shall consist of the following departments, and such others as the Board of Trustees may establish—first, normal; second, collegiate; third, theological; fourth, law; fifth, medicine; sixth, agricultural."

The first ten years of the life of the University were years of feverish growth. Without one cent in the treasury, the normal and preparatory departments opened on May 2, 1867, in a rented frame building with five students. The trustees soon arranged for the purchase of 150 acres of land at $1,000 an acre. By the year 1873 the trustees had received from the Freedmen's Bureau $500,000. This substantial sum with the income from the sale of the greater part of the 150 acres of land, at four times the price paid for it, cleared the University of debt and started an endowment fund. These lucky turns were made just in time to escape the sudden financial panic of 1873. The Freedmen's Bureau was abolished and church support withdrawn from the University. By 1875 the University was $100,000 in debt and was facing bankruptcy. Salaries were cut one-half and four departments, including the medical school, were closed. This drastic action saved the University, and by 1877 the income covered expenses. Emerging from this crisis, much reduced, but still intact, the University entered upon a period of slow but healthy growth.

The Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel.

As times became better individual donations began to come to the struggling University. In 1881 a single gift of $25,000 was received and in 1885 another for $15,000 came. About this time the United States Government began to make an annual appropriation. This was small each year until 1906. Between 1906 and 1912 Congress appropriated $675,700 for Howard University. Each year since the government has appropriated approximately forty per cent of the expenses of the University.

This year Congress appropriated $100,000 for current expenses and $175,000 for a new gymnasium. In addition to the annual appropriations, Congress has made appropriations to help erect buildings as needed. About sixty per cent of the University's resources come from private contributions and from receipts from tuition. The rate of tuition is very low. Andrew Carnegie made the University a gift of $50,000 for a library building several years ago.

The faculty of the University consists of about forty per cent white and sixty per cent colored. There are only six women teachers. Dr. J. Stanley Durkee, of Brockton, Massachusetts, became president on July 1, 1918, and has given the University a successful administration. There is a faculty of 173. Dr. E. E. Just (colored) is one of the most noted professors of zoology in this country. Dr. J. Emmett Scott (colored) is noted as an educator and author. He is secretary-treasurer of the University. The institution offers students standard university courses in architecture; liberal arts; commerce and finance; civil, electrical and mechanical engineering; education; languages; library-science; law; medicine; journalism; dentistry; pharmacy; music; public health; nursing; physical training; hygiene; sciences; theology. The graduate school confers the Master of Arts and Master of Science degrees. In 1919 the preparatory course was discontinued. Only collegiate work is offered.

The requirements for entrance to the medical, dental and law schools are the same as standard universities and rank as class A schools. The school of religion does not and cannot receive financial aid from the government. This department is dependent entirely upon voluntary gifts for support. It is inter-denominational. The school of religion is open without discrimination to students of all denominations.

On the square adjacent to the medical college is

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Swiss Colony Center of U. S. Cheese Industry

Concluded from page 2

had no implements for the rapid harvesting of their crops. Once the crop was gathered there was no nearby market and it had to be hauled by horses or oxen over one hundred fifty miles to the Milwaukee lake port. Prices were low and even in the best of years the members did not realize more than thirty-five cents a bushel for their harvest.

With the still further tumble of prices after the Civil War, the colonists turned to dairying. The change was imperative. Their exhausted soil would no longer raise a full crop; the ravages of the chinch bugs swept away many of their acres and the development of new lands as wheat fields across the Mississippi River threatened the ruin of their vanishing market.

"Drovers from Ohio had brought cows to Exeter, then known as a mining town," writes Emery A. Odell, the editor of an enterprising daily paper at Monroe, in explaining the transition. "The Swiss excelled in the care of the cow and now the Switzer turned to his benefactor in the old country. Cows were purchased in sufficient numbers to give each family one. The cost was twelve dollars each and was paid out of an unexpended balance of one thousand dollars aid that had been sent to them from Switzerland. It was the inauguration of the dairy industry, which was to be the foundation of the dairy industry of Green County.

"Fields were seeded to clover; cows obtained; cheese factories built and in five or six years cheese making became almost the sole occupation of the farming population. Farms became more productive year by year, buildings better and larger, the homes more comfortable and modern, while bank accounts grew with the natural increase in the value of the land, and made all the earlier dairymen wealthy.

"Cheese no larger than a saucer, made in the homes, was increased in size until the 200-pound Swiss cheese is today the standard. Cheese was first made for home consumption; later it was found it could be sold for profit in Monroe, the county seat, and in Milwaukee. Afterward a ready market was found in the large cities of the East, and in time, and for years past, the cheese moved in carload lots to every state in the Union."

Green County has played no small part in making Wisconsin the leading dairy state in the Union. Wisconsin ranks first in the total production of cheese of all kinds. Approximately two-thirds of all the cheese produced in the United States is made in Wisconsin. Wisconsin ranks first in the production of Swiss, brick and Muenster cheese, and second in the production of Limburger cheese.

Wisconsin ranks second as a butter-producing state, producing eleven per cent of all the creamery butter made in the United States.

Wisconsin ranks first in condensery products, producing upward of one-fourth of the total production in the United States.

Wisconsin ranks eighth in the production of ice cream.

For the year ending June 30, 1922, Wisconsin had 2,807 licensed cheese factories, 667 licensed butter factories, 72 licensed condenseries, 675 licensed receiving stations and approximately 185,000 dairy farms.

The total value of dairy products of Wisconsin for the year ending June 30, 1922, based chiefly on reports to the dairy and food commissioner by manufacturers and producers and partially on conservative estimates, was $200,828,249.92.

And in this dairy achievement record of Wisconsin, Green County stands out pre-eminent. This single county produces two-thirds of all of the Swiss cheese made in the United States. It has become the heart of the foreign cheese industry of the nation. While two-thirds of the foreign cheese made in the county is Swiss, almost two-thirds of the remainder is brick and the rest Limburger. A recent report showed there was but one American cheese factory in the county.

Little wonder that this pre-eminence in dairying should lead Wisconsin to establish the first dairy school in America, at Madison, the seat of the state university. Nor is it strange that a course should be established to teach the art of foreign cheese making.

Many curious stories are told about the development of this foreign cheese industry. When the Swiss farmers first began to haul their Limburger cheese to Monroe for shipment to other markets, the first "Yankee" residents of the county seat objected to the odor of their wagon loads. Once it was proposed that an ordinance be adopted that would exclude the fragrant shipments from the main public thoroughfares. But with the large financial returns, a saner judgment prevailed and today Monroe is one of the principal cheese shipping points.

Moreover, there has been a deep sense of gratitude among these Swiss farmers. Every dollar that was loaned by the cantonal government of Glarus, in Switzerland, for the founding and development of the colony has been repaid with interest. Sixteen years after their coming a fire swept the city of Glarus in Switzerland, and the 425 residents of New Glarus sent $5,000 in aid. In 1880, when the Swiss town of Elm was overwhelmed by the falling of a mountain, the New Glarus farmers sent a contribution of $20 000. This is the loyalty that has prevailed; this is the spirit of gratefulness and charity that has manifested itself among these peoples.

With the development of the cheese industry came the improvement of the farms. Herds of high-grade Holstein and Brown Swiss cattle took the place of "scrubs." With the erection of the big barns came the silos, until today there are nearly 2,000 silos in the county, a larger number than can be found in any other county of the state. It also leads the other counties in the growing of alfalfa, and on the basis of population, in the number of automobiles owned.

Nor is Green County large in area compared with some of the others in Wisconsin. It is only twenty-four miles square. It has a population of 21.568, according to the last census. The cattle outnumber the population three to one. There are approximately forty head of cattle to every farm. All but five per cent of the farmers are actively engaged in dairying. Farm statistics of the county show an acreage of 363,025, with 1,730 farms, of which 1,589 are owned and 141 rented. The dairying industry seems to have dealt a deathblow to the farm tenancy problem.

The assessed value of all property in the county is $63.688,004, of which $53,929,882 is in real estate and $9,758,122 in personal property. There are 143 cheese factories operating in the county and four large condenseries. The estimated financial return to the farmers of the county from the sale of milk and cheese is approximately $8,000,000 annually. The per capita wealth is estimated as $3 200.

"Every night and morning the cattle of the county yield enough milk to float a ship," declared Mr. Odell, "and each factory is the scene of great activity in the early hours of the day and following the evening milking until late at night."

Green County can produce as high a quality of Swiss cheese as is made anywhere in the world. That is the statement of Fred Marty, widely known cheese expert and for sixteen years a member of the state dairy and food commission.

"We have good blue grass, limestone sub-soil, spring water and ideal climatic conditions," declared Marty.

"It's all a question of care and workmanship, and in these also we are not lacking.

"We produce about 13,000,000 pounds of cheese a year.

"For Swiss cheese making, the milk must be fresh and must not contain too much acidity. For this reason the farmers are compelled to make two deliveries to the factory daily, because most of them have not the facilities for caring for the milk. The milk must be in a certain condition to produce the eyes and holes in the cheese.

"Swiss cheese making offers great opportunity for the farmers. If some of them would exercise a little more care, they could easily get five to ten cents a pound more for their product.

"Swiss cheese enjoys a big demand, but I do not believe the American product will ever drive the foreign commodity from the market. We do not produce enough to meet the demand and the foreign product has a well-established demand. This is not because of better quality, however."

Nor has the sturdy, prosperous Swiss farmer forgotten the hard trials of the first generation of immigrants nearly all of whom have passed away. In the public square, on the edge of an old churchyard in New Glarus where the early colonists were buried, a large granite monument has been erected extolling the virtues of the first pioneers.

Howard University Is the Negro's Harvard

Concluded from page 13

the Freedmen's Hospital, the greatest colored hospital in the world. Erected at a time of economical construction, the hospital cost $600,000. Clinics are held every day of the year except Sunday. The medical students have the advantage of this hospital for their work in clinics. There are thirty-eight women studying medicine, dentistry and pharmacy. Eighteen women are studying law in this year's classes. There are, all told, 1,954 students in the University. These students come from thirty-eight states and ten foreign countries.

There are several fraternity and sorority houses in which students live. There is a splendid women's dormitory and a modern dormitory for men where room and board is furnished at a very moderate rate. There are twenty-five buildings set in a beautiful campus of twenty acres, adjacent to the National Soldier's home and overlooking beautiful Washington and the Potomac River. The total value of the endowment, plant and equipment of Howard University is $2,134.940.98.

Howard University is the capstan of Negro education. Here are trained more than two-thirds of all the class A colored college students of the United States. Howard University is molding world leaders of the race, for she is drawing students from the West Indies and other foreign countries. Howard's graduates are everywhere leaders in the professional, civic, and social life of the colored people. The wife of the president of Liberia is a Howard graduate. This great university for colored people has proved that the Negro is capable of receiving a higher education. The graduates of Howard University are sought by other colored colleges and schools throughout the country as professors and teachers.

The following summary of the progress of the Negro in this country is significant.

In 1863 there were only two newspapers published by Negroes, and these were in the North. The first Negro newspaper to appear in the South was in October, 1865. At the present time there are 400 secular and religious newspapers and magazines published by colored people for colored readers in the United States.

Negro fraternal insurance organizations carry an enormous amount of insurance on the lives of colored men and women and have $20,000,000 of assets. There are eighty banks in the United States, owned and conducted by Negroes, having $20,000,000 of resources.

In 1922, the colored people of the United States owned 650,000 homes, operated 1,000,000 farms, conducted 60,000 businesses and had accumulated $1,500,000,000 of wealth, or about $125 per capita.

The last census report shows that there are 45,000 churches of colored people in the United States; value of church property $90,000,000; property of colleges and schools devoted to higher, secondary and primary education, $30,000 000, amount expended for education last year, $28,000,000.

Fifty-six years ago, when Howard University started, the 4,000,000 Negroes given their independence were illiterate and starving. The government had to feed and shelter them or they would have perished. Congress established the "Bureau of the Refugees" to care for them. Up to 1869 the government spent $20,000,000 furnishing them food and clothing. As Howard University, the premier university in the world for colored people, has progressed from its humble beginning, so have the colored people advanced most amazingly in a spiritual, a cultural and a material way.

How Your Red Cross Dollars Are Split

Concluded from page 3

if the controller's figures were to be taken at their face value.

Here there needs to be stated some facts by way of explanation, perhaps in extenuation, of this method.

Red Cross was engaged in an entirely new job. There was no precedent to go by. Never had such a vast charity fund been collected, nor such a vast area of charitable efforts essayed. From doing everything possible for the welfare of the American soldier, Red Cross began to try to do everything for the welfare of mankind wherever he dwelt, the latter after the soldiers returned from France and the necessity of distribution of the enormous relief stocks in Europe arose.

A project was "sold" to Red Cross. The cost had to be guessed at. An "appropriation" had to be made. Clearly, the funds set aside for the project must be in an amount large enough fully to cover the cost of carrying it out. The project carried out, the money left over "reverted" to the organization so there was always a large contingent asset to be thought of under the head of "reversions."

An interesting case in point was this one: At or about the time of the closing of the war, the parties in power in Russia conceived the idea that the scarcity of food in the cities of Petrograd and Moscow could be partially met by the sending of the city children to the country where there was enough food at least. Several hundred were sent to the Ural Mountains, on the Siberian slopes. With the changing of control in Russia these children were practically forgotten.

At a later time a Russian patriot, of the czarist brand, named Kolschak, gathered together an armed force to capture his country from its then control. As the latter were those who brought about, or allowed to be brought about, the retirement of Russia from the Allied group, so far as fighting Germany was concerned, the Allies lent Kolschak their moral and, to some extent, material support. (The same thing was done later as to Denekine in the Odessa neighborhood and as to Wrangel in the Crimea. Kolschak, Denekine and Wrangel are now styled "adventurers," possibly because they failed.)

In all these ill-starred ventures looking to the invasion of Russia with Allied support, the American Red Cross followed along and set up its commissariat of relief. Hence Red Cross found itself in Siberia. Red Cross ran across the forgotten children in the Urals and took charge of them. They kept watch and guard over them for nearly two years, and in course of time transported them across Siberia, to our own Pacific Coast, across America, across the Atlantic, into the Baltic, and through the instrumentality of the unit at Riga delivered all the children to their relatives in Russia. This was probably the most dramatic and most thoroughgoing project Red Cross ever undertook and there are those in Washington now who will never forget the thrill they had when the Red Cross man in Riga cabled announcing the safe delivery of the little (at least they were little when Red Cross took them over—many had almost grown up and all had wonderfully improved in mind and body when they reached home) children and the accounting department looked forward with intense interest to the bill of particulars in money.

It developed that of several hundred thousand dollars "appropriated" for this extraordinary undertaking nearly half was available for "reversion." One hears often of "concealed assets" in corporations but it is to be doubted whether a cash asset was ever so completely concealed as the remainder of this particular appropriation. And it so happens that this cash was a part of the money the treasurer found among his balances of which the controller took no cognizance in his statement of affairs to Red Cross constituents in America.

Included in the amount spent in behalf of these little Russians were salaries of nurses and teachers, hire of whole trains and steamers, dock charges, and what not. The whole amount was charged to "relief" and very properly so. But not every project carried out was as simple as to the accounting as was this one, but anyone with a rudimentary experience in bookkeeping will see that in the gross sums reported as spent by Red Cross, large amounts are counted twice. Confusion in the figures, at least it appeared like confusion and inconsistency to the lay mind, was inevitable.

Laureate of the Sunny South Has Never Written Bitter Word

Frank Stanton, Whose "Mighty Lak a Rose" Alone Would Bring Fame Is Close to Heart of Dixieland

By AARON HARDY ULM

SEVERAL years ago, the Atlanta, Georgia, Chamber of Commerce decided to turn, for an evening, from the tedium of business to the flights of fancy.

Its officers and directors planned a big public dinner in honor of the city's leading literary man, a poet. But the event proved to be a Hamlet minus the melancholy Dane. The poet failed to appear.

Undaunted, the business body planned another dinner in honor of the poet, who, as he had done on the first occasion, promised by the wings of Pegasus that he would be there.

But the canny business men paid no attention to the poet's promise. Instead, they appealed to the police. For four or five days preceding the banquet the prospective guest of honor was shadowed by local officers of the law, who worked in concert. Whenever during that time the poet in his goings and comings would turn aside from his accustomed pathways, a policeman would overtake him, tap him gently on the shoulder and politely say:

"No, no, Mr. Stanton, that isn't the way you want to go. This is the way and, if you will permit, I'll go along with you." And the officer would see him to a street car or the office where he worked or to his home.

And by these means the presence of Frank L. Stanton at a big dinner given by his local fellow citizens in his honor, was brought about.

For the man who for nearly a half-century has exploited, by verse and anecdote, the sunniness of Dixieland, has all the shyness that goes with true genius.

Frank Stanton, still giving daily expression to the bright and quaint phases of life in Dixie, belongs largely to the Old South. He is almost the last writing man who breaches the post-Civil War gap between it and the New South. As a poet Stanton belongs largely to even older eras, to the medieval Paris of François Villon, the London of the Elizabethans, and the Eighteenth Century of Bobby Burns. As a man and in many ways as a writer he reminds one most of Burns, whose poetry probably has had greatest influence on his own work.

His own life story is in many respects Burnsian. He comes not from the Bourbon class which has supplied nearly all the distinctive Southern writers. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, at about the time of the Civil War, getting in school only the rudiments of an education, he began active life as a printer. Later he became editor of a weekly newspaper published in a remote village in the then frontier region known broadly as South Georgia.

Instead of hunting up small items of news and printing them in the manner of the ordinary weekly newspaper, Stanton filled the columns of his publication in the main with humorous verses and sketches in dialect reflecting the peculiar atmosphere of the South.

His paper was probably the most clipped weekly published in America. His bits at one time were republished more frequently in English-speaking foreign lands than were those of any other American writer.

His work attracted the notice of Henry W. Grady, the great Southern editor, and of Joel Chandler Harris, immortalized by the "Uncle Remus" stories.

Stanton joined the staff of Grady's paper, the Atlanta *Constitution,* on which Harris also spent most of his life. There for more than thirty years, Stanton has conducted a daily column of verse, proverb and anecdote. He now is the last of the first school of newspaper "colyumists." Meantime, he has published five volumes of verse.

Of the nature and quality of the run of his verse nothing can give a better view than what was written by Joel Chandler Harris in an introduction for one of Stanton's volumes:

"Here is one with the dew of morning in his hair, who looks on life and the promise thereof and finds the prospect joyous. Whereupon he lifts up his voice and speaks to the heart; and, lo! here is Love, with nimble feet and sparkling eyes; and here is Hope, fresh risen from his sleep; and here is Life, made beautiful again."

For introspective writing, Stanton has as little tolerance as did Bobby Burns. Load him down with pains and sorrows and still he could write only optimistically, though never in the vein of optimism for its own sake so notable in newspaper syndicated verse and sketch of the present day.

Nearly all the anecdotes which have developed around Stanton's life have to do with the cheery note which invariably is sounded in whatever he pens.

Once following several days of absence without leave from his desk he, with a weary and depressed countenance, walked into the office of Clark Howell, editor of the paper.

"I must have ten dollars," he said.

"Here's a dollar," said Howell. "When you bring me copy for tomorrow's paper, I'll give you the other nine."

"All right, you'll have it in an hour or two," Stanton replied.

An hour or so later the editor found the poet bending over his desk asleep.

In one hand was the dollar and in the other a sheet of copy paper on which had been written the following:

"When a man has spent his last red cent,
He feels mighty blue, you bet;
But give him a dollar and you'll hear him holler,
'There's life in the ol' land yet.'"

Stanton has expressed his conception of his art in a poem of which the following is the first verse:

"Chorus of singers!
The world hath need
Of the humble strains that fall
On the wayside love,
On the paths that lead
To the light that shines for all."

For the bizarre and the analytical and the abstract he has little talent. But his wistfully rustic touch often has given wretchedness a countenance seen clearer and further than if the sketching had been more formalistic.

Several years ago a western governor stated that he had been led by a poem having naught to do with the particular case to reduce the sentence of death imposed on a man to one of life imprisonment.

The verse was not that of Masefield's "Widow of the By Street," but Stanton's "They've Hung Bill Jones," the first verse of which reads as follows:

"They've hung Bill Jones
To the sycamore tree,
An' his wife an' his mother
Is a-weepin';
An' his children's come
From the house to see,
An' the col' wind's a-wailin'
An' a-creepin'."

But the brighter sides of life are dealt with chiefly in the Southerner's verse. Where will you find an apter statement of life's intrinsic beauty than in the following?

"This world we're livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet?"

Of course you have heard Nevin's musical interpretation of "Mighty Lak a Rose." The verses are even prettier. They were written immediately after their author, Frank Stanton, had looked for the first time on the face of his eldest child.

"Sweetes' li'l feller,
Everybody knows;
Dunno what to call 'im
But he's mighty lak a rose.

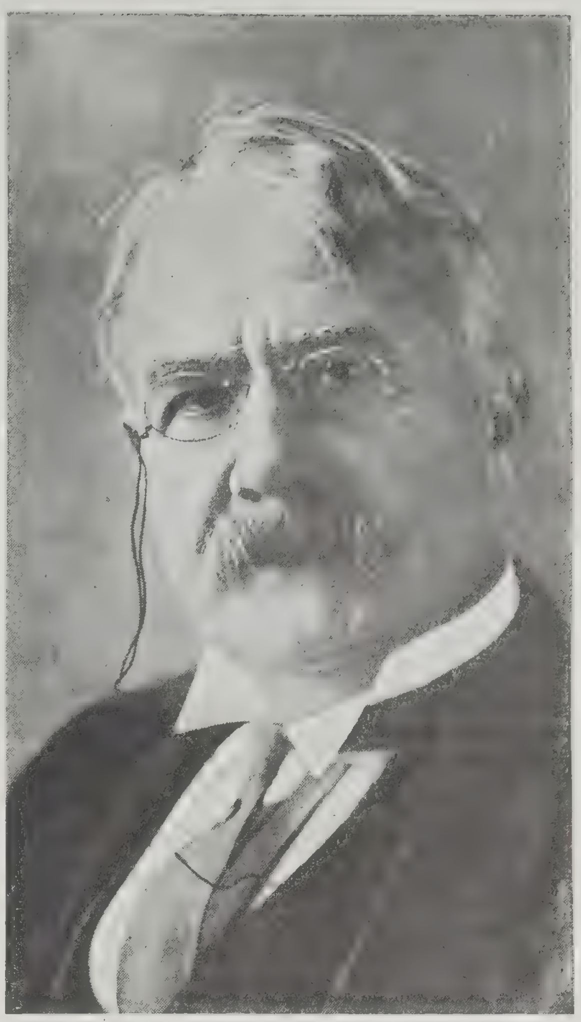
"Lookin' at his mammy,
With eyes so shiny-blue,
Mek' you think dat heaven,
Is comin' close ter you.

"W'en he's dar a-sleepin'
In his li'l place,
Think I see de Angels,
Lookin' th'oo the lace.

"W'en de dark is fallin'
W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
Ter kiss 'im in his sleep."

In his story poems of old Southern life, of a life that now seems remote, Stanton is at his best. He knows the Negro in his lighter moods almost as well as did his old associate of the "Uncle Remus" stories. And in Stanton's hands the "cracker" type of Southerner takes on a quaint picturesqueness of superbly entrancing quality.

But it is the light and laughter ever suggested if not always propelled by Dixie's brilliant sun, as expressed in the Glory Halleluias of the old-time camp meeting as well as in the shake-down dances of the countryside, which Stanton has devoted his life to glorifying.



FRANK L. STANTON

In "The Oft-Told Tale" he has written:

"Thousands of years the tale is told,
And even as a day,
With all their needs, and dreams and deeds,
The centuries roll away.

But the world is ever young,
And life the future craves,
And the roses hide where the dead abide,
And the world forgets its graves."

And, too often, its living singers as well!

Several years ago, Stanton was called from his desk to answer an early morning telephone call.

"Congratulations, Mr. Stanton!" came a woman's voice over the wire, the only voice that had spoken awareness of his birthday.

"Won't you tell me which one it is?" the caller asked pleasantly.

"Certainly," said the poet. "Today, I am fifty."

A little later a messenger placed upon the poet's desk an envelope. When it was opened five ten-dollar gold pieces rolled into the poet's hand. They were accompanied by a note from a woman of the Old South. It asked that he accept the gift as an expression of appreciation from an admirer.

"What a sorry business man I am!" exclaimed Stanton, for it was his sixtieth birthday and the fib about his age had cost him exactly ten dollars.

Stanton belongs to that passing tribe of capable writing men who lack facility for turning their talents into big financial success.

James Whitcomb Riley, who was among his closest friends and admirers, once persuaded Stanton to join him on the lecture platform. The two traveled together for a while but the task palled on the Georgian, who returned to his less remunerative ways, to which he has held steadily ever since.

He and Eugene Field, too, were close friends, and one of the prettiest tributes to that other early "colyumnist" came from the Georgian's pen:

"Fades his calm face beyond mortal ken,
Lost in the light of lovelier realms above;
He left sweet memories in the hearts of men
And climbed to God on children's love."

A year or two ago a famous critic, in passing slurringly on a volume of verse, compared the offering invidiously with the work of Frank L. Stanton.

Stanton saw the dig and though it hurt he did not resent it.

"I was reminded, however," he said when speaking of it, "that the same critic less than a dozen years ago referred to me as one of the sweetest singers living. I didn't deserve the tribute then; but I am afraid that the critic and many others merely have forgotten."

And though to a great extent the world has passed him by, Frank Stanton goes on, turning out his daily "takes" of verse and sketch redolent of a Dixiean atmosphere too often obscured by the modern newness of external things in that sunny land.

A search of all Frank Stanton's voluminous writings, the greater proportion of which are embalmed in newspaper files, would not reveal one bitter word, nor one that does not seek to reflect the beauty of life and being.

Many of his poems, especially several that have been set to music, like "Mighty Lak a Rose" and "Just a-Wearyin' for You," have already taken enduring place in the folk literature of this country.

Those who would know the Old South will find his verses as necessary and as helpful as the prose writings of Harris, Cable or Page.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, called by Kipling "Lord of the Wessex coast and of the lands thereby," lives near Dorchester. Recently he received a visit from the Prince of Wales and as a result of the royal visit, photographs of the novelist and the prince abound in the illustrated English press. Mr. Hardy's workshop is a top room of Max Gate, his home, from the windows of which are noble views of woods, downs, and meadows, with the waters of the Frome meandering among them. When engaged on his novels, Mr. Hardy betakes himself to this room immediately after breakfast each day, and writes steadily until the whole day's work is done. If anything interferes with that schedule he finds it impossible to settle down to work again until after sunset.

Airplanes will be used for business and pleasure in the United States within the next ten years on a scale commensurate with the extension of automobile traffic between 1905 and 1915, it is predicted in a statement issued by the Department of Commerce.

A maker of stringed instruments in Italy has discovered the secret of the renowned varnish of Cremona violins which used to give to the old instruments their marvelous sonority. He found the secret in an Italian manuscript dated 1716 and states that it is made with certain resinous substances and is not soluble in alcohol. The varnish was invented by the brothers Van Eyck and used by their Flemish successors. From Holland the secret of its making was brought to Italy by Antonello da Messina, and it became known to the Cremonese through some painter in the sixteenth century.

An international system for the location and identification of criminals and fugitives is being planned by the United States, in co-operation with the principal European nations. Exchange of information regarding crimes and criminals, including fingerprints, measurements and other identification data between the nations entering the agreement is contemplated. Great Britain, Belgium, France, Holland and Italy approve of the plan.

Big aircraft firms of England plan on producing an airplane for less than 100 pounds sterling. The cost of maintenance and operation will be slight.

When the Eastern Telegraph Company laid the Cape cable in 1899, the route between St. Helena and Cape Town was surveyed, soundings being taken every fifty miles. When the cable parted recently the repair ship found that at one point the ocean bed had risen to within three-quarters of a mile of the surface, where the chart had shown a depth of just over three miles. The bed of the Southern Atlantic consists of ranges of mountains, of which Ascension and St. Helena are the lone sentinels.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The government has fined a number of transatlantic companies amounts aggregating $563,500, because it is alleged steamers bound for New York City crossed the barrier a few seconds before midnight, August 31. The lines were not only fined two hundred dollars for each alien brought into the United States in excess of the twenty-per-cent quota, but will be forced to pay in passage money, although the aliens have been ordered admitted in the September quota, and will not require return passage.

"Savages on the South Sea Islands get more satisfaction and happiness out of life than we do with our incessant pursuit of the dollar," said Dean Charles R. Brown, of Yale Divinity School.

A protest against the singing of Christmas carols in the public schools of Spokane was made at a recent meeting of the school board in a letter from Rabbi Julius Levin, of the Temple Emanu-El, and Sam Edelstein, attorney, an official of the synagogue. It was pointed out that Christianity was looked upon by Judaism as sectarian, just as Mohammedism, Buddhism and other forms of belief. Objection was made to the carols on the ground that Jesus of Nazareth was referred to as God and Savior, in violation of the teachings of Judaism. No action was taken by the board at that time, as the percentage of Jewish children in the schools is small.

When a private stationed at Fort Benning was engaged in cleaning a rifle which he had just drawn, he pushed out a small roll of paper which contained the following message: "This rifle was used by Pvt. Franklin Webster, 2010213, I Co., 125th Inf. I fired this point-blank at seven Germans, Oct. 7, 1918, in an attack on the Kriemhilde Stellung during the Meuse-Argonne offensive. On Oct. 11, 1918, I fired with this rifle 115 rounds while in the third battalion, 125th Inf. Gassed in the Death Valley near Geanes, France. Whoever draws this rifle can know it has done its bit."

A new gold currency in the form of a "rye Bond" may be issued by Germany. This would be stabilized on the basis of the Bourse quotations for rye.

The pollution of our inland and seacoast waters is steadily increasing. Hundreds of dead bluefish and other species have been found floating in large fields of oil and tar pollution between New York and New Jersey. An embargo has been issued on soft-shell clams coming from the Sandy Hook section because of dangerous impurities that might be taken into the human system from these polluted clams. The Great Lakes are being polluted. Shores on the west coast of Florida are poisoned from discharges from phosphate mines. This stealthy poison is no respecter of persons, class or rank. Polluted seafood may reach the dining table of the bank president as well as the dinner-pail of the ditch digger.

A fireless railway locomotive is being developed in France. It is equipped with a boiler after the manner of the ordinary locomotive, but the water in it is heated to the necessary temperature from a stationary plant. Enough power can be stored in it to operate it four hours for switching purposes in a railway yard. It requires but fifteen minutes to charge it.

Hotels and refuge huts in the mountains of Alpine Switzerland are to be fitted with wireless telephones.

Miss Grace Li, daughter of Li Yuan-Hung, president of China, is attending Wellesley College. In contravention of the custom of protecting the daughters of the rulers of China with troops of attendants Miss Li arrived with only one companion, a girl of twenty-one. The girls have rented a hall bedroom in a side street.

The German mark dropped so rapidly recently that many Berlin restaurants changed prices on menus in the midst of meals, managers and assistant managers rushing from table to table altering the tariffs before the guests asked for their bills. Many stores closed until they could get the final official rate of the day. The government granted cities, industries and stores the right to print their own money. No record is kept of the output and the country is becoming flooded with currency.

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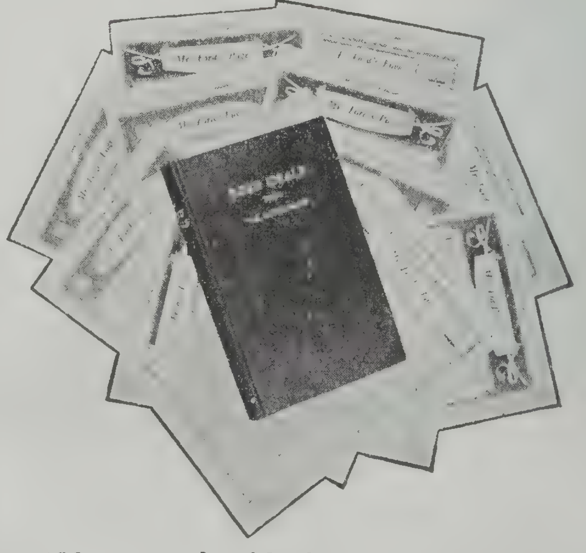

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Have British Failed the Jews in Palestine?

Zangwill's Criticism and Plea That "United States Opinion" Help Zionists to Their National Home

When J. M. Barrie Spoke to "Red Gowns"

Hoover Library to Hold War Documents

"Abattoir," Gun Club in South Branded

Ship Subsidy Bill Was a Sieve of Loot

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

When J. M. Barrie Spoke to the "Red Gowns"

The Great Novelist's Triumph at St. Andrews—His First and Last Public Address

By One Who Heard It

"COME down, Christmas-time. We'll show you roses in December." A phrase caught in passing . . . . "roses in December" . . . . and in an instant I am back in the spacious hall of an ancient seat of learning in a grand old town by windy dunes which take the spray of cold, northern seas. A gentle, tired-looking man with fine forehead, shedding from serene eyes upon a great audience of the chosen of his country "the sunbeams of a cheerful spirit," is playing upon human hearts to their great uplifting. Words seemingly simple are sending mighty surges of tense feeling over the packed masses of students and the whole distinguished assemblage of alumni. It is Sir J. M. Barrie, Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, on his first and last public appearance, uttering that splendid Call to Youth which thrilled around the world.

Upon those of us who were the eyes and ears of the world on that occasion when the creator of the immortal "Peter Pan" gave of the light that is in him in an endeavor to reveal a path to Youth of all lands, there fell no slight responsibility. I often doubt if we did justice to our great privilege; but if we failed, be it urged in our behalf that we, too, were dazed by the light when the man who plays hide and seek with the angels, who has caught from them somehow the glowing joyousness of childhood and set it apart for all such as are children and would be happy, and all such as were reft of real childhood, turned upon our common path a blaze of brilliance. So, at least, it seems to me, as once again there comes to mind the unforgettable scene and that memorable opening sentence: "You remember some one said that God gave us memory so that we might have roses in December."

Quiets Turbulent Spirits

THE tender sentence, spoken quietly and with an air of sweet assurance that all were familiar with the thought, had the effect of an electric shock. Barrie had faced his audience but for a moment. It was a lively audience. The student has his "days out" in Scotland as elsewhere. These are the days when there is no respect of persons; when the rafters ring and even reverberate; when the paper bag of soot reposeth conveniently in the coat pocket, with its kindred bags of peasemeal and flour; when the bugles and police whistles and motor horns fulfill unwonted functions, and the pillowcase of feathers lieth in wait upon the balcony edge, and the barnyard fowl is "present in custody" for such purposes as shall seem good to its guardians; when the popular professor is made to blush, but not so redly as the unpopular one.

This was such a day. The turbulent spirits were prepared for everybody whom they knew. They had soldier-slang to hurl at Field-Marshal Earl Haig, a roar of welcome for Miss Ellen Terry, and no lack of matter to remind Barrie of things he had written. Had they known Colonel Freyburg, V. C., he would have been honored suitably. (This was the man who considered it "a great lark" to drop, naked and painted black, overboard from a ship off Gallipote on a frosty, pitch-dark night, for a two-mile swim, pushing to shore ahead of him a raft packed with decoy lights to deceive the Turks as to the point at which a landing was to be attempted. He got his raft ashore, placed his decoys, paid a private visit to the Turkish lines, lighted the decoys and returned, the while a bombardment from the ships and the reply it drew made the adventure no less hazardous. Incidentally, neither we nor the students had heard of that act until the Lord Rector told of it that day.)

This audience, ripe for mischief and fully prepared to make the most of its opportunities, Barrie captured with a phrase . . . . "Roses in December" . . . . the acute young minds leaped at the thought . . . . fragrant memories to sweeten the winter days of life . . . . and in the hush that ensued one realized that the quiet voice was speaking on, casting a net of kindness and understanding over those young people and drawing them toward the speaker in delighted fellowship; for the voice was picturing to them the Barrie who was one of themselves, the Barrie who climbed the statue to tie the colors of his Rectorial candidate round its neck and was "hurled therefrom with contumely." the Barrie who loved them and would help them, if he could, over the rough places of the road before them. The elders of the audience saw the spirit of youth reach out unerringly to the heart of youth and lift it up to the level desired by that master spirit, and a great field marshal witnessed the exercise of a power that outlasts the guns.

We know this Barrie, the playwright and novelist, the kindly interpreter of his people, the benefactor of happy youth, although probably not more than a dozen in this gathering of many hundreds have ever before seen Barrie the man.

We cheer him tumultuously as he makes his appearance upon the platform, in the line of great honor. There are distinguished people with him in that front line; but the little Scot of the Scots who, as he enters, sweeps with kindly glance the roaring ranks where "the red gowns of St. Andrews" make a great blaze of color, draws to himself all eyes. It is no fault of ours that Barrie the man is unknown to most of us until now. He has not thrust himself into public view. He has been well content to work on, it would seem, holding that if the work shall but find its place and achieve its purpose "in that great temple of His worth," the worker is of lesser concern. By his works we have known him and delighted in him, and in our delight we have dragged him from his seclusion to do him what honor we can. He has come at our call, and we have him before us at last.

We are a noisy pack, impatient of the premilinaries that interfere with our observation of him, and inclined to give short shrift to the ceremonials which stand between us and the delight of hearing this master of the written word in a speech to such a gathering as ours. What must he think of us? If he thinks us a horde of young savages, there is no sign of the thought in his friendly eyes. We note the fine hands, few if any of us realizing that at the behest of the urging spirit they have worked themselves out. The scholastic regalia of Lord Rector becomes well the short, "stocky" figure. In the pale clearness of the face, in its somewhat worn, patient lines touched with a strange serenity, we sense dimly that the way of the adventurer in the realm of creative thought is no royal road, and that the spirit of this wonder-weaver who has made of the golden filaments of fancy many fine nets, to the enmeshing of the hearts of his people, has demanded much of its abiding-place. The face, fine in its lines, is dominated by the striking brow and those steady, friendly eyes, so deep with knowledge, so wise with wide tolerance, so glowing with understanding. We receive an impression of aloofness. despite those friendly eyes. In the midst of that notable front rank, Barrie is as one apart, we feel. It is the aloofness, not of egotism, but of the explorer. It marks all men who must work alone, and characterizes the explorer of every field, inherent as it is in the call and emphasized by the calling.

We wonder what he has to say to us, he whose wit has charmed and delighted the English-speaking world; and suddenly we realize that the preliminaries are over, and Barrie steps forward to meet the measure of our hopes. He appears to have a few notes in his hand . . . . we are to learn, later, what these include . . . .and upon the ebb of a crashing wave of welcome fall his quiet tones, incisive and clear . . . .

Have Courage, His Demand

> *"I WOULD that I could provide you with a staff for your journey . . . I cannot; but perhaps I can tell you a little about it, how to use it and lose it and find it again, and cling to it more than ever. You shall cut it—so it is ordained—every one of you for himself, and its name is Courage. Courage . . . . there is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children."*

An uneasy flicker ran across the packed audience where youth sat expectant. What was this from Barrie? Beautiful; but it hurt. This a day of revelry, too . . . . And in a flash the wizard swung open "the innermost doors," and with a ripple of joy the audience greeted McConnachie—McConnachie, the writing half of himself; the fanciful half who preferred to fly around on one wing, and dragged with him the dour, sober-sided, practical Scot. Barrie had them again in the hollow of his hand. Nor did he give them time to more than realize that in each of them there was someone resembling McConnachie, when, with a grip that was sure and compelling, Barrie lifted the great gathering to a plane so lofty, and conferred upon Youth a conception of a status so high and a responsibility so great that it almost chilled:

> *"My own theme is Courage, as you should use it in the great fight that seems to me to be coming between youth and their betters; by youth, meaning, of course, you, and by your betters us. I want you to take up this position: That youth have for too long left exclusively in our hands the decisions in national matters that are more vital to them than to us. Things about the next war, for instance, and why the last one ever had a beginning. I use the word fight because it must, I think, begin with a challenge; but the aim is the reverse of antagonism, it is partnership. I want you to hold that the time has arrived for youth to demand that partnership, and to demand it courageously . . . . That is what I propose, but, of course, the issue lies with McConnachie."*

And we laughed again at mention of McConnachie; laughed in relief, not in mirth. Youth and age in that great audience knew now that this was no ordinary occasion; age listened in tense silence for an indictment, youth for it knew not what; and some of us who were there to write were prone to forget our function and listen too. How he pierced deep into the hearts of those people, that gentle-voiced master of the minds of his fellows; and wherever he pierced he sowed some seed of future beauty, nor lingered an instant longer than necessary, and covered up the precious sowing with a laugh that lifted the pain.

> *"Your betters had no share in the immediate cause of the war; we know what nation has that blot to wipe out; but for fifty years or so we heeded not the rumblings of the distant drum—I do not mean by lack of military preparations; and when war did come we told youth, who had to get us out of it, tall tales of what it really is and of the clover beds to which it leads. We were not meaning to deceive; most of us were as honorable and as ignorant as the youth themselves; but that does not acquit us of failings such as stupidity and jealousy, the two black spots in human nature which, more than love of money, are at the root of all evil. If you prefer to leave things as they are we shall probably fail you again. Do not be too sure that we have learned our lesson, and are not at this very moment doddering down some brimstone path. I am far from implying that even worse things than war may not come to a state . . . . but if you must be in the struggle, the more reason you should know why, before it begins, and have a say in the decision whether it is to begin. The youth who went to the war had no such knowledge, no such say . . . . It is not, I think, by gentleness that you will get your rights; we are dogged ones at sticking to what we have got, and so will you be at our age."*

Young Faces Go Grim

HOW he preached to them—a student gathering on its "day out"—and how they listened! And he made them suffer, too. "The spring of the year lies buried in the fields of France. By the time the next eruption comes it may be you who are responsible for it and your sons who are in the lava. All, perhaps, because this year you let things slide." The young faces were very grim, then; and the young hearts were to suffer still more:

> *"Learn as a beginning how world-shaking situations arise, and how they may be countered. Doubt all your betters who would deny you that right of partnership . . . . I expect we shall beat you, unless your fortitude be doubly girded by a desire to send a message of cheer to your brothers who fell, the only message, I believe, for which they crave. They are not worrying about their Aunt Jane! They want to know if you have learned wisely from what befell them; if you have, they will be braced in the feeling that they did not die in vain. Some of them think they did. They will not take our word for it that they did not. You are their living image. They know you could not lie to them, but they distrust our flattery and our cunning faces. To us they have passed away; but are you who stepped into their heritage only yesterday, whose books are scarcely cold to their hands, you who still hear their cries being blown across the links—are you already relegating them to the shades? . . . . They call to you to find out in time the truth about this great game which your elders play for stakes and Youth plays for its life."*

The poignancy of the appeal was indescribable. Hardly one soul in that great hall but had memories of voices newly lost that had once sounded happily across the breezy links where the Royal and Ancient has its home. Once again McConnachie came to our relief, presenting his idea for a play featuring an old Scottish couple returning to the Senatus an illuminated scroll ex-

(Concluded on page 13)

Hoover War Library to Hold Historic 1914-1918 Papers

Cabinet Member's Interest in Collection Begun by Stanford Brings Valuable Documents

By ANDREW R. BOONE

FOR three years now there have been arriving at Stanford University materials bearing upon the World War and its effects upon a once stable national and international life, which will serve to make the Pacific Coast the center of study by students interested in European history. The Hoover War Library, conceived in 1914 and instituted as an active organization in 1919, already contains 115,000 titles, including everything from the smallest pamphlet to complete newspaper files of several hundred issues, with material from all the leading belligerent and neutral countries.

Collection progresses at a rapid rate and takes into account many publications still being issued, since both Europe and the world realize that what has taken place since official cessation of hostilities has been but a continuation of a world catastrophe. "For the next twenty-five years," as Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, an alumnus and trustee of Stanford University and donor of funds to make the library possible, expressed it, "the work of collecting will go on."

At a cost of less than $75,000, Dr. E. D. Adams, professor of history, and Ralph H. Lutz, assistant professor of history, both of the Stanford faculty, have gathered the war documents, publications, proclamations, orders and posters which today are conservatively valued at $250,000. A large mass of the material these two men have collected since Dr. Adams and his wife went to Paris in May, 1919, as a "suitable commission" suggested by Mr. Hoover in a wire offering $50,000 to start the work, has come free of cost other than transportation. This has been largely due to the fact that Mr. Hoover was at that time directing the Belgian relief, and was already a popular idol in many European countries.

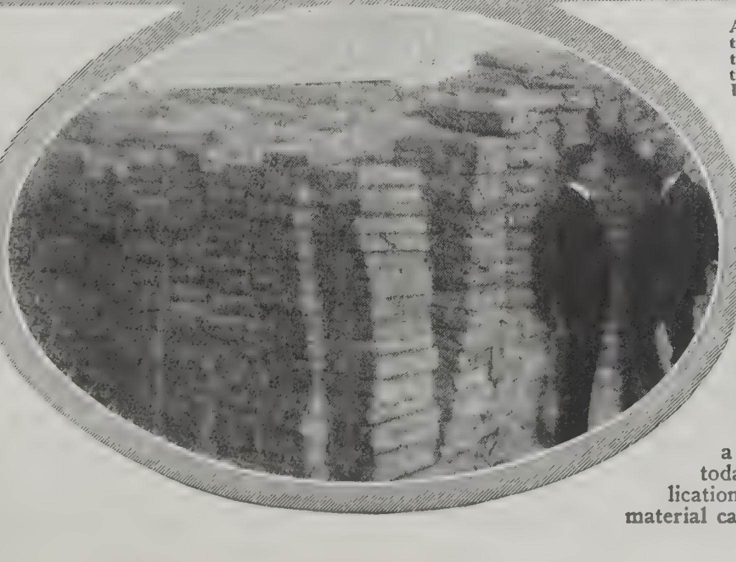
After Mr. Hoover made funds available for the library, to preserve records of any and every sort coming from the chaos abroad, his own records of the government and diplomacy of Belgian relief were already in good order. The archives of Belgian relief, the organization being termed by Sir Edward Gray as "a piratical state organized for philanthropy," became the first item of importance in the collection.

Speed was found to be essential if the "suitable commission" expected to secure Peace Conference materials of any consequence, and Dr. and Mrs. Adams took up the task of gathering the first papers and documents in Paris. Mr. Hoover, very busy carrying on the labors of the American Relief Administration, serving on the Supreme Economic Council and advising delegates to the Peace Conference, could give little attention to planning the collection, and as a consequence a meeting of the two men brought out that funds were to be had immediately and that Dr. Adams should work out his own methods of procuring the materials.

As was expected, Mr. Hoover's name (then the most applauded in stricken Europe) gave the collectors access to government and private sources, many of which contained papers and documents which were secret and which would probably still be under lock and key had not the matter of a transfer to the library on the Pacific Coast been pushed then. Dr. Adams sought first to interview all the delegations to the Peace Conference, considering that the immediate problem. He found a great plenty of what he termed "delegation propaganda," obviously intended to present claims of the various states and to influence decisions. The authenticity of this brand of propaganda was doubtful from the beginning, however, propaganda in Paris having become such an art.

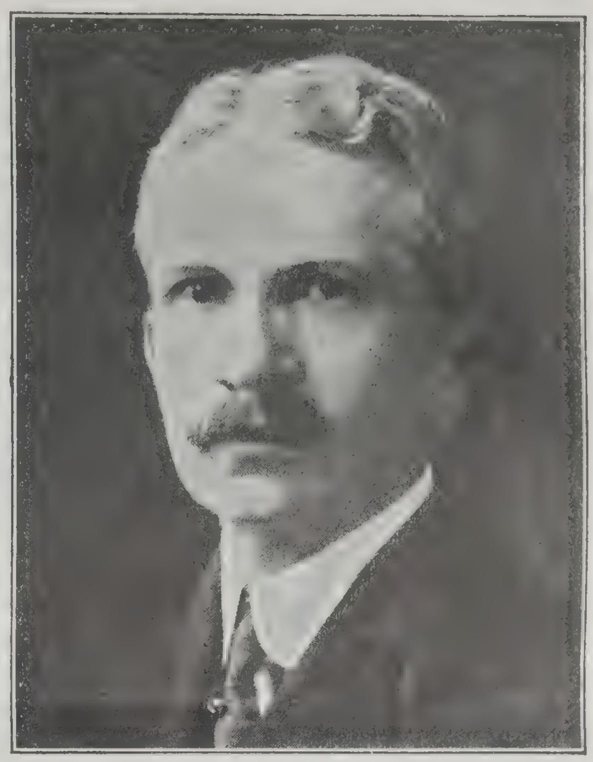
By personal contacts with the delegations, some unusual confidences came about. Many rumors came to the American historian's ears as he tramped the streets of Paris in quest of forbidden material, which cast suspicion upon the authenticity even of some men who represented themselves to be delegates from small states. In four months, however, Dr. Adams completed his personal interviews, having gathered much delegation propaganda which he classed as authentic and miscellaneous, marking each item to indicate its source. The value of the Hoover War Collection of delegation propaganda to the library today is not its size, but it is, as the collector expressed it, "the only one in existence, collected and organized on the plan of knowing what was indubitably authentic." The authentic peace conference propaganda which finally found its way across the Atlantic into the Hoover War Library came from fifty-four delegations and consists of 1,298 authentic items and 645 unidentified or miscellaneous titles. An item or title may be a small leaflet, a file of a journal, or an official representation to the Peace Conference.

Delegation propaganda was by no means all-important in giving a word-picture of events as they had been and were happening. Society publications, government documents, posters, proclamations and orders, newspapers and periodicals, war propaganda and neutral news and propaganda were found to be necessary to give the library a complete record. As far as society publications were concerned, it was first thought that material similar to that on the French Revolution at Cornell University would be collected. The field was accordingly investigated in Paris, only to reveal that "pamphleteering," as it had long been known, had largely disappeared. From an individual publication, it had become a society enterprise, and arguments, instead of being published by one person, represented the combined thought of many.



Above—Students at work in the reading room of the Hoover War Library. Oval—Hundreds of thousands of newspapers are being cataloged in the Hoover War Library. Professors Ralph H. Lutz and (right) E. D. Adams, collectors of the library, are standing beside the pile.

The society publications of more than six hundred societies in belligerent and neutral countries proved to be a fruitful field for Dr. Adams, though he later found that the Musée de la Guerre had undertaken a collection of them. These two libraries today probably have the best society publication collections in the world. Much of this material came in by gift and, despite the fact that it was very easy to obtain, is assuming constantly increasing importance in the eyes of the historians, as it shows the effects of war upon national life. Agents for the library are today seeking this type of material in Belgium and Germany, but the only countries adequately represented in the collection at present are France, Great Britain and the United States, the items of society publications approximating 15,000.



PROFESSOR E. D. ADAMS,

Director and collector of the Hoover War Library, whose suggestion led Herbert Hoover to place $50,000, then unlimited funds, at his disposal, to procure materials for this great library.

Government documents occupy an important place in the library. Before Mr. Hoover made the War Library possible, the Stanford general library contained some 35,000 volumes of government publications. From the first it was desired to obtain a fairly complete collection of documents from both belligerent and important neutral countries covering the period 1914-1919, since the neutrals were affected by the war. These four classes of documents were sought:

(1) Diplomatic publications.

(2) Military publications, showing campaigns, organization of armies, and so forth.

(3) Legislative debates.

(4) Documents in any way dealing with questions of food supply and administration.

The last of these items has been the outstanding feature of the work of the collectors, both at Stanford and in other parts of their endeavors. While they sought all available information relative to food, no efforts were spared to secure materials falling within the other three classes, and after a short experience with government officials who were unwilling to select documents from the great maze of their official publications, requests were made for everything published during the five years of hostilities.

Despite promises of government representatives abroad to see that "Mr. Hoover's library" should have all it requested, and immediately, it was not until early this year that a ton of documents were received from the Italian government at Rome. Collections of some importance were also sent by Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. Included in the lists are many documents relating to enemy propaganda and intelligence reports, while one of the most notable collections from new states in Europe is that from Finland. The number of titles received in the government document lists totals thirty thousand.

To increase the home documents with such facility as was possible, a definite agreement was made with the Library of Congress to exchange duplicate materials. This has resulted in bringing thousands of newspapers and other important materials to the coast. The exchange lot received from Congress includes complete files of eleven American dailies and incomplete files of forty-eight foreign press newspapers, mainly Austrian and German. In size, it was a full carload of exchanges and totaled nearly 100,000 newspapers.

The collectors have gone slowly in the purchase of ordinary book material, chiefly because the Musée de la Guerre holds such a vast number of this general class. Purchases thus have brought only 10,000 items from the regular book markets of the world. Two exceptions to the slow purchases are noted, however, in "plunging" orders for Belgian works about Belgium during the war and works produced in neutral countries on the neutrality of those countries. Through the assistance of Professor Lutz, personally familiar with the Central Europe states, the library has a better book and pamphlet collection for Germany and Austria at present than for any other countries, though a recent shipment of more than 5,000 titles was organized under the direction of the celebrated French historian, Gabriel Hanotoux.

Many curious offers, some exorbitant, have been made to the collectors by foreign owners of private collections of newspaper clippings and documents. The majority of these clippings were kept by persons who foresaw their possible value, but it was only in exceptional cases that names of the newspapers and dates of publication were kept. It was difficult to convince the owners that such files had no real value. One such instance arose when a Parisian gentleman tried to sell Dr. Adams a packet of neatly bound clippings for 8,000 francs, offering in the end to trade for an American Army "seed car" (motorcycle with side car). The very

(Concluded on page 11)

A flock of blue, snow and Canada geese in staid and fearless promenade along the beach of their legally protected Louisiana sanctuary. When the club of 4,000 millionaires has trained pumpguns on them such photographs will be unobtainable.

"Abattoir," Gun Club Near Wild Fowl Refuge Branded

Wholesale Slaughter of Game Clubs Foreseen If Plans for Louisiana Organization Are Permitted to Fructify

By DONALD HUGH HIGGINS

TAKE a bird's-eye view of the situation. Mallard or teal or Canada goose? Poule d'eau or pintail, brant or rail? Any of them will do.

Make it a mallard, then, popular short-legged, fat-breasted, strong-winged, juicy and succulent favorite of the wild fowl that march precisely in an air-trek twice a season up and down the aerial lanes over this long country of ours. In the autumn they start from the icy fastnesses of Labrador and travel in military formation to the salt sea marshes of Southern Louisiana. In the spring they return.

Here is what they experience as it might be told by a gun-wise old mallard leader of a duck band:

"I lead my gang from Labrador to Marsh Island twice a year during days of honking flight and nights of fugitive feeding. Each glowing morn our way is sped by murderous pellets of lead. Each long sunny day as we change formations at a high altitude over cities and villages and fertile valleys we are acting as interesting harbingers of the seasons to the thousands of human toilers beneath. Each dusk we furtively search secluded spots among the bracken where we may find sustenance and hide from monsters who would take our lives with their thunderous guns.

"For us the pilgrimage is fraught with peril. Each flying season takes its toll from our band. Our followers have numerous wounds, our forces are diminished. Gradually we are being wiped out, we, the glorious messengers of the seasons, by men with a lust to kill. And Nature's inexorable command is: 'Fly.'

"There is but one hope for us in Canada, our summer resting place; and but one in Louisiana where lie our winter feeding grounds. In the North there are men who call themselves sportsmen. They have given us what they term 'a chance for our white alley.' They have set aside a place where we are rarely annoyed and where we may gather our strength during the summer for the semi-annual gauntlet of guns. And they have forced others not so fair-minded as themselves to adopt their practice of not shooting at us during certain seasons of the year.

"In the United States, brother sportsmen of the Canadians, lovers of the beautiful in untamed nature and wise philanthropists, have done as well, or better. In Louisiana along a ragged, trackless coast they have set aside thousands and thousands of acres on which our lives are protected by law from the ravages of deadly pumpguns and automatics. Not one, but two of these refuges have they consecrated to the continuation of our race. And these two refuges, one containing 80,000 acres of marshland especially fitted for our winter feeding grounds and another comprising 85,000 acres, equally good, are only a few miles apart along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

"Fortunately, the land that separates these two safety grounds is so wild and untenable that only a few of the hardiest nimrods penetrate there each year and unloose their broadsides at us as we fly from one feeding ground to the other. So from both the United States and Canada there are earthbound fellow creatures who are helping to keep from destruction what we think is the finest breed of wild fowl ever fashioned by the Great Maker."

So says the poor mallard.

In his ignorance he has overlooked one element in the so-called human race, that small percentage of our millionaire population filled with a blood lust for wild game regardless of the need for its consumption. Any millionaire may hunt, of course, to his heart's content. But if he is a sportsman, he will hunt with the idea of giving his quarry a chance for its "white alley." If he is the sort who would shoot a rabbit sitting or a quail running or a deer during the reproductive season, merely for the brutal satisfaction of watching the death struggle and the vainglory of recounting the kill, then, of course, he is not a sportsman.

Needless to say, there are many such he-wolves in the United States who wouldn't mind butchering a large number of helpless ducks in the sub-tropical marshes of Louisiana, provided such killing might be done in solid comfort from a screened blind a few hundred yards away from a luxuriously appointed clubhouse where all the comforts of sybaritic life were at hand; and on condition that the game would be as plentiful as though it had been raised in a back yard and flown over the shooting place like clay pigeons.

There is only one such site for a shooting club in this country and that is the hitherto untenanted and almost inapproachable tract of land between two of the legally protected bird refuges of the Louisiana Gulf coast. Millions of ducks, geese, coot and other waterfowl seek sanctuary there during the autumn and winter hunting season of four months. They fly over this tract of land from one feeding ground to the other. And they fly in such numbers that hunters hidden there in blinds could easily slaughter them by the hundreds of thousands.

Who would want better assurance of a season's sport than to be set down there by airplane or transported by boat through a private canal dug for the purpose, put up at a magnificent club surrounded by a golf links and equipped with a cellar and a larder that would make a Cuban sugar magnate envious? Only a dyed-in-the-wool, sure-thing hunter would ask more. He would ask that lakes and ponds on this inter-sanctuary tract be artificially planted with appetizing tidbits that wild fowl love, so that the game would be certain to land near his gun muzzle.

And if he were a millionaire sure-thing hunter, much under the public eye, who had developed a taste for public approbation, wouldn't he be delighted to mask his butchery under a camouflage of philanthropy? Wouldn't it add zest to his bird murder if the public viewed it as directly the opposite; in fine, as wild bird conservation?

Seriously, such a situation confronts the United States. Such a wild game abattoir was conceived some months ago and a large amount of stock has already been subscribed. A promoter, who was formerly noted as a conservationist of wild life, is beginning to turn the mallard's safety zone into an insidiously alluring shambles for migratory fowl.

More than ten years ago the conservationists of the United States were cheered by the news that Mrs. Russell Sage had purchased an island of 79,300 acres, lying in the very heart of the wintering grounds of the migratory wild waterfowl of the North American continent, and had dedicated Marsh Island to the permanent protection of bird life.

Two years later came the news that the Rockefeller Foundation had acquired 85,000 acres of marshland, some miles west of the Sage purchase, designed by nature for the winter harbor of the same sort of game birds.

The acquisition of these two great tracts by northern capital was the result of a campaign for conservation initiated by a Louisiana man, Edward Avery McIlhenny, and he was given full praise by wild life lovers as well as by practical conservationists of this country and Canada for his commendable efforts.

Four years ago, under legislative act, these two wild life refuges were accepted by the state of Louisiana by deed from the Sage and Rockefeller foundations and added to a smaller tract of 11,000 acres donated previously by Charles Willis Ward, a wealthy Michigan lumberman who also was interested in conservation measures by Mr. McIlhenny.

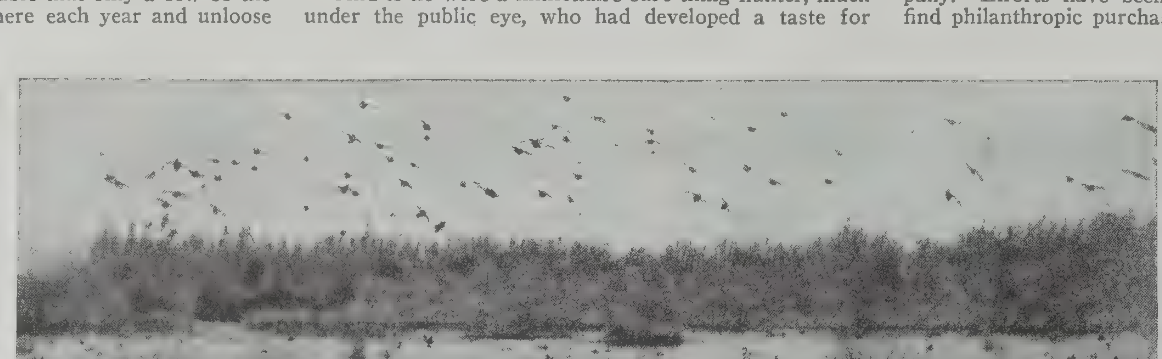
The three wild life sanctuaries extend along the Gulf coast from Marsh Island on the east to the Rockefeller tract on the west but there is a bit of territory between the tract donated by Ward and the site of the Rockefeller refuge. This territory comprises about 137,000 acres. Of this acreage, 57,000 acres is known as the Vermillion Bay Company tract, but is sometimes called the Ward-McIlhenny refuge. It was never dedicated to the state as a wild life refuge but was used by Messrs. Ward and McIlhenny as a private shooting grounds.

Later, through a foreclosure by a bank, the Ward shares of this company were purchased by the late Paul J. Rainey, noted African big game hunter, and the land was continued in use by him and Mr. McIlhenny as a shooting preserve.

West of this Vermillion Bay Company tract and directly between it and the boundaries of the Rockefeller sanctuary is a tract owned by the Orange Land Company. Efforts have been made from time to time to find philanthropic purchasers of this 80,000 acres as an addition to the sanctuaries.

In July, 1923, Louisiana conservationists became suspicious of the import of news items appearing in the press of the country that an aggregation of sportsmen, headed by Edward A. McIlhenny, had obtained options on this "open link" and contemplated digging more than a hundred miles of canals and planting wild duck foods on the land so that it might be used as a shooting preserve.

McIlhenny was immediately queried about the members of the club and whether they would hunt



Green-winged teal cavorting along the Rockefeller Foundation coast. No menacing guns to bother them now.

on this territory directly between the wild life refuges. He admitted that such was the intention of the membership, which is expected to include 4,000 wealthy men who will pay $1,000 each for a share of stock, or a total of $4,000,000.

Louisiana conservationists, as well as others in all parts of the country and in Canada, immediately entered strenuous protests and a caustic criticism of the ethics of Mr. McIlhenny in subverting the "safety zones" he had obtained into "abattoir traps" for the millionaire killers.

Among the nationally known men in the attack is Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park, campaigning trustee of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, and one of the foremost champions of our vanishing wild life.

The heads of the Rockefeller and the Sage foundations filed formal protests with Governor Parker, of Louisiana, and other conservationists joined in the plea that the state take some action to prevent the establishment of the club on the theory that it would turn the inter-sanctuary area into a duck slaughter pen.

Poule d'eau, as the Louisiana "'Cajuns" call them, or coots, as they are known in the North, go to the Louisiana wild life refuges each year in great numbers because they are safe from the dreaded guns of huntsmen there. If a projected club of 4,000 millionaire members is allowed to be completed on ground just between the two largest refuges for these birds, conservationists fear many such species will become as extinct as the dodo bird.

Mr. McIlhenny immediately defended his shooting club plan and denied it would eventuate as an extinguisher of wild fowl. In reality, he said, it would prove a big conservation measure. Prior to the writing of this article his last public utterance on the matter was in part as follows:*

"The wild life refuges on the Louisiana coast were established through my efforts. They continue for seventy-five miles from the east end of Marsh Island and run west, with the exception of a twelve-mile front on the Gulf Coast. The refuges include 46,000 acres belonging to the late Paul J. Rainey and myself, which, with the exception of 4,000 acres on which the owners and their friends shoot, have been protected against shooting for many years.

"There is adjoining this tract on the west, and extending to the eastern end of the Rockefeller Foundation tract, an area of 109,000** acres which has been open to promiscuous shooting. This property was recently purchased by the Louisiana Gulf Coast Club to establish a winter club, one of whose attractions will be shooting.

"The club is far more than a shooting club and it is the intention of the promoters to develop the property in such a way that much of the winter travel of tourists will be turned away from Florida and California to Central Louisiana. The property contains a beach equal to any on the Atlantic Coast and as good as that at Miami, a climate almost identical with Miami's and wild life in unbelievable quantity. With these attractions the promoters of the club feel that with proper expenditure for clubhouse, golf courses, roads, waterways and outdoor amusements they can bring a large number of northerners to Louisiana during the winter months."

Declaring that only a few thousand acres would be used for the winter resort, Mr. McIlhenny said the rest of the property would be retained by the members for the main clubhouse and for the use of hunters and fishermen.

"Since 1894," said Mr. McIlhenny, "I have spent probably more time in the study of wild life conservation and its practical side than any other one man in America. I was the first man in America to advise the establishment of sanctuaries in which wild life would be protected throughout the year and established the first at Avery Island in 1895. The area owned by the club contains only a small strip, two miles wide and containing only about one-fifth of the club acreage, where there is duck shooting, and here indiscriminate duck killing goes on, as many as 1,500 guns shooting on the strip at present.

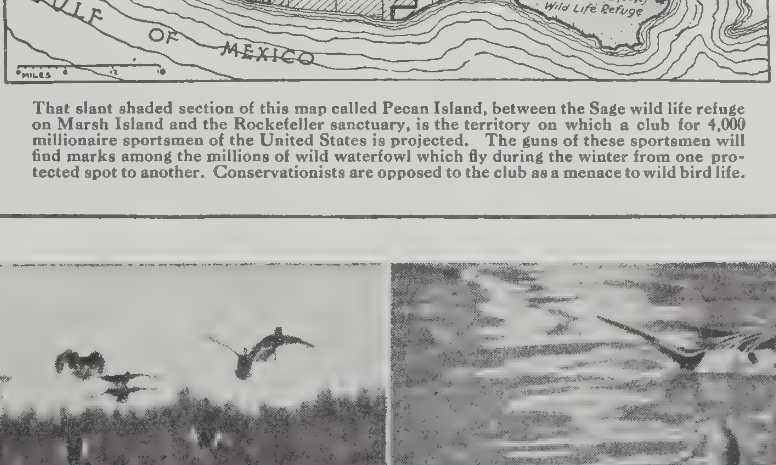
"If the club were to take over this property and confine its shooting to this small territory, the club would be a direct menace to the wild fowl of Southern Louisiana. But this club is being formed with sufficient funds to enable it to develop to the highest extent the feeding, nesting and resting areas on practically all of its property."

The plan is to construct levees around more than 60,000 acres of the property and to flood this area with fresh water, killing the native grasses, and to plant the entire acreage with duck food for a migratory wild fowl population of more than 1,000 birds an acre, Mr. McIlhenny explained. The number of birds killed by club members, he asserted, would be far less than that killed today and the members would be providing food for hundreds of thousands of birds where they killed ten.

Due to a lack of feed, said Mr. McIlhenny, the wild life refuges of Louisiana can support only a limited number of birds, but the club intends to provide food for fifty times as many birds as are found on all of the refuges together; and, he maintained, the club is setting aside 10,000 acres of its duck land to be controlled by the state as a public shooting ground. Hunters say the land so intended, however, is an inferior hunting location as compared to that intended for club members.

"The standpoint of the establishment of the club in relation to wild life protection," concluded Mr. McIlhenny, "resolves itself into the simple question of a public slaughter ground, scant food, versus limited shooting by club members, protection and an abundance of food."

In Louisiana conservationists were quick to challenge a number of Mr. McIlhenny's statements in defense of his shooting club plan. Dudley L. Berwick, commissioner of conservation, denied that the territory in question was being shot over by hunters at present and gave as his authority the statements of state wardens patrolling the section. The wardens also reported that none of the records of the department of conservation showed the game violations complained of by the backer of the shooting club scheme.



That slant shaded section of this map called Pecan Island, between the Sage wild life refuge on Marsh Island and the Rockefeller sanctuary, is the territory on which a club for 4,000 millionaire sportsmen of the United States is projected. The guns of these sportsmen will find marks among the millions of wild waterfowl which fly during the winter from one protected spot to another. Conservationists are opposed to the club as a menace to wild bird life.

Another local authority on wild life conditions in the state, Stanley Clisby Arthur, formerly the state ornithologist, objected to a number of Mr. McIlhenny's statements as misleading.

"The territory on which it is proposed to establish this shooting club is at the present time adequately protected by nature," said Mr. Arthur. "It is, south of Pecan Island, a great marsh designed by nature for mosquitoes and wild waterfowl and will remain such unless man takes a hand and opens it by canals to hunters.

"I have been on a number of parts of it and have studied the conditions there, as well as having made extensive surveys of all the state wild life refuges. For Mr. McIlhenny to state that 'at the present time' indiscriminate duck shooting is going on and 'as many as 1,500 guns are shooting on the strip at present' is a most preposterous misstatement of fact.

"Had he said that fifteen guns shot there during a winter season he would have been nearer the truth. Probably a score of trappers each winter run their trap lines in this marsh after muskrat, mink, otter and other fur bearers, and the little these trappers shoot for their tables is too small to consider in this controversy.

"However, the digging of 107 miles of canals, as Mr. McIlhenny purposes, will open this great natural refuge to the guns of many, including the 4,000 proposed club members. If the ponds and lakes in this territory are planted with duck foods, it will mean merely that the ducks on the sanctuaries on either side will be lured to the club lands and forced to fly through a barrage of lead from the guns of sports.

"The result will be that the so-called preserve will be nothing more nor less than a baited death trap for the wintering birds, and the toll that will be taken is bound to be enormous.

"In my opinion, Mr. McIlhenny's ethics are open to criticism and it is unthinkable that the state will allow such a prostitution of sanctuaries without exhausting every means to prevent it. The whole plan is a great killing scheme and the conservation of birds has a second place. As a general rule, it is not considered that killing ducks will conserve them."

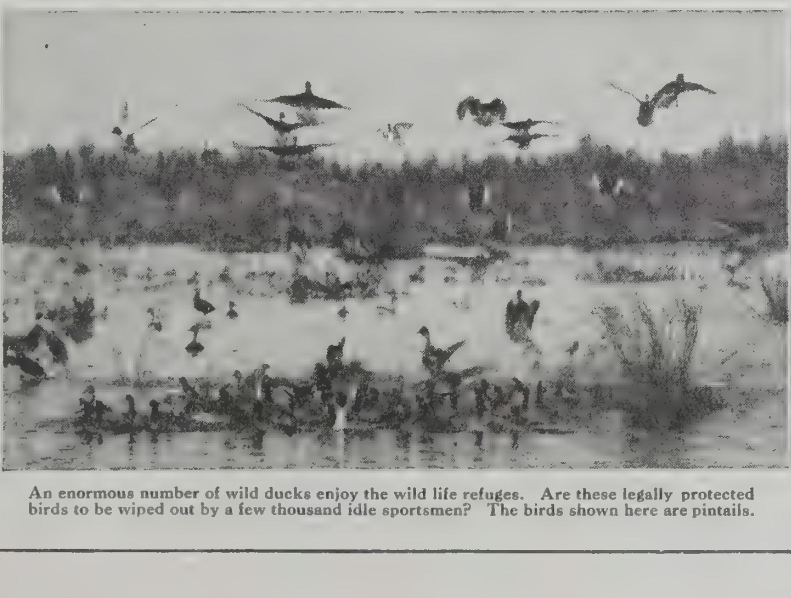
Following the flood of protests filed with him, Governor Parker announced he would investigate the "rich man's preserve" and see what steps could be taken by him in the premises. He said that, while it was doubtful whether the conservation laws of the state are sufficient to regulate the establishment of such a club, he would determine whether additional legislative or constitutional enactments would be necessary.

At the present time those announcing themselves against the club plan have confined themselves to the broad ethics of the question. If an appeal on that ground fails, many of them said a more vigorous and direct campaign against the originator of the club would be instituted and his record as a conservationist over a score of years would be closely inspected.

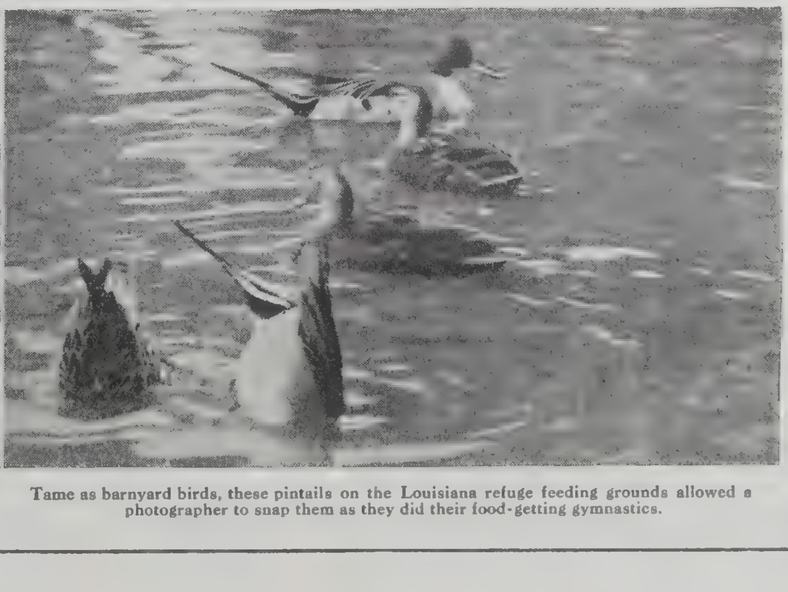
With a bag of twenty-five ducks a day and with 4,000 guns banging during the season, it is not difficult to believe that the winter's toll by this one club of millionaires would run into the millions of ducks and would mean the total extinction of many species of wild fowl. Of course, the club members would have hundreds of guests invited to the kill and under the McIlhenny scheme many hunters from the general public would be able to shoot from an adjoining tract and from less preferred positions.

That this project, if allowed to go through, will be unfair to the inland hunter who cannot afford to go South for three months to shoot ducks and that it will also be unfair to the Canadians is unquestionable. Under the terms of the migratory bird treaty signed by the United States and Canada, they refrain from spring shooting as the ducks and geese move toward their breeding grounds. Fully nine-tenths of the total duck and goose population of North America are reared within the territories of Canada, but practically all retire to the south of her boundaries each winter.

Both sportsmen and conservationists join in demanding to know why a few idle millionaires should enjoy promiscuous shooting at the expense of citizens of both the United States and Canada, and in face of the danger of wiping out the bird life of both countries.



An enormous number of wild ducks enjoy the wild life refuges. Are these legally protected birds to be wiped out by a few thousand idle sportsmen? The birds shown here are pintails.



Tame as barnyard birds, these pintails on the Louisiana refuge feeding grounds allowed a photographer to snap them as they did their food-getting gymnastics.

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*From the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* October 7, 1923.

**This acreage includes land for entrance canals north of the Orange Land Company tract heretofore mentioned.

Wisconsin's Big-hearted Aid Goes Out to Ex-service Man

Disabled Veterans Cared for in State Hospital With Governor Leading Way to Give Succor

By FRED L. HOLMES

DR. W. F. LORENZ,

Director of Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute.

THERE hangs on the wall of the supreme court room in Wisconsin's $10,000,000 capitol building, the painting of an episode of a humble Roman legionary, who, robbed of home possessions while absent at war, was restored his rights through the gratitude and justice of the emperor.

An old G. A. R. white-haired guide, who has escorted thousands through the state house, lingers on the lesson to be drawn from the story. Recently, since the war, Wisconsin has attempted to mete out justice to the returned soldiers of the World War independent of the promises of the Federal Government.

Of the 118,000 who entered the service from Wisconsin, 8,081 have been given the opportunities of a higher education. On a basis of thirty dollars a month, the state has paid the expenses of soldiers until the maximum expended for each individual's education has reached $1,080. Nearly 5,000 have taken free correspondence courses and 500 have entered classes of evening schools. For soldiers' education, Wisconsin has already spent $3 110,679.

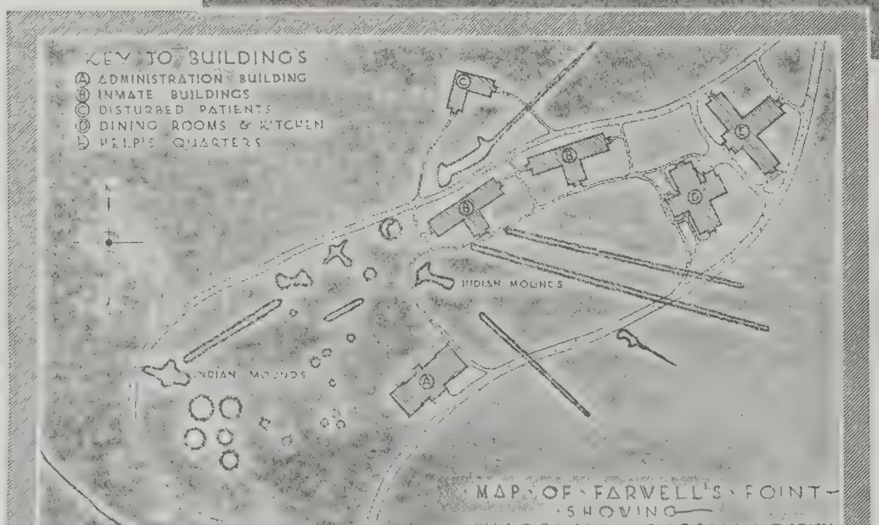
More than 100,000 soldiers have been paid a cash bonus of $10 a month ranging from $50 to $300 for each individual. An aggregate of $15,583,708 has been paid to these men.

Nearly 600 ex-soldiers have already been given treatment for "shell-shock" and mental troubles traceable to war service.

Of nearly 300 who have gone to prison for recent crimes, scores have been sent to hospitals, when their record indicated that disease contracted in war was the cause; others have been sent to institutions for special care and treatment; many sentenced for trivial offenses have been pardoned; only the few for whom science and medicine can offer no improvement will be retained.

Wisconsin is the first state to establish its own hospital for the care and mental treatment of soldiers and it is the first state to make a study of crime caused by war stains, a survey plan now being extended through a score of other commonwealths.

With the return of the soldiers, many who were taken ill at home were sent to asylums for treatment. In most of the cases physicians were attempting to handle the cases who had never seen a mobilization camp and who were not fitted to pass upon the mental ailment of these men. Such was the condition that prevailed when Dr. W. F. Lorenz, a major in the 32nd Division, returned to resume his civilian work as the director of the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute. He immediately saw that the state had a new and menacing problem; one that the national government should perhaps handle, but a situation that must be handled promptly.



Above—The dormitory at the Wisconsin Soldier's Hospital. Center—The dining hall. Below—Location of the buildings of Soldier's Memorial Hospital showing unique mounds.

"The most important fact that could not be disputed by anyone was this," declared Dr. Lorenz recently. "To Wisconsin alone more than nine hundred men had been discharged from our various camps as unfit for further military service because of nervous and mental troubles. I estimated that one-half of these might be expected to have difficulty in their subsequent civilian life and would require treatment at a hospital. We would then have to provide for approximately four hundred and fifty of these men alone. Then there were the divisions from overseas and I estimated that another three hundred and fifty should be added, making a total of approximately eight hundred soldiers from Wisconsin alone who might require special care and treatment.

"From this estimated eight hundred, I deducted for deaths due to subsequent physical complications, also deaths due to suicides of which, incidentally, there were not a few; hesitancy on the part of parents to hospitalize their sons and other reasons that might not be foreseen, about one hundred men, leaving as a conservative estimate seven hundred veterans for whom hospital facilities had to be provided."

Meantime the national government was agitating the hospitalization project. Finally, out of a number of proposals came the suggestion that the Federal Government build a hospital of 1,000 beds for the eighth district composed of Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois.

The inadequate program convinced Governor John J. Blaine that the state must step in and handle the problem if relief were to be granted the soldiers before it was too late. Early in 1921, he authorized Dr. Lorenz to complete his tentative hospitalization survey and the matter was placed before the legislature.

When the facts had been presented, the legislature passed a bill establishing the Wisconsin Memorial Hospital. A committee of the legislature located the institution on one of the scenic spots overlooking Lake Mendota—an eminence that comprised fifty-three acres used centuries ago by the Indians as their ceremonial grounds.

"Since 1920, when the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute was designated as the place for the treatment of ex-service men, a total of 579 ex-service men have been handled," declared Dr. Lorenz recently. "This incidentally shows that our estimate of more than 700 for Wisconsin alone is conservative. Within three years after the war, we already have treated within one hundred of the number we estimated in 1920. At our present rate of admission, we will pass the 700 mark within a year.

"Of the 579 cases admitted, 232 or forty per cent have been discharged as recovered or very much improved. Contrast this with the usual recovery rate at state asylums. The latter rarely go beyond twelve per cent. These facts should convince anyone of the needs of the best medical treatment at the earliest possible moment. Possibly in justice to the state hospitals, although few have any right to the term of hospital and should be referred to as asylums, the medical conditions that they handle are different. In the first place, the age of the patients coming to the state institutions, on the average, is much greater than that of ex-service men, and the factors that brought about mental upsets operated over a longer period and were not such special and unusual circumstances as obtained during the war."

Governor John J. Blaine appointed Dr. Lorenz and Dr. W. S. Middleton, associate professor of clinical medicine at the University of Wisconsin, to conduct a survey of all ex-service men in the penal institutions. They found 225 ex-soldier inmates, 91 at the Green Bay Reformatory and 134 at the prison.

Here are some of the more startling facts revealed by that survey:

"At the state prison, sixty-two per cent of the ex-service men are mentally abnormal. At the Green Bay Reformatory, forty per cent of the ex-service men are mentally abnormal.

"The criminal offences were concerned with property or money in more than seventy per cent of the cases at both of the prisons.

"At the reformatory, ninety-seven per cent of the ex-service men had pleaded guilty when arrested. Sixty per cent of those at the state prison pleaded guilty.

"The offense committed was regarded as trivial in sixty per cent of the ex-service men at the prison and sixty-eight per cent at the reformatory."

Governor Blaine transferred a number of soldiers to institutions for the care of the feeble-minded; others to hospitals for treatment for tuberculosis and physical ailments; others were pardoned because their incarceration was traced to military service.

The Wisconsin idea of justice has again been exemplified in the handling of the soldier problem. The state has placed the man above property; the human element above all.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT MAY be set down as true that the Government does not know, and maybe does not want to know, the full extent of the farmers' troubles. To know them to the full extent would merely show how useless are the methods adopted to relieve them; it would also disclose a situation which all possible political scheming could not relieve.

This is not an anti-governmental statement. The Government is no wiser than the men who control it. Not the men who comprise it, because in the under-ranks in the Government there are men who clearly see what the trouble is and what the cure. But they are without power to act upon their knowledge, and in many cases if they even gave a hint of the inclination of their minds they would be instantly dismissed. These men are employes of the government, they remain over from administration to administration, they are specialists. They differ from those who control the government in this—they are more interested in their job than in the next election.

> *HARD work alone does not accomplish much. No work is harder than wearisome motions that get nothing done. It is a strange law that the larger the accomplishment, the less the work. Efficiency and method and achievement seem to simplify work, so that with the same effort more is done. Work should be measured by what it gets done. Hard work on the farm is a byword, yet where has hard work accomplished so little as on the farm? With better methods and less labor more real work has been done with less strain than under the old system where men worked harder and longer than the horses. Work mixed with management becomes not only easier but more profitable. The time is past when anyone can boast about "hard work" without having a corresponding result to show for it.*

Without doubt a complete exposure of the actual conditions of agriculture today, coupled with an honest confession of the inadequacy of present political methods to cope with it, would mean the defeat of any party in power. It would mean also the condemnation of previous administrations for permitting the present conditions to grow. The early development of abuses should have been noted and checked years ago. These conditions are not attributable to the war nor to any emergency but to a lack of alertness on the part of those who were selected to stand upon our national wall and keep watch.

The very agencies set up by the government ostensibly to deal with the agricultural difficulties have no information as to the extent of those difficulties; and the opinion is ventured that if those agencies should seek this basic information, higher authority would prevent it. Why? Because just now, for political purposes, the party in power (it is a far better name than Government, in such a case) can point to these supposedly curative agencies, even though they cannot point to any curative results. The American people have been so accustomed to assume that agencies actually perform the work which they are advertised to perform, that it is very easy to fool them by simply creating an agency with a sounding title.

That, however, is the governmental end of the difficulty, not to be explained away by official indignation nor any form of speechmaking.

For the present, the farmer's only hope is in himself and his fellows. Of course, many of the farmers now in difficulty are not farmers at all. That is, they are the victims of some "back to the land" propaganda of a few years ago. They were told by statisticians that people were leaving the farms at an alarming rate and that the country could be saved only by others taking their places. On much the same false promises which lure emigrants to America, Americans were lured to take up land and start farming.

They did not know that the movement from the farm was natural, that farming under modern methods requires fewer men than before. They were victims of a misinterpretation of the facts. It is only recently that the Department of Agriculture of the Government has turned the whole problem round and stated that the problem was to get the proper number of people off the farm and into diversified industry.

There are, however, farmers born, who will always be farmers because it is their gift. They belong to the farm, and their plight in many cases is not as bad as that of their neighbors. And if they can but see what is before them, and what is the status of farming at present, the situation will be speedily remedied from within.

For one thing, it should be seen that farming is presently to cease being a single industry, such as food raising, and is on the threshold of becoming an industry of diverse interests. The world's food supply is more than amply provided for. Overproduction is evident on every hand—a fact which condemns the lack of supply in many quarters due to the selfishness of the present distributive system. On the production side, the food supply is overdone. Farmers feel the result of that. But shall the farm be used only to raise food? Has it no part in raising the materials needed in our industries? All the signs of the times indicate that this latter part will be forced in by new developments trembling on the verge of practical use.

It is not at all impossible that motor fuel will one day be a seasonal crop raised on the farm. Oils and fuel alcohol may presently become field and garden products. An acre of potatoes will yield enough fuel-alcohol to plow that acre for a hundred seasons. It is not impossible that the rubber supply so necessary to modern industry shall one day depend on the farm. Weeds which are now spurned may turn out to be valuable for cultivation and harvested for their yield of the elements of rubber. We have by no means begun to understand what the soil shall yield.

Co-operation, as now applied to the farm, means mostly co-operative selling. That is putting the cart before the horse. Co-operation should begin in production. There is hardly any of this kind of teamwork in America. A field of corn and a field of wheat, a bit of this and a bit of that, a team of horses and half a dozen cows—and this endlessly repeated all over the country—spells needless waste and work. A few pigs here and a few sheep there, odds and ends of every department of farming scattered about the countryside—this is not farming. It is not best for the farmer and it is bad for the country. The pigs must be shipped hundreds of miles to be turned into bacon, the bacon is sent back to the very spot where it was raised; the farmer loses the bacon profit and is compelled to pay the bacon price; doubling the railroad hauls and the freight rates;—the same with wheat and dairy products—all these abuses could be abolished by co-operation. Wheat pools in Chicago can be defeated by flour pools in the country district. Pool the cows under competent management; cure the bacon in the district where it is raised; complete the dairy processes on the ground; go into business co-operatively for the common benefit. It can be done, and it is going to be done, if not by the farmers then by those who are waiting for the farms to fall into their hands.

Nothing is more frequently asserted than that the farmer works hard. Of course he works hard. There is no harder work in the world than that done on worn-out principles. No work is harder than that which yields an insufficient profit. It would be very beneficial if the farmer would begin to analyze his hard work. Every farmer knows men who work from before dawn until after dark, and work hard—without accomplishing much. It isn't sufficient to work hard, to endure physical strain and fatigue; it is essential to accomplish something. And this is what every good manager knows—on the farm as elsewhere—that work undertaken to get something worth while actually done, is the kind of work that tends to become less burdensome. Having a definite object, the work simplifies itself, discovers better methods, besides yielding to the spirit of man the refreshment of seeing his work actually telling on the task.

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As Citizens, Not Partisans

CLASS parties are futile. Many of the abuses inherent to a democratic form of government, it is true, are due to combinations of voting groups inspired by class-interest, and the desire to correct them through counteraction of the same sort is natural, hence excusable. Yet in the end only failure may be looked for, unless the abuses complained of become so flagrant as to arouse general opposition; but in that event it is not class action, it is the real spirit of individual sovereignty, that achieves the desired result.

True American citizenship is a matter of conscience. Any effort to create a distinct party for a single class would only be met by opposition from all other classes, some of which have mutual interests. Independent voters cannot be delivered into political bondage even under a new name. Masses who can be led against universal principle and into narrow purposes will soon enough find leaders whose interests will be for one or another form of personal gain.

It is astonishing to find how universally "partisanship" is denounced, on the supposition that one can be a "partisan" only in a political sense. To be a "partisan" means to put "party" above everything else, and "partisanship" is always the same whatever source it may have.

The highest privilege of American citizenship is individual sovereignty, the right to decide for one's self. Loyalty to class, sect, race or sex is not to be discountenanced but it can never be the basis of enduring political action. Taken without a justifying conviction, or in a blind following of prejudice, such loyalty can only weaken the class clause, if there really be one.

Coolidge on Transportation

THE President has suggested a reduced rate on wheat for export. He is also reported to have suggested an equalization of rates on coal for export and for the New England States. The cost of transportation should have but one basis—actual expense plus a reasonable return for actual investment in physical value. Measured in actual service and investment, and allowing for depreciation, railroad freight rates could be lowered without involving loss. The service cost is the same, whether the cargo is for domestic use or export. There is no reason for the distinction which Mr. Coolidge makes in wheat shipped for export.

An Easy Way to Help Presidents

PERHAPS one way to lighten the load of our Presidents is to prohibit them from making those trivial addresses by wire and correspondence with which they greet the Amalgamated Society of Sausage Makers and other worthy groups in convention assembled. Mr. Coolidge's experience along this line has been singularly unfortunate from the beginning, and reports of several such greetings a day ill consorts with the character for taciturnity behind which it had been hoped to build up a reputation for wisdom. That is not to say, of course, that the President is not taciturn; it may be that most of these reported greetings are prepared by a department of his office set apart for that purpose. But the two go ill together.

It is easily understood how sometimes a President is verbally bludgeoned into doing things he would much rather not do. Mr. Coolidge can scarcely be made to say anything he does not mean, but there are signs that he can be made to say when he would rather not say anything. On such occasions what he says is likely to be meaningless. It would be interesting to know the circumstances attending the statement issued to the American Jewish Congress at New York. It was not so much a statement by President Coolidge as by Rabbi Stephen Wise. It contains the most general of generalities, the most platitudinous of platitudes. It is plain that the President could not refuse to say something, and just as plain that he was not willing to be made an adjunct of the American Jewish Committee as other Presidents have been. The report read to the Congress says, "When told that it is felt in Jewish circles that the immigration restrictions bear especially hard upon the Jew" (which every fact contradicts, the Jew being the only possessor of super-legal power in migrating anywhere) "the President stated: 'This administration will continue to refuse, sanction or tolerate any anti-Jewish discrimination in the matter of immigration, or in any other matter.' "

The story of the composition of that paragraph would be worth having. Is it Calvin Coolidge's paragraph, or is it the amputated limb of a longer and stronger declaration proposed by Rabbi Wise? And what does it mean? Does it mean anything? Has any recent administration shown anti-Jewish discrimination? As for the Coolidge administration it has had nothing to do with the question as yet. What does the declaration mean, anyway? It means just this—that something had to be said to satisfy the importunity of the Jews, and Coolidge said as little as he possibly could, without giving offense.

Taking the literal meaning that the Coolidge administration will not sanction any discrimination at all in the even-handed service it will render the people, the statement could just as well have been put in this fashion: "The President stated: 'This administration will continue to refuse, sanction or tolerate any pro-Jewish discrimination in the matter of immigration, or in any other matter.' "

The pledge of even-handed service would have been exactly the same, but would the President have said it? Would the Jewish Committee have accepted it? No. Why? Because in the latter form, the pledge would have had a meaning. There is *pro*-Jewish discrimination. In the present form, however, the statement has no meaning, because in this country there is no *anti*-Jewish discrimination.

The best way out of the whole silly business is to occupy the President's energies with more important matters.

Air Hindrances

IN TAKING an air tour over Europe, H. G. Wells discovered two items of information that are worth knowing. First, he found that "private enterprise flying" was in a low state of efficiency, due to poor care of the air vehicles, he claims. Not once did he succeed in escaping serious engine trouble, not once did he find time-tables observed in practice, and in several cases he found the aerial transport companies utterly unable to fulfill any of the terms of their advertisements.

Second, he found that the political subdivisions of Europe were a hindrance to any Continental plan of transportation. The same conditions which have made the network of European railways mere military services with hardly any reference to commercial needs, have reached into the air, so that, as Mr. Wells says, if there are 40 aerial services organized by as many countries, each service thereby inherits 39 enemy organizations which try to wreck it. The mutations of Europe, with boundary lines every little way, each boundary line a collection office for the maintenance of a separate aristocracy, a separate government, a separate army, have had the effect, as everyone knows, of holding Europe back on land, and is now seen by Mr. Wells to be equally menacing to European progress in the air.

Mr. Wells, therefore, deduces that although Europe is in much greater need of aerial service than is any other part of the world, the future of aviation as a public service will undoubtedly depend on the enterprise of North and South America. He even intimates that Central Africa would be a much better field for development than is Europe, because in the latter area so much stupid national jealousy exists. In so saying, Mr. Wells is only repeating the history of all inventions. Britain with her widespread territory and organized empire presents the premier field for development, with the United States proceeding at equal strides. There is more than sportsmanship, more than engineering at work on this problem—destiny, too, has something to do with the urge of our people to take to the air.

Rich Men Only Need Apply

THE simultaneous resignations of two American ambassadors to major European countries arouse again the national concern over the circumstances which limit the membership on the ambassadors' eligibility list to rich men.

There have been some rumors of friction between the State Department and the envoys who are to retire. Regardless of these reports, it is admitted that financial considerations played some part in the movements of both Ambassador Harvey and Ambassador Child. Colonel Harvey, it is explained, spent much time in the United States to avoid heavy expenses of the London court season.

The salary of an American ambassador is $17,500 annually. It is not enough to support an envoy and permit him to respond properly to the demands which are made upon an embassy.

The American public probably would not look with favor upon high salaries for ambassadors. But the evil of permitting the continuance of a condition which makes it impossible for other than a wealthy man to take the posts at foreign capitals is patent. A start has been made toward the purchase by the government of homes for the American envoys. It would seem possible for the State Department to devise some plan whereby an ambassador's legitimate expenses could be provided. Some of the ministers to the smaller foreign countries have risen from the ranks in the diplomatic service. It should be possible for a consul or legation attache to look forward to a career which might lead to the post of Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Until the government provides adequately for the upkeep of its embassies out of public funds, such an ambition on the part of a poor man will be idle.

"Government, Greatest Industry"

OUR greatest industry, says the Kansas City *Times,* is not the steel industry, the farm industry, the automobile industry nor the motion picture industry; our greatest industry is government! "One-twelfth of the working population of the United States is engaged in the business of government." For every twelve persons, one is working at "government." Every American works fifty days in the year to support this great host. Fifteen per cent of every American dollar is sliced off to pay them.

Every Congress sees scores of attempts to increase this Army of the Public Pay Roll. Even babies cannot be born now without representatives of the government near by. If another bill passes, children cannot learn their Three R's without representatives of the Federal Government near by to watch them. We are establishing with dangerous rapidity a class whose interests are so intimately connected with the continuance of things as they are, that the people will be helpless. Already this Government Class has completely lost the idea of being servants of the people; they do not exercise *service* toward us, they exercise *control* over us. The situation is so bad, and promises to grow so much worse, that someone must risk the reputation of being a calamity howler in order to call attention to it.

"Too much government" always means not enough good government.

A Vexed Question

THE proposal of the Department of Labor that all aliens be registered will be fought bitterly by influences which favor the dis-Americanization of America. Opposition to selective immigration has practically ceased to argue its case though it has not ceased to work against perfecting the laws which seek to restrict foreign immigration.

The Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration wishes to amend the Dillingham law to provide that the 1890 census be made the basis on which the percentage of eligible immigrants is determined. He wishes also to remove some of the arbitrary provisions of the law which might be interpreted as a means of breaking up families.

Whether Congress will amend the present law as Representative Johnson suggests is a question. Alien influences will be eager to hamper the work of perfecting the restriction law. But the thing on which they are likely to concentrate their opposition is the proposed enrollment law. The "bootlegging" of immigrants from adjoining countries has admittedly reached vast proportions. President Coolidge referred to it in his speech to the governors. Many thousands enter this country illegally each year. Congress must establish safeguards against the "bootlegging" of aliens; otherwise, the finest restriction law which may be devised will be utterly worthless. The country should watch the interests which oppose the alien registration law.

68, Eligible for Pension, Heads Great University

Ernest De Witt Burton, of Chicago, Builds for the Future

By J. V. NASH

TO PARAPHRASE the old aphorism about peace and war, age has its victories as well as youth. An instance has just occurred in Chicago, where the fellow with the youthful punch and pep is supposed to have things all his own way, more or less.

The University of Chicago, one of the biggest educational institutions in the world, was looking for a new president—a man qualified to take on the job of managing a $50,000,000 educational plant, supervising research and other activities of the most far-reaching importance, giving inspiring leadership to approximately 12,000 students, and carrying out a building program which should involve the expenditure of many additional millions, a part of the said program having to do with the construction of a beautiful chapel-quadrangle, and a medical school group of buildings, including a hospital and laboratories designed to attack the problem of disease with the latest and most complete scientific equipment, to be a model of its kind.

For a year or more the board of trustees, numbering in its membership some of the leading business men of Chicago, canvassed the entire country for a suitable candidate to fill the office of president of the university. It was quite generally understood that a young man was desired, and the younger—other things being equal—the better. Many an ambitious young dean or professor, both at Chicago and elsewhere, was coyly watching his mail for a letter bearing in the upper left-hand corner the cryptic words: "Board of Trustees, University of Chicago."

And so it was something like a bombshell thrown into the community when the newspapers, one morning several months ago, announced that the trustees, after having given all the likely young fellows in the educational world the "once over," had come back home and unanimously agreed upon the selection, as acting president, of Professor Ernest De Witt Burton, a silver-haired clergyman and writer of books on the New Testament, who for thirty-one years had quietly awaited the call to service in a position of national prominence while faithfully discharging his duties as a professor in the divinity school.

So quietly, indeed, had he gone about his duties all these years, that many, even in the university community, had scarcely heard of him. But the trustees had long had their eye on him. In 1910 he had been appointed director of the university libraries, one of the greatest collections of books in the country. In this office, too, which he held along with his professorship, he submerged himself in the job, while the limelight played on those who sought it.

That his worth, however, was known not only to the university trustees, but to the outside world, was proved again three years ago, when in 1920 Harvard University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. D., which he already held from Denison and Oberlin.

When Dr. Burton took up his duties as acting president of the university last February, he had entered his sixty-eighth year. At sixty-five he was eligible to retire on a comfortable pension and live at ease among his books for the rest of his life. But Dr. Burton believed that life meant service, and worked on without thought of retiring. And so when the call came to newer and heavier duties than any he had as yet borne upon his shoulders, he was ready, and accepted the summons with gladness. Although the hair brushed back from the thoughtful brow was silvered, there was still a youthful twinkle in the kindly eyes, and the slight figure was still upright in carriage and firm of step.

Dr. Burton brought to his high office such a winning personality and performed its strenuous work with such ability, combined with apparent ease and pleasure, that any possible misgiving on account of his age quickly vanished. Before the beginning of the present academic year the trustees lost no time in confirming him in the office of president. There being now no religious test for that office, the appointment was clearly based on personal merit and fitness.

At the One Hundred and Thirtieth Convocation, Dr. Burton was installed as permanent president of the university. A pleasing tribute from youth to age was given at the ceremony of installation, which was presided over by the president of the board of trustees, H. H. Swift, of the firm of packers—a man in his thirties and a university alumnus.

Space prevents here any attempt to give a biographical sketch of Dr. Burton. The high points in his personal history, together with a list of the books he has published, will be found in the latest edition of "Who's Who," in which he had already, before his recent notable appointment, achieved a good half-column.

Dr. Burton's specialty being the interpretation of the New Testament, it will be interesting to know his views on the Bible. His attitude, while reverent, is progressive. He sees in the Bible not a static legacy from the past, but rather a source of living inspiration, pointing the way to the attainment of new and greater truth. In this connection he points out:

"The Bible is not a compendium of truth, nor even of theology. It is a record of religious and ethical experiences, rather than the last authority and a composition of all theological truth, such as it has been held to be by most churches. Taking the Bible at the beginning and following it through, we find it ever changing, according to the conception of the times. We cannot take it as a compendium and, opening it, say: There is the law, there is the truth."

In oval—ERNEST DE WITT BURTON, D. D., new president of University of Chicago. New chapel-quadrangle, University of Chicago. The tower is 216 feet high.

Speaking of his outlook for the future of the great university of which he is now the recognized leader and spokesman, he says:

"In my judgment the policy of the future is to be one of inclusion, and not of exclusion; of progress, not of radical change. I say this deliberately and with definite meaning. If it were true that we had expanded unduly, if we were doing too much for our capital or for our community, if we had undertaken more work than we could do well, as I am sure institutions of learning often do, I should not hesitate to propose a policy of retrenchment, of taking in sail.

"I am by no means an advocate of indefinite expansion. I do not for a moment think that we should measure our success by the number of our schools, faculties, buildings, or students. But looking at the university as it is, speaking not *a priori* but on the basis of facts, I say deliberately that our policy should be one of inclusion of all we have, not exclusion.

"It has been intimated, I am told, that we cannot conduct both graduate work and undergraduate work and do both of them well. I know that there is enough in the experience of other institutions to lead us to think seriously on this matter, before we decide on our policy. I believe we have done some serious thinking and that we are now prepared to say that we have no occasion to do away with our graduate school or with our colleges, or with any of the major divisions of the university. In a recently published article, Dr. Henry T. Pritchett, after pointing out the very dangers of which I have been speaking, and the difficulty of conducting graduate and undergraduate work in the same school, adds that the University of Chicago has succeeded in maintaining the two side by side.

"The university will continue to put strong emphasis upon research. Research is no new thing with us. Dr. Harper emphasized it at the beginning and we have practised it all these thirty years. Our roll of honor, both of men and of achievements, is a long one.

"Luckhardt, our associate professor of physiology, a product of our own university, who in seventeen years of service in our laboratories has taken but one vacation, has recently discovered a new anesthetic of which you are likely to hear a great deal in the future. It is called ethylene. It induces anesthesia and analgesia more quickly than any of the older anesthetics, produces no appreciable unpleasant or injurious effects, and recovery is very rapid, usually without nausea or other undesirable effects. It has already been used in 118 operations of a wide variety of types, always with most happy results. It seems certain to displace all other anesthetics, and to add greatly to the comfort and success of surgical operations.

"In the department of paleobotany, Professor Noé has been doing some remarkable work. In his visits to certain coal deposits in Indiana, he has discovered 'coal balls.' This means material that can be sectioned, so that we can reconstruct the carboniferous flora. Coal balls have never been found in this country before, but their discovery in England has put the carboniferous flora almost entirely in the hands of English workers. The study of these Indiana coal balls has only just begun, but already some startling results have been reached. Our so-called flowering plants have always been thought to be relatively modern. But in a section of one of these coal balls there have been found fossils of flowering plants, and this fact alone shows that these plants are a great many million years older than was previously supposed.

"I am sure I do not need to argue concerning the value of research. It is what distinguishes modern life from medieval. To it we owe all the wonderful inventions that characterize our modern way of living—the telegraph, the telephone, the electrical engine, the automobile, the airship, electric lighting, and a thousand other conveniences. To it we owe all our recent progress in medicine and surgery.

"But research does not belong to the physical sciences only. It is equally appropriate in the field of history and the social sciences. Indeed, unless research on the physical side can be matched by a corresponding progress in the humanities, unless society learns how to manage itself at the same time that it learns how to harness nature, progress in the physical sciences may literally be the death of us.

"Because this is so and for many other reasons it will, I am sure, be the policy of the university to encourage research in the field of the humanities, and to expect that in the next thirty years we shall make a record in that field equal to anything that has ever been done in the field of the physical and biological sciences.

"There is much that we need to know in respect to methods of doing business, not only with profit to the doer, but with benefit to the whole community. There is much that we must learn in respect to the relation of laborer and capitalist, and of the various social groups to one another; in reference to the conduct of political affairs, in city, state and nation; and on the plane of international relations. And nothing can be learned without patient research.

"The American college was founded on the pattern of the small college of England, a small group of students living in close contact with a smaller group of teachers. Harvard is said to have been patterned after Emanuel College, Cambridge. But whereas in England when they got beyond the limits of their quadrangles they founded another college, till Oxford has about twenty and Cambridge nearly as many, in America we simply took off the limit. We did with our colleges what later we did with our buildings—took off the roof and made skyscrapers. But when you make a small college big you have lost some of the essential qualities. Five children make a family; 500 an institution! As you get bigger you substitute elaborate rules and standards for personal touch.

"I am quite sure, however, we are not going to solve the college problem by abandoning the college or by converting the university into a research institution with laboratories and a research faculty, but no students. The research institute has its place, an important one, and research is to have an important place in the university. But we are building a university and a university is a research institute plus—a very large plus. And a part of that plus is an interest in people, the production of men and women of character and power. We have no thought of giving up our colleges.

"In the second place, I am sure we are never going to solve our problem simply or chiefly by reducing numbers. You cannot crowd the skyscraper back into the log cabin. You cannot make a grown man youthful by hunting up his childhood clothes and trying to put them on him.

"In the third place I am confident that we are not going to find the solution of our problem by eliminating from the college the element of sport or of social life or of the so-called activities. All these are a normal part of life—and because they are, they are a normal part of college life.

"Perhaps some day we are going to find a way of grouping our thousands of students into smaller groups, each of which will to a considerable extent have a common life, be something like the old medieval guild of scholars, where pupil and teacher mingle together and you do not always know who is teaching and who is being taught."

Subsidy Bill a Sieve of Loot With Taxpayers Victims

By A WASHINGTONIAN

This is the second of several articles having to do with conditions in the U. S. Shipping Board. Another will appear in an early issue.

THE one and only outstanding attempt on the part of Lasker to make any real change in the deplorable and super-costly condition of the Shipping Board, the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the rotting fleet was the subsidy bill which he sponsored, fought for, and used the people's money and the people's machinery of government to try to jam through Congress —and failed.

When Lasker proposed the subsidy bill, he also threw the fleet of ships on the market at a time when he and his "experts," all high-priced ones, by the way, said, "there is no chance in the world of selling a ship today at any price."

Had the fleet been sold—and the subsidy measure had passed—speculators would have reaped double or triple their money through the increased price of tonnage with such a prize as the subsidy and the indirect aids put into the package.

In Section 201 of Lasker's subsidy bill he sought to amend the Jones act by leaving out the word "competitive," thus setting aside any competition requirements in the sale of the ships. Under this plan private interests might at their own prices have got the cream of the tonnage, while others, offering even more, perhaps—*and there are instances of this very thing*—would have been excluded. This part of the Lasker measure meant simply that if the bill had passed the Shipping Board could have sold the boats without advertising, without notification of sale to anybody interested in the purchase of ships, without competition in bidding or in offers. The sales could have been made on any terms the board might have prescribed. The board could have deferred payment of both principal and interest on the ships to the fifteenth year after the contract of sale was signed; it could have established the interest at two per cent. The depreciation of the ships in operation is five per cent a year, so at the end of the 15-year period the ships would have been depreciated seventy-five per cent and the buyer would have paid interest in the sum of thirty per cent—the people being left utterly without protection on a forty-five per cent depreciation of their fleet—or such of it as was sold.

Millions Gone, More Wanted?

THE way was left wide open for a repetition of performances such as those of the Green Star, the Nafra Company, the United States Mail, the Baltic and numerous other companies which bought ships, made small down payments, got interest and payments deferred, operated the ships, took off the profits, in some cases did not even pay the ships' bills but let the vessels be libeled for debt, forcing the Shipping Board to pay the debts and take back the ships from some remote quarter of the globe to protect its mortgages—or else lose ships, money and all. Many, many millions of the people's money was lost this way—yet Lasker fought to continue that method.

To evade necessity of further advertising, and that the lowest possible bids might be secured as a standard upon which to base the ship prices after the subsidy bill was passed, Lasker threw that fleet on the market when he did, advertised it when he did, and received the bids when he did—and the authority for this statement was none other than Lasker's co-member of the board at the time—Commissioner Meyer Lissner.

In section 202 of his bill Lasker proposed a construction loan fund of $125 000,000 to be loaned private shipowners to build new or to reconstruct old tonnage. These special interests were to be charged *two per cent interest,* and were to be loaned up to *two-thirds* the cost of their new construction, or two-thirds the value of their reconstruction. *But Aaron Sapiro or Eugene Meyer had not proposed anything of that sort for the farmers.* Would the farmer—who in mass owns most of these ships and most of that $125,000.000 Lasker wanted to lend at two per cent—be glad to have a fund of $125,000.000 he could borrow from up to two-thirds the cost of his farm and improvements at two per cent interest? Just ask him.

The board held electric railway bonds, housing project bonds, shipyard bonds. It would have been possible under that section of Lasker's bill for the shipyard companies and other makers of that paper to have bought back their bonds, on which they borrowed 100 cents on the dollar from the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the war, at seven to nine or ten cents on the dollar—and it would be interesting to know whether any of those bonds did reach their makers at about that percentage, anyway. And, conceivably, the makers of those securities could have borrowed from the merchant marine construction fund—to build or to reconstruct ships, of course—at two per cent interest, the money which could have been diverted to buying back those bonds at less than ten cents on the dollar.

"To the extent required," as the clause was worded, meant anything the board saw fit to lend. The board under that clause could, to favored interests, have extended the time of the loans to any term of years it saw fit—20 or 25 years, perhaps—and could have allowed the payment of both interest and principal to be deferred—as was done time after time by previous boards—to any term it saw fit.

The failure of a concern borrowing under those conditions would have involved tremendous losses to the government—as tremendous losses were involved in many, all too many, instances under just such circumstances. Former Shipping Boards, under pressure from persons with heavy political backing and strong influence did do those things. Then, as in the Merrill-Stevens and other deals of the past, where paper was taken which later proved worthless, the firms failed and the Shipping Board "held the bag." And such things undoubtedly would have occurred again.

And, while Mr. Lasker told the country the Shipping Board could be got out of the shipping business quickly this way—*this very clause set up a condition which would have kept the Shipping Board in the shipping business for at least 15 years or longer.*

Now let us see what other privileges were arranged for the private shipowners.

In Section 203 of his subsidy bill, Lasker sought to amend the Jones act to provide—among other things—the exemption of the ship operator for ten years at least from any payment of income tax on his ship earnings, which, of course, included the subsidy the operator was to draw from the government.

Would Messrs. Sapiro, Baruch and Meyer consider a similar arrangement for the farmers? If so, they should be able to get Mr. Lasker to help put it over. Lasker told the joint Senate-House committee that "If you will give me just six months away from here I will try to help you solve the agricultural problem, too."

Under such a scheme, the farmer could buy more land with the money he thus acquired—and then borrow at two per cent interest from the government two-thirds the cost of that land. The farmer would like that, undoubtedly.

Lasker apparently didn't stop to figure of how much money this would deprive the Treasury. He seemed to think that as long as the money was not allowed to reach the Treasury, it wasn't costing the people anything.

Of course this clause didn't help the little ship operator who would have small net earnings. But it would have amounted to tremendous sums for the big operators—including some companies which operate their ships as an incidental adjunct to their regular business. But we must remember that Mr. Lasker was planning several gigantic corporations, one of which the Fleischhacker boys, bankers, of San Francisco, were to head. Lasker wasn't thinking of the little fellows—Al thinks in a big way.

Another nice little tax exemption clause was tucked into this section. It was to the effect that five per cent of the amount of ocean freights paid by any corporation or individual could be deducted by that individual from his NET INCOME TAX PAYABLE ON CORPORATE OR INDIVIDUAL INCOME.

Now, mark you, if a corporation or an individual paid out during the year a million dollars in ocean freights, he could deduct five per cent of that sum or $50,000 FROM HIS NET INCOME TAX PAYABLE. If his tax payable on all his net income, WITH HIS MILLION IN OCEAN FREIGHTS DEDUCTED ALONG WITH OTHER EXPENSES, amounted to $50,000, why, of course, he wouldn't owe the government anything. He would just deduct that five per cent again.

While Lasker was telling the country that he was going to sell these ships at give-away prices, and lend all this money to operators at two per cent interest, to enable American operators to compete in rates and service with foreign shipowners, Lasker was, under pressure, admitting to a joint Senate-House committee that this clause was put in for the additional purpose of enabling the American shipper to *pay a little higher rate to American ships than he would have to pay to foreign ships for the same service.*

Subsidy Not for Freighters

NOW throughout all this discussion it must be remembered that Lasker's subsidy bill didn't do much in the way of direct subsidy payments for the freighter —which carries the farmer's products to the foreign markets. That phase of the bill gave the greatest benefit to the passenger and cargo-passenger boats, which are owned by big corporations—something like the one planned by the Fleischhacker boys, according to Lasker, and the one planned by the Shipping Board officials like J. B. Smull, W. J. Love, two $35,000 a year advisers, Homer Ferguson, E. J. McCormack and others, who were to buy in the *Leviathan* and build two 1,000-foot liners. While the slow and lowly freighter was beating its way over the seas with the farmers' products it would be getting a few thousand a year out of the subsidies. But the proud liners, carrying express, mails, and wealthy passengers who want palatial surroundings when they sail the seas—these boats would have been drawing a million or more each in direct subsidies.

But perhaps, Mr. Lasker ought not to be blamed—since he was depending on experts like Smull and Love —who were preparing, 'tis said, to kick up a cloud of dust in their exit from Shipping Board service as soon as the subsidy bill passed, and were going into the ship owning and operating business. And, too, Lasker was depending for his advice on the private ship operators —who of course were striving their best to get the subsidy bill through Congress because it would do so much for the farmer.

The Faith of the Fathers:

"Beware of Bureaucracy" Their Warning Cry

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

You can trust the people but you cannot trust the politicians.—*Patrick Henry.*

Other liberties are held under government but the liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in due subjection to their duties.—*Lord Erskine.*

The love of power and the love of liberty are in eternal antagonism. Where there is least liberty the passion for power is the most ardent and unscrupulous. —*John Stuart Mill.*

Like almost all his contemporaries La Rochefoucauld saw in politics little more than a chessboard where the people at large were but pawns, and the glory and profit were reserved to the nobility.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread.—*Jefferson.*

Just as a man, at a certain age, passes into second childhood, so all nations, during their period of decadence, manifest a return to bureaucratic forms.—*Wordsworth Donisthorpe.*

Progress necessarily depends on moral factors, moral leadership, moral responsibility. But the first thing the government does on assuming a new function is to declare its irresponsibility. The citizen cannot enter its courts and sue for justice.—*Yves Guyot.*

The people who, in their corporate capacity, abolish the natural relation between merits and benefits, will presently be abolished themselves.—*Herbert Spencer.*

Corruption is the soul of centralization.

It would make a scoundrel out of a saint to give him unlimited power in spending other people's money.

In the last six years government has become a job, like great charities.—*Emerson,* writing in 1834.

I do verily believe that a single consolidated government would become the most corrupt government on the earth.—*Jefferson.*

Bureaucracies always try to suppress agitation but without agitation society would become hopelessly stagnant and corrupt.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Government is always stupid, slow, wasteful, corrupt. With its essential limitations it is qualified to be merely a watchdog; we are lucky if it is merely an honest one.—*Herbert Spencer.*

With us government has come to be a trade and is managed solely on commercial principles. A man plunges into politics to make his fortune and only cares that the world should last his day.—*Emerson,* writing in 1835.

Government at its best is a necessary evil; at its worst an intolerable one.—*Thomas Paine.*

No history is copious enough to record the evils that have ensued upon the denial of liberty.—*Greville McDonald.*

Under a complete bureaucracy no means could be found by which public resistance to official aggression could be organized.—*Max Hirsch.*

It is a universal tradition, founded on universal experience, that man is corrupted by power.—*John Stuart Mill.*

Where everything is done through the bureaucracy, nothing to which the bureaucracy is adverse can be done at all.—*John Stuart Mill.*

The crimes of history may be summed up in the words—abuse of power. The teaching of history is that power is always abused.—*John Stuart Blackie.*

The gravest and most instructive fact revealed to us by this grand spectacle of civilization, is the danger, the insurmountable evil, of absolute power in any form. —*Guizot.*

Under a bureaucracy, "the individual withers and the state is more and more."

What has destroyed the liberty and the rights of man in every government which has existed under the sun? The concentrating all cares and powers into one body, no matter whether of the autocrats of Russia or France or of the aristocrats of the Venetian Senate.—*Jefferson.*

The Deadly Logic of Bureaucracy: What is everybody's business is nobody's business; what is everybody's profit is nobody's profit; what is everybody's loss is nobody's loss; therefore, if the government squanders billions (of your money) no one has lost anything.

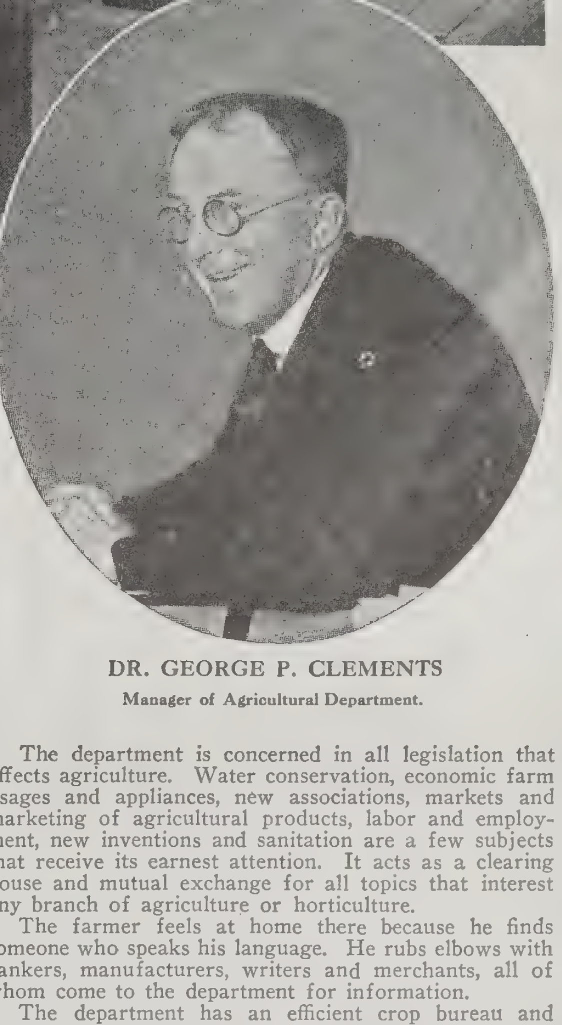
Why should the government spend money "like a drunken sailor"? Why should it not do so? It is only spending other people's money. These staggering losses, impersonal and imperceptible at the moment, are not felt till mounting taxes and a depreciated dollar bring home to the people that thousands of "lame ducks" filling utterly useless "soft government jobs" cannot have their cake without eating the people's cake.

Protecting the Tenderfoot in Southern California

No Need to Succumb to Wiles of Land Sharper

By JOHN B. WALLACE

Left to right—Howard A. Miller, assistant to Dr. Clements; J. B. Lillard, State Supervisor of Agricultural Instruction, Sacramento, California; Margaret M. Fahs, stenographer; E. J. Brickell, commercial drainage work; F. F. Foster, Field Manager Southern California Associated Concrete Pipe Manufacturers.



DR. GEORGE P. CLEMENTS

Manager of Agricultural Department.

ATTRACTED by Southern California's mild climate and profusion of fruits, flowers and garden products, visitors pour into this Italy of America at all seasons. Some are tourists who seek to escape the rigors of winter, but many succumb to the seductive climate and become permanent residents. The middle western states contribute the majority of those who remain. Many are farmers who accumulated a little competence. They are in the prime of life and look about for an orchard, orange grove or small farm. Another class has dwelt in the city and dreams of a home in the country.

Without proper guidance these settlers are in danger of losing all. There are hordes of unscrupulous real estate agents who prey upon the unsophisticated. This is not a wholesale indictment of the real estate dealers of Southern California; without question many are honest and attempt to locate their clients satisfactorily. But unfortunately these men are overshadowed by the flamboyant advertising methods of their untrustworthy rivals. With these latter, the commission they derive from a sale is the outstanding feature and to obtain that commission their code of ethics embraces anything short of strong-arming their customers.

Los Angeles is the Mecca of these gentry. The visitor cannot walk a block without being besieged by a dozen men or women offering him the attractive bait of free excursions, barbecues, automobile trips, and so forth.

In every niche, corner and doorway these agents lurk, to spring upon a likely prospect. These suburban additions, orange groves, walnut groves, truck gardens, which they sell are often legitimate investments. In suburban property, especially with a city growing like Los Angeles, there is not much chance for an investor to invest unwisely if he buys at the right price and in a decent location. But, ignorant of values and with no disinterested person to advise him, he is apt to be stampeded into unwise purchases. The agent talks fast and furiously, he points out all the advantages but is careful not to disclose the drawbacks, and his victim, under the spell of the beautiful climate, the automobile ride and dinner he has enjoyed at the expense of his host, throws caution to the winds. Then there is a certain mass psychology also brought into play. By taking out a crowd and inducing one person to buy, agents at times stampede the others. This may be done by employing a "capper"—a person working for the agent who ostensibly purchases a lot and then loudly boasts of his bargain.

It is in orchard and agricultural property that the greatest losses are suffered. The farmer may have been successful on the prairies of Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. He may have been a shrewd judge of farm values on his native heath, but in California the climate, soil conditions, rainfall and growing seasons are so different that the eastern and middle western agriculturist is working under a distinct handicap. And if the experienced farmer is at a disadvantage, the city dweller, whose knowledge of agriculture is purely theoretical, is doubly so.

Business men of Los Angeles long had recognized these conditions, but it remained for Frank Wiggins, secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, to devise a remedy. The war gave him the opportunity to try his plan and there followed the establishment of an agriculture department in the Chamber of Commerce. To head this department he selected Dr. George P. Clements. Dr. Clements for years was a practicing physician with a hobby for agricultural experimentation. Finally he abandoned his practice to become an agricultural expert. For twenty years he studied agriculture and horticulture in Southern California. He also studied economics, reclamation and water conservation.

The department's purpose is to "Find the new citizen what he wants where he wants it." County and state lines have gone down. The department will locate a stranger just as cheerfully in Imperial Valley as it will in Los Angeles County, place him willingly in Nevada or Arizona if he prefers those states to California. It is good business, too, because Los Angeles draws trade from its neighboring states.

Not only is the stranger given advice as to soil, water, and cultural methods in the district in which he desires to locate, but the property which he may have in mind is appraised for him at no cost except the transportation of the appraiser.

The visitor's contemplated purchase may be desirable for one investor but entirely unsuited to the particular buyer. As an instance: the land desired may require more money to develop properly than the inquirer possesses. It may not have a good water right, or the water right that goes with the property may not be sufficient for the needs of the crop. It may be an orange grove that has not been properly fertilized or fumigated. There are many possible disadvantages which the inexperienced buyer might overlook and of which the real estate agent or owner will not tell him. The facts are pointed out to him by the expert from the Chamber of Commerce. He buys with his eyes open.

In a year the department appraised three million dollars' worth of property and passed on thirty per cent of it. That which was rejected was not necessarily bad, but it was unsuited to the needs of the purchaser.

The department answers by mail more than 30,000 inquiries a year, these inquiries coming from all parts of the world. The humblest inquirer is given the same courtesy and attention as a wealthy applicant. No question is considered too trivial to answer.

The department works with the governing, educational and producing bodies of the state, is in harmony and close touch with the state department of agriculture, the state college of agriculture, the agricultural extension service, and the many producing associations, all of which find representation upon the agriculture and horticulture committee of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce of which the agricultural director is a member and acting secretary. Dr. Clements is also a director of the Los Angeles Farm Bureau.

The department also acts as a bridge between agriculture and commerce. It has worked toward promoting closer relations, has ironed out many misunderstandings and encouraged friendliness and confidence.

The department is concerned in all legislation that affects agriculture. Water conservation, economic farm usages and appliances, new associations, markets and marketing of agricultural products, labor and employment, new inventions and sanitation are a few subjects that receive its earnest attention. It acts as a clearing house and mutual exchange for all topics that interest any branch of agriculture or horticulture.

The farmer feels at home there because he finds someone who speaks his language. He rubs elbows with bankers, manufacturers, writers and merchants, all of whom come to the department for information.

The department has an efficient crop bureau and statistics are furnished to the individual inquirer as well as to marketing associations.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is the largest organization of its kind in the country and no little of its success is due to the establishment of this unique department which could well be copied to advantage by other commercial bodies.

Hoover War Library to Hold Historic Papers

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rare "Documents of the Moment," issued in pamphlet form in about one hundred numbers in Poland during the period of German occupation, came through a friend of Mr. Hoover to the library and was a gift of the Polish government.

Posters, flaming with war demands of fight and conservation, continue to arrive from unexpected sources. On the whole, no effort has been made to secure any considerable number of large posters since they rapidly fall to pieces with handling, and to take the place of these, the collection is acquiring poster photograph albums, published both here and abroad. Newspaper files have been relied upon more than posters to relate the story of progress and the turning of national minds from peace-time pursuits to the business of fighting. It has been, and still is, the general plan to secure two or three newspaper files from each country, selecting these as nearly as possible on the basis of obtaining the leading paper supporting the government, and the leading anti-government daily.

From all parts of the world have pamphlets and full libraries been coming ever since the Armistice was signed. Secret material from gentlemen who exacted a promise that their manuscripts would not be opened for periods ranging between five and twenty-five years continues to find its way into the archives of the library. Secret documents and manuscripts dealing with the history of the Baltic states before and after the Armistice, including copies of the famous Prince Bermont-Awaloff manuscripts, probably form the one group about which most interest attaches, yet they will not be unlocked and unsealed until after 1945. Some there are who would fear for their lives were these personal memoirs published! And there are several manuscripts from the Near East, gathered mainly by relief workers, with a few sent in by Armenians, Turks and Syrians.

The "Miliukov Collection" deserves special mention in passing. Paul Nicholaivitch Miliukov was probably the most distinguished professor of the University of Moscow. He was Liberal leader of the Duma during the last two years of Nicholas II and later minister of foreign affairs in the provisional government of Prince Lvoff, after the overthrow of the monarchy. In 1914, Professor Miliukov had sent his large, private collection, consisting chiefly of source material, into Finland. In 1920, he offered the library to Stanford University through Professor F. A. Golder, member of the Washington State College history faculty and long friend to the Russian, if Professor Golder could find the library. After some ramblings through Finland, Professor Golder found a farmer in whose hands the library had been placed for safe-keeping, and shortly afterward, the collection, in thirty-four packing cases, was sent to the Hoover War Library. Most of this material consists of documents and manuscripts gathered for the study of Russian institutions and history.

While the great mass of stuff the collectors have brought together in their one long room in the Stanford general library has been more or less highly specialized, they also have much general literature, privately published in the leading countries of the world. This, with the rest of their documents, letters and what not, will shed much light for students on little-known causes of international happenings of the last decade.

The completed portion of the Washington Cathedral. The building occupies one of the most beautiful locations in Washington, towering high over the city.

Ghosts of Nation's Famed Haunt Historic Churches of Washington

Old Religious Edifices of Capital Conjure Memories

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

BECAUSE we are all hero worshipers, everything associated with a famous man, from his signature to his personal attire, becomes an object of interest. To the majority of his countrymen, everything he touches is surrounded by a golden halo, as if it had mysteriously acquired a measure of his greatness. So it is inevitable that the old churches of Washington, D. C., should conjure up memories of many famous Americans. The ghosts of generals, Presidents, diplomats, are there—statesmen who carved niches for themselves in the Halls of Fame. Great men have spiritual qualities and the leaders of America have always turned to the temples of God for inspiration.

Not far from the city of Washington, in Alexandria, Virginia, is old Christ Church. It is known as George Washington's church for to its services came the Father of his Country, drawn in a coach and four, with the charming Martha at his side. The church was finished in 1773, a century and a half ago. Washington bought the first pew, paying thirty-six pounds and ten shillings, the highest price paid, in keeping with his position as one of the richest of the landowners. The pew is carefully preserved and Sunday visitors are allowed to worship there, provided they obey the injunction in the entrance of the building:

VISITORS ON SUNDAY WHO DO NOT INTEND TO REMAIN UNTIL THE SERVICES ARE ENDED WILL BE KIND ENOUGH NOT TO ENTER THE CHURCH.

Here also is the family pew of Robert E. Lee, the beloved general of the Confederacy. Lee lived in Alexandria, attended Sunday school in Christ Church in his boyhood days and is said to have worshiped there on the last Sunday before he took command of the Southern army.

The land for the church was given by John Alexander, for whose family the city was named. The church was built of brick brought from England and was designed by James Wren, a descendant of Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The pews are of the type familiar in colonial pictures. It is said that when the church was built, one member whose wife was deaf was allowed to install a special seat beside the pulpit.

In the old churchyard are buried some of the early settlers of Virginia. Over their graves are time-worn monuments with many quaint inscriptions.

The atmosphere of the church and its acre of ground, "God's acre," is filled with a quiet peacefulness and an indefinable charm. Surrounded by majestic trees shading the homes of the dead, the church must have had a profound influence upon its members, the two most famous of whom were both *Virginia gentlemen* in the highest sense of that phrase.

In the city of Washington itself, within a stone's throw of the White House, is historic St. John's, an Episcopal church designed in 1816 by Benjamin H. Latrobe, the architect who restored the White House after the British burned it in 1814. The architect declined any pay for his work. That was almost enough in itself to make both him and the church famous. Tradition says that he was offered a free pew but he requested something that might be handed down to his children, so he was presented with a piece of plate.

St. John's has well been called "the church of the Presidents." Madison accepted the first pew there in 1816, and since that time most of the Presidents have at one time or another worshiped there. Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Van Buren and John Quincy Adams were among the early communicants. It is said that on Sundays Adams sat on the front row with his granddaughter and on Mondays required her to repeat to him as much of the sermon as possible. He mentions in his biography that he did not approve of all of the statements of the rector, notably when he publicly criticized the selection of a Unitarian minister as chaplain of the House of Representatives.

For the brief period between his inauguration and his death, William Henry Harrison attended St. John's. His Sunday costume was completed by a pair of long white gloves, decorated with black and green log cabins reminiscent of campaign days when "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too" were running for office. After Harrison's death, Tyler took his place in the President's pew.

One convenience placed in the church was a pulpit running in grooves on the floor so that it could be pushed back to the wall. One Sunday, an eminent bishop presided. In the midst of a fiery discourse the pulpit suddenly began to roll away, carrying with it the startled divine. Faster and faster it went, until it reached the wall. It is not often that a speaker is so carried away by the force of his remarks.

Other distinguished visitors were Zachary Taylor, Fillmore, Calhoun and President Arthur. The latter placed a stained glass window in the church in memory of his wife.

At the edge of Washington is famous old St. Paul's church, better known as Rock Creek Church. It is one of the oldest in America. The land was provided in 1712 by John Bradford, who gave one hundred acres. In 1726 the Maryland assembly provided that twenty thousand pounds of tobacco might be levied on the taxable persons in the parish to build the church. In 1727 a vestryman was authorized to send for a Bible and two prayer books which were to be paid for in tobacco. One prayer book was for the minister and the other for the clerk who read the responses in behalf of the congregation.

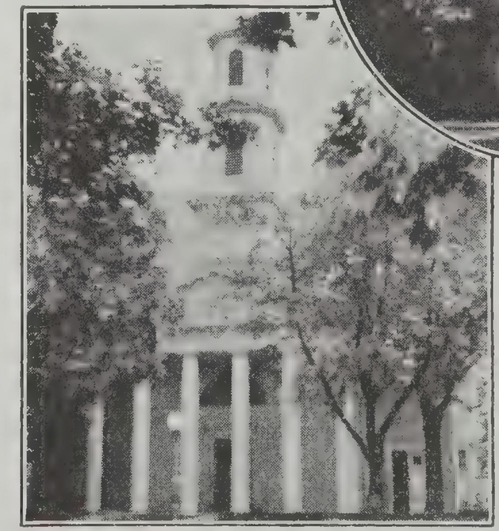
In 1771, ninety-six thousand pounds of tobacco was levied on the taxable parishioners to erect a new church. The church owned its own tobacco warehouse. So prevalent did the raising of tobacco become, however, that the production had to be restricted and a vestryman was appointed to count the tobacco hills and see that no member raised too much.

The church is bordered by an old cemetery in which stands the famous statue by Saint-Gaudens called "The Peace of God." This monument is over the graves of Henry Adams and his wife and is one of the most famous pieces of sculpture in America.

Abraham Lincoln attended the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church. The pastor, Reverend Mr. Gurley, was his favorite speaker. It is said that Lincoln found comfort in the trying days of the Civil War in stealing away to the church and, unseen by the congregation, listening to the sermon from an anteroom. Gurley attended Lincoln after the assassination and delivered the eulogy in the White House.

The church was established in 1803 at a time when "huntsmen shot quail under the shadow of the Capitol and the best land was sold at fourteen cents a foot. President Jefferson was superintending the planting of Lombardy poplars along Pennsylvania Avenue, which in the spring was a series of impassable beds of red clay."

Lincoln is said to have prevented the church from being turned into a hospital during the Civil War, granting an intercession by its pastor in its behalf. Before Willie Lincoln died, he asked that his little bank, filled with coins, be turned over to the New York Avenue Sunday School to be used for the missionaries. Lincoln's pew is still an object of interest and inspiration, and is open to worshipers at the Sunday services.


Historic St. John's Episcopal Church, known as the Church of the Presidents. It is one block from the White House.

In early times, there was little distinction made between the white and the colored population, so far as church attendance was concerned. In Trinity church, the first marriage recorded, under date of January 1, 1795, was that of David Thomas to Phyllis, a Negro slave, the property of Elizabeth Coyle. Marriages and baptisms of slaves are frequently mentioned in the records. Only in 1819 were the blacks separated from the whites in the First Presbyterian Church. But as the Civil War approached, not only was there no intermingling, but the question of slavery often threatened to disrupt the congregations.

A Unitarian church had a bell made in a Massachusetts foundry established by Paul Revere. When John Brown was executed, some members tolled the bell. It was thereupon denounced as an "abolition bell." No longer did its voice sound so beautiful to those who sympathized with the slave owners.

Political differences also brought trouble to some of the pastors. During the administration of Andrew Jackson occurred the famous Peggy O'Neal scandal. She had formerly been the wife of a ship's officer who had cut his throat and jumped into the Mediterranean Sea because, so the gossips said, of his wife's escapades with John H. Eaton. When Eaton was appointed Secretary of War (he had in the meantime married Peggy) a bitter social feud arose. Jackson staunchly defended the war secretary and his wife. The President had a stormy interview with his pastor of the New York Avenue Church over the question and finally withdrew in hot anger from the congregation.

In early days, both the church buildings and the pastors were frequently chosen for their availability. Often the members met in private houses. One church had rooms over the public baths. The First Presbyterian Church met successively in a carpenter shop, a farmhouse, a Masonic lodge room, and in a room used by the Supreme Court in the basement of the Capitol.

The churches were far from comfortable. On cold days, the ladies used foot warmers filled with live coals. Tallow candles lighted the buildings and were replaced as often as necessary by the sexton during the course of a meeting.

As the churches were usually pressed for funds (modern churches not having a monopoly on this failing), the pastors were often government clerks. The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, a distinguished gentleman who served his people for over half a century, was a clerk in the Treasury Department.

One of the greatest honors which may come to a Washington pastor is his selection as chaplain of the national House of Representatives or the Senate. His only duty is to deliver the invocation each day. One of the qualifications for an appointee is the ability to deliver a short prayer. When the Capitol was removed to Washington from Philadelphia there was a spirited contest for these places. A Baptist, three Presbyterians, an Episcopalian, a Millennialist and a Methodist were candidates. The Methodist and

Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia, commonly known as George Washington's Church. Christopher Wren tower.

the Episcopalian finally won. Edward Everett Hale, the distinguished Unitarian divine, was chaplain of the Senate from 1903 until his death in 1909. A blind man, the Reverend Mr. Couden, served as chaplain of the House for many years.

When Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the French soldier and engineer, made the plans for the city under the direction of Washington, it was provided that a church should be erected for national purposes. The building was to be used for public prayers and thanksgiving and for funeral orations over the nation's heroic dead. A site was provided but it was not used for a church. Instead, the Patent Office was erected there. Inventive genius and commercialism triumphed over religious sentiment. The result is that the United States is one of the few important countries whose capital city does not contain a great religious edifice. There are many churches, but none whose architecture compares with some of the cathedrals of the Old World.

To meet this deficiency, a wonderful cathedral is rising on a hilltop to the northwest of Washington. It is popularly known as the Washington Cathedral. In years to come it will be one of the famous shrines of the world. Its story reads like a romance.

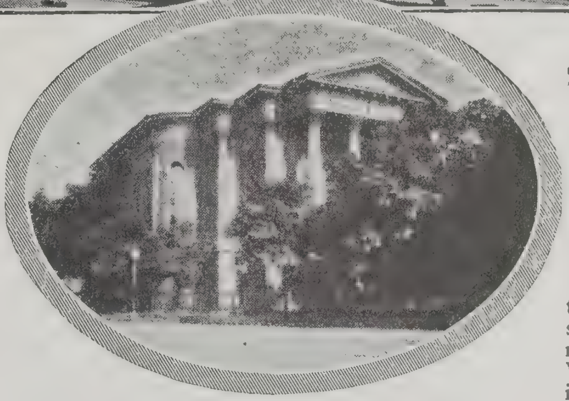
It stands on a majestic elevation known as Alban Hill. Before the place marched Braddock's troops on their way to tragedy. Later, one of Washington's friends, Joseph Nourse, the first registrar of the Treasury, lived there.

"Some day," he said, "a great church must stand on this spot."

Years passed and Nourse died, his dream unrealized. His granddaughter, an invalid, sewed for her friends and carefully saved the money. What she planned to do with it no one knew. Her secret was not discovered until after her death. Then there was found among her belongings a box bearing the words, "For a free church on Alban Hill." The box contained forty gold dollars. Stirred by her devotion, a little band gathered together and built a church with her contribution as a beginning. The congregation continued to grow and presently the plans for a cathedral began to crystallize. It was to be the most impressive structure of its kind in America. Already a considerable portion has been built and the chapel and grounds are valued at four million dollars. The completed cathedral will cost more than ten million dollars.

It will be of the purest Gothic architecture. Five hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty-five feet wide, with its central tower rising over six hundred feet above the city, it will easily overtop every other edifice in the capital, even the mighty Washington Monument. It will be a building of sublime majesty. Thus will the dream of Joseph Nourse be realized.

The Washington Cathedral, now in process of erection. It will cost over $10,000,000 and will be the finest structure of its kind in America.



Above—Interior Christ Church, Alexandria. Washington's pew where box hangs on the pillar. Below—The New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, the church of Abraham Lincoln.

No such edifice is complete if it does not contain historic objects from the great religious shrines. The Washington Cathedral contains memorials from many of the cathedrals of the Old World and from other spots of religious interest. The foundation stone was brought from Bethlehem, the baptismal font from the Jordan River, the pulpit from Canterbury Cathedral. The altar was cut from the quarries of Solomon, not far from Calvary. Spanish War cannon furnished the metal for an open-air pulpit before which may be gathered more than twenty-five thousand persons.

Among the striking objects on the grounds is a Glastonbury thorn tree. Tradition relates that Joseph of Arimathea went to Britain and at Glastonbury placed his staff in the earth as a symbol that he would begin his evangelical work there. The staff took root. Later, it was cut down by the Puritans but it came up again. The little tree in Washington was taken from the famous old tree in England. It blooms twice a year. There is a pretty custom handed down by tradition of presenting distinguished visitors with a bloom in a tiny silver box.

Nations do not erect cathedrals until they have reached a contemplative mood. America has been too busy developing natural resources to stop to think. So we have no Sir Christopher Wren—no St. Paul's Cathedral. But with the completion of the new structure in its ideal location in Washington a new inspiration will be given to the whole nation. What Rheims Cathedral has meant to France, and it has been called the soul of France, what Westminster Abbey has meant to England, the Washington Cathedral will come to mean to America.

It will be a fitting climax to a century and a half of religious development in the capital city.

When J. M. Barrie Spoke to the "Red Gowns"

Concluded from page 2

tolling their fallen hero son. Proud of it as they were, they preferred to its laudatory terms their own memories of the real boy whose very peccadillos were matter for loving recollection. With what a roll of delighted cheering did we greet Barrie's suggestion that the part of the old lady in that play might be taken by a distinguished alumna of the university then present; and we loved him for the grace and very sweetness of his introduction of her—"The loveliest of all young actresses, the dearest of all old ones; it seems only yesterday that all the men of imagination proposed to their beloved in some such frenzied words as these, 'As I can't get Miss Terry, may I have you?'"

And hard upon our cheering, swinging us round abruptly once again to a confronting of duty, came the great Call to the Youth of All the World. That was eighteen months ago. Has Youth in all lands, or in any land, pertinently questioned the acts of those who would clutter its path with the ashes of ancient enmities?

What of the League of Youth? That the message which fell upon the stirred hearts of those who heard it delivered has been fruitless, is unthinkable. Listen to it, as we heard it then:

> *"How to make a practical advance? The League of Nations is a very fine thing, but it cannot save you, because it will be run by us, your betters. Beware your betters bringing presents! What is wanted is something run by yourselves. You have more in common with the youth of other lands than Youth and Age can ever have with each other. The hostile countries sent out many a son very like ours, from the same sort of homes, the same sort of universities, who had as little to do as our youth had with the origin of the great adventure. Can we doubt that many of these on both sides who have gone over and were once opponents are now friends? You ought to have a League of Youth of All Countries as your beginning, ready to say to all governments, 'We will fight each other, only when we are sure of the necessity.' Are you equal to your job, you young men? If not, I call upon the red-gowned women to lead the way. I sound to myself as if I were advocating a rebellion, though I am really asking for a larger friendship."*

The speaker stepped to the front of the platform, edging clear of the reading paraphernalia as though he could not bear that anything should bar him in any way from his hearers. The deliverer of the Call to Youth makes little use of gesture. Gesture he has used, indeed—with what an inimitable touch did we envisage McConnachie declare himself superior to "linage" considerations in the days of his freelance journalism! Intimate appeal, searching sincerity, charge the clear voice as this new and greater Barrie—Barrie the man, the lover of the Youth of All the World, striving to help it—urges Youth to take its due share in all that concerns it. Sometimes it is in the fun-flash that lights the speaker's eyes that we are notified of McConnachie's immediate proximity; occasionally, too, the flap of that one wing may be faintly heard from behind a cloud seemingly somber. It is McConnachie's function, throughout, to fan into grateful coolness the places which the speaker in his burning enthusiasm has seared in passing; and ever he is instant to the task.

The dull note of personal pain is heard as he takes from the almost-unnoticed papers in his hand a few "little filmy sheets"—the letter retrieved from that far-off tent in the wastes of ice, written by Captain Scott to Barrie, his friend, in farewell.

I would that you could hear the thunderous "NO!" with which we greet his announcement that this, his first public appearance, will be his last. And there are tears in the eyes of many wearers of the red gown as he continues— "I never would or could have made it except to a gathering of Scottish students. If I have concealed my emotions in addressing you, it is only the thrawn national way that deceives everybody except Scotsmen. I have not been as dull as I could have wished to be; but looking at your glowing faces, cheerfulness and hope would keep breaking through. Despite the imperfections of your betters, we leave you a great inheritance, for which others will one day call you to account."

See him now, his great task ended. The students in their hundreds are up on the seats, standing; the platform party, upstanding, too, is joining in the mighty roll of cheering that seems never-ending. They have as one risen in that glow of cheerfulness and hope, and their acknowledgment of the call to high courage and great duty rises echoing to heaven. And Barrie, the gentle, fleeting smile of McConnachie flitting over his face, has stepped back to his place. He surveys the scene, and his eyes are warm. The pallor of the fine face has increased, there is weariness in the resting figure; he looks tired, but . . . . so *glad!*

We poured from the Lord Rector's presence in our cheering hundreds; but the "thochtless de'ils" against whose emergence the wary grocer was wont to put up his shutters and lock away his wheelbarrows had had something to think over, that day. To what purpose they have been thinking since then may become more evident as they take their places in the affairs of the time. Doubtless they will remember, as I do, that while the subject of that great address was "Courage," its mightiest appeal lay in that Call to the Youth of All Countries to assert its right to shake itself free of "old, unhappy . . . . things" perpetuated in the selfishness and jealousies of "their betters," who wrap the young bodies in the sweetest of wrappings yet allow the young minds to suffer the taint of diseased rags of earlier, evil times.

Have British Failed the Jews in Palestine? And If Arabs Are Killed Off, What Then?

Zangwill's Criticism and Plea That "United States Opinion" Help Zionists to Their National Home

By a British Journalist

THE Jews are dissatisfied with the British administration of Palestine. The land which, under the British mandate, was to become the national home of the Jews, is apparently not taking on with satisfactory rapidity the complexion which zealous Zionists desire; and, if the published reports be accurate, Israel Zangwill has been putting before the American Jewish Congress some points on the whole matter, from which we gather that in the opinion of the Zionists someone has failed in Palestine. They appear to be quite decided as to who has failed. We learn that the British have not been interpreting their mandate as the Zionists would like; that, rather than making of Palestine a home for the Jews, the British are developing the country for the Arabs; and we are informed that the mandate specifically laid upon Britain the duty of developing Palestine as the Jewish national home, or quitting. Zionist opinion is stated to be that it is useless to attempt to make a fixed home for the Jewish nation "before the guaranties of that fixed home have been absolutely secured."

Zangwill's Cheerless View

MR. ZANGWILL, if reports have done him justice, seems to have been not too cheerful as to prospects in Palestine, when he arrived from England, and his assertion that "the Jews must forego their political hopes regarding Palestine rather than throw a match into such a powder factory as the world has now become" must, if made in that form, have come with a shock to the American Jewish Congress. The Congress is said to have disavowed that view by solemn resolution. Later we have Mr. Zangwill reported as attacking Britain's administration in Palestine, describing Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew appointed by the British as head of affairs there, as too weak to carry out the mandate, and as maintaining that

> A resolution by the American Jewish Congress, insisting that the British mandate over Palestine be carried out, would do more toward making the Jewish national home a fact than any other possible step, "for the reason that England respects United States opinion. I am willing," Mr. Zangwill is reported to have added, "to meet a committee and draw up the resolution I suggest, in order to impress the British Government."

Are we here presented with a view of that well-known Zionist, arriving from Europe burdened with full knowledge of the gloomy facts, responsibilities and difficulties of the Palestine situation, telling his people "that they must forego their political hopes regarding Palestine rather than throw a match into such a powder factory as the world has become," and then this same Mr. Zangwill, his assertion emphatically disavowed by enthusiastic Zionists on this side, responding to his environment, urging action, and offering to show how action may best be taken, by the use of "United States opinion"? What, then, of the match in the powder factory?

Have British Failed the Jews in Palestine?

PUBLIC opinion in America has been kept fairly well informed of the progress of events in Palestine since the Great War, and Americans generally will be interested in an attempt to discover just wherein someone has failed in Palestine, and to what end the use of "United States opinion, which England respects," is to be directed. The interpretation given by the British to their mandate, most unsatisfactory as that interpretation appears to be to the Jews, is revealed in the lines upon which the administration of the country has developed. From the outset, there was general recognition in America that the British job in Palestine bristled with difficulties. It was not an unoccupied land that the mandatories took over. There had not been a clean sweep of the territory from end to end, to make of the country a place to be approved of the Zionist. It was a territory with a history brimful of eruptive matter; from the land the administration of the Turk had been swept, but a very large settled population, against whom there was no war, remained. The British apparently did not find in their mandate any authority to crush out that population, which contained important Moslem elements, to a large extent composed of Arab friends of the Allies. The Arabs who had assisted the Allies constituted in themselves a further difficulty. They very naturally desired to see some results from their part in the fighting. Accordingly, while respecting the rights of the non-Jewish people to whom Palestine was home, and holding in check his victorious Arab friends, the Britisher had to set about the fulfillment of the aim of making Palestine a national home for the Jews. How was it to be done? Whatever they read into or between the lines of the mandate, the Zionists have not yet set forth in satisfactory detail just what they expected the British to do. Were the British to impose by force upon the peaceful and unoffending people of Palestine the domination of Jews on the spot or to be imported? To make way for Jews expected from outside, were the important non-Jewish elements in Palestine's people to be forcibly uprooted from their place, deported, or otherwise disposed of? These questions are outlined by way of bringing again to American minds the salient features of the situation faced by the mandatories. There were other questions which caused the Britisher "furiously to think" before he had been long at the job. What was the Palestine which the Jews could claim as their national home? Was it the Canaan of the days of the Patriarchs, or as divided among the tribes? Would they at a pinch take in the dominions of David and Solomon, or stick to the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, or ask for the Palestine that was under Rome in the days of The Nazarene Who was slain, or be content with the Palestine which could be said to be under full governmental control of the Turk in 1914? It did not help the mandatory power in its difficulties that ever at its elbow stood its victorious friend, the Arab; and, behind the Arab, the whole Moslem world, on tiptoe.

How British Have Worked

THE course followed by the British in these circumstances is easily discernible in the lines which administration has taken, and the chief features of the policy, thus shown, may be enumerated very briefly: (1) Development of the country for the benefit of all the people in it or who may come to it—development in which full cognizance is taken of the fact that although the property has come under a new landlord, the tenants have not thereby been deprived of any of their rights; (2) Equality of treatment, civil and ecclesiastical, to all sections; (3) An open door to the Jews, every encouragement to them to come to the land of their fathers, protection for them against all enemies, a friendly support to them as a people who by their national vitality, their traditions, their enthusiasm in the founding of a national home, their racial persistence, and the powerful backing behind the movement they represent, must assuredly in due time become dominant in the land.

In giving to their mandate such an interpretation, the British have not satisfied the Jews. Wherein have they failed. What are the "guaranties of that fixed home" which, in the view of Zionists, must be "absolutely secured"? In short—What do the Jews want? To what intent are complaints that the British administration is "weak"? What is the full purpose of the charges that the Arabs are getting the benefit of the costly developments which the British are carrying out, rather than the Jews? The policy of development benefits the land as a whole, and if among others the Arabs in the country, who were there under the Turk, and remained there under the British, are receiving benefit rather than the Jews who won't come into it, whose is the failure? There has been grievous failure if the British were expected to drive out or kill off the inhabitants of Palestine to make room for the Jews. If it is weakness to decline to place a native people under the dominion of another people to be imported—if they will come—then the British have been weak. If the carrying out of their mandate involved the British in driving out by bullet and bayonet all non-Jewish people in Palestine, in setting up frontiers of a Jewish shrineland and holding these by force against all comers, then the British have failed to carry out their mandate.

Zionism on Trial

UNTIL the world knows just what, in the opinion of the Zionists, would be included in a satisfactory (to them) preparation of Palestine for the Jews as a national home, the world may not know just why Zionism, on its trial, has made such a poor showing. With Palestine thrown open to the Jews, have they flooded in? No; they have scarcely trickled. They represent a very grave disappointment, those few thousands of Jews who, under the Zionist impulse, have passed within the portals held open for them by the British. And the disappointment is as deep on the part of the British as in the ranks of the leading Zionists. The Zionist is not likely to admit, even to himself, that Zionism under the test has failed or can fail; consequently, he must explain otherwise the position as it now reveals itself to the world. In point of fact, an examination of the position seems to render pertinent the question—Have the Jews failed the British? Facing the duties of his mandate, a few years ago, the Britisher, recognizing the dangers of the path ahead of him, was frankly delighted that he could bring to the solution of the problem in Palestine such a powerful element as Jewish character plus the Zionist impulse. British faith in the Jew is the keynote of the policy followed in Palestine. There was no doubt whatever in the British mind that if the Zionist movement had the power claimed for it, if the Jews desired ardently in large numbers to return to Palestine and make of it their national home, the serious question of racial supremacy in that land would settle itself peacefully and inevitably within a few years, so powerful was Jewish nationality, so vital the Jew racially. It was all a question of numbers. The British—and the leading Zionists—expected such a rush as would soon place the Jews in Palestine in an indisputable and favored majority. The rush has not come. The British, without comment, are going ahead with their development work. They are astonished; they are disappointed; but it may not be correct to assume that Zionism has failed them altogether . . . . and, in any case, the work is to go on. There have been times of late, when the British would have appreciated greatly, we imagine, the help which a Jewish flood to Palestine would have afforded them. The sword of Islam has been flashing victoriously not far from that Palestine of the Zionist hopes. The Turks have defeated Greece in war and—some would add—the Allies in peace. Mohammedanism has surged with a sense of revival, and that surge has been not unfelt throughout Palestine, which the British are holding open in circumstances of increased difficulty for those thousands of Zionist enthusiasts who are staying away, and shouting from a distance—"Get us in, or get you out!" "We want guaranties of the absolute security of our national home first," the British are also told by the Zionists who find other lands than Palestine pretty comfortable, thank you. It is to be expected, then, that if the shouting continues, the Zionist will be asked to state openly if he really desires the British to smash the Moslem elements right out of Palestine. The American public, in view of the use of "United States opinion, which England respects," in furtherance of the Zionist aims, has an interest in the matter.

The "Powder Factory"

THE whole world knows what will follow any attempt either to crush the Moslems out of Palestine or to place them arbitrarily under any imported minority. It means war. No people knows that better than the responsible Zionists centered in London. *It may have been mere coincidence—the British are old at the game—but it is an interesting fact that Britain was careful to put leading Zionists into positions in which they would feel for themselves the full force of that Mohammedanism* which has become charged of late with the spirit of revival. Lord Reading, a Jew, felt its power as Viceroy of India. Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, was sent to take charge in Palestine. He has seen and experienced the conditions there. He knows what cannot be done. It was from a Zionist center enriched by the knowledge and experience of such men as these that there came the Israel Zangwill who said that "the Jews must forego their political hopes regarding Palestine rather than throw a match into such a powder factory as the world has become." Only one policy in Palestine would constitute the throwing of that match: the forcing out or subordination of the Moslems. Did the "Jewish political hopes regarding Palestine" embrace, after all, such a policy? Is that what they mean by "application of the mandate" and the "guaranties" of their national home?

Why Don't They Go to Zion?

THE British trusted to Zionism to "come into its own" if the door were only held open to it. That door is still wide open. Zionism is not crowding the portals. Can it possibly be, then, that there are Zionists who, sensing the failure of Zionism to place the Jews by peaceful means, by virtue of the inherent strength of the Zionist impulse, in the national home, do not scruple to urge a course that would involve war? Whether Zionism has been tested too soon, or too late, is of little moment to the Britisher who "put his money on the Jew," and whose view is simple. He sees no reason whatever for the Jews "foregoing their political hopes regarding Palestine as a national home." The land is open to them. If there is anything in Zionism they will come in sufficient numbers to make it their own in the only way permissible. If there is less in Zionism than he and other people thought, and the Jews won't come to the Palestine which he is developing for them, he can't help that, and all the worse for them, too, as the folks on the spot will become the more firmly rooted as the land is made more desirable. It is "up to" the Jews. To the contention that a resolution by the American Jewish Congress would do more than anything to make the Jewish National Home a fact, the unofficial Britisher will probably reply that there is one resolution which would do "even more than that"—a resolution by 100,000 real Jews, thorough Zionists, from anywhere at all, to pack their kits and come along at once and make Palestine their home. So far, he has not seen, in the Zionist movement, anything at all commensurate with the amount of trouble he has had over it.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

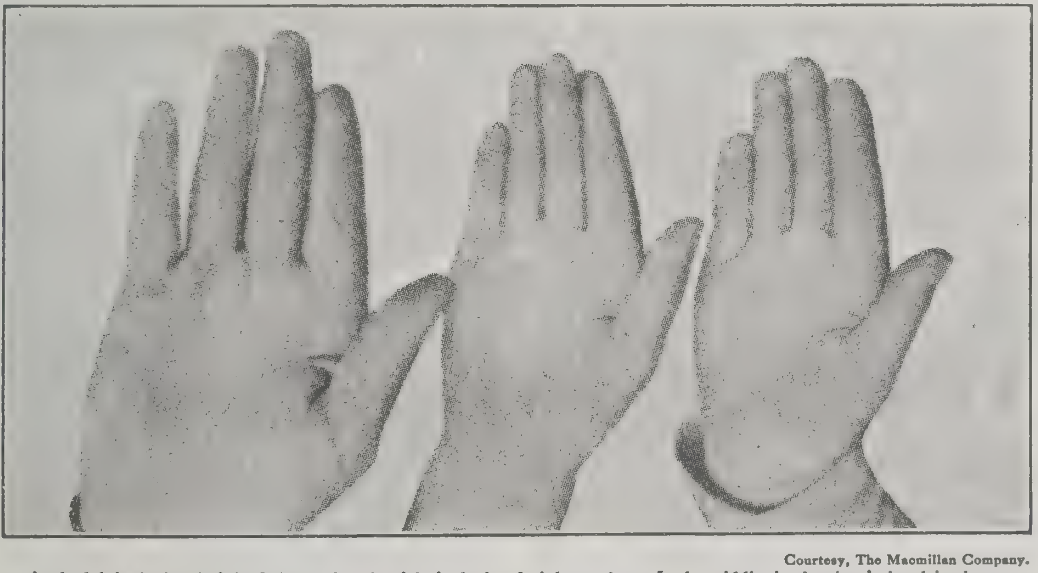
Protoplasm and Heredity

FROM a broad standpoint we may regard the entire universe as being alive. In a sense, the little atom throbs with life. Its constituent electrons whirl around in orbits in much the same manner that the earth and the other planets travel around the sun. The life of material particles, however, is limited to a definite mechanical routine. Changes in one material group occur automatically in response to changes in other groups, but the types of these changes can be predicted definitely if all the involved physical laws are known correctly. There is an ever-present dictum of *"must"* connected with the life of every purely material group. Wherever true life (in the usual sense of the word) is encountered, there we meet with the "unexpected" and for the word *"must"* we are constrained to substitute the word "may" as indicative of the presence of a certain amount of individual freedom.

A very excellent work entitled "Man—The Animal" has recently appeared from the pen of Dr. W. M. Smallwood, Professor of Comparative Anatomy in Syracuse University. We are in part indebted to this work for the facts here presented. Dr. Smallwood, in his discussion of the "biological unit" points out that the number of these units or cells in living organisms has no bearing on "their relative rank in the scale of life." The scientific name for "living substance" is *"protoplasm."* This substance invariably consists of two parts: (1) the *nucleus,* which is a central sac-like body; and (2) a larger surrounding substance which is called the *cytoplasm.* The starfish egg is of this structure, which is kept intact by an inclosing and protecting membrane.

In man we find cells or biological units of different types. Each typical cell is constructed in such a manner that it will best serve a definite purpose. In a bone cell, for example, the walls are comparatively very thick and the amount of the living protoplasmic mass is small. Other typical cells are found in such tissues as the glands, muscles, blood, nerves, and skin. The duty performed by the muscle cell consists in contracting and then expanding to an original normal length. The nerve cell performs the important duties of communication, synchronization, and control. They serve as bridges between various organic structures. The attenuated and very delicate fibers of the nerve cells connect one structure with another in much the same manner as the telephone wires in a city form a means of communication for the residents.

It is often claimed that one of the most important differences between the living and the non-living structure is that the living protoplasmic substance can actively respond to external agencies. Such external agencies are technically called *stimuli.* In our view of the world, non-living matter, however, is also capable of responding to changes in other matter groups. Therefore, the distinction can hardly be said to exist except in the degree of the freedom of the response. An important distinction, however, is that non-living substance can never produce from one of its units another that is its equivalent in all essential respects; whereas, living organic units can reproduce themselves. Other differences between living and non-living substances may readily be discerned when we study the laws which pertain to protoplasm.



Courtesy, The Macmillan Company.
At the left is the hand of the father and at the right is the hand of the mother. In the middle the daughter's hand is shown. The daughter inherited a short little finger from her mother. The comparatively long distance between the base of the thumb and the first finger in the father's hand was also inherited by the daughter.

The ten laws of living protoplasm may be stated as follows:

(1) Life cannot be generated except from living beings.

(2) Living cells of all kinds can be decomposed into chemical elements.

From this fact the materialistic scientist argues that life is nothing more than a special combination of chemical elements. Assuming this as a sound premise he believes that life can be manufactured in the chemical laboratory from the mere chemical elements. The first law of protoplasm flatly contradicts this conclusion. Life has never been produced from mere chemical combinations. What conclusion can safely be drawn from this apparent contradiction? The inevitable and easily found solution is that the *life essence* is liberated whenever the protoplasmic unit is decomposed into its chemical constituents. The real life unit eludes capture at the crucial moment of pure physical disintegration. This inference is borne out by the phenomenon of death in man. This greatest of all paradoxes substantiates immortality as a fact if we hold also, as we must, to the truth of the general law of conservation. If we suppose that the *life essence* is destroyed by the process of chemical disintegration, then we thereby deny the law of conservation which certainly must include that highest manifestation of being which is life. This view is no longer difficult to entertain because matter itself has been reduced to action centers, and the inorganic or so-called non-living world is merely a lowest degree of life functioning within a limited and predicatable field of action.

(3) A fragment of a living organism when removed from that structure may continue to function in its usual manner, but such a portion can never produce a replica of the original organism. A particular life type (man, animal or plant) does not reside in any one portion of the organic structure, but it pervades all its component parts.

(4) The size which a living body may attain is restricted within certain broadly defined upper and lower limits.

(5) The physical life period of an organism is limited and each type has a broadly defined limit.

(6) All living organisms are composed of one or more biological units called cells.

The problems of growth, disease, old age, and heredity are, therefore, problems of the life and functions of the cell units which constitute the living organism.

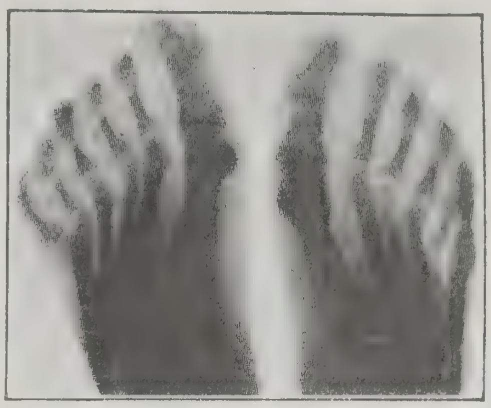
(7) A living organism grows by transforming materials unlike itself into substances which are of the same nature as its own.

(8) Protoplasm is capable of reacting to external stimuli, by appreciating its appropriateness for its own purposes, by transmitting a record of the effect of the stimulus to proper centers, and by transforming the effect of the stimulus into a suitable responsive movement.

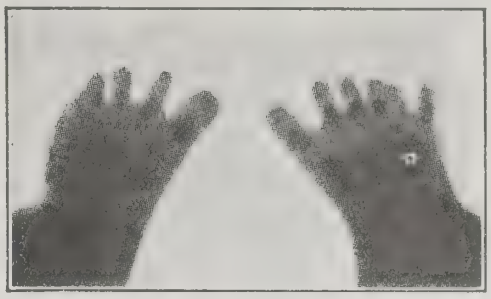
(9) Food is transformed chemically by the living organism into living protoplasm which furnishes energy to the structures as a result and in proportion to other subsequent changes in the protoplasmic substance which are accompanied by the production of waste products which are eliminated as undesirable to the organism.

(10) Dead organisms are disintegrated and converted into chemical substance.

Protoplasmic cells may be broadly divided into (1) *somatic cells* and (2) *germ* or *reproductive* cells. The *somatic cells* are engaged in the business of digestion, respiration, and responding to external stimuli. These cells compose the muscles, nerves and bones of man and animals; and the roots, branches and leaves of plants and trees. These cells are the mechanicians, engineers, and specialists of organized living systems. The *germ cells* are comparatively simple in structure. They do not take part in such routine work as the procuring and transforming of food, production of mechanical movements, and the building of tissues. The *germ cell* is inactive except when growing to replace liberated cells of their own type and during the cyclically recurring periods of reproduction. They are protected and nourished by the *somatic cells* and are safely housed in special organs. *They preserve their individuality and do not unite with other cells, whether of their own type or of the somatic variety.*



Courtesy, The Macmillan Company.
These X-ray photographs were taken by Dr. C. L. Potter, to ascertain if the daughter inherited the extra toes from her mother. Above—Feet of mother. Below—Feet of daughter. In the feet of the mother, the doubling of the toes is not the same on each foot. A comparison of the photographs of the daughter and mother shows that the daughter inherited the extra toe from her mother, but that the doubling in the mother's left is like the daughter's right foot and vice versa.



Courtesy, The Macmillan Company.
In the daughter's left foot, the bones of the fifth and sixth toes are doubled. In the right foot, however, this doubling extends only to the first two joints.

The nucleus of all cells contains a changing structure called the *chromatin* at one stage of its activity and *chromosomes* at another stage. The chromatin granules become altered in their appearance and take definite positions before a cell undergoes the process of division, but they remain the same individuals after the cell has broken down. Just before the process of *mitosis* by which the cells of animals and plants multiply, the chromatin granules, due to their modification, are known technically as *chromosomes.* The frog has fourteen, many snails have thirty-two, and for man the number is forty-eight. The *egg cell* and the *sperm cell* are, respectively, the reproductive cells of the female and the male. Although both types are composed of a nucleus and cytoplasmic substance, nevertheless, it must be admitted that they are not equivalent in many other respects.

Before fertilization takes place, both the egg and the sperm cells eliminate half of their chromosomes. Fertilization consists in the re-mating of the remaining egg and sperm chromosomes into a new single nucleus. Upon these chromosomes, therefore, rests the function of transmitting the parental or hereditary characteristics. The laws of heredity must therefore be sought in the nature of the parental chromosomes. In this fact is found the relation between protoplasm and heredity.

The sex of the offspring depends upon the number of sperm chromosomes transmitted and united with the mating egg chromosomes. A male child results from a union with twenty-three sperm chromosomes, whereas, a female child involves the presence of twenty-four sperm chromosomes. At the present time no definite facts are available by which this number can be predicted or its precise amount may be influenced.

Dr. Smallwood states that, "The fundamental question of human progress is intimately linked with this chance union of sperm and ovum. Even our limited knowledge of their behavior enables us to predict that there will always be a certain uniformity in the results. But within all this uniformity there exists sufficient possibilities for variation and for new combinations to explain the many differences which are common knowledge. This aspect of the law of biogenesis fixes the characteristics of man with steel-like bands from which he never escapes. He may rise above them or sink because of them. They may become his most priceless heritage or his greatest affliction. They cannot be ignored in this age and when understood solve much that is fundamental in his educational problems." Referring to "protoplasm" he states, "It is a part of the past influencing the activities of the present."

It is clear that the problem of heredity is intimately linked with the study of the chromosomes. With true scientific spirit, Dr. Smallwood admits that in considering the "how" of this question, "we pass into the realm of hypothesis."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Senator Curtis, of Kansas, never takes an elevator if he has time to climb the stairs. He says climbing stairs is the best "reducer" ever tried. During the past summer he lost twenty-five pounds by this practice.

At the time of the recent eclipse of the sun, September 10, along the southern coast of California, there were on the State Highway 140 miles of automobiles, packed closely together. The occupants were journeying from Los Angeles to San Diego and Tia Juana, Mexico, to see the total eclipse. Traffic moved at six miles an hour and 1,000 arrests were made for cutting out of line and endangering others on the Torry Pines Grade, just out of San Diego. Gasoline stations were drained early in the day and fuel was sold for forty cents a gallon instead of fifteen cents.

In France, medical tests are necessary before a driver of a motor car is given a license.

Eskimos in the Canadian Northwest have asked the Anglican Church to send missionaries to offset the demoralizing influence of vicious whites.

The Bureau of Jewish Research reports that the United States now leads the world in Jewish population. New York has more than five times as many Jews as Vienna or Warsaw.

J. T. Krause, of San Jose, California, in 1910, planted two Concord grapevines in his yard. Today they cover an arbor of about 5,000 square feet, besides climbing over a tank house and tank, an elevation of thirty-five feet. The vines are planted thirty feet apart and have produced more than a ton of grapes for the last four years. They measure twenty and twenty-one inches in circumference at the base.

Dr. Charles H. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, says, "It can almost be said with certainty that the average man can live five years longer than he does now. If he would present himself at every birthday for a thorough medical and dental inspection after he reaches the age of forty, he could maintain a state of health that would defy the incursions of disease bacteria. Dilations of the heart, distortion of different organs, cancers, tumors, and so on, can be nipped in the bud. There is too great a tendency to think that people past the age of sixty merely vegetate, waiting for death. Some way will be found to keep them vigorous."

Since the Prohibition law went into effect January 16, 1920, more than 90,000 cases have been terminated, of which there were 72 489 convictions. Fines totaling more than $12,367,660 have been assessed in criminal cases alone. Jail sentences for the past twenty-three months of national prohibition total more than 3,000 years.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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The extra $222,000,000 which the present sugar gouge is costing the American people is a sufficient sum with which to erect nearly 200 one-thousand-ton beet sugar factories with a producing capacity of 2,000,000 tons of sugar a year. Not only would this insure the American people against future sugar gouges, but under normal conditions of six-cent sugar and six-dollar beets the 17,000,000 tons of beets required to make this 2,000,000 tons of sugar would annually turn $102,000 000 into the pockets of American farmers instead of its going to the exploiters who never miss an opportunity of gouging the American people. Down on Wall Street are located the spacious offices of the little clique of sugar refiners which fixes the price that 115 millions of people must pay for a staple food article.

Rudolph Helferding, the new German Finance Minister, is a Jew. Dr. Streeseman, the German Chancellor, is married to a Jewess.

"Every project of reform has to pass through four stages. The first stage is that of 'Pooh, pooh!' The second—when vested interests begin to be attacked—is 'No, no!' The third, as the corporate ideal begins to gleam before the common eye, is, 'Well, well!' And the fourth and final stage is that of 'Yes, yes!'—to which most people add that they thought so all the time."—*Scottish paper.*

Skeletons of human beings buried for a period estimated to be between 7,000 and 10,000 years were recently uncovered at Point Magu, Ventura County, California, by a representative of the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, D. C.

A schooner tied to a dock at South Amboy, New Jersey, recently was being loaded with powder from railroad cars when a fire started on board ship. The flames spread to the powder and caused an explosion. The freight cars on the siding were set on fire and the glare of the flames attracted hundreds of motorists who headed in that direction. A dozen automobiles became jammed into a passageway beneath the railroad tracks. More freight cars of powder exploded, killing three of the trapped motorists and seriously injuring about twenty others. This is a result of the habit of running to fires.

An electric voting machine is used in the state legislature of Iowa. It has proved to be a time-saving device, enabling more legislation to be passed in a given time than formerly under the old system of voting.

A United States Navy airplane pilot, operating a Curtiss navy biplane, in preparation for the airplane races at St. Louis, recently established a new world's speed record of 245 miles an hour. The previous speed record was held by a lieutenant of the United States Marine Corps, with 238 miles an hour.

A Los Angeles judge allowed a husband, who was ill and unable to work, five dollars a week alimony from his wife's salary of a hundred and forty dollars a month, pending permanent disposition of the case.

Bookkeepers in India receive but $20 a month.

"Mike de Pike" Heitler, of Chicago, jaunty, dapper and well-dressed, says: "Sure, I sold a lot of whisky, but who sold it to me, and where are the guys that bought it? The law says they are as guilty as I am. I don't know to this day where the last lot came from, but the Federal Government knows and the owners of that distillery are still out in the free. It's as easy as eating a poached egg to stop it all. If the Federal Government would only put the screws on the places where it leaks out, and then check up on practically ninety per cent of the Federal agents who are getting their palms greased to the extent of millions a year, there would not be anything for the local police to do but pinch stickups and stop speeders. Hadn't I ought to know?"

The Australian tomato weevil is a new undesirable immigrant that has been discovered in the South. Agricultural experts fear it may become of great importance if measures for its suppression are not taken at once.

MEETING THE "FACT" SHORTAGE

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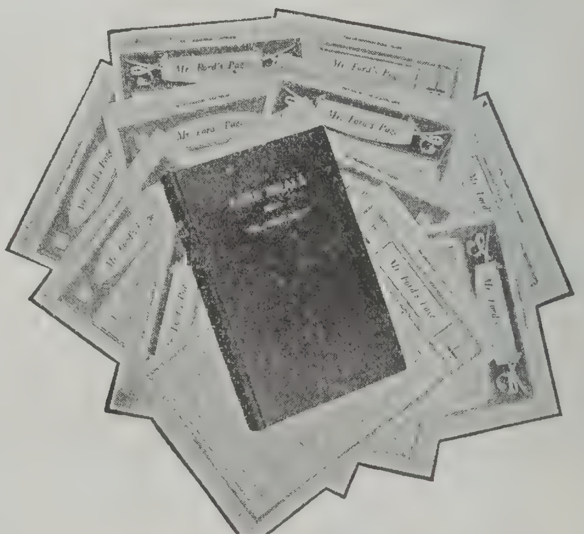

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A Matter of Twenty Billions

What of Palestine's Future?

Commercialize Ghetto Gangs

With Lincoln at Gettysburg

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Old South Meetinghouse: "Sanctuary of Freedom"

City Clamors Incessantly About It But Within Stillness Is Almost Uncanny

By MAY B. WHITING

THERE is a silence, a sort of awesome hush, about the Old South Meetinghouse. From the department stores on one side and the newspaper offices on the other, the city clamors incessantly about it, but in the shadow of its spire the noises seem less strident and voices take on a softer tone. Within its walls the stillness is almost uncanny, as if a little of the tenseness of its great moments remained vaguely to thrill the visitor. And yet Burke and Chatham, in the English Parliament, described a scene of turmoil by calling it "as hot as the Old South Church in Boston."

The Old South was organized because of a disagreement over the burning question of the hour—who was entitled to the rites of baptism. There was a tendency to a more liberal extension of the privilege, and when Madam Norton, widow of the pastor of First Church, gave her garden to the dissentors, there was keen criticism of her forwardness. But in spite of fears lest its principles "harm the public peace," in 1669 the meetinghouse, "a small building of cedar," was erected.

Chief Justice Samuel Sewall was a prominent member of the congregation. For twenty-four years he was Precentor, "lining off the hymns," and he feelingly describes the trials of his office. "I set York tune," he writes, "and the congregation went out of it and into St. David's in the very second going over." It was here that he stood with bowed head while the minister read his confession of error in the witchcraft delusion. When Andros determined to set up the Anglican form of worship in Boston, he seized the keys of the Old South and there established the new society. Judge Sewall, in his diary, gives a picturesque account of the funeral of Lady Andros, the turmoil in the streets, the torches lighting the murky air of February, the crowd within the church, and the difficulty of keeping them quiet.

In 1729 the cedar meetinghouse was torn down and the present structure erected. A few years later came the first of its great moments of silent waiting, broken with true dramatic climax. D'Anville's fleet was on its way from France to destroy New England. The Old South held a day of fasting and, in the hush that followed the prayer of Dr. Prince, a gust of wind shook the windows and the tower so that it tolled the bell. That very gale was the destruction of the French fleet and New England was safe.

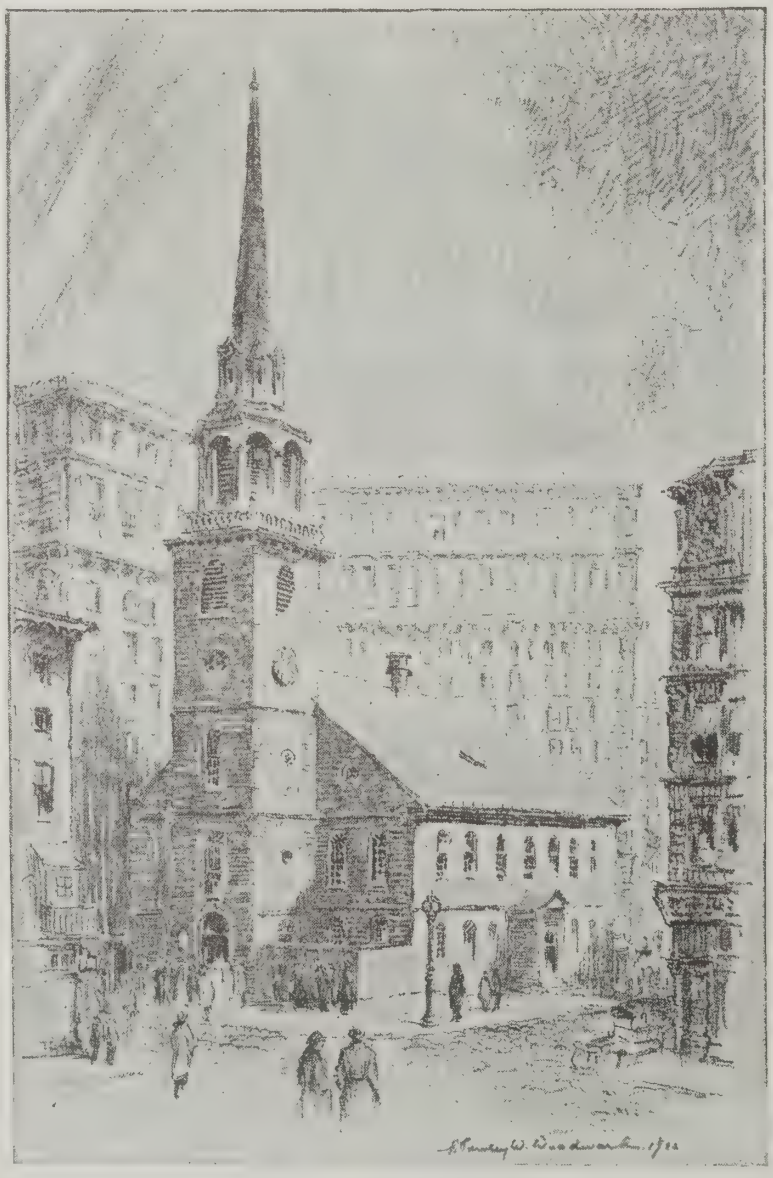
But before long a greater danger threatened, and the Old South became the scene of town meetings so large that Faneuil Hall could not accommodate them. The first recorded one was in 1768 when the battleship *Romney* sailed into Boston Harbor and impressed two men. Governor Bernard did not dare to resist the will of the Old South and induced Captain Corner to make public declaration that he would impress no more men of Massachusetts although he had sworn that he "would make their heart ache" before he left.

Early in March, 1770, occurred the Boston Massacre, the first serious clash between the soldiers and the citizens. The next morning a committee waited on the governor to demand withdrawal of the troops, and in the afternoon the people assembled in the Old South Meetinghouse to learn his answer. The crowd filled the building and Washington street as far back as the Old State House, and they were still pouring in from the neighboring towns. At last there was a murmur, "Make way for the Committee," and Samuel Adams appeared with the message that the governor had refused, although Colonel Dalrymple offered to withdraw one of the regiments to the castle.

In the solemn hush that followed his announcement the moderator put the question: "Is that satisfactory?" and the walls trembled with the "No" that was the answer. Adams was once more dispatched to the Council Chamber of the State House. It was dark when he returned to the assembly still waiting in the church. The governor, overawed by the determined manner of "the great incendiary," had yielded, and Lord North always afterward referred to those troops as "Sam Adams' regiments."

No meeting in the Old South Church was of greater moment than the one on the eve of the Tea Party. For nineteen days the *Dartmouth*, with tea on board, had lain at anchor beside Griffin's wharf. On the twentieth she would be subject to seizure. Couriers had gone through all the neighboring towns to give warning of a call to arms in case there was any attempt to land the tea by force. On the morning of the twentieth a committee accompanied Mr. Rotch, the owner of the vessel, to the collector of customs, to see that he demand a letter of clearance for his ship. Rotch stated that he was compelled to make the request by "a body of men sitting in the Old South Meetinghouse," and the letter was not granted. But Rotch's reluctance did him no good, for he was sent in all haste to the governor, who had withdrawn to Milton and the meeting in the Old South adjourned until three in the afternoon.

By five he had not returned. Candles were lighted and in their flickering light Adams and the younger Quincy by turns addressed the assembly. At length Rotch appeared. The governor had not issued the pass. For a moment there was absolute silence in the church, broken by the solemn words of Adams, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Then a war whoop sounded at the meetinghouse door, echoed by one in the gallery, and those pouring out of the church saw a band in Indian garb making for Griffin's wharf. By dawn the *Dartmouth's* load of tea was strewn on Boston harbor.



The Old South Meetinghouse.

The anniversary of the Boston Massacre was always commemorated in the Old South by a patriotic address. The March following the tea party, when Boston was closed by the Port Bill, the youthful Hancock was the orator. The following year, when friction was even greater, and the British officers declared that it would be worth any man's life to speak of that event in public, Warren offered himself for the post of danger. The church was crowded to overflowing. The pulpit was draped in black, and in it sat Adams, Hancock, and the selectmen. British soldiers in bright uniforms crowded the aisles, and the moderator gave up his seat and requested those in the front pews to vacate theirs. About forty officers came forward and sat in the seats and on the pulpit stairs.

The hour for the oration came and there was no speaker. The audience was becoming uneasy when a window back of the pulpit opened and Warren appeared. Fearing lest his arrival in the crowded church be the signal for a tumult, he had secured a ladder and taken his enemies by surprise. Never was there a more oppressive silence than that in which he made his entrance. As one member of the assembly wrote, "Each man felt the palpitation of his own heart and saw the pale but determined face of his neighbor." Yet Warren gave his oration without serious interruption. At one point an officer sitting below him on the platform held up his hand with several bullets in the open palm. Warren dropped a white handkerchief over them and continued his discourse without pausing.

Only a few months after his memorable oration, Joseph Warren lost his life at Bunker Hill and Boston was in a state of siege. Then the British wreaked their vengeance on the edifice which had so often been the scene of their humiliation. By Burgoyne's command the pews were taken out and either burned or used as troughs to feed hogs, and the parsonage, which had been the original mansion house of Governor Winthrop, was destroyed. About a foot of earth was spread on the floor, a leaping bar was set up, refreshments were served in the gallery, and the Old South became a riding school for the Queen's Light Dragoons to practice their horsemanship. In winter, the fire in the stove was kindled by the pages of Dr. Prince's New England Library, which was kept in the "steeple-room."

Many were the protests against this defiling of the sanctuary. One old lady used to pause daily by its door and call upon the spirit of old Dr. Sewall to arise and avenge his meetinghouse. One night a Scotchman on guard thought that he actually did see the ghost of that departed worthy, and his screams of terror aroused even the sentry at the Province House. He was really ill with fear and nothing would pacify him until, being asked how the spirit was dressed, he replied in long cloak and wig, and he was assured that the Puritanical Sewall had always refused that latter adornment. Some soldier, on the expedition to Lexington, had rifled the clergyman's wardrobe, and played a joke, that came near having a serious ending, on his superstitious comrade.

When the British evacuated Boston in March, 1776, and Washington entered the city, the first place he visited was the Old South Meetinghouse. "Strange," he murmured, as he looked down from the gallery at the willful mutilation of the interior, "that the British who so venerate their own churches should have so desecrated ours."

But in the days of national prosperity a desolation greater than that wrought by alien hands threatened the Old South. In 1876 the owners offered the building for sale as brick and mortar. Indignation flared up, and twenty-five women of Boston banded themselves into a "preservation committee." Possession was purchased for seven days, the old edifice was decked with flags, and once more it echoed to patriotic words, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and others contributing poems and addresses. The leading spirit in the great enterprise was Mary Hemenway, who herself contributed $100,000 of the necessary funds.

Every year, in the summer or autumn, a course of lectures is given to young people of high school age, and subjects for essay competitions are announced, the winners of which are named at the Washington's birthday meeting. Twice a year a "children's hour" is given for younger pupils. One of the most important branches of the work is the publication of the Old South leaflets, which are reprints of the sources of history. The issues vary in scope from Columbus's letter to Sanchez, to Governor Hutchinson's account of the Boston Tea Party. No other building has been so closely associated with the forming of the nation, and it has richly earned its title, "The Sanctuary of Freedom."

We Visit the Poet Laureate of England

A Night at Chilswell: Poet Plays Solitaire, Smokes His Pipe and Discusses Poetry

By GEORGIA JACKSON SCOTT

Robert Bridges has been asked to fill the chair of Creative Art at the University of Michigan for the year 1923-1924, and expects to sail for America in December.

And country life I praise
And lead, because I find
The philosophic mind
Can take no middle ways;
She will not leave her love
To mix with men, her art
Is all to strive above
The crowd, or stand apart.

IT IS not every day that vagrant Americans may visit the Poet Laureate of England, so we were pleased with our invitation to spend a night at Chilswell, the country home of the Bridges family. It lies on Boars Hill, a few miles out of Oxford. We climbed trustingly upon a bus said to run to Boars Hill, and so it did, to be sure, but we learned when we were well under way that it had the disconcerting habit of turning some two miles from our destination and going off in another direction. So presently we found ourselves stranded at a crossroads with no friend in sight but the little white signpost, and with a heavy suitcase on our hands. The country around was beautiful, as only English country can be beautiful, with its rolling pastures, its hedges and trees in clusters, all miraculously sunny and still. At any other time we should have welcomed the prospect of walking the two miles, but our joy was tempered by the thought of our burden. As desperate situations require desperate courage, we commandeered an automobile that was headed for Oxford, induced the kind young man at the rudder to turn about, take us aboard, and drive us through the tree-fringed roads up the hill to Chilswell. We passed the gate, drove through a bordering grove, and around a corner suddenly came upon an opening. There, beyond a graveled approach, lay a plain-faced stucco house sleeping in its gardens.

Our knocking was answered by a maid, who let us into a wide, long hall, which sounded the keynote of the whole dwelling —light, free spaciousness. She led us to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Bridges came forward to greet us—a smiling gray-haired woman in a dark blue silk dress and a garden hat. She had obviously just come through a French window. She is an active, friendly, gentle-mannered lady, and her greatest charm is a smile of such sunniness that one feels instantly it is an index to a character both beautiful and good. It is supposed to be hard to live with a poet, but no traces justifying the tradition are to be found in this gracious woman. She has a delicate and delightful humor, and a lovely half-diffident air of taking you immediately into her confidence, though, of course, since she is an Englishwoman, you know perfectly well she does nothing of the kind.

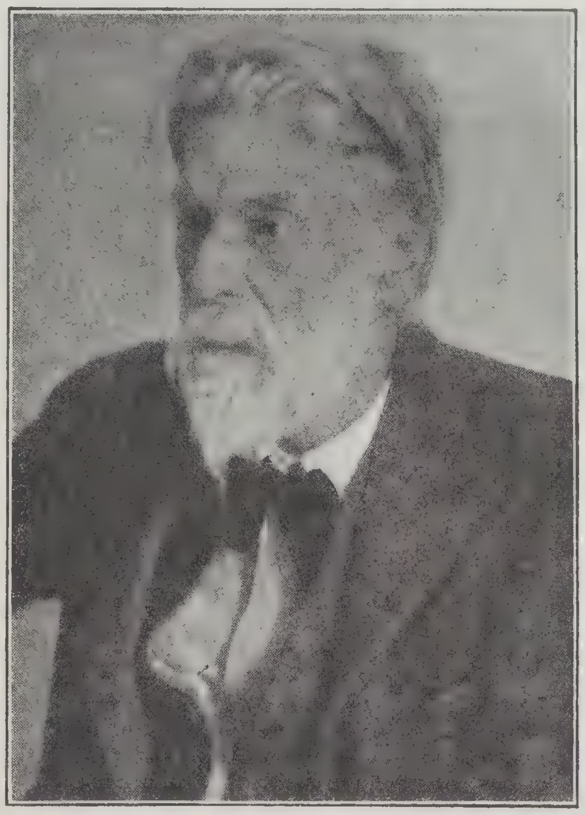
The drawing-room was a comfortable apartment with a log fire burning in the large fireplace, and with cheerful chintz-covered armchairs and sofas. All one side was given over to windows opening on the garden, where one could look across nasturtium beds to a lawn, trees, and, in the long distance, blue hills. On another side there was a French window leading to a veranda.

The table was set for tea, and almost at once the daughter of the house came in. At first I took her for a college girl, but she assured me later, laughingly, that she was past college age. In through the French window appeared the poet himself.

Mr. Bridges is a picturesque figure, wiry, towering, and vigorous, with thick, iron-gray hair and a gray pointed beard. He was dressed in a lounging suit, very careless and comfortable, with a gay tie, gaily tied. His dark eyes are full of fire, and he fixes his interlocutor with the steady gleam of the Ancient Mariner. He greeted us with a fine cordiality, his deep voice booming kindliness. In speech he is abrupt, humorous, despotic. When he is talking of subjects in which he is interested, he is all enthusiasm, speaking rapidly and well, though caught up short now and then with a momentary stutter, which does not in the least detract from the effectiveness of his speech.

Miss Bridges served tea in blue and white cups. It was real English tea; one learns to expect a strong cup, and most persons here take milk and sugar. Cream is seldom seen in London save at the more expensive restaurants, but here we were in the country, and Miss Bridges put whipped cream in our tea, and gave us graham bread sliced very thin and buttered, currant cake, and small cakes.

After tea Dr. Bridges took us out to the garden, and up a walk to a point where could be seen the best view of the surrounding country. Far away, perhaps twenty miles, stretched the Chiltern Hills, on one of which we could faintly see the white cross said to have been cut in the turf to celebrate some Christian victory over the Danes. Down in the valley to the left lay Oxford—



ROBERT BRIDGES

The lovely city, thronging tower and spire,
The mind of the wide landscape, dreaming deep,
Gray-silvery in the vale; a shrine where keep
Memorial hopes their pale celestial fire:
Like man's immortal conscience of desire,
The spirit that watcheth in me ev'n in my sleep.

Far to the right was a group of the red brick houses so often found in English towns, which make such a pleasant picture in their setting of trees and hedges. On closer acquaintance they often prove to be row on row precisely alike, two stories high, and all with their gardens and their little chimney pots. Mr. Bridges pointed out, also to the right, the place where runs

The silver Thames,
Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine;
And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems
Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.
Straight trees in every place
Their thick tops interlace,
And pendant branches trail their foilage fine
Upon his watery face.

We went through the rock garden, a pleasant maze, shoulder high, cut in winding paths with walls built up on either side of gray rocks placed, so Mr. Bridges told us, with his own hands. In the interstices of the rocks and overgrowing the stones themselves were the vines of pinks and phlox, rambler roses, and tiny trees and shrubs. "Children like to play here," commented the poet.

As we approached the house, Mr. Bridges drew out a pipe and excused himself to go in quest of tobacco. We strolled down a walk lined on each side with small cypress trees, which led to the kitchen garden; here were more flowers; snapdragons, lavender, sweet peas, roses, and some whose names I did not know. The walk ended in a curved white seat, set in a screen of clipped yew that circled it on three sides. "That yew," explained Mr. Bridges, who had rejoined us, "I planted only fifteen years ago, and already it looks as if it had grown there for a hundred years." On this side of the house stood a white windmill, idle. "That gives us all our water supply," he said. "It has done its work for today."

Mrs. Bridges came down the path, and she and I left the men, and went for a stroll and a chat along the garden walks. I had noticed some buildings at the far end of the kitchen garden. As we approached them, Mrs. Bridges asked, "Would you like to see the aristocrats?" I looked into one of the pens. There were four half-grown pigs, all black. Why should a poet not have pigs? Poetry must not altogether lose contact with reality, and what fitter symbol is there of the material world than a pig? "Excellent!" I thought to myself, and asked, "Are they named?" "No," she replied, "they have to be killed, you see, so we don't make too much of them. But here," she added with a gay little flourish, "here is Mamma." Mamma, a great black sow, lay stretched at full length, taking her ease. She declined to pay any heed whatever to her admirers.

Presently we all went back to the house and visited the poet's study. It occupies what is practically a house all by itself, connected with the domicile proper by a long corridor all glass on the garden side. It is one great room, full of books and tables and easy chairs, and of course there is a large fireplace. Remote from the daily business of the home, its windows looking out on loveliness, it is a scholar's heaven.

When we returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Bridges gently sent the poet to his study "to work for an hour before dinner," explaining that he had agreed to do some work that must be finished as soon as possible. "I usually work four hours every morning," the poet told us, "and that is about all I can do in a day, unless I have something urgent in hand."

We were shown to our room. Up the stairs we were led, into another spacious hall, and found our room a large one at the front of the house, each of its windows looking out into the grove. Jock, a little gray Scotch terrier, was patrolling the drive before the house with an important air, occasionally bursting into rapturous barks and running madly about, pretending to himself, no doubt, Mrs. Bridges suggested, that he saw a rabbit.

Dinner was served in a handsome dark dining room. There was white wine, of which we, being thirsty Americans, partook, but I noticed that none of the Bridges family took any. Among the topics that came up at table was American poetry, and while Mr. Bridges disclaimed intimate knowledge of our contemporaries, he seemed to know a great deal about them. He spoke favorably of Robinson, Frost, and Lindsay. Emerson he mentioned with some intensity. He did not like Emerson's poetry. I remember someone said that there were nevertheless some great passages in it. Mr. Bridges being obviously dammed up by that comment, I said, "He certainly did not have a strong poetic sense." "None at all," Mr. Bridges burst out with vehement gratitude. "I think people like his poems because now and then he happens to strike on some idea they admire or some thought they have had—they like to find that thought and they don't stop to ask if the expression of it is really poetry." Such judgments are characteristic of his discourse, but, as one admirer of his put it, "If you don't have convictions when you are seventy-nine, when will you have them?"

After dinner, coffee was served in the drawing-room. The ladies took some sewing, and the talk was varied and general. The room was lighted with oil lamps. Miss Bridges, who is a pleasantly cynical-minded young person with the full family quota of humor, asked many questions about America. None of the family has yet ventured across the Atlantic, but their attitude is of the friendliest, and if they have prejudices of one sort or another, as is the case with most English people, we were not permitted to feel them. If Dr. Bridges accepts the invitation extended to him to spend a year at the University of Michigan, which seems very likely, it is fortunate that Ann Arbor's green quietness will be his abiding place.

The poet got out a table and began to play solitaire as he talked, apparently without any difficulty in attending to both occupations, for he talked about books, writers, poets, language, and words. He is especially interested in movements for keeping the English language uncontaminated, and is an active member in and edits the publications of the Society for Pure English. In fact, his scholarly interests are quite as near his heart as is poetry.

At bedtime, tea and hot milk were brought in, and then we were given a candle to light us up the stairs. Presently a tap at the door announced that a bath was ready. Although the country home uses oil lamps and candles and has no telephone (Mr. Bridges does not like the telephone), it has a well-equipped, modern bathroom.

In the morning about half-past seven, following a tap at the door, a maid came in with a cup of tea for each of us, opened the curtains, brought in the inevitable English can of hot

(Concluded on page 14)

Just a Little Matter of Twenty Billions

That's the Difference Between Extremes of Opinion as to What All the Railroads Are Worth, Which the Government Is Trying to Establish

By ROBERT KENTON

Railroad valuation may be one of the big issues in next year's national campaign. On it depends practically every proposed solution of the railroad problem. For nearly eleven years the government has been trying to fix it. The complications are many and involved. How would you find the value of these immense properties? There are numerous ways by which it might be done, but each of them is disputed by some of the several schools of thought taking part in the discussion. This article tells of them, and of the progress of the work to date, leaving you to decide which school of thought is right.

"YOU can't unscramble eggs," a big financier once declared with reference to disentangling the inner affairs of great railroad or industrial groups.

For a period approaching eleven years, the Federal Government has been trying to prove that the statement is not true insofar as it relates to the railroads. In endeavoring to establish the real value of all the railroads in the United States, Uncle Sam has been wrestling with the biggest job of at least theoretical "unscrambling" ever attempted anywhere.

How is the job coming along? The task is such a complicated one that no one exactly can tell—in fact, it is so terribly mixed up that virtually no one has attempted to tell fully just how it is succeeding, or the contrary. However, it is one of the most important tasks which the government is performing; for this work lies at the very basis of any possible equitable straightening out of the railroad problem.

The job has to do chiefly with values, but the work involves many other things; for example, the elucidation in full detail of the histories and the finances of each and all the railroads in the country. Several railroads are now nearly one hundred years old. Some are owned by corporations that were evolved out of from one to three hundred prior corporations, many of these with their records having long ago passed entirely out of existence. In the building, operation and consolidation of railroad properties a thousand different kinds of promotion and "financing" were employed. Until recent years there was no requirement that a uniform system of account-keeping be used. Many properties have changed hands numerous times. However, out of the musty records of the past the government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, has dug the most gigantic volume of data that probably was ever collected on any other single subject. The data still are incomplete for all purposes in the minds of those who have gathered them.

For instance, the first purpose aimed at is the establishment of "original cost to date" of the railroads, which, in despite of the fact that the law calls for it, the Interstate Commerce Commission holds to be virtually impossible.

May Take Another Decade

CONGRESS didn't tell the Interstate Commerce Commission to get busy and find what the railroads are worth. Two or three experts probably could determine that in a few months' time. Instead of saying, "Find out what they are worth," Congress directed that different elements or aspects of value be ferreted out and reported on separately. Hence the work has spread through a decade and may go through another before it is finished, even if as carried on, it is ever fully completed.

The commission is expected to report for each railroad property its original cost to date, the cost of its reproduction new; its cost of reproduction new, less depreciation; the original cost and prevailing value of land owned or used and "other values or elements of value, if any," together with general finance and organization histories, and incidental matters that need not be gone into here.

On the job something like 1,200 accountants, engineers and lawyers have been employed by the government, which has spent on the undertaking to date about $25,000,000. The railroads, which are required to render any assistance required of them, have spent upon it nearly $75,000,000.

Yet the real value of no single property has yet been established, and probably won't be established for several years to come. Figures galore have been put forth, but all admittedly are incomplete insofar as the finding of present exact value is concerned. And even after all the figures are set forth, the courts very likely will have to say how they shall be interpreted. Ultimate Supreme Court rulings on the mere meaning of words and phrases may cause final figures to be changed in amounts covering billions of dollars.

To illustrate: What is "original cost to date?" Offhand you would say that it is the amount of money which has been invested in the properties. But suppose much of the money was wasted, or stolen? Should that be accounted as "original cost"? Suppose, too, as actually is the case, that much of it wasn't money at all, but only sheets of paper—stock—that represented no investment except the cost of printing it? Should that rank as cost? Suppose, too, that much that was invested came from the public in the form of earnings, being the capitalization of surplus. Should that be calculated as original cost?

There are varying opinions as to the correct answers.

When and however arrived at should "original cost" measure or be the leading factor in measuring present value? You must not forget that when many dollars were put into "original cost" they were worth much more than dollars are now. Should allowance be made for this? There is quite a difference of opinion here.

If you don't accept "original cost" as the basis of present value, you must then look to the "cost of reproduction." How would you arrive at that? Would you estimate it at what the various things—roadbed, rails, locomotives, cars, land—cost when actually acquired, or would you estimate it at what they would cost if bought now? Here arises, too, the difficult problem of appreciation and depreciation and of "unearned increment."

Railroad land, for example, as a rule, would be of little use for other purposes if abandoned; there are exceptions, as in the case of terminal property. Much land was given to the railroads. How would you value their land now—at what it would cost if newly acquired, at what it actually did cost, at what it would be worth if abandoned for railroad purposes, or at the average value of adjacent land? There are vast differences of opinion here.

And what would you do as to "other values and elements of value"? Goodwill sometimes is a concern's chief asset, a successful going concern is invariably worth more in the market than anyone would pay for its physical property. In the case of the railroads would you allow anything for this, or deduct anything, where, as in some cases it is true, no one would pay more for the property than its worth as scrap?

As to these problems, there are two main schools of thought. One adheres to what is known as the "bone value" theory. It would allow substantially for nothing except the money which was "prudently" invested in railroad property as it exists now. This school would find when the various parts were acquired; then it would allow for them only what a prudent person would have spent on them at the time. The application of this theory would result in all the railroads being valued at probably less than $10,000,000,000.

The other school says that the value should be based substantially on what it would cost to replace the railroads now. This would result in the final total value of all the railroads being fixed at from $30,000,000,000 to $35,000,000,000.

There are several intermediary schools of thought. Among the owners of the railroads, for example, there are many persons who say that physical property has very little to do with it. They would predicate values on earnings, actual or potential. That is to say, if a road which cost $20,000,000 can earn on only $5,000,000 the latter should be fixed as its value. But if a road, wisely constructed and managed, should earn via reasonable rates on twice what it cost to construct it, it would be accordingly so valued.

Halfway Course Steered

THEN there are others who say that the value of the roads should be judged by the market prices of their securities. This for all the railroads is now estimated to be from thirteen to fifteen billions of dollars. This, however, is given very little weight in the fixing of values by the Interstate Commerce Commission, for it is held that the market prices of these securities are governed largely by what the government does with reference to rates and other matters affecting the railroads.

In fact, the commission seems to be pursuing a course midway between all extremes of thought.

It calculates cost of reproduction new, for example, by the reasonable investment theory. It makes an inventory of the physical property. Then an engineer imagines that it doesn't exist. Then he calculates what it would cost, if reasonably good judgment and management are exercised, to bring those parts together newly; and this is found to be the cost of reproduction new.

Actual findings, however, are as of June 30, 1914. Subsequent investments must be added and deductions also made for property that has since been retired. Whether anything will be added to the basic figures on account of the change in prices since June 30, 1914, has not yet been decided.

Land is valued at the average of adjacent lands.

Then a deduction is made for depreciation in roadbed and equipment. The rule of accrued or theoretical depreciation is applied. That is, if a crosstie with a prospective life of ten years is five years old, one-half of its value is deducted on the score of depreciation. The railroads dispute this policy. They claim that if a property is properly kept up it doesn't depreciate but on the contrary appreciates in value. They would allow only for actual depreciation, such as results from neglect or deferred maintenance. Three to five billion dollars are involved in this dispute alone.

After findings are made on separate aspects of value, the commission makes a finding of single-sum value for each property. This is not put forth as the real or present value. It is "for rate-making purposes only." And to date each of these findings is of June 30, 1914, and must be brought up to the present before it can be used.

What does the commission give chief consideration to in making these "final" or single-sum findings of value? Nobody knows. There have been several guesses but none of them holds true in all cases.

Generally, however, they approximate what the commission found to be the cost of reproduction new, less depreciation, with the present value of land added, and about five per cent added to that total, ostensibly for "other values and elements of value." In its orders stating single-sum values the commission declares that everything has been given consideration. But in none of its findings does it state what degree of consideration is given to any one thing. This is called the no-formula, "judgment" process of finding value. It is disputed on all hands outside of the commission. For, it is claimed that the values thus arrived at will be the mere "opinions" of different individuals; that these vary considerably as to different properties and with the changing personnel of the commission. One critic who has given much study to the subject says the values thus stated are "expert guesses—no more, no less." This and other methods used are disputed even by minority members of the commission. The whole matter probably will have to go to the courts before it is settled who is right.

Twenty Billions Involved

HOW the majority findings of the commission work in practice may be shown in two cases that have been reported on "finally" as of June 30, 1914.

One is a successful Western railroad, 988 miles long. Its total capitalization is $81,274,000. Its books indicate an investment of $76,381,598. The commission, however, held that the investment could not have been more than $43,180,160. It disallowed entirely one item of $25,000,000 covering capital stock which the commission held "represents no actual investment in property." The cost of reproduction new was found to be $43,153,118; less depreciation, it was $35,744,594; the present value of lands was found to be $4,156,227.

The commission allowed a single-sum or total value of $45,000,000, or about $45,500 a mile for the property.

The owners claimed that on an earning as well as an investment basis, the property was worth not less than $70,000,000. One commissioner, himself an experienced railroad man, agreed with them.

The other property is in the South. Its capitalization is $59,600,000. The commission found that the original cost to date of road and equipment could not have been more than $27,540,647. It gives the present value of land as $2,613,810. The cost of reproduction new is $26,000,000; less depreciation, it is $21,228 752.

The single-sum value fixed for that road is $23,245,000 or about $37,300 a mile.

The first road as stated is quite successful. The last road is almost a total failure; it probably could be bought tomorrow for considerably less than $10,000,000. Yet when these findings come to be applied rates will be based on more than twice the amount. The commissioner who would have allowed $70,000,000 for the first road would have cut the value of the latter to less than $10,000,000.

About 400 out of a total of around 1,800 properties have been reported on "tentatively." That is to say, the commission puts out a brief finding. Then all persons interested may be heard as to whether changes should be made in the "final" finding. Many hearings have been held but only a few subsequent reports have been made. A hundred or more first reports have become final through default or agreement. Only about one-fourth of the railway mileage has been reported on at all. None of the giant systems has yet been valued.

Those reports that have been made allow values averaging about $40,000 a mile for railroad properties. This, don't forget, is of June 30, 1914, and "for rate-making purposes only." The commission indicates that other values may be fixed for other purposes.

In many cases the value found just about approximates the debts owed by the railroads at the time of the valuation; in some it even is less. However, in some cases the amount is less than both outstanding stocks and bonds. Generally the value found is considerably less than the roads claim as actual investments, though in some cases the two are about the same.

These findings are separate and in great part distinct from the tentative value given all the railroads under the Transportation Act of 1920. The data on which they are based were considered in fixing that value, but the $18,900,000,000 allowed at that time comprehended many other elements of information.

When the commission completes its work under the Valuation Act, the figures thus procured will supplant the tentative ones now used in fixing rates on a "fair earnings" basis, that is, if the laws remain as at present.

But as the work is going on now it will be a very long time before it is finished. The inventories are the only part of the work on which there is agreement.

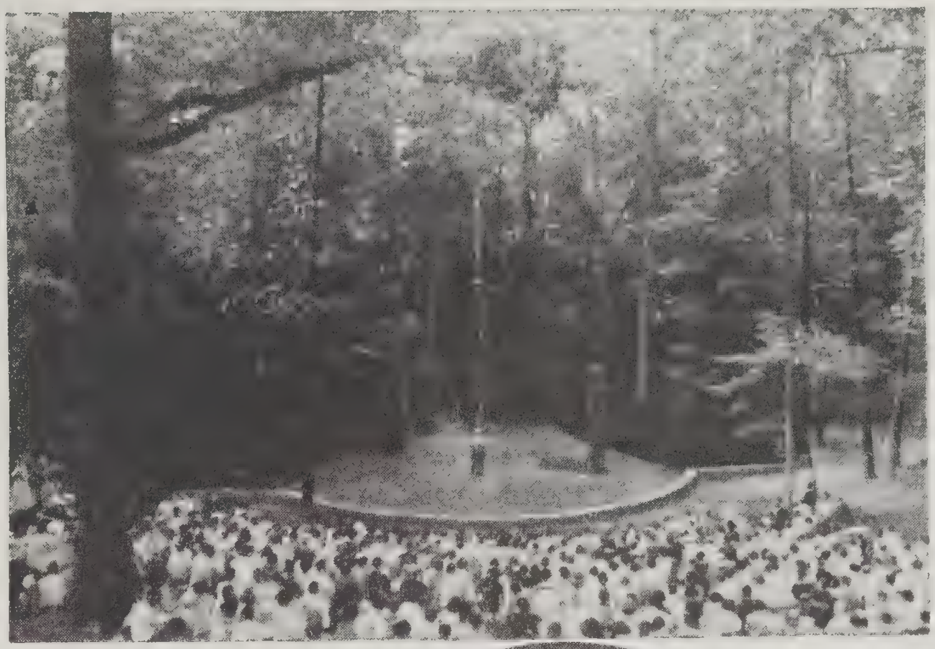
On virtually all else there is dispute, and these disputes involve very intricate questions of law and procedure. Until some specific action is taken on the basis of the values being established—action like the fixing of rates—to leave the doorway open for claims as to confiscation, it may be impossible to get the important questions before the courts.

Involved in these disputes there is around $20,000,000,000—which is about the difference in the values contended for by the extreme schools of thought taking part in the controversy.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK H. KOCH.

American Drama Which Comes From the Heart

The Carolina Playmakers and Their Virile Folk-Plays Point the Way to a People's Theater



A scene from "Much Ado About Nothing" in the Forest Theater, lovely outdoor play-place of the Carolina Playmakers at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

By J. OLIN HOWE

Right—In this tense scene from "The Miser," a farm tragedy, "Ida Lucas" threatens to kill her father, the stingiest man in Harnett County, unless he gives her money to rescue her brother's family from influenza.

HAIL to Frederick Koch and the Carolina Playmakers! These are the students of English 31, Professor Koch's course in dramatic composition at the University of North Carolina. At Chapel Hill they are leading the way to a real American drama, doing a notable thing of keen interest to the rest of the country. These Playmakers stage the drama that is in the life about them in one-act plays of unusual quality.

And there is drama in the Tar Heel State—rich store of romance, of pathos, of sentiment, of comedy, great wealth of distinctive characters, and a picturesque background of history, legend and tradition. Mountain communities in the fastnesses of the Great Smokies are at one side of her five hundred miles of breadth and at the other, straggling villages scattered among the sand dunes which border the Atlantic.

Less than two per cent of North Carolina's population is foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage. Think of the wonderful material for folk-plays among those whose folk-consciousness goes back practically untouched to the original settlers who came from England.

The lore of those first families has come down by word of mouth through successive generations, and added to it are the folk-tales of a people whose recent past held outlaws of mountain and upland and pirates of the Hatteras shoals. In neighborhoods far off any beaten track manners and customs of bygone centuries survive today unchanged. Word and phrase strange to the newer life of later years are common in their dialect.

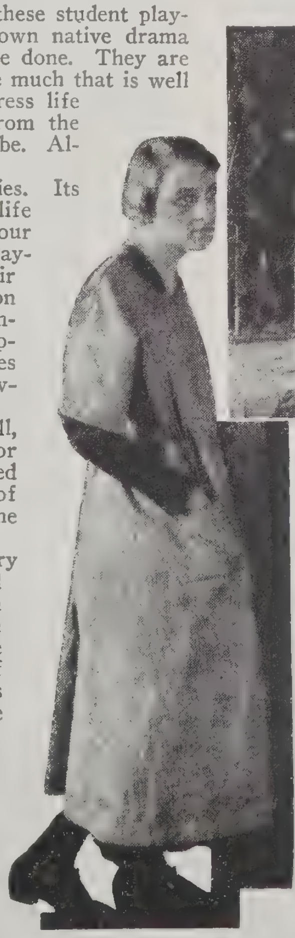
All this is handled splendidly by these student playmakers, who are building up their own native drama and showing the world how it can be done. They are also adding to our dramatic literature much that is well worth while. Their little plays express life close to the soil and are written from the heart, as truly successful plays must be. Always the material is first-hand.

North Carolina has no large cities. Its life is pretty much that small-town life which is the solid foundation of our social structure. The Carolina Playmakers tell intimate stories of their own locality and thus find a common denominator with the rest of humanity. Their plays have universal appeal because they go to basic qualities which characterize human nature everywhere.

These are produced at Chapel Hill, with the Playmakers responsible for every detail. Once they have gained the university's approval, the best of the plays are taken on tour over the home state.

At times they are given in the very locality which furnished story and characters for one or another, when that special acclaim is theirs which comes from understanding and is the finest tribute. Much material of which new plays can be made is brought to their attention in these towns where the Playmakers are looked upon with pride and their coming eagerly awaited. Here and there over the state they even produce some of the plays with local talent and invite Professor Koch to put on the finishing touches and speak to the audience.

The wide range of material in North Carolina's past and present means interesting variety of theme. There are plays of the farm, mostly tragedies, plays of daring outlaws of coast or back lands, mountain plays of moonshiners or some spirited adventurer, plays featuring a stirring bit of colonial or later history, plays founded on strange legend or haunting mystery of other days, plays of that folk-belief in the supernatural still so strong in remote sections of the state, plays of the North Carolina of the present, with its rising tide of industrial life and its social problems—even plays written for the Negro theater.



KATHERINE GALLOWAY BATTS,

One of the most successful of Professor Koch's young actresses, as the wife in "The Lord's Will," the tragedy of a country preacher.

In "Dod Gast Ye Both!" a play of moonshining in the North Carolina mountains, Hubert Heffner, the author, plays "Sink," the bootlegger at the extreme right of this scene.

No playmaker's play is born to the purple or travels a primrose path to the footlights. The student reads his first draft to the class. The spirit of its criticism is kindly but none the less searching. If the budding playwright stands this well and comes back for more, a play may very likely result fit for an author's reading. During each university quarter, six plays are selected for this crucial test in a college auditorium, to which the public is invited.

A faculty play committee, made up with special care to get representative shades of opinion and changed from time to time, chooses the three best suited to production. These the cast committee of this harmonious community of amateur playmakers takes over. Casting is ever a delicate matter. Candidates need but offer themselves for tryout in response to the call. The Carolina Playmakers are a corporation, but not a closed corporation. Sometimes, however, the promise of the tryout is hardly fulfilled and changes in characters may be necessary when plays have been in rehearsal two weeks or more.

There are usually four weeks of daily rehearsals, with Director Koch in general supervision and an assistant in charge of each play. In these busy weeks practically everybody in the community contributes something.

The Playmakers have their own little theater. This building was once the law school of the university and is now reconstructed for their use. Its stage is twenty-two feet across the front and fifteen across the back, twelve feet deep and nine high. Scenery used at Chapel Hill would fit almost anywhere. It is merely painted cloth, but most effective.

On pre-shrunk bleached muslin, covered with glue to give a solid surface, these amateurs paint three canvases for a scene, one for back wall and one for each side, and cut doors and windows where indicated These are affixed to poles, from which they hang when in use and upon which they are readily rolled for transportation. A portable, homemade lighting set devised by the university's engineering department supplies all needed effects.

Frederick H Koch is a leader in the movement for a people's theater in the United States consciously and purposefully. Of these Carolina Playmakers he says: "They are striving to satisfy the desire of the people everywhere for a drama which will be genuinely communal, for a theater democratic, which will adequately interpret their own life, giving to every man a means of expressing himself in creative play. They hope to contribute something of permanent value in the making of a new folk-theater and a new folk-literature."

Koch has been at Chapel Hill since 1918. More than twenty-five original folk-plays and several modern plays have come out of these five years. The Playmakers once each year put on a Shakespearean classic.

This is staged in the beautiful Forest Theater in a fifty-acre tract of native woodland. A hill-slope seats several thousand and a low semicircular rock wall is the proscenium which marks the border between the world of reality and make-believe-land.

"Peggy" was the first of notable farm plays, others of which are "The Miser," a rustic tragedy in which old Wash Lucas, stingiest man in Harnett County, figures; "In Dixon's Kitchen," a country romance complicated with the problem of little brother and still in demand when the Playmakers are on tour.

"Dod Gast Ye Both!" comedy of mountain moonshiners which has had great success, tells in a striking way of young love for a revenue officer and the clash with a stern father's will.

One day Broadway may see these plays. But the encomiums of Broadway would be small addition to the laurels earned by these Carolina folk-plays at home. They are the real thing in American dramatic art—and of that Broadway knows little

Shipping for Good of the Voyage Whether on Land or Sea

That's What E. A. Lemoine, A. B., Has Found in Life After Coming Into Ministry

By the REV. E. A. LEMOINE

FROM sailor to minister; is it an evolution or a retrogression? Perhaps it is neither, when viewed in the light of the contribution that each makes to society. Both are essential; for it would be a strange world without ships and churches. And he who sails in the merchant marine, no less than he who cruises in the Gospel ship, has his moments of exaltation and genuine happiness. Indeed, as I stroll up and down the corridors of my mental life looking for some of the most pleasing scenes in my experience, I see a barefoot boy, clad in shirt and overalls, living upon salt beef and hard-tack twenty-one times a week, now working about the deck, now taking his turn at the helm, and now high in the air wrestling with a sail full of wind.

These were days of hardships, but also of delight, as the gallant ship measured the leagues between the different ports. Did a squall cast its gloomy shadow across our bow, it only added to the charm; it thickened the plot; it accelerated the action. For the harder blew the wind, the faster went the ship, and the louder roared the officers, and, it must be added, the worse the sailors swore.

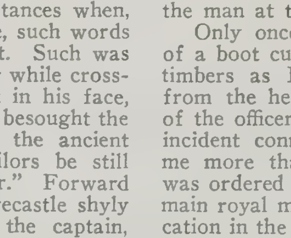
I shall always remember my first trip, while still a boy, on board a square-rigger crossing the Atlantic. We had been but a few nights out from Halifax, Nova Scotia, when a wild northwestern gale overtook us. The officer in charge sent me to call the watch to take in sail. With thoughts apposite to one who thought that his time had come, I ran to the forecastle, slid back the forecastle door and shouted, "Ah, you sleepers, heave out and take in sail!" But what a shock my pious thoughts received when biff, bang, out through the forecastle door they came black and blue, strong and long, not a white one among them, just salt-water oaths on the weather, the ship, the man that sailed her, and the company that owned her.

Now if one cannot get along without using such language, the proper occasion is a time similar to that to which I have referred. For in circumstances when, to the inexperienced, death seems inevitable, such words and acts of levity have a stimulating effect. Such was the experience of a pious but timid minister while crossing the ocean. With the look of the lost in his face, and the tremor of the grave in his voice, he besought the captain for a ray of hope. "Sir," said the ancient mariner, "go for'ard, and see if the sailors be still playing cards. If they be, ther's no danger." Forward the man of God went and down in the forecastle shyly turned his eyes; then hastened back to the captain, wringing his hands for joy, as he exclaimed, "Thank God, they're still playing cards!"

Although he did not know, however, it is quite likely that every time the roll and plunge of the ship disturbed their "jack pot," they used him as a target for their impolite language. For sailors of the bygone days were very superstitious. From their point of view a ship carrying a woman or a minister must be prepared to encounter gales and numerous other disasters. The sailor of today pays no attention to those things. The steamship has, of course, supplanted to a very large extent the old square-rigger, and with its going there has passed, or there is passing, the old tar with his quaint views and practices.

Years ago it was a fascinating work to get a square-rigger under way, for not much, if anything, was done without song, or "chantey," as the sailors call it. The charm of one which has been universally sung while heaving up the anchor goes thus:

"Heave away for Rio, away, Rio;
Sing fare-you-well, my bonnie young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande."



E. A. LEMOINE, A. B.

Given about twenty-five sailors half drunk, or, as the sailors say, "three sheets in the wind," and for downright enjoyment a Manhattan opera company is quite tame in comparison.

It is true that the square-rigger may still be seen, but the condition on board is changed. The brute discipline which prevailed when I was a youngster has collapsed. I still remember a clause in the articles of agreement which the older sailors had to sign. It read: "Shipped for the good of the voyage, master's interest, boat or shore, night or day." And often those deep-sea going ships were in reality what the sailors called them, "Hells afloat."

I was unfortunate enough once to be shipped on one. Her name was *Cora*. She was bound from Cardiff, Wales, to Cape Town, South Africa. There was no limit to the cudgeling with marlin spikes and belaying pins, which the sailors call "marlin spike soup and belaying pin hash." As to the more literal rations, they consisted of salt beef, or, as the sailors say, "salt horse," twenty-one times a week, and hard-tack, alias "Liverpool pantiles," which were hard enough to put a quietus on an ox, and whose insides were the birthplace and cemetery of threescore generations of insects. Fortunately from these there was no danger, for if perchance they safely passed the teeth, a swallow of coffee, or "bootleg," as we called it, overtook them on the way down, and from that there was no possibility of escape.

After about three months we arrived in Cape Town. And most of the sailors deserted, leaving clothes and wages behind rather than face a similar ordeal on the home trip.

This wholesale desertion necessitated our shipping another crew, and a crew it was! deserters from the English army, longshoremen, farmers, and other members of the "landed gentry" whom a venal boardinghouse master had duped and put aboard. It was amusing to us, who were sailors, and had faced the music on the outward trip, to see our surly mate getting after them. Taking off his weather-beaten cap, throwing it on the deck, and dancing a frenzied reel upon it, he would bellow: "Sailors we don't want; soldiers and farmers we have got; thinkers and tailors we've got to get; blanky, blanky, blank, blank!"

But you could hardly blame him. For even if you stationed them on the lookout, you felt that they would do as the green Irishman did who, in mid-ocean, seeing the green and red lights of an approaching vessel, came running aft and shouting out, "Kape her off, Captain! For God's sake, kape her off, there's a drug store right ahead!" As to steering, that was impossible. Many a time I was envious of their ignorance, for few places are more suited to make a man forget his religious training than the helm of a full-rigged ship with a strong wind on the quarter. And when the captain's orders are heaven, hell or the port to which you are bound in so many days, any deviation from the straight course in steering gives him an occasion to vent his wrath on the man at the helm.

Only once on the *Cora* did I feel the pointed toe of a boot cutting me abaft the beam and shivering my timbers as I went lurching over to lee. But apart from the helm I frequently fell under the displeasure of the officers, and received my just "rewards," and an incident connected with one of my punishments hurt me more than the punishment itself. At midnight I was ordered to take a piece of porkskin and grease the main royal mast. While looking for this piece of lubrication in the dark storeroom, I made an unfortunate discovery. Deep into the pickle of one of the barrels I thrust my hand, but when it came out, instead of porkskin, it was holding a huge rat which, presumably, had been salted down with other delicacies for sailors' use. This unfortunate discovery deprived me of my appetite for meat during the rest of the voyage. Regardless of how much the old American sailor relished a good piece of "horse flesh," he drew the line on rats. As to the former, it was often "hallowed" before being eaten by saying the following "grace": "Old horse, old horse, what brought you here? You carted coal for many a year; and when you were good for no other use, they salted you down for sailors' use. The sailors they do you despise; they roll you over and curse your eyes; they turn you over and pick your bones, and throw the rest to Davy Jones."

By this you can see that the old sailor was not altogether void of religious feelings. His code of ethics, however, differed from that of the landsman. The latter says: "Thou shalt not steal." The sailor qualifies that by saying: "Thou shalt not lift the lid of thy shipmate's locker to take his money, but as to his tobacco and whisky, the Ten Commandments are not binding."

But the commandment most sedulously enforced on the *Cora* was the fourth, or rather the nautical commentary on it, which reads: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou art able, but the seventh day thou shalt holy stone the deck and chip the chain cable."

Now holy stones and other holy things are of some value, but when a poor devil is kept on his knees from the tropics of Capricorn to the tropics of Cancer scouring the deck with sand, stone and water, most sailors are ready to consign them all to the place where ships burn up, and sand, stone and water are hard to find. To such a place the *Cora* was frequently consigned, but with her topsails shivering she continued to weather the promontories of the nether world. Finally we neared the coast of America. I can still hear the sailors sing as they spread the canvas to the wind for the last time:

The REV. E. A. LEMOINE.

"A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, boys, blow!
A Yankee ship came down the river,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Oh, what d'ye think we had for supper?
Blow, boys, blow!
Oh, what d'ye think we had for supper?
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Oh, cracker hash and donkey's liver,
Blow, boys, blow!
Oh, cracker hash and donkey's liver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

Then began to crystallize those dreams and thoughts of my boyhood days when I was a fisher lad in Newfoundland. A deep religious experience which had come to me a few years before in Miss Child's "Sailors' Welcome Home," in London, England, determined for me the profession that I should follow.

I had decided upon the ministry. At that time I was twenty-three, with no knowledge of books, except the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and The Swiss Family Robinson, and this last I bought for a five-cent plug of chewing tobacco from a boy who had honorably won it in a Sunday school contest. My difficulties were enhanced by the natural diffidence which the sailor who has spent all his life on the ocean feels in other society. In his own environment of the ship and the water front the old sailor knew no fear, but in the better circles of the avenue he was indeed a fish out of water.

But perhaps it is true that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." For in the midst of my perplexity, I was directed to a boarding house on Battery street, Boston, which had the profession, atmosphere and reality of Christianity. The husband and wife were members of the Methodist Church, but most of the sailors were connected with the Salvation Army. It was through this boardinghouse master and a young sailor, who was planning a similar career to mine, that I heard of the school at Mount Hermon, founded by the late D. L. Moody. It was there I entered; it was there the change began which ultimately transformed an old tar into a landlubber, and a sailor into a preacher.

Thereafter my career was similar to that of many other youths who were working their way through school. It is true that they, or most of them, had homes; I had none. They were in a native land; I was a foreigner. They knew the ways of the land; I understood only the customs of the sea. They worked on land during vacation; I sailed the high seas, at times having to stay out more than the summer vacation to earn the next year's expense at school. But my long trips had come to an end. The last few years of my nautical life were spent as quartermaster on yachts out of Boston and New York, the first being the *Hildegarde* of Boston, whose picture still hangs in my study, the last being the *Invader* of New York. This occupation gave me considerable time for study. During the night, while at anchor, as opportunity occurred, I would tie a lantern in the rigging, and dig out some Latin or Greek.

But this page of my life was closed in August, 1907, when I left the *Invader*, and returned to Northwestern University, from which I was graduated in 1908. Later came the General Theological Seminary in New York, and my ordination to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church, and the beginning of ministerial work as a missionary in Utah. I am still doing missionary work.

I wear the biretta and surplice in place of the "sou'-wester" and oilskins; and instead of the marlin spike, I use a fountain pen and a typewriter, while I take a far greater interest in catching men than fish.

I think again of the articles of agreement which as a sailor in the merchant marine I signed: "Shipped for the good of the voyage, the master's interest, boat or shore, night or day." I feel that today I have signed such articles with a glad heart in the Gospel Ship. I have shipped for the good of the voyage, the Master's interest, and I expect to stick until I reach port.

Mr. Ford's Page

"WHAT party does he belong to?" "But nobody knows what party he belongs to!" These questions and exclamations have a familiar sound. The very insistence, almost desperation, with which they are uttered, is significant of partisan emergencies which this country has not seen in seventy years. It means that parties are throwing their last challenge to the people, and putting it on the ground of party alone, because there is no other ground just now to occupy.

"What party do you belong to?" Is that the first question? Hardly. The first question is, "What does the party belong to? Tell me what each party belongs to and I will tell you which party I belong to." To *belong to* anything is to be the property of, at the disposal of, a kind of appendage of that thing, whatever it may be.

So, before announcing oneself as the property of, or as being at the disposal of, or as being an appendage of any party, one should ask, Whose property is the party? At whose disposal is the party? Of what is the party an appendage?

> *WHAT party do you belong to? Very well. Now, what does your party belong to? Do you know? If not you should proceed to discover it at once, for if you belong to a party and that party belongs to someone or something else, then you yourself belong to that undisclosed power that stands in the shadow of the party. It behooves a man to find out what he belongs to—to know whether he really belongs only to his party, or to something further back that controls his party. Party control does not only mean those practiced politicians who see to it that their will and not the party's will is done; party control may mean wills still further back. Whose will is the party doing? Whatever your party may be, you know at least that it is not doing your will, nor the will of plain people like yourself.*

The time has long been here for parties to declare themselves, but they have not done so. Party platforms, which are mere catch-alls for votes, are not declarations. Party platforms have become the colored posters set up to lure the crowds, and each party tries to make its poster more alluring than the other. The only platform any party can have today is its past—whose property it has been, at whose disposal it has been, and of what it has served as an appendage in the past.

And not its *remote* past. Every party has a glorious *remote* past. Every party began in high ideals. Every party had as its founders men who had no ambition but to bring some good into the world. Every party, in its early days, "belonged to," was the property of, at the disposal of, and an appendage of a great idea. But today?—why today one party points to Abraham Lincoln and another to Thomas Jefferson, and either of those men, if living today, would belong to neither of those parties.

The danger, then, of politicians inquiring too closely "To what party do you belong?" is that they will be met with the counter-inquiry, "To what does your party belong?"—and no mere platform, and no mere pointing to names, and no mere flaunting of the honest deeds of non-political honest men of the past, will answer that question.

One clue to the ownership of the parties proves fruitless at once. That is the clue of their differences, their dissimilarities. Find wherein they differ, and then trace the differences back, and you may find to what each party "belongs." But the differences have disappeared as far as principles are concerned. Once the parties differed as between federal and state rights. People usually think that refers to slavery, but it doesn't—it refers fundamentally to town rights and school district rights and county rights, as well as state rights. One group wanted to head everything up in Washington, put all the people's life under strict government control. Another group said, no, "the best government is that which governs least." When that principle was alive, you could tell the difference between the two parties.

But what of it now? Why, now you cannot tell them apart for the dust they both make in racing toward federalism at a mad rate. No leader in either party has had courage to call a halt to the race toward centralized, regimented, Prussianized government control which has made Government the costliest business conducted in this country. Both parties act precisely alike in this matter.

There was a time when one could distinguish between the parties by observing who gave them financial support. One party had all the rich men. The other party had all the poor men. One party ate off golden plate and launched its campaigns amid social splendor. The other party gave "dollar banquets." One party prided itself on owning and disposing the business interests of the country. The other party prided itself on representing the rag-tail and bob-tail of humanity.

But which party, would you say, represents the poor people now? Which party is supported by them? There are still some politicians of the lower ranks deceived on this point, but every investigation brings out the monotonous fact that the principal financial interests that live by privilege are contributors to both parties! This is not to say that a party which accepts money from wealthy concerns is necessarily obligated by that, but it distinctly is to say that *financial interests that live by special privilege* usually figure that they own the parties they support, and nowadays they support both! Thus is another difference swept away.

Then there was formerly one line of division which never failed—the Tariff. That is, it never failed for campaign purposes. It was decidedly useful to have most of the people who were against high tariff in one party, for by keeping them out of mischief by helping them to debate the question eternally, it was very easy to keep a high tariff. That's political strategy—get all your enemies into one party, keep them busy talking, then go ahead and do what you please. This is done by contributing to both parties, for it is possible to make defeats just as profitable as victories to the party leaders.

Where is the tariff now? It is here with us as before, but not in politics. Before, if there was to be a tariff, it must be kept in politics; so by consent of both parties it was kept in politics. But now, if there is to be a tariff, it must be kept out of politics; so by consent of both parties it is kept out of politics. In the last Presidential election nobody said "tariff," but we have a high tariff just the same! It may be right or it may be wrong, the point made here is that it is no longer a distinguishing mark between the parties.

It is so with other matters which formerly were political questions but are now relegated to the field of economics. The principal difference is that formerly the people were encouraged to discuss their economic interests by having those interests made an issue in a political campaign; but when those interests were removed from the political fields and set down safely in the inclosure inhabited by professors of economics, the people stopped discussing them. It is rather startling to think that once upon a time, nay twice and thrice upon a time, the people of this country actually devoted whole campaigns to the discussion of sound money and honest banking. But now, these questions are not any longer in politics. Insofar as they threaten to be in politics, both parties are found to be fostering the same special privilege views. So, once again, differences between the parties are hard to find. And once again the intimation comes that if the ownership of the parties is traced, it will be found to reside at the same source.

That is, if you know what "parties" mean nowadays. The term does not indicate the rank and file of the people who vote for this or that "ticket." The Party nowadays is comprised of the men who make that ticket, and the smaller groups of men above them who ordain what both parties' tickets shall be. The people do not select their *candidates,* they only select their *officials* from the candidates which the super-party powers have selected. Interests that support both parties feel that they have the right to win whichever party loses, and whether they have the right or not, they have it arranged that way. So that the real Party is the group of possible officials who act—in both parties—in harmony with the will of the super-party.

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3. Write clearly.

Shall We Go Into the League?

THE League of Nations is a great theme, but the character of the support it is receiving tends to belittle it. The League cannot be exalted by denouncing the United States. When an advocate of the League intimates that the people of the United States feel themselves superior to the rest of the world, and then (contradictorily enough) charges them with being so mistrustful of themselves that they are afraid to sit in conference with other nations, he gives proof in the first place that he knows nothing of the things he ought to know about, and thus throws suspicion on his knowledge of the League. Anyone who can so grossly misjudge his own nation is not the best judge of a League of Nations. He is simply allying himself with those other detractors who charge us with being greedy and cruel-minded, heartless materialists who turn a deaf ear to the cry of a distraught world.

It is truly a pity that the League has fallen into such bad propaganda methods as now mark its discussion in this country. "Do you want your children to grow up in an isolated America?" is one of the cries raised. America is not isolated and never can be. There is a sense in which America might be distinctly shelved by going into the League now. Isolation is a word that has no meaning in this matter. Leverage is always exercised from the outside. "Are you a stay-out or a go-in?" asks *Collier's*. The informed American will probably answer, "Both!" We shall stay out until it becomes right that we should go in. That is precisely the history of our attitude toward the war out of which this League idea came—we staid out until it seemed right to go in. Earlier or later would have been a mistake.

Whether the time has come to go in, only the people can say. Their instinct is right in this matter. But they should be permitted the opportunity of speaking their minds regardless of parties or politics. Nobody knows as a result of the last Presidential election, whether the people meant that we should stay out of the League; the election was not decided on that issue. True, the defeated candidate favored our going into the League, but he would have been just as decisively defeated had he favored our staying out. A solemn referendum, as Mr. Wilson said, free from every other issue, is the only way to learn how the people feel about it, and that referendum can come only upon public demand based on the conviction that the time has come to speak out.

Our people are strongly favorable to the principle of orderly justice in international affairs and the establishment of all possible safeguards to international peace, but in the meantime they are exercising their sovereign privilege of thinking it over. When the United States goes in, it will *go* in, it will not have been *dragged in* by its politicians nor sucked in by the pressure of international intrigue.

First Attack the Home

YEARS ago there was a great deal of talk about "the home." Few people paid any attention to it. Most of the utterances made concerning the home too much resembled preachments to be effective—that is, things said because they were expected to be said. But today we are all in a better position to understand what was meant—we have seen the nations of well-established homes weather the most terrible cataclysms of history, and the homeless nations fall. Each home is a root of the national tree, and the tree holds by the number and strength of its roots.

Sinister confirmation of these truisms has come in the subversive influences which are at work in the as yet unshaken nations. The first attack is made on the home. All of the destructive social movements are sponsored by the people of nations which had more hovels than homes (because they were hovel-making instead of home-making peoples), and it is significant that in this country the work of destruction is taken up by those who prefer transient habitations to homes. The home, like the church, is under fire because it presents a bulwark against the subversive forces of the world. By cheapening the marriage tie, by undermining parental authority, by inculcating an artificial spirit of worldly wiseness in the young, by all the processes of divorce, entertainment, bad literature and the general trivializing of our common life, the doors have been opened to other and more degenerative influences in the general social life.

It is a matter of common observation over a long period that the social fabric begins to rot with the weakening of the home. The best defense of law and order and progressive justice is the success of those elements which defend and strengthen the home. We could well afford in this country for the next decade to regulate all our industry and politics and finance with one single paramount object in mind. the welfare of the home.

Nothing is more useless than platitudes on this subject. Attend first to the welfare of the home, put a sound economic condition around all its spiritual elements, and upon our economic consideration we shall find the other elements growing to unparalleled strength. As long as the American home stands, this nation never will succumb to the poisonous airs with which satanic forces are now filling the world.

Lloyd George Goes Home

A TRIP to America seems to be part of the political obsequies of European statesmen. Their proper measure is taken only when they stand against the background of America. The advantages of their coming are wholly with us, because it confirms the instinctive judgment of our people that the trouble with Europe is its statesmen.

English papers are agreed that Lloyd George's trip to America was taken as a publicity stunt to raise him again in British esteem. Apparently it was hoped that his blandishments would prove so irresistible that our answering smile would stretch across the sea and make the people of the British Isles ashamed of themselves for turning down such a nice little man. He came, and his blandishments were a little too thick. We received him pleasantly, for he has done nothing to us—we did not entangle ourselves in the crooked Versailles Treaty. But it was impossible to forget his political footwork and his habit of blarney. He is still the same man who promised to hang the kaiser and make Germany pay the last cent; he promised anything at any time, to be agreeable to the prejudices of the moment. He is also the same man who encouraged Greece to go up against Turkey, and abandoned her. He is the man who has reversed himself for political reasons oftener than any politician alive; and retribution has just naturally overtaken him. Fate will not forget her duty under the magic of his smile.

Mr. Lloyd George discovered one thing on his tour, namely, that he is not considered as having been or as being one of the "inside statesmen of Britain," as Gladstone was, and his successors were. He is not of that class which in office or out of office represents the British mind. He was not able to make his way into the real heart of the British Government. He was a useful instrument of that government, but never the will of the government itself. He was a war premier with certain great temperamental gifts, serviceable in a certain period. That will account somewhat for the character of the attention given to him here. The only remark which attracted anything like a national hearing was his approval of the Hughes plan, which to say the least was not original, and which certainly is contradictory to the policy on which Lloyd George won the last election before his defeat. Public interest in anything else he had to say dwindled steadily to the day of his departure.

It is a strange fact that the visitors who have stood best the ordeal of America are the great soldier chieftains. The reason is not far to seek; the soldiers did their work, and when their work was done they stopped. Statesmen, whose work is done, still have the weakness of harboring a hankering after office.

The Editor's Plight

EDITORS of church papers which tell the truth about economic matters have a hard time of it. Rev. Dr. Edgar L. Killam became editor of *The Baptist,* and immediately put that paper on the journalistic map. He carried a column of familiar chat with his readers, in which he gave the Christian reaction to our present system of false economics. There is no heterodoxy more hateful in a minister than economic heterodoxy.

Many outside the clientele of *The Baptist* will learn with regret that the personality which Dr. Killam has injected into the publication is hereafter to be submerged, if not suppressed. No one can say what insidious influence has been at work, but it seems certain that the "relief" offered to Dr. Killam was not asked for—by him. It would be regrettable if church officials are following the course of letting men down easy with false excuses.

Dr. Killam, whose column was called "Killam's Kollum," writes in his last issue as follows:

"We are not yet quite sure as to the fate of this Kollum. From things gathered at a recent conference it would seem that its life is near its close. If it crumbles to dust it will not be due to any malice on the part of the committee or the new editor, but solely to relieve the present editor of the physical, intellectual and spiritual strain of writing this page! Incidentally, it may also relieve the strain upon the sensibilities of some of the readers."

Dr. Killam opened his reference to the change under a sub-heading, "The Editor's Life Saved Again," thus:

"How? Read the announcement of the committee on *The Baptist* in this issue. We are human enough to like to hear nice things said about us, but we have sense enough to distinguish between *a reason* and *an occasion.*"

But he seems to put his finger directly on the spot, in this language:

"The readers will not miss the Kollum as much as the editor will. He will feel a strange sense of loss. Here has been THE ONE PLACE where he has felt perfectly *free to tell the truth.*

Perhaps, in such instances, may be found an answer to the question why young men no longer enter the ministry. Either the present economic system is Christian or it is unchristian. But for a minister to say it is unchristian is to court displeasure and dismissal by those who profit by the system.

Why Not Control Here, Too?

THE proposal is now openly made that the government destroy independent banking by forcing all banks into the Federal Reserve System and assuming control as a government function.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon has voiced it in an address advocating a law to this effect. Two officers of the National Credit Men's Association have testified that it is necessary for business that only banks under government control should be allowed to function and that Congress should drive every bank in the country into the Federal Reserve System or out of business. The government control feature is generally conceded. But what about government control of the Federal Reserve System? Federal Reserve Banks are only nominally under government control. They are private institutions. In all matters of business, their relations with the public and with other banks, they are free to act as they wish except as the Federal Reserve Board holds power to punish any Federal Reserve Bank which may consider its duty to the public paramount.

Why does not some courageous and enterprising statesman come out for government control of the Federal Reserve System?

"Wet Agents" Won't—That's All

THE point of the prohibition emergency is here: the law is being "enforced" by men who don't believe in enforcing it. In other words, the majority of the "dry agents" are "wet men." This condition obtains in every state. All the scandals grow out of it. Sometimes the "dry agents" have been used as a special police to protect the bootlegging traffic of one big owner of liquor against the encroachment of smaller bootleggers. Sometimes honest dry agents have stumbled on to the tricks and evasions and violations of the big owner, and have been transferred or discharged for their pains. If the public mind were not already saturated with tales of malfeasance in office high and low, such a flood of information on the above points could be poured out as would shake even the government at Washington.

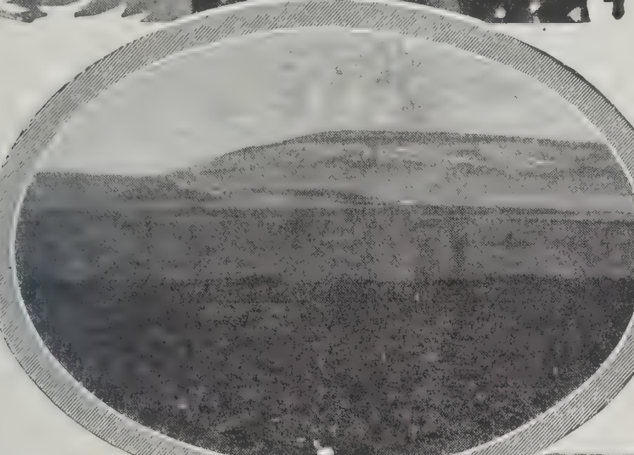
The situation is not complicated at all. Dry men will enforce the dry laws, and wet men will not. The tip is free to Secretary Mellon and to all the Governors. With regard to Cabinet responsibility in this matter, the tip is free to President Coolidge also.

What Does Future Hold for Palestine?

Water Power of the Jordan May Open Up Industrial Possibilities for Holy Land

By the REV. C. W. M. CASKILL

Above—A view on the Sea of Galilee.



Oval—The plain of Jezreel is only partly cultivated.

At right—The one-time rich Jericho plain, now a barren waste.

WHEN the Israelitish spies returned from spying out the land of Canaan they brought back a "goodly report." They said it was rich, a land flowing with milk and honey, and as evidence they brought with them some huge bunches of grapes, so large that two men were required to carry one of the clusters. Were they to go into Palestine today they would bring back quite a different report.

Two things impressed us as we went through this interesting country. The first was the desolation everywhere. Palestine is a land of hills, and these hills today are almost completely denuded of vegetation. There are no forests. There are very few fruit trees or vineyards except in the valleys. Even olive trees are rare on these hills. No fields of grain, no gardens, and on many hardly grass enough for sheep or goats to graze. They appear like rounded knolls of rocks and stones, and almost desert-like as to productivity. Even the plains are only partially cultivated. We saw many, many acres out on the plains of Esdraelon and Jezreel and Geneseret that looked as though they had not been cultivated for ages. The rich Jordan valley below Jericho looked like a desert, covered over with scrub bushes somewhat resembling our sagebrush. In places it is possible to look in every direction for miles and not see a house or a shack of any kind, unless it be here and there a Bedouin tent. The native villages are made of crude mud shacks with no modern conveniences. Thousands of the people never sit down to a table to eat, and their only stove for baking is a mud oven where the bread is placed and covered over with hot ashes, then a smouldering fire is made from dung, or else a small mud concern large enough to hold a kettle. Their only bed is the floor on which they place their blankets. Throughout the country districts and in the smaller villages we did not see a single schoolhouse anywhere. There were no factories even in the large cities, with the possible exception of a few small ones, if they could be called factories, in Jerusalem, Jaffa and Haifa. Aside from the few main roads that have largely been built since the English occupation, there are no roads in Palestine. There are just bypaths over which donkeys and camels can pick their way but over which not even a two-wheeled cart could possibly pass. They are narrow and rocky, and no effort has been made to improve their condition. A native woman said of one almost impassably rocky road that probably not a single stone had been removed from it within two thousand years, and possibly not since the days of David, and this notwithstanding the fact that this road has been in constant use all that time. The desolation and neglect everywhere were almost oppressive at times.

On the other hand, we were still more deeply impressed with the seeming possibilities and opportunities that loomed about us on every side. I was brought up on a farm so the first thing that struck me was the farming and gardening possibilities of this country. No richer or more productive land can be found on the face of the earth than that in Palestine. The great plain of Esdraelon, and the plain of Jezreel, the valleys and plains about the Sea of Galilee, the plain of Seleh, the rich Jordan valley, Philistia, and Sharon and Ephraim, and the grazing country of Gilead are rich to a proverb. With plenty of water and with modern methods of farming, these plains can be made as productive as any part of the Nile Valley. And in this climate what cannot be raised? Almost anything in the way of fruits and vegetables and grains that can be raised in any land can be raised here. In the lower Jordan valley and on the southern plains tropical fruits and plants grow luxuriously; on the higher hills and table-lands, the products of the more northern countries.

True, most of Palestine is comprised of hills, and these are now denuded and desert-like. But that does not mean that they are incapable of rich productivity. The rocks that cover them are, or may become, the source of their fertility. Constantly decomposing, they are forming soil, and the very elements needed for rich productivity are in this rock soil. Let these hills be terraced, as most of them once were, and the desert aspect will disappear and the hills will once again be covered with rich olive orchards, with date palms and pomegranates, with figs and oranges, and with the most productive vineyards. Vegetation will invite more moisture, and more moisture will increase vegetation.

Much of this land that is now barren or only partially productive on account of insufficient moisture is capable of irrigation. The Jordan River, if properly dammed, would furnish water for much of it. Dams could be constructed without exorbitant cost in many of the higher valleys. During the rainy season there is an abundance, in fact at times an excessive rainfall, five or six inches within twenty-four hours. The pools would be filled during this season, and properly piped would furnish water for irrigating thousands upon thousands of acres during the dry months of the summer. A visit to the Etam and Artas valleys below the Pools of Solomon would convince anyone of what might be accomplished along this line. The Jews in their various colonies are demonstrating the rich farming possibilities of this land. Within a few years they have literally transformed desert or almost desert tracts into veritable Gardens of Eden. One of the finest agricultural demonstration farms in the world is not far from Jaffa, and we were told that almost every plant and tree and vegetable grown anywhere had been grown on this farm. They are making a special study of the soil in reference to different crops for different sections of Palestine, and no doubt will soon be able to make suggestions that will wonderfully help to transform the agricultural life of this whole country.

Just what mineral possibilities there are in Palestine is as yet unknown. The Standard Oil Company, before the war, obtained oil concessions from the Turkish Government for the district south of the Dead Sea, and has since then obtained a like permit for the whole of Southern Palestine. Many oil experts have expressed the opinion that oil will be found in this region, and the fact that the Standard Oil Company has obtained this permit, has spent large sums and is continuing to spend money on its experiments, is pretty good reason to believe that oil exists here. I was told by a leading business man of Jerusalem that recently a noted mineralogist had discovered that the rocks on some of the hills contain a large per cent of iron, sufficiently large to make them of unquestionable mining value. Silicate of the very best quality for building material is here in great abundance. In our trip around the Dead Sea we visited Salt Mountain and went into the salt cave. This is in reality as well as in name a mountain of salt, being almost pure crystal salt. Breaking off the outer crust of some of the huge blocks that had fallen from the mountain side we found them to be of as pure and clear crystal salt as one could find anywhere. What this mountain would be worth commercially is beyond one's imagination. Farther up the shore we saw great mounds of what seemed to be almost pure potash. Along the sandy bank we found pieces of asphalt or bitumen, and we were told by Dr. Albright, head of the American School of Archeology, that the whole southern end of the Dead Sea is probably underlaid with bitumen. Years ago, after an earthquake or a severe storm, great quantities of this would break loose and come to the surface. It was gathered by natives and sold at large profit. This is undoubtedly what the Old Testament speaks of as the "slime pits" or "tar pits" that were in the neighborhood of Sodom, some four thousand years ago. What commercial treasures may be hidden here we can now only imagine. Some day a live, progressive man will know and may become rich for his knowledge.

As I said before, there are practically no factories in Palestine. Yet why should there not be? True, she has no coal and no mineral and but little raw material, things absolutely necessary for the development of a manufacturing community. But she has the Jordan River. Its headwaters are approximately one thousand seven hundred feet above Lake Huleh, which is about sea level. The Sea of Galilee is six hundred eighty-two feet below Huleh, and the lower Jordan and the Dead Sea one thousand three hundred feet below the Sea of Galilee. No other river in the world, capable of being harnessed and used, has such a volume of water with such an unusual fall. Some one has said that here is waterfall enough to furnish electric energy sufficient to run all the machinery of the world. I do not know about that, but I saw enough to convince me that here is wasted energy sufficient to make Palestine one of the greatest factory countries in the world, if electrical energy alone could do that.

I do not know of any place where labor could be secured more economically than here. Palestine is almost a thousand miles nearer the great populations of India and China than is England or Germany or the United States. These countries with their teeming millions of awakening people are going to be the great fields of commercial activity in the next fifty or one hundred years. They are already asking for modern clothing, modern tools, modern machinery, modern comforts, and they are going to ask for them more and more in the next twenty-five or fifty years.

I realize that the want of raw material is, and, for some time to come, will be a serious drawback to the manufacturing possibilities of this country. But if it proves true that the rocks have iron in them in sufficient quantities to make it profitable to extract; if the agricultural possibilities of Palestine are at all as they seem to be; if the Standard Oil Company succeeds in finding mineral oil, I see no reason why sufficient raw material may not be produced right here at home within the next ten or fifteen years to supply practically all the demands of a great manufacturing center. At any rate, with adequate harbors and adequate railroad facilities raw material could be brought in here as well as into England or into Germany, and with but little if any more expense. So, everything considered, I know of no country with greater manufacturing possibilities.

Her commercial opportunities seem just as great. Once stable governments are established, and the routes of travel and shipment are made safe, the first steps in the embracing of that opportunity will have been taken. Then Palestine needs two large and

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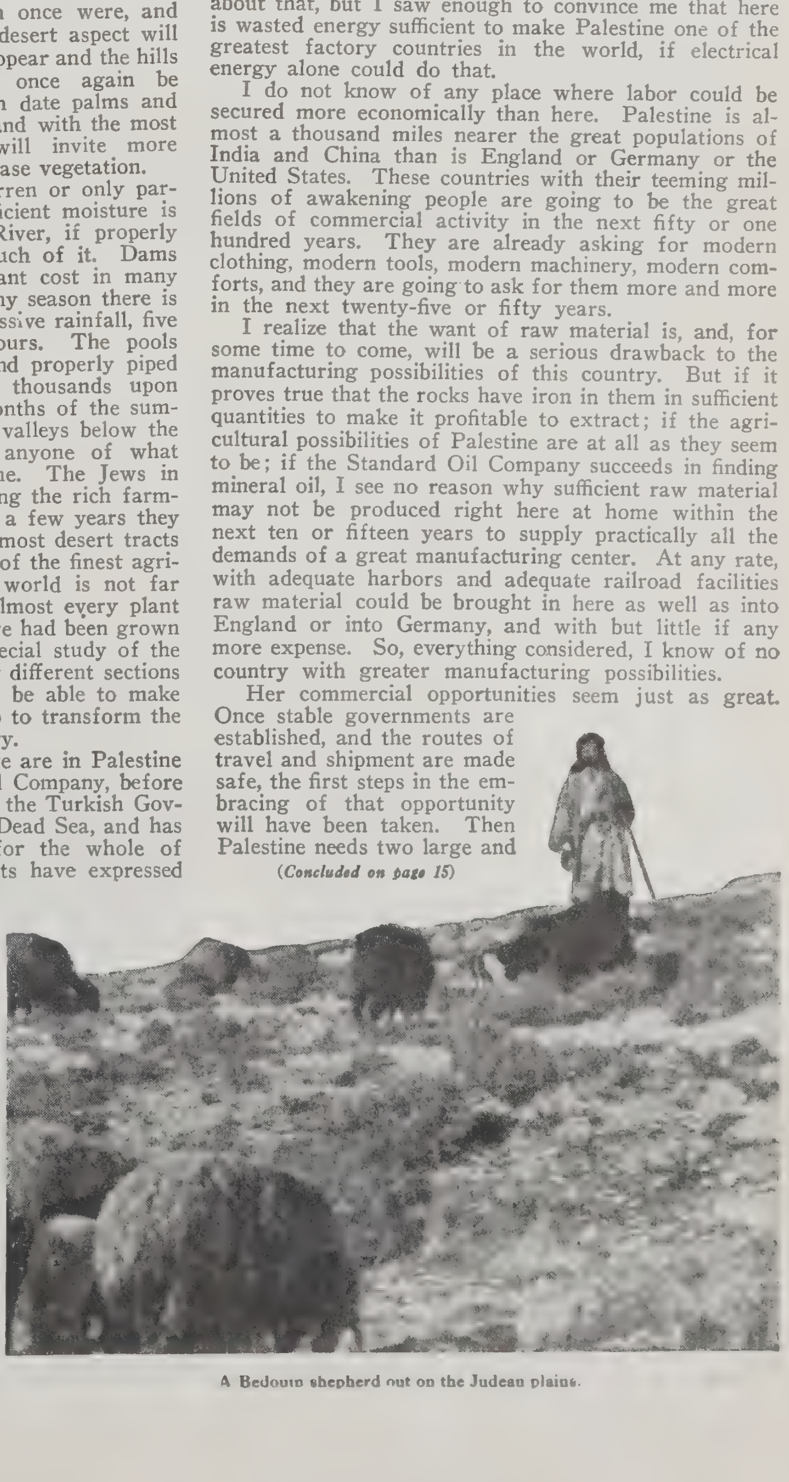


A Bedouin shepherd out on the Judean plains.

Commercializing the Gangsters of the Ghetto

Certain Type of Business Men Hire Gunmen for Trade Killings

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

SINCE the early eighties, New York's East Side has been noted as the breeding place and habitat of gangsters. But for a generation, these consisted merely of groups of young roughs who created sporadic disorders in their fights with the police. It was not until the beginning of the great influx of immigrants from Russia and Poland, that there came into being the organized Jewish gangs, whose growth and spread has developed a new era in crime in the metropolis.

The gang wars raging at present in New York, punctuated by bold assassinations of heads of rival "strong arm" groups, in front of courthouses and in the business districts of Broadway, have brought to recognition the fact that these organized bands of criminals are supported and employed by business men and Bolshevik labor unions, in their periodical battles for supremacy.

The gradual monopolies obtained by a certain element in New York are by no means due to superior business ability, but are the result of a deliberate system of terrorization. The criminal annals of the city prove this to be true in the poultry, laundry and clothing industries, and to a great extent in the fur and silk business.

Groups of Jewish "bad men" have flourished on the East Side for a generation, the more notorious being the "Kid Twist," the "Monk" Eastman and the "Big Jack" Selig gangs. Kid Twist was a killer, and he and his men were used as intimidators by low-type politicians until the day when Twist was shot to death in front of a Coney Island dance hall. Monk Eastman once ruled over the river section of the lower East Side, until he was driven westward to the Bowery and Chinatown, where his gang for a period numbered 1,000 members. He served several prison sentences for crimes of a cowardly nature and was shot dead one night in 1920, while plying the bootlegging trade. Big Jack Selig, leader of a band of Yiddish pickpockets, was a sinister figure on the lower East Side during 1915-1916. In wars with the Jack Sirocco gang, which operated farther north, three gambling houses were bombed and Chinatown was shot up more effectively than in any battle of the Tongs.

First Hired by Gamblers

AT FIRST these gunmen were hired by gamblers, this practice culminating in a sensational murder, when a pack of cocaine-crazed Yiddish youths, in the pay of a rival coterie of gamesters, rode up to the theatrical district in a motor car one night, and shot down the gambler, Rosenthal.

But the value of gunmen was soon realized and adopted as a commercial asset by business men. In the dressed poultry trade, in which the race had gained a monopoly, competition brought as a climax the Barnet Baff murder, in which Baff's trade rivals, who had accused him of underselling them by filling the crops of his fowl with gravel, hired gangsters to assassinate him as the poultry dealer came out of his market place. Next, when the race had obtained control of the laundry business in New York, competitive groups began to engage gangsters to set fire to one another's laundries. Several of these criminals were arrested some months ago, charged with having set fires to wet wash laundries in more than twenty tenement houses. Then clothing contractors, in the periodical strikes of their Bolshevist workmen, employed "strong arm" men to cow their employes, and their example was immediately followed by the red organizations, with the inevitable consequence of criminal assaults in countless numbers during the semi-annual clothing strikes that visit New York.

Today, according to the District Attorney's Office, the hiring of gunmen has become a habitual practice among a certain type of men in business. District Attorney Banton only recently announced that the circumstances attending the slaying of a notorious East Side gang leader had caused him to begin an investigation of the conduct of union officials and employers in connection with strikes. It was his intention, he said, to enlist the police in a real drive against all gunmen "who think that they can get away with shooting up New York streets."

"Gunmen," said Mr. Banton, "have got to get out of New York, and to force them to do it, we will have a special part of the Court of General Sessions set aside to try nothing but 'crimes of violence' for the next month. We will give the gunmen, holdup men and other rough gentry the same kind of treatment accorded them last year when they tried to take the bit in their teeth.

"Another thing that I would like to do would be to get the employers of these gunmen—the fellows who hire the gun-toters to 'do up' their adversaries. Such thugs are for hire. I want to connect up the men who engage gangsters, and I shall prosecute them and put them behind prison bars. It is a common practice, it seems, when trouble breaks out between employers and unions, for somebody on one side or the other to employ gunmen."

Mr. Banton's statement was occasioned by the murderous developments resulting from a long-standing feud between two Jewish groups, the "Kid Dropper" and the "Little Augie" gangs. These organizations, according to the police, were headed by two tried criminals, Nathan Kaplan, alias "Kid Dropper" and Jacob Orgen, alias "Little Augie." The feud, which was marked by heavy casualties in a struggle for the supremacy of the East Side underworld, had its economic as well as its belligerent aspect, since the tribute obtained from employers and "outlaw" unions, to whom the gangs furnished "strong arm" men in labor disputes, and the toll exacted from small merchants on whom the gangsters preyed, amounted to an appreciable sum annually.

Nathan Kaplan, whose finish will be detailed subsequently, was held to have been responsible for at least fifteen killings on Manhattan Island. For nearly fifteen years he blackmailed East Side merchants who themselves were engaged in illegal pursuits. He obtained the sobriquet of "Kid Dropper" when, as a young messenger in Wall Street, he knocked out those who went counter to his wishes. He first broke into print as a gangster in 1909, when he began to rob and terrorize small business men.

Kaplan's criminal pedigree is typical of the records of the numerous Yiddish criminals who infest New York City. It also illustrates the leniency which judges of their own race display toward such birds of prey. Arrested in 1908 as a general thief, Kaplan was discharged. Charged in 1909 with carrying concealed weapons, he received a suspended sentence. He was discharged also in 1911, when arrested for assault and robbery. Later in the same year, when convicted of robbery, he was sentenced to serve ten years in Sing Sing. In 1919, he was once more discharged after having been arrested for felonious assault. Arrested later that year, charged with homicide, no disposition was made in his case. In 1920, he was sent to Blackwell's Island for carrying a revolver. A few months later, he was once more sent to the island for robbery. Arrested in 1922, on a Federal charge of conspiracy, no disposition was made of his case. Several months afterward, apprehended for felonious assault, he was again discharged. Early in 1923, he was arrested for burglary, and released on bail. Later he was discharged once more after having been arrested for felonious assault.

In a personal quarrel between the two gang leaders, Kaplan had slashed "Little Augie" across the face, branding his antagonist with a deep scar. Afterward, Orgen, or Augie, fired four shots at Kaplan, two of them hitting the latter's legs. Then the bitter enmity between the two groups was suddenly intensified by the activity of Kaplan in cutting in on the revenues of the "Little Augie" fraternity. The "Dropper" had previously limited his strong-arm services to contractors who wanted to "quiet" striking employes. "Little Augie" had built up an extensive clientele of a similar character among the Bolshevik unions. Kaplan made a bid for the latter's trade, and succeeded in winning away some of "Little Augie's" patrons. Now ensued a series of savage encounters between the gangs, who were emboldened by a growing confidence in the mysterious protection which they had always enjoyed.

On August 1, a revolver fight occurred between the "Little Augie" and the "Kid Dropper" factions. Jacob Shapiro and another man were shot, and this result spurred on the leaders of the "Little Augie" group to order the assassination of the "Dropper." The details of their plot were afterward brought to light through underworld accounts, supplemented by testimony developed by the District Attorney and the police.

At a conference of members of the "Little Augie" band, it was decided to "get" Kaplan. All were eager to get him out of the way, but none volunteered to do the killing, for it was known that the "Dropper" never traveled without his personal guard of sharpshooters. *Courage is not a normal quality of the East Side gunman, who merely nerves himself up to the commission of a homicidal crime by the liberal use of narcotics.*

At this juncture, a gangster suggested the use of one Louis Cohen. Cohen, an emaciated youth, who is a wet wash laundry worker, had aspired to be a gangster, but the members of the "Little Augie" gang, to whom he attached himself, looked upon him with more or less contempt, and utilized him as a "water boy"—one who does errands for the gunmen.

Promised Gang Protection

ACCORDING to the police, Cohen was thereupon brought into the scheme, his weak imagination excited by a glowing picture of the important position he would assume in gangdom if he succeeded in removing the "king." He was promised the protection of the gang if he succeeded in killing the "Dropper" and that even if he were "sent up the river," influences would be used to obtain his release from prison. Cohen, who had often complained that he had been hounded by the "Dropper," agreed to become the executioner of the gang leader.

While the plan of assassination was being arranged, the "Little Augie" faction gained an opportunity to strike an underhand blow at their rivals. Fourteen members of the "Kid Dropper" gang assembled one morning in a Broadway office building on a secret mission. The "Little Augies," knowing of this appointment, tipped off the police that the "Dropper's" gang had assembled to receive instructions for some strong-arm work. The police raided the office and arrested the men, among whom were Hyman Kaplan, a brother of the "Dropper," "Dave" Rothman and other partisans. They were held on the charge of violating the Sullivan law.

On the morning of August 28, a crowd of more than 2,000 persons had gathered in the streets surrounding the Essex Market Court House in the lower East Side of New York City. Persons unfamiliar with the life of the Great Ghetto, can scarcely realize the swarming of the semi-criminal hordes there to the scene of any excitement that appeals to their emotions. It will be remembered that on August 1, during a revolver battle between the rival factions, one Jacob Shapiro had been shot. Shapiro had identified "Kid Dropper" as one of three men who had fired at him at that time from an automobile. Nathan Kaplan, and fifteen of his confederates, had been taken to the Essex Market Court House on this morning. Kaplan, alias the "Kid," to answer to a charge of felonious assault, the others being charged with knowledge of the same crime.

Police Captain Willemse, having been forewarned that the opposing gunmen would be on hand, "ready for trouble," when the "Dropper" was taken to court, had thrown a cordon of fifteen detectives and ten uniformed patrolmen around the neighborhood of the court at Second avenue and Second street.

The "Kid" was arraigned before the magistrate, and Shapiro, his accuser, was brought forward to confront him. Previously, to the police, Shapiro had been positive that Kaplan was the man who shot him. Now, under the eyes of the gang leader, in a courtroom packed with the latter's sympathizers, the accuser's courage oozed away, and uncertainly, with shifting gaze, he professed that he had been mistaken in identifying Kaplan.

The magistrate immediately released "Kid Dropper," who was, however, taken in custody again by the police, to face another charge in the West Side Court. With a detective sergeant at his side, and Captain Willemse behind him, the leader of gunmen emerged from the courthouse. Parked at the Second street curb was a taxicab with its engine running, prepared to take the prisoner uptown. A group of detectives who had been on emergency duty in the court room, now filed out into the street. The police closely watched the crowd, which had been driven away from the vicinity of the taxicab.

The "Dropper," smiling with assurance, walked leisurely to the cab, the door of which was being held open to receive him. The gangster's wife rushed up and flung her arms about his neck. "Jack," she cried, "you've beaten the case, and you'll beat the one uptown."

Cohen Bravado Soon Fades

WHILE the police motioned the woman aside, Kaplan entered the vehicle, followed by one of the detectives. A stunted, emaciated man, who had worked his way unobserved through the police lines, approached the cab on a run. It was Louis Cohen, the "water boy" of the "Little Augies," under the stimulus of cocaine, making good his agreement to the gang.

Unable to see Kaplan, but standing on tiptoe, Cohen snatched a revolver from his pocket and fired three shots downward as best he could, through the rear window of the cab. The first shot hit the "Kid" in the back of the head, the second struck the chauffeur, and the third passed through the straw hat of the police captain.

The gangster's wife, yelling, grappled with Cohen, and clawed his face. The youth threw her to one side, and knocking away an obstructing piece of glass in the shattered cab window opening, he sent another bullet through the "Dropper's" head.

Kaplan, mortally wounded, collapsed on the seat, while the police, surrounding Cohen, hustled him back into the court room to shield him from the wildly surging crowd.

Just before this shooting occurred, the police had received word that seven armed men were congregating at the Bowery and Fourth street. Learning from a "lookout" that their presence had been detected, the gangsters scattered, but detectives captured three men near the courthouse, all with revolvers in their pockets. They were Jacob Orgen, alias "Little Augie," and two of his followers, named Weiss and Gepson.

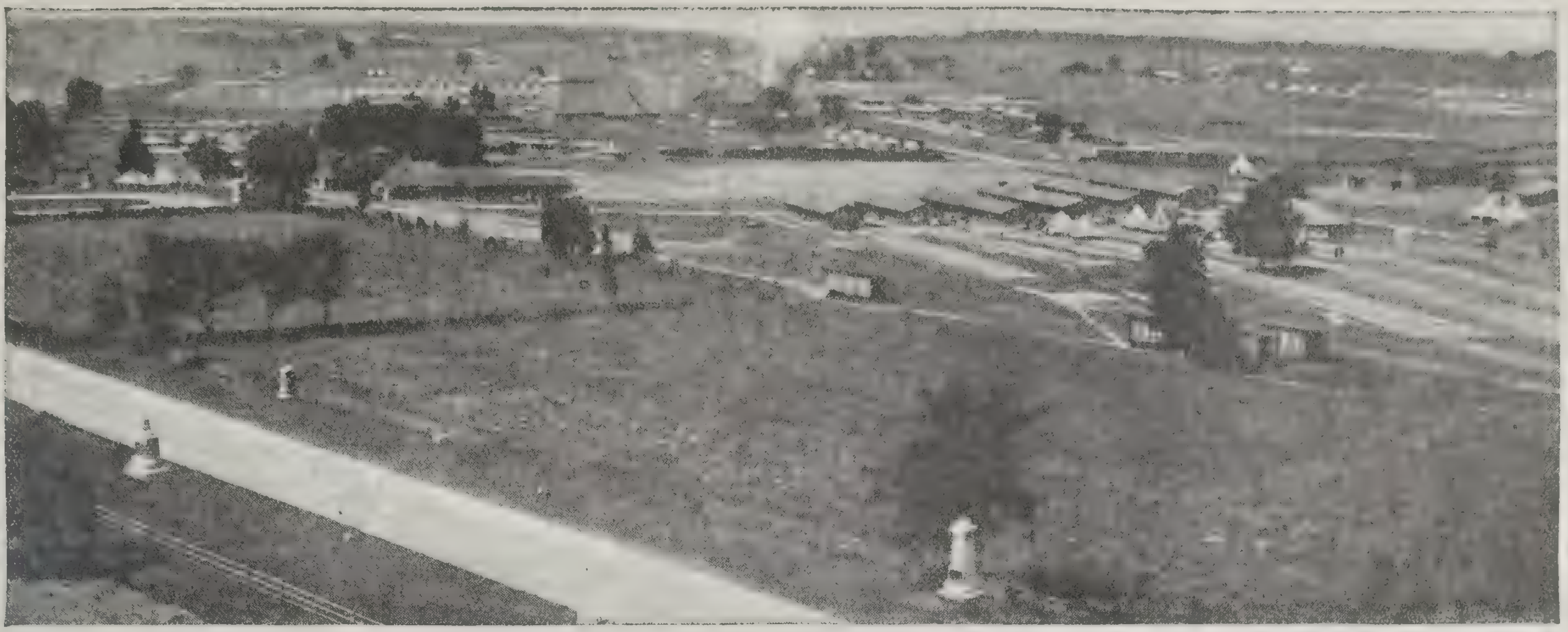
Two days later, a morbid, emotional Yiddish throng of some 3,000 persons, surrounded an East Side undertaking establishment, in which the Rev. G. Grossman, an unattached rabbi, was reading the burial service over the body of the murdered gunman. The mob had congregated in the neighborhood for several hours, drawn by a rumor that members of the "Little Augie" band, who had plotted the slaying, had arranged to have a jazz band on the fire escape of a neighboring tenement, to send the "Dropper" to his grave to the strains of derisive melody.

Gangsters were alighting from taxicabs and private motor cars in the immediate vicinity, with the evident purpose of disrupting the funeral party if not to engage in another pistol battle with their antagonists. With this end in view, the "Little Augies" sent in a false fire alarm from the corner, but when the fire apparatus came thundering through the street, emergency police and detectives came to the aid of a uniformed squad in keeping the police line about the hearse intact. Amid the loud lamentations of the gangster's widow and other members of his family, including his seven brothers, the body of the "Dropper" was carried to the hearse. An escort of detectives followed it in an automobile, and when the funeral party reached Queensborough Bridge, a detachment of motorcycle policemen fell in on both sides of the hearse, which carried the gunman's body to the cemetery without further interruption.

Cohen, the assassin, his bravado swiftly vanished, was indicted for first-degree murder. "Little Augie" was sent back to the penitentiary to serve out twenty-three months of an unexpired term, for having broken his parole. Others of the gangsters were similarly returned to prison, "Dave" Rothman to serve eight years in Sing Sing on an unexpired holdup sentence, and "Dave" Fertel to Elmira Reformatory, from which he had violated a recent parole.

Only a few months before this, Benjamin Levinsky, a Yiddish youth who had spent a considerable part of the last twenty years in reformatories and penitentiaries, was similarly shot and killed on Broadway. Such are the crimes and scenes which make up a great part of the ordinary life of the ghettos of New York.

Fresh thousands of immigrants from the troubled centers of Eastern Europe arrive monthly to add to the populous overflow and increase the dangerous and turbulent elements that are insidiously penetrating American life.



A general view of the Gettysburg battlefield.

When Lincoln Spoke at Dedication of Gettysburg

Address Really an Answer to Invitation of the Patriot David Wills

By JOHN D. ANDERSON

THE mightiest conflict ever waged in the western world took place on July first, second, third and fourth, 1863. It is known in history and to all civilized mankind as the Battle of Gettysburg.

With the failure of General Robert E. Lee to accomplish his objectives—to capture Harrisburg and Baltimore—he became anxious to reach the south side of the Potomac River. In this course, as he then believed, lay his only road to safety. With the victorious General George G. Meade and his whole army in pursuit, the burial of the several thousand dead left on the battlefield at Gettysburg and the care of the wounded became a matter of patriotic and humane duty.

Just before the battle, Governor Andrew G. Curtin had called for a volunteer home-guard army of sixty thousand, and this call had met with a prompt response. To this civilian force and to the local authorities was assigned this laborious task.

The supervision of the whole undertaking was intrusted to David Wills, a young attorney of Gettysburg and then but thirty-two years of age. Once the most urgent things had been done it was in his mind that the final resting place of these soldier-dead should be made a permanent cemetery—a mausoleum to which their remains should be brought together and properly buried.

Soldiers from eighteen states had fallen here. This gave to the battle ground a national character. It was therefore apparent that whatever form the ceremonies took to mark the occasion of this dedication they should assume a nation-wide interest, be nation-wide in character and likewise nation-wide in their solemnity.

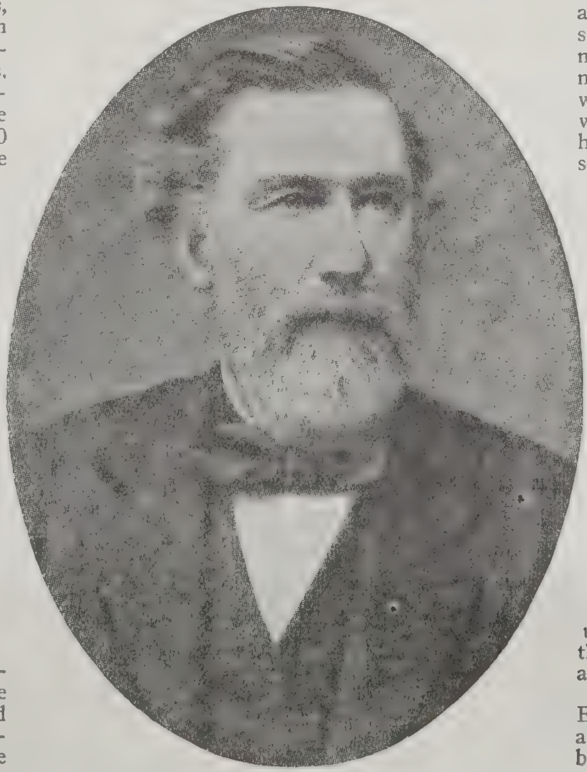
Let us ask: Who was this man, David Wills, into whose hands Governor Curtin had given such a large undertaking? What had he done to inspire such confidence? His ancestor, David Wills, who could trace his ancestry back to Carrickfergus, Ireland, and to the year 1578, was the first to emigrate to America. He arrived in 1730 and settled on a farm in Chester County in the colony of Pennsylvania. He reared three sons. David Wills, Jr., was the eldest. This David Wills in 1750 left Chester County, pushed westward and settled on a farm in Cumberland County. He in turn raised three sons. James was the eldest, and his son James Jack was the father of the David Wills we find at Gettysburg. James Jack was born in Cumberland County in 1802. His wife, Ruth Wilson, was a native of Adams County, in which Gettysburg is situated. Her father, George Wilson, was a farmer and merchant of Menallen Township, whose ancestors had come from County Tyrone, Ireland, about the time that the Wills ancestor had found his way to America. David Wills was born in 1831. His mother died four years later. His father had so prospered as a farmer that when David was thirteen years old the father had retired from the farm, that his children might obtain a better education. The family made its home in Gettysburg.

In due course, David Wills was sent to Pennsylvania College and was graduated in 1851. He had shown an especial aptitude for teaching and some talent for public speaking. Upon his graduation he went to Cahaba, Alabama, and became principal of the academy there. At the end of the first year, he returned to Pennsylvania and entered the office of "Thad" Stevens, at Lancaster, as a law student. Wills was admitted to practice in 1854 and opened an office in Gettysburg. He served several terms as burgess of that borough and as president of the town council, and councilman and attorney. The same year that he was admitted to practice law he was elected county superintendent of schools of Adams County. For many years he was president of the old Baltimore and Cumberland Valley Railroad and attorney for the Gettysburg, Hanover and Baltimore Railroad systems.

In 1874 he was elevated to the position of presiding judge of the Forty-Second Judicial District of Pennsylvania, which position he filled with dignity. He organized and carried to completion the Gettysburg National Cemetery from which grew the plans for the battlefield cemeteries of the entire country.

Judge Wills was of a deeply religious nature and was connected with the Presbyterian Church and its Sunday school as superintendent. He was frequently a delegate to the Presbytery of Carlisle and also as a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States.

As early as July 24, 1863—only nineteen days after Lee's retreat—David Wills wrote to Governor Curtin and submitted his general outline plan for the cemetery. This met with executive approval and Wills at once entered into correspondence with the governors of the states whose soldiers had engaged in battle there.



DAVID WILLS

A little less than a month later Governor Curtin received another letter in which Wills stated: "I have invited the co-operation of the several states having soldier-dead on the battlefield around this place, in the noble project of removing their remains from their present exposed and imperfectly buried condition on the fields for miles around, to a cemetery."

Fifteen of the governors had, up to that time, responded and pledged co-operation. He had purchased for $2,475.87 and taken title in the name of Pennsylvania to a tract of about seventeen acres. This was on Cemetery Hill, fronting on the Baltimore turnpike and extending to the Taneytown road. It will be remembered that this land had formed the apex of the triangular line of battle and the very key to the Union line of defenses. Wills declared: "It embraces the highest point on Cemetery Hill and overlooks the whole battlefield. It is the spot which should be specially consecrated to this sacred purpose. It was here that such immense quantities of our artillery were massed, and during Thursday and Friday of the battle from this most important point on the field, dealt out death and destruction to the rebel army in every direction of their advance."

Governor Curtin quickly replied. He expressed his satisfaction with the details of Wills' plans, and requested that every consideration be given to any plans the other states might suggest. "Pennsylvania will be highly honored," he wrote, "by the possession within her limits of this Soldier's mausoleum, and so much distinguished among other states by their contribution in aid of so glorious a monument to patriotism and humanity, that it becomes her duty, as it is her melancholy pleasure, to yield in every reasonable way to the wishes and suggestions of the states which join with her in dedicating a portion of her territory to the solemn uses of a national sepulcher."

Many schemes for the burials were suggested. Wills strongly urged that the interments should not be by states, but promiscuously. The joint special committee of the city of Boston, which had from the time the plan was suggested given its most cordial support, persistently and strenuously advocated the plan of separate state lots. Wills conceded and the Boston committee's plan was followed.

William Saunders was the gardener selected to plot and lay out the grounds. He made a semicircular arrangement of the lots. The states represented were New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Virginia, Delaware, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Connecticut, Minnesota, Maryland, Maine, Michigan, Massachusetts, Ohio and Indiana. Space was provided for United States regulars as well as for unknown dead. The general plan followed was the laying off in sections with a space four feet as a walk between each section.

On September 24 Wills addressed a letter to Edward Everett, asking him to make the principal address. Mr. Everett accepted but said it would be out of his power to make the preparation by

(Concluded on page 13)

Fleischhackers Take an Interest in Shipping

Lasker Works to Give Western Bankers Control of Pacific Boats

By a Washingtonian

This is the third of several articles having to do with conditions in the United States Shipping Board. Another will appear in an early issue.

THE shadow of the House of Fleischhacker still falls athwart the future of the American Merchant Marine.

With headquarters in San Francisco, the House of Fleischhacker reaches into London, into Paris, into New York. The Fleischhackers are international bankers.

The power of the House of Fleischhacker is felt in politics, shipping, the lumber and paper pulp industries of the great Northwest, the water-power combine of the Pacific Slope.

Two companies form the pillars of the great international banking structure. One, the Anglo and London-Paris National Bank, has Herbert Fleischhacker as its president and his brother, Mortimer Fleischhacker, as its vice-president. The other, the Anglo-California Trust Company, has Mortimer Fleischhacker as its president and Herbert as its vice-president.

Associated with one or the other of these companies is an imposing array of good old names such as Friedlander, Iuer, Klinker, Baer, Moss, Anderton, Vollmey, Blumenthal, Schulte, Kanter, Coe, Lilienthal.

"There are very few people on the Pacific Coast that don't in some way owe the banks money or deposit with them," said Al Lasker, former chairman of the Shipping Board and Chicago "ad" agent.

Works to Aid Bankers

IT WAS the House of Fleischhacker which Lasker chose to head the huge corporation that was to control the American Merchant Marine on the Pacific Coast and sweep all competition aside.

It was Herbert Fleischhacker whom Lasker brought on for conferences with President Harding relative to the Lasker scheme to turn over to the Fleischhackers the ships, the supplies and the opportunities of this government in the Pacific trade. But, among others, the Portland, Oregon, Chamber of Commerce gave scant encouragement to the scheme and much publicity caused it to be temporarily abandoned.

It was the House of Fleischhacker which Lasker put forward as the great motivating power he had chosen to propel the Merchant Marine on the Pacific Coast if the subsidy bill went through Congress. This was the group which was to reap most of the benefits under the proposed subsidy so far as the Pacific was concerned.

"Of course, unless we want to go on the basis of Soviet Russia, it is impossible to have shipping without bankers and international bankers," Lasker openly declared before the joint Senate-House committee during the subsidy hearings, in defending his choice of the Fleischhackers to control the Pacific shipping.

Now let us hark back to the days of 1917.

The war was on. We needed ships. Anybody could get a contract with the Shipping Board to build boats.

Out in San Francisco a group of men, including Herbert Fleischhacker, got together in a private venture and financed the building of the good ship *Faith*.

The *Faith* was a 5,000-ton reinforced concrete ship. And she was an experiment.

At Redwood City, California, with nothing much except a concrete mixer and some lumber for molds, this company built and launched the *Faith*.

When they did so there was launched upon this country a dream of concrete vessels—which proved an expensive nightmare.

After launching the *Faith*, these San Francisco gentlemen got together and launched something else. It was the San Francisco Shipbuilding Company.

W. Leslie Comyn was president. John Lawson was vice-president, U. G. Hind, treasurer, E. W. Sass, secretary. Among the stockholders were the Atkins-Kroll Company, Herbert Fleischhacker, M. M. Cohn, I. Zellerbach, J. C. Zellerbach, Sidney L. Schwartz, Henry Kirchmann, Louis H. Schwabacher, Albert W. Pfeiffer, Louis A. Sinz, M. F. Lowenstein, Irving S. Rosenblatt, M. M. Baruch, J. Y. Baruch and S. W. Straus. The predominance of Hebrew names may be a coincidence.

This company secured a contract for eight 7,500-ton concrete tank and cargo ships. It persuaded the Shipping Board to spend nearly a million dollars for a shipyard. As the work progressed, the contract was cut to three vessels, for even the densest officials soon saw that the concrete ship dream was due to be shattered as completely as the ships themselves were when they grounded.

The Shipping Board paid all the officers and all the men, met every expense, and assumed all responsibility, while the company which held the contract acted as superintendent.

When the contract was cut to three ships, according to the testimony of A. J. Frey and other Shipping Board officials before the Congressional Select Committee on Shipping Board operations, these San Francisco gentlemen lost interest. They were, apparently, not so much interested in the war as they were in the money to be made out of concrete shipbuilding, if Mr. Frey, later a $25,000 a year aide to Al Lasker, is to be believed.

The next appearance of the Fleischhacker influence was in what was known as the "Bardee contract."

"Jack" Bardee, Portland, Oregon, suddenly appeared in Washington and began to bid on ship steel left over from the construction program. He outbid the other Jewish junk dealers and secured the contract. For some of the steel he was to pay $45 a ton, for some $35. For fabricated steel he was to pay $25 a ton, and so on. The steel market was high then.

Everybody thought Bardee was "stuck."

Resigns—Reappointed

THE next development was when H. H. Weaver, steel expert on the Shipping Board Claims Commission, resigned and became an official of the Bardee Steel Products corporation.

Then Mr. Weaver was reappointed—at a dollar-a-year to the Claims Commission of the Shipping Board as steel expert—and thus retained both positions.

Following that, Bardee secured an "interpretation and amplification" of his contract which resulted in certain changes. Among these was one that a clause specifying that all steel "less than 15 feet in length shall be considered fabricated steel" should be interpreted to mean "15 feet or less." In other words, under the contract, a sheet of steel 14 feet, 11 3/4 inches in length would come within the $25 a ton class, but another quarter of an inch—or exactly 15 feet—put it in the higher-priced class. Under the change, the steel had to be a quarter of an inch more than 15 feet long or it fell in the lower-priced class. Owing to the standard lengths of ship steel as cut, that quarter of an inch meant many hundreds of thousands of dollars loss to the Shipping Board.

Another change was as to steel pieces bolted or riveted together. Unless these were taken into the deal as fabricated steel, the government would be left with scrap, practically worthless on the market except as junk metal, while the contractor would get the cream of the material. Bardee secured the changes—and former Shipping Board officials wince when they say how much the government lost by this deal.

Bardee then came forward with another proposition in which he was backed by the Fleischhackers to take over all the surplus supplies—many millions of dollars' worth, on the Pacific Coast. Probing by the Walsh committee and over-much publicity, however, caused this deal to be abandoned.

Great Corporation Planned

THE next appearance of the House of Fleischhacker was when Al Lasker brought Herbert Fleischhacker on to have a talk with the President relative to the formation by Fleischhacker of a gigantic corporation on the Pacific Coast to take over the government ships.

Then, after this scheme was well under way, Lasker proposed his subsidy plan under which the Fleischhackers were to play a tremendous and dominating part in the merchant marine plans.

Following this came the singular deal for the sale of the wooden ship fleet, which has already been narrated in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT columns.

Now we come to another queer turn of events.

During the shipbuilding days the Emergency Fleet Corporation bought 160 acres of land adjoining the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company's plant at Alameda, California. The Shipping Board paid $1,035 000 for this land, and, according to exhaustive testimony given by Shipping Board officials, and as shown by many appraisals of this land by San Francisco real estate experts, all of which were submitted before the Walsh committee, the land was well worth the money. Then the Emergency Fleet Corporation spent some $5 000,000 dredging, filling, setting fine foundations and making this Liberty plant, so-called, a fine manufacturing site.

It is an ideal plant in which to convert ships, the fine, super-costly "535" passenger-cargo boats built by the government, for instance, into Diesel motor ships—especially if the Bethlehem's new Diesel motor were used.

And, 'tis said, the Fleischhackers have an eye on those "535's."

In a deal during Lasker's chairmanship of the board, the sale of the Liberty plant which cost the government more than $6,000,000, the unimproved land being worth more than a million alone, was arranged. The Fleischhacker interests through their agents acquired this plant, it is said, for the sum of $350,000, with a down payment of $50,000.

As to how many other plans the Fleischhackers figure in would be interesting to know.

What a Woman's Eyes See in Germany

By LEONORA RAINES

"MY GOD! So many men, and where do they come from?" This remark from the artist, Augustus John, might apply to Germany just now, no matter in what town you happen to be, or where your eyes wander. The men are not gathered together to view baseball returns or to await news of a horserace or to read votes of an election. They're out of work, and you'd know that the moment your eyes looked at them, for there is a psychology that is unmistakable in the mien and atmosphere of a man whose salary has been cut off and whose days hang heavy.

The hordes of idlers are not only along the Ruhr. They're in every part of the country, though the greatest mass of refugees have flocked to Hannover and Berlin. There was already an army of unemployed there, and the refugees added another quota to the number. In Cologne misfortune is less apparent, for the British soldier is well paid and his money flows freely along his allotment of the Rhine. But no matter where you go, depression is heavy in the air.

At Hannover, the people seem suffering from cold. The September day is fairly cool, but men and women, their faces thin and drawn, their lips blue, move along, muffled to the nose in wraps. Reaching Berlin, where the thermometer runs near forty degrees Fahrenheit, the populace to all appearance is indifferent to chill and the wane of summer. Pedestrians along Friederickstrasse, Wilhelmstrasse, Unter den Linden—indeed in all parts of the city—are plain barefoot. Men and boys wear no shirts. Their breasts and necks are exposed. The bare feet do not all belong to beggars, for it is said the beggars do not represent the class that is worst off.

Germany used to be full of military and "whale fronts." Hunger has whacked off the latter, and the only military uniforms I see are worn by the French. Avenue cafés and sidewalk beer gardens are still doing business, but pedestrians don't look in the direction of refreshment shops. Walking along, the air gets in the lungs, muscles stretch and contract, and the exercise does not cost money!

Faces I meet are almost void of expression. Privation, suffering, misery, no hope in the future, seem to have numbed feeling, and features are dead to sensibility. Beggars used to be unknown quantities in this land of industry and sobriety. Now beggars are so numerous that they are commonplace. Except in the occupied areas, most of the stores remain open, but save for the grocer and table supplier, no place does business. Employes are there waiting for customers who never appear. Should a customer happen in, there is little to tempt, none of the dry goods shops having renewed supplies since early spring.

I myself went to shop in Berlin, but found no choice in wares. No silk stockings, no crystal beads, no feminine knicknacks. War and defeat destroy feminine conceit, and that is proved from the fact that I notice no women eyeing windows displaying clothes and headdress. German women have come down to material necessities, and they have deserted vanity accessories for accessories of the inner man. I have seen both women and children, grouped silently in front of a baker's window, gazing with soulful eyes at loaves of bread and sweibach.

In Düsseldorf, in Essen, in Weisbaden, beauty parlors exist in name only. Windows are complete and alluring enough, but enter, and you'll find the rooms deserted. No one there but the proprietor, and he tells you that nothing is for sale, that what you see represents his entire supply, and that the shop is there to let passers-by know that he has not quit the business, but hopes to serve the public when the district is free.

Streets present a novel sight. The middle of the road is practically destitute of vehicles, and people appropriate it. Cabs are few and remain mostly at stations. They are old and full of scars, and to judge from his irritation and fretfulness, the cabby's disposition is full of scars also. The horse is nothing but a bag of bones.

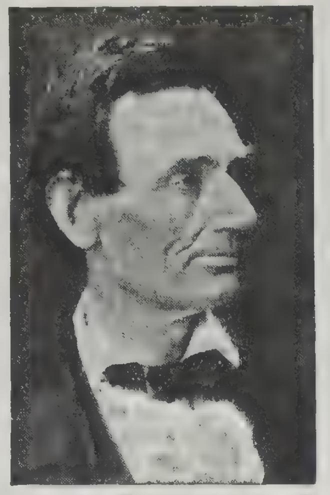
I saw thousands of what they call "colored" soldiers at Aix la Chapelle with Belgian troops—Turcos, Arabs, Moroccans and so forth. At Weisbaden, the real African Negro is in command—(high officers being French)—the big, black, strapping Senegalian, whose ebony skin and red lips are in marked contrast to the electric-blue uniform.

The army of occupation is given full sidewalk by Germans. I believe this is a result of a suggestion by the Reich government, that altercation may be avoided. There is no sign of greeting, for the good reason that the passers-by don't appear to see each other. Germans resent the presence of the French just as much today as they did in January last when the enemy soldiers marched in, 100,000 strong, with tanks, bayonets, guns—as they said, to protect their engineers and to collect a debt.

Were there not so much misery and starvation about, carrying money and making purchases that convince one one is a multi-millionaire would have a humorous side. For instance, 500,000 marks for a glass of beer, four million marks for a dinner, twenty million to have a dress made, forty million for a coat—it all sounds very grand, and it all takes up a big place in pocket and wallet. A handful of bills may amount to but a few cents, and a deskful may represent but a few dollars.

I attended a service at the aristocratic Marien-Kirche last Sunday at Düsseldorf. Many of the parishioners have fled, but some stayed on rather than ask permission of the invading army to allow them to travel.

After making announcements of the week, the young priest, awkwardly approaching his subject, fidgeted a moment with his book, then plunged boldly as he said: "Before leaving the altar I will make an announcement, the like of which I think has never been made by a priest from any altar. I wish to say that for a long time we priests have had one hot meal a week, composed of meat and a vegetable. The rest of the time we live on dry bread. I would be silent, but for the fact that our rations, short as they are, are dwindling."



Abraham Lincoln, a photograph taken by Alexander Hesler at Springfield, Illinois, a few days after the Chicago convention which nominated Lincoln.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Delivered November 19, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

When Lincoln Spoke at Dedication of Gettysburg

Concluded from page 11

the date named and ended by saying: "I cannot safely name an earlier time than the nineteenth of November." Mr. Everett's selection of the date fixed the time for the ceremonies. Others were invited, including General Meade, who had commanded at the battle, but he replied: "This army has duties to perform which will not admit of its being represented on the occasion."

The governors and Mr. Wills had the thought also in mind that the national government should be represented, and accordingly he invited President Lincoln. With the official invitation went a note to the President in which Mr. Wills urged his presence; invited Mr. Lincoln to stop at his home because the hotels would be crowded and in confusion, and called the President's attention to the fact that both Mr. Everett and Governor Curtin would also be guests at his residence.

The invitation read:

"The several states having soldiers in the Army of the Potomac, who were killed at the Battle of Gettysburg, or have since died at the various hospitals which were established in the vicinity, have procured grounds on a prominent part of the battlefield for a cemetery, and are having the dead removed to them and properly buried. These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose, by appropriate ceremonies, on Thursday, the 19th instant. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the governors of the different states to invite you to be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks. It will be a source of great gratification to the many widows and orphans that have been made almost friendless by the great battle here, to have you here personally; and it will kindle anew in the breasts of the comrades of these brave dead, who are now in the tented field or nobly meeting the foe in the front, a confidence that they who sleep in death on the battlefield are not forgotten by those highest in authority; and they will feel that, should their fate be the same, their remains will not be uncared for. We hope you will be able to be present to perform this last solemn act to the soldier dead on this battlefield."

The call to Gettysburg was one not to be put aside and the President agreed to attend.

Mr. Wills has indicated that "a few appropriate remarks" would be all that would be required of the President.

There is no certain record of when Mr. Lincoln began to write the address. It was not until the seventeenth, the day before leaving for Gettysburg, his secretary, John G. Nicolay, says.

There are many stories told as to the place, the manner and the time when the address was written. There has never been the slightest intimation, however, that any person other than Abraham Lincoln prepared any part of it.

The sending by Mr. Wills of his fervent letter has an added interest beyond the fact that it was addressed to Lincoln. It is more than possible that some of the sentiments expressed in it suggested to the President's mind the line of thought which he followed in his great address. A careful reading of the invitation and of the address—a comparison of the two documents with the common occasion of their inspiration kept finally in mind—will bring to most of us this sure conclusion: *Mr. Lincoln's address formed the public answer to Mr. Wills' invitation!*

It is believed the first person to be informed that Mr. Lincoln's mind was working upon the address was Noah Brooks, a newspaper correspondent and later an editor. He spoke to the President and was told of the receipt of an advance copy of Mr. Everett's address; Brooks was assured that there was no danger of the two addresses covering the same ground.

"My speech is all blocked out. It is very short," and he further assured Brooks that it was "not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway."

Several authors, who have written about Lincoln and of this period, have claimed that it was written on the train on the way to Gettysburg and not prepared in Washington at all. A son-in-law of Mr. Wills, William P. Quimby, stated that it was completed on the night of the eighteenth of November at the Wills home, taken to Secretary Seward that same night, was approved by him and, of course, delivered the next day. Isaac N. Arnold, in his widely read life of Abraham Lincoln, declared that it was written while en route to Gettysburg. Ben Perley Poore also stated that the words "were written in the car on the way from Washington to the battlefield upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee." Professor John T. Morse asserted that in the original first draft Lincoln had used a quotation from Daniel Webster in his reply to Hayne: "When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven." James Speed, friend of Lincoln, in an interview in 1879, said that "the day before he left Washington he found time to write about half of his speech."

Spangler's Spring, Gettysburg. This is one of the famous spots of the battlefield.

But for Lincoln's ever faithful, ever reliable secretary, Nicolay, we would never know the whole story of the address. Fortunately for the world he has told us what he knew and all that he knew of it.

Nicolay says that the original draft of the address was made partly at the White House—the first nineteen lines, and that the last nine and a half lines were written at the Wills home on the morning of the nineteenth of November. His account is to the effect that the speech was in Lincoln's pocket when he left Washington for Gettysburg; that it was not written on the train nor was it completed on the evening of the eighteenth, so that it could not have been submitted to Seward as recounted by Mr. Quimby.

The first part of the original draft—the Washington-prepared part—was in ink in Lincoln's writing and ended with the words, "to stand here." This made the nineteen lines complete. When Lincoln wrote the rest of it he struck out these three last words with pencil and wrote above them, "We to be here dedica-" making the first page complete. What follows is in pencil and written on the second page, different paper being used. The words are "ted to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, for the poeple, shall not perish from the earth."

Within a few days after the delivery of the address Mr. Lincoln was requested to supply copies of the address. The copy which Lincoln held in his hand but did not use in delivering the address contained words somewhat different from his spoken sentences; it now reposes in the Library of Congress. He made a copy as he recalled the words, slightly different from the first version. This likewise is in the Congressional Library.

Still later the President made at least four *revised* versions, all different; one for Mr. Wills, which was lost; one for Bancroft, the historian, to be sold at a Soldier's fair but kept by Bancroft with Lincoln's permission as he had written on both sides of the paper; and another for Bancroft to replace this draft; and still another for Edward Everett.

Of the two copies furnished to Bancroft, one is now owned by Professor William Bliss, of Baltimore, while another is in possession of the Public Library in New York. The version written in 1864 is the recognized standard version. All copies vary slightly. The chief changes were "those who died here" for "those who here gave up their lives"; and "This we may in all propriety do" to "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."

Judge Wills is buried in the Evergreen Cemetery, at Gettysburg.

Gettysburg, originally but seventeen acres and purchased at trifling cost, has since that time had hundreds of thousands of dollars spent upon it. And the man who first inspired the nation to do all this was David Wills, who likewise inspired Lincoln by his invitation.

The Politician Who Tried to Use the Red Cross

Even When He Was Peremptorily Fired He Capitalized His Experiences

This is the second and concluding article on the activities and operations of the Red Cross written by a person who has been with the organization for several years. There is nothing but facts, dispassionately stated, here introduced. The first article had to do with the war work up to 1917.

IN 1917 someone said that Red Cross was like a toy balloon that turned into a Zeppelin overnight. When one considers the conditions that confronted the New York men who came to Washington in May of 1917, the millions that poured into the treasury of the organization the following summer, the necessity of getting together a force of men and women to outline policies, to do the bookkeeping, to buy supplies and to arrange for shipment of material and personnel overseas, all at a time when our government was feverishly engaged in a very similar job, the wonder is that the Red Cross job was done at all, much less done well.

This article is written from the headquarters point of view because more effort was concentrated at that point than elsewhere and the factors were more easily seen. The spirit of the headquarters force was high, the intentions excellent, the mistakes many (and mistakes cost money), and after the force of fifteen hundred had been got together, much weeding out had to be done. There were a few who were insincere, close to fakirs, in fact, but there were no thieves or grafters.

There was one curious aspect in Washington—the alignment between volunteers and paid individuals. In a very short time a line of separation was easily seen. A certain distinction accrued to the volunteer and, per contra, the hired folks came to feel that they were servants, of the upper class, to be sure, like valets, but still they had a place below the salt always, and as the days went on this line of demarcation became clearer.

There was one man who volunteered in a certain department because he had an excellent salary from the Food Administration and the latter apparently had little work for him to do.

Bragging Costs His Job

ON ONE occasion he taunted a humble hired worker in the vineyard with a speech which went about like this: "You are a fool, Ed Why do you work on a salary? Why not volunteer as I did and work for nothing? But watch your Uncle Tom. By and by I will get on the pay roll and when I get there I will land something worth having." Within two months Tom's name was certified to the pay roll, with elaborate O. K's by unpaid volunteers in the main building. He achieved a salary of a thousand dollars a month and had it dated backward to the time when he had first "volunteered." He had landed right on top with the highest salary then paid by the organization.

Unfortunately for Tom, however, his braggadocio act had been performed in the presence of a hired man who had certain ideas of propriety and the latter peached on him where it would do most damage to Tom and most good to Red Cross and Tom never drew the salary set, and was soon out of the organization altogether.

There were two classes of volunteers, those who had private means which permitted their serving without pay and also to pay all traveling expenses and the like, and those whose peace-time employers kept them on their pay rolls but allowed them to serve Red Cross in Washington or elsewhere. And there was a corporation which sent their employes but rendered a bill to Red Cross for salary and Washington living expenses which was paid in lump sum by Red Cross. Again some one's idea of propriety was offended and these men (who had inadvisedly called attention to themselves by publishing the alleged fact that they belonged among the patriotic, aristocratic class of "volunteers") were returned to their corporations. It is only fair to state, however, that the employing corporation had sent their men in response to a request from the management of Red Cross and that the same corporation had other men at work in Washington for whose services they did not render a bill.

In all discussions of the waste or improvidence of expenditures by either the government or Red Cross in Washington (and there was little to choose between the two as to merits, or demerits) the state of mind of America in 1918 must be considered.

The basis of calculation as to purchases, kind, quantity, and amount was along these lines: 2,000 000 men are overseas, 2,000,000 more are in camps (the second draft) and will be sent as soon as possible; the Allied casualty list is running about 50,000 a day; means must be provided to care for 50,000 sick or wounded men every twenty-four hours; the campaign will go well through the winter of 1918-19.

Figure out the quantities required for twenty days, say, and you have an answer of a million men to be nursed and otherwise cared for. Such a fever of buying, shipping, planning as existed in Washington from March, 1918, to the July battles around Chateau Thierry and beyond to the date of the Armistice was never seen on the globe. The Red Cross force at headquarters worked long hours, and knew no holidays or Sundays. The disbursements for October, 1918, the peak of the whole war enterprise, amounted to more than forty million dollars.

The purchasing force at headquarters was guided by a man of large experience from Chicago, formerly the purchasing agent of a large packing concern. He was assisted by the best talent in his line. All were full volunteers. There were countless problems, not only as to prices but, what was then of vastly more importance, as to the certainty of delivery of goods. The government was taking many commodities in large quantities. Red Cross had to take what they could get. These conditions must be called to mind in any comment on the results.

The tremendous volume of activity stopped suddenly and the story of what was unnecessarily purchased, what was left over, what was done with it, is known to few.

People are always more interesting than things. The men at headquarters and in the field constitute a more interesting study than the articles purchased. The massing of these people and their co-workers was only seen on the occasion of the big parades.

A pessimist husband and an optimist wife were watching an unending line of blue-veiled nurses in a street parade in Washington. Notables marched in front, near-notables marched at the head of sections, almost-notables marched at the head of sub-sections. Bands played, flags were saluted, cameras clicked, the marching men and women looked proud, many looked conscious. There were so many marching the wonder is that there were any to play the rôle of spectators.

Said the pessimist husband: "If some avenging deity were to throw a bomb in that parade guaranteed to kill those who are there from motives of vanity only, how much of a parade do you suppose there would be left?" Said the optimist wife: "There would be a great many left but there would be no one you or I ever heard of."

The departure of the Morgan partner from his desk at Broad and Wall streets was loudly acclaimed and it was a most dramatic and impressive happening, but many others left their counting rooms whose names have never been mentioned in public print except casually, men who did not march in processions—they just worked. They were big men at home, they disappeared in the crowd in Washington. A man of many millions made in the textile trade in New York City and a Wall Street lawyer with an enormous practice bore the brunt of the planning during the war.

A high official of the biggest public utility corporation in America organized the accounting department, but when the government took over his company on July 1, 1918, he had to go back to New York and leave his big war scheme to be carried out by subordinates and it was the latter who evolved the absurd cost-accounting mentioned in an earlier paragraph.

The Story of the Circus Tents

RED CROSS was very, very human. It was a tremendous organization hastily thrown together to accomplish things in which hurry and speed were the chief characteristics. It was not perfect. It was very far from being perfect. Gross figures of accomplishment can be given, detailed accounts of costs according to conventional business standards never. It might have been done better. It might have been done worse. The story of it all would comprise many chapters and there would be an abundance of both tragedy and comedy in it.

There is a story of six huge circus tents bought for temporary hospitaling, not used; sent to England to furnish shelter for convalescents, not used, but stored; sent to Vladivostock to shelter Czech-Slovak refugees, not so used because the Bolshevik chased everyone away; sent to Constantinople for some purpose incident to the attendance upon General Wrangel's unhappy and short-lived adventure in the Crimea; sold to the French Government for more than cost to shelter Russian refugees who had followed Wrangel out of the Crimea, not so used for some reason yet to be found out.

It was not intended that anyone would get any personal glory or advertisement from the work of Red Cross. Prominent men advertised the organization by their connection with it. Some few tried to capitalize their charity work in after-war politics. One man succeeded in getting away with this during the war itself. His accomplishment was a notable exception to the rule and it deserves to be told before this account is brought to a close.

A certain quasi-patriotic politician went overseas to work in connection with the Paris office. He so busied himself and his subordinates with accounts sent home of his unselfish work at the front that he was peremptorily fired by the chief Red Cross executive in Europe. But he was an agile gentleman and landed forthwith in the bosom of another American charity working in France and continued sending home accounts of his valor. He actually succeeded in being elected, while he remained in France, governor of his state and in persuading himself that he was eligible, as a dark horse, for the nomination for President of the United States at the hands of one of the two major political parties. By a humorous coincidence another former Red Cross man who had operated overseas more to his own satisfaction than to that of his organization thought he was a candidate (dark horse, too) for Vice-President on the same ticket. Unhappily for these two distinguished gentlemen nobody seemed to know they were even candidates besides a chosen few.

Had this precious pair landed together on that ticket, much that is written in these articles and a very great deal that has not been told would have come to light and maybe some one would have actually found out how much of Red Cross money was actually spent for real relief and how much was spent otherwise.

Hoover Can Do Much

SINCE these articles were written the Japanese earthquake has startled the world. The American Red Cross responded to the call for help by an appeal to America for five million dollars. The response by the American people has been well in excess of eight million dollars and the campaign has been declared ended.

John Barton Payne, the present executive of Red Cross, has announced that "no administrative cost will be charged against the fund collected for Japan." If Judge Payne's idea of an "administrative cost" is that of the man on the street, well and good. Splendid, in fact. If the brain-spraining definition of "administration" and "relief," by virtue of which the larger portion of even the fuel-cost incurred at Washington and division headquarters from 1917 to 1921 was set down by Red Cross accountants as spent for "relief," is still in vogue, public confidence in the organization will be shaken and a most useful instrumentality for good harmed.

The accounting force at Washington headquarters, reduced in numbers, is practically the same that it was during 1917-21. Judge Payne did not take office until October, 1921, and it is entirely possible that he does not know of the disingenuous accounting prior to his service.

The executive committee, whose attention was called, most forcibly, to the weird accounting in 1920 and 1921 is the same now, almost, as it was during the war. However, there has been a notable addition to this governing committee during the present year in the person of Herbert Hoover. Perhaps he does not know the past history of the accounting department of Red Cross. Mr. Hoover's confreres on the committee listened to no protests as to accounting but he had much experience in relief work in Europe and knows the difference between flattering "ratios" and truth.

A large section of the public feels the need of reassurances from John Barton Payne and Herbert Hoover.

We Visit the Poet Laureate of England

Concluded from page 3

water, gathered up our shoes (which we never can remember to set outside the door in proper style), and departed. We drank our tea indolently, though it did seem rather a strong morning greeting to our stomachs, and then rose. The fresh green trees were to be seen outside every window.

We were all dressed, and it was time for breakfast, but our shoes had not reappeared. One does not like to present one's self at breakfast in one's stocking-feet. I remembered seeing a place below in the hall where stood a stately array of shoes, and slipping down, sure enough, I found ours sitting shyly by. I do not know even now whether the maid forgot them, or whether one is supposed to gather them in for one's self. At any rate, I seized ours and returned triumphant to our bedroom.

After breakfast appeared the automobile which was to take us back to Oxford. Mr. Bridges rode in to town with us. He likes to walk to Oxford, but Mrs. Bridges confidentially told us that the walk there and back is really too much for him, and she discourages him whenever she can. He was clad in a fine-checked suit of black, red, and white, with a broadbrimmed light gray felt hat that added to his natural picturesqueness. It was with much regret that we left the pleasant home and its friendly inmates.

Perhaps a word should be said about Mr. Bridges' poetry, not too well known to Americans. It is of the older school, naturally, classical and finished to a degree quite the antithesis of the present free verse. In fact, he has written many poems on classical themes, has experimented with classical meters in English, and even in his poetry he is first the scholar. His more personal poems have something of the aloofness of the earlier poets, before the race began commonly to tear every vestige of drapery from their emotions. I was talking with an English man of letters who knows and admires Mr. Bridges. "I think," he said, "that Mr. Bridges is a great poet—in a small way. That is, though his scope is limited, or seems so to our generation, what he does is perfect." Here is a sonnet that sets forth the poet's creed:

For beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of Nature, and on joys whose earthly names
Were never told can form and sense bestow;
And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
The step of science; and against her shames
Imagination stakes out heavenly claims,
Building a tower above the head of woe.

Nor is there fairer work for beauty found
Than that she win in nature her release
From all the woes that in the world abound:
Nay with his sorrow may his love increase,
If from man's greater need beauty redound,
And claim his tears for homage of his peace.

Beauty Lavished on Vermont's Open Spaces

And Fat Trout Fill the Streams of Home State of President Coolidge

By ANNE MILLER DOWNES

These photographs furnish an idea of the beauty of Vermont.

WILLIAM H. LORD once said, "We have always thought the Almighty intended when he formed the hills of Vermont and shook out the green drapery of the forests over their sloping shoulders, and made them fall in folds like the robe of a king along their sides, to give us a dim picture of the new creation and the celestial realm."

We thought of this and also of Henry Ward Beecher's, "A place in the midst of greater variety of scenic beauty than any other I remember in America," when we packed our camping outfit and started for Mount Mansfield.

Fortunately, some early settler kept the two French words Verd and Mont and used them in the name of the state. The name brings before the city-dweller's mind the endless soft, refreshing green; even the tops of the mountains are completely covered with fir balsam.

Many articles interpreting President Coolidge are appearing in the various periodicals of the country; most of them stressing the rugged nature of the land, the difficulties of farming in New England; difficulties great enough to discourage anything but strong men with set jaws. All this has gone into his making but also—and I am not sure that we haven't here the bigger thing—he has the inheritance of one of the most romantic spots in America. The Vermonter has the hankering of the Alpine for his native mountains. Volumes are written about the beauty of the state, its three hundred and more lakes and ponds, Lake Champlain, 118 miles long, the Green Mountain trail, extending now for 300 miles along the ridges; where one can tramp with knapsack and strong boots, getting unsurpassed views, comfortable camping shelters, and finding each section of the trail cared for by the various townships through which it passes. Is there another such trail in the country?

If you want romance you have it in the tales of the Green Mountain Boys, tales of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, the old Catamount Tavern where the plans for the capture of Fort Ticonderoga were laid, Bennington, the Hazen Military Road, 2,000 feet above sea level. There is the largest marble industry in the world centering in Rutland.

We started from Pittsford in the early morning, going through Brandon, skirting beautiful Lake Dunmore, leaving the state roads but always bearing north. We were anxious to pass through the Mad River Valley near Warren.

It is all its name suggests and we stopped and ate our lunch by the great falls.

Reaching Waterbury in the afternoon, we laid in supplies of fresh meat and fruit, went due north to Stow, a village of rare charm, leaving there by four o'clock by way of the direct Mount Mansfield road.

By five we had chosen our camping place, a sheltered field near a stream. We stretched a canvas over the tops of the motor cars, making a room where we made up our five army cots, being careful to put as much under us as over us, built our fire, cooked a hearty supper and, snug in our sweaters and woolen socks, were soon fast asleep.

We were up with the birds at four, starting our fire, cooking bacon, eggs and coffee, packing our bedding and on our way up the Mansfield road by eight o'clock.

We were told that $80,000 had been spent on these roads and could well believe it. No state road could equal them for smoothness, but this had been true of all the mountain roads in the state.

What a ride! Miles through the forest, up and down, like a scenic railway. And the rivers! Robert Louis Stevenson says, "There is no music like a little river's." Vermont is full of little rivers, surprising falls and clear brooks full of trout. We were aiming to reach the Smuggler's Notch. No signs are needed to inform the traveler he is there. It is a sharp mountain pass cut between the chin of Mansfield and Sterling Mountain, the result of some violent disturbance of the earth's crust. The cliffs rise 1,000 feet or more almost perpendicular on either side of the narrow, twisting path.

We felt ourselves as insignificant as ants as we looked up at the rugged tops lost in swift-moving, angry gray clouds. Two eagles circled about one of the highest cliffs, moaning piteously. After watching them for some time, we concluded that a snake must have found their nest.

There are great boulders along the road side, probably loosened by frost. There is a beautiful crystal spring, pouring out of the base of a cliff 1,000 feet high at the rate of 1,000 gallons a minute.

We went on through the pass to Mount Mansfield, the great stone giant, lying, through the centuries, with his face turned to the sky. He is five miles long; there is the Forehead, the Nose, the Lips, the Chin, the Adam's Apple. How serenely and patiently he lies while the tiny human flock swarms about on his breast.

We wanted to investigate every point of beauty—the Lake of the Clouds north of the Chin—the Cave of the Winds on the east side—the Rock of Terror projecting over a great precipice—the Moss Glen Falls.

The view of Lake Champlain is very beautiful with the Adirondacks in the distance; one can see both Marcy and Whiteface. Across the valley there is a panorama of villages, fields, roads and forests and always the New England church spire rising through the trees.

On a clear day, one can see Owl's Head and Jay's Peak on the Canadian border and even Mount Royal towering over Montreal. To the east lies the Connecticut valley, across which one sees the Presidential Range in New Hampshire, while to the south lies a wilderness of mountains.

We usually camped for the night where late afternoon overtook us. This happened to be Peacham our second night.

We were cordially welcomed at a well-built, slant-roofed farmhouse by a "regular" Vermonter who gave us permission to fish in a near-by trout stream. Later, with his lantern and a collie dog, he visited us.

We found we were but a stone's throw from the early home of Ambassador George Harvey. We inquired of our host if he knew George. "Oh, yess," he replied, "I knew George well enough."

"Well, what kind of a chap was he?"

"W-ell—George was just about the most ar-gumentative young chap in the whole town of Peacham. All right, George was—but—talk—well, I guess he's made his living out of talking; yes—I guess—he's still talking."

What Does Future Hold for Palestine?

Concluded from page 9

safe harbors, one at Jaffa and one at Haifa. By building a breakwater some four or five miles out into the sea, half on the Haifa side of Acre Bay and half on the Acre side, a thing easily possible and without an enormous expense, and Haifa and Acre would have one of the finest harbors anywhere. It would be a little more difficult and somewhat more expensive to construct a safe harbor for Jaffa and Tel-Aviv, but it could be done and would be a tremendously paying investment. With the completion of the two parallel lines of railroad running north and south, one on either side of the Jordan, and then cross connecting lines every fifteen or twenty miles, Palestine would have one of the best railroad systems of any country. The opening of good auto and wagon roads throughout Palestine connecting all parts of the country with the various railroad stations would be feeders to these railroad lines, and would greatly facilitate commerce with the outside world. Palestine has always been at the center of the great commercial highways of the Orient. The lines from Egypt to Babylon, from Egypt to Asia Minor and Constantinople, from Constantinople to Babylon, to India and to Egypt have all passed through this little country. With the completion of the great Bagdad railroad connecting Europe with Asia and passing through Northern Palestine, and with the railroad already completed through Palestine to Egypt and the Suez Canal, Palestine more than ever will have the opportunity of becoming a great commercial center. Germany realized this and was laying her plans, through alliance with the Turkish Government, to get control of this rich possession.

Notwithstanding the awful harbor situation at the present time when ships are compelled to anchor from half a mile to a mile and a half from the shore and lighters have to be used for loading and unloading all goods and cargoes, and when the loading or the unloading of a ton costs from seventy to eighty piasters, that is, from three and a half to four dollars a ton, sometimes the loading or unloading costing more than the shipping all the way from or to a European port, notwithstanding all this, forty-one steamers anchored at Jaffa during the month of January, and probably many more during February. Now one of the most productive orange districts in the world is that which centers about Ramleh. Here are grown the sweetest and most luscious oranges I have ever tasted. They are being sent to every leading port in Europe. This part of Palestine is capable of producing a thousand boxes of these oranges where it now produces one. Give Palestine two large, safe ocean harbors, let her agricultural possibilities be fully developed, let her become the manufacturing center that she is capable of becoming, and then add to this her position at the center of the great oriental trade routes and nothing could prevent her becoming one of the great commercial nations of the world.

With increased productivity and with her manufacturing possibilities developed, Palestine's population would multiply manyfold. The time was when Palestine possessed and supported a population many times what she has now. Her population today is less than a million all told. With her farming possibilities developed she could support by farming alone ten times the population she now has. With the building of great factories and the development of commerce there will necessarily grow up great cities. So that within the next fifty years she might easily have from ten to twenty-five million people.

If these possibilities become realities the present population must prepare itself for making them become such. There should be a public school system inaugurated throughout the whole of Palestine and compulsory attendance of all children should be insisted upon. High schools and manual training schools, agricultural schools, schools of technology, schools of mechanical and electrical engineering should be established for the training of the young men and women to become leaders in all these various lines of development. The Arabian young men and women are bright and keen. They are industrious and economical. With the training I see no reason why they may not make their country prosperous and influential.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The American film, "The Birth of a Nation," has been suppressed by the Paris police.

Alaska, with an area one-third greater than the Atlantic states, has no more white residents than there are office workers in any one of several skyscraper buildings of New York City.

The men working the "Spanish prisoners" confidence game have been run down and arrested by the police of Barcelona, Spain. The police found carefully kept files of names and addresses of persons from whom money might be obtained. Employes of the Barcelona telegraph office were apprehended among others.

Leodegardus Barthelme, of Winneshiek County, Iowa, has won the highest prize awarded for the Ton Litter Futurity Contest. Barthelme's litter of pigs weighed 3,199 pounds in 180 days and scores him ahead of any litter that has been raised up to this time in the United States.

Former President Harding's make-up rule has been presented to C. F. Hard, manager of the Front Porch Campaign. The little steel rule was in Warren Harding's pocket when he was nominated in Chicago, and it was with him when he died at San Francisco.

A military map and plan, used by the British at the battle of Bunker Hill, has been sold at auction in London for $950. The map, eight inches square, bears the signature of Major-General Sir Henry Clinton.

Another attempt will be made to scale Mt. Everest, the world's highest mountain, in 1924. Brigadier-General Honorable C. Bruce has been chosen to lead the fresh attack.

After chopping with axes for more than two hours, workmen succeeded in rescuing a man from a block of asphalt where he had been imbedded all night, at Canton, Ohio. He had fallen over a small embankment into a pool of warm asphalt while walking near an asphalt plant the night before his discovery. In the meantime the asphalt hardened. He apparently suffered no serious effects.

The forging of Uruguayan naturalization certificates, to enable Europeans to enter the United States as Uruguayans, has been disclosed. The Uruguayan law requires a residence of five years before citizenship papers are granted an immigrant. Certificates were obtained in great numbers by false declarations of witnesses who apparently were members of a strong organization which has ramifications in Argentina and Brazil.

A nine-room house, estimated to weigh seventy-five tons, was recently towed four city blocks in Los Angeles by a five-ton truck carrying eight tons of pig-iron ballast to give traction.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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A French yachtsman, in an engineless thirty-five-foot sloop and unaided by a crew, sailed from Gibraltar to New York City 100 days from the date he set sail.

A cross said to be the highest in the world is that on the spire of the new Chicago Temple. Towering 560 feet above the ground, the cross, twelve feet high and six feet wide, appears but a few inches in dimensions. Great flood lights will illuminate it by night while the reflection of the sun upon the gold-leaf-covered arms will make it visible for miles in the daytime.

Senator Overman, of North Carolina, is one of the few Senators who occasionally takes a pinch of snuff from the historic snuffboxes in the Senate Chamber, which are kept filled during the sessions of Congress.

The Lakes of Killarney in Ireland are owned by the Earl of Kenmare, who has preserved his heritage from commercial encroachment.

At the Y. M. C. A. National Convention, Mark M. Jones, economist, said that of every dollar given to the institution, sixty cents went for actual "Y" work, twenty-one cents for expenses in collecting the dollar, and eighteen and one-half cents for duplication and overlapping.

The "grape cure" is practised in Switzerland by persons who are troubled with gout or liver diseases. The time they spend among the grapes of Mt. Pelerin, above Vevey, or Bex-les-Bains, seems to benefit and calm patients. The juicy white grape of Switzerland is most beneficial because of its easily digested skin.

Diving on a wet concrete pavement more than 100 wild ducks broke their necks near Champaign, Illinois. The pavement, wet from a drizzling rain and lighted by the moon, looked like a shimmering body of water.

To check the exodus of Mexicans to the United States, President Obregon has offered 250 to 500 acres of land to those who will settle on the land.

A total of 138,352 persons visited Yellowstone National Park during the 1923 season. Of this number 91,224 came by automobile.

Poetry and songs in Esperanto are appearing in polyglot centers of Europe.

Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton, president of the University of Michigan, says: "Citizens who go into public service in America today do so at a tremendous price. They sacrifice large salaries paid in other fields to hold public office at a financial loss. Every corporation in this country knows the greatest extravagance is economy in buying leaders. Yet in this nation the highest honors we can bestow are rated as beneath a man of ability. From my experience I know university presidents are underpaid. Day by day, positions are offered to me paying salaries four or five times what I am receiving now."

Samuel M. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, has a contract with a physician to keep him in physically perfect condition for ten years. A flat sum is paid every year. Every two weeks Mr. Vauclain takes a physical examination. If he falls sick, deductions are made from the annual retainer.

Ninety per cent of the silver fox pelts sold now are from ranch-bred animals.

A bamboo organ in the Catholic church of Los Pinas, near Manila, Philippine Islands, was built about 1818 by a Spanish priest, who used more than 900 lengths of bamboo in the construction. Every part is of bamboo and the organ is still used every week by the Belgian priest in charge.

Lord Beaverbrook has bought the *Pall Mall Gazette* which was founded in 1865. It was based on the "Pendennis"—Thackery—idea of a journal "written by a gentleman for gentlemen," and was noted for its high literary quality.

MEETING THE "FACT" SHORTAGE

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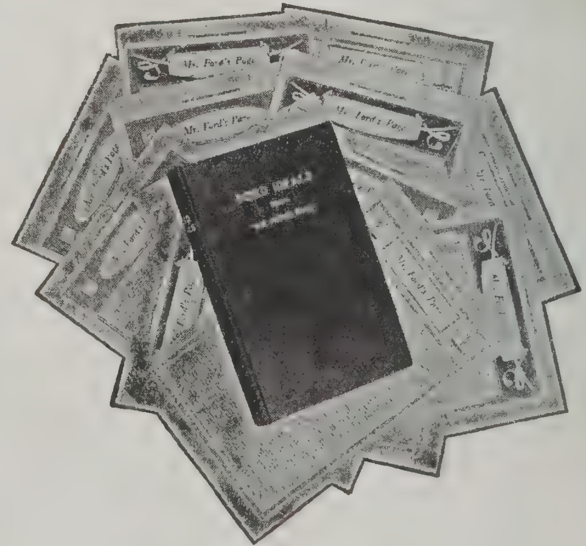
FORD IDEALS



452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 articles which have appeared as Mr. Ford's Page in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

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DEA

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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"Boiler Plate" Aid to Propaganda

Soul Insurance for Hotel Guests

Race Angle in Bankruptcy Frauds

The California Piautes Stand Pat

Arabs' Opinion of Jewish Invasion

Lord Morley's Place in History

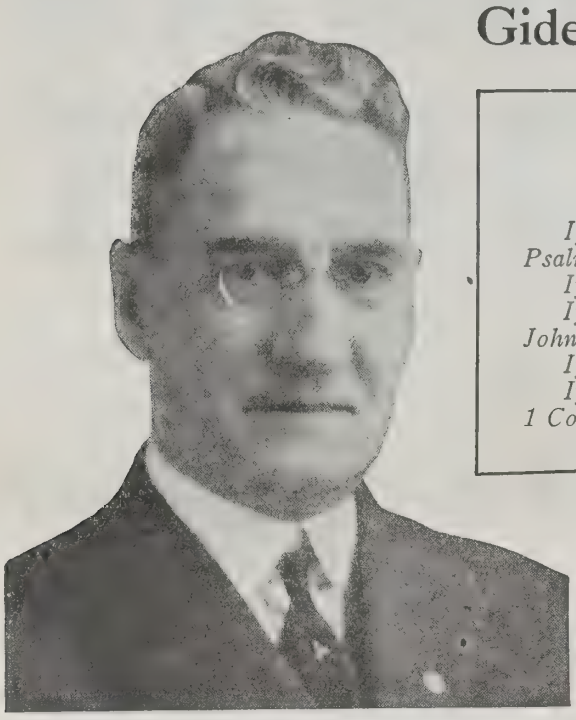
M.O.4andChroniclingoftheTruth

Fair Valuation of Public Utilities

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Offering Soul Insurance to Hotel Guests

Gideons Have Placed 550,000 Bibles in Hotels of America



A. B. T. MOORE,

National Secretary of the Gideon Order at Chicago.

The Frontispiece to Every Gideon Bible

BLESSED TRUTH—ACCEPT IT. **Luke 19:10; John 3:16.**

If lonesome or blue and friends untrue, read Psalms 23 and 27; Luke 15.

If trade is poor, read Psalm 37; John 15.

If discouraged or in trouble, read Psalm 126; John 14.

If you are all out of sorts, read Hebrews 12.

If you are losing confidence in men, read 1 Cor. 13.

If skeptical, read John 6:40; 7:17; Phil. 2:9-11.

If you can't have your own way, read James 3

If tired of sin, read Luke 18:35; 18:9-14; John 9.

If very prosperous, read 1 Cor. 10:12, 13.

Happy conclusion, Ps. 121; Matt. 6:33; Rom. 12.

By FRED L. HOLMES

IN THE quiet, homelike city of Boscobel, in Western Wisconsin, girthed by a turbulent, murky river, which seems ever to be in a hurry to join the waters of the Mississippi thirty miles below, two commercial traveling men nearly a quarter of a century ago, conceived the idea of a soul-insurance organization which now stands next to the churches in acquainting people with the precepts of the Bible. The conception came as the result of a chance acquaintance. Out of it has grown an international organization of several thousand members which has placed more than 550,000 Bibles in the hotel rooms of America.

Boscobel is a city of 2,000 with clean business streets and trim dooryards to homes, many of which are owned by farmers who have retired. It is an old city, one of the first to be founded on the frontier pioneer road from the lead mine district, and is still reached by an antiquated, covered toll bridge across the river over which the produce for miles around is hauled to market. It is a friendly community, with fine schools, and with most of its business houses on the central street. The most conspicuous building on Main street is the Central Hotel, annually visited by hundreds of traveling men and serious-minded tourists, who want to rest in the hostelry that gave conception to the founding of the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association of America.

One evening in September, 1898, John H. Nicholson, of Janesville, entered the Central Hotel, which was crowded to its limits.

"We are crowded tonight, Nick, and if you will be willing to occupy a double room with two beds, on the second floor, with a fine, clean fellow, you will accommodate me very much," declared the landlord of the hotel.

"Certainly, John, anything to help you out. Put me anywhere," answered Mr. Nicholson.

A few minutes later S. E. Hill, Beloit, was introduced to John H. Nicholson, of Janesville. Mr. Nicholson said he would go to his room and do some work and Mr. Hill was to come up when ready. About an hour later Mr. Hill entered his room, No. 19, to find Mr. Nicholson at work.

When ready to retire, Mr. Nicholson took from the satchel a Bible.

"I make it a habit of reading a passage from the Bible and talk with my Lord before going to bed each night," declared Mr. Nicholson.

"I am a Christian also, let us have our devotions together," interrupted Mr. Hill.

After their prayers the two men lay awake a long time talking with each other over some plan to acquaint people with the Bible.

Another year was to pass before the seed there planted was to be nurtured into germination. The two men did not meet again on their traveling routes through Wisconsin until May 31, 1899. Then again it was by chance.

Above—Gideons and their sons carrying Bibles to the guest rooms of hotels at Denver, Colorado.

Below—A reredos of Bibles built up in the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans. The books later were carried to city hotels. Former National Secretary, W. E. Henderson, in the foreground.

In this hotel, the Central Hotel of Boscobel, Wisconsin, the Gideon idea was born. Two travelling men, in casual conversation, conceived the idea of the Order.

Typical scene in thriving town of Boscobel, a sight very common to the travelling man of America.

It happened that Mr. Nicholson was on a trip to Northern Wisconsin, when he met Mr. Hill at Beaver Dam.

"Nick, we should get at it and organize at once," declared Mr. Hill. "Let's not talk about it, but get right at it. Start the ball rolling and follow it up."

Right there it was agreed that they would start organizing at once. A date was fixed to hold the first meeting in Janesville, Saturday, July 1, 1899, at 2 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A.

W. J. Knight, of Janesville, also became interested and sent out letters urging attendance at the meeting. It was the following sent to a few traveling men that gave impetus to the first meeting:

"Janesville, Wis., June 12, 1899.

"My dear friend and brother:

"It has been suggested by a few of our Christian traveling men that we might increase our usefulness and also our helpfulness to each other by quietly coming together to plan some simple organization that we might better know each other and possibly widen our influence, and by preconceived plans surround the arch-enemy of our souls, and give him a black eye by the help of Him who is altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand.

"Now, brother, if this meets with your approval, can you plan to meet with us in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. about half past one o'clock July 1, 1899, Janesville, Wisconsin.

"Trusting that you will, I am as ever,

"Your brother,
"W. J. KNIGHT."

When the meeting was called there were three men present—only the three sponsors. Yet they were not discouraged.

The question of a suitable name arose and many suggestions were offered. Mr. Knight suggested the name "Gideons" and in an instant it was adopted as a God-given name. Gideon was a man willing to do exactly what God wanted him to do, irrespective of his own judgment as to plans or results. Mr. Knight opened the Bible and read the seventh chapter of Judges. The name selected was:

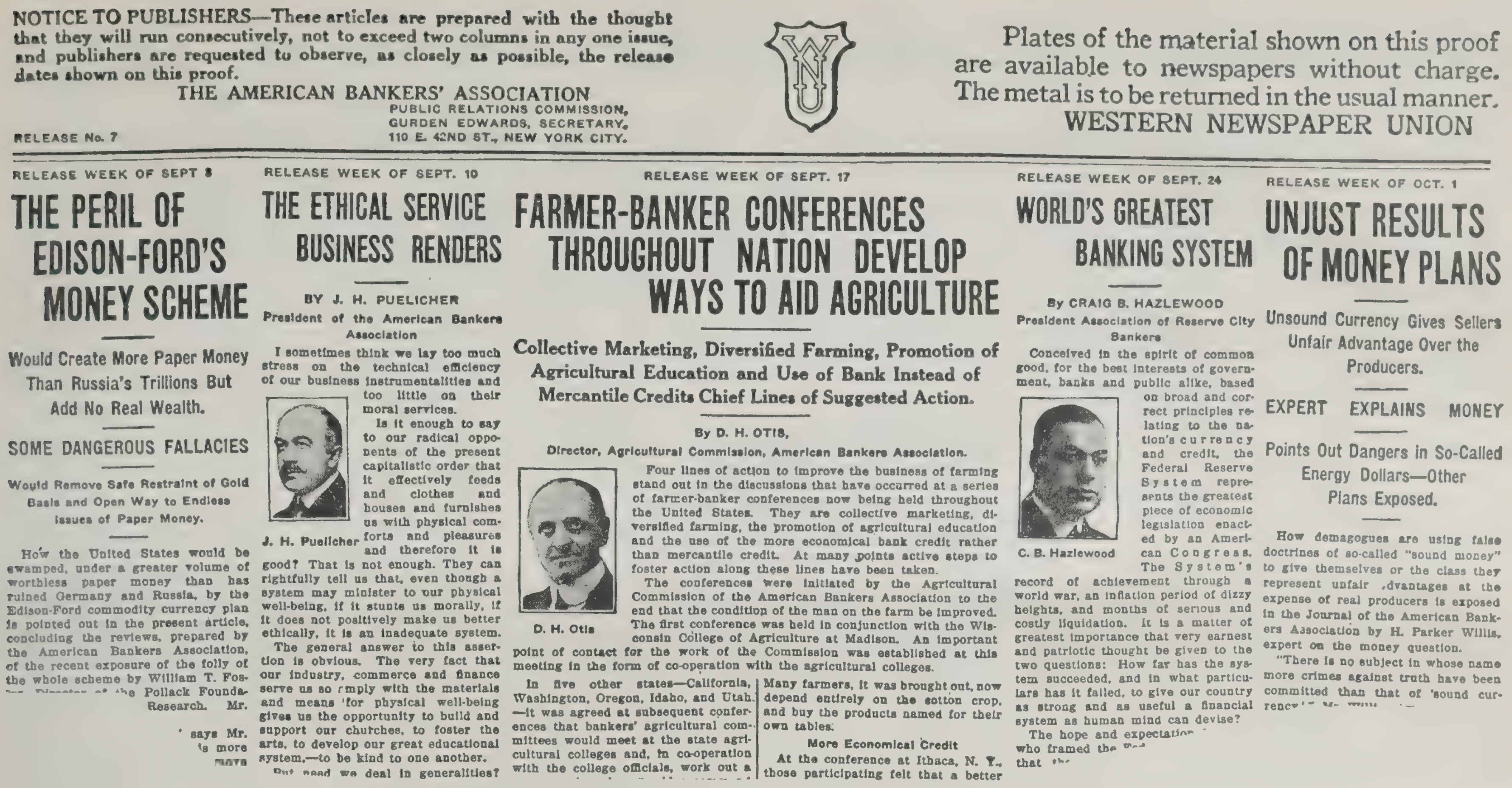
THE GIDEONS
The Christian Commercial
Traveling Men's Association.

After hours of planning, the meeting was adjourned to meet again at Waukesha, September 1, 1899. It was at this meeting that the "button" was designed as an emblem by which they might recognize one another. The proposal was made by W. J. Ennis that the emblem should suggest the weapons Gideon's 300 used in their first battle. Mr. Ennis drew a design of a button and mentioned the colors: a white pitcher on a blue background, with a red flame protruding from the opening of the pitcher. Mr. Nicholson shouted: "Glory to God! We have the national colors and the order will become national."

Out of these meetings in Wisconsin nearly a quarter of a century ago has grown the national order of the Gideons. It was decided that the organization would place Bibles in hotel rooms throughout the country.

Soon the interest of the traveling men was attracted

(*Concluded on page 10*)



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THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION
PUBLIC RELATIONS COMMISSION,
GURDEN EDWARDS, SECRETARY,
110 E. 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY.

RELEASE No. 7

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WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

RELEASE WEEK OF SEPT 3

THE PERIL OF EDISON-FORD'S MONEY SCHEME

Would Create More Paper Money Than Russia's Trillions But Add No Real Wealth.

SOME DANGEROUS FALLACIES

Would Remove Safe Restraint of Gold Basis and Open Way to Endless Issues of Paper Money.

How the United States would be swamped, under a greater volume of worthless paper money than has ruined Germany and Russia, by the Edison-Ford commodity currency plan is pointed out in the present article, concluding the reviews, prepared by the American Bankers Association, of the recent exposure of the folly of the whole scheme by William T. Fos- [illegible] the Pollack Founda- Research. Mr.

' says Mr. 's more

RELEASE WEEK OF SEPT. 10

THE ETHICAL SERVICE BUSINESS RENDERS

BY J. H. PUELICHER
President of the American Bankers Association

J. H. Puelicher

I sometimes think we lay too much stress on the technical efficiency of our business instrumentalities and too little on their moral services.

Is it enough to say to our radical opponents of the present capitalistic order that it effectively feeds and clothes and houses and furnishes us with physical comforts and pleasures and therefore it is good? That is not enough. They can rightfully tell us that, even though a system may minister to our physical well-being, if it stunts us morally, if it does not positively make us better ethically, it is an inadequate system.

The general answer to this assertion is obvious. The very fact that our industry, commerce and finance serve us so amply with the materials and means for physical well-being gives us the opportunity to build and support our churches, to foster the arts, to develop our great educational system,—to be kind to one another.

But need we deal in generalities?

RELEASE WEEK OF SEPT. 17

FARMER-BANKER CONFERENCES THROUGHOUT NATION DEVELOP WAYS TO AID AGRICULTURE

Collective Marketing, Diversified Farming, Promotion of Agricultural Education and Use of Bank Instead of Mercantile Credits Chief Lines of Suggested Action.

By D. H. OTIS,
Director, Agricultural Commission, American Bankers Association.

D. H. Otis

Four lines of action to improve the business of farming stand out in the discussions that have occurred at a series of farmer-banker conferences now being held throughout the United States. They are collective marketing, diversified farming, the promotion of agricultural education and the use of the more economical bank credit rather than mercantile credit. At many points active steps to foster action along these lines have been taken.

The conferences were initiated by the Agricultural Commission of the American Bankers Association to the end that the condition of the man on the farm be improved. The first conference was held in conjunction with the Wisconsin College of Agriculture at Madison. An important point of contact for the work of the Commission was established at this meeting in the form of co-operation with the agricultural colleges.

In five other states—California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Utah—it was agreed at subsequent conferences that bankers' agricultural committees would meet at the state agricultural colleges and, in co-operation with the college officials, work out a

Many farmers, it was brought out, now depend entirely on the cotton crop, and buy the products named for their own tables.

More Economical Credit

At the conference at Ithaca, N. Y., those participating felt that a better

RELEASE WEEK OF SEPT. 24

WORLD'S GREATEST BANKING SYSTEM

By CRAIG B. HAZLEWOOD
President Association of Reserve City Bankers

C. B. Hazlewood

Conceived in the spirit of common good, for the best interests of government, banks and public alike, based on broad and correct principles relating to the nation's currency and credit, the Federal Reserve System represents the greatest piece of economic legislation enacted by an American Congress. The System's record of achievement through a world war, an inflation period of dizzy heights, and months of serious and costly liquidation. It is a matter of greatest importance that very earnest and patriotic thought be given to the two questions: How far has the system succeeded, and in what particulars has it failed, to give our country as strong and as useful a financial system as human mind can devise?

The hope and expectation
who framed the
that

RELEASE WEEK OF OCT. 1

UNJUST RESULTS OF MONEY PLANS

Unsound Currency Gives Sellers Unfair Advantage Over the Producers.

EXPERT EXPLAINS MONEY

Points Out Dangers in So-Called Energy Dollars—Other Plans Exposed.

How demagogues are using false doctrines of so-called "sound money" to give themselves or the class they represent unfair advantages at the expense of real producers is exposed in the Journal of the American Bankers Association by H. Parker Willis, expert on the money question.

"There is no subject in whose name more crimes against truth have been committed than that of 'sound currenc

The bankers are willing to, and do, pay a round sum for the dissemination of their propaganda. The Western Newspaper Union is an ideal agency of distribution. It doesn't cost the small-town editor a cent to fill his columns with this and like material.

"Boiler Plate" Aid to Propaganda

Development of an Industry Which Is Little Understood

IN ITS exposure of one of the methods by which special interests reach the people through the country press, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT made incidental allusion to a great manufacturing industry which has grown up since the Civil War—the industry of manufacturing ready-printed or ready-to-print material for country newspapers.

The magnitude of this industry may be partially gauged by the fact that without its aid many weekly papers, and a lot of pretentious dailies as well, would find it impossible to continue in anything like the fashion they do. The cost of operation in the publishing business is extremely high, and is curtailed by combining service and expense and spreading the same over a large number of papers. What the Associated Press does by wire, these other organizations do by sending typeset matter or ready-printed pages.

The origin of the industry was insignificant. Demand for news was so increased during the Civil War that, even with the meager facilities of the day, the city dailies were able to compete in the small towns for the patronage of the supporters of the local press, which could not meet the demand for detailed stories or enlarge their sheets to give needed space for more reading matter.

The pioneer of the industry saw in co-operation a remedy. By printing one side of a sheet for a number of non-competing country papers, leaving the other side blank for the publishers' own local news and advertisements, the cost of composition would be divided among as many patrons as could be secured. Each of the papers using the service would be able to double the size of the sheet, while the reading matter would be more than doubled in volume.

These auxiliary sheets were called "patent insides" and "patent outsides," according to which portion of the paper was printed in the auxiliary. By the acceptance of general advertising, it soon became possible to furnish the service at practically the cost of the white paper used.

Among the pioneers of the business, A. N. Kellogg will be best remembered by old newspapermen, for the A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Company was among the first to offer a diversity of service, giving the local editor a selection of feature or political matter. The Kellogg organization was subjected to attack by rivals, some of which remained in the field but a short time, others longer, and one, the Western Newspaper Union, permanently, absorbing the Kellogg company some twenty years ago.

The Mergenthaler typesetting machine widened the scope of the auxiliary sheet business by cheapening the cost of type composition, but a greater field of development started in the perfecting of rapid stereotyping, or the making of "boiler plate."

Progress in the methods of publication of country newspapers had an influence on the matter, too. Merchants were being taught to advertise, necessitating the use of more space than was afforded on the home-printed sides of the newspapers, and while full columns could be given space on the "patent" side, by cutting out column lengths of prepared material, still it was an awkward thing to get along with, and impractical in papers published at a distance, except for standing advertisements—those not subject to change.

Another influence tending to limit the field of the ready-prints or "patent" sheets is the consolidation and consequent reduction in the number of country papers. Up to the latter part of the nineteenth century even the smallest hamlet boasted rival newspapers. County seats and even smaller cities and villages each had organs of rival political parties. But now many communities, which formerly attempted to support several newspapers, find in one publication its representative of the Art Preservative of All Arts. Politics in these is usually eschewed by the publishers on their own account, any party being permitted use of the columns for a consideration, as advertising matter. This increases the demand for plate service, which has become more important than the printing of auxiliary sheets, although that department in the industry is by no means decadent. A single branch office of the principal organization now in the business still supplies say 200 country papers with insides or outsides within the limits of its territory.

The development of the plate business took the makers into specialty fields. City papers had adopted the plan of securing feature matter through syndicates. The plate houses bought copyrighted articles from popular writers, serial and short stories from the authors or publishers of the best sellers, and in every way met the competition of the growing magazine pages of the city press. They did more, for presidential messages and other important documents were secured in time to permit the country press to print them in full as soon as released, so the reader of the country weekly was supplied as soon as was the city man.

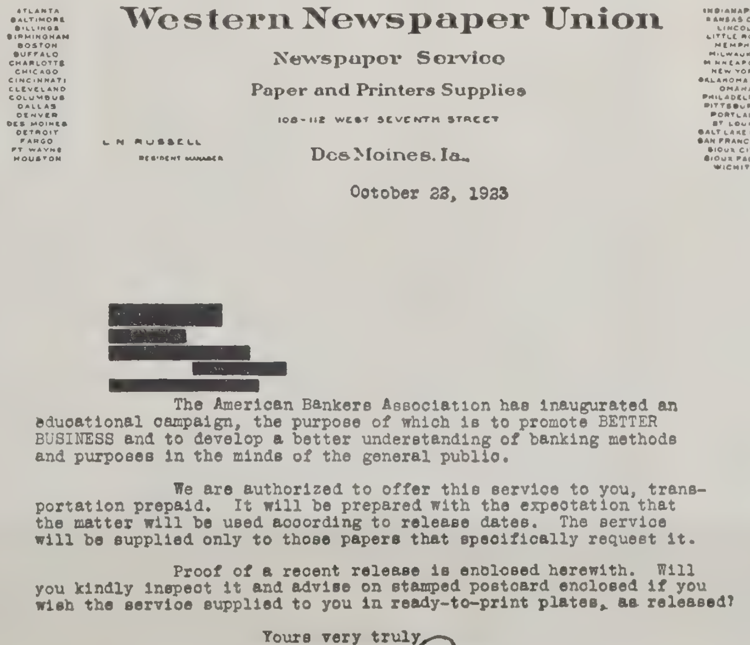
In 1876, in the Tilden-Hayes contest, the managers of the Democratic campaign began a regular use of propaganda, sending each paper of the faith a page or more of printed political matter and urging its use. This involved great expense to the publisher. It was largely wasted effort. Other means of reaching the public were the sending out of "supplements," ready-printed for folding in the regular issue. This was nearly as unsatisfactory, but later the use of the free plate matter proved the solution of a centrally controlled literary campaign that was acceptable to most of the partisan press.

That the economy of the plan and the facility with which those willing to use the matter can be reached through the manufacturer should make it a principal means of propaganda is easily understood. At first the manufacturers simply offered such service by authority of "parties interested," but that dubious tender did not free them of suspicion as to responsibility, and the position was soon taken that there should be no hiding of facts.

Every printed proof of a *free plate service,* tendering its use to a country newspaper, distinctly gives the authority for the offer. Of course "free plate service" always means propaganda. Composition, stereotyping, correspondence, transportation, all are paid for by the propagandist at the office which ships the metal, unless the order for the service originates in the main office of the house and is distributed through branches for convenience and economy. The plate makers simply sell a product of their manufacture, made to specifications furnished, with no more responsibility as to its use than a cane-maker would have if his product should be used by a purchaser as a bludgeon.

That the development of the plate business is thus an aid to propaganda, good as well as bad—if the good has back of it the means to send it out, which the bad has always—is but a natural result. It also does for the country press what syndicate service does for the city papers. "Mutt and Jeff," "Bringing Up Father," and other comic strips, in your favorite Sunday paper, are not original with it, but bought as a feature from a syndicate. Just so the cartoon and comic strips in the country paper are purchased from a plate house, or cast from a matrix furnished by it.

The reader is not necessarily cheated in the general use of plates. But he IS deceived when the editor uses propaganda without stating its source. Thus, the economic discussion which is appearing in hundreds of country newspapers was paid for by the American Bankers' Association, and should be so known. That the editor always knows is indicated on the cut given on this page, in which can be seen that the company supplying the material distinctly states what its source is. Also, readers may clearly see for themselves the facsimile and the source of all the monetary discussions they have been reading of late in their local papers.



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L N RUSSELL
RESIDENT MANAGER

October 23, 1923

[redacted]

The American Bankers Association has inaugurated an educational campaign, the purpose of which is to promote BETTER BUSINESS and to develop a better understanding of banking methods and purposes in the minds of the general public.

We are authorized to offer this service to you, transportation prepaid. It will be prepared with the expectation that the matter will be used according to release dates. The service will be supplied only to those papers that specifically request it.

Proof of a recent release is enclosed herewith. Will you kindly inspect it and advise on stamped postcard enclosed if you wish the service supplied to you in ready-to-print plates, as released?

Yours very truly,
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION
LNRussell
Manager

LNR:R

enc.

Here you have it on the authority of the Western Newspaper Union that the bankers propaganda is what the first paragraph of this letter says it is

Bankruptcy Frauds Bring Out Race Angle

In Which Indictment of Bennie, Phil, "Moe" and Joe Is Given as Example

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE mercantile community of New York City has been upset by an avalanche of fraudulent bankruptcies, exposures of which have disclosed an actual undermining of the time-honored business morality of the metropolis. The existence is shown of numerous "bankruptcy rings," which encourage the prevalence of false swearing, and the acts of crooked debtors in making fraudulent transfers of their property, secret preferences in failures, concealments of assets, untrue financial statements and collusive conspiracies in settlements, while the assets of bankrupt concerns are completely devoured by the fat fees of members of the rings. Investigations made by committees of the Merchants' Association, the New York County Lawyers' Association and credit organizations, have tried to throw the blame for the situation variously on the bankruptcy laws, the attitude of creditors, or the debtors and their lawyers—in fact, on a variety of causes. But, as usual, the chief reason, which is so patent that it is known to everybody, is mentioned only in subdued whispers, accompanied by dubious shoulder shrugs.

"In one expensive receivership," says Assistant District Attorney James J. Wilson, who has charge of the prosecution of frauds, "there was left for distribution to the creditors exactly six mills on the dollar. The creditors were called together and the situation announced, whereupon one indignant man exclaimed: 'Forget it; I'll take a cigar.'

"Recently a fee of $25,000 went to a lawyer-receiver, who appointed another lawyer to act as his counsel, who also got $25,000, and the public accountant, who really did practically all the work, got a similar amount. If the court had appointed an accountant as receiver, he could have done the work equally as well on his own responsibility."

Mr. Wilson added that the Southern District of New York had a little group of certain attorneys known as the "Bankruptcy Ring," and another small group, he said, had a monopoly of receiverships.

Since the present bankruptcy laws came into being, there have been 35,654 bankruptcy cases in the southern district, more than half of which have occurred in the last fifteen years or so. It is estimated that from eighty-five to ninety per cent of these have been more or less fraudulent, varying only in degree. During the year 1922, more bankruptcy petitions were filed in the Federal Court for the southern district than in any previous year, according to the report of a special committee of the New York Credit Men's Association, which urged that the bar associations in the district "purge the bankruptcy law of the abuses to which it is subjected and have an immediate investigation made of the practices of attorneys in bankruptcy cases."

> A table which accompanied the report showed that fifteen attorneys or firms of attorneys filed 710 out of the year's total of 1,844 involuntary petitions in bankruptcy. In 596 instances in these 710 cases, these attorneys were also attorneys for the receiver and appeared for the bankrupt in at least 167 cases during the year. "It is readily seen," the report continued, "that fifteen firms have appeared at least in 877 of 1,844 involuntary bankruptcies filed during 1922, or nearly fifty per cent."

The credit men pointed out that many reputable firms of lawyers either refuse or fail any longer to handle bankruptcy matters other than to collect claims against bankrupt estates, because of the discreditable operations of the bankruptcy rings. They criticized the manner in which attorneys have been brought into bankruptcy cases as attorneys for petitioning creditors, the means taken in procuring signatures of creditors to the petitions, the practice of having the attorney for the petitioning creditors appointed attorney for the receiver and the attitude of some of these attorneys in endeavoring likewise to represent the trustee.

The Attorneys Do Well

AN INSTANCE occurred in New York only a few months ago, illustrating the eagerness with which numerous attorneys pounce upon small proceedings in bankruptcy. In this case the Associated Dress Industries of America strongly opposed the acceptance of a settlement of fifty per cent in cash offered by a retailer who had sustained a total loss by fire. Following the fire, he made an offer of thirty per cent to his creditors, which was rejected. The fifty per cent offer was made subsequently and was endorsed by a creditors' committee and accepted by some of the creditors. The amount involved was so small that the case could not possibly afford an expensive administration. The liabilities were from $8,000 to $14,000, while the assets consisted entirely of the insurance that had been collected after a dispute—just what amount had been collected could not be ascertained.

But, despite the smallness of the case, no fewer than four attorneys were concerned in it—all waiting for a share of a pie which could have been cut either without or with very little legal counsel. The debtor was represented by an attorney, the chairman of the committee was an attorney, the committee also had its counsel, and another attorney was a member of the committee. Of a creditors' committee of five, three were attorneys. It was commented that when professional bankruptcy lawyers "ring-in" four-strong in a case involving $8,000 to $14,000, there could be no doubt that the creditors would not receive as much as they were entitled to.

The Merchants' Association is making known instances showing how great a burden bankruptcy has been to its members, and how little is usually left to creditors after the costs are paid. Some time ago at a creditors' meeting, the committee of prominent merchants who were in charge found that the assets were so substantial that they rejected a settlement offer of forty-five per cent simply because the assets in sight warranted the rejection. But after the matter got into court and into the hands of receivers, the creditors were finally glad to get twenty-five per cent out of the wreck.

A practical example of the methods adopted by "fraudulent bankrupt rings" is shown in the prosecutions instituted by a group of New York dry goods firms against a set of men charged with having victimized wholesale houses of more than $200,000 in the last year. "Bennie" Zeikowitz, former owner of a dry goods store in Brooklyn, who disappeared when a petition in bankruptcy was filed against him, was indicted by a Federal grand jury on a charge of conspiring to conceal the assets of an estate in bankruptcy. With him were indicted on a similar charge his brothers-in-law, Philip and "Moe" Harris, and his father-in-law, Joseph Harris.

The dry goods firms, after having investigated the operations of the above men for four months, charged bluntly that they were the leaders of a bankrupt ring which illegally concealed their assets and took the merchandise supplied by the firms to places in Connecticut and Massachusetts, where they recommenced business. The creditors also assert that Zeikowitz, his relatives, and others, were involved in other recent bankruptcies, of which they named the following:

Rainbow Garment Company, which failed in May, 1922.

Avenue B Fashion Shop, against which bankruptcy proceedings are now pending in the Southern District of New York.

New York Garment Company, which went into bankruptcy in January, 1922.

Merchandise Has High Value

THE value of the merchandise involved in these three cases and the Zeikowitz bankruptcy, now before the courts, is stated to be more than $100,000. The attorney for the committee of creditors, intimating that an organized scheme existed to swindle certain dry goods firms, said:

"Although Zeikowitz had a business in Brooklyn, he disappeared when the petition in bankruptcy was filed against him in June of last year. He has never been produced in examination, nor has he filed any schedules in bankruptcy. In his case and in others it has been impossible to get hold of the principals. When the receiver took possession of his property, he found only $2,000 worth of merchandise and nothing in the bank. After months of inquiry by the creditors' committee and examinations by counsel, assets amounting to thousands of dollars were traced to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where they were found in a store on Main street, known as the Banner Shop.

"It appears that this store was opened by Joseph Harris and was being actively conducted by "Moe" Harris. That was in May, 1923. The Zeikowitz bankruptcy petition was filed in June, a month later. Between those dates, the merchandise had been removed at night by truck from the Brooklyn store and taken to Bridgeport, where it was identified by the creditors. An order was obtained appointing an ancillary receiver in Connecticut, whereupon the receiver seized the merchandise in the Bridgeport store and is now in possession of it. It was discovered that practically no accounts had been kept, and there was only a very incomplete list of creditors. The committee, however, made further investigations, and disclosed that there were 170 creditors, with claims of approximately $20,000. This is about the value of the merchandise seized by the receiver in Bridgeport, as constituting assets of the bankrupt estate, the removal of which is the basis of the indictments which have been obtained."

This is only one instance of hundreds of frauds which are being operated on similar lines. It is an exceptional "bankrupt ring" that is not being engineered by similar "Bennies" and "Moes," aided by their close relatives, and constituting the fraudulent group a "family business." These elusive parasites fade into the unknown, only to reappear at distant localities, bearing assumed names, spreading the extent of such corrupt business practices through the towns and cities of the country on an ever-increasing ratio. Having little to lose, they profit by their operations, and ultimately, having successfully fought off prosecutions with the connivance of their bankruptcy lawyers, they become established as substantial merchants. At the present time in New York City, the owner of a string of the most successful and flourishing cabarets in the Broadway white light district, made his original bankroll by similar operations, in collusion with his brother.

Few individual business firms can afford to pursue, unearth and prosecute such bankrupts. Where a group of firms undertakes to do so as in the instance given, it is merely done for punitive purposes. The merchants can never hope to get back either their original property, or enough even to defray the expenses of their investigations. Meanwhile general credit is impaired, confidence among merchants destroyed and business morality degraded to the vanishing point.

Such operations as described would be less extensive, were it not for the co-operation of the vulture type of bankruptcy lawyer, who is of the same race and kidney as the "Bennies" and "Moes," and is similarly degrading the profession he has adopted. John L. Redmond, of the prosecuting committee of the credit men's association, states: "On a number of occasions we have noticed that well-known bankruptcy experts, to whom crooked debtors fly when in trouble, have made it a practice of occupying the chair at informal meetings of creditors and proceeding to hand-pick the creditors' committee that will investigate the case and speak for the creditors. While such committees are being packed in this manner, the creditors simply sit around without nerve to open their mouths.

"When a bankrupt, after having issued false financial statements, made large payments to relatives on fictitious claims, or concealed a large part of his assets, gets away with a twenty per cent or twenty-five per cent composition, he spreads the news among his acquaintances in the same line of business and recommends to all those who want to get rich quick at the expense of creditors to employ the firm of attorneys that 'put over' his settlement."

This view is endorsed by the Committee on Unlawful Practice of the New York County Lawyers' Association, which in a comment on what it terms "justifiable criticism of abuses in the practice of bankruptcy," says that the foundation and origin of the abuses most complained of is the illicit and unlawful combination of laymen and members of the bar. "One such case which came to our attention, we referred to the Discipline Committee of our association. It was charged that an attorney had been habitually filing petitions in bankruptcy on alleged assigned claims of debtors, the assignees being clerks in his office. In the particular case in question, it was asserted that a bankruptcy petition had been filed against a solvent concern, the claims having been submitted by a layman employed by the attorney."

Harold Remington, a lawyer and author of a work on bankruptcy, in discussing the "wolves of bankruptcy" and the tactics they employ, said recently: "The real bankruptcy rings are not engaged in victimizing bankrupts, but quite to the contrary, they are engaged in aiding bankrupts to victimize creditors; and the exorbitant fees paid to receivers' and trustees' attorneys that are thus criticized, are exorbitant simply because they are paid not for intimidating or robbing bankrupts, but rather for inducing weak lawyers, whom bad bankruptcy schemers have succeeded in getting into important positions of trust and confidence in the estate, to wink at fraud and to be slothful in bringing bankruptcy scamps to justice.

"For example, a great proportion, though not all, of course, of the bankruptcy compositions or settlements in New York and its vicinity are merely collusive conspiracies among bankrupts and their relatives and friends, with the aid of certain lawyers, of whom, as in the membership of all professions, there are some of more or less easy conscience, to cover up fraudulent transfers, secret preferences, concealments of assets, false swearing and false financial statements, and the success of such compositions is bound to sap business morality, encourage dishonesty among merchants and undermine respect for the courts.

"Exorbitant attorneys' fees are not being paid to attorneys who honestly and efficiently prosecute bankruptcy frauds, dig up concealed assets, punish the perpetrators of false oaths and false financial statements, nor to those who are putting through compositions for bankrupts in an honest way. There is not as a rule adequate compensation for the practitioner who would stick to the straight and narrow path in bankruptcy. The only fair fees for attorneys in bankruptcy usually come through working for bankrupts in helping to 'put over' concealments of assets or some of the other fraudulent schemes above mentioned. Failing debtors, whether failing through their own fraud or mismanagement or the fraud or mismanagement of others, almost invariably try to put something aside from the wreck—try, in other words, to hide assets from creditors. To do this, they naturally have to have the aid of lawyers, because they are in court or are going into court.

Pity the Poor Creditors

"IF THESE attorneys for the failing debtor belong to the certain class of bankruptcy lawyer criticized, they will at once get other attorneys to represent some relatives or friends, often with fictitious or trumped-up claims of 'money loaned,' money kept in fictitious bureau drawers and trunks, and to file an apparently hostile 'involuntary' bankruptcy petition, thus in appearance 'forcing' the debtor into the bankruptcy court! In fact, however, in such cases the debtor is not 'forced' at all. He goes there willingly. It is part of the plan in such cases. Such a bankrupt has a proper confidence in the skill of his counsel, and knows that an 'involuntary' bankruptcy petition is not necessarily what its name implies—a hostile proceeding in behalf of indignant creditors—but is the gentle camouflage adopted by his own counsel to get a friendly administration.

"Thereupon the lawyers for these friendly 'hostile petitioning creditors' become attorneys for the receiver, who naturally cannot at the beginning of things distinguish them from genuine petitioning creditors' attorneys; and eventually these same lawyers—if creditors do not bestir themselves—will become attorneys for the trustee. Straightway, like the wolves in sheep's clothing that this class of bankruptcy attorneys are, they will start in to use their positions in subtle ways to frustrate bona fide efforts of outside creditors to investigate and expose the evils which quite commonly are being covered up by these 'involuntary bankruptcies.' Too often the ringsters among the practitioners in bankruptcy (for such class of bankruptcy practitioners constitute the real and only bankruptcy ringsters) seem to find apparent favor or indulgence with some of the referees and courts who evidently do not fully apprehend their real character nor the real harm they are doing to right bankruptcy practice."

Unless representative business has the courage to denounce the real racial significance behind the evil, it will continue to sap American business life.

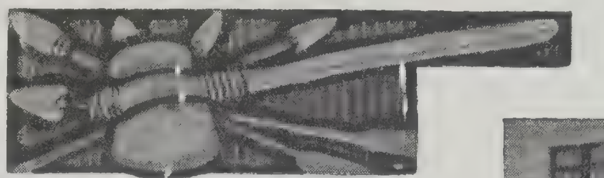
The California Piautes Stand Pat!

Denied Public School Rights, Citizens Work for Fair Play

By SADYE M. HAGEMAN

Waiting at the gate of the public school—where as citizens they had a right to go.

Eunice Hill, seventeen-year-old high school junior, dons overalls and helps her Dad measure hay.



The California Piautes who made their unique walkout from government school—made their unprecedented march to a public school, and were refused admission. As citizens they are standing pat while their case is in court. John Somerville is the man in center wearing a cap.

The citizen of today, three-quarters Indian. Anona Hill was graduated from Riverside Public High School at eighteen.

WONDER and tremors of anticipation thrilled the lone Main Street of Big Pine, a California hamlet, east of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Early morning found parking space at a premium. Knots of men shook fingers in heated arguments, women's voices peaked to shrill whispers, children looked on in big-eyed mystery.

Ten o'clock—registration hour at the new $100,000 public school building. A company of Piaute Indians is seen marching with a firm tread toward the school-yard gate. Calm, quiet and dignified, the group of more than fifty men, women and children moved silently down the dirt street.

The waiting crowd heaved chests, pressed self-starters and followed. The Indians were making good their word!

Outside the school-yard gate, the women and children of the Indian company halted. The men continued their march to the foot of the school steps where a group of school officials stood armed—with the school law.

John Somerville, leader of the Piautes, for more than twenty years a voting citizen, a heavy taxpayer and a deputy sheriff of the county, stepped forward.

"Gentlemen," he addressed the school board, "we have brought our children to be registered in the public school. The government school does not measure up to the standard of the public school. Our children are making no progress there and we want them to advance the same as other children. We are bringing them to you clean. Each child has a health certificate from our county doctor. Will you receive them?"

"No, we reject them," came the quick response from the chairman of the board.

A moment of breathless suspense held the crowd.

"Upon what grounds do you reject them?" Mr. Somerville asked.

The chairman opened his book of school law and read, "—in school districts of California where the United States Government has established an Indian school, in an area not to exceed three miles from said Indian school, the Indian children of the district or districts eligible for attendance upon said Indian school may not be admitted to the public school."

Leaning his shoulders against the bulwark of the antiquated law, he continued, "You have your own government school within the three-mile limit. Therefore, we reject you from the public school."

"But," argued Mr. Somerville, "as citizens of California, as taxpayers, we are entitled to public school privileges."

"Here's the school law, though," the chairman stubbornly declared.

As the board defiantly faced that group of earnest Indian citizens they forgot something: forgot that when the call to arms came a few years ago, Indians, too, were called to fight for the honor of the flag—for the protection of American RIGHTS and LIBERTY. They answered the call—some ten or fifteen of them from Inyo County—Big Pine's own county—some took the tolls of war—shot and gas: forgot, too, that within the shadow of the school building lived an Indian youth who had been cited for bravery in action by General Pershing.

The townsfolk began to murmur.

"You can't teach Indians anything beyond the fourth or fifth grade."

"Indians are so slow and stubborn."

"Don't want MY children sitting alongside of Indians!"

"Well, we haven't enough teachers for OUR OWN children. How can we add twenty more pupils to the school?"

Thus the moral itch of the Big Pine American conscience was soothed.

Again, Somerville broke into a pleading tone. "We will use our own community hall, if you will furnish us with equipment and make us a public school. We don't want to put our children in the white people's school if they are not wanted there. We have nothing against the government teacher, it is the system we oppose. All we want from you is the chance for our girls and boys to progress like other children. They want to learn, too. Will you help us as much as you can?"

The moment was tense, dramatic, pulsating with pathos. The once proud owners of the great and glorious California, their eyes speaking the yearning language of their hearts for their young; the pitiful remnants of a race which the white man has so wantonly slaughtered by neglect, eviction from lands and disease; begging—not for alms or undue favors—merely asking for a chance to learn; waiting patiently for the cold refusal, the indifference, the race antagonism of their despoilers!

"The government school is good enough," came the final answer. "We reject all the Indian children applying for admission into our school."

Nothing to the school board that the government school represented a system established to meet the needs and capacity of the Indian child when his parents were wards of the government and untrained in self-reliance! Nothing to them that those twenty children of voting and taxpaying citizens, capable of managing their own affairs, were swept back to a school where children of fourteen to eighteen circle around in grades which the public school child reaches by the time he is ten or twelve years of age.

"We accept your rejection," John Somerville responded with even warmth, "but we will establish our rights as citizens if we have to go to the United States Supreme Court to do it. For not only the Indian people of Big Pine are back of my request that the Indian children be admitted into the public school the same as other school children, but every Indian in California stands with me!"

An excited buzz of voices filled the air as the Indian men turned toward the gate where the women and children were waiting—and hoping.

Against the gatepost leaned Eunice Hill, a seventeen-year-old Indian girl, a round-faced, bob-haired, winsome high school girl. When the sweeping rejection became known to her, a rouge of indignation burned across her unpowdered cheeks. With a determined step she walked into the midst of the crowd buzzing about the school steps and demanded, "What right have you to say that my little brother and sister cannot attend the public school?"

The rejoicing and doubting disputers were jerked into an expectant silence. The chairman of the school board again read the passage of school law referring to the government school.

Not enough to satisfy Eunice Hill's sense of justice, she took the volume of school law into her own hands and read, "—that all children between the ages of six and twenty-one, INCLUDING INDIAN CHILDREN, unless otherwise provided for by the Federal Government, may attend the public school."

The young Portia fastened her blazing eyes upon the chairman; "Now," she continued, "my parents live eight miles from the government school instead of within the three-mile limit. My older sisters were refused admittance into Sherman Government School at Riverside both by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the local government agent because my father is a taxpaying citizen! How can you keep us out?"

A new tingle of surprise to the inhabitants of Big Pine. "I didn't know that Indians were that smart!" a woman remarked in a half whisper.

With a clear direct gaze fastened upon the woman, the high-spirited Indian lass replied, "Two of my sisters graduated from the Riverside Public High School at eighteen. I graduated from a public school at twelve and will graduate from high school next year, just a few months before I am eighteen. Your white children don't do very much better, do they?"

A smile circled the listeners' faces and the woman addressed offered no answer to the challenge.

The girl turned toward the school board. "You can't keep us out!" she repeated. "If you do, you will force us to break the compulsory education law!"

"Well, we won't have Indians in our school," came back the dogged reply.

And then with the love of her own race, and the rights of her own brother and sister burning deep within her girlish heart, she flung her dare at them, "I have a right to come to your high school and if I come, I dare you to put me out!"

The Indian children have not gone back to the government school. When they turned their backs on the government school system, they meant business. Deep down in those parents' hearts there smoulders the pride of race, a hunger for a fair opportunity for their children, a square deal to their race.

The Indian Board of Co-operation, incorporated under the laws of the state and sponsored by such men as Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, is organizing the Indians that they may strive for race betterment—physically, mentally, morally and socially; that they may, whenever necessary, make a united appeal to the United States Government. In three years more than nine thousand of the fifteen thousand or more in the state have welded themselves into a unified people.

Strong, capable Indian leaders have evolved from the organization of their abilities, warm, strong friendships have sprung up between tribes but a short while ago unknown to each other, a binding link of common blood, of common needs, is making the Indian citizenship a power to be recognized and dealt with fairly.

Government employes fearfully admit the power of organization among the California Indians. "It's spoiling our plan of work," they complain. "The Indians won't listen to us any longer. They want to manage their own affairs. Now, they are not satisfied with the government schools—they want the public school."

Well, in the name of fair play, why not? As citizens, recognized by both the United States and the state, why can't the California Indians run their own affairs? Why can't they take their chances to sink or swim as do millions of newly made Americans, to whom the customs of the country are far more strange than to the Indian people?

The Indian pupil who gets the right school start will make all the sacrifices that the white pupil will to advance. Many will pack their suitcases, leave their native haunts, go to the cities and work for their room and board to go to high school, to college or teacher's training college. One fourteen-year-old girl walks fourteen miles a day to public school.

Quietly, the Indian children of Big Pine are playing about their dooryards. Calmly, the Indian men citizens and taxpayers are working with fair-minded men who will help them establish their rights as they are enjoyed by all other citizens.

And while they're standing pat, the eight hundred and more Piautes of Inyo County are back of them, the entire Indian population of California will assist them in their fight for school rights and the Indian population of the United States will glory in their determination to gain the fair play that is due them.

Snowbound in a Southland

A Forest Land on Shores of Lake Arrowhead

Above—"If snowshoes are hard to manage there are skis to try."

Right—Reached by motoring from Los Angeles eighty-one miles.

Winter sports are the delight of Southland dwellers.

Lake Arrowhead—a Switzerland in beauty.

Circle—"Peace is here, the soughing of the pines the only sound to break the silence of the forest."

Right—The village in Lake Arrowhead Woods.

"SNOWBOUND" in its modern interpretation may mean bound for the snow, for it happens that in Southern California snow, because of its novelty, is very often alluring. And those seeking the snow find it in virgin beauty high in the Southern Sierras, in winter, and in a wonderful setting on the shores of Lake Arrowhead.

Lake Arrowhead, formerly known as Little Bear Lake, is a mile high in the San Bernardino Mountains, in a forest land called Arrowhead Woods. This mountain country is reached by motoring from Los Angeles eighty-one miles over such scenic highways as the famous "Rim of the World Drive."

The contrast of winter, in summer surroundings, no doubt adds to the charm of the place for, in verity, it seems that here is a Switzerland with its lake and snowy elevations, a sunny Italy with valleys of orange trees and roses below, to complete the picture.

The lover of the great outdoors finds here at Lake Arrowhead winter in all its loveliness. The forests of cedar, pine and fir stand protectingly about the borders of the lake, yet here and there give vista of snow-stretches unbroken in glimmering whiteness. Nature has made this country inspiring by the vastness of its timbered slopes, by the grandeur of water in lake and forest stream.

And then man has created, not to mar, but to enhance and guard this precious native beauty, an unique settlement of forest homes—cabins and lodges—where those seeking the joys of the snow may have shelter and comfort. A quaint village has been built about the shores of the lake, each structure following faithfully the designs of early Norman architecture.

The picturesqueness of this village high in the mountains is indeed appealing.

Winter sports are the delight of all who come here. Snow carnivals are included in the revels indulged in by the merrymakers at the holiday season. If snowshoes are hard to manage, there are skis to try. And tobogganing and skating are favorite pastimes, though a "summerland" is only a short distance away.

Those who have been outdoors all day, tramping through the forest and across the levels of snow, find the cheery blaze of hearth fires welcome at night. And peace is here, the soughing of the pines the only sound to break the silence of the forest.

Mr. Ford's Page

IF BY "parties" we meant the people who make up the parties it would be a very simple matter for anyone to tell what party he belonged to, or which party he was "for"—he would be for all the parties, since he would be for all the people. But parties no longer mean the people who are enticed to vote this way or that, they mean the skeleton organization, the directing heads, the beneficiaries who will eventually parcel out the offices among themselves and divide what they call the "rewards" among so-called loyal party men.

The party organization, then, which is not the people who vote, but the official group which is contending with another official group for a set of public jobs—it is this party organization that we mean by the "party." So that when the question is asked, "Do you belong to the party?" all thoughtful persons say, "No, we have more respect for ourselves than to belong to those men." One has only to start with the ward boss, go up to the city boss and the state boss, bunch them all together and look them over. When one has done that one says, "What! Belong, be owned by that crowd! No, sir!"

Belonging to a party, in this sense, would not be confessed by anyone. To say that the skeleton group known as the "organization" owns him would be more than any man would care to admit. Because he knows that no one owns him. And the skeleton group knows that it owns no one, too. That is probably the most important political development of the times, that it is now dawning even on the bosses that there is no one left to boss except the underlings who are hopeful of jobs.

Belonging to a party because a party stands for a certain principle or a certain program is quite another matter. Party membership used to mean just that. All of us remember staunch party men who were Believers, and that was what made them party men; they were Believers, not camp-followers or mere victims of rosy political promises; they stood for something.

PARTIES have always begun with Believers in a principle; they have been carried on by builders of that principle into the public life; then, successful, they have been invaded by the self-seekers whose standard of political achievement is office-holding; last of all they become mere controllers of the patent-rights of political machinery, and rent the use of their power to anyone contributing support by votes or money. The people rebuke the parties one after the other, by defeating them, by deftly swinging the "silent vote," by spasmodic efforts at reform. Then arise a multitude of little parties, formed around class and race interests, and these "blocs" dicker with the controllers of political machinery for support. That is the last phase, and anyone may observe it by looking around.

Perhaps the life of parties could be charted somewhat like this: in the beginning are the pioneers of the idea; then there is the period of invincible public strength when the ideal is being realized; then comes the dangerous period when the party, as a successful movement, attracts self-seekers who want to *use* the party rather than support the ideal for which the party stands. Then *office* becomes the standard of success, and to obtain it everything is sacrificed, promises take the place of performance, an inside circle assumes the power, and the very name of "politician" becomes a stench. That is the last stage of parties which have fulfilled their purpose or lost their ideals.

And what of the people during this last stage? The people simply go shopping among the parties, picking now this one, and now that one. The people figure for a time that by "rebuking" a certain party, that is, by defeating it at the polls, they will teach it a lesson. But they soon find that this does no good. Then they adopt the plan of switching parties at every election, so that campaigning becomes not a matter of education but a matter of guessing which way the people are likely to jump. Back and forth swings popular support, year after year, until the idea becomes definitely settled that neither party means well, that both have succumbed to the business of politics which is the business of holding office, and that neither is sworn to the service of the people.

More than that occurs, however. "Party" ceases to mean what it has always meant—one of the great divisions of political opinion. In this sense the very word "party" becomes not only unpopular but suspicious. Yet, the thing itself does not cease; something comes to take its place. Instead of two great parties, we have numbers of little parties, each built around a single purpose. Whereas the former great political parties contained within themselves the various aspirations of the people, now each separate aspiration begins to build its own party. Sometimes they are called "blocs" or "propaganda" or "programs," and they range all the way from organizations of business interests, like farming, to organizations of religious interests, and organizations of racial interests, and organizations of class interests. We don't get away from parties at all, we get into a more complex system of little and conflicting parties. It needs only a casual glance over the nation to see how completely developed this stage has become today.

Now, curiously enough, this does not mean the end of the former political parties. Blocs may multiply without end but the Republican and Democrat parties still stand as the political machines through which the grist must pass before it becomes more than dust in the wind. Ceasing to be the originators or protectors of the people's aspirations, these great parties themselves go shopping among the "blocs" to choose from among them a sort of crazy-quilt program in return for the votes of the various programs thus favored. You will find that going on today. The sharp managers of the great parties, so to speak (we really mean the well-entrenched groups of practical politicians who control the political machinery of the country and who therefore rule it for the time being), go around among the various cries and say, "Will all the believers in your cry vote for us if we broadcast your cry for you?" Thus is government farmed out. Thus are parties armed and equipped today. The parties themselves have nothing to sell but the use of the "organization." They rent that temporarily for a payment which consists of votes. They are mere merchants of the control they have seized from the people; they have, as it were, the patent-rights on the whole machinery by which the will of the people gets itself translated into the action of the Government.

That is the last phase. It is sheer peddling of influence in return for votes, and it is a disgrace and a shame both to them that give and to them that take. Moreover, it marks the end of every system that endorses the practice by indulging in it.

You can trade with the parties today, but you cannot follow them as leaders, as defenders of the common good.

We have lived to see in this country the complete reversal of the functions of government. Nowadays the theory is that the people exist for the sake of the government. At every turn of the legislative wheel the bond is drawn tighter upon the people. More and more are the people's resources sought out that they may be drained into the government. The ruling organization has exalted itself as a hierarchy, a political aristocracy, in whose glories the people ought to be thankful to bask, however high the cost. And the fact is, the Government does little or nothing more than it did for the people previous to the Civil War, and does much of it less efficiently. The reversal is due to one thing—the change of ideas. The country needs to hear from coast to coast the fundamental American principle, *people were not made for government, but government for people.* The power to govern is what the parties strive for, and we sell them that power in exchange for a time-serving approval of certain "bloc" cries during the short period of a campaign.

As it is, the people of the United States have given no party any mandate for years. In the last Presidential election the false prophets read the signs to mean that the people repudiated the League of Nations. The election meant nothing more than unrest, and no one knew this better than the President who has passed behind the veil. It is partly up to the people, first to give a mandate, then in their sovereign might to see that it is obeyed.

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Thanksgiving

CALVIN COOLIDGE, heir of the moral spirit which made America, has spoken well in his Thanksgiving Proclamation, and has made it more than the official notification of the people that Thursday, November the twenty-ninth, is Thanksgiving Day.

Given opportunity, he says, to balance the good and the evil which we have experienced, "we have never failed to find reasons for being grateful to God for a generous preponderance of the good. Even in the least propitious times, a broad contemplation of our own position has never failed to disclose overwhelming reasons for thankfulness . . . . We have been a most favored people. We ought to be a most generous people. We have been a most blessed people. We ought to be a most thankful people."

This is true, how true only few of us can realize. If our people knew and realized the vast mental and physical misery of the world, the realization would take all comfort out of their own situation, although it would leave them deeply thankful on behalf of our women and children. Not only reverent and humble gratitude befits us, but also a profound self-searching as to what compensatory service this signal immunity from suffering commits us. It is not for nought that we are free. Our very condition emphasizes a deep responsibility laid upon us as a nation.

The Straws Show

THE political sharps are reading election returns for straws which show the direction in which the national winds are blowing. Here is Ohio. By defeating the Taft bill two to one, the people have decreed that cities and other taxing districts must live within their income. Special levies were everywhere defeated, except for school purposes only. The campaign for higher debts and heavier taxes was backed by a strong press campaign, but the people appear to be making up their own minds. As to prohibition, Ohio remained "dry," defeating the mayors of towns which had become notorious for laxity of law enforcement, and preventing the attempted return to power of mayors who had been removed by Governor Donahay for failure to enforce the liquor laws.

There are two straws: economy and business sense in administration, and obedience to the law. That puts it up to both parties in a fashion that prevents either from taking any comfort from it.

He Left the Church

A GENTLEMAN recently in public life has resigned his membership in the church because of the political activities of the pulpit. The action is significant in that, generally, it agrees with a large and growing spirit of dissatisfaction among church members. It is significant also in that the statement in which the gentleman undertakes to describe what he understands Christianity to be, shows the lamentable failure of the church to teach its people what Christianity really is. This gentleman does not seem to know. The teaching function is all but dead in the American Protestant church. The wildest and most various opinions exist as to what religion consists in generally, and Christianity particularly. And this must be laid at the door of the Christian ministry which has left its main business of teaching to follow all sorts of things supposed to be useful or inspiring.

The modern prophet will certainly have somewhat to do with economics and politics, since these stand or fall by their morality, and Christianity certainly has its social implications. But not every minister is a prophet, nor even an understanding observer of local politics. The grievance of the intelligent churchgoer is not that the ministry gives itself so much to secular topics, but that it is generally so unfitted to handle such topics. The curse of "topics" has been the ruin of the pulpit. This year has seen a rush of ministers to Europe and every city in the country is deluged with series of sermons on European conditions, most of which are based on editorials in the London *Times,* interlarded with the hearsay and casual experiences of the hurried tourist. That is what makes the intelligent churchgoer "tired." He can get this sort of material, of much better quality and higher authority, elsewhere.

If only the ministry were expert in its own field, the condemnation of its aberrations would not be so severe. But churchgoers are beginning to suspect that the ministry is no more proficient in matters of religion than it is in international or local politics. In the Protestant church, for example, the textbook is the Bible, but an examination of the clergy in that Book would disclose fearful and wonderful conditions. It has fallen to the level of a motto-book, from which suitable passages may be selected to place at the beginning of sermons. The real cause of this, however, may be that an increasing number of ministers do not believe the Bible as the people understand believing it.

Since the Protestant church, as at present functioning, has elected to put the sermon at the front and center of its service, by the sermon it stands or falls. And as everyone knows, the vast majority of sermons today are neither literature nor religion. If the Christian church is looking for novelty, it might try Christianity—certainly the theme would be new to millions of its adherents.

Michigan and the Marines

THANKSGIVING weather, bright sun, blue sky, crisp air. A green field rimmed high with gray bleachers, vocal with the shouts and songs of fifty thousand spectators. Marines marching in to the music of massed bands—in solid standing block they fill half the field. A movement of troops, and a massive M is embossed against the green, a human letter of olive drab topped with blue. They wheel again and lift their Service Song, "The United States Marines," while fifty thousand stand uncovered.

Silence.

In the distance another band begins the reverent hymn-like "The Yellow and the Blue" and all Michigan it seems stands up and sings. Cheers from the Marines for Michigan; cheers from Michigan for the Marines. The flag goes up topmast, bugles flutter "To the Colors," massed bands and people take up "The Star Spangled Banner," soldiers at salute, civilians with uncovered heads.

Sharp blasts of the referee's whistle and the two lines are clashing. Baseball may be American, but football is the whole of Anglo-Saxondom's sport—it carries the fight into the opponent's territory; it is man to man, not bat to ball. It is individualism and collectivism mixed as life mixes them: you must play with the *team,* but no one matters so much as the *man* with the ball. In life no one tackles you until you have grabbed the ball, the symbol of possible achievement.

Right valiantly the two lines plunge and leap and wrestle. Yet tense as is the struggle on the green, and tenser still the partisanship of the crowds, there is everywhere like an unseen hand the restraining courtesy of American culture and sportsmanship. When Kipke of Michigan went down and lay there, the Marines saw only the play their man had made and were splitting the heavens with their cheers when down below a Marine officer's hand went up and instant silence fell. "He's hurt—don't cheer." The doctor ran from the side lines with his surgical case; two groups midfield stood still. Then up stood the Marine's cheer leader—"He's a damned good fellow and a great football player—Three Barks for Kipke!" To have heard the Marines "growl" and "bark" and "howl" is to know, apart from their fighting qualities, why they are called the "devil dogs" of the American forces.

The sun sinks low and early shadows are on the field when a shrill whistle calls truce, and Michigan runs off the field with their guests. The Marines are good losers—at football; and "on the land or on the sea" they know good sportsmanship.

As President, Washington Enforced the Law

THE call to enforce the Prohibition law recalls the story of the Whisky Rebellion in Eastern Pennsylvania during George Washington's term in the executive chair.

The upheaval was caused by a government tax levied against distilleries. President Washington himself took charge of the enforcement of the law.

En route west to the scene of the rebellion, President Washington was met by the officials and citizenry of Harrisburg, and their address of welcome was accompanied by resolutions of loyalty to the law he was enforcing. The address, too long for reproduction, teems with wrath at "unprovoked outrages committed by these lawless men, who are in opposition to one of the mildest and most equal of governments of which the condition of man is susceptible," and promises to do all in the power of the citizenry of Harrisburg to uphold the tax law and other laws of the land and "to support the happy Constitution and wise administration of our Government."

In Washington's day the struggle was to resist a tax upon distillers. The Government, after more than a century of tax enforcement, is now striving to abolish the traffic then recognized. In Washington's day, while the States were yet jealous of the rights reserved to them, the local governments thus upheld the Government in the enforcement of Federal law. Today, after taking the matter of sumptuary legislation away from the State, the national and local governments are "passing the buck" in enforcement.

Extend the Function of Propaganda

IT IS the history of privilege that it begins as the immunity or benefit of a few, and then, being right, extends to all people. All forms of liberty began as privilege, and ended as "common rights." So that in describing the propagandist efforts of the American Bankers' Association through the medium of an agency which supplies the smaller Press with material, we are not denouncing the practice as wholly bad, nor as necessarily bad. It is most excellent that economic questions are discussed before the readers of the rural press. The regrettable element is that the discussion is one-sided. The agency that supplies free to newspapers the official views of the bankers, would probably reply that if responsible persons holding opposite views would pay for the service, they too could have the freedom of the country press. To which, again, the reply would be that reformers seldom have large propaganda funds, and often no resources at all, save that best of all, an intelligent conviction.

All of this, however, regards the press agency as a printing business and not as an editorial responsibility. Let us say that it is right that the readers of the smaller newspapers should have the views of experienced bankers; is it not also right that the same readers should have the views of equally sound and successful business men who clearly see the deficiencies of the present system of finance and banking practice? That is to say, is there any economic question in which the people are so vitally interested as this machinery of exchange which is so often operated against their interests? Is it not only too evident that in everything written by the official propagandists of the money brokers, there will be utter silence with regard to the methods by which the system may be used against business and against the people? And should not the editor of a great press agency, with his millions of readers in mind, endeavor to give the very best of both views?

These are questions that are bound to come to the front. Propaganda will become suspicious whenever it is unbalanced by such facts as can be produced on the other side. The demand for a broader practice will probably come from the editors of the country press itself. Thousands of country editors, the mentors of unspoiled intelligence in the most American of American communities, will begin to say, "We don't object to letting the bankers have their say in our papers, but after all they are private business men who are interested in certain methods being continued, and if there is another side we should like our readers to have it."

That is the very probable turn which the controversy will take. Suppression of propaganda is not the cure, any more than the suppression of old-time privilege would have been the cure. Extension of the privilege of publicity is the cure. And it is as certain as that intelligence moves in a forward direction, that the editors of the smaller newspapers of the country will demand this extension.

What the Arabs Think of the Jewish Invasion

Investments of Immigrants Bring Fear and Hatred of Encroachment

By the REV. C. W. M. CASKILL

This is the second of two articles by the Rev. Mr. Caskill.

The Nebi Musa procession approaching Jerusalem. This impressive pilgrimage through Jerusalem is an annual event.

LET me state in the beginning of this article that I am not writing as a prophet, forecasting future events by any special divine insight. Neither do I draw my conclusions from consulting the book of any Old Testament prophet. Mine will be simply human conclusions drawn from personal observations as we traveled up and down over this little country and mingled with its people. So if my conclusions prove to be wrong, just remember that "to err is human" and let it go at that.

Before attempting to forecast the future and as a basis for that forecast, let me present as I see it what is the present religious status of the country. Three distinct religious groups are found in Palestine today. By far the largest and most widely distributed is the Moslem group. Probably nine-tenths of the people belong to it. As they have had, with the exception of less than a century of Crusade rule, uninterrupted possession of the land for more than a thousand years, they may properly be spoken of as the native population of the country. By far the larger part of the Moslems are Arabs who came originally from the deserts east of Palestine. The Turks who were the successors of the Arabs became the rulers of the country and continued until their rule was broken by Lord Allenby and his army during the last war. Since then most of the Turks have left Palestine, so that the present Moslem population is almost wholly Arab. Many of the Arabs, in fact most of them, welcomed the overthrow of the Turkish rule, and while today there is a big clamor on the part of many of them for the overthrow of the English rule, it is due very largely to the fact that they feel the English Government is trying to aid the Jews in getting hold of their country. This has direct bearing on the religious problem, but I will speak of that later.

For the most part the Arabs are a kind, open-hearted, hospitable people. We found them exceedingly friendly and cordial. They are, after a manner, faithful to their religion. They have their stated times of prayer, and on the streets, by the roadside, out in the fields, you may see them bowing with their faces to the ground. Many of the men carry strings of beads and everywhere you can see them fingering their beads, saying their "ninety-nine Allahs." While the Koran is their sacred book, they also accept the Old Testament and, in fact, claim that the Koran is founded upon it. So that to them, it is just as sacred, if not more so, than is their Koran. Hence the Old Testament characters and the Old Testament places are revered by them just as much as they are by the most orthodox Jews or the most devout Christians. The Mosque of Omar, one of the most beautiful sacred buildings in the world, is on the site of Solomon's Temple, and is as truly revered by the Moslems as it ever was by the Jews themselves. The tombs of Sarah, of Rachel, of David, and of many other Old Testament characters are in the possession of the Moslems, who have built sacred buildings over them. The burial place of Moses, next to Mecca itself, is the most revered spot in all the world to the Moslems, and especially to the Moslems of Palestine.

On Easter Sunday we stood for three hours and watched one section of the "Nebi Musa" procession as it entered Jerusalem on its annual pilgrimage to the sacred mountain of Moses. This section had come from Hebron. Several thousand were in it then. This would be added to all along the way, at Jerusalem, Jericho, and other places. Music, flying banners, groups of dancers, sword drills, fencing combats with long sabers and lances, songs and yells led by group captains carried on the shoulders of men—all this and much more, together with their fancy headdresses and costumes, went to make up the strange religious procession. When we saw them, some of the dancers had worked themselves almost into a frenzy. Their eyes glared and they looked wild. We were told that this increases as they approach their destination until some of the dancers become unconscious and have to be carried. At Jerusalem this whole crowd was taken to the court of the Mosque of Omar and given a feast. It takes several days for the pilgrimage to go from Hebron to Nebi Musa. The people walk all the way, sleep out-of-doors on the bare ground, and where they are not given food, as at Jerusalem, they buy what is necessary and eat as they go along. Once at Nebi Musa they spend a week in a great religious festival. I speak of this pilgrimage and of these Moslem buildings erected over the tombs of Old Testament heroes to show that all religions of Palestine are built upon one and the same book as a foundation—the Old Testament.

A second large religious group in Palestine is that of the Jews. Their national life ended with the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and his Roman army in the year 70 A. D. A small remnant which survived the war and remained in Palestine revolted some fifty years later, and, under a pretended Messiah, attempted to throw off the Roman yoke. They were soon overcome and then by order of the Roman emperor Hadrian, all Jews were banished from Palestine. However, a few down through the centuries have found their way back, most of them settling in Jerusalem. Excluded by the Moslems from the temple area, they were and are still permitted to approach the outside of one small section of the temple area wall. This is the famous "wailing wall" of the Jews. Here some of the devout, who still look for the restoration of the Jews, gather each Friday afternoon and evening, and spend hours either reading Psalms, selections from the Old Testament Prophets, and specially prepared litanies, or else in caressing the stones of the old wall, wetting them with their tears, and filling the air with their lamentations and wailings. Since the English have come into power and not only religious liberty has been granted to all but special encouragement has been extended to the Jews large numbers have been immigrating to Palestine. While many are settling in and about Jerusalem and other Palestinian cities, many more are forming Jewish farming colonies, are buying up the land, and are establishing very prosperous and modern communities. There are probably today approximately one hundred thousand Jews in Palestine, and they are immigrating at a rate of about ten thousand a year. I understand immigration is limited on account of the fact that much larger numbers could not now be supported, so that even the Jews themselves are in favor of this restriction until development of the land and the establishment of factories can provide means of sustenance for larger numbers.

The religious life of the Jew is much today as it was when Palestine was his home. Animal sacrifice is not common now, and may never become so again, even were the Jews to gain possession of Palestine. But the Jewish Sabbath, the Passover, the washing of pots and kettles especially before the Passover feast, and the observance of the law of Moses, is little changed. We found a general and almost universal feeling among them that Palestine by right belongs to the Jews and ought to be the home of the Jewish people—not belongs to them in the sense that they have a right to take it by force or without compensation, but merely that they should be permitted to enter the country, buy land and stores, go into business, and ultimately to gain complete possession of this land that was once their national home. I asked many of the Jews if their people from England and America would come to Palestine if the door remained open. The universal answer was, No. All they hoped or planned was to make Palestine a home of refuge for the poor and persecuted of their race, at least this would be true for many years to come.

Closely related to the Jews and practically one in the nature and form of their religious worship is a very interesting although almost extinct body of Palestinian people, the Samaritans. According to the best information I could get there are now in existence not more than two hundred of these people—men, women and children—all told. They live in and about the village of Shechem at the foot of Mt. Gerizim. They have a very small synagogue, almost completely hidden, and very difficult to find without the aid of a guide. They possess a copy of "The Law of Moses," the first five books of the Old Testament, that is, the oldest copy of this portion of the Scriptures in existence. It is hand-written on old parchment scroll, and the Samaritan priests claim it was written within a hundred years of the time of Moses. We had the rare privilege of examining it, and it surely looked ancient enough. This small body of people still observe the Passover as an annual feast on the top of Mt. Gerizim, and animal sacrifice with all of its bloody accompaniment is carried out here each year just as it was by the ancient Jews.

The third religious group is that of the Christians. It is comprised of Greek and Roman Catholics and various Protestant bodies. I was not able to obtain the exact number of these but there were more than one hundred thousand. Catholics have been in Palestine ever since the time of Constantine. They hold most of the traditional sites connected with the life of Christ. The leading Protestant churches, aside from the Church of England, can hardly be said to have attempted serious missionary work. While some of the Protestant religious workers deserve the highest praise for their accomplishments, we were impressed with the fact that too many in and about Jerusalem are "millennium specialists," people who have come here expecting the end of the world soon and who were eager to be here on the ground floor. They have been more anxious to prove from prophecy that the millennium is near at hand than to work for the uplift and the saving of these people. One splendid religious worker said to us, "Jerusalem has become the

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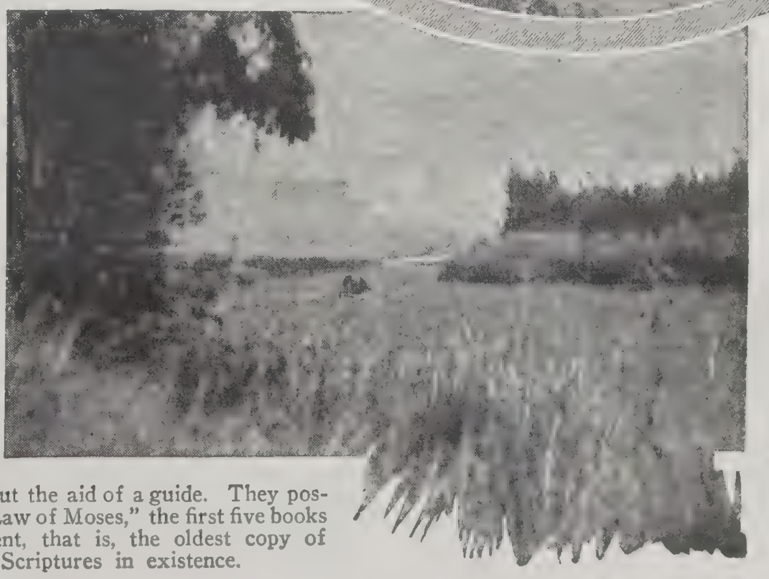

Top — Nebi Musa pilgrims. Several thousand of these quaintly picturesque Moslems join the procession to the sacred mountain of Moses.

Oval—Tiberias: Below the Jordan bridge at Semakh, showing present-day blending of the ancient and the modern.

Left—Scene on the upper Jordan River, which gives an excellent idea of the natural beauty of this country.

The Brilliant Morley's Place in History

English Statesman Regarded War as Barbaric, Without Redeeming Excuse

By ARTHUR GLASBY WALKER

WHEN Gladstone died in May, 1898, John Morley wrote of the event: "A great light has gone out of our national life." These words may be most justly employed of Morley himself now that he also has passed into the fascinating mystery of death. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-five years and for almost half a century his name had been a household word in his own land and a name of great account in English-speaking lands, and in fact through the world.

As statesman and man of letters he won the highest recognition, and has a sure place in history. He has enjoyed a unique and singular place in the affections of his countrymen. Greatly gifted, favored with public opportunities of which he made only the noblest use, he yet owed the secret of his power to something quite distinct and to something that is not invariably the attribute of those who enjoy a like degree of advantages in this unequal world. Gladstone was gifted and honored, yet always shrouded behind a veil of mystery; Beaconsfield was brilliant but always suspected; Chamberlain was clever but too potently ambitious to be trusted. Morley was the natural successor in the affections of the people of John Bright. "Honest John" was the enviable epithet which he early enjoyed and was strangely enough sufficient for all classes after he was raised to the peerage as before.

Morley an Agnostic Son

WHEN John Morley became Lord Morley of Blackburn, among the working people there was a deep-seated resentment. It was not that they begrudged him the honor, if there was any honor in it, for they counted him worthy of the best; nor was it that they feared that any title would change him, but they had a feeling that he rightly belonged to them and that this distinction was an attempt to steal him away from them. They considered him their particular own more than any man in public life—far more even than John Burns.

This is the more remarkable when one or two facts are recalled. In three vital things he was not of the people—in social level, in literary culture and in religion.

In a country where caste still is powerful it is an altogether unusual circumstance for the radical workers to elect to such a place in their regard a man so separated from them. Yet this they did, which is in the highest degree honorable to him and to them. Their belief in his moral integrity, humanity and practical friendship swept aside every other difference. They believed that in any circumstances John Morley would keep straight on. Now that his life is ended no single piece of evidence exists to falsify their judgment. Surely that is an achievement in the ordeal of prolonged public life spent in the full blaze of publicity in the highest places of public responsibility.

John Morley had an evangelical parentage. His mother was a devout Methodist. He confessed himself an agnostic. There was a time when his conscience caused him to write God with a small g. This fact would have been ruinous to Mr. Gladstone, at least his powerful following among the non-Episcopal churches would have dropped him. Certain earnest devotees of orthodoxy tried to raise a scare against Morley but it was received with cold indifference or scowling disgust. Capital G or small g they were convinced that an honest man is the noblest work of God and that Morley carried the hall mark of such workmanship. Anyone reading his reminiscences, particularly volume two, will find things that justify judgment. Children are admittedly great seers into character and the unsophisticated part of a population wonderfully retains that prophetic gift.

Morley was religious at heart while he was rationalistic in his head. In his life of Gladstone this often rests upon intimate tender passage like a delicate perfume. He deeply reverenced Gladstone's religion because it was so much like that of his mother. One of his tenderest bits of writing in that greatest of political biographies is the account of a Sunday evening spent at Harwarden—Gladstone's almost priestly sanctity, the reading of the Scriptures by one who loved what he read and in a voice more perfect for its purpose than that of almost any living preacher, and the quiet but fervent singing of the favorite hymns of the universal church.

His View of Labor Leadership

IN 1897, when visiting his political supporters, he spent September 30 on the coast of Kancardineshire. He says, "I banished politics and spent most of the day sauntering on the shore, with Wordsworth and Arnold in my pocket. Before I rose from bed I had read a little memoir of a pious woman who must have been a fine character. In one way it made me as remorseful . . . . But that cannot be helped. I, for one, am never really depressed or sad when something serious fills the mind." On the same trip he visited Montrose. He says, "I visited an independent minister, a young man fresh from Oxford and Mansfield, highly intelligent and cultured; knew six languages; regretted to be so far from center of intellectual or literary activity. Said I, 'but the only center of activity is your own study, whether Montrose, Oxford or London. Here or nowhere is thine America.' A banal bit of solace, but, as I'm always finding, the commonplace is the true essential. It did me good, though, to think of a bright light of thought, knowledge, interest, burning away on this far-off shore."

After gazing upon a wild wintry storm in Scotland he refers to Scott's description in an early chapter of "The Pirate" and says, "Not even Victor Hugo has surpassed it," and continues "This is the nature from which we came, to which we return. These are scenes that might well fill the inward eye in the last hours. We are one with all this—atoms in the wild whirl. Don't let us suffer it to be blotted out by wearying thoughts about our souls—and their shortcomings. They are not for a day like this. The vision purges as of self."

Ellis Griffith said of Morley: "He is Saxon in head and Celt in heart." This was true of him, and the common people early divined it. Labor men turned to him in their difficulties and always found both head and heart at their service. He was a spiritual democrat and longed for the liberation of the exploited and helpless, at least for such modifications in their lot as would make life worth living.

After an interview with six Labor delegates he wrote, "When will some man arise to lead and command Labor? I doubt if he will come from their class. Some man with Mr. Gladstone's genius, devoted to social ends."

Perhaps Morley's wish may be nearing fulfillment. How he kept near to the people was indicated when nearing the close of his distinguished service as Secretary of State for India he referred to the magnificence of the festivals at Simla in giving a farewell to Lord Minto. He and Minto had labored happily together and introduced reforms that made all India grateful to them. "But," said Morley, "it is no envious frame of mind that makes me thank the immortal gods that when the clock strikes for my final departure from Whitehall I shall fare forth solitary in a modest hansom."

A Brilliant, Powerful Thinker

NO LENGTHY reference will here be made to Lord Morley's literary activity and distinction. If in politics he was the successor of John Bright, in literature he was the heir of Burke. No one, knowing him and reading his admirable life of Burke, could fail to see this. All his work from 1867 onward marked him as a brilliant, lucid and powerful thinker. He claimed as his master John Stuart Mill, whom he resembled in the vigor of his logic, the catholicity of his culture and his almost poetic enthusiasm for the progress of the race. He edited the *Fortnightly Review* from 1867 to 1882, the *Pall Mall Gazette* from 1880 to 1883 and *MacMillan's Magazine* from 1883 to 1885. He was appointed Secretary for Ireland in 1886 and fought strenuously and faithfully side by side with Mr. Gladstone in the great struggle for Home Rule. He bitterly regretted its defeat, and was deeply touched by Mr. Gladstone's forced retirement from party leadership, but he continued his perilous and unselfish efforts for the pacification of Ireland. He was genuinely and heartily interested in the United States, to which country he paid at least two considerable visits. Being already a man of importance, he received considerable attention at Washington. In the Senate he had the privilege of listening to a fierce speech against his own country. He talked with Charles Sumner, with Grant and Sherman. No one in Washington, however, was of more interest to him than Walt Whitman, who was then a poorly paid clerk in the Attorney-General's office. Together they sauntered through the streets of Washington and discussed from every angle Whitman's doctrine of art without apparel, but Morley was unconvinced. Morley placed Whitman's workmanship very high, but felt that Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes and their school had some of the real secrets of life and nature to tell. Referring to this he said, "I was content to stop at Emerson and have not been less content as the years have passed.

"Thoreau had quitted his place in American life a few years before. Else I should have sought a sight of that clear-eyed and untrimmed embodiment of the life with nature on which men muse when they are sick of convention and imposing drapery." He was wise enough on this visit to leave the country without venturing a single idea of the institutions of America, their durability, or the pattern they were destined to supply for democracy in Europe. His next visit was in 1904. Thirty-six eventful years had passed both to him and to the United States.

"Roosevelt and Niagara"

IN THIS visit he arrived with the Carnegies with whom he had been staying at Skibo Castle, Scotland. Matthew Arnold had introduced "Andrew" and "John" twenty years before and the friendship had grown with the years. Morley says of Carnegie, "His extraordinary freshness of spirit easily carried Arnold, Herbert Spencer, myself and afterward many others high over an occasional crudity or haste in judgment such as befalls the best of us in ardent hours. His passion for Peace and his Gospel of Wealth could not be escaped. He was an idealist who lived and worked with his ideals, and drudged over them every day of his life." Of work he said, "It is not so much for a superior man that he suffices for his day's work, as that his day's work suffices for him." "Carnegie didn't fire men out—he fired them with sympathy for the scheme."

The day he was in Chicago was an intense day in politics. That day Roosevelt won his famous landslide victory. Next day Morley reached Washington as the guest of the conquering hero at the White House. He enjoyed Roosevelt immensely. On leaving for England a great crowd of newspapermen besieged Lord Morley with the usual type of question: "What is it that impressed you most during your visit?" To which he made the true and sagacious answer: "Undoubtedly two things, the President and Niagara Rapids."

He was a convinced pacifist. He regarded war as barbaric with not a redeeming excuse and as a reproach to the self-constituted leaders of nations in an age making such arrogant claims to enlightenment. Hence he sternly opposed Chamberlain in the Boer War, and when the catastrophic plunge of 1914 occurred, he, with John Burns, retired from the Cabinet.

Of honors he had all that a man might reasonably covet. The highest responsibilities of the Empire were in one way or another intrusted to him. The coveted D.C. L. of Oxford University was given to him. Carnegie gave $250,000 to establish a chemical laboratory in Manchester conditional upon its carrying the name of John Morley. In literature he was honored throughout the world. From 1838 to 1923 is a long time as men count life. It is fair to say that he lived through the most remarkable eighty-five years in the history of the world. He took his part nobly. Best of all, the sobriquet "Honest John," spontaneously given to him by the common people forty years ago, he carried as a white flag, without the slightest suggestion of a stain, flying till the sun of his life sank into the purple West.

Offering Soul Insurance to Hotel Guests

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to the new organization. It was decided to give the incipient organization a national aspect by holding a national convention. It was convened at Waukegan, Illinois, June 30 to July 1, 1900. It was at this gathering that the idea of placing a Bible in the hotels patronized by the Gideons germinated. C. L. Kittridge, of Waukegan, Illinois, proposed the following resolution:

"That every hotel that Gideons patronize, furnish a Holy Bible for the benefit of its patrons."

Already the organization had grown to 600 and new members were joining every day. The Gideon organization is interdenominational. According to the by-laws of the order, any man whose chief occupation is traveling for commercial business, who believes in Jesus Christ as the eternal Son of God, accepts Him as the personal Savior and endeavors to follow Him in his daily life, and who has belonged for three months or longer to some local church that makes such belief and endeavor a condition of membership, may become a Gideon by pledging himself to wear the Gideon emblem, and complying with the by-laws governing applications.

"The object of the Gideons," as explained by A. B. T. Moore, national secretary at Chicago, "is to improve every opportunity for the betterment of the lives of our fellow travelers, business men and others with whom we may come in contact.

"Not until the organization of the Gideons was any concerted effort ever made for the moral uplift and salvation of the traveling man. It is now the only association that is trying directly to bring the gospel of Christ and his salvation to commercial travelers, as such.

"It is estimated that there are more than 700,000 commercial travelers in the United States, of whom probably not more than twenty per cent are avowedly Christian.

"Only a small portion of this number have so far been persuaded to join in this needed and specific effort in Christian service. We are using our best endeavors to bring them to active co-operation and we urge all Christian forces to help us to this end.

"No other class of men has such great opportunities for good or evil, and no occupation for men requires more positive qualities of character to bring success than theirs. As the commercial traveler has often been called 'The spinal column of commerce' because he is a power in the commercial world, so he is, when a Christian, a most persistent, aggressive force in the church."

"More than five hundred and fifty thousand Bibles have been placed in the hotel bedrooms of America and large numbers are added each month."

Not more than three or four of all the vast number of Bibles distributed have ever been stolen. One was purloined by a colored elevator boy, who swore on the witness stand that he took the Bible home with him because he found it was such an interesting book that he wanted to finish reading it.

From the humble beginning a quarter of a century ago, several thousand traveling men have been brought into the association. Field secretaries work in the cities soliciting funds and making arrangements for the introduction of Bibles in hotels not supplied. Every year marks a new bench mark in the progress of the order. Every Gideon is a missionary; a lay apostle spreading the gospel of a better life.

"And they stood every man in his place around about in camp."—Judges 7:21.

This is the Biblical slogan on their literature. Within this Scripture they find a union of strength for their ideals.

The Most Distinguished Farm Girl

Peggy Keith of Virginia Is Queen of Every Agricultural Club Project Organized by Uncle Sam

By GEORGE H. DACY

AFTER competing with 600,000 boys and girls who belong to agricultural clubs in all parts of the United States, Peggy Keith, of Warrenton, Virginia, has been proclaimed by the United States Department of Agriculture "America's most distinguished farm girl," the highest title in Uncle Sam's power to bestow on the farm girls interested in the improved methods of farming which he advocates.

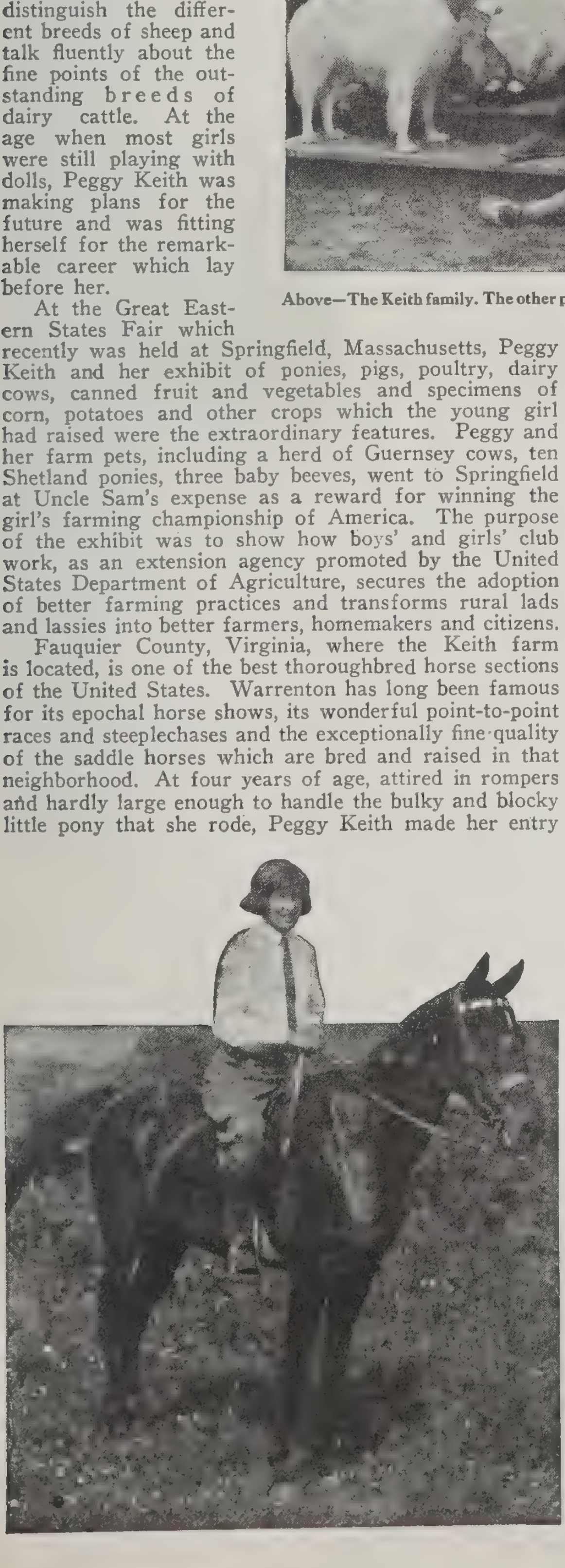
If ever there was a one-hundred-per-cent farm girl, Peggy Keith is that selfsame miss. She knows how to farm. She understands the science of technical agriculture. She can nurse a sick cow or a delicate pig back to health. She is qualified to act as an experienced live stock judge at any stock show or fair in America.

Above—The Keith family. The other photos show Peggy with four prize winners.

Eight years ago a visitor to the Keith farm sought to buy a dozen pigs. Peggy was then only seven years old but she was sharp as a Damascus saber when it came to a matter of selecting the best pig in the litter. She knew saddle horses as well as the visitor knew the alphabet. She could distinguish the different breeds of sheep and talk fluently about the fine points of the outstanding breeds of dairy cattle. At the age when most girls were still playing with dolls, Peggy Keith was making plans for the future and was fitting herself for the remarkable career which lay before her.

At the Great Eastern States Fair which recently was held at Springfield, Massachusetts, Peggy Keith and her exhibit of ponies, pigs, poultry, dairy cows, canned fruit and vegetables and specimens of corn, potatoes and other crops which the young girl had raised were the extraordinary features. Peggy and her farm pets, including a herd of Guernsey cows, ten Shetland ponies, three baby beeves, went to Springfield at Uncle Sam's expense as a reward for winning the girl's farming championship of America. The purpose of the exhibit was to show how boys' and girls' club work, as an extension agency promoted by the United States Department of Agriculture, secures the adoption of better farming practices and transforms rural lads and lassies into better farmers, homemakers and citizens.

Fauquier County, Virginia, where the Keith farm is located, is one of the best thoroughbred horse sections of the United States. Warrenton has long been famous for its epochal horse shows, its wonderful point-to-point races and steeplechases and the exceptionally fine quality of the saddle horses which are bred and raised in that neighborhood. At four years of age, attired in rompers and hardly large enough to handle the bulky and blocky little pony that she rode, Peggy Keith made her entry into the exhibition world. Piloted courageously by the diminutive Peggy, her pony, Corinne, was awarded the blue ribbon in the Shetland class. From that day to this, Peggy has been winning competitions, titles, trophies and prizes. Peggy Keith has won twenty silver cups, several hundred dollars in cash prizes and more than fifty blue ribbons at horse shows and agricultural fairs where she has exhibited her championship stock. For three years, she has paid all her school expenses and has financed her farming operations from money which she has earned.



One of Peggy's greatest inheritances is her ability to judge. Among her ancestors are listed many famous judges of Virginia. Parson James Keith, a notable during the early days of Virginia history, was one. He was grandfather of Chief Justice Marshall, whose fame will endure as long as there is a native Virginian. Peggy's grand uncle was Judge James Keith, president of the Old Dominion Court of Appeals. Peggy today ranks as the leading juvenile judge of live stock in the United States, another example of the old saying in Virginia that blood will tell.

Seven years ago, Peggy joined the boys' and girls' agricultural club of her neighborhood and grew her first crop of potatoes. She did all the work. The following year, enthusiastic over the agricultural club work, Peggy prepared the land and planted one acre of corn in competition with the other club members of her county. Unfortunately, cattle destroyed most of the corn. Peggy grew another acre of corn the following season, and harvested seventy-five bushels from her prize-winning plot.

When eleven, Peggy joined the Fauquier County Canning Club, grew one-tenth of an acre of tomatoes and pickled twenty-four quarts of green tomatoes. She studied modern canning so efficiently that for two years she canned fruit and vegetables which she exhibited and won the majority of the awards at the local county fair.

As appropriate side lines to canning activities, Peggy also engaged in poultry and baby beef production. She started operations as a poultry raiser four years ago with but one setting of eggs. Today, she has a flock of sixty standard-bred Langshans and forty Rhode Island Reds which furnish the eggs and poultry for the Keith family table and yield to their juvenile owner a tidy annual income. During the winter and spring of 1919, young Miss Keith fed two Shorthorn steers very successfully and sold them for top prices. In 1921, she fed a Hereford beef calf which made a record gain of 400 pounds and won first place at the Virginia State Fair.

Peggy Keith learned the essentials of live stock judging at a short course in agriculture conducted in 1920 by her state college. The following year, she was selected to represent her county on a judging team at the state fair. The next year she was a member of the team that represented the Old Dominion at the national boys' stock judging contest held at Atlanta. There were fifty boys in the big judging match. Peggy was the only girl. Largely through her efforts, the Virginia team won second honors.

Last summer at a county fair in Virginia, a county agent whom Peggy knew was assigned to judge all the live stock exhibits. He called Peggy to assist him. The girl did not make a single error.

Peggy Keith aided in the organization of the first pony club in America and now she is president of the unique association. The members are all youngsters who own ponies. Each summer, they have a pony show managed by juveniles which attracts many visitors from Washington, New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Many other pony clubs have recently been organized and all are outcrops of the Warrenton club.

Whenever her parents wish to buy any dairy or beef cattle, they ask Peggy to accompany them. Not only is she a good judge, but she also has achieved considerable success as an amateur veterinarian and stable nurse.

One of her purebred Guernsey cows which she purchased with money that she saved from her farming enterprises contracted pneumonia last winter. Peggy swathed the body of her valuable cow in mustard plasters. Night and day while the crisis lasted, she stayed in the barn at the side of the cow. The local veterinarian says that credit for saving the animal's life is due more to Peggy's care than to his pills and poultices.

Peggy's farm of pets now includes a string of twenty Shetland ponies, many collie dogs and an important interest in her mother's herd of seventy-five full-blood Guernsey cows.

M. O. 4 and Its Part in Chronicling the Truth

Branded by Lasker When He Took Office as "Shameful Chicane,"

But Was It Changed? It Was Not—and Here's the Story of the Details

By a Washingtonian

This is the fourth of several articles having to do with conditions in the United States Shipping Board. Another will appear in an early issue.

THIS is a chronicle of the neglected truth about the infamous "M. O. 4."

During the war the ship speculator took full advantage of his influence to promulgate, first, "M. O. 1," which, translated, means "Managers-Operators Agreement No. 1," then M. O. 2, which gave the ship operator more chance to make profits—and the government less chance to get anything but losses—than under M. O. 1. Then followed M. O. 3, which added still more to the profits of the speculators—and finally the infamous M. O. 4—the climax of this whole series of agreements in which each succeeding one took more from the treasury and poured it into the coffers of the private operators than the preceding one.

Is the M. O. 4 infamous?

Let Albert D. Lasker, then chairman of the Shipping Board, tell, as he told Congress, what it is:

". . . . the Shipping Board devised a plan of leasing the boats known in the Shipping Board and throughout the shipping world in America as the M. O. 4. . . . . It has turned out to have been as vicious and incompetent a basis of doing business as the human mind could devise, and it was all that was needed to make this sick business infinitely sicker."

That was in July, 1921. And again, later, said Lasker:

"The contract is the most shameful piece of chicane, inefficiency, and of looting the Public Treasury that the human mind can devise . . . . We have heard of cases where the operators organize stevedoring companies and then they charge us with any price they want and then they get five per cent on the cargo; that is to say, they increase our loss for the carrying of the cargo by the inflated profit made by the stevedore."

Operators Couldn't Lose

COMMANDER Richard D. Gatewood, head of the repair department of the Shipping Board told Congress in 1921:

The Chairman—"What necessity was there so long as they were getting five per cent on the gross revenues?"

Commander Gatewood—"I am very glad you asked that, because it gives me a chance to say this about this five per cent gross revenue thing. Prior to the present agreement there was another agreement, a managing agency agreement, called M. O. 3. . . . . Under the previous agreement—and we are paying some of the bills away back under that agreement—the operators got a percentage of the net."

The Chairman—"There was some sense in that."

Commander Gatewood—"In the net, yes, sir; but when the slump came along, the operators refused to participate in the net losses, which they anticipated would be heavy, and it was primarily for that reason that another agreement was entered into."

The Chairman—"Under the agreement you finally entered into, there was no chance for them to lose and no chance for the government to win."

Under this M. O. 4 agreement which Al the "ad" agent from Chicago and Commander Gatewood so roundly condemn, the operator gets "five per cent on gross outward freight, dead freight, demurrage, express and mail revenues: Provided, That two and one-half per cent only shall be paid on full cargoes of coal, grain, sulphur, and phosphate," and so forth. "Two and one-half per cent gross inward freight, dead freight, demurrage, express, and mail revenue, the minimum inward fee at each port, where cargo is discharged to be $250."

In addition to which the operator buys all the provisions—from subsidiary concerns owned by himself, if he chooses, as in many cases he does, charges any price he pleases, approves his own bills—and the government pays them.

For the Farmers to Think About

SO, AND numerous cases are in the records, the private operator can make as much money on a partial cargo as he can on a full one, he can send a ship around the world or to a foreign port knowing she is going to lose money—yet he gets a profit from the gross revenue—and the government pays the bills—and takes the losses. In one case an operator called his ship back from some two thousand miles at sea to take on additional cargo, the revenue from which would not pay a fourth of the cost of turning the ship around—yet he made money from the transaction—and the government lost heavily. That was the rule.

Ponder that, you farmers of the South and the Middle West. And you, Mr. Business Man, wondering how you are going to carry the burden of taxation, ponder the gentlemen operating your ships, actually cashing millions on your losses—and you will begin to get some understanding how this Shipping Board has drained your pocketbook—while millionaires multiplied.

Now note how Al, the "ad" agent, chairman of Shipping Board—brought from Chicago to GET THE PEOPLE out of the Shipping Board mess at the least loss, took charge of the private operator and his surething scheme against the government in this exigency.

Mr. Lasker, almost a year later—January, 1922—was not as denunciatory in his language concerning M. O. 4, when he again appeared before a Congressional committee:

Mr. Wood—"Is the M. O. 4 system still in effect or have you changed to some other plan?"

Mr. Lasker—"Market conditions controlling our export trade during the past year have not been favorable to any change in our method of handling government-owned tonnage from the M. O. 4 agreement. The general market at no time reached a point where tonnage could be operated at a profit in the over-sea trade, and there was, therefore, no inducement for private operators to charter our government-owned steamers. . . . . Any change in this respect will be largely influenced by the action taken by Congress on the subsidy bill." In other words, Lasker was telling Congress it could either vote the subsidy or continue to let the country be robbed under M. O. 4.

And he said further:

"I do not want to be understood by this as favoring the M. O. 4 system, which I always felt, and still feel, was not an ideal system or by any means the best one that could have been devised." (He has changed his tune now from "vicious, chicane, looting the Public Treasury," to "not an ideal system," "not the best method," and so on.)

What Lasker Said About M. O. 4 in July, 1921

"The contract is the most shameful piece of chicane, inefficiency, and of looting the Public Treasury that the human mind can devise . . . . We have heard of cases where the operators organize stevedoring companies and then they charge us with any price they want and then they get five per cent on the cargo; that is to say, they increase our loss for the carrying of the cargo by the inflated profit made by the stevedore."

What Lasker Did About M. O. 4 in the Next Year

NOTHING——

Except to call the agents of the vessels together a year after to tell them that the Shipping Board in future, it had been decided, would pay even more money than was called for under the infamous M. O. 4. Despite his bragging of a year before that the bare-boat charter would be substituted for M. O. 4 it was not done. WHAT MR. LASKER DID A YEAR LATER WAS TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE SHIP LESSEES TO OBTAIN AN ADDITIONAL SUM ESTIMATED AT $1,200,000 ANNUALLY.

Representative Ewin L. Davis, of Tennessee, told the House what Al did about this iniquitous M. O. 4.

"Chairman Lasker testified at hearings before a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee July 7, 1921, and described this M. O. 4 contract as follows:

"'The contract is the most shameful piece of chicane, inefficiency and of looting of the Public Treasury that the human mind could devise.'

"Later Chairman Lasker gave out a statement which was carried in the Associated Press, August 19, 1921, the article stating in part:

"'Decision to substitute a bare-boat charter for the system under which practically all Shipping Board vessels are now operated was announced last night by Chairman Lasker after a conference with President Harding. Instead of the boats being turned over to operators on a five per cent commission basis, it is the board's intention to adopt a uniform charter, under which the vessels will be leased on a tonnage basis, the lessee assuming the same risks of profit or loss as he would under the routine commercial charter.'

Not Changed by Lasker

"HOWEVER, Chairman Lasker has not changed any of the existing M. O. 4 contracts. While he laid up a large number of ships, yet those which were permitted to continue in operation were permitted to continue under M. O. 4 contracts, which Lasker described as above stated; and he was doubtless correct in his characterization. They have changed no M. O. 4 contracts to bare-boat charter contracts, although this great advertiser announced to the world more than a year ago he was going to make such a change.

"He has not only not made such change, but he called the managing agents of Shipping Board vessels together in Washington, June 21, 1922, and voluntarily adopted and announced a policy of paying such managing agents additional compensation in the shape of husbanding fees, under which, since that time, operators handling five vessels or less receive $400 a month per ship in addition to the regular commission previously paid, and operators handling up to 10 vessels receive $400 a month per ship for the first five ships and $250 a month for each additional ship. It was announced by the Shipping Board at the time that this allowance of husbanding fees would add $1,200,000 annually to the cost of operations, but it was estimated that more than this amount would be saved by the new arrangements for subsistence—the allowance for subsistence being reduced from eighty to sixty-five cents a day per man at that time—stevedoring and general supplies."

"Why should not the taxpayers have been given the benefit of such savings? Why were these additional bounties voluntarily given the managing agents?" reasonably inquires Mr. Davis—and the answer never came.

What the Arabs Think of the Jewish Invasion

Concluded from page 9

dumping ground for all the religious cranks and fanatics and isms of the world."

Looking at the religious future of Palestine in the light of its present religious status only two things, it seems to me, are possible: either the Jews will gradually get possession of Palestine and make it a Hebrew nation, or else the Arabs will practically accept Christianity and the Christian civilization and thus be able to perpetuate themselves in this, their own land.

The Jews are investing large sums of money on improvements and are contemplating buying up all the natural resources of the country that they can get hold of. In fact, their plan is, as I have said, ultimately to make Palestine the national home for the Hebrew people. And unless the Arabs can find a way of stopping the inflow of Jews, this will undoubtedly become an accomplished fact.

The Arabs recognize this. They are fully aware of the purpose of the Jews. They see their gradual encroachment, and they look upon it with mingled feelings of hatred and fear. The younger and more progressive business Arabs are gradually awakening to the fact that they have neither the money, the ability, the shrewdness nor the leadership to compete with the Jews. They realize the hopelessness of resorting to arms to keep out the intruders, as they call them. They cannot prevent their people from selling the land when the Jews offer exorbitant prices for it. They are beginning to awaken to the possibilities in some of the natural resources of their country, but they realize that they have neither the capital nor the ability to develop these resources and so they are compelled to stand by and see them handed over to Jews or Jewish firms.

It is positively pitiable to see the mingled feeling of helplessness, fear and hatred on the part of the young Arabs toward the Jews. I sat for two hours in the home of one of the brightest young business men of Palestine. Three other keen young business men and two young Arab women were there. How they plied me with questions, and how eagerly they listened as I told them of the possibilities and opportunities that I saw for the future Palestine. Then what a look of dejection and almost hopelessness came over them as they said to me: "But we cannot compete with these Jews. We cannot farm the land and make it produce as they can. We cannot go into business and succeed as they can. We have not the capital nor the leaders to cope with them." I replied, "But your young men are as bright and as keen as any Jews." They responded, "Yes, but we do not know how. We lack leaders. Our people are not trained."

Combined Moslem and Christian clubs are being formed in many places in Palestine to combat the Jewish plan of taking Palestine. In the great Nebi Musa procession we often heard the cry, "Long live the Moslems and the Christians. Down with the Jews." In personal conversations with the Arabs we found them invariably kindly disposed toward the Christians but with bitter hatred toward the Jews.

If the churches will send over to Palestine some of their strongest and ablest leaders, men with big hearts and big brains, who will become the unselfish advisers and leaders of these young Arabs, not only along religious lines, but along business, commercial and political lines; if the churches will found industrial and agricultural schools and colleges where these bright young Arabs can be trained so that they can compete with their rivals, they will assist in the settlement of a grievous problem in the only way it can be permanently settled, on a basis of justice.

The Fair Valuation of Public Utilities

What Method Is to Be Pursued in Determining Fair Purchase Price?

By the REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D.

Substance of a paper delivered before the Public Ownership Conference at Toronto

PUBLIC ownership of public utilities implies for the most part public purchase of existing concerns. Occasionally a city establishes a new system, such as the municipal street railway in San Francisco, or the municipal lighting concerns which several cities have set up in competition with privately owned concerns; but this method is costly, wasteful and undesirable, except as the smaller of two grave evils. If public ownership is to obtain any considerable extension it should take place through purchase, and the purchase price should be just; that is, it should be fair to both the utilities and the public.

This raises the question of the method by which a fair purchase price is to be determined; in other words, it is a question of valuation.

It ought not be necessary to point out that the value of a public utility is not and cannot be determined in the same way as the value of a house, a factory, or any other article which is the subject of frequent purchase and sale. Goods of the latter kind have a constant market value which is determined immediately by earning power and ultimately by competition. The value of a public utility is immediately determined by its earning power whenever there is question of purchase by private persons or corporations; but the earning power is dependent, not upon competition, but upon the charges fixed by the public authority. These are regulated by the public valuation. In brief, the value of a non-public utility depends ultimately upon competition, while the value of the public utility depends ultimately upon the valuation which the public commissions and the courts regard as fair. Hence, the value of a public utility is primarily an ethical concept; the value of other property, at least as the term is commonly used, is primarily economic.

Many Millions Involved

VALUATION of a utility for the purpose of fixing a purchase price is not quite the same thing as valuation with a view to determining charges for the service performed by the utility. "Rate-making values property not to determine a price to be paid for the property itself, but to fix the reasonable cost of the service it helps to render. Condemnation proceedings value property to estimate the reasonable price to be paid for the property itself." (Hartman, *Fair Value*, p. 71.) That is to say, the two kinds of valuation are differently regarded and estimated in legal theory and practice. If a city were to take possession of a privately owned street railway by condemnation proceedings it would be required to pay for increases in the value of the land and also for the franchise value, in case the franchise had not yet expired. In rate-making valuations, public service commissions have generally, and the courts sometimes, ignored both these elements. Nevertheless, the decisions of the courts with regard to valuation in rate-making cases are applicable to the majority of the problems which would arise in connection with valuation for purchase.

It is not necessary to explain the importance, legally, economically and ethically, of the valuation problem. It involves possibly millions upon millions of dollars in the public utilities of the United States. For example, Mr. Donald R. Richberg estimates that the difference between the value put upon the railroads by their owners and the value attributed to them by the advocates of the original cost theory amounts to ten billion dollars. Without accepting or rejecting this estimate, we cannot fail to realize that the difference is enormous, both in the case of the railroads and in that of municipal utilities.

The final authoritative decision of this question will, of course, be rendered by the courts. With them lies the answer to the question whether the fair value of public utility properties, for public purchase as well as for rate-making, is original cost or present reproduction cost or some compromise between these two measures. Nevertheless, it is desirable that the courts of justice should render just judgments. Hence, they ought to receive all the assistance and enlightenment that can be obtained from any honest and competent source. The assumption that the courts are susceptible to education in this field is antecedently reasonable and has the support of experience. In the *Munn Case*, decided in 1876, the attorneys for the utilities contended that the "due process" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was applicable to rate-making and gave the corporation protection against unduly low rates. The United States Supreme Court flatly denied this claim, holding that reasonable compensation for the use of property and reasonable rates were not judicial but legislative questions. A few years later the Supreme Court again rejected this argument of counsel for the utility, and reaffirmed the supremacy of the legislature. Nevertheless, the doctrine then advanced by the utility lawyers has since become the doctrine of the courts.

This bit of history is adduced, not to criticize the change in judicial attitude nor the present judicial application of the "due process" clause to rate-making, but to show the possibilities of judicial education. The advocates of public ownership should not neglect these possibilities. They ought to make known to the courts and to support with adequate argument their views concerning the fair value of public utility properties.

Both in the formation and in the advocacy of their views on valuation, the champions of public ownership should strive to be scrupulously just to the corporations as well as to the public. "Strive" to be just, because the attainment of exact justice even in one's opinions, is beyond the finite and fallible powers of human beings. The best that we can do is to be honestly desirous of taking an impartial attitude, and sufficiently patient and painstaking to consider all the relevant facts.

The outstanding difference between most of the advocates of public ownership on the one hand and the utility owners on the other with regard to the fair value of these properties, arises from the theories of valuation which they respectively defend. At the present time, the former generally adhere to the theory of *original cost,* while the latter generally prefer that of *present reproduction cost.* Formerly their positions were reversed. "The adoption of present value of the utilities property as the rate base," says Justice Brandeis in his dissenting opinion in the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company Case, "was urged in 1893 on behalf of the community; and it was adopted by the courts largely as a protection against inflated claims based on what were then deemed inflated prices of the past." In other words, the public then advocated reproduction cost because it was lower than original cost. Owing to the rise in prices which has taken place since 1914, reproduction cost is now higher than original cost in the case of all public utilities established before that date. Hence, the champions of the public and the advocates of public ownership defend a measure of valuation which they formerly rejected, and reject the one which they formerly defended. On the other hand, the public utility corporations have undergone a corresponding reversal of positions, and for a similar reason. They now advocate present reproduction cost because it would give their property a higher valuation than original cost. Human nature being what it is, the changed attitude of both parties is entirely natural. No greater reproach is due to one than to the other.

The question who is for or who is against either theory of valuation is entirely irrelevant. From the viewpoint of ethics, the important question and the only important qustion is, which theory is just? Or whether justice requires that both methods be used in arriving at the proper valuation of a public utility.

Let us see what light has been thrown upon these questions by the decisions of our courts. Reference is, of course, to the courts of the United States. While we are unwilling to concede that the voice of the court is the infallible voice of absolute justice, we have to accept three important facts. First, our courts have, by a gradual development of legal doctrine in the last forty years, accepted the authority and responsibility of giving final judgments concerning the fair and reasonable valuation of public utilities. Second, the ethical pronouncements of the courts on this subject do deserve a considerable amount of respect, even though they are obviously not infallible. Third, since the determination of the fair value of public utility property has become the unquestioned function of the courts, that legal situation has to be accepted unless and until it be changed by an amendment to the Constitution.

Decisions Are Cited

AT PRESENT, and probably for several years to come, the judicial measure of fair valuation is that complex rule laid down in the case of *Smyth v. Ames* (1898). "And in order to ascertain that value, the original cost of construction, the amount expended in permanent improvements, the amount and market value of its bonds and stock, the present as compared with the original cost of construction, the probable earning capacity of the property under particular rates prescribed by statute, and the sum required to meet operating expenses, are all matters for consideration, and are to be given such weight as may be just and right in each case. We do not say that there may not be other matters to be regarded in estimating the value of the property."

In this enumeration by far the most important factors are the original cost of construction and the present cost of construction. Both of these "are to be given such weight as may be just and right in each case." How much weight is just and right? Neither in *Smyth v. Ames* nor in any subsequent decision has the Supreme Court set up any definite rule, test, or standard by which this question can be answered. One thing is certain, full weight cannot be given either original cost or reproduction cost when they are represented by different figures. In the *Bluefield Water Works* Case, decided by the Supreme Court June 11, 1923, the present reproduction cost of the utility was almost twice as great as its original cost. Obviously, both figures could not be accepted as describing the fair value of the property. One must be taken to the exclusion of the other, or some figure between the two must be accepted. The latter choice is the one that seems to be suggested by the language of *Smyth v. Ames,* and apparently it is the one that has been most frequently followed in subsequent decisions. To give "such weight as may be just and right" to original cost and to reproduction cost, means in practice, therefore, to arrive at some kind of compromise between these two factors.

At what point the compromise will be effected, whether midway, or nearer to original cost, or nearer to reproduction cost, cannot be determined beforehand. Neither by any formal rule nor by any general practice has the court indicated an answer to this question. All that we can say with certainty is that the court will give some weight to reproduction cost when it differs from original cost. This is clear from several decisions subsequent to *Smyth v. Ames.* In *Willcox v. Consolidated Gas Company* (1909), the court said: "If the property, which legally enters into the consideration of the question of rates, has increased in value since it was acquired, the company is entitled to the benefit of such increase." In the *Minnesota Rate Cases* (1913), it was held that "the making of a just return for the use of the property involves the recognition of its fair value if it be more than its cost." Here is a clear intimation that the original cost may be less than the fair value. Three cases recently decided by the Supreme Court exemplify the same doctrine. In the *Southwestern Bell Telephone Case* (May 21, 1923), a majority of the court set aside the valuation made by the Public Service Commission of Missouri because no weight had been given to reproduction cost. Similar action was taken in the case of *Bluefield Water Works v. West Virginia* (June 11, 1923). In the Telephone case the court allowed a valuation equal to the total reproduction cost. In the West Virginia case it refrained from fixing any valuation, merely declaring original cost insufficient. In another case, decided June 11, 1923, *Georgia Railway and Power Company v. Railroad Commission of Georgia,* a majority of the court refused to reverse a decision of the Federal District Court which had allowed for the rise in the value of land, but had made no allowance for the increase in the cost of artificial materials.

The Original-cost Factor

THEREFORE, it is impossible to predict how much weight will be accorded in any particular case by the Supreme Court to reproduction cost as a determinant of fair value. All that we know is that the court will not permit this element to be ignored entirely.

From the viewpoint of exact and objective justice, original cost cannot be condemned as an adequate measure of value and method of valuation. Suppose that it were adopted by a city and inserted as a condition in every new public utility franchise. Suppose that the dividend rate were legally guaranteed and made sufficiently high to attract investors. The corporation and stockholders that would establish, say, a lighting concern subject to this condition, would regard the stipulated rate of interest upon such a valuation as a fair return on their investment. Otherwise, they would not accept the condition and the franchise. If the contract also included a clause empowering the city to purchase the utility for its original cost, the members of the corporation would have no reason to complain of injustice. Now if such an arrangement would be just when stipulated beforehand, would it not be equally just if enforced in the case of an already existing concern? If the original cost measure of value can be made sufficiently attractive to induce men to put their money into a new utility, why is it not fair to men whose money is already invested? The rule is equally just to the public, for the public ought not to reap gains at the expense of the investors.

There are only two possible objections to the proposal. In the first place, the investors in existing concerns were permitted to hope for an increase in the value of their property, at least in so far as it consists of land. They were not warned by public authority that the city or the nation would claim all increases in value, and would fix both rates and purchase price on the basis of original cost. A sufficient reply to this contention is suggested by the fact that for many years cities and states and the nation permitted investors in public utilities to cherish the hope that they would be able to reap all the rewards they could get, immune from any such troublesome restriction as rate regulations. Nevertheless, rate fixing became universal, and reduced both the profits and the capital value of many public utility corporations. And the courts upheld this restriction, this interference with profits and values, on the ground that these concerns were not private property in the ordinary sense, but were "affected with a public interest." Therefore, the investors were obliged to submit to restrictions which would not be legal in the case of other kinds of property. To introduce the further restriction of confining value to original cost would be merely to illustrate and extend the same legal principle.

The second objection has much more worth. It is that many public utilities have not received every year the rate of interest that would be necessary to induce men to invest in a new public utility subject to the rule of original cost. The objection can be fairly met only by conceding what the anthracite mine workers have called the "principle of net sacrifice." That is to say, the aggregate amount of money by which the total interest receipts of the public utility have fallen short of the total amount which it would have received on the basis of a fair and adequate rate of interest every year, should now be added to its valuation. At this valuation the property would be purchased. Through this arrangement the investors in existing utilities would obtain the same terms and advantages as the men who put money into new concerns subject to the original cost stipulation. It would seem to be quite as fair in the one case as in the other.

On the other hand, reproduction cost is sometimes unfair to the public and sometimes unfair to the in-

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American Women Demand Scents of Orient

Heavy Perfumes of Far East Displace Lighter Odors Since the War

AMERICAN women today are demanding the heavy perfumes of the Far East. From the perfumes that sell for as high as $200 an ounce, and are applied with fine steel or silver needles, to the cheaper grades, the bulk of perfumes are the oriental brands.

Experts in these matters say the war changed the taste in perfumes. More than fifty per cent of the perfumes used in America before the World War were violet, but since the end of the war less than one per cent are of violet scent. Before the world was thrown into conflict the demand was for the light odors in perfumes, but in the last few years women no longer care for the light odors; they prefer the heavy, penetrating, lingering odors that the Orient has favored for many, many years.

This being the positive assertion of the men that head the perfume industry, the layman will conclude that the makers are put to great expense going to the Orient for their flowers, whereas, had women continued favoring violets, they could have continued to secure the material for perfume making in the nurseries of America.

The layman is mistaken. The oriental perfumes will come from the same place whence the violet perfumes came, not the nurseries of America but the laboratories of the perfume makers.

Flowers Contribute Little

FLOWERS contribute little to perfumes. The beasts that walk the earth, the fish that swim in the sea, the plants that grow in the earth and the earth itself provide the material for perfumes, but of all the flowers, natural and the inventions of botanists, that grow on the earth, only five can be utilized in the making of perfume; the others are useless except that some of them furnish odors that chemists can duplicate. Probably more violet perfume was sold in this country than any other kind and nothing in violet perfume comes from the violet itself; it is all artificial. Lilies of the valley, carrying one of the strongest odors known to flowers, never gave a drop toward making lilies of the valley perfume, and the same can be said of the carnation, for carnations, like violets and lilies of the valley, are a combination of the oils from other flowers and various chemicals.

These five flowers are all the chemist can call on in the flower kingdom to help in the making of perfume:

Certain kinds of roses.

Tuberose, a plant with a tuberous root that bears liliaceous flowers, beautiful and fragrant white blossoms.

Jasmine, called the shrubby jasmine and bearing white flowers of a peculiarly fragrant odor. The jasmine is common in the south of Europe and also in the Far East.

Jonquil, with its long rush-like leaves and yellow or white flowers of extreme fragrance. Sometimes it is called the rush-leaved daffodil. It is of the genus narcissus but its well-known relatives give nothing to the perfume makers while the jonquil does. The root of the jonquil has emetic properties.

Orange blossoms.

So there you have the rose, tuberose, jasmine, jonquil and orange blossoms as the only aid the perfume makers have found among flowers, and it is a strange thing that the best smelling roses are not of much use to the perfume-making laboratories, for the finest specimens of roses that one finds in California and Florida cannot be used.

The best roses for the making of perfume are grown in Lower France and Bulgaria. Nice, famous as a fashionable stopping place, is surrounded by a vast acreage devoted to rose growing for the making of perfume. Countless acres are covered with roses and just before it is time to cut them, trains passing through the rose-growing district must make the journey with every window closed tightly and protected to prevent the odor from stifling the passengers.

And So the Chemist Enters

IT REQUIRES 7,000 pounds of rose petals to produce one pound of essence of roses, and imagine how many truck loads of rose petals are necessary to produce three and one-half tons which, reduced to the desired condition, produce a single pound of essence.

Coming to one of the vast buildings where the roses are assembled to have the petals plucked, the stranger finds the odor beyond endurance. One must get accustomed to it before one is able to hang around and watch the girl workers, hip-high in roses, pluck the petals.

Only certain flowers will give oil that can be used. Some give none; others give oil but of no use in manufacturing perfume. Only the five mentioned give oil that can be utilized.

But woman demands perfume and so the chemist is set to work. Some perfumes he manufactures entirely in the laboratory. Where he can get aid from the flowers the task is less difficult. For instance, when he produces rose perfume he uses, besides the natural oil from the rose, sixteen other different kinds of oil including that of the geranium, which is a flower without striking odor.

When the chemist sits down to make violet perfume, the first thing he reaches for is a can of turpentine, for the chief ingredient of violet perfume is the aforementioned turpentine, plain, ordinary and never carrying what one would describe as a particularly agreeable odor.

But not everything that goes into perfume is as ordinary as turpentine. Some of the chemicals are rare. Also, the ingredients are not all chemicals, for to the perfume industry the civet cat, or little panther, the musk deer and the sperm whale have given great aid.

Certain botanical aid is necessary in the making of perfume. From East India is shipped vetiver, also called vetivert and vitivert, a grass with fragrant roots that you will hear called kuskus and khuskhus in the land of its nativity. From India comes sandalwood, which has many uses besides those to which it is applied in the laboratories of the perfume manufacturers. The Ylang Ylang of the Philippines is used, and so are flowers and plants native to China and Japan. There is scarcely a corner of the earth which does not contribute plants, fish or animals necessary to supply the world with perfumery.

Most important of all is musk. And, as desirable as perfume can be to the sense of smell, so undesirable is musk. It is not uncommon. Many animals are naturally endowed with musk. We have the musk cat and the muskrat, the musk beetle and the musk beaver, the musk deer and the musk duck, the musk parrakeet, the musk turtle and the musk ox among the creatures of the earth, and in the list of plants you can discover several that carry musk, among them the musk mallow, musk orchis, musk seed, musk pear and musk plant, musk root and musk rose, and others.

But the musk that is used in perfume making is a substance of a reddish brown color with the consistency of honey and endowed with a powerful and enduring odor. It comes from the musk deer, a small and hornless animal that inhabits the elevated parts of Central Asia. The upper canine teeth of the male are developed into sharp tusks, curved downward. It has scent bags on its belly and from these is derived the musk so necessary to perfume manufacturing. The deer is yellow or red-brown above, whitish below and a not altogether unattractive animal.

Without musk there would be no perfume, for musk is the substance that holds together all the other odors. The sixteen different fluids that are added to essence of rose to make rose perfume would be of no value if they were not mixed with musk, for the odor would soon pass.

Odors are fickle. Violets, no matter how strong they may smell, have lapses in which they emit no odor, and certain other flowers show the same absent-mindedness. Chemicals are guilty of similar lapses. Musk is what makes odors enduring.

The Victim of Musk

ONE of the world's leading perfume manufacturers established a laboratory in a remote part of Switzerland for the making of artificial musk. Just why the laboratory was located in a remote part of Switzerland will be understood presently.

The manufacturer sent several of his skilled chemists into isolation at this post in Switzerland. They made his artificial musk there. As time went on his chief chemist wanted to visit his people, quite a distance from where he performed his daily labor. The odor of musk had become familiar to him. He did not mind it. He walked miles to the nearest railroad station and tried to buy a ticket. He was politely ordered out of the station. He inquired the reason and received a ready answer.

He returned to a lonely cabin a mile or so from the "musk factory" and spent two weeks in a bath tub. He had destroyed every article of wearing apparel that he used during his stay at the factory. Finally he again ventured to the railway station. He was again asked to leave but not so quickly as before, so his spirits rose.

Returning into exile he ordered two more suits of clothes by messenger and they were desposited a few hundred yards from the house. Two more weeks were spent in bathing; another suit destroyed. Finally he ventured into the railway station again. This time he succeeded in getting second-class passage. He entered the train but was ejected at the first stop at the request of the other passengers.

Once more he went into exile. A few more weeks were consumed in trying to divorce himself from his relation to the musk-making industry. Finally came a day when he again succeeded in getting a second-class ticket. This time he did not find himself kicked off the train. Passengers would look curiously about them but none pointed an accusing finger at him. His hopes went high. He reached his destination. Not having eaten for several hours he entered a restaurant. Soon after he was seated curious glances were directed at him. Soon the manager arrived and came to his table. He politely requested the man to leave. The manager was sorry, extremely so, but business was business and what the guest's business was did not happen to be the manager's, and the manager's business suffered because of the guest's business. Nothing to do but to depart hungry.

He wandered the streets, self-conscious. He kept his eyes to the ground, fearing that everyone's gaze was turned on him. He thought of a leper and envied him, for the leper has his colony while the maker of artificial musk had none.

Hunger finally conquered him and he was compelled to make another effort. He chose a small restaurant in a remote part of the city. But one or two diners were there. He selected a table in a far corner. The head waiter looked about, sniffed and finally turned in his direction.

"Does monsieur intend eating here often?"

"Yes."

"Would monsieur object to this table on each visit?"

"No."

"Then we can undoubtedly arrange to serve monsieur."

So it was arranged. He stayed for two weeks, daily taking baths and massage treatments with prescribed chemicals, eating in the same remote spot thrice daily, always using the same table, the same service, the same chair. They were glad to give him complete exclusiveness; no one ever attempted or cared to intrude on his privacy. No monarch ever succeeded in so completely isolating himself.

He finally arrived in his home town. It was curious to see no one stare at him, no one run from him, no one edge from him. He felt free at last. He met his neighbors, his friends.

One of them sought him out the next day and made an unusual request:

"I wish that you would come with me this evening and meet my wife. Yes, I have been married since last I saw you, but it is not so much to make you acquainted with my wife that I am asking you to the house as to bear witness to the fact that I was with you last evening and not with a woman.

"My bride and I have had our first quarrel. Leaving you last evening at eleven o'clock I went directly to my home, arriving there probably twenty minutes later. I walked and it is necessary to walk rapidly to negotiate the distance in that time; one cannot tarry by the wayside.

Chasing the Civet Cat

"WHEN I reached our house my bride was waiting for me. She came up to kiss me and suddenly drew back. She became exceedingly angry. She accused me of having been in the company of another woman. I assured her that I had been with you, Henri, my old friend, all evening. She would have none of it. I reiterated my statement. 'Then tell me,' she cried, 'how did you come by that perfume?' I could not understand and I still do not. I tried to pat her cheeks. 'There!' she cried. 'There, it is even on your hands; you have been holding her hands all evening, her perfumed hands.' And you know, Henri, the only hand I touched all evening was yours, when I bid you welcome back, and when I bid you good-night."

The odor of musk is enduring, the most enduring in the world, and it is this quality that makes possible the perfumes of the world.

Musk is made artificially. Chemists have been able to reproduce almost every odor artificially. Different ingredients are used for different perfumes but musk is always one of the ingredients.

The *Viverra civetta* or civet cat is from two to three feet long and of a brownish-gray color with transverse black bands and spots on body and tail. It is found in Northern Africa and Asia. From glands in the civet cat is extracted a substance of the consistency of butter or honey, of a clear yellowish or brownish color and of a strong musky odor that is extremely offensive when undiluted but becomes unusually agreeable when a small portion of it is mixed with another substance.

This clear yellowish or brownish fluid is one of the most desirable ingredients for the making of perfume. It is eagerly bought and the natives seek the civet cat to extract the fluid. They pour it into hollowed horns and cover tightly with leather, then carry it for miles and dispose of it for big sums of money, sums that are big at least to the native. Chasing the civet cats is a lucrative occupation in those parts.

The Part the Whale Plays

THE sperm whale contributes its part to the making of perfumes. The sperm whale frequently grows to the length of eighty feet. There is a pygmy sperm whale that is rarely more than twenty feet in length and a sperm whale porpoise that measures about twenty-five feet in length as a rule.

An enormous head marks the sperm whale. Above the skull is a huge cavity and this is filled with oil. The sperm whale porpoise has an unusually large head also and it is very thick. Like the sperm whale it carries an oil reservoir above the eyebrows.

Now, ambergris is a substance of the consistency of wax that is found floating in the Indian Ocean and other parts of the tropics, and also as a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm whale, which is believed in all cases to be its true origin. The whale casts off this secretion and it is found floating in masses that sometimes weigh from sixty to two hundred twenty-five pounds. It is white, ash-gray, yellow, black and often variegated like marble, in color.

For some years perfumers were able to buy these masses from fishermen at low figures and it was profitable marketing along the various coasts until the fishermen discovered that what they sold for apparently huge prices and wondered what anyone wanted with it was one of the most highly desired ingredients in the manufacture of perfume. Rivalry in the perfume-making business had caused competitive bidding and the fishermen soon learned that the floating "wax" was well worth hunting for, so when the agents now scour the coast looking for new finds they pay high for the material that the high seas yield.

From these strange substances that are natural and from many times more that are artificial come the perfumes that the women of the world use, a strange concoction with its chief parts gathered from strange places and strange sources and only a small minority of them from the source everyone believes.

Veronese Masterpiece Found Under Daub

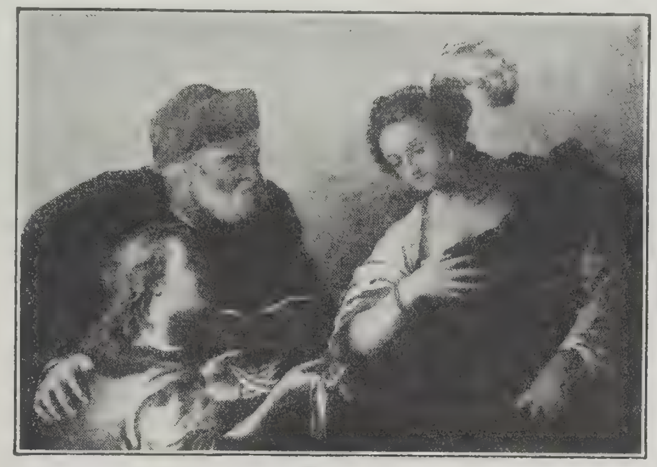
Mystery of Disappearance of Great Art Work From Italy Solved in America

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

A MYSTERY that has baffled art experts for a century and a quarter has been solved in Philadelphia by the discovery of the long-lost masterpiece, "The Marriage of Isaac," one of the greatest works of Paul Veronese. The painting disappeared from Italy during the Napoleonic invasions from 1796 to 1800, and, although France was searched, no trace of it could be found.

Now it appears that for at least a century, while the greatest connoisseurs of old masters in Europe were searching everywhere for it, the painting was being passed about openly from hand to hand in France. Covered with a thin coating of paint that blotted out three of the human heads and the head of a camel and the head of a horse that were part of the original composition; the exquisite coloring of the master buried under a coating of black paint, the masterpiece escaped detection until long after it was brought to this country.

It came here finally with a Frenchman who was the grandson of a soldier in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte. Three figures of the original composition were then showing, and apparently they constituted the whole picture. They were Rebecca, Isaac and the aged servitor. Various details of the original work had been blotted out with the colors and the extra figures.



Portrait as Dr. La Place got it at a public sale in New Orleans.

The name of the Frenchman who brought the painting to this city is lost now, but an effort is being made to find it so that the painting may be traced, if possible. At any rate the Frenchman settled in New Orleans and lived there for many years. A few years ago he found himself stricken with cancer. He was advised to submit to an operation, but he deferred it again and again until he learned that Dr. Ernest La Place, famous surgeon of Philadelphia and a Frenchman active in the affairs of his countrymen in the United States, was visiting New Orleans. Then the owner of the picture sought out Dr. La Place, in whom he had the utmost confidence. The operation was performed, but the patient was so far gone that Dr. La Place told him he could not recover.

In gratitude the man informed the surgeon that he had a painting which he believed to be of considerable value. "It will be put up for sale by my executors with the rest of my effects to pay my bills," he said. "I cannot afford to give it to you, but it is seemingly of little artistic worth, and if you are interested you can buy it at the public sale. Take it to a restorer and have him examine the paint. I have been informed that it is really a masterpiece, disguised to prevent its restoration to Italy."

More out of curiosity than in any belief that he would find anything of value, Dr. La Place took the description furnished by the man and attended the sale of his effects. When the painting was offered he got it "for a song." Art experts pronounced it an ordinary piece of work. Then Dr. La Place sent it to Professor Pasquale Farina.

"See what you make of this thing," said Dr. La Place. "It may be worth cleaning and it may not. I will leave it to you. Do as you like with it."

A few days later Dr. La Place was telephoned.

"There is a masterpiece beneath the daub you sent me," said the voice of Professor Farina.

"A masterpiece?" queried the surgeon. "By whom?"

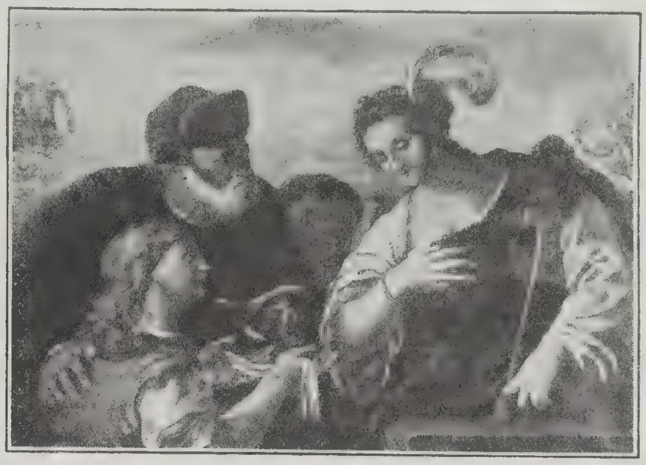
"That remains to be seen," came the answer. "It is of the Veronese school. I cannot say now that it is the work of Paul Veronese. There is much to be done on it. But come around and look."

The surgeon hastened around to the studio. His canvas stood on an easel, the north light falling on it. Here and there the dark paint had been cleared away. Beneath the black wrap thrown over the shoulders of the woman in the figure was showing an exquisite blue. But the most remarkable change was in the small space between the shoulders of the servant and the woman.

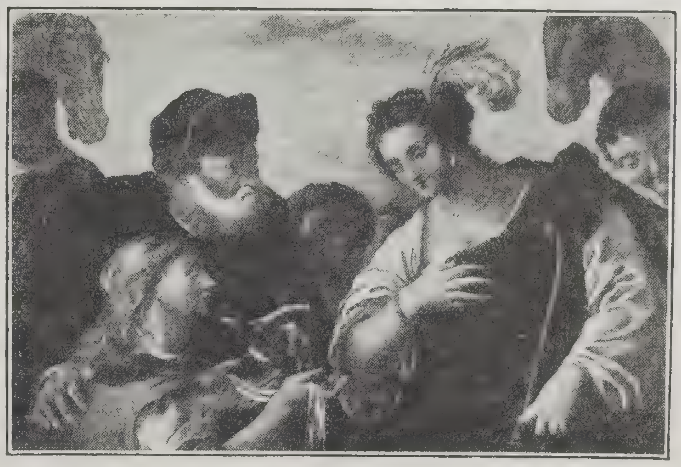
In that space, formerly part of the background of lackluster blue sky, was the pert and saucy face of a young Negro slave; the features being more along the line of the Moor than the Negro. The boy was looking up at the woman, a sparkle of interest in his eye.

Dr. La Place promptly authorized the restorer to continue the process of cleaning off the superimposed paint. Within the next week Professor Farina revealed beneath the blue background at the right-hand edge of the painting, just back of Rebecca, the face of a young page, with curly golden hair. At the left-hand edge he found another face, that of a young slave, blacker than the one in the center.

At first Professor Farina thought that had ended his discoveries. He believed that when he had revealed the true background, already indicated as a sky containing light, fleecy clouds with that effect of light and shadow of which Veronese was master, his work would be done. But just over the two figures last found he made out others. On the right, at the top corner, was the head of a camel. On the left, also at the top, was the head of a horse. Instantly he had uncovered the ears of the horse he became certain that the painting was a Veronese. In his studies of the works of that master he had noted the peculiarly conventional ears on his horses. These were identical.



After partial restoration. The head of the young slave in the center is visible; also the staff carried by Rebecca. It is now apparent that the girl's cloak contains color.



The complete restoration.

Among the details of the original composition brought to light by the cleaning were the staff carried by Rebecca and the earthenware jug. As the painting was covered Rebecca seemed to be standing at a sort of brick wall or balustrade. In reality that turned out to be the top of the well, and on top of that was the earthen jug.

Paul Veronese was the painting name of Paolo Cagliari, who was born in Verona in 1528 and died in 1588. He was celebrated as one of the greatest painters of his time, particularly of processional, ceremonial and festival pictures. In 1555 he was called to Venice to decorate the famous church of San Sebastiano, and there to this day is to be seen much of his best work on ceiling, walls, doors, organ and altar. He also decorated the library, which later became the Royal Palace, and the Ducal Palace, which was destroyed by fire in 1577.

"There is no question that the painting is the genuine lost 'Isaac and Rebecca,' painted by Paul Veronese," says Professor Farina. "Long before it was completely restored it was evident from a study of the first patches of original paint revealed that the basic work was done before the age of synthetic paints, which first came into use about 1840. This work is done in the elemental earth colors, produced by millions of years of chemical action in the earth. The colors cannot change. They are not dimmed by light or time. When the accumulations of dust and dirt are removed they are revealed in their pristine brilliance.

"That, however, did not suffice to convince me that the painting was the work of Paul Veronese. Neither did the signature which I found beneath the dirt and varnish superimposed during the years. It was not until I had examined, with the unaided eye and with the microscope, every square inch of the canvas that I felt certain beyond any possibility of doubt that Veronese and no other painted this picture.

"That fact is easily demonstrable to the artist. For the layman it may be said, without going into tiresome technical detail, that every great painter—every painter, in fact—has his own discoverable peculiarities just as every writer has a predilection for certain words and phrasings by which his work may be identified. There is a certain method in the brush work—in the application of the paint—peculiar to Veronese. When attempts are made to copy that method they are as easily discovered as the forgeries of signatures. Certain breaks and falters are found in the sweep of the forgery.

"Every stroke in the masterpiece is sure and firm. The paint is laid on with the assurance of the master. By analysis it is possible to pick out scores of strokes identical with brush strokes in other known works of Verones.

"Other factors also entered into my decision. Veronese was noted for the peculiar delicacy and lifelike quality of his flesh tints. Not only in the shadows, but when they were in the light, his flesh colors carried a charming suggestion of purple never achieved by any other artist. There are many other peculiarities of his coloring by which his work can be identified. Taking them all in combination, one who has studied the work of Veronese, the period in which he flourished and who has made physical, microscopical and psychological studies of his work must be convinced that this is a genuine Veronese."

The Fair Valuation of Public Utilities

Concluded from page 13

vestors. The public should not be required to purchase property at a price higher than its cost to the private owners. The latter should not be required to sell their property to the public below cost merely because the prices of materials have diminished since the utility was constructed.

So much for abstract justice. Original cost is confronted by two practical difficulties. The first is the fact that it cannot always be ascertained as a matter of historical record, and that in a few cases of very old concerns it cannot even be estimated. The brief presented to the Interstate Commerce Commission by Harleigh H. Hartman, July 5, 1923, gives several examples of this difficulty in relation to railroads. However, they are, on the whole, exceptional, and they have very little application to municipal public utilities. In practically all such cases it is possible to obtain the actual original cost or a substantially accurate estimate.

The other obstacle to the adoption of the original cost measure of valuation is the fact that the courts of the United States have apparently committed themselves to the rule that some consideration must be given to the cost of reproduction. In this situation the most that the advocates of original cost can expect is to get it accepted by the courts as the dominant measure. An equitable and expedient policy would be to concede to the utility either part or all increases in the value of land, while opposing any augmentation of value of account of the rise in price of the artificial elements. This policy can claim the sanction of at least one Supreme Court decision, namely, in the *Georgia Railway and Power Case.*

The adoption of original cost as the measure of public utility values, both for purchase and for rate-making, would have considerable influence in discouraging this perverted notion of private property. The investors in public utilities would be assured of a reasonable return on their capital, a return sufficient to induce them to invest. In case of sale to the public, they would be certain of getting back all the money that they put in. The profits that might arise from the efficient private operation of a public utility could go to those who created them, namely, to the workers and the management. No part of these profits should go to the stockholders as such, either in the form of increased dividends or enhanced capital value. This arrangement would stimulate and encourage labor, both physical and mental, and would leave no room for the exercise of the speculative spirit. It would not fatten the anti-social desire to get something for nothing. In a word, it would provide an immense stimulus to efficiency and make rewards dependent upon achievements.

Incidentally, the original cost rule would tend to diminish attacks upon the institution of private property. In a great majority of cases these are directed not at private property as such, nor even at profits as such, but at their abuses. Very few critics begrudge a reasonable rate of interest or a reasonable guaranty of property values. What they object to is exorbitant and unnecessarily high rates of interest at the expense of labor, and expansions of value which represent no labor on the part of the beneficiaries.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Tourists spent $45,500,000 in the state of Colorado during the 1923 season.

"I wonder what Grandfather Christopher would think of America today," said Christopher Columbus IX. "If he could cross the Atlantic on the great *Leviathan,* see Panama and other wonders of the American continent he certainly would be thrilled." Christopher IX is a direct descendant of the ninth generation, known as the Duke of Veragua.

The word "Adirondacks" is an Indian word meaning "wood-eaters," a derisive term given a defeated Indian tribe who were driven to the mountains by the victorious Iroquois and forced to live there on berries and bark.

Advertising on postage stamps has been permitted by the Italian Government. The advertisers agree to turn over sixty per cent of their receipts to the government.

Interest on its bonds is costing the state of Michigan $6.25 a minute.

Between 1914 and 1923 the number of Baptists in Russia has increased from 100,000 to 2,000,000, according to the president of the Baptist World Congress. The Soviet Government is pleased with the "democratic tendencies" of the Baptist Church.

A prisoner, serving a term in Atlanta prison for counterfeiting, was sentenced two additional years for counterfeiting money and passing it in prison.

Coal has been found in Ireland. At Coalisland two shafts a thousand feet deep have been sunk into ten seams of coal averaging three feet in thickness. It is estimated that 200,000,000 tons are there.

A yellow potato and new varieties of pineapple were brought from Central Peru recently by a botanist for the Field Museum of Natural History at Chicago.

Greenwich observatory, known and used by the scientific world, is to be moved from Greenwich to Holmbury Hill. Electrification of a railway line running near by necessitated the change. The observatory was built in 1675 for the advancement of navigation and nautical astronomy. "Greenwich time" is the world's standard.

Angelo Raggini, a clerk in the office of Mayor Hylan, of New York, was ambitious to become an opera star. He was supporting a mother and ten younger brothers and sisters out of his salary. His friends have taken stock in his future to the extent of $10,000, through the sale of 400 certificates, at $25 each. Trustees of the fund will forward to his school in Italy the necessary allotments of money as they are required.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The flour mill owned by the state at Grand Forks, North Dakota, sustained an operating loss of $124,581 in the last eight months, according to audit published by the state industrial commission.

Modern methods of killing whales threaten extinction of the great sea-mammals in southern waters. They have nearly disappeared from the waters of the North.

Every six tons of waste paper produces the equivalent in pulp of an acre of virgin timber.

There are many wild horses on the island of Iceland. Formerly they were shipped to England for use in the mines, but that market is closing since mining machinery was adopted.

Members of the Ladies' Aid Society of Union Dale, Pennsylvania, painted their church.

By developing electric light to an intensity one-fourth that of the sun's rays, experimenters have been able to make flowers bloom at a pre-determined time, and to mature vegetables in from two to three weeks' less time than normally transpires between planting and ripening.

Teapot Dome naval oil reserve is so called because of a great rock shaped in the form of a teapot.

Of the 700,000 school teachers in the United States, 300,000 have never had regular public-school training above the seventh grade, says the president of the University of Minnesota. Salaries are too low to permit adequate training.

Last July trains coming over the mountains of Norway into Bergen and Christiania carried a foot of snow.

The new ballroom floor of the Savoy Hotel in London has just been relaid. Balkan oak, from a village near Sofia, after seasoning for ten years, was brought to England where it was baked for twelve days at a temperature of 100 degrees for perfect resiliency. Nine thousand two hundred pieces of treated oak were laid and for thirty-six hours men pressed it with electric irons. This Savoy floor is made to bear 250 tons of dancers.

One thousand young buffaloes will be taken from the Wainwright, Alberta, herd, and released in the region in which wood buffaloes are found. This is necessary because of the increasing size of the Wainwright herd.

The Barling Bomber at Wilbur Wright field recently rose to an indicated distance of 6,300 feet carrying a gross load of 33,570 pounds. It left the earth in fifteen seconds and remained aloft one hour and forty-five minutes.

New Jersey was once known as Nova Caesarea.

Two Senate committees hearing evidence on weighty public matters were disturbed and forced to remain idle when a gray squirrel became entangled in an electric fuse in the Capitol at Washington. Several miles of corridors and many inside rooms were thrown into complete darkness for more than half an hour.

In arrears with their rent 65,000 New York families were served with eviction notices during the first nine months of 1923.

A silver nugget, weighing 3,200 pounds and assaying seventy-five per cent pure ore, was found by a Cobalt miner while doing assessment work on his claim on the Montreal River. The nugget is worth about $20,000.

Decidedly the most succinct and true opinion that has been passed on Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of the Bible" is found in the *Survey Graphic* for November: "If the Bible had been no more than the story of the Bible it would hardly have survived long enough for Mr. Van Loon to deal with it . . . . Perhaps the pagan child will make the leap from Van Loon to Isaiah—but one doubts it . . . . Certainly one who first approached the story of the nativity through these casual paragraphs would fall on Luke's narrative with surprise and delight . . . . His drawings show Jesus with the halo, yet the text rationalizes or avoids the Miracles."

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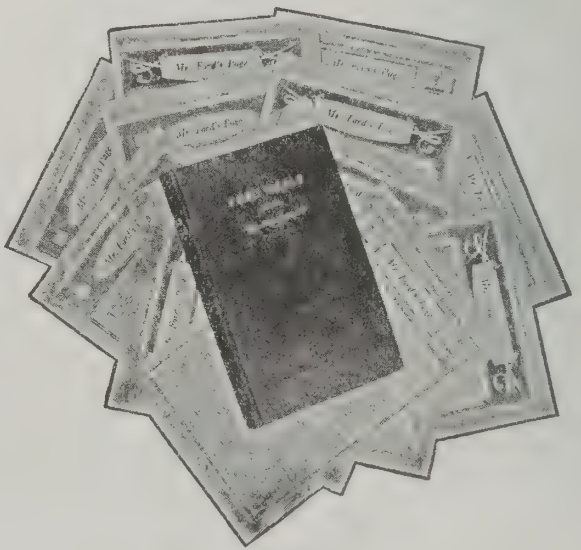

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What Closed the Movies?

A First-hand Reason for the Shutdown of the Films

Monroe's or Adams' Doctrine?

Origin of American Principle That Has Long Held Sway

The First Ku Klux Klan

Beginning of the Goblin Order and Why It Flourished

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Extravagance—That's What Shut Movies Down

Not Alone in Actual Salaries Paid, But in Statements, as Well, Says Authority

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON O'NEILL

Associated with Will H. Hays, the author of this article possesses first-hand information regarding the motion picture business. He here answers the Question, "What is the meaning of the present sudden shutdown in the movie business?"

"WHAT'S happened to the movie producers? Is the picture-making business in a slump? Has something gone wrong with the industry which has prided itself upon being the fifth greatest (or eighth greatest, or whatever it does pride itself upon) in the American financial field? What's all the fuss about?"

These questions and a lot of others like them were heard on all sides a short time ago when the Famous Players Lasky Corporation, biggest of all producers of photoplays, announced that their studios in Hollywood and Long Island City had been shut down and would remain closed for an indefinite period.

The note of apprehension which filled the atmosphere of the movie world was increased when it became rumored that other picture companies were planning to follow suit. Then the general situation was not helped any by the fact that F. P. L. stock hit the chutes down in Wall Street and skidded off 12½ points in a single day.

To the public at large, and even to a great many within the picture industry itself, this all seemed very puzzling and very alarming. Naturally it would. What was one to think when the most important of the producers stopped work? There was a feeling almost of panic in the air.

But the real fact of the matter is (or so at least it seems to me) that the film people have apparently learned a lesson that they were bound to learn in the end and should have learned long, long ago. And the lesson was this: That the worst fault which ever existed in or about the movies might be summed up in one word.

Extravagance!

Where Extravagance Lay

EXTRAVAGANCE in the making of "bigger and better" pictures—sometimes, possibly, called bigger and better chiefly because they cost more money than the earlier pictures.

Extravagance in the salaries paid to actors and actresses and directors and other work people in and about the studios.

Extravagance in the statements which were permitted to be sent out by the publicity getters for the pictures.

Now, these extravagances were leading in a dangerous direction. Naturally, the more it costs to make a photoplay the more must the producers of that play receive in the way of rentals from those who exhibit it in their theaters. And the more the exhibitors have to pay for the rental of a picture, the more must they charge in admission prices to you and me who go to see it.

The movies, we all know, are the people's own amusement. Far more so than books or magazines. Far more so than the so-called legitimate stage. Far more so even than baseball, which we have called our national sport. And the movies must remain exactly that—the people's own amusement.

In the beginning it cost only a nickel to see them. But also it cost only a few hundred dollars to make them. They were raw, crude things. But as they began to get better, they also began to be more expensive in the making. Admission prices went up, sometimes only a little bit at a time, but nevertheless they went up. The days of the nickel movie are long departed. So are the days of the sort of picture we used to see for a nickel.

A point has been reached, I think, where admission prices to the movies must go no higher than they are, if they are still to belong, as they do, to the people.

There was an unjustified rumor spread about a few months ago that motion pictures were to become "$2 shows." This is not true and must not become true. There are a number of really great motion pictures which are now being shown in theaters not originally intended for motion picture exhibition, and to these theaters the price of admission has been much higher than to the ordinary movie house. But eventually all those pictures will be shown in every movie house, even the cheapest in the world.

The Truth About F. P. L.

THE exact truth about the F. P. L. shutdown is this: Famous Players had completed, somewhat ahead of scheduled time, the twenty motion pictures which their program called for to be made this summer and autumn. They had on hand when they closed a sufficient number of photoplays to supply their demand for six months to come, even if they produced nothing further within that period.

Now these pictures had cost in production a vast sum of money, and production costs were shooting higher and higher. Further still, most of the money spent in making these films was still "out"; that is to say, it had not yet come back to the corporation in the shape of rentals paid by the exhibitors, which is the way producers get back their expenditures and their profits.

So somebody in F. P. L. (one might guess it to be Adolph Zukor, the president) made this businesslike suggestion:

"Look here; before we go any further in the making of these immense pictures, let's wait and see whether we are going to get back what we spent on them; whether we are going to make a profit on them, or whether we are going to lose money on them. Once we find out where we get off, we'll know how and when to proceed further."

Now there was nothing but plain common sense about that proposition. It is only what any manufacturing organization does in similar circumstances.

In the past, perhaps, the motion picture industry has not always been as businesslike as it might be. It is a queer, confused, complicated enterprise, and its problems are very much more intricate and numerous than any other I can think of offhand.

But it is settling down. It is finding a definite place in the business world. It is realizing that its continuance and prosperity demand the usage of the same rules and methods that banking, manufacturing or other large businesses have in vogue.

In addition to making this quite sensible suggestion, Adolph Zukor (or whoever it was) said something like the following:

"Now will be a fine time to get the motion picture business, as far as production costs go, on a common-sense basis. Too much money, it seems, is being spent for players. Their demands have grown altogether inordinate. And are these enormous scenic settings really necessary? Must hundreds of thousands of dollars be spent to show immense structures and great throngs—sometimes just brief flashes here and there in our pictures? Let's see if the public really is responsive to the sort of costly pictures we have been making, and shows its response at the box office. If the public actually demands that sort of thing, and pays for it, well and good. If there isn't an insistent demand for it, we'll make some other sort of pictures. But meanwhile we'll make nothing, at least until costs come down."

That's the real story behind the action of Famous Players, and I chance to know that the other big producers are thoroughly in accord with them. Right here I would like to interpolate a fact that possibly isn't generally known to the public. It is this: That the motion picture business is by no means the Golconda that the average person has been led to believe it to be. Some pictures, really good pictures, do make fortunes for those who produce them and those who exhibit them in the movie theaters. But many photoplays do not return by many thousands of dollars the money spent to bring them into existence. As in any other business, a worth-while product brings in a good return. But it is by no means the case that anyone can set out and make a picture and be sure of winning a great sum by it. Thanks to the foolish publicity sent out in days gone by from the offices of the producers themselves, the public has had quite another impression.

Production Costs Huge

BUT to return to the present situation. Everyone in motion picture production knows, of course, that the salaries of players and the expense of building enormous scenic accessories have grown bewilderingly and terrifyingly high within the past two or three years.

Douglas Fairbanks' production of "Robin Hood," I should say, set the pace which all the other picture makers tried to follow and even exceed. It was a good picture, a fine picture, but it cost a great amount of money. This was a case where the "sets," as we know them in the trade, ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and where the cost of the players was not remarkably high. Doug probably has made, or will make, a profit on "Robin Hood."

William Randolph Hearst made his first expensive big picture at about this time—"When Knighthood Was in Flower"; interesting, beautiful to look at, and extremely costly. It is doubtful if Hearst will make much, if any, profit from it. In fact, Hearst has put into the motion pictures that he has already shown—exclusive of those he is now making—just about $4,000,000 more than he has taken out.

The Metro people followed suit with "The Prisoner of Zenda." Famous Players Lasky put a fortune into that epic of the West, "The Covered Wagon." This one is a financial as well as artistic success. But each producer got into the game of spending great sums to make pictures which should be larger in scope and more expensive than those of his competitors.

Having once established this higher standard in pictures, the producers found it was necessary for them to maintain that standard. There is no question about that. The only question is, should this new type of pictures cost as much as they have been costing within the past couple of years and especially within the past year?

But it seems to me that the salaries of some of the men and women who play in the big pictures are really more out of proportion than are the mechanical costs or the costs of the sets. And the producers have brought this situation upon themselves, I think, far more than they have brought upon themselves the expensiveness of the scenic accessories.

What is to blame? I was tempted to say the star system, but that would not be strictly accurate. The demands of the "near stars" or "featured players" are to blame, rather than the demands of the genuine stars.

For example, Tom Meighan is paid a salary that sounds enormous and really is enormous, but he is worth it. Other players, such as Harold Lloyd, let's say, or Gloria Swanson, or Lewis Stone, or Lillian Gish, attract hundreds of thousands of patrons to the theater which shows the pictures in which they appear, and thus they return manyfold the money paid them.

Here, I think, is where the difficulty lies:

Nearly all the producers operating on the West Coast, where ninety per cent of our pictures are made, have felt that they must have certain men and woman players of established reputation ("near stars"), who live out there, and therefore the producers outbid each other for the services of these actors and actresses—a little group which is limited in number, I should say, to less than fifty.

This running up of salaries by the producers themselves is economically wrong. Why, then, do they do it? Because they *think* the exhibitors (from whom comes the money in the shape of film rentals) insist upon having well-known names to exploit in connection with the showing of the pictures in their theaters.

To a certain extent, I dare say, this may be true. But if the exhibitors do think thus, and insist upon those names, they also are economically wrong, for they are forcing up prices against themselves. Why, then, do they insist upon such names? Because they *think* the public wants to see this same limited group of players in picture after picture—and *think* the public pays at the box office solely for the purpose of looking at these supposed favorites.

But is this true as regards the public? Personally (and as one of the movie fan public) I do not believe so. True, I will go to see a Tom Meighan picture in preference to many another, or a Lewis Stone, or Theodore Roberts, or Doug Fairbanks, or Lillian Gish or Norma Talmadge, for example. Why? Because they are stars? No. But because care is taken to fit *good stories* to these and other well-known players. In many cases the stories carried the films to "box-office success."

Fan Tired of Same Folk

MY OWN belief in the matter is that the motion picture fan, as a rule, is rather sick and tired of seeing the same faces upon visit after visit to the movie houses. I know I am. I think the public would rejoice, as I would, to see new men and women in the films. The employment of newcomers will probably result from the present partial stoppage of picture making.

Where will these newcomers come from? There should be no difficulty in finding them. There are many men and women in Hollywood today taking occasionally very small parts and sometimes appearing as humble extras who could readily be trained if they need further training, and who, at least in my opinion, would please the public. It would be easy to recruit others from the spoken stage—and the outsider would be amazed to know how many thousands of men and women have film-appearance as their goal in life.

There is no lack of specific cases in Hollywood which would prove the skyrocketing tendencies of the salaries demanded and received by certain players who are part of the little group to which I have referred. There is one actor, for example, who is equipped by nature with a face that automatically registers a sort of rough joviality. He plays villains or "heavies," as they are called in the jargon of the stage and screen. Three or four years ago he was only too glad to work for $250 or $300 a week. Then he chanced to attract great attention in one of the earlier of the massive productions I have named. Immediately there was a tremendous demand for his services and not only did he raise his salary to $1,200 and $1,500 a week, but demanded and secured also the right to work in the making of several pictures at once. While I was staying in Hollywood last spring this actor was driving daily from one studio to a second and then to a third, changing his costume and part at each place and was earning $4,500 a week. The producers thought they must have him because they felt that the exhibitors considered him a box-office attraction. And yet, this individual was never the real star or most important character in any of the pictures in which he appeared.

And She Got Her $800

THEN there was a girl who was only too delighted to get work at $150 a week—and she did not get any too much work at that. But while she was engaged in one production a competing company came after her and jumped her salary to $300. Another bid a little later on raised her to $400 and her next leap was to $800. She completed the picture in which she had been working at this figure and was temporarily idle, or "between pictures," as they call it in the trade. A certain producer wanted her for some brief shots in a film he was making. He asked her if she would not work for him for one day at the rate of $800 a week.

"Oh, no," said the young woman. "My salary is $800 and I will not make it any less, even if I work for you only one hour." So she got her $800.

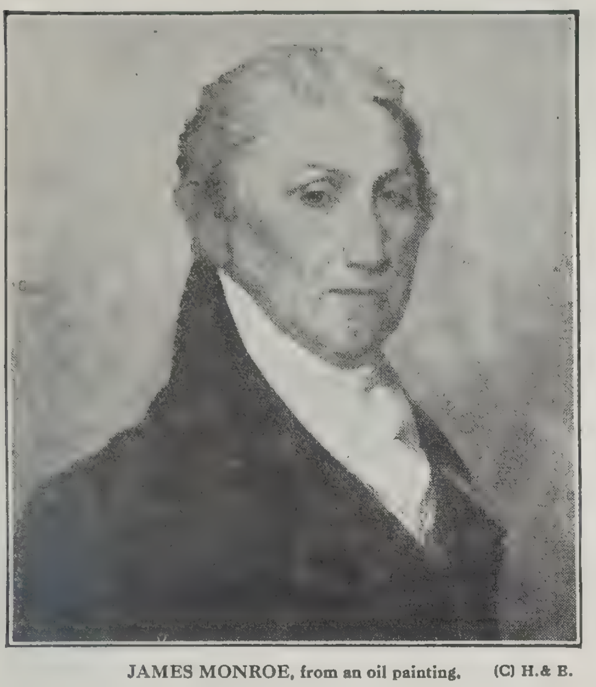
The movies, I think, are getting some sense. The present curtailing of production would seem to indicate that. One big organization has said, "We will not resume the making of any further new negatives until production costs have come down to a common-sense basis." Others of the big picture makers will most probably follow this example, and that, I venture to suggest, will be the best thing that could happen to the movies.

Production will be resumed within a few months, I believe, on a basis that will make for the increased permanent stability of the whole business.

Was It Monroe's Doctrine or Adams' Doctrine?

Last-named Enunciated American Principle and His Pressure Succeeded With President

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON



JAMES MONROE, from an oil painting. (C) H.& B.

A CENTURY ago, December 2, 1823, James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, presented his most noteworthy message to Congress. The instrument contained this pronouncement:

"In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately concerned, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of any unfriendly disposition towards the United States. It is impossible that the Allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our Southern Brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference."

Herein we have in very substance the Monroe Doctrine—the thing which has meant so many different things to so many different persons at so many different times.

Washington had seen clearly and had announced forcefully sound principles in his Farewell Address.

"Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation.—Controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns.—Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities, our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different cause. * * * Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor or caprice?—"

We had set up on this continent a new form of government, so different indeed from that of Europe that it was being watched by all the crowned heads. Should it prove successful, its effect upon Old World forms was obvious, for there was stirring a deep hostility against the tyranny of the old.

It was perhaps natural that our earlier statesmen should view matters as did Washington. Indeed, nine years before Washington's Farewell, Thomas Jefferson, then in Paris, wrote to urge Monroe, just then engaged in the practice of law in Virginia, to add his "testimony to that of every thinking American, to satisfy our countrymen how much it is to their interest to preserve uninfected by contagion those peculiarities in their government and manners to which they are indebted for those blessings." John Adams in his second address to Congress (1798) called attention to what we may now call the American spirit. "A manly sense of national honor, dignity and independence has appeared, which, if encouraged and invigorated by every branch of the government, will enable us to view undismayed the enterprises of any foreign power and become the sure foundation of national prosperity and glory."

It was but five years later that the opportunity presented itself to make the Louisiana Purchase and into it Jefferson put his whole soul. Madison made this the subject of a message to the Senate in 1811 and that body two months later adopted his view by resolution. "The United States, under the peculiar circumstances of the existing crises, cannot, without a serious inquietude, see any part of the said territory pass into the hands of any other foreign powers."

East Florida was taken in much the same spirit but additional reasons swayed us. For many years the territory had been a refuge for the worst type of outlaws; had been the scene of more than one filibustering expedition and in the War of 1812 England had used it as a base.

Henderson says that the immediate causes leading to the enunciations of the Monroe Doctrine are to be found in a series of events beginning with the revolutionary movements in Spain's South and Central American colonies, all these difficulties culminating in the threat on the part of a European alliance of strong powers to intervene in behalf of Spain and in the interests of monarchical movement.

Napoleon and his armies had so weakened Spain by their military operations that the nation was in a condition of almost complete helplessness. Spain had never been a wise ruler and her colonies on the western continent turned squarely against her. Her chief antagonist in this general uprising was Simon Bolivar. Bolivar was born in 1783 and was educated in Spain. In 1809 he passed through the United States on his way homeward to Venezuela, and was so impressed with our institutions that he soon identified himself with the cause of independence. His leading of the first insurrection at Caracas was a brilliant stroke, but in July, 1811, Spain recovered her hold on the country. For the next nine years he led revolution after revolution and succeeded finally in liberating nearly all of South America.

In all this undertaking North American sympathy was strongly aroused. Neutrality had been proclaimed but material aid had been furnished by our citizens and there were frequent expressions of sympathy during that period by Congress. Jefferson, soon after these revolutionary movements began, had advised Governor Claiborne: "If they succeed we shall be well satisfied to see Cuba and Mexico remain in their present dependence, but very unwilling to see them in that of either France or England, politically or commercially. We consider that their interests and ours are the same, and that the objects of both must be to exclude all European influence from this hemisphere."

Monroe had been chosen President in 1816. He had received 183 electoral votes and Rufus King, his Federalist opponent, thirty-four.

We have alluded to a European Alliance as one of the causes—the chief cause—which brought about the declaration of principles contained in the Monroe Doctrine. This was not the Holy Alliance, as some historians have led us to suppose.

Shortly before the treaty at Paris in November, 1815, Alexander I., Czar of Russia, had put before Francis II., Emperor of Austria, and Frederick William III., of Prussia, for their signatures, that document known as the Holy Alliance.

Neither the Austrian nor the Prussian ruler had signed willingly and the alliance had been declared by Castlereagh "a piece of sublime mysticism and nonsense." Metternich described it as "a loud-sounding nothing." As an alliance little came from it, although some later authors have made bold claims and have even said that it was the forerunner of The Hague tribunal.

Austria, Russia, Prussia and England had allied themselves in common cause against Napoleon and had renewed this alliance after Waterloo. This Quadruple Alliance quite lost its original purposes a few years later. England withdrew from it while Spain and France had joined. The divine right of kings was a thing toward which most of Europe quickly returned after Napoleon's downfall. Spain, which had but a short time before demanded constitutional government, went back to her old form of absolutism.

With the Old World save England in this state, it was not long before word was heralded to our shores that the allied nations had for one of their aims the re-establishment of Spain in possession of all her American colonies—of undoing all of the noble work of liberation attained by Bolivar, the Washington of the Southern continent. To make the situation in America more difficult Russia was asserting claim to much of the territory on our northwest coast; had, indeed, planted a colony not far from the present site of San Francisco. Baron Tuyll was urgently pressing the claims of his country at a time when it was expected that the next news from Europe would be information that the new Russian-Prussian-Austrian-Spanish-French alliance was aiding Spain to regain what she had lost in the western world.

What took place in Washington between John Quincy Adams and the Russian baron is best told by Adams' diary under date of July 17, 1823:

"I told him especially that we should contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this continent and that we should assume distinctly the principle that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments."

Here we have reiterated the same expressions that Jefferson had made to Governor Claiborne fifteen years before. In the latter instance, however, it was not the sentiment of one American to another but what our Secretary of State had told the representative of the Czar. Adams was growing more bold.

Henry Clay had rapidly advanced to power in Congress—had become the leader of his party—and was exerting himself for the emancipation of South America. He lost patience with Monroe until the latter finally recognized the independence of the revolting colonies.

Matters were coming to move in the way that Clay had advocated but still not with sufficient speed to suit him. His chief joy was to know that with a single exception the states of South and Central America had chosen the republican form of government.

Great Britain was the only European country of any international importance then not bound by the terms of the alliance. Canning had protested with vigor against the proposed interference of Europe in America. On the other hand he was in no sense an admirer of the people of the United States, but he understood the American mind as well or better than any other statesman of his time. And our sentiments regarding the whole tangle were as he thought of such a character to be used to his own advantage.

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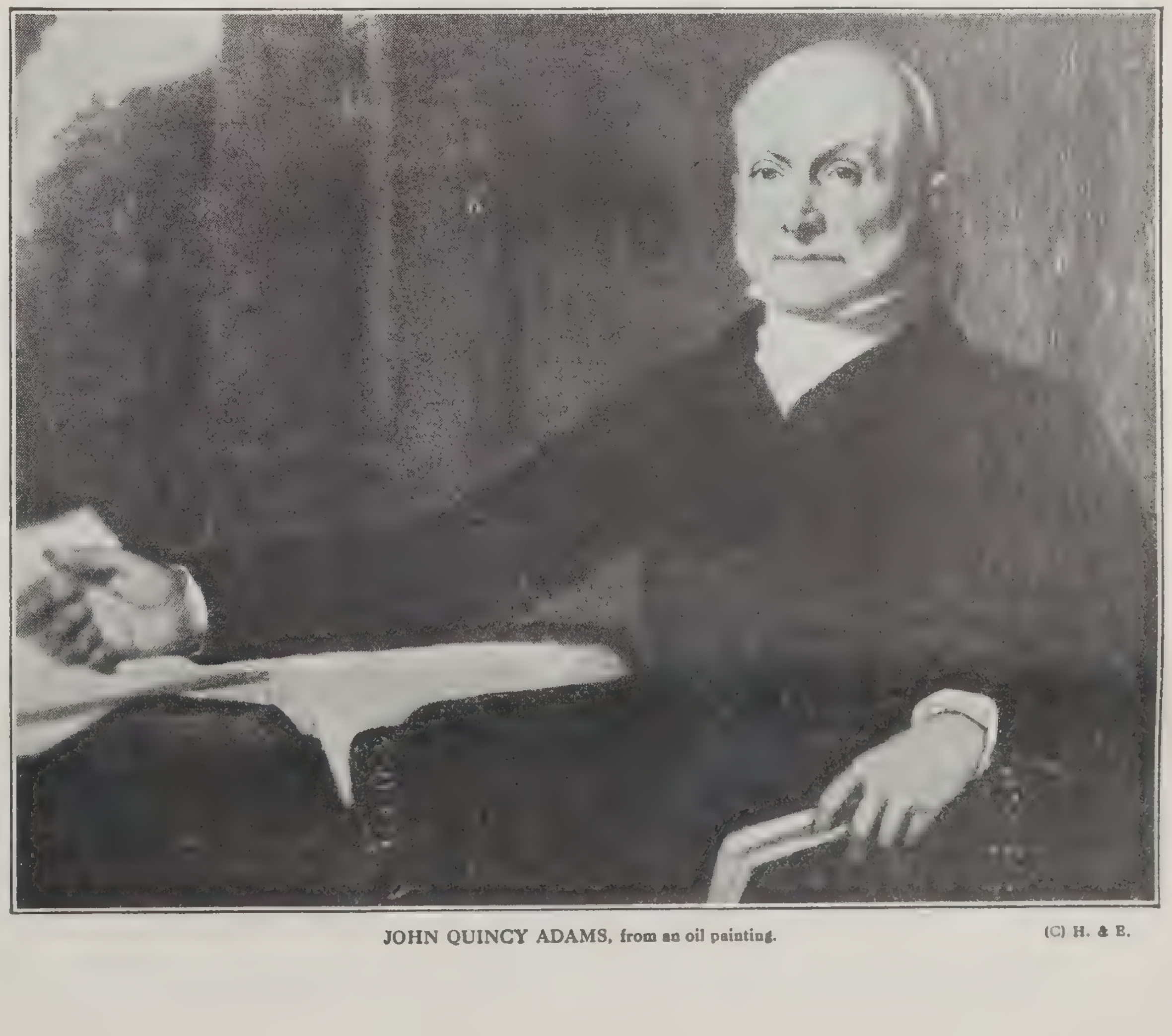

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, from an oil painting. (C) H. & E.

When the Ku Klux Klan First Flourished

Beginning of the Goblin Order; Its Change Into a Society of Regulators; Its Voluntary Dissolution Because of an Uncontrollable Membership

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

ONE of the weirdest chapters in the history of this country has to do with the Ku Klux Klan. In less than a decade after its birth, the Congress of these United States had taken the Klan under investigation, but no group of men in the country, perhaps, was more baffled by it than was the Congressional Committee which investigated it. The men who founded it kept that fact a secret among themselves. They told no man of how it happened to come into being or of its purpose. Living, they kept their secret, and dying took it to the grave with them.

Today a reborn Ku Klux Klan is writing a chapter into twentieth century history. It is a Klan having nothing in common with the original Klan, as the original Klan was organized. Its operations have not been confined to the Southern states.

From old letters of a bygone day, and from clippings of newspapers of that time; from the pages of an old diary and from an article written nearly a half-century ago, I have gleaned some facts which in the light of present-day agitation over the Klan may make interesting reading.

The Ku Klux Klan's birth was the result of the peculiar social, civil and political conditions which prevailed in the South after the close of the Civil War, and of the unrest that follows war.

Pulaski, a little town of a few thousand souls in Southern Tennessee, was the birthplace of the Ku Klux Klan. Previous to the war it was a quiet academic town of considerable wealth, with two colleges within its corporate limits. War shattered its wealth, but it retained its culture. During the entire time of the Klan's first life and till dissipated by its official order, Pulaski continued to remain the seat of authority.

> "It is a sad commentary upon our laws if some must be broken in order that others may become effective. There is no such thing as enforcing law obedience by lawlessness. Lynching does not prevent crime. To break the law to enforce it is ridiculous."—*Professor Thomas H. Reed, of the Department of Political Science, University of Michigan.*

When, in the spring of 1865, the young Confederate soldiers of Pulaski returned from the battle front, they found themselves entering upon a period of enforced inactivity. The World War veteran passed through that same period of inactivity, the difference between the two being that the World War veteran returned to a country that had not been impoverished by war, and which had not been a battle ground for four long years. He returned to a country where amusements beckoned him on every hand. There were no amusements in Pulaski, and the Confederate soldier, a mere boy oftentimes, was a veteran of a lost cause. In many respects this period tried their souls more than had the ordeal of war that lay behind them. The reaction that followed their years of service was intense. They could not go back to their active business or professional pursuits. They felt too old to go to school again. Their business habits were broken up after four years in the field, and few had sufficient capital with which to undertake agriculture. Their restlessness was enhanced by the fact that they had no amusements or social diversions.

One evening in June, 1866, a few young men of Pulaski, all veterans of the Civil War, met together to organize a club or society to help to pass the time. Eight or ten men were the founders of the club; a chairman and a secretary were elected. Then the question came up: "What shall we call ourselves?"

First of all they must have a name and a ritual for the initiation of new members. There was a great to-do over the name. Every member had some suggestion to make, and then some one proposed the name "Kukloi," from the Greek word "Kuklos" meaning a band or circle, and some one else, all enthusiasm, called out, "Call it Ku Klux" and in the same breath another shouted the one word "Klan," and thus the organization was named.

The psychologist will tell you that had these young men been content to call themselves "The Jolly Rovers" or "The Happy Ten" the organization would have remained merely a club for pleasure, lasted its short time and been forgotten. But the name Ku Klux Klan was mystifying to all from its very inception, and terrifying to some who heard it.

Given the name, the members all vowed that the club must measure up. Obviously it was not the name for a dancing club or for a dramatic organization, though later on it developed that there was much that was dramatic to enter into it. Officers, too, must fit the title. Surely no such name as president, vice-president or secretary would do, so they sought original titles to name the Klan's officers.

Secret From Beginning

THE names "Grand Cyclops" and "Grand Magi" were chosen, corresponding to the usual president and vice-president. Also was named a "Grand Turk"—otherwise a marshall—a "Grand Exchequer" which, of course, was the treasurer, and two "Lictors" or guards to see that none other than Klan members attended the meetings which were to be held in the "dens," as their meeting places were called.

Absolute and profound secrecy both as to the obligations of the Klan and as to the names of its members was enacted of all who were the Klan. Each member provided himself with a white mask for the face, with orifices cut for the eyes and nose, and a tall fantastic cardboard hat so constructed as to increase the wearer's apparent height. His robe, of white or black and sometimes of the fantastic cloth and coloring known as Dolly Varden, covered the wearer from his neck to his toes. Each member carried a small shrill whistle, and while no person spoke aloud at these meetings, by certain signal whistles between the members it was quite possible to carry on a conversation. Of course the business of the whistle was simply to enhance the curiosity of outsiders. In the black of night, given the proper fantastic surroundings, who shall deny that whistles, short and sharp or prolonged and wailing, answered by other mysterious whistles did not add to the mysterious and occult effect they desired to produce. The dens were always located in some isolated place, near or in woods.

The Mystery That Attracted

PEOPLE, always attracted by the mysterious, wanted to become Ku Kluxers. The Klan, please remember, was at this time composed of men of sterling character and habits. Occasionally if a man undesirable in these particulars applied for membership, he was given something not at all in the ritual, and generally took the hint, but kept his mouth shut afterward.

On the brow of the ridge running along the western outskirts of Pulaski, in a dilapidated old house, long deserted, the Pulaski klan held its meetings. This was the first "den." The initiations resembled, in part, fraternity initiations of today. The candidate was asked many questions, some grave and serious, most of them absurd to the last degree. This was after he had been led blindfold for many minutes about the rooms in the den, had barked his shins on obstacles purposely placed in his way, and many times after he had sprawled his length upon the uncarpeted floors. If his answers to the questions of his tormentors were satisfactory, the obligation to secrecy, which had already been administered in the beginning of the ceremony, was now exacted a second time. Then the Grand Cyclops commanded: "Place him before the royal altar, and adorn his head with the royal crown."

The "royal altar" was a large looking glass. The "royal crown" was a huge hat bedecked with two enormous donkey ears. In this headgear the candidate was placed before the mirror, and directed to repeat the couplet:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

As the last words fell from his lips the Grand Turk removed the bandages, and the candidate beheld his own image in the mirror. To increase the discomfort and chagrin, the removal of the bandage was the signal to the Klan for indulgence in the most uproarious and boisterous mirth. The Grand Cyclops would relax the rigor of his rule, and the decorum hitherto maintained would disappear, while the den rang with shouts and peals of laughter. And worse than all, as the candidate looked about him he found himself surrounded by men dressed in hideous garbs and masked so that he could not recognize one of them.

No one was more surprised than the original Klan members when they learned that the fame of the organization had outgrown the narrow limits of Pulaski and that other near-by villages wanted to establish chapters. Eventually it extended to many parts of the South. During the autumn and winter of 1866 the growth of the Klan was very rapid. It spread over a wide extent of territory. A stranger visiting in the town would be initiated and immediately ask permission to establish a den in his own community. Usually this request was granted. The connecting lines between these dens was very fragile. Always the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski den was virtually the ruler of the order but as the means of communication were so slender his authority was usually more fancy than fact.

After ten months of existence, leading spirits of the Klan still contemplated nothing more serious than amusement. They enjoyed the baffled curiosity and wild speculations of a mystified public even more than the rude sport afforded by the ridiculous initiation. Yet all this time features were gradually being initiated into the order that were slowly transforming it into a band of "Regulators."

One man, writing a few years later, and with seeming knowledge of the Klan which few had, declared: "This transformation was due to three causes and their combined operation: the impression made by the order upon the minds of those who united with it; the impression produced on the public by its weird and mysterious ways and the anomalous and peculiar condition of affairs in the South at this time. People generally who were not its members grew to look upon the Klan as an organization contemplating a great mission, and even when admitted to membership the impression was deepened rather than dispelled by what they saw and heard. Each Klan seemed to have its own opinion as to the character of the serious work the order had to do. It was an unhealthy and dangerous state of mind, with bad results naturally following it."

When the Klan first began to hold its meetings in the dilapidated house on the hillside just out of Pulaski, passers-by were frequent. Most of them passed the grim and ghostly sentinel on the roadside in silence, but always with a quickened step. Occasionally one, a more venturesome spirit, would stop to ask: "Who are you?" Invariably the reply, given in sepulchral tones, was: "A spirit from the other world. I was killed at Chickamaugua." Such an answer, especially when given to a superstitious Negro, was terrifying and with the noises issuing from the den at times of initiation was the foundation for awe-inspiring stories. The stories were told broadcast. The belated laborer told of strange sounds he had heard, and the sights and the weird noises grew with his imagination and the number of times he told the story. The result was that the feeling among the Negroes and the poor whites was one of awe and terror. People began to avoid the vicinity of the dens. In this way the Klan gradually came to realize that one of the most powerful devices ever constructed for controlling the ignorant and superstitious was in its hands. Even the highly cultured were not wholly able to resist the peculiar and weird feeling which pervaded the whole South. It was the power of the unknown over the minds of all classes. (This has been very hectically described in Thomas Dixon's once widely read novel, "The Clansman.")

Circumstances made it evident that the measures and methods employed for sport might be effectively used to subserve the public welfare, might be used to suppress lawlessness and protect property. There were many of the Klan who hesitated, fearing danger, but the majority regarded such fears as groundless, and the majority rules. The very force of circumstances carried the Klan away from its original purpose and in the early part of the year 1867 it had become virtually, though not professedly, a band of regulators, honestly, but in an injudicious and dangerous way, trying to protect property and preserve peace and order.

At that time the South was gradually settling down to peace after the bitter war struggle. The better class of the Southern people took their defeat as true sportsmen, determined to accept the arbitrament the sword had accorded them. They went back to their farms, their shops, their stores and their offices. But there were two causes of vexation and exasperation which the people of the South were in no mood to bear. One of these causes was the newly freed Negro who did not know how to use his new-found freedom (no blame to him); another cause was the administration of civil law by "carpetbaggers" of all degrees of undesirability, in consequence of which there was an amount of disorder and violence prevailing over the country which has never been equaled at any period of its history. The depredations on property by theft and the wanton destruction of it for the gratification of petty revenge were to the last degree annoying and terrifying. A large part of these depredations has been laid to white men, carpetbaggers and poor whites, who expected their lawlessness would all be laid to the Negroes.

Many of these ignorant whites had, like scum, been thrown to the top in the great upheaval of war. Most of them had played traitor to both sides, and on that account were despised. Had they been Union men from conviction, that would have been forgiven them. At the time of the birth of the Klan their main object seemed to be to keep alive discord and strife between the sections as the only means of preventing themselves from sinking back into the obscurity from which they had come.

Proclamation Ends Order

THERE was a third element which was potent cause for this transformation from a social club—object fun—to a body of serious-minded regulators, in the spurious and perverted form of an organization known as the Union League. This league was in no manner related to the Union League, an organization of the North, but it took its name without asking permission or receiving consent. This league in the South was composed of the disorderly element of the Negro population, led by white men of the basest and meanest type. The league met frequently, always armed. It issued the most violent threats against persons, families and property of men whose sole crime had been that they fought under Lee and his generals. In not a few of these instances the threats were carried into execution. It was partly to resist this organization that the Ku Klux Klan was transformed into a protective organization. No one who was familiar with the South in the reconstruction period has ever doubted the value of the work done by the Ku Klux Klan in the South in those days. It was of immense service, but there were

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Mode of the Marionettes Has Gone Thro' Ages

Strange Little Dolls "With Souls" Stir Interest as Result of Sarg Tour

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

Mrs. Clara Vostrovsky Winlow (right) and her young daughter, Anna, who have participated in the manufacture of a host of the most enchanting Russian puppets with which to present fairy and folk tales of that Asiatic country.

> *"I believe in the immortal soul of marionettes and dolls. There is something in them of the divine, however little it may be. They do not live like ourselves, and yet they do live. They live as do the immortal gods."*—Anatole France.

INTEREST aroused in marionettes has received notable impetus through the indulgence of newspapers in allowing unlimited space to the accounts of the disentombing of that Egyptian ruler of the eighteenth dynasty, King Tutankhamen, since marionettes were freely used in religious rites and otherwise in those days, some 3,500 years ago. Certain it is that Tony Sarg with his coast-to-coast marionette tours has sent forward the interest in these strange little dolls by many a long league.

There is nothing so very odd in the sustaining diversion adults find in a marionette show. History tells us that the puppet-player, Potheninos, was so much in demand in ancient Athens that the Archons relinquished to him the very stage on which the dramas of Euripides had aroused the mighty applause of the populace. In the time of Shakespeare in England, of Molière in France, and of Goethe in Germany, history records the development of such an amazing popularity for puppet performances as to become a formidable rival to theatrical companies. And bringing matters down to date, what an overwhelming admission to the power of a puppet do we find in the following extract from an article written by one of the leading dramatic critics of today, "Some of the leaders of the theater boast that ultimately they will do away with actors in favor of super-marionettes"!

Mrs. Melchezedick in the Municipal Players group of marionettes expresses her opinion before Jack of the beanstalk fame, as he is about to ride off to town on the cow

Many spectators at a marionette performance, even of the most perspicacious intellect, soon lose all sense of the puppets as puppets and look upon them as living beings. Gordon Craig, the originator of the modern movement of art in the theater, has said that there is one way in which to assist the world to become young again, that is to allow the young mind to learn nearly all things through marionettes. Whereas all students of the fairy tale give that wonderland, India, as their home, no single puppet play has been handed down to us from antiquity although it is certain that puppet shows antedated drama. As the fairy tale wandered from India into Persia and thence to Arabia, whose countrymen brought it to Europe, so does the eminent Professor Richard Pischel contend that wandering bands of gypsies brought the puppet play to Europe in ancient times. Yorick, however, as well as many other authorities, claims that marionettes originated somehow with the aborigines of the Nile instead of on the banks of the Ganges, and that before the Pharaohs, great idols moved their hands and opened their mouths inspiring worshipful terror in the hearts of the beholders. True it is that in certain museums one may see many small painted puppets of ivory and wood whose limbs can be moved by pulling strings, and excavations at a tomb in Antinoe revealed the oldest marionette theater known. It was constructed in the cabin of a little wooden Nile galley or barge with a pair of ivory doors opening to reveal a stage crossed by a rod supported with two uprights, and from this rod light wires were found still hanging. All excavations on this site belong to the Roman or Coptic period, and the little theater was undoubtedly used in a religious rite.

Belinda, at the left, first-born of the Municipal Player puppets, is the pet of the entire company. Next comes the giantess of the mournful expression, busy at her washtub, while the fairy-godmother who is the "flapper" among this group of puppets, posed for the photographer at the right.

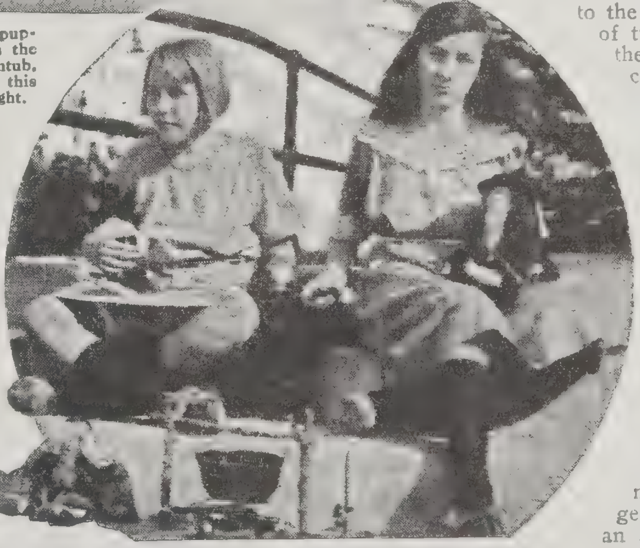
But wherever it was that the first puppets performed their part, either in the vast temples of Egypt or in those of India, their footsteps can be followed down through the classic centuries of Greece and Rome, on through the dark ages of early Christianity whence they emerged to wander all over Medieval Europe, in the cathedrals, along highways, in the market places, and at the courts of kings, patronized alike by princes and the populace.

Not only because they were used within ecclesiastical circles but because the word marionette is a modification of Maria, the Virgin, meaning little Maries from the early statuettes in the churches, do some attach a certain sacred significance to puppets as things which aspire to be idols, and not the imitations of actors.

Puppet in Sanskrit is "putrika," meaning "little daughter," these same "little daughters" being made of wool, wood, buffalo-horn, and ivory in India. But in various climes at various times marionettes have been constructed of other materials as well.

Few have been the marionettists operating in the United States. Until Tony Sarg came along with his "string pullers" a year ago in all of Southern California there was never, to the writer's knowledge, even the slightest simulation to a marionette show. But now the West is showing an almost overweening interest in marionettes. In Los Angeles high schools, for example, classes in the manufacture and manipulation of marionettes have been introduced to satisfy the persistent demand for such knowledge. Younger children as well as the most erudite adults have snatched at this fascinating outlet for their dramatic and artistic talent.

It is always interesting to watch an audence at a puppet show. It is so evident with what grip it holds everyone and how readily it induces a vivid imagination. It is the endeavor among many puppeteers, especially those who wish to appeal to children, to produce an artistic interpretation of the old fairy tales which will be instrumental in developing the imagination and cultivating an understanding of the symbolic meaning of things. This is indeed an age of symbolism. The plays of Maeterlinck, for example, which were meant to be performed by marionettes, are the very essence of symbolism.



These two children, aged eleven and twelve, have made a large number of marionettes without aid, and given several puppet shows purely for the fun they find in it. It is a liberal education all the way from costuming to carpentering.

For a moment let us lay aside the certitude that many of the greatest *litterateurs* and artists of all times have shown keen interest in puppets, and turn to a living example of two children who with all the simple *naivetè* of their years, have developed a puppet show at home. They are two little girls living on the tiptop of a mountain in Los Angeles, one aged twelve, the other but eleven. It has been often observed with what beautiful earnestness children take their play, but never was this more apparent than with these two marionette-making lassies. So engrossed were they in their puppets that even to have their pictures taken was a minor matter, nothing short of a nuisance, in fact!

As was the experience of other children fortunate enough to have been in the path of Showman Sarg's puppet tours, these two juvenile proprietors of a puppet show gained their inspiration from witnessing one of those puppet spectacles gathered together in Gotham. How a great scenic painter would have envied the daring simplicity of the performance these two children gave of Pavlowa's "Snowflake Dance"! Butcher's skewers were used for the slender legs of these adept dancers with cloth-and-cotton heads, and their costumes consisted of circle after circle of lace-paper doilies which dropped off at intervals during the dance; with a flour-sifter working overtime overhead, the result was an effect altogether as satisfactory to those of tender years as the most costly production undertaken by the Russian *danseuse*.

These children very cleverly combined pieces of their surnames and evolved a title for their show and were so encouraged by their first "success" that they went ahead and fashioned the necessary marionettes of rags and cotton and "just any old thing," as one of the twain put it, for a dramatization of the old folk tale, "The Three Wishes," which they put on several times at home as well as at a large children's party at one of California's leading caravansaries.

It was at this juncture in the affairs of the Mysel Marionettes that the paters familias of the "proprietors" lent a hand and built their daughters a modern little stage with proper lighting equipment. One child paints the scenery, the other constructs the furniture, which for the most part is of an exceedingly fragile type, pasteboard being the material! Ordinary black linen thread is used for stringing these dolls to the body controller made of two pieces of wood in the shape of a Roman cross, which these children handle very adroitly. Hooks sewed onto the hands of these little puppet people, averaging only a foot in height, serve excellently for fingers.

By drawing in the entire family as is the case of the Mysel Marionettes, the domesticating of this ancient art is assured But it is not only in family circles that marionettes and their gesticulations have found an admiring audience Among groups of young men and women the manner of a marionette has "cut a wide swath" in popularity. A score of young college-bred persons banded together in Los Angeles for the purpose of producing plays in a municipal theater. They have created a coterie of puppets for giving performances not only to the school children at the various playground centers in the city, but to adults in the poorer quarters where many a work-weary foreigner will joyfully witness the first puppet show he has seen since leaving his fatherland.

Old silk undershirts were found by these municipal players of Los Angeles to be the most satisfactory cloth for the modeling of marionettes. Various members of the group "specialized" in the business of building up the dolls' anatomy, one making the legs, another the arms, and so on, the directress herself making the most important part, the head, and using sealing wax for eyes and mouth with excellent results. The placing of weights and the settling of such weird-sounding problems as where to leave vacuum spaces in a puppet are important points, for on these things depend the flexi

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Are the Records of America Worth Saving?

Destruction of History-filled Documents Invited by Lack of Archives Building

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

This article is based on first-hand knowledge of conditions in the Washington departments, supplemented by information obtained from the files of the Department of Historical Research of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

ONE current problem which America faces is the impending destruction of her historic records. Every so often a fire breaks out in a government department in Washington, D. C. At times the losses are heavy.

There have been several fires recently, but the most destructive blaze in the last few years occurred on January 10, 1921, when someone tossed aside a cigaret in the basement of the Commerce Department. In a few minutes dense clouds of smoke were pouring from the windows. When the fire engines departed they left behind a great ugly mass of burned and water-soaked papers.

Officials estimated that it would take from two to three years and cost two million dollars to copy off and save the invaluable census records that had been damaged. Many were totally destroyed.

Next day the newspapers said, "The need of a permanent archives building for government records was never better emphasized." They had been making similar statements for the past fifty years.

At Washington are the majority of the records which show American history in the making. In the State Department are found the original laws passed by the first sessions of Congress, all the original treaties made between this country and other powers, all the declarations of war and the treaties of peace.

In the War Department are the headquarters records and papers of the American Expeditionary Forces during the World War as well as the personal service records of the individual soldiers. These papers are of tremendous historic interest. Many of them will be used as evidence when claims are presented against the government.

The Treasury Department has part of its records stored in the attic. Others are in a basement adjoining a fountain, while a third group of records were brought to light not long since in the basement of an old theater which was condemned as unsafe.

Such conditions are not the fault of any department. It should be remembered that most of the buildings were erected years ago and that the departments have outgrown them. Records that are not absolutely current must be stored away in the attics and basements. Unfortunately, the terrific heat of the Washington summers renders the attics veritable fire traps while in some of the basements records have been found submerged in water or covered with mold.

An original letter from George Washington, written shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis, was recently discovered in a pile of old archives of the House of Representatives. Not long before, correspondence of Andrew Jackson was brought to light by a Cabinet officer among his official files. The papers were transferred to the Library of Congress. There is room in that building, however, for only a very small portion of the records which may in time be considered invaluable.

Most of the valuable papers are originally compiled in connection with the regular work of a department. There they remain for many years. There is no hard and fast line between "current" and "obsolete" records but when someone in authority decides that certain material is serving no immediate need, it must be stored. It usually goes to some place where it will not be in the way. In many instances it is necessary to rent storage buildings. It is said that space occupied by records in rented buildings costs the government more than $100,000 a year.

The buildings are often far from fireproof, although the government losses through fires might well serve as a warning against the use of such structures. Senator Fess, of Ohio, once declared that there had been 250 fires in government buildings in Washington since 1873, with losses beyond estimate. Going back further, it may be noted that in 1800 the records of the War Department were almost entirely destroyed. In 1833, a fire destroyed nearly all the correspondence files of the Secretary of the Treasury. In 1836 valuable Post Office records and nearly all the records and models in the Patent Office were destroyed. In 1877, another Patent Office fire destroyed 87,000 models. The main Treasury Building caught fire twice within a few days during a recent period of repairing.

The records thus exposed to danger by fire and water are on almost every conceivable subject. There are several tons of archives of the Confederate government. There are the draft records of the World War. There are records which must be used in claims against the United States. Titles to lands are involved. There are papers on patent rights. In the Civil Service Commission are the service records of several hundred thousand government employes.

An investigator searching for information was directed to a storeroom in the basement of the National Capitol. This is his statement:

"Under the terrace on the north side of the Capitol below the Senate Chamber is a large collection of bound manuscripts. A portion of these volumes contain bills illustrating various stages of progress of United States statutory legislation. As evidence of what the Senate has accomplished since 1789 they must be reckoned among the most precious possessions of the government. This mass of material is at present lodged on wooden shelves or on the concrete floor of three dark rooms usually overheated by steam pipes and unprotected from dust and rats. The manuscript volumes along the floor, together with many others above them, are rapidly disintegrating and falling to pieces."

After a fire in the Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C. (C) National Photo.

When ex-Senator Beveridge was preparing his "Life of John Marshall," he sent word to a Washington man to look up certain documents in a department. It took a week to locate them although if they had been properly classified in a central building provided for the purpose they could have been obtained in fifteen minutes. On another occasion, Treasury Department officials stated that a certain old volume was not in the department, only to have it discovered that there were on hand two hundred volumes like the one desired. Such conditions are inevitable as long as the records are scattered about in a hundred isolated places.

One individual who has made a very careful study of the situation has summed up the matter as follows:

"When, as in the Treasury and the State, War and Navy buildings, there are papers stored in the attics, they become under the influence of the summer heat as dry as tinder and it would take but little to start a fire that would consume entirely the records of certain bureaus before it could be controlled. On the other hand, there are various bodies of archives that are kept in close proximity to furnaces and boilers and are thus exposed to constant risk. But the danger from fire is not all. Thousands of volumes of paper have been found stored in places so damp that the water oozing from walls and ceilings dropped upon them and these books were so covered with mold that the titles could not be read. The pages of such volumes were damp and stuck together. Great masses of important materials in the Land Office have had to be stored where they received the drippings from steam pipes or where they collected thick coatings of dirt. Papers stored in attics often become so dry and scorched that the paper crumbles at the touch, while those in the cellars frequently mold and rot into pulp. In most of the departmental buildings a great deal of material has to be stored in the corridors or anywhere where there is a cubic foot of space. Papers have to be stacked up in bundles like cordwood or even thrown down into huge piles. Some ten tons of Confederate archives, as well as the original census schedules, were once condemned as useless but were fortunately saved."

The records in the departments are not the only ones facing destruction. There are other invaluable records scattered in our embassies and consulates in all corners of the globe. It is regrettable but true that most of the representatives of the United States live in rented quarters. They must move about frequently. Papers are then subject to loss. Sometimes retiring officials see fit to take certain records with them, perhaps to serve as data for autobiographies. When the United States itself decides to write its autobiography, valuable evidence will not be at hand.

The material left in foreign countries by our representatives has been allowed to accumulate there instead of being brought to the State Department in Washington. Some time ago, when an inventory of the records, in all of our foreign offices was ordered, many historic documents were brought to light. In Denmark were found the records of claims by the United States Government against the Danish Government in behalf of John Paul Jones. In Costa Rica were reports concerning Americans alleged to have been engaged in inciting revolutions. In Colombia were the records of the beginning of negotiations resulting in the treaty of 1869 for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien (Panama). From other offices came reports on the history of treaties, the recognition of revolutionary governments and the suppression of the slave trade.

As historical documents, these records are invaluable. As matters of current importance, they are of little value. Many of those making reports state that they are never used or that they are consulted very rarely. They should be brought to Washington and placed in an archives building. There is none. They would have to be placed in some out-of-the-way place, already crowded to overflowing, so they are left where they are.

Their present surroundings are not altogether satisfactory. In Singapore, they have been attacked by cockroaches, in Siam by white ants, in Peru by a destructive worm called the pollila, while the office in Tahiti was invaded both by worms and a tidal wave. Other offices complain that their records are being attacked by bugs, vermin, mice and rot, not to mention occasional fires which have taken further toll.

Scattered through the West are old Indian agencies whose records cover one of the most picturesque epochs in American history. There is no other place available for them except where they are, but the comment of one agent on his headquarters is illuminating:

"The building is unsafe. It has caught fire occasionally but the fires have been extinguished without total loss. There are letters on file as early as 1860 relating to the history and administration of the agency. They have been badly damaged by vermin and by children of former agents using the documents as material from which to cut paper dolls."

The recommendation, introduced in 1878, that a Hall of Records be provided, has been presented to practically every session of Congress since that date. Plans for an archives building have been made and approved, but Congress has failed to appropriate the money to build the structure. It is estimated that it would cost from one to three million dollars.

The American Historical Association has drawn up an attractive plan for the administration of the proposed building. This provides that the Librarian of Congress should be the nominal head of the institution. Under his supervision would be an official known as "The Archivist of the United States" who would have actual charge of the building. To determine matters of policy there would be an "Archive Council" composed of a representative from each department depositing any considerable amount of records.

In establishing such a building, the United States will not be taking a leap in the dark. It will have as a guide to its efforts the experience of practically every civilized country on the face of the globe. England, France, Italy, the Netherlands and nearly all the other European countries have already housed their important records in such a manner.

The British archives are deposited at the Public Record Office. Public documents were first systematically kept at the beginning of the twelfth century, by order of Henry I.

A professor of history at the University of Adelaide, South Australia, in commenting on the need of collecting documents into a central place, made the following statement:

"The truth is that these documents have a value which cannot properly be measured by money. They are the ultimate material on which a study of the country's history must be based and if they are lost they cannot be replaced. To safeguard them is a duty which we owe to the world."

These words apply equally well to the records of the United States Government. At present they are scattered in every state in the Union and in practically every foreign country. They have never been brought together because there has been no place to deposit them.

The national Archives Building must eventually come. The only question is, will it take a disastrous conflagration to stir Congress into action?

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are times when an issue is not essential to a political campaign, and there are times when it is simply impossible to get along without one. Whether there be an issue is determined by the national guessers who are supposed to know (much after the fashion of the weather forecasters) which way the people are going to jump next time. For, it must be borne in mind, our public affairs as touching elections are not in the hands of men who have spent their lives studying what is best for the country and the people, but in the hands of men who are expert forecasters of the political probabilities.

"Which way will the people jump," is the whole political problem as it lies in the minds of all but a few men who are prominent in politics. Add, of course, what they may themselves do in the way of influencing the direction of the jump. All of the other matters referred to as "issues" are invented or adopted solely with reference to this jump.

An issue is not essential during times of great public unrest and dissatisfaction. That is, it is not essential in the view of practical politics. The condition of unrest indicates with almost absolute certainty that the public is going to jump away from the party in power. It always does. The task of practical politics, therefore, is not to bother about issues nor any real public problem at all, but about men; see that the man on the other side is a "safe" man. The super-control of both parties sees to that. The public exhausts its satisfaction in making the jump—and gets no tangible benefits from it.

But there comes a time, often, when an issue or even several of them are an indispensable part of the machinery of every campaign. Sometimes the issue is the outgrowth of real thought in behalf of the nation's interests; sometimes it is a straw clutched at in the sea of circumstance, an idea which temporary fashion has made popular. Have you ever taken the trouble to look over the political models of the past? How quickly a "platform" is abandoned after it fails to lift into office those who most solemnly sponsored it as the one and only plan of political salvation to which they swore endless loyalty. There ought to be a museum somewhere in which should be visualized the various political models which politicians have tried to sell the people. The 1880 model and the 1923 model, with all the models in between, would make a most varied group.

THE issues that are selected by parties are not the issues that make parties great. The difference between an Issue and a mere campaign device is that men can handle the latter, but the former handles them. The real Issue is no respector of parties or persons, but calls for the subordination of all to a great regenerative work or a great forward movement. Real Issues triumph regardless of election returns. The political rejection of great Issues is no hindrance to their acceptance by the forces that make parties and administrations to be mere straws. Every Issue that has changed the country has been thrown out of conventions and caucuses and parties and administrations, and still has triumphed. The question is not what issues shall the parties of today select, but whether there is due at this time an Issue which shall dominate the parties.

Here and there through the checkered history of the parties is to be found a genuine principle which has been injected into platforms and made an issue by the sheer necessity of the times, but they are not many; most of the issues are like certain invented plays in football which cannot be used next year because everybody knows about them.

There is obviously a hunt going on for an issue right now in this country. Party names are felt no longer to suffice. Trusty old slogans are felt to be worn out. The cheap claptrap which formerly passed current for sincerity is laughed at by the people. Appeals to party glories of the past have lost their magic—the Statesmen of the past sit on cloudy thrones of judgment judging all the parties of today. The appeal that "ours is the best man" has lost its power, since the parties have made themselves all but equal in the personnel of their leaders. So that there is nothing left for it but to find an issue.

But where is the issue? Once upon a time it was always possible for the outs to make an issue of the mistakes of the ins, but the mistakes of both parties are too fresh in the public mind to render that course very promising this time. Worst of all, in every Republican mistake it is possible to find Democratic participants, and in every Democratic mistake it is possible to find Republican participants, so that it would appear that party lines are less prominent in the actual pickings of government than at any other place.

So where is the issue? There are signs that some of the old issues have been taken out with a view to revamping them. In one case this is already done. One candidate is already in the fields against what he calls The League of Nations. No thrill passed through the country when the announcement was made. Staying out of the League of Nations isn't going to solve any problem, any more than going in is going to solve any problem. Reliable reports say that the biggest problem before the last meeting of the League of Nations was how it was going to pay its office salaries. The League of Nations is not and has not been and probably may not be an issue. Certainly it is not the issue upon which the United States will decide its internal problems.

The only justification for attempting to make Europe an issue in the coming campaign would be fear to take up American issues.

To find the American issue it is necessary to go down into the life of the American people. Unless politics is merely a diversion intended to take the people's minds off their own problems, it must go down into common life and deal with the problems that it finds there.

But it may safely be prophesied that politics is not ready to do this. It may safely be predicted that the percentage of facts over bunk in the proposals of the parties will not be increased over what it has always been. It is even doubtful if there will be an actual set of programs by which the parties will stand, each saying of its own written and pledged program, "This is exactly what we will do if we get the chance."

There will be no vital issues proposed for the simple reason that any genuine issue today would go straight against some strong and unjust piece of privilege or some long established and profitable practice, and this, of course, is not what any sensible politician is looking for. There are two supreme cowards in the world: one is gold, the other is politics. One hides itself on the slightest indication of difficulty, hides itself most quickly when it is most needed; the other grows pale at the slightest suggestion of differences of opinion. A vital issue always makes enemies, always injures unjust privilege, always alienates selfish support—and these are just the things that politics cannot endure.

It is sheer folly to follow any line of discussion that looks to politics for the next American Issue. Issues never originate in politics nor with politicians. They are born in the experience and honesty of the people, they are cradled in the million minds who touch them every day in practical life, they do not appear in politics until they have grown so big that they can dominate politics—and the whole story of American politics is the futile attempt to keep the biggest issues out of politics. Nothing is more disturbing than when a new Issue rolls into the political camps, and a real Issue always rolls into both camps at the same time.

The politicians themselves are probably misled just now. With one accord they expect the issue to come from the present grab bag of political small talk. If it comes from that source even the politicians will be assured and certain that it is *not* the big upsetting Issue. But if it comes like a mighty rushing wind from the sources of the people's long-pent thought and power, all men alike will know that it is an Issue which they never can decide, but which will judge and decide them.

The difference between a real Issue and a campaign device is that men can handle the latter but the former handles them.

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"Were You Ever Arrested?"

IT IS a question asked in the tone of impugning character. To be arrested is considered as a stain, and yet nothing seems to be pushed with so much vigor as the business of getting as many people arrested as possible. It is a serious thing to lay a whole population by the heels, render all classes and conditions imminently subject to the policeman's grasp, register multitudes on the books of police stations—a very serious thing, and some day there will be a giant protest about it, not from the arrested ones but from those who have some sense of what the practice portends.

Only recently a city newspaper wanted people arrested for "jay walking." In New York a raid is conducted against people sitting on newspapers on the grass. Here, there, everywhere, the most trivial actions are exalted to the sinister importance of crimes, and all sorts of people are taken into custody much after the manner of Russia.

The jail and police contingents of all our states and counties and cities are in consequence unnecessarily large. Police duty has expanded tenfold in ten years, and much of it is not connected with crime at all, but with the administration of the city's life and the promotion of safety. This work, of course, is excellent and is greatly appreciated by the public. The jail and police contingents are not to be blamed —it is the coterie who have succumbed to a passion for rendering the people a mob of lawbreakers by deluging them with laws that they must break if they are to move at all. In all administration of public order, police regulation can best be accomplished without arrests, yet the cry goes up for more and more arrests, and as a consequence the cost of jail and police contingents mounts higher and higher.

The cost, however, could be endured. It is the strong tendency toward making us a police-driven people that is to be denounced. Not only denounced, but abolished.

Mr. Johnson

MR. HIRAM JOHNSON takes his post-Armageddon stand, this time as a Presidential candidate. With him stands A. D. Lasker, of American Jewish Committee and Shipping Board fame. Whether in this case Mr. Johnson is the advertised or the advertiser remains to be seen, but no surprise will be felt if it turns out that Mr. Johnson is the advertiser. It is well known that Mr. Lasker still needs some favors from the present Administration, if he can get them, and it would naturally occur to his type of mind that the best way to dicker for those favors is to appear in the field with a Presidential contender at his heels. Mr. Lasker may have seen the advantage of trading on Johnson possibilities for Coolidge consideration. In any case, it is not a flattering position for Mr. Johnson.

Our Duty in Europe

THE case of Europe becomes worse and worse. What once appeared to be the lowest ledge of woe is now desirable in contrast with what exists. The world slowly begins to realize that it is not "the war," but that the war was a minor phase: the war was not the cause, the war was but the beginning of a condition of which we are now beholding the development. A development only, for no one fancies it to be the end. Europe's misfortune is that she is morally bankrupt; there is not the most elementary confidence in the principles which upbuild nations; the fieriest carnival of hate and greed and determination to destroy, that the world has ever seen, is now at higher pitch in Europe than even during the war. The war was honest, noble, in comparison with what now exists.

And Europe's case will be worse. Bottom has not been struck. And bottom must be struck, for no outside aid can prevent it. It is ignorance and calumny to say that America could have prevented this. The time for prevention was twenty-five years ago, and that time cannot be recalled. As has been said in these columns often before, America can do two things only: she can with her money lend lease of life to institutions destined to disappear, and she can throw herself into works of humanity.

We have not done the first, and it is well. Money has been tried as a heal-all in Europe, and has failed. The loans recently made have gone no farther than the inside circles of government whose salaries and perquisites are thus guaranteed for another year or two. What mystic wisdom guided our people we do not know, but certainly the instinct which early told the American people that Europe's condition cannot be helped by gold, was a true instinct, and has kept us free for nobler work.

As to the future, America will perform a great work in world politics. There is no doubt of that. America may not be in the League, but America is in the world, moreover she is in the destined place of world reconstruction. If Europe were being reconstructed today there is no doubt that America would be chief burden bearer in that work. But Europe is not being reconstructed, Europe is not through with the chastening changes that are accompanying her transformation. The help asked of us now is to prevent the demolition necessary to reconstruction. All that kind of help is futile. Nothing is passing out of Europe but what is destined to pass. The land and the people will remain, and the great traditions that were created before degeneration set in. And upon the land and the people and the great heritage of the centuries, minus their degenerate accretions, a new Europe will be set up—and America will not be absent from that work.

Billion a Year to Fraud

PEOPLE have been buncoed for generations, yet the bunco business seems to increase rather than decrease with the growth of intelligence and the passage of time. The Investment Bankers' Association has just heard from the Government that One Billion Dollars a year is the monetary loss of the American people in fraudulent investment enterprises. The monetary loss is not all, nor is it the most costly; there is the loss of confidence in business men and business proposals, tantamount to a loss of confidence in human nature. American business men bear the brunt of it, and the truth is that *American* business men are not the offenders. Some day *American* business men may have to band together to shield the name.

There are sufficient losses in the higher regions of business, even that region represented by so distinguished an association as that of the Investment Bankers, and some of the losses are due to the deliberate action of men who know of no other way to make a profit than by others' losses, but it is not these that make up the bulk of the losses suffered by the people. Perhaps the people have come to believe that if a really big good thing exists there is money enough in the upper circles to take care of it, and that no really good proposition needs to be peddled among the people. So that a majority of the losses are incurred in propositions that look like bargains or good chances. The lady who expected ten yards of silk for ten cents, got ten yards of silk thread; and the gentleman who sent $18 for a dozen quarts of "pure Canadian rye" received, as advertised, exactly a dozen quarts of pure Canadian rye—but it might as well have been oats or wheat. More pretentious chances like oil promotion mulcted the people of hundreds of millions during the past two years. Fraud orders are being issued all the time by the Government, and more than 400 criminal cases against oil promoters alone are awaiting trial.

The story has been told and the warning issued numberless times in the past, but it seems that the business pirates who swing easily from one line of promotion to another, can usually count on about One Million Persons who are always ready to bite.

That is, One Million Persons a year. And of course they repeat, some of them, year after year. Which leaves a pretty large percentage of Americans who cannot be sold a gold brick.

The principal safeguard against gullibility is the knowledge that in this world it is not the rule for anyone to give something for nothing.

The President's Ambassador

THAT President Coolidge is politically reactionary everyone knows. Strangely enough, this does not lessen the general desire that he prove himself a good President. The country has almost reached the point where it is willing to let a President's politics be what they may, if he will only perform a good job of getting the United States going properly and giving the people their rightful weight in government.

President Coolidge's extreme conservatism or reactionism has been indicated in several matters, each of which has been accurately judged by the public, but none of which has been used against him. He had a right to call as his secretary any politician he chose. He has a right to appoint as ambassador to Great Britain as reactionary a man as he likes. On the theory that the ambassador is the President's representative to foreign governments, it is not surprising that Mr. Coolidge should appoint the reactionary Mr. Kellogg. It is quite the custom now to put into government service as speedily as possible the very men whom the people refuse to put into government. A directory of public officials who have been retired by the people's ballot and then returned to public life by Presidential appointment, would be a useful handbook. Neither would it be surprising if, in appointing Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Coolidge should imagine that he is appointing a Progressive, for in the days when trust-busting was the favorite sport of politicians and perfectly harmless to the trusts, there was some talk of Mr. Kellogg being a trustbuster. His subsequent history, however, has largely overlaid that chapter in his life, and his latest political activity was on the side of the most reactionary element against the Progressives.

However, as has been said, Mr. Coolidge, being of the extremely conservative type, has the right to appoint as his representative at the Court of St. James a man of the same type. It has not been laid up against Mr. Coolidge—as yet. Reactionaries and Progressives alike have ceased to thrill the people. In action one seems to be as impotent as the other. With probably three exceptions, the leading Progressives of today will be the reactionaries of a near tomorrow. Some of them are only Progressives for effect, as it is. Indeed, does one not recall that one of the most highly touted of the Progressives was helping out the side that Mr. Kellogg espoused in his own state, and that only recently?

You cannot tell them by their names. For which reason Mr. Coolidge will not find this classification against him if he shows the quality which the country hopes he possesses.

France Flocking by Herself

IT BECOMES more definite every week that American opinion and British opinion on European affairs move substantially in the same channels, and both move more and more in an opposite direction from that of France. Mindful of the sufferings of France during the war, there was at first a disposition to allow France to quiet her fears of a new attack from Germany as best she might, even to the occupation of the Ruhr and the exaction of certain guaranties. But French policy becomes more distasteful to the world as time passes, probably because so futile in the accomplishment of its announced design, not to mention its repugnance to the world's idea of peace and humanity. It is right that France should be paid and that Germany should be made to pay, according to the terms which she signed. But it is also right that Germany should be permitted to know what she shall be required to pay in all, and it is right that the world should be authoritatively informed as to Germany's ability to pay —a matter which has been raised in question. The government of the United States, pursuing the most direct course to the facts, proposed that the governments get together and examine Germany's ability to pay, not for the purpose of exculpating Germany, but for the purpose of arranging the payments on a possible plan. Almost anyone would be willing to let his debtor up long enough to see how much his debtor possesses toward the payment of the debt. But this common-sense proposal has been refused by France, although concurred in by Great Britain, and thus a rift between the French and the two English-speaking nations has ensued. It is a doubtful game that France is playing, from the point of view of practical business an unwise and unprofitable game, and, if not soon abandoned, one that is likely to be remembered with regret by all neighboring nations. France will probably find that abandonment of it in whole or in part will be good business and good statesmanship.

"Get Back to Lessons Our Mothers Taught Us"

Ed Howe's Gospel, That Has Made Him So Beloved of Kansans

By FRANK M. CHASE

"I SHALL be glad to see you at any time this month," ran the letter written in an irregular hand on a piece of rough paper, of the size and quality indigenous to the news room; "and expect you to lunch."

Ambling lazily along, the one-man street car took me to the higher and residential section of Atchison. A moment's walk then brought me to a stately dwelling of red brick, high above and well back from the street. Wide lawns, dotted with well-grown elms and maples, stretched away to either side. Having mounted the two flights of stairs leading to the entrance, I was about to ring. Before I could do so, however, a slender, neatly clad man of average height, with white hair topping a smooth-shaven face of singular force, opened the door. It was Edgar Watson Howe.

Handshaking over, we passed into the large living room where I was presented to Miss Adelaide Howe, a niece, who lives with Mr. Howe and is his devoted companion. In a moment she left to prepare the luncheon to which I had been invited, while my host chatted pleasantly in his homely, characteristic way. Outside, the warm sun was chasing away the last remnants of a sudden coolness which, the night before, had broken the heat and sent householders scurrying for blankets. It was the season's first suggestion of autumn, and Mr. Howe was thinking of Miami, his winter home. Presently it occurred to him to show me some letters he had recently come across, and he led the way upstairs.

One was conscious mainly only of the host's engaging personality, but within five minutes after entering the house I was looking over letters which Mark Twain, Howells and others of the literary great, had written him forty years ago. Within four hours we had dined, had leisurely gossiped of men and things literary, political and moral, and I had obtained the story of a particularly rich and eventful life. E. W. Howe is a very simple man, and very direct. He thinks and works fast.

The reasons for Mr. Howe's facility reach back to his boyhood. Seated in a low rocker in the high-ceilinged corner bedroom to which he had taken me, he related the circumstances that made of him a rapid worker, and told the story of his life. About him were the evidences of editorial labor. The floor was strewn with newspapers. In one corner stood a very plain roll-top desk. Here and there, in various stages of completion, were bulky piles of hand-written copy.

"I was born May 3, 1854, near what is now Treaty, Indiana," he began. "My father was a Methodist preacher, and one of the wisest men I ever knew. But he was visionary, impulsive, and restless. When I was three years old we moved to Northern Missouri. There, because of some statements made in the course of a debate with another preacher over whether the Bible approved slavery, he was accused of inciting slaves to revolt and was sentenced to jail. He was released on bond until after the war, however, and nothing more came of the matter.

"Coming home one day, he announced that he had bought the weekly paper at Bethany, the county seat. The next morning he took me to town and, turning me over to the foreman, said I was to learn to be a printer. Though I was but twelve years old when I commenced, within six months I was compelled to set two columns of brevier a day or take a whipping at night. For a while I submitted to the punishment, thinking it would soon end, but it didn't. If I didn't finish my two columns before going to bed, I had to take another whipping the next morning. My brother Jim always did his work on time. Then he would help me finish what I had neglected during the day. But he was so good that I disliked to impose on him, so I began to work as rapidly as I could. The result was that I became a fast worker habitually, and I have always been exceedingly glad of it."

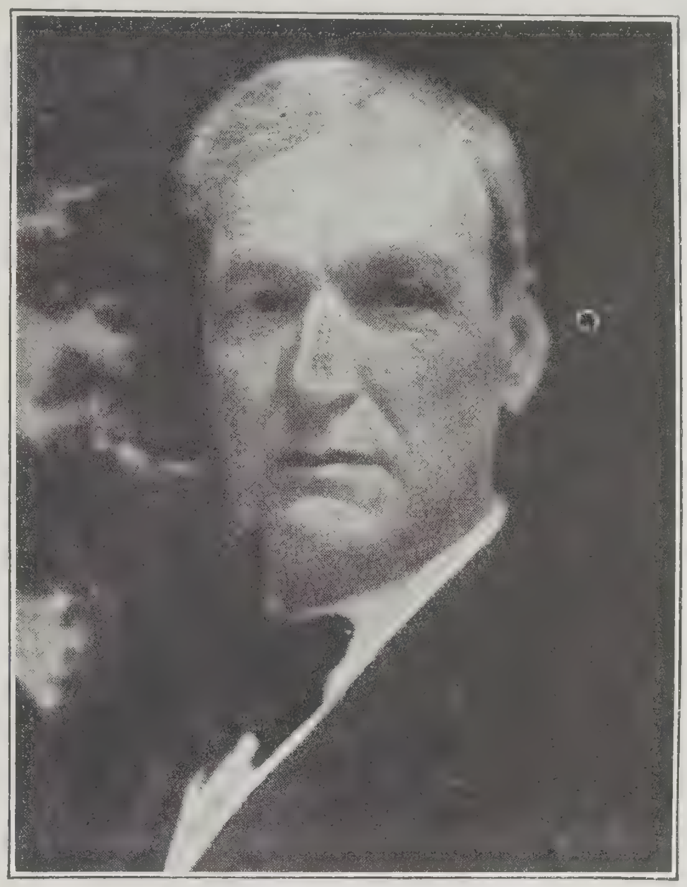
Apparently roving blood was in Edgar Howe's veins, as well as in his father's, for at fifteen he was a tramp printer. Denver, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne and Omaha were among the frontier towns in which he worked, reaching some of them ahead of the railroad. During these wanderings he engaged in numerous typesetting contests in which he was usually the victor, defeating some of the fastest printers of the day. At nineteen he established a weekly paper in Colorado, the *Golden Globe,* but admits it was so badly edited that he destroyed the files to keep his children from seeing them. Later he went to Falls City, Nebraska. It was from there that he went in 1877, then twenty-three years old, to Atchison, Kansas, to start the paper which was to carry his name around the world.

In the beginning the Atchison *Globe* was a single sheet of four columns, printed on both sides, started with $800 which Howe borrowed on his house and lot in Falls City. Associated with him in the enterprise was his half-brother, Jim, and the two performed all the work of getting out the sheet.

"To introduce the paper," Howe said, "we hired boys to leave it at every house in town for two weeks. At the end of that time the boys went around to induce the families to subscribe for the paper at ten cents a week; that being, so far as I know, the first time a daily was offered for that price west of the Mississippi. The result was that nearly every family in town subscribed, and in most cases paid for the two weeks the paper had been delivered without charge.

"Our policy was to print every possible item of news and to be just as helpful and beneficial to the community as possible. I made it my business to know every person, white or black, and every dog in town, or that came to town. Usually I would be on the street by ten o'clock, and except for a few stops at the office to leave copy I wouldn't leave until night, or, when we got to printing in the afternoon, until shortly before press time.

"The paper paid from the start and we were able gradually to increase both the staff and the size of the paper, though my brother had to leave because of ill health. Every person on the paper was a reporter, but solicited, and often wrote, advertising as well. Most of our men wanted to divide their work—solicit advertising part of the day and gather news the rest of the time. Due to my father's rigorous training, however, I was able to do both at once, and faster than any three men I could hire. Of course, I kept moving. Once I sat down to talk with a man who was deaf, and the fact that I did so was a matter of comment up and down the street for several days.



EDGAR WATSON HOWE

"It has always been comparatively easy for me to write paragraphs," he went on. "They come to me without any special effort on my part, and I put them down. At first, after the *Globe* was started, I scattered a few of them through the paper. Then, as they began to be quoted, I put them together under the 'Globe Sights' heading, which, I believe, was the first column, as it is now known, to be conducted by an American daily. The feature attracted so much attention among the papers of this region that we sent the *Globe* to a few of the large Eastern papers, to introduce it there, though this was soon unnecessary. We always tried to make our reporting as sprightly and entertaining as possible, and the papers began to copy many of our news items also. One day a copy of the paper was returned from the Boston *Globe.* On the wrapper was the notation 'Nothing in it.' On looking through the copy, we found that sixty-seven items here and there had been clipped out. Papers everywhere copied our matter. Though nine-tenths of its news was local, the *Globe* had subscribers in every civilized country, and for years was known as the best quoted paper in the world."

Throughout the thirty-four years that Howe was in charge of the Atchison *Globe* he remained the chief reporter of all and bore the greatest burden of responsibility. Quite naturally those years of incessant labor exacted their toll. Several times, the state of his health making it imperative that he leave his work, he made long trips. Once he went around the world. Even then he wrote a letter for the *Globe* every working day of his absence, these letters being one of the very best of the many notable features of this paper. Collected in their two-volume book form, "Daily Notes of a Trip Around the World," they have been highly and widely praised. "Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa," "The Trip to the West Indies" and "Paris and the Exposition" contain further records of his travels.

Despite his busy days Howe had, when scarcely past twenty-nine, completed the book that was to yield him unending literary fame. "Should 'The Story of a Country Town' find readers," he says in the preface to the book, "it may be interesting to them to know that it was written entirely at night, after the writer had finished a hard day's work as editor and publisher of a small evening newspaper. I do not think a line of it was written while the sun was shining, but in almost every chapter there are recollections of the midnight bell."

After completing the manuscript he had it put into type in the *Globe's* shop, and a number of proofs were taken. In this form he submitted the book to all the publishers he could learn of, but rejection came in every case. Among a number of the literary leaders of the time to whom Howe also sent proofs of the book was W. D. Howells. With his peculiar literary perception, Howells detected the elements of greatness in Howe's book, and in the *Century* magazine praised it accordingly. The result was that fully a half-dozen of the publishers who had rejected the book immediately sought the privilege of printing it. Mr. Howe accepted the first offer. The book was first published in 1884, and had a large sale. Unlike most "best sellers" it continued to find buyers for years, and is even now regularly bringing royalties to its author.

Among the letters, each in the handwriting of its author, that I was privileged to see, was one from Howells which, referring to "The Story of a Country Town," read: "It is a very remarkable piece of realism, and constitutes a part of the only literary movement of our time that seems to have vitality in it." From Mark Twain the book called forth a letter of seventeen pages, in the course of which the great humorist wrote: "Out of the six and thirty million times I have been asked for an opinion about a book I believe this is the first time I have ever furnished one—not that I am loathsome and unsympathetic, but because the books were worthless."

Howe has always taken his obligation to his community seriously. One of his cardinal ideas about running a newspaper, in fact, is to help the community, but to do it in such a way that the people think they are mainly responsible for the progress made. If the paper doesn't keep ahead of its readers in figuring out what the community needs, he says, the editor will soon find that the town is running the paper—that he is merely following the crowd.

One of the numerous "firsts" to be credited to the Atchison *Globe* is the fact that in its columns originated political advertising. The shrewd Howe had not been running the paper long before he saw the advantages—to him as well as to the office-seeker—in getting the candidate's solicitation into the newspaper. But before political advertising came into general use Howe employed it very effectively in causing the election of candidates that he felt would be most useful to the community. Without apparently taking any part in the contest, he would go to the candidate he favored, persuade him to carry on his campaign through the *Globe,* at paid rates, and perhaps write the copy for the advertisements. In this way, despite the fact that Atchison was overwhelmingly Republican, he secured the election of Democrats, when this seemed best, and brought about other political results equally surprising.

Though he does not know one note from another, Howe has always been an enthusiast for good music—especially band music. Wherever his travels have taken him he has made it a point to hear the best music available, and has frequently made long trips purposely to hear a noted band or orchestra.

Reflecting on the limited opportunities which the country folk around Atchison had to hear good music, it occurred to Howe many years ago that a good way to celebrate the *Globe's* birthday would be to hire a band and invite the people to spend the day listening to it. Accordingly he employed a professional band of sixty pieces. From miles around the people came—fifteen thousand of them. Howe says he never had more pleasure in his life than just wandering around among the crowds that day, watching the people enjoy themselves.

Has Atchison appreciated Ed Howe? There is pretty conclusive evidence that it has. Else wherefore the rare and costly watch, and the silver water set, that a grateful populace has presented Mr. Howe in token of its gratitude? Yes, Atchison loves Ed Howe, and accepts his retirement from active service in it with keen regret.

But he had served Atchison long and faithfully, and had fully earned a rest. Accordingly, in 1911, he turned the paper over to his son Gene, issuing the first number of *E. W. Howe's Monthly* in January of the same year.

E. W. Howe's Monthly is a journal of comment and opinion, devoted, as its legend runs, "to indignation and information." On its mailing list are the names of captains of industry, of financiers, powerful editors, well-known literati, as well as many plain citizens of the thinking type. In the public prints it is not unusual to find editorials and articles inspired by a paragraph in this curious sheet.

"We need to get back to the simple things," said Mr. Howe, "to the lessons our mothers taught us at their knee: to behave ourselves, to be honest, to treat others kindly, to be useful, to do as much as we can as well as we can."

And that is the gospel according to Howe. As he goes into his seventieth year he shows no sign of diminishing the vigor with which he upholds his creed; if anything, his pen takes on added edge to support his convictions. E. W. Howe is a simple man. His philosophy coincides with his person. He lives and preaches the gospel of common sense.

'Big Board' of Brokers Wall Street's Monopoly

Denials That Stock Exchange Is Privileged Do Not Agree With Facts

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE great barometer of Wall Street's speculative prosperity is always the price of Stock Exchange seats. Within recent times the cost of memberships has fluctuated between $98,000 and $100,000, but the other day the price slumped to $80,000, although later a seat changed hands at $82,000. These are index figures, showing the dull state of trading. Giving proper consideration to the economic conditions that have affected Wall Street, it must be admitted, nevertheless, that the decline of public confidence in the operations on the Stock Exchange is due in great part to the exposures made in the last two years of bucketing, stock swindling and fraudulent promotions.

The mere collapse of thirty to forty brokerage houses was viewed at first with little concern by members of the Stock Exchange. But the long-drawn-out prosecutions of the principles of these firms have had the subsequent effect of increasing the distrust of Wall Street. Developments of the last week or so have shown that the failures were much more reprehensible than at first appeared. When the firm of S. S. Ruskay and Company closed its doors in February, 1922, it was announced that the liabilities were $4,066,047, while the books showed that there were on hand customers' securities valued at between $5,000.000 and $8,000,000. It now transpires that the liabilities of the brokerage house were actually $10,000,000, a sum twice as large as at first indicated, while it held only $300,000 in stocks and bonds and $150,000 in cash. In the affairs of Kardos and Burke, it is shown that New York Stock Exchange houses are indebted to the firm for large sums, for the restitution of which proceedings have been begun, and evidence has been presented that Raynor, Nicholas and Truesdell, who failed for $4,000,000, bucketed their customers' orders by trading against them in Stock Exchange houses.

Not Monopoly, Says Cromwell

THE president of the Stock Exchange, Seymour L. Cromwell, has been touring the country on "a campaign of education" regarding the country's great market place for share and bond securities. To those familiar with present conditions in the street, the need for the president's tour is apparent. Mr. Cromwell is quite within his rights in defending the institution he heads against indiscriminate blame for the bucketeers, but his reasoning is not so clear when he says, as he did in his address at Fort Wayne, Indiana:

"The Exchange is not a monopoly. It is and always has been a private organization, competing actively with the outside security-dealers' markets."

Is not the New York Stock Exchange a monopoly? An examination of the history and constitution of this organization ought to show whether it is the possessor of exclusive privilege.

The present Stock Exchange has grown from a nucleus formed when a small group of brokers in Wall Street, in 1817, adopted a constitution. Between the years 1831 and 1837, the brokers met on the second floor of a building which an Englishman, named Jauncey, had once used as a stable, and which occupied what now is No. 43 Wall Street. The room in which they then sold stocks had once served as a hayloft. At about this period there were eighty-eight members and the initiation fee for membership was $400.

By the year 1842, the brokers had increased in numbers and importance, and felt the necessity for more pretentious quarters. They then engaged room in the Merchants Exchange, which occupied the site of the present National City Bank. At one end of the room was the rostrum at which the president stood, gavel in hand, to "call the stocks," while the secretary scribbled down the records of the transactions. Two parallel rows of massive columns ran lengthwise the hall, while in the nave stood a long table forming three sides of a hollow square, at which most of the members had their seats. At each side of the room was a raised platform which supported a number of separate desks. The brokers wore high stocks, swallow-tailed coats, and tall chimney-pot hats of a fashion long since departed, which they frequently laid aside as they leaped from their chairs and, with emphatic gestures, shouted their bids and offers.

Then came about a combination of all the brokerage groups which transacted business in Wall Street in 1869. The merger of the Stock Exchange, which had 533 members, with the Open Board of Brokers, with a membership of 354, and the Government Bond Board, having 173 members, was effected in May, 1869. The Open Board ceased to exist Monday, May 10. These brokers, who had traded for five years under its auspices, signalized its decease by singing "Auld Lang Syne" when the day's work was done. Then they carried their first vice-president, George Henriques, out to Delmonico's, seated in his official chair, and brought him in triumph to the Stock Exchange Building. The consolidated brokers now numbered 1,060. Afterward, in December, 1879, this number was enlarged by the sale of forty additional seats to its present full quota of 1,100. Since this date, memberships in the Exchange have been restricted to 1,100.

In other words, in the last forty-four years, not a single additional seat has been sold on the Stock Exchange. Membership has become an exclusive privilege, always confined, at any one time, to 1,100 men. In those forty-four years, the country's railway, industrial and commercial expansion has been without parallel. Corporations have been organized, whose individual capitalization runs from hundreds of millions to as high as one billion, but their securities, in stocks and bonds, as we shall see, cannot be traded in in any part of the United States, unless bought from the hands of these 1,100 men.

In view of the membership restriction observed by the Stock Exchange, it is not remarkable that the prices of seats are advancing by bounds from year to year. In 1842, they commanded a price of only $400. After the consolidation of brokers groups in 1869, the value of memberships at once increased. The growth of such values is seen in the following table:

Prices of Seats on the New York Stock Exchange

	High	Low
1869	$ 7,500	$ 3,000
1879	16,000	5,000
1889	23,000	19,000
1899	40,000	29,500
1904	81,000	57,000

Within the last few years, as previously stated, the values of seats have fluctuated between $98,000 and $100,000, until the present slump in stock market operations drove the selling price down to $80,000.

In 1879, when membership was first placed at 1,100, the total sales of stocks for the year amounted to 72,765,762 shares, or an average of 66,150 to each member. Within the last few years, the number of shares of stock traded in on the Exchange aggregates 250.000,000, making an average of 227,272 sold by each member. The commission house business has increased more than threefold, while the membership remains numerically the same. It may readily be seen what this membership restriction means to the broker, in view of the active growth in stock speculation, and in the increase in the number of corporations and their volume of capitalization:

	Shares of Stock Sold on the Exchange	Commissions Paid to Brokers (estimated)
1879	72,765,762	$ 9,000,000
1920	226,640,395	28,250,000

Here it is seen that while commissions paid to the 1,100 Stock Exchange brokers in 1879 aggregated $9,000,000, the commissions to the same numerical group of men aggregated $28,250,000 annually at a period forty-one years later. This is only part of the tribute exacted yearly from the country by the New York Stock Exchange, for it does not include the commissions on the huge amounts of bonds sold, that are listed on the Exchange. For the first eight months of the present year, 210,226,637 shares of stock have been sold on the Exchange, and during the same period the sale of bonds has amounted to $3,488,976,107. Is it any wonder then that Stock Exchange seats, which were worth only $400 each in 1842, should now command prices ranging from $80,000 to $100,000? The monopoly of memberships in the Exchange, and their numerical restriction, if continued, must inevitably result in creating a group of 1,100 multi-millionaire brokers.

Free Trading Is Barred

IT IS a far cry from the old Wall Street stable, in the year 1831, with the brokers gambling in its hayloft, to their present quarters in the impressive marble building at the southwest corner of Broad and Wall streets, with its sculptured façade, its colonnade of fluted Corinthian pillars, its pediment containing the celebrated group of marble statuary, its white and gold board room and its huge twin annunciator boards. There is no need to envy the Stock Exchange brokers their prosperity, but *the fact remains that this prosperity is due to no especial gift, probity or trading ability on their part, but solely to the fact that there is no free trading permitted in the stocks and bonds of most of the great corporations in the United States outside the walls of the New York Stock Exchange.*

A glimpse at the constitution of the Stock Exchange, and its peculiar provisions, will make plain how this trading monopoly is maintained:

Constitution of the New York Stock Exchange.
Article XVII.
Expulsion and Suspension from Membership.

"Sec. 4—*Any member, who shall be connected directly, or by a partner, or otherwise, with any organization in the City of New York which permits dealings in any securities or other property, admitted to dealing in any department of this Exchange, shall be liable to suspension for a period not exceeding one year, or to expulsion, as the Governing Committee may determine.*

"Sec. 5—*A member making a transaction with a non-member in the rooms of the Exchange, either purchase, sale or loan, in any security or property admitted to dealings on any department of the Exchange, or in money, shall be subject to suspension to such period not exceeding one year as the Governing Committee may deem proper."*

In view of the foregoing rules, Mr. Cromwell does not seem quite justified in making the statements he has voiced in his educational campaign. In his speeches, he has told the people of the Middle West:

"The Exchange is not a monopoly; it is and always has been a private organization, competing actively with the outside security-dealers' markets, the out-of-town and foreign exchanges and security auctions. *As far as the New York Stock Exchange today is a dominant market for any security issue, or any class of security issues, this leading position has been due not only to its advantageous geographical position but to the superior services it has been able to render the public over competitive markets in this and other countries."*

Mr. Cromwell may be correct in insisting upon the advantages of one central market for the sale of securities, which establishes the ruling prices at which they are sold, but the superior services the New York Stock Exchange renders in this respect are occasioned solely by the rigid restrictions hedged about the transactions of its members and the similarly rigid restrictions it imposes upon the directors of railroad, industrial and other corporations in the sale of their securities, the disposal of which it absolutely controls. It is not a competitive market; it is an exclusive market.

How the New York Stock Exchange exercises complete control over the sales of stocks and bonds of the leading corporations in the country, may be seen in the following:

Article XXXIII.
Transfer and Registry.

"Sec. 1—Corporations whose shares are admitted to dealings upon the Exchange will be required to maintain a Transfer Agency and a Registry Office in the City of New York, Borough of Manhattan. Both the Transfer Agency and the Registrar must be acceptable to the Committee on Stock List, and the Registrar must file with the Secretary of the Exchange an agreement to comply with the requirements of the Exchange in regard to registration.

"Sec. 4—*The Governing Committee may suspend dealings in the securities of any corporations previously admitted to quotation upon the Exchange, or it may summarily remove any securities from the list."*

Subject to Exchange Rules

IN OTHER words, any corporation that lists its stocks and bonds upon the Exchange can sell its securities only on the floor of the Exchange, through the medium only of its 1,100 members, and subject to the restrictions of the Exchange, which may strike such securities from the list and destroy the market for them at its option. It is by no means intimated that the Governors of the Exchange use this tremendous power unjustly. Their power, however, was exercised recently to the destruction of the market for securities of two large corporations, to their great financial injury, but whether rightfully or wrongfully the individual circumstances must determine. The point is made that the possession of such power gives them a country-wide trading monopoly.

A man may be a shipper, whose business feeds some great western trunk lines; may be an employe of a mining company in Arizona; he may be a resident of Boston, Chicago, San Francisco or New Orleans; but if he is interested in any corporation with which he has dealings, or wishes to invest in a bond or share of stock in some local company with whose business he is familiar, and whose securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, he must buy such securities from one of the brokers of the Stock Exchange and pay that man his commission. Whatever local broker he may be dealing with, that broker is compelled to fill his order through a New York Stock Exchange house or one of its branches.

To accommodate this extensive business, most of the New York Stock Exchange firms have established branches, some as many as thirty or more, in Massachusetts, Illinois, Missouri, Florida, Canada—in short, wherever they feel that speculators or investors are to be found willing to pay their individual tribute to the monopoly of New York's Stock Exchange. The amount of business the Exchange is in a position to handle exclusively may be shown in Mr. Cromwell's own words: *"Securities with an approximate valuation of $62,000,000,000 (sixty-two billion dollars), are authorized to be traded in on the floor of the Exchange, and these securities cover the whole panorama of the business life of the country."*

It is quite natural that the president of the Exchange should defend stock speculation and stock speculators, who, he says, "are needed at all times by American industry to absorb its risks and make conservative investing possible for other less daring men." Speculation is the corner stone of the Exchange, and the losses of generations of margin traders have paid for the giant marble structure which represents the gambling hall of Wall Street. "Buying on margin," the delusive process which has secretly drained the assets of many a business firm, led bookkeepers into embezzlements and clerks into thieveries, which is to be reckoned with as an annual economic loss to the country, has created rich brokers and fattened the values of their Stock Exchange seats. It is a pretty certain conclusion that however wide are Mr. Cromwell's travels, and however numerous his speeches, he will never be able to convince the country that stock speculation is legitimate, beneficial or necessary. No one can be better posted than the head of the Exchange on what is going on in Wall Street today. The professional stock gamblers, the leaders of pools and cliques, the very names of whom are undoubtedly quite familiar to Mr. Cromwell, are not serving American industry in their present activities in driving the prices of legitimate securities below their just levels. Not by any stretch of the imagination can they be said to be "absorbing the risks of business," and when they have reformed their pools and churned up prices to fictitious figures, they will not have made "conservative investing possible for less daring men."

A Great Intellect Lived in This Frail Body

One Who Had Opportunity to Talk With Steinmetz Tells of Some of His Work

By JULIUS MORITZEN

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

IT WOULD need another Charles P. Steinmetz to present effectively the peculiar qualities that made the late electrical genius and mathematician so outstanding a figure in the world of applied science. His mind partook so much of the unusual that even those standing closest to Dr. Steinmetz frequently failed to plumb the real depths of his nature. If ever a great intellect resided in a frail body, this was the case with him. He was a scientist par excellence, and yet so naïve in many ways that those who knew him loved him for exactly what he was.

That the world lost one of its shining lights in the passing of Charles P. Steinmetz is but to say that he left behind a heritage that neither wealth nor position can equal. Future generations will get the full benefit of the achievements of this remarkable man whose coming to America as a poor youth marked a chapter in the history of invention. Perhaps too much is made of the fact that Charles P. Steinmetz came near being excluded by the immigration authorities because of certain disabilities, particularly a deformity that showed a stunted body with a large head out of proportion to his size. Through the intercession of a young American who had been his fellow-student at the Zurich Polytechnicum, Steinmetz was allowed to enter. With what result the accounts rendered of his activity by the whole world at his death are the most eloquent illustration.

In this present instance the purpose will be largely to furnish an impressionistic picture of Dr. Steinmetz as he appeared to this writer the past summer, shortly before he set out on that journey which was to precede his death by so short an interval. The occasion was a visit to the works of the General Electric Company at Schenectady and Pittsfield. Already, then, Dr. Steinmetz had but shortly recovered from a serious illness, but he was persuaded to meet the writer and other members of the Association of Foreign Correspondents in the United States invited to inspect the plants, largely with a view of witnessing the remarkable experiments with high voltage electricity then astonishing the scientific world.

Dr. Steinmetz's title of consulting engineer to the General Electric Company was an all-embracing term to the extent that it brought him within the environs of almost every activity put forth by that organization. It was in that capacity that he supervised the epochal experiments with high voltage electricity which in some instances reached the enormous power of 2,000,000 volts.

Standing with Dr. Steinmetz there in the great laboratory with its labyrinthial machinery devoted to the production of electric energy, it needed no great flight of the imagination to believe that this was the very workshop of nature in all its ramifications. For the layman it is not easy to follow the intricate factors entering into the manufacture of "artificial" lightning, as it was soon to flash before the eyes of the visitor while all around was total darkness. This 2,000,000-volt experiment is one of the most awe-inspiring yet beautiful spectacles imaginable. And there, at your side, stood the diminutive form of Steinmetz, the creator with Dr. Faccioli, of the Pittsfield works, of what may be considered one of the most startling experiments the world has ever witnessed in that particular domain of electric power production.

The explanation offered subsequently by Dr. Steinmetz was so lucid that the least scientifically inclined individual should be able to understand it. He said: "The flash that you have just seen represents 2,000,000 volts, far exceeding in voltage any former experiment with artificial lightning. Although concentrated for but a fraction of a second, it represents the force of 10,000,000 horse power. As you will have noticed, the tests are conducted in this steel-inclosed laboratory to prevent any disturbances from reaching the outside and causing possible damage. Every precaution is taken to safeguard the employes. Automatic switches or traps make it impossible to turn on the current when anyone is within the wire fence which surrounds the high voltage apparatus.

"It is often supposed," continued Dr. Steinmetz, "that lightning, could it be harnessed, and controlled, would furnish limitless power at little or no cost. As a matter of fact, a lightning bolt, even could it be utilized, would have a commercial value of about one and one-half cent. In the course of our experiments, the Consulting Engineering department has conducted tests to determine the actual value of artificial lightning up to 2,000,000 volts.

"Although tremendous power is contained in the lightning bolt, it is of extremely short duration, since the flash begins and ends in less than a thousandth of a second. The estimated voltage of the average lightning bolt is 50,000,000 volts. If the assumed amperage of such a bolt, estimated at 1,000 amperes, is multiplied by the number of bolts, a power of 50,000,000 kilowatts is obtained. This energy, if exerted for one second, produces only 500 kilowatts, and for a thousandth of a second, one thousandth of this amount. Hence, if electrical energy costs ten cents a kilowatt the value of a lightning bolt is approximately 1.5 cents."

A part of the artificial lightning demonstration was the direction of the full fury of this force against a miniature village, specially constructed upon the floor of the laboratory. This spectacular experiment was significant apart from its direct objective—the efforts of the engineers to improve and extend the present system of high tension transmission lines and to nullify and prevent the destructive effects of natural lightning. It had been discovered that when the artificial lightning struck a block of wood placed in its path, part of the wood disappears and cannot be accounted for.

"As you will notice," Dr. Steinmetz explained, "a small hole is found through the block, not having the appearance of being burned out. The wood surrounding it gives off a peculiar pungent odor. The portion of the wood which has disappeared probably may have been changed into another element, perhaps a gas. This opens a great field for speculation.

"A million volts or two may never be necessary for power transmission but if the time comes we will be prepared. Our tests have shown us the characteristics of electricity at such high voltages and we are able to determine the size of cable, the height of the towers, the method of protecting against lightning and other essentials which will be required when the day comes.

"The one energy which remains to be utilized is the light of the sun, in comparison with which the total energy supply of all the fuel we burn and the hydraulic energy of all the coal and all the water power we have and use in a year does not amount to more than a billion kilowatts. The energy of the sun, which shines only upon that part of the states which is arid and cannot be used for agriculture, is about 800,000,000 kilowatts, nearly 1,000 times as much as all the coal and water power together.

"When we burn coal we are using the sunlight which was stored millions of years ago by the plants in the primeval forests during the coal age. When you use water power you are using solar-energy which evaporated the water and was carried up into the clouds, whence it was condensed and deposited on the highlands, and now runs in the rapid river, to be collected by us and made to turn the wheels.

"The question of feeding future populations opens up a new field for the biological engineer. In the past there has never been any systematic method of producing proteins. The natural protein-producers are the micro-organisms which reproduce at an economically rapid rate.

"The leaves year after year collect the energy of the sunlight, absorb it through the chlorophyl and produce chemical compounds. We have all around us the collections of solar energy by plant life, but it takes a lifetime for a forest to grow and collect energy.

"Why could not the biological engineers of the future develop new forms of vegetation which would collect the sunlight at a rate hundreds of times more rapid than our present vegetation collection scheme? Perhaps the tall grasses might be the starting point from which by a process of selection, during generation after generation, we could work toward new varieties and find new species which would grow at such a rapid rate that we could raise energy crops and so collect energy from our lands to supply our needs, especially if we can obtain high grades directly, without going through the transformation of heat.

"In the production of food we use two classes of compounds, the carbohydrates and the nitrates, the first of which are essentially heat-producing, and the second life-giving. The carbohydrates will be taken care of by the energy crops already mentioned. Then there would remain the problem of the nitrogen supply of the world, the protein supply.

"Now, we have done much in producing new plants, but where each generation takes about a year, in micro-organisms we may have a generation a day or several generations."

The life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz is so well known as a whole that it would seem unnecessary to speak of it in this place. However, to round out his activity it may be stated that he was born in the city of Breslau, Germany, April 9, 1865, and educated at its famous university. He early became interested in Socialism and for that reason incurred the displeasure of the German Government. Compelled to take flight he found refuge with a friend in Switzerland. Arriving in America, he first obtained employment as a draftsman in the manufacturing establishment of Rudolph Eickemeyer at Yonkers, New York. When this firm was taken over by the General Electric Company, in 1892, Steinmetz went along and remained there until his death.

Dr. Steinmetz wrote many books on the theory of electrical energy. He lectured extensively on this subject. His special field, in which he was most expert, included magnetics, symbolic methods of alternating current calculations and transient phenomena. It is not overstating facts to say that most of the great inventions of the company with which he was identified for so many years received the benefits of his remarkable power of analysis.

Mode of the Marionettes

Concluded from page 5

bility of a puppet, and this is the most essential requisite in modeling one of these dolls destined to become a "star" in the dramatic world.

In connection with the accentuated interest taken in marionettes by the younger set, mention should be made of two young women who started out from Santa Barbara recently and made a tour of all the villages in Southern California with a puppet show boxed in a Ford car. They met with the most encouraging success until they arrived at a large beach resort where they found competition too keen among the vast number of concessions, so they philosophically "pulled up their stakes" and took the road home!

The interest adults have taken in marionettes is well evinced by the attendance at a lecture on marionettes given before one of the largest women's clubs in this country. The speaker was Mrs. Clara Vostrovsky Winlow, noted lecturer on child psychology and writer of juvenile books on Czecho-Slovakia, the home of her ancestors and a favorite mart for marionettists. Together with her young daughter and a Russian professor and his wife, Mrs. Winlow has succeeded in assembling a whole tribe of puppets for the presentation of Russian fairy tales. She herself composed the plays for the puppets, her daughter did much of the costuming, and the professor built the stage and painted the settings while his wife constructed the admirably expressive *papier-mâché* heads for these traditional dolls.

There are various methods of manipulating marionettes. The Dando marionette worked by bars was one of the most frequently seen in Europe several decades ago, and it was with a Dando marionette that Mrs. Winlow played as a child in Nebraska to which her Czech parents had migrated. This wooden marionette of many jointings was coveted by her playmates and doubtless implanted a lasting love in Mrs. Winlow for these vitalized dolls.

Was It Monroe's Doctrine?

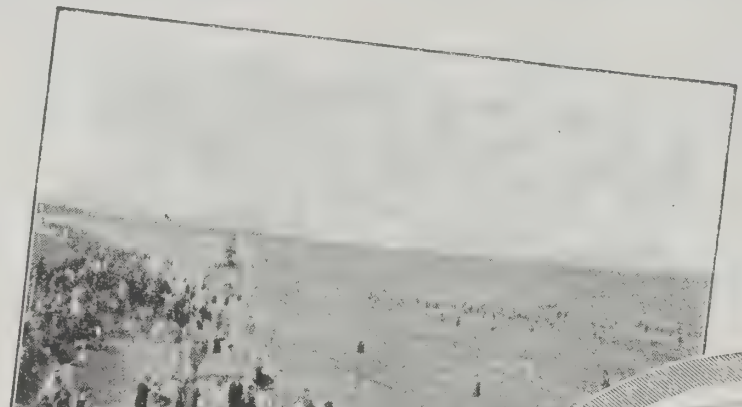
Concluded from page 3

Only a month after Adams' plain talk with Tuyll, the British minister of foreign affairs approached Richard Rush, our minister at London, and advanced the project of an alliance between his country and ours to prevent France "or the other powers of the alliance" from interfering in the affairs of Spanish America. Rush did not decide the question but sought instructions from Washington.

Adams had many real doubts as to Canning's true purpose. For this reason he insisted that if we were to join the British in her proposed alliance the latter must first and at once acknowledge the independence of the South American states. This was to be the test of sincerity. Such a course Adams held to be most properly in order.

To Adams' surprise the President agreed with him. He had won Monroe quite away from the views of Jefferson, Madison and Calhoun and quite away from public opinion. Having gone that far, Adams desired that the President should go further; to remonstrate against the interference of European powers by force with South America; to disclaim interference on our part with Europe; to make an American course and to adhere to it, his sharp point and idea being to *enunciate a principle.* He contended that having recognized the South American republics we could do no less.

President Monroe's first draft of his message as compared with other drafts and with the last shows how deeply John Quincy Adams had worked upon the Presidential mind. The message in finished form was nothing less than Adams' views and ideas with those of the other cabinet members—Calhoun, Wirt and Southard disregarded—in very truth a piece of Adams' literary statesman-like handiwork but to which by reason of his higher station at the time the name of President James Monroe has been solely linked for a century.



Surf bathing is enjoyable the year around at Miami, as the water never gets colder than 72 degrees.

A physical culture enthusiast leads free calisthenic drills daily on the beach. He says the exercise is a sure cure of obesity.

Royal Palm Driveway is reputed to be the finest avenue of royal palms in the world. There are 39 varieties of palm trees that grow in the Miami latitude.

Miami, a Marvel of the Multitudes

Where 40,000 Folk From North Purchase $60,000,000 Worth of Pleasure Every Winter

By GEORGE H. DACY

MIAMI, the resort capital of Florida, holds the American record for rapid growth, having shown a population increase of 440 per cent during the last decade. And, at that, this marvel city has really just begun to grow. Her loyal supporters assert that Miami will have a population of 100,000 when the next census is taken.

Picture a city where in winter the streets are jammed with persons dressed in the lightest garb, come to frolic and play every sport and pastime known to modern fun-lovers, where living accommodations are reserved a year or so in advance, where you may have to sit up in the railroad station all night or beg lodging at the municipal jail if you wait until the last moment and drift into Miami minus hotel reservations. Conjure, if you can, a dream city that offers the most attractive scenery, magnificent drives, superb surf bathing, facilities for polo, golf, archery, house boating, motor boat racing, sea fishing and all other conceivable recreations. Add to the sea a river and innumerable canals. Provide a jungle only a short distance from the main street interwoven with waterways, and you begin to constitute Miami, a city that knows no winter.

Miami is appropriately called the wonder city of the Southland. The term is not one of the enthusiastic publicist nor the boastful "native son." All who visit Miami accord to this municipality ~~every tribute~~ of praise. It is a magic city of fable where once were only shifting sands and limestone rock. The story of Miami and her attainments is a tale of the efficient capitalization of climate. For climate is Miami's most priceless possession. Sunshine, delicious warmth, surf to play in where the water never gets colder than seventy-two degrees, with every asset of a tropical country—these are Miami's natural advantages which return her more than $60,000,000 a year.

The city directory record of the current year estimates Miami's permanent population at fifty thousand. From November to May the number of persons in the city is just about doubled. Practically every room that will house a boarder is occupied. It is the time of the tourist harvest. This does not mean that gouging rates are charged. Only once did Miami make that mistake. Several winters ago, when many of the hotels were new, and the era of profiteering gripped practically all America, visitors were compelled to pay exorbitant prices. They did not return. Far and wide the story was told. That error in judgment cost Miami millions of dollars and it is only the past few seasons that the city has again won back the tourist fraternity. Living expenses in Miami now average what they do in all resort towns. There are two-dollar and twenty-dollar hotels and there are hundreds of homes with reasonable rates.

Miami has opened sixty-five subdivisions of more than 30,000 acres. Climate is a crop that knows no market slump. In Southern California, the prices of orange groves and suburban estates have climbed steadily for the last two decades. Elderly persons who have retired and have enough to keep them in comfort go to California. They are really buying climate. The same condition is rapidly applying to the Miami district. Prices of property are based on the demand. The demand is based on climate. Miami does all her building and repair work in the summer and this past season the city has seen the construction of a half a dozen hotels and more than a score of new apartment buildings, a building program that entailed the expenditure of more than $5,000,000.

The hotel business in Miami is different from that which prevails in most American cities. There are sixty-five bona fide hotels. Eighty-five per cent are open only during the winter season; the others operate all year. Many owners of the resort hotels at Miami also operate summer hotels in the resort centers of New England. These hotel-keepers have reduced their business to a science. They employ the same waiters, attendants, chefs, clerks and managers the year around. During the summer, they run the northern resorts. When these are closed the employes are given a short vacation until it is time to open the hotels in Florida. The same china, silver and culinary utensils serve both hotels, having been shipped from the northern resorts to Florida and reshipped back North in May.

The beautiful Bay of Biscayne, with its matchless tropical waters and its easy access to the Atlantic Ocean, is the utopia of yachtsmen. The harbor of Miami is the gathering place of tars in winter to the number of more than 250 yachts and house boats. Many house boats are miniature floating palaces. They come from ports along the Atlantic Coast traversing inland waterways from Maine to Florida. These winter dodgers—many are millionaires—float down to Florida every winter. Those that do not come in house boats negotiate the trip in yachts. They cruise Floridan, Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico and West Indian waters from their headquarters in the Bay of Biscayne. Many house boats are equipped with gasoline engines. A favorite trip of the house boaters is into the Everglades via the Miami River and Canal.

One of the marvels of Miami is the million-dollar causeway, a twisting driveway wide enough for four motor cars, which connects Miami with Miami Beach and parallels the channel of the Bay of Biscayne—the commercial outlet to the Atlantic. This remarkable boulevard is 3.5 miles long and will be extended and beautified after the navigable channel is deepened. Miami has been practically assured that Uncle Sam will appropriate $1,600,000 to deepen this channel. Government engineers and harbor authorities have surveyed the Bay of Biscayne and have recommended that the harbor be improved.

There is no satisfactory harbor between Jacksonville and Key West, more than 600 miles apart. Nine large vessels recently were wrecked in a storm not far from Miami. They could have made port had there been a harbor deep enough in the Bay of Biscayne.

Southeastern Florida is now served by a single track railway and at the peak of freight movement, congestion often occurs. An improved waterway would aid in correcting this condition. Because the straits of Florida are only forty-five miles wide opposite Miami, a deep harbor would be valuable strategically in warfare. Commerce now available at Miami would justify the deepening of the channel. It is necessary to lower the sea floor seven feet.

With the deepening of the channel, Miami will complete an extensive series of municipal docks sufficient to satisfy the requirements of 105 large ocean-going ships. The program also includes the construction of a viaduct to facilitate the transportation of freight. Miami has set aside $3,000,000 for this purpose.

Miami is built on a bed of solid rock. One who wants to build a rock house has only to quarry on his own lot to obtain building material. When removed the rock is soft but upon exposure rapidly hardens. It makes a satisfactory, permanent building material. It is a limestone rock which, of course, would not be suitable for use in northern cities as alternate freezing and thawing would rapidly disintegrate it. To the northern visitor, it seems odd that so many Miami homes are built without basements. The reasons are self-explanatory.

The barefoot boy thrives the year around in Miami. The weather is so warm during the winter that the schools are not equipped with heating facilities. Most schools are outdoor structures with partially open sides. During school congestion, the Miami Board of Education used regulation circus tents as temporary classrooms.

Miami is a Seminole Indian word which means "Sweet Water" and refers doubtless to the pure water found in the Everglades. Years ago, a huge pile of oyster shells marked what is today the heart of Miami. The Bay of Biscayne teemed with oysters. The Seminoles relished this sea food and collected the shells to pile them into heaps fifteen to eighteen feet high. What is now a leading winter resort city, years ago was famous among the Seminoles as the village of the great shell pile. It was not until 1836, during the early part of the Seminole War, that Uncle Sam first decided that the Bay of Biscayne was worth developing as a potential port and a strategic gateway to the Everglades. He established Fort Dallas there. After the overthrow of Osceola and Johnny Bowlegs, Seminoles, the United States Government maintained a garrison for many years at Fort Dallas. Settlers came in, attracted by the balmy climate and the fertile soil. Lack of adequate transportation held back development and it was not until 1896, when the Florida East Coast Railway was completed, with Miami as its southern terminal, that the city was incorporated.

Above—Miami River is the mouth of the Miami Canal that leads into the fertile agricultural regions of Lake Okechobee. Below—There are more than 125 house boats annually at Miami. A house boat where some of the tourists live.

At that time a large resort hotel was erected. Travelers came, saw and were conquered. In twenty years the population has increased 1,659 per cent. At present the old barracks and ruins of Fort Dallas, the first building constructed in Miami, stand opposite the finest apartment building in the city —just completed—which cost $500,000.

Hialeah, a suburb, has a golf course where Seminole Indians wearing their gay-colored native costumes act as caddies. Hialeah is a part of the famous Bright Ranch of 15,000 acres. James Bright is a Missourian who migrated to Miami eleven years ago and purchased 1,000 acres of Everglades land at the back door of the city. He drained and reclaimed the property. He seeded it to grass and went into the business of producing superior beef cattle. Mr. Bright developed the grazing possibilities of his ranch until it would carry more cattle than any ranch of similar size in the United States.

The growth of Miami is a remarkable tribute to advertising. In 1915, the Miami Chamber of Commerce began a countrywide drive to tell the world about Miami. It has capitalized the fact that it is only forty hours from ice skating to surf bathing with Miami on the sunny southern side. The first year it was a colossal task to raise $2,000 among Miamians to pay expenses. Results won support. A newspaperman was put in charge of the business of circulating facts and figures. The next year $14,000 was forthcoming. The annual appropriation has increased year by year and now amounts to $119,000. The motor roads to Miami for 8,200 miles are posted with permanent Miami advertising signs. They extend as far west as Kansas City and as far north as Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Miami is the best advertised city in Florida.

A short distance from Miami a sugar mill that cost $1,250,000 reduces sugar cane from 5,000 acres. This is but a beginning of a sugar cane belt which one day will rival that of Louisiana and Mississippi. More than 150,000 acres of Everglades country have been drained to yield profitable commercial crops. Dade County, which increased 258 per cent in population and led all counties of the country for the last decade, sells more than $12,000,000 worth of fruits and vegetables every season. Miami is the county seat. The county has 2,500 acres of bearing grapefruit and orange groves whose annual market output is about 7,500 carloads of fruit. In addition there are 8,500 acres of baby groves that will come into bearing in the next four to five years as well as 2,500 acres set out to alligator pears.

Twelve years ago the official appraisal of all Miami real estate aggregated only $1,500,000. Last year it amounted to $64,967,724. This is an astounding gain of approximately 4,000 per cent. The records of the municipal building inspector show that in 1913 only $545,870 was spent for new buildings. Last year there was $6,000,000 in new construction.

It isn't painting the lily—these words of the Miami press agent: "Great is Miami—where you sit and watch at twilight the fronds of the graceful palm latticed against the fading gold of a sun-kissed sky—where sun, moon and stars, at eventide, stage a welcome constituting the glorious galaxy of the firmament—where the whispering breeze springs fresh from the lap of the Caribbean and woos with elusive cadence like a mother's lullaby, where the silver cycle is heaven's lavalier, and the full orbit its glorious pendant."

When the Ku Klux Klan First Flourished

Concluded from page 4

also attendant evils and no man may say if the one offset the other.

For a time, however, robberies ceased, and the lawless became law-abiding. Because of their fear of the supernatural (and they believed the Ku Klux Klan supernatural) the Negroes made more progress in the few months of this period, in the needed lessons of industry, self-control, and respect for the rights of others, and in general good behavior, than they would have made in years but for the Klan or some equally powerful influence. However, it soon became very evident that unless the Klan could be brought under better control than its leaders at this time exercised it would cause greater evils than it suppressed.

Rash, imprudent and bad men were crowding into the Klan and the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski den sent out a request to all dens to send representatives to meet in Nashville. This was in the spring of 1867. There a plan for reorganization was submitted and adopted. It provided that the territory occupied by the Klan was to be known as the Invisible Empire. This was divided into "realms," which in turn were divided into "dominions," which in their turn were divided into "provinces" and the provinces into "dens." To each of these departments officers were assigned and the duties of each were minutely specified. These officers were:

The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii. The power of this officer was almost autocratic.

The Grand Dragon of the Realm, and his eight Hydras.

The Grand Titan of the Domain and his six Furies.

The Grand Giant of the Province and his four Goblins.

The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks.

Perhaps the most important accomplishment of this convention was to issue a positive and emphatic statement of the principles of the order, couched in the following words:

> "We recognize our relation to the United States Government; the supremacy of the Constitution; the constitutional laws thereof, and the union of the States thereunder."

This should be proof that no treason was plotted at that meeting. The statement was not intended for public circulation, and not until a quarter of a century later was it given publication. Every man who was a Ku Klux in reality took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This Nashville convention also set forth the peculiar objects of its organization as follows:

"(1) To protect the weak, the innocent and the defenseless from the indignities, wrongs and outrages of the lawless, the violent and the brutal; to relieve the injured and the oppressed; to succor the suffering and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. (2) To protect and defend the Constitution of the United States and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the states and the people thereof from all invasion from any source whatever. (3) To aid and assist in the execution of the Constitutional laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizure, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land."

The order had become serious in good earnest!

The men who founded the Klan and its first members now gave their attention to directing its movements, and in providing restraining measures which would keep it within what they considered to be safe limits. They feared for the excesses which might be committed to the end that the hostility of state and Federal governments might be turned against it, and that it should be suppressed. What the Klan most hoped was that the legislation enacted at the Nashville convention, and its reorganization, would enable it to continue to act the rôle which, in a way, had been forced upon it, the rôle of regulator. "They desired on the one hand to restrain and control their own members; on the other, to correct evils and promote order in society, and to do the latter solely by utilizing for this purpose the means and methods originally employed for amusement. They failed in both directions." —Thus one writer declared in a magazine article that came out in the early 1880's.

"By the reorganization no material change was made in the Klan's methods or operations. Some of the old methods were modified, and some new features were added. The essential features of mystery, secrecy, and grotesqueness were retained and steps were taken with a view of deepening and intensifying the impressions already made upon the public mind. * * * Henceforth the Klan courted publicity as assiduously as it had shunned it formerly. Devices were multiplied to deceive people as to their numbers and to play upon the fears of the superstitious."

For a time after the reorganization of the Klan everything seemed to be going well. Closer organization and stricter official supervision had a restraining effect. Many things seemed to indicate that the future work of the Klan would be wholly good. Then supervision began to relax; Klan rules were disregarded; membership steadily increased among men who could not be controlled. In the spring of 1868 many things were done by members or professed members of the Klan which brought universal criticism on the order. Petition was made for the intervention of the United States Government. The prayer was granted, and the end came rapidly.

Some have questioned why, under the conditions which existed, the Klan did not disband then and there, but it is understood that the members persuaded themselves that there was more reason than ever for the Klan's existence. Matters grew worse and worse until finally the state authorities began to interfere.

Soon thereafter a proclamation was issued by the "Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire" to his subjects. It recited the legislation directed against the Klan, and stated that the order had in large measure accomplished the objects of its existence. It had provided protection and security to many firesides when robbery and lawlessness of all kinds and descriptions went unrebuked and when all the better elements of society were in constant dread for their persons, property and families. He admitted that, to the regret of the Klan, some of its members had violated positive orders, and others, under the name and disguise of the Klan, had committed acts of violence, for which the Ku Klux had been held responsible. In his right as Grand Wizard and believing it for the best of all, he ordered the Ku Klux Klan dissolved and disbanded. Members were ordered to burn or destroy all regalia of every description, and to desist from assembling or acting as Ku Klux. Nevertheless sentiment in the Klan's favor was so strong that no newspaper in the South dared to publish the proclamation issued by the Grand Wizard. The Ku Klux Klan had, however, no official existence after March, 1869.

What a Nice, Sweet Plum Leviathan Job Was!

Reconditioning of Former German-owned Liner Done Without Regard to Expense; Thomas H. Rossbottom Made American Vessels Pay Way

By a Washingtonian

This is the fifth and last article having to do with conditions in the United States Shipping Board.

HAVING traced the devious course pursued by the Lasker-Lissner-Schlesinger-Freund combination in the Shipping Board, we shall now see what course Mr. Lasker, the "super-business man" from Chicago, was pursuing with regard to the "LeviNathan"—otherwise the *Leviathan*. The *Leviathan* is the ship made famous by Mr. Lasker's "Million-dollar-joy-ride," as the New York *World* described it.

At one time the Shipping Board had a chance to dispose of the *Leviathan,* but William R. Hearst blocked the sale with an injunction.

On December 17, 1919, she was turned over to the International Mercantile Marine Company, a British concern, for care, and this firm received a matter of $15,000 a month for looking after the ship, and was to prepare plans through its naval architect, W. F. Gibbs, for reconditioning the *Leviathan*—after which she was to be sold to the International Mercantile Marine Company.

Through the efforts, largely, of Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, who exposed the fact that the International Mercantile Marine was a British organization, under secret contract with the British Ministry of Shipping to do nothing which would in any way interfere with or retard the progress of the British Merchant Marine, an investigation was brought about and Lasker was forced to hold what was scheduled to be an extended hearing in New York to determine whether or not the I. M. M. was an American or a British concern.

So a New Plan Is Worked Out

P. A. S. FRANKLIN, head of the I. M. M., was permitted to take the witness stand and make out a very good case for his company—whereupon an attorney representing several Senators, including Senator La Follette, suddenly injected himself into the hearing and in the name of the Senators—who had been invited to attend the hearings by Lasker—demanded the right to cross-question Franklin.

After a hurried consultation between Lasker and his chief counsel, also Shipping Board chief counsel, Elmer Schlesinger, of Chicago, the Senators' attorney was refused the right to cross-question Franklin—and the hearing was without ado adjourned by Mr. Lasker—"to be resumed at a later date." It has never to this day been resumed. But the damage was done. The *Leviathan* could not after that be sold to the British concern—so a new plan had to be devised.

With the United States navy yards barred by Mr. Lasker from participating in the contract under any circumstances, even though the government could have made all the profit which later went to private concerns, amounting to several millions—the International Mercantile Marine agreed to the cancellation of its contract for the reconditioning of the *Leviathan,* and new contracts were planned.

Then Lasker, Lissner, Schlesinger—the whole group—began a systematic campaign on the President of these United States, Congress and the country through speeches, statements to the press—a general propaganda, to arouse sentiment for the reconditioning of the *Leviathan* "as the pride of the government fleet," as Lasker constantly referred to it.

In this propaganda he was assisted by Gibbs Brothers—of whom more later—and a number of others, all of whom appeared before Congressional committees together with Lasker, Lissner, Schlesinger to argue for the reconditioning of the *Leviathan* "as the pride of the government fleet and the American Merchant Marine."

That was the big inducement held alluringly before Congress in the whole program.

Gibbs Bros. Get the Fees

PERMISSION of Congress was received and funds made available for the reconditioning of the *Leviathan* and the contract for the work awarded to the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Company, Homer Ferguson's firm, the bid being for $6,135,575, not including "extras."

Now, what else happens?

Why, although W. F. Gibbs had been the naval architect for the I. M. M., which had been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars for drawing plans for reconditioning the *Leviathan* before the I. M. M. contract was canceled—Mr. Gibbs and his brother form a company known as "Gibbs Bros. Inc." and Mr. Lasker promptly gives them a contract as supervising naval architects to assist Homer Ferguson in reconditioning the *Leviathan* at a lump sum of $1,518,058.37, "for agency fees, supervision, inspection, auditing and accounting, and miscellaneous repairs not covered by contract," so the Shipping Board report for 1922 recites

Of course the Shipping Board had a very large and expensive corps of auditors and accountants costing the government a couple of millions a year—but that force couldn't do the auditing on this *Leviathan* job—"Gibbs Bros. Inc." were given the job of auditing.

And, too, the Shipping Board had a large force of inspectors in its repair department—many with little to do, under Commander Richard D. Gatewood—said to be a most competent man, by the way—but nobody but 'Gibbs Bros. Inc." could furnish the inspectors for the *Leviathan* job.

Gimbel Brothers, a large Jewish firm in New York, had to furnish the plans, the inspection and the equipment for the interior decoration of this palatial liner which was to be "the pride of the government fleet and the American Merchant Marine," so a contract for $646,366.63 was given for looking after the equipment of the steward's department, the furnishings, and so forth.

While all this was going on, a quiet chap by the name of Thomas H. Rossbottom, who had for several years been in charge of the highly successful Panama Railroad Steamship Company—*a one hundred per cent government-owned fleet,* which had been consistently making a profit in operations until the world depression hit shipping—and who, in spite of that, had managed to hold down his losses so far below those of the Shipping Board that comparisons began to be unpleasant for the Shipping Board—was making a success of the United States Lines. This line was the outcome of a scandal which operated under the name of the United States Mail Lines—of which more will be told later.

Lasker drafted Rossbottom into the service of the Shipping Board at $10,000 a year. He couldn't operate, of course, as well as Smull at $35.000, Love at $35,000, so he could be paid only $10,000 a year—but anyway that got him out of the Panama Line so he would no longer prove an embarrassment to the Shipping Board by running ships at so much less cost and at so much greater profit to the government than the Shipping Board could—or at least would do.

But this fellow Rossbottom was a peculiar sort of chap. He seemed to take a pride in operating ships on a businesslike basis, so although Lasker refused to give him a balanced fleet and made him take a lot of old tubs which were worn out, Rossbottom began to make the United States Lines pay.

He shouldn't have done it!

During the joint hearings on the then pending subsidy bill, Mr. Rossbottom testified from his records that the United States Lines—the only Shipping Board line operating directly under the board as a one hundred per cent government operation, remember—had made a net profit of $500,000 under his management to the date of his testimony.

Could Not Get Balanced Fleet

WHEN Representative Ewin L. Davis, of Tennessee, on the following day referred to the fact, Commissioner Meyer Lissner, of the Shipping Board, injected the following into the record:

Mr. Lissner—"Mr. Chairman, in that regard, *I do not think it is just to the Shipping Board to allow the statement that was made and the question that Judge Davis asked the witness in regard to the lines managed by Mr. Rossbottom to stand without explanation. Mr. Rossbottom, it is true, did testify that there was a net of something like $500,000 out of the fleet under his management but he also distinctly stated that he did not include any allowance for insurance, interest, and depreciation."* (The italics are ours.)

Whereupon Representative Davis promptly proceeded to prove that with insurance, interest and depreciation charges included there would still be a net profit.

Here, then, was a peculiar situation. While Lasker, Lissner, Schlesinger, Freund, Farley were trying to tell the world what a success they were making of the Shipping Board, Lissner resented bitterly the fact that the only line actually being operated wholly by the Shipping Board for the government was making money—and a better showing than any of the numerous private and government-agency lines.

Now, what could be the reason for this peculiar inconsistency?

We shall soon see.

Rossbottom had testified that the vessels he had to operate might be called "a horse, and a mule and a jackass team," two of the boats "being originally cargo steamers, and then the passenger accommodations were installed as a sort of an afterthought," were unsuited to the trade, with the result that the operating expense was as much as for a first-class passenger vessel, while the operating revenue was greatly reduced because of lack of accommodations. Four other vessels were described by Rossbottom as "full-fledged jackasses—old German tubs about twenty-one years old." Describing them, Rossbottom said:

"Their operating expenses are enormous, and I cannot get any operating revenue out of them, because the people will not travel in them. The third-class accommodations are not fit for pigs to be stowed in, the ships are old, the steel is crystallizing, and I have all kinds of expenses for repairs on them. There are three steamers I have in mind that if I had them in the United States Lines with the *America* and the *George Washington, I would not take off my hat to anybody."*

Here was a case of where not only did Meyer Lissner, Shipping Board commissioner, resent the fact that Rossbottom was making money out of the only ship lines actually operated by the Shipping Board for the government, but Lasker would not give this line any of the fine ships which he complained were tied up at the docks rusting and decaying because they could make no money, there was no business for them—they couldn't even be given away!

While all this was happening, it must be kept in mind that Lasker had proposed a subsidy measure with direct and indirect aids under which, in actual subsidies, to say nothing of tax exemptions, would have paid the *Leviathan* $1,000,000 annually, and this under the terms of the bill could have been doubled by the board, making $2,000,000 annually, while the indirect aids admitted by Mr. Lasker to far exceed the direct aids, would have paid the *Leviathan* at least as much more—or a total of about $4,000,000 a year—not to mention pay for carrying the mails, returns from immigration revenue of the higher class, and so forth.

This was the bill Lasker persuaded the President to make a paramount party measure, and for the first time in history to call two extra sessions of the same Congress to force it through. Lasker used the whole Shipping Board organization and its funds in the propaganda work, trying to cram the measure down the country's throat.

Were to Buy Leviathan

IT BECAME known through the New York *Tribune* of November 22, 1922, that a syndicate had been formed for certain purposes.

One purpose was to buy from the Shipping Board the profitable and only 100-per-cent government line—the United States Lines.

Another purpose was to buy the *Leviathan,* after she was reconditioned by the Shipping Board.

The syndicate was capitalized at $5,000,000.

Now, who was in this syndicate?

Here's what the *Tribune* said—and the article was never denied:

"The personnel of the syndicate which proposes to buy the United States Lines from the government as a going concern, and to form the largest Atlantic operating company, it was indicated yesterday, includes E. J. McCormack, of Moore & McCormack; W. F. Gibbs, naval architect; William J. Love and J. Barstow Smull, of the Shipping Board. and Homer Ferguson, of the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Company.

"Reports circulated a month ago, when the syndicate's plan was first broached, had it that either Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Love, or else Mr. McCormack, who is one of the operating directors of the United States Lines, and Mr. Gibbs were the promoters. The names of all five have been linked together in the latest reports, making a strong combination.

". . . . The syndicate's original plan, as *submitted to Chairman Lasker of the Shipping Board* (the italics are ours) contemplated the taking over of the *Leviathan* as well as of the fleet of the United States Lines, and the building of two palatial 1,000-foot liners for the Atlantic passenger trade. Approximately 200,000 tons of shipping would be represented in this deal. The new company is said to plan a nominal capitalization of $5,000,000 with the expectation that further substantial assistance would be received from the government through the Shipping Board!!!"

Let the Reader Judge

WITH $5,000,000 capital these worthy gentlemen were going to do all this, with government subsidy help, two and one-half per cent loans, tonnage bought at a third of its replacement or construction value at the time of sale or even less, on fifteen years' time and a low rate of interest, and take over the profitable United States Lines.

The while McCormack, Ferguson, Smull, Love, Gibbs, were before the Congress with Lasker, Lissner, Schlesinger, Farley—all frantically trying to put through Lasker's subsidy bill.

Does this explain why Lasker wanted the *Leviathan* reconditioned and why it was advised before Congressional committees by Love, Smull, Ferguson, Gibbs?

Does this shed any light on why McCormack, Love, Smull, Gibbs, Ferguson, Lasker, Lissner, Schlesinger, the whole of them appeared day after day before Congress urging the passage of the subsidy bill?

Does this clarify the reason why Thomas H. Rossbottom could only get "a horse, a mule and a jackass team" as boats for the United States Lines?

Does this give any hint as to why Shipping Board Commissioner Meyer Lissner was so aggrieved when it came out in the hearings that the United States Lines were actually making money?

And is Albert D. Lasker the man to continue to advise as to future plans for the American Merchant Marine, while his man "who will carry out my policies," E. P. Farley, is chairman of the board and Meyer Lissner is reappointed for a six-year term as commissioner?

Let the reader judge.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Measuring the Muscular Work Done by the Human Body

OF ALL mechanical devices, the human body is the most complicated, the most perfectly adjusted, and the best adapted to perform the greatest variety of work. In the performance of this multiplicity of work, complex and varied movements are used. These diversified movements are made possible by a framework of bony and cartilaginous levers operated by ingeniously attached muscular groups, whose general structure is the same, but whose forms are adjusted with utmost precision to produce economically the specifically required motions.

At the present time, scientists are studying the human body by employing measuring devices whereby the actual amount of work performed by various members can be measured accurately. The physical unit of work is the *erg* and this unit is defined as a unit of force (the *dyne*) acting through a distance of one centimeter. Devices which graphically represent the work done by a machine are called *ergographs.*

Dr. Martin L. Reymert, the Norwegian scientist, editor of the *Scandinavian Scientific Review,* has devoted much careful study to methods of measuring muscular work. He has developed several ingenious ergographs which are reproduced herewith from his original contribution to the *Scandinavian Scientific Review.*

In England, also, much attention has been devoted to investigations dealing with the human body as a machine. Professor A. V. Hill's lecture entitled "Muscular Exercise," delivered before the Royal Institution and recently published in *Nature,* is an excellent presentation of the principal phases of this new field of scientific research.

Professor Hill points out that muscle, from the microscopic point of view, is composed of a large number of similar thin fibers, about *one-five-hundredth* of an inch in diameter, of a jelly-like substance, running more or less parallel to one another. These fibers are provided with minute blood vessels which supply them with food and oxygen. Dr. Hill classifies muscles as voluntary and involuntary. He states: "In function the muscles differ very widely from one another. The voluntary muscle moves very rapidly, indeed in some small animals the rapidity of its response is almost incredible. The amazing quickness of a little bird jumping from twig to twig is well known, but this is as nothing compared with the speed with which some small insects move their wings, a speed which may be detected from the high-pitched note they emit. The voluntary muscle is very powerful; it is usually 'geared up' to increase the quickness of movement of the limb to which it is attached; if the flexor muscles of the arm of a powerful man were connected directly to a heavy load, they could lift a weight of about half a ton."

The involuntary muscle, according to Hill, moves very slowly. It is an economical device of the highest order when employed to maintain a force for a considerable period of time. The principal work of a muscle is to "contract." During contraction there is no change in the volume of a muscle. The action is like an elastic when the ends are being drawn together.

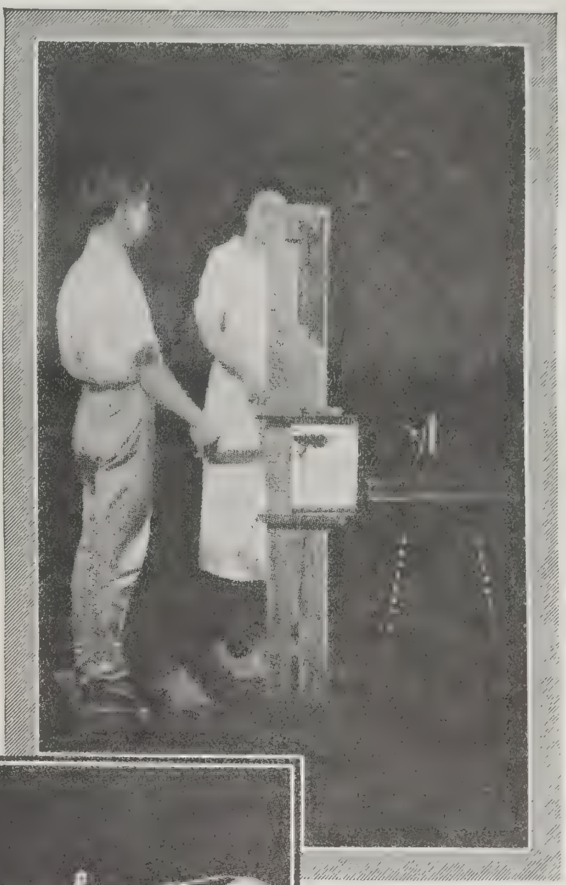
The nervous system controls and co-ordinates the motions of the muscles. In the main this control is reflex and involuntary. Certain motions and activities of the muscles are, however, under voluntary and conscious control. Dr. Hill refers to the *proprioceptive system* as a sensory system which deals mainly "with the position, translation, and rotation of the body, with the stresses and strains in the muscles, with the positions and movements of the limbs."

The study of the phenomenon of fatigue has shown that muscular recovery depends upon the supply of oxygen. The importance of good circulation is evident from this fact because oxygen is conveyed to the muscular fibers by means of circulation. Heat is given out when muscles are in activity. "For every twenty-five foot pounds of energy turned into external mechanical work, at least seventy-five foot pounds are degraded into heat inside the body," states Dr. Hill. Many devices which measure the muscular work done by man are based upon the definite quantities of oxygen required in producing recovery from a previous amount of muscular exertion. A common device for this purpose consists of a large bag (carried on the back) provided with a pipe through which the expired air can be exhaled into the bag. Fresh air is absorbed through a mouthpiece equipped with two valves for inhalation and exhalation. Air samples for any desired period can be taken from the bag. An analysis of the relative quantity of inhaled oxygen and produced carbon dioxide will then determine the amount of energy used by the man during the exercise period.

The oxygen taken in, through "panting," after violent exercise, is used almost entirely in recovery. Professor Hill, in this connection, states: "It is clear that the body can get energy 'on credit,' which it has to repay after the exercise is over, by taking in later an extra amount of oxygen. It acts in the same manner as an accumulator, which can be run down at a very high rate for a short time and recharged afterward." In prolonged exercise a man is limited by his ability to convey oxygen to the muscular system. A strong and perfectly healthy man can take in, by extreme effort, about four quarts of oxygen a minute. From the lungs this oxygen is diffused into the blood and pumped around the body to the muscles. The blood can carry only about twenty per cent of the entire oxygen supply. The importance of the heart efficiency and capacity is evident since the function of the heart is to maintain blood circulation upon which the supply of oxygen depends.

The scientific maintenance of the bodily machine is, today, a problem in measurement of energy intake and output. Dr. Reymert's ergographs were built at the Psychological Institute of the University of Christiania.

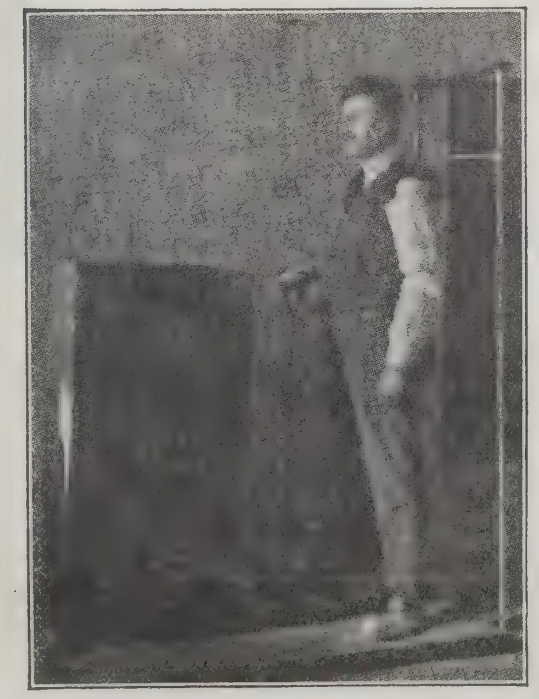
The Reymert ergograph records upon a rotating drum the relative distance through which various weights are lifted. From the data thus recorded the amount of work done can be calculated. The Mosso ergograph was designed to record the work done by the fingers during definite periods of exercise.



Dr. Martin L. Reymert's first model of an ergograph designed to measure scientifically strength and endurance.

Dr. Mosso's ergograph. This apparatus is used to determine the work done by the fingers during a definite exercise period.

Left—Apparatus used to determine the work done from the intake of oxygen and the production of carbon dioxide. Right—Dr. Reymert's latest type of recording ergograph.



A Reymert ergograph used in connection with electrical contact-plates arranged on the shoulders. The slightest displacement of the shoulders causes an electric bell to ring.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
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BRIEFLY TOLD

Broadway, New York City, was once an Indian trail.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association has awarded the gold medal to the government of Ontario for its collection of dairy produce, including bacon, poultry and eggs.

Brazil is forty-eight per cent forest, much of which is little known.

The "airveyor" is a pipe line system which conveys grain from an elevator to a vessel at the water front without the use of the familiar belting. Operated by a hurricane of wind forced through a pipe by giant fans it will load 4,000 bushels an hour.

The first Alaskan grand jury to include women within its membership was empaneled at Valdez, Alaska, last September for the Third Division of the Territory.

"From time to time God drops a great idea into the soul of a great man. Often those men who live upon the existing institutions start the fire against the new idea. Sometimes they crucify its apostle; but ideas feed upon faggots, and grow through crucifixions."—Newell Dwight Hillis.

In the state of New Mexico alone there are six National Forests whose combined areas total some nine and a half million acres.

Pushkin, the founder of Russian literature, was the great grandson of Abraham Hannibal, known in history as "the Negro of Peter the Great," or "Peter's Negro," who was a captive from Africa.

A Washington housewife advertised for a general houseworker. Eleven persons responded the next day. They were all separately engaged, each one faithfully promising to come the next morning. Not one of them appeared.

A honeybee's work consumes about half the hours of daylight, the remaining hours of the twenty-four being spent in rest, according to tests made by the United States Department of Agriculture.

A western railroad took out a $100,000,000 contract with a life insurance company to cover 90,000 employes of the railroad.

Charles Bernard, of the French house of deputies, appeared on the stage of a music hall in Paris and was driven off by hisses. The French do not approve of officials appearing as comedians.

A luminous channel buoy which disappeared off the port of Buenos Aires, Argentina, two years ago was picked up on the west coast of Australia. Currents carried it across the South Atlantic and Indian oceans, halfway around the world.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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The Indian population of the United States is increasing.

Animal interference with telephone service includes bears that mistake the humming of wires for a swarm of honeybees; squirrels that chew holes in the lead sheath of cables; ants and beetles that eat metal, and spiders that throw their webs across open wires causing short circuits when dew gathers on the web.

Life insurance policies of $1,000,000 or more each are carried by 120 Americans.

The old short clay pipe is disappearing and cancer of the lips has greatly decreased in Great Britain, according to a famous surgeon.

Eleven and a half acres around the grave of Theodore Roosevelt has been made a wild bird sanctuary and shrine for bird lovers.

An adventurous Australian conducted a motor-car expedition across Australia for more than 1,500 miles beyond the railway. Following dry river beds the party found lakes and water holes and rich alluvial plains where water can be obtained within a foot or so of the surface.

Senator La Follette calms his nerves after a hot debate by "pulling" on an old seasoned pipe.

Tailings from the zinc and lead mines at Joplin, Missouri, will be converted into bituminized road material.

Robert Frost, the poet, said: "Men have told me that I have no 'straddle.' . . . . I like the middle way, as I like to talk to the man who walks the middle way with me."

Eels packed together in pipes of the city water system of New London, Connecticut, shut off the water in many parts of the city. Fire plugs were flushed and thousands of young eels flooded the ground.

Motorists read a big sign at the entrance to Peekskill, New York, "This is Peekskill, a Friendly Town." Traffic officers are instructed to be courteous at all times.

The Old Elm, under which George Washington took command at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1775, was lately declared dead. Before workmen could remove it, it crashed to the ground.

Mud in Alaska in October is as great a shock to ideas based on the old school geography books, as is hot weather at the North Pole—a condition which explorers actually report as existing during the "long day" season.

Men swimming in the surf on large icebergs find the water has a temperature of seventy-two degrees, even close to the berg, for the water in contact with ice sinks as fast as it cools.

Variations in the salt content of different parts of the North Atlantic are to be surveyed which will result in more accurate knowledge of the paths taken by ocean currents, as different currents usually differ appreciably in the amount of salt they contain.

"English could well be called the Bible language. Next to Hebrew it is more closely tied up with the Bible than any language we know."—*The Scribe,* a Jewish weekly.

Wild deer on Long Island ate enough of a five-ton truck load of cauliflower, sunk to the hubs in the soft marshland, to spoil the sale of it.

Montreal is in the throes of a school question, twenty-five per cent of the schools having a majority of Jewish pupils. The proportion now is 11,974 Jewish pupils to 18,597 others. Montreal schools are divided between Catholic and Protestant school boards, and as the Jews attend the Protestant schools, the question of school assessments has become an issue.

Physicians say that when an airplane is turned sharply at 500 miles an hour centrifugal force throws the blood outward to the lower parts of the body, draining the brain and causing unconsciousness and death.

MEETING THE "FACT" SHORTAGE

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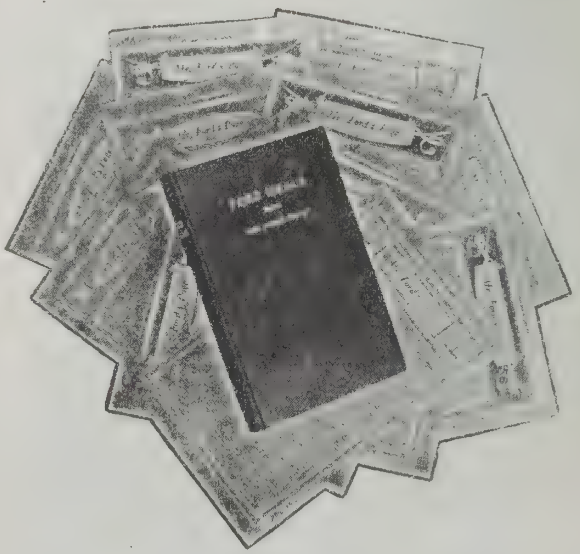

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“Scares” Boost Coal Prices

Shortage Cries Profitable to Operators

A Study of Money Question

The Story the Bones Tell

Yiddish Drama on Broadway

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

How "Shortage Scares" Stimulate Coal Prices

Operators' Press Agents Aided by Newspapers Publish False Reports

By FRED L. HOLMES

DID you ever order your coal on a tip from your newspaper that there was every likelihood of a shortage? And then do you remember how you got slate and dirt with your coal? Did you ever remember to check up the spring following to find there had been no shortage? Then, did you come to a conclusion as to the inspiration of this fancied scare?

Most "shortage scares," whether of coal, of sugar, of oils or meats, are manufactured to stimulate the sale of products at a higher price than would ordinarily obtain. The fear of a lack of food and warmth is an ancestral instinct by which those who have to sell arouse the cupidity of those who have to buy. People will buy an article of prime necessity in excess of their immediate demands and force the price skyrocketing, when shown a menacing "shortage" cloud on the horizon. Through such a fear, housewives are estimated to have paid an extortionate toll of $5,000,000 a week last summer for sugar. Like fears have brought added millions to the packers, coal operators and other monopolies. Newspaper advertising and publicity agents arouse the public to a feverish buying panic; the price advances "with the measure of rapacity"; and the people "submit to the infamy because they are helpless."

Within the past four years, two committees of Congress have gathered facts about the coal industry. Two years ago the clever advertising plan of the coal operators, not only to pay for newspaper advertising matter, but to obtain the publication of inspired news articles and editorials, was unearthed by a Congressional investigation. Then it was discovered that at least one recent coal "shortage scare" was inspired. As a result, the public paid a higher price for a poor quality.

There are many potent facts about the coal industry that have never reached the public. Official investigations and reports have disclosed some startling conditions. Yet, only the meagerest intimation of these revelations has ever been given general publication. The output of the anthracite mines has been curtailed and often strikes have been encouraged to damper the output and keep up the price, was a recent finding of the United States Coal Commission. Important records have been denied government investigators by coal organizations and the secretary of the bituminous group of associated operators admitted under oath before a Congressional committee that the stenographic records of their gatherings were always destroyed after a lawyer's version had been "doctored up" for the official records.

Newspapers Debauched

MOREOVER, the reports of one of these meetings of bituminous operators, captured before reaching the legal counsel, disclosed a jubilant gloat-fest over methods employed to debauch the newspapers by advertising; securing the ultimate publication of poisoned news about coal conditions which did not actually exist. Some of these suppressed facts are here given publication and interpretation.

Coal is a necessity! Without it a large section of the population would freeze every year. It is a natural resource of which there are two sources; anthracite and bituminous. The anthracite supply is under monopoly control; the bituminous supply is nearly so.

Practically all the anthracite coal in the country is located in Pennsylvania. Five counties in the northeastern part of the state produce ninety-five per cent of the output in the United States. The total mining area is less than 500 square miles. The industry employs about 150,000 men and it is estimated that this source of coal supply will last 100 years. As foreign shipments of anthracite are negligible, the market is circled.

With the vanishing wood supply of the nation, the demand for coal has annually increased. A century ago—back in 1820—the amount of anthracite coal mined in a single year would not warm forty families a year now. What fields had then been located were owned and operated by individuals and the output for 1820 is given as 365 tons—one ton for each day of the year.

With the development of the railroads came the gradual acquisition of the fields. Absorption of competitors stifled competition. Extensive production was keeping down the price. To limit, the first "pool" was formed in 1873, followed by the great monopoly consolidation since 1898. Seven railroad companies, dominated by J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank of New York, now control the anthracite industry.

These railroads are:

(1) The Reading Company, which (prior to its recent "dissolution") has controlled roughly one-third of all anthracite reaching the market, and owned or controlled more than one-half of the unmined coal; (2) The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western interests; (3) the Lehigh Valley interests; (4) the Erie interests; (5) the Delaware and Hudson; (6) the Pennsylvania Railroad; and (7) the New York, Ontario and Western.

"It has been established beyond dispute that for a long period of time these seven railroads have marketed considerably more than eighty per cent of the total quantity of anthracite transported," recently declared Senator Robert M. La Follette, chairman of one of the committees on investigation. "It has been shown, moreover, that through ownership and leases of coal lands, these railroads have controlled more than ninety per cent of the anthracite coal remaining unmined in the ground."

Competition has been ended. Out of this monopolistic arrangement a manacle of three links has been forged—control of the output of the mines; control of the avenues of transportation from the mines and control of the prices. Thus is a forced tribute gathered from every home whose hearth is heated by its coal.

There seems abundant evidence that investigations, following one another, have taken the place of some definite official action. Little has been done to check the rising price. These anthracite coal combinations have during the past year been probed by the United States Coal Commission. Its report, rendered on July 5, 1923, showed that within ten years the financial surplus has increased sevenfold. The bane of monopoly is not in the monopoly organization, but in the exorbitant toll it takes from the public. When an unconscionable profit is exacted from the people, monopoly becomes a menace.

"The fundamental fact," declares the official report of the United States Coal Commission of July 5, 1923 (Report on the Anthracite Industry, U. S. Coal Commission to the President and the Congress of the United States, July 5, 1923, page one), "in the anthracite coal problem is that heretofore these limited and exhaustible natural deposits (of anthracite) have been in the absolute private possession of their legal owners, to be developed or withheld at will, to be leased for such royalties as could be exacted, to be transported and distributed at such rates and in such manner as a double-headed railroad and coal combination might find most advantageous from the point of view of private profit, to be sold at such prices as could be maintained by the restriction of output and the elimination of independent competitors, through such means as the maintenance of freight rates burdensome except to those who, owning both mines and railroads, could afford to be indifferent as to whether their revenue came from the one source or the other . . . .

"Whether the peculiar corporate organization of the anthracite industry has been helpful or harmful to the public turns in the last analysis on whether its profits have been reasonable. The fact of an economic concert amounting to combination is established beyond reasonable doubt . . . . The point upon which the public demands explanation is whether or not it has used its monopoly power to extort exorbitant profits from the consumer (Ibid. page 34).

"The net income accounts of the anthracite companies also show an increase. In 1913, the combined net income of eight railroad coal companies that produce fifty-seven per cent of the output was $13,600,000. This statement includes the net earnings from the coal departments of two companies engaged both in mining and transportation but excludes their earning from transportation. In 1920 the net income of the same companies had risen to $33,000,000. In 1921 it was $27,000,000, or twice as great as in 1913. The production of the eight companies during this period showed practically no increase.

"Further evidence that the profits of the anthracite companies are increasing is found in the increase of their surplus accounts. There are five 'railroad' coal companies engaged exclusively in the mining of coal that have been paying dividends in recent years. The total surplus of these five companies rose from $7,000,000 in 1911 to $52,000,000 in 1920. In other words, it increased sevenfold in ten years."

Furthermore, this report shows where the consumer's dollar goes. Anthracite coal sold in Chicago, November, 1922, for $16.72 a ton. "The consumer's dollar," the commission states, "paid for only 120 pounds of coal, and included $.49 as mine price, $.30 as freight and $.21 as dealer's costs and profits." (United States Coal Commission, Report on the Anthracite Industry, page 3.) The average margin of profit for the four years before the war was "$.36" on every ton of coal. In 1917 the margin reached $63; dropped to $.38 in 1918; $.57 in 1919; $.50 in 1920; $.81 in 1921 and for the first three months in 1923, the profit was $1.07, or more than three times the pre-war figure. (Ibid. page 34.)

Daily Report Plan Used

BECAUSE of the limited area of operation, the anthracite coal fields fell on easy prey to monopolistic control. Not so with soft coal. Bituminous deposits are scattered throughout the nation in twenty-eight states. It has been estimated that these bituminous resources are sufficient to supply the American people for 5,000 years. Yet, there is little variance in the charge to the public. Repeatedly, the bituminous operators have denied that they fix prices. Nevertheless, Representative George W. Huddleston, who comes from the heart of the Alabama soft coal district, declared before the Senate Manufactures Committee inquiry: "We have in my territory the Alabama Coal Operators' Association to which practically all the coal operators belong. What their inner workings are I do not know . . . . They have a system whereby daily reports are sent in from each operator and pass through a kind of clearing house, indicating where the order is coming from, the price and other facts, and that information is available to the various operators. That is the purpose of collecting it. A uniformity of price is maintained by the members of that association . . . . They have various sales agents through whom they deal. Now, this Alabama Coal Operators' Association sends a delegate to the National Coal Association." (Publication of production and profits in coal: Hearings before the United States Senate Committee on Manufactures, 1921, v. 2, p. 1929).

Bituminous coal operators have a national organization of their own. It is known as the National Coal Association, with headquarters at Washington. The present directing force of the association is J. D. A. Morrow, formerly of the Federal Trade Commission.

Operators who are members of the association finance it. According to Senator W. M. Calder, New York, who conducted a special investigation for the United States Senate in 1919, "the National Coal Association has been collecting $500,000 a year for the purpose of advising the country on the coal situation; that they paid $100,000 a year for counsel." (Publication of production and profits in coal: hearing before the Committee on Manufacturers, United States Senate, 66th Cong. 3d session on S. 4828, 3 v. 1921, p. 2026.)

More complete details were obtained from the investigation of bituminous coal prices conducted by the Senate Committee on Manufactures.

Shocking were some of the facts that came out in 1921 before the Senate inquiry, which attempted to tear the screen from the National Coal Association. It was conclusively shown that this organization was maintained for propaganda purposes; that it lobbied with members of Congress against legislation that was intended to check the exploitation of the coal operators; that its educational committee was advertising and feeding the newspapers, with "shortage scares, when no shortage existed" (Huddleston: "No there was no shortage. The representation was made that there was a shortage, but there was no shortage.") (Ibid. v. 2, p. 1956); and that in some instances the organization went into politics to defeat or elect friends.

During 1919, the records show that the National Coal Association exchanged "statistical data" on costs of operation, which would tend to unify prices, but that later this practice was discontinued.

The "Get-together" Meetings

BUSINESS transactions of the National Coal Association are shrouded in mystery. The Federal Trade Commission has been impotent to get at the facts. When this Federal agency demanded the books for examination, the National Coal Association refused access. When an attempt was made to examine the books, an injunction was obtained from the Federal courts preventing such intrusion.

Nor is this conduct alone singular for this organization. Testifying before the Senate Committee on Manufactures, Representative Huddleston produced a complete transcript of one of the secret meetings of the association and had it incorporated into the records. It is a most illuminating document showing the methods of operation. Moreover, Congressman Huddleston charged:

"At those meetings they discuss prices, conditions, and many other things, and the inevitable tendency of the discussions is to promote a uniformity both of price and methods of handling labor and all other questions. They promote agreement. (U. S. Senate Committee on Manufactures, Publication of production and profits in coal 1921, v. 2, p. 1929.)

"Now, what I would like the committee to do—and I do not doubt that it has the power—would be to get the National Coal Association to produce to the committee the transcripts of the stenographic reports of their meetings that were held on the dates that I am able to give the committee, and lay them before this committee. They say they ask nothing but a square deal, and that everything is above board. Let them produce the transcripts."

Following this suggestion the vice-president and the secretary of the National Coal Association were placed on the stand and asked to produce the original records. Secretary W. B. Reed said that the original stenographic records of the meetings were destroyed as soon as a copy was edited and passed upon by the attorneys for the organization.

Read Secretary Reed's testimony and form your own judgment: v.2, p. 1934-37).

Question: When was the last meeting of your board of directors held? Answer: In January—I have forgotten the exact date, January 11, I think.

Q. Where? A. In the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York . . . .

Q. What was done with the transcript of the original notes of that meeting of the 15th of January at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel? A. The custom of the—

Q. What was done with that? A. What was done with it?

Q. Yes, sir. A. We destroyed it. I destroyed it personally.

Q. When? A. Three or four days after the meeting . . . .

Q. Did you refer your minutes to your attorneys to correct before they were transcribed upon your records? A. Yes, sir . . . .

Q. Did you transcribe to the permanent records of your association the notes just exactly as he transcribed them from his shorthand? (This refers to an earlier meeting at Waldorf-Astoria on October 9. A. No; certainly the exact facts of the——

Q. First you edited them, did you? A. First I edited them. I am the secretary and supposed to do it.

Q. Then you transmitted them to your attorney for his revision? A. Yes, sir; exactly . . . .

Q. What was done with the original notes of the stenographer? A. They were destroyed.

Q. When was your meeting before that meeting? A. In July.

Q. Where was that held? A. That meeting was held, I believe, in the Washington Hotel, this city.

Q. What did you do with the records of that meeting? A. The same answer will answer for all records

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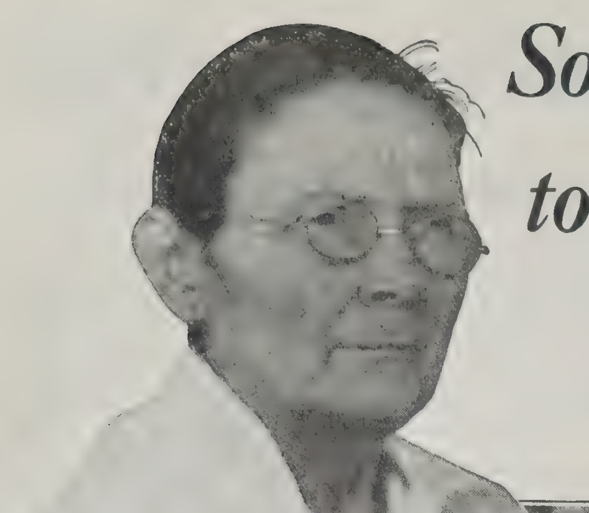
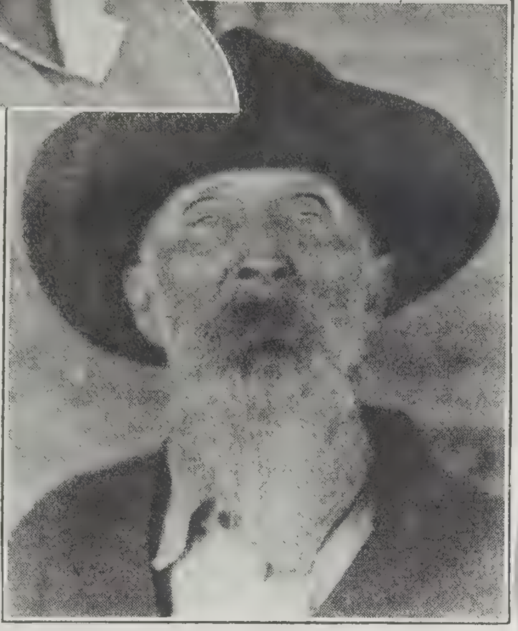
South's Liquid Gold Brings Wealth to Those Who Knew Only Poverty

Millionaires of Oil Fields Often Picturesque Folk Who Have Suffered Their Lives in Grim Poverty

By MAX BENTLEY



"If they had not found a drop of oil on the place I wouldn't have shed a single tear," said Mrs. Jeanette Hughes. "I am not used to wealth and can get along without it in my old age."



Lije Hardin, who leased his place for ten cents an acre and then turned around and made a million on royalties.

HAVE you ever heard of Old Mr. Dolliver, who lived in a certain boom oil field of the mid-continent belt, and died in the midst of his new prosperity from an over-indulgence of bananas? It is a sad story, sadder from the fact of its being true, except that his name was not Dolliver. If you have followed the oil game for ten or a dozen years, the mere mention of him will bring you memories of one of the most colorful and vivid periods in American economic development: the period between 1905 and 1915. If you have not, it will have to be explained to you, the significance of "Clear the road! Here comes Dolliver!"

There was a scattering about the derrick as a big red automobile bumped crazily over the crude wooden bridge and headed for the group, as straight as a rifle bullet. An old gentleman with whiskers was at the wheel. You could see he was utterly bewildered, for he kept shouting "whoa, thar, whoa!" Through every obstruction the big red car made its own road. Disaster appeared certain, yet in some fortuitous way the car came to a panting stop exactly eight inches from the derrick, and Old Mr. Dolliver calmly clambered out and demanded to see the day's pipe line slips showing the well's "run," or, what was more to the point, one-eighth of the well's run, that being his net income.

Any veteran oil man will recognize the picture as truly drawn. "Clear the road! Here comes Dolliver!" used to be a classical saying among the fraternity. One heard it in every field. It meant that the landowner was approaching: to-wit, the farmer whose broad but heretofore unproductive acres had "come oil." One might truly call it a tradition, dating back to the arrival of the boom field mentioned.

The discovery well had been brought in on Old Mr. Dolliver's farm. He was as poor as the traditional church mouse—always had been poor. When the oil spouted over the derrick he ran like a turkey, to the intense amusement of the men on the derrick, who mistook his motive. He ran a mile to the railroad station, called the city, and ordered a limousine—"one of them glass automobiles"—sent out the next day, with a demonstrator.

They arrived next morning. Old Mr. Dolliver proceeded to paint the countryside red. The demonstrator charged twenty dollars a day for his services—he stuck it out for two weeks and then returned to the safety of the city. Old Mr. Dolliver simply could not learn to drive straight. He paid for a half-dozen broken fences and climaxed a hectic career by driving his now battered limousine through a plate glass window, giving voice the while to the familiar "whoa, thar, whoa!". Tiring of the car, he bethought himself with uneasy conscience of Maria's neglected needs, and presented her with a spanking new handle for the old ax, paying five dollars to have it delivered.

Uncle Jeff Flenniken, "slave nigger" and eighty, whose official signature is a crudely scrawled cross.

Old Mr. Dolliver's orgy of spending was not a fantastic isolated case in those days. It came dangerously near being typical of the times. A newly made millionaire in another field of another state leased a race track, bought a string of plugs at thoroughbred prices, and every afternoon treated himself to a private race meet. By way of anti-climax, in still another field of another state one of the newly mades took his wife to the city for an examination by an alienist. He seriously questioned her sanity when she told him, in fear and trembling, that she had subscribed two hundred dollars to the church building fund. The doctor found the dear old lady fully sane, and charged three hundred dollars for the examination.

Instances like these could be multiplied indefinitely if one were inclined to dig up skeletons. Every oil field abounds with the tradition of them. The development of the oil industry is a spectacular chapter in our economic life, and not the least spectacular feature of that development was the frenzy of spending indulged in by the weatherbeaten farmer whose place happened to lay over an oil deposit. It might be well forgotten except for the inherent mental stability of the average tiller of the soil, which rescued the situation in time and put an end to a really perilous phase. The growth of morale among oil men themselves has had its parallel in the return to sanity among those on the outside looking in who, from reasons beyond their control, were drawn into the vortex of it.

Sid Umstead (right) the multi-millionaire in a county of millionaires.

So it was, to satisfy himself that the order changeth, that when an inquiring journalist traveled to the town of Camden, Arkansas, and presented himself at the cottage of Mrs. Jeanette Hughes, he had this pertinent—and impertinent—question to ask:

"How are you all taking it here? How are you spending your new wealth? Are there any Dollivers in this field?"

He, the inquiring journalist, was looking for orgies, and hoping he would not find them.

Mrs. Hughes raised her spectacles over her white, neatly parted hair and settled herself comfortably in the low chair that had seen generations of service. She looked at her interviewer amiably.

"If they had not found a drop of oil on the place I wouldn't have shed a single tear," she said. "I am not used to wealth and can get along without it in my old age. Our people were comfortable, the farm always brought us a living, and while we never had much we never missed it. We had to leave the place, and I don't know but I would rather be there now without all this excitement about oil. All our neighbors feel that way, don't they, Aunt Emma?"

Aunt Emma Jones, eighty-one and bright as a new dollar, nodded as she rocked back and forth.

"Trav Laney was just saying he wished oil never had been found. We were so quiet and comfortable and neighborly, but everybody has had to move," she acquiesced.

It should be said here that Mrs. Hughes owns the farm on Smackover Creek, Arkansas, on which, not so long ago, a drilling crew brought in a tremendous oil well. It flowed fifty or sixty thousand barrels in a single day; before it blew off its flush production the royalties must have reached a simply unheard-of figure.

"It means very little to me," Mrs. Hughes continued. "I don't know what we will do with all that money, but we won't squander it. We and our neighbors are old-time Arkansans, you know, born and raised here, never lived off our farms before, and we are too old to do foolish things. I would not leave this country. We had to give up the farm—the oil was ruining everything—so we came here to Camden and bought this place. Somehow it doesn't seem like home."

It is a modest place of five rooms, on the outskirts of the town. The furniture is worn but serviceable, evidently in the family for years.

Aunt Emma Jones rocked and nodded.

"What you get out of living is what you enjoy," she said shrewdly. "I moved to Smackover Creek in '51 as a child. We bought the place for a dollar an acre. My father is buried there now. He died in '63, and they had to make his coffin in the woods at night. The Yankees were in the country looking for our men in the creek bottoms."

Mrs. Hughes looked away.

"I can't go back," she said, "but one of my neighbors told me a derrick was going up near the graveyard."

"The *graveyard!*"

"Our graveyard. Twenty of our people are sleeping there now by grandpa's side." She spoke with an effort. "Part of the fence has been taken down. My neighbor said the headstones are black with oil from the big well. If only I had thought to ask them not to go inside the fence. I hope they won't."

"I hope so, too," the interviewer said, and Aunt Emma Jones rocked and nodded vehemently.

The family graveyard is the tragedy of the oil field. Heart burnings come with wealth when progress invades the farm. Along Smackover Creek every farm has its graveyard. In some cases the lease of the mineral rights expressly stipulates that the graveyard is hallowed ground. In other cases the lessees voluntarily respect the dead. In a few cases derricks have been erected within graveyards, and graves and headstones trampled down. But, as for the Hughes and Jones burying-ground, the owner of the great well alluded to reassured me with picturesque emphasis.

"Bet your life we'll keep away from *that* place. Tell it to the world!" he said. "That derrick is a good ways off—I saw to that. My men didn't take down that fence. We couldn't keep the oil from spraying everwhichway—she blew out and the wind carried it. Tell Mrs. Hughes not to worry. Tell her I haven't forgotten Merriman."

Merriman!* * * *No one who has followed the oil fields has forgotten Merriman. When the Ranger field was opened, the little Baptist cemetery owned by the Merriman church and occupied by its dead was found to lay squarely over the proved oil-bearing lime of the region. Efforts were made to buy it. Fantastic sums were offered. In those early boom days, before the oil game settled down, unheard-of sums were paid for leases.

The Baptist board steadfastly declined to sell. Tradition has it that at a heated session of the board with a group of bargainers the chairman arose and with gnarled and nervous fingers combed his long beard.

"This is final," he said deliberately. "Gentlemen, you can go to hell. Merriman is not for sale."

"Merriman is not for sale" became a byword in the

(Concluded on page 15)

The English Mind and the Closed Garden Gate

Just Why American Temperament Finds Cousin's a Bit Trying

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

THE real business of life in England is carried on behind the garden gate and the minor fact that the garden gate may be two yards from the street, screened by geraniums, or two miles from the high road, screened by oaks as old as Magna Charta, is only a detail. The means by which an Englishman secures for himself and his that privacy which he considers necessary to the right conduct of life constitute the immediate foreground of an English landscape. The contacts which the casual visitor establishes in England, barring the shops and the streets and the objects starred in Baedeker, are mostly with hedges and brick walls. The devices for seclusion are generally standardized but there are endless variations. A semi-detached villa—which is in plain American one-half a double house—is screened by a hedge and divided from the next half by another hedge. Its front windows command a plot from three to five yards square, as full of flowers as it will hold; its rear windows command the garden—usually surrounded by a brick wall high enough not to see over, with a graveled walk around a grass plot, the walls flower-bordered, the turf shaven and the ensemble furnished with canvas reclining chairs. You enter by a gate and there is a name on the gate. The British passion for naming and not numbering his house is comparable only with the American passion for naming a box of a lakeside cottage, and there is the same wealth of imaginative resource in finding utterly unsuitable names. But all the same, the fact that a man lives at Ravenswood on Manor Road instead of No. 237 East Main street lets in light on the English mind—Ravenswood may be the small half of a plain house, but it is an establishment and not a number.

A detached villa repeats the scheme on a wider scale. The garden is more ample, the front screen more dense. If the house can be set back sixty feet the walk curves, the planting becomes a labyrinth and you look over the gate—if you can—into windings which hide the front door. Suburban places grow more pretentious. The street screen begins with three feet of brick wall topped by a solid board fence, head high, backed by a clipped hedge a foot higher with trees behind the hedge. The labyrinth becomes a masterpiece of indirection and the solid front gates shut Ferndale, or Oakdene, or Grangehurst finally from a curious world. Dignity and resource build a furlong—or two—of brick wall, crown it with broken glass bottles set in cement and the result is final and arresting. At the top of the scale the grounds have become a park with a ring fence, a lodge gate, an avenue of oak or beech a mile or two miles long, and somewhere at the hidden heart of it all a great house which may have begun as a castle or an abbey—but even back of that great house itself there is the walled or terraced garden. The whole vast business of English life, social, commercial, or imperial, is a device to maintain, enrich and guard that garden. English law protects, English sentiment hallows it; it is at once the symbol and creation of the essential English nature.

Naturally the Englishman emerges from the garden. He comes out for work or for trade, or to visit his neighbor's garden, or for the House of Commons or the Lords as he is born or chosen, or to administer the Empire, or to discover the South Pole, or to shoot grouse in Scotland or big game in Africa, or to man a battle line which reached half around the world, or to send his younger sons to new lands or to die in far and lonely places. But he goes back when the day's work is done, or Parliament rises, or the war is over and if he dies in far lands, I think his ghost comes back.

Smashing Up of Old Order

HE IS also, just now, being sold out—or selling himself out. The scheme of land taxation and inheritance taxes begun by Lloyd George stiffly enough and greatly increased by the war is changing the English order as it has hardly been changed since Doomsday Book. Great estates are being broken up; old places coming upon the market and the garden gate is open and the garden itself is on the auction block. There are more "For Sale" signs—though not commonly worded so bluntly as that—in England today than in all her previous history. The back page of the *Times,* where estates and places are offered for sale, is a pictured revelation of the dignity, luxury and habit of English home life at the top and the smashing way in which the old order is being broken up. In the issue of September 3, 1923, estates comprising a total of 10,538 acres are offered for sale, generally by auction. One estate contains more than 6,000 acres, not to speak of city and suburban places and furnishings in whose lists old furniture, old rugs and old china are as common as automobiles in Detroit. A wandering American announcing himself as a prospective purchaser could secure entrance to domestic sanctuaries untouched by the invader since William the Conqueror. The garden gate is open and historic England is, sadly enough, moving out. One wonders if there is purchasing power enough in the Empire to take these offerings. As far as the smaller farms are being taken in free hold by their tenants the change is both socially and economically sound. Where old places are being taken by war profiteers it means the vulgarization of English society. But deeper still, the whole process is the gradual seeping away of the land capital of England in taxes, doles and pensions. Here it becomes an aspect of a social revolution, bloodlessly carried through, upon which only the historian of the future can pass judgment.

But all this is a long aside. The garden is still the heart of England and upon whatever errand the Englishman leaves, essentially he takes the garden wall with him. He lives behind reserves. It is this personal reserve rather than the brick or hedge that baffles the American. He accepts the hedge and wall as interesting and finally irritating elements in the landscape, without always considering how those are spiritual deposits secreted as a mollusk secretes its shell to protect the organism within. The Englishman even takes to protective coloring when he comes out. He has his heather mixtures for the Scottish moors, and his gray for his gray climate. He makes only one exception, his spats. Why he thinks that white spats lend a final touch of distinction equally to the creation of a Bond Street tailor and a four-pound-and-ten city-made lounge suit is a matter whose true inwardness the alien may never reach. But you can see the spats farther than you can see the wearer. There is also the silk hat worn with a short coat, a hopeless problem. (But the "topper" is yielding. It still holds the region about the Bank and Stock Exchange, the last stronghold of a sartorially lost cause.)

English and French Contrast

THE imponderable garden wall which he took even to the battle front makes casual contact hard and is the key to a deal of misunderstanding. There is a fine but tremendously real distinction between being let alone—which is keeping the garden gate shut—when you want to stay outside and being shut out when you want to go in. The average Englishman does not handle this situation deftly. Nor, it must be confessed, does the average American help him. There is reticence, immemorial habit, sometimes hauteur—which is French for reserve heightened by pride—and occasionally "swank"—which is English for impressing other people with your importance even when you are not important—on one side and impatience and readiness to take offense when none is intended and inability to understand on the other. There are profound differences between the English and the American temperament which result often enough in irritations and misunderstandings on both sides. It is essentially a matter of national psychology. At any rate, here is the place where the Englishman manages to go wrong with the American oftener than anywhere else. And it is, after all, only an affair of the garden gate. The French do better, for they have a kind of front garden in which to meet the alien and they do it with a courtesy which at once charms and deceives.

As a matter of fact, the French back garden—and there is a French back garden—is so nearly impenetrable that the American, with all his temperamental affinity for the French, never gets into it at all. He comes and goes through France and never dreams how deftly he has been shut out of the very inwardness of French life—meanwhile blessing French courtesy and banning—a discreet word—English coldness. But the courtesy masks a baffling aloofness—and the coldness is only the garden gate.

You really know English folk as they come from behind the wall—ponderable or imponderable—or else as they let you in. And what is the inwardness of the man you meet in either instance? He comes out, it has been said, among other things, for trade. That word is a key to one whole side of English contact. An American is in "business," an Englishman in "trade." Trade is the economic foundation of the England of today. No matter if the old English caste system built upon another foundation—a landholding gentry—bears hard on the tradesman, England lives or dies by her trade. Trade is a matter of give and take. You cannot trade without profit, but you cannot trade—and keep trading—if the man you deal with does not make his profit. The Englishman looks after his own profit shrewdly—no denying that; where the American cuts prices to make business the Englishman adds six pence to make a gain, or he adds a shilling to the twenty and charges a "guinea." There are no guineas. The mint does not coin them nor the bank issue them. They are his shilling's profit in the pound. The extra sixpence and the extra shilling have made England's wealth. But he trades honestly. He is proud of his goods and his house—the age of his house is one of his standard forms of advertisement. You may trust his word. And he knows the value of a contented customer. He does not meet competition quickly or adroitly, simply because he expects his customer to stay by him.

He follows and guards his trade to the world's end. He estimates the value of a safe and orderly world in terms of trade. Here is the key to his attitude toward Russia or Germany today. A Russia in revolution and a Germany in bankruptcy mean disorganized trade and that means a million unemployed in the streets of his cities. So he forgets—or better, ignores—yesterday's bitter fighting and tries to make a going concern of ruined states, to get trade going again, for his trade is his life. He fights for it if need be, treats for it if he can, shapes his policies to continue and safeguard it. But always, in spite of his insistence upon making and keeping it a going concern, he sees, for this is the heart of trade, his customer's point of view. Why not? Trade is a mutual enterprise. Here is a matter which goes deep. He trades in politics and diplomacy. He will give a value for a value. He will compromise—a mutual agreement in trade. He will exchange opinions. You cannot understand English economics unless you understand the fundamental life-and-death matter of English trade. You cannot understand the English mind unless you think of it as a trading mind. But take care not to take the word in too narrow a sense. You must broaden it to include the whole give and take of life.

He comes out to go to church—though not always. If he owns a parish and a park he is likely to set his parish church in a corner of the park with a convenient back gate in the churchyard, through which he may pass to his own particular box pew and, with his feet often literally on the graves of his ancestors, worship God in an unembarrassing privacy of intercourse between himself and his Maker. He keeps Sunday in a way which delights a visiting parson and gives a Frenchman who is so fortunate as to spend a week-end in London "black butterflies"—which is French for melancholia. His middle class is soundly religious and his percentage for church attendance tops ours. Somewhere beneath the decorous surface of his national life there must be a seamy side—but, barring his public houses with their crowds of men and women drinking curious combinations of malt and brewed liquors and drinking them endlessly (a judicial Englishman told me he thought a working family spent twenty per cent of its income for drink)—the seamy side is marvelously well hidden. He goes to church reverently, listens well and sings better. Neither his preachers nor his public speakers generally are given to oratory. The English public speaker at his best is seemingly conversational, but his movement is solid and what he says reads surprisingly well. He manages at his best to make literature out of public discourse.

He comes out of his garden to administer his village, his borough—or his empire. And he does it well. He is orderly and loves order. He has an immense regard for law, so much so that he makes laws sparingly enough. The average American State Legislature passes more laws in a single session than Parliament. A far-reaching law is an event in English legislation. It has thereafter a date—like the Battle of Hastings. He makes old laws do by a slow solidity of changing judicial decision and yet his laws probably reflect his public opinion more elastically and completely than American law reflects American public opinion. His laws grow; they are not made. And they are obeyed; he begins by obeying them himself and then seeing that others do it. He has the hand of steel in the velvet glove. His policemen go unarmed—save for a short truncheon which they use in extremity—but they handle his crowds as a sheep dog handles sheep, and check his traffic with an uplifted hand. He does well with the polyglot, many-colored, many-customed and religioned elements of his empire. He has had his failures, but he is, in his tongue-tied and precedent-hampered way, an immensely capable administrator. He does not cut a knot well; but he is a master hand at untangling it, give him time enough.

Poling on the Thames

HE GOES out for sport; he is a born sportsman. The old habits of the land make him a hunter, his climate and his temper make him a lover of competitive games. He is a better amateur than professional and the distinction between the two is strongly drawn. At "Lords"—his classic London Cricket ground—the "gentlemen" come out one door, the professionals another—but they play together. He loves leisurely motion, but he keeps it up. He pushes a flat-bottom boat with a pole along the winding course of a river, famed in song and story for half a millennium and ten yards wide and three feet deep for all that, by the hour. On bank holiday I estimated 100,000 people in and on and by the Thames in ten miles. His cricket would be prescribed by a nerve specialist as a rest cure and end by giving the average American nervous prostration. But it's a real game for all that. He plays it from the cradle up and watches it, with intervals for luncheon and tea and going home at night, literally for days. He is a good loser and respects you when you beat him at his own game—one of the guaranteed ways to get through the garden gate.

He does not greatly commercialize his sport. Cricket matches draw great summer crowds and the reports of them fill columns in the English press, reported with a careful solidity contrasting strongly with the slangy baseball reporting of the American press, and football—developed professionally vastly beyond the American habit—draws immense crowds. But admissions are cheap and salaries probably low. The sport takes precedence of finance. The English universities have no stadiums. The whole really great matter of school and university athletics is carried on with the least possible machinery and expense and probably with a far greater participation of English youth generally than in America—a most wholesome situation. English sport is not so highly specialized as ours. Our trained athletes, professional or amateur, usually beat the English but a hundred Englishmen who have lived an outdoor life, young and middle-aged and taken at random, will beat a like number of Americans—chosen in the same fashion—at golf, tennis, rowing, shooting or walking.

He is a strange mixture of the provincial and the globe trotter. I have heard of London cockneys who discovered Trafalgar Square; I knew an Oxford trained rector who had not been to London—he lives sixty miles out—for a decade; I heard casual laborers discuss New Zealand or Australia, and met in a third-class compartment plain men who had built telegraph lines in remotest India. The far-flung entanglements of trade and administration give to the more intelligent English a a world-wide interest. The garden gate is also a part of this entanglement and tends to complicate it—you cannot always easily get an empire and its interests in or

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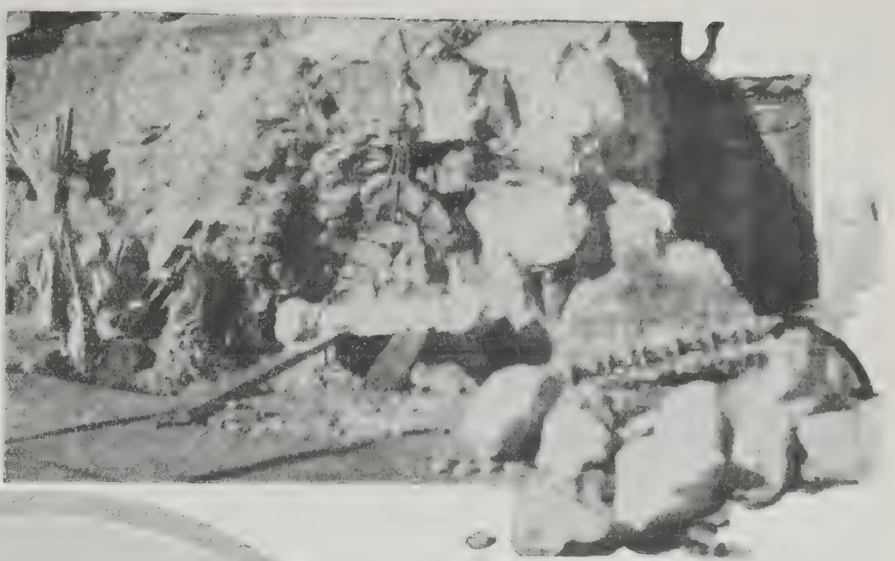
Dead Bones That Tell Story of a Continent

Fossils Uncovered in Utah Would Have Made Clubs for a Hercules

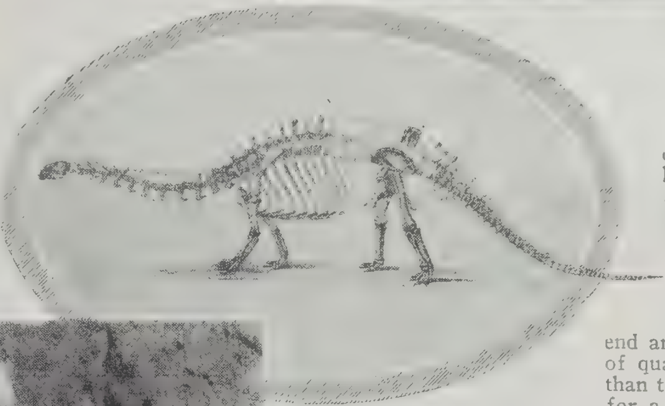
By WYMAN SMITH



Removing one of the thigh bones from the quarry. A few vertebrae lay at the right.

IN THE Uinta Mountains of Utah, fifty miles from the Colorado line, is a collection of bones that tells the story of a continent. Although they were once buried in a cemetery ten thousand feet below the surface of the earth, now those bones are all uncovered—that's the rest of the story.

Today, eight to twelve million years after those bones were filled with blood and covered with flesh, the place where they are found is tucked into the side of the mountains more than one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad. When we left the little town of Duschene to follow the winding road along the Duschene River, we turned around one slate-colored hill after another, dipped down through vermilion-walled gulches, and skirted the buttes and table-lands of sandstone and shale for a hundred miles. At places we came upon irrigated sections, but wherever we went the dry, flat-topped ridges of the table-lands appeared along the horizon. Then at the end of a hundred miles we came to a signboard set at a crossroads where poplars grew, and it was that sign which indicated, "Dinosaur National Monument," while beneath the words we found the painting of a skeleton which once belonged to one of those "terrible reptiles." The road became worse at once, approached closer to the shale bad lands, turned about a great bend in the broad, gently flowing Green River, and eventually brought us closer to a hurly-burly heap of coral and blue velvet rocks we had first seen nearly thirty miles away.



Brontosaurus, one of the sixty-foot reptiles taken from the rocks of dinosaur quarries.

Showing white against the rock, the two huge fossils were strange ornaments.

From a distance that tumbled heap of pink rocks looked like a fairy castle, and now that we approached to within a few miles of it, it became even more enchanting and inviting. But we lost sight of it for a moment when we angled up a little gulch between the high hills and stopped beneath a cottonwood tree and near an assortment of boxes which seemed to be filled with mummies. Aside from that we were in a funnel of hills, gray and buff in color and of such loose, uncertain material we wondered if they would not be moved bodily by a cloudburst. At only two places did there seem to be solid material and those were where two ridges of harder material than the rest rose vertically among the shales to run across the hills from horizon to horizon, like spines set edgewise on the hill backs.

Southward the Green River winds through its sagebrush bottoms where only a few willows show green against its dark ribbon.

Near one of the crates was a mummy which had apparently been broken open. I stopped to examine it more closely only to discover that underneath a layer of plaster of Paris was an affair which resembled a bone, but was incased in a sort of soft limestone rock. The bone-like substance seemed to have been burned, for it was of a rusty color, as marble is where iron rust has dripped down it. The other crates had other queer-looking mummies, each wrapped to protect and hold its secret and then numbered.

I did not stop longer then, for at that moment one of my companions called out that a trail led up the hill to the dinosaur quarry, and we followed up the dry ashy path. The material on which we walked was also soft, more like ashes which have been soaked in water and then dried, than like ordinary earth. All about were vari-colored rocks until it seemed as though we were walking along the surface of a rainbow where only a few piñon pines and cedar brushes reminded us that we were on solid earth. Around the hill the ashy path led, and then, making a sharp turn at one of those hard limestone layers we had noticed, stopped abruptly in the face of a quarry which was like any rock quarry might have been. But this quarry was different; it was a hundred miles from nowhere and either the men who had worked it were crazy or they found in it some particularly valuable rocks.

We looked around and for a minute or two saw nothing unusual. At the edge of the slope was a little dump cart which had been used to carry off debris; in the face of the rock wall was a wooden door with a smokestack coming from the door casing, around us were the colored rocks, sandstones and shales, and near by was a dump of cracked rocks which had been discarded. Whoever had been working here had deserted the place.

"Look at that—just look at it!" The outburst came from one of my companions, and I turned to look in the direction indicated by a pointing finger.

What I saw made me shiver as though I had been suddenly thrust into a grave, for there, about ten feet above us and incased in the rock layer, were two enormous whitish bones. They would have made good clubs for a Hercules; one was more than four feet long and at its narrowest point was nearly four inches in diameter, while the other was somewhat flat and about two feet long. Although they looked like bones, close examination convinced us that they were rocks. Somewhat reassured, we began to scramble about the quarry in quest of the unexplored.

We found any number of bone-rocks, or fossils. There were ribs, slender and rather delicate; great pelvic bones which alone must have weighed several hundred pounds; vertebrae large and heavy showing that the creature had possessed a staunch and sturdy backbone; then we also found various smaller bones, some broken off, some with only an end showing, but all held firmly between the teeth of the rock.

At first we counted the bones but soon found so many that we decided an entire zoo must have been buried here at one time; the rocks were full of fossils, and although the layer was less than forty feet thick, it was set up on end and would provide work for an unlimited amount of quarrying. Even at that spot the quarry was more than two hundred feet long, and less than half the rock for a depth of forty feet had been chiseled and sliced off—that rock contained the bones now being arranged by the Smithsonian Institution, and various other museums, who make a business of bone-sorting.

"Those are bones, certainly, but how did they get there, and what sort of a disturbance went on around this country to jumble up these rocks in such a manner," we asked and the scientist climbed a somewhat higher ridge that lay toward the south where we gathered and listened to his explanation, the story of creation and of a cemetery.

"Those bones belonged to dinosaurs," he began, "almost the biggest living things which have ever moved on the surface of the earth or in the seas. According to Richard Lull, paleontologist, 'in size the dinosaurs ranged from that of a house cat to a length and bulk exceeded only by the greater of modern whales—upward of ninety feet long and forty tons in weight. In habitat they were as varied as in size, for some were light of foot and bi-pedal while others were quadrupeds of unwieldy bulk, some armored, others armorless, some endowed with horns, or with talons and terrible teeth, others whose only means of defence lay in their huge size and inaccessible habitat. They were carnivorous and herbivorous, some of the latter having very defective dentition which made mastication of the food impossible, while others were provided with a dental battery of marvelous detail and perfection.'

"But don't hurry," our friend was continuing, "let's go back in the history of the world for a few million years until we can picture the sort of region this was when those creatures were alive. At that time there were no mountains; neither was it a time when perpetual 'darkness lay upon the face of the waters.' All this region about here was swamp land bordering various inland seas or lakes of fresh water. In those swamps palm trees and various cone-bearing trees grew in a dense forest under conditions similar to those of the Florida Everglades. The air was accordingly hot and filled with moisture, rains were frequent, and undoubtedly a good many of these dinosaurs waddled and plowed through the mud like the rhinoceros. Undoubtedly had we been here the noise one of them made in the shallow water would have sent us up a tree in terror—think of a twenty to forty-ton creature like that plowing along, cropping herbage from the shore or reaching down into the water with its long neck to pull up the vegetation which grew there.

The Green River flows along the base of Dinosaur National Monument and through the coral canyon of Split Mountain shown at the right.

"For they did have long necks something like kangaroo and they moved on two legs also, somewhat like that animal, although they didn't jump around. Those necks helped them to feed and you can imagine it took considerable herbage to keep one dinosaur satisfied. Now we don't know how they came here, or why there are so many bones at this particular spot. Robert Yard says, 'the extraordinary massing of fossil remains at this point suggests that floods may have swept these dinosaurs from a large area and lodged their bodies here where they were covered with sands! But it is possible that this spot was merely a favorite feeding ground.' One case might have been a great tidal wave which overwhelmed them, for they breathed air, or some other great cataclysm may have thrown them here of which we know nothing. For although this is a great quarry, the dinosaurs lived in Europe, the Americas, Africa, Madagascar, Australia, and have been found

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Beauty Enthralls as Honduras Shore Looms

The Purple of Mountains, Turquoise of the Sea and Green of Tropics Reign

By S. M. FINN

The fort at La Ceiba, Honduras.

The plaza in La Ceiba.

A strip of the coast showing Alhambra cocoanut garden.

PURPLE mountains, a turquoise sea, beating surf and a long white beach, low white buildings, palms and glorious warmth; that is the first impression gained of Spanish Honduras as the ship draws slowly up to the wharf at the town of La Ceiba. It is a sight long to be remembered and one most people have only read about in books. Coming from the North, one looks with awe upon this tropical beauty, and longs to be ashore and have the experience of basking in the shade of cocoanut palms while soft music from the patio of some Spanish villa is wafted to you on the breeze.

One can have such beautiful ideas before going ashore but then the great disillusion. Dark-skinned natives crowd the wharf waiting to go to work loading bananas on our boat. Large, unwieldy machines upon the wharf are used for lowering bananas into the hold of the boat. Once off the ship, we start walking in toward shore and meet a snorting little locomotive which comes dashing out, dragging behind it a dozen cars loaded with the honorable banana, mainstay of this country of Honduras. You step briskly aside to avoid being bumped into those turquoise depths near by where man-eating sharks wait to dine upon just such people as you.

Once ashore, what appeared to be a scene of clean white buildings and beautiful streets resolves itself into squalid shacks of stone and wood, and dusty ill-kept streets swarming with children, and mangy fleabitten dogs, packs of them. To be sure, there are some very fine buildings, most of them belonging to exporting and importing companies or the prosperous liquor saloon keepers, but these are few and far between.

You discover the natives to be a diversified lot and find that they are made up of Carib Negroes, Indians, Mexicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen and members of all of the Central American countries. The majority of these natives are not full-blooded in any instance and most of them have Negro blood flowing in their veins.

Among other individuals hanging about the streets are natives attired in what by vast imagination may be conceived to be a uniform; and you learn that these are members of the Honduranian army. The average enlisted man wears a sort of undershirt and a pair of pants; he goes barefooted and often bareheaded, although the more dandified wear straw hats. While on duty they are armed with what appears to be an ancient Civil War rifle, though very often with nothing but a machete or large knife which they become very proficient in handling. It is no exaggeration to say that it is safer to face a native who is armed with a rifle than one who is armed with a machete, for while he might not hit you in a hundred shots at fifteen paces with a rifle, he could carve you into most fanciful designs with his machete before you knew what was going on. The army is mostly used at the time of elections. The soldiers go around feeling everybody's pockets to see if they are carrying any firearms or knives which might be used to influence the course of the election. I am reminded of one affair in which the army itself was used to carry an election.

Two men were running for governor of the district. They got together and promised each other solemnly that they would do nothing unseemly to bring about the fall of the other. The day before the election one of the candidates forgot his promise and placed posters all over town telling the world what a crook and grafter his opponent was. Of course it was too late for the other man to retaliate in print. The day of the election, however, there were armed men at every voting booth instructing the natives how to vote. Needless to say that, in this instance, the sword was mightier than the pen.

A few hot days in the confines of the town and you are quite ready to fare farther afield. The fruit company starts a rickety train about six o'clock in the morning and we are soon bumping along through the country. On one side impenetrable jungles are broken now and then by banana plantations or cattle ranches. On the other side groves of cocoanut palms run for miles and extend from the track down to the sea not far away. The train never leaves the coast for more than a few miles; a short distance from the coast there are only jungles and mountains. Now and then, as the train passes through a Carib village, we catch a glimpse of squatty mud shacks thatched with palm leaves.

I remember going with a few friends to a place called Sambo Creek. We had heard that there was a hot spring supplied by the water issuing from the crater of an old volcano and we decided to go there for the purpose of taking a hot bath—a luxury in that country. Alighting from the train, we started inland toward the mountains and were soon in the midst of the jungle. A little path led us to the top of the small mountain where the volcano crater is located. Three-quarters of an hour of climbing and we came to a tiny secluded nook where the waters from the hot spring came tumbling down over a forty-foot falls on one side, disappearing on the opposite side over another falls, after having passed through a sort of natural pool which we at once decided to make our bathtub.

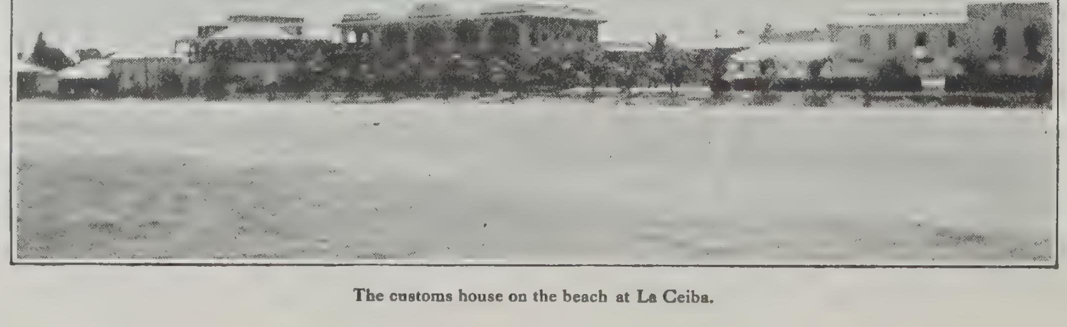
As we had brought our lunches, we decided that it would be a novel idea to climb to the source of the hot water and boil some eggs. Leaving most of our clothes at the bottom we started to climb. It was a hazardous route because we had to jump from rock to rock back and forth across the hot stream, and creep along narrow ledges of rock which lined the gorge, hanging to vines and limbs of trees as we moved; in short, employing every means of ape-like antic to proceed. It was not a great distance to the top but it took us fully twenty minutes to make the climb. Once there, we discovered the source of the water, which came bubbling and spouting out of an old crater about five feet in diameter and descended over a series of cascades. The water was so hot that it required only two minutes to boil an egg. Steam rose in clouds and a perfectly good Turkish bath was possible by merely sitting in these clouds of steam. An hour passed with bathing and lunch and then we started back. The descent is always harder than the ascent. I was progressing very well and had just remarked that I must surely be a true illustration of the Darwinian theory, when a most disastrous event occurred. In jumping from one rock to another at the very head of a thirty-foot falls, my foot slipped on some moss and I went over. It could not have taken a full second to drop the thirty feet, but in that time I thought of the boiling water beneath and had a vivid picture of myself being hauled out looking like a lobster. I landed in a pool of hot water about three feet deep and without stopping for possible broken limbs or scalded skin, I moved faster than I had ever moved before. I was out inside of five seconds and then and only then did I stop to take inventory of my injuries, which fortunately were not so serious as they might have been. I escaped scalding because a cold stream, flowing into the boiling water just above the scene of my fall, had served to cool the water to a temperature approximately equal to a very hot tub at home. The rest of the descent was performed without further accident.

All around us except where the water flowed in and out, huge trees rose to a height of one hundred to two hundred feet. From the depths of the jungles came weird humming noises caused by great beetles. Now and then a bird chirped but never sang. Great blue butterflies came flitting over the lower falls and disappeared above us. We were in perfect seclusion from the rest of the world.

The jungles of Honduras abound in all kinds of wild animals. Deer are numerous as the dogs of the street and everybody in the town who has a yard around his house usually has a couple of deer for pets. There are lions and tigers; not the larger African tigers but smaller and very attractive when young. Baboons and monkeys abound in the banana plantations and are apparently in no fear of people who are constantly passing by. Thousands of brightly colored parrots fly out to the islands off the coast in the morning and come back at sunset. Insects are a great pest in this country and a source of many fevers prevalent there. Ticks are everywhere, afflicting humans and animals alike. Mosquitoes, red-bugs and sand fleas also worry the dwellers. So it will be readily understood that because of these many pests, Honduras is not the most healthful nor the most enjoyable place in the world.

Among the sports of the country, bullfighting is popular. Every year, during the season, bullfighters come down from Mexico to furnish amusement for the people. Gambling of all kinds is an indispensable element of the popular pastimes. Swimming is not popular although there are the best facilities.

The banana is the main source of revenue. Oranges, grapefruit and cocoanuts are shipped in small quantities and sugar is becoming of more importance. Rubber has been produced but not in great quantities. Nevertheless, Honduras may be considered a potential rubber producer of some importance. Practically anything may be grown in Honduras.



The customs house on the beach at La Ceiba.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHAT *is* the issue? Is there an issue at all? What is it that the people want? Do they know what they want? Or is there only a vague childlike faith that a miracle will occur, or a miracle-man appear to save them? There seems to be a difference between the people's knowledge and the people's hope. All minds are more or less uncertain what will emerge from the pot which is now boiling so turbulently. Something will come out of it, without doubt, but prophets who can tell what it is are few and not in public favor.

Owing to the way our national life is organized we have acquired the habit of regarding all great questions as if they came in four-year or eight-year cycles, that is, as if the progressive life of the people accommodated itself to the periods of a Presidential election. When the election year comes round, we look for the issue, as when harvest time comes round, we look for the crop. But apparently crops are in the system of nature, while elections are not. Political principles rise and ripen quite regardless of times and seasons, parties and platforms.

ISSUES are born, not invented. They come in their own time, not every election year. A nation does not escape the burden of a bad course by making a new issue; the choice made and the situation created must be lived out, its lesson must be learned, and then a new Issue—a new chance to choose—may arise. We are now in the period of a former choice and the bad situation created by it; but have we learned our lesson? As a nation are we any wiser concerning ourselves and the influences which move us than we were before? Have we been awakened or only disturbed a little in our sleep? If so, we are not ready for a new Issue, a new choice. Until we awake we shall continue to be victims of "Government by Talk," which is the worst misgovernment of all.

But though principles and issues are quite independent of parties, being able to create the party which is to be the vehicle of their entrance into human affairs, the parties are not so independent of principles and issues, they cannot create or invent these by order. Thus every election time sees a mad hunt for principles and issues upon which to fight the campaign, and consternation seizes the contestants when they realize that these have not been provided. It is worth while to study political machines in those years when party necessity and the ripening of the people's mind do not coincide.

With most of the great issues having passed out of the political field into the economic field (to the great detriment of the people in some instances), with the coming of smaller caliber officials whose chief concern is office and not the problems of statesmanship, the importance of issues has dwindled to that of mere slogans whose value is not their inherent truth and worth but their vote-stimulating power. There is more genuine judgment based on merit shown in the cattle show of the average county fair, than is shown in the average selection of political officials. At the county fair you have the facts upon which to form a judgment; in the average election you have not.

So, as the country approaches the election without a definite, overshadowing, all-compelling issue, what does it mean? It means two things: first, that the progressive life of the people has not yet given full birth to the next great issue; and, second, that we are in for another game of small slogans.

For Issues are born, not invented. They come in their own time, not every fourth year.

Why, says someone, this would indicate that we do not manage our own affairs! If we cannot raise our issues when we wish, then we are at the mercy of circumstance!

The point is worth an attempt at clearing up. We are at the mercy of circumstance when we have created the circumstance, and until the circumstance wears out. That constitutes the seriousness and sincerity of life. We have a choice, we have a hand in the making of events, but the choice once made must be lived out, the event once invoked must be lived out. The choice and the event are not final by any means, but while they have their little time of life they are irremovable. That is, the only way to do away with what we have created is to live it away. Life is both the creator and the solvent.

Now, twenty-five years ago in this country there was a chance to make a choice. The nation made its choice. It does not yet appear to the nation that it really made a choice, it seems that it just lived along normally and permitted the usual things to happen. But when a series of causes are set in motion, they continue to move until their force is used up, unless deflected by a stronger set of influences. And in our national life there has been no stronger set of influences to stop or turn what we set in motion. We have lived a spineless sort of life, believed what we read in the newspapers or what office-seekers have told us, permitted Jew ideas to rule our thinking—and then we wonder why things are as they are!

We are in the period now when influences we set in motion long ago are working themselves out, and we had better realize that. We had better wake up to the fact that we are alive, and that we have been napping and dreaming. "Life is real, life is earnest," says Longfellow. But we don't believe it very seriously. "Things are not what they seem," says the same American poet, yet we go along thinking that things are exactly what they seem. Because of that delusion we are where we are. We are looking for new things to begin before we have learned the lesson of the old things that are now wearing themselves out.

So that it is very clear that issues are not at the mercy of elections, though elections may sometimes be at the mercy of issues. The problem for all people just now seems to be the meaning of the absence of issues. What is there to do, if there be no Issue? What does the absence of issues mean? All these questions arise out of our very faulty habit of making issues subordinate to political ambition.

When election time comes round and no Issue appears, what course should we take? We should consider first of all that the Government is only the business administration of the people's affairs, and not a national debating society. We should begin to ingrain the idea in our minds that Government is not Talk but administration. A Government does not need an Issue any more than a policeman or a postman does. Government is put there under certain orders to do certain things, to run the people's front office, and upon its success or failure in that task it is to be judged.

Too much time and wealth have been wasted in Talk to take the popular mind off this task and turn it to matters that have nothing to do with the case. "Government by Talk," someone has called it. Well, you cannot govern by talk any more than you can make automobiles by talk. Government is a matter of *doing something*—not merely signing appointments of postmasters or anxiously seeing that nothing occurs which shall "hurt the party"; government is fulfilling the clearly laid down task of establishing the liberties of the people, physical, economic, political and moral, and removing from the national system all that hinders the freest play of the best energies of all our people. And everyone knows that our national system is choked and clogged by alien substances which are today and every day preventing our people living the kind of life which our situation here entitles them to live.

It will be a rather humiliating day when the Issue arises whether a government ought to perform its job or not. That seems to be an Issue dimly foreshadowed for the future. Make a list of the government duties that have been farmed out among private interests, and see how that Issue is even now upon us. Trace the sources of power and see whether they emanate from Washington, or whether they originate elsewhere and only appear through Washington for transmission to the people.

It seems almost trivial to say that the best Government is that which performs the governmental duties which are intrusted to it. But a view of government failures in this respect will show that it is not so trivial.

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Public Speech in a Decline

SOMETIMES the public is confused between "talking" and "talked about." Some men are so much talked about that the impression goes abroad that they are forever talking. On the contrary, the most talked-about men are usually men who have other jobs besides talking. It is not so much about what men say that people talk as about what men do. Actions always speak louder than words, and have greater carrying power.

Something like this may be necessary as a reminder, now that the Congress of the United States is about to reassemble. Most of our greatly talked-of men have been members of that body, but the most talked-of have not been always the most talkative.

For instance, Thomas Jefferson says:

> "I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the Revolution and, during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves."

It seems that always when there is work to be done, the talkers are at a disadvantage before the doers. Even in times when oratory had its uses, as it did during the formative period of American institutions, the actual work of construction was done by men whose productiveness did not consist only in speechmaking. Oratory is useful when a multitude of minds are to be fused in understanding loyalty to a single great principle. But perhaps no form of human activity so persistently tends to become an end in itself. Orators tend to become showmen and talkativeness becomes an industry.

In this country a spirit of impatience now greets all talkers. Until one arises with something vital to say (which can be said briefly) the country will not turn its head to listen. We have been talked to death. Not one Congressional speech in a hundred is read—less than that number is listened to. In short, a wholesome dread and distrust of talk has taken possession of the people.

The blueprint will replace the manuscript and direct counsel will replace the oration. At a time when certain political liberties were being secured, speechmaking had its place. But with the securing for humanity of its economic liberties, the engineer type of statesman is a necessity—and the engineer accomplishes nothing by oratory.

Pro-Jewish Propaganda

IT IS frankly amusing to observe the seepage of pro-Jewish propaganda through the daily press. Not only do the Jews insist that the newspapers print the most brazen inaccuracies as news, but they also insist that the editors appear to swallow it by writing editorials about it. Thus there has come a whole crop of editorials recently along three lines—first, that the Jews did not kill the Czar; second, that the Jewish military record eclipsed all others; third, that the Jews are great farmers.

As to the first, every government now has proof not only that the Czar and his family were killed upon express orders of the Jews but that the actual deed was wrought upon the man, his invalid son, his wife and daughters by a Jew. As to the second, we are still waiting patiently for the record which the American Jewish Committee so long ago promised. As to the third, it is true that "farmers" like the notorious Samuel Untermyer and others of his ilk have very large estates. You can see them for miles along the lordly Hudson; you can see them in the aristocratic environs of any rich Jewish center—great estates, hundreds of acres each, farmed by Christian "help."

The newspapers have apparently felt it was safest of all to editorialize upon the point that the Jews are becoming farmers. The editorials doubtless are a reflection of the thought that it would be a good thing for multitudes of Jews to do, and also a reflection of good will toward them in doing it. But the fact is not as stated; every effort to turn the Jew to the soil has failed, or where farming communities have been established they have been kept alive only by a large expenditure of money and a constant supply of Jews who leave the land as soon as their poverty permits. It is rather alarming to see how whole agricultural districts are falling into the hands of Jewish commission men who are becoming the go-betweens for farmer and citizen. This is a condition which has led to trouble in every country, and should be avoided here.

However, it is not to discuss such problems that these lines are written. It is only to call attention to the enlarging wedge of pro-Jewish propaganda of an entirely questionable type which is steadily being inserted into American newspapers. Editors should change the system which makes them mere hoppers into which all sorts of "copy" can be thrust. That system only makes them accessories to the wholesale delusion of the American reader.

Money in Circulation

IN ITS issue of November 19, the Charleston (West Virginia) *Gazette* carries a leading editorial which merits attention. From official figures it demonstrates that while the amount of gold held in the United States has increased by a billion and a half since the election in 1920, the money in circulation has decreased by a billion of dollars. Inasmuch as the reserve requirements for paper money are but forty per cent in gold, and the amount of gold held here would secure a paper issue of more than ten billions, the *Gazette* points out that the four billions that are issued is less than half what might be available to business under the law.

This estimate of four billions in circulation is too generous, since much of the lawful money (paper) it estimates to be in circulation is held in reserve along with gold, and the actual circulation is not more than half the reputed circulation, which would make it not more than two billions at the outside. How much of this is passing from hand to hand is impossible to state, but it is certain that of bills of the denominations greater than one hundred dollars, very few are ever seen in ordinary business.

The *Gazette* places the blame where it belongs, however, when it states that the shortage is caused by the Federal Reserve System, since the banks in that system carry a reserve of more than ninety per cent of the paper outstanding against them.

It must be remembered that the United States has no gold of its own. The fund held for redemption of its own notes is borrowed gold, and in case of excessive redemption more gold must be borrowed to keep the fund up to the amount prescribed by law. About a billion and a half of gold aside from this fund is in the Treasury, but is represented "in circulation" by an equal aggregate of gold certificates, or "yellowbacks." These notes are only in nominal circulation for they have been segregated by the Federal Reserve System and are held as a part of the legal reserve.

Out of a total of actual circulation aggregating say two billions, must come the counter money of banks and business houses, cash in hand of industrial concerns, and pocket money for individuals, including the hoardings of stocking-bank depositors.

To the warnings of the interested financiers against inflation of the currency volume, the *Gazette's* argument is a complete answer, since there is no danger of an excessive issue of currency under the law. Even now, while reserves in this country are more than ninety per cent, those of England are but twenty. France is lower still, her gold reserve being about fifteen per cent. To those who criticize France for the elimination of any part of her debt through the impairment of the value of money, that is, by inflating it, terming the act dishonest, it may be replied that the policy in the United States, which is to enhance the value of money by deflation, is just as dishonest, and that an equitable basis of values can never be attained where a commodity measure exists, nor where a privileged group can dictate the fiscal policy of the nation.

Canada and Rum-running

IT IS not believed that the conclusion of the "wet" press that Canada will give "the cold stare" to United States proposals to stop rum-running across the border is the true conclusion. Doubtless in Canada, as everywhere else, the political class now in control of the governments is "wet." And official Canada is probably just as wet as officialdom anywhere else is.

But British sentiment is quite another thing. The past summer has witnessed a revival of decency abroad to this extent, that the United States has the right to make experiment of a liquorless country without hindrance from without. Heretofore it was quite the joke in England and Scotland to assist in the "over-sea rum-running trade." A member of Parliament was one of the strongest directors of this modern form of blockade-running. His exposure in the public prints brought home to Britishers the essential indecency of the whole attitude. This summer notable travelers from abroad—men who like their toddy and their ale—have been frank to say that the United States is a better country with the saloon out of it, and while they do not go sled-length for the absolute prohibition of liquor they do say that England and Scotland would be the better for it if the public house were abolished there also. One notable Britisher, who made no bones about his predilection for a little liquor now and then, said that nevertheless it was a fact that the children of the poorest classes in America wore shoes, which could not be said for the children of the patrons of England's public houses.

Then, there was also the willing accession of the British Government, not only to the sealing up of liquor stocks aboard British ships in American waters, and to the right of search and seizure if this agreement were violated, but also to that most unprecedented agreement to the extension of the international three-mile limit at sea, to a twelve-mile limit. That is, British officials have agreed that British vessels suspected of liquor running may be searched as far as twelve miles from the American coast. This notable concession is in the spirit of fair play. If Great Britain prohibited the export of firearms into her territory, it would be a distinctly unfriendly act on the part of any nation which should attempt to smuggle in firearms. That is precisely the way enlightened British sentiment feels about rum-running into the United States.

The whole case has been clearly stated by the London *Daily Telegraph*:

> "The American authorities, rightly or wrongly, hold that they are engaged in a great human experiment for the betterment of the nation which merits the patient and sympathetic consideration of every civilized country, and while they do not ask other countries to follow their example in prohibition regulations, they do suggest most courteously that no obstacle be placed in their way, and they invite British co-operation to the extent of suppressing that organized smuggling upon which the lawbreakers here rely very largely for facilities to break the American law."

That's fair play. The officials of the Canadian conference will be badly deceived if for one moment they think that the United States is looking for a loophole to evade all the implications of constitutional prohibition. Canadian public sentiment cannot be less fair than that expressed abroad. British fair play is, or ought to be, the same throughout all the King's dominions. And, in this international phase of the prohibition question, it is solely a matter of fair play.

The Answer Is Here

A SINCERE desire on the part of those officials charged with enforcing prohibition to be faithful to their duty, and co-operation of the several branches of the Federal Government involved, soon would end the humidity of the cities. And it is in the cities that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution is being set at naught.

An inquiry by this publication reveals that more than eighty per cent of the still-operators, blind-piggers, rum-runners and other violators of the Volstead Law who are drawn into the net in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, are alien-born and that of this number nearly all are without American citizenship.

Revocation of the privileges of American citizenship to those who have acquired it, and deportation automatically following conviction of those without citizenship would end the problem for all time.

Of course, it won't be done, but it is, we maintain, the one effective method to be pursued.

Putnam Park Tells of Heroes' Privations

Memorial to Revolutionary Leader Marks New England Valley Forge

By GEORGE S. BRYAN

THE almost mythical figure of Washington and that vivid picture of bloody footprints in the snow have combined to make of Valley Forge a nation's treasured and familiar shrine. At Valley Forge a Pennsylvania state commission has in the last quarter-century developed a fine memorial park, adorned with commemorative works of art and containing the Washington headquarters—a charming stone house now thoroughly restored. Amid the wooded hills of Western Connecticut is another memorial of similar character and kindred historical interest, marking a like scene of privation and suffering in the American cause. Though begun in 1887 and largely completed by 1890, it is no such place of pilgrimage as is Valley Forge Park, which was not undertaken until 1893. In fact, Putnam Park—or Putnam Camp, as it is sometimes called—is but little known outside Connecticut.

Putnam Park was, of course, named in honor of Major-General Israel Putnam—the same "Old Put" who descended into the wolf-den, still shown at Pomfret, to dispatch a wolf at close quarters, and who left his plow in the furrow when news came of Lexington and Concord. Statues at his home town of Brooklyn, Connecticut (by Gerhardt), and at Hartford (by Ward), celebrate the bluff, idolized old warrior; but not more truly, perhaps, than does Putnam Park. This camp ground is one of three occupied during the winter of 1778-79 by troops of the right wing of the Continental Army, with "Old Put" in command. The park at present comprises a little more than one hundred acres, and it lies along the western rim of a narrow, sheltered valley that even in modern days seems somewhat remote when it must still be reached by poor dirt roads. State highway extension between Bethel and Bridgeport has recently rendered it more accessible.

The main entrance to Putnam Park, with a view of the monument.

It has been suggested that the sites of the Redding camps may have been recommended by none other than Colonel Aaron Burr, who had often visited his uncle, Deacon Stephen Burr, at Redding Center, and who was hence undoubtedly well acquainted with the nature of the countryside. Thither, at all events, from the Highlands of the Hudson, a three days' march, went most of the Continental right wing—unpaid, unprovisioned, unkempt, and with no prospects of either pay, food, or clothes. With the exception of two corps, these troops appear to have been chiefly New Hampshire and Connecticut militia. By the middle of November, they were all in camp. Their barracks, like those at Valley Forge in the previous winter, consisted of log huts. These huts were built in the general style of the frontier cabin, which remained the only original architectural style invented in this country by the white man until the day of the "skyscraper." They averaged about sixteen feet long by twelve feet wide, and had at one end a rudely laid chimney of field-stone. Each was designed to accommodate either eight officers or twelve enlisted men. The huts were arranged in two (or, more rarely, four) rows, and must have had the appearance of a most primitive settlement.

Scarcely had the troops arrived, when winter set in with a vengeance. It was a season destined long to be referred to by "oldest inhabitants." Snow lay so deep that fences were out of sight and roads entirely obliterated. The cold was intense almost beyond precedent. There was much distress among the wretchedly clad soldiers—and that they were wretchedly clad is evidenced by the fact that Putnam had written to Washington, months before, that one regiment not only had no blankets but was to a great extent without breeches, overalls, shirts, shoes, and stockings. At the instance of Governor Trumbull (Washington's "Brother Jonathan"), the General Assembly of Connecticut had ordained that each Connecticut town must supply, for use by Putnam's army, one pair of stockings, one hunting-shirt, two linen shirts, two pairs of overalls, a half-dozen pairs of blankets, and a dozen pairs of good shoes. It was not a large requisition, yet many of the towns were so reduced that they could not meet it. Redding, the very township in which the camps were situated, felt compelled to petition the Assembly for relief. At the town of Danbury, some five miles distant, had been kept military stores—a large quantity for those times, including 400 barrels of beef; 3,000 barrels of pork; 2,000 bushels of grain; and more than 1,000 barrels of flour; besides 1,600 tents and considerable amounts of wine, rum, and rice. No doubt these things would have been welcomed by Putnam's men; but Danbury had been burned by the enemy in April, 1777, and all the stores had unluckily gone up in flames.

Captain Daniel Livermore, of the 3rd New Hampshire, made entry in his diary that it was "a very disagreeable winter"; which, to say the least, must have been putting it mildly. Affairs were made additionally pleasant by the shooting of a deserter and the hanging of a spy—a Loyalist caught within the Continental lines. Furthermore, Putnam saw to it that every Sunday detachments of such men as were presentable in public were marched to Redding Center to the Congregational Church, where they listened to the long and (let us hope) instructive sermons of Pastor Bartlett. The flagging spirits of the army sought cheer in song; and patriotic lyrics were specially written by two young poets who happened to be on hand. One of these versifiers was David Humphreys, at that time a captain on Putnam's staff and later aide to Washington and American minister to Spain; the other, Joel Barlow, who, having just been graduated from Yale, was spending the winter in Redding. Barlow afterward wrote that amusing mock-heroic poem, "The Hasty Pudding." He died abroad while acting as American plenipotentiary at the court of Napoleon.

Along toward the middle of the winter, two Connecticut brigades made an attempt at mutiny; their idea being to march to Hartford and present their manifold grievances to the Assembly, then in session there. "Old Put," who had got wind of the plan, delivered an effective harangue, and the insurrection crumbled. The winter did finally wear to an end; and the troops began to prepare for the next campaign. By the beginning of June, 1779, the last of them had gone.

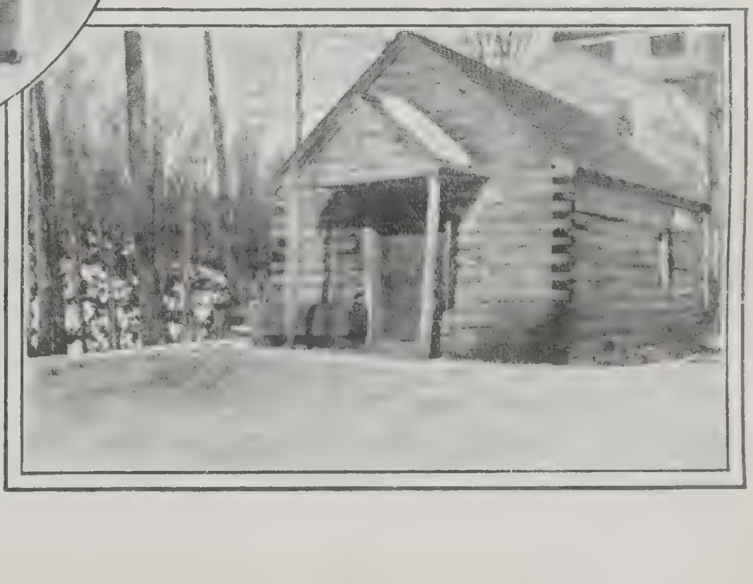
That summer, it is said, apple trees were set out where barracks had been and where now runs the drive called "Putnam Avenue." If this be authentic, the two or three trees that still linger there by the aid of the tree-surgon and produce an occasional apple have been standing in that location for nearly one hundred and forty-four years. In time, agriculture was resumed on part of the area now included within the park, and harvests of flax, maize, and rye were grown. But huts and chimneys were carted away; so that of the encampment's original structures, nothing remains save the ruins of fireplaces along "Putnam Avenue" and scattered elsewhere about the grounds. One of the springs whence drinking-water was obtained may yet be seen.

Certain relics that were picked up about the place have been transferred to a museum building where they are exhibited with various other objects belonging to the period. Three reproductions of original structures have been built—one of the guardhouse, one of a storehouse, and one of a typical hut. A simple boulder, duly inscribed, has been placed in memory of unknown soldiers buried within the inclosure. Facing the main entrance, stands an obelisk monument, forty-two feet high, designed by John W. Stimson. The shaft of this monument is of quarry-faced ashler, the granite having been procured from a rock-mass that occupied the same site; and the general effect of rugged plainness is quite appropriate.

Of other features of the Park, some may seem to the visitor scarcely relevant. For example, flanking the main entrance are what were intended to be reproductions of frontier blockhouses. These have no pertinence in connection with this memorial camp; and they unfortunately create a wrong impression, inasmuch as their lower stories are of masoned stone, whereas the typical American blockhouse was, of course, entirely of logs.

The park is more truly interesting when seen, not in the regular season for visitors, but on a winter's day when cold and snow make it easier to realize the conditions that Putnam's men endured. On such a day the writer made his way through the grounds, with only a few stray juncos about, and stood within the cheerless huts where men once suffered and endured. Old Deerfield, in Massachusetts, still brings very close to us the rigors of the colonial frontier; and in a similar way does Putnam Park bring close to us those darker days of the Revolution, and the "free and iron men" who persevered.

Putnam's headquarters were not at the camp, but about two miles away, on Umpawaug Hill, in a farmhouse long since torn down. A bridle used by him, and presented by him to Joel Barlow, is preserved in the museum at the park; but there would seem to be no other personal relic of the brave, whole-souled commander who helped to make historic this New England "Valley Forge."



Above—A memorial to unknown dead.

Left The causeway leading from the main entrance to the monument.

Right—Reproduction of the guardhouse at the camp.

Yiddish Drama Jumps From East Side to Broadway

Three Stars' Acting Reveals There Is Much for English-speaking Artists to Learn in the Saying of Their Lines

By PETER SCHUYLER

BY FAR the most significant and interesting event of the current theatrical season in New York has been the appearance of the Yiddish drama on Broadway. It has taken more than three years to make the jump from the lower East Side, which has hitherto been the particular stamping ground of the Yiddish dramatic muse, but the objective has been reached at last. The playhouse which was formerly known as the "Nora Bayes Theater" has been rechristened, if that phrase is permissible under the circumstances, and is now "Thomashefsky's Broadway Yiddish Theater."

Across the street from the Forty-Fourth street side of the Hotel Astor, surrounded by showhouses in which English alone is spoken, and in the very viscera of the amusement Tenderloin, the three best known and most able actors of the Yiddish stage are playing in Yiddish a farcical comedy with musical interruptions, "The Three Little Business Men." There, nightly, Boris Thomashefsky, Rudolph Schildkraut, and Ludwig Satz are entertaining not only those who speak and understand the language used by the actors but also hundreds of others to whom the play and its environment are objects of curiosity. Incidentally the trio is reading a sadly needed lecture to English-speaking actors of prominence on the subject of first-class acting. Broadway has never seen a native production in which three actors, of the standing of the Yiddish stars, have given a performance as completely free from personal jealousy and as filled with balance, dignity, and effectiveness as is "The Three Little Business Men."

Yiddish Losing Fight

UNTIL Morris Schwartz started his Jewish Art Theater in Madison Square Garden about three years ago, Yiddish playhouses in New York were confined to three well-established areas: Harlem; that section of Manhattan bounded by Fourteenth street, the East River, the Bowery, and Broadway; and the quarter in Brooklyn known as "Brownsville." Here were grouped the theaters in which were given dramatic performances and a now almost extinct type of show best described as "Yiddish vaudeville." Some still remain. The Yiddish dramatic stage, while waging a steadily losing fight for existence, has, in the face of changing conditions, managed to hang on. On the other hand, the vaudeville theaters where the turns were given by actors speaking Yiddish have dwindled to two, the Mount Morris on Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Sixteenth street and The Grand on Grand street. In the latter place half of the show is given by English-speaking turns.

Of the large number of playhouses presenting dramatic pieces in Yiddish on the East Side a few years ago there are now left only the National, Lenox, Gebel's, Prospect, Irving Place and Second Avenue. Successive seasons see a change in the theater where the plays are given but the number of playhouses where they are given remains either the same or decreases. The reasons for the decay in both types of Yiddish theater will be touched on further along.

Yiddish Actors Superior

MR. SCHWARTZ, who launched the Jewish Art Theater on its precarious career, did more than break away from the tradition that plays in Yiddish must be produced in a proscribed area in order to be supported. He did not seek to create merely a wider market of patronage for what he was trying to do by presenting his productions where they could be easily seen by both East Side and West Side, by uptown and downtown, by Yid and by Goy. What was far more important, he broke away from the stereotyped method of production and presentation to which the other Yiddish theaters clung and which they still stubbornly refuse to abandon. He brought into the notice of the great theatergoing mass and the knowledge of uptown managers, an actor who, one season after his appearance at the Jewish Art Theater in "Green Fields," created a sensation on the English-speaking stage, and who today is one of its most spectacular figures, Jacob Ben Ami. He destroyed the sleek conceit of the English-speaking actors by uncovering Yiddish players who were their superiors in almost every technical phase of the acting art. He shamed the producers of Yiddish plays by making his presentations as modern as they could be and in more than one instance outdistanced Broadway managers by the simple beauty and effectiveness of his work. He did not make a fortune out of any of his efforts but he offered an inestimable service to the Yiddish stage if those who control it had vision enough to know it. He showed that a play in Yiddish could be done just as artistically and played just as well as anything in the English-speaking theater. He put the lovers of real acting under obligations to him by demonstrating that the strictly unionized Jewish theater could produce artists whose theatrical capabilities, generally speaking, were much better than those of their English-speaking fellows. For with all its defects, which are many and serious, the Yiddish theater can still boast that when a man or woman reaches prominence in it the reason lies in his or her ability and nothing else.

Some Very Good Acting

APPARENTLY Mr. Thomashefsky, who is the inspiration of the further advance up Broadway, is not going to be burdened by any such serious purpose as was Mr. Schwartz. If appearances go for anything he seems to have figured out that there are in the heart of New York enough persons who speak his tongue to keep going, at a profit, a theater where they can hear it. Time will tell whether he is right. At any rate he is not handicapped in the present instance by carrying weight for art's sake. He may have in mind for future production something as painfully "artful" as any atrocity in the same line which the Theater Guild has up its sleeve, but "The Three Little Business Men" is just a good-humored show, put on for amusement and money, and done by actors whose ability is an insurance against its immediate failure. The plot has to do with one Jewish gentleman who makes a fortune out of a soft drink; the efforts of another Jewish gentleman to steal the business by strictly business methods; the triumph of virtue directed by a third Jewish gentleman whose business in life is washing windows and making people laugh; the final forgiveness of the villain by his intended victim; and a rip-roaring good-night song by the entire company. Nothing very highbrow, nothing very startling, nothing very new about the entire thing. But some very, very good acting. And good acting is rarer on Broadway now than Yiddish theaters were fifty years ago.

Schildkraut Best Known

OF THE three, Mr. Schildkraut is best known to patrons of the English-speaking stage. His reputation is not only personal but vicarious. In addition to being himself one of the very best actors in America, he is the father of Joseph Schildkraut whose characterization of Liliom in Franz Molnar's play of the same name has made him a star in the American theater. By the strange irony of fate the father, who is a more talented performer naturally, a more finished artist really, and a player of immeasurably more virile power than his son can ever be, has been struggling a lifetime to reach the position which his child attained in one bound. The only satisfaction Rudolph Schildkraut can have is the possession of a histrionic skill which in its range is probably unequaled by any player in this country.

One or two American actors do some things as well as he does. Walter Hampden is as good as he in tragedy but even Hampden is not so moving and gripping a Shylock. Lionel Barrymore is just as manful but he is not so ruggedly masculine at all times as Schildkraut. John Barrymore is as complete an artist in suavity and manner but his dramatic passion has not the depth of Schildkraut's. In addition to all these gifts Schildkraut is a comedian of consummate ease, of unerring knowledge, and of warm and unctuous humanness. Nothing could exhibit his mastery of the art of acting more explicitly than his rôle in "The Three Little Business Men," and the part of the brothel keeper in the malodorous "The God of Vengeance" whose presentation last season resulted in all concerned in it being arrested, convicted and just managing to escape jail on a suspended sentence. His last act change from a confirmed plotter to the conscience-stricken penitent is made with an ease and finish which displays his ability as an actor as completely as it discloses the absurdity of the playwright's characterization.

While Thomashefsky and Satz are names to conjure with in their field neither is the equal of Schildkraut as an actor. Thomashefsky is a big man with a big voice and the orotund manner of the old school romantic player. Satz is a low comedian who knows every trick of the comic trade (which is the same in all languages), and uses them all with effective results. His methods are more like those of a high-class comedian in our burlesque theaters than a musical comedy laugh maker. He talks to his audience with a droll intimacy which helps him score his points and also establishes a feeling of personal camaraderie which is never found in the English-language theater. That is one of the conspicuous features of the atmosphere at "Thomashefsky's Broadway Yiddish Theater." There is a friendliness between audience and actors, and in the receptions which the star players invariably receive there is evident a feeling of something more than appreciation of their talents as performers. It is the note of personal affection which is never sounded in our playhouses unless for a very old player like Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

Just how long Thomashefsky will last on Broadway no one knows. The pace is hot there and the show business has been made more of a gamble than ever. But whatever happens, if he will only give New York a presentation of "King Lear" and "The Merchant of Venice," and turn Schildkraut loose as Lear and Shylock, he will be doing a service to those who love the art of acting and, incidentally, to a lot of American actors who make their living at it.

* * *

Yet the Yiddish dramatic theater is dying as surely as the Yiddish vaudeville theater is dead beyond resurrection. In the case of the latter institution the reason is not far to seek. Yiddish vaudeville remained stationary for years, it made no effort to develop novelty or personalities which could serve as drawing cards, and cheap motion pictures forced competition it was unable to meet.

Don't Like Their Tongue

BUT with the legitimate theater the case is somewhat different. The real reason the Yiddish dramatic theater is doomed to an early demise is that the children of those who support it now will have none of it and that the influx of emigrant patrons from the other side is not large enough to make up for the leakage. However the second generation of Jews in New York may cling to some of the racial and religious traditions of their fathers and mothers, the Yiddish theater is not one of them. They are intolerant of its prompter's box, its old-fashioned dramatic subjects, its lack of scenic finish in the productions, its absence of what is termed "class" in the environment. In a word it means nothing to them and like everyone else in the world they will not pay for what does not please them. The fine acting, which can always be seen whenever a Yiddish star appears, has no appeal for them. They do not want it, they will not go to it, and that ends it. Yiddish drama is dying because the older people who loved it, appreciated it, understood it, and supported it are dying. Their places are not being filled.

* * *

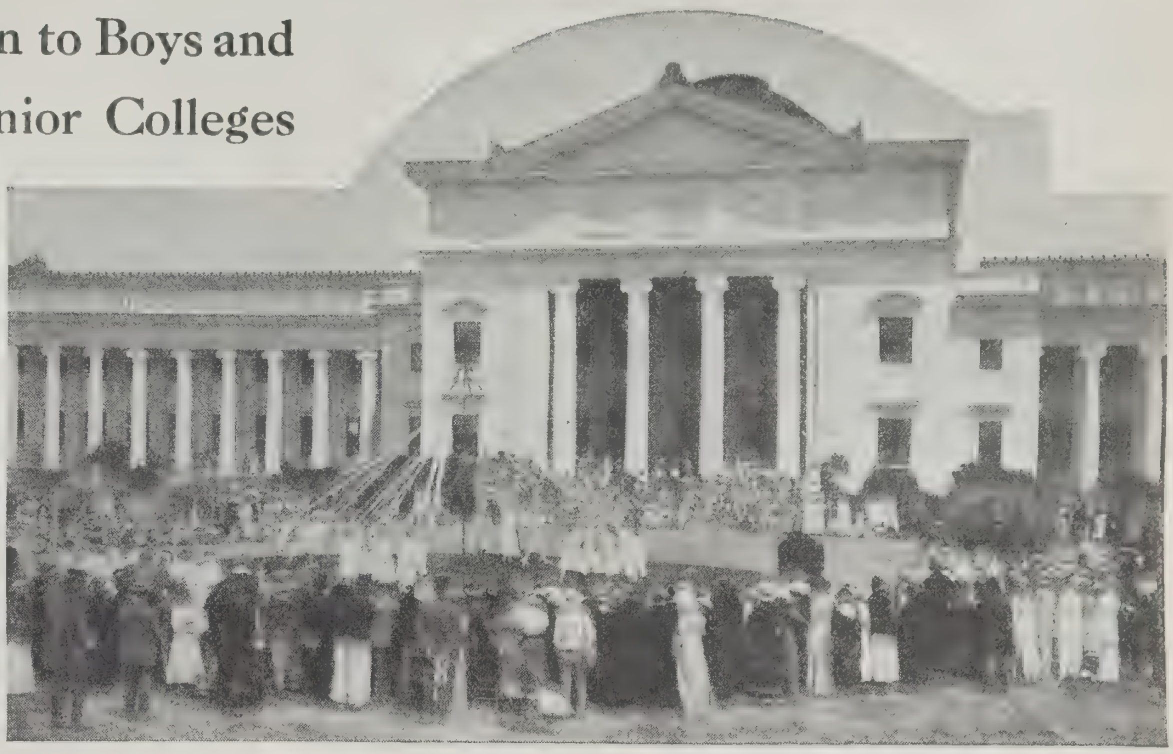
No Sunday Show—and Why

IN CONNECTION with the opening of Thomashefsky's Broadway venture a strange occurrence took place. The Hebrew actors union refused to allow its members to play Sundays uptown during the engagement of "The Three Little Business Men" although on the East Side, in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Montreal, Cleveland, Toronto, and other cities where performances in Yiddish are given there is no such restraint exercised. The dramatic actors union of the English-speaking stage is opposed to Sunday performances in New York. It has fought every attempt made by the managers to get their show shops open on that day. Numerous subterfuges have been tried, including benefit performances for strange and unheard-of charities, but each time the union has stepped in and forbidden its members to take part. When it was announced that Thomashefsky was coming to Broadway and was going to play Sunday nights the same as he was in the habit of doing on the East Side, the English-speaking actors asked their Hebrew fellows not to set the precedent of acting on Sunday and the Hebrew actors refused to play! What is all right to do below Fourteenth street becomes all wrong to do in the neighborhood of Times Square. Sunday is the biggest day in the Yiddish theaters. If the Hebrew actors union enforced the same rule downtown that they have uptown it would be impossible for them to exist. So Thomashefsky's Broadway Yiddish Theater is unique in more ways than one. It is the only theater of its kind on The Great White Way and it is the only Yiddish theater in the United States which does not give a show on Sunday.

A Running Start for the University

How It Is Being Given to Boys and Girls Through the Junior Colleges

By HARRY H. DUNN



Building and campus of the Junior College at San Diego, California, during a celebration organized by the pupils who are doing the two first years of college work here.

IF YOU should ask the president of every public educational institution offering training above that of the high school grades: "What is the greatest handicap to the efficiency of your college (or university) today?" the majority of them would reply without hesitation, "overcrowding." From the smaller universities of the New England States, where the endowed private college is still the favorite, to the University of California with its more than 10,000 students, and especially throughout all the states west of the Mississippi River, where the state university has taken the place, historically, educationally, and in point of popularity, of the private institution of higher education, the main drawback today is the ratio of the number of young men and women demanding an education to the facilities and equipment for giving it to them.

In other words, despite all the hue and cry which has been raised in criticism of the present generation, there never has been a time in the history of the United States when the demand for higher education was so great, so widespread or so determined. On the other hand, there never has been a time—according to the average of opinion of college professors and university presidents—when such a large percentage of boys, and a considerable proportion of the girls, who attend our colleges and universities, are accomplishing little or nothing by that attendance. Never has there been a time when so many boys and girls failed to make the required credits to go farther than the first, or at most the second, year at college.

If it could be foretold, when a freshman class enters one of our colleges, just how many and who in that class would be able to pass into the sophomore division at the end of the first collegiate year, and then eliminate those who would not so pass, our colleges and universities would be abundantly able to take care of, and to educate better, those who remained. Some college presidents have said that seventy-five per cent of the boys and girls who enter our colleges would do more for themselves and more for the world if they did not attempt to carry their education beyond the high school. Other educational experts have placed the percentage higher; some lower, but none below fifty per cent.

It appears, then, there is need of an "educational filter," whereby the freshman who never will get beyond the first year may be eliminated, and the time devoted to him and his kind given over to the better training of those who will continue. This problem, of course, is complicated in the case of the state university, which, being virtually at the head of the state school system, must offer its advantages to all who apply, provided the applicants have been able to pass the high school grades.

Some western state universities have flown in the teeth of this apparently unchangeable condition by reducing their limits of attendance, some to as low as 1,000; others to 1,500 and others to 2,000. This is done on the theory that it is better to give a good education to a few than to attempt to give some sort of education to the many. Just how the courts of the several states will look at this restriction of attendance at the state universities is yet to be seen.

But, out of this problem of putting to work the tidal wave of demand for education; out of this question of how to educate only those to whom education will be worth while, has been brought at least one most interesting solution, a solution which has been on trial for about three years, and which seems to be bringing the applicant for entrance to a college, and the college itself, to a common denominator. This solution is an institution between the high school and the university, an institution which, looked at through the small end of the telescope, appears as a magnified high school, and viewed through the large end, a miniature college. This is the junior college. It has reached possibly its greatest development in the West, where, as has been said, the attendance demands put upon the state universities are greater than they are in the states where education also is supplied by older, private, endowed colleges and universities, which furnish "background" with education.

The junior college is an institution established in connection with a public high school, several public high schools acting together, or with a teachers' college, as the old-time "normal school" is now called. It offers the work of the freshman and sophomore years of the university. It is a part of the public school system. The three years' test to which the junior college has been subjected has led to the belief among educators that it is very nearly the exact educational filter needed to reduce attendance at universities.

These educators—and among them are the presidents of a number of western state universities as well as the heads of a number of private colleges in western states—believe that the junior college offers an immediate and local incentive to students in high schools, even in remote parts of the state, to continue their education. It finally delivers to the university only those students who have been able to make good.

There are several other results shown by the junior college which are tending to make it of vital importance. It gives the student the opportunity to remain under home influences; it lessens the expense, leading to the attendance of many who, graduating from high school, would not be able otherwise to continue their work; it gives state-wide assistance in bearing the burden of the state university.

California, which has made considerable progress with the junior college idea, has twenty-seven of these intermediate branches of the state university.

Of these intermediate branches, seventeen are connected with public high schools; four are attached to private schools of secondary grade, three of which are church schools; and six have been organized under recent legislation providing for junior college instruction in state teachers' colleges. Those junior colleges operated in connection with private schools are not affiliated with the state university in California, but some of the junior colleges are so affiliated, and all may become so connected if they give satisfactory instruction. The University of California has established a Committee on Junior Colleges, which, in counsel with the president of the university, sends subject representatives to the junior colleges to aid the officials to develop instruction of a type which will be satisfactory as a basis of admission. The state university also maintains a registration bureau of candidates for teaching positions in the junior colleges. The junior college which is affiliated with the state university is under obligation to seek the approval of the president of the state university in making appointments to its staff of instructors.

Students desiring to enter the state university, after completing their two years' work, may enter and receive advanced standing, based upon the credentials they bring from the junior college. The student who enters the state university from a high school, however, must either take the entrance examinations, or have the recommendation of the principal of the high school, provided the high school is accredited with the university.

The history of the origin and development of the junior college is of considerable interest. In 1907, the California legislature passed an act permitting high schools to offer the first and second years of college work in addition to the regular four-year high school course. Junior colleges were thereafter established, and in 1920 there were sixteen such junior colleges in operation, enrolling about 1,000 students, not including the junior college then conducted in Los Angeles by the University of California. The junior colleges were not, however, reaching their fullest development, and in 1921 the legislature passed a bill which changed, in many respects, the junior college situation.

This legislation, under which the junior colleges are now operating successfully, provides that the junior college must be adequately housed in a building other than the high school. It also requires that the assessed valuation of a junior college district be at least $10,000,000, though this amount previously was only $3,000,000; that the attendance at the high school or high schools in the junior college district for the school year preceding must have averaged 400 daily, and that the junior college shall be closed after its second year unless the daily average attendance is more than seventy-five. The junior college now may be organized as a separate institution, and to maintain it, a separate junior college district must be organized, a separate junior college board provided, and a separate tax levied for its support. The state now contributes $2,000 in a lump sum, and $100 a year a student, to each junior college. Thus, a junior college with the minimum attendance of seventy-five receives $9.500 for its yearly support from the state alone. There are three types of authorized junior colleges in California: The junior college department of the high school, formed under the law of 1907; the junior college department of the teachers' college, and the junior college, the two last-named having been organized under the law of 1921. Because of its local responsibility, the junior college frequently is compelled to offer three departments of work, only one of which is, strictly speaking, collegiate. The other two are offered to students not qualified to receive a college education, and consist of home-making, agriculture, horticulture or other branches of husbandry and vocational training. These increase the educational horizon and opportunities of the district in which the junior college is located and, in addition to preparing the boys and girls of that district for advanced work at the university, provide still wider circles of students with training suitable to their educational foundation and of practical assistance to them in their life work.

Campus of Chaffey Junior College, at Ontario, California, which embraces nine high school districts in the territory from which it draws its pupils.

How "Shortage Scares" Stimulate Coal Prices

Concluded from page 2

—every record that has been taken, to the best of my recollection, since I have been secretary, has been treated in the same way . . . .

Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts: Do I understand that there is no record of the proceedings of the association except those that are first submitted to the attorney and approved? Is that the only permanent record of this association? A. Yes, sir.

The transcript of testimony of the meeting of the National Coal Association meeting at Cincinnati, July 19, 1919, put into the records by Congressman Huddleston, showed the methods employed to get the newspapers into a "friendly attitude." Frank S. Peabody, one of the principal operators of the country, submitted to this meeting the report of the "committee on education." It recommended the assessment of one mill a ton, which would produce between $300,000 and $400,000 for carrying on a year's "educational campaign." (p. 1968.) Much of this sum was used for paid advertising in the newspapers.

There was some opposition to this expenditure. Several well-known operators of the country spoke in favor of an educational campaign and gave their personal contact with newspapers. The statements of two speakers (before one of the "open meetings" of the members of the National Coal Association) are submitted as taken from the purported record of the meeting of the directors of the National Coal Association as submitted by Congressman Huddleston.

On page 62 (of the record of the meeting of the directors of the National Coal Association), Mr. Brewster, discussing the subject, said:

"I saw an example of the benefit of this particular publicity, which has just taken place. The matter that Mr. Peabody had sent out by the Associated Press appeared in the St. Louis papers, and each one of the papers wrote an editorial on it. The next day after those editorials appeared, five contracts were delivered to our office which had been hanging fire. We were standing pat on certain prices, and the people were inclined to lock horns with us, and we thought we had lost them; but there is one thing that we pride ourselves on, in addition to our coal, and that is our service.

One Story Brings Back Five

"THOSE editorials reminded those particular customers who had expected a much greater reduction in the price of coal than we were willing to give them, it brought to their attention that service was going to be one of the important things, and that there was going to be difficulty in getting coal this winter. As I said before, there were five contracts mailed into the office with letters stating that they had read this story in the papers and thought they had better get back under cover. We had resigned ourselves to losing these customers, being perfectly willing to take our chances on what we believed would be a strong market this autumn and in regaining them, that tonnage on the five contracts alone will reimburse our company for our share of the probable advertising appropriation. I think we should make some provision; if a mill a ton looks too big, let us appropriate $200,000 as our advertising sum. We have $200,000; we have plenty of income to run us one season the coming year." (Ibid. v. 2, p. 1970.)

Mr. Barker, another speaker, said:

"Up to the time of the organization of the National Coal Association I think I am safe in saying that there was no industry that stood so poorly before the public as ours; we were referred to as thieves, robber barons, and so on. I was one of those who opposed the publicity campaign when it was up some time ago. The opposition as I remember it was on the ground that the country was at war, and we thought that was not the time to undertake a publicity campaign. The condition today is different. Today the National Coal Association is in a position to justify its existence. It needs to do something definite and constructive for the industry that it represents. I can think of nothing better for this institution today, for this industry, than to set us right before the public. With that in mind I have become converted to this idea of publicity. I think I am safe in saying that the coal industry has not been blamed in the estimation of the public during the existence of this organization.

"Referring to the National Coal Association:

"We have had splendid publicity, but we have not had all that we can get. That which we have done has been virtually begged from the newspapers. At one time I felt that if the newspapers were patronized and if we should attempt to cut off that patronage we would be in trouble at once. Since then I have studied the matter and I am convinced that the man that you patronize is generally inclined to be friendly to you, as long as you patronize him. But why should we not continue to patronize him if there is money in it? I am willing to gamble any time to make a dollar. That is the principle on which advertising is done. There is not a man in the hearing of my voice who is not a gambler on that question. I am convinced that if we want helpful publicity, if we want useful articles written it will be to our advantage to patronize those mediums from whom we are asking those favors, if we can do it with profit to ourselves we ought to do it, and so on." (P. 63-64 Transcript, as quoted in Senate Committee on Manufactures hearings, v. 2, p. 1970.)

Probably a more satisfactory peep at conditions was incorporated into the records from the evidence taken before the Calder Committee:

"The Chairman. In that connection, I desire at this point to read into the record from page 732 of the hearings before the Calder Committee on Reconstruction and Production as follows:

"Senator Kenyon. Now, as bearing on the activities of the National Coal Association as to publicity, here is a copy of a letter of October 30, 1920, from the director of publicity to Mr. Jenkins, vice-president of the Hutchinson Coal Company. This refers to the Cleveland meeting, I guess. (Reading):

"'It is not through mere chance that the newspapers carried such eminently satisfactory reports of the meetings. Rather it was attributable, I am convinced, to the fact that the National Coal Association, by utilizing its publicity forces as discreetly as it could do so, got into intimate touch with the newspapermen *giving operators' own interpretation of the whole affair.*

"'The night before the meeting the publicity department made it its business to see that the *Associated Press and the other news organizations,* as well as editors of newspapers in Cleveland and the correspondents of out-of-town papers who were on the spot, had an accurate idea as to the general scope of the meeting and the import of it from the viewpoint of the public. Over telegraph wires that night the Associated Press carried a news report of over 1,000 words to its 3,500 or more newspaper plants written by its Cleveland manager after consultation with the publicity director.

"'It is not straining the fact—and this is imparted in the utmost confidence—to say that the Associated Press, preceding the meeting in which emphasis was made of the fact that unreasonable prices have not generally prevailed throughout the coal shortage emergency, and in which stress was also laid upon the matter of inadequate car supply at the mines during the coal shortage, with its relation to the whole situation, was to a very large extent the word-for-word product of the publicity department. *The great advantage of this report, from the operators' viewpoint, lay in the fact that the National Coal Association nowhere was quoted as authority for the Associated Press statements, the Associated Press making them on its own responsibility.* In this way they were of more convincing effect than had they been qualified with the interference of partisanship.

"'In the news report published on Wednesday morning, after the meeting, there ran through all the news articles, both in the Associated Press, the same general tone as to the attitude of the industry toward fire and reasonable prices, this again having been impressed upon the newspapermen after the adoption of the resolution in the open meeting.'"

The report of the Calder Committee of the Senate on this point is conclusive (pp. 15-17 Calder report).

"The coal situation in 1920 was possibly more aggravated than the country has ever before known . . . .

"As early as May 1, 1920, following the release of (Government war-time) restrictions on export coal and on prices of domestic coal, with the National Coal Association stressing the unfavorableness of conditions, and with inadequate or conflicting information from various governmental agencies, the prices of coal went up . . . .

"A review of the year shows that no coal shortage actually existed, that the country produced 556,563,000 tons of bituminous coal during the year 1920, as compared with 458,063,000 tons during the year 1919 . . . . The railroads moved an average of 191,000 cars of bituminous coal weekly in the year 1920, as compared with 154,000 cars weekly in the year 1919; so there was no actual coal shortage or coal transportation shortage." (Reconstruction and production. Report of the Select Committee on reconstruction and production, U. S. Senate pursuant to S. Res. 350 presented by Mr. Calder, 66th Cong. 3d session Senate Report No. 829, 1921—pp. 15-17.)

The effect of this publicity campaign bore fruit. Agitation stimulated the buying of coal. People do less kicking about the price or quality, when there is a likelihood of a "shortage." They feel glad to think that they were able to get the coal at any price. A comparison of profits shows how satisfactorily this system of "educating the public" has operated.

David Wing, former chief of the coal section of the Federal Trade Commission, appeared before the Calder Committee and the Senate Committee on Manufactures to analyze the statistics. The increase in profits from 1916 to 1920 is graphically shown by Mr. Wing's tables:

FIELD	MARGIN OF PROFIT PER TON	
	1916	1920
Central Pennsylvania	$.08	$1.28
Southwest Pennsylvania	.17	1.27
West Virginia		
Pocahontas	.13	2.24
New River	.13	2.23
Ohio, No. 8	.30	1.15
Ohio, No. 3	.21	1.41
Illinois, No. 6	.12	.77
Illinois, No. 3	.08	.88

(Publication of production and profits in coal hearing before U. S. Senate Committee on Manufactures on S. 4878—p. 1488-90, 1921, v.2.)

How to Prevent Stampedes

WHEN combinations of capital exert such a sinister influence over the press and the people it is time that Congress bestir itself from lethargy. Legislation should be enacted which will open the books to public inspection of all organizations lobbying before Congress for "special favors" and against "unfriendly legislation." Penalties should attach for dishonest reports of officials. With the facts disclosed from operators' books and other public records, some governmental agency should be compelled to issue a monthly statement to the press which would present the situation as it is. Effective enforcement of law would prevent a buying stampede over a fabricated "shortage scare."

Honest publicity can do much. "Give light and the people will find the way," said Dante centuries ago. That sentiment is still potent. The pitiless light of true publicity on the coal situation of this country would arouse the people and check the greed for extortionate profits. Only "reasonable" profits should be permitted to those who use the natural resources of the country to produce a necessity of life. With the true facts presented, neither painted by fanatic nor unobscured by the design of those who profit by the commerce, other effective remedies will arise. Publicity poisoned at the source is a menace to the nation; the truth alone is powerful. Poisoned news sent out by the press associations finds its way into most of the newspapers, many of whom may be innocent of the fraud perpetrated on the public.

The English Mind and the Closed Garden Gate

Concluded from page 4

out the garden gate—but the interest is there. The English press reflects it, politics are shaped by it, diplomacy is its instrument. The universities do not train men for so general a profession as journalism, nor for the technical professions (though the English have excellent technical schools), but they do train them to be administrators and civil servants and judges and to carry on the human enterprises, and their youth goes out from the garden gates of Oxford and Cambridge to do hard things in far and lonely places. When they have done them they come home on a pension and play golf and keep the garden tidy, but they bring with them a widely garnered experience which gives a distinct character to English life.

They leave the garden—younger sons, and young workmen with all their wealth in a bundle of old clothes—to populate Canada, Australia, New Zealand. Such as these carry with them great staying power, an unexpected adaptability and resource and the haunting memories of the land they have left. They are the guaranty of the persistence of their racial stock and the future safeguard of the home land. It is only as one sees the dominions beyond the home country that one sees any assurance of an England great enough to continue the traditions of the past—and they know that at home.

No need to say how the Englishman goes abroad to fight, but somehow instinctively, directly or indirectly, it is for the home garden. The reaction of it all upon the land itself is probably the greatest single thing in English life. His village commons and his parish churches, his cathedrals and his Abbey, his city squares are all more than interveined, they are saturated and even spiritualized with the memories and monuments of the English soldier and sailor. The armor of kings, dust these 500 years, battle flags which a wind would undo, moving inscriptions, bronze and marble tablets, sculptured crusaders with their arms crossed over their stone breasts and their dogs at their feet, all conspire to witness how massive and unforgettable a fact war has been in English life—and the English mind reflects that.

Getting through the garden gate is another matter. It might be done by a siege, though for a thousand years now the Englishman has managed to keep the gate shut against hostile invaders. A pacific siege, a kind of sitting down and waiting for the gate to open, is possible, but it is slow and wearing work. A letter of introduction speeds up the process, but at any rate you need a point of contact to begin with. Once that is secured, either because you have approved yourself or some one vouches for you, you can go far and discuss much; you discover a really hospitable and talkative people, knowing how to make themselves comfortable and considerate of your comfort, curious about your folks and your affairs. Once started, English men and women talk endlessly. Their reticence is a myth.

They respect and assert individuality, they move in a larger region of personal liberty than we Americans, for there is less tyranny of public opinion among them and a much stiffer give and take of contrary opinion. There is a deep interior unity in English life in spite of social and political divisions going deep. They are still solidly English in the great crises of their lives, but there is far less external standardization than in America. They are frankly critical of spoken American English but there are two sides to this disturbing question. The middle class mishandle their "h's," the cockney does unbelievable things with his "ay's" and the university bred accomplish vocal wonders with their "r's" and "ere's."

The most trying type of English mind, to the American, is the "die hard" conservative. The best type is the liberal conservative solidly rooted in the past yet meeting changing conditions with a slowly yielding and constructive wisdom which has managed to make of an old feudal landholding, land-tilling state—and how they love their land—a modern, highly socialized industrial democracy, with a king on a still solidly set throne and a possible Labor Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street.

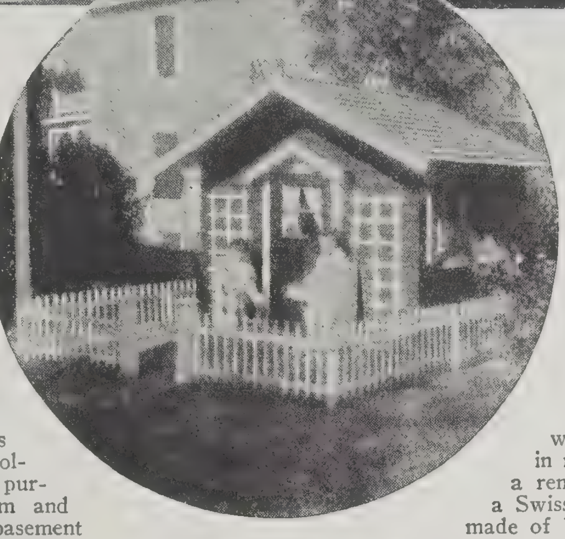
The common mind of England is today burdened, perplexed but persistently confident. England is the only European nation trying to see the European situation steadily and whole and trying for adjustments not wholly dictated by self interest. The Englishman has at this writing a million unemployed, but he still "carries on." The shadow of the war still lies deeply across his land. The long and honored lists of his dead are written everywhere in bronze and granite, and how long that list is. His monuments are heavy, wanting the grace and flying poise of French monuments, but they stand for a solidity of courage and loss which transforms them. And if you see them with a certain friendliness of insight, passing behind things to the soul of things, they and the whole of the life which is built about them are the memorials and defenses of the garden gate—the inwardness of English homes and personal life which is the key to any understanding of England at all.

Professor Makes Toys as a Hobby

Dedicates Two Weeks Before Christmas and Summer Vacation to Side Line

By GEORGE H. DACY

PROFESSOR L. J. INGERSOLL, of the University of Wisconsin, who delights in his hobby of making remarkably fine toys.



The playhouse made by Professor Ingersoll contains $50 worth of material and required 12 days of work.

L. J. INGERSOLL, a professor of physics at the University of Wisconsin, is the champion of a curious hobby—he makes original and durable toys—and has acquired such proficiency that he is qualified to earn as much money annually as a toy maker as he receives for his scientific labors.

When "Bob" Ingersoll, as he is familiarly called by his colleagues, was a boy, his parents purchased a set of tools for him and set apart a portion of their basement as a workshop. Young Ingersoll made all sorts of appliances and woodwork curios in his shop. He developed a love for amateur carpentry and a dexterity and skill in working with wood which have found profitable expression in manufacturing one of the finest equipments of toys with which any nursery ever was provided.

For six years, Dr. Ingersoll has dedicated two weeks before Christmas and a part of his summer vacation to making original and almost indestructible toys for his children. There is a sweet sentiment and romance attached to this work of making Christmas presents for your boys and girls which the average father can feel only when he successfully practices such a campaign of home toy manufacture.

"One thing I emphasize in designing the toys I make," Dr. Ingersoll said, "is originality. I never copy the types and models of toys which I see in the stores. Perhaps that is why my youngsters treasure their playthings so highly. In each case, the toy is a specialized model, in most instances is the only one of its kind in the country. I also stress the matter of durable construction and make the toys of substantial material which will withstand the hard knocks of constant usage by fun-loving children.

"I have had to solve many intricate construction riddles in my toy-making operations. Once I made a model of an ocean liner with tug. The ship rail is a very characteristic feature of the seagoing vessel. It took about a week of experimentation and careful study to devise a small scale replica of a true-to-life ship railing. Finally, I hit on the scheme of taking a small strip of window screen wire, cutting it diagonally and then stretching it to make a diamond-shaped mesh which very accurately simulates the appearance of the railing on a regulation ocean liner."

One of the most remarkable toys in the extraordinary Ingersoll collection is a miniature merry-go-round which does everything that the ordinary commercial vehicle of this description will do—and much more. It took Dr. Ingersoll about three weeks to design and construct the remarkable toy which he values at more than $200. Its operation hinges on a bicycle bearing as the chief *modus operandi*. The circle-describing vehicle is mounted on a strong elastic and indestructible base. The animals are made of durable plywood. They are modeled on designs which Dr. Ingersoll secured from the local kindergartens. The alternate animals are arranged so that they gallop as the merry-go-round is propelled by a small toy engine on a stationary cycle attached to the bicycle bearing. The mechanical arrangement is such that the circular motion of the toy causes a toy piano to play.

There is a ticket seller's box as a prominent factor in the toy set-up while the chariots and horses are patterned accurately after those on the full-size merry-go-rounds. A system of wire cables operated by the circling of the toy moves the animals and related parts. One figure consists of a motorist who goes through the motions of cranking his car as the complicated toy works. When Dr. Ingersoll cut out the figures of the animals, chariots and other objects used on the merry-go-round, he made duplicates in each instance, using the second set of figures in a popular Noah's Ark which he produced at the same time.

After Professor Ingersoll completed his scientific studies in this country, he went abroad and while traveling in Europe, he stored up many ideas which he has since reproduced in marvelous toys. One such is a remarkably accurate replica of a Swiss chalet. The toy house is made of basswood glued. The model is accurate even to its novel balcony and overhanging roof which bound the second floor of the chalet. Diminutive shutters guard the windows. The toy house is provided with a removable front which can be laid aside so that the children may have access to the interior. The chalet is furnished completely with Tom Thumb furniture, and equipment. There are even a tiny telephone, electric light system, doorbells and fireplaces which glow when the lights are switched on.

On the lawn adjoining the Ingersoll home in the university residential section of Madison, Wisconsin, stands the finest juvenile playhouse in the Middle West. It is a perfect model of an attractive little cottage, seven feet square and high enough so that a large man can stand erect inside. It is large enough to accommodate ten children. A pair of Dutch benches ornament the front doorway which is also provided with a regular mail box where the postman leaves any mail that comes for the Ingersoll children. The playhouse has a regulation number and street address. It is surrounded by an attractive picket fence. The interior is illuminated electrically and there is even a cosy fireplace as a homelike asset of the imitation dwelling. This house is another of the outstanding Christmas gifts which Dr. Ingersoll has made and given to his four fine children. It is the rendezvous of the neighborhood lads and lasses. The house contains $50 worth of building material and it took Dr. Ingersoll twelve days to build it.

A wooden engine with its tender and passenger coach that Dr. Ingersoll made for his youngsters has been played with daily for five years by four children and is still in excellent condition. It is an unusual example of how a substantially constructed toy will last if made of good material. The Ingersoll parents never allow their children to take the homemade toys out of doors, as wind, rain and inclement weather are destructive agencies which would soon ruin any toys. Electric-wire spools were used as the basis for the amateur mechanical accomplishments which make the wheels of the toy engine work just like those of a real locomotive.

A set of one hundred building blocks made of red cedar possess a very sweet and pleasant odor. They have been favorite playthings with the youngsters. These wooden blocks are made exactly like building bricks, their dimensions being one by two by four inches. Each block is twice as wide as it is thick and twice as long as it is wide. The blocks can be used to build all kinds of castles, fortifications and factories as the children desire.

Dr. Ingersoll's oldest son is now eight years old and, last Christmas, the professor gave the lad a nice set of carpenter's tools, a small workbench and a definite space in the house which he can use as his workshop. Since that time, the Ingersoll youngsters have been busily engaged in making simple toys. Their father says he intends to let them work free-lance fashion for some time and, then, after they have mastered the rudiments of amateur carpentry, he plans to supervise their activities.

It is notable that on several occasions when Dr. Ingersoll has made public exhibition of the remarkable toys at Christmas festivals in Madison, astonishing interest has been displayed in the collection—not alone by children but also by grown-ups.

The Political Line-up in Massachusetts—By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

MASSACHUSETTS occupies the most remarkable and powerful position, politically, of any state in the Union. The offices of President of the United States, Speaker of the House, Secretary of War, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in the Senate, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and a number of other high administrative positions, are all held by sons of the Bay State.

And, while this state of affairs has caused dissatisfaction in other states, who feel that they are being ruled by Massachusetts, or that men from that state are practically running the government, it has caused almost as much dissatisfaction within the Bay State itself. The state has been slipping steadily in business and commercial importance, especially in exports and foreign shipping trade through the port of Boston, while gaining in political power. Boston is now down to ninth in export trade and is fast losing ground in the shoe and textile trades.

None of the great aggregation mentioned above has been able, apparently, to get anything for the state it represents, or, as some claim, has tried to get anything. Men in the government from other states work hard for their home interests, and see that they do not suffer, at least, to the benefit of other sections. But this state has had to sit back and swallow freight differentials that are stifling her commerce, railroad discrimination against her, lack of port improvements which have been accorded to other sections, and many other discriminations, in spite of her big men at Washington.

Republicans are not satisfied with this situation, nor with many other conditions in connection with the present administration, and it goes without saying that the Democrats are not.

This does not mean that there will be any big turnover, and a grand house-cleaning, such as Kansas had. Under the primary law now on the statute books, which is a political joke, a complete upheaval would be out of the question. It does not afford a free expression of the will of the people, but the politicians of neither party want to see it changed.

Chairman Charles H. McGlue, of the Democratic State Committee, claims that the state is normally Democratic, if the party had a fair show in electing county commissioners, apportionment of legislative districts and if the law was strictly obeyed in the matter of voting registrars and election officers. The law requires that there shall be an equal number from the two major parties, but the Chairman figures that the Democrats are about 1,200 shy on these election places.

The state committee, therefore, is preparing notices to city and town officials calling their attention to the law and demanding that it be strictly obeyed. In cases where it is not, the committee will go before the state supreme court for a mandamus to compel the officials to appoint the election officers in equal numbers from both parties.

In past years the Republicans have concentrated strongly upon the election of county commissioners. They are practically the key to the political situation in the state, as in their hands is the apportionment of legislative districts; and of the sixteen counties in the state, ten counties will this year spend a million dollars or more each in improvements. This fact alone, when considered as a matter in the hands of the dominating party, will be a tremendous vote swinger.

The state is in favor of prohibition, very strongly so, but against the Volstead Act. This may sound contradictory; but while neither party wants to return to the old corner saloon and its attendant poverty and corruption, the 104,000 majority against a state enforcement act not unlike New York's Mullin-Gage Act shows that a large number of people want a modification of the Volstead Act that will permit the sale of beer and light wines. The enormous inflow of smuggled liquor from abroad along the coast and the tremendous amount of bootlegging going on all over the state in spite of the many raids and arrests has made the people feel that something must be done to offset this stream of hard liquors and rank poisons.

However, the Republican delegation will go to the national convention as a prohibition delegation, though there are likely to be a number of liberals in the outfit.

But no great turnover may be expected, unless some great crisis appears. Massachusetts is not so conservative as she has often been rated by outsiders; still she is not so independent as the Middle West.

Many Viewpoints Held in Study of Money Question

THERE is satisfaction in the study of the Money Question, even if pursued academically. This is especially true where one is in position to review the various theories of economists who deem themselves the discoverers of the only perfect system of barter and exchange.

It would surprise the reader to learn the number of self-sacrificing patriots who have spent freely of their time in studying economic problems, and of their money to give their views publicity. The statistics of their activity have never been compiled, but the aggregate of that activity is prodigious; the amateur publications alone comprise, in printed form, everything, from leaflet to stately volume, while in manuscript there are literally thousands of schemes to be had for the asking, or offered publishers at nominal figures.

The writers of these unnumbered works are sincere, and in most cases recognize basic principles of economics and the faults of existing laws. Always, or nearly always, there is an intolerance of other views. As one proceeds to examine each theory presented, evidence is increased that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and, though many of the amateur economists show a familiarity with the recognized text authorities, there is a corresponding lack of understanding or evaluation of them. It is one thing to have read Adam Smith or Henry George, and quite another to know their philosophies: it is still another thing to know where to classify them and how to value them.

Some time ago, the writer was shown a personal letter from one of the most distinguished of present-day economists, to a friend who was anxious to redeem the world from Usury, in which he said, "I have spent years of my life and thousands of dollars in an effort to teach the people about money, but they will not be taught. The banker, the poorest authority in the world, has more influence. His view is honest, but distorted, and is through the glasses of self-interest, by which he himself is often deceived. He rules his fellows through fear, as he himself is ruled."

Public Easily Misled

YET this man is famous through his works, his books are to be found in every library, he himself is consulted by the greatest financiers of the country. They are guided by his advice, even knowing his contempt for their practices.

Some of the most promising students of the economics of finance, although in the regular employ of the largest banks of the country, are outspoken in private life as to the inequities of our money system. The reader will note the word "inequities"; we intentionally avoid the use of "iniquities," for while either fits, it is the falsity of the system that must be considered rather than the character of its beneficiaries. When the Money system can be considered as dispassionately as a geological or chemical problem, progress will be made.

So, although many economists are intellectually at variance with their employers, the misconception which arises from their work comes oftener from what is not said by them rather than from what they say. It is remarkable how easily the public can be misled in economic matters by the simple expedient of well-selected omissions.

The general conception that the gold standard for money is the only practicable basis for a medium of exchange, because it gives a stable unit from which to measure values, is not held by economists as a rule. Some will admit that of all commodities it is the best, but even they will assure you that a commodity base can not be just or equitable. Most of them hold that the gold standard is a myth, a fallacy; that instead of being in existence, its potency is in the blind faith with which the world accepts it as being in existence when it is not.

There is a class of economists, chiefly among those to be found on college faculties, who argue that the gold standard is not perfect, but that any change must be the result of world-agreement, and that money (using the term as the name of the means for exchange) should have a better foundation. Among these students, for they are nothing else, have sprung up a craze for—not a perfect money—a stabilization of prices by changing the precious metal content of the unit. Their plan could be carried out because the unit itself is purely theoretical, never being coined or in use. They forget that all money is a measure of relative value, and that while an average price of a dozen or a score or a hundred commodities might be approximately maintained, the price of any single commodity might vary as greatly as now. Prices cannot be stabilized for the simple reason that relative values change constantly. The farmer who sells wheat to buy corn will find as much difference in relative value as the market now shows, whether the alleged unit is 23.8 grains of gold or half that amount. If it takes two bushels of wheat to secure the money to buy a given quantity of corn, where one bushel would have sold for enough to buy it a year ago, the stabilization of prices is a failure.

Another one of this class privately admits the gold standard is a failure and must go, but not yet—not until the people are educated to the proper function of money and its scientific relation to business. To an advocate of absolutely fiat money as generally but mistakenly understood he wrote: "Your argument is unanswerable, but the world is not quite ready for the change."

Money based on land values is a favorite theme for the pamphlets which daily arrive at the reviewer's table. Some are ingenious; a few recognize the possibility of speculative manipulation like that existing in a commodity "redemption," and provide for its regulation by intricate laws; others consist in merely direct loans to individuals on straight land mortgage. The latter class seem to regard the American people as borrowers, and forget the principle involved in an equitable system that borrowing will be reduced to a minimum, and land mortgages will be a thing of the past.

All reformers, however, seem to be agreed that—

1. The government should resume its function and duty to "coin money and regulate the value thereof," as stated in the Constitution, and no longer delegate the power to private corporations.

2. The gold standard is inadequate as a money base, because of the insufficient quantity of gold in the world. Bank deposits total, in this country alone, many times the total coinage value of all the gold known to have been mined since history began. Besides, gold is private property, and if demand came for a general return to depositors of their real money, no banking system could survive. The possibility may be remote, but it is a possibility.

There is comfort, however, in the knowledge that wealth is real. Money is not wealth. Money is the creation of government to facilitate the exchange of real wealth. If gold possessed any virtue not given it by government, it would represent at least the cost of its own production as metal taken out of the ground. It does not. For every dollar's worth of gold known to have been taken from Mother Earth, the cost has been more than double the natural market value of gold—double in actual expenditure of labor, to say nothing of the waste of human life in pursuing its lure.

History tells us the Aztecs and Incas, who used the metal solely for adornment, could not understand the desperate greed for gold of the Europeans who despoiled them. And we ourselves can understand it only by knowing that government has given to gold a value it does not natively possess.

One of the most elaborate schemes brought to the attention of the reviewer contemplates the stabilization of prices by regulation of the amount of currency in circulation. This is to be accomplished by the use of an index number based on the average price of a given number of commodities, as by Professor Irving Fisher's plan, save that the author proposes to dispense with the varying amount of redemption metal in the unit. In its place a government department would vary the amount of currency in circulation by buying its own bonds in the market when the index price called for inflation and selling bonds when deflation appears necessary. He would retain the Federal Reserve System, but for what purpose does not appear. The chance for speculative manipulation would appear operative here, with an additional one. In his prospectus the writer proposes the abolition of interest on government bonds. This would be fatal, since without interest there would be no market for bonds of that nature, feeding the market and withdrawing from it could not be done, and as that is the keystone of his arch, the structure would fall of its own weight.

The same writer, when another student proposed an automatic self-regulating system by which currency could maintain its own volume according to the demands of business, dismissed the idea with an imperative denial of its possibility. And yet, the fact is that in the postal service, the excess of stamps forms no inflation of the supply.

Another writer calls for the extension of the legal tender privilege to all government bonds. This would keep government obligations at par, at any rate, for the consols, now forming the security for National Bank issues, have commanded a premium steadily, although bearing the lowest interest rate of any part of the public debt. With this writer all of us may wonder that commercial paper of certain kinds is permitted to be deposited as security for the Federal issues, while the government bonds are not.

Remedy Declared Simple

A WESTERN writer calls attention to the fact that much of the currency supposed to be in circulation is not available for hand-to-hand use. That is, it is in denominations which only banks can handle in making balances and keeping reserves in small compass. Bills of small denomination are the only ones doing service as actual currency, and the only ones that can be so used. Checks and drafts are much more convenient for large transactions, besides having the advantage of having a personal ownership which prevents loss. Money lost is not easily identified. It is the property of the finder, if he is dishonest enough to keep it, but a check or draft can be used by nobody but the owner or on his order without the commission of a felony. There is absolutely no reason for the printing of a note of larger denomination than can be used conveniently by the holder.

As in mechanics, which rest on immutable natural laws, money is subject to certain limitations. These must be observed by every theorist and student. The first of these principles is that in its fullest sense Money can be created only by government; that is, no real money can exist without full legal tender quality, which government alone can give. Credit is not money, although performing the function of money within certain limits. The difference between money and its substitute is that the creditor must accept money, but may refuse the substitute. The handling of bank or individual credit is at the risk of the holder. Even after use, he is responsible as an endorser, should there be failure of redemption by the drawing signatory.

Yet more than nine-tenths of the business of the world is done on bank and individual credit, and men profess to fear that an increase of the present extremely small volume of legal tender money would be disastrous

The remedy for present monetary ills, when arrived at, will prove so simple most people will wonder it was not found long ago.

Dead Bones That Tell Story of a Continent

Concluded from page 5

in India also. They probably spread over the earth from their ancestral home, a land which once linked America and Europe across the North Atlantic Ocean.

"Here's another thing about them—the dinosaurs are classed as reptiles, because their skeletons are like those of birds or crocodiles, rather than like horses, or cattle or rabbits. And for all we know they laid eggs from which the young were hatched. If that was the case, their eggs would have made an ostrich ashamed of its production. But no eggs have ever been found, nor have any young been unearthed—all our knowledge is about the adults. Several big ones have been taken from this quarry—one called brontosaurus was more than sixty feet long, and the other, diplodocus, which has just been removed, was eighty-five feet long, stood fourteen to sixteen feet high at the hips, and could stand in water forty feet deep and keep its head above the surface. It weighed from sixteen to eighteen tons when alive. One of the seventeen vertebrae of the neck was three feet long, and the pelvic bone when boxed and still surrounded with some rock weighed a ton. Cover either of those dinosaurs with flesh and skin and breathe life into them, and even though they weren't meat-eaters none of us would care to associate with them.

"Just what happened after a few hundred thousand years had passed we don't know, but certainly the dinosaurs were annihilated, and probably at one blow. A number of things might have happened—a quick change in climate, even, for they were cold-blooded, that is, they had no means by which they maintained the heat of the body at one temperature. Their bodies were the same temperature as the outside air or the water in which they lived, just like a frog. We know only that the catastrophe occurred and the dinosaurs were destroyed.

Entire Top of Ridge Cut Off

"THAT was the beginning of a series of events which makes this Dinosaur National Monument the queerly colored place that it is. On top of those dead dinosaurs sands were piled, then shales, and more sands and shales for a total depth of ten thousand feet. Thus instead of disappearing, the bones underneath the layers were washed by water containing various silicates; the silicates displaced all the organic matter of the bones, that is, all the matter which is removed from a bone when we burn it, and just enough of the bone form remained to leave these fossils as they are.

"Piling up those layers one after another and the eventual changing of them into sandstone and the like took several million years, but scarcely was that done when another event took place which is responsible for all this hubbub. 'At that time beds of sandstone, shale and limestone more than twenty-four thousand feet deep spread horizontally over a broad stretch of the country,' when there began in its middle a great wrinkle which eventually raised a [illegible] in the earth's crust a hundred miles long and fifty miles wide running in an easterly and westerly direction. So slowly, however, did that fold progress that the Green River was enabled to cut down through the soft strata as they were lifted. The thing was like a great layer cake twenty-four thousand feet thick and with any number of strata, being humped up in the middle and cut in two by a river.

"Yet had that been the only thing which happened we should probably never have unearthed these fossils. Rain fell in abundance, and thus that great fold never reached the height which it might had it been undisturbed. It would have been twenty-four thousand feet above the present level of the Green River, or more than five miles above sea level; only the incessant wearing down by water prevented that great ridge from being. The entire top was cut off, about sixteen thousand feet of it all washed away. And accordingly the same thing happened as would happen if you cut a humped layer cake—you would see all those layers set up on an angle and even though one end were hidden you could distinguish each kind. And there are your rocks to prove this, if you don't believe it."

I looked out toward the north across those layers of coloring, across the sandstones, shales, clays and marls cut by the one hard layer on which we stood and the other in which was the quarry, and I saw that great upturned region called the Uinta Mountains. Beginning near at hand I saw those layers of pink and orange and yellow, slate, buff, coral, vermilion and white stretching away one after the other to the horizon and I wondered how much farther they went. And I could see how those strata lay at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, all except those which lay southward from the quarry. There apparently another big slip had taken place and the remaining ten thousand feet had been set up on end and even leaned over slightly backward. Were there earthquakes, smoking volcanoes, cloudbursts in the mountains those millions of years ago or not, we do not know, but when miles of the earth's crust are moved like a toy, the effort must cause some rumbling and growling and groaning on the part of the giant force which moves them.

It is a beautiful country—a country distinct from all others because of its rainbow rocks which glisten or are dull in the sunshine beneath an infinitely deep sky. Northward, the rocks and the coral castle of Split Mountain; southward, the bottomlands of the Green River with the river taking its turns through the sagebrush flats; eastward, the layers stretch as to the north; but westward, the table-lands rise one above the other, one, two, three, a dozen or more, with gullies washed in them, and as Powell says, "loose incoherent sandstones, shales and clays carved by a network of running waters into domes and cones in flowing outlines," and into tables of fantastic shapes.

Brings Wealth to Those Who Knew Only Poverty

Concluded from page 3

oil fields, and "gentlemen, you can go to hell" was the significant dictum passed from mouth to mouth and field to field whenever it became known that ubiquitous "lease hounds" were negotiating for graveyard sites. It has been reduced to verse. Nearly every oil man can say these lines:

NOT FOR SALE

By Will Farrell.

There's a church yard down at Ranger, just an acre, more or less,
Where the south winds kiss the headstones in a lazy, soft caress,
Where the chinaberry shelters all that sleep beneath its shade,
'Neath the mounds, grass grown and hidden, 'neath the fresh ones newly made.
Some are there who fought for Texas in the tragic long ago
When the swarthy Santa Anna brought his hordes from Mexico,
There are some who risked the desert when the great red West was young
And whose deeds are still unwritten, seldom told, and seldom sung.

Flowers bloom and die at Ranger in that sacred acre lot—
Jessamine and wild rose linger lest the sleepers be forgot.
Here and there a broken bottle holds a spray of withered bloom,
Bits of colored glass and china brighten up some somber tomb.
And, above it all, a belfry casts its long, lean shadows down
Like a hand outstretched for silence to the clamor in the town.
When the western dusk has fallen springs a ring of garish light
And the fevered pulse of Progress beating tireless through the night.

All around the quiet church yard and the meeting house beyond
Is a hedge of blackened derricks where the monster drills respond
To the tug of groaning cables as the beams nod to and fro,
Delving deeper—ever deeper—to the treasure far below.
Tanks attest the wealth of Midas, pipe lines strain to hold the flood,
There's a prince's ransom wasted in the sloughs of amber mud.
Yet the cry is "Give us leases. Every acre means a well.
Crowd the graveyard over yonder. Force the board to lease or sell!"

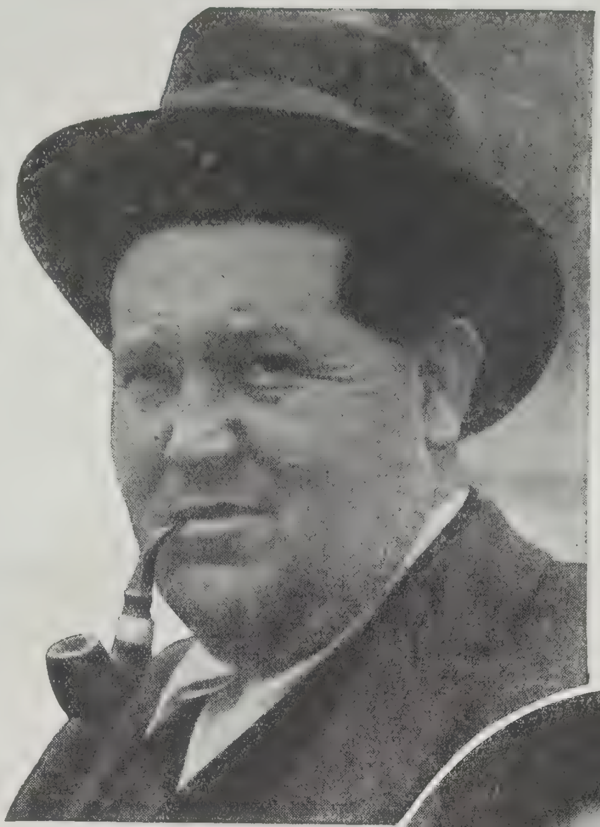
All of oildom knows the answer, when the chairman shook his head,
Gazing past the man of millions at the city of the dead.
"There is room enough in Texas,"—here he waved his palsied hand—
"There are countless acres open, and there's oil in every sand.
Why disturb the weary tenants in yon narrow strip of sod?
'T is not ours but theirs, the title, vested by the will of God.
We, the Board, have talked it over, pro and con, without avail—
We reject your hundred thousand. Merriman is not for sale."

Down the long sand trails of Texas, when the great red West was young,
Men have fought the savage desert where now thriving towns have sprung,
Where the busy derricks rumble and the drills bite, keen and deep,
Many bones today are bleaching where those martyrs fell asleep.
Yet above the trampled prairie and the oil man's reckless tread
Texas still may flaunt her banner—all her heroes are not dead.
And that Baptist church at Ranger, old and dingy, half decay,
With its belfry shadows falling on its plot of precious clay,
Is a monument eternal on that long, dim Texas trail,
Standing guard above the headstones in a lot that's not for sale.

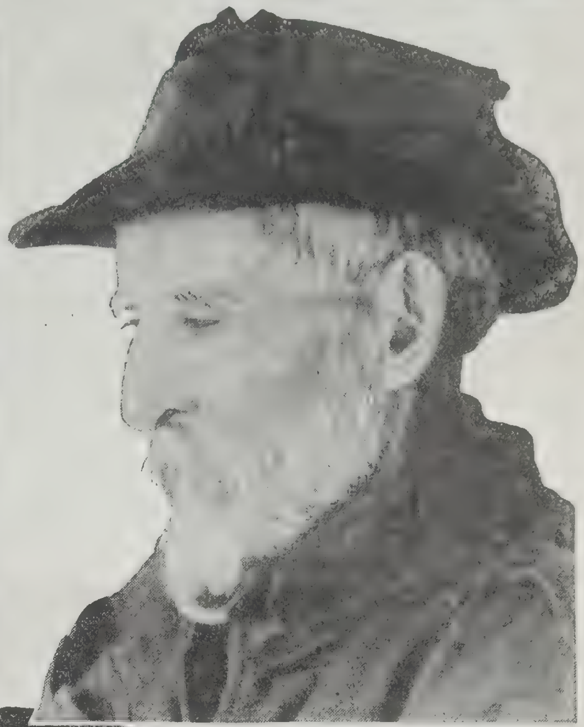
Looking for orgies, I found common sense. I looked up a dozen old-time Arkansas farmer men and women each of whom had made a fortune in oil, but I did not find one whose fortune was slipping away. For example:

There was Trav Laney, seventy-three years of age, sixty-four of them on one farm, a score of wells producing oil on that farm. There was Lije Hardin, who leased his place for ten cents an acre and then turned around and made a million on royalties. There was Uncle Billy McKenzie, squeezing a living out of his Confederate pension until they brought in a giant well on his farm. There were Tom and Jet Murphy, Smackover's village storekeepers before they entered the money class *via* oil. There was Sid Umstead, the new multimillionaire in a county of millionaires. There was Uncle Jeff Flenniken, slave Negro and eighty, whose official signature is a rudely scrawled cross, who refused to give up his mule team for a shiny new automobile. Orgies? Not they! Each of them has put it away safely and is living simply though comfortably.

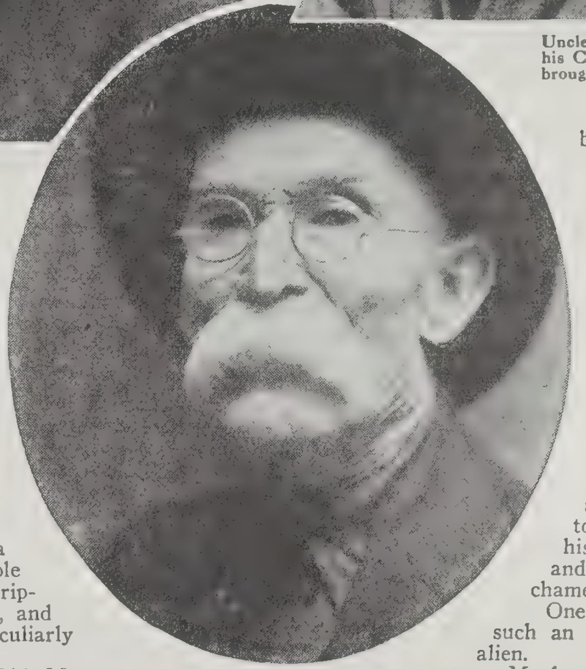
Finally, there was Sam Godbey. He has lived on his Smackover farm "coming sixty year." From his porch overlooking a sinuous bend in the creek, sitting deep in a capacious rawhide bottom chair, he expectorates with a precision marvelous to behold, and meditates, aloud, on the complexities of life as seen by a wise old man from his porch. He was comfortable and happy before oil made him rich; the transition has brought no change in his life except as it has given him leisure to study the relation of oil to his neighbors' minds. Mr. Godbey proudly calls himself a razorback and his innumerable stories at his tongue's end descriptive of razorback idiosyncrasies, and abounding, one assumes, in peculiarly razorback idiomatics.



Tom Murphy, Smackover's village storekeeper before he entered the moneyed class.



Uncle Billy McKenzie, living on his Confederate pension until they brought in a 10,000-barrel well on his farm last year.



There was Trav Laney, 73 years of age, 64 of them on one farm, 50 wells producing oil on that farm.

No, there were not any Old Mr. Dollivers in Smackover field. As the rhymester sings, "Them days are gone forever." Smackover being simply one oil field, any number of local causes might be advanced. The proximity of the region to the Ouachita River may have a bearing on the case. The farmers thereabouts tolerate the noisy oil field; they love the quiet and beautiful river. Their passion for it is as steadfast as the river's own current, as idyllic as the river's own history. Besides having the official designation in old geographies of "one of the ten most beautiful rivers," the Ouachita is the fabled happy hunting ground of numerous Indian tribes. It rises in the foothills of the Ozarks and cuts the heart of the mid-continent before it mingles its waters with the Black River, passes into the Red, and finally pours itself over the broad bosom of the Mississippi. As the Ouachita winds its length around the Smackover region, so has it wound its history around Smackover's history until the two, river and oil field, have come to a chameleon-like relation.

One cannot find orgies in such an environment. They are alien.

Maybe so, and yet, maybe not. It is a futile thing to reckon with local causes when a like condition presents itself at El Dorado, Cushing, Tonkawa, Powell, Goose Creek—at every place in this broad land where the geologists, the surveyors, the lease hounds and the drillers have come in to set awry the established life of the quiet countryside. If the orgy of spending was a gyration of the mind which we would like to forget for our own good, its complement has been a return to sanity which we can observe and record with a vast feeling of content.

Great Americans and the Sabbath—By JOHN J. BIRCH

"The one great poem of New England is her Sunday. That has been her crystal dome overhead. When she ceases to have a Sunday, she will be like the landscape growing dark; all its lines, its distances and gradations merging into sheeted darkness and night."—Henry Ward Beecher.

VARIOUS interests throughout the whole United States are engaged in a strenuous and systematic attempt to undermine the idea of the Christian Sabbath and supplant it by a day of general recreation. One of the bulwarks of this nation has been the Sabbath, dedicated to the worship of God and the concerns of the higher life. Without it the very foundations of this great country could never have been laid. In a large measure we owe our greatness, as a nation, to the little white churches on the hillsides because they were vital forces in preparing men for the mighty tasks of civilization. "Thy woods and templed hills," the familiar line in "America," refers to the churches that dotted New England.

At this time it would be well to harken to the advice given by those great Americans who so skillfully guided this land through her most perilous hours. They saw the value of Sunday reverence and its association with our physical and spiritual life.

George Washington while President ordered Sunday rest in the army and navy.

Reverend R. S. McArthur, D. D.: "A week without Sunday is like a country without the smell of flowers or the song of birds. It is like a year without summer—nothing but bleak, barren, frozen winter."

Benjamin Harrison once observed: "Experience and observation convince me that all who work with hand or brain require the rest which a general observance of the Sabbath only can secure. The philanthropist and the Christian may approach the subject from different directions; but whether we regard man as an animal or mortal we should unite in securing for him the rest that body and spirit both demand for their best conditions and highest good. Those who do not find the divine command in the Book cannot fail to find it in man."

President William McKinley, in one of his public addresses, asserted: "I am in favor of Sunday legislation and a strict observance of the Christian Sabbath."

His successor, Theodore Roosevelt, was also a strict advocate of Sunday observance. "Experience shows that a day of rest is essential to mankind; that it is demanded by civilization as well as by Christianity."

Daniel Webster, the famous orator and Secretary of State, said: "The longer I live the more highly do I esteem the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath and the more grateful do I feel toward those who impress its importance upon the community."

William H. Seward, also a Secretary of State, very emphatically believed in Sabbath observance: "Every day's observance and experience confirm the opinion that the ordinances which require the observation of one day in seven and the Christian faith which hallows it are our chief security for all civil and religious liberty, for temporal blessings and spiritual hopes."

Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court: "I believe that the due observance of the Sabbath as a day for religious worship and contemplation is required by commandment of God, and is vital to the purity and integrity of the social organism. While the state may not deal with this question in its purely religious aspect, it may deal with it as involved in the right to have one day in seven set apart, under the sanction of the law, as a day on which unnecessary labor shall cease upon the part of all, thereby securing for each person an opportunity for that rest of body and mind which the public health and public safety demand."

Judge McLean, also of the Supreme Court of the United States, believes in Sunday observance. "Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot be long sustained."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Prominent New York Catholics protested and Nazimova's sketch, "The Unknown Lady," was withdrawn from the stage. Since the protest has been effective in this instance it would be a public service if the protestors should follow up their success.

Sawgrass, a tall grass that grows in marshy places of Florida, is used for paper pulp.

The old oath of the Scotch grand jury man was, "You shall present no Person for Hatred, Malice, or Ill-will; nor leave anything unpresented for Fear, Favour, or Affection."

"Schiebers" is German for profiteers. Germany has two crops—the *Kriegsgewinner,* or war profiteers, and the *Revolutionsgewinner,* or those who grew rich out of Germany's political upheaval. A third crop is now growing out of the financial exchange situation.

Recognizing the dog as the original and most reliable burglar alarm a great insurance company cuts rates for residence burglary, theft and larceny insurance where one is kept.

A watch that can be automatically corrected twice daily by radio has been devised by a lieutenant of the naval air service.

Farmers, living within one mile of the post office or rural mail station, will be entitled to receive special delivery mail by carrier, according to an order recently issued by the Postmaster General.

Of every hundred young men who begin as railroad firemen, only five ever reach the position of passenger engineer.

Rosa Raisa's real name is Raitza Burtstein. Her father was a wealthy Jewish contractor in Russia.

The Chinese "mine" the 2,000,000-year-old fossilized remains of prehistoric animals for use as medicine, to supply Chinese drug stores with "dragon's teeth," and "dragon's bones."

Animal hunters employed by the government use oil of catnip as a lure when hunting mountain lions and bobcats.

More than 290 Negro agricultural extension agents show Negro farm families how to put into practice improved methods of managing the farm and home.

The female rôles in Turkish theaters are nearly always played by Armenian actresses, as Turkish women are forbidden any part in theatrical performances.

Ruins of a city, believed to be a thousand years older than Rome, have been discovered near Ferrara, Italy.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Sir Alfred Mond, British Jewish leader, was greatly astonished on his recent visit by the wealth of America. "The country is overwhelmed with money," he said, "I saw most of the financiers, bankers and leading industrialists, and they regarded anyone with less than $50,000,000 as very small beer and would hardly look at him." The inference would be just that Sir Alfred saw few Americans.

Former cabinet ministers in Spain are prohibited from holding positions as directors or members of administrative councils of corporations.

"You can't sell sentiment in Washington," cried a sweating auctioneer as he knocked down for $45 a mahogany sofa, two armchairs and one other chair—all upholstered in velour. The furniture was formerly the property of Warren G. Harding.

Before the earthquake the Japanese Government had allotted $110,000 to the "Social Affairs Bureau" to encourage Japanese emigrants to go to Brazil. More than 100 local intelligence offices in different parts of Japan promoted the movement.

Miami, Florida, spends $275,000 a year for tourist advertising.

The highest mountain peak in New Zealand, a land of hot springs and glaciers, does not attain more than 12,350 feet. Mountain climbers marvel at the scenery which is unexcelled.

Mistaking a fire box for a mail box a New York man laid his letter on top and pulled the handle. Four engine companies, two fire trucks, a water tower, two battalion chiefs and a deputy chief arrived in great excitement. A fireman mailed the letter in a near-by mail box.

"Popular opinion is not far wrong in its attitude toward authors who create odious and repulsive characters, the embodiment of debased, perverted passions and ideas, suspecting uneasily that the thoughts and feelings of the characters may be those of the author himself."—Jacinto Benavente, Spanish playwright.

The professor of Chinese at Columbia University says that Chinese is not a difficult language to learn and that any intelligent person may gain a working knowledge of the language in three months.

New species of insects are being found and classified at the rate of 6,000 a year.

Claiming that it creates a wrong impression of British justice, the chairman of the Board of Governors of Toronto University says Longfellow's "Evangeline" should be removed from all Canadian schoolbooks.

A jade amulet discovered at the San Juan de Teotihuacan pyramids, near Mexico City, had the following engraved Chinese inscription: "The golden fish that passes by the Dragon's gate is converted into a dragon." The Chinese Legation readily interpreted the inscription which is a quotation from a very old Chinese lyric.

In personally receiving representatives of the Lord's Day Alliance, President Coolidge said: "I profoundly believe in the Sabbath and have always recognized its sacred importance. I appreciate the work your organization is doing for the preservation of the Christian Sabbath, and, with you, I feel that we should give attention not only to the physical aspects but also to the moral and spiritual phases of the Holy Day."

Truck gardeners in Florida have experienced severe losses in crops through land crabs, which devour and injure young and tender vegetation.

Bolivia is the only South American country without a seaboard.

"The people that came to this country in the early days were of the beaver type and they built up America because it was in their nature to build. Then the rat people began coming here to house under the roof that others built."—*Secretary of Labor Davis.*

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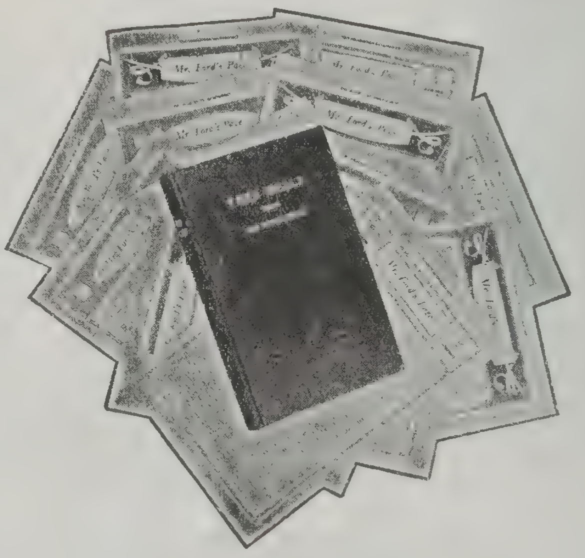

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DEC 14 1923

The Sale of M. D. Degrees

To 'Clean' New York Plays

He Ran–and 'Made' Football

No Honest Yeggs Any More

North Caring for the Negroes

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Thousands Buy Bogus M. D. Degrees to 'Practice'

Inquiry Into and Expose of Issuing of Fake Diplomas Bring Startling Facts of Charlatans Who Are Totally Unfitted for Professional Work

By J. OLIN HOWE

ASTOUNDING, incredible, fairly taking one's breath away, are facts just now coming to light as to so-called medical colleges in St. Louis and Kansas City which have scattered over the country great numbers of bogus diplomas and spurious M D. degrees.

The medical faker is everywhere, apparently. Literally thousands of men and women about this broad land are practicing medicine without being in any real sense fitted to do so.

They have not the mental equipment, in medicine or surgery or even as to general intelligence, which warrants their being permitted for an instant the power over life and death which their state licenses give them. These are mild words in the face of the awful details.

In reality, these are crooks and criminals. Their very licenses were obtained by chicanery or worse. And back of them are the lying medical diplomas and fraudulent high school certificates.

Street car conductors, traffic cops, mechanics, bookkeepers, saleswomen, photographers and many others, uneducated and often illiterate, have become "Doctors of Medicine" by a stroke of the pen, when they had the money to pay for it. Some of them never put in an hour's study on which to base these diplomas. Some never were in the city in which they were issued.

Simply Diploma Mills

UNDER-SURFACE rumblings over this situation in the past are well justified by the revelations—first in Missouri, and now in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and other states—as to the workings of these medical diploma mills in the two cities mentioned. Connecticut is one of the states where the men who operated the fake medical schools, who are now under indictment in Missouri, found it easiest to get state licenses for their "graduates."

And there a grand jury, first to be summoned in the Nutmeg State for more than a hundred and fifty years, is deep in an investigation of the miserable business. Governor Templeton, who last spring vetoed legislation greatly desired by the eclectic school of medicine, has pledged himself and his administration to a full clearing up of Connecticut's part in it all. The licenses of scores of physicians will have to be revoked. Some have already fled the state.

This is one of the biggest news stories that ever broke in this country. It comes home to every one of us in some way. It will be a front-page story for months. Its ramifications extend into every state in the Union—and, in fact, far outside this country.

No state is free of these bogus physicians, who never heard of the Oath of Hippocrates. Arkansas, Colorado and, until lately, Florida, rank with Connecticut in the leniency and inadequacy of the laws under which one who wishes to practice medicine may obtain a license. But through the reciprocity system in vogue among the states these doctors, once licensed, were free to go almost where they pleased.

Statutes must be revised in many states before the medical situation is upon a sound basis. And probably not only the eclectic school of medicine, but other schools as well, will have to clean house.

In numerous cases, of which particulars are already known, possessors of these St. Louis and Kansas City diplomas have purchased the practices of well-known and reputable physicians, and with this leverage have found little difficulty in making their way into the confidence of the community. Doubtless many of them got into the army during the war.

In any case, some have turned up in veterans' hospitals, where the poor fellows who are wearing their lives out have had the care of these pseudo-physicians. Civil hospitals have had them on their staffs, and have still, for that matter—men with faked M. D. degrees who never completed a course in medicine or surgery, whose knowledge of anatomy is slight and of chemistry far slighter.

15,000 Fakes in U. S.

THERE are probably 15,000 fake doctors in the United States. At least 2,000 of them are believed to be in New York City alone, where the Missouri diploma mills have recently had their active agents.

"The day the first newspaper story was printed," said Dr. S. Dana Hubbard, of the New York Health Department, "we had eight complaints against these fakers with M. D. signs in front of their doors. There are hundreds of them here. A day or two ago I saw a sign in the window of a Myrtle avenue house in Brooklyn with a man's name and 'M.D., D.C., D.S.O.' after it. I rang his bell and started to question him, but when he found I was connected with the Health Department he slammed the door in my face. I sent a policeman and inspector 'round there, but the sign had been taken from the window and the man was gone."

Not a state has made its regulation of the medical fraternity tight enough to keep these fellows out. Even Alabama, with the best medical practice act among the forty-eight states, and Minnesota, a poor place for the medical faker, haven't succeeded in doing so. An odd fact about it is that while these "doctors" pass eclectic examinations and are licensed by eclectic boards, they more often practice as allopaths, though doubtless usually unrecognized by the county medical society of that school.

The public knows little of that last. For $150 they can purchase the electric apparatus, known among the fake diploma peddlers as a "sucker machine," and pose as using the latest discoveries of science. It is but a step from the use of the violet ray to the X-ray. Who can say how many cases of cancer and how many deaths from that dread disease have come from the ignorance and cupidity of these charlatans?

The St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons was formerly an eclectic medical college, but some years ago was merged with the National University of Arts and Sciences, losing its identity until revived by Drs. Waldo Briggs, Robert Adcox and Ralph A. Voight. One does not know as much of the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, conducted by Dr. Date R. Alexander. The two institutions have been affiliated in issuing bogus medical diplomas.

It is an interesting thing, too, that William P. Sachs, former examiner for the Missouri State Board of Education, who issued the faked high school certificates these doctors must have to accompany their diplomas, was formerly connected with the university mentioned. He and the three doctors are under indictment for these various frauds in Missouri.

Drs. Alexander and Adcox sometimes accompanied batches of "graduates" to Connecticut when the latter were taking examinations for licenses before the state eclectic board, and at least twice the latter took the examination himself as early as possible and finished quickly so as to be able to pass on to the others in his party the list of questions and their proper answers.

The experience of "Dr." George E. Sutcliffe, of Unionville, Connecticut, is typical of how all this St. Louis knavery works out. Sutcliffe is facing apidly for manslaughter. He has lost patients ver he Con- in the short time he has been practicing in Tl World necticut mill town. Last May, Albert Hoody, a W a War veteran, crushed a finger of his right hand in press in a factory across the way from his office.

Dies Under Anesthetic

THE regular physician for the plant was away and Hoody's friend, Cook, rushed him to Dr. Sutcliffe, who made a couple of tests and prepared to cut off the remnants of Hoody's finger. The latter didn't care to see the operation, so Sutcliffe poured some ether on gauze and put the patient under the anesthetic and then passed ether and gauze over to Cook to continue dropping the ether on the gauze while he performed the surgery.

Cook continued as instructed until three cans of ether had been used. Dr. Sutcliffe had practically completed removing the crushed finger when Hoody gave three gasps and died. Sutcliffe, who had occasionally felt Hoody's pulse, dropped the finger and he and Cook and Dr. Dunn, who arrived about that time, applied artificial respiration and used a pulmotor persistently and tried other restorative means, but to no purpose.

The man was gone.

But there was no trouble over it at the time. Dr. E. M. Ripley, the Unionville medical examiner, is the physician whose practice Sutcliffe bought out and he was satisfied all was as it should be in the case of Hoody. The latter was gassed in France and this was believed to account for his having been suffocated by the quantity of ether used on him.

Recently, however, the St. Louis *Star's* exposé of these bogus medical colleges caused interest in the number of their "graduates" in Connecticut, which is large, and it developed that Sutcliffe was a key man out there. He was a photographer when in 1918 he decided he'd like to become a doctor. He was introduced to Dr. Briggs, who enrolled him as a four-year student in the St. Louis college. Sutcliffe had no high school certificate, which a medical student must have, and one was procured from Sachs, for which Sutcliffe paid five dollars.

Briggs first put Sutcliffe down as a freshman, but he was operating a two-year school, at best, and soon changed him to the status of a junior, fixing the records to show he had entered the school in 1914. Sutcliffe saw diplomas being sold by Briggs—for $250 up—especially to Adcox, who was paying $1,000 then. There was no set price, though, and some diplomas brought only $150.

Finally Sutcliffe himself slipped a diploma out to a friend for $50, with "bum signatures on it," he says in his confession to Governor Templeton. He has one diploma Briggs gave him dated 1918, but insists he did two years of work and "graduated" in 1920, when he got another. Sutcliffe went to Colorado and succeeded in passing the examination of the state eclectic board there. He practiced for a time in Ray.

While there he coached "a bunch of dumbbells" sent him by Adcox, twenty of them at fifty dollars a head, on the answers to 250 questions sent from St. Louis. The seventy-five or eighty questions the state board would ask were said by Adcox to be among these 250. Sutcliffe claims not to know how many candidates passed. He doesn't even know that they had studied anything before they came to him, for he says many he does know of never came near the college till they came to get diplomas and their pictures were faked into the class pictures later.

Finally Sutcliffe bought a Connecticut license from a man as yet unnamed (who had himself failed to pass the Colorado examination) for $100 and moved to Connecticut and located in Unionville which he wouldn't have done, he says, had he known there were so many "P. and S." graduates in that state.

Very dramatic is the story of how all this villainy came to be exposed. A filmy tip came into the office of the St. Louis *Star* and put Harry Thompson Brundidge, feature writer for that enterprising newspaper, a chance to serve humanity. This he grasped without delay. The tip was that high school credits could be bought and that Dr. Adcox knew something of that and also about an irregular diploma or two.

"Schooling the Bunk"

BRUNDIDGE dropped his last name and became a coal salesman in the employ of a friend's company. He sold coal. Then he went to live near Adcox. He had his throat infected with tonsillitis germs (!) by a physician friend, became ill and called in Dr. Adcox. The newspaperman intimated he was jealous of the doctor's profession and at length came right out with his desire to become one himself. But he was thirty and too old to go to medical school.

"Schooling is the bunk," said Adcox and outlined a plan to get Brundidge the needed high school certificate and credits showing three years' work in medicine and, despite the fact that Brundidge couldn't possibly understand senior work in a medical school, deliver him a diploma and M. D. degree. Brundidge a bit later said he didn't wish to go to school and Adcox assured him he should have the diploma, anyway.

[illegible] He met Adcox, and after him, Voight,
the high school cer n October 1, Voight gave Brundidge
tional University of A e and a diploma from the Na-
Harry Thompson the de and Sciences conferring on
Voight is known as the m of doctor of medicine.
mill and boasted of this to B mind of the diploma
to know him well. didge when he came
Both certificate and diploma were
Sachs, who is a Lutheran minister [illegible] issued
by educator. He has been dean of this univers
as a resident of Walther College. He had a plan for
and pre ation of a new Lutheran church practically
the form when the *Star's* exposé came and he disap-
completed to return in a few days and turn state's
peared, only he wanted to hook Sachs and Adcox,
evidence.

But Brundidg ight, so he arranged with the former
now that he had V and with the latter for a medical
for high school credits South American country
diploma for a friend, a fellow newspaperman. Adcox offered this friend his choice of the St. Louis or Kansas City colleges from which to "graduate."

Drs. Voight, Adcox and Alexander were arrested on October 14 and next day the *Star* ran the story. And on that day the prosecuting attorneys of St. Louis, St. Louis County and Kansas City personally supervised a search of the homes and offices of these doctors. These raids netted four huge packing cases full of letters, documents, affidavits, high school certificates, diplomas, state seals, county seals, university seals and other paraphernalia and documentary evidence.

School Head Confesses

THESE led to numerous other states, in most of which detailed investigations have not yet been begun. They linked together others than the doctors named with them as members of the diploma ring. They involved state officials in Missouri and elsewhere. The activities of this group had been nation-wide.

Dr. Briggs, however, remains dean of the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons, accuses Dr. Adcox of having duped him, has expelled some students of the institutions and threatens action against 150 graduates of his institution on credentials he now knows to be fraudulent.

B. H. Jolly, county superintendent of schools for St. Charles County, has confessed his connection with the fake diploma distributors and admits selling them and others many high school certificates.

Letters and other papers found in these raids led straight to Connecticut and to such an extent that the governor of that state and the state health authorities could not miss the point. They haven't. Brundidge is in Connecticut at this writing aiding the special grand jury, the foreman of which is a nationally known lawyer —and a very live wire—Benedict M. Holden, of Hartford.

There is ample material for an article devoted to the Connecticut situation alone, telling, among much else of interest, how one of the "graduates" of Dr. Alexander's college went on the Connecticut eclectic medical board, after which neither Alexander nor Adcox felt obliged to go personally to that state.

"Dr. Sutcliffe came to us through a reciprocity arrangement with Colorado," says Dr. James E. Hair, secretary of this Connecticut board. "We took him at his word as to his credentials. If you come to me and tell me you're a graduate of Yale, you wouldn't expect me to doubt your word, would you?"

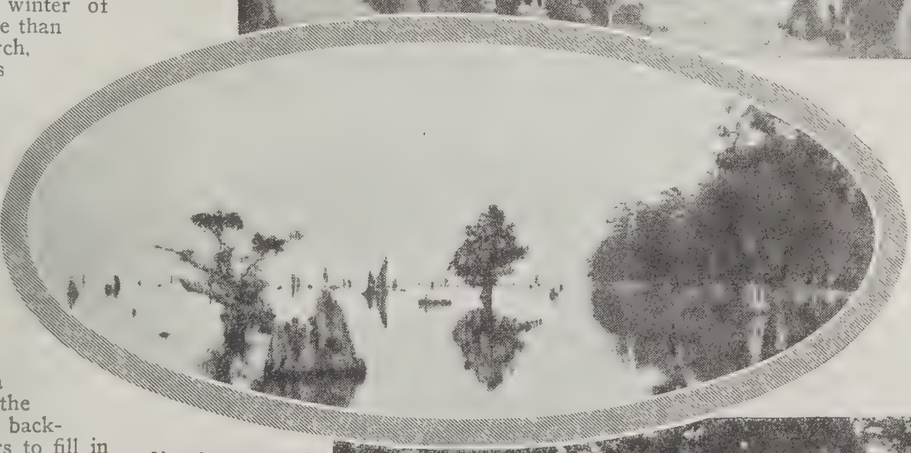
Reelfoot Lake Will Be Saved as Fowl and Fish Preserve

State Steps In to Keep Tennessee Holdings From Being Exploited

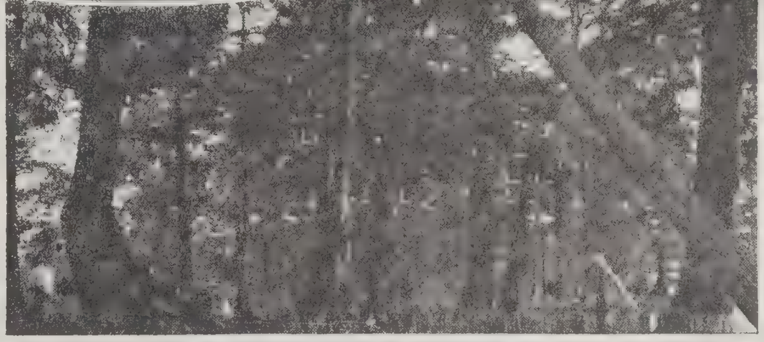
By T. H. ALEXANDER

He fished exactly thirty-five minutes for these with a hook and line.

Typical fisherman's hut at Reelfoot.



Note the stumps and trees left in the lake by the earthquake.



Timber on the edge of Reelfoot Lake.

IF YOU will examine a map of Tennessee and Kentucky you will find, sprawled in the western part of each state, like a giant centipede sunning himself on a rock, a vast expanse of blue. It is Reelfoot Lake, the happy hunting ground of a dozen American states and incomparably the finest fresh-water lake in the whole South, if not the finest east of the Mississippi River.

The life of Reelfoot Lake has numbered one hundred and eleven tragic years since it was formed by an earthquake in the winter of 1811. Violence and bloodshed over the disputed lands lying under and around the lake have marked almost each year of its history. Vast sums have been spent in litigation over the titles to the lake lands. Now the state of Tennessee owns the lake in trust for all the people and soon, if present plans are fulfilled, every foot of land around the lake will be a state-owned game preserve—the greatest state-owned game sanctuary in America.

The earthquake that formed Reelfoot Lake began in the early winter of 1811. It continued for more than three months until by March, 1812, more than 75,000 acres of land had sunk to a depth of from seven to thirty feet. The final convulsion of nature opened a passage from the sunken land to the Mississippi River, three miles west, and the Father of Waters rushed in to claim its new-found conquest. In less than forty-eight hours the sunken land had become a great lake. The waters of the Mississippi River flowed backward for twenty-four hours to fill in the void left by the subterranean disturbance. This is well-authenticated history.

As the land sank it carried with it about one hundred square miles of virgin forest. The storms and winds of more than a century have swept away many thousand trees but thousands yet remain in the lake, gaunt specters of the great earthquake that shook the American continent during pioneer days. Some trees have died and these rear their blasted limbs skyward like the masts of ships, but others still flourish. It is a flooded forest which makes a natural breeding place for fish and waterfowl.

Now one hundred square miles of land was not much in the days before Tennessee was formed and in the days when the parent, North Carolina, gave grants of hundreds of thousands of acres.

Twenty-four years ago saw the first efforts of private individuals to gain possession of the lake. J. C. Harris, a prominent planter of Tiptonville, Tennessee, bought up all the old grants purporting to convey title to the lake from the states of North Carolina and Tennessee. He then dug a canal from the lake to the Mississippi River and set about to drain the lake. The land under the water, enriched by the top soil from the surrounding hills, was conceded to be richer than the proverbial valley of the Nile.

These efforts met with prompt resistance. Owners of hotels and hunting lodges on the eastern shore of the lake contested the move on the grounds that the lake is a navigable stream of water and as such is public property and cannot be drained or molested. The supreme court of Tennessee disallowed the contention but held that the titles to the lake were too vaguely described to hold good. And thus the first effort to drain the lake was estopped.

A large corporation, the West Tennessee Land Company, stepped into the scene in 1902. It bought up all the titles to the lake based on the old grants to the land, some made as early as 1788, and attempted to close the lake to all except those fishing and hunting for pleasure. A storm of protest greeted this policy. Generations of fishermen had lived on the banks of the lake. It was taught by father to son that the lake was public property and belonged to no man.

Six years after the formation of the land company a wave of lawlessness swept over Tennessee and Kentucky. It took the form of organization of "Night Rider" bands which preyed upon the tobacco planters in an effort to force all tobacco farmers to join an association to control the price of tobacco. The Night Riders rode by night in masks. Shortly after the organization of the tobacco Night Riders, a similar band was formed at Reelfoot Lake. Its expressed purpose was to drive the West Tennessee Land Company out of existence.

Meantime the land company had gone into court and secured injunctions against the independent fishermen restraining them from fishing or hunting on the company's property. Colonel R. Z. Taylor and Captain Quentin Rankin, both of Trenton, Tennessee, and both large stockholders in the land company, went to the lake on October 19, 1908, on business for the company. Colonel Taylor had been an officer in the Confederate army. Captain Rankin had been in the Spanish-American War.

Without thought of danger from Night Riders, these two went to the lake. At midnight the Night Riders came, armed and masked. They aroused Taylor and Rankin from their beds in the little hunting hotel at Walnut Log, Tennessee, and forced them to go along the banks of Bayou de Chien just south of the Kentucky border. The smouldering hatred of a generation burst into flame as the hooded fishermen questioned the representatives of the hated corporation.

As Colonel Taylor was questioned he was struck by one of the masked men.

"I am not afraid to die," said Colonel Taylor. "You can't scare me that way. I have been here sixty-two years and you can't cheat me of many years of life, but it is different with Captain Rankin; he's a young man."

Balked by Colonel Taylor, the Night Riders turned their attention to Captain Rankin. They left Colonel Taylor guarded by a small squad and slipping a noose over the head of Rankin they pulled the rope over a limb.

"Let's give him time to pray," suggested one of the Night Riders.

"I have already attended to that matter," replied the intrepid Rankin, and as the rope tightened around his neck he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, don't do that; you are killing me."

"That's what we intend to do," responded one of the leaders of the band and as he said it someone fired a shot. Then came a fusillade of shots. The half-hanging man uttered a cry and slumped forward and Captain Quentin Rankin, a courageous Southern gentleman, was dead.

Colonel Taylor waited until he believed all the weapons had been discharged then sprang into the bayou and escaped. Whether he gave, as is tradition at Reelfoot Lake, a fraternal signal of distress which was recognized and answered by one of his detached squads of guards, may never be known, but he escaped, swam the slough under water and hid behind a log while his captors searched in vain for him. After lying hidden for hours, he wandered westward for two days until at last, half dead from exposure, he was picked up by a rescue party in Lake County, Tennessee, just south of Hickman, Kentucky.

The Night Rider tragedy shocked the moral conscience of the nation. Malcolm R. Patterson, afterward to come into the public eye as the pardoner of the slayer of Senator Edward Ward Carmack, was then governor of Tennessee. He ordered out the state troops, established a camp at Samburg, Tennessee, the chief fishing village of the lake, and took personal charge of the investigation.

Between forty and fifty men were arrested for the crime, six of whom were sentenced to death and two to twenty years' imprisonment, but the state supreme court reversed the sentences on a technicality and further prosecution languished. The Night Riders were never punished.

Five years later, in 1913, the state gained complete possession of the lake by condemnation proceedings, paying $25,000 for the property which is conceded now to be worth several million dollars, could peaceable possession be obtained.

The shore line of the lake is now approximately eighty miles in length and of this the West Tennessee Land Company owns more than nine-tenths, for the title of the state covers the lake but extends only to the low-water mark. The riparian landowners have cut away many miles of the once virgin forest. More than 2,000,000 pounds of fish are taken annually from the lake, almost a million pounds of which are sold for profit, and the annual kill of ducks, small game and fur-bearing animals is estimated at more than $1,000,000 in value. To conserve the game and Reelfoot and provide a great game preserve Governor Austin Peay has recently approved the program fostered by the Nashville *Tennessean*. This program calls for the purchase by the state of the entire holdings to prevent cutting of timber and open a great area for game preservation.

Alarm over the future of the lake was caused throughout the South by the recent discovery by the state geological survey that the area of the lake has shrunk from 56,000 acres in 1908 to only 21,000 acres in 1923. The shrinkage was due to erosion. The state government expects by proper drainage methods to stop this filling in.

Reelfoot is declared by national game authorities to be the finest natural fish hatchery in the world. In spite of years of commercial fishing the black bass, the crappie, pike, brim, carp, cat, striped jack and a dozen other varieties of fish abound at Reelfoot. Here is found the spoonbill catfish. The spoonbill's roe makes better caviar than the eggs of the giant sturgeon from the waters of the Volga.

At the first signs of frost the migratory waterfowl wends his way to Reelfoot from the celery fields of the Northwest. Here also are found the wild turkey, the wild goose, the lordly heron, the crane and the egret from whose plumage come the priceless aigrettes.

Police in Stiff Task: To 'Clean' New York Plays

With Nothing to Be Expected From Producers, Authorities Must Act

By PETER SCHUYLER

ONCE again there is a movement to clean up theatrical Manhattan. This time it is Police Commissioner Enright who has taken the broom in his capacious fist. Of course the commissioner is not going to do the cleansing, except vicariously. The actual work is to be performed by a committee of three, consisting of a deputy police commissioner, a woman member of the detective bureau, and the secretary of Mr. Enright. It will be observed that the theatrical disinfecting squad is made up of those whose police experience has hardened them to shocks against the old-fashioned virtue of modesty. The rate at which the producers are going in for filth and nakedness demands that the persons chosen to delouse the stage be experienced in dealing with iniquity. At this writing nothing has come of the plan except a loud roar of indignation from the people who do not want censorship of any kind except that of their own choosing.

A year ago, about April Fool's Day, as a result of some particularly rotten shows which were then running, a scheme was drafted by the managers, the authors, and the actors' union which was intended to head off what looked like a censorship as drastic (for publicity purposes) as that under which the motion picture producers are now squirming. There was to be a jury of twelve good men and true drawn from a list of four hundred volunteers who were supposed to have no connection with the theater, except as patrons. If a complaint was made against any play, the jury sat on the case. If the vote was nine to three the volunteers might order changes in dialog or situation or action. The jury might even order the play to be taken off the boards and the producing managers agreed to obey. What would happen if the producer refused to live up to his promise, no one said. The jury could do nothing except hold him up as a target for that very doubtful sharpshooter, Public Opinion, to shoot at. If the producer of the dramatic noisomeness happened to be outside the ranks of the Producing Managers Association he could thumb his nose at the jury and continue with his play without fear of interruption except from the law. Of course the law could be enforced, but to any sophisticated Manhattanite the enforcement of any law is a joke. Fortunately for the composure of those who created the gigantic idea of the volunteer censorship, it was never put into practice. The New York *Times*, with an innocence that is remarkable, explains the failure to function by saying, "The system was never tried, for it was never needed." This in the face of its own columns in which appeared all the details of the arrest and fining, last season, of the actors, actresses, and the producer of "The God of Vengeance," which began its career of viciousness down in the Provincetown Playhouse. This is one of the "little" theaters which so great an authority as William Archer declared to be "the hope of the American drama."

Jury Plan Forgotten

IT MAY be remarked in passing that the suppression of the play was urged, not on the score of the incredible foulness of some of the scenes in it, but because it reflected upon the Jewish religion, adherents to which very properly smashed it.

So the "volunteer jury" idea was suffered to snore on uninterruptedly, not because "it was never needed" but because it was afflicted with fatal sleeping sickness from its birth.

But theatrical producers, as a class, have no sense of public decency. They are engaged in serving amusement to the people simply and solely for the money involved in the game. They have no business morality and it is hardly to be expected that they will have any other kind. Money and money alone talks for and to them.

The dramatists, too, rise in their might when anything that savors of a restriction on their output is mentioned. Slightly less cynical and less frank than the producers, they base their claims to write anything they think will bring in royalties on the grounds of "artistic freedom." Their art-loving souls storm at the very thought of anyone or anything coming between them and what may bring an addition to a weekly percentage of the box office receipts. They are said to be responsible for the clause in the volunteer jury scheme which calls for a new set of twelve good men and true to sit on each specific complaint. This makes for what is ingenuously called "flexibility" among the jurymen.

The actors union is concerned only with getting work for its members (in the sense of not inhibiting any effort at production) and seeing that once hired they are not cheated out of their wages. In fact, the new agreement which has recently been ratified by the organization, although not accepted by the Producing Managers Association, explicitly states that the union agrees not to interfere in the selection of any play nor in the casting of it. This being applied means that once an actor is under contract to appear in a piece he must continue in it if the manager demands his services whether his stomach rebels at what he is called upon to perform or not. A case in point bearing on this particular situation is the action of two well-known leading actors leaving the cast of a new musical show, which is to open shortly in Manhattan, because they could not stand the environment of the company, the nakedness of the women, and the general filth of the show itself. If the agreement just ratified by the actors' union were now in effect, these men would be obligated to keep on in the show, as long as the management required their services. The union would be obligated to compel them to remain under the section of the agreement above quoted, or be accused of "violating the sacredness of contracts."

The non-interested members of the jury list, the laymen so-called, being made up of those who are not averse to a little publicity (and the chance to pop into the limelight to the envy of their fellow commuters) might reasonably be expected to be both spineless and voiceless.

The newspapers are against all censorship, though anyone who knows anything about the running of a newspaper realizes that not a day passes that some sort of censorship is not exercised either by the business office or the editorial room. The original censor must have been a blue pencil. The Manhattan dailies have consistently fought all efforts to establish a censorship for motion pictures, for clean books, and for the theater. Presumably their position is colored by the conviction that they will be next in line for the fumigators when the films and the stage have been cleaned up. Under the circumstances it is not strange that they are squarely opposed to a legally established, punitive or corrective tribunal conducted in the interest of general morality.

Season's Plays Outrageous

BUT like bad little boys, who return to their mischief when the threatening rod has been laid away in the closet, the theatrical producers this season have launched a series of plays so outrageous that poor old Public Opinion has staggered to its feet to make a fight of it.

"Artists and Models," a musical show, whose nudity startled even blasé Manhattan, opened the ball and has been followed by others of varying degrees of nastiness. A gesture of correction was made by the police in the direction of this presentation but it was so feeble that even those who would like to see the theater made safe for visitors had to laugh. Strange to say, the outcry against the indecency of the show, which is universally admitted, came not from Manhattan but in the shape of a blistering newspaper attack from Kansas City. Papers in the hinterland of Manhattan took up the fight and after a month a solemn visit was paid to the theater by a police official. By pure accident, of course, he appeared after the opening scene, which is the worst thing Manhattan has ever seen, and contented himself with ordering out of the dialog certain lines which in comparison with other matter in the entertainment were as innocuous as a baby's kiss. By purer accident still, everyone connected with the show knew that the official visitor was expected and the performance for that evening was literally "under wraps." Naturally business at "Artists and Models" has been at the very peak of capacity and the envy of other producers at fever pitch.

Then came three or four plays which outdistanced all previous efforts in the way of rawness, profanity, and "frankness of expression." Broadway held its breath waiting for each successive première, not knowing what limits of freedom it would reach. First nights have never been so well attended as at present. All the wiseacres want to be on hand to see the production before the cleaner is called in. One show tries to be a little broader than the one immediately preceding it. In fact the impetus to "free" speech has been given such a shove that the spirit has attacked stage directors of plays which, in their original form, are quite harmless. There was money to be made out of dirt so the producers went out and bought coal passer's scoops. But at least one healthy laugh has been stirred out of the miasma.

What They Call "Virility"

A PERFECTLY innocent drama was in rehearsal and was progressing fairly, when one morning the director, who by no stretch of the imagination could be characterized as "red blooded," called the star actor and actress into an important conference. "This play needs more virility and popular appeal," he began. "All the plays which are Broadway successes have strong and vigorous language and I am going to inject some of that into the dialog of this one. Now Mr. .... in the scene where you choke your wife just before you leave the house for the climax of the third act, I want you to say 'damn.'" The funniest part of the story is that it is true.

The shadow of the Society for the Suppression of Vice presently loomed large against the bright lights of the Great Shine Way in the person of John Sumner. Mr. Sumner is not a vigilant observer and a courageous attacker but he knows how to fight. When Mr. Sumner goes on the warpath there is no scarcity of action. Mr. "Big Bill" Tait, erstwhile sparring partner of Mr. Jack Dempsey, once remarked of the champion, "Man, when he hits, he HITS." When Mr. Sumner hits he wallops.

Complaints had been made both to the police and the Vice Society about the plays which were being given and Mr. Sumner got busy. There began talk about revoking the licenses of the playhouses involved and that dragged the Commissioner of Licenses, Mr. Glatzmeyer, into the foreground. Mr. Glatzmeyer seemed unable to remedy the situation so someone hauled the "volunteer jury" plan out of its slumbers and tried to shake it awake. Before that doubtful action succeeded Commissioner Enright took the matter into his own hands and without further ado appointed his committee to look over the theaters and disinfect them. The "volunteer jury" had specified that complaints must come from "legitimate" sources. That was presumed to bar out the industrious press agents who have time and again worked up a successful under-cover agitation against a dying play on the score of its indecency. Mr. Sumner is barred as a "legitimate" complainant by Commissioner Glatzmeyer (according to the *Times*) presumably because he knows what he is talking about and his business is to prevent vice. No one of even slightly mottled motives can be considered a "legitimate" kicker. Only amateur crusaders need apply to the "volunteer jury."

Mr. Enright, however, being a policeman himself, is more ready to listen to his un-uniformed brother, Mr. Sumner, than Mr. Glatzmeyer is. He knows that Mr. Sumner knows what he knows. Besides, the police commissioner says, "It is merely a question of common sense and everyday morals." He refuses to have any stuff and nonsense about "art," and "free expression," and "the artistic conscience." Anyone with a normal sense of smell and a pair of working ears can tell whether a play is rotten or not and in view of that fact the commissioner has picked his committee and ordered it to work. What it will do remains to be seen.

At any rate, his action has stirred up a hornets' nest. The newspapers have commented sarcastically on the capabilities of the police appointees to pass judgment on the drama. The point has been raised that, even if the committee reports that a play is putrid and the offenders are arrested, the purpose of the house-cleaning movement will be defeated by the legal appeals, and stays, and all the other machinery of the law which will be called into play. In the interim, say the objectors to the police committee, the publicity will draw patronage to the play. But one producer sent to jail will stop all that. Such a possibility, though, can be entertained by no one in possession of his senses. Manhattan's legal history proves that.

Police Really May Act

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the mouthpiece of the Producing Managers Association, wants the volunteer jury system. He does not like the direct action tactics of the police commissioner and declares that there is no cause for such summary measures as letting the police in to mop up. It is an inside job, Mr. Thomas is quoted as saying, and should be done from the inside.

Owen Davis, of the Dramatists Guild, prefers the volunteer jury also because it is more "elastic," since out of the panel of four hundred good men and true none is to serve more than once. Both are of the opinion that there are laws on the statute books to handle the problem and that the Commissioner of Licenses has all the power needed to put an end to the nuisance. Both ignore the fact that the Commissioner of Licenses is apparently unwilling to exercise his power and that the police are the very instrument to enforce the law.

The real objection to the police commission is that it may actually do something and that is not to be thought of. The theater must be allowed to remain as it is or get even dirtier, but no one outside it must call for its purification.

That some respectable producers are worried over what may happen to the stage as a whole, is evidenced by the rough-and-ready statements of William A. Brady. Mr. Brady has been a constant opponent of censorship. He has gone up and down the country fulminating against it on every opportunity. He never lets an occasion, however inappropriate, pass without blasting away at his pet aversion. But Mr. Brady is not a fool. He realizes, as do other thinking managers and producers, that something drastic has to be done if the theater is not to fall into utter disrepute and public reprobation.

"The managers are asleep," asserts Mr. Brady with all the vigor for which he is noted. "If they keep on producing the stuff they are doing the law has got to stop it. If the theater and the press, and I couple them together, to sell their product, fly in the face of decency, they must clean up themselves to avoid a censorship. As for the police commission, if it will clean up it will be welcome. Anything that will keep us from committing suicide is helpful. Producers must do the job themselves or someone will do it for them."

Mr. Brady has been through the fight to keep the hands of the censors off the movies. He told the film producers, in season and out, that if they did not stop making indecent pictures the law would prevent their exhibition. Secure in their conceit, the picture producers laughed at him. Then like a bolt from a clear sky came the passage of the motion picture censorship law in New York State and every effort made to repeal, or alter it, has been a failure. Even in the face of that experience it is not probable that the producers will listen to him now. The men who are willing to make money out of the dramatic sewer will continue to do it as long as it is permitted. When they are stopped they will raise the cry of persecution by "blue law reformers."

"No Honest Yeggs Any More; Bad Ones Grow Worse"

In the Old Days, a Promise Once Given, Was Kept, But Now It's Different, Says Protector of Banks

By THOMAS J. MALONE

CHARLES D. BROWN,

Manager of the protective department of the Minnesota Bankers' Association—or, in other words, "yegg" hunter.

"THERE aren't any honest 'yeggs' any more." The paradoxical remark came from a specialist in yeggmen, and his tone was melancholy. For sixteen years Charles D. Brown has been "chief of detectives" for the Minnesota Bankers' Association or, as his title now is, manager of its protective department. In continuous, full-time tenure he is the dean of all "protectors" employed by bankers' organizations in the United States. One of the best informed men in the country on the ways of safe-blowers and "torchers," he believes their level of veracity is lower today than ever before in his knowledge; they are not to be trusted. His views on this and other phases of the "yegg" problem may engage not only, specifically, folks who deposit money and other valuables in banks but all who find fascination in the uncommon activities of the human animal.

"In the old days," Brown laments, "I could count on a 'yegg's' promise, once given, to leave our banks alone, but there's been a great change in the caliber of 'yeggs' in the last ten years or so and today there are few among them whose word is good. I can't account for it, unless by that trite resort—the demoralizing influence of the great war."

Brown's job is to protect banks belonging to the state bankers' association, nearly 1,500 this year, from the operations of criminals. This he does as much by prevention of crime as by detection and arrest after crime has been committed. His constant effort is to convince the burglar fraternity that it is unprofitable to rob a member bank, from a safety and every other standpoint. Knowing scores of criminals personally, he warns them when occasion presents, as when in jail after capture or on release after serving time, against tampering with his charges.

"Yes," he recalls, "there was a time when I could believe a 'peter man'—a nitroglycerin operator—if he promised to keep away from our banks. Today his word—or that of his more up-to-date rival, the gas torch user—is likely to mean nothing.

"Take the case of 'Wisconsin Max,' a chronic safe-blower. Max has served several terms in prison. When he got out about ten years ago from doing a turn, he came to see me. I had been party to sending him up and he was in contrite mood, wanted to talk things over and seemed anxious to be friends.

"That was all right with me. When a man does his time and is released, the slate is clear as far as I'm concerned and I'm ready to start over again on even terms if he'll promise not to fool with the banks that hire me.

"Max told me he had learned his lesson and would never again touch a bank showing the membership sign of the Minnesota Bankers' Association. I had known old Max for years—that last had been his third term—and I sort of believed him, looked for him to give us no more trouble.

"Yet hardly a year later he was one of a gang that blew the safe in the Scandia State Bank at Scandia, Minnesota. After the arrest, I waded into him for having broken his word. He insisted that he hadn't known he was breaking it, that it had been a mistake.

"'Honest,' he said, 'when we got inside I flashed the "bug"'"—your bank "yegg" is sometimes a poet, and a flashlight makes him think of fireflies—"'to see if the sign was around, but it wasn't. So we went to it. Wouldn't have touched the job if I had known it was a member bank.'

"I didn't believe this story, but I learned later from officers of the bank that the 'M. B. A.' sign actually had not been up the night of the burglary. It seems that cleaners working in the bank the day before had taken down the sign and neglected to replace it.

"Yet I've always suspected that old Max was quibbling."

It was in connection with this Scandia bank attempt—the burglars got only $1—that Brown proved the value of an intimate acquaintance with the crook gentry and their personal habits, even their mannerisms. Reputed to have a peculiarly acute sense for remembering names and faces—to be unfailing in ability to identify the owner of any of the several thousand faces in the rogues' gallery of photographs gathered for his department—he goes beyond that to storing up facts about personal traits, singularities, associations, of criminals who make a specialty of robbing or swindling banks.

So far as bank officials, the town marshal and the sheriff's forces could see, the burglars at Scandia had left no clew. They had gone hurriedly, frightened away probably by some outside noise before finishing their work, but no forgotten tools, no foot nor finger prints, were found to give the authorities something to mill over.

As his custom has been always, Brown went to the scene of the burglary, looked the ground over and talked with the bank folk. No, they hadn't noticed anything enlightening in the appearance of the bank quarters after the "yeggs'" visit. Some of them must have been excessive tobacco chewers, though, for the bank floor, from the window by which they had entered to the vault door, had been found littered by expectorations. It looked, in fact, as if the world's champion tobacco spitter had been trying to beat his record. They had had the floor scrubbed at once.

Brown smiled, but said nothing. He had heard some such story in connection with the robbery of a railway station in a neighboring town not long before—the station room and platform had been vile with tobacco spit.

Back in Minneapolis, his headquarters, he sent for one of his "cover men"—go-betweens who keep him informed of the whereabouts of bank crooks at large and of their plans.

"Where is 'Chi Tommy'?" he demanded.

The cover man knew and told. "Chi Tommy"—the "Chi" for "Chicago"—was temporarily resident in a place called "The Shack," over in St. Paul.

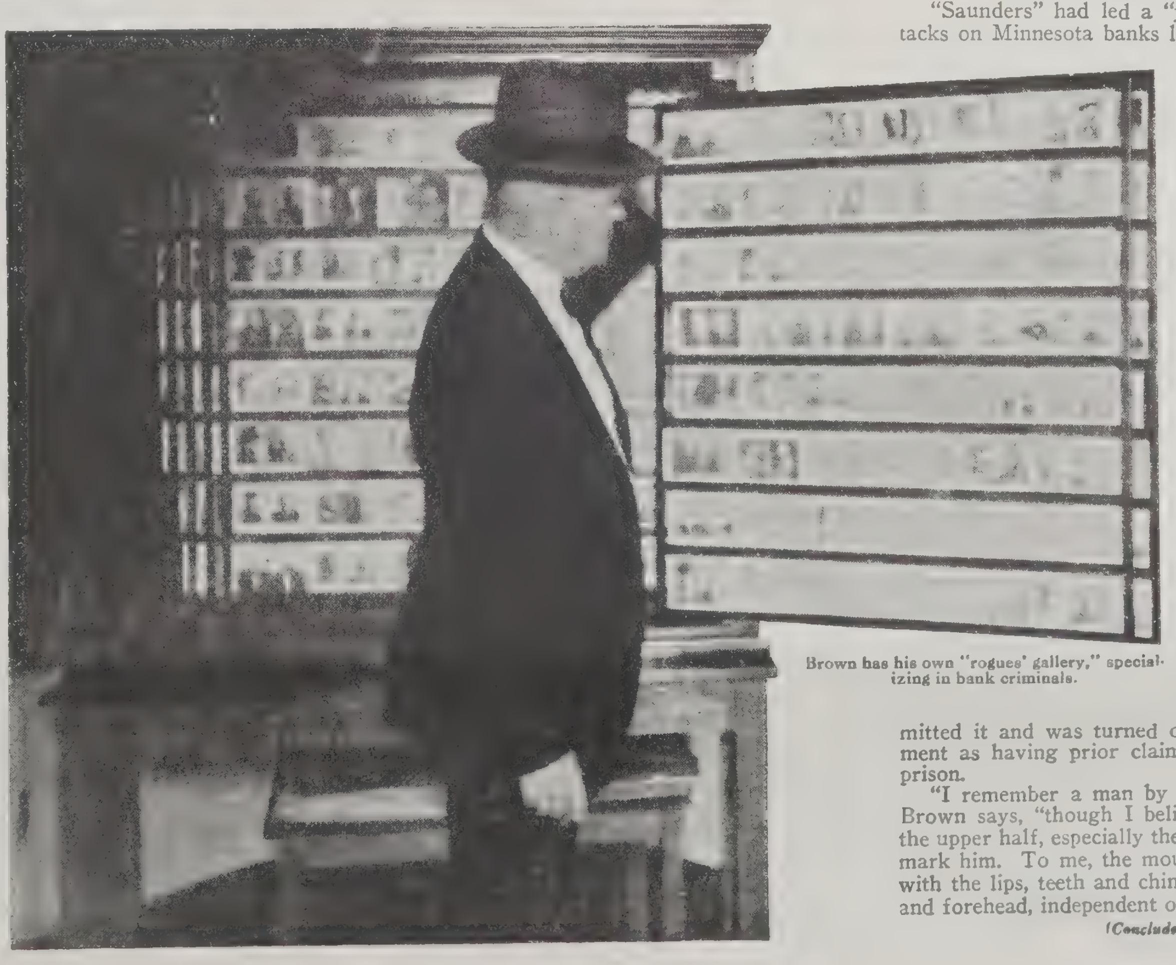
Brown and a friend went to the place, armed, and gathered in both Tommy and—you'd never guess—"Wisconsin Max." They admitted participation in the Scandia affair. What else could they have done, for hadn't Brown had the goods on them?

"I had known 'Chi Tommy' only in a general way," he explains, "for while he had operated in Minnesota before, it was not against banks. Tommy's tobacco-chewing habit is what made me remember him. He always had a chew in his mouth, it seemed—a large one that bulged out his cheek. He must have chewed tobacco in his sleep. What he did at meals, I don't know. Look at this picture of him in our gallery, taken a dozen years before that Scandia job. You see the bulge. Now if any one could chew tobacco 'like a gentleman,' Tommy wasn't that one. He not only chewed constantly, but he sought relief disregardfully, disgustingly. He left a telltale trail. I think I'd know him by it anywhere in America.

"That's why Tommy went to the state prison at Stillwater, along with Max, for the Scandia affair. When he got out, he, too, said he was 'off' Minnesota banks for good. I suspect he was. He's now doing thirty years in Waupun for a bank robbery in Superior, Wisconsin."

Not every one has a memory for faces, and the lack of it has been cause of regret and embarrassment to many. Brown has developed such a memory by years of painstaking effort. You may think nothing about the casual stranger who accosts you in the street for the time of day or a match, jostles your elbow in the theater window line-up or talks the weather or politics with you in street car vestibule; but with Brown the scar on his left temple or the deep lines around the mouth may call up one of the pictures in that gallery of "criminals I have known." The incident of "Saunders" illustrates this knack of identifying.

"Saunders" had led a "yegg" gang in numerous attacks on Minnesota banks last year and was recognized as an exceptionally dangerous gas torch operator. Police in an Iowa town captured him on information furnished by Brown and the latter went down to identify him. Brown had never seen the man. When he did see him, his mind began sorting out those gallery pictures and came to rest, confidently, at one. But he knew that the man who had sat, unwillingly, for that picture, was dead. Saunders couldn't be that man. Yet there was a resemblance, strong, unmistakable. Then he recalled that he had heard a brother of the man of the picture, going under a wholly different name from "Saunders," was wanted by Federal authorities for part in a mail robbery in Ohio. This must be that brother. The torch man admitted it and was turned over to the Federal Government as having prior claim. He is now in a Federal prison.



Brown has his own "rogues' gallery," specializing in bank criminals.

"I remember a man by the lower half of his face," Brown says, "though I believe it is generally held that the upper half, especially the eyes, will more distinctively mark him. To me, the mouth and the lines around it—with the lips, teeth and chin—serve better. I think eyes and forehead, independent of deformity or scars, are far

(Concluded on page 13)

A Modest Shrine to Liberty on Kansas Plain

Beecher Bible and Rifle Church Marks Settlement of Free-state Pioneers

By C. E. ROGERS

WABAUNSEE, or Dawn of Day, name of a Pottawatomie chief, stands as a whistling post on Rock Island, one hundred miles west of Kansas City. To the motor tourist who speeds through Kansas on the Golden Belt or the Midland Trail it is a forlorn-looking country village, with a store, a blacksmith shop where simple automobile repairs are done, a cluster of a dozen or so dwellings, a country school and several churches.

Wabaunsee, a name which three-quarters of a century ago was on the lips of all who loved liberty, is a modest shrine. There is no brazen commercialism about the sacred significance of it. Wabaunsee treasures its tradition born of liberty-loving forbears, but it treasures it in the spirit of those who created it, modestly, with a dignified detachment.

That is why the tourist speeding through the country misses one of the most interesting historical shrines of the nation—the Beecher Bible and Rifle Church, situated in this barren little town on the Golden Belt. The "Beecher" church stands a quarter of a mile off the main road, in what was originally planned as the residential section of the city of Wabaunsee. It is the third oldest Congregational church in Kansas, a sturdy little stone structure, seeming to symbolize the strength of character of those who laid the stones of its walls.

One may gain entrance to the building by requesting the use of the key from a retired minister who lives in the village. Arriving inside a small frame vestibule, evidently a later addition to the church, one passes through a door into a hallway, and through this, to the main auditorium of the church. The hall is underneath an old-fashioned balcony. For thirty-odd years A. A. Cottrell, one of the founders, met in this gallery a Sunday school class composed of young men. The church furniture is that of the founders, the pews of the style of early New England churches, family sized, grouped upon either side of two aisles which divide the floor space into three sections.

The story of the Beecher Bible and Rifle Church carries one back to the stirring time when Kansas was the battleground of freedom in the nation. Those who established the colony were "pioneers of towns and cities, the seed of Christianity—the germs of civilization." They came to Kansas with one purpose uppermost—that of making Kansas a free state.

One of the best chronicles of the Wabaunsee colony is that written by the Rev. Sherman A. Willard, son of Julius F. Willard, one of the founders. Both the father and the son, chronicler of the colony, are now dead. Funeral services for the latter were held in the Wabaunsee church last Memorial Day when relatives and friends, sons and daughters of the founders, gathered from far and near to pay their respects.

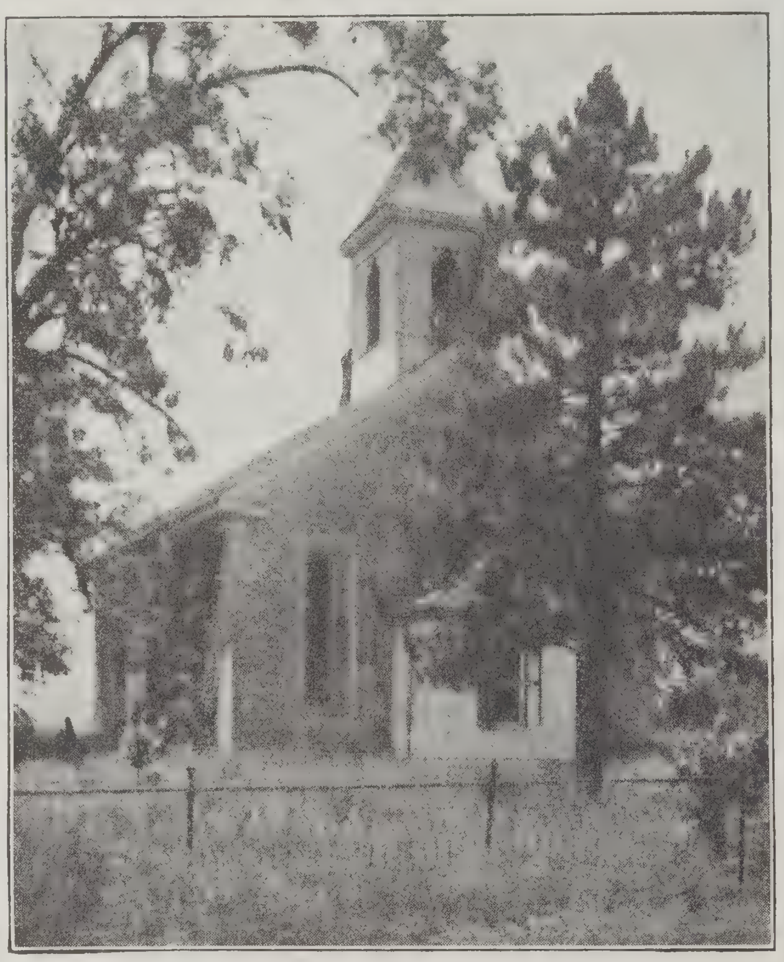
"The Connecticut-Kansas colony was formed in New Haven in the winter of 1855-56," the Willard account relates. "It was backed by the best men in New Haven and the East. Its purpose was to settle in Kansas to help in the free state struggle there and to found homes after the New England ideal. February 17, 1856, Charles B. Lines announced the formation of the company. Within a week eighty-five names were signed. By March seventh this number was increased to ninety. On that day Mr. Lines was chosen president.

The colony left New Haven the night of March 31, 1856. That evening a farewell meeting had been held in Brewster's hall. March 22, at a meeting in the North Church, Beecher and others had pledged the rifles with which the men were armed, and a few days after that meeting, A. Studwell, a member of Beecher's church, gave the funds for the purchase of twenty-five Bibles."

Beecher himself was not present at that last memorable meeting held in Brewster's hall March 31, 1856, but he gave the colony its charter in the form of a letter read by the Rev. Dr. Bacon. "The letter was a masterly production, full of vigor, beauty, courage, strength, and truth," remarked the New Haven *Palladium* in its issue of April 1, 1856. The letter in full, as reprinted in the New York *Daily Tribune,* Friday, April 4, follows:

C. B. Lines, Esq.,
New Haven, Conn.
Dear Sir:

Allow me to address you, and through you the gentlemen of your company, on the eve of your departure for Kansas. I hope and believe that you will find a settlement there to be a means of great personal prosperity. You are not like the early settlers of New Haven, going upon a doubtful enterprise, to a poor soil in a severe climate, the ocean on one side and the wilderness of a continent on every other side. You will not go far from us. In our day, we measure by time, rather than distance, by hours, not miles. You will not be as far from your old home as one Sabbath is from another. And yet you go upon an errand not one whit less Christian and less heroic than that of our common ancestors, who founded New Haven. You are pioneers of towns and cities; you are the seed of Christianity—the germs of civilization. You'll put your feet down in a wilderness, in a year it will be a populous place. And where the morning sun now rises upon herds of wild buffaloes couched deep in wild grass, in your own lifetime it will bring forth the cry of multitudes and the noise of a city. Nevertheless, such perils have been coiled about the young state of Kansas that it is an act of courage to settle there, if a man goes with a true spirit of American institutions. To go there determined to transplant to its soil that tree of liberty, which under God has in older states borne and shook down from its boughs all the fruits of an unparalleled prosperity, requires heroic courage. It is a pleasure and honor to us to be in any way connected with such an enterprise by furnishing to the emigrant material or moral aid. I have personally felt a double interest in your company, because it springs from New Haven, my father's birthplace and home of my ancestors. A friend and parishioner (A. Studwell) desires me to present to you twenty-five copies of the Bible. This is the charter of all charters, the constitution of all constitutions, the source and spring of Christian manliness. This book will be at the foundation of your state. It will teach you to value your rights, and inspire you to defend them. The donor has caused to be inscribed upon them: "Be ye steadfast and unmovable." It is a shame that in America, amid our free institutions, anything else should be needed but moral instrumentalities. But you do need more. You will be surrounded by men who have already committed the wickedest wrongs, and the most atrocious crimes. They have scrupled at nothing by which slavery may be fastened upon the young state. To send forth companies of men with their families, amid those who have been bred to regard helplessness as a lawful prey to strength, would be a piece of unjustifiable cruelty. I send to you therefore, as I promised, the arms required for twenty-five men. I have not the least fear that a hundred men bred under New England influences will be too eager or too warlike. You have been taught to create wealth, and not to rob it; to rely on intelligence and rectitude for defense. And you will not be in any danger of erring on the side of violence. But you are sent for the defense of great rights. You have no liberty to betray them by cowardice. There are times when self-defense is a religious duty. If that duty was ever imperative, it is now, and in Kansas. I do not say that you have barely the right to defend yourselves and your liberties; I say that it is a duty from which you cannot shrink, without leaving your honor, your manhood, your Christian fidelity behind you. But this invincible courage will be a shield to you. You will not need to use arms when it is known that you have them, and are determined to employ them in extremities. It is the very essence of that spirit which slavery breeds to be arrogant toward the weak, and cowardly before the strong. If you are willing to lose your lives, you will save them. If, on the other hand, you are found helpless, the miscreants of slavery would sweep you from Kansas like grass on the prairies before autumnal fires. If you are known to be fearless men, prepared for emergencies, slavery, like a lion, will come up, and gazing into the eyes of courageous men will stop, cower, and creep away into ambush. I trust that the perils which a few months ago hung like a cloud over that fair state, are lifting and passing away. May you find an unobstructed peace! Then, let these arms hang above your doors as the old revolutionary muskets do in many a New England dwelling. May your children in another generation look upon them with pride and say, our fathers' courage saved this fair region from blood and slavery. We will not forget you. Every morning's breeze shall catch the blessings of our prayers, and roll them westward to your prairie homes. May your sons be as large hearted as the heavens above their heads; may your daughters fill the land as the flowers do the prairies, only sweeter and fairer than they.



The Beecher Bible and Rifle Church, Wabaunsee, Kansas.

I am in the bonds of the Gospel and in the firm faith of liberty truly yours,

(Signed) H. W. Beecher.

The Willard chronicle tells of the departure from New Haven, the trip by boat to New York, then by ferry to Jersey City. There were approximately seventy persons who finally set out for the West, taking the train as far as St. Louis and a steamboat thence to Kansas City. In the party were four women and two children, all the rest being adult men. They were mostly city men, tradesmen, music teachers, tutors of Yale College, politicians, and preachers. Few had been farmers or wanted to be. As a whole they were not naturally adapted for pioneer life or good material of which to make farmers.

Several days were spent in Kansas City buying oxen and equipping a wagon train. They proceeded by wagon, hack, and by foot, to Lawrence. Here they were met by pioneers sent ahead to find a location. At Wabaunsee on April twentieth the entire company camped on the east side of Antelope Creek.

Here the settlers found their land and built their homes. A Congregational church was organized June 28, 1857, but it was not until May 24, 1862, six years later, that the present stone church was dedicated, "some members of the colony having left their own homes unplastered that the walls of the house of God might not remain bare," according to the pastor, the Rev. W. A. McCullom, in his dedicatory address.

Years of hardship and deprivation followed the founding of the "New Haven of the West." It was a raw country, with hostile Indians menacing the settlers on the one side and border ruffians an ever-present danger from the other.

"It will be well to remember that at this time the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and every territorial officer were doing all they could to make a slave state out of Kansas," Mr. Cottrell writes in his reminiscences.

"I built a house by putting a sixteen-foot pole in two forks set deep in the ground; ten foot rails, one end of the rails on the ground, the other end on the pole. These covered with prairie hay, then dirt on the hay, made the two sides of the house. The north end had a large fireplace built of prairie sods. A bed tick split in two and fastened to willow poles, made an excellent door on the south end. This made a warm, comfortable house for winter and a good harbor for snakes the next summer. Many times as I was taking my noonday rest on my bed in the heat of the day, I saw different kinds of snakes crawling over and under the rails above my head. My place was so near an island that had good house logs on it that it was not long before S. H. Fairfield, S. R. Weed, J. E. Platt and J. F. Willard came to live with me, so as to be near the timber on the island. We were all making rails to fence our claims. Each one furnished his own bed and food. The cooking was done in the sod fireplace. The standard for a good cook was to be able to cover the bottom of a frying pan with batter, then turn the cake without knife or fork by giving the frying pan a flip, bringing the flapjack bottom side up in the exact spot in the frying pan that it was at first. If by any means it landed in the ashes it was eaten all the same. Four of these flapjacks soaked in one or two spoonfuls of bacon grease and four generous slices of fried bacon rolled up in those cakes made us an ideal dinner while making rails, provided they did not become frozen so hard that we could not bite through them all at one bite. When the cooking utensils were shoved under the eaves and we were all in bed on the 'ground floor,' the house was full. When one fellow wanted to turn over in bed the rest had to turn over or get mixed up with our grub and dishes.

Several of the Wabaunsee homes were stations on the "underground railway," the pre-war organization for aiding runaway Negro slaves.

"The dreams of the town founders were not all realized," the Willard narrative concludes. "We have a second New Haven in spirit but not in size."

That was written fifteen years ago and Wabaunsee has changed but little. It probably never will be anything but a village on the Golden Belt highway to thousands of tourists. But the Beecher Bible and Rifle Church will continue to symbolize the "seed of Christianity—the germ of civilization."

Mr. Ford's Page

WE ARE probably right in regarding the radio as the highest point of refinement and precision in all our mechanical methods of communication. Its development has been perfected until now it leaps over seas and binds continents together. What the sailing ship did in six months, the modern steamship in six days, the ocean cable in a matter of minutes, the radio now accomplishes on the instant.

But greater than radio is language. At best, any method of communication is but the servant of language. Speech itself is a product of man's need to do things, to get things done, to fulfill wants, to co-operate. Language is one of the basic tools in the business of living and developing the earth. And it is the *business* of life that has brought into existence those auxiliaries of speech —telephone, telegraph, radio, and indeed all the other aids to communication which exist today.

There is, however, something more than that. Speech, marvelous as it is, does not reach its fullest glory save in a unity of language. If there had been no large section of the earth using the same language, certainly all of these modern devices would have remained mere scientific toys. It is a singular fact that the practical development and world-wide use of these instruments of communication have been the work of one section of the world—that section which represents the largest block of language unity. The human checkerboard of Europe, where the language changes every little distance, sometimes oftener than even the customs frontiers change, which is often enough, has not perfected for general use any of the modern speaking devices just because of this lack of language unity.

Difference in language indicates a difference in thought, in ambition, in method. Difference in language hinders science and invention and commerce, just as it hinders world peace and understanding. Language leaves its mark on everything, and you can readily see it in government and mechanics. It is possible for an engineer to tell what language a machine was built in, just by looking at it. Indeed, there are some languages in which you cannot build a machine at all. There are some languages in which you cannot successfully run a factory.

So that the question is not only language, the question is *which* language and its *extent*.

If the world today has one dominant trend it is because the world is approaching a dominant language. And that is the English language. Some people foolishly object to that statement because they fancy it is part of some subtle pro-British propaganda; they associate English language somehow with English Government. It is well for such people to know, however, that there was an English language before there was an England. There is nothing political nor geographical in the use of the term "English language." It comes about as near being universal as anything which we have in this world.

If there were no English language, the greatest republic and the greatest empire in the world would have been impossible, and in their places would exist a hopeless, futile chaos of little factions. There would be no unity of opinion possible in the world, no large expression of definite human ideals. There would be no strong drive toward peace and prosperity and progress—three elements which accompany the English language wherever it goes. Wherever you find the English language, you will find certain fundamental liberties in existence or being brought into existence. This is the whole secret of the colonizing power of the language—it bears with it elements that tie men and communities together in a bond of principle.

Take industry for example. It is undeniable that where industry is run by the English language it is a different kind of industry with a different kind of spirit than can be said of industry which is administered through any other language. The type of industry that sets the pace for the world, and supplies ideas to the world, and fills the major part of the world's industrial needs, is the industry that has been developed under the clear, adaptable, forceful language which is used by the dominant portion of the industrial world. This is not mere accident. It is not as if the same men could have done as much in another language, or in a mixed variety of languages. For a reason which may be fully discovered some day, the very speech itself was one of the fundamental ingredients in the achievement.

The industry of the backward nations, insofar as it has been developed, is an imitation of the industry of the nations which use the English language, but because of the language barrier those backward nations are imitating our mistakes rather than our best successes. The things which have become obsolete with us are the things they have picked up. This is one of the tragedies which result to the world because it lacks language unity.

The English language, we are told on every hand, is rapidly becoming the world tongue. This is not due to any extraordinary efforts made to spread it, for it has a way of spreading itself. It is willingly adopted on merit, for the sake of its usefulness, because the world becomes increasingly full of things that must be done in English if at all.

Prosperity has a meaning in English that it does not have in any other tongue, and you have only to attempt to sow some of our most commonplace American industrial ideas into the minds of foreigners who use another tongue, to discover how different are the very bases of thinking. You may converse with industrial leaders from every country in Europe and discover that to them prosperity means only the prosperity of the employer. Their employes?—why they look at you in amazement! Pay the women as high wages as the men?—they scrutinize you to see what kind of an American joke you are working off on them! They are always looking for a market outside of their employes. Never do they consider making their employes prosperous enough to become possible purchasers of their product. In Germany the hope of prosperity is that somewhere else in the world there is a working class prosperous enough to buy what the German working class has never been prosperous enough to buy. Prosperity to the German worker does not have the same meaning as it does to the English-speaking worker.

The world needs prosperity in the English-language meaning of the term. It needs opportunity as defined in English. Any other definition falls too far below the level of human rights. The dollar would never have been high were it not that American ideas of justice to the other man were high too. We have made mistakes, we have too often fallen below our best, but there is this to be said, namely, that the worker and the woman and the child know more of the blessings of life in America than in any other land. It is because our definitions of the elements of life are worked out in the English language.

It is not good, however, that one or two nations should forge so far ahead of the rest of the world. It is not good for the balance of life. And this is one of the causes for gladness that the English language is spreading over the earth and among all the races of men; it is going to serve as a great power to restore the balance of the world, to put all the nations in more equal relations one with another. It is not expected, nor would it be desirable that all the nations and races shall excel in the same things, but each shall be enabled to bear a more equal part in the entire world job of providing humanity with its daily bread and all the commodities necessary to a satisfying standard of life.

SPEECH is one of man's most marvelous tools, and there is a direct relation between the kind of speech which he uses and the kind of work which he does. A good and experienced engineer can tell what language a machine has been built in, just by looking at it. There are some languages in which a machine could not be built at all. There are languages in which it would be impossible efficiently to manage a factory. The English language is the world's tool in industry, colonization, and the bringing of prosperity to every kind and degree of men. It is the World Language. The world accepts it because justice, freedom, prosperity and opportunity have higher meanings in English than in any other tongue. The more we promote language unity, the nearer we bring to the world the things which mankind needs.

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Starving Children Calling

DISPATCHES from American newspaper correspondents in Germany picture the sky of Silesia aflame with the reflection of thousands of burning farmhouses and barns. Innumerable bands of unemployed from towns and cities plunder the smoking houses and drive off the live stock. Rifles of the police spit fire and lead at the plunderers homeward bound. Communists, Separatists, anti-Separatists, police and peasants fight and loot.

Amid all these conflicting forces and confusion the children of Germany should have the sympathy of the world. We, in America, have never been forced to depend on other nations for sustenance for starving children.

Major General Henry T. Allen, chairman of the American Committee for the Relief of German Children, and the officer in charge of the American Army of Occupation in Germany, has this to say of the situation:

> "Since we announced the organization of the American Committee for Relief of German Children, we have received telegrams, letters and newspaper editorials from all parts of the United States indorsing this emergency appeal to all Americans.
>
> "I accepted the chairmanship of this representative American committee because my experience as head of the American representation on the Rhine for four years and my observations during a recent visit to Germany convince me that starvation faces Germany's undernourished children this winter. Under these conditions it seemed imperative for me to act.
>
> "This committee will make a nation-wide appeal for funds and the American Society of Friends (Quakers) will have exclusive charge of the feeding.
>
> "As there is such keen interest throughout the United States in this undertaking we should like to have every editor know that we shall be glad to give him, or any local committee, the fullest information in regard to the need in Germany and our program for this humanitarian work.
>
> HENRY T. ALLEN,
> "Chairman."

"How does it happen?" General Allen was recently asked, "that you, a commander of American soldiers in Germany, are heading this committee to feed German children?"

The General answered:

"America never waged war on children."

A Taxation Fable

YEARS ago, when magazines were a luxury and the family subscribing for *Harper's* sent it around the neighborhood, a lad saw an illustration, in which a savant was depicted as gazing at a calf's tail hanging from an augur hole in a tanner's doorframe. The text read: "Now I wonder how the calf got through that small hole."

The lad took it all as an actual occurrence, and told his mother that any boy would know the tanner had cut the tail from a hide and stuck it in the hole, that the calf didn't go through the hole at all.

The tale was brought to mind by a dissertation on taxation in a recent feature article by Dr. Frank Crane, who enjoys a large income from the sale of the product of his brain and pen. Among other things he says:

> "Everybody knows that the value of stocks has decreased by millions of dollars during the last year. That means that the public is holding off from putting its money into those industries that employ labor and make the country prosperous. The income tax, therefore, is the enemy of labor and the cause of depression and unemployment."

If that isn't a word picture of the philosopher after satisfying himself how the calf got through the augur hole, what is it?

The market value of stocks is of no interest save to those gambling in them and perhaps some investors anxious to sell. The immense losses or gains in market fluctuations are merely the shifting of wagers between stock speculators and rarely represent any deal in actual shares or any change in ownership.

That the income tax is therefore inimical to labor does not follow, while at least one postulate of the doctor is exploded in the fact that there is less unemployment than when stocks were having a boom some months ago.

Technicality Frees Murderer

CHICAGO reports a dismissal of a murder case which seems a travesty on justice. The State was able to prove the defendant killed a man in jealous rage. It was not a case of circumstantial evidence, but where the crime was proved beyond a doubt. Discharge of the prisoner followed failure of the prosecution to prove the victim ever lived.

Only three witnesses of the crime knew the murdered man. These were the murderer, who refused to testify, his wife, whom the law does not permit to take the stand, and a brother of the dead man, who has mysteriously disappeared.

Here is a technicality which does not seem to warrant the reasonable doubt which protects a suspected criminal from conviction on circumstantial evidence. The man was shot and killed and his assailant was proved guilty, but because the State could not present a legal witness to the fact that the victim ever lived, the magistrate felt it his duty to free the man who was charged with the crime.

Truly, as one jurist has said, it is difficult to commit a legal crime.

Are You "Stamped"?

THE country has been "driven" to exasperation—charity drives, community drives, dozens of altogether maddening efforts to buttonhole us, and let no man, woman or child escape.

But at Christmas time, the season of good will and good cheer—the antithesis of disease—we welcome most heartily being "stamped" by the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Our Christmas packages would lack part of their charm if the neat little tuberculosis stamp were missing.

In the first place, no cause is nearer the heart of the average American than that of stamping out the White Plague. That is the dragon with which we have been coping for years, and he just now shows signs of losing breath. It is to our interest to lend all our weight against him, lest he get a second wind. And one of the pleasantest ways we have of lending our bit is by buying and using these tuberculosis stamps, thereby definitely contributing our mite and making known that we endorse and support the cause.

Each year has seen this "stamping" custom become more widespread, and each Christmas has correspondingly seen a new and altogether attractive design on the stamp. This year's shows Santa's smiling face appearing in the fire before an expectant child, and the ever-present tuberculosis cross.

We experience a singular pleasure when we find packages from all parts of the country bearing this insignia of twofold significance: a coat of mail in the fight against tuberculosis, and the cheering Christmas wish that it brings.

No other cause can with equal appeal usurp the place of the tuberculosis stamp; likewise no Christmas mail is quite complete without it.

Another Subsidy Scheme

THE National Merchant Marine Association, of which Senator Joseph E. Ransdell, of Louisiana, is president, presents a new subsidy scheme. Senator Ransdell, it will be remembered, is known more as the proponent of the subsidy idea than for any other accomplishment in the line of his duties as representative of a commonwealth in the Upper House of Congress.

Having failed to secure the direct subsidy proposed in the last Congress, the National Merchant Marine Association now proposes to turn over to the ship owners a large part of the revenue derived from customs duties. That is, so far as the suggested plan becomes operative, the protection of American manufactures will be nullified or the tariff handed outright to those who ship in American bottoms. Under the plan Government would issue to American exporters and importers certificates representing a fixed percentage of the value of the goods exported or imported in American ships, if the latter are free of duty. These certificates are to be transferable and negotiable, and good at face value for the payment of any customs.

To illustrate the working of the plan, suppose the percentage be fixed at five. On a cargo worth $100,000 the certificate would be $5,000, worth its face to any importer of dutiable merchandise. If an exporter is also an importer, he could use the certificate to release his own imports. If it exceeds such duties he could transfer the certificate, realizing the excess in cash, and if it did not cover the amount of duty he must pay it would be received as cash toward that amount.

The argument in favor of the plan is intended to convince the manufacturer, the merchant and the farmer that the benefit will, through economic law, work back to the users of raw material, the retailer and the consumer, but a little thought must convince one of its sophistry, for the certificates, being equivalent to a direct subsidy, can benefit nobody but the ship owner; and his benefit will be discounted if established foreign lines meet the increased competition by reducing transportation costs.

The burden will fall, as every burden falls, on the people, and there will be no relief for the consumer unless competition reduces prices.

A Right Merry Christmas!

THE spirit of radiant good will, of cheer and happiness—that is Christmas. If it is anything other than that, ours is the blame.

It has become a welcome custom to remember all our friends at this time. The bearer of our message is of minor importance; the actual good will with which it is sent is all-important. It is essential that we remember at all times, with Sir Launfal, that "The gift without the giver is bare." We send merely a token to share our happiness. To violate this spirit by extravagant or mercenary motives kills all that is finest and noblest about our most glorious season.

It has also become a custom, a beautiful custom, to "be our brother's keeper" more than ever at this season, and to see to it that no person, rich or poor, is forgotten. Municipal trees and exercises are coming to be more popular year by year. We are translating into our changed life of today the old, old Christmas of the carols, when

All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined,
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind,
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse.

The holly and ivy about the walls wind
And show that we ought to our neighbors be kind,
Inviting each other for pastime and sport,
And where we best fare, there we most do resort.

Who Profits by Destroyed Currency?

A CORRESPONDENT in Louisiana asks who benefits when a silver certificate is destroyed.

Naturally, a certificate being the representative of a silver dollar in the Treasury, the Government will hold the coin in the end, as a destroyed bill cannot be presented for redemption.

The question brings up a matter which is alluded to by reformers occasionally, that of the profit arising from the destruction of other notes. Eventually the issuing authority, government or bank, must be the gainer to the amount of the notes which cannot be identified, and for this reason it is argued that, by direct issue of currency, a considerable sum will be saved to the government. If a National Bank, for instance, goes into liquidation, it would redeem only those of its notes that could be found.

He Didn't Kick It—He Ran—and 'Made' Football

And Ivy-covered Walls of Rugby Bear Testimony to William Ellis' Feat

SEVERAL years ago Sammy White twice came in the path of a bounding football within the space of eight days. Instead of falling upon the ball, as was the habit and custom of the men playing the game at that time, Sammy White picked up the bounding ball and ran across his opponents' goal line. The first Saturday he did this he caused the defeat of Yale and on the following Saturday, when he again picked up a bounding ball and raced across the goal line of his opponents, he brought about the defeat of Harvard. And, just because he picked up a bounding ball and, instead of falling upon it, ran with it, Sammy White remains as one of the football heroes of Princeton University.

On an autumn day in the year 1823 and on the playing fields of Rugby School in England, one William Webb Ellis caught a ball and, instead of following the custom and rule of the game as it was played at that time and retiring back and kicking the ball or placing it for someone else to kick, William Webb Ellis ran with it, straight ahead and across the opposing team's goal line.

The feats of William Webb Ellis of Rugby School and Sammy White of Princeton University were similar. Each grabbed a football and, instead of doing the customary or obvious thing with the ball, ran with it across the goal line. But, while Sammy White remains only as one of the football heroes of Princeton University, William Webb Ellis became the father of Rugby football through his feat.

On November 1, 1923, Great Britain celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the exploit of William Webb Ellis. There were exercises befitting the occasion at historic Rugby School. The feature of the centenary celebration was a match in which representative players from England and Wales opposed those of Scotland and Ireland. Those of Great Britain who like sport, and nearly everyone in Great Britain does, gave some thought on that Sunday in November to a man whom posterity nearly overlooked.

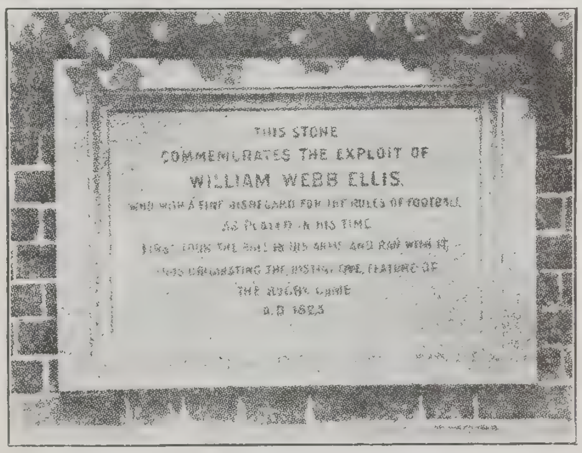
On the grounds at Rugby is an ivy-framed tablet that reads:

This Stone
Commemorates the Exploit of
WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS
Who, With a Fine Disregard for the
Rules of Football
As Played in His Time
First Took the Ball in His Arms and
Ran With It
Thus Originating the Distinctive
Feature of
The Rugby Game,
A. D. 1823

Great Britain was a long time giving credit to William Webb Ellis. Football has been played a long time. Some historians maintain that it was played in the days of the Pharaohs, the Caesars, all the way down through the long lane of history. Ancient cities, excavated and their ruins disclosed, have testified in behalf of the historians. It was football of a kind, but all football is that. No one knows who started the game. It apparently antecedes Christianity by many years and its true origin will never be clearly established.

Years ago a dispute started in England regarding the origin of the game of Rugby and some of the best minds in England became engaged in the discussion. It was all caused by one Sir Montague Shearman, a distinguished athlete, who compiled a book on football. This was published in 1887, and among other things Sir Montague said that running with the ball had always been part and parcel of the game at Rugby School. This opinion, at the time, was shared by nearly everyone else. But there were some veteran followers of the game who did not accept the opinion and raised a point of difference. As a result of the controversy an official committee was appointed in 1895, seven years after the discussion started, to investigate the matter thoroughly. Two years later the findings of this committee were published in a report that contained a mass of correspondence upon the subject together with the committee's findings. It was then officially set forth for all time that prior to 1823 running with the ball was unknown in Rugby football and that in the autumn of that year one W. Webb Ellis undertook "unfair practices" and ran with the ball, an innovation of doubted legality at the time but which gradually became accepted as part of the game and obtained a customary status a few years after introduced by W. Webb Ellis. Running was duly legalized in 1841-42 and finally by the rules of 1846.

From the official report we discover that exactly twenty-three years after the son of old Rugby School ran with the ball this feature of attack was written into the rules but for twenty-three years it had been practiced by other players. The year 1846 was not so far removed from the year 1887 when the discussion started regarding the origin of running with the ball but it required seven years from the time the question was brought up to reach a definite decision. Football is an old game and it develops slowly.



Above—Rugby School from the playing fields. Below—The tablet to the boy who "invented" the game.

As a matter of fact, our modern football game is not so far removed from the game of Rugby football as it was played before William Webb Ellis made his now immortal run. At that time the ball was caught by a player and then, according to the rule, the man who caught the ball retired as far back as he pleased keeping possession of the ball while his opponents could not advance any farther than the spot where he caught it and were unable to rush forward until he had either punted the ball or placed it for someone else to kick, for most of the goals in those days were made by place kicks. The moment the ball touched the ground the opposing team might rush on and try to gain possession of the ball. Ellis, on this occasion, instead of retiring back and punting the ball or placing it for someone else to kick, took a tight grip on the ball and rushed forward, carrying it across his opponents' goal line.

To associate this point of play with college football in the United States: It is similar to making a fair catch and signaling intentions of trying for a field goal. In this play, also, the opposing team cannot advance until the ball has been put into motion.

The University of California's crack football championship team a few years ago worked out a sequence play from this situation. It could be worked only when the opposing eleven punted from the goal line or behind the goal line. Such a kick is always made hurriedly because of the danger of a blocked punt at that particular spot. The result is invariably a kick that does not travel more than thirty yards, often not that far. This distance is fairly safe for a try for field goal.

California's play was to make a fair catch of the ball on such a kick and signify intentions to kick. The best punter on the squad would lie on the ground and hold the ball. His ten team-mates would be onside. The play would start. As they approached the man lying on the ground he suddenly jumped up and punted the ball to one side, an onside kick. At that time the famous "Brick" Muller, California's giant end, was playing the extreme position on the left and the kick was to the left. Muller, because of his great height and jumping ability (he was the intercollegiate high jumping champion of America as well) could jump above the reach of his opponents and catch the ball.

While Muller was going after the ball the right end was going to the opposite side line. As soon as the play ended, with the ball in Muller's hands, California jumped into scrimmage formation with Muller back of the line. The ball was snapped to Muller who made a quick, high pass to his right and the right end, unnoticed up to that time because of the surprise element of the play, was unhindered in making the catch and walking across the goal line.

A few years ago, when Ohio State University met California at Pasadena, Ohio State, late in the game, got possession of the ball in front of her own goal line. The Ohio State punter fell back into punt formation, ten yards behind his own goal line. The "only play," of course, was a punt. California's defense spread wide, ready to make the catch and spring the surprise play of the season, but another surprise play killed the California play, for the Ohio kicker, instead of punting, ran with the ball through the scattered defense of the Golden Bear. He did not manage to reach the California goal line but ran almost to midfield before he was brought to earth.

The onside kick has been abolished from football and California will never be able to work her surprise play so it can be set down here as a chapter that was never written into football history.

Like the immortal William Webb Ellis, the Ohio State kicker ran with the ball instead of kicking it. But the same thing had been done before under the same circumstances and the play has carried better results.

How like American football sounds the list of limitations on running with the ball that were agreed upon in England in 1841-42:

(1) That the ball must be caught on the bound.
(2) That the catcher is not offside.
(3) That there can be no "handing on" but the catcher must carry the ball in and "touchdown" himself.

The expressions were old then. In fact, expressions familiar to Rugby football one hundred years ago are similar to those we employ today.

Rugby is not England's most popular game. Soccer ranks first. Rugby has been tried in this country; so has soccer. Rugby failed to get a foothold in the United States but soccer caught on and is becoming more popular each year.

Rugby was adopted as an American college game on the Pacific Coast. One reason for the adoption was that the game did not seem to be as rough as American college football; another reason was that Rugby seemed more fitted to the climatic conditions of the far coast. But Rugby could not be popularized. The trouble was that Rugby too closely resembled American college football. Broadly, the difference between Rugby and our college game is that college football has taken on certain features better adapted to the American sports angle. Soccer differs more widely from football and therefore appeals to a separate taste. This Rugby cannot do. It conflicts with the American style of football.

In connection with the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the exploit of William Webb Ellis, the London *Observer* made this comment on Rugby football:

"From a crude and, no doubt, rather brutal pastime in its earliest stages, football has, in the course of generations, so developed that today it furnishes not only a manly and vigorous exercise but a splendid discipline. It calls for strength and pace, quickness of eye, hand and foot, intelligence to seize an opportunity in attack, and pluck and resource in time of pressure. While by some old folk it may still be regarded as nothing more than an outlet for the native savagery of the race, to those of us who have been identified with it for half a century it has become something of a religion. We know what it has done for the youth of the race, and realize that so long as it is played in the proper spirit, its possibilities for good are illimitable."

Any one among American coaches or players or writers upon the subject of football would write something quite similar if requested to set down a few words upon the American game. Nothing could give stronger evidence that Rugby football carries the same appeal and makes the same impressions that the American game does.

When William Webb Ellis violated all customs of the game, and even the rules of his day, by running with the ball, he introduced a feature that made possible our leading college sport. It was the running part of football as played in Great Britain that carried the appeal to America and that made adoption of the chief features of Rugby desirable. The chief thrill of modern football, regardless of the many changes and the numerous innovations, is the run.

Many changes have been made in the rules governing the game in this country. New features have been introduced, such as the forward pass. But always have the rule makers tried to make the game more appealing and, going back over the changes that have been made, it is discovered that the aim has been to open the game more and more and add opportunities for running with the ball. Some of the most spectacular runs in history have been made from forward passes.

Three famous runs, all historic plays, were made possible by the forward pass; for the run is the life of football and William Webb Ellis made it possible to be. If it was not for William Webb Ellis the strong-lunged legions of the cheering sections at our 'varsity football struggles would not arise and chorus:

He ran,
He ran,
Oh, how he ran!

North Caring for Negroes of Great Migration

Gradually, as Experience Grows, Colored Labor Is Given Responsible Work

By LLEWELLYN SMITH

The writer of this article and others to follow is a Negro sociologist who is particularly interested in the larger aspects of America's racial problems. During the war he conducted a series of investigations dealing with the growth of radicalism among the Negroes, which took him to the "black belts" of both the North and the South. At present he is on the staff of a social service organization, national in its scope, which is devoting a great deal of attention to the study of some of the basic contributing factors to the so-called Negro problem.

ACCORDING to Phil H. Brown, Commissioner of Conciliation, United States Department of Labor, 478,700, or nearly half a million, Negro migrants forsook their abodes and occupations and drifted to the teeming industrial centers of the North during the period beginning September 1, 1922 and ending August 31, 1923.

In an analysis of the 478,700 total, Commissioner Brown, who is one of the few colored government officials at Washington, is careful to point out that of Negro migrants for the period noted, Alabama yielded 90,000; Arkansas, 5,000; Florida, 90,000; Georgia, 120,600; Kentucky, 2,500; Louisiana, 15,000; Mississippi, 82,600; North Carolina, 25,000; Oklahoma, 1,000; South Carolina, 25,000; Tennessee, 10 000; Texas, 2,000; and Virginia, 100,000.

For further comparison and inferences, the table below, showing the normal population of each state, and the number and per cent of Negro migration therefrom, is presented:

State	Population	Number of Migrants	Per Cent of T'l M'gr'ts
Total	8,441,106	478,700	100 0
Alabama	900 652	90,000	18 8
Arkansas	472,220	5,000	1 1
Florida	329,487	90,000	18.8
Georgia	1,206,365	120,000	25.2
Kentucky	235,938	2 500	.5
Louisiana	700,257	15,000	3.1
Mississippi	935,184	82,600	17 3
North Carolina	763,407	25 000	5 2
Oklahoma	149,408	1,000	2
North Carolina	763 407	25,000	5.2
Tennessee	451,758	10 000	2 1
Texas	741,694	2,000	.4
Virginia	690,017	10,000	2 1

It will be remembered that during the period of the war the exodus of Negro migratory labor approximated 400,000. While some of the men, with the coming of the winter season, drifted back South, the bulk of them remained. A glance at the mushroom growth of the "black belts" of Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Hartford (Connecticut), Detroit, Cleveland, is conclusive proof of this, in spite of the South's "shameless wooing of the departing Abyssinians."

"Not since the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea," said Commissioner Brown, "has the world seen such a cataclysmic sweep of human folk from one part of the country to the other."

Without endeavoring to get at the basic causes of the migration, which are multitudinous, it is reasonably certain that by coming North the Negro did not leave his problem behind him, but brought, literally brought, a stranger, fiercer, more complex one, the solution of which lies in the hands of forward-thinking leaders of both the white and the Negro races.

In the words of Dr. John Hope, President of Morehouse College, of Atlanta, Georgia, the North-bound Negro belongs to a "group of people who have had as a background and habitat for over one hundred years the country rather than the city, and that up until a comparatively few years ago, seventy or eighty per cent of these people lived in the country."

Housing a Grave Problem

INNUMERABLE problems, such as that of housing, of finding a job, of adjusting himself to his new environment, must be reckoned with. Agricultural workers for the most part, one can readily conceive, from a purely industrial standpoint, of the problems that must of necessity arise out of a situation where skill and experience and a modicum of technical knowledge of industry and the life that is synonymous with it are enthroned.

In an interview with the writer, an official at Washington remarked, "It is all very well to help the Negro to come North, but you must not forget that you cannot convert a cotton picker into a steel worker overnight."

Besides the problem of industrial adjustment, there is the larger, more vital one, of the relations between the races. Your Second avenue radicals are continuously harping on the solidarity of black and white workingmen. It is said that the Socialists have gone so far as to subsidize a Negro magazine in New York which is doing its utmost to bring white and black workingmen together. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the magazine in question, from its lofty messianic pedestal, is not and cannot possibly be read by the Negro working class. It is too glamorously intellectual, too obviously and characteristically a re-hash, without regard to the Negro's condition or particular needs, of the Marxian theories of the scarlet journals.

In other words, while it is conceivable for a Negro poet or scholar, out of the moaning void, to rise up, and sound a discordant note in defense of the spiritual liberties of the black man, the bulk of the Negro people, for a long time to come, must resign themselves to the soil, to the accumulation of wealth and property and the development of a living standard approximating that of the white man. This is an elemental fact that most Negro leaders are not willing to face.

With the oncoming of the blacks to the cities of the North the need for work of this nature is becoming more and more acute. There is one organization, however, that is bravely blazing the trail along this line. That organization is the National Urban League for Social Service Among Negroes.

The Urban League was founded twelve years ago by Mrs. William H. Baldwin, a white woman. Its aim was to help adjust the Negro migrant from the South to the conditions confronting him in the North. With a budget of $2,500 to start out with, its first executive secretary was Mr. Eugene Kinckle Jones, a colored graduate of Virginia Union University, and a former teacher in the high schools of New York City.

At first the Urban League concerned itself chiefly with finding the new migrants jobs. It brought to the attention of Northern employers the vast reservoir of Negro labor that was then coming North. (Negro labor was migrating at the rate of 20,000 a year.) All it asked was "not alms, but opportunity." It opened hitherto closed doors to skilled and unskilled Negro labor. Gradually its scope widened. It discovered that after it had found the migrant a job it was expected to do something about finding him a suitable place to live and to furnish advice and counsel with regard to such basic things as health, child welfare, thrift, recreation, racial co-operation, and so on.

EUGENE KINCKLE JONES,

Executive Secretary, National Urban League.

Work of the Urban League

SOON the work of the Urban League grew to gigantic national proportions. Now it has offices in charge of League-trained workers in forty cities in the United States. Its annual budget is now $250 000. And Eugene Kinckle Jones, who is "not unknown to fame or oratory," is still on the job. Through its field workers, Negroes trained at Harvard and Yale, it gathers and disseminates the *facts* of the Negro problem, and all phases of it.

It publishes a monthly magazine, *Opportunity*, which is edited by Mr. Charles S. Johnson, Director of Investigations and Research, a graduate of the University of Chicago, and one of the six Negroes appointed by Governor Lowden on the famous Chicago Race Commission.

L. Hollingsworth Wood, a prominent Quaker lawyer of New York, is president of the League. William H. Baldwin, son of the founder, and fiscal agent for Fisk University, is secretary. On its Board of Directors are Major Robert R. Moton, of Tuskegee; Dean Kelly Miller, of Howard University; John T. Emlen, Roger N. Baldwin, A. S. Frissell, George C. Hall, Miss Nannie Burroughs, Mary McLeod Methune, Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, Miss Elizabeth Walton, John W. Davis, and Dr. James H. Dillard.

From October 16 to October 19 of this year the Urban League held its annual convention at Kansas City, Missouri. Delegates from Florida, California, Louisiana, Massachusetts, in fact, from every part of the country, were in attendance. In addition to League workers, there were representatives of large employers of Negro labor, each of whom presented the attitude of the employers with regard to the induction of Negro labor into Northern industries.

It might be well here to state that the concerns represented, all large employers of Negro labor, felt that the experiment was a successful one and that the Negro workers were just as competent and as desirable as any other. It was felt, however, that too much cannot be done in the way of safeguarding the Negro from the possibilities of a business depression, the action of a manufacturing concern in Middleton, Ohio, which has provided for the utilization of surplus Negro labor by constructing camps and encouraging farming and truck gardening, and so on, being used to illustrate the sort of thing the larger employers should be prepared to do.

In the steel district of Pittsburgh, according to John T. Clark, executive secretary of the Pittsburgh Urban League, estimates of several steel officials indicate that from ninety per cent to ninety-five per cent of steel mill work is unskilled, therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that practically all of the 16,000 Negroes representing twenty-one per cent of the working force in 23 mills of that district are almost entirely engaged in common labor. This supposition will be strengthened when it is considered that prior to 1916 there were no Negroes employed at all in 19 of these 23 mills.

In spite of the official classification of so large a part of the work done by Negroes as unskilled, the observer is inclined to consider any workman skilled who quickly learns to synchronize his movements with machine operations, so as not to slow up their normal production. Whether steel officials agree with this intrepretation or not, they testify that Negroes adapt themselves readily to the work. Frequent reports of production records being broken with smaller crews of Negroes than crews of foreigners doing the same work, might be attributed largely to the eagerness of Negroes to make good and to earn more money with which to re-establish their families in the North.

Conditions Then and Now

DURING the first years of the war, when a Negro obtained a job in most mills, he had to make friends with the groups of white workmen to stay, but under present demands for labor, Negroes are gradually being advanced according as they show qualities of dependability, efficiency and leadership. Foreign leaders of Negro gangs are gradually being displaced by Negro straw bosses. This policy seems to have been adopted by several corporations, even where Negroes form less than one-third of the gangs. In one plant employing 2,875 Negroes, there are thirty-five Negro straw bosses, directing the work of 883 men, 273 of the laborers being foreigners. In most of the larger steel mills usually an equal number of Negro straw bosses may be found. This is very significant. The greatest difficulty previously experienced by Negroes entering the mills was the lack of sympathy and understanding and ofttimes hostility shown them by these foreign straw bosses. One result of the increased use of Negro straw bosses is the reported length of time three-fourths of the Negro employes remain in mills. It has been increased from an average of one month during the war to three and a half months at the present time.

Efficiency engineers say that Negroes have constitutions which render them peculiarly efficient at work in high temperatures. Negro foremen have been found performing other work, some including the direction of skilled white workmen.

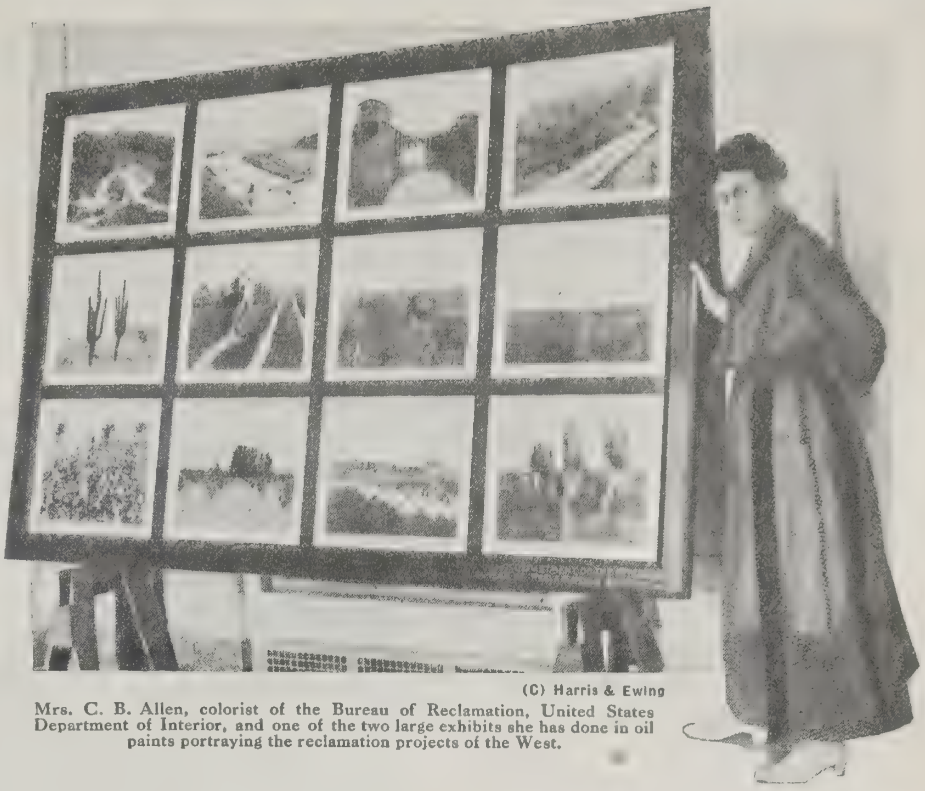
The experience of Negro labor in two small steel mills, Park Works of the Crucible Steel Company and Clark Mills of Carnegie Steel Company, can be cited to give a better indication of how well Negroes may ultimately intrench themselves in larger plants into which they are just being absorbed. Both of these plants introduced Negro labor more than thirty years ago on the occasion of a strike. They have used an increasing number ever since. The Park Works employs about twenty-five per cent Negroes and the Clark Mills forty-two per cent. Negroes are employed as grinders, heaters, shearers, chippers, rollers, squeezers, ruffers, crane operators; in fact, work on practically every job in the mill. Both plants employ Negro millwrights who repair all the machinery. In addition, the Park Works has a Negro chemist in charge of three white subordinate chemists. They also employ a Negro draftsman. At one time, before the recent depression, a Negro civil engineer was employed. At the Clark Mills, according to their own statement, no limitations were placed on Negro workmen. They cite the case of "Daddy Clay" who developed into one of the greatest experts on shaft steel in Pittsburgh. For years he earned from fifteen dollars to forty dollars a day.

As for the mills recently entered by Negroes, there are unusually illuminating evidences of the progress they have made in the more skilled work. Bonuses on every ton run the workmen's pay often to twenty dollars a day. Reports of extraordinary wages have brought thousands into the steel industry. Disillusioned, they work but a few days, then join the army of steel work floaters, try out mills everywhere, hoping by accident they may stumble into a job paying big money.

Woman Tells Story of Irrigation in Colors

Oil Paintings by Mrs. C. B. Allen, of the Department of the Interior, Show Scope of Reclamation Work

By S. R. WINTERS



(C) Harris & Ewing

Mrs. C. B. Allen, colorist of the Bureau of Reclamation, United States Department of Interior, and one of the two large exhibits she has done in oil paints portraying the reclamation projects of the West.

IF ALL the water-carrying channels in the twenty-eight reclamation projects of seventeen western states formed a single canal it would extend 14,000 miles. The excavation of 209,000,000 cubic yards of soil, rocks, and other material, was involved in the digging of the canals, ditches, and drains whereby water is supplied for the irrigation of 33,000 farms, which sustain 450,000 persons.

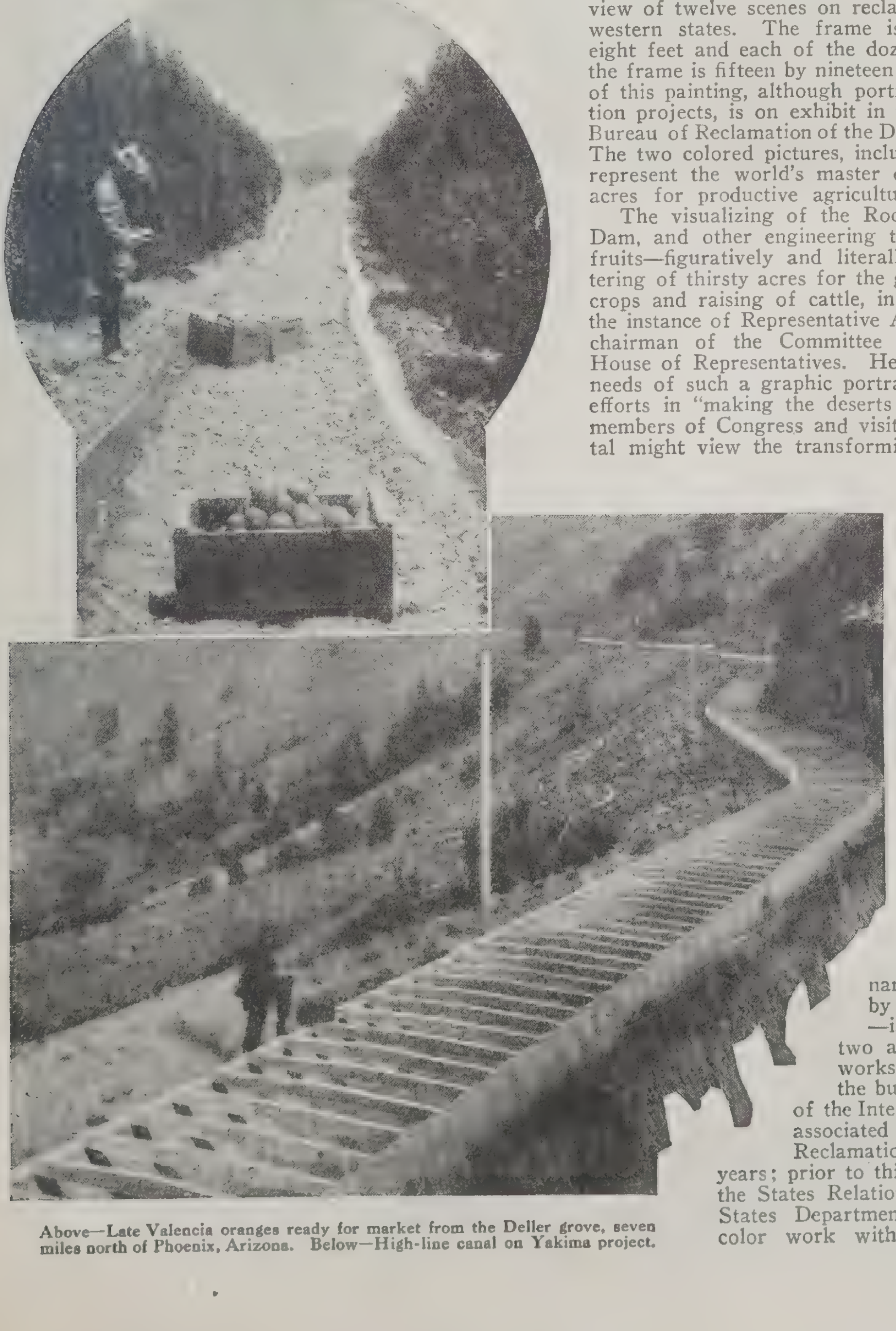
The reclaiming of more than 3,000,000 acres of arid lands also involved the construction of one hundred and one tunnels, in excess of 1,000 miles of highways, eighty-three miles of railway, 3,294 miles of telephone line, a dozen power plants, and 970 miles of electric-transmission lines. Coal was mined and cement was also manufactured, the production of cement amounting to 1,676,000 barrels.

The storage and diversion dams for the containing and distributing of an artificial water supply, built by the Bureau of Reclamation of the United States Department of the Interior during the last two decades, exceed one hundred in number, with an aggregate volume of 15,000,000 cubic yards of water. These pent-up supplies of water include the Arrowrock Dam, on the Boise River, Idaho. This structure, in towering 349 feet above bedrock, is the highest dam in the world. The Elephant Butte Dam, on the Rio Grande, New Mexico, is 306 feet high.

The magnitude of the structural units comprising the reclamation projects of the West is, however, only a means unto an end, namely, the conversion of unproductive acres into crop-producing lands. Of the 3,384,000 acres comprising these irrigation enterprises, water was furnished to 1,227,900 acres, in 1922. And of this crop-producing area, 1,109,100 acres yielded crops valued in excess of $50,000,000. The additional lands applying stored water harvested crops worth $33,000,000. Thus, with the Bureau of Reclamation functioning at a yearly expenditure of approximately $10,000,000, the returns to the settlers are in the neighborhood of $83,000,000.

The total cost of the construction of the irrigation projects was $143,000,000, according to an estimate made at the end of the fiscal year terminating June 30, 1923. Funds for the construction and operation of these reclamation works are largely derived from the sale of public lands, from repayment by the users of water, and recently from oil-leasing and other mineral operations. These sources of revenue are augmented by payments of settlers, whose obligations are customarily made in twenty annual installments without interest. At present, soldiers of the World War have priority of entry to farm units recently made available.

If the water hemmed in the reservoirs maintained in these seventeen arid and semi-arid states were released, it would flood an area equal to the dimensions of the state of Connecticut to a depth of three feet. The beneficent results to mankind in the creation of artificial water supplies where there is a scarcity of rainfall from the clouds are evident in the transformation of sagebrush and desert into fertile areas, on which have been produced approximately $400,000,000 worth of crops in twenty years. That is to say, 450,000 persons are sharing in the newly created wealth found on 33,000 irrigated farms.



Above—Late Valencia oranges ready for market from the Deller grove, seven miles north of Phoenix, Arizona. Below—High-line canal on Yakima project.

Temporarily on exhibition in the lobby of the House of Representatives, but later to be permanently installed in the cloakroom of this wing of the national lawmaking body, is an oil painting presenting a panoramic view of twelve scenes on reclamation projects of these western states. The frame is approximately five by eight feet and each of the dozen miniature pictures in the frame is fifteen by nineteen inches. The counterpart of this painting, although portraying different reclamation projects, is on exhibit in the building housing the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior. The two colored pictures, including twenty-four scenes, represent the world's master effort in reclaiming arid acres for productive agricultural purposes.

The visualizing of the Roosevelt Dam, Arrowrock Dam, and other engineering triumphs, as well as the fruits—figuratively and literally—of the artificial watering of thirsty acres for the growing of orchards and crops and raising of cattle, in oil paints, was done at the instance of Representative Addison Smith, of Idaho, chairman of the Committee on Reclamation of the House of Representatives. He realized the educational needs of such a graphic portrayal of the government's efforts in "making the deserts blossom," that both the members of Congress and visitors to the national capital might view the transforming powers of irrigation within the period of twenty-one years. His request was transmitted to the Bureau of Reclamation for execution, with the result that after three months, the most pretentious exhibit of its kind is in completed form. In a word, the artist has told the story of the development of 3,384,000 acres of arid lands, converted into 33,000 farms for the occupancy of 450,000 persons, in oil paintings. The scenes are faithful to detail and pleasing to the eye.

A woman artist—Mrs. C. B. Allen, by name, officially designated by Uncle Sam as a colorist—is responsible for these two artistic productions. Her workshop is room No. 6040 in the building of the Department of the Interior. Mrs. Allen has been associated with the Bureau of Reclamation for the past three years; prior to this she was identified with the States Relations Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Her color work with the latter government bureau did not widely differ from present assignments, save that scenic coloring of reclamation projects partakes of the vastness of landscape and the bigness of engineering endeavor.

Mrs. Allen was born in Springfield, Ohio, but early in girlhood moved to Topeka, Kansas, where she attended public and private schools. Her art education was received under private tutelage in Washington, D. C., and in the course of instruction at the Corcoran Art Gallery. She has copied many of the best pictures hanging in this national receptacle for the products of brush and paint.

The execution of the paintings depicting the accomplishments of the Bureau of Reclamation was done in a room containing modest furnishings and with only the absolutely necessary equipment for coloring—oil paints, brush and easel. Mrs. Allen labored amid interruptions for three months, painting with patience and fidelity the towering Arrowrock Dam, 349 feet high, and the cotton blossom which potentially clothes the settlers in the Rio Grande project of New Mexico and Texas. The photographic files of the Bureau of Reclamation, over which she also presides, are drawn upon for likenesses of the various scenes that were to be portrayed in colors.

A homesteader of one of the far western states came into the workshop of Mrs. Allen one day recently while this writer chanced to be present. His flowing beard and sun-kissed brow might have identified him as one of the pioneers of the West. He spoke with a frankness and honesty of opinion that lent weight to his views. This tiller of the soil, one of the 450,000 persons to be the recipient of the fruits of irrigation, obviously came to see and criticize the artistic productions of Mrs. Allen. He marveled in pleasurable anticipation at the realistic touches of the apples, the detail and magnitude of the water reservoirs, and spoke of the faithful likeness of the scenic surroundings. His criticism was adverse in only one instance, when he expressed the opinion that a field of alfalfa was a bit off color. This observation indicated the critical eye with which he viewed each scene, in other instances only to marvel at the fidelity of likeness and the splendor of the scenes.

From the cotton patch in Texas and New Mexico to the grain field in Oregon and the apple orchard in Washington, these brilliant scenic views embrace the range of activities of the settlers on these reclamation projects. The inviting colors of the paintings are pleasingly introduced by alluring text, prepared by Dr. Hugh A. Brown, of the Washington office of the Bureau of Reclamation. A herd of Jersey cows maintained on the Newlands Project in Nevada is labeled "Aristocrats that are helping to put the projects prominently on the map," whereas, a flock of chickens on the Belle Fourche Project in South Dakota is identified as "pin-money," the proceeds from poultry and eggs netting $100,000 each year to the settlers on the twenty-eight irrigation enterprises.

Alluring enough are the descriptive legends, "Great seas are created whose waters make the desert blossom," "Huge storage dams block abysmal chasms," "Vast level-floored valleys have been transformed from regions of desolation into compact farming units," and "Scattered through the arid states oases of gold and green fulfill the prophecy of Isaiah." Views of a peach orchard, alfalfa field, orange grove in Arizona, diversion dams, a barren desert in New Mexico, a canal; an apple orchard in Washington, a flock of sheep in Montana, are among the panoramic presentation of Uncle Sam's vast reclamation system. Beautifully done in oil paints, and appropriately explained by text, these artistic productions, placed in the lobby of the House of Representatives, should enable Congressmen and visitors to the capital alike to comprehend and appreciate the reclaiming powers of the stroke of the engineer, an artificial water supply, and the resultant transformation of sagebrush and desert into productive areas.

St. Louis' "Forty Thieves" Are Gangsters

Mississippi Port Is Wrestling With a Reign of Lawlessness Which Has Evaded Police Control

By GEORGE H. DACY

THE tale of Ali Baba and the forty thieves has almost as many rivals as there are weeks in the year in the environs of St. Louis, once a center of French chivalry but now a city that suffers from a cancerous outgrowth of gangster misdeeds.

Three gangs of youthful criminals—highly organized, fortified with the support of prominent political henchmen and ruled by the "might is right" theory—have for many months been playing pushball with law and order in Missouri's leading municipality. In many respects, their misdeeds make the heinous offenses of the notorious Jesse James look like the juvenile delinquencies of third-rate amateurs.

As this story is being written, I have before me two of St. Louis' evening newspapers. The leading story in one daily tells about a $1,000,000 mail fraud ring operated under the auspices of the Cuckoo Gangsters. The other journal carries a front-page story about "Jelly Roll" Hogan, ringleader of the Hogan Gang who was apprehended on a prominent avenue at midday because he was "heeled," in the popular style of the early western frontier, with one concealed revolver in his hip pocket and four other weapons in the pockets of his automobile.

Killing Each Other Off

A FEW days ago "Whitey" Doering, an ace of another band of rascals called "Egan's Rats," was sentenced to life imprisonment for a notable mail truck robbery and shooting affray which resulted in a loss of a quarter million dollars to Uncle Sam. Doering, who owns a $25,000 home in the fashionable West End section of St. Louis, is now out on an appeal bond of $90,000. "Bill" Wiseman, another Eganite and confederate of Doering, received a twenty-year sentence the same day.

One night, several months ago, a quartet of Cuckoos, whose ages ranged from eighteen to twenty-five years, held up three fashionable road houses and escaped with a valuable lot of booty. They remained in the neighborhood of the last road house. An hour or so later, a St. Louis policeman, off duty, stopped at the place during an automobile ride with his sweetheart. The pair seated themselves and ordered soft drinks. A gangster walked over to the policeman's table, quickly drew a gun and shot the officer without any provocation whatever. The gangsters then abandoned their automobile but at pistol point commandeered the powerful car of a passer-by, forcing him to drive them at great speed to the city. On the outskirts of St. Louis, they ordered the owner of the car to jump out. When his back was turned, a gangster shot him dead. The boy bandits then raced into St. Louis, where they wounded another innocent citizen before they were finally captured by the police.

A feud as bitter as any ever waged in the highlands of Kentucky or Tennessee is now threatening the ultimate extinction of the Egan and Hogan bands of gangsters. This deadly enmity between the two clans has been more effective than the officers of the law in consummating the curtailment of crime. Kerry Patch, now the nucleus of the St. Louisian Little Italy, is the native heath of both the Hogan gangsters and "Egan's Rats." The Patch covers an area of approximately fifty square blocks and has been the breeding grounds of some of the most dastardly crimes committed during the history of St. Louis. About a dozen years ago, "Egan's Rats" and the Hogan Gang came into being. "Tom" Egan, a saloon-keeper and powerful politician in St. Louis in those days, was the citizen chief and political power of the gangsters who naturally became members of his following in the district where he operated his bar.

Brother Takes Leadership

WHEN "Tom" Egan died, the leadership of his gang passed as a logical legacy to his brother, "Will," who ran another saloon. The gang prospered as previously. Egan engineered political strategems which kept the gangsters out of jail. It was almost impossible to tie a crime and to assemble adequate circumstantial or armor-sure evidence to convict the culprits—if they were caught. No matter how high was their bail when captured, Egan always produced the cold cash. The criminals never would talk on the witness stand. Clever lawyers always represented them. Other witnesses, in fear of death, would refuse to testify against the "Rats." Gang loyalty such as is rarely met with among catch-as-catch-can criminals has always been the first commandment of the Eganites. They have endured because of this fealty of the members and because they have terrorized the sections of the city where they have operated.

For several years, ill feeling existed between the members of the Hogan and Egan gangs. This bitterness finally culminated in the murder of "Bill" Egan, a memorable crime which instituted the death feud between the two groups of criminals. One evening Egan was standing in front of his place of business. A large touring car, closely curtained, came racing down the avenue at fifty miles an hour. As the car tore by the curb where Egan stood, a fusillade of shots rang out. Egan dropped to the pavement, dead.

"Egan's Rats" ferreted out the secrets of the case and finally traced the crime to leaders of the Hogan tribe. Then began an era of midnight killings such as St. Louis had never previously experienced. The common saying among the police and plain clothes men was the effect that "when gangsters ride, somebody is due to die," for most of the murders were perpetrated in the same manner as that which attended the death of "Bill" Egan. One Hogan man was decoyed into an automobile at night and lured to a lonely road by a young woman—an adherent of the Egans. Another car sped by at a breakneck speed, a torrent of shots belched forth and the Hogan gangster milled over in a heap, another victim of the deadly feud.

One of the "Rats" after a criminal excursion which kept him awake for two days and nights stopped at a gangster road house, rented a room and told the proprietor he intended to sleep for thirty-six hours. He never awakened from his deep slumbers, as one of the Hogan supporters shoved a sawed-off shotgun through the window and killed his hated rival as he slept.

All this time, the St. Louis police were doing their best to exterminate the gangsters. They followed orders from headquarters to "shoot to kill" in all encounters. As often as not, however, the gangsters shot first or else submitted quietly and calmly to arrest. If concealed weapons were found in their automobiles, the boy bandits would immediately flash the stars of constables, deputy constables or other badges of authority which permitted them to carry firearms. These credentials were always simon-pure. One criminal finesse of the "Egan Rats" was to devote political strength to the securing of such minor offices for members of the desperado clan.

The police forces, however, in the long run, made the city of St. Louis too hot for the gangsters. Then the miscreants boldly moved their headquarters and notorious rendezvous out into the highways and byways of St. Louis County. The abandoned buildings of a deserted race course have now for many moons been the homing haunts of the members of one of the gangs. Their enemies meet in several disreputable road houses. The dangerous task of trying to run the gangsters to cover has been shifted to the county sheriff and his deputies. These officials are performing efficient work and their lives of constant action are as perilous as those of the Canadian mounted constabulary.

The Courage of This Deputy

ONE of the deputies, George Roth by name, is deadly accurate with a pistol, and courageous. One evening, he stopped to rest for a while in a road house. Shortly afterward, four men entered the room, ordered something to drink and, unexpectedly, as they were being served, pulled out revolvers and commanded every other occupant of the resort to throw up his hands. One gangster thrust his gun into Roth's face. The deputy made a feint as though to raise his arms over his head. With one fist, he knocked the revolver from the criminal's hand and with the other tumbled the ruffian to the floor. Roth drew a revolver, seriously wounded two of the holdup men and chased and finally captured the other pair that fled.

Such exploits, admittedly, put failure into gangster activities and gradually reduced their ranks. The mortal combats are not always decided in favor of the authorities. Not infrequently, it is the officer of the law who is wounded or killed. There has been a sort of local slogan which has developed in the neighborhood of St. Louis, "Just leave the gangsters alone and in time, in their feud warfare, they will solve the problem by killing each other."

In the expression of such an opinion, the general public is evading a duty. San Francisco, years ago, faced a terrible crime wave which was more extensive and critical than the one which has latterly confronted St. Louis. The Vigilantes solved the riddle and dissipated misdoings in the environs of the Golden Gate. A similar private organization in St. Louis County may be a development of the future if the gangster crimes continue. Such a citizen procedure is probably the most efficient cure-all of the gangster régime. The calling out of state troops to suppress the outrages would establish a notable precedent in the disposition of such crimes. The mobilization of a sheriff army which would comb the countryside, round up all the gangsters and then see to it that impartial justice is served to them will solve the crime crisis in St. Louis or any other American county which is suffering from a similar affliction.

During the last two years, as many bank messenger and pay-roll robberies have occurred in St. Louis as in any other city of similar size in the world. Such pursuits have been favorite pastimes of the organized gangsters—specialized freebooters who spurn ordinary crimes when the plunder from the lines they follow offers more attractive booty. The St. Louis police and detective departments are highly efficient but they have been unable to crack the gangster conundrum with the facility that they have worked out other criminal enigmas. Illustrative of the good service rendered by the police, the St. Louis record of a recovery of more than ninety-six per cent of all the automobiles stolen in that city during the last twelve months is outstanding—one of the most creditable showings of any city police force in the country. The St. Louis gangster problem has been different from that of any other city in the United States. It has not reacted successfully to treatments that have expurgated band criminals in other cities.

Since prohibition, many foreigners who live in St. Louis have abandoned their ordinary avenues of livelihood and engaged in the surreptitious business of making liquors and wines which they peddle at great profits. Immediately, the gangsters specialized in a new and novel lawlessness now known as hi-jacking. They kept close tab on the bootleggers and whenever the liquor salesmen made large collections, the gangsters would be on hand to relieve them of their illicitly acquired gains. In time, for purposes of self-protection, the wine-makers allied themselves with the different St. Louis bands of lawbreakers. This material has restocked the depleted ranks of the gangsters and provided new and numerous supporters who, in the main, take kindly to professional crime and feud justice.

"Egan's Rats" for a time also specialized in the original diversion of holding up "crap games" where the stakes were high. The "Rats" never had any trouble finding out the localities where dice games were popular. They easily familiarized themselves with all the inside workings of these games. When the stakes were the maximum and the attendance largest, several of the "Rats," armed and masked, would "drop in" and clean out with the profits.

The Present "Master Mind"

THE Missouri gangs also evidently issue guest cards and visitors' privileges to itinerant criminals who come that way. In one raid of an "Egan Rat" stronghold, the St. Louis police captured five safe blowers from the Far West who were positively identified as non-members of the local gangster squads. On another occasion, one of the notorious McNamara brothers of San Francisco was rounded up in St. Louis as a guest of the hordes of Hogans who terrorized the district where the Pacific Coast "bad man" was found.

The present leader of "Egan's Rats" is a former lieutenant of William Egan. Meet this man in an office, club or restaurant anywhere in St. Louis and you will be delighted with his gentlemanly manners, conversational poise, wit and humor. As the directing genius of the gangsters, he has repeatedly measured wits with the police, private detectives and able lawyers—and won. He is a master mind of the underworld which commonly is met with only in fiction. Under his leadership, the "Rats," unquestionably, are engaging in more daring crimes which involve princely rewards of plunder.

Latterly one of the sheriff deputies of St. Louis County who has spoiled some of the best-laid plans of the gangsters received a number of anonymous letters warning him not to travel after dark a certain road which led to a farm that he owned some distance from the city. The deputy finally visited a road house meeting-place of the gangsters one evening when he knew the leader would be on hand. He told the gang chieftain all about the case and suggested one of the "Rats" whom he suspected as author of the letters. The master mind said, "If........did this, I'll shoot him right before your eyes."

A Clean-up Is Certain

THE leader then called the gangster in question before him and ordered the young fellow to write a message which he dictated. The gang chief then compared the writing. There was no similarity between it and that of the anonymous letters which the deputy had received. Nothing more came of the matter. The deputy traveled the highways and byways without misfortune. The incident merely illustrates the boldness of the gangster chieftain. He threatened to shoot one of his underlings in cold blood right before an officer of the law and doubtless would have done so if the writing test convinced him of the guilt of his follower. More than likely, even if the chief had killed the gangster, he would not have been punished for his crime immediately, as, in his usual able manner, he probably would have circumvented justice in one way or another.

The St. Louis gangsters have largely been throwbacks from the general principle that the ultimate goal of the most of criminals is either death by violent means or life sentence in the penitentiary. The time is not far distant when both St. Louis City and County must be cleared of these young desperadoes. How it will be accomplished would be only conjecture if mentioned in this article. It will be as certain as the millennium when it does occur. Like the murmur of far-distant breakers sweeping in from the sea, the popular campaign is already simmering and seething in the neighborhood of St. Louis which will shortly mature into a thorough clean-up of Chicago's cousin municipality.

Bavarian Carvers, With Lang, Come to U. S.

Passion Play Participants of Oberammergau Seek to Sell Products Here

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

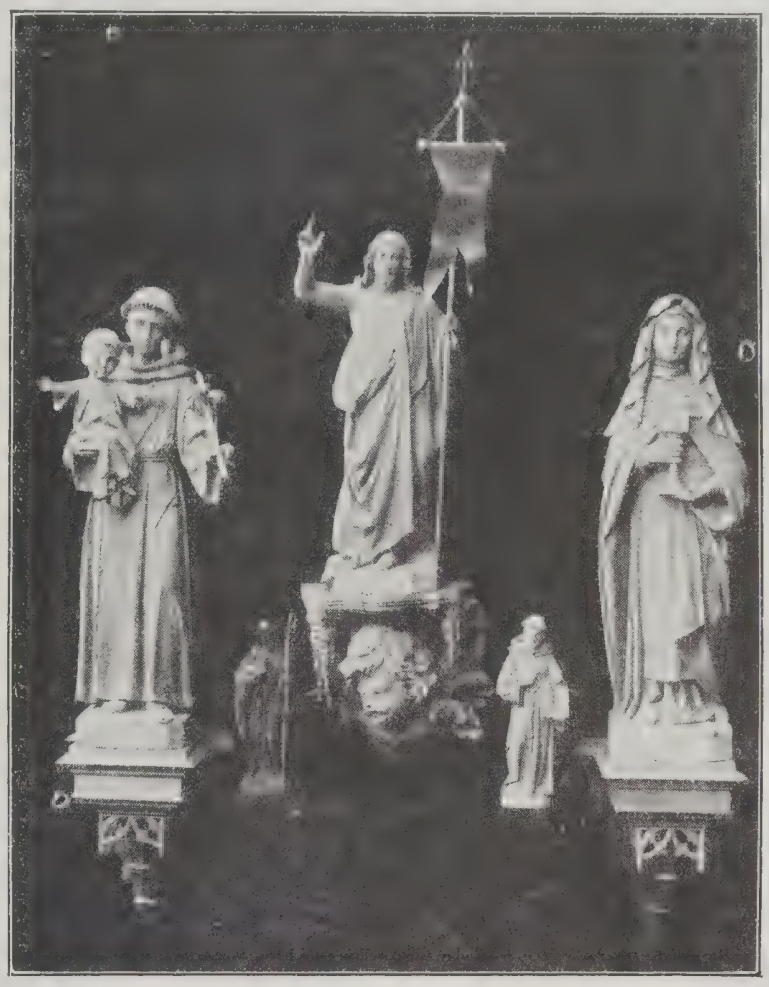
FROM the foot of the Bavarian Alps on the little stream Ammer, from which Oberammergau, Germany, the village of Passion Play fame, derives its name, there left for America on November 29 a group of twelve wood and pottery artists headed by Anton Lang, the Christus of the Passion Play. The visit includes New York, several other eastern cities as yet not determined upon, also Chicago and possibly Milwaukee. With them they bring wares of pottery and wood carvings which they have made with their own hands. They come to make a market for their artistry. Germany in the throes of misfortune can no longer support these gentle artisans. Germany today cannot buy workmanship in wood and pottery, even though it is of an artistry unrivaled in the world. Germany is fighting for its bread and meal. And so these men, the sons of sons who were sons of sons of potters and wood carvers who lived and worked in this little hamlet, are bringing their wares and the wares of their friends and neighbors to America to show their craftsmanship and sell their work that they may not starve.

This is the first time in the 300 years of Oberammergau's existence that its artisans have left their native soil. This is the first time that the beloved and revered Christus has left Bavaria, the southern state of Germany in which the village lies.

Oberammergau pottery and wood carvings are not unknown in America or Canada. Before the war there was considerable work ordered from these countries. But since the war the trade has practically disappeared and, with conditions at home as they are, these craftsmen are in a desperate plight.

Without a market for their wares the life of the community is at stake. Oberammergau is but a small village of four hundred or five hundred families, whose sole industry and life work is the Passion Play given every ten years and their wood carving and pottery. Without a market for the latter the community must disintegrate and scatter. And so it is to preserve its community and its history and work that this group is coming to sell its beautiful images and to create a market for future sales.

Anton Lang, the Christus, is a potter, now the only one left in the village. The community is famed next to its play for its beautiful wood carvings of holy figures. Lang's pottery deals mostly with the same subject, though he accepts orders for any style of work. He has a small shop in the rear of his home where he works with several assistants and apprentices. The Lang family is an important and large one in Oberammergau. There are at least a dozen Lang families in the village, all leaders in the community. The family has numbered among its progenitors many Burgermeisters, which translated means mayor but in Germany means more than the term implies in America. A Burgermeister is the father and the leader of his people, their judge and their guardian, in the most literal sense. The Lang family has also wood carvers, but the Anton Lang branch have been potters for more than 200 years.



These are reproductions of holy figures, life-sized and smaller, made by the wood carvers of Oberammergau who have come to America to place their craftsmanship on sale. These reproductions were taken from the model book of one of the best carvers in the community, Sebastian Schauer. The models are of figures made by his grandfather and father and now by himself and his son. The craft is centuries old and has grown up with the Passion Play.

Oberammergau is at least 400 years old. Nestled right at the foot of the Bavarian mountains, at the head of an ever-widening plain that issues from these Alps, in medieval times it was a first stop into Germany from the south and the last before the strenuous journey to the south. It was never a fortified city. Just a rambling sort of a farm community at first, with a few wood carvers who traded with travelers who came across the mountains.

In 1630 the black plague ravaged the community. The small city was decimated. A solemn vow was made that if the village was spared from total extermination that every ten years would be given a pageant portraying the career of Jesus. The scourge abated and the survivors have fulfilled the vow, on every tenth year since. Because of the war there was no play in 1920 and for the first time in the history of the play it was given on an odd year when it was shown in 1922. This briefly is the well-known story of the Passion Play.

And with the play grew up this art of holy carvings and pottery. The entire community takes part in the play and the many principals are trained from youth not only to act their part, but live in their daily life the gentleness and simplicity of the founders of Christianity. And so it was natural that in their work they should reflect their lives, and the carving of holy images of all kinds grew up with the fame of their play. Before the war they had a world trade, the beautiful workmanship of figures from inches to many feet in size adorning places of worship in Australia, America, North and South, Africa and in missionary countries.

The woods worked with are linden, pear and maple, all grown in the neighborhood. The linden and maple are white woods, and are used for figures that are to be painted. The pear is a darker wood, given to beautiful stainings. Every bit of carving is done by knife or chisel. Not a wheel or lathe can be found in the village. Even sandpaper is seldom used, and only when the decorations call for gilding.

The work is mostly of holy figures, which have been developed to hundreds of varieties and sizes and extraordinary beauty by the centuries of development and production in the same place and by the same families of artists. Other figures, however, are made when ordered.

The group coming to America brings its own work and that of the other craftsmen who were unable to make the trip. The group consists of The Christus, Peter, who is one of the best wood carvers in the village, and Judas, with nine others who are wood carvers and players in the Passion Play. They are arriving in time to place their wares on sale for the Christmas buying.

"No Honest Yeggs Any More"

Concluded from page 5

less distinctive in the average person than the mouth. The mouth is the great give-away feature; it tells what you are, the kind of life you have led."

Something has been said about "cover men." The everyday citizen probably has little idea how necessary they are to the work of preventing crime and leading to arrest of criminals. They are peculiar halfway folk who are in the confidence of the underworld and yet give information to the law enforcers. Some are former criminals who have "cut it out." Some, not criminals themselves, like the adventure, and the danger, in mixing with criminals, justifying their choice of associates by serving the law. Nor are the "cover men" confined to these two classes.

"Without plenty of 'cover men' at work or available, I could hardly do business," Brown admits. "Of course, we say little about them and protect their identity absolutely. We are constantly finding new sources of recruits for this work, and just now prohibition is helping us largely.

"Yes, that may seem odd, but it's this way. You see there's a bond of sympathy among criminals. It is a peculiarity of the crook class that they admit all kinds of lawbreakers to their circles on a basis of absolute equality and confidence. Prohibition has created an army of bootleggers, and the bootlegger, being an outlaw, is received as a brother by the bank 'yegg' and crooks in general. They talk freely before him, assuming that he is one of them. But it happens that your bootlegger often is far from being an all-round criminal; on other phases of law observance his views are likely to be quite correct. So we get many 'cover men' from the bootleggers. 'It's an ill wind—.' "

Law violators and near violators may thus be important aids in crime prevention and law enforcement, but perfectly sound, law-abiding folks, not paid for it, often help, as part of their everyday jobs, in running the criminal down or checking his depredations. Among all such, Charles D. Brown would pay special tribute to telephone exchange operators, particularly those—many of them women—working the night boards in country towns.

The "Hello" girl is one of the yeggman's main fears. When he and his gang enter a town, about the first thing they do is to cut the trunk lines leading from the exchange, both local and long distance, for the telephone is the chief instrument in starting the hue and cry against "yeggs"—a hue and cry far more sinister and effective, though less spectacular and dramatic, than that of other days. Not by shouting and clamor, not by throwing of stones and clubs, not by barking of dogs and the running of many feet, is the modern hue and cry conducted; but silently, swiftly, more terrifying in its menace and scope, the word goes out to all men of a thief at large, where he was seen and when, whither he was fleeing. And then other telephones take up the cry, and not for mere blocks in a city section, but for miles over county and state the word is sped—and telegraph and radio stations repeat it—rousing officers and posses at many points, until he is both clever and fortunate indeed that can escape.

" 'Yeggs' torched a bank in Nassau, Minnesota, near the South Dakota line, some years ago," Brown recalls. "It was early winter and a light fall of snow was still on the ground when I arrived. The 'yeggs' had left nothing but footprints. They had entered and gone out the back way, and their footprints were plain. Yes, the local men thought the job looked like a deep one. But when I saw the footprints, I had to laugh. They spelled 'Dynamite Bill' as if in letters; for Bill was one of the most pigeon-toed of men, and there in the snow, unmistakably, ludicrously, were alternating toe prints pointing in and calling up a picture of their owner mincing along in Bill's well-known way. Of course, a pigeon-toed man shouldn't choose bank burglary as a vocation."

"The bank 'yegg' now works pretty steadily month in and month out," Brown testifies. "I think the widespread purchase of Liberty bonds had much to do with this change. When banks began to invite customers to leave their bonds with them for safe keeping, the yeggmen took notice. It was common knowledge, too, that holders of individual safety deposit boxes were storing their war bonds in them. The unregistered Liberty bond looks 'sweet' to the 'yegg.' It has a large value, is hard to trace and is cashable almost anywhere.

"The coming of the automobile and the gas torch favored the 'yegg' as against law and order and gave him an advantage which regular police systems and all additional organized agencies, semipublic and private, have been unable to overcome entirely. The fast motor car, to be stolen almost as needed, made daylight bank holdups not only feasible, but fairly easy, and also facilitated the operations of night yeggmen, who could do their work and be a hundred miles away from the scene in a couple of hours. The gas torch challenged the safe makers, making light of bolts, bars and steel walls. The weakening of defense armament and the increased facility for get-away, enabling the yeggmen to reach the larger cities within a few hours after the smash and bury themselves against discovery—these point to the need of creating in the smaller towns unofficial organizations to function promptly in case of a bank raid.

"In other words, as it looks to me, direct co-operation of citizens outside the bank is necessary to beat the 'yeggs.' They did it right in Northfield, Minnesota, back in the seventies when the James-Younger band raided the bank there. You'll recall the gang was routed and its leaders captured. It has been done as successfully in various cities more recently.

"Cool-headed men in stores, offices or homes near the bank get together in an agreement to keep arms at hand and to act in concert in case of attack on the bank, day or night. Their places are connected by electric signal systems operated from inside the bank, probably by some act of the 'yeggs' themselves. The success of such a plan depends, of course, on the quality of the men working it; they must keep their heads, know what they are about—and take care not to shoot the wrong man."

The city and harbor of Rio de Janeiro.

An American's Impressions of Beautiful Rio de Janeiro

Drives of Magnificence Skirt Bay of Brazilian Port

By HELEN GRACE WHITE

JUST as the sun was slipping behind the mountains on a glorious clear November afternoon, our boat passed the quaint old fortresses of Imbuhy, Santa Cruz, Sao Joao and Mallet and entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Never shall I forget the thrill which seemed to play tag with itself up and down my spinal column as I caught my first glimpse of Guanabara Bay and the city of Rio. The beautiful bay, so calm and tranquil in its rockbound setting, glistened like a precious gem as its sapphire waters caught and toyed with the golden glints of the dying sun. Beyond, the sky was aglow with radiant crimson and yellow, streaked here and there with a splotch of old blue and lavender; delineated against a flaming background were the lofty old mountains, flat-topped Gavea, Andarahy, Tijuca, Corcovado, and the Organ Mountains, all cloaked and resplendent in their royal purplish robes, their serried peaks stretching up to the heavens, with now and then a lonely palm tree standing like a silent sentinel over all the world below.

Squatting for miles along the curve of the bay and straggling up the hillsides, lay the city, burnished with old gold and copper at that hour. How picturesque it appeared with its brightly tinted houses and myriads of reddish tiled roofs, with here and there a villa perched gingerly upon some outstanding peak or daringly cleaving to a rocky cliff. There is nothing more radiantly beautiful than a tropical sunset, and Rio at this hour is simply ravishing.

Inasmuch as our boat happened to have trouble with its rudder and was forced to be towed into port by two small tugs, the passengers were afforded ample opportunity for viewing Rio from the bay. In the excitement of once more seeing land, everything else was forgotten, even dinner, and both sides of the ship were lined with passengers silently regarding the city and feasting their eyes upon the beauty of the scene which revealed itself.

When one first glances around the bay, which opens toward the south, it is difficult to realize that it is about 100 miles in circumference, for its vast magnitude is disguised by a large number of points, islands, projecting rocks and miniature bays. To the left, near the harbor's entrance, stands forth the famous Pao d'Assucar (Sugar Loaf), a great conical rock more than 1,300 feet high, a mute but ever watchful guard. Stretching from the Sugar Loaf may be detected a tiny black thread outlined against the sky, and on closer inspection one may observe a cable basket, capable of carrying 20 persons, suspended upon this thread and steadily mounting to the very peak of the rock. Again we see displayed the inherent tendency and desire of the human race to rise.

As Night Falls on Bay

GUANABARA (arm of the sea) is the name sometimes given to the bay. It was so named erroneously by Gonzalo Coelho when he visited it for the first time, on January 1, 1502. Mistaking it to be the estuary of a great river, he called it Rio de Janeiro, or River of January. The people later became known as Fluminenses or River Folk, although they are miles away from even a good-sized creek. Now, however, only the people who live in the state of Rio de Janeiro across the bay are called Fluminenses, and the inhabitants of the city of Rio de Janeiro, the federal capital, are called Cariocas.

While the boat was still in the middle of the harbor, the city gradually became enshrouded in darkness. One by one the lights appeared, until presently the city was but an onyx background studded with thousands of little diamonds, flashing and gleaming in the most alluring manner.

At length the little tugs succeeded in pushing the great ship against the quay. Friends of a fortnight bade one another regretful farewells, the best of friends perhaps never to meet again, for friendships on board an ocean liner are like the ships that pass in the night.

Animals of Midnight

A GREAT rush of dark-skinned, greasy looking "ganhadores" or stevedores sprang on board and screaming their unintelligible Portuguese, ruthlessly seized all visible handbaggage from the bewildered passengers. Everyone was pushing, shoving and perspiring in their effort to pass the customs officers, who stood at the passageway like granite rocks insisting that the contents of all pieces of baggage be revealed. It was almost impossible even to locate one's belongings in the crowd, and every time a suitcase was opened a piece of masculine or feminine apparel fluttered out, or a tooth brush was precipitated upon the deck, the frenzied owners diving after their sundry possessions in deep chagrin. Finally someone gave us a mighty push; we literally slid down the gangplank and presently landed almost in a heap on the dock. We were in Rio!

A taxi whirled us at the customary terrific rate of speed of Rio's taxis along the beautiful Avenida Rio Branco, and began to mount the steep winding hill of Rua Dona Luisa; after considerable puffing and panting it attained the heights of Santa Thereza where we had our first view of the city below.

As we stood on a terrace flooded with the lucent light of a full moon and gazed through the delicate filigreed leaves of a great grevelia robusta tree at the flickering lights of Nictheroy across the bay, the illuminated city below, and the somber mountains around, it really seemed as though we had been transported into fairyland. Rio is surely a city of lure and romantic charm.

The first thing that impressed me upon the night of my arrival in Rio was the midnight concert, or rather orgy, in which the native dogs, cats, cows, roosters, peacocks and numerous other unknown creatures indulged. The shrill whistle of the midnight guard, which at first filled one with terror, seemed to be the signal which started the party, and for miles around every bird and animal joined in, each contributing generously in its own particular way. I was quite amazed because here in the United States even the smartest and most ambitious rooster never thinks of rousing himself before daybreak. However, I soon discovered that practically every house in Rio was guarded by a dog and that the midnight concert was a nightly performance.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, is located on the northern edge of the federal district of the same name, the latter being surrounded by water on three sides and the state of Rio de Janeiro on the north. The city of Rio occupies 61 square miles of coast lands, part of it touching Guanabara Bay and part facing the Atlantic. In 1920 it had a population of 1,157 873 of which it is rather interesting to note that 1,066 were from the United States, 2,057 from England, and 236,006 from various parts of Europe. The climate, generally speaking, is mild and equable, ranging from 60° to 90° Fahrenheit. Their hottest and rainiest season is from December to March, and although the days are about the same as ordinary summer days in New York or Detroit, the evenings are always very cool and comfortable.

The sanitation of the city is splendid. Although at one time Rio was considered to be a very unhealthy place of residence and a veritable breeding place for yellow fever germs, it is now, due to the work begun in 1892, particularly by Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, a great sanitation expert, one of the healthiest localities known. Tropical diseases have practically been eradicated. Since 1903 sixty million dollars has been devoted to the transformation of Rio from a dirty, filthy city to the Eden which it is today. A quay was built for the boats to come alongside, the sewage system was renovated, the water supply increased, several hills have been removed, the beautiful Avenida Rio Branco was carved out of the very heart of the city and a number of splendid boulevards have been built along the bay.

Rio is enchanting beneath the mellow lamp of the moon, but it is even more beautiful in its glorious iridescent day dress. Color runs riot—the pink, lavender, white, brilliant blue, and yellow houses, topped by bright red roofs; the gardens filled with great trees of purple bougainvillea, the flaming flamboyant, the rose and red hibiscus, the violet manaca, the cassia covered with golden clusters, hedges of varicolored crotons, the epomaea with its scarlet waxy blossom and a profusion of roses, begonias, pinks and geraniums. These combined with the emerald green vegetation, the terra cotta soil and the deep turquoise of sky and sea, make Rio as multicolored and fascinating as a rainbow.

Streets Are Picturesque

THE streets are quaint and picturesque, lined as they are with houses of all the various types of architecture—Portuguese, Spanish, Japanese, Moorish, Italian; in fact, the architecture is as variegated as the colors. The homes with their romantic little balconies, friezes, stucco sculptory, and fantastic paintings on the exterior are very different from those seen in the United States. Instead of row after row of houses which look as much alike as so many peas in a pod, each little house seems to be a world within itself, surrounded by a high wall and entered through an iron gate only after due consideration on the part of its owner. The heavy iron shutters on the windows are so frequently closed that a visitor often wonders whether there are people living within. Screens are either unknown in South America or the people are too proud to use them, for apparently the inhabitants prefer to entertain the insect life of the country at the family board. However, for some mysterious reason, the insects seem to know their place, except for a few extremely brazen ones, and it is seldom that more than one or two bats drop in for the evening repast.

One of the most surprising features of the city is the number of homes which cling to the hillsides and are entered through the roof; or those which tower upward and are reached only after climbing hundreds of stone steps, or by an elevator. One would think that the owners would be mere shadows after a few weeks, but apparently these cliff dwellers thrive quite as well as their neighbors who live on the level patches.

Sweet Sellers of the Street

MOST fascinating are the narrow, winding, cobblestone mountain roads, with virgin forests sloping down on one side, and massive retaining walls towering up to the magnificent villas and chateaux on the other side. One can always hear the noise of the black-skinned natives as they clatter along the rough cobblestones in their wooden "tamancos," heel-less, wooden-soled sandals, somewhat resembling our bath "mules." The natives are usually leading patient little donkeys with great burdens on their backs, or driving the slow methodical oxen. The odd sight of the natives walking along in the most nonchalant manner and balancing everything from bread to the kitchen stove on their heads never ceased to astonish me. How they perform this remarkable feat and never lose their loads is still a mystery, but I suspect that it is an art cultivated from childhood.

The vender, singing his wares and clapping his hands at the garden gate with large baskets hanging from his shoulders, or as I observed one man of artistic temperament with onions gracefully festooned about the upper portion of his body, seemed very strange. Also the men who stood in the streets selling "doces" or sweets, never failed to interest me. These men have little portable glass show cases, which contain small pies, cakes and sweets, and upon every corner in the downtown district they have set up their stands, doing considerable business, for the Brazilians are extraordinarily fond of "doces."

The principal business street of Rio de Janeiro, the Avenida Rio Branco, cannot be surpassed by any street of its kind in this country. This beautiful avenue crosses the shallow peninsula occupied by the commercial district, beginning at the Monroe Palace, which served as the Brazilian quarters in our St. Louis Exposition and extending for a mile and a quarter to the Caes Pharoux or quays. The central paved roadway is 120 feet wide and the sidewalks are about 20 feet in width. The walks are most attractive, being in the Portuguese style of mosaic work, constructed out of small squares of black and white stone and put together in the most intricate designs. At the edge of the sidewalks placed at prescribed intervals are trees and ornamental lamp-posts. Along the center of the avenue are mosaic parkways and beds 16 feet long of Pao Brazil trees. There are also 55 posts each bearing a trio of arc lights. The Brazilians spare themselves neither time nor money in making their surroundings as artistic as possible. Along this avenue are many banks and commercial houses of fine architecture, also the National Library, the Art Museum, the splendid Municipal Theater and the Supreme Court building, an edifice of rose-colored stone and marble very ornately decorated without and within.

There are a great number of jewelry shops which have the most extensive and elaborate display of diamonds I have ever seen in any city. The Brazilians are very fond of decorating themselves with jewels and one is completely overwhelmed by the vast number of mammoth diamonds which are shown in the stores. One is quite dismayed, though, to find the prices on almost all articles except jewelry very much higher than in the United States, even at the present exchange.

Drives Along the Shore

IT SCARCELY seems possible that any other city in the world could have such beautiful driveways as Rio de Janeiro. Skirting the shore for miles with the bright white sands, the waves roaring and rushing into the shore, the broad mosaic walks on one side, parkways filled with tropical palms and flowers in the center of the paved roadway, and on the other side the show residences of the city, these driveways are of unparalleled loveliness in the daytime. But in the evening when they are bordered with thousands of lights strung around the curve of the bay, forming a tiara of pearls with their reflection intermingling with that of the moon and scintillating on the ebony-like water, the drive is entrancing.

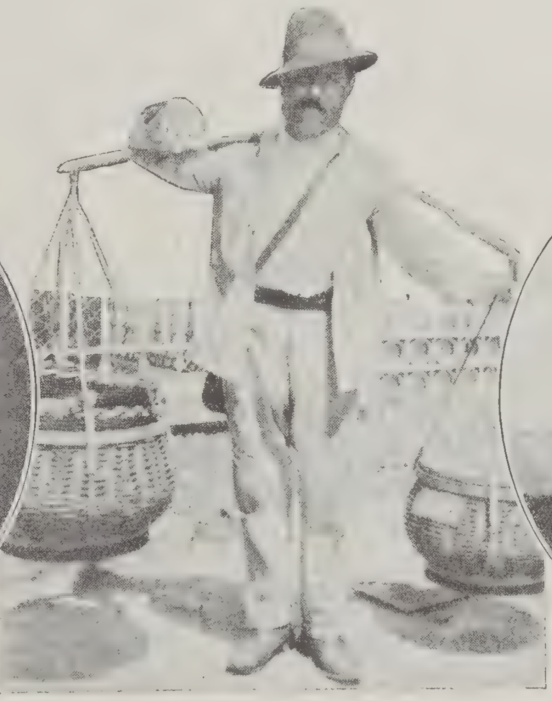
On a Sunday afternoon or in the early evening vast crowds of Brazilians promenade along the boulevard walks skirting the sea. The girls, arrayed in their finery, stroll along in groups of two or three, and the "cavaleiros" also saunter by in small groups. Sadly enough, however, it is the Brazilian custom that unless chaperoned the youths and maidens cannot walk together. Perhaps it is not strange that the gentle art of speaking with the eyes has attained such perfection in Brazil.

Surf bathing is a favorite sport in Rio and there are many lovely beaches with soft musical names such as Botafogo, Flamingo, Formosa, Leme, Ipanema and Copacabana. A large number of Americans live in the suburb called Copacabana, where their little bungalows are a welcome touch of Americanism.

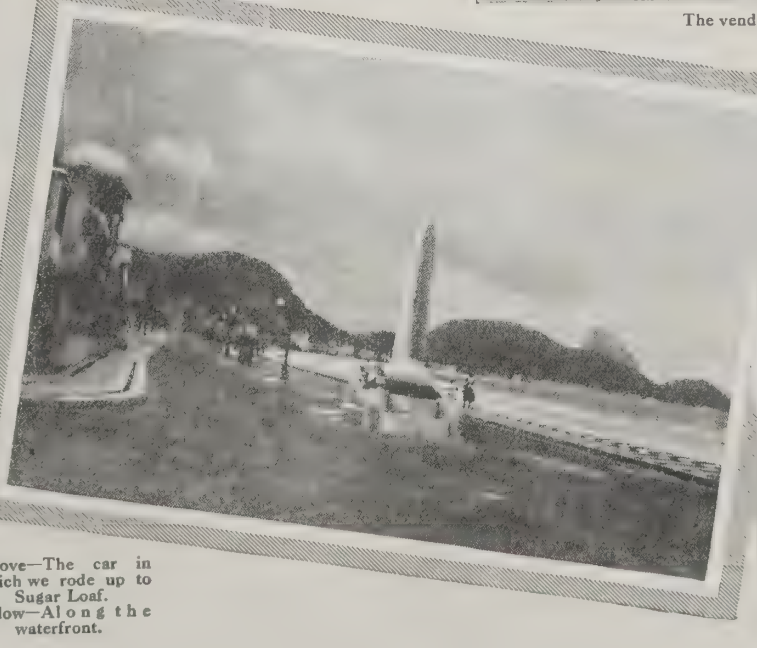
Rio's Setting a Thing of Beauty

THE Brazilians will never allow a foreigner to escape from Rio before he has made the trip to the top of Corcovado (the hunchback) where a splendid panoramic view of the city and bay is obtained. To arrive at this peak one takes an electric car up a ridge of Corcovado called Sylvestre; the car winds around the hillside affording the passengers an enchanting outlook upon jagged cliffs, a dense tangle of tropical verdure, beautiful gardens and trickling waterfalls. At an altitude of seven hundred feet one changes to a cogwheel railway and pursues the remainder of the journey in a train run by electricity, having four cables and an engine equipped with six kinds of brakes. The train crosses the valley of the Sylvestre stream on an iron viaduct of three arches, each 80 feet wide, supported on iron pillars, and begins its upward climb, later crossing two more bridges. The mountains and ravines are just a wild tangle of tropical vegetation with great ropy vines festooned from tree to tree, thick green mosses, ferns, mighty forest palms, flowering trees, scarlet, purple, white and gold; crystalline waterfalls gurgling along bare rocky patches on the mountain side, a fleeting glimpse of shimmering bay, somber green treetops below, forbidding crags above, and the delicious fragrance of wild orchids and begonias continuously wafted in and brushed against the nostrils. Finally the train reaches the very brink; the passengers alight and ascend a hundred or more stone steps to a little Chinese pagoda. Here one can walk out to the edge and contemplate a sheer drop of 1,700 feet.

Old Mother Nature was in her kindest mood when she created the setting for Rio de Janeiro, with its combination of verdure-clad mountains, pellucid bay, and tropical vegetation which can nowhere in the world be excelled. A naturally artistic people have spared no pains in beautifying their city with picturesque homes, gardens, parks and driveways.



The vender.



Above—The car in which we rode up to Sugar Loaf.
Below—Along the waterfront.

Above—The famous Sugar Loaf.
Below—Another view of the beautiful harbor.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Revenues of the Panama Canal are now running about $2,000,000 a month.

Gold valued at $1,806.89 was recovered from a trunkful of black mud purchased at a sale of unclaimed express by a buyer in Omaha, Nebraska, who was ridiculed for his purchase until a chemist's analysis proved its value.

The serving of the flesh of wild birds protected by the migratory bird treaty act with meals in hotels, restaurants or other places is unlawful.

"Our laws have become so numerous that it often costs a man a hundred dollars to get a shilling's worth of justice, and misses of it at last."—*William Manning,* 1798.

The 20,000 inhabitants of Bermuda depend for their water supply upon the rain that falls on the roofs of their coral houses and flows into storage tanks.

Iceland has factories for the preparation of herring flour which is highly prized in Norway as a strength food.

The Piccadilly Circus Station of the Underground Railway of London was used by 1,500,000 when opened in 1907. Last year the number of passengers was 18,000,000.

Many species of spiders migrate by "ballooning." The spider stands in an open place, with the body elevated, and projects from the spinnerets a line of silk which continues to issue until the spider feels the pull on it by the wind. It then releases its hold and clasping the line is borne away by the wind.

It costs $4,500,000 annually to man the League of Nations. At its last meeting the question of defraying expenses was the most troublesome problem that arose.

In 1920 the American Federation of Labor had 4,078,740 members. In 1923 it had 2,926,468 members.

An Indian fish trap in the Charlton River, Missouri, which has been in use for 100 years, has just been destroyed by the game and fish commissioner.

Four per cent of the hogs on farms in the United States died of hog cholera last year.

The ancestral home of John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, at Flors, Northamptonshire, England, second and sixth Presidents of the United States, has been purchased by the Sulgrave Institution.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

So accurate was the firing of the sixteen-inch guns by recruit gunpointers, aboard the United States battleship *Maryland,* that at six miles the second salvo split the raft bearing the target.

Mr. Casey, made famous by Thayer's poem, "Casey at the Bat," is E. Robinson Casey, now a business man of Syracuse, New York. The famous game was played in Minneapolis.

Smut-resisting wheat has been developed by the Department of Agriculture through crossing Florence and Turkey varieties, the former a smut-resisting spring wheat from Australia. It is more adapted to the humid regions than for semi-arid regions.

Ninety per cent of the parcels sent to Russia labeled as relief goods are in reality merchandise intended for sale, according to charges made by the Russian Red Cross.

An expedition is outfitting to ascend the Fly River in New Guinea. Five expeditions have already gone up this mysterious waterway, and none has returned.

A suicide-proof fence will be built around the New York Central Park reservoir.

Two bird dealers of New York City dyed more than 1,000 English sparrows yellow and sold them to residents in the Bronx for Hartz Mountain canaries.

In a "get out the vote" campaign put on in Detroit during a recent election, 150 telephone operators inquired of 70,000 subscribers whether they had voted yet.

"An educated person is a man who can read a newspaper without being humbugged by it."—*St. John Ervine.*

Dean Inge protests against the movement for a celibate clergy in the Church of England, pointing out that Nelson, Drake, Sir John Moore, Warren Hastings, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Jenner, Charlotte Brontë, Oliver Goldsmith, Tennyson and Cecil Rhodes were all children of clergymen.

Only 115,085 children were born in Scotland in 1922. Fifteen women over 100 years old died in the same year.

The *Wall Street Journal* estimated a maximum of 10,250,000 bales of cotton in the next crop. The United States Department of Agriculture estimated 11,015,000 bales, which it later reduced to 10,250,000 bales. "Is Washington exactly the place to talk of Wall Street 'disseminating false information in order to manipulate prices?'" asks *Barron's Weekly.*

I should advise ladies always to avoid artists who are in search of new sensations and emotions either in friendship or love . . . . Never fall in love with a genius, ladies, nor a man of temperament. All that is left of temperament at home is temper."—*Jacinto Benevente,* Spanish playwright.

A steward, passing through the main hall of the *Leviathan* when she was in a rolling sea, put out his hand to steady himself. He chanced to press a panel and the ornamental woodwork section slowly opened into a secret room which proved to be a barber shop. Here were discovered picture postcards of the former German kaiser, his son, the crown prince and other royal personages.

The two most wonderful things in America are New York and the Grand Canyon, in the opinion of Vicente Blasco Ibanez, Spanish author. He was always thrilled when he saw the towering skyscrapers of lower Manhattan lighted in the early evening.

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DEA

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Reserving the Right to Deny

The News That Doesn't Come From the White House

Sumner Tells of Stage Depravity

A City's Municipal Christmas Tree

Attempt to Bolshevize the Negro

Stray Mongrel's Part in Victory

Cleaning Up the Fake Doctors

Connecticut Has Harbored Many Bogus M.D. Degree Holders

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Bobbed Hair—And the Work of the Hair Barons

Long Tresses of American Girls Worthless to Dealers After They Are Shorn

By E. L. M'COLGIN

FAMILIAR as it has become, bobbed hair is still a problem in America. In some parts the problem is to undo the effects of bobbing. In other parts the question still is "to bob or not to bob." Fashions like these follow the popular song orbit; they appear in the congested centers first and gradually make their way to the more remote districts. Sometimes, like popular songs, they die before half the United States is aware of them.

Where did bobbed hair come from?

Shrewd people early guessed that the hair market had become short of hair, and that to supply the need a new fashion was started by which girls would freely sacrifice their precious locks. For (these people reasoned) a girl who will not part with her tresses for love nor money will gladly part with them for fashion's sake.

Certainly they part with them—no doubt about that; but the theory that the bobbing craze was started by the hair dealers, for the sake of getting a large stock of hair, is faulty.

And here is the reason: the clippings from American beauty shops are not usable again. The American woman's hair has been so hotly curled, so permanently waved, so deeply dyed, so desperately dosed with tonics and nostrums, that when long tresses of it are cut off in the process of bobbing, it is worthless. Like the sweepings of men's barber shops, the sweepings of beauty parlors have no high uses. For the hair of foreign women uninitiated into the arts of the beauty parlor, fifty cents a pound is paid; the American woman's hair would not bring a cent a pound.

Where, then, did the habit of bobbing come from? If it cannot be attributed to the shrewd trick of the hair merchants, what then is the answer to this new and widespread fashion?

Listen, ye maids and matrons of America—

Bobbed hair originated in the munition factories of Europe.

Done for Safety's Sake

FOR reasons of safety the munition centers of France and England required all their women workers to cut their hair short. Of course, being only a factory order and not a fashion order, the ladies thought it was too terrible for words. But because it was "the war" and because obedience to the law was essential to patriotism and munition production, they complied. It was their sacrifice; in the spirit of sacrifice, and not as glowing followers of the fashion, they laid their hair on the altar of their countries.

So much for the origin of bobbed hair. The hair barons must be freed of the charge of indulging in a mercenary crusade.

But it remains to be explained how the fashion spread, and this is not so easy. That is, it is impossible to say how much of the vogue was due to the sheer contagion of fashion, and how much to reasoned action. Women who cannot be accused of any sort of fashion insanity say much for the comfort and freedom of bobbed hair. Perhaps their word will have to be accepted as indicating the reasonableness of the mode in many cases.

But this must be said: there are two kinds of hair, apparently; one kind will "bob" very prettily; the other kind will not. It is perhaps best to draw the veil over the tragedies of the latter class.

But it is the hair that does not bob prettily that is today the hope of the hair-sellers. When the fashion of bobbing first came in, the hair market was greatly depressed. But now the stage is being set for the return of styles that will require "transformations," "switches," curls and puffs. And the hair merchants are looking forward hopefully to the requirements of women who are expected to bow obedience to the new fiat of fashion and hasten to the purveyors of artificial hair devices to conceal the havoc wrought by the shears.

Perhaps the word "artificial" in that connection is a trifle harsh. The dealers prefer to use the expression "extra hair." These matters must be handled with great delicacy.

Yet there is a business side to this matter of hair and its styles, and the more a woman knows about it, the better able she may be to guide herself in the flurries of fashion which unexpectedly beset her.

Here followeth, then, some facts about the business side of the fashion of hair.

The peasant girls of Europe, whose hair has only been combed and brushed, furnish the best raw material for the hair goods manufacturers. The modern rape of the lock is accomplished by cutting about a pound of hair from the heads of the peasant girls. This leaves sufficient hair to permit the seller to retain her natural appearance.

The hair cutters and buyers go forth from London and Paris making a circuit of all Europe. Announcements of their forthcoming visits are distributed in advance and the shearing of a community's surplus is quickly done.

Brittany and Auvergne, Scandinavia and Rumania supply the blond hair. Germany furnishes brown and Switzerland drab hair. The darker shades come from the Mediterranean countries, principally Italy, Sicily and Spain.

Russia formerly gave the world a large clip of light hair, but the Soviet's foreign trade monopoly seems to have overlooked this natural resource.

There is no substitute for human hair. It is quite strong, one strand being capable of supporting 178 grams. Blond hair, the strongest of all, averages 182 to the square inch as compared with 162 for brown and 147 for black. Straight hair is the longest without much variation between the sexes.

London and Paris are the Old World capitals of the human hair business. London is probably the leader. Because of the lower wage scale and the patient craftsmanship of the workers most of the goods used in America are made up abroad. However, the numerous large New York houses do considerable manufacturing in addition to disposing of a tremendous volume of imported merchandise.

American manufacture of hair goods from the imported raw material increased 228 per cent between 1914 and 1921. This increase was decidedly cut down by the inroads made by the bobbed hair craze. American manufacturers doing a hair business of $5,000 or more a year number 128, with an average total employment of 1,666 persons, the annual pay roll being $1,853,000. The raw product which they use is valued at $6.734,000 and a value of $4,218,000 is added by manufacture, the complete output of the hair business in the United States is valued at $10,952,000. There were also 42 smaller concerns whose combined output was $108,500.

These figures are entirely apart from the importation of manufactured European hair goods, and also the Chinese hair net business, the latter exceeding $50,000,000. Hair nets make an interesting subject worth some attention.

The war enabled New York Jews to wrest control of the Chinese hair net industry from Germany and Austria.

The German seizure of Shantung province of China had resulted in German development of the Chinese hair net manufacture.

The Teutons devised an elaborate ruse to avoid others detecting their new source of profit. German firms supervised the manufacture of hair nets in Shantung communities, but the product was secretly shipped by parcel post to small German villages where agents reshipped it to Strassburg. The business world continued in the belief that these Chinese hair nets were another product "made in Germany."

This maneuver outwitted even the New York Jews until the war upset the German scheme.

The hair net has a history worth recounting.

Growth of Net Industry

THE so-called "waterfall" hair dress of the seventies, when women's hair was bunched at the back of the head over a "rat," made a net necessary to hold this creation in position. The Austrians devised a chenille net to perform this function. The French came forward with a silk net much lighter and preferable. The Austrians, compelled to outguess the French or sacrifice the business, hit upon the net made of human hair. This was the trade which their aggressive German cousins took over when Shantung gave them a source of cheap hair and labor that Europe could not match.

However, the Germans did not widen the market for their Chinese hair nets to an extent comparable with their opportunity. It is estimated that the present Jewish hair barons have increased the American use of hair nets seventy-five or eighty fold. Not eighty per cent, bear in mind, but *eighty fold*—eighty times over.

The exploitation of the American consumer of hair nets is another section of the story and is evidenced by the strong-arm tactics employed by American hair net importers to prevent the Chinese from making more of the so-called double nets than they do. The double net, being double strength, does not have to be replaced so often, and thus puts a damper on sales.

The Chinese are honest work people with an inborn sense of thrift. They began to increase the percentage of double strength nets which they made, because they thought it helped the customer's purse. This caused consternation among the American trade. Emissaries hastened to China to devise ways and means *to keep the production of double strength nets down to one in four.*

There are indications that the Pekin government was "seen" and that a minister of state was induced to go to the coastal hair-net-making centers and place a ban upon increasing the output of double nets. The heathen Chinee was too honest for Broadway.

The importers believed that if American women were permitted to wear these double nets, the increasing production would slow up the turnover, and the hair-net business would drop to one-tenth of its volume, or roughly from fifty million dollars to five million dollars.

Although the hair nets are made in Chefoo and Shanghai, the raw Chinese hair is first sent to America. Here it is sterilized and bleached and then dyed the eight desired shades. This processing entails fourteen applications to the raw hair. It is then returned to China for conversion into hair nets. The hair of a certain white yak is said to be mixed with several shades to produce a silvery effect.

The Chinese hair net material does not come from cues, which were more or less generally abolished a number of years ago. The hair is obtained from barbers' combings. Even when cues were worn it was the combings that were marketed.

The net making is done in the autumn and winter when the crops have been gathered and the workers can turn to this labor. A skilled worker will make ten or twelve nets a day, knitting them together with a bodkin.

Would Squelch Bobbing

IT REQUIRES about one year to ship the raw hair to America, treat and return it to China, make it into nets and place them on the market. The profits are simply enormous—600 to 800 per cent on the invested capital.

Flushed with their success in obtaining such a volume and profit in the hair-net business through advertising and more subtle propaganda, the hair magnates are facing a real test of strength in their present effort to squelch bobbed hair in order to unload surplus stocks of hair goods.

Some prominent hairdressers assert bobbed hair has come to stay, predicting an even more general adoption of it. This view is also held by men's barbers who cut women's hair.

Others in the trade are firmly convinced that Barnum was right. They declare that within six months bobbed hair will be a thing of the past so far as smart-appearing women are concerned.

The motion picture dolls are to be the storm troops who will break down the present resistance to the sale of artificial hair. These movie queens get no money for featuring the new styles. They are said to be satisfied by the almost universal publication of their pictures, together with the usual laudatory remarks.

Readers of the daily press have been regaled of late with certain tragic consequences of mistakes or incompetency in a certain type of beauty parlors. Experts who have given attention to the whole subject have estimated that more than eighty per cent of the persons posing as hairdressing or beauty experts are incompetent. Enterprising Jews are extending chains of beauty shops throughout the cities of the country. Half-baked or worse operatives are practicing at the grave risk of their confiding customers. It seems to be the old story of exploitation practiced upon the trustful portion of the American people.

Cases of blisters being formed on the inner side of the skull with horrifying results have been the outcome of the blunders of careless, ignorant operators using hair waving and curling machinery. The human skull is jointed and permeable. Acids and metallic salts used by reckless hair dyers and cleaners have played havoc with the interior as well as the exterior of some heads.

The exhibition of a diploma of a rapid-fire beauty school does not necessarily signify expert ability. A physician of the highest class should be consulted before choosing someone to render hair, scalp and other skin treatment. A high fee for such a consultation is preferable to risking irreparable damage to one's appearance and health.

It is significant that the people of the new order who are accelerating the beauty shop business are aggressively opposing legislation that will safeguard their patrons. They are notorious masters of all the arts of propaganda, and, as a consequence, our busy, well-meaning legislators are frequently misled.

London is the location of the world's premier hairdressers. Their stern apprenticeship of from three to five years must be supplemented by about two years' service as an assistant. The London hairdresser must master chemistry and sufficient medicine to enable him to treat skin diseases. Furthermore he becomes proficient as a manicure and chiropodist. The master of an Old World establishment is presumed to know from personal experience the standard of work to require from his staff.

The English have an inflexible way of fixing the responsibility of persons rendering service of any sort. The London hairdresser whose patron suffers from incompetent work faces the swift and sure imposition of damages, if not harsher penalties, and also stands to forfeit his license.

A Pink Elephant, Chattering Monkey and a Stray Mongrel

Showing What Animate and Inanimate Objects Can Carry the Luck of a Ball Club

VICTORY

WHAT they had come to know as the Chicago jinx began to work on the minds of the Detroit players. Ever since Tyrus Raymond Cobb became manager of the team, Chicago had been the conquering enemy of the Tygers. To win five games from the White Sox in twenty-two played between the two teams was about the best Detroit had been able to accomplish. The White Sox were not a championship team. They were not a contending team. Their place, after the years of conquering that ended with a baseball scandal, was with the non-feared list in the second division.

But the White Sox could strike terror into the hearts of Detroit. No matter where they stood in the race, they were always able to trim Cobb's team. They might be crippled or they might be in the thickest kind of slump, but any time they opposed Detroit they broke out like champions. Every break went to the White Sox and everything turned against Detroit. Beating Chicago became next to impossible for Detroit.

In 1922 the White Sox beat the Tygers seventeen of twenty-two games. The grip of the Gleason jinx was as tight as ever. And when a new season dawned and changes in the line-up of the two teams promised to alter matters, at least in the opinion of the veterans of the Detroit team, the same old problem confronted them; the White Sox were as tough as ever, if not more so.

Now the Chicago team of 1923 was not the kind of team to scare any rival. Before the season it had been doped as the dark horse of the race, but after the season opened it did not look so terrifying and before a few weeks passed Chicago was decidedly not in the class of contenders. The White Sox were either in a bad slump to open the season or they were just plainly lacking in championship timber.

But for Detroit it was the same old team. The seventeen games that the Tygers lost to the White Sox in 1922 prevented them from joining St. Louis and New York and making it a three-team race for the pennant. And now, with a team apparently stronger, the White Sox were up against the Tygers with the same marked degree of success as before. Their power over Detroit was uncanny.

The thing became a nightmare with Cobb. He knew he had a club points and points better than Gleason's, but that did not beat Chicago. He knew the Chicago pitchers were not what they should have been, but still they were able to beat the Tygers. It was uncanny in the extreme.

"Victory" Breaks a Jinx

LATE in July, when the Tygers suffering from injuries and illness were having a run of tough luck, the schedule carried them into Chicago for a series of three games. Preceding meetings between the two teams had the same result and the Tygers won but a single game from the White Sox in the first three months of the season. So when they arrived in Chicago on a sultry morning in late July, they were hardly jubilant. They faced the team that had the Indian sign on them.

The players began gathering in the clubhouse about noon for the double-header. They made a disconsolate gathering. There was little life to the party. The door to the clubhouse was open, to provide better circulation, and through the open doorway came a cur, a mangy, straggling cur. Nobody paid attention to the mongrel and it probably would have continued unnoticed had it not strolled over to the bats and begun walking across them.

Now, if there is one thing sacred about baseball paraphernalia, it is the bat. Plenty of fights have occurred on ball clubs because one player took the bat of another player. Some of the mildest of men in baseball will battle to protect the virtue of their bats, and when this mongrel, product of one of the alleys of the black belt of Chicago, started walking across the bats somebody picked up a shoe to throw in defense of the bats and what charm they may have held. The object was to defend the hits the bats carried.

The shoe was never thrown for another player remonstrated. "Let the cur alone. It may be a sign of good luck. We can't do any worse against this club than we have been doing and this may be a change for the better. It must be luck for it can't be bad luck. There ain't room for any more bad luck."

They decided to try out the mongrel. Jimmy Duggan, trainer of the team, was instructed to let the dog walk over the bats until it got tired of the trick and then lock up the animal until the test had been made thorough.

Detroit went into the first game and for the first time since Cobb took hold of the team the Tygers began getting the breaks over Chicago. Everything broke in their favor and they won. As soon as the game ended the players rushed to the clubhouse and hauled out the dog. The animal was trotted back and forth over the bats, was hugged and fondled and promised many things if its luck held out through the second game.

The second game that afternoon was a repetition of the first. Everything came Detroit's way. No matter what the Tygers did, it seemed to help and no matter what play the White Sox made it apparently hurt. Detroit won. No sooner did the game end than the Tygers rushed into the clubhouse and brought out the dog. Nothing but kicks and cuffs had been the stray cur's lot until this moment, but now the dog was granted only caresses. A clubhouse boy was sent to a near-by drug store to buy some flea soap and anti-vermin powders. On his way he was instructed to stop in a butcher shop and buy a pound of sirloin steak, ground fine. Also, he was to go to a grocery store and buy a bottle of cream. On the boy's return the mongrel received its first bath and after being thoroughly dried and powdered was given a pound of sirloin steak and a bottle of cream.

The third and last game was played the following afternoon. Detroit's luck continued. The Tygers won that game. And that afternoon, in the clubhouse, the cur was christened. Its name became Victory. They purchased a dog harness for Victory and a traveling box, and when the team departed the following afternoon for Washington, on its second eastern trip of the season, Victory, freshly bathed, thoroughly fed, well powdered, beautifully harnessed, went along, leading the march to the Pullman.

At the same station were gathered the Chicago players, awaiting a train for another section of the East. They saw the dog and noticed the attention paid the cur. Gleason appeared and he came over and asked Cobb where he had got the mongrel. Cobb explained that it was the new mascot. Gleason wanted to know where Cobb picked up the dog and Cobb explained the circumstances under which Victory came into possession of the Detroit team. "Why, that's the cur I kicked out of our dressing rooms the other afternoon; I found it in my locker," said Gleason. "Yes, and you kicked all your luck out of your dressing room into ours," answered Cobb.

The players were convinced by this time that they owed their sudden turn in fortunes to Victory. The dog belonged. They would as soon leave all their bats as the cur. The power that Victory carried, the uncanny charm, was no longer a matter of conjecture but an established fact. It could not be questioned any more; it was proved beyond doubt.

Things went well for the Detroit cause in Washington and then in Philadelphia. From there the team went to Detroit, playing a Sunday game on Navin Field and jumping back East that evening to continue the series in Boston. Victory accompanied the team to Detroit but in the hustle and bustle of breaking away from Detroit immediately after the game to reach Boston in time to play on Monday afternoon, Victory was overlooked. The players did not discover until they were on the train, bound back East, that Victory was not among them.

Boston beat Detroit three games. It would not have happened had Victory been along. All three games were lost by the margin of one run. Several times in each game a break in luck would have given Detroit the victory. No one was to blame but the missing mongrel; any player could tell you that and not alone could, but all did.

In New York it was much the same story and no other cause could be assigned the change in luck than the absence of Victory.

The club returned to Navin Field Victory was in the clubhouse, fat and apparently happy, unmindful of the tragedy its absence had caused. With Victory returned, the club once more became confident. Detroit simply could not lose a series while the mongrel was about.

The Fight for Second Place

THINGS changed. The Tygers once again were successful. They got the better of the series with the Eastern teams and after they left Navin Field Chicago once more came to Navin Field and once more the Tygers swept the series. Gleason could not understand it. Gleason had forgotten about Victory, the cur dog that he kicked out of his locker and out of the dressing rooms at White Sox park one hot and stuffy July afternoon. But Victory was in the Detroit clubhouse working a mongrel's charm over the Tygers and putting the jinx on the White Sox.

That was in the first week of September and from there let us jump to the first week in October. A break in luck has made Cleveland waver. Detroit, with her regular line-up restored for the first time since the opening of the season, started spurting late in September and is going strong. On Saturday, October 6, Chicago twice beat Cleveland and Detroit, by beating St. Louis that afternoon, went into second place by the margin of one-half a game.

Cleveland closed the season at home on Sunday afternoon with Chicago while Detroit played St. Louis. To finish second Detroit would have to beat St. Louis unless Chicago could again beat Cleveland. Cleveland's only chance of ousting Detroit was to beat Chicago while St. Louis defeated Detroit.

It was a glorious afternoon. And, for Detroit, it was the biggest baseball day of the season, the most important game. The Tygers started badly. The Browns were getting the breaks and making them; the Tygers simply could not do a thing correctly. St. Louis was leading. The Tygers seemed doomed. And, in Cleveland, the Indians were beating the White Sox. Suddenly, late in the game, the break came. Detroit tied the score and, in the ninth, the Tygers hammered out a victory in the most thrilling finish of the season.

You ask what players get the credit for landing Detroit second? You want to know who finally snatched out that game and made second place and a big pile of money secure for Detroit? Well, it was none other than the mongrel product of the alleys of Chicago's black belt, the cur called Victory. It was Victory that saved Detroit from the second division and finally carried the team into second place. The Tygers got there by the narrowest possible fraction but still they got there.

That is the story of Victory. We doubt whether the story will go well at a Rotary or Kiwanis club dinner. We doubt whether the members of the Young Men's Business Club will think of it with more than bored tolerance. These men are tied to efficiency. They go on hard facts. They have set principles and luck plays no part in their achievements. The cold and calculating men of business have no use for superstition.

Monkey Brings Bad Luck

BALL players are also efficient but the ball player plays hunches. They all do, some more than others but all of them to a certain degree. The ball player keeps up morale by giving superstition free rein. He finds various things that become important factors and cogs in his success. We still have to meet a ball player utterly lacking in superstition.

One eastern trip last season was disastrous for the St. Louis club. Things were breaking badly, the team was losing and there seemed no way of tearing loose from the slump. When the Browns reached New York they were exhausted.

Johnny Tobin and Pat Collins decided one evening to take a 'bus trip through Chinatown to forget the reverses the club was suffering. They strolled about Chinatown and there, at a corner, they saw an Italian with a performing monkey.

"That's what we ought to have on our ball club," said Tobin. "It would bring us luck. We got everything but a monkey and we ought to have one of those."

"Why not buy the ape and take him along?" suggested Collins.

They approached the Sicilian owner and asked for a price. He did not care to sell his pet but when the price mounted to $35 he consented.

Tobin and Collins took the monkey back to the hotel. They finished their series at the Yankees' Stadium the following afternoon and won, so the monkey got immediate standing and when the team left for Boston that night the monkey accompanied the squad.

The Red Sox won the series in Boston and from there the St. Louis Browns traveled to Cleveland. They lost the first game and things did not look so well for the monkey. When they lost the next afternoon it was certain that the ape had lost its charm. That seemed to be the unanimous opinion in the clubhouse after the game. At any rate, it was decided that the monkey had to be got rid of and since Tobin and Collins brought the jungaleer into the St. Louis circle they were asked to get it out.

"But we're out $35 on the ape," remarked Tobin.

"Cheer up, we may be able to get part of it back," consoled Collins.

The two players took the monkey downtown. They

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Reserving Right to Deny: A White House Tale

It's a Sinecure, to be Sure, Being a Washington Newspaper Correspondent, But, as You May Well Ask After Reading This, How About the News?

By BURT P. GARNETT

EVERY Tuesday at half-past twelve, noon, and every Friday at four in the afternoon, the President of the United States receives and confers with the newspaper reporters, or, rather, a carefully selected group of reporters for bona fide newspapers and wire news services (such as the Associated Press); men who are members of the White House Correspondents' Association and who have taken and sworn to the awful oath of that association that they will not divulge what the President says at any such conference.

Lest any one play the scoundrel and write a piece for a newspaper or wire press association in which he quotes the President as saying something, it is understood by all of these men that the offender will, or may be, branded as a falsifier—or liar, if that briefer term makes the meaning clear. In other words, the President of the United States has issued a blanket denial in advance. It is as if these men went into the White House, were closeted with the President for a half-hour or so, without a word having issued from the mouth of the Chief Executive.

Let us deal with a particular White House conference on a particular date, for example, Tuesday, November 13, 1923. Prior to that date, supporters of the former kaiser in Germany had made a move toward the restoration of the monarchy and the overthrow of the present, republican, form of government in Germany. Naturally, some of the newspaper reporters wanted to know if the United States Government would take official notice of the condition in Germany and if the monarchist movement would be approved, disapproved or what.

Under the rules (which, by the way, were set up and agreed to by the reporters themselves) all questions must be written in advance of the conference and sent to the President for him to look over. A question had been written asking certain things about the German situation.

No Quoting of the President

ON THE afternoon of November 13, the *Evening Star*, the largest and most influential newspaper in Washington, published the following news item:

> The United States Government will make no protests against the apparent efforts to restore a monarchy in Germany. Nor does this government officially oppose the return of the former kaiser or the former crown prince to Germany.
>
> In making known the government's position regarding the present trend of government and politics in Germany *an official close to the President* said today that it has always been the policy to recognize the rights of any other country setting up any form of government it so desires.
>
> It is realized, however, that the allied governments probably have a very proper protest because of the provision of the Versailles treaty, but inasmuch as the United States has no connection with the latter it is therefore in a different situation, and will not be called upon to join in any formal protest.
>
> Callers on the President today felt very certain that there is no likelihood of the United States Government's participating in any joint international inquiry or movement to solve the German reparations question.
>
> The announcement, made several days ago by Secretary Hughes, that this government would no longer entertain the idea because of the attitude of France seems pretty definitely to settle the matter.

The same story, or one very much like it, was carried by the Associated Press, the United Press and the International News Service. None of these quoted the President directly and, presumably, it will never be known whether the President actually gave the information contained in the story. It will be noted that "an official close to the President" said that it has always been the policy to recognize the rights of any other country setting up any form of government it so desires. It also will be noted that "callers on the President today felt very certain that there is no likelihood of the United States Government's participating in any joint international inquiry or movement to solve the German reparations question."

What Happens at a Conference

OF COURSE no one knows—or at least no one is supposed to know—just what the President said or just what prompted the writer of the article above quoted from the *Evening Star* to write the article. Presumably, however, someone told him something.

Let us visualize the conference scene. The accredited correspondents, numbering from thirty to one hundred and twenty-five, are standing about, waiting for the President to come in. They are not a particularly eager looking crowd. There is no straining to see the Chief Executive—as a matter of fact, most of the men look as if they were about to engage upon some dull and boresome but necessary task.

"Good morning, Mr. President," a few of them may have said—mind, we do not say that they actually said any such thing. As a matter of fact, some of them may have said, "How do you do, Mr. President." And, it is conceivable that the President made some courteous and pleasant reply, but, of course, his words can't be quoted.

Let us suppose that the President has selected a few of the written questions which he is disposed to answer. From here on, it must be understood that the conversation is wholly hypothetical and imaginary and is presented merely for purposes of illustration.

The President reads, "'What, if anything, is the United States Government going to do if the monarchy is restored in Germany?'" Then he gives his reply.

"The United States isn't going to do anything—or, at least, the Administration has no plans to do anything. It is no concern of ours what sort of government the people of any other country may set up. That is a matter for them to decide for themselves. The nations which ratified the Versailles treaty, of course, may be expected to take some action. But we didn't ratify the treaty and so there is no obligation upon us to do anything."

Suppose the President had used those words, "It is no concern of ours what form of government the people of any other country may set up." Suppose that the newspapers had actually published those words, directly quoting Mr. Coolidge, putting him on record. What might his political opponents have done? There might have been a chorus, crying "What about Russia? Why, then, does the United States refuse recognition to Russia?"

Obviously, such a state of affairs might require the President to do some explaining.

The present system protects the President and at the same time enables him to obtain publicity for the ideas that he wants to go out from the White House. It shields him from the actual publication of his opinions. Why should the President—or any President—want to do this? It cannot be for other reasons than that he does not want the public to know what he thinks; does not want to be answerable for the opinions that he expresses or may express.

He talks to the newspapermen, as individuals, safe in the knowledge that his words cannot be used against him. If he is directly quoted he can deny that he ever uttered such words, which is, of course, half true—he does not utter them *for publication*. The questions which are asked the President may not be quoted, since a reporter might write, "President Coolidge today refused to discuss the Mellon tax program," or some such matter, which would place the President in the position, before the American public, of withholding his views on a matter that is of great concern to the whole country. Under the system, the reading public is left to come to the conclusion that it never occurred to any of the newspapermen to ask the President what he thinks about Mr. Mellon's scheme.

Not Established by Coolidge

LIKEWISE, some one might write a question as follows: "What is your position on the matter of a bonus for the soldiers?" Nobody knows whether the President was ever asked such a question.

The American public had a better and clearer idea of the man, Woodrow Wilson, than it has of the man, Calvin Coolidge. And yet Wilson, during the major part of his second term, held no conferences—or not more than three or four conferences—at the White House. As a result, the reporters felt free to write what they pleased and they got, actually, more news from the White House than they now get. If the conferences were absolutely abolished and the President refused to see the newspapermen at all, more news might come from the White House, since, then, the President would be obliged to issue statements more frequently to keep himself square with the public—and the public does demand of the President that he do certain things in connection with his job and to make known his attitude on public matters.

A President who may be directly quoted goes on record. There can be no doubt about his stand. The phrase "it was said at the White House," blurs the outlines of the President's position and gives the public only a vague idea of how he stands on this or that matter.

The present conference system was not established by President Coolidge, although the restrictions placed upon the reporters seem to be a little more rigid than during the Harding, the Wilson and the Taft administrations. Under the Roosevelt Administration the reporters had very little sense of limitation.

A few self-respecting correspondents refuse to participate in the semi-weekly absurdities and refuse to attend the conferences, but no correspondent and no individual newspaper has had sufficient courage to lead a revolt against the system. No one would deny the President the right to refuse to see the newspapermen; but, since he does see them, let them ask him questions and give them answers, why in the world shouldn't they use what he says?

Visitors at the White House other than newspaper correspondents, bankers, lawyers, manufacturers, movie actors, politicians and other individuals, are made to understand that they are not to reveal what was said during their talks with the President. Shortly after Mr. Coolidge took office, "a spokesman for the Administration" warned the correspondents that some of his callers might not abide by the rule, whereat "an official close to the President" issued a denial in advance, asserting that the President would refuse to acknowledge anything that any visitor might say that he (the President) said.

The unfairness of this method is brought out by an incident which followed the visit of a certain railroad executive. This man, abiding by the rule, said nothing whatever about his talk with the President. At a White House conference, however, the reporters were permitted to say that "it was said at the White House," that Mr. So-and-so, the railroad executive, told Mr. Coolidge certain things. The certain things were set forth at length and published in newspapers all over the country. Later, the railroad executive, in a private conversation, said that he had been misquoted and that some of the things accredited to him he had not said at all. He was helpless. He could not have contradicted the President without arousing much unfavorable criticism of himself.

What the President does, the officers of the Cabinet also do. The President sets the fashion. The newspapermen are taken into the confidence of the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General and other members of the Cabinet in the same manner as at the White House. National and international affairs are discussed with them. Occasionally they are permitted to quote directly but when a Cabinet officer has a message he usually has it typewritten or mimeographed and the copies handed to the various correspondents.

The correspondents are, perhaps, as much if not more to blame than the executives. They drew up the rigid rules themselves and, in the case of the present Administration, they were not changed by Mr. Coolidge. "I am glad to say," the President wrote, "that they (the rules) are acceptable, and that I shall rely upon your association for the maintenance of the policy which they represent."

Slemp Amendment Disturbs

THE White House Correspondents' Association has been very much disturbed recently over an amendment to the rules written by C. Bascom Slemp, Secretary to the President, as follows: "Full authority is reserved by the Secretary to the President to make and enforce exceptions to the eligible list." The members of the association, bona fide newspaper reporters and press association representatives, object very much to the presence of publicity men, press agents, stock market tipsters and other outsiders at their conference with the Chief Executive. No one questions the rightness of their stand on this matter nor their protest when Mr. Slemp admitted to the press conference the publicity agent of the Methodist church. They raised a fearful row about it, and in so doing showed how completely they are caught and held in the grip of the system which suppresses news.

Most of them highly disapprove of the system. They have talked it over time and again but have made no effective protest and probably no very vigorous protest. Probably the leader of a revolt would get into trouble with the owner of the particular newspaper he represents and it is doubtful if a concerted, unanimous move to boycott the conferences at the White House would have the support of the publishers.

Take the political aspect of the situation into consideration for a moment. Hiram Johnson has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President. If anything can be assumed concerning Mr. Coolidge, it may be assumed that he is a candidate for election to the position he now occupies. Senator Johnson's words are put on record. Any newspaper correspondent feels perfectly free to print anything the Senator may say. Any newspaperman who comes into contact with Mr. Coolidge feels bound, by his word of sacred honor, not to publish anything Mr. Coolidge may say.

It is a case of Mr. Coolidge's fortune and Senator Johnson's misfortune, perhaps, but it does not put the two candidates on an equal footing.

Hoping Against Hope

MR. COOLIDGE is considered by a great many correspondents the most democratic President they have ever known. There is absolutely no pose nor affection nor display of egotism upon his part. He is genial and kindly. He endeavors, in a somewhat ungraceful manner, to be a good fellow and to say a few witty things at each conference. This criticism of the method of holding press conferences is not a criticism of him in particular, excepting in that he does nothing about abolishing it.

The newspapermen deal fairly with all other public officials. As a matter of fact, they deal very generously with most of them. It is exceedingly rare for a Senator or Representative in Congress to make the claim that his confidence was betrayed or that he has been badly used by the reporters. Certainly they have, in most cases, proved themselves worthy of trust and there seems to be no sound reason for making their business calls upon the President a series of secret sessions that somehow always seem to be ridiculous. Are the reporters such weighty men, such tremendously clever fellows that the President must rely upon them for their advice? Are they such intellectual giants that he must tell them, in secret, his plans and feelings?

They go to the conferences, wait listlessly until they are over, yawn, put on their overcoats and go away, muttering some unintelligible comment on the conference system which probably is better for being unintelligible. Nevertheless, when the next hour arrives for a White House conference they are on hand, hoping against hope, perhaps, that the Nation's Chief will say something and permit it to be used for publication.

A Dark Winter in England

By W. P. CROZIER

A FEW months ago the clouds seemed to be lifting a little in the English sky and there were hopes that the economic depression might be passing over. Trade runs in cycles and the present depression was approaching its fourth year; making all allowance for the enfeebled markets of Central and Eastern Europe, it seemed as though we were at last on the highway to recovery. But the clouds have descended more heavily than ever. From all the staple industries of the country comes the cry of trouble. The increase in unemployment which is usual in the winter months has set in six weeks before its time. There are a million and a quarter of registered unemployed, and their number may reach two million before the year is out. There are countless more who are unregistered or only partially employed.

The talk is now all of relief works and the schemes of government or of municipal bodies to mitigate the inevitable distress. More than 600 schemes for public works, involving an expenditure of £20,000,000, have been laid before the government by local authorities up and down the country, but even if it is possible to put them into full operation—and almost certainly it will not be possible—they will only touch the fringe of the problem, relieving but two or three hundred thousand out of a total of between one and a half to two millions. The skilled workman will benefit scarcely at all; relief works as a rule are for the laborer only.

The extreme depression has naturally given rise to a renewed demand from various industries for protection by tariff. The woolen trade demands it and so do the silk manufacturers, who are at this moment complaining bitterly that the United States by means of a tariff built up a great silk industry and that Macclesfield even sent skilled workers out to help in the building up. The loudest appeal of all is that made by the farmers through their organization, the National Farmers' Union. It is admitted on every hand that British agriculture is in a very bad way. As soon as fixed prices and state subsidies were abolished, agriculture in England ceased to pay its way—at least, if it paid its way, it was only because the wages of the unfortunate laborers were reduced to as low a level as that at which they stood before the war, when in many of our counties they were a disgrace to any civilized country. The wages of agricultural laborers, often men with large families, frequently ranged between four and six dollars a week.

The farmers now say that unless the state gives them some kind of assistance, three things will inevitably happen:

They will have to reduce the wages of their laborers still further.

They will convert a large part of the arable land of the country into grazing land for stock.

As a consequence, a considerable proportion of their laborers will be dispensed with altogether and will swell the army of the unemployed.

Even as it is, the amount of land under cereal crops is rapidly diminishing. Last year the wheat lands diminished by 226,000 acres and arable land as a whole by 400,000. All the pretty schemes of war time for increasing our self-sufficiency in food supplies have vanished like smoke; England is now more dependent on sea-borne supplies than she has ever been and the dependence grows apace.

Beyond doubt, therefore, there is an immense amount of want and misery to be faced during the coming winter. Such efforts as are made will only be palliatives. They will be of various kinds. There is, in the first place, the Unemployment Insurance fund, which will go steadily disbursing to all those who have been in work long enough or sufficiently recently to be entitled to its benefits. Last year the revenue of this fund amounted to £49,000,000. The employers contributed £19,000,000, the work people £17,000,000 and the state £13,000,000. Then there are the government relief schemes. It is intended to push on with all kinds of large government enterprises, like afforestation, the development of roads, the laying of trunk telephone cables and the like. More important is the assistance given to the municipalities which everywhere are putting in hand their own local schemes for roads, electrification and so forth. It is to be noticed, of course, that all such schemes have to be paid for out of someone's pocket and that for the most part they do nothing for the highly skilled artisan (as in the cotton industry) who is not fitted to be, and will not consent to become, a general laborer.

The Labor party has proposed an elaborate program. It is this:

(1) Organization of government and local authorities' contracts in anticipation of needs for the next three years.

(2) Prohibition or limitation of overtime.

(3) Restoration and development of roads, waterways, canals and railways.

(4) Putting in hand of national schemes for bulk electric supply.

(5) Building of schools.

(6) Afforestation.

(7.) Increase of land cultivation, provision of small holdings and allotments.

(8) Harbor improvement and land reclamation.

(9) Housing.

(10) Training schemes for the unemployed, educational facilities for unemployed "juveniles" and the stoppage of the influx of juveniles into the labor market by raising the school-leaving age.

Milwaukee's Christmas Tree is made of 400 trees stuck into a telephone pole 75 feet high. With the star, the tree stands 84 feet high. At the right a night photograph is shown, and below, the Milwaukee Police Band.

Milwaukee's Christmas Tree—Four Hundred in One

Business Men Contribute for Annual Holiday Observance

MILWAUKEE is no longer a predominantly German city, but the spirit of the old Germans who gave the city its character is still strong upon the municipal life; especially at Christmas time.

Due to advertising, the city of Milwaukee has been given a fleeting fame for many things, but one very legitimate element of fame has been overlooked—the Milwaukee Christmas Tree. Perhaps you have not associated Milwaukee with Christmas festivals, but if you are ever there on Christmas Eve, go up to the Court of Honor which stretches from Ninth to Eleventh streets on Grand avenue—be there promptly at 5:30—and a marvelous spectacle will greet your eyes.

First you will see the Christmas Tree, which is made of 400 Christmas Trees, standing seventy-five feet high, and topped by an eight-foot electric star. You will see the mayor, who is a Socialist, and his wife, who is a Catholic, and Rev. S. Paterson Todd, Protestant minister and secretary of the Wisconsin Lord's Day Alliance (think of that—a reformer!) standing side by side, waiting for the moment. Mr. Todd is there, having been chosen by a committee comprising all the churches, Catholic and Protestant, of Milwaukee.

At the stroke of the half hour after five, Mayor Hoan will turn the switch that lights the glorious star. The chimes of a near-by church will break upon the evening air in the old Christmas hymn, "Adestes Fidelis." Another pause and the Tree is flooded by varicolored light, and the Police Band, leading a massed chorus of five hundred singers, and they in turn leading thousands upon thousands of spectators, begin the program of Christmas hymns—"O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Holy Night, Silent Night," and "Onward Christian Soldiers."

A brief pause ensues, and silence; the tree towers and glows above the throng. Then a blare of trumpets and "On Wisconsin" is sung as only Wisconsin can sing it.

This is the way the people of Milwaukee say "Merry Christmas" to one another at the Court of Honor. The program does not vary from year to year, and it is carefully timed to consume but one half an hour.

The tree is one of the wonders of the occasion. Every year a carload of 400 average-sized Christmas trees are brought to Milwaukee. And every year the telephone company gets out of storage a telephone pole seventy-five feet long, studded its entire length with sockets for trees. The pole is sunk into a cement socket six feet deep and two feet in diameter. Into 400 sockets arranged at intervals the length of the pole, the 400 Christmas trees are placed, so that each tree becomes only a branch of the larger tree thus made.

It is a real Municipal Christmas Tree in that it is in charge of a commission appointed by the mayor, although the money for the cost is contributed by the business men. The simple announcement that the time has come to prepare for the tree is sufficient to bring in the necessary funds. Last year $1,144 was contributed and $919.42 spent. Everything is done at cost, except the Police Band who volunteer their services. There is a little story attached to that. The church people of Wisconsin became interested enough in the Police of the state to fight for a state law giving them time off, like any other class of workers, and the Police Band takes the Christmas Season to show that the Police remember it.

In previous years the shut-ins, invalids and aged of the city were taken in automobiles to the Court of Honor to hear the program, but because of the weather at Christmas time an improvement in that arrangement is to be made this year. These guests are to be brought to the place in automobiles as before, but instead of sitting through the program in the open air they are to hear it by radio in the Grand Avenue Methodist Church near by. Station WCAY will broadcast the whole program. Last year it was heard in San Francisco and New York.

Milwaukee people are proud of their Municipal Christmas Tree, which, by the way, is only one development of their communal celebration of various holidays.

Sumner Tells of Fight to End Stage Depravity

Superintendent of Society for Suppression of Vice Outlines Campaign

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

"THE audience leaving the theater after seeing a recent New York production expressed itself audibly.

"'It was filthy,' was said. 'That goes beyond the limit,' was another criticism. From a girl in her teens was heard, 'Did you know this was the sort of play it is when you asked me to see it?' There was indignation and resentment in her voice.

"How many others were indulging in the same sort of criticism can only be conjectured. There were all the signs of danger there, however. The menace was there. That sort of feeling developed toward the theater will sooner or later mean censorship."

The foregoing lines, written by Karl Decker in the *Morning Telegraph,* may easily be applied to at least a dozen plays witnessed by crowded audiences in New York City at the present time. Reviewers comment on the nature of these performances, but, editorially, the newspapers, owing to intimate business relations with powerful theatrical interests, are discreetly silent. It is impossible to arouse public sentiment in the metropolis, owing to the existence of a large exotic element that feasts delightedly upon such "shows." But a storm may break loose when these "successful New York productions" are sent out upon the road.

The man probably most intimate with the nature of these plays, and the methods used to advertise their indecencies, is John S. Sumner, superintendent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. I give his own words as he related to me, in the offices of the society in West Twenty-second street, his efforts to put an end to vicious theatrical productions in New York.

"If the newspapers would stop pussyfooting," said Mr. Sumner, "and would come out with one blast against such-and-such a manager who is producing a 'rotten' show, there would be immediate results. Police action is not effective in suppressing objectionable plays. This was shown in the 'God of Vengeance' case where the producers and actors were indicted, while the play ran on for six months, without interruption, to filled houses, from the advertising it was getting. The persons responsible were convicted, one or two were fined $200 and the others got suspended sentences. So you can see that criminal prosecutions, even where they result in convictions, are not effective in dealing with the situation.

Jews End Fling at Faith

"IT IS about a year ago that the play entitled 'The God of Vengeance' was produced in this city. It was an obscene performance, having to do with a brothel keeper and the activities of public prostitutes. Into this atmosphere was introduced a 'sacred scroll,' relating to the Jewish religion.

"Prompt and indignant action was taken by certain Jews, including Rabbi Silverman, and the result was the criminal prosecution of producer and actors and their conviction on the charge of presenting an indecent show tending to corrupt the morals of youths and others.

"Today there is being enacted on the stage of the Fulton Theater a play entitled 'The Cup.' Of it, the *Evening World* of November 15, said: 'The story concerns the theft of the holy cup supposed to have been used by the Savior. In the telling there is a murder, an ever-recurring flow of degrading language and the elevating spectacle of a gangster beating up his woman.' The writer calls it 'a maudlin, gruesome mess of garbage.'

During the current year a man was convicted of an offense for showing an oil painting representing Christ in all His dignity, but in association in an offensive manner with present-day prohibition activities.

"Are the Christian people of this city dead to any sense of the sanctity of those things fundamental to their religion? Is the use, in dirty stage commerce, of the Holy Grail, the symbol of the Holy Communion, in association with foul and indecent language and persons, of no moment to the followers of Christ? By their apathy toward such outrages they are powerfully assisting the vultures of the stage in creating a contempt for things sacred.

"My relations with the Commissioner of Licenses (Mr. Glatzmayer) and his recent public utterances, as quoted in the press, lead me to believe that he has no sincere desire either directly or through the Citizens' Jury Plan, which was put, ready-made, at his disposal, to take action to improve public show conditions.

"Police timidity in such matters and the possibility of long-extended, dilatory proceedings in criminal actions, render any aid from that quarter ineffective.

"The question is therefore put squarely up to all the people of the state who believe in the maintenance of common decency to rally to the support of a movement to place the stage under effective official control through legislation.

"The writer in the *World*, above quoted, very truly refers to the present as 'this highly profane and richly vulgar season.' None has been worse in this respect. And the evil will increase just as long as the public is apathetic to the activities of the peddlers of filth and the laches of their paid servants.

"Is there such a thing as decent public opinion or have we sunk to the depths of selfishness and irresponsibility to our own generation and those to come?"

It may be noted that while the *World* permits its reviewer to condemn the quality of a performance, its advertising pages commend Shubert and other productions in language such as the following:

YOU MUST SEE	In the most daring performance ever staged in New York.
An Erring Wife	
A Woman of the Streets	IF YOU WANT TO GASP
A Neglecting Husband	IF YOU LIKE SPICE IF YOU ARE FEARLESS
A Deceiver of Women	IF YOU CARE FOR DARING PLAYS

Aside from "The Cup," there are five other objectionable plays whose performance Mr. Sumner has tried to have expurgated or removed from the boards. He has asked me not to name these plays, however, so that the producers may not take advantage of the publicity thus afforded, as was done in the instance of the "God of Vengeance." It may be sufficient to state that two of these productions, of the "review" type, are objected to because of displays of nudity, one of them, in addition, presenting a highly obscene burlesque; while the other three are conspicuous by reason of the foul language employed, and their obscenities.

JOHN S. SUMNER.

"Early in the season," continued Mr. Sumner, "I wrote to August W. Glatzmayer, Commissioner of Licenses, calling his attention to the performance that included a 'red light' burlesque of a repulsive character. Nothing happened. For the second time I brought to his notice the burlesque and the oriental dances, which would not have been allowed in Fourteenth street or Coney Island. This time I received a call from his deputy, Joseph O. McShane, of the Division of Inspection, who said he had got a complaint about this show through the mayor's office, and that he had made a report calling attention to the display of nudity. Mr. Glatzmayer later went to see the performance and expressed the opinion that it was 'rotten burlesque.'

"Augustus Thomas, head of the Producing Managers' Association, then called me up and told me that the Shuberts had eliminated the features I had objected to in the burlesque. I found out that they hadn't done anything of the sort. Mr. Glatzmayer, however, said he would take up the matter with Mr. Thomas, recommending the adoption of the Citizens' Jury scheme, which we had devised in 1921, and the nature of which I will explain afterward. Still nothing was done.

Enright Decides to Act

"FINALLY I wrote another letter to the commissioner, including the other four objectionable performances in my complaint. He then asked me to arrange a conference with Mr. Thomas and Frank Gillmore, of the Actors' Equity Association. I suggested that we include Owen Davis, who was president of the American Dramatists. So then we had a conference in Mr. Thomas' office. The upshot of it was that the three theatrical representatives reaffirmed their belief in the jury scheme and stated that it had been re-indorsed by their various organizations. But they stated that they didn't think the jury plan should be applied in any cases unless upon the receipt of written complaints, with the signatures, names and addresses of citizens who had seen the shows, and in sufficient numbers to warrant the commissioner in taking action. They indicated to him further that they didn't wish it applied except as a last resort.

"I explained that this society of ours had been in existence fifty years, and that, through long experience, we well knew that the ordinary citizen would not send in a signed complaint, because he feared becoming involved in some legal action, and dreaded ridicule by the newspapers. I asked why the commissioner should not call in the aid of the police. But they could not see it that way.

"The commissioner decided that he would take action only on 'legitimate signed complaints,' and not on anonymous or verbal ones. He then added that he had been to see the show with his wife, and had seen nothing objectionable. The sole complaint, he maintained, had come from Mr. Sumner. I called his attention to the complaint that had been received by his deputy, but he reasoned that that one had been anonymous.

"As a result of the conference, however, Police Commissioner Enright appeared to think that it was up to him to get busy on the matter. He appointed a committee consisting of First Deputy Commissioner John A. Leach, Mrs. Hamilton, a police woman, and Charles G. Young, his own secretary, to investigate the complaints, and report anything actionable to Chief City Magistrate McAdoo. Meantime Magistrate McAdoo expressed the opinion that there would be no use in attempting the prosecution of objectionable theatrical performances except by way of the grand jury, and with what he called 'disinterested witnesses'—not men identified with law-enforcing agencies, or persons engaged in investigating and attempting to better social conditions. Such was the inconclusive end of all our efforts, following the conference with theatrical representatives, and with police and judicial officers—a virtual deadlock, signifying that nothing could be done.

"Now to return to the Citizens' Jury system, which, tentatively, had been endorsed. The jury idea was the result of the action we took in 1919, when Broadway was entertained by a succession of disgraceful 'bedroom' farces. Complaints had been made to various public officers, the District Attorney's office and the police, but nothing was done to check the objectionable and demoralizing performances. So I figured that a group of public organizations might be able to do something by co-operation We managed to get together twenty-four or twenty-five different organizations, some national and some local, such as social welfare societies, the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Catholic Theater movement and the Catholic Charity Organization.

"We had three objects in view. One was to co-operate with public officials; next, to co-operate with the theatrical people; finally, we were to engage in criminal prosecutions, if they were found necessary. We arranged a conference in 1920 with the Producing Managers' Association, and, at the meeting that followed, the discussion was conducted on pleasant and courteous lines, but, as usual, nothing resulted.

State Organization Likely

"TWELVE to fifteen conferences were attended by representatives of The Better Public Shows Movement (the organization we had formed); the American Dramatists, the Producing Managers' Association, the House Managers' Association, the Drama League and the Actors' Equity Association. The result was the Citizens' Jury Plan. A panel of about 300 citizens was selected, composed of persons who had no financial interest in the theater, and no active interest in any so-called reform organizations. They were just 'good citizens,' if persons who are trying to clean up objectionable plays cannot be classed in that category.

"That panel was filed with the Commissioner of Licenses, and the agreement was that if he received complaints concerning any theatrical performance, he was to select a jury of twelve from the panel in the presence of representatives of the theater and our organization, The Better Public Shows Movement. The jury was to see the play, and was to decide in one of three ways: the show was to go off the stage, it was to be altered, or it was to continue. Nine out of twelve jurors were to reach an agreement as to what was to be done.

"All the theatrical interests agreed to abide by the decision which was reached by the jury. The presumption was that we had found a constructive and effective plan that would dispense with police or other official interference. This plan has recently been reaffirmed by the theater interest, but now the License Commissioner refrains from putting it into effect, through the imposition of the impossible conditions as previously described, relating to signed complaints by citizens.

"In view of the present situation, we can rely only upon the appointment of some legislative commission, which will either issue a license to everybody who produces a play, with a revocable clause, the renewal dependent upon his good behavior; or else will establish an actual censor who must be satisfied with the nature of the play before it can be produced. The commission would consider complaints and the book of the play, and hear witnesses. The commission would not be local, but would be a state organization, like the Motion Picture Commission, which is imperfect, but has had a remarkably good effect.

"The Methodist National Welfare Organization in Washington is interesting itself in this subject, and I understand that every Methodist minister is to get a blast. But here in New York City our hands are tied. It is useless for us to go to a magistrate's court with a complaint. The attitude of the chief city magistrate is that no professional witnesses are favored. Under such restrictions it is almost useless to advertise some offensive show with an ineffective proceeding. So all that we can do is to rouse the people of the state and get public sentiment prepared, leaving that to deal with the situation."

Mr. Ford's Page

GOVERNMENT is in the same position as every other service agency these days in that the demands made upon it grow more numerous and more burdensome. One has only to read a modern President's message to Congress to see what a multitude of matters are left to the action of government. In other days a President's message was largely a statement of principles, often a patriotic document setting forth the hopes and purposes of the United States; today it more resembles a schedule of jobs to be performed.

This increase cannot be attributed to the growth of the country alone. Increase in population would have required merely an expansion of the services already being rendered. It would mean a larger number of post offices, for example, more government employes, a greater volume of business, but it would mean practically the same administration. The increase must be accounted for by other causes.

First among these causes is the fact that the government has rendered service in the past. If that statement had to be argued, the point could be settled by saying that no agency is asked to give more service unless it has already rendered appreciable service. That is so in everything. It is the institution which has already done something that is asked to do more. It is the man who has well carried his responsibility who is asked to carry more. And upon this principle we must account, in part at least, for the increase of service demands made upon the Government.

Then the second cause is the constancy with which it has been preached and taught that the government is the servant of the people. And servants are made to work, to carry the burden—that was the conclusion. If you wanted anything done, there was your servant, the Government.

This point of view has, however, undergone some interesting changes. When people said "the government," they discovered that it was hard to define what they meant by the term. As more and more thousands of American citizens journeyed to Washington for the purpose of finding the government, and came home baffled in their quest, the theory began to take on a different form. Instead of "the government" being the servant of the people, it became popular to say that "a public official is a public servant." And then the people began the job of getting service out of public officials. It was not always public service that they wanted either, for many of the demands made in the name of "public service" are really for private services which someone wishes the government to render for private interests. We know enough of this kind of service; a great deal of it has been rendered, at a very heavy cost, and much of it has been against the public interest. For it must be agreed that whatever is against the public interest is not public service.

But it was in this manner that the demands upon the government became standardized in their form and began to grow into mountains. People soon learned from powerful private interests that public servants were serviceable mostly to those who could bring the most pressure to bear upon them. Thus to the corporation lobby was added every other kind of lobby, many of them organized for what they thought were the most laudable purposes but all of them trying to get by private pressure something which they preferred to call "public service."

And so it has gone on, until there is nothing the government is not asked to do, until there are few things the government refuses to do—although the fact is that though many things are promised, and many demands granted, the government is doing very few more governmental services than it has always done.

> *A PEOPLE that begins by surrendering its duties to a government, ends by being compelled to surrender its rights. The American nation has kept its rights by attending to its duties. But the fashion seems to change. Observe the schedule of work put up to Congress and see whether it means that old-fashioned self-government is going out. Observe also whether much of the so-called public service is not only so much private proposal publicly endowed. It is a bad habit to run to Washington for everything, just as it will be a bad condition if ever Washington comes to run everything. If the present tendency continues, the natural result will be that Federal control will engulf our entire life and we shall all be working for the government.*

What is done mostly nowadays is not public service in the sense of the constituted government itself actually performing the service. What is done is this: a company of ladies or gentlemen, not having enough to do to keep them busy, conceive the idea of uplifting the people by the introduction of some delightful scheme; and so they besiege Congress in behalf of that scheme; and presently Congress gives orders on the public treasury for sufficient funds to create offices for the more vociferous of the uplifters, and in this way another department is created which functions mostly through the mails and adds to the assorted burden of daily advice sent forth from the Capitol of the nation.

So that much of public service, so-called, has come to mean securing from Congress the public endowment of private proposals. The only really public or governmental part in it is the issuing of permits to draw on the public funds.

Now, a government can perform only governmental duties. And until government restricts itself to its own duties, the things it will be asked to do are going to increase to such extent as to threaten to engulf the whole of the people's life, and the end of that will be that we shall all be working for a government. When that time comes, the American nation will be a thing of the past.

It is not the work of government to supplant private initiative nor to render unnecessary private responsibility; it is not the work of government to be in the stead of the people, nor to treat the people as its children. It is the work of government to keep clear the road of private initiative, to keep fair the conditions of responsibility; it is the work of government to translate the will of the people for equality of opportunity and to regard the nation—the nation itself—as the greatest achievement. A nation is more than a government, more than a body of laws, more than a host of departments that herd the people like sheep.

A nation cannot grow great without assuming responsibility for its own life. If it becomes the habit to run to the city hall or the national capitol for everything we want, the result of that habit will be a state of helpless dependence, and the result of that dependence will be the rule of a tyrant. That is always the story of people who fall into the delusion that the government is bigger and better than they, to which they resign all their duties.

The people who begin by resigning all their duties to a government, end by being compelled to resign all their rights.

Must we go on federalizing our life? Is there not some safeguard to America in the fact that the district school board functions in its own district, and that the village court dispenses justice, and that the township government regulates local affairs? Must we dispense with the district school board in favor of a county organization, and then dispense with that in favor of a state organization, and then eventually federalize education altogether? If we do, it is not the American way. Self-government is of the essence of our Constitutional life, and the taking of government out of the hands of the people, the federalizing of all the people's rights and duties is not self-government.

The burden at Washington would not be nearly so heavy, the cost of government would not be nearly so great, the opportunities of private privilege at public expense would dwindle in number, if the duties of government were distributed and if the people were taught to look after their own affairs instead of being coddled by officialdom.

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The Message

THE President's Message has been received as at least his own and is therefore respected. Its reception, however, was rather curious. At first there was a feeling in his own party that, being only a President's Message, it could be judicially handled or manhandled, as the case might require, just as party platforms are. There was a feeling in the opposite party that here was too much conservatism in the wrong things and too much progressivism in the wrong things. Both attitudes have undergone a change. There was a straightness and clarity about the President's utterances which have given it, in its afterglow, the tone of command. Republicans will regard it as the Order of the Session, and so will Democrats, and if political issues arise from it for contest in the next campaign they will arise out of Congressional performance rather than out of Presidential utterance.

It is to be hoped that one of the first points to be taken up by Congress will be the abolition of red tape in giving care to ex-service men in need of care. Congress can afford to do this, do it at once, and do it handsomely. There have been so much cruelty and scandal under the old red tape system which only kept the Government and the ex-service men apart, that the country will readily stand for sufficient generosity to repair the injury done.

There may seem to be bigger political questions than that in the President's Message, but that is the one human thing that ought to be done NOW.

And as to federalizing American education, Congress will hear both things from both sides on that. It may well be one of the matters left over.

Is Party Government Going?

THE recent election in Great Britain turned out to be a referendum rather than a determination of the party which should rule the Empire. The Conservative party lost its control of Parliament. But neither Liberals nor Laborites were able to obtain a majority. The election was merely the defeat of the proposal for a protective tariff, sponsored by Premier Baldwin.

In theory, the British Government is party government. In fact, the present situation is the opposite of party government. No party is equipped with a majority. Coalition government of parties possessing fundamental differences cannot be of long duration. With the capital levy, neither Conservatives nor Liberals are in accord; therefore a Conservative-Labor or Liberal-Labor coalition would not be looked upon with confidence. There are differences between Conservatives and Liberals which make difficult their agreement except in a crisis affecting the Empire.

The situation in Great Britain does not differ widely from that in the United States, as disclosed by the events connected with the organization of Congress. In theory, the Republicans hold a majority in both Houses; the handful of Farmer-Labor Senators and Independent and Socialist representatives could not in numbers prevent the organization of both Houses as Republican agencies.

In fact, it developed that the Republican party organization was able to control neither House. An insurgent group in the House prevented the reelection of Speaker Gillett until terms which it had dictated were agreed by the organization leaders. In the Senate, party control by the Republicans appears even less secure. The non-organization group was able to dictate committee appointments to a large extent and on the first test vote over the election of a President pro tem demonstrated that it possessed the balance of power.

Great Britain and the United States have tried party governments. Now it appears that both are trying another kind of government. Old party leaders see the possibility of deadlocked legislation.

The Nation's Roads

STEADY progress in the nation's highway program is reported by Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in his annual record of department achievements.

The completed projects at the end of the fiscal year totaled 26,536 miles, of which one-third was added to the record during the previous twelve months. At the beginning of the present fiscal year, the road-building projects under construction amounted to 14,772 miles.

The total mileage of roads in the country at the time of the passage of the Federal Highway Act was 2,859,575 miles. The entire system covered by the enactment cannot exceed 200,170 miles, and Secretary Wallace figures that the system when finally designated and approved will probably not exceed 179,000 miles.

The amount which these good roads will add to the wealth of the country is incalculable. It will vastly exceed their cost. Approved systems in thirty-five states pass directly through 1,049 out of the 1,111 cities having a population of more than 5,000. When the Federal system is joined with the roads constructed by the states and counties, the remaining cities of this class will be connected by a vast chain of interstate roads. It will be possible for a person to travel on improved roads to within a few miles of any destination in the United States. Ninety per cent of the entire population of the country will live within ten miles of an improved highway. In some states, the percentage will be close to 100.

Controversy has not entered into the wisdom of improving the nation's highways. Partisanship has never divided Congress on the appropriations for that purpose. President Coolidge in his annual message declared that expenditure of public moneys for highway purposes added more than anything else to the nation's wealth. The time seems to be approaching fast, when all the residents of the land will share equally in this great national wealth, a wealth which all may use but none may withhold from his fellows.

Children in United States Courts

IN GOVERNMENTAL processes, delay is sometimes excusable, sometimes it is desirable. When there is controversy over the merit of legislation proposed, a delay in the enactment of that legislation, until its wisdom is clearly shown, is obviously advisable.

One of the recommendations of James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, in his annual report to Congress, directs attention to a delay that is inexcusable.

Secretary Davis repeats a recommendation he made last year that steps be taken to make clear the distinction between delinquent children and adult offenders in Federal courts. The principles governing juvenile courts have been accepted by nearly all the states. But the United States still invokes the principles of middle-age justice. Except in the District of Columbia, United States courts proceed against little children by the ordinary methods of arrest, detention in jail with adults, indictment by the grand jury, and subsequent discharge or conviction followed by fine or imprisonment.

Under our present statutes, if a child of eight or ten, playing around a freight car, should break the seal, enter and carry away a toy, it would be necessary to invoke the ponderous machinery of Federal grand jury and court. The United States judges, against their will, perhaps, would be compelled to view the proceedings as dealing with a willful breaker of the law rather than with a mischievous child.

The remedy lies within the power of Congress. Secretary Davis recommended reform last year. There can be no excuse if Congress again neglects its plain and comparatively simple duty.

Coolidge on the Alien Flood

THE proposal put forward by Representative John F. Carew, of New York City, to increase the size of the House Immigration Committee from the present fifteen to twenty-one, has aroused the intense opposition of Representative Albert Johnson, chairman of that committee. The committee of fifteen is unwieldy as it is and represents so many conflicting opinions that agreement on the fundamentals of sensible, lasting legislation has been impossible. The three per cent bill now in force was extended because of lack of agreement on anything else. The Senate Immigration Committee has operated with difficulty for the same reason, although it contains but eleven members, seven Republicans and four Democrats.

Representative Carew's plan to enlarge the committee would give the large cities of the country a greater representation in the committee membership. This would serve to liberalize the immigration laws and admit more immigrants of the type now found in the crowded cities. According to a survey recently completed, New York City has in its population 2,000,000 foreign-born, 2,300,000 native-born of foreign-born parents, and 1,500,000 native-born of native parents. Seventy-five and five-tenths per cent of the foreign-born residents of the United States are in cities of more than 2,500 population. In Chicago, 29.8 of that city's population is foreign-born; in Boston, 31.9 per cent; in Cleveland, 30.1 per cent. Of our 14,000,000 foreign-born today fully 3,000,000 cannot speak the English language and another 3,000,000 cannot read it. Nearly one-half of our total foreign-born population are classified as of inferior or very inferior intelligence. Why stack the committee with racial group Representatives who would try to admit more immigrants of this type?

President Coolidge, in his recent message to Congress said:

> *"American institutions rest solely on good citizenship. They were created by people who had a background of self-government. New arrivals should be limited to our capacity to absorb them into the ranks of good citizenship. America must be kept American. For this purpose, it is necessary to continue a policy of restricted immigration. . . . . I am convinced that our present economic and social conditions warrant a limitation of those to be admitted. We should find additional safety in a law requiring the immediate registration of all aliens.*
>
> *"Those who do not want to be partakers of the American spirit ought not to settle in America."*

The present chairman of the House Committee believes in admitting even fewer immigrants than now come in. Most of the present fifteen members are also restrictionists. As it stood in the last Congress his committee contained only two members from large cities, Isaac Siegel, of New York City, and Adolph J. Sabath, of Chicago. Mr. Sabath is a member of the present Congress but Mr. Siegel is not. On the eve of a national election wherein the foreign vote may figure importantly, Congress may sanction any let-down in the immigration law which the committee sees fit to approve. The fact that the taxpayers of America in the various states are paying 7.63 per cent of their total tax bills to maintain institutions to care for the socially inadequate of foreign stock, should cause those taxpayers to oppose any attempt to admit a greater number of such immigrants.

Lord Birkenhead Again

THE good ladies of the W. C. T. U.—was it at Council Bluffs?—who thought that Lord Birkenhead had used his pocket flask in the basement of a Methodist church there, and who consequently harried him across the country till he begged the Press to let him off, may be content now. Lord Birkenhead has been properly cared for at home. He was made Rector of the ancient University of Glasgow and gave as his Rectorial Address an old speech which he had been delivering in America, a speech, by the way, which was in condemnation of idealism. Now, it happens that a speech which said some true things about idealism as America sees it and which was applied to Wilsonian idealism in particular, is not equally true and attractive when pronounced in another scene where another sort of idealism obtains. And the result was that England and Scotland and Wales, with Ireland not yet heard from, gave Lord Birkenhead the soundest trouncing any British figure has received in the last quarter century. They call it over there "a bad Press"; it was really a fearfully bad Press; a fatal one; and it may rejoice the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of Council Bluffs to hear of it.

Newark Port Development Cuts New York Jam

War Emergency Brought Out Value of Harbor and Docking Facilities Lying Along Jersey Shore to Modify Congestion

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

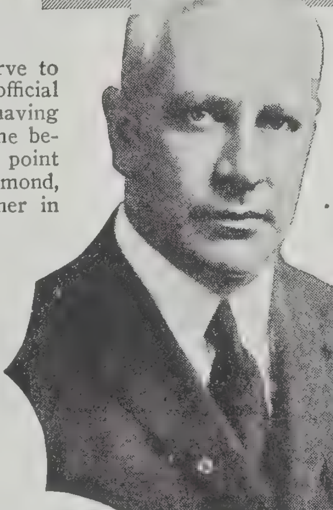
ALEXANDER HAMILTON declared that within a century the greatest city in North America—the greatest in population and commerce—was to be, not on the Island of Manhattan, but on the westerly banks of the Hudson River and in the territory touched by the Hackensack, Passaic and Raritan rivers; on the numerous bays and inlets close to the Atlantic Ocean.

By degrees, but requiring much more than one hundred years, this prophecy seems certain to be fulfilled. The population of Northeastern New Jersey; of Hudson, Essex, Union, Bergen, Passaic and Middlesex counties has increased so rapidly in twenty-five years that the larger cities of Newark, Paterson, Jersey City, the Oranges, Elizabeth and the Amboys practically form one great center.

There have been natural handicaps to the development of shipping along the New Jersey waterfront and up her rivers. These are all sluggish streams and often with no great depth of channel. The result has been that the Hudson, a wider, deeper stream, together with the eastern end of Long Island and the East River, formed the basis for the great New York Harbor. However, the time came when shipping to and from these points became so congested that wider shipping zones were sought. That which nature did not provide in sufficient quantity has had to be supplied by the work and craft of man. One of these developments—the principal one—has been at Port Newark. This is on Newark Bay about three miles to the southeast of the city and directly across the Upper Bay and opposite Bayonne. Its natural advantages are many.

Airplane view of points adjacent to Port Newark development.

Little if anything is to be found in the records of Newark which would serve to indicate that such is the fact. No city official before 1907 realized the possibilities of having a port here and it was only a short time before the World War that work at this point was pushed forward. Thomas L. Raymond, former mayor and now city commissioner in charge of public improvements, took the matter in hand but progress was slow, for the city's financial policy is a conservative one and it was no easy matter to get the money needed to proceed with the work.



THOMAS L. RAYMOND,

former mayor and now city commissioner of Newark, under whose direction Port Newark development has been carried forward.

When the war did come, Newark had done enough to benefit the Federal Government. About 245 acres of meadow land had been filled in, and on the shore of Newark Bay two broad roads from the southern part of the city were already built. The War Department took 133 acres of this land and constructed its gigantic army supply base. This consisted of a large group of hollow tile buildings and sheds—a $12,000,000 undertaking. From this terminal millions of dollars' worth of clothing and food was shipped to Europe during the war. This plant, containing 2,000,000 square feet of storage space, is now idle and the War Department is seeking to dispose of it to private commercial interests.

The advantages of the location of Port Newark to the shipping carried on from this point are unusual and intended to do away entirely with lighterage service. In New York Harbor this is impossible.

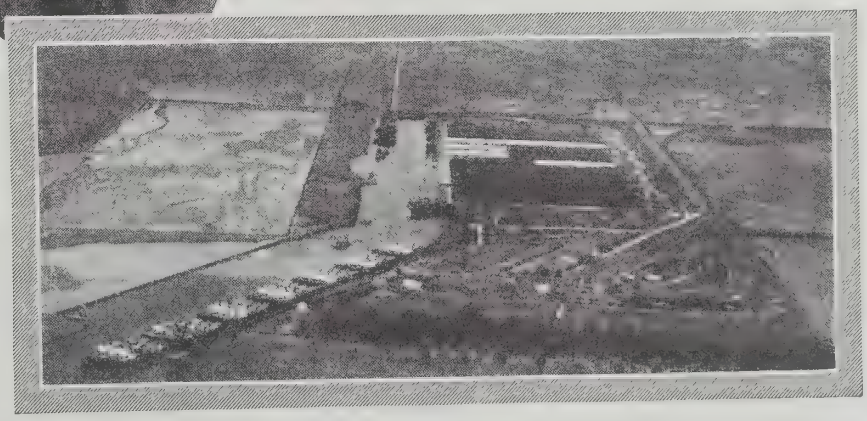
By dredging at first twenty feet deep and later redredging to thirty-one feet, along the inshore channel—the old Peddie Ditch—vessels of 12,000 tons, the size of the large freighters and "tramps," can be loaded directly from railroad trains. Within almost a stone's throw from Port Newark are the freight lines and classification yards of the Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley, New Jersey Central, Philadelphia and Reading, and Baltimore and Ohio railroads and connecting roads.

After the war, a shipping corporation was organized at Port Newark and equipped with thirty-two 5,000-ton cargo carriers. For the most part these boats had been built at Port Newark when Germany seemed likely to win the war. For about three years this plant, which occupies 112 acres of land and some 4,000 feet of dock, has remained idle, but now a line between Newark and the Gulf of Mexico ports is in operation. There are twenty-two ships sailing to all ports along the Gulf and to the west coast of the United States, by way of the Panama Canal. This indicates some of the practical work accomplished by this improvement.

Work has been going steadily forward until, in addition to the dredging, the Port has 8,000 lineal feet of dock, traversed by standard gauge trackage, with 2,500,000 square feet of covered storage space and modern improved highways connecting with all points of the metropolitan area, and about 1,200 acres of waterfront land which has been filled in and is owned by the city of Newark. This is now available for development and is suitable for shipping, warehousing and manufacturing industries.

Port Newark is but a part of New York Harbor. Newark Bay forms a part of the westerly arm of this harbor and is only six miles from the open sea.

Newark has spent about $6,500,000 on this development, which has a very direct connection with another public undertaking—the Passaic Valley Sewer. Without this the city's work at the Port would have been futile. Ever since sewage has been piped, the towns and cities in Northern New Jersey where the flowage was toward the Passaic River have used this once beautiful stream as the outlet. For half a century or more it has been an open sewer. The growth of Paterson, Passaic, Newark, the Oranges and other municipalities so using it caused its picturesqueness soon to fade. Then came the work, because of urgent necessity, of constructing the sewer the length of the lower portion of this valley with the outlet into the ocean well out at sea. This has been done under the direction of the Passaic Valley Sewage Commission, formed by act of the New Jersey legislature. This sewer is now nearing completion. The original cost, estimated at $11,000,000, has mounted to almost $21,000,000. Work has consumed twelve years.



Airplane view of the Port Newark development.

Mr. Raymond has had other difficulties confront him. From time to time the War Department has sought to dispose of the army base buildings. For a time the city considered repurchasing the land and the buildings to retain control of the entire waterfront. But this plan was discarded to permit the War Department to negotiate directly with commercial interests, by which means it is expected the terminal will be more expeditiously developed.

Having co-operated to the extent of providing a deep-water channel, marginal docks and rail sidings for this terminal, this city is now engaged in providing similar improvements for the land area on the side opposite the warehouses. Director Raymond is convinced the final solution to the problem—the means by which Newark can develop a seaport of world importance—lies in the adoption of a broad, progressive policy of full co-operation with big business interests which are negotiating with him for the acquisition of waterfront area.

The city has borne the expense of dredging the governmental channel in the bay from the municipal docks to the deeper waters of New York Bay. This alone cost $1,250,000. Rightfully this should have been done at Federal expense, but the necessity for making progress was urgent. Congress has since recognized the value of the work and has appropriated $2,100,000 to widen the thirty-five-foot channel in Newark Bay.

Plans are under way to connect the Peddie Ditch, which still carries the sewage from the southerly section of Newark, with the Passaic Valley Sewer. With this accomplished the sanitary arrangements from Port Newark will be completed.

New York, the center of American commerce, is not only one harbor, but an association of harbors, and all protected from the sea. These interlocking bodies of water—the Hudson, the Brooklyn waterfront, New York Bay and the waters about Staten Island—all form a part of the greater harbor. Port Newark is the latest addition. But the fact most emphasized is that every trunk line railroad entering the port of New York can reach Port Newark without lighterage.

Our transportation problems are receiving more serious consideration. The mind naturally turns to the subject as it affects New York Harbor. A careful study proves that it is not possible to overcome difficulties without advantage being taken of the water-branches of the harbor. Its waterfront is 771 miles in extent. Of this total, 193 miles is New Jersey shore, for the port of New York properly embraces all the area from Sandy Hook to Tarrytown; from Port Washington to Summit. Here is a region of 1,500 square miles. An ocean-going vessel sails in and out of the harbor every twenty minutes. Almost one-half of the commerce of the country passes here. To this port more than 75,000,000 tons of freight come annually by railroad alone. To handle this 3,000 000 cars are needed—a string, if put in one train, long enough to circle the globe.

We may ask what has made New York the greatest port of our country. Boston led in the early days, and so at one time Philadelphia was the first port. The answer is that private enterprise backed by private capital has accomplished these things, aided, of course, by proper legislation, both state and Federal.

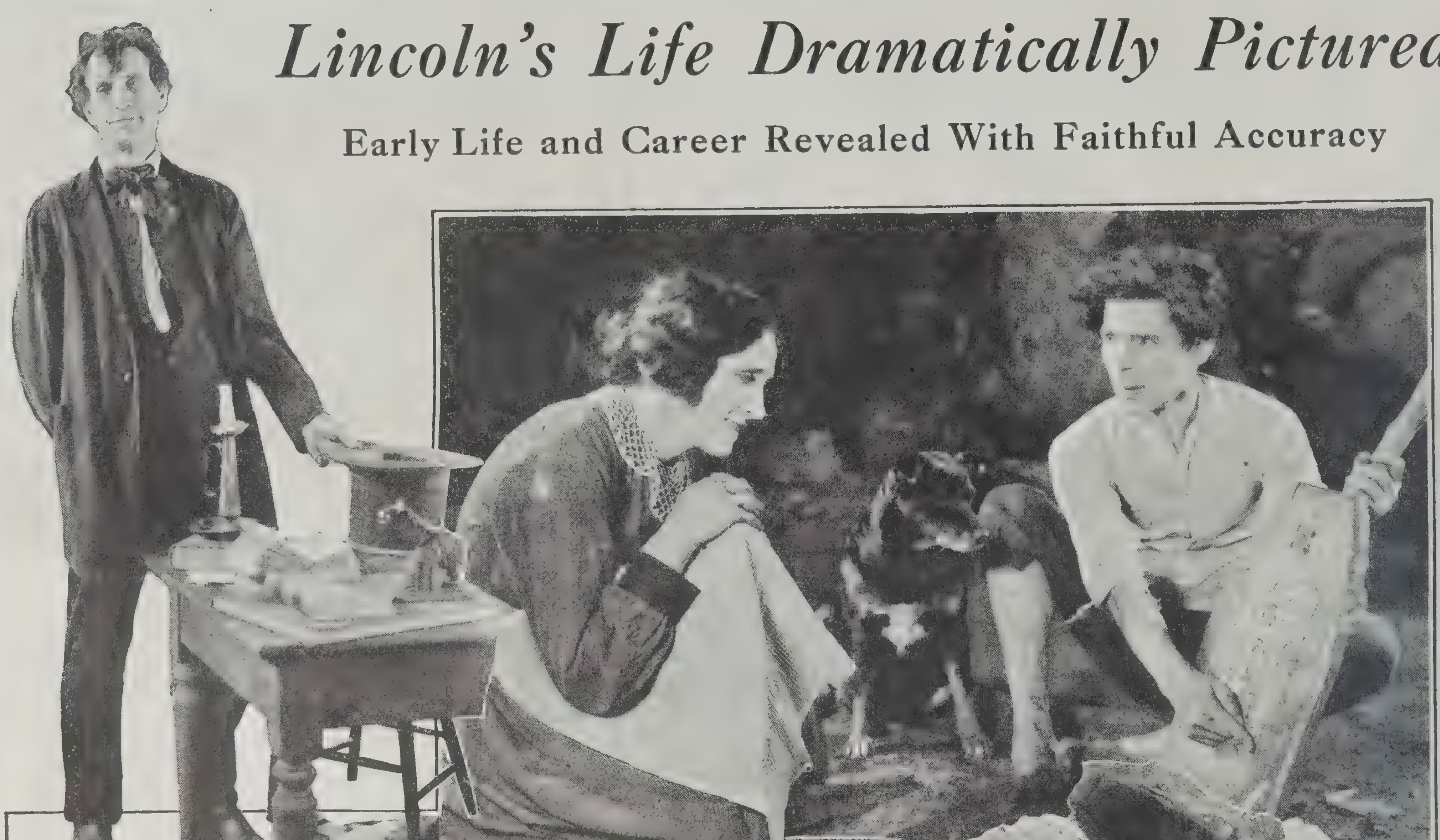
The nine New Jersey railroads carry ninety per cent of the 75,000,000 tons right up to New York's doorway. The great barrier has been the Hudson River. Three ways to overcome this barrier are presented: to go over or go under the river or to use the surface of its waters. There are no bridges across this section of the Hudson, and no room for freight yards on Manhattan, so the lighter is used after cars have been floated to pier-stations. These take shipments to and from steamers. It is the only present method of carrying on loading and unloading.

The development is almost entirely the work of Mr. Raymond without whose efforts it probably would not have come into existence.

Filled-in land of Port Newark development.

Lincoln's Life Dramatically Pictured

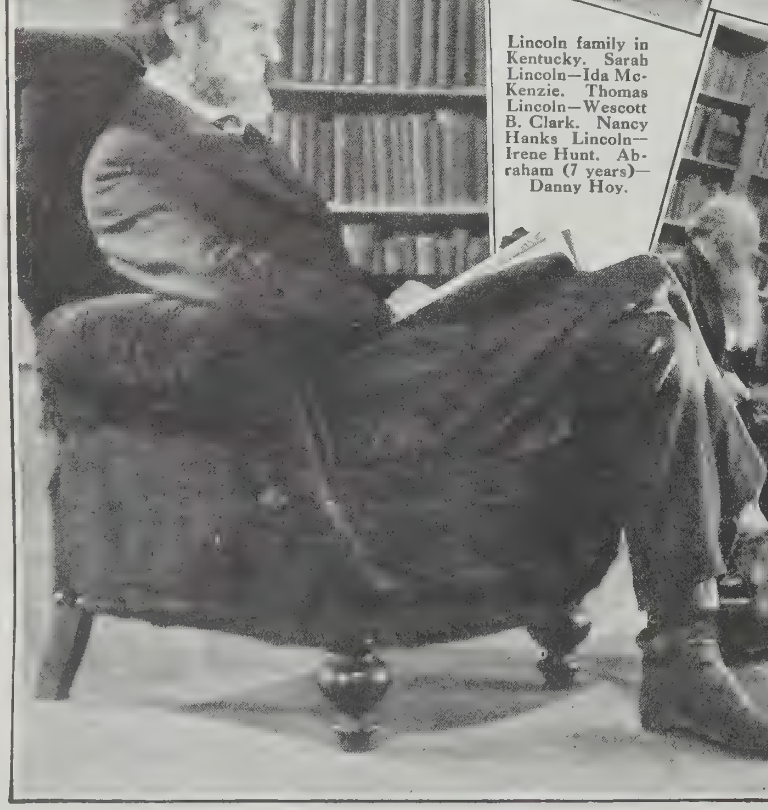
Early Life and Career Revealed With Faithful Accuracy



Left—Abraham Lincoln as a law student at Springfield, Illinois. Right—Young Lincoln, in old Kentucky home, uses the wooden fire shovel for a slate. Abraham Lincoln—Danny Hoy; Nancy Hanks Lincoln—Irene Hunt.

Lincoln family in Kentucky. Sarah Lincoln—Ida McKenzie. Thomas Lincoln—Wescott B. Clark. Nancy Hanks Lincoln—Irene Hunt. Abraham (7 years)—Danny Hoy.

Mary Todd has her first glimpse of Abraham Lincoln. Mary Todd—Nell Craig. Stephen A. Douglas—William Humphrey.



The overworked President had little time to devote to his beloved books. President Lincoln—Geo. A. Billings.

President Lincoln tells his Cabinet members a story. President Lincoln—George A. Billings. John Hay—Homer Willetts.

Abraham Lincoln in the Films

Dramatic Picture Soon to Be Released

A SPLENDID presentation of the life of Lincoln, giving the outstanding events of his career, is to be released by the Rockett-Lincoln Film Company, of Hollywood. Years of careful research were required to produce the authentic scenes, and interviews with those who knew Lincoln did much to add to the attractiveness and human interest of "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln." In the rude farm cabin in Kentucky, where Lincoln was born, and later in the Indiana and Illinois homes, his struggle for an education is strikingly portrayed. When he was nine years of age his mother died, and the daughter, two years older than Abraham, kept house for the sorrowing family. A little later his stepmother came into his life. Her advent greatly improved the family circumstances, for she proved to be of cheerful nature and encouraged the boy in his studies, which his father regarded as a form of idleness. With less than a year of school attendance Lincoln made the most of his limited opportunities and with the help of his stepmother he gained an education.

While working for a neighbor he took produce to New Orleans on a flatboat. Here he came into conscious contact with slavery, witnessing an auction sale of Negroes. This made a deep impression on the boy and he vowed that if ever the opportunity came to "hit" that system he would "hit it hard." When Lincoln was twenty-one, the family moved from Indiana to Illinois where Abraham helped break the prairie soil into farm land. He volunteered in the Black Hawk War and later became a candidate for the legislature. He failed in this first political venture and purchased a store, which venture also proved a failure. To business disaster was added the stern discipline of love and a lover's bereavement. He wooed and won Anne Rutledge, who shortly after the engagement died of a sudden illness. This so unmanned him that his friends feared for his sanity. Later he was admitted to the bar and entered politics in earnest. His debate with Stephen A. Douglas was a notable event of that period.

This portrayal of Lincoln in the films affords an opportunity for greater continuity of action than that permitted by Drinkwater's spoken drama, which necessarily was episodal. The part of Lincoln in later life is capably acted by George A. Billings and as a youth by Danny Hoy. Ruth Clifford as Anne Rutledge and Nell Craig as Mary Todd are most effective and the film contribution of Lincoln's career, to be released at an early date, bids fair to record a commendation not unlike that bestowed upon Emerson Hough's great epic, "The Covered Wagon."

Young Abraham Lincoln and his sweetheart, Anne Rutledge, went and had their picture taken. In the film it is done again, with a faithfulness that is refreshing.

At Christmas Time

By ARTHUR GLASBY WALKER

DICKENS himself said, "I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield." The world-famous magazine, *St. Nicholas,* began its career in 1873, and among its Christmas stories was one called "The Enchanted Prince," contributed by Rebecca H. Davis. Her opening sentence showed she believed Dickens' experience was shared by a great many men of her own period—"At Christmas Time, when all men who are men turn into boys again."

However much Christmas may be loved by children, it is not loved by them nearly so intensely as it is loved by their parents. One powerful reason is that it gives them the chance to play, frankly and without shame, the fascinating game of childhood—the game of make-believe. The stage may have a new setting, and the players be not quite the same, but it is a chance to play out again a treasured memory picture.

So at Christmas, every good man likes to seek out his own "Tiny Tim." Only bachelors and such like are adults at Christmas.

Romance requires mystery. Romance is no more when everything is known. Whenever they keep Christmas earnestly, they keep secrets securely. A million secret purposes, hopes and expectations are hidden away behind these walls of smiles and laughter—we all know that it is so, and we wouldn't have it less so for all the world.

Now I like a full Christmas, the one I would like to replay around December 25, 1923. Imagine a Christmas when we have all become ascetics, and eat our dry bread and raisins in our own kitchenette, on the tenth floor at No. 10999! Good-fellowship without hospitality; romance without a generous table! It just is impossible, that is all. Interest, mystery, surprise, joy—that is Christmas. The one of which I am thinking seems to me now like three or four rolled into one.

A Missionary's Christmas

THERE was a Danish Sky Pilot's Christmas which I was allowed to share. He is now a venerable dignitary of his church in Denmark. At the time of which I write, he was missionary to Danes and Danish sailors in a foreign port. A handsome fellow, standing about six feet four inches, with a mass of dark brown curly hair and sparkling brown eyes, he was a gentleman in every way. For weeks before Christmas huge packing cases had been arriving from Copenhagen. There was always a ceremony at his house on Christmas morning. A thin covering of snow was floating down softly through the still air. Two little girls, warmly clad, were standing at the door of a near-by house, with their daintily decorated box, within the covers of which I knew they had carefully tucked a favorite doll, to represent the Christ-child. Their rather uncertain little voices were being raised in an attempt to sing a little Christmas melody, which had come down the centuries from nobody knows where, and had been sung in many languages by little children for probably more than a thousand Christmases. It will be sung by millions next Christmas, wherever the Christmas faith holds sway.

"God bless the master of this house.
    Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
    That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsmen
    That dwell both far and near.
We wish them a merry Christmas
    And a happy New Year."

The first appearance of the lines in English seems to have been in "Gammer Gurton's Garland," itself of unknown date.

As I passed, the door opened, and they were smilingly welcomed, to rehearse their little ceremony within.

In the large dining-room of my friend's house, there was a genuine and impressive Danish Christmas scene. Denmark was in that room, and Copenhagen in particular. It had something in common with England or America, but nobody could have mistaken it for either. It was elaborately decorated—nearly everything had been sent from the homeland, including the Christmas tree. Seasonable mottoes, framed in designs of holly, with an abundance of red berries and mistletoe. The Christmas tree, in the center of the room, was lighted with many colored lights, and laden with numerous packages, while around it was almost a mountain of parcels, wrapped in decorated paper. Since it was daylight, the window-shades had been closely drawn to give more effect to the illuminations on the tree. On this account, it was not easy, at first, to take in the scene. As I entered, a chant was being sung in the slow, measured way, characteristic of the Lutheran churches. The voices were male, but on getting my sight, I saw that the hostess and some of her little girls were making a brave attempt to take what they considered their dutiful part.

It was reverential, somewhat somber, and when one's eyes grew a little clearer, and the singing was over, I saw about forty men, Danish sailors of every rank. Their ships were in the city docks—they were far from home, but Christmas provided them with this opportunity of national fellowship. What sturdy figures they were! Big fellows, grave faces, skins colored mahogany by sea weather; noble specimens of the Viking breed. In their old lumbering wooden tubs, in the Baltic, the Skagerack, the North Sea and the North Atlantic, they had tumbled about for a quarter of a century and more. Here you have real democrats. The fellowship of toil and peril makes the difference between captain and carpenter very small. But what gentlemen they were!

A Danish Apple-pie Is Different

A LITTLE daughter of the house, with the assistance of father and mother, handed out the packages. First there were those from relatives, addressed to some of the men, through the pastor, and then the little girl handed to each man a package from the tree, and one from the pile around. They received their gift from her hand with as knightly a curtsy as I have ever witnessed. Followed a restained merriment as they opened the packages and compared their gifts.

In an adjoining room, we sat down to lunch, prepared by one who knew what pleased the palate of a Danish boy. I learned that a Danish boy loves apple-pie, when he can get the native sort. Did you ever see a Danish apple-pie, or taste one? No! It isn't a bit like our American apple-pie. This is the thing glorified! The American ice-pudding, made by an expert, is the only comparison I can conceive. Anyway, having had Danish apple-pie, you refrain from praising our homemade article in the presence of one of those solemn-faced sons of the North.

A pretty little bit of ritual marked the close of the meal. All rising together, the visitors made a slight bow to the hostess, and said "Thank you." This was repeated to the host; then each to the man opposite him, or nearest him. I fear we wouldn't have the self-composure or the grace to do this.

Deeply interested, and thoroughly enjoying these proceedings, we had forgotten the weather outside, and though it had now stopped snowing, it had, in the meantime, laid on two or three inches, and the stillness in the air had given place to a searching breeze In those days automobiles were not considered serviceable in winter, and street cars did not run at all in that city on Christmas Day. But, well rigged for the weather, strong blood in our veins, and great expectations of what was yet in store, gave a wholesome contempt for snow, wind or consequences.

Some two and a half miles south by west had to be beaten, with some tacking now to one quarter and now to the other, to make a few calls on "shut-ins," we at last cast anchor in the "Sailors' Children's Home." Here was served a dinner of roast beef, turkey, plum-pudding, with all the trimmings, to nearly three hundred sailors' orphans.

Old Carols Are Sung

IT IS a large hall, given by one of the big boys. There is plenty of room. Near the kitchen is a long table; you can scarcely see it for the steam that is rising from it. Around it, on guard, stands a small army of men and women, in white aprons, jackets and caps. They are volunteers and count among them some of the wealthiest and most influential people in the city. The pianist starts up a lively march, and feet begin to move. The doors swing open, and tiny tots, from four years of age, blithely enter; but smitten by the beauty of the scene, and the eagerness in their hearts, some of them have to be seized by friends standing near, as they stumble and threaten to spoil their spotless little dresses, and perhaps stain their faces with tears; but guided by their foster-mother, who has a face as ruddy and genial as that of Father Christmas himself, they finally reach the place allotted them. The bigger ones come streaming in and stand in lines at the tables. Their ages run from four to sixteen. The girls' dresses are of various shades, but blue and white prevail. On each dress, you find worked in, somewhere, a star, emblem of the North Star, by which their fathers had sailed the northern seas and oceans. The boys wear blue knickers, white jumpers, with red stars, the colors of the flag. At a sign, heads were bowed, eyes closed (or supposed to be), hands clasped, and three hundred wonderful voices struck instantly the opening note of the blessing. No cleric, formally muttering a few sentences, could be a fitting substitute for that song. After that it cooled off gradually.

Two hours later we came back into the hall and a huge Christmas tree, which had been in hiding in a side room, filled the central place of honor. The oldest carols were sung, and then all those six hundred eyes were turned upon a certain door. The moment for which all the previous moments existed had now arrived. Father Christmas, or Santa Claus, or Kris Kringle, whichever you prefer, appeared, pompous, magnificent, smiling, with a body of attendants. Nature and experience alike had prepared Father Christmas. He was a retired sea-captain, round and ruddy.

The three hundred jumped to their feet and sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and then the gifts were distributed

The Jewish Attempt to Bolshevize the Negro

Manhattan's Red Propaganda Employed to Stir Workers of Harlem

By LLEWELLYN SMITH

The writer of this article and others to follow is a Negro sociologist who is particularly interested in the larger aspects of America's racial problems. During the war he conducted a series of investigations dealing with the growth of radicalism among the Negroes, which took him to the "black belts" of both the North and the South. At present he is on the staff of a social service organization, national in its scope, which is devoting a great deal of attention to the study of some of the basic contributing factors to the so-called Negro problem.

IN THE spring of 1922 the residents of Harlem, the "Black Belt" of New York City, were stirred by the news of the appointment of a Negro poet, Claude McKay, a son of the broad-leafed hills of Jamaica, the West Indies, to the editorial board of the *Liberator,* that blood-red Socialist periodical which is being edited by Max Eastman, formerly instructor in philosophy at Columbia University.

Immediately the Negro press began to bristle with biographical sketches of the poet. Nor was this to-do limited to the black editorial tyros. The white press devoted a great deal of space to the movements of this Occidental Poushkin. If McKay, attired like a Turkish sultan, chose to go to a radical "gambol" at one of the myriad "art" dives on Staten Island or in the Jewish East Side Ghetto of Manhattan, be assured that the old New York *Call* on its magazine page the following Sunday would carry a glamorous caricature of it.

If, as was his wont, the poet chose to don a flaming scarlet shirt—à la Mephistopheles—and to give readings of his exotic poetry to the yawping dilettantes that frequented the "White Peacock" or the "Garden of Joy" (after the McKay appointment, Greenwich Village began to move uptown to the Negro section, and the result was the establishment of a string of stuffy "cafés" and "tea shops" on the order of the "Café Royal" and the "Russian Bear" on Second avenue), the American Negro press, usually very conservative on matters of this sort, would give ecstatic accounts of them.

"It is so like Claude . . . . so Bohemian."

The Evening in Harlem

WHILE these readings, on racially esthetic grounds, provoked a deal of interest, and added to McKay's Negro disciples, they were significant for the foreigners, white people, largely Jews, they emptied into the lap of the "Black Belt." That the Negroes resented this—this encroachment on what they call their sacred preserves—is a pretty well-known fact. In fact, the very thought, the reaction of the Negroes to this flood of whites, has been epitomized and presented in a sketch from the pen of a Negro writer which appeared in the September number of *Opportunity,* a magazine devoted to racial affairs, and published under the auspices of the National Urban League. The sketch is entitled "The Stone Rebounds." It follows:

> It is night. I am in dark Harlem. I am walking along Seventh avenue, in company with a Negro playwright. I had met him at a radical forum downtown. I pride myself on being an intellectual anarchist; I haven't any prejudices. I am interested in the Negro problem. Interested in it the same as I am interested in Russia and India and Korea. I want to see Society take on a different shape. I am a radical. I stick to my Negro friend. I take him around with me. I run the risk of being ostracized. I remember once I took him to Barrett Manor. Barrett Manor is an art colony. Flappers and broken-down celebrities hang out there. It is a nice place. It is full of Doré's illustrations. I like it. Always I am lionized by the crowd. Of love and death, poetry and pragmatism, sex and the eternal will—of all these things I would talk. They would hang around and anticipate the words as they came from my lips, especially the girls. I was such a favorite there. Then I took my Negro friend there. Why not? My friend is more intellectual than I. I realize it. I am big enough to admit it. In the old days as soon as I opened the wire-screened door they would all flock to greet me—but that day I shall never forget it. I let my friend in first. I went in afterward. What a change! I was no longer the idol, the master conversationalist; no, I had fallen. Fallen from grace; fallen like Lucifer. That entire day I felt a pang of remorse at what it was to be white. Earl, superman that he is, did not seem to notice it. Why should he? It was his first visit there. But it galled me. I have tabooed Barrett Manor. I haven't been there since.
>
> I think of all these things as I swing up the avenue. And my confession! As much as I had tried, I couldn't conceal it. At first I used to blame it on the bourgeoise; but Earl was wise. I could see it in the way he'd smile. Smiling out of the corner of his mouth!
>
> So I decided to tell him. I laid my cards on the table. It is useless, I said, trying to run up against a stone wall—a gibraltar of prejudice. Useless! I didn't have any difficulty bringing him to my point of view. Yes, he said, he had felt it all along—at the restaurant, the theater, on the bus, in Greenwich Village; yes, it had followed us, like a starving wolf. But my friend, noncombatant that he is, suggested a way out. Why not let us meet up in Harlem, Black Harlem? Surely . . . .—— No, I hadn't any objection, I hastily assured him. Truth is, the idea thrilled me. I long wanted to visit the place. I had heard so much about it.
>
> "It is in here."
>
> I am jerked out of my reverie. I am on a dark maple-shaded street. I don't know how Earl manages it, but I suppose he knows the place very well. I follow him. It is down in a basement. A sheet of purple is over everything. Dimly I make it out. Witch-like silhouettes belt it. Over the fireplace is a white peacock, a majestic looking bird. On the wall, over the piano, is a girl sitting on the bough of a huge cypress, playing a harp. Sunset shines through the branches. Besides the piano is a bookcase, and on the center table is a medieval lamp. Its chimney is daubed with Oriental flowers. Quaint as can be. At once I take to it. I like the atmosphere. But the people in it. At a jut-like table is a girl, I don't know whether she is white or colored, talking to a man. I cannot see his face—it is away from me. But his neck I can see. It is black. I am being introduced around. I cannot always see their faces. The place is so romantically dark. It is a long time before I adjust my sight to the light. I am invited to a seat at the center table, and talk—group chatter—is resumed. A girl with pomegranate cheeks is on my right, and at my left is Earl. The girl is saying something to me.
>
> "Well, Mr. Kraus, how do you like it up here?"
>
> "Oh, I think it is great," I whispered dreamily. "It is so—Bohemian."
>
> The girl has creole eyes and I feast on them; but they are not magnetic enough to arrest the functioning of my other self—my subconscious self. I can hear Earl's soft musical voice as he leans over and talks to the lady with the Cossack hat, at his left.
>
> "No, he isn't colored. Jewish—a friend of mine. What? No, I don't think so. Kraus is a poet, not an anthropologist."
>
> "What is he doing up here then?"
>
> "He just came along with me, that's all."
>
> "Humph, that is funny."
>
> "What's funny?"
>
> "This white man coming up here—I don't understand it."
>
> "Oh, don't be silly, Daisy. I thought you always say you haven't any prejudice?"
>
> I am talking to the dark-eyed girl at my elbow. Of course it is about the race question. Everyone seems to be talking about it these days. I ask her what are her views on that eternal bugaboo—social equality.
>
> "Well, it is this way," she begins, flipping the ash off her cigaret, "I am colored, and self-conscious. Very much so; I cannot get over it. It is part of me. I believe it ought to be so that if I want to marry a Dutchman, I can. I am of age, and I think I know what is best for me. More than the ignorant mob out on the street. Yes, I believe in social equality—if by social equality you mean intermarriage, and that is what it means nowadays."
>
> I don't know what sort of look has crept into my eyes, but it must be an alarming one.
>
> "Understand me clearly!" She hastened to add, "By that I do not mean that *I* personally wish to marry a white man. Get that straight."
>
> I am conscious of an enveloping silence. I drink the tea that is put before me and try to think up clever things to say. I cannot explain it. It is sepulchral—the silence. Even the girl beside me is taken up with the string of Spanish beads around her neck. Occasionally I would glance over at the woman on Earl's right. She is toying with the Japanese ash tray on the table. But I am sure now and then she emits a grunt. Something ugh-ish. I am sure of it. I look around. On me a houseful of eyes is cast. I do not feel out of place. I rejoice in the reaction. I know why they are staring at me. I am white."

Jewish Radicals at Work

OF COURSE, the writer of this article is not objecting to the appointment of Claude McKay (who is now in Russia gathering data for a book on Soviet Russia and the Negro) or any other Negro, for that matter, to the editorial staff of any white periodical. On the contrary, he believes that if colored men, like William Stanley Brathwaite, the poet, critic, and anthologist; Dr. William A. Hinton, instructor in the Harvard Medical School; Noah B. Thompson, librarian of the Los Angeles *Express;* Daniel Murray, librarian of Congress, ought to be able to develop their genius regardless of the fact that they belong to the Negro race. Briefly, if this were the case, colored men of the caliber of W. E. Burghardt DuBois, a poet and scholar of the highest water; Dr. William S. Scarborough, formerly president of Wilberforce University, one of the foremost Greek scholars in the country and now an assistant economist in the United States Department of Agriculture; Professor Alain Leroy Locke, a Rhodes scholar, professor of philosophy at Howard University, one of the brightest minds of the Negro race; Charles S. Johnson, a sociologist, psychologist, and anthropologist of brilliant promise; Ernest Just, the biologist, and others, had been able to develop their genius and not be labeled and pigeonholed as members of that unfortunate race, the Negroes, America and civilization as a whole would be enriched by it.

It is not against this group that we are quarreling. We are only enraged at the sordid, materialistic efforts of the Jewish radicals of Manhattan, that isle that is hopelessly anchored off the shores of Palestine, to convert the Negroes in America to their theory of economic determinism.

In New York there is a magazine, the *Messenger,* which is edited by two Negro Socialists, A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen. The *Messenger* prides itself on being "the only Negro labor organ in America." Happily its significance to the Negro working masses is almost negligible. In the first place, it purports to be the official organ of the "Friends of Negro Freedom." For the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the orientations of Negro politics, the "Friends of Negro Freedom" is one of those mythical organizations that thrive on gab and the promulgation of a policy whose practicality is equivalent to firing stones at the stars. I might say, however, that the "Friends of Negro Freedom" is a gigantic joke. Like the African Blood Brotherhood, of Mr. Cyril Briggs, an octoroon, it is simply another attempt fostered by the radicals of the Jewish East Side to disseminate unrest and socialist propaganda among the Negroes. Compared with the Urban League, the Negro church, Hampton or Tuskegee, it does absolutely nothing to fit the Negro laboring classes mentally, spiritually, or otherwise, for the mighty task of survival. Messrs. Randolph and Owen, excellent fellows when it comes to rolling their r's or to dogmatizing on the economic rights of the black workingman, let it be said to their distinct credit, have not a single original idea between them, and, naïvely, do not pretend to have any. Really, the *Messenger* is a crude attempt to copy Mr. Villard's impossible *Nation.*

It "Copies" The Nation!

ON ECONOMIC or sociologic matters it gets its cue either from the *Nation* or the *Liberator*. For example, its 1923 "Labor Day Number" which had "greeting" advertisements from Jew organizations such as "The Joint Board of the Cloak, Skirt & Reefer Makers' Unions," "N. Y. District Council No. 9, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators & Paperhangers of America," "Button Workers Union Local 132 of I. L. G. W. U.," "International Ladies Garment Workers Union," "Butcher Union of New York & Vicinity, Local 174"; contained messages of "brotherhood" from J. Ramsey McDonald, Samuel Gompers, John L. Lewis, and a native African labor leader. Knowing as I do the caliber of the Negro working classes, these brilliant dissertations mean nothing to them. I might go further and state (and this is not a reflection on the intelligence of the Negro workingman) that most of the politics and economics and psychology and anthropology that the intellectual moguls down at the Rand School like to pore over as the "orientations of new Negro thought" usually are beyond the comprehension of the Negro masses. In other words, what is paraded as the opinions of the up-and-thinking Negro is really the dogma and Socialist claptrap of the Jewish East Siders filtering through Randolph and Owen.

The very manner in which the *Messenger* is edited savors of Vesey street. To illustrate: It is running a series of vitriolic articles by Negro writers of various schools of thought called "These Colored United States" after the *Nation's* own "These United States." Obviously the omniscient editors of the *Messenger* are so consummately an example of what hybrid thinking can do that we are ofttimes tempted to remind them that while editors ought to lead and not follow the herd, the *Messenger* is ostensibly edited for folks the bulk of whose leadership lies and will continue to lie for some time to come in the hands of the Negro church and in Tuskegee, and that at bottom, to apply the words of W. E. Burghardt DuBois, by all odds the most bitter, the most polemical of Negro writers, that the Negro is sane and conservative and a believer in right and practical thinking.

And, proportionately, it is just about as effective as its white prototype.

Small wonder, then, that Mr. Villard in an article on Negro literature published in the "Literary Review of the New York Evening *Post*" for June 30, 1923, states:

> "As to the much discussed evidences of radicalism in the Negro press which so frightened our government during the war, Professor Detweiler ("Negro Press in the United States") faithfully records such testimony as he has discovered. The *Messenger* is, for example, a "brilliantly edited apostle of a mass movement of Negroes along Socialist lines, demanding complete equality and the right of intermarriage." Our government called it during the war "by long odds the most able and most dangerous of all the Negro publications"; . . . . Far too few white-edited magazines have the ability of the *Messenger;* none that I know of has its courage in expressing its views of race solidarity and race action born of the injustices its *clientele* endures.

* * *

The wonder is not, however, that such brilliant Negroes as Chandler Owen and A. Philip Randolph can be found, but that they can find so many readers—28,000 colored—to absorb their doctrines and support their papers.

It is beside the point to doubt Mr. Villard's figures of the *Messenger's* circulation. The important thing to consider is that the Jews, for some ulterior motive, are anxious to line up the Negroes on the side of Socialism and Communism. The appointment of Claude McKay by the Soviets to spread radical propaganda among the Negroes and the continued subsidy of the *Messenger* by the Socialist party of New York, in the face of the suspension of the *Call* and its successor, the *Leader,* are nothing short of an organized mass attempt to indoctrinate the Negroes with the spirit of syndicalist rebellion.

Artist by Instinct, Football Coach by Fate's Shuffle

"Bob" Zuppke Was Too Small to Play on a Varsity Eleven But Has Developed Into a Champion Coach

By GEORGE H. DACY

ROBERT ZUPPKE

IN THE exhibition rooms of the Art Institute in Chicago several paintings of attractive marine scenes are on display. They were painted by one of the most successful football coaches who ever wore a cleated shoe and taught the strategy and science of the popular pigskin sport.

"An artist by instinct but a football coach by fate's decree," tells the strange story of Robert Zuppke, mentor of the University of Illinois gridiron warriors, one of the most colorful instructors who ever schooled a neophyte in the rudiments of the punt and drop kick.

Twenty-two years ago, Zuppke first appeared on the football field at the University of Wisconsin, a candidate for the eleven during the days when beef and brawn were prerequisites. "Bob" weighed but 135 pounds and he could walk through a sixty-eight inch door wearing a derby hat. A pygmy in stature, Zuppke was a giant in nerve and courage. He was the smallest man in avoirdupois and the largest candidate in pluck who tried for the eleven that autumn.

For three seasons, Zuppke worked bravely to win a place on the varsity. He never shirked a tackle; he never dodged a crashing play; he was the most daring of the second string players. Zuppke was a frequent visitor to the university infirmary for rest and repairs. But no matter how hard he was hit and hurt, he always came back in a few days for more rough usage. "Battling Bob" never won a place on the Badger varsity but he did win the respect and admiration of all who watched him play. During the winter season, he was a talented performer on the Wisconsin basket ball team and was a star member of the quintet of that period which won the western title.

Zuppke's education was self-financed. He paid most of his college expenses by painting signs. During the summer vacation, he drifted about the country painting billboards. Finally, Zuppke studied composition and began to paint on canvas instead of on signboards and buildings.

Completing his work at Wisconsin, where he specialized in psychology, "Zupp," as he was called by his classmates, went to New York City where he spent one year of delightful work under the direction of the Art League. In some way, Zuppke then turned to football coaching. His first charge was Muskegon, Michigan, where he molded inexperienced high school material into a team which won the state championship.

Zupp" in action.

The following year, Zuppke was called to Oak Park (Chicago) high school where he developed an interscholastic eleven which lost but a single game in three seasons. This aggregation easily won the interscholastic championship of the United States. The authorities at the University of Illinois were then combing America for a football coach. After investigating his record carefully, they decided that Zuppke, who loved to paint but who turned to football instead of his easel as a livelihood, was a made-to-order candidate for the Illinois vacancy.

For ten years "Bob" Zuppke has been teaching the "fighting Illini" how to play football. During his first three years at the state university, he developed teams which twice won the Western Conference football championship. Under his tutelage, the wearers of the orange and blue made the best records in the history of the sport at the down-state institution. The Zuppke teams are always polished examples of football finesse and strategy. This particular coach wins many games by outguessing his rivals and then outmaneuvering them at their favorite variety of play.

Psychological tests somewhat similar to those employed during war days to learn the particular adaptability of certain officers and soldiers for specified lines of duty are employed by Zuppke to sleuth out the special qualifications of his football candidates. These examinations show the abilities of the various players to act rapidly and effectively in a crisis. They demonstrate the individual qualifications of the contestants.

In his chalk talks to the Illinois players, Zuppke recruits his sketching ability to explain complicated plays to his student squadmen. Deftly, he will draw a picture in crayon of the exact posture and place of each man in each formation. The "skull sessions" are usually held in the evening. The following afternoon, the players practice the new plays which they learned during the blackboard drill the preceding evening. One time, latterly, Illinois won the championship of the Middle West from the University of Minnesota on plays which Zuppke taught to his pupils on the train going to Minneapolis the day before the crucial contest.

Zuppke overflows with dynamic magnetism and can incite an audience to the peak pitches of enthusiasm, yet he modestly claims that he is no orator. As a teacher of football, Zuppke is so popular that the summer coaching courses which he conducts at the University of Illinois attract athletic directors and football teachers from all parts of the United States. His writings—several books and a number of magazine articles on football—are widely read. Any time he gets tired of football, Zuppke can make an attractive living painting marines.

"The hardest job that I ever tackle," remarked Zuppke, "is to get my boys in the proper mental condition for a game. It is outstandingly essential to keep the players from becoming overconfident. It is necessary to arouse their fighting spirit. Sometimes, each player on the team has to be handled differently to get him into the ideal frame of mind for the contest. This requires tact and diplomacy. It is more arduous and gruelling than the active strain of championship play."

Zuppke has two diversions and hobbies besides football. One is painting and the other, Boy Scout work. Ordinarily at the end of the football season, the Illinois coach is a physical wreck since for three months he thinks and talks nothing but football.

He uses the queerest tonic in all creation to bring himself to normalcy. He literally goes on a painting spree. Posthaste, he travels to the seashore where he studies sunlight conditions, colors, composition and other features of the technique of painting. After mastering all these art riddles, Zuppke begins to daub oil on canvas and paint marines. Day by day, he gradually regains his poise and good nature. After a month of painting, he looks like a man who has been rehabilitated at a modern rest cure. Then he turns his attention to Boy Scout activities. Painting and scout work may seem to you to be extraordinary avenues of diversion for one of America's best football coaches. Nevertheless, they keep "Bob" Zuppke tuned up for the practice of his novel profession. They enable him to work at top speed like a sixty-cylinder engine of unlimited horse power. That is enough guaranty to the most of us to prove that they are worth while.

A Pink Elephant, Chattering Monkey

Concluded from page 3

paraded about the streets and showed off their dainty pet. They acknowledged a willingness to let the animal go provided the purchaser could guarantee to supply the monkey with a good home. They did not peddle the beast long for a willing purchaser hove into sight. And he paid Collins and Tobin $40 for the monkey, giving them a clear profit of $5.

It has often happened that the mascot of a ball team is a four-legged creature of some kind. Quite often it is a bird, but the story of the American batting championship is the story of a pink elephant.

Late in the season of 1920 Detroit was playing a series in Boston. Harry Heilmann at that time was considered a .300 batsman and nothing more. During the stay of the Detroit team a Boston friend showed Heilmann a tiny pink elephant, a watch charm. "Here is the greatest luck bringer in the world," explained the friend to Heilmann. "This little pink elephant can make you the best batsman in baseball. Here, take it and wear it always."

Heilmann took the pink elephant and carried it away with him. He carried it through the winter and he still had it when the season of 1921 opened. Heilmann began hitting at a tremendous clip. Then, suddenly, he slumped. Heilmann, who had carried the pink elephant under his playing shirt daily, had lost his charm. His batting streak stopped on the day that he missed the pink elephant.

All efforts to find the pink elephant failed. Heilmann advertised in the newspapers, searched everywhere, asked all his friends, but could not find the charm.

Many persons, hearing that Heilmann had lost his pink elephant, offered to replace it. He was given white elephants and green elephants, black and blue elephants, miniature turtles, camels, frogs, buffaloes, Buddhas, bears, tigers, lions, horses, bathing girls, almost every kind of tiny luck charm known. But Heilmann knew that only the pink elephant could help his batting average, THE PARTICULAR pink elephant.

Heilmann despaired of ever seeing his charm again when, one afternoon, Harry Hooper walking in from right field as Heilmann passed him in going out to his position, held out something in the palm of his hand. "Look at this queer object I just found out there in right," said Hopper. "Some woman must have dropped it."

Heilmann looked. Then Heilmann jumped and grabbed the object from Hooper's hand. It was his pink elephant.

He did not lose it again in 1921 and he won the batting championship that season, the first time that a right-handed batsman led the field in the American League in years and years.

The following year, 1922, Heilmann was going well when the pink elephant became lost again. He did not recover it until late in the season. It had been mislaid. But the pink elephant stayed away too long and during its absence Heilmann had all sorts of bad luck, finally meeting with an accident in Washington that laid him out for the remainder of the season. Only while he was recovering in a hospital did the pink elephant reappear and then it was too late. Heilmann finished well up in batting but not on top.

In 1923 he had the pink elephant at the start of the season and he succeeded in keeping it all through the baseball pennant race. This time it was not lost or mislaid and Heilmann finished the season with the best batting average made in the majors and the best of his entire career.

So you see how the batting championship of the American League is wound around a pink elephant as second place money was carried by a mangy cur. And wherever you look deep enough into some big accomplishment in baseball you will, more likely than not, discover lurking somewhere a luck bearer just as strange as the few we have mentioned.

Clean-up of Fake Doctors On in Connecticut

Eastern State Has Harbored Many of the Bogus M. D. Degree Holders, Investigation Carried Out Under Direction of Governor Reveals

By J. OLIN HOWE

PROFESSOR WILLIAM P. SACHS, the Missouri educator who furnished the fake medical diploma ring with so many spurious high school certificates, believes there are 30,000 bogus doctors scattered over the United States. Discount this materially to allow for a stricken conscience; call the total number half that, as I have in a former article, and the situation is certainly no less appalling.

And a handful of unscrupulous men in St. Louis and Kansas City have made fortunes, hundreds of thousands of dollars, out of it all. Not out of dupes, for the taxi drivers, farmer boys, elevator conductors, clerks in offices or stores and the mass of other unskilled and often illiterate who took the short route to a doctor's degree, who bought these diplomas and paid to have their way to state licenses made easy, were never merely dupes; their eyes were open.

Yet they were on different footing from those individuals who are charged with having preyed on human frailties through fraudulent diploma mills—Dr. Ralph H. Voight, self-styled master mind of the group, and Dr. Date R. Alexander, secretary of the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery, of Kansas City, and Dr. Robert Adcox of the St. Louis College of Physicians and Surgeons.

While indictments are pending against these three, the Missouri State Board of Health has taken steps to revoke the charters of their institutions, the two mentioned and the Kansas City University of Physicians and Surgeons, a later affair which grew out of the increasing cupidity of the ring and the belief of its members in their own immunity. But Dean Waldo Briggs, of the St. Louis "college," remains at liberty, as does his secretary, Joseph Sintzel.

Professional "Exam" Takers

FAR more than this action by Missouri will be needed to stamp out this nation-wide evil. Or even than Colorado's belated effort to clear up the illegal diploma and license situation in that state, or what may come of the activities of the extraordinary grand jury in Connecticut.

The fake-diploma ring includes others than this St. Louis-Kansas City coterie. There is already indisposition to proceed in some quarters. One governor, at least, who has been furnished evidence that the Missouri diploma peddlers' operations involve his state, has failed to do anything about it thus far.

"It was not long before I discovered this examination business to be the fountainhead of a vast fraud which stretched across the country," says Dr. Sachs, himself under indictment but intent on everything possible to right the wrong in which he has been a factor. "Soon after I became state examiner for Missouri I went to Chicago to attend a big examination for candidates who desired to enter medical colleges.

"There were six hundred taking this examination—at the Englewood High School in Chicago—and to learn what went on I sat in with the boys and took the examination. I went out to lunch with them and was accepted on such terms that they talked freely to me. The examination took two days and by the end of the first I had discovered that fully fifty per cent of those answering questions were professional examination takers.

"Imagine my feelings when they told me they had been doing this sort of thing for years, to start on the road to medical practice an army of men too illiterate to pass a high school examination. I feel that at least half the Illinois entrance preliminary certificates are fraudulent, the examinations having been taken by a professional proxy. The certificates may be endorsed, signed and sealed by the proper authorities, but they are crooked, nevertheless."

Trick Photographs Used

ADCOX and Voight and Alexander have used similar methods in getting state medical licenses for their "graduates." The records show that the first has passed the Connecticut eclectic board at least twice under his own name, even. Voight tells of having taken hundreds of state medical examinations—had to do it before he got well enough acquainted to know how to use money to procure questions in advance.

"I was never caught at it but once," he says. "In Kansas City, Kansas, I was taking the examination for a young fellow who had just received a diploma, and as I wrote a man in authority whom I knew strolled over and asked, 'Who are you taking it for this time, Ralph?' I asked him to have lunch with me in Nance's café in Kansas City, Missouri.

"'How much are you getting?' he asked me as we ate. 'Seven hundred and fifty,' I said, 'and half is for you.' The old crook held out for five hundred (this is the way Voight related the incident to Harry Brundidge, the St. Louis newspaperman who by way of investigation became not only an M. D. but a chiropractor within two months by payment of some $1,200), but he finally took what I offered and kept his mouth shut. I finished the 'exam' and got the license."

Most states require a photograph of the applicant for medical license, but this presents no difficulty to the professional examination taker. He furnishes a trick photograph to be affixed to his application, an apparently perfectly good photograph but which has not been properly fixed and will fade out in sixty days or so. In the unlikely event of discovery of this in a state board's files the now-licensed doctor has but to furnish a photograph of himself and there is no way of knowing it different from the first.

When it comes to the bogus diplomas these fellows have sent broadcast over this country—and far outside—the plot really thickens. The diploma ring has put out fraudulent sheepskins bearing the names and seals of a dozen different medical colleges, of which only the St. Louis and Kansas City affairs were active.

Degrees From Mythical School

ONE is purely mythical—Eastern University Eclectic School of Medicine, of Baltimore, never chartered but, under the management of Frank J. Kenney, the "alma mater" of numbers of imitation doctors—but the majority had been in existence, had suspended for some good reason and somebody had kept diplomas, certificates, seals and other paraphernalia. Two were in California, two in Baltimore, one in Indiana, one in Washington, D. C., and three in Chicago.

Nor did these traffickers in fraud stop there. They have obtained diplomas of at least four reputable medical schools in different parts of the country—by corrupting individuals, presumably. Here, of course, is a very grave danger. States like Alabama and Minnesota, which have put the bars high against medical fakers, are in little danger from the ordinary methods of this ring, but the diploma of a school of standing and the high mark of a professional proxy on the license examination papers might prove an open sesame.

Meantime Connecticut occupies the center of the stage as the reservoir from which fake doctors could be distributed to other states and a special grand jury has begun the general clean-up where much damage has been done. The Nutmeg State has three medical boards—allopathic, homeopathic, eclectic—appointed by the governor at the suggestion of their respective societies and the State Board of Health issues licenses to practice medicine upon their recommendation. Licenses must be revoked by a similar procedure, by the way.

"42 Boobs to Connecticut"

THE standards of the eclectic board have been notably low and its methods lax. It recognizes diplomas of twenty-four medical schools. Some of these are not eclectic, and but nine of them were ever recognized by the National Eclectic Medical Association, according to Dr. W. N. Mundy, of Forest, Ohio, its corresponding secretary.

All but one of these have suspended and some so long ago it is doubtful if they have a living graduate. The only eclectic medical college in the United States now is the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati.

Yet the Connecticut Eclectic Board accepts diplomas from nearly three times as many institutions as that society's national body ever approved, and among these are the mythical Eastern University of Baltimore and the Kansas City and St. Louis "colleges." The state of Missouri changed the words "reputable schools" in an old law to "legally chartered," against protests of reputable schools all over the country and even a referendum of the American Medical Association, and that let in these last two. Connecticut followed suit in recognizing them.

This made it much easier for the Missouri diploma ring in that state. Formerly obliged to work their trick of coaching candidates on 250 or 300 questions which included the sixty to eighty licensing boards might ask, they claim now to have established contacts which enabled them to get examination papers ahead of time and coach on only the questions actually to be asked.

"I took forty-two boobs to Connecticut," Voight bragged to Sachs, "and paid $500 for an advance copy of the questions and wrote the answers myself for the whole lot."

It is true that at times there is identical phraseology among a number of candidates' papers, but the venerable chairman of the board, an honest old country doctor, insists Voight's story cannot be true. He is too conservative, however, to suit some of these Connecticut holders of St. Louis and Kansas City diplomas.

"You failed in chemistry," wrote Dr. Frank Webb, of Bridgeport, to a St. Louis candidate (and the letter later turned up in St. Louis). "I went up to Durham to Dr. Markham (the chairman) and tried to get him to mark you, but he showed me your papers and we could not twist them around so they would conform to the law. Are you registered in Arkansas? If not, take the eclectic board there and get reciprocity with us."

Adcox and Alexander made no secret in Missouri of their ability to do about as they pleased with the Connecticut board and the latter raised his diploma price from $200 and $250 to $500 and later to $800 as he demonstrated his ability to take groups of his supposed graduates to Connecticut and help them pass the eclectic board.

Finally a member of the board died, Dr. E. H. Marsh, of Mansfield, and Dr. James Christian, of Fairfield, with a Kansas City diploma, was named in his place. Voight wrote Adcox then: "Alex. is trying to get one of his graduates on the board and will not go to Connecticut this time, as he is sure everything will be O. K."

Dr. Christian was secretary of the Connecticut Eclectic Medical Society and last spring wrote letters asking contributions to a large fund in support of legislation desired by certain eclectics, which will be told of later in this article. He never qualified as a member of the board, has since been deposed from his secretaryship and is among the initial eighteen doctors to have their Connecticut licenses revoked at the instance of the special grand jury.

Dr. Webb is another, and Dr. George M. Sutcliffe, of Unionville, one of whose patients died of suffocation after three cans of ether had been used in keeping him unconscious.

There has been a great scattering of these Connecticut doctors with eclectic licenses since the grand jury began its investigation following the St. Louis exposé. One has skipped to Brazil, a husband and wife who practiced together in New York City as well as in Connecticut have sailed for Europe, and others have gone to parts known and unknown. A few are defiant and threaten legal action over licenses which have been taken away from them. One has entered a Massachusetts medical college as a freshman.

Governor's Natural Mistake

INCIDENTALLY, the last examination of the Connecticut Eclectic Board was held July 11 and 12, 1923. Of the fifty-five candidates five were admitted to practice in Connecticut through reciprocity arrangements with other states, and thirty-one presented Kansas City diplomas. Among the fourteen scattering there may have been other fake diplomas. All but six of Dr. Alexander's thirty-one passed, and these have taken subsequent examinations and passed.

This Connecticut situation could easily have been foreseen. Scarcely a session of its legislature has been without validating acts making regular some doctor who wasn't up to standard. These have often been reported by the Judiciary committee rather than that on Public Health and Safety and their passage made a matter of politics. The chairmen of the Joint Committee on Judiciary, lawyers, are always majority leaders of the Senate and House of Representatives.

Had it not been that the state has a governor now who is a straightforward man interested only in his state's welfare, twenty-three more of these "doctors" would have been validated in one lot by the legislature which rose last June.

Both houses passed the bill, reported at the end of the session, and Governor Templeton vetoed it by a pocket veto. The legislative machine could have passed it over his veto, as it had others, but the legislature had adjourned and he had only to refrain from signing it for the measure to die. He couldn't see why men who had failed to pass examinations for license or doubted if they could or had some blot on their records should be legitimatized by act of the legislature.

Can you?

"Are we invaded by the Bolsheviki?" asked Governor Templeton of his executive secretary shortly before adjournment. He had seen in the capitol corridors *foreign-looking men, wearing tall hats but with days' growths of beard and hands and finger nails not over clean. That part of their conversation he had heard was in gutteral and broken English.*

"Don't you know who those are, Governor?"

"No."

"They're the men who are interested in that eclectic validating act," said the executive secretary.

Bill Fails on Pocket Veto

AT THE same time there came out of the same committee a measure reorganizing the Connecticut department of health, a new medical practice act which placed the licensing of doctors in the hands of a commission consisting of five members of the legislature.

They need not be doctors. Very likely they would have been lawyers. Certainly they would have been politicians. In any case, they would not necessarily have had expert knowledge of medicine or medical practice or medical ethics.

An advisory board from each of the three schools of medicine, allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic, would pass upon candidates, as now, but with no power to admit or reject them. The licensing would be in the hands of the commission alone. Physicians of highest repute about the state favored this plan—and so did the same men who favored the eclectic validating act. The Republican leader of the House was an especially strong supporter of the new medical practice act. Both houses passed this bill, also.

Yet do you think any five laymen competent to pass on the qualifications of the physician into whose keeping you may later give your life and the lives of your dear ones?

Governor Templeton didn't, and this measure, too, received a pocket veto. An awful howl went up, but he had done something for mankind.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Cosmic Energy Unit and the Atom

IN RECENT years science has given exhaustive attention to the study of the phenomenon of light. Much of the advance made in our knowledge of the atomic structure is due to the facts revealed by experiments made upon light-radiating substances. Spectrum analysis brings us into close relationship with the characteristics of the various types of atoms. Everyone is familiar with the fact that an ordinary triangular prism refracts white light rays into beautiful rainbow colored bands. Such bands are called *"spectral bands,"* whose colors range from the deepest red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, to the deepest violet. Each individual color corresponds to light of one particular wave-length. White light is a composite of many different rates of vibration and wave-length. The glass prism separates the composite white light into its constituents. When all the strings of a mandolin are set into vibration at the same time, then a composite sound is produced which corresponds to the production of white light by means of many simultaneous but different vibration rates. When a single string of the mandolin is plucked, then one definite sound is produced. This case has a counterpart in the production of one-colored or monochromatic light which is revealed by the glass prism, not as a continuous rainbow band of color but as a series of distinct lines called *"spectral lines."* Incandescent vapors and gases produce spectral lines which indicate particular vibration rates and wave-lengths. The production of a definite *spectral line* corresponds to the plucking of a single string of the mandolin, whereas the development of an entire *spectral band* has its counterpart in the simultaneous plucking of all the strings.

In the production of spectral bands and lines, what is it that physically corresponds to the strings of the mandolin? There is just one answer—the atoms of the substance from which the light radiations emanate. The parallel is completed when we point out that as a string of a certain gauge is capable of producing a definite sound corresponding to a particular rate of vibration, in an analogous manner a specific atom can develop typical vibrations which reveal corresponding characteristic spectral lines in the spectrum. A spectral line or group of lines is therefore an indicator of a particular atom.

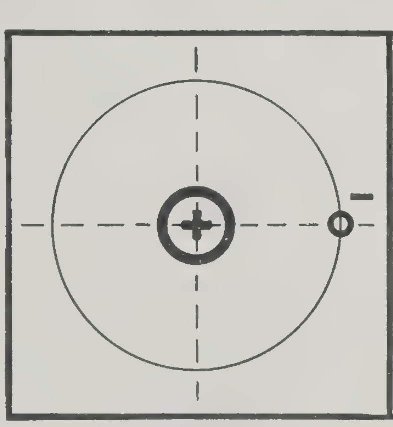
We are absolutely certain today that atoms and groups of atoms are generators of light rays. The name *molecule* has been adopted to represent groups of atoms which are associated with a fair degree of permanence. The atom itself is a group structure composed of sub-atomic particles called *electrons, protons,* or *positons.* Light of different colors is produced by the vibration of molecules, atoms, and electrons. Color is considered as directly connected and dependent upon the number of vibrations a second, that is, the *frequency.* Atoms which vibrate at a fast rate and electrons whose frequency of vibration is low produce the entire range of visible light. Molecular vibrations of low frequency correspond to colors beyond the red. When the frequency of the electronic vibration is sufficiently increased, then the color is found at the other extreme of the spectral band in the ultra-violet.

The radiation of light is equivalent to the radiation of energy. The little machine which discharges this energy is the atom. It is an almost unexpected fact that light-energy is not radiated continuously. In the year 1900, Dr. Max Planck formulated his first definite conclusions concerning the emission of energy during atomic vibration. Instead of energy flowing, as it were, in a steady stream from an atom, it is dispensed in distinct and minute *equal* amounts. Every vibration of an atom, during the production of light, is accompanied by the liberation and dispensation of *one cosmic energy unit.* This small amount of energy has been called *Planck's Constant.* The familiar medicine dropper may serve to illustrate the facts involved in the generation of monochromatic light in particular. Assume that the glass tube of the dropper has been filled with water. Every time that the rubber bulb is properly squeezed a drop of water is discharged from the end of the glass tube. Each drop corresponds to Planck's cosmic energy unit and each act of squeezing the bulb is analogous to one vibration of the light-producing atom. Suppose that forty drops are ejected by forty squeezes of the bulb and that this exhausts the water supply in the glass tube. The total amount of water discharged is then found by multiplying the amount of water in one drop by the number of compressions of the bulb. This total amount of water corresponds with an analogous amount of energy called a *"quantum"* in Planck's theory. If every vibration liberates one cosmic energy unit then a *quantum* is the total amount of energy radiated in one second.

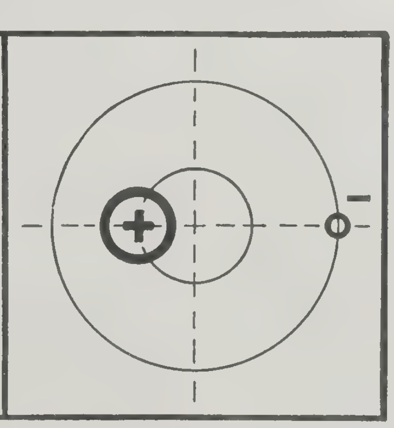
The magnitude of the cosmic energy unit (Planck's Constant) is so small that if one unit is liberated every second, more than thirty-six octillion years will be required to equal the work a second, in foot pounds, represented by one horse power. If a counting device could count one billion trillions a second, then it would require more than thirty-six million years for the machine to produce the required value.

Modern scientists design mechanical models to represent the physical mechanism involved in the production of particular types of physical phenomena. An atomic model, to meet the specifications furnished by nature, must be able to represent satisfactorily the vibratory generation of light. The outstanding atomic models designed since the year 1900 are due to Dr. P. Lenard, of Heidelberg, Dr. Niels Bohr, of Copenhagen; and the *octet model,* known as the Lewis-Langmuir atom, developed principally by Dr. Irving Langmuir of the American General Electric Company. Sir Ernest Rutherford's atomic model is an adaptation of Lenard's *Dynamide* atom, and Dr. Arnold Sommerfeld's type of atom is a variation and expansion of the Bohr atom.

Bohr was the first physicist who attempted to design an atomic model incorporating the new facts presented by Planck in his so-called *Quantum Theory* of energy radiation. Bohr conceived his atomic structure as composed of a series of definite concentric orbits in which electronic particles could travel. If an electron circulated constantly in one of these orbits then light radiations could not occur, but when it passed from an outer to an inner orbit then monochromatic light radiations were emitted. Bohr's so-called stationary orbits are purely arbitrary and do not follow as direct consequences of some more fundamental principle. His work in the atomic field, however, will remain as one of the monumental contributions of modern science. Great ingenuity has been shown by Dr. G. N. Lewis and particularly by Dr. Irving Langmuir in designing a number of molecular structures.

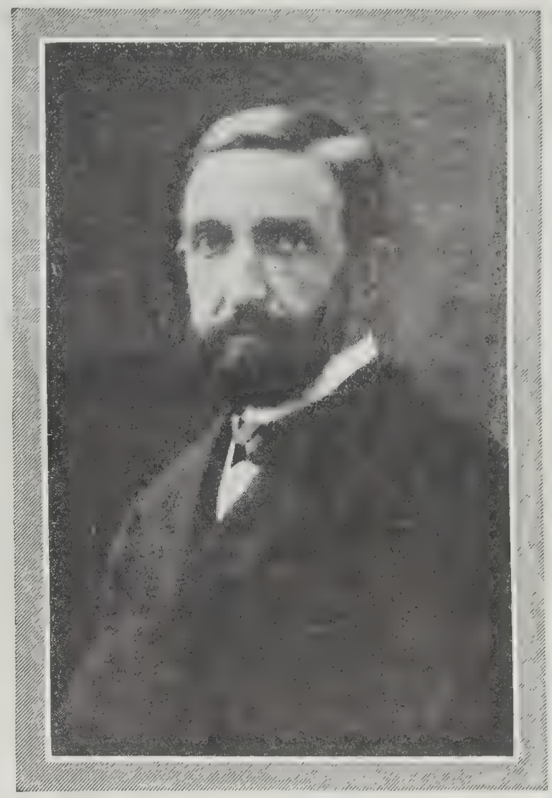


Professor Niels Bohr's model of the hydrogen atom. The positive nucleus (positon) is located at the geometric center of the outer electronic orbit. The electronic dimensions remain unchanged during radiation and absorption of energy.



The space-time potential hydrogen atom. The positive nucleus (positon) and the negative electron rotate about the neutral point of the entire system. Both orbits contract and expand radially. Energy is radiated during contraction and absorbed during expansion.

The writer's "Space-Time Potential Atom" (Academy of Nations Press, 1923) is a logical consequence of his conception of space and time as a generating screen or *Matrix* in which energy develops and exhibits itself as matter in action or motion. Every point upon this screen has a relative energy value. All the points along the same atomic orbit have the same energy value. When an electron moves along such an orbit radiation of energy in the form of light cannot take place because every point on the orbit represents the same energy value. If the electron moves in an inwardly direction to an orbit of smaller energy value, then energy must be emitted. Radiation, in this atomic model, is a natural consequence, therefore, of the laws of the Space-Time Matrix.



DR. P. LENARD,

Nobel Prize winner in Physics, director of the Radiological Institute, Heidelberg, Germany, who advanced the Dynamide Theory of Atoms in 1903. Sir E. Rutherford's Atomic Theory, advanced in 1913, is an adaptation of Professor Lenard's earlier Dynamide Theory.

The Space-Time Potential Atomic model for hydrogen and the Bohr model agree in regarding this structure as composed of an electron and a positive nucleus or *positon.*

In practically all other respects these two models differ radically. In the Bohr model the positive nucleus is located at the center of the electronic orbit whereas in the Space-Time Potential model the position is eccentrically located and travels in an orbit whose center coincides with the center of the electronic orbit. The electron of Bohr is fixed and unchangeable in its physical dimensions. Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the great American physicist, has pointed out, with deep insight, that the fixed electron adopted by Bohr is incapable of explaining the phenomenon of light radiation.

In the Space-Time Potential Atom the electron is a variable physical entity. This model regards the outer electronic and inner positonic orbits of the hydrogen atom as equivalent to two perfectly elastic rings capable of uniform radial compression and expansion. When pressure is exerted upon this two-ring system both rings contract in the same manner as a toy balloon when the air is permitted to escape. During compression the masses of the electron and the positon and all the other physical quantities which pertain to the two particles undergo compensating changes in conformity with the laws of the Space-Time Matrix.

The common center or *neutral point* of the electronic and positonic orbits of the Space-Time Potential Atom is not devoid of physical significance. On the contrary, every point in the Space-Time Matrix has a definite relative physical value. In the atom the *neutral point* is the abode of a particle which does not gyrate like the electron and positon. It possesses no other physical property than pure mass prior to the application of some deforming physical intensity. The principal function of this pure mass particle, the *potention,* is to produce, in conjunction with a neutral gyratory material medium, those transverse disturbances which are known as light waves.

In the Space-Time Potential Atom a genuine physical basis for Planck's energy unit has been provided for the first time and the generation of light by atomic motion becomes physically conceivable.

BRIEFLY TOLD

From Germany came 100,000 soldiers last week. They were toy soldiers for the Christmas trade.

When a German circus man, about to go to South America with his show, advertised for 300 acrobats and other performers he received applications from 60,000, ranging from former Uhlan officers to day laborers, many offering a bonus in the form of potatoes if they obtained positions.

A military map, used by the British at the battle of Bunker Hill, recently sold at an auction room in London for $950. The map, eight inches square, bears the signature of Major General Sir Henry Clinton.

Swiss watchmakers can split a hair into 500 strips and measure the thickness, so exact are their tools.

Where there is no violation of treaty stipulation, the individual states have the Constitutional right to pass laws prohibiting the ownership of land by aliens, according to a United States Supreme Court ruling.

Sixty-five per cent of the 219,000,000 acres of forests in private hands are entirely without fire prevention regulations.

Captain Alexander Aaronsohn, lecturing in Detroit, was asked by an auditor if the troubles of the Jews were not due to their unethical business methods. He replied, "There are about 3,000,000 Jews in the United States and 100,000,000 Christians. Where do you suppose they got their unethical methods if not from the people they live among?" So that question is settled. American Christianity is responsible for the business ethics of Jews who in Russia, Poland, Germany and Turkey are models of honor.

"In the age of rings, trusts, mergers, combines and monopolies, newspapers are bought and sold like butter and soap. The opinion-making power is in the main the instrument of money . . . The old artifice of despotism was 'tuning the pulpits.' It was a process weak by comparison. Tuning the press is an affair more comprehensive and more concealed."—London *Observer*.

One of the two famous Scottish snuff dealers is going out of business as a result of the passing habit of taking snuff. O'Conner, "Father of the House of Commons," is the only man at present in public life in London who keeps up the snuff habit.

All United States mail planes are to be equipped with wireless.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

It took some persuasion to convince the Mongolian Government that the purposes of the Andrews third Asiatic Expedition were purely scientific. An elaborate expedition of twenty-six men, seventy-five camels and motor cars was not believed to be looking for old bones. A quest for gold and oil was thought more likely.

"Piety is indifferent whether she enters at the eye or at the ear. There is none of the senses at which she does not knock one day or other. The Puritans forgot this, and thrust Beauty out of the meetinghouse and slammed the door in her face." —*James Russell Lowell.*

Roy Chapman Andrews of the Asiatic Expedition in China overdrew the Expedition's account with the American Banking Company at Pekin. When the bank asked for more security Andrews offered two dinosaur eggs ten million years old. The banker refused to consider the eggs as collateral and it was necessary to sell the American-made automobiles which brought half the original cost despite the fact that they had traveled 6,000 miles over camel trails of Northern China.

Storing thousands of tons of coal under water, the Western Electric Company of Chicago has found an absolute remedy against loss by fire caused by spontaneous combustion.

"The majority of crimes of today are committed by boys under twenty-one—seventy-five per cent by youths under twenty-five. The average home is nothing more than a place to eat and sleep. It has ceased to be a shrine for moral and religious training. Jazz life, cheap reading and cheap thinking are the chief characteristics of modern people."—*Judge W. C. Harris,* of Emporia, Kansas, president of the Kansas State Bar Association.

A flea became entangled in castor oil 3,000 years ago in Tutankhamen's tomb. It now reposes in the museum at Cairo and is generally regarded as the only flea mummy in the world.

Horace Greeley did not say, "Go West, young man." This expression was first used by John L. Soule in 1851 in the Terre Haute *Express*. Greeley later used the sentence in an editorial entitled "Hints Toward Reform." Later Greeley reprinted the article from the Terre Haute *Express* and explained that he was not the originator of the expression.

"The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs."—*Emerson.*

"Real political issues cannot be manufactured by the leaders of political parties, and real ones cannot be evaded by political parties. The real political issues of the day declare themselves, and come out of the depths of that deep which we call public opinion."—*James A. Garfield.*

The greatest observatory in the world is being built on Mont Saleve, a peak 4,300 feet high in Savoy near Mont Blanc, France. The builder is Asan Dina, an East Indian engineer.

Fifteen million women and children have died of starvation and disease in Europe and the Near East as a result of the series of wars which began in 1914.

The income of the American people was about $66,000,000,000 in 1919, and interest on the national debt is about $940,000,000 a year. The national debt, at the present rate of reduction, will be extinguished by 1952.

In Japan, ninety per cent of the people can read.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Ford International Weekly

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[illegible] 1923

FEATURES THIS WEEK:

The "Sucker Machine"

Disappointments of 1923

Nullifying Torrens Law

Jews Exploit Negroes

The Chinese Burbank

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Disagreements and Disappointments Mark 1923

Countries and Leaders Strive Toward Same Ends But Quarrel as How Best to Achieve Them; Future Uncertain But by No Means Unhopeful

By HARRY PENCE

FOR the most part the world seems determined to disagree and such agreements as have been arrived at during the closing year have been keen disappointments.

After a long diplomatic struggle the powers of the Old World surrendered to the Turk and permitted his re-establishment in Europe—an agreement, to be sure, but a disappointment.

The Corfu incident passed without war and with the withdrawal of the Italians from that island, but the terms by which this was brought about were not only disappointing but humiliating.

The outstanding complication of the year, however, has been that of German reparations and the French and Belgian effort to exact indemnities by force of arms.

The Ruhr Valley of Westphalia, the great coal and industrial district of Germany, is destined to become memorable as the scene of the mighty struggle which will definitely determine the reasonableness or the futility of expecting a country defeated in war to repair the damages it inflicted upon the victors.

The lesson may be useful in proving beyond dispute that in war even the victors lose but while the struggle is in progress that fact is scant consolation to a world suffering from its far-reaching effects.

It is impossible here to follow the development of this struggle in detail, nor is this the place to discuss the equitableness of the findings of the Reparations Commission. There seems no doubt that the amount demanded would tax Germany to her utmost even if she felt an obligation to repair her ravages and a national willingness to make a heroic effort to that end.

Detached economists seemed generally of the opinion that Germany could meet the demands only if permitted to rehabilitate her industries, if afforded raw materials and allowed open markets.

But an economically prosperous Germany meant also a Germany capable of resuming military activities and France was not alone in apprehensions of that contingency.

Occupation of the Ruhr

AT THE Peace Conference in 1919 Premier Clemenceau insisted upon an independent Rhineland state as a buffer between France and England and surrendered the demand only on condition that America and England join in an agreement to aid France in event of an unprovoked attack by her late foe. That treaty was formulated, England ratified it but our Senate rejected it, thus nullifying the three-party agreement.

As the "father of victory" Georges Clemenceau aspired to the presidency of France but his failure to obtain this protection or the buffer state turned French sentiment against him and retired him to private life as the "loser of the peace."

Neither he nor the French people would believe that Germany had disarmed in compliance with the treaty. When he visited this country last year he declared that the Germans plotted a new war on France, that they had large stores of hidden arms and munitions and were secretly drilling to make effective use of them.

Reasonable or ridiculous, the belief became the animating basis of French policy and when Germany declared the terms impossible and spent most of the year 1922 pleading for abatements and extensions of time the French clamored for direct action.

England not only refused to participate in a military entry into Germany to enforce payment but for many months held the French in check. When, however, the Turkish muddle brought with it the fall of David Lloyd George, the shrewdest and most resourceful of opportunists, the English were unable longer to restrain their allies.

The premiers of England, France, Belgium and Italy met in Paris January 1, 1923, and after four days of fruitless discussion their conference ended without agreement. That is, England refused to join in or approve direct action. Belgium and France, however, won the approval of Mussolini and reciprocity for this support stood the Italian in good stead in a later complication of his own.

Four days after the end of the conference French and Belgian troops crossed the Rhine and on January tenth entered Essen, the industrial capital of the Ruhr district.

The very same day President Harding ordered the return of all the American troops still on the Rhine. It was reported that England also contemplated withdrawing her army of occupation, but the advisability of retaining contact with the situation prevailed.

The government at Berlin denounced the invasion and sought to arouse world opinion against it. Criticism, however, was generally to the effect that the venture was ill-advised and destined to be unprofitable rather than that it was either illegal or unjust.

That the venture has so far been without direct profit and has entailed a heavy expense by no means indicates that it has not been entirely successful from the French point of view. In fact, a grave question has arisen. It is the great disagreement of the year 1923.

France went into the Ruhr for coal and German coal miners quit work. There were large stores of coal above ground and coke available for transportation but German train crews refused to operate the railroads for the benefit of the invaders. Municipal officials and industrial leaders incited the populace and "passive resistance" was soon under full headway.

Though "passive," the resistance was by no means tranquil. Riots and sabotage brought retaliations. Villages and cities were fined and individuals, leaders as well as rioters, were imprisoned. Thousands were expelled, local police were disarmed and deported. Ruhr coal was denied to the rest of Germany and eventually the frontier was closed, completely isolating the occupied area.

The extent and nature of these disturbances are obscured by conflicting reports from antagonistic sources.

The first effect of the invasion was a new solidification of Germany. All parties rallied to the support of the government and Berlin declared that no further reparations would be paid till the French and Belgians were again on the Rhine. Poincaré, the Germans insisted, would soon see his error and recall his troops.

In May, however, Chancellor Wilhelm Cuno offered the French an amount approximately one-fourth of the Reparations Commission's award and this was almost instantly refused. Later in the same month England informed the Berlin government that a more satisfactory proposal was essential. This is said to have been done to offset the French contention that English aloofness had stiffened German resistance and encouraged German belief that ultimate evasion was possible.

When, however, Premier Poincaré rejected proposed mediation by the Pope before plans for it were matured and declined to give serious consideration to the German offer to pledge the national railways and other public property of Germany as guaranties and to resume payments to Germany's capacity if the French and Belgians would withdraw, not only Germany but England became alarmed, though for different reasons.

The results in Germany were the collapse of business, the sinking of the German mark to levels hitherto considered impossible, hunger strikes and riots and, in August, the fall of the Cuno ministry.

Dr. Gustav Stresemann, the new Chancellor, opened negotiations with the French but all propositions involving the evacuation of the Ruhr were spurned. Late in September German hopes vanished when, without any assurances from the French, the Berlin government ordered the end of passive resistance.

This confession of defeat precipitated a new condition in Germany. Parties, factions and classes which had stood together in the hope of evading reparations now fell out over who should bear the burdens of payment. Those disagreements are still rife and threaten the destruction of the Fatherland.

Monarchical agitations that smouldered in Bavaria burst into flames when passive resistance was ended. Berlin feared the defection in Bavaria more than any other complication and it is said that the suppression of the communist ministry in Saxony was only a strategem to place a considerable armed force near Munich. That the Bavarian revolt did not rend the Fatherland asunder reflects no credit upon the government at Berlin.

The ridiculous rathskeller revolution in Munich in November, resulting in the inglorious arrest of General Ludendorf and the flight of the leader of the Bavarian "Fascisti," Adolf Hitler, only confirms the statement from a number of sources that the German people have lost initiative as well as hope and want no more fighting.

The return of the German Crown Prince and the rumored return of the former Kaiser naturally gave rise to rumors of a big conspiracy to restore the monarchy, but it will require adroit leadership and skillful propaganda to rouse the Fatherland from its present apathy.

The Corfu Incident

THE fall of the Stresemann ministry in late November further complicated the German chaos and at this writing the most reckless gambler wouldn't hazard a wager on her future.

But the Ruhr occupation has crippled if it hasn't wrecked the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale. France will not soon forget English opposition to her Ruhr policy and English predictions of its failure.

A week before France broke with England and determined upon direct action, Secretary of State Hughes addressed the American Historical Association at New Haven, Connecticut, stating among other things that he believed the restoration of Europe depended upon the rehabilitation of Germany and that though ample reparations should be paid the parties with interests at stake should permit a competent and impartial commission of experts to review the situation and make recommendations. In a speech in Canada in early October Lloyd George recalled the Hughes address and urged joint action upon it with full American participation.

The British Government took up the idea and obtained the consent of all the former Allies to take part in such a movement. Thus invited, President Coolidge approved the plan and Secretary Hughes accepted in behalf of this country.

When, however, plans for procedure were nearing maturity, Premier Poincaré announced that France could not countenance any effort on the part of the experts to modify the findings of the Reparations Commission and that the new tribunal must limit its activities to discovering the amount that Germany could pay "immediately."

In the face of such paralyzing restrictions, the Secretary of State declined to have any further part in so fruitless an endeavor.

Thus the great disagreement stands. A ruined Germany cannot be expected to repair the damages wrought by her troops, and the occupation of the Ruhr has cost France more than she has recovered by it. But has French policy failed? It is doubtful if 1924 will afford the answer, but arguments pro and con can be had wherever men of information gather and discuss the affairs of the day.

The treaty that brought the return of the Turk to Europe not only confirms Turkish control of Eastern Thrace but gives dominion over a number of subject peoples back into the hands of a race noted for the misuse of such power.

The Corfu incident was a spectacular and sensational affair. The commission surveying the northern Albanian frontier was attacked by brigands and several Italians were killed on August 27. Two days later Premier Mussolini dispatched an ultimatum to Athens demanding a staggering indemnity, an abject apology and Italian participation in the apprehension and punishment of the guilty. Twenty-four hours were allowed for complete compliance. The Greek Government disavowed responsibility for the crime but agreed to all Italian demands except those which, she maintained, abridged her sovereignty. Not satisfied with this, an Italian fleet bombarded and occupied the Island of Corfu five days after the crime.

Greece appealed to the League of Nations but Italy refused to accept mediation and threatened to withdraw from the League.

Spain Takes a Dictator

THERE is no doubt that the failure of the League to grapple with this issue has lessened its prestige in many circles.

The Council of Ambassadors then took up the matter and Italy listened. The council decreed that the indemnity should be deposited pending investigation by the Permanent Court of International Justice, that Greece should most formally apologize, that the guilty should be punished and that Italy should evacuate Corfu.

A few days later the indemnity was summarily awarded to Italy without investigation and Corfu was evacuated September 27.

The exaction of approximately ten million dollars from a country in serious economic straits was regarded not as a just penalty but a concession to a dictator thwarted in his effort to further inordinate imperialistic ambitions. The seizure of Corfu could be regarded by England and France as nothing less than Italian determination to utilize the strategically located island to command the Adriatic and, if successful, a part if not all of the Mediterranean. At odds as they were over the Ruhr, complete unity of action by France and England in this crisis was impossible and, as Mussolini could not be expected to retire from his vantage ground empty-handed, the Greek millions made convenient consolation prize.

The sorry plight of Greece has already been mentioned. Greece, it will be recalled, entered the World War under compulsion, her reigning family rather favoring the Central Powers because the wife of the king was the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm. Greece fared well at the Peace Conference and dreamed of a restoration of the ancient Hellenic empire. Encouraged by England she undertook her disastrous campaign against the Turks in Asia Minor.

Defeat abroad brought revolution at home and for a second time King Constantine was banished. The ministers who urged the war were tried and six executed in November, 1922. On November 12 of this year King George agreed to take a vacation of at least two months to give the political situation a chance to right itself, if possible.

The troubles of Spain have so far been internal and colonial without conflict with any other European country. When Kaiser Wilhelm forced the Moroccan Conference at Algeciras he failed to obtain for Germany a direct hand in Morocco, but he checked the French by bringing about the association of Spain with that country in the administration of that turbulent realm.

This participation has brought Spain more trouble than gain or glory. The African tribesmen first evaded, then defied and finally defeated the Spanish armies.

Socialist agitations at home grew with reverses in Morocco. Syndicalist strikes in the larger cities were serious but they did not threaten the stability of the government.

The Province of Catalonia, with Barcelona as the capital, had long sought an autonomous government but this controversy was a minor issue in the recent disturbance.

On August 20 the Spanish army met a reverse in Morocco and escaped annihilation only by the timely arrival of re-enforcements. Even with numerical superiority, the Spanish seemed unable to hold their own and the Moorish chieftain then ordered all his reserves to join his ranks. Premier Alhucemas and his cabinet appeared to be unable to meet the situation.

At this juncture a group of army officers headed by Ferdinando Rivera, general in command at Barcelona, sent a demand to Madrid on September 12 that the Moroccan campaign be vigorously speeded up. The next day he took possession of Barcelona and the revolt spread. It followed the general lines of the Mussolini rising in Italy last year. The premier demanded of King Alphonso the right and the wherewithal to punish the rebels, but the king refused and the premier and his cabinet resigned. The army at Madrid joined Rivera's

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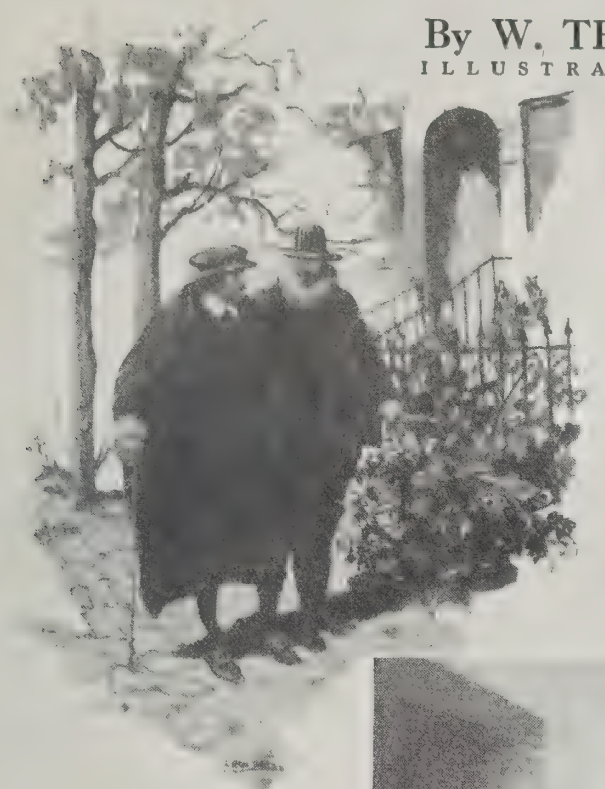
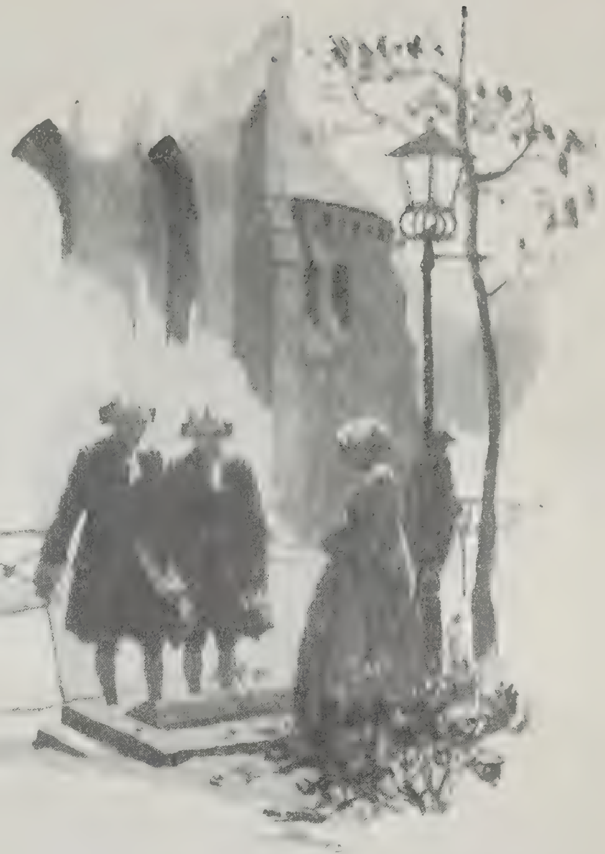
Adventuring With Ghosts of the London of Romance

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

ILLUSTRATED BY L. PERN BIRD



The shade of William Shakespeare, accompanied by the burly figure of a player friend, appeared in Temple Garden.



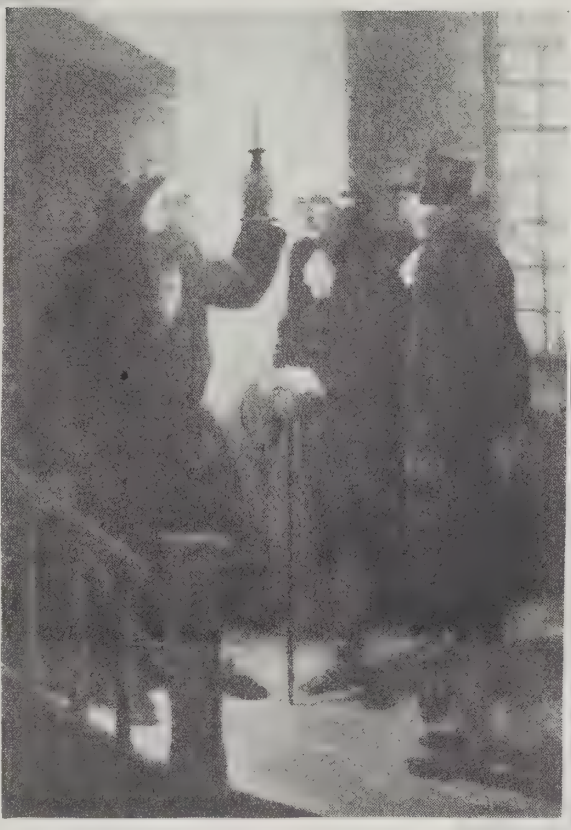
Other ghosts appeared beside the humble stone that marks the burial place of Goldsmith. The woman, whose face could not be seen, must be the Jessamy Bride.

CAN there be a more pleasing adventure, for one who is a lover of the London of yesterday and of the days before, than to spend some hours of an evening communing with the ghosts that haunt the highways and byways of the gray metropolis? There are ghosts in myriads for those who have eyes to see them: frequenting those places in which they spent their earthly days and for the most part shunning the more modern quarters of the town. Shadows love a shadowy land. They are fond of shy neighborhoods, and of these one of their most favored spots is the Temple, the home years ago of the Knights Templars and still the abode of their successors, the Men of the Law, who here receive their training and pursue their calling. But there are others who have dwelt in this ancient home of peace, for the most part men of letters, who found the silence there agreeable to their habits. Of some of those who live there now it is my good fortune to be a friend; many a delightful evening have I passed in their chambers. Then I have gone home through the quiet courts and passages, gloomy with the wintry mists or gray in the moonlight; and so out into the midnight city. Often have I loitered, turning aside from my direct way, seeking out those spots that are frequented by the spirits of the past: a wondrous company, and kindly to those who meet them in good fellowship and understanding.

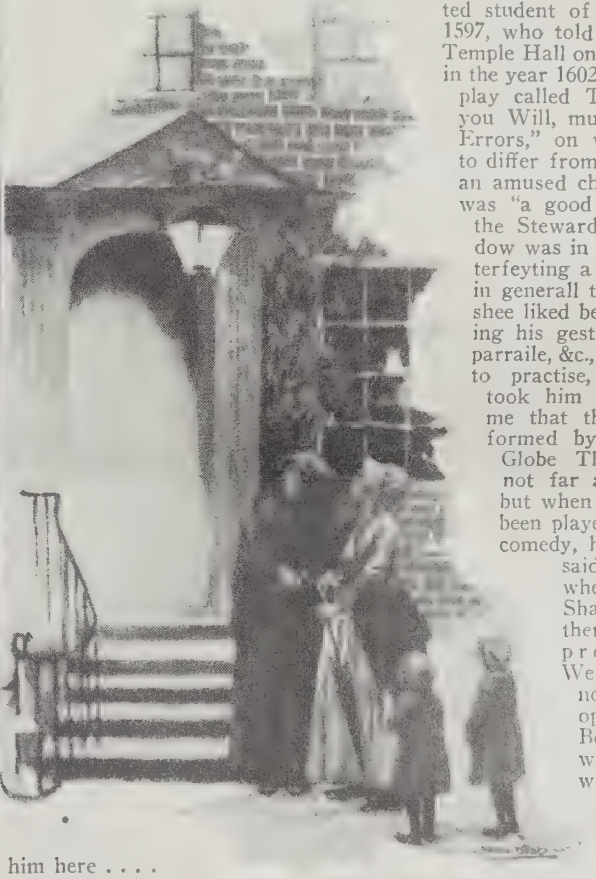
I remember one night in particular: I went from King's Bench Walk past the round Church of the Templars and so into Inner Temple Lane. The summer moon shone bright through the misty air and all was still save for the muffled roar of the city traffic. I turned aside to the little flagged graveyard beneath the stones of which lies all that is mortal of Oliver Goldsmith. A very humble stone marks the whereabouts of his burial place. As I stood there musing, it seemed to me that I was not alone: dim figures were beside me, the burly Doctor Johnson, who loved Goldy more than ever I think he allowed him to know; Sir Joshua, who did not hide his affection; Davy Garrick, Edmund Burke and many another whose name echoes down the corridors of time. They passed, mourning, and others filled their place, nameless women of the town, unknown scribblers, other poor and humble folk, whose distresses he had ungrudgingly relieved and with whose sorrows he had sympathized. They too passed, and a woman whose face I could not see beneath her hood drew near; I knew that she was the Jessamy Bride, the beautiful, dainty Mary Horneck, whom Goldy loved and who treasured to her dying day a lock of his hair.

There are other spots in the Temple haunted by the spirit of Goldsmith, and it pleases me most to meet him in his chambers in number two Brick Court, "two pair right," the lease of which he purchased in 1787 with the money gained by "The Good-natured Man." It should be remembered that the austere Blackstone, he of the Commentaries, occupied the rooms below those of the poet, and he bitterly complained of the disturbance caused to him in his work by the gay doings of Goldy and his noisy friends. If at the right hour you will loiter by the entrance to the dark staircase of number two, you will see many a famous shade pass by to visit Doctor Oliver Goldsmith. Here he was attended in his last hours by kindly Doctor Turton, who said to his restless patient, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" To which Goldsmith made the reply: "No, it is not." What was it that troubled him? Most probably some thought for another. At a quarter to five in the morning of Monday, April the fourth, in the year 1774 and in the forty-sixth year of his age, he crossed the bourne from which no traveler returns.

The shade of Boswell I have always avoided, guzzling, bibulous, jealous little man. Goldsmith he never understood and he licked the boots of the brusque doctor, apparently finding the blacking very much to his taste. Bozzy lived for a time at the bottom of Inner Temple Lane, so as to be near his patron who had rooms at number one, now gone the way that all the buildings of man's hand must go; the site being occupied by the unpicturesque Doctor Johnson's Buildings. The ponderous doctor could unbend upon occasion, and it is at such a time that it is best to meet with him here . . . . It is three o'clock in the morning when two gay young blades come thundering at the door, Bennet Langton, gentleman of ancient Lincolnshire family, tall, slight, stooping, with mild expression on his elegant features and a gentle smile. With him Topham Beauclerk, light-hearted libertine and man of taste. These two fast friends had been supping at a tavern in the town and were ready for more fun. At last, in response to the violent assault upon the panels of his door, the doctor appears, in his hand a poker which he brandishes threateningly at the disturbers of his peace. But, recognizing friends, he roars in high good humor: "What, is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you." So the three sally forth to Covent Garden, where the fruiterers give them a cool welcome, being busy and having no use for such wild roisterers. Then to a neighboring tavern, where they indulged in a bowl of *Bishop*—a potent, hot liquor, compounded of port wine, cloves and oranges. Then back to the riverside, where they take boat to continue their explorations and where we will bid them farewell. In Pump Court is an ancient sundial, set up in the year 1686, whereon is the motto: "Shadows we are and like shadows depart." It has aroused in my mind the thought that perchance in the years to come I may return to haunt these gray courts and alleys: I hope it may be so. This date carries us back to within earshot of the days of Master William Shakespeare, poet, maker of plays, theatrical manager and good fellow. More than once I have met his comely shadow here, but I did not accost him with "Alas! poor ghost." With him on one occasion were his fellows, Francis Beaumont and John Ford, also makers of plays, both students of the Temple, nominally at any rate. Also Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake who in 1586 shortly after his return from his voyage round the world in the *Golden Hind* was entertained by the Templars who then, as now, were notable hosts.



Dr. Johnson, poker in hand, responds to the assault upon his door at the unearthly hour of three.



Pretty, nervous, fanciful Fanny Bolton and her mother stood under the lamp, gazing up to the third floor of the house where Pendennis' chambers were.

And I have consorted with the shade of Master John Manningham, admitted student of the Middle Temple in 1597, who told me that in the Middle Temple Hall on the second of February in the year 1602 "at our feast wee had a play called Twelve Night or What you Will, much like the Comedy of Errors," on which point I ventured to differ from him. He went on with an amused chuckle to tell me that it was "a good practice in it to make the Steward beleeve his Lady widdow was in love with him, by counterfeyting a lettre as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making believe they took him to be mad." He told me that the play had been performed by the actors from the Globe Theater upon Bankside, not far away across the river, but when I asked what part had been played by the writer of the comedy, he shook his head and said that he had not noted whether or not Master Shakespeare had been there that night. I expressed disappointment. We of today may visit that noble Hall, which was opened in 1576 by Queen Bess herself. And could we be there in the dim watches of the night who knows but that we might witness a comedy played by ghostly actors?

Another witty writer of comedies of a later day, but still far away from us, had chambers in the Temple: handsome, wicked William Wycherley. The story goes that Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland and mistress of Charles II, was enamored of the good-looking playwright, who was a fine figure of a man, and that she was wont to visit him there, disguised as a country wench, in straw hat, wearing pattens and carrying a basket on her arm. When I met the shadow of the gay gallant one dusky night, I was indiscreet enough to question him upon the truth of this tale. Whereupon he preened himself, made an effort to appear unconscious, shook his head, and replied that a gentleman was tongue-tied in regard to all such adventures.

As elsewhere and everywhere, life in the Temple is a mingling of tragedy and comedy with flashes of farce. The ghosts of murderers and suicides lurk pale-faced behind discreet windows here which for the major part at nighttime look down blankly and darkling upon the wayfarer in this shadowy London backwater.

William Cowper had chambers in the Inner Temple, dwelling there for some years, making but scant progress in the study of law. His mind grew clouded with despondency and with what might almost be called fear of himself. One evening in the year 1763, a November night, with as innocent mien as he could assume he purchased of an apothecary a half-ounce of laudanum. He walked out into the country, which then drew far closer to the Temple than it now does, but when he had gained the fields his purpose changed and, returning to his chambers, he decided to seek harborage abroad. Again

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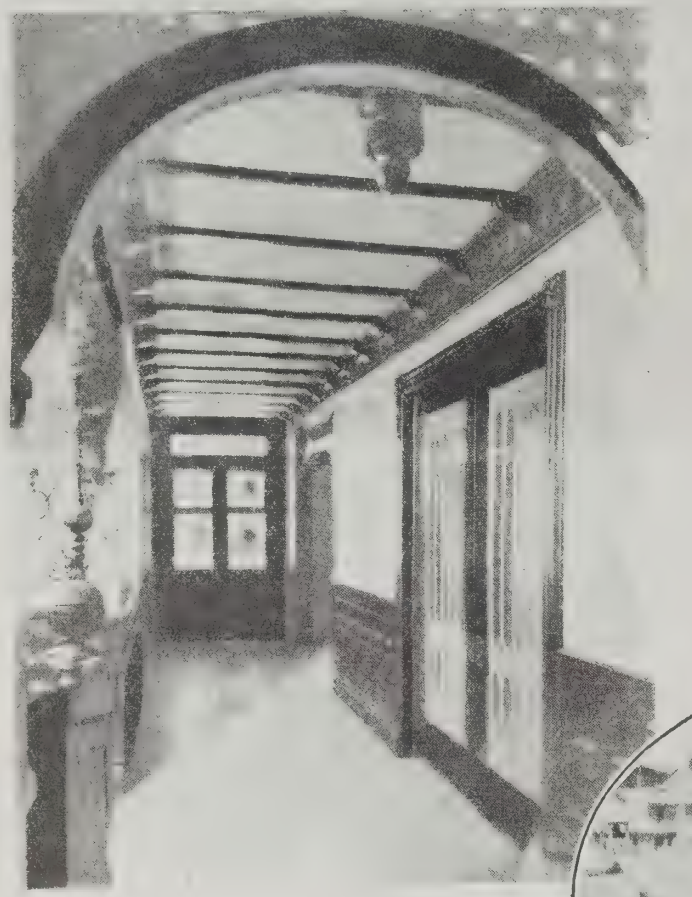
"Spirit House"—World's Largest Home—Is Open

Most Complicated Residence, Never Completed, Built Over Period of 38 years at Cost of Millions

By JOHN L. VON BLON

Photos copyrighted by C. C. Pierce & Co., Los Angeles, 1923.



The magnificent front hall, in prisms, gold and silver, and the massive door with entrancing art-glass panels. The tragedy of this grand portal is that it swung open but three times during its thirty-eight years' service—for the entry and exit of the late Mary Baker G. Eddy and latterly for the silent form of the mistress to be borne forth.

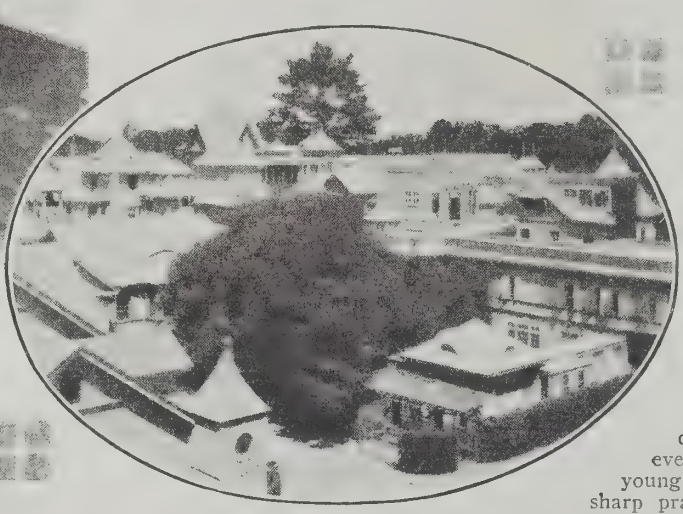
CALIFORNIA'S famous "Spirit House" near San Jose, perhaps the world's largest, most complicated, sumptuous and exclusive private residence, has been opened to the curious public; and after a generation of mystified waiting they that enter find—more mystery! It is a colossal patchwork mansion of 144 rooms builded and occupied during a period of thirty-eight years by the late Mrs. Sarah L. Winchester but not finished because a ghost directed otherwise! The cost is estimated as high as $5,000,000. For the materials alone, the choicest obtainable, the outlay was well over $1,000,000. There was no stint to the almost unlimited funds in the coffers.

This vast, complex edifice, reared upon the compelling fantasies of an aged, wealthy recluse whose noble charities will make her memory ever beloved, and representing in truth a stranger blend of romance and philosophy than fiction tells, contains more than 2,000 doors, fully 10,000 windows, and 150,000 panes of glass! Similar proportion, or disproportion, prevails throughout in other respects.

Every week day in all the thirty-eight years a corps of sixteen or more carpenters and artisans was employed, fabricating, wrecking and reconstructing. The rasping of saws and the crash and clatter of hammers and other tools resounded everywhere in the awkward, ambling and grotesque, yet magnificent, conception as it expanded. Frequently, it is related, half a dozen of them made all the noise they could while the others entertained themselves at cards in obscure recesses. And the owner, though by no means a materialist, felt a keen gratification the while the substantial pile assumed queer shape and enormous size.

Mrs. Winchester, who died a number of months since, was the relict of the son of the founder of the firearms concern that bears the family name. Widowed forty years ago and soon after bereaved of her only child, she decided in her grief to leave forever her home in New Haven, Connecticut; first, however, establishing there the Winchester Sanatorium for tubercular sufferers and providing generously for its support. An ardent Spiritualist, she regarded some of Nature's manifestations as supernatural and is said for this reason to have been so terrified by New England thunder and lightning that it influenced her purpose to seek another clime. Possessed of the Winchester fortune and the recipient of royalties of $1,000 a day, she traveled until she found what appealed as the ideal location, which happened to be San Jose.

On Stevens Creek Road, four miles from the then little town, Dr. Caldwell was completing for himself a seventeen-room home on a thirty-acre lot. This Mrs. Winchester bought, retaining the construction force to consummate the job. Then, so the story goes, a medium conveyed to her from a friendly source in the unseen realm the tidings that death never would overtake her while the dwelling was kept in the process of making, whereas completion and cessation of operations would be fatal. Here appeared hope akin to life indefinite as against dissolution and it was seized upon. In the light of subsequent developments there is a suspicion that the medium may have relayed the "message" of an enterprising contractor.



The "Spirit House" near San Jose, California, a mystery mansion of 144 rooms and costing millions, is now open for the first time. It was built and rebuilt for thirty-eight years by the late Mrs. Sarah L. Winchester. A spirit directed her to keep up construction but not to complete the residence, and it is a colossal but most luxuriant patchwork. This is a rear view, because trees preclude a photograph from front.

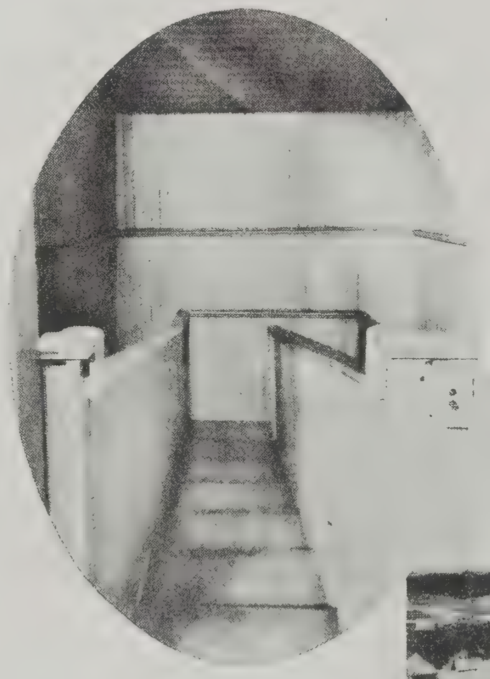
Speedily ensued surprising alterations. The architect saw that all his careful plans were for naught and quit in disgust when the lines were distorted. The head carpenter refused to tear down work he had painstakingly done and was discharged. So there were many changes and increases in personnel. Mrs. Winchester calmly became the sole designer and so remained. Gradually she evolved something that makes the "House of Seven Gables" look like a doll's box—for it has seven score of them; and makes the weirdness of the legendary midnight "House of Usher" seem a baby's joke by contrast.

Meantime the neighbors became interested; also inquisitive, as is the wont in small communities. One of the leading society dames went to make a formal call. A servant returned her card with the word that Mrs. Winchester did not wish to meet her or any others thereabouts and would thank them all to mind their own business and leave her alone. In the seclusion she craved she seldom was disturbed after that; but when the late President Roosevelt visited the valley twenty years ago the San Jose Chamber of Commerce, doing the honors, desired as a special favor to have him shown through what some termed the "manse of the spooks" that he might behold its wonders. Every effort was made to induce its mistress to receive the Chief Executive; the decree was that he could not cross her threshold, and Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily when he heard of it. A queen could not have spoken with more haughtiness or finality.

As the crazy-quilt domicile's magnitude spread over the original grounds and it took on the aspect of a city, lands were added until the estate comprised an extensive acreage. Space to preclude disturbance of the eccentric occupant's peace of mind was insisted upon. Neighbors annoyed her with revelry one night and the next morning she ordered the purchase of their property at any price. Sensing an opportunity to make money through Mrs. Winchester's determination to exclude everything objectionable, a smart young realty dealer readily profited by sharp practice. He informed one of her trusted servants that the owner of a large tract opposite "Spirit House" contemplated erecting a roadside inn. As he had anticipated, the agent immediately sold her the land for a fabulous sum.

Tall trees, dense hedges and an unscalable fence surround the beautiful parks and flower gardens that form the setting of the marvelous habitation now silent as a tomb and effectually shield it from outside view; but it has lately been purchased for exhibition purposes, the grim iron gates at the gray-graveled entrance are ajar, and we will inspect, as briefly as possible, the most bizarre maze ever assembled by human hands. To examine it all would require months; to describe it, a large volume. Spending a minute in each room would involve almost two and a half hours. Exploration has only been begun. Each day reveals unsuspected features.

There are miles of corridors, winding, intricate, bewildering. To enter alone and walk fifty feet in any direction endangers a stranger becoming so completely lost that real fright will result and a search may have to be instituted. Even the guides find it necessary to have arrows painted on the floors to indicate the way to go and prevent long wanderings. Of the 144 rooms not a dozen are on the same level, so we pass up and down continually, usually a short distance but many steps. There are hundreds of "goofy stairs"—steps two and a half inches high, eighteen-inch tread, and narrow casings. In one place forty-five of these are negotiated to make a



There are many narrow staircases of the finest polished woods. In this the steps are two and one-half inches high and the tread eighteen inches. There are nine turns back and forth in a rise of eight and a half feet.

A bell tower and roof from a fourth-story window.

A frequented entranceway, showing an uncompleted portion of the house.

rise of eight and a half feet, and there are nine turns back and forth. In another, eighteen steps and five turns to reach a room four feet below. Many hallways are two to three feet wide and the stairs not over eighteen inches. Like all else of woods, these are of the finest that grow, not veneer but solid, and piano-top finish. There are tens of thousands of square feet of polished surface, not to mention the floors, that reflect like a mirror.

It is a phantasmagoria of chambers. There is no adherence to design and it is all a gigantic puzzle, yet artistic. Futuristic and cubistic are words that apply to the wild medley of beauty unbelievable, lavish, gorgeous, amazing. There are windows of every size and form—in the walls, the floors, the ceilings and the chimneys, hundreds against blank partitions or solid exteriors—costly art glass in a dazzling conglomeration, but sunny days bring only twilight within. Handsome doors open inward and out at countless unexpected places, some in the upper stories directly to the outdoors and a sudden fall. Like the windows, the doors may lead to a roof beneath a false floor or a closet so tiny that if a book were placed inside they could not be closed. We open a gold-plated screen framed in richest mahogany and find behind it an elegant bird's-eye maple and art-glass door; back of that—the wall. Opening another heavy door we go up a metal-bound flight of stairs fifteen inches, turn, and find another flight leading into the room we have just left. A door with a six-inch threshold of Carrara marble is the entry to a short passage with no outlet—a "blind." And more and more doors are discovered. What a field 'twould be for Sherlock Holmes!

One of the numerous doors concealing gongs electrically connected by scores or hundreds of wires.

Turning to a few of the hundred more extraordinary rooms we come to the "white satin chamber," so-called because the walls and ceilings were effectively draped with that material and even the floor covered with it. This satiny bower of snowy whiteness held central interest during the owner's lifetime because here she held communion with her departed mate. No other person entered. In her declining years Mrs. Winchester often was taken up or down on one of the three elevators that lead from basement to garret, wheeled to the door in her chair, and her nurse dismissed. Then she would enter and remain in the room possibly for hours, and ring for the attendant when ready to leave. Invariably she was found outside and the door locked. Quite unlike most other rooms, this had but a single window, always closely curtained. Sometimes from without the shadow of a woman's form was seen passing this window, but prying eyes never glimpsed what transpired within.

Particularly significant to her also was the "blue room" or seance chamber, entered by a plain door and zealously guarded against intrusion. Two small windows to inclosed skylights are steel-barred. Noteworthy here is a capacious closet in which were kept numerous wondrously colored silk and satin gowns each having, by virtue of its hue, a specific relationship to a spirit guide and being worn when that one's counsel was sought. On the farther side is a wardrobe with drawers beneath. Step over these and you are in a labyrinth of unfinished rooms affording access to many parts of the house; a secret way.

"Prism hall" is the superb main entranceway, ten by forty feet and a masterpiece executed in silver and gold and thousands of prisms, the latter so set that they make the length of the hall a glory of scintillating brilliance—all the colors of the rainbow. The massive front door, with its entrancing art-glass panels, is worth as much as a common home. The tragedy of this lovely portal is that it swung open but thrice during its thirty-eight years' service—for the entry and exit of the late Mary Baker G. Eddy, schoolmate and dear friend of Mrs. Winchester, and for the still form of the mistress to be borne out when death would not be stayed. Mrs. Winchester, her closest employes and the few others who were admitted, entered the house by an uncomfortable side stairway and used a mediocre reception room, barren and foreign to any hint of luxury—a dingy place wherein the extremely wealthy gentlewoman greeted any she welcomed.

Off the grand hall is the dining and ballroom, in which no ball ever was held; twenty by forty feet and a dream in exquisitely carved bird's-eye maple. What look like cobwebs on the ceiling, holding the daisy patterns that make up its panels, are intricate gravings by a famous artist. Gold and silver leaf in glowing tints decorates the walls. As elsewhere in the house the fixtures are heavily plated with gold and silver and all the windows and doors "leaded" with German silver inside and bronze to the weather. In the upper part is the most elegant of art glass and beveled French in the lower. Two stained-glass windows bear the mottoes which, joined, read: "Wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts; these same thoughts people this little world." There is a great pipe organ, and fireproof vaults and burglar-proof safes to hold the treasure in gold and silver plate. The contractor who agreed to finish this room for $9,000 lost $400 because it cost him that much additional.

Another hundred apartments might be detailed, from the luxurious living room to the severely simple chamber in which Mrs. Winchester surrendered to the inevitable amid the clangor of construction she directed to the very last hour. Each has a peculiar touch of individuality, the mystic impress of the indomitable planner firmly placed. The most uncanny part of the whole is the section first put up, which was rocked and shattered by an earthquake in 1906. The damage was done, Mrs. Winchester insisted, by spirits because they desired her to abandon that part. She left the furnishings just as the "spirits" had disposed them, never entered again, and commanded the servants to padlock it and stay out. The extravagant embossed plastering hangs from the ceilings and walls in shreds, the expensive beveled windows are broken, and an inch of dust covers the rare inlaid woods of the floors and railings. It is a melancholy picture of destruction. The hobgoblins were in ugly mood.

Balconies constitute a perplexing peculiarity of the spectral home. They are many and large and the product of expert cabinetmakers, but usually on level floors, in the centers of rooms, at the heads of "goofy stairs," all over the place, serving no apparent purpose. In most instances they are in pairs or groups of several, each entirely inclosed.

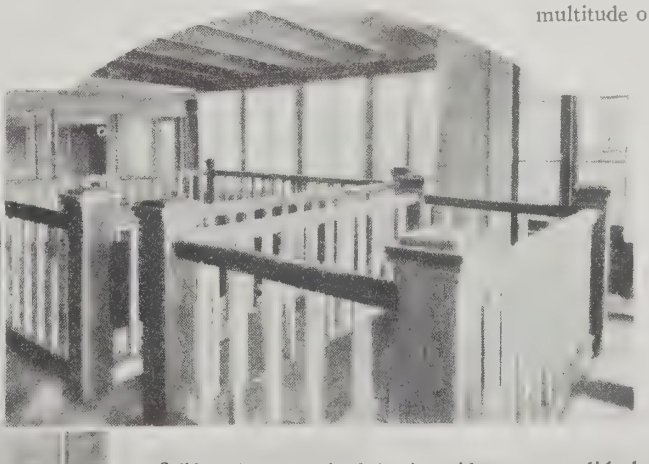
Three means of lighting and six systems of heating are provided for the mansion—wood, coal and gas fireplaces and steam, hot-air and electric radiators. Forty-seven mantels have been counted, of brick, tile, stone, marble, wood, brass and even glass. There are four mantels and fireplaces and five hot-air radiators within an open space ten by twenty-five feet.

One big bathroom is conspicuous because in its very center stands an old-fashioned zinc tub. There are twenty-four other bathrooms with tiled and mosaic floors and side walls, ornamental ceilings, and elaborate cut-glass windows. These contain the best of modern tubs and fixtures, silver-trimmed. They are not connected with sleeping rooms but scattered hit or miss. So with closets visible and concealed, numbering hundreds if not thousands, countless chests of drawers, and close-fitting minor compartments, nooks and crannies yet beyond estimating; kitchen after kitchen with every conceivable convenience and shiny with nickel, porcelain and marble; and sinks by the hundred, all with faucets and running water, together with fire-fighting facilities. These sinks are encountered in odd places, even to stairways.

Electric push buttons dot the interior. A multitude of them is concealed. Doors hide gongs connected with myriad wires that have not been traced. Nobody living knows what all these buttons and gongs and switches are for. They form an electrical network so confusing that it may never be understood.

Despite her aloofness and eccentricities Mrs. Winchester was a woman of charm, cultured, educated, fluent in several languages, a lover of music, art and literature, and philanthropic on a large scale. She found happiness and satisfaction in her hermitic existence, a life of icy, regal splendor and lonely, oft pathetic, grandeur. During her long career in "Spirit House" she never visited another home, never entered a church or public building nor did she ride upon a train.

That she had faith in the message of life so long as she builded is shown by the fact that she left sufficient materials to have prosecuted the unique task forty or fifty years longer, and continued buying. It fills three large storehouses and includes astounding quantities of the superexcellent stock she used, some of which it would be almost impossible to purchase today.



Solid mahogany twin balconies without purpose or significance.

Four mantels and fireplaces and five hot-air heaters in a space 10 x 25 feet. Arrows point to mantels.

Bankers Nullify Torrens Land Title Law

Money Merchants Hold Up People for High Fees Despite Low-fee Statute

THE TORRENS ACT

The person or persons in whom singly or collectively the fee-simple is vested, either at law or in equity, may apply to have the land placed on the register of titles. The applications are submitted for examination to a barrister and to a conveyancer, who are styled "examiners of titles." These gentlemen report to the register:

First, whether the description of the land is definite and clear;

Second, whether the applicant is or is not in undisputed possession;

Third, whether the applicant appears in equity and justice rightfully entitled to the land;

Fourth, whether the applicant produces such evidence of title as leads to the conclusion that no other person is in position to succeed against him in action for ejectment.

These questions being answered affirmatively, a certificate is issued describing the nature of the real estate of the applicant, and this certificate of title vests the estate indefinitely in the applicant. This certificate of title is kept in duplicate by the registrar, and the putting together of these duplicates constitutes the register.

By ROBERT MORGAN

WHEN I was a boy in a country grammar school in the then new West, we initiated newcomers at the school into our "secret society" by compelling them to slide off the roof of the barn in which we stabled our riding horses, while we pelted the unfortunate aspirants for social honors with green walnuts. There was a law of the school against this sort of treatment of new pupils, but the principal of the school was a small man, of rather troubled mind and somewhat uncertain courage. If he punished one, he had to punish all, and he was totally unequal to the task, so the law went unenforced.

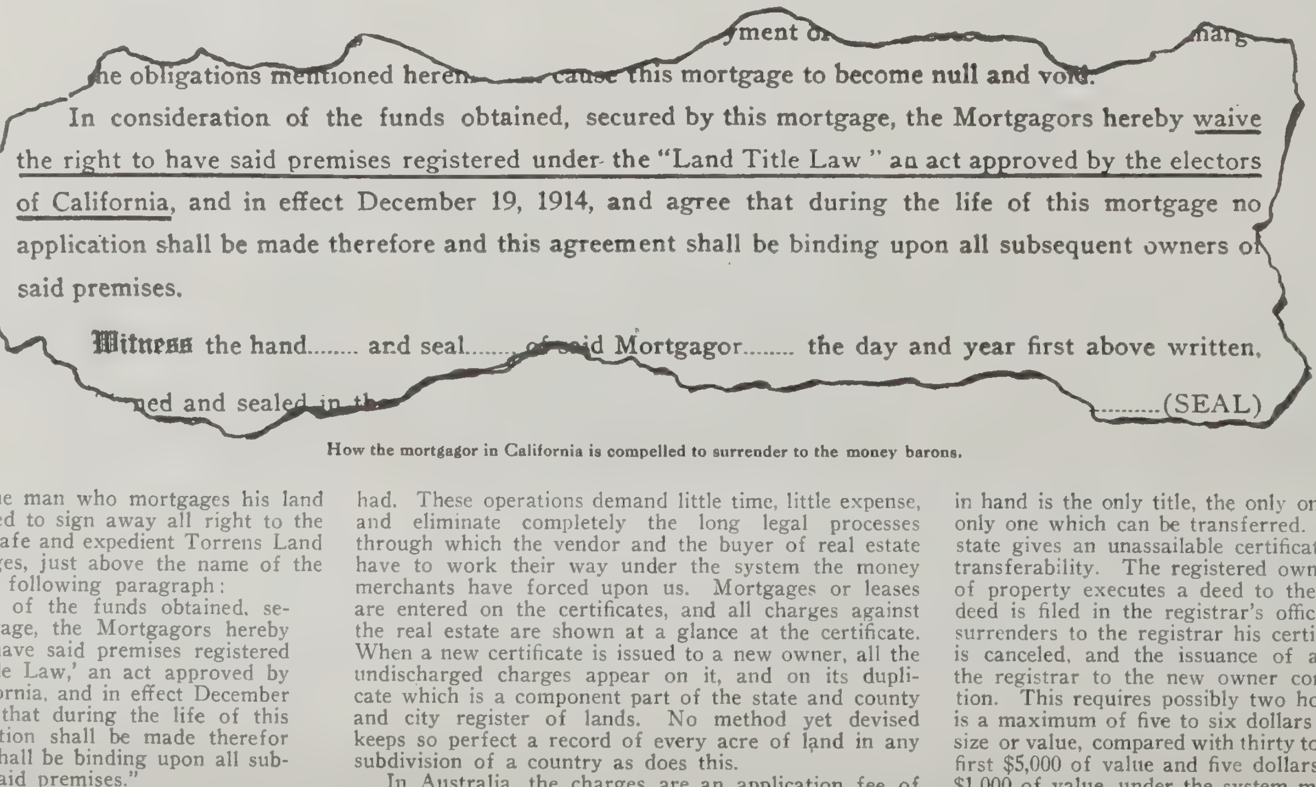
Newcomers to California—where, by the way, that school was and still is—are initiated into property ownership by payment to the banks, and to the title, guarantee and trust companies, which are subsidiaries of the banks, of fees from five to twenty times as large as the state law says they need to pay. But the state law is not powerful enough to compel the bankers and the title companies, or even some of the more opulent real estate dealers—"realtors," they call them out our way—to give the new property owner a square deal.

To me there is a suitable comparison between the school-day rule-breaking of thirty years ago, and the money merchants' law-evasion of today. There is, however, this difference: Whereas we boys merely broke a rule, and harmed no one beyond a few black-and-blue spots, the bankers and the title, guarantee and trust companies, and some of the real estate dealers, of California, are taking from the pockets of every man or woman who buys real estate there, money to which none of the three is entitled, and for which no adequate service is rendered. The "searching of titles" for which the land or home buyer pays the title company, is the sheerest pretense, to be gone through with, for an exorbitant fee, every time the property changes hands. The "insurance of title," likewise to be paid for every time a farm or a lot or a home is sold, again is taking money under false pretenses, for the records show that less than one-twenty-fifth of one per cent of the real property honestly sold is ever subject to legal action as result of defective or insufficient title.

Yet there is, on the books of California as part of the active law, the "Judicial System of Registering Titles"—in other words, the Torrens Land Law, modified to meet conditions in a country in which, owing to the mandate of the written constitution, registration of title must be judicial, the result of judicial authentication. California and Illinois adopted this law in 1897, the first of the states to put it on the books. Massachusetts followed in 1898; Oregon and Minnesota in 1901; Colorado in 1903; Washington in 1907; New York in 1908; North Carolina in 1913; Ohio in 1914; Mississippi and Nebraska in 1915; South Carolina and Virginia in 1916, and Georgia, Utah, North and South Dakota and Tennessee in 1917. In some states it is the exclusive law on land titles and their registration; in others it divides authority with the old system of registration of deeds and passage of titles through the title, guarantee and trust companies. In none of these states, except California, have the money powers been able to nullify the law, while it stands on the statutes, to such an extent that the private title companies are able to *forbid the property owner to use this method of registering and transferring his title.*

That is exactly what the title, guarantee and trust companies of California, backed financially by the banks, and supported by the attorneys, and the real estate agents and dealers, have done. In mortgage blanks provided by title guarantee companies, the man who mortgages his land or his home is compelled to sign away all right to the use of the economical, safe and expedient Torrens Land Law. In these mortgages, just above the name of the mortgagor, appears the following paragraph:

> "In consideration of the funds obtained, secured by this mortgage, the Mortgagors hereby waive the right to have said premises registered under the 'Land Title Law,' an act approved by the electors of California, and in effect December 19, 1914, and agree that during the life of this mortgage no application shall be made therefor and this agreement shall be binding upon all subsequent owners of said premises."



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he obligations mentioned heren cause this mortgage to become null and vo

In consideration of the funds obtained, secured by this mortgage, the Mortgagors hereby waive the right to have said premises registered under the "Land Title Law " an act approved by the electors of California, and in effect December 19, 1914, and agree that during the life of this mortgage no application shall be made therefore and this agreement shall be binding upon all subsequent owners o said premises.

Witness the hand........ and seal........ id Mortgagor........ the day and year first above written.

ned and sealed in th ....(SEAL)

How the mortgagor in California is compelled to surrender to the money barons.

Now, the title guarantee company prevents the use of the Torrens Land Law, not because it doubts its accuracy, or safety, but because such registration of the property or properties mortgaged would deprive the title guarantee company of fees ranging from approximately fifty dollars for the small property, up to thousands of dollars for large business-district holdings in any city. Just why the owners of real estate in California, particularly homes and farms, should submit to this robbery through nullification of the law becomes apparent when it is realized that, in the case of mortgages, unless the mortgagor agrees to abandon his legal rights, and pay the exorbitant fee of the title company, he will not get his loan. The writer has known three men to whom this "corrective treatment" was applied when they refused to sign mortgages forbidding them to make use of the Torrens system. Each was informed by the representative of the title guarantee company that no loan would be forthcoming unless the mortgagor abandoned his legal right along this line. The men still refused to sign, and found, after a week's search, that they could not borrow a dollar from any bank, trust company, title guarantee corporation, or even private money lender, without pledging themselves to pay the required tribute—for which they receive no return which could not be had under the Torrens Law—to the title guarantee company.

The advantage of the "Judicial System of Registering Titles," lies in the fact that it is a registration of *title* and not merely of *deed*. This advantage is fivefold: it eliminates all contest for the title, it guarantees possession, it is simple and easily understood, it removes the necessity for the searching of titles, the largely mythical proceeding from which the title companies glean such large profits; and it reduces the cost of land transfers to an average of less than ten per cent of present costs. Experts on land titles and their transfer agree that the greatest of these advantages is simplicity of registration. A certificate is issued at the first registration, describing the nature of the real estate, and this certificate of title vests the estate indefinitely in the applicant. The certificate is kept in duplicate by the registrar, and the putting together of the duplicates, and their comparison, constitutes the register. The title is fully protected against adverse claims, and if, after the certificate has been issued, proof is adduced that the registered owner is not entitled to registration, the rightful owner cannot recover his land. He is, however, guaranteed compensation from a fund formed by the contribution—in Australia, where the law has been in operation successfully since 1857—of one-half penny to the pound sterling, or about one-fifth of one per cent, value of the land, levied when registration is made.

Sale (transfer) of the land merely requires cancellation of the old certificate of title, and the issuance of a new one. All the old transactions are wiped off the map, and the holder of the new certificate is the new owner, with the same protection that the first owner had. These operations demand little time, little expense, and eliminate completely the long legal processes through which the vendor and the buyer of real estate have to work their way under the system the money merchants have forced upon us. Mortgages or leases are entered on the certificates, and all charges against the real estate are shown at a glance at the certificate. When a new certificate is issued to a new owner, all the undischarged charges appear on it, and on its duplicate which is a component part of the state and county and city register of lands. No method yet devised keeps so perfect a record of every acre of land in any subdivision of a country as does this.

In Australia, the charges are an application fee of five shillings, and a registration fee of one pound, when the certificate is issued. Subsequent issues of new certificates to new owners, recording of mortgages on the certificates, and so on, cost from five shillings to one pound. In California, the certificate of title, with one duplicate, costs $1.50; each further duplicate, fifty cents, and each transfer registration and issue of new certificate to a new owner, $1.50. These charges compare with total costs of approximately thirty-two dollars for the so-called "searching of title," "insuring of title," registration of deed, and so on, for a small property valued at from $3,000 to $5,000. Beyond $5,000—the price of a very modest home—this figure soars rapidly into thousands of dollars for business property of high valuation. The title guarantee and trust companies mulct the purchaser in proportion to the amount of money he is investing, while, under the Torrens Land Law, and its American prototypes, the charges are fixed, and the same for all values. Small wonder the lawyers, the title guarantee companies, the banks and the real estate dealers support the present antiquated, involved, costly and usurious system in preference to the Torrens Law!

These factions are enabled to make their opposition to the simpler law felt because the bankers and title guarantee companies were clever enough, when the "Judicial System of Registering Titles" was adopted in California, to see to it that the statute was not made mandatory, but merely optional with the buyer of property. That is to say, if the purchaser of real estate in California wishes to register his title under the Torrens system, he may do so. He will be perfectly protected in his title by all the authority of the state, but he will not be able to borrow money on his own property unless he pays tribute to the title guarantee companies, which in turn are owned by, or closely involved with, the banks. Attorneys support the demands of the title guarantee companies and the banks, because they draw fat retainers and large fees from both for giving their "opinions" on legal questions, a barrage of which is raised over every possible title. Under the Torrens system, these "opinions" are as needless as the "searching of titles," or the insurance of them, and the attorneys would be out hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly, in California alone, if the Torrens title system were made mandatory instead of optional.

The real estate dealers support the position of the title guarantee companies, the banks and the lawyers, because they cannot borrow money on subdivision projects, for the development of tracts of land near cities, and for the "swinging" of large and frequently uncalled-for deals in real estate, without the assistance of the banks. Thus it goes, an endless web, spun by the traffickers in money, to entangle the purses of the would-be home-owners, the farmers, and all who wish to hold title to a piece of the earth.

As examples of the successful operation of this system of registration and guarantee of land titles, and transferring them quickly and cheaply, it should be mentioned that, beginning with the adoption of the plan, fresh from the hands of Sir Robert Richard Torrens, by Australia, in 1857, British Honduras adopted it in 1858; Queensland, Tasmania and Victoria in 1861; New South Wales in 1862; New Zealand in 1870; West Australia in 1874; Fiji in 1876; England in 1897, and that now all the British insular possessions have it in operation. The elimination of retrospective examinations becomes automatic under the Torrens Land Law. That is to say, the "searching of titles" is removed because there are no back titles to search. The title in hand is the only title, the only one registered and the only one which can be transferred. In other words, the state gives an unassailable certificate of ownership and transferability. The registered owner who sells a piece of property executes a deed to the transferee, and the deed is filed in the registrar's office. The owner then surrenders to the registrar his certificate of title, which is canceled, and the issuance of a new certificate by the registrar to the new owner completes the transaction. This requires possibly two hours' time The cost is a maximum of five to six dollars for property of any size or value, compared with thirty to fifty dollars for the first $5,000 of value and five dollars for each additional $1,000 of value, under the system maintained in defiance of the optional law by the money dealers of California.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is no possible difference of opinion about the fact that the center of the world's prosperity during recent years has been the United States. Neither is there any special difficulty in accounting for the fact. It has not been due to superior statesmanship nor intrigue; it is not the fruit of compulsion exercised by us on the nations; it is due to one reason alone, namely, that we are in the position to serve the world and the world has availed itself of our service.

How long will it last? is a question which has occupied many minds in recent months. There are always those who feel that a good condition is too good to be true, or too good to last. As winter came on a year ago there were voices that prophesied a serious slow-up. As the present winter came in sight, the forecasts of gloom were noticeably fewer. And yet serious men are not content to lose sight of the possibilities, nor to indulge so far in thoughtless optimism as to forget that after all eternal vigilance is the price of economic as of every other kind of security.

If all the factors were in our hands, that is, if the directing influences were all visible and open to our control, there would seldom be any difficulty in forecasting economic conditions. Given the daily needs of the people, the labor required to supply those needs, the interchange of wealth between field and factory and merchant and worker, and it is not at all difficult to say that business can always be good provided it is not tampered with, provided the desire of all the elements of business is toward prosperity by work instead of by trick.

Very seldom do natural causes, that is, the natural and unpreventable economic inability of the people, account for periods of unproductiveness and want. Very seldom. Most of such periods are artificially induced. Someone who wants to get rich out of turn; someone who wants to turn playboy and jam up the economic machinery; someone who wants to make a quick "killing" and "retire"; some stupid and blundering experiment with the tried principles of production and exchange—these are the principal causes of the disarrangement of the economic life of people. Maybe the principal one is the desire to "retire." Any powerful man, whose ambition is to obtain wealth for the purpose of escaping his duty to the world, is a potential danger. Wealth never justifies idleness, and certainly idleness does not justify wealth. Wealth as the raw material of human service may be justifiable.

> *THE world is held together by the mass of honest folk who do their daily tasks, tend their own spot in the world, and have faith that at last the Right will come fully to its own. These are the salt of the earth, they constitute that saline solution which is forever reviving a moribund world. They believe that right motives make right conditions, that if their faces are turned toward the light they cannot miss the road, and all right-minded men desire to see this true faith of the people vindicated. This is our truest basis of prosperity. It is the essence of all our security. It is the promise of all our progress. If this faith should be lost from any considerable group of society, it would constitute a loss equal to that of all the material wealth we possess.*

It is possible to say, however, that just now we are probably in less danger from artificial causes of depression than at any time for many years. One reason for this is that we are at the end of a cycle of "getting something for nothing." Not only are the respectable practices of twenty-five years ago regarded with abhorrence now, but the practices themselves are beginning to bear the logical fruit of their nature. The sins of the past are piling up past bearing. There is no line of business in which false business practices flourished that is not today floundering on the brink of bankruptcy. Chickens are coming home to roost in such flocks that even the roosts cannot hold them. The meaning of the financial problems that beset the country today is not to be found in the war or any recent condition, but in the logical destructive results of wrong business practices that simply had to wind up in fitting retribution.

Thus the business servants of this generation have been made to realize in an impressive way that though a few may make quick gains and abscond from the field of activity, the results of their misconduct inevitably fall on the remaining business men and the public. So that it becomes part of business of self-protection to see that these questionable practices are not countenanced. Big business has always been concerned with the essential honesty of the smaller businesses that went to make up the greater unit, but now the importance of the matter has put the challenge up to the highest inside office.

Not that human nature has changed, that would be too much to expect. But the fact is that law has become more evident, the natural law, and men are more aware than before that now they are not playing with fellow men merely, not outwitting fellow speculators merely, but are playing with a remorseless economic law that cannot be outwitted by anyone.

This does not mean at all that a certain part of the people are any less easy to deceive: we are told that there are always a million or so of our citizens who will believe any preposterous financial statement made to them: it simply means that, as a matter-of-fact proposition, the men who are likely to remain in business, the men who because of their gifts and inclinations are likely to remain our economic managers, have learned that it is impossible to trick the law, the natural law of equity.

With these matters understood, then, one is free to say that there is no discernible cloud upon our industrial and economic affairs in the near future. We are really in somewhat better shape than we were several years ago, because now both labor and management have come down to more practicable conditions. A day's work is being done, and a proper day's pay is being more widely recognized. The whole relationship between management and labor, and between them both and the public, is much more simple and therefore much more honest. Our situation, our state of mind, our practices and purposes are more healthful all round. And that, of course, is one of the indispensable elements of sound prosperity.

There are signs that the condition of the farmer is improving. This is most welcome of all, because the farmer's turnover is slowest of all, necessarily, and because heretofore he has been least considered of all. The farmer who has been able to weather through the experience of the past several years will be a better farmer and a better manager in the future. It is rather hard to measure the permanent value of difficulty, but one feels that the experience of farmers in recent years is going to have the effect of giving us a new type of farmer, a man who has learned by the hard force of circumstances that he is in business, and that there is a business method by which he can protect himself from the self-seeking of others. This nation will never fully appreciate what it owes to the farmer and the other workers who carried on in the hope that right motives must make right conditions at last, and if there is one thing that right-minded people desire above all things to see it is this true faith of the people vindicated.

The year before us should be one of continued opportunity for work. That is the best any of us can expect in this career, to find our work, to have an opportunity to do it, and to achieve the experience which comes through doing it. We should greatly distrust all teachings or propaganda which casts a sinister light on our work. It is because the great managing minds lost faith in the social value of their work that they seek for quick fortunes and early retirement. It is because the people lose faith in the social value of their work that they succumb to the false teaching that the worker's toil has no other effect than to make the rich richer. It is the country, all the people of the country, who are ultimately the beneficiaries of all that all of us do, and once we know this—not as having been told it, but as having really seen and understood it—we shall give the strongest safeguard to economic security that it is possible for any people to give.

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Are Americans Cowards?

THE *Christian Courier,* of Dallas, Texas, tells of a Federal judge, who, in addition to imposing a stiff penalty, including fine and imprisonment, severely excoriated the prisoner with whom he was dealing. The *Courier* charges it was "scathing and even beastly abuse," and denounces the act in unmeasured terms.

Neither the prisoner nor his legal adviser deemed it prudent to protest, fearing summary punishment for contempt of court. The editor was so impressed with the "despotic tyranny" of the judge that he inquired of a leading attorney as to whether there was any warrant in law for it, receiving the reply that there is no legal right, or moral right either, for such conduct on the bench, but that "I dare not raise my voice against it for fear of being sent to jail, and the very fact that I hesitate to say anything about the matter shows that we no longer have free speech in this country, and that our liberties are in great danger. And you will be taking chances to make any criticism of this judge in your paper."

Too many magistrates abuse the privilege of their high office to tickle the public ear and gain doubtful publicity by a display of verbal fireworks at the expense of helpless wretches before them. It is not only unseemly, but it "has nothing to do with the case." When a judge turns prosecutor, justice stands in jeopardy.

The element of fear on the part of the bar and public, as it appears in the quotations here given, is another point for consideration. It would be going too far to make reference on this account to anything resembling despotism or tyranny on the part of the courts, but every reader of every newspaper can recall incidents where a judge, having given his sentence, has been roused to anger by some ill-timed observation about his act, and in his anger has increased the severity of his sentence. The anger is unjudicial and the increased sentence in such circumstances is unjust, and the instinct of both bar and laity knows it.

Yet how often does one hear protest? Is it a question that even newspapers care to discuss? Do men take judges to task for obvious violations of their position? The lawyer here quoted says that men dare not criticize these public and notorious excesses of judicial zeal. If this is so—and there is enough truth in it to warrant this comment—then the condition has reached a point where a course of action should be considered.

The first hope would be the bar associations. They have the right to act as custodians of the character, dignity and fitness of the occupants of the bench. They are officers of the court and acting as associations would be sufficiently protected from any consequences that might otherwise be feared. Failing the bar associations, there are the newspapers, although their handling of such matters would have to be on a high plane to be effective. The motive in all such protest should be not the embarrassment of individual judges but the restoration and maintenance of the high traditions of our courts.

The last thing we wish to feel is that the bench is cowardly in dealing with helpless prisoners before it; or that the bar is cowardly in dealing with a growing lack of dignity on the bench; or that the public is cowardly in dealing with both if necessary.

A New Year's Wish

PROSPERITY is what everyone desires, and this country has had a very generous share of it during the past year, with excellent prospects for the year to come. But it is worth considering that it is not during times of prosperity that our principal progress is made in national matters. The people are not inclined to look for the roots of trouble unless the trouble is very apparent, as it seldom is during times of prosperity. Indeed, it is during times of prosperity and by means of prosperity that every tyrant in history has established himself. The people do not seem to care what is occurring in the upper circle of political or economic affairs as long as they are able to work, support their families and enjoy a few of the comforts of life. Even the clamor of communism dies down in times of general prosperity.

This is merely to note the fact, not to utter protest against it, for perhaps no protest could be so futile as that which notes the willingness of the people to relax in easy times. It is as it is—and that is all there is to it. Still, it is to be regretted, for if there is ever a time to work at the perfecting of our general system of industrial and social life it is during the time of prosperity. It is then that we can work without strain, without wrong suspicions, without the stinging sense of fear or foreboding, and with a proper perspective. The remedies which the people seek in times of distress are almost always wrong and often work more harm than does the distress itself. Yet it seems that it is only in times of distress that the people can be induced to turn their minds to the fact that we are living under a system completely amenable to our wise control, and so adjustable as to insure a continuance of opportunity to live properly. It is a pity that this is true, but it is true, and one of the evidences of wisdom is to recognize the fact.

In the year which is coming, our good conditions will continue. There will be work, there will be opportunity, there will be an increase in good will between all sections. The best New Year's Wish one could conceive for the United States would be that its people would not become morally drowsy under good conditions, but would gird themselves in mind to deal with the less pleasant facts which always lurk beneath the surface.

Less Detail for the President

A BILL has been introduced by Senator Edge to "lighten the responsibilities of the President of the United States." Is this just the result desired? Is the President to be relieved of responsibilities or of routine duties? So far as discussion of this matter has proceeded, the concensus of opinion seems to be not that the President is to be made any less the President, but less the office clerk. He must be kept fully responsible for all that pertains to his Administration. This he shares in part with his party organization. It is impossible for the best informed President to know all the men whom he appoints to office; he must rely on the party organization of the various states for information upon which to make many appointments; so that politics, insofar as it is not vitiated by selfishness or corruption, is of real assistance to the President. But to require that the President endlessly sign his name, endlessly devote himself to clerical details, endlessly do in detail what he could do in bulk, is to require too much under present conditions.

A simple way to proceed would seem to be a study of the machinery of the President's office, a study made by a commission say of two or three former Presidential secretaries with members of Congress, and then such recommendations of simplification which Congress could sanction by whatever amendments may be necessary. After all, it is not a matter which touches Presidential responsibility so much as the management of the executive office.

No Rouge at the White House

COMMON sense continues to mark all that the public is allowed to know of the new residents at the White House. The newspapers have thought it news to herald that the mistress of the Executive Mansion does not rouge, and that at a recent reception given by her there was a noticeable change in the complexion of the majority present, a change in the direction of naturalness. Lipsticks, eyebrow pencils, rouge pots and all the other aids to deceptive impressions seemed by common consent to be taboo. It would be interesting to know how the result was achieved—whether word was sent round, or whether it is an entirely new crowd that now assembles at the White House. One hesitates to think what may be the truth, that Washington society is sufficiently snobbish and imitative to leave rouge alone if the First Lady of the Land leaves it alone. However that may be, it is a good change and a good sign.

If One Could Know

THE quarrels of nations, as of men, grow often from concealed causes, and the apparent aggressor is not the actual one. Most wars could be avoided if only people knew the sinister influences within and without that fostered them. The cost of war is never borne by those who instigate it. The hatred necessary to war is cunningly nourished by secret plotters, who fatten their purses through the necessity of the plain people of the nations.

Many years ago, there appeared on the market in serial form a history of the United States—a handsome page, finely illustrated, and the text endorsed by leading public men. On its cover was a handsome allegorical picture of patriotism. The farmer left his plow in the furrow as he sprang to the colors, the artisan offered his services, *the capitalist offered his bag of gold.* It was inspiring. How many boyish hearts were fired with the desire to be at man's estate to be able, too, to show their valor in a glorious cause.

The form in which history has been given to us has had its part in making the conquests of war the chief marks of national progress. The young have been led to idolize military heroes, while the fame of greater men has been left to the student to discover. And from this false history a false philosophy has sprung, namely, that war is a biologic necessity. Thus nations are abroad with a figurative chip on their shoulders, to make enemy of any friend. This induced predisposition to fight is taken advantage of by the cunning, and, where no cause of friction exists, it is assumed or can be created.

But behold how the picture on that cover is spoiled! The young of all classes eagerly volunteer to "fight our country's battles," and the flower of the nation's youth is her first sacrifice. Then the fire of patriotism is apparently quenched, and replacements are secured by conscription. *But Midas was not a patriot from the first, for he never offered his bag of gold except for a bond which makes that of Shylock seem a cheap thing.*

Yet Midas caused the war. Human greed had to do with its inspiration. In this country there is less reason to expect war than in any other. Our part in foreign disputes has always been declaredly altruistic. But had there been no greed to serve, at least two Presidents of the United States since Lincoln would have been free of a pro-war pressure which turned their policies and purposes from peace to violence. Both executives opposed the force behind them until human nature could resist no longer, until Midas induced press, pulpit and populace to raise cries for war, which cries can honestly be faced today only by those who fought and those who mourn their soldier dead.

Is Bolshevism Jewish?

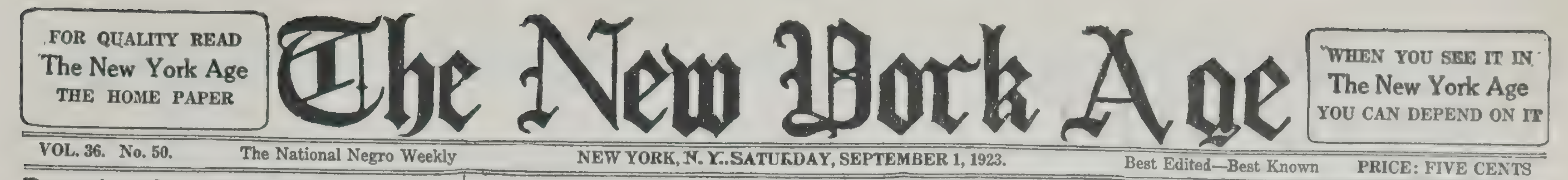
DO YOU remember, several years ago, that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was telling the truth about Jewish rule in Russia while all the Jewish controlled press of the United States was denying it? A perfect file of that propaganda shows that gradually the truth won to the top, until now almost everywhere the Jewish rule of Russia is acknowledged.

Even Mrs. Clare Sheridan now states the fact in the most unconcerned fashion, and if there were any mitigation possible in behalf of the Jews, Mrs. Sheridan could be depended upon to find that mitigation. More wonderful still, the New York *World* prints what Mrs. Sheridan says!

"The communists are Jews," says Mrs. Sheridan in the *World* of December 13, "and Russia is being entirely administered by them. They are in every government office, in every bureau, in every newspaper office. These are not the caliber of those in British and American political, financial and intellectual life. Although New York seems to have cradled the Russian bureaucracy, they are of the type that the United States calls 'undesirable aliens,' people whom America is more pleased to see going than coming. But for the Russian revolution many of these bureaucrats would doubtless be behind their pawnbrokers' counters.

"Statistics show that 61,000 of them came to Moscow in September of this year. They are driving out the Russians and are responsible for the dangerous anti-Semitic feeling which is increasing."

That this is the truth and has been the truth from the beginning all informed people knew. But why there was such a determined attempt to deny the truth in the United States is not yet clear. It is equally puzzling how publicists can continue to take propaganda hand-outs from agencies which so grossly deceived and misled them before.



FOR QUALITY READ
The New York Age
THE HOME PAPER

The New York Age

WHEN YOU SEE IT IN
The New York Age
YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT

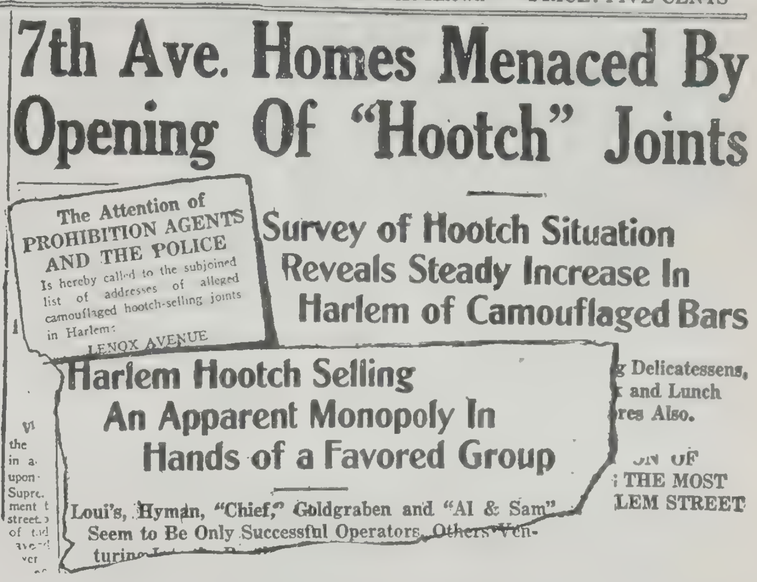
VOL. 36. No. 50. The National Negro Weekly NEW YORK, N. Y. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1923. Best Edited—Best Known PRICE: FIVE CENTS

Rank,

Mrs. CHARLOTTE HAWKINS BROWN

Negroes of Harlem Exploited by Jews

Colored Leaders Protest the Ruin of Their People in the Largest Northern Negro Colony



7th Ave. Homes Menaced By Opening Of "Hootch" Joints

The Attention of PROHIBITION AGENTS AND THE POLICE Is hereby called to the subjoined list of addresses of alleged camouflaged hootch-selling joints in Harlem:

LENOX AVENUE

Survey of Hootch Situation Reveals Steady Increase In Harlem of Camouflaged Bars

Harlem Hootch Selling An Apparent Monopoly In Hands of a Favored Group

Louis's, Hyman, "Chief," Goldgraben and "Al & Sam" Seem to Be Only Successful Operators, Others Ven-

g Delicatessens, and Lunch res Also.

THE MOST LEM STREET

By LLEWELLYN SMITH

The writer of this article and others to follow is a Negro sociologist who is particularly interested in the larger aspects of America's racial problems. During the war he conducted a series of investigations dealing with the growth of radicalism among the Negroes, which took him to the "black belts" of both the North and the South. At present he is on the staff of a social service organization, national in its scope, which is devoting a great deal of attention to the study of some of the basic contributing factors to the so-called Negro problem.

IN A previous article the writer described the efforts of the Jews on the East Side of New York to convert the Negroes to socialism and communism. Now I shall show, by the presentation of a staggering array of evidence, that the appalling vice conditions existing in Harlem, the Negro quarter of New York City, are due principally to the encroachments being made by and the pernicious activities of Jewish bootleggers, cabaret owners, and rent gougers.

One thing Vera Simington endeavors to expose in her picturesque tales of African Congo life is the amount of social diseases introduced to the natives by whites. This very thing, on a relatively different order, of course, is being done in the Negro "belt" of New York, as I shall conclusively show, by a highly organized, highly financed clique of conscienceless Jewish exploiters.

With a population of 185,000 Negroes, Harlem is as foreign a Negro community as New York is a European capital marooned on the shores of North America. It is the destination of a large percentage of the migrants from the South, it is the spot where more than 60,000 West Indians reside, it is the most unscientifically organized Negro community in the United States.

Against the phenomenal business progress of Negroes in the South and West (segregation, of course, is largely responsible for this) there is practically no business activity by Negroes in Harlem. Most of the business done by colored people there, according to the New York *Herald* for August 26, 1923, is restricted to real estate. The *Herald* mentions John E. Nail, of the firm of Nail & Parker, realtors, as being the leading brokers. Of the Negro realtors operating in the Harlem district, Watt Terry, of Boston, is the wealthiest, his total holdings approximating $1,000,000.

A Negro Newspaper First to Protest

THE grocery, drug, confectionery, department store, restaurant, theatrical, haberdashery, and other businesses, however, are done for the most part by Jews. With the growth of de luxe cabarets, delicatessens, "rabbit foot" joints, and other establishments of questionable character, Harlem is an excellent illustration of a people, literally helpless, being brought to their knees by a band of commercial cutthroats.

There is, for example, a Jew-owned and Jew-operated (the Jews, although they trade on the colored people, seldom employ colored help in their stores and establishments) drug store which is grotesquely decorated with gargoyle-like signs painted in the crudest red, yellow and black, advertising such monstrosities as Malaguetta Pepper, Devil's Shoestring, Eyes Bright, High John License, Queen Elizabeth Herbs, Lovage Oil, Slate Vaseline, German Rue, Sally Luck, Blessed Thistle, Arabian Sparkling Incense, Congo Grass Green Oil, Khofu, Baume Tranguilla, Musk Root, Aristocia Rodiculatic, Allah Candles, Torial Powder (West Indian), Mercurial Blood, Crawfoot Root, Jupiter Eucalyptus, Imported Yonghee, Dried Aloes, John Conqueror Root, (High & Little), Adam & Eve, Sodom & Gomorrah Root, Indian Balm, Crawfoot, Myrtle (High John), Scared Bark, Dragon's Blood Candle, Five Finger Grass, Incense Francaise, Spelituia, Xofinaus, Live Loadstone, Sheep Gizzard, Alligator Dumpling, Sassafras Wine, Jerusalem Holy Oats, Christ Balm, St. Peter's Thistle, Sheepskin Parchment, Satan's Beard, Olive Brush, Eye's Stocking, Buckeye Root, Lavender Flowers, Abyssinian Violet Leaves, Good Old Jupiter, Hindu Charmer Incense, Beatrice Charm Burner, Horse Tail Rush, Swamp Beggars Tik, Devil's Bit, Bird Lice, Holy Herb, Pyrola and All Heal.

This is but one phase of the gigantic preying on the emotions and superstitions of the Negroes. The enormous amount of money being coined by these sleek-haired grafters from the ignorant and gullible who patronize the pharmacy of this Jew would go to erect several Tuskegees.

In describing the sort of place the "black belt" of Harlem is, I neglected to say that it, also, is a glorified house of assignation. That apothecary's, for example, is a spot where Negro women are lured, by the magic of the Jew's boasted antidotes for voodoo, to become the consorts of these lascivious whites.

There is a notorious Negro leisure class in Harlem which is limited to its women. There are hundreds of Negro girls and women who work as operators and finishers in Jewish shirt waist factories. It is one thing the black folk chuckle over and at which they shrug their shoulders resignedly—this wholesale maintaining of their prettiest women who live in luxurious apartments, sport the most fashionable of clothes and drive in expensive motor cars. Some day, however, there is going to come out of the exotic hovels of the "black belt" a ruthless realist, who is going to paint in daring colors the life of this black city.

There is, of course, the other method—that of using the "black belt" as a harem for a tribe of merchants from Sixth avenue who come uptown and visit cabarets that Negroes do not enter (because they cannot) and bring their women to dance and carouse till the wee hours of the morn. Harlem, Negro Harlem, to the Jew, is a place to take a lady companion who is not your wife, to "live," to spend and drink freely—and, lastly, to make money. To the Jew, it is literally a gold mine.

So far, the only voice that has been raised in Negro Harlem against this carnival of licentiousness, and the awful crimes that are being committed, is that of the New York *Age,* a Negro weekly newspaper which was founded by Booker T. Washington about twenty-five years ago. The *Age,* edited by Fred R. Moore, a noted Negro leader, sent a special investigator, after receiving complaints and petitions from representatives of the best, most respectable citizens of Harlem, to study the vice conditions.

According to the *Age's* investigator, Harlem is a hootch seller's paradise. **There are 162 places on Lenox and Seventh avenues, between 128th and 145th streets, where drinks may be obtained as easily as before prohibition. Most of these places are delicatessen stores, soft drink cafés, news stands and stationery stores.** But there are several malt shops and a few saloons that have remained open, which are flourishing beyond the fondest hopes of their owners.

The Paradise of the Jewish Drug Store

SO PROSPEROUS have these places become that, in three months, several small cafés have been opened, ostensibly to sell soft drinks but really as saloons.

Recently, a shoe repairing store on Seventh avenue cut the store in half and leased half of the floor space for use as a beverage café. The proprietor of this place has found business so good that he is now seeking other locations.

On Lenox avenue the cigar stores, news stands and delicatessens, which are all run by Jews, are the biggest sellers of "hootch." In one block on Lenox avenue there are a delicatessen and two cigar stores on one side of the street, and two drug stores and a delicatessen on the other, where drinks may be obtained over the counter or in bottles. Competition among the "hootch" dispensing places in this particular block has become so keen that no one needs to be identified or use a fictitious name when asking for a drink.

Except for the drug stores, home brew or hurriedly distilled liquors are sold at these places. Gin is the most popular drink sold, as it is the easiest made and has an immediate effect. The other beverages are generally made with gin as a base, with other ingredients added to give it color.

Harlem can boast of more "drug stores" than any similar area in the world. On Seventh and Lenox avenues, between 145th and 128th streets, there are forty-five drug stores, and almost as many more on Fifth and Eighth avenues. Many of these places are doing a legitimate business, but there are those in this number which receive the bulk of their revenue from the sale of liquor or patent medicines containing a large percentage of alcohol.

Although the health records show no startling increase in sickness in this particular neighborhood, drug stores have increased a hundred per cent during the past two years, with as many as two or three in the same block in some sections. Among the many business failures of the past two years, less than one per cent have been drug stores.

The increase of crime generally and the lowering of the moral standards of this section have been in proportion to the increase of the places which sell these drinks. According to the *Age* investigator, the bootleggers in Harlem are so bold that they are not in the least careful as to the circumstances under which they conduct their conferences with the law agents. A Federal agent was hailed on Lenox avenue, by the man running a "hootch" joint, and held for at least thirty minutes in close conversation, the two men standing on the sidewalk in plain view of all who passed. *An onlooker, knowing both men, declared that it appeared as though the revenue agent was trying to pass without showing any signs of recognition of the bootlegger, but the latter, a Jew, would not have it that way. From his manner, it seemed he wanted the world to know that he was in a position to dictate to the agent, and that he could control the latter at any time.*

In fact, said the Age's informant, the bootlegger seemed desirous of advertising the hold he seemed to have over the Federal agent.

Using the Negro as a Screen

THE whole of Harlem is being honeycombed with delicatessens, malt parlors, cigar stores, lunch places, and other apparently innocent business ventures that camouflage the real purpose of the proprietor, which is to sell rank, newly concocted synthetic gin and corn alcoholic beverages, called whisky by mistaken courtesy.

With the opening of so many places has come a flood of cabarets which cater to an element not ordinarily given to patronizing the delicatessen and malt parlor "hootch" parlors. These places allege that they are not selling booze, that they are catering to the groups that seek recreation and pleasure on the dance floor and at the dining table.

But, say the residents of Harlem, if this is true, the question is asked: Why have so many of the long established and well-known dining and dancing places of the city, in all sections, from the bright light districts to the Bronxian purlieus, been compelled to close down, giving as a reason the impossibility of continuing to exist as eating and dancing places only, without an income from selling alcoholic drinks?

How can these Harlem places, depending upon a smaller and poorer group, make a financial success?

According to the *Age* opinion is that the people are not clamoring for these places. Colored men serve as a screen to real ownership of these places.

What appears to be an effort to secure a monopoly of the "hootch" trade is alleged to be found in the reputed chain of places owned by one interest—known to be Jewish. These places are on Lenox avenue at short distances apart. Another interest, it is alleged, owns at least three places on Lenox avenue.

Stirred by the *Age's* exposé, Negroes endeavored to stop the reopening of a cabaret from which when raided last spring sixteen white girls and twenty-four white men, including not a single Negro man or woman, were taken.

Continuing its campaign the *Age* reported:

> "Many written and spoken protests have been made by leading men and women of Harlem to the granting of a license for the proposed reopening of the cabaret located in the basement of the Lafayette Theater building, formerly known as 'Shuffle Inn,' the proposition being promoted and financed by one Connie Immerman, a Jew, who has seemingly enlisted the support of a certain Harlem Negro element in his enterprise."

Immerman made an effort to allay opposition and hostility to his venture by aligning himself with the Colored Cabaret Owners' Association. Immerman's application, however, was turned down by this body.

Medical Quacks and the "Sucker Machine"

The Tragedy of Abused Confidence as Witnessed in the Pathetic Trust Given Charlatans by Sick Folk

By J. OLIN HOWE

ODDLY enough, Albert Abrams, of whose "electronic reactions" The Dearborn Independent has told the facts in some detail, figures in connection with the exposure of bogus doctors in Missouri and Connecticut and elsewhere. Not that Dr. Abrams has been personally concerned in the activities of the diploma ring. Not that at all. But his much-advertised machine is the model for electrical machines—"sucker boxes," they call them—which those engaged in selling bad diplomas have been furnishing their "graduates." They even make typewritten copies of Abrams' E. R. A. book to go with them.

"Smart as you are," said Dr. Ralph Voight, of Kansas City, self-styled master of the spurious ring, to Harry Brundidge, the St. Louis newspaperman who became an M. D. and a chiropractor in less than two months on payment of $1,200, "you ought to be a 'sucker machine' king in a couple of months."

The doctor had agreed to get back such a machine from another doctor to whom he had sold it and turn it over to Brundidge for $150.

"I've seen dumb bells," he said, "who could hardly read, pitch their diploma and license, set up a machine and make $400 or $500 the first week. It's a great racket."

A Glib Talker and Verbal Salve

DR. ROBERT ADCOX, of St. Louis, who looked after details of the ring's affairs in that city, also told Brundidge this:

"Buy one of those hocus-pocus electrical machines, set up a pretty bunch of magical dials and lights, hang a few black curtains and your office will be crowded with suckers from dawn till dark. It's the easiest game in the world, the electricity dodge, and you don't have to know a darn thing to work it except how to go to the bank with your money.

"Tell your patients how well they are looking and how much their condition has improved, and the psychological effect of the wonderful machine and your own verbal salve will make them think they are new men and women. Of course, a street car motorman could do your patients just as much good by letting them hold the controller of the car's motor, but the poor boobs don't know that."

This is street corner language, to be sure, and far more expressive than elegant; but these men know whereof they speak. They have had long experience with the gullibility of the American public. We know so little about ourselves and so much less of what should be done when anything is wrong with us that we are easily mystified by a glib talker with some shrewdness in reading human nature.

Few ever question a doctor's sign; those who do are apt to go much too far the other way and abandon belief in all doctors; but for the great majority the magic letters, M. D., or even the title "Doctor" is all that is necessary.

I knew an Englishman who brought to America the diplomas, credentials, and other papers of his dead brother, who had been a surgeon in the British army, and know the drug store where is on file a prescription he wrote containing twenty-nine (29—count 'em) ingredients, but he never lacked for patients. It is useless to ask for his address. He, too, is now dead.

The "Sucker Machine" a Winner

WHEN we do go to a properly qualified physician we don't want to be told we must eat less, smoke less, sleep more, take more exercise, get out in the open air. The physicians, the really good ones, have learned that specific remedies, such as those upon which the profession for a half-century expended much research, have very little value, after all; nature alone cures and the most we can do is to give her some aid.

Dr. Hugh Cabot says there are only six drugs which have real worth. But the bulk of humanity knows nothing of this and still regards the doctor as a wonder worker who has but to write a prescription or leave a box of pink pills.

And this is where these "electro-medical" or "biochemical" doctors come in who are so plentiful in some parts of the country. They appear in town from nowhere, run large advertisements in the local papers, have extensive offices in some office building or a considerable suite in a second-class hotel and before the community becomes aroused to what is going on have made a quick clean-up and moved on.

Or sometimes they locate in a city for a considerable stay, where conditions are such that they are likely to get away with it. And at times they play a circuit of cities and appear in each with some regularity.

The "sucker machine" is their chief property. By means of it they pretend to diagnose the patient's condition. Watch in hand, the doctor, clothed in impressive black and with serious mien and the air of doing his duty, kindly but sincerely stands near the dials after handing the patient what looks like an electrode, the cord to which is connected with the machine.

As the doctor presses a button a yellow light may come on. It flickers a bit and finally settles down into a dim radiance, and the needle on the dial near, which jumped at first, has fluttered back toward zero again. The doctor turns to the anxious patient and says gravely:

"Mr. Jones, that machine is almost human. It detects things we might never know of otherwise. You can thank your lucky stars that yellow light is not on full blast. Indeed you can, my dear sir. As it is, we can fix you up all right if you will do just as you're told.

"You have a slight touch of tuberculosis, but careful diet and the use of such remedies as I shall give you will straighten that out, I am sure. You'll have to watch yourself, though, and you should pay your respects to that machine for finding out what is the matter with you."

Perhaps, instead of the yellow light, a blue light flashes on and then settles to a faint glow.

"Ah," says the doctor, "the heart. The poor old heart. But don't be nervous. Let me listen to it a moment. We haven't enough glow to alarm us. Yes," as he listens to the heart, possibly with a stethoscope, "you'll be all right. That machine always tells the truth, Mr. Jones. Always. It's absolutely infallible. And now that we know just where we stand, don't worry; we have a course of treatment exactly for your condition."

The machine has also red and green lights and, in place of giving a steady glow, one of these, or one of the others, may flash at two-second intervals, say. That means something else; and if the doctor can't think of anything, he always has the book to help him out.

Only a Money Game, After All

IT IS easy to see how many different signals and possible combinations can be worked out by means of these lights, but the machine is never connected up to sufficient current to mean anything at all, in fact. It is all a hoax.

A clever operator of the "sucker box" always finds out how much money the patient has and arranges his fees accordingly. Experts in its use frequently get $400 or $500 from a single patient. They even take notes sometimes, if not in too great a hurry to leave the locality. The medicines they use are specially prepared from tonic formulas containing a heavy percentage of alcohol.

These "sucker machines" are used wholly for so-called diagnosis, to hoodwink the patient with the idea that the latest discoveries of science are being made use of in his case. But the transition from a machine whose principal harm lies in the patient's belief in it and its operator to real electrical apparatus and the violet ray is an easy one; and from that to the X-ray.

Dr. James T. Case, professor of roentgenology in the School of Medicine of Northwestern University and a leading authority on the X-ray, told fellow physicians lately, that the sanitarium sees many victims of the quack and charlatan who have been brought to their deplorable condition by unqualified persons.

Indeed, the old showman was right about the ease with which we are befooled. We fool ourselves, and never more readily than when half sick.

"The blatant and persistent publicity of incompetents exalts their bogus skill," Dr. Charles L. Whalen, of Chicago, said to the American Medical Editors' Association recently. "Besieged on all sides by the cry of the charlatan—the medical profession forbids self-exploitation—the sick man hears and believes to his own undoing. He hears vaguely of wonderful progress and miraculous cures and unknowingly submits himself to the quack."

Wish-fulfillment, the psychologists call it—the real scientists, that is, in whose work philosophy finds no place—turning on Freud and his psychoanalysts a term which originated, I believe, with the Austrian doctor.

The Optical Field Involved

IN ONE of our largest inland cities is a case in point. An oculist, who is in fact a regularly educated physician, has obtained no little vogue by advising patients to throw away their glasses. He teaches them how to get along without glasses according to his ideas. The fallacy of these has been shown up and the medical profession generally makes no secret of the vital flaw in his methods, but his waiting room is crowded and he prospers.

This doctor discards entirely the fact that the crystalline lens of the eye hardens with advancing years, that a fifty-year-old eye cannot possibly focus as a twenty-year-old one can, and insists that his ocular exercises and exposure of the eye to intense light will so strengthen it as to make artificial aids to vision unnecessary. His classes are so largely attended he cannot care for all the work personally and his fees must reach a very large total.

In his city is a woman of marked social prominence whose eyes have been so defective for some years that she should have worn glasses. Indeed, she has worn them, intermittently, upon the urging of her eye specialist, but always reluctantly, insisting that there should be some other method of relieving her difficulty than by the glasses she considers so unsightly.

This other eye doctor seemed to her heaven-sent. She became a patient of his and laid aside her glasses, as she believed, for good. Her old doctor learned the facts and supposed he would never again see her in his office. But one day she came in.

"Yes," she said, "I'm one of Dr. Blank's patients and I can see perfectly well without glasses. I'm never going to wear them again. I can read the finest print perfectly." And she produced a card covered with the finest type and read its contents easily.

"I didn't come to you for glasses," she went on, "but on account of a slight inflammation in one eye which I'd rather have you treat."

"You do seem to be doing well," the doctor remarked. "I wish you would read from my test card here—that finest type—you can read it with ease, of course, for it isn't as fine as what you have on your card—but I'd like to see where you hold the card."

She couldn't read a word on his test card!

She had, probably unconsciously, memorized the matter upon her own card and only thought she was reading that.

Barnum Was a True Philosopher

SO THEN the specialist got her to submit to a thorough examination of her eyes and later compared the result with that of her last previous examination by him. Her eyes hadn't improved an iota under the new man's treatment. In fact, they had gone back. The inexorable course of nature had made it more difficult for her to see. But she thought she could see better and the specialist didn't disabuse her mind.

Wish-fulfillment. Barnum was right. Yet here is an exception to that rule. A man of great wealth in another of our largest cities, who is losing his hearing, had heard of a doctor who was having wonderful success with deafness. The doctor used electrical treatment and other original methods. He had cured many, the story went, and finally the great man became sufficiently sold on him to give him a trial.

But he made much of his money himself and is alert to most of the possibilities. Wherefore before consulting this man he went to a scientific laboratory where he happened to know their work in audition had given the scientists a machine to test human hearing to an exceedingly fine point and with absolute accuracy. Here the deaf man had his hearing tested thoroughly and the record was filed away.

Only then did he go to the aurist.

"Yes," said the latter, "I believe I can help you. Your hearing is not so impaired but what treatment will do much for you and I have hopes of bringing you back to normal. At all events, I can promise you improvement."

All Classes Fall With Equal Ease

THE doctor put his distinguished patient through the full ritual, shot colored lights through his ears and all the rest of it. At the proper time, holding his watch, first to one of the patient's ears and then to the other, he asked, "Do you hear better now, Mr. So-and-So, or not?"

"Why, yes," replied the patient, "I believe I do. I really think I do."

"I thought so," said the doctor with a smile. And he advised further treatments, which he was sure would bring gratifying results.

The business man did follow his treatments for awhile and really thought his hearing was improving. But ere long the time came when he wanted to know and he went to the laboratory again and had his hearing tested once more to check up on the gain, if any.

There hadn't been any.

The aurist's treatments had not changed his hearing in the slightest degree!

And that gentleman lost one patient forthwith.

Not long ago Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, president of the University of Missouri, addressing a medical class, said this:

"Our graveyards are filled with the victims of vicious quacks with plausible personalities who have graduated from inferior schools or who masquerade as doctors under the protection of purchased diplomas.

"The humblest citizen in the remotest rural district should feel assured that the physician he summons to save his loved ones from death knows what has been done in the best medical laboratories of the world. But he has no way of knowing whether the man he summons has such knowledge or, having it, knows how to apply it."

The Lesson Nelson's Sni-a-Bar Has Taught

Late Publisher of Great Western Newspaper Pioneered in Raising Stock Standards

By E. B. CHAPMAN

A FEW weeks ago the secretary of the United States Department of Agriculture journeyed halfway across the continent to indorse the work of one man. With him met leaders in agriculture from various sections of the world. There were O. E. Bradfute, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Rudolph Kurez, minister of agriculture of Czecho-Slovakia, Wladyslaw Koziowsky, from Poland, Judge W. K. James, president of the International Farm Congress and men from Canada and half a score of other lands. Thirteen foreign countries and twenty-six American states were represented in the crowd.

On the platform with the speakers, members of the staffs of several agricultural colleges occupied chairs. There were farm leaders representing corn, wheat and live stock marketing organizations. There were representatives of twelve state boards of agriculture. Besides those listed there were 8,000 persons from farms.

They spent the day on a farm, discussing farm problems in general, but mostly live stock and particularly cattle. Yet the man whose work they were inspecting was not a farmer. Rather he was a city man and one whose problems, as a business man, were city problems.

Notwithstanding his city environment he was one of the first to see what then was and now is the present farm crisis, accentuated probably by the war and the conditions that followed it, but on the way, inevitably, when he, one of the first in the nation to do so, visioned it and set about to correct it.

The demonstration pens at Sni-a-Bar Farms.

Now the Federal Government, the agricultural colleges and many organizations, agricultural, commercial and civic, have seen the problem and are working along the trail he blazed in relieving the situation.

Perhaps it was because he attacked the problem as a business man rather than as a farmer, that success has come to the live stock project established by W. R. Nelson, founder of the Kansas City *Star,* to show the nation the waste in the production of poor live stock. With a true business man's abhorrence of waste in any form and a vision of the approach of the time when the farmer must become a business man rather than a tiller of the soil, if he were to succeed, Mr. Nelson began, before the need generally was noted, to point out a remedy. He was the voice crying out in the wilderness in the use of better live stock.

Kansas City is the capital of the great southwestern empire of corn, wheat and live stock. That was one of the reasons the Indianian, his fortune wiped out in the early eighties because he had signed another's paper, came to Kansas City to start a newspaper.

With the foresight that was to become his chief characteristic, he saw the development that would result in the prosperity of the Southwest. That meant prosperity in Kansas City and so prosperity for the *Star.*

And his hobby, in building, whether a newspaper, good roads, a residential section, a paper mill or the prosperity of a vast agricultural section, was to build permanently.

It was to building an agricultural prosperity that he devoted the later years of his life. He had seen the cream of fertility taken from the soil of the great Middle West and its adjacent territory. He had seen the golden stream of dollars that came back to his section in exchange. He desired the continuance of that golden stream but he saw the decline in yields that altogether too quickly was following the opening of the prairies to the careless and extravagant systems of farming then in use.

Because he was a business man, he sought a remedy. He was not one to sit with wringing hands and dread a situation that was approaching. Nothing wrong but could be righted, he believed.

Land values were rising. There was no more free land. Labor costs were mounting. Production on the farm was costing more. The Nelson idea was not that labor should be compelled to take less. He did not believe succeeding generations on farms should be denied the opportunity to prosper simply because farming as it had been carried on no longer would return a profit. He desired the laborer should draw still better wages and the farmer become even more prosperous. The editor believed the farmer and his wife and children should live better than they were living. He knew that the way to better living conditions lay in providing more money with which to obtain them.

So Nelson sought a way to restore to the newly opened soils the fertility they were losing so rapidly through uneconomic cropping conditions. The rivers were being filled with the rich top soil at each succeeding rain at a rate that, according to experiment stations, meant the loss of the top seven inches of soil in a lifetime.

The editor learned that on farms where the crop-producing elements were being conserved there were cattle. The cattle required pasture. That meant the sod would not be plowed up so the soil might be washed away. On live stock farms the crops grown and fed to cattle took less fertility away because all that the steer did not use in growth or fattening was spread back upon the pastures and fields.

He found that the farmer who prospered, year in and year out, kept live stock. He saw the highly specialized one-crop farmer was helpless financially when weather or insects destroyed the crop or unusual economic conditions caused heavy price slumps.

Therefore, it seemed to Mr. Nelson, the best plan for a permanent prosperity for the Middle West and the Southwest lay in live stock on all farms. And the study of live stock conditions revealed another waste that since has proved as shocking to the rest of the world as it was then to him. That was in the poor quality of farm cattle.

The HON. H. C. WALLACE, Secretary of Agriculture (right), and O. E. BRADFUTE, president American Federation of Farm Bureaus at the Sni-a-Bar Farms demonstration.

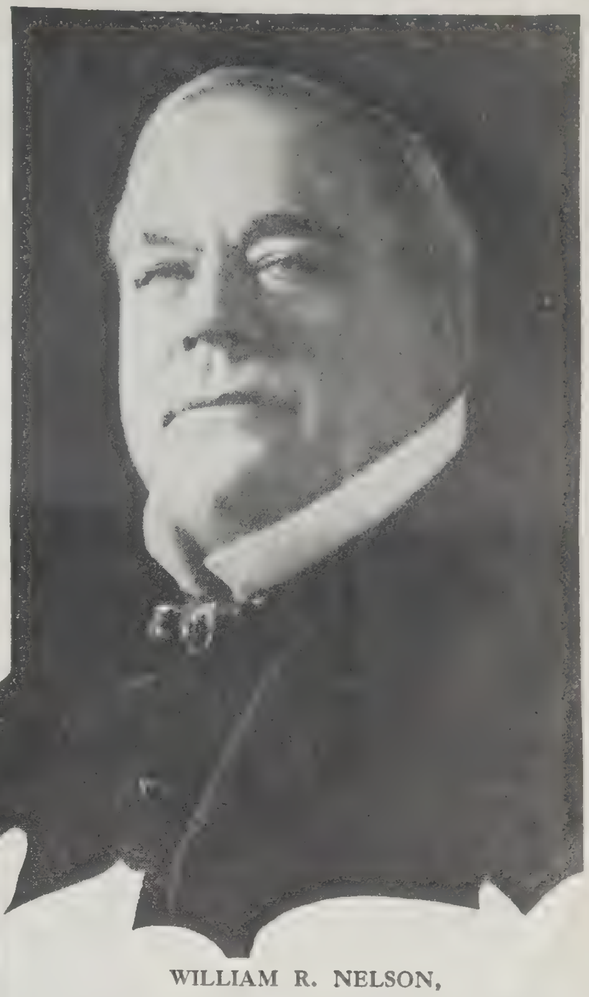
Here and there scattered about the great live stock producing section were a few men who realized that an animal of good quality, which would yield more good meat for the consumer and therefore command a higher price from the packer, could be grown on the feed that would grow a poor quality animal. That meant, to the business man, producing a better selling, better priced quality article at the same cost as a low priced "scrub" output, little in demand and yielding a minimum rather than a maximum of service to the consuming public.

These combined situations so impressed Mr. Nelson that he decided to divert part of his funds, not to making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, as would have been the case with the farmer, but to producing an animal that would, because he was a better machine for that purpose, use more of the grass for making human food and, because of that fact, sell for a higher price while costing no more to produce.

So, the business-man-editor established the largest demonstration of its kind in the world and provided for it to continue longer than any other such demonstration to prove to the farmer that it paid not only to keep live stock on the farm but that it paid to produce good live stock. The demonstration has attracted attention all over the world. Visitors from many foreign countries have inspected it. Men from almost every state in the Union have studied its lessons at close range. The largest number of visitors to see the farm at one time saw the farm the day Secretary Wallace visited it not long ago.

In showing the nation how to produce good live stock economically, the Nelson business judgment again was apparent. In making the preparations for the work he knew he must operate on a scale large enough to command first the attention and then the respect of the farmer. So an 1,800-acre tract was assembled in Sni-a-Bar township, near Grain Valley, Missouri, thirty miles east of Kansas City. The tract was named Sni-a-Bar Farms.

No fine buildings were constructed. It was not to be a rich man's show place but a business demonstration. The homes were lighted electrically because the Nelson idea was that the farmer, his wife and children should have electric lights and current for power that labor-saving machinery, which would require power, might be used. Running water was placed in the houses because the business man in Mr. Nelson cried out against the economic waste in hours and energy spent in carrying water into the house from spring or well. Inside toilets were installed for sanitary reasons.


WILLIAM R. NELSON,

Founder of the Kansas City *Star,* and Sni-a-Bar Farms.

Then the stage was set for the live stock activities of the farm. Four hundred common red cows were bought on the Kansas City market—cows that had been sold by the farmers of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Colorado. These cows were taken to the farm. There they were mated with good, pure-bred sires. When calves came the females were kept, mated with other good, pure-bred sires and the process repeated over and over.

The results of the first cross of pure blood with the common red cows were startling in the improvement shown over the mothers. The second and later crosses were accompanied by certain refinements, more outstanding quality, and resulted in the production of animals that brought higher bids.

The common-sense method of producing better live stock on the farm has been taken up by other Kansas City business men. Through the chamber of commerce co-operating with the active county agricultural organizations, 2,500 scrubs have been replaced with purebreds.

Once each year all persons interested are invited to be guests of Sni-a-Bar Farms. The cattle showing the various stages of development are placed in pens built for that purpose. They range from original red cows to choicest fat steers, some of which have won championships at the big western fairs, waddling under their load of choice cuts of meat.

Men from agricultural colleges, cattle feeders, and sometimes representatives of the packers, point out the various changes made, show where the good cuts of meat come from, their increased quality as the quality of the animal is raised, and why prices are better for the good animal than for the scrub. Widely known speakers, led by the Secretary of Agriculture, point out how the lessons taught may be applied on farms. A Kansas City caterer serves truck loads of lunch at the expense of the farms.

Farmers drive to the meeting from five states. And each year brings an increasing number who are grading up their herds the Sni-a-Bar way.

The Nelson demonstration has sought to impress on the farmer that he, the farmer, might profit by practicing business methods on the farm—by producing a higher quality, better selling, more valuable article at the same expense used to produce an inferior one which would command, by its inferiority, a minimum price.

Indian Dwarfs of the Wilds of South America

Ethnological Report of Late Theodoor de Booy Reveals Discovery of Tribe of Interesting Savages in Fastnesses of Venezuela

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

IN A certain type of fiction it is customary to paint the modern soldier of fortune as a man who sulks somewhere in a city in the belief that there are no more worlds to conquer. If the writers really believe that, it indicates simply that they are out of touch. The real adventurer works today for the scientist.

Such a person was the late Theodoor de Booy, traveler, lecturer, writer, ethnologist and adventurer, a man with an insatiable thirst for untrodden fields. Shortly before his death he wrote for the University Museum of Philadelphia an ethnological report. That sounds dry, but it was the story of a race of dwarfs living in an almost perpetual fog on a mountain range so difficult of access that only one white man is known to have penetrated for any distance into its fastnesses, and that man was De Booy. And a few days' march beyond the last known settlements of that strange tribe the report gives the definite location of a mysterious mountain at the foot of which is an ancient burial cave that according to popular legend among the Indians is a veritable treasure-house of golden ornaments.

The region the report describes is in the New World, in the wild and mountainous jungle land lying on the borders of Venezuela and Colombia. Travelers into that country since the days of the Spanish Conquerors have known of the existence of the Macoas, as the dwarf Indians are known, but none of them has solved the ethnological riddle of the race, and their origin is still lost in antiquity.

Nowhere in the world is there a race more primitive. For that reason alone the facts concerning this people are of the utmost value in the study of the evolution of man. Scientists and philosophers alike are constantly speculating as to the slow steps taken by man toward civilization from savagery. Here in the Sierra de Perija has been discovered a tribe living as men presumably lived throughout the world fifteen or twenty thousand years ago. They have not learned the use of the flint and steel. Fire is still made by rubbing sticks of wood together. Even the warfare that these Indians have carried on for centuries with other tribes has not stamped out the savage instinct of isolation. Each head of a family occupies his own hilltop, which is sometimes as far as a mile or two from that of his nearest neighbor and a half day's journey from his plantation. Some of their food comes from agriculture, but apart from that they live as man is believed to have lived before he became sufficiently civilized to realize that his strength lay in co-operation.

Macoa child.

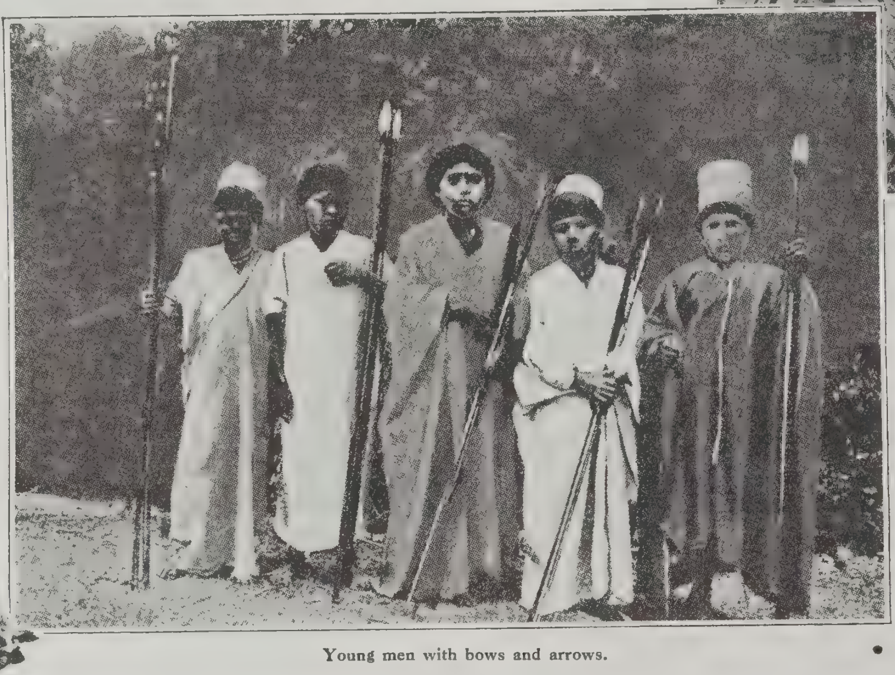
De Booy landed at Maracaibo on his adventure to the haunts of the Macoas, and then traveled two days to reach the small settlement of La Horqueta, where he established headquarters. The way led him through a jungle infested with tigers, jaguars, wildcats, monkeys and deer. From La Horqueta he rode nine hours to Machiques. Up to that time he had been unable to gain anything but scraps of information concerning the Macoas. But near Machiques was a ranch to which in times of need came other Indians, the Tucucus. A small group of the latter had had trouble with their own people and were in camp with the Macoas. Through them the explorer managed after much difficulty to reach the dwarf tribe.

"The researches of this expedition," says the report, "proved that the Tucucus, the Irapenos, the Pariris, the Macoas, the Rio Negro and the Rio Yasa Indians belong to the great Motilone family. For many centuries the Motilones have proved to be a mystery and the information we have of them, in ancient and contemporary literature, is very scant and for the greater part untrustworthy. They are today regarded with great dread by the Venezuelans, who are unwilling to penetrate into their mountain retreats."

Much parleying was necessary before the explorer induced some of the Tucucus to guide him to the camp of the Macoas. Finally a group agreed to visit the camp to get permission for the white man to enter. In a week they returned with the information that De Booy could make the visit if he brought only one other man. Since he was not accompanied by any other white, he took along a peon. During his wait at Machiques he had made many friends. They used every argument to prevent him from making the trip. When he left, the inhabitants of the village turned out en masse, convinced that he would never return. Then the explorer and his Indian guides plunged into the jungle, and for two days they followed a tortuous trail.

"The Tucucus told me when we were close to the Macoa village," says the report, "and they began to shout so as to let the Macoas know we were coming. The settlement of the Macoas is scattered, no two huts being found in close proximity. In fact, these Indians seem to take pleasure in living as far removed from each other as possible, which may be due to the eternal fights they wage among themselves. Each hut is on a separate hilltop, so that, while the entire village is within hailing distance, it often takes as much as half an hour to go from one abode to another, by first descending one slope and then ascending the other. The average altitude of the Macoa settlement is 3,600 feet. Their clearings and plantations are also far removed from their huts, so that it frequently takes a man almost half a day to walk to his farm.

"It would be hard to describe the Sierra de Perija. One seldom gets a good view of it and the peaks are covered with eternal mists. While the altitude of the mountains is not sufficiently high to make them snow covered, the fogs and mists at times would almost make one think that the summits were covered with snow. On clear days one can see that the mountains are densely wooded up to their very summits. Practically every day the mists roll down the mountains at about midday, and one spends the balance of the day in an enveloping fog which makes one forget that the equator is but ten degrees distant.



Young men with bows and arrows.

"On the arrival of our party at the first Macoa hut, the Indians of the tribe appeared to spring from the very earth and quickly surrounded us with every evidence of good intentions. Their friendliness was a trifle embarrassing. Within a short while, the entire tribe had gathered around and were examining me with the minute attention that a biologist might give a new species. My clothes were touched and examined, and several of the men put their hands on my face and hands. My eyes also were scrutinized with great care. The first thing they did for me was to build me a hut along the same lines as the huts inhabited by them, but of far larger dimensions.

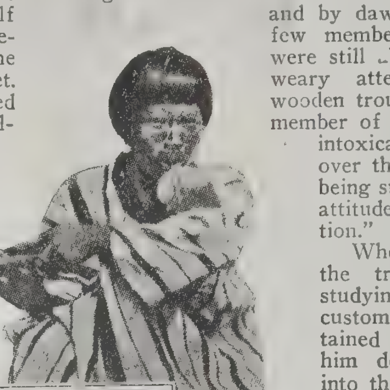
"Not only were the Indians interested in my general appearance, but my size filled them with curiosity. This can be understood when I mention that the average height of the Macoa men is five feet one inch, while the average height of the women is four feet eight inches. As a result, they seemed to reason that the tall stranger needed a hut far larger than those they inhabited.

"Stockily built, with short-cut hair, high cheekbones, and somewhat unclean in their personal habits, the Macoas are not attractive to look at, especially so because the intricate designs they paint on their faces are apt to give them a gruesome appearance. Men and women alike are seldom seen without face paint, for which black, brown and scarlet pigments are used. The little children even are decorated in this manner. The men wear a one-piece robe, resembling a gigantic sack, with holes for the arms and the head. The Macoa women wear a dress consisting of a loin cloth and a mantle. Frequently the mantle is left off, the upper part of the body remaining nude during the daytime when the cold is not so intense.

"The preparation of their food is highly primitive, and generally consists of placing their game, plantains and yams in the coals and eating them half raw. For arms, the Macoas use various types of arrows, which are discharged by bows. The Macoa boy is initiated into the science of archery at an early age, it being no uncommon sight to see small boys of five waddling about with a miniature bow and arrows. Perhaps one of the most interesting customs of the Macoas is the Chica feast. They indulge in this feast almost every month when the moon is full. Chica is made of maize pellets, crushed ripe bananas and crushed sweet potatoes, over which water is poured.

"After drinking for about four hours, the Indians generally become quarrelsome and want to fight among themselves. About midnight the dancing begins, continuing until dawn, those who drop from sheer exhaustion being pulled to their feet and encouraged by those that are less intoxicated. It is a point of etiquette among the Macoas to finish the entire brew of Chica, and by dawn one would see the few members of the tribe that were still able to walk making a weary attempt to empty the wooden troughs. Finally, the last member of the tribe succumbs to intoxication and silence reigns over the clearing, the ground being strewn by Indians in all attitudes of drunken exhaustion."

When he had lived with the tribe for six weeks, studying their language and customs, Mr. de Booy obtained information that made him determine to press on into the mountains. The Macoas were reluctant to go, but finally he induced four of them to accompany him as pack carriers. Some food was taken, but it was felt that game would be obtainable. The Indians had told him of the mysterious burial cave at the foot of a mountain near which they had lived. There was a trail for part of the first day then the party struck wilderness. From then until the end of the fifth day it was necessary to clear the trail through the jungle.



Macoa flute player.

Contrary to expectations, no game was sighted. Occasionally the explorers came across the tracks of a bear. At such times the Indians promptly dropped their burdens and started in pursuit. They were quite tireless, but unsuccessful. Also, Mr. de Booy found that centuries of independence had made them poor helpers. If one of them sighted on a far-off plateau some reeds, all four dropped the task at hand to get some for arrows. Nothing the head of the expedition could do or say had any effect.

At the end of the fourth day the food supplies which had been brought along from the encampment were exhausted. The Indians wanted to turn back then, but Mr. de Booy induced them by one argument or another to press on for another day. By that time they were in sight of the curiously shaped peak at the foot of which, according to the legend, was the burial cave. The mere sight of the peak had a curious effect on the Indians. With the end in sight, they refused flatly to continue. It was quite evident that in their legends they had surrounded the cave with some superstitious power. The tribe had been shunning it for years. Later Mr. de Booy learned that some time in the distant past the ancestors of the Macoas had met with a terrible reverse in battle at or near the mountain.

Accordingly the party turned back on the fifth day. Since there was no food to carry the packs were quite light. Also the trail had been cut, and it required only one day's travel to reach the encampment. The travelers had nothing to eat and the Indians became rather bad tempered, but there was no real trouble and all arrived safely in camp.

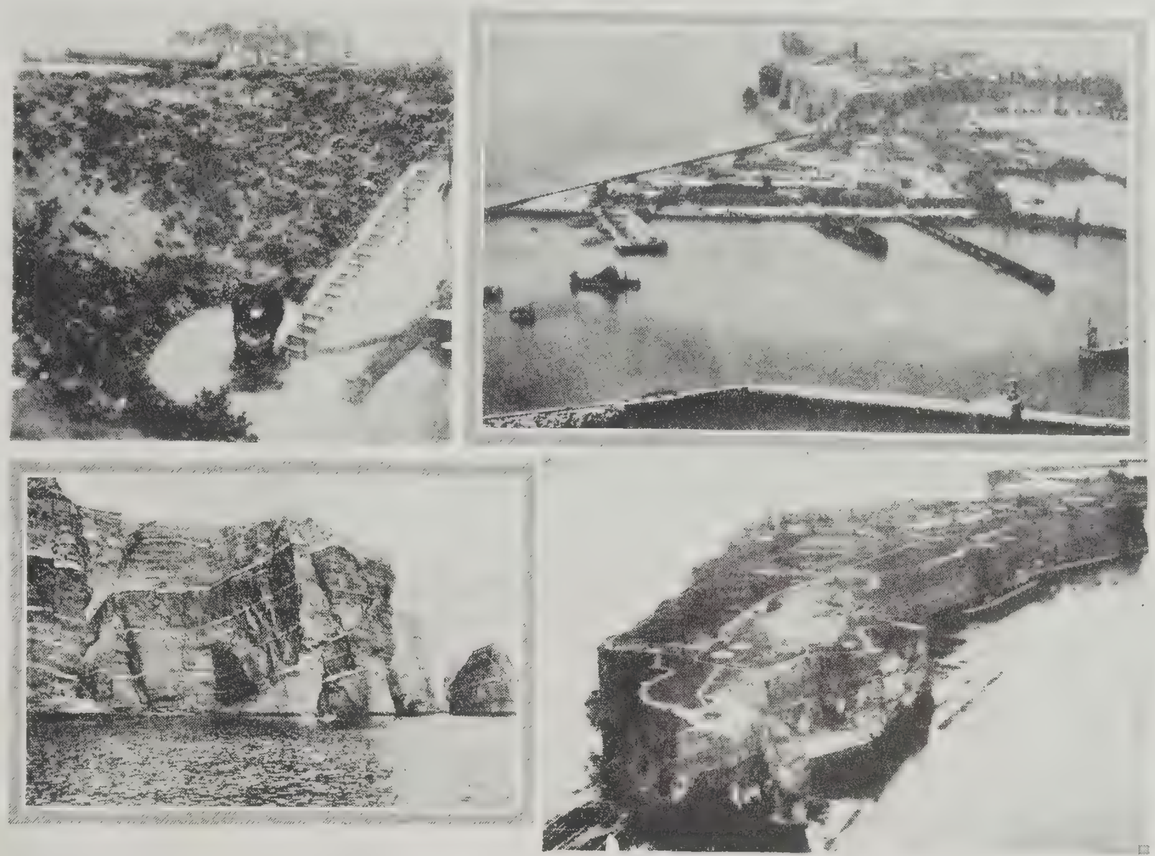
"It is quite probable, almost certain in fact," wrote the explorer, "that this burial cave contains archeological treasures of the highest value. Our archeological researches proved without a doubt that the entire region had at one time been inhabited by the Arhuacos, a tribe of which a small remnant still lives in the Sierra Nevada of Santa Marta. Researches by other archeologists have proved that the Arhuacans were excellent workers in gold and had quantities of gold ornaments, and it will be seen that the chances of this cave containing gold ornaments as well as burial objects of other kinds are very good."

On his return to the camp Mr. de Booy soon found that it would be expedient to get away as quickly as possible. He had difficulty preventing an outbreak of the Indians among themselves following the second Chica feast to which he was a witness. While they offered him no attack, it was evident that the element of mystery had worn off. Therefore he packed up his belongings and started back to civilization with the Indians who had accompanied him. He also obtained some of the Macoas as pack bearers for part of the distance, but they would not go into the village. They left the party a day's journey out in the wilderness, and it was necessary to send the other Indians back for a second load.

Heligoland—"Holy Land" of the North Sea

Once-Famous Fortress Destined to Disappear in Battle With Elements

By WALTER M. WOLFF



Above, left—One of the 30.5 cm. guns and entrance to the underground compartments. Above, right—The former well-protected U-boat harbor which is now a mass of ruins. Below, left—The red and gray stratified formation of which the island is composed. Below, right—Heligoland as seen from the north at low tide.

"ENCHANTED ISLE" should more properly have been the name of a little spot in the North Sea not far off the west coast of Germany. Called "Helig" (or holy) by the Danes who first discovered the island, Heligoland (Helgoland) has not exactly lived up to its name within the last decade, unless it be that of "holy terror." And yet one never forgets the sight of this rocky sentinel of the deep, once having approached it or departed from it. Coming or going, the visitor is awe-struck as he suddenly beholds an island of rare beauty which seems to grow out of the sea like a huge monument—not real and cold, but mirage-like. There is something illusive and dreamlike about Heligoland as it towers aloft, bathed in sunlit fog with the deep blue of the sky above and the blue of the restless sea at its feet. Well-fitted are the words:

"Green is the land,
Red is the rim,
White is the sand—
These are the colors of
Helgoland!"

Topographically Heligoland is a small island but a mile long and a third of a mile wide and towers 160 feet above the sea. The steep and rugged sides display its layers of red clay and sandstone interspersed with considerable Permian limestone. Caves and grottoes are numerous but the top of the island is sufficiently covered over with black earth so that vegetables and long grass for cattle may grow. Trees or larger growth are, of course, impossible.

The people of Heligoland, of whom there are about 2,500, are of North Frisian descent and speak a dialect of their own, although all can and do speak a beautiful High German. Lobster and deep-sea fishing are the important trades of the natives but by far the greatest source of profit is the thousands of tourists who flock to Heligoland from Europe each summer, for the island is a most ideal summer resort in every particular. Within hailing distance of Heligoland proper is a small flat sand dune which is famous as a bathing beach. This sand dune was still a part of the island as late as 1720 but since that time it has to all appearance lost its connection with the former.

One of the most interesting spots on the high mainland of Heligoland is the famous lighthouse, 246 feet above the ocean. The powerful, penetrating rays from the *thirty million candle-power* lamp can be seen even on the coast at Cuxhaven, nearly forty miles away. Every five seconds there is a flash of one-tenth second duration and ships all over the North Sea are able to find their way at night with the help of the huge tower's kindly beams. A second point of interest is the well-stocked North Sea Museum for Fauna and Flora built in 1896 to which has also been added a large aquarium.

Heligoland became a daily byword to Europe during the critical years of the war. Heligoland defied the entire British navy and dared it to pass to move against Hamburg. Heligoland meant more to Germany than her entire High Seas Fleet; Heligoland was the German Gibraltar. The very name itself spelled something mysteriously terrible to the Allied nations—something mightily to be feared and avoided at all costs. And indeed there was just cause to be afraid of this Silent Sentinel of the North Sea, for nothing more dangerous ever grew out of the ocean in modern history.

The result of an earthquake or terrific volcanic upheavals many ages ago, Heligoland ranked among the foremost of natural fortresses. Not only was the top surface of the island heavily armed with long-range guns, but the very bowels became a storehouse for great quantities of ammunition and armament which was invisible from the outside. In addition, the splendid submarine harbor gave Heligoland every advantage so that for the time being it was easily the world's most powerful arsenal. To take it by force of arms during the years 1914 and 1917 would have been practically impossible, which may account for the fact that Heligoland was never so much as disturbed from her peace-time tranquillity throughout the entire period of the war.

England conquered the island from the Danes in 1807 and ceded it to Germany in 1890.

A force of between three and four thousand men, however, kept up a ceaseless vigil to the very day of its surrender to the Allies under terms of the peace treaty. While not being taken away from Germany outright, Heligoland was forced to dismantle and destroy every trace of its former greatness; the harbor was blown up and the twenty-four big guns and howitzers which had never been able to fire a single shot at an enemy were sent away, never again to return. A few rods of trackage, here and there entrances to tunnels which still lead to unknown depths, and bare spots where once stood long, gray monsters with yawning mouths—these are about the only landmarks still left of the Heligoland that has been.

The little island is now left to its fate to battle with the wind and sea. There is nothing to prevent the waves from eating away little by little the soft, stratified formations until even the constant repairing of sea walls and patching up of holes and leaks will prove of no avail against Neptune's onslaughts. Geologists have figured that many centuries may elapse before Heligoland entirely crumbles and is washed away, but the day is coming when only history will remain to tell the story of the once-famous stronghold in the North Sea. Or it may be that some future earthquake will level the island (earthquakes have been felt on Heligoland) in which case Old Mother Earth will have reclaimed one of her long-lost offspring.

Adventuring With Ghosts of the London of Romance

Concluded from page 3

his decision wavered, and he took coach to Tower Wharf; but the water in the river was low and he believed that his movements were being observed. Once again he returned. He attempted to stab himself, but failed in the execution. Then by the help of the buckle he formed a noose of his garter, fixed it about his neck and fastened the other end to the carved woodwork of his bedstead; but two efforts to hang himself failed. He then contrived to fasten the garter to the top of the door, standing upon a chair which he kicked aside. Before he lost consciousness he heard a voice cry three times: "'Tis over!" When he came to, he found himself fallen upon his face upon the floor, and, reeling and struggling, stumbled into bed, where he was found soon after by the woman who had come in to light his fire.

It is better to sit with him in his chambers when he is in a happier mood. He heard a prodigious hammering at his door as he sat reading by the fireside on a November morning. Opening to his visitor, he beheld a most rural figure, with muddy coat and boots. It turned out to be his brother's farmer landlord from Orpington in the beautiful county of Kent. This uncouth but kindly personage produced with difficulty from his greatcoat pockets a pair of fine fat capons. There were feasting and merriment that night, the capons having been dressed at a neighboring tavern and discussed by Cowper and a party of friends to their great contentment.

Passing by number two Crown Office Row, I meet a gentle looking boy coming out: pleasant faced, with clear brown complexion; lambent-eyed; staid in his demeanor; walking with a slow, peculiar swaying gait. Clad with Quaker-like simplicity. It is Charles Lamb, who was born in this building in the year 1775. "I was born," he tells me, "and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river I had almost said—for in those young years what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?"

Lamb and his sister Mary haunt another of his Temple homes, number sixteen Mitre Court Buildings, rebuilt some hundred years ago. From these rooms he wrote to his friend Thomas Manning: "I prefer the attic story for the air! . . . . My bed faces the river, so as by perking upon my haunches and supporting my carcass with my elbows, without much wrying my neck, I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of King's Bench Walk." I look up: the present building fades away and do I not see the gentle Elia peeping out? Like Wordsworth, "I look for ghosts."

Another famous Charles here haunts the glimpses of the moon, always hastening as if in a hurry to "get there"; many of the children of his imagination also linger in the shadows of the Temple, among them Ruth Pinch, Tom her brother, and John Westlock the man who wooed and won her. Men of the law figure numerously and not altogether felicitously in the writings of Charles Dickens, but it is not very generally known, or at any rate it is usually forgotten, that in 1839 he entered his name as a Student of the Middle Temple.

There is one whom I have seen "alone and palely loitering" in the Middle Temple; Thomas De Quincey, who entered his name as a student here in the year 1808; short of stature, somewhat mean in appearance, but striking withal; childlike; "blue-eyed, blonde-haired, sparkling face," wrote Carlyle, "with the finest silver-toned voice." I have seen this quaint spirit in the Middle Temple Hall, seated at dinner beside Henry Crabb Robinson, the diarist, as he was on the afternoon of June 17, 1812, at the hour of four. De Quincey was very civil to his companion, whom he cordially invited to pay a visit to him at his cottage in Cumberland. He was a friend too of Charles Lamb: those two small men who loom so large to us today. I have seen the two pacing with silent football the moonlit precincts of the Temple.

And who is this tall, stooping, broken-nosed fellow who stops to speak to his brother shades? It is one William Makepeace Thackeray, who, as a young man, read law in the chambers of Mr. William Taprell, first at number one in the aforementioned Hare Court and later at number ten Crown Office Row. But he did not love legal lore, indeed spoke of it quite harshly: "This lawyer's preparatory education is certainly one of the most cold-blooded, prejudiced pieces of invention that ever man was slave to . . . . The sun won't shine into Taprell's chambers, and the high stools don't blossom and bring forth buds." I have met Major Pendennis here on his way to pay a call upon his nephew Arthur who we are told in a certain famous story shared chambers with Mr. Warrington in Lamb Building, which is called by Thackeray Lamb Court. Which chambers the Major's valet, Morgan, described as "raythe a shy place. The lawyers live there, and has their names on the doors." I went there one night and I would swear that I saw those two names upon the doorpost. And there were two women and two children—Ameliar-Ann and Betsy-Jane. Yes, Fanny Bolton, pretty, nervous, fanciful Fanny, and her mother stood under the lamp "and looked up to the third floor of the house where Pendennis' chambers were, and where they saw a light presently kindled. Then this couple of fools went away, the children dragging wearily after them."

And lo!

"What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps—?"

A handsome, well-shaped man, apparently some thirty-five years of age, in Elizabethan finery of some splendor; musing as he moves along the garden of the Inner Temple. A player friend with him, a burly figure of a man, who, as they paused beside some briars laden with blossoms, red and white, said: "Will, which likest thou? The red rose or the white? Which wouldst *thou* have plucked?" But Shakespeare answered not.

There are many other ghosts that haunt the Temple; the dark passages and ill-lit stairways and dim chambers are thronged with them. Dumb shades, many of them whose very names have long since been forgotten. The day is done; the moon shines on court and garden. There is silence save for an occasional quick footstep of departing visitor or returning resident. But I am never lonely when I loiter there; I hold commune with the famous dead.

Disagreements and Disappointments Mark 1923

Concluded from page 2

movement and the king asked the rebel general to organize a military directorate, which is a euphonism for dictatorship.

Rivera hurried to Madrid where a rousing welcome awaited him. Parliament was dissolved, trial by jury suspended, a press censorship instituted and a new ministry formed with Rivera as the sole chief of administration. His first bid for popularity was a declaration that he would hang profiteers if necessary to reduce the prices of food and other necessities.

His next task seems to be the reform of the civil service which is overburdened with costly sinecures.

The success or the failure of the new Spanish venture can be determined only by trial. The Spanish people are said to have accepted it as promising to be an improvement upon previous régimes.

Brief mention only can be made of other discords that have marked the passing year. In Bulgaria in July a military revolution overthrew the ministry of the peasant premier, Stamboulisky, and fearing the fate of former premiers who had been imprisoned and otherwise punished for official acts, Stamboulisky fled from Sofia. He was pursued and captured and on July 15 was shot and killed.

When, on May 6, Chinese bandits wrecked a train in Shantung Province and captured a number of Europeans and Americans, holding them for ransom, the government at Pekin was powerless to deal with the outrage, and release of the hostages was finally effected by independent negotiators who, it was understood, were empowered to offer the brigand chieftains commissions in the Chinese army.

The affairs of the Chinese Republic have been chaotic throughout the year, but in October General Tsao Kun was chosen president, being inaugurated October 10. But China is not unified. Dr. Sun Yat Sen has re-established his government at Shanghai and warns the powers against President Tsao Kun. Both governments have strong foreign backing and the struggle seems destined to continue for considerable time.

England Weathering Storm

IRELAND, of course, connotes disagreement. Discord has persisted there aplenty. Guerrilla warfare continued until April, when De Valera proposed a peace pending the coming elections. In the main this pact was kept, but the Free State authorities arrested De Valera when he rose to address a political meeting on August 15. The elections on August 27 resulted in victories for the Free State, though their predominance in the Dail depended upon a coalition with the moderate and independent parties.

On September 10 the Free State was regularly admitted as a member of the League of Nations and the Dail opened without disorder in October.

The Republicans both in Ireland and America, however, are by no means pacified and many men elected to the Dail refused to qualify by taking the oath of allegiance to the British Crown.

Of all the countries that entered the war at the outset, England has best weathered the storm and best maintained her foreign and domestic credit.

The strain, however, has been great and is growing heavier. The care of her war victims has taxed her resources and the unemployment conditions have long been acute.

Free trade has been the traditional policy of England and the average Briton has a wholesome regard for tradition, but so acute is the situation that the Conservative government of Stanley Baldwin has brought about the dissolution of Parliament and the call for new elections.

The Liberal and the Labor parties oppose the proposition and the former premiers, Lloyd George and H. H. Asquith have composed their individual differences to give added strength to their opposition.

Baldwin and the Conservative platform went down to defeat early in December and as these lines are written the question of whether the Labor party shall be permitted to organize the government, or whether a coalition government is to be attempted, has not been settled.

As this is largely an account of disagreements, reference to our own has been reserved to the last because we have not had many of a major sort this year.

On the other hand our chief event has been one of national sorrow. On August 3 President Warren G. Harding died in San Francisco after a brief illness from which he was believed to be recovering.

The shock deepened the sorrow and a nation paused to honor his memory as his remains were borne across the continent and to his last resting place in Ohio.

Political disagreements, even then acute and growing bitter, lost their rancor and a period of uncertainty followed which was not relieved even when Congress met in December to hear the policies of his successor.

The Coal Strike Threat

BUT in other fields, aside from the matters of prohibition enforcement and agitation as to our duty to enter or remain aloof from foreign entanglements, our year has been rather normal.

The anthracite coal strike threatened to become a serious industrial disturbance but although the mines were closed by a walkout August 31, Governor Gifford Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, the only anthracite-producing state, after appointment as a special commissioner by President Coolidge, negotiated a settlement on the basis of an increase in wages to the miners.

It was his contention that the increase would add but sixty cents a ton to the costs of production and that this could be absorbed before the coal reached the consumers. That such could or would be the result was a matter of doubt since settled in the negative.

The other painful event of the year was the clash of Governor J. C. Walton, of Oklahoma, with the Ku Klux Klan of that state. The governor found himself in conflict with the society early in the summer and the contest was highly dramatic while it lasted. He attributed frequent bits of mob violence to the Klan and began vigorous prosecutions resulting eventually in the declaration of martial law throughout the state on September 18. A few days later the legislature attempted to assemble with intent to impeach him but he employed his militia to block the effort. On October 9 the voters of the state carried an amendment to the constitution authorizing the legislature to assemble upon their own initiative. This was promptly done, the house impeached the governor and the senate, as a court, tried him and sustained the impeachment November 20, after the defendant had left the senate chamber and refused to make further defense because, he asserted, the court was biased against him.

To offset these untoward happenings, much transpired during the closing year that makes for domestic and international amity. After a long suspension of diplomatic intercourse with Mexico, the United States negotiated a pact whereby friendly relations were resumed. The agreement was reached by representatives of the two countries on August 15 and on August 31 this country formally recognized the Obregon government. Early in December the stability of the Obregon administration was seriously threatened by the flaming up of a revolt.

The possibility of a breach between this country and England over the repayment of war loans to the Allies was averted earlier in the year when an agreement was negotiated whereby the United Kingdom pledged itself to liquidate its debt of nearly five billion dollars by annual payments for sixty-two years with interest at three per cent for the first ten years and three and one-half per cent thereafter.

This agreement was ratified by both governments and England made the first payment on March 15.

Last year there were many misgivings as to the fate of the pacts formulated by the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Arms and the settlement of Pacific and Far Eastern questions. The Conference met in November, 1921, and adjourned the following February, but at the close of 1922 neither Italy nor France had ratified the treaties. Italian ratification took place in February and in July France completed the necessary legislation. Representatives of the signatory nations met in Washington and formally exchanged the ratifications which put the pacts into full force and effect.

After at first declining the American request that to protect our Atlantic seacoast from the wholesale smuggling-in of contraband liquor the traditional three-mile limit of terrain jurisdiction be stretched to twelve for this specific purpose, England has recently assented with qualifying restrictions and before the end of the year this agreement will be ratified.

If more than a mere suggestion of pessimism seems to have crept into this narrative of the year's larger happenings, now is the time and this is the place to stress the assertion that the outlook is not so gloomy as might be inferred.

The deadlock in the Ruhr and the imminent collapse of Germany must, of course, be a matter of deep concern to every thoughtful person and until this complication is straightened out no world restoration is possible.

An Economic War

THE Franco-German struggle, however, has taken on the aspects of an economic war in which not even the victor can continue the fight indefinitely. Distressful as is Germany's present plight history testifies that she recuperates quickly and her eventual rehabilitation may be brought about under conditions that will preclude the possibility of her national energies again being wasted in warlike ventures.

It is reported that the element now dominant in Turkey realizes the value of her natural resources and is determined to make their development benefit the country. If this be true, her return to Europe may not prove an unalloyed calamity.

If ever there was an incident which, but a few years ago, would have made war inevitable, the Corfu affair had all the elements but zeal for national expansion stopped one degree short of that insanity which in times past has led many a people to imagine themselves invincible and favored by the co-operation of Deity.

Even the outstanding calamity of the year, if not of the century, the Japanese earthquake and fire of September 1 and 2, involving a loss of approximately 200,000 lives and a property damage beyond computation, seems destined to draw us into closer association with that oriental people, to establish relations of enduring friendliness and mutual security.

If such a disaster can bring with it incidental benefits it is more than likely that at a future that will give us sufficient perspective we can look back upon the year 1923 as one of achievement and progress.

Farmers and the Credit System

By A FARMER'S WIFE

THOSE who advocate increased credit facilities for farmers are, evidently, unacquainted with the ways of country people.

The average farmer would be much better off if he were unable to obtain credit.

He cannot seem to realize his obligations when signing a note. No matter how much he owes, any ready cash he gets by selling cows, cream, pigs or poultry, he looks upon as his own to spend as he chooses, irrespective of "the paper" he has out against him.

Even educated farmers are prone to let things slide with a childlike faith that a good crop or a raise in prices will bring them out all right.

There is no end to the money that people can spend on a farm in improvements and labor-saving devices, and the countryman is, usually, the prey of every glib-tongued agent that comes along. If he can buy anything "on time" he appears to think he is getting it for nothing—until the day of reckoning arrives.

Most farmers are land poor. In their desire to be considered rich and important in their neighborhood, farmers pay taxes on and try to cultivate more land than they can afford to buy the equipment necessary to do it well. Although they may realize in the abstract that it is better to get twenty bushels of wheat an acre off fifty acres than ten off a hundred, they prefer to tell that they have "a hundred acres in crop," it sounds bigger.—So they borrow money for the extra equipment and nine times out of ten come to grief.

If they couldn't borrow the money, they would be obliged to curtail their soaring ambition.

A man will take up a homestead, break the sod and sow wheat. The first crop, with ordinary weather conditions, is generally good, as wheat does well on sod-broken land. He may get thirty bushels to an acre. Fifteen hundred bushels from fifty acres looks big to him. He reasons three thousand would be better, so puts in a hundred acres. To do this, he may borrow a thousand dollars for extra equipment, but that wouldn't be enough, so he has to stubble his first fifty acres which will probably not yield under that treatment more than ten bushels.

The bank will probably send him a notice at the end of six months that he owes $1,050. He tells them they must wait until after threshing time which gives him another six months, when he will owe $1,105, but if wheat is low and other bills press, he will probably get the note renewed again. In the Northwest, the banks usually renew the notes adding the *ten per cent interest compounded semi-annually* until they decide that the borrower's assets will not cover his liabilities when they —close him out.

Then, and not until then, does the average farmer seem to realize what signing a note means. Probably, at first, he could have paid the interest by economizing closely and not allowing his family to spend all the money he got for his hogs at the county fair.

County fairs, undoubtedly, are incentives for raising better farm produce, but most of them might be better managed. For instance, concessions should not be given to cheating, gambling games where a gullible rustic can drop five dollars in as many minutes. Farmers, like poets, seem totally lacking in the business instinct. For an example, one year during a drought in the Northwest, instead of selling their cattle, and using the money to buy hay for their work horses and a few milch cows, the ranchers borrowed money to buy hay at exorbitant prices, with the result that most of them went bankrupt.

If they had been unable to borrow the money to buy hay, they would have been obliged to sell their cattle and, probably, remained solvent.

What farmers really need is adequate marketing facilities. Some way could and should be devised so that farm produce could be more evenly distributed. When eggs are selling for ten cents a dozen in some localities and forty cents at the same season elsewhere, something is radically wrong and should be remedied.

Farmers are not financiers, but, even if they were, they could not make money if obliged to sacrifice their wares as they are doing at present. Extended credit does not provide a market for the farmer which is the one thing needful to a satisfactory solution of the Agricultural Problem.

When the Grain Growers' Association came into being many ranchers in the Northwest hailed it as a means of salvation, but they were doomed to disappointment. Those who joined received sixty cents a bushel for wheat at threshing time with a promise of two more payments. At the last payment in May, those who joined the association received eighty-three cents for dark, hard winter wheat, and eighty-nine for Northern Spring, while the ranchers who sold to the elevators received more than ninety cents for winter wheat and more than a dollar a bushel for spring. The officers of the Grain Growers' Association made excuses, but the fact remained that the farmers, who put faith in them, lost money.

Probably there were too many farmers in the association, and not enough business men.

Farmers as a class are not able to compete with sharp-witted city business men.

If city people and financiers, instead of trying to exploit their country cousins, would do all in their power to aid them, we should not have such an appalling and menacing agricultural situation.

Farmers don't need credit, but cash, or an opportunity to sell their wares and labor for what they are worth.

Introducing Lue Gim Gong, the Chinese Burbank

His Horticultural Triumphs Mean Extra Millions to Florida Citrus Growers

By GEORGE H. DACY

Right—LUE GIM GONG, who has done for citrus growers more probably than any one orchardist in America. Here he is seen standing near one of his famous grape fruit trees; in the oval he is with Fanny, his beloved 31-year-old horse; at the left Lue is holding his rooster, which, when he died, was petrified by Lue and is cherished to this day.

ORIGINATOR of two of the best varieties of grape fruit and oranges cultivated in Florida and California and propagator of a remarkable cherry currant, a delicious grapefruit that yields a perfume, an early sweet apple that ripens about Independence Day in the latitude of Central Massachusetts and a peach which grown under glass bears luscious fruit in November, developer of a three-leafed orange which will mature as far north as Connecticut and breeder of the finest family of tomatoes raised in North America, Lue Gim Gong, of De Land, Florida, is a veritable Chinese Burbank and the most skillful pollination expert in the state of our last frontier. Some time or other every grower of citrus fruits in the United States has heard of Lue Gim Gong. Most of the leading orchardists have visited this well-educated, Americanized Chinese. Not a single visitor of the hundreds of thousands who have called on Lue has failed to learn something from this charitable patron of growing things whose greatest pleasure is to assist the other fellow in mastering the intricacies of the citrus industry.

My visit to Lue Gim Gong will always be a treasured memory, for it was fraught with experiences such as seldom fall to the lot of an itinerant free-lance writer. In going to Lue's grove, about two miles from De Land, I took an automobile short cut through the woods and thus became intimately acquainted with one of the most curious motoring paths in all creation. The roads of Florida that are not paved are impediments to automobile traffic because of the treacherous sand which in many respects is as objectionable to gasoline travel as the hub-deep spring mud of the Corn Belt or the blizzard-bound prairies of the Northwest. But forests of towering pines furnish the natives of Volusia County with a most extraordinary roadway topping in the form of soft pillows of pine needles.

Nestling cosily amid its bower of tropical shrubbery stands Lue Gim Gong's house, the library of horticultural study, the laboratory of complicated search and research where for more than a half-century, night after night, the Chinese wizard of pollination has burned midnight oil to solve the riddles which jeopardize citrus production. The rooms of the house and even the front veranda are piled high with technical and scientific periodicals. If ever a man devoted his entire life, unstintingly and unsparingly, to humanity, that man is Lue Gim Gong. He has traveled far in his studies. Universally all citrus people sing his praises. Notwithstanding, today this talented Chinese is practically penniless and dependent on the bounty of his friends. Like many another genius, Lue was a poor business man. Unscrupulous interests have robbed him of his discoveries and horticultural treasures. Even his home orchard and farm are heavily mortgaged. Were it not for the intervention of his friends who organized a company to rescue his estate from the hammer of the auctioneer, Lue would be without roof to shelter him in his crippled old age.

Lue Gim Gong's outstanding contribution to twentieth century horticulture is an almost magical orange that is named after him. On the basis of present market likes and dislikes, the Lue Gim Gong orange is one of the most popular grown in Florida. The marvelous feature about this variety of orange is that the fruit after attaining full maturity will hang on the tree one, two, three, even four years or longer without deterioration. In case the market is glutted at the end of the initial growing period when the oranges are ready to pick, the grower can let them hang on high until the readjustment between supply and demand has restored normal prices. Then the grower can pick, grade, pack and market his Lue Gim Gong oranges. If he does not wish to sell that season, he may let the fruit hang on the trees until the second season and then harvest a double-header crop. If he wishes, he may leave the fruit of the first two seasons in storage on the trees that grew them and wait until the third crop is ready for picking.

The writer carefully inspected a number of the Lue Gim Gong orange trees that had not been harvested for three years and which also showed the blossoms of the fourth crop. The sweet-smelling blossoms of the new crop were just beginning to unfold. The oranges that were one year old were a rich lemon color, and, although ripe, still clung tenaciously to the branches where they were suspended, from which no ordinary windstorm could detach them. Interspersed among them were larger and darker colored two-year-old oranges that still felt sound and firm to the touch and when opened showed no evidence of deterioration. The three-year-old fruits were dark brown in color and almost as large as small grapefruit. They also were compact, perfect, juicy, succulent and appetizingly edible. The Lue Gim Gong orange trees are very resistant to the occasional visitations of Jack Frost. These trees withstand temperatures ten degrees colder than those of other varieties.

Lue Gim Gong showed me an interesting experiment he had conducted to ascertain the frost resistance of the grapefruit trees which are named after him. The ordinary varieties of grapefruit trees bore no fruit; several severe freezes had put them permanently out of business. The Lue Gim Gong trees were growing healthily and producing profitable crops of large luscious grapefruit. The Lue Gim Gong grapefruit will withstand weather fifteen degrees colder than will ordinary citrus crops of this description. This variety ripens two months earlier than ordinary and bears fruit in clusters.

The South Florida Winter Fair held annually at Tampa is one of the best citrus congresses in existence. When Lue Gim Gong has exhibited oranges, grapefruits and tangerines that bear his name, he has won the premier prizes. Even Uncle Sam has seen fit to reward Lue for his original investigations in citrus fruits and his development of valuable new strains. Hence Lue, with pardonable pride, treasures a fine gold medal which the United States Government gave him when he perfected his famous Lue Gim Gong orange.

I was prepared for most any surprise but I was amazed when Lue said, "Now we will go to the chapel for a little prayer." A prayer meeting in an orange grove! We walked to a beautiful spot in the grove where the overlapping branches of four magnificent orange trees formed a natural chapel with a green-vaulted dome perfumed with the sweet scent of orange blossoms.

In this arbor were several benches and a simple little pulpit that Lue had built. Here every morning, and ofttimes during the day, the devout Chinese, who has long been Christianized, holds homely services. About 5,000 to 6,000 visitors call on Lue every winter so that he usually has a congregation of sight-seers who join with him in his simple service.

In Canton province, China, where Lue Gim Gong spent his boyhood days, his parents were agriculturists and expert plant breeders. The boy inherited the parental love for growing things and at six he was interested in and expert at pollinating lettuce, radishes, turnips, rice and other produce of the Chinese gardens and houseboat hotbeds. When he was twelve, his parents sent Lue to San Francisco to an uncle who had established himself in business at that port. Lue made the trip with five other Chinese boys and men and despite that he was the youngest of his party he was soon their leader, for he knew more about traveling than any of his mates.

After a year in San Francisco, Lue's uncle sent him to North Adams, Massachusetts, where the boy worked for several years for Solomon Burlingame, a farmer of that neighborhood. Finally, Miss Fanny Burlingame, the daughter of the house, adopted and educated the Chinese boy. Discovering his love for growing things and his ability to cross and develop valuable new strains of old varieties of crops, she furnished him with every facility for his study and experiments. It was under the sponsorship of his foster mother that Lue developed one of the finest tomato plants ever produced in North America. It attains a height of fifteen feet and bears heavy yields of fine, clean fruit that never comes in contact with the ground. The cherry currant, a cross of the grape and the cherry, and the remarkable apple and peach that have been mentioned previously, were also varieties that Lue Gim Gong perfected in Massachusetts.

Lue Gim Gong loves dumb animals. His veteran horse, Fanny, an old maid of thirty-one calendars, follows her master about like a pet dog would. And Lue's chief concern at present—the old Chinaman has celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday and is so crippled, due to falls from trees, that he can barely totter about—is to see that Fanny has plenty to eat and drink. Years ago, there was a third member of the trio—a defiant, strutting rooster that recognized only one superior, his master. According to rumor, Lue taught this bird to sit on the back of a chair as he ate his dinner. The Chinaman would toss bread crumbs to the bird. The rooster died about ten years ago and Lue—skilled in the arts of the Chinese chemist—petrified the body of his feathered pet and today treasures it as one of his cherished possessions.

There was a time not so long ago when the Lue Gim Gong crops of oranges and grapefruit sold for from $6,000 to $7,500 a year. Now Lue gives most of his fruit away to visitors. He is too old and feeble to operate his grove on a commercial scale. He is unwilling to turn it over to others. His friends will hold the place for him as a homestead as long as he lives that he may be comfortable.

Once a famous mining engineer said to the Chinese orchardist, "Lue, why in the world do you waste your time fooling away trying to produce new varieties of flowers, plants and fruits? With your ability you could win a fortune in the fields of commerce and industry." And Lue answered, "To my way of thinking, the creation or development of a new product of horticulture is worth as much to humanity as a great industrial discovery or the perfection of an intricate machine. If I can add a single iota to the happiness of humanity, I will be satisfied."

Lue Gim Gong has lived in pathetic isolation for many years. He has only visited the city of De Land three times in eighteen years, notwithstanding that the round trip is less than five miles. He has given his all to the cause of better fruit for America. He is not an alien who sends all his earnings back to the land of his nativity. He gives all he gets to his American friends. He is loyal to the United States, being adopted by an American family more than five decades ago and educated in the same kind of schools as the average American boy. His manhood has been that of a highly valuable supporter of the Stars and Stripes. His brain and vitality have been wearied in the service of his adopted state. His great reward is his satisfaction that he has accomplished something worth while for Florida and that he has erected a monument which will defy the attacks of the ages.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A pioneer West Texas banker has the unique record of having been a sheriff for ten years in a Texas county when the West was really "wild," and never having carried a gun.

A memorial tablet in memory of Alexander Selkirk, the real Robinson Crusoe, was erected on the island of Juan Fernandez by the officers of H. M. S. *Topaze* in 1868. It reads, "In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, a native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports Galley,* ninety-six tons, sixteen guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in *The Duke,* privateer, 12th Feb. 1709. He died lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth,* A. D. 1723, aged 47 years." It is set into hard rock in a beautiful spot about 1,700 feet above the sea, near Selkirk's Lookout.

The lowly prune, the butt of paragraphers and the inspiration of boarding house wit, has come into its own. California devotes $200,000,000 worth of acreage to prune-growing and exports $25,000,000 worth of prunes annually.

King Tutankhamen's 3,000-year-old tomb will be opened to the public some time in January. Visitors holding tickets may enter when they will not hamper the work of the scientists.

A mummy hunter who "speared" for Inca mummies in the drifting sands of Peru taught the prohibition agents of Florida how to uncover rum caches. Great liquor stores were discovered in the sea-washed sands of Florida by running a sharpened iron rod into the beach. Several rods are now being used.

The ranges of the National Forests supported around 2,000,000 head of cattle and 7,000,000 head of sheep, not counting calves and lambs, during the current year, says the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

The Boy Scouts of America have a fund of $100,000 to develop the Boy Scout magazine, *Boys' Life.*

A remarkable stone wall built in the form of a fortress on the top of a Georgia mountain south of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, is believed to be of pre-Indian origin, as the Cherokee Indians told the first white settlers that a strange white race were in this vicinity before them. A walled-up spring is near the opening gate. There is not a civil engineer in America who could improve on its construction as a fortress defense.

The ancient "city of David" is to be excavated by archeologists.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Voters in Czecho-Slovakia are punished by a fine of not less than twenty Czecho-Slovak crowns nor more than 500 Czecho-Slovak crowns for their failure to appear at the polls on election day. In certain extreme cases excuses are accepted.

A new taxicab in Paris accommodates a single person in a seat—about twenty-eight inches wide—and charges half the price of an ordinary taxi.

Leprosy had its origin in Central Africa, and thence it spread to Asia. The hordes of the army of Darius brought it to Europe and it was taken to the Americas as an accompaniment of Negro slavery, according to a writer in the London *Quarterly Review.*

Amoy, a city of 120,000 inhabitants in Southern China, has no picture shows.

President Coolidge has no brothers nor sisters.

The physical education department of Northwestern University will have a three-hour course in walking. The object of the classes is to teach the proper poise while walking.

"That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue duty on Sundays, except at the shipyards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion . . . . It is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."—*George Washington.*

Japan's loss by the earthquake, at first figured at three billions of dollars, has been scaled down to about one billion.

The Jewish Daily *Forward* has the largest circulation of any alien language newspapers.

Unparalleled blow-downs in the tropics account for a banana shortage to date this year of more than 5,000,000 bunches.

The British are at work in India on an irrigation work twice as large as the Panama Canal and costing one-sixth as much.

"Your leaders who tell you that the more a country is Christian the worse it is for the Jews are mistaken. Wherever you find the Jews prospering most you will find that it is a Christian country. Look where the Jews are! Can you find many Jews where there are no Christians? Where do the Jews strive to go when they emigrate?—to America or England, the two Christian countries where the Bible is studied more than in any other lands on earth."—*Jacob Gartenhaus,* a Jew.

French telephone subscribers who become angry with the operators may be suspended for two days from use of the service according to a decree issued by the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs.

A French aviator drove his airplane nearly seven miles up from the earth, breaking the altitude record made in America recently, by Lieutenant Macready.

What is believed to be the first rubber pavement in the United States has been laid on a railroad crossing in Racine, Wisconsin. The section of rubber paving will be given a severe trial at this crossing used by thousands of automobiles and heavy motor trucks each day. A similar pavement in Princes street, Edinburgh, has been used for more than twenty years, yet it has lost only a fraction of an inch in thickness during this period.

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Labor Triumph in British Politics

Influence of Its Victory Upon the Lloyd George Fortunes

Man Games and Man Friends—By Will Comfort

Vicious Plays the Manhattan Idea

Preaching "Tolerance," Producers Encroach on Decency

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Mayhap Something Will Come o' This! Who Knows?

No Year Like 1924 to Attempt a Reform as Badly Needed as This; If Move to Check Conditions Isn't Made, What Is to Become of Vocabulary?

By MARK V. O'NEILL

PROBABLY you read the advertisements in the magazines. I know that I do. And probably you don't believe quite all that you read in them. I know that I don't.

I believe the illustrations when they are photographs. When they are what the advertising men refer to as "art work," my birthplace begins to shift to Missouri.

As for the copy, text, reading matter, or whatever you want to call it, I am frankly hard boiled.

There are plenty of good reasons for this.

One of them is that national advertising is drugging itself into a coma with habit-forming superlatives.

The quail-a-day man wasn't in it. Advertisers have been feeding us a diet of adjectives so rich that they would make quail taste like a crust of bread and a glass of water.

Ten years ago if William Jones invented a new style wimwam for a goose's bridle, he was content to burst into print with a quarter-page ad setting forth the hypothesis that the Jones Patent Wimwam was the best one on the market at any price. When Bill said that he was all through and at the end of his descriptive tether. He remembered the red schoolhouse days of good, better, best. "Best" sounded to him like the ultimate assertion, and he was content to stand or fall by it.

It's Super-this and Super-that

BUT best doesn't amount to shucks any more. Advertising, in its headlong rush through the last decade, has long since discarded such feeble language and modest claims. It is no longer considered good form to content yourself with merely remarking that what you make or sell is the best of its kind. The best is not nearly good enough, from the advertising man's viewpoint. Super- or hyper- best is the very least that the advertiser may hope to get by with. In these days of advertising ballyhoo and adjectival intoxication, such a modest superlative as "best" would be as out of place and lonesome as an American on Broadway.

To make this plain we have only to take William Jones and move him and his wimwam from 1913 up into 1923. This is what would happen. Instead of attempting to write his own advertisement, William would go to an advertising agent and explain that he was in with a new wimwam. In a week the wheels would be going and in a month we would open a magazine to receive a full page in color directly between the eyes.

The Case of the Wimwam

AT THE top of this page would be a more or less correct representation of a luxuriously furnished living room in what was plainly an expensive habitation. They're always expensive looking. A young woman in abbreviated clothing would be discovered staring joyously at an object in her hand while a male person with his hair brightly oiled would stand a trifle up center and contemplate her with an expression of benevolent satisfaction, as of ducks that die in tempests. Wifey and hubby, of course. The caption under the picture confirms your suspicion. It says, "O, George, how perfectly dear of you to buy me this lovely Jones Wimwam. It's just what I wanted!" At the bottom of the page would be the hand-lettered signature, Jones Wimwams, Incorporated, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco. And the slogan in quotes, "Jones on a Wimwam means what Sterling does on Silver." Between the picture and the signature would be the copy. It would read something like this:

Fifty years ago, in a small country town, William Jones made the first Wimwam in this country. Crude it was, of course, and ugly. But this unpretentious model embodied the germ of an idea that was destined to revolutionize the social and commercial life of a nation, and foreordained to grow into the mighty and magic Wimwam industry of today: an industry which is at once the wonder and despair of the entire world.

For half a century we have kept faith with the Wimwam-buying public of America.

And the results and advantages of our years of Wimwam research and laboratory experiments are placed at your disposal in our latest offering, The Jones Superbo Wimwam de Luxe.

Do not be imposed upon by the manufacturers of cheap and inferior Wimwams. The Jones will cost you a few cents more in the beginning but dollars less in the end.

"What will it do?" you may ask.

It will heat your home, soften your beard, make you a Traffic Manager at $10,000 a year, remove the film from your teeth, teach you the secret of making people like you, keep your hair combed, prevent you from making embarrassing social mistakes, and enable you to sit comfortably at home and hear the world's greatest singers, lecturers, after-dinner speakers, saxophone players, and bedtime story-tellers.

Can you ask for more? Can you do with less?

Take this beautiful new Wonder Wimwam in your hand. Notice the friendly hang—the perfect swing and balance of it.

Put it in your living room and see how marvelously it harmonizes with the rugs, draperies, furniture, and fireplace.

Set it up in your cellar and remark the rugged, cheerful way it blends with the furnace and the coal bin.

Finally, slip it into your vest pocket and observe its lack of bulge and weight, and the well-tailored, modish look it gives to your trousers.

Magnificently marvelous: superbly wonderful; amazingly supreme—surely this is the Super Wimwam of all time!

Man, you can't live without it.

Get in today on our glorious, no-money-down Wimwam Sales Plan.

Do not send us a red cent. Clip the coupon, fill in and mail to us. Deposit $5 with the postman when he brings it to your door and the Superbo Wimwam is yours.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE! DO IT NOW! TODAY!

And so it goes, week after week and month after month in the back pages of our best and our poorest magazines. When we fail to respond to the old bromides, the advertising expert patiently cleans out his hypodermic, jams a fresh assortment of adjectives and superlatives into the barrel and shoots the charge home with a double-page spread. For a few days the public is incited to another buying debauch and the fever charts in the sales manager's office begin once again to look like a rotogravure of New York's well-known sky line at night.

Plays Hob With the Patient

BUT this constant use of the needle is playing hob with the patient. One of these days he is going to turn on his doctors and nurses, and do some thinking for himself. That will be a sad day for the boys in the advertising "game," and for those publications that depend upon them for support.

The advertising of the motion picture producers is a thing to make the angels weep, and the average man would no more think of swallowing it than he would think of believing what he read in a metropolitan newspaper.

Book publishers are a close second when it comes to the dissemination of what the untutored consumer calls "bunk."

After these two offenders come the shaving cream men, the dentifrice manufacturers and the correspondence schoolers.

Hosiery, breakfast food, and pharmaceutical advertisers are ridiculous and extravagant, but only mildly so.

Now it would be a sadly misinformed, as well as a reckless, man who would attempt to infer from these statements that there is anything wrong with advertising *per se*. It's as right as rain and as necessary in business as bootleggers are in New York City. And that is almost the last word in necessity. *The trouble is not with advertising, but with those who buy, sell, and make it.* In this, as in so many other things, the defects of the majority have set the pace for all.

Advertising Itself Oversold

ADVERTISING copy writers and the men who are employing them are working on the fallacious theory that the buying public is composed almost exclusively of male and female morons. This supposition does us less than justice. We may be gullible but we are not all Gullivers, in that we have not his singular and praiseworthy docility of disposition.

It is a curious fact that just as countless products have been oversold by razzle-dazzle advertising that they could not possibly live up to, so has advertising itself been oversold to advertisers. Its most ardent practitioners, the agencies, are running up against this condition almost daily, and they are continually striving to overcome it by such catch phrases as, "Don't expect advertising to do it all"; "Sales effort and distribution are up to you. All advertising can do is to direct attention to your product." This back fire is the direct result of the advertising agencies having sold advertising so hard in the days before the check-up and show-me period, that the client has come to think that all he has to do is to pay for a few full pages and presto! his sales problems are all solved. Here are chickens returning to the old homestead for roosting purposes with a vengeance.

This may seem like putting the bee upon the agencies with undue violence.

But inasmuch as almost all of the advertising that finds its way into print is prepared by these same agencies, to them must fall the praise for what is good and the censure for what is otherwise. They are responsible for omissions as well as commissions: the former occasionally, the latter constantly.

An Agent in Action

I HAVE known many men in the advertising business and have numbered among them both acquaintances and friends. I have broken bread with wily account executives and humble copy writers, commercial "artists," and layout men. They have been truthfully and classically described by one of their own craft as a fine body of men.

They have, though, one fault. To keep their respect, or even their tolerance, you must believe as they do and with the same degree of childlike optimism, if so fatuous a theory may be dignified by so inspiriting a word.

For advertising men practice what they preach. To them the world is rosy and we are all bound for some commercial heaven in our own private and personal hack. The taint of synthetic enthusiasm and heady hyperbole is in their blood ready to break forth at the most casual provocation. Let the client essay but a timid, "Don't you think—" and he is forthwith made to realize how very feebly the waters came down at Lodore.

An advertising agent in full war panoply is a thing to strike terror to the heart of the most stalwart. He creeps into the lair of his unsuspecting client entrenched behind the advantages of technique, statistics, trade lingo, and tailor-made clothes.

From a sporting standpoint, the client never has a chance. The first three exchanges demonstrate the superior acumen of the agent and from then on the client is as putty in his febrile and facile hands. Nine advertising managers out of every ten are but rubber stamps, roar they never so loudly and strut they never so proudly in the account executive's absence. One glare from his horn-rimmed glasses and they sit up and bark for copy or lie down and roll over for art work.

All of which is offered by way of proof that the final blame for our present blaring, flaring, system of national publicity is less traceable to advertisers than to the advertising fraternity.

The Remedy Offered

AS FOR the copy writers, it is not fair to judge them by their output. They are mild and harmless as a class. They are without literary aspirations and frequently do not know whether O. Henry is an expletive or the name of an author. The young of the copy writers, like that of the Canadian jay, is rarely seen in the haunts of men, but it is an accepted fact that advertising copy writers have married, reared children, and demonstrated in other ways that they are assimilable and capable of making exemplary citizens.

This is more important than it may appear because it is largely to the anonymous copy writer that we must look for future improvement in the tempo of advertising literature.

Let me return, in closing, to my original contention that national advertising is immodestly hectic and unnecessarily violent.

Hard things are properly said of any man who criticizes without making suggestions for bettering the object of his criticism.

If I could stand on a suitable platform with a small table and an inevitable pitcher of water at my elbow I would like to magna vox myself to the advertising agencies of the country thus:

"I represent the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Advertisement Readers. In the name of this Society I ask that you give the Consumer a chance and a change. Take him off his present diet of bombast and ballyhoo. Give him a little sober truth and unseasoned fact. Continue to be enthusiastic, but mingle with your enthusiasm a little reasonable restraint. Segregate your intellect from language, rhetoric and miscellaneous parts of speech. Pass up syntax and concentrate on brass tacks."

The Changing Standards of Children's Books

McGuffey Readers First Juvenile Works to Humanize Elementary Education

By ARTHUR G. WALKER

I RECEIVED a child's weekly today and mentally compared it with the first books we knew as children, the crude pages and pictures—to memory now so precious, as they were then to imagination so satisfying.

In a city store I handled new copies of children's periodicals, wonderfully colorous, their very touch stimulative of good taste in printed things—*St. Nicholas, Chatterbox, John Martin's Book;* the fine editorial of the children's classics; Mother Goose Rhymes, "Robinson Crusoe," Hans Christian Andersen, and Barrie's "Peter Pan," among the multitudes of treasures. What pictures! The best artists here do their most characteristic and most beautiful work. The very best in bookmaking in this bookmaking age, all poured out with the greatest prodigality by the senior members of the fraternity for the happiness of the juniors. Thinking of all this treasure my mind slipped away to those whose first efforts added the fellowship of knowledge and art to the knowledge of nature. The pioneers we find long before the invention of printing. Theodore of Tarsus and his establishment of a school on the coast of Kent, in the seventh century; Bede and Alcuin in the north of England at the same period. Then there were the Books of Courteisie of the Middle Ages, got up for the training of the souls of the nobles.

But it was the invention of printing and the making of books in the modern way that opened the treasures of the mind and heart to the boys and girls of Europe, and then to the boys and girls of the world.

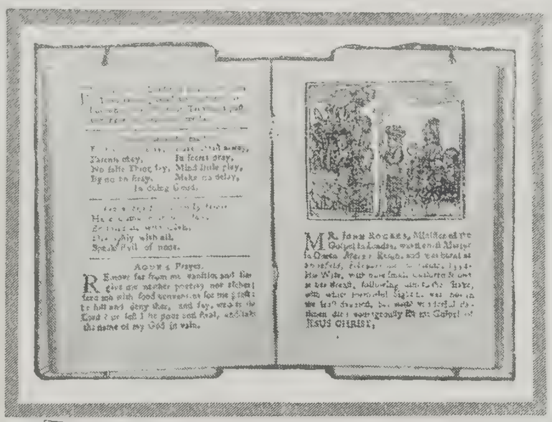
It may not be generally known that the invention of printing was really the outcome of this Fraternity of the Heart. Five hundred years ago, or to be exact, in the year 1420, there lived in the city of Haarlem in Holland an old gentleman who was the sacristan of the cathedral. They called him the "Koster," and passed on to us the English surname Coster. In our day we used to call him the church clerk; in our modern days, when we have stripped poetry and romance from every office, we call him "the janitor." He kept the keys of the cathedral, opening the huge doors at sunrise and locking them at sunset. His real name, after the habit of those times, was Laurens Janszoon, Koster. Walking one day in the famous woods outside the city walls with his grandchildren and trying to amuse them, he picked up a very smooth piece of beech bark. It occurred to him that he might cut some letters of the alphabet on it. The children thought the letters wonderful. The carving was taken home and later it came into his head that by blacking the letters with ink he could make black stamps upon paper. After many experiments he succeeded in making whole broadsides of letters. From the wish to amuse these little Dutch children sprang the magic of the printed letter, the marvels of modern printing and the world fellowship of knowledge and beauty. The people of Holland claim that Gutenberg became an apprentice to Coster and having possessed himself of his master's secret went back to Germany and developed his discovery.

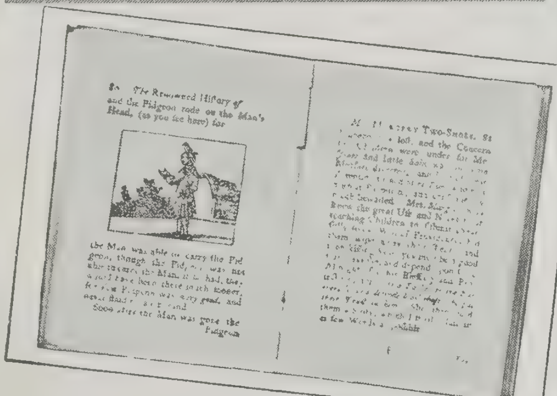
Now, as to the forms in which printing began to serve the children, here is the story:

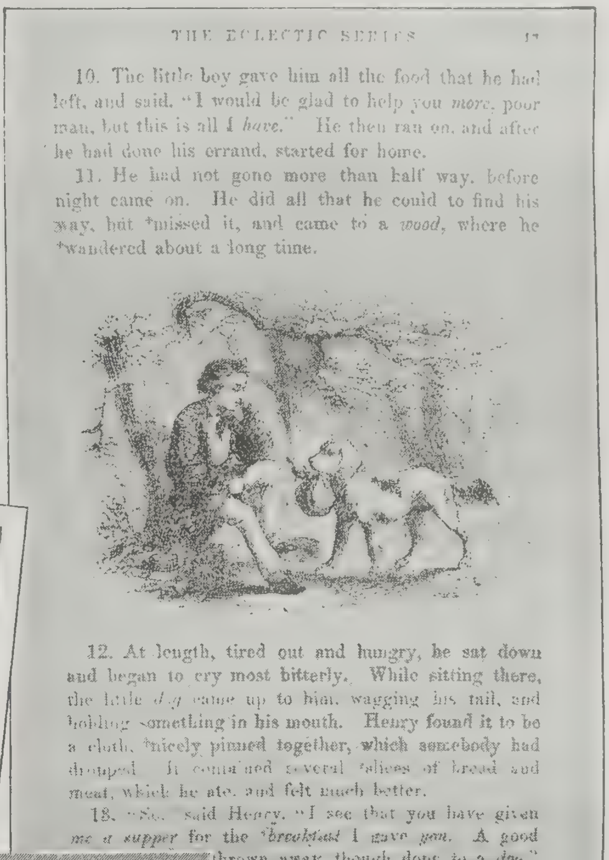
First of all came the Horn Books, also called the Battledore. They consisted of a leaf of paper mounted on a piece of wood, the lettering on the paper being protected by a thin sheet of transparent horn. As early as the year 1500 the Horn Book was used in teaching children. In an improved form it was to be found in remote rural districts of England as late as the middle of last century. Montrose I. Moses describes it very simply as follows: "Take an abacus frame and transfer the handle to one of its sides as a base. Within the frame insert a single leaf of thick cardboard, on one side of which place the alphabet, large and small, lettered heavily in black. Then, with the regularity of a regiment, string out three or four slender columns of monosyllables. Do we not here detect the faint glimmer of our college song, 'b-a, ba; b-e, be; b-i, bi: ba be bi'? It is essential that ample room be left for the inclusion of the Lord's Prayer. When this is done, slip over the face of the cardboard a clear piece of diaphanous horn, in default of which isinglass (mica) will suffice. Through the handle bore a hole, into which run a string. Finally, attach your handiwork to a girdle or belt, and behold, you are transformed into a school child of four hundred years ago."

In many of the Horn Books a Maltese or other form of cross preceded the A B C. The first line was called the "Criss-Cross Row," or "Christ Cross Row." We are told that at the beginning of each lesson the child would say: "God speed me, A B C."

The word "Battledore," from the similarity between the Horn Book and the toy, thus got an educational meaning, and for more than two hundred and fifty years it became the name of any instrument used in the teaching of children. Even when the first children's books appeared, having no resemblance to the shape of the Horn Book, nevertheless they carried the name of Battledore.







THE ECLECTIC SERIES

10. The little boy gave him all the food that he had left, and said, "I would be glad to help you *more*, poor man, but this is all I *have*." He then ran on, and after he had done his errand, started for home.

11. He had not gone more than half way, before night came on. He did all that he could to find his way, but *missed it, and came to a *wood*, where he *wandered about a long time.

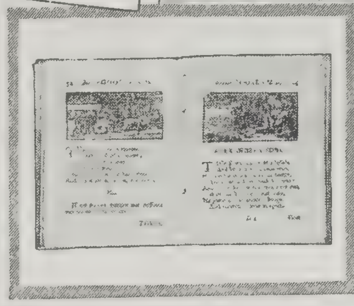
12. At length, tired out and hungry, he sat down and began to cry most bitterly. While sitting there, the little *dog* came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. Henry found it to be a cloth, *nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped. It contained several *slices of bread and meat, which he ate, and felt much better.

13. "So," said Henry, "I see that you have given *me a supper* for the *breakfast I gave you. A good

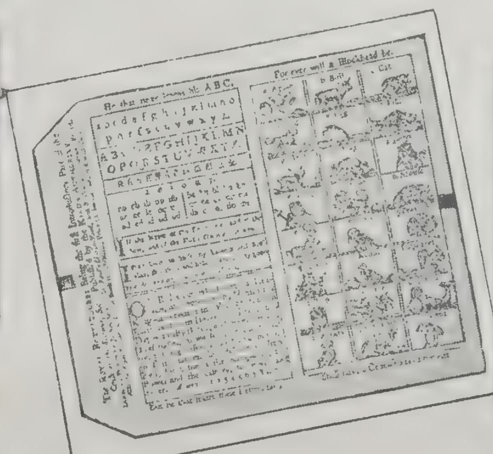
thrown away, though done to a *dog*."

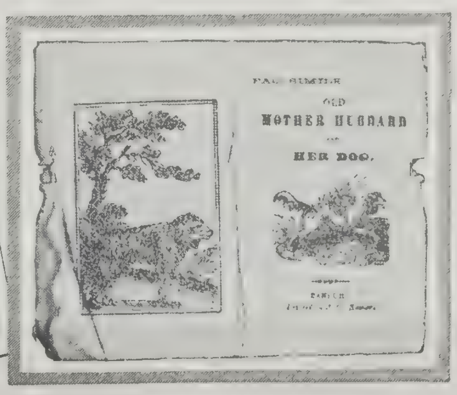
tried to find his way out of the wood,

ceed.



These illustrations are originals from early books for children. Left, above—A page from New England Primer. Below—From "Little Goody Two-Shoes." Right—From an early reader. Center—"Mother Goose's Melodies." Below, left—A Horn Book, or Battledore. Center—Another type of Battledore. Right—A Chap Book.





FAC SIMILE

OLD

MOTHER HUBBARD

AND

HER DOG.

Benjamin Collins, of Salisbury, England, and John Newbery, of London, printed the "Royal Battledore" in the year 1746. It was common enough as late as 1880.

Then came the period when books for children began to be considered from a new point of view. Hitherto discipline or religion had been the impulse; now, for the first time, the elements of interest and pleasure were recognized. It was the beginning of the "Chap Books," "Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog," and the like. The "Mother Hubbard" shown here has fifteen inside pages with a lively woodcut illustrating the six or eight lines on each page. I came upon one of these in an old box in the attic when I was a little fellow and remember the delight I found in the pictures of the funny dog and his gentle mistress. The life, humor and aptness of the works of those early artists is too good to be lost. Somebody might provide a world of joy by a reproduction of them. The waters from an old well reopened can be as refreshing as from one newly dug. How many of them we owe to Bewick and how many to Oliver Goldsmith we shall never know. I own a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" with an introduction by R. L. Stevenson, in which R. L. S. pays the highest tribute to the illustrations, while confessing their anonymity. If they are not reproductions of the work of Bewick, some unknown genius has lost the honor which belongs to him. Really there were two Bewicks, Thomas and John, the latter scarcely inferior; but to Thomas went the honor of being the first great wood engraver in England. An authority says: "Each of the cuts in Bewick's greater works is in itself a poem or story, abounding in incident, and full of pathos or humor, and excelling as a work of art in its extreme simplicity of execution. There is no line without a thought." How much he could put into a space less than an inch square! For more than a hundred years he was supreme. Like Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, the artist Bewick was brought directly into the service of the children by that first great publisher of children's books—John Newbery, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Between 1744 and 1802 this man and his successors printed two hundred juvenile books.

I may here explain that the name Chap Book is believed to be an abbreviation of Chapman, an itinerant dealer or peddler. These men were the only agency by which these tiny but precious products of knowledge and art could find their way into remote cottages and farmhouses. These men and women traversed on foot the highways and byways of the country with a large basket on each arm, or a canvas sack on the back, and called from door to door. I vividly remember such a couple when I was a child—surely among the last of their race.

Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Massachusetts, was the first printer of books for children in America. Most of them were reprints of Newbery's publication, with adaptions. "The New England Primer," of which a page is here shown, was printed by E. Draper, for B. Larkin, in Cornhill, Boston. It is severely religious throughout. "The Shorter Catechism" of the Westminster Divines and John Cotton's "Spiritual Milk for Babes" occupy about half the book. On glancing through it one reflects that it was extraordinary milk! And the art, to say the least, is not Bewick's.

It was in protest against the severity of these books for children that the genius of William McGuffey prepared the famous "McGuffey Readers," which first appeared in 1836 and which have won such universal love in America that now the American McGuffey Society exists, with many famous names upon its roster. McGuffey humanized elementary education, reached deeply into common life and lifted out its lucid principles. Moralist he was, but his medium was the common, homely things of life.

The Advance of Labor in British Politics and Influence Upon the Lloyd George Fortunes

Fusion of Conservatives and Liberals, Seen as Result of Recent Triumph, Looked Upon as Most Effective Weapon Against Further Advance

By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

ONE important feature of the interesting situation which has arisen in British politics, as a result of the recent general election, merits attention on the part of those who are following closely the developments in that particular field. It is a feature which, thus far, has received but scant attention, but of which more is likely to be heard when, the immediate necessities of the position met, the leaders have more opportunity to take stock. It is embodied in these questions—Has the British Labor party, in the success which it has achieved at the elections just concluded, actually furthered most definitely the formation of what may prove to be the greatest barrier to its further progress, a Center party?

Is not the Labor success likely to prove, after all, of greater moment to the aims of Lloyd George and their favorable development, than to the Labor party itself? Further, has the Labor party reached the limit of its advance in the favor of the British electorate? Behind that last question, be it noted, is ranged full knowledge of the history of labor as a political force in Britain.

At time of writing, there is dubiety as to how the unusual position of the parties will be handled in the carrying on of the functions of government, but report favors the view that the Conservatives will take up the task again with their depleted forces, and rely upon Liberal support to maintain them in office.

Labor Now Second Party

THE alternative to that is Labor government, and there is genuine anxiety among important men in the Labor ranks lest the party should be called upon to take office and should accept. Be the position what it may when these notes appear, it may be taken as certain that another general election will be found necessary ere long, and the considerations stated in the following view of a remarkable situation are set out with regard to that development in prospect.

In attaining so indisputably the position of second party in the House of Commons, on an electoral vote of striking magnitude, Labor has made a great advance. Has it not revealed, in notable degree, the effects of that process of unleashing which was the feature of the previous election?

That Labor advance should provide the chief feature of two successive general elections is on the face of it an impressive fact. The advance was due, however, and in consideration of the exceptionally favorable nature of the field, some observers are inclined to regard it with a measure of disappointment, and to attach to it importance chiefly as indicating and possibly influencing a greater development.

It should be recognized that beneath the seeming chaos of the British electoral outlook there is going on steadily a definite crystallization, upon which process the Labor advance may have a hastening effect. The struggle which for many years Labor as a political force maintained, against great odds, is well known. Its efforts to capture moderate opinion were hampered chiefly by elements within itself.

Conditions Favor Growth

LONG after he had ceased to be a sound Liberal, the Liberal with strong Labor leanings continued to follow the Liberal flag, for the reason that he could not trust the voices which seemed to sound most loudly from the Labor camp. Some of those voices were not too pleasing to Labor itself, for every malcontent of every shade of opinion, and every apostle of a new faith in things political, crowded under the Labor umbrella, and never in silence.

Then it was that the chief difficulty of the Labor party, in meeting the friendly moderate, lay in explaining just what it was. Interest in its work grew; discontent with the performances of the older parties increased, especially under the exceptional difficulties due to the effects of the war; and then the Labor party received and took advantage of a splendid opportunity of declaring what it was *not*.

The Bolsheviks provided the opportunity. British Labor formally and emphatically denounced Communism, with the result that at the election which followed upon the rupture of the Coalition, the pent-up force which had accumulated behind a barrier of electoral timidity and suspicion was unleashed, and Labor made its most astonishing stride onward.

The Liberal-Laborist ceased to be a hyphenate, and Liberalism was the loser. Labor has worked with great enthusiasm in the interval, and ever in a most favorable field, there being no improvement under the Conservative régime of the internal and external conditions which had defied the Coalition.

Centering its efforts upon the removal of the impression that it was incapable of reliable government, Labor has made headway. It has discouraged the "wild men"; it has sent forward to conferences of national moment men of good caliber who held their own with the best that politics and industry could select; it has devoted such attention to the young voter and the prospective voter as the older parties never dreamed of; and, above all, it has set itself to capture the comparatively new and incalculable element in British politics, the women's vote.

Unemployment, dear food, heavy taxation, woeful lack of housing for the people, and the utter failure of the older parties to bring about any alleviation of the real suffering of the working and middle classes: these are the conditions which have constituted a field so favorable to the advance of Labor, and in them lie some of the reasons for this further success.

Will Make Common Cause

IT IS a success which has brought Labor to an exalted but extremely perilous position, and it may be said that nothing in the circumstances would please the older parties better than to see Labor at this time take over the helm. Facing, with a force too weak to stand alone, and in its first essay at government, a task actually appalling in its domestic and foreign difficulties, Labor would be fair game for the older parties for whom the task had proved too much, and they could be relied upon to do their utmost to fix upon the Labor venture in the realm of responsibility a smashing discredit which would be disastrous to that party.

The effect upon the Conservative and Liberal parties of the latest advance by Labor is important, for, concurrently with that process of crystallization which has deposited so many Liberals in the Labor camp and so many Conservatives in the Liberal zone, there has been emerging a sentiment which, first expressed in Coalition for war purposes, has of late come to be regarded with a sense of inevitability.

The women's vote, the young voter, and denudation from Liberalism, have built up the Labor party. The Liberalism which remains is, in many respects, political, at one with the mass of what is now the Conservative party, but the Conservative party, in the mass, is no longer at one with the die-hard Tory element within it.

That element is coming to be regarded as having outlived its period. There is recognition of the essential oneness of the very powerful main bodies of the two older parties, and a close examination of the position is apt to induce a frank opinion that with the removal of a few dominant figures from their posts of dominance in both, there would be fusion.

This is a situation which is thoroughly satisfactory to the supporters of Lloyd George, and it must be admitted that there is much to be said for their claim that, given another election and another advance by Labor with "Levy on Capital" as a battlecry, the differences between the main bodies of the Conservative and Liberal parties will be composed in the necessity of making common cause against Labor, and there will emerge a Center party which will take the place of the two "worked-out" sections, in a country and a system which will not suit three parties of almost similar strength.

The Tory die-hards are not unaware of the position which is being forced gradually upon the Conservative party by the Labor "menace," and in those quarters of the Liberal party where there is no love for Lloyd George there is a measure of rueful recognition that "something in the nature of fusion seems the only way to beat the Socialists now," and that in any fusion that may take place, David Lloyd George will not be far from the head of the new force.

A Center Party—But Not in Name

IT IS pointed out that if the Conservatives are permitted to continue in office after the upheaval at the polls, it will only be because *there is in actual operation, for Parliamentary purposes involving opposition to the Labor party, a mass of united Conservative and Liberal opinion which is in everything but acknowledgment and name a Center party.*

Report has it that Mr. Lloyd George has emphatically denied that there will be any coalition between the Liberals and Conservatives and Mr. Asquith with no less emphasis has intimated that there will be no combination of Liberal and Labor. The denials were unnecessary. By the time the lessons of the two latest elections in Britain have had time to make their due appeal to the cool judgment of the parties, the Center party idea is likely to have made great progress, for the reason that the outstanding lesson of the situation is that neither Conservative nor Liberal party as such can stand alone against Labor.

The most interesting speculation at the moment is whether it will really require another election, and another advance by Labor, to scare the main bodies of the Conservative and Liberal parties out of the old trenches and into the open as a united Center body.

The existence of a very considerable "free" vote in the British electorate—a volume of voting strength unattached, and susceptible to the influence of the program most attractive at an election period—must be taken account of.

The extent to which the free vote was bestowed upon Labor on this occasion cannot be accurately determined, but that it was represented in the Labor poll is not to be doubted, so deep and widespread has been the irritation caused by the failure of the older parties to bring about improvement in the circumstances of the great mass of the electorate. Upon that free vote, Labor cannot depend any more than can any other party.

Further, in any consideration of the question as to whether Labor has reached the limits of advance, careful observers are setting aside part of its recent growth as being forced growth, not to be relied upon as lasting when the conditions which encouraged it have been changed.

If in Control Would Make Good

THE friends of Labor in Britain are convinced that the party would make good, and assure its sound progress, if it had an opportunity to show its worth in office; but they are not anxious to see it take up a burden which has already brought low its powerful opponents despite their experience and resources, and which is probably the greatest which has faced any government in Britain for generations.

For that change of conditions, however, which may deprive Labor of some of its present strength, one must look out with Britain. Until there has been achieved the rehabilitation of her customers on the Continent, until the position of Germany and the reopening of Russia on an appreciable scale have been brought about, unemployment in Britain is not likely to be reduced sufficiently to render the electoral field less favorable to Labor.

It may be considered most probable that, should the protagonists of the Center party find another Labor advance necessary to force the fusion they desire, the next election will be precipitated when conditions abroad appear to be approaching a favorable turn, but when affairs in Britain are still in a state favorable to a further Labor advance.

The strings are in the hands of Lloyd George and his friends, in so far as they know that at a pinch the forces of Labor will be met by a Parliamentary combination strong enough to beat them. The more extravagant the Labor electioneering slogan, the better pleased will the Center party men be. The die-hards must be thoroughly scared into taking refuge in a Center party, they argue, and only a Labor advance will do it; and the more terrifying that advance the better.

"Levy on Capital" Suits

THE Labor slogan, "A Levy on Capital," suited them admirably. They are not afraid of it, they say; less afraid than the Labor leaders would be if they had to apply it; it is serving the Center party even better than it has served Labor. An election brought about under the conditions above indicated would be most likely to show a further Labor advance, and assure the hold-up of Labor for years by the formation of the Center party. The mass of the British people at this juncture is not inclined to look at broad national or international necessities. They see at the moment their own misery.

Given any alleviation of those conditions, however, there would be found in Britain—and the Labor party would be the first to make the discovery—a widespread realization that a country which depends on outside suppliers for its food and outside buyers for its goods cannot live "by taking in its own washing," and cannot afford to confine itself to domestic politics.

Meantime, exultant and enthusiastic, Labor continues its efforts, and the Center party hopes to reap substantial benefit therefrom. It is interesting to recall that the position which has now arisen in British politics was accurately forecast by a British industrial magnate, a Conservative fusionist, nearly a year ago. He had taken his impressions from close contact with leaders in the parties which are called Conservative and Liberal meantime.

Bingham, a City Seen Through a Copper Haze

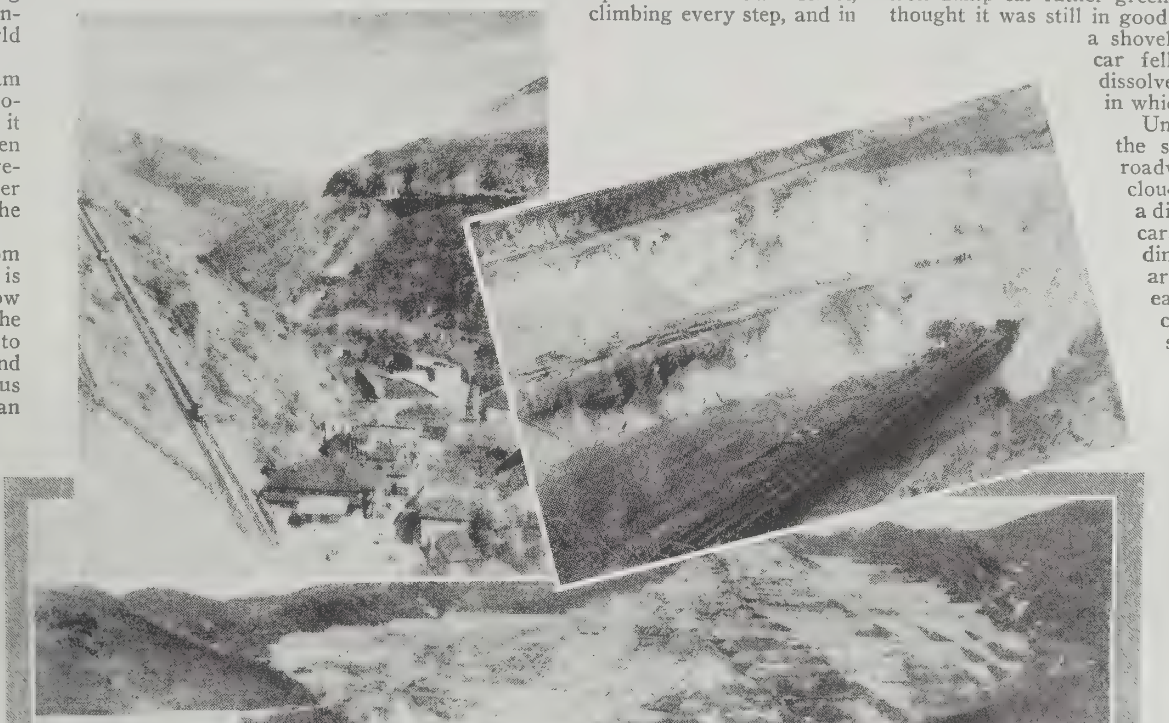
Utah Town Strings Along for Ten Miles at Foot of Great Mineral Mountain

By WYMAN SMITH

BINGHAM, ten miles long and a hundred feet wide, clusters its smoky houses in the canyon which runs at the foot of the mountain of copper. Bingham first began when men washed free gold from the gravel of the little creek which now runs underneath the sidewalks and houses of its single street; and it continued when those men who in daytime tunneled, bored and explored the surrounding mountains returned at night to their little shacks and huts in the gorge bottom. It boomed when several mines began taking out lead, silver and zinc containing ores, and then it boomed again when steam shovels began to scoop up a mountain of low-grade copper ore to be shipped down the valley to the concentrators.

Thus it is today a town of copper where ten thousand people live, where the pale cuprous sunlight seeps slowly through the mist and smoke of days, where the glowing copper haze floats down the narrow main street to overflow into back alleys and balconies, where copper-colored houses cling to the canyon walls, and where a sallow cuprous moon peers into the town at night to bask a thousand windows which glow like cooling copper. When I first came to Bingham I craned my neck and gasped and wondered how or why anybody could live there, but when I had stayed there a time I found it curiously, ingeniously, uniquely fascinating, and I listened to the whistles, heard the thunder of the big blasts, and watched the dinky engines crawling around the mountain sides until I wondered if in all the world there was another such place.

So many things in Bingham are copper-colored, so many people work with the copper, that it is impossible to walk a dozen steps without seeing some reminder of that vast copper mountain which dominates the mining camp town.



Above, left—The side hill tram which carries workmen and others up and down the hill free. A few more houses at the lower right. Right—Run-off water from the copper mountain is caught in this pit and run over scrap iron to remove its copper—this is one collection of the wooden seepage vats. Center—Bingham and the biggest open copper mine in the world. The cluster of houses in the canyon bottom is part of the single street which is Bingham; in the little square at the left canyon wall are eighty-ton gondolas loaded with rock; the pyramid-like affair in the background is the mountain of copper with railroad levels.

We had taken a stage from Salt Lake City, for Bingham is located in one of those narrow canyons which lead down to the Salt Lake Valley or lead up into the wilderness of mountains and plateaus. It had brought us along the road and finally began the gradual ascent which leads to the canyon. On our left as we rode appeared bridge structures and spans of the "high line," a railroad built to the top of the mountain at enormous expense but which has since fallen somewhat into disuse; below us was the great white, arid waste of the old concentrator dump where a few skeletons of trees are the only life to appear in several hundred acres of the finely granulated rock. Then came a few houses and finally we felt the humming of the motor as it was thrown into lower gear—we were climbing upward at an angle of what seemed more than twenty degrees and we were in a street so narrow that two automobiles could just pass—not more than twenty feet wide. And there with the front porches a few feet from the sidewalk and their rear steps backed into the cut-away mountain side were the houses. Some of them were newly painted, but some were dulled and weathered from several seasons of smoke; some set back high on the slopes like perches and were reached by long flights of steps; most of them had their fuel boxes out in front next to the street and I saw boys or women coming out with coal scuttles to carry in a load of fuel.

We passed the schoolhouse, which is set right on the street and has only a small area for playground—but then, children in Bingham don't need so much exercise in school; they have it climbing up and down hills or playing basketball in some back corner or clambering up and down the mountain side. For it is utterly impossible to walk anywhere on any street in Bingham without going up or down hill. Yet those youngsters go uphill at a run and mind it not at all, while we went puffing along and stopped to rest every little while. The altitude causes that, too, for the town is almost seven thousand feet above sea level; the lungs never have time to grow lazy.

"But I wouldn't live here for anything—not if they gave me the place," an elderly retired farmer from the Middle West reiterated. And he may be right, but anyway, it's interesting to see how things are done here.

The stage stopped and we stepped out, took rooms in a near-by hotel and discovered to our amazement that we had hot and cold running water and electric lights in a moderately priced room. Things aren't so bad after all. And when I looked out of the window I saw a great steel viaduct bridging one fork of the canyon—that is part of a new railroad which is the most expensively built road in the world. Less than a mile on one spot cost more than a half-million dollars to build, and copper did that. I saw, too, where that railroad came into the town and the little trolley or cable car which runs up and down hill with passengers; one car goes up and the other comes down on the forty-five degree slope. The cable car hummed on its track and then on the viaduct came the clatter of a train and a little dinky engine hauled over five or six gondolas of ore to help make the long train which mogul locomotives haul downhill to the concentrators in the valley beyond.

What a place—I was anxious to be out and moving about and accordingly I set off up the street toward a little town cluster called Copperfield.

I heard water running somewhere, gurgling as though it were underground, and I looked about in amazement. Then I walked up the narrow street, climbing every step, and in two blocks I met Chinese, Japanese, Italians, Greeks, Austrians, Serbians, Scandinavians and others of nationalities I didn't recognize. But the Old World customs still lingered; I could see not only from the men themselves but also from the store windows and shops. At one side of the street was a chop suey and noodles restaurant, which I planned to visit later, and the store windows displayed gayly colored flannel shirts and neckties. I saw these bright colors worn by the dark-eyed, dark-skinned men who carried lunch kits; for that is the way these strange, happy people live—they like colors, green, blue, purple, maroon, for their shirts and ties, and though they go to work, they make work something of an adventure, a little daily escapade to be enjoyed. And they chatter and gesticulate as they walk two by two up the hill to work or down to their homes below.

Around a corner I solved the mystery of the running water; a fire had burned down several structures and through the debris ran a tiny stream which came from beneath the basement of one store and disappeared under the wall of another. It is the stream which flows under the sidewalks along main street.

But right alongside was another queer thing; wooden tanks were filled with rusty old tin cans over which a small stream of water was brought from some place above. I asked what that might be for and a man told me; the water which drains from the surrounding mountains contains copper in solution and when this water is allowed to trickle down and around old scrap iron or rusty tin cans it combines chemically with the metal, disintegrates it and finally becomes only a pulpy mass of copper and iron and tin which is shovelled up and taken to the smelter. Not a lot of copper, but some; about twenty pounds per thousand pounds of water, which is enough to turn in a good many thousand dollars every year when we consider the amount of water which flows day in and day out, month after month. A miner stopped to tell me of an experience he had with this copper and iron combination; he had been working with a crew which pumped out an old mine level and when they finally went down they came upon an old iron dump car rather greenish and pasty looking. They thought it was still in good condition, but a blow from a shovel produced no ring and the car fell into pieces; it had been dissolved by the acid-copper water in which it had set for years.

Under an old wooden viaduct the sunlight sawed lines in the roadway, a shadow from a smoke cloud passed, and up above I saw a dinky engine and its half-dozen cars scooting along. Those dinky engines are funny; they are short as though cut off at each end and they have no coal car so that they can make the short curves which take the track around the mountains. I saw this one go and learned that it was only carrying rock around the hill to be dumped on the waste pile; all the ore goes over the viaduct I saw from my window.

A little shack stood up on the slope near the tracks and I climbed to it to see what a man up there meant by waving a white flag very briskly now and then. It was a good climb of about three hundred feet up the slope, but the man saw me coming and when I stopped to rest waved me on. I arrived and he greeted me cheerily, for his name was Nick. Nick and I talked of many things then, for he was a flagman and all he had to do was signal the engineers for a clear track ahead and pass the signal on to two other flagmen, one on each side of him. The shack where he stayed during dull hours or on winter days was built of railroad ties like a log house, and a few pieces of tin on the roof were weighed down with gravel to prevent their blowing away. He had a stove inside and all his kindling was cut up in ten-inch lengths and split to about an inch square—that means economy in wood burning. He had a chair, a bench and a table inside, but only one tiny window; and he had papered the walls with pages from some old mail order catalog.

A section of the ten-mile Main street.

I had been so interested all this time in Nick that I hadn't noticed what was back of me. But I turned and before my eyes was the mountain of copper with its steam shovels, twenty-one railroad levels running around it, its smoke and its gray and green and rusty colored rocks. A mountain of copper.

It was a sight which had stopped thousands and it encouraged T. A. Rickard in his "The Utah Copper Enterprise" to exclaim: "This great quarry has a face which is 1,500 feet in vertical height and 3,600 feet wide at the base. To realize the bigness of the mine, it is best to ascend halfway up the opposite hill slope

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Man Games and Man Friends of Twenty Years

Five Friends—Their Lives—and Their Play—by One of the Five

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

THE majority of men pulp down into senility in a way acceptable to society and themselves, but now and then a man of forty is suddenly confronted with the fact that his body isn't what it was, and he sets out to do something about it.

I knew four men twenty years ago in Detroit; in fact, I was a sort of fifth. There was Eddie, who ran a daily column, largely verse, on a morning newspaper; and there were Walter and Gnat and Art, all newspapermen, except that Art wasn't a reporter, but worked in the art department. We were all in early twenties. The four were making good, emphatically, but were reaching that period of strain which faces all young newspapermen, who love the game, but increasingly dislike the idea of staying poor. Nothing like newspaper work for awhile. I think I never learned life faster than during my first three months as a cub reporter.

Twenty minutes for lunch and an hour or more for billiards—such was the order in those days. The talk that passed around the tables was always a deep joy. I could never hope to keep up. Alone, afterward, perfect answers and true turns of humor would come to me, but such wouldn't even do for next time. Sometimes we sagged down into kelly-pool, and I always noticed that the talk got a bit looser to go with it, the voices louder.

Use Your Pores, He Urges

BILLIARDS is a real game—a quiet, integrated thing. It has its own moods and cares; it challenges because of its niceties and its almost infinite possibilities. None of us were natural billiardists, but we played regularly enough and persistently enough to get in toward the core. Occasionally we would see men at the other tables, those who really gave themselves to their play, and watched how they came on and on.

The other four frequently were together evenings, but I didn't regularly get into this part of the association, though I joined them for a poker night from time to time. Gnat developed a slight aptness for this game. Poker is a rough-neck thing like kelly-pool. The mood that goes with it isn't clean-cut. I know there are many people who differ; I'm only putting down my brush with it. I never went into it deep enough to arouse the analytical (certainly not the psycho-analytical) faculty and so missed a certain studious fascination of faces and atmospheres. To me poker meant too much Dutch lunch, far too much smoke; one felt frowsy and dilapidated next day, and had to scrimp in expense money for days to come . . . . Not one of the four seriously drank or gambled. In all the years with these fellows, I never saw an irritation carried so far that it didn't lose itself in laughter.

Occasionally, about this time, Walter used to talk about tennis while we were at billiards together. Walter differed from us in two distinct ways. First, his family had some money, and second, he was college-bred. It appears he had learned some tennis at college and had made a court on his property. He used to appear a bit burned and lamed on Mondays, after a Saturday afternoon and Sunday on the court, and we would remark to each other at billiards that it was a sure sign of deterioration—this absorption of Walter's in the net-game.

Tennis and I had never come together in the boyhood time. In fact, I took on the prevailing nonsense that it was a sort of sissy game and gave my time to baseball, in which nine men learn to pull together as in no other set of conditions. Some of the intensest moments I have lived, have been behind the bat as a youth; also some memorable ones as a spectator.

Study of the great gamesters and athletes of baseball and other sports has had a continuous attraction for me; but something of this is so with most men. The extra ounce of science, endurance, or punch that makes the champion, calls thousands to the arena, where tens go out to see the "comers" or the "near-greats." I believe we are all looking for a "miracle" to be pulled—some dazzling, unprecedented but supreme action to be uncovered before our eyes. Unquestionably it is a certain super-touch which makes the champion; and a hint of the mystery may lie in this point, that there is always ease and grace connected with it. The sensational player "uncorks" his bit of mastery, but does his thinking afterward; in fact, he is apt to be as astonished as the spectators. This spontaneous power appears to be something of the same thing that occasionally takes a man, droning through an after-dinner speech in public, and suddenly lights him up, so that even his wife doesn't know him for a minute.

Eddie used to go out to the league games nearly every afternoon during the season, when the team was at home. I had years of this, off and on, too, and for a while wrote baseball for an afternoon paper, but this feature wasn't a success. A real baseball writer, named George Morrison, had been on the paper just before I took the column. I couldn't make the readers forget old G. M. They used to write letters in to the sporting department asking when George was coming back. The editor would have these letters spread out for me to see, and cool his eye on my neck and shoulders, as I perused.

In the twenties, most men, even in these days, give up actual participation in games of exertion, and take it out in occasionally watching others play. It was so with us, except in Walter's case. College had taught him to play along as he worked, and this is one of the best things about university training, as it looks to me. We were lost for a time to the little games, having entered in the greatest game of all; absorbed in life, its gruelling technic, its almost endless possibilities for showing up the youth, for defeating his most courageous attempts and checkmating his most "consummate" moves.

But there is no time in life when boy or man can afford entirely to put aside outdoor play. It is true that a man must learn life, learn his especial place, learn *to* work; but he can go only just so far without becoming stodgy or stale, if he neglects the games essential to physical well-being. The pitiful part is he never knows what he misses, or what he might have done, if he fails to "get outdoors" until too late. Billiards, chess, and all the indoor or winter games relax and strengthen the mind. They push out the ever-encroaching death from a man's brain, in proportion to his interest in them and in the associations connected; but no man who means to keep pace with the youth of this rousing hour can afford long to be without participation in some outdoor sport. The woodpile or walking to the office won't do. Play itself is as much in the harmonic scheme as work.

Most of us eat all over the mark. In the forties, all this food begins to pile up and backfire. How many Americans at their high point of usefulness get a good sweat every day, or three times the week? How many even stop to think what a good sweat means? They know the cold sweat, the night sweat, the nervous sweat, but the fine effect of a physical workout isn't in their common experience. Yet we have millions of pores; in fact, these form one of the means which the organic body has of throwing off its waste. They should heartily be used every day. Another eliminative process is breathing. Most men breathe a little in the roots of the neck and let it go at that. So it's up to the liver and kidneys to take care of the accumulations of some forty thousand meals, which a man has put under his belt by the time he is forty. It can't be done. The citizen fills with cysts.

Eddie Liked League Ball

EDDIE would say that to lose himself in a league game in the afternoon made him over. It was so. He unwound his very fine little rhythmic wheel all morning, whether he felt like it or not. Making lyrics is a delightful indoor exercise, when you feel like it, but a daily column isn't to be put aside for whims. Some days a column is a mile long and you have to do it on your hands and knees, and queerly enough a lot of people will tell you that they liked it that day, even if you didn't. Eddie found he could uncoil the tension of the long forenoon, out in the ball park later. But that didn't continue to work. He needed to play himself.

We tried to get a few fellows together to "knock up flies," but in baseball you are dependent upon others and roomy lots. There aren't the facilities for it nowadays in city life. It was Eddie, first of all, who gave us something really to talk about around the billiard table. He wasn't at his desk afternoons, neither was he in the grand stand at the ball park. A friend of Walter's located him finally in a suburb green. He had taken up what was popularly supposed in those days to be the sport of the elder rich. Eddie would color under his delicate tan, as we discussed his abnormality, and for a while didn't even answer back.

Walter was first to leave newspaper work. We all felt a bit dubious about it, but he had something, as has been said before, something we hadn't—money and "education." He started a trade paper and slowly but solidly set about making good. A little later, we had a bit of news, indeed, over the green baize: Walter had taken Gnat into the business. Eddie's newspaper began to syndicate his verses in a small way, and his income sharpened a bit. I lodged a book in the market, and fell for the pastime of memorizing some literary reviews and forgetting some others.

Still we had billiards—two or three of us now—rarely the whole five back for an hour. I was as irregular as any. Art and I occasionally walked together in the later afternoons. We disposed of many glaring faults of society. I found that between us the character of Gnat was one of the pleasantest subjects. "That little guy—" Art would begin. Incidentally we deplored the conduct of Eddie for becoming an after-dinner speaker, and for reading his verses aloud. But a cityful loved Eddie by this time, and we were only peeved because we had known what he was like all the time, and our deeper intimacy was being rocked by a public's glamorous attention. Art himself was in the world-old struggle of making a living on one hand and painting what ought to be painted on the other. He never married and so kept a delicious sort of novelty about the feminine in his own fancy.

And so, until our late thirties . . . I was the first to leave Detroit permanently, deciding to live in California. About the same time I stepped on a cement tennis court for the first time. Before a half hour was over, the cement seemed cruelly hard and hot. That was a sad day all through, but important. I discovered in what questionable shape I was physically. The game showed me up in other ways. I was practically powerless to do what I wanted with the racket and ball. The sort of fatigue I knew after an hour or so wasn't pleasant. There was sickness in it and organic revolt. I recalled that on my way to the court I had fancied I was in pretty good shape.

Tennis Comfort's Choice

ANYTHING that can show you up like that, is worth staying with. I found a similar experience in checkers. One of the boys with whom I played tennis observed one day that checkers had something to it. I found he was right. I didn't mind being beaten every evening for weeks, but I did mind the atrocious lapses of my attention, the inability to see but one side at a time, the humiliating repetition of mistakes—all in the mind-realm. I wasn't interested in becoming a checker-player, but I had to do something to repair these sickening failures; in a word, I was challenged to accomplish a certain mental integrity which checkers showed I lacked. Chess, of course, is pre-eminent in helping one also to a mental poise and grip, valuable in one's daily working equipment up and down town.

Tennis had the thing I wanted, the thing I needed. I haven't a word to say about golf, as a game. I know that it has proved the way out for many men, as tennis has proved for me; that taking it up has meant an entire reordering, remodeling of physical, if not moral, health. Personally I haven't got to golf yet; all I know is that I like the whang of certain of the clubs . . . .

Tennis has the cleanest "feel" of any of the outdoor games I've played. The decisions of one's play are largely left to the opponent, and almost invariably one gives and receives the benefit of the doubt. In fact, the player who favors himself in a close decision is outside the ethics of the game, and whatever progress he makes will be uphill work.

Of course, one has to learn technic in any game. A great pianist naïvely informed his pupils that all their time was wasted in learning technic; that the real workman or player forgot it entirely, before he became significant. All of which is superbly true, but the pianist, for the moment, had forgotten that he had spent twenty years in slow, sordid, technical struggle, before he dared to throw away his crutches. It is so in tennis or any important work or play. One wears through, grinds through, the early stages, by dint of mere hand and brain—and then, to one in a thousand, a sort of lightning strikes, and for moments at a time, at least, he *produces* in an altogether new dimension of performance. There is always time to spare in this higher dimension of play. By some secret, the player starts to act earlier. It is not headiness or strength or speed. It is inspiration—the same thing that strikes a poet or an inventor. The thing as stated at first works easily if it works at all.

I have stayed with tennis for five years—three or four times a week, a year-round season in Southern California. A man must become patient, if he undertakes to make over his body. One after another, mysterious physical frailties show up for repair. One who doesn't test himself cannot possibly know the process of deterioration going on within.

For certain hours every day for twenty years I had hunched over a typewriter, which usually rested upon my knees. This method of writing supplied a superlative arch of neck and shoulders. Once at tennis, along about noon, I saw my shadow on the concrete of the court. It made me think of a hooded cobra as it lifts to look you

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Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is no reason for legitimate business having anything but a successful year in 1924. All the elements that make for industrial prosperity are present in sufficient strength to justify everyone looking forward with confidence. Unless some wholly unforeseen folly makes us its victims, there is no reason why men should not launch into the new year with all their energies, fairly confident that their labor will not be in vain.

This is said in full knowledge of the fact that 1924 is an election year with all the possible disturbances attendant upon political conventions, presidential nominations and a national election. The ability of politics to interfere with the proper life of the country is known to all. Election periods are sometimes used as tyrant kings once used war—to divert the minds of the people from their proper problems and duties. And, of course, if politics, our greatest indoor and outdoor game, is allowed to usurp the field this year, then the results may not be good.

THE New Year opens with promise of continued prosperity. The only chance of disturbed conditions which can be observed now is the possible effects of an election year. In the past, politics has interfered with the proper life of the nation. There is something bigger in the country than choosing sets of public servants. When we have a good administrator of national affairs who is sincerely and consistently filling his job, there is no need to consider a change. Especially when there is no serious difference in the policies proposed. The United States has confidence in the President and the excitement usually attendant on an election need not occur this year. We need all our national energies to continue the country's march back to sound conditions.

But why should not 1924 be an exception in this respect? It is not suggested that the people remain indifferent to the choice of a Chief Executive and other officers of the government; it is only suggested that they go about it in a businesslike way. Of late years, since spectacular political methods have fallen into disuse and since stirring issues have ceased to arise, there has been a tendency on the part of the people to let elections go by default. Indeed, large as has been the total vote, and large the majorities, the figures show that about fifty per cent of the voting population thought it useless to go to the polls. Maybe it was, since the voting choice usually given us is between two men carefully chosen by the real rulers of the people in secret session.

Elections differ one from another in that some are decided upon serious proposals to change national policies, while others are restricted to the mere choice of administrators of the national business. There have not been serious differences of policy proposed of recent years so far as our internal national affairs are concerned; both the parties have come nearer and nearer the same point of view on national policies, so that modern elections consist mostly in making choice of those to whom we shall entrust the conduct of government. It is practically a choice of men.

Candidacies in such periods resolve themselves into aspirations for political honors, a contest of men for high seats. Certainly this is not sufficient to justify the whole nation neglecting its business. Even a Presidential election degenerates into a national popularity contest under such circumstances.

This year, however, we have a President. He was placed in his seat through the sad event of the former President's death. His accession gave a distinct sense of hopefulness and expectancy to the people. His conduct has been becoming to his high office. The tone of his mind has been conservative and independent. His utterances have been marked by good Yankee common sense that has made the people feel confidence in him. There is a general agreement that he wishes to do the right thing, that he will not be easily fooled by the self-seekers which always throng a President, and that his desire to do the right will insure his discovering a way to do it. Although he has been in office but a few months, already the distant rumblings of a campaign are reaching his ears, and it is a distraction, a distraction to which he ought not to be subjected.

We can help business, help the President, help ourselves by looking at the situation calmly now before the discordant cries of rival parties and candidates are heard, and making up our minds what ought to be done under the circumstances. It is just as easy to forestall all campaign disturbance now as at any other time. It may be done simply by agreeing that the Administration of our government as now in progress is as good as any administration we should be likely to gain through a change—probably better than we should gain through any change now possible—and by agreeing further to settle our preference now, registering it quietly when election day comes.

If we will do this it will have a tremendously stabilizing influence on prosperity during the year 1924. It will completely forestall the political silly season. There are men, of course, who will object to this point of view, because their *business* is politics. It is hard for plain people to realize, but it is a fact, that there are men whose whole business in life is measured by political, partisan and election activity and whose life would be completely disordered if they were to miss an election. These are the men who find it profitable to stage the national pageant which we call an election; they study for it and work for it and plan for it years in advance; their success depends on attracting the nation from its work, creating national excitement, putting business in a position of uncertainty, and broadcasting the impression that, as the election goes or fails to go, the general fortune of the country will rise or fall.

Now there is no need for this. Opposing candidates there probably must be in every election, and always there will be a sufficient number of men desirous of political honor to fill the places on the tickets; but the fallacy that the country goes up with one administrator or down with another is one that should be discarded this year.

It is unfair to the President's chance of usefulness to the country to thrust him into the circumstances of a campaign before he has had time fully to accustom himself to his duties. It is one of the faults of our present system that directly a President takes office his first concern is almost necessarily to safeguard his political position. It has been said that three years out of the first four years of a Presidential term has been spent in preparation for the next election. If this is true, it is a serious loss to the country and a serious injustice to our Presidents. They have the right to be left free to perform their duties as best they can, without being dragged into political controversies and campaign contests from the very day of their inauguration.

It seems as certain as such affairs can be that the President will be nominated and elected. He is not without enemies by any means, but a man may be judged by his enemies, and it will become more and more apparent as time goes on that the President's enemies will mostly comprise the men who have tried to use him and have been rebuffed. The country is very sensitive to the type of men permitted to surround a President, and thus far the wrong type has not been apparent in the President's immediate circle. This has gone far to give the people confidence in him.

The question is not whether all of us agree with everything that the President believes and suggests. His beliefs and suggestions are not law and are subject to the same revisions and corrections that the beliefs and suggestions of the rest of us are. The question is this: Is the present President a capable, honest, efficient, sincere, righteous administrator of the chief executive office of this government? If he is, and the agreement that he is appears to be general, why interfere with our march back to prosperity by stopping to play at politics and making an unnecessary change?

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And There Is No Peace

IN THE United States during the past year, thousands of persons wrote their ideas on how world peace could be attained. Some wrote in the hope that they could share in the Bok peace prize. Others wrote for the sheer love of peace. In China, a magazine is conducting a similar contest, designed to obtain ideas which will lead to peace in that ancient and troubled land. In Europe and the rest of the world, great thinkers have given their time and thought to the mighty problem of ending war.

And the net result is that the Nobel Committee decided not to award the annual peace prize for 1923.

The world cries for peace and dreams of peace. But there is no peace.

A glance over the world discloses few wars of any consequence. True, in Mexico, Mexicans have been fighting Mexicans. Afghans have been menacing the passes as usual. The Spanish Ministry has been in some doubt whether ransoms or arms must settle its African problem. In the Ruhr, armed invaders bear rule. And in Russia, the military establishment holds the government in power. But of real orderly war, with lines of battle, trenches, bombing planes, poison gas and swivel chair heroes, the year 1923 was singularly free. Still the Nobel Committee, in all the world, was unable to find one man or woman whose efforts on behalf of peace deserved its award.

There will be none to criticize the committee's action or rather refusal to act. It was practically a rebuke to the world for its failure to advance the cause of peace. There are no wars in the world, but the world is in a decidedly less favorable position in connection with peace than it was a year ago. The peoples of all lands want peace, but the statesmen who have risen to power in recent months are not notably pacific characters. M. Poincare's administration has been one of might. Russia maintains its arrogant government. Mussolini, in Italy, is far from being an apostle of peace. General Primo de Rivera, in Spain, stands for the rule of blood and iron. The year just closed was one in which many of the nations were simply great armed camps. Many, too, complained of their dire financial and industrial straits. It is to be hoped that the Nobel Committee will be able to award a prize at the close of this year. Perhaps someone, who can teach the nations to work rather than to arm and drill, will be entitled to the prize.

Misinformation on Money

IN A recent issue the *Republican* devoted more than half its editorial page to an article on "Misinformation About Our Monetary System." The text is the alleged claim by an unnamed western paper that there are twenty-one different kinds of money in use in the United States. The *Republican* denies this and enumerates the nine kinds issued by the Treasury Department and apparently forgetting the various forms of personal and bank credit through which nine-tenths of barter and exchange is transacted. This volume of extra-official exchange media is to all effects and purposes "money," and may support the western paper's contention, while the *Republican* may with as good grace claim that technically there is no money but that emanating from the Treasury.

But the *Republican* is in error here, for certain forms of bank credits, forced into use during the "Bankers' Panic" of 1907, in violation of the National Bank Act, were validated by Congress, and are today a part of the monetary system authorized by law. During that panic, there were times on the border when Canadian currency was the only medium of exchange it was possible to get, and it served just as well in the emergency as United States money could have done.

In its next contention the *Republican* falls over its own feet. Having distinguished nine varieties of money issued by the Government, it denies the power of Government to issue money at all, declaring that the Constitution only gives Congress power to coin money, regulate its value, and to borrow.

It is constantly asserted that all that is said of money is comprised in these sections of the Constitution. This is scarcely the fact. Power is given to emit bills of credit—issue money—specifically, while the prohibition to the states of that right and the right to coin money or to declare anything but gold and silver a legal tender, carries inferentially the duty as well as the right of the Federal Government to provide a medium of exchange. Such an interpretation of governmental functions has been fully determined by the courts.

The next statement is that banks of issue are created by the Government for the reason that it would be unsafe to permit a government issue of notes. If the Government has no power of issue, where is its authority to create banks of issue? The fact is, the banks of issue were created by the government giving over its power of issue to a privileged class of money brokers, who have never since relinquished their power to tax the people.

The *Republican* then goes on to commit the folly of declaring that no man or group of men has power to control the volume of currency. It is hardly worth while to refute the assertion, but if the broadest system of governmental banks of issue ever instituted could not control volume why has it been that for sixty years the authorized volume of National Bank notes was not issued, and how is it that under the present system there is a constant variation of volume in circulation?

The *Republican* holds that it is not true that debts ever have doubled or increased, and denies the existence of debtor and creditor classes. It denies fluctuations in price levels because of fluctuating money values, except in the Civil and World War periods. It predicts a seasonable return to normal level from the present.

Is it possible the *Republican* does not recognize the disaster any approach to pre-war levels in prices would bring? That would mean the doubling of the present purchasing power of the dollar. Every public and private debt is contracted on the present level. Debts are not canceled by money but by production. Double the amount of production needed to cancel a debt expressed in dollars and the debt is doubled. There can be no disputing it. The wage earner knows if it takes two days' work to earn the payment on his home where one day would have produced the same result when the contract was made, he has had his debt increased. Not only that—he has lost half the dollars already invested.

The *Republican's* caption is correct. It heads a vast amount of "Misinformation About Our Monetary System."

Owsley's Good Sense

ALVIN OWSLEY, past national commander of the American Legion, has refused to run for governor of Texas. He is a Democrat and his chances of nomination, which is equivalent to election, were considered good.

But Mr. Owsley declared that if he was elected he could only expect to leave office, broken spiritually, mentally and financially.

Such good sense is rarely displayed by those who are taken up to the heights and shown the comparative ease with which political office in a republic may be obtained by them. The ambition for political honors is natural and those who can resist the temptation to seek them are not numerous.

Mr. Owsley refuses to capitalize politically his war service. His forbearance is praiseworthy.

In a nation possessing more than 4,000,000 war veterans, it is obvious that government offices in great number will eventually be held by former soldiers. But the fact that a man has served well in the military or naval forces in war-time is not in itself proof of his qualification for civilian office. To some extent, the fact that a candidate for office has once served in the army may affect his vote. But it should, by no means, be the determining factor.

Mr. Owsley sets a good example to his comrades in refraining from seeking office on the basis of his war record.

Worthy Legislation

THE filibuster over the ship subsidy last year resulted in the sidetracking of the legislation designed to revise and simplify the American consular service. The measure, introduced by Congressman Rogers, of Massachusetts, had the indorsement of Secretary Hughes and had been passed by the Lower House.

American foreign trade deserves a consular service of high grade. The American diplomatic service needs trained and experienced men. The practice of appointing politicians to ambassadorships and other diplomatic posts cannot continue if America is to hold up its head in the diplomatic world.

The Rogers Bill planned to establish consular and diplomatic services on an interchangeable basis. Young men, with aptitude for the foreign service, may, if the bill becomes a law, enter the consular service with assurance that merit will earn them promotion. The interchangeability feature of the measure is a wise one. It insures individual members of the service against the deadly monotony of routine employment. And it permits the Government to place its men where they will be most valuable.

The consular and diplomatic services should be amalgamated. There is no serious opposition to this proposition. There is no serious objection to the Rogers Bill. Only sheer neglect on the part of Congress can prevent the enactment of this wise legislation.

Look Who's Here

TO PARAPHRASE a bit, it takes a censor to censor a censor. Take George Creel, for instance. Mr. Creel made his name almost synonymous with anathema in war-time when he headed the American censorship activities.

His name dropped out of the prints for some time. Now it appears again. Mr. Creel becomes the motivating influence in the National Council to Protect the Freedom of Art, Literature and the Press. That is a long name, long enough to be deleted, in fact. Reduced to one-syllabled words, it means Creel will wage war on all kinds of bans on free speech.

Mr. Creel's organization does not appear necessary. Propaganda—which is the thing most National Councils peddle—is the greatest argument for limiting the freedom of speech. Propaganda makes people tired. The restrictions, which war-time fervor plus Mr. Creel placed on freedom of expression, have disappeared. President Coolidge's commutation of sentences of the Federal prisoners, serving time for expressions of opinion during the war, was a reflection of national views. The country at this time is solid for its traditional birthright of free speech. It needs no propaganda organization to convince itself of what it already believes.

The Underpaid Public Official

IN ANNOUNCING the "drafting" of Chief Bank Examiner Daniel C. Borden from the public service by the City National Bank of New York, D. R. Crissinger, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and former Controller of the Currency, pays the retiring official a deserved compliment for character and efficiency. He also calls attention to the fact that the Treasury Department of the United States is a training school whose graduates are always in demand by institutions requiring the best technical help and able to pay for it.

Mr. Crissinger adverts to the general complaint that experts in government employ never receive salaries equal to those offered by private organizations, and regrets the government's inability to compete with outside organizations. He suggests that a compilation of the names of high-salaried executives in private life who have left the service would be interesting.

Mr. Crissinger is correct in his estimate of the value which government technical training has for the individual who can make the most of his opportunities, but even these men of superior efficiency owe something of their success to the facilities provided by the Government, so that the plea of underpay is not justified.

The matriculant at university or college pays for his training, receiving nothing for his time or the work he may do. Upon graduation he has his own way to make. Technical knowledge is acquired in the public service under salary, large for the novice, who must grow to it. When he has acquired sufficient experience, he has the advantage of the college man, who may have chosen the same line, but whose knowledge, however thorough, is theoretical, and whose reputation has yet to be made.

Spindletop to Smackover: Changes in the Oil Game

Type of Worker Met in Strikes of Today Distinctly Higher Than That of Old-time Worker Who Pioneered the Industry

By MAX BENTLEY

THIS is a true picture of the new-time oil field, with the motive of giving a belated credit where credit is due.

Jones No. 1 had been a hard-luck hole from the start. Instead of a drilling operation, its crew of drillers and roughnecks had turned the job into a fishing expedition of weary length. The day that I arrived to see it "come in," there had been a series of mishaps culminating in the loss of the last section of casing which lay hopelessly out of line in a hole already crooked.

The stage was set for as pretty an exhibition of cussing as the connoisseur in that line might wish to hear. As for myself (who had visited the oil fields for a dozen years) I felt myself drawing tense in an attitude of shocked expectancy. (I had known that head driller, years before his promotion. I had known him as the toughest, vilest inebriate that ever straddled a crown block, with a record of lawlessness behind him and nothing but a colorful personality to make our friendship endure through the years.) What he merely said on this occasion was, "Oh, *hell!* Draw her out, boys, and we'll try again." The crew methodically went to work without a word.

Was this an oil field? Well, it was Smackover, and Smackover was, at the time, the leading producer in the mid-continent and the pride of all Arkansas.

What was that alien something in the air? One felt it, instinctively. If the observer were familiar with oil and its development, it immediately obtruded. The picture was familiar, and yet different. What applies to Smackover in that regard applies with equal force to every oil field in this land.

Development of the oil industry has meant a steady improvement in the personnel. The type of oil man is distinctly higher, no matter in what branch he is working. These men are new-type drillers. They are too busy to live the life unrestrained.

Familiar, yet different. The future observer cannot fail to detect it. On the familiar side he will note the same kaleidoscopic motion that made the boom days following Spindletop a fascinating thing to study. He will stop in the same mushroom towns and berate them for their utter lack of even the simplest necessities of life. He will encounter the same careless disregard of comfort. He will appreciate the same rough and easy camaraderie. On every hand he will observe the same all-giving of beef and muscle. He will find his old friends on the rigs still working like dogs for six or seven dollars a day, and he will find them enjoying it in the same old way. The commingled smell of oil and mud will herald his proximity to an oil field before he sees the first outpost derrick. There will be something about it that will make him want to snatch the picture to his bosom and weepingly say, "God Bless Our Home"—yet there will be something else that will impel him to restrain the gesture, wrinkle his nose, take another sniff, and say, wonderingly, "What's wrong here?"

It may be any number of things (styles are forever changing) but the few noted here in this sketch are sufficient in number, and also significant. In the old days, when oil was young, the game had no ethics. The rules had not been made. Oil had no values. Its future as an industry was wholly unknown and unreckoned. The men who were to make the industry were newcomers, recruited from a hundred lines of business and hailing from the farthest far-flung points of the compass. Having no precedents behind it, having no rules of conduct, there was nothing by which to judge oil. It had to make its own rules as it went along. Measured in years, Spindletop is still a comparatively recent discovery, but how utterly remote it seems when one considers the human side of Spindletop!

The oil game in the beginning was cutthroat. The thought is ventured relatively, the term is perhaps too harsh, but to have been an oil man in, say, 1901 was—speaking in general terms—much like having been the lightning rod salesman of two decades earlier. While the brand was impressive as denoting courage and a pioneering spirit, it carried at the same time a certain degree of—well, at least—suspicion. The newspaperman of twenty years ago wandering through the oil fields carried his roll in his shoe—and he was a pretty competent customer, too.

Contemporaneous with the automobile, the oil industry has developed with the same astonishing swiftness. Spindletop and its roaring gushers of ten-cents-a-barrel oil turned out to be a corner stone of an economic structure of tremendous proportions. As a major industry, oil is in its third decade, fully stabilized, run on scientific principles with mathematical exactitude, under a set of rules as iconoclastic as our home bank's rules. In 1922, according to the United States Geological Survey, the reported American production of oil was 551,197,000 barrels which fell short by 35,000,000 barrels of meeting our domestic consumption. Last year we produced at the rate of 620,000,000 barrels a year and consumed at the rate of 672,000,000 barrels a year. We produce sixty-two per cent of the world's oil, and we consume sixty-nine per cent.

What is the human element behind it? The best men of the pioneering days survived the boom and became the responsible heads of large companies, or the responsible drillers. A large city of Southeastern Texas is the home office of two oil companies whose combined capitalization is nearly one-third billion dollars. Many of the executives of those companies were, twenty years ago, roughnecks on the rigs. A certain production official of my acquaintance, whose salary is now $50,000 a year, was, in Spindletop days, a two-fisted rough-house bully.

The type of the oil man is distinctly higher in whatever branch of the industry he may have elected to follow. The uses of oil are manifold, the best brains of the world are grappling with the problem of harnessing the fluid gold that flows fitfully beneath the steps of men—it is a serious business, its growth has been no more notable, in the opinion of one who has observed it nearly from its infancy, than the intellectual and moral growth of those one-time rip-snorting he-men who brought in the first well.

Smackover itself is nothing more than a typical oil field; and as for Smackover, among the causes making it different, although familiar, were noted these:

1. The disappearance of secretiveness and stand-offishness as between oil men themselves.
2. The disappearance of the frank and extensive practice of immorality that made the atmosphere of the old-time oil field a stench in the nostrils of decent people.

For the first there is an obvious answer. Since Spindletop days and on through Sour Lake, Corsicana, Cushing, Goose Creek, Ranger and Homer, the fraternity has learned a bitter lesson from keeping its successes, and more particularly its failures, to itself. More than one oil field has gone to salt water from the mishandling of one well. Then there is the matter of offsetting. At the time of my visit to Smackover it was lawful in Arkansas to drill anywhere one liked. The driller could put down his holes ten feet apart. If he had one, he could sink a siphon pipe shaped like ninety degrees and suck up all the oil under the countryside, so long as the derrick was on his own lease. Therefore it was both desirable and essential from the driller's point of view—as time wore on—to keep his neighbor fully posted on what he was doing and where he was doing it. It was money in his pocket to pass along straight information on the sort of formation he was encountering. It is a common thing in Arkansas for the driller of a successful well to open his log to the driller of every other well in the neighborhood. It is strictly business, you might call it selfish business, but the more a man plays an aboveboard game the more habitual it comes to him to play that sort of game

For the second? Score one for the women. The field man now takes his wife with him. If she cannot set up her domicile within the field itself, she sets it up as near to the field as time and tide will allow—and schools, and churches—and, though it be in the wilderness, makes for her man a good home. Trains through the oil belt are nowadays crowded, morning and night, with men going to work or going home. They, the men, have a well-fed look; on their countenances one notes a certain balm of content, and the car talk is of home and the kids

My reformed driller friend's mild objurgation developed the fact, after a week of visiting among the crews, that vulgarity on the rigs is near to being another lost tradition. The impression is not meant to be conveyed that the roughneck of Smackover is lily-lipped. On the contrary, he is a strong human man who cusses a bit on occasion. Getting right down to it, it is man's historical prerogative in every clime to relieve himself in moderately strong language if he is minded to, as long as no ladies are about. Drink used to loosen men's tongues and make them use profanity that had neither point nor piquancy. Under the influence of drink they "shot off their mouths" without purpose.

Now they swear with more directness. There is a scientific brevity about it as though, from long years of practice, they had learned to cast aside superfluous "cuss words" that were merely vulgar without being expressive, and had made up a new compact vocabulary of only the essential, direct and purposeful words. On a little theory of mine that a strong word now and then is something to acquire, and not shun, as long as it is not vulgar, I would like to illustrate these conclusions by putting down in print, as a gift to posterity, a few of the new, terse, and altogether expressive swear words which one will hear, in this good year, around the rigs of Smackover . . . . But space forbids.

The overwhelming conclusion to be drawn from a study of the human side of an oil field is that the current pessimism on the future of the race is not well founded. These are days of mass motion as distinguished from the time when a man stood forth and gloried in the response of his own body, but you can still cast a white man among savages and gamble with a degree of certitude on the chance that they will name him Heap-Paleface-Always-Bathing. Coming a little nearer home, cast a large group of men into some raw place—an oil field, for example—and watch them evolve a civilization that, for orderliness and soberness and sanity, in due time will meet every demand of the pulpit thunderer. Wherever men of strong bodies and therefore strong passions mingle (and there is no better mingling ground to attract strong men than the oil field) temptation will be their handmaiden. Yet in due time they learn to resist temptation, and go on achieving. There, in the oil field, as elsewhere, they are groping as men have but groped since there were men, but they are groping forward.

The modern oil field is more than a place where oil has been discovered. It is a melting pot of raw manhood, and its brew nowadays is orderliness and not orgies.

Vicious Plays Are Simply the Manhattan Idea

By PETER SCHUYLER

IT IS an extremely difficult thing for those who live outside Manhattan to comprehend the conditions existing in the dramatic and musical comedy theaters which flourish along the Great Shine Way. Just as it is absurd to expect anyone who has never been face to face with the ravages and horrors of a battlefield properly to understand what war means, so it is foolish to expect that those, who do not come in contact with the Manhattan theater in the raw, will grasp the reason for the Committee of Stage Cleanliness which has just been appointed by the police commissioner of New York City. Even what little can be told about it (the reticences of decent journalism insist upon consideration for its patrons) is apt to be received skeptically. Those who cannot see things as they are, because they are fortunately removed from the field of presentation, usually greet an exposition of strange facts with an honest, "Such things cannot exist."

The difficulty which confronts the dramatic critic, who would like to tell the whole truth but who dare not, is that he is in danger of rousing curiosity among the morbid, anger among those who want their reading as well as their entertainment kept wholesome, and resentment among those who do not care to have such conditions brought to their front door. But Manhattan sets the stage pace for the country at large. No matter how we wish it were not so and however vigorously it may be denied by other big cities of the country, the fact remains just the same. The stamp of "a New York success" is the lure used throughout the country to draw patronage to the box office. The city where the "success" appears may later disapprove but the harm has been done. The situation is like this; Manhattan is shown a play whose production rouses opposition. But the opposition never amounts to much and the play continues. Presently another piece is shown which goes a little beyond the first one. It also raises a protest and in discussing play number two everyone forgets all about play number one. If they do recall number one at all it is simply to say that it is not so bad as number two. The result, inevitably and logically, is that the public taste, little by little, is corrupted, and in the end nothing seems indecent, all barriers are thrown down, and every restraint is removed.

They Call It "Tolerance"

THE same thing happens to the city "on the road." One play is halted by the chief of police. Politicians, interested in theater properties, exert their influence to have the chief pulled off. Lawyers get injunctions and mandamuses and all the other weapons of our super-legal civilization to prevent interference with the piece. Things drag along until another Manhattan "success" appears. At once everything is forgotten in the consideration of the latest attack on the decency of the community. Gradually the public taste of the "road" city is blunted. **Each season sees a little further encroachment on forbidden ground in the provinces and a more insistent demand for "tolerance." "Tolerance," in the Manhattan sense, simply means non-interference, by the Law or the decent-minded, with the process of making money by someone who does not care how it is made.** It requires only a superficial knowledge of the history of the Manhattan stage to produce the necessary proof of the truth of what is written above.

Some years ago the late Clyde Fitch wrote a play called "The City." In one of the bits of dialog a drug-maddened boy used the expression which is represented in print by the double dash, "— —." For at least seven days there was a shriek of protest from outraged Manhattan. Then the protest died as quickly as it had arisen. But the entering wedge for realistic speech had been inserted. Manhattan got hardened to that expletive and went about its business of being "tolerant." The next appearance of the oath was in a one-act play given in vaudeville by Frank Keenan, playing the rôle of an unreconstructed Confederate soldier who let it loose when something is said reflecting on Robert E. Lee. Another hullabaloo arose. In some cities the lines were ordered out by the authorities or the theater management. But it went in Manhattan as a bit of artistic realism. Tonight that same oath is used as freely and viciously as the author or stage director wishes. And it doesn't rouse even a gasp from the audience. Public taste not only permits but expects speech of the most blasphemous and profane. A poor "— —" is now considered effete, old-fashioned, and ultra conservative. If it were possible to reprint in these columns a fifteen-line selection of expletives used in current plays it would read like an angry conversation in a waterfront dive.

What is true of the dialog is also true of the stories and the situations of plays. What was a horribly indecent plot five years ago is commonplace today. What was lurid lubricity last season is sensationless this winter. There are at present running in Manhattan upward of fifty plays and musical shows. Of this number almost half deal with subjects (and in language) which should be untouched.

One of the early crop of "shockers" is "The Lullaby" in which Florence Reed is appearing. Edward Knoblock, who wrote "Milestones," a play of altogether different type, is the author. The producer is Charles Dillingham, erstwhile guiding spirit of the New York Hippodrome. The play is a pill, sugar-coated to carry a moral through ten scenes of varying degrees of luridness. A delicious line is printed in the program as a sort of dedication. "To the women that men have forgotten." The bill of the play does not say whether the author of the play got his inspiration from the most popular song of the moment, "You're the Kind of a Girl That Men Forget," or whether the song writer was impelled to dash off his ditty after witnessing "The Lullaby." In any case the idea is the same. In passing it may be stated that the song writer, whose matchless lines,

"When the organ plays 'Here comes the Bride'
You'll be standing outside,
You're the kind of a girl that men forget,"

are now being bawled from every burlesque and vaudeville stage in the land, was recently dragged into court by his wife on the charge of abandoning her and her children.

Steady Hammering Has Effect

WHAT people see and hear in the theater they are very apt to accept as the truth. Ideas they acquire from the stage have a constant bearing on their attitude toward life outside the playhouse. The steady hammering home by playwrights of their pet idea that anything is right if one thinks it is right constitutes one of the greatest menaces to personal and community morals.

Amid the welter of viciousness there are one or two contrasting offerings of decent entertainment. One is "The Nervous Wreck," a comedy of the broadest type built around the character of a youth who imagines he is sick and has to take a pill every two minutes to keep alive. The other is a musical play, "Poppy," in which Madge Kennedy makes her first essay into musical diversion. Miss Kennedy, who was for a long time a favorite in the films and whose charm of manner and wholesomeness of appearance was shown to good advantage in Frank Craven's homespun play, "Spite Corner," is badly handicapped in her new venture. She neither sings well nor dances gracefully. But she looks real and is always intelligent in what she does. W. C. Fields, the comedy juggler, as an old-fashioned circus "grifter" whose motto in life is "Never give a sucker an even break," is responsible for carrying the piece. This is Mr. Fields' first appearance as a speaking actor; his efforts hitherto having been confined to pantomime efforts in the Ziegfeld "Follies" and the vaudeville theaters, but he has made a huge success in "Poppy."

Otto Kruger, an actor with a long list of successful rôles to his score, is the chief destroyer of worry in "The Nervous Wreck." June Walker, as the runaway girl, makes an attractive companion player for Mr. Kruger and she has the uncommon ability of being girlish without giving way to baby-talk mannerisms. Both "Poppy" and "The Nervous Wreck" can be seen by anyone and fearlessly enjoyed.

In connection with the latter play there is an interesting bit of history. Owen Davis, who wrote the piece from a story by E. J. Rath (the pen name of the late Edith R. Brainerd) is the president of the Dramatists Guild branch of the Authors League. It was tried out in Los Angeles where, it is alleged, it was seen by Harold Lloyd, the be-spectacled comedian of the film world, and Hal Roach, who writes his scenarios. Before Mr. Davis' play was produced in New York announcement was made of a new picture "Why Worry," featuring Mr. Lloyd. The plot of the picture was believed to follow so closely the idea of the play that Mr. Davis and the stage producers interested with him talked of taking legal action against the film makers, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Roach. Conferences were held to effect a settlement of the case and it was thought that an amicable arrangement had been reached. Now Mr. Davis and his associates have sued Mr. Lloyd and his business companions for $150,000 alleging that the picture rights of "The Nervous Wreck" have been damaged to that extent by the film "Why Worry." The case will be watched with interest because it is the first of its kind to be brought on the grounds of direct infringement upon copyrighted stage material by a motion picture producer.

Bingham, Seen Through a Copper Haze

Concluded from page 5

on the east side of Bingham Canyon; there one faces the serried terraces that mark the successive slices now being cut out of the mass of copper-bearing rock. It is an impressive picture of highly organized human industry. The crest has been removed already, but, foreshortened by distance, the mountain still looks like a pyramid, the levels of successive excavation suggesting the step-like cross-section of one of the famous Egyptian tombs. The outer cover of the hill is colored red by oxidation; the mass itself is gray. It is a huge theater in which the actors are 1,800 men; but so big is the stage that they are hardly discernible at this distance. Ore trains, like children's toys seen from afar, run along the levels and black steam shovels vomit puffs of smoke as they dig energetically into the piles of broken rock made by blasting. The smoke from the engines and the little black figures here and there give a touch of the infernal to the picture, but the suggestion is contradicted by the blue sky that canopies the scene."

Only One Per Cent Copper

IT IS a place where one may distinguish sound from sight, for the smoke is seen first by the eye and later the boom of the explosion rumbles across the intervening distance and on over the mountains to be mistaken for thunder twenty miles away. One blast was a loud harsh snap and with its roar I felt the pinch of the air waves against my coat and trousers and my ears hummed for a moment. And that is how the big mountain is being moved away, demolished to be refined for our electric wires and for those other scores of uses the world finds for copper.

But the biggest open copper mine in the world is not all of Bingham even though it does mean that more than 500 carloads of ore are taken up daily, that about 200 million pounds of copper are obtained from this low-grade ore annually, that the ore averages only slightly more than one per cent copper, that a little gold and silver occur worth a cent a pound, that the cost of producing a single pound of copper is only eight cents, that a score of steam shovels and a score or more of dinky engines keep running day and night with never a stop winter or summer. We will not follow the ore to the smelter, for the process is not so complex. The rock is first ground and crushed and screened, then ground and crushed some more until at last it is nothing but dust. Then it runs over wobbling tables where water helps separate some of the ore, while some goes on to be mixed with oil and acid, passes over canvas affairs where air is blown upward to make all sorts of bubbles, millions of bubbles which gather the copper in their films and carry it away from the sediment. Strange that copper should clutch the outside of an air bubble of oil and acid like that, but it does, and that flotation process, as it is called, was discovered by a woman in Colorado when washing her husband's dirty clothes in soapsuds. Yet that process means millions of dollars to various plants in different parts of the world today.

Up to the Mountain Top

WE MUST stay near Bingham, for up a fork of the canyon is a different sort of mine, one which bores into the earth and takes out lead, zinc, copper and silver, and if you cared to explore every one of its drifts (we call them tunnels) and its staupes you would walk more than fifty miles. Into the main tunnel we rode, which is a thousand feet below the top of the mountain; and we went on an electric tram which fairly made me dizzy with its lurching speed. The foreman was holding the lever and in the gloom I saw the green-blue flashes from the cable, men walking with small carbide lamps or waiting for us to pass, pillars of wood flashing past, and when we stopped a half-mile inside the mountain we were in a large electrically lighted cavern. The buckets of the hoist shot up and down at lightning speed, men came and went and we moved away down a drift (tunnel) where the timbers were damp and oozy, and where white mold hung from them like the moss which drips from cypress trees.

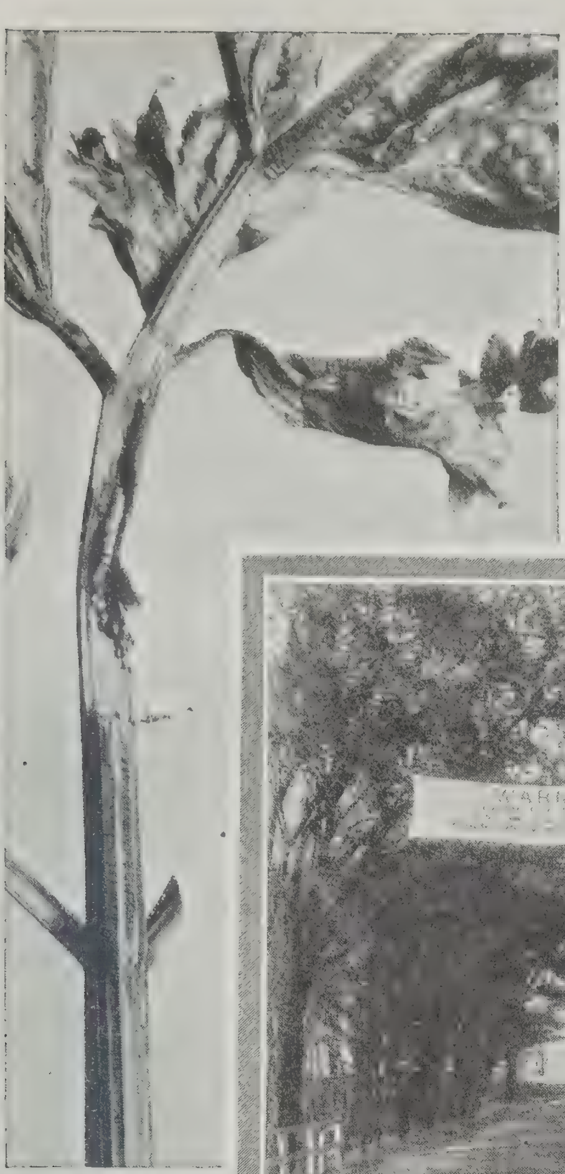
That long walk through the mine seemed to occupy months before we had finished it. We walked along the drifts, we climbed down ladders, we put our hands on hot rocks made hot by the friction of the moving rocks of the mountain, we walked through little pools of water, we stopped where men were drilling holes for the dynamite, we went down the staupes which are great openings where the ore has been dug away; and we threw the glow of our lanterns into dark recesses and sometimes on the clear gleaming mineral of the veins. And after moving that way, after walking under damp ceilings of corridors, after watching those men working with lights like the workers in the smithy of the gods under Olympus, we came once more to the hoist and I was informed that we were eighteen hundred feet below the top of the mountain or over a quarter-mile. Then we stepped on a bucket of the hoist and the wind whistled and whirled past us for only a moment and we had traversed that eighteen hundred feet straight up and stood on the mountain top where snow lay all about and it was winter.

The lights burn all day in Bingham, and I stepped into the big stage and went down the street, past the churches and schools, and all the dwelling places strung on the canyon walls. A little later a copper-colored moon, pale and luminous as a molten ball of cooling metal, swung along the mountain top, while its light shimmered through the copper smoke clouds which always gather about the copper mountain and slip down the canyon to hover about the strange, fascinating town named after a man who once herded sheep over these hills and gullies and whose name was Bingham.

Uncle Sam's Workers Fight European Corn-borer Plague

Quarantine Established to Prevent Spread of Pest But Its Travels Have Carried It Far; Seek to Prevent Its Appearance in West

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX



An infested celery stem. The outside has been cut away to show its working in the center of the stalk. Besides the celery eaten there is the loss from breakage and nutrition.

A quarantine sign across the road leading to an infested area at Concord, Massachusetts. It is by such measures that the spread of the borer has been retarded.

OF UNDESIRABLES of all sorts and descriptions caught sneaking into the country, none has caused more concern or damage than has the European corn-borer. The Department of Agriculture has already taken steps to destroy the progeny of Mr. and Mrs. E. Borer, which today are encroaching on new territory and threatening heavy losses to farmers.

"The European corn-borer," said Professor W. R. Walton, Associate Chief Cereal and Forage Insect Investigations, Bureau of Entomology, "came over to America from Hungary and Italy some time in 1909 or 1910, gaining entrance probably in broom corn. Since then it has become entrenched in a widely broken belt of territory from the coast of Massachusetts and New Hampshire on the east through East-central and Western New York to a point beyond St. Thomas in Western Ontario, Canada. In 1920 the total area inhabited by the pest within the United States was about 4,500 square miles. In 1922 this had grown to be more than 7,696 square miles. This in spite of the best efforts of the bureau to confine the infested section to a small area."

It was all explained that Mr. and Mrs. E. Borer had made themselves perfectly at home from 1909 until the summer of 1917. At that time they were found to be causing severe damage to sweet corn in the vicinity of Boston and for at least 100 miles around. Next they were found over in Schenectady, New York, and then in Buffalo and Girard, Pennsylvania. While the machinery of the government was getting under way, Mr. and Mrs. E. Borer spread their children and children's children unto the eighteenth and nineteenth generations along Lake Erie and a narrow strip in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. These hard-eating pests were headed toward their promised land, the great corn belt. There they could eat and multiply while Americans who liked and lived off corn crops watched and wondered what this plague was.

"There is circumstantial evidence," said Professor Walton, "that the moths may have been blown by the wind across Lake Erie from the intensely infested area immediately south of the Canadian cities of London and St. Thomas. The records of the Weather Bureau show that the prevailing winds blew rather constantly from that region during the flight season of the moths in 1921." There you have a record of immigrant aviation!

Mrs. E. Borer lays fifteen to twenty eggs on the leaves of corn and other plants. (And don't forget that while corn is their aim and for which they are named, they just "love" celery, beans, beets, rhubarb, and are even esthetically inclined toward gladioli, cosmos, hollyhock, chrysanthemums and asters—in fact all herbaceous plants are devoured.) Now these eggs hatch in about a week, and there is a worm which eats the shell of the egg.

Professor Walton explained: "No one seems able to say just why these baby caterpillars should begin their diet with a course of eggshell, but, be that as it may, the caterpillar very soon develops a prodigious appetite for corn and it eats and eats, for weeks on end, only stopping long enough to change its clothes when these become too small for it."

From a gormandizer at an inch and one-eighth in length it sheds its skin for the sixth time and curls up into the pupa or resting stage. In two weeks more there is a more or less beautiful moth. Unlike the traditional moths, it cares nothing for the bright lights, preferring to fly about, laying eggs.

"There are two generations in a season," says Professor Walton, "and the first hatching is an average of 386 eggs each and the second 550, so if we assume that they were equally divided as to sex and all survived, the progeny or children of one pair of moths would amount to 53,075 at the end of one year, while in two years their numbers would attain to no less than 2,816,406,625 worms! Of course," he added, "many enemies intervene; otherwise we should soon be compelled to give up eating our natural food and subsist upon corn-borer caterpillar 'en casserole,' 'à la Maryland,' or in some other form for the rest of our lives, or as long as we could stand it!"

"Why not poison it?" "Gas it?" or something, you ask? But, ah! this immigrant works inside of the corn and celery and the other plants so that it is ofttimes difficult to detect it until it has destroyed practically everything but the outside shell. Because of this, spraying and poison will not reach it. Ordinary methods do not help much.

This eminent entomologist then told of the experiments of the Federal Horticultural Board: "The weak link in the chain of the creature's existence is the fact that it spends the late fall, winter, and early spring months as a caterpillar within the stems, rootstalks and stubble of the plants upon which it has fed during the previous summer. Thus it seems obvious that if these could be destroyed or so treated as to kill the insects contained therein the desired results would be accomplished."

But all this is easier said than done, for the cornstalks or weeds or grasses must be made into ensilage or completely burned or buried at least six inches underground.

Now the Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with the state extension forces, is carrying on an intensive campaign of education among farmers, florists and truck gardeners, to explain methods to be used to keep the pest in check. Then there is a rigid quarantine measure that prohibits crops which the borer favors from being sent from an infested area to any other part of the country. But a quarantine on wind and weeds is not so easy, and the mere carrying of flowers is dangerous.

Of course the big danger is that the borer will reach the corn states of the Middle West. The very real commercial loss suffered by all sorts of farmers and gardeners in New England gives a chance for a healthy chill when contemplating Mrs. E. Borer and her children nicely settled down in Iowa, Kansas and the other states.

"What's to be done?" we all ask in a more or less helpless way. In reply, Professor Walton declares, "that the extermination of this new pest is beyond the pale of possibility, and the question is, how can it be repressed and restricted to minimize the damage it can do?"

But to minimize means a great deal, for it is explained that during 1921 in one section of New England in a heavily infested acre of Longfellow flint corn, every stalk of corn in the field contained the borer, with an average of eleven borers to the stalk. The ears, too, were nearly as highly infested as were the stalks, ninety-six per cent containing borers with an average of three borers to each infested ear.

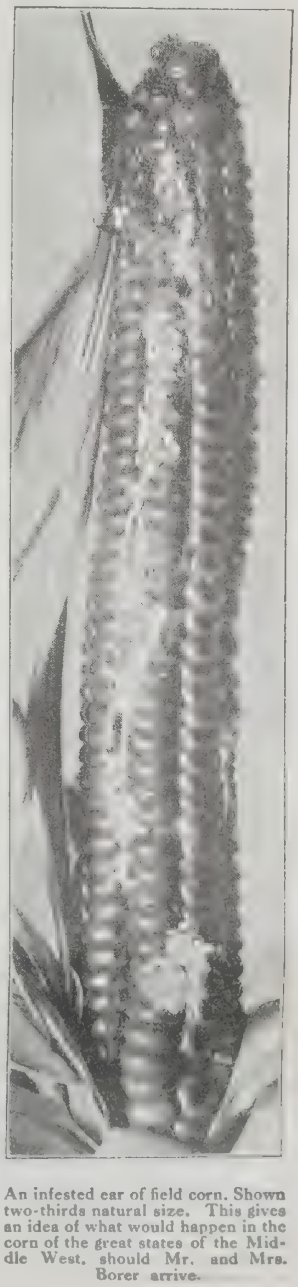
Mr. Walton said: "In a field-corn growing region where the insect has almost certainly been present for about ten years it occasions a direct loss of about two and one-half per cent of the kernels of all the ears. There is in addition to this an indefinite amount of indirect loss due to defective nutrition of the ears caused by the boring of the worms in the stalks as well as by breakage of the stalks. This is on the basis of the pest breeding once a year, but in the corn belt we should double this estimate and assume that the loss might reach seven per cent of the grain in two-thirds of the crop. That would mean an enormous loss in money with a crop such as was produced in 1920 of more than 3,000,000,000 bushels. At a possible market price of eighty-five cents a bushel this loss would reach the enormous figure of $119,000,000!

"We have disregarded the fact that these estimates were based on regions where the pest has been permitted to multiply unrestrained for a period of ten years. So this cannot happen in the corn-belt states now that we know the habits of the borer, and for this reason the losses which it could inflict undoubtedly would be greatly reduced.

"The work of introducing the natural enemies of the corn-borer from Europe has made rapid strides during the past year. Experts located at Hyeres, Southern France, have been constantly collecting and shipping insect parasites of the corn-borer to America where they have been assorted and reared to be subsequently liberated in large numbers in the heavily infested regions. More than 1,000,000 specimens of a single species of parasites have been liberated in this manner during the summers of 1922 to 1923 and thousands of individuals of other kinds have also been liberated."

The Bureau of Entomology is to continue this work and has even taken these parasites down to the South Atlantic and Gulf States so that they may be present if the borer should spread to these regions. So the stage is all set for the battle of the century, with the American farmers holding the stakes and the fighters killing each other off but the villains dying in greater numbers.

Other measures are being advocated to help out. Professor Walton told of experiments with weed killers and ensilage and silo methods and the preparation of new insecticides. "Every possible line of research which may lead to means of control is being followed up."

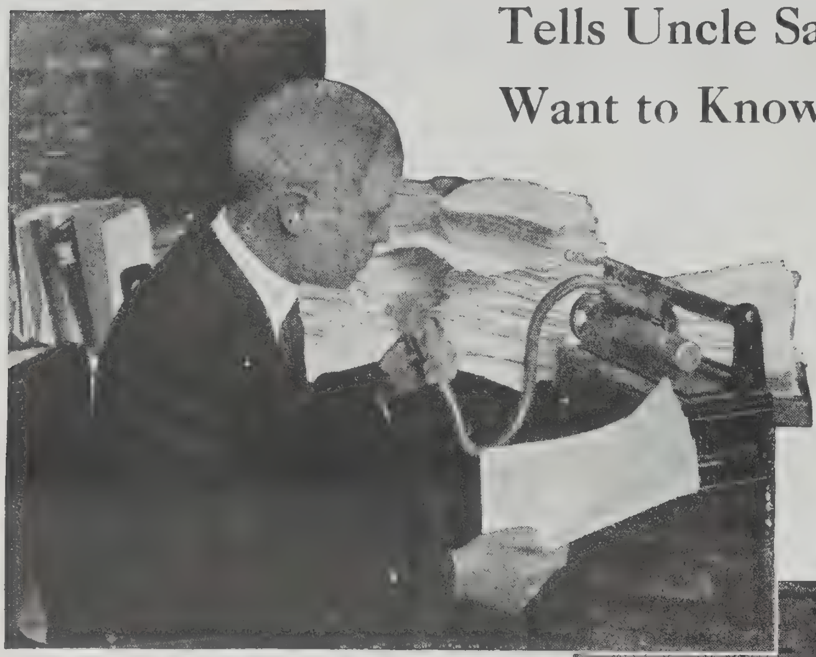


An infested ear of field corn. Shown two-thirds natural size. This gives an idea of what would happen in the corn of the great states of the Middle West, should Mr. and Mrs. Borer arrive.

His Life Just One Answer After Another

Tells Uncle Sam's Nephews and Nieces What They Want to Know; Answers 100,000 Queries Annually

By GEORGE H. DACY



STUART B. STONE,

Who replies to 100,000 letters each year.

HOW would you answer 100,000 inquiries a year on every conceivable mining subject—how to locate gold mines or other precious metals with a divining rod, how to find oil wells with forked sticks, how to seek out the buried treasure which Spanish pirates, centuries ago, deposited in the sands of the Floridan Keys, how to recover gold from sea water, how to discover platinum ore where there is no ore, how to locate "salted" silver mines, how to disclose the "doodle bug" game and even how to regain the love of your divorced wife?

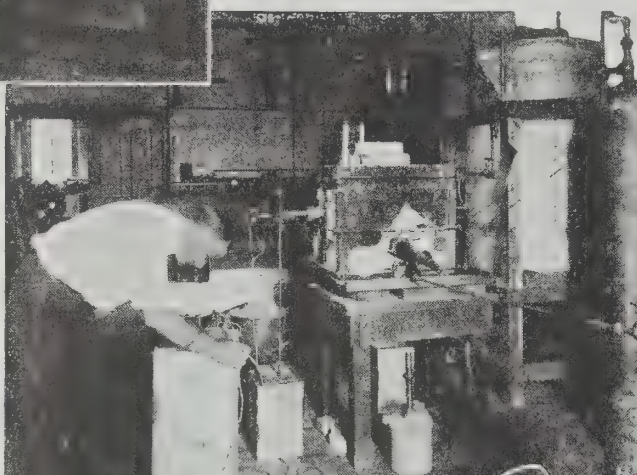
There is a government official who each year replies to thousands of letters of inquiry sent in from all parts of the United States on a multiplicity of subjects. Many questions are as absurd as the foregoing. Uncle Sam's daily mail is flooded with extraordinary "nut" letters and Barney Google-like inquiries.

In a certain bustling office in the Department of the Interior Building in Washington sits a modest, accommodating, low-voiced, pleasant-spoken man who answers questions for Uncle Sam and the Bureau of Mines. His name is Stuart B. Stone. He is known popularly among Washington newspapermen as an outstanding information expert who answers any and all questions as thoroughly as would the encyclopedia and with the reference accuracy of the dictionary. Mr. Stone has to know more than is found in the ordinary college curriculum.

His daily mail is as voluminous and varied as the catalog of a leading mail order house. He receives letters from sections of the Arizona desert where it is so hot that one can fry eggs by employing the midday sun as fire. Other letters come from the fur-coated Northland where the mercury is below zero on the Fourth of July. From the lowlands of the Mississippi Delta, from the highlands of the Adirondacks, from the hamlets of Northern Wisconsin and from the cities, the postmarked questions flow to our national capital. There in Stone's simple office they are read and answered with efficiency.

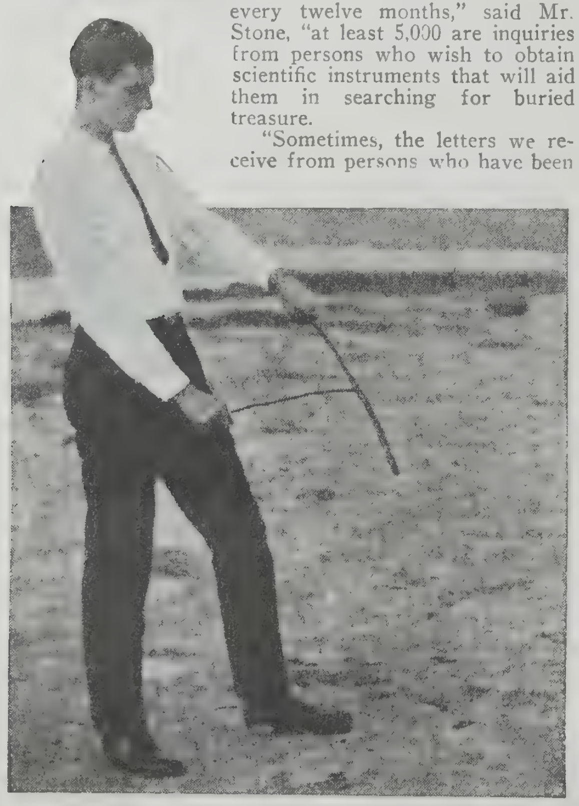
"Of the 100,000 letters which I receive and answer every twelve months," said Mr. Stone, "at least 5,000 are inquiries from persons who wish to obtain scientific instruments that will aid them in searching for buried treasure.

"Sometimes, the letters we receive from persons who have been victimized by fraudulent investment schemes result in Federal investigations and the permanent dissolution of the swindling enterprises. An innocent investor recently reported the loss of a large sum of money in the purchase of stock in a platinum mine supposed to be located in the neighborhood of Yonkers, New York. The swindlers sold stock in a mine which they asserted contained ten billion dollars' worth of platinum Considering that the entire annual production of platinum in the United States is less than 1,000 ounces, one can easily appreciate the daring of this fraudulent project which was investigated and exposed, subsequently, by government representatives.



Assaying minerals at Reno, Nevada, experiment station of the Bureau of Mines.

"Where can I purchase a reliable divining rod for locating buried treasure and mineral wealth?" is a common question asked of Mr. Stone.



Inquiries are received about the use of a forked stick to locate oil wells.

"Some years ago," said Mr. Stone, "we were successful in running to earth another gigantic fraud perpetrated by a Maine minister. He sold many thousand dollars' worth of stock in a company formed to recover the many, many millions in gold that are suspended in the ocean water of the seven seas. We were deluged with inquiries from Maine about the scientific possibilities of this scheme. That was how Uncle Sam entered the scene and disrupted the profitable operations of the preacher.

"It was learned about a half-century ago that the sea water contains infinitesimally small amounts of gold. Science immediately surveyed the possibilities of recovering this gold. It was established definitely that one ton of salt water contained between two and four cents' worth of the precious metal. The chemicals needed to recover this gold from the sea were more costly than the value of the treasure which could be reclaimed from Neptune's coffers. Notwithstanding, from that day to this, clever promoters, ever and anon, drum up bogus campaigns to salvage these vast nautical supplies of gold. Credulous speculators invest and pay dearly for their experience."

Only a small part of the mail which Mr. Stone handles consists of "nut" letters. The Bureau of Mines publicity service is also handled by Mr. Stone, who sends out stories of epochal achievements by his department. Recently, a release which he got out concerning the conserving of the householders' coal supply by making the furnace work more efficiently resulted in 15,000 letters of inquiry for more detailed information.

One exposé which Uncle Sam made as a result of inquiries regarding certain fictitious western gold mines brought the detection of a most ingenious system to "salt" a worthless prospect with gold to attract investors. The fraud in question consisted of lowering a small cannon into the depths of the mine and using it to shoot slugs of gold into the neighboring walls. Prospective investors who visited the mine thereafter could then examine the veins of gold that had been shot into place and could even take samples which, subsequently, they could submit for analysis to assayers.

Hundreds of letters inquire whether Uncle Sam makes free assays of ore at Washington. Dozens of samples of iron pyrites—fool's gold—are sent in for analysis. People find the bogus ore and nuggets and without giving any thought to the geological topography or conditions, mail the specimens to Washington and dream sweet dreams of future fortunes as they await a reply from our venerable national relative

At Reno, Nevada, the Bureau of Mines maintains a free assay service, the only project of its kind in the country. Ore samples such as platinum, tin and chrome are tested. Samples of gold, silver and copper are not accepted. It is because of the desire of the authorities to increase the supply of rare ores that the Reno station makes tests.

Sackfuls of mail have come from Colorado, Wyoming and adjoining states where approximately 150 different companies are selling oil shale stock. Some of these promoters maintain that the deposits of shale which they offer are also rich in gold, silver and platinum. A few salesmen claim their shale will yield as much as eight dollars gold to the ton in addition to the deposits of oil. All of this is pure faking The Federal investigators have carefully surveyed the oil shale zones and report that the richest gold-bearing ore that they found contained only twenty cents' worth of the precious mineral a ton.

Uncle Sam says that when the price of gasoline ascends to a point where the fuel sells for thirty-five to thirty-seven cents a gallon, it will be profitable to mine the oil shales and by distillation methods recover the oil they contain. There are many reputable oil shale investments on the market but there are many more of the mushroom type which make the most extravagant claims and which should be avoided. The Federal experts of the Bureau of Mines report very decisively that they do rot believe that American oil shale will ever be a commercial source of any precious metals.

Mr. Stone has composed and uses more than 1,000 different form letters in answering inquiries. These form letters give some idea of the vast variety of questions which he receives. The letters are worded in simple, definite and sympathetic language. All other inquiries are handled in a similar vein by personal reply in case form letters do not cover the desired subject matter.

During the World War, the Bureau of Mines received an almost endless chain of post cards from Memphis, Tennessee Each card was written in red ink and contained from 200 to 300 words copied in sequence from the dictionary. Postal detectives were recruited to solve the mystery. They traced the curious cards to a demented Negro who imagined that Uncle Sam had abused him and who took this remarkable method of obtaining revenge on the government.

Letters are received from substantial and well-educated business men who wish to hunt for buried gold and lost treasure. They inquire if Uncle Sam knows of any magnetic tools, dip needles, divining rods or mine finders which will aid them. They inquire further as to whether the government makes any such contraptions.

Thousands of letters are from miners To the miner, the Bureau of Mines and Uncle Sam are often synonymous. All his ideas of government are centralized in the Bureau of Mines. When he wants information he writes to the Bureau of Mines. His query may be: "How many potatoes does it take to plant an acre?" or "What baseball nine won the championship of the National League in 1910?" One miner, recently, wrote that he was having trouble with his mother-in-law He wanted Uncle Sam's assistance in placating the irate lady. Still another miner inquired how he could make up with his divorced wife.

Mr. Stone accords his careful attention to each and every letter. If he himself cannot give the information he refers the inquiry to other experts. He sees that every question is answered as soon as possible. In all Washington, no national official is busier.

The Memory of Eden

By ARTHUR GLASBY WALKER

LAST summer I looked over the black wooden fence into a city back yard, small, of course, as city back yards are. It was not a back yard at all, or, rather, it was; it was transfigured. Almost every inch was occupied by some miracle of nature, not less miraculous because common. It had its tiny beds of lettuce, onions, carrots and even a little square of potatoes. But best of all, it had a good and varied show of beautiful flowers. Tall hollyhocks, scarlet runners and Virginia creepers made the fence a wall of living green, adorned with the spear-like hollyhocks of many colors and rare beauty. There were small beds of geraniums, pansies, phlox and other familiar flowering plants. By the porch steps two or three bushes of rambler roses were blushing with the richness of life.

I asked a black-eyed son of Judah who lived there. He was tossing a ball and answered in a casual, good-humored way, "Three old maids." "What do they do?" I asked. "Nothing, too old, and one of them always sick," he answered. So almost everything had faded and much, very much, had been denied, but at least something was yet young, the love of the beautiful, the racial memory of Eden.

This memory of Eden is a strange thing. It is unkillable. Whether it express itself in the elaborate hanging-gardens of ancient Babylon or in two or three struggling plants in the window of a tenement in the sordid entanglements of a city slum, the spirit is immortal. You may bury civilization after civilization, you may debase humanity until there is little apparent humanity left, but Eden springs eternal. There are those who tell us that Eden is only a tradition, but I know it is history, because it forever repeats itself. Experience, as well as observation, confirms me in the dogma. As I turned away from the garden of the three old maids I saw another. It is many years since I saw that one. I was then a small boy, but in that moment I saw it all, every detail, as if I stood in the very plot.

A Day in June

IT WAS a day in June; that explains much. I went with my father to the garden, which was quite a distance from the house. This was a treat because his work made the opportunities rare. On the way he excited my curiosity by telling me he had something to show me and of course I became very eager. There had been a sharp shower of rain but the sun was again shining brilliantly.

We passed a group of cottages and then, confronting a high stone wall, we slipped round the end of the last cottage to find a narrow alleyway. I have always wondered why that high, strong wall? Built of stone, ten feet high, with rounded copings, it was probably a hundred feet long. Passing down the alley at the extreme south end of the wall was a door, like a house door, let into the wall. Inside was an easy slope, on either side a narrow hollow bounded by an old hedge of every conceivable growth; hawthorn, wild rose, bramble, woodbine, honeysuckle and a hundred others. At the bottom was a little stream with stepping-stones and a grassy bank beyond.

It was to this bank father led the way, we moved softly through the long grass, father imposing silence upon my tongue; then he gently pushed aside a branch, and there, snug in a fork of young shoots, was the neatest little nest and four tiny blue eggs. A linnet near by stopped singing, so we quickly retreated, for father suspected that the owners had seen us and were alarmed. I have seen many birds' nests and eggs since then and always admired them, but the outstanding one is the linnet's nest I saw that day. The beauty of the form and the wonder of that blue spoke straight to my childish sense of the mysterious and beautiful.

The "Burning Bush"

LOOKING up the garden from the bank of the stream was a patchwork of the wonders of things. Everywhere something was growing. From the top of the garden, near the door in the wall, ran an old-fashioned flower bed, reaching from the door, the length of the wall and four feet wide. The bed itself was a riot and confusion of beauty and perfume. The shower of rain, succeeded by sunshine, had released every variety of fragrance and every tone of color. In a cluster were the herbs so prized by mothers of those days.

But the flowers! What a profligacy of life and beauty. Bees were prying into every blossom and butterflies flitting and waltzing with all the look-at-me airs of the modern flapper. I know not how long I bent over those tiny wonders or with what happy liberty I stumbled or meandered along, but I suddenly became conscious of two things: that I was at the top of the center path leading down the garden and that I was standing in front of the big white rose bush, which in that border exercised a royal dominion. I think this was the first time I was able to image "the great white throne" of which I had heard in church. It was covered with hundreds of pure white blooms, a garment so complete that only enough green stole out from the hidden depths to relieve the pearly whiteness.

That was an epochal moment to me, though I could not have defined it then. It was the "burning bush" of Moses of which I later heard in church. My soul awoke and responded for the first time to the call of natural beauty. The memory of Eden, preserved through all the generations of my forbears, had been deposited in me also as an inheritance.

Harlem Ministers Act to End Jewish Bootlegging Activities

By LLEWELLYN SMITH

The writer is a Negro sociologist interested in the larger aspects of America's racial problems. During the war he conducted a series of investigations dealing with the growth of radicalism among the Negroes. At present he is on the staff of a social service organization, national in its scope, which is devoting a great deal of attention to the study of some of the basic contributing factors to the so-called Negro problem.

IN ITS campaign to end Jewish exploitation of the Negroes of Harlem, the New York *Age* enlisted the co-operation of Police Commissioner Enright, who issued a special order that "police inspectors and captains are to be held personally responsible for the closing of every bootleg bar in the city."

This order climaxed the sensational disclosures made by the *Age* that "hooch selling" in Harlem is controlled by a Jewish triumvirate—Loui, Hymie and "Chief."

The *Age* charged that the only outsider who had bid for a share of the "hooch" business, by opening a place on Lenox avenue, next door to one of Loui's delicatessens, was given short shrift, even though he employed a Negro of extensive acquaintance and wide experience as a bootlegger.

In spite of the commissioner's order, however, the "bootlegging gentry" are still as active as before. According to a survey made by the writer in the area along Lenox avenue, from 129th to 144th streets, east and west sides, there are twenty-four hooch-dispensing joints which present a much more innocent front to the world than is disclosed by a more intimate acquaintance with the real business. The number of delicatessens and cigar stores which mask the selling of hooch is constantly increasing. A current rumor through Harlem is that a group of brothers, all of one family, and all Jews, practically control the Lenox avenue trade.

A sinister development in Harlem is the invasion of Seventh avenue and the consequent impairment of that thoroughfare's desirability as a residential locality. People are viewing with alarm the opening on Seventh avenue of a number of these hooch joints, most of which are being operated by the same Jewish groups. Where formerly there were none of these resorts on Seventh avenue there are now at least nine in active operation, with two more nearly ready to start business.

This does not include the saloons which are holdovers from pre-prohibition days. The Seventh avenue operations are conducted mostly in the guise of lunch rooms or cafés.

Harlem Ministers Act

THE *Age,* commenting on the campaign, remarked: "The campaign of the *Age* against the hooch bootlegging joints continues to meet the approbation and win the endorsement of the better element of the community. Among the communications it has received, some contain direct charges with relation to a cabaret recently opened which, if containing any elements of credibility, reveal a condition more reprehensible in many respects than most of the developments following the unhampered sale of vile bootlegging hooch in Harlem.

"These charges relate to the alleged meeting of 'leading society women' and their 'sweethearts' in this particular cabaret, one of the letters naming several well-known ladies of Harlem who are said to have attended a 'reception' at this resort, 'mixing with sporting women and gamblers.' The writers unite in urging that the fight for the abolition of these hell-holes be waged until they are finally done away with.

"One long and interesting letter, signed, 'A Reader,' is prefaced by the statement that 'the writer is a white person engaged in social work among the colored people. My sympathies are entirely with these good people in their uphill struggle for recognition, and in whatever way I can I am always ready, willing and eager to further and help them realize their ambitions. The *Age* is fearless in championing the cause to which we are pledged and I am sure its influence for good is far-reaching. I can frankly say that my interest in the colored race has been deepened and even fanned into enthusiasm by the perusal of the splendid sheet of which you have the honor to be editor . . . . It was with much gratitude that I noticed how consistently your paper has fought against the detrimental influences that have arisen among the colored people of Harlem, namely: pool rooms, hooch parlors, fake delicatessens and in this week's issue, against the fake spiritualists, quacks, root and herb doctors, and so forth. The campaign is splendid. Keep at it.'

"In connection with the same cabaret to which the above references are made a resort recently licensed, some of the visitors to the place report that on entering they were accosted by one of the half-dozen brothers who seem to be connected with its operation, most of whom are well-known figures in the Lenox avenue bootlegging delicatessen and cigar stores, and asked if they were making their first visit to the place, and if they were friends of 'Fred R. Moore of the *Age*.'"

Certain Negro leaders have permitted themselves to be used by the Jew bootleg ring in endorsement of the operation of resorts, accepting in return blandishments which are said to have been of a substantial quality.

Many Harlemites ask: Why are these outsiders —these Jews—permitted to come into this particular neighborhood and operate ventures which only debauch and debase? It is bad enough, say these people, for men of the community to profit from catering to weak or vicious inclinations, but it is immeasurably worse to have those, who are in no wise connected, do this thing.

The boldness with which these people carry on their illicit trade brings back again and again the thought that someone in authority must be aware of their actions, and, if so, why is it they are permitted to carry on?

Aroused by the *Age's* revelations, the colored ministers of Harlem, members of the Interdenominational Preachers' Association, in a regular meeting of that body, adopted unanimously resolutions embracing pleas for the elimination of hooch. The resolution also provided for the functioning of a committee on morals to suppress the sale of liquor and poisonous and habit-forming drugs. The members of this committee are the Reverends F. A. Cullen, Richard M. Bolden, G. M. Oliver and John W. Robinson.

Tells of Pay-off Station

AT A Sunday service of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, a $350,000 concern, of which the Rev. A. Clayton Powell, one of the ablest ministers in Harlem, is pastor, two thousand persons gave expression to the church's attitude by adopting the following resolution:

"The Abyssinian Baptist Church has viewed with great satisfaction the strong and courageous fight made by the New York *Age* and other decent agencies against the illegal sale of poisonous liquors in Harlem . . . . The church hereby pledges its hearty co-operation with the *Age* and all other citizens in the driving of these bootlegging and hooch-selling joints out of Harlem . . . . Adopted by the congregation of 2,000 persons, Sunday, October 14, 1923—A. CLAYTON POWELL, Pastor; DOROTHY DEANCEY, Clerk."

The success of the Jews in the Harlem bootlegging trade has inspired others to try their luck. A group of Italians has entered the field. It is headed, according to the *Age,* by two brothers, and these brothers are running some nine or ten places. The Italians, however, are not so ingenious as the Jews. They do not camouflage their establishments, but give them more the semblance of the pre-Volstead saloons. The old brass rail is in evidence, and the back bar is glittering with glass and sparkling with various bottled goods.

In November the police were active in arresting violators of the prohibition law. *But it is worth while noting that the arrests that were made were usually of operators who might be termed "free lance" fellows, that is, those who are not in alliance with the ring.*

On November 17, the *Age* felt that "if the bootlegging of alcoholic liquors in Harlem is to be stopped, some other enforcing agency than is functioning at the present must be called into action."

The *Age* tells of the main "pay-off" station, where law enforcement officers, from various departments, draw largess for their connivance in ignoring the Volstead Act. The *Age* said it was informed by qualified witnesses that on several occasions officers, both local and otherwise, have been seen to call at the "pay off" station and it is alleged to receive money.

The *Age* informant declared that he witnessed the payment of money to two revenue agents, and that there was no effort to cover up the transaction. On another occasion, he said, officers found money placed on a counter in the back room in anticipation of their coming, and that they were seen to go in and pick up the currency, immediately coming out and bidding the bootlegging personnel a pleasant good night.

Law Enforcement a Joke

THERE is really no way, it seems, of curbing the Jew bootlegger in the "black belt," for with all the fighting and agitating and protesting that has been and is being carried on by the Negro welfare agencies the Negroes, it seems, are powerless to end the crime and debauchery. In the first place, **not a word of the activities of Jew bootleggers in Harlem ever creeps into the New York dailies. Last August the *World* started a series of articles on the predominance of gamblers, fake doctors, charlatans, "spiritualists," quacks, voodoo doctors and other scavengers festering in the Negro belt, but these for some reason were abruptly and mysteriously withdrawn.**

The community is degraded and debased by the poisonous hooch and up to the present time there appears to be no escape from the graft that dominates the operations of the notorious bands that have made law enforcement in Harlem a joke.

Harlemites believe, however, that Federal authorities can remedy these conditions by sending agents who will not succumb to bribes. If these agents are backed up by the government and given proper support, the situation could be cleaned up in three weeks, it is declared by those who have investigated the situation.

Builders Bidding Defiance to Earthquakes

If Ground Is Carefully Selected in Respect to Fault and Right Materials and Design Chosen, Damage Can Be Prevented

By HARRY H. DUNN

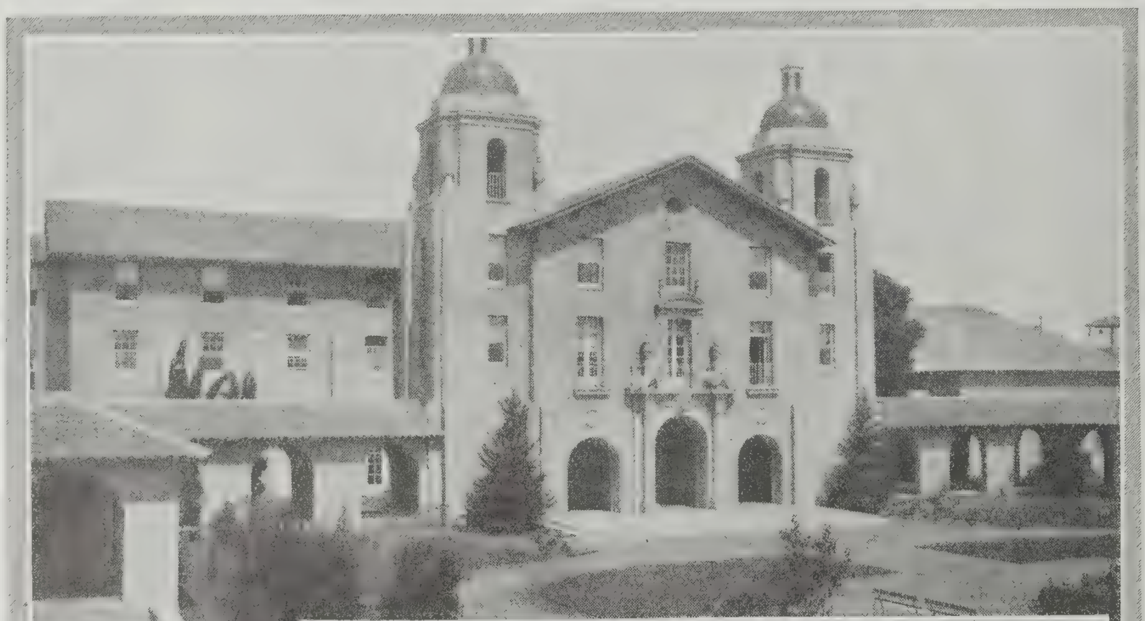
EVER since the first earthquake terrified primitive man by hurling jets of blazing gases before his startled eyes, and helped him to greater safety and better food by giving him fire, the human animal has been seeking some method whereby he could protect himself from these twistings and shakings and upheavals of the crust of the earth. Today, at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century of recorded time, and possibly five million years since the first man felt the first shrugging of the shoulders of this globe, he has discovered how to erect buildings so that the chances are approximately twenty to one that they will remain standing when the temblor has done its worst Earthquakes in Mexico, California and Japan, destructive alike to life and property, have left unharmed structures built in the location and of the designs stipulated by American engineers who have studied seismic forces and their effects on man-made edifices.

It is generally agreed among geologists, seismologists, geographers and astronomers, that there are three kinds of earthquakes, classified according to their causes, but all resulting in approximately the same kind of motions in the earth's crust, and one about as destructive as either of the others. The first, and probably the most common, is volcanic in origin. Of such was the temblor which resulted in the Mont Pelee disaster, and another which devastated a number of towns and villages in Mexico when Colima Volcano went on the rampage in June, 1911. These volcanic quakes usually are limited in area, but extremely violent, and likely to be more destructive to life and property within that area than are either of the other two kinds.

Second on the list is the earthquake caused by the breakage of the earth's crust when the latter is strained to its ultimate point of endurance by the constant northward movement of that crust. This is known as the "elastic rebound" theory, and was responsible for the earthquake of 1906 in Northern California, and for other earlier quakes in Chile, Peru, and Southern California. As previously described in this magazine, the earthquake caused by strain creep of the earth's crust can be forecast with considerable accuracy by the measurement of this creep and the analysis of the composition and resistant strength of the earth's crust. This is the form of earthquake which leaves deep and jagged furrows, known as "fault-lines" in the surface of the earth, and which usually, at rather regular intervals, repeats itself along these faults.

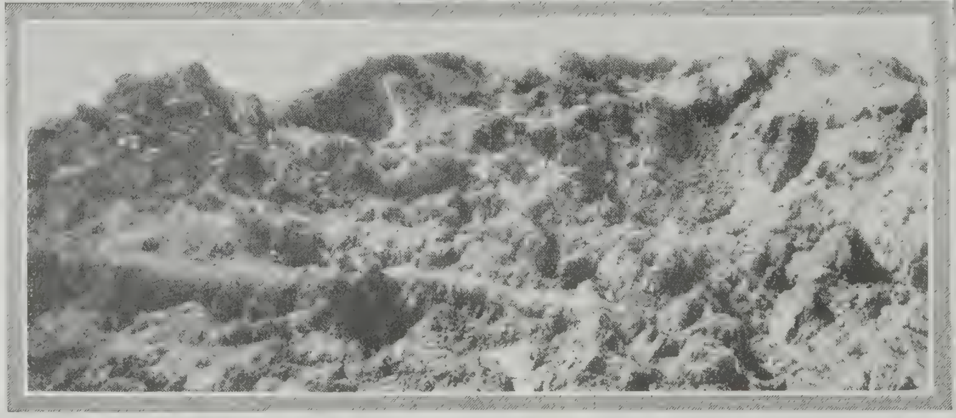
The third kind of quake is due to the seepage of the waters of the ocean through their beds into the hot interior of the earth, where steam of such amount and power is thereby generated as to cause upheavals in the crust of the globe. It is quite generally believed that the recent earthquake in Japan was due to this cause. The Tuscarora Deep, a gorge in the bed of the Pacific some four and one-half miles deep, lies just off the Japanese coast. The pressure of the water at the bottom of this gorge is, of course, tremendous, more than sufficient to drive the water at the bottom through a bed of granite. The forcing of the water into the heated interior of the earth is slow, accounting for the passage of time between earthquakes.

Earthquakes are most prevalent along the coasts of continents, and especially those coasts on which high mountains rise near the sea. The Sierra Nevada, along the Pacific Coast of the United States, is still rising, and is lifted a few inches each year by seismic forces. The Andean chain, running along the Pacific Coast of South America, is believed to have attained its greatest upthrust, and to be now slowly sinking, aided by frequent earthquakes. The main island of Hondo, Japan, is still in the making, and, according to seismologists, will be the object of other attacks by Pluto, or whatever god may be in control of the underworld.



Above—Stanford University was seriously damaged by the earthquake of 1906, and is building such new structures as may be erected on the campus after the most approved earthquake-proof plans. Here is one, on the Stanford Quadrangle, designed on the Mission style.

Photo by Francis P. Farquhar.



Above—The Palisade Range, crest of the Sierra Nevada, which, at a height of more than 14,000 feet, is still being pushed higher by the internal forces of the earth. Below—The effect of a miniature earthquake in the crater of Lassen volcano, in Northern California. On a small scale, this upheaval and slipping of the crater wall shows exactly what happens when the crust of the earth slips along faults many miles long, as it did in the California earthquake of 1906.

It is necessary to know this much of earthquake lore, the better to understand the methods whereby cities may be protected from seismic disturbances, now and in the future. A means of forecasting earthquakes has been devised by Professor A. C. Lawson, of the University of California. Professor Bailey Willis, of the department of geology of Stanford University, has completed an earthquake map of California, on which is shown every fault, no matter how small, along which earthquakes are likely to occur in years to come. This map is to be studied, in connection with similar maps of other sections of the earth in which earthquakes are prevalent, by the Seismological Society of America, with the object of informing all nations of the kind of building most resistant to that particular form of earthquake which is most likely to shake their lands.

The construction of earthquake-proof buildings depends on two factors: First, location of the sites for the buildings with respect to "faults" and to the character of the soil; and, second, materials used, and designs followed in building the structures themselves. Professor Willis, in reporting his lifelong study of earthquakes and their causes, defines a fault as follows:

"A fault is a break in the rocks, usually miles long, and penetrating to a depth where the rocks are firmer and more elastic than they are near the surface. An earthquake is an elastic shock which originates on a fault where the rocks have been held by friction, under increasing strain, until they yield. Slipping suddenly, like an elastic spring, they send vibrations through the globe. Attention has been called on the earthquake map to certain rifts along which shocks of greater or less violence may be anticipated. The rifts are facts, and their movements are as certain as thunderstorms in New York in early summer."

While it is obvious that Professor Willis holds to the elastic rebound theory of earthquakes, his studies and their results are equally valuable for all three classes of earthquakes. The mapping and forecast of these shocks is as far as the scientists go; we must turn to the engineer and the architect for those methods of building location and construction which will prevent or limit destruction of property by seismic disturbances. A successful example of this form of construction is shown in the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, Japan, which stood through the recent disastrous quake there and is still standing in virtually undamaged condition. It was designed and built by Frank Lloyd Wright, an American architect, and credit for its survival is given to the foundation design which he worked out. The hotel was erected on concrete piles set into the soil eighty feet, but not anchored to the bedrock. The yielding soil above this solid rock formed a cushion which disseminated the force of the quake, and the rebuilders of Tokyo are taking advantage of this lesson in the erection of the new structures there.

In Mexico City, where there is an average of an earthquake shock a day throughout the year, these shocks are minimized, and rendered almost unnoticeable by the fact that the city is built on the filled-in beds of two or three lakes, this filling forming a soft yet compact cushion, into which piles or rafts of concrete are sunk, and the business buildings erected thereon. This mud—really green peat—cushion smothers the shocks to such an extent that the buildings sway with them and are neither toppled nor shattered. In the San Francisco earthquake in 1906, photographs made just as the following fire started, show that the business buildings of cage construction, that is, built of steel frames and concrete, were standing, virtually undamaged, until the fire struck them.

The engineer and the architect recognize three well-defined grades of earthquake effects: First, destructive movements of the earth's crust and near-by buildings along a fault line; second, surface movements in soft deposits, such as river banks, marsh and swamp lands, sand hills and artificially made ground; and, third, vibration in rock and other hard, solid and coherent deposits. These grades have been worked out by Professor Charles Derleth, Jr., dean of the College of Civil Engineering of the University of California. Discussing them with the writer, Professor Derleth, who has devoted more than a decade to the study of earthquake-resistance construction, said:

"Obviously, earthquakes may and do occur which will wreck any structure known to man. This at least is true in heavy earthquakes near the center of disturbance. It is also largely true at considerable distances from the center of disturbance, where soft deposits are moved like jelly in a bowl. This leads to a clear distinction between two types of earth movements: First, motions which result in differential displacements of the ground; and, Second, vibrations with no appreciable unequal movement of the foundation site. Where the ground is moved unequally near the fault line, or on a waterfront, a structure situated there had to be ruptured, more or less. Where a building is vibrated on hard ground, it remains relatively unharmed *in direct proportion to its yielding capacity, its strength and its coherence.*

"Earthquake forces and their induced stresses stand in the relation of what may be termed in mechanics 'active and passive forces.' If the forces which balance each other upon a given body are distinguished into two systems, active and passive, standing to each other in the relation of cause and effect, then in nature we observe that the passive forces are the least in quantity capable of balancing the active forces consistent with the physical conditions of the body or structure. In short, the effect of an earthquake in rupturing a structure depends upon the strength, rigidity and size of the structure. The amount of earthquake stress called into play is directly proportional to the resistance offered. Other things being equal, the more yielding a frame, the less its resistance, and the smaller the destructive earthquake stress induced.

"If two structures are founded across a 'fault line' or on moving ground, and one structure is twice as strong as the other, the earthquake will have to do twice as much

Top, left—The central section of Santa Rosa, California, every building in which was constructed with a view to withstanding earth shocks. This city was all but destroyed in the quake of 1906, and specific plans were adhered to in its rebuilding, so that the new structures would not be toppled over by any seismic disturbance. Directly above—Tamalpais, the walking mountain, which through the seismic force of strain creep is moving northward at about three feet each year. Right—The campanile of the University of California. This bell tower is believed to be the most nearly quake-proof structure in the world, and was erected with that end in view. Circle—Petrified trees in Northern California which have been broken in two by unrecorded earthquakes in past centuries, long before white men came to California.

work, or exert twice as much force, to rupture the latter as to wreck the former. The earth moving in waves is responding to a force that, as far as human effort is concerned, is irresistible. Structures on the surface, however, if flexible and light, will move with the ground, and suffer no damage, like waving cornstalks. Those of an opposite character will not move without damage. Here is a practical exposition of the fable of the willow and the oak tree. A heavy mass, such as a brick building, by its very nature must resist the wave. Its motions and rigidity are a measure of its immediate resistance, and also a measure of the damage done. The greater the resistance, the greater the damage, as the earthquake force is or may be without limit.

"Designers agree, therefore, that, other things being equal, the selection of the site is important, but neither architect nor engineer is always free to select the site. Cities must be built along lines of trade; a waterworks dam must be built in a gulch, even though an active fault line pass through it. On rocky and high land in San Francisco, much less damage was done in the earthquake of 1906 than on the low and filled-in lands. The designer and the builder, as well as the owner and the public, then must take some chance, either because a site is fixed, or because the possible expenditure of money is limited. This, however, is not an argument favoring cheap, unintelligent and criminal construction.

"Brick and block work construction, of all types of building, are the least adapted to insure the requisite yielding capacity for the structure as a whole. On solid elastic ground, I would rate, in the order of their value in resisting seismic forces, buildings in the following order: 1. Structural steel cage construction; 2. Wood frame; 3. Reinforced concrete; 4. Brick and block work. Foundations should reach to firm ground, or structures should be built on solidly braced pile platforms. Where the surface is movable and shifting, the structure should be made to stand free, as with a moat around it. Coupling together of parts which have different periods of vibration should be avoided. Where this is impossible, the parts with different vibrational periods should be linked together so securely that they will tend to move as one whole. Brick structures divided into compartments with walls at right angles, vibrating out of time in their several parts, batter themselves to destruction, and perhaps the greatest danger in earthquake countries comes from brick dwellings with improperly designed roofs in which the inclined rafters have no tension ties. In earthquake vibration, the roof peak drops and the rafters thrust out the walls. Cornices of brick, terra cotta and stone should be avoided, since such masses will be thrown to the ground in a violent quake, even though well anchored.

"Reinforced concrete has its component materials of concrete and steel placed to withstand compression and tension stress due to vertical loads. In a violent earthquake, the forces applied to a building may be vertical, horizontal or torsional. I would expect, therefore, that high reinforced concrete buildings as now built would exhibit more damage in a great earthquake than would a comparable steel-frame structure. Like brick and block-work buildings, masonry arches of stonework are hopelessly inadequate to withstand earthquake shocks. Under the action of horizontal forces, the arch ring opens, the keystone drops, and the entire structure collapses. If arches must be built, they should be reinforced, or their stones supported and tied with steel girders, or preferably, the arch ring itself should contain a skeleton of structural steel capable of taking a variety of stresses.

"Calculations cannot be made for structures to withstand the major effects of earthquakes such as occur along a fault line or on shifting deposits. It is possible, however, to design structures to withstand stresses due to vibration where the structure rests on a solid and an elastic foundation, and where there is no differential movement of the parts. Since 1906 it has been the custom of engineers to design important works so founded on solid ground by assuming the structures subject to lateral forces acting similarly to wind pressure. These horizontal forces are figured for an earthquake acceleration of six feet per second. These are the direct application of mechanical principles of design to the action of vibratory forces. The campanile at the University of California was designed to withstand such stresses, which were very large and difficult to handle because of the heavy dead weight of this monumental bell tower. Wherever possible, designs should limit the weight, but not the strength or coherence or the anchorage of parts, for *earthquake stresses are in direct proportion to the dead weight of the structure.*

"The structure which is to resist the earthquake, then, must be erected on a suitable site, not along or across a fault line; suitable type of design must be chosen, above all with firm anchorage and avoidance of discordant vibratory rate in parts; and an adequate foundation provided."

After a considerable study of the results to buildings of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, a committee of the American Society of Civil Engineers reached the conclusion that "sufficient evidence is at hand to warrant the statement that a building designed with a proper system of bracing to withstand wind at a pressure of thirty pounds a square foot will resist safely the stresses caused by a shock of an intensity equal to that of the 1906 earthquake. The prime requisite of such a structure is elasticity, and it may be questioned where difference in workmanship was not responsible for many of the destructive results of the San Francisco earthquake. While it is true that good workmanship gave better results than ordinary, yet it is the opinion of the committee that it was mainly a question of design."

One of the most important problems arising in the preparation of cities, as well as buildings within those cities, to resist earthquake shocks comes in regard to the maintenance of water supply. By far the greater part of the destruction wrought by an earthquake is done by the flames which almost inevitably follow the action of the seismic forces. This was true in San Francisco and in Tokyo and Yokohama. San Francisco has answered this problem by establishing, in high and hard ground, a system of salt-water reservoirs, exclusively for the use of the fire department and entirely independent of the fresh-water supply for the regular uses of the inhabitants of the city.

In general, it is the consensus of opinion of waterworks engineers that three precautions can be taken which will insure to a city a supply of water adequate to its domestic needs during and after an earthquake shock of high intensity. These are: First, location of waterworks structures, including dams, reservoirs, main pipe lines and pumping stations, away from known soft, filled and fault areas which are subject to excessive movement; second, isolation of selected sections of the system within the city by gate valves, placed at all points where pipes cross the boundaries of ground subject to such excessive movement, which valves can be shut off, with the exception of one or two which pass the ordinary supply to the limited district; and, third, the carrying in storage, within the city, of a large quantity of water available for distribution, so that breaks in the main conduits carrying the supply of water from the mountain or river sources will be of relatively less importance than breaks in the distributing system within the city itself.

Man Games and Man Friends of Twenty Years

Concluded from page 6

over. I undertook the really severe task of straightening up. The muscles of the back and neck were loosed and let down; every organ of the torso had lost its proper center of gravity—as it does from high heels—and rebelled against going back.

Formerly in moments of physical depression I used to ponder on taking a few weeks off, some time, to get my health back. It can't be done in a few weeks—the wrecker comes to work in the body before the builder. In undertaking to make yourself right, you first uncover what is wrong. You become sick in many spots, one after another.

I expected results immediately, but found I had to forget to expect results, before they really slipped in. Each correction of a fault shows up others.

You accept the bigness of the task, finally. One must not neglect his work, if for no other reason than that if he does, he loses the joy of play. The pursuit of health for its own sake may turn one into an uncongenial crank; making a labor of the pursuit of health, has also a way of making a man hard to live with. But work and play, as part of one thing, is a true and unfailing means to regain that zest which steals away so softly, through the years of tumult, and without which one has nothing, with all his Career.

Five years; no important tennis yet, in my case, but that is neither here nor there. I do have an hour or two of enjoyment on the courts nearly every day; also, I have health of a better quality than I used to think possible for any man, but the more *light* one gets on this or any subject, the vaster appears the field.

One day recently I opened an envelope to find a check for several hundred dollars, and a bill against me for two dollars and forty-five cents. It was from Gnat. He had given two or three days of his time in saving my equity in a real estate transaction in the vicinity of Detroit, a lot which I had all but counted lost. The bill was for carfare, he said. All in all it was one of the most interesting checks I have ever received, and doubtless it had something to do with my call at Detroit soon afterward. The five of us foregathered for luncheon, I think at one of the same tables at which we often used to sit. Eddie had his old plate of onion soup.

He has come on. His verses are in books now, and all over the country in newspapers every day. I have heard him spoken of as "America's favorite poet," and he probably is. Occasionally he hits the bull's-eye with a fine idea, and people repeat his rhythmic rendering of it and it cleans them up. He still talks after dinner, but he's a youth yet, with an afternoon of golf every chance he gets. Walter is out in the big waters of trade. Gnat is at the head of the trade paper, which is now authoritative and established.

Money wasn't mentioned at that luncheon, but I have reason to believe that three of the fellows are rich men today. All were in Detroit through its great and spectacular material rise. Perhaps Art isn't rich, but he is an artist, which has its compensations. He sells a painting here and there and drives a car, at least. We went upstairs and had some kelly-pool at the same old table.

I looked the four over with joy. Each in his own way had turned the trick. They had kept up the play of boys, while they were learning to work as men. More than that, they had kept up their affection for each other, and I was proud to have a part, even on the rim. Of course, one of the most subtly rejuvenating elements of all games, in and out, is warm-hearted association with the "fellows."

. . . . Banging the balls around, I found I couldn't keep up with my end in the humor any better than in the old days, nor was my kelly-pool even respectable, but I had a rapt hour. For I realized that we were all reaching a time when the puzzle of life must soon unfold—when we would begin to see what a Great Game it all is—see it a little from above, not from the smoky ruck of the contest.

BRIEFLY TOLD

"The President, commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Rum runners along the Jersey coast will be chased by speed boats driven by twin airplane motors capable of forty miles an hour. These boats can race to the twelve-mile limit and back in forty minutes. They have no masts, cabins or side lights, and travel like hydroplanes.

Gas generated by the submerged grain cargo of the steamer *Hivos,* sunk by a German submarine in 1916 on the coast of Algeria, raised the vessel to the surface. When the water pressure was removed the vessel promptly blew up.

The famous Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, will be placed on continuous exhibition behind an ironwork grill.

Ten cities of the United States have $80,000,000 deposited in Postal Savings accounts.

Bamboo is being successfully grown in Georgia.

The annual sales of talcum powder, cold cream, rouge, lip-sticks, and toilet powder amount to $750,000,000, or about fifteen dollars for every woman in America.

Statistics prove that deaths of babies under one year are as numerous as deaths of persons seventy-five years old.

"Parliament is there. It exists. I use it whenever necessary. It is very quiet, behaves itself, and doesn't create much disturbance."—*Benito Mussolini,* Italian dictator.

"Common sense, in a rough, dogged way, is technically sounder than the special schools of philosophy, each of which squints and overlooks half the fact and half the difficulties in its eagerness to find in some detail the key to the whole." —*George Santayana.*

A pear tree brought from England by Governor John Endicott, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1630, is still bearing fruit on the spot it was planted at Danversport, Massachusetts.

A topaz ten by seventeen inches, weighing about 100 pounds, has been sent to the Field Museum of Chicago by a gem-hunter in Brazil.

Under Fascismo the people of Italy are becoming more thrifty. For the present fiscal year the increase was $168,000,000 over the corresponding figure of last year.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Thomas Gray labored seven years upon his "Elegy."

"A person who cannot succeed without being in a herd ought to organize his own herd. My advice to a young man is to learn to pitch in and fight his battles single-handed. Sheep and goats run in droves, but lions and tigers do not."—*E. W. Howe.*

A proviso in the will of the late Lord Morley reads as follows: "As it is possible that some person may desire to write a memoir of my life, which I regard as wholly superfluous, I enjoin upon my executors to refuse to aid or encourage such design and not to allow any such person to have access to any of my papers, whether personal or acquired in the course of official duties." Lord Morley himself was the leading biographer of the past century, having written lives of Cobden, Gladstone, Burke and Cromwell.

What is believed to be the smallest church in the world is a little stone chapel dedicated to St. Anthony situated five miles east of Fort Atkinson, Iowa. The outside measurements are twelve by twenty feet. The chapel seats a congregation of eight.

Giacomo Puccini, composer of "Madame Butterfly," has recovered damages in Italy because "One Fine Day" was taken from the opera and jazzed, according to reports.

The defeat of all measures making possible the use of the Bible in the public schools was recommended in a report read at the tenth triennial convention of the National Council of Jewish Women, at St. Louis, Missouri.

There are about 1,750,000,000 persons in the world. The total doubled in the last century.

In the Hall of Representatives, in Boston, hangs a wooden codfish, "The Sacred Cod," it is called, "as a memorial of the importance of the Cod Fishery to the welfare of this Commonwealth," in accordance with a resolution passed in 1784.

A female lobster will lay from 3,000 to 75,000 eggs, according to its size and age. The eggs are glued to the under surface of the body and are carried about for ten months before hatching.

During the reign of Edward I, the Welsh rose against the English declaring that they would never acknowledge allegiance to any prince "but of their own nation and language and of unblamable life." Edward II was born in a castle at Carnarvon, Wales, and he was presented to the Welsh people as "a native-born prince of unblamable life who could speak no word of English." From that date the recognized heir to the English throne has borne the title of Prince of Wales.

Effigies carved 20,000 years ago and found in caves in France would indicate that the negroid type was prevalent in France at an early date.

The Museum of the City of New York has an old-time tavern sign on which is printed the following: "Four pence a night for Bed. Six pence with Supper. No more than five to sleep in one bed. No Boots to be worn in bed. Organ Grinders to sleep in the Wash house. No dogs allowed upstairs. No Beer allowed in the Kitchen. No Razor Grinders or Tinkers taken in."

The birthplace of J. Fenimore Cooper is to be saved by the Burlington, New Jersey, Historical Society. A portion of his library, his writing desk, his chair, the bellows that stood by the fireplace and other mementos of the days that Cooper has made so memorable have been preserved. Next door is the birthplace of Captain James Lawrence, who said, "Don't Give Up the Ship," when the *Chesapeake* battled the British frigate *Shannon* off the shore of Boston during the war of 1812.

The Thanksgiving statement in President Coolidge's own handwriting that was broadcast throughout the country by a newspaper syndicate was obtained by a persevering young girl reporter. White House officials, solicitous newspapermen and secretaries told her it was impossible. President Coolidge heard her wish and declined. For the fourth time she broached her idea of a signed Thanksgiving statement personally and it was given out.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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Havana—Refuge of the Crook

Girard Estate Surplus a Burden?

Theft of the Kaiser's Ash Tray

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Girard Estate Surplus, From Coal, Held Burden

Public Pays Heavily to Pile Up Millions Taken From Anthracite Royalties

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

NEARLY one hundred years ago a man died in Philadelphia after amassing a fortune estimated at $25,000,000—at that time probably the largest in the United States. He had been a poor boy, and in spite of his wealth in later years his life had been an unhappy one. Perhaps because of that he became obsessed with the idea of devoting his fortune to the poor. Accordingly he founded in his will a college for orphan boys, making such wise provisions for its growth and expansion to meet the changing needs of the times that it is still recognized as a model educational institution in many respects. He left the bulk of his estate to this school, providing, however, that after all its needs had been met, the income of the estate should be devoted to the people of his adopted city. Here is the exact clause covering that usage:

"To enable the said corporation (of Philadelphia) to improve the city property, and the general appearance of the city itself; and in effect to diminish the burden of taxation, now most oppressive especially on those who are least able to bear it."

The name of this man was Stephen Girard. At the time of his death, in 1831, not even the executors realized the immense value of his estate. One of the largest items in it consisted of large land holdings in Schuylkill and Columbia counties, Pennsylvania. It was not until more than twenty years later that the hard coal rush started, and every year since then *the value of Girard's land holdings and the income from coal mining therein has increased.* Seventeen years after Girard's death—in 1848, to be exact—Girard College was opened, and at that time the residuary fund of his estate was estimated to be worth about three million dollars. On December 31, 1922, the value of that estate was officially announced as $55,485,684.31, which was $3,198,970.47 more than at the end of the year 1921.

Surplus Held a Burden

THESE figures and certain others to be quoted are of interest to every consumer of anthracite coal and to every citizen anxious to grasp the point of view of the banking world. The short quotation above from the will of Stephen Girard is sufficient to show that he had in mind a pure philanthropy, which is confirmed by a reading of the entire document. Insofar as the college is concerned the achievements are even greater than the broad vision of the founder. But when the residuary fund of more than fifty-five million dollars is considered in the light of the whole will, the question arises whether Girard's philanthropy has not been turned into a public burden.

To understand how that has been accomplished, let us summarize the growth of this residuary fund. On January 1, 1923, former Governor Edwin S. Stuart, of Pennsylvania, for many years president of the board of directors of city trusts, which administers the Girard Estate, made an address at the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of Girard College. He said, among other things:

"In 1873, at the end of the first twenty-five years, the residuary fund was $4,962,735.22, while the number of pupils had increased to 546 and the annual cost of maintenance to $188,000.

"In 1898, when the college had been opened fifty years, the residuary fund had increased to $11,700,000, the number of pupils to 1,536 and the annual cost of maintenance to $480,000.

"Today, after an existence of seventy-five years, the residuary fund is $51,000,000, the number of pupils 1,545 and the annual expenditure for maintenance $1,300,000. In addition to the $51,000,000, which is all income-producing, there is carried on the books as the nominal value of the college grounds and buildings—$4,500,000, making the total capital $55,000,000."

It will be noted that the constantly increasing growth and ratio of growth in the residuary estate is exactly parallel to the growth of the anthracite industry. It could not be otherwise, for the Girard Estate has been for sixty years one of the largest holders of hard coal lands. Under the royalty provisions made by the board of city trusts the returns to the Girard Estate are based not on a fixed, unchanging value, *but on the price that the operators of the mines are able to obtain for the coal.* In the early years of anthracite mining the normal royalty, paid by operators to owners of coal in the ground, was five cents a ton. It rose to ten cents, to fifteen and to twenty-five cents, but it was always a fixed figure for the life of the coal mine lease. Fifty cents a ton is considered in the industry today as a reasonable rate. *Yet the Girard Estate—a philanthropy, not compelled to make profits for stockholders—is getting in some instances as high as $1.50 a ton.*

The doctrine of anthracite coal operators has always been "All that the traffic will bear," which they justify by asserting that they must look after the rights of their stockholders—even when returns have repaid the initial investments many times over. But no such argument is possible in the case of the Girard Estate and the board of city trusts. In 1918, when the Senate Committee of Manufactures investigated the rising price of anthracite, I. Hazelton Mirkil, general manager for the board of directors of city trusts, wrote a letter containing the following:

"The owner of the coal lands in question is not a mercantile or business corporation of any kind, but is a governmental institution, namely, the city of Philadelphia, which holds them in trust for public charitable uses . . . . The government of this state has placed this charitable feature of the municipal government in charge of a board of twelve, called directors of city trusts, selected by the judges, to whom are added, ex officio, the mayor and presidents of city councils."

The Girard Estate, in attempting to justify high royalties and the sliding scale principle, has argued that the institution is not a controlling factor in the industry, since it produces only about four per cent of all the hard coal sold. Men identified with the coal industry, however, are of the opinion that the board of city trusts of Philadelphia has been primarily responsible for the increase in royalties. Its system of a sliding scale, based on all the operators could get from the ultimate consumer, has been adopted by other coal land owners as justification for increasing royalties far beyond figures that were held to be fair even a dozen years ago. The whole trend in the industry has been away from the flat rate in favor of the sliding scale made popular by the Girard Estate.

The output of the estate in hard coal may not be sufficiently large to control the entire industry, but the profits obtained from that four per cent output offer a remarkable illustration of the anthracite burden borne by the consumer. Bearing in mind that the profits of the Girard Estate are limited to royalties—to the price paid by an operator for coal in the ground; and that the mines did not operate for five months in 1922 owing to the strike, the important fact remains that the receipts from the property of the Girard Estate outside the city in 1922 were $2,032,292.51, and in 1921 they were $3,521,420.21. These figures are given in the last annual report of the board of city trusts. In the same report appears the following:

"The shipment of coal from the Girard Estate in 1922 was very materially reduced by the miners' strike, lasting from April 1 to September 11, and amounted to only 2,050,257 tons, as compared with 2,983,723 tons in 1921. The Girard Estate's proportion of the total shipment of anthracite coal from Pennsylvania during 1922 was five per cent, which was the highest it has been since 1880."

There are now sixteen leases in force, the bulk of them held by railroad operators such as the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company; the Lehigh Valley Coal Company; Madeira, Hill and Company, and their subsidiaries.

The directors of the board of city trusts apparently expect to perpetuate the system on which they are now operating. Read the following additional extracts from the speech of Governor Stuart, president of the board, at the anniversary celebration last January:

"The total expenditures for maintenance (of the college) from 1848 to 1922 inclusive, were approximately $29,000,000, while the amount spent for improvements during the same period, not including the $2,000,000 left by Mr. Girard for the construction of the college, but including the total cost of buildings already constructed and those now under contract and in course of construction, to pay for which funds have been appropriated and set aside, was approximately $5,000,000.

"This is a wonderful showing. But wonderful as it is, it will be surpassed in the future. I am going to make a prediction that twenty-five years hence, on the first day of January, 1948, when the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of this college will be celebrated, if nothing unforeseen happens, and in the meantime the estate has been managed in a wise, conservative and businesslike manner, and the present financial policy as adopted by the board of directors of city trusts in 1897 is not changed, but strictly adhered to, the residuary fund providing income for the maintenance and improvement of Girard College first, the primary object of the testator, and for the secondary trust, as directed in his will, to wit: 'to enable the corporation of the city of Philadelphia to maintain a competent police force, to improve the city property and in effect to diminish the burden of taxation,' will be at least one hundred millions of dollars."

Guided by Will, Board Claims

THUS it would appear that the board of city trusts intends to keep right on collecting royalties at a rate that has been denounced by even the anthracite industry as exorbitant, until it shall have gathered from the consumers of hard coal a fund of a hundred million dollars. It is stated repeatedly that the board is guided in its actions by the will of Stephen Girard. But anthracite mining was virtually unknown at the time he was still alive, and there is not a word anywhere in his will calling for a sliding scale of royalties. The primary purpose of his will has been met; Girard College has been expanded to a point probably far beyond his dreams, and the income of the estate as shown by figures above is more than three million dollars a year above the requirements of the college.

Although it is true, and requires specific acknowledgment, that no higher use could be found even for exorbitant coal profits than in fulfilling the philanthropic desires of Stephen Girard, it is also true that since these profits are collected from the people at large, they are entitled to evince a definite interest in the purposes to which those profits are to be devoted in the future. The quotation given in the second paragraph of this article, and partially repeated in the report of Governor Stuart's speech, tells only part of the ultimate purpose. Girard went into a great deal of additional detail as to the expenditure of the extra earnings in the residuary estate. He also provided a special fund of a half-million dollars at his death, devoted to the improvement of a certain section of the city. This was from the personal estate and does not gain anything from the sale of hard coal.

In his will Girard provided that this special bequest of $500,000 be kept invested forever to improve the river front section of old Philadelphia. He went into detail as to the improvements he had in mind, such as the laying out and paving of Delaware avenue, the removal of fences and other obstructions along the wharves, the destruction of all wooden buildings within the limits of Philadelphia, the widening and paving of Water street. All these requirements have been fulfilled. To make sure that certain laws required to carry out the provisions of his will would be enacted, Girard further provided $300,000 to the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania "for the purpose of internal improvement by canal navigation," providing that this sum "be paid into the state treasury by my executors, as soon as such laws shall have been enacted by the constituted authorities of the said commonwealth as shall be necessary and amply sufficient to carry into effect the several improvements above specified."

Alumni Enter Protest

BOTH of these amounts came from the personal estate, and the half-million-dollar fund still working in Philadelphia is not dependent on royalties. The uses to which its earnings are put, however, have been taken as an indication of what will be done eventually by the board of city trusts in disposing of the earnings from the residuary estate, when hard coal profits make it large enough. This half-million-dollar fund, of course, is also administered by the board of city trusts. Turning to page nine of the report of that board for 1922, the following is found:

"The fund for the improvements of the eastern front of the city amounts to $587,469.97. The expense of lighting, of patrolling, and of minor items incident to the care of the district lying between Vine and South streets, Front street and the Delaware River, has been paid out of the income of this fund, and amounted in 1922 to $9,225.29."

In the twenty-second clause of his will—after he had made full provision for the care and expansion of Girard College—the donor of this fund and of the fund that has now grown to fifty-five million dollars made this provision for the eventual use of its earnings:

"To enable the corporation of the city of Philadelphia to provide more effectually than they now do for the security of the persons and property of the inhabitants of the said city, by competent police, including a sufficient number of watchmen really suited to the purpose; and to this end, I recommend a division of the city into watch districts of four parts, each under a proper head, and that at least two watchmen shall in each round or station patrol together.

"To enable the said corporation to improve the city property, and the general appearance of the city itself; and, in effect, to diminish the burden of taxation, now most oppressive especially on those who are least able to bear it."

From the foregoing it will appear that there is virtually no public purpose to which the earnings of this fund may not be put within the limits of Philadelphia. It has been shown that all the requirements of Girard College have been met. The estate now has more than $28,000,000 invested in mortgages, stocks and bonds, and the receipts from this investment alone would be sufficient to care for the college for all time. In addition, however, the estate has vast property holdings in Philadelphia, including many office buildings.

It is interesting, in view of the announced policy of the board of city trusts that it intends to continue its present scale of royalties, to see what the graduates of Girard College think about that program. A few months ago a great deal of excitement was stirred up in the board by the receipt of a letter from the Girard Alumni of the Lehigh Valley. Apparently the answer did not satisfy the graduates, for a little later there came into circulation the following set of resolutions, adopted at a special meeting of the Alumni Association in the anthracite regions.

"To the Board of City Trusts and the Girard Estate:

"Gentlemen: We, the members of the Girard Alumni of the Lehigh Valley, realize at this time the critical situation the country is put to by the lack of anthracite coal, which is caused by the continual disputes, both of the coal operators and miners, and which has continually caused strikes. We do not know what the final outcome will be if these disputes continue, as it breeds socialism, bolshevism and government ownership.

"We feel that our foster father, Girard, who so nobly stood by his countrymen during all the crises of war and disease, would also settle this dispute, as his estate owns the greater part of the valuable coal deposits of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania; and as Sons of Girard we do hereby petition the Board of City Trusts to uphold the noble place and purposes of Stephen Girard, as we full well know that he would not work the mines with a selfish purpose in view, as his life was full of love and sacrifice and we hereby petition the Board of City Trusts so to organize the Girard Estate as to mine the coal instead of getting royalties; and themselves disposing of the coal at a fair profit to the estate, a fair wage to the workmen and a fair price to the consumers, on the same principle that the Girard Estate has been handling the homes which they have built in South Philadelphia.

"This may not be an easy task, but we know that your board is composed of the finest type of men in the state, from the standpoint of character, religion and business judgment, and were the mines worked on the same principles as you manage Girard College you undoubtedly would have in the miners and coal consumers as dear friends as you have in all Girard boys. We full well know and realize that all the members of the board are our best friends as an organization and individually."

Left—German women can and do work. Most of them had to do a man's job during the war. Right—Wooded areas about the big cities are kept scrupulously clean. English coal is too expensive to buy.

Five Years of Republican Germany

German People, Fighting for Existence, No Longer Sure Whether Republic Is Meant for Them

Tabby's soft fur, the old doorknob and the bones Rover used to get, can be disposed of here for cash. Shops like these are a boon to the hard-pressed housewife.

By WALTER M. WOLFF

"JA, JA, DER DOLLAR!" sighed little Frau Schultze as she came home from the market with her half-filled basket and dropped wearily into the first chair available. "I would have bought more," she continued, "aber der Dollar ist schon wieder gestiegen!" (but the dollar has again gone up!)

Herr Schultze looks up askance from his breakfast and shakes his head. Molly Schultze, who had been busily flitting about the kitchen, pauses for a moment in deep thought, while Johann, her brother, thumps the table with his fist and vehemently says a few hard things about the times. "Always the old story! How much longer will it last? Immer der Dollar, der Dollar!" he remarks, despairingly. And his pet, Felix, the parrot, loyally supports his master's statements by screeching out at the top of his voice, "Verdammter Dollar!! Verdammter Dollar!! Verdammter Dollar!!"

Multiply the above scene (minus the parrot) several million times and you will get a slight notion of the main subject of daily conversation among the German people. For the last five years the German mark has fallen in value with almost measured regularity until today the people no longer throw up their hands in dismay as they did at first, but they are wondering when the sinking is going to stop. When marks were quoted around 700-800 to the dollar less than a year ago, everybody predicted with an air of extreme confidence that "the dollar might touch 1,000, but it can't go any higher." They said the same thing when marks were rated at 45-60 two years ago, namely, that 100 marks to the dollar might be possible but it would mean ruin to the country and financial chaos throughout Europe.

Today Germany has not improved her finances nor her standing among the major nations, but there is far less excitement manifested when the mark drops to some new point below zero. And why is this? Because the Germans have grown used to "big figures" and now believe anything to be yet possible as long as present conditions continue. And they are right, for nearly anything foolish is possible in the present Social-Democratic "Utopia" of Germany. But "when the dollar goes up," as the Teutons love to term it, prices immediately follow and Old Man Wages comes sauntering along far in the rear, usually too late to enable the Germans to take advantage of the old prices. It's like the old yarn about the dog chasing its tail, and the German is sore at his government, sore at the dollar, and sore at everything in general.

A great many people in the world have a notion that Germany with a population of some sixty millions today is a mighty nation with vast resources and extensive domains. As a matter of fact, Germany, before the pie was cut, used to have an area about as large as Texas, with a host of great world cities. We can imagine what Texas would look like if we should suddenly transfer such cities within her confines as Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and a dozen others of our largest cities. Old Texas would unquestionably be pretty well packed to the edges, but this is exactly how Germany would appear if transferred to our own topography. Within an area not as large as one of our states Germany has a score or more cities with a population ranging from 300,000 to more than four million.

The Fatherland today is much like a playhouse in which all seats including standing room have been sold out. Poincaré's statement that there were twenty millions too many humans in Germany is a conservative estimate. For health's sake something must very soon be done in the larger cities. Congestion has become almost intolerable and the effects of excessive overcrowding will be visited upon the next generation with no small degree of severity. Take, for example, Berlin. Recently published statistics show a serious retrogression in health in many parts of Germany and particularly in Berlin. In Berlin approximately four million souls are living in an area of about 356 square miles. Many of the living quarters available are quite inadequate to the needs of their occupants. It is estimated that *seventy per cent* of the total number consists of but *two rooms and a kitchen*, while scarcely ten per cent have more than four living rooms. Furthermore, as there are not enough dwellings for everybody, many families have been obliged to live during the winter months in huts and temporary shelters. Even the better houses are fast falling into disrepair due to the proprietors' lack of funds.

As prices have soared, it has become impossible for many persons to get essential foodstuffs. Much of that offered is of inferior quality, lacking fat, legumes and sugar. This is particularly true in the case of milk. Potatoes are being eaten in increasing quantities but a decrease in the use of high-grade foodstuffs such as meat, eggs, white bread and milk is apparent, as they can be had in insufficient quantities only and at very high prices. As an inevitable result, a certain malnutrition is observable among a large part of the population, bringing liability to disease and a decrease in the working strength of the individual.

Public hygiene is also suffering severely from the present conditions. Prices for baths in bathing establishments have been advanced until today they are beyond the reach of many former patrons. During the winter months many bathing places are closed on account of the high price and scarcity of coal. As many people consider hygiene a sort of luxury, economizing begins at baths with the result that skin diseases are increasing. High coal prices make it impossible for many householders to heat their rooms properly, thus increasing the number of colds and illness in general. In a city the size of Berlin almost anything serious may be expected. Maladies, showing during the war, as for example, scurvy, are appearing again and instances of starvation are manifold, especially among the hard-pressed professional classes and the "Mittelstand." The number of suicides has also mounted to alarming proportions during recent months.

Germany is literally withered out—disgusted with itself and the rest of creation. When an entire nation, with the usual handful of exceptions, is overworked, overtaxed, underpaid and undernourished, it is likely to develop the "don't-give-a-damn" spirit eventually. But a great part of the German people are directly to blame for what is transpiring. There are far too many idealists—not enough God-fearing producers. The latter class has developed a sense of apathy which is not an asset. Too many Germans have been attracted to the "Eleventh Commandment" (Thou must not let thyself be caught!). Since there is little law and order under the present régime, even in the unoccupied parts of Germany, dishonesty and crime seem to be paramount.

During the last years of the war, the Teutons learned the art of stealing and many seemed to pride themselves on who could steal the most and get away with it. It was and is to this very day no uncommon sight to see entire railway coaches stripped of their brass fixtures, leather window straps, curtains and plush seats, and to see upon the streets individuals wearing new dresses, hats, or entire suits made of the stolen cloths. For sheer "crust" the Germans carry off the Grand Prix. One almost has to be dishonest, wary and lawless to exist in the Fatherland nowadays. And no small share of this accusation falls to the radical elements of the country, found most prominently in the ranks of the Communistic and Social-Democratic parties.

As long as the German people cannot stand united behind the republic, the republic is not meant for them. In my estimation, it never was meant for them but came to be the abortive thing that it is out of the terrible revolution of 1918, a devastating reaction to the scourge of war and defeat. But by rushing into an embryonic stage of republicanism, the Germans jumped from the faggots into the fire. Had they known that the republic should turn out to be an oligarchy of incompetent Socialists and radical Reds, they would never have erased all traces which smacked of the old régime. Do not mistake me when I say that the Germans do *not* want the kaiser back in Berlin. They do not. But what they want *and what they woefully need* is someone and some government that is purely democratic and not afraid to assert the true ideals of liberty for which the German people have always yearned. The Germans want someone who can enforce law and order, and they want to have a direct choice in choosing that someone.

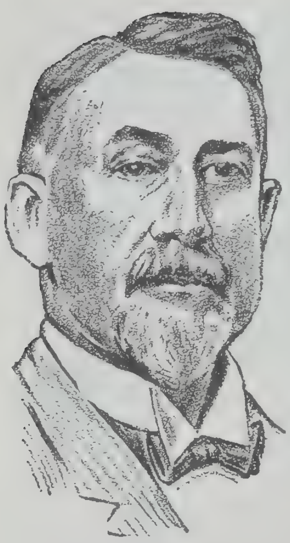
The intense strain and hardship under which the German is laboring today—the terrific internal pressure and outside oppression—is rapidly wearing him down. A nation starved physically, mentally and morally soon reaches the point where it cares little what ultimately becomes of it. In just such a predicament Germany finds herself today. And for this reason it is not hard to understand why the aims and designs of one M. Poincaré are slowly but surely wearing away the foundation of the German Republic. In no remote future the dismemberment of Germany will be an actuality and the German people will find themselves securely bound hand and foot as vassals to French masters. A crisis in Germany is imminent. Like the smouldering fire within a volcano, the events transpiring within Germany during the past few weeks give every indication of not-far-distant eruption. German patience and endurance with fate is worthy of genuine admiration, but to hold out indefinitely after suffering and enduring all for nine years is a human impossibility.

If every German were as good and loyal a German as practically every Frenchman is a good and loyal Frenchman, or Englishman an Englishman, or American an American, instead of fostering the "Party-first-and-Devil-take-the-country" spirit, Germany would hold a much more formidable position today, with her people and her works universally honored and respected.

You can find plenty of both in Germany today—the hovel and the mansion Both are the direct result of the steady, unprecedented fall of the mark.

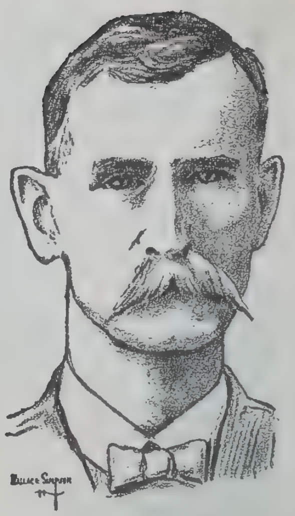
The Gospel West of the Pecos: Memories of Other Days

Brother Bloys, Little Minister of the Hills, Who Came to Texas in Buckboard, Was Slight in Body, But Mighty in Mind



R. L. IRVING,

Who succeeded Brother Bloys as General Manager of the Cowboy Camp Meeting.



DR. W. B. BLOYS,

"Slight of body, mighty in deed!"

By MAX BENTLEY

LIFE SKETCHES BY WALLACE SIMPSON

THIRTY-SIX years ago a slender little man with blue-gray eyes drove across the Pecos River in a buckboard to organize a Presbyterian congregation in the mountain village of Fort Davis, Texas. That was a time when the western frontier was earning its reputation for wildness and wooliness, and that part of Texas belonged to the frontier.

The newcomer lost no time delivering the message of his Master. He delivered it so earnestly, so eloquently, and so proudly, that the cowmen came to hold him in love and veneration such as no other man has enjoyed that ever lived out there. They came to call him everybody's friend, little minister of the hills, and, finally, just plain Brother Bloys.

Slight in body, mighty in deed! William B. Bloys, man of God, went to his rest six and one-half years ago (died at Fort Davis, March 22, 1917), but the memory of him lives. It lives wherever there is a habitation in the mountainous interior of Western Texas. It poignantly lives in a certain mile-high bit of mountain and sky and meadow hidden twenty miles from a railroad, in the heart of the Davis Range, and known as Skillman Grove. The outward manifestation of it is the monument erected to him by the Bloys Camp Meeting Association, in 1918. It is a slender, four-faceted shaft of blue-gray granite—the color of his eyes. They placed it near to the meeting-house which he had built with his own hands. The inscription reads: "In memory of our beloved brother, Dr. W. B. Bloys, founder and for twenty-seven years the faithful leader of this camp meeting."

There are several ways to climb to fame. One is to do unusual things in a spectacular manner. Brother Bloys never worked that way, but Roy Bean did. Those two names—Bloys and Bean—stand out over all others in the annals of the ranch country of Texas, west of the Pecos.

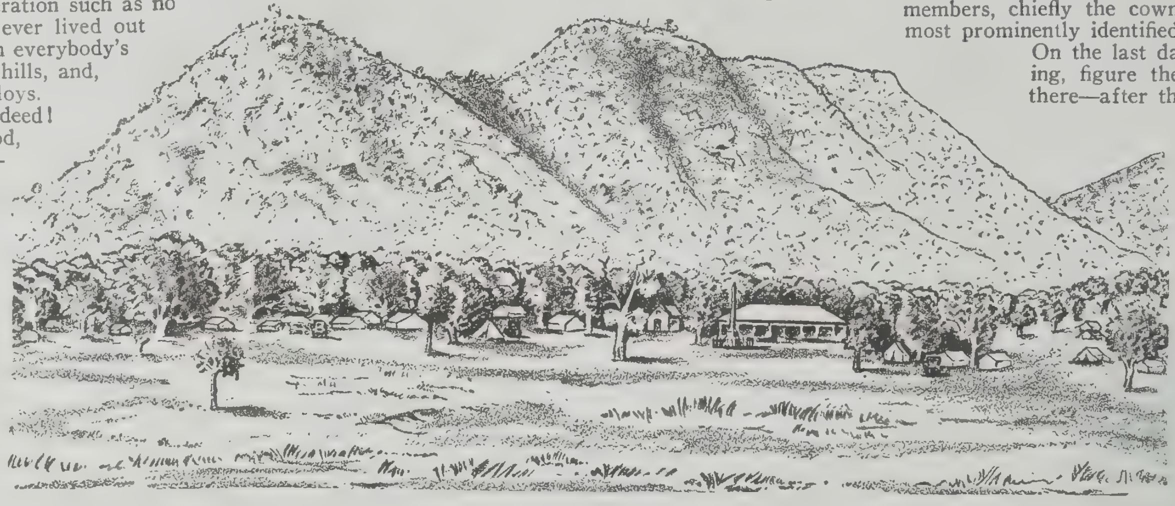
Bean was a double-fisted, rough-and-tumble adventurer. His career was stirring and picturesque. Judge Roy Bean he was, justice of the peace at Langtry, Texas. He ran a saloon and commissary, and from that strange seat of justice ruled over a territory larger than most states. When some writer put him into a magazine as "The Law West of the Pecos," there was given to that still maligned land a tradition which it eagerly seized and hugged to its bosom; a tradition only now passing out. If Roy Bean was the law west of the Pecos, the Rev. William B. Bloys was the gospel west of the Pecos.

I have recently attended a unique religious gathering. I was on hand when the ranch people of the West, for the thirty-fourth time since 1889, came together in Skillman Grove to renew their pledges to the Lord. The Cowboy Camp Meeting held forth for a week, and adjourned with an outpouring of praise falling from the lips of bronzed and brawny men of the range; yes, and their wives and children, and grandchildren.

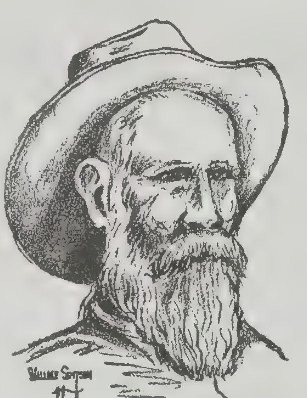
That is the secret of the long life of the Bloys cowboy meeting—the second and third generations are carrying on. The old-timers—men like G. Wash Evans and John Means, "Bill" Jones and "Ote" Finley, "Bill" Kingston and Cap'n Gillett—are gradually dropping upon younger shoulders the responsibility of carrying on the meeting while they, the old boys, uphold the traditions of the eating camps.

The meeting is held each year in a grove of live oaks, removed from the busy haunts of men. It is the cornerstone in a firm foundation of religion built in the West—the West that once was a haven for the lawless. Its influence is the dominant element in the life of a people scattered thinly over a territory greater in area than most states. And it answers the question that the first-time visitor finds himself wonderingly asking: How has it come that the ranch people of Western Texas are so filled with religion?

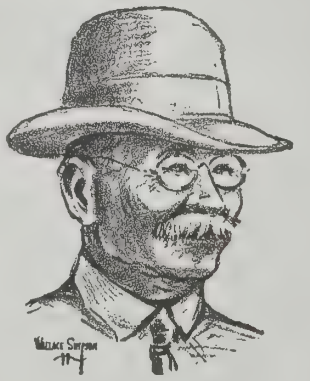
Mr. Bloys was seventy when he died. He was a Tennessean come to a wild land for his "health." Soon after his arrival at Fort Davis he began to spread out.



"A flashing jewel in a setting of saw-tooth peaks."



G. WASH EVANS.



JOHN MEANS.

He crossed the ranges to isolated ranches to which the Word had not been brought from the outside for generations. It was his wont to drop in any hour of the day or night, hold a religious service, baptize the children in whatever faith the parents designated, and inquire the way to the next ranch. He moved slowly and with effort until "Bill" Jones presented him with a spanking team of horses, but he covered the country. He covered it because he kept everlastingly at it—and about the first job he undertook was the organization of the camp meeting which bears his name.

While his regular charge was the Presbyterian congregation at Fort Davis, his territory covered all Texas west of the Pecos River. It was only incidental, his being a Presbyterian. He belonged to every denomination. He wore a Joseph's coat of many colors, a real mantle of Christianity which he wrapped freely around the heart of every man, every woman, and every child, who came beneath his influence or heard his gentle teaching. He taught the simple creed that God is the universal father, that Christ died to save sinners, and that the way to heaven is the path of rectitude. Denominational interpretations of Scripture meant nothing with him—he cleaved straight through to the heart of the Book, and taught the fundamental and thrilling old truths in a way that all could understand.

Which explains why the Bloys camp meeting belongs to everybody. It is interdenominational. A denominational sermon has never, in thirty-four years, been preached in the open-air meetinghouse under the trees, and never will be. In a third of a century the camp meeting association has made only two rules. One is that denominational lines are erased, and the other is that on the grounds there shall be nothing to buy. Everything is free—tents, bedding, meals, water, lights, food, and religion. You can enter Skillman Grove with bare hands and empty pockets; like Christ entering Jerusalem you can go in afoot—If you depart hungry and heartsore it is because you refused in your own willfulness to eat, drink, and, yes, be merry. No collection is ever taken at the services. The entire expense is borne by the members, chiefly the cowmen whose names have been most prominently identified with it from the beginning. On the last day they hold a business meeting, figure the expense, and raise it right there—after the visitors have departed.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting was a record-breaker in point of attendance. At the elevation of the meetinghouse, 6,000 feet, one can sleep out-of-doors without fear of dew, snakes, or bugs. On next to the last day I climbed to the top of Mount Bloys, standing guard over the grove on the east, and looked out over the traditional "sea of tents." At the morning service 1,500 persons wedged themselves in and around the meetinghouse. At the five eating camps dinner was served in relays. The crowd was so great as seriously to strain the facilities that have sufficed these many years. There was talk of suggesting to the old-timers—tactfully, of course—that they abandon the old style of free and openhanded hospitality and put the thing on a cafeteria basis. It ended in talk. One might as well have asked G. Wash Evans, or any of the others to give up their ranches as to ask them to give up the idea of serving free meals. They are not built that way, and neither was the West. They started out to be the hosts, those thirty-four years ago, and it will be that way as long as they live.

Those were wild days, when Brother Bloys crossed the Pecos in his buckboard. The first settlers were good Christian people—none better—but into their country had come the murderer and thief seeking concealment along the frontier. There was plenty for Brother Bloys to do. If he had been noisy and denunciatory, if he had turned out to be one of those political preachers, his career would have been short run. But he was neither nosey nor denunciatory. And as for politics, he attended to his own business, locked in his heart more than one red, dreadful secret, and the torch he carried brought the light of redemption to more than one hungry soul. He entered the frontier saloons and brothels as freely as he entered the consecrated mountain home. What he had he gave as generously to the two-gun bad man and dance-hall woman as to the white-haired ranch grandmother nodding before the fireplace with the open Bible in her lap. Thus, in time, he came to reign securely in the hearts of his people—all the people, good and bad.

One day in 1889—he had been in the country two years—Brother Bloys stopped at John Means' home. Let Mr. Means tell a bit of the story, as he told it to me on next to the last night of the meeting:

"He stopped at my shack to visit the family and hold a service. We talked about the need of getting the people together, and I mentioned this grove as being a good central location. His eyes snapped, and right there he laid out the plan of a camp meeting.

"We got some of the neighbors together in the grove and held our first service the next Saturday night. George

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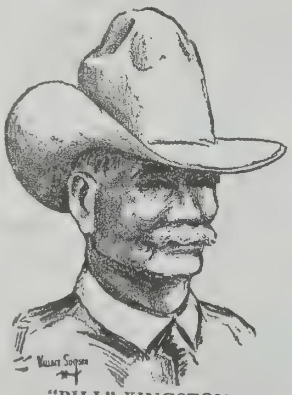
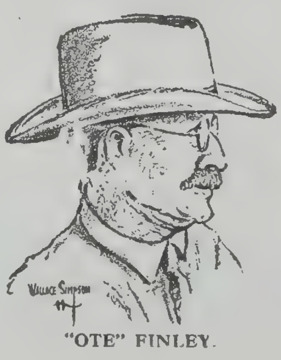
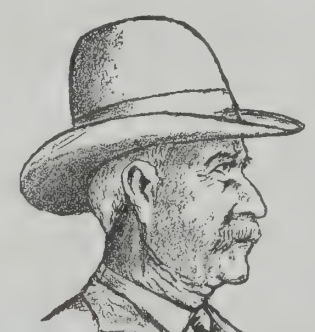


"BILL" KINGSTON.



"OTE" FINLEY.



"BILL" JONES.

Great Plays in Sports Come Without Thinking

Participants in Athletics, Confronted by Crisis, Attain Heights That Bring Multitudes' Applause for Mental Brilliancy

By A Veteran Sports Writer

GREAT plays in sports are credited to the fast thinking of the players. In football, baseball, tennis, boxing, basketball and other sports there are plays happening infrequently which reflect upon the men that make them an intellectual brilliance that is phenomenal. These players, confronted by a crisis, suddenly arise to heights rarely attained and perform miracles.

Those who are experts in these matters go at length to describe the plays, to analyze them and properly to bring the greatness of the execution to the attention of the public. You read of these matters through each playing season. They are the deeds that carry the leading headlines on the pages of the newspapers and those that execute them are the heroes of the followers of their chosen sports.

And these deeds live through the years that follow. You still hear of plays made by Hinkey, the 150-pound end of Yale's days of greatness in football. He was the lightest end of his day and one of the greatest of all time. You can hear of the startling performances of Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian of Carlisle. And they will relate how Heston, of Michigan, and Eckersall, of Chicago, demoralized opposing elevens by doing the considered impossible in crises. There are several hundred other great and near-great players in football whose plays are still recalled. Every section of the country has its quota of gridiron immortals and in the autumn of each year, while another squad is working for places on the 'varsity eleven, the alumni gather and recall the memorable plays of the past.

Credited to Quick Thinking

IN BASEBALL you can sit for hours while some veteran follower of the sport relates to you the marvelous performances of the first of the Delahantys, of Rusie and Radbourne, of Sockalexis and Childs, Long and Jennings, McGraw and McAleer, Keeler and Comiskey, of Lajoie and Wagner, Mathewson and Brown, Johnson and Alexander, Cobb and Speaker, Chase and Donahue, Carrigan and Criger, Walsh and Young. They and their fellow greats have furnished action for a thousand anecdotes.

In boxing one finds the high spots in the battles of Sullivan and Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, Kilrain and Sharkey, Lavigne and Wolcott, Gans and Nelson, still subjects that hold attention in any gathering of devotees of sport.

Always, when these outstanding feats are described, they are credited to the lightning thought of the chief actor, to his ability to think faster than his opponents. It is this ability to think quickly that raises him above his peers, say the analysts.

These plays, famous in the histories of sports, are not the result of rapid thought, for there is no human being who can think as quickly as the action of the play. The mind is not capable of working fast enough to keep up with the action and, as everyone knows, to guide the action the mind would have to move faster than the arms and legs of the player.

We recall years ago a play that happened during a ball game. There were two men on bases when the batter hit the ball to the shortstop, one of the famous shortfielders of that day. Two obvious plays were open to this fielder but the play he made, one that proved dazzling in execution, was not obvious. It won the game and that evening we asked the player why he made that particular play, being curious to find out how he analyzed the situation in a second of time and made what ultimately proved the winning play of the game and an extremely difficult one. His reply was this:

"What else could I do?"

We pointed out to him the two obvious plays, either one of which the average player could have made.

"I never thought of them," he answered. "I made the one that came to me when I got the ball."

It would have required 200 words or more adequately to analyze the play this man made and the analysis would have astounded him. He, without governing his act by thought, made the play. Had he analyzed the possible situations before the ball was hit he undoubtedly would not have made that play but would have selected one of the other two, both simple and easy to execute.

Great deeds in sports are all the result of inspiration; the thinking comes after the execution, along with the analysis.

Action Held Spontaneous

THE spectacular plays that comprise the miracles of sport are made by the leaders, rather, the leading players. To explain these plays the chroniclers say the players are heady and think quickly. It is true that they make them because they are heady but not because they think quickly. What makes one player answer to the description of heady while another does not is because the one player devotes more thought to his work. He studies every fine point of play. He drills his mind in these points. He analyzes, digests and absorbs them. He becomes so perfect in the fundamentals and in the execution of these fundamentals that he finds himself doing the right thing when the occasion arises without pausing to think about what he is going to do. If he paused a fraction of a second to think he would be lost; rather the opportunity to make the play would have passed. The play has to be made so quickly that he does not get time to think and since he has given so much thought and attention to the action needed in the situation he goes through it naturally. The action is spontaneous; it must be to succeed.

Quick action is never properly described; it cannot be. No great play in sports has ever been accurately related. And it has never been pictured. The camera, like the mind, cannot properly photograph it. The action is too speedy for the motion picture camera, which loses much of the action in recording the scene and cannot reproduce it so that the spectator can properly grasp the play, and the slow motion picture camera is stupid and kills the effect that fast action produces on the optic. No one can gain a correct idea of what a play looked like by watching the play reproduced by a slow motion film, although the entire action will be recorded by this process.

In the Dempsey-Firpo fight in New York City in September, was furnished an unusually striking example of the impossibility of recording fast action. On the day following this fight not one newspaper report gave a correct account of what happened. This bout lasted three minutes and fifty-seven seconds and more than two hundred newspapermen, most of them veteran writers, including the most efficient in the country in that particular line of work, sat at the ringside and still when the leading newspapers of the country reached their readers not one could recount accurately just what happened during the three minutes and fifty-seven seconds these two giants fought for the supremacy of the ring. Not one newspaper in New York gave an accurate count of the number of knockdowns that occurred during the fight and the leading features of the event were muddled generally, not one witness having a clear and definite account of what transpired.

In this fight the picture changed so rapidly and the action was so intense that it was impossible to record the movements in chronological order mentally. At the finish of the fight everyone had a hazy idea of what happened and two or three features stood out clearly, but to assemble them in the order of their happening was impossible. It was all like a huge photograph torn into bits with some of the bits missing, and for the life of you there was no way to assemble the parts correctly. It was like watching the colors of a kaleidoscope and then telling the order in which they revolved. After one minute of action the thought became completely scrambled.

How the Picture Changes

THIS happens frequently in football games, particularly in those where there are many feature plays and more than average scoring. We recall one football game in which the winning team made five touchdowns. The fourth of these was the result of a line smash from the two-yard line, a play directed at center, following a double pass which carried the ball over the goal line. It was a dark day and the game was played on a soft gridiron. The players were covered with mud so that the broad and deep numbers on the backs of their jerseys, used to identify them, had been completely hidden. When the touchdown was scored the players were piled high, at least fifteen of them being in a struggling mass over the goal line. The raised arm of the referee finally informed the crowd that the ball had been carried over.

It was impossible to tell who carried the ball across but, being familiar with the play, we made a guess. Still, we wanted to be certain of our guess and after the game we went to the clubhouse to get definite information. At the door we met the coach and asked him. He said he did not know, he thought it was the fullback but he was not sure. He asked us inside. Stepping into the steaming locker room the coach yelled, "Who made that fourth touchdown?" There was no reply. He asked the question again. This time three players answered. Each player named a different man. The coach thought they were joking and told them that he wanted to know and was not attempting to be humorous. This statement brought a reiteration from the volunteer informants and also added a new name to the list. The coach then went to each man and asked and no one could tell him. Finally he took a vote and credited the touchdown to the man receiving the largest number of votes.

This incident is not unusual. The picture changes constantly in football, through four periods of play. The players, involved in new formations, never taking exactly the same steps play after play, cannot go back definitely and recall the picture at certain stages of the game. With eleven men in action on each side of the scrimmage line, each man springing forward as the ball is snapped, the scene becomes confusing to the eye and to the expert, trying to follow the play, it frequently creates a questionable impression. Given a moment in which to record what happened, he makes the best of it and passes to the next play.

One time a detective told us that the work of a prosecuting attorney was really simple. The prosecutor, said the detective, could prove the witness in any accident or criminal trial giving false testimony. He referred to eyewitnesses. In an accident, explained this detective, the action moves so fast that it is impossible for any witness correctly to make a mental record of what happens in sequence. He will tell what he believes to be the absolute truth but he will call on his imagination to supply the missing ends and his imagination will play him false. The picture changes so rapidly that the impression made in one fraction of a second is wiped out by that of the succeeding fraction. When the action is completed the mind has a correct impression of the final movements but only a hazy recollection of what preceded this, for the action flashed so quickly that no impression could be made lasting more than a fraction of a second.

To prove how inaccurate testimony could be made to appear he said he would ask any witness for his watch and then tell the witness to inform him how long he had owned the watch, how long he had carried it and the style of the twelve figures on the face of the watch. He had used this test time and again and he told us that men who had looked at their watches for fifteen years and more told him the face carried Roman numerals when it did not and vice versa.

Ty Cobb "Just Slides"

TY COBB, at fifteen, realized what few of us have ever realized. He discovered that great plays are not made by letting the mind guide the physical action. Cobb, at the start of his career, prepared himself for the execution of great plays by thoroughly mastering the fundamentals.

He was once asked to describe the eleven methods he used of sliding into a base. Cobb described them.

"How do you pick them?" asked his interviewer.

"To suit the situation," replied Cobb.

"Fast thinking, isn't it?" commented the interviewer.

"No, I never think about them. I just slide," answered Cobb.

And he never did think about them. Cobb, the greatest base-runner of all time, started at the age of fifteen to learn to run bases. He could not slide so he built a sliding pit, borrowed a canvas base and practiced sliding for a few hours daily. Then, during games, he slid at every opportunity. He slid into first, into second, third and home. Maybe he had a play beaten by twenty feet, where no other player would think of sliding, but Cobb slid. This constant sliding gave him the needed practice and learning. "I knew," said Cobb, "that if I slid every chance I got I would get so that I would slide naturally and away from the play, without thinking about it. I wanted to slide as naturally as I ran to first base after hitting a ball and I surely did not have to stand at the plate and think before starting for first. If I had to pause only a fraction of a second to make up my mind which way to slide when I wanted to beat a play, I would have been lost. I kept on sliding in practice and at times when no slide was demanded, until I did it without ever giving the matter the least thought."

Charles Brickley, of Harvard, greatest kicker in recent football seasons, was the most discussed player of his day. Several million words were printed in the English language relating to Brickley's quick thinking which enabled him to bring field goals out of the crisis in big games. How a player could calmly and collectedly kick a field goal when he started on a sweeping run and found himself the human mark for the streaking tacklers, became a subject for wide and deep discussion but Brickley, before he ever pulled a crimson jersey over his shoulders, had well prepared himself for just such plays. Brickley spent hours and hours kicking field goals. He kicked goals from all angles and under all conditions of wind and weather and footing. He kicked and kicked until kicking became second nature to him and until he drove the ball with his toe as naturally as he tucked it under his arm for a run. Brickley knew that to be successful he would not have a fraction of a second to make up his mind, to think about the execution.

Why Some Do, Others Don't

JOHNNY MOHARDT, one of the great backs of Notre Dame in recent years, told us that the secret of success in football was doing the right thing without thinking about doing it. To learn the fundamentals thoroughly was the first requisite. These completely mastered made it certain that the player would arise to the crisis; he would naturally fulfill the demand when it was made by the situation. He said he had repeatedly made plays that had never occurred to him before, plays that had never been mentioned to him. When they developed it was in the fraction of a second and he arose to the situation and executed them. It would have required many minutes for him to analyze the problem and decide upon the proper solution had the play been suggested to him in the locker rooms where football "quizzes" are held.

It is commonly believed that in our leading sports the men who execute plays think up the solutions as the plays present themselves. These solutions are arrived at like those in any other line of endeavor, but more quickly, according to popular opinion. The situation is similar to one in business where a man sits down and plans a selling campaign, or a change in the system of production. So the average man believes. But the athlete is just as incapable of thinking out a plan of action in the fraction of a second as is a business man.

The famous feats of sport are the result of inspiration. The secret of these plays is the secret of master paintings, sculpture, literature, science; the result of inspiration. The fact that certain men are able to make these plays and others are not is because certain men have gained a deeper knowledge, have studied more, have better mentality and also are finer equipped physically. The action with these players is spontaneous. They move too fast for human mind, or for human eye.

The Story of the Theft of the Kaiser's Ash Tray

An Heretofore Untold Post-Armistice Escapade of a Group of American Army Officers That Sought to Kidnap Wilhelm

By HENRY HILL

(C) Harris & Ewing

COLONEL LUKE LEA.

SOMEWHERE in America today there is an ash tray—quite a famous ash tray, made of bronze, and beloved of its owner as the memento of one of those escapades which almost made history. For the ash tray came from the castle of Count Bentinck, at Amerongen, Holland, and was taken by a party of American artillery officers, in lieu of Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

This plan to capture the ex-kaiser is little known; it has never been incorporated in the war annals of the A. E. F. but it is none the less a fact, and is one of the most amazing of the war's unwritten episodes.

We start in Luxembourg, a few weeks after the Armistice. The 114th Field Artillery regiment, of the 55th Field Artillery brigade, was quartered in the Grand Duchy, holding the line of communication for the Third Army on the Rhine. The billets were drab, the amusements few; and the activities required prior to November 11, by barrages, counter preparations, digging battery positions, and the like, were no more. Mere inspections of horse lines and battery kitchens could not be expected fully to occupy the officers' complete attention. Nor did it that of the commanding officer, Colonel Luke Lea, of Nashville, Tennessee.

Colonel Lea's career had been a distinguished one, both in and out of the army. In his early twenties he had loomed up large on the political screen in Tennessee. In the bitter battle between the wets and the drys he had carried on the work of the murdered Carmack.

The Plan to Seize the Kaiser

HE HAD gone to the United States Senate in his thirties, barely over the age limit. He had made a brilliant record there, and, when defeated in a primary for renomination for the senatorial post, had turned his full energies to the publication of his newspaper, the Nashville *Tennesseean.* With the outbreak of the war, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the First Tennessee Field Artillery, had a great part in raising this new National Guard unit, and at Camp Sevier, Greenville, South Carolina, drilled it on wooden guns, but made an iron regiment.

The 114th got into the game in France right enough. It was at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne. It had its share of mustard gas and shell wounds, of hard marches and fine achievements. But this story is not of the war, but of that time impossible to describe when the war had done, but men still felt it. In Luxembourg time hung heavy on the Colonel's hands; his active and resourceful mind was deeply interested in the debate in progress in the Allied press and parliaments regarding the necessity of punishing the kaiser. And the *sine qua non* of that was that Wilhelm be in Holland. It was just like the old recipe for rabbit stew: First catch your rabbit.

At Amerongen, as the "guest" of Count Bentinck, Wilhelm was a refugee on Dutch soil, and entitled to the protection of the queen's government. Wilhelmina and the States would have to consent to the release of the fallen emperor before the Allies could try him, and when sounded out on this point, the Dutch Government had pointedly indicated it would not do so.

So Colonel Lea evolved a plan to seize his former Imperial Highness, and hand him over to the French so he could be tried. The artillery commander's former position as a Senator had given him many friendships in diplomatic and higher army circles, and through them he secured passports for a party to cross into Holland, on a "sightseeing expedition." And one day in December the "tourists" started out, in two United States Army cars; the party included Colonel Lea, Captain L. S. MacPhail, of Nashville, Captain Thomas Henderson, of Columbia, Tennessee, and Lieutenant Ellsworth Brown, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, the latter the regimental radio officer. Five sturdy, resourceful enlisted men had been selected to go along.

In the plot, in addition to the Americans, were a Luxembourger, a Belgian officer, a German, and, unwittingly, a young Dutch soldier. The kidnapers had secured full information of the lay of the land, maps of the Amerongen section, and hints as to Wilhelm's habits. On the way from Luxembourg, the cars ran short of gasoline and Captain MacPhail went to the airplane park of King Albert, in Brussels, and there borrowed from the Belgian monarch enough "essence" for the final dash across the Waal.

When the party reached an inland Dutch city, and were ferried across the Waal, they hired a Dutch soldier to act as interpreter and guide. Rejoiced at the opportunity of making some *trinkgeld,* he unsuspectingly accompanied them to Amerongen. It was about dusk and too early for effective work, when the cars neared their goal. They waited at a secluded Arnhem inn until it was thought Amerongen would be quiet and the streets clear. Then Colonel Lea pushed on to Count Bentinck's house.

Received by Count Bentinck

THE Dutch soldier-guide finally began to scent a plot, but his fears were calmed and he was prevailed upon to show the way. The two cars halted in front of the count's large and well-guarded house. It was pitch dark, after nine o'clock, but some Yuletide festivities had kept the villagers up later than the visitors had counted on. Lea, MacPhail and Henderson presented their cards, and were received by Count Bentinck. The N. C. O.'s and Brown remained in the cars just outside the gate.

A careful examination was made to see if all communication between Bentinck's house and the outside world could not be cut. Apparatus had been taken to cut the phone lines and radio antennae, but the reconnaisance did not disclose any phone lines. However, Sergeant-Major Dan Reilly, of Franklin, was positive that radio antennae were mounted high over the castle roofs, and could not be cut without provoking "premature hostilities."

Inside, the Colonel, on another bent, had asked Count Bentinck, who with his son, the younger count, had nervously received the belated and unwelcome guests, to carry a message to the ex-kaiser, asking him to receive the party for an "interview." The Count, after considerable parley and hesitation, agreed to take the message. The officers began to prepare for a rapid seizure and dash. No immediate response was forthcoming, and the minutes grew until a half-hour had passed.

Meanwhile things began to happen outside. The full guard and retinue of the estate was quietly called forth from sleeping quarters, and paraded at the main gate in an imposing and threatening manner. A picked guard was detailed upon the main street. This only intensified the village sensation, and added recruits to the mob forming about the American cars. The usual custom was for a corporal's guard to stay at the castle, the rest keeping as inconspicuously as possible on the grounds of the Bentinck estate. Never had the American officers seen so imposing a group of soldiers, splendidly uniformed, tall, and well filled out, much after the fashion of old Friedrich Wilhelm's fabled guard of giants, as appeared in that main guard of Dutch soldiers.

The younger Count Bentinck, surrounded by a corporal's guard, inspected their arms and ammunition. Machine gun implacements on the walls were manned, and trained upon the gateway, the American cars, and the mob of civilians gathered outside the outer gate.

About that time the elder Count Bentinck came back with a message from "the Emperor," as he always called the former kaiser, to the effect that unless the Americans had permission from Queen Wilhelmina or an order from General Pershing, he could not receive them. The wily Hohenzollern evidently suspected what was in the wind.

The martial sounds in the inner domain of the castle, the cold tone of the reply, and threatening gestures outside, of which they were kept informed, dampened the kidnaping ardor of the artillery officers, who returned some equivocal reply, and left.

Mob Becomes Threatening

IN THE meanwhile, the N. C. O.'s and the junior officer had been having an exciting time of it. "They've come for the Ka-ser," some were heard to remark, and many came near the cars, to wish the raiders good luck. A few heavily armed squads of the kaiser's Dutch guard came to the gate, armed with flash lights, to inspect the American cars.

Luckily, while the long stage wait had been on, Brown gained information from Captain Henderson that all was not well inside. He and an N. C. O. gathered together the spare pistols, and put them under a car seat. They were lounging on this seat when the younger Bentinck and his warrant officer detail flashed their lanterns in the car and rudely poked about, ostensibly for firearms. During the inspection the young American officer and his men aped nonchalance as best they could, with fast-beating hearts. No guns were found, though each sat through the inspection with a .45 automatic stuck loosely inside his half-buttoned leather jerkin.

About this time the mob became more threatening, and the commander of the Dutch castle guard called on the villagers to disperse. Failing response, he threw a line of guards along the street and forced the curious crowd back a few paces. Shortly thereafter, Lea, MacPhail and Henderson came forth, without the kaiser, clambered in, and drove rapidly off.

It had been an exciting hour for them all. Had not the signs been so threatening, a rapid search of the house, a seizure of the kaiser and a dash for Belgium or the British Army area in West Prussia would have been the program. Once there, the Colonel had the way greased to Nancy, or Verdun, where he would have surrendered his capture to the French, and have received the plaudits of the rejoicing Allies.

As it turned out, the cars were delayed half an hour at midnight at the ferry over the Waal, due to the ferryman being called to the opposite bank before the Americans came up. Some of the members of the party think that in this time they would have been caught, their prisoner taken from them, and they themselves cast into a Dutch dungeon.

This little private party of the Colonel's would never have become known had it not been for the souvenir gathering propensities of Captain MacPhail. There was an elaborate bronze ash tray in Count Bentinck's smoking room, which Mac decided would make an excellent souvenir *de guerre.* He abstracted it, slipped it to a trusted orderly upon reaching France and for months the ash tray was "lost."

Count Bentinck asked the queen's government to ask Washington for its return; Washington asked Chaumont what had been going on, and General Pershing straightway summoned Colonel Lea, who until then had known nothing of the souveniring exploit, and other participants, to G. H. Q. where they were put on a carpet. Nothing was ever done to them, although they had a tight squeeze before the explanations were allowed to be satisfactory.

The "Imperial" ash tray, with its rampant bronze wolf-handle, is in its daily use in the MacPhail home, even now, a souvenir of the narrow escape the kaiser had from falling into the hands of the Allied and associated powers—and perhaps of the narrower escape the Colonel and his aides had from a dank Dutch dungeon.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT HAS appeared to some observers that there is such a concerted rush of young people for what are called "the white collar jobs" that it is becoming difficult to induce young men to go into the trades. There seems to be a feeling that work which involves the soiling of the hands or clothing is of a lower type than that carried on in lighted offices or over shining desks.

Of course, the great advance in labor conditions during the last decade has gone a long way toward reversing that notion, at least on the side of financial reward. There is a whole new school of jokes concerning the washerwoman who goes to work in her car and the plumber who rolls by in his limousine. These jokes, however, tell a story: they mean that the lot of the worker has risen and that in comparison with former days when labor was despised and poorly rewarded the position of "the white collar job" has not correspondingly advanced. This latter point is the part which causes the jokes to be made.

> *THE vital part of a business is not the office unless the office is an outgrowth and servant of the business. In the story of business the shop came first. When the office came it seemed to relegate the shop to second place, and then all the ambitious young men began to seek white collar jobs, thinking that the office was the path to power. This is likely to be a mistake, for reasons that are stated herein. The only possible way to justify the office is that it is the natural result of the business itself, manned by those who know and can direct the business, because they came up through the business, and were not merely superimposed upon it by their desire for clean jobs. The best road to the white collar is through blue-jeans and practical brains.*

The war also has revealed something of the relationship between the two kinds of work in that it has been the people who wear white collars who have suffered most, because there were fewer things they could do and because the things they could do were not emergency necessities.

Now, all this is not difficult to understand when it is known in what order of precedence these two kinds of work arose in this country. It is not far to look back over our country's development to see that work began with men doing things with their hands. Some of the greatest business concerns in the country grew out of a man working in his own small shop, making soap or candles or candy or wagons or plows or some other commodity of use. It was after the business grew with the growth of the country and the reputation of the product that the man found it necessary to bring in others while he himself put off his shop clothing to meet people in business relations. That is the true history of the origin of the "white collar job" in this country. It was first earned.

Of course, as industry grew, the institution known as the office became necessary, although it must be said that a lot of unnecessary things came with the office because it is always the tendency of the office to plume itself as if the business grew out of it instead of it out of the business.

The growing importance of the office has been a powerful factor in persuading young people that the way to reach the top of the business was by the white collar route. And it seemed the easier way also, the pleasanter way, with less heavy toil or smoke or noise. To write letters soon came to seem a greater thing than to make the article about which the letters were written. To talk business over a desk seemed to be a more important occupation than to create the commodity that made it possible to talk business over a desk. And thus the whole point of view became inverted; that which was second seemed to become first while that which was really and creatively first was relegated to second place.

The office has done its share of harm to business just for this reason. Unless it is kept in its proper place it is almost certain to become a brake on the progress of the industry itself. There are at least three things it is likely to do: the first is to take the manager himself away from the industry. The place of the manager is among the men. No man can be a boss except to the extent of his personal knowledge of every daily detail of the system for which he is responsible. When a man ceases to circulate among the very things upon which his business primarily depends, he is taking a risk which no wise man ought to take.

Then another possible source of danger from the office is the creation of two sets of people in a business, one of which is not likely to have the fundamental knowledge necessary to an understanding of the other. It may be assumed that the man in the shop, the actual producer, the cutting edge of the chisel, knows at least his part of the business. To that extent he is of importance to the business. When you get a whole shopful of men who know their parts of the industry, and then a whole officeful of men who know nothing whatever of the practical conditions and problems of the industry, the force is divided and the assistance the office ought to render to the shop is not given.

The third possible source of loss is in the condition described at the beginning of this page—the loss of ambitious, able young minds from the vital part of the industry because they have made a mistake as to which is the vital part. Of course, exceptional men have risen through the office, not by office means alone but through their understanding of the whole business to be able to serve it from the office end. Exceptional men, bear in mind! But if you look at the permanent backbone of any industrial organization today you will see that it is comprised of men who came up through the avenues of practical experience, earning their way by knowledge and service.

There should be no difficulty in understanding which is the vital part of the business. Just ask which part will survive without the other. Will the office survive without the shop? It may be asked, on the other hand, how long could the shop survive without the office? Not long, it is true, IF the office means the management of men who know the industry. But if the office only means those who have adopted the clerical profession, the case is very different. Unless the office is the helpful, managing, directing head of the business its position is not high; and to render it helpful, managing and directive it must be made up by graduates from the business itself. An office graduated from the business is still a part of it.

So that one would say, as a general statement, that the young man seeking a place to begin should seek it where he will learn most about the business he feels fitted or desirous to enter. If a young man is going to work in metal he should know metal, not merely bills of lading having to do with metal. He should get the touch of the basic thing itself. He should know it so thoroughly that there is no possibility of deceiving him and no possibility of his having to overlook new and better uses of it.

This does not preclude education. Technical education has its advantages but it does not constitute a qualification for leadership in an industry in which one has not served a practical apprenticeship. The best that education can do for the beginner is to make him a more intelligent beginner and enable him to profit more readily by the practical experience of the job.

On the other hand it is a question whether the right kind of man, with the advantages offered by great industries, cannot become as scientifically skilled through the process of study while at work, as in any other way. The young man who is willing to pay the high price of thought, and application and even devotion to his work, giving himself to it before all things—with intelligence, of course, and looking around occasionally to see what is coming in his field—need have no fear of failure.

And some day, if he wishes, he will wear the white collar, but he will not esteem it so highly as do others who have nothing else. He will gladly take it off any time and plunge himself again into the practical problems of the field he has chosen.

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Was the President Told?

AT CHRISTMAS time, it is the custom of executives, state and national, to express the spirit of the season by granting clemency to certain deserving inmates of the penitentiary.

President Coolidge granted only a few pardons on his first Christmas in office. One went to Philip Grossman, who had been sentenced to one year in jail by Judge Landis, on February 7, 1921, for failing to close his saloon in accordance with a Federal injunction.

When the President's pardon was received, Robert Levy, the United States marshal at Chicago, announced that Grossman would be obliged to come to jail from his home to accept his pardon. For Grossman had not served an hour of his sentence. Appeal had been taken after his sentence, the higher courts had upheld the appeal, and Grossman had not appeared to serve his term, because, as Marshal Levy phrased it, he wanted to stay home and celebrate the Christmas season. Then came the executive's pardon.

There will be considerable curiosity throughout the country over the reasons which caused it to be such a merry Christmas for Grossman. The chief wonder will be whether the President's advisers acquainted him with the fact that Grossman had served no part of his sentence.

A Shocking Condition

THE Bureau of Housing and Regional Planning for New York State recently submitted a report of a survey into housing conditions in New York City.

It was a report of a wrong. But there was no recommendation of a remedy.

The New York report demonstrates clearly that conditions are never so bad that they can't be worse. Manhattan Island has been crowded for many years, crowded to the point which compelled all observers to insist that there was no room for more residents. But the crowding has been intensified, and the persons who live on Manhattan Island seem to thrive on congestion, bad housing conditions and unhealthful surroundings.

Rent charges which must be borne by Manhattan dwellers have gone steadily upward. The buyers' strike of 1920 did not seem to affect the New York tenants. The survey places the increases in rent at from forty to ninety-three per cent.

For this increase, the report says practically nothing was given in return. The landlord exacted all the rent which the traffic would bear, but the occupants of property were given practically nothing in the way of service and repairs. In fact the repair question was made into an ingenious method of ejecting a tenant when the landlord desired to raise the rent again. Under a New York law, passed a few years ago, arbitrary increases in rent are forbidden. To evade this law, the landlord nowadays informs the tenant of his intention to make costly repairs. The tenant, unable to pay for these repairs as required in his lease, moves. Then the landlord raises the rent.

Much of the extraordinary increase in rent charges was due to change in landlords. One of Manhattan Island's most profitable enterprises is the barter in leases. The original owner of a piece of tenement property leases it. The original lessor sublets it. The second lessor does likewise. And the process may go on indefinitely. The housing bureau reports that each transfer of the lease means an increase in rent.

Few vacant houses were found by the investigators. Even the houses on the Lower East Side had long waiting lists. Houses, formerly deserted as unfit for habitation, are now occupied. These houses have no heat, no hot water, no stoves, shafts and courtyards heaped with rubbish, and rooms so dark that gas must be burned all day.

Manhattan's housing problem is one which may well shock the country. The typical Manhattan dweller, often an exploiter himself, suffers from constant exploitation from the very people with whom he herds. The problem is difficult to deal with. If remedial measures are suggested, it is often the tenant's own protest which halts their enactment. For remedial measures, to be effective, would frequently destroy the tenant's own exploiting business at the same time it destroyed the power of the landlord to exploit him.

No Room for Partisanship

THE rules of party politics tighten in the months preceding a political campaign. Party leaders endeavor to manipulate political events so that honor may accrue to their ticket and credit for nothing be left free for the opposition to seize.

It is difficult to believe that this tendency can continue in the present Congress.

The program of legislation outlined by President Coolidge is not partisan. The measures which are likely to be the subject of active controversy are not partisan.

The two measures on which chief national attention has thus far been centered are the proposed Soldiers' Bonus and the revision of the revenue laws proposed by Secretary Mellon. In the last Congress, the votes of both House of Representatives and the Senate demonstrated that membership in the Republican or Democratic party did not affect the action on the adjusted compensation measure. The bonus, to which the President has indicated his opposition, is not likely to be determined by partisan motives this time.

But there are signs that party leaders are attempting to have partisanship enter into the passage or rejection of the tax reduction program. This is something the country is not likely to excuse.

The nation wants the taxes reduced. If the Mellon program is the correct way to reduce taxes, it should be enacted into law. If it is the wrong way, it should be rejected. If it has good points and bad points, it should be modified and adopted.

But in the passage, rejection or modification, there is no room for partisanship. There are different theories on which taxation may be imposed. But they are theories, determined by differing industrial and financial viewpoints. A tax levied on one theory may be less burdensome to the farmer of North Dakota than one levied by a theory which might be favored by the financier of New York. But it is absurd to contend that the Republican representative from one district of Chicago should vote for one theory of taxation and the Democratic representative from the adjoining district should support another theory.

There will inevitably be debate over the revision of the revenue laws. The theories of taxation will be discussed at length. And finally, some plan of revision downward will probably be adopted. In that debate and final vote, it is to be hoped that Republicanism and Democracy will be shelved.

Words Have Lost Their Power

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is in favor of a short national platform which means what it says. His party and the Democratic party will do well to make brevity the platform key.

Prior to the Civil War party platforms were brief. Since then they have grown to unwieldy proportions. Few persons read them, least of all, it would seem, those responsible for carrying them into effect.

The party platform has become a repository of words. In recent campaigns, except on the one main issue of the year, the convention resolutions have been simply innocuous appeals to group votes. In a nutshell, each platform might read: We stand for everything that is good and will catch votes, and against everything that is wrong and will lose votes.

The time has come for a change. Verbosity and spread-eagleism are no longer popular. Campaign meetings are passing out. The platform of a great party should tell where the party stands, and let it go at that.

Immigration No Solution

ON THE side of those who favor opening wide the American gates to immigrants, are certain great corporations who hope through a surplus of labor to induce an era of low wages. E. J. Henning, Assistant Secretary of Labor, showed the National Immigration Conference how these corporations were working against their own best interests.

Mr. Henning told the conference that he had sent a man from the employment department of a great corporation to Ellis Island. This man was acquainted with his company's needs. He was given every facility for examining the situation among the new immigrants.

And his report is a startling one.

Not more than twenty per cent of all the immigrants were candidates for industrial positions. In other words, one-fifth of the immigrants were coming to the United States to work; the rest were coming to live by commerce, by peddling, by usury, by finance, and in general by escaping obedience to the mandate of earning their living by the sweat of their brow.

That means that eighty per cent of these immigrants must be supported by other men's labors. Great corporations, which hope through increased immigration to reduce their wage appropriations, are only stabbing themselves. For, the non-industrial immigrant is a burden on the country. He must be supported. This support, in the long run, must be divided among the productive forces of the country. And the great corporations which invite wholesale immigration must share in that support.

Mr. Henning's unofficial investigator found other remarkable facts. Of the twenty per cent of immigrants, willing to work, not more than one-half could qualify for jobs at all and only half of these, or five per cent of the total immigration, were capable of giving satisfaction to the employers.

The present Congress must meet the immigration question. The problem should be settled by determining the way to select American citizens, not by the noisy pleas of minorities or the selfish urgings of corporations, blind to their own real interest.

People to Blame

EVERY now and then some grave jurist or brilliant lawyer, responding to an after-dinner toast, insists that we must have a government of laws, and not of men. Laws, he points out, are the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, while men change their minds from hour to hour.

The confused layman believes we have nearly enough laws already.

More than 8,000 Federal statutes passed through the Congressional mill in the last ten years. An expert figures that there are 35,000 government activities. In 1923, the legislatures of two-thirds of the states had before them 32,000 bills. They enacted 8,300 of these into law. On the first day of the present session of Congress, limelight-seeking Senators and Representatives tossed into the hopper nearly 3,000 bills. Most of them involve the expenditure of public money.

Isn't it about time for a halt?

It is a profound legal fiction that everyone is presumed to know the law. On that theory, courts proceed. If a resident of Los Angeles drives into Salem, Massachusetts, he is presumed to know every little ordinance which may have been adopted at the town meeting since the days of witchcraft. Legally, he must know the law; actually, he can't. Millions of things are commanded and forbidden by state and national law, to say nothing of the township, village and city ordinances.

It has become almost a legislative axiom, that any time there is anything wrong, some new law must be passed. In the last quarter of a century, Government has ventured far into fields untouched by law before. It seems to be assumed that Government should do for the people anything that the people can do for themselves and do it easier.

Laws, even the most innocuous, require men, machinery and money to enforce, chiefly money. Bureaus and commissions have multiplied in our democracy to such a degree that we are not far removed from a simon-pure bureaucracy.

The condition is due to the failure of the people to participate in their government. They elect Representatives and Senators, then sit back negligently while pliable Congresses and Legislatures pass the laws that every Tom, Dick and Harry causes to be introduced.

The nation and the states have been producing too much law. It is time the pendulum swung backward.

When David L. Payne Led the Boomers

Eight Times Soldiers Turned Him Back, But He Forced Opening of Oklahoma

By JEAN M. CHRISTMAS

DAVID L. PAYNE.

This photograph of Payne, taken during the Civil War, is suggestive of his picturesque career as soldier, frontiersman and Indian fighter.

THERE is an old story of a man who once led a great band of settlers to take possession of a country that had been promised them. But the leader, after years of struggle and disappointment, died before ever the conquest of this wonderful country began, though the Lord comforted him with a vision of it from a high mountain.

The story has a parallel in American history, and the name of the leader who died before he could enter the promised land was once known all over the United States, although there is only one state where it now remains unobscured. Even there it has been slightly misted with legend.

David L. Payne, soldier of fortune, pioneer, adventurer, has been called the "Father of Oklahoma." His name is as indissolubly linked with the history of that state as is Daniel Boone's with Kentucky. For five years he struggled against heartbreaking obstacles and the opposition of powerful interests to open the Oklahoma country to settlement, and although he never lived to see the fulfillment of his dreams, the credit for the final triumph has been unanimously accorded to him.

How great were the hardships he endured and how fervent his faith and ambition are shown fully for the first time by diaries and letters of Payne which have been recently acquired by the Oklahoma Historical Society. The entries in these diaries and the correspondence reveal intimate glimpses of Payne's remarkable career, and, pieced together, form a simple but dramatic epic of the pioneer.

Pioneering, that strange urge, that instinct which seems in some men stronger than self-preservation, was in Payne's blood. His birthplace and early home was on the western frontier in Indiana. His mother was a first cousin of Davy Crockett, who gave his life for Texan independence. As soon as Payne was of age, he left his native state for Kansas, the newest frontier, where he took up a homestead.

Three years later the Civil War began, and Payne lost no time in donning a blue uniform. He served out his term of enlistment, returned to Kansas and was elected to the state legislature, but re-enlisted after its adjournment, taking the place of a drafted man who had a large family to support.

After the close of the war he served in various capacities, one being as postmaster at Fort Leavenworth. But this was too peaceful an occupation for his taste, and when the fires of Indian rebellion flamed up, he left his post office to a deputy and volunteered for the Indian wars. As a captain of cavalry, he performed gallant deeds under Custer in Southwestern Kansas, Western Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle. Custer greatly admired Payne's bravery, and the men under his command called their captain "Old Ox Heart."

During the campaign, cholera attacked his company. Payne himself nearly died, but he showed an absolute carelessness for his personal safety and comfort in caring for his men. He took the weakest ones to his own tent, nursed and fathered them, paid to have others taken care of, and even took off his own woolens to clothe a sick man who was suffering extra tortures from the cold.

While he was still actively campaigning against the Indians, the deputy in the Fort Leavenworth post office defaulted, and Payne's bondsmen were held for the money. To make good this amount, the captain sold all his property, and was once more a poor man.

Instinctively his thoughts turned again to pioneering, and for the second time he settled on a homestead in Kansas. Again he was elected to the legislature, and distinguished himself by introducing and securing the passage of a bill removing the political disabilities of the ex-Confederate veterans against whom he had fought.

After 1872, his restless spirit drove him forth once more from his Kansas farm to wander about for several years, until at length he appears as assistant doorkeeper of the House of Representatives at Washington. And here he found the work that he was to do.

It came about through his meeting, in the Congressional halls, Elias C. Boudinot and others who were interested in opening to white settlement what was becoming known as the "Oklahoma country." This consisted of a great tract of land in the heart of the Indian Territory which had not been assigned definitely to any Indian tribe as their home, or reservation. All the rest of the land surrounding it had been parceled out in tracts large or small to Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks, Seminoles, Otoes, Chickasaws, Comanches and other tribes. The numbers of these peoples had been wasted away by wars, hardships and disease, until in 1879 fewer than 75,000 were left to occupy the 27,000,000 acres of their new territory. Mostly, too, they were but half-civilized, and did not cultivate the land, but lived on the government's bounty.

This great expanse of almost unoccupied country naturally attracted the covetous eyes of the cattle raisers of the surrounding states, where pasture was at a premium, and without asking anybody's permission, they soon began driving their herds across the border and building their ranch houses. But they had to reckon with the Indians, who made the cattlemen sign leases and pay at least a nominal sum for the use of this grazing land. The cattlemen paid something like two cents an acre, but immediately thereupon assumed airs of ownership and began fencing in their leases. But in the unassigned land, the "Oklahoma country," they grazed their cattle and paid no one, since no tribe could claim a right to it.

Here, too, they raised fences, and these fences often represented the property privileges of no ordinary cattlemen. "Big interests" were involved. One or two railroads and some rich English syndicates were said to be interested in everything that went on in the Oklahoma country. These, with the wealthy cattlemen of Texas and other states, combined to oppose the coming of the plow, and appeared, moreover, to enjoy the protection of the government.

All this Payne learned in Washington from Boudinot and the others. Boudinot had already made one or two unsuccessful attempts to get the Indian Territory opened for white settlement. Then Payne came home from Washington. The real battle for the opening of Oklahoma was on. From that time on, for five years, Payne never faltered, never relaxed, never despaired.

He began by organizing "Payne's Oklahoma Colony," soon nicknamed "the boomers." He lectured, he advertised, he made shrewd use of publicity of all kinds. Adventurous spirits and home-seeking pioneers came from all over the nation to join the colony, or sent in their fees. At one time the colony had as many as 15,000 members. The membership fees varied from one dollar to six, and absentees paid $25 to have a lot chosen for them in the prospective towns.

Payne wasted little time in beginning his efforts at actual colonization. President Hayes issued a proclamation in 1880, warning the settlers that they must not enter the Indian Territory and ordering the army to enforce it. But the boomers answered, "What about the cattlemen who are already there?" and, secure in what they considered their rights, ignored the proclamation. In April, then, Payne led his first expedition across the border and chose a site on the north fork of the Canadian River, where Oklahoma City now stands.

The colonists came in their covered wagons, those sway-backed, canvas-topped "prairie schooners," which were familiar for many a long year on Oklahoma roads, and even now may be seen sometimes on the dusty trails. Usually a bearded, coatless man drove the tired horses. The wife sat on the seat beside him, holding the tiniest child on her calico lap. The other children peered out at the back, cramped up among the household goods. Buckets and frying pans rattled against the sides of the wagon, and a dog or two trotted along beneath in the grateful shade.

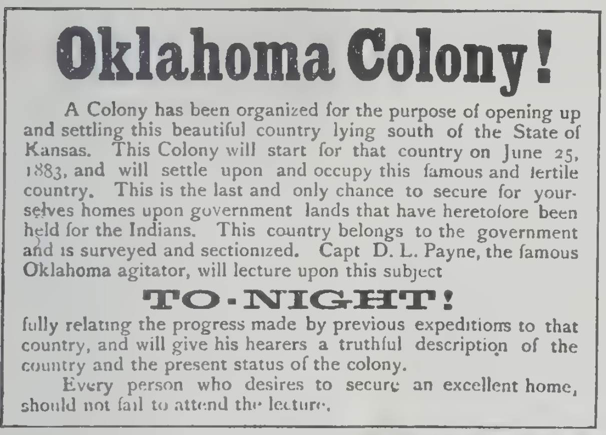
As soon as they had selected their land, the boomers began to build their homes. These consisted generally of what was called a "dugout," a cellar or cave dug in the red clay and walled and roofed over with timber and heaped-up mold. Such dwellings were not only cheap and convenient, but also the safest kind on the prairie, where cyclones were frequent and terrible.

But the settlers had hardly time to complete these primitive homes, for in May the soldiers came. The colonists were arrested and driven to Fort Reno, thence led to the Kansas border, where they were released June 7.

Payne was not to be discouraged so easily. Within a month, he made his second attempt to take possession of his Oklahoma "homestead." He was again arrested and taken to Fort Reno. Before being released this time, however, he was carried on to Fort Smith and cited to appear before the Federal court at the November term. While awaiting trial, Payne set about organizing his third colony.

The boomers this time planned to cross over the first of November.

(*Concluded on page 13*)



Oklahoma Colony!

A Colony has been organized for the purpose of opening up and settling this beautiful country lying south of the State of Kansas. This Colony will start for that country on June 25, 1883, and will settle upon and occupy this famous and fertile country. This is the last and only chance to secure for yourselves homes upon government lands that have heretofore been held for the Indians. This country belongs to the government and is surveyed and sectionized. Capt D. L. Payne, the famous Oklahoma agitator, will lecture upon this subject

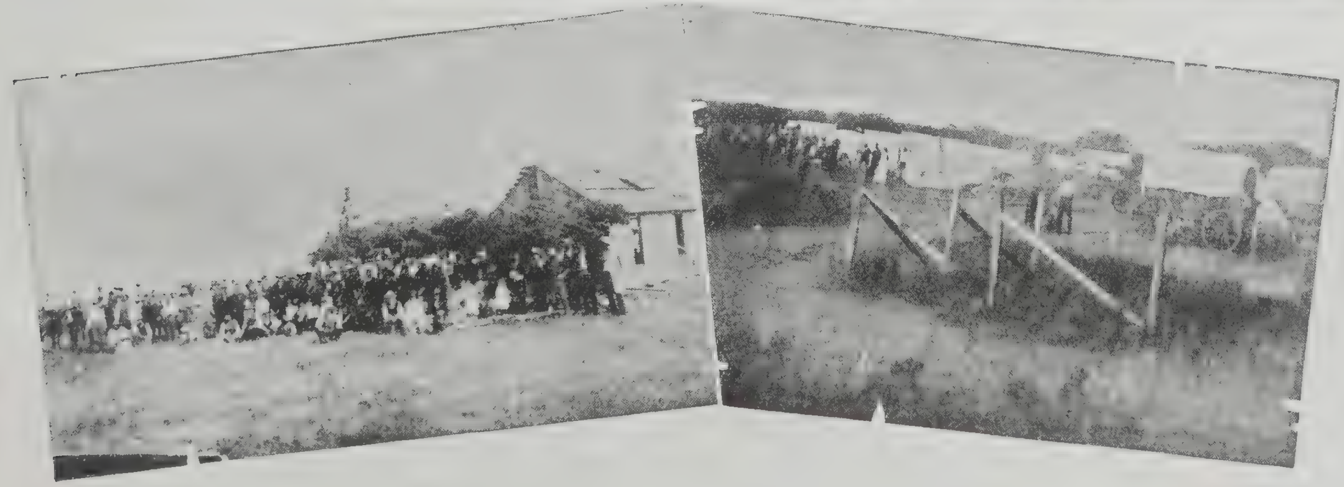
TO-NIGHT!

fully relating the progress made by previous expeditions to that country, and will give his hearers a truthful description of the country and the present status of the colony.

Every person who desires to secure an excellent home, should not fail to attend the lecture.

Above—One of the circulars employed by Payne to interest recruits in his expeditions designed to settle Oklahoma Territory.

Right—The imposing sky line of Oklahoma City, capital and metropolis of the state, rises on the site which Payne's first colony selected as its home, a substantial realization of the dreams of that intrepid pioneer.



Below, left—Office of the Oklahoma *War Chief*, Payne's newspaper, showing his colonists in front of the building. Shortly after, the soldiers tore down the building and threw the printing presses into the river. Right—The boomers in camp near the Oklahoma border preparing to cross into the promised land.

The Nordica Clubs of Washington

Amateur Orchestras Win National Repute

By D. S. BURCH

AMONG the active musical organizations in the nation's capital is an amateur mandolin and guitar orchestra which is having a most successful career. It represents nearly a quarter of a century of effort on the part of its director, Walter T. Holt, who developed it from a small beginning. The instruments used are all of the "fretted group" and include mandolins, mandolas (tenor and octave), mando cello, guitars and mando bass.

Twenty-four years ago Mr. Holt began his organization with thirteen members. In the spring of this year, he put his orchestra of nearly one hundred players, many with less than two years' instruction, on the concert platform at a leading hotel and rendered a program including two of the world's most beautiful symphonies. These were Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. The American Guild of Mandolinists, Banjoists and Guitarists was in session in Washington at the time and its members, as well as the public, were unusually generous in their comments of appreciation.

"This concert," Mr. Holt said when interviewed, "is the culmination of long, patient effort and shows the possibility of rendering the highest class of music on instruments which, though having popular appeal, rarely have received the serious musical recognition of which they are worthy."

The technic which the instruments demand is of but moderate difficulty and can be acquired in from two to three years of study. Proficiency is then largely a matter of practice and individual talent.

"In addition to making a living for myself," Mr. Holt remarked, "I am doing something that brings pleasure to others. The organization gives its members a form of diversion that they enjoy and appreciate. It brings them together in mutual effort, and while it does not provide the musical education that is the basis of large professional orchestras, it satisfies the normal and commendable craving for some form of musical expression. Naturally the personnel changes from year to year, and it means a great deal to me to receive a letter from a former player stating that he or she is playing in public, or teaching music, or has perhaps organized a small mandolin orchestra in some distant city or foreign land. Several have become quite prominent teachers; one is active musically in China, and another in the West Indies. Former pupils and orchestra members are continuing their efforts in nearly every state."

Goes Back Many Years

THE Nordica Mandolin and Guitar Orchestra, as the organization is called, is now in its twenty-fourth year. It has played before gatherings of all kinds, has been received at the White House on several occasions, has been one of the feature attractions during the annual music week in Washington, and occupies the distinction of being perhaps the largest permanent organization of its kind in the United States. Numerous selections suitable for a mandolin orchestra have been written and dedicated to it by well-known composers, including Mr. Holt, who is a writer of music as well as a teacher, virtuoso, and orchestra director.

During the construction of the Panama Canal a small mandolin group, selected from the Nordica Orchestra and led by Mr. Holt, was sent by the Government and the Young Men's Christian Association to tour the Canal Zone for a series of concerts provided for the workers there. So successful were the entertainments given that the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association has credited the organization with having "a real part in the construction of the Panama Canal."

As supplements to the orchestra Mr. Holt has developed an Hawaiian Guitar and Ukelele Club and also a Banjo Club which appear on most of the programs and lend diversity to them. Some of his pupils, after having acquired proficiency on one instrument, take up the study of several and play in all three clubs. Membership is not contingent on continued study, however; in fact, the organizations are made up of only about one-half of those who take lessons. The remainder includes persons who have gained the necessary skill and experience and for whom the clubs are now an incentive for practice and a source of social diversion. Each club member pays the nominal sum of fifty cents a month to cover incidental expenses.

Pupils From Nine to Seventy

MANY friendships naturally arise in such an organization; the instruments are known as the "sociable group." Frequently players organize small groups for practice and small engagements, and Mr. Holt approves this form of activity. The organization is directly responsible for six marriages and indirectly for others. Recently a player whose wife died requested that all the pall bearers be members of the orchestra and such was the response that not only did this occur but many others who learned of his sorrow went to the funeral.

In the ways mentioned, and many others, the Nordica Clubs, as they are called collectively, have become established as a part of the musical and social life of Washington. Last year, shortly before Christmas, several members proposed an essay contest on the subject, "What Music Means to Me." It developed some unusually meritorious contributions which appeared in local newspapers, as well as in the musical magazines.

The clubs are primarily musical rather than literary or social groups, however, and in his choice of music and programs Mr. Holt has kept them so. Among the selections which have been rendered with particularly warm receptions recently are such a diversity as Orpheus Overture, Day in Venice, Egyptian Ballet; Morning, Noon and Night in Vienna; Lost Chord, Liebesfreud, Badinage, and Prelude in C Sharp Minor. On one occasion the Lost Chord was rendered, accompanied by the largest pipe organ in Washington, with noteworthy effectiveness. Popular selections have included medleys and music of the lighter kind.

Two of his players have been blind and both of them, being musically talented, learned to play so well that they became teachers. Instruction involved reading the notes to them, but in spite of the obstacle of total blindness they became excellent players.

(C) G. V. Buck, Wash., D. C.

WALTER T. HOLT,

Organizer and director of the Nordica Clubs, Washington, D. C.

Age has been no barrier. The pupils have ranged in years from nine to seventy. A number of left-handed persons have become members of the orchestra, all of them learning to play their instruments right-handed. Since both hands are used, this accomplishment is not difficult although pupils are often surprised to find that they are right-handed only in their musical efforts. Instruction in this case merely involves training the hands and fingers in the right manner.

Those who hear the Nordica Clubs for the first time and who expect the director to use a baton are surprised to see Mr. Holt standing among his players and playing a mandolin as well as directing. This form of leadership has been very successful and has given the groups recognition for correct time and delicacy of expression.

Mr. Holt was recently re-elected president of the American Guild of Mandolinists, Guitarists and Banjoists, which is the organization having in charge the welfare and development of those instruments. He is assisted in teaching and in directing the club by Miss Alice E. Hill, former pupil. He also has a secretary-bookkeeper, Miss S. F. Harvey, who attends to necessary business matters.

The personnel of the Mandolin Orchestra, the Hawaiian Guitar and Ukelele Club, and the Banjo Club includes between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty players, all of whom are products of his training. The membership necessarily changes from year to year, especially in a city like Washington where the population is itinerant. Yet in spite of the difficulties, some years, in developing an organization from almost new material, the programs have included music of increasing difficulty and have been winning more and more approval from the press and the public.

The Gospel West of the Pecos: Memories of Other Days

Concluded from page 4

Evans and his folks were there, the Bill Joneses, the Finleys, the Kingstons, and some cowboys. We cleaned out the brush and built a little arbor. We had a two days' meeting, and I want to tell you, the word of God sunk deep. Mr. Bloys said we must make it interdenominational. He was a Presbyterian, I am a Baptist, some of the others are Methodists and Christians—you get the idea.

"We set out to buy the grove. The price was two dollars an acre, $1,280 for the section. Well, we were all mighty poor, new in the country, just starting our herds. It looked like a lot of money, but we raised it, at one sitting. When we started our improvements we bought rough lumber because it was cheap, and Mr. Bloys planed it himself. He was a first-class carpenter."

"So was Jesus, you remember, John," broke in "Bill" Jones, quickly. Mr. Means nodded.

"Well, we opened for business. We had a hymn—it was 'How Firm a Foundation.' We've sung it ever since—always open the meeting with it. Mr. Bloys preached a sermon of Thanksgiving, and then took the children off to one side and told them Bible stories. We did not know much about the Bible, and felt ashamed of our ignorance, but he would only laugh at us and tell the story of the two lawyers."

"Bill" Kingston slapped his knee.

"That *sure* was a good one. Tell it again, John," he urged.

"Two lawyers made a bet. One bet he could say the Lord's Prayer without a break and the other called him. He started off, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and the other lawyer said, 'Well, Joe, you did it. I didn't think you knew it!'"

A murmur of reminiscent laughter went around the camp fire.

"A Christian Country Now"

"THE eating camp idea just grew," Mr. Means went on. "We organizers put in our own camps to feed the people, buying what was needed ourselves and butchering our own cows, and we've kept it up. We sort of felt like the people ought to be taken care of, since we started the thing. We've always tried to feed them good grub."

Good grub? For supper that night the Means-Evans-Gillett outfit served roast beef and gravy, chili con carne and frijoles, stewed corn, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and butter, stewed apples, plum preserves and hot coffee—and the same sort of meal was served at every other camp.

"He left us, six years ago," John Means said, after a long pause. "His heart was too big for his body—he only weighed 120 pounds—and one day at Fort Davis it just stopped beating while he was sitting in his chair. He was just wore out. He'd often said that his work was done, that there wasn't anybody left in the country to be brought to Jesus, and if he meant it that way I guess he was right. This is a Christian country now—she's cleaned up for good, end to end—and the man responsible was Brother Bloys. He left us this camp meeting and this grove, the most sacred spot for these families that ever was, or ever could be, placed on this earth."

Mr. Means spoke the truth. To say nothing whatever of its stately beauty—lying there in the heart of the mountains, a flashing jewel in a setting of saw-tooth peaks—there hangs over it the intense suggestion of consecration. It literally comes out to meet the visitor as he arrives, and hovers about him as long as he remains. Not blatantly, in loud shoutings and hysterical hallelujahs, but in the quiet and earnest faces of the people, in the hearty welcomes, and in the services of which a half-dozen are held daily during the session. There is nothing sensational about the preaching. After two songs and two prayers the preacher gets right down to business, and in an hour the meeting is over—no collection.

"Brush Meeting" 31 Years Old

THE young men's and boys' meeting is called the "brush meeting" and it, too, is an institution of long standing, in its thirty-first year. At a recent gathering Joe Evans presided. Joe is the son of G. Wash Evans, old-timer, and when he called for the second and third generations to stand and be counted, in the number were sixteen sons and grandsons of the men that had organized the camp meeting association.

Clinching it, for eleven consecutive years not one indictment was returned by the grand jury of Jeff Davis County, in which Skillman Grove is located. As for that, serving on the grand jury of any county of Western Texas that has felt the feet of Brother Bloys has been, through all the years, not merely a formality, it has distinctly been a waste of time.

The tradition of Roy Bean, that rip-snorting justice of the peace, is passing since that phase of the West has slipped into the dusk of history. Not so the tradition of Brother Bloys. The problem which he grappled with was not a phase at all. It was a condition having its counterpart in every corner of the globe where the human family has gathered to furnish material for the soul savers. It has always existed, and it will continue to exist always. What Brother Bloys won for his Master is attested to by the congregation in Skillman Grove. When it bears down on the stately notes of the opening hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," it is doing something besides singing a hymn. It is chanting a bit of the authentic history of the West: that part of it which has had to do with the building of a Christian spirit in the cow country by the little carpenter-preacher.

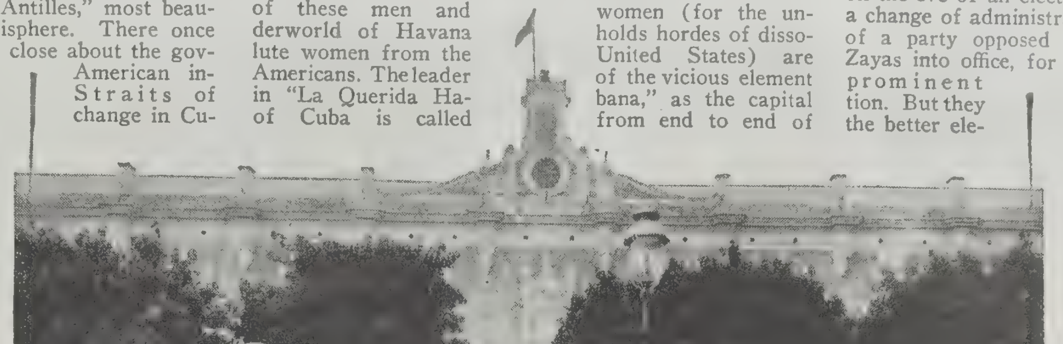
Pearl of the Antilles Dissolving in Rum

Havana Declared by Patriotic Cubans to Be Refuge of Vicious Elements

By HARRY H. DUNN

A GREEK lady, dominant for the moment in Egypt, is reported to have dropped a pearl in her chalice of wine, thereby destroying the gem and getting for herself what was, in those days, enough publicity to make all the other queens of the world madly jealous. A score or more of centuries later comes a New World ruler charged with dipping his country—also called a pearl—in an ocean of rum, thereby destroying it, a gem which is still less his to dissolve than was the pearl which was the property of the lady who originated the idea.

As a living example of the results of the uncurbed distribution of alcohol, those Americans who are endeavoring to make void the prohibition law, and those foreign elements which are defying it, would do well to look long at Cuba, "Pearl of the Antilles," most beautiful island of the Western Hemisphere. There once more revolution draws its steel net close about the government, and the spear-head of American intervention lurks just across the Straits of Florida. So great has been the change in Cuban affairs since prohibition was invoked in an effort to restore the United States to normalcy that the country faces a deficit of more than $15,000,000 for the present fiscal year, the budget is running $1,000,000 a month ahead of the revenues, and, for the nine months of the year ending with September 30, the deficit between revenues and expenditures each month was approximately $1,500,000.



The main entrance to the president's palace, Havana.

More than this, and vastly more important to the people of Cuba, the moralization program agreed upon by the present government when the United States insisted upon honest elections in the autumn of 1920 has been completely abandoned by the administration headed by President Alfredo Zayas. It will be recalled that Mario G. Menocal was president of Cuba prior to last April. The election by which his successor was chosen was held late in 1920, and, with the United States supervising the elections, Zayas was named president, on a platform agreeing to improvement in the moral conditions of the country. He took office in April. By improvement in the moral conditions was meant the elimination of graft among officials; closing of the gambling houses, including the national lottery; limitation of the liquor business and assistance to the United States in the elimination of liquor smuggling into this country; revocation of the so-called "Tourist Law," by which criminals fleeing from this and other countries may remain for a considerable period in safety in Cuba as legitimate tourists, and several other objectionable conditions, all growing out of the liquor traffic.

(C) Int. F. S.

PRESIDENT ALFREDO ZAYAS, of Cuba, broadcasting his political propaganda from the national palace in Havana. Because of the tremendous influx of American money to Cuba, due to the establishment of prohibition in the United States, he has abandoned the "moralization code" on which the United States insisted when Washington supervised the Cuban presidential elections in 1920.

The Cubans themselves, like most Latin-Americans, are not heavy drinkers. They use light wines, some beer, and a number of native drinks containing a small amount of alcohol. There never has been, and is not today, a popular or profitable sale of whisky, gin or the brandies of high alcoholic content in any country of Latin-America, except among the foreign colonies. Cuba was not without graft, and not any more moral in other respects than the rest of the Latin-American republics, prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment in the United States. But since that amendment, the evil influence of the horde of liquor dealers, gamblers, traffickers in women, and grafters who depended on liquor to enable them to "put over" their schemes, has worked such a tremendous change in the Pearl of the Antilles that her own people declare her to be the leader in governmental graft, drunkenness, poverty through gambling, and general dissolute practices among all the countries south of the Rio Grande.

This is not a charge made by foreigners, casually surveying the show-places of vice maintained for the tourists, but the arraignment of the government by a non-political organization, comprised of the Cubans, largely of the middle class, led by men who were prominent in the revolt of the island against Spain, and who always have been friendly to the United States as well as prominent in the development of their own country. The organization is known as the Circle of Veterans and Patriots. It stands flatly upon the Platt Amendment to the treaty between the United States and Cuba, and it appears to be the only wall between American intervention and the island republic. Even it will not serve much longer as that wall, unless it can prevent the further wrecking of Cuban finances, economics and morals by the present government.

It might seem to the distant spectator that these conditions in the island are the natural outgrowths of the rise to power of dishonest men in the government, yet every bit of graft taken, every "trick turned," every incident of queer financing, can be traced directly to the influx of saloon keepers, liquor dealers, gamblers and other underworld characters, driven from the United States by the prohibition amendment. Few of these men and women (for the underworld of Havana holds hordes of dissolute women from the United States) are Americans. The leader of the vicious element in "La Querida Habana," as the capital of Cuba is called from end to end of Spanish-America, was known to his associates in New York as Sol Lipschutz. In Havana, he calls himself "Colonel Labios," and claims to be a Spaniard. In truth he is a Russian Jew, and close connection between him and the national government of Cuba is charged by the veterans and patriots.

The right-hand man of this Lipschutz, or whatever his name may be, is an Italian, born in the Argentine, and known to the night-life of San Francisco as "Papa" Fierro. With him is associated a man going by the name of Arturo Morgan, who allowed it to be known in Havana for some time that he had connection with the Morgan firm of bankers in New York, and who endeavored to take some credit for the arrangement of the $50,000,000 loan which the Morgans made to Cuba not long ago, and the $5,000,000 loan made a few months later. "Morgan" is also a Jew, formerly a salesman for a liquor house, working out of New York, under the name of Levhine or Levin, authorities on his past differ as to the spelling. The underworld of Havana, which is to say, Cuba, is divided between these three, with Lipschutz taking the greatest share.

It is probable that a percentage of the graft from the gamblers, the liquor dealers, and the men who trade in women, goes to some officials of the Cuban Government, but it is worthy of note that not one Cuban is known to be in the ring which controls the vicious element in the island. Beyond this, it is a certainty that the present government of Cuba knows of these conditions, all of which are directly traceable to denizens of the underworld of several American cities who fled the United States either when the prohibition law was passed, or when that law made it no longer safe for them to remain in New York, Chicago or San Francisco. It is also a certainty that from the influence of these masters of the tenderloin has come the so-called Tourist Law, mentioned above. From it, too, has grown the general attitude of protection for foreign criminals, especially American, who may flee to Havana. Ask any agent of the United States Government who has as his duty the apprehension of American lawbreakers in foreign countries, and he will tell you that the most difficult country from which to bring back an American criminal is Cuba. It used to be Honduras; during the war, it was Mexico; now it is the country which owes her very life to Uncle Sam. And all because the army of booze, and its allies, gambling and prostitution, have become entrenched in Havana.

There are, of course, other charges against the present government of Cuba, but every one of them is directly traceable to, and the acts of which they complain are contemporaneous with the floating of a horde of renegades from the United States on a tide of rum into Cuba. Understand that these charges are not made on the eve of an election; they have nothing to do with a change of administrations; they are not the allegations of a party opposed to the party which put Alfredo Zayas into office, for many of his former partisans are prominent members of the new organization. But they are the combined voices of all the better elements in Cuban life, and the summary of their arraignment is that unless the nation is made morally clean, and the government purged of its dishonest members, there will come, first, the wrecking of the country; second, revolution; and, third, intervention by the United States to establish protection for life and property.

It is worthy of note that in this movement, unlike others which have from time to time arisen in Latin-America, there is no mention of any man to succeed Zayas, no demand for his removal, nor yet the naming of any clique seeking to take over rule of the country. The demand is simply for reform within the government, and not change in the administration. Apparently, for the first time in the history of southern republics, there is no personal ambition involved in the movement of the Cubans to clean their own house, but it is to be believed that if they succeed there will be some very difficult days for the Jews, the Italians and the other Europeans, who, masquerading as Americans and coming from the United States, have made of Havana a cesspool of the dregs of vice, drained from this country through the Eighteenth Amendment.

The demands of the veterans and patriots organization fall under twelve heads, and each demand carries within it the charge that the condition exists whose remedy is sought. Translated and summarized, these demands are:

First: The repeal of the Tourist Law, under which fugitives from justice from other countries, notably the United States, find indefinite refuge in Cuba, and, therefore, are attracted in unusual numbers to the island.

Second: Passage of a law forbidding Congress to grant pardons to criminals. Such amnesty even has been given to immigrant criminals from other countries.

Third: Investigation and immediate suppression of the traffic in women, both native and foreign, and the setting up of bars against these women from other countries.

Fourth: Immediate closing of the lottery, on both economic and moral grounds. It is charged that the corruption of officials of the national government has been accomplished by the graft incidental to the operation of this national gambling scheme.

Fifth: Repeal of the measure known as the "Tarafa Law," which creates a monopoly in railroads and in the control of the ports outside Havana which these lines reach.

Sixth: Passage of a constitutional amendment making the judiciary independent of all other branches of the national government, and especially eliminating all influence over the judiciary by the executive.

Seventh: Adoption of a system of public accounting which shall insure the honest disbursement of national funds, and providing suitable punishment for officials found to be violating this law.

Eighth: Complete rewriting of the Electoral Code, assuring fair elections, eliminating fraud in vote counts and providing punishment for officials convicted of violation of the new code.

Ninth: Passage of a law limiting the immunity given to members of congress so that such men, on indictment, may be brought to trial as soon as the session in which they are sitting comes to an end.

Tenth: Amendment to the constitution forbidding one man occupying the presidential chair two successive terms.

Eleventh: Elimination of gambling by refusal to grant renewals of gambling concessions now in force, so that eventually all games of chance will be forbidden.

Twelfth: Adoption of an amendment to the constitution granting the right of suffrage to women.

The leader of the veterans and patriots is Carlos Garcia Velez, son of the celebrated Calixto Garcia, to whom Lieutenant Rowan carried the famous "Message to Garcia," just prior to the declaration of war on Spain by the United States, twenty-five years ago. This Carlos Garcia—Velez being his mother's name—was inspector of prisons under General Leonard Wood when the latter was in charge of the American intervention in Cuba.

Turning Out One Hundred Per Centers

A University Program Which Builds Health Along With Mental Power

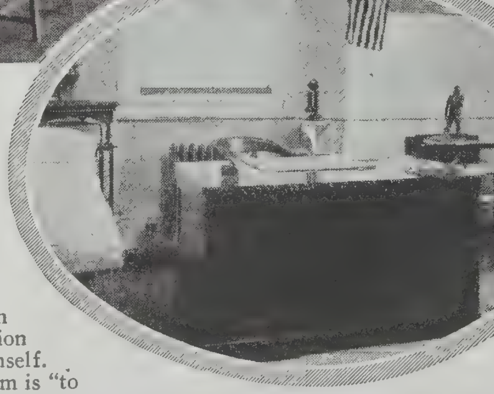
By J. OLIN HOWE

DR. WILLIAM H. M'CASTLINE

Earl Hall at Columbia, the university health headquarters.

Where nose and throat cases are cared for.

The waiting room at Earl Hall.



The office where Dr. McCastline sees thousands of patients during the college year.

"WE CAN'T all be Roosevelts," says Dr. McCastline, "but each of us can reach one hundred per cent if we live within the limits of our own physical endowment. University students are potential workers, destined for important places in business, in the professions and in politics. No effort is too great to train them physically as well as mentally.

"Time was when a puny, sickly body was deemed the natural accompaniment of a trained intellect, but that day is past. Today the man with a body below par is terribly handicapped in the race for success in any field of work. 'Tis a poor investment to place at a student's command all a modern university does unless at the same time we scientifically prepare his physical body to give him health and vigor sufficient to carry the weight of his responsibility as a trained man."

Yet nowhere else is this done in quite the same way, or possibly as fully, as at Columbia University in New York, where Dr. William H McCastline is university medical officer.

It is a wonderful thing to be, as he is, best friend to twenty-five thousand, mostly young and in their formative years, really to know them and to help them find themselves physically while gaining mental power and poise; especially when not a few come from the ends of the earth, and one needs be as familiar with beriberi and Bagdad boils, tropical fevers and hookworm as with "flu" and the ordinary American cold.

Physician and diplomat is Dr. McCastline, an unusual man in the work he has developed in novel ways, who for a decade has been making life better worth the living for a constantly widening circle of young men and women. The letters they write him, some of the fellows who graduated in his first classes, make it all well worth while.

The doctor on the university campus may have a formidable sound, yet here is one of the most human men alive, who has made his a very human job. There is far more to it than diagnosis and remedial treatment, skillful though he is in those. He even advises as to the field of work for which a student is best fitted physically. One with defective eyesight might fail as lawyer or physician but make a great success at something where that mattered less.

Before they enter Columbia, the medical officer must have reports on each student, which give him a far more intimate and complete knowledge of the students than deans, registrars or professors ever get. He helps them out of abnormal conditions, seeking always to eradicate actual disease and to correct the results of earlier errors, and treats them when they fall ill.

His records are a check against their scholarship records. In them is frequently found the reason for falling behind in class work and they expose the merely lazy or inattentive with unerring accuracy.

What is of utmost importance, the university health officer works with the physical education department in an original health program centering about compulsory credits in physical education in freshman and sophomore years. This even includes oversight of student diet in the University Commons, which has been taken over by the trustees with just this in view. Prophylactic measures are giving each Columbia class a better health record than the last.

This is not a group affair, however, not institutional, nor in any sense a clinic. It is directed entirely to the individual, despite the fact that 18,000 to 20,000 consultations and treatments each college year occupy the attention of the staff at Earl Hall, the main floor of which is given over to the health department.

Whatever has been and is being accomplished is a matter of the individual, and all mass results are built up from him. Moreover, while one of his assistants may see patients later on or a competent nurse give treatments, Dr. McCastline himself sees each on the first visit.

Such service could not be bought. Nor is it subject to the question of fees, which handicaps many a doctor. Unless they have a prescription filled at an outside drug store, Dr. McCastline's patients pay nothing, and he is free to see a student every day for a year if that seems the best way to seek out his weak points and acquaint him thoroughly with his own body.

To begin with, when a prospective freshman applies for admission to Columbia he must file with his application a health examination form filled out by himself. The purpose of this form is "to enable the university authorities to assist the student to maintain a high degree of efficiency by proper adjustment, as early as possible, to the mental, physical and social activities of college life."

Its questions cover whether the student is subject to sore throat, coughs, colds, and what illnesses he has had in the previous two years; whether he has had rheumatism, typhoid fever, malaria, is subject to fainting spells, has had to discontinue study for any period because of ill health, has been operated on, plans to do any work for self-support during his college course; and much similar information.

The whole gives a fair idea of the one who fills it out, but is only a beginning. At the same time the applicant's own physician files with Dr. McCastline a form on which he states in professional terms and in some detail the results of a thorough medical examination made the day it is dated. He adds any suggestions, from one doctor to another, he thinks desirable.

If either of these discloses a reason for it, before he finishes his registration—I am using the masculine pronoun, but this applies to both sexes—and, in any case soon after, the student must report at Earl Hall for a physical examination as thorough as Dr. McCastline and his staff know how to make it.

The furnishings of the medical officer's consultation room have been chosen to make it seem what it is, the office of a private physician, where stiffness and formality are not and one senses that helpful atmosphere which leads to confidence and confidences.

Annually thereafter while he remains at Columbia the student goes through such a physical examination. Such occasions may be the only times he visits Earl Hall, but always the health department is watching him. The results of these examinations are recorded in detail and tabulated to permit the health department to follow his bodily development and state of health from year to year.

The findings of the psychological tests which have replaced the old-style entrance examinations are filed with Dr. McCastline and the weekly scholarship records as well, so that he has but to turn to a file to find how the student progresses.

Each freshman is photographed, full length, to show posture and physical defects. Where postural defects are evident he is photographed again at stated intervals to show the results of corrective or special gymnastic work. The head of the physical education department is also a physician and the supervisor of the College Commons a trained nurse, from which one gathers a notion of the teamwork that goes on.

Should the student wish his own physician to handle the correction of disabilities, that is quite permissible; it is even encouraged in many a case; but if the examination shows work to be done to bring him up to physical par, he must have it done, by his own doctor or under the supervision of the university medical officer.

This applies even to surgical operations, which are always performed by specialists outside the university. Columbia is fortunate in having next door to the campus one of the leading hospitals in the East and of course there are the vast medical, surgical and hospital resources of New York City to draw upon.

The university, then, learns what shape the student is in when he enters, learns it searchingly and the whole of it, and helps him out of any physical difficulty that can be remedied. The plan is simple enough, and the way it is carried out makes it most effective.

Columbia conceives it a plain duty not only to maintain student efficiency through the best health of which each individual is capable while in the institution, but to create a regard for health which its graduates will cherish as a precious part of their university experience and which will lead them to live up to the same standards through life.

The importance of that cannot be overstated. We Americans are very far from a hundred per cent healthwise. The story of an entering class of Columbia College is illuminating.

Of 802 freshmen, about one hundred had throat, nose or ear diseases and abnormalities. Only one per cent had pulmonary diseases. Thirty-three had heart affections. Two hundred and one showed defective vision corrected by glasses and eleven more had eyestrain which required correction.

There were thirty-two subject to headaches and 274 had had surgical operations. More than one-third! Thirty had had typhoid fever and 166 had been immunized from typhoid, and 600 had been successfully vaccinated. Seventy-one of these entering students had been obliged to discontinue their studies or had had limits placed on physical exercise because of ill health.

Improper dental conditions Dr. McCastline finds a most prolific source of trouble. His staff includes no dentists now, but it soon will if he has his way. "Numbers of students," he says, "have permitted their teeth to go so long without proper care that these have become a distinct menace to their health."

Of this 18,000 to 20,000 consultations Earl Hall handles each year, about two-thirds are with men and

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Measure Rivers to Aid Industrial Development

Uncle Sam's Workers Collect Data by Means of Current Meter

By S. R. WINTERS

INSTEAD of riding in an automobile or trolley car to and from work, suppose your duties were restricted to a box-like car suspended on a cable above a stream or river! Field representatives of the Geological Survey, United States Department of Interior, often may be seen hanging above streams pulling themselves along a cable suspended across the river and fastened to supports on the banks.

This representative of Uncle Sam is, more than likely, an engineer, and he suspends himself over a stream to measure the volume of water carried at different stages. By means of the data collected, the Geological Survey computes the daily flow of streams at approximately 1,600 points. These investigations, made at gauging stations, are conducted in about thirty-five states and in seventy-seven points in Hawaii.

A poet of the sixteenth century gave us the dictum, "Where the stream runneth smoothest the water is deepest." This bit doubtless sufficed for the generation in which it was written. In the twentieth century, however, when water is being harnessed for power, irrigation and navigation, specific information is demanded. For instance, if water is to be harnessed for power accurate data are demanded relating to the minimum flow of water. If, however, water is to be stored for irrigation, as in the West, the greatest volume of water is information sought.

Development of water resources is dependent largely upon the dependability of records relating to the flow of surface waters and conditions governing this flow.

"This country is just realizing that water is the one limiting factor to the development of our natural resources," declares N. C. Grover, chief hydraulic engineer of the Geological Survey, United States Department of Interior.

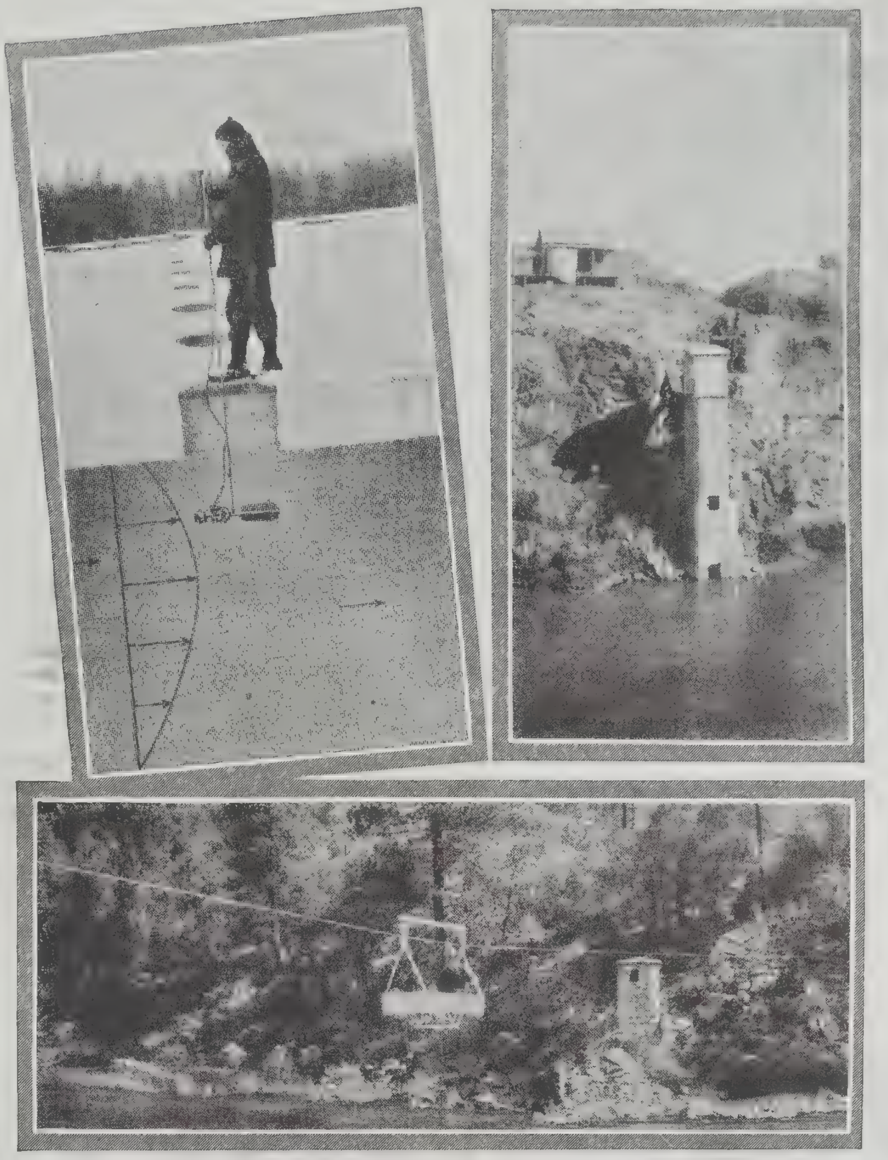
The first gauging station—a point for measuring the flow of water of a stream—was established at Embudo, New Mexico, in 1888. It was not until six years later—on August 18, 1894—that Congress made a specific appropriation of $12,500 "for gauging the streams and determining the water supply of the United States, including the investigation of underground currents and artesian wells in the arid and semi-arid sections." For 1923, an appropriation of $180,000 was made.

The largest number of stream-gauging stations is maintained in Idaho—236 in 1922—where irrigation projects demand information on the maximum flow of water over long periods of time. California ranks second, maintaining 193 stations. New stations are constantly being established and old ones discontinued—for instance, last year 258 gauging stations were abandoned and 444 new ones established. The number of gaugings taken last year was 11,383, all told.

The current meter for measuring the flow of water employs a wheel, so built that the pressure from flowing water causes it to revolve. A device records the revolutions. There are two types of current meters—one in which the wheel is made up of cups, the other with a screw propeller. The velocity-area method is used to ascertain the quantity of water flowing past a certain section of a river within a specified time. This is termed a "discharge measurement." The gauging station is usually located where there are no cross currents, backwater, or eddies; where the bed of the stream is free from large projections of a permanent character, and where the banks are high and subject to overflow.

The cable on which the car used by the engineers is suspended may vary from 100 to 1,000 feet. Ordinarily, the track consists of a single steel cable, three-fourths to one inch in diameter. This is supported by towers on either bank. The car in which the hydrographer rides causes the cable to sag and as he pulls himself along the tug is increasingly difficult as he nears the end. There are other ways to use the current-meter, measuring from a bridge, boat, or by wading.

The data assembled at the nineteen district offices, as the information comes from gauging stations, are forwarded to Washington, where the statistics are reviewed and prepared for publication. Practically all development of water power is based on these records. If one is contemplating the building of a huge dam he should consult the division of surface water of the Geological Survey with regard to the maximum flow of water in the stream where the reservoir is to be constructed. Similarly, if one is planning to establish a hydroelectric plant, it is desirable that the enterprise first have specific information about the minimum flow of water. These records, taken at frequent intervals, are an invaluable guide in charting any developmental project.



Directly above—How a representative of the Geological Survey suspends himself across a stream by a cable. Top, left—Measuring under ice from a dam. Right—In remote places the observer has a house. The hut seen in the picture is on the Colorado River.

When David L. Payne Led the Boomers

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But the War Department smartly thought of posting troops on the line where they were gathering, and this held the poor settlers in camp until the sufferings caused by an unusually severe winter forced them to give up and disperse in January. A few of Payne's followers remained with him, however, and he himself did not lose heart. His robust physique was still capable of much endurance, though his army life had left him subject to malaria and rheumatism.

Meanwhile a civil suit had been brought against Payne in the name of the United States for $1,000 damages for invasion of an Indian reservation. The government won judgment against him, but as he had no personal property, the money could not be collected.

So Payne went blithely on, constantly forming new colonies, leading them into Oklahoma, first at one point and then at another, and putting the army to all kinds of trouble and inconvenience to chase him out again. The thing got to be such an annoyance to General John Pope and others whose duty it was to eject him each time, that they grew to hate him with a personal rancor. The soldiers shared the resentment of the officers. Accordingly, Payne's treatment at the hands of the military was harsh, and his lieutenants and followers, even the women and the aged, sometimes shared this usage. Petitions to the government set forth that some of them died of it. The diaries and letters of Payne and his colonists reveal in an affecting way the hardships and sufferings they endured in those terrible trips to Fort Reno.

Payne writes of these things to his common-law wife, Mrs. Rachel Anne Haines, in Hunnewell, Kansas, and to their little son, George, for whom he seems to have had the tenderest affection, although he signed himself to the latter, "Uncle George." One letter was written on his knee when he and several companions were prisoners in the army camp opposite Fort Smith.

"Tomorrow will be five days they have kept us here without room to sit down. I've been cramped up so long my legs are almost useless. I want a breath of fresh air. It's burning hot in this little tent, but I can't stick my head out without a cocked gun in my face. I never did suffer so, as many times as they have had me. They have done their best to kill us all this time without doing it straight out."

And again he tells his "dear boy, George" of the painful ride over the prairie in the springless wagon, crowded with men, most of them sick from the burning sun, the scanty diet of bread, bacon and coffee, and the rough handling of the Negro guards. Payne's rheumatism is very bad, but his compassion for the old men of the party makes him feel especially helpless.

A letter to Captain Payne from one of his settlers bears pathetic witness also:

"Dere Sir I had offel bad luck. I went to Okley homey and lost my wife by the cas of it also the solgiers beat 2 of my horses one died and the other one lived and it leaves me with six small children and the oldest one onley 11 years the yungest three years I am sad and lonley I hope to hear from you soon."

Payne made no fewer than eight attempts to colonize Oklahoma. About twice a year he gathered his boomers about him on the border line, and led them across, and each time they were expelled by the troops and Payne was arrested. But in one of his diaries there is evidence that on at least one other occasion, unreported by historians, he invaded the territory and actually lived a month in his dugout, without the authorities being aware of it.

His chief anxiety all this time was that he could not get a real test of his contentions in the courts. Every time he was arrested, the charges against him were postponed and finally dismissed. He tried to force the issue by bringing suit in the United States court at Topeka against General Pope for damages for being forcibly removed from the territory. But the only real victory he ever won out of his numerous cases came when he was arrested and indicted in 1883 on the charge of conspiracy to violate the laws of the United States. The indictment was quashed on the ground that the title to the Oklahoma lands was vested in the United States and that therefore settlement upon the same by citizens of the United States was not a criminal offense. But this did not prevent his being ejected as usual when he went at the head of another colony to Oklahoma again.

He felt, and his followers implicitly believed, that the head and front of the opposition to him was organized and backed by the cattlemen and the big interests.

To combat the cattlemen with their own weapons, Payne started a newspaper of his own, the Oklahoma *War Chief,* which was the official organ of the colony, until some years after his death. On his last and greatest expedition in the summer of 1884, when he led a large band to Rock Falls in the Cherokee "Strip," he took along his printing press and set up an office for the *War Chief* in the midst of the little town of tents and dugouts. This colony lasted longer than the others, several months, in fact, but in August Colonel Edward Hatch appeared and ordered the colonists back across the border to Kansas. The printing press was wrecked and thrown into the river. Payne once more was under arrest.

No sooner was he released than he began to gather his forces for another attempt in the autumn. One night he lectured at Wellington, Kansas, and the next morning, as he sat at breakfast at the hotel, he suddenly fell to the floor, dead. This was in November, 1884. As he had been apparently in the best of health and spirits at the time, his friends suspected foul play and claimed that he had been poisoned. He had the largest funeral ever held in that small town.

And so he passed into history, but his influence and his persistence had accomplished their purpose, and the leaders upon whom his mantle fell found their task miraculously eased by the great support of public opinion which Payne had won. In April, 1889, the territory was opened, and the struggle ended. The spot where, forty-three years ago, Payne's first Oklahoma colonists unhitched their horses and began to choose their homes, now is a part of Oklahoma City, the capital of the state, a growing metropolis and the center of a large and thriving commonwealth, such as perhaps even Payne's vision of the promised land did not encompass.

From Prize Ring to Pulpit

Refereeing Bouts, Supervising Dance Halls and Preaching All in a Day's Work for This Parson

By FRANK M. CHASE

THE minister of the First Christian Church of Chanute, Kansas, was working in his study one Friday evening a few weeks ago when the telephone rang. It was a long-distance call, the promoter of a boxing bout in Wichita desiring to obtain his services as referee the following evening.

"I'd be glad to help you out," the minister said, "but my first duty is as a preacher and there is no train that will bring me back in time for church Sunday morning."

"Will you come if we guarantee to get you back in time for church?"

"That's a bargain," replied the preacher, who journeyed to Wichita the next day and officiated at the match. Then, instead of riding in a motor car the remainder of the night, as he had half expected he would, he went to bed in the city's best hotel. At 7 a. m. he arose, had his morning coffee, and was taken to the landing field just outside the city. At 9:58, after having traveled 135 miles through the air in less than two hours, he was standing before his Sunday school class, conducting his services as usual. "Preacher Flies From Prize Ring to Pulpit," ran the headline of Monday's newspaper account of the incident.

In the life of the Rev. Mr. Earl Blackman, known from his boxing activities as the "fighting parson," neither hurried airplane trips nor prize fights are unusual. To use his own expressive term, he "eats" them. Paradoxical as it may seem, the latter have an important place in his ministerial work. He is even teaching the boys of his Sunday school class to box, and the only reason that amateur bouts are not held in his church is that it is not equipped for athletics.

Why He Urges Boxing

"AS A preacher, I heartily recommend boxing," he said, as we utilized a 40-mile motor trip for our interview. "It is not only good exercise but excellent training for both muscle and brain. Through its development of good sportsmanship it also has a desirable moral effect. There are four essentials to good boxing. These are to know how to hit, how to be hit, how to prevent the other fellow from hitting you, and how to outguess the other fellow. The first three are purely instinctive, being matters of self-preservation, and are the only ones that most boxers consider. All the fine points of the game are in the fourth essential, which calls for the exercise of the mental faculties.

"So far as my own participation in boxing is concerned, I welcome the opportunity it gives me to keep in touch with different kinds of people, many of whom are seldom, if ever, reached by the church. I believe that I am a better preacher because of this variety of contacts. It also gives me an opportunity to promote clean play, as I tolerate no unfairness where I am referee."

Blackman's interest in boxing dates from his boyhood, when he was a frequent loser in his juvenile altercations. After a time his father tired of hearing the tearful reports of his son's squabbles and encouraged him to fight back. The young Blackman was naturally quick in both thought and movement and, having overcome his timidity, began to hold his own. As his proficiency with his fists increased he even came to enjoy the encounters with his fellows. Thereafter he took advantage of every opportunity to box and to learn more about the game, pursuing it in high school and college and wherever fortune took him. During his service as chaplain with the over-sea forces he not only boxed but was in large demand as a referee. Since his return to the United States these calls have continued, scarcely a week passing that he does not officiate at a bout, often at a considerable distance from home.

"Though I have done some professional boxing," he said, "I do not attempt it now. I must admit that I am not quite so fast as I used to be. My aim now is to do only enough boxing to keep myself in good condition and able to step out and go three or four rounds at any time. I know of nothing better than boxing to keep a man young." Of the truth in the last statement Blackman is a good example, for, despite his 40 years, there is nothing in his lithe and vigorous manner to indicate that he is beyond the early 30's.

He was born on a farm near Lisbon, Indiana, and has made his own way in the world since he was 14. At 19, with $40 in his pocket and a desire to attend Pratt Institute, he went to New York. Going with youth's dream of a hearty welcome by the city, he received its usual rebuffs. After a number of anxious days he obtained employment as a fireman on the elevated railway, and started to school. Bettering his position, he later worked as an engineer's assistant on a steam yacht. After attending the institute two years he returned to Indiana, where he held several positions as stationary engineer. He then decided to obtain some more education and commenced a college course. Disappointed in a love affair, he suddenly abandoned his studies in his senior year, and, wishing to sever old ties in heroic fashion, vowed he would ride his bicycle a thousand miles. At the end of the thousand-mile ride he found himself in Central Kansas, where he obtained employment in the wheat fields. Here he ran a threshing engine, and later sold motor cars. While thus engaged he married a Salina, Kansas, girl, and with the settling-down process came the desire to preach.

Though Blackman had been reared in the Christian (Disciples of Christ) faith, he felt that his church was suffering from a restricted vision and not utilizing its opportunities. To demonstrate, or at least try out, some modern ideas became his burning desire. Fortunately for him, while the Christian church is bound by much tradition, there are no restraints on its preachers except those exercised by their respective congregations. Blackman and his wife moved to the University of Kansas, where he studied two years, specializing in sociology. During his second year at the university he preached for the First Christian Church of Chanute, then becoming its full-time pastor.

The "fighting parson" (REV. EARL A. BLACKMAN, Chanute, Kansas) in battle array.

Having chosen an unorthodox path, Blackman did not expect to find it easy. Differences developed, not only within the church but among his neighboring Christian ministers, only a few remaining friendly. However, he had been preaching about four years with no open break occurring. Then came the World War, Blackman joining the colors as chaplain of the 130th Field Artillery, 35th Division, with which he continued until it was disbanded in the summer of 1919. Meanwhile his enemies at home had been at work. He had scarcely returned to Chanute before he was keenly aware of the schism they had created in his church.

Blackman did not dally with the new situation a moment. The war had confirmed his belief in the fundamentals of religion more firmly than ever, but had made him less mindful of creed. It had also increased his confidence in his own course of action. Plainly the time for a complete show-down by both the pastor and the congregation was at hand, and in his second sermon after returning he forced the issue.

Makes Dances Clean Up

HE REITERATED, more strongly than ever, his belief that modern conditions must be met with modern church methods. He declared that he favored supervised dancing, motion pictures, boxing and other disputed forms of amusement. Following Blackman's declaration in favor of dancing, Chanute's interest in the pastime measurably increased. The patronage of the city's leading dance hall, for example, virtually doubled. Now, the standards of this hall were not higher than the average. Here was a logical place for reform to begin. Blackman did not, however, invoke the law. Instead he went to the manager of the hall, saying, in effect:

"Look here, I've doubled your business. Now I want you to clean up. I want you to have big dances, but I want them clean. I want you to provide more seats for the girls between dances and for their parents. I want the fathers and mothers to feel that they are as welcome here as their sons and daughters."

Despite unpopularity among his brother ministers, and despite foes in his own church, Blackman has remained a large factor in the civic life of Chanute. As evidence of the esteem in which he is held locally, the citizens presented him, on his election as national chaplain of the American Legion, with a motor car.

"Expression, directed and controlled, instead of repression—that is the essence of my ministerial policy," he said, in summing up his views. "Christ said, 'I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly,' and so I believe in preaching the gospel of 'do,' not 'don't.'"

Turning Out One Hundred Per Centers

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one-third with women; but at Barnard, the university's women's college, there is an auxiliary medical center where upward of 7,000 consultations a year are added to the feminine record.

Among actual cases of illness treated at the bedside, an essential feature of the department's work, far more—oh, six or seven times as many—are women than men. Women students congregate in groups to a greater extent than men and contagion has a better chance to spread.

Tonsillitis, grippe, coryzas and throat troubles form the bulk of these active medical cases. During the last college year thirty-three patients were sent to outside hospitals through the Columbia infirmary. Eight cases of appendicitis showed up. Not an alarming record, surely.

Though it is really another story, the time is not far off when Columbia will have one of the finest hospital plants in the country as a feature of a medical foundation centering about its College of Physicians and Surgeons. This is a $22,000,000 project and most of the money has been raised. A million of this will be spent on infirmary facilities on the campus, but there is no room on Morningside Heights for the group of buildings to house this medical center, which will be located farther north on Manhattan Island.

Health Board a Factor

COLUMBIA'S health department is as fully at the command of faculty members, and of attachés of the university, as of the students. What Dr. McCastline has come to mean to professors and their families, and even to janitors and scrub women, is worth all the effort.

Another feature of this work is the students' health board, which from the beginning has been a means of keeping in touch with matters affecting student health which might be overlooked by the medical staff; at least, that is the modest way of the university health officer's putting it. I doubt if he overlooks much that is pertinent to his work.

But the student health board is a valuable factor in the work of his department. Its members are appointed by Dr. McCastline and as far as possible he sees to it that each school in the university is represented. It is constantly active, is regularly consulted and seconds his efforts in every way it can.

This sort of thing has been going on at Columbia since the spring of 1912. Before that, oversight of the health of the students had been left to the physical education department, as it is still in many another college and university. Physicians in that department treated emergency cases on the athletic field and in the gymnasium, but there was no real health program until Dr. McCastline came to devote himself to students' individual health problems.

Must be Diplomat, Too

BY REASON of its location in New York City, Columbia's student body, the largest in America, anyway, is highly cosmopolitan and polyglot, but that by no means tells all the story. The university draws heavily on our southern and southwestern states and its students come from many far corners of the globe—from Australia and New Zealand, from South Africa and South America and especially from China and the Orient.

It is by reason of that fact that the university medical officer must be diplomat as well as doctor; and he is, this big-hearted servant of student humanity. No matter how far he be from home and though but a single atom in a great whole, any student may get on all right while he is well. To the foreign student it is not so difficult, even though he does not abandon caste or class distinctions merely because he matriculates at an American university.

But let him fall ill in a strange land and amid unfamiliar surroundings, and a real problem exists. To him, then, at least for the time being, Dr. McCastline is the university. Can anything be more important than that the forty-five-year-old Chinaman stricken with "flu" be handled just right when he sidles hesitatingly into Earl Hall, hardly able to see for the splitting headache or to speak for the cough which racks him?

This man actually took off his shoes in the corridor and entered the doctor's office in his stockinged feet, as he would have done at home. Such a one knows little of western medical practice; perhaps nothing. It is a chamber of horrors to him, into which he is entering, driven by the conviction that he must be very ill.

Mrs. McCastline is a doctor of medicine, also, and in charge of important health work at the Horace Mann school, which is affiliated with Columbia; so in the evening the university doctor can talk shop to one who understands, if he will, and his friends say he often does.

International Science Briefs

By **DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL**
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Interior Constitution of the Earth and the Moon

THE great American pragmatist, Professor William James, held that *truth is that which works.* It has a cash value in terms of satisfactory experience. Dr. Melchior Palagyi, the great Hungarian philosopher and scientist, in a polemical brochure, has exposed the weakness of the pragmatic position. In America, Dr. Paul Carus did much to counteract the erroneous views of the pragmatists in his great work, "Truth on Trial." The views of Dr. Carus are summarized in his statement: "Truths are the subjective reflections of the verities that sustain the universe." Scientific knowledge is based upon the fundamental premise that the objects of scientific investigations are actual cosmic verities and not merely that which *may work* satisfactorily for a limited time. Primitive man left us a heritage of truth blended with error. Superstition remained as a by-product of inexact observations of the verities which are revealed in all physical action. At the present time there are many persons who retain the mythological representations of former eras concerning the constitution of the earth's interior.

Precision instruments have extended our field of accurate observation and have thereby replaced mythology by definite or scientific knowledge. The seismograph has played an important rôle in research work dealing with the structure of the earth. E. Wiechert and Marvin have brought this instrument to a high state of perfection. Marvin's type of seismograph is used by the United States Weather Bureau. A complete seismograph records horizontal and vertical motion and also time. Both the Wiechert and the Marvin instruments are of the inverted pendulum type. Some of the best forms of seismographs are in use in the Imperial Observatory at Tokyo, Japan, where they have been employed in the study of earthquakes.

The careful research work of the great geophysicist, meteorologist, and mathematician, Professor Stjepan Mohorovicic, of Zagreb, Jugo-Slavia, has been an important factor in enlarging our exact knowledge concerning the material structure of both the earth and the moon. Dr. Mohorovicic's most recent contribution, entitled "The Interior of the Earth," will soon be available in the German language. Some of Dr. Mohorovicic's most important conclusions will be briefly considered in this article.

In his preliminary historical outline, Dr. Mohorovicic points out the fact that Pythagoras, about twenty-five centuries ago, taught that our earth was of a spherical form. Eudoxes and Archimedes were among the first who attempted to prove the correctness of this conclusion of Pythagoras. Descartes and Leibnitz held that the interior of the earth was composed of a glowing-liquid mass. Laplace, by means of his nebular hypothesis, tried to substantiate this supposition. Many geologists still adhere to the hypothesis of Descartes and Leibnitz. One of the modern reasons advanced, in support of this view, is that the earth's temperature increases about one degree Celsius for every thirty meters of additional depth. Hot springs, volcanoes, and the similarity of the expelled lava are other factors which are presented as evidence proving the hypothesis of a molten interior. The earth's outer crust, or *lithosphere,* was considered as having produced mountains and continents by expansion and oceans by contraction.

Lord Kelvin and G. H. Darwin were among the first of the modern scientists to show that the phenomenon of the tides would be impossible under the supposition of a thin *lithosphere.* If the earth's crust was comparatively thin, and served to incase a liquid mass, then the ocean tides would fail to appear because this interior liquid substance would also act in a tidal manner. On the contrary, Kelvin and Darwin found that the earth, considered in its totality, must be regarded as composed of material aggregates whose average rigidity is greater than that of steel. This view has been confirmed by the most recent careful investigations of O. Hecker, W. Schweydar, and E. Wiechert. Hopkins investigated the effect of the state of the earth's interior material on the phenomena of *precession* and *nutation.* Precession is a slow change in the direction of the earth's axis. The small oscillation of the earth's axis is called nutation. He found that these two phenomena depended, in amount, upon the comparative thickness of the *lithosphere* and also upon the relative plasticity of the interior material.

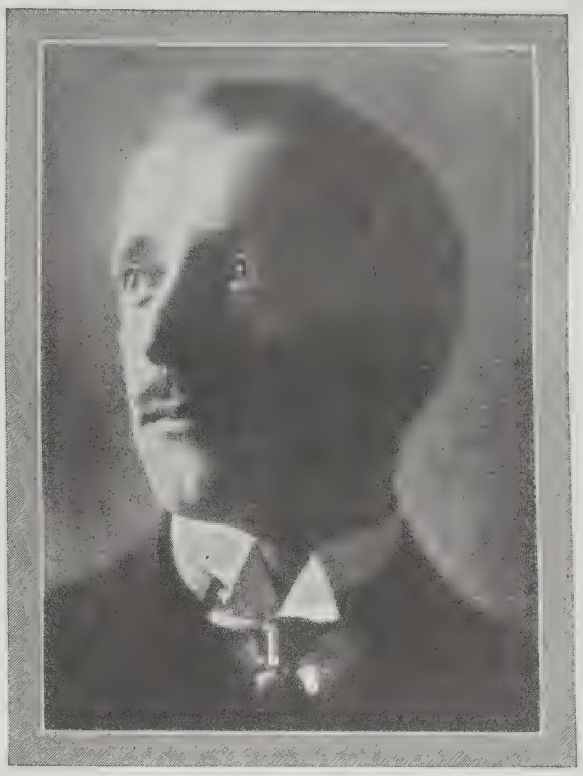
The most recent seismographic investigations have proved conclusively that the earth consists of concentric layers composed of the same general type of material, at least through a depth of 3,000 kilometers. This definite advance in our knowledge of the nature of the earth's interior is due principally to the precise observations of Stjepan Mohorovicic, of Zagreb; E. Wiechert and K. Zoppritz, of Gottingen; G. B. Rizzo, of Catania; A. Mohorovicic, of Zagreb; and B. Gutenberg, of Darmstadt. The remarkable research work of these illustrious modern scientists, taken in conjunction with the important findings of L. Geiger, C. G. Knott, J. Milne, H. Benndorf and V. Laska, shows that the earth's material exists in a solid state to a depth of *at least* 2,500 kilometers and in fairly well-defined layers. A. Mohorovicic has shown that the outer layer is about sixty kilometers thick. This result has been definitely confirmed by the investigations of Dr. Jose Comas Sola, director of the "Observatorio Fabra," Barcelona, Spain.

Professor Stjepan Mohorovicic, by means of a series of elaborate and extremely careful investigations, has recently determined that our earth is composed of three principal layers of material as depicted in his drawing, which is here reproduced. This notable precise work enables us to state definitely that the solid outer layer, *A,* whose thickness is about sixty kilometers, consists principally of granite, syenite, diorite, and porphyry. The average density (or specific gravity in terms of water as the standard) of the outer layer, *A,* according to the findings of S. Mohorovicic, is 2.6. He has also shown that the middle layer, *B,* having a radial thickness of about 2,900 kilometers and an average density of 4.8, is composed principally of a rock-like material which is rich in iron in those portions which are nearer the earth's center. Moreover, Dr. Mohorovicic concludes, from his experimental observations, that the radial thickness of the inner layer *C* is about 3,400 kilometers and that its average density is about 11.0. Mohorovicic's findings indicate that the layer *C* is very rich in iron. He gives the average rigidity of the earth as about three times that of steel.

In the year 1907, Dr. W. H. Pickering advanced the hypothesis that the moon was composed of matter dissociated from the outer layer of the earth. The conclusions of Pickering were based upon the assumption that the continents compose about one-quarter of the earth's surface. The recent careful calculations of H. Ebert show that Dr. Pickering underestimated the relative value of the continent surface.

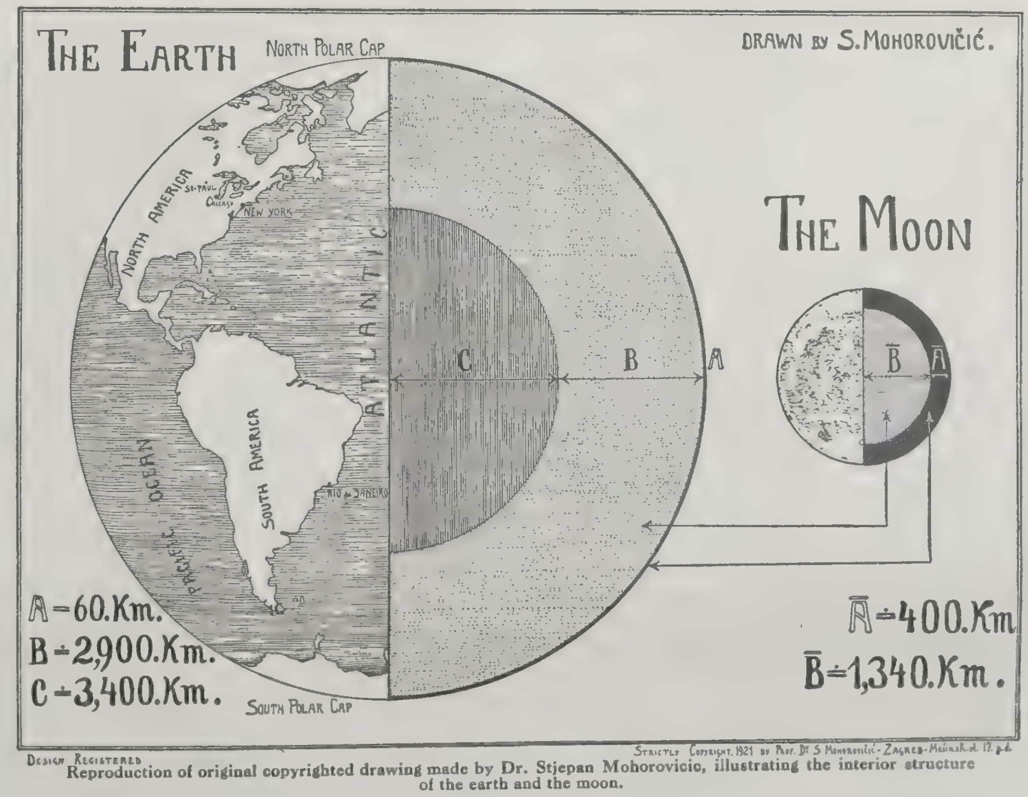
Professor Mohorovicic holds that the process by which the moon was detached from the earth required many millions of years. He finds that the material constituting the moon is composed not only of matter detached from the earth's outer layer, *A,* but also of a comparatively small amount of that more dense material which composes the interior portion beneath this layer. Mohorovicic finds that the moon is composed of an outer layer *A* of about 400 kilometers thickness and an inner layer *B* of an average thickness of 1,340 kilometers. He gives the density of the outer layer as 2.7, and the value of 4.7 for the inner.

Superstition must give way before the truths revealed by the precise methods of modern scientific research



PROFESSOR STJEPAN MOHOROVICIC,

The illustrious Jugo-Slavian scientist and mathematician, whose notable researches in geophysics and meteorology have received world-wide recognition and whose unique solutions of Euler's Hydrodynamical Equations distinguish him as one of Europe's most brilliant mathematicians.



Reproduction of original copyrighted drawing made by Dr. Stjepan Mohorovicic, illustrating the interior structure of the earth and the moon.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A speed of 105 miles an hour has been attained by an electric locomotive in tests before 200 steam and electrical railroad men from all parts of the country at Erie, Pennsylvania. An electric locomotive and a big Mikado steam locomotive engaged in a tug of war. The electric proved superior in pulling after giving the steam engine a start at five miles an hour.

An enterprising American is preparing to put a fleet of 500 yellow taxicabs on the streets of London, England. All the cars will be of the four-cylinder type and comfortable.

A rare apple tree, valued at $5,000, stands on a mountain side in West Virginia. It is protected by a burglar-alarm cage and is guarded against harmful insects and foraging animals.

More than $3,000,000,000 have been spent by American railroads this year for materials, fuel, supplies and maintenance of equipment.

The petrified body of a miner was found in a salt mine near Bucharest. A mine lamp found on the body was of so old a type that even the oldest living miners had never seen one.

Bodies of more than 100 German soldiers, postured in lifelike attitudes, have been found in a tunnel between Bethincourt and Dead Man's Hill. They were bottling mineral water when stricken in a gas attack during the battle of Verdun.

What is believed to be America's first apartment house was built in New Orleans by the Baroness Pontalba, daughter of the Spanish governor of Louisiana. Sixteen of these apartment houses were erected in 1846, a row of them on either side of the City Plaza.

Artificial silk is being made from spruce wood.

A flash of lightning struck the earth near the foot of a tree in Madison County, Illinois, in 1807, setting it afire. The monks of La Trappe dug below the fire and found a vein of coal, the first in the Northwest Territory.

Wild horses in the vicinity of Bend, Oregon, have increased so rapidly that they are becoming a nuisance. Extremely low prices for horses resulted in the ranchers turning them out into the mountains to shift for themselves.

The Imaja palm, growing in South America, has leaves reaching a length of fifty feet and are often ten feet wide. Another palm, a native of Ceylon, has leaves twenty feet long and eighteen feet broad, from which the natives make tents and shelters.

The Wayside Inn's neighborhood has been marked by the Census Bureau as the center of population for Massachusetts. The exact point is eight-tenths of a mile south-southwest of the Sudbury post office.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

"If the world's chemists and the world's engineers would hold annual meetings in a friendly spirit, for the salvation of mankind! If they could agree together that to exercise their ingenuity on the perfecting of destructive agents for the use of governments was a crime; to take money for it a betrayal of their species! If we could have such exchange of international thought as that, then indeed we might hear the rustle of salvation's wings. And—after all—why not?"—*John Galsworthy.*

The Maruhachi family, of Tokyo, who operated a drug house of old established fame, had received and transmitted from generation to generation a sealed instrument, with instructions that it should be opened only if the family house fell into straitened circumstances. The packet was rescued during the earthquake and it was found to contain instructions to dig at a certain place. Three earthenware pots of kobangs—oval-shaped gold coins of feudal days—were found, valued at several hundred thousand yen.

Gold was first hammered between parchment leaves until the mold, termed goldbeaters' skin, was invented. This skin is made from a membrane of the ox and the secret of its making is kept by a family in London which has made the membrane for three generations. Three months are consumed in the treatment of the membrane and it may be beaten continuously for months with a sixteen-pound hammer without material injury.

New local emergency paper money, based on rye values, issued by the Agrarian Union in Pomerania, has printed on its face the words, *"Not valid in Jewish hands."*

Sweden expects to electrify all of its railway lines within ten years.

"A Hearse Is a Poor Vehicle to Come to Church In—Why Wait?" This sign on the bulletin board of the Saint Andrews United Brethren Church of Des Moines started the congregation talking—and going to church.

"There are many people who can only do a particular thing on condition that they do it in two directions. They can repress themselves only when they are engaged in repressing someone else; for the thing we are doing outwardly and to others is always the thing that we are doing inwardly and to ourselves. If we treat others benevolently we are assuredly being kind to ourselves; if we mete out torment we will receive that measure and will write in it."—*James Stephens* in "Deirdre."

"Dixie," the popular Southern song, was written by a Northern actor, the theme, "I wish I was in Dixie" being the actor's desire for a winter engagement in the South.

Under the new American law, a woman not an American citizen marrying an American since September, 1922, does not obtain American citizenship thereby. She must establish a year's residence in the United States with due formalities. She may enter America, either accompanied by her husband or not, only as an ordinary immigrant depending on the quota rule.

The supply officers of the United States Army make annual expenditures of public funds mounting to many millions of dollars in times of peace and billions in time of war. That they may perform this important service with the greatest efficiency an Army School of Business has been proposed by the Assistant Secretary of War, Colonel Dwight F. Davis.

Two hundred and ninety-eight vessels of the American Merchant Marine were lost during the year, 139 were sold to alien flags, and 628 were abandoned, their tonnage being: lost, 127,584; sold, 218,401; abandoned, 142,916.

Prominent Masons of Lexington, Kentucky, launched a movement to preserve "Ashland," the home of Henry Clay, when they presented a resolution to the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, petitioning the state legislature for an appropriation to purchase the property. Kentucky Masons pledged $5,000 toward the purchase of this historic spot.

The Department of the Interior announces that more than 100,000 acres of public lands in the states of Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming will be opened to homesteaders. World War veterans are to have a ninety-one day preference in filing on the lands.

FIVE YEARS OLD—600,000 CIRCULATION

In the short space of five years, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has become the world's foremost non-fiction, fact-giving weekly. It is being read in hundreds of thousands of American homes every week and is doing its part toward developing those standards of living and government which will insure continued welfare and prosperity for our country.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

DEA

The Ford International Weekly

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Some Life Insurance Facts

The First of Two Interesting Articles on This Theme

The Freest People in the World

How America's West Was Won

Canada Once More on Her Feet

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Turning the Searchlight on Life Insurance

Billion and Half in Premiums Paid in Year; Where Does Big Money Go?

PROBABLY there is no subject upon which the general public is so hazy as upon that of insurance in general, and life insurance in particular. Dr. S. S. Huebner, professor in the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, remarks in a lately published textbook on insurance:

"Despite the almost universal use of life insurance and its vital importance to those who purchase it, very few persons take a direct interest in acquainting themselves with the management and business policy of the company in which they are insured. In practically all cases the companies are controlled by a limited number of persons, who have little or no difficulty in securing the necessary proxies to perpetuate their control. Even assuming that any considerable portion of the vast number of policyholders could be induced to take an interest in the condition of the company in which they are insured, it is clear that very few are sufficiently posted in life insurance matters to ascertain intelligently the true state of affairs.

"Life insurance is necessarily a technical and complicated subject, and the real condition of a company can only be determined by laborious and expert examination. In view of conditions like those just recounted, it will readily be admitted that life insurance is a fit subject for some sort of government regulation designed to protect the public adequately against mismanagement and unjust practices." (pp. 355-356)

The origins of the life insurance business go back as far as 1699, when there was formed in London a "Society of Assurance for Widows and Orphans." The growth of the business was so slow, however, that one hundred years later, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it is estimated that there were not more than one hundred life insurance policies in force in the United States.

Do You Know These Facts?

BY 1860 the insurance companies doing business in the state of New York reported only 56,000 policies and an annual premium income of $4,700,000. It was after the Civil War that life insurance entered upon its great growth. In 1870 the number of policies reported by the New York companies was 740,000, with an annual premium income of $90,000,000.

Let us now glance at the status of the life insurance business in the United States today.

Do you know that life insurance leads all other forms of business or investment in the United States today?

Do you know that in January, 1923, according to the official Insurance Year Book for 1923-24, the total amount of life insurance in force in this country, as reported by 260 companies, was MORE THAN FIFTY BILLIONS OF DOLLARS—more than twice the amount of the national debt? ($50,028,063,373, of which $41,374,944,876 was ordinary life business and $8,653,118,497 industrial.)

Do you know that the amount of life insurance in force has doubled in only eight years?

Do you know that the assets of life insurance companies exceed the combined resources of the savings banks of the United States?

Do you know that the grand total of new business during the year 1922 amounted to NINE AND ONE-HALF BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, an increase of NEARLY ONE BILLION over 1921?

Do you know that in January, 1923, there were in round numbers 18,500,000 ordinary life policies in force, and millions more of industrials.

Do you know that the official Insurance Year Book states that the amount of annual premiums paid in 1922 to 260 life insurance companies was $1,672,099,924, that the total income of these companies during that year (premium payments, interest on investments, and so forth) was $2,137,294,355, while total payments to policyholders during the year amounted to only $1,006,931,734, leaving a difference between income and payments to policyholders, to the amount of MORE THAN ONE BILLION DOLLARS ($1,130,362,621)?

Do you know where all of this money went?

Do you know that the combined "admitted assets" of these 260 companies amounted in 1922 to MORE THAN EIGHT BILLIONS OF DOLLARS ($8,717,758,247)?

Where the Money Comes

THE question here naturally suggesting itself is, whence come these stupendous funds in the hands of the life insurance companies? The answer is, from millions of small payments, painfully scraped together by the policyholders. It is these which have built up the great reserves and which every year unite to swell the vast streams of income pouring into the insurance companies' coffers.

As Dr. Huebner suggests, there has been little real analysis of the fundamental facts of life insurance by the public. For instance, when a policyholder dies, who is it that really pays the money to his survivors? The insurance company, as nine out of ten might answer? Not at all. The insurance company is a mere trustee or agent. The money has been earned by the great family of policyholders.

Yet for years the public has been fed up on advertisements which have represented the great insurance companies as kind-hearted philanthropists, a combination of Santa Claus and wealthy uncle, whose sole interest is to relieve the distress of widows and orphans—for a ridiculously insignificant consideration.

The impression is consciously or unconsciously created that it is the company that pays the money and bestows favors out of its bounty.

By J. V. NASH

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Nash. The second, which will appear in an early issue, will deal with what you get for your money in life insurance.

As a matter of fact, the insurance companies, like the banks, are in business primarily to make money; and both institutions in their advertisements cunningly play upon the fears and emotions of men and women in order to get business.

The bank appeals to the fear of want in old age. "Save! Save! Save!" it cries. It preaches Thrift as the greatest of virtues and the source of prosperity, whereas the fact is that it is the thriftiest races, such as the Chinese, who live in the most unspeakable poverty, squalor, and commercial stagnation.

A downtown bank in Chicago displays an oil painting, showing a grizzled old man, dinner pail in hand, entering a factory. "Do you want to be in *his* place at 65?" it asks. If life means opportunity for service, as it should, no one ought to make it the goal of his ambition to become at sixty-five a drone in the hive.

What the bank really means is: "Give me your savings, I'll pay you three per cent interest, invest them at seven or eight per cent, and pocket the difference, so that I, who didn't earn the money, will get a bigger return on it than you who did. Then I'll give you back your money to 'blow in' when you've got one foot in the grave!"

Just as the bank plays upon the fear—which is largely imaginary—of want overtaking one's self in this life, so the insurance companies play upon the fear of want overtaking one's dependents after one's death. **The hypocrisy of the insurance companies' solicitude for the widows and orphans is revealed by the fact that it will not insure you if its medical examination shows that there is any great likelihood of your dying, so that those who are in most danger of leaving widows and orphans unprovided for are precisely the ones that the insurance companies are most anxious to leave to their fate.**

Here is an advertisement, deeply hypocritical when the facts are borne in mind, but perfectly heart-rending in its appeal. It shows a woman of refinement; in widow's weeds, bending over a washtub, tears streaming down her cheeks and mingling with the suds, while three or four hungry looking children are grouped around the tub. "Would your loved ones come to this if you should die tonight?" is the question under the picture.

Play on Emotion for Profit

IN SHORT, the insurance companies have persistently played upon the deepest and tenderest emotions of mankind, for their own profit.

This article is not intended to question the propriety of life insurance itself, honestly conducted, on the basis of a square deal to all worthy applicants, without hypocritical sniffling as a mask for shameless extortion. It is well, however, that we should get down to fundamentals and see just what life insurance in essence really is.

With the gambling features of commercial insurance removed, it is, in effect, a species of communism, whereby the misfortune of one person is borne by the community. Suppose a man thirty-five years old takes out a life insurance policy for $10,000, pays the first year's premium of $270, and then dies. His widow receives a payment of $10,000—a difference of $9,730. This $9,730 did not drop from the sky; it was earned somewhere and somehow. Who earned it?

There is only one answer to this question: it was earned by the other policyholders, the company merely acting as the trustee or agent of the little community represented by the policyholders. It was possible to pay this man's family the $9,730, because many other policyholders will not die until so many years have elapsed that they will have paid in, with accrued interest, much more than the face of their policies. *The insurance fund will be further enriched by the lapsing of many other policies through default in payment of premiums.* In most companies, no surrender value is allowed until the end of the second year, and many allow nothing until the policy has been in force three years. The amount of insurance lost to policyholders in this way, especially in hard times, is enormous. In 1913 the companies reporting to the Insurance Department of New York State showed insurance amounting to $355,725,818 terminated in regular ways that year, while $723,469,303 (more than twice as much) was terminated by lapse or surrender.

In other words, many get little or nothing, a few get substantial payments, and the insurance company makes profits on all. "The average duration of life is lengthening, at least in insurance experience," says a prominent authority, "and the insurance companies are making more in consequence." The insurance companies' profits will be, in the case of "mutual companies," fat commissions and salaries, and, in the case of the stock companies, both of these, with dividends to stockholders in addition. Some of the large stock companies showed, in 1922, according to the Insurance Year Book, dividend payments to stockholders ranging from $100,000 to more than $1,000,000.

While the better life insurance companies are less open to criticism, there is a tendency on the part of many companies to trap the policyholder in various ways, such as the printing of clauses in the policy in such small type that they will be overlooked, and to avoid the payment of losses whenever a technicality can be made a loophole of escape. Again quoting a responsible authority:

"In too many cases, however, the companies have shown a disposition to take advantage of obscurities or technicalities in the contract, to avoid paying honest losses. So prevalent has this practice been that the legislatures of many states have considered it necessary to come to the protection of the policyholders."

Viewed from another standpoint, life insurance, as conducted by the commercial companies, is in the nature of a lottery, wherein one must die to win the prize. While lotteries of other kinds have been abolished as against public policy, life insurance is sanctioned by law, but for the protection of the unfortunate and not for the profit and aggrandizement of private corporations.

Just a Gambling Chance

IN MANY forms of insurance, however, the gambling element is only too apparent. There seems to be no limit to the field of insurance in general. Practically anything can be insured nowadays, from an actress's toe to a prize fighter's fists, from a plate glass window to a boiler, from a cow in a field to an elevator in an office building. Certain insurance companies will bet you a round sum of money that it won't rain on a certain day, that your trusted cashier won't commit embezzlement, that you won't break a leg, that a tornado won't carry off your house, that your credit risks will "come across," or that any man you don't like won't be elected President of the United States!

There has been a growing practice of late years to write life insurance out of all proportion to legitimate purposes of domestic protection. Many wealthy men and women have taken out life insurance in excess of $1,000,000 apiece. The largest individual policyholders in the United States at the present time are said to be the following:

Adolph Zukor (Famous Players-Lasky Corporation) $5,000,000.

Rodman Wanamaker, $4,500,000.

Pierre DuPont (dynamite and gunpowder king), $3,000,000.

J. C. Penney (Golden Rule stores), $3,000,000.

Surely no such vast sums as these are required to care for the dependents of one man. How far should public policy permit the accumulation of swollen fortunes in insurance policies?

If these four men, by some strange mischance, should die tomorrow, $15,500,000 would be paid to their estates or beneficiaries. The great bulk of it would, of course, represent the savings of an army of smaller policyholders, utter strangers to them.

As a matter of fact, it is probable that a very large proportion of the huge volume of life insurance in force today is really not bona fide life insurance for the benefit of dependents. Much of it is held by corporations and other commercial concerns on the lives of their officials and owners, the companies being the beneficiaries. In such cases the company pays the premiums, and includes the payments as an item in its cost accounting. This life insurance, therefore, is concealed in the prices charged the public for the products of the company, and so the public pays the premiums if the insured persons live, and the public pays the insurance if they die! These policies, likewise, may be made to yield big cash loans for the benefit of the wealthy holder or his business.

The Fire Hazard Grows

WHEN an individual is heavily insured, there is, moreover, a sinister moral risk introduced. The collection of such insurance by any impatient and unprincipled beneficiary has figured only too often as a motive leading to murder, or criminal neglect of the insured in illness. The insurance of children in favor of adult beneficiaries is especially open to abuse, and it is difficult to conceive any justification for it.

In the case of fire insurance, the fraudulent collection of policies has become an evil of national proportions. Year by year, with the constantly increasing use of fireproof construction, and the growing efficiency of fire control, the legitimate fire hazard is being reduced, yet the annual fire loss throughout the country, instead of diminishing, is growing by leaps and bounds.

Consider these figures:

Fire loss, 1917	$250,753,640.
Fire loss, 1922	410,889,350.

In five years the national fire loss has nearly doubled!

Commenting on this situation, the Americana Year Book for 1922 makes some very frank remarks. It states:

"A good part of this loss is of the sort called *moral*, but should be called *incendiary*. A long list of small New York City fires is attributed to this cause, and an examination of the fire losses in the territory where cotton losses were severe in the last two years disclosed in a diagram that the curve of cotton loss was followed closely by fire losses."

When a stock of goods insured for most of its original value becomes, through depreciation or market fluctuations, unsalable, or salable at only a fraction of the insured value, the temptation to cash in on the insurance by fraudulent means is apparently in many cases irresistible.

But the subject of fire insurance and its abuses de-

(Concluded on page 14)

The Freest People in the World

A Bedouin Chief Who Pays no Taxes Would Laugh at Our Pretension to Freedom

By BURT P. GARNETT

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Garnett. The second will appear in an early issue.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

Bedouin women at Sinai's base weaving cloth like that of tabernacle curtains.

FOR a century and a half we, in America, have been telling the world and ourselves that we are free. So we are—as free as civilization will permit—but a Bedouin chief would smile in derision at our boast. His contempt for our freedom would match his contempt, like as not, for his cousin of ancient times, the Jewish bazaar-keeper of Jidda or Jaffa or Jerusalem.

Free? When we pay taxes, rent, obey laws, fear the police, go to war and fight under the strictest sort of discipline—against enemies not particularly of our own choosing? Ha! The sheik, he laughs a wild, barbaric laugh.

He pays no taxes. He shoots tax collectors. He knows no landlord. He has no house to enslave him. He lives in a tent, on the lands given to him ages ago. Sometimes foreigners try to interfere with him and make him conform but they learn, without delay and unmistakably, that the Bedouin does not conform to anything aside from his tribal traditions.

When the Bedouin fights, he goes after enemies of his own choosing, and does so with courage and dispatch and efficiency. But when fighting bores him or becomes tedious, he mounts his Arab horse and is off.

This, as the Bedouin sees it, is freedom—real freedom; freedom beyond the offerings of the veriest modern poet.

Moreover, the Bedouin lives. He lives magnificently. He has his camels, his goats, his horses—mobile property and dignified, property that multiplies and provides a living and more, property that takes care of itself, largely, or can be intrusted to those slavish creatures, women. He demands and gets fees from travelers in the desert, timid fellows who are willing to pay and thus protect themselves against robbery.

And so the Bedouin gets money, whereupon he goes to Jerusalem and swaggers through the streets. He enters a shop and bawls loudly for a nargile and tobacco and coffee. His tip to the waiter is a look of proud disdain, and the innkeeper is a pleased man if his guests do not break the nargile over his humble, landlordish head.

On a shopping tour the Bedouin is equally magnificent. What money he has, he spends, and with it he buys silks and jewelled trinkets and whatever catches his fancy, but always drives a close bargain. He scowls, threatens and beguiles the merchant, and perhaps does not steal more than two or three minor articles.

He stalks through the streets proudly and without fear. Indeed, what has he to fear? The hate and resentment of a lot of shopkeepers? Bah! Hate and resentment are what he wants. He would scorn their friendship. But might they not harm him? The sheik's eyes narrow dreamily but with a peculiar gleam in them. True, they might attempt to do him harm, but these shopkeepers have learned that molesting a Bedouin is dangerous business. You see, there are so many other Bedouins to avenge an injured brother in a very violent and disagreeable manner.

Besides, it is not the Bedouin nature to be fearful. He is a Mohammedan and a child of Kismet. If Allah wills that the end of his days is come, so be it.

This seems to indicate a deep religious strain in the fellow. Religious? Of course he is. He is a good Mohammedan. He knows his Koran, learned it by rote in his childhood, but he does not let his religion restrict him in his sense of freedom. He is as free in conscience as he is otherwise, and does not worry about the Koran's rules or whether his conduct might be approved of by the Prophet.

When he reaches early manhood he marries. If his wife nags him or bores him or does not prepare his meals according to his taste, he divorces her and takes another, according to his pleasure.

Civilized peoples, century after century, have sighed and have been troubled at the Bedouin waywardness. They have attempted time and again gently or otherwise to persuade him that he was not leading a godly and helpful existence. They have earnestly endeavored to raise the Bedouin to higher and better things. He has presented a great appeal to missionary-minded folk all through the ages. What a splendid achievement for any man or group of men to bring these splendid fellows into the fold; persuade them to give up their wild ways, accept a code of morals and ethics and become useful citizens!

The Bedouin's physical prowess, his courage, his intelligence and his high spirit all command respect from other races. His laziness, his loose ideas of honesty, his rudeness and disregard of the opinion of other races, and his utter refusal to settle down and be a peaceful, law-abiding person has for centuries been the despair of all who have come into contact with him.

The Bedouin does not rebuff friendly overtures. He is even agreeable, sometimes cordial, toward the Englishman, Frenchman, German or American. He may listen with interest to what they have to say, but if they bore him or suggest that he reform, he is first amused, then annoyed. Persistence on the part of those who have tried to reform him has usually ended in disaster for the reformer.

The Bedouin asks only to be left alone. If necessary he rebukes interference very decisively. He has proved his right to freedom by survival. It is interesting to compare the Bedouin to the North American Indian. The Indian gave way before the white man, and his numbers and his glory dwindled. He lost a continent—two continents, indeed. Civilization caught and enslaved him, tamed him.

The Bedouins, almost from the beginning of history—they claim direct descent from Ishmael, son of Hagar and Abraham, who with his mother was cast out of Abraham's house—have held their lands and their identity, their dignity. Now, as then, they roam all over Arabia, from the Arabian Sea as far as Mesopotamia and Syria, a distance of about a thousand miles. The land over which they roam and call their own is from three hundred to six hundred miles in breadth. They are men of the great, open spaces, indeed.

Since census-taking is a function of government—the sort of government that collects taxes—one guess is practically as good as another as to the number of Bedouins. Frederick Simpich, writing in *The National Geographic* in 1919, estimated that there were ten million Arabs, divided into two groups—Al Bedoo, or "The Dwellers in the Open Land" and Al Hadr, or "Dwellers in Fixed Localities."

Mr. Simpich ventured the opinion that the Bedouins are nomads from necessity rather than choice, but W. H. Porterfield, an American newspaperman, who has just returned from Arabia disagrees with this view.

Mr. Porterfield says that the Bedouin dislikes cities and a settled life. They look with scorn upon agricultural workers and industrial workers, excepting those industrialists—if they may be called such—of their own tribes who weave cloth of camel hair and goat wool, make saddles and other simple tools and accessories such as their nomadic life requires.

With their strength of numbers and their fighting ability, they could easily go into farming districts, put the peaceable farmers to rout and usurp their places. Instead of this, however, they prefer to let the farmers alone, since they provide certain foods that the Bedouin relishes and which he can get by shrewd trading and the money he exacts from travelers.

Moreover, they are aristocrats, sons of The Prophet. This aristocracy does not pride itself on the ownership of property, lands, castles, serfs and overlordship. The Bedouin cares little for these things. His is rather an aristocracy of freedom. His slaves, even, after seven years of service, become freemen—provided they have embraced the Moslem faith.

When an ambitious nation fancies it would like to add Arabia to its dominion—as has happened many times throughout the ages—the Bedouin is indifferent. Let whoever will make his maps and claim that Arabia is his—a part of the Turkish empire, or of the British or of any other. What is a map? The Bedouin laughs at all of his so-called "rulers."

Mr. Porterfield found the Bedouins—all of the Arabs, indeed—glad to be free of the Turkish rule which had endured for so long. The dwellers in the "Fixed Localities" submitted to this rule, but Al Bedoo grinned superciliously at the Turk tax collectors, or fell upon them, according to their whim.

The Sultan's army would go after them and capture a few camels and try to hold them for the taxes they couldn't otherwise collect. This scheme was of little satisfaction to the Turkish officials, however, for the wily Bedouin would manage to steal away the camels and get them back.

The atavistic pride in the ancient Arab civilization has broken out occasionally as the result of the appeal by the missionaries to reform and lead a higher and better life. The missionary schools in Jerusalem and at other points drew some of the younger men. Mr. Simpich recounts the activities of a group of Arab students living in Paris about the time the war broke out. One of these, a man named Najob Azoura, wrote a book, "Le Reveil de la Nation Arabe," which urged "a united Arabia, independent and progressive, a force in civilization, a cradle of renaissance of Arabian art, literature and science."

This idea aroused enthusiasm among the educated Arabs but not among the Turks, who caught many of the Arab leaders in Syria and shot them. This must have been an alluring idea to the idealists among the Arabs, for their ancient tradition is unquestionably fine, particularly as regards the sciences. Mathematics owes the development of algebra to the ancestors of the modern Arab; in physics and astronomy and chemistry they did much of the fundamental work of discovery upon which these sciences today are based.

The historians, Thatcher and Schwill, credit them with the manufacture of paper—or at least, with introducing the art to Europe. The watch and clock were theirs. H. G. Wells, in his "Outline of History" says, "A century or so in advance of the West, there grew up in the Moslem world at a number of centers, at Basra, at Kufa, at Bagdad and Cairo and at Cordoba, out of what were at first religious schools dependent upon mosques, a series of great universities. The light of these universities shone far beyond the Moslem world, and drew students to them from east and west."

The idea of getting the Bedouin to give up his powder play and revive the ancient culture of his fathers is rather amusing to those who know him. It might be compared to a scheme for getting the cow-puncher of the American plains to give up his sombrero for a silk hat of the "stovepipe" order.

Books, telescopes for looking at the stars, holding phials of acid over Bunsen burners? Give up the desert camp fire, the bitter coffee and the nargile for these?

Perhaps Al Hadr may become interested in such ways, but not Al Bedoo!

And why should he? Would the revival result in new work of equal value? Have these Arabs such mighty intellects that their scientific research would establish the Fourth Dimension, discover the secrets of life and of energy which baffle Western scientists?

It seems hardly likely.

From a standpoint of logic, honestly developed argument, taking into consideration the Bedouin's pleasures, his attitude of mind toward life, civilized man could hardly convince him that civilization would do for him anything else than enslave him. Culture accompanies established institutions, restrictions upon personal and group liberty. Laboratories must be kept clean, factories must supply equipment, mines and chemical plants must provide materials with which to experiment.

Why should the Bedouin change

(Concluded on page 10)

(C) Underwood & Underwood

Left—Typical Arab village and fort. Right—Along the west wall of Nineveh to mound, Nebi Yumis traditional tomb of Jonah. Arabian in foreground, Mesopotamia.

The Magnetic City Where Our West Was Won

Vincennes, Indiana, an Historic Spot Where Brave Deeds Counted Most

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

"On the Banks of the Wabash," with the new-old city near.

THE first time I ever saw Vincennes, Indiana, I felt strangely attracted toward the city. It was as if I had entered a peopled room and spied a pretty girl so noticeably winsome and graceful and possessing such an air of distinction that I could not rest until I had met her. Such a girl would be magnetic. Now, cities are like people; some have magnetism and some have not, but Vincennes has a wealth of it.

The very name of the town calls up the Latin verb, *vinco*, "to conquer." There is something of the conqueror about Vincennes. There is a certain independence that might be described as a queen's pride commingled with the spirit of the winner or pacemaker.

Along with the distinction of itself being the oldest Hoosier city, Vincennes lays claim to having had the first post office, public library, bank, newspaper, Masonic lodge and college in the state within its confines. There the first public land office in Indiana was opened; there the first Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist churches in the state were built.

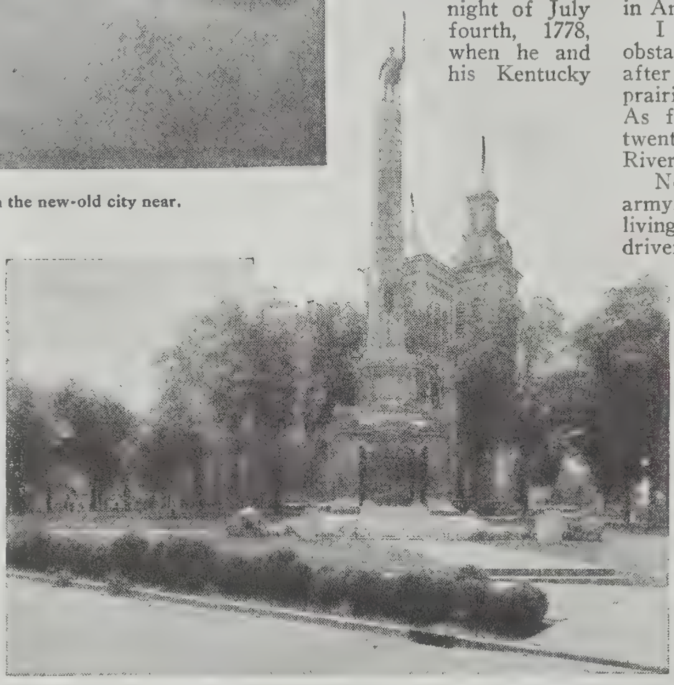
Vincennes University claims the distinction of being the first public school in the United States. The earliest known appropriation of Congress for public instruction was made for the employment of a teacher in this institution. In 1794 President Washington asked Congress to pay Father John B. Rivet two hundred dollars a year. He began his work on the first day of May, 1795. The government was slow and irregular in paying the sum, and the teacher suffered greatly through this neglect. He, however, valiantly carried on his work. At his death in 1804 he was buried in the French cemetery. Long ago the wooden marker disappeared; today no one knows the grave.

The largest Indian mounds in the state lie in a semicircle southeast of the city. Several years ago extensive excavations were made in one of the four mounds. A highly polished mussel shell was found in the right hand of a skeleton which appeared to be that of some tribal medicine man; near by was a bowl probably produced by baking a mixture of ground shells and clay. Close to the right hand of another skeleton rested eight perfect arrowheads; at one side of the neck were a stone tomahawk and the prongs of buck antlers which had evidently been a necklace when deposited there. These and other relics unearthed at that time were donated to the Daughters of the American Revolution, who placed them in the museum the chapter maintains in the brick building occupied by William Henry Harrison when he held the proud position of governor of the Northwest Territory.

This mention of Harrison brings to mind another distinction which belongs to Vincennes. It has been the home of two Presidents, Harrison and Zachary Taylor.

Vincennes has lived under three flags, the flags of the three greatest powers. She was born under France, she matured under England and under the American flag she became the mother of five great states, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. She served as the cradle of American world power. You can take your map of the United States, find the spot labeled "Vincennes" and truthfully say to yourself, "This is where the West was won." From the standpoint of the amount of territory which changed hands through a single engagement, Clark's capture of the post from the British in 1779, it ranks among the greatest military victories.

Clark, however, first captured Kaskaskia, near the site of the present city of East St. Louis. It was done quite dramatically during the night of July fourth, 1778, when he and his Kentucky backwoodsmen surprised the garrison and took the fort without the loss of a man on either side. Part of his men surrounded the town while another part closed in on the fort. Clark himself stood by the door and watched the British officers dancing. An Indian soon caught sight of him and gave the alarm with a war whoop. The voice of the American rose above the sudden clamor as he bade the merrymakers to "go on with the dance but remember you are dancing in honor of Virginia."


The Knox County courthouse and the soldiers' monument.

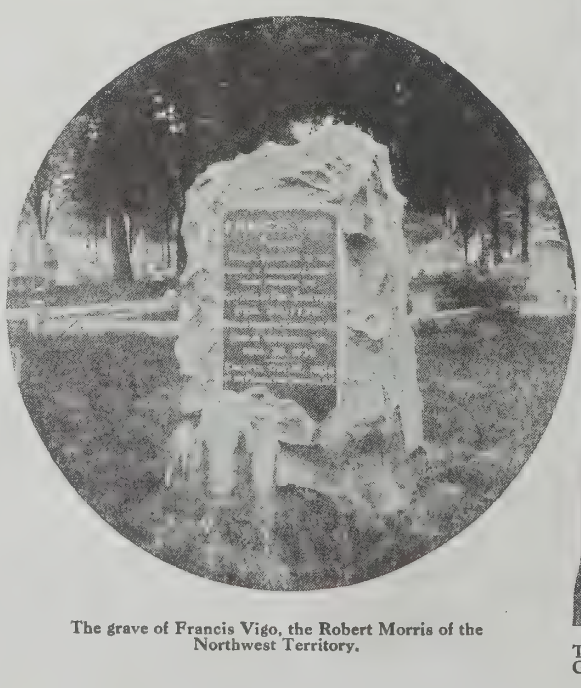
At that time Vincennes was not occupied by any armed force; its inhabitants were chiefly French, and France had become the ally of the United States. Clark sent Father Gibault to Vincennes to secure the allegiance of the populace; this was done. Subsequently Captain Leonard Helm took command of the fort there and proceeded to organize a company of militia from the French residents. A man on horseback arrived at Kaskaskia on the twenty-ninth of January, 1779. He had important news for Clark; for Hamilton had come down from Detroit and taken Vincennes. The British flag flew over the post. Hamilton planned to pass the winter there, then to push on to Kaskaskia and capture it.

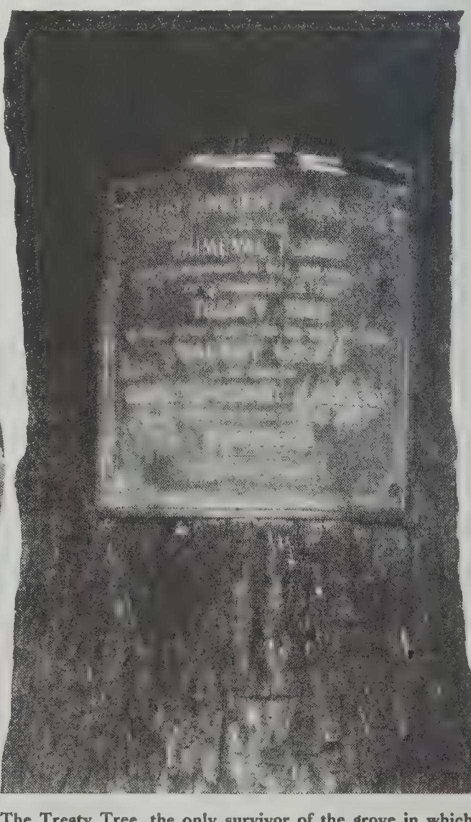
Clark was a man who could think quickly and act courageously. He decided to beat his adversary at his own game. He would make an immediate attack on Vincennes while Hamilton fancied himself absolutely secure because of the interposition of winter. The preparations had been so rapid that only six days passed between the coming of the messenger and the start of the march, destined to be one of the most memorable in American history.

I wish I had space to describe in detail the obstacles the expedition faced and overcame, one after another. It was the season of floods. The prairies were quagmires when they were not lakes. As for dry ground, there was none. On the twenty-first of February they crossed the Wabash River in boats crudely built by themselves.

Now a new danger threatened the brave little army. The food supply was low. They had been living on wild game, but floods had apparently driven the wild creatures away. Besides, they were so near Vincennes that scouting parties might hear a shot, discover the presence of an invading force and make a surprise impossible. He did not wish the strategy of his attack spoiled; so the rifles remained silent, and the men went hungry. Luck favored them on the twenty-third, however, when they captured two Indian squaws and found in their canoe a quarter of buffalo meat and some other provisions. Broth was immediately made, and the downhearted men became a jolly crew.

The determined leader wished to know the exact situation in Vincennes. The French should be friends to the Americans. But were they? Could any support be hoped for from them? Were the Indians hostile? With the town in plain sight, Clark spied some hunters shooting ducks. A band of creoles succeeded in bringing a hunter before Clark, who questioned him. He learned that the French were lukewarm toward the British, and that approximately half the Indians were friendly; but the number of armed men there nearly quadrupled his own. He wanted to proceed diplomatically, to be fair but not to endanger the chance of achieving victory with a minimum loss of life. He decided to take the French inhabitants into his confidence, to inform them of his presence and trust them not to tell Hamilton. It was a bold stroke but it worked out well.


The grave of Francis Vigo, the Robert Morris of the Northwest Territory.


The Treaty Tree, the only survivor of the grove in which Governor Harrison held council with Tecumseh whom he afterward routed in battle.

"Gentlemen," ran the note which he gave to the hunter just before releasing him, "being now within two miles of your village with my army determined to take your fort this night. and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there be, that are friends to the king, will instantly repair to the fort and join the Hair-Buyer General, and fight like men. And if any such, as do not go to the fort, shall be discovered afterward, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those that are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated. And I once more request them to keep out of the streets; for every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat as an enemy."

On the night of the twenty-fourth the invaders entered the town and began firing. At first the garrison attributed the shots to drunken Indians. The fusillade was continued through the night. When the moon set at one o'clock the Americans rushed forward in the darkness and threw up an intrenchment within rifle-shot of the heaviest battery. When dawn came they directed such a hot fire against the portholes that the cannon could not be manned. None of Clark's backwoodsmen were killed and only one was wounded.

A demand to surrender brought from Hamilton the declaration that he was "not disposed to be awed into an action unworthy of British subjects." This happened in the forenoon; in the afternoon the two commanders met in the old French church where articles of capitulation were arranged. Hamilton was bitter at having to give way to a "set of uncivilized Virginia woodsmen armed with rifles."

The twenty-fifth day of February, 1779, marked the fall of Fort Sackville to the men from Kaskaskia. It was an event of tremendous importance, for it gave the new nation "an ace in the hole," when its ministers sat at the peace table in Paris. The midwinter march had given the United States possession clear through to the Mississippi instead of only to the Alleghanies. And so it happened that the nation had room to grow and develop. If the line had been set at the Alleghanies the new nation might not have got on its feet, might never have been able to make the notable Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and later extend its boundary full against the Pacific Ocean. We undeniably know that Clark won the Northwest Territory, and I contend that he did more than any other person in paving the way for the winning of the entire West.

Did the nation show its gratitude to the hero? No. He had been promised thousands of acres of land in an agreement with Patrick Henry, governor of Virginia. The Federal Government was quite careless in carrying out the obligations of the states. The legislature of Virginia voted him a sword, but he died in poverty; he could not eat the sword. A stone marker identifies the site of Fort Sackville at Vincennes as "Captured by Col. Geo. Rogers Clark." It is far too humble for such a great, far-reaching achievement; but it bestows real appreciation where, if ever, appreciation has been strongly deserved.

"I do not know a more heroic achievement in our history than Colonel Clark's capture of Vincennes," one historian poignantly asserts. "I do not know in our history of any greater results from slenderer means than Clark's subjugation of the Northwest. I do not know in our history a sadder picture than the broken, paralyzed old man alone in a cabin, as was Clark's fate; and, lastly, I do not recall in any history a more moving example of national ingratitude than that experienced by the priest, the Spaniard and the soldier."

The soldier, as any one can readily guess, was Clark. The priest was Father Gibault who won the French inhabitants of Vincennes over to the cause of American liberty and prepared the way for American possession. But who was the Spaniard?

A midsummer scene in the residence district of Vincennes.

Do you remember the mysterious horseman who came to Clark at Kaskaskia and told him that the British had swooped down from Detroit and seized the little post on the Wabash? Francis Vigo was his name. He had been an officer in the Spanish army, but had resigned his command and entered upon the business of a trader with his headquarters at St. Louis. He had gone to Vincennes on business, and Hamilton had detained him. The Briton had no authority to hold a Spanish subject; so he released Vigo after exacting from him a promise that he would do nothing to hinder the British cause before he reached St. Louis. Vigo was a man of honor; he held strictly to his agreement, but immediately after arriving at his home he mounted a horse and speedily rode to Kaskaskia and told Clark.

The Harrison House, the oldest brick building in Indiana, also the oldest west of the Alleghanies.

Some writers have called Francis Vigo the "Robert Morris of the Northwest Territory." He had made a fortune through his trading with the Indians and spent much of it to aid the American forces fighting for liberty. Clark's expedition from Kaskaskia to Vincennes might have failed if Vigo had not wisely administered the finances.

About the year 1800 the Spaniard married and built a fine residence for his bride. Upon hearing that William Henry Harrison had been appointed governor of the territory with Vincennes as the headquarters, he tendered the palatial residence to the governor for occupancy until Harrison's own home, then under construction, could be completed.

An ungrateful country delayed reimbursement for the money advanced, and Vigo died in extreme poverty. The justice denied him in life has been partly accorded since his death in 1836.

A township in Knox County and a county in Indiana, also a street and the chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Vincennes, bear his name. The organization erected a rugged granite boulder in a quiet old cemetery of the town he helped to win for the United States.

When Harrison left the Vigo home, he moved into his own, the first brick building constructed in Indiana. It is still standing, is in good preservation and now owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution. A bullet hole in the shutter captures one's imagination. What is the story? This room, across the hall and a short distance back from the council chamber, was the general's bedroom. An Indian, angered at the wrongs done by the whites, attempted to kill the courageous commander as he slept; but the death-dealing missile lodged harmlessly in the wooden panel.

Tecumseh and his tribesmen arrived in Vincennes in August, 1810, to hold a council with the governor who arranged for the meeting under the portico of his home. After placing most of his warriors in camp in the shade of a near-by grove, the chief came forward with a guard of thirty men. Harrison threw open the doors of his home and asked them to enter, but Tecumseh refused.

"Houses," he said, "were built for you to hold councils in. Indians hold theirs in the open air."

The chief then took a position under some trees in front of the brick building. He proceeded to deliver one of his greatest orations, a protest against the cession of land by the Miamis and a demand that the whites relinquish their claim to the land because the grant was not favored by the other tribes. When the great leader, the Napoleon of the Indians, had finished his plea, he turned to seat himself; and at that moment the interpreter uttered Harrison's invitation that "your father requests you to take a seat by his side."

"My father!" the chief flared. "The sun is my father and the earth is my mother. On her bosom I will repose."

All of the foregoing occurred in the large grove of magnificent walnut trees surrounding the house. It was under these trees comprising this grove that a treaty of peace was subsequently signed between General Harrison and Tecumseh. Of this extensive grove but a single survivor remains; it is a scarred and time-worn walnut known as "The Treaty Tree" and bearing a fine bronze commemorative tablet which records its history.

Vincennes has a large building called the Cathedral and built in 1826 by Father Champomier. It stands upon the spot where the first church in Indiana was built, probably as early as 1702. This original church had walls consisting of logs set upon end, the spaces between being filled with mud in which straw from the prairies had been mixed. Within its walls occurred the formal surrender of the Northwest Territory to Colonel Clark following the fall of Fort Sackville. It had in its steeple a simple little bell by which the communicants were called to mass. This bell, since recast, is in the present edifice. It called the people of old Vincennes to this church on that memorable day in December, 1778, when Father Gibault prevailed upon them to renounce the sovereignty of England and embrace the American cause. It has long been called the Liberty Bell of the Old Northwest.

Not all the historic points in the city are as obvious as they might be; so the Fortnightly Club has issued a booklet with a map enabling tourists to locate twenty-four. The forty-three trains daily, the two auto highways and the two airways bring in many travelers; those that tarry a while will discover Vincennes, the place where the West was won, to be an alluring blending of the old and the new.

The site of Fort Sackville which Colonel Clark captured from the British.

Sugar Loaf, one of the four Indian mounds near Vincennes.

Parliamentary Law Rules Legislative Activity

How Skill in Practice Permits a Few to Control the Making of Our Laws

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN THE last session of Congress there were two important bills which a majority of the members of both Houses favored and were anxious to vote for. Both passed the Lower House by large votes. When they came up in the Senate, spokesmen for opposing minorities said, in effect, to the majority:

"We know that if this bill comes to a vote it will be enacted into law. But we put you on notice that it shall not come to a vote."

The explanation of the death of these bills lies in the subtle and little-known realm of parliamentary law.

Yet parliamentary law is something to which the average person pays little attention, especially in connection with public affairs. Only when parliamentary practice is brought dramatically to the front, as in the old criticisms of "Czar" Reed or the wranglings over "Cannonism," is the average voter made conscious of the fact that it counts at all in government.

Yet it is doubtful if any other factor of government has counted for more among Anglo-Saxon peoples, or counts for more today. In fact, the evolution of the Anglo-Saxon type of popular government has been markedly an evolution of parliamentary law and practice. For the lack of a sound parliamentary code, students say, popular government has failed among many other peoples.

Skilled Run Congress

SKILL in parliamentary practice rarely is taken account of in selecting those who are to make our laws. Yet no other type of skill exceeds that in importance. *The best parliamentarians invariably run Congress and other legislative bodies.*

"If I could make it so," a former leader in Congress recently said to the writer, "I would require every candidate for the House of Representatives or the Senate to pass an examination in parliamentary law before being permitted even to become a candidate. For to send to Congress a man who knows nothing of parliamentary practice is like naming an illiterate person a member of a board of education. Either may learn, it is true, but it will take the former about as long as the latter to get on to his job.

"Let me tell you something that will sound astonishing. Because of his ignorance on the subject of procedure it takes the average new member of the House of Representatives at least one year *to learn to hear.* For he must know procedure to understand what is said on the floor or the meaning of various actions taken. Every old member has had new ones come to him and say, 'Darned if I can tell what's going on here.' Everything that's said and done has to be judged by procedure. One who knows this procedure could stuff his ears with cotton and yet 'hear' everything. The time of day, the day of the week or month, the men taking leading part on the floor, the man in the chair, all have a bearing on the real meaning of transactions. Thoroughly to learn all this takes experience, but knowledge of the rules and of the fundamentals of parliamentary law helps immensely. And a member must know these if he ever achieves anything. He may be a great orator, a powerful lawyer, a superb handshaker, but unless he develops parliamentary skill he ever will be dependent for results on those who do."

Not Made, Just Grows

PARLIAMENTARY law differs from statutory law in that it is not made—it grows. It is more like the English common law, that is, custom evolved from experience.

The precedents which govern the Congress come down from the First Congress, though some are taken from other fields, and constitute a big literature. As compiled by the late Asher Hinds in 1907 for the House of Representatives alone, they fill eight thick volumes. A similar compilation of Senate precedents fill one large volume.

These precedents comprise important decisions made by various presiding officers of the Houses themselves on points having to do with the rules.

These decisions frequently have had curious as well as far-reaching effect.

The city of Washington, or rather, its situation on the Potomac, is an object lesson in what a minor technicality in parliamentary law may lead to. *But for an incidental ruling on a parliamentary point raised in the United States Senate, the national capital would be on the Susquehanna instead of the Potomac River.*

Both Houses of Congress voted to establish the national capital somewhere on the beautiful Pennsylvania river. One of the Senators from Pennsylvania wanted it located near Philadelphia and moved a reconsideration. The point was raised that inasmuch as he had voted for the bill, his motion was not in order. John Adams, who as Vice-President was presiding over the Senate, held that it was in order. This gave Hamilton and Jefferson a chance to make the famous political deal whereby the national capital went to the South in return for that section's help in paying the Revolutionary debts of Northern states. A year later John Adams reversed his ruling on the same parliamentary point when raised in connection with another subject!

Adams' son, John Quincy, when in the House of Representatives, once took a bold step in the realm of parliamentary practice which, some of his admirers of the time said, entitled him to more fame than anything he had ever done, though he had been President and in many other high positions. When a new House of Representatives came to organize it was found that the balance of power lay with five contested seats. The clerk of the House, who was presiding, stated that he had no authority to call the names of any contestants for those seats. As no one could vote for those seats, neither side in the House could command a majority and therefore it looked as if the House could not organize and begin its work. A motion was made that the names of persons formally certified be called for the purpose of organization. The clerk ruled that he didn't have authority to put the motion.

"Well, then, I'll put the motion," declared John Quincy Adams from the floor. He did so, the motion prevailed and a possible breaking down of government was prevented.

Similarly did Henry Clay, later on, hold that, though no rule gave him as Speaker the specific authority, he, as presiding officer, could and should refuse to entertain motions made for purposes of delay and obstruction only.

By such bold steps in the realm of parliamentary practice, orderly government often has been saved from severe embarrassment if not complete breakdowns.

The writer once witnessed the taking of a peculiarly dramatic step by a presiding officer in a state legislature. It was the last night of the annual session. A disgruntled member resolved to force an extra session by preventing the passage of supply bills. He began to conduct a filibuster by the well-known means of demanding roll calls, moving to adjourn, and otherwise stopping the practical transaction of business. When the Speaker saw what was up he ruled the member out of order.

"I appeal from the decision of the chair," the member shouted.

"On the ground of public policy, the chair declines to entertain the appeal," declared the presiding officer.

When the member refused to take his seat, the presiding officer directed a husky doorkeeper to use physical force in suppressing the filibuster.

Filibustering was formerly used quite frequently in both Houses of Congress; it rarely occurs now except in the Senate.

By reason of a long line of decisions from the chair as well as many changes in the actual rules, it has become almost impossible for action to be prevented in the House of Representatives by dilatory tactics alone.

Reed Ruling Still Holds

THE culminating decision was the famous one of Thomas B. Reed whereby he directed the counting of a quorum regardless of whether all members present answered to their names when called. Before then a minority in the House often could tie the body's hands by simply refusing to answer roll calls, thus producing a "no quorum" situation.

Reed was violently denounced but his ruling still holds. However, the power of the Speaker was greatly reduced when so-called "Cannonism" was overthrown.

It was because of parliamentary law that the Speaker of the House of Representatives became the second most powerful official in the government. *The great power once exercised by the Speaker, some students of the subject say, steadily is drifting into the hands of the leader of the majority on the floor.*

For if large assemblies like the House of Representatives do much work it is necessary that power to direct affairs lie in a few and perhaps in only one individual. Under lax parliamentary practice, a few persons in any large assembly can prevent anything being done.

Under strict rules like those governing the House of Representatives, free discussion on the floor becomes impossible. Genuine debate has all but disappeared from the Lower House of Congress on account of the fact that no one yet has been able to devise rules whereby debate may be free and unrestrained without giving to a few the power to "talk" almost any measure to death.

No Restraint in Senate

DEBATE still is unrestrained in the Senate; that's why a determined minority there often can "lay the law down" to the majority. Single members of the Senate sometimes do this. Senator Tillman once compelled the Senate to grant a claim he was interested in, by threatening on the last night of the session to read from Byron's poetry until the hour for final adjournment. Three members, lead by Senator LaFollette, would have prevented the passage of the Vreeland-Aldrich currency bill, but for the fact that one, Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, was blind. After a long dilatory speech he sat down, thinking another one of the group would take up the filibuster. The other two happened to be out of the chamber, and thus the filibuster was lost.

"A little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own" defeated in the Senate President Wilson's Armed Neutrality Bill in 1917. This incident caused the Senate to amend its rules, so as to add to its procedure a measure of what is known as closure.

Closure is perhaps the most difficult branch of parliamentary practice. In usual form it means that when the majority of a deliberative body wants to stop talking and vote it can do so. But to permit it in full form means putting a minority at the absolute mercy of the majority, as is now the case largely in the United States House of Representatives where strict closure rules prevail. It takes a two-thirds vote to bring about closure in the Senate. Under strict rules of closure, the last tariff bill, for instance, passed the House after only a few hours of discussion. In the Senate it was debated for several months.

Most members of long experience in Congress oppose the applying of strict rules of closure in the Senate. Even Senator Lodge, whose historic Force Bill was defeated because of the absence of such rules as prevail in the House now, opposes closure. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, who at one time favored closure, stated before his death that he had never known a measure which the public really wanted to be "talked to death" in the Senate.

Parliamentary practice is so complicated that now, with a House of Representatives of unwieldy size and more work than can be done within the time allowed, it has become necessary for most operations in Congress to depend on common agreement. This takes the form of "unanimous consent" in the House or "Senatorial courtesy" in the Senate. Unless all members of both Houses agreed, as a rule, to go ahead and do something, very little could be done. Now and then an individual member of the House throws discretion to the winds and satisfies a grievance by objecting to every request for "unanimous consent." He thus operates a "one-man filibuster," but no one has ever dared to carry on one for more than a day or two.

And it is singular that no Senator has ever dared to make assault on the vague and subtle thing, almost unknown to accepted parliamentary practice, called "Senatorial courtesy."

Would Have Ended "Courtesy"

SEVERAL years ago a very daring public man, when running for the Senate, promised if elected that he would do so. Unfortunately for the annals of dramatic history, he was defeated. Had he been put in position to make good on his promise, a tremendous revolution in government might have resulted. No one can tell how far-reaching would be such a feat, which at any time might be carried out by a single Senator and in great degree by a single Representative.

"I couldn't do it now," says the man who once proposed to do it. "For I couldn't stand the strain; it would kill me."

Though such an undertaking as he proposed would put on him a strain that no man in position to has yet dared to risk, it would put a still severer strain on parliamentary practice. The whole fabric of parliamentary law, the evolution of a thousand years of experience, might break under such a test.

Thus it is easy to see how important is this phase of public affairs.

Because of a failure of parliamentary procedure the old government of Poland went to pieces. The old German Confederation went to pieces in a similar way. Some historians say that the horrors of the French Revolution were the direct outcome of the failure of parliamentary practice. The country for centuries had had no legislative assemblies. Hence there were no parliamentary experts to run the States General or its successor, the National Assembly, when they were called together. Since the latter, as Macaulay says, couldn't make rules for governing itself, it felt entirely competent to set forth principles for governing all the world.

It is probable that Bolshevism in Russia is largely the result of a similar absence of parliamentary traditions. The lack of these traditions frequently have marked the breaking down of government in many Latin-American countries.

Experts Often Employed

ELIMINATE all the capable parliamentarians from its membership and its employed personnel, and our own Congress probably would be as helpless as an average legislative body in Venezuela or the Ukraine.

But Congress in its wisdom takes no such risk. It even employs outside experts to help in the matter of parliamentary law. For a long time the Speaker of the House of Representatives has been provided with a parliamentarian, who assists him in keeping up with the precedents and in making rulings. In fact, important rulings are more the product, ordinarily, of the Speaker's parliamentary clerk than of the Speaker himself.

Our national attitude toward parliamentary practice has been so indifferent that, as the late Champ Clark indicates in his biography, not even a Speaker of the House of Representatives has ever been elected chiefly because of his skill in administering parliamentary law. Most of them, however, have been capable parliamentarians, for usually they are leaders on the floor—only three newly elected members ever have been elected to the Speakership—and no one who is not skilled in parliamentary practice can do much leading on the floor of any large assembly.

Perhaps the chief reason the radical bloc in the next Senate is expected to count for much is that it will be led by Senator LaFollette, one of the most capable and boldest parliamentarians in Congress.

And some say the Republican lead in the House of Representatives also will be greatly confused and perhaps offset by the fact that in the new Lower House the Democrats will command the largest amount of expert parliamentary ability. This is because several of the best Republican parliamentarians there in recent years have dropped out while the best ones among the Democrats are still on the job.

Mr. Ford's Page

AMONG the many failings in the common thought is the tendency to think that because things are different they are therefore worse. The hardest experience to which we have to become accustomed is the experience of change, except that change which goes on imperceptibly in ourselves. It is somewhat astonishing to observe how often the word "old" and the word "good" are used together. The old is good in retrospect; when it was the new, it was unwelcome, too. The Colonial fathers did not feel colonial, and "the good old times" were judged by those who lived in them to have been the worst up to that period of the world's history.

One of the commonest of the complaints concerning the changes that have come over the world is that it is drawing the lines tighter, is harder and colder than before. There is less neighborliness in our cities; there is a decrease in understanding sympathy between man and man; there is not the readiness to help one another which we fancy there formerly was; people seem to take their emotional and friendly life through plays and novels; and sometimes it seems that the only common acquaintances tens of thousands of people in the big cities have are the characters on the comic page of the evening paper.

> *IN A sense the world is growing harder, because it is growing sounder and more mature. Hardness need not mean harshness. The lines are being drawn tighter, but only upon the old weaknesses, the old flabbiness which used to make such constant call upon the virtue of sympathy and helpfulness. People stand upon their own feet more than formerly, have less need to ask aid, have less experience with the causes which may reduce people to the necessity of asking help, and therefore the old precepts which made this form of helpfulness the chief virtue are passing away. It is not that the world is harder, but conditions have changed, and we are not wise to conclude that because things are different they are therefore worse. It is our duty not to protest change but to interpret it.*

Thus the complaint runs. It is intensified whenever a visit to the country shows us remnants of the life that used to be, when neighborliness was an economic necessity, when people had to help each other if anybody was to get along at all. It is rather strange that lighted windows across half a mile of snowy fields should suggest more neighborliness than miles of city boulevard lined with lighted apartment houses. But so it is. Scarcity of people makes for acquaintance, where multitudes of people remain strangers.

There are, however, several matters to be taken into account before drawing a harsh conclusion. They are worth a moment's description because they may prove the clue out of the maze to some honestly puzzled mind. Take first oneself. Oneself is the glass through which we think we see these changes, so that it is wisdom to look at the telescope we are using. The world is always kindly in appearance to youth. Youth is not afraid of the world. The world bristles with opportunities and invitations to youth. It is when the hardening of responsibility comes, it is when a view of the real seriousness of life arrives, that the scene seems to become more somber. And yet you may be confident that youth following on behind finds the same old inviting world that you found in your youth. So that when we consider the element of personality it becomes a question which is hardening—we or the world.

And then there is the changing character of economic life to consider. It is within the memory of all yet in middle age that even in our cities a more compact community life was lived than is possible now. There was not such a large moving population. We are in a period when all classes and all cities are being mingled; a new sort of pioneer period when families move hither and thither with a freedom unknown twenty-five years ago. Travel is no longer a novelty. It is always so when new combinations of life are about to be made. But it does make for an individualism which, while more self-reliant, is yet less warm —outwardly, at least—than the old neighborly stay-at-home sort of life. But the change is on; its urge is from a source beyond our conscious will; and it is a phenomenon to observe and interpret rather than fruitlessly protest.

Moreover, there is the change in the character of help that can be given. For that is what it comes to at last—the help that man may receive from man. One is struck when in the country with the fact that all that anyone needed could easily be contributed by neighbors, for all possessed the common necessaries of all. Exchange in commerce or in charity was "in kind." Help was easy to give, easy to get. It is true in the country today, though help "in kind" is a rare need now. But when we come to the millions in our cities the whole complexion of human need changes. About the only way left to help a man is with money. In the city almost all difficulties can be handled with money. Everything is bought and sold. Except with money, or influence to get employment, there is practically no way to help a family in distress, if that family lives in the city. It is not a question of sending in food—it is a question of rent bills, and fuel bills, and light bills, and other bills, and all the expenses which were quite unknown in the country, or even in the city three or four decades ago. And when you reduce neighborliness to dollars, the self-protective instinct arises, and families are more careful than ever they were with bread or blankets.

These are some of the factors which enter into people's complaint that the world grows harder, that lines are being more tightly drawn. But the facts are not all on one side. There has been too much emphasis in the past on the possibility of relying on others and too little on the necessity of relying on oneself. This is said in spite of all the philosophy of self-reliance, for while the higher teaching pointed toward independence, a great deal of the common teaching had the effect of leading people to expect some form of charity.

This apparent hardening of the world seems to mean that more people than ever before are standing on their own feet, asking for nothing, and that they are therefore more inquiring toward those whose tendency is to be asking for something. There is, for example, a great decrease in borrowing; people don't have to borrow as formerly they did; and they look askance at borrowers as they never did before, not out of hardness of heart, but out of inquiry as to what caused the necessity to borrow.

So that the whole situation resolves itself into this, that our communities are made up of people who have guarded their own interests so well, as it is everyone's duty to do, that they do not have to put themselves upon the mercy or sympathy of others. Private management is perhaps a higher art today than it ever has been. People are not led away by illusions as they used to be. It must be remembered that this generation has passed through some pretty severe lessons in this respect, and caution has superseded thoughtlessness to a very large degree. The old free, hand-to-mouth way of living has largely passed. Most people have stakes in life that breed responsibility. About the only two elements that bring breakdown today are folly or tragedy, and, of course, those who make an appeal for aid are asked which it was in their case.

That is the change that has come over the world—the need for constant exchange of material aid having passed, the habit of extending it, and the whole list of sayings and doctrines that impressed it have passed also. Poor Richard's Almanac has become in fact the working schedule of the major part of the American people. Poor Richard had a certain hardness about him, no doubt of that, but it was such a hardness as was a shield against a very enervating kind of softness. One may be hardened without being hard or harsh. A certain amount of hardness is necessary to soundness. Mushy characters, like mushy apples, are not admired and are of little use. Perhaps another change will come, in that, having settled our material independence, we shall go back again to the true element in the old neighborliness which we have lost.

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The Retirement of Our Debt

RESPONSIBLE authorities have not yet presented a definite plan to retire the national debt. Occasionally, a fiscal report from the Treasury Department will contain a casual reference to the gradual reduction of the debt. But a workable program completely to wipe out the present obligations of the Government is still to be offered. The stupendous size of the debts in the aggregate and the uncertainty over the payments of the obligations owed to the United States contribute to a general vagueness over retiring the debt.

The time to act is approaching. More than five years have passed since the conclusion of the World War. It was the prosecution of this conflict which resulted in the incurring of the greater portion of the present national debt. During the five years of peace, an unsettled peace, it is true, the country has approached a point from which a calm survey of future financial prospects may be attempted. The nation underwent one period of somewhat violent deflation. It may with reason hope for a steadier and more gradual progress toward normal peace-time conditions. These conditions cannot be reached until the burden of war-time debt is lifted. That lifting, it is obvious, will take a long time. How long, the public is entitled to know. It is clear that no principle of justice can permit the war debts to remain a continuing obligation upon future generations.

At the conclusion of the war, it was estimated that the United States owed approximately twenty-seven billion dollars. The sale of war-time properties, cancellation of contracts and liquidation of other sorts, together with payments during the last five years, have resulted in a considerable reduction, however partisan figures may differ.

At the conclusion of business, December 31, 1923, the Department of Treasury announced that a net reduction of the debt of $400,000,000 had been accomplished during the year, and that the public debt stood at $21,589,160,346.

The retirement of the national debt should be made a fixed policy. If it is not a fixed policy, the temptation will be a constant one for political administrations and Congresses to defer proper debt payments to procure a nominal lightening of the tax levy.

It should not be difficult for the government to formulate a tentative program of retirement, based upon present financial conditions. Regular payments of interest charges are mandatory. Regular payments on the principal of the debt are vital to the continued prosperity of the nation. A program of debt retirement, prepared under present conditions, need not be injuriously affected by the fact that arrangements have not yet been made for the refunding of the debts of all foreign governments to the United States. Payments on those debts, when made, will be accepted as means of accelerating a good purpose. They need not disturb an orderly program of debt retirement prepared with present resources alone in view.

End This Bootlegging, Too

ATTENTION is called to the fact that an immigration bill, proposed by Representative Johnson which passed the last House of Representatives and failed in the Senate, contained a provision vital to the enforcement of the prohibition laws.

The measure required that aliens, convicted in a court of record of violation of certain laws, including the prohibition laws, be deported.

A similar provision is contained in a bill now pending in the House, one which was also presented by Mr. Johnson, who is the chairman of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

Another phase of the proposed immigration legislation which is before Congress will commend itself to the public. It is the proposition to extend to Mexico, the West Indies and other parts of the western hemisphere the provisions of the quota law, now part of the general immigration policy of the nation.

There is a natural desire on the part of residents of the United States to show preference to fellow-Americans in the administration of such laws as the immigration measure. But this preference has caused trouble in the enforcement of the Dillingham law, now on the statute books.

Bootlegging of aliens from Cuba, Mexico and Canada has been an evil with which the Department of Labor has been unable to cope. The proviso in the last immigration law whereby direct admission of aliens from adjacent countries was possible, made a brief residence of Europeans in those favored countries a means of evading the American law. Europeans, inadmissible under the quota laws, found they could enter the United States by going first to an adjoining country. And those, still inadmissible, often discovered ways of getting smuggled into the United States. Secretary Davis has called attention to this danger to the enforcement of the American immigration laws. The extension of the quota laws to adjoining countries will discourage undesirables from taking roundabout methods to reach this country.

National Bank System Doomed?

"IT NEEDS but a slight acquaintance with American banking," says the *Pacific Banker*, "to be conscious of the fact that a perceptible movement is on to change from the National to the State banking systems. A leading banking paper in Boston is running a series of editorial articles under the head, 'Are the National Banks Doomed?' In his annual report, issued this week, Controller Dawes asks the same question."

Here is a point in the conduct of public affairs emphasized by a condition in the banking business of which little information has leaked out, but of which the banking fraternity is fully aware. The *Pacific Banker* tells us the matter is the subject of keen interest in conference and convention, and quotes extensively from opinions as to the cause, without, however, once alluding to the fact that the doom of all banks, especially all small banks, was sounded as a principal object of the Federal Reserve System. National banks were drafted into the Federal Reserve under duress. To those not blinded by the glittering promise of huge return the forced membership is even yet abhorrent.

Banking changes will come in one of two directions. Either the Money Monopoly will be strengthened by still further restricting the power of issue, or there will be legislation giving all government obligations the circulation privilege, and permitting holders to issue government currency upon deposit and waiver of interest.

This will be a transfer of an interest-bearing debt to one costing nothing in usury, thus benefiting the whole people in more ways than one.

Make the Ships Pay

THE action of the Senate Committee on Commerce in disapproving of the recess appointment of Edward P. Farley as chairman of the United States Shipping Board may be accepted as the last act in the Lasker administration of the American Merchant Marine, an experiment in advertising for which the American taxpayers have shouldered a big bill.

Mr. Lasker, whose crowning achievement as head of the Shipping Board, was the *Leviathan's* joy ride to the West Indies, was credited with having induced President Harding to appoint Mr. Farley to his place. President Coolidge offered his predecessor's recess appointment to the Senate without comment. The Senate approved the vast majority of these selections. On Mr. Farley, the disapproval was almost unanimous.

The Senate Committee's action should be the end of efforts to make the United States Government a means of self-advertising.

The country has reason to expect the shipping policy of the nation to be placed in the hands of experienced shipping men who will make the best of the situation. The shipping policy of the country should be determined without delay. The fate of Mr. Lasker's subsidy idea is proof that the country expects the merchant marine to be operated on its merits. The Shipping Board must devise the best possible plan of operation and liquidation, which will enable a maximum of benefit to be obtained from the Government fleet and permit the immediate disposal of ships which cannot be used.

Let City Folk Be on Guard

THE recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury, followed by the President's message, urging a reduction of the Federal taxes, proved infectious.

Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, suggested that the legislature of that state cut the income tax by twenty-five per cent. Executives of other states have suggested similar reductions. But there are more tax-imposing agencies to be heard from.

These are the American cities.

Federal and state taxes have grown vastly in recent years. But taxes in the majority of municipalities have proportionately outstripped both state and nation.

Executives of municipalities are closer to the people than officials of either state or nation. The popularity of the suggestion that Federal taxes be cut must have been clear to municipal authorities. That tax-cutting by municipal agencies will be demanded is certain.

When municipal authorities cut taxes is the time for the public to be on guard. Too often, politicians seek to give the semblance of tax reduction without the substance. A favorite method of "lowering" taxes in a municipality is by raising property assessments, thereby cutting the tax rate but making no appreciable difference in the volume of taxes each individual must pay. Another means of effecting a temporary but costly saving in taxes is by bond issue. In some cities, the constitutional and legal safeguards are not sufficient to prevent the manipulation of appropriations, so that money for running expenses is raised by sale of bonds rather than by direct taxation. In such municipalities the need for the people to be on their guard is vastly increased.

Municipal taxes everywhere should be reduced. But the reduction should be procured through real economy, and limitation of expenditures, not through juggling of assessments or borrowing from the future.

Filling Our Posts Abroad

THE advent of each new administration in the United States renews the discussion of the wisdom of developing the profession of diplomacy, so that posts at foreign capitals may be filled by trained diplomatists rather than by the rich backers of the party in power.

The circumstances surrounding the retirement of Sir Auckland Geddes and the appointment of Sir Esme Howard as British Ambassador at Washington may indicate that England is about to forsake in some measure its traditional adherence to a system of trained diplomats. This may sound paradoxical because Sir Esme is perhaps the most distinguished diplomat in the British service, while Sir Auckland Geddes rose to ambassadorship more in the American style through distinction as an educator followed by brilliant service in British domestic public life.

But Sir Esme's appointment was made by a Tory government which had been just repudiated at the polls. And the haste manifested aroused the belief in the Labor party that the appointment was made to prevent the succession to the ambassadorship of a man who might reflect in Washington the views of that party.

The British foreign service has traditionally been something of a sacred institution. Whether Liberal or Conservative was in power, the foreign office policy followed its accustomed course. The criticism among Labor party members over the appointment to Washington suggests that the time is approaching when the British tradition of a trained diplomatic service may be changed.

In the meantime, American public sentiment has been proceeding steadily toward the goal of a trained service for this country.

Perhaps, neither the British idea nor the American custom may be wholly correct. The trained service has the advantage of knowing its business, but it has the occasional disadvantage of lacking initiative. Highly successful business men, appointed to the important posts in the foreign service, possess the necessary initiative and good judgment. But they lack the training. Some method whereby the nation's foreign service could command the ablest men, but not be a plaything of politics, would work to the nation's advantage in the selection of our envoys to foreign countries.

Developing Community Life in a Village

Elcho, Northern Wisconsin Hamlet, Is Rebuilt as a Nuremberg Town

By FRED L. HOLMES

THERE is still much of the wilderness in Northern Wisconsin. Cities are far apart. A joining thread of trunk line highways links in its chain lumber camps, summer resorts and hamlets. Hastily built frame villages now aspire for city honors just as the near-by pioneer clearings strive for the rank of farmsteads. In the open country where the lumberman's pines stood half a century ago, an undergrowth of tangled sweet fern, a thicket of chaparral, and a sturdy second growth of trees abound.

During the early autumn this is a wonderland of scene and color and smell. The highways seem unending. Feathery little patches of grass blend into the coarser textured green. Wood tangs of sassafras and aromatic tamarack; a sickish flavor of bruised horse-mind and overripe wild raspberries float into the roadside. Above the thick masses of green comes the flash of a goldfinch over a thistle; an open space of burnt-over ground is spread with a blanket of brilliant, blooming fireweed. Beyond, a deer clears the road with a single bound. The hot sunshine filtering into the dark jade scenery expands nature into a brooding spell of tenderness, unfolding power and fulfilled fecundity. Enchantment comes from riding through long distances of this waving, pulsing, developing, variegated landscape.

Into this region of 3,000 lakes, plowed out of the earth's surface by giant glaciers eons before the planting of nature's forests, the tide of settlements has been advancing gradually. The Indian trading post has become the village. As prosperity touches the pine-scented country, the villages, one after another, shake off the lethargy of lumber camp roustering and take on the mantle of modern community development. The 2,500,000 tourists who visit Wisconsin's lakes annually, spending more than $88,000,000, are inspiring a community rivalry not unlike a contest between fervent, exigent lovers in spring.

Just now Elcho, a village of 150 homes on the border of the land o' lakes in Northern Wisconsin, is the cynosure. It is the visitor's dreamland set in a splash of emerald. Within a year it has been transformed from a ramshackle of polyglot one-story frames, into a Nuremberg village wearing a touch of medieval artistry. Elcho is the lengthened shadow of Charles W. Fish, a lumberman, who has owned the village and its industries for nearly twenty years. When a fire laid the old buildings in scarred ruins and ashes last February, he realized that the time had come for a change. Out of the lumber from the encroaching forests and the bricks from the clay beds near by, a new design of business and community village has burst into bloom. Elcho is thriving, building, expanding, lifting its head above the girthing forests, because it is different.

"For a long time I have wanted to build a village that my children and grandchildren will be proud of," soliloquized Mr. Fish as he viewed the smoking pile. "I guess this is as good a time and as good a place to start as any. I have waited for an opportunity to begin at the bottom. No longer need I delay."

Architect and village planner have changed the face of old Elcho—yet the Elcho in ashes was not so old. Within the memory of Indians on the Lac du Flambeau Indian Reservation it has been the site of a village, the scene of tepees and Indian dogs and warriors. Over these hunting grounds the Sioux and the Hurons shifted back and forth in their struggle of rivalry. It must have been a contented Indian village life, for to this clearing of pine and hardwood the Lac du Flambeaus gave the name of "Elcho," meaning "happy," a name also applied by them to a good-natured cat that greeted them every time they visited the village store.

Most of the pioneers of Northern Wisconsin are still living. Communities are new. The story of development is of easy access. Forty years ago the ground on which Elcho now stands was a wilderness solitude. In 1882 the land was purchased from the Government and a veneer plant was started. Three years later the Jones Lumber Company, of Appleton, purchased the plant and expanded the operations.

Logging operations went on uninterruptedly for more than twenty years. The giant Norway pines and hemlocks were cut. It was the heyday of the lumber boom in Wisconsin, when every spring saw the streams and rivers choked with logs being rafted to the mills below.

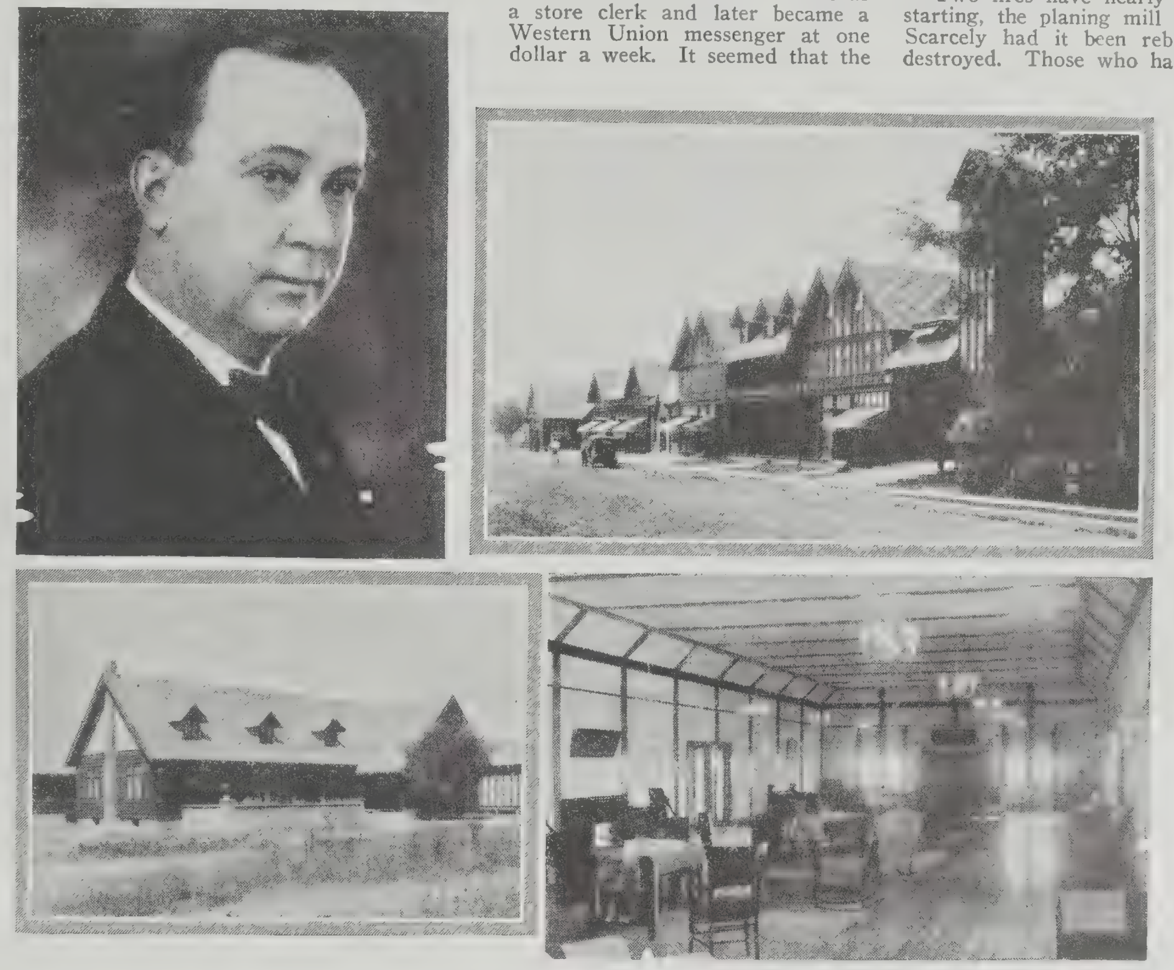
One day in 1898, a member of the Jones Lumber Company firm met Charles W. Fish. The occasion was of only passing interest at the time to the official. Mr. Fish was an ordinary-appearing young chap. Something he said in reply to the questions advanced in the conversation, however, turned the career of Fish from a structural iron worker to that of the largest individual operator in lumber in the country.

"What are you doing?" asked Mr. F. D. Jones.

"I've the hardest work in the world," came the reply. "I am looking for a job."

A bargain was struck at once. Mr. Fish was to go to Elcho to clerk in the general store at thirty dollars a month. He borrowed five dollars from a friend to pay railroad fare and started. After he became established he rented a log cabin and moved his family. He thought that luck was coming fast when the railroad company offered five dollars a month for a man to look after the incoming freight. An income of thirty-five dollars a month gave him a satisfactory outlook on life.

"I hadn't been as successful before I came to Elcho," explained Mr. Fish, now the operator of four large sawmills with an output running into several millions. "I started life as a store clerk and later became a Western Union messenger at one dollar a week. It seemed that the big steamers at the Manistee lumber dock called to me, so I became a sailor serving on an old propeller carrying lumber to Buffalo.



Top, left—CHARLES W. FISH; right, Main street, Elcho. Below, left—The community house at Elcho built by Mr. Fish in fulfillment of his dream for an ideal community; right—An interior view of the community building.

"It was in 1895, when I was eighteen years of age, that I joined the rush to Cook's Inlet, Alaska, before the larger Klondike excitement. There were sixteen members in our party and my father staked me with a few hundred dollars to make the trip. We prospected all the summer of 1895 in Turnagain Arm and I lost nearly all I had. One of our party contracted sciatic rheumatism and the members drew lots to see who was to care for him. I picked the long straw and my occupation shifted from gold digger to nurse.

"One day a mail boat that came once a month touched the coast. When the captain asked for an able-bodied man to act as sailor, I responded at once. We sailed on the steamer *Commodore Perry* in the coastwise trade and at the close of the season I returned to Lake Ann, Michigan."

"Did that end your career as a sailor?" I interrupted.

"Not at once," came the reply, little noticing my question. "I went back to sailing on the Great Lakes and stayed at it for four years. One day when I reached Cleveland I quit. I couldn't stand for the vulgar language of the captain. In the four years I had reached the standing of second mate and was probably the youngest officer of a big boat on fresh water.

"Time and again after that I was offered good jobs as a sailor, but I was so disgusted when I quit at Cleveland that I determined I would never sail again. I went to Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and got a job with a structural iron gang. It was while following this trade that I made the chance acquaintance with Mr. Jones, an incident that immediately changed my career in life."

Elcho was just a lumbering town when Mr. Fish went to clerk in the company store. It had four shacks that were used as dwelling houses, a general store and "just woods." The hours of work were long, from seven o'clock in the morning until about ten o'clock at night.

"I think the happiest days in my life were when my wife packed my dinner pail and I started forth to work, returning in the evening tired but glad to be home," interposed Mr. Fish.

Opportunity came. A settler, tired of making a clearing, came to the store and offered his tract of 160 acres for fifty dollars. Fish had saved fifteen dollars out of his wages and he started out to borrow. Seven friends advanced five dollars each and the purchase was made. About a year later the lumber company decided it wanted the tract. It sold for $3,300.

"That was the beginning," remarked Mr. Fish as he told of his first venture. "I thought I saw other opportunities. I began picking up timber."

With the cutting of the big trees, the lumber business seemed to be dying out. Many of the older operators declared it would be useless to log the smaller timber.

"'Charley, if you can get the money you can buy this store,' remarked Mr. Jones one day. I got the money. Then I purchased the mill. I guess that is about all there is to the story."

Two fires have nearly ruined him. When he was starting, the planing mill burned with little insurance. Scarcely had it been rebuilt, when the sawmill was destroyed. Those who had financed the venture with him were growing a little skeptical about returns. The risk was greater than they had anticipated. He bought them out. But there was no money left to rebuild and operate. So he went to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and for a year and a half acted as manager for a large lumber concern. As soon as he had saved a little money he came back to Elcho determined to make a go of the lumber business under his own ownership.

Another sawmill was built. He cut 400,000 feet the first year. Hardwood operations were added as a specialty and this went big. He cut 1,000,000 feet the next year, 2,000,000 feet the next and for the next six years the business kept on growing. He went in for community development. Forty or fifty houses were built one year; the store in the village was made over; a hotel was erected. Other towns offered him opportunities. He has more than $1,000,000 worth of standing trees, and now owns four mills at Elcho, Antigo, Birnamwood and Hiles. The lumber operations the past year reached more than 50,000,000 feet. And the business is still growing. The Charles W. Fish Company is just Charles W. Fish. There is in reality no company. He is probably the largest individual lumber operator in the country.

There were other plans for larger development when a fire turned the business section of Elcho into an ash pile last February. These were set aside.

Six months after the fire a Nuremberg village had risen. As planned, a trunk-line highway parallels the railroad through the business section of the village and the connected business houses are so artistically fashioned as to challenge the eye of the traveler on train or by automobile.

On the corner of the site of the former grocery, a department store has been built. Then in the chain follows the bank, drug store, Old Muskie Inn, barbershop, offices for dentist and physician and motion picture house. Some of the business houses in the town, which were not destroyed by the fire, have been remodeled to blend into the general scheme, with redwood siding and artistically arranged shingle designs. Moreover, the depot has been brought into the general plan of harmony, with large convenient waiting rooms and long cement landing platforms.

The so-called "Muskie Inn" is one of the finest hotels for its size in Northern Wisconsin. It has fifty-five rooms built around an open court, sixty by thirty-two feet, which gives light to a dining room of the same size. The lobby room of the hotel is finished in brown with Dutch blue in carpet and drapes. There are two stairways on opposite sides leading to the guest rooms.

Fish's community house is one of the show places of the village. It is said to be one of the three most attractive in the state. The building is 100 by 130 feet and from the large veranda a row of French doors open to the lounge, reception and cloak rooms. Large fireplaces piled with logs blaze a welcome in the early autumn. All of the conveniences, common to clubhouses, are to be found, from billiard rooms to bowling

(*Concluded on page 15*)

More Humane Prison System Urged for England

New Movement Under Way, Aided by Lectures of Thomas Mott Osborne

By W. P. CROZIER

OF THE lecturers who have come to England none has been more "acceptable" (to use a word often applied here to preachers) than Thomas Mott Osborne, one of the pioneers of prison reform in the United States. He would have been heard with interest in any case, but, as it happens, there is a new movement now gathering force in England for the reform of our own system and Mr. Osborne's visit came at a time when there was special interest in the American experiments. For though American prisons no doubt have their defects, there is no question that American reformers are in advance of us, both in studying the psychology of the offender and in searching for the reformative principles which ought to be applied to him. For a good part of last century both countries were on the wrong track, using the prison almost entirely as a punitive engine pure and simple. Both countries are gradually coming to take a different view, only there has been quicker change and much more experimental work in the United States.

In England we have had, broadly speaking, two great stages in the history of our prison system. In the first, which covered the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, the prisons were, as we should now think, a shame and an abomination.

Operated Jails for Profit

THE root of the evil was that they were managed for private profit by the gaolers. This system inevitably led to every sort of abuse—to overcrowding, blackmail, prostitution, drunkenness, disease and death. Of the gaolers it was written that they were "low-bred, mercenary, and oppressive, barbarous fellows who have less regard for the life of a poor prisoner than for the life of a brute." Said another writer: "The felons in this country lie worse than dogs or swine and are kept much more uncleanly than those animals in kennels or sties." These were the days when gaol fever, or typhus, was not infrequently communicated by the wretched prisoners to those about them at the Assizes, so that once, at the "Black Sessions" at the Old Bailey, London, four of the six judges on the bench died of the fever, together with some of the counsel, several of the jury and some forty others of those present. The *Gentleman's Magazine* declared that so hideous were the conditions of the prisons that "thus perish yearly five thousand men, overborne with sorrow, consumed by famine or putrified by filth, many of them in the most useful and vigorous part of life." Most of these unfortunate beings were not criminals or felons at all, but only debtors.

How came such a system to continue, when its existence was not only known but was actually exposed publicly both by individuals and by Parliamentary inquiries? No doubt because, as John Howard, the greatest of English prison reformers, said at the time, the general attitude of the respectable and comfortable citizens toward these wretched prisoners was embodied in the curt sentence, "Let them take care to keep out." That is the reason that much that is mistaken, though well-intentioned, in our present system, has been allowed to persist down to the present days. There is a general opinion among the easy and law-abiding citizens that if a man for any cause gets into prison, society is well rid of him and he deserves all that he gets.

Nevertheless, the old system was so repugnant to every feeling of justice and humanity that it was abolished, though—discreditably enough—only by slow and painful stages. John Howard demanded sound and sanitary buildings, gaolers who should be salaried servants of the public, a proper inspection of the prisons and a régime which should aim not only at punishing but at reforming the prisoners. Eventually what he demanded came, but in one direction the reforms ran to extremes and our prisoners have been suffering ever since for the mistake then made.

One of the great evils of the old system was the promiscuity of all ages and sexes which accompanied it. This spread disease and vice and manufactured criminals. The reform movement of the time thereupon advocated separation of prisoners. Hard work there was to be and hard work, too, of the most painful, exhausting and soul-destroying kind. Of this the treadwheel was the type. But it was to be accompanied by much solitary confinement in the cells and by the "perpetual silence" rule. Those are the two features of the system which have come down to us today. In general, the prisoner spends seventeen or more hours out of the twenty-four in his own cell and perpetual silence is enforced.

The aim of those who have applied these two principles was humane. They desired to cut the prisoner off from receiving or spreading contamination and to prevent him from becoming of the "criminal type." He was to be allowed by inward meditation to reform himself. These are still the main principles which inspire our prison system. But it is the opinion of the unofficial inquiry committee which has just reported on the prison system that they are not and never have been humane, that they are based on a wrong psychology, and that they are fundamentally bad in their effects. This committee insists that "of the specific features of the present system most responsible for the prisoners' mental and moral deterioration, the silence rule and the rigid separation are the most important. The present operation of these rules, so far from serving a useful purpose, is productive of mental abnormalities and of serious moral results." Sir Sydney Olivier describes the system as one which insures that if we release our prisoners we shall have to imprison them again "and continue the process of their destruction till nothing but animal life can be said to remain to them."

The root of the criticism is that in despite of great material improvements—better buildings, food, sanitation and the like—our system is still cruel and brutalizing. It has ceased in the main to inflict punishment of the body but it has substituted the punishment, much more terrible, of the mind. It cuts the prisoner off from all normal human activities. Man is a "social animal," but prison throws him back entirely upon himself. It subjects him to a narrow, rigid, unreasoning discipline, denies him initiative, spiritual interests, mental diversion, and turns him into an automaton.

The prisoner either does or does not adapt himself to this system. If he does, he surrenders his own will power, grows rather to like the régime which decides everything, down to the minutest detail for him and as often as he is released from prison he drifts back to it again. If he does not adapt himself, an even worse fate of mental breakdown, partial or whole, may probably await him. Such a system treats all prisoners as though they were persons of a uniform mentality, ignoring the now admitted fact that much crime springs not from vicious impulse but from mental deficiency, disease, poverty or defective education and in many cases ought to be treated not by the gaoler but by the physician and the schoolmaster.

Let me mention some other principal criticisms before explaining how far we in this country have traveled on the road of reform. One is that the Prison Commission, which is the national governing body, works in secrecy, has few reforming ideas of its own and dislikes those of others, has insufficient personal touch with prisons and prisoners, is subject to no pressure of independent inquiry or opinion and is much too well satisfied with things as they are. The systematic study of prison psychology is only just beginning. So are the conferences of all the people with knowledge and authority, official and unofficial, through which reforms might be suggested and discussed. On this subject the inquiry committee says enviously, "In the United States, in particular, by this method and by the wide powers of experiment and investigation vested in the staff, a flood of light is being poured upon the psychology of prisoners and the possibility of rehabilitating 'incorrigibles.'"

The Discipline of Prison

OF COURSE, much depends on the aim. If we intended to use imprisonment as a means of educating the criminal into being a criminal no more, we should not impose upon him labor that is purely punitive, does not fit him for any useful work in after-life and is always done under minute and degrading supervision (we have nothing like the American experiments in "mutual welfare" and self-government.) We should not deny him such invaluable means to self-expression (which means the keeping of the soul alive) as small hobbies, or a good supply of books, or a reasonable allowance of letters and of visits. We should not impose harsh punishments for breaches of prison rules nor by flogging create, as one of our doctors has said, "two brutes (the flogged and the flogger) instead of one." (Flogging, by the way, has diminished very greatly of recent years—and for a significant reason: the more prison discipline has been eased, the fewer have been the offenses of violence by prisoners which entailed the flogging penalty!) We should not punish a man by lowering the already meager diet of prison life.

But these things are done unless and until public opinion learns of them and intervenes. Recently a prisoner with a good record escaped from gaol in the Isle of Wight. He was recaptured and sentenced to go in chains for six months. Mr. Bernard Shaw pointed out that the real offenders were the prison authorities who had allowed the man to escape and the public protest against the punishment was such that the home office had to remit it. But the rule stands. Again, it was only after several attempts at suicide had been made by Borstal (or reformatory) youths that the home office announced the discontinuance of punishment in the form of restricted diet.

Now for the steps that we have already taken toward a humane system. We have the probation system, the object of which is to avoid the manufacture of criminals through prison life out of persons who for the most part have nothing criminal in them, but offend under sudden impulse, or out of poverty, or mental instability or sometimes out of little more than high spirits. But probation is not used enough.

Many Mentally Deficient

THEN we have the Borstal reformatory system for young persons between sixteen and twenty-one years of age. The aim here is to deal with the prisoner individually, to give him a useful training, and to make it possible for him to become a good citizen after his two years or more of detention. The aim is good but the method is at present defective. The chief criticisms are that the régime is too much like that of the ordinary prison—too military and too much beset with warders taken from the old convict prisons.

The most hopeful experiment which we can show is being undertaken at Bradford and Birmingham, where there is a court doctor to whom the magistrates refer for observation and report any person "exhibiting mental instability or abnormality or repeatedly committing the same offense." The work of observation is carried on sometimes in a place of detention, sometimes at the prisoner's home. The results at Birmingham have been very striking.

"Investigation has shown that the criminal is to a large extent defective mentally and physically and proper medical advice may in many cases remedy his defect and make him a decent member of society."

In one year 151 cases were referred to the prison doctor, with the following result:

39 of the offenders were sent to prison,
16 " " " " placed on probation,
59 " " " " dismissed or their cases indefinitely adjourned,
15 were found to be insane,
14 " " " " mentally deficient.

The Freest People in the World

Concluded from page 3

his life and habits? Does not the Yankee provide the amusing phonograph for his music and entertainment? Does not the Chinaman make silk for him to wear? Does not the Englishman give him tobacco and kerosene for his lamp? Does not the Frenchman provide perfumes and sweets?

Suppose the Bedouin's forefathers did show the Westerners how to do these things, is that fact not enough? The wily Bedouin grins and lives his life and lets other men work as much and as hard as they please.

Mr. Simpich finds it a rather astonishing thing that in his palace, in the forbidden city of Mecca, the Grand Shereef sat him down and wrote a telegram to the assembled representatives of the nations at Paris and Versailles, during the Peace Conference asking that Arabia be admitted into the family of nations. Here was Mohammedanism making friendly overtures to Christendom! Slightly before this, when General Allenby was leading his forces into Jerusalem, Bedouin troops calmly quit the Turkish army and joined with the British in the delivery of the Holy City into Christian hands. "Shades," says Mr. Simpich, "of Peter the Hermit and Lion-Hearted Richard!"

We agree with him that this was indeed strange. We can see that it might have been taken as a sign of repentance and conversion on the part of the Arabs. However, when Mr. Porterfield inquired into the matter, he found that the Bedouin tired of fighting with the Turks and said to himself, "I'll try fighting with the Englishman. He is an agreeable fellow, and perhaps will admire my fighting style greatly."

Fighting with the Turks was an intermittent affair with him. He didn't work at it regularly, but only when fighting happened to suit his fancy. When he went over to the other side and fought with the British against the Turk, he carried on in the same manner, grinned in pleasure when he was hailed by the Englishmen as a great, brave man and, when he tired of the game, quit and went back to his desert.

Mr. Porterfield tells this story of one sheik, in particular, who greeted an English officer in a friendly manner at his camp one day, invited him in and, in his native politeness, extended him coffee, the nargile and what other courtesies he could.

The visitor explained as tactfully as he could that he had come on a mission of tax collecting.

The sheik could hardly believe it. He laughed and told his caller that he was a droll fellow. The tax collector protested that he was not joking—that he was quite serious in demanding taxes.

"But I pay no taxes!" exclaimed the sheik, "Of course I pay no taxes. You are a pleasant fellow, and I am friendly toward you, but I pay no taxes."

The collector good-humoredly said that of course the sheik must pay, tried to explain the theory of the matter, the "justice" of it, and departed.

The following night he was called to the gate of the city by a messenger who said the sheik wanted to see him. The Briton set forth, accompanied by a guard. The sheik, mounted and accompanied by a small band of men, inquired again if the British Government was serious in demanding taxes from him. The officer said that the British Government was.

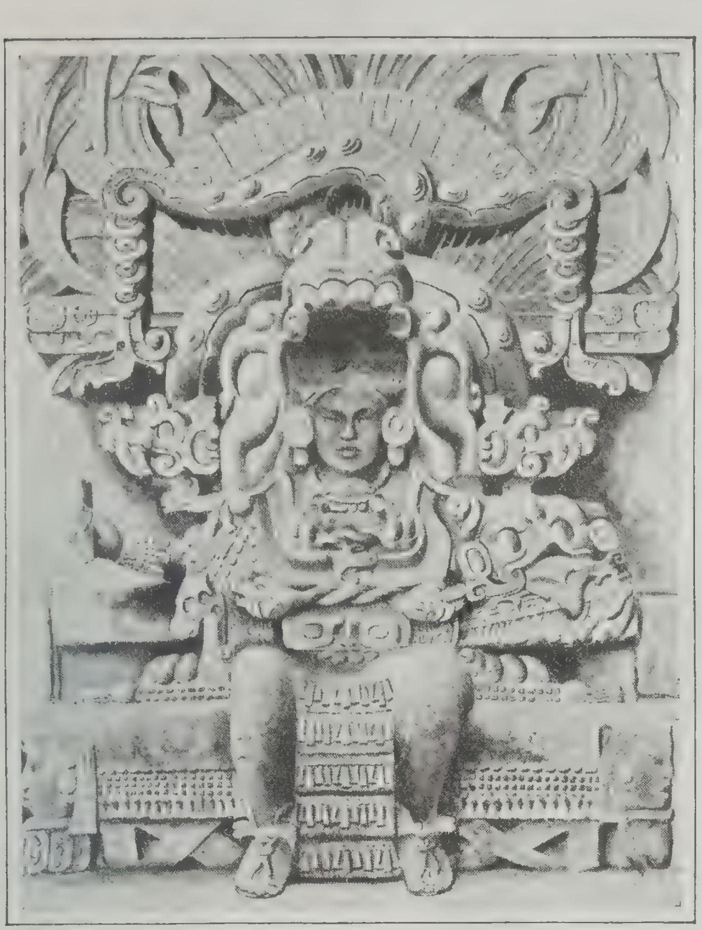
The sheik was annoyed and grieved. He presently became abusive and ordered the tax collector to go back to his office and to stay there and to make no more attempts to collect taxes. The Englishman, becoming somewhat nervous, made a move to arm himself with his revolver. The Bedouin promptly shot him. The guard also made a false move and also was shot. Whereupon, the Bedouins wheeled their horses and their white robes flying behind them, galloped away into the desert.

What can be done with such a people? Collect taxes by force? Those who know the Bedouins are skeptical as to whether the British will ever be able to make these desert men pay.

Meanwhile, the Bedouin lives as he has lived for centuries, indifferent to what the outside world thinks of him, knowing that he does at his own bidding and at no other person's, and remains a free man—an exceedingly free man. He is free of civilization's bonds, but he is free of civilization's comforts, too.

If you told him that, he probably would answer, "But that is none of your affair. My life, as it is, suits me."

No Legends Linked With Pre-Aztec Sculptures



Huge statue on the hieroglyphic stairway at Copan, Honduras, excavated by G. B. Gordon. The headdress is restored from the fragments found lying on the steps.

Ancient Carvings of Central American Artists Have No Stories; Must Furnish Own Themes

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

DISCOVERIES in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt leading to contrasts between the art of ancient Egypt and that of the earliest American civilizations furnish the opportunity to point to and outline a movement which, in the opinion of some authorities, is destined to change the whole American attitude toward art, ancient and modern. In the great museums and institutions of education throughout the country a deep resentment is stirring against the use of European or Asiatic standards of measurement for the early and modern art of the United States and all the countries of the New World. For many years it found no expression, but now it is being openly championed by men and women who are in a position to influence the views of the rising generation of artists and art lovers.

One of those whose work was described in this magazine is a woman and American born. She is Mrs. Lucy Langdon Williams Wilson, principal of the Southern High School for Girls in Philadelphia and noted authority on the effect of climate on races. Her husband is Dr. William Powell Wilson, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, for which institution Mrs. Wilson has conducted most of her archeological expeditions. Unlike many explorers, whose explorations are made solely for the purpose of getting exhibitions of the handiwork of forgotten civilizations, Mrs. Wilson's primary scientific interest has been ethnological: the attempt to determine the climatic and other reasons for the disappearances of great races and nations of the past.

The other authority to be quoted is Dr. George Byron Gordon, director of the University Museum in Philadelphia, himself an explorer of note. It is interesting to find Dr. Gordon insisting on the use of strictly American standards in judging the value of early and modern American works of art, since he was born and spent much of his life in England. He is perhaps the leading authority on the art history of London and its ethnological development. In the nature of his work he has become familiar with all the art of all times, to greater or less degree. If there was anything to the mystery with which some teachers attempt to surround art it is only reasonable to assume that he should have discovered it. His refusal to accept art as something beyond the common understanding is perhaps best summed up in the following statement:

"One of the vital truths made clear by collections that illustrate the history of the arts is the essential identity of art and craftsmanship. The sculptor, the painter and the story teller, in their work and in their achievements, share the same traditions as the mason, the goldsmith and the weaver. Whenever, in the world's history, this identification was an accepted fact, when a close association between art and craftsmanship marked the order of things, when the atelier was the workshop, when the artist and the craftsman were one, then great works were wrought and great names were handed down. Whenever an artificial distinction arose, art, entering a barren field, became the subject of affectation, and craftsmanship was debased. Such a distinction does not correspond to any reality of life.

"Donatello carried throughout his career the consciousness that he acquired during the years of his apprenticeship to a mason. Michelangelo claimed that he was a sculptor because his wet nurse was a stonecutter's wife. When artists attempt to set up among themselves an exclusive cult based on a belief in some form of special dispensation, it means that art is dead. When artists will forget to think of their occupation as a thing apart, and of themselves as distinct from mankind; when they discover that they are craftsmen and belong to the great company of masons and goldsmiths and carpenters with Donatello and Ghirlandajo and Michelangelo, then they will get back their great traditions and come to their own again. The artist is known by his handiwork; in this alone his gift reveals itself. The good artist is the good workman and the good workman is the good artist. No freak ever was a good workman.

"It would be a good thing to consider seriously this true saying in its relation to the art and the craftsmanship of the present day. It would be a good thing, too, to consider it in its obvious relation to the workman himself and to inquire whether he has anything in his outlook as good as the clean ideals and constructive aims of the past. Such an inquiry will not fail to show that destructive methods, undoing the old traditions, will extinguish the soul of the artist and leave his vessel stranded. Methods that lower the tone of his handicraft will in no way help the workman or contribute to the happiness of his lot."

The University Museum now has an expedition in Central America studying and excavating the ruins of ancient civilizations, and it is hoped that it will succeed in proving the assertion of Dr. Gordon that even when there is a similarity between early American and early Egyptian art, it is not due to borrowing. "Among the ancient peoples with advanced civilization in Mexico, Central America and Peru," he says, "the native artistic tradition blossomed independently under local influences. In each of these favored spots it put forth fruit abundantly, acquired a vigorous growth and attained to high levels. In none of these places has this flourishing condition of the arts survived into our own day. The ancient art of Central America and Peru and Mexico is extinct as the art of Egypt is extinct.

"A candid view of artistic expression from the historical side calls for a recognition of ancient American art as a part of the world's inheritance. It stands entirely on its own merits and holds its own in spite of its isolation. Although comparison brings out many interesting parallels and equally interesting divergences, it is not necessary to talk about American art in terms of equality with the art of other continents. To do so would be to strain the uses of language, but it may be admitted at once that ancient American art has its own lessons and in some at least of its local developments was not lacking in elements of greatness. In one department this is best exemplified by some of the sculptures of Central America.

"Unlike the storied sculptures that elsewhere in the world have come down from antiquity, these Central American sculptures have no clear surviving tradition traveling down the centuries with them or running on before. They have survived the hero tales of their lost Iliad. Their interpretation depends not on legend, not on the fancies of contemporary writers and not on any side light that history affords, but on the force of their own unaided message and on the eloquence of their own appeal. It depends on the language of the sculptor and it depends on our own understanding of and sympathy with that language. We do not know what became of these artists or of the things to which they bore witness, but we believe that they honestly tried to paint these things as they saw them. They went down, I presume, before some superior force. It may have been the Aztec or it may have been the fever.

"Some years ago it was my fortune to excavate a great stairway buried deep beneath the debris fallen from the ruined buildings that the builders had reared on the height above. That stairway had once been the grandest sight in the ancient city of Copan, in Honduras. With its elaborate balustrades, its total width was thirty feet and its steps had numbered nearly a hundred. Every stone in that great stairway was carved and wrought in harmony with a consistent design in which the conception of the architect unfolded itself in one daring and monumental plan. The masonry was carved after the stones had been placed in position. I am going to make use of one of its details to illustrate some of the properties and attributes of Central American sculpture. That detail is the figure of a man, life size or more, built into the stairway as a part of its central structure in such a way that the figure appears seated on a step high above the huge and elaborately sculptured altar or dias that was built into the base, projecting in front of it and rising from the pavement below.

"There had been a number of these seated figures, one above another all the way to the top, but only one remained in position. It was composed of several blocks of stone that had been carved after having been put in position. The sculpture was in very bold relief, but the right arm with its hand was carved in the round and stood free. The figure when found had suffered some injuries. The object held in the right hand was broken away. The face was destroyed and the upper part of the headdress had fallen. This part, however, was recovered during the excavations and could easily be replaced.

"I take it that the person shown in the statue was a man of importance, and that the artist meant to convey that

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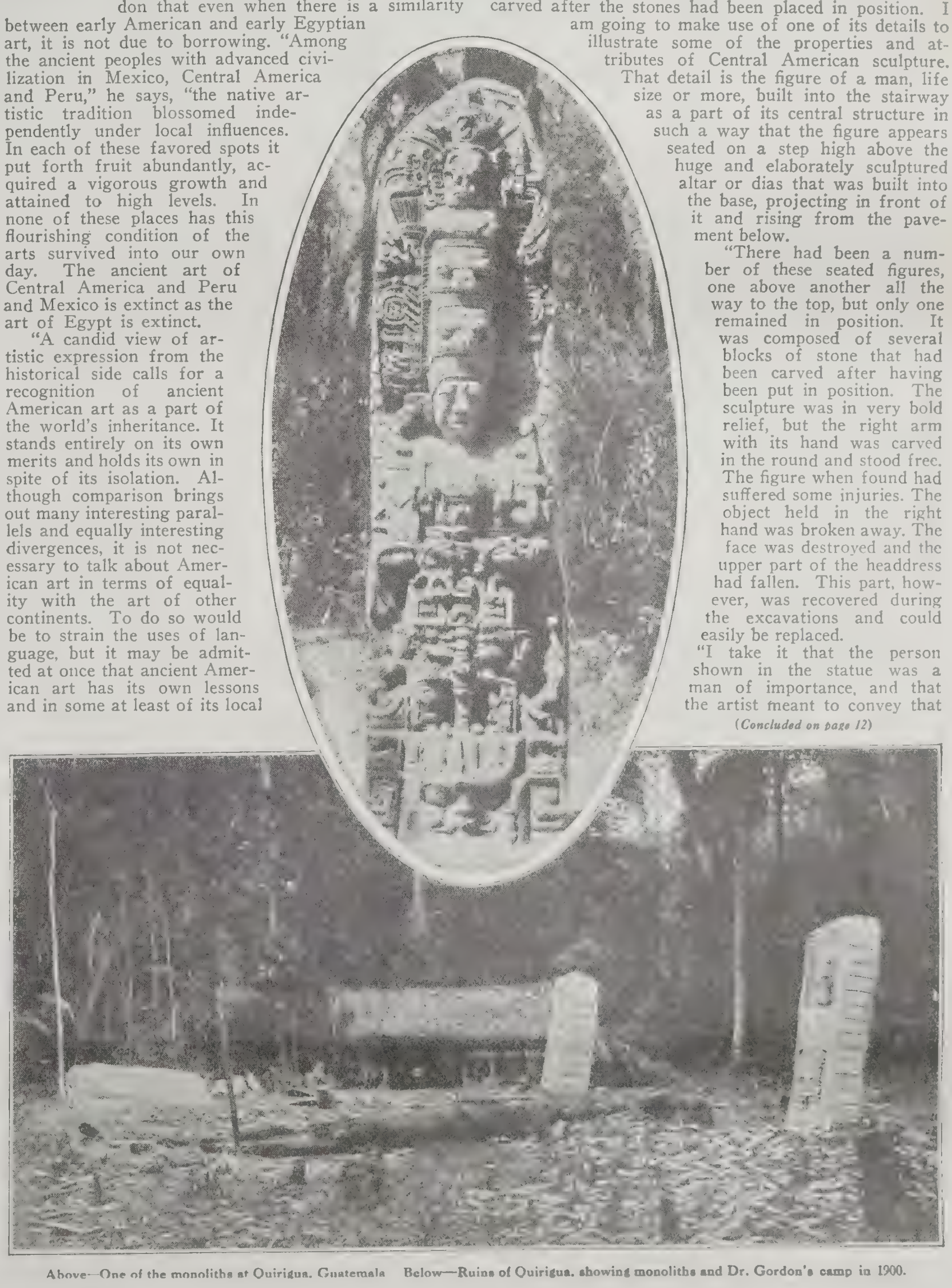

Above—One of the monoliths at Quirigua, Guatemala Below—Ruins of Quirigua, showing monoliths and Dr. Gordon's camp in 1900.

When Logan Spoke the Whole World Heard

Oratorical Gem of Indian Chief Carved in Stone; Tree a Shrine

By EMERSON ROBINSON

AN UNTUTORED Indian chief, standing in the "forest primeval," bursts into savage eloquence. His audience is one man. His speech becomes a classic, challenging the admiration of a cultured world. The tree under which he speaks becomes a shrine, to which thousands go each year. It is guarded by a state, jealous of its historic treasures, and preserved—why not?—by a Providence which culls the masterpieces of today for the glories of tomorrow.

Logan's Elm, which was ancient when the famous Indian chief, Logan, uttered his philippic against the whites in 1774, still is standing some ten miles from Circleville, Ohio. It has weathered the storms of no one knows how many centuries. It is not so sturdy as it was a hundred years ago but, barring unusual storms, it should stand for a generation or more. It was damaged considerably in a terrific blast of wind in 1921, but these winds come seldom in that part of the country.

Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia in 1774, led an expedition against the Indians in Ohio and following the campaign settled down with his aides to make peace at what is known as Camp Charlotte in the central southern portion of the state.

Chief Cornstalk was there, as were numerous other leaders of various tribes, but Logan, chief of the Mingoes, refused to attend. Lord Dunmore especially wanted his signature to the pact and he sent John Gibson, a friend, for him. Gibson met up with Logan in the forest near what is Circleville. They walked for a short distance and then stopped under a gigantic elm tree, Logan the meantime refusing to see Lord Dunmore. It was under this tree that Logan spoke his famous message:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate of peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had ever thought to live with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring in cold blood and unprovoked murdered all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even his women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

It was recorded at that time that the speech was delivered after Logan had burst into tears on recalling a recent massacre of some of his kin.

Gibson immediately reported the speech to Lord Dunmore and within a few months, even in those days of slow communication, it had become one of the classics of the colonies. In a few years it had spread through Europe and other civilized nations and as early as 1781 Thomas Jefferson said that "I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished any more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to Lord Dunmore."

The years rolled by and a young professor began the compilation of a series of readers. He sought the finest in literature as an aid to molding the character of the young. William McGuffey found this impassioned outburst of Logan and he gave it prominent place in one of his books. In this reader it was memorized by millions of American school youths and in honor of this tribute the McGuffey Society of Ohio often holds its annual gatherings under the pleasant shade of the Logan Elm.

Theodore Roosevelt learned it as a student and it stuck with him and when he became famous he, too, added his word to its worth: ". . . . will always retain its place as perhaps the finest outburst of savage eloquence of which we have any authentic record."

Alfred Lee, in Randall and Ryan's history, says:

"Taken in connection with the circumstances which are said to have inspired it, this is one of the most pathetic deliverances in all literature. In brevity, simplicity and directness of appeal, it bears a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln's dedicatory address at Gettysburg."

Logan's Indian name was Tahgahjute, meaning, it is said, Short Dress. When he was a stripling he went with his father, Chief Wingohocking from the country of the Mingoes to visit James Logan, a scholar, philosopher, one secretary to William Penn and later representative of Penn and Chief Justice of the Pennsylvania colony. Gibson was known as the friend of the red man and the friendship was reciprocated.

Wingohocking and Logan exchanged names, that of the white man being given to the chief's son and the name of the chief being given to a small stream which flowed in the vicinity of Stenton. With the naming of the rivulet, Logan remarked that 'Long after we have passed away it shall still flow and bear thy name." And it is to this day so known near Germantown.

Logan, the Indian, is described as being tall and dignified and in his younger days very handsome. He had a benign countenance and a fine disposition and his relations, for the most part, were very friendly with the invading white settlers.

In April, 1774, a band of soldiers under the command of Michael Cresap set out to attack Logan and his family, but before they had gone far, Cresap became convinced that Logan was not responsible for depredations which had been committed, and persuaded his companions to return.

But there was another soldier, Daniel Greathouse, who did not believe as Cresap believed and with a party of whites, he invited a number of Mingoes to be his guests at a tavern along the Ohio River. This party occurred on April 30, 1774, according to Shetrone's chronicles; the Mingoes were repeatedly treated to firewater, and it was not difficult for the whites to provoke the Indians to an attack. In the fighting which followed, all but one or two of the seven or eight Mingoes were murdered. One of the victims was a sister of Logan. She was fatally wounded but the life of her infant babe was spared on her pleas for mercy for it. Another of the victims was a brother of Logan. At the time of the massacre, Logan was hunting in Western Ohio.

Where Indian Chief made his pathetic speech. The circumference of this tree, three feet from the ground, is twenty-one feet, six inches. From the tip of the largest limb on the north to the largest on the south, the measurement is 142 feet. East and west, similarly measured, is 122 feet, six inches.

Logan's life seemed to be changed after that. He became bloodthirsty and wreaked vengeance on the whites wherever he met them. It is said that within a very short period he had killed thirty of them. The chief was under the misapprehension, as indicated in his oration, that Captain Cresap was responsible for the outrages, but the murders so angered Cresap that he threatened Greathouse. For years afterward, however, the name of Cresap was anathema in Indian homes and mothers used to quiet their babes by saying Cresap would get them if they didn't stay quiet.

Lord Dunmore, governor of the Virginia colony, was loyal to the mother country. He heard reports of a confederation of Indian tribes in Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania, headed by Cornstalk, an aggressive Shawnee chieftain, organized for the purpose of driving out the white settlers. Dunmore determined to make war on them.

Dunmore's chief lieutenant was Andrew Lewis and each leading an army, started westward. In October, Lewis refused to obey an order of Dunmore to join him north of the Ohio River, for he was on the trail of Cornstalk and his band and wanted battle. He met up with the Indian warriors at Point Pleasant, Virginia, or what was then Virginia. It has been variously described by historians as the bloodiest, fiercest and most important battle in the annals of Indian warfare and the whites won. It kept the Indians from aiding the British for at least two years.

Even after the battle Lewis refused to join Dunmore's troops and the governor further invaded Ohio in his effort to obtain a treaty of peace with the Indians. Dunmore sent General John Gibson, who was reputed to be a friend of Logan and father of his sister's child, to Logan who consented to talk. He refused to attend the council but made his simple address which promises to carry through all the future. After the address was given, Gibson wrote it down. Some historians say Logan spoke excellent English; others that the speech had to be translated. Gibson said he spoke in English and that he put his exact language on paper.

Logan later drank heavily and became a wanderer. He abused his wife, and his nephew, in a fit of anger, killed him near Detroit in 1780.

For a century and more the tree under which Logan spoke remained without special importance in the life of the surrounding country.

With the organization of the state archeological society, however, steps were taken to preserve the plot and the tree, and it was obtained by gift in 1911. Monuments surround it and these commemorate the immortal address of the untutored savage and the treaty of peace with the Indians. The speech itself is carved in stone. There also is a monument for Colonel Cresap, accused wrongly by Logan, and later to become a trusted lieutenant of Washington and to rest forever in Trinity Churchyard of New York, where lie so many of the patriots of 1776.

No Legends Linked With Pre-Aztec Sculptures

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impression. There is here certainly a dignity and repose that suggests the person of a king. The result was not achieved, however, by resorting to simplicity or by relying on the possibilities of the human figure alone and unaided. The artist had another method and he justified that method by his result. He added all the attributes that belonged to his subject's rank and dignity down to the minutest detail. In this he scored a triumph, for he succeeded in putting on all the trappings pertaining to the sovereign rank of his subject without making his figure either fantastic or absurd, but in such a way that every added detail does honor to his craft, emphasizes the nobility of his labors and gives greater glory to the statue.

"In this use of emblematic motive and insignia the artist faced a difficult task which he performed with much skill. There were no soft, persuasive folds and no flowing robes to cheer his heart and challenge the dexterity of his fingers. Stiffness was the quality that he had to deal with in the dress and ornament and he dealt with that quality quite frankly and honestly. That he could also handle flowing lines and allow himself the freedom and movement that these natural conditions afford, is proved by his joyful treatment of the plumes in the headdress. But he went further both in realism and in symbolism than the drawing, even with its restoration, implies. It does not tell the whole story. It gives but a faint idea of that figure when it was entire. The artist had recourse to an expedient apart from the work of his chisel. He was also a painter and the statue in its original condition was, like the whole of the structure of which it formed a part, a mass of color, the different parts being picked out with the brush in tones that were appropriate to them.

"There are only two or three details of the sculpture that I will attempt to describe. It will be seen that the head is protected by the gaping jaws of a monster or dragon in such a way that the features of the man appear to look out from the creature's mouth. The upper jaw, with its row of teeth, projecting snout and curved nostrils, is carried well forward above the crown; the lower jaw, also armed with tusks, protects the chest. Above and about these monstrous jaws is disposed the most extraordinary feature of the entire figure. It consists of a pair of rattlesnakes with their bodies intertwined. The heads of these two serpents look out horizontally on either side of the dragon's head and take the place of its ears. The well modeled serpent bodies are turned sharply upward and curve around the contour of the dragon's head. They are carried over the top till they meet above the crown. At this point they cross each other and are then bent back symmetrically till they cross each other again in reverse and are then carried horizontally to right and left with a graceful curve. Each tail ends in a curl from which the rattle hangs perpendicularly on either side of the dragon's head."

It was not alone in portraiture that they excelled. The University Museum has a vase from the Uloa River, in Honduras, made of pure white alabaster. The walls of it are only one-eighth of an inch thick, although the vessel is more than a foot high. These ancients also had mastered the art of pottery, as shown by a colored vase from Guatemala. It was made of a fine paste and baked, after which the outer surface was covered with a yellow paint, to which was imparted a high finish resembling a dull polish, probably obtained by rubbing. Decorations then were painted on that surface in red, black, white and sometimes yellow, mythological subjects being most frequently represented.

It has been noted by many explorers that the ancient craftsmen of the Mayas often confused the right and left hands in their drawings and sculptures. That, according to Dr. Gordon, was not peculiar to the Central Americans. He recalls a panel representing one of the saints, painted by a French artist of the fifteenth century, in which both of the feet are right feet. In a noted Chinese painting both of the feet are left feet. According to some authorities mistakes of this kind were made intentionally and were introduced to avoid making a perfect work that might offend the gods. The artists of ancient Byzantium did the same thing.

"The Key of Libberty," a Document of 1798

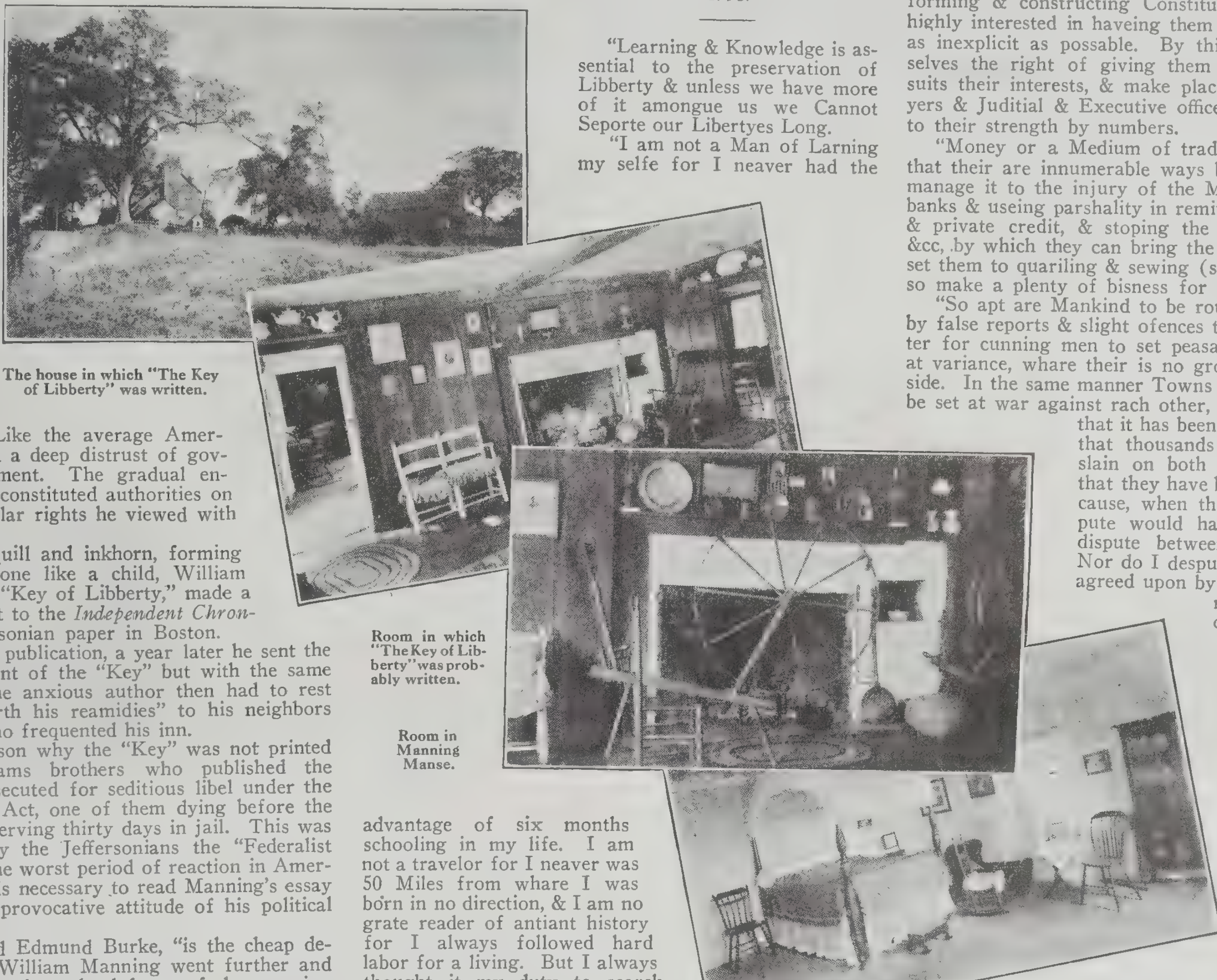
Profound Political Thoughts of Revolutionary Occupant of Bay State Manse

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

IN THE Old Manning Manse, near North Billerica, Massachusetts, built in 1696 by the Puritan Manning who came over from England, was discovered recently a remarkable political document, bearing the date of February 20, 1798, written by William Manning, the Revolutionary occupant of the Manse. This manuscript, bearing the title "The Key of Libberty," failed to secure publication in its day but is worthy of the careful study of the present generation.

Professor Harold J. Laski, formerly of Harvard, at present of the University of London, and one of the highest authorities on the history of political theory, has said that with the sole exception of England of the Commonwealth, no community in modern history has been so fecund in political thought as America in the Revolutionary period.

Manning's essay is a rich mine of original thought on the hidden springs of political action. The student who is anxious to get at the very roots of our nation's history is distinctly the gainer by the rescue from its century-long slumber of this virile product of the plain living and hard thinking of the patriot-farmer of the Revolution.



The house in which "The Key of Libberty" was written.

Room in which "The Key of Libberty" was probably written.

Room in Manning Manse.

Manning Manse.

William Manning, who was twenty-seven years old at the time of the battle of Lexington, was a sergeant in a company of minutemen but his company reached the battle too late to take part in it. He died in 1814. In politics he was an out-and-out Jeffersonian. Like the average American farmer, he had a deep distrust of governors and government. The gradual encroachments of the constituted authorities on the domain of popular rights he viewed with dismay.

So with goose quill and inkhorn, forming his letters one by one like a child, William Manning wrote his "Key of Libberty," made a fair copy and sent it to the *Independent Chronicle,* the only Jeffersonian paper in Boston.

Failing to secure publication, a year later he sent the editor an abridgement of the "Key" but with the same disappointment. The anxious author then had to rest content to pour forth his reamidies" to his neighbors and the travelers who frequented his inn.

Possibly one reason why the "Key" was not printed was that the Adams brothers who published the *Chronicle* were prosecuted for seditious libel under the Alien and Sedition Act, one of them dying before the trial and the other serving thirty days in jail. This was the period called by the Jeffersonians the "Federalist Reign of Terror," the worst period of reaction in American history, and it is necessary to read Manning's essay in the light of the provocative attitude of his political opponents.

"Education," said Edmund Burke, "is the cheap defense of nations"; William Manning went further and declared that it was the only defense of democracies. This, indeed, is one of the principal contentions of his "Key of Libberty." Implicit in Manning's writings also was another profound thought uttered by Burke: "The revenue of the state is the state." The Hamiltonian edition of the British system of finance, the justice of which is a question yet to be settled, was the special black horse of Manning and all the Jeffersonians. Manning expressed himself as follows on the Funding System of Hamilton—we feel no inclination to apologize for the patriot's grammar and spelling, but rather to marvel that he does so well considering his manifold handicaps:

"The funding sistim was established by Congress before we ware equilli represented their. Notwithstanding it was always opposed by a very large number, & after a long & warm debate was agreed to by a majority of ondly one, 40 against 41, & by raking up all the State debts & the old Continental mony from its tomb, mounted it up at near Eighty Millions of Dollers, when according to the opinnion of the other side their was not much more than twenty millions justly due, & we have alreadi paid near forty millions Interest on this debt, the one halfe of which would have eniulated (annihilated) the hole debt.

"Consiquently what we have already paid & have now to pay comes to a hundred million of dollars that the public never received nor the possessor never gave a single farthing for, & seposing that their is 4 million of persons belonging to the United States, it is 25 Dollors apeas for each man, woman, & child to pay, & seposing their is as many women as men & all of it assessed on the males, makes it 50 dollers apeace, which according as taxes are leaveled in Masachusets it would come to near two hundred dollars apeace for common or midling farmers to pay. And this is not halfe the dammages of the funding Sistim, for it is ondly made a pretext for all the imposed dutyes, excises, & land taxes that are laid upon the peopel, when the real intent is to make places for numerous sets of officers with high saliryes & fees to colect them & is always so managed that it takes the hole Revenue to pay the interest & seport government, and seldome doth that. For it is a declared fact that Warshingtones eight years glorious administration, (while the Country was in as prosperous circumstances as ever they was or ever will be) run us above eight millions of dollers into Debt."

The following quotations from Manning's essay present other striking points in it:

THE KEY OF LIBBERTY.

SHEWING THE CAUSES WHY A FREE GOVRENMENT HAS ALWAYS FAILED AND A REMIDY AGAINST IT. ADRESSED TO THE REPUBLICANS, FARMERS, MECANICKS, AND LABOURERS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By a Labourer.

FINISHED FEBRUARY THE 20TH, 1798.

"Learning & Knowledge is assential to the preservation of Libberty & unless we have more of it amongue us we Cannot Seporte our Libertyes Long.

"I am not a Man of Larning my selfe for I neaver had the advantage of six months schooling in my life. I am not a travelor for I neaver was 50 Miles from whare I was born in no direction, & I am no grate reader of antiant history for I always followed hard labor for a living. But I always thought it my duty to search into & see for my selfe in all maters that consarned me as a member of society, & when the war began between Brittan & America I was in the prime of Life & highly taken up with Liberty & a free Government. I See almost the first blood that was shed in Concord fite & scores of men dead, dying & wounded in the Cause of Libberty, which caused serious sensations in my mind . . . .

"The Reasons why a free government has always failed is from the unreasonable demands and desires of the few. They cannot bare to be on a leavel with their fellow cretures or submit to the determinations of a Lejeslature whare (as they call it) the Swinish Multitude are fairly represented, but sicken at the eydea, & are ever hankering & striving after Monerca or Aristocracy whare the people have nothing to do in maters of government but to seport the few in idleness & luxery.

"For these & many other reasons a large majority of those that live without Labour are ever opposed to the prinsaples & operation of a free Government, & though the hole of them do not amount to one eighth part of the people, yet by their combinations, arts & skeems have always made out to destroy it sooner or later.

"When Revolutions are brought about & free governments are established it is by the influence of a few leeding men, who after they have obtained their object (like other men) can never receiv compensation & honours anough from the people for their services, & the people being brought up from their uths (youths) to reverance and respect such men they go on old ways & neglect to search & see for themselves & take care of their own interists. Also being naturally very fond of being flattered, they redily hear to measures proposed by grate men who they are convinced have done them good services. This is the prinsaple ground on which the few work to Destroy a free government.

"In a free government the few, finding their scheems & vues of interest borne down by the many, to gain the power they cant constitutionally obtain, Always indevour to git it by cunning and corruption, contious (conscious) at the same time that userpation when once began the safty of the userper consists ondly in grasping the hole. To effect this no cost nor pains is spared, but they first unite their plans & scheems by associations, conventions, & coraspondances with each other. The Marchants asotiate (associate) by themselves, the Phitisians (physicians) by themselves, The Minysters by themselves, the Juditial & Executive Officers are by their professions often called together & know each others minds, & all letirary and the over grown rich, that can live without labouring, can spare time for consultation. All being bound together by common interest, which is the strongest bond of union, join in their secret corraspondence to counteract the interests of the many and pick their pockets, which is efected ondly for want of the meens of knowledge amongue them.

"The few have a grate advantage over the Many in forming & constructing Constitutions & Laws, & are highly interested in haveing them numerous, intricate & as inexplicit as possable. By this they take to themselves the right of giving them such explanations as suits their interests, & make places for numerous lawyers & Juditial & Executive officers, which ads greatly to their strength by numbers.

"Money or a Medium of trade is of such a nature that their are innumerable ways by which the few can manage it to the injury of the Many, such as erecting banks & useing parshality in remitances, ruining publick & private credit, & stoping the circulation of money &cc, by which they can bring the Many into destress & set them to quariling & sewing (sueing) one another, & so make a plenty of bisness for their party.

"So apt are Mankind to be rought up into a pashon by false reports & slight ofences that it is an easy matter for cunning men to set peasable familyes & frinds at variance, whare their is no grounds for it on either side. In the same manner Towns States & Nations may be set at war against rach other, & I have no dout but that it has been the case many a time, that thousands & Millions have bin slain on both sides equilly thinking that they have been fighting in a good cause, when the hole matters in dispute would have made little or no dispute between honest neighbours. Nor do I despute but that it has been agreed upon by Rulers of Nations to make war on each other ondly that they might have a pretense to raise & keep up standing armies to deprive their own subjects of their Rights & Libberties. This is a grate object with the few, & when they attain it, It ads so much to their number, strength & importance that they have but little more to fear, and the Many have but little reason to expect that they can maintain their Libertyes Long.

"Toards the close of the late War the Officers of the Continental army ware considerably borne upon, by not being paid according to contract, & many of them thought they were not notified anough in the fraiming the State Constitutions. At the close of the War they formed themselves into a Society by the name of Cincinaty. This Institution caused grate alarm & many pointed publications in newspapers, consider it as a daingerous Body.

"This uneasiness caused them at their first General Meeting to make very assential alterations in their Constitution, which they published together with a very plausible Circular Letter, indevouring in it to make the world believ that they neaver would nor could prove any harme. But from that time their was a continual noys & wrighting from one end of the Continent to the other against the badness of publick credit, & the weekness & insefitiancy (insufficiency) of the Federal Government.

"When the Shais affair (Shay's Rebellion) happened in Masachusets it was heded by one of this ordir & many of the rest of them put under pay to supress it.

"Immediately after, a Convention was called to amend the federal Government (Articles of Confederation) when a hard tusel was made chiefly by this ordir to establish a monorcal government in ordir to have their president made King. But though they failed in that yet by some meens or other they have rigeled (wiggled) themselves into almost all the posts of profit and honour in the federal Government. And from this ordir also origenated the funding sistim, by which those that labour for a living will have millions and millions of dollars to pay, for which the publick never riceived nor the posesor naver gave one single farthing for. Also from this ordir originated the Indian war which has cost us thousands of lives and six millions of dollars without the least advantage to us. . . . .

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Turning the Searchlight on Life Insurance

Concluded from page 2

mands separate treatment; it can only be touched upon in this paper, which is concerned primarily with life insurance, to show how and wherein the public is not receiving a square deal.*

Unfortunately, the Supreme Court has ruled that life insurance is not interstate commerce, and is therefore not amenable to Federal control. On the other hand, when a state has passed legislation to which the companies have objected, appeal has been made to the Supreme Court on the ground of unconstitutionality, and the authority of the state defied.

Nevertheless, in some of the states the insurance companies have been forced to "clean house" to a greater or less extent.

The Scandal of 1905

IN 1905 the operations of the large insurance companies in New York State became a national scandal. The lid was first blown off in the Equitable Life Assurance Society, where the Hyde and Alexander factions were involved in a bitter feud for the control of the company and sensational charges of mismanagement and graft were being freely aired.

The New York Legislature appointed an investigating body, known as the Armstrong Committee, consisting of three senators and five assemblymen, which proceeded to an investigation of the New York Life, the Equitable, the Mutual, the Metropolitan, and the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance companies of New York, and the Mutual Benefit Company of New Jersey.

The investigation was conducted under the direction of Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State. The findings of this committee disclosed corruption and extravagance among the large insurance companies which would be well-nigh unbelievable if it were not a matter of public record.

To avoid any appearance of muckracking or sensationalism, we shall do no more than quote herewith from the conservative International Year Book of 1907:

"The report of this committee was submitted in February, 1906. Among the more important disclosures, it was shown that certain of the insurance companies had maintained so-called 'yellow dog funds,' with which to influence legislation affecting themselves and the concerns in which they had invested; that similarly money had been used to buy space in newspapers, in which to print favorable accounts of investigations and prosecutions; that in 1896, 1900 and 1904 the companies had contributed freely to the campaign funds of the Republican party, as well as to state campaign funds at various times; that the funds of insurance companies had been used to underwrite promotion schemes in which the officers of the company were heavily interested; that, likewise, the funds had been involved in highly speculative investments in which officers of the company were interested;

"That in some cases the officers of an insurance company had formed a syndicate to buy stock to be unloaded on the company at an advance, or to be transferred to the company in case of declining value; that the investments of the company were largely made through brokerage firms in which the officers had an interest; that funds were deposited in banking institutions wholly or partly controlled by the officers of the insurance company, and that laws forbidding the holding of industrial stocks as investments were evaded by transferring nominal title to such stock to a group of company employes.

"All of these and similar abuses were more or less directly the result of the accumulation of large surpluses requiring investment. The insurance companies were gradually led into the field of stock and corporation manipulation, largely for the benefit of their foremost officials.

"Another abuse was the granting of enormous salaries to controlling officials, as already noted in the Equitable ($100,000 per year for the first vice-president, and a total of $448,500 per year for thirteen executive officials), and as shown by the salary of $150,000 a year to President McCurdy, of the Mutual, $121,000 to his son as general manager, and $100,000 to the president of the New York Life.

"Then there were other abuses more nearly related to the nature of insurance methods and the character of insurance company legislation. Thus, the efforts of the companies to secure new business had led to great increases in expense of management, especially in the item of agents' commissions. Such commissions commonly consisted of fifty per cent of the first year premium, twenty per cent of the second, fifteen per cent of the third, and seven and one-half per cent of others up to the tenth, and represented more than half the cost of insurance company management.

"As a result, agents frequently secured insurance for bad risks, and granted rebates out of their commissions to relatives or to the influential persons of a community, and both practices in the long run tended to increase the cost of insurance, while the former made more difficult the complicated problem of determining the size of premiums. The investigation shows that the leading American companies pursued the policy of securing new business abroad and also in this country, even when such business represented a loss in the long run. It was also shown that the officers of mutual companies were able to determine the composition of the board of directors by securing command of sufficient proxies to determine an election."

Report of Investigators

AS A result of these disclosures, five prominent life insurance officials were indicted for forgery, perjury, or misdemeanor, and in October, 1907, District Attorney Jerome, of New York, moved their trial in the Criminal Branch of the State Supreme Court. Other officials involved in the scandal were removed by what the International Year Book calls "voluntary exile or premature death."

The report of the investigating committee led to the passage of legislation at Albany designed to correct the worst of the existing abuses. It included the following prominent features:

Insurance companies were forbidden to make campaign contributions.

The agents of corporations lobbying at Albany were required to file with the Secretary of State a statement showing the objects sought by them, and to furnish an account, under oath, of all expenditures made for lobbying purposes.

Life insurance companies and their officers were forbidden to engage in underwriting enterprises of any kind.

Investments in stocks and bonds were forbidden, the companies being given until 1911 to dispose of stocks on hand.

First year commissions to agents were limited to the gross "loading" of premiums.

New policies were not to contain any deferred dividend provision.

The total amount to be paid out in any one year, to secure new business, and the amount of new business to be written in any year, were limited.

The transformation of joint stock companies into mutual companies was encouraged.

A plan for holding elections of directors was prescribed by law.

The existing directorates in mutual companies were eliminated and new ones ordered elected.

The validity of all proxies, old and new, was limited to two months, and lists of policyholders ordered to be made accessible to any patron of the company.

Control Now in Chaos

WHILE this legislation doubtless effected a much needed reform in the operations of the larger companies doing business in New York, the lack of Federal legislation has naturally made it impossible to subject the insurance companies to uniform control throughout the country. Both President Cleveland and President Roosevelt, in messages to Congress, urged Federal control of insurance, but in view of the attitude of the Supreme Court, the only way by which Federal control can be extended over the insurance business would be by Constitutional amendment.

Only last year, in a case arising in Arkansas, which was carried to the Supreme Court, that tribunal definitely denied the right of a state to control the acts outside its borders of an insurance company doing business within the state. Again, in the same year, the Supreme Court denied the right of a state to revoke the license of an outside insurance corporation which appealed from the state tribunals to the Federal courts or which sued a citizen of the state in the Federal courts. We are informed by the International Year Book of 1922 that in the latter case the Supreme Court "reversed its own former opinion upholding a Kentucky law under which the Commissioner of Insurance was required to revoke the license of a foreign insurance company for the same alleged offense."

This is sufficient to show the chaotic state of legal control of insurance at the present time. Forty-eight different states are dealing with insurance legislation, without any recognized uniform standard. It would be interesting to know how much money the insurance interests spend annually for lobbying purposes to defeat what they consider hostile legislation in all the states. During 1921 alone, 4,000 bills of one kind or another relating to insurance were introduced in the various states. ONLY A SMALL PROPORTION, HOWEVER, BECAME LAWS. How, and in whose interests, were the vast majority of these 4,000 bills killed? How much did it cost to kill them, and was the money of widows and orphans used for that purpose?

These and many other questions connected with the insurance business as at present conducted demand a straightforward answer.

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*The Dearborn Independent purposes, at an appropriate date in the future, to take up incendiarism for profit in articles having to do solely with the fire-bug business.

"The Key of Libberty," a Document of 1798

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"When I charge these things to Cincinnaty I do not meen that they did them alone but as planners & leaders in them, for to them also may be charged the organization of allmost all the ordirs of the few who follow after & seport them in their diabolical measures—which I will remark upon seperately as followeth.

"These ordirs of men ar made up prinsaply of Cincinaty, & by the funding sistim have risen like a black cloud over the Continant, & have gained welth like the Nabobs of the East. They have got the princaple command of our funds, & not ondly swindle honest individuals out of their property, but by their bribery & corruption have grate influence in our elections & agitate our publick Counsels. By their land speculations & bribery they shook the government of Jorgia almost to its foundation & agitated the federal Government so that one of the Senetors chellenged one of the Representatives for a Duel, right in the midst of one of the most important debates they Ever was or ever will be ingaged in.

As to Doctors and Lawyers

"THE Doctors have established their Meditial Societyes (the Massachusetts Medical Society was incorporated in 1781) & have both their State & County Meetings, by which they have so nearly enielated (annihilated) Quacary (quackery) of all kinds, that a poor man cant git so grate cures of them now for a ginna (guinea), as he could 50 years ago of an old Squaw for halfe a pint of Rhum. The bisness of a Midwife could be purformed 50 years ago for halfe a dollar & now it costs a poor man 5 hole ones.

"Free governments are commonly destroyed by a combination of the Juditial & Executive powers in favour of the interests of the few, and they do it by construing & explaining away the true sence & meening of the constitutions and laws, & so raise themselves above the Lejeslative power, & take the hole Administration of Government into their own hands, & manige it according to their own wills. The Free Republican in No 9 saith that in many of the antiant Republicks the Juditial power became the mear instruments of tirony, & proposes lawyors as a nesecary ordir in a free government, to curbe the arbitrary will of the Judge. But that appears to me like seting the Cat to watch the Creem pot.

"The Lawyers have established their Bar Meetings & become the most formidable & influential ordir of any in the Government, & though they are nither Juditial nor Executive officers, but a kind of Mule ordir ingendered by & many times overawing both. This ordir of men git their living intirely from the quarrils, follyes, disputes & destresses of the Many & the intricacy of our Laws, & it is from the arts & doings of these men, that the Juditial & Executive officers are furnished with the chief of their bisness & imploy. Consikuintly they are bound together by the strongest bonds of union.

"Many have bin the complantes against the Lawyers in years bak & of the intricacy of our laws, & much time spent & pains taken by the Lejeslature to remidy the evil. But all to little or no purpose, & the soul reason is because we send these fee officers as Representatives to make our laws. Unless the peopel can be brought to calculate more upon the opporation of these little selfish prinsaples on mankind, & purge the Lejeslatures from fee officers, they cannot be governed by laws very long.

"Thus we see all the ordirs of the few completely organised, & they have of late got so monstrously crouded with numbers that it is imposable for them all to git a living by their professions, & being in want of imploy they are aiding in all the plans & scheems of Cincinaty to influence the Many.

"I would not be understood to be against the asotiations of any ordirs of men, for to hinder it would hinder their improvements in their profesions, & hinder them from being servisable to the Many. Their need ondly one Society more being established, or proper meens of information amongue the Many to hinder their being daingerous in politicks. In ordir to promote those meens of information among the peopel their has bin many sociatyes established, by Constitutional, Democracticle & other names, made up of men of Republican prinsaples & grate abilities who did all in their power to inliten the peopel into their true Interests. But for want of the Society I have mentioned, or a proper chanel of conveying their sentiments to the peopel, & by the joint exertions of a majority of the other ordirs I have mentioned to hinder their usefulness & pregidis (prejudice) the minds of the people against them, have brought them almost into disuse. But I have no dout but that they will revive again when they think they can do any good. But before I proseed to describe the Society or meens of Knowledge I have mentioned I must make sundry Remarks on what hes bin & provibly may be done by the joint exertion of the few to inslave the Many, unless they meet with a check."

As a remedy for the evils of the time Manning suggests a "Society of Labourers to be formed as near after the ordir of Cincinnati as the largeness of the numbers will admit of—the Society to be composed of all the Republicans and Labourers in the United States who will be at the expense of obtaining the knowledge necessary to a freeman."

Manning's Conclusion

MANNING concludes his "Key of Libberty" with these words:

"I have often had it impressed on my mind that in some such way as this Society might be organized throughout the world as well as government, & by sotial corraspendence & mutual consestions all differences might be settled, so that wars might be banished from the earth. For it is from the pride and ambition of rulers & the ignoranc of the people that wars arise, & no nation as a nation ever got anything by making war on others, for whatever their conquests may have bin the plunder goes to a few individuals, & always increases the misiryes of more than it helps. . . . Thus my friends I have tryed to describe to you (not in the language & stile of the Larned for I am not able) But in as plane a manner as I am capable, the Causes that have always destroyed free governments, & the daingerous circumstances we are brought into by said Causes. Also I have described what I think would prove a Remidy, which is not a costly one, for if it should become general, confident I am that each penny laid out in it would soone save pounds . . . . And unless you see more dificulty in applying the Remidy or less need of it than I do, you will immediately put it on foot & never give over untill such a Society is established on such a strong & lasting foundation that the gates of hell can never prevail against it—which may the Almighty grant is the sincear desire of

A LABOURER."

Canada Again on Feet in Economic Come-back

None Faced More Serious Post-war Problems Than Dominion to the North

Above—Gypsum mining in Nova Scotia. In six months Canadian mineral products have had a value of $100,000,000. Left—Forestry will give the Canadians a profit of $600,000,000. Most of the vast forest area is publicly owned.

By EDWARD JEROME DIES

CANADA is again on her feet. This nation of the Northern Lights, boasting a population of eight million souls and sprawling from ocean to ocean over an area larger than the United States, has staged an economic come-back that will be glorified by the historians.

Of all the nations left blinded and quivering under the whirligig of new and ever-changing post-war conditions, none faced more bewildering home problems than did Canada. And it was with quick sure strokes that these problems were met. As a result the new Canada of today is marching into unprecedented national security.

Many years ago when the shiny steel rails of the first transcontinental line were biting their way across the open prairies, a world-famous author made a tour of Western Canada. On his return to the East he was asked his opinion of the vast new empire. For a thoughtful moment his brow darkened, then he replied:

"It is the land that God forgot."

To appreciate the folly of this learned man's remark and his colossal lack of vision, you have only to drop off the train anywhere west of Winnipeg. You will find a land of plenty, smiled upon by the gods.

Whirring reapers have been pouring into the world's bread basket what may be the biggest wheat crop in Canada's history. Authoritative estimates have placed the yield well over 470.000,000 bushels, and the oats yield at around 450,000,000 bushels.

The dairy industry, swelling through the adoption of diversified farming, is expected to touch new production peaks this year. In Saskatchewan and Alberta dairying is making such rapid strides that provincial leaders are laying the foundation for an export business of a hundred million pounds of butter yearly within the next few years.

Pastures are in good shape and live stock in excellent condition. Great numbers of high grade feeding cattle will be fattened this year on the nutritious alfalfa and barley so easily grown.

Conditions in the fruit belts, say government horticulturists, are extremely good. In British Columbia yields of all fruits are expected to exceed greatly the output of recent years. Several thousand cars of apples from the Okanagan Valley will be followed by abundant shipments of peaches, apricots, pears, plums and prunes.

Farmers are jubilant over the outlook. All Canada is jubilant. More people are employed in industry than at any time since the war. This is shown in the reports of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. It is shown, too, that present conditions are not due to a temporary boom, but rather to a slow, steady resumption of normal activities, coupled with the bumper crop that promises completely to lift the farmer out of the mire of depression.

Canadian farmers have passed through all the unhappy conditions experienced by the American agrarians. But they will tell you with half a smile that they have used better judgment. They are not prone to give ear to the radical mouthings of the farm politician. Nor have they campaigned for special legislation in the hope of finding some panacea for all their ills. They have recognized fundamental conditions and have sought logical improvements, but not by centering their battle in the legislative halls.

In Canada they believe the American farmer has injured his own cause by swaying to the will of the ill-advised, self-seeking politician. The constant cry that the American farmer is in rags, a cry started two years ago by the politician and taken up by the farm press, is looked upon in Canada as having destroyed the American farmer's credit, broken his morale and distorted his vision of the future. It has injured his cause beyond measure, and likewise worked a hardship upon the entire country.

While radicalism has on occasion cropped up in the prairie provinces, its flare has been short-lived. Canadian farmers want facts and actions, not simply words and agitation. They believe in co-operation, but it must be sound and sensible. Theoretical schemes are offered in number, but are as quickly tossed into the discard.

This slower, safer method of the Canadian is a spirit that grips the incoming settlers, thousands of whom are taking up the low-priced lands in the rich prairie provinces. It is this same spirit, say government officials, that will steady Canadian agriculture and make its future position as secure as that of any country on the face of the earth. For this spirit of safety, this distaste of radical experiments, is nothing more than a spirit of permanent home-building.

To get the complete picture of the new prosperous Canada, one must consider the present status of other great industries besides that of agriculture. Take forestry, for instance. R. H. Campbell, dominion director of forestry, declares in a recent survey that there are approximately 500,000,000 acres of forest lands in Canada, half of which are covered with merchantable timber.

During the present year this industry has gone forward at great speed and will mark up a 1923 return to the Canadian people of more than $600,000,000. Virtually all of the forest area is publicly owned. A vast army of workers are engaged converting forest products into wealth. Forty million dollars will be paid to workers in the pulp and paper mills alone this year while nearly twice that sum will pass to workers in the lumbering industry.

Each year Canada's forests increase in value with the decrease in timber holdings of many other countries. Every province in the Dominion has its commercial forests, many of them as yet wholly unexploited. The forests of Quebec, Ontario and the Maritimes are the keystone of the giant pulp and paper industry. British Columbia, whose growing trade with the Orient has been the commercial sensation of the last two years, contains more than half of Canada's commercial timber and can produce as much timber in sixty years as the rest of the country can in a century. Even the prairie provinces have their commercial timber to the extent of 8,000,000 acres.

This year an unusually large volume of railroad ties, fir, pine and spruce planks and timbers has moved off to Europe and the Orient, with a stream of gold flowing back into Canada's national wealth. Revenue from forest products will be second only to agriculture. And this industry is just getting nicely under way. Along with the turn toward permanent prosperity in other industries comes a marked improvement in the mining situation. One of the big post-war problems was the tremendous surplus stocks. These have now been absorbed.

A report on mineral production for the first six months of the present year has just been made by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. It shows a complete recovery from the distressing slump. A hundred million dollars in round figures is the value of mineral commodities produced the first half of the year. It represents an increase of more than forty per cent. In the metallic section the outstanding increases were in nickel and copper.

There has also been a marked increase in the output of gold in Ontario and British Columbia as compared with the years immediately following the war. This is likewise true of silver, while production of lead shows a forty per cent increase over the previous year.

As the great basic industries pushed forward, the smaller and dependent industries were spurred to greater activity. Right now there is in progress a building boom that stretches from coast to coast. The volume of construction, according to the government, far exceeds that of any period in the last nine years. If the present pace is maintained, contracts awarded for the year will have a volume of $250,000,000. All the large cities, including Montreal, Winnipeg, Toronto, Quebec and Vancouver, show big increases, while there is an unprecedented volume of home building in the prairie provinces due, it is said, to prosperous conditions in the agricultural centers.

What does the prosperity of the new Canada mean to the United States? Perhaps far more than the casual observer would reckon. Closer and closer the two countries are interlinked, not only in their positions toward world problems bearing on the future of this continent, but also in the advancement of their agricultural, commercial and industrial interests. This inevitable relationship will be cemented tighter and tighter as the commerce of the two nations expands.

To the average American citizen it will come as somewhat of a surprise to learn that before the bells toll in the new year America's financial investment in Canada will equal if not surpass the British investment.

Two billion dollars was the sum which Sir Lomer Gouin in the federal legislature estimated as America's investment a year ago. Since that time, according to an exhaustive survey just completed, $500,000.000 additional has gone over the border to Canada. At the last computation the British investment was estimated at $2,500,000,000. The growing American investment is expected easily to reach the British total in a few months.

"Then," said a financial leader, "Canada may expect a rivalry in which she must inevitably benefit."

United States money is entering into every phase of Canadian economic development. Of the total now invested, $1,200,000.000 is estimated to be in bonds and the remainder in farms, industrial enterprises, businesses large and small, mortgages, banking and private loans.

It becomes more and more difficult to compute the American investment because of the movement to establish branch plants of United States industries in Canada.

So everything considered, Canada has cause to be jubilant. Her big crops from cheap lands will offset low wheat prices. Her industries are humming. Her finances are strong and sound. Her trade balances are good. There is work for all. In the West, where there is room for a population of millions, many new residents from foreign lands, all carefully selected, are taking up farm lands.

Meantime the government, following a policy established several years ago, is doing everything possible to assist the farmer. This judicial assistance is not, however, of the kind that would appeal to the lazy farmer of a socialistic or communistic turn. The government helps the farmer who helps himself, and the Canadian farmer has proved that he can help himself

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Developing Community Life in a Village

Concluded from page 9

alleys. The gymnasium rooms have been equipped with shower baths.

There are rooms for the entertainments and smoking rooms for the men. The floors are of highly polished oak. For furnishings no city in the state can offer greater comforts.

Fire proved to be a purging influence in the town. A spirit of community pride prevails. The older residences have been repainted. Schools and churches have been built. The young minister thought he would like the opportunities of a better education. The congregation promptly voted him a leave of five days a week to attend a college 150 miles away, on the understanding that he return for the Sunday service. He has become a church leader in that part of the state for his aggressiveness in striking boldly at community evils.

These are some of the activities that have been stirred by one man. Charles W. Fish is under fifty. He attains results because he works direct. He is as likely to be met in the lumbering camp wearing heavy woolen clothes talking to woodchoppers, as in the office of his company. By keeping close to the people he knows their hopes and aspirations. The building of little Elcho, with its fine dress and cleanliness, is largely the result.

There were rumors after the close of the war that the lumber business had been stranded. Once or twice it was whispered that the financial powers were planning a squeeze. But Mr. Fish was able to keep going. Now it is admitted that the menacing clouds have passed. Improvements and advance have routed slumber and stagnation in business and civic life.

There is a big lesson in the accomplishments at Elcho. It points the fact that small towns can be built up; that employment can be furnished and that there are as big problems to be solved in small communities as in large cities. Too little attention has been given to the village. It is the promise of the future. Unlike the city, its workers are not crowded into tenements. Factories are starting in small towns. Probably a decentralization of factory life is coming and the villages of the country will be built up with enough of the industries to keep the people busy and prosperous.

That probably is the real motive back of the unfolding plan of Mr. Fish. He told of one dream yet—to put 400 families on as many forty-acre lots and give them such a long time to pay for it that each family will attain a home of its own. Such are the realizations and dreams of the former sailor and iron worker, now a captain of industry.

Elcho has a community spirit that does not falter. It is all push. The little Nuremberg village in the wilderness is setting a hard pace of civic advance for other communities to follow.

OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Harry Lauder is just Scotchman enough to refuse to give any shows on Sunday. On his second American tour he was contracted for Sunday work without his knowledge. He has never been caught that way since. For seventeen years he has had but one manager, a Jew, William Morris, who is said to be one of the squarest men in the business.

There are no beggars in Tokyo; the disaster which wiped out half the city produced not a single mendicant.

Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" sold 60,000 copies in Germany, and when Lewis received his royalty check in London he cashed it for five shillings—or about one dollar American.

The first bill to pass at the present session of Congress gave a pension of $50,000 a year for life to Florence Kling Harding, widow of Warren G. Harding, late President of the United States.

Kish, capital of ancient Babylon, has been discovered by the Field-Museum-Oxford expedition. A stamped brick, bearing inscriptions praising King Sam-Su-Iluna, seventh king of the first dynasty of Babylon, has been disclosed.

The Spanish Government proposes to appropriate 100,000,000 pesetas for agricultural development, part of this money to be used for the purchase of machinery, fertilizers, seeds and other farming material.

"Cut the Taxes," is the demand of the Ohio farmers. And they emphasize the appeal by sending a covered wagon to the capital in charge of a woman Grange lecturer, clad in a costume worn by her great-grandmother in a similar conveyance.

Fifty airplanes will fly between New York and Chicago carrying passengers daily within ten years, according to the prediction of aeronautical engineers.

The average physician is notoriously an easy mark for the stock swindler. To offset this condition, an organization of physicians, surgeons and dentists has been formed which will investigate all investments offered to doctors. This organization will also sue the deadbeat who seeks to avoid paying for professional services.

The United States of America has received 35,000,000 aliens in the last century.

In Japan small fish are caught by trained cormorants, principally at night with the aid of jack lights. Rings are tied around the throats of the fishing birds to prevent their swallowing the catch. When their pouches are filled they are emptied in the boat well.

The United States dollar was adopted by all transatlantic steamship lines in Paris as the sole standard for determining passage rates.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Warm Chinook winds in Alaska have caused the melting ice water to erode new lands and expose deposits of gravel containing rich gold findings. On the west side of Turnagain Arm an avalanche 100 feet wide and a mile long rushed down a mountain, cutting deep into the soil, revealing three ledges rich in quartz. Every unattached man in Anchorage has left for the spot to stake his claim.

After July 1 the thickness of a standard board of lumber will be 25-32 of an inch with a proviso for 26-32 inch boards in special specifications.

To the end that war may be made as repellent to all classes as it is to those who must fight, the *Christian Science Monitor* has proposed an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, expressed in substance as follows: "In the event of a declaration of war, the property, equally with the persons, lives and liberties of all citizens, shall be subject to conscription for the defense of the nation, and it shall be the duty of the President to propose, and of Congress to enact, the legislation necessary to give effect to this amendment."

A British scientist experimenting with a stream-line filter along which liquids passed under pressure through thousands of tightly packed, perforated paper sheets, took the color out of red wine and tea and milk, leaving instead of the last named a tasteless fluid, like water.

"Regardless of the agencies that are working against him, the average boy of today will grow up to be a virile and polished man."—*Dr. Alfred E. Stearns,* headmaster of Phillips Andover Academy.

An American inventor predicts that in twenty years television will be in common use. Instead of seeing motion pictures some time afterward we shall be able to sit in a theater and actually see, as if on the spot, instead of many miles away, and at the same time hear.

Deer imported to New Zealand have become so large in numbers and so destructive to farmers' crops that it has been necessary to place a bounty of two shillings a head on them.

"Thoughts are the children of your brain and words are the garments they wear—do not make tramps of them. Words are all powerful—they can wreck homes, destroy lives, ruin business and devastate property."—*George Washington Robnett.*

By decomposing raw material and then allowing the products to be acted upon by hydrogen, an investigator has succeeded in producing petroleum products from vegetable oils thus obtained.

Captain MacMillan and his crew on the steamer *Bowdoin* frozen in the ice off the shores of Greenland, chat by wireless daily with neighbors living in the tropics. They have heard concerts from stations in England, Germany, Holland, Mexico, France, Italy, Norway, Japan, Spain and the United States. They have talked with Hawaii, more than 5,000 miles.

Three years more, under present conditions, and there will be no more salmon for the canneries. Ruthless competition and piratic methods of canners and fishermen have caused this condition.

An experimenter has induced hibernating plants to grow inside during the winter by giving them ether, either by the inhalation or hypodermic method. Roses so treated were immune to ordinary plant diseases.

The wig and robes of an ordinary English judge cost approximately $2,000. The lord chancellor, the attorney-general, the lord chief justice, the master of the rolls, and the lord justices of appeal are even more expensively dressed.

Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium, is living in poverty in Paris. She has devoted every franc she possessed to scientific research. The French parliament has granted her a state pension of $2,200 a year.

There are at least 500 silver fox ranches in the United States, where the fur farmers have a total of from 12,000 to 15,000 of the animals in captivity. About $8,000,000 is invested in this industry.

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During 1923 nearly 600,000 men and women invested the sum of $1.50 in a subscription to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT—more than 65,000 sent in subscriptions during December alone.

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The Senator From Texas

How Ku Klux Klan Is Real Issue in Mayfield Case

Juggling of Insurance Rates

Policy Complications Cost Public Many Millions

On Taking "Truth Serum"

Accused Pair Talk as Scopolamin Test Is Given

In the Days of Hoopskirts

Or, Mrs. Gray of Yesterday and Mrs. Ultra of Today

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Senator From Texas

Legality of Method of Election Official Issue In Mayfield Case But Klan Is Real Issue

By MAX BENTLEY

EARLE B. MAYFIELD, Senator from Texas.

WHOM has Texas elected to the United States Senate to replace the venerable Senator Culberson? The Senate itself has reached the consideration of that question. The official issue in Earl B. Mayfield's case is the method of his election, whether it was legal or illegal; and that is the issue with which the Senate will deal, as judge of the qualifications of its members. The unofficial issue, which is the Ku Klux Klan and its alleged dominance in Texas politics, chiefly commands the attention of the country at large. The Texas Senatorial campaign of 1922 was a straight contest between Klan and anti-Klan.

Some months before Mr. Mayfield took the oath of office, a notice of contest was filed in the Senate in behalf of George E. B. Peddy, of Houston. With it was a long document containing sensational allegations against Mayfield and his election managers, and challenging his eligibility not only as the duly-elected Senator from Texas but as the Democratic nominee. To understand on what the contest is based, and some of the political maneuvers out of which it grew, the public should be given a non-partisan bird's-eye of the situation in Texas, as it existed at the beginning of the political campaign in the spring of 1922, during and after the Democratic primaries of July 22 and August 26, 1922, and before and at the general election of November 7. That bird's-eye is offered here by a Texan, who, as a newspaper executive, was in close and constant touch with the situation. It is given in sequential form.

Earle B. Mayfield was a member of the Texas Railroad Commission when the campaign for Senator was opened. He had never been a political leader. His candidacy was brought before the people prominently at a political rally in Dallas, January 20, 1922. Prior thereto he had not been considered a formidable aspirant, but the unexpected size of the rally, the great enthusiasm displayed, his introduction by the Cyclops of the Dallas Klan as "the next Senator from Texas," and the presence there of E. Y. Clarke, of Atlanta, imparted to the meeting an immediate and profound significance. Mr. Clarke was Imperial Giant of the national Klan, and acting Imperial Wizard; in fact, the responsible authority of and spokesman for the imperial body.

At that time it was being said in Texas that the Klan had resolved to cap its entry into politics by winning a Senatorial toga from Texas (its banner state in point of membership and power), but it was supposed that its candidate was Robert L. Henry, of Waco, for twenty years a member of Congress and once chairman of the Rules Committee of the House. Early in January Mr. Henry had returned from Atlanta with the candid announcement that he, as a Klansman, was in the race "by permission of the Imperial Wizard." Even earlier had come the announcement of Sterling P. Strong, of Dallas, calling for the support of Texas Klans on the ground that the Invisible Empire, being under a terrific bombardment at the hands of the press, needed a spokesman and champion in the halls of Congress. The Klan had many champions in Texas. There is no doubt that the so-called exposé launched against it by the New York *World* gave it caste and strength rather than accomplishing the object sought, which was to weaken it through ridicule.

The Dallas rally had its sequel in ratification meetings in klaverns of the Klan throughout Texas, until Mr. Mayfield, if he was not the unanimous choice of Klansmen, at least had behind him the already powerful and organized machinery of the order. Mr. Henry and Mr. Strong were completely sidetracked; and they retaliated by striking hands in the form of their resignation as Klansmen, and Strong's withdrawal and pronouncement that the interests of the people would be best served by Henry's election.

GEORGE E. B. PEDDY,

Who is contesting the election of Senator Mayfield, from Texas.

There were four other candidates. Senator Culberson was up for re-election, on his record. Cullen F. Thomas, of Dallas, entered as a Wilson Progressive and pitched his campaign mainly on the "dirt farmer" issue. James E. Ferguson, of Temple, former governor (impeached and removed from that office), was sounding his familiar war cry of reform, and drawing his old-time support. The sixth candidate was Clarence Ousley, of Fort Worth, a Conservative.

Texas at the time was in such turbulence of mind over the Klan that every other issue was waived aside. Pressure was brought on the candidates to declare themselves. Four declared anti-Klan, their replies shading down from the unequivocal to the strictly qualifying. Culberson's defiance of the Klan was particularly pointed, although brief; Ferguson likewise expressed himself with vigor. Henry was frankly a bitter-ender.

The line was very clearly drawn. It was Mayfield against the field. In the lesser races the Klan either had its own ticket or gave its endorsement, from governor down to constable, in nearly every precinct of Texas. At no stage in his campaign did Mr. Mayfield allude to the Klan (the Esch-Cummins law was his *bete noire*) but the known affiliation of speakers who introduced him at his meetings throughout the state made the source and center of his candidacy very plain—at least to the anti-Klan. His first admission that he had been inducted into citizenship in the Invisible Empire was made after the primaries, from the witness stand at Corsicana. That case will be discussed later.

The Democratic primary of July 22 brought victory to the Klan. Mayfield led the field with Ferguson second, and Culberson, Thomas, Ousley and Henry following in the order given. No candidate having received a majority of all the votes cast in the first primary, Mayfield and Ferguson went into a second, or run-off, primary of August 26. Along with them went the two high men in various lesser races; in each case Klan and anti-Klan.

Ferguson's unexpected strength was a facer for the anti-Klan wing. He was clearly unacceptable. Under the Constitution he was debarred from holding public office by reason of his impeachment. "Constitutional government" had been the rallying cry of the anti-Klan forces. How could they support Mr. Ferguson? Sorely puzzled, the state committee met and mulled the thing over. Mr. Mayfield himself suddenly cleared the air by saying, offhand, "Oh, let him run." Ferguson promptly pitched his campaign on the Klan issue.

For bitterness, the run-off campaign has had few parallels in Texas. When the smoke of battle cleared it was found that the Klan candidates had been defeated for the lesser offices, but that Mr. Mayfield had won again, and by a handsome majority. It was very evident that while the non-Klan element had supported Mr. Ferguson in numbers, the anti-Klan had balked. There was a vast deal of difference between the non-Klan and the anti-Klan.

The campaign now passed to the election stage. The Republican party in Texas went into action by officially outlawing the Klan by resolution of its state committee. Anti-Klan Democratic leaders responded by calling a non-partisan mass meeting at which, it was announced, an independent candidate would be named to oppose Mayfield in the November election.

The Republicans participated in this meeting, by invitation. The result was a coalition of Republicans and Democrats, for the first time in Texas political history. A candidate was named. He was George E. B. Peddy, a young lawyer of Houston—the same Peddy who is now the petitioner before the United States Senate.

Although a very young man, under thirty, Peddy had been active in politics for several years. As a student in the University of Texas he had led the opposition to Governor Ferguson, then at loggerheads with the institution. As a member of the lower house of the Texas legislature he had been floor leader in the impeachment of the governor. But in the Democratic run-off primary of 1922 he had not only espoused Ferguson's candidacy, but had managed his South Texas campaign; explaining that he considered Ferguson preferable to Mayfield.

A circumstance, auspicious or ridiculous according to the point of view, at once focused attention on Peddy's candidacy for the Senate. For his espousal of Ferguson he was invited to resign the presidency of a men's Bible class in his home city, Houston. At first he refused. Already disturbed, and even inflamed, Texas as a whole made an issue of this incident until, for a time, it threatened to overshadow the campaign itself. Peddy finally resigned. He did not only resign—he left that church altogether, announcing that thenceforth "I will worship my God away out under the trees in some quiet place uncontaminated with the poison of Ku Kluxism."

While Peddy was making his campaign, his managers suddenly launched an attack on Mayfield, in the courts. It was alleged by petition to the district court at Corsicana that Mayfield had violated a clause in the Texas election law limiting to $10,000 a Senatorial candidate's primary expense. It was alleged that not less than $40,000 had been spent by him, or for him with his knowledge and consent. The court was asked to pass upon the merits of the allegations and to debar the printing of Mayfield's name on the official election ballot. Injunction proceedings were brought against the Secretary of State.

The ensuing trial, before a jury, far overshadowed the campaign in public interest. It drew from Mr. Mayfield the first admission that he was, or had been, a member of the Klan. The testimony along that line (official transcript) was as follows:

Question by Mr. Nickels: Don't you know in your headquarters at Dallas you kept there a complete list of the members of that organization (Ku Klux Klan) of which the secretary was called by the name of Kligrapp?

Answer by Mr. Mayfield: No, sir, I don't know it.

Question: You have been in meetings of that organization, haven't you?

Answer: I think I have, yes.

Q: At Dallas?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: This meeting which you attended was a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: You were a member?

A: Not at that time.

Q: You were before?

A: Yes, sir.

Q: And you are now, aren't you?

A: No, sir.

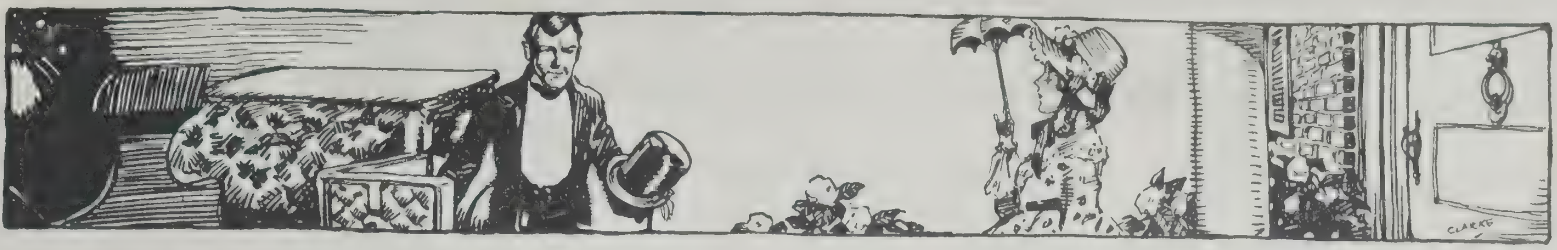
Q: About when did you cease to be a member?

A: Some time the latter part of January, before I announced as a candidate for the Senate.

The Corsicana jury found against Mayfield, partly on the court's instructions and partly by its own verdict. That is to say, it found that he had either spent more than the law allowed, or had knowledge of such expenditures made in his behalf. There was, however, no criminal phase in the case. The court then enjoined the Secretary of State from printing Mayfield's name on the election ballot.

The case was very promptly appealed. The higher court brought further complication into a muddled situation by reversing the Corsicana court on the ground that the petitioners, in bringing their action, had erred in not having some county official in the county of trial join them as co-petitioner. The higher court therefore deemed it unnecessary to pass upon the merits of the testimony. The case was carried from court to court, injunctions and counter-injunctions were issued, until, finally, only two days before the day of election, the

(*Concluded on page 15*)



The Days of Hoopskirts and "Hitting the Ball"

Consider the Lives of Mrs. Gray of Yesterday and of Mrs. Ultra of Today

By G. W. BARRINGTON

SHE came to seduce me into donating to a fund for the uplift of certain joyously wicked, comfortably filthy, constitutionally inert and complacently self-satisfied heathen in Siam or Korea or somewhere—it matters not, for she didn't get a farthing.

Her cheek had borrowed the delicate pink tint which lingers on Matterhorn after the day has sped.

Pearly teeth gleamed in the Cupid's bow of her full-ripe lips like pristine dewdrops set in the corona of a crimson rose.

Her henna hair, her drooping raven lashes and delicately penciled brows framed in fragile, subtle tracery the shell-pink ears and swansdown throat.

And it was high-class workmanship all the way around.

As to dress, she was *knee* plus ultra. That says enough, for a description of her apparel from the waist up would need be very brief indeed, while from the waist down one could only look and look, and, looking, say with the Bard:

> Man wants but little here *below*,
> Nor wants that little *long*.

Mrs. Ultra belonged to clubs, guilds, leagues, bands, federations, circles and missions and was three societies, two associations and a board ahead of her strongest local competitress.

Her mission was to convince me that there are heathen on earth sadly in need of moral enlightenment, and she succeeded admirably.

Breezily cocksure was Mrs. Ultra as she sagged six inches or so on one hip, with a corresponding elevation of its fellow, and definitely settled knotty problems of foreign policy which have bothered the minds of our brainiest statesmen, from Washington to Brookhart—which is quite some distance, any way you view it.

Shifting vertebrae, she disposed of pestiferous internal affairs in the same easy, off-hip fashion. If there was any difference, I think her domestic hip ascended to greater heights than the one that hunched affairs of international interest, but it may not have remained up so long.

Foreign relations are so complicated.

Just in the nick of time I restrained a natural impulse to ask the lady to be seated. She might have tackled prohibition and the rapid shifting to and fro between the international and intranational aspects of the thing probably would have resulted in the complete destruction of my visitor's chair—a spindly antique.

Having got me fairly hypnotized, my preceptress presented an amazingly detailed mass of statistics showing exactly how many care-free heathen were going down to torment, singing and unafraid, during every precious minute that we dawdled in idle converse.

Five times during my period of torment she referred contemptuously to customs and conventions of bygone days as "hoopskirty," and each time she did it, I took another reef in my purse-strings and condemned another batch of unconcerned heathen to slide grinning to their sizzling doom, without a fair trial.

* * *

Some pretty good little old women wore hoopskirts.

* * *

Some subtle alchemy flared the hems of the beruffled skirts worn by the grandmothers of the silver-gray boys of today, but no mere male ever knew precisely how it was done, for in that day unmentionables were unmentionable and unmentioned.

Conceding that the hoopskirt was the basic structure of their attire, as well as the most intimate portion of it that may be discussed with propriety, we will proceed to build a vision of grandmother.

Swathing the hoops was a flowing skirt with tucks and ruffles and pleats and darts forming a fleecy setting for the quaint basque with trailing polonaise.

Remember the spotless ruching at wrist and throat, the lace mitts, the hand-painted fan, the cameo brooch and the ever-present parasol?

Remember the stately carriage, the carefully modulated speech, the cool, friendly smile, the quiet dignity, the serene self-restraint and the God-given intuition which prompted the right word and the right act at precisely the proper time?

As a maiden, Silver Gray's grandmother played the spinet, embroidered wall mottoes, made wax flowers and danced the lancers and the minuet with no inspector present, and none needed, for mother was on the job.

As a matron she cooked, sewed, churned, spun, wove, knitted, darned, patched and "kept house," and still found time to rock cradles and guide worlds with a steady hand.

As a grand-dame she was guide and friend to father and mother, the arbiter of childish quarrels, the supreme court of appeal when parental authority imposed tyranny, the mother confessor who granted absolution or imposed penance, the wise physician who bandaged sore toes and purged turbulent tummies.

Dame, matron and damsel met in sober conclave to censor their own plays, select their own music and literature, choose their own friends and model their own lives.

And when, pray, did that trio ever make a mistake?

Come to think of it, those hoopskirted women were exacting, at times even despotic.

They knew what they owed to society and paid graciously; they knew what was due them and collected to the last iota.

* * *

When Silver Gray reached his teens, symptoms appeared.

One morning he discovered a growth on his upper lip and retired to the hayloft to scrape it off with a Barlow knife and laundry soap.

His voice alternately roared in basso and trilled in treble, running a succession of chromatic scales with slurs, retards and acceleratos, to his extreme mortification in public but to his boundless delight when he rehearsed in the cow pasture and knew that the bass notes grew ever more predominating.

Silver shyly donned long trousers and defied the scorn of the gang by trimming his nails regularly, adopting "stand-up" collars and refusing to go in swimming with his clothes on.

He suspected that he was a man, though he denied it sheepishly enough, but one day something occurred which forever dispelled doubt and brought the lad to the proud realization of his new estate.

* * *

Silver Gray is eighteen, and has been accorded the long-coveted privilege of handing grandmother into the carriage.

Coached for weeks previously by solicitous elders, shaved publicly by a real barber, frankly pomaded and openly powdered, he dresses as for the Queen's court and presents himself at the curb precisely on the minute.

The front door is opened noiselessly and closed without sound; the veranda fills with fluttering draperies, and queenly grandmother comes floating down the pathway like a stately frigate under full sail in a gentle, steady breeze.

Remember now, youngster, no unseemly haste, neither indolent slouching! Brace your shoulders! Hold your head up! You are esquire to a thoroughbred; look the part!

The youth opens the carriage door; his right glove crosses left palm; the walking stick follows it, then the hat, as Silver bows low, outwardly composed, inwardly a-tremble.

The right hand crosses his swelling chest again as he straightens, and on the instant the tips of Grandmother's cool, firm fingers meet it with a touch as light as the flutter of a butterfly's wing.

The parasol folds, seemingly of its own volition, its ferrule pointing at the exact spot on the carriage floor where it is destined to rest.

Some subtle, intangible force works among the ruffles; the skirt billows up ever so slightly; two white slippertoes steal in and out like twin weasels anxious to see and be unseen.

The stately head bows acknowledgment, the weasels cross the step, and the honored dame is safely inside, smiling back the verdict which makes Mr. S. Gray, Esq., fit to walk among his fellows.

* * *

Last night when young Barnes came to take that Bishop girl over the way out for a spin he honked his way up to the curb, cap over one eye balanced by a bulldog pipe in the opposite corner of his mouth, removing neither when he yelped: "Hop in, Peg! We gotta hit the ball, or the bunch will be gone bluey before we get hep to the jazz!"

Peg hopped!

We silver grays are lonesome for something which was but is not, and it is our firm conviction that when Grandma started on her sedate outing in the lumbering old chaise she took something with her that did not hop into the high-powered roadster with Peg Bishop.

We console ourselves with the thought that human nature is as unchanging as any other eternal fixture, and that, after all, a woman is a woman, hoopskirted or knickerbockered.

Rich with the philosophy of years, we know that inasmuch as the pendulum has swung to the uttermost limit of modernity, return momentum will carry it as far.

The blare and whang and jangle of jazz hogs the program, but Mozart and Liszt and Wagner will live through their works, and even "Annie Laurie" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" will soothe men long after we have forgotten "Yes, We Have No More Bernanners" and "Tie Your Little Bull Outside."

Cubists, futurists, vorticists in turn have filled and emptied and refilled the galleries but the "Angelus" was painted in durable oils, and the "Milo" will stand in chaste marbled perfection long after the last tawdry present-day monstrosity has been thrown at the cat.

"Her Secret Sin" and "The Unmarried Husband" neck and neck it for the position of best seller, but the masters still are on the shelf, dog-eared from much usage.

Atheists, scoffers, skeptics raise their raucous yammer, and Bible-lamming creedsters confuse with their bigotry, but there stands the Cross, and the Star of Bethlehem will twinkle its cheery message at Christmastide right on through the years to the millennium.

Dress, mannerisms, conventions, art, music, literature, tenets which have no appeal other than novelty, may attract, but cannot hold, for of course nothing can remain novel.

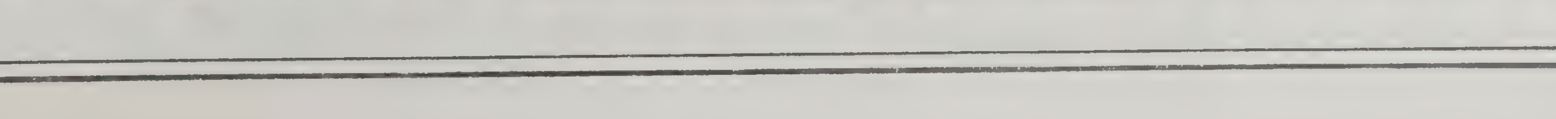
So let none scoff at those quiet gray women in hoopskirts. Heedless frivolity distracts us from their teachings. Mistaking mere innovation for progress, thoughtless modernity turns from their standards, unmindful that right-angular deviation from tried paths is not progress, but sidestepping.

It is well that hoopskirts never will return; we should have to breed a generation of women to harmonize with them.

But hoopskirtism can and will return, because it is good, and everything good that ever was will be again.

Men of the future will look back upon Grandmother Gray and upon Mrs. Ultra.

Which?



Life Insurance Rate Juggling Costs Millions

Policy Buyer, Bewildered by Needless Complications in Forms, Often Signs Blindly on the Dotted Line

LIFE insurance is the biggest business in the country. In January, 1923, the total amount of such insurance in force was more than fifty billions of dollars.

During 1922 the total income of 260 life companies, as given by the official Insurance Year Book, was $2,137 294,355, and we saw that during the same period the total payments of these companies to policyholders amounted to only $1,006,931,734, leaving a difference of more than one billion dollars ($1,130,362,621), between income and payments during 1922.

We shall endeavor to show, through an examination of the rates charged by the commercial companies, some ways in which this enormous excess was accumulated.

As made plain in the first article, the business of life insurance is a matter of public concern, and, as Dr. Huebner, of the University of Pennsylvania, maintains, "is a fit subject for some sort of government regulation designed to protect the public adequately against mismanagement and unjust practices." This is true by reason of the fact that it is the public who contributes the funds out of which insurance is paid, the company being a mere trustee or agent of those funds.

We saw, in the findings of the Armstrong Investigating Committee in New York a few years ago, how wantonly the big insurance companies in the past have abused their sacred trust, squandering the funds that belonged to widows and orphans on enormous commissions, $100,000 to $150,000 a year salaries to their officials, "yellow dog funds" for corrupting state legislatures, and munificent contributions to the campaign funds of a political party.

But the question now before us is, as before stated, how was that billion dollars excess of collections in 1922 accumulated?

Little Risk for Companies

PERHAPS after a little inspection of the insurance business from the inside, as it were, we shall see some of the ways in which the public is being forced to pay enormously more for insurance than is warranted by the current cost, and in many cases maneuvered out of just rights after a policy has been taken out.

While the word *risk* is often used as synonymous with insurance, as in the phrases "risk companies," and "risk business," *as a matter of fact there are few businesses in which the element of risk really enters so little as in the life insurance business today.*

The reason for this lies in the development of the science of statistics. It has been found that there is really no such thing as chance, statistically speaking, when computing the probability of death among a given number of people, in the different age groups, at any given time. The number of persons in a particular group who will die during a year can be determined with uncanny accuracy.

So true is this, that practically all insurance companies are now basing their rates upon the so-called American Experience Table of Mortality. The American Table was compiled by Mr. Sheppard Homans, in 1868, while actuary for the Mutual Life Company of New York, and it is recognized throughout the various states as being fully accurate and dependable.

Therefore, all that it is necessary for a company using this table to do is to collect premiums sufficient to provide for the number of deaths at the different ages as shown by this table, and a reasonable overhead for expenses.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? It is.

And so the unsophisticated layman would probably imagine that the insurance companies have a uniform rate at which all life insurance is sold to the public, graded according to the age of the applicant.

As a matter of fact, there are innumerable different prices for life insurance, and hundreds of different ways in which they may be paid. In other words, each company is largely a law unto itself. Each company has its own assortment of policies and rates, from which the bewildered applicant for insurance is invited to take his pick, the chances being that after he has signed on the dotted line he does not really know what he has bought or whether he has paid a just and reasonable price for it.

It would seem almost as if life insurance is purposely made so complicated that the average buyer shall be unable to grasp the real significance of the jumbled policies that are offered for his acceptance.

When a man finds himself in need of an article of merchandise, he goes to a reliable store and, after looking over the articles offered and making a choice, he knows what he has got. In the insurance business it would seem to be quite the reverse.

If you are poor and not robust in health, and have moreover a dependent family, you are the very person who has most need of life insurance. If the insurance business were the benevolent enterprise it is so often represented to be in its advertisements, you would be given the strongest encouragement and the freest opportunity to take out insurance. The cold-blooded fact is, however, that the insurance solicitor will shun you as if you had the cholera.

But if you are known to be prosperous and have money for investment, and if the insurance company is convinced in its own mind that you are a "good risk," that is, that there is no probability of your dying for many years, it will move heaven and earth to get its hands on your money by appealing to your love for your family, and will sign you up for as fancy an assortment of policies and in as big amounts as the latest arts of "salesmanship" can induce you to buy.

By J. V. NASH

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Nash. The other appeared in the last issue of The Dearborn Independent.

In fact, nowhere is "salesmanship" more efficient than in the life insurance business. *If you are a "good risk" you are no risk, and hence a desirable customer.* The insurance agent is constantly on the lookout for such prospects, and once he has the scent of your trail, you will be placed under regular siege at your home and place of business and will not know a moment's peace until you have hoisted the white flag. Then the agent, like a conjurer, will juggle policies and prices before your eyes, reeling off his parrot-like "sales talk" all the while, until your head begins to swim and you gradually lose consciousness. When you come to, the agent has left and you find a copy of a policy—perhaps two or three—lying before you, with your name signed on the dotted line.

Why, you may ask, does the public stand for such a state of affairs? Simply because the average insurance buyer regards life insurance as a very mysterious business, through which he is going to get something for nothing—perhaps—and which he could not understand if he tried; and the insurance companies encourage that state of mind. *In the hypnotism of the public lie the profits of the companies.*

The needless complication of insurance writing is one of the chief factors entering into the enormous expense of conducting the business. The accounting system of an insurance company is such an intricate maze that an army of actuaries, statisticians, expert accountants, ditors, and other high-salaried officials must be constantly employed to keep it from degenerating into hopeless chaos—all at the expense of the policyholders.

Arthur Brisbane, commenting on the fact that life insurance in the United States increased three hundred millions of dollars during the first six months of 1923, remarked: "The wise man insures his life, but modern insurance with its costly solicitors, will one day be replaced by simplified insurance."

As the basis of all insurance policies is a payment called the premium, we shall start our discussion of insurance rates by a little non-technical explanation of this mysterious word. "Premium," according to the dictionary, means "reward" or "recompense." It is simply the annual charge upon the policyholder for the cost of carrying the insurance.

By "natural premium" is meant the actual current yearly cost of insurance. The mortality tables will tell us infallibly the number of deaths which will occur in a specified group, for each year of age. Beginning with the age of ten, we find the number dying decreases gradually until the age of twenty-five is reached. The number then remains stationary to and including age twenty-eight; at twenty-nine it begins to climb in a slow but steady ascent, year by year, reaching the peak at seventy-three and then more rapidly falling until the vanishing point is reached in age ninety-five. At ninety-six you are, for insurance purposes, dead.

What Rate Making Really Is

TO ILLUSTRATE the process of rate making: At age thirty-five the American Mortality Table shows that 8.95 persons will die out of each 1,000. Suppose, then, that we wish to insure 1,000 persons of that age for $1,000 each. All that we have to do is to collect $8.95 from each individual. This will give us a fund of $8,950, which will be just the sum required to pay $1,000 each on 8.95 theoretical death claims.

Similarly, at age forty-five there will be 11.16 deaths in a thousand, and at age fifty, 13.78 deaths, the natural premiums being $11.16 and $13.78 respectively.

Beautifully simple, isn't it? Nothing, indeed, is simpler than to compute the exact cost of life insurance, and yet there is nothing more complicated than a life insurance policy—the bill of sale on a package of life insurance. The computation of the cost of life insurance is, for instance, far simpler than the computation of the cost of an automobile, a suit of clothes, or a pair of shoes, yet on none of these would you expect to be offered a choice of a dozen different prices for identically the same article.

What would you think of a shoe-store which displayed a pair of shoes in its window, with a price-card attached reading somewhat as follows:

A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF PRICES FOR
THIS PAIR OF SHOES, ACCORDING
TO THE STYLE OF INVOICE
SELECTED—
$4.50 —Plan of Payment No. 1.
4.87½—Plan of Payment No. 2.
4.98 —Especially for ladies.
5.00 —With 25 cents rebate.
5.25 —With a chance on a pair of rubbers to match, and if you win we take back the shoes.

Or, what would you say if, on asking your tailor how much he would charge for making you a suit of clothes, he replied nonchalantly: "Oh, I have a dozen different prices for exactly the same suit. Let me show you some of our beautifully engraved bills of sale, and explain about the different prices at which you can buy this suit of clothes. I am sure you will find a price to your liking."

Yet that is something like the proposition the insurance companies will put up to you when you express a desire, or yield to the solicitor's urging, to buy $1,000 worth of life insurance.

We have seen what is meant by the natural premium, and we have seen that, according to the American Table, it will be exactly the same everywhere for each age group. But does the actual premium as charged by the companies bear a uniform relation to the natural premium? Far from it.

Here are the premium rates for $1,000 at age thirty-five in some of the well-known companies. It should be borne in mind that in each instance the insurance buyer is purchasing exactly the same commodity—$1,000 insurance protection.

Kind of Policy	Annual Premium	Insurance Bought
Ten Year Term	$ 14.50	$1,000
Twenty Year Term	16.24	1,000
Ordinary Life	28.11	1,000
Twenty Payment Life	38.34	1,000
Fifteen Payment Life	45.91	1,000
Twenty Year Endowment	51.91	1,000
Fifteen Year Endowment	69.52	1,000
Ten Year Endowment	105.87	1,000

It will be perfectly clear from the foregoing that, if the company can carry the insurance for ten years at a flat rate of $14.50, any policyholder in the whole list who dies before the end of the tenth year and pays more than $14.50 a year for the $1,000 insurance, has in effect made a large donation to the company over and above the legitimate charge for carrying the insurance. Even on the $14.50 rate, the payments during the first few years will be larger than the current cost of the insurance.

Overpayments Pile Up Rapidly

IN THE same way, any one of the policyholders dying between the tenth and twentieth years and paying more than $16.24 a year has made a large donation to the company. In other words, he has paid more for his insurance than would be sufficient to cover the natural premium plus expenses and a reasonable profit to the insurance company.

Just how much the insurance companies are unfairly profiting from this condition is indicated by the following figures taken from the report of a great New York company.

"In July, August and September, 1922, the company paid 2,398 claims of deceased policyholders, as follows:

108 died in first year of insurance.
125 " " second " " "
403 " between third and fifth years.
397 " " fifth and tenth "
809 " " tenth and twentieth years.
556 " after twenty years.

2398 Total."

It is perfectly evident, therefore, that 1,842, or the great majority of the 2,398, died before twenty years, thus forfeiting all overpayments above current cost of the insurance. In other words, the policyholders are charged more than was right or proper to pay these claims, and the insurance company pockets the difference.

How these overpayments are accumulated is explained by the fact that when an insurance policy is written for a term of years or for life, a flat premium payable each year is offered. For instance, in the case of an ordinary life policy, taken out at the age of thirty, the company coolly assumes that you are going to reach the age of ninety-six. Instead, however, of asking you to pay premiums at an increasing rate each year, it lumps the premiums all together and levels them down to an average, payable without change each year. The justification it gives for this is, that it relieves the buyer of paying higher premiums in his old age. But if he dies before reaching old age? Therein lies the joker.

It thus happens that when a policy is taken out, the insured begins, through his premium payments, building up a fund called the Reserve, which gets larger the longer he lives. During the earlier years, the insured pays much more than the current cost of the insurance. This overpayment is the source of the reserve and the basis of the loan and surrender values which the companies have been forced by law to allow on policies.

But in case of the insured's death at a premature age, this excess payment is deducted from the amount due the beneficiary. In other words, it is for all practical purposes an assessment. As a prominent insurance man puts it: "The legal reserve companies cannot assess you while living, but under the law they can and do assess their policyholder's beneficiary the total amount of overpayment, called reserve, to pay the claim."

This being true, it would appear that the only difference between mutual assessment or fraternal companies and the so-called old-line legal reserve companies is that in the one case the assessment, in case premium payments are not sufficient to pay losses, is made before death, and in the other after, and in the latter case the assessment is not a matter of necessity. "All legal reserve policies except term policies," the insurance man already quoted points out, "are essentially assessment policies."

It will be noted in the table we have given that at

(Concluded on page 12)

Don't Interfere With Bedouins and They Won't Bother You

Desert Folk Glad to Remain at Peace If No Attempt to Change Them Is Made

By BURT P. GARNETT

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Garnett.

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Bedouin women churning milk—typical interior of a big tent, Syria.

THE treatment of Ishmael, legendary sire of the Bedouins, and his mother at the hands of Abraham, might well be calculated to make him bitter against his father and not too friendly toward his half-brother, Isaac, although he was present at Abraham's burial.

The Bible dismisses him, in Genesis, with the statement that he died at the age of 137 years, and that he left twelve sons, whose names are much like the names found today among the Bedouins—Nebajoth, Kedar, Adbeel, Mibsam, Mishma, Dumah, Massa, Hadar, Tema, Jetur, Naphish and Kademah.

If, indeed, the Bedouins were descendents of Ishmael, the indications are that these cousins of the Israelites were divided from them in religion, tradition and culture. The Arabs took readily to the idea of one God, whose prophet, of course, was Mohammed, and this indicates a racial tendency to think like the Jews but not to think as the Jews thought.

The Bedouins are proud of their Semitic origin but are not particularly proud of their kinship with the Jews. If they are indeed the sons of Ishmael, the Egyptian strain in them would seem to be much stronger than the Hebrew.

Their manners and customs suggest Egypt rather than Judea. However, their forty or fifty centuries perhaps entitles them to call their characteristics Bedouin and nothing else.

There is something characteristically Bedouin in the next mention of an "Ishmael," in the Bible. This is in the Book of Jeremiah, and concerns a particularly soulless raid of plunder and murder. Ishmael, described as the son of Nethaniah and "of the seed royal," went with a few men into Mizpah under the guise of a friendly visit, and treacherously carried away with him loot and captives. It is, perhaps, not fair to say that the treachery of this Ishmael is typical of Bedouins. Usually they do not bother to be treacherous. There is, even their enemies admit, something rather gay and care-free, if boisterous and rough, about the way they conduct their holdups. They seem to rejoice in robbing a rich caravan in the same manner that a clever trader waxes happy over a fat day in the stock market.

However, one traveler in their lands brings forth one story about the Bedouins and another an entirely different one. Perhaps much of the lore concerning them is invented by the guides who take charge of tourists. And if those guides are no more accurate and reliable than those who pilot visitors through the Capitol at Washington, the tourist may not have the absolute truth.

More likely, the stories about the Bedouins probably are nearly all true—to a certain extent. The Bedouin exhibits one sort of conduct one day and another sort another day. He is a changeable fellow. Why shouldn't he be? The rules by which he lives are very general in nature, elastic and capable of various interpretation. Impulse is as good a motive as another.

Usually an invading army subdues the natives it finds. It was so when Attila and his Huns swept down upon the Greeks. It was so when Caesar and his Romans took England. The Spanish, English, Dutch, French and Portuguese who came to the Americas subdued the Indians and either killed them off or made them conform to the rules of civilization.

Such is not the case in Arabia. Instead of making the Bedouins behave, the British and French, who have mandates over this ancient land, pay them to behave, and pay them well. They do not attempt to deceive themselves about the Bedouins. The Frenchman and the Englishman well know that the Bedouin is more than a match for him in wits and in fighting strength—despite the invader's machine guns, his airplanes and other modern fighting machinery.

If the lands that the Bedouin calls his own were richer lands, there might be a different story to tell. If there were mineral deposits or oil to be found in the desert, or if there were agricultural possibilities, an expenditure of men and money to conquer these wild, free men, might be justified. As it is, peace and noninterference with them seem much more desirable.

Such parts of Arabia, of Syria and of Mesopotamia as offer opportunity for commercial exploitation are being exploited, naturally. This sort of thing, however, is not new to the Bedouin. The Young Turks had ambitious plans and went far toward completing them. They may have gone too far, these Turks, since the powers among the various tribes in Arabia quickly acted when they saw an opportunity to get out from under Turkish rule.

The Bedouins are interested in what the foreigner does in Arabia only in a moral sense, as long as no effort is made to interfere with their life and habits. If the foreigner wants to cluster around the city of Mosul and become highly excited over oil wells, build a large number of queer-looking derricks and keep crowds of men scurrying about like a lot of excited ants over a stream of smelly black fluid that comes out of the ground, well and good. The Bedouin looks on with interest and perhaps with suspicion for a time. He is ready to check any move that seems directed at his desert and grazing lands. When no such move is apparent and the foreigner continues to be a pleasant fellow, otherwise, the Bedouin goes about his business.

The British are exceedingly wise at colonization and at getting on with native populations the world over. They are friendly, arouse no feeling on the part of the native that he is being ruled, do not attempt to change his religious beliefs nor alter his customs—as long as those customs do not interfere with the purposes for which the Englishman goes into the land. So, it is probable that under the British mandate Arabia will make progress.

The danger lies in the Wahabis. These are brothers of the Bedouins in whom the religious strain has become fanatical. They are said to consider death a welcome thing, in that it opens the door to paradise. Their home is in the desert land of Nejd, the capital of which is Raid, which few men not of the Mohammedan faith have seen.

They might be called "fierce Puritans." They follow the "true teachings" of Mohammed, and are strict prohibitionists, forbid the use of tobacco, look with stern disapproval upon decorations in the mosques or upon the graves of the dead. They wear no jewels. Yet, despite their strict code of living, they believe that every Mohammedan has the right to live according to his own, individual interpretation of the Koran.

(C) Underwood & Underwood

An Arab home in Babylonia.

The chief of the Wahabis is Abd el-Aziz es-Saud, a young man, about thirty-five years old. He is a very clever young man, which is shown by the fact that he receives from the British Government a salary of $25,000 a month, and a New Year's gift of $100,000. This money serves to prevent Wahabi raids upon the camps of unbelievers and otherwise to keep things peaceful. Many other Arab chiefs likewise are paid to refrain from conducting raids, both the British and French contributing.

The Wahabis, while placing an irksome restraint with their rigid ideas of religion upon the Bedouins, have the respect and sympathy, to some degree, of the Bedouins. Let a crisis arise, with the Wahabis at war with some horde of unbelievers, and a great many Bedouins may suddenly and mysteriously appear among their ranks.

The Wahabis possibly offer a protection against the wiles of civilization. The Bedouin rather fancies the phonograph, and sits at night in his desert camp, smoking, sipping coffee and listening to "Yes, We Have No Bananas," as sung by some famous American vaudeville artist. He grins and pats his sandaled foot upon the sand in time to the tune. Now the Wahabis look upon the phonograph as one of the most accursed of infidel inventions—a feeling that perhaps is shared by some apartment-house-dwelling Christians.

These days the Bedouins are taking a good deal of interest in Jerusalem. It presents an interesting mixture of Mohammedans, Christians, Jews and a goodly sprinkling of Buddhists and representatives of other Oriental religions. Travelers come there in great crowds and it is a good place to trade—or perhaps to do a little stealing. Taking property from an infidel is not such a bad thing to do.

The Bedouin with his brother Arabs believes that Jerusalem—all of Palestine, in fact—is a good place to watch just now. The Arab feels that the newcomers to Palestine are taking the attitude that the country is theirs. The Zionists, for instance, come in with money and bustle about in a very sure-of-themselves manner, as if making preparations to run the country. Since more than seventy-five per cent of the inhabitants of Palestine are Mohammedan, they look darkly upon any indication that there may be a rule of a minority in Palestine.

Sir Herbert Samuel is the High Commissioner representing British interests. He was appointed because he was a Jew and also because of the Zionist movement. The Arabs are inclined to view with extreme doubt the statement from the Commission that the Zionist movement means only that the Jews are to have a national home in Palestine. They suspect that underneath this is a plan to turn the government over entirely to the Jews. And they are holding themselves ready to make plenty of trouble in case of such a move.

The Bedouin, scenting trouble, is hovering near. If there is going to be trouble—interesting trouble, where gallant fighting may take place—he wants to be in on it.

The Mohammedans have little to fear from Jews who have gone there from America, says W. H. Porterfield, an American who has just returned from Palestine.

"I met a number of them on the boat, going to Palestine with high enthusiasm for the Zionist movement," said Mr. Porterfield. "Going back, they were less enthusiastic. In leaving America, they had a poetic vision of their ancient home, with great zest for the idea of restoring the country and setting it apart as the national home of all Jewish people. When they actually saw the bleak, backward, unbeautiful, terrifically hot place that Palestine now is, with an expenditure of years and millions of money necessary before the land could be made to be agreeable to them, with their cultivated Western tastes, they were vastly disappointed."

It has been suggested that if some experienced American hotel operator were to erect a couple of good, modern hostelries in Jerusalem, these might contribute somewhat toward the success of the Zionist movement.

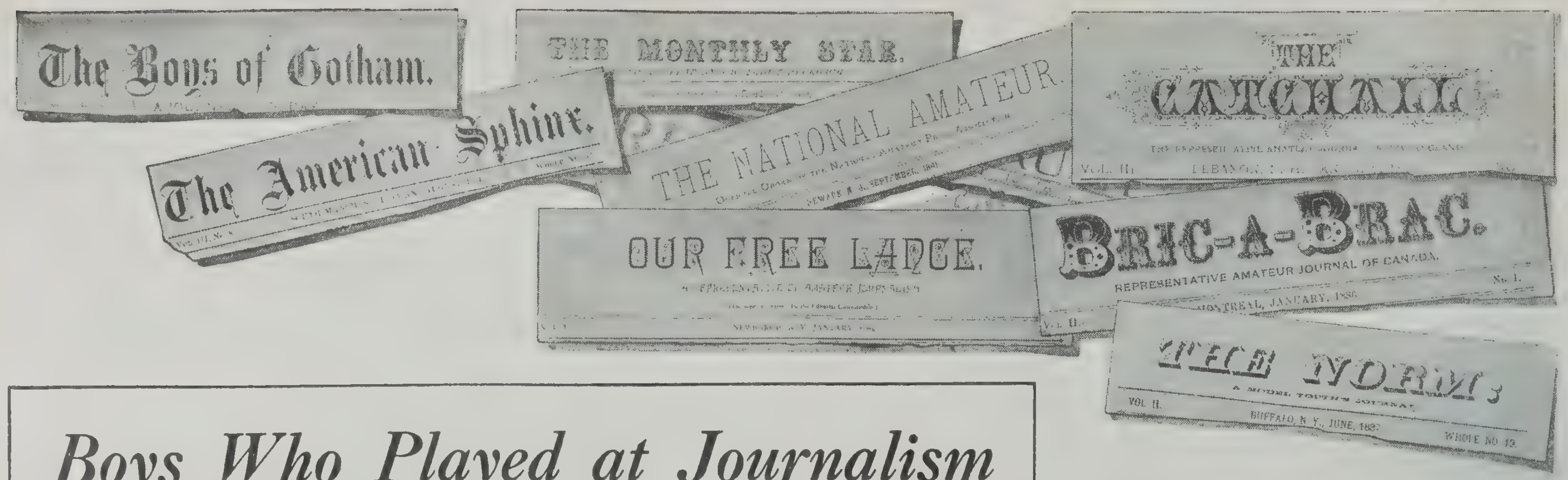
Mr. Porterfield says that he found, not so much an ambition on the part of Jews from America to remain in Jerusalem, *as an ambition of the younger Jews in Jerusalem to come to America.*

Junius B. Wood, in the *National Geographic,* tells of a motor trip made last spring through the desert; of horses and camels snorting and running away in fright. One camel, the leader of a caravan, broke away and made off across the sands in tremendous haste, followed by the others of the train. The motor car turned and gave chase, with the camel drivers hanging on the running board, their robes flying in the wind. An exciting pursuit over dry creek beds, dunes and sand finally resulted in the capture of the lead camel, whereat the others quieted down and the caravan was reassembled and proceeded on its way. However, the automobile is a subtle thing. If the Bedouin becomes charmed by it, as well he may, he is lost! A few years and he may be a good-roads booster. The government may then say to him, "No taxes, no roads," and he will give in.

By the nature of things, the progress of industrial development in such a country must be slow. Until it comes—if it ever does come in such a way as to disturb the life and habits of the people—the Bedouin will continue to be the same person he always has been.

He has not changed his style of dress in many centuries. He wears a galabeah, or semi-fitting gown, made of striped or otherwise colored material, a white, flowing robe called the "abayah," silken headgear of "kaffeyah," which is fastened to his head by thick cords of colored silk or wool, which are called "agals."

The Bedouin is as he is—and as he was thousands of years ago. He confidently expects so to remain. Call him "outcast," if you will. Ishmael was an outcast. His descendents find no disgrace in the term.


The Boys of Gotham.
THE MONTHLY STAR.
The American Sphinx.
THE NATIONAL AMATEUR.
THE CATCHALL
OUR FREE LANCE.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
REPRESENTATIVE AMATEUR JOURNAL OF CANADA.
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Boys Who Played at Journalism

A Closed Chapter in the Boyhood of America

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

THAT boys ranging in ages from fourteen to twenty once published papers, held national and state conventions, and went through all the mimic motions in campaigning for their favorite candidates for official honors in these various associations; that the papers spoken of varied in size from two pages three by four to twenty-four pages six by nine or larger —that as many as three thousand were issued in a single year in the heydey of the period, 1878-82—all this reads like a fairy tale. Yet the history forms one of the most interesting chapters in the boyhood of America.

Amateur journalism, as it was termed, had a somewhat remote beginning. The boy journalists of the seventies were wont to trace its origin to Thomas Condie who at the age of fourteen, in the early period of the last century, published the *Juvenile Portfolio* in Philadelphia. It was issued weekly and was continued for several years at 22 Carter's Alley, opposite Stephen Girard's Bank.

The *Portfolio* was creditable for a boy of fourteen. Its language is stilted but correct. A little amusing is its Salutatory in the number for October 17, 1812, from which we quote:

"The Ladies will receive the *Juvenile Portfolio* as an interesting companion, studious of their favor, by courtly manners and valuable information; and the Gentlemen will find in it a manly and correct conduct, which we hope will be not unworthy of their regard; and as we shall ever be anxious to please the Polite, the Learned, the Witty and the Fair, with these views we are emboldened to ask the patronage of the public."

It was not, however, until 1865 that any great number of papers were published by boys in this country. The introduction of cheap hand presses, Kelsey's "Excelsior," Wood's "Novelty," Curtis and Mitchell's "Caxton," and others gave a great impetus to the movement, increasing the number of boys who printed their own papers. An Amateur Press Association was organized in 1869 embodying the eastern and New England states. In 1875 a directory was printed containing the names of more than five hundred boy editors and authors, representing as many papers.

But in 1876 a real beginning was made with the organization of the National Amateur Press Association in Philadelphia, the home of Thomas Condie, and from that day to the late eighties the boys who edited and published or wrote for these little papers steadily increased. Every year since that time up to the late nineties these boys gathered at some city west or east for the election of a board of officers of the national association and the administration of the affairs of amateur journalism for the ensuing year.

These conventions were preceded by the hottest kind of campaigning, wire-pulling and fiery criticism of the opposition. They were usually attended by a hundred or more delegates, and were conducted with quite as much dignity as the similar political conventions of their elders.

One of the prominent figures at the first gathering which resulted in the founding of the National Amateur Press Association was a bright spectacled boy of fourteen who is now the Hon. James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, then as now distinguished for his eloquence. It is interesting to note that a number of states were represented at this first gathering of the boy journalists of the period. In that year more than nine hundred papers were printed.

These conventions usually occupied three days, concluding with a banquet on the third day. Here the eloquence of the boys found opportunity for exercise. At the third convention held in Chicago a toast to which response was made by one of the most eloquent of these youths was: "Professional Journalism—may Amateur Journalism so progress that the sire will soon recognize the son."

There were editorial spats among the boys in which heavy sarcasm was dealt in imitation of their elder contemporaries. Here is a sample:

"In the *Union Lance* with reference to the *Brilliant's* criticism, Mr. Kempner declares that 'an accurate idea of the architecture of St. Paul's Cathedral could not be gained by an examination of a piece of its brick.' The force of this argument may be better understood when he shall have shown that the famous edifice is built of *brick*."

And here is another:

"The sickening conceit which is allowed to crop out in this article and undermine the little ability that has found its way into it shows that the author is either passing through his second childhood or believes that he may hide behind the pillar of fame his real worth has built up for him."

A rather neat admixture of praise and blame!

In addition to the thousands of papers published during the three decades dating from the 1876 convention were hundreds of little books from the amateur press. These were printed mostly on the little presses set and run off by their aspiring authors. The Dime Novel period was on and some of these books, crudely printed and often crudely written, show the influence of one set of professional writers of that day, Sylvanus Cobb, Ned Buntline, T. C. Harbaugh and others. Here is one with an alliterative title that may serve as a specimen, "Rope and Rifle, or the Rough Riders of the Rocky Road." Some bear titles less "lurid," where the influence of Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger is more marked, "John Wilkens Good Fortune," "Camping Out, or Adventures on the Lake," "Dick Marlowe, a Story of School Life," and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others. These books are tiny paper-covered things, some crudely illustrated, but they are eloquent of boyhood industry and nascent talent.

Oliver Optic (William T. Adams), a popular author for boys at the time, whose vogue has now passed away, was the patron saint of amateur journalism. He edited a magazine in the sixties and late seventies known as *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, and his comments were helpful to these youthful journalists in whom he manifested a fatherly interest.

Not all the books that issued from the amateur press were of the unimposing character of those mentioned. Some were quite impressive. Especially is this true of a volume of more than five hundred pages entitled "Literary Cyclopedia of Amateur Journalism," published in 1891. The glories of boyhood journalism were fading and this volume fittingly celebrated its sunset. In it are specimen essays, poems and stories from amateur writers of the two previous decades. In bulk the literature is imposing; in character it is by no means without promise. The poetry of one of the young writers listed in this volume, Fanny Kemble Johnson, stands out for its extraordinary beauty and finish. Miss Johnson, on growing to maturity, contributed verse to the higher class magazines, *Harper's* and the *Century*, and these were characterized by the same felicity of phrasing. In 1889 Miss Johnson won the Poet Laureateship of the National Amateur Press Association in competition with other aspirants for the honor.

Laureate awards for poem, essay and sketch were made annually for many years. Charles A. Dana was selected as the judge of poems submitted one year and the entries for the title were so bad that Mr. Dana positively refused to decide which was the least poor of the lot! This drew down upon him the abuse of the youthful editors, who contended that it was the judge's duty to decide solely upon the comparative merit of the entries without regard to their general quality. This contention seemed not unreasonable, but the boys were unfortunate in having caught the distinguished journalist in one of his irascible moods.

The girls who edited and published little papers were few as compared with the boys. But one little girl of fourteen who hailed from Elmira, New York, was actually one of the pioneers in juvenile journalism. *The Youthful Enterprise* was a large-sized paper of eight and twelve pages. Miss Adams did the typesetting as well as the editing of her journal, and attracted wide attention in the professional press.

In 1873 amateur journalism was represented at the Vienna Exposition by four boys who crossed the ocean, carrying with them press, type and similar equipment. *The American Youth* was printed and issued every Saturday during the period of the Exposition. It was scanned with suspicion by the authorities but with delight by the American visitors. The enterprise was hailed with enthusiasm by the boys at home, and the incident served to draw public attention to the institution of boy and girl journalism.

What became of the graduates of this great practical university, this mimic world of journalism and politics? How have these boys acquitted themselves in the more serious activities of after life? About a third of them did become writers, journalists, managers or owners of publications, and a surprising number became noted in other ways.

Among the boys once active in amateur journalism who afterward became owners of great publications is Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Saturday Evening Post,* and Edwin A. Grozier, of the *Boston Post.*

Among other publishers are Charles Scribner and John Moody, and among editors are Charles Stokes Wayne, of the *Smart Set,* William Henry Siviter, of the Pittsburgh *Chronicle,* and Stephen J. Burke, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

Among authors is Burton E. Stevenson, librarian of the Chillicothe, Ohio, Public Library, and better known as the writer of a number of boys' books and a recent anthology known as "The Home Book of Verse," which has been highly praised by the critics. Another distinguished graduate of amateur journalism and perhaps the best known librarian in the country is John Cotton Dana, of the Newark, New Jersey, Public Library, and the author of a number of books, pamphlets and magazine articles.

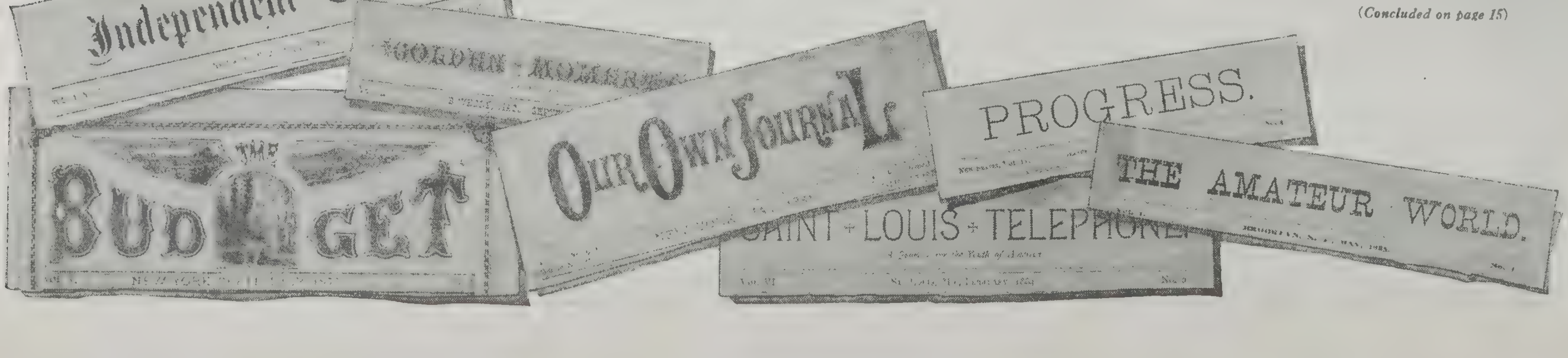
Among dramatists is Augustus Thomas, and among legal lights are James M. Beck, Frank White, author of a number of well-known works on corporation law, Moses H. Grossman, and others less prominent.

Many of these former boy journalists are found active in public life. Among these are United States Senator Moses, of New Hampshire; ex-Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania; Fourth Assistant Postmaster Billany; former State Senator Metcalf, of Washington, now vice-president of the Scandinavian Commission which sailed this summer to gather statistics on industrial conditions; Henry L. Bryan, of the State Department at Washington, in whose arms Thomas F. Bayard breathed his last; Colonel William C. Brown, attached to President McKinley's staff, who was present at the deathbed of the martyred Chief Magistrate; Alfred Holmead, of the Interstate Commerce Commission; former Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, and many others.

Among clergymen prominent in their localities are Rev. Howard Taylor, of Chicago, Rev. Frank C. Wicks, of Indianapolis, and Rev. Father Uncles, of the Epiphany College at Baltimore, Maryland, the first colored man in the United States to assume the priesthood in the Catholic Church.

Among distinguished physicians is Dr. Charles W. Richardson, of Washington, D. C.

(*Concluded on page 15*)



Mr. Ford's Page

THERE was probably never a younger generation that did not have to endure the judgment of being morally inferior to, or at least more careless than, its elders. One of the signs of adulthood seems to be a conviction that the generation which is following along after is certain to give the world another kick down the slopes of perdition. It always has been so, it is so now, and presumably it will continue so for some time.

Not that this point of view is shared by all, though it does seem to be the natural and majority point of view. There have been others who have seen the matter in quite another light, for whom the onsweep of the generations is the ground of highest hope. Looking at the adult world many have been impressed with the difficulty of greatly changing it for the better. There is a "set" about maturity that is almost impossible to revise. So many people cease to grow and begin to harden. "Settling down" is so often a fatal process, a negation of life. But with the pliable new generation, open-minded, sensitive, responsive, the outlook is so different that many have seen in youth the hope of the world.

Mystery and miracle mark the generations anyway. Out of the Invisible they come, like successive human waves washing up on the shores of time and experience. In their helplessness they are the care of the generation that preceded them; but hardly are we aware of them before they become our challengers. The elders think their age gives them authority; Youth knows no authority but that which cannot be evaded—the authority of character and real knowledge. And so the combat begins early—Authority vs. New Life. And the elders feel aggrieved, while the younglings see in that disappointment the first proof of their power.

What the elders fail to see is perhaps the greatest folly of all—the folly of adulthood assuming proprietorship over the world that is to be. The follies of youth are hardly comparable with it. Youth, lacking the channels of publicity, has no way to make its opinions felt, but enough is known of the new generation to make it clear that if the elders have their complaints about youth, Youth also has its complaints about the elders. The two worlds criticize each other. And if it is entirely proper in one, it is not entirely disrespectful in the other.

YOUTH should not be slandered. Boy nature and girl nature are less repressed and therefore more wholesome today than before. If they at times seem unimpressed by their elders, it is probably because we make a matter of authority what should be a matter of conference. These young people are new people, sent to this scene by Destiny to take our places. They come with new visions to fulfill, new powers to exploit. Precious little shall we leave them because our world is not the world they want; they will build their own new world, even as we built ours. If, however, youth were keen to save time and suffering, there is something to its advantage in gleaning the wisdom its elders have won. The rung of the ladder that lifts one is not to be spurned.

The situation is painful because it is not understood. And it is not understood because of the notion we entertain as to who these children are. We think they are creations of ourselves when in fact they are new people, entirely new people, as new in their time as the people who industrialized this country were new in theirs. And thus destined to be misunderstood. Whoever they are they are here, and theirs is the world of the future, and the world of the future will be greater far than ours. That fact in itself should engender a respectful attitude toward them.

If we are not quite capable of that height, there are at least the facts of the situation. And the facts indicate that, so far as badness goes, the nature of the youth of today is not bad. In fact it is the very lack of badness that is the constant marvel, considering the conditions which evil imaginations have created. Boy nature and girl nature is just what they ever were, if anything perhaps a little better today than before because of the disappearance of so much of the repression that formerly oppressed youth and tantalized it to break out recklessly.

We fancy that boys are wrecking themselves via the cigaret route and that girls are following suit via the dance route, and yet it is reported that only thirty per cent of Harvard students smoke, while for the vast majority of young girls a dance is a rare experience. In some circles, of course, it is credibly reported that the social life of the young goes on with little supervision, but this is not to be put down to the account of youth, it is plainly proof of the negligence of adults. People who have lately made money, and who are striving to live after what they think are the habits of the rich (as those habits are portrayed in the movies) have always been in the world, and to exalt their lack of balance as likely to upset the world is to credit them with a little too much weight.

It is rather strange what different views different minds take of the matter. Wholesome minds invariably find the majority of our young people entirely wholesome, while unwholesome minds nurse their own suspicions. This is not at all to minimize the tragedies of youth which are known in all our cities, but it is decisively to say that Youth-at-Large is still hedged about with those God-given defenses which only long and hard worldwear can weaken.

One thing seems clear: the habit of elders issuing orders for youth to obey has become obsolete. If the generations are to get together, they must confer. If the elders have anything of value to pass on to their juniors, it must pass because of its value, or not at all. Maturity should be trustworthy and gray hairs should be wise, but as it is not always so the young are justified in looking beyond mere age to reasonableness and worth.

Still, it should be whispered to youth that it would be worth while to confer with its elders. In driving along a strange road we are glad of information from travelers who are familiar with it. Life is that road, and adults have traveled farther on it than youth has done, and if there are chances of disaster which can be avoided by knowing of them beforehand it is just as well to know about them. This, however, is not the imposition of authority, it is imparting knowledge in conference. If adults have not always known how to talk to youth, youth has failed in keenness by not knowing how to listen. It is better to learn what can be learned by listening, than to learn by needlessly hard experience.

Quite a fallacy hangs round that idea of "learning by experience." While it is true that the whole sum and purpose of life is to give us experience, it is not necessarily the *duplicate experience* which could be had another way. There is no need to repeat all the errors of humanity to learn the elementary wisdom of humanity. Progress is made by beginning where someone else leaves off, not by repeating all that other's previous mistakes.

As a matter of fact, is it not true that in the majority of instances where we use that phrase "learning by experience," it relates to mistakes, rather than to progress? Why should we always relate experience to some sort of failure? Is not success an experience too? Is not regularity of life an experience from which a man can learn something, as well as folly of life?

The Good Book speaks of a "wisdom that is from above." That is to distinguish it from a wisdom which is from beneath. The wisdom or experience that comes from beneath is the experience or wisdom we get from doing things that are wrong and that mostly we know to be wrong before we do them. The "wisdom that is from above" is a higher wisdom; it does not come through wounds and sorrows, but through doing right things.

That is the kind of wisdom that the elders would like to pass on to youth, so that youth may start without the loss of time in making unnecessary mistakes. This generation, mistaken though some of its methods with youth may be, has no dearer desire than that the coming generation may start in at the point of accomplishment where we leave off. And to do that, this generation would gladly pass on all the knowledge for which it has bitterly paid concerning the ways of life.

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Police Protectors of Crime

IT IS not to be supposed that Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, new head of the Philadelphia police, talks as much as the papers make it appear he does. That would be unlike a United States Marine. It is not to be supposed that he will cure age-old vice in that city. Nor change human nature. There is always so much misunderstanding about these matters that it is necessary to make them clear. The best General Butler or any other public servant can do is to insure that the police of a city do not become protectors of crime.

That was the distinction and the lesson taught the country by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in 1892-1894. This gentleman, zealous for decent moral conditions in New York, tackled vice itself, and found that the first outworks of the fortifications of vice consisted of the New York Police. He then changed his tactics. He went after the police. He insisted that the police force, paid by the city, should be leagued with the city rather than with the enemies of the city. It was a simple demand to make, that police be against crime rather than for crime, but it took tremendous labor, courage, loss and suffering to make that simple point clear.

Men in the uniform of the city but in the service of crime are a double danger, and there is reason to believe that this attitude is more widespread than most people are aware.

It is probable that crime, in all its phases, can never be stamped out by any exercise of authority. It may even be regarded as an absolute impossibility. But certainly it is not impossible to have a police force lined up against crime, instead of for crime—and if even this much could be achieved, conditions in our cities would change amazingly for the better. This much is absolutely true: There is no city in the United States that would not be immeasurably safer and cleaner if its police force were morally and actively against crime. No police force of any large American city is exerting half its power for law and order. The plaint of powerlessness on the part of police anywhere is a concealed confession of confederacy with known crime and criminals.

A Rich Beggar

SENTENCING Samuel Shapiro, a wealthy beggar, to jail, a New York magistrate directs attention to a growing peril of the American city. Professional mendicancy has no place in America, but it is becoming an extensive business. The alms seeker of the Orient, and the ragged beggar of the European slums has his replica in every large American community. Hard times or good times, the panhandler plies his trade. And, if the case of Shapiro is any criterion, the trade is an unusually lucrative one.

Shapiro has been in the begging business for seventeen years. He refuses to give it up. He looks forward to the future as holding forth opportunity for the greatest profit, for an old beggar attracts more tender and profitable sympathy than a young one.

The American Government, founded upon industry and energy, has been singularly lax in applying remedial measures to the evil of mendicancy. Only one state, Massachusetts, possesses a labor colony which deals with any degree of success with the parasite. Other states punish idleness merely by imposing more idleness on the offender. That is: the mendicant, sentenced for begging, is merely sent for a short term to some house of correction where he has no work or little work and where he is provided with warm quarters, adequate food and other necessities of life at public expense.

A short term under such conditions is no deterrent to such an offender. The shame of a prison sentence is generally considered a far greater deterrent to crime, than the hardship of actual confinement. In a professional beggar, a sense of shame must be a minute quantity.

Tax Reduction

REVISION of the revenue laws and reduction of taxation will be of no lasting benefit to the country unless the taxation remains lowered. A reduction in this year's taxes to be followed by a deficit and a consequent increase in next year's levy would be worse than useless.

It is to be assumed that the Treasury Department's estimate of the amount that taxes can be lowered is based on the best estimates possible. But assurances that lower taxation has come to stay can only lie in a gradual tightening of the expenditure limits, the steady elimination of unnecessary Government bureaus, and the practice of wise economy all along the line.

The first report of a Congressional Committee on an appropriation measure is a satisfying indication that Government is moving in the right direction. The Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives reported the annual supply bill for the Interior Bill, after having slashed budget estimates by $10,000,000, making the amount recommended for the operation of the department during the next fiscal year $35,792,044 below the appropriation made for the department's activities during the present fiscal year.

There are points below which reductions in revenues cannot safely go. Government functions must continue, and their continuance will always cost money. But the limits of reduction have not yet been reached.

Knee Breeches

THE decision of Ambassador Frank B. Kellogg to abolish knee breeches as court costume at social events in London is more than a subject for humorous comment by paragraphers. It is a display of common sense of so common a variety that it is strange that an American envoy had ever adopted a different form of dress.

Ben Franklin, American representative at the most voluptuous court of his day, was not called upon to wear a costume out of keeping with the styles of his country. Yet, he was able to establish American diplomacy on a plane on which the ablest diplomats of the Old World were pleased to meet him.

American diplomacy requires no uniform. American envoys, in the correct dress of their own country, will be welcome at the most brilliant assemblage of a European court. Their garb will be distinctive and a distinction among the brilliant uniforms and bemedaled fronts of the envoys whose showy elegance is in striking contrast to hungry and suffering peoples in debt-ridden, army-surfeited homelands.

Small Town Has an Idea

CITIES, towns and lesser taxing districts are beginning to feel the burden of bond issues, but not quite so much as are the bond brokers themselves. The feeling grows constantly that the bond structure is top-heavy, too weighty for the foundation. Debt is always bad, and there comes a time when it ties itself into a double knot; the world cannot continue indefinitely to spend its productive energy in paying interest which does not diminish debt.

A Massachusetts town, face to face with facts, has not flinched their implication. It had to borrow money; taxes in hand were exhausted. The ordinary course was to borrow from Boston bankers and pay handsome interest. The mayor, however, had another thought. Why not ask the citizens to pay taxes in advance, in weekly or monthly installments, and let the city pay the citizens a reasonable amount of interest for the advanced payments?—thus doing two things—first, putting the town upon a pay-as-you-go basis; second, keeping the wealth represented by interest in the city.

The time is coming when practices based on this principle will be common in America. Instead of borrowing, cities will begin saving. Nowadays when a public improvement is to be made, bonds are issued and the improvement paid for *twice*. In the future, towns and cities will "save up" for what they want to do, and pay for it *once*. A bond issue at five per cent for twenty years is *double* the amount needed. It is too much, and the world cannot go on that basis forever. This may seem a slower process, but it is sounder, and it has the advantage of making the people realize the cost of things which are now so easily disposed of by a vote for a bond issue.

All this, of course, supposes an intelligent and informed electorate, which many contend is not in existence as yet.

Debts of the Public

HOW MANY kinds of public debts are there in the United States? The Census Bureau gives us an idea in its recent statement. There is first the debt of the national government. Then comes the debts of the state governments. Next in order come county debts, city debts, towns, villages, school districts, townships, drainage districts, park districts, with here and there still other governmental units empowered to incur indebtedness.

The debts carried by all these governments in the United States amounted in 1912 to $6,814,955,000. This had grown in 1922 to $32,786,715,000. The increase represents 381 per cent. The per capita debt rose in that period from $70.20 to $301.56.

The debt of the national government alone advanced in the same period 672 per cent.

That the reader may see what is meant by warnings against the unparalleled increase of public debts, the division of responsibility is given as follows:

National debt	$22,525,775,000
State governments	1,162,648,000
County governments	1,366,636,000
Cities and others	7,731,658,000

The interest is more than One and a Quarter Billions of Dollars a year.

Schools Belong to the People

THE schools of the United States should remain in the hands of the people. The appropriation of $100,000,000 for the creation of a Federal Department of Education is a move to take the schools out of the hands of the people. When this is done—although it is hardly conceivable that the American people, once they understand, will ever permit it to be done—almost our last vestige of true popular government will have vanished. The Towner-Sterling Bill proposes to do nothing that is not already being better done by cities and states; so that the Bill becomes an attempt to Federalize (it would be permissible to say Prussianize) the public school system. Every one knows the potency of that word "Federal," and how Federal bureaus gradually usurp control of matters belonging to the local community. We have only to note the vast misuse of "Federal" in the title of the Federal Reserve System, to learn what it leads to.

The religious arguments for and against the Towner-Sterling Bill have no place here. There is a strong religious argument against it. The argument for it is frankly anti-religious. Just at a time when good citizens everywhere are proposing to put the American Public School back on the sound basis of religious and moral instruction which originally made it great, other forces—anti-religious to the core—arrive with a proposition to take the school out of the hands of the local community and place it in the hands of bureaucrats at Washington.

It is repeated: the Bill proposes nothing that is not now being done most effectively by the local community. Its entire effect would be to take the schools out of the hands of the people. It is time for the people to demand that some shred of self-government be left to them.

It would appear that the end of Albert D. Lasker's influence in the Shipping Board has come at last, and through the direct personal interposition of President Coolidge. The elimination of Mr. Farley as Lasker's successor and heir of the Lasker policies is the guaranty of the end. And lest the result be merely negative, the President has appointed Rear Admiral Leigh C. Palmer, U. S. N., retired, to the sole control of the active branch of the Shipping Board, namely, the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

This appointment is to be commended. Indeed, the touch of wise certitude which is coming to mark the President's grasp of all the tangled situations which fell to him to unravel is a great relief to all. That a braggart from Chicago should ever have been placed at the head of the world's greatest shipping concern is one of the unexplained stupidities of our recent political history. It is explainable only on the theory that Lasker must have helped the Republican National Committee out of some of its indebtedness.

Speaking of the Navy, it is also reported that the President has inquired what ships can be found to scour the coast for rum-runners. If the President is seeking Navy vessels for the enforcement of prohibition, there is hope that he may go further some day and show the police forces of the country what the Army could do in the way of efficient clean-ups within our great cities. The suggestion that the Army and Navy be used to give object lessons is not so wide of the mark as certain rum-interested persons pretended to believe.

What They Told After Taking "Truth Serum"

An Eyewitness Account of Administering of Scopolamin to Accused Pair

By CLYDE ROBERTS

WITH the right sleeve of their shirts rolled to the shoulder, Blas Castillo, a Mexican laborer, and Link Sykes, a powerful, stalwart Negro, faced three surgeons in the medical ward of the Wyandotte County, Kansas, jail one evening a month ago.

"I'se ready," said Sykes.

"Si, señor, la mismo," Castillo murmured.

They were the first two subjects in the state of Kansas to receive of scopolamin, widely known as "truth serum."

Dr. R. E. House, of Ferris, Texas, discoverer of scopolamin in criminal work, stepped up to the patients. From Dr. Francis S. Carey, Wyandotte County official physician, he received an hypodermic needle. Then Dr. Frank Cross, of Kansas City, Kansas, took the Negro by the other arm and motioned him to lie down on the regulation cot in the medical ward.

Dr. House administered the first injection of the mysterious "truth" drug into the Negro's arm. The same process was followed with the Mexican.

As the two patients lay quiet for the drug to take effect, authorities stood about the room in little groups wondering what the next two hours held in the way of surprises when the experiment would be in full swing. The two patients were the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh patients to undergo the scopolamin treatment in the United States.

For the benefit of the medical men present, Dr. House explained what he proposed to do.

"In an hour from now, or two hours at the most, these two prisoners will be as helpless as children in our hands," Dr. House said. "They will be utterly incapable of telling a lie and they will readily tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

Convicted of Murder

THE Negro was under conviction for murder of a street car conductor and the Mexican was in jail awaiting trial on a charge of attempting to dynamite a Santa Fe passenger train a few miles west of Kansas City. He was a government prisoner and had not had a hearing on the matter, being held in jail in default of bond.

Castillo was a laborer for the railroad company. When the heavy passenger train was derailed, investigation revealed that spikes holding the rails had been deliberately pulled out with a large pinch bar used for such purposes.

Such a bar was stolen from the tool house of a section gang in which Castillo worked. Bloodhounds were brought into the investigation. They followed a trail from the tool house to Castillo's house one-half mile away, then back to the scene of the wreck.

His arrest resulted from the action of the dogs. At the time of his arrest he had in his possession one-half pint of corn whisky. That constituted a violation of the Kansas bone-dry law.

Thirty minutes passed and Dr. House administered another injection of scopolamin into the patients' arms. He waited a few minutes and then began the first stages of the test which he characterizes as the "House receptive stage."

Calling sharply to the Negro to open his eyes he asked, holding a fountain pen before the patient's eyes:

"What have I here?"

"Fountain pen," said Sykes.

"And what's this?"

"Watch."

"And now what have I?"

"Package of cigarets."

"Do you know what this is?"

"Spoon."

The same process was tried out on Castillo who, to the surprise of those present, answered the questions in English instead of Spanish.

"That," said Dr. House, "is the first stage of the memory test."

Are Given Chloroform

TEN minutes more passed and Dr. House asked each patient to name what articles he had shown them. Sykes remembered the spoon and nothing else. The Mexican remembered every article.

Dr. Carey and Dr. Cross then drew out a hood for administering chloroform.

"To remove any possible doubt that these patients may have the slightest possession of their mental faculties," Dr. House went on, "it will be necessary to chloroform them into unconsciousness."

The patients, who were already in a stupor, soon were chloroformed.

"Now," Dr. House continued, "somewhere between now and absolute awakening from the effects of these drugs will be the receptive stage when they can do nothing but answer every question truthfully.

"The point is this: any person, to tell a lie, must first think of the truth in order to apply reason to his lie. These men will be unable to think fast enough to invent any lies and the truth which is in their minds will come out without their being able to prevent it. Scientifically, scopolamin paralyzes all of the senses and the sense of hearing is the first to recover from its effects. With that sense recovered and the other senses stupefied it is possible to register the questions on their minds and compel answers by talking.

"There is nothing scientifically mysterious about the experiment. It is simply the use of scopolamin to produce a stage of mentality in which nothing but truthful answers can be obtained. These two men are unconscious. We will soon begin the experiment to ascertain if their sense of hearing is awake and their ability to talk sufficiently recovered for them to frame words. Neither knows where he is nor what is going on about him."

Advancing to the Negro's cot, Dr. House spoke in ringing tones:

"Link, how old are you?"

The thick lips of the patient responded instantly with some queer mumbling.

"He's coming very well," Dr. House observed. "Soon he will have enough control of his muscles to speak and then we will hear the truth."

The little group then moved over to the cot where Castillo lay.

"Mexican, what is your name?" asked Dr. House.

"Blas Castillo," came the reply instantly, clear and distinct.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

DR. R. E. HOUSE,

Originator of the scopolamin "Truth Test."

Then Dr. House explained that Castillo was an ideal patient for the experiment and that the conscious mind of the patient was inactive.

"Where were you born?"

"In Mexico."

"Where are your parents?"

"They are dead."

"Mexican, who told on you and got you in this trouble?"

"That four-eyed fellow makes the charge against me."

It was explained by the arresting officers that a railroad special officer who wore glasses was responsible for Castillo's arrest.

"Why did they arrest you?"

"The dogs came to my house."

"Did you try to wreck the train?"

"No, sir, I know nothing about it."

"Do you know who tried to wreck the train?"

"I know nothing about it; nobody ever said to me anything about wrecking the train; the dogs came to my house."

Answers Are Identical

AT THIS point the jail identification card, used to record Castillo's weight and description and other facts required of new prisoners, was produced.

Dr. House asked every question on the card and received identical answers given two months before by the prisoner.

He then assembled the medical men about the cot and explained that Castillo was unconscious of the answers he gave and told them to experiment to make certain that the patient was unaware of what was going on.

Spectators lifted the patient's arms and let them fall. They never moved from the position to which they fell. One spectator raised the patient's arm above his face and let it fall, striking him square across the nose. He made no sign of having felt the blow. He was pinched violently on the neck but still remained utterly oblivious of anything touching him.

The group then moved to the Negro's cot. By this time Sykes was in the receptive stage. He answered questions readily but with a far less degree of intelligence than the Mexican. He answered the identification card questions correctly, giving the same story of his relatives, age, occupation, and so forth, as verified by the authorities. He told of having been arrested three times for the murder of which he was convicted and of two releases by the police when identification could not be made.

The victim of the murder was a street car conductor who sought to make his assailant pay his fare. A fight followed in which the Negro stabbed the street car conductor.

"Why did you kill this street car man?" Dr. House resumed.

"I did not kill anybody, sah. No, sah, I nevah killed anyone."

"Who told on you?"

"I don't know, sah, the police came to the house where I was staying and took me in. Then they turned me loose and took me in again about two weeks later. Then they come and took me in again and here ah am."

"Do you know who killed the street car conductor?"

"No, sah. Ah was at a girl's house with mah head on her shoulder when another boy came there and told me a man had been stabbed up at the corner."

"Who was this other boy?"

Sykes instantly gave his name, a name, prior to then, unknown to the police in connection with the case and a man whom the police sought on another matter.

Reveals Liquor Source

TO A series of questions about his love affairs, which caused Sykes to smile broadly, direct and positive answers were given. Some of them were quite embarrassing.

The test on Sykes was far from being as successful as the experiment on the Mexican.

Returning to Castillo's cot, Dr. House asked:

"Blas, where did you get that liquor?"

Castillo instantly gave another Mexican's name.

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Did the other man make the liquor?"

"I don't know, but I think so."

"Did you drink the liquor?"

"Only one drink for a cold. I don't drink."

"Are you angry at the Santa Fe?"

"No, sir."

"Was the section boss going to fire you?"

"No, sir."

"Were you ever arrested before?"

"No, sir."

"If you know who tried to wreck the train, why don't you tell it and get out of this jail?"

"I hear nothing about anybody trying to wreck train until the dogs came to my house."

"Were you at the wreck?"

"Yes, sir, I lived right near there."

Dr. House proceeded with many other incidental questions, many of which were often repeated and the identical answers given on each occasion. The Mexican told a story which apparently will be his defense in court when his trial comes up.

The next day the same questions were put to him after his complete recovery. He answered all the same except one.

When asked where he got the liquor he said he believed another Mexican had given it to him. When that man was named he appeared surprised and said he only understood that the man named had the liquor. Possession of liquor might have caused a bone-dry charge to be filed against the other Mexican.

The Future of "Serum"

THE next day the Negro answered the questions about the same as when under the influence of the drug.

One peculiar feature about his denial of the crime was that he used the same tone of voice with the same inflection when asked directly why he killed the street car conductor as he did when under the influence of scopolamin.

At the conclusion of the experiment Dr. House said he was convinced of the innocence of the Mexican. He also said that he believed there was a strong probability of Sykes being the wrong man, although he was not entirely satisfied with the experiment.

Sykes received a ten-year sentence in the penitentiary. His attorney raised the "truth serum" test in a motion for a new trial but the judge took no official cognizance of it and overruled the motion.

Dr. House said that through scopolamin experiments two innocent men had been exonerated of crime when authorities investigated their stories and found ample evidence to establish their innocence. He also said that two guilty men were brought to justice through its operation and that it had been the means of gathering evidence against crooks in crimes committed by them and revealed by a patient undergoing treatment.

Whether the receptive stage of scopolamin treatment ever will become a part of criminal work of authorities is a question, but it made a strong impression on all who saw the experiment.

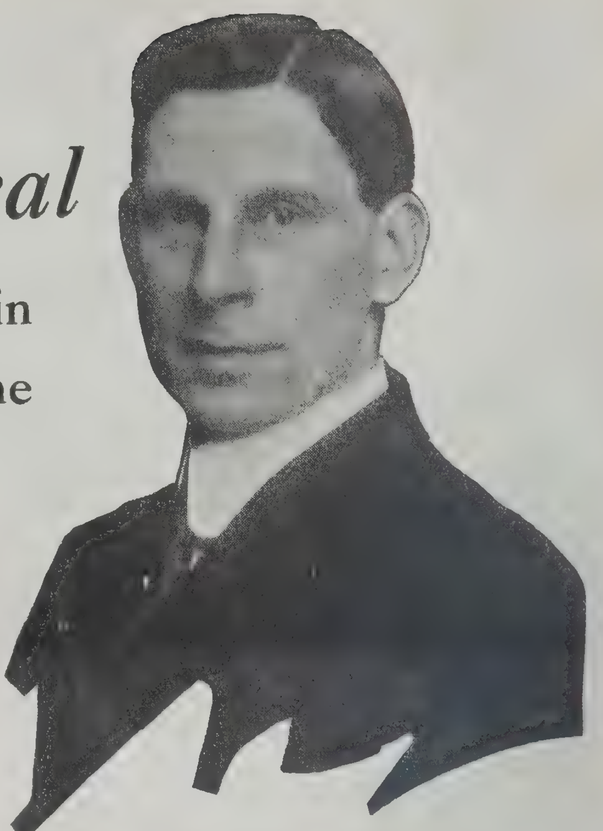
There is a mooted question about its operation. Some say a patient undergoing treatment will answer the impressions most strongly in his mind. Dr. House says that cannot be done.

What will the future hold for scopolamin? Who can tell?

Training for All Students Stanford's Athletics Ideal

Competition With Other Institutions Incidental in Program Designed to Furnish Sports for Everyone

By ANDREW R. BOONE


RAY LYMAN WILBUR,

President of Stanford University.

THE old order passes on. New systems and methods supplant the time-honored, almost stereotyped, processes so long used in training men to think. So it is with the training of young men's physical bodies.

Out of the highly competitive order of intercollegiate athletics, Stanford University has thrust her head up with a new ideal. Intercollegiate athletics are now a means to an end as well as an end in themselves. Athletics for the masses is the goal toward which this great western university is striving. Competition with outside institutions is becoming more an incidental part of its athletic program.

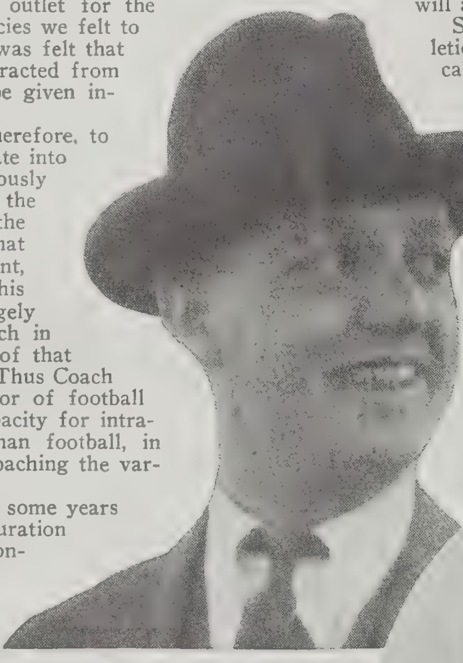
How, the rest of the university and college world asks, will this California institution maintain its place in public esteem if it deserts the old order and strikes out alone, promising a physical education to its students as one of the most important elements in the educational scheme, instead of, first and foremost, winning teams?

The solution is found in the attitude of President Ray Lyman Wilbur, of Stanford, whose idea it was to make athletics easier for the many instead of restricting it to the qualified few.

"The policy of activity for everyone in sports," explained Dr. Wilbur recently, "was started several years ago, but it is just bearing fruit. There was at first, especially among the alumni, prejudice against intramural athletics as an outlet for the athletic abilities and tendencies we felt to be on the campus, since it was felt that the intramural athletics detracted from the attention that should be given intercollegiate athletics.

"It has been my aim, therefore, to get every male undergraduate into some sport, which is obviously the right principle, but at the same time so to correlate the two branches of activity that instead of being a detriment, one would help the other. This has been accomplished largely by having the varsity coach in each sport act as director of that sport for all the students. Thus Coach Andrew Kerr is the director of football and acts in an advisory capacity for intramural football and freshman football, in addition to handling and coaching the varsity squad.

"The policies established some years ago at the time of the inauguration of the board of athletic control are now being realized. There has been a considerable readjustment in the personnel and arrangement of the staff of Encina Gymnasium. Practically all of the athletic staff is now on full time appointment for a period of years. This insures stability. It was inevitable that during and following the war transient plans had to be accepted. Dr. W. H. Barrow was appointed as Professor of Physical Training and Medical Adviser of Man, and a staff of well-qualified men in the different fields of sport makes it possible for mental and physical training to proceed harmoniously. Only those who are real educators and who understand thoroughly the elements of the sport in which they give instruction are capable of training men or of coaching teams. There is every reason for installing the same standards of efficiency in this field as exist in the rest of the university."


PAUL H. DAVIS,

Graduate manager of Stanford University, who is engaged with direction of the physical plant and finances of Stanford's athletic department.

The function of the coaching staff, while fundamental in the correlation of the branches, is to all practical effects, a minor one. The students themselves are vested with the initiative and responsibilities of the system, which has caused Stanford already to outstrip any other college or university in America in her progress and in interest created in athletics for the whole student body.

At the basis of the plan which gives the student body virtual control over the coaches who are paid by the university, is the board of athletic control. Three of its nine members are students, and though in the minority, their wishes are considered in all matters of decision or policy, since it is to the student body that the officials of the university look for co-operation in any new ventures.

All coaches and members of the staff of the physical education department are members of the faculty, responsible to the president of the university through the director of physical education, Dr. Barrow. The director of physical education occupies a dual position at Stanford. Where, in most institutions, there are two departments, the department of athletics, with coaches hired and paid by the student body, and the department of physical education with directors hired by the university, at this Princeton of the West (as it is so often called) there is the one department. It functions entirely as a unit of the university, and instead of two controls, control rests with the president, who acts through the director.

The director of physical education is appointed by the board of trustees on the recommendation of the president. Coaches and other members of the staff are appointed by the president, an ex officio member of the trustees, on recommendation of the director of the department and the board of athletic control, which is made up of three faculty members, three alumni and three undergraduates. Faculty members are appointed by the president, the alumni members elected by the alumni executive committee and the students elected by the student body.

This system gives those in the university who are interested an active voice in the personnel and conduct of the athletic affairs and at the same time leaves in the hands of the president of the university and the board of trustees a practical check on the situation.

So much for an explanation of the machinery of administration, which will interest coaches and college executives the country over. It is the viewpoint of these western educators and the actual physical plans they are making for the future college generations which will astound adherents of the old school.

Stanford has already built a dozen athletic fields for present and future use. Plans calling for extensions which will ultimately cover one hundred and forty-nine acres of ground near the heart of the 8,000-acre campus, lie on the desk of Paul H. Davis, graduate manager, today. The opinion that through competitive athletics men can be made bigger and stronger has so imbued everybody from the president down, that nothing will be allowed to retard the new athletic progress.

Easterners will find it difficult to grasp this viewpoint. Competition for athletic supremacy there is even keener than on the Pacific Coast. The theory that athletics is for the benefit of the whole sounds very pretty, but to sacrifice possible supremacy on the gridiron, the basketball court and the baseball field—absurd!

DR. W. H. BARROW,

Of Boston, director of physical education at Stanford University.

Nevertheless, the Stanford authorities shut the door to objections and criticisms they knew were coming, and two years ago announced to a doubting West what was on their collective minds. They were willing never to have another winning team so long as Stanford men of the future would possess that stamp of strength which comes of continued physical competition; but they were equally sure their proposed change would bring both men of strength and winning teams, the latter as a natural concomitant of the former.

And so they set about to teach the students to train themselves physically as well as mentally, doing away with a paid tutor to show them each and every step they should take in gymnasium and on fields.

The two most obvious steps in this direction were taken. Men whose human elements matched their acquired qualifications were selected to become permanent members of the coaching and teaching staff. By reorganizing the physical department the permanency of the plan was assured. With a new staff, engaged from both eastern and western sources, thought was directed toward necessary changes in the physical plan. Mr. Davis, then an engineering student in the university, devoted many nights to specifications and drawings and when he recently was installed he offered for consideration by the president and others in authority a scheme providing for full development of 149 acres to be devoted exclusively to competitive athletics. Under that scheme, this is what Stanford will soon have, including the fields already in use: Ten football fields, twenty-six tennis courts, two swimming pools, two soccer fields, six baseball fields, two polo fields, eight basketball courts, eight handball courts, six volley ball courts, two running tracks, two boxing rings, two wrestling rings, one fencing room, one gymnasium, one cross-country course (three miles, all on the campus).

The present stadium of 62,000 capacity will be in the approximate center of the area, flanked on three sides by baseball, football and soccer fields. New dressing rooms are to be erected as a part of Encina Gymnasium, which quarters the coaching staff and locker rooms for men taking part in all sports. Of the total proposed plant, there is already in existence eight football fields, fourteen tennis courts, one swimming pool and about sixty per cent of the other units named.

While, in the line of grounds and structures, preparations are being made for a male student body of 6,000, or three times the present enrollment, the planners will keep pace with these changes by providing increasing numbers of uniform and physical equipment. During this autumn, for instance, twelve football teams composed entirely of non-varsity men, practiced each afternoon on separate playing fields for intramural matches. Three hundred and fifty men of all divisions appeared for intramural basketball; seventy-five for golf; eighty for handball; one hundred for soccer; like numbers for fencing, cross-country, polo, fall baseball and swimming. And every man of them was furnished with a complete uniform by the university. Not so much as a shoe lace was any student asked to bring with him, no matter whether he was the greenest recruit or an experienced player.

Once the intramural sports are given a little incentive, they roll along by their own momentum, and the coaches find more time to direct the teams being prepared for intercollegiate competition. While it is true the university is working whole-heartedly for "Athletics for all," the plan is working out so successfully that already a decided improvement in teams representing Stanford is noted over those of the last few years. With such continued improvement as reasonably can be expected, the institution will not lose an inch in intercollegiate competition, but rather will show a continued steady rise.

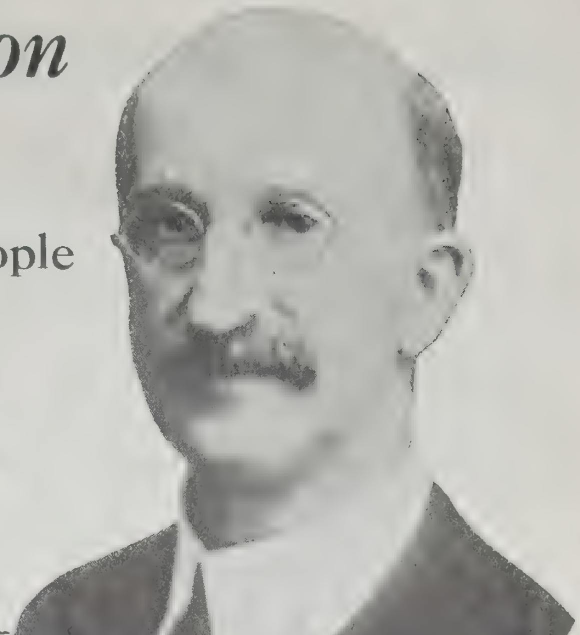
Stanford has been noted in years past for the intense spirit shown by the student body in supporting its teams. That intangible something was doomed for complete destruction with the advent of the new plan, according to standpatters who were for the good old-fashioned way of doing things, at whatever the cost. But their surprise can only be measured by the degree to which they admit the favor President Wilbur's ideas are finding.

Promotion of college "spirit," as it is popularly conceived, is the least good the development of college men's bodies can bring about. The comradeship of the field; increased personal efficiency through self-training; greater interest in work both on-field and off-field; development of a sense of responsibility and leadership—these are some of the benefits accruing in place of a potential loss of prestige in the intercollegiate world. Yet Stanford University recognizes no loss in this field.

A Day With the Pastoral Parson

The Many Tasks to Which a Rural Missionary in Connecticut Sets His Hand to Aid His People

By GEORGE S. BRYAN



The REV. GEORGE B. GILBERT,
The "Pastoral Parson."

The Parson starts on a fifteen-mile drive to deliver a baby-carriage.

The Parson's community center at Rockland.

A goodly gathering at Rockland.

SOME two years ago appeared a bulky compilation bearing the inclusive title, "Civilization in the United States." To it, thirty-two writers contributed chapters treating of journalism, education, poetry, business, engineering, art, politics, scholarship and criticism, and numerous other items in the fabric of our contemporary life. But there was no chapter on religion; and the editor, H. E. Stearns, quite properly thought this somewhat odd omission should be explained. He claimed that the one man he could persuade to undertake such a chapter, had been unable to finish it; that he had found nobody else willing to tackle the job; and that, anyway, the folk he consulted appeared to suppose that, despite "the sheer immensity of the physical apparatus by which the religious impulse is articulated," true religious feeling had pretty well vanished from the United States.

"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people," declared Edmund Burke in his speech "On the Conciliation of America." Mr. Stearns having, however, attempted so to do, and being rather despondent about American life in general, left his country for his own good. Had he postponed his departure long enough to become acquainted with the work of the "Pastoral Parson," he might have felt inclined to modify his conclusions regarding true religion.

I first learned of the Parson through the columns of the *Rural New Yorker,* to which he has for some years been contributing occasional letters. It is said that some who read these letters continued to reckon the Parson a literary myth, and his narratives as at least semi-fiction. For the life of me, I don't see why. His paragraphs have always the authentic ring. In their spontaneity, their individuality, their very discursiveness—which jumps from potato blight to denominationalism, from record hens to bishops—they carry their own conviction. They are like leaves from a notebook in which the chronicle of family doings or the memorandum of a good story is mingled with episodes of daily experience or with the observations and reflections that such experience rouses in a thoughtful mind.

One result of them has been to bring the Parson not only letters of friendly inquiry, but visits from all sorts of people who quickly become assured that there is nothing mythical about him and nothing fanciful about his labors. From nowhere once suddenly appeared an intelligent man who said, "I thought I'd see if you were what you represent yourself to be; and if you were, I'd help you with your farm work." Apparently satisfied, he remained, gave good aid for some weeks, and then vanished as suddenly as he had come. During the summer season, the Parson rarely goes his rounds without being attended by one or more persons interested in his methods and attracted by his spirit.

Who is the "Pastoral Parson"? Well, he is the Rev. George B. Gilbert. As for what he is—he is several things: first, a farmer, tilling and living upon well-kept acres near Middletown, Connecticut; then, too, he is a professor in the Berkeley Divinity School in Middletown. When I asked him what he taught, he answered, "I call it a course in gumption." Furthermore, he is a good platform and after-dinner speaker. But mostly he is an Episcopal rural missionary in Middlesex County. It isn't easy to induce him to talk about himself; but I have managed to discover that he was born on a Vermont farm, and was graduated from Trinity College (Hartford) and from the Berkeley Divinity School. He wears a Phi Beta Kappa key, was salutatorian of his Trinity class, and won a scholarship that helped to take him through Berkeley. Physically, he is rather of Yankee type—tall, sinewy, and of great endurance.

I don't know exactly when his interest in rural church problems began; but once interested, he attacked those problems with characteristic good-humored energy. All about him was territory that cried, "Come over and help us!" The more remote places were marked by closed churches, abandoned farms, waste land, poor roads, and pitiful isolation. The Parson mounted an old bicycle and rode forth to do what he might. He has been doing ever since. The bicycle was succeeded by a horse, and the horse has given way to a motor car—except during the winter months, when, over the Parson's route, wagon or sleigh becomes a necessity. The Parson says the motor car has enabled him to cover more ground in less time, and bring to his services bus-loads of people that otherwise would not have come at all.

When I wrote to him that I wished to get a little first-hand material on what he was doing, he wrote back: "Can't you come and go down to church with us, Sunday?" The upshot was that, although I could not go at that time, I did go later and put in a twelve-hour day with the flying squadron of the Rev. George B. Gilbert. He was to hold services that day at Killingworth and Rockland. There were three automobile loads of us; and on the running-boards of the Parson's car were cans of water and coffee, heaping boxes of sandwiches and other eatables, and articles of altar furniture. Before long, we had left the state highway and were going down what the Parson calls the Lonely Road. Lonely, indeed, it was—lonely, tortuous, narrow, and rough. Fourteen miles we went, into a region where is neither railway nor state road, neither express office nor post office. We passed old buildings that had once been stores but now were shut and falling to decay. The farmhouses were few and scattered; woods were overrunning land that had formerly been cleared, and bushes grew thickly by the roadside. At last we halted beside a little old church, neatly cared for and exhibiting interesting details in its interior woodwork. From the steps of this building not a house could be seen.

We were in Killingworth, whose name has been made familiar by Longfellow's "The Birds of Killingworth," in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Whatever may have been true in "fabulous days, some hundred years ago" (as a matter of fact, Longfellow drew mainly upon his invention), none need now expect to find in Killingworth such impressive squires, bombazine-clad deacons, and eloquent school-principals as the poet describes. Neither, by the same token, need one expect to find an austere parson, preaching the wrath of God from year to year. From a population of 2,484 in 1830, Killingworth by 1920 had dwindled to 531 in an area of 23,791 acres. There has been immigration of foreigners—Italians, Bohemians, Hebrews, Poles, and others—most of whom came hither from New York City and, either wholly ignorant of agriculture or unused to local conditions, have had their troubles in wresting a living from their scrubby farms.

The Hartford *Times* has stated that when Mr. Gilbert started in, "Some people laughed at him," and that not all among his church associates approved his ideas. The Episcopal church building in Killingworth was closed. The Methodist church building in the adjoining settlement of Rockland (township of Madison) was closed. There was no social or community life. In some cases a decline was threatened into a semi-barbarism such as even pioneer days in this region had never known.

To this corner of his wide parish—he often travels forty miles of a Sunday—the Parson had brought us. Several persons were on hand, waiting for the building to be unlocked; and by the time services began, about twenty-five were present in addition to our party. The trim little interior was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves. Everybody looked as though coming to church was a pleasant event. The Parson's wife played the organ and sang a solo, and two of the Gilbert boys were in the choir-loft—George with cornet, Clossie with violin. Before his brief sermon, the Parson rendered a market report. He had been investigating potato prices in Middletown on behalf of his flock, and he told explicitly of condition. This, it seems, is one of his regular functions. The sermon was couched in terms that were calculated to reach the hearers. The Parson went no further afield than Middletown to get an analogy. His illustrations were drawn from the life with which these people were familiar. After the sermon, he discussed the award of a jackknife, given by himself for the best potato-field. The county agent of the Farm Bureau had adjudged two growers tied for the prize, and the Parson thought there would have to be two jackknives. Then we adjourned for dinner.

An interesting dinner it was, to be sure. The local women brought pies, cakes, and other things to add to what Mrs. Parson had provided. Under the Parson's direction, the original vestibule of the church, and the rear gallery immediately above it, had been enlarged. The remodeled vestibule was our dining-hall. After the dishes were washed the flying squadron retraced its way to Rockland, where an afternoon service was held in the building used for church and community house. Built one hundred and thirty-two years ago, as a Methodist chapel, it had been closed for forty years when the Parson reopened it. "Some folks think it's rather sacrilegious to have a meal or a dance here," he said, "but they evidently thought it was all right for the place to be neglected and forlorn and filthy."

At Rockland the congregation was a little smaller, but there was the same hearty singing; and the Parson gave another talk, quite different from that at Killingworth but equally clear and applicable to the lives of those who heard. After the service, an interval for "visiting" followed; then the Parson produced a roll of new oilcloth for the dining-table, and the ladies prepared supper. Twilight was deepening before we started home. There were stops at crossroads to put down some of the Rockland young folk; and it was after nine o'clock when we reached the Parson's house. That's the sort of day the Parson puts in. And Monday night he was to conduct a community social.

For he set going week-night socials and dances, Christmas celebrations and "Old Home" days. He advises with the farmers about their crops, with housewives about their homes. He gives stereopticon lectures and cuts hair. He trades in Middletown for the peoole and delivers the purchases. He has held mid-week prayer meeting in the fields, cleaning out the weeds from the crops of a poor widow. The Parson obtains seed and fertilizer for his parishioners. He distributes clothing, and takes folk to the hospital when they need that. He has faced misunderstanding, mean remarks, and petty dislike, and has even been brutally attacked by a gang of young roughs—for it is human nature not always to appreciate benefits. But he has persevered and won over his opponents.

Life Insurance Rate Juggling Costs Millions

Concluded from page 4

age thirty-five the premium on a ten-year policy of $1,000 is only $14.50, while on the ordinary life it is $28.11—practically double.

Nothing could be plainer, then, than that if the buyer of an ordinary life policy dies at any time before the tenth year, he has paid in twice as much as he would have paid had he taken out a ten-year term policy. Yet the company clearly could well have afforded to carry his insurance at the lower rate. The same rule applies in comparing the twenty-year term with the ordinary life policy, and we have seen that the experience of a prominent New York company shows, by its own admission, that the great majority of deaths on which claims have been paid have occurred within twenty years of the issuance of the policy.

Let us now examine briefly one of the most popular forms of policy, which is known as the Twenty Payment Life. Again we will assume that the policyholder is thirty-five years of age and has taken out $1,000 insurance. He pays what is called an ordinary premium of $38.36 a year. The ordinary premium is arrived at by the customary process of leveling the natural premium, so that the same amount is paid each year. This results, again, in there being an excess payment in the earlier years to care for the increased cost of carrying the insurance through the later years, and thus a reserve is built up. The first year's premium, and sometimes the first two, however, are applied to the cost of getting the business, and nothing credited to reserve.

The Twenty Payment Life policy will work out as follows:

Age	At Risk	Reserve, or Cash Value	Age	At Risk	Reserve, or Cash Value
35	$1,000.00	Nothing	45	713.76	286.24
36	955.28	$44.72	46	682.32	317.68
37	931.80	68.20	47	649.84	350.16
38	907.54	92.46	48	616.30	383.70
39	882.48	117.52	49	581.67	418.33
40	856.60	143.40	50	545.89	454.11
41	829.86	170.14	51	508.93	491.07
42	802.23	197.77	52	470.63	529.31
43	773.79	226.31	53	431.11	568.89
44	744.22	255.78	54	390.08	609.92

At the age of fifty-four, premium payments cease, and the policy continues in force, because there is now a reserve on deposit with the company which is equal to the single premium necessary to pay for $1,000 of insurance at that age. This $609.92—which is much less than the aggregate of payments with accrued interest—is the cash value of the policy after twenty years, and is in reality the premium which the policyholder now gives over to the company to carry the policy for the rest of his life.

The policyholder thinks, and is allowed to think, that he has $1,000 of insurance protection. The fact is, however, that the actual risk carried by the company is now only $390.08. In other words, the so-called "investment" feature of his policy, which no doubt was made an important selling point when he bought it, now becomes a joker, as in case of his death the next year the $609.92 reserve is applied to the payment made to his beneficiary, the company contributing only $390.08. If it is not an assessment, what is it?

Let us take two concrete examples. A and B, both aged thirty-five, take out $1,000 of life insurance apiece.

The Cases of A and B

A TAKES a twenty-year term policy, premium $16.24, while B takes a twenty-year life policy, premium $38.36. It is perfectly apparent that B is paying $22.12 a year more than A. Let us assume that both die after nineteen years. The beneficiary of A and the beneficiary of B both get exactly $1,000, yet B has paid $728.84 for his insurance, while A has paid only $308.56, which was all that the company was really entitled to for carrying the risk.

In other words, when calculating the number of persons in the group who will die within twenty years, it was found that an annual premium of $16.24 would be amply sufficient to take care of all death claims, pay all expenses, and give a profit to the company.

Could anything be plainer, then, than the fact that B has contributed to the insurance company an excess payment of $420.28 over and above the sum to which the company was entitled? Did this money rightfully belong to the widow and orphan? If so, why was it assessed against the amount of the policy?

In the previous article, it was stated that in the case of ordinary life insurance, one has to die to win the game. But in this article we shall show how, in the case of the combined endowment-life policies which the insurance companies have of late years been pushing on the public with special zeal, the company has stacked the cards so that *one doesn't win even by dying. It is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose."*

The so-called endowment policy is one of the cleverest schemes for extracting money from the public, without an equitable *quid pro quo,* that has ever been worked out.

The endowment policy professes to combine two entirely different financial transactions; that is, that of a savings account and that of insurance protection. As a matter of fact, they are really not combined, inasmuch as, if you die before receiving your endowment, the amount that you have laid aside for that purpose is cheekily converted into an assessment upon your widow or orphan, and applied upon the insurance which you had taken out for their protection.

The fact that the companies have been so eager to popularize this form of insurance is in itself a suspicious circumstance, since the commercial insurance companies are, as we have already pointed out, not in business for their health or for the public's benefit, but for their own profit. Quoting again: "A life insurance company is organized for the purpose of making money—first, last, and all the time."

The endowment policy makes a juicy melon for the company, but where, in popular parlance, does the insured "get off"? Let us see.

The secretary of an insurance company in "What Life Insurance Is and What It Does," explains the endowment policy with engaging frankness. We will let him tell us all about it:

"The endowment policy is a combination of two other contracts—the term policy and the pure endowment. A term policy for $1,000 can be issued to run for any desired period, such as ten years. If a person whose life is insured dies before the end of that period, the company must pay $1,000. If he is alive at the end of the period, the contract will expire, the insurance will end, *and the company will have nothing to pay.* (Our italics.)

"The pure endowment is the converse of the term policy. The contract runs for a given period of years. If the insured dies before the end of that period, *the company will have nothing to pay.* (Our italics.) If he is living when the period ends, the company must pay the amount of the endowment."

What could be more charmingly simple? On one policy you have to die to get the insurance, and on the other you have to live to get the endowment. The insurance company is eager to combine them both for you. What happens then? Why, you are led to believe that you get both kinds of insurance.

But the secretary's own words make it quite plain that you cannot possibly get more than one, unless you can perform the feat of dying and continuing to live at the same time.

Paying for Two, Getting One

THE annual premium on a term policy covering insurance protection of $1,000 for ten years is $14.50, as we have already seen. The annual premium for a ten-year pure endowment in the same amount is $93.20.

Bear in mind, that if you live beyond ten years the company pays no life insurance, while if you die within ten years it pays no endowment.

Yet the companies, out of the goodness of their hearts, are not only willing but anxious to sell you both policies combined in one, at a very slight discount from the cost of both separately.

"The company," the secretary goes on to say, "will combine them in one contract—the endowment policy—and charge at age thirty-five $105.87, which is a little less than it would charge for the two contracts issued separately."

A very little less, indeed, since the cost of the two separately, if there could be any conceivable reason for buying them, would be $107.70—only $2.00 more than the bargain counter price.

But the secretary of the company quoted is still more frankly explicit about what you are getting.

"If the man," he adds, "dies within ten years, the company will pay $1,000 under the term (life insurance contract), and the pure endowment will expire. If he outlives the period of ten years, the insurance expires, and the company pays $1,000 under the pure endowment."

Translated into plain English, this means that if the company pays the life insurance, it pockets your savings account; while if it pays back your savings, it cancels the life insurance.

The purchaser has paid for two things, but in the nature of the case, as the scheme is operated, he cannot possibly get more than one. The "savings account" idea is the big selling argument in unloading this form of policy on the public. The prospect was probably told by the agent that paying the premiums was like putting money in the bank, with insurance protection thrown in. But was it made plain to him that in case of his death the endowment would be turned into an assessment on his life insurance?

If, instead of swallowing this endowment-life policy, *you had taken out an ordinary term policy for $1,000 at $14.50 a year, and had put in the banks $93.20 a year for ten years, that would be the result?*

If you lived beyond ten years, your savings with interest would amount to more than $1,000, every penny of which would be yours. On the other hand, if you died within ten years, your widow and children would get the face value of your life insurance, $1,000, and your entire savings account in addition.

In so far as the endowment business is concerned, the insurance company is in reality doing a banking business, pure and simple, and when a banker appropriates to his own uses the funds of his depositors he risks a sojourn at Leavenworth or Atlanta. When the insurance company acts as a banker, should it be accorded any greater privileges?

In view of the facts which we have thus far made plain, it is difficult to understand the psychological processes of a financial writer in one of our leading newspapers who on January 10, 1923, wrote in his columns: "My advice to young men is to take out an endowment policy."

If we analyze the situation a little further, it becomes quite plain that everything paid in excess of $14.50 on the endowment-life policy we are considering, is an overpayment above the cost of the insurance protection, and this overpayment is entirely lost to the widow and orphan should death occur before the maturity of the contract. The same rule applies to all forms of endowment or investment insurance.

The reserve fund is earning money all the time at compound interest. The president of a certain insurance company, in his report to the stockholders, notes with much satisfaction the rapid growth of the "earnings." "Great as these earnings are at the present time," he says, "they are merely a drop in the bucket to what they will be a few years hence, for the reason that the reserve fund, as has already been observed, increases out of all proportion to the growth of the insurance in force and to the age of the company."

Let us quote briefly from a statement credited to Mr. Sheppard Homans, whom we have already referred to as the author of the American Mortality Table, and whom we may regard as the greatest American actuary:

"There is but one function for the institution of life insurance, and that is protection. There is but one form of contract issued by a legal reserve company that will give the insured a square deal. The companies are introducing a feature which, while it increases the cost of insurance, does not increase the protection. Therefore, the companies should be compelled to open a double-entry account with each policyholder. Then, in the event of the insured dying before the investment part of his contract became effective, the company would be compelled to return to the beneficiary, in addition to the face of the policy, that amount he had placed with the company for a purpose he had failed to live to realize."

There have been several attempts to correct this abuse through legislation. At the 1920 session of the Massachusetts legislature, a bill was introduced aiming at such a reform, and at the 1923 session of the Illinois legislature two bills were introduced along the same lines. But the insurance lobby is a powerful institution, and it is almost needless to say that the bills died in committee.

We have obtained a copy of one of the Illinois measures. It is ticketed as "Senate Bill No. 392, Fifty-third General Assembly, introduced by Mr. Webster, April 19, 1923, read by title, ordered printed, and referred to Committee on Insurance." The text follows:

"A Bill

"For an Act in relation to life insurance policies.

"Be it enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly:

"Section 1. Every 'Endowment' policy or 'Limited Payment Life' policy hereafter issued by a life insurance company in this state, shall provide that any payments over and above the 'whole life' premium payments, together with three per cent interest thereon, shall be paid to the beneficiary in addition to the amount of insurance named in the policy, if the insured dies before the maturity of the 'Endowment' policy or before the end of the year in which the 'Limited Payment Life' premiums are completed.

"Section 2. Such policy shall also provide that the amount of such payments over and above 'whole life' premium payments on 'Endowment' and 'Limited Payment Life' policies shall be loaned to the insured at any time on request, and such loan shall not affect the insurance named in the policy, should death occur, as stated in Section 1."

It took a long and hard struggle to compel the insurance companies by law to grant loan and surrender values on any life insurance policies, and perhaps another such battle will be necessary to make them play the game square in connection with these newfangled 'endowment' policies.

Since, in the case of the mutual companies, it is the policyholders who legally constitute the company, the question might well be asked, why do not the policyholders assert their rights for the protection of their interests?

Professor Huebner, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his recent textbook on insurance, says:

"In practically all cases the companies are controlled by a limited number of persons, who have little or no difficulty in securing the necessary proxies to perpetuate their control."

Policyholder Is Bound

EVEN stronger is the language of United States Report No. 1539, page 147:

"All of which demonstrates that so-called control of life insurance companies by the policyholders through mutualization IS A FARCE, and that its only result is to keep in office a self-constituted, self-perpetuating management which can usually rely on the Agency force to more than offset a policyholders' uprising if such a thing is conceivable."

And, although the individual policyholder's rights have been made a farce, he is bound hand and foot by iron-clad duties and obligations, as shown by the following excerpt from the charters of some of the largest mutuals:

"Every person, who shall become a member of this corporation by effecting insurance therein, shall the first time he effects insurance, and before he receives his policy, pay the rates that shall be fixed upon and determined by the trustees, and no premium so paid shall ever be withdrawn from said company, except as hereinafter provided, but shall be liable to all the losses and the expenses incurred by this company during the continuance of its charter."

The disinclination of the companies to accede to the demand for thorough reform may be in part due to the fact that it will involve a lot of difficult explaining to the thousands of policyholders who have already been "sold" on these so-called endowment policies and are now paying their hard-earned money for what it is difficult to refrain from designating as insurance "gold bricks."

It is such methods of doing business that help to explain how it happened that in 1922 the insurance companies' excess of income over payments to policyholders amounted to more than one billion dollars.

But the insurance companies, if they value public opinion, will not wisely risk another legal investigation such as that of the Armstrong Committee. It will be better for themselves in the long run if they will clean house of their own accord, make an honest effort to give the policyholder a square deal, and put an end to all practices for getting business that are not on the level, even if it involves the restitution of millions of dollars already unfairly taken from the slender resources of widows and orphans by means of such schemes as the combined endowment-life policy, and camouflaged assessments of unused reserves upon death claims on policies of every description.

Actually Carries Out His Platform Pledges

California's "Budget Governor" Cuts $20,000,000 From State's Expenses for Two Years

CALIFORNIA is going through the second great surprise of her nearly seventy-five years of statehood. The first was the election in November, 1922, of an almost unknown man—in fact, quite unknown politically—to the governorship. The second is the fact, just realized by the three and one-half million inhabitants of the state, that this governor has saved for them rather more than $20,000,000 in maintaining their state and operating its machinery of government for the biennial period for which appropriations are made.

The election was a complete upset of all the political "dope" in California, for by it Friend William Richardson, who had been successively state printer and state treasurer, defeated the incumbent, William Stephens, who had been the friend and ally of Hiram Johnson, United States Senator, and, supposedly, carried with him the support of the latter. To the casual eye, the election of Richardson was due to his platform of economy; but as a matter of fact, now that the cards are all on the table, it was due more than anything else to the almost undivided support of the newspapers in towns of 25,000 and less throughout the state. The large cities voted against Richardson; but the smaller cities and towns and the country came into their own with his election. Possibly there never has been in California an election in which the voice of the actual, numerical majority of the people was heard with such force as in the gubernatorial contest of 1922.

Meanwhile, in the background, seldom mentioned by its friends because of the fear that too much publicity would draw down upon it destructive wrath in the legislature and at the polls, lay the budget bill, the fruit of the investigations, studies and state-wide activities of the 4,000-odd members of the Commonwealth Club, of San Francisco. This club is divided into innumerable sections, each of which is persistently studying some subject on which the voters should be informed. From its work have grown several valuable improvements in the laws of California, and still more valuable improvements in the methods of operation of state, county and city government there. The result of this particular investigation into the costs of operation of the state government was an amendment to the state constitution, providing that all the departments of the state must submit estimates in detail of their financial requirements for the biennial period. The governor, having received these budgets, was empowered by the same amendment to cut down or eliminate any item or items he chose, and to make any and all changes in the departmental budgets that he might see fit to make. The only manner in which the governor's decisions could be overridden was by two-thirds vote of the state legislature.

This amendment was put on the same ballot with the names of Friend W. Richardson and William Stephens as the leading candidates for governor. The budget amendment was sandwiched in among a score or more of other amendments, and alterations to the law, and the same quiet, almost unsuspected vote which sent Richardson to Sacramento, also made this amendment a part of the organic law of the state. This virtually bolted the economy platform, on which Richardson stood, into the deck of the California ship of state. Its results have been tremendous; indeed, it is doubtful if a state election in a decade has been more important to the people than this suddenly-arisen wave of business in government is to the people of California.

Safe in the fact that the opposition in the legislature could not obtain the necessary two-thirds vote to nullify his work of economy, Governor Richardson took his first step in reducing the coal bill of ship of state by appointing Mrs. Nellie Brewer Pierce a member of the state board of control, which has charge of all the paying out of state funds. To make the work more sure, he named Mrs. Pierce specifically to be in charge of appropriations, accounts and budgets. Mrs. Pierce had played politics in New Mexico, had been a newspaper worker and an expert accountant in California, as well as an interested participant in county, municipal and state politics there. She was acquainted with the use of money in the maintenance of a state, and with the involutions of politics and the misuse of that money. Then these two, the governor and the first woman ever to have so much financial power in a state, sat down to trim the sails and get more power out of the golden coal the people were shoveling, in the form of taxes, under the boilers of the before-mentioned ship.

It is doubtful if they asked advice. And this was the first shock to the political wiseacres, the professional advisers and the general governmental hangers-on. They had before them combined departmental budgets totalling $110,000,000 for the biennial period of 1923 to 1925. This was an increase of more than one hundred per cent over the appropriations made by the legislature in 1919, when $52,700,000 was the total, and an increase of approximately twenty per cent over the appropriations of 1921, which aggregated $91,400,000. It seemed to Governor Richardson, as it had seemed to the Commonwealth Club, that the people of California were paying too much for their government. The argument was raised that, with 100 000 or more persons coming into California every twelve months to reside permanently, an average cost of thirty-one dollars every two years for the per capita expenses of government was not excessive. Governor Richardson believed that, by the application of the same principles of simple business which he had employed as state printer and as state treasurer, this per capita average could be reduced—and he has reduced it, with the aid of Mrs. Pierce, to between twenty-five and twenty-six dollars. That is to say, the expenses of government in the state of California for this and next year were cut, at first, from $110,000,000 to $80,000,000. It was later found, however, that some of the necessary departmental work would be reduced almost to the vanishing point by this reduction, and the ultimate budget will be between $85,000,000 and $90,000 000, probably closer to the lower figure than to the higher.

The principal saving has been made in the elimination of political "deadwood," the straphangers of state government, who did little more than draw their pay. It is an axiom among economists that "nine men are required to do the work for a government that one man would do for a private corporation," and Governor Richardson apparently has reduced the nine to at most three. There is some hope that, ultimately, these three will be still further reduced to two, if a method can be found whereby every employe of the state can be induced to give even half a day's work for a day's pay. Even the governor, however, is not so optimistic as to hope that this can be accomplished in one biennial period. Among the eliminated were those who could not do the work assigned to them; those who could but would not; and those who devoted the most of their government-paid-for time to devising better methods for the operation of that government. This last class—better known to capitol reporters and others familiar with state governments in operation as "government welfare workers"—were sadly surprised when they were "given the air" by the new administration. "We can get along without the political welfare," said the governor, "if we can persuade the real workers to remain." This is something else again in government management, and it works.

Above, left—The Governor of California, and two of his "right hand men": left, Joseph Vickers, private secretary to the state executive; center, Governor Friend William Richardson; right, Harvey M. Toy, head of the new state highway commission, which, under the Richardson administration, has adopted the plan of building more permanent roads where they are most needed, and refusing to pay political debts by constructing costly paved highways in sparsely populated counties. Circle—The capital of California, to which Governor Richardson was sent on a platform of economy, with the new budget system as his pruning shears. From his office there he has succeeded in reducing the costs of operation of the state by approximately $20,000,000, though he went into office less than a year ago.

GOVERNOR FRIEND WILLIAM RICHARDSON,

At his desk in the state capitol of California, at Sacramento. He believes the state should get what it pays for, and that the business of the people should be run on the same principles as a private industry.

By HARRY H. DUNN

As soon as the budget was announced, the politicians realized that the amendment by which this power was put into the hands of the Quaker editor who became governor, they raised a howl which echoed back from the blue sky of California more loudly than the siren song of a Los Angeles oil stock promoter. The politicians realized that they had helped to carry a box of dynamite to the polls, and that the legislature was in no position to suppress the explosion. Never in the history of California has there been such a migration of politicians, legpullers, yes-men, old-friends, and "influential citizens" as went to Sacramento in the spring of 1923. The gold rush of 1849 was a freshman brawl in a correspondence school compared to it. But, in the language of a former political knight of the underworld in San Francisco, "it didn't git nobody nowhere." The "Budget Governor" and the "Lady of the Budget" could and did say "No" in more ways than Solomon could say "Yes" to his wives. "I know now why 'No.' means 'number,' " said one young San Francisco reporter to the writer; "it's from the times Richardson can say it."

Governor Richardson recently announced that, following the establishment and enforcement of the state budget, thirty-six counties taking hold upon the same idea, had either reduced their tax rate, refused to increase it, or had made such slight increases as to be inconsiderable in comparison with the increases of recent years.

"The state, of course, has no control over county tax rates, yet the economy campaign has resulted in stopping the orgy of extravagance," said the governor, "and has been felt in the smaller political subdivisions. I propose to keep up this fight to protect the taxpayers, regardless of the opposition of legislative squanderers, reactionary spendthrifts, the old and discredited political machine, and the taxeaters whose jobs have been abolished."

Governor Richardson's path has not been smooth. The politicians, the "outs," the political machines, the bosses of San Francisco, and the hundreds who have been accustomed to feed free and full at the political pie platter have attacked him and his administration, tooth and nail. His immediate subordinate in office, the lieutenant-governor, who held the same office under the preceding administration, has been a leader in this opposition, and one of the Hearst newspapers in San Francisco is the mouthpiece of the enemies of economy in state operation. Wild demands for the governor's recall, even hints at impeachment proceedings, have been voiced, but the "little fat editor" has gone quietly along, saving the state more money for each year of the term than would pay his salary for one thousand years.

Savannah, Founded as a Refuge of Debtors

Today City Is Largest Naval Stores Port and Second Largest Cotton Port

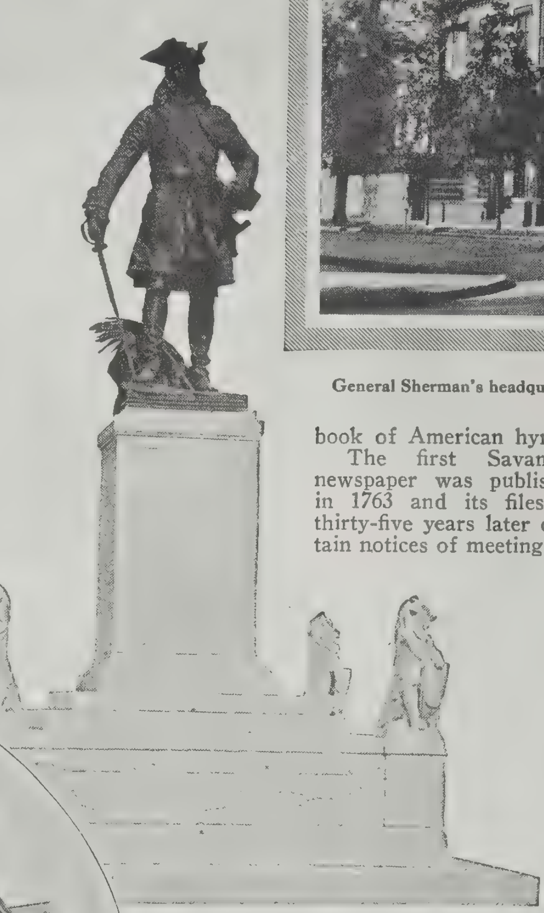
By GEORGE H. DACY

WHEN General James E. Oglethorpe founded the colony of Georgia and the city of Savannah February 1, 1733, his primary purpose was to establish a refuge in the New World for English debtors who could start all over again and atone for former shortcomings and crimes by carving out creditable futures and meritorious achievements in the American wilderness. In those days, in the eyes of English judgment and justice, to owe money was a heinous offense indeed. A man could be hanged for any one of 135 crimes and English magistrates were so severe that men who could not pay their bills exerted every effort to escape from the country before they were caught and convicted. General Oglethorpe obtained the royal consent to establish a community where the debtors could work out their salvation.

General Oglethorpe had twenty eminent associates and English philanthropists who assisted him in his project after George II of England endorsed it by granting a charter. With 130 debtors who had been freed from chains, Oglethorpe sailed for South Carolina, reaching Charleston after a voyage of fifty-five days. Leaving his companions at Charleston, where they were received with kindness by the colonists, General Oglethorpe, aided by William Bull, a civil engineer, scouted along the coast of Georgia searching for a suitable site to establish a new colony. Oglethorpe and Bull visited a Yamacraw Indian village near the mouth of the Savannah River. Where the wigwams of those Indians—a branch of the Creek nation—then stood is today the beautiful city of Savannah.

The Indians favored the English invasion. As a result of the counsel and diplomacy of Tomo-chi-chi, one of their chieftains—afterward he became a great friend of General Oglethorpe—the Yamacraws agreed to give the white men a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the Savannah River. In appreciation, Oglethorpe gave the new settlement the name Savannah. Shortly after, he brought his colonists to their new home. At first, the settlers lived in crude wigwams made of boughs from evergreen and pine. Oglethorpe, with Bull, the engineer, began to lay out the city. They planned on paper, and, excepting Washington, Savannah is the only city in the United States built according to a definite scheme. All streets, parks, plazas and building sites were staked off before a single hammer or saw engaged in the construction of a building.

General Sherman's headquarters during his sojourn in Savannah as an uninvited guest of the Confederacy.



Statue of James Oglethorpe, founder of the colony of Georgia, in the city of Savannah.

Christ Church, the oldest place of religious worship in Georgia, the ground for which was set aside in 1733.

Savannah is a city of magnificent distances, broad avenues and fine plantings. Oglethorpe had a friend, Costell, a clever architect, who had written several books about his profession. Costell was a genius in architecture and a failure in finances. He landed in the debtors' gaol where, in time, he died. Oglethorpe, it is related, incorporated many of Costell's ideas in Savannah.

Within a year, there were ninety-one buildings. The town was laid out in 240 freeholds of twenty-four square miles area. Forty houses constituted a ward, to which four square miles of adjacent country land belonged. The English trustees and promoters had decided that it should specialize in producing oil, wine and silk, and despite the lack of interest of the former debtors in these commodities, they were foisted upon them and it was not until much money and time had been wasted in mulberry trees, grapevines and silkworms that the backers of the project abandoned their ideas. About that time, they were responsible for sending the Rev. George Whiteside to the colony as minister. In 1740, he established the Bethesda Orphanage at Savannah, the oldest institution of its kind in the country. After him came John Wesley, another divine, who organized the first Sunday school in history. The Wesley Sunday School class still holds regular meetings in Savannah. Wesley wrote and published the first book of American hymns.

The first Savannah newspaper was published in 1763 and its files of thirty-five years later contain notices of meetings of the Savannah Golf Club. The players of those days made liberal use of the nineteenth hole, if the printed work is creditable evidence, and social gatherings were frequently celebrated.

Bethesda Orphanage, the oldest of its kind in America, established by Reverend George Whiteside in 1740.

The parkways alone are worth a trip to the city. As monuments to the architectural ability of Governor Oglethorpe they are more impressive than the loftiest statue. Twenty-four municipal parks, at intervals of two blocks, are spread along the leading boulevard of Savannah—it is named after William Bull, the engineer who helped Oglethorpe design the city—to beautify the southern port with the oak and palmetto which shade the attractive streets. In early days, the circular parks at the end of every second block were used as market places and as stations of rendezvous when a call to arms was sounded. Savannah, belle among Dixie municipalities, has more well-kept parks, it is asserted, than any city in the world.

Savannah is the first port to assemble a steamship and send it across the Atlantic Ocean. The vessel was the *Savannah*, a boat which a Confederate naval officer blew up when General Sherman called on Savannah. The principal parts of the boat were built in New York and New Jersey, but she was put together in Savannah and capital from that city paid for her construction. It took the ship more than three weeks to negotiate the first voyage in 1819 from Savannah to Liverpool.

The principal parkways of Savannah are replete with imposing statues, marble and bronze chroniclers of bravery and dauntless heroism. Dignified memorials and tributes to Governor Oglethorpe, General Nathaniel Greene, Sergeant Jasper—a soldier who under a withering fire from British guns rescued the American flag when it was shot from the fortifications—Tomo-chi-chi, the famous Indian, and Count Pulaski, the Polish nobleman who was killed at Savannah fighting for American independence, adorn the formal circles and public gardens.

Christ Church, the oldest religious edifice in Georgia, the lot for which was selected in 1733, being the spot where the first religious services of the Oglethorpe colony were held, was built in 1740. Since that time, the church has been burned, razed by storm and torn down three times, and now consists of an imposing permanent building eighty-five years old. The United States Custom House stands on the spot where John Wesley, almost two centuries ago, preached his first sermon in America. An unusual marble seat now marks the place where General Oglethorpe pitched his camp the first night he spent at the Yamacraw Indian village which now is Savannah. There are armories enough in Savannah to provide martial spirit and well-trained troops for a place many times its size. The city maintains one of the three regiments of field artillery in the entire country and has a half-dozen fine armories and drill halls. The municipal fathers have even provided a series of dummy forts where sham battles and military maneuvers may be practiced. The Chatham County Artillery, the Georgia Hussars, the Savannah Volunteer Guards and "Savannah's Own" have long been prominent in national guard affairs. In national guard activities, Savannah leads the entire South.

The Savannah Theater is the second oldest playhouse of its character in the country. It was built in 1818. At one time the famous Joseph Jefferson was its manager. This ancient home of drama and music looks almost like Rip Van Winkle as compared with the modern municipal auditorium which seats 4,500 spectators. Although Savannah is one of the smaller Southern communities, it is the home of the largest bank south of Philadelphia, a financial institution with deposits aggregating more than $70,000,000. In passing it is worthy of note that Savannah has never had a single bank failure.

The city is the largest naval stores port in the world, and in normal times is second only to New York City on the Atlantic Coast in the value of exports. It is the second largest cotton port, handling in excess of 2,000,000 bales annually. This city of extensive shipping dominates the Sea Island cotton market and also handles many million feet of lumber each year. Savannah has a remarkably fine landlocked harbor five miles along the city's front with a channel thirty-two feet deep. Uncle Sam has appropriated $1,000,000 to deepen the Savannah River twenty miles from the mouth. Custom house records show that Savannah as a port did $4,000,000 more business last year than the year before. The port is now equipped to handle simultaneously 125 ships covering 27,873 feet. The maritime storage space now covers an area of 20,700,000 square feet.

There is a big move to develop the city as the state port of Georgia, just as Mobile serves Alabama and New Orleans aids Louisiana. The project would feature the centralization of Georgia's marketable and perishable produce of all sorts at Savannah where a mammoth chain of storages, elevators and similar equipment would be operated by the state. Estimates are that these buildings and their appurtenances would cost more than $12,000,000. Storage to handle the surplus farm produce of Georgia and market it as demanded would expand and promote agriculture and intensify production. Every branch of farming would react. It would solve Georgia's perplexing marketing riddles which have checked profitable selling.

Savannah is admirably located for state port purposes. The city has superior water transportation to northern markets and her railroad facilities are good. With Savannah fortified as a state port, Georgia produce would not fear any competition. The state port means cheap transportation, careful handling, safe storage, marketing when prices are favorable and shipping when tonnage is available. With such facilities, the farmers no longer need worry about over-production or forced selling. Farmers and industry alike support the state port enterprise. The project is before the Georgia legislature for consideration. The plan is to obtain a popular vote on the proposal at the 1924 election.

A magnificent boulevard of seventeen miles is being placed which will link Savannah with the sea. Part of this paved pathway is called Victory Drive and is a memorial to Georgian soldiers who were killed in the World War. The road leads to Tybee Beach, the Atlantic City of Georgia, and represents an engineering feat of no mean proportions, linking as it does a group of little islands.

Not far up the river is Mulberry Grove, formerly the estate of the lieutenant-governor when the city was under the domain of England. After the Revolutionary War, Uncle Sam presented the estate to General Nathaniel Greene. General Greene died on the place and was buried there. Subsequently, his widow employed Eli Whitney as a tutor for her children. One day she suggested jokingly to Whitney that he devise some mechanical means of separating the seed from cotton. In 1793, the ambitious inventor perfected his first cotton gin which would do as much work in five hours as the average Negro could accomplish in five years working by hand. This invention was unquestionably the greatest contribution to the industrial South made up to that time. Even today it ranks as one of the leading half-dozen inventions of American history.

Strangely, after the death of General Greene, none knew exactly where he was buried until a century later, and then a vault at Mulberry Grove was opened and the inscribed coffin of the prominent Revolutionary leader was found. The remains were then removed to the base of a memorial in Savannah presented in honor of General Greene by Rhode Island. General Greene was originally buried close to the grave of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, father of General Robert E. Lee and a romantic figure of the pre-Civil War days in Dixie.

Savannah has experienced many reverses and vicissitudes. Several times the city was reduced to ruins by fires. Once its capture by the Spaniards was prevented only by the opportune intervention of the Yamacraw and Creek Indians. During the Revolution, Savannah for a time was controlled by the Americans. Finally, however, the British recaptured the city, about the time that Fort Wayne was established as the chief defense of the port. The following year, the French and Americans, aided by some Indians, tried unsuccessfully to retake Savannah. The city remained in Tory and British hands until 1782, when they evacuated the place for all time to come.

Fort Screven, one of the United States' greatest seacoast defenses, was the scene of the first capture of a British vessel by an American man-of-war. The American ship was a remodeled Georgian schooner. She defeated the Britisher off Tybee Beach and captured 16,000 pounds of gunpowder. Five thousand pounds of this powder was sent to the Boston patriots and subsequently used against the British at Bunker Hill.

Bonaventure, one of the finest cemeteries in the world, as well as the "Hermitage" and the Savannah terrapin farm, are curiosities that every visitor tries to see. With its spreading, towering oaks, netted with streamers of gray moss, it is a place of ghostly mystery. The "Hermitage" takes one back to slavery days; it is a typical plantation with many huts and cabins that one time housed the black servants. Early in the nineteenth century, Henry McAlpin, an architect, purchased the plantation on which he built unusually fine buildings.

He established a small brick yard in which was made the brick used to construct the mansion.

Above—Bull street in Savannah was named after William Bull, the engineer who aided General Oglethorpe in laying out the city. Below—Savannah is the second cotton port and handles more than 2,000,000 bales annually.

The Senator From Texas

Concluded from page 2

state supreme court upheld the Appellate Court's reversal of the original verdict.

Mayfield's name was thereupon ordered printed on the official ballot. At the same time the attorney-general of Texas ruled that Peddy's name could not go on the ballot, on the ground that the Republican party had not nominated him in a primary as required by law, and therefore could not claim him as its regular candidate. A million ballots were then hurriedly printed, carrying Mayfield's name and omitting Peddy's.

Texas is overwhelmingly Democratic; nomination of a candidate in a Democratic primary is equivalent to his election. The anti-Klan element continued their vigorous campaign to the end, under the direction of Colonel Henry D. Lindsley, first national commander of the American Legion. Two Houston men, John H. Kirby and J. S. Cullinan, financed the campaign out of their own pockets, to the extent of $60,000. These efforts, however, failed to overcome the normal November lethargy of the electorate, and Mayfield defeated Peddy by 135,000 votes out of 395,000 votes polled, with both parties participating; whereas 625,000 had been polled in the July primary with only the Democratic party participating.

The small vote polled in the November election of 1922 is stressed significantly in the contest subsequently filed against the seating of Senator Mayfield, and now before the Senate. Peddy, the defeated candidate, asks for a recount and recanvassing of the returns. His contest is divided into two sections; illegal voting, intimidation and false counting; and dominance of the Ku Klux Klan in Texas politics. Peddy's accusations may be examined briefly.

It is alleged that the records on which the result of the election was declared are incorrect, fraudulent in some instances, and illegal in many others; that printing Mayfield's name on the ballot was illegal, this number of votes exceeding 200,000; that 45,000 votes legally cast for Peddy were recorded as having been cast for Mayfield, and that 20,000 Peddy votes were not even counted. The petition alleges a conspiracy in many precincts not to count Peddy votes written in the Democratic column, calling by name twenty-seven counties and accounting for 4,799 votes which he says were polled for him but not counted. Sweeping accusations of intimidation are made, involving election judges and clerks, county officials, and members of the Democratic state committee of Texas, most of whom, it is alleged, "are members of the Ku Klux Klan."

The accusation of Klan dominance, which may or may not be considered by the Senate at all, recites a conspiracy by the Klan in "capturing control of the entire machinery and agencies of the Democratic party in Texas"; that both primaries and the election "were controlled by criminal conspirators." As to Senator Mayfield, it is alleged that he, as a Klansman, is pledged to exercise the functions of his office for the benefit of the Klan; that the Klan selected Mayfield as its candidate and concealed his membership from the public, and "through exercise of a military discipline, fear, terrorism and threats" forced the membership generally to support Mayfield; and that "through masked parades, meetings in force, threatening circulars and posters, whisperings and marchings or ridings of armed men, many thousands of voters were intimidated." Concluding the Klan section, it is set up that the organization has no legal right to do business or carry on its activities in Texas, never having received a permit.

Senator Mayfield meanwhile enjoys the rights and prerogatives of his high office to which, he says briefly in answer to the hullabaloo raised about him, "the people of Texas elected me, and that's all there is to it." Since the fourth of March, 1923, he has been the junior Senator from Texas. Whether he is to stay there is a question which seems to be interesting the country at large as greatly as it is interesting Texas, because of the new, and, possibly, precedent-making points involved in the attack upon him.

Boys Who Played at Journalism

Concluded from page 6

Among inventors are Frederick E. Ives, inventor of photo-engraving, and last but not least, Thomas A. Edison, who loves to revert to the time when he printed his little paper, the *Grand Trunk Herald*, at Port Huron, Michigan, way back in 1859.

To these names might be added many more. It is doubtful indeed if any single youthful pursuit or any single university can boast of so many distinguished alumni.

Some years ago the men whose names have been mentioned here organized an association to keep alive the memories of their activities in boyhood journalism. It grew rapidly and now numbers more than two hundred and is growing. They meet annually to exchange reminiscences and renew old friendships. They publish a little paper three or four times a year and they have a headquarters in New York where they maintain a library which houses the collection of those precious years when life spread out before these youthful and ambitious spirits. Here are many thousands of papers bound in hundreds of volumes printed from 1860 to 1890, and thousands of tintypes and photographs of the boys and girls. And here are convention-photos and many scrapbooks with professional newspaper notices of meetings in many cities—all comprising a complete record of a closed chapter in the history of American youth.

Baseball and the "movies," the influx of foreign immigration, the loss of the mechanical and artisan instinct which led the boys of the seventies to the industry of press and manipulation of types—these, or something else, be it what it may, have resulted in the almost complete disappearance of what a once distinguished American statesman, Speaker Randall, of the House of Representatives, was reported to have termed, "the noblest work engaged in by the American youth."

The boys of today have much that was denied to the youth of amateur journalism, but in contemplation of its past, of all the joys experienced by the boys who published, edited or contributed to these little journals, some of them not so little, either, who felt the pleasurable literary instinct, the thrills that came to every boy and girl who saw before him the paper that was the child of his brain and hand, who were able to mimic on a grand scale the political activities of their elders—who shall say that what the modern youth has gained is comparable to what he has lost?

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BRIEFLY TOLD

With a cargo of 100 tons of school supplies, the auxiliary power schooner *Boxer* has sailed from Seattle for Southeastern Alaska, equipped as a floating school. Her officers will undertake to teach the natives various trades, including wireless telegraphy and navigation.

An error in "Briefly Told" of January 19 made Mrs. Warren G. Harding's annual pension $50,000. This should have read "$5,000."

A bill compelling the use of steel passenger cars by railroads in interstate commerce was introduced in the Senate by Senator Harris, of Georgia. Senator Harris also introduced a bill to prohibit the use of wooden cars in front, or between steel cars in passenger trains.

Five million dollars is wasted annually in steam used in whistling on American railways, according to experts, who advocate the reduction in size of all locomotive whistles, the heightening of their tone to a shrill squeak and placing them in front of the locomotive.

Grade crossings are unknown in Great Britain.

When an American ship goes to sea to carry provisions to a vessel of foreign rating, engaged in rum running, the American vessel is subject to seizure and confiscation.

There is an annual waste of 140,000,000 feet of lumber in the United States because of the public's insistence on buying lumber cut in even lengths.

The mild weather of the last month has brought to life near Montreal, Canada, millions of insects that prey on fruit trees. Ordinarily these insects pass the winter in a dormant state.

"That the Negro needs and is determined to have schools, good wages, justice, and all those many and complex things that go to make up life in civilized America, we know. And further we know that he is migrating to the North that he may find these things which he failed to find in the South."—*Howard Snyder.*

Every third summer any teacher of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who spends the vacation time in travel is paid full salary at the same rate a month as in the regular school term.

The Czech language is the state language of Czecho-Slovakia and is taught in all secondary schools and all training colleges for teachers throughout the republic.

"Bayer 205," the German cure for sleeping sickness, is expected to result in the repopulation of the vast area stretching from the Southern Sudan in the upper waters of the Nile down to Lake Bangweolo in Northern Rhodesia. The name 205 means that 204 unsuccessful compounds were manufactured and experimented with during the ten years before success was won.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Six per cent of the population of Paris are living in insanitary homes. More than 4,000 buildings must be torn down to decrease the capital's tuberculosis rate.

The dissipation of every ton of coal divided into component parts has been figured by the director of the United States Geological Survey as follows: At the outset 600 pounds are lost in mining. Once the remaining 1,400 pounds comes to the surface, it takes 126 pounds to get the coal from the mine to the boiler room. There 446 pounds float up the smokestack in waste gases. 51 pounds escape in radiation and another 51 in the ash pit. The amount lost converting heat energy into mechanical energy is 650 pounds, leaving the remaining 76 pounds really to accomplish something productive.

Of the original Teutonic stock in Germany, the men of the time of Schiller and Goethe, only one-tenth remain. Nine-tenths of the population of Germany is of Slavic or Alpine stock

"Quit binding the Bible in black," says Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps." He is setting an example in a compilation of what he regards the essential parts of the Bible, now being published in the East, on which he has asked the publishers to use an attractive binding. The book is compiled from the American revised version, and represents work in spare evenings for the past twenty years.

In using honey as an anti-freeze mixture in automobile radiators, it should be mixed with water, half and half. Engine head gaskets and hose connections should be tightened up before using the solution as the honey-water will pass through apparently tight connections, causing stickiness. The solution becomes more efficient with evaporation from steaming, whereas an alcohol solution loses strength. A dollar and a half's worth of dark honey, unfit for table use, should last all winter.

At the foot of a glacier in the Montana Rockies, arctic flowers and specimens of the evergreens which correspond to the last trees of the North are found in abundance, having followed the retreating ice sheets thousands of years ago.

More than 1,000 acres of cotton was grown in Illinois during 1923.

W. H. "Coin" Harvey starts the New Year by mailing 200,000 packages of five copies each of *The Palladium* for free distribution, to a select list of his supporters. The publication is devoted to financial reform.

Although referred to as a prairie province, seventy-five per cent of Manitoba's total area is wooded.

An Egyptian divorce paper made out 283 B. C. has been discovered by a translator at the University of Pennsylvania museum. It states, "I have abandoned thee as wife. I have no claim on earth against thee on account of a wife today onwards; instantly, without delay."

There is a shortage of between 800,000 and 1,000,000 houses in the United States.

Rev. S. Baring Gould, the man who composed "Onward Christian Soldiers," died in London recently.

An air turbine weighing 246 tons is being erected on the crest of a mountain in Utah. If successfully operated it is expected to generate 5,000 horse power.

Education by mail for those who live in remote rural districts of Alberta is being prepared by the Alberta Minister of Education. From twenty to forty lessons will be given each applicant for the service.

Apple culture throughout the Argentine is being fostered by the Ministry of Agriculture which has just purchased through the government of New Zealand a lot of 150,000 apple trees for the provinces.

The golfer in the Fiji Islands finds conditions to his liking. Having sliced, pulled or topped his ball the player merely follows it along the line of plants which shrivel at the touch of an object. The golf links are covered largely with this sensitive plant.

A GOOD INVESTMENT FOR NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR

During 1923 nearly 600,000 men and women invested the sum of $1.50 in a subscription to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT—more than 65,000 sent in subscriptions during December alone.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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Paying the College Player

No Crowd Without a Team and—No Team Without Cash

Dickering for Delegates Is Under Way

Making a Home in the White House

Blazing Tamiami Trail Across Florida

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

No Crowd Without Team, No Team Without Cash

Players Paid in College Football and Scandal Is Declared Near

Never in the history of American university athletics has a football season produced more interest and greater crowds than has the season just finished. The successful college elevens have drawn crowds numbering at times nearly one hundred thousand, and tens of thousands have been turned away from the same contests.

The "gate" has been immense; never has football proved so profitable. But there must be players for these teams and it is the practice of paying for the material to turn out the crack teams that is taken up in this illuminating article by a writer who has witnessed the most important football contests of the past twenty years.

The writer is an authority on the game and is exact in every statement made herein. It is his hope that this discussion will make it unnecessary for him to take up in more detail the facts that are known to exist at some of the leading schools of the country.

By A Veteran Sports Writer

EACH year there is the usual agitation against professional football. Each year there comes the warning, also, against the professional taint in college football. Frequently there are veiled charges against this team or that one, against one or more players, here or there.

One day last season, one of the leading football coaches in the Mid-West bitterly denounced the professional football player and blamed the professional for much of the gossip pertaining to the amateurism of college players. The speech, as reprinted in leading newspapers, dropped the paid player to the lowest imaginable rank and the coach, like the famed Pharisee, offered thanks that he was not one of them.

Not many days after the coach delivered himself of this vitriolic attack, he received a letter from a man who had, during the previous season, been one of the stars of his varsity eleven but who was now associated with one of the professional teams that are so numerous in the mid-western states. In substance the letter read:

"Dear Coach:

"I read with a great deal of interest what you had to say about professional football players and the blot they form on the human race. You probably know that I am playing professional football this season and so I gather a personal meaning from your remarks. I am not denying that I am a professional and that I associate with other professionals but to add to your information on the subject I want to set down at least one of the observations I have made during my brief association with these social outcasts: I have still to find one of my brethren in crime scalping tickets to games. The money they receive, and for which you damn them, is for honest service, honestly rendered. After my experience with you and after reading what you have to say about professionals, I want to conclude by saying that I am proud to admit that I am one."

A peculiar phase of the professional aspect in college football is the finger of guilt that is pointed from all directions into all directions. No one is apparently guilty; it is always the other fellow. One day, not so long ago, the same coach, referred to above, said in an interview that all his team's opponents were more or less tainted and that the only simon-pure amateur eleven to his knowledge was his own. We have heard similar remarks from other coaches. They all appear to resemble the chap who found every man out of step but himself.

The professional taint is becoming a serious matter in college football and sooner or later the crash is certain to come. Competition is to blame; that and jealousy. Freshwater College builds a million-dollar stadium. This riles the graduate body of Saltwater College, its bitter rival. Saltwater College has never been outdone in anything by Freshwater College, has it? No, and it will not be outdone now. So dear old Saltwater College gathers funds from indignant graduates and builds a stadium costing a million and one-half dollars. This very thing has happened in every part of the country and is continuing.

When these costly sports theaters are completed a way must be found to get back part of the vast expenditure. The return must come at the gates. To pay for these colossal temples of sport they must be filled by a paying audience, not once but several times each season, and losing teams do not fill vast amphitheaters. It takes winning teams to pack in the crowds so winning teams must be secured. And, with competition as keen as it is, means must be found to secure a winner. It takes material and to secure the desired material often takes a great deal more than the educational advantages offered by the college. Yes, more often than not. It frequently takes $5,000 more.

What a Stadium Really Means

ONLY recently a publisher in the East was visited by the athletic director of his alma mater. The editor attended a college in a remote part of the East. The college has never had an enrollment of more than 1,500 and, situated away from the centers of population as it is, it has managed to get along with stands seating 5,000 at its football games. Incidentally, the stands were never filled except on home-coming day.

The athletic director came quickly to the point:

"We want you to subscribe to a stadium for the college. We have plans for a stadium seating 50,000 persons. It will be a beautiful structure, one of which every son of the old school may feel well proud. All the other boys are subscribing handsomely and I know we can expect a liberal donation from you."

To which the publisher replied:

"I am against your stadium idea. I don't like it. In the first place you do not need a stadium. I know what you are going to tell me; that so-and-so and so-and-so have stadiums and that we have to lift our heads as high as they lift theirs and that it is for the honor and glory of the old school and all that campus rah stuff. But I am trying to look beyond all the cheering of the moment; I am trying to see what you are not seeing. I am looking ahead to what will come after the stadium. You are going to build it on the money of the graduates and after it is finished the graduates will want to see a winning team. You won't have it. You feel you've got to make good. You do. You make good by going out and hiring boys that can play football.

"You are going to tell me that the old school has never done anything like that and won't. But that comes before. I am talking about what comes after. Can you explain to me how you are going to get worthy athletes to attend our college? What is there for them? In all frankness let us admit among ourselves that at least eighteen or twenty colleges offer just as good educational facilities. They do. Why should not that boy attend one of the others? They have advantages that we lack. They are, at least most of them, located near big cities where the boy can go on off days and enjoy himself. Boys like to do that regardless of the antipathy you and the faculty may have toward such amusement. And let me tell you that no boy is voluntarily going to come to our school and bury himself in the woods solely to play football for us. No. There are too many more attractive places where a boy of talent can play. You and I and the rest of us would never have gone to that college if we had not lived right close by and our fathers could not afford to send us to a more pretentious school. It was not by choice but by necessity that I attended and you and the rest attended. We had to go there or go to work. We did not like the idea of getting right down to work. So we went to college.

"It is about time that we talk frankly about this matter. There is not a chance of your filling any stadium with a seating capacity of 50,000. You know it. Then why build it? Just as a show place! Great! It must be an inspiring thought to hand the young and impulsive youths that are walking our campus today. More than half a million dollars sunk into a stadium. That is a glorious tribute to education.

"I am in a position where I can speak frankly. I played football at our college. I have followed football ever since. Every Saturday during the season finds me in the grand stand, if not back home then at some other school, for I love the game but I love it so much that I do not want to see it disgraced as you are planning to disgrace it. If that stadium is built I will be ashamed of its consequences. I will not care to admit to anyone that I graduated from that school."

"How Much Can We Offer?"

LAST winter a man who, in his senior year at a prominent university in the East, had won the reputation of being the greatest football player of the season, East or West, called on us.

"I just had a peculiar experience here in the city," he began. "I have been spending the last three weeks going from city to city, meeting high school football players and telling them of the educational advantages of our school. But I never got far with any of them. The first thing they would do would be to break in on my conversation and make a remark something like this, 'Mister, we have heard all that before. Get down to brass tacks! How much can you offer me?' And today I met two of the best high school players in your city and I started telling them about our school. I talked slowly, expecting the usual interruption. There was none. They let me finish. There was a pause. I added, 'Of course, you know boys that we pay no money. I can arrange for your tuition and probably I can get you your board, but I cannot definitely promise that.' And I nearly collapsed when the spokesman of the pair said, 'We won't play for money. We want to be strictly on the level and win the honors on merit. We want to be able to look everybody in the face. No one is going to pay us. We like your school and we're going there. We had decided to go there before you ever met us. And we are going to be genuine members of the team, paid by nobody, owing nobody any service.'

"I will give you my word that among more than 100 boys to whom I talked these two were the only ones that did not demand money. If I explained to any of the demands that we did not pay they would ask me how it came that we did not pay when the other schools paid. They certainly would be worth as much to our team as to any rival team. And then they would bid me a merry good day."

Attending one of the big games in a leading western city one day last autumn, we met the merchant prince of the city and he took us aside and asked confidentially why their team did not win its big games. We went into detail with him, explaining the technical flaws of the coaching system and why the style adopted for the team's play was unsuited. He heard us through, then rebuked us:

"Pardon me for saying that in my opinion you are wrong. It isn't the coaching or style of play but the close-fisted methods out at the university. They won't spend money for material and you know and I know that you can't get a winning team without material. When I want a man to sell goods in my store I go out and pay good money for the best man I can hire. I found out long ago that that means more profits. That is what the university ought to do.

"You heard of ——, of course. (Here the merchant named the outstanding player of the season.) Well, two years ago, he came to this town. He was here for two weeks. He wanted to enter the university. He certainly was the goods and they must have known it. He made proposition after proposition to them and what did they do for the time he was here? Turned 'em all down. Why, what they offered that boy was less than you would pay one of my clerks and if that boy isn't worth $50,000 a year at the gate I don't know of anybody that is.

"Well, that is how they do things at the university. Shortsighted and narrow-minded, a lot of classroom pinheads. They don't deserve to win and I wouldn't care if they never won if it didn't hurt business. Having a winning team here would give us a lot of good advertisement and the games would bring many people to town and to our stores who would not come otherwise."

A few hours later we met a prominent coach of a rival university. We related the incident to him. He laughed. "Say, that's nothing," he commented. "That player was in our town for more than two weeks and he made all kinds of propositions to us also and we couldn't do anything for him, so he finally shook the dust of our fair city off his shoes and went elsewhere to sell his services."

The peculiar thing about the entire proceedings is that the university which the player finally entered is one of the foremost in claims of purity and one of the first to point the finger of guilt at rivals.

It is an open secret that in one of the large cities of the country the magnificent stadium that adjoins the university located there was made possible by liberal contributions from the merchants of the city. In the inner circles of football this varsity team is generally referred to as the Board of Commerce Eleven. When the stadium was dedicated thousands of visitors flocked to the city and the merchants received a fortune from a liberal football-loving crowd. Also, there was much free publicity.

As the merchants viewed the affair their investment looked supremely sound and profitable and they were more than satisfied with the results. It seemed a stroke of business genius, that stadium idea. But the team lost the opening game and although that was two years ago the team has not won an important game since and attendance at the stadium has been reduced to a few thousand.

Happening into the city recently we asked a manufacturer how football was getting along and this conversation resulted:

"It's rotten. That team hasn't won a game in so long the town wouldn't believe it if it did win. The coach doesn't know a thing about coaching and hasn't any material. The team's got to get some material."

"How and where are they going to get it?"

"How? How do other schools get it? Why, go out and hire it as they do. They seem able to get the boys they want. Use the same methods. Every boy has his price; step in and outbid the other fellow. That's what I do in business and it looks to me as if the colleges are all following suit."

Checks All Made Out

A FOOTBALL official relates how, after a game, he went into the office of the athletic director to get his money. He found the director impatiently seated at his desk with a stack of filled checks before him. He fished out the check for the official who jokingly remarked, "Pay night, is it?" And the director replied, "Well, it won't be if those fellows don't hurry up here. I try to be decent and hand them their money each Saturday night and then they haven't the courtesy to come here as soon as they can after the game and get it. They keep me waiting. I've waited long enough. If they don't drop in within five minutes I'm going to leave and they can wait until Monday and it won't make any difference to me how much they holler."

Real money is paid at a number of institutions but as a rule the colleges and universities are a bit more subtle in their dealings with talented athletes.

At one of the big games last year the coach of the home university was at home in the evening chatting with a few intimate friends. They were disturbed by the arrival of a young man who quickly and nervously identified himself as being a senior student of the university that had, on the afternoon of the day referred to, furnished the opposing eleven.

"Coach," began the young man after identifying himself, "I want to get your assistance and influence working immediately. Fourteen of our boys are locked up in your jail."

"Football players?"

"No, students."

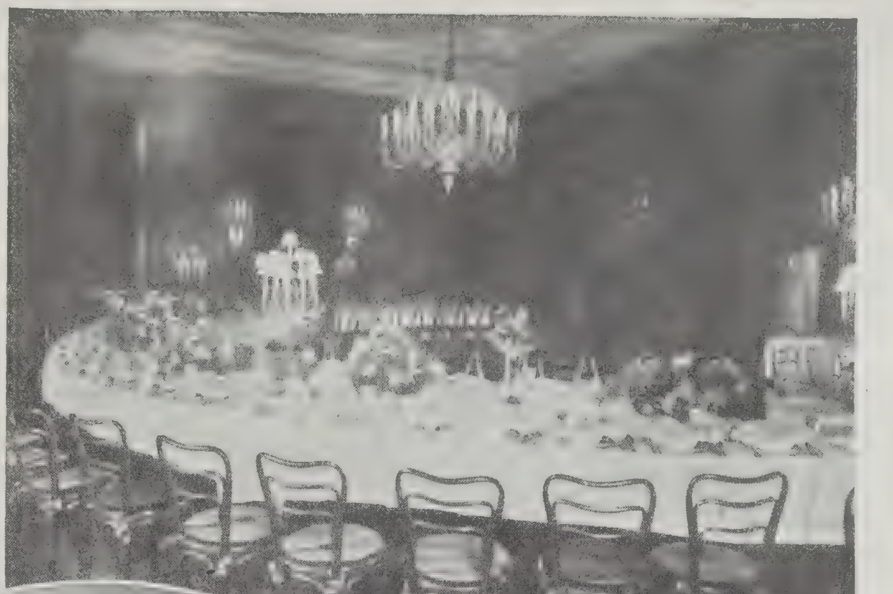
"What are they locked up for?"

"Scalping tickets. But they weren't scalping them for themselves. You see, each of the players is allotted a batch of tickets for the big games. The players, of course, can't sell them because they have to play, but they hand them over to picked students and the students

(Concluded on page 14)

What It Means to Make a Home in White House

Expenses of Formal Function Heavy Money Drain—By MARY HAMILTON TALBOTT


The state dining room at the White House.

(C) Harris & Ewing

(C) Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

Above, left—Guest room, White House. In this room President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Above, right—White House kitchen. Below—The family library, started by Mrs. Fillmore, on second floor of White House.

WHAT does it mean to preside over the only household for which the nation is directly responsible, to make the only home in which the nation receives? What did the new mistress of the "President's House" find and what are the details of housekeeping which confronted her? These are things in which every housekeeper in the country is more or less interested.

To be but an occasional guest in the historic old mansion and then to find oneself overnight its mistress would bring a "thrill" to any woman. Mrs. Coolidge frankly admits that she likes the social life of the capital and is interested in the many-sided phases of her new home. Each new mistress becomes really acquainted with her new abode when she is piloted over it by the army officer in charge of buildings and grounds, at present Colonel C. O. Sherrill, for he it is who has the White House under his immediate care. On this tour of inspection they look into every nook and corner, turn out the contents of old closets and trunks and examine the household ledgers, just like any other housekeeper. Luckily, things have changed since Mrs. Fillmore's day, for a newspaper of her time says: "Mrs. Fillmore found the White House in a miserable condition, dirty and bare, with no corner that seemed like home. The great room over the Blue Room was covered with a straw carpet; underneath this was found a good Brussels carpet of the old pattern—a basket of roses upset. Mrs. Fillmore had this cleaned, sent to Buffalo for her piano, shut off much of the space with screens and with a good fire made the place seem very pleasant." Mrs. Coolidge found things spick and span, for now this home of the nation must never show a scratch or a worn spot.

Most women would look upon a "raise" in their husband's salary from $12,000 to $75,000 a year, with divers and sundry extras, as rather a golden plum dropped into the family purse, but the United States Treasury warrant for $6,250 which Uncle Sam monthly hands to the President, must cover so many expenses imposed by custom that it really is often hardly adequate. No matter how desirous Mrs. Coolidge might be to be a careful housewife, she must each year be hostess at eight or nine state dinners and receptions for which her husband must pay the bills, and these cost upward of $1,000 for each affair. The number of guests at the receptions invariably ranges from 2,500 to 3,000, all of whom must be served with salads, cakes, coffee and similar refreshments. These suppers are prepared in the White House kitchen with the assistance of extra servants. At the state dinners which are given to the diplomats of all foreign countries, the leading American officials and jurists are as a rule attended by from fifty to ninety guests. As there are nine or ten courses the cost of these about equals that of the receptions. Thus, for this single feature of state affairs, in one season the President must pay out eight or nine thousand dollars, and it must be remembered that this does not include the countless other formal and informal social affairs which by an inviolable unwritten law must be given each social season at the Executive Mansion—if there are no extraordinary reasons which prevent.

The cost of daily provisions must be met from the family purse, and this is a pretty big item. It is very rare that the family sits down *en famille* to a meal. There are seldom fewer than thirty persons, including the family, guests and a staff of servants, of which there are twenty to twenty-two. The wages of the servants, ranging from forty to one hundred dollars a month, are to a certain number paid for from Congressional appropriations, but every mistress of the White House has found this corps insufficient and from six to eight are paid for from the President's pocket. There are a few old official servants who remain in the house from one administration to the other, keeping in operation an uninterrupted household, but the rest usually change with the change of mistress. It was during the Roosevelt Administration that Congress deemed it fitting that the ranks of the servants be augmented by a chef. Prior to this time only a steward was provided by Uncle Sam. If the First Lady felt it necessary to have one, she had to pay for it. During the Harrison and Cleveland administrations the head of the kitchen was a colored mammy. Since Mrs. Taft's time a housekeeper has relieved the mistresses who have come and gone in that time from the petty cares which try the soul of most housewives, buying all the food and looking after the kitchen servants and housemaids.

(C) Waldon Fawcett, Washington, D. C.

One of the private stairways leading to the private apartments at the White House.

When Mrs. Coolidge wants a cozy corner built, a chair or sofa recovered, new hangings made, a wall papered, or anything else changed in her home, and she has absolute power to do as she chooses with her new quarters, she does not send for a cabinetmaker, upholsterer or paper hanger, nor does she sit down with pad and pencil and calculate the cost. Uncle Sam at the last session of Congress appropriated $50,000, which among other things provided that it was for "ordinary care, repair and refurnishing of the Executive Mansion" and $20,000 for "extraordinary repairs and furnishing of the Executive Mansion." so Mrs. Coolidge will only need to signify her wishes and Uncle Sam will put his O. K. on the bills, provided they do not exceed the amount allocated for this purpose. Out of the latter sum the East Room has recently been provided with a new hardwood floor and the heating arrangements of the house have been amplified.

Refurnishing and repairing was not always such an easy matter, for Uncle Sam is more generous with the "First Ladies" than he used to be. Before the Roosevelt régime, when the enlargement of the Executive Mansion and a corresponding increase in the housekeeping allowance made things easier for the mistresses, if a soap dish or tooth mug was broken Uncle Sam carefully replaced it with one as nearly matching as it was possible to secure. As may be imagined there was a hodgepodge of bedroom china. And to repaper a room and refurnish to suit the tastes of each new mistress was unheard of. He set the house in order, cleaned the carpets, tacked down the worn matting, and if the hangings were faded, turned them; further than that, the mistress had to pay for anything which she wished changed or renovated.

Even now, however, no mistress or maid can indiscriminately throw or give anything away, lose anything, or act in a neighborly fashion and loan anything belonging to Uncle Sam. At the beginning of each administration he pokes about into every part of the White House, writes down in a book everything which the house contains, even to the smallest kitchen spoon. Then each year there must be an accounting and if the inventory does not tally with the "stock on hand" he must know the reason why. Nothing escapes his eagle eye, no detail is too small to be overlooked—a worn-out sheet or towel is noted: even each plant in the White House greenhouses must be accounted for. Lost articles must be reported and the loser must go through a "bad half hour" before they are replaced, for there is a rigid inquiry. A simple reprimand follows; but should the losses be frequent or valuable the axe falls on the offender's head. Furnishings which are deemed worthless in this scrutiny are condemned and sold.

There is so much red tape attendant upon loaning anything belonging to the White House that the borrower has time to forget he wanted it before it is decided he can have it. Washingtonians remember the predicament of the late Senator Brice in the Harrison Administration when he wanted to borrow the band stand belonging to the Executive Mansion for one of his own garden parties. Thinking he had but to ask for it, his secretary approached first one and then the other of the White House property custodians. From them to State and War Department officials he hastened until at last he was confronted with the fact that only by a Special Act of Congress could the band stand be loaned. Even a Vanderbilt could not have a palm which Uncle Sam wanted to get rid of. It had grown to such a height that it was too large for the conservatory; no other satisfactory place for it was available and Mrs. Vanderbilt had spacious enough quarters for it. Two sessions of Congress passed before Uncle Sam could part with it, and alas! the palm had withered and died by that time. Uncle Sam holds his possessions with a strong hand.

So many people think of the Executive Mansion as large and spacious, yet *there are but sixteen rooms available for the private use of the President's family.* There are but seven bedrooms, each with a bathroom, and four of the bedrooms have small dressing rooms adjoining, and as frequent guests are to be reckoned with, the Chief Executive's wife has the same problems as most modern housewives in looking after guests. There are often makeshifts and contrivances practiced by the mistresses of the White House. Mrs. Grant had special

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Dickering for the Delegates Is Under Way

Clever Politicians Working for a Candidate Get in Their Best Licks Long Before Nominating Convention Time Rolls Around

By AARON HARDY ULM

RECENTLY a promoter of the interests of one of the men now in the pre-convention tryout race for President dropped in on a party leader. The two chatted for a half hour about everything and nothing, except the business that caused the visitor to call. But as he got up to go, the visitor remarked:

"By the way, I wish you would suggest someone who will look out for Mr. So-and-So in this state."

"Certainly," the party leader replied, giving the name of a lieutenant.

"We have that state," declared the promoter of Presidential aspirations when he reported.

"Did Blank say he was with us?" he was asked, Blank being the party leader.

"I didn't even ask him," the promoter replied. "I asked him to recommend someone to look after our interests there. He did so and I am sure he will back up the man he recommended. In that case the state's delegation is safe for So-and-So."

And very probably it is, though the delegation had not been and has not yet been named.

To say that any candidate for President now in the open is at this time running for the office he wants is to state what is not literally a fact. He is not running for President. He is running for delegates.

At the present time he is seeking delegates who do not exist; that is to say, he is dealing in "futures," just as the market speculator may deal in corn or cotton or wheat which does not and may never exist.

And delegates who do not yet exist are being bound and "delivered" with assurance amounting to certitude.

How Manipulation Is Aided

DESPITE attempts to make it otherwise, our quadrennial contest for the Presidency still revolves primarily around the fewer than 2,500 delegates who constitute the national conventions of the two major parties. Even this is an overstatement. More properly, the fight revolves around probably not more than two hundred or three hundred persons who have most to do with naming the delegates to the national conventions and who will control the votes of the bulk of them in the conventions. The real fight now being carried on centers upon that comparatively small number of persons; three-fourths of the activity now being put forth on behalf of the candidates seeks to procure the favor of those persons.

While candidates pose for pictures, give out interviews and perhaps make speeches, their active managers and promoters "gum-shoe" for delegates, or, rather, for leaders who name or control delegates. They appeal to the public, too, but the delegates-to-be are the all-important consideration.

And the complicated methods by which delegates to the national conventions are chosen, and, in the case of one party, the additionally complicated one by which representation is apportioned, accelerate intrigue, manipulation and dickering.

The procedure by which national conventions once were constituted was quite simple. Delegates were sent to state conventions, which in turn named delegates to the national conventions. Generally both groups were uninstructed.

Now practically as many methods as there are states are used. Law or custom requires that Presidential preferential primaries be held in the following states, the dates being the ones on which these elections, barring a change in the meantime, will be held in 1924:

Alabama	Tuesday, March 11.
California	Tuesday, May 6.
Florida	Tuesday, June 3.
Georgia	Date fixed by State Committee.
Illinois	Tuesday, April 8.
Indiana	Tuesday, May 6.
Maryland	Monday, May 5.
Massachusetts	Tuesday, April 29.
Michigan	Monday, April 7.
Montana	Tuesday, May 27.
Nebraska	Tuesday, April 8.
New Jersey	Tuesday, April 27.
North Carolina	Saturday, June 7.
North Dakota	Tuesday, March 18.
Ohio	Tuesday, April 29.
Oregon	Friday, May 16.
Pennsylvania	Tuesday, April 22.
South Dakota	Tuesday, March 25.
West Virginia	Tuesday, May 27.
Wisconsin	Tuesday, April 1.

Differences in the Primaries

IN THE primaries held in these states the voters are expected to express themselves directly as to whom they want nominated for President. In Florida, however, this is optional with the party authorities.

In all but six states the voters may choose delegates to the national conventions as well as express themselves as to the Presidential candidates. In Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Maryland, Michigan and North Carolina, the national convention delegates are not necessarily voted for in the Presidential primary but, with one exception, the national delegates are chosen in state conventions. Thus the delegates may or may not indorse the candidate approved at the polls, though they are supposed to be obligated to support that candidate in the national convention.

No certain way has been found by which delegates may be bound to follow instructions. The laws in some cases require that delegates vote as instructed on at least a fixed number of ballots and in others they are required to follow instructions only as long as the approved candidate "has a chance of being nominated." In any event much must be left to the judgment, the discretion and the political integrity of the delegates.

Convention Method in Some

ALABAMA has solved this problem satisfactorily to itself for at least the present. There the state law says that when a "native son" candidate for President is approved in the preferential primary, he shall have power to name all the delegates from that state to the convention in which he is to be a contestant. This was done to insure Oscar Underwood's having from his home state a delegation which may be counted on to stick as long as Underwood himself wants it to stick.

In New Hampshire on March 11 and in New York on April 1 primaries are called to name delegates to the national conventions, no provision being made for direct voter expression as to Presidential nominees.

In New York, district delegates only are chosen in the primaries, those from the state at large being named by the state convention method. Delegates at large also are named by conventions in Illinois and Wisconsin, where voters make direct choice of district delegates and give voice as to Presidential nominations.

In other states the pure convention method of choosing national delegates still prevails, though in some the party authorities may direct that preferential primaries be held; and it also is possible that in some, laws calling for preferential primaries will be enacted to be effective in the 1924 campaign. In Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana and Washington the state executive committees of the parties may name the national delegates.

Thus, the machinery for choosing Presidential candidates is:

State conventions choose national delegates in twenty-eight states, two of them electing only delegates at large in that way.

In four states the state executive committees may name the national delegates.

Preferential primaries in twenty states.

Direct election of delegates in sixteen states, two of which allow for no direct expression as to Presidential candidacies.

Apportionments Are Different

THIS is particularly the arrangement as it affects the Democratic party; as affecting the Republican party it may vary somewhat but in no great particular.

The number of delegates awarded to a state in the national convention fixes the importance of that state in naming a candidate.

With the Democratic party this is uniform, the delegates from each state being exactly double the state's representation in the United States Congress. Thus California will have, in the Democratic convention, twenty-four district delegates, double its twelve United States Representatives, and four delegates at large, twice its members of the United States Senate. These more properly should be called "votes," for any state may send virtually any number of delegates to a national convention. When the number exceeds the votes allowed, each delegate is allowed one-half or one-fourth vote, depending on the number of excess delegates. Delegates chosen in primaries equal the number that vote. The Democratic party, as does the Republican, allows the District of Columbia, the territories of Alaska and Hawaii, and our non-contiguous territories, the Philippines, Porto Rico and the Canal Zone, to send delegates with full voting powers to its national convention.

The Republican apportionment differs much from that of the Democrats, though it is based on the same principle, representation in Congress and the Electoral College.

In recent years the Republicans have modified this because of the peculiar power its full application would give to the "pocket boroughs" of the South.

In the 1920 Republican national convention, the strength of the Southern contingency was reduced through the application of the following rule of apportionment:

One delegate was allowed for each Congressional district and four at large from each state. But, for each Congressional district where the Republican candidate in the prior Presidential election received 7,500 votes or more, an additional delegate was allowed. This, while making no reduction in the convention strength of Northern states, reduced that of the rock-ribbed Democratic states about one-fourth, or from about 230 to 167. This gave to the states which never go Republican about one-fifth of the delegates in that party's national convention. There was a demand that even a more radical cut be made in the apportionment allowed those states which never go Republican and where, generally speaking, that party's popular strength is meager and its organization only fragmentary. The Republican National Committee was directed to bring about further reform. A subcommittee which considered the subject recommended that district delegates be limited to districts where real Republican organizations are maintained. This would have cut those states which had 167 delegates in the 1920 Republican convention to a voting strength of 142 in the convention of 1924. The Republican National Committee rejected this and adopted the following apportionment for 1924:

Each Congressional district will be allowed one delegate and each state four "at large" delegates. Then each district which in 1920 polled 10,000 or more Republican votes shall be allowed one additional delegate, and each state which went Republican in 1920 shall be allowed three extra "at large" delegates.

This means that there will be 1,110 votes in the next Republican convention as against 984 in 1920, and 1,094 in the next Democratic convention.

Long a Source of Complaint

THE delegates from the eleven traditional "Solid South" states will have 183 delegates in 1924, or about the same proportionate strength as in the 1920 convention. Many Republican leaders are protesting against this arrangement. They claim that on anything like a close division between delegates from the North and West those from the South will hold a balance of power.

The Southern contingency in the Republican conventions has long been a source of complaint and frequently of scandal, for it usually is made up in great part of Republicans whose interest chiefly is in the political jobs they hold—or want—by appointment from Washington.

The foregoing outline indicates the complexity which has come to govern the system of choosing candidates for President and Vice-President.

These, however, are only the external complexities; the internal and less obvious ones are much more subtle and difficult. These have to do with leaders and organizations, often in the unobserved background, who and which frequently can manipulate things to reduce large blocks of convention strength to very close control.

For example, in New York, Tammany Hall and its chief dominate the situation insofar as concerns that state's large delegation to the Democratic national convention. For Tammany always can secure a majority of that state's delegation and under the unit rule this majority can vote the entire delegation as it wishes.

There is some uncertainty as to how far the unit rule still holds in the Democratic party. In 1912 that party's national convention decreed that it should not prevail in cases where state law requires the election of delegates by districts. This was on the theory that where delegates are chosen to represent a particular district they should be free to follow the wishes of party voters in that district regardless of what those in the rest of the state may want.

Hold to Two-thirds Rule

MOST delegations to the Democratic convention still are chosen in blocks rather than by districts.

The Democratic party is loath to give up the unit rule, which it regards as in line with the party's ancient state's rights traditions. It also holds tenaciously to the two-thirds rule which was fastened on the party for pure expediency's sake by Andrew Jackson in the early days of the convention system. Under this rule no candidate can be nominated except by the vote of two-thirds.

The Republicans long ago abandoned the two-thirds rule and also the unit rule. Any delegate in a Republican national convention may vote as he pleases, even in defiance of all other delegates from his state; and a majority vote is sufficient to nominate.

With both big parties, however, the convention still is "it" as far as the Presidency goes.

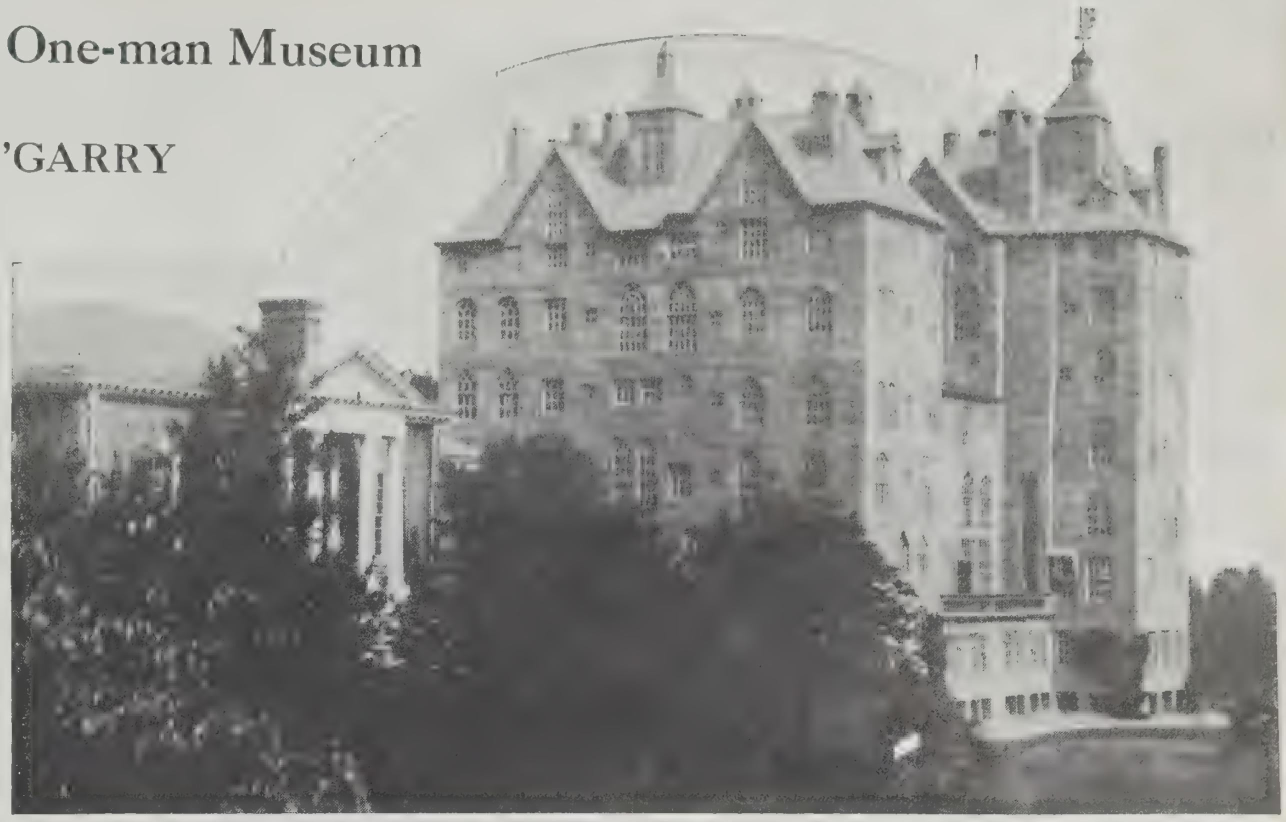
Thus fewer than 2,500 persons name the two men which nearly 60,000,000 voters choose between to select a President for the four years beginning on March 4, 1925.

In truth, much fewer than 2,500 have most to do with naming the candidates. Direct expression counts for little. The indirect influence wielded is another matter. Some delegations are interested more in carrying their states or even cities than in electing the party candidate for President. Some delegations rather would name a candidate who cannot win than to triumph with a party nominee who is so irregular he "won't play the game."

Dr. Mercer's "Tools of the Nation Builder"

Unique Collection in One-man Museum

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY



The seven-story turreted building of the museum at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, constructed of concrete, including roof, floors and window sashes.

A ONE-MAN museum which tells probably more about the living history of the human race than any other institution in the world has been built at Doylestown, Pennsylvania. It is a one-man institution only in the sense that a single individual, Dr. Henry C. Mercer, conceived the idea, gathered the initial collection and bought the bulk of specimens since added, paid for the land and the huge concrete building housing the collections, and still directs its activities as president of the Bucks County Historical Society. In reality it is owned by that organization, by gift of Dr. Mercer, and is operated solely for the benefit and education of the public. Various efforts have been made to label it, but it is so distinctive that it fails to fall into any familiar classification.

Instead of beginning in the dim past, two thousand to five thousand years ago, this museum starts with things that, although now generally out of use, are still understandable to the present generation. It is only within the last few years that the building to make that possible has been completed, but the work that led to it was started by Dr. Mercer in 1897. At that time he called his collection "the tools of the nation builder." The phrase more nearly describes the museum than any title given to it since. It contains 19,014 specimens of ancient implements and utensils relating to the master needs of man—food, clothing, shelter and transport; and also to the needs of the spirit—religion, art, science and amusement. In addition there is a library of 8,000 volumes. Both the general collection and the library bring the story of mankind up to 1820, going back from that date two or three centuries by actual examples, and thousands of years by type, to connect with the story of early mankind as told by the relics in archeological museums.

Doylestown was a center of an early Dutch settlement. When Dr. Mercer started his collection twenty-six years ago he confined it at first to early implements used in the county. Then he extended it to take in all Pennsylvania. Finally, after he had found that similar conditions of nation building had been met and conquered in the same way by pioneers in New England and the South, it was decided to take in the United States. But the growth of the collection soon made it evident that the point of view was too narrow, since, as he stated it, "many of the objects belonged in type, not to one but to many nations and had been in use in Europe for hundreds of years." Later it became necessary to set up artificial limits to the collection, and it was confined to the United States except for such objects as were chosen for special illustration and comparison. It was determined also to stop at 1820, at the time of the introduction of the steam engine and machinery, when the United States Patent Office began to put things on record and machinery came to be fully described in print.

A building as distinctive as the collection was constructed by Dr. Mercer. It is built on a slope, so that, to judge by the windows, one tower is seven stories in height. There are two main towers flanking a central structure which contains a court open to the roof. This is surrounded by three galleries connected by gently sloping winding stairs. The entire building, including roof, floors and window sashes, is built of reinforced concrete. In the wings or towers there are thirty-three fireproof rooms and thirty-six alcoves for the display of specimens. Larger articles, ranging from looms to whaleboats and including virtually every type of land transport used up to 1820, are suspended in the great central court from hooks buried in the concrete, so that it is possible for the visitor to inspect each article from any angle by walking around the galleries and up the winding stairs.

The story of how Dr. Mercer developed this idea, which eventually will bring within reach of all a knowledge of things now confined to scholars, is quite as interesting as the romance that may be woven from an inspection of the articles in the exhibits. More than thirty years ago Dr. Mercer was curator of the American section of the University Museum of Philadelphia, then a much smaller institution but imbued with the same spirit of original research. In that post his most important work was the exploration of caves and ancient dwellings in Yucatan. Naturally, also, he came in touch with archeological excavations all over the world, and he was much impressed by the difficulty of reconstructing a picture of ancient civilizations with the meager finds made.

"It soon became evident," he says, "that the archeologist working in the site of an ancient civilization could expect to find only such articles as had been made out of non-perishable materials, and they were so few and far between that it was a difficult task even to classify them and at times impossible to indicate their specific use. I left the museum because of ill health about that time. In riding about the country I came across a man who made a business of buying up what he called junk at auction sales. Contents of attics and ancient barns were hauled to such sales by the wagonload. One day I went to this man's yard and found the most amazing collection of implements that were absolutely new to me. It was quite plain, however, that they had been constructed by pioneers who had no time to waste on experiments, and that each must have a definite use.

"Then suddenly it occurred to me that the archeologists had been working from the wrong end, so to speak. They had been puzzling their minds over things that they could not understand merely because they had not taken the path plainly indicated. I promptly bought up the collection and stored the stuff in the rooms of the historical society until the then secretary complained that he couldn't find room to write out his reports. Likewise I started to make a collection of implements and utensils, filling three barns with my purchases. I came in for a great deal of criticism at the time. I was told that these things had been discarded and were of no use. As a matter of fact, I couldn't prove the use of many of them. But in 1897, when it began to look as if I couldn't get anybody else interested in the collection, it occurred to me that I might stage a real demonstration of its value. Accordingly, I began to visit the homes of aged settlers. They are all gone now, but at that time there were many still living whose memories ran back to the early years of the nineteenth century, and who could recall tales told them by their parents and grandparents.

"A group of these men volunteered to give a demonstration in the public square at Doylestown of the uses made of all sorts of ancient implements in my collection. Up to that time I had made only a partial classification. Not being sure of my ground I had mixed things up a bit. The old fellows soon put me right and the demonstration was a huge success. It convinced many of the leaders in the historical society, and many of the people, that this 'old junk' was an invaluable bridge to the past. Therefore I continued the collection, but it was not until many years later that the time became ripe to construct the present museum building.

"Clothes change with climate, nationality, calling, time, and so forth," says Dr. Mercer, "and their much observed variations, shown in collections of costumes, are transient and superficial things, compared with the tools that make clothes, some of the chief of which shown here as used by our ancestors, have remained fundamentally the same for more than two thousand years."

This similarity is found in other lines, to be sure, but it is nowhere so striking as in the collection of utensils relating to the master needs—the first needs—of man; food and clothing. Sheep are sheared today by machine tools, but the old-fashioned shears developed thousands of years ago are still in use on small farms throughout the world. The principle of the spinning wheel has not changed. Examples at the museum include the original wool wheel, used by early American settlers, which was without the later bobbin and flyer. "In examining these three devices for spinning," says Dr. Mercer, "we should remember that none would work unless the fiber was proportioned and slightly twisted, as it was when fed to the spindle by the human hand. That was a very important but little noticed part of the process, which explains why so many of the very complex machines in the modern factory were invented, not to spin the thread, but to supply this essential preliminary work formerly done by the human thumb and finger." In the museum's collection of tools used for cooking, including the huge old-fashioned ovens by which bread was baked by the first American white men, it is possible to show that man has learned very little in thousands of years. The earliest man soon learned that there were seven basic ways to cook his food, and although highly complex machines have been developed, the principle is always the same. The museum classifies these seven methods as follows, showing exhibits of the various utensils used in each; the gridiron for broiling by direct heat above the fire; the spit, tin kitchen, jack, and so forth, for roasting, using direct heat at the side of the fire; the Dutch oven or baking pot, buried in the embers, and the coffee roaster for baking by indirect, confined heat; the griddle or bake iron for baking by indirect but open heat; the pots and kettles, coffee pots, of cast iron, copper, tin or earthenware, for broiling; the skillets of wrought or cast iron or clay for stewing, using the slow heat of water, and finally the frying pan for the use of heat with grease.

In the food implement collection the museum shows chains, branding irons, milk stools, yokes, cowbells, jumping sticks, nose rings, horn knobs, hog catchers, nest eggs, bee gums, coops, knives, traps, snares, fish nets, pigeon nets, spears, calls, decoys, powder and priming horns, early rifles and shotguns, including the matchlock and the later flintlock, and an almost con-

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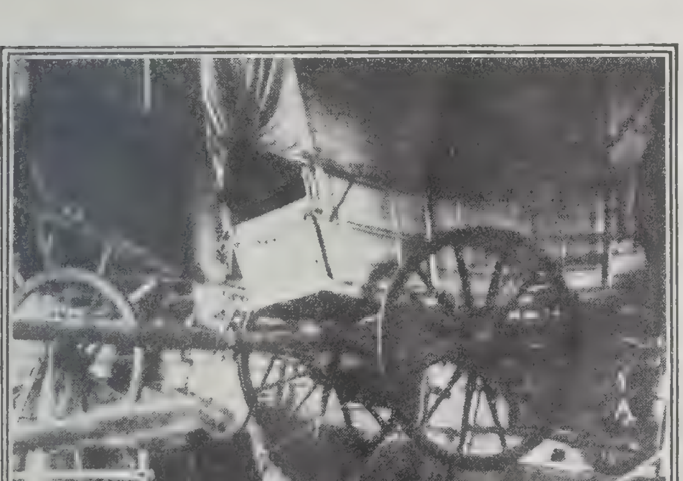


This view gives some idea of the multiplicity of exhibits in the museum of the Bucks County Historical Society at Doylestown. The vehicle at the top is a Conestoga wagon; in front of it in the upper right-hand corner is a wooden Indian; in the upper left corner can be seen one wheel and the seat of an old-time sulky; just below that is an early type of sleigh. Beneath the wagon in the center and at the bottom are small boats used by early settlers of America, and grouped around and behind them a great variety of implements.

Bible Greatest Seller Every Day, Every Year

Translated Into 700 Languages; Rare and Valuable Volumes in New York Exhibition

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

A NEW YORK department store recently conducted a three days' sale of radio outfits, during which time some thirty thousand are said to have been disposed of. Crowds of people choked the aisles of the store looking for the special sale in response to full-page advertisements in the daily papers, and that particular department of the store was kept open each night several hours beyond the usual closing time to accommodate the throngs. A great commercial feat, it was considered by many.

Yet every day of the year, twenty thousand copies of the Bible are bought and paid for, and sixty thousand distributed gratuitously, and all this without noise or clamor or shouting from the housetop.

The tremendous sale and circulation of the Bible, even in these days when we have become accustomed to think in gigantic figures, almost staggers the imagination. Careful estimates, furnished by the New York Bible Society, state that more than thirty million copies of the Scriptures are circulated every year, and of that number more than six million copies are sold by commercial houses for profit.

Not many books have reached the circulation of two hundred thousand in any one year, and if they have it is usually during the first year of publication, when the book is being advertised and commented upon by the literary critics.

Of one novel, nearly a million copies have been reported as sold during its initial year, and the circulation of the Bible last year—not in its first year, but its nineteen hundredth—was thirty million copies.

The circulation of the Bible is not confined to the English-speaking world. Comparatively few books have been translated into many foreign languages. The latest report of the New York Bible Society, in speaking of the myriad tongues in which the Bible may now be read, says:

"The Bible, too, sells in more languages than any other book. Some of us are familiar with two or three languages, but the Bible has been translated into almost seven hundred languages; nearly two hundred African languages, as many more in Asia, a hundred Australian and Oceanic languages, fifty European and two-score American languages.

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was translated into twenty-three languages, the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into more than forty; how small the number compared to seven hundred! All of this means that the most popular book, the Bible, has been circulated more widely than any other book. Yet widespread as the distribution of the Holy Scriptures is, there are millions of persons who have never seen a copy. At the present rate of circulating the Bible—thirty million copies a year—it will require fifty years to give every inhabitant of the globe a copy of the Book of Life."

One reason the Bible is a best seller is that it meets the wants of humanity in a manner more satisfying than any other known book. Among its forty contributors are to be found men from all walks in life, from the humblest to the highest, from the ordinary citizen to a king.

No book was ever written that compares with the Bible in the variety of subjects treated between two covers; politics, law, history, adventure, mystery, poetry, counsel, love.

W. F. Yust has well summed up the Bible in his essay entitled

"THE BOOK.

"I am the recorder of the gate.

"I speak every language under the sun and enter every corner of the earth.

"I bring information, inspiration, and recreation to all mankind.

"I am the enemy of ignorance and slavery, the ally of enlightenment and liberty.

"I am always ready to commune with man, to quicken his being, to spur him on, to show him the way.

"I treat all persons alike, regardless of race, color, creed or condition.

"I have power to stretch man's vision, to deepen his feeling, to better his business, and to enrich his life.

"I am a true friend, a wise counsellor, and a faithful guide.

"I am silent as gravitation, pliant and powerful as the electric current, and enduring as the everlasting hills.

"I am the Book."

Not only is the Bible the best seller and more sought after than any other book; it is also the cheapest book.

In attestation of the popularity of the Bible, and the place that it holds in the affection of the present-day public, may be cited the exhibition of old and rare Bibles held in the New York Public Library. The main exhibition hall was devoted to this purpose, and proved none too large to accommodate the throngs who daily visited the exhibition.

Long, glass-covered tables were arranged in rows with aisles between, and under glass were Bibles of every description. This collection of Bibles is said, in size and antiquity, to be second only to that in the British Museum.

Here could have been found the great Greek codices, polyglots (printed in a number of languages), an early Samaritan Pentateuch, Hebrew rolls, and other Bible manuscripts of the ancient versions. Some of these volumes are almost letter perfect, and took many years to complete. The reason for this may be explained by the fact that when the Hebrew scribes first began to copy the Bible, they were required to throw away a skin of vellum every time that they made an error, and whenever the name of the Lord was written they were obliged to stop and repeat a prayer, then take a fresh quill before the copying was continued.

In the exhibition were Bibles in many different languages. The Latin group is especially interesting, the principal volume of which is the Gutenberg Bible, which was printed at Mainz, Germany, between 1453 and 1455. It is the first Bible printed on a printing press. It consists of two volumes, forty-two lines to the column, and there are but two columns to a page.

In the collection of French Bibles the one that attracts especial attention is a copy which once belonged to Diane de Poitiers, who was the mistress of Henry II. There is shown on one page a representation of St. Paul handing out the Epistles.

In the English group is to be found what is called "Matthew's Bible," which was printed in 1537, and named after the compiler, who was known as Thomas Matthew, but whose name in reality was John Rogers.

Another English Bible printed in Geneva in 1560 by Rouland Hall was the first English Bible to have divisions in verses, and the well-known King James Bible, printed in London in 1611, is still the accepted text by many adherents of the Church of England.

The first Bible produced in America was printed on a press in Philadelphia in 1782; another was printed in Trenton, New Jersey, in 1791, and the first Bible printed in New York was under date of 1792—the "Self-Interpreting Bible"—to which subscriptions were sold, the name of "George Washington, Esq., President of the United States" heading the list.

There are Bibles in Eskimo, Bengali, Chinese, Hawaiian, Zulu, and in many of the Indian dialects of the North American Continent. Small Bibles are in existence, so small that the print has to be read with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass; big Bibles, ponderous and clumsy, with yellow-stained leaves, and two Bibles that are printed entirely in shorthand bearing dates of 1660 and 1695.

"Curious Bibles" are Bibles in which a typographical error has been made in the printing, and a verse is made to appear strange and sometimes ridiculous. Each of these Bibles takes its name from the particular error that has been made.

There is the "Vinegar Bible," so-called because in the Parable of the Vineyard the printer has put in bold letters across the top of the page, the astonishing announcement, "The Parable of the *Vinegar.*"

Another is the "Placemaker's Bible," a verse in the Sermon on the Mount in the fifth chapter of Matthew having been made to read: "Blessed are the *Placemakers.*"

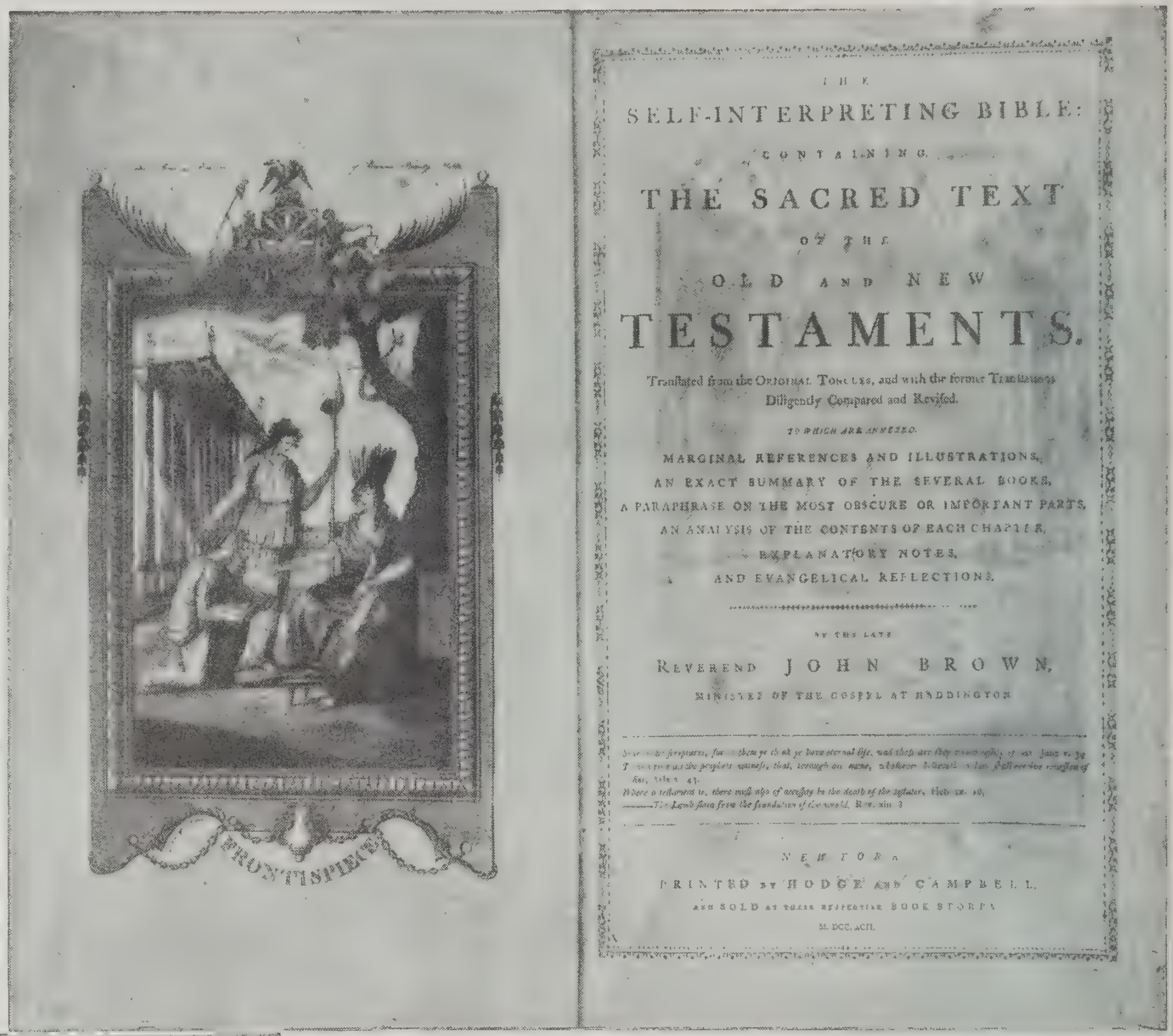
The "Ear Bible" is that wherein the verse is given incorrectly: "He that hath ears to *ear* let him hear."

The "Unrighteous Bible" is full of errors, the most startling among them being the statement that "The *unrighteous* shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

Then there is the "Wicked Bible," of which it is said there are but six copies now extant. The entire edition was called in and was supposed to have been destroyed, when it was found that the printer had left out the word "not" in the Seventh Commandment.

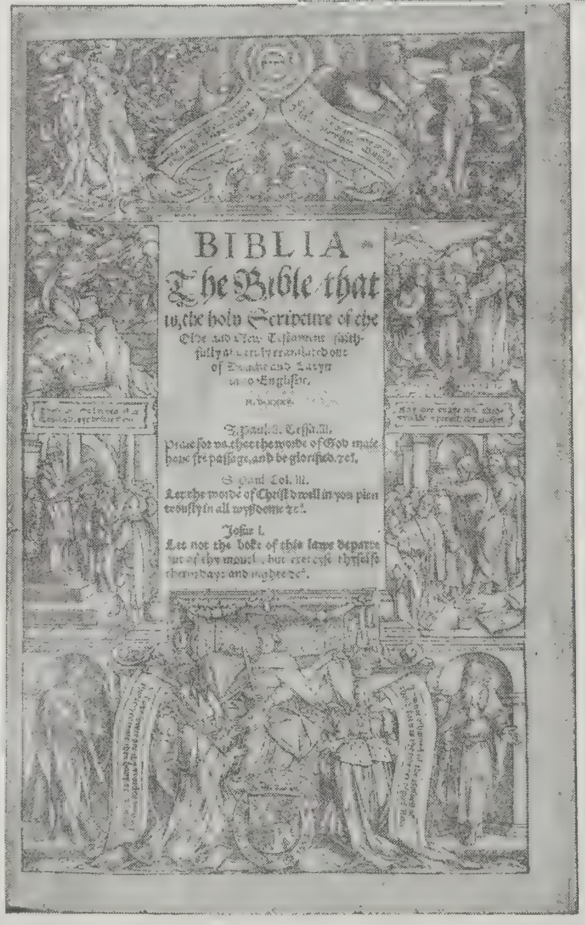
Another interesting Bible of the "Curious Group" is called the "Breeches Bible," which bears the date of 1560. It has been given this name because the word "breeches" has been substituted for "aprons" in Genesis, Chapter III, Verse 7, which has been made to read: "And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves *breeches.*"

Finally, there is the "Treacle Bible" which was printed in London in 1538 by one Richard Jugge. In Jeremiah VIII: 22, instead of the well-known rendering "Is there no balm in Gilead?" it reads: "Is there no *treacle* in Gilead?"


FRONTISPIECE

THE
SELF-INTERPRETING BIBLE:
CONTAINING
THE SACRED TEXT
OF THE
OLD AND NEW
TESTAMENTS.
Translated from the Original Tongues, and with the former Translations
Diligently Compared and Revised.
TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,
MARGINAL REFERENCES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
AN EXACT SUMMARY OF THE SEVERAL BOOKS,
A PARAPHRASE ON THE MOST OBSCURE OR IMPORTANT PARTS,
AN ANALYSIS OF THE CONTENTS OF EACH CHAPTER,
EXPLANATORY NOTES,
AND EVANGELICAL REFLECTIONS.
BY THE LATE
REVEREND JOHN BROWN,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT HADDINGTON
NEW YORK
PRINTED BY HODGE AND CAMPBELL,
AND SOLD AT THEIR RESPECTIVE BOOK STORES
M. DCC. XCII.

Frontispiece and title-page of the first Bible printed in New York—the Rev. John Brown's "Self-interpreting Bible," 1792.



BIBLIA
The Bible that is, the holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn in to Englishe.
M.D.XXXV.

Title-page of the first complete English Bible, 1535.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE Declaration of Independence was not a meal ticket nor was the Constitution of the United States a commercial contract, yet it is true that but for the physical resources and material prosperity of the people who conceived the Declaration and drew up the Constitution, neither document would have survived to mean more than an idealistic scrap of paper.

That statement is made that it may serve to balance another, namely, no nation has the right to sacrifice everything, nor even a single thing involving principle, for what seems to be prosperity. There is a prosperity which is illusion, to perpetuate which is to invite sad disenchantment. The prosperity that needs such sacrifice for its continuance may at once be scrutinized with suspicion.

Because it has been suggested that this country should not jeopardize its present fairly satisfactory situation by indulging in unwarranted political excitement during this Presidential year, there has not been lacking those who have charged upon the authors of the suggestion a willingness to barter mere material well-being for political freedom. Extremists have gone so far as to charge that indeed a Presidential election was being purchased by a prosperity which exists solely through the permission of the money brokers.

TO PREVENT upsetting business by needless political upheaval does not mean surrender to the money-brokers or favoring them as the source of industry and prosperity. These brokers have tampered with prosperity in the past, on the strength of two delusions: they had persuaded the Government that they were the fountain of economic life; they had persuaded industry also of the same thing. In the battle between creative Industry and money brokerage, Industry has won. Recent Presidents have so clearly seen the true state of affairs that it is expected, in the battle between Government and Money for the supremacy, Government will win. There is a present confidence that the Administration now in office will not concede anything to financial juggling in the delusion that it is creative or even defensive of the national interest.

It is pretty safe to rely upon the unlikelihood of Americans surrendering any item of their rights for any weight soever of material bribes. Children of fathers who endured physical deprival, if thereby their principles might be kept alive, are not likely to be swerved from the straight view of Right by the dangling of "the full dinner pail" or any other device.

Yet it will be conceded that one condition of our freedom is our liberation from economic stress. In fact, liberty is not completely liberty while the necessity or the possibility of economic bondage remains. While it is true that man does not live by bread alone, it is also true that as man he does not live without bread.

There are four liberties, and we have made conquest of but two of them.

There is first, personal, physical liberty—the right of a man to his own life, to freedom of movement, to the ownership and control of his own body and his personal life. Men won that freedom when they ceased to be serfs, mere attachments to the land which was owned by overlords. Then there was political liberty, freedom from the tyranny of political lordship, a voice in the communal life, liberty to set up institutions expressive of the spirit and progress of the people. Men have won that freedom, in part; theoretically they have a voice in their own government; they have the right of consent to government. These two forms of liberty have been won.

Then, third, comes economic liberty, freedom to live and make a living, to profit by labor, to be free from an unjust pressure exerted through economic necessities. While we have not attained that full measure of freedom as yet, and can not until we are wiser and more just ourselves, still we have made an irregular progress in the past century which must be counted as progress though it has brought some undeniably undesirable accompaniments with it. We are in the period of the winning of economic liberty now. Of spiritual liberty—utmost freedom of the mind and the heart and the soul, because such freedom has been won by wisdom and righteousness—there is no need now to speak. Without it, however, there is no liberty in the widest sense.

It is not worth much to have physical and political freedom if you have nothing to eat, and to eat while physically and politically enslaved is to eat the bread of bitterness. The benefits must be connected and coincident to be most beneficial to us.

We have ground to hope and believe that this Administration is able to distinguish between true and false prosperity, and firm to yield nothing to the false. The time is near, if it is not already arrived, when the American Government will give some sign that it does distinguish between the creators of real wealth and the money-brokers, and will have no more to do with the latter.

Immortality has twice crowned the Presidency, once when Washington fathered the new Republic, and again when Lincoln, performing a harder task than Washington, saved it. One delivered a people from political subordination; the other delivered a race from physical slavery. The next immortality will rest upon the President who destroys the strongest engine of economic inequality and oppression by destroying *all private privilege in the public instrument which we call Money.*

Our greatest Presidents have always seen this. Jackson saw it, and his analysis of it has an uncanny ring of modernity as if he had spoken today. But Jackson was engulfed in his own fight and could not reach out to the wider issues involved. Lincoln saw it, saw it with a poignant pain that formed a great part of his burden. But Lincoln had a war to fight and the Union to save. Lincoln saw more clearly than any man of his time the connection between the money power and the force which menaced the Union of the States. And that money power was not Southern either; its source was alien, and its seat was the North and East. There is no doubt that had Lincoln survived the war, his next fight would have been to rid his country of a power which was a constant threat and which would increase in dangerous potentiality as the country grew. Roosevelt saw it, but succumbed to practical considerations too early. Wilson saw it in his "New Freedom," but Wilson's constructive program, so promisingly begun, was interrupted by the terrible necessity of fighting the war. Harding saw it, and questioned whether he was strong enough to issue the challenge, whether it was just the right time to subject the country to the anger of the money lords —and while he was debating, lo, death came and relieved him of the task.

There have been Presidents who never saw it, or seeing it sided with the power of money; there have been Presidents who saw it but were prevented from acting upon their vision. In the Providence which has been so signally evident in the life of the Republic, this last great contest, the battle for the new liberty, has been reserved for a strong hand which like Washington's and Lincoln's will not hesitate though all the darkness of defeat comes before victory. When that hand shall be lifted for the people's leadership no one knows; but the destined man, when he arrives, *he* will know and he will act.

Nothing could be more solemnly the duty of the Government than to see at this time that no harm befalls the people's living. That which is born of labor, and widens the opportunities of labor, and secures the fundamental rights of labor, is sacred. But there is that which does not labor, which does not create, which does not increase wealth, but is an ever-growing charge against wealth, an ever-increasing burden upon producers, and an ever-present menace to economic rights and independence. And it is this thing which boldly announces that *it* is prosperity, that without *it* the country sinks. And public men have been bullied, bought or simply deceived by its claims.

The Administration should know the difference between the true capital of production and the imposing gambling stocks of the money-brokers. To strike the one is to injure the nation; to strike the other is to make toward the new freedom.

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Investigations That Wilt

THE public must have been impressed by the vast number of investigations which have been made in consequence of the crooked administration of war activities, and the very little that has come of them. Mountains of gross irregularities—worse than political graft, because they involved a nation distressed by war—were proved to have existed, and yet in instance after instance the investigation has been halted at just that moment when the core of the matter was about to be disclosed. When Democrats have investigated for the purpose of getting campaign material against Republicans, they have found so many of their own party involved that it was impossible to serve a partisan purpose by further inquiry; and when the Republicans came in and sought to show what a fiasco the Democrats had made of war administration, they found so many Republicans involved that their partisan purpose also failed. So the investigations have been stopped.

Then there has been a point when the next step was to uncover the "higher ups," men who were not professional politicians but the financial backers of the parties, and there again the investigations have halted. Other inquiries have been dropped because the person under fire was found to be only one of such a large number that the likelihood of bringing them all to equal justice was very remote.

The total result to date is the knowledge that dishonesty prevailed to an extent that indicates a most complete organization for the purpose of robbing the people when at war.

Looking at the matter as a whole it is clear that investigations failed at the outset because of the unworthy purpose that motivated them. Partisan or personal revenge is a purpose that never completes a constructive work. The loss to the people is not the failure to fasten guilt, but the failure to uncover the *system* which enabled graft to be practiced on a colossal scale.

It is worth suggestion to the President and Congress that, in view of the value of such knowledge to the nation, particularly in the recurrence of war conditions, a complete study of the grafting system be made for the purpose of being ready instantly to detect and repel its revival at another time. If necessary, let the questions of party and persons, of responsibility and guilt, pass. Give a general amnesty in advance, if necessary. But get at the principle and practice of this dangerous thing. Congress could do worse than appoint a research committee to study and report upon the system, the philosophy, the fellowship of dishonor, which makes such combinations possible in an enlightened nation.

Concerning Taxes

REDUCE the taxes? Everybody says yes. Yet a growing number of citizens recognize that something more than that is needed: the whole tax situation calls for revision and establishment upon sound foundations. Given authority, it is easy enough to lay a tax. Given political prestige to be enhanced or harmed, it is easy enough to get at least the intention of laying taxes fairly. But taxation itself, as a principle and a practice, is in a most chaotic state, which accounts for the virility and increase of various tax philosophies among which the most virile perhaps is the Single Tax idea.

The central fallacy of our system is that it taxes *people* instead of *things*. Would that some statistician could take a specific taxable amount of $200 in a small income and trace the number of times that $200 is taxed—not once, as $200, but 200 times if that amount becomes part of the taxable income of 200 persons. It is the person who is taxed, not the wealth. You received that $200, and paid on it; also you paid it out to a physician for an operation and he paid taxes upon it, too; the physician paid it out to the surgical instrument manufacturer, the latter paid taxes on it also; and so on until it becomes a question whether the $200 exists at all at the end of the process. Citizens are taxed, not their wealth.

Flowing from that central fallacy are others, principally the resulting inequality. There may be large concerns who share the tax levied upon them, but if so they should make themselves known to avoid the haunting suspicion that there are none such; it is generally believed that the working public pays all the taxes, just as it is the working public that supplies all the capital upon which our enterprises are built. Taxes are shifted to the last man who has no one else upon whom to shift them. Tax property; the tax appears in the rent. Tax commodities; the tax appears in the retail sales price. And so on.

Taxation is one of the profounder mysteries of the political organization of the peoples, and may be used to their help or their hurt. The time has come for a wider public thoughtfulness about taxes, not as sums of money inconveniently demanded from us, but as representing a national power whose right principles have not yet been discovered, or if discovered not recognized, by government.

Who Builds the School

THE propaganda, sent out in the name of the American Bankers' Association and published in many country papers, includes a defense of interest by William Trufant Foster. Having shown that Farmer Brown would doubtless pay his neighbor for the use of a harvester, he should expect to pay for the money he borrows to buy one of his own. All of this is true, but it does not disclose the net cost of each operation. If he rents a harvester, the rent stops when the job is done; when he rents money his rent continues until he has paid it back.

But Mr. Foster applies the same principle to borrowing for public improvements. He cites the building of a new schoolhouse with borrowed money, and claims the banks should be paid for the use of the money paid for the bonds issued to build the school. This does not follow by any means.

The school building is paid for in taxes. Under ordinary circumstances a bond issue of, say, $100,000 at five per cent for thirty years will have cost in addition $150,000, making a total of $250,000 to be paid for a building that usually must be replaced as soon as paid for. Now, if a banking syndicate buys the bonds they will be accepted by the United States Treasury as security for the issue of an equal amount of currency, thus leaving the interest from the bonds and the money to lend for another school or other public building. And behind almost every proposition to bond the public can be found the interest-grabber urging the creation of a new debt.

The United States issues the money on the school bond without charge. Let it issue it direct to the school district, instead of to bankers.

To care for this bond issue and usual interest, the taxpayers must pay more than $8,000 a year for thirty years, while the non-interest-bearing bond, if it runs as long, would cost but $3,333 a year. The total saving in any manner of payment is one and a half times the cost of the building itself.

This plan does not alter the method of supplying money at all. It does omit the middleman, who neither creates nor strengthens the money system. It involves no danger of cheap money that does not exist now, for there is no present limit to the amount of Federal Bank currency save the judgment of those in control.

The only backing of our present currency is the faith and credit of the country, and that would not be changed.

Every dollar put into a public building is contributed by the taxpayers, as is every dollar paid in interest to the bondholders, who, in effect, have nothing invested. For public bonds are the security upon the issue of money to the banks by the taxpayers of the country. Hence the taxpayers, who pay the cost in any event, under the present system, furnish the security and borrow their own money. The bank through which the deal is made simply collects for the use of the money by the people, and has the money on hand to lend Farmer Brown to buy his own harvester, for which he also pays interest, and more interest because the school district is a competitor in the market for loans.

Senator Lodge

IT IS not precisely an American custom to bestow praise on Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. It is not even usual to give a fair measure of appreciation when he performs a meritorious piece of work. This is the penalty paid by conservatism in our hurrying age. Senator Lodge has been so constantly advertised as the last citadel of reactionism that the picture held of him in many parts of the country is that of a man resisting all that is progressive and defending all that is dried up and outworn. Yet the great commonwealth of Massachusetts continues to send him to the Senate and men charged with governmental responsibility seek his stores of knowledge and his counsel.

To give the devil of conservatism his due, Senator Lodge is regarded by serious students of national policies as having performed two distinctive services to the people of the United States, both of these services being in the realm of foreign affairs. He raised and led the opposition to a League of Nations covenant. This, whether to his praise or blame, will be conceded. At the time he suffered the extreme of his unpopularity, but longer observation and deeper study of the question by the people have brought American public opinion largely in line with his position. His opposition is not understood to be against any international league for peace, but against a covenant that was based more upon European fallacies than upon American ideals, and consequently futile where it was not positively dangerous.

Latterly the second service has been performed, his brilliant, dispassionate and complete study of the question of recognition of the Bolshevik rulers of Russia. Senator Lodge did not by any means go as far as he might have gone in his statements; he kept his position well within the political question involved, and has clearly proved that any recognition we might extend to the present so-called government of Russia could not, from the very nature of that government, be an agreement with the whole government of Russia. We should be taking one tentacle of Russian governmental power in our hands as token of international enmity, while the other tentacles would remain unsworn and free to carry on the Soviet propaganda of hate for our free institutions. No monarchy in Europe has ever hated American freedom as much as the Bolshevik government has hated it, and no monarchy has ever dreamed of the sinister assault which Bolshevism has everywhere made upon Americanism.

Senator Lodge's position on this question is impregnable, and that he has perfect confidence in the quality of his facts is shown by his appointment of a committee to consider the question, on which committee he has appointed some of his strongest opponents. Those who wish to understand the true inwardness of the Russian question should secure and read the Lodge speech before the Senate.

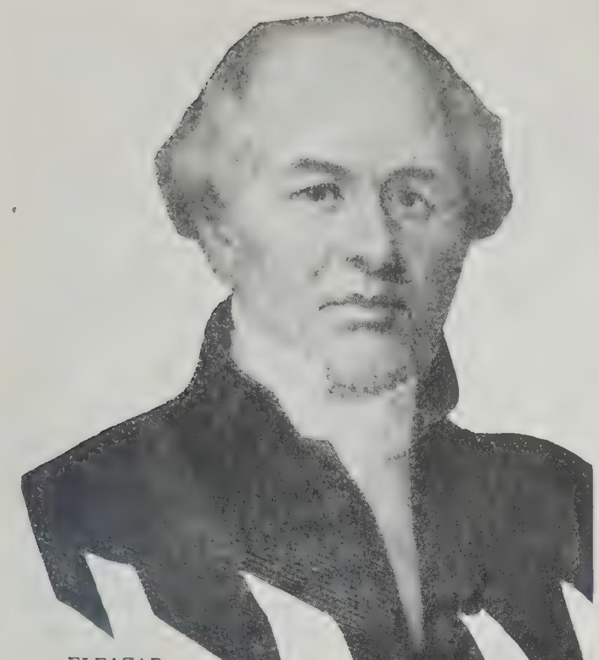
"Sunday Parties in Capital Gain in Favor," reads the headline on a society page. The news printed beneath shows that everything from dinner parties to dancing parties is being given by persons who are presumed to be respectable, but who are not respectable enough to show respect for one of the distinctive Christian Anglo-Saxon institutions, the sabbatical day of worship and rest. Dancing parties in high circles at Washington on Sunday are a disgrace to those who participate in them. The excuse given for this growing practice is almost grotesque—they do it, they say, that they may squeeze in all the society functions they can before Lent! To keep Lent they dishonor the Christian Sabbath. Because it is more fashionable to keep Lent, and rapidly becoming less fashionable to keep the Sabbath. We are glad to say that, so far as the society news discloses, none of our government officials have lent their presence to those affairs. In France, for example, they hold their elections on Sunday. But, then, look at France! It is probably no mere coincidence that the nations freest from the world blight today are those nations which have reverently observed the first day of the week.

After the wild orgy of the press in giving coast-to-coast publicity to every medical fake who had ability enough to invent a headline, it is refreshing to learn that the North American Newspaper Alliance has availed itself of all the facilities of the American Medical Association to make a scientific examination of all medical bidders for publicity. Any arrangement is preferable to the cruel game that has been played on the more trusting part of the community during the past few years. The new service will be carefully scrutinized to see if it is in the proper hands and able to fulfill its announced promise.

Mysteries That Have Lived in History Without Solution

Who Was the Man in the Iron Mask? What Became of the Dauphin of France?

By GEORGE S. BRYAN



ELEAZAR WILLIAMS
He was once believed by many to be the "Lost Dauphin."

TRUTH, in the old saw, is stranger than fiction; and certainly many an enigma of real life is more baffling than the inventions of the story-spinners. For, as often has been said, no laws of artistry constrain real life to keep within the limits of the plausible; nor is real life bound to bring to its problems an ultimate solution. Who wrought and placed the megaliths of Easter Island, that loneliest bit of earth in all the seas? What was the truth of the Affair of the Diamond Necklace? What became of Charley Ross, of Ambrose Bierce? What was the secret of the bark *Marie Céleste?* Who wrote the "Letters of Junius"? No one knows. No one is likely to know.

Who was the Man in the Iron Mask? After much ingenious research and the publication of many volumes, all that we can rightly say is that he was a political prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV of France, and that in 1703 he died in Paris within the fortress-prison of the Bastille. Even his "iron mask" is unsure—the actual mask was probably of black velvet only. He remains a nameless, romantic figure, the subject of endless speculation. Already a mystery before he died, he is a mystery still. Around him for more than two centuries have collected not alone judicious studies but also vain rumors, mistaken theories, idle arguments.

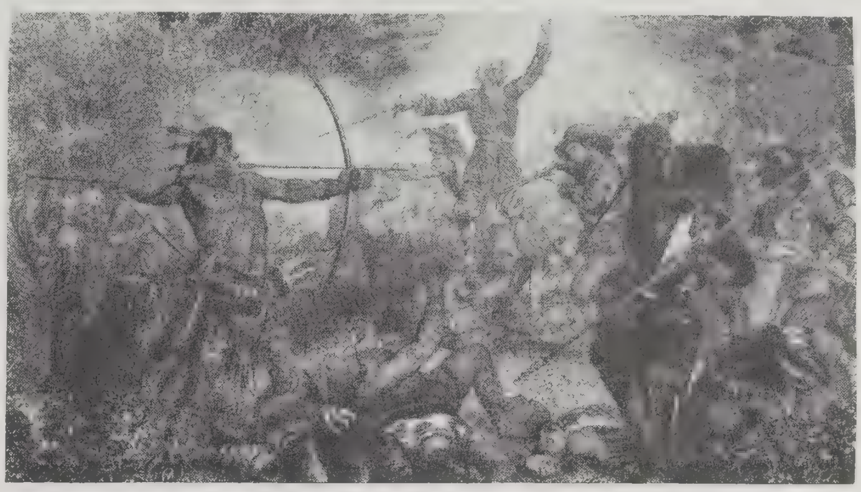
He and his fate have stirred the pens of such men as Voltaire, Dumas the Elder, and Andrew Lang. By other writers he has been quite impossibly identified with Fouquet, Louis XIV's deposed superintendent of finances, who died in 1680; with the Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in London in 1685; with Molière, who, as we are well enough aware, passed away at about ten in the evening of February 17, 1673. These are far from being all the strange conjectures. So late as 1908, Monsignor Barnes, in his "The Man of the Mask," held that the prisoner was "James de la Cloche," who died at Naples in 1669, and of whom more presently. Dumas is responsible, through his "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne" ("Ten Years After"), for the wide, uncritical acceptance of the notion that the "Masque de Fer" was none other than a twin brother of King Louis.

What are the few known facts? Étienne du Junca, the king's lieutenant at the Bastille, kept a notebook. In that notebook he told of the arrival of a prisoner whose name was never mentioned and whose face was always masked. Later, he recorded the prisoner's death and burial. The date of arrival was September 18, 1698; of death, November 19, 1703. The prisoner was brought by a new governor, Saint-Mars, who (so Du Junca says) had first taken charge of him at the fortress of Pinerolo, many years before—more than twenty, certainly, for Saint-Mars was transferred from Pinerolo to Exiles in 1681. Saint-Mars came to the Bastille from the fortress of the Ste. Marguerite Islands, in the Bay of Cannes, where he had been commandant since 1687. We further have a facsimile of the register of the parish cemetery of St. Paul, whence we learn that the unknown was buried under the name "Marchioly," and that his age was given as "about 45." (Both age and name we may safely assume to be false.) That is all. Who was he? Why was he treated with precautions exceptional even for those times? What secret have we here of cruel revenge, of royal fear, of long years of loneliness and gloom?

Research has tended to limit the possibilities to two. The man, say the experts, must have been either Ercole Mattioli or a person bearing the prison-name "Eustache Dauger." Mattioli, a minister of the Duke of Mantua, sold to Louis XIV for 100,000 crowns the frontier stronghold of Casale—then, for reasons not now clear, betrayed the bargain. He was kidnapped by the king's orders, and under the name "Lestang" was, as we know, put into solitary confinement at Pinerolo. As to who "Dauger" may really have been, opinions are not agreed. The truth is that, sooner or later, every hypothesis regarding "the Mask" encounters objections, every surmise runs aground. The puzzle is as profound and interesting as ever.

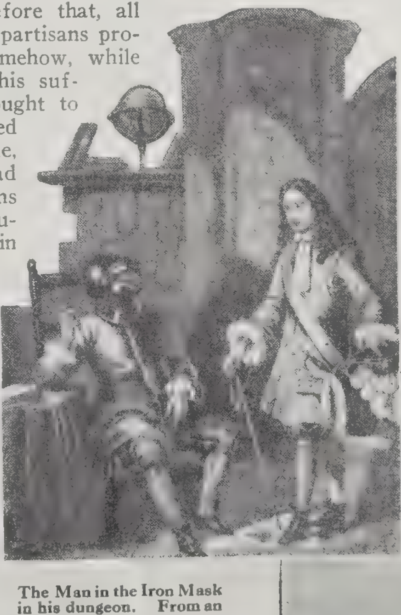
What became of the so-called "Lost Prince"—the little Dauphin of France, whom the royalists called Louis XVII? With his mother (Marie Antoinette), father (Louis XVI), sister (Marie Thérèse Charlotte), and aunt (Madame Élisabeth), he was imprisoned in the Temple in 1792, when he was a little more than seven years old. After his father's execution in 1793, many plots were afoot to effect his escape. He was finally separated from his mother and placed in the care of Antoine Simon, a cobbler, and Simon's wife, Marie Jeanne. The Simons abruptly quit the Temple in January, 1794; and then, after a period of neglect, the child received a new attendant. In May, 1795, it was given out that the dauphin was ill; later, it was announced that he had died on June 8 following and had been buried in an unmarked grave. So runs the surface account.

This account quite fails to explain several odd circumstances. The body was never properly identified, although a word from the sister would have sufficed. The surviving members of the royal family did not go into mourning or otherwise act as though the supposedly dead king were really dead. Plentiful evidence exists to show that within the walls of the Temple there was substitution of another child, or of other children, for the little Louis Charles. For example, Lady Atkyns, an Englishwoman who for years lived in France and who spent money freely in attempts to get the royal prisoners out of the Temple, succeeded in having a child turned over to her representatives; but the child proved to be a deaf-mute. This dovetails curiously with the statement that from the close of October, 1794, the dauphin obstinately refused to answer questions put to him by official inspectors.



Goffe directing the defense against the Indians at Hadley. The picture, from an old engraving, is quite as improbable as the event it represents.

Something like forty claimants appeared to urge their rights as the real Louis Charles. Among them was the once celebrated Eleazar Williams. His story was that at the age of thirteen he suddenly found himself living with an Indian family in Western New York. Before that, all was a blank. He and his partisans professed to believe that somehow, while mentally enfeebled from his sufferings, he had been brought to this country. It was stated that the Prince de Joinville, son of Louis Philippe, had an interview with Williams and offered him the dauphin's private inheritance in consideration of his signing a document wherein he would renounce in favor of Louis Philippe all claims to the French throne. Williams was long a missionary to the Indians, and was known as an authority on Indian life. Another claimant went by the name Karl Wilhelm Naundorff. When this man came from Germany to Paris in 1833 to assert his alleged rights, some who had been associated with the court of Louis XVI declared they thought him to be the dauphin. He brought suit for the recovery of the dauphin's property, was thereupon expelled from France and died at Delft, in Holland. Upon his tomb were placed the words: "Louis XVII, roi de France et de Navarre" (Louis XVII, King of France and of Navarre).



The Man in the Iron Mask in his dungeon. From an old print.

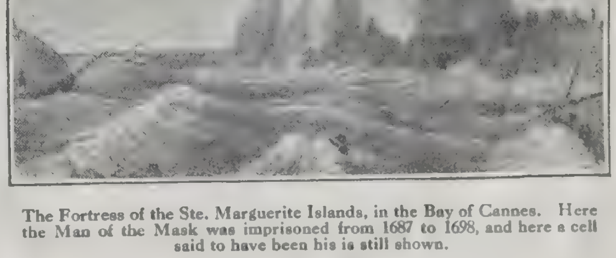
The labors of modern investigators have been hampered by the fact that during the Restoration many of the Temple records were destroyed. It may be said that the death of the dauphin in the Temple cannot be proved on the basis of what is now known, and that the presumption is all against it. Finally, it is obvious both that the spiriting away of the dauphin would have been of advantage to the Comte de Provence, who was next in succession and who later became Louis XVIII; and that the revolutionary party, for its part, would not have been inclined to make much inquiry, inasmuch as it would thus have been relieved of a troublesome responsibility.

When and where did the regicides Goffe and Whalley die, and where were they buried? Whalley and his son-in-law, General Goffe, of Cromwell's army, escaped from England at the Restoration and landed at Boston on July 27, 1660. They lived in strictest seclusion in New Haven, Connecticut, and in Hadley, Massachusetts, and Charles II's government was never able to get them arrested. Whalley, who was the elder, was alive in 1674, but he is thought to have died soon after; Goffe is conjectured to have died about 1679.

The tradition in Hadley was that the two died there and were buried in the minister's cellar. Another legend has it that on September 1, 1675, during King Philip's War, when Hadley folk were assembled in the meetinghouse to observe a fast, the town was attacked by Indians and great confusion followed. Suddenly among the inhabitants appeared a man of venerable appearance and antiquated dress. With evident military skill he marshaled and led the defense, and Hadley was saved. Most of the Hadleyites piously supposed the venerable man to have been an angel; but the angel was William Goffe, who had forsaken his hiding and who immediately vanished. Thus the legend—so often repeated that doubtless many have accepted it as authentic history. All, however, that the historian can say is that the fugitives were guarded faithfully and well; and that their sepulchers, like that of Moses, no man knows unto this day.

Who was "James de la Cloche"? We know what he claimed to be; we know, too, that he was one of the boldest swindlers on record. But exactly who was he? In 1668 he arrived in Rome. With him he carried three documents—two of them professedly written by Charles II of England. These acknowledged James to be a natural son of Charles; and the third purported to have come from Christina of Sweden.

These letters, preserved at Rome, deceived the English historian, Lord Acton, but all were forgeries. The inevitable inference is that James de la Cloche was an impostor. Who was this man, adroit enough to fool many, and even to get himself into reference works as having been what he said?



The Fortress of the Ste. Marguerite Islands, in the Bay of Cannes. Here the Man of the Mask was imprisoned from 1687 to 1698, and here a cell said to have been his is still shown.

Blazing the Tamiami Trail Across Florida

How an Adventurous Motorcade Plunged Through a No-man's Land

By A. H. ANDREWS

This is the first part of a two-part story of the adventures of a motorcade that pioneered its way through the Everglades to blaze the Tamiami Trail. The second part will appear in The Dearborn Independent next week.

Blazing the trail into tracklessCypress where no car or wagon ever crossed before.

Trail Blazers at "Seminole City" on Deep Lake Railway, Lee County.

IN THE southern end of the Florida peninsula—first to be discovered and among the last of the states to be developed—is an area approximately one hundred miles in length and fifty to one hundred miles in width, extending south to Cape Sable, which has been appropriately designated as "the last remaining frontier."

Wild as in the days when the aborigines roamed the entire American continent; bordered on the west by a bewildering maze known as the Ten Thousand Islands which harbor wild bird rookeries and were once the rendezvous of pirates; penetrated on the north and east by the almost impassable muck lands of the Everglades; known only to the Indians and a few native hunters, and never completely traversed except by several adventurous explorers who made the journey afoot; little wonder is it that wild and exaggerated stories have found their way into print from time to time concerning this fertile and much misrepresented section.

Law and order are practically unknown in this "no man's land" which until very recently was some eighty to ninety miles remote from the nearest county seat. Here roam the only American Indians that have never been conquered and subdued by Uncle Sam, being the remnant of the Seminoles who fled to the fastnesses of the Everglades during the Seminole War. They are peaceful and harmless, however, except when under the baneful influence of "wyomee" (whisky). The innumerable islands of the western coast with their many ramifying waterways afford an excellent retreat for moonshiners and bootleggers who industriously ply their calling, unmolested, according to reports from the correspondent to Lee County papers from the little island settlement of Chokoloskee. Excerpts from his recent correspondence are given herewith:

"We expect a lot of moonshine among us soon. One of the teams went up the river last Monday with a load of barrels and sirup, so we think prospects are fairly good."

"We have lots of booze, moonshine and red liquor. Some of the team drunk every day. Yesterday they had a racket and one of our best moonshiners and bootleggers got cut up some and blood flowed very freely, and the ones that were able took him up to Everglade to get his hide patched up so it would not leak so bad."

"We are getting along fine; have plenty of booze and everything. We don't want any sheriffs nor anything. If we need anything it is more booze and more of the devil's disciples to drink it, and bigger knives and more pistols and guns."

So much for the "wild and woolly" nature of the country and the scattering inhabitants along its borders. Now let us call attention to the Tamiami Trail—what it is, the route traversed and what it will mean for the development of extreme South Florida from Tampa on the West Coast, through Bradentown, Sarasota, Punta Gorda, Fort Myers, Estero, Bonita Springs and Naples, to Miami on the eastern shore.

In 1915 Captain J. F. Jaudon, of Miami, conceived the idea of a loop highway across the lower end of the state, connecting Miami with Fort Myers, and thence along the West Coast to Tampa. For some years northern tourists had been motoring to Miami each winter, only to find themselves at the "dead end" of the highway, with no outlet other than the back track over which they came. A similar condition prevailed at lower West Coast points. He reasoned rightly that the connecting up of these two dead ends would not only create a continuous stream of traffic, but would develop and make habitable the intervening lands.

Several preliminary surveys convinced him that the only feasible route lay well to the south of the Everglades and directly westward from Miami, there being less depth of muck and the rock there lying near the surface where it would be easily available for paving purposes. The commissioners of Dade County became interested and a bonding issue was carried for the building of a highway westward across the lower Everglades to the Lee County line. A reciprocal arrangement was effected with Lee County (then having a road graded and partly surfaced south from Fort Myers to Marco) whereby that county was to build a road from a point four miles north of Marco (Marco Junction) running in an easterly direction to connect with the Dade County road at the county line. Because of ultimately connecting Tampa and Miami this road was christened the Tamiami Trail.

Shortly after operations began the United States entered the World War. Work proceeded in Dade County under a great handicap, owing to labor shortage, and in Lee County construction work was suspended altogether, owing to failure of contractor and subcontractor to live up to their agreements, which forced the Lee County commissioners to take over the task.

Then came a proposition from the Chevelier Corporation, owning the two northern tiers of townships in Monroe County, directly south of Lee. This proposition was to the effect that if the Lee County commissioners would divert the Tamiami Trail from its original routing through Southern Lee, running it southeasterly to a point on the Monroe County line, the Chevelier Corporation would meet them there, building the Trail, at their own expense, through their lands in Northern Monroe County, and running due east to connect with the road being built from Miami. As this would relieve Lee County from building more than twenty miles of road, and as finances were already insufficient, the Lee County commissioners gladly accepted, which was acceded to by Dade County. (See accompanying map for original and subsequent routing of the Trail.)

Complications later arose when a wealthy New York advertising man purchased a tremendous area in Southern Lee County—said to be approximately one million acres—and agreed to take over the building of Lee County's portion of the Trail, doing the construction work at actual cost. Naturally enough, he desired to build the Trail along the line of the original survey through his lands in Southern Lee County, but the Dade County commissioners would not accede, as they already had changed from the original plan and were under contract with the Chevelier Corporation.

From all this there originated the Trail Blazing Motorcade which set out from Fort Myers on a Wednesday determined, if it were possible, to reach Miami over the approximate route of the Tamiami Trail; to explore the intervening country, note the obstacles to be encountered, log the distance across and publish the information gleaned on the trip.

There were ten cars that started with the motorcade—nine light-weight machines—eight being of a well-known popular make—and one heavy touring car, a party of twenty-six men from fifteen to sixty-five years and including two Seminole Indian guides who were picked up at the little settlement of Everglade, Little Billie (Cornapatchee) and Abraham Lincoln (Assumhachee). Comparatively few of the party were inured to physical labor.

After picking up four of the party at Estero, which included the writer, a stop was made at Bonita Springs, some twenty-three miles south of Fort Myers. About two miles south of Henderson Creek we arrived at Marco Junction where the main Trail departs from the Marco road, taking a southeasterly direction. Up to this point the country traversed had been sandy pine flatwoods, which here gave way to open sand flats which overflow with salt water during exceptionally high tides, and for some distance the unsurfaced grade proved very heavy to negotiate, being what is termed by the natives "ball bearing sand." The pine timber is again picked up several miles before reaching Royal Palm Hammock, at which point we stopped for dinner, 55.5 miles southeast of Fort Myers.

The Royal Palm is considered the most stately of all palms, having a massive, smooth, granite-colored trunk, resembling concrete in appearance, which in many specimens rises to a height of one hundred feet or more, overtopping the surrounding forest growth and surmounted by a widespreading head of plumy green foliage, resembling in shape a gigantic feather duster. It is strictly tropical, a native of Cuba, but nature in some freakish mood transplanted some of these from their native habitat and some years ago there were discovered two big wild "hammocks" or native jungles of Royal Palms in Southern Lee County.

The best known of these palm hammocks is divided into two sections, it being between the two that the Trail is routed. An effort is being made to incorporate both hammocks into a national park and game preserve, and it is none too soon, for already some of these great monarchs of the tropical jungle have fallen before the axe of a vandal.

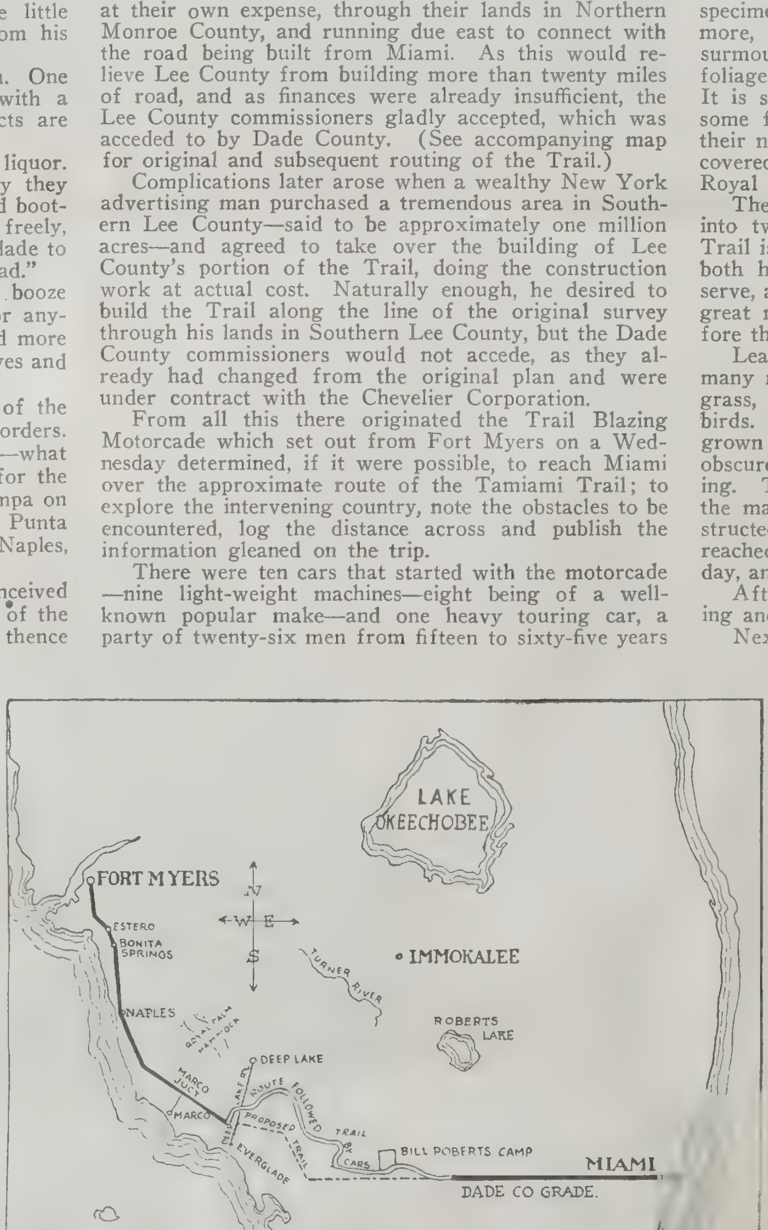
Leaving Royal Palm Hammock, the Trail traverses many miles of open marsh country covered with sawgrass, reeds and lily pads in which are seen aquatic birds. The road grade for long distances is so overgrown with brush and switch grass as frequently to obscure the car ahead from those immediately following. This heavy undergrowth gradually gave way as the marl prairie was reached, affording a fairly unobstructed view of the road for some distance ahead. We reached the end of the Lee County grade late Wednesday, and camp was made for the night.

After supper the hours were whiled away with singing and story-telling around the camp fire.

Next morning a survey was made. We had frequently heard of "the jumping off place," but now we came to a realization of its meaning, for here was the trail's end, as far as construction work had progressed, and ahead lay nearly four miles of salt marshland—a marl prairie of about the consistency of yellow clay, and fully as boggy when wet. About a mile ahead lay the old walking dredge, attempt having been made to move it to a new location, but it had been hopelessly bogged and abandoned. Certainly anything but a promising route for a motorcade to negotiate!

Let us state here that prior to the departure of the motorcade from Fort Myers many predictions had been made by knowing ones to the effect that we would never get through to Miami, but one old resident, Captain G. W. Storter, of Everglade, who probably knows that country as well as any living white man, ventured the opinion that if we could cross this tidal marsh of approximately four miles intervening between the end of the grade and the Deep Lake Railway we would in all probability be able to go through to Miami, as he considered this the crucial test of the entire trip.

In anticipation of this difficulty three scouts had been sent out two weeks previously to investigate conditions. They found the ground at that time fairly firm and so reported. In the meantime, however, there had been several big tides over the marsh that had left it in a decidedly sticky condition. It seemed the best policy, while the



MAP OF TAMIAMI TRAIL.

Our two Indian guides, Little Billie—Indian name, "Cornapatchee"—and "Abraham Lincoln—Indian name, "Assumhachee."

nine cars were still on terra firma (one had gone out of commission and had been abandoned several miles back) to figure out a plan of action and decide upon a feasible route, if possible, before plunging the cars into the mire ahead. A scouting party was organized to cruise a route, while three others, including the writer, essayed the hike to Everglade for further information

The tramp was tedious, and with the grass still dripping from the heavy dew, we were drenched when we reached "Carnestown," a lone warehouse where the surveyed line of the Trail crosses the Deep Lake Railway, this railway being a privately owned project some thirteen miles long that connects the town of Everglade with the big grapefruit grove at Deep Lake to the northward.

No southbound suburban trains appearing, there was no alternative to walking to Everglade, which, by the way, is not in the Everglades but is a little town on a tidewater stream near the coast in Southern Lee County.

Everglade was busy indeed, with dredges, boat ways, sawmill, sirup mill, machine shop, mess hall and bunk houses for the accommodation of several hundred men —quite different from its state on a previous visit—due to the fact that the New York millionaire previously mentioned had a few months before purchased practically all Everglade, the railroad, grove and approximately a million acres in Southern Lee County which he is developing into a vast industrial empire. The land is flat and with slight elevation above sea level, but once given the necessary drainage, will, it is believed, become one of the most fertile spots in all Florida.

Our little scouting party several hours later boarded a waiting car which returned us to Carnestown warehouse. While tramping back across the marsh some activity was noted, and soon it was learned that several cars had already left while others were preparing also to make a mad plunge into what they knew not. No definite route had been selected, each driver choosing the course that looked best to him and going as far as possible before bogging down. It was noted, however, that those who went the farthest were the ones that kept to the tall grass, which when bedded under the wheels served to keep them from miring so badly.

Late afternoon found us with seven cars strung out at wide intervals through the marsh and two still on the end of the grade. Cooking implements and provisions were scattered among the various cars; the ground was too damp to sleep on and the outlook for the night was anything but encouraging. Shortly before sundown a tractor was espied coming to our relief from Everglade. It mattered not whether a car was bogged to the chassis, for when the tractor took hold of it something had to move. When the round-up was completed seven cars stood side by side on fairly firm ground, with very good prospects for getting next day under their own power to Deep Lake Railway, about two miles distant.

The three men with the tractor left us that night for their camp, some five miles distant, for a fresh supply of gas and oil, and where good beds awaited them. One of our party decided to follow them in his car with two companions, but we learned the following day that they ran out of gas and were compelled to walk fully half the distance, reaching the logging camp about 1 a. m. The balance of the party made up bunks around the camp fire and slept as best they could on the damp ground.

After a hasty breakfast our journey was resumed in the direction of the Deep Lake Railway two miles distant, our numbers being increased by two Indian guides, Little Billie (Cornapatchee) and Abe Lincoln (Assumhachee), who had joined us the preceding night. The ground was still very soft, and the pilots not knowing the best route, several cars soon became hopelessly bogged. It was finally decided to have Little Billie ride in the lead car and pick the best going, which proved effective. We arrived at the railroad toward noon at a point designated as "Seminole City."

Some ties were commandeered to bridge the cars over the railroad ditches and we were soon at Lemon Camp just beyond, this being a little wooded "island" in the prairie with a thatched shack where the Indians sometimes camp, and where fairly good water is obtainable.

Gas, oil and provisions had been telephoned for the preceding night and soon arrived from Everglade in abundant quantity, this being the last supply station on the way to Miami. In the meantime one of the two remaining cars had arrived from the rear with the information that the big touring car, weighing 3,200 pounds, had become hopelessly mired and the tractor had also bogged in trying to extricate it. Four, including the writer, volunteered to return to the scene. By dint of much prying and employment of many planks the car was partially raised, but darkness overtook us before further progress could be made.

Monarchs of the tropical jungle. Hundreds of these stately Royal Palms are found growing wild in Royal Palm Hammock, bordering the Tamiami Trail in Lee County.

Returning to camp, we found a railway car awaiting to carry us to Everglade, where the party had preceded us, and we arrived at the hotel, tired, hungry and dirty, and ready for the only shave, bath and comfortable bed on the entire trip until reaching Miami.

The character of the country that lay ahead of us was uncertain, and while the probabilities were that we had sufficient men to push any individual car through almost any marshy place, nevertheless time was an element to be reckoned with, as we were approaching the rainy season when the lands, now dry, would be inundated, making further progress impossible.

Arriving back at the Lemon Camp, a hurried meeting was called in which the owner of the big touring car was told that the party had already been delayed on his account and could no longer wait for him. He had brought the big car against the protests of the motorcade members, simply to advertise this automobile, for which he was agent, claiming that he would put it through anywhere that a light-weight car would go. He had failed in his claims and had delayed the party which had not come to advertise anybody's car, but to promote the Tamiami Trail. Having arranged for another tractor, with men, to extricate his car from the mud and put it back on the grade for the return trip to Fort Myers, we felt that our obligation to him ended there, so preparations were made to break camp right after dinner.

Several miles on across the prairie we found drier and firmer going, passing stands of pine timber en route, and soon came to Abe's camp where he lives with his mother and two sisters. To one unfamiliar with Seminole Indian life and customs a short description of a typical camp might be of interest. A site is selected somewhat more elevated than the surrounding flatwoods whereon are usually built from two to five or six palm-thatched shacks, closely grouped. There are no walls, while filling almost the entire interior of each is a high platform of rough-hewn planks, and upon these platforms the Seminole lives, eats and sleeps, suspending his mosquito bar from the roof. The hogs and chickens occupy the ground beneath, with fleas "ojus" (plenty) in consequence.

TREKKING ACROSS THE MARL PRAIRIES.

A short distance ahead our first real barrier encountered was Turner River Cypress. A dim ox trail winds through it for 3.8 miles, but much fallen timber had to be removed and stumps cut down so that the low axles of the cars would pass over them. Several boggy spots were encountered.

We made camp that night at a little pine island at the edge of the cypress. There being so many men to cook for, the party, for convenience, had been divided into three mess squads. The man in charge of our squad being from Boston, canned beans constituted the chief article of diet—until the grub gave out altogether some days later.

There was one Florida "cracker" boy in our party—a good scout and woodsman who often proved a source of amusement. If there is one thing that the average native likes to do better than another when out in the woods it is to cultivate his vocal powers in yelling, yodeling and imitating all sorts of real and imaginary birds and beasts, so each night Clark was accustomed to stroll out into the forest for a tuning-up spell. On the night in question he gave a very realistic imitation of a wild cat, which caused one of our number, fresh from the haunts of the bulls and bears of New York and having his first experience in the Florida wilds, timidly to inquire: "Say, do you think that was really a wild cat?"

Early Sunday the trip was resumed and under more trying circumstances, as three cars were now out of commission, which necessitated the crowding of twenty-five men, with bedding, provisions and extra gas, into the seven remaining cars, and obviously there were places where the pulling was heavy and many had to get out and walk for a time. Even drinking water had to be carried for miles, occasionally across the dry marl prairies intervening between cypress swamps.

The Seminole Indian is a very reticent individual who tends strictly to his own business and never butts in upon the affairs of others. If you have a speaking acquaintance with him and honestly wish to know his opinion upon a given matter he will tell you the best that he knows, but he never argues or insists. If you ask a question and suggest a possible answer, he will agree with you at once. But let another person suggest a contrary solution to the same question and he will agree with him just as readily, being all things to all men.

For this reason it was found best to leave all consultation with the Indian guides to a member who understands much of their language and whom they trust implicitly. Both Seminole guides were highly intelligent specimens of their race and Little Billie, the elder of the two, has a fair common-school education, being able to read and write.

For some miles Sunday our route lay through rocky country, extending to and beyond the head of Turner River. Although there is a well-defined ox trail through Rockwell Cypress Strand, the road had to be corduroyed more than half the distance with palm leaves, sticks and branches. This was the prettiest cypress of all, containing a rank and varied growth of tropical jungle vegetation and some sizeable timber, also a small lake in the center of the strand. By the time the last car was hauled through to the pine timber all hands were nearly famished and dinner was served.

It was here that Abe warned us to fill our water jugs, as we would find no more drinking water for many miles. The journey was then resumed through long stretches of dry and cracked marl prairie with the hot sun beating down unmercifully upon us. Skillet Camp, the farthest outpost of lower West Coast hunters, was reached about mid-afternoon. We had been told that near by in a clump of palmettoes we would find a cache of canned goods and other provisions that had been left by a recent hunting party, but investigation revealed nothing more than empty water jugs, cans and cooking utensils.

A survey stake of the Tamiami Trail was noted a short distance farther on, but no marks could be discerned upon it. Then followed several miles of dry prairie running—so dry in fact that the dust rose in clouds behind the moving caravan. At a low spot in the prairie the practiced eye of one of our woodsmen detected possibilities for a well, and with a few minutes of vigorous work with a shovel we soon had plenty of drinking water of fair quality. More prairie running and we finally halted about sundown at a little pine island. It was here that the first deer was sighted which bounded off like a flash across the prairie, and as provisions were beginning to run low Little Billie decided to take his gun and go on a foraging expedition. This was the last we saw of him. We learned later that he became lost, not knowing this country, and found his way into an Indian camp some miles distant.

An exceptionally early start was made Monday morning, but our ox trail had faded out. From here on we must blaze a trail through absolutely virgin territory where not even an ox team had penetrated. Our general course had been southeasterly, but now ahead of us a short distance appeared a formidable looking cypress barrier. We had not gone far when a halt was called while Abe skirted the cypress timber for several miles to the southwest looking for the most likely crossing point where the big timber could be avoided as much as possible.

Abe had been through the cypress afoot but it was a different thing to lead a motorcade, where almost every foot of the way must be hewn with axes. At length, after an hour's wait, came the signal to proceed. We were soon at the designated spot and chopping a roadway into the trackless depths of Chatham Bend Cypress, camping for the night in the midst of this cypress, 98.1 miles from Fort Myers.

Manhattan Experiences a Romantic Attack

Walter Hampden, Jane Cowl and Otis Skinner Present Noteworthy Productions

By PETER SCHUYLER

NOTWITHSTANDING the clamor of the press agents, the bellowings of the volunteer defenders of the stage, and the treacly utterances of those who have theatrical fish to fry, Manhattan is this season enjoying the finest succession of stupidities and nastinesses it has had in many years. When one is familiar with what stage imbecilities the past has afforded there is no vital reason for anyone to rush immediately to the nearest railway ticket office and hustle to The Great Shine Way in the search for entertainment. Theatergoers can be swindled just as well at home as in Manhattan and the native highwayman should have first chance at any innocent local pocketbook. Among all the plays which are being shoved at the public from Thirty-fifth to Sixty-third street there are not half a dozen worth any bona fide moron's notice.

Three Merit Attention

THERE have been at least three productions which merited the respectful attention of show patrons. One is the revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Walter Hampden. Another was Jane Cowl's presentation of "Romeo and Juliet." A third, "Sancho Panza," in which Otis Skinner was starred, did not have the required percentage of dirt and being merely an offering of unusualness, interest, and picturesqueness, has been forced to take the long, long trail into other parts which will doubtless receive it with more enthusiasm and intelligence than did Manhattan the Wise.

"Cyrano" has not been seen since it was played by the late Richard Mansfield who did it, as he did everything, with efficient workmanship but without any alarming display of genius. He had the misfortune to play it at a time when it was possible to make comparisons between his characterization of the long-nosed Gascon of Rostand's romantic comedy, and that of the elder Coquelin who played the same rôle with Sarah Bernhardt's company. It was in the nature of a real "farewell tour" that Coquelin made with Mme. Bernhardt because he died soon after he returned to France. To those who saw his wonderful performance with its marvelous death scene Mansfield's interpretation was like a creaking, mechanical doll, and though Mr. Hampden manages very well, his "Cyrano" is a far cry from the genius-illumined portrayal given by the Boulogne baker's son. Indeed it is not to be compared with Hampden's two best rôles, "Hamlet" and "Shylock." Nevertheless it is an achievement of no mean quality and as far as contemporary acting goes, it is head and shoulders above the teacup-and-sugar-bowl histrionics which we are forced to accept from so-called "stars." For it has the characteristics which mark everything Mr. Hampden does; intelligence, sincerity, scholarliness, and fervor. There is no slighting of details, no cheese paring in production.

There is a good assumption of the braggart Gascon in his swashbuckling, his handling of the comedy passages is sound and merry, and his heartbreak at the knowledge that Roxane loves another is theatrically sound. That is the deficiency in his portrayal. It is always theatrical. Even in its best moments it never penetrates the all-essential field of reality. We watch the romantic episodes in which Cyrano is involved, conscious all the time that what we are observing are the interesting actions of a poetic playwright's dramatic phantom, not the sufferings of a real man. Summed up, the weakness of Mr. Hampden's interpretation may be expressed in the comment that, as far as the audience is concerned, one never can forget that Cyrano's long nose is only a very clever piece of the false-face-maker's art. It never grew on a real man's face. It was pasted on with spirit gum. It must not be inferred from what is written herein that the star's presentation is wanting in merit. It just falls short of being a great performance by reason of its inability to convey (to one person at least) the essential characteristic of blood and flesh reality.

Miss Cowl Needs Superlatives

OF MISS COWL'S "Romeo and Juliet" it is not easy to speak without falling into superlatives. Certainly hers is the best Juliet (in fact, the only one) seen in this country in many years. There is a saying that when an actress is old enough to know how to play the part she is too mature and too fat to convey the impression of burning yet virginal youth which is the very essence of Capulet's daughter. Two seasons ago Ethel Barrymore essayed the rôle. The result was almost a pitiful and shocking travesty.

When the announcement was made that Miss Cowl was to play "Juliet" there were loud snorts of derision from that section of the theatrical reviewers which can see no good in anyone who does not belong to their particular stable of favorites. Her opening performance in Manhattan made the wiseacres gasp with astonishment. Here was a Juliet who was actually a young girl. She looked like a girl and the simulation of girlishness was so complete and sustained that the most captious critics were silenced. She read her lines with clear intelligence of their meaning, she was articulate, and she was unaffected. Her rendition of the balcony scene was a thing of beauty. The potion scene was filled with true terror and uncertainty and it was not for a single instant stagy. It was a performance which will not be approached in a long time for sheer loveliness, genuine artistry, and fine acting by any other actress in America. What that initial exhibition contained has now by longer playing been enriched and made more rounded. As it stands, there is no one who loves Shakespeare and real dramatic art who can afford to miss seeing it. For once "Romeo and Juliet" is made (what its author intended it to be) a play, not a target at which ambitious actresses and producers with "new theater" ideas might shoot for personal diversion.

* * *

Sancho Panza Too Clean

MR. SKINNER'S "Sancho Panza" had two insurmountable difficulties to overcome. Thanks to the constant corruption of the tastes and education of theatergoers, and the general disregard which our form of education has created for the literary classics, few know or care anything about "Don Quixote" or Cervantes. So when Mr. Skinner put on a play having for its chief character Sancho, the immortal goatherd, he might have known he had a hard road to travel to make a financial success of the play. The piece is pure romance and purer fantasy. Sancho has always dreamed of being the governor of people and the playwright gives him the opportunity. How he does it, nobly and simply and fairly, in the face of court intrigue, corruption, and personal danger, is picturesquely and entertainingly set forth. All to no avail! Manhattan would have none of Mr. Skinner's wholesome, really delightful characterization. True, there was in the show a Spanish dancer with scant lingerie who performed in the square before the cathedral in Barataria. But she was not naked enough to appease the jaded appetite of Manhattanites, gorged to satiety with the nakedness of the musical shows on The Great Shine Way. She danced with grace and charm and beauty of expressiveness, but she did not wiggle. And without a wiggle Manhattan cannot imagine dancing.

"Intellectuals" to Blame, Too

THERE was a healthy comedy strain, well interpreted by Marion Barney, as a noble duenna of husky proportions, and a scenic production of appeal and vividness. That was not enough. Manhattan demands bedroom situations as the basis of its dramatic fare and "Sancho Panza" had none of that. Something akin to the disgust, heartache, and disillusionment Sancho got as his reward for his attempt to govern properly the people of Barataria must have filled Mr. Skinner's breast as he packed up his play and made off to "the road," where it is to be hoped he will regain some of his faith in the American theatergoer—and also some of the money which has been lavished on the production.

But in assessing the blame for the present noisome condition in the Manhattan theaters, some of the responsibility, at least, must be borne by that section of the play-supporting public which fancies itself "intellectual." This small, but rapidly growing, group must needs have a dramatic fare different from that furnished the great unwashed. To them life (in the showhouse), must be not only a tragedy but it must be tragedy painted black. A happy ending to them is of itself "inartistic," an indication of an "old-fashioned mind," and to be avoided as one would the smallpox. The faintest shadow of Pollyanna cast over a play destroys its value for them. Nothing is worth while except gloom, sordidness, and carefully deodorized dirt. By some process of reasoning (or lack of it) they have determined that only sneers at everything which less self-sufficient mortals consider reputable, are deserving of notice. They bend a worshipful knee before the shrine of that arch faker, G. Bernard Shaw, because, like the Pharisee in the Temple, he is "not as other men." Just how they reach the conclusion that his gibing extremes are more important and true than the extremes of the Glad-Glad Brotherhood and Sisterhood, is an inscrutable mystery, even to themselves. It never would occur to them to doubt, with equal reason, the man who says all life and all living is a malodorous farce as they do anyone who blurbs that existence is a mere matter of blooming rose gardens, butterflies, and warm sunshine. By the mere fact that Pollyanna preaches platitudes, and the red-whiskered Irishman barks cynicisms, one is a monstrosity to be abhorred and the other a god to be worshipped.

One of the favorite diversions of this herd of would-be thinkers is throwing mudballs at the standards of morality recognized as fundamental by the despised remainder of humankind. It must always be remembered that when the word "morality" is noticed by the cult that it means only something that has to do with sex, usually something nasty. The content of that term for them does not hold an idea which has to do with theft, or slander, or false witness. Blasphemy is unheard of since they have abolished God and set up in his place "great thinkers," like Mr. Shaw. Obviously one cannot "address with impious irreverence" a vegetarian Dublin-born deity who lives in England and throws stones, with much profit, at the rest of the world. That is self-evident even to so humorless an individual as a Manhattan "intellectual."

Observe this snort printed in one near-erudite publication, *The Freeman*. Commenting on the play "Tarnish," Harold Kellock closes his review with this beautifully illuminating conclusion:

A Bit of Cheerful News

"LETITIA'S unbending puritanism is understandable in view of her innocence, the distorted values of her environment and her peculiar neural inheritance, but it is distressing to find the author adopting her standards as his own. There are no facts to indicate that young men who have wandered into informal sexual adventures are less fit to become husbands than their sensibly continent brethren. Indeed unprejudiced men and women who have tried the hazardous and delicate experiment of marriage well know that sexual fidelity is one of the minor factors of that problem. It is, as I think Mr. Shaw has pointed out, far easier to live with a person who is something of a libertine, than with one who is something of a drunkard, or something of a murderer, or one who is merely habitually dishonest, unclean or unpleasant. In marriage even minor domestic virtues count more for success than total abstinence from sexual adventuring; such virtues, for instance, as good humor, kindliness, sympathy, and, it must be added, charity. Perhaps the greatest of these is charity."

All this will be cheerful news to the "unprejudiced men and women who have tried the hazardous and delicate experiment of marriage" and who are still blissfully ignorant of Mr. Kellock's colossal discovery that so long as a man is a house angel he may be as great a street devil as he sees fit. So it happens that for the benefit of its "intellectual" readers *The Freeman's* critic has reduced one department of the Ten Commandments to the barber shop level and determined that clean finger nails are the essential major requirement for a happy married life.

Mr. Middleton's Mistake

IN A theatrical trade paper (which should not be mentioned in the same breath as *The Freeman* since it appeals strictly to persons interested only in the dispensing of such trifles as shimmying dolls, second-hand musical instruments, and highly decorative pillow covers to "suckers") George Middleton, author of the playlet, "The Unknown Lady," which was thrown out of Manhattan's prize vaudeville theater because it was considered unfit for the polite varieties, writes with palpable heat that "Immorality is a matter of opinion."

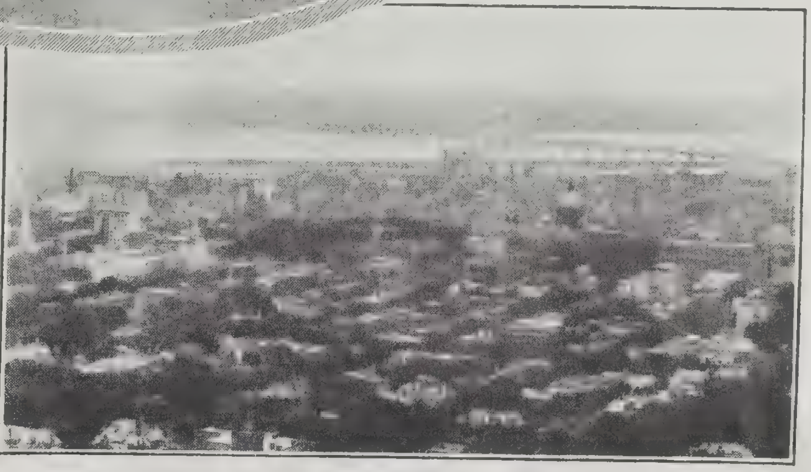
Mr. Middleton is an "intellectual" playwright and when his little play was expunged from the Palace playbill his artistic soul was cut to the quick as it had not been in "twenty years experience in the theater with many plays to my credit." One is inclined to wonder, if one is inclined to think about such nonsense at all, what Mr. Middleton would do if a pickpocket (who also held his theory that immorality was a matter of opinion) put a hand in the Middletonian pocket which held the cash royalties Madame Nazimova paid for the use of "The Unknown Lady," and extracted said royalties. Naturally he could not complain to the police since the pickpocket in his own "opinion" had a perfect right to slip his hand into Mr. Middleton's pocket and remove anything of value he found there. The slightest exercise of the faculty of reasoning should have convinced the angry author that, since morality is a matter of opinion, the owner of the Palace theater had the right to clean his program of "The Unknown Lady" because he was of the opinion that its presence would hurt business.

Not Only Willing to, But Does Put Up With Most Anything From Americans!

Here's an Entertaining Story of What Montreal Goes Through While Its Southern Neighbors Are Spending Ten Million Dollars

By E. L. CHICANOT

Notre Dame Cathedral.



Above—Sherbrooke street, Montreal's Fifth Avenue. Below—A general view of the city of Montreal.

IT IS quiet in Montreal. There's a tranquil, workaday, not to say sober air about the Canadian metropolis. The natives roam the streets in a possessive attitude that is noticeable for its exceeding aggressiveness, which for ex-soldiers is distinctly reminiscent of recaptured French towns in the latter days of 1918. The department stores are slack and New York goods no longer bear the sign "Imported from Europe." The post offices have closed half of their stamp wickets and fifty per cent of the taxi drivers are out of employment. Vendors of moccasins and souvenirs are taking a well-earned rest in Florida or the Bermudas. A born Montrealer can now get within hailing distance of the counter of a liquor commission store and is welcomed at hotels. It is quiet in Montreal. The American nation has gone back to its own side of the border and any danger of a permanent annexation is over for another half year.

As soon as it is reasonably certain that the Canadian spring has arrived, at all times a dubious and uncertain matter, every one in Montreal, French and English, who can manage it, and a great many who cannot, moves out to the Lakeshore or Laurentians, or still more remote and cryptic sections of Quebec, where they are regarded as discoverers and explorers. There ensues a period when the principal streets of the city are almost deserted, woebegone and desolate of appearance, when the chance stranger wonders where the fire is, and the feet of those who must remain to toil echo hollowly in the empty thoroughfares. Then suddenly they are filled up again with another people, of similar colors, sexes, and general physical characteristics but with a much more pronounced attitude of ownership and strangely conversing in what is neither the familiar French nor Canadian brand of English. In a spirit of resignation Montreal subjects itself to the annual seasonal occupation of tourists and conventionists.

Montreal is now firmly established beyond any doubt, successful contradiction or possibility of dislodgement in the life of this continent as its Mecca to which every good American feels he must journey once a year to share in the rites of a convention, unless he be journalist, preacher or secret drinker, when he makes solitary pilgrimage. No individual will gainsay this who has tried to procure a room in a Montreal hotel in the summertime without having registered in the previous autumn and has stood expectant and apprehensive in the tail end of a queue when the clerk was handing out the manicure parlors and bathrooms as sleeping accommodation.

The rise to this eminent degree of popularity has been very rapid, and the movement is strictly confined to quite recent years. The graph of progress reveals an almost perfectly straight line up to about October, 1919, when there is a decided upward trend which has now taken the pencil off the top of the chart. Prior to this period a certain group of adventurers were in the habit of making what was regarded as a decidedly hazardous expedition north of the international boundary each year, upon which they set out only after settling their affairs and making their wills. Since this period, however, the tide of holiday-makers has almost exactly doubled each year as every visitor apparently passed on the glad tidings to his bosom friend and cautioned him to keep it dark. In 1923 the United States census might just as well have been taken in Quebec. The force of the tide may be expected to subside about the time French-Canadians take to speaking English, when the habitant joins a labor union, when the remainder of Quebec's scenery is hidden behind signs advertising the different brands, when it is decided to change the liquor laws, and the League of Nations has made Europe safe for travelers.

Montreal is the continent's convention city. According to the most reliable records the only American conventions which failed to convene in the Canadian metropolis in the summer of 1922 were the Ancient Order for the Suppression of All Languages but American, the Modern Order of Soda Water Manufacturers, the Unorganized and Scattered Order of Bootleggers, and the Jonesville, Iowa, local chapter of the Gasfitters' Union. There were ancient and loyal orders of practically everything and modern orders whose lineage could not be traced back beyond 1919 and whose loyalty is apparently still a matter of doubt. There were societies, political, fraternal and religious, for the promotion of most things, for the suppression of all things, and the merely selfish. There were conventions of every possible profession and business, trade and pursuit—doctors and veterinaries; insurance men and funeral embalmers; policemen and firemen; furnacemen and janitors; masons free and brick; the bar association and the ex-barman's union; moving picture men and picture moving men; bond salesmen and washing machine experts.

Every week there was at least one really big convention, of international moment, upon which the eyes of the continent were centered, with numerous little side ring events. There were so many conventions being held at the one time, in fact, that many a zealous delegate has for days attended the wrong meetings without becoming any the wiser or failing to enjoy them thoroughly. Delegates not so zealous, but with the remnants of a conscience, might often be heard on the final day inquiring on what floor of the hotel the convention was being held. The concluding ceremonies of a week's convention are invariably carried out in gloom and depression though many reckless and enthusiastic spirits dissipate this by immediately joining a society which is to convene in Montreal in the following week.

On the day of a new convention a solid human stream may be seen early in the morning pouring up from the two stations in the direction of the city's hostelries. Arrived in the vicinity of the hotel the crowd automatically splits into two, those who are anxious to secure accommodation right away and those who ask "Where is the nearest place?" Two line-ups immediately result, one outside the hotel register and the other across the road at the government liquor vendor's. When the latter has done its part in swelling the revenue of the Quebec government they move over to the hotel and their places are filled up by those who have been assigned rooms. Committees then meet in private rooms and about fifty per cent may usually be counted on to answer roll call. As the days go on the chairman learns always to look around before saying "we."

An engrossing subject of conversation in hotel lobbies at all times is prohibition and earnest groups found in serious discourse are almost invariably engaged in a reiteration of practically identical views. For it is not a subject which lends itself to debate in Montreal. Argument is impossible from the failure to find an opposition. All visitors seem to belong to the class that "can take it or leave it" and that sees the remedy for its high rate of mortality in a "beer and light wines" policy. Straying Montrealers are rapidly becoming inured to being buttonholed and confidentially informed in thick accents that their province is the last stronghold of liberty on the continent. They are left vaguely wondering where are the supporters of United States prohibition and how it all happened, anyway.

And it is not only the men. Women standing high in the esteem of their home towns, churchgoers and members of the Ladies' Auxiliary, agree that "in Rome, you know." They have their bottle of sauterne quite ostentatiously, imbibe enough to make a canary slightly rocky, wait for the effects with the loveliest thrill, and feel they simply are going the pace.

No one, in fact, seems at all anxious to conceal the fact that he "can take a little now and then without making a hog of myself." From one of Montreal's principal hotels to the nearest liquor store is a block, as blocks go in Montreal. A stroll over this distance any day in the summer between business hours will result in an encounter with from thirty to forty one-hundred-per-cent Americans bearing a rounded, paper-covered package under the arm and a semi-stifled smile upon the countenance. There are some, it is true, keenly jealous of their nation's repute, who feel it encumbent upon them to uphold their country's dignity at all costs in a foreign land, and have the decency to conceal the precious burden as a particularly obese supplement of the Montreal *Star*.

An outstanding feature of every convention in Montreal is a procession of delegates headed by a huge American flag and led by the biggest band procurable, by means of which properly awed natives, who have only observed them in the individual or scattered herds, are given the opportunity of appraising the terrific force of the formidable aggregate of American business men on convention. Varying numbers of middle-aged men, of assorted sizes and shapes, not selected for any outstanding beauty of form or feature, further disfigure themselves in every possible manner just to show others and convince themselves they really are on holiday and they don't care who knows it. All, for instance, may wear straw hats of the Napoleonic period with bright yellow bands imparting the illuminating information "Montreal 1923." Half may be attired in red pants and blue jackets with the other half wearing the garments vice-versa-ed. They may be disguised as sheiks, Turks, toreadors—anything to conceal the dread fact that they are really respectable, married American business men, taxpayers and respected citizens, who smile when their children go to masquerade balls.

No delegate has ever been known to miss the procession, or if one ever did the newspapers were bribed to hush it up. He might pass up every convention meeting but he could never hold his head up in his own country had he failed properly to exhibit the staunchness of its citizenship in the fancy dress parade. In the course of one convention last summer a procession was called suddenly in the middle of one morning without the slightest warning having been given. Some one had blundered and the band was on hand and the mayor waiting patiently to take the salute. Delegates had to be marshaled rapidly from street and lobby, without being given time to disguise themselves, and when the seriousness of the situation was brought home to them they rallied round the flag nobly, swallowing their disappointment and chagrin at being deprived of their regalia and color scheme. Members will tell their posterity of the horrors of that parade, having to march up streets lined with natives clad as ordinary, sober, working citizens. to which further embarrassment was

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Taking the Paw of the Bear

Forces Favoring British Recognition of Russia Strengthened

By A British Journalist

CAN the government of Britain maintain its present attitude toward the Soviet government of Russia, in the event of pressure from the reinforced ranks of Labor in the British Parliament? The point is of peculiar interest to America, and in the event of the Labor party in Britain being called upon to take up the work of administration—a matter not decided at the time these notes are written—the aspect of the situation presented in the above question assumes a certain quality of immediacy.

Quite apart from the merits of the broad question of the recognition of Russia, it is necessary that the factors behind the new force which has emerged in British politics, and the influences which are practically certain to be brought to bear upon it, should be recognized and given due weight. Observers who have had full opportunity to investigate and gauge the feeling of the Labor electorate in Great Britain on the position as regards Russia find it difficult to avoid the conclusion that in the mass the pressure which that electorate will exert upon its representatives will be definitely in favor not only of recognition but of rapprochement.

In the main, the Labor voter takes the view that if Russia has decided upon a certain system of government, that is Russia's business. While it is true that the Labor party in Britain has repudiated Bolshevism emphatically as far as its aims are concerned, the Laborist generally is prepared with equal emphasis to deny the right of any outside people to lay down the law to a nation as to the form which its government shall take. Further, it is found that throughout the Labor electorate in Britain there is a pronounced disposition to take little account of Russia's war debts and other pre-Soviet obligations, and to rank these as inevitable debris of war and revolution.

The Nearness of Revolt

THIS is not the place for any discussion of those views; but they are important factors in the situation, in view of the status which Labor now holds in British affairs, and are stated for the value which in that connection they hold.

There was a time when the mass of the Labor electorate in Britain lent to "Red" propaganda an interested ear. That propaganda, whether it emanated from Moscow or not, was in direct line with the admitted and applied aims of the rulers of Soviet Russia. It attained proportions which "Red" teachings in America do not appear in any measure to have approached; and of the extent to which revolution in Britain was organized in the year 1921 the full story has never been made known. For example, not only was there the formation of propaganda and fighting units, but there was an issue of badges, which many young men throughout England and Scotland sported with an air of high purpose and of great deeds in the shaping. So far had arrangements for revolutionary outbreak progressed, indeed, that there were issued to the groups throughout the country booklets containing instructions as to procedure.

Those little, red-covered booklets, which might be fitly described as manuals of mob methods, were very carefully and skillfully prepared. They were designed to insure that in the shortest possible time an inflamed mob would be converted into a grimly effective force of destruction; that there would be neither waste of time nor energy on useless objectives in bursts of blind fury; that every outbreak would yield the maximum of advantage in points gained and held, and in material secured for the advancement of the revolution. At the time of the beginning of the great strike among the miners in 1921, the situation in Britain was grave. The sound sense of the British workingman, and a timely check by the calling out of troops—that act did not cow the worker, but made him think, and made him look into the position—saved the day. There has been no such development of "Red" propaganda as that, so far, in America, it would seem.

Aims Obtained Sympathy

WHILE the revolutionary movement in Britain failed, there should be full recognition of the fact that the teachings of the "Red" propagandists did not at all "fall upon stony ground." The methods advocated were rejected, but the aims enunciated by the "Red" agents engendered in many quarters much sympathy, a result not surprising in view of the fact that the propaganda was directed upon a British generation which had been taught to regard Russia as "a land enslaved, a people great, but ground beneath the heel of a merciless and brutal autocracy."

Throughout the mass of the British electorate, at the present time, frank investigators will find not only such a feeling of sympathy for the Soviet régime, but an almost invincible suspicion of the reasons advanced for the non-recognition of the Soviet government. However unpalatable the statement may be in many quarters, it is true nevertheless that large numbers of British Laborites and others are convinced, however mistakenly, that Russia's chief crime in the eyes of official Britain was that it overthrew a monarchy. The suspicion, being there, has to be taken account of. It influences Labor opinion in some parts of the country, and constitutes a factor in the pressure which Labor representatives will be called upon to meet.

The British Labor party has been sent to the House of Commons in strong force on its claim that it can better the condition of the people, and relief of unemployment will be one of its first duties, whether as the party in power or as an aggressive and numerous opposition. It will probably aim definitely, in that connection, at the resumption of trade with Russia. If recognition of the Soviet is the only barrier to renewed trade and increased employment in Britain, Labor will be unable to withstand, even if it were so inclined, the demands of its electorate.

It is to be doubted, however, if there would be any strong disinclination on the part of the Labor leaders to resist in any way the pressure of the constituencies in the direction stated. The writer, from knowledge of the personal views of most of the leading British Laborists with regard to Russia, suggests that to most of them such a demand would be welcome. The trend of things in the British Labor press supports this view. One finds references to the lucrative trade carried on by Britain, especially with Southern Russia, up to the outbreak of the Great War. The productiveness of Southern Russia was a matter in which the British were well instructed, and they had no small part in the trade of that great region. That is a well-remembered fact, as the Labor leaders know. There is some ground for the claim made in Labor circles that in important commercial and industrial quarters there would be no opposition to Labor in an attempt to effect the recognition of, and a rapprochement with, Russia. The Parliamentary representatives of those large interests, it is said, would not of themselves initiate such a move; but, if Labor did it, they would not oppose the action too seriously, and would "wash their hands" of the matter, most benevolently, and get to work to recapture the trade. Russia was a consumer valued in Britain.

The trade was of first importance. The Black Sea provinces of Russia, at the period of normal production broken by the war, were producing 8,000,000 tons of sugar beet annually. Live stock breeding was proceeding on a large and increasing scale. Millions of bushels of wheat and other cereals were exportable every season. The provinces of Southern Russia were yielding more than 100,000 tons of tobacco every year, and out of Caucasia were coming annually nearly 30,000,000 gallons of wine. Tea-planting as an industry was approaching very important proportions along the Black Sea littoral in Transcaucasia, and from the steppes bordering on the Black Sea the yield of black merino sheep had risen to more than 15,000,000 each year. And now comes the most tempting item in the "recognition" bait. Southern Russia, at the time of the World War catastrophe, was producing crude oil at the rate of 12,000,000 tons annually. Of the huge copper deposits, and the manganese industry, which in 1914 was represented by an annual output of 400,000 tons, mention must also be made.

Want Recognition of Russia

STRONG sections of the British electorate other than Labor are known to be only impatiently acquiescent of the official attitude toward the recognition of Russia, and the conditions in Britain fully explain their feeling. Should the Labor party take the initiative in the matter, Parliamentary opposition on the part of the Liberals in particular will be difficult to offer, for the reason that only the soundest of reasons will be accepted by the general body of the electorate for the debarring of a once valued customer. The urge of necessity is paramount in the mass of the people at the present time. They will not be disposed to quibble over matters which stand between them and their bread and butter, as Labor has it in mind to show, I suggest.

The high value which Labor is inclined to place upon its claim that it is best fitted to approach Soviet Russia, that it is best qualified to influence her, that it is the only element in British politics trusted to any extent by her, is in the circumstances significant.

To be able to place on record an achievement which would bring to the general body of the people some amelioration of the suffering brought about by trade failure in Britain, Labor is not in the least likely to neglect the opportunity which lies at the hands of the leaders and is in the forefront of the minds of the Labor electors.

For electioneering purposes, "Levy on Capital" provided a suitable domestic rallying-cry, but the reopening of trade with Russia is in important Labor quarters regarded as one of the most valuable weapons in the Labor armory, for the belief is entertained that not only can it be wielded to bring about relief of unemployment in Britain, but to prove that in the sphere of wider politics the Labor party can successfully exert in the interests of peace and prosperity an influence which is not exceeded by that of any British party. It is felt, further, that in the event of an outstanding success in the foreign field, the Labor party would confirm in its support large numbers of electors who are but temporarily attached, and add many more who have remained Liberal solely through fear that Labor has not yet acquired the wider view in things political.

In the interesting circumstances, of which a brief outline has been given, it may not be too much to expect that, given a Labor administration in Britain, trade interests will at once take an anticipatory glance at the Russian connections which the revolution broke down. As a matter of fact, there are signs that the significance and potentialities of the Labor party as a political force in Britain, in relation to affairs with Russia, have been promptly recognized, and it is undoubtedly the case that as a result of the recent election efforts on the part of important interests to get into touch with Labor leaders have been marked.

No Crowd Without Team, No Team Without Cash

Concluded from page 2

sell the tickets for as much as they can get and turn the money over to the players. You see, coach, the students weren't getting anything out of it for themselves; they were doing it for the players. The players need money."

The ticket scalping system of providing athletes with money is not new or novel. A prominent football official related to us how he arrived at the stadium of an important eastern university that, by the way, always prided itself on the supposed purity of its athletics. The official, detesting crowds, always tried to reach the scene early. On this particular day he saw five or six men selling tickets in front of the main entrance. He had been told that every seat was sold and the scene struck him as odd. Furthermore, the figures looked familiar so he went ahead and investigated. What he discovered was leading members of the football eleven scalping tickets. They were getting anywhere from twenty to thirty dollars a pair.

There are four and twenty ways to hire football players without paying a stipulated amount each week or year for service and every one is wrong. Universities soothe the varsity conscience by inventing some means other than the coarse system of paying players stipulated amounts at stipulated periods for stipulated service. That belongs to the flying wedge period of football. The systems used today are a trifle more delicate.

The "Jack Pot" Helps Out

AT CERTAIN leading universities there has been established a "jack pot." During the football season the graduates who come to town to see the team play contribute to this "jack pot" Since many of these contributors are men of wealth who retain their love for the game, the "jack pot" measures into many thousands of dollars by the end of each football season. This money is deposited as a separate fund and whenever the coaches hear of a desirable player he can have his wants supplied out of the fund. The donor remains anonymous, of course, and no one is directly asked for supplying funds for the player.

There is the trick of getting jobs for desirable boys. One football star went through college "earning" his way by lighting street lamps. Since the town was lighted by electricity and since these electric lights were turned off and on by means of the usual switch, the reader may vividly imagine how hard the football star had to work to earn enough money to make his way through the courses of higher education.

One well-known football player was engaged to look after the town clock. He was to wind it daily. The clock kept good time. It should. It was wound electrically.

At one of the big eastern universities a wealthy broker hired nearly the entire team to clerk in his office. The boys could always be found at his office on Monday. They managed to stay there long enough to draw their salaries.

A few years ago another eastern university had a crack Negro athlete. To help him along a tailor shop was established for him and all the students were asked to send their clothes to his shop. He got so many clothes that he hired several men to do the work. He, like many of his race, had a passion for shooting craps. He would go around the fraternity houses to collect the money due for pressing, cleaning and mending clothes. The fraternity boys would inveigle him into a crap game and win all the money.

When a Minor Triumphs

NOW and then there sweeps across the gridiron a minor college, beating teams of established reputations, causing a general upset of all predictions and making itself nationally discussed. Such a team developed a few years ago. It represented a remote institution and the old heads of the game began sniffing, to speak figuratively of their inquiries. They discovered that one of the stars of this team, a lineman, conducted a grocery store in a small town, 900 miles removed from the university; that he had a wife and two children and that he never missed a day at his store from the last of November until the first day of the following September. This team had an election of captain in December and not half the squad was in college when the time for election arrived. It was necessary to hold a telegraphic vote to decide upon the next season's team leader.

Many competent football players are fitted up with lucrative jobs. A few seriously work at these. Some have the agency for neckwear, hosiery, underwear, and various things that the college student needs. During vacation they are given many opportunities to earn what may be regarded as "big" money. The pay is often so large that they are enabled to hire a capable substitute for a small part of their income and spend the vacation period in having an excellent time. Many of the jobs do not demand any more than drawing a salary.

This practice is not universal. There are many football players who remain untainted but the number appears to be growing smaller each season. Competition is keen and crack material, the kind needed for winning elevens, is not overabundant. The demand for material grows greater and greater annually. If one university will not pay another will and that is that.

The present situation cannot continue much longer. The protests become stronger annually and, sooner or later, there will be a change or the stupendous coliseums that have been and are being dedicated to the great college sport will be left to decay.

Why Montreal Consents to Put Up With Americans

Concluded from page 13

added by the fact that under the right arm of each marcher was a paper package of rounded shape.

The totally erroneous impression may be conveyed that all Americans are prompted to go to Montreal solely out of a disagreement with the laws of their own country. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are indeed others—several of them. They may generally be found straining out of rubberneck busses or percolating out of cathedrals. They hold long and serious discourse with the natives on the stirring history and engrossing romance of old French Canada so as absolutely to dissociate themselves from those for whom French Canada came into existence in 1919. They likewise do their bit in contributing to the country's revenue by dispatching thousands of postcards with the name of the city hall or post office in French, purchasing innumerable pairs of moccasins, volumes of Maria Chapdelaine, and French songs which the French people never by any chance sing.

There is never the slightest danger of confusing either class of tourist, or either sex of both classes, with the natives. The difference lies principally from the knees down. That is why Montrealers walk along with eyes cast down in the summertime and appear to have humpbacks. The hall mark of the tourist is breeches; for what reason has never been clearly explained. Certainly no tourist in Montreal dare leave his hotel otherwise accoutered. There is record of an either daring or sophisticated New Yorker who went out one morning in a business suit, failed entirely to convince the authorities of his purely vacational interest in Quebec, and before the American consul could intervene had been pressed into jury service.

Certainly there is a broad taste and variety in the bifurcated garment as well as a peculiar manner of selection. Tall, rangy men invariably wear the small, tight, schoolboy size which gives them the appearance of dressed fowls. Short, stubby men run to the wide, balloon variety which imparts the impression of their having got into the wrong locker at golf club. In color and texture they vary from what were white duck when they first saw Montreal to the sportiest heathers, with contrasting golf stockings held up with invisible suspenders with startlingly visible tartan tags. Categorizing the combinations worn by women would be utterly impossible, each following her own sweet individual taste and fancy with some weird and wonderful results.

It has never been satisfactorily explained why tourists travel to Montreal in the most expensive and luxurious manner, put up at the best hotels, spend money in a manner that makes the average Canadian worker feel like throwing up the sponge, and yet congregate in the lounge, stroll into the dining room, promenade up the main streets, and do cathedrals and department stores in garbs which would cause their incarceration in their own home towns. Of recent years Montreal has steadily been growing more formal in this respect so that it is almost necessary to don a Tuxedo when visiting the landlord to pay the rent and it still affronts the natives to see a visitor eating a nine-course dinner in a sumptuous dining room in breeches, khaki shirt and sweater. With all their forbearance they do not like to see their city regarded as a combination of golf links and backwoods wilderness.

For the good name of the nation something should be done about it. Not one man in a hundred on the American continent has calves which are publicly presentable, and if they must wear breeches let them hide their shame on the links or pad the members out to shapely proportions. As for the women, a combination of Helen of Troy, Aphrodite, Cleopatra and Atlantic City bathing girl could not make herself becoming in a pair of nondescript knee pants with loose ends, silk stockings, low shoes, a sweater and hair ribbon.

Crossing the border seems to be largely regarded as a sort of lapsing back into the pioneer days of our ancestors—a jaunt into the Never Never Land where bowie knives and forty-fives are appropriate adornments. One gathers the impression that many of these visitors would not be so much surprised as thrilled if a dog team dashed up to the hotel door or a hard-boiled Indian or Eskimo should hold up the dining room and gather in all the finger bowls. Or is it absolute *joie de vivre,* just a perpetual reminder to themselves and an unmistakable notification to others that they are on holidays and letting the old world go on turning without their help for a few weeks. Certain Montrealers, whose forbears were with Maisonneuve when he founded the city in 1642, are curious to know.

Place d'Armes—the center of Montreal.

The engrossing matter of the last day of the visit is the possibility of getting a bottle of it back home. Even the girls "know a man who would do anything for me if I just managed to get a flask through." The men exert to capacity the powers of a long unused imagination, stimulated by the experiences of older travelers, in endeavoring to figure out new places where the inspector is not likely to look. The sorrowful conclusion usually is that the only safe place is the interior, where they immediately proceed to cache it. No wonder they arrive home in the best of spirits, for the best of spirits is in them.

How many American tourists did actually come to Montreal in 1923? The most experienced census takers or range herders could never have determined. It would, from all appearances, have been easier to count those who stayed on their own side of the border during the months of the summer and subtract these from the total of the last census. For months every hotel in the city was filled to capacity, while camping grounds were packed and farmers and small holders made a good little thing out of selling nightly parking space to visiting cars.

Taking the busy month of August, Montreal's largest hotel, which was not in existence in 1922, played the host to some 55,000 foreign guests. The second largest hotel had 4,000 more registrations than in the August of the previous year. The five largest hotels accommodated daily about four thousand persons, and the lesser hotels added about two thousand more. In the course of the season it is estimated that 125,000 American cars visited Montreal, as compared with 63,000 cars in 1922, accounting for a temporary addition to the metropolis' population of some 500,000 souls. On the basis of estimates of other years American visitors to Montreal spent about $50,000 a day there, or something like $10,000,000 during the season.

Let us say a million American visitors in the course of the summer, and err on the conservative side. A million pilgrims leaving behind them ten millions of dollars! What American city has rival claim to Montreal as the continent's Mecca? Who can wonder any longer that Montrealers are willing to put up with almost anything from tourists?

What It Means to Make a Home in the White House

Concluded from page

boxes made to hold her dresses and these she slid under the beds. "Dolly" Madison used a turnstile arrangement left to her by President Jackson, which he had invented to hold his "coats and breeches." Mrs. Roosevelt, with the true housekeeper's instinct, had as many closets added as possible, but even these are inadequate, and were it not for the small dressing rooms, the many frocks and hats necessary for both mistress and visitor often would be sadly crushed for want of proper space.

The extensive improvements made when the mansion was remodeled in 1902 made the entertaining problem much easier, for it included an enlargement of the kitchen, making it adequate to meet the demands of White House hospitality. Prior to this time any elaborate meal had to be cooked at a caterers, carried in large vans to the White House, rewarmed in the kitchen, and then carried a long journey to the East Room where it was necessary to serve large functions, by which time it was, as a rule, hopelessly cold. The kitchen, around which the interest of many housewives revolves, is visible to only a chosen few. It is a tiled room twenty-five feet long and very wide. On one side fifteen feet of the length is taken up by the great range with its shut-in hood and various large warming racks. Down the center is a long table, with smaller tables at each end; here it is that the three cooks and three helpers work. There is an astonishing array of more than 800 cooking utensils, including every variety of pots and pans in ordinary use and old-fashioned ones as well, even to preserving kettles and bean pots. Mrs. Taft added many electric time-savers, none of which are more helpful than the silver cleaner; before it was a very laborious undertaking to clean the more than 1,200 pieces of silver belonging to the White House.

Most housewives would feel overwhelmed at the "dishes and glassware" which the mistress of the White House has at her command. There are nine sets of china. Most of the Presidents' wives since Lincoln's time have added to the stock, but of course a great number of pieces of each set have been mutilated. The Lincoln set has a rich crimson border with an eagle in the center. That ordered by Mrs. Grant has a wide buttercup-yellow border and plain center, except some of the pieces which are flowered with a Dresden effect. The Hayes china has game and fish decorations. There are only a few plates and after-dinner cups and saucers left of the real Dresden of the Arthur Administration. The ivory, gold and turquoise Haviland china bought by Mrs. Cleveland has but a few pieces left. Mrs. Harrison was a connoisseur of china and the service she added is believed to be one of the most beautiful of the Executive Mansion china. There are forty-four stars in a blue border, enriched with a wreath of Indian corn in gilt upon the edge, with the eagle and United States coat of arms in colors in the center. The McKinley china is of a miscellaneous character. The Roosevelt is extremely simple in white and gold with the National emblem on each piece. That added by the second Mrs. Wilson is much like it in appearance. This set is the only one "made in America." All china is marked "President's House." The cut-glass pieces have the arms of the United States engraved in an inconspicuous manner upon them. The silver, too, is marked. Uncle Sam is very particular about the fineness of the linen he provides and each piece is exquisitely worked in white with the monogram "U. S." Some of the satin damask cloths are ten and twelve yards long.

Besides her duties as a homemaker, Mrs. Coolidge has many social duties which call for all the tact and grace she has at her command. Uncle Sam, however, has provided many ways to assist her in the planning and execution of her entertainments. When she is the nation's hostess she is entitled to the services of a detail of young officers who act as ushers at the official levees. In command of this social staff is a master of ceremonies, the same Colonel of Engineers who exercises a mechanical supervision over the house equipment and appointments. The Marine Band discourses whatever music she selects. All decorations are provided by Uncle Sam who appropriated for the present fiscal year $18,000 for the care, repair and maintenance of the greenhouses of the Executive Mansion. The greenhouses were formerly attached to the house and many of the First Ladies have spent their time in them, cultivating some special flower or plant. They were, however, removed when the White House was enlarged. It is the first duty of the officials in charge of them to see that the President's House is supplied daily with cut flowers and that the floral decorations for the state occasions are the best that can be produced. The day of the "floral design" for a long time held sway at White House functions, and we read where one First Lady decorated the table with a "swinging garden of Babylon" which was four feet high with a succession of little terraces. Now it is rather the artistic arrangement of a few sprays placed wherever it is possible to make them effective.

There are indeed many duties to the nation which must be fulfilled by the mistresses of the White House, requiring time and strength, but with them all they have ever made of it a home. There have been the same cares and anxieties and problems as in the humblest home in the country. And when one sees a light in a certain room upstairs it is not hard to picture the mistress of the "President's House" sitting by the table talking over the affairs of the day with the home circle.

Dr. Mercer's "Tools of the Nation Builder"

Concluded from page

tinuous collection of later implements. High up in the main court hangs a codfish dory. To one side of it is a whaleboat, and on another wall is a dugout canoe. The tools used by the American pioneer in agriculture are classified into tools for the culture of seeds, including the shovel, hoe, fork, drill and rake, plow, harrow, roller, clover huller, described by Pliny as having been used by the Romans, which is the original of the modern reaping machine. "The hand-turned grain fans," says Dr. Mercer, "first without screens, introduced into Britain from the East via Holland about 1715, were developed here about 1815. They are still lingering in later factory-made forms. But the winnowing van, ancestor of them all, is gone. Historic associations, misty with age, hang about this shovel-shaped basket, the van or fan of Old England, the vannus of the Romans, used to shake chaff from grain in the time of Christ, and as here shown so employed by our own ancestors until about 1800.

"The sickle is still more important. With its serrated edge it continued to cut grain grasped by the handful from Bible times until the nineteenth century, when it suddenly gave way to the grain cradle and reaping machine. Many of the tools here exhibited are, like the flail, of unknown antiquity. Others have been in use like the sickle since the days of Moses, or like the quern, since Samson ground in prison. How shall we estimate the momentous change early in the nineteenth century which suddenly swept them away? For two thousand years and more man did without the telegraph, telephone, steam engine, trolley and airship, but not without the shovel, hoe, rake, sickle and plow. Modern machinery has masked many of these antique implements, but here they are, hand and home made as our ancestors still used them a hundred years ago.

"The museum attempts to illustrate human history by means of tools, and every object here shown may be said to be a tool. Tools are made of animal, vegetable and mineral materials, and as these must first be obtained in the raw states, and then fashioned by one or more intermediate processes, it follows that tools make tools and that many may be called secondary, because they are made by one or more others, more or less fundamental, which may be called primary. Archeology tells us that during the prehistoric period man made or edged his tools with stone, and later with the mixture of copper and tin called bronze, and that he had no knowledge of iron until the dawn of history. Fashioned for all purposes, hardened to cut everything, including itself, iron has become the master of all processes, and maker of all tools. It follows that as this museum concerns itself only with the historic period, all the tools here shown are either obtained in the first place, or shaped or mounted or edged with iron."

BRIEFLY TOLD

The unpaid interest on the debts of Europe to the United States amounts to more than $1,500,000,000.

By means of a metal pistol it is possible to cover iron or steel articles with an extremely thin but very strong layer of aluminum, zinc, copper, lead or other metal.

Landlords of Paris are prohibited from raising the rents to more than 100 per cent over the figures obtaining in 1914, according to a recent bill passed in the French parliament.

The Shaker village on Lake Macomy at Enfield, New Hampshire, is for sale. Seven white-haired survivors of the original colony have moved to Canterbury and settled under the leadership of another dwindling community of Shaker folk. The correct name of the Shakers is "The United Society of True Believers in Christ's Second Appearance." The name "Shaker" was derived from a peculiar ceremonial dance in which the dancers shake their shoulders.

At eighty-one years, the Rev. M. S. Anderson, a pioneer of the Columbia River Methodist Conference, has accepted appointment to the charges at Wayside and Wildrose.

The Australian Federal Government is offering leases consisting of fifty-seven blocks of 1,000 acres each, for cotton growers. The leases are rent-free for the life of the tenant or for twenty-one years from the commencement of the lease.

Dancers in the Yukon are said to be tripping the light fantastic to radio music from New York.

Mabel Normand films are barred in many movie houses. Inasmuch as their production antedates the scandal causing the ban, the atonement must be a vicarious one on the part of her employers.

At the centennial celebration of the Cache Valley at Logan, Utah, in July, Mrs. Hahn, of Kansas City, Kansas, granddaughter of Jim Bridger, noted pioneer scout and guide in the region at its settlement, will be the guest of honor. Mrs. Hahn came into prominence recently by filing suit for a million dollars against producers of the film "The Covered Wagon," for depicting Bridger as an undesirable character, it is alleged

Fifty-six and one-half per cent of cargo moved through the Panama Canal last year was in United States ships.

The famous church of St. Jude, London, has been abandoned because of the Jewish influx in Whitechapel. "We are like Englishmen in a foreign land, little isolated colonies in the midst of an alien race," said the rector.

In a speech to British cinema makers, the Prince of Wales remarked that "the Chinese had motion pictures of a sort 3,000 years ago."

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Pages in the United States Senate are between twelve and sixteen years of age, and are paid $2.50 a day during the session with a bonus of $20 a month.

Cats which stray beyond their own thresholds in Berlin must be muzzled.

Snow was hauled 288 miles from Thendora, New York, to Briarcliff Manor, New York, to surface the slide and jump of the American Olympic ski team.

Among one of the first sanitary acts passed in America was a quarantine act in Massachusetts in the year 1648.

A New York architect has invented an automatic apparatus which switches on an electric light, sounds an alarm and turns on oxygen for a person accidentally locked in a bank vault.

Commerce between Mexico and the United States amounts to more than $20,000,000 a month.

The highest European waterfall is that of the Staubbach, in Switzerland. It is nearly 900 feet high.

The death rate of the United States steadily declines. Registration which now includes eighty-five per cent of the entire population shows deaths last year to have been only 11.8 per 1,000.

In Moscow University eighty per cent of the medical students are Communist Jews. Admission is reserved for boys and girls of approved atheist and Bolshevist principles.

The whale is disappearing off the Pacific Coast. The total catch in four months was 377.

Firminy, France, population about 20,000, has an Unhappy Married Men's Club. Nearly 200 men, ranging in age from twenty-five to seventy-five, are members.

Only immigrants of an "intellectual capacity superior to the American average" and of higher physical standard than most aliens who have been admitted, should be allowed to enter this country, the committee on selective immigration urge in a report.

More than sixty-three per cent of all the telephones in the world are in the United States.

A factory on the bleak northwest coast of Australia will convert into soup and other table delicacies the thousands of turtles that swarm the beaches there.

Convicts in British Columbia penitentiaries are prohibited to labor for private companies, according to a new ruling.

A very prominent American, writing from abroad, says: "Even from England about one-third of the emigrants are Jews. From Russia ninety per cent to ninety-five per cent of persons going to America are Jews. At least sixty per cent of the emigrants from Poland are Jews. Many influential Americans over here think that there is a world-wide scheme to flood the U. S. A. with Jews."

Dope users number 7,500 in Chicago alone. Sixty per cent of the women tried in morals court of that city are drug users.

Street car fares in Paris, France, cost six sous —three times the charge of in pre-war days.

The Yellow River, "China's Sorrow," has been dammed by an American engineering corporation. Millions of persons have been drowned by the river's floods and it has changed its course many times in centuries past. The land formerly under water will be reclaimed and power may be developed at the dam.

New Year's Day in Japan tests the financial strength of every individual from the lowly rickshaw man to the largest commercial concern. On that day all outstanding debts are settled.

There are 48,531 millionaires living in France.

The secondary streets of Moscow are deserted; grass grows between the cobblestones; tramways run half empty and most of the shops and restaurants are closed.

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Samuel Crowther on the State of Europe

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Lincoln's Speech Sounded Knell of Slavery

Through the Heart of the Everglades

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Frenchman Is Losing Faith in His Government

Once Believed All Told Him, But Now It's a Different Story

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

> Americans returning from Europe express intense disgust at American newspaper handling of the foreign situation. "Feature stuff" has superseded facts. Mr. Crowther went to Europe, not to hear what the rulers wanted to have printed as propaganda in America, but what the situation actually is and how the plain people are reacting to it. His observations are presented in a series of articles for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, beginning with this issue.

"WE GO to war, we fight, we win, we get nothing. We have nothing to say about it. We shall go to war again. Again we shall have nothing to say about it."

He shrugged his shoulders and went on about his work. He was the manager of a not unimportant jewelry shop on the Rue de la Paix. We should say that he had a good job, although he neither drew the pay nor had the standing of a man in a similar capacity in the United States. But he was nearer the employing class than the working class. He thought himself intelligent enough at least to have a voice in government and he was complaining, not against war, but against a republic in which a citizen had no say. I found many others talking much as he was talking.

Take another, a peasant owning a tiny farm—just a plot of ground a few hundred feet square. We should not call it a farm. But to him those few square rods of earth are the world. There are thousands more like him—so many in fact that it is next to impossible to lay out a golf links in France. On every inch of his ground he raises vegetables in rows so close together that he could not use a wheel hoe—even if he had ever heard of one. Besides that land he has only one other interest—his hoard of money.

Tourist Doesn't See Through

HE HAS been in the war and his wife has worked the land and added to the store of money, so he has no particular objection to war—for it has not interfered with those things in which he is most interested. He took for granted that every man must serve his time in the army, and then in the reserve, and at some time would go forth to war. That had always been a part of life—his father had been to war and so had his grandfather and indeed all his male relatives. War was like the weather—one had to take it as it came. Also he neither knew nor cared about government; that was no concern of his. But now he had a concern:

"When I go to buy anything the price is too high and I must go without or stop saving. I must save or else my daughter will have nothing to marry on. I go without and I save. But what do I save? There is no gold, there is no silver, there is only paper money. That money is no good; every day I see by the exchange that it is worth a little less. What is it I save? What is it that is wrong?"

The tourist in France does not get much of an idea of what is going on. He sees only the tourist department of the Republic and the persons who are employed therein. They expect to amuse him and to take his money—and they do both. He kicks about the prices being high but he expected them to be high and only when something is too raw does he start a row—and gets his trouble for his pains. He eagerly watches the exchange rate; few Americans have had much experience with fluctuating exchanges, so following the exchange is a new game. The women take to it as they do to bargain hunting; the odd centimes loom large. On a day when the franc was falling, one woman spent four hours in a branch of an American bank waiting to get the high rate of the day. As a result of her four hours she made twenty cents and she went off hopelessly happy—for of course she counted only the centimes she had earned per dollar and never thought to translate her winnings into American money. With the Americans the falling franc is just a game. Also it does not much bother the caterers to the tourist—for they quickly adjust prices with a little margin over for good luck. But away from Paris, back in the country where the savings are, the falling franc is a tragedy. And it is shaking the very foundations of France.

France is a land of small incomes. Scarcely more than half a million persons have incomes exceeding 6,000 francs—at the rate of exchange only $400 a year—and fewer than 700 persons have incomes of $38,000 a year or more. Six thousand francs was a satisfactory income before the war, but now it will buy only what, perhaps, two thousand francs would then. And this buying power is lessening.

Only Few Care About Politics

ONLY a few Frenchmen care much about politics. The boulevardiers talk politics incessantly, but when the time comes to do anything they have so exhausted themselves with talk that they have little energy for action. They mostly follow parties in which personal leadership is more important than policies. The peasant takes no interest at all in politics. It has more than once been suggested that laws be passed making it an offense not to vote. Politics is a matter of leaders—much more so than in our own country. These leaders have parties and they have followers and, as long as they continue to make the noises which their followers are accustomed to hear, they may remain in office. The party leaders form a sort of club; the members oppose one another on nearly all questions and sometimes the opposition is not only sincere but violent, but no party coming into power hogs everything. A little is always left over for the opposition—not perhaps through any love of the opposition but because it is better to have an opposition that one knows than to have one that one does not know and which might play the game on new lines.

So it is that the government of France is in the hands of a comparatively small number of professional politicians and an army of bureaucrats. The latter draw small salaries, but make up for that by being satisfactorily important to themselves. They are extremely useful in keeping party lines intact. The parties are further kept in line by the newspapers. Every politician of importance has a newspaper. So has every large interest. These sheets are not newspapers to our way of thinking. They are small, they carry few advertisements, and they rarely have the money or the desire to gather and print news. They print long, haranguing editorials and a few odds and ends of news. For the rest they are filled with dramatic, musical, or literary criticism and stories to entertain the reader. The editorial staffs are provincial to the last degree.

They know nothing at all of the United States; they commonly believe that our citizens are interested solely in money, that money rules all of our actions, and therefore the country is governed directly from the source of money—that is, Wall Street. For this reason they pay great homage to visiting bankers or to anyone connected with or appertaining to large sums of money.

The government is in the control of a group which has ideas and schemes directed to the benefit of a small section of wealthy men. These plans are not disclosed to the people nor to the outside world. On the contrary every act is being represented as for the benefit of the people; their rightful fears and hopes are being played on by Premier Poincaré and his associates. The people are told with masterly eloquence to stand by the flag and not to betray their fellow citizens who are with the colors on foreign soil. The old war cries are in full force. But behind this cover is another set of schemes in which the people have no part.

Why They're in the Ruhr

THE government is in the Ruhr for a number of legitimate reasons and a large army is being maintained for a number of legitimate reasons. The French Army is the sole defense of the Western World against Soviet Russia; the Russians have played their game and they have lost. They are as savage and as predatory as the ancient Huns and they would be scourging Europe in an instant were it not for the French trained and maintained Polish army backed up by the great French forces. These people have seen so much of Bolshevists that they take it that a good Bolshevist is a dead Bolshevist.

And again it must not be forgotten how much France suffered in the war; much of the sympathy offered by Americans and especially by the professional "Friends of France" is mushy and harmful. Far too many Americans make a living by offering sympathy and far too many Frenchmen make a living by taking it. The thing has been overdone. But the plain fact remains that the census of 1921 showed France to have only 36.084 206 persons—a decline of two and a third millions in ten years. Many French statisticians think that in fifty years France will be down to thirty millions—and that Germany will be up to ninety millions. In addition to all the direct losses of war, France lost through the Germans her chief industrial centers. It was about as though Western Pennsylvania and Ohio were suddenly laid waste.

About ninety per cent of the devastated regions have been repaired out of internal loans and through reparations in kind from Germany. But the interest on the loans is a charge of four billion francs a year. France has very real burdens and troubles and they cannot be dismissed by talking of French militarism and all that sort of thing. It is very easy to overlook the facts in taking a stand either against or for France. As far as we are concerned in America the emotional aspects are of no consequence, but the facts are of considerable consequence, for they do affect us.

The ordinary Frenchman is losing faith in his government—he is not saying much but he is beginning to think that perhaps the politicians are not quite, what they represent themselves to be. Once upon a time he thought Germany was going to make good all of the war losses and the pension account and everything. Clemenceau and others promised that. Now he is certain that Germany is not going to pay much and he puts the blame on the politicians—he thinks the whole affair has been somehow muddled. He is willing to support the Ruhr occupation so long as it promises to yield money, but he is not hopeful and out in the country he displays less interest in reparations than we do in America. But if Poincaré does not bring back the bacon his finish is in sight. For that will be sure proof that the French politicians have been outwitted by the Germans and the English.

If the Ruhr try fails, the French citizen is nearly ready to put down the reparations account as a bad debt. But he does insist upon security against Germany.

The Germans have in the course of history invaded French soil something like fifty-two times; the French are perfectly certain that another invasion is only a question of time. They do not, as a rule, care anything about destroying Germany. I have found less animosity against Germany among the French working people than among the Americans living in France. The Americans have to take this attitude, for the people suspect the United States of somehow being at the bottom of the whole mess. An American with money is welcome as long as he spends it. But in this the American is not alone; the English are even less popular than the Americans and the nationals of no country are really popular in France, for there is a distinct feeling that everyone is against France

The present French Government represents, not the people, but a small group of wealthy men who are looking for industrial power. This government has demonstrated that it can put down strikes. The group behind it are now pressing for the reduction of wages and the lengthening of working hours. It has turned most of the workers into Bolshevists—which is not important as long as the government has the backing of the peasants, for France is not primarily an industrial country.

Industrial Group Reactionary

THE group of industrialists who control the government think in terms of thirty years ago—our most backward manufacturer would be considered by them as a dangerous progressive. Poincaré as a lawyer, has represented them for years. This group sent France into the Ruhr to satisfy the public demand for security and for reparations, and under cover of this move is trying to effect some very large operations for their own private gain.

The present French policy, if it fails, may result in serious disturbance at home; if it succeeds it will surely result in serious disturbance among the other nations of Europe. To grasp what is really going on one must line up the ostensible purposes with the concealed purposes—separate the sheep from the goats.

Until now France has not wanted to agree upon any figure for the German indemnity. The French diplomats know perfectly well that the largest sums which they have claimed are beyond the possibility of payment. That is the reason why they suggested them; they did not want a settlement of money until certain other plans had matured. Now they will accept money because the only possibility of stabilizing the franc is through an arrangement with Germany, for the French peasant insists that the drop in the franc must be halted.

The politicians a few months ago were saying:

"We cannot distinguish between the indemnity and the future security of France."

Now they are saying:

"Let us first settle the money matters and then talk about security."

Just after the Armistice, when the treaty was drawn by Premier Lloyd George and President Wilson by which Great Britain and the United States guaranteed France against attack from without, the French were willing to accept a treaty as full security. Since then other plans have been formed and it is doubtful if the French would today accept any treaty guaranty. My conversations convince me they would not. Their reasons are partly political and partly economic, with the economic factors controlling.

Stone-Age Ideas Rule

IT IS the settled belief in France that the prosperity of the country depends solely upon what it exports. There is absolutely no idea that the home market of France can be enlarged. The government experts will tell you exactly what is the consumption in France for every important staple. We in America know that consumption depends upon price; our prosperity has been built upon this idea. The most familiar example is the automobile. Twenty years ago it was settled by our own experts that the automobile was a rich man's toy. It was the main affair of the manufacturer to change styles of automobiles so that they would go out of fashion as quickly as women's dresses. The rich man was expected to buy a new car not because his old one was worn out, but because it was no longer in the mode. Then came the cheap automobile and soon the automobile was a necessity.

French manufacturers cannot conceive of such a situation as has been brought about in America, even though Citroen has since the war managed to make a cheap little car which pays a low tax and uses little gasoline. He has in consequence sold cars to French people who, according to the statistics, could not possibly be in the car-buying class. The very idea of the French automobile taxes is an illustration of the unsoundness of the theories. They have a horse-power tax and various other taxes on the running of the car and on gasoline, which make it all but impossible for the man corresponding to the American who would own a three or four thousand-dollar car to own a car at all. In addition they have a high duty on foreign cars. The immediate consequence was that only the very wealthy people could own the high-powered cars which had prevailed, and foreign cars practically went off the

(Concluded on page 13)

The Virile Story of Saint Brigid's Parish

Encroachments of Ghetto Vanquished

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

The church of St. Brigid's. Tomkins Square, New York, and Reverend Philip J. Magrath, Rector of St. Brigid's.

WITH its tall twin steeples tapering to slender points, and the golden cross glowing between them on the apex of its roof, the old church of St. Brigid stands on guard at Eighth street and Avenue "B," in the heart of New York City's famous East Side. It faces westward across the ten-acre expanse of Tompkins Square, a city park named after a one-time governor of the Empire State, whose term of office expired more than one hundred years ago. This edifice, whose virile history has been bound up intimately with the life of this part of the city for the last three-quarters of a century, has just celebrated its Diamond Jubilee under circumstances so unusual that they can scarcely be paralleled by any parish in New York.

Tompkins Square was noted, many years ago, as the scene of the city's large military parades. From the early "forties" to the end of the first decade of the present century, it was a busy but quiet neighborhood of modest homes of a law-abiding population which has played its important part in the development of the metropolis. Many of its people worked in or about the great drydocks then in existence on the East River, or in the gas houses toward Twelfth street, for the park is situated between the Gashouse District on the north, and the Great Ghetto which then lay far below it toward the south.

Seventy-five years ago, when there was no adequate church for the English-speaking Catholics in this section of the East Side, the Reverend Father Richard Kein first collected the people of the locality in a little chapel in East Fourth street. Eventually he purchased the property on Avenue "B" and founded the parish of St. Brigid's. The church was begun in 1848 and finished within three years. Its erection was regarded at the time as an immense undertaking, the magnitude of which may be realized when one remembers that then Ireland had just passed through the terrible famine of 1847 and was convulsed by the throes of revolution, and that the calls on the charity of the Catholics of New York were constant and pressing. Later a rectory was built on the avenue, and a school was opened on Eighth street beside the church building.

Father Mooney, successor to Father Kein, opened the school in 1856. He secured the Brothers of the Christian Schools to take care of the boys' department, and invited the Daughters of St. Vincent, now known as the Sisters of Charity, to take charge of the girls. During the sixty-six years of life of St. Brigid's school, 41.000 boys and girls studied within its walls. Its one-time pupils are today found in every honorable walk of life, in the senate of the state, in all branches of the civil service, in the professions and in the commercial world.

In 1861, during the War of the Rebellion, Father Mooney went to the front as chaplain of the noted 69th Regiment of New York. Upon his return he conceived the idea of frescoing, painting and otherwise enhancing the beauty of the interior of the church. The edifice itself, in its vast proportions, the symmetry of its architecture, in the size and adornment of its altar, was a great step in advance of many of the earlier churches, which were substantial but plain. A great organ was built, which was unequaled by any in the city at the time for the sweetness of its tone. A magnificent set of stations, painted by a celebrated French artist, was imported, and vestments for the use of the altar were made by the Cloistered Sisters in France.

Father Mooney labored for almost a quarter of a century for the people of St. Brigid's. The parish was a large one, including some 10,000 souls, and extending from Fourth to Twelfth street, and from First avenue to the East River, taking in Houston and Mangin streets. Later, old St. Brigid's church and school flourished for many years under the guiding hand of Monsignor Patrick F. McSweeny, and reached its height in numbers and prosperity.

Then suddenly this section of the city was stricken by one of the worst calamities that has ever visited New York, the destruction by fire of the excursion steamer *General Slocum* at North Brother Island. This excursion was an annual affair, arranged for the residents in the vicinity of Tompkins Square, and participated in by hundreds of Protestants and Catholics, young and old, who invariably looked forward to it with anticipations of delight. It was in June, 1904, that this calamity befell the *General Slocum,* after it had proceeded several miles up East River, and was entering Long Island Sound. Probably more than 900 lives were lost, mostly women and children.

This appalling death loss fell entirely upon the Tompkins Square district. Many families were totally destroyed, not a survivor remaining, while the desolated homes of others displayed as many as seven to eight streamers of crape hanging from their doors. Entire streets were in mourning, and the numerous deaths of children were emphasized by the rows of empty benches in the schools.

Many survivors, to overcome the poignancy of their grief, removed to remote sections. Tompkins Square became a desolated region, with hundreds of unoccupied homes. The once so proudly flourishing parish of St. Brigid's gradually fell into decay, owing to the constantly diminishing congregation and the shrinking of its revenues.

Those who remained in the district were then oppressed by another misfortune. The Great Ghetto of the lower East Side, which was being fed constantly by fresh streams of immigrants arriving by the thousands from Russia and Poland, began to stretch its shadow northward. The unoccupied houses in Tompkins Square were suddenly filled to overflowing with a strange and alien race of people, uncouth, unfriendly in demeanor, with unpleasant habits of life, and speaking a barbarous jargon. Flaring Yiddish hieroglyphs appeared on shop windows. Uncleanliness prevailed in the streets, where a dark-skinned multitude swarmed. All that had been built up there by busy Christian hands for a generation, fell away. Industries perished, and shopkeepers abruptly lost their trade. Resident families were driven to flight, and the whole complexion of the neighborhood changed.

Year by year since then, the influx of peoples from Eastern Europe has been doubling and trebling. The families of the Yiddish population are herded together in indescribable confusion. The streets at times are almost impassable, and no other race can survive the living and trading methods that prevail there. Showy shops are filled with goods of doubtful origin, and are offered at prices that preclude competition.

The old St. Brigid's school, with its historic bell suspended between the second and third stories, housed fewer and fewer pupils. The drydocks passed away, and the vast majority of the people of the parish removed to the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn. The gray stone walls of old St. Brigid's church still rose above the square thronged with its alien multitudes, but those who, in passing, noticed the neglected condition of the ancient structure, and its slim attendance, often wondered how long it would survive, and when it too would pass away with the parishioners who had once thronged its doors.

At this period, over on the North River front in West street, a priest, known popularly as "Fighting" Father Magrath, had been making a name for himself through the work he was doing on behalf of the seamen frequenting the waterside. For years he had been conducting the Catholic Seamen's Mission, located between Perry and West Eleventh streets. This is not a home or lodging house, but a place where sailors while in port can gather of an evening and idle away a few hours over pool and billiard tables, at game and reading tables, or write letters to their folk across the sea. It is their mail address in the port of New York, where thousands of letters are received yearly for them and carefully guarded until they are called for. Father Magrath visited the men when they were ill aboard their ships, and saw to it that they received proper medical care and attention. He managed Monday night concerts at the mission, which were attended by 500 or 600 seamen. He had shown his strong influence in protecting them from beach combers, gangsters and others along the waterside who rob and waylay the sailor-man.

It was this militant priest who was now appointed to the pastorate of St. Brigid's, and it immediately became his ambition to save the church from further decline and restore the parish to its former prominence as a Christian center in the heart of the East Side. He at once set to work with feeble material resources, but unbounded mental and physical energy. He found that the school attendance, once so large, had shrunk to 110 pupils, and that on the average only 350 persons were attending Mass on Sunday, and the revenue therefrom had declined to no more than sixty dollars a Sunday.

"The clouds looked black," said Father Magrath, as he recounted his experiences to me, "but I always look for the silver lining. My experiences in mission work on the river front have taught me a lot. I sized up my limited resources, and got to know the values of things, and the material needs of the parish. I talked the matter over with some of my parishioners. They were dubious and seemed all at sea how our plans for renovating the old church could be accomplished. But I've never believed in failure. I said, 'I'll do a little, you do a little, and you also do a little, and we'll get there.'

"The interior and exterior of our famous old church were in bad condition. There wasn't any doubt about it. It was the same with the rectory and the school. There hadn't been any renovation to speak of for nearly thirty years. The once beautiful frescoes in the church were falling off the walls, due to a leaking roof, and the paint on walls and ceiling was fading from sight. Here and there, and very noticeably, other interior decorations were crumbling away. In the school the gas fixtures were in a bad way, and the ceiling actually threatened to fall down. We changed the lighting to electricity. I went to work myself, with the help of two young men of the parish, who had some of the things necessary. I also got hold of some metal of an old pattern at a very low cost, and we put in a metallized ceiling, hammering it in with six-inch nails. In this way we renovated four rooms at the expenditure of little money. So we had well-lighted classrooms again, and no fear of the ceiling falling down. We also built workshops and new rest rooms in an old tenement at the back of the church.

"The inside of the rectory needed a coat of paint pretty badly, and this I also attended to myself." Father Magrath's face assumed its customarily broad smile. "Many a time I answered the doorbell in overalls, and a paint brush in my hand, to confuse a visitor when I said, 'I am the priest.'

"A year ago it dawned on me that the Diamond Jubilee of the dedication of the parish was approaching, and I made up my mind there'd be a celebration, either large or small. I hunted up some of the old-time Brigidians, scattered here and there throughout the city, and got them interested in the subject, asking them to interest others. Among them were some long-headed men of sound judgment, like Rogan, Greene, Malone, Quirk, Yanser and Ward. We had a preliminary meeting here at the rectory, and some were pessimistic, others optimistic. In the end the proposal was warmly received, as you could see by the fact that each of them gave an initial donation, the sum total being $600.

"But the first grand rally of the Brigidians was held last April in the 'Old School Hall.' There were 460 of them present. I urged them to aid us in the celebration of our famous old church. I showed them the present conditions in the parish, and drew for their benefit a mental picture of their young days when St. Brigid's was the envy of the neighboring parishes. One month later we had another rally. Other rallies were held. In all, between $12,000 and $13,000 was raised. Every seat in the body of the church, which numbers eighty pews, five sets a pew, has been sold, likewise the first row of seats around the gallery. The church has been painted inside and out. Our grand old organ has been overhauled, and electric fixtures have taken the place of the original massive gas fixtures.

At the Diamond Jubilee celebration, Archbishop Hayes was present with seventy-two priests, and the sermon was preached by Monsignor Michael J. Lavelle. What had at first seemed merely an ambitious dream has become a reality, and the apparently new St. Brigid's is but the old St. Brigid's restored.

Currency Contraction Cause of the Dark Ages

Breakdown of the Framework of Society Coincident With Money Shrinkage

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, a conservative of conservatives, in his "History of Europe." claims that the suffering produced in England by the contraction of the currency, after the Napoleonic wars, was greater than had been occasioned by all the earthquakes, wars, pestilences, and famines she had ever endured. He goes further and boldly proclaims a philosophy of history based on an analysis of the evils of an unregulated currency which cannot be ignored with impunity: for every recurring panic adds fresh confirmation to the doctrine so cogently advanced. Sir Archibald Alison writes as follows:

"The two greatest events that have occurred in the history of mankind have been brought about directly by a contraction, and, on the other hand, an expansion, of the circulating medium of society. The fall of the Roman Empire, so long ascribed in ignorance to slavery, egotism, and moral corruption, was in reality brought about by a decline in the silver and gold mines of Spain and Greece. And as if Providence had intended to reveal in the clearest manner the influence of this mighty agent on human affairs, the resurrection of mankind from the ruin which those causes had produced was owing to a directly opposite set of agencies being put in operation. Columbus led the way in the career of renovation: when he spread his sails across the Atlantic, he bore mankind and its fortunes in his bark. The annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe was tripled; before a century had expired the prices of every species of produce were quadrupled. *The weight of debt and taxes insensibly wore off under the influence of that prodigious increase.*

Metallic Money of Roman Empire

"IN THE renovation of industry the relations of society were changed, the weight of feudalism cast off, the rights of man established. Among the many concurring causes which conspired to bring about this mighty consummation, the most important, though hitherto the least observed, was the discovery of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru. If the circulating medium of the globe had remained stationary, or declining, as it was from 1815 to 1849, from the effects of the South American revolution and from English legislation, the necessary result would have been that it would have been altogether inadequate to the wants of man, and not only would industry have been everywhere cramped but the price of produce would have fallen universally and constantly. Money would have become more valuable every day; all other articles measured in money less so; *debt and taxes would have been increasing constantly in weight and oppression. The fate which crushed Rome and has all but crushed Great Britain would have been that of the whole family of mankind.* All these evils have been entirely obviated, and the opposite set of blessings introduced by the opening of the great treasures of nature in California and Australia."

Confirmation of the philosophy of history proclaimed by Sir Archibald Alison is found in the Report of the Monetary Commission of 1876 which said:

"At the beginning of the Christian Era the metallic money of the Roman Empire amounted to $1,800,000,000. By the end of the fifteenth century it had shrunk to less than $200,000.000. . . . Population dwindled, and commerce, arts, wealth, and freedom disappeared. The people were reduced by poverty and misery to the most degraded condition of serfdom and slavery. The conditions of life were so hard that individual selfishness was the only thing consistent with the instinct of self-preservation. All public spirit, all generous emotions, all the noble aspirations of man shrivelled and disappeared as the volume of money shrank and as prices fell.

"History records no such disastrous transition as that from the Roman Empire to the Dark Ages. This entire breaking down of the framework of society was certainly coincident with a shrinkage in the volume of money, which was also without historical parallel. The crumbling of institutions kept even pace and step with the shrinkage in the stock of money and the falling of prices. All attendant circumstances other than these last have occurred in other historical periods unaccompanied and unfollowed by any such mighty disasters. It is a suggestive coincidence that the first glimmer of light came only with the invention of bills of exchange and paper substitutes through which the scanty stock of the precious metals was increased in efficiency.

"Nothing less than the energizing influence of Potosi and all the argosies of treasure from the New World were needed to arouse the Old World from its comatose state, to quicken the torpid limbs of industry, and to plume the leaden wings of commerce. It needed the heroic treatment of rising prices to enable society to reunite its shattered links, to shake off the shackles of feudalism, to relight and uplift the almost extinguished torch of civilization. That the disasters of the Dark Ages were caused by decreasing money and falling prices, and that the recovery therefrom and the comparative prosperity which followed the discovery of America were due to an increasing supply of the precious metals and rising prices, will not seem surprising or unreasonable when the noble functions of money are considered. Money is the great instrument of industry, the protoplasm of civilization, and is as essential to its existence as oxygen to animal life. Without money civilization would not have had a beginning; with a diminishing supply it must languish and, unless relieved, finally perish."

Man could as easily exist in a vacuum as society can exist without an ample circulating medium. The utterly demoralizing effect wrought by the most distressful of all vacuums—a money famine—was eloquently portrayed by Senator W. M. Stewart, in his speech at St. Louis, in November, 1889. He stated:

"The quantity of money having been, as we have seen, determined for the past three thousand years by the supply of the precious metals, the prosperity or adversity of the world has been governed by the abundance or the deficiency in the supply of those metals. Whenever the mines failed, history informs us that the world was plunged into barbarism. When Rome rose to greatness by conquest, she persistently gathered to herself the treasures of the civilized world. She continued to accumulate gold and silver. The price of property rose. The whole Empire was inspired by increasing values during several centuries, until the time of Augustus, when Rome reached the zenith of her power. It is estimated that she had then accumulated and put in circulation from eighteen hundred to two thousand millions of money, consisting of gold and silver. Besides this, she had vast accumulations of plate and ornaments. Then came internal dissensions. Mining ceased, the Empire was rent in twain, broken up in fragments, invaded. Money was borrowed and lost and Rome grew poorer and poorer until the end of the seventh century, when she had lost the great majority of her circulating medium. The civilization of the world was practically destroyed. In seven hundred years property and debts grew, while the ability to pay continually became less. No man had any courage in those days. No man could assert freedom or independence. Why? Because, I tell you, there is nothing like scarcity of money, poverty, inability to pay debts or support a family, to make men cowards . . . . A nation, like an individual, deprived of money, will submit to degradation and shame. Would it have been possible to reduce the proud Romans to feudal slavery if they had continued rich? When men make money by receiving fair compensation for their products, they become independent and free . . . . The creation of the great middle class in England, brought about by the discovery of gold and silver in Mexico and South America, is the source to which the great Anglo-Saxon race may trace its dominance in the world. The money from the New World was the vitalizing force which created an independent spirit throughout Europe and caused a reformation in politics as well as in religion. It is a sad reflection that the farmers of our own country today, in consequence of the money kings, and the gold monometallists, are losing that independence of character for which they have been noted. Their mortgages are making them cowards. There is nothing which so quickly makes a man a coward as a mortgage on his farm, which he cannot pay."

Paper Currency Contrivance of Jews

THE ancient peoples had no paper currency. Even bills of exchange were unknown. These were a contrivance of the Jews, in the Middle Ages, to transport their wealth in a convenient form, when threatened with persecution, from one country to another. Gold, silver, and copper coins constituted the sole circulating medium of the ancients. When they were withdrawn there was nothing to supply their place. Disasters of every kind accumulated. Credit was violently shaken; prices fell to a ruinous degree; industry could obtain no remuneration; the influence of realized capital became irresistible and the only efficient power left in the state was that of the emperor who wrenched his taxes out of the impoverished hands of his subjects, or of the creditors and landlords who, by legal process, exacted their debts from their debtors and drove them to desperation. This was exactly the state of the Empire in its declining days; this was the beginning of the end; this progressive drying-up of the lifeblood of the social system, the contraction of the currency, produced its logical and inevitable result in the Dark Ages.

William Jacob presents the following table which shows the contraction, from abrasion alone, of the currency of the Roman Empire:

TABLE SHOWING THE CONTRACTION OF THE CURRENCY IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE, FROM ABRASION ALONE, FROM 14 A. D. TO 806 A. D. IN ENGLISH POUNDS.

14 A. D.	358,000 000	410 A. D.	107,435,924
50 A. D.	322.200,000	446 A. D.	96 692,332
86 A. D.	287,980,000	482 A. D.	87,033,099
122 A. D.	259,182 000	518 A. D.	78,229,700
158 A. D.	233,263,800	554 A. D.	70,406 730
194 A. D.	209,937,420	590 A. D.	63 364.057
230 A. D.	181,943,678	626 A. D.	57,027,652
266 A. D.	163,749.311	662 A. D.	51 324,887
302 A. D.	147,374,380	698 A. D.	46,182.399
338 A. D.	132,636 942	734 A. D.	41,573,160
374 A. D.	119,373,248	770 A. D.	37,415,840
806 A. D.	33,674,256		

While the circulating medium, in the eight centuries, was all but wiped out—less than one-tenth of it remaining—statistics touching population are extremely vague. High authority states that the total population of Alexander's empire and of Rome at her greatest extension was less than the present population of the United States. In all Europe there were but forty million in 500 A. D., seventy million in 1500 A. D. and 170 million in the year 1800.

Other causes conspired still further to contract the currency of the Roman Empire, which consisted exclusively of gold, silver and copper coins. When the invasions of the barbarians began the universal and well-founded terror produced a general hoarding of the precious metals, which entirely withdrew from circulation till the danger was over. This reduced to almost nothing the money price of every species of industry and proportionately augmented the weight of public and private debts. "In the reign of Justinian," says Gibbon, "a rapid decrease was felt in the forced and circulating capitals which constituted the national wealth. His revenues, in consequence, were not equal to his expenses. Every art was tried to extort from the people their gold and silver; and fathers were sometimes compelled to prostitute their daughters to appease the collectors. Justinian lived with the reputation of a hidden treasure; but he bequeathed to his successor only the payment of his debts."

Speculators Control Currency

THE employment in modern times of checks and paper money has in a measure liberated commerce from the fatal limitations of a metallic money system. But as long as the control of the currency remains in the hand of speculators, as it does today, it can be made an instrument of greater evil than was ever known under the metallic system. Its very elasticity, in the hands of the speculators, can be turned into a monster, devouring the fruits of industry on every hand. The Federal Reserve System, (its true name, as indicated by its operation, would be the Private Preserve for Speculative Bankers) still religiously adheres to the position taken by James H. Eckels, Controller of the Currency under Cleveland, who said: "We bankers do not propose to let business have the money necessary to carry on till we first get our rake-off." That rake-off, according to John Skelton Williams, Controller of the Currency under Wilson, reaches staggering figures: "The sworn reports show that during the period from October, 1919, to August 1, 1920, there were made by the national banks in New York City more than 4,000 loans, at rates of fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty per cent, a year, and that the amount of these loans, including only a portion of those made during this period at the above rates in three of the largest banks, aggregated more than six hundred million dollars." But while there was plenty of money to loan for purely speculative purposes, there was a "deflation" of the farmers and legitimate business of the country which one business man declared was "worse than ten panics." Mr. Williams, late Controller of the Currency, further says: "The national banks in New York City were given, in proportion to their total loans and discounts, three times as great an amount of reserve bank funds as our 7,699 'country' banks were allowed to get in their hour of need. If our 'country' banks had been given by the Reserve banks the same proportion of accommodation that was furnished to New York banks, sometimes in blocks of 'forty or fifty million dollars' at a time, as Governor Harding expresses it, and to use his language again, *'instanter,'* those 'country' banks would have received, for the use of the farmers, cattle raisers, industries and business of the country, a thousand million dollars more than was accorded them. The official figures prove that the total amount of loans or credits extended by the twelve Federal Reserve banks amounted, in May, 1920. to $2.938,000,000 and by August, 1921, the total had been 'deflated' to the tune of $1,411,000 000. The official figures show that the 'deflation' in their holdings of 'bills discounted and purchased' by the twelve Federal Reserve banks between October 22, 1920, when the farmers and business men were pleading piteously for help or consideration, to November, 1921, was $1,784,000 000 an actual contraction from $3,050,000.000 in October, 1920, to $1,266 000,000 in December, 1921. From October, 1921, there was a wicked contraction practically every month—a steady, cruel, grinding calling in of loans and credits accompanied by unparalleled losses, failures, suicides and ruin."

With the power to contract our currency given the Federal Reserve Board, this board has the power to produce in a few months a greater amount of misery than Rome created in centuries.

In the modest but eloquent final chapter of his "History of Money in Ancient Times" Alexander Del Mar writes as follows:

"The author cannot part with his reader without disclaiming any pride of opinion on this recondite subject. That which has engaged the attention without harmonizing the convictions of such master minds as Aristotle, Plato, Tycho, Brahe, Copernicus, Locke, Smith, Mill, and Spencer is surely a study which no man can afford to approach with rashness nor leave with complacency.

"WHEN THE PRINCIPLES WHICH UNDERLIE IT ARE THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD, MONEY IS, PERHAPS, THE MIGHTIEST ENGINE TO WHICH MAN CAN LEND HIS GUIDANCE. UNHEARD, UNFELT, ALMOST UNSEEN, IT HAS THE POWER SO TO DISTRIBUTE THE BURDENS, GRATIFICATIONS, AND OPPORTUNITIES OF LIFE THAT EACH INDIVIDUAL SHALL ENJOY THAT SHARE OF THEM TO WHICH HIS MERITS ENTITLE HIM, OR TO DISPENSE THEM WITH SO PARTIAL A HAND AS TO VIOLATE EVERY PRINCIPLE OF JUSTICE AND PERPETUATE A SUCCESSION OF SOCIAL SLAVERIES TO THE END OF TIME."

This emphasized paragraph should be engraved on the inner walls of every financial institution.

Lincoln's Freeport Speech Sounded Knell of Slavery

A Huge Granite Boulder Marks an Event as Important as the Landing of the Pilgrims

By FRED L. HOLMES

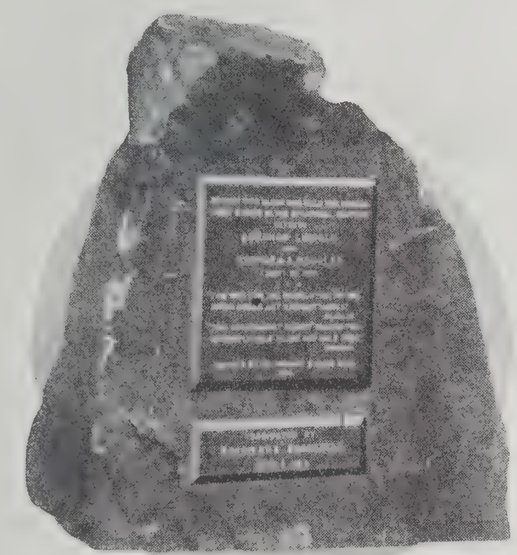
CROWDING a sidewalk corner of one of the back streets in Freeport, Illinois, there stands a huge brown granite boulder that marks an event of historic importance comparable with the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock in 1620. Both are monuments to liberty.

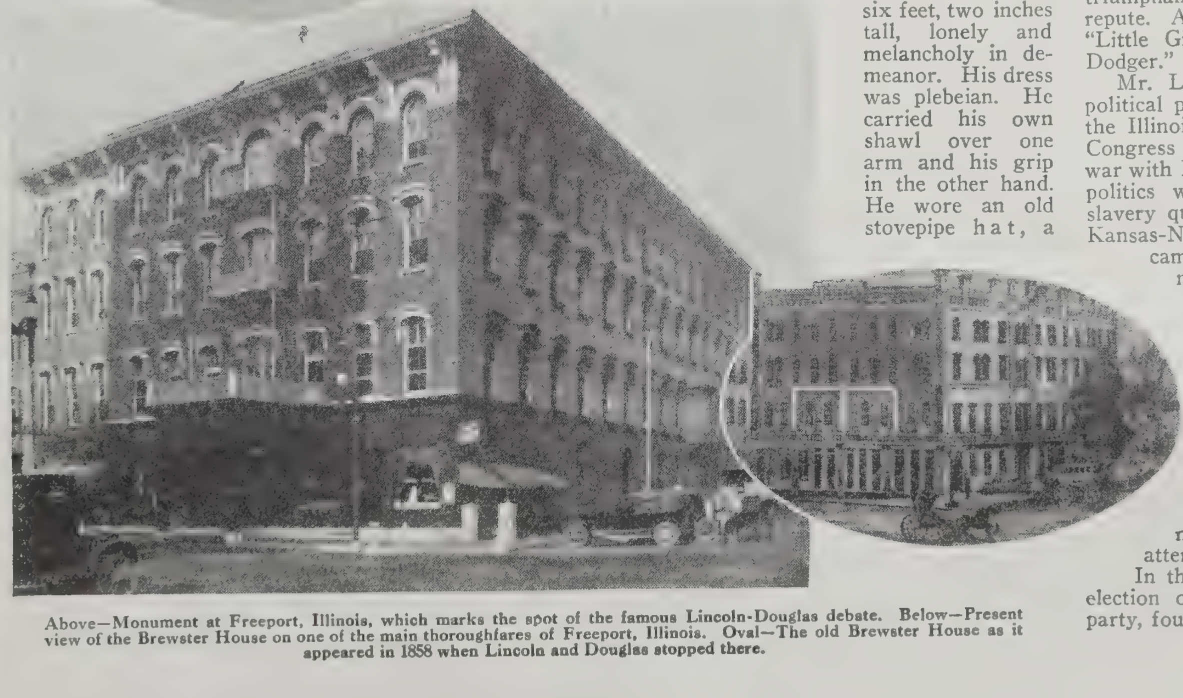
Just as the thousands go annually to Massachusetts to crowd about Plymouth Rock, where the first white settlers dedicated its bleak shores to economic freedom, so other thousands come to Freeport, and with bowed, uncovered heads, stand before the rough-hewn cenotaph to pay reverence to the courage and nobility of the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Freeport, then an ugly country hamlet, now a thriving commercial city of 20,000 population, is a mountain peak in his career.

The nation's history has not forgotten this landmark. Of the seven joint debates between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas over the slavery issue, the one at Freeport, August 27, 1858, marked an epoch. From that day the question of Negro servitude became a moral as well as a political issue; out of that occasion spread the fame of the sagacity of Abraham Lincoln, resulting in his election to the Presidency and the consequences of Civil War.

"The fate of the nation was decided in Freeport that day," declared the historians. Yet of those who heard the debate none save Lincoln seemed cognizant of its momentous consequences. It sounded the knell of a united Democratic party on the slavery issue. It lighted the smouldering fires of discontent, blending all factions for liberty into a single camp.

As the decades have passed, weaving the story of the Emancipation Proclamation that freed 4,000,000 Negro slaves and the adoption of a constitutional amendment to extend freedom to all races, the tangled skein of circumstances lead back to the Freeport debate. So it transpired that twenty years ago a President paused in his arduous duties to journey to Freeport and dedicate a monument on the hallowed spot which blazons a turning point in American history.





Above—Monument at Freeport, Illinois, which marks the spot of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debate. Below—Present view of the Brewster House on one of the main thoroughfares of Freeport, Illinois. Oval—The old Brewster House as it appeared in 1858 when Lincoln and Douglas stopped there.

"Today we commemorate the spot on which occurred one of these memorable scenes, in accordance with which the whole history of a nation is molded," declared President Theodore Roosevelt, dedicating the Lincoln-Douglas monument at Freeport, June 3, 1903. "Here was sounded the keynote of the struggle which, after convulsing the nation, made it united and free."

More than half a century has passed since the memorable debate. Only a few of the persons who heard it are still living. Within the past ten years, several have told me the events of that day. But it was not until I journeyed to Freeport, one afternoon in the autumn, stood before the landmark and watched the interest and reverence of passers, that I became deeply imbued with the spirit of a day sixty-five years before, when 15,000 persons gathered in chilling winds to witness one of the greatest intellectual wrestling matches in history.

Freeport's citizens and school children are no longer dull to the significance of the event. The youths of the streets direct one to the spot and tell of the contest, as if it were a happening of yesterday.

"Just off the main street, two blocks to the left—not far from the depot," was the direction of a little girl probably in high school. "And the Brewster Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln stayed, is near by. You can't miss it," she added.

For popular enthusiasm and civic awakening, the Lincoln-Douglas debates were a political revival. Two theories of government—one of compromise and the other of freedom—clutched in deadly combat.

Equally picturesque was the contrast between the contestants. One was scholarly, suave, ambitious, subtle in argument, adroit in making statements intended to create prejudice. The other was awkward, a face sad, sharp-featured and unprepossessing, homely, direct in his speech, logical in argument, and animated with a terrible frankness of purpose that made his influence on an audience magnetic.

Douglas was dressed like a cavalier—ruffled shirt, dark blue coat, light trousers and shiny shoes. He was short of stature—barely five feet, two inches—thickset, deep-chested, and burly. His general appearance was prosperous. Lincoln was plain, slightly stoop-shouldered, six feet, two inches tall, lonely and melancholy in demeanor. His dress was plebeian. He carried his own shawl over one arm and his grip in the other hand. He wore an old stovepipe hat, a coarse, faded coat, short in the sleeves, trousers that bagged at the knee, and rough boots.

The statue of Abraham Lincoln on the campus of the University of Wisconsin was designed by Adolph A. Weinman, and is a replica of the one at Lincoln's birthplace at Hodgenville, Kentucky.

By CHARLES R. VAN HISE,

Late President, University of Wisconsin.

It cannot be doubted that the bronze face of Abraham Lincoln will modify the spiritual faces of the students of the university who are to view daily the sad, calm, sagacious, determined and rugged face of our great President of the Civil War. What this Lincoln statue will do in the way of developing nobility of character and sustained courage to carry forward the fight for the advancement of the people of this country, no one can foretell; but that it will be perpetually one of the great and high educational forces of the university, no man may doubt. From it, during the centuries to come, many hundreds of thousands of students will gain at least a reflection of the spirit of service to their country that animated Abraham Lincoln. They will persist to the end in the great fight for right and equal justice to all, even as did this man of sorrow. The spirit will pass in some measure to the millions with whom they come in contact, and gradually the widening influence for good of the Lincoln statue will extend throughout the world.

Senator Douglas was boastful of his New England ancestry. He was born in Vermont in 1813, attended an academy, started West in 1833, studied law in Cleveland, was a state's attorney of Illinois in 1835, member of the legislature the following year, secretary of state, supreme court judge, member of Congress and was first elected United States Senator from Illinois in 1847. He had the reputation of being a successful lawyer, a triumphant politician and a debater of national repute. Among his political followers he was the "Little Giant"; among his enemies, the "Little Dodger."

Mr. Lincoln was just coming into national political prominence. He had been a member of the Illinois legislature from 1834 to 1840 and in Congress from 1846 to 1848. He had opposed war with Mexico and had temporarily retired from politics when the compromise issues over the slavery question arose. In 1854, aroused by the Kansas-Nebraska law, he plunged into the Whig campaign, and when the Illinois legislature met, lacked but four votes of being sent to the Senate. His reputation was local. Farmers greeted one another with, "Have you heard Abe's last?" To them he was the "ox-driver," or "rail-splitter."

Meantime, issues were developing which were to match Lincoln and Douglas in the most memorable debates in history. Civil strife had broken out over the admission of Kansas. Northerners were trying to make Kansas free and Southerners were attempting to make it a slave state.

In the midst of the turmoil, the Presidential election of 1856 intervened and the Republican party, founded in 1854, placed its first Presidential

(Concluded on page 15)

"Sporting" Manhattan Fears for Its "Sport"

Why the Scum of Our Alien Isle Shivers for Safety of "Boxing"

By PETER SCHUYLER

FRANKIE JEROME is dead and the heart of sporting Manhattan is sad. He was twenty-five years old, a veteran of the World War, and one of the best known bantamweights in the East. His courage killed him because he did not know what the word "quit" meant. Injuries he received in a "boxing contest" with another bantamweight sent him to the hospital where he died thirty-six hours after the referee had stopped the bout to save him from further punishment. The medical examiner said he died of intermeningeal hemorrhage caused by the rupture of one of the veins between the surface of the brain and the lining of the skull. He had a host of friends and a legion of admirers, all because of the quality which is most admired by men, gameness.

But "sporting" Manhattan is not grief-stricken because Frankie Jerome is dead. Not much! "Sporting" Manhattan is paralyzed with grief because Jerome's death has speeded the movement to kill the boxing "graft" in the city and the state. "It's too bad about Frankie and tough on his mother but them things 'll happen," growls "sporting" Manhattan out of the corner of its mouth. "The hard part of it is the sport is going to be killed and that ain't right."

The possible repeal of the Walker Law, which permits "boxing contests" to be given in New York State and decisions to be rendered, constitutes the element of tragedy in the death of Frankie Jerome, as far as "sporting" Manhattan is concerned.

It must be understood in the beginning that there is no such thing these days as a prize fight. That is old stuff and belongs to the period when pugilists fought with bare knuckles or skin-tight gloves which had the cutting power of a razor. Heenan, Morrissey, Kilrain Sullivan, Mitchell, Fitzsimmons, and Peter Jackson were "fighters." The midgets and the giants who wallop each other in public nowadays are never, never "fighters." Their designation depends on the law of the state or city where they happen to be performing. Where athletic events are permitted within the squared circle, pugilists are "athletes." Where "boxing contests" are sanctioned by statute, they are "boxers."

Prize Fights Camouflaged as "Boxing Contests"

FOR example, when Mr. Jack Dempsey had a dispute with padded gloves at the Polo Grounds last summer with Luis Angel Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, everyone who read of the affair knew that a knockdown, drag-out fight was in sight. But since the law of the State of New York forbids prize fights and permits "boxing contests," the million-dollar festivity was camouflaged by the press and the promoters as a demonstration of boxing skill between Mr. Dempsey and the Angel Child of the Argentine. So when Mr. Dempsey was smashed through the ropes by a pile-driving blow delivered by Mr. Firpo, it was only a point scored in the latter's favor by the judges and the referee. And when Mr. Dempsey was helped up out of the laps of the spectators into which Mr. Firpo's "boxing" craft had punched him and proceeded immediately to knock the representative of South America into costly unconsciousness, he was only exhibiting his finesse as a master of offense. It was only after the money had been collected and the gathering dispersed that either promoters, newspapers, or "sporting men" forgot their lines and spoke of the function as "the greatest fight ever staged."

It must be plain, therefore, that whatever legislative action may take place which will spoil the boxing graft, it cannot be on the grounds of prize fighting. Even state lawmakers cannot perform impossibilities. They cannot destroy what does not exist and to such a depth of national hypocrisy have we fallen, that we still refuse to call things by their proper names. There are no such things as "prize fights" either in Manhattan or outside of it. There are only "boxing contests" in which men are bloodied beyond viewing, knocked into unconsciousness, and occasionally killed—all that a few parasites, mostly aliens, may live on the best without earning the meanest, and that our prehistoric blood lust may be appeased. Unlike the barbarian who was proud of his animal achievements, we are so cowardly that we refuse to mention our bad habits by name.

Strange to say, the agitation for the stoppage of the fight graft in Manhattan does not come from that indeterminate group called the "Blue Law fanatics." Any person who attempts to kill petty larceny theft (which our slanguage calls "graft") is in the eyes of the grafter or the larceny thief, "a Blue Law Fanatic." He is responsible for everything which the individuals, whose sole idea of liberty is to make money off somebody else without working too hard, describe as "the limitation of personal liberty." For once, however, the B. L. F. is admittedly unconcerned in the repeal of the Walker Law. And that is the reason why the "sports," who illumine The Great Shine Way, are frightened. It is, or has been, practically easy to defeat any movement calculated to protect the public morals or the public pocketbook by dragging the red herring of Blue Law fanaticism up and down the trail of the discussion. All that it has been necessary to do has been to shout "Reformer! Reformer!" when the "graft" was endangered and the hordes of License gather round the battle flag. Birth controllers, motion picture panders, race track gamblers, "Wet" advocates, newspapers, producers of threaticals and publishers of pornographic books all answer to their names when the sentinels of Graft sound the warning.

It is a different matter when gang fights gang with the politicians acting as the guerillas for the interested parties. In the "boxing" row not only are the disgruntled and the embittered partisans of the game involved, but a number of other people whose interest is somewhat less intimate.

A group of politicians which is outside the existing monopoly is bent on destroying the monopolists even if they have to kill "boxing" to do it. With them it is a case of "Let us in on the core or there ain't going to be no core." And hell hath no fury like a politician cheated out of his rightful whack of the loot.

Since the Walker Law was passed, the Temple of Swat for Manhattan has been Madison Square Garden, which is leased by Tex Rickard. Who his associates are is not public property but it is alleged that they are of sufficient importance to enable the Garden to remain the only big "boxing" club in the city. Every match of importance is held there, the biggest stakes are offered there, the champions, with few exceptions, box for Rickard and for Rickard only. There are some scattered arenas where "contests" are held but the contestants are the small fry of the fighting sea and they exist simply because on the nights for which they have "cards" the Garden is dark. Not only does Rickard stage the only important indoor exhibitions but he dominates completely the outdoor affairs which are the really great money makers. Justly or unjustly he is said to be the Boxing Trust of Greater New York and Brooklyn, and he has made enemies by reason of his alleged control of the "sport."

Attempts have been made at intervals to secure the state armories for "boxing clubs" which is the name under which the fight graft is known in Manhattan and New York State. No fight can be held legally unless in a place and by persons licensed by the state boxing commission. Naturally if there is only one big club there will be only one place where big contests can be held and only one place where lovers of the "manly art of self-defense" (that phrase was coined by a press agent for a fight promoter) can witness displays of that art. The man who controlled that club would control "boxing" and the gold mine which lies under it. Inversely, if "contests" could be held in the armories, which are big enough to house a profitable crowd, "opposition" to the only existing big club would become both serious and common since there are half a dozen armories in which lucrative "cards" could be staged. All of which is mere reasoning. What happened is that permission to use the armories as homes for "boxing clubs" was refused by the authorities and the Garden remained the only place in Manhattan where blood lovers could get a good meal of their favorite dish. Under the circumstances it is not unnatural that the gentlemen who tried to secure the armories should blame Rickard and his associates for their failure. It is not further unnatural that they are out to get revenge through the repeal of the Walker Law which will put Rickard out of business instanter.

The Public—Alias for Secret Identity

ANOTHER coterie which is supposed to be back of the attack on the boxing game is that indefinite entity known as the Public, which is an alias for anyone who wants to keep his identity secret. The Public has been charged extortionate prices for admission to the Garden, so the Public declares. For championship affairs like the "boxing" exhibition between Messrs. Johnson and Renault (from which the former has just recovered) the prices run from $3.30 to $25 Ordinary programs bring from $1.10 to $11.00 for tickets. In both cases the best seats, in some mysterious way, fall into the hands of speculators who get all the traffic will stand. The Public suffers and the Public therefore demands that the Walker Law be repealed or the prices of admission be fixed at a scale which will mean the same thing.

Still another factor has forced public consideration of the graft. That is the succession of astounding decisions rendered by the judges of the contests, the conduct of the "weighing in" process by the officials concerned with that department of the "sport," the summary treatment of the representatives of the press, and the presence and activities of gamblers at affairs which are, according to the law, only presentations of bodily skill connected with mental co-ordination.

When Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler, the two Jewish exponents of boxing art in the lightweight division, weighed in before the minions of the boxing law, the newspapermen were excluded from the room although the law says that the "weighing in" shall be done in public. Observations had been made that neither Leonard nor Tendler could make the lightweight limit without sawing off a leg apiece, and to prove that they could tip the scales at 135 at two o'clock in the afternoon of the "contest," reporters were kept in outer darkness so they could not look at the beam. Such an uproar was made over that beautiful piece of manipulation that since that time the weighing has been done publicly and will continue to be so done until another match of equal importance is staged.

In the Bernstein-Dundee contest for the junior lightweight championship there were features which still reek in the hardened nostrils of Manhattan. Bernstein was the champion as the result of an open-air fight in which the consensus of disinterested opinion gave Dundee the decision by a wide margin. Bernstein is a Jew and Dundee an Italian. A return engagement was made, this time indoors, between the two men. Bernstein as the champion was the favorite in the betting at odds of eight to five up to a few hours before the contestants entered the ring Then the odds suddenly switched and at the ringside Dundee was the favorite at the odds of six to five. After a weird contest in which Dundee by the consensus of opinion lost the decision by ten miles, he was declared the winner. So unjustified was the verdict of the judges, two of whom sit outside the ring while the third officiates inside as the referee, that even the hamstrung newspapers took up the hue and cry.

So great was the criticism of that "boxing" event that at the next contest the two outside judges were put on one side of the ring, the morning newspapermen on another side so their comments could not influence the judges, and the rest of the journalistic observers were scattered throughout the Garden where they could do everything but see the "contest."

Booing and howling at the verdicts of the judges has become a regular feature of the entertainments at the Garden. On more than one occasion the judgment of one "contest" has been booed halfway through that which followed it, so that it was impossible to determine whether the blood lovers were roaring disapproval at the boxers in the ring, or the gentlemen who decided the outcome of the preceding mill.

Stipend for Boxing Soars to Millions

WHAT really underlies the agitation against the "sport" is the contemptuous attitude assumed by its adherents to all considerations of decency. People starve, living expenses soar, and human beings suffer privation. On top of these conditions and in the face of them, a hulk of humanity called a "champion" refuses to pummel another hulk, who wants to be the "champion," unless he gets half a million dollars for doing it. Less important bruisers refuse to contribute their services to the cause of "boxing art" unless they get a stipend for one night equal to the salary of the President of the United States for a year. The managers of "boxers" talk in hundreds of thousands. The promoters of "contests" scorn the consideration of anything but millions. A cauliflower-eared, alien-born illiterate, a Jewish mental defective, or a half-brute foreign immigrant who can scarcely speak English, will appear in public for forty-five minutes for twenty-five thousand dollars or a percentage of the gate receipts that will amount to more. For what? That the lowest elements of a city, the scum of a state, the refuse of a nation, may enjoy imitation of the Coliseum in Rome any time during the most decadent days of the Empire. Stripped of all its grand pretense, the "boxing" game is nothing but the sight of one man trying to smash another into unconsciousness and being paid to do it by a mob of howling sadists, who, being cowards themselves, are the first to detect the symptoms of faintheartedness in the fighters, and the loudest to yell their discovery to the world.

There are three things in this world which can never be mistaken for anything but what they are. One is the rumble of a circus wagon wheel. Another is the sound which rises from the feet of marching men. The third is a crowd gathering for a prize fight—pardon, "boxing contest." And of the three, the last is truly unique. It is the same the world over. It has always been the same and it will always be the same. If there are "boxing contests" on Mars, the Martians who support them will look and act and appear just the same as the devotees who swarm to Madison Square Garden the nights when Manhattan screams "To the lions! To the lions!"

The type is invariable. Fierce eyes burning under the long peak of a cap. Raucous voices, angry jostlings, ugly arguments, whispering knots along the gutter's edge. Undeveloped bodies, puny physiques, sickly faces. Oily prosperity, sleek hair, flashy clothes, diamonds, Abes, Jakes, Moes on one side of the Garden. Snarling at the high-priced ticket windows! Wrangling with ticket speculators in almost every tiny candy store, fruit shop, or tobacconist coop which dots the side streets.

On the other side of the Garden more caps, rougher clothes, fiercer eyes, angrier arguments, sporadic fist fights for places in the ticket line, more Abes, more Jakes, more Moes, all clamoring for the smell of the arena and the sight of blood. No boxing contest in Manhattan is complete without its quota of women observers. At affairs like the Leonard-Mitchell, and the Dempsey-Firpo battles the feminine leaders of Manhattan's smartest society were present en masse. And near enough to acquire a souvenir splash of crimson for their pains. No one thinks anything about it unless perhaps it is the fighters themselves. Being abysmal brutes they may feel that, in this particular instance, woman's place is in the home. One might expect that the ladies who scream for a knockout to be delivered, who never look away from the sight of a man floundering in a bloody daze around the ring "punch drunk" as the patois of the "sport" has it, and who screech furiously when the decision of the judges goes against their opinion, would belong to what the sentimental novelists call "the scarlet sisterhood."

Quite and altogether on the contrary. They are women of leisure, means, and "indubitable respectability" who are under the guardianship of husbands brothers or sweethearts. Students of history might find in their presence at the ringside the same signs of degeneracy which brought the maids and maidens of patrician Rome to the gladiatorial combats. They might also point out that the moral disintegration of the women of any nation indicates the beginning of the end for that nation.

Meantime Frankie Jerome has been killed! "Sporting" Manhattan's only concern now is lest the "sport" he died participating in may be finished also. Why should it be? Isn't there money to be made in it? Money talks! Sometimes it rattles—like the bones of dead men. But Manhattan should worry about that!

Mr. Ford's Page

THE invention of methods by which to stop war has become one of the thriving businesses of the times. The amount of energy and money that is being spent upon plans and programs and propaganda and pronouncements indicates that the moving power is not merely a hatred of war or a love for peace. War has always been hated and peace has always been loved, but never before has there been such a completely organized system embodying these ideas, nor so many people associated with it, most if not all of whom are on a pay roll.

No one in his senses would say other than that war is the supreme social folly, but people of ordinary common sense would incline to the opinion that if war is to be preached against anywhere, it should be in those places where war is still believed in and where it is most likely to break out. To make the householder a pacifist while the robber still continues predatory, is hardly the way to go about the business. To make pacifist the nation that has nothing to gain and much to lose by war, while leaving warlike the nation which has everything to gain and nothing to lose by war, is hardly good management. The remedy should be turned on where the disorder is most acute.

> *WAR will not be prevented by "plans"; only knowledge can do that. The first knowledge to be gained concerns the men who have power to cause war on this globe. War does not spring from the people, nor even from the military men, but from a small and hidden group of international financiers, all of the same race, who win wealth and power as a result of war. There are fifty or sixty men in the world—just enough to fill a small prison—whose capture and restraint would free the world from the peril of war. Why not offer a prize for the discussion of war from this angle? Why not invite competitive essays on the actual persons who cause war? Every great crime must be planned, and the planners must be human beings. Why not start a movement to get down to the basic facts?*

If the peace propaganda could be carried into France, or into Germany, or into Italy, or any of the other countries which still believe that the sword is the settler of principles, some result could be looked for. At least the evangelists of the peace idea would soon discover that they were where their preaching was needed, whether it was received or not. But what is to be gained in the United States, aside from forwarding some other propaganda under the guise of peace propaganda, is difficult to see. This nation is agreed on peace. This nation is not going to break the peace. This nation supported the first international instrument of peace ever set up. This nation will never provoke another nation to break the peace. Why limit the preaching of peace to this country? Is it not needed elsewhere?

But it is not this alone that arouses a sense of the ineffectiveness of what is being done. The fact is, there is a lack of frankness about the whole matter. No one is told *who* causes war. No one dares to tell why war is caused. While it is conceded that war is not like the weather, beyond the control of mankind, but is man-caused and therefore may be man-controlled, it is never asked who are the men with whom war begins.

No peace prize competition ever asks for answers to the question: "Who are the men, alive today, who have power to cause a war?" No one hangs up a large sum in cash for correct and provable answers to the question, "What is the race, what is the business of the men who make the biggest profit out of war?" These questions are not popular, their answers are not permissible, and the whole discussion of peace, therefore, is reduced to a rustle of paper, and a maze of writing.

Now, when a great crime is committed, someone commits it. When a great crime is planned, someone plans it. It is impossible to charge a tornado or a volcanic eruption to any individual or group of individuals, but it is not impossible to trace the human sources of a war.

War is not, in modern times at least, the spontaneous impulse of a people who say, "Come let us fight a neighbor nation." The people are not naturally volunteer fighters. Great as have been some of the advances won through war, the war itself was not the willing service of all the men who fought it. Were it not for the most extreme pressure exerted upon men of fighting age, even the cause of American Independence would not have commanded enough voluntary soldier-service to win it, and the Union was saved by Lincoln eventually having recourse to conscription. Rightly or wrongly, the plain people do not relish battle, and wounds, and violent death. There are always, it is true, men of intrepid spirit who readily and willingly volunteer at the outset and do so out of an idealism which commands universal honor, but wars are not carried on and concluded by such men—there are not a sufficient number of them.

It is easy, far too easy, for the mind searching the causes of war to lose itself in the labyrinth of secondary causes. The things that are seen, the things that are printed for everyone to read, never fully represent the inwardness of the true cause of war. Why, such is the character of war that a nation cannot be trusted with the whole truth of what transpires after a war is begun—secrecy as to the cause of it and secrecy regarding the progress of it are essential. The truth of any war is never known until long after the men who bear the personal responsibility for it are dead; and if there are any other elements, such as close racial connections between the real warmakers, that is never made known, because it is, or is supposed to be, the exclusive knowledge of the world's invisible super-government.

Nations are made to froth at the mouth and march the streets of their cities calling for war. Yes, but why? Because they have been lied to. And who has lied to them? The German people were told that their country was invaded. The French were told that their country was invaded. Neither country was invaded at the time the stories were told. Even the Turks cannot be raised to war unless they are told their country is invaded. The propaganda must be brought into play before the people can be worked into the war mood. And it is because the people have so frequently discovered afterward that they were misled as to the facts, that the present suspicion of government exercises such sway upon their minds.

First there is the world checkerboard on which a few men are playing their game for world stakes in wealth and world stakes in power. These men are comparatively few. They own and control most of the raw material consumed in war. They own and control the bases of the money of the nations. They own and control certain industries that cannot live without an occasional war to use up their surplus and boost the exorbitant scale of prices. They are the holders of humanity's heritage in natural resources; they are the controllers of humanity's vehicle of exchange in money: by devious ways, best known to these super-families through twenty generations, they enmesh, capture and command the weak men who make up the majority of the governments.

Now, these men who play the big game are first to be reckoned with. They are to be named by name, their activities are to be traced bit by bit, the hidden rulers of the world are to be unmasked and then—and then there will be no more war!

A very small prison, capable of holding fifty or sixty men, would bring together and put in restraint all the men who are responsible for war, who could now start the war all over again.

When a peace prize is offered for the exposure of the individual originators of war, something will be accomplished. Until then, nothing. The League of Nations will never be as potent as this league of fifty or sixty international financiers.

These facts can be found by working back and back and back through the circumstances of every war, by tabulating those who are found on both sides of the war and on both sides of the peace, who hold conferences in neutral countries, and who win equally rich rewards out of defeat as out of victory. They are the true red international.

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Teapot Dome and Muscle Shoals

THE country welcomed the prompt assurance from the White House that the President would counsel action in the matter of the Teapot Dome oil lease. An appalling amount of loose conduct has been revealed at Washington during the past three years, in addition to the now untraceable mass of corruption which existed during the war. It is reassuring to find that the President is not deterred by political considerations, but will push investigations even where the persons involved are members of his own party.

Enough has been ascertained to warrant one move on the part of the President, which is the recovery of the oil deposits so questionably turned over to private hands. The mystery is to account for their ever being turned over, even had the transaction been as free of suspicion as an angel's whisper. Here were supplies admittedly of use to the Navy, indispensable to the nation in time of war; yet three departments acquiesced in their passing into private control. In the Navy Department one of the officials was a former director of, and had a brother who was vice-president of the oil company acquiring the lease. In the Department of the Interior the official making the lease was a heavy borrower from oil men who were profiting by the lease. In such a state of affairs the plain citizen wonders what subtle degeneracy has crept into public life, as scandal follows scandal, involving men whose reputations should be worth more than any bribe that could be offered them.

It is not enough to expose the wrong that may have been done, and restore the rights of the United States; it is necessary that adequate checks should be set up to prevent recurrence of such irregularities in the public business. Three departments were involved, two of them ostensibly as checks on the first. Yet, the whole matter went through perfunctorily, with attendant disaster.

More than that, the rights of the United States in natural resources should be doubly safeguarded from this time forth. Compare Teapot Dome with Muscle Shoals. At Teapot Dome an exhaustible supply of oil was turned over to a private company to be exhausted, perhaps. It was turned over without delay, without much publicity, without organized objection.

At Muscle Shoals, nothing is exhaustible. The source of power continues as long as the rain rains and the river flows. All it needs is development—a development that cannot be moved away, and which remains the property of the government for all time. Yet this matter, which would materially add to the possessions of the United States, instead of subtracting from them, has been subjected to nearly three years' unwarranted delay, to a monumental propaganda of adverse publicity, and to the largest organization of financial opposition ever witnessed in Washington.

The government that cannot see the value of development of resources at Muscle Shoals did not gag for a moment at the exhaustion of resources at Teapot Dome.

Again, the comparison as it concerns the national defense. Teapot Dome was an essential source of oil for naval fuel. It was given up. Oil wells do not increase with use; their contents decrease. The effect of the lease was to leave less oil available to the United States Navy.

At Muscle Shoals is a great potential source of material for national defense. It is now useless. Its development would mean that a mighty defensive weapon would be placed in the hands of the United States Government at a moment's notice. The greater the development, the greater the reserve power of the United States. Muscle Shoals could only grow greater; it could not, like the oil wells, grow less. Yet, quick action on the wells; unparalleled delay on the Shoals.

The offer for Muscle Shoals was asked for by the government; no request was made for a bid on Teapot Dome; the offer for the oil property was born in the minds of those who coveted it.

The offer for Muscle Shoals, when made at government request, was at once released by the Secretary of War to competitive bidders, to stir them up, if possible, to prevent that source of power going to a man who would use it for the public benefit, and not to strengthen the hold of the "power ring" on the country. But was the Teapot Dome bid sent out among possible competitors? It was not.

And, besides, on Muscle Shoals, not a dollar was spent to entice the favor or stain the soul of a single man. The delay on Muscle Shoals is all right, IF it is caused by the government making doubly and trebly certain of its rights being protected and guaranteed. More of that kind of delay would have prevented the Teapot Dome scandal.

Filene and Bok

IT HAS previously been noted that pacifists confine their activities to the only two peoples who can be trusted not to break the peace, namely, the United States and Great Britain. Preaching of the doctrines of peace among the nations which still believe in war as the first method of settling differences, would be commendable.

This is the essential difference between the efforts of Mr. Bok and those of Mr. Filene. Mr. Bok (whose efforts, with or without his consent and knowledge, were made flagrantly subservient to League of Nations organized propaganda) confined his culture of the peace idea to the United States. Now the peace idea is indigenous to the United States, it is our native state of mind. It does not need to be carefully sown and nursed here.

On the other hand Mr. Filene reproduces the essential of the Bok idea in countries where war is still glorified and where preparations for the next war are already in progress. He seeks to plant the peace idea in places where it is not native to the national mind. This is both good psychology and practical service. If any considerable number of minds on the continent of Europe can be turned to consider the idea of peace, great will be the gain to the world at large.

We Can Do This for Europe

THERE is much that the United States can do for Europe, when Europe permits it. To date Europe only asks for money. Europe can do nothing with money except perpetuate the ruinous system which is responsible for her present plight. Money is the result, not the cause, of better ways of doing things. For example, there is no country in Europe today whose first care is its own people. In France and Germany the industrial philosophy is to use the people to produce what must be sold elsewhere, not to produce on such a scale as shall render the people themselves able to buy. German industrialists visiting the United States show themselves to be utterly impervious to the possibility and advantage of making the German people so prosperous through their own labors that they shall themselves become the purchasers of their products. A great German industrial magnate, when shown 5,000 automobiles parked outside a factory, confessed himself unable to mentally ascend to the thought of enabling the German workman to own his own car. French industrialists show like incapacity. The British are less dense to the idea but almost as much disinclined to the experiment. The European idea is an industrial class subsisting on the narrowest margin or no margin at all, while their products go to "foreign markets." It is the home market that measures a nation's prosperity.

In this field, which is the principal field in this day and generation, the United States could be of the greatest benefit to Europe, but this is precisely the benefit that Europe does not want, because in itself it would mean the disappearance of that peculiar form of inertia and slavery upon which a small class maintains a false and shameful superiority.

Mr. Hiram Johnson

MR. HIRAM JOHNSON was lately heard from in various parts of the country. But there was nowhere heard an echo of him after he left. The personally selected Presidential candidate of Albert D. Lasker is doing his best to live up to the advertising agent's notion of what a live political tour should be, but is palpably failing in impressiveness. Even if Mr. Lasker should rally the whole power of the American Jewish Committee to Mr. Johnson (or that part of it which Mr. Baruch fails to rally to Mr. McAdoo) there would still be something lacking in appeal to the American mind. As a "poor man," as Mr. Johnson delights to describe himself, he is in mighty poor company. Poor men should avoid as they would avoid a pestilence the favors of wealthy men who seldom invest without expectation of return.

The lack of frankness in Mr. Johnson was nowhere more apparent than in his Michigan address. Michigan is the home of Mr. Newberry whose election to the United States Senate was contested. Senator Johnson was not present when the vote was taken and was charged the length and breadth of the country with committing a deliberate act of evasion. He came to Michigan with that handicap, and in his speech referred to the Newberry matter numerous times, always linking it with the regret that he had "missed the train." But he was not frank enough to say how he would have voted had the train arrived, and he with it! After that, of course, Michigan promptly returned Mr. Johnson to the limbo from which his appearance had momentarily lifted him.

As "the Opposition" Mr. Johnson is pitiably ineffectual. Merely being "agin the government" is not a certificate of wisdom in American eyes. And merely being "for" something that will win votes by giving people money out of the Treasury, is not accepted as statesmanly vision. This is as far as Mr. Johnson goes.

If Mr. Johnson would take the train to Washington and get on the job to which the people of his state elected him, he would do all that is required of him now.

The remarkable reception given the Ramsay MacDonald labor government in Great Britain, the sympathy expressed for its aims and the good wishes for its success, bespeak as few events could the desperate pass to which public affairs in those islands had come. Here is what amounts to a revolution, not political but social, in which the "ruling classes" have definitely given over to the classes that heretofore were ruled, and this radical change has been effected, not by the exercise of force as under Mussolini in Italy, but by the peaceful mandate of the ballot of the British people, and is concurred in by noble, conservative and liberal alike. It testifies the confidence of Britishers in Britishers. Ramsay MacDonald may be anything he likes as a party leader, just now he is British premier, and his task is government, not propaganda. That he will address himself to this task, his countrymen do not doubt. The type of labor leadership is so high in Britain that there are none of the misgivings which would accompany elevation to power of the same relative ranks of labor leaders in this country.

The death of Lenin removes the philosopher of Bolshevism. He was a contradictory character bound into unity by a single driving purpose which weighed his career to the depths at times but at the end lifted him to the highest pinnacle of anarchic chaos ever imagined or witnessed in modern times. Most of the men who surrounded him were opportunists, like Trotsky, from the East Side of New York. Lenin's opportunism had some relation to the welfare of all the people. When the program of Communism was headed straight for ruin, when it had already inflicted on Russia more misery than a hundred wars and a thousand pestilences could have done, Lenin had courage enough to do a right-about-face, and do it frankly in full view and understanding of the people. Whether it was because he despised them, or because he trusted them, the critics will never agree. His march back toward sanity was halted, however, by his illness. The old fallacies were brought forward again. What will now become of Russia no one seems to know. Russia's deliverance will never come until the Russians themselves drive out the aliens who have held hell's carnival over them these deathful years.

Lincoln Sued for Ten Dollars on a Horse Trade

Three Times a Defendant in Lawsuits When He Was Desperately Poor

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

WITHIN the last thirty years we have come to know more of Abraham Lincoln's personal life-history and to learn more of the man himself than might have been believed possible had historians been satisfied that all that was worth knowing about him was contained in "Abraham Lincoln, a History," by his secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

The work of Nicolay and Hay proved a firm foundation, however, for much that has followed. After all, it is largely a documentary history. It was left for Miss Ida M. Tarbell, in her work, and to writers such as Jesse W. Weik, Frederick Trevor Hill, and many others, to give us interesting details and side events in the life of the most American of all Americans.

The much-praised "Abraham Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood, is a condensed life, but with no new facts nor new explorations into Lincoln's career. Much of it is a history of the times and Charnwood shows us in a splendidly written volume the picture of Lincoln growing from boyhood into manhood and from manhood into maturity, carried, as it might be expressed, "in favor with God and man."

One of the earlier writers about Lincoln said that he did not need praise and laudation; but to perpetuate his memory at its true worth, he did need friends — human beings capable of understanding Lincoln in all his phases; of comprehending the poor boy of the wilderness, the country clerk, the surveyor, the bashful young lawyer, the timid lover, the young frontiersman in politics and the man grown to the full stature of the politician and statesman combined.

Such is the Lincoln we should all strive to know. Perhaps the reason Nicolay and Hay's history does not contain any considerable amount of matter relating to the intimate Lincoln is due to the fact that they did not know very much of his history and life previous to the time of his nomination for the Presidency.

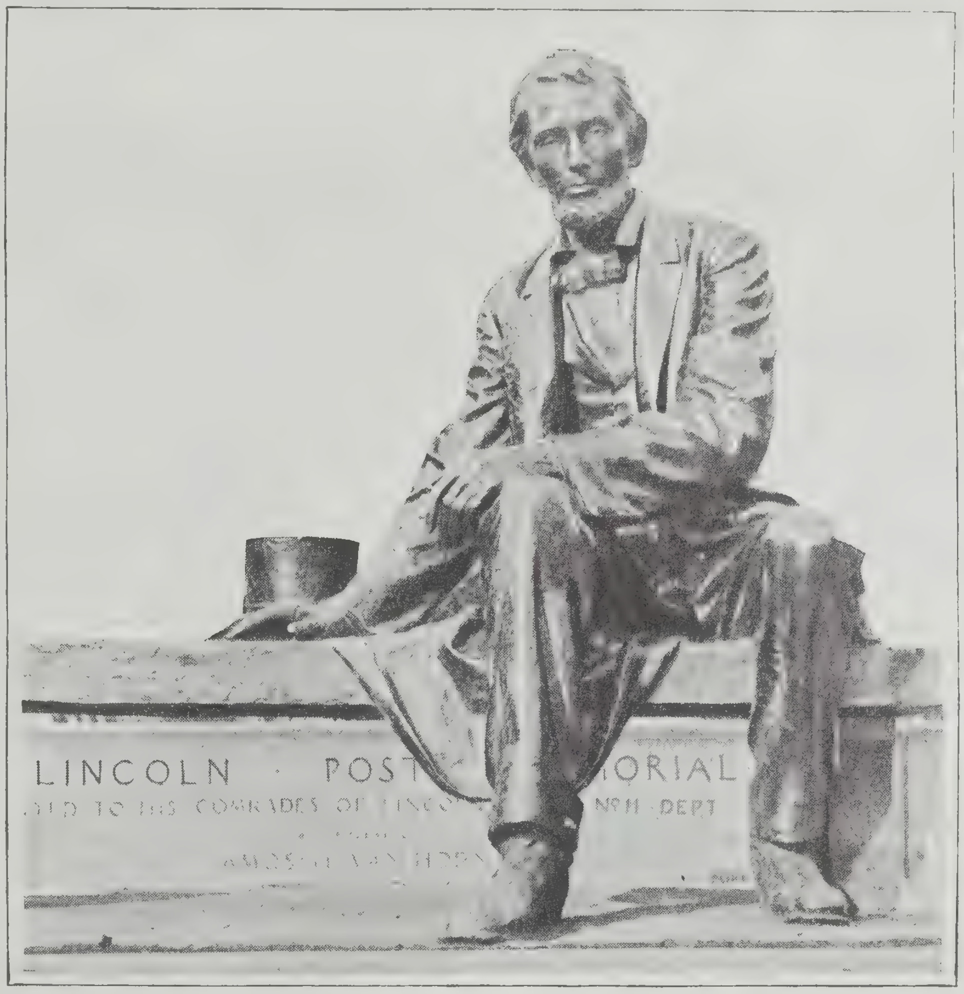
A room in the state capitol at Springfield had been turned over for Lincoln's use a few weeks after the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860.

Nicolay, who was a young German newspaperman from Chicago and then out of a position, became Lincoln's secretary. Later, as the campaign progressed, Nicolay's duties became so arduous and his hours so long that the youthful John Hay became his assistant. Nicolay had been so satisfactory in his work that Lincoln took him to Washington as his secretary, and when he found that this position was taxing his strength and energy to the breaking point, he suggested to Mr. Lincoln that it might be well for Hay to come and assist him as he had done during the campaign.

These two men, from that time, lived at Lincoln's elbow. They were in the best possible position to collaborate in writing his history.

It has, however, been left mainly for others to write in fragmentary fashion the little biographical incidents which show the human side of Lincoln's life. No part of this is more interesting than that relating to the quarter of a century which forms the period of Lincoln's activity as a lawyer; the period from 1836, when he was admitted to practice, to 1860, when he was elected President. Portions of two years may be subtracted from this period as representing the term he served in Congress. The fact, of course, must not be overlooked that he was a member of the Illinois legislature for a number of years, but this office made no great demands upon his time. True, when he was first elected the state capital was at Vandalia, but largely through Lincoln's influence it was changed to Springfield, his home.

No man ever believed more thoroughly in the legal profession than Lincoln, and he had no patience with that type of individual who would sneer or smile cynically when the expression "honest lawyer" was used. He said on one occasion: *"Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief. If in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."*



The Amos H. Van Horn statue by Borglum, placed on the Courthouse Plaza, Newark, New Jersey.

Few know, perhaps, that Lincoln personally was thrice a defendant in as many lawsuits. The first action, it is said, grew out of a horse trade. A man named Watkins had sold him a horse for fifty dollars. Watkins became impatient to have the balance, which amounted to ten dollars, and brought suit against Lincoln. The latter borrowed the money and paid the debt. This was at a period when Lincoln was desperately poor, in the New Salem days of his early manhood. He had needed the horse in connection with his work as a surveyor, and the temptation to go into debt for so large a sum, plus the impatience of Watkins, explains the transaction.

In 1834 a man named Van Bergen undertook to force the payment of a note for a considerable sum, which Lincoln & Berry had given in connection with their ill-fated grocery business at New Salem. Berry had died, and the Trent brothers, who had given notes to Lincoln & Berry and taken over the business, disappeared.

Lincoln had determined to pay the debts of the firm and made no defense to the suit brought by Van Bergen. He even turned over his horse and surveying instruments in part satisfaction of the judgment. When his friends in New Salem came to know of what they regarded as his rashness, they raised a sufficient sum of money to purchase back these instruments and made Lincoln a present of them. It cannot but be noted that in these two instances poverty was the sole reason for his being made the defendant.

The facts in the third instance are much more complicated, quite unknown, and form an interesting event in a much later period of his career. For the details we are indebted to William H. Townsend, of Lexington, Kentucky. A careful study of the case clearly indicates that spite formed the motive. The action was started by a petition in the circuit court of Fayette County, Kentucky, in 1853. The suit was that of Edward Oldham and Thomas Hemingway, the surviving partners of Oldham, Todd & Company, and the defendants were Abraham Lincoln, Ninian W. Edwards and George B. Kinkead. But let us go back a step that we may understand the circumstances surrounding this whole matter.

Mary Todd, Abraham Lincoln's wife, it will be remembered, was the daughter of Robert S. Todd, of Kentucky. He was engaged at Lexington in an extensive cotton industry and was a man of importance, force of character and considerable wealth. Oldham and Hemingway were his partners at the time of his death in 1849. Lincoln had married his daughter, Mary Todd, the wedding having taken place in 1842 at the Springfield home of Ninian W. Edwards, her brother-in-law, rather than at the Todd home in Lexington. Robert S. Todd had two other daughters besides Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Edwards: Frances Wallace and Ann Smith, both of whom lived in Springfield.

In the natural order of events steps were taken to settle the estate of Todd. He had left no will and his wife qualified as administratrix, but she seems to have been largely guided by Levi O. Todd, Lincoln's brother-in-law. The latter very diligently pressed claims for monies and demanded their deduction from the shares of his sisters, his claim being that his father had made advancements to them, and especially to Mary Todd Lincoln. It became known to Oldham and Hemingway in 1853 that Lincoln was possessed of about fifteen hundred dollars, then in the possession of George B. Kinkead, who held a power of attorney from Lincoln and who was an attorney, actively engaged in the practice of law in Lexington. The above-mentioned suit was started without any request to Lincoln to pay the money claimed to be due. The petition sets out that Lincoln had collected all but nine dollars of $472.54 which was claimed due from Edwards, and that during a visit to Kentucky several years previously the old firm of Oldham, Todd & Company had placed in Lincoln's hands for collection two claims for goods sold; one against H. E. Dummer, but known as the Blain, Thompkins & Barrett claim, and the other against Hawley & Edwards. The former was for $129.05 and the latter for $343.49. Kinkead had been made a defendant because he held money due Lincoln. Lincoln apparently saw the hand of his brother-in-law in the matter and drew an answer on his own behalf within a few hours of the time when he received the pleadings from Kinkead. Shortly thereafter he sent a letter to Kinkead urging him to compel the plaintiffs to file a statement of particulars. Lincoln was anxious to learn for a certainty who had impelled Hemingway to attach the affidavit to the petition as to the correctness of the claim. His belief was, and continued to be, that brother-in-law Levi was the responsible party, but matters took such a turn in the case that he never was able to prove this.

As the situation developed, Lincoln proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that he had never received the money from either of these claims; that fifty dollars on account of one of them had been secured by Lincoln's correspondent in another part of Illinois, five dollars deducted as the correspondent's fee and the forty-five dollars balance retained by Lincoln in accordance with an agreement with his father-in-law; that as to the Hawley & Edwards claim, no part of that had ever been paid since the partnership had been dissolved, the business sold and one of the original partners had gone to California.

To combat the claim of indebtedness, Lincoln gave notice to the plaintiffs of the times when and places where he would take testimony to refute the statements made in the plaintiffs' petition. The final disposition of the case was the withdrawal of the petition by those responsible for it.

This brief summary of the three lawsuits which were brought against Lincoln serves as an illuminating glance into the sort of obstacles which were placed in Lincoln's path, the surmounting of which doubtless contributed its no small share toward the making of the man.

Through the Heart of the Everglades—PART II

Path Hewn Through Cypress Wilderness by Adventurous Motorcade; Deer Shot by Guide and Supplies From Plane Come as Food Fails Party

By A. H. ANDREWS

The Dearborn Independent last week published the first part of this article having to do with the experiences met in a motor trek across the unexplored Everglades of Florida. This is the second and final installment.

A PECULIAR thing noted about the far interior section was the almost total absence of small game, though panther, deer, bear and wild cat signs were seen in abundance. Bird life was almost unobserved, the one prominent specimen being the owl whose hoo, hoo, answered by his mates in the distant tree tops, awoke the echoes through the night. There was likewise a dearth of other living things—no alligators and but two snakes being seen by the writer on the entire trip to Miami, sensational newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. Scarcely any mosquitoes were experienced after leaving the coast, the men sleeping for the most part without mosquito bars.

There is something fascinating about sleeping in the out-of-doors near the flickering campfire, the starlit canopy overhead—far more brilliant here in the tropics than in northern regions—and being lulled to rest by the sound of the breeze in the swaying tree tops. True, the ground felt rather hard at times, and there are vague memories of restless turning at intervals during the night to find some better position for aching limbs, but there were times when palmetto leaves were available which when strewn on the ground in abundance formed a very comfortable bed. The healthfulness of this outdoor life and the country traversed is attested by the fact that no one caught cold from exposure and there was no serious illness on the trip.

Hammock "Island" in marl prairie, these islands being a frequent sight in country bordering the lower Everglades.

Renewed attack was made upon the cypress trees. It was hard, gruelling work to most of us who were not toughened to such exercise and the strenuosity of the trip and slender rations were beginning to tell. The temperature, which in the open had been very moderate, tempered as it was by refreshing breezes, became almost unbearable in the dense cypress, with the sun beating down and scarcely a breath of air stirring. Work created a thirst which was relieved not at all by copious draughts of the warm and flat-tasting water obtained from surface wells dug in the black cypress muck. As the seepage into these holes was often slow and the demand for water urgent it frequently happened that one drank a generous proportion of mud and sediment, but with no seeming ill effects.

To the writer the lack of good drinking water proved the greatest privation, and there were frequent periods when one's thoughts dwelt in anticipation upon the ice cream and cooling drinks one would get in Miami when the Trail's end was reached—but when?

We cut our way through Chatham Bend Cypress after chopping a passable trail through 2,600 yards of virgin forest, and again we found ourselves in a big marl prairie with another cypress barrier a short distance ahead that looked more dark and forbidding than before. The caravan skirted the timber line for a mile or two to the southwest, looking for a favorable point of attack, soon coming to a small, rocky palm hammock where Abe sometimes had camped when on hunting trips.

It was near this point that we began cutting our way into the fourth cypress we had encountered, known as Alligator Bay Strand, and called by others Roberts Lake Cypress, the speedometer at this point showing 100.7 miles from Fort Myers. Camp was somewhat strung out that night, some of the cars being well into the cypress and others still at the edge of the prairie. To the writer this night set in under the most dispiriting conditions of the entire trip. Food was practically gone and the strenuous physical exertion, coupled with anxiety as to our whereabouts, had slackened somewhat our none too rapid progress. Several enforced detours to the southwest had brought us well back toward the gulf coast, as an occasional motor boat was distinctly heard on one of the bays in the distance, but aside from this practically nothing was known till now of our location.

Suddenly a shout caused those in the rear to rush forward. Abe had come in with a deer and we knew we were to eat once more. To add to our encouragement three scouts had returned from a trip and they reported a survey stake, together with some newly blazed trees, indicating that we were now on the premises of the Chevelier Corporation in Monroe County.

Abe related that after killing the deer he had sat down on a log to await the return of the scouting party. He told his fellow scouts that he was glad when they returned as he was beginning to see ghosts and was "scared ojus." The Seminole Indian is a firm believer in ghosts and fairies, the latter being termed by him "the little people."

A supper of boiled venison was hastily prepared which, though tough and none too well cooked, was greatly appreciated by the almost famished crowd. The balance of the night was drizzly—the first rain encountered—and some rushed to shelter and sat in the cars until daylight.

It was on Wednesday morning—and just one week from the start at Fort Myers—that we thought it expedient to dispatch a small scouting party ahead with Abe toward Miami to forward supplies and telegraph to anxious relatives and friends.

After an appetizing breakfast of fried venison the party went to work with renewed energy, but the cypress ahead seemed interminable. Toward noon the hum of a motor was heard and a plane was seen scouting over the tree tops at a considerable altitude. In the excitement of the moment one chap waved his hat frantically and shouted: "Let's all holler together. I can't make him hear all by myself." We built a big smudge in the hope that he would return and discover us, but he failed to come back.

The blazing of the trail through the cypress strands was sufficiently interesting to merit description. In the advance guard were the viewers who pursued a general compass direction, avoiding as much as possible the larger trees, and with hatchet in hand blazing the way on both sides of the route. Then came the axe men and those who bore away the underbrush and fallen timber. When a half mile or so had been cleared a delegation would go back to bring up the cars.

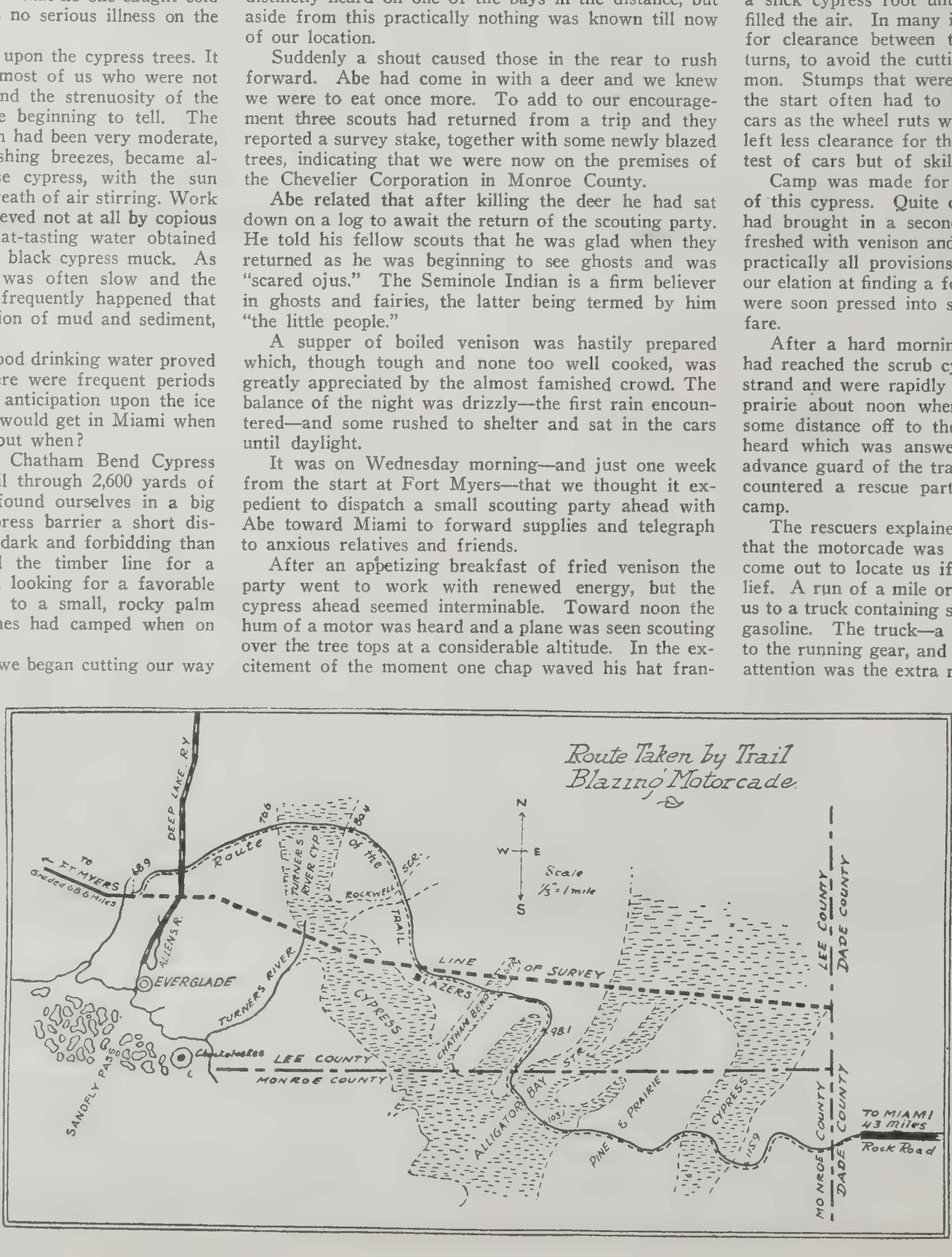
The performance of those little cars was simply remarkable and the wonder is that the entire seven eventually got through to Miami, mostly on their own power, and with little more serious injury than battered fenders and running boards. Amid shouts of "Step on her," and "Give her h—!" the first car of the line would start up, shortly followed by others, leaping wildly like frightened jack rabbits, bumping over roots here and skidding sideways there, until it seemed like they were headed to certain destruction. Once a driver lost his nerve and slowed up, he was almost sure to lodge with one of his drive wheels spinning against a slick cypress root until the smell of burning rubber filled the air. In many instances there was barely room for clearance between two cypress trees, and hairpin turns, to avoid the cutting of large timber, were common. Stumps that were cut apparently low enough at the start often had to be cut lower for the last few cars as the wheel ruts wore down in the soft muck and left less clearance for the car axles. It was not only a test of cars but of skillful driving as well.

Camp was made for the second night in the midst of this cypress. Quite cheering was the fact that Abe had brought in a second deer, and we were soon refreshed with venison and coffee without milk or sugar; practically all provisions had been exhausted. I recall our elation at finding a few slices of mould bread which were soon pressed into service to round out the bill of fare.

After a hard morning's chopping on Thursday we had reached the scrub cypress marking the edge of the strand and were rapidly making our way into the open prairie about noon when a big fire was observed at some distance off to the left. Then a rifle shot was heard which was answered by lusty shouts from the advance guard of the trail blazers and presently we encountered a rescue party of three from a surveying camp.

The rescuers explained that word had reached them that the motorcade was lost in the wilds and they had come out to locate us if possible and bring needed relief. A run of a mile or two across the prairie brought us to a truck containing several big cans of much-needed gasoline. The truck—a light one—was stripped almost to the running gear, and what particularly attracted our attention was the extra rim and tire bolted fast to each wheel. We learned the purpose shortly afterward.

After the tanks were replenished the rescuers went ahead with the parting instruction to follow their trail to camp about twelve miles distant, which we should be able to reach by dark. The ride across this prairie proved about the roughest motoring we had so far experienced, with frequent big outcropping ledges of jagged lime rock, and it was with somewhat of a feeling of relief that we entered a rough-hewn trail through a cypress swamp, believing the camp to be near at hand. But we were doomed to disappointment as we motored on and on, the trail becoming heavier. Suddenly we came to the little truck that had gone

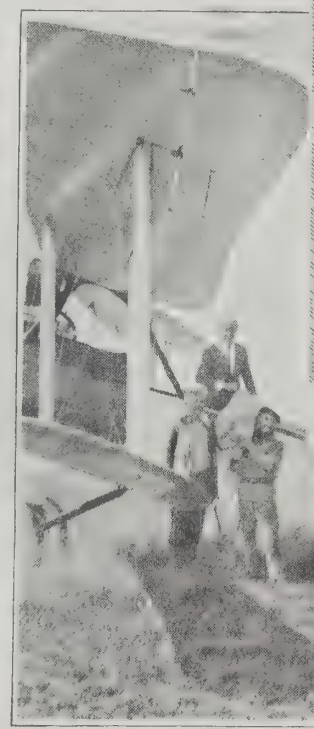


to our rescue. It had been abandoned and its passengers had evidently walked on into camp.

The last few hundred yards of that cypress swamp was an almost bottomless mire, and it was only by strenuous prying with cypress poles, the strewing of branches in the ruts and by hard pushing that the two foremost cars were extricated from the mud and driven out on firm prairie shortly after dark. Guided by the light of the camp fire, the small advance guard reached camp and were warmly welcomed by the four occupants. It seemed that we had arrived at an inopportune occasion, as they were practically out of provisions, being about to remove camp, but gladly shared with us such food as they had at hand. We learned from them that we were five miles from the McCreary Construction Camp, marking the end of the road grade, as far as it had then been completed west from Miami.

With the dawn of Friday we were better able to note our surroundings and observed that the camp was situated in a little, rocky pine and cabbage palm hammock in firm, marl prairie. And best of all, here was an abundance of cool, clear water from a rocky well—the best we had had on the entire trip. Between this camp and the end of the grade lay a heavy marl prairie, somewhat swampy in places, where we were likely to experience difficulty in crossing.

Five cars and most of our party had spent the night in scattered positions throughout the cypress, much to their discomfort, and work was early resumed in extricating them from the mire. Shortly before 10 o'clock the whir of a motor was heard and a big plane was observed scouting overhead. A blanket was spread on the ground to mark a safe landing place, but our efforts to attract the attention of the aviators seemed futile, as they soared away on to the westward. They soon returned, however, and after circling about a time or two made a safe landing. The aviators proved to be Captain W. A. Carr and N. C. Torstensen in a big German Rumpler five-passenger bombing plane. And, Oh joy! They had brought five big sacks of bread and canned goods from the Miami Chamber of Commerce, which had heard of our plight.


Airplane landing food supplies for Trail Blazers.

After conversing a bit, and promising to return the following day with cans of much-needed gas, Captain Carr departed for Miami. While in camp Captain Carr observed that he had circled all over the cypress, plainly seeing our tracks, and did not see how we could well have improved upon the route that we came.

It was decided to remain in camp until the following day. New arrivals were nearly famished and the culinary department was kept busy for some time to supply their needs.

Much of the evening was spent in rehearsing a song that had been evolved, it running thus to the tune of "Tipperary":

'Tis a long, long way to
Miami;
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Miami
O'er a road we did
not know.
Good-bye, Fort Myers,
Estero and Naples too.
'Tis a long, long way to Miami,
But we went right through!

We found shortly that we were a long way from going "right through," but of this we were blissfully in ignorance. Mr. Cook had told us that we had a hard day's journey ahead of us to make the five miles over the marl prairie to the McCreary Camp on the end of the grade, and that we might make it by night with good luck, possibly. But we were inclined to think that he was overestimating the difficulties, for our spirits were rising, and were we not almost to the grade?

Saturday morning an early start was made, but we found that the farther we went the softer the mud became. No one knowing any definite route, each car plunged in haphazard wherever seemed the best going, and soon all were helplessly floundering in the mud. It was sometimes necessary to lift a car bodily from its tracks and set it over on new ground for a fresh start, which, of course, would have been impossible with cars of greater weight.

It was approaching the noon hour. One car and the commissary truck had been dragged to somewhat firmer footing. We were apparently in a sort of pocket, for ahead in every direction was boggy soil.

Anything seemed preferable to idle waiting, so six, including the writer, set out on the three and one-half-mile hike for the construction camp across the prairie, which, because of its marshy condition, made the distance seem twice as long. In the distance in various directions dense clumps of cypress could be seen, while meandering here and there through the open country were thin leads of small, scrubby trees. We soon found that the firmest footing was along these scrub cypress ridges, and avoided the wide, open spaces as much as possible.

We had not progressed far when the big plane was seen returning from Miami. We later learned that it failed to bring a much-needed gas supply, as agreed upon the day before, but the pilot was prevailed upon to draw ten gallons from his tank, which helped very materially, for the cars were now situated where every additional gallon of fuel, as well as food supplies, must be packed by hand from the end of the grade three and one-half miles across the marsh, thirty pounds being all the average man could well handle at a load.

The sun beat down upon us unmercifully and it was with great relief that we eventually reached the shade of a dense, rocky hammock, through a clearing in which we could see the dredge a half-mile ahead. This hammock was of most peculiar formation, being almost continuous rock of flinty hardness and full of pot holes through which the trees and underbrush had grown, and necessitated picking one's way carefully to avoid stumbling and possible serious injury.

Advance guard of the motorcade.

A Negro blasting crew eyed us curiously and in response to our inquiry for drinking water pointed to several barrels standing near the dredge in the sun. Now that we had reached the verge of civilization we counted upon getting good drinking water, but we were doomed to disappointment, for that water was simply awful, being lukewarm and tasting strongly of lubricating oil. It seems that the ditch alongside the road grade was the only source of supply, and the water being discolored by dynamite and full of dead fish, it was, of course, necessary to condense it through the boiler, with results anything but palatable, and thereafter we dispensed with the water, drinking coffee until reaching Miami.

We arrived at the construction camp shortly after the regular dinner hour, where we were hospitably received by the camp boss, notwithstanding that they were themselves nearly out of provisions. The Negro cook soon had us a palatable dinner ready, and those hot biscuits seemed the finest thing we had had since leaving the United States more than a week previously.

The camp was situated in a scrub cypress thicket on pot-hole rock formation, being about forty-three miles west of Miami and a mile and a half from the Monroe County line. Two small bunk tents constituted the only living quarters for the white men of the crew, so sleeping accommodations were necessarily at a premium.

Several other Trail Blazers straggled in during the day and part of the afternoon was spent in perusing copies of the daily papers which told of the entire motorcade being lost in the Big Cypress and positively declared that we would never make it through to Miami.

The camp truck came in that night from Miami with supplies and the writer pre-empted the seat for a bed—very comfortable indeed to much that we had been experiencing. Others of the party disposed themselves as comfortably as they could on the rocks around a camp fire. Rain had been threatening for the past several days, and about midnight came a heavy shower which drove us all to the cook tent for shelter. The tent was raised about three feet from the ground and the wind came through in gusts chilling us to the bone. Our individual recollection is of sitting, back to back, on a soap box, shivering until sunrise. However, such are insignicant hardships when one is trail blazing and making history.

On Sunday morning two cars came out from Miami, and to relieve the crowded condition in camp, a number of our party went back with them. Provisions came that afternoon, and I determined to accompany them as far back as the cars to get camera and suitcase that had been left behind.

About dark we were visited with another deluge which lasted some hours, driving all to the shelter of the cars where we spent a somewhat restless night. The outlook Monday morning was discouraging, indeed, with water standing everywhere. Here we were once more within sight of the U. S. A., with the rainy season, which we had sought to avoid, having apparently set in on us and threatening to thwart the final success of the expedition.

The writer returned to the grade. Several of the Trail Blazers returned from Miami with a truck, bringing planks and a big coil of rope.

At this time the writer and another were offered a car and the long drive to Miami was begun. Not a house was encountered for the first twenty miles, nor any sign of human life except a few scattering Indian camps, and for much of this distance the road was indescribably rough, owing to the fact that the rock spoil bank comprising the grade had never yet been leveled down for traffic except sufficiently to permit of the weekly trip of the truck going in for supplies and mail for the construction camp. The brown marl and outcropping rock on either side soon gave way to the rich, black-looking muck of the Everglades, covered with dense growth of sawgrass and dotted here and there with little wooded islands.

After passing the first settler's house and farm the remaining twenty-five miles into Miami is for the most part excellent road. Real estate signs began to greet the eye and soon developed properties followed each other in rapid succession. About twelve miles from the city we were held up by a dredge which had cut a big canal across the trail. As detouring through the wet muck appeared out of the question we abandoned the car and were ferried to the opposite side where we fortunately met some winter tourists. Unshaven, in dirty shirts and overalls, and notwithstanding our general forbidding appearance, they were delighted, upon learning our identity, to take us in to the hotel, where we arrived about seven p. m. Much as we had dreamed of soda water and ice cream when out in the sticks, a bath and a shave seemed the greatest luxury of all, to say nothing of the real comfort of being appareled once more in clean clothing.

Of the next few days in wonderful Miami, the sightseeing, the warm reception and hospitality extended us everywhere by her people, much might be written which, though interesting, is not strictly in line with trail blazing and would unduly prolong this narrative. Upon our arrival in the city we found that several of our party had already left for their homes, and six more took their departure that night on the train, being unable to wait until the final arrival of the cars. It had been our original intention to all come in together, looking wild and woolly, and singing our trail songs.

Two more days passed without any encouraging word from the marooned cars and finally on Friday morning a conference was called between several of the Trail Blazers. It was contended that by bolting extra rims and tires to the car wheels they could be brought out under their own power. It was decided to try out this plan, and a crew of fresh men was secured with the necessary equipment and sent out immediately to the scene. The plan worked successfully. Extra rims and tires were then bolted to the wheels and the cars came in to the grade under their own power, arriving in Miami Saturday night—just one week from the day when they first plunged into this worst and last bog of the entire trip.

Sunday afternoon the seven cars formed a procession down Flagler street to the waterfront park, where a reception was held, the remaining Trail Blazers being greeted by the president of the Miami Chamber of Commerce. After the reception most of the party departed immediately for their West Coast homes, but not by the route they had come. It was a wonderful experience to have come through for the first time on this history-making motorcade, but all were unanimous in the declaration, "Never again."

The results of this motorcade have been far-reaching and all that could have been desired. Through the films and the public press it has brought the Tamiami Trail to the attention of millions of persons who had never previously heard of this great highway project. It has proved the healthfulness and fertile character of the country through which the Trail will pass; all that is needed in addition to a road being drainage to develop this wonderful section. It has also shown the most feasible route to be through northern Monroe County where less cypress is to be encountered.

Best of all has been the stimulus to the building of the Trail all along the line. Since the motorcade, state aid amounting to many thousand dollars has been awarded several needy counties to assist in building their respective links in the Trail.

Selective Immigration Controlled at the Source

Ample Precedent for Secretary Davis' Plan to Stop Undesirables on Other Side

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

IN THE proposed plan of James J. Davis, American Secretary of Labor, to select and control prospective immigrants to the United States in the countries of origin, not here, there is ample precedent both in kind and in comparative likeness to uphold his ideas. There are abundant examples in our own immigration and consular service to say nothing of the work of other governments to guide us. Moreover, this innovation, if it can really be called that, probably originated in the minds of certain consular officers of the United States, men of years of experience in handling immigrants at the source, while the State Department, the head office of our consular corps, is known to be behind the Davis proposal.

Many of us are prone to forget that the United States has a few hundred consulates scattered over the face of the globe in conveniently located spots. The officers in charge of these outposts of our government are not, as is sometimes popularly believed, asleep all the time even though they are far away from the watchful eye of the American public. Now and then, at any rate, they send home a good idea, the results of their personal experiences or observations, and it is believed that this one had its origin at the source, among a number of the older officers of the corps, who have for many years handled emigrants of many lands destined for the hopeful shores of Uncle Sam.

These consular officers of our government stationed abroad have good ears. That is one fundamental requirement for entrance to our foreign service. And they keep these good ears to the ground. They have been hearing things, and having good eyesight, too, they have been seeing things, which have been reported in numerous confidential dispatches to the Secretary of State at Washington. Their reports, comprising reams of neatly typed data with respect to this whole immigration problem, as it looks to them, as the watchdogs of American interests abroad, have no doubt been forwarded through the interlocking system of interdepartmental co-operation in the National Capitol to the Secretary of Labor, who has studied them, and who himself recently made a trip to Europe to consult with our consular officials there and others to perfect his proposed plan. Those of us who have had experience in our foreign service know that the source of our immigration troubles is in Europe, not here, and that the remedial steps should begin there also instead of in this country. It is therefore quite evident that Secretary Davis has conferred with the men abroad.

Some of the things, most likely, which our consuls have been hearing and seeing, relayed to the Secretary of Labor, probably have to do with the matter of selecting and controlling the foreign element which makes up our immigrant class, before that element actually gets here. It is a fact which but few Americans realize, but which our representatives abroad have long known, that certain European governments, secretly boasting of the fact, have in recent years sought to unload their undesirables upon the broad shoulders of Uncle Sam. Until the beginning of the present century we were getting the sturdy element, agriculturalists or other good producers largely, but of late only a small percentage of such are coming, while peddlers, small shopkeepers, salesmen, beggars, incompetents, and political malcontents now comprise the bulk of our receipts. Too many of those now coming have their heads filled with strange social and political ideas, while disease, not apparent to inspectors of the government here, lurks in the rest of their bodies. Our consuls have heard and seen all of that.

Present Method of Selection Unfair

THE machinery at Ellis Island, and the requirements of the quota law, a part of the present emergency measure, which expires June 30, this year, are not of sufficient scope to meet this situation. Moreover, it would be impossible from the very nature of things to provide rigid selection and control of immigration on this side of the water, for the quota law alone, as it now stands, without the selective process on a broad basis, is a great embarrassment to the government. We are already sending back too many, as a result of the quantitative test alone, determining the quantities as we do now, upon arrival here, to say nothing of the greatly increased number we would be obliged to ship back if proper attention were to be paid also to the fitness of all applicants for admittance to the country. The consuls in Europe have no doubt heard the growls of the returned emigrants there, too, who have spent the savings of a lifetime coming hither, only to be sent back home again because the monthly or yearly quota allowed to such nationals as immigrants here was previously exhausted. Having heard that, and much more, and having seen the chaos resulting from our poorly devised immigration system, they have laid the facts before the State Department and the Immigration authorities at Washington with imposing eloquence. Indeed, having had a number of years of experience in that branch of the government service myself, I am sure that this idea of Secretary Davis to select and control future immigration at the source, namely, the countries of origin, is the result of much first-hand knowledge gathered by our able consular corps.

Furthermore, to put that excellent idea into practice, that same consular service, a branch of our government which is as old as the nation itself, will have to be utilized. There is no other agency recognized in international law or practice which can perform the duties inherent in such control. Immigration officials sent abroad to undertake such work would not be able to function unless they were attached to our consular offices. But that is the legal finesse of the question, whereas we are more concerned with its practicability, that is, the workableness of regulating the flow of immigrants to the United States at the head of the stream. Good Americans, those who uphold certain standards of ours, those who want to perpetuate our institutions as our own, I am assuming, agree with any reasonable proposal to limit our immigration to a well-selected class, limiting them with great fairness, and with no unnecessary hardship in the process, under a plan which should satisfy our needs for new blood, socially, politically, and industrially.

The Davis proposal, as before stated, has the merits of successful precedent. Our Canadian cousins, for a long time, have been selecting their immigrants at the source. They have made no concealment of the fact that they consider Canada for the Canadians. Their agents go all over Europe soliciting the most desirable people, who, so chosen abroad, without any exception almost, are admitted when they arrive at the ports of the Dominion. By the same token, those government representatives, stationed in nearly every large Continental city, flatly reject "the halt, the lame and the blind"—those lame in their heads as well as those lame in their feet. These agents separate the wheat from the chaff, right in the homeland of the emigrant class where it is possible for them to gather first-hand evidence regarding the antecedents, capabilities, moral and mental fiber of the individual, as well as other necessary data to determine such a person's fitness to become a future citizen of Canada. Such a thorough process of selection, it must be conceded, is not possible on this side of the water, three thousand miles away from all the evidence.

Propose Clearing Stations in Europe

WHILE consular officers in my day had no more authority in immigration matters than such officials now have, we were nevertheless constantly advising with prospective immigrants to the United States. When I was stationed at Amsterdam, less than ten years ago, before the post-war flood of immigration to this country began, there was scarcely a day passed in which one or more Dutchmen did not seek my advice regarding prospective departure for American shores. The restrictions were approximately the same as now, nominal largely, but the quota law, that prodigy of the war's aftermath, had not then been conceived. We could therefore advise our callers with comparative exactness what their chances were of admittance by the immigration officials at Ellis Island. Extend our authority a little further, giving consular officials the power to investigate, from the local mass of evidence available, and to recommend or reject such applications, reserving to those rejected the right to appeal to Washington, and you have right there all the machinery that is necessary to select and control immigration at the source. In addition to that, the weeding-out process, through the consuls or their attachés abroad, would relieve the strain on the physical resources of the system at American ports. This simple idea of handling the situation might cause a number of immigration officials here to lose their jobs, one reason, perhaps, why selection and control at foreign ports is not popular in some quarters, but that could be adjusted to preserve peace in the official family by appointing such men immigration vice-consuls at foreign ports. The quota provisions of the law should be retained, for the sake of fairness to different foreign nations, but the state of such quotas from month to month should be determined at some clearing house stationed in Europe, where consular officials co-operating would select the immigrants and regulate the quotas, thus simplifying the present impossible procedure of attempting to do that here. That, no doubt, is what the Secretary of Labor, after studying consular reports, and after a personal investigation in Europe, proposes to do.

We have a precedent for the appointment of special immigration vice-consuls in our relations with China, where the enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act involved us in considerable difficulty. About twenty years ago—1904 and 1905 to be exact—China was passing through some serious convulsions, that particular one in the nature of an American boycott, when "Young China" organized a movement against the importation of American goods. That movement was aimed at the Chinese Exclusion Act, which it was alleged was being unjustly enforced. The movement became very effective, spreading from the north of that country to the south of it, and American traders in the then empire, selling tobacco, piece goods, petroleum, and other staples, lost as a result millions of dollars' worth of business. Besides there was loss of property and danger of loss of life on account of the intense feeling over the administration of that act. The movement was finally quieted, but it smoldered for a long time.

In 1910, it broke out afresh, with a more serious and sustained rebellion against the enforcement of the exclusion measure. Complaints became louder, diplomatic protests to Washington by the Chinese became sharper, while the cases of unjust treatment were cited in large numbers, thus increasing the ill feeling between the two countries. It was not the act itself so much which created the friction as the provisions of the measure which made it necessary for Chinese men to come to American ports to test their eligibility under that act to enter the United States. I was at that time in the consular service and a friend of mine was stationed at Hongkong, where the pressure on that law was applied the hardest. The consul-general at that post then found himself involved in a maze of Mongolian immigration problems as intricate as the European one of today.

Under the Chinese Exclusion Act no Chinese are allowed to enter the United States except certain classes, including merchants, students, teachers, and travelers. The procedure then was, and still is, for admissible Chinese to get what is known as "a Section Six Certificate," so named because it is prescribed in section six of that act. That must be obtained from the Chinese government, and has to be visaed by the American consular officer at the port whence the holder thereof embarks for the United States. Inasmuch as the Chinese officials would issue such a certificate to anyone who asked for it and paid the fee, the system in actual practice soon became one in which the consuls made an investigation of such applicants before honoring those certificates with a visa. Later on, the order was reversed, so that consuls first made the investigation, indicating to the Chinese government which would pass; then a certificate was obtained and the visa followed.

But even that did not work out satisfactorily, for after all that official rigmarole the Chinese so passed were again subjected to a second examination by American immigration officials on this side of the Pacific. And it was these final rejections which were really causing the trouble. In one year there were examined at Hongkong something like three thousand applicants, out of which about ten per cent were passed by consular officials at that post, while out of that slender residue, carefully selected by our officers at Hongkong, the American immigration officials in this country sent back about one-third.

At that time speculation in Chinese coolies was rife. Hongkong, the great entrepot of the further side of the Pacific, was an important center for that traffic. A Chinese coolie, safely landed in the United States, disguised as a student, or as a teacher, was worth about $1,300. The actual expense of bringing him over, with other necessary trimmings included, was approximately $300, leaving a net profit of about $1,000 on every coolie brought in. It was the fraudulent palming off of coolies as merchants or students in connection with bona fide cases which made the work of the consular officials so difficult. The ends to which the coolie brokers and the applicants themselves went to accomplish their deception form an interesting chapter, unpublished as yet, in the international history of the United States. No doubt many of the applicants passed under the system were frauds, but on the other hand a large number of those rejected were genuine and it was those genuine cases which furnished the explosive for the anti-American agitation. This same feeling is already appearing in Europe, not because we want to regulate or even prohibit immigration, but because of the unfairness of determining the fitness of prospective immigrants after we have first let them come all the way over here, when a better policy, that of determining such matters on the other side, is so simple to put into effect.

In the case of the Chinese tangle, the situation was met by appointing special vice-consuls from the immigration service of the United States to serve in our consulates in Chinese ports, so that cases passed in the country of origin, in this instance, China, would be admitted without further examination on arrival here.

Consuls Control Chinese Immigration

THUS in our consulates in China in actual practice today, in emigration from that country and immigration to this one, under the Chinese Exclusion Act, we have a splendid illustration of what can be done with our European immigration problem, too. In the different ports there, whence Chinese embark to the United States, selection and control have been carefully worked out by our consular officers, either of career or immigration experts assigned to those places. They have developed a system of detecting frauds, of examination, of keeping records, with great detail, so that the law is better enforced from that end now than it ever was over here. That method also had the merit of placating the Chinese, who rebelled at the system of coming all the way over here to test their chances of being admitted to our country, for they saw then that they were being fairly treated. It also lifted the pressure on the law, for it was no longer thought possible to evade it, with American officials on their home ground to find the evidence against them. During the past ten or twelve years the Chinese Exclusion Act has been administered so smoothly that we never hear about it.

No doubt there should be a system of appeal from such consular decisions to the immigration bureau, and finally to American courts, as now, but with the primary decisions made in the country of origin, not many would carry matters on up, if they lose. Moreover, the very fact that such cases are decided in the emigrant's homeland reduces the possibility of eventual success of fraudulent cases, since our experience with China shows that undesirables no longer apply. As our consular corps is constituted today, nearly every officer in the service has sufficient training to perform the duties of immigration work, while he is far in advance of the immigration staff at American ports in his knowledge of the people of Europe who are embarking daily for the United States in unprecedented numbers.

What the country needs is to establish a system by which the government can determine what immigrants it wants and then establish machinery by which other aliens may be excluded before they leave their present homes. That is what the Secretary of Labor now recommends. Canada has found a way to do it, without hardship to anyone. The United States itself has been able to accomplish such an end in dealing with China. Certainly, with hundreds of American consular officers in Europe, trained to do that very work, our immigration problem, now in a hopeless tangle, should find a simple solution.

Work on Scotch Farm Goes on Year Around

Labor Conditions Improved and Lot of Hand Is Peaceful and Quiet

By VICTOR MITCHELL

THE world's history has proved that the Scottish peasant is something more than a rural laborer, hind, or plowman; that he is not merely a hewer of wood and drawer of water, but possesses potentialities of a far-reaching nature. In the sublime picture of Scottish rural life presented by Burns in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" the poet says that "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs," and it is an undoubted fact that some of the greatest men the country has produced were born beneath a thatched roof—in an "auld clay biggin' with a butt and a ben." But the cotter of today is no longer the single-minded man of simple tastes that he was a hundred years ago; modern conditions have given him a new outlook.

The cottage of rubble stones cemented with clay and roofed with straw is rapidly disappearing, even in the most remote districts, and in its place there stands a trimly built but less picturesque dwelling of solid masonry with slated roof and plastered walls. The march of modern hygiene has also wrought wonderful changes.

The Scottish farm servant of the present day, be he married or single, is quite comfortably housed. If he is a married man he generally has a kailyard and a bit of garden ground attached to his "cotter hoose," and he is frequently allowed certain perquisites in the shape of oatmeal, milk, and potatoes in addition to his regular wages. The single men usually live in some part of the farm buildings, and have their meals in the farm kitchen. The "bothy" system, by which the farm hands were herded together in one large apartment for eating and sleeping, has been abolished. The farmer cultivates every foot of his land and keeps it clean and in good condition. Slovenly farming the law will not permit. He hires his help twice a year at what is called the "feeing market." This is a sort of open-air labor forum which is held in the spring—at the Whitsunday term, and in the autumn—at Martinmas. It is a general holiday for farmers and farm servants alike, and is usually held in the nearest market town, affording an opportunity for employer and employe to get together on an equal footing and make engagements for the ensuing half year.

Not so many years ago it was the custom for the farm maids to be engaged in the market place in the same manner as the men, but this had its disadvantages and has been superseded by a system of registry offices or female employment bureaus.

The ordinary weekly market day in Scotland is held on a Friday, but the half-yearly "Feein' Friday" is an event of outstanding importance. When business has been completed, and the farm hand has "feed" with a new employer or decided to "bide" with his old one, the rest of the day is given up to rustic revelry of a more or less harmless nature. Jock treats Jean to peppermint drops or a picture show with all the abandon of a city cavalier; he may take her for a whirl on the merry-go-round or some other form of amusement of which the Ayrshire plowman with all his gifts of imagination never dreamed.

Owing to the nature of the climate, the work of the farm proceeds almost uninterruptedly all the year round, except in some of the more remote districts of the Highlands. Plowing and cultivation go on winter and summer, so that the round of duties is of a more settled character than that associated with a climate where there are extremes of heat and cold. Regular hours in the work of the farm are the rule, and the farm servant has his period of leisure just as surely as though he were employed in a city factory or business office. The businesslike manner in which a British farmer conducts his farm is one of the bulwarks of agriculture.

One of the things that the farmer has in Scotland is good roads, and this is an important factor in keeping his employes contented and happy. When the day's toil is over the farm hand may make his way to the nearest town and enjoy some of the sources of wholesome amusement provided there; or perchance he may "woo a bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame." During the long summer nights it never gets really dark in the north of Scotland, and there is ample opportunity for a quiet hour in "oor kailyard," or a twilight ramble among the heather.

In the wintertime, when the nights are dark and long, in striking contrast to those of the summer, the visits to neighboring towns and the ramblings in the dusk give place to concerts and other entertainments in the local meeting hall, where merry, friendly country folk convene to pass the time "wi' sangs and friendly cracks." The minister or the village dominie may give a reading, and the local Harry Lauder keeps everybody in good humor with his quips and cracks. The inevitable dance follows to the music of the bagpipes or the fiddle, and the hoochs of the lads and the skirls of the lasses awaken the echoes of moorland and hill.

Although in Scotland the younger generation seems to be departing from the piety and simplicity of the days when "the sire turned o'er, with patriarchal grace, the big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride," the rural worker of today is made of as good material as his predecessors. Public libraries have widened his field of information, and the facility with which newspapers and periodicals of all kinds can be procured gives him every chance of finding out how the world wags.

Perhaps there is no more peaceful spot on earth than a Scottish upland village. An atmosphere of security and independence prevails that is not elsewhere found, and the wee hoose among the heather is a model of cleanliness and order. Its venerable roof is impervious to the weather, and age has enriched it with mellow colorings which artists love to copy. The faces of the village bairns glow with health and vigor, and there is a spring in the step of the sturdy young men and bonnie lasses as they set about their various avocations. When the children are at school, and their elders at work within doors or in the fields, the long winding street which forms the only highway is deserted save for a few wandering fowls, or a dog or a cat dozing on a doorstep. Sometimes a group of guidwives may be seen at the village well indulging in a brief gossip, just as wives have done since the world began, or some ancient cronies may be seen in front of the "smiddy" settling to their own satisfaction the affairs of the nation. By and by they are interrupted by the arrival of Postie with the morning mail, and a new turn is given to their slumbering debate, and a fresh current to their thoughts, through contact with a messenger from the outer world; that world into which, like an overflowing mountain stream, the sons and daughters of the village have gone to seek other channels of progress. It is well that supplies of energy and power come from such a pure fountainhead, for it is nothing short of a calamity when the source of such streams becomes exhausted.

Frenchman Is Losing Faith in His Government

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market. Then came along Citroen who had been making war munitions and who turned his plant over to putting out tax-dodging designs of automobiles. They are mostly odd little things about the size of a bath tub. But they run on a few drops of gas and the people have bought them by the thousands. Citroen has proved the existence of a new market for automobiles, but the experts say that he is an exception. They say that the French peasant will never change his ways and will use just so many articles and consume just so much food a year—in spite of the fact that an American farmer who lived like a French peasant would probably be investigated by his county authorities!

Do Little to Better Methods

THIS idea—this Stone-Age idea—of the fixed consumptive capacity of the home market dominates French manufacturers as well as French theorists. The notion is that the needs of France can be tabulated and that the colonies in Africa must be developed to produce what France cannot, so that the nation may be self-contained. And for the products of France in excess of the rigid home requirements, foreign markets must be found—not only that, these markets must be sewn up against competition just as France itself is defended by tariff and other regulations against foreign competition.

There is a faint impression that methods of manufacturing might be bettered, but it is very faint. The prevailing thought is that the way to produce cheaply is to pay low wages and work the men through long hours. High wages, intensive production, and therefore low costs do not enter into the picture. Many Frenchmen know about modern manufacturing but they are not the men who control industry.

The large industrial power in France today is the Comité des Forges. This is an association of about three thousand companies working in metal—from blast furnaces to table knives. The members employ approximately two and a half million persons, or nearly one-sixth of the industrial population. This association was dominated by Eugene Schneider, the head of the famous Creusot works, and by Francois de Wendel, who heads the second largest iron works. Next in the group come the coal operators (Comité des Houilleres), the association of chemical industries, and the Banque de l'Union Parisienne. The chief metal business is making munitions. The big metal plants could not continue without munitions. France is making them not only for her own armies but for Poland, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Czecho-Slovakia, and has loaned them the money to pay for what they buy.

The industrial groups—other than the metals—were very much worried when Alsace-Lorraine was returned, for they feared that the mills and factories of the territory would take business away from the mills and factories of other parts of France. They would like to have seen a customs barrier. But they found that the destruction of the factories in the north by the Germans had so lowered the production of France that their fears were groundless, although, as a precaution, the group insisted that the treaty contain a provision for the free entry of certain French products into Germany.

It was thought, when Lorraine was taken over, that the Saar mines would provide the French with coal for the iron ore that they regained with Lorraine. As everyone knows, the chief cause of trouble between France and Germany has been the separation of the coal fields and the ore beds. Germany in the Ruhr has good coking coal, while France has the iron ore in Lorraine. That is why Germany grabbed Lorraine in the Franco-Prussian War. The interdependence of the two districts ought to be a bond of union, but European politicians can never look at a boundary line without wondering how it can be used to whipsaw someone.

The repatriating of the Lorraine field did not mean so much to France as was expected; for to use the iron she had to have Ruhr coal. Germany, on the other hand, could carry on very well with Swedish and Spanish ore and her iron industries quickly threatened to take all Europe's business. This was very serious, for the French group had already been expanding all over the Continent in the delusion that German competition was ended. They had bought into and received concessions in Poland—for the most productive part of Poland is that which was taken away from Germany. They had likewise bought into Czecho-Slovakia—which contains the chief industries of the old Austria—and they had also made some investments in Rumania and Hungary. And also if Germany could manufacture she could make war.

The investments were endangered by the activity in the Ruhr. So, it was pretended, was the safety of France. And therefore the army went into the Ruhr. France in the Ruhr has a strangle hold on the business of Europe—literally a strangle hold, for the intention is to do business for the benefit of French manufacturers. And business is not done that way; in good business the buyer must profit as much as the seller. The intentions of France in the Ruhr are perfectly well known to the other nations of Europe, and that is why England has been trying to force a settlement.

People Don't Know Policy

THE real policy is not generally known to the French people; the newspapers print only what they are told to print—excepting a few radical sheets which never print the news anyhow. Perhaps the people might like the policy if it were explained to them but before it could be explained it would have to be changed, for it does not involve any benefit for France as a nation. Just as the peasants used to put their money mostly into the bonds of foreign countries instead of into the securities which would build up their own country, so the plan of the industrial groups is to "capture" trade and supply it from the factory in which the costs are lowest—which are now the factories in countries like Poland where the money is low. In the long run they want to be able to throw their production to where the labor is cheapest—and thus control wages. The notion that high wages paid for high production builds buying power is absent from their calculations.

Now take the French workman. He is a good fellow. But he has been badly led. He has been used as a tool by various kinds of people who call themselves labor leaders and who have only a slight concern about labor. The leaders are intent upon socialism, syndicalism, or communism. They have taught the workers nothing of a useful nature but have filled their heads with "workers' control" and the usual riffraff current in "advanced" circles. They have never taught that a man's pay is controlled in the end by what he does.

During and after the war the labor leaders were catered to by the government and had a chance to make good with the worker by getting his wages jacked up and his hours shortened. Since then the French worker has done a minimum of work for a maximum amount of pay.

Money Ring Grips Nation

THE movement reached its top with the railroad strike of 1920 which was called for political purposes—to nationalize the railways. It fell flat. The people supported the government. Then came a big dock strike. The government found that the troops would act against the strikers. That was the end of the French labor movement—the union membership is but a fraction of what it was in 1919. The whole movement was political and the leaders were merely trying for political power. Now they are fighting among themselves as to what sort of Socialists or Communists the French workers ought to be. In the meantime the remnant of organized labor contents itself with making faces at the public—it calls strikes just for the sake of striking. On last May Day the bus drivers of Paris decided that they would not keep the annual strike day with the other trades, but to show their sympathy they would stop their busses for a few minutes at a given hour during the day.

It was quite funny; the busses all stopped at noon. The drivers, the guards, and the passengers lighted cigarets and chatted pleasantly for five minutes. Then the demonstration was over and they went on!

The French workman was for a time through with labor leaders and willing to co-operate with the employers. But the employers then became as foolish as the labor leaders. They decided it was a good time to cut wages and increase hours. They went about it ruthlessly—in just the same fashion as the wages had been raised and the hours shortened. They have not yet gone far with the program—but quite far enough to make the workers think they are being oppressed. The Communists have taken advantage of the situation to get to work and Paris is filled with all sorts of Bolshevik posters—though not in the tourist sections. A delicate, though not a difficult situation, is being handled with utmost stupidity. The workers do not want to be Bolshevists—they are being forced into it.

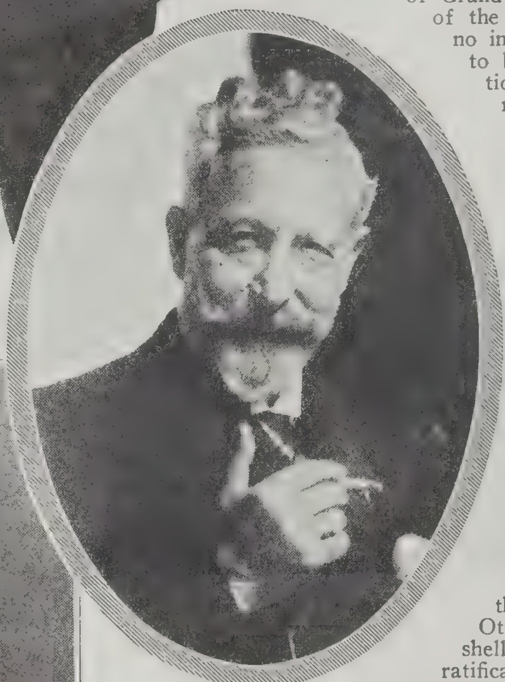
So there is the whole complex situation. It would seem that the legitimate rights of the people are being subordinated to a money ring. It explains why the French Government does not want to get into an international conference. But the important fact is that the politicians are playing with fire. The people are restive. They might become desperate. And some of the industrialists have become restive. De Wendel does not get as much munition work as does Schneider and so he has recently put through a compact with German interests for coal. He thinks he can do better as a partner with Germany. There is no telling what may happen.

Ranks of the Royal Unemployed Swelling

Have-been and Would-be Kings, Queens and Emperors Mourn Departed Glory; Shoved to One Side, Not Even Held a Menace

By HARRY PENCE

International Newsreel Photo



International Newsreel Photo
Above—The exiled Sultan of Turkey is living in small quarters at San Remo, Italy. The photo shows the ex-Sultan (at left) leaving his quarters. Oval—The master of Doorn. This is a recent photograph of Wilhelm Hohenzollen, made at his exile home at Doorn.

Photo by Int. Film Service Inc.
The exiled Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

IT IS related that a stranger, visiting an European palace, interrupted the patter of the guide with the remark, "Yes, I know all about that. I used to be king around here."

Thus, according to the old popular song, it makes no difference what they were—these ex-kings and potentates—it's what they are today that counts.

And today, it would seem, they are not such a much.

Still there are so many of them and it wouldn't be altogether human for them all to accept their lot complacently and give up hope.

No need to worry much about them, however, for they are shining proofs of the world's advance. In times past a monarch out of a job and out of prison was regarded as very unsafe. Usually when they deposed one they killed him and his immediate heirs, unless, mayhap, it was an heir who inspired the killing.

But in recent years only the Bolsheviki went to that extreme in the brutal butchery of the Romanoffs. In other countries royal superhumans were merely shoved to one side because there was no further use for them. The royal army of the unemployed has lost much of its past glamour—and danger.

The return of the former crown prince of Germany to his native land and the threatened return of his august father, the former kaiser himself, failed to precipitate a frenzy either of apprehension or anticipation. In some quarters the development was regarded as inspired by the enemies of Germany—a sort of Apple of Discord tossed designedly into a troubled country to make its affairs the more chaotic.

But Wilhelm Hohenzollern remains in Holland despite the fact that some of the monarchial agitators have espoused the cause of the house of Wittelsbach, whose present head is Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and conspire to place him upon the Imperial German throne. If efforts in behalf of either or both continue to be as puny as those put forth by Hitler and Ludendorf in their rather amusing rathskeller "putsch" in Munich recently, proponents of democracy in Germany would do well to encourage occasional repetitions of similar demonstrations.

The most pathetically shrunken of European dynasties is that of the haughty Hapsburgs. For 800 years its history has been replete with triumphs, romance and tragedy. After the dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary went to pieces and the last emperor, Charles Hapsburg, was banished from Vienna, he made two desperate but puerile efforts to win back the throne of Hungary. Instead of suffering the fate which many of his ancestors had imposed upon plotting rivals, he was deported to the island of Madeira, where he died of a commonplace ailment, leaving a pretty widow with means scarcely sufficient for the proper maintenance of herself and six children, but who added another child to the burden a few months after her royal husband's death.

The eldest of these children, now a likely lad of eleven, finds it impossible to escape—even if he wishes to do so—the regal heritage of nearly a millennium. Royalists in both Austria and Hungary pin their hopes to him and there is said to be a rivalry for the honor and high privilege of providing him with the upbringing befitting him whom they already call King Otto II.

And then there is the "Sly Fox of the Balkans," former Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. That crafty diplomat of the old school became a tool of the rival powers in their plan of whittling down the "Sick Man of Europe," the Turkey that maintained a precarious foothold in Europe by playing upon the mutual jealousies of England, France, Russia and Germany. This son of a German duke and a French princess assumed his post as ruler of a principality acknowledging the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan, but in 1907, with the connivance of Austria, declared his independence and assumed the title of czar. In 1915 he entered the war as an ally of the Central Powers and his abdication was a condition of the surrender of Bulgaria in September, 1918. His son, Prince Boris, succeeded him and he has since made his residence in his native Coburg. Long an accomplished and energetic trouble maker, he nevertheless is a shrewd observer intimately acquainted with the complicated affairs of his none-too-beloved Balkans and he knows when he has enough or all he can expect. He's resigned if not contented.

With the democratization of Germany in 1918, Saxony and Wurtemberg, as well as Bavaria, ceased to be kingdoms and lost their kings, Frederich August and Wilhelm II. The latter died in 1921.

One deposed monarcn who was not a war casualty is ex-King Manuel, of Portugal, still a young man of thirty-four, living in more than mere comfort in England, and a prominent figure in social and sporting circles. This scion of the house of Braganza was born six weeks before his father's coronation as King Dom Carlos and was not yet nineteen when his father and elder brother, Crown Prince Louis, were assassinated in Lisbon, February 1, 1908.

With no aptitude for statecraft at a time when the extravagance of his predecessor and the incompetence of his advisors had brought his country to the brink of ruin, he soon fell a victim to a popular uprising which made of Portugal a republic and of him an exile. He and his mother were royally received in England. The handsome young king whose reign ended in 1910 had been a figure in an alleged escapade with a noted dancer, a choice morsel for the yellow press of the day, but in 1913 he married Princess Augustine, of Hohenzollern, a relative of the former kaiser but a member of the Catholic line of that house.

His mother, Queen Amelie, still a very beautiful woman, is *persona grata* with the royal social set, as press photographs from England testify. The Portuguese revolution has always had an odd look, for at the time of Manuel's overthrow he was not unpopular. Some significance is attached to the fact that it has become increasingly apparent that the republic of Portugal is practically a dependency of Great Britain.

The possibility or the desirability of a restoration of the czarist régime in Russia is open to much question. Questions don't bother royal aspirants. Ways and means are the *sine qua non.* Means at least must have been found by the remnant of surviving Romanoffs. For several months reports have crossed the Atlantic that a following is rallying to the support of Grand Duke Cyril, a cousin of the late Nicholas II, but no inkling of definite plans to bring about a restoration of that ill-fated dynasty have leaked out, although a subscription list is said to be in active circulation.

A royal house older than any other in Europe came to an abrupt and inglorious end in the year 1922, when Sultan Mohammed (or Mehmed) VI stole secretly from his palace in Constantinople and, it is reported, sought safety on a British warship. With the collapse of Turkey in 1918 the Allies occupied Constantinople and reduced the government of the Ottoman Empire to a shell maintained for treaty ratification. The aged Sultan bowed to the inevitable, but all that was virile in the land rallied to the aid of the nationalist movement in Anatolia. The bickerings and the duplicity of the conquerors bore their natural fruit and the Kemalists "came back" triumphant. The Sublime Porte, last of a line dating from the eleventh century, deserted his post, leaving Turkey without a sultan and the Islam world without a spiritual head. Shortly thereafter the national assembly at Angora abolished the sultanate but named a caliph who should henceforth exercise only religious authority. At Lausanne, last July, the powers of Europe accepted the Kemalists as the masters of Turkey, nor did either party clamor for the surrender, trial, punishment or other disposition of the former Sultan. His present whereabouts and condition are unknown to the present writer and a matter of indifference to the world at large.

But one deposed monarch remains to be mentioned, and he very briefly. King George II, of Greece, is visiting his wife's people upon the invitation of his government and it is generally understood that his absence is to be permanent. His father, King Constantine, was deposed twice and died in exile. The son is said never to have liked his kingly job anyway, and while Rumania, his present abode, may not feel inclined to adopt her royal in-laws, it is not at all probable that so astute a statesman as one E. Venizelos, who, it would seem, now holds the fate of Greece in his hands, will be ungracious in such a crisis.

The passing of the house of Glucksburg may seem so gratifying to him that he will provide its survivors with liberal pensions. Though Greece is in financial straits, the tax on the national treasury may be somewhat lightened by the fact that two members of the royal family have been well provided for through their marriages into a wealthy American family.

International Newsreel Photo

International Newsreel Photo
King Otto II, heir of the ex-Emperor Karl of Austria who recently died in exile, has, according to a report, been proclaimed King of Austria by the Legitimist party.

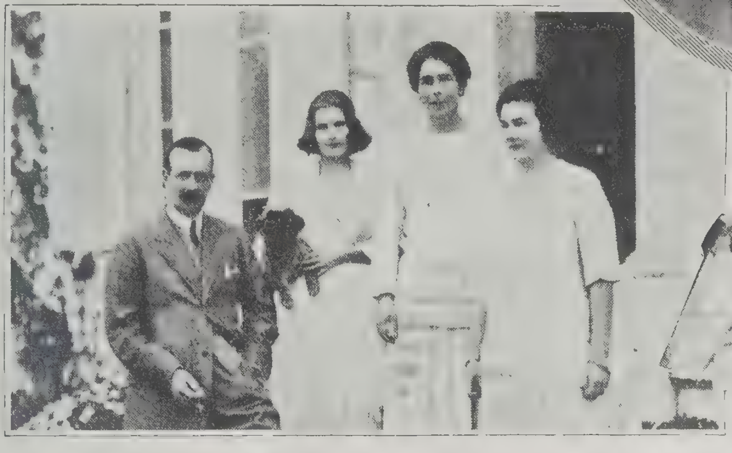


Photo from Wide World Photos
Above, left—Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who is hailed as king by members of the Monarchist party. Oval—King George of Greece, who has been exiled by his people. Below—The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia with the Grand Duchess Victoria Feodorovna, and the Princesses Marie Kira and Cyrillovna at their villa at Cannes on the Riviera.

Photo by Int. Film Service
The former King of Portugal, Manuel, and his consort, live happily in England

Lincoln's Freeport Speech Sounded Knell of Slavery

Concluded from page 5

candidate, John C. Fremont, unknown in politics but with the reputation as an explorer in the West, in the field. To conciliate Northern hostility on the Kansas question, James Buchanan, the Democratic nominee, repeatedly declared in unqualified terms that if elected he would secure a fair and free vote in the territory. The ballots of the solid South placed him in office.

Two days after President Buchanan's inauguration came the stupefying decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, announcing that Congress had no power to prohibit slavery in any territory. To Republicans this was a blow which hurried the country toward the Civil War.

Slavery leaders attempted a coup in Kansas by framing an instrument which provided for the establishment and perpetuation of slavery. When the free-state people of Kansas submitted the entire constitution in a second election, January 4, 1858, it was overwhelmed.

In state convention at Springfield, June 16, the Republican party of Illinois declared that "Abraham Lincoln is the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas." Within a few hours he appeared before the convention and accepted the nomination in his ever-famous "house divided against itself" speech.

Leaving his home in Chicago, Senator Douglas immediately set out for a tour of the state. Lincoln followed the route of Douglas. Political acrimony became so bitter over this practice, however, that on July 24, Lincoln sent Douglas a challenge to joint debates. It was accepted.

An agreement was reached that the speakers were to introduce the debates alternately, Douglas securing the first opening by his own stipulation.

The first debate was at Ottawa. The address of neither speaker at the first meeting was in good form. It was to Freeport that all eyes were now turned. Here Lincoln must reply to questions propounded by Judge Douglas at Ottawa and here he promised "to pay Douglas back in kind."

Politics now became the all-engrossing interest in Illinois. The meeting place was crowded with vociferous followers of each camp—talking, discussing, arguing. Country bands furnished music; the streets were gaily decorated; mendicant peddlers were shouting their wares; the throng was noisy—demonstrative as a college football delegation of our own day.

In the forenoon the debate grounds were crowded. Great difficulty was experienced by the speakers in reaching the platform. Then for the first time in his campaign Lincoln stepped before the audience with an air of superiority. He could scarcely await the opportunity of putting his question: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the adoption of a state constitution?"

Without hesitation, Douglas answered as Lincoln's friends predicted. His followers were jubilant.

"In my opinion," replied Judge Douglas, with an air of artful confidence, "the people of a territory can by lawful means exclude slavery from their limits prior to the formation of a state constitution. It matters not which way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as the abstract question whether slavery may go into the territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to exclude it or to introduce it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations."

Prophet and politician had clashed in reasoning. The purpose of Lincoln in asking this question was to force Douglas either to abandon the Dred Scott decision, that slavery could not be excluded from a territory, or his "popular sovereignty" doctrine that the people of a territory had the right to regulate their own affairs. No matter which way Senator Douglas would answer, the result would be damaging to his future aspirations. Among Democratic leaders in both North and South he was looked upon as the probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1860. His answer was a refutation of the Dred Scott decision, to which the South clung with tenacious hope. It was a blow to the power of the slaveholder. The "Freeport doctrine," as it is now called, sundered the Democratic party. From newspaper and forum in the South, Douglas was immediately denounced as an "apostate." Meantime, the Northern press sounded praises of Lincoln, not a few predicting that he would lead the Republican party in the Presidential campaign of 1860. The other debates did not change events.

Douglas made 130 speeches and expended $80,000, compared with $1,000 spent by Lincoln.

Douglas was elected Senator by a majority of eight legislative votes. Lincoln had won a popular majority, the total Republican vote cast being 126,084 to 121,940 for the Douglas ticket.

"It hurt too bad to laugh and I am too big to cry," was Lincoln's only comment on the election.

Upon the return of Senator Douglas to Washington, however, he found that he had been deposed by Jefferson Davis from the important territorial committee chairmanship because of the "Freeport Heresy." There was to be no compromise over the schism.

Those who had felt that Lincoln had thrown away his chances for political preferment, when he propounded the "Freeport doctrine" realized their mistake with the disruption of the Democratic convention at Charlestown, South Carolina, in 1860. Southern delegates refused to support Senator Douglas for the Presidency because of his answer to Lincoln's question in the Freeport debate.

"Do you recall the argument we had on the way up to Freeport two years ago over the question I was going to ask Judge Douglas?" Lincoln asked Joseph Medill, when the latter went up to visit the President-elect at Springfield.

"Yes," said Medill, "I recollect it very well."

"Don't you think I was right now?"

"We were both right," retorted Medill. "The question hurt Douglas for the Presidency, but it lost you the Senatorship."

"Yes, and I have won the place that he was playing for," was Lincoln's ready answer.

Not for a moment did Senator Douglas sulk. Partisan became patriot. With the opening of the Lincoln Administration he offered loyal support, and when the crisis of Fort Sumter came, he conferred with the President and then returned to Illinois to place the Douglas democracy of the Mississippi Valley solidly behind the Union cause. He died as the result of fatigue and exposure on this western trip and was buried at Chicago.

Freeport is no longer the prairie town of sixty-five years ago. Only a few landmarks remain. But with the decades, interest in the debate grounds has increased until the spot has become a national shrine. It has been marked by a monument quarried from the age-old hills of Devil's Lake, Wisconsin. About this shrine, people gather on patriotic occasions; to all passers who read its bronzed tablet it becomes a benediction for higher ideals of citizenship and service.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

An airplane service destined to make Cairo in one day and India in four days is planned by the Imperial Transport Company of London.

A two-dollar bill lasts about six months; then it goes back to the Treasury soiled and defaced.

Jalapa, Mexico, gives citizens the privilege of shooting on general suspicion any horseman leaving the city at a gallop.

Flesh of young camel is said to resemble veal.

Trichinosis, a painful and often fatal disease, is caused by a small parasite that is sometimes present in pork. The trichina parasite is so small that it can only be seen with a microscope and hogs harboring it show no symptoms nor does the diseased pork appear different from pork not diseased. All pork should be thoroughly cooked before eating as that is the only sure way of ridding the meat of the disease.

The Seventy Mile Kid, an old sourdough miner of the early Alaska mining days, has charge of Mount McKinley National Park, and is said to know more about the mountain than any other man.

The cafeteria idea originated in Los Angeles.

The possession of American Samoa is guaranteed to the natives forever by the Government of the United States. Opium, alcohol, patent medicines and commercialized drugs are prohibited and medical service is supplied free.

The people of Rome awoke recently to the rare spectacle of their city covered with snow which lasted until noon.

In a recent army test in France it was found that only two out of every ten recruits twenty years old were educated in the ordinary sense of the word. Of the remaining eight, five upon an average knew how to read and write a little.

The German farmer, rather than sell his grain for paper marks of practically no value, prefers to use it for fattening live stock.

The *Mérite Agricole* is to be conferred on French families that have tilled the same soil for three centuries. There are 750 such families in France. One family has held the same land since the reign of Charlemagne. Another family at Colombes near Gap has worked its farm for a thousand years.

Vermeer, the famous Dutch landscape painter of Delft, painted his masterpieces in his kitchen and sold them to the buyers who came there.

Mrs. Jennie E. Crocker, of Cliftondale, Massachusetts, holds a captain's license for an ocean-going sailing vessel. She also holds a certificate entitling her to act as first mate of any steamship afloat.

A quarter million dollars' damage was sustained by the *Leviathan* when it grounded on a harbor bar at New York recently.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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American artists are incensed at what appears to be discrimination on the part of the French who have relegated to a small Paris museum Whistler's famous painting, "Arrangement in Gray and Black," a portrait of his mother. According to established custom, a decade after the death of the artist his best paintings are removed to the Louvre. Whistler has been dead two decades.

Only one railway accident involved loss of life in England during 1923. The years 1901 and 1908 were without a single fatal accident to passengers. In the 23 years of the present century the number of railway deaths totals but 73.

The last 15 years have seen 26,297 railway collisions in the United States: Deaths, 4,326; Injured, 60,682.

Dollar bootleggers in Paris offer to buy dollars at prices ranging from 50 centimes to 1 franc above the previous night's official closing quotation. Plainclothes policemen watch for these dealers, who are "foreigners, from somewhere in Central Europe."

"After being away on a lecture trip in the interior, I return each time to Manhattan as to a foreign port. The people in the street appear mean in stature and brutal in manner. It is in the small towns of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois that I overtake the vanishing America of my youth."—*Hamlin Garland.*

The United States Army bakes bread for two cents a loaf, superior to that sold the public for nine and eleven cents.

Radio "Fans" must pay to "listen in" in Australia. Every purchaser of a receiving set must present a license showing that he has subscribed and paid for the service of the station operating on the wave length to which the instrument being purchased is adjusted. For every broadcasting station he wishes to use, he pays separately. The sets are sealed and government inspectors investigate and check up the subscriber to see that seals have not been tampered with.

A lion gnawed the wood away from two iron bars in his cage and roamed free in two connecting express cars on a Santa Fe passenger train near Kansas City, Missouri. He was captured by the superintendent of a park zoo at Kansas City who lassoed the animal and pulled it into a waiting cage.

The theory by which English Channel fishermen explain their poor catches, is that the fish have been poisoned by the dumping in the sea of unused munitions. Small quantities of arsenic have been found in oysters on the east and south coast.

The Petrograd mint has resumed the coinage of gold, silver, and copper currency, it is reported.

With yards braced sharply to starboard an old-time barkentine lay in the harbor at Baltimore while her skipper scoured the waterfront for old-time seamen capable of handling a ship of her type. The seamen of the younger generation can handle a schooner, but a barkentine is different.

"Faith and toil and helping one another." These seven words form the plan for international peace submitted by Anton Lang, Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play, to Edward W. Bok.

The saying, "Mind your P's and Q's," meaning "Be very careful," originated in printing offices. When type is set up the letters are reversed, and small "p's" and "q's" were liable to be mistaken for each other. Machine typesetting has made the warning obsolete.

The transportation problem in Tokyo is acute. Hundreds of street cars were burned during the recent quake.

A young French archeologist, swimming into the recesses of a partially submerged cave near St. Martory, France, found valuable secrets. Keeping his matches and candles dry by means of a special contrivance he swam nearly a mile, resting on rocks en route, when he reached a dry gallery 200 yards long, the walls of which were covered with inscriptions and age-old drawings, together with statues of animals that disappeared from the earth thousands of years ago.

The children of Japan are taught to reverence the emperor as a semi-divine being. The present Prince Regent, having traveled extensively in European countries, favors more democratic practices with regard to the imperial Japanese family.

The Malays for centuries have domesticated monkeys and have trained them to climb cocoanut trees and pick the nuts.

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Hodge Proves Clean Plays Pay

Wholesome Home Folk That Throng to "For All of Us" Make It Success

Gaslight Going Way of Candle?

How the Mantle Has So Far Saved Fleeting Life of Illuminating Gas

Co-operative Movement in Europe

Huston Thompson of Federal Trade Commission Writes of Findings

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Lessons From Co-operative Movement in Europe

Federal Trade Commissioner Presents Analysis After Personal Study

By HUSTON THOMPSON

With this number, Huston Thompson, formerly Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and now a member of the Federal Trade Commission, begins a series of eight articles, entitled, "Lessons from the Co-operative Movements in Europe."

In his survey of this subject, Mr. Thompson visited the central offices of most of the leading national and numerous local co-operative societies in fifteen European countries. He interviewed directors, managers and employes of wholesale and retail consumers and farmers' co-operatives, and co-operative banks. He also investigated their manufacturing plants, warehouses, wholesale and retail shops, farms, dairies, public markets, over-sea export plants, co-operative schools and publicity and propaganda departments.

The next number will deal with the Agricultural Co-operative Movement in Ireland and England.

HUSTON THOMPSON

I WAS sitting in the darkness of a cinema theater in London watching a motion picture when the lady usher, with a rising intonation, said: "Tea?" My surprise and ignorance were such, because we Americans take our motion pictures so seriously and concentrate on them with a deathlike silence, that I replied: "No!" But not so my neighbors, who answered in the affirmative. And since they affirmed all over the house, there was a clatter of spoons and saucers in competition with the noise of the projecting machine and the flickering picture.

A little later in the afternoon, on my visit to Parliament, as my host approached me from the floor, the first question he put was, "Will you have tea?" We retired to the tea room below. The initial interrogatory in the clubs in Glasgow was, "Tea?" When I entered the office of a large mercantile concern in the afternoon in Edinburgh, I was hardly seated before they served tea to me. In Belfast, I was offered tea before twelve o'clock. I saw children picnickers on the tops of busses and in cars carrying tea, and everywhere we went the clerks at the tea hour had theirs.

Now it is difficult to imagine that an article so universally used would not be the subject of attempted manipulation in the way of monopoly or price control, so that the housewife would have no choice in shopping about for the commodity. There may be in the British Isles some attempt at control of this article, but the attempt could not be successful because there is always standing near the market place a powerful organization so large that in the business arena it can check a rising price if it sees fit.

Own Their Plantations

ITS leaders assert that it is the largest tea importer, mixer and distributor in the world, with an output of sixty million pounds a year, and such a factor in the market that it necessarily has an effect upon prices.

I learned later on in my trip that this single unit of the Co-operatives, which occupies one of the largest buildings in the city of London, ships tea to co-operative organizations in the farthest reaches of Continental Europe.

It is the owner of tea plantations in Ceylon that already produce one-tenth of its requirements. It has become one of the largest millers of flour and supplies grain in part from wheat farms in Canada covering ten thousand acres.

This organization is called by various names, but for the purpose of these articles I have called it the Consumers' Co-operative Organization, since, strictly speaking, its membership is really confined to consumers.

This association of urban consumers—they mostly reside in the cities and congested areas of population—have a great organization in Scotland with a wholesale department located at Glasgow, which in turn supplies the needs of consumers' local societies in Ireland. The central headquarters of England are located in Manchester. These organizations serve, either in whole or in part, perhaps one-third of the people of the British Isles.

Because of the obvious importance of this movement, one would think that all classes in England and many people in the United States would have at least a cursory knowledge of this, the biggest marketing organization in the world. At least I thought so and when about to start on my investigation I broached the subject to several of the best informed newspapermen in the city of Washington, each of whom had been abroad more than once, but failed to elicit even a hint about this movement.

The ship on which I took passage had mostly English and Scotch business men on board. Like Diogenes, I sought out each of them and asked for light on this subject. There was but meager information to be had. The best I could get was that the movement was confined to the poorer classes. This proved true in part. It does not extend to all of the poorer classes, but exists almost entirely within the limits of the artisan class of the British Isles.

I was also informed that the officers and men in control of this movement were workingmen who had practically no business experience, and that the whole scheme was not much of a success.

When I landed in England, I interrogated all sorts of people in the middle and upper classes. They were not in the least embarrassed in expressing an ignorance or indifference of this movement that was nothing short of amazing when one considers its history, its tremendous size, and present potency in the economic world.

In fourscore years, it has emerged from its inception in a room in a small brick store in Toad Lane, Rochdale, near Manchester, England, to massive granite buildings that cover solid blocks of English cities.

On a rainy day in June, I stood on the other side of Toad Lane, and looked across to the humble place where the twenty-eight weavers in Rochdale, eighty years ago, set up an organization for purchasing the necessaries of life in quantities, with the double purpose of securing the wholesale price and obtaining the unadulterated article for resale to their members. They proposed also to distribute to their members whatever savings accrued through the elimination of the middleman's expenses. In twenty minutes, an automobile had whisked me to Manchester, where I looked down a street of buildings five stories high and covering acres of land that housed only a part of the wholesale business of the British Consumers' Co-operatives and but a very small part of their manufacturing business. This movement has not stopped merely with buying in wholesale quantities and distributing through its hundreds of retail stores scattered over Great Britain, but it is now one of the leading shoe manufacturers in the United Kingdom as well as one of the largest single distributors of coal, having eliminated that troublesome question of the pyramiding of brokerage fees which is so pressing a question with us.

It puts up jams, preserves fruits, makes flour, bakes bread, runs dairies, manufactures shoes and other necessaries, and employs in its wholesale plants alone approximately forty-six thousand persons. It has five million members. Most of these five million are housewives of large families averaging at least four, so that it is safe to say that the movement touches directly and to some extent the pocket nerve of twenty million persons.

Although I had read of its size before leaving America, I could not grasp the full significance of it until I saw with my own eyes the physical properties of these consumers' organizations. Then it was that I became even more amazed that the average business man knew so little about this great brother of his.

In Manchester, one of the heads of the Holyoake House, the organization which organizes co-operative units, resurrects the dead organizations, and gives sustenance to the weak, pointing to the great wholesale co-operative buildings across the street, said:

"You Americans rush over here, behold these buildings and immediately exclaim, 'That's what we want,' and at once you begin to plan a wholesale co-operative organization on a great scale.

Must Start in Small Way

"I DOUBT if you will ever succeed in this way. You must first start with the small local co-operative purchasing units in neighborhoods where the housewife or ultimate consumer is subjected to economic pressure, and where the saving of pennies is a matter of vital necessity in their lives. There you will find the real stimulus that produces co-operation. When they are organized and you have banded a number of such units together and they have elected their board of directors; when a woman's guild has been joined to them to teach the housewife the co-operative idea, since the 'woman with the basket' is the real co-operator, and the units have opened up their stores and are doing business, and the demand for greater expansion in wholesale buying is insistent, then you will be ready to consider putting up buildings like these. *In other words, you must organize from the bottom up, instead of from the top down.*"

"Well," I replied, "your plan is much like the Billy Sunday evangelistic movement; first the cottage prayer meetings, then the great meetings, with Billy Sunday offering the gospel on a wholesale plan and a school of instruction to follow along and keep the work alive."

"Righto!" said my auditor.

The way of the consumers' co-operative has not been a bed of roses by any means. Organized primarily for cheaper buying and the elimination of adulterated goods, it soon stepped on the toes of some private business and felt the consequent reaction. The competition of private business has from time to time drawn its weaker members away. Cheaper prices and bargain sales prove too strong an allurement for some, while the appeal of thrift ceases to hold them when success and fortune come their way.

In order to meet the competition of private business, it is obvious that the British co-operatives were compelled to convince their members that purchasing through them meant saving. Private business universally contends that the co-operatives do not sell cheaper to their members than does the individual organization to its clientele.

While on the surface, and in the first instance, the co-operatives do not appear to sell at lower prices, it being their custom to sell at or near the market price, yet at the end of the year the housewife draws her dividend from the co-operative organization which represents her share of the saving produced through the elimination of the middleman's expenses and through wholesale purchasing in association with others. When this saving is subtracted from the price she has paid, she undoubtedly has got her purchases at a cheaper price than if she had bought from a private retailer. If it were otherwise, how could the system have grown to such enormous proportions? The only possible assurance of cohesion in such an organization is in the proof of money saved.

It was pressed upon me by private concerns that the housewife in the first instance really paid a higher price than if she had bought at a retailer's store, and that her dividend was the difference between the high price she paid and what she would have paid if she had purchased from the private concern. But such a state of facts could not continue to exist with the shrewd British housewife who is as wise a shopper as there is in any land, and whose pocketbook is so far from full that she has daily to watch its contents with great concern.

When Carelessness Creeps in

THIS co-operative movement also meets with another great obstacle, such as confronts trusts and governments. It finds a constant problem in the size of its organization. Its great size is both a virtue and a weakness. When an association, whether of business or government, has passed the point where the mind of a single individual can encompass its complexity of functions, efficiency wanes. When the number of human units associated in an enterprise runs into the thousands, the valuable personal equation is bound to be lost, or submerged to some extent. At this juncture carelessness steps across the threshold of the co-operative, just as it does in the bureaucracy of government and big business.

This fact the co-operatives do not hesitate to admit. In fact, they are constantly studying how to meet it, and at Holyoake House there is a laboratory for analyzing, checking and eliminating the causes. In education they expect to find the solution, so they send out teachers to instruct and inspire the members in co-operative ideals. Besides, they keep check on the local societies through sending auditors from time to time to go over their books.

Moreover, the movement has now reached such a size that it faces a rather complicated task in the handling of the employes who perform its labors, who, as already said, number about forty-six thousand.

The day I arrived at Liverpool, a part of the wholesale unit of the co-operative movement, though just recovering from the business lapse after the war that had seriously affected them as well as private business, was confronted with a strike that drew out about eight thousand of their employes and threatened to bring them all out. The press has since reported that the strike has been settled.

Our co-operative friends informed us that they universally paid above the scale of prices demanded by the trade unions, and the requirements fixed by a government commission, composed of representatives of the co-operatives and employes, and a government representative. In spite of this, the one big union of the co-operative workers refused to accept the cut in their present wage scale proposed by the commission.

Undoubtedly a solution will be found for this problem. Some people such as Father Finlay, one of the leading co-operators of Ireland, suggested to me that the co-operators go back to the old method, once said to have been in vogue in Scotland, of permitting the employe to share in the annual savings of the organization on a scale proportionate to the work he has done as expressed by the sum total of his salary, just as they permit a member to share in the dividends or savings in proportion to the amount he has bought. This, it is argued, would tie the employe to the movement in a more intimate and personal way, and eliminate strikes.

This suggested remedy is not a new one, having been tried in the United States. I have heard it condemned by enthusiastic co-operators. If the consumers' co-operative idea continues to grow in America, it will undoubtedly have to meet the same problem on a big scale. It is a curious commentary on the situation that while practically all the members of these co-operative organizations are either members of trade unions or the wives of members, they should be confronted with a strike of the employes of their own organization.

Moreover, there is a criticism on the part of some members of the co-operative organizations because the movement is confined to the artisan class, and not to the poorer and unskilled. I found that successful consumers' co-operatives in other countries appeal to a far wider group than that represented by the artisan class in England.

There are other minor criticisms which might be arrayed against the movement if one were to be hypercritical, but these are more than offset by a large number of benefits.

First of all, and I wish to emphasize this, the business of the co-operative is open business, openly arrived at. Does the investigator wish to examine their latest balance sheet, the touch of a bell brings that telltale document. He may desire to know the difficulties

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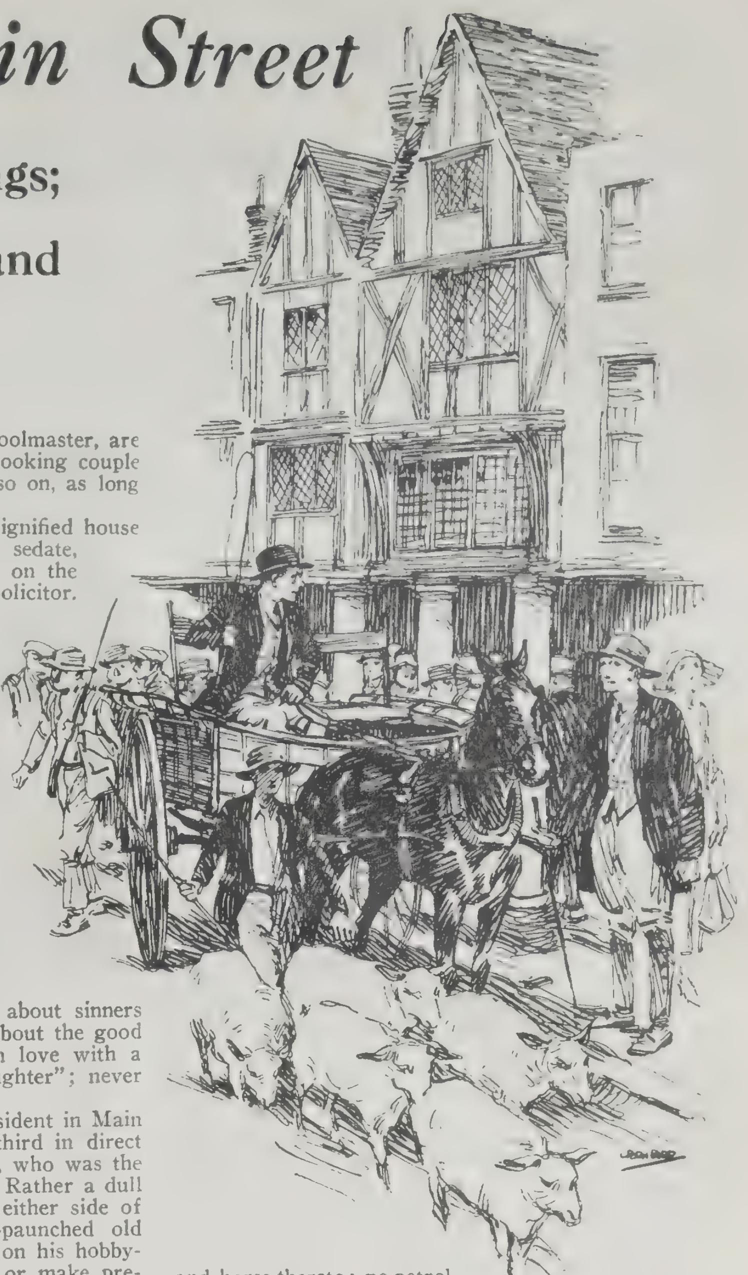
The Sunny Side of Main Street

Old Friends Meet to Chatter of Nothings; A Picture of Main Street of Old England

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE



I.

IT IS many a year ago since first I walked down Main Street, in Old England; as a wayfarer from London, I am a Main Streeter by adventure, not by birth. With Main Street, America, I am also acquainted; but it is of a Main Street in the west of England that I am now chiefly thinking. What matters it where exactly it is? Main Street everywhere is much of a muchness, is it not? Mentally at any rate.

Will you come and walk with me in Main Street, Old England?

It is a hot summer morning; the air is dancing with the heat. I saunter along the shady side of Main Street, which is as lazy and drowsy as I am myself. I hear the chimes in the gray cathedral tower sound the hour of noon; twelve heavy strokes on the great resounding bell, and then the carillon playing the first bars of *Adeste Fideles.* I have come out of the somber church, where I have been sitting near the west door, under the famous window through which the light falls many-colored upon the tall pillars; I listened to a distant voice reading Morning Prayers, to the singing of the choir, to the sonorous tones of the organ echoing in the dim, gray-fretted vaults high above. Then I came out through the north door, tumultuous with crumbling carvings and resonant with the cooing of pigeons. Then a few paces and I am in Main Street, which in England we call High Street.

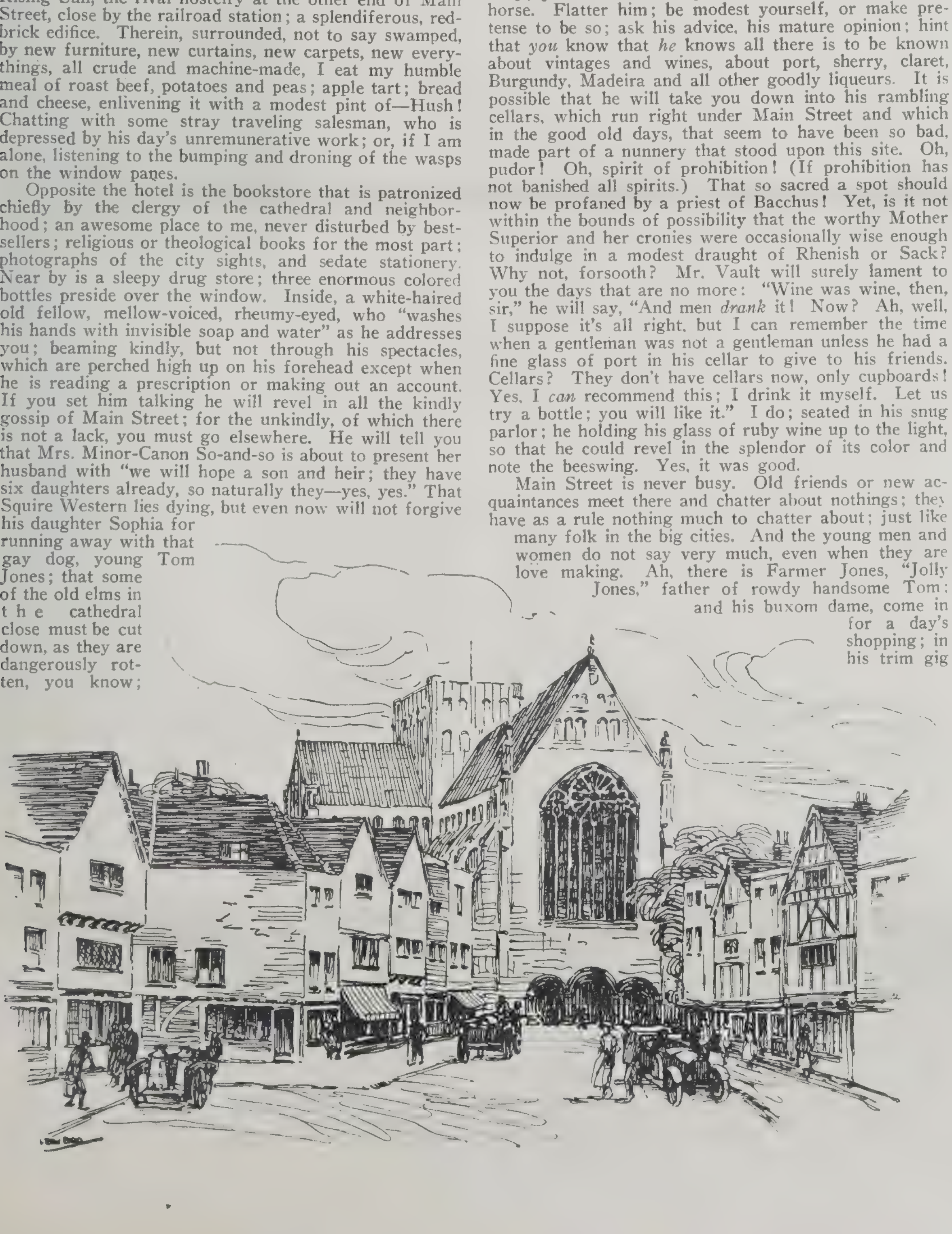
A long, narrow thoroughfare; here and there ancient half-timbered houses stooping over the sidewalk as they have done for centuries. And a few private houses; but for the most part sleepy stores, with shades down on the sunny side of the way to keep out the sunshine. At one of the corners facing the cathedral is the County Hotel; it has a long and somnolent history; it is dull, dreary, awfully respectable; it is patronized by the old-fashioned county folk. I never knew anyone who stayed there; was never there myself. I put up at the Rising Sun, the rival hostelry at the other end of Main Street, close by the railroad station; a splendiferous, red-brick edifice. Therein, surrounded, not to say swamped, by new furniture, new curtains, new carpets, new everythings, all crude and machine-made, I eat my humble meal of roast beef, potatoes and peas; apple tart; bread and cheese, enlivening it with a modest pint of—Hush! Chatting with some stray traveling salesman, who is depressed by his day's unremunerative work; or, if I am alone, listening to the bumping and droning of the wasps on the window panes.

Opposite the hotel is the bookstore that is patronized chiefly by the clergy of the cathedral and neighborhood; an awesome place to me, never disturbed by best-sellers; religious or theological books for the most part; photographs of the city sights, and sedate stationery. Near by is a sleepy drug store; three enormous colored bottles preside over the window. Inside, a white-haired old fellow, mellow-voiced, rheumy-eyed, who "washes his hands with invisible soap and water" as he addresses you; beaming kindly, but not through his spectacles, which are perched high up on his forehead except when he is reading a prescription or making out an account. If you set him talking he will revel in all the kindly gossip of Main Street; for the unkindly, of which there is not a lack, you must go elsewhere. He will tell you that Mrs. Minor-Canon So-and-so is about to present her husband with "we will hope a son and heir; they have six daughters already, so naturally they—yes, yes." That Squire Western lies dying, but even now will not forgive his daughter Sophia for running away with that gay dog, young Tom Jones; that some of the old elms in the cathedral close must be cut down, as they are dangerously rotten, you know; that Miss Rose and Mr. William, the schoolmaster, are going to make a match of it and a nice looking couple they'll be; that "I heard last night" and so on, as long as you care to listen.

A little farther down the street is a dignified house built in the reign of dull Queen Anne; sedate, sober; with a highly polished brass plate on the door, bearing the name of Mr. Knowell, Solicitor. He will carry to his grave the many secrets that he holds. On the japanned tin boxes on the shelves of his dusky office appear the names of many well-known county and city families; and in them, gathering dust and drifting toward oblivion, lie hidden many sorrowful stories, many tragic tales. Histories of rich and powerful houses that have descended slowly, surely to decay and poverty; records of broken hearts, of unhappy children and unkind parents; of sons who have gone to the deuce and of daughters who have ridden away to the devil; of crimes and follies. But not all so; stories of the course of true love that did run smooth are here, and records of heroism and brave deeds. But is there not a greater savor of romance about sinners than saints? I never myself care much about the good boy of the family; have never fallen in love with a girl who always did exactly as she "oughter"; never will!

Another well-known and well-to-do resident in Main Street is Mr. Vault, the wine merchant, third in direct descent from the founder of the business, who was the retired butler of "a three-bottle" bishop. Rather a dull house his, with latticed bay windows on either side of the entrance. A short, rubicund, well-paunched old chap; pleasant withal if you can set him on his hobby-horse. Flatter him; be modest yourself, or make pretense to be so; ask his advice, his mature opinion; hint that *you* know that *he* knows all there is to be known about vintages and wines, about port, sherry, claret, Burgundy, Madeira and all other goodly liqueurs. It is possible that he will take you down into his rambling cellars, which run right under Main Street and which in the good old days, that seem to have been so bad, made part of a nunnery that stood upon this site. Oh, pudor! Oh, spirit of prohibition! (If prohibition has not banished all spirits.) That so sacred a spot should now be profaned by a priest of Bacchus! Yet, is it not within the bounds of possibility that the worthy Mother Superior and her cronies were occasionally wise enough to indulge in a modest draught of Rhenish or Sack? Why not, forsooth? Mr. Vault will surely lament to you the days that are no more: "Wine was wine, then, sir," he will say, "And men *drank* it! Now? Ah, well, I suppose it's all right, but I can remember the time when a gentleman was not a gentleman unless he had a fine glass of port in his cellar to give to his friends. Cellars? They don't have cellars now, only cupboards! Yes, I *can* recommend this; I drink it myself. Let us try a bottle; you will like it." I do; seated in his snug parlor; he holding his glass of ruby wine up to the light, so that he could revel in the splendor of its color and note the beeswing. Yes, it was good.

Main Street is never busy. Old friends or new acquaintances meet there and chatter about nothings; they have as a rule nothing much to chatter about; just like many folk in the big cities. And the young men and women do not say very much, even when they are love making. Ah, there is Farmer Jones, "Jolly Jones," father of rowdy handsome Tom; and his buxom dame, come in for a day's shopping; in his trim gig and horse thereto; no petrol-shays for him, dang'em.



And over the way is Farmer Brown, smart, handsome, maybe a bit wicked; at whom many a pretty girl is setting her cap; he is in an auto which he drives desperately. There on a spirited mare is gay young Lady Susan, with her brother on his pony; she is a bit out of place in Main Street, where she seldom makes an appearance; the old family house outside the city is dismal; she prefers London in the Season, then the Isle of Wight or Switzerland, and the South of France in winter.

There is not very much doing here except on Market Day each week, when there is a bit of a stir. Then there is a great exchange of goods and gossip. The younger folk will listen greedily to Madame Rumor, when she tells them that William Brightman, who ran off to Manchester—or was it Liverpool?—it was in 1897, wasn't it?—is a big man now; made a lot of money during the war. And that Frank Morton, lazy young dog, who was always half asleep; you know he went to London without more than enough to pay his fare there; not a penny in his pocket and hadn't even paid for his trousers; well, he's writing books, they say, and being paid for'm! To many a Main Streeter the pavements of London still sparkle with gold! And, you remember Mary? Pretty? Nobody said she wasn't, but—well—. She's gone to America, they say, where they make the picture plays, and she's earning a hundred dollars a week; a week, mind you. And they say that Mr. Bullion hasn't been doing none too well lately, and—well, we shall see. "They" say; I often wonder who "they" are. "They" are the rulers of the roost in Main Street; "they" know all about everybody's private affairs and a great deal more. Of course, "they" say a lot about *me* behind my back, not always over kindly; but what matters it to me? I do not live in Main Street, but in London, where we never say nasty things about our friends and enemies.

II.

Of the many others there is one other Main Street that I know well; it is in the midland part of England. A small, prosperous, progressive manufacturing town; set amid beautiful scenery which is rapidly being destroyed by the encroachments of ugly factories, mills and equally unbeautiful rows of small dwelling places. I can remember the time when the little river ran modestly, shyly, between grassy banks, fringed with forget-me-nots and flags, shaded here and there by stooping willows and blackthorn bushes. It is now tainted by refuse and the water weeds are slimy with filth. A few years ago this town was a small village; there still remains the old-fashioned inn, now swept and garnished and lighted by electricity in place of smelly oil lamps hanging from the dingy-white plaster ceiling; jovial mine host has gone and a smart manager reigns in his stead. And the weather-beaten village church and the o'er full God's acre round it. Off Main Street here and there are many mean streets; poor dwellings of hard-working men, women and children, who spend long hours in stultifying labor in factory and mill. The atmosphere here resounds with the jingle of moneymaking; the town is proud of its prosperity. But was it not happier when it was young?

There are several brand new saloons, all plate glass

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Gaslight Going the Way of the Tallow Candle?

How the Mantle Has So Far Saved the Fleeting Life of Illuminating Gas

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

IS GASLIGHT going the way of the tallow dip of our grandfathers? In other words, is gas becoming obsolete for illuminating purposes? When I addressed this question to an official of a large lighting corporation in New York City, who is regarded as being one of the best posted men on the subject, he responded quickly:

"The thing that saved us was the gas mantle. Gas would have been gone from us but for that. Mind you, I am speaking of illuminating gas. Gas is thriving in its use in industries, where it is broadening out into wide varieties of utility, and for domestic purposes, in cooking and heating, it still holds a well-established position."

In gas manufacturing circles, the passing of gas as a lighting medium has been a matter of serious debate for the last year or so. Men qualified to speak on this subject have been advising gas men on the adoption of new methods of enterprise. The head of a representative technical organization not so many months ago issued a pessimistic statement on the future of gas as an illuminant, and later an expert addressing members of a gas sales association in Boston warned his hearers of the "handwriting on the wall," which he exhibited in the form of a lantern screen, on which he threw statements and figures indicating the decline in the consumption of gas in the lighting industry.

The first gas company in the United States was chartered in Baltimore in 1816, and in 1822 the city of Boston adopted gas lighting. The making of gas was an expensive process in the early days, the initial product being from the distillation of English coals. The price of gas in New Orleans between the years 1836 and 1840 was as high as seven dollars a thousand cubic feet. It was during this period, however, that the gas industry became an important one in the United States, and, as its output became more widely utilized for lighting purposes, the manufacturing costs fell lower and lower. Finally water gas succeeded to the manufacture of gas made solely from coal and the cost of manufacture was infinitely lessened. Carbureted water gas is now the most important product of the gas industry, both in quantity and value. The Consolidated Gas Company of New York last year used only 739,000 tons of coal, as compared with 133,000,000 gallons of gas oil. Three-fourths of the amount of gas it manufactures is water gas. The country's combined output of water gas in 1921 approximated 206 billion cubic feet, as compared with sixty-two billion cubic feet of coal gas.

Uses Have Changed

BUT since the advent of electricity and the introduction of cheap electric lighting, a vast change has come about in the consumption of manufactured gas. Only about twenty years ago gas lighting was the rule, and electric lighting was regarded as more or less of a luxury in which only wealthy folk could indulge. Nowadays, illuminating gas is unable to hold its own in competition with electricity in most of the urban centers. Just as the flickering gaslight on the street corner is a reminder of a bygone age, so gas is gradually vanishing as a medium for lighting the home, and, in fact, homes and communities that are beyond the reach of gas mains are now enabled to enjoy electric illumination at a moderately low cost.

It is true that production figures show that the manufacture and consumption of artificial gas are still on the increase. But the increased production is compelled to seek new avenues of usefulness, while abandoning the old and traditional field of lighting factory, office and home. The output of artificial gas has more than trebled in the last twenty years, having risen from 100 billion cubic feet to more than 360 billion cubic feet. But the gradual change in its use and application is pretty well demonstrated in the following table:

Artificial Gas Sold in the United States

Year	Illuminating purposes (Per 1,000 cu. ft.)	Fuel purposes
1898	15,955,149	2,476,052
1905	86,349,641	31,516,599
1908	109,290,116	47,619,192
1915	80,796,873	185,407,375
1917	80,144,649	262,006,480
1920	61,176,000	242,060,000
1921	60,442,000	256,130,900

Out of the total production of artificial gas in the United States, the amount used for illuminating purposes in 1898 was 86.6 per cent. This high percentage declined to 74.3 per cent in 1904. It further declined to 69.7 per cent in 1908. From 1912 to 1917, the use of illuminating gas slumped from 47.1 per cent to 23.4 per cent. In the year 1921, according to estimates made by the American Gas Association, only about 18.5 per cent of manufactured gas output was used for lighting purposes, while 56.7 per cent was utilized for other domestic purposes, mainly heating, and 21.6 per cent was employed in industrial pursuits.

Now only fourteen years ago, the rates of progress in the gas and the electrical industries were very nearly the same. Since that time, the electrical companies have developed five times their former total, while in the same period the total volume of artificial gas has slightly more than doubled. So it is easy to be seen that in competition with the young harnessed giant, electricity, gas has lost the race.

In such circumstances, which are undeniably disheartening to the gas lighting companies, it is to the credit of American salesmanship and business management that disaster was averted from a situation that had become not alone trying but dangerous. It was not only the gas companies and the public utility corporations that had come to a realization of the significant slowing down of the lighting end of their business. This fact was as quickly recognized by a corporation whose interests were as intimately concerned in the situation as were theirs—the company at whose large plant at Gloucester, New Jersey, are manufactured gas mantles, burners and gas appliances generally.

Within the last three or four years it was estimated by the gas industry that there were in use 6,400,000 domestic gas cooking appliances, 1,300,000 gas water heaters and nearly 900,000 gas space heaters, while incandescent mantle burners for gas illumination numbered approximately 10,000,000. By 1921, however, it was suddenly made apparent that, while there had been a doubling of the amount of artificial gas sold within the last ten years, the number of gas lamps served in 1921 numbered only from thirty per cent to fifty per cent of those in use ten years ago.

Then the retail sales management of the Gloucester corporation began to recognize the fact that gas lighting fixtures would no longer sell themselves and that it was up to them to stimulate public interest in their purchase and in the consequent consumption of gas for lighting purposes. While local gas companies were in direct touch with consumers, it was quite evident that it would not be possible for each one of them to create separate local sales organizations. It was thereupon found advisable to have the work of a gas lighting propaganda conducted apparently by the local companies in separate communities, while actually it would have to be carried out by the gas mantle interests themselves. So the gas mantle management adopted the plan of a permanent organization, which was moved from city to city to spread the gospel of gas mantles. The campaign concentrated on a single-light fixture and a semi-indirect lighting fixture for overhead use. Each salesman carried eighteen mantles ready for installation, and it was his business to arouse the interest of housewives in the advantages of brightening the home by installing such fixtures. This campaign was conducted also through newspaper and direct-mail advertising, and it was thus, through the energies and efforts of the gas appliance men, that illuminating gas has survived temporarily the competition of cheap electric lighting.

But it is not only in the figures of gas production and of the use of gas appliances that the decline of gas lighting is made manifest. The inevitable passing of gas as an illuminant is indicated to a still more striking extent in the records and operations of the great gas companies and public utility corporations.

The stocks of gas companies were among the first to become popular investments, and their profits were high in years gone by. The unusual profits of lighting gas companies immediately attracted the attention of capitalists and with the growth of urban population the public utility corporations sprang into being. The urban population of the country grew in a century and a half from two and one-half per cent of the total population to twelve and one-half per cent, and subsequent years increased this percentage to 51.4 per cent of the total inhabitants of the country. Dwellers in cities, towns and villages of the United States in 1920 numbered 51,406,017 as compared with 30,380,433 in the year 1900.

With the growing demand for modern lighting plants in cities and towns throughout the country, large holding corporations were formed in established centers of capital such as New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. These organizations acquired, managed and operated long chains of gas lighting companies in distant states of the Union. The "holding" corporation would sell its stocks and bonds and either construct or purchase the local companies that fell under its control.

Stock Issues Continue

ALL the time-honored evils of overcapitalization and absentee ownership crept into this situation. The New York or Philadelphia bankers and capitalists ruled the lighting conditions of towns and communities in Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri and more distant states. They had gone into the business to make money, and the comfort and well-being of far-away communities was a subject of lesser concern. The gas companies, whose arrival had at first been welcomed, gradually appeared in a different light to the local communities. Gas rates were high and were frequently boosted to higher figures. Arbitrary methods of the heads of distant holding companies made the local companies decidedly unpopular.

Gas magnates were denounced as extortionate, and municipalities often rebelled against them. Federal anti-trust suits were aimed against them, and state laws forced the reduction of rates. The history of the gas industry of this country for the last twenty years discloses an almost uninterrupted series of lawsuits furthered to compel gas companies to modify the exactions imposed upon helpless communities. The unwisdom of financial managements and their consequent unpopularity undoubtedly also had a great influence in bringing about the gradual abandonment of gas for lighting purposes. Communities welcomed the advent of other concerns that provided cheap electric lighting.

One of the peculiar phases in the gas situation is the fact that although gas lighting is on the decline, and gas production has fallen far behind that of electric power, *yet the issues of gas stocks and other securities are still on the increase.* The stock and bond capitalization of gas companies today approximates one and one-half billion dollars, in the face of the fact that gas companies are numerically growing less. In 1914, there were 1,244 gas companies in the United States, and five years later this number had shrunk to 1,020. The steady increase in the securities of gas companies is indicated in the following table:

Stocks, bonds and other obligations of gas companies.
1916—$1,031,650,000
1920— 1,244 430,000
1922— 1,369,750,000

These security increases have often had an unhealthy effect upon the corporations and have proved unfortunate to the owners of their securities. The case is instanced of the old Consolidated Gas Company of the city of Pittsburgh, which, with the South Side Gas Company, suspended operations in 1919. Holders of $5,000,000 first mortgage bonds, whose interest had been in default since 1916, were obliged to accept preferred stock of the Philadelphia company, a holding concern, subject to all the funded debt of the company and its subsidiaries.

Other companies, made aware of changing conditions, adopted policies by which they combined their business with electric production in their territories. Concerns in New York, Baltimore and Cincinnati were successful in meeting electric competition by themselves supplying the demand for electricity for lighting, while applying their gas production to heating and industrial purposes.

Most of the great holding companies have adopted this plan of protecting their industries by providing both gas and electricity for their light, heat and power enterprises. Their own operations show how gas is being superseded by electricity for lighting purposes.

Among these corporations is the American Light & Traction Company, which, under the conduct of New York capitalists, conducts a large number of gas, lighting and traction companies in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York and New Jersey, including the cities of Detroit, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee and St. Paul. It is capitalized at about $44,000,000. Over a long course of years this corporation pursued what would appear to have been an unwise policy of continual stock increases, which, while it may have been profitable to the financiers identified with the property, has not had a happy outcome for the investors.

Down Come Dividends

THE American Light & Traction Company enjoyed a prosperous business in operating its subsidiaries for a course of years, but in 1909 it adopted a certain policy which caused the market price of its stock to soar. This was a system of paying heavy stock dividends in addition to its ten per cent cash dividends, as follows:

Dividends of the American Light & Traction Company

Year	Cash Div.	Stock Div.	Year	Cash Div.	Stock Div.
1909	9%	12½%	1915	10%	10%
1910	9½%	10%	1916	10%	10%
1911	10%	10%	1917	10%	10%
1912	10%	10%	1918	10%	10%
1913	10%	10%	1919	10%	10%
1914	10%	10%			

While the shares of the company were mounting higher and higher under this system of cash and stock disbursements, they were eagerly bought by investors at top prices. Unfortunately, the stock thus given away was being more than doubled in its outstanding amount, and it became more and more difficult to maintain the ten per cent cash dividends. As a result, the company sustained annual deficits in 1918, 1919 and 1920, of $1,220,151 for the first year, $1,544,584 for the second, and $1,288,409 for the third. It was inevitable that retrenchment had to set in, and beginning with 1921 the ten per cent cash and stock dividends had to be cut down to four per cent each, to the unwelcome contemplation of investors who had so eagerly bought the shares.

The United Gas Improvement Company is another large holding concern which controls and operates many companies in Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Georgia and other states. Its stock capital approximates $67,000.000. Its stock, which in the period from 1897 to 1902 sold as high as $175 a share, now commands a price of nearly one-third that sum.

Another large corporation which exercises the powers of a holding company over a great chain of public utility companies is the Cities Service Company. Its annual sales of artificial gas, if not lessening in quantity, at least have shown no increase over a period of years. By cubic feet, its sales of artificial gas in 1918 were six billion; 1919, six and one-half billion; 1920, seven billion and in 1922 the sales were 5,957,000,000. Its capital stocks, owned directly, or by sub-holding companies, and outstanding in the hands of the public, have risen from $164,322 000 in 1918, to $257 285,000 in 1922. These securities, however, cover ownership in a wide variety of public utility concerns besides gas companies.

The Middle West Utilities Company, conducted by a Chicago group of capitalists, is a holding company which serves a population estimated at 1,419,500 persons living in 534 communities, located in fifteen states, including Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Michigan and Wisconsin. It supplies these communities with gas, electricity and traction facilities. Its stock capitalization aggregates $182,265.000.

The Peoples Gas Light & Coke Company, capitalized at $38,500,000 shows no very perceptible increase in the gas produced, bought and sold over the period of the last five years.

The general trend of public utility corporations is toward meeting the demands both for gas and electricity so as better to face the changing situation. A reduced number of the larger companies are serving concentrated areas of population, while finding new outlets for their by-products

What World Owes American Naval Inventors

Review of Developments Discloses Ingenuity of Yankee Experimenters

By WALTER B. NORRIS

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

LORD Fisher, perhaps the most interesting character the British navy has produced in recent years, remarks in his "Memories" that formerly the wind determined the course of a naval engagement but that now all such matters are in the power of the "mind of man." The chief exhibition of the mind of man in naval affairs has been the work of the inventor, and here the average man realizes too little the tremendous services to all navies which the American inventor of naval devices has performed. He has, especially in the big things of naval invention, been the outstanding figure, even in spite of the too frequent conservatism of the Navy Department and the naval service.

AMERICAN NAVAL INVENTIONS

Famous "Firsts"

Steamboat, *Clermont*,
By Robert Fulton, 1807

Steam Warship,
***Demologos*,**
By Robert Fulton, 1815

Screw Warship,
***Princeton*,**
By John Ericsson, 1844

Turreted Warship,
***Monitor*,**
By John Ericsson, 1862

Electric Light on Warship, *Trenton*,
By Thomas A. Edison, 1883

Modern Submarine,
***Holland*,**
By John P. Holland, 1899

Airplane,
the Wright Brothers, 1905

Seaplane,
Glenn H. Curtiss, 1911

Torpedoplane,
Bradley A. Fiske, 1912

Electric Drive for Warship, *Jupiter*,
By W. L. R. Emmet, 1913

To Americans have been primarily due the first steamboat, the first steam warship, the first screw propeller, the first revolving turret, the first submarine, the first electrical device in the navies, the first heavier-than-air machine for land or sea, great improvements in gunnery devices and methods, and other important advances such as the first use of electricity to propel ships.

It is not too much to say that to an American was due the greatest revolution in naval warfare that modern times have witnessed. Somebody probably first used sails at sea in prehistoric times, and is entitled to the applause of all the ages, but he did no more than did Robert Fulton, the American, who in 1807 produced the first practical steam vessel. Of course, Fulton had his rivals and did not invent every part of the new type of vessel, but he has a claim there that belongs to no other man—that he first demonstrated the entire practicability of steam navigation, established a line of steamers that continues to this day, and started the great revolution in navigation and warfare that has occurred since that time.

But Fulton put the navies in his debt by far more than this. He also built the first steam war vessel, the *Demologos*, in the last part of the War of 1812 and made the American navy thus first to have such a ship. The "Voice of Democracy," as the name might be translated, was a large double-ended ferryboat with only one paddle wheel located in the center of the vessel in a well where it was protected from the enemy's fire. The sides were of wood, but four feet, ten inches thick, and pierced for thirty large guns, which with her ability to maneuver so readily in any direction whether there was a breeze or not rendered her the most formidable war machine of her time. She made such an impression upon the British that it was reported in England that she had sides thirteen feet thick and a device by which 300 cutlasses were brandished along her gunwales to repel boarders.

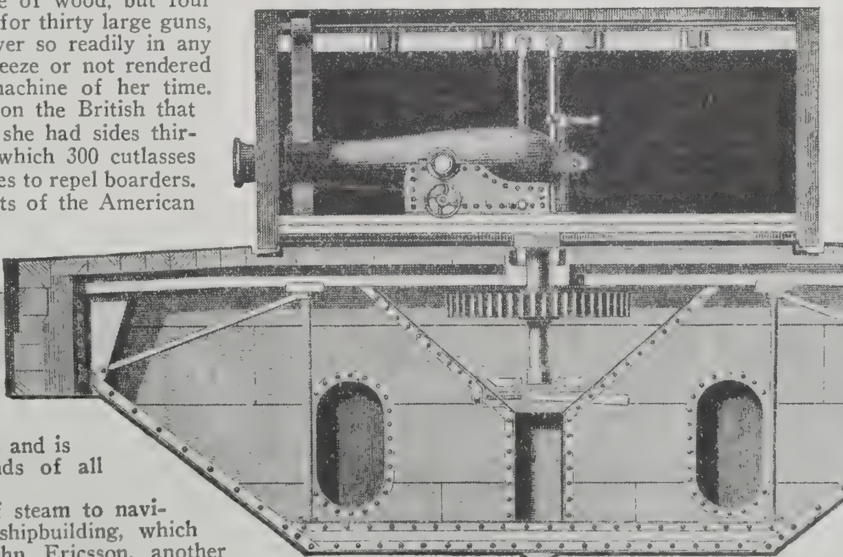
If we add to these achievements of the American inventor the floating mine and the submarine he devised during the Napoleonic wars, the latter of which only failed of success because no means of propulsion under water except hand power was possible, we can well claim that Fulton stands at the head of American naval inventors and is one of the great inventive minds of all countries and all ages.

Except for this application of steam to navigation and the use of iron in shipbuilding, which originated in Great Britain, John Ericsson, another American, can be justly hailed as the creator of the modern dreadnought. In the *U. S. S. Princeton*, commissioned in 1844, he first used the screw propeller in a war vessel, and he was followed almost immediately by the navies of Great Britain and France, both of whom came to him for designs.

Ericsson's second great claim to fame as an inventor of naval devices was the revolving turret, so well known from its use on the *Monitor*. There were many other features about the *Monitor* which entitled Ericsson to fame but they had been more or less foreshadowed or have been superseded in later years. But the revolving turret remains as one of the cardinal features of modern battleships. In 1862, when the *Monitor* became famous for her encounter with the *Merrimac*, the British navy, and the French, already possessed iron-clad vessels, but the *Monitor* type was so revolutionary that the London *Times* remarked, "Whereas we had available for immediate purposes 149 first-class warships, we have now only two . . . . There is not a ship in the British Navy, apart from these two, that it would not be madness to trust to in an engagement with that little *Monitor*." Concentration of fire, perhaps the chief maxim of gunnery today, and armor protection for the guns, are both products of the revolving turret Ericsson introduced into naval warfare. Even the idea of the ship, all of whose guns are big guns, is definitely worked out in Ericsson's masterpiece.

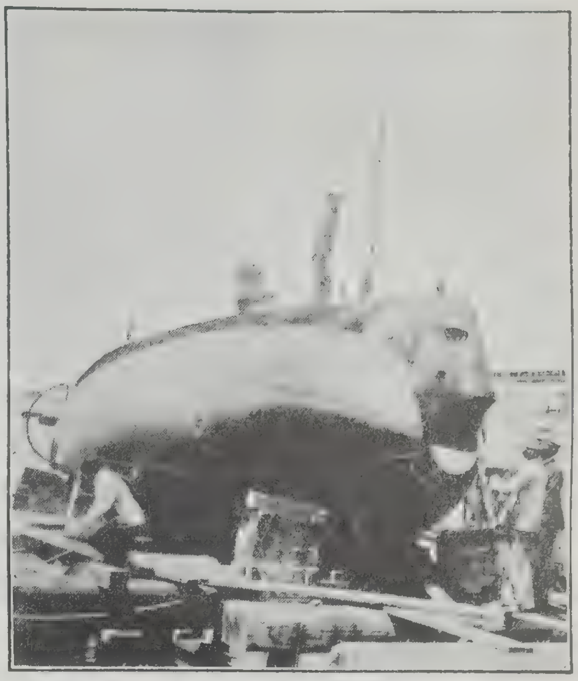
While Americans have invented thousands of little improvements in naval construction and engineering, they have, it would seem, distinguished themselves for daring and for revolutionary changes. The refinements of these ideas they have often left to other nations. Thus before 1880 they allowed the British to make most of the advances in ship construction such as the various changes in boilers, the use of double bottoms, the specializing of warships into types such as the cruiser, the torpedo boat, and the destroyer. America's contribution during this time, and it did not really appear till nearly the end of the century, was the perfection of a submarine vessel and the introduction of electricity to many of the devices of naval fighting. In the eighties America was content to buy some of the plans for new warships from British designers, but she was stepping ahead in other directions with surprising daring.

There seem always to have been submarines, if one consults the histories of the subject, beginning at least as far back as Jonah's whale and including such vessels as the Confederate "Davids," which were noted for being addicted to submerging permanently. But there is no question that the present submarine owes more to two Americans, the Irish-born John P. Holland, and the native American, Simon Lake, than to any other dozen men. The submarine had to wait for several things to be developed. One was the automobile torpedo, the only weapon a submarine could use to advantage. Another was the internal combustion engine for surface propulsion. And a third was some system of driving the engines by electricity while the vessel was totally submerged. With these in hand, and the diving mechanism by means of rudders which Holland invented himself, a practical submarine was produced. Holland's claim to fame is therefore like Fulton's, for neither originated all the devices or ideas used but each first put these together in a vessel that would actually do the work assigned it.



The first revolving turret. Diagram showing arrangement of turret and armor of Ericsson's *Monitor*.

Like Ericsson, Holland was an American by adoption. Ericsson, a Swede by birth, invented the *Monitor* type of vessel in 1854 when Sweden's hereditary foe, Russia, was fighting France and England, and he sent his idea to the French emperor. Holland as an Irishman hated England and wished to aid the Fenians in their guerilla warfare. His second submarine was accordingly largely paid for out of funds contributed to the Fenian cause in the United States, and the plan was for it to be transported across the Atlantic on a steamer, launched in an Irish harbor, and destroy British warships in its vicinity. These plans were never carried out, and the first real Holland submarine was the *Holland*, which was accepted by the American Government in 1899. Thus the United States became the first navy to possess a submarine that proved itself an effective weapon in fighting.



The first submarine, the *Holland*, under construction at Elizabeth, New Jersey.

In a similarly daring way the United States through its inventors tried to apply electricity to all the operations carried on aboard ship. The first electric light plant at sea in a warship was in the *U. S. S. Trenton* in 1883. Then came electric ammunition hoists, electric gun training mechanisms, electric steering devices, telescopes, electric turret-turning machinery, electric range indicators, and hosts of others, with the chief one of recent years the use of electricity as the motive power—usually called the electric drive. In this the United States has still a unique place, as it has not yet been adopted by other nations. But there is little doubt that such installations will spread and the courage of American naval designers be vindicated.

In all the inventions of the last thirty years of the American navy perhaps the name of Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske is most prominent. One of the earliest officers to appreciate the fact that electricity was going to supersede other power on the naval vessel and that electrical devices offered many possible improvements in the training and firing of guns, he continued year after year to invent and patent electric machinery. It would seem that not all of his ideas were adopted, but they led to many improvements and deserve to be remembered in the history of naval invention. Especially in naval gunnery was he active, and his claim that he had as much to do as any man with the advance in accuracy of fire and increased speed is hard to dispute. Part of this was due to his experiments with telescopic sights, which were actually in use on American guns before they were generally adopted by other navies. It was probably the telescopic sights installed on the Japanese ships at Tsushima in 1905 that accounted for their effective fire upon the Russians. Though Sir Percy Scott of the British navy was also a pioneer in these matters and had the official position later to carry them out, as Admiral Fiske did not, it is clear that not all the credit given him for the improved methods of firing and training gun crews and for inventing the system of "director" fire is justified.

For the invention of the torpedoplane Admiral Fiske is also noteworthy. Though not used by our own navy during the World War, it was tried successfully by the British and has since then become a definite branch of naval aviation.

Lastly, America has good ground for credit for the invention of the airplane itself and of the seaplane; its naval sister. Whether the credit for the first heavier-than-air machine should go to Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, or to the Wright Brothers, in either case it goes to an American. And when Glenn H. Curtiss, in 1911, another American, produced the first airplane for naval uses America again took the lead.

It is also not fair to omit mention of the fact that it was a U. S. Navy flying boat, the NC-4, which was the first heavier-than-air machine to cross the Atlantic.

No preparation for war is less expensive than inventive genius, and the nation that can by sheer wit and ingenuity defend herself will not easily be overcome or lightly attacked by foreign powers. Today the United States should not neglect to encourage her men of originality in engineering and science to surpass the achievements of Fulton, Ericsson, Holland, Fiske and the rest in making the "mind of man" in America win new victories in the future.

Hodge's 'For All of Us' Proves Clean Plays Pay

But the Audiences That Go to View His Work Are Not the Typical Manhattan Theatergoers; They're Plain, Wholesome Home Folk

By PETER SCHUYLER

WILLIAM HODGE

THEATRICAL FAME is a queer thing. One of its many perquisites is being "interviewed." A star actor appearing in a great stage success may be of such limited intelligence that he needs a valet to guide him through the traffic to insure his delivery at the stage door for the performance. He may not have (and frequently has not) an idea in his cranium. He may be a social boor, a mental cipher, a nauseating egoist. That is unimportant. He is the star of a success. That is sufficient. He will be "interviewed" in bed and out of it, entering the bath and leaving it. His lightest word, whether it relates to the exact degree of solidity which he requires in his poached eggs or to the elements of economic justice in the Mellon tax reduction plan, becomes a matter of international moment. He is pursued day and night by someone who wants to get something out of him for their own profit. If he is a sensible man, with no illusions about the immortality of theatrical fame, he will take every decent precaution to keep from being run to death, like a stag pursued by hounds. If he is a self-sufficient ass he will wallow and wax fat upon the attention he is attracting.

Not Easy to Interview

ON THE other hand he may be one of the brightest ornaments of the theatrical heavens; he may be a brilliant and engaging conversationalist; a clever wit; a deep philosopher, and a profound thinker on all subjects from the theory of relativity to the effect of pumpkin pie upon the New England character. He may have something genuinely important to say, something actually worth hearing. But that does not make the slightest difference. He is appearing in a stage fiasco. That is the only thing which matters to the newspaper-fed multitude, or the editorial bosses who decide what goes on the journalistic bill of fare every day. Failure, as such, has no "news value" no matter how tragic may be the circumstances surrounding it. It is when the play is a failure that the star fully realizes what Tom Moore meant when he wrote,

"As one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted."

It is, therefore, only a man of balance who can win and appreciate, at its proper value, stage success. Only a man with his head screwed firmly on his shoulders can withstand the temptation which that success offers to talk foolishly and be sure of seeing his foolishness exposed to the world. Few theatrical celebrities realize the commercial value of reticence.

One of the reasons for the phenomenal appeal which Maud Adams had for the playgoing public was the fact that there was a wall of insurmountable privacy thrown about her off the stage. Miss Adams was one of the few stars whose diet, habits, and intimate details of costume were never the subjects of newspaper and magazine gossip. The result was that she became a woman of mystery who created a feeling of curiosity about herself which increased with the years. This feeling, to the very finish of her career as an actress, remained to the world an insatiable and unappeased desire.

William Hodge, the author and star of "For All of Us," which is one of the outstanding financial successes of the present New York season, is not an easy person to interview. Not that he is inaccessible. He does not draw about himself a mantle of isolation and defy the universe to take it off him. He is a very human being, kindly, courteous, and approachable. However reluctant he may be to offer himself as a sacrifice to interviewers is obviously not based upon any cynical determination to make of himself a figure of mystery in order to create a paying public. He is not that sort. Nor is he bent upon lifting himself to the realm of unapproachable platform deities into whose presence only the initiated may penetrate.

A long and varied experience as an actor has probably filled him with a horror of stage-door pests of which the human question mark is not the least. The sight of his name in the newspapers has ceased to be a novelty to him and the thrill incidental to it has vanished. In addition to that he is a busy man who is paying one of the prices for success, which is being made an object of attentions by all sorts of people. To quote one of the stage employes of the Ambassador Theater where he is appearing, "He's pestered to death by a lot of guys that come around to tell him they knew him twenty years ago and ask him if he don't remember them."

Twenty-seven Weeks in Chicago

NEITHER is Mr. Hodge an easy celebrity to get copy out of. He displays no conceit. He apparently does not consider himself either an oracle or a prophet. He answers questions quickly, quietly, and to the point. At least he did on the Saturday afternoon when the following conversation took place. Matinee day is not the best time in the world to talk to any actor. He is played out from the performance he has given and not exhilarated at the thought of the one which he has to give after supper. It takes the star of "For All of Us" forty-five minutes to change himself facially from William Hodge, actor and author, to Tom Griswald, foreman of a gang of ditch diggers. It requires about the same amount of time to change back from Tom Griswald, foreman of a gang of ditch diggers to William Hodge, a busy man with an important appointment a few minutes away. Time to him means something of importance so that beneath all his quite simple courtesy was the evident feeling that what he had to say could be said briefly and clearly and that someone besides the present interviewer was waiting who must also be met and talked to.

"How has your play been received outside of New York?" was the first question.

"It ran twenty-seven weeks in Chicago. That speaks for itself, does it not?" was the answer.

"And other places?" pursued the question mark.

"Have you seen the show?" asked Mr. Hodge.

"I expect to see it tonight," was explained. "But I heard the laughter and the applause while I was waiting downstairs to see you."

"It has been the same everywhere," said the actor. "People all over the country where I have played have received the play very graciously."

Just a Clean, Wholesome Play

SUCH and so unusual modesty stopped that avenue of questioning effectively. Perhaps Mr. Hodge had a mission to perform! Frequently stars of pronounced successes have or imagine they have, an apostolic or an evangelistic message to deliver. If they are under that impression they are not bashful in shouting the fact from the housetops.

"When you wrote 'For All of Us' did you have in mind the intention of doing something to counteract the filth of the New York stage?" interrogated the interviewer. If Mr. Hodge had any delusions of greatness this was the time to exhibit them! He remained perfectly normal under the suggestion.

"No, I didn't think about that at all," he answered with a little smile. "I merely tried to write a clean, wholesome play that I would be proud of if it was a success and not ashamed of if it was a failure."

Taking that statement as a basis of reasoning, Mr. Hodge's bosom must swell with pride every time he gets his box office statement, since from all available sources of information comes the news that "For All of Us" is "a big hit." On one point at least New York and Chicago are in complete accord. Both like the play.

"It's easy enough to write an evening's entertainment of dirt," confessed the author, "but our people are willing to give a man credit for the hard work it takes to do something where the laugh follows the clean tear. Naturally I can't boost my own play," he continued with a suspicion of a laugh. "But when you ask me if it appeals especially and particularly to one kind of Americans I can only answer that by referring you to the comments of those of different races who have seen it."

There was a list of other questions which were to follow, What type of folk came to see "For All of Us"? What significance had his success with that particular kind of play? Did he think it could have any effect on the rotten New York theatrical situation?

But there was a warning gleam in the Negro valet's eye which said plainer than words, "Are you going to turn out to be One of Those Things after you are lucky enough to get in here? Didn't my boss tell you he had only a few minutes to keep an appointment?" Mr. Hodge, from his attitude, was convinced that he had said all he had to say on the subject.

A visit to the play that night could answer the inquiries. It required no photographic proof to show that the audience which saw the play on that occasion was not made up of the typical Manhattan showgoer. Plainly it was composed of what is generically described as "The Man of the Street." That is only another way of designating a great mass of people who have grown sick of paying good money to see bad shows and who, as a result, stay away from the theater altogether until something comes along which they are sure will be worth the price. There was no evidence of the so-called "smart" audience. The hardened, sophisticated showgoer was conspicuous by his—and her—absence. There was no parade of overpainted, underdressed women in evening dress marching down the aisles chattering in the middle of the first act. The Tired Business Man failed to show in noticeable numbers. The people who were present looked like plain, everyday persons who came to be entertained, not to be excited, exhilarated, or virtuously shocked by dirt. Naturally the wiseacres of The Great Shine Way were absent. There are no "hot stuff" situations, no naked women, no double-meaning "cracks" to draw them. Even more naturally the "intellectuals" whose special god is Bernard Shaw and whose pantheon is composed of the "advanced" Continental dramatists were conspicuous by their nonattendance. For them and others the story of "For All of Us" could be only a stirrer of ribald mirth.

Highbrows Would Find Fault

A BANKER, Frederic Warren, has ruined his stenographer. When he falls sick of paralysis he brings the girl into his home as his nurse. She is conscious all the time of the wrongness of her position but is caught in the trap of circumstances, and unable to escape. The banker's wife realizes the situation but tolerates it in the hope that somehow it will be straightened out and the participants in it made to see the evil involved. The means whereby the desired effect is accomplished is the person of a foreman of the gang of excavators working in front of the Warren mansion who has turned himself from a convict into an unprofessional healer of men's hearts and bodies by a study of the Bible which Mrs. Warren, years before, had slipped through the bars of his prison cell while doing her welfare work.

Certainly these plot elements would drive into ecstacies of merriment mental highbrows to whom the theme is suggestive of the Sunday school prize and the intellectual diversions of the mentally deficient. The students of dramatic technique would find fault with Mr. Hodge's handling of the tools of the stage craftsman. They would declare that the other characters in the play are used as instruments to pull speeches out of Mr. Hodge which are so long that they amount to monologues. They would assert that Mr. Hodge violates all laws of stagecraft in getting three or four characters on the stage and letting them stand like statues while two other characters are speaking to each other. Critics of acting would grow inarticulate with rage as they described Mr. Hodge's playing of the scene where the reformed convict discovers that the girl in the banker's life is his own long-lost daughter. Cynics would chortle with glee as they called attention to the situation of seducing plutocrat, the ruined girl, and the final climax in which the banker relinquishes his innocent victim so that his son can marry her. Analysts would pick flaws by the thousand in much of Tom Griswald's theology and philosophy. They would isolate with meticulous care the instances of inconsistency in the character drawing, the needless repetitions, and the constant use of unwarranted coincidence.

Not Drama, a Lecture

IN THE faultfindings of all of these groups there is some measure of truth and some foundation in fact. Considered as a play, "For All of Us" is not drama at all. It is a lecture on mental and spiritual healing, given by an unusual character which speaks in language intelligible to everybody and with occasional dashes of slang which are as shrewd and up-to-the-minute as anything one could hear at Forty-second street and Broadway. The cast is not noticeably good. In one or two instances it is altogether bad. The interest depends entirely on such entrance and exit of Mr. Hodge. It is not well directed, it has no strong clash of character, no big dramatic situation, and it is palpably written by a man who knows every surefire theatrical and stage trick. What then is the reason of its success? It is drawing capacity houses! It is exerting an influence—even though it may be confined to their immediate presence in the theater—on the minds of the people who see it! Listening to their comments as they leave the theater proves that!

Mr. Hodge has a large personal following. He represents something native to thousands of people. He is the nearest approach to what they believe the real American is, that we have on the stage in this country. But he is no more that now than he has been for some years. Yet none of the plays in which he has appeared, since "The Man From Home," has had the success of the present vehicle. His other appearances in

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Mr. Ford's Page

THRICE in five years the American people have been silenced by the passing of a President. Theodore Roosevelt died early in 1919. Warren G. Harding died in the summer of 1923. Woodrow Wilson has just passed in these early days of 1924. In the judgment of mankind Woodrow Wilson will doubtless rank with our greatest Presidents and if the work he began should sometime find its successful consummation, he may yet be given the third place next to Washington and Lincoln. This condition of immortality is insisted on by our people, that the man actually accomplish something. This Washington did; this Lincoln did; if Wilson's work is strong enough to live and establish itself in the life of the world as their's did, he will certainly be entered in the confraternity of the greatest Americans.

Born of the old stock which made America what it is, and which will keep it what it should be, Mr. Wilson was an energetic force in whatever work he touched. Once he saw his path, obstacles but increased his power to grapple with them. The tasks he chose were not the easier ones, and perhaps there lay in the back of his mind a hope that the time would come when his tasks and his powers would be equal, and the necessity for struggle be past. But that time never came. Wherever he went, to whatever task he put his hand, he found always more difficulty and antagonism.

This fact must be borne in mind when estimate is being made of his personality. It will be said in some quarters that his methods aroused antagonism; it may be said with equal probability that his methods were the result of the antagonism he encountered. An idealist comes into a situation and sees at once the need of improvement; he thinks that nothing further should be necessary than the proposal of the ideal, he believes in its self-certifying power. But he soon learns that this world—the ruling part of it, at least—subsists on imperfection and hates nothing worse than progress. Chaos and wrong are too profitable in some quarters, too pleasurable to some natures, to be readily surrendered for order and righteousness. The awakening of the idealist to the terrible realism of evil is one of the tragedies of life.

As university president Mr. Wilson endeavored to establish his idea that an educational institution existed for the intellectual development and discipline of its membership—a perfectly safe position, one would say—but it made the presidency of Princeton rather unsafe for Mr. Wilson. The rich loiterers and their friends fought him strongly. He believed in democracy with sufficient faith to attempt its introduction into college. It was in the midst of this fight, which, complicated by the conditional gift of millions to the college, was already beginning to go against him, that an exit opened up for him in the form of an opportunity to enter politics. He took the opportunity and became Governor of New Jersey. The Presidency came to him in swift course.

EVERY man comes into life in time to do his own work. Thus Woodrow Wilson came. What was his greatest work, Time's verdict alone will determine. Two actions of his ought never to be omitted from the list of his greater deeds. One was his inflexible attitude on the Mexican question, his policy of "watchful waiting" which was so abundantly justified by after events. Enemies desired us to become embroiled with Mexico, to tie our hands in the war they knew was coming. Again, in his position on the matter of special privileges in Panama Canal tolls, Mr. Wilson kept his country's treaty-word from becoming a mere "scrap of paper" and enhanced our moral prestige in the world at a time when moral power was the strongest power to wield. Two simple acts of wisdom and justice, but their effect can never be measured.

Mr. Wilson's connection with the Great War has overshadowed certain other matters which marked his earlier months as President, and certain other matters which, but for the war, would have engaged him. There is little doubt that he saw the encroachment of money power in this country. He saw it in its aspect as the destroyer of free opportunity. He saw it in its potentiality for blotting out of our common life all that had been distinctively American. He saw the money pressure making men more like cowards than their forbears had ever been. It must ever remain a speculation what further course he would have taken had he been left free to pursue his intentions. He thought he was aiming a strong blow at the unjust control of credit when he established the Federal Reserve System; the intention of that system, as it lay in the mind of its sponsors, was always more beneficial than has appeared in practice. But there is no doubt that Mr. Wilson intended it to be his entering act in the war against money domination.

He saw, as so many have seen, that the internal battle has been between Industry and Finance, between creators and brokers, and with the utmost deliberation and firmness he arrayed his powers on the side of Industry and the creative forces of the country.

But while he was thus endeavoring to curb the unfair practices of the money power at home, the International Financiers had thrown the world into giant confusion. It was a time when the feeling of the necessity for reform was strong upon the minds of the forward-looking men of all lands. Idealism was awake; men were aroused to the values of creative work; in every direction there were signs which threatened the further rule of brokerage in the affairs of men. And as if to crush the new spirit once for all, the war was let loose. Wilson's plans, like those of thousands of other leaders, were rudely thrust aside, never to be resumed.

In the meantime, however, whether conscious of the near advent of war, or merely in obedience to his sense of justice, Mr. Wilson took two steps which had an incalculable bearing on the prestige and security of this country during all the troubled time that followed.

First, when forces inimical to the United States sought to embroil us in war with Mexico, Wilson adopted his much-ridiculed but afterward justified policy of "watchful waiting." Who could have foreseen that several years later the very papers should be found which proved that part of the "diplomacy" of International Finance was that the United States should be put definitely out of European affairs by being kept busy with Mexican trouble? Mr. Wilson's policy was the only thing that left us free to save the world, and kept us free from joining the list of strong predatory nations whose victims are the small and weak.

Then there was his policy on the Panama Canal. In this friend and foe alike opposed him, and those who hated Britain accused him. We had entered a treaty with Great Britain regarding the Panama Canal. An act had passed Congress giving a shrewd Yankee interpretation to the treaty, a sort of horse-trader's interpretation, that American ships might have a decided advantage over other ships using the Canal. The act was felt to be a tricky disavowal of some phases of the treaty. Woodrow Wilson asked Congress to repeal the Act in which the interpretation was contained. It was a daring thing to do, though greater service is yet to be done by someone with courage enough to ask the repeal of every privilege-supporting statute on the books.

"Whatever may be our own differences of opinion regarding this much-debated measure," he said to Congress, "its meaning is not debated outside the United States. Everywhere else the language of the treaty is given but one interpretation . . . .We are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or too refined a reading of words, our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please."

Who could foresee that in little more than a year from that time, the world would be in flames and a great empire already judged and condemned because of "a scrap of paper"? Who could foresee that our own great influence on the belligerents would hinge on just such facts as being big enough and powerful enough and honest enough to repudiate national advantages taken at a slight cost of our rectitude? Did Wilson see? Or was he guided at the moment by his own sense of justice, which providentially came to mean so much in the strain of War?

These are two of what men call the lesser services which Woodrow Wilson rendered. It is well to remember the little things: they often have great consequences.

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Woodrow Wilson: 1856—1924

THE most momentous national event since the entrance of this Nation into the Great War is the death of Woodrow Wilson. His personality attained such dominance over American thought, the gigantic events of war had exalted him for a time to so high a pinnacle of world representation, that of him more than any other American it may be said he was the chief figure of the War, and with him closes one of the major pages of its history. Never popular in the usual political sense, he yet commanded public confidence. Aloof from the political trivialities of his office, he was nevertheless the only man besides Lincoln who could put into words the people's mind and heart. A scholar and a historian, he became the administrator of the heaviest material task ever loaded on this Government. In the end he gave the world a new objective, nothing less than the ideal of a League into which all menaces of war should flow and be dissolved by reason. For a few months, during which the spiritual hopes of humanity burned with an intensity and purity never known before, he was hailed as humanity's savior; around him centered the pathetic, the prophetic hope that at last a man had come who could right the wrongs of earth. How he failed by being afraid to fail, how he fell a broken figure while trying to retrieve his failure, is recent history. To state many of the facts is almost to imply a judgment, and it is evident from the bitter hate which Mr. Wilson aroused, both in his party and out of it, and the intense love and confidence he aroused both in his party and out of it, that we are too close to him even to approximate the judgment upon his work which History will render.

He had been fighting death for four years. He was as definitely removed from the forum of public life as if a hand had done it. His double affliction, inability to bring his powers actively to bear on his dearest project, inability even to live the normal life of a worn-out worker—what this double affliction must have meant to him, few can realize. But in this discipline also he showed himself a brave man. Much dissension caused by him will die with him. He is one of those rare figures who command national respect even from those who differed with him. And this because of his elements of true greatness.

The Mellon Proposal

THE Mellon tax plan, whatever its good points may be, is suffering from the zeal of its friends. For a time the public was being given the impression of propaganda, where it should have been given facts. The Democrats put out a set of figures showing the effect on the income tax of a married person without dependents under their bill as compared with the Mellon bill, while the Republicans put out figures showing the effect of the bill on the income tax of a single person and of a married person with two dependents. The result is four sets of figures, all from partisan sources. If the Government could issue an official set of figures, the confusion would be less and the public confidence greater. Against this suggestion it may be contended, however, that the Mellon statement *is* the Government's set of figures.

One bad effect of the propaganda is that the public has been induced to emphasize tax reduction above tax production. No Secretary of the Treasury is so eager for tax reduction that he exhausts or only partially supplies the Treasury. In any attempt at tax reduction he must continue to see that the collected taxes are sufficient to supply the needs of the Government. So that all contentions that Mr. Mellon could have recommended still greater reductions may be true, but they must be measured by an inquiry as to whether further reductions would have destroyed the sustenance of Government. It is not primarily a political problem with which a Secretary of the Treasury has to deal, but a fiscal problem. And the greatest danger to sound legislation and public understanding thereof is incurred when the fiscal act is taken at a time of, or with a view to, political advantage.

On the other hand, Democrats who oppose the alleged Republican plan to reap political advantage out of tax reduction are seeking to minimize the Secretary's proposals by describing them as more favorable to taxpayers of large incomes than to those of small incomes. The same gross revenue, say Democrats, could be raised with greater reductions in taxes on small incomes, and smaller reductions on the large incomes. This is doubtless the right way in which to strike a popular chord, all things being equal. But as the choice is not between two plans as yet, the only plan of which the public is officially aware being the Mellon plan, the question before the public at the present writing is whether the people want the reductions offered by that plan or none at all. Certainly, with the issue thus limited, the people will approve the Mellon plan. The *Literary Digest's* test vote is entirely whether to take the Mellon plan or leave it. No choice is offered between that plan and one which may offer more.

The Mellon plan does simply this: without changing the character or amounts of the exemptions of the ordinary taxpayer, it reduces the normal tax of eight per cent to six per cent on the net income after exemptions are allowed for, except that on the first $4,000 the rate shall be three per cent. That is, the income tax rate is three per cent on the first taxable $4,000, instead of four per cent as under the present law.

Surtaxes which now begin at one per cent on taxable amounts from $5,000 to $6,000, and extend to fifty per cent on sums of $200,000 and upward, are readjusted. The proposed figures run from one per cent on net incomes of $10,000 to $12,000, to twenty-five per cent on sums of $100,000 and upward. The tax stops at twenty-five per cent, which is practically a fifty per cent reduction all down the line to $10,000.

Corporation and other taxes are unchanged. Telephone, telegraph and admission taxes are revoked.

The charge that larger incomes are more relieved than smaller ones is true on the face of it. There must be some reason for this, but the reason is not given. The Treasury Department, no more than any other department of the Government, takes the people into complete confidence. It can only be surmised that the Government does not depend so much upon smaller incomes for its support as upon larger incomes, because (this is a supposition not altogether unwarranted by facts) taxes on large incomes are more certain to be paid than on small incomes. The Treasury Department has made no report on the extent of the repudiation of income tax payments by persons of small income. So that figures based on the supposed payment of smaller taxes may be only figures and not sound bases for computation of what actual reductions of the tax would bring in real money. Grouping the taxes according to the financial status of the citizens is not a final method until all the facts within the groupings are known.

Mr. Mellon himself says that large taxation of large wealth has a tendency to decrease the source of taxes by reducing the initiative of the taxed persons. The argument is interesting but has not been generally convincing. It is like the argument that these reductions will lower the cost of living: an illogical contention, since all that goes to make the cost of living high is put into that cost before there is a surplus to tax. The evident hope of the Treasury is that wealth now concealed in tax-exempt securities and consequently non-contributory to government upkeep, will be withdrawn and put into productive channels.

The matter comes to this: the Mellon plan offers a reduction. A reduction in the hand is worth two partisan arguments in Congress. The proposal to make the reduction retroactive, so as to cover 1923 taxes, will prove popular. Whether Mr. Mellon has made the greatest reduction possible, is a question for decision in Congress. If those who charge him with political motives are correct, then it must be that he *has* made the greatest reduction possible, since, if the charge is correct, votes must be his motive, and the voting majority is formed by persons of small incomes.

Teapot and Partisan Brew

PARTISAN spirit is beginning to taint the good work of the Teapot Dome investigation, and President Coolidge is being blamed for not playing politics or behaving like a swashbuckler. Mr. Coolidge, as Vice-President and presiding officer of the Senate, was cognizant of the Teapot Dome matter months ago. However delicate he may have felt about bringing it up in President Harding's time, it is being said in some quarters that he might have brought it up since he himself has become President. Upon this it is attempted to make a smudge—one of those side-plays in the political game upon which major emphasis is not laid because of their weakness.

It should be remembered that until recently the question of Teapot Dome was largely a geological matter, depending entirely on whether the oil deposits there were safely walled in, or were subject to drainage through other wells drilled outside the Government's property. That matter is not yet settled, there being three expert reports upon it. The action of leasing naval oil reserves to private concerns, in any case, was reprehensible, but there was the executive order of President Harding without which it could hardly have been done. At least, during the months that Mr. Coolidge presided over the Senate there was nothing but matters of this order involved; and after he became President the same matters formed the substance of inquiry, until the amazing disclosures of wholesale personal corruption were made. Thereupon the President promptly acted. He could not have acted earlier upon a matter in which even the committee in charge had not discovered a basis for action.

The complaint now made is that he fails to act drastically enough. If the President were playing politics, innocent and guilty heads alike would be falling into the basket. Outcry has been made for the head of the Secretary of the Navy. He is at least one man whom the suspicion of personal dishonor has not touched. Is a President to blast a man's reputation without sufficient reason, to satisfy a partisan cry for revenge? Every American citizen, even one believed to be guilty beyond doubt, is entitled to his day in court. Even Mr. Fall is entitled to that. Our system grants him that. If Fall were in the Cabinet, doubtless the President would not have lost an hour in removing him. But Fall left the Cabinet as soon as he had performed his valuable services to his friends, Sinclair and Doheny. Is President Coolidge to seek another scapegoat to satisfy the cry for official blood? If he does, he is less the calm, just mind which he has been judged to be.

The President has lost no time. The men involved cannot escape trial of all their actions. The President has taken that matter immediately in hand. Besides, he at once set in motion the necessary processes to quash the leases. He is acting with the dignity and justice and certitude of movement which becomes the Chief Magistrate. He will not play politics to help his own nor to hurt his opponents' party.

The thanks of the nation is due to those Democratic Senators who pursued the clues and facts in this case to such momentous results. That thanks is not partisan. These men have performed a public service which must redound to their personal honor and cannot but reflect glory on their party. They will seriously tarnish their work if they subvert it to partisan ends. President Coolidge appreciates their work and will lend all his power to further rather than hinder it. If cleaning up its own corruption is to be held against the Republican party, then it is a safe wager that the President is willing that it should so be held, for himself he will go on cleaning up.

Because "gasoline and liquor will not mix," the automobile has become the greatest prohibition argument in the country. Even with all the complaint against the non-enforcement of the prohibition law, it is everywhere admitted that conditions are immeasurably better than they would be if the saloon were back in its former numbers.

Mr. Gregory did not know he was working for Doheny until he read it in the papers. This is entirely believable, considering the ramifications of business today. But does Mr. Doheny know for whom he is working? Does any one believe that the men who were securing naval leases were working for themselves alone, and were financed by themselves? If the investigation goes far enough to uncover the big International Financiers who are still in the background, it will be worth a hundred times more to the country than even the catching of Fall et al.

A Modern University in a Medieval Stronghold

Durham Castle, One-time Impregnable Defense, Now Houses College

By PAUL TYNER

TO THIS day in England, only a town that is a Bishop's See may, legally speaking, lay claim to the proud title of City. Striking reminders of the union of spiritual and temporal powers in a medieval bishopric is found in the juxtaposition of Durham Cathedral and Durham Castle. The fortifications were built for the protection and defense of the cathedral, and only incidentally of the town, which is a mere appanage of the castle and grown up around it. As noted in my article on Durham Cathedral (The Dearborn Independent, November 3, 1923), it was because of fear of the Danish invaders that the congregation of St. Cuthbert fled from Lindisfarne. Fear of the Norman a little later led to their seeking greater security for the saint's shrine at Durham, or "Dunholme," as it was then called.

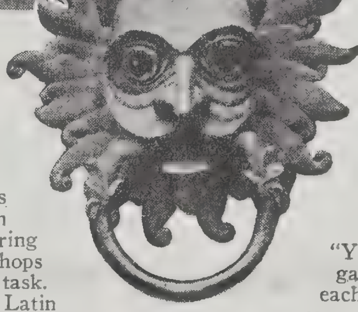
The plateau on which the monks settled was defended chiefly by its strong natural position; the river, and the steep escarpment rising from it, precluding attack on all sides but the north. One of the first steps taken by the monks was to fortify the place, walling the city round about, throwing up earthworks along the edge of the escarpment and on this rearing a stout wooden palisade; a great mound closing the side unprotected by the river's windings.

Durham Castle, as we see it today, dates in large part from the time of the Norman Conquest. It is known that the Conqueror was a great builder of castles. His chief object, having conquered, was to secure his conquests, and his first care, on gaining possession of a city or town, was to regard it from a military point of view, and to order the construction of such fortifications as would enable him to hold it. In the case of Durham, the wisdom of this policy was emphasized by an early experience in William's conquest. But Durham was a famous stronghold half a century before William ascended the English throne. In the year 1006, the place was unsuccessfully besieged by King Malcolm of Scotland, who had a narrow escape after his army had been routed by the Northumbrians. On the occasion of a second Scottish invasion, headed by King Duncan in 1038, Durham was again besieged and sustained repeated assaults. Finally, the bishop's men made a sally and defeated the Scots with great slaughter. They celebrated their victory by exposing the heads of the slain leaders on poles in the market place and on the walls.

The men of Northumberland were uneasy under the Norman yoke and prepared, with the assistance of Sweyn, King of Denmark, to resist the Conqueror's authority. So in 1066 they strengthened the fortifications of Durham and made frequent sallies on the invaders. William marched in person against the rebels, who, being disappointed in the expected Danish aid, were obliged to seek safety in flight, leaving the castle open to the Conqueror. Three years later, Robert Cummin, who had been made Earl of Northumberland, was sent by William to Durham to enforce his authority. So exasperated were the inhabitants by the atrocious conduct of the Earl's soldiers that they broke into the city, set fire to the bishop's palace, in which Cummin had taken refuge and massacred that commander and his 700 soldiers, only one escaping.

To revenge this massacre, William marched northward with a powerful army and laid waste all the country between York and Durham with fire and sword. The devastation thus perpetrated forms one of the saddest pages in English history. We are told that "Between York and Durham, he did not leave a house standing, reducing the whole district to a horrible desert, smoking with blood and in ashes."

On William's approach, the monks fled, carrying St. Cuthbert's body to Holy Island, a four days' journey.



Above—This is Durham Castle from the River Wear, which flows in a horseshoe bend around the Cathedral. Left—The carved black oak stairway in Durham Castle, now used as Durham University. Below—The Sanctuary Knocker on the north door of Durham Cathedral. The Cathedral in ancient times was vested with the right of sanctuary. This right might be claimed by any criminal fleeing from the law or his enemies. Once he succeeded in laying his hand on the knocker he might remain safely in the Cathedral for 37 days.

After plundering the Cathedral of its gold, silver and precious stones, the Normans departed. As related in the previous article, the monks brought back the Saint's body when peace was restored. It was probably on the occasion of William's second visit in 1072 that he projected the erection of the great turreted and bastioned stone fortress that forms the present castle.

The construction of this Norman Castle, later famed as the strongest in Europe, was pushed vigorously. An annual payment was granted out of the revenue of the Abbey Church of Waltham toward the cost of the works during three several episcopates, and the Norman bishops threw themselves with much energy into the task.

Let me quote from the translation of a Latin description of Durham and its fortifications written about the middle of the twelfth century by a poetic monk, Laurence, afterward Prior of the Convent of Durham.

"The land rises in steeps, and its feet are rocky and its sides rugged.

"On every side, its steep and precipitous appearance warns off the enemy; it also despises hostile hands because of the swift river which goes around it in the shape of a horseshoe; the watery valley girds the lofty place.

"Yet, nevertheless, that place, that steep place, is not an island; here a hill divides the horns of the river.

"And because it is as to its approach extremely rough, and as the ascent to it is also a different place, an enemy can do nothing there.

"The plateau makes smooth the extensive heights of the strong place; the place has a level surface.

"A hill, however, rises above the plain on the north, the high mound at its apex.

"Lo, here you have the ways in which nature fortifies the place.

"And whereas the strong site everywhere defends the unyielding city, yet art also with a wall defends and adorns it.

"A strong wall everywhere girds its lofty crest, a wall scarcely in need of any garrison;

"It is broad and high and strong; it is capped by lofty battlements with threatening towers at intervals.

"No one can draw near the gates by which the city is entered without difficulty.

"The gate which looks toward the southeast is planted openly and proudly on a rock.

"It bears a tower for its crown, and is with difficulty attained by a narrow ascent and by a sufficiently precipitous way from the river in the valley.

"The second gate, which the strong and frequent showery southwest wind attacks, almost equals the first.

"Nevertheless, the descent from this place is more gentle, but it leads to hazardous waters.

"The third gate, at which the wall of the city is turned aside from the east to the north, stands with its head crowned with a tower.

"This gate displays parapets more stately than the others, displays also a threatening front.

"And although it happens that the circle of rapid rolling water from that place turns aside with its round incomplete;

"Yet there is that which defends the gate in place of the river; a wall on each side, a tower above and an open space in front.

"So with its front defended and its right defended, it has also that which protects its entrance on the left.

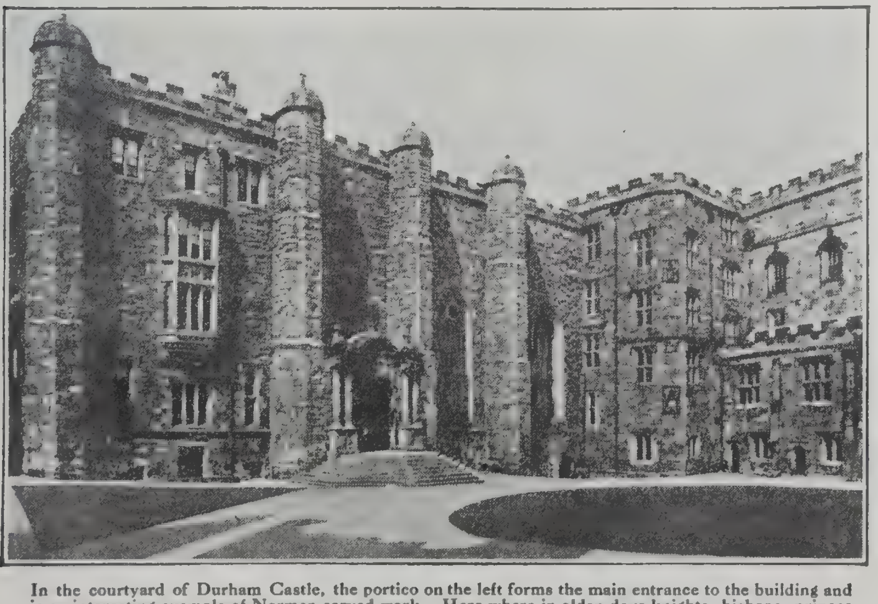
"Not far distant the mound, rising into the air, displays the plateau with its far-stretching surface."

Gazing on the grim ramparts of the castle from the Elvet Bridge below today, and afterward walking about its parapets, I could easily check up this quaint description. No trace of moat or drawbridge remains, but despite various deplorable attempts at "modernization," the various gates he describes are easily identified.

It seems that the City of Durham in the olden days was frequently the scene of terrible fires. On several such occasions, an old chronicle tells us, the flames were stayed by bringing forth the bones of St. Cuthbert and carrying them in procession. Similar miraculous powers were attributed to the "Banner of St. Cuthbert" with the Sacred Host in its center and suspended from a lance. Once the banner-bearer suddenly forced himself into the very heart of the fire. During an hour and more, the flames surrounded him, the wind constantly blowing the banner's fringe into the flames. None of the spectators believed he could survive. Borne down by grief, they said to one another: "A great loss hath fallen upon us today, for verily the banner of St. Cuthbert has been consumed by the flames!" They called loudly on the bearer to come back, but in vain. Finally the fire died down, "not being able to spread beyond the bounds consecrated by the banner." The wind fell and the monkish chronicler continues, "every misery of the first despair was now, by the intervention of St. Cuthbert, turned into compassion of the glory of God." The banner was uninjured by the fire, not even being stained by smoke "which, to all who saw and touched it, appeared exceedingly marvelous."

Curiously enough, the erection of this Norman Castle was intrusted first to a Saxon Thane, one Waltheof, who had made a friend of Walcher, the first Norman Bishop of Durham. Having made his own submission to the Conqueror, Waltheof was rewarded with the Earldom of Northumberland. In 1080, after the murder of Bishop Walcher at Gateshead, his retainers fled to the castle and defended themselves successfully against a superior force of insurgents, who "raged up and down the streets, eager to slay as many of the bishop's people as they could lay hands on." How important a fortress Durham had become in 1088 is shown by the fact that when Bishop de St. Carilef joined the rebellion against William Rufus and the King ordered

(*Concluded on page 14*)



In the courtyard of Durham Castle, the portico on the left forms the main entrance to the building and is an interesting example of Norman carved work. Here where in olden days knights, bishops, princes and their retinue assembled, university students now come and go to their classes.

Spell-binding Agitators of Italy Lose Caste

That's What Happened When the Fascisti Took Hold of Labor Situation

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

IF YOU had stood at a certain busy street intersection in Rome last May you would have had considerable light on why things happen as they do in Italy. Six streets meet at this point. It is the rule in Rome to turn to the left; in the Campagna, the country district outside the city, the rule is to turn to the right. But no one cares anything about the rules; if it strikes a driver's fancy he will go to the right in Rome, frantically waving to oncoming cars that such is his intention. It is taken for granted that a man has the right to take an independent stand on traffic rules.

This intersection is not what we should call busy—there are only forty thousand automobiles in all Italy—but what with three lines of street cars, the motors, and the horse-drawn victorias they manage as a rule to get themselves fairly well messed up. The chief of police said that this must not be; traffic must move freely. Late one afternoon he stationed himself in the middle of the street and deployed about a dozen policemen at strategic points. He waved his arms, his officers waved their arms, the drivers waved their arms, and every mother's son of them yelled. The cafés emptied; the immense number of people in Rome who never have anything to do joined the fête. The drivers and the police cursed each other as only Romans can; then they cursed each other's immediate families and having exhausted them, turned to ancestors. When the conversation had passed great grandfathers, the chief called the party off and went home. For something more than an hour not a wheel had passed the traffic control!

Just this same sort of thing had been happening in the Italian parliament before Mussolini turned up. There were thirteen major parties, but most of the parties had minute subdivisions of opinion, so that careful statisticians say that there were actually thirty-two parties. The parties represented sections and formulas. They were blocs.

South Italy Is Lazy

THE various sections of Italy have produced distinct types. In the south the men are small and very dirty and very lazy. In the northern provinces the men are bigger, thriftier, and cleaner. They want to work and are among the best mechanics in the world. At the big machine shops in Turin and Milan they told me that they could go out among the unskilled men at any time and pick up all the tool makers they needed. There is no leadership among these men and also no initiative; they will rarely leave their jobs and if discharged they will usually wait around until they are hired again. In the south it is different; the Romans are children and they like to play Julius Caesar. They do not mind working, but they need stimulus. If in July you order a pair of shoes to be done by the first of September, you will get an elaborate promise and on the first of September you will find that the shoes have not been started. But if you say that you must have a good pair of shoes in time for a christening two days away, you will get the shoes. They will arrive just about five minutes before the time when you said you were to start—but they will arrive. Also they may not be the kind of shoes you ordered—if some other customer has bullied the shoemaker into getting a pair through, you will get his. A self-respecting man cannot go barefoot to a christening; what matters the size?

As one goes farther south the population gets steadily lazier and dirtier; Naples is very bad; Calabria is worse, and Sicily is still worse. For instance, at Messina the people are still living in the shacks put up after the great eruption of Mt. Etna in 1910. They live in them because they do not have to pay rent. The few buildings that have been erected have been put right on top of the debris. It is from these sections that we draw most of our immigrants.

The war upset all Italy. The farmers and the workers at home made money; the soldiers, of course, did not. They were promised everything by the politicians during the war. When the war was done, came the peace out of which Italy thinks it got nothing at all. The working people saw great companies like one organized by the Ansaldo Brothers spending money right and left buying up companies and apparently having all the money in the world.

Easily Led by Phrases

ALL the various kinds of Italian workers have two points in common—they are easily led by phrases and they love abstract political doctrines. Soviet Russia poured an immense amount of money into Italy in the belief that the government could be overthrown. They, too, knew that the Italians love oratory. There has been for some years quite a large Socialist party in Italy; a portion of them were easily turned radical. The time was ripe. The war government had been very generous with borrowed money; the post-war governments found themselves unable to stay in power unless they, too, were generous with property which did not belong to them.

And then a great many things happened. In the north the workers occupied the factories; it was quite a harmless proceeding and not nearly so violent as was represented. Take the Fiat works at Turin. I talked with Senatore Agnelli, the managing director and the man who has really made the works. He said:

"Things looked ugly and we knew all about the plans to seize the factories. So we quietly took away all our account books and plans and other valuables. When the workers' leaders came asking for the place we let them have it without a word. All the executives, all the engineers, and the whole office force went home. The men, of course, did not know what to do. They spent several days in discussion and then made a show of operating. They assembled in all six machines in a fortnight and they could not sell even those. Just before then we were turning out from sixty to seventy cars a day. When pay day came there was no money. When they needed materials there was nothing with which to buy them. Then the men began to awaken to the fact that their leaders were simply long-tongued fools. They found that ownership was not all it was supposed to be."

The railway workers presented a more serious problem; they were all in one big union and they had the government with them—the roads were owned by the state and the director of railways was hunting for political power. The men did what they pleased. They put in an eight-hour day that was an eight-hour day—a crew quit at the end of eight hours and the train stayed where it was until another crew came along. They reduced third-class fares to almost nothing and increased first and second. They refused to allow officers or prosperous looking people to ride. They killed a number of officers. Trains often stopped for hours while the crews debated policies. They had 240,000 men, whereas even with the eight-hour day they needed not more than 180,000, while in 1913 the roads, doing more business than with the high personnel, had only 148,000 men. They raised the average of salary from around two thousand to above eleven thousand lire a year and in spite of larger gross receipts managed to turn a pre-war profit of about one hundred million lire into a deficit of one and a half billion lire. Italy put the Plumb Plan into effect with a vengeance.

Workmen all over Italy took it from the leaders that they ought to have high wages, do little work, and be rude to everyone suspected of having money. As an English physician who has lived in Rome for many years told me:

"You could not go out into the street without being insulted. If a man came into your house to do work he not only insulted you but also spent as much time destroying your property as in repairing on the job for which he was supposed to be there. One had no redress. Since Mussolini there has been none of this."

The eight-hour day was put into effect by law in spite of the fact that Italy had no money or machinery to make up the difference in productivity between eight and ten hours. The high taxes prevented the accumulation of capital to buy such machinery. Wages, through frequent strikes, went from the three to five lire of pre-war times to twenty to thirty lire, and prices increased until at the top they were five times those of 1914. Now they are about four times. The people who lived on incomes, as well as the professional people, have had a hard time for they have not been able to follow the workmen. In the midst of the boom, financed largely on the printing of money, the big Ansaldo Company crashed, carrying with it the Disconto bank—one of the four big banks of Italy. This convinced the people that they were being buncoed by the government—they were right. They were being buncoed by everyone.

Castor Oil Efficacious

IT IS not natural for an Italian to be rude, but they are emotional and also they cannot stand social pressure. They like to be in fashion. They followed leaders in being violent. If a workman were not a "Red" he was an outcast. Things went from bad to worse; the lira fell so low that it was all but out of the question to import any considerable quantity of goods from abroad—and it is necessary for Italy to import.

Then came the Fascisti. They gradually organized as a party but they are really an economic reaction. The youth of the country saw everything which they respected and cared for cursed by flannel-mouthed soap boxers. They saw, as the cowed workers could not see, that the end of the business would be a Russianized Italy. They had a notion that the Communist leaders were all cowards and would not stand up before a determined fight. So here and there little bands of young men started to give the Reds a taste of their own medicine. The movement was unnamed and unorganized. In one case five boys—none over twenty years—took a whole town from the Communists. What made these boys strong was their brave recklessness. They were not afraid to kill or be killed. Gradually under one Benito Mussolini, a newspaper editor of Milan, the boys began to organize. They called themselves Fascisti, which means literally a bundle of fagots—another version of "in union there is strength."

Their procedure was usually after this fashion. A quite unarmed boy would walk into a Communist headquarters and say something like this:

"Tomorrow at ten o'clock you will haul down the red flag outside and hoist the Italian flag. Then you will all make a public apology and leave. Of course you can go ahead and kill me now, but in that case I am afraid that I cannot say what will happen to you."

That sort of thing takes nerve. The boys had the nerve. Some of them were killed and in return they killed, but they never started the trouble. They simply insisted that, the organized government having failed to function, they would act in its stead and preserve order. They had nothing of the white "terror" in them; they were more in the nature of the vigilance committees we used to have in the West. They had not been operating long before they made one of the great discoveries of modern times—castor oil as a political agent. Whenever a Bolshevik got too wild in his speeches, it grew to be the habit of the Fascisti to take him into a public square, have him kiss the flag, give him an overdose of castor oil, and send him home. Instead of making a martyr of him, they made a fool of him. And no one bothers to get excited about a fool.

As soon as the terror of the Red domination was lifted from the workers, they, too, started to join the Fascisti. In the meantime the government was changing prime ministers every week or two; a prime minister in Italy, as in most European countries, exists only as he has a majority in the legislative body. With thirteen parties in the Chamber of Deputies, only a coalition could have a majority, and a prime minister lasted only until he asked for some measure to be passed.

It was developing that the only man in Italy capable of doing anything was Benito Mussolini with his Fascisti behind him. The Fascisti, now well organized and with regular army officers at their head, started to march on Rome. It was only a gesture; they were not opposed. As they neared Rome the king asked Mussolini to take charge of the government. His first act was to ask for full powers—to ask that he have the authority of a dictator, but without the name. The deputies granted his request largely because he would have taken control anyway. And he had to take full power because the chamber was so full of blocs that no national business could be done.

His One Idea Is Italy

HE HAS governed well; he has sound ideas of government. The Italians like a leader who can be dramatic; Mussolini can be dramatic to the last degree—but he never fools himself. He can talk bunk when bunk is needed—but he never imagines that his bunk is real stuff. The one idea in his head is not Mussolini—it is Italy. And it looks as though he would be able to make something out of Italy.

That is the impression which I got in talking with him and with the members of his cabinet. He is under forty and so are all but one member of his cabinet—one of the ministers, Sardi, was born in America—and they are doing their work well. They reminded me of nothing so much as the executives of a growing corporation.

In the United States we know Italy mostly as a country which produces shoemakers and vegetable sellers and garlic eaters. We used to know them as a race of day laborers, with an organ grinder or a peanut vendor thrown in. We have always taken an Italian as an Italian and let it go at that. To meet them on their own home ground and find out how many kinds of them there are is something of a revelation and decidedly interesting. But when one examines into Italy and what it has gone through from time immemorial, and what it has gone through recently, the wonder is not that Italians like garlic but that there are enough left of them to like anything. And it may be news to know that there is really no such person as an Italian. Italy is not a country; it is a geographical expression. There are no Italians; there are Sicilians, Calabrians, Neapolitans, Romans, Tuscanese, Piedmontese, and so on, and they have in common only a flag, a government, the same kind of money, and a mutual contempt that finds expression in no end of ways, and especially in politics.

We can learn a lot from the Italians; we can learn how to get along comfortably on nothing a year—which lesson we do not need just now; but we can learn a great deal about how fads and fancies in government work out, for there is nothing that our lovers of the plain people have not suggested for our ills which the government of Italy has not tried in a big way. Government after government and party after party have come forward with this or that plan, by which everyone would have a great deal of this world's goods without the bother of working to get them.

The thing which Mussolini did was to put common sense into government—he said in effect that political toys were all right in their way but that they must be used as toys and not as things to throw into the machinery.

The Old Days and Now

THE people as yet know little of government. Modern Italy dates only from 1870; before then and for ages past it was made up of a number of independent states, some of which had at times been independent and indeed world powers. Rome once ruled the world. Venice once ruled the seas. Genoa and Pisa were great maritime powers. From the fall of the Roman Empire, the Italian peninsula was a nest of little states—some were republics and others were monarchies. They spent a fair amount of their time fighting with one another and they developed nationalities of their own. Italy is not a rich country, but in the old days when iron and steel were used mostly for weapons, and coal was not necessary, for there were no steam engines to run, she got on fairly well. The forests provided the necessary wood and the soil was fertile enough to support the small population—small by present standards, but large for the old days. Italy was the seat of civilization and culture; the Catholic church ruled the spiritual and a good deal of the temporal world from Rome; nearly all the rulers of Europe had to receive their crowns from the Pope. While the English nobles were living in rude stone castles, drinking ale and wallowing in great platters of food, the Italian nobles were living in rooms decorated by the great painters of all times and eating from golden plates of exquisite workmanship. Also they know the technique of fighting.

More powerful countries rose to the north, and one by one the Italian principalities lost their independence or traded it for some kind of protection. Austria became the dominating power. Then came Napoleon and some-

(Concluded on page 15)

Free Souls Driven From Capital of Culture

Exit Duelling, Enter Street Lights—Everything's Spoiled for Californians

By HARRY H. DUNN

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, for more than twenty years given over to Art in the midst of Nature in all its naturalness, where open springs took the place of water mains, where lanterns flickered instead of street lights, and where the cutting of a tree was a cause for immediate excommunication of the cutter, is about to be abandoned by the Free Souls of the world of goosequill and crayon, harpsichord and buskin. Very shortly there will be a number on each house, an arc lamp on each corner, and, most humiliating of all, a paved street for every cow-path. This means that there is to be a new capital of culture in California, though the capitalists of this culture by no means admit that its capitalism is limited to one state, or even to these United States. For the capital is to be moved about fifteen miles down the California coast, to a sequestered area of some hundred acres, at Notley's Landing—and Art is going to take tickets at the door from those mere mortals who desire to see Her sons and daughters at work.

The Carmelites, that is, the old original settlers, who, two decades ago, had never heard of the place, are getting to feel crowded. Originally laid out by an enterprising real estate man as a retreat for creative artists, Carmel was first settled by George Sterling, poet, who soon attracted to the golden sand dunes, curving above the shallow, foam-rimmed sea, a select coterie of artists along other lines. Quaint customs sprang up; houses were built hidden amid the trees; if one of the trees interfered with the view of the sea, the would-be viewer walked around the tree, and still saw the sea. The Code Duello was imported, a field of honor staked off, and what are commonly known as fist-fights in places where police are more frequent, were staged with all ceremony. The police department of Carmel admitted that he could not compete with the artistic impulses which impelled these men of the Ultimate West to their affairs of honor, and retired from the sand dunes to the main road of Carmel to keep watch over less dangerous auto-speeders. Among the famous duels recorded were one between Harry Leon Wilson, well-known author of commercial fiction, and Theodore Criley, painter, and one between the leading butcher's delivery boy and another writer whose stories have had their greatest circulation through his reading of them to circles of admiring friends. Still another duel impends, for Dr. George M. Dorwart, retired minister, has challenged Argyll Campbell, city attorney, soldier of fortune, actor, author and playwright, and Campbell has accepted, weapons and place secret. Possibly the duel has been fought, who knows?

But this matter of duelling is no matter for laughter. Indeed, it is one of the straws which has broken the back of the camel of art, and is to be settled definitely before the Free Souls of Carmel become the Free Souls of Notley's Landing, some fifteen miles away. To get back to the cause of the migration of Culture from its Capital in the New World, however, it should be recorded that from a population of one poet twenty years ago, Carmel has grown to some 1,200 inhabitants. The majority of these want the improvements which civilization offers to modern life. They seek paved streets, numbers on the houses, corner lights, a modern city hall, though Carmel is only a city of the sixth class, and not yet entitled to a mayor; they demand a water-supply system, sewer lines, and the cutting away of at least some of the trees and underbrush which hide the sea from the town. At the last election Perry Newberry, author, raconteur, and leader of the art colony, was elected by narrow margin to the office of chairman of the board of city trustees, and thereby he assumed the title of "mayor," to the dismay of the "moderns" who had opposed him.

These "moderns," however, are getting stronger and stronger, and now the Free Souls, crowded to the limit of endurance by the progressives, are preparing to found a new art center. Armed with the endorsement of rather more than half of the artists in Carmel, "Mayor" Newberry has just presented the completed plan for the new colony, which is to occupy approximately 100 acres at Notley's Landing, on the coast, about a three-hour hike south of Carmel. Here are the rules, as originally formulated, and which, with one exception, are to be adhered to in the infant metropolis of the Muses:

1. No duelling.
2. No persons other than the charter members of the original charter company of Free Souls to be admitted to residence in the colony until they have passed with satisfactory degrees a stiff examination as to their artistic abilities.
3. Sightseers prohibited until they have paid an admission fee entitling them to remain a certain brief period within the community. This fee is tentatively agreed on as five dollars, though this amount has not been officially fixed.
4. Immediate setting up of a community fund chest, to which each member shall contribute in proportion to his or her income, from which payments are to be made by the treasurer in charge to each artist who is not earning enough to supply him or her with a livelihood, until such time as said artist's income equals his or her necessities. Such payments are to be made only according to the actual need of the person receiving them.
5. Performance of labor by any person for any other person in the colony is rigidly prohibited. All public work for the common good is to be done by the artists themselves, each person giving a certain part of his, or her, time every week to co-operative work on trails, paths, roads, and such other work as may be necessary.
6. Each member of the colony to solve his or her own problems of water supply, lighting, sewerage, drainage, and so on.
7. Commercial establishments of all kinds strictly prohibited.

These foundation stones for the building of a co-operative capital of culture anew on the California coast were accepted, with the exception of the first, which caused an immediate and acrimonious dispute at the meeting of the ways and means committee of the Free Souls, a meeting held amid the gastronomic delights of an extremely material restaurant on Carmel's main street. When the 'no-duelling" clause was read, Ernest Schweninger, one of the seconds in the now historic Wilson-Criley duel, leaped to his feet and burst into a speech in favor of duelling, an argument which was supported by the majority of those present. Newberry defended the ban on duels, but lost the argument, and that rule is now being changed to permit combats of honor when approved by the Duelling Committee, yet to be chosen from the half-hundred charter members of the new colony. The only other alteration made in the rules is to be the addition of one putting a permanent ban on telephones.

Above—PERRY NEWBERRY, Mayor of Carmel, and leader of the artists who are preparing an exodus from that capital of culture because some of the plebeian townspeople insist on having electric lights, sewers, piped water supply, paved streets and other sanitary arrangements. Below—The gnarled and mysterious cypresses of the Carmel coast, the only ones of their kind in the New World, and from which the interpretive dancers of the Carmel colony of artists have taken the patterns for their postures in a number of what the less artistic neighbors call "synthetic" dances. These dancers have refused to join the exodus of artists from Carmel, but prefer to remain in contemplation of their beloved cypresses.

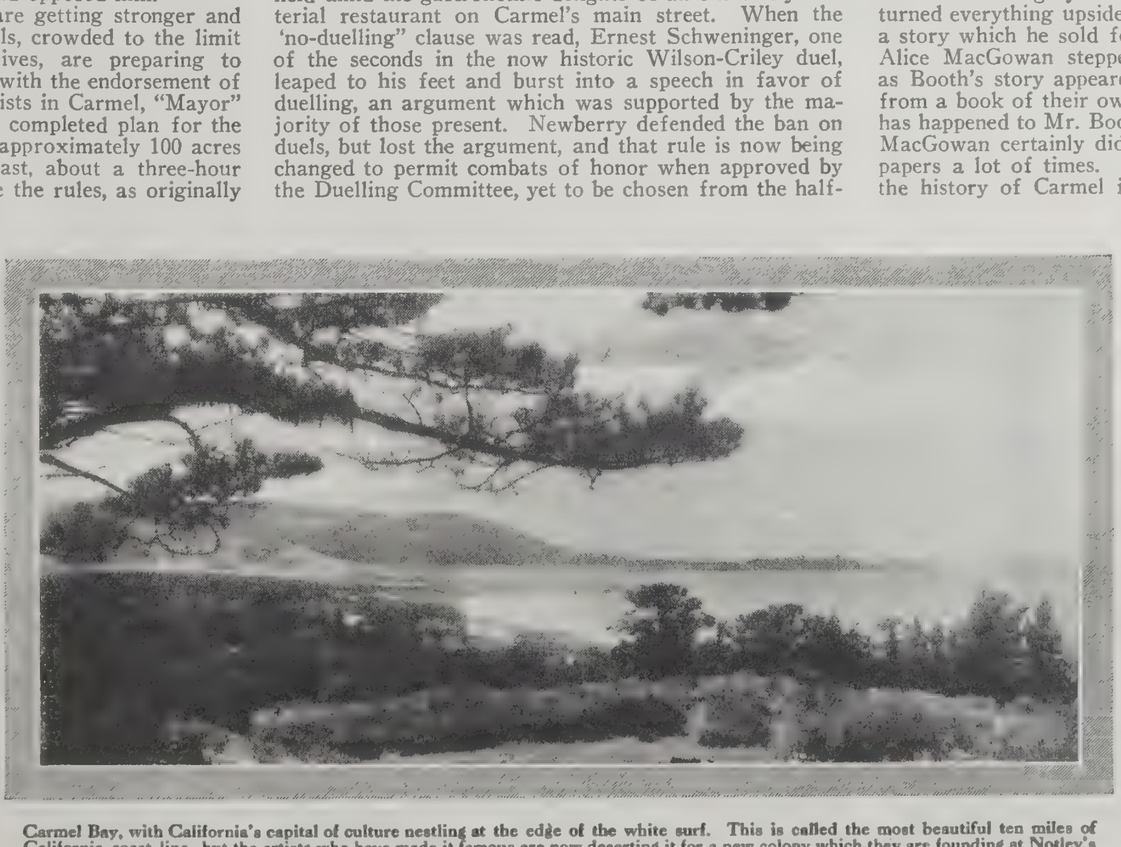
Among the charter members of the new colony, whose associates avow they seek to be as free as air, besides "Mayor" Newberry, are Evan Royal Mosher, painter; Grace MacGowan Cooke and Alice MacGowan, novelists; Argyll Campbell, actor and playwright, who will abandon his office as city attorney of Carmel to join the exodus in the name of art; Yolande F. Swain, poet; John Howard Flannery, composer; Jeanne Burton, poetess; three Brothers Josselyn, musicians, actors, playwrights, short-story writers, and minnesingers; David Alberto, pianist; Laura Maxwell, artist; Ernest Schweninger, song-writer, adventurer, globe-trotter and writer; Katherine Cooke, playwright and actress and Cornelius and Jessie Botke, painters. More than as many more have agreed to join in the migration of the masters of art, but these are the leaders who have been working on the plan for more than a year, bringing it to completion only in the spring of 1924.

The conservatives claim that Carmel is becoming too modern to be the proper ground for the rearing of brain children to successful action on the stage of the world. An incorporated city government is no kind of foster-parent for creative inspiration, declare the Carmel Cognoscenti, and the Independent Intelligentsia concur completely with the C. C.'s. Then, too, there are too many summer visitors at Carmel, though there be some of the progressives at Carmel who do insinuate that if the aforesaid Intelligentsia could charge and collect a head tax on all the summer outlanders who visit the capital of culture—as they hope to do at Notley's Landing—there would be no exodus of the artists. That, however, is a matter of opinion, and probably cannot be settled, even by one of the unforbidden duels at the new co-operative colony.

Carmel's history, though brief, is vivid. Not infrequently the volume of artistic production becomes too great for the little city on the sand dunes of Carmel Bay to retain, and culture just boils over the whole surrounding landscape from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the snow-crowned Sierras to the shores of the Sunset Sea. Recently there was an almost-riot because a fire engine purchased by the Progressives was painted conflagration crimson instead of embers of flame, the Conservatives contending that the fire engine's color should represent the accomplishments of the engine, rather than merely the fire it is intended to put out. Not long after that F. A. French attended the production of "High Justice," a play written by Carmel playwrights and produced under direction of Herbert Heron in the Capital of Culture. Now, Mr. French was welcome to the show, but not so welcome to criticize it, as he did afterward right out in public in a local paper. The protagonists—I understand that is the word—of the play claimed that, because the leading lady had a fever and the ingenue two cracked ribs, the show should not have been reviewed on its production, but on its intention. Carmel is still divided on the resulting question of whether a leading lady's temperature should be considered as affecting her temperament.

Then a naughty man named Booth just went and turned everything upside down in Carmel when he wrote a story which he sold for $1,200. Perry Newberry and Alice MacGowan stepped right forward, just as soon as Booth's story appeared and declared it to be a theft from a book of their own composition. So far, nothing has happened to Mr. Booth, but Mr. Newberry and Miss MacGowan certainly did get their names into the newspapers a lot of times. But by far the saddest page in the history of Carmel is its invasion by a well-known American game in which one card is dealt to each person around the table until every person has five cards. This was revealed when a real artistic program was given by David Alberto, pianist, in the new Carmel Arts and Crafts Theater. Though this was an artistic party, intended mainly for the artists, not enough of them attended to pay for the lights, yet the performance struck a high note in artistic accomplishment; for a fact, it did. Everybody wondered where the artists were, and John Howard Flannery, composer, critic, and leader in the coming exodus of art, answered the unspoken and spoken questions when he said, right out in the middle of the program:

"There are more poker players in Carmel than there are lovers of real art. The artists are not here because too many are in their smug hutches playing poker."



Carmel Bay, with California's capital of culture nestling at the edge of the white surf. This is called the most beautiful ten miles of California coast line, but the artists who have made it famous are now deserting it for a new colony which they are founding at Notley's Landing, which lies on the point poking out to sea in the right background of this picture.

Zero Hour Striking for College Athletics

Time for Reform Here, and It Must Come, or Entire Structure Will Collapse

By A Veteran Sports Writer

We have published an article in which actual cases of professionalism or badly tainted amateurism were cited by the writer; this week a further discussion of this grave crisis in our college athletics is presented from the pen of the same author, a distinguished sports writer.

COLLEGE athletes are showing a growing tendency toward commercialism. Many educators are alarmed over the condition. They are giving public expression to their fears. They are discussing many and varied remedies and agree that something must be done about the matter.

Conditions in college sports have not improved in recent years. The path has led downward, rather than upward. The lure of gold has become greater and the spirit of sport has been losing ground.

Each football season there are numerous charges of professionalism. The finger of guilt is pointed in all directions. The accusations frequently reached the public ear. The college baseball season is a repetition of the football season. Here, again, come the charges of professionalism.

The time for reform is here. The structure of college athletics is swaying and unless action is taken there will be a collapse. Year after year has come an avalanche of words upon the subject, but words will no longer suffice. Action, long delayed, is needed.

If there is to be a reform in college athletics, and it is certain that one must come, then the reform cannot arrive in new laws, rules and regulations, as so many suggest, but in the abandonment or moderation of some of those that exist.

Legislation will not stamp out the professional tendency in college sports. Some of the gentlemen in charge of the situation believe that the only solution lies in stricter laws, but one of the chief faults of the present system is an overabundance of rules, excessive legislation. What is needed more than prohibition is temperance.

Those high in the councils of collegiate pastimes have suffered from what is more or less of a national sin. They have gone to extremes and, having gone, insist on seeing the rules through, refusing to compromise or tamper with the laws of the book.

Amateurism, in the strict sense of the word, is impracticable in the United States. To demand that athletes live up to the strict letter of the law means the encouragement of hypocrisy and deceit. And in this hypocrisy and deceit there is far greater danger to the athlete than in the taking of money for his services. It is destructive to the moral character of the man.

Many eloquent addresses are being delivered on the evils that beset college athletics, the growing tendency toward professionalism, the curse of commercialism. This same eloquence has marked the winter season of each year in a considerable stretch of seasons. But the same orators have failed to go beneath the surface. They have not given words to the cause of the proclaimed evil. The men who deliver themselves upon the subject have apparently never done more than touch the covering. They have not tilted the lid and looked beneath. Their war has been upon the effect and not upon the cause, upon the results and not upon the reasons. The most important angles of the situation have been ignored.

Often those that point the finger of guilt are among the men that are to blame for the guilt. They are among the men that have contributed the chief cause for the condition so widely deplored.

In a recent address a famous educator told his audience that college sports were becoming more and more commercialized and he tried to give an explanation for it. He said the cause was the sports pages of the daily newspapers. These pages, he explained, devote their columns almost exclusively to professional sports. The athletes read the columns. They discover that a certain major league ball club signs a player for a salary well up in five figures; that another major league team buys a player for a figure in the six figures; that baseball made millions of dollars in the previous year; that the world series had greater gate receipts than in any previous October; that a hockey player receives several hundred dollars for each game; that a man playing professional football gets as much; that a pugilist demands a million dollars for his end of the purse to fight for the world's championship; that another pugilist refuses to fight for a paltry $250,000; that tennis stars are to receive money for playing; that golf professionals are making from $10,000 to $30,000 a year; that fabulous sums are paid to the pros. for a single match; that ski jumpers get $200 a week; that pro. basket ball players get as high as $250 a game. Day after day, in each issue of his favorite newspaper, the young athlete reads these facts. Always, when he reads of a sporting event, the event is linked with the dollar mark. In his mind sport and money become inseparable companions; he cannot think of one without thinking of the other. He naturally concludes that sport cannot be conducted without remuneration. The tone of the newspaper columns is then, according to the educator, the reason for the spread of commercialism in our colleges and universities.

Hasn't Read College News

THIS educator evidently has missed a great deal on the sports pages of the daily newspapers. He has not read the college sport news and of this quite a bit is being printed in the newspapers, more now than ever. And, had the educator read the sports pages, he would have found the real reason for the spreading tendency toward professionalism. There, on those same pages, we discover that one university is completing a stadium costing two million dollars; that another university is starting one that will cost at least as much; that another university is planning to build one more expensive than any of the others; that certain universities are going to extend the seating capacity of their stadiums to get bigger crowds and bigger receipts; that such and such university exceeded its previous football profits by many thousands in the past season; university football teams playing for $50,000 guaranties; universities engaging football coaches for salaries in five figures; university football teams taking trips across the country to engage in holiday games; universities charging five dollars a seat for football games.

If the athlete reads the sports pages as carefully as he is credited with reading them he certainly will read the news of the college sports, since he is vitally interested in them. If he is deeply impressed with the monetary advantages of professional sport, how much more is he impressed, then, with the commercial value of his own college sports. It is only natural for the athlete to assume that, since the apparent object of college athletics is to secure as many dollars as possible in the athletic treasury, his services should be rewarded with something more substantial than a letter. He feels that since he brings such tremendous revenue into the treasury he is entitled to a small share of it. That is only human.

Colleges and universities have more and more developed the commercial tendency. The gate receipts have been uppermost in mind with those at the head of college athletics. The football schedules (and football is the great paying college sport) are so framed as to provide the greatest revenue. The team that is in the greatest demand is the team that can guarantee the largest crowd. Teams that are drawing cards are the teams that will find favor over the traditional and poorer rivals.

What an Amateur Is

THE athlete readily understands the purpose of it all. Being young and impressionable he catches the flavor of the thing. He decides after a while that since he is instrumental in providing these big receipts he should share in them. The frame of mind of a college athlete is, after all, merely a reflection of the condition that has arisen in the battle for the dollar at the gate.

To be an amateur athlete a boy must never have received money for his services. That is the strict interpretation of the rule. A great many boys have received money for playing ball, playing football, running in races or appearing in some other form of sport where they took pay for their services.

Summer baseball offers one of the simplest methods of earning money. Many of the men engaged in varsity athletics have playing ability on the ball field. They can with ease get positions on semi-professional teams or some of the minor league teams in the summer months. Many young men have used this means of employment to pay their way through college. After school opens they engage in some form of college sport. To do this they must appear as amateurs and deny that they ever received money. To evade the penalty attached to taking money, which in the case of colleges means being barred from athletics, they deny ever having received money. To cover up the evidence, they play under assumed names.

Here we have the greatest evil resulting from the amateur rule. The boy's love for athletics causes him to play under a name other than his own and later on to deny that he played for money. He practices deceit and hypocrisy. The practices that he indulges in are ruinous to his moral character.

Scattered about this country are many young men who have played summer ball for money. Some of them played on factory teams, some on semi-professional teams, some on hotel teams and others in minor leagues. These boys are engaged in some form or other of college sports. They are posing as amateurs, denying their summer occupation and their violation of the amateur code.

Often He Is Excused

DISCOVERY and positive proof may mean disbarment and, again, it may not. Often the athlete continues playing even after he is found out. Excuses are discovered and accepted. This is really official encouragement of the deceit.

The professional tendency among our college athletes would probably not be entirely erased by playing baseball in the summer months, but it would be considerably relieved. The utter prohibition provided by the college law at present has resulted in a general collapse of the object in view, which is sport for sport's sake and the development of the physical as well as the mental side in our educational institutions.

Colleges are not going to quit trying to get as much as possible in sports. They will continue planning for the largest possible revenue. They will, unintentionally, continue encouraging the professional tendencies in the athletes. They are ever associating the dollar with college sports, planning their schedules so that the highest profit can be derived, and it is but natural that the college athletes will continue associating the dollar with the game and the athlete will be inclined to make the varsity aim his own and individual aim. This is the natural effect of the condition that exists.

Permitting summer baseball, as several universities already do, will in a measure relieve the situation. There is, as has been pointed out, nothing dishonorable in getting money for playing baseball in the summer months while there is every dishonor in playing under a fictitious name and making a flat denial later on so that the player can retain his eligibility.

New rules will only muddle up the situation more and more. What is needed most of all is moderation of the existing rules. The boys cannot be expected to ignore the lure of the professional aspect when it is so appealing to their masters. And the masters do not seem able to overcome it.

The Sunny Side of Main Street

Concluded from page 3

and glitter, creators of drunkenness and misery; two or three picture theaters; a plenty of stores of all sorts and conditions. Oh, yes indeed, a very thriving Main Street, but on its way to be a big city, and, therefore, Main Street no more and more's the pity.

In olden days, in my young days, there was one policeman here, busy from year to year doing nothing much. Now there is a handsome police station, doing a roaring trade! Blessed are the advances of civilization! There is a public library, a small town hall; several motor garages; two weekly newspapers; chapels and churches and a Salvation Army hall. At night Main Street is real busy, under the blaring white light of the big electric lamps. A jostling crowd; many pale-faced girls and youths passing up and down, interchanging chaff and chat. The picture houses are full, hot, perspiring; so are the saloons and beer shops with thirsty throngs talking, laughing, drinking, smoking. But the side streets are for the most part quiet; there reside the sober-minded, sober-moraled Main Streeters, those who wonder what the world has come to and hope that it won't go any further.

III.

Though I am city-minded, I am not one of those who look down a supercilious nose at Main Streeters. There are many, who know no better but who should do so, who count them as narrow-minded, old-fashioned, slow, these poor, benighted inhabitants of Main Street, who are so sadly lacking in "cultchaw" and who are so hopelessly behindhand, stagnant, prudish, puritanical; they don't live, they exist. They are born; they die. They leave no mark. They may be useful; they are not ornamental. Their minds are like their clothes, in the fashion of yesterday. Poor dears!

What really is Main Street? It is not the deathly, stifling back-of-beyond depicted by some of your and some of our novelists and playwrights. In my estimation Main Street speaks for a great deal in the life of England and America. Main Street is chiefly an attitude of mind, and not all a bad attitude. Main Streeters are laughed at, written at, sung at, even by some of those who themselves were born and sometimes bred among them; who deserted them while young, snared by the lure of the big places where alone big money and fame are to be won, and where too often souls are sold. You cannot become famous or a multi-millionaire in Main Street; but dollars and notoriety are not the only things which are worth while. You can prosper and be happy in Main Street.

The mentality of Main Street is tinged with provincialism, "they" say. You might as well lament that a country town is colored with country. It is the dull-eyed that only see the dull side of Main Street; there is a sunniness there that you will not find in New York, London, Chicago, Glasgow; a sunniness of atmosphere, and also often of mind and temperament. The picture that is usually painted of Main Street is one-sided therefore misleading. A half truth is more difficult to slay than a whole lie.

Can anything good come out of Main Street? Why not? From what reservoir, I ask you, is the lifeblood of the great cities reinvigorated? Renewed? It is from Main Street. The big men have mostly come from Main Street; as a rule they are not city born or at most are removed from Main Street by one generation. The minds of Main Streeters are untilled fields, the soil rich; city minds have borne many crops, are anemic, have to be manured, enriched, stimulated; they have grown feverish and fretful. There is a serenity about Main Street that is wholesome.

Shakespeare was a Main Streeter; so were Carlyle, Thoreau, Dickens, Lincoln, Johnson, Mark Twain, and a host of others, a goodly host. There are stamina, strength, common sense, desire, doggedness, persistence in Main Street blood and brains that only need stirring and strife to make them blossom and bear fruit. Main Street nourishes its offspring on stupid, wholesome fare —mental, moral and physical. The great cities are hard-breasted mothers.

Main Streeters have the breath of Nature in their nostrils; inherit her blood and bone. Those who go down to their business in great cities breathe the close air of the pavements and of the dollar-market.

Woe to any country in which Main Streets are no more! It cannot be healthy or sane.

I do not love Main Street with *all* my heart; I would not dwell therein! But it is possible to appreciate that which you do not entirely love. The ill parts of Main Street I clearly see; its immoralities and unmoralities; its dullnesses and defects; the much that is poor and evil. I can see also the far greater good that is there, and do realize that Main Street has played and is playing a big part in the history of America and England. *Floreat!*

German People Still in Center of War Stage

Bavarian Statesman Pictures Plight of Countrymen Under French Thumb

By COUNT HUGO LERCHENFELD

FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF BAVARIA

This statement of conditions in Germany may be taken on the word of a gentleman who sees the world situation clearly. Count Hugo Lerchenfeld, former Prime Minister of Bavaria, and a recent visitor to America, describes a situation that the whole world has recognized as the chief international wound remaining, and is now beginning to recognize as a very serious menace of new international infection.

"ALL the world's a stage"—a stage full of dramatic action. The more fortunate of our contemporaries lean back in their seats, look on, comment, applaud or hiss. If the play is acted by a foreign company in a foreign language, the audience needs some explanation lest they misunderstand what is going on and misjudge the motives and characters. I should like to act as interpreter of the German play.

We Germans are still forced to remain in the middle of the huge stage which was the scene of the World War. Heaven knows, we should like to retire into private life to work and to go about our own affairs, but unfortunately every man's hand is against us.

When I sailed for the United States the curtain had just raised on a new act, the occupation of the Ruhr and new methods in the occupied territory. France and Belgium were in close co-operation; England refused to join her allies in this new venture. American public opinion was divided as to whether the invasion of the Ruhr was legal according to the Peace Treaty. Six months later the highest legal authorities of England declared it to be a breach of the treaty, thus establishing a standard for public opinion and justifying Germany's repeated protests.

The invaders were faced in the Ruhr by the only resistance left to an unarmed and defenseless people, the weapon of Gandhi and the Hindus in India, passive resistance. It is a great mistake to consider this movement as ordered by the German Government. The sturdy workmen and miners in the Ruhr have always been a hard-headed, independent lot of fellows, brooking no interference, trade unionists all of them and naturally opposed to militarism.

Under French Military Rule

FRANCE had proclaimed to the world her intention of sending a staff of civil engineers with a few soldiers as protection into the Ruhr to fetch the coal and steel which she claimed as reparation; but instead of carrying out this ostensibly peaceful mission, a great armed force with tanks, airplanes and cavalry entered the mining districts and manufacturing towns. French soldiery tried to force the miners to mine and load coal at the point of their bayonets. Would they have been men if they had consented to work under such circumstances? One act of violence led to another and the French, exasperated by their lack of success, used more cruelly severe methods from day to day as they realized the truth of the old proverb, that one man can lead a horse to water but the whole French army cannot make him drink.

The German Government was forced by the spontaneity and strength of the passive resistance, under pressure of public opinion in the whole country, to organize the movement in co-operation with the trades unions and the great industrialists. Although many prominent Americans have been in the occupied territories and have seen with their own eyes what has happened there, the American general public has no conception of the hardships which the military régime has imposed on the population. Especially since the invasion of the Ruhr, all measures have become more drastic. For instance, when the French took over the railroads, they expelled thousands of railroad officials with their families, who refused to work for the French authorities. These people were obliged to leave on a few hours' notice, leaving all their belongings behind them. The children coming home from school at noon would find the family evicted on the street, their home, with all its furniture, linen and provisions, in possession of French railroad officials. City and government officials, leading business men, directors of banks and factories, were relentlessly expelled, it being the French policy to deprive the population of all kinds of leadership, leaving it helpless and intimidated.

Under the pretext of assuring reparations and the cost of occupation, the French took over the financial administration, collecting all taxes and revenues that belonged to the government. This applies especially to the state forests which in Germany are very extensive and splendidly administered, thus forming a valuable source of public revenue.

Cut Off From Germany

THE occupied territory was separated from the rest of Germany by a rigorous customs system, although the Rhineland, as the greatest center of German industrial production, is essential to all branches of business. Many products have to be bought abroad, coal, for instance, from England, and this constitutes a tremendous drain on the financial capacity of Germany. The French and their faithful allies, the Belgians, went even so far as to seize any amount of cash in the banks and in the factories which they could lay hold of on the ground that this money was meant to finance passive resistance.

One of the greatest hardships, not only from a business standpoint but also humanly speaking, has been the shutting off of the Rhineland from all communication with the rest of Germany for weeks at a time without apparent reason. From one day to the next, post and telegraph were suspended, the trains stopped, no travelers allowed to leave or enter the occupied territory. Families were separated, mothers not allowed to return to their children even in cases of desperate illness. Many persons were shot while attempting to cross the frontier.

Even after traffic was resumed, I spent two hours waiting in a small station between Cologne and Frankfurt while the French authorities searched the express train and examined the passports—and this was after passive resistance had been abandoned.

In the years following the Armistice, large numbers of black troops were used for the purpose of occupation. Coming, as these troops did, from the African climate, it was found necessary to send them to the South of France during the coldest winter months, and every year during the weeks between November and March while they were in winter quarters, some French general or politician would announce loudly for the benefit of American prejudices that "not a single black soldier is stationed on the Rhine." The Moroccans who have replaced them are certainly no Negroes, but they are decidedly colored and scarcely civilized; any American would consider it a deep humiliation to be ordered about by them.

Military occupation is always unpleasant, especially in such a densely populated area as the Rhineland; but the same Germans whom the French and Belgians consider it necessary to treat so severely that they are almost driven to despair, lived on the most amicable terms with the American forces, while those in the British zone consider themselves most fortunate. We never hear of unpleasant incidents of expulsions or imprisonment where the Union Jack flies; people are sure of being treated with justice when they have recourse to the British authorities. And the same may be said of the four years of American occupation in Coblenz, where the departure of the sentimental doughboys was greatly regretted, especially as they were replaced by "poilus" and Moroccans.

The invasion of the Ruhr took place during the chancellorship of Dr. Cuno, who is well known in America. He and the members of his Cabinet were moderate men, neither socialists nor nationalists. They were perfectly aware what moral and financial sacrifices passive resistance would impose on the Commonwealth. Loss of revenue and increased expenditure could not be carried on indefinitely. If France did not give way or if no efficient help came from outside, Germany would have to yield. The English note of August 11, denouncing the French policy as unjust, remained without effect since it was not followed by diplomatic pressure. After more than six months of struggle, the German Government was obliged to call off the unequal conflict. Dr. Cuno chose to hand over the steering wheel of the storm-beaten ship to Dr. Stresemann who annulled the ordinances of his predecessor.

Claims Load Unbearable

MANY people abroad believe that the German policy toward the problem of reparations was altered by the passive resistance. This is not the case. From the very beginning Germany claims that the load put on her shoulders was not bearable and must be fixed equitably by a board of impartial experts. Soon after the invasion of the Ruhr on March eighteenth, President Ebert said in a public address in one of the mining cities on the border of the occupied territory: "So far the attempt to enslave this soil made sacred by labor and justice has proved unsuccessful, but as yet the French Government shows no desire to come to a free and just settlement to which Germany is and has always been ready to accede. It is our deep and firm conviction here that France's cry for reparations in a degree which she herself knows is impossible, is only a pretext to assure herself, if not of territorial, at least of such political and economic supremacy on the Rhine as she failed to obtain in the Treaty of Versailles. Secretary Lansing's book, among others, has made France's real object clear to the American people.

The truth of this statement is proved by two undeniable facts.

When Chancellor Stresemann declared that passive resistance must come to an end and invited the French Government to enter into a discussion of the situation, he met with blank refusal: France did not wish to change the régime established in the occupied territory; as to the Ruhr, she preferred to treat with the industrials instead of with the official authorities. For weeks the same conditions have continued and up to now there has been no sign of a general or final settlement restoring Germany's rights under the existing treaties.

Another proof is France's attitude toward the so-called Separatist movement on the Rhine and in the Bavarian Palatinate.

Soon after the beginning of the occupation, a few ambitious leaders, out of humor for various reasons with Prussia, began the agitation for an independent Rhine state. To name them would be to do them far more honor than they deserve. In spite of, and also because of, French money and support, the sturdy Rhinelanders refused to have anything to do with them, although there is no enthusiasm for Berlin as the center of the government. Self-government within the Empire would appeal to them, but they know that at present self-government could be obtained only by concessions to the French and would under these circumstances surely threaten the unity of the Empire. This is the unanimous and official standpoint of all the political parties in the Rhineland, the Social Democrats included.

The Separatist movement dragged along without serious incident and would probably have died out entirely if it had not received fresh impetus by developments in connection with the invasion of the Ruhr. The weakness of German authorities due to the expulsion of many and prominent officials, the lack of communication with the rest of the country and growing economic distress in consequence of the depreciation of the mark, gave new encouragement to the Separatists, who in the meantime had joined forces with the Communists who on principle always support any movement tending to undermine authority. The French saw here an opening for their old policy of dismemberment.

They would, of course, have preferred to co-operate with well-to-do and respectable citizens, but as the loyalty of the better class as well as of organized labor in the Rhineland was above reproach, they had to make use of the scum of the population to accomplish their ends. I want to quote the absolutely authentic statement of a French general to a prominent German official a few hours before the latter was expelled: "We should have preferred to work with Dr. X (a Conservative leader) or even with Z (a Socialist) but as we cannot, we must fall back on the canaille!" I can personally vouch for the truth of this cynical statement.

The Separatist Movement

THE methods of procedure are various. Money is spent lavishly, arms are distributed. Separatist bands enter a county seat, proclaim the Rhenish Republic, and the protection of French soldiers deprive the unarmed or disarmed inhabitants of any possibility of resistance. Especially Moroccan troops are used for this purpose. The so-called government of this "Rhenish Republic" consists of shady and mostly disreputable individuals. Its chief, a former Socialist editor, was sentenced not long ago to several months' imprisonment on the charge of calumny. The unfortunate population is ground between the millstones of military occupation and the brutalities of the Separatists.

England condemns the Separatist movement and its support by the French and Belgians most severely and has directed several notes of protest in very sharp terms to the High Commission in Coblenz, but evidently without avail, since France controls the High Commission and continues to aid the Separatists in every way.

England believes that every dismemberment of Germany would mean not only the end of reparations and of the Peace Treaty, but an essential change of the existing balance of powers on the European continent.

These are just a few scenes from the great tragedy in which the German people are involved, but now we must turn from poetic comparison to the sad prose of financial and economic conditions. I begin with the following statement: Since the end of the war, instead of recuperating Germany has been sinking gradually deeper and deeper into the mire from which she can never extricate herself by her own efforts and without outward help.

The revolution coming just when it did was a great misfortune and a real crime from the national standpoint. To a great extent the whole machinery of civic administration, renowned for its discipline and honesty, was hampered and interfered with; authority of every kind was undermined. The masses, physically weakened by years of trench life or undernourishment at home, were mentally poisoned by radical ideas and thus doubly unfit for the increased production so vitally necessary to re-establish the economic balance.

In such abnormal times many people shun real work and turn to profiteering; this is commonly called the "Jewish spirit" although not applicable to Jews alone. In connection with the fact that many of the radical leaders were Jews, it explains the strong anti-Semitic feeling prevailing in Germany today.

Nation's Wealth Fades

BUT the chief reasons for the present conditions, financial and economic, are beyond Germany's power to alter. The loss of valuable territory and material, the crushing load of reparations, were imposed by the Treaty of Versailles and the most competent economic authorities of all nations recognize that only a revision of the treaty can restore normal trade conditions in Europe and in America.

I cannot dwell here on details. One fact will demonstrate the situation. The sums which Germany must pay to foreign countries are much larger than her trade profits in these countries. No balance is possible until the reparations total has been fixed as a sum possible for Germany to pay.

As it is, Germany's national wealth decreases day by day and her condition may be compared to that of a business man whose expenses exceed his income, who has lost all credit and who is living on his capital. The result, of course, is fatal!

A country is not a business man. For a certain length of time it is able to maintain itself by different financial measures. Thus money and monetary conditions become, it is humiliating to admit, the most important factors in deciding the issue of the present crisis.

The inflation of currency or the printing of paper money revolves in a vicious circle. Payments exceeding

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Lessons From Co-operative Movement in Europe

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that confront the movement as well as the successes. His guide will willingly start with the first. Does he wish to make a sudden descent into the innermost recesses of the jam or canned fruit factories to see whether conditions there are sanitary, he is accommodated immediately. In fact, the cards are laid on the table with a refreshing responsiveness that is delightful after the experiences the writer has had in investigating some types of business in our own country. It promotes good will and good understanding and prevents antagonism to business growing out of distrust.

In these days of buying on the installment plan and paying greatly increased prices for the opportunity, we can sit at the feet of the co-operatives and learn of the benefit and joy of buying with cash, for this great movement is based essentially on a cash basis. It means a daily lesson to the housewife in buying as you go, and its saving possibilities are often equal to the return one can obtain from an investment in our life insurance policies, at the end of the year. Unless there has been a business catastrophe, the "woman with the basket," steps up to the counter, as I saw her do in the Rochdale local co-operative, and gets her share of the dividends that have accrued from being able to buy with some five million other housewives in large quantities, through direct contact of her representatives with producer or manufacturer.

A School of Teaching, Too

FURTHERMORE, the co-operative movement is a school in teaching as well as practicing the essentials of representative democracy. When you ask the leaders of this movement what their life's philosophy is, they will insist that they are Christian Socialists. Whatever this may mean I am certain of one thing, that the hundreds of local co-operative organizations throughout the British Isles are administered by a representative form of government. The members are constantly holding meetings, electing their boards of directors, criticizing them, or praising them; taking lessons in co-operation, studying public questions of national importance, and instructing the representatives whom they select as to their wishes when these representatives gather at the national meetings to select the directors who shall guide the destinies of the great wholesale societies.

In this work, they are guided and assisted by the efforts of the Co-operative Union located in Holyoake House at Manchester. It serves and provides the teaching and propaganda part of the organization. It holds classes in the study of co-operation, sending speakers to the local societies, or helping them to develop their own teachers and speakers. It arranges summer schools, evening classes and other facilities for advancing the cause of co-operation.

I was shown in the propaganda section of the Union most excellent motion pictures of the work that the various departments of the great co-operative organizations are doing. These pictures are displayed at gatherings of the local organizations. In fact, this Co-operative Union is constantly spreading the gospel of the cause, lifting up the weak societies and answering the call of those who desire to start new ones. Large sums of money are contributed each year for charity purposes of a public nature which are not linked up with the movement as such.

And not the least in the educative branch is the woman's guild which emerged after many tribulations. It grew from the desire on the part of the "woman with the basket" to rise with her trade union husband. She is the "wage spender" of the "wage earner." Lack of space only prevents me from expanding this intensely interesting phase of the movement.

To an outside observer, while the success of women in the movement is not fully appreciated when representation on national boards and committees is desired, the male co-operator realizes that she is the backbone of the local organizations. The two great constructive pioneers of the woman's co-operative movement in England were Miss Llewelyn Davies, and Mrs. Cotterell, who have only recently retired. Through them, the women have been amalgamated into one great co-operative group or association composed of almost as many units as there are local co-operative organizations. They study co-operation, citizenship, public health and housing, health of school children, maternity problems, and bend their energies toward corrective laws in behalf of public welfare.

The movement has not taken any stand on the liquor question in politics, and when I pointed out to some of them that they seemed to me to be a direct and constant factor in this problem, in view of the fact that they did not permit the sale of any alcohol through or on the premises of their local stores, and were perfectly willing to have their stores compete with private stores that did sell liquor, they seemed surprised. I was not able to secure from their officers whom I consulted any direct statement as to why they did not allow liquor to be sold in their stores. Some members did say that they thought the absence of alcohol in their business was conducive to greater saving on the part of those who came to purchase and thus increased the investments of the members in the co-operative movement.

I have already intimated that the consumers' co-operative movement has been a factor in eliminating false advertising and the adulteration of goods. One Sunday morning, while in London, I dropped into St. Paul's Cathedral and was brought to attention by the young preacher when speaking on the truthfulness of John the Baptist. He stated that it was frequently said, and with how much truth he did not know, that "one cannot rise to the top and succeed in our business world except through misrepresentation and false branding of goods." Of course, there are many private stores of high type in the British Isles who would not stoop to such practices. I am sure, however, that no economic factor in the British markets has compelled the sale of pure foods and truthfully advertised fabrics as much as the co-operative movement that was started by the twenty-eight weavers at Rochdale.

The reason for this attitude of the consumers co-operative movement is obvious when we consider that the consumer is buying or manufacturing his own necessities. He would be stupid or unbalanced if he were to permit his employes or his representatives to fool him into manufacturing or purchasing the adulterated or the falsified article.

Don't Take to Advertising

AS WE passed through the jam and canned fruit factories, our guide called attention to the fact that while during the war, under government control, all manufacturers of jam were required to make a fruit content of a certain fixed per cent, since the return of private control, the co-operatives continued to make the same percentage. Some private concerns had gone, in some instances, far below after the restriction was taken off.

The British co-operatives do not take keenly to advertising except through the educational propaganda methods already mentioned, if indeed the latter can be called advertising. In Glasgow, however, we did see some large painted signs containing statements on the growth of co-operatives, and the manager of flourishing St. Cuthbert's Co-operative Association in Edinburgh, one of the most up-to-date of all the local societies, told us that this year for the first time his board of directors had allowed an item of £3,000 ($13,950) for newspaper advertising.

When I suggested to the wholesale department at Manchester that they might advertise in the press with profit the fact that they were carrying the same fruit content in their jams as was required during the war, they did not seem interested. It occurred to me that such a statement would be of value in drawing new members to the organization. Somehow, I gathered that there was a feeling among them that advertising such as we understand it and which has been so successful in building up American business would produce an artificial and too rapid growth rather than a permanent one.

Recently the co-operative movement decided to go into politics as a party in England, though this policy did not meet with the approval of all, for there are some who are opposed to the party idea. However, they elected four to Parliament. It is yet too early to say with what success its political action will meet.

Among the co-operatives, and particularly the enthusiasts, there are those who when asked whether they think the movement will eventually draw unto itself all classes and become practically universal in the empire, reply with an emphatic "Yes!" But there are others who are far more cautious.

Only Third Are Members

THOSE who believe in a near-at-hand universality of this economic movement in the British Isles cannot fully comprehend the difficulties that would confront them in handling size in their business and the ponderosity of men in the aggregate, nor do they give sufficient weight to the individualistic desires of people to spend their own money freely when the pressure of necessity is not driving them; nor to the desires of those of the human race who do not believe in or are not of a temperament that can make team-play dominate over individual whims.

The co-operative movement has been in practical effect for eighty years and yet, with all its marvelous growth and success, it has not attached to itself more than a third of those who live in the British Isles, and it has been confined almost wholly to one class.

The dream of some co-operatives is that it will eventually do away with all competition and substitute co-operation in buying, manufacturing and distributing. What it will probably do, will be to continue to serve as an inestimable benefit in the arena of competition as it has done in the past by compelling through its example and dominance those competitors who buy and sell for profit to deliver unadulterated goods. It will also through its facilities buy in quantities and by bringing the producer and manufacturer closer to the consumer, be able to net a dividend to the consumer and keep down the prices for the artisan. It will be a school for the teaching of representative government in a practical business way where those below may, through economic methods, learn how to keep open the door of opportunity with a stepping-stone upon which they may climb to greater prosperity and larger opportunity.

The consumers' co-operative movement with all its problems is one of the most portentous, successful and apparently enduring movements in this great period of world events. This was the impression that I got from my investigation.

As a last question to those who guided me through the consumers' co-operative world in England, I asked:

"What assistance do you want from the government in the movement?" and the reply was:

"We don't want any subsidy. We do want a free and fair opportunity to grow without hindrance from any source. Our motto shall be, 'God helps those who help themselves.'"

A Modern University in a Medieval Stronghold

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his temporalities to be seized and his person arrested, the bishop escaped to his castle at Durham, where he was perfectly safe. When the rebellion was suppressed. Bishop de St. Carilef was induced to stand trial in London and condemned to exile. He went to Normandy, where he was cordially received by his friend, Duke Robert; but he returned to Durham on his restoration to the bishopric five years later, bringing with him a shipload of rare books, church plate, vestments and ideas for the further building of cathedral and castle.

Owing to the dependence of the castle on the priory and the cathedral, the upkeep and extension of the castle suffered after Henry VIII's suppression of the monasteries. Later, during the tumultuous era of the struggle between Charles I and the Commonwealth. building operations fell further into abeyance, so that Bishop John Cosin, the first bishop after the Restoration, found the building in decay. Under Cromwell's régime the castle had been sold to a Lord Mayor of London, who had miserably defaced the buildings. Bishop Cosin spent large sums out of his temporal estate in rebuilding and repairing the castle.

Since the death in 1836 of the last Earl-Palatine. Bishop Van Mildert, the castle has been used for the purposes of Durham University and is occupied by members of the University College, the university having been founded by an Act of Parliament in July, 1832.

So we have here domiciled in a great medieval castle the youngest and in many respects the most modern of England's universities, as far as spirit and equipment go. The utilitarianism that so largely distinguishes the northern character certainly stands out in contrast to the more literary traditions of Oxford and Cambridge.

Lingering perpetuations of the association of the castle with the powers that be, lay and ecclesiastical, are found in the fact that a suite of rooms is reserved for the Judge of Assize when holding court in the county and he is entertained there. The Bishop of Durham also has his room with four-poster and canopied bed, as well as special dinner service of old silver and china. Visitors gaze on the oak carvings, paintings and archaic furniture with awe, especially when told that uneasy crowned heads have dotted Durham Castle's history by sleeping in these beds on rare occasions. In olden days, it was quite the thing for monarchs to be entertained at the castle on their journeys to and from Scotland and the North of England, a trip that in stagecoach days occupied ten days or two weeks, but which is now accomplished by express trains in six to seven hours.

The great hall is entered from the courtyard by a fine portico built by Bishop Cosin, which forms the principal entrance to the castle. It has a pointed arch with nookshafts in the jambs and is surmounted by carvings of Bishop Cosin's shield of arms with miter and crest. The hall itself goes back to the early Norman period, although subsequently altered at various times, Bishop Fox reducing its original length to gain space for a butlery and pantries. He also did away with the lower of the two regal seats and erected trumpeters' seats in the gallery. This noble apartment is now used as the dining hall of University College.

In Tunstall's Chapel one finds a reminder of the fact that Cardinal Wolsey, although he was never in Durham during the six years he held the bishopric, placed his family coat of arms on the dexter side of one of the shields bearing the arms of the see carved on the oak choir stalls.

A circular staircase between the Common Room and the Senate Room of the University formerly led from the lower to the upper dining hall, which was probably the hall of the Constable.

Some explanation of the term "County Palatine," which mystifies many Americans, may be appropriate.

There are three Counties Palatine in England: Durham, Lancaster and Cheshire. A palatinate is a territory throughout which the chief lord exercises certain royal rights and privileges known as *jura regalia*.

Among the *jura regalia*, or royal rights, which belonged to the palatinate of Durham, then, and the enjoyment and exercise of which were reserved by successive Bishops of Durham as "princes palatine," were:

(1) The right of having their own Courts of Chancery, Exchequer and Admiralty, as of holding common pleas and pleas of land, also a Court of Wards and Liveries.

(2) The right of appointing their own Chancellor, Justices, Sheriffs, Coroners, Escheators and other officers, within the Liberty of Durham, precisely as the Sovereign possessed these powers elsewhere in his realm.

(3) The right of issuing in their own names, writs, precepts and mandates, as of commissions to raise armed forces and levy subsidies and taxes.

(4) The right of coining money in their own mint at Durham.

(5) The right of declaring forfeitures and escheats of every description, whether for high treason or as ultimate heirs.

(6) The right to the "year, day and waste," and the right to pardon.

(7) The right to hold Councils in the nature of county parliaments. (No knights or burgesses were returned to the Parliament at Westminster for the County of Durham before the reign of Charles II.)

(8) The right of granting charters for free warren, markets, fairs, bridges, walls and roads.

(9) The right to create palatine barons by summoning their tenants to council and parliaments.

It will be seen that a County Palatine was a veritable *imperium in imperio*, a state within a state, and one with greater independent sovereignty even than that of the Irish Free State of today. This rule and sovereignty may be described as "theocratic" in origin and essence, much as was the ancient Hebrew monarchy. It was only on the death of Bishop Van Mildert, in 1836, that the last of these regal rights and powers were taken from the Bishops of Durham by Act of Parliament and vested in the Crown.

Spell-binding Agitators of Italy Lose Caste

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time later arose the idea of Italy as a sovereign state —"United Italy." Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi—they are the big names and their work finally found expression in a technically united Italy under King Victor Emmanuel II, in 1870.

But times have changed. Italy has no raw materials—she has no coal, iron, or oil, and it is on coal and iron that modern nations are built. The Italian peninsula consists mostly of mountains—the Apennines. In many parts the lowlands have been covered with lava from volcanic eruptions and nothing will grow. The mountains have been stripped of trees and there is nothing to catch the water for the land, which is fertile, and, since the sun is very hot and there is no rain for months at a time, crops are stunted. The farmers are diligent but they have little to work with—they have not the water. The population is increasing rapidly and there is not food enough for them. Everything is stunted; a Roman lamb is about the size of a fox terrier, a Roman chicken gives the impression of doing the best it can under a great sorrow. The southern Italians eat of their forty-two kinds of macaroni because it is the most filling stuff for the money.

The great palaces have mostly been abandoned by their owners, or if not they have been cut up into flats of all sorts, ranging from fine apartments to tenements. And into the great foundations of these palaces burrow little shops. But the net result of all this economic waste in the past is that Italy today has only a small purchasing power and is essentially mendicant. Having no coal or iron it seemed impossible to manufacture excepting articles which could be made by hand; today handwork stands no chance with machine work—few people can pay for the results of well-paid handwork while handwork in competition with machine work means starvation wages. Doing things in the good old way is all right if you do not care also to eat.

Germans Aided Industry

SO EACH year Italy has had to export her labor in human form instead of as finished goods—that is, she has had to send out yearly an average of more than a quarter million persons. Formerly they went to the United States, but now with the quota system in force only a small fraction of the people can get in. Nearly four hundred thousand wanted to emigrate to the United States this year. The war dammed up the emigration. With the United States shut off, the emigrants are heading for South America but not very willingly, for neither Brazil nor the Argentine offers many advantages.

Italy might have had a great working capital such as England has; instead her wealth is locked up in palaces and pictures—which are unproductive from the purely material point of view excepting for the income they bring through attracting tourists. Italy cannot pay by exports for the coal, iron, cotton, and wheat she needs—they fall about one-third short. This difference has been made up in the past by the tourist trade and the remittances from emigrants. A depression in the United States is felt instantly in Sicily and Calabria.

During the years before the war Germany started to develop Italy industrially and it is to the Germans that credit must be given for their present industry. In the north are now many fair-sized textile mills and silk is also extensively made, but the Italian silk is not as good as the Japanese. The cotton industry is the largest, but there is now a considerable metal industry, and the Fiat automobile works at Turin is among the largest in Europe, turning out some twenty-five thousand cars a year. Then there are a number of shipyards which make excellent ships at a low price, and finally a fair amount of scattered industry. I went over the new Fiat plant which employs now about thirteen thousand men and is built on the familiar all-glass construction style of the American factory; it contains a sizeable amount of automatic machinery and is among the most advanced factories in Europe.

The war took the German money out of Italy and now most of the factories are owned by Italians, but although a few are fairly large the majority are small —in chemical and textiles the average is only twenty employes to a factory, in cotton one hundred and twenty, in silk nine hundred, and in metal working seventeen. The little factories are just shops filling orders as they come in and they are idle about as much as they are working for they have to depend upon the home market; the big shops have to sell about two-thirds of their product abroad.

The home market is poor because through generations the surplus money went either into taxes for army upkeep or into buildings for show purposes. Never was there a better example than Italy of what high taxation will do. The Italian taxes now amount to about eighteen per cent of the national income as against eleven per cent in the United States; the farmers and working people are exempt from a great deal of the taxation—that is, they do not pay directly. The big burden on Italy is coal—coal is very expensive But if the mountains were reforested to hold the rainfall and big reservoirs were built, the whole country could not only have power through electricity but also have irrigation. The industrial North of Italy does run on electricity generated by water power and the country as a whole is next to Sweden in the use of white coal. But really to complete the program requires an immense capital. Instead of being allowed to accumulate capital the country has been the victim of as many harebrained schemes as our own Populist party ever thought up in its best days. A naturally gullible people has been played to the limit by all sorts and conditions of agitators. This is what Mussolini has stopped.

German People Still in Center of War Stage

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receipts, strangulated production, seizure of large quantities of paper marks in the occupied territory, lack of confidence of the outside world in Germany's power of recuperation under the circumstances, have forced the mark downward. Prices rise in consequence and salaries must be raised to buy the necessities of life. The printing of paper money in ever-increasing quantities is necessary to pay salaries. The printing itself inevitably causes inflation which in turn again reacts upon the value of the mark.

By degrees the mark has dropped to an incredible, almost astronomic figure, its relation to the dollar being one to one thousand billions instead of one to four as it used to be before the war! The inevitable result is the complete demoralization of Germany's economic life as well as that of the people in general as far as their economic relations are concerned. Saving is an impossibility. Money depreciates in your pocket long before it can be deposited in the savings bank or used for necessary purchases. Merchandise such as foodstuffs and other necessities is withheld from the markets until the prices become exorbitant. Even so, profits barely cover the cost of imports and the restocking with raw materials. Production becomes more and more problematic.

Famine and Anarchy Near

FAMINE and anarchy are on Germany's threshold. The German mark has practically ceased to exist. There are efforts made to replace it by a "Renten Mark" issued by a bank founded on real values. But these measures cannot possibly re-establish a proper currency without fundamental change in the above-mentioned conditions.

What is the result of all this?—A general state of unrest and fermentation throughout the whole country.

The curtain is raised again. Our grim tragedy is not without adventure and has even a touch of the grotesque!

There is a radical element fostered by Bolshevistic agitation and money, especially in the large cities and industrial centers.

Saxony and Thuringia have always been "Red" since the beginning of Socialism about two generations ago. The soil of these densely populated states is rather poor. One factory town follows the other and even the small villages are industrialized to a large extent. Years of privation have rendered people susceptible to the communistic gospel and the last elections returned a majority of radicals, who used their power to put their principles as far as possible into effect. Armed proletarian detachments were formed and the Red apostolate had made great progress when the Central Government interfered and re-established order on the ground of unconstitutional proceedings and of conspiracy with the Russian Bolshevists. Since then it has become known that the Prime Minister of Saxony, a former judge, had taken bribes from wealthy people already convicted who wanted to escape prison. Such a thing was utterly unheard of before the revolution, when the administration was carried on by carefully chosen experts.

The Hitler Movement

BAVARIA, owing to the difference of her social structure and to the drastic experiences of her Soviet period in 1918 and 1919, follows the opposite trend. In 1919 a kind of voluntary militia called "Einwohnerwehr" was formed as a non-partisan instrument of civic protection under the control of a moderate government; yet the Allies, on France's demand, declared it contrary to the rules of disarmament and enforced its dissolution. This happened in 1921 and proved to be a grave mistake also from the point of view of the Allies, the immediate result being the cropping up of various nationalistic formations and the birth of a new party, the National Socialists with a chiefly nationalistic program.

Adolf Hitler, the founder and leader of this party, a self-made artisan from a little place on the Austrian border, is undoubtedly one of the most striking features of the post-revolutionary period, one of those tribunes whom the world's history records as the sons of restless and chaotic times. His ideas are to crush Socialism as in opposition to nationalism, to punish the leaders of the German revolution and to fight the capitalistic system endowed with the Jewish spirit. This idealist's gravest faults are an absolute lack of real statesmanship and of moderation. Mussolini's success gave a strong impetus to Hitler's movement; only the German conditions are very different from the Italian, and Mussolini proved to be a man of sound political judgment. Hitler's deficiency proved indeed fatal in his last achievement.

While Bavarians, especially in Munich and the southern part of the country, are stout federalists and suspicious of everything which is connected with Berlin, Hitler resolved to establish [illegible] national and military dictatorship with the center in Berlin.

The cast: Kahr, Hitler, Ludendorff. Scene: the huge hall of the "Buergerbrauhaus," a [illegible] outskirts of the city, where in normal times [illegible] people are used to gather peacefully round the "stein" and listen to some popular band.

This whole performance was a real *coup de theater*, yet the situation is far from safe and the dangerous tension will remain as long as the outward political pressure and the economic crisis prevail, causing hysteria and despair.

Only international co-operation and a decided change in the attitude of France will restore normal conditions in Germany and will enable this country to face the problem of reparations. The Austrian example shows best what ought to be done with regard to Germany, though the German problem, of course, is infinitely more complicated.

But our problem lies deeper. Let us try to get at the bottom of it. Humanity is and must be organized in national states; there is no room for communistic dreams of internationalism. Only nationalism must be tempered by a deep sense of justice and solidarity as to human liberty and common interests. Humanity yearns toward such ideals. The League of Nations counts as a step in this direction, but in its present form it is not capable of solving problems of such magnitude. In an address before the American Academy of Political Science and Economy in May, 1923, at its meeting in Philadelphia, the following was said on this subject:

Need Christian Principles

"ANY progress will depend on the better application of sound moral or Christian principles. That there is so much talk and so little result of talk comes naturally from the lack of proper spirit within the nations. Material greed or imperialistic competition is the root of most wars. As long as the League is only a representation of governments, a reproduction of an existing combination of powers on the principle of mutual insurance, as long as it fails to represent the moral forces of this world, a higher level of the world's opinion, there is no hope of improvement. Yet there are individuals of highest standing among all nations. Why should not a court of such individuals be instituted to render decisions? Even such a contested question as that of the responsibility for the Great War could be solved by such a court, which would rally all those of good will. Of course, such a court would have to enter deeply into the matter; it should open the archives and trace the historical, social and technical evolution far back to the very roots of the gigantic catastrophe. This is just one example."

What we need most is common-sense idealism on the base of true Christian doctrine. We must realize that by helping another country in the family of nations we are not only performing a noble deed but one which is sure to benefit our own country in time. Both feet planted firmly on mother earth but with our gaze directed toward the stars; only thus can our times become the threshold of a happier future.

Hodge's "For All of Us" Proves Clean Plays Pay

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New York have been only moderately successful compared to what he is enjoying now. So it cannot be due altogether to personal friendliness for the actor and author.

What then is the answer? Is it because New York is surfeited with dirt and wishes to return to wholesome entertainment? The most blissful optimist could hardly believe that. It cannot be that Mr. Hodge is drawing prodigal sons and daughters to the box office because they have turned from smut to sanitation.

The play is presented in a Shubert theater under Shubert management. That would lead one to the thought that moral uplift of the drama is not involved in the commercial side of "For All of Us."

The explanation of the play's success cannot be found in any of these thoughts. The writer believes that it is due to some of the following causes. "For All of Us" is a success because Mr. Hodge on the stage seems to be a human being. He bears a traceable resemblance to men one sees every day in the streets. As Tom Griswald he is trying to help someone in trouble. He does it by the surest and most effective means, religious inspiration. Even the hardest-hearted cynic cannot but be impressed by the spectacle of some one turning from evildoing to good. The play appeals to elemental sympathies. No matter whether appeal is made artistically and skillfully or not, *it is made and responded to.*

It has a tinge of romance. The injured heroine, the lonely father, the youth in love, the moment of self-sacrifice, the triumph of virtue, and the punishment of crime are all in it. Everybody is happy at the fall of the last curtain. That is what matters most of all.

But underneath all these reasons—and they may be altogether wrong—is the fact that people as a whole are turning, groping dumbly, blindly but unmistakably, toward some spiritual solution for the troubles and temptations of human existence. The interest among agnostics over the controversy between Fundamentalists and Modernists is some proof of the truth of that. Anything is better than indifference to religion and the awakening of people to that fact has, to some degree at least, its outlet in the enjoyment that is brought to them by plays of the type of Mr. Hodge's.

That the hit made by the show will have any great effect on the general theatrical condition is more easily answered. It will not. As long as there is money to be made from stage filth, and without interference by the law, the theater will remain filthy. There are enough lovers of evil to make such presentations profitable. Producers as a class are like sheep. They follow a success as quickly and closely as they can with another of the same type. For that reason some of them will try to imitate Mr. Hodge's play; but from purely commercial motives. Some people will pay for cleanliness. Some will pay for dirt. Apparently both will continue to do so. But "For All of Us" will be a source of encouragement to some doubtful-minded writers and producers. What William Hodge has done someone else may also do.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The increasing number of rich Germans at foreign pleasure resorts stirs the anger of Chancellor Marx who says the wealthy should be punished with drastic taxation penalties.

A new concern in New York City, which undertakes to answer by telephone any reasonable question on any subject whatever, finds that they can answer eighty per cent of all questions in two minutes. If the answer requires longer time they take the patron's telephone number and call him back. The service is rendered for a fixed price a year, the subscriber receiving a code name. He can telephone at any hour of the day or night and be answered.

Potent moonshine whisky, seized as evidence, poured down the intake of the sewers of Paducah, Kentucky, is eating the life out of the sewer.

Experimenters in a Hudson River tunnel, ninety feet below the surface of the river and 1,600 feet from an exit, tuned in with a radio set and heard concerts as far away as Pittsburgh. This experiment may lead to something of value to entombed miners.

Father Ruppert, Roman Catholic pastor at Nome, was frozen to death in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero while carrying Christmas cards and fruit to an orphanage at Hot Springs near Pilgrim River, seventy-five miles north.

For eighteen years several hundred acres of cut-over hardwood land in Northern Michigan has been carefully guarded by fire wardens supported solely by Herman Lunden. Today there are many twelve and eighteen inch saw logs and much chemical wood on the protected tract.

Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, of "Hell and Maria" fame, plays the piano and composes music.

A new type of air suspension of motor car bodies is being used in England, wherein the body floats on a type of encased rubber tubing in such a manner that it acts much the same as a pneumatic tire, permitting the car the same resilience afforded by the pneumatic tire, while at the same time the wheels themselves are shod with less expensive hard rubber tires.

Our national wealth for taxation purposes amounts to approximately $275,000,000,000. Nearly twenty per cent of this amount, says *Collier's*, is invested in tax-exempt securities.

More than a million children are working eight or ten hours a day, every day, at hard labor in America.

A nickel in the slot radio receiving outfit gives patrons advance information as to the type of entertainment coming and posts a warning twenty seconds before another nickel is required to enable them to enjoy an uninterrupted performance.

Municipal councils in Anatolia have reduced the cost of the Turkish marriage ceremony to put it within reach of the poorest peasant.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Because the cumbersome kimono worn by the women of Japan prevented many from escaping at the time of the earthquake and fire, prominent Japanese women leaders are leading a movement to have school children dressed in foreign style clothes.

In the Yukon, during January, the thermometer hovered around zero daily as contrasted with previous years when it ran from forty to seventy below.

Punchbowl, the largest extinct crater on the Island of Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, will become one of the greatest athletic stadiums in the world, if the plans of prominent athletic officers of Hawaii are consummated.

The German mercantile fleet in 1920 operated but 15,000 net tons; in 1923 it operated 749,000 net tons.

A poor carpenter of Frenza, Italy, has qualified as a seismic expert and by means of instruments of his own invention he has been able to forecast accurately every earthquake in that section of Europe.

A Danish aviator in an American plane flew over the Andes with a passenger, the first time the feat was ever accomplished.

The trowel used by George Washington to lay the corner stone of the National Capitol on September 18, 1793, has been loaned to the Grand Masonic Lodge of England by the Grand Lodge of New York.

The Clavilux is an organ-like instrument that plays light on a screen for the eye, just as music is played into the air for the ear. The instrument blends the qualities of color and of light—now rising and falling in soft gradation, now marshaled in full, impressive splendor, now fading into abrupt darkness. Sonatas of light and symphonies of color are thus made possible.

Senators of France from the Basque country and the Norman coast resorts are seeking to regulate billboard advertising in the beauty spots of France. As an example of what is wanted, they refer to the laws of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania dealing with outdoor advertising.

Egypt has a legation at Washington for the first time in history.

The people of the United States spent $150,000,000 on radio in 1923. Radio statistics show 2,500,000 receiving sets having more than 8,000,000 listeners.

Superstitious folk in the Baltic States are alarmed over the appearance of the silk-tailed winter thrush, known as the "bird of disaster." They say that the birds were thereabouts in the winter of 1812, preceding Napoleon's Russian campaign and again in 1914, preceding the Great War.

The death rate from alcoholism in England is twice as great among professional men, clerks and shopkeepers as among skilled and unskilled workmen.

In a little old-fashioned village in the Connecticut hills lives a woman of moderate means who resents the newly coined word, "scofflaw" as applied to those who violate the prohibition laws. She has offered a prize of $100 for the best invented word that will serve as an antithesis to "scofflaw."

"White spats, tea drinkers and cookie pushers" should be eliminated from the diplomatic corps, Hugh Gibson, Minister to Poland, urged in the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

Killing of wild game quickly to prevent torture by steel traps may be made possible. Movement of the trap would break a container filled with lethal gas, the animal dying instantly.

Three French clowns have been awarded the purple ribbon of the "palmes academique" with the rank of officers. The profession has been recognized by official France.

Street cars of Victoria, Australia, carry children to and from school free of charge.

Every man, woman and child in the United States contributed on an average of $68.37 in taxes during 1922.

Of 2,750 bills introduced in the House of Representatives on its first legislative day, 2,475 were measures appropriating public money or property for favored individuals, groups or localities.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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Guggenheims Grip Farmers' Nitrates

How Family That Dominates Copper Seeks Now to Control Chile Fertilizer

"Oil Ducks" and Other "Lame Ducks"

She Puts Americanism Into Fiction

Vitality in Irish Co-operative Plans

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Guggenheim Millions Seek Complete Control of American Farmers' Nitrate Resources

An Amazing Revelation of How Family That Dominates Copper Industry Is Reaching Out to Chile Fields to Take Over Fertilizer

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE seven Guggenheim brothers who for many years have occupied the world's dominant position in the copper smelting industry, are prepared to enter the Chilean nitrate field with a new process that promises to give them command also of this industry which is so vital to world agriculture and the manufacture of explosives. A recent announcement states that the Guggenheims are prepared to float their new enterprise on a huge commercial scale. The plan of these financiers cannot avoid exercising an important influence upon the economic life of the United States, which is dependent for nitrate upon Chile, that being the only country in the world in which nitrate deposits are found in workable quantities.

The United States is the greatest consumer of Chilean nitrate, although it has only a negligible part in its production. Chile, one of the richest mineral countries on the globe, is second only to this country in the world production of copper. But the chief of its natural resources is nitrate of soda, or saltpeter, which is now suddenly entering upon a new era of development, the fruits of which will be the creation of a situation as serious as it is remarkable.

The chain of events leading to this development was initiated thirteen years ago, when Louis Ross, a mining engineer, engaged in a search for extensive copper deposits on behalf of A. C. Burrage, a copper mining operator. He finally examined those in the Chuquicamata district of Chile, where he succeeded in obtaining options on immense deposits of low-grade ore. Mr. Burrage first offered these options to the Anaconda interests, then to Hayden, Stone & Company, but finally managed to put through a deal with the Guggenheims.

The acquisition of the great Chile Copper Company, whose annual output now approximates 196,500,000 pounds, added to the Guggenheims' dominion of the copper smelting industry. Other companies in their control include the Utah Copper Company, Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, Braden Copper Company, Kennecott Copper Company, Yukon Gold, and also a substantial interest in the Premier Mine in British Columbia. Their smelters dot the United States, Mexico and other countries, and their principal merchantable products are bar gold and silver, pig lead, electrolytic copper, sulphate of copper, nickel, arsenic, bismuth and platinum. The development of the Chile Copper Company was regarded as the acme of technical progress, although but few of the mining engineers and metallurgists who surmounted its problems reaped the rich financial rewards which attended the success of the project. The capitalists, however, profited hugely.

There was great surprise in mining circles when it became known in January a year ago, that the Guggenheims had sold control of the Chile Copper Company to the Anaconda Copper Mining Company, which had originally turned down Mr. Burrage's offer of the undeveloped property. The Guggenheims received $75,000,000 for the majority interest in Chile Copper. The Anaconda Company, in buying control, became responsible for the marketing of the Chile copper output. It was no less a surprise when it was revealed some months later that *the Guggenheims intended to put the millions obtained from the exploitation of the property into the Chilean nitrate industry.* These two financial developments are intimately related.

It may be that the Guggenheims felt it wise to invest their new millions in a Chilean enterprise rather than bring them to this country, where they would have been subject to heavy taxation. But as shall be seen, other and weightier reasons were taken into consideration in the first instance. To make these clearer, it will be advisable briefly to review present-day conditions in the Chilean nitrate field.

What Nitrate of Commerce Is

THE nitrate of commerce is a crystalline salt derived by leaching and precipitation mainly from bedded sedimentary rocks and gravels found in Northern Chile. The nitrate country is on the upland or "pampa" lying between the coast range to the west and the lower slopes of the Andes to the east. The deposits lie on the lower side of a westward sloping plain fifteen to one hundred miles from sea. Here there is neither rain nor vegetation. The altitude varies from 4,000 to 9,000 feet, but most of the nitrate works and mines are at 4,000 to 7,500 feet above sea level. The deposits are not continuous but extend in an irregular belt from five to forty miles wide, with barren intervals between. The amount of nitrate to be won per acre varies greatly from tract to tract.

These deposits, as food for plant life and raw material for chemicals and explosives, are one of the romances of modern industry and commerce. There are many theories as to their origin. One is that they are due to the decomposition of fish and seaweed in the ocean bed, which were raised to the surface by a cataclysm. Another theory is that nitric acid was formed in the course of ages from bacterial organisms. They mean much to Chile, for they enable the nation to buy abroad the bulk of the foreign products it needs and they provide more than one-half the revenues by which the government is carried on. They give work directly and indirectly to nearly half a million persons.

Nitrate lands are bought or leased from the government. The country is arid, and in some instances fresh water must be piped many miles from high mountains. Only one river crosses the pampa, and workmen, food supplies, fuel and all materials other than rock and sand must be brought from long distances. The world's demand for nitrate has led to the building up in this desolate region of considerable communities, with water, electric lights, railway service, motion picture shows, food supplies and fresh fruits.

The nitrate-bearing material, which is found above and below ground, and contains, in addition to sodium and potassium nitrates, soluble impurities in widely varying proportions, is called "caliche." What is known as the "Shanks" process is the one generally adopted in the treatment of caliche and the recovery of nitrate. The coarse crushed rock is treated by counter-current leaching, the aqueous solution being brought up in strength and temperature to boiling point, decanted, cooled, and returned for reuse.

The essential parts of the plant, or "maquina," are crushers, treatment tanks, clarifying tanks, cooling tanks and storage platform. From sixty to eighty-five per cent of the material which goes into the tanks is barren or waste. The recovery of nitrate in the caliche treated averages only about sixty-five per cent. In other words, the recovery is admittedly low, and enough is known to substantiate the statement that thirty-five per cent of the nitrate hauled to the crushers is now lost in process of treatment in much the larger number of plants. In spite of this fact, the profits of most of the large nitrate companies are enormous.

Has Done Much for Chile

THE average annual production of nitrate in Chile for the last ten years is 2,650,000 metric tons. The Chilean miner works hard and intelligently. The Chile copper, or Chuquicamata, and the Braden copper mines have made heavy drafts on the working forces of the republic. So far, industrial labor has been drawn from the farms, farm wages have more than doubled, and there is strong opposition from the landowners, who constitute the ruling class in Chile, to recruiting further for the nitrate fields in the farming districts.

From the proceeds of the nitrate tax, Chile has built ports, railways and permanent improvements, as well as contributed to the operating expenses of the government. Meanwhile, sources of revenue regularly relied upon by other governments have remained untapped. It would be possible for the Chilean government to abandon the nitrate tax, and in view of the attitude of the agricultural interests, and to further an industry on which so large a portion of the population depends, it is understood that the government contemplates the reduction of the export tax on nitrate and the placing of a similar tax on other industries. The export tax on nitrate is at present $10.46 a short ton. The nitrate beds are regarded as nearly inexhaustible, or at least able to meet the demands of the world for the next 100 or 200 years. Chileans have viewed with considerable uneasiness the methods adopted for the manufacture of synthetic nitrate, and they believe that the reduction of the export tax will remove much of the danger of competition with the chief of their natural resources.

It is the belief in mining circles that in the Chile copper deal, the Guggenheims at least outwitted the Anaconda interests. The result has been that considerable ill-feeling exists between the two large groups of copper financiers. During the pre-war period, Germany was the world's largest consumer of copper metal. The Guggenheims supplied most of this trade through German banking houses, and were intimately familiar with the details of this market. With Germany's defeat, at the close of the war there were large surplus stocks of copper on hand, and to dispose of these, the copper groups of the United States formed the Copper Export Association. It is believed that the Anaconda copper men made a miscalculation in their purchase of the Chile Copper Company, and that the Guggenheims, more familiar with the European copper situation, realized that Germany's recovery from her economic collapse would be delayed far longer than was generally supposed. The Anaconda interests now perceive that they have burdened themselves with a huge copper property whose large output will be found difficult to dispose of in a period where copper stocks are once more beginning to accumulate. The ill-feeling between the two groups was emphasized only a few weeks ago, when the Guggenheims dissociated themselves from the Copper Export Association, while the Anaconda decided to remain with that organization.

The explanation of the action of the Guggenheims in switching from the Chilean copper industry to the nitrate industry, is that, because of their better information, they knew that the Chilean export tax would probably be removed from nitrate and placed upon the country's copper output.

Both the Chilean Government and the producing companies are backers of the Association de Productores de Salitre de Chile, or the Nitrate Producers' Association, which includes all the producers except the two American companies that are in this field. The association acts as a general sales agent for its members, and fixes the prices for the trade f.a.s., or free alongside ships at Chilean nitrate ports.

While the United States is the largest buyer of nitrate, American firms produce but a very small part of the product, and not being members of the association, have no voice whatever in fixing the price at which they must buy the bulk of that which they in turn sell in the United States. The producers of Chilean nitrate, in naming the price at which they will offer their product, set the price at which American farmers and industrialists will get their fixed nitrogen from whatever source they draw. The two American companies operating in the nitrate field, the Du Pont Nitrate Company and W. R. Grace & Company, are not members of the association; they are prevented from joining it by the terms of the Sherman law relating to price fixing, which is an essential part of the functions of the association.

Chilean nitrates have been growing constantly in use in the United States and it is believed that they must be used in largely increased quantities in agriculture, and the manufacture of dyestuffs, glass and other products of the chemical industry. There are about 330,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in this country, most of which could take nitrates with advantage to the soil. The greatest consumption is looked for in the cotton-growing states of the Atlantic seaboard and of the Gulf of Mexico. Then it is expected they will be utilized in the Middle West and the Northwest, where the soil is poor in nitrogen.

Among the nitrate producers in Chile, profits have varied greatly from season to season and as between different properties. In a number of cases, dividends have amounted to more than 100 per cent. But it is inevitable that at a uniform price, some companies make large profits and others find it better to close down and sell their quotas. A study of five important British companies shows an average return of fifteen per cent on the reported capital, although the latter had been in part watered. Many British companies that have paid large dividends of forty per cent and more, had the advantage of rich lands bought early. In the nitrate year 1920-21, nine British companies, having a combined capital equal to $17,000,000, sold 600,000 tons of nitrate, with profits amounting to $6,500,000, being at the rate of nearly $11 a ton. From 1919 to 1923, the profits of the following English companies were: Liverpool, 140 per cent; London, twelve and one-half per cent; Pan de Azucar, fifteen per cent; Santiago, seven and one-half per cent; Santa Catalina, twenty per cent. The largest Chilean company, the Compañia de Salitre de Antofagasta, has made a *net annual profit* for the last twenty-one years of $1,700,000, corresponding to forty per cent on the average capitalization.

As a parent body, the Nitrate Producers Association has two foreign committees, of which there is one in London and another in Berlin. The association is represented in New York, as it is in other cities, aside from London and Berlin, by agents who observe and report conditions and do what is possible to stimulate the further use of nitrate. Nitrate production was originally established by Peruvians and partly financed by Belgians; later it came under British financial and Chilean political control. Still later, the Germans came into the industry as producers, and a small but increasingly active group of men born in what is now Jugo-Slavia, but long resident of Chile, made their influence felt. Chilean ownership has steadily increased.

Chilean companies now control more than two-thirds of the production. British capital is the second in importance and now amounts to twenty-five per cent. Of the eighteen directors of the Producers Association, three are British, three German, though representing companies now under Chilean law, and twelve are Chilean.

U. S. Report Criticized

SUCH is the complexion of the Nitrate Producers' Association of Chile, in which Americans are not represented, although this country is the largest market for nitrate, and American manufacturers and farmers are paying most of the above-mentioned huge profits.

To study ways and means of assuring commercial independence to American farmers and manufacturers in obtaining the essential nitrogen products largely produced abroad under monopoly control, Secretary Hoover obtained an appropriation from Congress, and last autumn sent to Chile two representatives of the Bureau of Mines to make a study of the situation there. These were H. Foster Bain, director of the bureau, and H. S. Mulliken, special agent. Their report, which has just been issued, has occasioned considerable criticism in chemical and mining circles, where it is asserted that while both men are representative mining engineers, they were not specialists in nitrate technology and should not have been called upon to pass judgment upon the purely technical question of nitrate treatment. Especially in view of the fact that Mr. Bain was making his first visit to Chile and had only a limited time in which to survey an industry of tremendous proportions.

The salient features of the report of Messrs. Bain and Mulliken, in Trade Information Bulletin No. 170,

(Concluded on page 14)

Our Girls Are Growing— in Size and Strength

Study Made at Colleges for Thirty Years Reveals Exercise Has Done Much for Women

By CLELIA D. MOSHER, M. D.

Medical Advisor of Women at Stanford University, as reported by ANDREW R. BOONE

PROFESSOR CLELIA D. MOSHER,

Medical adviser of women at Stanford University, who, for 30 years, has been investigating in the field covered by the accompanying article.

THE college woman of 1893, with her large hips, small waist, flat chest and lack of vigor, is now only a memory, brought occasionally to mind by pictures we sometimes see hanging in out-of-the-way spots. Our girls of the present day are approaching the old Greek ideal for women; the normal woman is being developed. Improvement is noted each year. The impression given by the college girl of thirty years ago was one of weakness, while that of today's Greek type is one of power. Changing fashions in dress and increased physical exercise both in her younger days and in college are responsible for the growth of the average college woman which, by all indications, has not yet reached its limit.

During the last three decades, studies made at Stanford University, Smith College and Vassar College with women representing all sections of the United States and a fair proportion from foreign countries show the very definite increase in size. It is noted that the college girl is decreasing in age, though increasing in both height and weight.

Whether the same growth is true among girls who do not attend college is a question not yet satisfactorily answered. There certainly seems to be little reason why the same tendency should not be present in non-college women, since many causes appear to aid the modern girl in the development of her body. Municipal swimming pools, gymnasiums and Girl Scout activities have all become important links in the chain of development. Even with these things, however, it is an individual problem for both the college girl and the non-college woman (it being the former only who has been observed) as to the exercise she should take. Conditions vary with different girls and what is necessary for the preservation of one would be excessive and injurious for another.

Our girls of the colleges do not suffer from the lack of appetite so noticeable in the days of corsets, heavy clothing and conventional abstinence from exercise, which once was the sole pleasure of the males. The muscular tissue of women should be of as good quality as the muscular tissue of men. Such differences as are frequently found are due to differences in the use of muscles, brought about by conventional limitations of activity or dress. Marked overweight or marked underweight tends to lower the strength factor, as does also lack of co-ordination, which is too frequently found in women and exaggerated by their scant physical activity in childhood. The effects of muscular training persist long after the particular exercise has ceased. A high degree of muscular power in a woman in no way lessens her racial efficiency. Lack of muscular power may be a distinct racial disability.

Happily college girls are awake to the need of greater physical efficiency. The studies made at Stanford of 4,170 women students during the thirty years the institution has been in operation show at the time of admission not only an increase in weight, but also an increase of 1.2 inches in height. Vassar College statistics, gathered during thirty-seven years and based upon examination of 7,064 women, confirm the findings at Stanford, though at Vassar the height increase was found to be more than 1.5 inches. Measurements of 10,149 women at Smith College during twenty-two years also confirm the Stanford figures.

A consideration of the average height of college women either separately in terms of the individual college or university group or in terms of measurement of the 21,383 examinations at Stanford, Vassar and Smith combined, shows the same increase. It is a safe conclusion that college women have increased in average height 1.2 inches in thirty years, and that this probably is true of any college in the United States whose enrollment is made up of women not from one limited section, but from at least several states of different climates and conditions.

Careful study of the 4,170 women who entered Stanford during the last three decades shows that, while the range in height has remained practically the same (fourteen inches), the number of women in the upper end of the series has been increasing; or, while there are women coming to the university just as short in height as during the period 1893-1903, their number is decreasing, while at the same time the number of tall girls is increasing. True, not every woman has gained in height 1.2 inches, but an increasing number of women who are tall are entering the university.

It does not appear that immigration has affected women's growth to any degree whatsoever. Arguments against this possibility are several. The increase in height is found alike in one western college and two eastern colleges. There is a greater increase in the Vassar height than in the height of the Stanford women. Although the Smith record shows a somewhat smaller average increase, yet these records extend over twenty-two years, only a little more than the last two decades, and at both Stanford and Vassar the increase in average height is greater from the first to the second decade than from the second to the third.

Study of the birthplaces of the Stanford women shows that these women are a cross-section of the college women of the United States and not a local group. Every state, with the exception of North Carolina and Delaware, is represented, only about thirty-seven per cent being Californians. Pacific states lead in their representation at Stanford, but daughters from New England, the Atlantic states, the Central states and foreign-born are present in such a ratio as to show conclusively that the vigorous western type does not predominate and thus deduct from a fair conclusion.

The average height of California women is slightly greater than the height of others, something near two-tenths of an inch. But the inclusion of a greater number of Californians in later decades will not account for the increase in height to a much greater extent than did the girls of the Golden State.

That the girls from other Pacific states, the Mid-West, South and East, have shown a greater increase is indirect proof that exercise and more hygienic clothing are among the causes in developing this finer physical type of woman. Outdoor life with its tramping, climbing, riding and exercise of all sorts in the open was common to women to a much greater degree in California in the first decade than in Eastern United States. Certainly bicycling, which was one of the chief forms of athletics in the first of the three decades, was almost universal at Stanford, where limited means of transportation made it essential to everyday living during the pioneer days. Necessity for shorter, lighter and looser clothing came with the bicycle. It became imperative to discard the voluminous skirts which measured from nine to fifteen feet in diameter and weighed as much as seven pounds, and thus occasionally some venturesome college girl tried something new in the way of dress, which became the forerunner of the sport suit of today.

The change in conventional attitude toward woman's participation in physical activities has meant much to her, and is a vital contributing factor in the development of her body. Decrees of fashion have so altered her dress that it is now possible for the college girl to wear clothing which interferes less with her hygiene, and this, combined with development of physical training and sports in secondary schools and the changed attitude, helps to bring about the results noted.

It is common knowledge that the modern college girl is more active physically than her sister of a third century ago, but the Vassar studies have given us some exact knowledge on the subject. From 1896 to 1900, a little over one-fourth of entering students there had engaged in no form of sport before entering college, but in the next twenty years, only six-tenths of one per cent made this unfavorable report. This almost universal report of earlier activities has been fostered both by laws for compulsory physical training and by social advances in the line of municipal playgrounds and swimming pools. This desired development of women should in time extend to all classes, those who go to college and those who do not go, thus insuring better wives and mothers, and consequently a better race.

Fashion's influence has been a greater one than the casual observer would believe. Lighter and looser clothing arrived with use of the bicycle and the automobile and modern sports, such as tennis, golf, hockey, basketball and swimming, and fashion was forced to adapt itself

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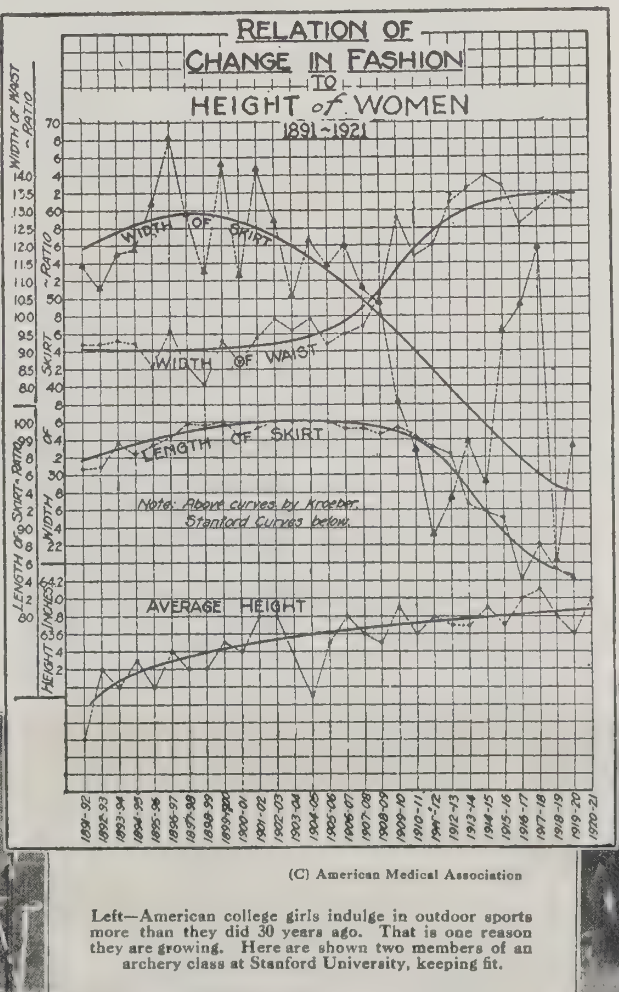


(C) American Medical Association

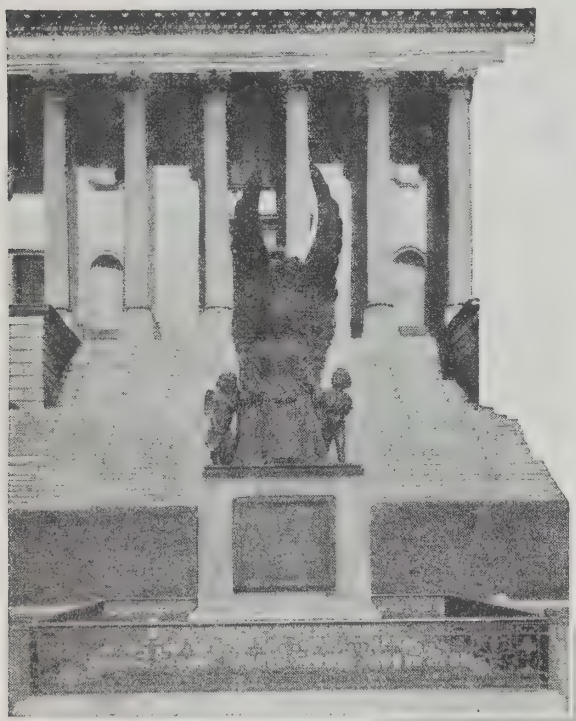
Left—American college girls indulge in outdoor sports more than they did 30 years ago. That is one reason they are growing. Here are shown two members of an archery class at Stanford University, keeping fit.

Right—Basketball has come to be a popular sport with college girls. Here is a bit of action in an inter-class game at Stanford University—another reason why the girls are growing.

This College a Training Camp for Statesmen

Twenty-two Alumni of South Carolina College Have Been Governors of the Palmetto State

By GEORGE H. DACY



This monument to the women of the Confederacy stands in front of the South Carolina State House.

Main street, looking north from the State House.

IF EVER the glory of a collegiate institution is measured by the accomplishments of her alumni, such is true of the University of South Carolina. No fewer than twenty-two graduates of the State College served as governors of the Palmetto State. It is a school that dates back to the dawn of the nineteenth century, an institution that was the first in the United States to advocate and sponsor self-financed education for students who aspired to higher learning but who were embarrassed in a money way. There is no other educational institution that has played a more important part in the formation of a state and the direction of its policies than the establishment which is the hub of scholastic affairs in South Carolina.

Shortly after the English settlers first established their colony in South Carolina, they mapped out a campaign of education. Early in the eighteenth century, the colonists passed measures for the founding of free schools and for the propagation of universal learning. They sowed the seeds which were tardy in maturing, due to lack of funds and the pressure of wilderness taming and Indian fighting. In 1723, the initial proposals were fathered by John Rutledge to establish a state college. Money was scarce and the carefully outlined plan, of necessity, was pigeonholed. In 1795, the first official action was taken by the legislature when it enacted laws to vest certain lands in what was then known as the district of Beaufort to build and endow a college.

South Carolina College came into being—the school with two teachers and forty-six students opened her doors January 10, 1805—largely through the efforts of Governor Drayton. His association with the college was prophetic of what was to follow, as ever since the inception of the institution it has been closely interlocked with the activities of the State House at Columbia, the capital of South Carolina and seat of the state university. In fact, the records show that the presidents of the college have always exerted a powerful political influence. The school has been a political training camp and the birthplace of ideas and ideals that have expanded into state and national policies. The Governor of South Carolina has always been the president of the Board of Trustees of the state school. Her interests have been his interests. The intimate relationship between the educational and political systems has reacted to the benefit of both. Statesmanship has ever felt the directing hand of educational progress. Education has advanced because it has had easy access to the money bags of one of the wealthiest states in the land of cotton.

The high brick walls which have encircled the beautiful campus of the South Carolina College, as the institution was first called, have been the sentries and outposts of history in the making for more than a century. They have seen the student body and the faculty decimated by civil warfare. They have seen the college buildings converted into a hospital for wounded soldiers and the abandonment of the curriculum because of a dearth of students. They have viewed destruction and construction, the burning of Columbia by General Sherman's army and the rearing of the existent city from those ashes and ruins. They have watched with horror the reign of the "carpetbaggers." They have witnessed the reclamation and restoration of the college to white control. They have seen South Carolina University emerge from eras of catastrophe and vicissitude into one of the leading schools of the South.

A chronicle of epochal student doings at South Carolina College would read like the memoirs of the Mexican Government, featuring alternate periods of peace and chaos, contentment and confusion. Three years after the first students flocked to the campus, the authorities had to face and conquer the dueling custom which intruded itself into the quiet of campus life. In a certain exchange of compliments via the pistol route, one student was killed and another seriously injured. That was before the days when the boxing ring or the wrestling mat was accepted as a satisfactory field of honor. When the students finally were dissuaded from pointing their small arms at each other in mortal combat, they took to shooting their pistols off on the campus in the dead of night. They stole the college bell, invaded neighboring churches and carried away their chimes, stoned a hated professor's house and burned him in effigy. John Barleycorn, although not a regularly enrolled student, was a frequent visitor at the campus. At one time more than one-half the student body had to be expelled simultaneously. It was under conditions like these that South Carolina College spent her early days. There were two "Wars of 1812." Uncle Sam fought one and the students of the college at Columbia the other, for that was the first year that they staged a student strike which for a time threatened the existence of their Alma Mater.

The First Baptist Church, in which the Secession Convention was held.

At the end of the first fifteen years, South Carolina College had one hundred students—sons of wealthy parents who had slaves for body servants and who dressed in the height of fashion of those days. While at college, they had to wear the regulation student uniform which was emblematic of the school during the first half-century of her history. The faculty had increased to five teachers and there were two dormitories and recitation halls, a commons, science and library building, observatory and homes for the professors. The state legislature was generous with appropriations and provided every facility for which the college authorities asked. At this time a boy named Eppes, a nephew of Thomas Jefferson, was a student. Jefferson frequently wrote to the president to ascertain the progress of his relative and to offer suggestions regarding the improvement of certain of the institution's educational topliners.

A decade later, General Lafayette visited Columbia and of their own volition the students organized a cadet company as a guard of honor for the famous Frenchman. The cadet corps was so popular that the organization was retained permanently for a number of years as a feature of the collegiate activities. About 1835, it cost the average student $350 a year to attend South Carolina College. At that time, the legislature passed a law making it a criminal offense to sell intoxicants of any kind to minor students, this being one of the earliest prohibition enforcement measures introduced on any American campus. A decade later, Daniel Webster visited Columbia and the students gave him the finest reception and torchlight procession ever accorded any guest of that interesting and unusual college town. Professor Louis Aggasiz, the famous naturalist, shortly thereafter entertained the students with a series of remarkable lectures. At that time the college owned a number of slaves who wore identification badges. If a student mistreated a slave in any way, he was summarily expelled from the school.

The boyhood home of Woodrow Wilson.

Previous to the Civil War, there was no opportunity for the poor boys of the South to gain the advantages of a higher education. Neither inducements nor facilities were offered for any except the sons of well-to-do parents to attend college. As early as 1851, the president of South Carolina College began to urge the state lawmakers to provide adequately for the education of young men of no bank account. His campaign bore fruit to the extent that several years later the state authorities passed measures which provided that one student from each judicial district in South Carolina should be educated free of cost annually at the state college. Five scholarships paying $1,600 were also established in 1858. These were the first steps taken in the entire South for the higher education of poor young men.

The state secession convention that was held at Columbia in 1860 was broken up by smallpox which also interrupted the commencement entertainments at the college. The murmurings of war were already heard and the cadet company, which had been disbanded after a serious student riot, was reorganized and engaged in daily drills. With the firing on Fort Sumter, a complete exodus of the student body occurred, 141 boys volunteering immediately for Confederate service. Subsequently, the college buildings were used as a hospital and on this account the Unionists spared the buildings when they burned the city, May 25, 1865. At the time of Lee's surrender, the Confederacy owed the South Carolina College $115,000 in rentals.

Uncle Sam used some of the buildings and college grounds as a military post and parade grounds during the twelve-year period following the war when he maintained Federal troops at Columbia, a city that had been a hotbed of secession and the proposed capital of the Confederacy in case Richmond was abandoned. During that period, South Carolina again resumed the education of Southern students which had been interrupted for five years. The only requirement for admission to the college was that the boy be at least fifteen years of age. The law and medical courses were added to the curriculum. In 1873, the faculty and student body left the campus when a Negro, who was the secretary of state, was admitted to the medical school. From 1873 to 1877, the college was in the hands of "carpetbaggers" and Negroes. Finally, the college grounds and buildings again passed into white control.

In 1878, the college was separated into two branches—the school at Columbia, and Claflin College which was established at Orangeburg, for training the colored race. The latter institution has enrolled more than 17,000 students from six states and 1,500 have been graduated. Twenty-eight trades and industries are taught there, the faculty now including sixty technical experts. The grounds and farm cover 140 acres and there are fifty buildings, many of which have been built by the students. The State College at Columbia was reorganized several times thereafter, legislative provision for the admission of women being consummated about thirty years ago. In 1906, the college was expanded and renamed the University of South Carolina. It is the nucleus of the state educational system which centers at Columbia, where there are now ten schools and colleges including two Negro institutions. There are two colleges for women.

The campus of the University of South Carolina

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They Suffered Not Only at Valley Forge

Washington's Troops Spent Winters at Morristown in Misery; Skeleton of Army, Hungry and Diseased, Kept Foe at Bay

By JOHN D. ANDERSON

ONE of our first American chroniclers of events of the American Revolution told all about the hardships at Valley Forge; of patriot soldiers half clothed, wading through snow and over patches of ice with bare feet, leaving telltale bloodstains where they had walked in the performance of their duties as sentries.

Such writings have always stirred the patriotism of good Americans to the very core, but these tales did not tell the whole story, because they did not include the hardships of Arnold's earlier march into Canada; the awful suffering of the militia in Western Connecticut; the privations before Saratoga; the terrible experiences at Morristown and at many other locations in the Northern provinces. Patriots under the general command of George Washington at all of these places suffered as greatly as did the Valley Forge patriots. Indeed many of those who nearly perished, or actually made the supreme sacrifice because of cold and hunger, deserve our thought at this time, as much as those who suffered, bled and died at Valley Forge. The same soldiers who endured here could have testified as to the hardships which they had also suffered in Northern New England, New York and New Jersey. This was all due to the general sameness of the climate of this region, which formed such a great portion of the battle ground of this conflict and due also to the constant change of winter headquarters, which the war necessitated, caused in the main by the fact that the British army, with their Hessian allies, were greater in number and better equipped; that Washington was constantly having to outwit rather than outfight his opponents. No wonder Cornwallis was always referring to him as the Fox—but a fox which he never succeeded in capturing.

Above—The Ford House at Morristown, New Jersey, erected by Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., in 1774 and is the house generally known as Washington's Morristown Headquarters, and stands next in interest to Mount Vernon. Below—Washington's Office in the Ford House, Headquarters from December, 1779, to June, 1780. It was at this desk in the corner that he penned many of his various letters to Congress, orders to generals, and prepared his famously accurate, painstaking accounts.

After Washington had won his splendid victory over the Hessians under Rahl at Trenton, Cornwallis seemed to have been in a state of wonderment and constantly consulted Howe at New York as to what course to follow. Washington's success at Trenton was no less startling than his next move, which was in capturing a large quantity of Cornwallis' supplies which by calculation he believed to be at Brunswick. In moving northward, he was forced into the skirmish at Princeton and there occurred the tragic death of General Mercer. Washington had escaped Cornwallis who only came to know of it by hearing the cannonading. He then started still farther northward with his army, captured British supplies and came to Morristown. Both armies were then exhausted.

This winter of 1776-7 was marked by no military engagements of more than local importance. Both armies were constantly sending out foraging parties. Washington's forces were continually in an almost starved state, without proper equipment, without proper arms, without uniforms, without proper training and many barefooted. What was occurring has been described as follows:

"We had a brush with the enemy; killed three light horsemen, four Highlanders, and one lieutenant colonel; the latter was killed by a six-pound shot. We had only two slightly wounded. The 'Locusts' have kept in since, they are not able to pay so dear for traveling so little a way."

By the tactics which Washington employed nearly the entire British army was driven out of the Jerseys. He had accomplished this by making it appear that he either was about to attack New York, or that he was going to attack Cornwallis near Perth Amboy. The British commanders were kept in constant ignorance as to his strength. As a matter of fact, he had a little more than a handful of men; not more than 2,000 then encamped in the vicinity of Morristown. He had not intended to make this location his permanent post but merely a halting place. ". . . . it was well situated for the system of petty warfare and induced him to remain there. It was protected by forests and rugged heights. All approach from the seaboard was rendered difficult and dangerous to a hostile force by a chain of sharp hills, extending from Pluckamin, by Boundbrook and Springfield to the vicinity of the Passaic River, while various defiles in the rear afforded safer retreats into a fertile and well-peopled region. It was nearly equidistant from Amboy, Newark and Brunswick, the principal posts of the enemy; so that any movement made from them could be met by a counter movement on his part; while the forays and skirmishes by which he might harass them would school their season in his own troops."

Washington's headquarters during the early part of the winter were at Freemason's Tavern on the north side of the village square; later at the Arnold house. His troops were encamped in the vicinity of the village, being sheltered at first only by tents but later log huts were built. The main location of these was near Bottle Hill and close by a sheltered, thickly wooded valley, with plenty of spring water near at hand.

Washington by some historians has been described as of a cold, distant, almost sullen temperament, but a better picture of him is the Washington who was genial; a gentleman always, possessed of decided opinions but never unwilling to listen to the suggestions of those associated with him in the conduct of the war. During this first encampment at Morristown, for we must keep in mind that we are now discussing that period, his three chief aids were General Knox, chief artillery officer, who was always happy in Washington's company; a brave, generous and genial officer, among the first three or four in ability in the Continental army; Greene, in whom Washington always displayed the greatest confidence and for the reason that this confidence was so well deserved; Sullivan, quick of temper but loyal and able. His military family consisted of his two aids: Colonels Meade, Tilghman, and a secretary, Colonel Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland; the "old secretary" so greatly beloved by Washington.

General Putnam had moved to Princeton from farther south with orders to keep a constant lookout for any maneuvers of the British or Hessians and be in position to form a junction with the forces at Morristown in case of attack.

Smallpox formed one of the great dangers in the army. It had broken out again, with the fear that it might spread throughout all the encampments. Its ravages were frightful and added much to the danger which surrounded Washington's scantily clothed, half-starved, discouraged army. In the latter part of February the situation of the American troops was deplorable. Washington wrote: "The cry of want of provisions comes to me from all quarters. General Maxwell writes word that his men are starving."

A little later Washington himself fell ill but fortunately his wife arrived and nursed him back to health. The Continental army at Morristown was composed of three thousand men, half too ill to fight and a great many suffering from smallpox. *It was the most desperate period in the history of the thirteen original states.* During May the situation improved.

Washington and his army again saw Morristown and made it his military headquarters from December, 1779, to June, 1780. This was in the Ford mansion, now owned by the Washington Association of New Jersey and commonly known as Washington's Morristown Headquarters. He was there with his military family as the guests of Theodosia Ford and during the six months of his stay a greater number of famous persons whose names are associated with the Revolution stopped under its roof than in any other dwelling in America. It stands equal to Mount Vernon in historic interest.

The Ford dwelling had been completed in 1774 and its owner, Colonel Jacob Ford, Jr., made a compact two years later, "to erect a powder mill, the making of gun powder, an article so essentially necessary at the present time." Congress loaned him two thousand pounds of the public money to be paid within a year "in good merchantable powder." Although Colonel Ford died in January, 1777, the powder mill rendered good service throughout the war. The mansion stands upon a small eminence, with a fine view of the hills back of it and contains treasures from the homes of hundreds of prominent New Jersey families.

During the early part of that winter, Washington and his family endured many hardships. Mrs. Ford and her family occupied the main portion of the dwelling. The kitchen of the house formed the living room and no fewer than eighteen of Washington's household—relatives, servants and members of his military family—congregated in this room quite regularly. This splendidly constructed building has been preserved in its colonial state.

After the death of Henry A. Ford in 1872, this property was purchased at an expense of $25,000 by a number of men who had for their object its preservation as a permanent memorial. The land at that time had a frontage of 253 feet and a depth of 545 feet; a little more than three acres. Later, additional land was purchased for $3,200. The building contains hundreds of relics of the Revolution. In addition to the articles of furniture used by Washington, and which were obtained with the house, is to be found the original commission of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces; the suit of clothes owned by Washington and worn by him on the day of his inauguration as President, together with a silver-hilted dress sword and buckles worn with it; a punch bowl presented by him to an ancestor of the Pride family and a pair of vases presented to General Lafayette, and the bust of Washington by Houdon and Peale's portrait of Washington; also many autograph letters of Washington.

Washington Irving says that while the encampment at Valley Forge "has become proverbial for its hardships, yet they were scarcely more severe than those suffered by Washington's Army during that winter. . . . for weeks at a time the army was on half allowances; sometimes without meat, sometimes without bread, sometimes without both. There was a scarcity, too, of clothing and blankets so that the poor soldiers were starving with cold as well as hunger."

The year 1780 opened upon a faminishing camp, for on January 8, Washington wrote: "The troops, both officers and men, have been almost perishing with want," and at about the same time he wrote Joseph Reed, president of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, entreating aid for supplies and saying: "We have never experienced a like extremity at any period of the war."

A better idea of the hardships of Washington and his army at Morristown can be drawn from a winter visit than at any other season of the year, and a trip to his headquarters and a study of what he did there is certain to make a better American of anyone who will make the effort as well as to give an intimate knowledge of those "times which tried men's souls."

Real Vitality in Irish Co-operative Plans

Vigorous Growth, Stopped for Time, Does Not End Future of Movement

By HUSTON THOMPSON

ON THE advice of the heads of some of the great National Farmers Co-operative Organizations, located in Washington, I decided to visit Ireland first in the study of the farmers' co-operative societies. These gentlemen had been to Ireland in 1915 to study this movement and had returned filled with enthusiasm. They informed me that I would find there the "living spirit" of co-operation.

So I went by rail from Liverpool to Holyhead in Wales, and thence on a boat that cut the water like a rapier and moved with terrific speed to Kingston on Ireland's shores. I was made aware of the fact that I was in the domain of a separate government by having my effects inspected, my passport examined and my person searched carefully though in a kindly way for possible arms that might be concealed.

From Kingston to fascinating Dublin is but a short ride. There I was impressed with the results of the tremendous political upheavals that Ireland has passed through. As I rode about the streets in a jaunting car, I beheld the destroyed property which the Irish co-operatives said would total approximately several hundred million dollars. Superb public buildings, such as the Customs House, the Post Office, the Law Courts and in fact many of the finest buildings of the city, have been totally destroyed. On the other hand, in the country regions, according to my co-operative friends, over forty of their dairies—centers of their co-operative movement—had been burned to the ground.

To Escape Middleman

I POINTED out in my survey of the consumers' co-operative movement in Manchester, Glasgow and other points that it originated through the uprising of the artisan classes of the cities against the fearful pressure of trying to make both ends meet on a very small income. Side by side with the city movement and yet unrelated to it, and never fully accepted by it in the British Isles, there has been a co-operative struggle going on in the agricultural world for economic freedom and a chance to live.

If anything, this farmers' struggle has been against greater odds than the city movement. Why is it, I kept asking myself, that so many of the consumers' co-operatives of the city treat the farmers' efforts with indifference? In London, I queried one of the leaders of the consumers' movement, who is famed as an author on co-operation, as to the reason for the coldness.

"Oh!" said he, with a disparaging note in his voice, "These farmers' organizations are only pseudo-co-operative organizations. Their purpose is to make profits for the farmers and in doing so they are out to sell at the best price obtainable. On the other hand, the consumer of the city is not seeking profits. He is seeking to lessen expenses. And in doing so he is eliminating selfish competition. It is impossible to reconcile groups that are trying to sell at the highest price for selfish gain with such groups that are trying to buy at the cheapest price without any selfish motive."

"You have stated the case very strongly," I replied, "but until you can develop consumers' co-operatives among your farmers, an event which has not taken place thus far, and since it is evident that the city of today cannot exist successfully without the farmer being successful, are you not dealing with theory only? Why not, in the meanwhile at least, give the farmers' co-operative the full benefit of the purchasing power of the city co-operative as against his private competitors so long as he is willing to meet the competitors' price?"

But the question was left unanswered. In fact it failed to elicit a satisfactory answer in any of the countries where I found a similar indifference prevailing.

To escape from the toils of the middleman, the Irish farmers combined to find markets in which to sell. By the force of this combination, they expected to get a living price for their products and meet the competing commission merchant at least on an equality.

Can't Charge High Prices

KEEPING in mind the consumers' co-operative indictment of the farmer to the effect that, if he acquired a monopoly on a product, he would exact all he could from the city buyer, I put the problem up to Mr. James Adams, the director of the Ulster Organization Society in Belfast for a reply. His is the organization that has been created in the northern Irish country composed of the six counties of Ulster, for the purpose of teaching and building up co-operation in the North of Ireland.

"Will not the farmers' organizations ultimately get complete control of the dairying business of Ireland, and then charge exorbitant prices for their products?" I asked.

"They may get control," he replied, "and I hope that day will soon come, but they will never be able to charge exorbitant prices. The moment they do so in this free trade country of ours, Danish farmers who can reach our markets in twenty-four hours, and those of Holland and Belgium, who can cross the channel in much less time, will flood the market with their product and smash the price."

The farmers' organizations do not look with complacency on the efforts of the city consumers' organizations entering what the farmers consider their own field. Members of the farmers' organizations said something like this to me:

"We are farmers and we do not understand how to conduct business in the cities, and we do not think that the business men of the cities know how to conduct the business of the farmer. We believe that the consumers' organizations will fail when they attempt to go into farming, just as we would fail if we tried our hand at conducting commercial lines in the cities."

Apropos of this question, there is a consumers' co-operative society located in Belfast affiliated with the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society. This organization has gone into the dairying business on a large scale. It is a local society whose officers are live wires in the co-operative world. It has one great department store that compares favorably with any store in Belfast, and it has thirty retail branches strategically located over the city. In its financing it is entirely independent of the banks, since all of its money comes from its members. Its leaders are very proud of their success.

Although I called at a very early hour in the morning, I was given an immediate audience by the head of the organization. As soon as he learned of my desires, he placed me in the hands of an executive assistant. After showing me over the main store, I was taken to the outskirts of the city where they operate a dairy, which by all odds is the largest in Ireland. With special pride they showed me over the plant, pointing out great extensions and improvements they were putting in, and the new and up-to-date machinery that was being set up. When I suggested that there was possibly one link in the automatic machinery that was missing by which they could cap the filled milk bottles so that they would not come in contact with the hands, they stopped abruptly in the inspection and hurried me out into the yard. There they pointed out machinery that had just arrived from America which would do the very thing that I had suggested.

At Dublin, I asked Mr. Dolan, of the Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society, what one thing in his opinion had brought the farmer to the point where he was ready for the co-operative movement. His reply was:

"The Gombeen Man."

"And what is the Gombeen Man?" I inquired, thinking he might be something similar to the Goblin of my childhood days. And, as I found out, he was in fact a goblin to the Irish farmers, for the Gombeen Man was the one who lent them money. Seventy-five per cent of the Irish farmers, according to my informant, were born in debt and died in debt. The farmer found himself early in the hands of the money loaner who frequently was a merchant with whom the farmers had to trade and whose prices the farmer in his plight had to accept.

Sir Horace a Savior

IN THOSE dark hours, a savior of his people arose. It was Sir Horace Plunkett who, on returning to Ireland from a long stay on one of the farms in our Western states, initiated the movement which raised many Irish farmers from penury, distress, and suspicion of each other, to confidence in their neighbors and made them the recipients of the benefits of co-operation.

With the vision of a statesman, he formed a triumvirate, of which he was the leader, selecting as his associates, Mr. R. A. Anderson, an administrative genius and Father T. A. Finlay, a Jesuit priest in Dublin, who had studied the co-operative movement in Germany. To this group might well be added the name of the Irish writer, Mr. George W. Russell, whose brilliant pen has given the best exposition of the Irish co-operative movement that has been written.

These men traveled about the country, calling the farmers together and explaining the A B C of co-operation and the benefits that would come to those who took up this movement. I have it direct from Father Finlay's lips that it was not an easy task in getting a foothold, even where the economic pressure was so great. Not until Sir Horace had called and addressed over fifty meetings were they able to organize a single local co-operative association. But once the start was made, despite all the setbacks, the movement grew.

Today there are about twelve hundred local societies in Ireland, of which six hundred are banded together to buy through a wholesale co-operative organization. This wholesale organization, during the year 1918, had sales amounting to approximately $4,251,220.65. In 1922, the reports of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society show a membership of 152,194 members with fifteen hundred societies and a turnover of $48,409,073.

In expounding his views of the co-operative movement, Sir Horace Plunkett has compressed his conception of the cause into six words: "Better Farming," "Better Prices," "Better Living." To make it a living phrase, Sir Horace evolved what is known as the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, which guides and promotes all co-operative activities and audits the accounts of the many local associations.

Since the division of Ireland into the Irish Free State of the South, and the Ulster Government of the North, the Irish Free State Government contributes in place of the British Government which formerly contributed it. But none of these funds can be spent in the counties of the Ulster Government in the North. The result has been that the movement has, in addition to all of its other handicaps, been split in two and materially injured.

Now the co-operative movement in the Irish Free State is served by Plunkett House, and the Ulster by another organization headed by Mr. James Adams whose work is supported by the northern co-operatives and the Ulster Government.

One of the most notable and unique places in the city of Dublin is known as the Plunkett House, given and named in honor of Sir Horace Plunkett. We found there a large co-operative library and an organization equipped to awaken in the farmers the spirit of co-operation, teach them the administration of it and check the accounts of their local societies so they would know whether they were in the red or not.

The people at Plunkett House told us that the co-operative movement in earlier days had supplied the farmers with their crop needs as well as assisted them in the sale of their products. Because as consumers they bought in competition with the private traders they were boycotted by Irish traders until finally they went to England for their supplies. The boycott was such that they could not continue to supply the needs of the members and they yielded temporarily to the opposition of the private interests.

Then they developed their societies along the line of producing and selling. They met the lively competition of the dairy products in the English markets shipped there by the Danish Co-operatives. As they grew stronger, they again turned their attention to purchasing the needs of the farmers in wholesale quantities, such as fertilizer and seeds, and distributed them through their local societies.

One of the things that the farmers had particularly complained of was a trust that controlled the seed market. This monopoly made for higher prices and noxious weeds. Finally the worm turned, and the farmer began purchasing his own seeds. He instituted a plan whereby all seeds were tested both for purity and germination at a seed-testing institution at Zurich, Switzerland. Down came the price of seeds, and up went the purity percentage. In Donegal County alone, the price of seeds was reduced fifty per cent.

In Beautiful Donegal

DONEGAL County is said to be the wildest, most beautiful and loneliest of all Erin. As I reached the top of the divide that overlooks this county, there lay before me numerous farms of about ten acres each with its fields divided by numberless hedges, and treeless hills dotted with white cottages, having thatched roofs. The sun broke through the clouds that had been drenching the country with rain and I saw the ocean beyond. Try as I would I could not recall ever having beheld a more lonesome and yet in some ways more beautiful scene.

Here is located one of the most successful of the local societies that has weathered all political and economic storms. The hero of this society is one Patrick Galligher, who in the face of great opposition started a society with fourteen members in 1906 in a cabin on a local hill six miles from Dungloe. These farmers began selling tea, sugar, meal and flour to their members and kept the cabin open in the evening for those who wished to make purchases.

They soon forced the price of flour down from approximately $3 a hundred to $2.25 Then the local business interests got into action. They tried to outmaneuver this co-operative, by refusing to buy eggs from the farmers, as they had previously, who patronized this society. "Paddy" and his crowd immediately went into the egg business. Then the local traders played their strongest card by offering a higher price, just as is so frequently done by monopolistic groups in America. Once more the co-operatives turned what looked like defeat into victory.

Instead of having the farmers deliver the eggs to them as the farmers had done to the free traders, the co-operatives sent around to their homes and collected the eggs, thus saving the farmer a trip to town. Soon the fund which the local traders had collected for fighting this movement was exhausted and they faded out from the picture. "Paddy's" idea of defense was a rapid offense. He kept it up and today despite all the vicissitudes of that country it has one of the strongest local organizations in Ireland.

Real Vitality Is Seen

IN 1904 his turnover was $2,250. In 1915, it was $108,000. His organization was able to supply the farmers with practically anything they wanted, from fertilizer to clothes. The society will take the farmer's money and pay him five per cent interest. It sells his eggs for him. It has built a glove factory in which many of the girls of the surrounding country are employed. It runs bakeries with two branches and it has about put the "Gombeen" Man out of existence.

It has even gone so far as to purchase and navigate boats with which the farmers' products can be carried to distant points.

The farmers were frank enough to say that the farm organizations of Ireland would never succeed until they did all their own banking and were independent of private banks. They called my attention to a very interesting phase of the state of credit societies which had been established through the country by the co-operatives. Most of these societies were in a state of eclipse due to the fact that when prices were high after the war period, the farmers did not have recourse to them. I learned that only when the farmer is hard-pressed does he seek the aid of the credit societies.

While the composite impression left upon me was that the farmers' organizations of Ireland had passed through a period of encouraging expansion and growth, followed by one of great depression which was then upon them, there was still a real vitality in the movement

(Concluded on page 14)

Mr. Ford's Page

EVERYBODY makes mistakes, and President Coolidge made one when he pledged himself—if indeed it was a pledge—to saddle himself with the political inheritance that fell to him from the preceding administration. It was under the stress of the emotion of the moment, and doubtless with a desire to assure the country that no drastic "new broom" methods would be adopted, that he expressed his desire to work along the lines laid down by President Harding and with the men whom Mr. Harding had called to his Cabinet.

But nothing is more difficult than to pledge definite administrative action without a knowledge of all the circumstances that might arise. Mr. Roosevelt, in similar case, pledged himself to carry out the policies of William McKinley, but Mr. McKinley, could he have returned to this scene for a casual glance about, would have had the utmost difficulty in identifying his policies after they had been given the Rooseveltian touch. Likewise Mr. Taft, in a moment of gratitude to Mr. Roosevelt for forcibly inducting him into the Presidency, pledged himself to carry out the Roosevelt policies, but the cartoonists were soon picturing the Roosevelt policies being "carried out" as corpses.

IT IS the unexpected that provides the higher tests in politics. Steering committees do not foresee them; they break forth in their own way, at their own time, and there they stand as the Bar before which official character and ability are tested. No President has been able to choose his own tests. Lincoln did not. McKinley did not. Wilson did not. And now President Coolidge faces the Unexpected drawn up across his Presidential path. It is awkward; it interrupts work; it bristles with dangers; it is unpleasant—but—this always describes the Higher Test. If it had not these disagreeable qualities, it would not be that Test. Mr. Coolidge must now divest himself of all duties save his duty to the nation, of all characters save his character as Chief Magistrate, and of all hope of reward save the reward of brave, impartial performance.

The unexpected has occurred to President Coolidge very early in his administration, just as the unexpected occurred to Mr. Wilson. With Mr. Wilson the unexpected continued until the end of his second term. However successful Mr. Coolidge may be in disposing of the challenge that has arisen it may probably become an interruption and delay a little his constructive program.

But when the whole situation is canvassed, as thoughtful citizens are bound to canvass it, there will clearly appear this fact: A large part of any President's work succeeding a war must be the putting in order of badly disorganized functions. With all due respect to Mr. Harding, this work was not progressing favorably, readjustment had not gone far, when he laid down his office. Something aged Mr. Harding very suddenly and rapidly. Something took the smile from his face and the buoyancy from his heart, and it is not a matter of doubt that a large factor in this was his growing knowledge of the gigantic disorder which it was his duty to untangle.

It was part of the confidence of those who knew Mr. Harding (and perhaps it was a confidence that would have been wholly justified had time been granted him) that when he saw what lay before him, he would not compromise with evil or corruption in any form. He had called certain men to his side whom he felt he could trust. In certain cases he learned that his trust was cruelly abused. He died before he knew the full extent to which his confidence had been misplaced, but he saw enough to bow him down. Never an administrator in a large way, the huge bulk of the responsible duties of his office loomed before him as a crushing weight, but, as has been said on this page before, he showed at least the makings of an administrator because when he knew not what to do he wisely did nothing. There is a sense in which it was a mercy to Mr. Harding that the full extent of the failure of his plans and of his choice of helpers was veiled from him.

All this, part of which may have been known to Mr. Coolidge, was an inheritance for the new President to cope with. It was a most unhappy inheritance, and one which will test the spirit and the ability of President Coolidge to the utmost. It imposes upon him a task of such huge proportions that it is distinctly antagonistic to the welfare of the country to hope, for any reason whatsoever, anything less than that he shall be entirely successful in disposing of it. Any man who for partisan reasons wishes to heckle the President in his task, is not worthy of membership in any party. And no party can reap glory from the fact that it has made it difficult or impossible for a President of the United States to fulfill his task.

The nation at large as well as the elements of the situation fully absolve President Coolidge from any duty he may have thought he owed to his former chief's personal assistants. If he believed it to be the spirit and intention of Mr. Harding to do his duty, let the partisan consequences be what they might, it is sufficient for the country that Mr. Coolidge be loyal to that spirit and intention by making it his own. That it is his own no one can doubt; if it is not, his administration will prove to be not the wholesome facing of duty which has been expected of him.

This is not to join in the hue and cry for heads, for spectacular methods without regard to justice or constructive results; but it is to say that it has suddenly become apparent that here, and not in other matters, is the test of the new President. The people expect him to meet that test, and to do it without the slightest reference, or even the appearance of reference, to partisan ends or consequences.

President Coolidge must clean house, not only in those instances where neglect of duty and even personal moral weakness are plainly evident, but elsewhere. That is not always worst in an administration which comes to the surface. Men of great shrewdness accomplish with the minimum of risk many things which are detrimental to the nation. The counsel of some men is worse than the acts of others. What some men are able to prevent is worse than what other men are able to do. And no party is free from them, few administrations are free from them. The President of the United States has no partisan duties, he has no oath registered in heaven with reference to a party or a group of men. His duties are toward the nation and his oath is with reference to the nation alone.

In the present instance the President must not be swerved in any way by the actions or attitudes of Congress where, in the very nature of the case, partisan interests may have freer play. It is sadly true sometimes that certain Congressional attitudes beget certain Presidential reactions. The country is looking for something better than that from Mr. Coolidge. It is expecting that he will live fully in his character as Chief Magistrate and let the ephemeral things of the day die with the day.

What has been wanting in Washington for a long time is a chief director of the nation's business. It is sometimes easier to succumb to the lure of a man-hunt than to construct a fool-proof and thief-proof system of public business. The present situation is one which could very easily be handled by a seeming sacrifice of persons—the public would probably be satisfied with that, for all too often the public does not know the real inwardness of the fault. But President Coolidge will not let himself down to that level. He knows how deep the sore is, and how deeply it must be probed before healing can be expected. The country looks to him to use the probe. Whether that loses or wins him the election, a stern fulfillment of his duty according to his own high light will win him a name which will be worth many victories at the polls.

In private business, when things go wrong, the responsible chief does not excuse himself by blaming subordinates, nor does he persuade himself that the case is met when faulty men are penalized; a responsible chief never is satisfied after revelation of fault until he has gone down into the situation personally with a view to improving conditions in such measure as to prevent recurrence. That is constructive work. That is the kind of work for which a man like Mr. Coolidge would seem to be fitted.

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Race Explains It

THAT the propaganda of Bolshevism is physically present in our country, there can be no doubt. It is also spiritually present in a certain alien type of mind. To this extent the chiefs of police are right who suspect Bolshevist propaganda in Lenin memorial meetings. But that Bolshevism can capture and subjugate the American mind is a conclusion not warranted by any facts now at hand.

The vital element in the problem is ignored in most of the deductions and analogies made, and that is the element of race. Thus far only one race has succumbed to Bolshevism, and that is the Jewish race. The Russian race has not succumbed; the Germans have simply refused to "take" the contagion; Hungary speedily threw off an invasion which was entirely Jewish. Were it not for the unique passivity of the Russian peasantry, Bolshevism would be an outlaw in every country, with a home in none; but Russian passivity allows it a temporary home in Russia, though, as every Russian will tell you, Bolshevism is not Russian at all, but Jewish. Racial in its origin, it requires kindred racial qualities before a rootage can be gained outside that race.

The conservatives of England are therefore quite out of harmony with the facts when they draw an analogy between Ramsay Macdonald and Kerensky. It is now known that Kerensky, as a comparatively mild social reformer, was allowed to reign a little while as the advance guard of ruthless Jewish Bolshevism, and that his "social democracy" was set up as a blind under which the Red Terror could advance. That is proved fact. But to say that Ramsay Macdonald and his Labor Government are set up as a "blind" for a revolution in England is to miss all sorts of pertinent elements in the problem. In the first place, Macdonald is British, as the Bolshevik party was never Russian. In the second place, Macdonald and his people love their land, as the Bolsheviks never loved (hated, they rather did) Russia. In the third place, the Labor movement is of the masses of the people, as Bolshevism never was—Bolshevism being really the conquest of the people by a small tyrannical group. And, most important of all, the Ramsay Macdonald group is not Jewish in origin, membership, principle or method. There is no analogy between the two cases.

But many people will continue to blunder through these matters for a long time to come, simply because they will refuse to see and reckon with the all-determining racial element. And there are enough flabby-minded sophists to preach how terrible it is to recognize this determining fact—this natural fact of race.

A Gentleman's Burial

THE glory of the world was in his death despised by Woodrow Wilson. He had seen it in its height and depth and hollowness. Raised higher than any other figure during lifetime, hailed as savior, he was hurled down to the depths of disesteem a few months later and called traitor to humanity. There is no reason to believe that either the elevation or the fall made much difference to him: he was not elated by the glory, nor disheartened by the disapproval: he had measured the worth of both before he had tasted either extreme.

His funeral arrangements were doubtless the expression of his own wish. Everything possible was done to shut the public out. Mr. Wilson himself would have shut it still more tightly out, may indeed have requested that it be done, but certain official formalities were inseparable from the occasion. At any rate, Woodrow Wilson acted the gentleman in his death; there was no exposure of the physical shell in which his spirit functioned, no sonorous oratory setting forth his life and works; a family party followed him to the tomb, and there, with even the President of the United States withdrawn, only the family saw him pass forever from the sight of men.

It was all decidedly restful after the long sad week the nation endured last summer. And welcome, too, was the absence of sob-writing in the press. It wrecked the nerves of the best sob-writers during that week last summer, when Warren G. Harding's body was carried across the continent, to portray each day "a nation prostrate in grief," "a nation bowed in anguish," and all the other stock phrases which, whether fitting the occasion or not, become sheer fustian at last. The fact of death in public life seems very difficult for the press associations to handle. Their difficulty almost equals the embarrassment of the deceased's opponents who had often called him a liar and worse, and who are now supposed to say that he was a great man and a patriot. Our politics are so small that they beget a sense of shame at funerals. Several gentlemen must have been very grateful for the sudden "indispositions" which prevented them from standing respectfully as near to Wilson's bier as the Wilson family would permit—which, quite properly, was not too near.

Wilson, even in his mistakes, even in his futile ideals, was a greater personality, will be a greater figure in the national remembrance, than all his opponents. If his body remains permanently in Washington Cathedral, it will be the beginning of an American Westminster Abbey, where only the great and noble shall be interred.

Who's Anarchist Now?

IN A famous lawsuit a jury of American citizens rebuked the Chicago *Tribune* for its promiscuous use of the term "anarchist." It had seen fit to turn its journalistic guns, loaded with editorial venom, on a private citizen, as it had turned them on multitudes of private citizens before. For once, however, private citizens found a champion and the *Tribune* ate crow.

As a new development in its curious mania, the *Tribune* has turned anarchist itself and is so charged throughout the land. The *Tribune,* "breathing out threatenings and slaughter" against all and sundry, from Mexico to Volstead, and failing in the least to impress its own city of Chicago, has at last turned its attack against officials who would enforce the prohibition law.

The *Tribune* has had a bad run. Though it modestly styles itself the "W. G. N.," the World's Greatest Newspaper, its whole record during the past twelve years indicates that its truer title would be the W. P. G., the World's Poorest Guesser. It has guessed wrong on every big subject it has touched. Editorially it is the World's Perpetual Grouch. But its open shameless stand against the law and in defiance of the Constitution is rather startling.

That the reader may be judge, these sentences are quoted from a *Tribune* editorial: (the italics are ours)

"Prohibition is a dictation of one state to another, of one community to another, of one individual to another, and the sections dictated to rebel. What is to be done about it? For one thing the Federal Government can cease trying to enforce the law . . . .It can cease making appropriations for the official rum terriers . . . . *The prohibition amendment will remain in the Constitution.* Many generations will find it there, *but it can be annulled where it is not wanted.*

"Mr. Dever and his 7,000 policemen are endeavoring to make a city, which is at least five to one convinced of the unjustness of prohibition law, subscribe to it, accept it and obey it . . . .As an Irishman he must know it cannot be done. He has a non-enforceable law on his hands . . . . If he had any political ambitions he has sacrificed them. If Chicago had a recall law he might be recalled next month . . . . The city will elude the enforcement . . . . People resent oppression . . . ." (and so on, with evident intention to emphasize that this is "the Irish view of it," which the Irish in America will be quick to deny.)

For shameless threatening of an officer who was barely attempting to do his duty, there is nothing in American journalism, outside rebellion, secession and Sovietism, to equal these ravings.

The Chicago *Tribune* is no longer, if it ever was, the World's Greatest Newspaper. It is now not even Chicago's greatest newspaper. It has laid itself open to public desertion. Let it go a little further, and the padlock law will apply to its editorial offices.

How Industry May Serve the City

THE financial exigencies of municipalities in the United States are forcing them into a new program of public service. At present it is the custom of cities to duplicate at enormous initial cost and interest payment the various types of public service required which could just as well be performed by private concerns now existing. There is no need for any city of size to go into the power business, because every industrial center has enough privately generated power to carry on all the cities' activities and to spare.

What is an industrial community? It is first of all and fundamentally a power generator. It doesn't matter for what object the power is used—motors, medicines, shoes, clothing, furniture, food—it is all at bottom a question of power. Count up the hundreds of thousands of horse power which one city will generate. Multiply this by the cities of the country, and it will be evident at once that, so far from cities needing to go into the power business, they have only to hook themselves in with power already at hand.

Take the matter of street lighting and transportation. Street lights are used when most of the factories are closed. Modern factories have facilities to furnish the city with power for lighting: light is but one product of power. It is simply a matter of switching into municipal service the power that is not being used in industrial service.

In transportation the same principle applies. The peak loads of city street railways come when the factories are empty; that is, the peak loads of the street railways come when the peak loads of the factories fall. The heaviest pull on transportation power always comes when men are going to or coming from work, on Sundays and holidays, that is, at times when the factories are inoperative. Economical management could easily contrive to have the factory power plants start earlier in the morning and help move the crowds coming to work, and work longer in the evening to supply power to carry the crowds home. It is a matter of using what already is at hand, and hooking it in where it is needed.

The idea of making the local industrial organization a municipal reserve has hardly penetrated managerial minds as yet. When it does so penetrate, we are going to see less duplication in the form of vast municipal plants. The fuel problem of cities could be greatly eased by an alliance between the industries and the fuel suppliers. Industrial centers consume mountains of coal which, if coked, could supply mountains of fuel to the citizens. But here, as elsewhere, is the old waste of duplication: industry burns coal raw; domestic consumers require an entirely additional supply, and they also burn their coal raw. Whereas, if the coal used in industry were used only to the extent that industry requires, and the residue retained for purposes of domestic heating, a city's coal supply would become a source of saving and certainty instead of an almost unbearable burden of express and mental distress. Coal can be burned twice, to the advantage of both users. And then, besides, there is gas for the city, and various compounds for the technical industries.

Our municipal life is wholly unorganized. Attempts at organization thus far made have proceeded on the theory that the municipality should somehow be distinct and independent of the factors which make up the municipality. If there is anything vitally connected with all that concerns the municipality, it is the industrial potencies therein found. These potencies should be enlisted in the public service. When they are, the problems of lighting, transportation, gas and fuel supply, will be near solution.

In the matter of Secretary Denby, President Coolidge has justified the expressed opinion of many people that he would not be hurried into any act which could be construed as hasty or unjust. The Senate had a right to express its opinion as to the desirability of Secretary Denby continuing in the Cabinet, but the President has an equal right to defend the prerogatives of his office against Senate usurpation. Mr. Denby insists that he would do the same thing again with reference to the oil leases, which at least shows a clear conscience, whatever it may indicate with regard to his business judgment. The fact that there are two sets of facts, one on which Mr. Denby claims to have acted, and one on which the investigation committee is proceeding, would seem to leave open the question of culpability until the status of those sets of facts is settled.

Putting Americanism Into Our Fiction

Picture of Our Country's Yesterdays Can Best Be Put Into Novels, Says Sophie Kerr

By FRED L. HOLMES

SOPHIE KERR

THE historical novel is returning to favor. What James Lane Allen did to recapture the life and manners of Kentucky; what Herbert Quick accomplished for Iowa in "Vandemark's Folly," and Emerson Hough for the Far West with "The Covered Wagon," Sophie Kerr has now done for the eastern shore of Maryland with her novels, "Painted Meadows" and "One Thing Is Certain." The eastern peninsula of Maryland, separated from the larger acreages by Chesapeake Bay, has a distinctive individuality. Its farms, with their quaint names, inclosed with snake rail fences; its fruit orchards and vines growing luxuriant harvests; its undulating meadows and rich productive farms; its little oyster beds in coves along the bay shore and its communities isolated from the railroads, have made it a land where men and women were reared with an individualistic American personality. They are a law-abiding, a home-loving people, with a flavor all their own. To capture the manners and customs of this Maryland life, rich in color, dominated with its great passions, has been the dream which is now wrought into a reality by Sophie Kerr through two novels.

"The picture of America's yesterdays can best be preserved in our novels," declared Sophie Kerr with emphasis. "In recent fiction, like 'The Covered Wagon' and 'Vandemark's Folly,' there is a portrayal of life of a few short generations ago for the people to see, to revere and to remember—for it has already changed and gone. Such books are valuable to literature; they make a record of early America that is at once true, and principally appealing.

"Sugary romantic novels about colonial life are boring and untrue. The new 'historical novel' goes no further back than our grandparents, but is of compelling interest, for its writers have grasped the vital point that they must tell a good story as well as present good history."

When this interview was given, the author of the novels about the people of Eastern Maryland was sitting on a tapestried divan in one of the college reception rooms of a Mid-Western city. She had been reading some of her stories to a convention of journalistic classes. From the long hall there floated in snatches of conversation from groups of eager girls enthusiastic over their prospects in life. It was a rollicking, a jubilant, an exulting chatter of mingled voices. Although Sophie Kerr has declined to become a lecturer, she has accepted several invitations to appear before chapters of Theta Sigma Phi, the only woman's journalistic fraternity, of which she is an honorary member.

Why Leave It to Drinkwater?

OVER in the corner of the room, where we visited, stood a long bookcase.

"Think of the work of Scott and Dumas," she continued, pointing to the shelves laden with volumes. "Most of us have learned the greater part of the history of England and France which we know from their novels."

There was a pause as if the author were framing a bombshell. It came.

"Why leave it for John Drinkwater of England to dramatize for us the life of Lincoln, or the career of Robert E. Lee," came a sentence like a blast of fire. "They are good plays—admirable. I think the Lincoln drama is better than the one on Robert E. Lee. Both are sympathetic, and understanding, far more than we might expect. But why should we leave it for others than Americans to write about America?"

"Don't you think the people of the United States are proud of their language and their literature?" I interrupted.

"Many are, of course," came the reply. "But they don't love their native tongue as the French do theirs. If you mispronounce or use an incorrect French word while talking to a Frenchman, you will be corrected. They cannot bear to have their language abused. They love their speech and they insist that it be used correctly. If you were to correct an American, who mispronounced an English word, he would feel insulted. But why should he? The people of this country should give their language the tribute of exact and careful usage. Why not? English is as pleasant to the ear, as beautiful and as varied in its forms as any other modern tongue."

Never in twenty years of experience in interviewing all classes of people—farmers, laborers, members of college faculties, governors, scientists, cabinet officers and Presidents, have I found a person so intense in driving home a thought as Sophie Kerr. She is all animation when she talks. She drives ahead with her argument like a North Dakota gale on the prairies. She nervously fingered a beaded hand bag which lay in her lap with one hand, and with the other she gestured as if there were an audience in view.

Sophie Kerr is a bundle of ideas. Her years as a newspaper woman and later as managing editor of the *Woman's Home Companion* have made every activity of life of interest to her. She is in touch with world affairs. Physically she looks like the dean of women in one of the co-educational institutions of the Middle West, piquant, healthy, vigorous, inspiring. She was dressed in black, wearing a little brown cloche hat, not unlike the girls to whom she had just been speaking at a morning journalistic meeting.

And then we talked about newspapers, politics and the future of women in the changed vista of affairs since the adoption of the equal suffrage amendment.

"Politics is the most interesting game that I know," she went on. "It shifts daily—the pendulum swinging one way and then back. I used to love visiting Washington to hear all the political news and gossip—most of it lies, but all interesting and amusing.

She's a Conservative

"FORMERLY I wrote a good many political stories, more or less sensational, but all true in their essence. And I am going to write about politics again. It is so many-sided, so human, that I cannot resist it.

"I am an absolute conservative in politics. I wasn't for woman's suffrage, but since women have the ballot, I vote. Women are in politics now, but whether many will aspire for the higher offices, I have not the least idea. Why shouldn't they? I certainly do not advocate a distinct and separate woman's party."

"Will the schools of journalism bring women into higher positions in the editorial offices of the nation?" was asked.

"They are already there. More of them are coming. The field of women's work will grow wider and wider in the future. More and more the women are going to the small towns and getting control of newspapers. Ohio, Oklahoma, New York and Wisconsin have papers in towns and small cities edited by women and they are well edited, with a fine news sense. Everything both of interest and importance is discussed in them. There was a time when a woman employed on a newspaper did a woman's page and acted as a music critic. That day has passed. A woman in an editorial chair is as trustworthy as a man."

A long road of slow but constantly increasing success has been traveled by Sophie Kerr (Mrs. Sophie Kerr Underwood) in winning her literary laurels. Forty-odd years ago she was born at Denton, Maryland, a small town located in the "sandy-belt" of the eastern shore. Her father had a nursery and fruit farm, now owned by the author, and she declared that he "thought more of beautiful trees than he did of people." He planted all but one tree on that farm. There was a lovely arborvitae and red japonica hedges, magnolia trees and many unusual foreign flowering shrubs.

Many were the new varieties of trees and shrubs originated by Jonathan Kerr on that farm-nursery. Luther Burbank was one of his correspondents, and representatives of the United States Department of Agriculture came for visits every year. Sophie, the younger of two children, was a favorite of her father's; she liked the trees that he pampered and adored; the orchards white with the blossoms of spring and red with the harvest of fruit in the autumn. Dominating all remembrances in after-life was, as she says, "the quiet, the calm, the extreme individualism, and the easy-going self-control of my birthplace and early habitat."

"I tagged after my father every day and all day," she explained in telling of the life on the farm, which was to assume so important a rôle in her later life and her literary productions. "Even when I was very small he interested me—and very few fathers ever really interest their children. He was an energetic, very bad-tempered man, with a biting tongue, at times a brooding disposition, a kind heart, a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a passion for honesty in speech and action.

"Before I went away to college I had learned to cook, to embroider, made most of my own frocks and played the violin worse than any person in the world. I wasn't a popular girl socially for two reasons. I had inherited my father's gift of sarcasm and there was an even greater handicap of a beautiful, popular, socially malleable older sister. Beside her I was nowhere."

While at Hood College she began to write on high-brow subjects—essays and criticisms of the masters of literature. She was determined to become an author. So she induced her father to purchase a typewriter which she pounded with two fingers, as is still an art with most newspaper reporters. One or two stories were accepted following graduation and after remaining at home for a year or more she went away for more college training, this time to the University of Vermont, for a year of graduate work. There she came under the influence of Professor Samuel Emerson and suddenly discovered that she "didn't know how to think." His influence meant much for her future.

"It is a fine thing to know that you do not know," commented Sophie Kerr. "It set me to work to try to get what I did not have—a disciplined, well-ordered, logical mind, a store of knowledge, a really broad culture. Alas, I never got any of them and I never shall. It takes different training and environment from infancy to produce them, as well as greater capabilities than mine. But I did at least get this—the habit of thinking things out for myself, and a poor opinion, thought out by the individual, is better than a lazy acceptance of someone else's say-so.

"Naturally, my year with Professor Emerson gave me a very low opinion of my chances to become a writer. I let writing alone for a while, and then began doing little light things for the Pittsburgh *Gazette*. I grew restless and I wrote to the *Gazette* people for a job. I got it—I was to run the woman's page for their evening paper and do Sunday 'specials.' The training was excellent and I worked there happily for several years."

Gradually she drifted into the writing of fiction. Some manuscripts were returned; others were accepted. Several were published by the *Woman's Home Companion*. One day she went to New York looking for a job. She found it. She became assistant editor, then managing editor, of the *Woman's Home Companion*, a position held by her until three years ago. All the time she was writing short stories and fiction. Finally she resigned to have more time to devote to her literary work.

Likes Comfort Most

"I HAD been writing pretty steadily anyway, but holding my job, too, and I was wearing myself out. I was tired and ill all the time," she explained as a reason for the change. "I had expected when I gave up office work to find my leisure an embarrassment. I planned so many things to do, how I would see all my friends often, how I would travel, read, do all sorts of delightful things that double work before made impossible. But I have done so few of them! I haven't nearly so much time as I had when I hadn't any time at all, and that's the honest truth."

Now that Sophie Kerr is devoting all of her time to the writing of fiction, she has purchased an old-fashioned brownstone house in New York and added a little Italian garden, a fountain, green shrubs and tall trees that remind her of the trees that her father planted, loved and petted into life.

One room in the house is devoted to the library where she spends several hours a day planning and writing. Most of her suggestions for stories come from observations—something that appeals to the fancy or interest. Usually it takes from one to two weeks to write a short story and from three to four months to write a book.

"I'd like a dog, a real dog, not a lap dog, but it is difficult to keep one in a city," she replied when asked about pets. "There is no room for them to exercise properly. But a year ago, when I bought the house I now live in, a black cat adopted me. Now there are two."

"What do I like most? Comfort, I think. And old painted satinwood, and cats and prize fights, and dancing and Spanish shawls, and looking at the ocean and having my own way. And I dislike argument and strong perfume and fat women, and people that tell the sort of lies that simply insult your intelligence, and men who begin letters, 'Dear Lady' and long earrings and intolerance."

The Balkan Politician Is Not a Lovely Animal

He Will Promote a War Just for the Opportunity to Graft

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE chief business of the Balkan States—by which we mean the countries in and about the Balkan Range in Eastern Europe—is war. It always has been war. We think of farmers as men who want peace, but in these countries, made up almost entirely of farmers, the main industry is war. They do not want war because they are farmers but, although we seldom stop to think of it, a farming country suffers less from war than does an industrial country. For one thing the farmers can go out to fight leaving their women folk to do the work. That is not the case in America but it is the case in Europe. In the second place, a devastated farm country will recover more quickly than a devastated industrial country, for the land, which is the chief thing about a farm, remains almost unhurt. And that may be one of the reasons why the Balkan States—Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece—have most of the time been at war among themselves or with Turkey. In a way they are not so much to blame, for, although they do get up wars of their own, they have also often been driven into wars as tools of France, Germany, or England. For it is easy to get them started into war. Sometimes it is hard to keep them out. For instance, while I was in Belgrade, if England had not stepped in, another first-class war might have started, for the army of Jugo-Slavia was ready to march on Bulgaria just because a revolution in Bulgaria seemed to make conquest easy.

The Great War started down in these parts. The Austrian Crown Prince was assassinated in Serbia and thereby Serbia drew an ultimatum from Austria which was backed up by Germany. Of course there was no good reason why Germany should have marched through Belgium to attack France because an Austrian Crown Prince got killed in Serbia. But why look for logic in war? If logic were ruling there would be no war. Jugo-Slavia is one of the several danger spots in Europe and it is well to know something of the country, if only to know why the ordinary rules of common sense and honesty do not obtain in the affairs of Europe.

They, Too, "Won the War"

THERE is no such country as Jugo-Slavia; that is just our English nickname for what is officially the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes—a governmental unit invented by the diplomats after the close of the war. Serbia was one of the Allies; her troops are among the best soldiers in the world. Her capital, Belgrade, was taken by Austria shortly after the beginning of the war and the Serbian army was thereafter all but homeless. Serbia suffered more than Belgium and it was held that as a victor she was entitled to considerable spoils—and also the diplomats wanted to dismember Austria-Hungary but did not quite know what to do with the pieces. So they combined some of the pieces into a new state.

Serbia had been a little country nestling in the foothills of the Balkans, with Austria-Hungary closing in on the north and west, Bulgaria and Rumania to the east, and Greece to the south. It was shut off from the sea and, although this really made no difference, the people thought it did—or rather, being shut off from the sea gave the politicians something to talk about.

Europe has an unending argument about nationality. The general thesis is that people of the same race should be grouped under the one flag. That is the trouble in the Balkans. For these are proud peoples; they will tell you so. They are brave peoples; they will tell you so. In some ways it seems unfortunate that history was ever invented, for all of these peoples have histories and in ages past each of these countries for a time ruled much of Eastern Europe. They have been at war of some sort about every ten years for centuries. They have seen their borders grow by conquest and have seen them shorn by conquerors. And finally all of them fell before the Turks when the Turks swept into Europe.

The nationalities have been considerably mixed up—one cannot detect a long-lost brother just by looking at him. The leading tests are these: if the man speaks your language, he is yours; if he does not speak your language but has your religion, he is yours; if he has neither your language nor religion, then it is because both have been taken from him by perfidy, and he is yours anyway. And so each country has a valid argument for owning at least part of some other country. It all seems rather ridiculous to us, but it is really a very serious affair and unfortunately all the great nations of Europe take advantage of the peculiarities of the little Balkan States to play off one against the other to preserve the perilous balance of power in Europe.

The Serbs think that they played a large part in the Great War—in fact they, too, "won the war"—and by the grace of the peace conferences they succeeded in having granted to themselves the materials for the making of a greater Serbia. They were given Croatia; Slavonia, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and various odds and ends of territory which had been a part of Austria-Hungary and which is essentially Slavic, and in addition they succeeded in getting a slice of Bulgaria and a part of Macedonia. This gave them an irregular boundary line extending about four hundred miles north and south and about three hundred east and west at the widest point, with a long frontage on the Adriatic Sea—but without a port. The commerce of all this section before the war went through Trieste and Fiume—both of which belonged to Austria. Now Italy has Trieste and would like to have Fiume, which is by treaty a free city—meaning that it is something held up to fight for. Italy practically has Fiume and almost had a war.

The land covered by what we call Jugo-Slavia is immensely rich; it has fine fertile soil in parts, extensive timber land, and is said to contain many kinds of minerals. The farming and the lumbering are most primitive; they use very little machinery and when I passed through at harvest time practically all of the work was being done by the women. The farmer cannot see why he should bother with machinery if he can get plenty of women to work for nothing. It is the "for nothing" part that counts. The peasants hereabouts value first their farms, then their live stock, and finally their wives. It is mighty hard to get a farm or good live stock, but it is easy to get a wife and the peasants make no bones about it.

There is no reason why they should have a different outlook. They have never had a chance to gain any other. Very few of them read or write, for the schools are inadequate. They have never known a real government—that is, a government which existed for any purposes other than the support of the politicians. Every little while they find themselves called out to war and they go. They think that in each war they are defending their farms from an invader—that is the story they are always told. Having no newspapers, they have no way of finding out what is really going on. Of course Jugo-Slavia has plenty of newspapers, but they are all little partisan sheets and even a peasant who can read will rarely bother with a paper. The peasant does not mind going to war, for his establishment is organized as those of our Indian tribes used to be—the women do the essential work.

The towns are very different from the country. The towns do not amount to much as towns, although they have made some progress since the war. The townspeople wear collars and talk; the peasants wear their native dress or any old thing they happen to have and do little talking. The towns cause all the trouble, for it is in them that the politicians live. Being a politician is a profession and Serbia has the king of all the politicians of Europe. His name is Pasitch; he is seventy-four years old and has been in politics for fifty-five years. The nominal ruler of Jugo-Slavia is King Alexander, an extremely unimportant young man, who is principally interested in escaping assassination. His father, King Peter, was the only king for many years who died a natural death and Alexander aspires to do likewise. He hates Pasitch and the hate is returned, but always Pasitch turns up as prime minister.

He has made a great deal of money out of politics—just how much no one knows, but the sum runs well up into the millions of dollars—and he is expert in bringing enough political parties together so that only he can command a majority in the Skupchtina, as the parliament is called.

When an agreement was drawn up by which under certain conditions a firm of American bankers was to lend seventy-five million dollars for the building of a railway to Cattaro, the parliament was quite unanimous that none of the money should pass through Pasitch's hands. He did not consider this as expressing any lack of confidence in him and neither did his friends who voted for the motion. It was just that they all agreed the railway ought to be built. It is taken for granted that every man in politics and every man in office will take what he can while the taking is good. For instance, when I had my passport examined at the station on arriving at Belgrade, I was told that the formalities would take an hour. Then a friend who was going to meet me turned up. We went over to the passport office and found two men smoking cigarets. My friend slipped fifty dinars (about fifty cents) on a desk and the passport was handed over most graciously. Again, when I reached the hotel, I found signs all over saying that every foreigner must register with the police within twenty-four hours. I was told that the registry would take several hours and that I must go in person. A little later one of the hotel men whispered to me:

"If you give me fifty dinars, you won't have to go yourself. We can fix it for you."

Just Graft, Graft, Graft

THE whole population of Jugo-Slavia is around twelve million and of them two hundred thousand are in the civil service. The average pay of an official is about fifteen hundred dinars a month, or, roughly, fifteen dollars. An official's family can just exist on around fifty dollars a month—so it is up to the official to find the balance. It is quite impossible to get any business of any kind transacted without a tip; and if the tip be large enough it is possible to do about as one pleases. Tipping is a custom of the country. The man who buys for a principal expects a rake-off and he gets it; the principal would rather see him take the money than be forced to pay him a living salary. There is a vast demand among the politicians and the town dwellers, who are mostly politicians, too, for graft, and behind most of the intense patriotic movements for the acquisition of new territory—the gathering-in of long-lost brethren—is nothing higher than the desire to extend the opportunities for graft.

This is not a lovely picture but the Balkan politician is not a lovely animal. He will promote a war with all its death and destruction just to have a chance to graft. The politicians are the first charge upon the country; the second is the army, which consists of at least two hundred thousand men and may have more than that, for few of the figures one gets are truthful. These people do not believe in telling the world how many soldiers they have. The privates get about a cent a day; the officers will average in pay less than the civil servants. This is not a country of incomes, so an officer to live must borrow against the next war.

The families of the country are large; probably there are two million families and they must support these four hundred thousand non-producers—the army and the civil servants. That is, indirectly, each five families have to support one extra family.

In the Greater Serbia the politicians saw a fine melon but the melon is not as ripe as they hoped. Croatia is proving the greenest portion. It always has been indigestible; it caused Hungary a deal of trouble. For it has in it the only politician able to cope with Pasitch. His name is Raditsch, and while Croatia elects sixty members to parliament, they all refuse to sit, on the ground that they are a separate people and ought to be a republic. The Croatians speak the same language as the Serbs, but they use the Latin characters, while the Serbs use the intricate letters which are known as Kyril. The Croatians are Roman Catholics, while the Serbs belong to the Eastern Catholic Church. This is enough to cause bitter fighting—mostly oral.

I was in Croatia when King Alexander came through in his train; he had Serb soldiers every quarter of a mile along the track, ran an engine ahead of the train to test the road for bombs, and traveled with all the blinds of the cars down. The Serbs keep only Serb soldiers in Croatia and they are trying to force Serbian as the written as well as the spoken language. In most of the annexed provinces all the school books are in Kyril; in Croatia the books are in both the Kyril and the Latin characters.

A City Without Water

AS FOR the country itself; there is great talk about improvement, but nothing is being done except in speculative building. Buildings are going up all over, and in Belgrade, which used to be a one-storied Turkish town, at least fifty big buildings are going up. That would seem enterprising, but few of these buildings are finished; the builders started them when plenty of paper money was to be had. Now they have to pay thirty per cent and forty per cent for loans. But here is the remarkable fact. None of these buildings has water. I stayed at what was a not bad hotel. It had a roof garden and a theater and it seemed modern. But when I turned on the faucet for the tub no water came. I rang and the maid told me that there would be water in the evening. The water was on for exactly half an hour that day. I thought that some accident had happened to the waterworks but then I found that the city rarely had more than two hours of water during a day and that most places bought their water from men with barrel carts. It seemed strange and so I asked a Serb—a rather prominent man—why all this was so.

"Quite so," he agreed, smilingly, just as though he were discussing the most comprehensible of facts, "it *is* awkward, but what can we do? Belgrade before the war had only seventy-five thousand persons and now it has one hundred and fifty thousand. We have the same waterworks we used to have and it is not big enough. We are waiting for the reparation payments to build a new one."

But while the city is going without water—with all that that means in a sanitary way—the government is steadily borrowing money from France for munitions which are made in France. The only credit the country has is for munitions from France.

I got into Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, just a week after the revolution which had caused Jugo-Slavia to think about mobilizing its armies. The revolution had been quick and painless. One night the reserve army officers had moved quietly on the government buildings and taken them over. Other detachments moved on the house of Stambuliski, the prime minister, and on the houses of his various ministers. When Sofia awoke the next morning the old government had been thrown out, most of the ministers were in jail, and Stambuliski was a fugitive. He was later caught and killed—accidentally the reports have it—but there are accidents and accidents.

The ministers of the preceding administration who had been jailed by Stambuliski were released and at once the king appointed Zankoff, a school teacher, as prime minister. It was a high-handed proceeding but the extraordinary part of it all to me was that no one seemed in the least to care. I talked with several of the ministers who had been released or who had returned from exile. They were busy seeing how they could get into power under the new government and passed over the *coup d'état* as a minor matter. I talked with peasants and I expected them at least to have something to say, for Stambuliski had gone in as a friend of the people—as a dirt farmer in a country of dirt farmers. The peasants were not even interested.

I asked some of them about the country tending toward Bolshevism, for under Stambuliski the leaders often took their orders from Moscow. They did not know about it and they did not seem to care. All that they knew about Russia was that too many Russians had come into Bulgaria—they came by the thousands for a time. General Wrangel's defeated and almost starving army came en masse. They had distributed these Russians—such of them as would work—among the farms. Others took to restaurant running and others moved on. The Russian problem to the peasants was getting rid of refugee Russians. All of which merely goes to show how little the news of politics touches what is really going on in a country.

Bulgaria is a little state in the Balkans which is supposed to be largely inhabited by brigands who tie their shoes on with rawhide thongs and wear sheepskin coats. Those of us who I suppose must be called the slightly elder generation know the place by name through whistling tunes from the "Balkan Princess." The really

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American Workers Want Room in the Sunshine

Nation's Great Industrial Centers Are Surging Toward the Out-of-doors

By FRANZ A. AUST and HAZEL HANKINSON

Points to Ponder

Belgium's folk live 700 to the square mile; England's, 650; Germany's, 300; Uncle Sam's folk only 35!

About seven out of every ten folks in the United States now live in cities. These cities have a density of from 500,000 to the square mile down to 8,000 to the square mile.

Nearly every other family in the United States owns an automobile or truck.

The speed of an automobile on the open street is twice that of a street car and almost three times that of a horse. But automobiles lose their efficiency as density of traffic increases.

Yankee patience will stand only about so much inconvenience before bolting. How long until industry and retail business will take to—the big out-of-doors!

WITH Chicago's World Fair in 1893 a new standard for civic beauty was born. In the earlier years humanity had crowded in wherever Industry was blowing her whistle as a summons to put on overalls and go to work. Closer and closer to her smoke-stained chimneys did America's sons and daughters press until the very sunlight was shut out, and the stars were hidden. But following closely upon the Fair year, the pendulum of Industry's time-worn clock began to swing in the other direction, and now it is more than halfway back to the other side—from grimy streets to the great out-of-doors.

One hindrance to locating manufacturing interests outside of congested city centers has always been the great expense of hauling the coal necessary for heat and power. Besides, there is the overcrowding of lake ports and seaports. But now comes the "super power" electrical plan which is urged by leading engineers and Mr. Hoover. Networks of great power highways east of the Mississippi and west of the Rockies would be built by this system, and electricity for industrial and commercial and domestic purposes would be distributed even to tiny villages tucked away at the end of country roads. Most of this current would be supplied by water power. Even the railroads would be electrified, and the saving to them alone would be some $84,000,000 a year. Tremendous! But the most outstanding improvement to the country would be the opening of country towns and cities to great manufactories with power costing no more than in the crowded centers of industry!

Whether this mighty project takes form, some such solution must be the result of the nation's urge toward saner, less congested living conditions. This call to the out-of-doors is being heard on all sides, and because of it Uncle Sam's cities of industry are divided into two classes.

First, there is the city which was laid out years ago. In many cases it is being made over with the comfort of the factory worker in mind. Factories are being built on the outskirts. There, surrounded by flowers and shrubs and trees and green grass, the workers give healthier, happier service than they could possibly offer in quarters inclosed by brick walls and blackened chimneys.

Homes within sight of the factory—almost under its very eaves! and yet they are artistically attractive homes in a happy community of workers employed in a great industry which has found its place in the great out-of-doors.

These are not the homes of manufacturing owners, but of workmen, mechanics, employed within a factory's walls. Nature's beauties are everywhere and large lawns insure privacy for each family as well as playground for the children. The workmen who own these homes belong to an industrial community which has found that there is — plenty of room in the sunshine.

Dayton, Ohio, furnishes an illustration. Beautiful, comfortable buildings at the edge of the city for the thousands of employes. Gardens for the asking, baseball fields, playgrounds. Near by lies one of nature's beauty spots, acres and acres where workers may picnic and camp.

Another city has recently established a large consolidated business three miles out from the center. There the workers live under the very eaves of the excellently organized industry of which they are a part, but, they, too, are on the verge of the open country. It is another attempt to bring a city's work and workers to the outdoor world.

There is many a large city which is spending millions of dollars in trying to correct the location of its factories once haphazardly placed. Factory owners realize that working folk cannot do their best when they live herded in ugly places—unhappy places, unsightly and unsanitary. Slum tenement sections are doomed.

Ojibwa, Wisconsin, is the heart of a 60,000 acre colonization project. Its homes, its streets, its public buildings, its parks, its playgrounds, its business districts, are all being designed with one object—to attract those who are interested in wood-using industries, and to invite those who desire to undertake the business of canning. These industries, of course, to blend with and to develop the agriculture of the country round about.

Towns are like folks; they have personalities; and they are always judged by the appearance they make. That is why the towns which are laid out with room for beauty and recreation and home gardens will everywhere attract the best types of industry when factory owners are looking for new sites.

The new community centers are not "garden city" plans in the commercial sense which has become somewhat unpopular. Neither are they copies of the garden cities of the English folk who have been so successful with that movement in their own country.

In England, this progress toward better conditions among industrial workers has reached its height in Letchworth, thirty-four miles northeast of London. There, some twenty industrial firms and their employes make up the town of less than fifteen thousand. A self-contained town it is, providing garden-surrounded homes of equal size for everyone, with a stretch of fertile farming land on every side. The aim of the little city has not been merely to bring into being a beautiful town; it is to bring about the improvement of the laborer in his work-life and in his home. And the result has been accomplished under English conditions.

C. B. Purdom, who chronicled the movement in England, gives the following in his definition of their garden city, and this is the part which may be applied to America's new community centers:

"A garden city is a town organized for modern industry; of a size that makes possible a full measure of social life; surrounded by a permanent belt of rural land."

The "garden" part which is not mentioned in this definition is a feature which caused the English movement to fail when it was tried in the United States. English garden cities have not been adapted to our country. For every factory or business worker to have an equal plot of ground about his home to use for vegetables and fruits and flowers was found to be far from practical. All American workers do not enjoy gardening in the same measure. Neither do they understand gardening as the English do; some do not even know how to till the soil. Furthermore, English laborers have for centuries been accustomed to centralized control of their land, while in America every man wants to own his own little "two-by-four," or larger plot, or he wants it not at all.

Any plan for better industrial cities which is to succeed in the United States must be a plan for community development. It must provide for a great variety in ownership about a man's home. One man who works in a factory will desire a small lot with only a few trees and shrubs for ornament. Possibly he will not care to have a garden at all. Another man when he is through with his day's labor will delight in taking care of two or three acres of potatoes and corn and cabbage and other "truck."

Many of the new American industrial communities, like Ojibwa, will be closely connected with the agricultural life which borders it, and which is so vital to its business interests. When this little industrial city becomes fully developed and realized, it will be a part of the countryside; the farm life will blend into the town life, for many of the industrial workers will be miniature agriculturists on their own home grounds.

The English garden city movement implies that the ideal city cannot well include more than seven thousand to fifteen thousand folk. The size of the American community of workers living under ideal conditions is limited only by the amount of food materials which can be grown in that vicinity, and by the ease with which a man can get to and from his work. In this, of course, distance is not so important as a fast and safe means of getting there. He must not be more than fifteen or twenty minutes ride from his place of work. Otherwise, what time does he have to enjoy his home and his garden and the recreation he likes best?

And not alone does this apply to factory and other industrial workers. Our greatest metropolis has an example of its business folk moving out to the greater freedom of a community by themselves. Jackson Heights, just outside New York City, is one of the most unusual illustrations of the movement away from massed centers of population. It is a one-hundred-percent-American garden city, a transition which is not too sudden for the family apartment-house born and bred, and yet which shows the tendency toward the new, the more open city of tomorrow.

Those who planned Jackson Heights believed that the apartment house is the kind of dwelling in which the average New Yorker feels most at home, although he desires to live in the open. So in ideal rural surroundings this little apartment community began to grow. Every resident owns his own apartment, buying it as he would a house. He pays a couple of dollars a year for country club privileges. He can have a patch of land in a corner of the town on which to raise vegetables and flowers if he chooses. He has a right to one of the colonial-cottage garages. He has the privileges of the tennis courts and the golf course and the children's playgrounds—for Jackson Heights believes in children.

This little democracy has its own community activities which help to keep it contented and happy. Instead of joining clubs and other groups in the heart of New York, these folk prefer to play together. They have a woman's club, and a chess club, and a press organization and a tennis organization. They have annual harvest festivals and tournaments.

Although these New York business folk live in their beloved apartments, Jackson Heights is a "home" town. The apartments are not "beehives" divided into little cells; the architecture is artistic and different, and the distance between them is such that they do not conflict. Every apartment overlooks a garden court which a man and his family are free to enjoy. And all this transplanting has taken place just twenty minutes from Broadway!

While the apartment-house community like Jackson Heights may be a splendid plan for the trend of business folk toward the country, there is a better arrangement for industrial workers who do not need that gradual detachment from crowded city living. A place of five thousand or six thousand out in the open country, for instance, may contain important manufactories, and yet may have the happy conditions of both city and rural advantages.

A greater appreciation of the out-of-doors and of natural beauty is surely forcing itself into America's national life.

There is the influence of the out-of-doors upon Industry's little children. What chance is there for character to grow and expand when suffocated between brick walls and warped by the heat of pavements? It is from country and small-town playgrounds that most of America's leaders and notables have come.

How many of tomorrow's important centers will be housed in miniature cities under rural conditions, ideal in plan and beauty? Their numbers cannot be foretold. Many a mighty metropolis, moreover, will continue to be an important center, but under conditions of greater communion with the out-of-doors. America has stepped on the starter headed toward The Perfect City!

"Oil Ducks" and Other "Lame Ducks"

Why Members of Government Are Hired by Interests After Leaving Office

By A. R. PINCI

FOR many years we have been accustomed to hear of the "lame duck." The latest use of this term was in Congress, and it was applied to Frank B. Kellogg as soon as he was appointed ambassador to London. There was the fear, on the part of two or three dissenters, that a President of the United States commits a grave error when he appoints to public office a man but recently turned out of office by his constituents.

There is no doubt that, except in unusual cases, the lame duck's return to the Treasury pay roll by Presidential fiat perpetuates a bureaucracy in violation of the people's will and makes the Executive superior to the will of a section of national opinion.

Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, whose comments in the Senate about the Harding-McLean intimacy were suddenly headed off by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge during a debate, just at the time when visitors were hoping to hear something about the young man's ambassadorial aspirations, has been a staunch antagonist of the lame duck system in vogue today, and he frequently criticized such appointments. He has spoken in favor of legislation which would prohibit a lame duck's sudden convalescence through the potency of another government job.

But such a law will never be enacted. How could it? With few exceptions—these consisting of a few wealthy men and of those who can count upon keeping their seats as long as they elect—Congress is made up of hundreds of potential lame ducks. Nothing so spoils a man, from what I have observed in twenty years of journalism at leading capitals, against resuming his former job as a taste of public life. Thus with an eye to the hazards of future politics he will not go out of his way to enact a law which would be very embarrassing in time of need. Of course, not all lame ducks are called, but where is the public official of today who thinks himself the unavailable lame duck of tomorrow?

There Are Lame Drakes, Too

PICK up a copy of the Congressional Directory—be it bound in red, blue or green, which distinguishes the session—and one may find a goodly sprinkling, in the administrative half of that book, of lame ducks rehabilitated by Presidential fiat. But these are not the only lame ducks, for there are others, very many others, who do not appear in the Congressional Directory.

Those are the lame drakes, and have their origin in administrative office. They are the public officials thrown out of employment by the fortunes of politics. The rest have two alternatives, that of returning whence they came, or of tieing up with some big business concern. The first alternative has few votaries; the second is more fashionable.

It is not always the good fortune of officials to be cast into a branch of the public service which will bring them in contact with the representatives of big business, hence the hopeful ones "open law offices" in Washington. Needless to say, if Congress is going to investigate all the employment relations of former public officials it should, for consistency's sake, take a peep at these law offices, which in five years have multiplied like mushrooms, and, incidentally, to look up the court records of the capital and see how often these attorneys *do not* figure in court proceedings. It will violate no propriety for me to say that they are not employed for the law they know or can interpret, but for the knowledge of what had transpired in their bureaus prior to their separation from them, and for such influence as, through their familiarity on the one hand and intimacy with some of the personnel on the other, will bring results.

Now, the ethics of this situation has been questioned a long time in Washington. As another matter of fact, the better known segments of big business have quite abandoned the practice of employing ex-public officials because they have found out that they have been goldbricked, and even where this has not been the case, the time and cost involved in "explaining" to subsequent committees of investigation exceeded the value of the employe's services.

No better example of this is possible than ex-President Wilson's retirement from the law firm of which he became a member after leaving the White House. In a year he came to the conclusion that punctiliousness dictated his withdrawal. It was frankly said that no firm of attorneys specializing in international and national affairs in Washington could compete with the ex-President's firm, and this in turn led to gossip which must have reached Mr. Wilson's ears, because it distressed his friends.

Employers of ex-public officials, the lame drakes (to distinguish them from the lame ducks which are Congressional), have been very slow in learning that the lame drakes, like their sisters, have by the very nature of their elimination from public office lost what influence they were supposed to have, and that whatever "inside" knowledge they possess is next to useless. To make up for what lacks, they endeavor to exert influence by sheer force of costly entertainment, and it is well known in Washington that if these entertainers were suddenly removed the hotels would not only be half empty, but the dining rooms would become dismal caravansaries. And yet this does not take into account that little army which does its entertaining at home, be this a house or an apartment.

Senator Norris, by the way, was instrumental in putting into the record two years or so ago a long record of a lobbyist who was representing a dozen important corporations and getting from $500 to $1,000 monthly from each employer. This man was not a public official but he was a member of the press gallery, and as soon as his activities became known was expelled from that body. Now, members of the press gallery enjoy a quasi-Congressional status, and are inhibited from being employed "directly or indirectly, by any stock exchange, board of trade, or other organization, or member thereof, or brokerage house, or broker, engaged in the buying and selling of any security or commodity or by any person or corporation having legislation before Congress."

That is piffle. What information a member of the press gallery in Congress can get which any good newspaperman not a member cannot get is problematical. One does not have to sit in the press gallery to get an idea of what is going on in either House; one can sit in the visitors' gallery. And, with due respect to the press gallery, more information reaches the outer world for which its members are not responsible than the public dreams of.

Congress has professed to be scandalized by what has transpired in the oil inquiry with respect to the employment of ex-officials by, in this case, the oil companies. If that is a crime, is no attention going to be paid to all the other ex-officials (some very much X, by the way) representing other interests?

Does public office imply that upon leaving public office an incumbent cannot accept private employment except of the most humble kind?

A law was proposed some time ago which would prohibit the President from appointing any ex-member of Congress before two years had elapsed since the latter became a lame duck, but nothing was said about the lame drake. And if Congress wants to be consistent, why does it not go so far as to enact a law for prohibiting private employers from enticing public officials from their jobs, especially during the life of the administration of which they were a part or under which they served?

The Senate investigating committee was told that two prominent attorneys were employed for the supposed influence they could exert with the Wilson Administration. Will Congress dare to enact a summary law excluding public officials from such employment hereafter? Private inquiry on the part of friends of this legislation seems to have revealed that such a Congressional dictum would be Constitutional if properly worded; here is the chance for Congress to prove that its investigations mean something.

Lobbies Largely Precautionary

PERHAPS nothing could be better for the sake of the taxpayers and of efficiency if prominent employers ceased their efforts to employ more or less prominent government officials, or, at least, to stalk them while in office, to entice them away, or to let them know "that they will be taken care of" in due time, which means when their political term was over. There are too many such officials, especially in the intermediate classes, whose time is taken up with plans for the future. Not directly, no, but by reflex action. No sooner a chap from some adjoining desk or office or floor or department is absorbed by some corporation than the remaining ones begin to wonder how soon the same lightning will strike the same way.

Gossip is caused by the frequency with which men, not necessarily prominent themselves, but close to prominent men, are seen at luncheon in secluded corners of hotel dining rooms, in the company of more or less miscellaneous individuals recruited from the press or Federal ranks, representing this or that company, this or that board. Gossip starts with the rival interests, and in Washington there is always some rival interest on the lookout for these friendly gatherings.

But one thing must be said—that if Congress wants consistently to finish the job that it has apparently begun with the oil inquiry, and wants to assess the merits of the vast number of jobs given to officials and ex-officials, it may have to go back many years, and look up even the ex-Presidents themselves. As a matter of record, very few men, in comparison to the little army that has been employed, actually remained attached to their jobs very long. That proves how flimsy was the bond that held them to their private employers.

What Congress will discover in the present inquiry remains to be seen, but it is hoped that that inquiry will be comprehensive, and that no two men, one Republican and one Democrat, will be singled out as the outstanding goats. *There is too much talk in Washington that if it had been foreseen that the investigation was going to drag in so many names it would never have been undertaken.* The Congress must go through with it, no matter who must fall.

Two-thirds of the lobbies maintained at the capital are precautionary; they are maintained because the "other fellow" runs one, and it is always well to be prepared. I can say definitely, that the average company, which employs a crew of ex-official gladhanders, has found to its sorrow that it begets but gladhanders, palms up. *This excludes the army of underpaid technical men in the Federal employ, who leave their jobs only when economic necessity dictates the change, and Congress, while about it, might revise wages so as to give the $10,000 salaries to the technical men and pay the $2,000 salaries to the politicians.*

"Will Congress Find Out?"

BY PAYING the politicians just what they are worth, downward, and by raising the excellent technical men to a worth-while salary, the evil of bidding by the interests will be greatly diminished. It is all bosh for Congress to say that technical men are willing to work for less because they are made happy by the sense of patriotism which causes the sacrifice, for on that basis, and taking Senators and Representatives at their word —I can quote by the *Congressional Record* on this point —most members ought to be willing to work for 30 cents a year, on the assumption that every perfervid oath of patriotism is worth ten dollars.

Let Congressional lightning, if it strikes with unerring justice, hit whom it may, but let's have a nice perspective of the personalities at stake in all their phases. Before Congress can cast many stones it had better sift matters so as to take in everybody. Washington has been full of rumors for years, but to them nothing but a deaf ear seems to have been turned. When a Senator rises to make certain declarations in which names are mentioned, no one should interrupt him in order to change the subject.

But that is not all.

The picture would not be complete without the reverse exposed. That involves the allegations of graft and corruption which Congress has often charged, usually to the account of one prominent individual who is known the world over for never having spent a cent for favors. Thus, just as certain irregularities are possible but unnoticed while perorating about fantastic lobbies, so is a question of a few thousand dollars permitted to obscure, by mishandling and other causes, others which, by common report, have reached into the millions.

The late Secretary Franklin K. Lane, in one of his letters, referred to unnamed individuals who had the knack of turning into gold all that they said, all that they did, all that they touched.

Ever since then the mysterious question in Washington has been:

"Where did they get it?"

And now the newer question is:

"Will Congress find out?"

Our Girls Are Growing in Size and Strength

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to the changing times. Gradually the skirt has narowed and shortened, while the waist has become broader. In any consideration of the advantages to the health of women in the narrowing and shortening of the skirt, it must be borne in mind that reference is not made to such vagaries of fashion as seen in 1911 and 1920, developments which would be just as hampering to freedom of motion as were the heavy voluminous skirts, although the excessive narrowness was compensated for in part, at least, by an equally and unduly excessive shortening. These very extreme styles were of relatively short duration and therefore of minor significance.

Vassar's investigation in regard to girth showed a steady decrease until 1904, and a steady increase from that year until the present time. The width of the waist followed the fashion, and, when the demand of fashion for a small waist finally ceased, the increase in width of waist occurred, slowly at first, but rapidly after 1908. No wonder college girls grow more rapidly when internal organs are given a chance to respond to normal exercises!

How is this change in fashion, which permits more normal functioning and greater freedom of exercise, related to increased height?

One of the serious problems in regard to college girls during the early days was how to induce these delicate, undeveloped women to eat enough nourishing food. The girl of this first decade lacked appetite. Modern girls, vigorous and physically fit, eat in season and out, and are as hard to satisfy as a growing boy—and for the same reason; the body is working normally and needs more food for growth and development. Here we find a reasonable explanation of the fact that the woman not only functions more perfectly, but weighs more and is growing taller, while, as was demonstrated in 1917, the difference in muscular quality between men and women is due to the use of muscles and not to sex.

Often the younger woman—and the older, for that matter—does not play fair with herself. She holds on with both hands to privileges granted her because of weakness and dependence and at the same time demands freedom and equality. The college girls first showed a disposition to break away from this attitude toward conventionalities and their vision is being reflected in their better health and larger stature.

We translate life constantly in terms of sex. The new baby has its layette prepared, pink for the boy and blue for the girl. We begin to make this difference at birth and continue it through every period of the woman's life. The young girl of the late nineteenth century heard constantly, "You must not do this; you must not do that; you must be ladylike."

Since it is use and not sex that determines the quality of muscles, the physical inequalities of man and woman will last just as long as the girl occupies her leisure time making tatting to decorate her clothes while her brother spends his leisure playing ball. We must go back to the old Greek idea of physical perfection for women. The traditional manner of thought is getting away from the idea of incapacity.

This splendid, modern woman, grown taller and more vigorous because, freed from restricting fashions of dress, she exercises more and frequently eats more, has become better fitted to be the mother of finer sons, the promise of a stronger race.

California Puts Her Convicts on the Pay Roll

Putting Men in Prison Costly, Working Them Under Decent Conditions Aids Them When Free

By HARRY H. DUNN

JULIAN H. ALCO,

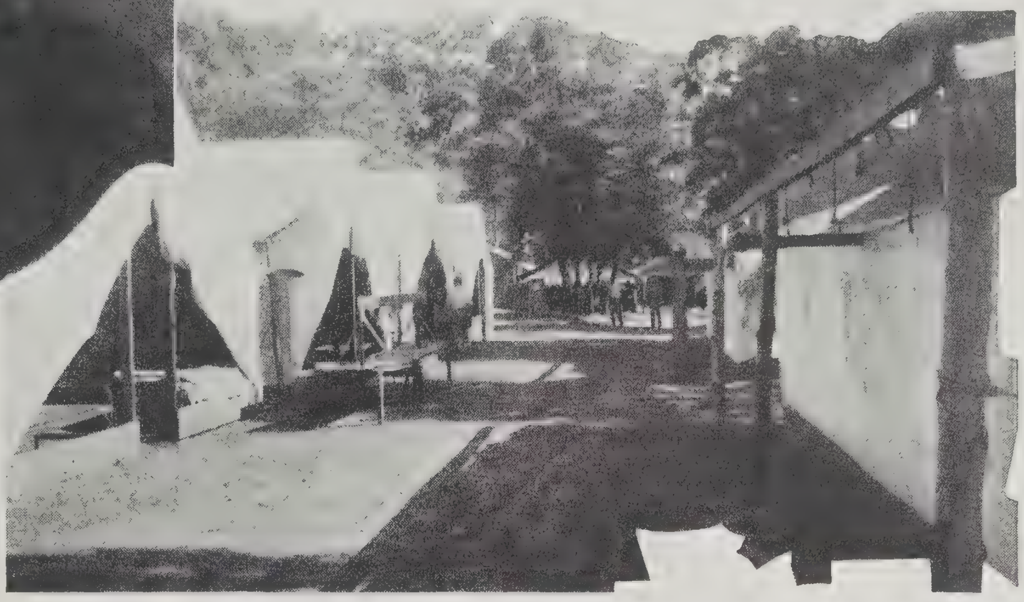
Of San Francisco, author of the law under which California has begun the payment of convicts for their work on the state highways.

PUTTING men in prison is costly business; keeping them there is still more expensive. Some students of criminology, economics and history have declared that from no point of view does it pay society to confine its wrongdoers. Men in charge of state finances have discovered that it costs, on the average, $1,000 to arrest, convict and send to the doors of the prison one man, with an added expense of at least $350 a year as long as he remains there. Efforts to take the burden off the taxpayer have been met by various schemes, most popular of which has been the selling of convict labor, in quantity, to contractors, but the results have been bad, both for the state and for the convicts.

Now comes California with a new plan, the result of study by state economists, prison wardens, welfare workers in the prisons, and students of penology. The law is now in effect, with what appears to be good results to the state and to the convicts. The law provides that the state, through the California State Highway Commission, shall employ on the construction of its highways all available convicts, and shall pay them $2.50 a day for every day they work. Pronounced criminals, men convicted of manslaughter and of degrees of murder which do not carry capital punishment, so that the men are held in penitentiaries, are barred, but the prisoner known as the "ordinary" convict, who perhaps has committed his first crime and probably will "go straight" if given the opportunity, is included in the workings of this plan.

The law was drawn up by Julian H. Alco, of San Francisco, who has been for years a welfare worker for one of the largest Protestant churches in the prisons of California. It was actively supported by some of the wardens and prison authorities, and opposed by none, and so won the recognition of the new state administration, headed by Governor Friend W. Richardson. It is claimed that for every 1,500 convicts so employed, $1,000,000 will be saved every year to the taxpayers. I talked with Mr. Alco, on the day that he returned from the several camps of convicts, established under the new law, and, while we talked, a half-dozen men whom he had helped to paroles from San Quentin and from Folsom, called on the telephone to report. The smiling little man, apparently without a care in the world, has passed years of his life within prison walls as a voluntary worker in the behalf of men whom the state restrained, and out of his experience has come a law intended to prepare the convict for a better life; to provide his dependents with a livelihood, and the prisoner himself with strength to retain his self-respect and his initiative.

"The idea grew out of the unfortunate relationship between the state and the convict," said Mr. Alco, disdaining to give himself any credit. "The actual cost of sending a man to prison—trial, judges, attorneys, juries, police and transportation—ranges from $1,000 to $5,000, a minimum average of $1,000. California spent, in the biennial period 1921-22, approximately $300,000 on transportation alone for convicted men to penitentiaries. Further than this, it costs the state an average of one dollar a day to keep a man in prison, that is, let us say, $350 a year, a low estimate. After the state has had a man in prison, it releases him to start life all over—with five dollars in cash, but with no initiative, no resistance to criminal influences, no clothing and no job. When the law was passed giving the released convict five dollars, that sum was equivalent to fifteen dollars now; today, it will barely sustain him for two days. The new law provides that the men are to be paid $2.50 for each and every day on which they work. This money is placed to their credit with the prison from which they come. From it is deducted the cost of their transportation to the road camp in which they are employed; their food and their clothing—for convicts in California do not wear striped uniforms. Transportation is obtained at a reduced rate, and food at cost with a slight additional charge to cover handling and preparation. Clothing, shoes, and tobacco, candy and other 'luxuries' are supplied at cost. Sales of army clothing and shoes provide equipment for working at costs far below those at which the men could buy them were they free. Good army shoes, for example, have been supplied at fifty cents to seventy-five cents a pair, overalls at twenty cents to thirty cents, and shirts at correspondingly low prices.



Looking down the main street of Camp C, showing the sleeping tents for the convicts. The last tent on the left is the library, which must be maintained in every camp.

"These men save at least seventy-five cents a day. This sum is to their credit, and on their release, less the amount paid to dependents, is paid to them. The men not only have money on which to live until they have obtained work, but they are provided with the knowledge of road-building as a basis to obtain a job. Further, the state has arranged with road-building contractors to take into their gangs those men who are released with good records. Thus the law provides the man with money and work, and in addition has preserved his initiative and his self-respect.

"The work gets the man out of prison and out of prison thought; it gets him away from instruction in crime, puts him amid clean, healthful surroundings, and gives him the greatest opportunity to 'come back' ever offered. To secure the future of a convict who has paid his so-called 'debt' to society, employment must be obtained for him. In most cases, the work followed by the man previous to his arrest is closed. The workingman, the laborer, seldom goes to prison; it is the clerk, the bookkeeper, the salesman, or the professional man who makes up the larger part of our prison population. These men cannot return to their regular work, but they can be taught new work, without expense to the state of installing machinery in the penitentiaries, and without the state coming into conflict with free labor or the organizations of free labor. The law forbids the 'letting out' of the men to any contractor; they can be employed only by the state, and only on the work of road construction. The man who has served his time in a road camp has a job open in a free road camp when he is discharged, and *needs no recommendation to get this job;* the state's word is back of him."

The law was prepared after long conferences with the labor unions on the competition of convict labor with free labor, but the measure was so drawn that the laboring people are protected. Putting the men at work on the state highways eliminates the necessity of employing the convicts within the penitentiary at occupations whose production comes into competition with free labor. The highways constructed by the state with convict labor are in remote sections, in the mountains, away from the centers of free labor. This preliminary work was done by Mr. Alco, before he obtained the approval of the governor. Guards are kept chiefly to maintain discipline, but they are being eliminated from the road-work itself simply by increasing the reward for an escaped convict from fifty to two hundred dollars, and deducting that amount from the pay of all the men in the camp when one escapes. Heretofore, this reward could not be paid to an officer of the law or to another convict. Now it can be paid to either. The result is that the convicts strive to prevent escapes, knowing that the reward comes out of their own pockets; or, if a man escapes, strive to get him back, so that the reward so paid may be turned over to their camp. This plan has worked well.

"The convict has a drawing account to purchase such luxuries as he may desire, but if, after sixty days, his drawing account, including transportation, food, clothing and luxuries, exceeds the amount he has earned, he is sent back to the prison whence he came. The convict himself handles no money, and, aside from the payment of his transportation, clothing and food, his one obligatory expense is the payment to his dependents, if he has any, of a certain sum each month. Dependents resident in California for three years get certain aid from the state and county, ranging from five to ten dollars a child each month. When a convict has such dependents, if they are entitled to state aid, he must pay to them two-thirds of his net earnings. To those dependents who are not eligible for state and county aid, the convict may send up to two-thirds of his net earnings if he so chooses, but this is not obligatory.

This College a Training Camp for Statesmen

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covers twenty-eight acres and supports thirty-two collegiate buildings, many of whose walls are adorned with ivy. The student body consists of 575 men and 171 women. The legislature appropriated $100,000 for construction of a woman's dormitory. When this building is completed, the attendance of girls at the school is likely to increase as, at present, most women students are local residents. The love of South Carolinians for their university is revealed by the sacrifice of William D. Melton, president, who gave up one of the most lucrative law practices in the state to give his services to the university. At one time he was president of the South Carolina Bar Association.

South Carolina College had the first library building of any college or university in the United States; it was built in 1840 on the model of Christ Church library at Cambridge. The library was founded in 1805 and in its early history ranked second only to the famous Astor library. It contains many rare books which wealthier institutions may well envy. There are now more than 60 000 volumes altogether, as well as a great mass of unbound material. The files of the bound periodicals of 20,000 volumes are the most extensive in the state.

The resurrection of a beautiful city from the ashes of destruction occasioned by war—such is the story of the ruin and regeneration of Columbia. In the early days, the seats of government of all the colonies were close to the Atlantic seaboard and hence Charleston was the first municipal headquarters of South Carolina. By special act of the General Assembly of 1786, a committee was appointed to survey situations and conditions in the neighborhood of the geographical center of the state with a view to establishing there a capitol. Thus Columbia was born. In those first days of government at Columbia, the chief executive and his immediate suite occupied all the available rooms at the only inn. The senators and representatives obtained lodging at farms and settlers' cabins.

The first state house at Columbia was of wood and was destroyed by the famous fire set by Sherman's soldiers. In 1852 the corner stone for a new $2,000,000 capitol was laid. This building was under construction at the time of the fire and was also damaged. Although not completed, it then ranked as one of the finest buildings in America. After the war the building was completed but not on the elaborate scale of the original designs.

Columbia has 126 manufacturing plants that represent an investment of more than $26,000,000 and employ ten thousand persons. They are the result of the commercial development of the Columbian Canal as power for manufacturing purposes. Columbia's cotton oil annual output involves a yearly average of 400,000 tons of cotton seed. Her five largest cotton mills manufacture annually enough fine cotton goods to stretch one and one-quarter times around the world.

Guggenheim Millions Seek Control of Nitrate

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which have given rise to comment, are the following: (The italics are not in the original.)

> "With the exception of one plant, all those in the nitrate region that are in regular operation are built for the Shanks process. At the Delaware Oficina of the Du Pont Nitrate Company, a modification of this, designed by Mr. A. W. Allen and known as the Allen process, has now been in successful use for more than a year. At the Cecelia, Guggenheim Brothers have an experimental plant treating trial lots of caliche by a radically new process.
>
> "The Guggenheim process is more radical in its conception, and to realize its benefits it will be necessary to rebuild entirely and on a large scale. In our judgment, however, it offers the largest promise now in sight for making a satisfactory recovery from caliche of widely varying character, and in particular from the 'borriente' or slime-making varieties that are so troublesome. The conception of the process and the pertinacity that has carried it through the experimental and semi-commercial stages of development must be credited to Mr. E. A. Cappelen Smith, who has been ably assisted by Mr. Paul H. Mayer, Dr. C. L. Burdick, and a staff of scientific and operating experts of some fifteen members.

No Information on Process

> "*FOR business reasons the firm of Guggenheim Brothers, which has financed the venture, is not yet ready to permit discussion of the details of the process,* though in connection with application for British patents and in an interview with Sr. Belisario Diaz Ossa, who examined the process for the Chilean Patent Office, some of the essential steps have been indicated. In essence, what Mr. Smith and his associates undertook to do was to carry over into nitrate treatment the lessons learned in developing the leaching process used on the copper ores at Chuquicamata.
>
> "*Until the firm owning the process finds it possible to give out complete information* * * * * it is sufficient to indicate that in any plans concerning future production account must be taken of the probability of caliche being treated on large scale at costs and with recoveries comparable to those at Chuquicamata. The professional standing of the investigators, their familiarity with Chilean conditions, their previous successes, and the time and patience they have devoted to the work give every reason for confidence in their success.
>
> "Preliminary estimates have been made by us, based upon applying Chuquicamata methods to the treatment of nitrate and raising the recovery to ninety per cent. These indicate that a material reduction of costs could be expected. *While in the absence of details from the owners of the process* these can only be regarded as outside approximations, they may be repeated as indicating the possibilities. * * * * What ability to save ninety per cent, as against sixty-five per cent means as to tonnage in the ground is suggested by recalculation of the results of the examinations of considerable tracts of ground.
>
> "It would seem that every argument points to favor American participation in production of nitrate and the fixing of its price for whatever period the present situation shall obtain. There seems no sound reason to anticipate the finding of important supplies of natural nitrate outside of Chile. A natural monopoly exists in that country, a fact not changeable, and which is fully appreciated by Chileans. Whether or not artificial nitrates can be produced at a price lower than Chilean nitrate can be imported is a question not within the scope of this particular report. If one may judge from what has happened in the case of other nitrate products in the United States, they are not likely to be sold at a lower than the competing price for a considerable period regardless of their cost of production. Until their volume becomes large in proportion to the consumption, and until the higher costs incident to establishment of a new industry be overcome, *it seems likely that in any event the price of Chilean nitrate will continue to fix the price of fixed nitrogen in general in the United States.* If this be so, there is added reason for encouraging rather than discouraging American participation in the Nitrate Producers' Association as a national policy, so as to bring the largest possible measure of influence to bear directly in favor of lower prices. Some reasons exist for thinking that such influence would be from time to time effective. It happens that the better lands, the ones which permit the largest amount of low-cost production, are owned by Chilean companies, which see their advantage in working toward larger output. They can make money at prices below those at which others can thrive, and they naturally want to expand. The German companies, for a variety of reasons, favor lower prices, and if these two interests were backed up by steady insistence of an American group the price set would always be at least as low as circumstances would permit. When the largest buyer stands aside and refuses to enter into price discussion, it is natural for him to lose the benefit of the doubt.
>
> "*So long as the Nitrate Producers' Association maintains its policy of sales at equal price to everyone, it is the best and final protection the American consumer has against a combination in the United States.*"

Process Gives Ninety Per Cent

IT IS an unfortunate fact that financiers feel it necessary to attempt to influence public opinion regarding their industries through the many, devious and complicated ways of modern publicity. The New York News Bureau, a financial news service in Wall Street, which disseminates announcements authorized by the Guggenheims, is accustomed to refer to the Guggenheim Brothers and the American Smelting & Refining Company as "A business family and a family business." It is known to the chemical engineering world that the Guggenheims have developed at their plant at the Oficina Cecelia in Chile, a process by which at least ninety per cent of nitrate may be recovered from caliche instead of the sixty-five per cent now obtained. But a process of this nature is not confined to the Guggenheims alone. A prior improvement is in use at Oficina Delaware of the Du Ponts, known as the Allen process, the originator of which is recognized as the pioneer in introducing into the nitrate industry the bulk-leaching methods of early cyanide practice.

The economical process in use by the Du Ponts at their plant is known, while that of the Guggenheims is a secret. It is regarded as rather astonishing that while the Guggenheims refused to let the two American commissioners, Messrs. Bain and Mulliken, learn their process, yet the latter were enabled to obtain some of the essential details from Sr. Belisario Diaz Ossa, of the Chilean Patent Office.

According to talk among the members of the Chilean Nitrate Producers' Association, the Guggenheims attempted to break into the Chilean nitrate situation back in 1921. They are said to have made a proposition to the Producers' Association which was turned down abruptly. The suggestion was that the producers were to put up $600,000 for an experimental plant, in which they were to have a twenty-five per cent interest, while the Guggenheims were to retain seventy-five per cent in the stock of the venture, and in addition were to charge a royalty amounting to seven pence per hundred pounds of nitrate produced by their process.

Trade Information Bulletin No. 170 is criticized because of an impression it creates that United States Government support has been given to a financial scheme of tremendous magnitude, while at the same time the details of the plan were denied to the American commissioners on their own admission. The report does not discuss all the vital facts regarding the new process, because it makes no mention of any presumable royalty which the Guggenheims may charge for its use. *There is no indication that the American farmer or manufacturer will profit by its adoption. The profits will presumably go to the "business family and the family business."*

Heavy Nitrate Deposits

THE tenor of the report indicates that there is a tremendous amount of nitrate in Chile. A large amount has been wasted heretofore, but this wastage can be stopped through improved methods. The report is very guarded, however, on a presumable reduction in costs. The government had to find out what the future cost of manufacturing nitrate would be so that it could prepare for the probable cost of war nitrate. So it sent to Chile two men from the Bureau of Mines, who reported that the future depended upon improved technical methods, and featured a process developed by the Guggenheims as the ultimate solution of the problem. *But they admittedly supported this process without full knowledge of its details, and in spite of the fact that it has not yet passed the experimental stage.*

Immediately ensuing upon the government report, the announcement was made that the Guggenheims were prepared to launch their project, and that their experimental plant at the Oficina Cecelia, having fulfilled all expectations in having treated 5,000 tons of caliche, would be closed pending the completion of arrangements for introducing the process on an extensive commercial scale.

In nitrate circles it is assumed that the Guggenheims will offer to loan out their profits made in the Chile copper deal to the members of the Nitrate Producers' Association, so that the latter will be able to build new plants, that being a necessity before use can be made of the Guggenheim process. It is estimated that the rebuilding of the plants in Chile may approximate an expenditure of $120,000,000. It is to be presumed naturally that if the production of nitrate is increased some twenty-five per cent, the Guggenheims will demand a royalty that will net them a satisfactory return for capital invested.

The tendency of the report is to gain for the Guggenheim process the approval of the Nitrate Producers' Association, while at the same time recommending an abandonment of the Sherman law in its application to the Chilean nitrate industry, so that American firms can join the association and build plants to operate under the Guggenheim process. The report apparently throws the future development of nitrate into one capitalistic channel, discouraging development in any other direction than in connection with the Guggenheim process, thereby throwing all the possible benefits of financial yield into the hands of this group, and ignoring the fact that it is necessary to adopt a free and impartial consideration of the whole question, which should favor all contemplated improvements equally.

If Chilean nitrate is to dominate the nitrate production of the world, and if all the producers there are to manufacture their product subject to a Guggenheim royalty, a group of financiers will be firmly established in a position where they will exact a toll for generations from every wheat farmer and cotton grower, from every acre of tilled land and every manufacturing plant not only in the United States, but in every portion of the civilized globe.

And more than that: the Guggenheims will control the basic materials of war explosives.

Real Vitality in Irish Co-operative Plans

Concluded from page 6

Both the Ulster Government and the Irish Free State keenly alive to the farmers' needs and their agricultural departments are giving educative assistance and the legislative bodies of both governments are considering laws for the standardization of farm products, such as requirements for grades of butter, inspection of creameries, testing of eggs, and other laws that would put the stamp of approval upon the Irish farm products such as would give it successful entrance into the most competitive markets.

As we left the Irish coast, the picture of the Gombeen Man faded along with the coast line, and I saw the co-operative movement of the Irish farmer rising again, gathering itself up and reaching forth toward the goal set up by Sir Horace Plunkett.

* * *

The survey of the English farmers' co-operative societies led me, on the 27th day of June, to a seat in the gallery of the House of Parliament in London. I had crossed the Irish Sea from Belfast to Glasgow and from that city had journeyed south through towns and communities until I finally reached London.

On that afternoon I decided to listen to the debate which was then going on on the floor of Parliament.

A member from Glasgow was giving figures to show the increased number of deaths in Scotland in comparison with England, due to tuberculosis. He asserted that this was caused by bad housing conditions and the withdrawal of the supply of milk formerly sanctioned under the child welfare schemes through cutting off the funds by the Scottish Board of Health.

At this juncture I became all attention since a large part of my investigation had been in connection with the co-operative handling of milk from the farms. As the speaker proceeded, he became very earnest. He asserted that the majority in Parliament in the interest of economy who had "sent this order" had condemned hundreds of children to death, and he closed with these words:

> "I call the persons who sent that order murderers, and the Honorable gentlemen also who went into the division lobby in favor of that policy are murderers, cold, calloused murderers, with the blood of infants on their hands."

Then followed an extraordinary scene on the floor of that great body. There were shouts of "murderer," and other names; a specific request by the speaker to the member to withdraw the charges; the raising of the massive mace which is the insignia of physical authority, and the placing of it on the table in the presence of the members; the efforts on the part of the Sergeant at Arms to remove the Scottish member and three of his associates, and finally their suspension and retirement from the House of Parliament.

Aside from my astonishment over such utter chaos, the thing that my mind impinged upon was the scarcity of milk and its price.

According to a recent parliamentary report, the per capita milk consumption in England is less than one-half that in the United States. I would not conjecture what answer a person would receive if he were to ask for a drink of milk at the bar of the many "Pubs." It was almost in vain that I scanned the menus in the various restaurants and hotels for the word "milk." When I did find it, there was frequently carried with it a statement that the milk "here sold" contains a certain percentage of preservative.

Here then is a wonderful present and potential market. Moreover, the English farmer, unlike many American and Continental farmers, has his market almost at his door because of the many cities of Great Britain that are close at hand. The soil on which he can feed his cattle is certainly far more fertile than much of the land was which Denmark has restored. From these farms there are excellent roads that lead in every direction. Railroad facilities are splendid though the cost of hauling the milk to the market has been criticized by a committee of Parliament.

Many reasons have been given for the failure of the farmer to co-operate, but the one which is especially emphasized is that the English farmer prides himself on an individualism which he mistakenly understands to mean a "go-it-alone" spirit, and which prevents him from combining in team play with his fellow farmers in the market place. This reason is not sufficient when one considers a situation which cries out for co-operation more strongly than in perhaps any other part of Europe.

I think that Mr. Harold Fabre, the well-known Danish agricultural expert, who is thoroughly versed in English agriculture, has found the cause. In comparing Danish farms with the English, he says that the former are not over two-thirds the size of the English freeholds. Of the total number of agricultural holdings in Denmark, ninety per cent are owned by the farmers themselves, while in England only thirteen per cent are thus owned. It is this complete possession of the soil by the peasant that has been perhaps the greatest incentive to the Dane in co-operation, and it is the want of it that has undoubtedly held back this movement among the farmers of England, even though they have worked under tenancy laws that are considered very good.

Billboards of Nation Angle for Boy Smoker

If He Smokes Before Twenty, Chances Favor His Continuing

By ROY BEDICHEK

BILLBOARDS over the country are angling for the boy. They want him to do his cigaret-smoking early. Statistics show that if a boy begins smoking before he is twenty, he will likely be a good customer of tobacco stores for the remainder of his life. Nearly every normal boy wants to be a man, and he wants to do the thing that a man does. The man who makes up the billboard advertising for cigarets knows this and shrewdly plays upon this boyish ambition. The central figure of the billboard advertising of the cigaret is nine times out of ten a man—a great big, good-natured, smiling, prosperous man. The glow of health is in his cheeks, brawny strength is in his well-set-up shoulders, and his pose is one of commanding ease and distinction. The legend on the billboard is adapted to the understanding of a lad of twelve, is sententious, words of authority apparently from an eminent source. It doesn't argue, it asserts. Calm, well-considered opinion, conviction, is the tone, and absolute assurance is the keynote of these sentences which are intended to stimulate in the boy the desire for a cigaret.

On the surface, it would seem that there is great rivalry among the various brands of cigarets. The virtues of this brand are emphasized on this billboard, while across the street the superlative excellence of another brand is said and sung and pictured. This is all a sham warfare. There is no competition existing, worthy of the name. This bogus competition is merely a stalking horse for the advertiser to get the boy's attention and make a smoker of him. It is immaterial which brand he smokes, but it is quite important for the perpetuation of the profits of the tobacco trust that he smoke some brand or other. The only purpose of all this advertising is to stimulate a desire for smoking in the non-smoker, and since no mature non-smoker can possibly be influenced by either the pictures or the assertions of this tobacco advertising, it is clear that it is aimed directly and solely at the boy. (Some have suggested that it is even the purpose of the tobacco trust to make smokers of our girls as well, but I have seen no evidence of this in the billboard advertising of tobacco.)

Constant association in the mind of any one of two things tends to form the conviction that one of these things is the cause of the other. This psychological principle is well-established. In this case the constant association of health and strength and distinction with smoking cigarets tends to establish in the mind the belief that health, wealth, strength and distinction are attained by smoking cigarets. Insofar as this causal relation is established in the mind of the growing boy, this billboard advertising of the cigaret is a pernicious lie.

I doubt the wisdom of sumptuary laws, even the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, but it certainly should be against the law to *advertise* anything which is as harmful to the human constitution as cigarets. A flat law making it a misdemeanor to display anywhere in any way, shape or form an advertisement of cigarets would kill the cigaret business in ten years. Such a law could easily be enforced. Incidentally, it would kill the prestige which the tobacco trust now enjoys with the press, and that, in itself, would be a fatal blow to this poisonous business of beguiling boys into doping themselves with nicotine.

Certain high school athletic associations in the United States are taking very effective measures against the cigaret—effective because they are hitting the cigaret where it lives and thrives, that is, with boys from twelve to seventeen years of age.

Athletes Bar Them

THE high school athletic associations of three states in the Union have proscribed the cigaret. The Minnesota State High School Athletic Association has the distinction of being a pioneer in this attack. Eight years ago this high school athletic association adopted the following rule as one item in its list of eligibility requirements:

> "He (the contestant) shall use no tobacco nor intoxicating liquor during any part of the school year."

This rule was later strengthened, and the manner of its enforcement rigidly prescribed.

The North Dakota High School Athletic Association followed suit with the following rule:

> "No student shall be able to participate in any League contest who uses tobacco."

The rule against tobacco in the Kansas State High School Athletic Association is stated as follows:

> "No student who uses tobacco in any form during the season of a sport shall be declared eligible to compete in high school athletic contests in that sport."

An inquiry was sent to representative high school principals and superintendents in each of these three states, Minnesota, North Dakota and Kansas, concerning the effect of this rule. Not one of the fourteen individuals who replied indicated that he would be willing to vote to repeal the rule. M. P. Tobias, superintendent of schools in Northfield, Minnesota, reports:

> "Boys dropped from the team last year for violation of this rule stopped smoking in August to get into condition for football this fall."

Nelson Sauvain, superintendent of schools at Devils Lake, North Dakota, asserts:

> "The tobacco rule in North Dakota has been in force four or five years, and has produced very marked results among the boys participating in athletics over the state."

N. Roberts Ringdahl, superintendent of schools in Dawson, Minnesota, says, in part:

> "I am certain that the rule reduces materially the use of tobacco on the part of high school boys. It influences the boys way down in the grades. I have heard grade boys say, 'I'm not going to smoke because when I get into the high school I want to play basketball.'"

It is the example of the smoking athlete that is so pernicious in the public schools. If the athletes use tobacco at all in states having this rule, they must use it on the sly, and in this case the younger boys do not see them. The small boy, as everyone has observed, is a hero-worshiper, and his hero is usually an athlete. At the baseball game, his highest ambition is to carry the catcher's glove, or hand the bat to the player with a reputation for home runs. In his devotion, he offers to the athlete the only thing that he has to offer, that is, personal service. This touching hero-worship should be turned to account. We should not allow the small boy's idol to appear before him with a cigaret in his mouth or a cud of tobacco in his cheek. If we do, no amount of sermonizing can overcome this convincing example, and the constant and insidious teaching of the billboards.

The deadliest assault that can be made upon the tobacco habit would be to make the advertising of the use of tobacco illegal; barring that, it can be severely crippled by the state high school athletic associations adopting rules similar to those in force in Minnesota, North Dakota and Kansas.

The Balkan Politician Is Not a Lovely Animal

Concluded from page 10

elder generation remembers Bulgaria as the scene of massacres about which Gladstone was eloquent. A few others may remember that Bulgaria was among those who fought with the Central Powers in the Great War—although the United States never declared war against Bulgaria. Druggists and chemists know Bulgaria as the place whence comes the attar of roses; there is a whole valley—the famous "Valley of the Roses"—given up to the growing of roses. Most of the natural rose perfume of the world is from this valley; the remainder grows in the vats of the German chemists.

The Brigands of Sofia

ANYONE getting off the train at Sofia for the first time is due for a shock if he has the brigand idea in mind. He will find in the first public square at least thirty brigands squatting on low stools—regular opera brigands. Their weapons are tin boxes and bottles and brushes ranged in neat cabinets and they are on hand not to rob you but to polish your shoes for the equivalent of something less than half a cent! What they find to do with their various kinds of polishes I cannot imagine. But the appearance of his polishing case is the biggest thing in a brigand's life. The real Bulgarian brigand is a myth.

More than ninety per cent of all the Bulgarians are farmers. They wear national costumes varied according to the section from which they hail. The usual dress is a heavy brown or white woolen one-piece suit with great baggy trousers that come down, something like riding breeches, into a complicated crisscrossing and winding of rawhide thongs which serve to hold on a sort of moccasin. Round the waist is a big red or brown sash which will often have in it thirty yards of material. This is worn day and night, winter and summer, and the great unsolved mystery of the Balkans is how the peasants wear such clothes with the thermometer well above ninety—as often it is. Yet they not only wear them but often add a sheepskin coat with the wool side turned in. Probably they feel safer with all their clothing on their backs. The cap is a round visorless affair of wool in white or black. The sash is more useful than it seems; in the first place it is a protection for the stomach—even Occidentals in these hot countries often wear woolen bands—and also it is a general pocket, holding food, a knife or two, and, in the older days, a big pistol. The men seldom go barefoot but the women, excepting in winter and for fêtes, always do. The women wear a kind of white muslin under-dress with sleeves; over this they have a sleeveless black woolen jumper shorter than the white dress and fringed at the bottom. All the women, regardless of age, braid their hair into two pigtails which they let hang from under the kerchief which they tie about their heads. It is a sort of dressing which seems to make for convenience. At a railway station near the Greek border I noticed a blanket carefully spread over something on the earthen platform; near it was a collection of what appeared to be household goods tied in great bundles. I wondered what was under the blanket. A few moments later a peasant came along and gave the blanket a slight kick; then out from under it came a pigtailed head, and then another, and still another, until a mother and five daughters were standing up rubbing their eyes and blinking in the sunlight; then each in turn gave herself a shake and the party was dressed for the day! They had no use for powder puffs or combs.

These Bulgarian peasants are a likable lot; they are among the hardest-working people in the world and they can manage under almost any circumstances. And it is well that they can, for while ninety per cent of the people are peasants and devote themselves to work, the ten per cent who are not peasants devote themselves to politics and war. The Bulgarian peasant has always been able to exist, not because of his government, but in spite of it. He has been whipsawed and led into war since time immemorial. The country has always been so rich that the political ring controlling could find its own money and money for war out of export and income taxes without bothering the peasant to pay a tax. They only ask him now and again to go out and get killed and this to the peasant has never seemed much of a request because it is what he expects.

The war did not get into Bulgaria but the peace did. The country was overrun with commissions and committees of the Allies. Every Allied power in the war excepting the United States had a big delegation at Sofia at Bulgarian expense. Even the Japs were on hand and the Nippon representative brought fame to himself by insisting that the Bulgarian government find him a first-class piano for his sitting room. He got it and then he wanted it tuned! Nearly all of us know something of the immense delegations which flocked to Paris to make peace, but few realize that similar delegations flocked to every enemy capital and established themselves in whatever state of regality the country afforded. The Allies did not get around to making the Bulgarian treaty until 1920; then they made a treaty which was so outrageous that no one could give it serious attention. It was followed by another treaty which Turkey broke up, and only a little while ago, after a long series of conferences at Lausanne, was peace finally made. In the meantime, the Reparations Commission which has been sitting all the while at Sofia costs the government just about the deficit in its budget!

The country is flat broke as a country but the peasant manages. The peasant buys almost nothing at any time; his wife and daughters make all the family's clothing and they live on the produce of the farm. The peasant is not often in the market for anything other than agricultural machinery. He gets his live stock by trading. In some parts of the country he appreciates the value of machinery but only when he can buy in connection with a group of farmers, for the holdings are too small to warrant an individual making a heavy purchase. I saw farmers plowing with modern plows behind teams of buffaloes and also I saw them plowing with wooden shares rudely sheathed with iron—just as they had done two hundred years ago. I saw a modern threshing machine and also I saw flails. The Bulgarian peasant has learned how to make out with what he has and to get enough to eat regardless of what is going on.

City Folk Hurt Most

IT IS the city people who have been most hurt, but even they are getting enough to eat, for living is very cheap. Years ago, when I was first in the country, it cost almost nothing to live; then a hotel room might be had for ten cents a night. It was not much of a room but it was the best the place afforded. It was hard to spend more than twenty-five cents on a meal and the housewife in buying food reckoned always in stotinki, which are the one-hundredth parts of a lev (that is, normally, one one-hundredth of 19.3 cents, or about two-tenths of a cent). The hotels have vastly improved since those days and their prices have gone up, but for the best room in the best hotel in Sofia I paid only $2.21 a night for two persons and that with a bath attached. Prices of foodstuffs reckoned on the paper leva are from twenty to thirty times what they were before the war, but wages have increased slightly more than that so the cost of living has not greatly increased excepting on paper. Clothing and all imported goods are away up; the stuff is mostly German and of very poor quality, but the prices are as high or higher than those of the United States for better quality. In food Bulgaria is rich but in all articles which have to be brought from abroad she is very poor. The railways, for instance, had to give most of their best engines and cars to Serbia after the war and they have not been able to buy new ones. The sidings are full of worn-out cars and engines—just outside of Sofia I saw a German war train of perhaps a hundred cars rotting in a meadow. The engines in actual use will just run and that is all. The roadbeds and rails are in terrible condition and it is rare to have a train do better than twenty miles an hour for more than a short distance. We were held up in Sofia for nine hours by a derailment which any American road could have cleared in an hour.

Bulgaria had no industry to be destroyed by war. The country lost many men but the principal loss was in the defaulting of the medium of exchange. But just the other day a good portion of the tobacco crop was sold to Austria for dollars while there is some trading between Bulgaria and Italy in lire and leva. If only the nation had a short vacation from its politicians it would shortly be in shape again—for the stuff is there.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The boxer's kiss has been placed under ban in France by an official decree ordering its abolition. It has been the custom for two fighters to exchange kisses—one on each cheek—at the conclusion of a ring battle.

"The coming of 4,000,000 Jews to this country has created for America problems of the most perplexing kind—social, political, national, financial, humanitarian, religious . . . . Until we find some way to break down their prejudices the evangelization of America will proceed with faltering steps."—*Report of the Home Missions Council, at Atlantic City, January 14.*

A woman in London created a sensation in the ballroom of the Savoy Hotel by appearing with hair that glowed with phosphoric iridescence when the lights were dimmed.

A large gyro-electric plant in Searsburg, Vermont, located far in the wilderness, regulates itself without human aid. It is wholly automatic in control and if serious trouble arises in its mechanism, it shuts down and stays shut down until experts make things right again. It has a capacity of 6,500 horse power.

Thirty-seven per cent of all automobiles in Canada are owned by farmers.

The old Pullman car fish-net hammock is being replaced in the new cars with a rack designed to occupy the same position above the berth as did the hammock. The rack will hold clothing flat and prevent wrinkling. It is made in skeleton form of one-inch green belting and is fastened to either end of the berth by hooks. It folds back flat when not in use.

The total 1923 pack of canned salmon for British Columbia will give the packers of that province more than $10,000,000 if all the cases are marketed at the ruling prices.

When a Senator boards an elevator in the Capitol it must not be stopped for other passengers until the Senator gets off.

The British Ambassador at Washington has a salary just over $12,000, but in addition he has a completely appointed embassy at his disposal and an allowance of more than $85,000, thus totaling $97,350. The American Ambassador at London has a salary of $17,500, and in addition he must pay for the upkeep of the embassy from his private pocket.

Of every thousand boys and girls entering high school, five hundred sixty-one leave before the end of the fourth year.

The three-mile limit is generally but not universally accepted among the various nations of the earth. Spain claims six miles, Norway four, Sweden four. Both Italy and France have insisted that their neutrality in case of war should be respected within six miles of the coast. The Institute of International Law has voted in favor of the six-mile limit.

J. Ramsay Macdonald, British Prime Minister, is a straphanger, riding to his office in crowded trains.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

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Prunes will soon be dried by electricity instead of by the present sun-drying process, according to a California agricultural expert.

With the thinning of the forest the old-time lumberjack, picturesque, uncouth, but manly, is going the way of the cowpuncher and prospector. Woodsmen now demand—and get—the comforts of civilization. Electric lights and radio sets are installed in many camps.

"The Founders of the American Theater," limited to 100 members, is being formed in New York to stimulate native American drama by producing plays written and acted by Americans.

Crop acreage in Canada has almost trebled since 1900. This is a larger area than England and Wales combined.

The tomb of Virgil is to be purchased by the government of Italy. The surrounding plot, transformed into a garden of the Greco-Roman style, with laurel, myrtle and roses, will become a shrine for lovers of the poet.

William Hohenzollern is becoming more congenial with his fellow-townsmen in Doorn, according to reports. He visits the village more frequently and receives many visitors.

Less than two per cent of the 30,000 boys and girls from the Dr. Barnardo's Homes in England, who have been sent to Canada and Australia have been failures. These children come from the most densely crowded and destitute area of the United Kingdom, and every one was a castaway until rescued.

The story that has long been current in San Jose, that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy visited "The Spirit House" of the late Sarah L. Winchester in that city, is denied on the ground that Mrs. Eddy never traveled farther west than Chicago. Yet the San Jose story persists, is generally believed, and frequently printed.

Prohibition agents are not, as a rule, prohibitionists. Many of them drink liquor, to obtain evidence. Last year they spent $205,658 of government funds in buying drinks.

"We know America's difficulties; we respect America's suspicions. The American people are drawn from many diverse sources. They have crossed the Atlantic with many bitter memories in their hearts . . . . They have no intention of allowing the mighty state which they have done their full share in building up to become an adjunct to any European Power or to get mixed up in the diplomatic confusions and nationalist ambitions of European policy." *J. Ramsay Macdonald, head of the British Labor Party in Parliament.*

Aroused by the increase in advertising billboards which spoiled vistas of mountain and turquoise sea, the women of Honolulu notified the merchants of the Hawaiian Islands that they would purchase no goods so advertised on the island of Oahu. Today there is not a single advertising billboard on the island.

Fort Cralo, where the British Army surgeon, R. Schukbury, wrote "Yankee Doodle" to poke fun at the American colonists, the old historical fort at Rensselaer, New York, may be preserved as a Revolutionary relic. It was built in 1642.

Disguised as a Chinese coolie, William M. McGovern, American, acting for the British Government, entered the mystic capital of Tibet, Lhassa, and for two months photographed and recorded the peculiarities of its 2,000,000 inhabitants.

For the first time in the history of winter seasons in Alaska the tide of travel on the Alaska Railroad has been inbound into the interior instead of outbound.

The largest electric light bulb in the world was recently exhibited in East Orange, New Jersey, at the plant of the General Electric Company. It is 22 inches high with a diameter of 15 inches at the top. Thirty thousand watts were required to heat it.

International boxing matches as a substitute for war were advocated by the Duchess of Hamilton. In the old days of the Vikings, tribal disputes were settled by fights between picked men.

The burning qualities of tobacco are tested by a machine which puffs cigars in human fashion, using air suction in the process.

Three thousand Doukhobors from Saskatchewan are preparing to emigrate to Russia, where they will settle in Crimea. The Soviet government provides the land and improvements in return for one-sixth of their crops.

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Goats and Glands

Foolish Folk Pay Charlatans to Bring Them "New Life"

Mah-jong—Chinese Dope Fiends' Game

Laborites Plunge Into Secret Archives

Romeo and Juliet Would Elope Today

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Borrow Life From the Goat? Transplanters Cause New Charlatanism to Flourish

By ROBERT MORGAN

The Best He Gets Is the Worst of It

Full-grown male Toggenburg goat, of the size, age and variety most in demand by the "gland transplanters."

THE United States today is overpopulated with miracle-workers, fakers, quacks, charlatans, inventors of new cults in everything from astrology to zoogeny, and back again.

The alchemists of the Dark Ages were less numerous, less clamorous, less harmful, and infinitely less zealous in their search for gold than the Steinachs and the Voronoffs of today.

Humanity has advanced in almost every way since the days of Hermes Trismegistos, save in gullibility; we are as quick to buy bottles fresh filled from the magical mythical fountain of youth as our ancestors were to buy the philosopher's stone in the days of Roger Bacon.

By the use of radium we have produced helium, in itself an element, thus destroying the theory of transmutation on which virtually all the charlatanry of the thousand centuries preceding the eighteenth was based.

Yet every year there rises some new messiah, who finds ready to his call, and accepting his wildest claims, droves of followers greater in number than the population of the entire world when Geber came out of Asia to astonish Europe with his now laughable pretensions.

This year we have with us a troupe of "gland experts"—not those hard-working scientists who, delving with needle points into cellular life, are trying to learn how much of man's well-being depends on the proper functioning of the glands within the body, but those who propose to replace worn-out parts of the human anatomy with new parts from the lower animals. The advertising of these modern Ponce de Leons fills pages of our newspapers and magazines. The majority of the miracle-workers are disguised as incorporated laboratories. A very few are physicians and surgeons whose records will bear searching. A small percentage are men who have worked for years to obtain their diplomas from established and reputable schools of medicine, but the vastly larger number are graduates of correspondence schools, holders of degrees from "diploma mills," chiropractors, metaphysical healers, and others, who, with a smattering of medicine, and less knowledge of surgery, promise to the gullible public the working of such miracles as not even Albertus Magnus would have dared to offer.

The writer has spent a great deal of time during the past two years in studying the work and the records of the "gland therapists." He has discussed methods, theories and results with a dozen of the leading exponents of gland therapy, and with three times this number of chemists, physicians, surgeons, and laboratory research workers who, today, through county, state and national organizations, are demanding definite proof from the gland therapists of the worth of their methods and of the results of their operations. It is the purpose of the writer in this article to tell as nearly as can be told in a publication of general circulation, just what the gland "operators," as they are called, claim to have accomplished, and how they claim to have attained these results. In a second article, theories, arguments, tests and experiments, which leading physicians, surgeons and research workers declare prove these gland operations sheer humbug, will be presented.

The gland theory is based on the work of Theophile de Bordeu, a French physician, who, in 1778, expressed the idea that certain glands within the body exude tremendously important secretions into the blood. Physicians today enumerate these glands of internal secretion—as differing from those of external secretions—under the general name of "endocrine glands," or merely "endocrines." The word "hormone" also has been coined in rather recent years, to mean the secretions of the endocrine glands. These endocrines are seven in number, so closely connected, and admitted by all save the gland therapists to be so mysterious in their operations, that it is necessary, before discussing them, to enumerate and describe them. They are:

The thyroid gland, located in the neck, just above the windpipe, with four tiny parathyroid glands surrounding it. Its secretion is *supposed* to control the growth of certain organs and tissues affecting the brain and sex, and is known as thyroxin.

The pituitary gland, at the base of the brain behind the nose, double in form, anterior and posterior halves. The secretion of the anterior (forward) half is unidentified and unnamed. The rearward half of the gland secretes a hormone known as pituitrin. It is *supposed* to tone the nerve cells, and to assist in the support of continued effort.

The suprarenal glands, each double and each set above each one of the kidneys. The secretion of these glands is called *adrenalin.* It is in common use as a stimulant for the kidneys, and is a well-established remedy for the terrible Bright's Disease, once believed to be incurable.

The pineal gland, above and behind the pituitary gland. Its secretion is unnamed and not well known, but is believed to have something to do with the development of the brain and with the sexual age of the human being.

The thymus gland, in the chest, giving out an unnamed and not well-known secretion, which is concerned in the development of childhood, to the extent that, when absent, or destroyed, the child develops mature appearance and attributes almost at once.

The pancreatic glands, in the abdomen, close to the "solar plexus." The secretion of this gland has been only recently discovered, is known as insulin, and has proved of value in the treatment of diabetes.

The interstitial or life-producing glands. These have the interesting double function of both external and internal secretion, the external being reproductive cells, and the internal a little-known secretion which builds up body tissue, and, in all probability, also supplies hormones to other glands in cases of the debility of any one of them.

These things are *known* about the glands. They are admitted to be true by virtually all physicians and surgeons, as well as laboratory workers. In discussing the claims of the gland operators, fortunately, the question of mental healing, metaphysical treatments, or auto-suggestion do not enter, except as side issues. We are on the straight lines of medicine and surgery. When the above knowledge of the endocrines is accepted as a base, the gland therapists go a step further. They say, with the established science of medicine that "a man is as old as his glands," but to this they add, "and a man's glands are as old as his sex glands."

The gland therapists—though they differ as to methods—unite in the claim that the replacement of the powers of the interstitial, the life-producing glands, will work, without further operation, a similar replacement of the powers of the other six endocrines. This is by no means proved; it is merely stated here as a fundamental principle of the gland therapy school. Beyond this, the gland therapists divide on methods of the presentation to man, or woman, of essentials of the life-producing glands. Some, led by Steinach, of Vienna, and Voronoff, of Russia, ably seconded by one J. R. Brinkley, of the United States, claim to obtain the result by the transplantation of the complete interstitial gland from a monkey or a goat, to the human being.

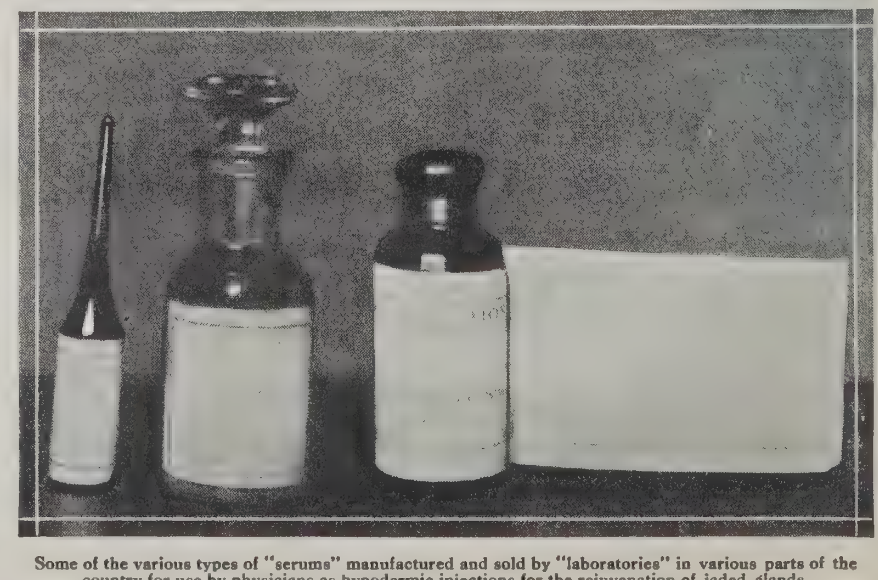
It can be said for this method that it is fairly well established that such transplantation of living tissue from an animal to a human being can be accomplished with success to this degree that the tissue continues to grow, for a brief period at least, amid its new and human surroundings. The effect of such transplantation on the human being will be discussed later; the result for the monkey or the goat is unfortunate, to say the least, but hardly less so than that for the man or woman at the receiving end of the "operation."

A second school of gland therapists—and the one which is growing most rapidly because it has the easiest way to separate confiding humanity from its money—claims to be able to accomplish the same results by injections, into the fatty tissues of the outer wall of the abdomen, of a serum obtained from the interstitiary glands of the monkey or the goat. This is simpler, involves no operation and no prolonged stay in the hospital; in fact, most of these goat-serum injection fakers have no hospitals; they are moving too fast to escape the law just now to care to invest much of the money they have extracted from their "patients" in insoluble assets. The obvious danger from this "vaccination against senility" is the ever-present promise of resulting peritonitis or other form of poisoning. Of that, more later.

The third, and last, to date, of the divisions of the gland therapists, consists of those who supply us with pills, tablets, capsules, or what you will, containing the "essential extracts" of the life-producing glands of Billy or Nanny Goat, the one for Billy Man, and the other for Nanny Woman. So long as these pillsters, who are reaching millions of aged men and women with their page advertisements in the newspapers and magazines, keep morphine and other drugs out of their pills, they probably do no harm, other than robbery, and the occasional poisoning of a patient by unclean foreign matter rolled up into the pellet of chalk, glycerin and goat lymph sent out in return for the cash in advance of humbugged humanity.

The promises of all three schools of gland therapists are alike in point of results claimed. At first some of them, notably the transplanters of the actual glands, claimed to be getting these endocrines from monkeys, but now all three are united on the goat, and all three also have selected the unfortunate Toggenburg as the particular variety of goat whose interstitial glands are the best adapted to introduction into human anatomy. The majority of these operators claim, furthermore, to be breeding their own goats so as to insure pure-blooded animals, clean surroundings and properly prepared serum. So far as the medical associations of several states have been able to learn, there is not one of these gland therapists who is maintaining such a goat farm. Without exception, these gland-transplanters, gland-injectors and gland pill makers, are getting the glands on which they base their surgery, vaccine or capsules from the nearest slaughterhouse. Obviously this source is a long way from being able to furnish materials which are either physically clean or chemically pure.

The most remarkable factor in the whole goat-gland craze, which has risen to its present stage of wide popularity and profitable practice in the past five years, and has not even yet reached its limit, is the ease with which those physicians who have taken it up can conceal their lack of proper or adequate medical or surgical training. Take, for example, the dean of the cult in the United States, one J. R. Brinkley, M. D., of Chicago; Milford, Kansas; Los Angeles and San Diego, California; Ensenada, Lower California, and now of China or Egypt, his whereabouts being not well known to interested Federal and state officials. Brinkley is the leader, the absolute dean of the gland-transplanters. He has deprived more goats of life, and collected more money from elderly men and women, in return for the transplantation of goat glands than any other man who has taken up this line of surgery. Yet he was peremptorily refused a license to practice medicine in California, by the Board of State Medical Examiners, because of insufficient and inadequate training in the practice of his profession. Brinkley never was able to explain to the California board, and to boards in several other states as well, just how he came into possession of diplomas



Some of the various types of "serums" manufactured and sold by "laboratories" in various parts of the country for use by physicians as hypodermic injections for the rejuvenation of jaded glands.

"Black Oxen" Author Hears How It Is Done

Dr. Clayton E. Wheeler, an exponent of "goat-gland therapy," explaining the operation to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, author of "Black Oxen," a book which most physicians consider the most misleading and ill-founded publication of the last hundred years.

from certain medical schools. Brinkley not only adopted the Steinach-Voronoff method of extracting money from men and women, but he improved on it, to such an extent that he wrote a book about it, published in Chicago, in 1922. In this book, Brinkley, speaking as the leader of all gland therapists in this country, makes the following claims as to gland transplantation:

First, that all diseases are curable by it.

One must credit him with intending to except broken bones and epidemic diseases, as he probably intended to do. Even at that, this statement is sheer bunkum. All diseases are not curable; in fact, few diseases, if allowed to run beyond a certain stage, can be cured; many diseases, if taken at an early period in their histories, can be at least stopped. These are axioms of the medical profession, whose truth is demonstrated day after day and every day in every hospital and in the office of every physician and surgeon in this and other countries.

Second, says the dean of the gland therapists, "the source of all human energy is sex energy," which is another way of saying that the gland system of man is a chained system, mutually assisting or depressing each other by their secretions, with the life-producing glands dominating all the rest.

Third, he claims to have cured locomotor ataxia, epilepsy, diabetes, nephritis, dementia praecox, other forms of insanity, paralysis agitans (shaking palsy), and even to have relieved the loneliness of childless homes. If these claims were true, Dr. Brinkley would hold in his hands the remedy for at least half the divorces sought and obtained in this country; he could with a series of operations empty our insane asylums and our homes for the feeble-minded; and it would be only a question of time until our reformatory institutions would have to yield to the able doctor and a herd of goats.

In connection with these claims, it is interesting to note that all the gland therapists, like the ERA practitioners, the spectro-chrome therapists, and the notorious "specialists" of a decade ago from whom these modern cultists directly descend, seek to cure only those diseases to be healed of which men and women will pay the largest sums most readily. The lowest price for a package of "goat-gland pills" from one of these so-called laboratories, is five dollars, and at least twenty packages are required to effect a cure. The lowest charge for a gland transplantation operation yet recorded is $500, and from that the fees range to the $5,000 collected from one wealthy American recently in Vienna. The minimum collection for the practitioner in the injection school of gland therapy is $75; the highest fee collected for such a "treatment" so far recorded is $1,000. To make this financial record complete, it should be added that the current quotation on goat glands in the slaughterhouses of this country at the present time is one dollar each, with a discount on quantity sales.

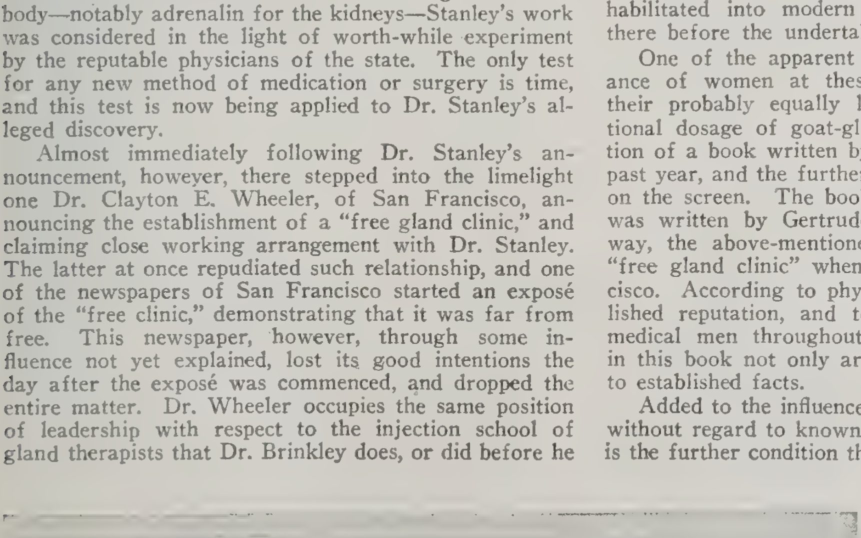
The school of injectors of serum extracted from the goat gland is an outgrowth of the transplantation system, and the goat-gland-pill medication method followed the hypodermic therapy. A Dr. L. L. Stanley, prison physician at San Quentin penitentiary, in California, set the medical world by the ears a few months ago with the announcement that he had materially improved certain aged prisoners by the use of the serum from goat glands. Since Dr. Stanley is a physician of good repute, and since the secretions of some of the internal glands of the human body have been in successful use for some time in the treatment of certain glands in the body—notably adrenalin for the kidneys—Stanley's work was considered in the light of worth-while experiment by the reputable physicians of the state. The only test for any new method of medication or surgery is time, and this test is now being applied to Dr. Stanley's alleged discovery.

Almost immediately following Dr. Stanley's announcement, however, there stepped into the limelight one Dr. Clayton E. Wheeler, of San Francisco, announcing the establishment of a "free gland clinic," and claiming close working arrangement with Dr. Stanley. The latter at once repudiated such relationship, and one of the newspapers of San Francisco started an exposé of the "free clinic," demonstrating that it was far from free. This newspaper, however, through some influence not yet explained, lost its good intentions the day after the exposé was commenced, and dropped the entire matter. Dr. Wheeler occupies the same position of leadership with respect to the injection school of gland therapists that Dr. Brinkley does, or did before he left for China and Egypt, with the transplantation school.

The treatment consists of two injections of about one ounce each, of serum prepared from the interstitiary glands of a male goat if the treatment be for men, and from the similar glands of a female goat, if the patient be a woman. It is worth noting here that the records of several state medical associations show that women exceed men, in the proportion of about three to one, as patients of these gland-injection operators. The men exceed the women in about the same proportion in the gland-transplantation "clinics," while it is impossible to arrive at the number of individuals or the proportions of the sexes taking the "mail-order" treatment of pills and capsules. It should be said also that all three schools of gland therapy promise the same results to men and women indiscriminately. Apparently the elderly zippers who desire to be returned to flapperhood prefer the needle to the knife, while the hopeful Lotharios in their seventies care not by what means they may be rehabilitated into modern sheiks, so long as they get there before the undertaker overtakes them.

One of the apparent reasons for the large attendance of women at these gland-injection clinics, and their probably equally large participation in the national dosage of goat-gland pills, is the wide circulation of a book written by an elderly woman within the past year, and the further dissemination of its doctrines on the screen. The book is called "Black Oxen," and was written by Gertrude Atherton, to whom, by the way, the above-mentioned Dr. Wheeler dedicated his "free gland clinic" when it was opened in San Francisco. According to physicians and surgeons of established reputation, and to leaders in organizations of medical men throughout this country, the statements in this book not only are misleading, but are not true to established facts.

Added to the influence of this book, which is written without regard to known medical or surgical principles, is the further condition that, in this day of the excess of unmarried, or "unattached" women over men in this and other countries, it becomes incumbent on the elderly married woman—at least in her own opinion—to hold fast to the husband whom she won in her youth. This may have the sound of an attempt at a joke, but in the opinion of physicians and of the managements of hospitals to which these unfortunate old women have been forced to appeal for relief from the ills brought on by these gland treatments, it is a very sad and serious fact. There is literally no end to the dangerous complications which may, and in most cases do, follow the introduction into the human body of foreign animal substances, whether by transplantation, injection, or in the form of pills and pellets.



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Elderly women desiring to repeat the conquests of their youth form the majority of the victims of the "gland therapists." Here is an invitation to a meeting for women only, held by a physician whose activities are under fire from his state medical association.

In fact, it is the majority opinion of the well-grounded medical fraternity of this country that there never has been an instance of *permanent* benefit from any treatment of any kind involving as the source of the medication the interstitiary glands of any animal. It is equally believed that, in the majority of such cases, there has been a dangerous, if not fatal, after-effect to the patient, so damaging that the man or woman involved very soon found himself or herself in worse condition than before submitting to the ministrations of the gland therapist.

There are today approximately 750 men, physicians, surgeons, chiropractors, and mental and religious healers, engaged in administering some one of the three described forms of gland treatment in the United States. Though the system of gland transplantation originated in Europe, the methods of injection and internal dosage were devised in the United States. None of these systems has developed so rapidly, spread so widely, or gained so much money for its operators in Europe as in the United States. One of the American gland therapists boasts, and in this he probably is telling the truth, that, in the three years prior to 1923, he performed 1,500 gland transplantation operations!

The active growth of the goat-gland school of medication and surgery in this country covers approximately five years, though some of this work was done prior to that period. For certain well-known conditions which cannot be discussed here, operations kindred to these have been performed by well-trained and reputable physicians for more than a quarter of a century. But, in all that time, the number so performed by all the thousands of surgeons in the United States has not equaled the number performed in three years by one gland therapist who was so poorly grounded in medicine and surgery that he has been unable to find but one state which will permit him to practice within its borders.

The gland therapists claim, advertise and accept large fees for three alleged accomplishments:

First, the permanent cure of all diseases.

Second, the restoration of full mental, physical and life-reproducing powers to men and women of any age.

Third, the prolongation of life indefinitely by repetition of the operation at certain definitely stated periods following the first operation.

One cannot but be moved to marvel at these discoveries made in the majority by mail-order graduates of moribund or defunct medical "colleges," within the past half a decade, the while our tremendous laboratories and our far-flung research foundations wander dumbly on, apparently blind to the amazing fact that from the humble goat we may borrow life eternal!

In a succeeding article, Mr. Morgan will present the facts with which the well-trained and reputable physicians and surgeons of the world base their declaration that gland therapy is a fraud.

What They Tell on the Road From Mecca

The Mohammedan Revival Against the Christian World: Political Consolidation for New War Upon White Nations

The writer of this article has spent fourteen years in Moslem lands between Nigeria, West Africa, and Rangoon, Burma. He is an Arabic scholar, well known to many leading Moslems.

THERE has been held at Mecca a congress upon which has been directed from a distance the somewhat anxious attention of many skilled observers representing Powers in Europe. The Pan-Arab Congress obtained but little notice in the general press of the world, the exclusiveness of the meeting-place, the shrine city of Mohammedanism, probably accounting for the fact that the proceedings of the congress were practically unreported, save for a brief intimation that its parting act was to declare for the "full freedom of all Arab countries."

Probably the most impressive aspect of the congress was the further evidence it afforded of the emergence of a new era in the realm of Mohammedanism. With that aspect of the amazing assembly which converged upon Mecca during recent weeks it is the purpose of this article to deal; and if in these notes less account is taken of the religious than of the political side of the movement represented by that meeting, the reason is that while in Mohammedanism as a religion we have a force known and possibly gauged, in Mohammedanism as a political factor, vibrant with enthusiasm, responding to closer organization, animated by a new intelligence which is wide-awake to modern methods in the application of political strength, we have a power of tremendous possibilities, new in its present phase.

What "Pan-Arab" Signifies

THE description "Pan-Arab" is rather modest and restricted as applied to the congress. In point of fact it was a wonderful gathering which straggled into Mecca from territories in extent three times the size of the United States; and the dangers and toils of the journeys thither made by those zealous representatives of Moslem peoples who, with potential supporters, number four times the population of America, would make such a tale as could be read with profit by all interested in the forces that in these days are shaping the world. "Pan-Islamic," rather than "Pan-Arabic," describes the congress, the hardy units of which are now scattering far and wide upon myriad routes, exulting in the light now blazing upon the Green Banner of Islam, carrying a message of which the full purport will be made plain in the coming years, and conscious of a power hitherto unrealized to the utmost.

Yet "Pan-Arab" is a term of no slight significance to the Arab and the offshoots of the Arab. In territorial claims it includes all that North Africa which stretches from Cape Verde to Cape Guardafui; and a line from Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar, to Mozambique, would pass at most points through lands which the Arab and his cousins once held, albeit rather casually here and there, while a similar line from Port Said to the Congo would touch regions which he would not regard as out with his purview on the score of old-time power. There was very little of North Africa, or of all Africa north of the equator, which the Arab did not wander over in the days before he was a vendor of slaves to the Whites: for upon the trade in human beings and on the shoulders of the shackled burden-bearers Timbuktu had risen to the status of a metropolis before the first White as we recognize him had purchased his first Black; and Zanzibar was "a port of pride" in the slave traffic before Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope. The mere recital of the names of the territories from which came chosen men to the congress should suffice not only to indicate its great scope in one respect, but to explain the anxious interest of some of the Powers. From Turkey, once again in the vanguard of the legions of the prophet, came representatives, and the halo of military and diplomatic victory was over them. Mesopotamia—the designation "Iraq" still sounds unfamiliar—and Arabia were in strength. Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, the borders of Senegal, the Nigerias, Bornu, Wadai, Darfour, Egypt, the Sudan, and all East Africa from Port Said to Mozambique will receive in due time the inspiration and the instruction gained at the meeting by their representatives. The message will go not only to Ceylon and India, but over to the Straits Settlements and to the chief places of the islands from Singapore to Java, for all had men at Mecca.

Mohammedans Are Unified

NO GOOD purpose would be served by avoidance of the significance of this extraordinary gathering. Information is available which appears to indicate that the somewhat windy published declaration "for the full freedom of all Arab countries" by no means expresses the whole mind of the congress nor gives the main lines of its deliberations. The talk of the returning delegates suggests something even more important. To minds experienced in this particular field the position in its blunt verity is that Mohammedanism—reawakened, revived, reinspired, if you will—has met in circumstances of great moment to shape its course, and that at this moment there is being borne to every corner of the wide regions of Moslem influence the outlines of a policy, supported by a great example of success achieved. From uplifted zealots, fresh from the stimulus of the gathering at Mecca, it could be learned that a new Church-Militant has arisen in the world; and the statement permits of no offhand dismissal. Yet the True Believer will hurl himself no more in wild fervor upon the bayonets! He has approved a new warfare, of which long ago the wily Turk discovered the method and the value.

From those same zealots could be heard again—as may be heard at any time wherever Mohammedans gather, and far, far from Mecca—the large claims that Mohammedanism is the only undivided religion in the world, that it is the most aggressive and most unifying religious force known today, and the only movement of a religious nature which is gaining in numerical strength at the present time; large claims, indeed, and urged with grim conviction. Examination of them, so far from disposing of them, finds them instead blooming still large and apparently unshaken. And it is this mighty religious force which is now being directed, to an extent never before possible or attempted, on definite and modern lines. Of course, no true Mohammedan will admit that Mohammedanism as a religion ever required a reawakening or revival. That may be so. The writer has known thousands of the followers of the Prophet in, and on the frontiers of, the most remote pagan lands of the world, and wherever there was one Mohammedan there was an indefatigable missionary of Mohammedanism. There was frank acknowledgment, however, that for some time the impulse of leadership had been lacking. The Mohammedan is rejoicing now that not only has the Moslem world found leadership, but proved it well. The proof has been given with especial clearness in the political field. It is a Church-Political that is now to disseminate throughout its scattered millions a theory of fighting new to the bulk of them, or hitherto despised by them: the use of the political arm.

To the Christian world there can be but little satisfaction in an outline of the circumstances which have led up to and attended the revival of Mohammedanism in the sense which has been indicated. It is necessary, however, to give such an outline, and to present it wholly from the Mohammedan point of view. The Moslem recounts with pleasure his success in diplomacy when the Turk succeeded—thanks to France, he admits—in dividing the Allies by the Treaty of Angora. He was somewhat surprised by that success, and he declines to accept the view that jealousy of Britain actuated France in that matter. Rather does he ascribe France's sudden friendship to his own great strength in Morocco and elsewhere in North Africa, and to his influence among the tens of thousands of black soldiers in and around Senegal whom France trained and armed for the Great War, and who now constitute a dangerous element to the ruling power. In short, he believes France to be afraid of the military monster which she has created in the regions about the headwaters of the Niger. Victory in war was added to the sum of Moslem power when Turkey signally defeated Greece. Further impetus was contributed to the revival by Britain, when she set up the new Arab state in Mesopotamia and strengthened the Arabs in Arabia. When followed such a measure of success against the full array of Allied diplomacy at Lausanne as to justify his claim to another victory, the Mohammedan realized that against the divided Allies he was a power indeed. *He learned that it was easier to threaten a commercial interest than to beat an army.*

Studies Commercial Geography

HE FURTHER learned that a successful demonstration against an important vested interest *rendered unnecessary on his part the facing of any army.* He became, as the Allies will no doubt be made aware ere long, a keen student of commercial geography. He satisfied himself on the point that, if France was worried about her African Empire, and Britain was taking no chances of trouble within her wide Moslem realms, Italy also was looking anxiously across the Mediterranean to her North African possessions the while she was setting affairs in order at home. The Mohammedan of Tripoli in his confidential moments will tell you that *Italy's prompt attack upon Greece in connection with the murder of Italian representatives had a message for people other than the Greeks.* He has accepted it as addressed partly to himself, and he smiles to think that he is strong enough to draw from Italy such an indirect intimation that a swift and heavy hand was at the helm there.

No circumstance attending the Mohammedan revival exceeded in importance this—the setback to White prestige brought about by the war. In those years during which, for purposes of war, the best men of the countries termed Christian were being intensively and scientifically decivilized, the education of the Moslem progressed amazingly. Barriers which he had regarded as impregnable, and almost sacred to the White, were ruthlessly demolished. Many long-cherished distinctions were wiped out. And the end of the war found Christian prestige at a very low ebb in the Moslem lands. In the mission fields Christian effort had suffered great loss. No practical work, however earnest, could make good the devitalizing of the Christian message as it was heard by Mohammedans who had been in the struggle and "had seen what they had seen."

He was quick to note, further—this freshly educated Moslem—that in no lesser measure had Christian influence ebbed among his Negro neighbors and trade friends in those regions to which "heathen" had returned to tell of the things they had seen and done in the white men's war. The spectacle of nations called Christian tearing each other to shreds, and employing himself and the Negro to help them in that process, had indeed an important part in the awaking of the Mohammedan. "These are our rulers!" That phrase was heard often in the days of the war and its desperate exigencies, and it has been a common phrase in Moslem lands ever since.

Unpalatable as is the fact, there can be no denying that the first surge of this Mohammedan revival came upon a wave of contempt for the White and the Christian. These are great days for the Children of the Prophet. They are going forward in good heart, purposeful, laden with counsel, and interested in the new and great game. One may hear all these things on the roads that lead to and from Mecca today, if one is acknowledged as being of the Moslem elect, or if one has the means of listening-in.

Learns Labor Has Value

AND this new and great game? The leadership of the Turk has been hailed with enthusiasm, and it is under his tuition that the Moslem is to wage the silent war. That study of commercial geography has been no mere academic diversion. The appraising eye, which the Mohammedan leaders have turned upon the position of their followers in relation to the resources, products, trade and labor possibilities of the lands in which they are located, is to take further heed of these things. The policy is the development of local and territorial influence, the aim, political power. The Moslem has been instructed in the matter of valuing and selling those things which are his, and may be his, to sell. He has learned that his labor has a value other than that represented in cash or material kind, and there has been shown him *the fact that he may often win much by doing nothing.* And all that he does or refrains from doing is to be in accordance with instructions, for all will be to the glory of Allah and the advancement of the kingdom of the Prophet. Good will or ill will he will sell as advised, in the interest of the True Faith or to the discomfiture of an enemy thereof. There will be much peaceful penetration, and steady and patient lengthening of cords and strengthening of stakes. The intention is that as organization advances there will be no part of the Moslem world too remote or uninterested to respond to the needs and claims of another part. The seed of Mohammedan influence will be sown unceasingly. And the sowing will be done with chief regard to the exercise of political rather than military power. There are commercial fields into which the earnest Moslem workers will put much hard and unceasing work, that in due time there may be such a yield of good crops useful to Islam, or tares heartbreaking to its enemies, as shall satisfy the keen and cold intelligence which now directs Islam. "The congress declared for the full freedom of all Arab countries."

Where His Advantage Lies

ONE may be permitted to suggest that the very extent of that claim raised in important quarters a tolerant smile; and, as a matter of fact, there is more than a suspicion that that is just what it was intended to do, so that the other and very serious side of the work may proceed in peace without too much notice. And it will proceed in peace. There is nothing in this Moslem revival, as at present animated and directed, which need cause alarm for the safety of such peace as the world enjoys just now.

The Moslem missionary-politician of North Africa, East Africa, Arabia, Iraq, Palestine, India, the Straits Settlements, and the islands down to Java, is hurrying off to his duties. In the next few years he may have something important to show for his work. Well he knows that he will not work unobserved. He knows equally well, however, that if he works at peace within the law there is no very effective way of checking him. That is part of the lesson which he has been asked to take to heart. He has one advantage which, under the careful tuition of his mentor, he will use to the utmost. It lies in the fact that his opponents are also opponents of one another. It will be his duty to slip between them wherever possible. Has not the Turk just beaten them in Europe because they were opponents of each other? He was told that at the congress a thousand times. And in the Mohammedan fence as he visualizes it there is no gap between the stakes through which they may squeeze. From the commercial necessities of the world the Moslem has set out to forge the weapons of his new warfare. The time to recognize that an important world-movement has been initiated is now. To view it without alarm, for there is no need for grave alarm at this stage; to calculate its possibilities, assuming its success to any considerable extent; to guard against surprise—that is the duty which has fallen to the representatives of the powers most deeply

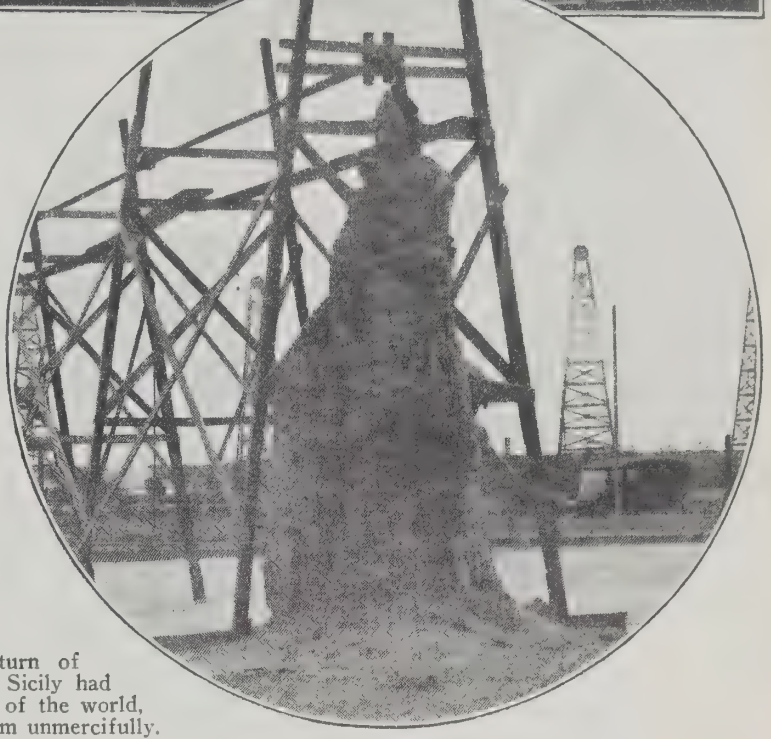
(Concluded on page 13)

Three bins blended into one bin, blazing in the hot afternoon, bright yellow and green under the beating sun. There are one million tons of sulphur here, worth fourteen dollars a ton.

The Story of Sulphur, Essence of Combustion

American Manufacture Freed of Foreign Domination

By MAX BENTLEY



The action of the air on hot liquid sulphur is to cool it and restore it to its original crystal form.

A SHORT time ago a little group of business men in London pulled up their chairs around a table and signed a treaty. Like most of the other Treaties of London, it was concerned with a partitioning, and was the result of war. Since the nations represented by the two groups had been traditional friends, it follows that, some day, a war would ensue. Since the Americans were on one side of the table, it follows that they were the victorious group dictating the treaty's terms. And being, as always, victorious, it follows that they were giving away much and receiving little. It matters but slightly that the partitioning was one of markets rather than spoils and was based on industry rather than ethnology; or that the war leading to it was a war over raw explosives, under the earth, rather than a war with firearms in the hands of the soldiery. The principle is the same.

On one side of the table were the envoys of the three American concerns which now produce eighty-five per cent of the world's yield of crude sulphur; the concerns being the Union Sulphur Company, the Freeport Sulphur Company, and the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company. Facing them were the envoys from Sicily. The agreement signed by the victorious Americans and vanquished Sicilians partitioned the crude sulphur markets of the world. The salient points of the treaty were that Sicily is given the Italian markets while North America is assigned to the Americans, with the remainder of the world proportionately distributed on the basis of geographical position in relation to consuming countries; Sicily to be allowed to sell to any country a fixed maximum of crude sulphur for the manufacture of sulphuric acid, and to export annually a tonnage greatly in excess of Sicilian exports in recent years; disagreements to be submitted to a London board of arbitrators.

Why did the Americans do it? Why such magnanimity, with Sicily at their feet and the world theirs? Let E. P. Swenson, of New York, answer for the victors. Mr. Swenson is president of the Freeport Sulphur Company, also chairman of the board of the National City Bank of New York. I journeyed to Freeport, Texas, to ask him why, and he replied:

"Being unable to compete with the American producers on an unregulated basis, Sicily would have been forced to close her mines, abandon her chief industry, and throw out of employment 30 000 skilled workers. The effect on Sicily and Italy, and indeed on the world, in these unsettled times, might have been far-reaching. The American producers were impelled by the thought of live and let live. The American sulphur producers took advantage of the Webb Act, apportioned the export markets among themselves, and then voluntarily admitted Sicily into the agreement."

Sicily rears itself out of the Mediterranean Sea, off the southern end of the Italian peninsula. Studying its location—just beyond the toe of the boot—gives an impression that poor Sicily is the unloved child bodily kicked out of the family. As a matter of fact, Sicily to Italy is what the Ruhr is to Germany. Since 1748, when the general partitioning of Italy gave the island to Charles III of Spain, the motherland has been willing to fight for its redemption, as, successfully in 1860, when Garibaldi and his Legion of the Thousand overthrew the Bourbons and reunited Sicily with Greater Italy.

The importance to Italy of the Sicilian sulphur industry becomes apparent in light of the Italian birthrate, highest in Europe, a two-fifths increase of the population in fifty years, and Italy's ambition to become an industrial nation as a means of checking emigration. With ten per cent of the total population already engaged in industry, Italy would find it a difficult task, and one fraught with grave danger to herself, to absorb 30,000 workers skilled only in one line suddenly thrown upon her by the closing of the sulphur mines.

The London agreement was a return of good for evil. Prior to this century Sicily had always controlled the sulphur markets of the world, and, controlling them, had squeezed them unmercifully. The substitution of iron pyrites in the manufacture of sulphuric acid sprang from Sicily's hoggishness. It sprang from a reckless price increase in 1839 on raw sulphur from twenty-five dollars to seventy dollars a ton. Although shaken, Sicily's control was not broken, and as late as 1895 Sicilian sulphur was being unloaded from the ships at Galveston. It developed that this was carrying coals to Newcastle, for about that time along came an American who showed the way to utilize the vast sulphur beds underneath the Louisiana and Texas Gulf coast, and thus cut us free. This was Herman Frasch, an engineer. His achievement consisted in evolving a superheated water process for mining sulphur, by the use of which the three American concerns can now produce—if pushed—five million tons annually. Since sulphur makes up more than one-tenth of one per cent of the first ten miles of the earth's crust, corresponding to about 2,000,000 cubic miles, and since, as noted by an authority, "in addition to its utilization in practically every form of industry it enters into the make-up of both vegetable and animal tissue and is consequently essential to life itself," the magnitude of Frasch's discovery will be appreciated. It reduced American consumption of Sicilian sulphur from 165,000 tons in 1895 to nothing at all in 1922. It increased Canada's importation of American sulphur from 1,000 tons in 1895 to 150,000 tons in 1922. It knocked the Sicilian producers off the map and transferred world control to our shores.

When the history of industry is finally written, it will be recorded how American ingenuity and initiative emancipated American manufacture in the direction of sulphur supply; how the depths of the earth were being plumbed by the prospector for oil, whose drill bit, instead of plunging through the shifting oil sands underlying the Gulf coastal plain, came to rest in a limestone understructure perforated with veins and pockets containing a bright yellow substance in crystal form. This was sulphur. An American oil prospector found it, while the War Between the States was raging. Another American with initiative hit on a way to extract it in its native state and at small cost—and American dominance was achieved.

What *is* sulphur?

As an identified substance, it goes back to remote times. As early as the fourteenth century it was used as a basic ingredient in gunpowder. The frequent allusions to brimstone found in early literature indicate that the Medievals had a clear knowledge of its combustive qualities, reaching their conclusion, no doubt, from a study of volcanoes. It is, in truth, the essence of combustion; a strange enough fact in view of its non-combustibility in the raw state. Melted by water heated to a temperature of 325 degrees Fahrenheit, it ascends a pipe and, boiling and bubbling, runs out on the ground only to return to its crystal state. A sulphur bin or vat is dislodged by a dynamite charge with little danger. A sulphur fire is smothered with more sulphur, heaped upon it with a shovel. Lightning has no effect on it. It is loaded into freight cars and the doors closed. One stage of the refining process consists in spraying it into a nearly air-tight chamber. Yet it contains a spark that can set the world on fire. Alchemists of old found that spark, centuries ago, and down through the ages it has come, blessing and burning, according to the need of the hour.

Native, it is mankind's beneficent friend. Refined, it becomes at once his friend and foe. As an ingredient in pharmaceutics, the druggist finds it invaluable; it purifies the blood and tones up the constitution generally. The farmer must have it to revitalize his worn-out soil. The paper manufacturer could not be without it. The tire manufacturer vulcanizes his raw rubber with it. As a bleaching substance it has no rival. As the authority quoted has said, its utilization is into practically every form of industry, making it essential to life itself.

On the darker side of the picture, as a basic compound of gunpowder, guncotton, nitric acid and picric acid, it is essential to the conduct of war. The British admitted a tragic need of it in those trying days of 1914 when the "little army of contemptibles," short of ammunition, was reeling under the German's sledgehammer blows as he hacked his way toward the channel ports. The importance ascribed to it by the Germans themselves in a later stage of the conflict is illustrated by the order that went out from Wilhelmshaven to the submarine captains to "give preference" to the sulphur-bearing ships plying between Sweden and Norway and England.

If the signatories to the Treaty of London approached their task earnestly and with due solemnity, it must have been that they realized they were playing with fire.

Trailing Mr. Swenson, I spent a week at the sulphur mines of the Freeport and Texas Gulf companies. The Union Sulphur Company, the oldest member of the triumvirate, operates in Calcasieu Parish, Louisiana. The "dome" formations with which the sulphur deposits are geologically associated are common enough on the Gulf coastal plain, yet the farthest eastern exploration, at Belle Isle, Louisiana, is only 225 miles from the farthest western, at Big Hill, Texas. Between those points, a half-day's ride by train, enough sulphur has been found to supply the world; and the amount as yet unfound is incalculable. Not only sulphur: it has been demonstrated that these crustal warpings cover immense future supplies of oil and rock salt. The domes vary in size, ranging in diameter from a few yards to one and one-half miles and extending in depth as great as several thousand feet. They are rounded uprisings on the prairie, sometimes only geologically identified, sometimes visible to the eye.

The affinity of oil and sulphur on the coastal plain has been a fortunate thing for industry. It was the oil prospector, drilling in the regular way and taking his core at successive depths as a matter of routine, who found the sulphur beds at approximately 1,000 feet. It was the gushing in of the great Spindletop oil field near Beaumont, Texas (a dome field itself), that made profitable the Frasch discovery by supplying cheap oil for fuel. The domes on the Freeport Sulphur Company's properties were extensively developed for oil before the sulphur deposit was tapped. It seems reasonably safe to predict that the low-lying plain with its covering of tough salt grass will have yielded to man's quest, in time, enough wealth to equal the national debt. Nature has imposed plenty of obstacles—perhaps to make the game worth the candle—arranging them seasonally, such as frequent rains in spring, mosquitoes in summer, tropical hurricanes in autumn, and sudden and searching northers in winter. Yet it is a region pleasant enough, and much of the heroic history of Texas and Louisiana has been enacted upon it. Great rivers traverse it on their way to the Gulf. The summer heat is tempered at night by a cool, fresh breeze which blows the mosquitoes far inland. Barely above the top of the salt grass the snipe skims and darts on his erratic course, and by winter it is the feeding ground of millions of ducks and geese. What Nature has denied in the way of shaded meadows and green hills that satisfy the eye,

(*Concluded on page 11*)

In the Prehistoric Caves of Southern France

Artists of Early Days Tell Their Stories in Imperishable Rock Tracings

By ANDREE PRATOUCY

AS ONE walks along the road to Les Eyzies-de-Tayac in Périgord, one comes upon a part of France that is rich in prehistoric wealth. The giant rocks on the left, the surrounding landscape of odd mountains drilled with foxes' dens, all of them I know well. That was the "country" of my childhood when as an awe-stricken, puny girl I could not resist following through the thick night of the grottos an ardent student of the Prehistoric—my grandfather. I knew that anfractuosities and caverns had not always sheltered rooks and owls. Some thousands of years ago, upright, walking creatures used to dwell there, for there was no better dwelling to be found. They lived up in the rock and down in the ground, in the cold, in the night. That their mates might be content or their primitive minds brighter they painted on the rocks or carved in reindeer horn, mammoths, bison, wild horses—the only living models that used to call on them.

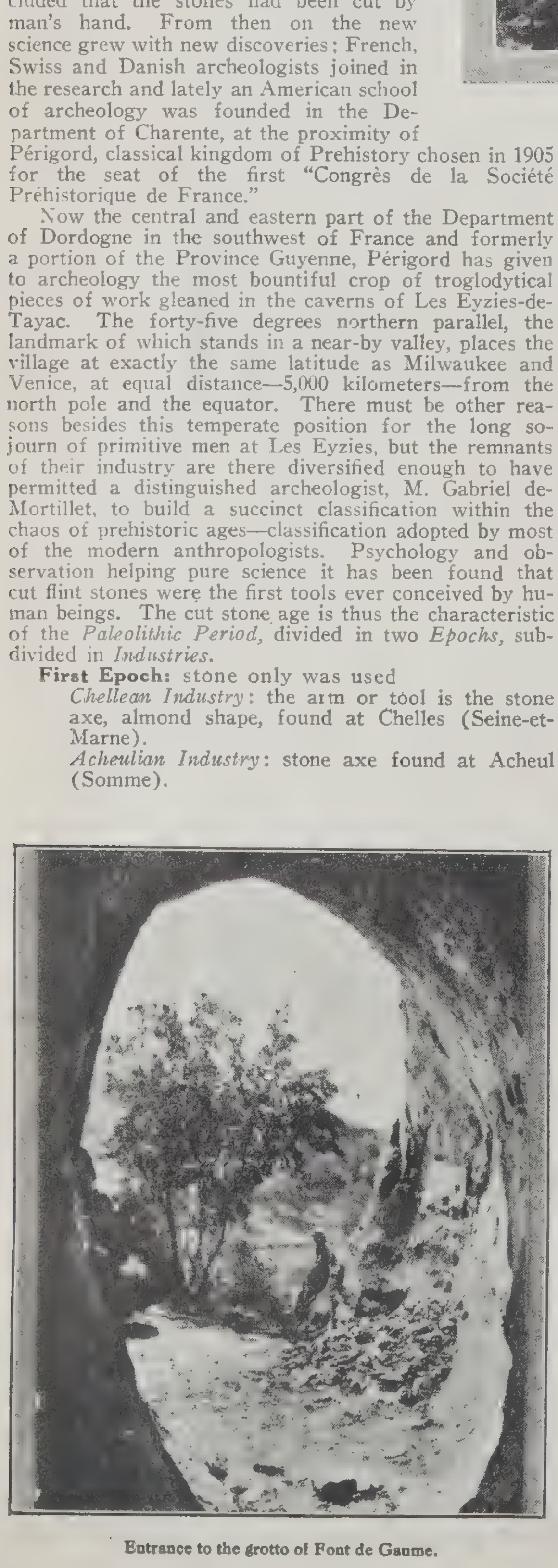
If we leave scholars and philosophers, materialists and evolutionists to argue in the fog about the origin of the human world, we may follow the archeologists who stake out the newly opened highway of Prehistory. A French savant, M. Boucher de Perthes, was the first to break the ground when in 1841 he found in the Somme valley some sharp stones which he thought had been flint tools. Those quaint instruments were buried under six meters of gravel and three layers of clay, grit and marl, among broken bits of deer and elephant bones. But for some time incredulous people ridiculed the discovery and it is only in 1860 that several scholars gathered in the Somme valley to study the discredited find, and unanimously concluded that the stones had been cut by man's hand. From then on the new science grew with new discoveries; French, Swiss and Danish archeologists joined in the research and lately an American school of archeology was founded in the Department of Charente, at the proximity of Périgord, classical kingdom of Prehistory chosen in 1905 for the seat of the first "Congrès de la Société Préhistorique de France."

Now the central and eastern part of the Department of Dordogne in the southwest of France and formerly a portion of the Province Guyenne, Périgord has given to archeology the most bountiful crop of troglodytical pieces of work gleaned in the caverns of Les Eyzies-de-Tayac. The forty-five degrees northern parallel, the landmark of which stands in a near-by valley, places the village at exactly the same latitude as Milwaukee and Venice, at equal distance—5,000 kilometers—from the north pole and the equator. There must be other reasons besides this temperate position for the long sojourn of primitive men at Les Eyzies, but the remnants of their industry are there diversified enough to have permitted a distinguished archeologist, M. Gabriel de-Mortillet, to build a succinct classification within the chaos of prehistoric ages—classification adopted by most of the modern anthropologists. Psychology and observation helping pure science it has been found that cut flint stones were the first tools ever conceived by human beings. The cut stone age is thus the characteristic of the *Paleolithic Period,* divided in two *Epochs,* subdivided in *Industries.*

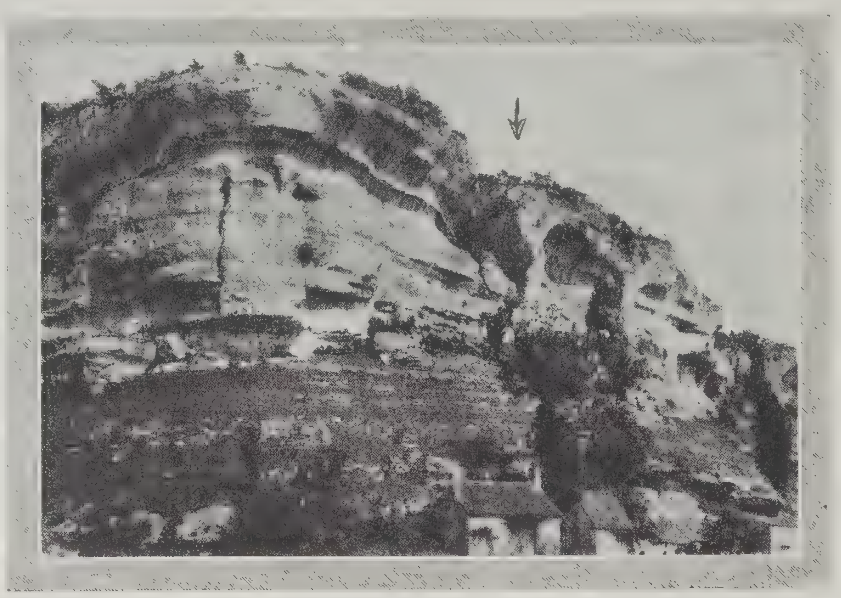
First Epoch: stone only was used

Chellean Industry: the arm or tool is the stone axe, almond shape, found at Chelles (Seine-et-Marne).

Acheulian Industry: stone axe found at Acheul (Somme).



Entrance to the grotto of Font de Gaume.



View of the rocks of Font de Gaume, and entrance to the grotto.

Mousterian Industry: the stone has a better shape and besides it the flint point and sharp-edge scraper are found in the grotto of Le Moustier, near Les Eyzies.

Second Epoch: stone, bone and reindeer antlers are used.

Aurignacian Industry: characterized by the splitted bone point.

Solutrian Industry: very important for the variety of arms and tools cut in laurel-leaf shape, made with reindeer horn and carved with figures representing animals.

Magdalenian Industry: bone knives, barbed harpoons found in the shelter under rock of La-Madeleine, near Les Eyzies.

But as the climate became warmer, reindeers emigrated and Man who needed their flesh for food and their bones for weapons had to follow their tracks up North, leaving at Les Eyzies the puzzle of his race and life for the generations to come.

The tiny village does not seem to feel the burden sealed up by past centuries in the overhanging rocks. It witnessed so many happenings that its long row of stone houses, its green leafy foreground belted in by the gay river remain unmoved by the annual flow of cumbersome tourists. Yes, the rocks sheltered troglodytes, but they also sheltered English corsairs during the One Hundred Years War; Gallic Druids led processions to the holy mistletoe of Laugerie's oaks; Romans had built a marble temple where the tenth century saw the founding of the actual church of Tayac; Merovingians leaned their "villas" against the natural cliff walls still all scarred with beam holes, and Medieval lords pitched a crown of feudal dungeons—chateaux of Mayac, Reignac, La Roque St. Christophe—over the mountain tops.

Thus this little corner of earth, still a delight for hunters and anglers, painters and mere tourists, has been inhabited—almost without interruption—since the Paleolithic Period, each civilization leaving behind some token of their short passage.

Yes, to the amazement of our up-to-date generation it must be admitted that the troglodyte artist could still be our teacher on many points. The patent proofs of this, chiseled with rock on rock, is still challenging Time's gnawing efforts. As I dimly remembered the vague figures which I had seen on many walls in Les Eyzies grottos while assisting my grandfather with a flickering candle, I went on to visit once more the "Grotte du Fond de Gaume," one of the many prehistoric marvel galleries dug deep in the mountainous banks of the Vézère River.

Passing the "rocher de Cro-Magnon" standing steadily as some gigantic sentinel watching from over the riverside the rocky citadels of Les Gorges d'Enfer and Laugerie I followed the village street so charmingly country-like with its oddly named inns, its tiny shops naïvely advertising "Vente de silex tailles prehistoriques"—prehistoric cut flint stones for sale (when plowed by a keen observer each field, meadow, garden, around there gives a harvest of prehistoric "silex," the duplicates or common surplus of which get into the building of houses, or is intrusted to the grocer for sale).

Close by on the right, over the river bed on the left and encircling the clear horizon in front, the half-naked rocks seem to survey the country from the large openings squarely cut in their steep flanks. At about halfway to their summits they all curved in as if having been slowly eaten by some disease. The parallel white stripes which scar them seem to indicate that glaciers of remote periods and the streaming water of geological ages submerged the valley up to that point.

A white, well-kept road took me to a blue poster which announced that I was to find the keeper of the Font de Gaume grotto at the opposite farm. But no one answered my knock there save a loud voice which shouted in patois dialect from a near-by workshop "Ei dejou lou noujiers"—that is to say that I would have to fetch "her" or "him" (the patois is genderless) "under the walnut trees." I did find her, a tanned little peasant woman with the local checked headkerchief curled about her hair, picking up walnuts which had fallen down in their fat green robes. Since besides being keeper she was also the guide to the grotto, she hesitated a while between her actual work and her official duty, then decided she must wash her hands, take off her wooden shoes. I saw her again on the road, busy with four glittering knitting needles; and all the way up to the entrance of the cavern, in spite of the very steep path and sometimes dangerous curves, she kept on knitting a brown woolen stocking.

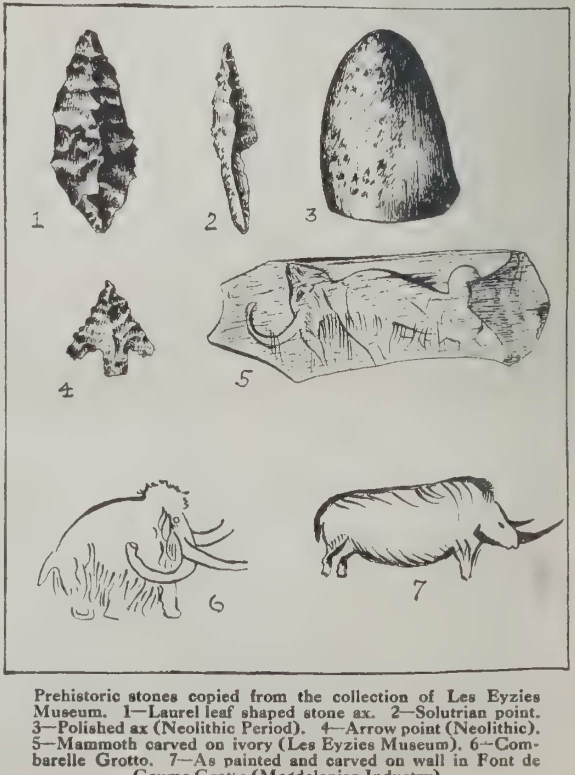
The huge gap which led way to the grotto was decorated with blue, white and red garlands of paper ribbon. Which troglodyte saint's birthday was it? No, that debauch of colors was simply in honor of the Paris Beaux Arts School Director who had come there the day before.

My knitting conductor unlocked the door—handed me an entrance ticket. Then, as I was waiting for the flickering candle to light, the grotto became suddenly aflame with the glow of electric bulbs. I gasped in surprise—maybe in horror. Electricity in the cave-men home! Was this intrusion to be deplored? No, for the light revealed what I previously could not have guessed, a beauty of stalactites hanging from up above the vault like graceful marble needles.

Behind my guide I walked along the narrow corridor, now two to five meters high, now so low that we had to creep on the ground to get into a wider part. Then we ascended the so-called "Rubicon," an iron ladder climbing over a stalagmite wall, descending into a wide room about sixty meters long and ten meters high. What picture gallery can be more original than this one, concealed in the depth of a mighty rock, with all masterpieces painted and carved on the rock itself? It was like the nave of some Gothic cathedral, with pillars of stalactites, and pagan frescoes. The two walls are literally covered with mammoth and reindeer heads, odd bison, fighting red bulls, galloping horses. Strange, unknown humpbacked animals spring forth from under a crystallized calcareous veil. In that room and in the next one—consecrated to bison only—there are no less than twenty-five ornamentations colored with red ocher and manganese black paints, some very distinct and neat, the others half-rubbed out by some powerful destroyer. But all of them show a remarkable talent for observation, a strong, artistic appreciation of the grace of line and attitude. The cave man insight snapped the animals as they were living some vivid scenes in the near-by thickness or in the open valley. Perhaps he would fight them out of his dens, perhaps he would struggle with them for his life.

It may be so, but it may also be that, when Thunderbolt had lighted the moss of his stone lamp, Man saw in its plain crudeness the depth of his own bereavement. To repair cruelty of Fate, to forget his poverty, to chase out the strain of fight and the taste of blood, he started on the two trails along which Humanity is still searching consolation: Art and Work.

Still rattling her knitting needles, my guide bade me goodby. And the same setting sun, which pushed mammoths and bison back into their repairs some hundred thousand years ago, fell once more behind the circus of rocks while night wrapped in the darkness of the grottos the secret of the troglodytes.



Prehistoric stones copied from the collection of Les Eyzies Museum. 1—Laurel leaf shaped stone ax. 2—Solutrian point. 3—Polished ax (Neolithic Period). 4—Arrow point (Neolithic). 5—Mammoth carved on ivory (Les Eyzies Museum). 6—Combarelle Grotto. 7—As painted and carved on wall in Font de Gaume Grotto (Magdalenian Industry).

Mr. Ford's Page

BUSINESS and Government both being necessary to the public welfare, why do evil results occur when they come together? An uneasy feeling oppresses the people when they see the two in agreement; they suspect that private interest in commerce is linked with the servants of private interest in politics. It is only plain truth to say that this feeling is abundantly justified by past occurrences. But is this evil result unavoidable? Does it inhere in the nature of business or government? No. Private interest is fatal to any public service, and business is public service as much as government is. The spirit of service in business linked with the spirit of service in government, and surmounting both the spirit of Good Will to the Nation, is the only preventive, the only cure; and, if adopted, will become the sorest punishment of wrong.

WHEN politics and business have relations, the result seems always to be unfavorable to the public interest. Why this should be so, presents a problem which few seem to have considered. Yet that it is widely believed to be so, the entire emphasis of politics for the past fifty years abundantly testifies. Indeed, since Revolutionary days the country has never been free of the suspicion that financial and commercial interests have been seeking to "use" the government for their private advantage.

The extent to which this is true is found to be rather amazing once the attention is fixed on it, and indicates that it comprises an important element of the total problem with which American life has to deal. In the making of the Constitution there arose questions about property and the rights of property to special influence in Government, a right which was not specifically written down but which has been more or less assumed ever since. As early as Jackson's time there was the great contest between the money power and the government elected by the public—a contest concerning which it would be well for modern Americans to inform themselves. Lincoln was firmly convinced that the issue of slavery was not so much sectional as financial, and that the financial interest which favored it was not so much in the South as in the North—in New York, to be plain. In the South the slave had become established as part of that section's real and usable wealth; in the North, slavery was desired as part of an immense system of exploitation. For this reason New York once talked of cutting herself off from the Union and becoming a "free city," like Hamburg, which drew from Lincoln the comment which is applicable also today:

"Well, I reckon it will be some time before the front door sets up bookkeeping on its own account."

The advantage taken of the government in the stress of civil war is not a very good page in the story of American business. The whole tale of the tariffs, up and down, is the scrimmage for special government permission to hold up the American people and deprive them of the wholesome advantages of competition, both in manufacturing and purchase.

Further, one has only to consider the relation of various special lines of business with the Government: public land scandals; sugar scandals; shipping scandals: "embalmed beef" scandals; railway scandals; liquor scandals; oil scandals—indeed, at almost every point where "big business" has touched government, an uneasy feeling has arisen that all was not for the people's best interests. We owe that term "big business" to this very feeling.

At the present time there has been difficulty in selecting men to examine certain transactions to ascertain whether the government's interests have been properly protected in them, the difficulty arising out of the fact that most of the men competent to make such examination have been at one time or another in the employ of "big business." We have come to a condition where even an employment by "big business" results in suspicion of a man's integrity in performing duties for the Government.

That this feeling is not unfounded is shown by the dead set which "big business" has made to get into its employ men who have served the government in exalted position. Why? Not that these men are exceptionally able—the more able men, it seems, do not occupy themselves with political offices—but because they have "influence," and their employment by units of what is called "big business" indicates that their duties consist in using their "influence" in their private employers' behalf. Sometimes these men are lifted bodily out of the President's Cabinet by the force of dazzling salaries, sometimes they are taken from the departments. At any rate, there is an uneasy sense that to pass from public employment to private, is somehow to go over to the enemy. Wrong or not, it is the feeling that prevails.

Why should it be so? There is no necessary antagonism between business and government from the point of view of the people's necessary interests—the people need both. Government would be superfluous without business, and business would be impossible without government. Both exist because they are somehow related to the public welfare.

It is interesting to sketch the three broad phases of the dependence of business on government as these phases are observable in the story of our own nation. The first planting of the nation came in the shape of trade licenses from the mother government. Business was given certain privileges in consideration of the risks entailed in opening up a new country. Most of the early settlements came as "companies," in the commercial sense of the term. From this beginning, certain lines of business attained independence of privilege and established themselves firmly by reason of the service they rendered. Others continued to lean upon government: they preferred political pap to independence by service: this was the second stage. And then swiftly came the third stage where business that had not established itself by service sought to be bought up by the government, to save it from ruin. It is surprising how favorable to public ownership public service corporations have become! Many a city is buying junk in the form of public service corporations which have failed because they have tried to live on privilege and not on service. The government itself is offered the whole railway system as a way of escape for the owners of a broken-down policy. The point is, independent as well as dependent business is as necessary as government for the welfare of the people; parliaments are worth nothing without farms and manufactories.

Why then the fear of the people when the two, business and government, seem to come together in agreement or action? The fear arises from experience that it is not the public service in government and the public service in business coming together for a greater public service to the nation, but a private service in business, having captured the powers of government, using them for private advantage only. It is astonishing to note how Government remains exclusively in the hand of a certain group, whatever may be the party name of the administration in power. The same names appear on the subscription lists of both parties that appear in the scandals. A new government does not mean a fresh new selection from the body of the people, but a selection by and from a very close political corporation already existing, and this continuous political personnel linked with a continuous commercial corporation personnel makes all the trouble.

We have made no progress whatever in preventing the bad results that follow. No new features appear in the exposures that are made. The tricks are all old. Neither is there any new discovery of a method for divorcing business and government, or of divorcing either from the people's life. Both are necessary and their union would be entirely beneficial if Public Service were the rule of each. That government survives which serves the people. That business survives which serves the people. Service makes each independent of the other, yet renders evil results impossible if both should come together.

There is nothing good in government or business but good will, and good will in these departments of life means a will to serve the people well. It is an old phrase, but it persists because it is true, and it will be endlessly repeated until responsible men admit not only its truth as an ideal, but its practical necessity as an everyday policy.

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"It is the wish of the departments at Washington that the matter be not discussed in newspapers, and you are therefore requested to refrain from giving it publicity.

"We can all see why it is much better simply to say nothing further about it."

Inquiry for the reason of the withdrawal of Treasury Savings Certificates elicited the information that the public's patronage of the Certificates was thought to be drawing money out of sections where money was badly needed, and that the banks of those sections had protested. It was further said that the situation was not so drastic as the above quoted Bankers' Association letter would indicate, inasmuch as it was only the advertising campaign that had been stopped, and not the sale of Certificates.

But, score one for the banks! It is a satisfaction to learn that they have at last come to their senses regarding the serious matter of money drainage. And it is to be hoped that they will go further and consider how far they themselves, in the past, have been the drains through which money has been taken out of the community and sent to the great speculative centers of the East. It is scarcely possible that any amount of patronage of Treasury Savings Certificates could equal even a small percentage of bank deposits, or that the effect on the money stocks of the community through purchase of Certificates could be comparable to the effect of passing deposits on to New York banks.

The great difficulty in many communities of the West is that the money which should have stayed at home to finance the farmers, was sent to New York to finance the motion picture speculators.

If bankers who are represented in the associations which protested against the sales of Treasury Savings Certificates will exercise the same vigilance on all other sources of money drainage, we may look for more self-sustenance in many of our straitened states.

The Hazards of Rum-running

IF IT be true that every evil carries within it the seeds of its own dissolution, then bootlegging may be expected to disappear. The philosophy has been proved in the history of the saloon, for it is now admitted that the biggest factor in the abolition of the saloon was not the temperance or prohibition campaign, but the saloon itself. There were not enough teetotal abstainers in the United States to vote the country dry, but there were enough victims of a swiftly degenerating saloon which had become the tool of brewers and politicians and the outlet of Jew-vitiated liquor.

Bootlegging, except in the lower strata, has already suffered extremely as the purveyor of poison. The public is alarmed. Sales now depend on reasonable and believable assurances of the genuine character of the brands offered for sale. It is not too much to say that the illicit traffic has been compelled to deal more and more in wet goods made in this country before prohibition went into effect, or imported from foreign countries.

But even this illegitimate trade in legitimate goods is now threatened with curtailment. It is complained on the other side of the sea that rum-runners are forming the habit of not paying for their cargoes after selling them. One Scotch company has retired from the business after losing $1,500,000 in trusting rum-runners with goods. Very rich shiploads were duly sold in America, but thereupon the rum-runners pocketed the proceeds and retired. The proverbial honor among thieves was missing.

Bit by bit the business will find its own level, and that level will probably be one which could wisely have been established by law had not the stupidity of the liquor barons forced prohibition on the country.

Why Policemen Go Wrong!

WILLIAM A. COLEMAN is a police inspector in New York City.

He is on trial charged with laxity in enforcing the Volstead Act. Inspector Coleman, on the witness stand, testified as to his efforts to suppress illegal resorts in his district, which consists of Chinatown, Little Italy and the Ghetto. The New York *Times* devoted nearly two columns to the detailed testimony which made up Inspector Coleman's appearance. The inspector's testimony was the thoroughgoing story of an officer's sincere efforts to bring law and order into the lawless East Side of New York. But let the New York *Times* tell it:

> "I have Chinatown and the Italian section in my district," said Inspector Coleman; "also the largest Jewish center in the world. There are about 450,000 people in that Ghetto alone."
>
> He told at some length of the sacramental wine which is issued by rabbis on the lower East Side. "All rabbis have permits and there is no check on the amount they issue to members of their congregations," he said. Much of it goes to other sources than that intended by law, he intimated.
>
> Turning to the enforcement of prohibition, the inspector said:
>
> "Last year 40,000 arrests were made in my district, of which 1,677 were for violations of the liquor laws. With only twenty plainclothes men I made one-fourth of these arrests."

This is commended to the notice of the Kehillah and it may even elicit a "Blast from the Shofar" but it is a safe bet that the only way in which Jewish influence will make itself felt is either in the dismissal of Inspector Coleman or his transfer to a district not looked upon with favor by inspectors of the New York Police Department.

Usury Is Never Patriotic

IN A recent issue of *Barron's Weekly* occurred the following statement:

> "One of the significant features of the stock market recently has been the buying of high-grade railroad stocks and such industrials as United States Steel for London account."

This migration of capital is attributed to the victory of Labor in the recent British election, on the assumption that capital will no longer support English industry.

The assumption is far-fetched, but that fact does not diminish the existence of a false theory which gives to capital an unmerited importance. The theory is false because it fails to distinguish between an industrial worker and an industrial parasite. To say Capital supports Industry is to say effect comes before cause.

If the item is correct, it only illustrates by one more event that Capital owns no country, and usury knows no patriotism.

The implication that England suffers and this country profits by this migration of so-called capital, is another mistake. Railroads and industrials are not affected in operation or productivity by ownership changes in their stocks or bonds. Purchases of this kind are made because they promise large returns for idle money, and these high returns are a tax upon business. American investment is and always has been more attractive than investment in British securities, and so long as that condition obtains, whether Labor or Capital control abroad, the current of speculative investment must cross the Atlantic hitherward.

Instead of that current of money being the loss of Great Britain and the gain of the United States which these wiseacres think, there is a constant flow of dividends across the Atlantic, supplying the trade channels of Britain with a greater volume of currency, and from outside, than her own low interest rates would yield. This increased return is paid by American industry, without having received one jot or tittle of benefit.

Investors Need Be Careful

ARE INVESTORS in foreign bonds aware that the international banking houses which negotiate for them assume none of the risk involved? Twenty-five millions of the recent Austrian loan allotted this country were quickly absorbed, while the firms floating it merely pocketed their ten per cent commission on the face of the loan. But, asks the investor, are they not guaranteed? Not by the bankers. Each of the nations participating in the net results of the loan is a partial endorser, but as a banker once asked, who will guarantee such a guarantor? France, herself without credit, has underwritten nearly one-fourth of the Austrian loan.

The same international group of financiers is offering a forty million issue of Argentine bonds, and is negotiating for the agency of a two hundred and fifty million "offering" by Japan.

The bait held out to the investor is a ten per cent discount and a high rate of interest—up to this time seven per cent. That is, for a ninety-cent dollar the borrower promises to pay one hundred cents, and an additional seven cents in interest annually. If the debt is paid it is a big return, but as ten cents of each dollar is taken on the spot by the negotiators of the loan, it is only seventy-three cents which the borrowing nation receives. The whole proposition is as immoral as speculation in debased foreign money, the par payment of which is gambled on. Do you know who will pay the difference? Not the financiers, but the people who will toilfully produce in actual wealth the difference in exchanges, as well as the difference between what is received from international loans and what must be paid for them.

Should Be More to Follow

THOSE who have served the Government for a long time are saying that the resignations of Denby and Daugherty are not sufficient to "cleanse" the Cabinet and leave the President free of embarrassment. They are the least offensive of those who should resign. Denby is nationally recognized as honest; Daugherty, whatever his faults, gains in dignity when the character of his more persistent enemies is considered. One or two other men in the Cabinet are capable of doing more damage in one day than these two could do in four years, not *a la Fall* but as bad influences. Yet they flit back and forth today with something distastefully reminiscent of a holier-than-thou attitude, and actually appear as the friends and advisors of Denby and Daugherty. With very few exceptions, President Coolidge would do well to consider getting rid of his hang-over Cabinet and give quiet notice now that March 4, 1925, begins a new deal.

Certain persons who are inoculated with the philosophy of subversion are asking (with a view to having others say what they themselves dare not) if the present uncovering of malfeasance in high office means that the government is tottering. Let them place an impious hand on the government and see! Fall is not the government. McAdoo is not the government. No official or ex-official is the government. It is only at such times as these that we see how clearly the People of the United States are the real government. True, the people are not the politicians; true, the people are sometimes not even the Administration; but these are temporary things: the people, however, *are the government*, and there will be an American Government as long as there is an American People, which is indicated as a very long time indeed. It is rather premature to hint at the dissolution of the United States according to the Bolshevik plan. Although the Bolshevists use official corruption as one of their methods in breaking down government; although a dishonest official is a traitor to the American idea of government and more dangerous than a hundred Bolshevist agitators; nevertheless, the people are not corrupt, and they are the government.

Few more vivid illustrations of the truth of the saying, "Ye know not what a day may bring forth or what a night may put to an end," have occurred than that which in a few hours wrecked candidacies and political partisan props and proposed new problems unheard of before. And the end is not yet. All sorts of disagreeable possibilities lurk in the further conduct of the case. It may be the first stitch which will unravel the whole fabric of wrong ideas in politics and wrong policies in business.

Romeo and Juliet Would Elope Today—Jane Cowl

Not Likely, However, to Encounter Difficulties Met in Shakespeare

By JAMES MARTIN MILLER

JANE COWL

JANE COWL and her company of 28 persons recently completed a three months' tour, presenting "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Cowl played in the principal cities from coast to coast. At every stand she packed houses. The responses the people everywhere gave Miss Cowl emphatically refuted the claim that the desires of all the people, at least, have been hopelessly lowered to the level of jazzdom.

In domestic life Miss Cowl is Mrs. Adolph Klauber. Her husband is her general manager. She is thirty-nine but would pass for ten years younger on the stage or off it. The writer visited with her in Detroit and more recently in Washington. In the nation's capital she played both "Romeo and Juliet" and "Pelléas and Mélisande," her performances being witnessed by the most distinguished men and women of this country, as well as many men of high rank stationed in Washington as diplomatic representatives.

Equal if not superior to her surprising performance of Juliet is Miss Cowl's Mélisande in Maeterlinck's masterpiece. That is the verdict of the critics and the breathless silence, during the action, followed by tumultuous applause at the close of each act, seemed to indicate that public approval is unanimous as well. For sheer beauty it would be difficult to imagine anything more impressive. And the sense of great artistry revealed by Jane Cowl in Juliet is deepened by her latest performance. Hers has been a career of hard work and fine idealism. The future would seem to hold promise of even greater achievements, for it has been a steady growth undisturbed by the temperamental eccentricity and growing egotism which so often checks the development of lesser artists. Those who know her best describe Jane Cowl as an extraordinarily fine woman as well as a great actress. And the fine sensibility of the woman is wafted across the footlights when she plays.

Her Mélisande is on a par with—if it does not outrank—her Juliet. Since Jane Cowl's presentation of the Shakespearean rôle is hailed as the greatest of this generation, it may well be imagined what Mélisande is like. Throughout it all Maeterlinck has carefully refrained from placing accent upon the human side of character, throwing the stress rather upon the spirituality of each person moving in the play; or, shall we say, the soul?

Her New York Success

JANE COWL had definitely decided to produce "Romeo and Juliet" three years before she finally screwed her courage to the point of appearing in the rôle. She acted the part for the first time at the Saxon Auditorium, Toledo, December 29, 1922. Her first appearance in the rôle in New York occurred at Henry Miller's theater, January 24, 1923. The Lenten period which usually has a depressing effect on theater attendances followed shortly after, but Miss Cowl continued in the rôle for six months, playing to audiences that tested the capacity of the theater at every performance. And the run was only discontinued because of hot weather and the necessity for the actress to have a brief vacation prior to a transcontinental tour in "Romeo and Juliet." In the earlier periods of the theater, actresses seldom appeared in so heavy a rôle as Juliet more than two or three times a week and their labors were lightened by the presentation of other performances of lighter rôles. But the conditions of the modern theater made it imperative for Miss Cowl to act Juliet eight and sometimes nine times a week. At the final performance of the original New York run, a laurel wreath was presented to Jane Cowl by the players of New York as a token of affection and a tribute to her services for dramatic art.

Miss Cowl's childhood was lived in Brooklyn, New York, where she attended the public schools and was subsequently entered as a student at Erasmus Hall. The urge of the theater was so great in her that she did not finish the course at Erasmus but left the school to accept a position as an "extra" girl in David Belasco's company at the Republic Theater, New York. She had one line to speak, and at the first rehearsal David Belasco called out from his seat in an orchestra stall:

"Jane Cowl, you can't be heard in the first row! If you can't do better than that we will have to take the part away from you."

Miss Cowl tried again and her director was evidently pleased, for he added three or four lines for her to speak, subsequently placing her in the company of David Warfield in "The Grand Army Man" where she played the part of a woman of fifty, although in her teens. About this time Jane Cowl, sensing the advantages of a broad education, began to attend lectures at Columbia University. But while at the university she continued her stage work.

Leading Woman for Belasco

AS FANNY PERRY in Belasco's production of "Is Matrimony a Failure?" she made her first appearance as a leading woman in New York, subsequently going on tour with that play. The following summer, to broaden her experience, she accepted an engagement as leading woman with a stock company at the Hudson Theater, Union Hill, New Jersey, where she played leading rôles in such plays as "Merely Mary Ann," "Madame X," Kathie in "Old Heidelberg," and so on. She was then engaged to play the leading feminine part of Catherine Darwin in Charles Klein's play, "The Gamblers." Up to this time, although recognized as of extraordinary beauty and some talent, her qualifications as an actress of a higher order had not yet been determined. But her playing of the rôle of Catherine Darwin served to establish her as an emotional actress of the first rank.

Her sensational success as Mary Turner in "Within the Law" in which she acted for two years raised her to the position of a star. She next appeared in "Common Clay."

In collaboration with Jane Murfin she wrote "Lilac Time" and as Jeannine, the heroine in this romance of the World War, she won renewed favor. The play was produced before the United States had declared war but when this country joined with the Allies, "Lilac Time" was credited with having a stimulating effect on the recruiting. Miss Cowl was also co-author of "Daybreak" and "Information Please," in the latter of which she played. She then acted in "The Crowded Hour" which was followed by one of her greatest successes, "Smilin' Through."

Her production of Romeo and Juliet was made under adverse circumstances. But Jane Cowl's Juliet was acclaimed as that of no other actress since the incomparable Adelaide Neilson. She played Juliet 161 consecutive performances in New York, the longest recorded run of a single Shakespearean production in the history of the theater anywhere.

"I saw only one Juliet and that many years ago," said Miss Cowl. "The character always obsessed me. So I wanted to keep my mind clear and not allow my thought to be befogged by seeing others play it. The constant thought of Juliet through the years has made her seem a composite part of me in my own imagination.

"Juliet is the very soul of girlhood. I try to infuse my interpretation with the spirit of adolescence. It is obvious, of course, that I cannot play the part physically like a fourteen-year-old child. This girl, Juliet, was oh, so tremendously, so irrevocably in love. Singleness of purpose, limitlessness of devotion, mark her every thought, word and deed. That is all very human, very feminine, as any girl could tell you if she would. She doesn't often tell, of course, for fear of being ridiculed in this prosaic age, but there are many men that know it."

Miss Cowl feels that she has been in a sort of training for Juliet in all her other rôles.

"There was a great deal of Juliet," she explained, "in the rôle of Jeannine in 'Lilac Time.' Another phase of love was brought out in 'The Crowded Hour' in which my rôle was that of an impetuous, high-spirited and sensitive young woman, a New York chorus girl, who ran away to France to join her lover in war times. As Moonyeen Clare in 'Smilin' Through,' I played my first death scene.

Juliet Will Always Live

"JULIET will always live, because she represents something that all women have at some time or other looked to as an ideal; something that all men at some time in their lives have worshiped. There is a trace of Juliet in all women, even in the most practical, the coolest and most sophisticated. I suppose, too, that all men can remember a time when they were Romeo. As we go through life most of us lose those spiritual qualities that make us great lovers, the innocence and the forgetfulness of self. But it is good to have a flaming idea, and few of us grow so old that we can remain unmoved by the ardor of Romeo and Juliet."

"Would a girl nowadays have the courage to drink that potion and go into a tomb to await her lover?" I asked.

"Oh, girls are much more courageous in some ways than the old-time, repressed Italian girls," answered Miss Cowl. "I'm sure they would do so with even less perturbation than did Juliet. However, life conditions aren't so difficult for women in these days and fathers have so much less authority that it is quite likely Juliet nowadays would merely elope with Romeo."

I asked Miss Cowl to tell me something of her feelings about the rôle of Mélisande and she drew an interesting comparison.

"The Juliet of Shakespeare and the Mélisande of Maeterlinck are both victims of tragic love," she said, "but no two characters could be more unlike except that the poets have infused into both an appealing quality of adolescence. Both Juliet and Mélisande glow with the white flame of passionate love. But one never senses for a moment any realization of a sex complex in Juliet. In Mélisande, however, the thought is ever present. Nevertheless, Mélisande in the imagination seems a more spiritual entity than Juliet. The reason, perhaps, is that the history of Juliet is an open book from the outset. One knows all about her and her family, her relationships and environment.

The Timid Melisande

"MÉLISANDE comes to us out of the mist of uncertainty—lost in the woods, where tangled underbrush and tall trees cast strange shadows. Juliet's story begins in scenes of light and color and garish sunshine. Her singleness of purpose makes her a symbol of unwavering love but her reactions are those of a girl in any age. She sees Romeo and loves him. But for the intrusion of parental authority they might have married and lived happily ever after. There are no mental complexities to interrupt the development of natural human affection. With the first meeting with Romeo the floodgate of passion is opened. Juliet has a momentary fear that Romeo may be married but this is not tragedy; it is the impetuous longing of one in whom the fire of love has been newly kindled.

"Mélisande, on the other hand, when she first encounters Golaud is timid and shrinking. She threatens to throw herself into the well if he but lays a hand on her. Obviously the feminine sensibilities have suffered a shock previous to this moment. And throughout most of the scenes with Pelléas her instinctive passion is retarded by a sense of impending ill. She has married Goland but not until she meets his brother Pelléas is the sex instinct in her deeply stirred. Even then she fears it but she is not strong enough to resist its power. She is exquisitely lovely and lovable. And one loves her in spite of her weakness.

"It is impossible to imagine Juliet in a like situation; our hearts go out to her as a symbol of undying affection and absolute devotion."

Danes Quit Grain for Dairying, Save Nation

Facing Economic Disaster, Farmers Shift and Win Success

By HUSTON THOMPSON

THERE are usually representatives of the co-operative movement on board the boats plying between England and the Danish Isles, for Danish co-operators have their offices and representatives in the British markets and are frequently traveling back and forth. In fact, they are a competitive nightmare to Irish and English interests.

The morning after my arrival I visited the local butter plant and with the director, Mr. Hajbjerg, passed from room to room of his establishment. At the outset he hurled figures at me that might have challenged his veracity had I not been somewhat prepared.

Think of a territory much less in size than the state of Maine that supplies forty per cent of all the export butter in the world's markets. This product is produced from the milk of cows that feed on some two hundred thousand farms, averaging each about forty acres.

My guide informed me that his organization handled for export the output of seventy-three dairies. This consisted of one hundred and eighteen thousand casks of butter of a hundredweight a year. Forty-five per cent of this is sold in the English markets. The remainder goes to Belgium, France, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Austria, and a small amount to the United States. He gave me to understand that they were watching the United States markets keenly, and the moment there was an opening for his product, it would be on the way. During the year ending June 29, Director Hajbjerg stated that Denmark had exported two million five hundred thirty-seven thousand kilograms of butter. Of this, 2,167,000 kilograms was manufactured by the co-operatives.

No Coloring in Butter

ALL the casks of butter were stamped. This stamp is granted by the government to dairies which meet certain tests, that are applied several times a year to each dairy. Failure to comply with the requirements means cancellation of the government certificates which eliminates the butter for export and practically excludes it from the domestic market.

As I saw before me the thousands of casks of golden butter, I suggested coining the color into a catchy phrase, just as the raisin people of California adopted the picturesque description of the "Sun Maid" raisin. The director informed me that the color must have come from the sun, too, since the butter contained not a particle of artificial coloring matter.

From the butter factory, we passed to an adjoining egg co-operative which is used by many of the Danish local societies for the exporting of their eggs. Here were women testing eggs for their purity by electric light, and girls counting, packing and preparing them for shipment, the money for which generally finds its way into the pocketbook of the farmer's wife.

Denmark exported this last year 17,300,000 eggs. About fifty per cent of them were handled through co-operative associations and almost ninety-five per cent went to England.

These performances of the Danes particularly through co-operative methods have no legerdemain about them. They do bear the earmarks of the epic of a simple people whose praises have rightfully been sung.

This short stocky race of peasants have met their armageddon on at least three occasions. Once in a battle against nature when they actually made the soil grow with fertilizers, crop rotation and back-bending effort.

A second armageddon occurred in 1868, when, after a struggle with the combined forces of Prussia and Austria, they were compelled to cede their southern territory known as Schleswig-Holstein. On that occasion they made their national slogan, "What we have lost without we must gain within."

This they did in fact. In about fifty years these peasants have restored two thousand five hundred square miles of waste land which was about what they lost in tillable soil to Prussia and Austria in 1868.

The Jutland Country

ON LEAVING the Jutland coast, I was surprised by the nature of the country before me. Within a very short distance, we encountered splendid forests of spruce which today are harvested by the farmers in co-operative organizations. The peasant has literally conquered the soil once covered with magnificent trees but laid waste by wars and captured by wind-blown sands off the sea coast, through reforestation, fertilization, and irrigation or drainage. Instead of two hundred square miles of forests, which then existed in Jutland, there are now seven hundred square miles.

This battle with the elements that sweep in from the angry and fretful North Sea was won under the leadership of an engineer by the name of Dalgus whose memory is marked by a stone monument out on one of the heaths of Jutland. Upon it are written these words: "The King of the Heath and True Friend: Reco Myleus Dalgus."

The third armageddon was brought upon the Dane by the American farmer. As our country opened up its rich alluvial or mesa lands to the wheat-growing farmer, who exported his grain to Europe, the Danish peasant suddenly discovered that he was hopelessly outclassed in raising grain on his poor soil in competition with America.

Instead of blindly fighting this economic battle and going down to utter defeat, he out-flanked it by quickly turning from grain production to dairy production, and bought our grains for his cattle. Simultaneously with the decrease in the acreage which he had in cereals, he increased the output of the acreage which he still retained for grain, and added to his food supply by planting root crops and potatoes.

In the first four months of 1923, he purchased 233,000 tons of oil cakes from the United States, of which forty-five per cent was bought through the co-operative importing societies. During the same period, he imported 139,000 tons of corn, of which we sold eighty per cent.

As an example of a whole nation shifting its ground and facing right about from economic disaster to world supremacy in butter, I dare say the like has never been surpassed.

Conditions have now reached such a point that a group of six Danes, three from the co-operative organizations and three representing individual traders, meet once a week in Copenhagen, scan the world's butter market and name the price of butter at least for Denmark if not for the world. I do not press the point as to whether it is wise to exercise such a power in this way. In fact, I heard some slightly adverse discussion about it in Copenhagen. Certain it is, however, that if Denmark is interfering with the law of supply and demand in a detrimental way, there are interests in other nations of the world that could bring her to time. The farmers of Denmark have brought this situation about without a single law on co-operation being placed on their statute books.

An interesting side light on the whole farming situation is that the Danish farmer is a free trader all up and down the line, although many of his city brothers desire a tariff.

In Copenhagen, I asked Arne Holm, Secretary of the Agriculture Council of Denmark, an organization which assists the farmer in somewhat the same capacity that Plunkett House acts for the farmers of Ireland, and Holyoake House for the consumers' co-operatives in England by spreading the propaganda of co-operation and giving aid to their societies, to explain the success of the Danish farmer.

He replied, "Because the farmer has through co-operation made his calling one that is not only admired by the intelligent city folk but one in which the farmer himself takes pride."

Through elevating his profession, he has elevated himself, and has practically eliminated farm tenancy, one of the biggest curses of co-operation. With ninety per cent freeholders, the picturesque figure of the land baron has passed.

Gruntvig His Hero

SO GREATLY does the farmer believe in his own calling that instead of having a soldier for a hero, he has chosen the one who has done the most for agrarian life. I found his hero was a theologian, poet, and practical philosopher whose name was Grundtvig. It is his picture that hangs on the walls of the farmhouses, in the agricultural schools and the folk high schools.

Grundtvig believed that deep down in the souls of the peasants of Denmark there were spiritual aspirations that if quickened would lift them up to heights where they would find themselves as a nation. When they reached these heights, it was inevitable that material things would be added unto them. He saw that from time immemorial a Latin or German Kultur has been pressed down on the peasants' brow. They could only arise by throwing off these foreign influences and making their own dreams come true. The dreamer Grundtvig then became practical.

Instead of teaching his people to be practical through the study of practical subjects, he urged that the way to become practical was to arouse the spiritual. In fact his followers today boast that the folk high schools which resulted from his influence do not teach a single thing that will bring direct returns in money. What a jolt such a suggestion would give to the curriculum in many of our American colleges if it were put into effect!

Grundtvig pointed the way by emphasizing the necessity of the Dane learning who he was and whence he came through history and folklore; that his spiritual aspirations could be aroused through song. He would grasp the spirit of freedom through learning to love freedom both in action and thought. He could love his country only through kinship with the soil.

Undoubtedly the practice of his teachings has welded the farmers of Denmark into a unit with but a single thought—the development of their nation along ideals that came from contact with the soil. The seed which Grundtvig sowed has since flowered into the pride of Danish peasantry—the folk high school, the institution that has taught them the value of co-operative action.

A short distance from Roskalde where all the Danish kings have been buried is located one of these folk high schools. The spot selected is the crest of a hill which looks out upon a scene that both from historical interest and natural beauty cannot fail to arouse even the passing visitor. From the grounds one beholds a vast sweep of land penetrated by the Roskalde Fjord, probably the most famous in all Danish history, for it was here that the Vikings held sway, selecting it as a place for rendezvous.

None of these schools was founded by the government, and no assistance was ever given them until they had reached a stage of success. Here every year young men from the farms and villages between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five come for a period of three months to study what some one has termed "the humanities."

After their term of study is completed, they are followed by the young women of a like age who stay for a period of six months.

To my question as to why they selected students between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, he said in his country the boys and girls usually attended school until they were fourteen. Then they worked on the farm until they were eighteen. It was the idea of the founders of these schools that somewhere between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five after adolescence, and after four years of hard toil, there came a period of reawakening with a longing for spiritual knowledge. It was at this critical stage that youth could be molded, and its attentions directed more successfully to higher thinking than at any other time. He asked me to note particularly that these schools in no sense pretended to be a university. They simply responded to the longing in the youth of that age by opening up to him the visions of the goal for which his race had been struggling.

No Illiteracy in Denmark

AT THIS juncture, I interrupted with an inquiry as to how such training accounted for the co-operative spirit.

"You shall see by the results," said our host, the Reverend Vedal. "In the first place, we have no such thing as illiteracy in Denmark. Learning along the lines I have indicated has become a fetish in our national life. The practical effect of the sojourn here is that the students do not return to the cities. In fact they have no desire to do so. Back to the farms they go with one controlling thought—that the rest of the country must be aroused as they have been aroused. They organize in small towns and villages what you in America might term community centers. To these they bring lecturers from the teaching forces of folk high schools, agricultural schools and our university.

"The students leave here with the peasant shyness displaced by a self-reliance, courage and spirit of team play with the other fellow. If you were to ask me what are the three most necessary essentials for successful co-operation, I would name these three.

"Another thing they learn here in their study of our political life is the democratic idea which they apply to the co-operative movement, that there shall be only one vote for one person, and that our representative form of government is adaptable to the co-operative movement."

Riding along the well-kept roads toward the agricultural high school, we passed many herds of Danish cattle with each cow tethered in a line across the field, and all moving together like an army, cropping the grass as they went, and followed by magnificent horses who cropped the grass which the cattle had left. When the cows had crossed the field, the grass was sufficiently long for them to start over again. Who but a Danish peasant would have devised such a method for garnering the last blade of grass and at the same time saving the field, and who but a Dane would have thought of blanketing the cows as they feed, with the care that one would give a Kentucky thoroughbred!

These agricultural high schools, of which there are more than twenty-two scattered over Denmark, are very modest in appearance with equipment that is inexpensive. Here the young men and women come for courses of about nine months. They dwell in very simple dormitories, studying daily the essentials that will equip them to be practical farmers or efficient farmers' wives. Special courses in dairying are taught and the opportunity of learning how to manage them is given. Many of the schools have been originally owned, at least in part, by the principal in charge, but the farmers in the neighborhood take a financial share and therefore an intensive interest in the upkeep. In addition to this they are supported by small fees that the students pay and any endowment that they may have been fortunate enough to obtain.

Farms Average Twenty-five Acres

SO MODEST is the budget of many of these schools that their teachers are compelled because of lack of funds to supplement their salaries by purchasing or leasing neighboring farms on which they work and from which they get sufficient produce to make it possible for them to live.

Next to the living room in the farm homes of the graduates there was the farm office where my host placed on the table his latest cost accounting sheets. These revealed how many hours had been spent by him and his assistants on each product and I was informed that he could if necessary demonstrate just what profit he had made on each square foot of the land. In the county in which Copenhagen is situated there are more than four hundred and fifty farmers who keep such accounts.

Twice a month these accounts are audited by an official known as the county councilor. He occupies a place in the agricultural life of Denmark similar to that occupied by our county agent. When I inquired what practical value he got from carrying on such intensive bookkeeping, the farmer replied that it not only advised him as to when and how to keep out of the debt column, but also that it was of great utility in determining how much he should be taxed. The assessors were accus-

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Mah-jong—Game of the Chinese Dope Fiend

Taboo in Country in Which It Originated, Finds Place Here

By DONALD STRICKLER

PUNG—Chow—Mah-jong!—America has found a new amusement. And what could be more romantic? To begin with, it is "Made in China"; it includes counters which look like chopsticks; there is all the mystery of a magician's cabinet; with it are little blocks of polished ivory or bone and bamboo dovetailed together. The characters on these Chinese dominoes are dragons, circles, bamboos, winds, flowers and seasons.

But the members of our élite society, sitting down to their afternoon Mah-jong clubs, little guess that it is opposed by government and moral influences in China and that it is being played only by street denizens and dope fiends in the gambling resorts and opium dens. The Mah-jong gamester in China has about the same status as a bootlegger in the United States.

Students of American universities enthusiastically receive this novel game into their fraternity homes, but do not know and are not told that in China Mah-jong—more than immorality—has ruined the lives of multitudes of students and caused them to drop their books.

Chinese Christians are expelled from their churches for playing this game.

After the World War it was found necessary to explain to the East why the so-called Christian nations of the West had been grappling at one another's throats. It seems that now we are facing a similar paradoxical situation. A group of Chinese Christians are saying that America and England are setting China a bad example through the introduction of Mah-jong as a social institution. The National Christian Council of China has written an open letter to the Federal Council of Churches in Amercia, concerning the vogue of the game here. The following statement is quoted from this letter:

Against Law in China

"MAH-JONG is almost invariably played for money. The stakes are often very high, and as much as $1,000,000 has on occasion been lost or won in a night. It is played by all classes, but broadly speaking it is not countenanced by Chinese themselves of high moral standing. To our great sorrow, the practice of playing Mah-jong for money is increasing not only in China generally but in the Christian church. This increase in not a few cases can be traced to the fact that the game is being now so largely played in the so-called Christian countries, which is supposed to give a certain sanction to its use by Christians here.

"We do feel that in view of the terrible curse to this land which comes through gambling, and in particular through this form of it," whether enlightened Americans ought not to consider the effect of the Mah-jong craze.

"It seems anomalous to say the least," comments Daniel S. Dye, a missionary who is in America on furlough, "that America should take up the game that is taboo in China."

This taboo comes not only from the church; the government, as well, recognizes the menace of Mah-jong. *It is against Chinese law in many portions of China to play this game in public.* A student who has recently returned from the Orient even *found it impossible to buy a set of Mah-jong in Peking.* He was told upon inquiry that it was not on sale.

The actual condition has been brought to students in American universities by a Chinese girl who is about to receive an advanced academic degree. She tells us what Mah-jong has done to her own neighbors; that many of them have even lost their houses as stakes in their gambling.

"I know what this gambling game has meant in China," she says. "I know what it has done to my own neighbors and I hate to see it coming into America.

"I'll tell you about one of my neighbors in Nanking, China. He had always been a very industrious man, a shoemaker by trade. One night he was tempted into a game of Mah-jong. Before the year was over he had lost his shoe shop, so, to pay back his losses, he began to rob. Soon after this he was caught and put in jail."

"Do you think this man is an exception?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied, "he is only one of thousands. Just now I am thinking of two more of my own neighbors, one a lumberman and the other the owner of a tea shop. Both lost large fortunes playing Mah-jong.

"The greatest gambling time comes during the two weeks of vacation, beginning with the Chinese Twelfth-month, or Chinese New Year's Day, which corresponds to the fourth day of February this year. Just before I left Nanking on last New Year's, the father of my roommate lost two thousand dollars in one evening. The next night he tried to win his money back and instead lost five hundred more."

Addicts Not Trusted

"WHAT do you think there is about Mah-jong that makes it so fascinating?" I asked her.

"It is the possibility of winning back all the money in the next hand. The Chinese keep on playing all night long in many cases, hoping that each hand will be their lucky one. When they see their fortune slipping away from them, they get so mad! You may not believe me, but one man grew so angry over his great losses, that he cut off his right hand so that he could never play again. And before many moons he was playing with his left."

Rev. George Stenz, S. V. D., now on a furlough in this country after thirty years' experience in China, corroborates this statement. He also tells of many Chinese who have lost their entire possessions by playing the game. Having lost their fortunes, they become bandits and robbers. According to Reverend Stenz:

"If you get the Mah-jong fever in China, you no longer can be trusted.

"It is a great surprise to me to note how rapidly the game of Mah-jong has gained such popularity in the United States. Mah-jong is the game blamed for the present corruption in China. I know men and women in China who have lost their entire possessions playing this game. There are few games so contagious, and I am sorry to see it getting such a hold on America.

"In China is a saying that the victim of the Mah-jong habit can no longer be trusted. It is a sure thing that he will soon 'come under the wheels.'

"This pastime that the Chinese have sent to Americans is not a felicitous offering. I know how many young Americans are fleeced over there by their Chinese friends in this game. I also recall from history how the Chinese have been long accustomed to overcome their opponents by making them presents, when they could not beat them in the play in any other way.

"In order to ruin others they have had recourse to two other methods—women and gambling. The Prince of Lu, who, owing to the tireless labors of Confucius, had made his kingdom a model state, was induced to give up the performance of his duties and the business of government by being presented with pretty girls with whom he played cards, and of the Emperor Kwang Hsu it is said that his aunt, Empress Tzu Hsi, who perceived that the young Emperor was engaged in working for reform, led him by means of Mah-jong to a life of idleness."

Whether played for stakes or not, Mah-jong is essentially a gambling game. The game originated with this purpose in view. In the first place, it is to be played singly. There is no teamwork. Responsibility for losing or winning devolves upon each individual player. Every possible device has been worked out to intensify the element of chance. From the small dice to the building of four walls, every possibility of controlling the draw is eliminated.

The most insidious gambling element, however, is to be found in the system of counting. The whole game is built around this ingenious system. The original count may be very small, but the principle of doubling or pyramiding the score may easily run the number of points which can be won into four or five figures. There are many different stipulations for doubling the score. Some of these doubles may be partially controlled by skill, but the element of chance is always predominant. The person who happens to be "East Wind" has his total score doubled. The mere drawing of one's own Flower or Season doubles the score. The same is true if three or four of one's own Wind are drawn. The main fact lies in the possibility of winning back, or losing, in one or two hands, the results of a whole evening's play. If stakes are not used, the game hinges around piling up big scores and winning. The nickname "Just One More" holds good in either case. One more round, so that the evening's laurels may go to you instead of the other fellow. One more chance to be "East Wind," which means winning (or losing) a large number of points.

Mah-jong is one of the oldest Chinese gambling games. It was first played with cards, and it is only within the last fifty years that the little domino-shaped blocks began to be used. Tourists became interested in the game and it soon became a popular source of entertainment on shipboard; thus the game was introduced into this country. The sets are now manufactured here. The blocks are made from paper, wood, and vulcanized rubber. But the most fascinating are those made from Chinese bamboo and bone dovetailed together. The importation from China has been enormous. The bone supply of China was exhausted and a shipload of knuckle bone from the Chicago Stock Yards was sent to that country to fill the shipments on order.

Simplified for America

MAH-JONG is sweeping America as if by storm. As played in China, the game is scientific and complicated, but the American rules have simplified it to the extent that everyone can play it; even children as young as five and seven years are known to have learned the game, after a fashion, in one evening. They are attracted by the pretty blocks and cry for them as they would for toys. It has gained a ready entrance into many clubs in our cities. Men who sit down at the lunch hour to play for a short time find themselves spending the afternoon. They have given it the name of "Just One More," because it is so easy to win back their whole evening's losses during one hand.

There is certainly no denying the fact that Mah-jong has become tremendously popular in this country. During the Christmas season thousands of sets were sold in one department store alone. Last year it is said that the sales of Mah-jong sets and accessories amounted to millions of dollars. The game is being widely advertised throughout the country. Mah-jong classes are announced from the windows of the shopping districts of our cities. Many daily newspapers are conducting instruction columns in Mah-jong.

Is it only a passing fad, or is it destined to menace the West as it has the East? Various opinions have been expressed. The situation is, at least, important enough to call for a knowledge of those facts about Mah-jong that are above set forth.

The Story of Sulphur, Essence of Combustion

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she has given in a prodigality of wild fowl and animal life that stirs the sporting instinct.

While there is, as has been said, a marked affinity as between oil and sulphur exploration, the two operations are never conducted jointly beyond the drilling stage. It is a matter of geography with relation to mobility and finance. In oil, the wandering wildcatter brings in a well and the pipe line comes hastening to carry the oil away, in some cases hundreds of miles. In sulphur, an expensive steam plant must be erected immediately above the deposit. Because the action of air upon hot liquid sulphur is, inexorably, to cool it, and, cooling it, to restore it to the original crystal state, 1,200 to 1,500 feet is the farthest distance it can be pumped without expensive "booster" stations along the route of the pipe line; and the operation must be continuous—twenty-four hours each day until the well is pumped dry. A large financial investment is therefore necessary. It is a game for the chosen few, accounting for the total absence of blue-sky speculation with its pathetic wake of ruined widows and departed Liberty bonds. But, for the chosen few, it is a profitable game. Last year one of the American companies paid a fifty per cent cash dividend on its capitalization, and its stock is quoted on the New York Stock Exchange at six for one.

Salt water lurks in the limestone formation. Salt water is the oil man's nemesis, but Frasch robbed it of its terrors in the sulphur game. Bleed wells carry it away. As the sulphur is boiled out of its limestone veins and pockets, the fissures thus created are flooded with salt water seeking an egress. A bleed well located among a group of pumping wells (it is generally a worked-out sulphur well) provides the egress, and the salt water, subdued and harmless, is pumped out on the ground.

Will the Treaty of London prove advantageous to the trade? Dominating the world markets, will the Americans be tempted finally to emulate the policy which brought Sicily to ruin?

Let H. R. Wemple, of New York, answer. Mr. Wemple is sales manager of the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, and a golf fan. I overtook him as he was on his way to the links, and discreetly talked golf shots with him, and yes, between times, sulphur.

"The price on raw sulphur today is below the pre-war price," he said. "It is fourteen dollars to sixteen dollars a ton at the mine, and eighteen dollars delivered at the Atlantic seaboard. The lowest delivered price ever known, in 1897, was seventeen dollars thirty-seven cents; the highest, 1906-18, was twenty-two dollars. If the price of twenty dollars throughout the period of the war was nominal, that was not our doing—all commodities, sulphur included, were caught up in the violent wave that completely overturned equilibrium in trade, in view of the enormous demand for everything.

"If raw sulphur prices were unduly increased, the trade would again turn to pyrites and we would follow Sicily to ruin. There are deposits of pyrites scattered generously throughout the world. Pyrites, zinc ores and waste gases account for fully fifty per cent of our sulphuric acid production at the present time. While the sulphur content in pyrites is only fifty per cent, the residue has a value as iron ore and may contain enough copper to pay for the recovery of that metal.

"Spain is now dumping iron pyrites at our Atlantic seaboard at $11 to $12 a ton, and it hurts. As late as 1921 Spain's exports of pyrites were one and three-quarters million tons. At the present time the Spanish exports to this country don't exceed 200,000 tons—but the competition is ever there.

"The price on raw American sulphur is fixed in the export markets according to the cost of production. It is not set by the lowest-cost producer, but the highest-cost producer. In the domestic market it is strictly competitive and governed by the law of supply and demand. While we permitted the Sicilians to live by admitting them into the export agreement, we are watchful, over here at home, that we ourselves live."

The general manager's secretary drove me from the plant to the railroad station twenty-eight miles away. His big automobile plunged so swiftly over the smooth shell road that the cottages of the company town were quickly lost to view. Soon all that was left to see of the operation were the bins, three of them, side by side, one million tons of sulphur above ground, worth fifteen dollars a ton. It was wealth, frank and crude, heaped on the Texas prairie.

Wealth, frank and crude . . . . but behind it a story that had its beginnings in the Orient before the western world knew the consciousness of nationality. The Orientals scraped along the sides of volcanic mountains with crude implements for their sulphur. The Americans shoot hot water a thousand feet into the earth for theirs.

'Turkey for Turks' Brings Wholesome Changes

Country Rid of Aliens and Natives, Without Money, Effect New Deal

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

HERE are some facts to set down about Turkey. The first is astonishing. To anyone who has been around Europe much since the war, it is incomprehensible. Nevertheless it is a fact that Turkey has not received and does not want a loan from the United States or anyone else. That one fact puts her in a class alone. Turkey, having sided with Germany in the Great War, was so completely down and out when the peace came around that the Great Powers, who had been hovering about like vultures, simply proceeded to divide up the dead body without even bothering to ask the Turk what he thought of the proceedings. Yet, and this is the second big fact, Turkey has now recovered the borders she had before the war and is today freer from foreign influence in her affairs than she was then. The third fact is that in the general shaking up she has brought to the surface in Kemal the ablest man next to Mussolini that post-war conditions have produced. The fourth fact is that under Kemal the country is trying one of the most tremendous experiments of modern times. It has completely changed its government, it has had a house cleaning on a grand scale, it has physically thrown out all of the foreign elements of its population, and has not only said that Turkey is henceforth to be for the Turks, but has put the policy into force. The final fact is that while other countries are whimpering for help, Turkey, with fewer resources than any of them, is committed to doing with what she has.

We Are Misinformed

HERE in America we know very little about the Turks and what little we know is highly unfavorable. We have a low regard for their honesty. Nearly everyone has been cheated by some gentleman in a red fez presiding over a Turkish bazaar at a seaside resort or a country fair. Tourists will tell you how they have been cheated in the big bazaars of Constantinople. I well remember a long bargaining match I had twenty years ago over some hand-wrought brass bowls in a big bazaar. The merchant wanted ten dollars apiece for them. I countered with a dollar, and then by easy stages I went up to two dollars and he came down to three. There we stuck and I left. I had not gone twenty yards before he caught up with me, bearing the bowls.

"Take them, take them," he cried, despairingly, "My wife is sick, my children are starving. I must have money. I am giving them away, but take them."

I took them. When I got home some months afterward I found that my unique, handmade bowls had been stamped out of some composition scrap metal in Germany and were a commodity in our five and ten cent stores. But the man who sold me those bowls was not a Turk, although he wore a fez. The men who run the side shows in bazaars in this country and who pass for Turks are not Turks. It used to be the rule that every subject of Turkey had to wear a standardized red fez. But comparatively few Turks were ever in business and none of the few who were in business came in contact with tourists, much less did any of them venture abroad to engage in commerce.

In Constantinople and in Smyrna practically all of the business was in the hands of Jews, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, or that mixture of all races which is known as Levantine. Even the officials of old Turkey were not often Turks. From time immemorial the true Turk has had only two occupations. The one was fighting, the other was farming. Never having had a head for business or finance and never having cared to learn much about them, the Turks left such things to the Jews, Greeks, and Armenians. Another thing we had against the Turks was their heathenish addiction to Mohammedanism in spite of the missionaries we sent among them. Most people do not know how nearly impossible it is for a Christian to turn the Mohammedan mind. Mohammedanism not only embraces a large part of the essential doctrines of Christianity but also it accepts Christ—as a prophet. They merely say that Mohammed was a prophet who came after Christ.

Turk a Fatalist

THE Turk is cruel. There is no doubt about that. He has not the slightest conception of our kind of civilization and he is a fatalist. His background and his history are war. He is a magnificent fighter. A few centuries ago he took Constantinople and swept over half of Europe and he held Rumania, Serbia, Macedonia, and Bulgaria until fifty years or more ago. All these states have been remade out of what was once Turkey in Europe. Ever since the Turk got into Europe he has been up against European diplomacy and he is quite generally blamed for doing unto others what others do unto him.

The United States is the only great power which is in Turkey with clean hands. We have always taken in more than we have brought away. In Robert College on the Bosphorus and in Constantinople College we have established the largest two educational institutions in the Near East. They are supported with American money and manned by American teachers. Our educational investments in Turkey are probably in excess of ten million dollars. In addition to that, through the Near East Relief, we have sent many millions of dollars into Smyrna, Armenia, and other parts. The Turks do not as a rule partake either of our education or of our charity. The Turks always look after their own poor. And, although they think we spend our money foolishly, they do respect our disinterestedness.

It always has been hard to get into Turkey. Even before the war, when the passport craze had not struck Europe, one had to have a passport to get into Turkey and a special passport to travel within the country. Now it is many times more difficult both to get in and get out because, until late in the autumn, Turkey was still technically at war with all the Allied powers and maintained few consulates in Europe. I applied at the Turkish Embassy in Rome for a visé to Constantinople and learned that none could be issued without a special permission from the seat of the Turkish Government at Angora. This would take five days and, as far as I could learn from the embassy, this was one rule which had to be obeyed to the letter. Perhaps it was, but, knowing that red tape can usually be unwound, I managed to have the embassy issue instructions to the Spanish Consul to give me a visé for Constantinople—the Spaniards being in charge of Turkish consular affairs. But that visé is only part of the story, for at that time Constantinople was occupied by French, British and Italian troops.

We left Sofia on the Orient Express—one of the famous trains of Europe. Now, however, the word "express" is used in Eastern Europe to distinguish a train which will certainly some time arrive at its advertised destination, from the ordinary train which may never arrive. Only a single line of track connects Constantinople with Europe and over that track had gone most of the German troops and munitions during the war. On the best stretches we could make twenty miles an hour; over the worst stretches we simply crawled. The line had no facilities for repairing engines or rolling stock. Our engine sounded as though it had lost one lung and acted as though it had lost both. The right-of-way was strewn with broken-down freight cars, mostly with German markings on them. On the sidings stood gaunt, disabled engines. And then, as we neared the Bulgarian border, the military began to appear. First the Bulgarians had to examine our permits to leave Bulgaria. Then the Greeks had to have a look at our papers—for the railway crosses a little strip of Greek territory—and then the French had to see that everything was all right from the standpoint of the Armies of Occupation. All the way down the line from the Bulgarian border to Constantinople were Greek and French troops with all the usual paraphernalia of field guns, horses, motors, and motor trucks.

Allies' Record Sorry One

MOST of the soldiers were very young men and the wonder was what these boys were going to do when they got out of the service, for there is nothing so demoralizing as the dead idleness of an army of occupation. The wonder was further increased when we reached Stamboul and found the streets simply filled with Allied soldiers and sailors—and mind you, this was five years after the war was supposed to be over. And out in the Sea of Marmora stretched line after line of Allied warships and destroyers. All these troops were out there, not to hold the Turks in check—although that was the ostensible reason—but to watch lest one Power gain an advantage over another. Which brings one to the unsavory mess of the Powers and Turkey after the war. The record is a sorry one; the only fortunate fact is that the United States did not participate in any way. We have had a flotilla of destroyers and about a thousand sailors out there under Admiral Bristol; but under the Admiral's able guidance we have managed to keep out of all intrigue and attend strictly to our own affairs.

The Allied Occupation of Constantinople is now over. It provided one of the best of all examples of just how sordid European politics can be.

After the Mudros Armistice of October 30, 1918, which ended the war in these parts, Constantinople was occupied by Allied troops, the French took Cilicia and Syria, the Italians went into Adalia, and the Greeks occupied Smyrna. The Allies were so busy at Paris with the Treaty of Versailles that they did not get around to the Turkish treaty until late in 1920. Then they quickly at Sèvres cut up Turkey, dividing practically all of the country into five spheres of influence, in which Great Britain, France, Italy and Greece were to do the influencing. The division was not very satisfactory. No one of the countries got what it wanted most and there was also the problem of Armenia, which had previously been rolled up in a parcel and offered to the United States. We had refused to exercise the mandate and this was embarrassing to the Powers because it left on their hands the worst lemon in the assortment.

The foreign statesmen had assumed, not without reason, that Turkey was dead and had not paid much attention except to see who got what. The Turks were far from being dead. Mustapha Kemal Pasha had formed a government at Angora and rallied round him all the soldiers he could find. They were ragged—but they had their backs against the wall. The Greeks started in to thrash this government and incidentally to acquire some territory. For a time they had success and the success went to their heads. They pushed on to Angora and also sent an army through Thrace to take Constantinople. The Allies stopped the Constantinople push and the Turks began to wake up and rapidly to beat the Greeks back until they had them in utter rout. The secret part of it all is that Greece was being furnished with munitions by Great Britain, while France was helping out the Turks. Lloyd George thought a Greek dominance over Turkey would mean an English dominance over the oil fields. The French thought Turkey was a better bet. Thus, while France and England were ostensibly working together, each was secretly trying to whipsaw the other and Italy was on the outside looking to see what she could get.

Knew What They Wanted

THE Turks came right on to the Dardanelles and were lined up against the British troops there when an agreement was reached between the Turks and the English. The French could not hold the advantages they thought they had gained, while Kemal quickly saw that he was in a position to do what he pleased. The Turks met with the Powers at Lausanne to revise the former treaty. The Turks knew what they wanted and would not budge an inch. The first conference broke up in a deadlock. In the second conference the Turks were just as determined as before but they gave way on a few minor points and came out with a treaty that recovered to them everything that had been lost in the war except the control of the Dardanelles. One of the comical features of the conference was the French debt. Turkey before the war owed a large sum of money to French bondholders. At the conference they proposed to pay this off in French francs—which meant that they would pay about one-quarter of the gold value. The French were shocked and insisted on gold. The comical feature is that all of the nations at this conference who were trying to explain to the Turkish representatives the enormity of paying less than par, owed money to the United States which they had repudiated in all but words!

The Turks have a thoroughgoing program. They have been bothered so long by other nationalities in their midst that they have set a time limit on foreigners doing business in Turkey. All the Greeks and Armenians have to get out, while all the Turks in Greece, and Macedonia, and Bulgaria have to come back. Some two million people are being exchanged. No man who is not a Turk can hold office. All signs have to be in Turkish. It is proposed that all Turkish business be attended to by Turks—even though very few Turks have ever been in business. For the old rule of the Sultans has been substituted a kind of republic, with its headquarters at Angora. Absolutely a new deal is on.

Danes Quit Grain for Dairying, Save Nation

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tomed to make their estimates on the showing from these farmers' accounts.

The small farms of Denmark number 109,000 with a total of one million three hundred thousand acres. Thus they contain less than 24 1/2 acres each. The second class with 91,000 farms covers six million two hundred thousand acres with an average size of less than 147 acres. Only 5,000 farms with a total acreage of 1,800,000 acres are above 147 acres in size.

I found that many of the farmers were members of many different co-operatives. One society handled their eggs, another bacon and still another their dairy products. On the other hand, they belonged to any number of buying co-operatives. It occurred to me that the farmer would spend too much of his time attending co-operative meetings. Also the thought suggested itself that the various selling co-operatives could with a saving be brought together under one head and a like scheme could be fashioned for handling the purchases of necessaries for the farms.

But the experience of the Danish co-operatives was against me. First of all they delegate a great deal of work to their representatives. They agreed that theoretically by such consolidation one could save time, but in the practical working out of such a plan, it was a failure. Their general idea was a separate co-operative for each product. The moment that the managers had their attention distracted by attempting to get into the market with different products, calling for different knowledge and different conditions, the farmer had found that the mental spread was too great for their representatives.

I would not convey the idea that the Danish peasant is no longer confronted with difficulties. The drop in prices in 1921, particularly on farm products, according to an investigation made by the Danish authority, Mr. Harald Faber, caused the net profit of the farmer of Denmark to shrink from 8.6 per cent to 1.2 per cent. If it had not been for the co-operative assistance he would undoubtedly have been financially prostrated.

One of the most unique results of the co-operative spirit of these farms is that they have become almost directly independent of the hazardous speculative methods of city banking. Denmark has had perhaps the largest bank failure in proportion to the size of its population in modern times due, so I was told, to speculation on the part of some of those in control. The Landmans Bank failed with a loss of eighty to one hundred million dollars. Comparing the population of Denmark with 3 283,000 persons, to that of the United States with 110,000,000 persons, the loss would be equivalent to the whole banking system of New York and Chicago going into bankruptcy.

Despite this situation and the fall in the price of farm products, according to the latest figures obtainable, the Danish farmer still is able to show a profit. What more can be said for the practical effect of a movement that was produced by farmers because of economic pressure through a spiritual appeal to an enlightened peasantry?

British Propose Naval Base at Singapore

Huge Expenditure Looked Upon by Admiralty as Necessity in the Pacific

By W. P. CROZIER

WHEN the Washington treaties were signed most people in England heaved a deep sigh of relief. They rejoiced that for a certain period at least, a limit had been set to competition in giant ships, and they believed that the cloudbanks which had been gathering heavily in the Pacific had passed away.

It was a particular satisfaction to them that they had escaped with honor, as they thought, from the alliance with Japan. The alliance was a great embarrassment to England. Its continued existence would have been a serious danger to the cordial relations with the United States which are now accepted by almost all Englishmen as the indispensable basis of our world-politics. In a state of growing friction between Japan and the United States the position of Japan's ally, however carefully guarded by reservations in the actual treaty, would inevitably have given ground for suspicion and hostility. British diplomacy desired, therefore, to end the alliance with Japan, but at the same time not to be left face to face with Japan in the Pacific, where for long enough we have had no great naval force. A pact for ten years, and upheld by the three great Pacific Powers, was the way out. It seemed to bring with it the certainty of peace and economy in armaments.

Alas! a cold douche has descended upon us in England. The Government* announces, through the Admiralty, that within the next ten years it is intended to spend ten million pounds (which will probably reach a much larger figure) on a new naval base at Singapore. Why this new naval base? Why after ten years? And why at Singapore?

The Admiralty Explanation

THE Admiralty has given its explanation, and it must be remembered that the Admiralty regards every problem from the purely naval point of view. Policy is supposed to be settled by the Government, whose duty it is to ask the Admiralty what naval measures are required to carry out such and such a policy. If the Admiralty were asked to justify the creation of a great naval base at Singapore, it would answer something like this:—

> "The close of the Great War changed the naval situation at one stroke. The German fleet has disappeared and with it the necessity for the concentration of the British fleet in the North Sea. Our fleet will now revert to an earlier strategy; its post of observation and central base will be the Mediterranean—precisely that Middle Sea whose name indicates the critical importance of its strategic position in the world. But that it may move freely in any direction from the Mediterranean, it must have good bases and fuel stations. Especially must it be so equipped in the Far East and the Pacific. Until recently we have been satisfied with Hong Kong. But under the Washington agreements we cannot make Hong Kong into a great fortified base.
>
> "There remain three other possible places—Sydney, Colombo and Singapore. But Sydney and Colombo are on the fringe of the vast Pacific area. Sydney should clearly be the base for Australian and New Zealand waters, Colombo for the Indian Ocean. But if we seek a center looking both westward to India and South Africa, eastward to Japan and the Pacific coast of North America, and south to the Antipodes, then Singapore it must be. At Singapore, therefore, we must have docks and all the other appurtenances needed for a fleet of superdreadnoughts. Further, we must have this base ready in ten years, because so far as our information goes, in ten years' time the Pacific Pact may end and we shall then be dependent on the good will of Japan for the security of our interests in the Far East."

Such is the Admiralty argument. But before considering the numerous objections to the scheme, it is worth while to point out that the creation of a base at Singapore is the very core and kernel of a report which was presented at the end of 1919 by Lord Jellicoe, formerly First Sea Lord and Commander of the fleet at Jutland, to the Australian Government. This was, of course, before the Washington Conference and it is impossible to say how far, if at all, the Admiralty have since modified the original scheme. But that it involved something more imposing than the mere building of a dock or two at Singapore may be seen from a few extracts. The middle area of the Far East is subject to the Washington agreements, but just outside the circumference of the now sacred area lies Singapore, and what Lord Jellicoe proposed to do with it in 1919 was this:

> "It is not possible to consider the naval requirements of Australia without taking account also of the *naval requirements of the Pacific and Indian oceans as a whole.* The question is one of co-operation between the naval forces of the Empire stationed in Far Eastern waters. Sea communications in Indian and Chinese waters, as well as in the remainder of the Pacific, are matters of concern to the people of Australia and New Zealand; and, conversely, the safety of sea communications in the South Pacific and in China are of interest to the people of India. Similarly the safety of the bases at *Colombo and Singapore is vital* to Australia and New Zealand; and the safety of Sydney and other naval bases in the South Pacific, and of Singapore and Colombo, is of greatest importance to India. Even the prosperity of South Africa is associated, though in a lesser degree, with this question, while Canada is greatly concerned in the matter.
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> "It will be seen, therefore, that the Far Eastern naval problem is one which concerns the Empire as a whole.
>
> "Only one conclusion can be drawn, namely: That the Far Eastern Fleet should be provided by those constituent parts of the Empire, including Great Britain, for which it is of vital necessity, and that there should be the closest co-operation, with unity of direction in war, between the various squadrons composing that fleet.
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> "I am of opinion that the general direction of the operations of the Far Eastern Fleet should be delegated by the Admiralty to a flag officer of a high rank residing on shore at Singapore, and assisted by a strong staff. The commander-in-chief afloat and the flag officers commanding the units of the Far Eastern Fleet should all come under his command in war, although, except when placed under his command for the purposes of fleet exercises, the Dominion navies would not come under him in peace. The admiral in chief command at Singapore should visit such places in the Pacific and Indian oceans as are of importance for naval purposes in war, that he may have a very intimate knowledge of the general situation. It would also be most desirable that he should visit the dominions so that he may become familiar with the problems which confront them. He should be assisted in his duties by information furnished to him by the naval board of Australia, and the naval authorities of other dominions, should they follow Australia's example in regard to fleet units; and he should, of course, be in constant touch with the Admiralty and the officers commanding the British squadrons in China and the East Indies."

May Never Be Wanted

LORD Fisher, writing after the close of the war but before the Washington Conference, remarked that the Pacific had now become the center of British naval strategy. Jellicoe thought the same. Sydney, in his view, was to be the base for the South Seas, Colombo for the west of the area, Hong Kong for the east. These were to be subsidiary. At the center, furnishing the nexus and the control of them all, was to be Singapore. How far has Washington changed that conception in the mind of the British Admiralty? We do not know, but since they propose to proceed with a ten-million-pound scheme, their assumption presumably is that at the end of ten years we may revert to the same position as if Washington had never been. They are preparing for a world in which the Washington agreements may not have been renewed and in which the rivalries and competitive armaments in the Pacific may again have free rein. Many of us do not like this prospect at all and on many various grounds we are prepared to oppose a scheme which we think extravagant and misguided.

It is extravagant beyond words. We are spending at least ten millions on a base which may never be wanted, and ought never to be wanted, while it is the sober truth that we are quite unable to protect our country from attack by air. Public opinion is waking up rapidly to this fact. Our strength in airplanes compared with that of France is about one to five and nothing is more certain than that if a war should unfortunately come, we should be quite unable to repel the attacks which would immediately be made on London and our chief railway and industrial centers. Of course no one actually dreams of war, but the stubborn fact is there: we are lamentably weak. Mr. Amery, our First Lord of the Admiralty, declares magniloquently that it is inconsistent with our dignity to be dependent on the kindliness and good will of Japan in the Far East. But we are already, as far as our security in the air is concerned, dependent on the tolerance of France here at home, and it is, as Lord Haldane has just said, sheer "insanity" to be lavishing millions on a distant naval base (which may never be wanted) while the "heart of the Empire" is laid open to attack.

Why Not Renew Treaty?

THE reason is, of course, that owing to our naval traditions the voice of the Admiralty is still decisive when the allocation of public moneys is under discussion, whereas the Air Ministry is still a younger son and is treated with scant ceremony by his elder brethren. Undoubtedly that has to be changed, for who knows what the value of the battleship will be even in ten years' time? At present the Admiralties, including our own, are probably right in saying that the Capital ship would still play a decisive part in another war, but the airplane is only in its infancy and it is common sense that one should wait until the last possible moment before embarking on such vast expenditure. A fine figure we shall cut if we build great docks for dreadnoughts at Singapore only to find that dreadnoughts are no longer the fashion and that airplanes, submarines and mines have made it impossible for them to keep the seas. That may, indeed, not be found to be the case in ten years' time, but do the resources of the British Empire really need ten years to build a dock or two and would it not be both wise and economical to wait and see where we are in three or four or five years' time? Meanwhile we might spend a fraction of the money in making ourselves a little less helpless in the face of attack from the air.

Besides, what is our Government about that it should let the Admiralty frame an enormous program on the assumption that at the end of ten years there will be no renewal of the pact in the Pacific and that Japan and the United States and England will all be proceeding merrily on the consecrated method of producing war by getting ready for it? That is not, we imagine, the view which the United States takes of the position in the Pacific after ten years' time. Just as the likelihood of war has been banished by the American initiative for a decade, so it should be banished for another decade after that by the three powers taking action long before 1932 and announcing their intention to renew their self-denying ordinance. Armaments lead to armaments. The Admiralty says, no doubt sincerely, that it is not building "against" anyone, but that British fleets cannot move freely in the East without such a base. But at all events a battle-fleet based on a fortified central position at Singapore contemplates a state of war. That is enough. It creates, or may create, in other countries, the state of mind, the anxiety and nervousness, which leads to counter-measures.

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*This was written before the Labor government took office. The intention and desire of the Macdonald government to do away with the Singapore naval project and substitute for it the moving to Singapore of a huge dock turned over by Germany, already have caused a storm of disapproval in the English newspaper press, and the cry has gone up, "Hands off the Navy." Without the support of the press, it is unlikely that the Labor government will be able to change the naval policy told of in Mr. Crozier's article.

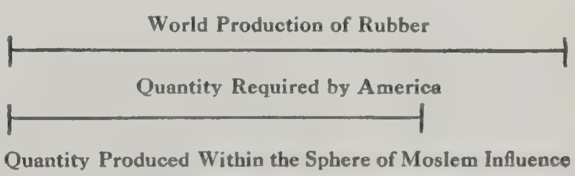
What They Tell on the Road From Mecca

Concluded from page 4

involved. It is a duty no less incumbent upon powers not so directly involved, and right in the forefront of these stands America.

It is not with the interest of America as a Christian community that the new political activities of the Mohammedan may be expected to interfere. He is mightily content at the present stage of things to see the Christian spreading abroad ideals of brotherhood and justice and liberty. There lies right in the path of his activities, however, an American commercial and industrial interest of the very first importance. There has grown up in the United States a giant which draws from abroad an essential element of existence. He is a vigorous young giant, and it has been urged of late regarding him that he is absolutely sound and fit in wind and limb, and looking to a really lusty manhood and long life. He is the automobile industry, and he walks rubber-shod. The Mohammedan has been interested in this giant, and has been examining his feet, observing with satisfaction that the giant cannot exist unshod. It has been recognized that this young giant might be made to strike a fine blow for Mohammedanism some day, *if his interest could be enlisted by a threat to his life.*

Alarming? Not at all, to the extent of causing excited and hasty conclusions; but cold fact, to which regard must be paid. This powerful young American requires no less than seventy-five per cent of the amount of rubber now produced in the world, and looks like requiring more. He is regarded as having manifested a surprising—in some foreign quarters what is described as a suicidal—lack of effective interest in the sources from which his supplies of rubber are drawn. To him, perhaps more than to any commercial creation in the world today, the new era in Mohammedanism is a manifestation which should be examined now, and from now on. There is no reason why he should lose his head in premature concern for his feet. It is by no means any fault of his that he grew up in a land which did not happen to acquire rubber-producing areas a long time ago, although it now rules in areas which, if used properly, could render him safe for the future. He has but to face the facts now, and one of these is that, from a variety of circumstances, the position with regard to the source of the supplies of rubber which he needs for his very life is as indicated on the accompanying chart. He will be interested, possibly, to learn that it is not quite an original chart, and, though accurate in the main, not just hair-splitting in meticulous correctness, being a Moslem production, in the first instance.



If it be admitted that this new Moslem movement is one to which America also should pay careful attention, the purpose of the writer will have been achieved. He is quite confident in the ability of the young auto giant of America to take care of himself when the necessity is brought home to him.

Laborites Plunge Into Secrets of British Archives

Long Denied Truths of Secret Diplomacy, Win Them Now Through Power

By a British Journalist

THE enthusiastic young men of Britain's new Labor administration have developed amazing industry in historical research, and in their activities there lies the promise of a very lively and interesting—if brief—Parliamentary session. That there will be piquant revelations is certain, although the probability is that the more highly prized "finds" brought to light in the course of the present manifestation of special interest in British history will be carefully conserved for use as ammunition in the next war at the polls.

There are many trained journalists in the ranks of the Labor representation in the House of Commons, and they are now "as hinds let loose" in promising fields. Not with the glories of ancient British days are they concerned. They know what they seek. Tell them that the Scots held off the Roman legions for 330 years and defied the English for another thousand; that the finest culture Ireland ever knew was destroyed by Danish sea rovers; that the willful destruction of a growing tree was punishable by death in Scotland at one time: those industrious young men will not dispute the statements. They will merely disregard them as of no importance. Interesting, the facts may be; but one can't club a political opponent with them in these days. The historical-research specialists of Britain's Labor government are digging only among the top layers of that history which accumulates in government archives, and they claim that they are digging solely in the interests of truth and the Labor party. Some have it that the terms are synonymous. Be that as it may, the search is for facts that will hurt when they hit.

Labor is preparing for its political opponents and their friends such a bombardment as has not been known in British politics, as the next general election will reveal. Public interest in the possibilities of the situation is keen and, where nonpartisan, sympathetic; for the feeling that the older parties never would "give each other away" too seriously has grown and gained in Britain.

To have been witness, time and again, of the wrath and chagrin of the Labor members in the House of Commons, when some suave under-secretary gravely denied them information on the ground that to give it "would not be in the public interest," is to appreciate the delight of the Labor party in now unearthing that old "Public Interest" fox which flaunted a derisive brush so often in their faces and "went to earth" in ground to them forbidden. From information at hand, it may be regarded as assured that the digging-out process is yielding material which, judiciously employed, will serve a useful public function, in the provinces of domestic and international politics, and dispose of some of "the ponderous omniscients" who have failed to justify the faith of the people.

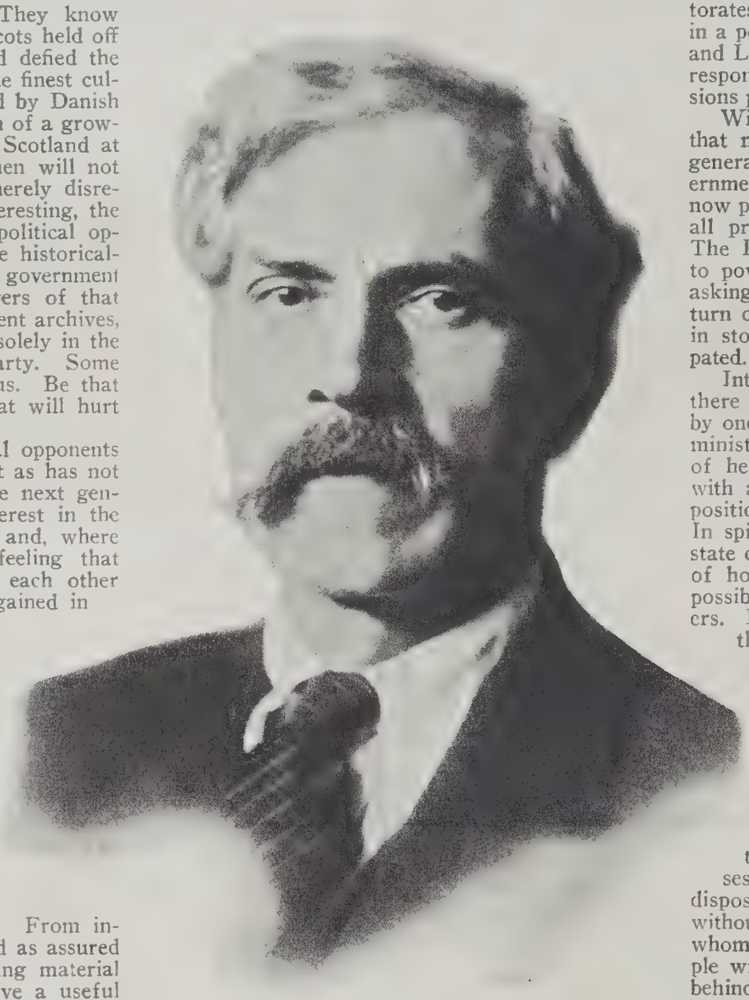
In the realm of international relationships, labor has been consistently and emphatically against secret diplomacy, and occult "understandings," and danger-breeding "combines" under secret treaties. Deliberately, systematically and thoroughly the archives of the British foreign office are now being gleaned for material in support of that Labor attitude, and results are promised. The new British Premier, in his views on the relationships of peoples, might well have been trained in America. He is an advocate of open dealing. His faith in world-opinion is equaled only by his recognition of the necessity of the world having the facts. In point of fact, the Napoleons of the Press, if not already aware of it, are likely soon to learn that *the Labor government will combat unfair presentment of news by instituting its own distribution system.*

The manner of his approach to France indicates Ramsay Macdonald's appreciation of the extent to which, administratively, he can alter old methods and speed up and simplify accepted systems, without new legislation. "My people believe they have many grounds for suspicion of yours," he says in effect to Poincaré. "Meet me and we will talk over things, for the benefit of both peoples. And the whole world can read all about it."

Open, and seemingly simple; but what are those causes of suspicion in England against France? They include the occupation of the Ruhr, the huge army of France, the 2,400 fighting airplanes always in fighting trim, the heavy armament of Channel ports, and the supplying of smaller nations on the Continent with money and arms.

Macdonald has determined, as the writer is aware, to be so mercilessly frank in this matter of France as to leave no loophole for evasion and obtain, in the interests of the peace of the world, a clear statement of French motives in the present situation. If there are no grounds for suspicion, there need be none, is his view.

Before the advent of the Labor government in Britain, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT indicated that in any attempt on the part of Labor to weaken or reduce the wider interests of Britain there would be discovered, by the Laborists, such opposition as must be taken account of if the party was to make headway. The cautious Scot now at the head of the party has shown that he is not playing into the hands of his opponents. The example of the capital levy, the pet idea of the crowds and the successful electioneering cry, does not stand alone. The whole matter of proposing a levy on capital has been sent already to a committee, and their task of transforming the idea from the nebulous to the tangible is of such a nature that the question of a capital levy is out of the way meantime. Another popular electioneering plank was recognition of Russia in the interests of trade and employment. Macdonald showed that in that direction he was prepared to act promptly, but not to the detriment of British interests: "Evidence has been submitted to me of activities on the part of the Soviet government directed against British interests in Asia, and the Soviet government has been asked for explanations." To stand firm in matters such as these, against the clamor of the Labor electorate, has drawn upon Macdonald the favorable attention of many outside his party, and has had a reassuring effect, on the whole.



(C) Vandyke, I. N. S.

JAMES RAMSAY MACDONALD,

The first Labor Premier of Great Britain.

There can be no denying the earnestness of the Labor administration in seeking means to effect national economy. Departmental deflation is projected. There will be an endeavor to strip off the hull of the Ship of State *all* those barnacles which accumulated there during the war years. An astonishing number have survived the period of tax-burdened poverty which Britain has passed through since 1920. It may come upon certain departments with all the force of revolution, but it is the purpose of the Labor ministers to learn just what the armies of officeholders are doing for their salaries. In this connection, the search among the government archives is stated to be rewarding most fully the labors of the seekers, and the prediction is made that in due time there will be reductions in departments, a ruthless weeding out of the protected incompetents and supernumeraries, and an improvement especially in the consular service of Britain: at all of which the British, doubtless, will not be disposed to cavil. Special attention is being paid to the methods of making appointments to the higher branches of the Colonial service. The sleuths of the Labor camp, "with a zeal never exceeded in any reformation" (to quote one of those history specialists) are nosing out particulars of trade concessions and kindred arrangements affecting areas in Protectorates and Colonial possessions, and "hope to be in a position to give some folks among the Tories and Liberals an interesting experience." The correspondence relating to appointments and concessions possesses peculiar interest for Labor.

With the steady, cautious Macdonald to see that nothing is used which will seriously affect general British interests, the material which government records, correspondence and statistics are now placing in the hands of the Labor party is in all probability likely to be used without mercy. The Labor party, in its struggle from obscurity to power, took its full share of vilification and, asking no quarter, usually made an adequate return of the same. There are uncomfortable days in store for the older parties, it may be anticipated.

Into the records of the ministry of health there is proceeding apace an investigation directed by one of the most remarkable men in the Labor ministry. Mr. John Wheatley, the new minister of health, will find himself called upon to deal with a question upon which he has attained the position of an expert—the housing of the people. In spite of the best that the older parties in the state could do, there remains in Britain a shortage of housing so deplorable that it is almost impossible to depict it adequately to American readers. In spite, further, of the huge sums spent by the state in subsidizing construction of dwellings, progress in meeting the demand has been so slow that action on the part of the Labor government is sure to be insisted upon. It has to be recorded that there are charges of "rings" holding up prices on all classes of building material. Again, heavy taxation is given as a reason for reluctance to build, so far as building speculators are concerned. For the first time such facts as are in the possession of the ministry of health will be at the disposal of a man who is capable of using them without fear. This dynamo of the North upon whom has devolved the duty of housing the people will have action, and he will have the people behind him. There seems every reason to say that, if his searches in the records of the ministry of health convince Wheatley of the operations of "rings" holding up building material, the British ministry of health will be a good "prospect" for American building material very soon thereafter.

In the grave necessity which confronts him as minister of health, in the support which he can command for proposals as to housing, and in the determination and capacity he possesses, Wheatley, who is one of the chief assets of the Labor ministry, is potentially one of its chief dangers. He hits hard. If the archives place in his hands a club, there are going to be broken heads. In his hands this matter of housing will be forced to the front, and questions of party expediency are not unlikely to be trampled underfoot. There is not in the Labor party a man of greater eloquence or grasp of affairs than the minister of health, and there are those who doubt the power of the far-seeing Macdonald to hold him in check if it comes to risking the life of his party to advance the cause which he has so closely at heart.

The activities of those Labor students of recent history are extending to every department of the administration. They will not be denied. Of the fruits of their labors the Tory and Liberal parties are likely to be made startlingly aware at the earliest opportunity. The days are gone in the British House of Commons when the Tory could deliver a "ferocious" verbal attack upon his smiling friend on the Liberal side, and then go off to dine merrily with him. You can't do that sort of thing with impunity under the watchful eyes of Labor! And now that the enemy is in possession of material never before out of more or less friendly hands, and evinces the will to use it, the British House of Commons seems faced with stirring doings. If there is any depression in the prospect, it is not in the Labor ranks. Britain herself bears up wonderfully.

Macdonald Branded 'Herr Ramsay' During War

E'en the Neighbors of His Little Home Village Turned on Him

By VICTOR MITCHELL

"I DECLINE altogether to believe that the sun is going to set on the power and prosperity of Great Britain on the evening of the day when Ramsay Macdonald takes his seat."

This was the declaration of ex-Premier Asquith in the House of Commons in supporting the vote for the Labor amendment which heralded the downfall of the Baldwin government. Nevertheless, it is only a few years since Ramsay Macdonald was stigmatized as a coward and traitor by his fellow-countrymen and had to run the gauntlet of a hostile mob in the streets of London. Now he is Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Born in the Morayshire village of Lossiemouth, of parents belonging to the agricultural laboring class, he has attained his present position through indomitable perseverance and faith in himself. It was when the great European war broke out that the labor leader stirred up a storm of popular indignation by denouncing Britain's part in the quarrel, and acting as apologist for the kaiser, under whose mahogany he had stretched his legs in happier times.

In no part of the United Kingdom were the people more scandalized than in the ancient province of Moray. The flower of its manhood had joined the colors, either to serve in the territorial regiment, the Seaforth Highlanders, or to take part in the perilous work of keeping the coast clear of the enemy's mines and submarines. Indignation meetings were held by the fisher folk and rural workers who form the bulk of the inhabitants of Lossiemouth, and there were threats of burning down the "wee hoose" which Ramsay had built a few years before as an occasional retreat from the cares of his busy life in London. The county people also took up the matter, and his expulsion from the membership of the Moray Golf Club followed. This was the unkindest cut of all, for the Moray club had the control of the fine links at Lossiemouth over which he had ranged in his childhood, and played many a good game in his mature years. It was now predicted that as a public man Ramsay Macdonald's career was at an end, and that he would soon be engulfed in an obscurity greater than that of the village hermit who lived in a lonely cave on the seashore. Even the village bairns vowed that they would refuse to caddie for him should he again venture on the links, and his unpopularity reached its peak when one of the German newspapers referred to him as "Herr Ramsay," the friend of the fatherland. But "Herr Ramsay" defied the officials of the golf club and all others concerned, and dourly pursued his game as before. He knew that in time the tide would turn.

At last the claymore was sheathed and the guns were silent. Once more the little yawls and motor boats went fishing on the firth, and Ramsay Macdonald knew that his opportunity had come. The period of recuperation and reconstruction had set in, and into the task of seeking a solution of the problems that presented themselves, he brought all the ardor of the Celt and the shrewdness of the Saxon. The storm of unpopularity that he had come through had not impaired his resourcefulness nor sapped his energy, and as a result of the general election of 1922 he headed the strongest muster of the Labor party that has ever appeared in the British House of Commons. As leader of the Opposition he soon proved his ability, curbing the extremists—the "wild men" from Glasgow—and showing good sense and moderation in dealing with domestic and international questions.

King George offered him a seat in the Privy Council, but this he declined, his democratic conscience not permitting him to tack the title of "Right Honorable" to his name. The Conservative government, then in power, first under the late Bonar Law, and later under Stanley Baldwin, found in the Lossie "loon" a worthy foeman. He kept three things before the House, namely, better international relations, the eradication of unemployment, and improved housing of the working classes. In accordance with his war-time attitude, he deprecated the "humiliation" of Germany and the too strenuous squeezing of that nation in the matter of reparations. But the government pursued its stormy course until it was wrecked on the sunken rock of Protection while in search of the unemployment remedy.

Free Trade has become an article of faith with the great majority of the British people, and in no part of the country is this faith more firmly planted than north of the River Tweed. All things being equal, it is in the very nature of the Scot to buy in the cheapest market. Some people call this thrift, others by a worse name, while others regard it as common sense. It is because the country has rejected Protection as a remedy for unemployment that the Labor party has returned to the House of Commons stronger than it has ever been in British history; and the reason why the Laborites from Glasgow are somewhat sterner and wilder than those from other parts of Scotland is because of the silent shipyards on the banks of the Clyde, and the one-roomed tenements which disgrace the northern metropolis. The people as a whole look to the new government with Ramsay Macdonald at its head to lead them out of that no-man's-land of nothing-to-do in which they have floundered since the end of the war.

From nowhere will the new premier's efforts for the regeneration of the country be more closely watched than from the hills and glens of his native Morayshire. Lossiemouth now ranks with the little town of Cricieth in Wales in having produced a prime minister, but whether the simple fisher folk who make up the bulk of its inhabitants will feel as proud of him as the Welsh people do of the little lawyer, will depend upon his ability to play a good clean round upon the political golf course without getting helplessly "bunkered." It may be said, however, that no matter how long or how short a time he may hold office, he is not the man to relinquish his game without a struggle, even though he may be "bunkered" more frequently than ever he has been on the Lossie links. There is a militant gleam in the steely gray eyes of this northern Scot, and a tenacity of purpose in the set of his jaw that may mean much; but he has yet to prove whether he is a practical statesman or merely an honest idealist. His opponents assert that his plans for the reorganization of the national exchequer and the providing of employment for more than a million and a half of men are impracticable; that they will stifle trade and drive capital out of the country. Whether this may turn out to be so or not, it is certain that Ramsay Macdonald is not the man to be easily discouraged.

The advent of a Labor government marks the beginning of a new era in British administration. The metamorphosis of the House of Commons within the last few years has been amazing to those steeped in British parliamentary traditions; but much has happened since Keir Hardie shocked his fellow-members by appearing in the House arrayed in a checked tweed suit and cloth cap to match. The age of top hats and Prince Albert coats is gone forever. The latest news from Westminster states that scarcely half-a-dozen of the "toppers," once so indispensable, can now be counted. The way seems prepared for the attack on "flunkeyism" of all descriptions which the Laborites are threatening. Scores of budding Cromwells seem ready to shout "Take away this bauble," or "that bauble"; and one member—a Londoner, by the way—recently made significant reference to King Charles having "lost his head." It is men of this description that Ramsay Macdonald numbers among his followers and it is men of this description that will wreck the Labor party before it has been long in power if he has not the strength to suppress them. He will have to "ca canny," and temper his zeal with that common sense which he has inherited from the land of his birth, for, notwithstanding all that has happened, the British people are not yet prepared to plunge very deeply into unknown political seas.

(C) Vandyke I. N. S.

This is the modest little cottage in Lossiemouth, Scotland, where Ramsay Macdonald, British political leader and Labor party leader in Parliament, was born. This quaint little fishing village is in the North of Scotland. The top photograph shows the street in which Mr. Macdonald's home is situated.

There is some talk among the Laborites of home rule for Scotland, but the party as a whole has not yet adopted the policy, although all the Scottish labor leaders favor it. Ramsay Macdonald, however, will have his hands full in looking after more pressing legislation, and although for sentimental reasons he may lend his approval to the principle of "self-determination" as applied to Scotland, he knows that it is still outside the region of practical politics, and that the Scottish people as a whole do not want anything of the kind; like the rest of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, their principal concern at the present time is to find a remedy for post-war evils, particularly the lack of employment.

Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of Ramsay Macdonald is his intense earnestness. No one doubts his honesty of purpose, but notwithstanding his long career as a public man and the champion of the masses, he is yet untried as an administrator of the affairs of the state. If he can free his country from its heavy load of troubles, succeeding where Bonar Law and other experienced men have failed, he will be hailed as the savior of the nation, and a vindicator of the claim that the best brains of the nation do not belong to any particular class. However long or however short its term of office may be, the advent of the Labor government is bound to have a far-reaching effect on Britain's relations with the other great powers of the world.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Restoration of Germany's colonies and pre-war rights is the price demanded by the German Colonial Society for the alleged new remedy which is said to prevent sleeping sickness. A genuine remedy for sleeping sickness and tsetse fever would convert Central Africa into a prosperous country.

In Paris the number of births in 1923 was 46,400, against 48,000 in 1922.

The withdrawal of non-beverage whisky during the calendar year of 1923 was only 1,696.360 gallons as compared with 27,381,365 gallons in 1919, according to Prohibition Commissioner Haynes.

Blankets netted the Navajo Indians $150,000 for their weaving last year.

Switzerland's new president, Dr. Ernest Chuard, has been a college professor, newspaper publisher, soldier and cabinet officer, of the Helvetian Confederation.

Of the total number of employes of the Bureau of Indian Affairs practically one-half are employed in Indian schools maintained by the Government.

Ohio has more United States pensioners than any other state.

Canon Hay Aitkin, aged vicar of Norwich Cathedral, in London, has delivered 22,000 sermons. He began preaching at the age of 17 and is now 83. John Wesley preached 27,000 sermons.

Campfire girls of New York have been requested to popularize old-time American folk songs such as "Old Black Joe," "Swanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," and such old English and Scottish ballads as "Auld Lang Syne" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Few girls in camp last summer knew the words of these songs.

An Italian claims he has invented an apparatus whereby submarine crews can see through water 100 yards. This would reveal the presence of mines and other contrivances to destroy submarines.

Residents of Berlin find it cheaper to ride in suburban trains than to sit at home using fuel.

The proportion of students supporting themselves in the various American colleges is estimated as follows: Yale, one-third; Princeton, one-quarter; University of Chicago, one-half; University of California and the College of the City of New York, sixty per cent. The self-supporting student is eighty-five per cent of Tufts and sixty-eight per cent of the University of Washington.

"That the enormous population of foreign-born city dwellers has profoundly affected our motion picture industry, our stage, our press and our fiction is incontestable. Our fiction and our drama are in process of being Europeanized. The themes and the methods of treatment are increasingly alien to our tradition."—*Hamlin Garland, American novelist and dramatist.*

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Balsam-wool, made of the fibers of the pine and other coniferous trees, is the latest heat-retaining material.

As a result of their isolation the Hawaiian Islands have evolved six hundred and fifty species of plant life found nowhere else in the world.

More than $3,000,000,000 worth of milk is produced in a single year in the United States.

Electric power wires in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, were made hot enough to melt accumulations of sleet and snow.

Water to the extent of 1,500,000,000 gallons, and worth about $200,000 wholesale in New York City, was lost through the spillway of the Croton reservoir recently by an overflow.

Fulton Ferry in New York City has stopped running.

The Natal Chain is a device used in identifying new-born babies in hospitals. It is a fine gold chain with a locket bearing both parents' initials. The mother takes it to the hospital with her, and the doctor slips it on the child's neck, wrist or ankle in the mother's presence as soon as the baby is born. It cannot be unfastened, and is removed when mother and baby are taken home.

Fifteen small words comprise more than twenty-five per cent of all the words in an average book or novel, according to Professor Carl C. Brigham, of the Psychology Department of Princeton University.

Licenses of 132 doctors, products of alleged medical "diploma mills," have been revoked in Connecticut.

Nine old tattered volumes containing all deeds, contracts, wills, mortgages and similar papers in Georgia when Georgia was a British colony have been given to the department of archives and history. All efforts to get the legislature to provide an appropriation for their restoration have been in vain.

Shooting the lights out of Klamath County (Oregon) dance halls has got to cease, according to the sheriff of that county.

The French Government sells advertising space on telegraph blanks.

The new federal capital of the Australian Commonwealth is located at Canberra, about seventy miles inland midway between Sydney and Melbourne. New South Wales ceded to the federal government a tract of 900 square miles which includes the district of Canberra and a corridor connecting it with an excellent landlocked harbor.

Tsao Kun, president of China, was at one time a cloth merchant's apprentice.

Icebergs, twenty-five feet high, were in evidence in Lake Michigan, causing a serious obstacle to navigation.

A man living on Long Island, New York, has raised a family on the proceeds of sales of catnip which he cultivates and improves. The owners of pampered felines pay him well for his best grades of catnip leaf.

The ranch of A. B. Fall at Three Rivers, New Mexico, has 15,000 cattle grazing over an area fifty square miles. A hydroelectric irrigating and power plant costing approximately $200,000 is now being finished. An orchard of 100 acres and 400 acres of alfalfa stretch almost as far as the eye can see. It is said the ranch includes 40,000 acres of school sections, 30,000 acres of land on the Mescalero Indian Reservation and 35,000 acres of the Forest Reserve which has been leased. The value is placed at about $500,000.

Approximately eighty per cent of the corn crop in the United States is sold on "the hoof" in the form of hogs.

Three hundred acres in the Shasta National Forest, of California, have been given to the Federal Government. The government plans to make the tract attractive to campers. Castle Lake, included in the gift, adds greatly to its recreational value.

Courses in real estate are part of the curriculum of Columbia, Boston, and California universities.

Miss Anna W. Williams, whose profile adorned the Bland silver dollar coined forty-six years ago, has retired after forty years of service in the Philadelphia schools. Miss Williams achieved a success in kindergarten work that was recognized beyond the city in which she taught.

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Public School Victim of Politics?

The Humbug of Gland Therapy

THE LIBRARY OF THE
MAR 11 1924
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Looking for a Job in Los Angeles

Are Ball Players Worth the Price?

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

A Business Girl Looks for a Job in Los Angeles

And Finds There Are More Applicants Than Positions in Sunny California

Are You Thinking of Going to California? Read This:

Los Angeles is crammed with work seekers, due
to the tourist class that daily brings thousands.
Jobs are not waiting—they are snapped up quickly.
Get your job first, then go West.
Go prepared to start at the bottom.
Take plenty of money—for at least three months.
The climate is wonderful—but not edible.
"Sell California all you want," says the Advertising
Club, "but sell it as it is."

"Overdone, overdone," wails the Salvation Army,
whose burden is doubled by the tourist influx.
Don't go to Los Angeles unless you are proof against
loneliness and big city temptations.
Don't go if you are a girl under twenty. Don't
go if you are untrained.
"Leave your criticisms behind and bring a supply of
patience, perseverance and pluck," says the
Y. W. C. A.

By MARY E. WALTER

CONSTANT "don'ts" are broadcast from Los Angeles to the movie-mad who would migrate thither, but how about the vast multitude in other lines of work—especially the business girl—who yearn toward the land of sunshine and gold-paved streets?

An efficient woman stenographer with five years' experience in a railroad company of an eastern metropolis wished to quit the snow and seek the fruits and flowers of Southern California. So she wrote an employment agency in Los Angeles for a position.

The answer she got, on the testimony of employment agents and others in Los Angeles, from whom come the following facts and figures, sums up the employment situation there for business girls and about every one else, with shining exceptions. It says:

"There are altogether too many high-grade stenographers and secretaries in Los Angeles out of work to permit us to encourage your coming here in search of employment—this because of the overplus of girls who have flocked to this city and who continue to arrive on every train and steamer. Unless you have friends—unless you have a position already lined up—unless you possess extraordinary ability, do not expect readily to find employment in your line in California, especially in the vicinity of Los Angeles."

A Ticket Home? Use It

AFTER interviewing numerous employment bureaus one visualizes Los Angeles as a golden magnet attracting from all America steady streams of people—on trains, in autos, on foot, planning to settle in the West and find work, or stay for a season—and find work. Due proportion of these are girls hoping for business positions.

Many of these step off the train and go straight to an employment agency confident of work waiting for them.

Lately such an "easterner"—as the "westerners" say—faced a sympathetic woman managing a free employment bureau in Los Angeles who counts her average of weekly applicants 400 to 500, with probably thirty girls to every employer's call. The girl said hungrily:

"I must have work or starve!" In all particulars she failed pathetically of the requirements of employers described below.

"Have you a ticket home?" asked the woman. The girl had.

"Use it. Go back to your home town job and stay. Why did you come here?"

"Climate! Sunshine!"

"But at meal time you need a real ham sandwich!"

Because she listens to such tales of woe daily, because she hasn't positions to go round, because she lets 'em weep on her shoulder, this manager, like others, goes home at night, "like a rag."

"And yet they come!" she sighs.

They come, it seems, "having heard of fortunes made in western oil and real estate"; for "cheaper living" and "better money" in salary and investments.

Drawn by the "Movies"

"MANY girls seem to be told in the East that they can get positions easily"—foolish little things who fancy the advertisements about the possibilities of California apply to them. "Others lack common sense," suggests a woman to whom many apply daily. "They think things here are different—jobs for all served on a silver platter; and—the tragedy of it—they fancy everyone here wants them to come. And when they arrive, out of their own environment, they are pitifully dazed."

Many girls are drawn by the suppressed yearning toward "movies," seeking temporary employment till they are placed as stars or near-stars; others seek secretaryships among the dozen or so stars that have secretaries; or dream of the neatly written scenarios tucked in their trunks—blighted buds that never blossom.

Some come for the fruit—work mostly out of town, where "fruit tramps" follow the seasons through orchards, canneries and packing houses.

The eternal climate draws thousands—like the girl from New Jersey who sold her furs and flannels and migrated West. She got no work, but November, on coast points, found her chilled to the bone—another example of the ignorance of the East for the West.

Applicants outnumber positions, declare agents, in varying percentages from thirty to one in the free typewriter bureau; two to one in a specialized bureau. A woman's vocational alliance places one out of five applicants, a low percentage, the manager avows, but fills eighty per cent of orders, which is high. Miss May E. Gray, commercial employment secretary of the Y. W. C. A., shows that 3,000 girls and women registered with her last year and she placed five hundred for seven hundred positions open. That statement tells the whole story.

The information desk of the Chamber of Commerce—which has no placement bureau—gets from five to twenty-five applications for work a day. A typewriter concern maintaining a free bureau placed four hundred forty-nine last autumn against some 1,000 applicants, and called it a dull season.

Of all these seekers the "eastern" and Canadian percentage is given variously from fifty to ninety-five per cent. Miss Gray made a special count for January and found forty-five per cent had been in town less than three months.

"And twenty per cent of the easterners come broke!" is the general verdict.

The 1920 national census gives, as the number of women employed in Los Angeles in the various occupations, 68,402. Contrast these figures with the immigration westward over all routes. Three hundred sixty-seven thousand persons came to Los Angeles in 1922 by rail; 90,000 by auto; in 1923 came 796,250 by rail and 450,000 by auto. Others arrived by water over the sixty-seven lines that touch at the harbor. Of these the stable increase, based on building statistics, is 200,000 for the year, bringing the population to a million last Thanksgiving, with steady increase since.

Those are figures for adventurous little girls and their parents to ponder.

Another stumblingblock in the way of the migrant work-seeking girl—local employers prefer local references, due partly to the shifting nature of the incoming tide, sight-seers, excursionists, who arrive with round-trip tickets in their pockets, declaring themselves "permanent." Employers are wary of "transients" who waste time and money. Again some employers are easterners and want office help familiar with local conditions and Spanish names.

Many Jobless in City

THE immigrant girl, confident she is a good "steno maid," facing unemployment and her last nickel, naturally becomes resentful toward employers and town, while the remissness is her own, as she will guess if she reads to the end of the chapter.

There are many jobless girls in Los Angeles, because from the oversupply employers can pick as they choose. Hence come repeated calls for legal stenographers at twenty dollars, "because nobody has to pay thirty dollars." So, likewise, business offices demand "well dressed girls with pleasing personality," with "marcels and smart attire." One lawyer asked for a stenographer who "went well with mahogany furniture." Another rejected a brilliant applicant who "had a little grease spot" on her otherwise immaculate costume. This definition of type is confirmed by many bureaus.

The age limit, set by Los Angeles, as elsewhere, brings heartache to older women who go West.

"Efficient older women come to me in tears, hungry, penniless," said a woman agent—but they are cursed with the "over thirty" look, which to many an employer means "hopeless."

According to all witnesses, girls and women in Los Angeles offices and department stores are better class than in many other cities—and better looking. The reason: oversupply. Employers can choose the best. Many accept lower positions than they held elsewhere—teachers, secretaries, buyers, nurses, clerking in stores or serving as waitresses, biding advancement to their own lines. Others have come with their savings to settle and are satisfied with less. Thus is lowered the scale of wages for professional and higher educated and there is competition, too great for the comfort of the newcomer.

Yet, "the men who have made Los Angeles want people to come," said an official of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, "and I am amazed at the absorbing power of the city as to employment of the incoming horde." This is due to the rapid growth.

What newcomers are wanted and under what conditions is announced daily in form and personal letters broadcast by employment agencies, the Y. W. C. A. and city institutions, to inquirers throughout the United States and Canada and the rest of the world, who exhibit little understanding of western conditions as to employment and salary.

One placement manager who deals only with high grades attributes the oversupply to influx of the mediocre and incompetent, saying there is plenty of room at the top for exceptional people. He had a list of 32 positions in his office for two weeks, unfilled, all with salaries from $2,400 to $15,000. He sent East to fill some of these, he said.

"The efficient girl can get work anywhere," say such as he, yet who admits herself inefficient? Employment bureaus proclaim her less likely to fall into unemployed mediocrity if she has taken the precaution to come West with (1) money on hand, (2) a return ticket in her purse, (3) patience to wait, (4) a string on the home town job she left behind.

Don't, above all things, go West without money! is the warning of all. Too many arrive with funds for a week, "to be taken care of by the city and so make taxes higher."

Y. W. C. A. Bears the Brunt

ONE fond mama wrote the "Y." She was sending her daughter from Canada, "with just enough money to get there and you will have to take care of her when she comes." Another girl from somewhere wrote an agent to advance her fare West. A third said "just telegraph and I'll come." Hundreds of girls a month apply to the "Y" for aid.

Money for three or four months or for "an indefinite" period is vital—no one pinched for cash can look confidently for work.

Los Angeles invites the best. What has she to offer them?

"Housing for the influx of girls into Los Angeles is entirely inadequate," said Miss Charlotte Davis, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A., referring to institutional housing. Homes and hotels maintained by such institutions "are not a drop in the bucket to fill the housing needs," said she. "We all feel tremendous responsibility in the matter and earnestly desire expansion, but we never can house all this remarkable migration westward." As long ago as year before last 18,000 girls applied to the Clark Memorial Home, who could not be taken in. This is said to be the loveliest home of its kind in the world, the last word in comfort and beauty but it houses only 200. For the past three years, an average of 5,000 girls a year applied at the "Y" room registry alone, and it reports 11,896 housed last year. The cheaper living quarters in rented rooms and apartments are far from the business center and street cars exhibit the rush-hour tragedy.

Among other things, Los Angeles offers the newcomer industrial expansion which is increasing demand for office help. But most manufacturing is suburban, eighteen to twenty-five miles from the city.

Hard-luck Stories Plentiful

HARD-luck stories are plentiful of eastern girls with too much hope and too little money, even trained professionals—girls, widows and old maids, "but the widows are more helpless than the old maids," it is said.

"I have been in town an hour and I'll land a job before night," is the boast of Flossie Smith, grocery clerk from Corn Center, or of Mary Jones, whose fond folks believe her the wonder of the age. But verily, Los Angeles is a million-people metropolis, "different" and "unique" to the small-town girl.

"You have to have sympathy with 'em," said a man agent who showed a supply of face towels for those that came to work and remained to weep.

Then there is the awful loneliness of the big city which is no longer the homey town outlanders are liable to think it. A million from all parts of the globe do not make for sociability. Los Angeles is unwestern in this respect, far from its free-and-easy early days.

"It is a pity," said a "Y" secretary, "that girls come thinking it is the ideal friendly place, when friends are hard to make and unsafe to pick up. Many a girl confides to me she is tired of going to the movies alone on $16 a week—'Where and how can I meet nice people?'"

Here, in a word, is the gist of this yarn: Los Angeles welcomes workers, but a job is not hatched for the aspirant as soon as she steps off the train; the more efficient she is the sooner she may be placed, but she should write in advance.

Most of all, money, money, money for three months and a return ticket are the best antidotes for disappointment in this glorious playground of all the world.

Humbug of Gland Therapy Revealed as Peril

Likely to Bring Death Sooner, Has No Beneficial Results, Say Practitioners

By ROBERT MORGAN

This is the second of two stories by Mr. Morgan.

IT IS the object of all reputable physicians and surgeons, and the main reason for the existence of their associations, to learn and apply the best and most effective remedy to every disease which humanity presents to them for cure. Contemporaneous with this is the other object of preventing the application to sick men and women of nostrums which either are of no effect in combating disease, or, while affording temporary relief, finally put the sufferer in a worse condition than he would have been had he taken no treatment for his illness.

It is particularly the object of associations of reputable physicians and surgeons to bar from their ranks those who devise, disseminate and apply such nostrums.

The exposure of every medical fraud since this Union was founded has been due to the efforts of the reputable physicians of this country, either working individually or as associations, or sitting on boards of examination in the various states. Likewise, it is a matter of similar record that every *real* discovery, every *actual* advancement in the field of medicine or surgery has been seized upon with the greatest eagerness, and applied with the utmost honesty, to the immediate assistance of the sick. There has been nothing supernatural, nothing miraculous, nothing uncanny about this selection of the true from the false, the genuine from the fake, the valuable from the worthless. It has been accomplished by long years of experimentation, study, thought, application, and the expenditure of large sums of money.

The first pound of insulin ever produced cost more than one million dollars and ten years of constant effort; the first ounce of adrenalin ever obtained cost nearly half of this sum and an equal period of study and experiment. What is today a simple operation for the stay of advancing senility, known to the medical profession as prostatectomy, was more than a decade in being brought to its present perfection. The knowledge that the X-ray can be applied beneficially to cancer was more than five years in accumulation, and it is only within the past year that accurate scales of dosage and meters therefor have been brought to perfection.

It is necessary to state these conditions flatly because, without exception, the reputable, well-trained physicians, the managing boards of the nation's best hospitals, the leading medical research laboratories, the state, county and city medical organizations, and those boards which have charge of our laws regulating the practice of medicine, are declaring with one voice that the present-day practice of gland-surgery, gland transplantation, gland injection, and gland-pill dosage is utterly without merit, worthless as a preventive of disease, valueless in the prolongation of life, useless as a restorer of mental or sexual vigor, and actually damaging to the person submitting to it.

So clearly has this charge been proved that the medical examining boards of several states are refusing licenses to men who practice gland therapy, and taking up the licenses of those physicians who have turned to this field. In justice to the reputable physicians and surgeons of this country, it should be said here that the number of those who have gone into the practice of gland therapy are few and far between, and none of the first rank of the medical profession.

Against this organized effort to save the people from the latest medical deception, the gland therapists are raising the usual cry of persecution. In the face of the hundreds of authenticated cases in which men and women who have undergone gland "operations" have applied to the hospitals of the country for such treatment as can be given to save them from the results of their folly, and in spite of the scores whose deaths have been directly traceable to the effort to reverse the tide of life, these intermediaries between goat and man set up the claim that, because they have discovered a new science, the "regulars" are jealous! Yet these same "regulars" were not jealous when the established laboratories of this and other countries announced the discoveries of serums, antitoxins, vaccines, and extracts which, through their very use by these "regulars," have become our main weapons against disease.

These conditions being as they are, it is reasonable to believe that the opposition of the organized physicians and surgeons of the country to the doctrines of the gland therapists is well founded, and that it behooves the public at the very least to consider seriously the statements of the reputable physicians before placing their lives, and their future conditions of life, in the hands of men who claim to have made, overnight, so to speak, revolutionary discoveries for which the scientists of generations have been seeking in vain.

This opposition is based on the three claims of the gland therapists, as discussed in the previous paper of this series:

First, that all diseases can be cured by treatment of the interstitial glands.

To this, the organized medical men of America reply:

The statement that all diseases can be cured is false. No reputable physician or surgeon can or will say that he is able to *cure* any disease, either in general, or in the particular instance of the individual patient. Certain remedies assist nature in the removal of the causes which bring about disease. These remedies, before they are accepted, are tried in hundreds, perhaps thousands of cases. Before they are applied to human beings, they are tried on animals, their effect noted on tissue, on circulation, on nervous systems, and so on. In some instances that medication which is effective for one patient will have no effect on another, while a different treatment will work a cure on the second patient. To announce a cure-all is equivalent to broadcasting the discovery of another Fountain of Youth. The known laws of anatomy, physiology, and even of life itself, disprove this claim every time it is presented.

Gland "operators" and medical "diploma mill" graduates sometimes are caught in strange places. Here is Miss Marguerite Zoff, naturalization examiner at San Francisco, who recently caught two fake doctors, when one of them applied for naturalization, and was vouched for as good material for citizenship by the other. The one asking citizenship had neither diploma nor license to practice, yet was practising, while his sponsor had a license which he had obtained by fraud. Miss Zoff turned both over to the California State Board of Medical Examiners, which took action against them. Citizenship was denied to the applicant.

Second, that full mental, physical and life-reproducing powers are restored to men and women of any age by gland operations, gland injections or internal doses of gland extracts.

Man cannot evade the cycle of the years, say the physicians and surgeons, the hospital authorities and the research experts of this country. Man's seasons are four—the spring of his youth, the summer of his manhood, the autumn of his middle age, and the winter of his decline and disintegration into the elements from which his body came. There possibly is something secreted by the ductless glands of reproduction that has an influence on the volume of animal vigor in man's early years, though no investigator, equipped with the best of instruments and backed by abundant funds, has been able to find it. Theoretically this substance, *if it ever is found,* might be so introduced into the human body as to prolong the virile powers, but so far nothing has been discovered which will do more than temporarily—and very temporarily, at that—stimulate the reproductive organs. Furthermore, such stimulation invariably leaves the man or woman to whom it is given in a weakened condition, with these organs permanently reduced in power by the treatment.

Third, that life may be prolonged indefinitely by the repetition of the gland operation at definitely stated periods.

To this, the responsible physicians say:

The gravest danger to human life in the use of glands and gland products in this latest cult of therapy lies in the breaking down of the co-relation of all the glands in the body. When one gland is interfered with, all the chain of glands is disturbed. If one is benefited, the others are unbalanced; the reaction is like that of stimulation to the heart among muscles and thinking physicians are very careful about applying stimulation to it, as well as to the infinitely more delicate and much less-known glands. As man grows older, as does everything else in life, he grows older all over his body, proportionately, until death intervenes to end the aging process. The arteries normally harden with age, since they are called on to furnish less blood to the brain, the kidneys, the stomach and other organs. This is conservation of energy, so that the aging body may the longer resist the encroachment of the years. If, then, we inject suddenly into a man of seventy the physical desires of a youth of twenty—granting for the sake of argument that this can be done—we throw a swift and tremendous force into his hardening arteries, without preparing them in any manner for this unexpected and unusual strain. The arteries cannot endure this stimulation; they give way, and the man dies, either immediately after the operation, or within a short period of time. Life has its physical limits, and man has not yet overcome them, nor can he overcome them by the rebuilding of one organ—be it gland or muscle—without reference or regard to the other well coordinated glands and muscles in the same body.

Referring again to the restoration of the procreative powers of men and women, the physicians bring forth the well-known fact, ignored by the gland therapists, that every man and every woman has the power to reproduce himself or herself just so many times and no more. This is a matter which cannot be discussed here, but it is so well established that a properly performed autopsy on a man or woman will reveal to the skilled surgeon or physician the exact age of the individual so operated upon. It is impossible by the aid of a goat, a magic wand, a philosopher's stone, or any other variety of the myriad forms of hokum found since the world began to increase this number of procreative possibilities by even one. Their number is as fixed and definite for each individual as is the number of bones in a human finger.

When that fixed and immutable number of procreative possibilities has been used up, atrophied, or otherwise removed from the reproductive organs, there is no human agency by which it can be replaced. This is a plain statement of confirmed fact. It permanently refutes the main claim of the gland therapists, by which ninety-nine per cent of their "business" is lured to them, that the desires and the capabilities of youth can be restored to the man and woman who have passed their reproductive prime. The further claim of restoration of mental activity and physical agility is merely decorative camouflage thrown around the real purpose of men and women in visiting these gland operators.

There are certain other and possibly less important objections to the work of the gland therapists, largely growing out of the records of their victims in hospitals throughout this country.

The fact that these gland therapists have taken the place, almost universally, of the quacks known years ago as "men's specialists," is held to be an accurate index of the position of these newest vendors of a cure for all diseases in the field of medicine and surgery.

The goat-gland serums made from glands supplied by slaughterhouses from New York to San Francisco and from Minneapolis to New Orleans, is, for the most part, dirty and infectious. The writer has had the privilege of examining not less than twenty bottles of this serum, manufactured by as many mushroom "laboratories" scattered throughout this country. Not one of these bottles was free from foreign substances, in some cases dirt and hair and other materials.

The writer has personal knowledge of four instances, in one western city, three women and one man, all of whom are today in hospitals suffering from very severe poisoning as a result of taking the gland serum injections administered by one goat-gland practitioner. And he is supposed to be one of the few well-trained physicians who have entered this field. How great then is the danger from the untrained operator?

The *Journal of the American Medical Association,* in its issue for August 11, 1923, comments editorially on the gland humbug, as follows:

"There is, however, in support of this rejuvenation method, only a mass of poorly supported, uncontrolled clinical evidence, and some laboratory evidence not bearing directly on the point concerned. Certainly, *there is not as yet any actual proof that rejuvenation has been accomplished in a single individual, or any basis for the belief that it ever will be accomplished.*"

This expresses, in brief, the opinion of the reputable physicians and surgeons in every community of the United States. It represents the majority of expert medical opinion in a nation which has advanced further in remedial medicine and surgery than any other nation in the world. It summarizes the best and latest thought of the most highly trained minds of the world on the fabled Elixir of Life, which began, so far as we know, more than four thousand years ago, in a chanted "incantation for transforming an old man into a youth of twenty."

It would be well for the unfortunate "goats"—both human and Toggenburg—caught in this wave of false hopes to buy themselves a brace of amulets and a round-trip ticket to Bimini, for there and there alone flows the Fountain of Youth, and the interest of a search for that fabled land might keep life in their old bodies some years more than would the work of our copyists of a pair of Jewish "specialists" in Europe.

Is Public School To Be Engulfed by Politics?

Legislation Providing for Department of Education Denounced as Logrolling

By AARON HARDY ULM

FROM the beginning, the schools of the country have been local institutions, and as a rule they have been jealously guarded as such. Even state government control and support, while predominant in some places, has been, as a rule, secondary to local control and support.

Today, 73.4 per cent of all the funds spent on the public schools is raised locally, that is, in the school districts, towns or cities where the schools operate. Only 11.6 per cent is raised even by county taxation, and only fifteen per cent is supplied from state treasuries. Control of the schools is equally in the hands of the local communities.

While the rule does not hold uniformly, it is worthy of note that there is evidently a distinct relation between local support and school efficiency. In most of the states whose schools are rated as of high efficiency, local support predominates; in many of those where the efficiency rating is low, the schools are supported in the main by the states or by the states and counties. This may be only a coincidence but the facts indicate that when the financing and the management of schools are closest to those who patronize them greatest educational progress is made.

The Federal government has never exercised any control over or given any real support to the public schools. For many years the United States Bureau of Education has been in existence, but, regarding the schools in the states, its duties have been only to collect and distribute information having to do with educational matters in general.

What Bill Would Do

THE only item of apparent support ever given the common schools by the Federal government was in setting aside at first one and later two land lots in each township of certain western states for school purposes. This, however, merely conserved to the states for school support what was already theirs.

Until recent years it was held generally that Federal support would carry with it Federal control, which nobody would tolerate.

Now, however, Federal support or aid for the common schools is being demanded by very powerful groups.

For five years a bill which would provide it has pended in Congress. This bill very probably will come up for action in the present Congress, perhaps during the present session.

It first was known as the Smith-Towner bill, then as the Sterling-Towner bill, and is now known as the Sterling-Reed bill, the names being those of the members of the Senate and House who have "fathered" it.

This measure aims at setting up a Federal Department of Education, headed by a Cabinet member, and at throwing open the doors of the United States Treasury for the support of the common schools of the country.

The issue thus brought to point is perhaps the most important one now before the country. For it has to do vitally with the minds of the country's future citizenry, with the shaping of the country's thought in manifold directions, with, possibly, putting great and subtle power in the hands of bureau officials in Washington far removed from the schools.

The proposed Department of Education would have a Cabinet member at its head and would be provided with at least $100,000,000 for expenditure on the schools of the states. The bill disavows Federal control of the public schools but *yet would establish conditions which the states and local communities would have to meet to share in Federal funds.*

Arguments for Measure

THE proposed department is argued for on the ground that education is as important as other things, like agriculture, labor and commerce, which have been given departmental standing in the national government, and representation in the President's Cabinet. It is objected to on the ground, among others, that, unless it be given authority to supervise education—which no one seems to favor—the department could do nothing which cannot be done as well or better by the present Bureau of Education. If it were given power to supervise the schools it would mean the passing of control of all the schools to the Federal government, with the threat of bureaucracy and misuse of the almost unlimited power that would thus be put in the hands of a few officials whose selection would be governed largely by the exigencies of national politics. The head of the proposed department, for example, being in the cabinet, would be chosen necessarily first as a party man rather than as an educator.

Without power to exercise or funds to distribute, it seems evident that a Department of Education could achieve nothing beyond what now is done except perhaps to add a little "dignity" to teaching.

The fear of those who oppose the creation of the department is that it will exercise power, through the large funds distributed if not by direct warrant.

Therefore, the real core of the issue as it now stands lies in the proposed appropriation of Federal funds for the support or aid of the public schools of the country.

This appropriation will be made on the "fifty-fifty" principle; that is, communities sharing it must provide at least equal sums for the purposes in view.

There are several of these purposes.

The sum of $7,500,000 of the annual appropriation is proposed for the eradication of illiteracy among the native-born population. It would be distributed in ratio to illiteracy among the native of the different states. Thus the Southern states, wherein, largely on account of the Negroes, the rate of illiteracy is high, would get larger portions of this than would the states in other sections.

Another $7,500,000 would be for war on illiteracy among the foreign-born, and would be so distributed; thus assuring those states with large immigrant populations the big shares of this.

The sum of $20,000,000 is for physical education and instruction in the principles of health and sanitation. It is to be distributed on the basis of population.

The balance, $50,000,000, would go to the states "to be used in public elementary and secondary schools for the partial payment of teachers' salaries, for providing better instruction and extended school terms, especially in rural schools in partially settled localities, for the extension and adaptation of public libraries for educational purposes, and otherwise providing equally good educational opportunities for the children of the several states." One-half this sum, or $25,000,000, is to be distributed on the basis of the number of children of school age in the different states. The other half is to be divided on the basis of the number of teachers employed in the different states.

Thus on some apportionment the states of almost every section of the country will seem to profit at the expense of other sections.

In fact, therein lies the prime argument for the venture. It is argued by those who favor it that rich New England should help educate the "poor" South, and that education in poor rural districts of the West is an obligation on the wealthy cities of the East.

A committee of business men which studied the subject during the last session of Congress declared in an extended report "that the framers of the bill have been guided by political considerations rather than educational necessities."

"It is a logrolling bill," this committee held. "More than $40,000,000 of the $100,000,000 appropriation would be apportioned to the following eight states: New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Michigan, Iowa and Texas. These states cannot be classed as states with backward educational institutions; they pay their teachers above the average for the country. There is neither an educational nor a poverty argument for Federal aid for these states."

Eighty Cents for a Child

PROFESSOR Rufus S. Tucker, of the Department of Economics of Harvard University, says that the appropriation would provide only eighty cents for each child of school age in the country and only $38.40 for each teacher. Therefore, at the highest estimate, the allotments which will reach those communities whose schools may need help will not be enough to bring about great improvement, or anything like equal schooling opportunities for all the children of the country, which is the venture's ostensible aim.

And what price will be paid for this "help" from the Federal Treasury? Advocates of the measure say none. They claim that it will be a subsidy without strings.

The bill itself provides: "That all the educational facilities encouraged by the provisions of this act and accepted by the state shall be organized, supervised and administered exclusively by the legally constituted state and local educational authorities of said state, and the Secretary of Education shall exercise no authority in relation thereto; and this act shall not be construed to imply Federal control of education within the states, nor to impair the freedom of the states in the conduct and management of their respective school systems."

Yet, as stated before, the bill itself makes stipulations which would amount to *requirements that the states accepting the aid surrender at least some power over the schools* thus benefiting. These requirements may be beneficent but they establish a basis of at least partial supervision from Washington. The conditions are that school terms of at least twenty-four weeks a year be provided, that compulsory education laws be in effect, and that annual reports be made to Washington on the expenditure of all funds coming within the Federal Aid Act.

If these strings can be tied to the appropriations thus made to the states, there is no reason why any others which any subsequent Congress may desire to attach cannot be put on them, even to the bringing of the public schools completely under the jurisdiction of Washington bureaucracy.

Ultimately, no doubt, other conditions would be applied. For if the aid is needed it is just as essential that the aid be economically and intelligently administered. And the country as a whole is not likely to be willing to supply funds to be wasted by indifferent school administrators anywhere. And efficient administration throughout the country can be assured only through placing large power in the hands of Federal officials in Washington. The power to see to efficient administration will carry with it the power to direct the activities of virtually every school using Federal funds, even to saying *what books shall be used, what kind of economics or history shall be taught—even to making it possible for the schools to be used on a national scale for serving the purposes of a political party or of any group of invidious interests which might happen to get control of the Federal government.*

"A centralized bureau having supervision of the education of the country would always be subject to political interests and ultimately to political control," says President Hibben, of Princeton University.

While the organized teachers of the country, as expressed in the National Education Association, are strong for the measure, many of the most outstanding educators of the country are, like President Hibben, much opposed to it. These include men like G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University; Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia; President Hadley, of Yale; Alexander Inglis, Professor of Education at Harvard. These and many others of similar standing have denounced the proposal as one of the most dangerous that can be made.

"The strength of American education," says Dr. Samuel P. Capen, Chancellor of Buffalo University, "lies chiefly in its diversity, its flexibility and its freedom. The diversity and flexibility that have characterized American education are dependent upon local initiative and local responsibility. A national system, centralized from Washington, would destroy both."

Says President Butler, of Columbia University: "There is not enough money in the United States, even if every dollar of it were expended on education, to provide by Federal authority or through what is naïvely called co-operation between the Federal government and the separate states educational results that would be at all comparable with those that have already been reached under the free and natural system that has grown up among us."

Illiteracy Sharply Cut

WHILE there still is illiteracy in the nation, the educational status of the people has improved and still is improving rapidly under the local school system now prevailing.

Between 1890 and 1920 the illiteracy rate for the country as a whole was reduced from 13.3 per cent to six per cent. This in despite of the fact that during that time there came in from Europe about *three and a half million illiterate immigrants,* and the high rate of illiteracy among the Negroes of the South.

In 1871 only $63,000,000 was spent on public schools in all the country; in 1920 the sum spent amounted to $1,103,000,000. This was an increase of more than sixteen times, while during the same period population increased only about four times.

Our illiteracy rating still is below that of some European countries, notably France and Germany, where the schools are operated as national institutions, control being centralized in those country's capitals.

But it is now realized that, while their schools are more efficient mechanically than they would be under local control, centralized direction of education has worked immense and insidious harm in both France and Germany. The power over those countries' minds which the centralized systems gave to a few in high authority very probably accounted for much of the national "psychology" which brought on the war and which still complicates the peace.

One eminent critic of the proposed step toward a national educational system has gone so far in discussing it as to say: "In the United States we are, in flat defiance of all our professed principles and ideals, building a system of bureaucracies that will put to shame the best efforts of the government of the czar of all the Russias when in the heyday of its glory."

And many say that so-called "national aid" to education would be the longest step ever made in that baneful direction.

The big point at issue is that of control.

Does It Mean Prussianizing?

WILL the Federal government be willing to provide large sums of money and yet leave all control of the common schools to the states and local communities as is now the case? Or will the adoption of the measure be a beginning of Federalization—or Prussianization, as some who oppose it call the venture—of what, next to the home, is the most important adjunct of the nation's life, the school?

It is argued that other "fifty-fifty" ventures of like kind, such as the county agent system and Federal aid to good roads, have not resulted in Federal bureaucratic usurpation of state and local authority. But rather definite strings are tied to those other appropriations, and in case of some of their objects there is steady tendency toward increase of direction from Washington. Only lately it has been seriously proposed in Congress, for example, that certain matters having to do with the licensing of automobiles be brought within Federal jurisdiction by establishing them as conditions to the receipt of funds for road building.

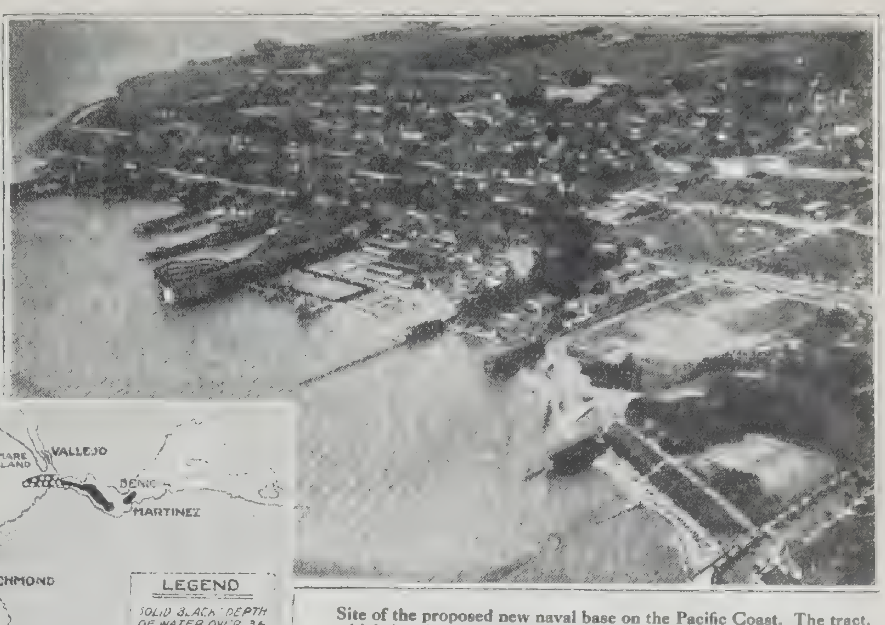
But agricultural extension and roads are quite different in many respects from schools. The schools are the institutions whence come the intellectual independence of the country. Schools foreshadow the nation.

It is not the government's business to tell the people what to think, nor to marshal the people's thoughts this way or that.

It is the government's business to be guided by what the people are thinking.

$50,000,000 for a New Home for Battleships

Alameda Will Give $40,000,000 Site If Navy Establishes Operating Base for Fleet in 'Frisco Bay



Site of the proposed new naval base on the Pacific Coast. The tract, which has been given to the government by the city of Alameda, is shown at the upper left of this airplane photograph. The city shown is Alameda, and the water, San Francisco Bay.

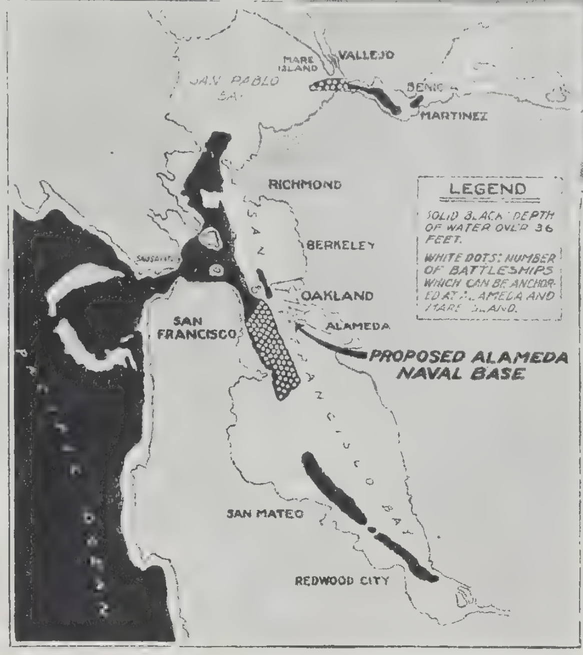
By HARRY H. DUNN

A NEW naval base for the battleship fleet of the United States on the Pacific Ocean, comparable with the similar base at Hampton Roads, is the plan of the Navy Department as presented to Congress in the Naval Omnibus Bill. The project has the approval of the Budget Director, the support of the reports of several committees of naval experts who have investigated the matter officially, and, of course, the backing of the Secretary and the entire Navy Department. According to this plan, the newest and most modern of our naval bases will occupy 5,340 acres of land at the western edge of Alameda, a small city located on an island along the eastern and mainland shore of San Francisco Bay. This island is opposite, but a trifle south of, the Golden Gate entrance to that bay, and is approximately five miles from deep water in the Pacific Ocean, though it borders on deep water in the bay.

The site for the naval operating base has been given to the national government by the city of Alameda, the only condition being that the government accept the gift before January 1, 1925. The deed to the property is now in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, and the property is conservatively valued at $40.000,000. Approximately 1,000 acres of this land has been filled in, while the greater part of the balance is tidewater flat. This flat, which borders on the large deep-water anchorage occupied exclusively by the fleets of warships on their visits to San Francisco, is composed largely of gravel and coarse sand, overlying a hardpan base more than 100 feet thick and with few soft spots. Its character has been proved by excavations and borings for shipyards and other industries in the neighborhood, and the naval engineers have declared that it furnishes a firm natural basis for the foundations of concrete wharves and drydocks, piers, warehouses, machine shops and other heavy structures necessary in a naval base, battleship repair plant and supply station.

The disposal of the matter of buying a site by the gift from the city of Alameda reduces by at least one-half the cost of the naval base. The plan as formulated by the Navy Department calls for the expenditure of $26 529,950 in fifteen years on this new base and on the present navy yard at Mare Island, of which more hereafter. The first expenditure for the new base at Alameda is placed at $1,700 000 for 1926, with a similar amount every year for twelve years, completion of the base being contemplated in 1938. This accounts for a total expenditure for construction work on this base of $20,400,000 in twelve years. Naval experts and naval repair men and engineers on the Pacific Coast estimate, however, that at least as much more will be required in the way of added appropriations before the plan is complete. It seems to be a conservative estimate that this naval operating base, exclusive of the land on which it stands, will cost ultimately a figure not far from fifty million dollars, although there is no official authority from the Navy Department for this figure.

The term "naval operating base" means a place at which are gathered all the facilities requisite to maintain in repair, supply, fuel, munition, and care for a fleet at battle strength. The fleet includes vessels of all kinds, from the largest battleship to the smallest subchaser; and would involve, in this instance approximately 700 vessels of all kinds, should the United States become engaged in a war on the Pacific Ocean. The San Francisco bay naval operating base, with the fleet headquarters, home port and battleship repair plant at Alameda—which is the matter under immediate discussion—will be a total effective organization extending from Alameda, opposite San Francisco city, to Mare Island the present navy yard, thirty miles to the northeast.



Graphic chart, made from data in the possession of the United States Navy Department, showing the location of the proposed naval operating base at Alameda, and its geographical relation to other points on San Francisco Bay, including the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Such a naval establishment, made complete by the home for battleships at Alameda, would include the existing fuel depot at Tiburon, on the northwestern shore of San Francisco Bay; the receiving station on Goat Island; a naval airplane station for which there is abundant room on the Alameda lands; the naval radio stations around San Francisco Bay; the navy yard at Mare Island, to be used for the repair and maintenance of cruisers of light draft, tankers, hospital ships, destroyers, submarines, subchasers and similar craft smaller than battleships; the Alameda battleship base; the several "farms" of crude oil storage tanks located along the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay; and all necessary piers, wharves, warehouses, shipbuilding plants and transportation lines in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Emeryville, Richmond and other places along the shore of the bay.

In view of the tremendous size of this project, and the large amount of money involved in bringing the battleship establishment to completion—the other elements above mentioned already being in condition—it is of interest to note the reasons advanced by the various committees and commissions of naval officials and naval construction experts who for the past several years have been investigating the subject. The reasons for establishing this naval operating base, as voiced by these committees, may be summarized as follows:

First, that the next great war in which the United States takes part will be fought on the Pacific Ocean.

Second, that Mare Island Navy Yard, while well equipped, is too far distant from the deep water of the Pacific; that the approaches to Mare Island are too narrow, tortuous and shallow for modern battleships; and that there is not room in deep water adjacent to Mare Island for the anchorage or maneuvering of large war vessels.

Third, that the main reason for the selection of Mare Island for a navy yard—fresh water of the Napa River, in which barnacles and other sea growths would be cleansed from the hulls of wooden warships—has become obsolete with the use of steel ships, guarded with metal paint; and that Mare Island, owing to its natural limitations, cannot be expanded to meet the demands of modern fighting fleets.

Fourth, that, while the Atlantic Coast has six navy repair yards, at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk and Charleston, there are only two—Bremerton and Mare Island—with the destroyer repair base at San Diego, on the Pacific Coast. The distance from Portsmouth to Charleston, on the Atlantic Coast, is only 900 miles, with four repair yards in between, while from Bremerton to Mare Island, on the Pacific Coast, is an equal distance, with no stations between.

Fifth, that the Atlantic Coast is well equipped with berthing, docking, repair and supply facilities for modern battleships of the largest size, while on the Pacific Coast, these facilities are at present limited to the yard at Bremerton, on Puget Sound. That is to say, the Pacific fleet, consisting of battleships, scout cruisers, destroyers, submarines, subchasers, airplanes and seaplanes, tankers, colliers, supply ships, hospital ships, and so on, can be cared for adequately at only one point in all the distance between Canada and Mexico.

Sixth, that the distance to Hawaii, the advance operating base of the American fleet on the Pacific, is 2,100 miles from San Francisco, as compared with 2,400 miles from Bremerton, and 2,278 miles from San Diego. Time is a most essential factor in modern warfare, and, according to the naval experts, disaster would result if the Pacific fleet were to base, in time of war, on Puget Sound alone. Yet, in time of war, this would be the only base that the fleet would have, under present conditions.

These are the conditions which, in the opinion of the Helm Commission, appointed on this subject by act of Congress, and the board headed by Admiral Josiah S. McKean, at present in command at Mare Island, as well as the Rodman Board and the Ball Commission, necessitate the establishment of a second naval base of the first class on the Pacific Coast. It should be understood that there is no idea of eliminating Mare Island as a navy yard; indeed, the establishment there is to be increased by a drydock, and by other improvements, for which funds are provided in the appropriations carried in the Naval Omnibus Bill. The Bremerton naval base also is to be strengthened, while the San Diego destroyer repair base probably will shoulder virtually all the repairs and maintenance on these wasps of the sea. It is primarily and essentially for the big battleships that the Alameda naval operating base is so urgently needed.

The development of naval bases along the Pacific Coast has occupied the attention of the Navy Department, its engineers and naval experts, and the officers of the American Navy for more than fifteen years. With the exception of the Bremerton plant, and the new San Diego establishment, the resources for the repair, maintenance, harborage and supply of battleships on the Pacific Coast have been completely outgrown both by the navy and by the individual modern ships.

The Pacific Coast is the first line of defense. The establishment of a fleet base on San Francisco Bay will add protection to the entire western half of the country.

VIEW FROM VALLEJO

Left—The oldest known picture of Mare Island, drawn and lithographed between 1850 and 1860. This drawing is made from the Vallejo side of the Napa River, and shows San Pablo Bay, an arm of San Francisco Bay, beyond Mare Island. Right—Mare Island from Vallejo in 1923. This is a companion photograph to the drawing of the same section of Mare Island made in 1858-60.

Crossing the Mud-yellow Danube Into Rumania

Government in Hands of a Few, Because Three of Four Are Illiterate; Finances Are Indeed Elusive and Nation Is Declared Bankrupt

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

HAVING sat up all night in a rickety old train that crawled through the Balkans from Sofia, we eventually landed about noon on a broiling hot day at Ruschuk, which is the Bulgarian port on the Danube—the Blue Danube, which is always mud yellow. The ferry across the river to Rumania would leave at six. It had not occurred to anyone that a fifteen-minute river trip might be made more than once a day, or that there could be any point in having the boat connect with the train, or in having the Rumanian train on the other side connect with the Bulgarian train or even with the boat. For I found that, after a six-hour wait for the boat, we should have at Giurgevo, the Rumanian port across the river, another three-hour wait for the train to Bucharest. Waiting means absolutely nothing in the lives of these people.

At the dock were plenty of rowboats. I tried to hire one. The lowest price, translated from leva into dollars, footed up to about twenty dollars. Not one of those men had ever seen that much money. It was a compliment paid to us as Americans. I told them that individually and collectively I would see them in a much warmer place than that dock was before they got twenty dollars out of me. That illustrates another trait common to all of these peoples. They would rather try to charge an exorbitant price and get nothing at all than to charge a fair price and get something. Finally, we arranged to go across in an old launch which a party of students had chartered.

The Trip to Bucharest

BY THAT time the passport and customs officers had disappeared for dinner. The official family, guarding the interests of the King of Bulgaria in this ten-by-twenty shanty on the dock, consisted of eight persons. All disappeared at once, leaving five soldiers to see that nothing happened to the kingdom while they were away. We went up into town to another government office and there four able-bodied men assisted in putting a rubber stamp on our passport. The passport officer at the dock, we learned, was not in the rubber stamp division. He just looked at rubber stamps which other officers put on passports. When the dock gang finally did show up, they were inclined to be technical about examining our baggage to collect export duty. Landing in Rumania, we went through the same nonsense, except that I think altogether twenty men were involved. The net result was one impression of a rubber stamp and some stickers on the bags.

Then I drove up to town to find an automobile. The town had been shelled by the Bulgarians and Germans from across the river during the war. Here and there was a shattered wall or a gaunt, roofless building. Nothing seemed to have been repaired. I dug up two cars in the town, one a Ford and the other a Fiat. The Fiat was big enough to hold our luggage, so we hired it. I have an impression that it was the first Fiat ever made. It took two men to run it. One worked a pump and the other managed the wheel and the various other contrivances. The springs had long since resigned as springs. A tractor going at full speed over a hard stone road would have been quiet by comparison. The road was broad and rutted, still torn by the troops and artillery that had gone over it.

We broke down twelve times and along in the night we pulled into Bucharest, the capital of Rumania and rather a fair city in its way, which is supposed to be the Paris of the Near East. It is Parisian in much the same way that the Danube is blue. The people stay up late, but just why I could never discover, unless it does not occur to them to go to bed. There is not more than the ordinary amount of vice. There seems to be less than the ordinary amount of gaiety.

Unlike Other Nations

NOW, I have sketched in this scenery, not so much for itself but to show something of the approach to things. The Rumanians are quite unlike any other people anywhere. They claim to be descendants of the Roman legions that held the Danube. They are more like Latins than their neighbors. Their language has a derivation which is sixty per cent Latin. They are tremendous talkers. They are insensate politicians. I went to a vaudeville show, which included a political parody as the main attraction. It was introduced by an actor who spoke for half an hour. There was no action in the play itself. The actors just came out and talked and talked. I stood an hour of it without finding out what was going on.

Rumania is the land of politics, not so much because of deep political interest as because only one of every four persons can read or write, and thus government is in the hands of a comparatively few who do nothing else. Politics is not a profession, it is a business and on a purely business basis. Rumania is a kingdom, having been sliced off from Turkey back in 1877, but King Ferdinand is practically without influence. Queen Marie is of a different type. She was a very beautiful, and is still an exceedingly clever, woman, who has a way, if not of shaping events, at least of being on the right side at the right time. The real rulers are the Bratiano brothers, who, off and on, have been in power since beyond the memory of man. Jon, the elder, is prime minister, and Vintila is minister of finance and the real ruler of the country, insofar as it may be said to be ruled.

These men represent the old landowning class. Before the war Rumania was in the hands of a comparatively few great estate owners, who passed their time between Bucharest and Paris and seldom saw their own properties. One Rumania consisted of peasants working on the land or doing their time in the army. The other Rumania consisted of the estate owners, the politicians, and the army officers. And that has brought about a curious situation, so that today Rumania is neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring.

Rumania is almost wholly agricultural. It was the wheat country of Europe. But also it is the petroleum country. The Germans had to have both oil and wheat for the war. The Rumanians, when they entered the war, instead of guarding what they had, started in to take what they had wanted for a long time—that is, the district in the Carpathian Mountains which we know as Transylvania and which belonged to Hungary. The Rumanians are not good soldiers. They have no sense of organization and also they are either very high or very low in spirits. The Germans came in and took the wheat fields and the oil fields with very little trouble, and with Bucharest as headquarters occupied Rumania until the end of the war. Part of the oil fields are owned by the Standard Oil Company, and the adventures of the Americans who managed those fields and who destroyed them before the German advance are a story all in themselves.

Aristocrats Turn Radical

AFTER the war, the Bolshevik mania threatened to break out in Rumania, as it did in Hungary, and overnight the conservative, aristocratic government turned radical, or, rather, put on a radical act and began to do everything the Bolsheviks might have done, just to take the wind out of the really radical sails. They split up the big estates into small holdings and gave them to the peasants. They took over the control of prices and of exports, and they instituted a program of state socialism by which the state was to own and operate nearly everything. While this was going on, the peace delegates were busily presenting Rumania with new territory. They received Bessarabia from Russia and Transylvania from Hungary, and also they received as neighbors the newly formed republics of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. The total area was increased from something more than 50,000 square miles to 120,000 square miles, and the population increased from 9,000,000 to more than 17,000,000. The new peoples added did not want to be added. Transylvania has a larger Hungarian and German population than it has Rumanian and it is kept Rumanian today only by large garrisons. Bessarabia does not care much what it is, but the Soviet government has made it known that whenever it gets the time it is going to retake the section. That might seem to be trouble enough, but it is only part of the story, for the Rumanian Government came out of the war without any money and has not had any since.

The government borrowed money for a while but practically all its foreign obligations are in default and it is now trying to refund them. It has raised most of its money simply by printing it, and the lei, normally worth about twenty cents, was around two hundred to the dollar when I was there, and it had been worse. No one knows what the lei is actually worth or whether it is worth anything. The currency is supposed to be backed by gold. The gold reserve, as well as the crown jewels, were hurried off to Moscow when the Germans came in, and they may still be in Moscow, although the best opinion is that they have long since been enjoyed by the Bolsheviks. However, they are still carried as an asset in the national balance sheet! The Germans, when they came in, managed to find more gold. This they sent into Germany and issued a special bank note in Rumania founded on a gold reserve said to be in Germany! Rumanian finances are elusive.

Much Sold on Credit

WHEN the boom was on in 1919, salesmen from England, Italy and France swarmed into Rumania and sold the merchants whatever they wanted to buy. It was easy to sell because currency was everywhere in the first stages of inflation. All the sales were on credit. When the notes came due they were mostly extended. Then the lei began to drop and the merchants could not begin to pay these debts in foreign currency. Now all these private debts have been gathered together and an arrangement is being made to pay them over a term of years.

Rumania is bankrupt from every angle, and the politicians are totally unable to do anything more than talk. If anyone fancies government control, one look at Rumania ought to be enough. The price of wheat is controlled, but it is controlled below, not above, the world market price. The government has heavy export taxes on wheat and all other farm products. The peasant, being his own master for the first time in his life, does not know how to manage his small land holdings. Large-scale farming has changed to small-scale farming. In addition to that, he sees no reason for raising anything beyond his own necessities, especially since he gets so little for what he sells. But, although the farmer gets very little, adding the export tax to his price brings the wheat above the world market price and so the European countries, which were formerly fed by Rumania, buy elsewhere. It is the same with cattle.

None of the politicians have ever been in business. They think that business is something to be taxed. They have practically taxed it out of existence and at the same time have attempted to control prices. I had a suite at the best hotel in Bucharest at the controlled price of about a dollar and a half a day, but the furniture was ragged, the water in the bathroom only ran now and again, and there were no towels. The hotel, which had a large dining room, did not serve meals. The whole place was dirty and the only servants were Russian refugees who would work for nothing. The income was controlled, but the outgo was not, and the place was simply passing out.

Are Hungarian Cars

THE railroads have very few cars or locomotives. An illustration of the ethics which prevail may be seen on many of the passenger and freight cars. They bear Hungarian names, across which a paint brush has been drawn and the Rumanian inscription written above. When the Rumanian troops went into Hungary after the war to put down Bolshevism, they seized all the cars and locomotives they could lay their hands on and brought them home under the pretext that they were needed for the transport of troops. Not a car or a locomotive has ever been returned.

In the midst of all this mess, Rumania is supposed to be supporting an army of half a million men, although no one knows how many people are actually in the army at any one time, because the soldiers have a habit of going home more or less when they so feel and always for harvest. I noticed that many peasants were working in the fields in army uniforms. This army is not for stage purposes. It exists in accordance with the conditions of what is known as the Little Entente, an offensive and defensive agreement between Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia, sponsored by France. But also it exists to guard against a possible attack by Hungary to recover the territory delivered over to Rumania by the Treaty of the Trianon.

Crossing into Hungary, one gets the distinct impression that while Hungary is down it is not out. We do not know much of the Magyars here in America. We know them only as husky, unskilled workers. We know nothing at all of the ruling class or the old landowners. The real Magyar is a fighter and a farmer. He will not go into business. The business of Hungary has always been in the hands of the Jews. A Magyar believes in independence but not in democracy and he thinks that being a Magyar is about the most important thing that anyone can be. Hungary was not merely a dependent in the old Austro-Hungarian empire. It was a separate kingdom and it had its own legislative body and its own currency and many of its own laws.

The Hungarian Dictator

THE government was on the losing side in the war. By the peace it was cut to the City of Budapest and a small territory round about. It formerly had twenty-five million people with a territory about equal to that of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky together. Now it has less than eight million people in a territory about the size of Indiana. Like Germany, it had a revolution in the autumn of 1918, which ended with the abdication of the king and the setting up of a provisional president. Then came the Bolshevik revolution under Bela Kun, which lasted for one hundred and twenty-two bloody days. The Rumanians helped put it down. This Red terror was followed by a white terror and Admiral Horthy became, and still is, dictator.

It is not merely a dictatorship in name. It is a stern fact. It is a dictatorship that has to be admired in a way because it is courageous. The country has no business and it gets its money by printing it, so that the currency is going the way of Germany's. But there is no cringing. The people speak of the territory taken from them as "the occupied provinces" and expect to get them back. They frankly say that they would start a war if they had anything to fight with. They would like to have a loan such as Austria got, but they are not willing to take it under false pretenses. They will probably get the loan.

In the midst of so much cant and hypocrisy, the Hungarian stand is to be admired in that at least it is honest.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS curious to note the prevalent feeling that the present excitement at Washington indicates that at last the government is on the job. There is a type of mind whose conception of progress is measured by the amount of trouble stirred up. To say that the present disturbance at Washington indicates that the government at last has got on the job is the same as saying that the chauffeur who is trying to right an overturned automobile is at last on the job: the chances are that if he had been on the job in the first place the trouble might not have occurred.

To hail the present disturbance as in any way representing the proper function of government is to lose sight of the purpose for which government exists. If political service consists only in discovering crookedness, or in successfully maneuvering partisan hindrances, or in creating embarrassing situations, then let us understand it so. But if political service consists in administering the affairs of the people in a manner certain to increase their welfare, we shall see that however necessary it may be at times to discover and expose misdeeds and their doers, it is still not the main business of government, and at its best can only be regarded as an unavoidable hindrance.

> *IT IS no proof of efficiency in government that certain public acts are being investigated. It only proves the previous inefficiency of our system. Yet some endeavor to reap glory from the present situation as if it indicated that government was at last becoming effective. As investigations and their causes are not the main business of nations, they should never be confused with that main business. Unless they teach us how to avoid the necessity for future investigations, they are a total loss of time and money. It is not the interesting nature of the material turned up, but the extent to which the probe is driven back behind the scenes, that makes investigations valuable. The oil men had everything signed, sealed and delivered in half the time it takes us to get an investigation partially started.*

The business of a university is not to devote itself exclusively to discovering and punishing the misdeeds of the students. While this must sometimes be done, it is recognized as an interference with the proper functions of a school. No professor's service to a university is measured by the amount of scandal he can turn up on the campus; the worth of a faculty is known by the atmosphere it can create, in which unworthy aims cannot live. Even the policeman is not judged by the number of persons he lays by the heels and hails into court, but by the degree of order which he maintains on his beat. The factory does not exist for the hiring and firing of men and for shop disputes which have nothing whatever to do with production; these are secondary issues, and if they are allowed to interfere with the service which the factory can render the public then they become positive menaces. Every main business has its side issues of dispute and error, but when these are allowed to become themselves the main issue, it is the end of constructive work.

So, while it is just and proper that the misconduct of public officials should be made the subject of inquiry, such inquiry should not be extolled as the main business of government. There may be a thrashing going on in the headmaster's office, but the rest of the school is attending to its proper business.

It requires no special wisdom to see that if the standard of service to the country is to be the exposure of wrongdoing, there must be kept a constant supply of wrongdoing to permit of the service.

Correction is not construction, unless by making the correction we learn how to prevent the error being made again.

So far there is no indication whatever that oil leases are going to be made under any different system than that which has prevailed in the past. Of course we should not need any different system if all men were honest; honesty and ability get along pretty well under any method; but as we are constantly being reminded that all men are not honest, it would be only plain business wisdom to consider how even their dishonesty could be prevented from working disadvantage to the people. To go on forever undoing things which never should have been done, is a most wasteful way of using time and energy.

The question is, What is the country going to learn from this investigation? Are we to learn only that certain interests go about continually seeking what they may devour? that officials high and low have social and financial connections with those interests? that other officials have "inside information" on which they gamble, the public's rightful information being withheld for private benefit? that there is a wide bi-partisan, non-partisan fellowship of graft and "gentlemen's agreements" permeating both the business and the political worlds, that they interlock, and that the plain citizen never knows what interest is addressing him when he reads a business proposal or studies a political pronouncement? If that is all we are to learn, it is only fair to say that we have learned it all before, that in the realm of political graft and trickery there is nothing new under the sun.

If that is all we are to learn, the net result of these upheavals is "hot stuff" for the newspapers, and the party advantage of the partisans who first got the drop on their opponents. And it affects the government no more than the discovery and arrest of a pickpocket. In brief, it isn't worth the hundreds of thousands (in its wider extent, the millions) of dollars which the affair is costing the people.

Now it seems pretty clear that the question, What is the country to learn from this? is to be answered—"Nothing, unless the investigation is extended to the deeper sources of the wrongdoing." In the present situation, whatever wrong may have been done did not begin with the government, nor with the officials involved, but with the world-girdling interests. These may be conceived under the name of "oil" if desired, but oil is but a part of their wide concerns. It now develops that ours was not the only government with which this oil interest had negotiations, but that governments of other nations were involved, and in such a manner as to lead them to judge it expedient to halt the negotiations at once. That is, oil is international, and as no American is international, the source of the corruption must be sought elsewhere. Here is a big lead, and it remains to be seen whether we have men big enough and courageous enough to follow it. There will probably be no immediate popularity for the conductor of the process.

This is in no way intended to judge the matter of the leases in question. It would be a surprise if any oil lands left in possession of the government were worth leasing. But it is intended to say quite definitely that as long as there are those who believe that this is a larger matter than a questionable transaction between individuals and that it may prove to be a matter between the dark forces of the world and the white forces, it is desirable that the present investigators cease to be satisfied with following ordinary police court methods, and probe deeper, after the manner of philosophic students of world currents, to find what is deeper even than Fall or Sinclair. These men are incidents. And to limit the investigation to a man-hunt is to develop a subtle form of evasion which allows it to be understood that the investigation has investigated what it does not investigate.

It may be said, however, that the counsel herein contained is given with no expectation that it will be accepted. Already the affair is developing into the "geeing" and "hawing" of politics. It must be said that if what has on certain days transpired in the Senate Chamber with respect to this business were to transpire in any business conclave, the rating of the seriousness displayed would not be very high. Senators, elected to be senior directors of the business and policies of the United States, are wasting their time and our time if they do not forget party and think of the interests of the United States as a going concern.

The fact remains that the oil men got the departmental method changed, got the President in line, got the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Navy to see the point, and got the leases signed and delivered much more quickly than it has taken the whole United States Government to set up the present state of facts. The comparison is not flattering to us.

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Investigations—Before and After

INVESTIGATIONS have a bad reputation in the United States. They usually transpire too late to rectify the wrong, or they seldom proceed far enough to disclose the root of the wrong. At this writing, even in the most sensational investigation of recent times, the hold-up is coincident with the disclosure of the bi-partisan nature of the suspected acts. In the investigation which was made into the Veterans' Welfare Bureau, the Forbes mess, it is open talk that the whole procedure was suspended just in time to prevent disclosures involving persons who did not care to be involved. The Teapot Dome affair cannot be settled by the resignation of Mr. Denby—who was the least implicated man in the whole affair; it cannot be settled by mere legal inquiry into the character of the leases; if it is not to become a body blow at American confidence it must proceed until the last fact has been sifted and the last participant brought into the open.

But perhaps the main reason for the bad reputation of investigations is that they resemble the agitated locking of the barn after the disappearance of the equine occupant. We have made no provision for investigations except on suspicion of crime. When the suspicion does not arise, when the alarming fact does not leak out, the investigation does not take place. There is no board of review, no committee of inspection, in the normal course of government procedure. There is no body of officials commissioned to ask of any public transaction, "Would this be wrong even if it were honest? Would this be right, even if bribery had occurred?" There is a contention now that the leases were all right as leases. If they were all right as leases, then the matter of this or that official being financially interested in them becomes quite another question. The supposition is, of course, that if it takes "loans" or any other form of financial favor to put public business across, there must be something wrong in the business—either inherent in it, or inhering in the purpose to which the deal is afterward to be used.

Why should not all public matters be subject to review? Why should not all public officials, as a matter of self-protection, require the inspection of a disinterested body of public servants? The nation will probably have to come to that to save its face. It is most humiliating to see blazoned in the press of England, France, Germany and Russia the peculiarly petty form which American official dishonor takes. True, we are mere amateurs in crookedness; which indicates that we have no right to be in it at all.

But now the matter reaches further than Teapot Dome. The Department of Justice is involved. The Department of Commerce has been challenged. Even the Department of State has been the subject of hostile mention. And perhaps it might be just as well to extend attention to the War Finance Corporation.

Why Not Issue Money on School Bonds?

ROME, Georgia, is contemplating a loan of $500,000 for the purpose of securing the money to build new schools, which are said to be an absolute necessity, but it is feared the taxpayers may not approve the project, because of the burden of taxation the interest and sinking fund requirements would add to an already large budget.

Recently, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT stated that such bonds might be used by private banking corporations to secure government-issued money *through the Federal Reserve System,* and asked why the people themselves ought not have the benefit of direct issue of the currency upon deposit of their bonds in the Treasury.

In response to the editorial, letters came in large numbers from every quarter of the Union among them, some denying the truth of the inference that school bonds are accepted by the Treasury as security for currency issue. Our critics were apparently not aware of the provable truth of our statement.

The *Treasury* accepts only certain obligations as security for currency issue, but *the Federal Reserve Banks* may deposit available securities *ad libitum,* draw the money and invest it in any bills it desires or loan it to member banks on rediscounted paper. What is the difference?

But Rome, Georgia, needs $500,000. If she issues bonds under present laws, they will probably run for 30 years at five per cent. This means an annual interest charge of $25,000, a sinking fund item of $16,700, or an annual tax of $41,700, and when the last bond is retired *Rome, Georgia, will have paid one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for five hundred thousand dollars' worth of school buildings,* which will be ready for demolition by the time, if not before, they are paid for.

The United States of America will provide that $500,000 on the basis of commercial paper deposited with it. Its own bonds are denied the circulation privilege. State bonds for highway improvement are not acceptable for deposit, but are utilized indirectly, as are county, municipal and other public bonds. Are not all of these as good security as are the acceptable commercial papers? And could not the people have public improvements at cost if they could go to the government direct, instead of being compelled to borrow the government's credit from money-brokers? The government receives no interest on the notes issued to the Federal Reserve System; it need not from a political subdivision.

Every safeguard in the matter of limitation as to amount or purpose of bonding now in force would remain, while currency issued on them would be retired as fast as the bonds are canceled, avoiding all possibility of dangerous inflation.

Rome, Georgia, needs $500,000 for new schools. Why compel her to spend $750,000 for its use, when those who will lend her the money get it at cost?

Dawes, American

IT IS pleasant in the welter of public life to come upon a personality that one can frankly like. Liking such a one does not assume that he is free of error, but that his face is turned in the right direction and that he goes heartily, even if sometimes blunderingly, forward. Most people on this side of the water are coming to like Brigadier-General Charles G. Dawes, who is neither the military man which his military rank would indicate, nor yet the banker of his daily avocation: he is the ordinary common-sense American, unawed by anything save the fact, and who feels it is not presumptuous to inquire first, "What is this all about?"

Doubtless General Dawes has been fortunate in his press. He is on the track approved by those who make or break reputations in the press. But even were he not, his matter-of-fact method of attacking problems would win the admiration of all who were permitted to know it. Dawes has the qualities of a first-class shop foreman who knows his business—and that is no mean praise, since, as everyone knows that the sergeant is the heart and core of the army, so the foreman is the man in whom shop policy blossoms or dies. Dawes is a man who can be depended on to get things done and make friends instead of enemies in the process. He is a living disproof of the theory that to be efficient one must be a bull in the china shop.

Dawes said something the other day that shows his grain. He said that he was glad that France was in the Ruhr because it forced the world to face the facts. Perhaps nothing that France has ever done has been so unpopular, so questionable in the public opinion of the world, than the occupation of the Ruhr. Yet there were so many extenuations of the act that it was difficult to form and pronounce a final opinion one way or the other. Dawes gets at once beyond the initial elements of the problem and asks what France's presence in the Ruhr has done for the world. And his answer is that it has forced the world to face the whole problem of German reparations. It is a sensational observation for Dawes to make, yet its truth, simplicity and candor will render it immediately acceptable anywhere.

"Certainly I said it," said Dawes to the Associated Press. "I said it and I stand pat on it." And his famous pipe took its familiar upward angle.

Dawes' large possession of the good will of the American people is due to their belief that he goes at things the way they would go at them. It is so simple a path to popularity that the surprise is so few public men take it.

Fighting a Picture

IN THE Boston Public Library, among other famous paintings which all America knows, is John Singer Sargent's "The Synagogue." A symbolical canvas, it shares a wall with its sister painting entitled "The Church." Justly ranked as one of the great paintings of the great collection which Boston has assembled, it has nevertheless been unfortunately made the focus of a peculiarly disagreeable form of racial sensitiveness. The Jews object to it. They have demanded its removal. They have circulated petitions, alleged the most debased motives, held meetings, published denunciations, stormed legislative chambers, stopped at nothing to get the painting put out of the way. It was offensive, they said, to Jewish sensibilities. This opposition to a mere painting was so well organized and obeyed orders so implicitly that it was made to appear almost as if the library trustees of Boston had loosed a pogrom against the Jews, and the usual cry of "persecution" sounded through the length and breadth of the land. One young Jew, of a temper prophetic perhaps of what America will do for his race, had the good sense to remark that he thought the fuss was out of all proportion to the cause.

So up to the legislature went "The Synagogue," hailed there by the chief priests and rulers of the Jews, and in the lower house of the Massachusetts legislature "The Synagogue" was doomed and ordered forthwith to be removed. The order was rescinded in the senate, which apparently was not so overawed by the attack.

And there "The Synagogue" has remained until just the other day when some miscreant, as yet unidentified, hurled an ink bottle at it, splattering it sufficiently to require serious attention. The criticism of the bottle-slinger was just as intelligent as the criticism of the word-slingers who preceded him.

Who are the four greatest men? No one can tell, for the four speedily increase to one hundred. But one of the experiences of life is to know a man universally regarded as one of the "greatest" and to see how he regards greatness. It is a pity and a public loss that true greatness is made to appear so distant from the people. The four greatest men recently chosen in America are men across whose minds the thought of greatness has never passed, and who receive any mention of their greatness with distinct disfavor.

It might be considered a tactful act if the Cabinet would renew its offer to resign in a body, which it made at the time of President Coolidge's accession to office. To do so would furnish a generous covering for members whose presence is plainly embarrassing to the President, while at the same time it would leave the President free to signify whom he would like to remain. It is now seen to be a serious mistake ever to have agreed to retain the entire appointive staff of President Harding, though it is well understood in what spirit the announcement of retention was made. It is beyond question now that there must be resignations or removals from the Cabinet on account of the oil lease exposure. And, leave oil leases aside, there are other resignations which could occur without prejudice to the resignees and with great benefit to the Cabinet itself.

The contest for the Presidency in the next election was never a more open matter than it now is, granting of course the nomination of Coolidge by the Republicans. At no time during which the next election has been in view has there been so much confusion as to persons and issues, nor in fact so little real interest, as their now is. Ordinarily the candidacies of Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Johnson might be matters of public interest, but it is very clear that they are not that now. No one is interested in either Mr. McAdoo or Mr. Johnson except, in the one case a party that must have a candidate, and in the other case a faction that must have a leader. But even the partisan interest does not extend much beyond the bounds of the officeholding or office-seeking members of the party organization, and certainly the Johnson protest is decidedly unimportant. In fact, the country is in a frame of mind to consider the next election all but settled—all over but the voting. And the country will become more deeply persuaded of that if present events at Washington continue persistently to be given a partisan turn. The oil investigation was regarded at first as a pre-election play with immense partisan potencies. Since the bi-partisan character of the disclosures have become clear, interest seems to have flagged.

As an American Student Views Oxford Life

Worship of Tradition Causes University to Miss Many Good Things; Many of the Present-day Customs Are Relics of the Middle Ages

By CHARLES J. BAGLEY

TO AN American student Oxford appears to be not only the birthplace but also the old soldiers' home of tradition. It is unquestionably old-fashioned; even the British admit that. As the oldest university of a very conservative race, it bears worthily, almost proudly, the title, "Home of lost causes." This worship of tradition causes Oxford to miss many good things which have come to light within recent years, but the policy insures the university against being dazzled by some of the useless fads which invade newer precincts. It is wise to "Be not the first by whom the new are tried"; but it is equally as wise to be "Nor yet the last to lay the old aside." In many details Oxford neglects the second half of Pope's warning. A great many of the present-day customs are relics of the Middle Ages and have no practical justification for their existence. This does not mean that I would condemn wholly Oxford's policy of tradition. During my three years there I learned to love many of the old customs which seemed absurd at first acquaintance, and I came to realize that an unbroken tradition of high standards impresses the present generation with the responsibility of their task and so inspires them to their best efforts. On the other hand, too much emphasis on the past has a tendency to make us neglect the present, which alone is ours, and also turns our gaze away from the future, for which we should prepare. Oxford has every right to be very proud of its history, and it is only natural that in the university many old customs should be preserved to remind us of the glorious past. However, it is not my intention here to criticize Oxford traditions, but to describe and explain some of the most interesting customs which have come down to the present day through centuries of time.

Retains Old Customs

OXFORD, I believe, retains more medieval customs and reminders of the Middle Ages than any other university in the world.

Latin, which was once the international language of the universities, has gradually lost its prestige in other places, dropping successively out of use as a spoken language, next out of the curriculum, and lastly even losing its place on the college diploma. In Oxford it is still the official language of the university. All notices of degrees, all ceremonies of degree granting, the commemoration exercises in June, and practically all official ceremonies are intelligible only to those who read and understand Latin. Grace is commonly said in Latin. Every night in the dining hall of my old college (St. John's) the students remain standing while one of the scholars recites the Lord's Prayer, beginning, *Pater noster qui es in caelis,* and ending with *in saecula saeculorum.* At daybreak on May first the choir boys of Magdalen College, dressed in their white surplices, assemble on the tower to sing a Latin hymn to the Holy Trinity. This custom is generally thought to have been substituted for a mass which was said for the soul of Henry VIII, but it is probably a relic of pagan days, like most of the May Day celebrations. I have been told by friends who were energetic enough to be up at this hour that it is a very impressive sight to see these white figures and to hear their song float across the meadows and down the river in the gray dawn. The statutes of the university which deal with regulations of deportment and dress are still published in Latin. Looking through the *Titulus* on *De moribus conformandis* we find warnings against the out-of-bounds sections of the city (*De Domibus Oppidanorum non frequentandis*) and against the universal practice of running around late at night (*De Nocturna Vagatione reprimenda*). This seems to indicate that Oxford students have always been the same. Certain other old regulations persist, such as that forbidding undergraduates to carry crossbows and arrows down the High Street or to shoot marbles on the steps of the Sheldonian Theater!

Escapes Three Years

THESE regulations are enforced by masters chosen from the dons (professors) of the university, the so-called proctors, a sort of superior order of university policemen who go about at night, dressed in cap and gown, and politely take the names and colleges of undergraduates found in places officially out of bounds. There are four proctors and many assistants, the latter affectionately known to the boys as "Bulldogs." Those students who are so unfortunate and so unskillful as to allow themselves to be surprised at a public dance or in a bar after nine p. m. report next morning to the proctors and enrich the University Chest by sums varying from one to five pounds. I had no personal experience with this part of the university system until shortly before the end of my last term of residence. Many successful escapes had rendered me bold and careless. Finally, after consistently breaking both the spirit and letter of the law for two years and eight months, I was "progged" about nine-thirty one evening for the harmless pastime of drinking a cup of coffee in a forbidden restaurant.

This penalty is not aimed at the practice of drinking, but at the ungentlemanly practice of drinking publicly with the townspeople. Proof of this is seen in the fact that students may purchase wines from their own college store. Ale and stout are the most popular beverages in the dining halls, and champagne is served during the big college dances in commencement week. Port is also consumed in large quantities as an after-dinner beverage.

Some of the most amusing customs of the university deal with this question of drinking. For instance, on one day of every year the students of Brasenose College may go over to Lincoln College next door and demand hospitality in the form of free beer. If an examiner question a student overtime in an oral examination, the latter may order up a quart of beer at the expense of his master. I have heard of this prerogative being exercised, but I never saw it done. As a matter of fact, I was kept overtime myself, but I was so relieved to be through with the examination that I freely waived all my rights to beer or to anything else.

Some Drinking Customs

THE custom of "sconcing" prevails in all the colleges. If a student talk shop, mention a lady's name, tell a questionable joke, swear, recite a quotation of more than three words, make a pun, or arrive more than seven minutes late at his table, the senior member of the table "sconces" him, that is, orders up a half-gallon cup of beer at his expense. The beautifully engraved silver cup, kept for that very purpose, is first passed to the offender. If he can drink the two quarts of ale without taking the cup from his lips, he "downs the sconce" and is entitled to drink for a week at the expense of his table. If he fail to down the sconce—and he usually does—the cup passes on and is finished by those on his left. It is an exceedingly difficult feat to down a sconce, and naturally the names of the few successful banqueters have passed into college history. I made many gallant efforts to enter the select circle, but I could never go beyond three and one-half pints at a drink. Any one who thinks that he has been unlawfully sconced may appeal *in Latin* to the High Table, where the dons of the college sit on a dais like the lords of the medieval banqueting halls. Over at New College on a certain day of the year students may drink as many mint juleps as they like at the expense of the college. This custom is fairly recent. A wealthy American at New College, being very much peeved one day over the fact that he was unable to obtain his favorite drink, donated to the college a sum of money sufficient to insure mint julep devotees against any similar humiliation from such unheard-of deprivation!

Out After Nine, Open to Fine

STUDENTS of Oxford during the Middle Ages must have been rather unruly subjects. History records many pitched battles between undergraduates and citizens of the town. This explains why all of the colleges are surrounded by high walls and why the students are still required to be inside at nine o'clock. At five minutes after nine each evening the great bell in Tom Tower at Christ Church rings 101 times in memory of the days when its 101 students were called to quarters by this curfew. Of course, students may return to college at any time before midnight, but in deference to tradition they must still pay a fine of a few pence whenever the gate is opened for them after 9 p. m. It is a serious offense to be out after midnight, and students who "knock in" after 12 p. m. are subject to expulsion. This regulation has made it necessary for late arrivals to scale the walls. Each college has its certain scalable portion of wall which is noticeably worn from frequent use. The old-time fights between "town and gown" and between students of rival colleges still survive in the form of "rags," such as the kidnaping of open-air speakers or in the running off with the movable property of some other college. Undergraduates are nominally under the jurisdiction of the university court, but when they disturb the quiet of the city, the civil policemen either take them in charge or else run them back over the college wall. One night a Canadian friend of mine who had been run back to college for being too boisterous had reached the top of the wall, where he sat in reach of safety, chiding his baffled pursuer. Unluckily for him, his buoyant spirits caused him to lose his balance, and instead of falling over into the college quad, he fell back into the street and was taken red-handed by the waiting "bobby." All students were required to wear academic gowns, as much for the purpose of distinguishing them from the townspeople as for upholding the dignity of their rank. This practice is still enforced, and all students found on the streets without a gown after nine p. m. are subject to a fine. These gowns are also worn to classes, to tutorials, and to all university ceremonies as well. The ordinary student dress today consists of a slouchy tweed coat and flannel trousers which are never pressed. This is probably a reaction against the practice of the Middle Ages, when students wore dress clothes a large part of the time. A survival of the old custom is seen in the white tie, dark coat and black shoes which must still be worn to matriculation, to all examinations, whether written or oral, and to the degree granting.

The degree granting ceremony is a curious one. The vice-chancellor marches in, preceded by the verger bearing the mace of authority, and takes the chair, supported on either side by the two senior proctors. These three represent the executive power of the university. Seated to the right and left are the doctors in their flowing red robes, while the masters of arts stand in the pit, garbed in black gowns with maroon colored hoods. These represent the governing body of the university. All matters of legislation must be referred for final decision to this body which they represent; namely, Convocation, or the total number of graduates who hold either the M. A. or doctorate. In 1921 this body numbered slightly more than 7,000. The entire ceremony is conducted in Latin. The vice-chancellor opens the session by explaining that the present Convocation has been called for the purpose of granting honorary degrees (*honoris causa*). The public orator then steps forward and, introducing the candidate with a long eulogy, recommends him for the degree. The chairman, in concert with the two proctors, puts the question to the assembled graduates: *"Licetne vobis, doctores; licetne vobis, magistri?"* They reply: *"Licet."*

Creditors Are Present

HAVING thus obtained permission from the governing body, the vice-chancellor proceeds to confer the degree, and with further honeyed words and a handshake receives the new doctor into the inner circle. All of this ceremony is routine except the introductory speech of the public orator who has an excellent chance to display his unusual knowledge of the Latin tongue. From the way the classical students laugh, he must say some very clever things at times. I remember his presenting Clemenceau as the *tigrum gallicum* and Taft as *virum illustrissimum et doctissimum.* When the honorary degrees are finished and the time comes for granting degrees to graduating students, the vice-chancellor moves down from his lofty throne and takes his seat in the middle of the orchestra. One of the proctors demands grace for the degree and then proceeds to march the length of the orchestra and back to his seat. During this amusing promenade he passes near the entrance, where unpaid tradesmen of the town used to assemble to pluck his gown, tell him of the student's unpaid bills, and thus hold up the degree. Although this privilege still exists, it has not been exercised for several years.

The story goes that when Lord Birkenhead was an undergraduate ready to take his B. A. degree, he found himself heavily in debt to several merchants of the city. Rather than have them hold up his degree by plucking the proctor's gown, he went to them all separately beforehand and promised that if they would allow him to graduate he would soon be in a position to settle his accounts; otherwise, he would probably never be able to pay them anything. I cannot vouch for the truth of this report, but it is, at least, a good story, since Birkenhead took his degree all right and is now Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. After the proctor resumes his seat, the deans of the various colleges introduce their candidates in turn, and the degree is conferred on the whole group.

Many other strange things happen at *Encaenia* (Commencement), but as they all take place in Latin, I am not quite sure just what they all are. I used to spend my time figuring out the percentage of bald heads among those wearing doctor's robes and in calculating what were the chances of my getting a doctor's degree without losing the larger portion of my hair.

Many Americans Fret

SO STRONGLY intrenched is tradition in Oxford that there are customs in the university church (St. Mary's), in the university library (Bodleian), and in individual colleges, but it would be too long and monotonous to enumerate all of these. There is reported to be a very amusing provision in the charter of Wadham College. It provides that the warden (head of the college) shall eat a certain number of rice puddings each year. I think the number is 166. The present warden, who is an exceptionally fine sport, remarked to one of the boys one day that he was getting terribly behind with his rice puddings.

Many American students at Oxford become disgusted with tradition and fret over the resulting restrictions. Personally, I never suffered any inconvenience. The annoying customs, such as the requirement about being in college before midnight, may be avoided by roundabout tactics; while the interesting customs, like drinking sconces, may be enjoyed for themselves. I never reached the point where I wanted to pray for the soul of Henry VIII—although it probably needs our prayers badly enough—but I did imbibe enough tradition to color my memories of the old university. I trust that I shall never return to the old town of Oxenford to find students carrying crossbows down the High or to see idlers shooting marbles on the steps of the Sheldonian Theater!

NOTE: The B. A. graduate of Oxford automatically becomes eligible for the M. A. degree at the end of seven years from the date of his matriculation, that is, normally four years after graduation.

Are Ball Players Worth What's Paid for Them?

Some Bring Tens of Thousands Through Gates, Others Are Not Attractions

By A Veteran Sports Writer

PRICES paid for ball players by major league clubs have mounted so high that baseball is coming to be referred to by some of the more facetious newspaper writers as high finance.

In recent years so much has been written and published about these prices that baseball has suffered as a sport for the simple reason that it took on the aspect of a gigantic industry. The dollar mark, set in front of six figures, removes the sport feature to a large degree.

The effect is exactly the opposite of what the magnates, or owners of the clubs, try for. They believe it good business because it brings a great deal of publicity. But, in this instance at least, the owners of ball clubs are poor judges of American psychology.

Not many years ago there was a national sensation when John J. McGraw, then manager of the New York Nationals, paid $10,000 for Rube Marquard, a tall, crane-necked, left-handed pitcher of the Indianapolis club in the American Association. Since that time McGraw, still manager but now also part owner of the New York club, has paid nearly ten times as much for minor league and major league material as he paid for Marquard, while owners of other clubs have paid more than ten times as much.

People are beginning to ask what the ultimate price paid for a ball player will be. Also, many are asking what a ball player can be worth and how to judge his value. It is impossible to answer the first question but in reply to the second it can be set down that the price paid for a ball player is similar to the price paid for a work of art—either is worth any price you care to pay.

The $100,000 Kamm

IN THE autumn of 1922 the Chicago club of the American League paid $100,000 cash for Willie Kamm, a third baseman of the San Francisco club in the Pacific Coast League. Besides the $100,000 Chicago turned over a player to San Francisco and adding the value of this player to the cash paid brings the total up to $110,000. This is one of the steepest prices ever paid for man or beast in the history of sports.

Since baseball is but a vast business, from the standpoint of the owner, the purchase of a ball player must be considered in the light of a business transaction and discussed from that angle. Since the public, or that part of the public which devotes considerable attention to baseball, apparently wants to know what method is used in establishing the value of a player, the case of Kamm may be taken as an example.

Here is a player who was regarded a star in the minor leagues. His value in the lower classification of organized baseball was established and firmly fixed but what he would be worth to a team in the major leagues was merely problematical. You may argue that a player who can do what Kamm did in the minors can certainly do much better than the average in the majors, but the argument does not go in baseball for some of the best men the minors ever produced were never able to make good in the majors, while other men, who were not particularly bright and shining lights in the "bushes," became stars when they were lifted to the big leagues. Baseball is filled with instances of both natures and it is one of the constant puzzles of the game.

Before a player comes into the majors his possible value is merely guesswork. He has to play for a few years until anything like a definite opinion can be arrived at. His probable limit can be fairly gauged. But there was no such knowledge in regard to Kamm. He might make good and then, again, he might not.

Why pay $110,000 for a man who may be either a success or a failure? It would puzzle any successful business man and men that own major league teams are, as we have pointed out, successful business men.

No Flash to His Work

WHEN the Chicago American League club invested $100,000 cash and a player worth $10,000 in a player of doubted possibilities, there were two ways in which Chicago might realize on the investment. First, there was the possibility that Kamm himself might prove such an individual drawing card that thousands of persons would come to the ball park solely to see Kamm in action. Secondly, Kamm by making good might cause the Chicago team to be a contender and by being a contender the team would attract thousands of extra people through the turnstiles. Only in these two ways could the investment be made to pay. It was up to the 1923 season to prove the wisdom of the investment and the 1923 season answered the question: Kamm was a poor investment.

Kamm is probably the best third baseman in the American League. He batted exceedingly well, ran bases intelligently. But, Kamm did not strengthen the Chicago team so that it became a factor in the pennant race and Kamm did not prove an individual attraction.

Chicago, with Kamm in the lineup, did not do so well in 1923 as during the previous season. This was not the fault of Kamm and yet it remains a fact that the addition of Kamm did not make Chicago into a pennant contender.

Using Kamm as an illustration, as we have been doing, we want to show why some ball players are worth a great deal less money than certain other players that lack the playing ability of the former.

Take Kamm! He lacks individuality. He is in no sense a showman. He is a valuable ball player but valuable only to a team and not to the turnstiles, for there is nothing about Kamm that thrills the spectator; he is exactly the reverse. Kamm believes in doing a thing as simply and easily as possible. He believes in the economy of motion. He saves energy. He works on the theory that a direct line is the shortest route to a given point. He moves on direct lines. The showman does not do this.

To illustrate: Kamm judges a ground-hit ball perfectly. A ball is hit far to his right. Kamm "gets" the direction of the ball quicker than any third baseman in his league and he is off quicker. Result: Kamm is in the path of the ball and manages to get set for it. He takes it cleanly and has time enough to make a good throw. There is nothing exciting about that.

Now, were Kamm a showman, he would time himself so that he would have to make a spectacular dive for the ball and follow with a throw while off balance. The throw probably would be bad but he would make the play look so impossible and his very effort would excite such a thrill and admiration that he would not be criticized for the bad throw; the spectators would conclude that he was lucky enough to get the ball.

The trick of showmanship is lacking in Kamm. His aim is always to make the play as simple as possible; showmanship demands that the play be made to appear as difficult as possible. Players with born showmanship manage to do this all the time. A few moments delay in going after a batted ball, a change of direction, a leaping or a diving catch; a late start and a fine one-handed catch where good judgment and the proper start would have enabled the player to use both hands in making the catch and insuring a safe play; a flashy slide where no slide is necessary; somersaulting after a catch that calls for no such exertion; that is the stuff that appeals to the crowd and that is the stuff that brings people through the turnstiles to watch an individual.

When Kamm came into the majors he was expected to perform miracles. The publicity given the deal that brought him to Chicago established the impression that Kamm performed circus feats around third. But when the crowds came out to look at Kamm they saw a player that "got nothing but easy chances." He did not give them a thrill and they therefore classed him with the average run of players.

Managers and players, realizing the technique of Kamm's play, have the keenest admiration for him. They appreciate what he does and how he does it. The spectator does not. The fact that Kamm fails to sparkle with the crowds does not mean that he has failed as a major league ball player for he is an invaluable infielder, but Kamm is not a $100,000 ball player because he does not impress the crowds that he is and owners must depend upon the verdict of the crowds to get back the money they invest in ball players.

Ty the Master Showman

BASEBALL has produced some excellent showmen. Most of them were great players, but a number were not. And then, some of the finest players of all time were poor showmen.

The master showman of all is Tyrus Raymond Cobb, now manager of the Detroit team. Showmanship is a natural trait with Cobb. He is an intelligent and a brilliant one. Babe Ruth is a natural showman but he lacks the intelligence and ingenuity, the brilliance and finesse of Cobb. His showmanship is of coarse caliber. If Ruth had the keener qualities of Cobb he would be an even greater attraction at the gate than he is.

John P. (Hans) Wagner was the best showman the National League ever produced. But Wagner, like Ruth, had natural physical qualities that made him a showman. Wagner was really a great ball player, the best mechanical player his league ever produced, but Wagner's bowlegs were worth more to the treasury of the Pittsburgh club than his playing ability, for Wagner was a delightful morsel for cartoonists because of the bowlegs and he was the most picturesque individual on the ball fields of his league. Physically, Wagner was one of the broadest men that ever stepped on a ball field. He was powerfully built, "along the rugged lines of good old Mission furniture," as one writer described him in 1909 when Pittsburgh won the world championship. He had long arms and he moved low, along the ground. When Wagner fielded a ground-hit ball he reminded you of a huge gorilla, pouncing on it, crushing it to earth. His hands were big and mighty and there was something about this broad human when he came to bat that caught the fancy of the crowds. He should be able to do almost anything; he was so big and powerful. He ran bases by might, his bowlegs giving him a peculiar appearance. He never had form and that is one of the reasons he was so picturesque. He looked awkward but you could not discount the power of him, the great drive, the force his frame represented.

The physical make-up of Ruth has box office virtues, just as Wagner's had. The broad, bulking shoulders and the comparatively thin legs (a build like Bob Fitzsimmons had), the peculiar walk, extremely short steps, the swarthy features of Ruth, his menacing attitude at bat; all these manage to give the longest driver in baseball history a marked individuality.

But Cobb had no physical characteristics like Ruth or Wagner. Nature gave Cobb a physique as near perfect as one can find. There was nothing broad, nor squat, nor bowlegged about Cobb; he was built in perfect proportion. There was nothing to set him apart and mark him with distinguishable physical individuality.

Cobb had to develop himself into a showman. He had to use his intellect, devise means and create opportunities. He made himself the greatest drawing card in the game by the application of psychology. He had a definite understanding of the value of contrasts. His tricks were all artificial; he invented them. The thrills that he introduced were the result of study, planning and keen execution. When Cobb came into the American League he was raw and coarse stuff but he developed into the most polished gem of all time. He knew the value of situations and he thrived on them. He worked up to the high spot of his scenes as a clever actor does. He knew when to reach his climax. He knew how to lead up to a pitch. He, better than any man that ever engaged in sport, knew best how to make the simplest matters appear like the most difficult.

Cobb and Ruth are outfielders, Wagner was an infielder. Wagner started as an outfielder but his great reputation was made as a shortstop. But, there were other men at various positions that proved sterling showmen.

Chase the Greatest

WHAT first baseman has ever equaled Hal Chase? He was the greatest fielder the position has known also the greatest showman. Chase was a remarkable acrobat as well as a great fielder. He had showmanship down to a decimal point. Infielders that have played on the same team with Chase have told us that he was the worst man in the world to throw to. But Chase missed less balls thrown by infielders than any other first baseman. And still he was never on the bag to take the throws. The fact that Chase was a difficult target for infielders made him all the more sensational, for he played deeper than any first baseman before his time or since and he had to travel farther to reach the sack. The infielders were compelled to throw in the direction of the bag, since there was no human target at the point. Throwing at a bag is a difficult problem and the result was that Chase's teammates made more poor throws to first than the infielders of any other major league team. But this flaw gave Chase an opportunity to make catch after catch that resembled a circus feat. He always managed to reach the bag just in the nick of time and since the throw was generally bad, Chase had to make one-handed stabs, scoop the ball out of the dirt, go far to either side, go high into the air, make back-handed catches and running stabs. Chase, who always seemed so much like a contortionist, did feats in taking thrown balls of which no other infielder was physically capable.

Chase was a great ball player as well as a sensational one. Few men have been as efficient in working the hit-and-run game as Chase, for he was always an excellent batsman. Likewise was he a splendid baserunner but it was in fielding where Chase won lasting fame.

When Chase was at the peak of his career one of the best fiction writers of the day wrote a magazine story about a millionaire baseball fan who become stricken with paralysis and was confined to his country estate, unable any longer to attend games. The unfortunate millionaire contrived the plan of having an All-American League team oppose an All-National League team on a diamond that he constructed on his estate. The game took place after the world series and a large sum of money was offered as prize.

The fiction writer used star ball players in his line-up, selecting the best men of the day at the various positions. Then he described the game in detail, inning after inning.

Playing first base on his representative American League team was Chase and one of the plays that Chase made in this mythical game was to come in more than halfway toward home plate when the National League team had a man on third base, one out and Chase guessed that the squeeze play was to be worked. Chase guessed correctly. The batter bunted. Chase pounced on the bunted ball, tagged the batter and threw his body across third base line in time to get the runner trying to score.

What Evers Is to Game

OF COURSE, truth will ever be regarded as stranger than fiction and, in this instance, truth was at least as strange as fiction, for Chase, later on, in a game during the regular playing season, made identically the same play that the fiction writer described in his story. The fiction writer, we happen to know, was describing a play that he thought impossible but, as fiction, interesting. Chase made it real, not once but several times before his career terminated and he is the only first baseman who ever succeeded in making an unassisted double play at the plate.

Adrian C. Anson, the slugging first sacker and later manager of the old Chicago team, was the most spectacular first sacker before Chase, but Anson was more appealing as a batter than fielder. Of the modern first sackers, rather those of the present day, the best showman is Lu Blue of the Detroit Americans.

Probably the showiest among second basemen was Johnny Evers, the keystone king of the Chicago Nationals. He played on a world champion team and was the pivot point of the famous "Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance" double play combination. In 1908 he took a throw from the outfield and touched second base after a Chicago-New York game had been completed apparently. The umpires were compelled to call out Merkle who, instead of running to second base on a safe hit that scored what seemed to be the winning run, turned and ran to the clubhouse. Evers alone noticed the mistake, compelled the umpires to recognize it and the result was that at the end of the season the Chicago and New York teams were tied for the pennant, had to play off the game that Evers saved and Chicago won. Later Chicago was victorious in the world series, beating Detroit.

The short field has produced several sensational

(Concluded on page 13)

How Citizens Have Put Heart Into Their City

Middletown, Ohio, Sees Itself as Model When Improvements Are Finished

By EMERSON ROBINSON

IF YOU would understand the spirit of Middletown, Ohio, you must live in Middletown or thereabouts or tarry there for a while. Associate with those who live there and you soon will understand why Middletown has forged to the front in recent years, and you will understand, too, the aspirations of its civic leaders to make Middletown a model city.

They are putting a heart in Middletown. The mold has been prepared and the cast made. Within a few years results of the efforts now being put forth will be apparent, and those who have visioned the future, believe that in another decade Middletown will stand as an example of the ideal American city, politically, physically, morally, mentally and industrially.

This will be occasioned by community effort; real community effort—not the generosities of one man, not the plannings of any single organization like the chamber of commerce, rotary club, or any similar organization but an organization including the whole community, the man who collects the garbage as well as the man who heads the biggest bank or directs the greatest industry.

There are about 4,500 homes in Middletown to shelter its 27,000 citizens.

And there are 4,500 members of the Middletown Civic Association, an organization only recently completed, but already functioning smoothly. This means, of course, that practically every home in the city is represented in the unusual plan evolved to develop community spirit and build up and support community enterprises. This membership has pledged $172,000 to carry on the work of the various bureaus and social agencies, seventeen in all, and they will not be called upon to give to any other activities.

In Middletown now there is no chamber of commerce, luncheon club—nothing that will take the time, the interest or the money of Middletown men and women. The whole is centered in the civic association, which carries the slogan of "Progress Through Service."

DWIGHT E. SMITH,

Secretary to the new Civic Association and originator of the idea to solve the problems of a small community.

It is the idea of Dwight E. Smith, secretary, and formerly the secretary-manager of the Middletown Chamber of Commerce. Smith went to Middletown six years ago to organize the chamber of commerce. He remained as its chief executive officer, and the longer he stayed the less he thought of the possibilities of the chamber of commerce, in its strictest sense, in the real development of a community, especially a small community. So he conceived the civic association plan.

"The idea is practical," said Mr. Smith, "and it fills to every detail the needs of this community. We have received letters from hundreds of American cities and from cities in many foreign countries asking for information about our plan.

"Take, for instance, the Community Chest. Nearly every city has a campaign once a year for that and the money is apportioned among the many agencies whose duties are various. In one city there are more than seventy organizations which come under the chest beneficiary plan. The money is raised and from time to time is checked out to these agencies as may be required. The people give, of course they do, and then forget about the gift or criticize its use. They are not giving as much now as they did a few years ago, with the result that in some places it is becoming more and more difficult to raise the funds.

"Each of the organizations that benefit under the chest plan has a certain overhead expense, and when this is distributed over a number of organizations the total is rather startling.

"Now take our plan, or that phase of it rather. There are seventeen beneficiaries and bureaus under the Middletown Civic Association. With the control of eight of them we have nothing to do. These are the Y. M. C. A., Library, Boy Scouts, Hospital, Girls Training School, Girls' Club, Girl Scouts and Salvation Army. However, each is represented on our board of governors. If any of these organizations has a deficit we make it good but only after we have made careful examination.

"There are nine others whose affairs we directly administer. They are Home Service, Public Health, Ex-Service Relief (in connection with the Legion), Employment Bureau, Agriculture Extension, Contingent Fund (for memorial building), Celebrations and Conventions, Recreation and Municipal Music.

The Manchester Hotel, costing $600,000, recently completed. It's too big for Middletown now but the citizens built it to be prepared for the future.

"Every one of these activities is necessary for the proper development of Middletown. And yet there are only thirty-six paid workers to do all of the work that must be done. There is only one overhead for all. Therefore it is economical and permits more money to be used for the purpose for which it is given. The total overhead, distributed as it is among our membership, is infinitesimal.

"But the greatest benefit is having the entire community interested. They do not give and forget. They are members of the association and they get an accounting of every cent that it paid out and what for. These are burdens which the community must bear and the people know it and they are not going to object when they get the report of what has been accomplished and the work that is being done to make their city a city of service.

"An organization must have the confidence of the public, and it can get this only by giving its support to worthy causes. All must get credit for any accomplishment; not a few, as has been customary in most instances.

"The old idea of the Chamber of Commerce was to get factories. Smokestacks was all they thought about and all they cared for, with the result that America is strewn with wrecked or misplaced enterprises.

"Middletown wants factories, to be sure, but Middletown knows what kind of factories she wants, and when she wants them. There is more to be considered than mere shops.

"If an industry employing a thousand men were to seek a location in Middletown today, the officers would be advised that the housing facilities here were not adequate and that they would have to make provision for their workmen. Housing is a big problem and we do not want a jammed city just to have population. A jammed city leads to discontent, sometimes crime, because the workman cannot be satisfied.

"Another thing: We believe that industry should stand on its own feet. It used to be the practice to donate land or make other contributions to get shops. That is not a healthy plan and if we were assured of getting a shop on condition that the people of Middletown subscribed for $50,000 worth of stock, or any other amount, we would not want it. We wouldn't give a nickel."

It was suggested to Mr. Smith that some of the activities undertaken by the Civic Association were properly considered in some cities as municipal activities.

"Yes, but we are trying to put a heart into the work here," he said. "It is not good for the city to engage in social work. We are interested in the welfare of the individual. When done by the city the changing administrations make it possible to have this work done perfunctorily without heart.

"We want playgrounds for our children so that they may grow up with healthy body and alert mind. We want nurses to attend to the sick and to look after the health of the community so as to lessen disease. We want to engender such a spirit that there will be fewer possible subjects for charity. We want to provide parks and we want recreation centers. We want proper housing, not crowded tenements. We want a contented population, and in Middletown we have made the start."

Middletown is fortunate in that her shops largely are owned by Middletown men, those who take a pride in the city. She is fortunate too in having as her most prominent citizen George M. Verity, a doer of things whose vision built the great American Rolling Mill Plant and who since he went to Middletown twenty-two years ago always has taken an active interest in everything that has been started to help the city. He is president of the new civic association and was one of its campaigners and one of its sponsors. He believes in Middletown as do other industrial leaders there. His shops employ several thousand men and he has never had a strike.

GEORGE M. VERITY,

President of the association and outstanding figure in the industrial life of a nation.

The Middletown spirit has been on its way for a good many years. It was going strong in 1920 when the citizenship subscribed a million dollar civic fund with which to build a new Y. M. C. A., Memorial Home, make additions to the hospital and do various other community works. The campaign and its successful conclusion startled the nation, for it was not deemed possible for a city the size of Middletown to raise so much money. But it was done and it paved the way for the campaign recently completed and its development during the last three years has been a surprise to other cities.

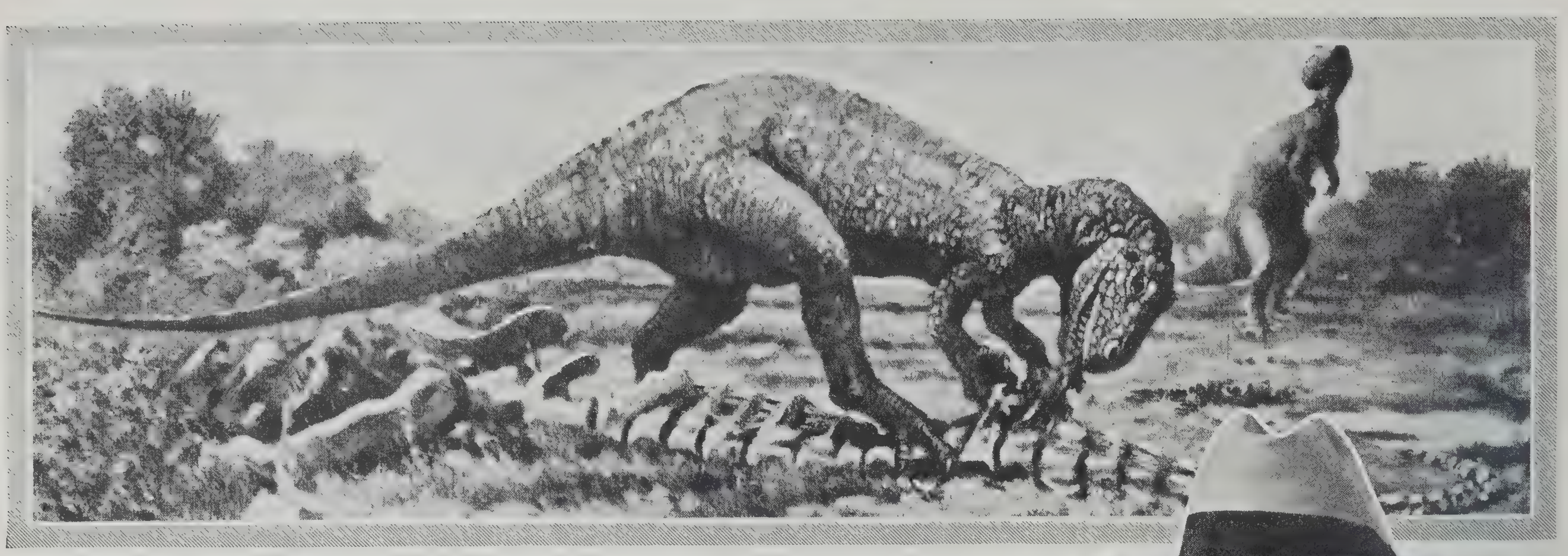
For instance, Middletown, like many other cities in Ohio, faced a rather trying financial condition and under the law it was possible to issue deficiency bonds. The Chamber of Commerce turned over $40,000 to prevent this admittedly bad piece of municipal financing.

In addition $64,000 was turned over to the Board of Education to provide increases in pay for teachers, necessary, but under conditions impossible for the board to raise at the moment. The citizens also paid the greater portion of the upkeep of the library, and engaged in and paid for other communal activities which ordinarily come under the budgets of the city. It was a self-imposed tax to help the city out of a bad financial hole to turn over $40,000 but it showed the spirit prevalent.

Middletown also is fortunate in that she has the city manager form of government and political rancor in its application to local affairs is reduced to a minimum. The officials are behind the new civic association and the commission has a representative on the board of governors

A May Day pageant in Middletown. Five thousand school children took part in this.

The "Ol' Swimmin' Hole," up to date, in Middletown; used daily by more than 600 persons.



By special arrangement with the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and Asia Magazine.
The Allosaurus, one of the largest of the flesh-eating dinosaurs. The restoration is by Charles R. Knight.

Turning Back the Pages of Time

Prehistoric Fossils Unearthed in Mongolia Date Back Ten Million Years; Held to Prove Central Asia the Cradle of Animal Life

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Published by special arrangement with Asia Magazine and the American Museum of Natural History.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

THE desert has always been a place of mystery. For ages men have looked on it with awe, peering out across the restless sands and wondering what lay beyond the far horizon. What could the desert tell them of strange men and stranger beasts? Where lay the gold of lost caravans? Where the wealth of cities that had vanished in Time? How could they make the desert tell?

But the silent sands gave back no answer, and the passing ages found men believing that the desert would never tell its secrets.

There came a day, however, when the desert did disclose to man a secret of vast importance, unfolding the years as a scroll and letting a little party of American explorers peer into the past, back into the days when neither man nor mammal roamed this earth, the days when dread reptiles played along the shores of the marshy lands, the earth trembling as their tons of bulk moved about in search of food. In a depression where the Gobi Desert sweeps down from the Altai Mountains of Mongolia were found twenty-five dinosaur eggs. Ten million years ago they had been laid there. Something happened, some vast upheaval of the forming earth, and the eggs were never hatched. For centuries they lay hidden deep under the bluff; but the winds blowing the sand brought them gradually toward the surface, until when they were discovered during the summer of 1923 they were barely hidden. Some of the ten-million-year-old eggs were broken, with the shells lying about, others were whole. In some of them were found the fossilized skeletons of embryo dinosaurs. The eggs are elliptical in shape, like an ordinary egg, about eight or nine inches long, and three inches in diameter, and the shells are heavier than the shells of a chicken egg. Probably before they became fossilized they were leathery in their thickness.

Of course this secret was not discovered without an effort, for nature does not unfold her mysteries to man unless he delves into the far-away places of the earth. And Roy Chapman Andrews, who headed the party that discovered the dinosaur eggs, had plunged into the trackless Gobi Desert hopeful, but not at all positive, that his expedition would find the valuable fossils that they believed lay hidden in their age-old sand graves.

Mr. Andrews, though still a young man, has been highly successful in his various expeditions in the far places of the earth. He has found many fossils of great importance to science, and he has always felt that in the hinterlands of China might be found a link between the present day and the vanished years. The great Gobi Desert is a place of slight rainfall. and there, if anywhere, fossils would be preserved. Then, too, there were many indications that fossils existed in the interior of China. Years ago scientists in Europe and America began to realize that the "dragons' teeth" and "dragons' bones" that could be bought at the drug shops of the Chinese cities were not a manufactured article. but real bones and teeth of great age. China, still an unsettled country, where a scientific expedition is regarded with suspicion by the average native, was then a place where the white man moved cautiously, especially when it came to digging in the earth for so valuable an object as "dragons' teeth." As a matter of fact, the old Chinese physicians who prescribed these fossilized bones and teeth were giving their patients something of medicinal value, for when mixed with sour wine the fossilized "bones" or "teeth" would result in a combination of bicarbonate and acid phosphate of lime.

In recent years, largely due to the efforts of Dr. J. G. Anderson, the Geological Adviser to the Chinese Government, the principal locations where the "bones" and "teeth" were taken from the earth were discovered, and a closer survey of these excavations led scientists to believe that in the even more remote places of Asia would be found fossils that would bridge the years and give answer to many of the perplexing questions that have been raised as to the early animal life on this earth.

One of the firmest believers in the fact that Asia. particularly Mongolia, would prove a rich treasure house of fossils was Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, who as early as 1900 expressed his belief that Central Asia was the place of origin of the reptilian and mammalian life which later migrated to Europe and America. Also, he felt that Central Asia might give forth evidences of human evolution.

Following this belief Roy Chapman Andrews, at the head of a party of trained scientists, started in 1921 for China. His expedition was under the guidance of the American Museum of Natural History, co-operating with the American Asiatic Association and *Asia* Magazine. His first work was to establish permanent headquarters for the expedition in Pekin, and to undertake certain preliminary field work in China. When the expedition was ready to move into the little-known region of the Gobi Desert in Central and Western Mongolia, a staff of more than thirty persons had been gathered, and the equipment was carried into the desert by two one-ton trucks, three touring cars, and a caravan of seventy-five camels.

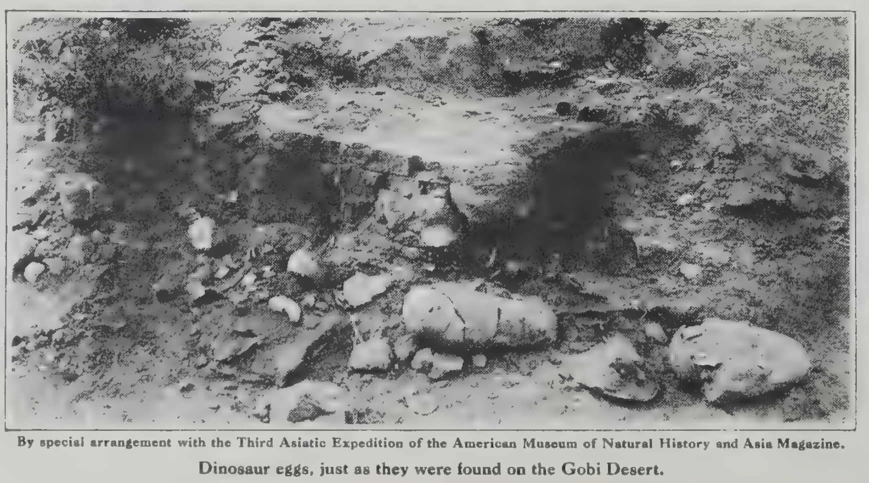
It was really the use of the motor cars that made the tremendous success of the expedition, for during 1922-23 the expedition traveled about six thousand miles, and it is reckoned that if the expedition had depended on camel caravan alone it would have required ten years to have accomplished the same amount of work as was accomplished in two seasons of five months each. In a single day the expedition traveled one hundred and fifty miles with ease, while a camel would require ten days for the same distance. The real use of the camel caravan was to carry heavy supplies, and to proceed to certain points where semi-permanent headquarters were to be established.

When the expedition left Pekin it caused a great deal of comment on the part of the Chinese, who felt that the Americans were quite insane, or they would never be spending their time digging for old bones. When Mongolia was reached and the motor cars, laden with their equipment, rushed ahead of the camels, the presence of the motor cars caused as great a disturbance as would one of the prehistoric monsters whose fossilized bones the expedition sought. The Mongols would be attracted by the sound of the approaching motor, and with one swift glance of terror the men would mount their little horses and ride like the wind, leaving the women and children to any fate that might befall them. Later, when the men learned that the motor cars would do them no harm, they became first curious, and then delighted. They would gather round. touch the strange metal "cart," blow the horn, and yell with joy when the lights were switched on, or water was poured into the radiator. After close examination the Mongols all seemed to decide that air was sucked in through the front of the car, and that this wind fanned the car into motion. For this reason they called the automobiles "chchurs" or "wind carts."

The expedition had been on the desert for only five days when the first fossilized bones of the ancestors of three different groups of mammals were found. When it is remembered that Mongolia, of which the Great Gobi Desert forms a large part, is about the size of the United States, it can be understood that the finding of a fossil bed is not a simple matter. Neither is it a matter of plain luck. Mr. Andrews and his assistants knew the signs of the earth that denote the possible presence of fossils, such as the depressions where the understrata have been exposed by the action of a stream, and with these guideposts they carried on their work.

Luck did play its part in the expedition, of course, and it is a matter of record that the most important find of the whole expedition "just happened." This was the finding of the dinosaur eggs. George Olsen, one of Mr. Andrews' assistants, went for a stroll one evening after the men had set their camp for the night, and seeing a small bluff-like depression walked in that direction. He looked down from the slight rise of ground, and saw something that looked extraordinary. He jumped down and examined the objects that had attracted his attention, growing more and more amazed as it dawned on him that he had made a discovery that was of the greatest value. He ran back to the camp and breathlessly told his story.

"We laughed and told him he was crazy," Mr. Andrews said in describing the incident. "No such a thing was possible, it was something unheard of, but we followed Olsen—and sure enough there were the eggs, lying just as they appear in the photograph. Others were found close by, some of them slightly



By special arrangement with the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and Asia Magazine.
Dinosaur eggs, just as they were found on the Gobi Desert.

buried by the sand. When we examined the eggs we found skeletons of baby dinosaurs inside. While we are not sure, the eggs were probably laid in the sand, and covered over to hatch. Further investigation uncovered a fossilized skeleton of a dinosaur in the sand just above the place where the eggs were found. It may have been the skeleton of the very dinosaur that laid the eggs some eight or ten million years ago."

The finding of the dinosaur eggs might easily be termed the climax of the expedition, occurring as it did during the late summer of 1923. Previous to this discovery the expedition had unearthed seventy skulls of *Protoceratops,* an ancestor of the great frilled horned dinosaurs that once lived in America. The eggs are from this reptile. Also they found skeleton material of a semi-aquatic dinosaur, and the skull of the largest flesh-eating mammal ever known. This was a great hyena-like animal that was probably thirty feet long, and had a jaw spread of about two feet. In 1922, the first season in the field, Mr. Andrews discovered the skeleton of the largest vegetable-feeding animal, the Baluchitherium, which stood fourteen feet high, so that it was possible to make comparison between the flesh-eating and herb-eating creatures. Another discovery of vast importance was twelve skulls of an extinct family of huge beasts that had previously been discovered in South Dakota, and that constituted convincing evidence that a land bridge had once connected North America with Asia. This bridge probably existed as recently as 200,000 years ago, and over it wandered not only animals of ancient days, but also man.

As would be natural, there was plenty of adventure attached to the expedition.

"Our great concern, of course," said Mr. Andrews, in discussing the events of his work on the desert," was the fossils that we discovered. When they were finally ready for shipment back to the United States they weighed nine tons, and filled two hundred boxes. The greatest job was to get the fossil from the place of its discovery to the camp where it might be properly packed for shipment. As the camel caravan carried most of our packing materials, and as the caravan moved very slowly, there were often occasions when the packing of fossils was a ticklish job. On the occasion of our greatest find, that of the eggs, and the dinosaur that probably laid them, we had been away from our caravan for a long time, and were so completely out of any proper materials for packing that we were reduced to pasting up our specimens with anything that was handy. I had a priceless dinosaur skull pasted up in my best pajamas, and all my assistants, even the Chinese and Mongols we had hired, were down to one pair of socks and one suit of underwear each. One man had two pairs of pants, and he was forced to give up one.

"The slowness of the camel train really caused a certain amount of hardship," Mr. Andrews continued, "for there were occasions when calculations failed, and we were without necessities for days while the great beasts lumbered their slow way. Incidentally, it needs to be understood that the Gobi Desert is not a sand desert, such as the Sahara, but a rock desert, which made it easy for the automobiles. It is really a terrible place, with seven months of bitter cold weather, the temperature falling to fifty and sixty degrees below zero in winter. You can travel the desert for hundreds of miles without finding a tree; just rocks and plains.

"Our method of working was to select a camp-site and then prospect around it for a couple of hundred miles. This would take us five or six weeks, and in the meantime the camels with their supplies would be marching toward the place we had chosen as our next camping spot. When we had finished work in one place we would move, covering in a week the same ground the camels had covered in five.

"Our most trying adventure was when we decided that we wanted to revisit during our second season on the desert a place at which we had camped the first season, and where we had found the skull of a beast that was the ancestor of the frilled and horned dinosaur of America. This place was at the extreme end of the Altai Mountains, and separating us were four hundred miles of desert. We could get across it in our automobiles, all right, but because of the barren condition of the country we were not at all sure that the camels could make the trip.

By special arrangement with the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and Asia Magazine.

It takes a camel caravan five weeks to go as far as an automobile can go in five days. Seventy-five camels carried gasoline and food supplies for five motor cars and twenty-six men of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and Asia Magazine. They are shown here reaching camp after a six-hundred mile march.

"However, we decided to take the chance. We took along enough food for a month, and enough gasoline to insure our arrival at the place. The camel caravan was to follow with food and gasoline for the return trip. The chance that we took proved to be worth all the discomfort that followed, for it was on this trip that we discovered the eggs.

"At the end of three weeks the camels had not arrived, and our food was getting low. Our fossil find had been so large, and so valuable, that we had not enough of the materials necessary for the preservation of the fossils. We used part of our flour and a great deal of our clothing in preserving the fossils. The method of preservation is to soak the fossil in gum arabic and make a paste of flour which you stick to the fossil with rice paper. It is typical of the spirit of the whole expedition that when we were down to the last bag of flour I asked the men if they wanted the flour saved for bread, or used to preserve the fossils, and they exclaimed: 'Let the work go on.'

"When our flour was gone we lived chiefly on tea and meat, the meat being furnished by the antelopes, which live in thousands on the desert. One of our great sufferings was from a lack of sugar and salt.

"Finally the camels arrived, not all together, for the leaders of the caravan had found that forage was so scarce that the caravan separated. Also, one section of the train had to make a long detour because of the presence of a bandit troop. Several of the camels died on the way to the camp, and more on the return journey, so that when at the end of the summer of 1923 we left the desert we had lost thirty-six of our seventy-five camels.

"Of course there are always dangers accompanying any such expedition as the one I headed, which has become known as the Third Asiatic Expedition. One of these dangers was from the Mongolian viper, a small reptile, but a deadly one. It was always finding its way into our socks, sleeping bags, and clothing, but fortunately none of us was ever bitten. Another source of danger came from the savage packs of Mongolian dogs. These dogs are the fiercest brutes that I have ever known, probably the fiercest creatures on earth, and under my order no one was allowed to leave camp unarmed, for one of these dogs will attack a human being on sight. Incidentally, thousands of these dogs live on the outskirts of the Mongolian settlements, and they play a sickening part in the native burial custom, for instead of burying their dead in the earth the Mongolian places the body of the dead person in a cart, which is driven beyond the settlement over the rough ground, and allowed to jolt off, and so left to be eaten by the dogs. On three different occasions members of our party were attacked by the dogs. Professor Berky was attacked by three dogs, and would have been killed if he had not had his revolver handy. On another occasion I was asleep with my wife in our tent when I was awakened by a piercing shriek from my wife. A pack of dogs was circling about the tent, and a moment later one of them came dashing in. I seized my revolver and fired instinctively. Luckily I hit the leader of the dogs. Then I fired again and again, hitting three others and driving them off.

"Of course there is a great deal of work still to be done in the way of exploring Mongolia and the vast reaches of the Gobi Desert, and the expedition will begin fresh work next summer. What we have been able to establish clearly is the fact that Central Asia was the original home of animal life; that Asia, moreover, was "the mother of the continents," and that up to within possibly 200,000 years of the present time there existed a land bridge between Northern Asia and the Alaskan peninsula of North America.

"We have found no direct evidence yet on human evolution, but we have much evidence tending to prove that Central Asia was the cradle of the human race, and our search will be continued to find the fossil remains of the ancestral forms of man's remote predecessors.

"While fossils of dinosaurs and other extinct species of reptiles are discovered in Europe and America, they are not the early ancestral forms such as our expeditions have unearthed in the hitherto unexplored regions of the Gobi Desert. These reptiles did not migrate to the newer continents until their species were well developed."

Mr. Andrews summed up the reason Asiatic expeditions have not come upon any "missing links" by saying that the rich and ancient fossil beds were discovered first, and that they had to be explored thoroughly before the work could turn toward other areas that might disclose fossils of man.

"We are confident that there are formations in Mongolia that will reveal the secret of man's earliest origin, and these formations we expect to uncover when we get into the desert again."

Are Ball Players Worth What's Paid for Them?

Concluded from page 10

players. The most sensational was, of course, Hans Wagner. He was likewise the greatest. Hughie Jennings, who came before Wagner, was another flashy performer, an exceptional showman. Jennings later on managed the Detroit Americans and he was the most spectacular manager either big league ever had.

Among the modern shortstops, Donie Bush, of Detroit, was one of the finest showmen. Bush was short and squat. Built low to the ground he had a flashy style and he was always an idol on the American League circuit. Bush was an intelligent ball player and the hardest man in the league to pitch to for at bat he had a peculiar crouch which pitchers found an almost impossible handicap in trying to pitch strikes to Bush. He got more bases on balls than anybody in the league.

"Rabbit" Maranville was the best showman among the shortstops of the National League. Maranville had an odd way of catching a fly ball. He cupped his hands and held them against his chest, catching the ball much as a football player catches a punted ball. This style alone made Maranville a marked individual and a drawing card.

"Buck" Weaver was the best showman the American League had among her third basemen until Joe Dugan came along. Weaver was even more sensational than Dugan. In the National League "Pi" Traynor, of Pittsburgh, is the most spectacular among the third basemen now in the game.

There have been some crack showmen among the pitchers. Cy Young was one, "Rube" Waddell was another. Both "cards" and each a great pitcher. Then there were "Bugs" Raymond and "Rube" Marquard.

Among the catchers Ray Schalk, of Chicago, for years the best catcher in the American League, was also the flashiest. Schalk was always a good showman.

Some of the greatest players of all time have worked along the lines of Kamm. They were anything but sensational. They were not showmen but stylists. They had form. While great, they did not have the magnetism that their showier brethren carried and lacking the magnetism they did not furnish the drawing power that the showman does.

Had not George Sisler lost his full sight he probably would have gone down as the greatest first baseman of all time. Sisler was the best batsman in either major league when forced out of the game. He was foremost among base-runners. As a fielder he ranked second only to Chase. And still, Sisler as a fielder, batter and baserunner, was a stylist. He had form. He played in the strictest sense of form.

Larry Lajoie was the best infielder of all time, considering form. Lajoie was probably the best second baseman the game has produced. Lajoie was the "poetry of motion" on a ball field. He had style, perfect style. No second baseman has quite equaled him in fielding and few natural batters of the power of Lajoie have been produced. He is one of the greatest four batsmen of all time.

Edward Trowbridge Collins, probably the best among recent second basemen, is another stylist.

Among the shortfielders of recent years Bancroft, of the New York Nationals, and now manager of the Boston Nationals, was the leading shortstop in the old league and Everett Scott, of Philadelphia, Boston and New York, the best in the American League. Both were stylists. Gerber, of the St. Louis Americans, who has replaced Scott as the leading shortstop of his league, is also strictly a stylist.

Kamm is the best stylist among the third basemen of today.

In the outfield Tris Speaker has for several years been the best stylist in either major league. Speaker must be regarded as one of the greatest outfielders of all time, and he is probably the greatest fielder. He was never a showman but he had wonderful form. Speaker was to the outfield what Lajoie was to the infield.

Among the catchers "Si" Perkins, of the Philadelphia Americans, is the best stylist among modern-day catchers. Connie Mack, the Philadelphia manager and a catcher in his day, says that Perkins is the greatest stylist the game ever produced behind the plate.

To go beyond these players one can recall Fred Tenney, a great first baseman and a stylist. Frank LeRoy Chance was more of a stylist than a showman and Chance also played first base. Jimmy Collins was the best stylist seen at third before the arrival of Kamm and in the outfield "Wee Willie" Keeler was the best before Speaker. Besides being one of the best fielders of all time Keeler was the greatest place hitter the game has known.

Among pitchers the greatest stylist of all time was Christy Mathewson. Every pitcher, if he studies his work, tries to be as near like Mathewson as possible. Walter Johnson, who pitched the fastest fast ball the game has produced, was also a stylist. Johnson always had admirable pitching form. Grover Cleveland Alexander is another great pitcher who was always a stylist.

And, while speaking of pitchers, Babe Ruth cannot be overlooked, As an outfielder Ruth is one of the most spectacular showmen of all time but Ruth was not always an outfielder. He used to be a pitcher, a left-hander, on Boston's champion team. And Ruth was one of the best left-handers that ever stepped on an American League pitching rubber. As a pitcher Ruth was never a showman; he was always a stylist. Ruth had almost perfect pitching form. If Ruth had not shown such tremendous slugging powers he would still be pitching and if he were, the game would have in him an excellent form pitcher instead of the best drawing card in the game today.

This is not meant to be a complete discussion of the players of all time. Many have been neglected, because of lack of space. No mention has been made in foregoing paragraphs of Frankie Frisch, of the New York Nationals. We believe Frisch to be the greatest player in the game today and he is, above all, a showman. He is the only player in the big leagues who slides hands first, and this is contrary to all style and form; but violating form as he does, Frisch is still probably the best base-runner in the majors. He is also one of the best batsmen in the game and an intelligent performer.

Neither have we mentioned Heinie Groh, of the same team, a sensational infielder and a natural showman; Harry Heilmann, the best right-handed batsman of the day, a good outfielder and a spectacular player; Harry Hooper, a great outfielder and a stylist; Ed. Delahanty, one of the great sluggers of the past and a showman. These, and many more, were omitted. We simply used a few players to illustrate our point, or attempt to illustrate it. We want to show that there is no such thing as a definite value of ball players and that some of the greatest have failed to draw nearly as many people through the gates as some of less ability, and why.

Co-ops Break Grip of Price-fixing in Sweden

Consumers Find That Societies Can End Control of Middleman; Farmers Divide Country Into Districts, Overcome Difficulties

By HUSTON THOMPSON

"IN QUEST of the Co-operative" in Sweden, I entered from the south by way of Malmö. Coming from the shores of Denmark, we passed Elsinor Castle, of Shakespearean fame, in the dusk. We were carrying with us the deep impression made by the success of the agricultural co-operatives of that country.

As there was a national fair being held at Gothenburg, to the north and on the west coast, we did not stop longer than to observe that the southern part of Sweden, known as the Skane, is very fertile and capable, generally speaking, of producing most of the farm products that are needed in Sweden.

The Gothenburg fair was remarkable in that it gave, both in pictorial and physical portrayal, the rise and growth of the industries and arts of Sweden in such a way that a study of the exhibits revealed a veritable school of historical and practical knowledge. I could not but reflect, after passing through hall after hall containing almost every conceivable manufactured article in use in modern civilization, that if Sweden and the other countries that I visited continued to grow in economic independence, the exports of the United States would suffer.

The Consumers' Co-ops

STROLLING down the main thoroughfare I saw a crowd around a window display. With some effort I wedged my way close enough in to discern what was drawing and holding the crowd. A young lady was turning the pages of an enormous chart or book, displaying on the pages diagrams, pictographs and drawings that revealed the rise and growth of the Consumers' Co-operative movement in Sweden. A great deal of time and thought must have been spent on this device, for the authors had so simplified the story that its unfolding tale could be grasped at a glance. The story had an evident lure for the populace, for the crowd before the window was one of the largest and most persistent that I encountered at the fair.

From Gothenburg, we set out for Stockholm, on the extreme east coast of Sweden. One could easily imagine himself in the territory along the border line of Northern Minnesota and Canada known as the Rainy Lake Region. There was vista after vista of beautiful scenic lakes, surrounded by dense forests, and then suddenly came an opening of a few hundred acres where some farmer had made a clearing for his crops.

The country through which we traveled northward has become one of the greatest centers of wood pulp and lumber production in Europe. Its soil is, however, too rocky for a high state of agricultural cultivation, such as one finds in the southern part of Sweden.

Stockholm is, of course, the center of both the Swedish Consumers' Co-operative urban movement and of the agricultural co-operative organizations of the farmer, though there are large distributing depots in Gothenburg, Malmö and other points.

Sweden, in conjunction with Norway, Denmark and the other Scandinavian countries, has made a distinct contribution in the realm of co-operation. They have an international buying union through which the co-operatives of all three countries purchase such articles as tea, pepper, and coffee, and they have offices located in London for this purpose.

The history of co-operation in Sweden reveals a clear-cut fight against price-fixers and monopolies. It is well to point out here that in Sweden, as well as in the other countries that I visited, when the ultimate consumers arose in their wrath and formed co-operative societies to fight the middleman who was fixing prices, or the monopoly, they frequently stumbled at first. But they never failed eventually to defeat the other fellow who stood in their path. Such an experience of the foreign monopolist foreshadows what will inevitably come to the American price-fixer, or trust, if the prices in our markets do not come down and if there is a large enough group of people who have been sufficiently injured by their machinations.

Middleman Beaten First

I PUT the question frequently in Sweden as to how the co-operator could defeat a trust or combination that had acquired most of the raw material in sight. Their answer was that first of all they would combine their efforts against the middleman. When they had eliminated him, they would take on a fight with the controller of raw materials. They did not believe, however, that there was such a thing as an absolute control of the ordinary raw materials.

For example, they argued that in the case of the manufacturer of shoes, if a combination controlled the market against the ultimate consumer, it was not at all difficult to buy leather in other markets and it would be possible, if necessary, to arrange for all their leather from co-operatives. The manufacturer of shoes who would monopolize the market, in their estimation, presented no great trouble, as co-operators in England, Switzerland and other countries had already demonstrated that he could be met and conquered. Evidently they have thought through the process of meeting monopoly. I believe that within the next fifteen years, the ultimate consumer of Europe, at least among the working classes, will make the price-fixer and the monopolist know what he is "up against" and that he has been in a battle.

As every successful co-operative movement is brought to the surface because of some pressing economic cause, such as price-fixing on the part of the distributors, so the gun of the housekeeper or ultimate consumer which fires back has the trigger pulled by some person who arises for the occasion, often from sources unexpected. In Sweden the co-operative movement had been going on in a desultory way until a Mr. Sundell appeared on the scene and became the second secretary of the Consumers' Co-operative organization. He had been a printer by trade and hailed from a town in the center of Sweden where he had first-hand experience with profiteers and monopolists. With his advent, things began to move. Through the columns of the co-operative newspaper, Sundell called the co-operatives to battle. He was a persistent fighter with a splendid sense for publicity, and above all a warm friend of the poor and oppressed.

It was not long until his work produced victory. When he died in 1910, he was looked upon as the real leader of the Consumers' Co-operatives in Sweden.

This movement has a large wholesale plant in Stockholm and in connection with it runs a savings bank where it accepts money on deposit. It also owns its own slaughterhouse. In Stockholm it is building a bakery. It has eighty-four stores with an annual turnover of fifteen million kroners (the value of the kroner at present is about twenty cents) and its membership amounts to from fifteen to eighteen thousand.

This organization also conducts a correspondence school with three thousand members studying many subjects, among which are bookkeeping, arithmetic, political economy, commercial law, banking, business correspondence, grammar, Swedish language, literature, public speaking, and social and alcoholic reform.

Two Papers Published

THEY publish two newspapers, one a weekly and the other a biweekly. They assert that they have become so strong that the deflation of Sweden, which as far as I am able to judge is the one country in the world where deflation has actually taken place, did not hurt them appreciably. They give as proof of this statement that in 1904 they were doing a business of 276,000 kroners and in 1922 a business of 63,000,000 kroners.

As in England I found a marked indifference on the part of the Consumers' Co-operatives in regard to the success or fate of the farmers' co-operatives. The latter have had some great difficulties to surmount. One blow that they received was brought about by the failure of their bank. Nevertheless, the farmers have made great strides forward.

These farmers' organizations, like those in Ireland, not only sell the products of their members, but also act as a buying organization for practically all the necessaries used in producing a crop. They are the largest fertilizer buyers in Sweden. They purchased nitrates from Chile and oil cakes from the United States. In fact, they are one of the largest purchasers of feed stuffs in the United States. They sell the farmers' rye, wheat and oats to the mills in Sweden, and where there is an excess of oats they export the same for the farmer. Some of them handle butter, eggs, hay and cheese for the farmer. But all imports are made through the national association.

It is well to pause for a moment and study the administrative system of the farmers' co-operatives of Sweden, for they have handled quite successfully the greatest problem that confronts the co-operative, namely, size. To do this they divided Sweden into regions or zones. In each of these regions, there is a central society that acts as the distributor of the farmers' products, and buys his seed and fertilizer for him. The central society of the Skane, the southern part of Sweden, has eliminated the middleman by buying coal for the members of its association. Not unless there is some catastrophe or impending matter that is so great that the regional society cannot handle it, do the local or regional associations call upon the national organization, with which all of these regional societies are connected. When such an occasion does occur, they send out the SOS call and the great central society sets its machinery in motion and takes over the whole matter.

The farmers' co-operatives claim that Stockholm has the largest milk consumption per capita in the world, and that the central co-operative milk society to whom the farmers sell their milk distributes eighty per cent of Stockholm's requirements.

Mr. Benzinger, the present head of this co-operative, was once a competitor of the farmers, operating a very large dairy in the city of Stockholm. In 1915, he offered a plan to the co-operatives whereby his plant and several other large independent milk dealers would consolidate and merge with the farmers, becoming their distributor. The plan was accepted, and Mr. Benzinger was made director. His plant was made the nucleus of the present mammoth milk establishment located in Stockholm. It centers around a group of modern buildings, easily available to every part of the metropolis.

There we saw five hundred thousand liters of milk handled daily, of which 155,000 gallons were distributed in Stockholm. To do this, the most up-to-date machinery is being used and business ability of the very highest order is seen in every department. As we went through the plant and observed the whole milky way carried along by modern machinery with the utmost care for cleanliness, one could not refrain from complimenting this great farmers' organization.

Their method of filling the bottles automatically and covering them with a metal top without permitting the milk to come in contact with the employes' hands, and further providing, upon delivery, that the bottles may be opened without the thumb touching the rim of the bottle, excited my interest to the point of exclamation. "Yes," said the director, "we study all your American methods and adopt the best. You lead the world in the use of automatic machinery.

"I have been studying your catalogs," and here he showed me a number of the catalogs of our milk appliance manufacturers, "and, this autumn, I am going over to the United States to the Milk Co-operative Conference which is to be held in Washington. On this visit I will take a trip through your country and spend a month investigating your dairies and latest machinery, and if I find any improvements you may be sure that our co-operative will have them."

An Up-to-date Laboratory

THE laboratory of this organization is one of the most up-to-date in the world, and has so demonstrated its usefulness that the government, in its study of the milk question, works in conjunction with the employes of this laboratory.

So modern is this plant that it is almost independent of outside sources in its requirements. It has a blacksmith shop, saddlery, machine shop, carpenter shop, paint shop and makes the boxes in which they place the bottled milk. It also keeps all of its wagons, automobiles and machinery in repair in its own plant.

Most of the surplus milk is turned into butter. The organization goes so far as to import directly Bulgarian bacteria cultures for the purpose of making Bulgarian buttermilk, which is prescribed in quantities by physicians of Stockholm.

It operates many retail milk shops throughout Stockholm from which it distributes its products.

When I inquired as to whether their employes were satisfied, they informed me that they had never had a strike, nor so far as they knew was there any restlessness or irritation among the employes, all of whom looked well-fed and happy.

It struck me that a co-operative such as this, which was handling the sale of all the farmers' milk, was in such close touch with him and had such large storage capacity in Stockholm, could easily handle some of his farm necessities. I asked why this was not done. The reply was that it would not be good business to act as buying agent for the farmer. The job of handling eighty per cent of the milk used in Stockholm, manufacturing butter, and making cheese, was a sufficient task for any one group of men, and they had found it wise to tend strictly to a single line of business.

No Aid From Government

AGAIN I put the question which I asked in every country visited, whether the farmers' organization desired assistance from the government. The answer was an emphatic no, and, in a similar vein to that of most co-operatives, that they would limit the government's efforts to teaching and encouraging co-operation, but would never submit to being subsidized. As they expressed it, changing administrations might look upon the co-operative movement from differing angles. If the society were receiving a subsidy, undoubtedly an incoming administration would interfere with the conduct of its business to the point where it would be a very disturbing factor and might prove fatal to the success of co-operation.

The complexion of economic life in Sweden has been changing very rapidly, though it is not yet as industrialized as in Germany, Belgium or our own country. During the last quarter of a century the industrial workers have increased from one-fourth to more than one-half, so that now approximately fifty-two per cent of the Swedish people are engaged in manufacturing occupations. This would indicate an additional growth in the Consumers' Co-operative societies, for they flourish in industrial communities. On the other hand, it is significant that only about a fourth of the people live in towns or cities, a great proportion living in rural districts. Among these are the thousands of men occupied in the lumber and wood pulp industries.

As Sweden has a very excellent school system and has entirely eliminated illiteracy, she has a strong background for the co-operative movement. Added to this, her people are practically of a single race, with the exception of those in the far northern territory. The situation seems ideal as long as monopoly is sufficiently grasping to force the ultimate consumer to meet it with combined effort.

International Science Briefs

By **DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL**
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Neuropsychiatry and the Disorders of Speech

SPEECH is the result of a long and continuous development from simple characteristic sounds made by the organs of speech and representative of feelings, perceptions, and ideas. At no time in the evolution of man do we find the elements of speech entirely lacking. The genesis of speech is veiled in primitive experience. It is difficult to reason from present processes to past beginnings. This method, however, is far safer than many of the conjectures which have been made concerning the origin of language.

Dr. F. N. Scott has made a notable attempt, by using this method of reasoning, to formulate a connection between various speech movements and their related experience conditions. In his work, "Publications of the Modern Language Association of America," he pointed out the fact that it is highly probable that typical natural movements of the speech organs have been inevitably associated with the particular experience situations which accompany them. Scott mentions such speech movements as grunting, gasping, choking, coughing, panting and sneezing. It is a well-known fact that the opening from the *pharynx* into the *larynx*, designated as the *glottis*, closes before all great exertions by the muscles of the body. All violent exercise is followed by panting. It is a psychophysical law that associated activities leave more or less enduring traces by which the experience events may be recalled in memory. In accordance with this law the speech movements would become definitely associated with the corresponding sounds and also with the particular experience situation which existed at the time.

The nervous system is an important factor in many of these associations. In cases where the feeling is intense the "overflow" of the emotional stress results in secondary movements which may be noted in either the vocal organs or in other muscles of the body. In many instances both the vocal organs and the bodily muscles are influenced by the "overflow."

The theory of Dr. Scott is in harmony and, in fact, emphasizes the validity of the supposition that language, consisting of expressive movements, developed simultaneously with thought or intellectual life.

Certain sound-producing vocal movements may be said to be instinctive in origin. Such sounds typify the presence of "food," "danger," and so forth, and are distinctly important in the service and preservation of life.

Language or speech is not a simple process. On the contrary, it is a complex of physical, muscular, and nervous processes. When we give audible expression to our thoughts a nervous process or activity is initiated in a portion ("motor area") of the brain which controls those particular muscles which, by their peculiar motion, produce the definite sound which represents the idea present in consciousness. This nerve-cell activity is thought to be of a chemical and electrical nature. This brain-cell activity is transmitted to the muscle cells where chemical and electrical action also take place, resulting in that shortening and thickening of the muscles which produce movement. The bones and other tissues are also set into motion by this muscular effort. In speech almost all the muscles from the hips to the ears are used to some extent. Musical tones and consonantal noises are controlled by muscles in the head and neck which move the tongue, jaw, and lips. The physical part of the process consists in the resulting vibrations of the air particles of the breath which are propagated to the eardrum. Passing into the inner ear this vibratory stimulus influences the proper organs of sense, ultimately reaching the termini of the auditory nerves. From these nerves the influence is transmitted to the brain with the result that the sensation of sound appears. The audible message calls forth thoughts and emotions in the mind of the hearer which, of course, are never identical with those of the speaker but suggest replicas, tinged, as it were, by the conscious "atmosphere" of the recipient.

Correct pronunciation is possible because mispronunciations leave their historic record in the sensory nerve organizations which are associated with those muscles which are active in the production of speech. By this marvel of adaptability the kinesthetic sensations (sense of muscular effort) are developed. Sensory nerves are found in the facial surface, the lips, gums, palate, tongue and in the synovial membranes of the joints. When we speak, the involved muscular movements exert frictional pressure upon these sensory nerves which are thereby stimulated. The result is a feeling of pressure, touch, and strain by which the consciousness of the extent, nature, and location of the involved muscular movements arises. This peculiar awareness is a fundamental in kinesthetic sensation. In conjunction with the auditory sensations the kinesthetic awareness enables us to repeat those movements which we learned in infancy. By this means we are enabled to correct errors in pronunciation (that is, errors in muscular movements), and this remarkably complex mechanism constitutes the instrument by which our movements are controlled.

Through complex associations between word-sounds, their meanings, kinesthetic sensations, visual sensations of the printed words, and the ideas which they represent, that sympathetic weld has been produced which we designate as language or speech. This harmonious structure is composed principally of muscular movements, word-sounds, and printed or written symbols of words.

PROFESSOR SMILEY BLANTON, M. D.,

One of America's foremost specialists in Neuropsychiatry, whose invaluable researches constitute a marked advance in a difficult and highly important field of knowledge.

This wonderful system is a fundamental means of self-realization, through co-operation in the social environment. Language or speech is not only our means of communication but it is also the balance in which success and failure are measured.

More detailed discussions of this subject may be found in many works on physiological psychology. This brief synopsis of the essential facts has been made because of its bearing on the following discussion of the problem of speech disorders. If we are familiar with the development and factors involved in the process of speech we are better equipped to consider the causes which underlie the various observed disorders.

From the facts already presented it should be evident that speech disorders are not due solely to abnormalities of a purely organic nature. Speech, as we have seen, involves us in the complex social fabric. Through language we become aware of the extent of our successes and failures. It is the great instrument of self-realization. Speech is a psychophysical problem. In fact this problem involves the mental attitude and the social environment to a greater extent than the purely organic mechanism of speech. When we consider the disorders of speech, we are principally in the field of nervous and mental abnormalities and we must look, in a great measure, to Neuropsychiatry for a solution of the problem. Unfortunately, in the United States, there are, perhaps, not more than half a dozen physicians who are specialists in this important field. In the forefront of this small group of earnest investigators we find Dr. Smiley Blanton, professor of speech hygiene and Neuropsychiatry at the University of Wisconsin Medical School. As attending specialist at the speech clinic of the United States Public Health Service Hospital No. 37, Dr. Blanton had excellent opportunities for careful research work in the field of speech disorders. Some of his conclusions are stated in his important contribution entitled, "The Medical Significance of the Disorders of Speech" (Transactions of the American Medical Association, June, 1921).

In this work Professor Blanton states that the development of the "speech area" in the brain depends upon "an intact auditory apparatus, the presence of intelligence, and an intact nervous and muscle system" in an environment which provides "certain emotional and social demands and situations." It is under the stimulus of such an environment that the "speech area" is organized. In this particular article he does not deal with the impairment of the use or understanding of language due to injury or disease of the brain (*aphasia*). He does, however, consider the following "four tentative groups: (1) delayed speech; (2) letter substitution; (3) oral inactivities of the articulatory organs, and (4) stuttering, which includes the disorder of stammering." Dr. Blanton regards these four groups not as diseases but as symptoms of disharmonious and unadjusted experience conditions. These disorders may also indicate abnormalities and defects in those organs and muscular mechanisms which function in the process of speech. His conclusions concerning the proper treatment of these cases are drawn from the intensive study of numerous post-war sufferers from speech disorders, student groups, school children, and private patients. We quote, in full, the following summary of the results of his researches: "We believe the disorders of speech to be due to the lack of ability to adapt emotionally to social situations, or to a faulty motor mechanism, either hereditary or acquired. We believe that the most worthwhile results which are obtained at present are those which aim at the underlying cause and general hygiene, and muscle training; and that training aimed at the alleviation of the symptom alone is pernicious because it obscures the issue and in hysterical cases actually "sets" the disorder.

We feel that this problem, for so many years left in the hands of quacks and charlatans and untrained people, is most distinctly a medical problem, and that neuropsychiatric training is necessary for the diagnosis and treatment of these patients."

The address before the Milwaukee Neuropsychiatric Society, delivered March 23, 1922, by Dr. Blanton, is effectively paraphrased in simple and nontechnical language. This paper is so highly important to general welfare and the common good that it should be carefully studied not only by all teachers and educators but also by the general public. We can render no better service than by making verbatim quotations from portions of this significant contribution.

"Much of the rage and temper shown by the deaf and by those children with normal intelligence, but with delayed and imperfect speech, is caused by their inability to find emotional outlets through speech. Every emotion registers itself through changes of muscle tension in the speech mechanism. The diaphragm may be said to be the safety valve of the body; through giggling, crying, screaming, laughing and speech the emotional tensions are siphoned off."

"Not only is speech a short-cut to action and one of the most effective outlets of the emotional life, but it is the chief medium through which the intellectual life is developed. Speech is not instinctive; it is a definite learning process. It develops in response to environmental needs. This environmental urge is needed by all children, but it is especially needed for the neurotic, unstable child. If there is no need to develop this short-cut to action through speech, it may be delayed long past the time for the normal acquisition of speech. The very fine co-ordinations of speech require an intact nervous system."

"Oral surgeons and laryngologists see a great many speech disorders that are due to abnormalities in the peripheral organs, such as cleft palate, malformed arch, poor occlusion, and so forth, such cases naturally going to those who specialize in this field. When, however, we study an unselected series of speech disorders in adults and in children, we find that perhaps not more than ten or fifteen per cent are caused by abnormalities in the peripheral organs. The rest are due to functional causes. A study of these causes takes us into the realm of psychology and of psychiatry."

Dr. Blanton considers speech disorders "occurring in soldiers who had nervous breakdowns."

"The primary object in treating these cases," he states, "is to re-educate them so that they can go back and take their places in the world; the training of the speech mechanism is a secondary factor. The re-education of the personality is the primary thing. The stuttering is only a symptom of the anxiety, fears, and lack of emotional poise."

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The president of the Berlin Jewish Community, Herr Stern, belongs to the Liberal party. The vice-president, Dr. Klee, belongs to the Zionist party, and a second vice-president, Herr Levinsky, belongs to the Conservative party. In this way political Germany is kept under surveillance.

Of 434 members of the House of Representatives, 373 confess religious affiliations. Of the ninety-six Senators, seventy-six are church members. The religious complexion of Congress as a whole is as follows: Methodist, 119; Episcopalian, seventy-four; Presbyterian, seventy-three; Baptist, forty-eight; Catholic, forty-five; Congregationalist, thirty-one; Disciples of Christ, seventeen; Lutheran, fourteen; Jewish, nine; Unitarian, five; Dutch Reformed, three; Mormon, three; Quaker, three. And of the United Brethren, Mennonites, Christian Scientists, Universalists, Evangelical Church, one each.

The tax paid by every American family amounts to one dollar for every working day, according to a banking authority.

The United States is the most neurotic country in the world, with Britain a close second, according to a Cambridge University professor. He stated that anyone who smokes twenty cigarets a day puts five per cent of his blood out of play.

Nearly 6,667,000 bales of cotton were used in this country during 1922-23.

A Swedish chemical engineer makes a thick fog with a two-foot machine which spreads smoke blankets over orchards, gardens and fields to prevent damage by frost.

Michigan planted 27,000,000 brook trout last year.

The founder of psycho-analysis and the more prominent exponents of the theory are Jews. Which leads the Jewish *Sentinel* somewhat prematurely to say: "It is thus very significant that salvation for human ailments is coming not from Mrs. Eddy, the Protestant, nor from M. Coué, the Catholic, but from Freud, the Jew."

Benjamin Franklin is the only American in a list of the eighteen greatest men contributing to learning in the history of the world, as compiled by the University of Washington faculty.

An oddly shaped gold ring, believed to be part of a pirate's treasure loot, was found by a New Haven, Connecticut, fireman digging clams in the sand near Thimble Islands in Long Island Sound. The ring is composed of four bands, joined by clasped hands.

A bronze mirror dating from Caesar's invasion of Britain has been found in the forest depths of the Celtic encampment. It was presented to the British Museum.

For the first time in many years a liner, the *Oropesa,* put to sea from Liverpool with the crew and passengers "chantey" singing "Down to Rio" as in the old days of the sailing lugger. During the 19,000-mile trip chanteys will be sung.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

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Uruguay plans to utilize the waters of the Río Negro to generate electric power for Montevideo and near-by towns.

Progress in the form of a larger Fort Wayne, Indiana, threatens the grave of "Johnny Appleseed" (John Chapman). With a leather bag filled with apple seeds, which he had gathered from cider presses in the more prosperous settlements of the East, he passed through Ohio and Indiana planting his seeds wherever he could find a cleared spot. Archer burying ground may be made into a public park or shrine if sufficient pressure is brought to bear on the city of Fort Wayne.

A torpedo-shaped piece of cast steel, weighing 150 pounds with two handles welded to its sides, is used by the Los Angeles police department to break into lottery dens and gambling clubs. Four men swing the heavy metal bar against the door and whether wood or metal it soon gives way.

Mrs. R. E. Barrett, believed to be the only woman city manager in America, conducts the affairs of Warrenton, Oregon.

Tests prove that the human voice can be transmitted clearly only when the speaker's mouth is close to the transmitter. To speak four inches from the instrument is equivalent to lengthening the line more than 200 miles; two inches away, 128 miles. Lower-pitched tones are transmitted better than those of a high pitch.

To create a French atmosphere in a corner of a New England campus, Middlebury College will erect a French chateau to house the Department of French.

Five hundred small farms were auctioned off recently in Arkansas at a Federal receiver's sale to satisfy tax assessments levied against the land for the construction of highways.

A French aviator established a new record for hydroplane speed when he averaged 76 miles an hour over the Seine.

Newspaper prices in Paris have been increased one sou due to the increased cost of production.

Airships equipped with skiis instead of wheels for taking off and landing on the snow are seen in the mountain districts of Switzerland.

A new tone-sensitive safe lock that opens only to a tuning fork tuned to the required pitch is on view in Birmingham, England, according to reports from that city.

In ten years Florida's wealth has increased 162.9 per cent.

The only known supply of helium gas in the British Empire exists in Alberta, where 10,000,000 feet is going to waste annually.

Bernard M. Baruch, who says he was "the greatest man in the war," delivered what is described as "his annual lecture" at the United States Army War College, Washington, in which he described his system for conscripting men, money and industry in the next war. Barney Baruch is the Jewish speculator from Wall Street whom Woodrow Wilson set over the War Industries Board.

A Detroit judge fined three young men $5 and costs with an alternative of 10 days in the House of Correction for reading subtitles aloud in a picture theater.

Engineers estimate that five billion five hundred million cubic feet of water will be stored in the reservoir to be built by the Canadian Government through the Running Streams Commission on the Riviere du Loup, north of Louiseville in the St. Maurice district of Quebec.

Fish flour manufactured in France is made from the non-edible fish found in the nets of trawlers. It is mixed with feed for poultry, rabbits, dogs, sheep, cattle and hogs.

Although less than thirty per cent of the total, the farm population of the United States is carrying more than thirty-five per cent of the child population. The farm educates this excess of youth and turns it over to the cities at the producing age.

The best cane suitable for making saxophone reeds is grown near Marseilles, France. The cane is bought by reed instrument makers and matured by them for about two years before using.

A pair of well-trained homing pigeons will accompany each outgoing tourist car visiting the little-known parts of Colorado about Grand Canyon National Park. These pigeons will be used in case of emergency, since there is no telephone or telegraph service in that part of the country.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

DEA

The Ford International Weekly

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Do Bolshevists "Use" Our Women's Clubs?

Amazing Account of How Propaganda Is Spread Thro' American Organizations

Exploitation of Our Cut-over Lands

China's Wise Patriarchs of the Soil

Colored Glass Now Cures All Our Ills

Being the Interesting Story of How One Parsee Gentleman Makes a Living

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Are Women's Clubs "Used" by Bolshevists?

Interlocking Directorates Used Effectively to Disseminate Propaganda

By An American Citizen

GRAVE danger threatens the progress of organized womanhood in the world today. Leadership of women's organizations has fallen into the hands of radicals to an alarming extent. There is a conspicuous turning away from public work on the part of many able women who have formerly been active. Radical leadership may cost all that sane, progressive women have achieved through the centuries. It is inevitable that if a choice is compelled between the extreme feminist program under its present radical leadership and anti-feminist programs, the anti-feminists will win, since this is obviously the lesser of two evils.

One reason for many of our best women refusing to be candidates for office in women's organizations is that the advent of suffrage makes every organized unit a potential political factor.

To understand this it is necessary to examine the radical program for the control of leadership Tracing the personnel through the network of interlocking directorates which control women's organizations, national and international, we see how the radical works It is never the policy of the leaders to permit the rank and file of the members to know what the ultimate objective is. Women are drawn in through all sorts of camouflage interests—their dislike of war, their sympathies for prisoners, most of all by the frothy eloquence which depicts a woman's crusade against all evil, while at the same time their leaders are using the rawest form of political bludgeoning on politicians in the capitals, and are often in communication with the fountains of "red propaganda" in this and other countries. Of course, the good women who make up the rank and file are not supposed to know this.

Used for Red Purposes?

ON AUGUST 1, 1922, the Central Executive of the Communist International (Communist leaders who rule Soviet Russia) issued a signed proclamation "To the Central Committee of all Communist Parties," through the Communist "International Press Correspondence" service, in part, as follows:

"It is self-evident that the Proletarian United Front is not complete unless women are conscious and active co-militants . . . . It is the duty of the Communist parties of all countries to make full use of the existing possibilities to convert women into conscious militants . . . See to it that the necessary measures be taken for carrying on Communist propaganda among the broad masses of women . . . . that steps be taken for the awakening and mobilization of the working women to take their places consciously and confidently in the United Proletarian Front . . . . This applies not merely to political work . . . . but more particularly . . . . in the trade unions and co-operatives. The Proletarian women . . . [illegible] deep and potent sources of vigorous fighting power and fighting energy . . . . To unlock these sources will be the duty and honor of the Communist parties of all countries and will serve as another guaranty for the success of the United Proletarian Front in the struggle against the bourgeoisie."

This order from Moscow illustrates the true objective of the Communists regarding work in women's organizations. Some intelligent women are now convinced that the legislative program being sponsored by women's organizations is a menace and that the women of America are being used for a purpose that is concealed from them.

The National Council of Women which held its biennial convention in November, 1923 at Decatur, Illinois, is the clearing house for national organizations. The constituent organizations are as follows:

- National American Woman Suffrage Association, now National League of Women Voters.
- National Women's Relief Society.
- Young Ladies' National Mutual Improvement Society.
- National Women's Relief Corps.
- National Council Jewish Women
- National Florence Crittenton Mission
- Ladies of the Maccabees.
- National Federation of Colored Women
- Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic
- Association of Collegiate Alumnae, now American Association of University Women.
- National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Association.
- National Federation of College Women.
- National Federation of Musical Clubs.
- Needlework Guild of America.
- General Federation of Women's Clubs.
- Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, U. S. A. Section.
- Women's Christian Temperance Union.
- Young Women's Christian Association.
- Woodmen Circle.
- National Women's Republican Association.
- Children of American Loyalty League.
- Kansas State Council.
- Rhode Island State Council.
- Indianapolis Local Council.
- Medical Women's National Association.
- International Sunshine Society.
- National American War Mothers.
- National Kindergarten Association.
- Sons of Veterans' Auxiliary.
- National Auxiliary United Spanish War Veterans.
- Association of Women in Public Health.
- May Wright Sewell State Association.
- American Legion Auxiliary.
- Osteopathic Women's National Association.
- Southern Women's Educational Alliance.
- American Lovers of Music.

The combined membership of these organizations is more than eleven million. The National Council of Women of the United States is affiliated with the International Council of Women of which the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair is president. The International Council federates all national organizations in Europe and the Orient. The combined membership of the International Council is approximately thirty-six million. These astounding figures by no means represent the total number of women who are being reached through the affiliated organizations which contact. Many women in the organizations not affiliated with the National and International Council of Women are members of the International Suffrage Alliance, the Trade Union Organizations and the National Women's Party, all of which are more or less infected with the radical communist or milder virus.

At the convention of the International Suffrage Alliance, held in Rome, May 23 of last year, the attempt was again made to amalgamate the International Suffrage Alliance and the International Council of Women. So far, this plan has failed of accomplishment, but its sponsors are by no means discouraged.

Through teamwork on interlocking directorates, a few key women dominate the legislative program in most of the women's organizations. This is the central fact which explains what is accomplished by any of these conventions.

The tendency to federate all organizations nationally and internationally makes it comparatively easy to control great numbers by small minorities. Take the National Council of Women as an example. There are fourteen committees, the membership of which is composed of the chairmen of like committees in the constituent organization. The representation of affiliated organizations in the National Council of Women is restricted to the president and five delegates. Members are welcome as visitors, but comparatively few attend the board meetings, as it takes both time and money to travel from one convention to another. The present officers in the National Council of Women have served through many years and there have been few changes in the chairmen of committees during the administration of Mrs. Philip North Moore, who was re-elected president for the fourth time at Decatur. Through means of these fairly continuous chairmanships the well-financed propaganda organizations are instructed to penetrate and control the women's organizations.

The two most conspicuous propaganda organizations affiliated with the National Council of Women are the National League of Women Voters and the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom. Mrs. Maud Wood Park, president of the National League of Women Voters, is a vice-president of the National Council of Women. Mrs. Park is said to have great influence over Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, herself a vice-president of the National Council of Women. The chairmen of the majority of committees in the National Council of Women are also members of either one or both of the above-mentioned organizations.

How Women's Bloc Works

ALL of the principal women's organizations maintain legislative representatives in Washington and the astute Mrs. Park some time ago organized what is known as the "Congressional Committee," of which she is chairman and of which Mrs. A. C. Watkins is secretary.

This "Women's Bloc," as it is called, can in co-operation with the radicals in Congress practically dictate our legislation, and our women, comprising the vast membership of these organizations, women who would quickly resent being called Socialists or Bolsheviki, are blithely passing resolutions and voting for a program that was inaugurated by Madam Alexandria Kollontay in her Soviet "Department of Child Welfare" in Russia.

The influence of many women is appreciable in the National Council of Women who do not personally attend these conventions. This comes because of their teamwork with the women who *do* attend. For example, Mrs. Raymond Robbins, formerly president of the National Women's Trade Union League, an organization which the Lusk Committee reports "adopted resolutions in favor of the Soviet government," and a contributor to the Rand School of Social Science where socialist leaders are trained, is one of the socialist women promoting pacifist and welfare propaganda. Miss Mary Anderson, chief of the United States Women's Bureau and chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee in the National Council, issued a call for a WORLD CONGRESS OF WORKING WOMEN, which met at Washington, November 6, 1919, and adopted the name International Federation of Working Women, of which Mrs. Robbins was made president. This congress gave special attention to "legislative reforms for the purpose of protecting maternity." The *Woman Citizen* magazine, the official organ of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, reports that plans were recommended to secure state grants to mothers for each child born and to secure free medical, nursing and surgical care during maternity and, in addition, an allowance for the support of the mother and child during the maternity period." At the World Congress of Working Women they also advocated that there be organized an INTERNATIONAL LABOR OFFICE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS BUREAU to collect information on best methods of maternity care.

The heart of everyone is touched by an appeal to care for mothers and babies. *The radicals find it easy to build their bureaucracy by selecting such obvious heart appeals* because by such means they sweep the uninformed to the polls unknowingly to vote away individual freedom and Constitutional Government. All students of political economy know that bureau management is costly and inefficient. Under the Sheppard-Towner bill each community must raise part of the funds for the care of its own mothers and babies. The Federal Government contributes a similar amount and assumes direction of the work. *Some day the community will awake to the fact that it would cost less to pay for the care of its maternity cases without Federal aid and under community direction. The great danger, however, is not the increased taxes due to the upbuilding of this undemocratic machine, but the centralized political control thus established.*

It was Mrs. Raymond Robbins who brought forth the idea of a department of public welfare in America. As a "republican" in co-operation with Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, of the National Republican Committee, she organized a welfare demonstration at Marion, Ohio, October 1, 1920, at which Mrs. Robbins was the first speaker and at which President Harding, then candidate, was persuaded to come out for a welfare department and a new cabinet officer. As chairman of the WOMEN AND INDUSTRY COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS, Mrs. Robbins wrote the "Women and Industry" and the "Education Plank" of the Democratic National Platform which is identical in wording with that of the League of Women Voters *long before their convention met.* It gives us food for thought when the leading women in both the Democratic and Republican parties are members of the League of Women Voters which organization is admittedly working for pacifism and internationalism and is sworn to uphold the non-partisan movement among women.

Tap Party Treasuries

RATHER clever of the women! They tap the treasuries of both the Democratic and Republican parties for funds with which to break down party machinery. Not long ago Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, of the Republican National Committee and Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, of the Democratic National Committee, made a lecture tour for the League of Women Voters, almost, if not quite, together. And a story of this trip was printed in a Sunday Washington paper with authenticated interviews from each, together with their photographs.

When we realize that this same program is being carried out by women in European countries as well, and that the program in our country is backed by these women who manipulate all of the committees from the great national political parties to the humblest church societies, and that they are lobbying for a program identical with that promulgated by Madam Alexandria Kollontay, the director of welfare in Soviet Russia, what are we to think? Madam Kollontay is so radical that even Radak himself objects to her, yet Miss Mary Anderson, head of the Women's Bureau in our Department of Labor, and chairman of Industrial Relations in the National Council of Women, has succeeded in having printed *by the Government of the United States* this program of Women and Children's Work minus only its Soviet label! Think of the network of club machinery represented by the National Council of Women and realize that this program, through Miss Anderson's chairmanship, permeates the committee work of all the clubs in the United States with this Bolshevik doctrine. Then remember that through interlocking directorates practically the same program percolates through many organizations *not* affiliated with the National Council of Women, such as the National Women's Party, the National Women's Trade Union League, the International Suffrage Alliance, and others.

Note the important affiliation consummated through the appointment of Miss Charl Williams of the National Education Association as chairman of Elementary Education in the National Council of Women. Since Miss Whitney, the chairman of education, recommended her appointment, it is evident that she is expected to be sympathetic with the present politics of the organization. Certain it is the N. E. A. is strongly impregnated with Pacifist-Socialist propaganda, as its recent convention work proves.

Resolutions passed by small delegated bodies representing great organizations endorse the legislative program of Soviet Russia in the name of reform, of peace, and of child welfare, and the great majority of the membership of these organizations are unaware that a revolution in the United States is being set on foot through this work of women. The most valuable work being done to destroy Constitutional Government is being done by those who deny that they are radicals. Most of them believe their own statements. Radicalism is a wordy system with many aspects. Few people recognize it unlabeled. It is time that we examine beneath the label.

Few people understand the program of deceit which is essential to put across that portion of the radical program which they term "The Bloodless Revolution," or revolution by the ballot.

Let us now examine some of the most illuminating statements from the official records of the Communists.

The Third Congress in conjunction with the International Women's Congress at Moscow, July 8, 1921, adopted the following resolution: "The interest of the working class, especially at the present moment, imperatively demands the recruiting of women into the organized ranks of the proletariat fighting for Communism in all places where the Communist parties exist

(Concluded on page 12)

Cut-over pine land suitable for recreation purposes only. It is Lake Guthrie Forest Reserve, Otsego County, Michigan

Exploitation of Cut-over Lands

Lands of Lake States, Denuded of Timber, Worthless for Farms, Are Sold to Unwary

By J. C. GILBERT

Above—Virgin Norway pine growing in Northern Michigan on poor, sandy soil, unfit for agriculture but valuable for saw log culture. Left—A white pine plantation, 22 years old, on bare sand, for reclamation purposes.

A CENTURY ago land settlement was of a spontaneous character. Pioneers sought the life of their own initiative. At that time the great fertility of the Middle West called. Entire families broke away from Eastern United States and with their meager household goods stowed away in covered wagons they sought the fruitful lands of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. With ox-teams they traveled in caravans ever westward where a generous government gave them all the land they wanted at a price within reason. Whole sections were homesteaded. Fathers, looking ahead, purchased other sections of the rich prairie lands. Teeming cities sprang up. An increasing population demanded more food, which in turn created a further demand for farm lands. Again the westward migration.

The Civil War was fought. The released soldiers, sons of pioneer fathers, thirsting for excitement, swept beyond the Mississippi Valley, up the Missouri and over the Rocky Mountains to the coast of the Oregon country. Other countless thousands swarmed through Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas. Still later the great unfenced ranches were bought up and cut into farms. Today the last good land is going fast. The old days of free lands have passed. Government and railroad concessions are no more. Good land costs real money. Poor land may be had for paying the delinquent taxes.

Photo by courtesy U. S. Forest Service.
Cut-over hardwood land. This is valuable farming land. Rich humus has been formed by decaying leaves of deciduous trees. No ground fires have burned through as they do in open pine forests.

Investigations made by the government into methods of land settlement in the Lake states indicate that elaborate advertising and high-pressure salesmanship have induced many persons, unfitted for pioneering, to take up raw cut-over lands. The Lake state governments, in many instances, maintain bargain counters for tax-reverting land, peddling them out for twenty-five to fifty cents an acre and exercising no supervision whatever over the disposition of much land not well suited to agriculture. Various private colonization firms, many of them having their headquarters outside the state in which the land is sold, buy vast tracts of this wild land at bargain prices. This land can be sold provided enough selling pressure is exerted. The land itself, in most instances, is absolutely worthless for anything but the growing of pine timber. It is not even third-rate farming land, as it is largely sandy plains, with a second growth of scrub oak, poplar and pin cherry. Some of it is swamp land, low and unhealthy. Much of this worthless land has been sold and most of the purchasers are city people, bamboozled into paying their hard-earned cash for land of a quality that was reverting to the state at the rate of thousands of acres a year because of the failure of the original owner to pay his taxes after he had lumbered off the timber.

The degree of fraud at times is almost unbelievable. Many a hard-working factory hand has come on to this land from the city. Untrained as an agriculturist, he has found, in many instances, that he has drawn a blank, on which even an expert farmer could not raise anything of value. Perhaps he bought it in the winter time when snow covered the ground. Possibly he was shown excellent crops growing on hardwood lands adjoining the pine barrens and was led to believe that the pine lands would produce equally well. Crop rotation means nothing on the burned-out plains. Something does grow on the plains, but in most cases it is an exceedingly scrubby forest of second growth, or it is a low-ground cover of huckleberry, sweet-fern and herbs that make a sod close to the surface. One inch below the roots is the mineral soil, perfectly sterile as far as farm crops are concerned. In many instances forest fires, following the lumberman, have cleaned out the little humus deposit.

Again, perhaps the promoter will hold out the promise of cattle or sheep ranching. This region has been exploited many times for extensive grazing purposes. But unless the rancher has a farm in connection with the grazing industry, his project is doomed. The snow falls in early November and rarely leaves before March 15, frequently later. That means he has to winter the stock for practically five months. Many and extended trips through that country have failed to reveal a bona fide successful ranch project, such as is possible in Texas or other western states, where ranching is practicable.

In this same cut-over pine country are tracts of excellent fertile land. This is land upon which have stood the hardwood forests, deciduous trees which for centuries shed their leaves, enriching the earth. Frequently clay soil is found in the hardwood forest cut-over districts. This land is rarely exploited for the reason that it is really valuable and the owners know its value and either hold it as a speculation or sell it to someone familiar with farming conditions in that section. The buyer of such land clears it of stumps and plants potatoes, grain and other farm products and is invariably successful because the humus is rich on this cut-over hardwood land. It is a little too far north for corn such as is raised in Iowa, Illinois and Indiana, although Indian corn or maize does well when given proper care. A visit to the county fairs is decidedly interesting. The excellent crop and the diversification in crops are a revelation. The railroads run through the worst section of the country because the rail was laid into the pine forests to exploit the cheap lumber forty or fifty years ago. Hardwood was worthless and no railroads were built into it.

There is enough first-class agricultural soil in the cut-over regions of the Lake states to absorb at least all the settlement it can anticipate for fifteen years. The promoter passes up this type of land. He is out for big profits and quick deals. He is a sharper who plays on the land-hungry factory worker of the city who yearns for the out-of-door life he has learned to associate with the farm. He comes and is disillusioned.

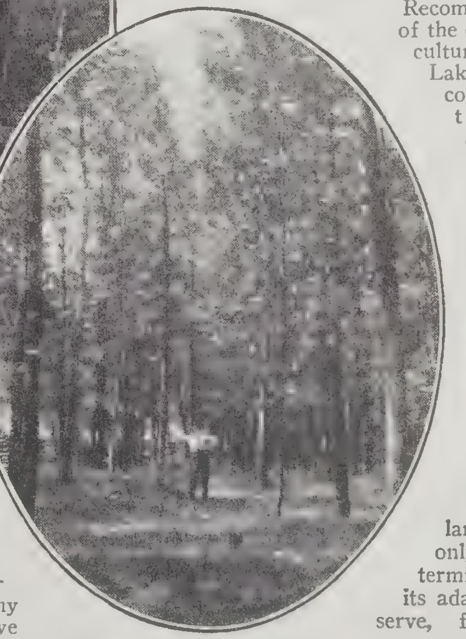

Photo by courtesy U. S. Forest Service.
A stand of hardwood, 25 years old. This is good farming land.

Recommendations of the deans of the departments of the agricultural colleges of the three Lake states, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and the commissioners of agriculture for the Lake states are, in this connection, most interesting. An excerpt from their report reads as follows:

"We condemn any policy of exploitation at the expense of the new settler and strongly urge a policy of development for the benefit of the states and the extreme of good faith for the benefit of the settler.

"Classification of land is essential. It is the only sane method for determining the soil's best use; its adaptability for game preserve, forest reserve, special crops, or general farming. We urge a complete and state-wide land classification of all the areas of our respective states."

The foregoing should be sufficient to squelch the land boomer. Yet it fails to do so.

Many lumber companies maintain farm-land departments in connection with their lumbering business. They seek to dispose of their cut-over lands through these departments, selling lands from ten dollars up to fifteen dollars an acre. Generally they take fifty dollars or one hundred dollars down, and give the buyer ten years' time to pay for the land at six per cent. Much good land is thus disposed of, for most lumber companies are now operating in hardwood sections where the soil is much more fertile than on the pine plains. The buyer finds that it costs from ten dollars to one hundred dollars an acre to clear this land after he has purchased it. In practice the settler does not usually actually clear the land. He goes over it and piles the brush and cuts

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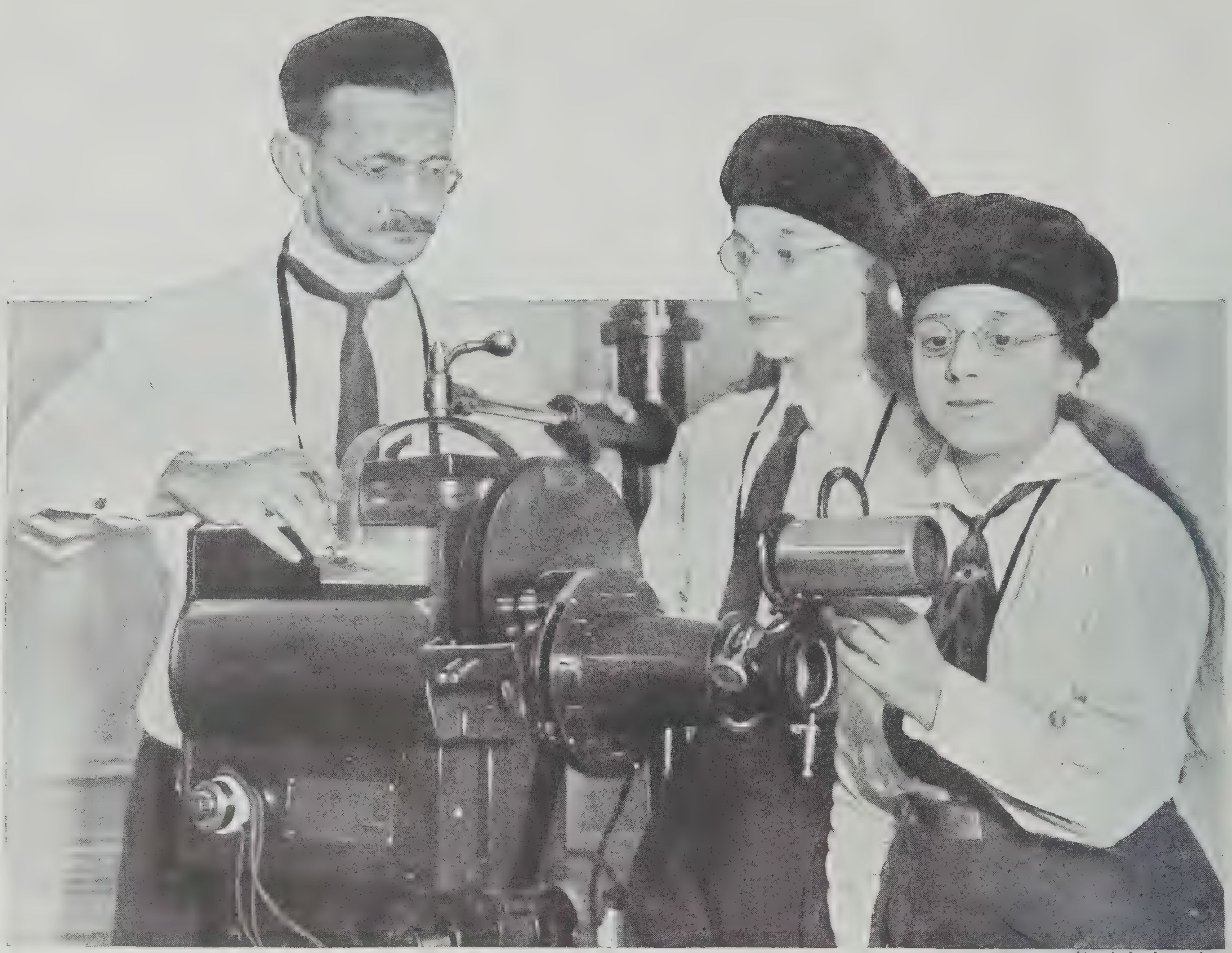


Photo by Int. Newsreel

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, M. D., M. E., D. C., Ph. D., LL D., et cetera, who has come out of the Orient to heal all the ills of mortal man, except broken bones, by playing upon the afflicted rays of light passed through colored glass He is shown operating his "graduate equipment for spectro-chrome therapy, price $425, net cash with order, F. O. B., New York." With him in this photograph are his wife, Irene Grace Ghadiali, who claims to be an American, and their daughter (right) Kashimira.

Colored Glass Now Cures All Our Ills

By ROBERT MORGAN

OF ALL the remedies for disease which have been poured down the throats or rubbed on the skins of humanity, from the pulverized dried toads of the Mongol shaman to the bunkum boxes of the late Albert Abrams, none is more interesting than the latest and newest of all of them. Born in the brain of a clever gentleman, a Parsee, this most recently devised cure-all is now licensed in seven states, though unapproved by the recognized medical authorities of any; numbers hundreds, if not thousands, of "students," which is another name for practitioners; and is starting into the pockets of its proponents a steady flow of gold which, very shortly, will compare favorably with that pumped up by the oscilloclast, previously described in these columns.

The most modern form of remedial medicine, or the latest scheme to separate the American from his money—whichever you choose to call it—consists simply of passing ordinary electric light through a plate of colored glass, and playing the beam of light so colored on that part of the human anatomy in which pain is felt. Understand distinctly, here and now, that this has no connection with the X-ray, the violet-ray, the Gamma-ray, or any ray created by varying intensities of electric current and varying degrees of vacuum. It has none of the qualifications, qualities, or healing capabilities of any of these rays. It creates no ray of any kind, has no vacuum or other tubes in its instruments, and plays colored light upon the subject of its "treatments" in the same manner that the sun plays beams of vari-colored light through the stained-glass windows of a church upon the heads of the worshipers.

The new cure-all is traveling under the name of "Spectro-Chrome Therapy." It is distributed by the "Spectro-Chrome Institute," incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, with its headquarters, known as "the central office and experimental laboratory," at 2401 North Broad street, Philadelphia. The real headquarters of the self-styled "latest revelation in the healing art," however, is in the mind of the peripatetic Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali. M.D., M.E., D.C., Ph.D., LL. D., Metaphysician, Psychologist, and Ex-Commander of the New York Police Reserve Air Service, to quote in full the titles which he gave me when I called on him at the conclusion of one of his Personal Intensive Experimental Courses. He had just finished giving this course to 243 "students" at an average price of $50 each for the two weeks of instruction.

Colonel Dinshah (name copyright, 1921, United States of America) travels about the country organizing classes in spectro-chrome therapy and leaving behind him all the way from 200 to 400 persons, most of them with no medical training whatever, and still less knowledge of anatomy or pathology, "equipped to treat competently and successfully every dis-ease to which man is liable." He has so far organized these classes, and left behind these groups of spectro-chrome therapists in New York. Pennsylvania, Maryland, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Delaware, New Hampshire, Indiana, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and California. He has held classes and trained his followers in at least two cities in each of these twelve states. In other words, there is a minimum of twenty-four cities in the United States in which you may, if you dare, put your life in the hands of men and women who have little or no medical training, and who will treat you for anything from acne to syphilis by illuminating you with a beam of light passed through one or more colored glass plates.

The master of spectro-chrome therapy, who invented the cure-all, and who, cleverly enough, teaches others to use it, but will not treat a patient himself, is by his own statement a Parsee. The Parsees are held to be Semitic people, who followed the mysterious Zoroaster rather than the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and were driven out of Persia, about the seventh century, by the Mohammedans. The followers of the Prophet frankly admit that they expelled the Semites because of the latters' general dishonesty and trickery, and not because of a difference in religion. There are about 90,000 Parsees in Bombay, where they are known as "the Jews of India," while a remnant remains in Persia, known as the Guebres. This digression is merely by way of demonstration that to the tribe of Mesmer, Friedman, Abrams, and others, we are now permitted to add the discoverer, demonstrator and distributor of spectro-chrome therapy.

To accept it at its own definition—though by no means at its own valuation—spectro-chrome therapy is "the restoration of the human radio-active and radio-emanative equilibrium," involving "the treatment of diseases by attuned color waves." It is further revealed to a world waiting long for the perfect accomplishment of the healing art, as "the science of therapeutical precision." Oddly enough, yet with great reason, as we shall see presently, no mention is made of diagnosis, without which, according to unanimous word of all the men who daily save lives in the name of medicine and surgery, treatment of disease is impossible.

Like Mother Nature in her abhorrence of a vacuum, spectro-chrome therapy casts into outer darkness all drugs, all manipulation, and all surgery. And that's that, finally, definitely, and conclusively. Spectro-chrome therapy depends for its cures—and we are assured that they are many though none are listed, and no testimonials are available—on light, but only on light which has been passed through instruments devised, built and *SOLD* by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali. Because of his use of these colored glass plates, and the resultant color combinations with which he treats what he calls dis-ease, Dinshah has assumed the name, among his students, and those whom he has placed on the highway to wealth, of the "Rainbow Doctor." It is an apt and deserved title, not only because of the colors he extracts from his plates, but from the ancient story of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

Spectro-chrome therapy, according to statements made directly to the writer by Colonel Ghadiali, is based on the alleged discovery by him that the human body is composed of four elements, or colors: Hydrogen, 9.1 per cent; carbon, 13.4 per cent; nitrogen, 2.5 per cent, and oxygen, seventy-five per cent. These "elements"—I am quoting Dinshah—have preponderating color waves, as follows: hydrogen, red; carbon, yellow; nitrogen, green, and oxygen, blue. "Thus," said he, "ninety-seven per cent of the human body is made up of these four elements, and therefore is responsive to the wave potencies of these four colors. In health, that is to say, when we are well, these elements (colors) are evenly balanced in the body, but disturbance of any one or all of these colors produces dis-ease. The color balance can be restored only by administering more color to the body lacking one or more of these elements or colors, and reducing color when the amount in the body has been unnaturally increased. Every element in the world—of which there are 86—exhibits a preponderance of one or more of the colors which exist in the light from the sun. These colors in the sun's light are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet."

The rather generally accepted opinion of Sir David Brewster that the three so-called "primary" colors are red, yellow and blue, is peremptorily rejected by our visitor from Bombay, who finds, "spectroscopically, chemically, mathematically, geometrically and microscopically, that the three primary colors are red, green and violet, as only from these three colors is it possible to produce white light by the addition of one color to another or complete blockade of light by the reverse process, that is, by subtraction." I leave this quotation with you, merely as a shining example of many statements made by the discoverer of spectro-chrome therapy *which begin nowhere, mean nothing and end where they began.*

The point is that, in simple language, spectro-chrome therapy considers that every part of the human anatomy, from the hair on the head to the sole of the foot, is attuned to a particular length of color wave. Now, there are such things as color waves, and color wavelengths differ, but it is elemental that where there is no light there is no color, since color is merely the reflection of light from a surface. In other words, in a completely darkened room, into which no ray of light can penetrate, all objects are the same, black. So far as the best of anatomists know, there is no light in the interior of the human body, unless that light is introduced by methods of internal illumination now known and applied in certain operations. No amount of light on the surface will illuminate the interior of the body. But the spectro-chrome therapists do not apply their light to the interior of the body, but solely to the outside. Here is an example:

"With what color of light would you treat appendicitis?" I asked Colonel Dinshah.

"With turquoise on the right side," he replied.

"Now suppose," said I, "that the man who had appendicitis also was afflicted with constipation, a common corollary of the inflammation of the appendix. What color do you use for that?"

"Yellow on the right side," he answered.

"Could you treat for both conditions at once?"

"Certainly; merely put the two plates—turquoise and yellow—together, and play the light on the right side of the abdomen."

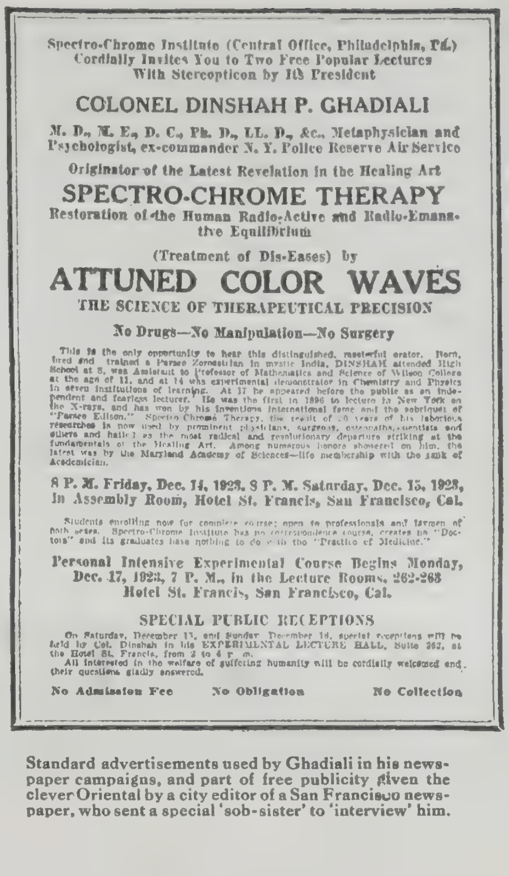
"Which plate would you place nearest the patient, yellow or turquoise?"

"That makes no difference. The color waves are so attuned in my plates that they will reach their destination in the correct composition and form, no matter what their relation to each other."

I would like to leave this thought with my readers, merely pointing out that it is an admission on the part of the spectro-chrome therapists that the skin of the body, or any ailing organ of the body, has the power to separate, as does a prism, any light into its component colors, taking into that ailing organ only that color necessary to restore the "color balance" needed to eliminate dis-ease. If this be true, why have color plates? Why direct the beams of light through colored glass onto any particular region of the body? Why not stand, stripped to the skin, in bright sunlight? The light of the sun contains all the colors the spectrum can find, and probably some that the human eye can neither see nor appreciate. If the Semitic discoverer of spectro-chrome therapy can so unite various colors that your body and mine can separate them, is it not just as probable that the One who hung the sun in the heavens and put the chemical laboratory in a blade of grass, can mix colors in such fashion that they may be of as much benefit to man as to the plant?

But sunlight is free, and it costs money to get spectro-chrome therapy into your system, or, more accurately, on to your skin. No spectro-chrome therapy is genuine, no glass plates are properly colored, no color waves are correctly attuned, unless they come from the "complete equipment for spectro-chrome therapy," invented, patented, copyrighted, trade-marked, built and sold by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali and distributed by the Spectro-Chrome Institute, 2401 North Broad street, Philadelphia. Mark that Colonel Dinshah has not returned to the land of his birth to spread over the sick and the dying the mantle of his great discovery; he has not carried it to India, where more human beings die in misery every year than in any other equal population, not even excepting China, on this troubled earth. The discoverer of spectro-chrome therapy has brought his invention to the United States, where the death rate is low, *but the per capita wealth is the highest in the world.*

At the risk of making a sales talk for the Spectro-Chrome Institute, 2401 North Broad street, Philadelphia, allow me to mention the machinery by which the healing of spectro-chrome therapy is wrought, according to Colonel Dinshah (copyright, 1921, U. S. America). The instrument in its various forms, differentiated not for different treatments, but to fit the pocketbook of the purchaser, consists solely of a light-tight box, into which is introduced an electric light which can be operated from the ordinary 110-120-volt circuit, that is to say, the regular electric light plug. In one end of this box is an opening controlled by a shutter. Now comes the health-giving key to the whole system of treatment, a set of five pieces of window glass, colored respectively red, yellow, green, blue and violet. With combinations of these glass slides—all of which, by the way, can be purchased in any well-stocked ten-cent store, though none of them will be attuned by Colonel Dinshah—seven other colors can be produced, orange, lemon, turquoise, indigo, purple, magenta and scarlet. These twelve form the gamut of colors used by the spectro-chrome therapists, though there have been brave souls among the "students" who have tried others and have reported "wonderful results." Sometimes Nature cures us in spite of the "healers."



Spectro-Chrome Institute (Central Office, Philadelphia, Pa.)
Cordially Invites You to Two Free Popular Lectures
With Stereopticon by Its President

COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

M. D., M. E., D. C., Ph. D., LL. D., &c., Metaphysician and Psychologist, ex-commander N. Y. Police Reserve Air Service

Originator of the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art

SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

Restoration of the Human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium

(Treatment of Dis-Eases) by

ATTUNED COLOR WAVES

THE SCIENCE OF THERAPEUTICAL PRECISION

No Drugs—No Manipulation—No Surgery

This is the only opportunity to hear this distinguished, masterful orator. Born, bred and trained a Parsee Zoroastrian in mystic India, DINSHAH attended High School at 8, was Assistant to Professor of Mathematics and Science of Wilson College at the age of 11, and at 14 was experimental demonstrator in Chemistry and Physics in seven institutions of learning. At 17 he appeared before the public as an independent and fearless lecturer. He was the first in 1896 to lecture in New York on the X-rays, and has won by his inventions international fame and the sobriquet of "Parsee Edison." Spectro-Chrome Therapy, the result of [illegible] years of his laborious researches is now used by prominent physicians, surgeons, osteopaths, dentists and others and hailed as the most radical and revolutionary departure striking at the fundamentals of the Healing Art. Among numerous honors showered on him, the latest was by the Maryland Academy of Sciences—life membership with the rank of Academician.

8 P. M. Friday, Dec. 14, 1923, 8 P. M. Saturday, Dec. 15, 1923, in Assembly Room, Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, Cal.

Students enrolling now for complete course; open to professionals and laymen of both sexes. Spectro-Chrome Institute has no correspondence course, creates no "Doctors" and its graduates have nothing to do with the "Practice of Medicine."

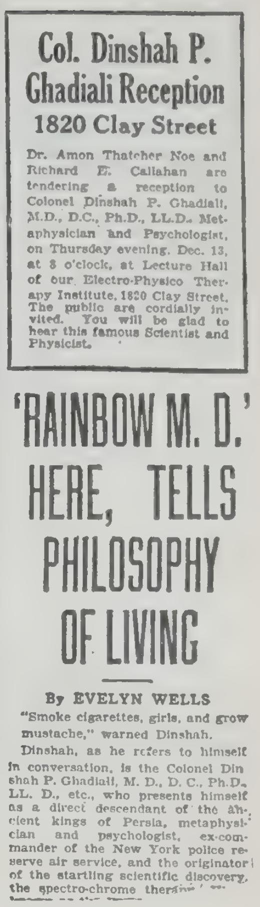
Personal Intensive Experimental Course Begins Monday, Dec. 17, 1923, 7 P. M., in the Lecture Rooms, 262-263 Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, Cal.

SPECIAL PUBLIC RECEPTIONS

On Saturday, December 15, and Sunday, December 16, special receptions will be held by Col. Dinshah in his EXPERIMENTAL LECTURE HALL, Suite 262, at the Hotel St. Francis, from 2 to 4 p. m.

All interested in the welfare of suffering humanity will be cordially welcomed and their questions gladly answered.

No Admission Fee No Obligation No Collection



Col. Dinshah P. Ghadiali Reception
1820 Clay Street

Dr. Amon Thatcher Noe and Richard E. Callahan are tendering a reception to Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M.D., D.C., Ph.D., LL.D. Metaphysician and Psychologist, on Thursday evening, Dec. 13, at 8 o'clock, at Lecture Hall of our Electro-Physico Therapy Institute, 1820 Clay Street. The public are cordially invited. You will be glad to hear this famous Scientist and Physicist.

'RAINBOW M. D.' HERE, TELLS PHILOSOPHY OF LIVING

By EVELYN WELLS

"Smoke cigarettes, girls, and grow mustache," warned Dinshah.

Dinshah, as he refers to himself in conversation, is the Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M. D., D. C., Ph.D., LL. D., etc., who presents himself as a direct descendant of the ancient kings of Persia, metaphysician and psychologist, ex-commander of the New York police reserve air service, and the originator of the startling scientific discovery, the spectro-chrome

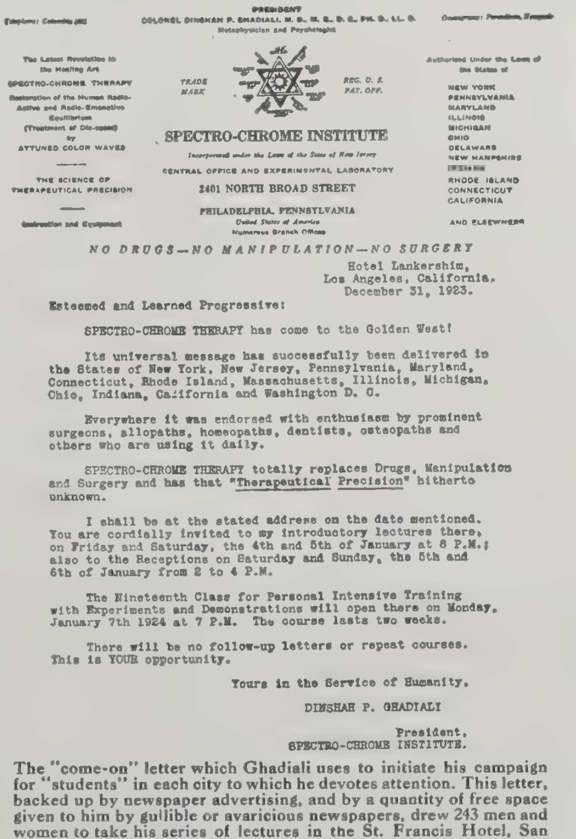
Standard advertisements used by Ghadiali in his newspaper campaigns, and part of free publicity given the clever Oriental by a city editor of a San Francisco newspaper, who sent a special 'sob-sister' to 'interview' him.

This is the total of the equipment. The colored glass plates are placed over the opening in the light box, according to directions in the "Compendium of Spectro-Chrome Therapy" (price, $2, cash in advance), written by Colonel Dinshah, and now in its fourth edition. Then the light is turned on at the socket, and, if your city power plant is on the job, you are ready to treat all comers, no matter what their ailment, except broken bones, which spectro-chrome therapy, like some of the metaphysical mysteries, does not yet attempt to heal. As I said before, sunshine, which has all the healing properties of spectro-chrome therapy, and some others besides, is free, but the graduate equipment, described above, for the administration of light through colored glass plates, costs $425 f. o. b. New York and all prospective customers are advised here and now by both Colonel Dinshah and myself that this price, as well as others soon to be quoted, is "net cash with order." There is no reduction to physicians, surgeons, dentists, osteopaths, chiropractors or Santa Claus. It goes as it lays, take it or leave it, and the buyer pays the freight. The $425 machine probably costs, packed and ready for shipment, approximately $75, the most expensive part being the iris diaphragm for the control of the light, which can be bought at retail for about $12. Incidentally, if you break your diaphragm—I mean the one in the instrument—Colonel Dinshah will sell you a new one at $15, net cash in advance, f. o. b. New York. This is three dollars more than the average retail price.

If, however, you haven't $425, you are not entirely absent without luck in the spectro-chrome therapy field. You can buy the practitioner's equipment for $150; intermediate equipment for $90; standard floor equipment for $60, and standard table equipment for $50. More than this, if you live in the country or in a town which hasn't electricity, you can get the standard gas equipment, which will operate either on acetylene or ordinary illuminating gas for $45. The writer has heard of some "graduates" of the Spectro-Chrome Institute who are doing quite well, even in the big cities, with only the gas equipment, so there is no need for the poor man to be discouraged. It is probable that the gas equipment, too, is the only one which is sold at only about twice what it costs to make it. That may be some consolation to the thrifty buyer; if he advertises right, he should be able to get back his $45 in a day or two.

Now, supposing that you have the money in hand with which to buy your equipment, how would you proceed to learn how to use it? The common supposition is that our state laws, our city ordinances, and our state, county and city medical associations pretty well protect us from the man who attempts to practice medicine without a license. That is, we are in a good measure safeguarded from the charlatan, the medicine man and the quack. But there are those who are, in fact, practicing medicine with state, county or city licenses who are doing uncounted harm, yet are safely within the law. Of such are the E. R. A. practitioners, whom the writer recently investigated and described in these columns. There are others who, not possessed of either license or permit, are treating people for diseases, though not administering medicines, who seem to be safe from the law. Of such are the "graduates" of the Spectro-Chrome Therapy Institute. Here is the system employed to treat the sick with this magic-lantern outfit and the "attuned color waves" it throws on the screen of human suffering:

First of all, one must have at least $50. Then one learns where and when the traveling president of the Spectro-Chrome Institute will hold his next series of "personal intensive training classes, with experiments and demonstrations." When this was written, he was in Los Angeles, where his class in the Lankershim Hotel numbered 308, at a minimum figure of $50 each, for the twelve days of training. From there he was to return to Philadelphia, and thence into the Pacific Northwest, Seattle, Aberdeen, Portland and Astoria. You'll have no trouble getting into the class, no matter how many are already there, and, if you can persuade the master of spectro-chrome therapy that you have only $50, you'll get in for that sum.



Telephone: Columbia [illegible]

PRESIDENT
COLONEL DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, M. D., M. E., D. C., PH. D., LL. D.
Metaphysician and Psychologist

[illegible]

The Latest Revelation in the Healing Art
SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY
Restoration of the Human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium
(Treatment of Dis-eases) by
ATTUNED COLOR WAVES

THE SCIENCE OF THERAPEUTICAL PRECISION

Instruction and Equipment

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CENTRAL OFFICE AND EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY
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AND ELSEWHERE

NO DRUGS—NO MANIPULATION—NO SURGERY

Hotel Lankershim,
Los Angeles, California,
December 31, 1923.

Esteemed and Learned Progressive:

SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY has come to the Golden West!

Its universal message has successfully been delivered in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, California and Washington D. C.

Everywhere it was endorsed with enthusiasm by prominent surgeons, allopaths, homeopaths, dentists, osteopaths and others who are using it daily.

SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY totally replaces Drugs, Manipulation and Surgery and has that "Therapeutical Precision" hitherto unknown.

I shall be at the stated address on the date mentioned. You are cordially invited to my introductory lectures there, on Friday and Saturday, the 4th and 5th of January at 8 P.M.; also to the Receptions on Saturday and Sunday, the 5th and 6th of January from 2 to 4 P.M.

The Nineteenth Class for Personal Intensive Training with Experiments and Demonstrations will open there on Monday, January 7th 1924 at 7 P.M. The course lasts two weeks.

There will be no follow-up letters or repeat courses. This is YOUR opportunity.

Yours in the Service of Humanity.

DINSHAH P. GHADIALI

President,
SPECTRO-CHROME INSTITUTE.

The "come-on" letter which Ghadiali uses to initiate his campaign for "students" in each city to which he devotes attention. This letter, backed up by newspaper advertising, and by a quantity of free space given to him by gullible or avaricious newspapers, drew 243 men and women to take his series of lectures in the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, in December, 1923. These men and women paid an average of fifty dollars each for their "personal intensive experimental courses in Spectro-Chrome Therapy," and thereafter, before they could get this money back from the ills of the public, had to buy their instruments from Ghadiali.

As you near completion of this course, you will receive a diagram which will show you just which color wave has control over each part of the body. Here is where you learn the marvelous diagnostic method of spectro-chrome therapy, which may be involved in these words: "the seat of the dis-ease is where the pain is." That is, if the patient has a headache, it is not due to pressure of the blood on the brain, which the rigidity of the skull will not allow Nature to relieve by expansion, but to a falling out of tune of the "color waves" of the brain, which, by the way, are red, lemon, yellow, scarlet, violet, magenta, indigo, green, and blue, with green as the "preponderating wave." The writer rather thanks whatever angelic guardians he may have that on a recent occasion, when he suffered rather heavy pains in the lumbar region, he did not call on a spectro-chrome therapy expert, because the removal of two unsuspectedly bad teeth revealed by the X-ray, removed the pain. Surely no cardboard diagnostic map ever would have suspected that those teeth were responsible.

After you get your diagnostic map, or the charts, of which there are several, your Compendium of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, your Universal Mirror, "showing cosmic evolution," and probably the Occult Operation of the Great Sympathetic Nervous System, "the only correct medico-ontological chart," then you will have completed your twelve lessons and be entitled to your diploma as a graduate of the great new "science of therapeutical precision, the latest revelation in the healing art, the school of spectro-chrome therapy." Armed with this diploma and with your instrument, your colored slides, your charts, your cosmic mirror, and your compendium, you may sign "S. C. T." after your name, and throw all the hues of the rainbow on any sick person who comes to you, without the law saying a word. Indeed, you must be more careful of your colored glass slides than of the "treatments" you administer, because, if you break one slide, your whole set is out of tune, and you have to return it to the Spectro-Chrome Institute, 2401 North Broad street, Philadelphia, not forgetting to send with it three of your Uncle Samuel's dollars. By return mail you will get a new set of properly attuned plates. You can buy a dozen just like them for five cents each or a total of 60 cents, at the five-and-ten-cent store, but they wouldn't be in tune with the infinite, like the three-dollar plates are.

There is, however, a warning to graduates issued by Colonel Dinshah, which each graduate should remember. It would be a good thing for his health if the prospective patient would remember this warning, also, and here it is:

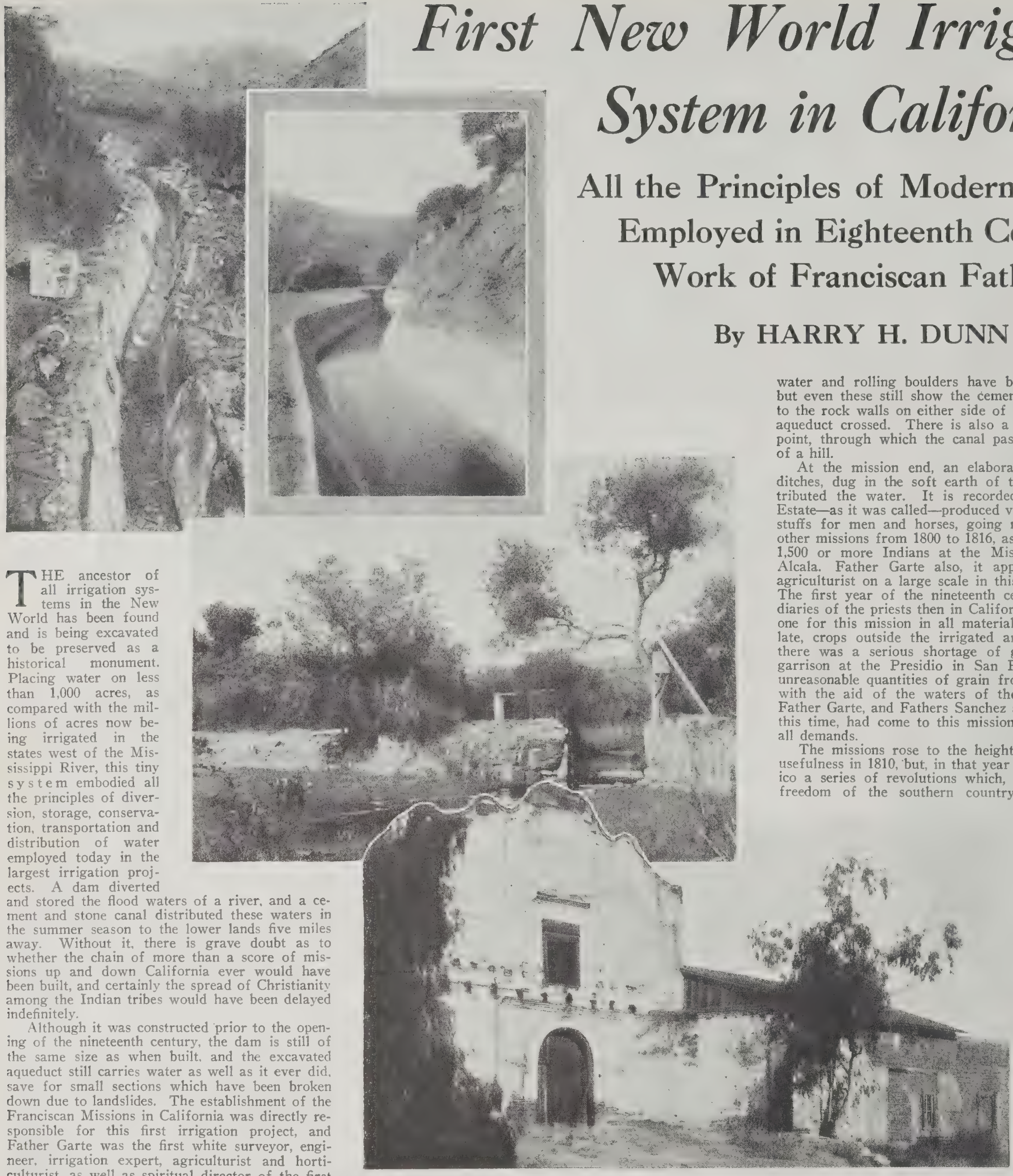
> "1. Do not use with your name the title of 'Doctor' unless you have a degree entitling you to such distinction; the certificate of your study at the Spectro-Chrome Institute gives you the true identification of 'Spectro-Chrome Therapist,' and you ought to stick to it.
>
> "2. None can deny your right and privilege to use S. C. T. with your name, because your graduation at the Spectro-Chrome Institute entitles you as such. The Spectro-Chrome Institute charter provides for this specifically.
>
> "3. Unless you are registered as a practitioner of another system of therapy which licenses you as such, use no other system in combination with Spectro-Chrome Therapy, but use and treat with only Spectro-Chrome Therapy.
>
> "4. Do not use terms such as are used by regular physicians, surgeons, osteopaths, chiropractors and the like, but stick to the color-wave predominance system, as instructed by the originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy. Your patient has certain Color Waves increased or decreased in the system which is thereby placed out of the health equilibrium or 'out of tune,' and you have the means of restoring the said equilibrium or 'tune' by attuned Color Waves.
>
> "5. Do not use the word 'dis-ease'; your patient in health is at 'Ease'; when the said 'Ease' is disturbed, there is 'DIS-EASE.' Use the word

(Concluded on page 13)

First New World Irrigation System in California

All the Principles of Modern Method Employed in Eighteenth Century Work of Franciscan Fathers

By HARRY H. DUNN



Extreme top—Section of the five-mile tile, stone and concrete conduit, through which flowed the first water ever used by white men for irrigation in the New World. The grades of this conduit are perfect, and the cement and stone work for most of the distance still will carry water. At its right—A modern irrigation canal carrying approximately 200 times the water carried by the first irrigation conduit. Center—The dam of the San Diego River by which the flood waters were diverted and stored in the flood season for use in the summer at the Mission San Diego de Alcala, 150 years ago. Directly above—The ruins of the Mission San Diego de Alcala.

THE ancestor of all irrigation systems in the New World has been found and is being excavated to be preserved as a historical monument. Placing water on less than 1,000 acres, as compared with the millions of acres now being irrigated in the states west of the Mississippi River, this tiny system embodied all the principles of diversion, storage, conservation, transportation and distribution of water employed today in the largest irrigation projects. A dam diverted and stored the flood waters of a river, and a cement and stone canal distributed these waters in the summer season to the lower lands five miles away. Without it, there is grave doubt as to whether the chain of more than a score of missions up and down California ever would have been built, and certainly the spread of Christianity among the Indian tribes would have been delayed indefinitely.

Although it was constructed prior to the opening of the nineteenth century, the dam is still of the same size as when built, and the excavated aqueduct still carries water as well as it ever did, save for small sections which have been broken down due to landslides. The establishment of the Franciscan Missions in California was directly responsible for this first irrigation project, and Father Garte was the first white surveyor, engineer, irrigation expert, agriculturist and horticulturist, as well as spiritual director of the first mission established by the Fathers of St. Francis, San Diego de Alcala, in 1769.

When this mission, now a moldering ruin, although one of the most important historical monuments in the Americas, was founded, other irrigation canals had been dug, used for centuries and abandoned on this continent, by the agricultural Indians of what is now the Gila River Valley, in Arizona, but these Indians had built no diversion or storage dams or reservoirs, and had no adequate distribution system, so that Father Garte's project was in reality the first complete irrigation system in North America, as well as the first to be established by white men in the Western Hemisphere. As soon as Padre Junipero Serra, Father of the Missions, announced his plan of a chain of these outposts of Christianity, it was recognized that the first mission would have to furnish the grain and other food supplies necessary to the expeditions by priests and soldiers to found the other missions.

Then Father Garte, who seems to have combined remarkable executive ability and wide practical knowledge with his spiritual devotion and religious enthusiasm, set about providing the foodstuffs without which the twenty-two California Missions never could have been established. With only a force of indolent Indians, who never had had the incentive to work, or the desire for the gain to be attained by labor, he constructed this irrigation system, placed more than 1,000 acres of land under irrigation and provided a domestic water supply for more than 1,500 brown-skinned children of the sun at San Diego de Alcala. Selecting a natural bowl in the course of the San Diego River, he so aroused the enthusiasm of these Indians that they carried in their arms more than 5,000 huge boulders, dropping them in a wide trench they had dug for 224 feet across the mouth of the natural basin to form the foundation of the dam.

Then they hacked down a hill of lime rock, and, under this remarkable priest's direction, burned it into lime and made with sand from the river bed a hydraulic cement. Thereafter, the Indians, using harder stones as chisels, flattened other stones until they could be laid in regular rap-work, with cement, on the foundation boulders, among which cement was poured until a solid block, 224 feet long, 12 feet thick and 14 feet high on the lower side, was made. Then the whole monolith was faced with several inches of the homemade cement, smoothed down and polished by hand with the flat stone called "takkish" which were used in plastering the missions in lieu of the metal trowels now used by masons and plasterers. A floodgate of hand-hewn oak timbers was installed, and this alone has yielded to time.

From the lower end of the dam, an aqueduct, constructed by laying half a tile on cobblestones let into a trench and then cemented together, and setting slabs of hand-shaped stone on the edges of the tile to form the walls, which then were cemented together, ran to the mission fields. This conduit, which was virtually a solid trough of tile, cement and stone, was two feet wide at the top, one foot wide at the bottom and about eighteen inches deep. It, too, was controlled by a wooden gate, and followed levels which modern irrigation engineers declare to have been laid out as perfectly as they could be established today.

This canal follows for five miles a precipitous rock-walled gorge, impassable to a man on horseback, and difficult to negotiate on foot. It frequently crosses gulches from fifteen to twenty feet wide and five to twelve feet deep, being suspended by its own strength and the strong cement made by the Indians across these arroyos. Some of these crossings are still intact. High water and rolling boulders have broken down others, but even these still show the cement clinging in ridges to the rock walls on either side of the gulch where the aqueduct crossed. There is also a short tunnel at one point, through which the canal passes under the point of a hill.

At the mission end, an elaborate system of small ditches, dug in the soft earth of the farm lands, distributed the water. It is recorded that this Mission Estate—as it was called—produced virtually all the foodstuffs for men and horses, going northward to found other missions from 1800 to 1816, as well as feeding the 1,500 or more Indians at the Mission San Diego de Alcala. Father Garte also, it appears, was the first agriculturist on a large scale in this part of the world. The first year of the nineteenth century, according to diaries of the priests then in California, proved a severe one for this mission in all material ways. Rains were late, crops outside the irrigated area were poor, and there was a serious shortage of grain. The Spanish garrison at the Presidio in San Francisco, demanded unreasonable quantities of grain from the mission, but, with the aid of the waters of the San Diego River, Father Garte, and Fathers Sanchez and Martin, who, by this time, had come to this mission, were able to meet all demands.

The missions rose to the height of their glory and usefulness in 1810, but, in that year also, began in Mexico a series of revolutions which, while they won the freedom of the southern country from Spain, also marked the beginning of the downfall of the mission system throughout California. By 1821, the Mexicans were completely free of Spain, but in 1824 a final decree of secularization turned over all the mission estates to grasping, dishonest and unsympathetic administrators, sent on by the Mexican Government. The missions were stripped of everything of value, their Indians scattered, their agricultural systems abandoned, and their strength as religious centers virtually destroyed. The records indicate that the irrigation system at San Diego de Alcala was operated up to 1826.

Fifty years after Garte's irrigation system was abandoned, individual farmers began building their own little dams and canals in the same manner, but it was not until 1886 that an effort was made to bring water by aqueduct from the upper reaches of the San Diego River for the village which was to grow into the San Diego of today. It was about that time, also, that other irrigation and water-supply projects began to take form along the lines laid down by Father Garte, in other parts of what was then called the "arid West."

Meanwhile, the river filled in the back of the dam with boulders and with sand; landslides and winds and rains packed earth and stones into the conduit of that first irrigation system, and it is only this year that all of it has been traced back, excavated, and cleaned out, so that it now stands in virtually the same condition as when Father Garte, asking the blessings of God on his labors, raised the little oaken gate and allowed the first stored waters to pour down on the thirsty lands of the mission.

This gate, along with the larger floodgate, is to be restored, and the whole system is to be preserved for what it really is, a valuable historical monument of the early West. If it is possible to raise the funds, the Mission San Diego de Alcala, progenitor of all the Franciscan Missions in California, also will be rehabilitated, and likewise placed under the protection of the city of San Diego as a park. Engineers have reported that at an expense of less than $500 the dam, conduit and distribution ditches could be placed in such condition as again to deliver water to the mission.

Culpepper: by Name and Nature a Real Knight

In 1623 Sir Thomas Asked Parliament to Reduce Rate of Interest

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

AMONG the many happy warriors who have battled against extortion, Sir Thomas Culpepper (1578-1662) of Leeds Castle, Kent, England, was not the least distinguished. The reader must not confound him with the Thomas Culpepper, to whom Charles Second gave a grant to the entire colony of Virginia. The title-page of the exceedingly rare pamphlet in which the Knight of Leeds Castle presents his quaint, curious, and convincing arguments for a reduction of the rate of interest reads as follows:

A
Tract against the high
rate of
VSVRIE:

Presented to the high Court
of Parliament, *Anno*
Domino, 1623.

In which the ufe for Money was
brought downe from *Ten* to *Eight*
in the Hundred:

And now recommended to the Preffe
This third time with some Additions.
By the fame Authour.
LONDON,

Printed by *I. Norton*, for *Henry Seile*, and are to be
fold in Fleetftreet over againft Saint *Dunstans*
Church, 1641.

The last page of the pamphlet reads:

The eight of *March*, 1641.
Imprimatur, *H. Vane.*

"The Dictionary of National Biography" states that in an earlier plea Sir Thomas had asked that the rate of interest be reduced from ten to six per cent. Bacon, who wrote his essay on usury in 1625, asked that the rate be reduced to five per cent. It was reduced to eight.

It is with a feeling akin to awe that one holds in his hand this slim little tract which has come down to us from the age of Bacon, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Through its queer spelling and its quaint turns of expression shines a brave and honest heart who boldly attacked a practice that is being more and more clearly recognized as one of the clamorous problems of society.

The following extracts—in the quaint original—present the high lights of Sir Thomas argument against usury; the reader must be warned not to expect the sign of the possessive case as we know it today and he will observe various other orthographic and grammatical eccentricities:

WHAT WOULD MONIED MEN DO IF THEY GOT NO INTEREST?

Let us consider if money were called downe, what Usurers would do with their money; they would not I fuppose long be sullen, and keep it a dead stock by them, for that were not fo much as the safest way of keeping it; they muft then either imploy it in trade, purchafe land, or lend for ufe at such rate as the law will tollerate, all which is principally aymed at in the calling down the ufe for money, as that which would bee greatly to the good of the Common-wealth.

"MONEY HATCHETH NO EGGS OF HER OWN."

To the objection that if the rate were lowered money would be suddenly called in, and harder to be borrowed, I answer, that if the rate of ufe for money did increase money within the Land; that then it were an objection of great force, but wee very well know that money hatcheth no Eggs of her owne and that whatsoever is given for ufe, is taken, either from the fruits of the Land, or mans Industry, whereby the Land is embased, Merchants, Farmors, and Tradesmen difcouraged in their course, the Common-wealth much hindered, and none but the idle, unprofitable Ufurer advanced.

HOW INTEREST MULTIPLIES

To the weakest of Objections that there is now much money of Forreiners in the Land to be managed at ten in the hundred, which if money fhould be called downe would be carried out of the Land; there is no doubt it is true. But I defire to know, whether any man thinke it better for the State, that they fhould now carry out one hundred pounds, or feven yeeres hence two hundred pounds, or fourteen yeers hence foure hundred pounds; or one and twenty yeeres hence eight hundred pounds: for fo in effect on the multiplying of interest they doe.

It will feem incredible to fuch as have not considered it, but to any that will but cast it up, it is plainly manifest, that one hundred pounds managed at ten in the hundred, in seventy yeeres, multiplies itself to an hundred thousand pounds. So if there should bee an hundred thousand pounds of forreiners money, now managed here at ten in the hundred (and that doth feeme no great matter) that hundred thousand pounds in threescore and ten yeeres, which is but the age of a man, would carry out ten millions, which I believe is much more than all the coyne at this prefent in the Land. I know we cannot conceive how any fuch fumme should be managed at Interest, yet this is fufficient to make us little to joy in Forreiners money.

I conceive it will be fit to make a ftrict Law that no money of Forreiners may here be put out upon ufe. God made it lawfull for the *Jewes* to take ufury only of thofe whom it was lawfull for them to root out.

USURERS COULD NOT MAKE A WILL AND WERE DENIED CHRISTIAN BURIAL.

It may be objected that before the 37. of Henry 8. there was no limitation of Ufury, and how did we do then? To this may be anfwered that in thofe times there was a stricter band in that point upon mens confciences; So far forth as Usurers were in the fame cafe as excommunicate perfons, they could make no wils, nor were allowed Christian buriall. Therefore let us for our fore-fathers fake hope that the tye upon their confciences then, was a greater reftraint of ufury than the Statute of ten in the hundred is now. I feare fornication is too frequent among us, yet thanks be to God, not fo much ufed as where there is allowance of Curtizans and Stewes.

MONIED MEN CRY OUT: "GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS."

When the Statute was first made for the calling down the ufe for money, before the good effects thereof could be seen, there were many monied men who lived wholly upon ufury, and worshipped the Golden Image, who cried out with the Silver-Smiths, *That great was Diana of the Ephesians;* prophecying of many evils and mifchiefs, which would enfue: But experience hath fince fo convinced them, and ftopped their mouthes, as that I have not thefe many years heard any man open his mouth againft it. Nor have I met with any Ufurer who did not acknowledge Eight in the hundred a full and high rate for the ufe of money.

And there is reason: for fince the Usurer pays little to Subsidies, little to the poore man's box, repairs, nor builds no Churches, fets no laborers at work to the good of the Common-wealth, imploys none but Scriveners and Brokers, and those at the charge of the borrower, no man needs doubt, but there will be enough of the Occupation, though money be brought to five in the hundred: All the Laws of God are mercy, and for the good of Man, and if Ufury had never been in practice amongst us, there had certainly in this bleffed long time of peace, beene little poore land, few poore people in the Kingdome, but Ufury is now fo twifted into all commerce, that for the hardneffe of mens harts fome must (at least for a time) be fufferred, though from the beginning it were not fo, but this let us provide that wee bee not made poore with the fuperfluities of other Nations managed heere at Ufe, nor fuffer them to beate us out of many profitable trades, as now with gaine to themselves they doe, by reason Ufe for money is at a lower rate with them than it is with us, nor let us any longer bee patient to fee fo great quantities of land ly little better than wafte, which would moft certainly be improved to very good value, if the ufe for money were brought downe to a lower rate.

I will leave the proofes of the unlawfulneffe of Ufury to Divines, wherein a number, as well Protestants as Papists have learnedly written; and here only fet down fome arguments to fhew how great the hurt is, if doth to this Kingdome, which hath no gold nor silver Mines, but plenty of commodities, and many and great advantages of trade, to which the high rate of Ufury is a great prejudice and decay.

"USURY DECAYS TRADE."

For proofe, how much the high rate of Ufury decayes trade; we fee that generally all Merchants when they have gotten any great wealth, leave trading, and fall to Ufury, the gaine whereof is fo eafie, certaine, and great; whereas in other Countries, where Ufury is at a lower rate, and thereby lands dearer to purchase, they continue Merchants from generation to generation, to the enriching of themfelves and the State.

Neither are they rich tradefmen onely that give over trading, but a number of beginners are undone or difcouraged by the high rate of Ufury, their industry ferving but to enrich others, and begger themfelves.

We also fee many trades themfelves much decayed, because they will not afford fo great a gain as ten in the hundred, whereas if the rate of Ufury were not higher here than in other Countries, they had ftill fubfisted and flourished, and perhaps with as much advantage to the publike, as thofe that doe bring more to the private adventurers.

"BUSINESS AT A HIGH RATE OF INTEREST CANNOT COMPETE WITH BUSINESS AT A LOWER RATE."

Yet are not thofe the greateft hinderances the high rate of money brings to trade; our greateft difadvantage is, that other Nations, efpecially our industrious neighbours the *Dutch*, are therein wifer than we: for with them, and fo in most Countries with whom we hold commerce, there is not any ufe for money tolerated, above the rate of fix in the hundred; whereby it must of neceffity come to paffe, though they have no other advantages of industry and frugality, that they muft out-trade us; for if they make returne of ten *per centum* they almoft double the Use allowed, and fo make a very gainfull trade. But with us, where ten in the hundred is fo current, it is otherwife; for if we make not above ten we are lofers, and confequently the fame trade being with them and us equally good for the publike, is to the private adventurers loffe-full with us, with them very gainfull.

And where the good of the publike and private mens goe not together, the publike is feldome greatly advanced. And as they out-trade, fo they may afford to under-fell us in the fruits of the earth, which are equally naturall to our and their lands, as to our great fhame wee fee our neighbours the *Dutch* doe, even in our owne Countrey: for in most commodities the earth brings forth, the stocke imployed in planting and managing of them, makes a great (in many the greateft) part of the price; and confequently, their ftocke with them being rated at fix in the hundred, they may with great gaine underfell us, our ftocke with us being rated at ten.

THE CURSE OF LAZINESS DUE TO USURY.

Neither is the high rate of Ufury leffe hurtfull to Commerce within the land, the gaine by Ufury being fo eafie, certaine and extreame great, as they are not onely Merchants and Trades-men, but Landed-men, Farmers, and men of profeffion that grow lazie in their profeffions, and become Ufurers; for the rate of Ufury is the meafure by which all men trade, purchafe, build, plant, or any other wayes bargaine.

Now let us conceive if Ufury were tolerated at fifteene or twenty in the hundred (and I feare many borrowers, all things answered, pay above ten) what the condition of things would then be, and if it appeare how defperate the hurt would be which that would bring: it may (at leaft upon good reafon) perfwade us how great the good would be of calling it down. Certainely, it must of neceffity come to pass, that all Trades would in a fhort time decay; For few or none (and reckon the hazard at nothing), yeeld fo great a gain, as twenty in the hundred & all other Nations might with fo great gaine out-trade and underfel us. For private gaine is the compaffe men generally fayle by.

INTEREST DOTH "BITE" ALL WORKS OF VIRTUE AND PIETY.

If there be any yet fo hearty a well-wifher to ten in the hundred, as that he ftill thinke it fit to be continued, my wifh is, that he and his posterity may have the privilege to borrow, but not to lend at that rate.

In the beginning of this Treatife, I did difclaime the proofes of the unlawfulneffe of Ufury, leaving them to Divines, this one onely (rifing from the premiffes) which may ferve for all, I thinke fit to set downe. It is agreed by all the Divines that ever were, without exception of any, yea and by the ufurers themselves, that biting ufury is unlawfull: now fince it hath bin proved, that ten in the hundred doth bite the landed men, doth bite the poore, doth bite Trade, doth bite the King, in his Customes, doth bite the Fruits of the Land, and most of all, the Land itfelfe, doth bite all works of Piety, of Vertue, and glory to the State, no man can deny, but that ten in the hundred is abfolutely unlawful, howfoever happily a leffer rate may be otherwife.

In the additions to the foregoing tract the author writes:

The great good which the calling downe the ufe for money from ten to eight in the hundred, hath feverall wayes wrought in the Common-wealth, doth encourage mee to recommend this little Treatife upon Ufury this third time to the Preffe.

There are some things in it that doe not fo well fit now as they did to the times wherein they were first written, of which, the Reader will make his judgement accordingly.

This good succeffe doth call upon us not to reft here, but that we bring the ufe for money to a lower rate: Which now, I fuppose will find no oppofition; for all objections which before the Statute, were made againft it, are now answered by the succeffe; and most certainly the benefit will bee every way much greater to the Common-wealth by calling the ufe for money downe from eight to five or fix in the hundred, than it was from calling it downe from ten to eight . . . .

There will likewife be the like advantage in the quickening of trade, for many trades, which are not now looked after, money being at eight in the hundred would be gainfull, and with diligence fought out, if money were at a lower rate.

The land of *Canaan* as I have (received and feene by Maps) did not containe in quantity of ground above the third part as much as *England* and yet as may be well collected from History, *England* hath not the third part fo many people as they had. And for the riches and glory of it, it did exceed all the Nations of the world. Silver was with them as ftones; and all the Nations about them were their Merchants; Certainly, wee are not to understand that this was wrought by the miraculous power of God, but by the wifdom of his Lawes. For all Ufurie being forbidden, and Lands thereby at fo deare a rate, as it was much cheaper to them to improve their owne than to purchase others, there was no means for any man to grow rich, but by his diligence in trade, or by the enriching or multiplying the value of that land (which was the lot of his inheritance) to the highest that any cost or induftry could improve it. By which means it muft of necefsity come to paffe that the whole land muft be made as a Garden, and every place in the Country, that by fcituation was capable of it, bee made a Citie.

And although other States who had not the word of God for their guide, have given way to the practice of Ufury, yet in all times and States, it hath bin cri'd out against as pernitious to Common-wealths, as by History is evident.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both old and new address.
3. Write clearly.

A Word to Mr. Walsh

WITHOUT adding ourselves to the self-appointed advisors of Senator Walsh, whose conduct of the Senatorial investigation has up to this writing shown no sign of weakness, it may be permitted us to advise him how the matter appears to absolutely independent and non-partisan minds out in the country. We feel that out in the country will be found the real United States.

More is transpiring in the matter now engaging the nation than becomes part of the official record of the investigation. Parties are approaching Senator Walsh with suggestions and requests of which he should make careful note. Insofar as this form of side-line play is made known to the public, it involves men of both parties. And its effect is to disclose to the people of the United States that Government is not a selection from the total community of the people, but from a small group, whose friends, sons, employes and beneficiaries make up an organized force designed to seize and use the machinery of the United States Government for their own ends. That is to say, plainly, that while we have been inveighing against a Sovietism of workmen and professional revolutionists, we have fallen into a form of Government composed of a Soviet of lawyers and business men.

Let Senator Walsh add to his service to the country by giving it, at the proper time, a full account of the approaches that have been made to him, from whatever quarter, for the purpose of influencing, in any way whatsoever, his conduct of the investigation. There can be no privacy, no confidential exchanges in such matters. Senator Walsh has been placed by unforeseen circumstances in a position of peculiar usefulness to the whole people. His time is theirs. His business is theirs. The business of his office callers, his telephone callers, is theirs. The affairs of his telegraphic correspondents is theirs. As the net widens and the collusion becomes more apparent—not collusion in leases, but collusion of interest in the people affected by the leases—it becomes more and more necessary that the investigating Senator on the people's behalf forget everything but that he is representative of the plain citizenship of the whole country.

No one can foresee how this affair will end. It is fervently hoped that all officials now charged with responsibility in it will acquit themselves to the full satisfaction of the nation; but it is only fair for those outside the peculiarly vitiating atmosphere of Washington to warn all therein that they must act independently, from President down, with no interest save the facts—all the facts. Facts are not necessarily the full truth. But the full truth can hardly be arrived at without all the facts.

Money—Medium of Exchange

HERE is a thought which may give an idea of the terms Money and Medium of Exchange clearer than some have it.

Almost everybody is familiar with the story of how a single dollar paid one hundred dollars of indebtedness and at the close of the transaction remained in possession of the original holder. That is an example of the multiplied power of the visible representative of the unit of measure of value.

But the same result could be accomplished if the dollar note had not been used, or if none of the crowd possessed one, by the same adjustment of debts.

The story is of a party of friends, each of whom owes another ten dollars. One produces a dollar bill, which makes the circuit ten times, canceling ten times its face and again rests with its first owner. Without the currency a transfer of credits will do the identical work, without use of money or any representative of money. Or, supposing each to have given another his I. O. U. Let these be placed in a pile and then let each draw the one signed by himself. In actual business the Clearing House performs for banks exactly what is done in this imaginary case.

The I. O. U.'s thus cleared by exchange are as truly money as any issued by government or bank, and perform the same duty as a medium of exchange. It is merely an improved system, facilitating all business. Today, coins as money are obsolete, having given way to the better representative—paper. The myth of physical value in a medium of exchange will soon be a memory, for people are more and more realizing it is not necessary; while the use of currency will be confined to small transactions.

Greater freedom in the use of credit expedients, abolition of the tax on circulation and a simple inexpensive means of issue of a legal tender will end all the trouble about money—except perhaps to the usurers, who claim rights and privileges never theirs.

Hurrah! a Mass Meeting!

> "MASS Meetings may be described as the Jews' great American pastime. They are mechanical devices of course; they are not so much expressions of the Jewish mind as they are attempts to impress the non-Jewish mind. There is a great deal of theatrical calculation in them. The mass meeting, it appears, can still be made to seem real to the political official whose vote is sought.
>
> "It was by Mass Meetings that the literacy test was defeated.
>
> "It was by Mass Meetings that every attempt to restrict immigration has been defeated." —*The Dearborn Independent, March 19, 1921.*

The pack is in full cry against the Johnson Immigration Bill, legislation designed to keep from these shores the scum of Europe. The Professional Jew must justify himself, so he is once more active in his ballyhoo against legislation that would curb the influx of undesirables.

And of course there is nothing for the Professional Jew to do but to adopt the tactics he has found in the past to be successful.

"What should we do? What but a mass meeting —a good old mass meeting! We'll show 'em."

And so we read this in the *Jewish Sentinel* of Chicago, for February 29, 1924:

> "Chicago Jewry is obligated to do its share in the strong protest against Mr. Johnson's measure which is now being heard from all sides. WE MUST GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND ARRANGE A MONSTER MASS MEETING AT WHICH OUR SENTIMENTS ON THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION SHOULD BE POWERFULLY* PRONOUNCED . . . . Each and every one of us must help kill the Johnson Immigration Bill."

You will note the * after "powerfully" in the foregoing paragraph. We call attention to what we feel was an error in choice of adverbs. Didn't the writer intend to say "noisily"?

Gain—or Loss?

THE passion for statistics leads at times to curious forms of statement. The Brooklyn *Eagle* has a heading: "61,169 Convicted in State Last Year—Gain of 17,466." That is a strange sort of "gain"; is it not a loss rather? This, however, is not a bad record when it is remembered that the state of New York has about 11,000,000 inhabitants, although as a record it would be more complete if the number of arrests and trials were given also; for it is understood that in New York the number of convictions do not at all represent the greater number that should have been made. In some circles a conviction is almost a signal for a riot, so commonplace has evasion of the law become. It is noteworthy that whereas in 1922 there were 10,900 arrests for intoxication, the number of 1923 reached 15,601.

Who Owns the Schools?

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has argued that the taxpayers build and maintain the public schools, against the pending Towner-Sterling Bill and in opposition to bank propaganda that but for the financiers the money required could not be had.

A mother in Washington writes to suggest another phase of the public school question which has led to the selection of the caption of the present offering—Who Owns the Schools? She writes:

> "The enclosed clipping from the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* came to hand soon after a similar incident in my own household. Then came THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT (January 26) with the editorial, 'Schools Belong to the People,' in which the following occurs in reference to the Towner-Sterling Bill: 'It is hardly conceivable that the American people, once they understand, will ever permit it to be done.'"

The clipping referred to is a special telegram from Yakima which says that "twelve high school students have been barred from the school for failure to attain scholastic standards set by the faculty. The school board recently authorized such a policy at the principal's suggestion. Parents of some of the students have been informed by the prosecuting attorney they have no recourse in the courts."

That a dozen students should be mentally unfitted to remain in school is hardly to be credited, and as a principle of general application the policy is a violation of individual rights, against which Americans should maintain a jealous opposition.

While this case does not fall within the points against the Towner-Sterling Bill, heretofore discussed, it is well within the province of that proposed law. The public schools are among the last of real home institutions, and must be preserved to the people. Boards of education are not chosen and teachers are not employed to make selection among the children within their respective jurisdictions for teaching, and no child, even if subnormal, may be deprived of school training or its equivalent in special instruction.

It is not always the boy or girl who attains a scholastic standing set by a faddist principal or faculty who makes the best scholar. Many a diligent student has been hindered in his work by a well-intending but incapable teacher.

The principle involved in this is whether the school, the public school, is for the benefit of the people, or the convenience of those employed to give instruction. Are the laws of Washington such that twelve pupils may be barred from further opportunity at the will of a principal? The cost of public schools is the highest single item in the tax budget and with every fad introduced into the curriculum it increases. Directed play, outside pageants, theatrical exhibitions make the pupil in many cases an overworked individual, whose mentality is handicapped by giving attention to the steps in a marching figure where a score must keep in absolute unison or "spoil the act."

Parents must be aroused to the necessity of constant watchfulness lest school boards, principals and teachers become too firmly convinced they, instead of the taxpayers, own the schools.

Rumblings

EUROPE awaits another Sarajevo incident, another excuse to spring to arms. One country has eight poison-gas factories, another eleven. An accident in a Dresden military laboratory cost the lives of seven workers who were experimenting with a new poison gas developed during the last few months for the German army. This gas is odorless, colorless and tasteless, all of which will add to its deadly effectiveness in war.

Marconi, the famous Italian inventor, has succeeded in harnessing the waves set in motion by radio energy, concentrating and directing electrical waves much as light is controlled and directed in a searchlight. The fearful possibilities of this new weapon will be known when excessively high power is put behind a radio beam directed at a powder magazine many miles distant.

In the next war there will be no non-combatants. It is said that today 25 airplanes flying across New York City could, within three hours, suffocate every inhabitant.

Unless European countries learn to live side by side in peace and understanding as have Canada and the United States the future is indeed dark.

Golden Rule Is Unknown in Central Europe

Peacemakers at Versailles Who Created New Countries Forgot About Economic Interdependence and Chaos Has Resulted

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE present Austria is easily the prize production of the peace. In the last article we saw what a mess had been made by giving Rumania too much land and Hungary too little. The advertised principle upon which the map of Europe was redrawn concerned self-determination—that is, people who spoke the same language or had the same racial stock were to be set up in separate countries of their own and all were to be happy.

Especially the big, sprawling Austro-Hungarian empire, which had grown through the years by capturing and adding to its territories weak little nations, was to be broken up into its original parts. It all worked out well enough on paper. It worked out well in Paris when the political delegations of all these little nationalities brought in their plans. France and Italy had no love for the old Hapsburg Empire; they wanted to see it broken up—to perish for its many sins. Also they wanted to break up Germany. Therefore Clemenceau became an ardent advocate of the rights of the small nations, and it all seemed so just and right that the American delegates fell in with the scheme.

The Peace Council cut Austria down from 260,000 to 33 000 square miles and gave the pieces to various candidates. What Rumania got has already been told. The finest industrial region was cut off and called Czecho-Slovakia; another section was joined to a big slice from Germany and called Poland, and republics were set up, and all seemed lovely. It never entered the minds of the American delegates that they were doing other than a belated act of justice—helping some small nations to do peaceably what we had done by force of arms in 1776. For if Germany and Austria had been disturbers of the peace in the past, was it not a good idea, in addition to doing justice, also to make these countries impotent for war in the future?

All Wanted To Be "Free"

BUT in these days nations are prosperous only as they are economic units. That which has made the United States a thoroughly going concern is not the liberties guaranteed in the Constitution but the insignificant clause about which no one talks—the prohibition against states levying import and export duties. The old Austrian Empire was not a political unit at all; it had within it dozens of nationalities, and all of them wanted to be free. It was always on the verge of going to pieces and it had a hard-boiled, reactionary government which stayed in power only through an ability to play one section against another. But it was an interdependent economic unit and when the peace delegates cut up this unit in cavalier fashion they started a train of economic consequences which have probably done more harm than the war itself.

We think of freedom as something fine; I found freedom as interpreted in the new countries of Central Europe a very sordid thing which had to do mostly with getting on a public pay roll or with oppressing some one. The Golden Rule is suspended by common consent; perhaps it never did work actively out here. Anyhow, the main point now is to do to someone whatever that someone did to you in the past and with a little interest added. None of the nations which were newly created are today happy or prosperous—except when out looking for a loan. Everybody is worse off than before. The period of rejoicing over freedom is past; the people have realized—although the politicians will not admit—that freedom is something different from what it was supposed to be. The freedom is getting around to be the freedom to starve—not to live.

Austria the Most Pitiable

THE new states are not prosperous, but the remnant of old Austria is the most pitiable sight in Europe. Budapest is poor and proud; Vienna is just poor. Austria is a broken-down old man—a shabby, genteel individual who has scraped along on money borrowed from friends—and is now an official ward of the League of Nations. And since the League of Nations is in the nature of a partisan subject, so Austria as an exhibition of what the League can do is a partisan subject. I learned from League addicts that Austria had been saved. What disturbed me was discovering that the Austrians themselves, although exceedingly grateful for having been saved, could not quite tell the difference between being saved and not being saved.

You can get an idea of what happened to Austria by considering the United States. Big cities are not just built—they grow because of some good reason. Vienna was to Europe what Chicago is to the United States. The railroad lines east and west and north and south pass through Vienna. It is on the Danube, the big artery of Europe. In the old days the caravans came through Vienna. Once it was the outpost against the Turks. It grew up as the inland trading center of Europe and it built hotels and palaces. The banks centered there as they have centered in New York and Chicago. The buyers came there to buy. The manufacturers all had their head offices and show rooms in Vienna. Also it became the center of the clothing industry. The country surrounding the city had no raw materials to speak of, but it was the central point for their delivery and many factories grew up—particularly those for finishing or assembling. Its leather work was famous but it bought its hides from Galicia, Bohemia, Hungary, and Croatia; the wool came from Galicia and Hungary, tobacco from Bosnia, coal from what is now Czecho-Slovakia, oil from Galicia, and so on. Except cotton, the old empire had nearly all the raw materials it worked with somewhere in its wide borders. Vienna grew to two million people and it was easily the most beautiful city in the world, and still is.

Nationalism Goes Wild

THEN the treaty cut off every source of supply in the old territory; instead of fifty million people, Austria had seven million, and two million of those were in Vienna. This might not have mattered had the new divisions been merely political; but the first acts of the new countries were to set up high tariff walls and all sorts of bureaucratic regulations. Nationalism went wild. The result was just as though Cook County were shut off from the United States and then expected to support the city of Chicago. The industries had to close down, for they could not get raw materials. For instance, the new boundaries cut right through the textile trade, leaving the spinning and finishing in Austria and the weaving in Czecho-Slovakia.

And worse than all, the new Austria could supply only one-fifth of its foodstuffs. It had to buy the remainder outside and pay real money for them. It did not have the money. The officials of the old empire mostly returned to Vienna and this little country found itself with a public pay roll of three hundred thousand.

In some way or other, one out of every six inhabitants was being supported by the others. Of course the country had a revolution which brought in a great number of "social reforms." These consisted mostly of restricting the hours of labor from ten to eight without any compensating machinery, and in controlling the prices of foodstuffs. The Socialists put in rent controls which soon, with the fall of the krone, made rent a trivial expense. A good-sized room and kitchen, such as the average workingman occupies, used to rent for ninety kronen or eighteen dollars a quarter; now the same rooms rent for 20,800 kronen, but this is only thirty cents! Living quarters are allotted, for of course there can be no building and the whole item of rent has dropped out of the national income—and practically out of the family budget. The Socialists put in many other measures for shop controls, but since these are not unlike those in force in Germany I shall describe them later.

Everyone is familiar with what happened to the professional classes in all this debacle; for a while the workingman was on top, but that was only because the government was borrowing money and giving it to him in food or subsidies. In the three years to 1921 the government borrowed forty-eight millions of dollars and of this sum sixteen millions came from the United States. Remember, this money was borrowed, not to repair the ravages of war, but to perpetuate the mistakes of the peace. Finally the country came to the end of its rope.

Then Chancellor Seipel went to Prague to inform the Slovaks that he would have to conclude a treaty putting Austria into Italy, and a little later he traveled down to Rome to let Italy know that he expected Austria to become a part of Czecho-Slovakia. His scheme worked. Both countries suggested that this was a case for the League of Nations and in due season the League appointed a receiver for the country in the person of a Dutchman, named Zimmerman, who had been mayor of Rotterdam.

100,000 Off Pay Roll

HE IS charged with seeing that Austria cuts one hundred thousand persons off the pay roll, and also he supervises the tobacco monopoly and the collection of the customs and export duties. On the strength of this receivership, Austria has been loaned one hundred and twenty-five million dollars at seven per cent—which is enough to pay the expenses of the government for two years and thus to stop printing money. That is all the loan does—it pays the expenses of government. It has nothing to do with the rehabilitating of commerce and it cannot touch the real cause of the trouble—the fact that Vienna is a workshop without raw materials or customers. The loan gives a breathing spell and perhaps before it is exhausted the trade arrangements will be made by which the country can be saved. To date Austria is not saved, for its malady is one that cannot be cured by money.

The principal hope of Austria is Czecho-Slovakia and also the principal hope of Czecho-Slovakia is Austria, for this new republic, headed by a college professor, is a factory without a sales force. Czecho-Slovakia has had more advertising than any country in Europe. It has a fairly big man in President Masaryk—the man who founded the republic long before the war was over. I say "fairly big" because it is as a liberator rather than as an administrator that this former professor of philosophy did his best work. For years he worked for a republic and that republic came into being in Paris in October, 1918, before it had a country. In the peace negotiations Professor Masaryk argued to such good purpose that he secured an allotment of territory which included eighty-five per cent of the industries of the old empire. He got the richest bit of land in Europe, with factories and farms and forests. In an area of 35,000 square miles there is only four per cent of waste ground. But instead of getting prosperity out of all this wealth, the country to date has had only poverty.

The strong man of the country, the practical administrator, is Doctor Benes—also an ex-professor. Everything ought to work but it does not, and the reasons are not far to seek. You know why ten minutes after landing in Prague. For while Prague is a fine old city with many beautiful buildings and a peculiar quaintness, it is easily the most inept city in the world. The people take freedom as the right to be rude. I asked an American who had lived there many years whether I just imagined that the people were rude and also inefficient—telling him that among other things it had taken more than an hour to cash a small draft on a letter of credit.

Just Rude, That's All

"NO," he answered, "they are rude. They try to make up for a lack of knowledge by being boorish. They have, as you have noticed, taken down all the German street signs and put up Slovak signs. The people take it as a matter of pride not to speak any foreign language. The hotels are bad. It is an uncomfortable city to live in and it must be a frightful city to visit. And yet these people expect the world, which used to go to Vienna and buy the goods made here, to come to Prague and be miserable. It is just nationalism gone to seed."

That, of course, is only a small part of the story. The setting up of a new republic required the opening of many offices for the faithful. These faithful proceeded to tax everything in sight. They replaced Austrian managers of industry with inexperienced natives. They shut out the Austrian banks which had formerly done all the financing. They expected things to go on as they had done before and of course they did not.

In addition, the Finance Minister deflated the currency with great suddenness. Deflating currency, like deflating any other boom, always brings distress, for people must pay their bills in money that is worth more than was the money at the time the debt was contracted. The heavy taxes made prices too high for export and a long system of export duties and licenses made it still harder to trade. The result has been unemployment in a high degree, and what ought to be the most prosperous country in Europe has had a tremendous record of commercial failures and an ominous unemployment.

Bit of Sanity Returns

NOW the politicians are slowly beginning to see the light and are putting away some of the toys of nationalism and trying to get to work in a sane way. They are being enlightened as to what freedom really is. Incidentally, their industries are passing out of their hands into the hands of the French, the English, and the Austrians, and the Austrian banks are again coming into power.

In many respects Poland started off as well as did Czecho-Slovakia, although without the resources of that country, but Poland today is but a bankrupt outpost of the French against the Russians on the one hand and the Germans on the other. It is a country with an army and with almost nothing else. The fear is that Germany and Russia may get together. The barrier between Russia and Germany is Poland, and hence the Polish army has been trained, equipped, and kept up by the French. What money it can borrow must be spent for munitions in France. It cannot borrow enough to pay for the army and the civil servants. The man who is not in the government pay in Poland considers himself as wronged. And since the revenues as compared with the expenditures are insignificant the only way to keep the show going is through the printing of money. And so they have printed money. What will become of Poland is one of the most interesting questions in Europe and one that I found no one to answer.

Real Spirit of Co-operation Found in Finland

Farmers and Consumers Work Out Respective Problems Successfully; First Organized Twenty-five Years Ago, Societies Become Very Strong

By HUSTON THOMPSON

FINLAND is the land of the water cooler. After passing through what we Americans would term "wet" countries, "dry" Finland with its American type of water coolers in every office and hotel room, reminded one of home. On my arrival at Helsingfors the Finnish capital, I was informed that the second largest hotel in the city had recently been closed for two months because it permitted the prohibition law to be forgotten. Along Finland's coast, I saw familiar sights of bootlegging vessels, maneuvering at sea waiting for an opportunity of getting in under cover of darkness.

I had pegged Finland—the most distant country of my travel in the survey of the co-operative movement—for a visit because the Finns in the United States have the reputation of being our most successful co-operators.

Leaving Stockholm we sailed toward the sea in the twilight of the North that lasts until after twelve o'clock, passing islands so close that it seemed as if we could reach them with a stone's throw. The approach to Äbo with its Russian-like atmosphere is a complete change from Stockholm. The entire civilization seems to be cast in a different mold. The people are shorter and said to be of Mongolian extraction. The droshkies and their drivers, and the whole surroundings bear the marks of Russia.

Äbo is an old city, and was for a time Finland's capital. It was the seat of Finland's university which was subsequently moved to Helsingfors. It is the western distributing point for the co-operatives with warehouses and many local stores.

"Live Upon the Rocks"

AFTER looking these over we took the train for Helsingfors which is about six hours' ride to the east. In the compartment we were fortunate in having with us the Finnish Minister to the United States who was returning to his country for a short vacation. I compared the soil of Western Finland with that which I had seen in Sweden and Denmark and said that it seemed to me that while it had the appearance of being fairly rich, it was very shallow and had a rocky base.

"Yes," said the minister, "the Finns live upon the rocks."

"Well," I replied, as we observed the apparently trackless forests on both sides of the roadbed, and saw the piles of lumber along the way ready for the market and the wood pulp plants, "you might add that the Finn not only lives upon the rocks but upon the trees."

In spite of the shallow soil and the forests much is claimed for the richness of the earth by those interested in farming. Undoubtedly it has been fertilized for many years by the leaves, the needles and the cones that have fallen from the trees. It was of a rich brown color as we saw it upturned by laborers in the fields, many of whom were stripped to the waist and tanned the color of leather by the fierce heat of the sun that beats down in the short but intensive Finnish summer.

As we approached Helsingfors a debate broke out in our compartment as to the reason for the co-operative instinct and success of the Finn. The area of his country is about the size of Montana, with 144,257 square miles, of which 16,212 square miles are occupied by lakes and rivers. There are only about three million six hundred thousand inhabitants in the entire country. The northern part, which comprises the territory known as Lapland, is very sparsely inhabited.

Suppressed, Kept Culture

PERHAPS the unified processes of thinking along national, spiritual and somewhat identical lines of this quiet, persistent and unusual race were brought about by the years of suppression of their national desires by Swedish culture which dominated them for a long time and by Russia which controlled them until 1918, they having been a part of that empire under the name of the Grand Duchy of Finland for many years. There had, however, been at all times a universal determination to keep their culture and language alive, although under the surveillance and force exercised by the Russian bear. I was told in Helsingfors that in the days of Russian control, it was considered almost a disgrace for a Finnish girl to pass her examination in the Russian language in the schools. This was possibly an exaggeration.

The Finns one sees along the railroads, in the small towns, in the parks and in cities like Äbo and Helsingfors, bear a very striking resemblance to each other and can be easily distinguished from the Swedes who live in Finland.

In addition to the Russian suppression, usury had for years reared its ugly head among the farmers and some of the townspeople. The peasants had been in a chronic state of debt. In recent years there has been chaos due to the Bolsheviki uprising. During this period, the farmers and the co-operative organizations have been whipsawed back and forth with their properties frequently destroyed, the co-operative plants burned and the public mind kept in a state of constant ferment. During the Reds' sway, they robbed the Consumers' Co-operatives of many millions of dollars, killed two of their staff and for a long time all their board of directors had to conceal themselves from public view.

But Finnish spirit is like an athlete who has had a long refreshing sleep and suddenly awakens prepared for action. Today Finland is beyond any question on a permanent basis, despite the fact that she has to take the Communist in hand from time to time. Her parliament is strongly agrarian. Her farming population greatly exceeds the residents of the cities and what is most important the farmers own their own soil. It was this that made them fight with such desperation against the Reds. It is this that has given them a well-prepared militia who devote a part of their year to training for the defense of their land and who will fight for it to the last man.

Americans Can Learn

IT MAY be that the Finnish instinct for co-operation lies in the fact that there is a remarkable equality of classes among the Finns. They have a motto in the remote parts of Finland—"Every man is as good as his neighbor"—and they do not yield on this point.

I particularly stress these suggested causes for this instinctive co-operative spirit among the Finns because in America there are those who are hurrying to and fro in the market place asserting that you can form a successful co-operative movement based solely on the proposition of a return of larger profits than through individual enterprise. According to experiences in Europe a co-operative system based solely on profits will have no more strength than a rope of sand and will mean, as it has in the past in America, failure on the part of many co-operative movements.

Basic requirements for success, such as economic pressure producing a common necessity in a group, similarity of thought among the members, like spiritual aspirations, a maximum requirement of intelligence, and individual possession of the soil, are things that must be taken into account as the foundation stones upon which to build a successful co-operative society.

In their possession of these undoubtedly lies the answer as to why the Finns have the most natural co-operative instinct of any race.

If individual land ownership is one of the requisites for universally successful agricultural co-operation, then do we in America have all the requirements? According to recent authoritative figures from the Institute for Research in Land Economics, more than thirty-eight per cent of the farms in the United States are operated by tenant farmers and undoubtedly this number is on the increase.

The Finnish people date their co-operative movement back to 1899, though, of course, there were as in Sweden many unsuccessful efforts prior to that time. But apparently the Finn was ready to arise and go forward under the guidance of proper leadership, and when the hour struck, the man appeared in the person of Professor Hannes Gebhard who is today known as the father of Finnish co-operation.

Saturated with the knowledge of the experiences of Sir Horace Plunkett in Ireland in his efforts to further co-operation there, Professor Gebhard played a like part in Finland. Starting out to arouse and combine the Finnish peasantry he took as his text of co-operation, the words of the poet Z. Topelias, who said:

"We are nothing in ourselves. We are nothing by ourselves, but we are strong indeed when we are united in co-operation for the common end and in an honest endeavor, so far as in us lies, to further the work of centuries." To this he added the expression of the famous Finnish scholar, M. A. Castrem, who uttered the following thought: "Whenever men work for themselves, little is done, but whenever thousands have a common endeavor a mighty building is erected before long."

Only Twenty-five Years Old

PREACHING this doctrine, Professor Gebhard and his associates have seen the movement grow from practically nothing in 1899 to a position where today out of a population of three million six hundred thousand, the co-operative movement claims four hundred thousand families. This means that with an average of five in a family, two million are connected with this great movement.

In Helsingfors, with a population of two hundred thousand, there are thirty-five thousand families in the co-operative fold, which means that the movement in one form or another touches almost every person. Here we have a great difference in the Consumers' Co-operative movement from that found in England where only the artisan class belongs to the Consumers' Co-operatives. We were told at Helsingfors that the membership of the Consumers' Co-operatives contains persons from all classes, indicating that the instinct for co-operation in Finland is more universal than in England, despite the success of her gigantic Consumers' Co-operative organization.

While the northern part of Finland does not contain many co-operatives, particularly in its forested territory, yet in the middle and lower sections of Finland, where the population is also frequently sparse, co-operation has met with success. In fact, the Finn, after a thorough survey and study, has figured it out that a Consumers' Co-operative store can be successfully carried on with a minimum of two hundred members and a turnover of approximately $10,000. These figures should excite the attention of those in our country who previously thought that the Consumers' Co-operative movement must be confined only to congested areas in our cities.

The outstanding glory of the Finnish Co-operative movement is that it has been able to co-ordinate the efforts of the Consumers' Co-operative associations who seek only to supply their members with their needs and the farmers' agricultural co-operatives which sell the products of the farm at the best prices obtainable.

I was told by one of the members of the Finnish Co-operative Wholesale Society, the organization that does the buying for the consumers' societies, that while his society had a department devoted to teaching and organizing co-operative societies, it contributed a certain sum of money every year to the Pellervo Society which serves the same purposes for the farmers' organizations. In fact, he said that his society had established local societies throughout Finland and near enough for the farmers to use them, a step in advance of what has been accomplished by the consumers' societies in some other countries where they are largely confined to congested populations.

How It Works for Farmer

TODAY, the farmer of Finland buys the needs of his family from the consumers' societies and the needs of his animals and the soil for producing a crop from the farmers' agricultural societies. In addition to this he sells his products in the domestic market through these agricultural societies. His export products such as butter and cheese are sold almost entirely through the Co-operative Butter Export Association, which has a plant located in Helsingfors.

My Finnish friends had difficulty in grasping my query as to whether they had a separate woman's organization in which woman would be educated along co-operative lines. With them woman has not only the ballot but is encouraged to higher education just as much as is man and everywhere one goes in the university towns one sees young ladies wearing hats indicative of university life as frequently as one sees men wearing them. The idea of a separate grouping for the women was so foreign to them that my suggestion while causing merriment and surprise created no other interest.

The Finnish co-operative instinct is also revealed in the number of things which the Finn does in a co-operative way. He deposits his money in co-operative banks, combines in threshing machines, peat moss, telephone, land purchasing, forestry, sawmill and housing societies. He is also associated with other farmers in the sale of cattle, eggs, milk, corn and fish. He manufactures brushes, saws, working clothes and underclothes, roasts coffee, cleanses and packs fruit, and has fought a successful fight against the match trust to the point where he has now developed a tremendous match industry. Indeed I was told that he is preparing to build dams on the streams to create electric power with which to run his plants and light his house.

The Finnish Arguments

I SUGGESTED to representatives of the consumers' societies that those organizations of the farmer which sold his products were in the words of an advocate of the consumers' societies in England "only pseudo co-operative societies with a selfish aim." To provoke a reply, I summed up all the arguments that had been made to me against this type of society.

They replied that Finland was a peasant nation and so dependent on her farmers that if they were not successful the nation would not be. They did not fear high prices on the farmer's part for he was either a member of a consumers' co-operative, or the latter was strong enough to deal on an equality with him and his selling society. If the occasion should arise, then foreign competition from Sweden, Esthonia or Russia, when it got back on its feet, would check his prices.

This broad-minded view on the part of the consumers' societies has won the farmer's good will and has caused him to join them wherever it is possible to purchase his family's personal needs. According to the latest reports I could get there are 620 stores scattered over Finland where the farmer or city member may purchase, and approximately one million six hundred and twenty thousand persons have recourse to them.

There are also co-operative credit societies or rural banks to the number of 775. There are 762 co-operative dairies which ship the greater part of their butter and cheese through the Co-operative Butter Export Association.

The agricultural co-operative wholesale society, which

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The Covered Wagon on a New Expedition

Caravan to Move Down Pennsylvania Avenue in Interest of Economy and Lower Taxes

By EMERSON ROBINSON

FRED KOHLER, former Mayor of Cleveland.

CONGRESS soon will have brought graphically to its attention the demand of the folks back home for a reduction of taxes.

On some morning in the not-far-distant future, it is expected, the greatest caravan of covered wagons ever assembled in the history of North America will carry the messages of the people direct to their representatives.

Late sleepers in hotels, homes and apartment houses along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington may look from their bedroom windows and may well wonder if they are not in the aftermath of a dream, visualizing a scene of three-quarters of a century ago. But they will not be. They will be onlookers in the most unusual attempt of a levy-burdened nation to get relief.

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of prairie schooners will make the trip down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. They will be horse-drawn and the horses will be driven by members of farm bureaus and granges, and in the wagons will be petitions of hundreds of thousands urging Congress to cut politics and work for the people.

On the wagons will be this legend:

Let's Go Back to the Ways of Our Fathers
Simplicity
Honesty in Government
Economy

On the first of the double span of horses will be this sign

Get in the Fight for Lower Taxes

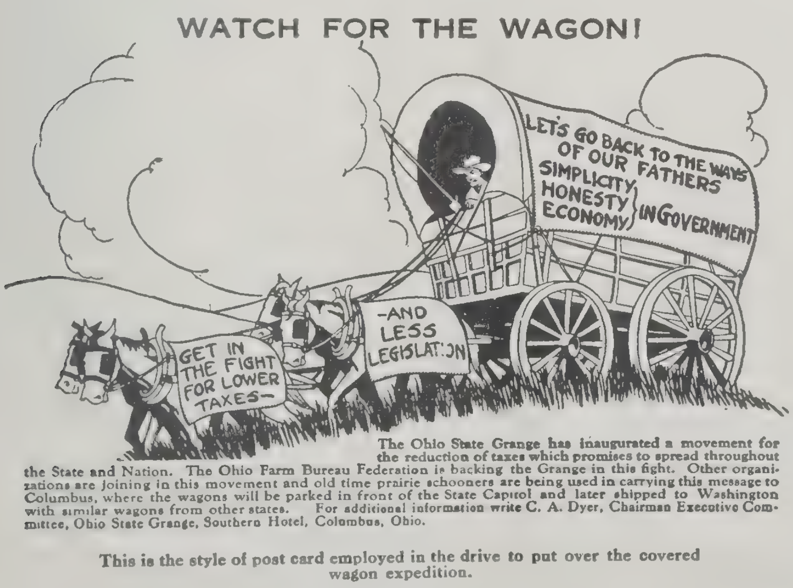
And on the second span

—AND LESS LEGISLATION.

The movement thus to bring direct to the attention of Congress the attitude of the voters toward taxation and economy originated in Ohio. It is the idea of C. A. Dyer, overseer of the Ohio State Grange and chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Dyer is an expert on taxation and he has fought many battles in Ohio. He's lost a good many of his battles because Ohio is a state which has rejected any radical reform in its taxation system. But he's still plodding on and he is living in hopes that even that state will reform in course of time. Originally the plan of the covered wagon merely included tours of Ohio, but its wide appeal gathered momentum as soon as it was announced, and Mr. Dyer has been working night and day and on holidays and Sundays trying to keep up with the demand for information and offers of local granges to help.

He already has received assurances from Michigan, Kansas, Wisconsin and New York to join in the covered wagon parade and has been forced to place a limit on the number of wagons for each state.

"There will be thousands of them," said Mr. Dyer. "Literally thousands and we hope to impress on Congress the necessity of abolishing the pork barrel and getting down to brass tacks in the operation of the government



The Ohio State Grange has inaugurated a movement for the reduction of taxes which promises to spread throughout the State and Nation. The Ohio Farm Bureau Federation is backing the Grange in this fight. Other organizations are joining in this movement and old time prairie schooners are being used in carrying this message to Columbus, where the wagons will be parked in front of the State Capitol and later shipped to Washington with similar wagons from other states. For additional information write C. A. Dyer, Chairman Executive Committee, Ohio State Grange, Southern Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

This is the style of post card employed in the drive to put over the covered wagon expedition.

"We are simply trying to save the $323,000,000 surplus at Washington, both for this year and the years to come, and are of the opinion that if we can start a real movement for economy in the fountainhead of government, it will be easy to extend it to the states. In Ohio our fight right now is to preserve the Griswold debt law and write its provisions in the constitution. Ohio outranks all the states in debt and we can get better conditions in this state only when we control debt and force the payment of some of the debts we now have."

The prairie schooner "business," Mr. Dyer says, has developed so rapidly that he has had little time for anything else. The idea made an instant appeal to Ohio and although the state had not been traversed to any great extent, more than 50,000 signatures to petitions were obtained in a few days. They will pass through various parts of the state, being drawn from city to city by horses, use of which is being donated by members of granges and farm bureaus.

At Youngstown, the first city visited by the first schooner, thousands braved a downpour of rain to watch the strange procession of a covered wagon—a replica of those used on the western plains—go down the city streets, trailed slowly by a large number of automobiles. The school band gave a concert and gigantic streamers carried by children urged: "Don't pass your debts on to us," and "Let each generation shoulder its own burden."

Mr. Dyer was the chief speaker, as at meetings in other towns, and called attention to the burden which taxpayers are forced to bear.

"Of every twelve persons gainfully employed," he said, "eleven must work to support the twelfth in a government position. Expansion of the ordinary affairs of government and the addition of any number of paternalistic schemes has raised our rate, making our burdens even more heavy than those of certain countries in Europe."

One of the ardent backers of the plan is Governor Donahey, of Ohio. He not only accompanied one of the wagons between cities but he drove one of them up High street, the principal thoroughfare in Ohio's capital, Columbus, and addressed a huge crowd on the subject of taxation.

The idea not only has attracted the attention of the small taxpayer but of the large taxpayer as well, and when the wagons arrive in Washington and are driven to the Capitol, Congress may get the surprise of its life by taking careful note of some of the great taxpaying interests represented. One of the greatest railroad companies in the nation and also one of the heaviest contributors to the coffers of the government, has offered to transport free of charge as many wagons as can be got together in Ohio and other states.

They will, except in a few instances, be so transported and horses will be obtained in and around Washington to haul them down Pennsylvania Avenue.

The great increase in public debt seems at last to have aroused officials, or some of them, at least, to the error of their ways. For some communities, it would seem, the lessons may come too late.

From Columbus, Ohio, goes the warning of Joseph B. Tracy, auditor of state, that a large number of taxing districts in his state face absolute bankruptcy within a few years unless they take immediate steps to curb public debt. In his annual report he cites the fact that nearly half of all the taxes collected must go into the coffers of the sinking fund trustees to meet maturing bonds and interest.

The total indebtedness in the state at the end of the fiscal year was $760,589,834. It probably is close to $800,000,000 at this time and more than half of it is owned by the various municipalities. Practically all of this debt has been created since 1910 and was due largely to a policy of limiting taxation but not limiting debt, forced by interests engaged in floating bond issues, and practiced by public officials more interested in spending money than practicing economy.

In West Virginia they are paying out nearly six dollars a year for every resident, man, woman and child, for interest and retirement of obligations. It has become so critical there that it will be the chief issue in the coming campaign, as it promises to be the issue in other states, as well as the nation.

That it is not altogether the fault of the laws, however, that Ohio cities are in their present dilemma, is shown in an annual report of Fred Kohler, who served as mayor of Cleveland.

Many people in Cleveland don't like Mr. Kohler and many others do. He formerly was chief of police and evidently a good one, with an eye to the "big chance," for when he became mayor two years ago he knew the political hangers-on and the excess baggage on the city's pay roll. He used the pruning knife without prejudice to the taxpayers, an unusual thing in municipal government. Mayor Kohler has lost his job now because Cleveland has decided to accept the city-manager form of government, and it is reported that he will seek the nomination of one of the major parties for the governorship.

Before he retired, however, Mayor Kohler took a few parting shots in a report which sizzled, in condemnation of public officials who spend recklessly, and he gives these figures on the financial condition of Cleveland:

That on December 31, 1920, Cleveland had a cash deficit of $926,000; on December 31, 1921, a cash deficit of $892,000.

In those two years he was not mayor and he compares those deficits to his cash balance of $558,000 for the year ending December 31, 1922, and a cash balance of $1,800,000 for the year just closing.

Cities can live within their incomes if they are so minded, he says.

Commenting on this accomplishment the mayor says:

"At the same time, no city activity or function has been neglected. On the contrary, more public improvements have been made than ever before in the history of Cleveland. More work has been actually accomplished.

"The whole machinery of the city's government is running at higher efficiency and at less cost than ever before. The physical condition of the city's property is better than at any time in the city's history. While we have lived well within our income—at no sacrifice of public service—during the past year, we have further reduced our pay rolls from last year to a figure nearer to what they should be and there is still room for improvement in further reduction of the number of assistants and in adjustment of salaries.

"Of course this has not been entirely satisfactory to a lot of politicians and particularly to the political ward heelers who in years past have found the city's pay roll a convenient feed box. Neither has it been entirely satisfactory to sundry friends of assorted politicians who have been in the habit of grabbing off soft city contracts and certain privileges at fancy prices. But it has been pretty satisfactory to the taxpayers and rent-payers who were being gouged for more money each year so that the tax-spending politician could keep his political machinery well greased.

"All this is in striking contrast with our neighboring cities of Ohio where they are now paying the penalty of political extravagance in the serious curtailment and actual stoppage of highly important municipal functions involving the convenience, safety and, in some cases, the actual lives of inhabitants."

Discussing the city's heavy indebtedness, the last bond of which falls due in 1974, fifty years from now, the mayor says:

"But . . . . it might be of interest to point out that of the $17,000,000 in bonds that come due and must be paid by the city in 1927 and 1928, $12,750,000 is the city's heritage from the deficiency administrations of 1919 and 1920, during which two years bonds in that sum were issued and sold to pay *running expenses* of the city in excess of the large income provided by the regular tax levy which should have been sufficient."

The path of a mayor is never entirely strewn with roses; there are usually some rough spots, but it is evident that Kohler's path was strewn with thorns and many of them. Two petitions for recall were circulated against him but both were thrown out.

And while Cleveland under Kohler has been laying away money for the rainy day when there will be a deluge of bonds and interest due, Cincinnati, second largest city in Ohio, has awakened; rather, it would be more proper to say that some of her foremost citizens and some officials have awakened. It is seeking expert advice and has announced the employment of L. D. Upson, a municipal expert of national reputation. He will have assistants and the report is anticipated to show exactly where Cincinnati stands.

The covered wagon caravan may have the effect in a spectacular way of bringing to the attention of Congress the attitude of the people who pay the bills toward an extravagant government; it should have the effect of centering interest of the lethargic voter on the necessity of vigilance in the selection of his officials.

The Exploitation of Our Cut-over Lands

Concluded from page 3

down the small trees. He burns the rubbish thus accumulated and puts in a crop of potatoes. If he plants hardwood land his crop is assured. He usually raises from 200 to 250 bushels of potatoes the first year. The hardwood stumps will rot out in a few years and he will have a cleared field. That is the most successful method.

The Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, in Michigan, estimates that there are very nearly sufficient farms in the Northern Peninsula of Michigan to make the country self-supporting. The majority of farm crops, with the exception of corn, can be raised successfully in the northern parts of the Lake states. Usually the snow comes early, and the ground does not freeze. If it does freeze early in the autumn, or a heavy blanket of snow three to four feet deep falls in the wintertime, you can plant potatoes in the autumn and they will come up in the spring. This method of planting is not generally practiced, but there is frequently volunteer growth made in old potato patches where seed has been left.

The problem of the cut-over pine lands is a serious one. Wisconsin has four million or more acres of land that is too poor to be considered from the standpoint of agricultural value. Michigan has thousands of acres reverting to the commonwealth annually because of non-payment of taxes. During 1922 fully 42,000 acres reverted to the state through this source. At least sixty per cent of these lands were unfit for agricultural purposes, according to state officials. Minnesota has millions of acres unfit for agricultural purposes and the governor of that state says there are many sections of Minnesota where people ought not to be permitted to go and live by farming, because they will be doomed to disappointment.

That portion of the Lake states which produced pine timber is fit only for the growing of timber and as a recreational region. Any land that has produced white pine—the stumps are standing there today—three and four feet in diameter, will produce white pine again. But as an agricultural venture the settlement of these pine barrens has proved a failure. No material good is accomplished by forcing lands into use which ordinarily would not be cultivated until pressure of food requirements makes their cultivation profitable. It would require very intelligent cultivation by the settler to produce anything of value on these lands in one season. A timber crop requiring from eighty to two hundred years to mature would be feasible. This land in white pine, matured timber, would be worth thousands of dollars an acre at maturity. As it is now, it is valueless.

Old growth Norway pine.

The bane of the land settlement business in these cut-over regions lies in the fact that competition for a limited number of buyers compels resort to heavy advertising and selling outlay on the part of the sellers. This, in turn, burdens the land with more overhead costs than the land can carry profitably.

This fact makes it difficult even for land settlement companies of the highest character to give settlers as good a chance of success as their enterprise merits.

In 1914 the tourist business in Michigan alone was worth $5,000,000; in 1921 it was estimated as being worth $100,000,000. It increased twenty times in those seven years and I believe it has only begun. New communities are being built up about the numerous inland lakes by the tourists from the southern states. Taxable values are being created and the country is being built up to a certain extent in the waterways.

The only solution of the land problem in the cut-over pine sections of the Lake states is reforestation, either by the government or by private initiative. Taxes on the growing timber must be adjusted to give the grower a fair return on his investment, which necessarily is of a long-term nature. Timber is the only crop that can be successfully grown on the pine lands, where recurring fires have destroyed the humus in the soil.

Are Women's Clubs "Used" by Bolshevists?

Concluded from page 2

illegally or semi-legally; the party should organize an illegal apparatus for work among women. In all legal bodies there must be at least one party member to organize the women for illegal work."

Sara Bard Field, one of the foremost leaders of the National Women's Party, was chosen with Jane Addams to make the presentation speech of the three suffrage statutes to Congress in 1921.

Miss Field addressed the Speaker of the House of Representatives thus: "Mr. Speaker, I give you revolution!" On February 12, 1922, Miss Field, in a letter to Brigadier General Ames A. Fries, says, "I have no confidence in anything short of revolution. Peaceful by all means, if possible; bloody, if necessary, in every land, resulting in the establishment of the Communist idea in some form to do away with war. Women should stop short at nothing but the full abolition of war, pull the support from under it and go about the building of a new world as Russia is painfully trying to do."

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot was mentioned for a chairman of an important committee in the council. Mrs. Pinchot was not elected for the place, but she is one of the inner circle in the National League of Women Voters and her dominance in that organization has a vicarious reflection in practically everything done in the National Council of Women, because most of its chairmen are members of the League of Women Voters.

Recently the Boston *Transcript* published a series of articles by R. M. Whitney on the "Reds in America." In one of these articles, Mr. Whitney published the "Sucker List" meaning the list of names of those who contribute money to the Communist cause. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot's name appears upon this list and in view of the fact that Gifford Pinchot is governor of one of our greatest states and a Presidential aspirant, this connection with radical propaganda should be pondered. Mrs. Pinchot is prominent in the International Women's organizations and Mr. Pinchot's election as governor is very largely attributed to the work which the *"non-partisan"* League of Women Voters did in his campaign. Governor Pinchot is the father of paternalism or state socialism in the United States and if Count von Bernstorff, formerly German Ambassador to the United States, knows what he is talking about, these theories sponsored by Governor Pinchot were "made in Germany."

We have enumerated only a few of the women who are working to organize a bureaucracy that will control women and children, education and industry. The big idea is to centralize the control of all things possible in the Federal Government. And this *is* the destruction of Constitutional Government. This *is* Empire and it is of small consequence whether we call our ruler President or Kaiser.

The activities of the key women in the various organizations make possible an understanding of the methods by which these matters are to be accomplished. As these activities appeared at the Decatur convention, a glance at its program may be instructive.

Mrs. Maud Wood Park, president of the National League of Women Voters and vice-president of the council, gave an address upon the subject of "Women's Aims in Legislation." Mrs. Park has been ably assisted by Mrs. Florence Kelley, the Socialist translator of German Socialist works, who is herself president of the Inter-Collegiate Socialist Leagues, later called "League for Industrial Democracy." Mrs. Kelley is mentioned in the Lusk report as being connected with more than one Socialistic organization. The League of Women Voters proposes to conduct a school of politics. It has already held sessions in several of our important colleges and universities. Naturally, it is necessary for them to mis-label their work to secure entry.

The membership of this League of Women Voters is the preponderant influence today in the National Council of Women. Almost equally powerful within the council is the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom, *whose delegates refused to salute the flag at the Decatur biennial.*

Among the resolutions introduced by the International League of Peace and Freedom at the convention in Decatur of the National Council of Women was one calling for the evacuation of the Ruhr, another for the cancellation of war debts and still another for the recognition of Soviet Russia.

To comprehend the full significance of the reappointment of Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead as Chairman of Permanent Peace in the National Council of Women, one should know the proceedings of the Annual Conference of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom held in Washington, D. C., March 13-16, 1923. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead is lecturer and organizer in this organization.

Over the headquarters of the International League of Peace and Freedom at Washington no American flag floats.

At this convention the spirit of the Russian Communism prevailed. The recognition of Soviet Russia was urged and it was agreed to deluge the members of Congress with letters to that end. Helen Hoy Greeley advised our government to follow the example of Mr. Otto Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, international bankers, who advocate full and immediate recognition of Russia.

Each item of work advised by this convention is to be found outlined in the Third International Documentary Instructions sent from Moscow to the Communists of the United States and now in the files of the government at Washington. It was specifically stated in this document that the suggestions made are for the purpose of weakening the government.

One of their principal points is the abolition of the Army and Navy, especially of the Chemical Warfare Department, since gas may be used to quell riots, and they plan the beginning of the revolution in the United States with riots. Disarmament is to come about gradually through the discouragement of military training in the schools and summer camps, and the eventual abolition of the National Guard.

Mrs. Harriet Conner Brown, wife of Herbert D. Brown, chief of the Efficiency Bureau of the Federal Government, said, among other things, "We women are going to repeal the Army Reorganization act . . . . Act as mugwumps ladies, vote the Democratic, the Republican or the Socialist ticket to gain our ends, and do away with the Army and Navy, the National Guard and every other form of militarism . . . ." She also said that there are three ways to accomplish this. They are "the ballot, passive resistance, and education of public opinion through our propaganda. There is much for us pacifists to do. We must get into all sorts of clubs, women's clubs, farmers' granges, welfare associations. We must get into religious organizations whenever and wherever possible—Chautauquas, schools—everything, and we must send our propaganda everywhere." Mrs. Brown must be vastly pleased with the influence exercised by Mrs. Mead and other members of the International League of Peace and Freedom within the National Council of Women.

Real Spirit of Co-operation Found in Finland

Concluded from page 10

purchases the farmers' seeds, machinery and fertilizer, has a magnificent plant in the city of Helsingfors and subsidiary plants in a number of other towns.

I found that the Finnish co-operative society differs in quite a few respects from that of other countries. For example, the Finnish co-operator does not decline state help. In fact, he seeks it on the theory that his organization is one of the great constructive forces of the state. He asserts what I believe to be true, that this great force has been so badly injured during the political upheavals that its members need aid. He has no fear of receiving money from the state. That money, however, except in a few instances, is passed down to him through the co-operative central bank, **and no private bank gets a rake-off. He is not required to pay over five per cent interest.** Very few loans, however, are made except for items other than those which will assist in producing a crop. In 1923, the credit banks had loans out to the farmers of $3,013,333. All this lending is done through credit banks scattered over the nation. In 1922, the government loaned twenty-nine million marks, or approximately $773,333, and this year $1,173,333 to the farmers without interest. It may be asked why the government is loaning in such amounts without interest. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that because of the war, Finland lost her biggest customer in Russia. That country absorbed a great part of her exports. Since there is a temporary wall between Finland and Russia, the former has been at the expense of seeking new markets.

She has found one in England for her excellent cheese. That cheese I have had the pleasure of sampling at the creamery in Helsingfors. It is made like Swiss cheese. The Finn is so proud of it that he contends that it is better than Swiss cheese. He will explain to you in his quiet way that some years ago some workers from Swiss cheese factories came to Finland to carry on their trade. They discovered that the cream produced by the rich grass of Finland was superior to that of Switzerland and made a more excellent cheese. These workers soon began to make cheese on their own account and eventually became wealthy through their profits and retired. Now the co-operatives are profiting by the experiences of those successful Swiss and are making a similar cheese and shipping it to England. A small quantity even now reaches the United States.

The Finns are cautious about co-operative international action. This came to light when I asked why they did not join with Sweden, Denmark and Norway in their international co-operative buying organization. They replied that the Finns might not want to buy the same type of things, or purchase in the same manner. I did not infer that this closed the door to international action, but rather that they felt it was the part of wisdom to take the different co-operative steps one at a time.

The Finn believes that the highest type of individualism expresses itself in intelligent co-operation with one's fellow men in making for a greater and nobler Finland. The visitor feels that this spirit radiates everywhere. It expresses itself in their music and literature, is exemplified in their architecture, and centers in their national aspirations which are in no sense warlike, but tempered by the peace that comes to a nation of individuals near the soil.

Germany Forsakes Crutches for Walking Stick

New Rentenmark Does Away With Paper Deluge

By WALTER M. WOLFF

NOT a few of us still recall something concerning a certain "Deutschland Ueber Alles!" that was wafted upon the four winds in the summer of 1914 by the mailed fist of the German war lords. Four years later the proud cry had been altered slightly so that "Deutschland Unter Alles!" accurately described the despairing situation in 1918. Today, however, the half-forgotten, shrapnel-nicked old song may again be brought forth in all propriety to reflect most accurately the sudden transformation which has taken place in the Reich in four months. "Germany above everything!" above the world market on commodity prices, above the financial scrap heap of Europe, above reproach in general! Little green slips of paper which resemble cigaret coupons did it. They're responsible for everything.

On January 1, 1923, a New York newsboy (or anybody else, for that matter) could have sojourned in utmost comfort or have toured the country from end to end for a mere handful of pennies. On January 1, 1924, for six or eight dollars the hotel clerk of a second-rate Berlin hotel might have condescended to allow you to spend the night somewhere away up under the sheltering rafters where the gentle raindrops softly tap-tap you to sleep. The next morning the same clerk politely informs you he would rather not take dollars or other foreign currency, but would esteem it a great favor if you paid your bill with German Rentenmarks, the new national emergency money. All further argument is of no avail; he doesn't want your dollars except as a last resort and then only at a discount. It is really all quite interesting—indeed!

Things Different This Year

GOOD old 1923! Can it all be true? And one recalls with a pang of regret that the times really have changed. Yesterday every last German would have gone to extreme lengths for a lone dollar bill and today he wouldn't pick it up if he saw one on the street—well, almost! Yesterday a German's eyes would pop out big as balloons if you spoke in terms of trillion marks to him. "Give me a dollar and take the stuff!" he would say, voraciously. Now the funny part of it is that these selfsame trillion marks of yesterday are no longer called "Trillion" but are known under the much more blasé title of "One Rentenmark." At any rate, it makes considerable difference to a German whether you say 15,000,000,000,000 marks to him or merely 15 (Renten) marks. Now that he has something with a backbone to it he feels himself once more living "in the good old times" when marks were worth their weight in gold and silver. These new marks are the equivalent of a first mortgage on Germany's real estate wealth and it appears that they enjoy the utmost confidence of the people, and belief that they will remain absolutely stable is growing daily.

Now that Germany has at last made up her mind to get out of her rut of impotence and has resolved to make an end to the paper mark debacle, sixty million souls are suddenly finding themselves able to do the things they were wont to do many years ago when life was not the near-slavery for them that it is today. But German industry is not so well satisfied with the latest trend of events. The government says, "No more inflation or bust!" German industry cannot forget the glorious harvest of yesterday. And for the latter the days departed were red-letter days indeed—every one of them.

Although the Reichsbank discount rate had been repeatedly raised in the past, currency depreciation always rendered an accurate check on the doings of German industry wholly ineffective. Strange results came to the surface. For example, a firm which on January 1, 1922, borrowed $50,000 worth of marks, was able to pay them back on December 31 *with $1,000!* But in 1923 the disproportion was fantastic. *Credit amounting to five hundred million dollars on January 1 could be paid back on December 1 with ONE DOLLAR'S worth of paper marks!* A ridiculous situation of this kind will, of course, never take place again as credits are now granted on a gold mark or "wertbestaendig" basis and German industry must learn to adjust itself once more to the odious humdrum of normal times. But the coffers are so full that it will take a mighty "chill" of hard times to stir up German industry's anxiety to any great extent. For example, the German, Swiss, and other winter resorts report a record attendance year and a notable absence of the usual foreign patronage. But the new German rich of 1923 vintage more than make up for the deficiency. Paper mark speculation seems to have been mighty profitable business; no wonder it lasted so long!

And now the German arch-profiteer, his money-bags fairly bursting, must find some outlet in the line of pleasure and he chooses the most luxurious spots of Europe, to the astonishment and bewilderment of the foreign hosts whose ears had been copiously filled with heart-rending news of the starving and suffering of the German nation. Even the workingman has become a professional speculator—he can name most of the important stock quotations to you by heart—and the school children could give their grandparents stock market hints that would do justice to many a seasoned Wall Street broker. Briefly, the German people have begun to deviate from the path that once led to utmost thrift and honest labor. They find it much easier and exceedingly more profitable to hitch their wagons to yonder stars than to plow horses down here among us mortals. And so it is not to be wondered at that their neighbors feel sure there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark," which in this case more appropriately applies to the queer antics of the German mark. Something indeed "rotten" must have happened in the Fatherland: otherwise how can we account for this sudden transition from beggar-man to spendthrift?

But we must focus our observations a bit more sharply and clearly. It is not all gold mark that glitters in the German Reich today. There is still to be found on every hand intense want and suffering on the part of the middle classes and among the poorest of the great army of unemployed—the common people. One has to move about a bit, however, and scratch the surface considerably before he gets down to the real grief and misery among the masses of the people. The en route tourist with his more or less critical glance round about him invariably fails to see very far into the actual state of affairs; nor is he to be blamed, for there is little to see on the thin surface or veneer on the outside. For example, how, asks the casual American observer in a city like Leipzig, if the Germans are starving, freezing, and in need of employment as they claim to be, can they fill to the very doors the opera houses, concert halls, motion picture theaters and other houses of public entertainment every night of the week?

Stay Home and Save Money

IN LEIPZIG the American observes that he must pay *one dollar* for the best seat in what would have extreme difficulty passing for a second-class motion picture house in America, where a played-out American film is the special attraction and the only musical offering is an attempt of a five-piece German orchestra to express American jazz—an attempt with all the elements of tragedy.

The wise American will not cross the Atlantic for a sojourn with the Teutons this year. The sinister doings of the German Rentenmark are probably sufficient to keep him quite contented and happy that he lives in a land where his dollars are always the equivalent of one hundred cents each. The "See America First" idea will appeal to many a restless, annual commuter to Europe's storm-swept shores and Europe will doubtlessly yearn for the return of the charitable Yank. But from Central Europe the forecast reads: "America for Americans and Germany for Germans *this* year!"

Berlin, Feb. 23, 1924.

These Berlin stock-market gentlemen yearn for inflation and big profits—

—but these simple German folk decidedly do not.

Colored Glass Now Cures All Our Ills

Concluded from page 4

'DIS-EASE.' Use the Area Chart and Spectro-Chrome Symptomatology, and treat with common sense, according to the Therapeutic System, as mathematically set down. Keep off from 'diagnosis,' as understood by the old schools of healing, and follow the Spectro-Chrome methods exclusively.

"6. Use *no* Drugs or Chemicals, *no* manipulation, and *no* Surgical or other instrumental aid outside of the regular Spectro-Chrome Equipments and Accessories. A case where anything outside may be necessary may need 'constructive surgical' assistance, as I call it, and the Spectro-Chrome Institute does not authorize *you* to use such measures. *Keep Off!!!*"

The above paragraph of instructions and warning is printed verbatim, capitalization and italics, as written by Dinshah. It is of value because it exposes the manner in which practitioners of spectro-chrome therapy evade the law. To continue with the instructions and warning:

"7. Use such standard signs as the following; they are supplied by the Spectro-Chrome Institute:

SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY
Restoration of the Human
Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium
(Treatment of Dis-Eases)
by
ATTUNED COLOR WAVES
No Drugs—No Manipulation—No Surgery

JACK JOB JONES
Spectro-Chrome Therapist.

"8. Issue no certificates of birth, death or sickness. You will rarely have occasion for them anyhow.

"9. Do not say that you are using 'Colored Lights' for treatment. People have been sitting in the radiance of all kinds of colored glass windows for ages and were affected neither for good or bad perceptibly. What you are using is 'Attuned Color Waves,' which, in plain language, means Color Waves mathematically graduated to certain degrees giving certain wave lengths for certain predetermined results when applied technically to certain areas of the human body, in accordance with Dinshah's System of Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Polarities. Attuned Color Waves in reality are waves of different 'axial polarities,' and their operation on the human system is different from ordinary light, which is a beam of 'full polar oscillations.'

"10. Do not tell your patient you will 'cure.' Man 'treats,' Nature 'cures.' You are merely the agent of Nature in this respect, and what was induced or produced in your patient by transgressions of Nature's Laws, you attempt to remove.

"11. Following honestly the above outlined rules, no legal law will be able to touch you, and should it be made to touch, it will only burn its own hands, and subject the persecuting prosecutor to ridicule of a never-to-be-forgotten character. * * * For the present, grow on your back a rhinoceros hide, topped with tortoise shell."

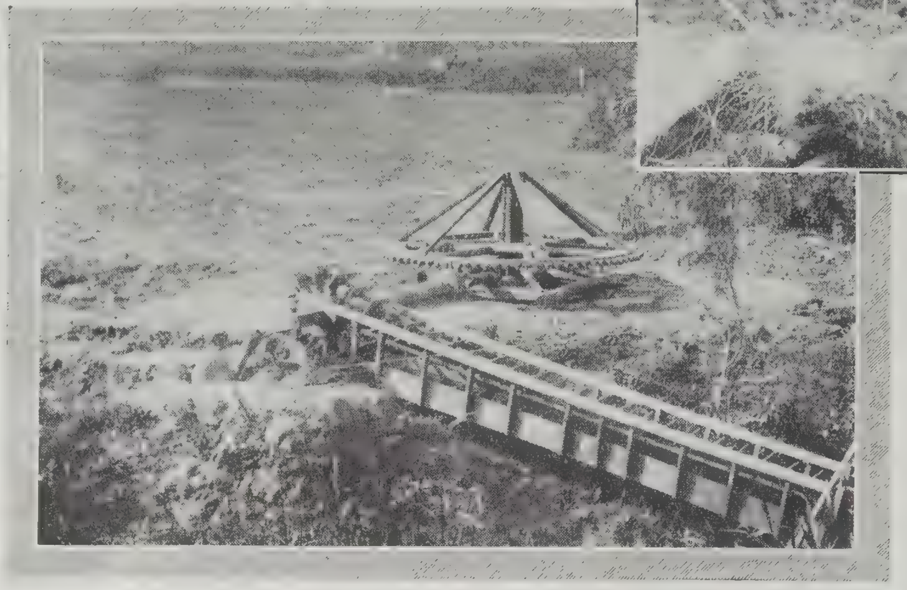
Thus prepared and equipped, bearing all the warnings in mind, the practitioner of spectro-chrome therapy must never forget to place the patient so that he faces the south. If the patient is in bed, place his head to the north and his feet to the south, so that he is on the "Magnetic Meridian," a position considered absolutely necessary since only by this means may the disturbing effects of terrestrial magnetism on the nervo-vital forces and the radio-active and radio-emanative organism of the body be neutralized. E. R. A. faces the patient west on his own private magnetic meridian, but it would be far from the writer's intent to confuse in the mind of either the practitioner, the patient or the reader the methods employed by the discoverer of Electronic Reactions with those of the inventor of Attuned Color Waves.

China's Patriarchs of the Soil Use Wisdom of Centuries

Modern Methods of Farming Are Unknown to Natives

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

The most primitive of the Chinese threshing machines. Beating out rice by hand.


Primitive irrigation machinery in Central China.

WE HAD seen all that we cared to see, for the moment, of Shanghai's Parisian pose—its sparkle of European gayety and its glittering amalgam of Western wickedness and Eastern vice. We had looked upon the opium dens and the tea houses and the Buddhas, and found them all far less evil, malicious, colorful or dramatic than motion pictures had seduced us into expecting. The smelly, narrow, sinuous streets of the native city had pressed us to the very elbows of China's multitudinous industrial life. And yet, although these things confirmed for us most of America's meager, conventional notions of the Orient, we found them in some chief essential lacking. The picture was incomplete.

At the outer end of a slimy-stoned, malodorous avenue we discovered the clue to that missing element. Urging our sweating, reluctant rickshaw coolies farther and farther from the swarming center of the metropolis, we came presently to the busy serenity of open fields. Earth perspired under a mellow sun, a thin breeze brought sounds of ululation from throats of laboring coolies, and in our nostrils was the pungent perfume of fertilization and fecundity.

A bronze-torsoed truck gardener passed us, straining to the task of trundling his top-heavy, wide-handled wheelbarrow, piled high with cabbages. Boys, standing knee-deep in an irrigation ditch, playfully but industriously scooped water in bamboo buckets from one level to another. A pair of barefoot farm hands, in another field, were treading the rungs of a wooden power wheel that lifted water, by a crude endless chain of wooden cups, into a receptive rice field. Coolies with baskets balanced upon their shoulder poles were slowly and laboriously transposing the mud bottom of a drained canal to the surface of a distant field. Women, whose bound feet would have made their work difficult otherwise, sat upon three-legged stools wielding long-handled hoes.

Here Is Uncomplaining Toil

THE flat landscape, melting into a wide, misty horizon, was of a single color. It was green with unintermittent growth. The gray walls and roofs of village clusters, of occasional temples, and the pale azure of humid skies reflected in still canals, scarcely punctuated this all-pervading density of greenness. The blue of trousers and tunics—and blue is the color of labor's garb throughout Cathay—served but to accent the overwhelming hue of the verdant fields.

There was no idle corner of earth, save, of course, for mounds of the dead scattered at liberty as far as the eye could see, and even these pastured, as a rule, some irreverent, tethered goat. Two blades grew where one might be expected. Gardens, neat as a diagram, were innocent of weed, chary of margins and walks. There was an amazing economy of space. In rows but a few inches apart thrived, alternately, sweet corn, cabbages, lettuce and beans in varying stages of growth. Vines were trained aloft upon airy trellises of bamboo rather than horizontally upon extravagant areas of earth.

Much of the beauty of this smiling expanse, it is true, was marred for us, at first, by sensitive and fastidious Western nostrils. The odor of fertilizer was persistent and overpowering. Compost pits reeking with fermenting mixtures of every known or mysterious item of waste that can be made to yield sustenance to a growing plant breathed up miasma from the roadside.

And yet there was no power in these olfactory affronts to divert us from the great fact lying revealed in this fertile landscape. This was the essential China It was the home of the essential Chinaman, for four out of five of the four hundred million, we remembered, were farmers. In this peaceful, fecund, enduring countryside, not in the changing, moiling, futile cities of artisans and beggars, manufacturers and merchant princes, was to be found most of what was characteristically Chinese.

It was, to us of the West, least known and least understood; and yet it was most real, possibly the most distinctive. What had banditry and massacres of foreigners, political intrigues and student strikes, smugglings and mysterious crimes, implanted vices, innovations and institutions from the upstart, ephemeral West to do with this permanent foundation and bulwark of the oldest continuous nation upon earth? Here was patient, kindly, uncomplaining toil, the like of which was not to be found elsewhere in the world.

The wheat farmer of China, we were sure, would be making no demand upon the government to help him out of a pickle he ought to have learned centuries ago how to avoid. Shen Nung, the legendary emperor who is credited with being China's foster father of agriculture, revealed to him nearly five thousand years ago a number of simple facts about farming which, we believed, would do much toward banishing the rural problem in the United States.

Centuries' Wisdom Teaches

MORE than forty centuries of homely, accumulated wisdom had taught the Chinese farmer what to grow, and how, in order to wrest from the soil its maximum return. Diversified farming, in China, was as ancient as the race. There would be no danger here, we felt, of an over-production of kiaoliang, or rice—or wheat. The Chinese farmer's output was too nicely and instinctively adjusted to his markets to permit such stupidity. It was clear to us that he would need no coaching by a county agent or a politician upon the elemental truth that when wheat becomes unprofitable it is wise to change to another crop or convert it into butter and meat.

We picked up handfuls of the moist black loam that had been doing service since Shen Nung, some twenty-eight centuries before the birth of Christ, is reputed to have converted the pastoral tribes of his kingdom into an agricultural people. We examined this valiant soil almost with reverence. It was to become apparent to us, after long excursions into rural China, that the farmer of Cathay looked upon his land not as a natural resource to be exploited, but as a machine. Into it he put, with infinite toil, certain ingredients; and these, with the help of Nature and the elements, he took out of it again in the form of produce.

Laborious Chinese methods of raising irrigation water from one level to another.

Not wholly so, we recalled, with something of a feeling of reproach, with the American farmer. His history was one of abandonment and waste. He had rioted through his resources, moving ever westward from depleted acres to new lands waiting to be ravished. He was more of a real estate speculator than a farmer, after all. But at last he had come to the end of his tether. There were no more new lands. The Pacific Ocean had long since drawn a boundary to his wanderings and speculations. He had, now, to become a real farmer, like his brother in the Orient, or push off into the sea. He must return to those once fertile acres in New England, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey—even to the central states—and repeople the abandoned farms, worked out and impotent under his despoiling hand in little more than two hundred years. Like the Chinaman, he would be obliged to make a machine of his acres, and get from them produce commensurate with what he put into them in the form of intelligence and labor.

Through an interpreter we discussed these things, upon occasion, with a veritable patriarch of China's soil. He had reached a great age upon the land that had given him birth; never, in fact, had he been twenty miles away from it. But his wisdom reached back into the distances of time. He reminded us of familiar conceptions of Confucius, flowing of beard, benign of countenance, reserved of bearing. His sparse acres fed a comparative multitude of mouths; had done so for unnumbered generations.

Wen Cultivates Intensively

WEN—this was his name—raised wheat, small, garden-like patches of it among his multifarious other crops. We asked concerning his yields and learned that year after year, as long as he remembered, they had not been less than forty bushels an acre. If there had been less—and he nodded at this, with a stern smile—his dependents would have gone hungry.

We recalled the boasts of farmers and real estate men in rich new regions of the United States, and knew their figures were greater than these. But we discovered, by reference to statistics, that the average wheat yield of the United States was less than fifteen bushels an acre, whereas China's was nearly thirty. No country, unless it is the United Kingdom, has a record that is better.

We had thought of China as a country of chopsticks and rice. But geographies did not properly emphasize the size of this vast country. There was a rice area, and a bean area, and a wheat area. And the latter was astonishing in its extent. We rarely saw rice throughout the great northern provinces. In its place was hard bread and macaroni manufactured from wheat flour. Chinese Government statisticians laid claim to an annual production of wheat in all China of more than three hundred million bushels, or approximately a third the output of the United States.

But though the farmer of Asia had, it was clear, much to teach the Western grower in point of industry, patience and simple sagacity, we found nothing to be said of his example in financial achievement. None of his virtues seemed capable of arguing prosperity. He was proverbially poor. Nowhere in China were we aware of private wealth upon the soil; nor had the tiller's reward for his faithful toil ever more than sufficed for simple wants.

The reasons, we concluded, lay grounded in no shortcoming of his own. His was the handicap of an overpopulated country. He had too many mouths to feed. Forty centuries and more of intensive farming had enervated his soil. He lacked most of the golden advantages of the American farmer—education, roads, organized marketing facilities, modern machinery, and comparatively unvitiated natural resources. We speculated upon what he might do with these things, in a country less bound than his own to hampering traditions and superstitions!

But if the Chinese farmer never had amassed wealth, he had held an honorable station among his fellows. Of the four great classes which have composed the social structure of China since times immemorial, that of the farmer until recent years stood second. The scholar was first, the artisan third, and the merchant last. Of late the merchant has crept upward in the scale, and the venerable place of the scholar has been usurped by the politician and the business man and the soldier, the latter of whom had no place at all in the ancient arrangement. Still, from an academic point of view the Chinese farmer retains his station.

The classic literature of China, we discovered, was full of evidences of the esteem in which agriculture always has been held in the Far East, particularly in remote times. Until the end of the Manchu dynasty, in 1911, every Chinese emperor annually had paid a semi-religious tribute to the tilling of the soil. He came from his palace with a gorgeous retinue of ministers, and ceremoniously guided a plow across a field that had been prepared for the royal event. By this act he assumed the leadership of his nation in the honored calling of agriculture, just as he stood on the sacred hill by the Temple of Heaven, in Peking, once each year and became high priest for his people in paying reverence to deity. Agriculture, indeed, had its temple in the Tartar capital, a great collection of tiled and dragoned structures, which, when we saw them, were devoted to an exhibit of the Peking schools.

The Lore of the Soil

THE royal example found scholarly following. Chinese writers of all ages vied with each other in putting into literary form the lore of the soil, and the science of agriculture so far as it has been known to the Chinese as such is represented in countless works which once crowded the imperial libraries.

Upon the shelves of the Royal Asiatic Society in Shanghai we found the memoirs of Li Hung Chang. He, like most of China's strong men, literati and prophets, had, it appeared, written an apostrophe to agriculture, or rather to the "Divine Husbandman," Shen Nung. This, he had modestly hoped, would take its place in literature with the works of Mencius.

Even when I was a little boy,
When my father labored,
When my mother scolded,
When there were mean times in the village,
And I was almost tired of living;
I thought of thee, Shen Nung—
And the green grain thou gavest,
The yellow corn so rich in bread,
The nodding wheat that gives color to the blood,
The vegetables that give strength to the bone.

You taught us all these things,
You made them ours,
You made them beautiful, and gave them to us.
You bade our land be fertile, the soil in which they grow.
Because you smiled, the winds blew fair,
The sweet rains came like drops of glory,
The sunshine did not hurt,
The moon told the crops to keep growing,
The stars blessed each head of grain,
The dews dropped their blessings
On the corn and the vegetables,
And made them glad,
For the people's sake.
You taught the golden sun to shine,
The night to be cool and refreshing,
The air to be sweet and to soothe,
The trees to hold back the storm,
The grain to bow its heads to meet the blast.

Thus, Li Hung Chang; and, similarly, the long line of literati reaching down China's corridors of time toward the venerable Confucius. The Sage, curiously, knew nothing of Shen Nung; that worthy's legend developed later. But Confucius wrote of the renowned Yao and Shun, emperors in the dawn of China's history, and to them, particularly to the latter, he attributed China's agricultural wisdom.

We were pleased to observe in the writings of Li and his like some resemblance to the political verbiage that may be found in the *Congressional Record*. Li and the American Congressmen are at one in their praise of agriculture. But there is a salient difference. Not infrequently, from the forest of fine political phrasings heard in the United States, some practical aid to the farmer has emerged. This, by and large, seems never to have happened in China. Statesmen have been content to let their encouragement of agriculture rest with metrical lines elegantly brushed in vermillion ink according to the best Confucian canons.

The Chinese farmer has had to shift for himself. And save for occasional famines and crop failures, matters beyond his control, he has done very well. Daily he nourishes the four hundred million, a tremendous and still growing population that has been made possible largely by his industry and ingenuity.

It came to our ears from the late Bishop Bashford, one of the most observant of America's missionaries to the Orient, that among the chief causes of China's great population was its discovery in ancient times of the superior value of a grain diet over a meat diet. He had learned, he said, that one thousand bushels of grain had at least five times as much food value and would support at least five times as many people as would the meat or milk that could be made from that amount of grain.

Farmer Wen confirmed for us this theory. He kept no cows; milk, butter and beef were alien to his larder, as they are, indeed, to the diet of practically all China.

Plowing with water buffalo in preparation for a rice crop. This land has grown a winter crop of barley. In the background a field of winter wheat is ready for harvesting.

He could, he said, get far greater food value from an acre of land by growing rape upon it and extracting oil from the seed than by pasturing a cow and making butter from her milk. His family found nourishment in the growing plant, and pickled it, like sauerkraut, for future consumption. Moreover, since it was a winter crop, it made way for two or more summer crops to be taken from the same field.

And here, evidently, was one of the reasons for China's immense productivity. Not one crop, but two, three, and often four, matured annually from a single acre. Wen showed us, for example, his rice field. It had already harvested a crop of vegetables, and was being prepared for the transplanting of rice sprouts that had been nourished for thirty to fifty days into bright green luxuriance in a minute nursery bed. There would be no rest for the soil even when rice had been harvested, for it must then undertake a winter crop of rape.

Multiple-cropping appeared to be facilitated by the practice of planting in rows. We had supposed that the wheat drill was an American invention, but Farmer Wen laid claim to it for China. It had been in use, he said, for hundreds of years. His own small field was in clean rows, almost in hills, like American corn. Between them, four or five weeks before harvest, he would plant a second crop.

Nor was Farmer Wen ignorant of the virtues of crop rotation, which not all American farmers appear to have realized even after a generation or more of agricultural propaganda. He raised wheat, barley, clover, rape and beans in successive seasons, following each with a crop of rice from the same ground. He knew the secret of the nitrogenous nodules of clover and other leguminous plants, though he had for them no scientific formula or terminology. Beside his wheat field grew a small strip of clover, and this, he explained, would either be turned under to provide nourishment for rice or made into fertilizer, by an ancient process of fermentation, together with other refuse heaped into compost pits. This knowledge had come to him, not through recent government bulletins or from peripatetic county agents, but from perspicacious ancestors whose lineage ran backward even, perhaps, close to the mythical Shen Nung.

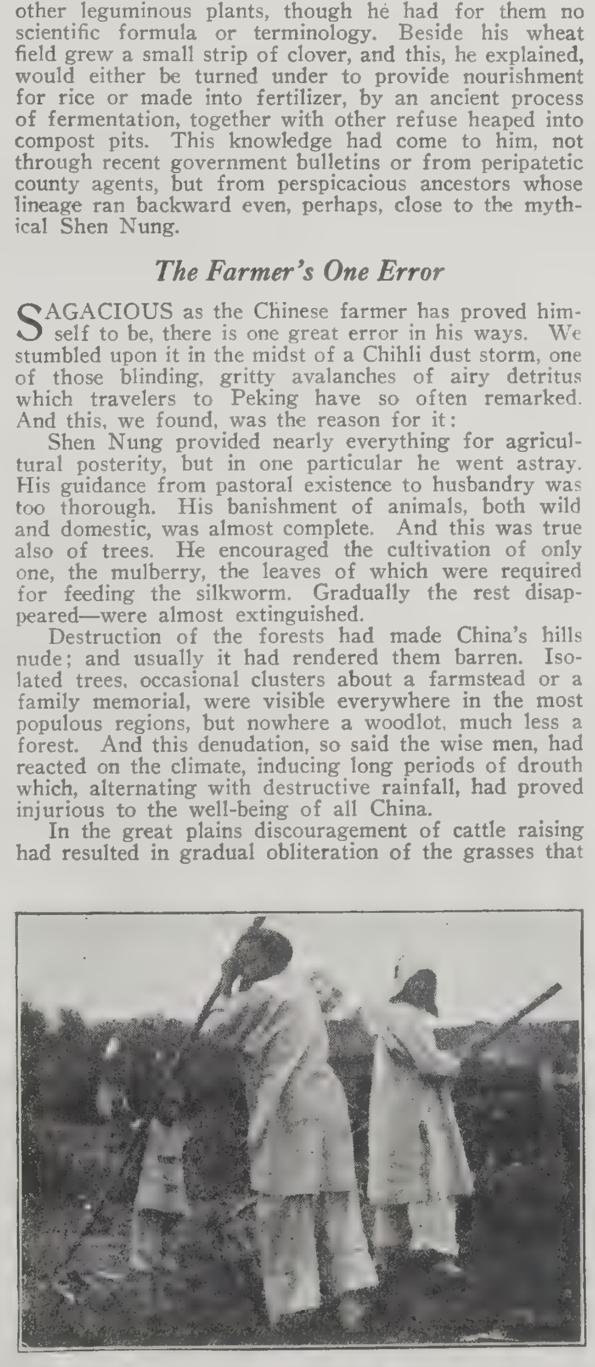
The Farmer's One Error

SAGACIOUS as the Chinese farmer has proved himself to be, there is one great error in his ways. We stumbled upon it in the midst of a Chihli dust storm, one of those blinding, gritty avalanches of airy detritus which travelers to Peking have so often remarked. And this, we found, was the reason for it:

Shen Nung provided nearly everything for agricultural posterity, but in one particular he went astray. His guidance from pastoral existence to husbandry was too thorough. His banishment of animals, both wild and domestic, was almost complete. And this was true also of trees. He encouraged the cultivation of only one, the mulberry, the leaves of which were required for feeding the silkworm. Gradually the rest disappeared—were almost extinguished.

Destruction of the forests had made China's hills nude; and usually it had rendered them barren. Isolated trees, occasional clusters about a farmstead or a family memorial, were visible everywhere in the most populous regions, but nowhere a woodlot, much less a forest. And this denudation, so said the wise men, had reacted on the climate, inducing long periods of drouth which, alternating with destructive rainfall, had proved injurious to the well-being of all China.

In the great plains discouragement of cattle raising had resulted in gradual obliteration of the grasses that once clothed them. For fuel, the Chinese for centuries had been reduced largely to the use of droppings from animals, the meager growth of wayside grasses, the roots of plants, and shrubs torn from the crumbling soil of the denuded hills. And the result was dust.



Chinese women at work in a field, using the common spading fork that does a large percentage of the work of preparing for new crops.

China's soil in the northern provinces is a light loess. Unprotected from erosion, the rains wash it away, and the streams carry it to sea, or build up their beds with it until inevitably their banks burst and flood the lowlands. Winds blow it away, for the blustery season of the year comes at the time of spring plowing, and the air becomes darkened for days at a time.

One given to statistics went to the trouble of computing for us that a spring dust storm in Chihli bears out to sea several million tons of fine soil; and, as there are several gales each year, the extent of this loss, which seems to have been going on since not long after the time of Shen Nung, impressed us as overwhelming.

The Germans began reforestation in their Shantung concession many years ago, and the idea caught on in young China. But the new republic moves slowly, and government measures in this, as in all things, are laggard. Agricultural education enters into the ambitious scheme of things at Peking, but that, too, halts before its almost implausible task. The National Educational Commission has its plans, but it will be a generation, perhaps, before they can be put into effect. In the meantime some of the provinces are said to be taking initial steps toward providing every village boy with the rudiments of technical agricultural training. Several agricultural high schools have been established in the more progressive provinces, and there are four agricultural colleges of university grade to train men for scientific research and for teaching in middle schools. One of these is located at Peking, two at Nanking and one at Canton. These institutions have either been established by the governments of the provinces in which they are located, or by philanthropic societies with government support.

Must Go On With Fight

BUT for China's farmer of the present generation, so Wen sagely agreed with us, there is no help beyond the inherited sagacity that has filtered down through the ages from the time of Shen Nung. He must go on with his struggle to feed an always growing populace upon soil long wearied of its task. He can make both ends meet, if only the arrangements of Nature are not adverse. Unfortunately his skill, his patience and his supplications to the gods are not always capable of insuring this end. Floods, drouths, hurricanes, bandits, taxes, rebel armies—a multitude of calamities—are constantly interfering with his chances for prosperity.

His acres diminish not only in fertility but in number. There is a tendency for farms to become smaller with each passing generation; for it is the custom to divide among all the heirs an inherited holding of land The estate of Farmer Wen, so he calculated, was less than five acres; and under his gray-tiled roof were twenty-four dependents. Housed by his small stable of sun-dried mud there was, in addition, a mixed trio of domestic animals—a broad-horned water buffalo whose task was to turn the mill sweep and to pull a wooden plow, a razor-backed hog by no means overfed, and a hardy goat. These, and a flock of ducks, Wen explained, consumed all odds and ends of food and fodder that could be spared. Their provender, in fact, was almost wholly refuse, or such produce as could not be made suitable for human alimentation.

It was a struggle that never ceased, Wen confessed, to keep a mortgage from his lands. Sung, his neighbor, confronted with the necessity of borrowing to provide dowry for a disastrous surplusage of daughter, had just lost his acres to a rich Shanghai merchant.

This gave us the clue to a comparatively modern development in Chinese finance, the trend toward tenancy, which was exerting its opposition to subdivision of lands. We caught upon statistics somewhere that showed no less than a quarter of China's farmers to be renters. The man of capital had found land, in the country's present condition of disturbance, his most stable security. It was natural, therefore, that comparatively large estates should accumulate and consolidate in the hands of absentee landlords.

But, as has been said, the Chinese farmer has little complaint. He tends his small plot of soil, sometimes no larger than an American building lot, with calm aloofness from the turmoil and unrest of the world about him. His is a certain unspoken contempt, mingled with Confucian tolerance, for the foolish pother of change and iconoclasm beating in upon him, futilely, from lands across the seas. He is too intent upon his honest work to give heed to innovation; his ways were his fathers', who had them from Shen Nung. His wants are few and his philosophy simple.

Hotelward, to the center of Shanghai, we came upon a temple of idols blackened with age and with incense, and were reminded that China's tillers of the soil still clung, in the main, to old traditions. Rainfall being a matter of prime importance to them, either from too much of it or too little, they had evolved through the centuries a curious fabric of superstition that was bound up with the sober elements of their craft. They still had their divinities that governed the action of winds and waters: the Goddess of Mercy, originally male but now by process of popular metamorphosis female; the Dragon God, known also as Lung Wang; and Tai Wang, who was generally incarnated in a snake.

Upon a later day we encountered one of these deities as represented in his battered, corroded, wooden image sitting hot and uncovered, under a scorching sun. He had been carried from his sheltering niche to this spot of indignity beside a village street because weeks of supplication and burned candles and smoulderng joss sticks had not brought down rain. Nothing but this violence on the part of the rural community had seemed capable of rousing him from sloth.

Thus, not even from the gods, we observed from this phenomenon, would China's patriarchs of the soil permit trifling with ancient prerogatives and established ways.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A collector of colonial silverware in New York City paid $4,200 at auction for the silver bowl made by Paul Revere and presented to General William Shepherd by the Springfield (Massachusetts) militia for suppressing the Shays Rebellion in 1787.

Station KFKB, the Brinkley Jones Hospital, of Milford, Kansas, is broadcasting an agricultural extension course by direct wire from Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas. Full college credits will be given upon satisfactory completion of the course and passing of a written examination.

The oldest dwelling in Germany, possibly the oldest in Europe, is located in the little hamlet of Winkel, in the valley of the Rhine, and is 1,200 years old.

Non-resident aliens coming to America to lecture and write articles would be required to file a sworn statement of the purposes and intentions under the terms of a bill to be introduced soon. Its sponsor, Representative Tinkham, of Massachusetts, says, "Vast sums of money have been spent to affect color, shape or even suffocate the normal and spontaneous expression of public opinion in this country on profound political issues, economic policies, institutional principles and social problems."

An aerial survey of the land located near the present tower of I-Chow, 60 miles southwest of Pekin, indicates that the site at one time contained a city of considerable importance antedating written history.

One child in every twelve between the ages of ten and fifteen in the United States has to work, according to an investigator.

The rite of fire-walking in Tahiti as practiced by the priests is explained as follows: The stones used are basalt, of volcanic origin, porous and nonconductive. A stone heated red-hot at one end remains comparatively cool at the other. Because of this fact the native priests and their acolytes may with impunity walk over the surface of the glowing rocks.

An "animals' cenotaph" will shortly be built near Hyde Park corner, London, in memory of the birds, beasts, and fishes that died in the service of the British Empire during the war.

The most northern part of the United States proper is 100 square miles in Beltrami County, Minnesota, on the northwestern shore of the Lake of the Woods. This tract is completely separated from the state of Minnesota by the lake and cannot be reached by land without traveling over Canadian territory. It came into the possession of the United States through a geographical error in the Treaty of Paris signed in 1783, the original surveyors believing that this territory was south of the 49th parallel instead of north of it.

The Hittites were an agricultural people and famous raisers of bees. A law of 1370, B.C., provided that any one guilty of stealing bees should be punished by being stung to death.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Naval Reserve No. 1, which the government leased to E. L. Doheny's Pan-American Oil Company, lies in the Elk Hills region of Kern County, California, about twenty-five miles west of Bakersfield, oil center of the San Joaquin Valley in California. The land is semi-arid with temperatures frequently up to 120 degrees. Beneath this forbidding desert lie great pools of oil.

Four large furnaces located at Pootung, across the Whanpoo River from Shanghai, China, are used solely for the purpose of destroying drugs which have been seized by customs officials. Many thousands of dollars' worth of opium and its derivatives are burned annually.

The old saying that "man works from sun to sun but a woman's work is never done" is belied by the figures of the National Bureau of Economic Research which shows that the hired girl on the farm working by the week puts in from one to five hours less per week than does the hired man working by the month. Also the female employed by the day works about one-sixth less time than the male day worker.

A woman spoke in an English cathedral for the first time in 1,300 years when Lady Barrett recently addressed a gathering in Canterbury.

Writing to the editor of the Jewish *Voice*, Clifford P. Smith, of the Committee on Publication of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, Boston, says: "Christian Scientists would be willing to have the reading limited to the Jewish Scriptures (or to what Christians call the Old Testament) rather than have the Bible excluded from the schools."

The Pullman company is issuing a bulletin on the dangerous and increasing habit of women smoking in berths. It is said that if the custom is not curbed, smoking compartments for women will have to be considered.

The Post Office Department is preparing to make almost 1,500,000,000 postal cards during 1925.

During the severe midwinter, mountain sheep in Southwestern Colorado were forced to come down to the settlements of man for fodder. At Ouray, Colorado, hay is provided for them on their daily visits during the severest weather. The citizens are proud of the herd and defend them both from the weather and from human enemies.

An issue of silver coins to be called "shillings," equal to 10,000 present Austrian crowns, are to be minted in Vienna.

James Eads Howe, known all over America as the millionaire hobo and benefactor of the downtrodden, has forsaken the hobo life and plans to settle down and enjoy life in San Diego, California, in the land of sunshine and orange groves, according to reports.

The scandal of Teapot Dome is having a repercussion in Italy where it is said the negotiations between the Italian Government and Harry Sinclair were temporarily stopped. The Italian press hints that inasmuch as the Dutch Shell and Standard Oil companies have not competed where they have hitherto operated, there is something wrong.

The "stinging tree," a luxurious shrub, is a curious plant of Queensland, Australia. It has a peculiar odor and when touched it leaves no mark but the pain is maddening and for months afterward the affected part is tender when touched in wet weather or when it becomes wet in washing.

Bela Gross, "a young Russian," had been refused admittance to France, Germany and the United States. But a New York Jewish organization took up the case and the young "Russian" was speedily admitted to the United States.

A jazz band played "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and "Ain't We Got Fun," at the funeral of Jules Tantot, theater owner of Amiens, France. M. Tantot's will obliged his heirs to fulfill its conditions of a jazz funeral, with a full brass band, although the good people of Amiens and the surrounding country were shocked.

Arnold Townbee entered upon his duties as professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek at King's College, London, without knowing that the Greek donors who endowed his chair had stipulated certain terms of control. When his studies led him to discover and report the truth regarding Greek atrocities upon Turkish civilians during the famous retreat in the Asia Minor campaign, his resignation was in order. The London *Nation* made the following comment: "It is an invariable and almost sacred rule in all self-respecting Universities that, when once money is given to the University for scientific purposes, it belongs absolutely to the University and the donor retains no control or power of interference."

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The Three Doodle Doctors

How, Among Other Things, 'The Miracle' Was 'Smoked Up'

Sickest People in the World

Mexicans Badly Handicapped by Climatic Conditions

The Debacle of Einsteinism

Thorough Expose of Fiasco Declared to Be Under Way

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Theater's Three Doodle Doctors and One Saint

Never Was a Prize Fight "Smoked Up" More Successfully Than Was "The Miracle"

By PETER SCHUYLER

THREE persons who are entitled to the letters D.D. after their names are just now occupying the fascinated eye of Manhattan the Wise. They are not clergymen. Their degree has nothing to do with theology. In their case D.D. means Doctor of Doodle. In order of importance, outside their own judgment, naturally, they are: George Bernard Shaw, George Michael Cohan, and Morris Gest.

The two Georges, who must not be confused with the Jewish gentlemen operating a hand-me-down clothing business under that trade name, are well known in their particular specialties. George Bernard is the recognized authority on Flap Doodle. George Michael, who was born on the Fourth of July, inevitably drifted into the practice of Yankee Doodle. So successful has he become that of all the Yankee-doodlers in the land—a not inconsiderable number, as may be noted around election time each year—he is admitted to be the Yankee Doodle Dandy. Dr. Gest is distinguished as the man who has lifted Press-agent Doodle from being considered the charlatanry of the street corner faker into the position of an exact and lucrative science.

The Definition of Doodle

IT SHOULD be stated for purposes of clarity that Doodle is a mind food prepared for the use of those who have never been accustomed to exercise the brains with which they were born. Its essential components are always the same. They are Bosh and Bunkum. Various Doctors of Doodle, however, have, as a result of their experiments, added other things to these two ingredients from which they get the best reactions. For instance, Dr. Shaw pours in large quantities of cynicism, smartaleckism, and dogmatic undogmatism. Dr. Cohan, at the beginning of his professional career, was said to rub into the essential leaven Pure Patriotism until the mass showed One Hundred Per Cent Americanism. This product was originally marketed in the form of popular songs or plays about which were wrapped miniature Star Spangled Banners or lifelike photos of Uncle Sam shaking a defiant fist at the established universe. Whether it was the package that sold the goods or the goods that sold the package no one knows. But Dr. Cohan did a tremendous business for many years and acquired a nationwide clientele which steadfastly refused all makes of Doodle not bearing his name. Some years after the Spanish-American War the amount of Pure Patriotism in the Cohan formula was reduced to a minimum and the Spirit of Dear Old Broadway was substituted. The change had no effect on the sale of the doctor's brand of Yankee Doodle and no ulterior effect on the mental condition of those accustomed to the original recipe. When the United States entered the World War the Spirit of Old Broadway was eliminated from Dr. Cohan's compound and faithful old Pure Patriotism was restored to the Doodle formula. The switch brought instantaneous results and Dr. Cohan is said to have sold the rights to one form of his prescription put out under the song title "Over There," for upward of $25,000. Since the Armistice he has retired from general practice as a Yankee Doodler, but so great is his reputation and so firmly established his prestige that he still numbers his patients by the thousands. No matter what he puts on the market, his customers buy just the same. They know that there is some Doodle in it and having once contracted the habit they don't care what kind it is.

Gest—Heir to Barnum

DR. GEST has been practicing his specialty only a short time in comparison to the years spent by the Two Georges in the service of humanity, but he is already looked upon as the legitimate heir to the mantle of the late Phineas T. Barnum, the greatest Doctor of Doodle this country has produced—to date. Dr. Gest came on the scene when Press-agent Doodle had fallen into complete disrepute. It had no exponent worthy of the name since Dr. Barnum discovered the nutritive value of Bunk and proved it in the case of The Woolly Horse of the Rocky Mountains. It is true that the publicity department of the motion picture business had given a living to some amateur operators in the field, but they had failed to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them. They had no real standing in the world of Doodledom. Their stock in trade was stolen jewels, milk baths, and shooting scrapes for the film queens. They were nothing more than quacks blissfully ignorant of possibilities. Dr. Gest learned step by step the profession of feeding the public a diet upon which he could best fatten himself. Commentators say that he began as a newsboy on the street; then he was a ticket speculator, and later a producer of theatrical spectacles. It was when he mounted to the last position that he displayed signs of his inherent qualifications for the Doctorate of Doodle. He did not wait until he was ready to open the Century Theater with "Chu Chin Chow," which had been running for several years in London, to let his patients know what was in store for them. He told them months beforehand. He discounted any possible adverse criticism after the prèmiere by flooding the newspapers before that event with laudatory notices of the spectacle, the number of people it required, the amount of scenery, animals, and costumes it employed and above all the cost of the production to Morris Gest, D.D. These details were printed day after day, night after night, in successively larger letters. Each time the show was announced as the greatest thing ever presented in Manhattan. Weeks before the opening the Doodle-bugs had it so impressed on their minds that "Chu Chin Chow" was exactly what the doctor said it was that it would have taken dynamite to blast that impression out of their minds. There was no chance of failure, as the subsequent history of the thing proved. Dr. Gest had established himself in the eyes of the knowing ones as the only producer of stage entertainment who recognized that Barnum was right. He repeated the treatment with "Mecca" and "Aphrodite," but less successfully in a financial way. Without his highly scientific treatment there was nothing for either of these cases but box-office death. His genius as a master of publicity getting and holding alone enabled him to write down for these presentations something besides a total loss. He reached the summit of importance when he "put over" the Russian vaudeville show called "Chauve Souris" and the Russian stock company known as the Moscow Art Theater. He has scaled the pinnacle with Reinhardt's "The Miracle," which is now filling the Century Theater and getting priceless space in the newspapers and the magazines every day and week. The events leading up to the presentation of this last show represent either an extraordinary chain of coincidences or a use of Press-agent Doodle which is a classic.

Masterful Crowd Groupings

THE piece is a pantomime built by Max Reinhardt, a German-Jew stage director, around an old medieval legend which had been used by Maeterlinck in his drama, "Sister Beatrice." It tells the story of a nun Megildis, who ran away from her convent with a handsome young knight. She spends five years out in the world where she drains the cup of misery to the dregs, and returns at the end of that time to the convent. All the years she has been away her duties have been performed by the Blessed Virgin whose miracle-working statue has come to life out of pity for the unfortunate nun and a desire to keep the scandal from the religious community to which she belonged. Upon Megildis' return the Blessed Virgin resumes her state as marble image and no one except the penitent nun knows what has happened. There are nine episodes in the entertainment, most of them showing what happens to Megildis in her worldly career and exhibiting the tragedy that pursues everyone who falls in love with her. The other scenes, which grow very monotonous after the second display, are pictures of ceremonies in the cathedral where the nun was the custodian. The high moment of the spectacle is the opening which shows the procession of knights, nobles, peasants, ecclesiastics, the lame, the blind, and the sick streaming into the cathedral to implore the intercession of the Madonna whose statue subsequently comes to life. This is a colorful, moving, dramatic picture full of intensity, and indicates Reinhardt's magnificent grasp of crowd groupings.

When "The Miracle" was first staged by Reinhardt, the location selected was not Germany but Olympia, in London. Olympia is a super-Luna Park and the spectacle attracted hordes of people who turned out to see it because of its size, not its intrinsic artistic or dramatic worth. Subsequently it was presented all over Continental Europe but nowhere with such a preliminary fanfare as Dr. Gest blew for the Manhattan showing. Never was a prize fight "smoked up" more intelligently and successfully. The papers were full of the fact that the stage at the Century Theater was being made over into a real cathedral. The size and number of the stained glass windows, the yardage of the felt, linen, duck, asbestos, used on the stage, the amount of cable, the weight of the electrical equipment used, the size of the pay roll for the mechanical side of the production, all were announced with a solemnity that was overwhelming in its reaction. Noah building the ark never got half so much attention as Dr. Gest did for "The Miracle." Public interest was fanned to the pitch of excitement when it became known that two noble ladies were battling for the honor of playing the Madonna. They were Lady Diana Manners (Duff-Cooper), the celebrated English beauty, and La Principessa Matchabelli, whose stage name is Maria Carmi and who had played the rôle in the original London company. Lady Diana was announced as highly indignant when it was mentioned that La Principessa was to have the part at the Century Theater. La Principessa was pictured, in the press dispatches, as determined to create an international complication if she was not permitted to be the featured actress. From day to day the newspaper bulletins read like the ringside report of a prize fight. Needless to say when the time came for the stage acting the warring ladies halved the performing rights, the followers of their respective trains were delighted, and the curious mob naturally determined to see both celebrities act out for the purposes of making comparisons and conversation. In addition to these two inter-oceanic drawing cards Dr. Gest provided an American society girl, a member of the Pinchot family, to portray the character of the nun Megildis, with much valuable newspaper space about the lady's social standing and stage capabilities ensuing. Strange to say, all three have proved satisfactory in their characterizations though there is nothing in the histrionic content of any or all of them to warrant any large share in the expenditure of $15,000 for wireless messages, and cablegrams which Dr. Gest is reported to have spent in dickering with "foreign artists, musicians, and makers of scenery." The net result of all this Press-agent Doodle has been to pack the theater for what is summed up, nothing but a dignified torchlight procession in a stage church.

Gets P. T.'s Walking Stick

DR. GEST has been presented with a walking stick, once the property of P. T. Barnum, by a group of stage folk who admire and appreciate at their proper value the possession by Dr. Gest of the same talents which made Barnum "the king of showmen."

Dr. George Bernard Shaw, as already stated, uses a slightly different formula when making up his brand of Doodle. "St. Joan," which had its world prèmiere in Manhattan under the sponsorship of the Theater Guild, contains more than the usual good measure of Shavianism. Joan of Arc was for centuries the inspirational name in the national life of France. Even the mad fanatics of the anti-religious political element in that country were wise enough to keep their desecrating touch off her. Plays, novels, essays, and psychological analyses by the score have been made about her. That incorrigible satirist, Mark Twain, wrote a life of her which pulses with genuine reverence. The Catholic church after hundreds of years of investigation, through the successive stages of venerability, beatification, and canonization, has enrolled her name on its list of saints. It has remained for Dr. Shaw to make her the target of his ribald attention. He has given us a saint with her halo cocked rakishly over one ear, as gabby as a barmaid, and as slangy as a Broadway "hick." She calls the English "goddams," she barges like a fishwoman at the lollypop-sucking youth she is ordained to place upon the throne of France, and behaves herself generally as any saint of Dr. Shaw's making would be expected to do. This effort at humor cannot help but fill with irritation those who have a respect for decent tradition and the established facts of history. Scholars generally concede that Beauvais, the rascally French bishop who ordered Joan burned at the stake, did so at the insistence of English politicians who demanded her removal as a trouble maker, and that the religious tribunal was used as a means to an end which, while it brought the death of The Maid of Orleans, resulted in Beauvais' excommunication and punishment by his ecclesiastical superiors.

A Shaw Standard Set Up

HISTORIANS, irrespective of religious inclinations or lack of them, long ago found out that Beauvais belonged to the species we have with us today. He was a crooked judge acting as a tool for unscrupulous interests. Dr. Shaw, however, making up his Doodle, has decided that Beauvais was an honest fanatic who ordered Joan burned because he discovered in her the first Protestant and because he believed he was performing an act for the good of the Church when he ordered the match applied to the faggots.

No doubt the patients of Dr. Shaw are quite satisfied with the various wallops he has taken at all the accepted traditions connected with what he would probably describe as "the Joan of Arc myth." He has set up for their satisfaction an entirely new standard whereby candidates for

(Concluded on page 14)

The Mexicans: Sickest People in the World
Help Should Be Offered to Our Neighbors

Handicapped in Race for Life Because of Climatic Conditions; Nevertheless There Is Much That Can Be Done to Aid Nation

By HELEN BOWYER

SICK people are likely to be capricious and explosive and sensitive to a degree that makes it difficult to deal with them. And if we have found the Mexicans all of this, I wonder if it would not be well to look for the causes further back than Villa raids and gob arrests and Article 27 of their new constitution. Back of constitutions, back of banditry, back of all the conflicts of their ideas with ours and those of other nations, stands the state of the health of their people, a state of health so pathetic that not only "to understand is to forgive,"—it is to want, and want desperately, to do something about it.

Think of a national vitality so low that not half the children born ever live to see their seventh birthday. Think how rampant is disease when the average length of life is only fifteen years. And what kind of statesmanship can we look for from a people scarcely one-fifth of whose men and women reach the age of forty years?

International

This is an outdoor restaurant in Mexico City. Note the ragged, barefoot peons on the right eating their allotted portions from the big pot shown in the center.

Typical Mexican Indian.

Nature has been kind to the Mexican. And she has been cruel, insidiously cruel, Delilah cruel. In that great sun-drenched central valley whose blue walls enfold half the fifteen millions of him, she has lulled him with lotus dawns on lotus dark to an apathy where disease and dirt and vice and ignorance meet but the puniest resistance from him. For the *Valle de Mejico* not only fails to give man that range of changing heat and cold he needs for energy —it holds him at a level of a mile and a half above the sea, 5,000 feet higher than the upper limit at which he functions best. So the Mexican is handicapped in the race for life and health, but not so handicapped but that with our help he could attain to them.

We cannot change the altitude, we cannot change the sameness of day and night, of summer, winter, spring and autumn. But given public sanitation and personal hygiene, given more food and less *pulque,* given vaccine and quinine, he can stand the altitude and the monotony of climate and be so happy and so lovable, so loyal and so capable that it becomes a tragedy that he should not be in condition to be so all the time.

First among the ills with which the Mexican is sick are those of the digestive tract. Among the upper and middle classes, the *estomago* is a never-ending topic of conversation. Among the poor they die of it like flies, especially the children.

"And what had the *niño*" we would ask the barefoot mother of the dozen peasant villages through which we gathered data on child mortality.

"*Enfermedad*—sickness," she would answer, drawing her blue head shawl still closer, still more smotheringly over the face of the dead babe's tiny brother and pressing it yet deeper into the hot pillow of her breast.

But it took very little questioning to discover that in four cases out of five the *enfermedad* that had killed the child was some form of stomach trouble.

It was incredible, it was appalling, it showed a level of maternal mal-practice beyond anything we could have expected. For the babes in these peasant villages were all mother-nursed and in our country, mother-nursing practically insures a babe against death from digestive disturbance. But against that *reboso,* that lovely, dirty, germ-laden shawl, prisoning him hour after hour against an idolizing bosom, cutting off the light and air so vital to assimilation, there could be no insurance for the child of any race. Nor could there be insurance against the smoke of the household fire. The Mexican household fire is unbelievable, primitive to a degree one could not dream of outside the South Sea Islands and deadly to the verge of suicide and murder. A clutter of stones on the bare earth floor of an adobe hovel, a few smoldering sticks, a litter of earthen cooking jars, often crudely beautiful, a woman squatting among them, pat-pat-patting *tortillas*—the immemorial maize bread of Mexico—between her slender hands, a man, a child, perhaps an old father squatting near her, munching the thin disks as she takes them from the fire, and above, swung by the adoring hands of one or other of them, the *niñito* in his *cuna,* in his dirty little canvas hammock, slung from wall to roof prop in the thickest of the smoke. It is perhaps nine in the morning, in the halcyon Mexican morning, and from mountain wall to mountain wall the land lies flooded in the light and warmth of the life-giving sun. But in that adobe tomb where no ray can penetrate save through the chinks in roof or wall where the smoke is vainly trying to escape, one shivers with dank chill and backs out through the torn door curtain, choked and blinded, and wondering how it is that *any* child survives.

In our country when a mother has brought her baby through his first hazardous twelve months, she may draw a long deep breath; statistics show her that the worst is over. But in Mexico the worst is just beginning. For the child who has survived the *reboso* and the smoke of the nursing period has in store the *tortilla,* the *frijol,* the *chile* and the *pulque* of post-weaning days. Whether —if they could get enough of them—cakes of maize and water and beans cooked with grease and tongue-destroying peppers, would make an adequate diet for Mexican adults, may be a moot question, but the answer as regards the children is written out all over the republic yearly in thousands upon thousands of needless little graves. The death rate in the second and third year dwarf even the appalling figures of the first twelve months of life. All told, the child mortality throughout these dozen peasant villages averaged fifty-three per cent. And this region ranked among the most salubrious in Mexico.

And the survivors? What of those whom neither the *reboso* nor the smoke nor the national diet could kill off? It would seem that children tough enough to live through them could live through anything that might come later. But the tragedy is that they have *just* lived. The ordeal that killed their brothers has left them depleted, easy victims to the next onslaught of death. In the region of our tour, death comes in the form of malarial fevers. In one village every house at which we called had one person, child or adult, down with it. In the *Valle de Mejico,* the great scourge is disease of the respiratory system—there the death rate from pneumonia is probably the highest in the world. Tuberculosis is everywhere, everywhere is the pitted face of smallpox, and in the last villages, those that led downward to the "hot lands," began the colorings and the growths of strange tropic sicknesses for which we knew no names.

Ill health among ourselves is far more prevalent than it should be. But after all it is the exceptional thing, for we are well enough to be daily at our business. In Mexico it is not so. Ill health is taken for granted and life, a maimed and half-geared life, drifts on in the expectation that it will be delayed and checked and frustrated by disease. Your most pressing affairs are held up a maddening length of time because the government official whose signature is necessary is at home in bed. The children in the public schools repeat their grades to an extent that would bankrupt our boards of education, and mostly because of weeks lost through illness. And even in the evening classes for *señoritas* you cannot exact punctuality, because when Concha or Angelita gets home from work she is likely to find her mother sick and to have to stay a while to care for her.

On the streets the evidence of this universal morbidity sickens you at every corner. Distorted features, twisted feet—the horrible results of early malnutrition—the face of childhood blotched with loathsome sores, the sightless eyes of babes . . . there is no attempt to hide them, Mexico has not yet reached the point where she is consciously sensitive as to these things. But subconsciously she reacts to her ill health with a sensitiveness that is tragic, that will destroy all that is big and fine and gracious in her unless she can conquer it. That secret sense of inferiority toward the foreigner, which is at the root of her defensiveness in matters international—how much of that may not be due to her lack of mere animal well-being? The foreigner comes to her well-fed, up-standing, with clean blood, with steady nerves, and with health habits that enable him, even in that unaccustomed climate and at that unwonted height above the sea, to work all around the Mexican and win from him everything not fenced in by protective legislation or anti-foreign propaganda. Is it any wonder that he puts up fences? But how much better it would be for him and for us and the rest of the world, if, instead of hiding his inferiority complex behind defensive bars and defensive explanations, he would face it . . . . and eliminate the causes of it. And that the cause which dwarfs all other causes is this universal, will-drugging, energy-destroying ill health, few who have entered into Mexican life will be found to question.

Is Mexico herself doing nothing about it? Yes, the Department of Education is providing breakfast for ten thousand underfed school children in the Federal District. The Departments of Health and of Public Charity maintain various hospitals and services and the Department of Agriculture sent out the expedition through the peasant villages spoken of above. There are private foundations, too, which operate hospitals and clinics, one of them still functioning under the will of Herman Cortes. But never, never, never, will work along just these lines meet the situation. Nothing short of a crusade will do it, nothing less than a campaign based on a well-planned survey and organized to call into co-operation "every Mexican of good faith."

Such a crusade the Mexicans cannot organize unaided, not yet, at any rate. They have neither the experience of their own, nor the trained minds—trained along this line, that is—to utilize the experiences of other peoples. But we have the experience and we have the experts. And, in case of need, we have the money to set them to work.

We are pouring it out in Europe, in China, everywhere except among the people who are sick and hungry and disheartened right on our own border. "Adventures in international friendship" we call the gifts—the gifts of bread and shelter, schools and leaders—we are sending to the peoples far away. And an adventure in friendship indeed, perhaps the biggest of them all, would be that which would bear the gift of health to the neighbor at our door.

Co-operation in the Baltic States and Poland

Drift in Four Republics Visited Declared to Be in Favor of Organization

By HUSTON THOMPSON

WE WERE leaving Finland. Our small vessel steamed out of the rockbound harbor of the city of Helsingfors, pointing its nose toward the south, across the Gulf of Finland, where lay Esthonia. Of that country I had perhaps no more knowledge than Stanley had of "darkest Africa" before he entered it.

Approaching the sandy shores of Esthonia, we saw to the left of us in the haze three massive British cruisers. They were perhaps keeping guard over little Esthonia in the event that the Russian Bear should determine suddenly to try to swallow this new nation.

Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania are pyramided one upon the other in the order named and rest on Poland. They offer a laboratory to the world where men may now go to study and learn what is being evolved out of the recent chaos. The peoples of these nations are waging one of the most interesting economic battles that have ever taken place. In their struggle they are using the co-operative societies as one of the great instruments by which they hope to bring about a victory.

The contest is one that has been fought out from time immemorial. In fact, the ancients have embodied it in one of their mythological stories in which the chief character was Antaeus. He was a giant who compelled all strangers to wrestle with him. When thrown, he received fresh strength as he touched Mother Earth. Victory was his until Hercules, discovering that he lost his strength when off the ground, lifted him up and strangled him in mid-air.

Land Barons Driven Out

HUMANITY has often been taught the lesson that man dies when taken away from the soil but has seldom profited by it; less so perhaps in modern times than ever before.

The war also gave these peasants the opportunity to drive out the German land barons, who though few in number had in the distant past separated the peasants from their title to the land until the barons controlled more than fifty per cent of it. Despite the fact that Russia carried away most of the farming machinery and destroyed farm buildings on retreating from the German army, and the Red army had mopped up what was left, the peasants of these nations, through the assistance of the co-operative and their governments, are going back to the soil and are erecting a new civilization on a "shoe string" with a land hunger that is almost ferocious in its intensity.

We have often heard it debated as to who won the war. After seeing the Baltic republics I am prepared to hazard the statement that the farmer, and the city toiler who is now becoming a farmer, were the victors in the Baltic.

Just as Denmark won its armageddon when, on finding it could not compete with American farmers in the production of grain, it turned to dairying and fed its cattle with American grain, so these new countries with their industries destroyed are not turning back to industry but are going out to the soil. The city of Riga presents a case in point.

Previous to the war, Riga had 93,000 artisans occupied in her very active industrial plants. She was the center of the production of rubber footwear for Russia. The Russian retreat denuded the city of every manufacturing plant. All machinery and metals, even the church bells and bronze statues, were carried away. The city shrank from its pre-war population of more than 700,000 to approximately 350,000.

At this juncture there took place a remarkable occurrence in this great economic laboratory. Sixty-two thousand artisans left the city and were given farms of approximately fifty acres each. The authorities told me that not to exceed ten per cent have returned to the city.

I was told by officials that they were not encouraging the thought of industrialism, but were turning their minds toward making Latvia an agricultural nation after the pattern of Denmark.

The Return to the Land

REMEMBERING that thirty years ago seventy per cent of our people lived on the farms or in very small towns, and that today only forty-eight per cent live on farms or in towns of less than 2,500, I could not help contrasting our situation with this Northern European condition where the whole mental processes of a nation are directed back to the farm.

As I watched these people struggle to get back to nature's first principles, with practically nothing to begin on and plenty of obstacles to surmount, the story of the Tower of Babel continually recurred to me.

The moral of this story is that the Creator did not want all of his people to think along identical lines, for that would mean the end of individual and group aspirations. Those ancients performed according to prognostication. Having congregated in a city they started to build up to the heavens instead of spreading out and retaining a hold on the soil, and as I am writing this the thought comes to my mind that the greatest commercial city of the United States is reproducing a picture in its growth.

When the Latvians saw the destruction of the industries of their beautiful city, they did not try to restore their Tower of Babel, but scattered out over the soil of their native land. Undoubtedly in the future they will manufacture in the cities only those things which are necessary for the people of their nation, for the consumers' co-operative movement in Europe which now has such a hold there does not lend itself to local overproduction.

The same situation will prevail in Esthonia and Lithuania. There has been a slight drift toward industrialism in Esthonia, but the population is so predominatingly agricultural that such a movement has not approached the danger point, while Lithuania is almost exclusively agricultural.

One cannot escape encouraging signs in Esthonia and Latvia where reconstruction is certainly on the way. It has been seriously halted in Lithuania because of the disputes over territory between Lithuania and Poland. In both the latter countries there is the additional handicap due to the fact that the percentage of illiteracy is higher than in countries like Denmark where it is practically non-existent and because of which co-operation has been so successful.

In Esthonia and Latvia they have attacked the land problem with great energy. With the German barons driven out of the country, they have been busily engaged in staking out their fifty-acre farms and, just as rapidly as it is possible, the lands are being taken up.

In Poland with so many of her male population withdrawn from the farms and industries into a large standing army on the one hand, and her population shot through with propaganda of various kinds, the co-operative movement, which was dealt terrific losses during the war, has been greatly handicapped.

Nevertheless, one of its leaders, Leonard Dembinski, states that since the independence of Poland was declared co-operation has gained rapidly. There are about 360,000 families belonging to the consumers' societies. This would mean 1,800,000 persons are obtaining their necessities through the co-operative organizations. In a sense this movement has been acknowledged by the nation since the people have elected to the presidency of the republic M. Stanislaw Wojciechowski, a pioneer of the Polish co-operative movement, who was, at the time of his election, a director of the Polish co-operative union.

I was in Poland at the beginning of the harvest season. Nowhere in Europe, nor for that matter in America, have I ever seen finer crops. I was told that they had splendid up-to-date machinery on the great estates, with which they harvested their crops. All the harvesting I saw was being done with a scythe, the men cutting the grain and the women following behind and bundling it into sheaves.

Peasants Hard at Work

THOUGH it seemed to me that some of the city population was not doing much work except in the factories, I was impressed with the hours of the peasants whom I saw at work at daylight and continuing during the long twilight. The male peasants frequently wore shoes, but the women never did. The cottages in which the peasants resided were frequently in as bad condition as the poorest thatched roof homes that I saw in Ireland.

Poland has some splendid laws covering agrarian reform but I was told that owing to the conditions confronting the nation, there has not been great progress in the administration of them. Until there is a peaceful state and a return of the soldiers to the soil, the co-operative movement as well as all other business will advance slowly.

Independence of thought in the Baltic republics reveals itself in many interesting ways. As in Finland and Sweden, their parliamentary bodies are composed of from ten to twenty different blocs, such groups being made up from all classes.

It is difficult to imagine where these Baltic nations would have been today were it not for what the co-operative movement did in the crucial hour, and has continued to do. As in Latvia, so in Lithuania and Esthonia, most of the wagon bridges were destroyed so that traveling any distance by automobile was impossible; the roads were fearfully rutted; the cattle carried away by one or the other of the invading armies; railroad bridges blown up; farm machinery practically wiped out; many farmhouses razed; industrial plants completely ruined and food at a famine stage.

In Latvia there was no other means of distribution in sight upon which the American representatives could depend. So when the supplies which were sent up from our army stores in France, such as shoes, clothes and flour, arrived, I was told by Mr. P. Seezeneek, the Director of the Central Consumers' Society at Riga, that they were turned over to the co-operative organizaions for distribution. It must be kept in mind that these co-operatives had suffered just as much if not more than other organizations, for their property, too, had been destroyed, their stores burned down and their officials driven into exile in foreign countries. But there was still the spirit of the organization and its machinery left.

Director Seezeneek informed me that the American supplies were the only thing that saved Latvia. He added that they also saved the co-operative organizations, for the reliance placed upon them by the Americans acted like an electric tonic, since it put the stamp of approval upon them before all the people as the agency of reconstruction.

All three of the republics have splendid forests and reasonably fertile soil. Esthonia has exported, in the past, flax, butter, potatoes, cement, alcohol, metals from mines, and it manufactures cotton goods, paper and furniture. Its artisans are known in Northern Europe to be unusually skillful and because of this and the fact that they are not numerous, there is very little unemployment.

A large proportion of the commerce of this small nation, which is about the size of Massachusetts, is carried on by the co-operatives. In fact, during the years 1921 and 1922 fifty per cent of all the goods sold in Esthonia was handled by co-operative societies. The societies which sell the farmer's produce and also handle the articles which he exports are of a similar strength. The Esthonians have no trouble bridging the chasm which seems to exist in some other countries between the Consumers' Co-operatives and the farmers' distributing co-operatives.

Their consumers' wholesale society has 255 local societies allied with it. These have 94,732 members and in addition there are other allied societies which make a total membership of more than 100,000. If we follow the customary method of considering that each member represents a family of five, then practically one-third of all the population is in consumers' societies, for there are only 1,300,000 persons in Esthonia.

Co-ops Own Distilleries

IT IS interesting to note that the credit and savings banks of the farmers' co-operative movement have come through the recent chaos with considerable credit to them since the co-operatives' money having stayed invested in the country was to a great extent saved, while much of the nation's money that had been invested in Russian state banks was lost.

I commented in my article on Finland on its being a dry country. I cannot say the same of any of the three Baltic republics nor Poland. The potato industry of these peoples derives much of its impulse from the fact that it is used in making vodka. A number of co-operative societies and farms have distilleries. They are almost as frequent as silos on American farms. The farmers band together in co-operative groups for the purpose of manufacturing this oily white fluid which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" as it slips down the throat.

Latvia's co-operative societies show perhaps even greater advance than those of Esthonia. In their national consumers' society, to which many farmers belong, there are three hundred local organizations located throughout the nation.

This little country containing approximately 24,000 square miles has eighteen agricultural schools, similar to those in Denmark, strategically located. In them courses are given during the winter. The co-operative associations have built their plants but the government pays the salaries of the teachers.

The co-operatives are copying Denmark even to the point of importing the Danish red cattle, a number of which we saw through the country.

Just as in the early pioneer days of America, a farmer's friends set aside a day in which to help the newcomer to raise the frame of his house, so the farmer members of the co-operatives assist each other in the construction of their houses. They get part of their funds for building through the co-operative societies which in turn are assisted financially by the government.

Machinery is so expensive and there is so little money among the farmers that they come together in groups of twenty and combine their resources. When they have secured from twenty to forty per cent of the value of the farm implement they desire, they approach their co-operative organization. It advises them of the type of machinery they will need and advances them the additional amount required for its purchase. The same method is duplicated in the purchase of other needs of the farm.

Diversified Crops Tried

THE land of Latvia which has been wrested from the barons and subdivided into small farms has produced a very significant result. Instead of clinging to the idea of one or two types of crops, the small farm has brought about a diversity of occupation. Where formerly only a corn crop was raised, the peasants have gone also into cattle, poultry, pig raising and other farm occupations.

Representatives of the three Baltic republics, so we were informed, have already been holding economic conferences and trying to formulate plans for an interchange of business. But the instability of the value of their money has been holding them back. The co-operatives, nevertheless, are interchanging information. It would not be surprising to see the societies of the three countries eventually form a single organization for the purchase of their necessities, such as has already been formed by Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

Meanwhile, the drift in all of these countries is toward the co-operative method of buying on the part of the consumers and selling on the part of the farm organizations. Dire necessity has forced the situation and will accelerate it for some years to come. Effective co-operation is with them first a matter of spirit and then one of business. To see these people in their parks in the evening listening to excellent music from bands or engaged in pleasures of a simple character such as dancing on the ground in front of the band stand with a lack of self-consciousness that is delightful, or coming together from all parts of the nation by thousands to their capitals to hold great song festivals where they render magnificent choruses and give utterances to all of their folklore in songs, bespeaks a spirit of true social co-operation.

Lumberjack Poet of the Pines Once Painter and Salesman

Enos F. Hayward Turned Settler to Satisfy Love of the Wild

By FRED L. HOLMES

THE poet of the North Woods, who had hewn a home out of the wilderness, sat by his fireside musing and writing the words of his songs about nature and man. Winter had settled over Northern Wisconsin and Michigan. From the windows of his log homestead stretched an expanse of cut-over acres, sheeted in snow, crusted and touched to glaring, dazzling, reflecting brightness by a sunlight that sparkled and blinded in the crisp midday air.

The thick undergrowth that furnished an endless vista of dark greenery in the summer, lay snug under the spotless mantle. Along the roadside the snow had been piled into heaps by the winds. Deformations of landscape, matted bushes and the rotting carcasses of fallen trees had been turned by their white coverlet into ugly and grotesque forms. Tall, leafless trees, with stubby, broken branches—scarred sentinels of a burnt-over area—towered in decaying loneliness over the verdant second growth of interlocking hemlock and pine boughs. Far away in the forest the measured stroke of woodmen's chopping reverberated like the incessant drumming of the partridge that make their home in the chaparral in summer. The northern woods once had their aristocracy, but the axe of the lumberman has laid them low. The lords of the wilderness are fast disappearing.

Only along the roadway, or on the waters of the lakes, a few rough settlements have gnawed slight indentations into the expanding horizon. A little farther inland dismal clearings have been made about the lumber camps, letting sunlight into spots that have stood in the shadow time out of mind.

Enos F. Hayward, hailed by his fellow pioneers as the lumberjack poet, lives in this solitude vastness. He likes the life in Northern Wisconsin:

> "I love the winter's chilly blast,
> The snow and sleety storm;
> But love them most when they have passed
> And it is nice and warm."

"The last house in Northern Wisconsin on State Trunk Highway No. 32, six miles from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan," was the direction which Mr. Hayward gave me in his letter of invitation.

More than twenty years have passed since he chose the location. Roads have come in the meantime, turning the narrow trails through the brush into highways; tourists have swarmed to the lakes in summer; lands have been cleared and acres planted to crops.

"Being a nature lover and instinctively a pioneer, I chose my present location as an ideal place to live and die," declared Mr. Hayward. "In 1901, I homesteaded eighty acres of jungle two miles north of Conover. I have cleared about seventy acres and all was hand work; fenced all and built several cottages and other buildings, mostly alone."

Mr. Hayward follows the instincts of his parents in their career as pioneers. They came from the New England States to settle on the prairies of Iowa in 1855. It was in La Fayette County, Iowa, that the future poet was born, August 21, 1866.

"I learned the trade of painting and decorating at 18 and followed it for several years," explained Mr. Hayward. "Following this I took a position as a commercial traveler, which I held for a number of years. It was while making the small towns in the northern country that I determined to find some spot which would make me an ideal home. After I had located it, I did not give up the road, but spent such spare time as I had clearing the land and erecting log buildings."

In 1905, when he met with an accident that required a protracted rest from traveling, he quit the road and has made Haymeadow Farm his permanent home since. He had already been dabbling in poetry and a little booklet, "Two Bits," had enjoyed a sale commensurate with most books of poems. While recovering from his injuries, he translated his wilderness experiences into other poems, with the result that "Philosophy in Rhyme" was issued.

There is a grim determination in his homely philosophy. The homily of admonition is there. Here are some straws found floating in the poetic stream:

Crowd into your life the goodness that is within you.

Of your promises be sparing, they are hazards at the best.

Do not give up hope and plead ill-fate.

Your conscience is like a faithful old dog. It follows wherever you go.

Troubles and hardship may help win the race.

Never admit you are down and out.

Strength will be the gain and friends, too.

The bravest heroes in the world are those who fight alone.

Another day may bring relief and you'll be glad you waited.

The tempter lurks on every hand to try and thwart your plan.

The cravings for applause and fame are won by some with little effort, while others meet only disappointment.

Don't count the cost of things you've lost but prize the things you've won.

The darkest night can only stay at most a little while.

Kind words and good acts are seeds which will pay.

One of his own short poems may illustrate his viewpoint of life:

HELLO—GOODBYE

"Life is like a railway station,
With its busy hustling throng;
Full of life and animation,
Hope and sorrow, tears and song;
Some are waiting, watching, praying,
For some loved one to appear;
Others sad farewells are saying,
To some friend, who's leaving here;
Some are coming, others going—
Some will laugh while others cry;
His emotion each is showing,
Caused by Hello, or Goodbye."

Through his poems will be found a philosophy of kindness and cheer; a longing for simple and "old-fashioned faiths." "Back to Nature" is one of Mr. Hayward's shorter poems in which he says:

Above—The lumberjack poet as he appears on his farm.

Left—The home of Mr. Hayward on Haymeadow Farm, where his poems are written.

"I love to dwell in forests wild,
Where giant pine trees pierce the sky;
A beauty spot where Nature smiled,
A fitting place to live and die;
Where lake waves kiss the sandy beach,
The native haunt of timid deer;
A sermon only God can preach,
But every Human Soul may hear.

"The book of Nature opened wide
Each page some wondrous joy unfolds
To him, whose conscience is his guide.
He learns the secret Nature holds.
I've played my part in life's strife;
So let me put aside my cares,
And live the quiet, simple life."

ENOS F. HAYWARD

HELLO, SPRING

By E. F. Hayward.

Hello, Spring! I've been a wishin'
You'd be amblin' 'long this way;
I'm jes itchin' to go fishin',
Benn a watchin' ev'ry day.
Knowed you'd come along to cheer us
Like you always used to do;
Pitch yer tent an' camp right near us
Fer we're mighty fond of you.
Jes' lay off yer Easter bonnet,
Make yerself at home right here.
Whar's that fish-pole now, doggone it!
That I put away las' year?
Never mind, I'll cut a willer;
'Taint no time to fool around.
Ketchin' trout is sure a thriller
Fer a real ole' fishin' hound.

Many have been the cares and worries of the poet of the pineries. For nineteen years much of his time has been given to the care of an invalid wife, to whom his recent book, "Poems of the North Woods," was dedicated. The volume was issued a short time before her death. Until the publication of this book little had been realized by him from the sale of his writings. He has been living the life of a real pioneer, depending entirely upon hunting, fishing, berrying, wood chopping and the operation of his farm, to furnish a livelihood. Vilas County, where his clearing is located, is fruitful in midsummer with luscious blueberries. The Indians, who are expert pickers, make a part of their living that way.

"I am considered a pretty fair picker, even by the Indians," Mr. Hayward laughs. Last year he picked and shipped more than 1,000 quarts in addition to 300 quarts of other wild berries.

A part of his time during the winter he spends in hunting. A year ago he shot foxes and wolves, and the bounties offered by the state and sale of the furs brought him more than $200. He roamed 1,300 lakes and threaded the ice sheets of nearly 300 streams for bear, wild cat and similar fur-bearing animals.

Also there is wood to be chopped and sledded to market. Every year he cuts and hauls a distance of about six miles two or three carloads of spruce logs. During the winter months he hikes hundreds of miles. The North Woods are a dooryard to him.

"There is seldom a day," he says, "when I don't walk at least ten miles, and most days I walk much more."

With the opening of spring come the tourists. He has put up a little cottage on Stormy Lake, which is widely patronized. He calls it "Honeymoon Lodge" and built it, he says, "for newlyweds who wish to hide away from charivari parties." Some of his time in the summer is spent guiding the tourists to the scenery of the northland, showing them the best fishing holes.

After a hard day's work he sits down in the evening when the chores have been done to ponder some thought and fashion it into poetic lines. Most of his writings have been done in the winter months, when the cares of the farm and the calls of the wild are less compelling.

The success of his recent book of poems came as the result of a chance acquaintance. William F. Zimmerman was for eighteen years president of the McClurg Publishing Company. Except for a few weeks in the summer he spent his time in Chicago's printing establishment. Weeks in July and August were spent in Northern Wisconsin. One day Mr. Zimmerman noticed a poem in a local paper. It was not the scholarly verse, but the homely philosophy, breathing the scent of pine trees and the aroma of lakes and cut-over lands, that held his attention.

"I want to meet that man," said the publisher. "Where does he live?"

A few days later the Chicago man found the Hayward log cabin. No one was at the house, but there was a "Welcome" mat on the doorstep.

So he waited. An hour later a man rounded the thicket into view. Across his shoulders was a spar, on which hung two buckets such as a Holland milkmaid

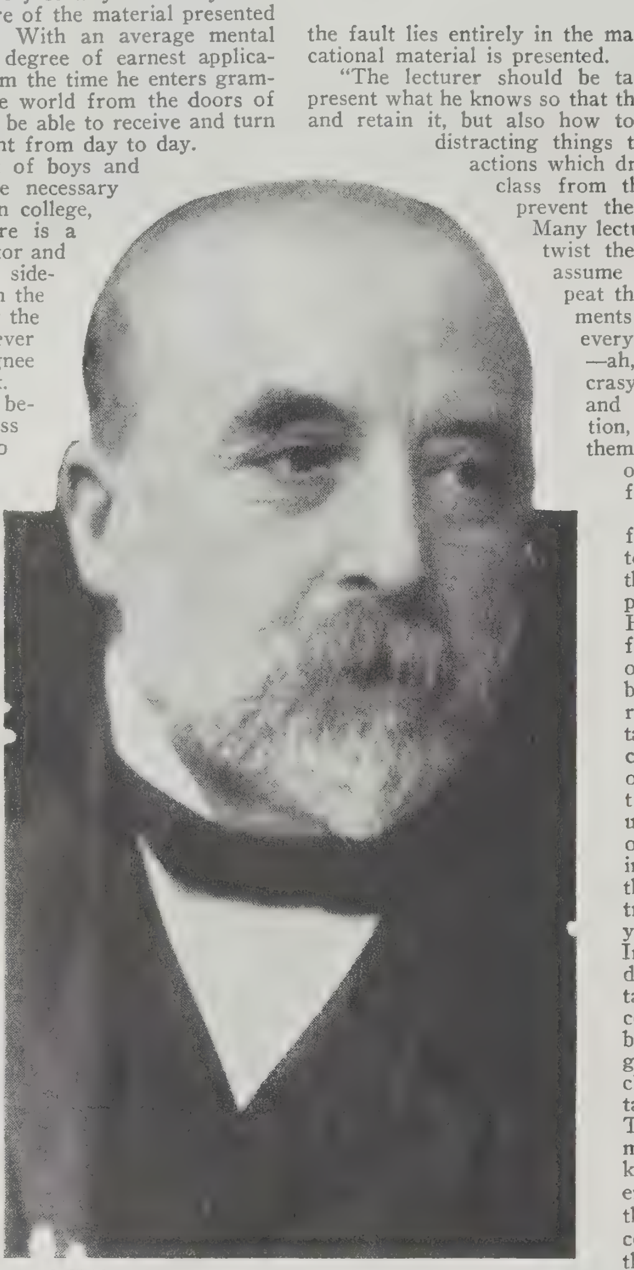
(Concluded on page 9)

Teaching the Professor How to Profess

Teachers Must Be Taught How to Teach as Well as What; Responsibility for Heavy Percentage of Flunkings Up to Instructor

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE majority of American parents have wondered more than once during the educational years of their sons and daughters just why these boys and girls were not absorbing more of the material presented to them by their teachers. With an average mental equipment, and with a fair degree of earnest application, the American youth from the time he enters grammar school until he faces the world from the doors of his chosen university, should be able to receive and turn to use that which he is taught from day to day.


DOCTOR JOHN ADAMS, M. A., B. Sc., LL. D.,

Professor of Education at the University of London, and Emeritus Principal of London Day Training College.

The constantly growing list of boys and girls who fail to make the necessary grades in high school and in college, however, indicates that there is a vast loss between the instructor and the pupil, a sort of mental sidetrack, as it were, down which the trains of thought sent out by the teachers are shunted, and forever lost to the pupil—the consignee of their cargoes, so to speak.

Education experts are beginning to believe that this loss is not entirely chargeable to the pupil; that at least part of it is the fault of the teacher. From this is growing the thought that perhaps our teachers—from the normal school graduate who handles the primary grades to the lecturer on the college and university platform—are failing to get over to the boy and girl the lessons they are aiming to teach. Men and women who have made a lifelong study of education have come to the view that the teacher must be taught *how* to teach, as well as *what* to teach; that some who are lecturing should be teaching classes; that some who are teaching should be doing research work, that is, providing material for those better adapted to transmit it to the pupil; and that many who are teaching should themselves take a comprehensive course in methods of presenting ideas to the classes which come before them, so that each pupil may grasp and retain exactly what is offered.

This is a serious situation. It probably is responsible for the "flunking" of thousands of boys and girls from our high schools, colleges and universities, and while we in America are only beginning to consider that all educational failures are not the fault of the pupils, some British educators have been working on the problem for years. In one of the colleges of the University of London, even before the war, time was devoted to the teaching of young would-be professors how to teach. From that university this year, one of its professors, Dr. John Adams, is traveling slowly around the world, lecturing in many universities in each country he visits, on education in general, and specifically on the teaching of teachers how to teach.

Knowing and Teaching Different

"IT IS one thing to know and quite another thing to teach," said Dr. Adams, who, by the way, is also Emeritus Principal of the London Day Training College. "That remarkable man, Lord Kelvin, whose knowledge was as wide as the world and as deep as the sea, was not a good teacher, in spite of his knowledge, and I speak from experience, as he was my own teacher. We who studied under him learned in spite of his methods of teaching, rather than because of them. In other professions, the apprentice serves a long term of training before he steps out into his life work, yet the professor, immediately on graduation, begins to profess, steps immediately into his chair as professor of this or that, when, often, he either has no training or experience in teaching, or is far better fitted for research work than lecturing or teaching.

"Mere scholarship is not enough to make a successful teacher. The born teacher, the men and women with natural ability to impart to others what they have learned, form only two and one-half to three per cent of our teachers today. The ordinary man who essays to teach may, and very often does, begin by spoiling his first class, and continues by getting his own training at the expense of the students under him, so that these early students are considered incompetent because they do not absorb mentally his teachings, when, in reality, the fault lies entirely in the manner in which the educational material is presented.

"The lecturer should be taught not only how to present what he knows so that the pupil may comprehend and retain it, but also how to eliminate the curious, distracting things that many lecturers do, actions which draw the attention of the class from the lecture and actually prevent the pupils from learning. Many lecturers twirl their pencils, twist their fingers, move about, assume awkward positions, repeat their statements, or fragments of them, begin or end every statement with 'ah—ah—ah,' or some like idiosyncrasy, which at once attracts and holds the pupils' attention, and eventually makes them restless, and puts them out of all frame of mind for learning.

"The prospective professor should be taught to profess; to explain, by the actual process of exposition and illustration. He should be fully informed as to the order of presentation, so as best to aid the student in remembering what is taught. He should be conversant with methods of illustration, so that each illustration used remains in the mind of the student, picturing clearly the idea that the lecturer or teacher is trying to impress on the young minds before him. In the University of London, I have for years taught a class for young college lecturers. The brilliant students in this group at first were inclined to resent being taught how to teach. They fell into the common error that mere knowledge of a subject enables a man to teach that subject. In this course, however, we have the young men give lectures to each other, these lectures being criticized by the other members of the class. This criticism corrects mistakes made by the lecturers; enables them to see and eliminate annoying habits while speaking, and informs them directly whether or not they are handling their subjects in such a manner that it is intelligible as well as interesting to their hearers. The young lecturers take criticism in a friendly way when offered by their fellows, though they might resent it when coming from an outsider. From this class have gone out some of the best college and university lecturers I have ever known, not only because they knew their subjects, but because they knew *how to impart their collected knowledge to others.*

"It is a fact not commonly known except among educators that a man who knows comparatively little or nothing about a certain subject can teach experts in that subject how to impart their knowledge to others. For example, during the war I was at the front lecturing to officers in schools of gunnery, engineering, aviation and other branches about which I knew very little, my business being to teach these expert officers how to transmit what they knew to other men. Bernard Shaw has said, 'He who can, does; he who cannot, teaches.' But Shaw does not realize that teaching is an art, a business, a profession, in itself. Therefore, why should not the teacher be taught how to teach. Without being able to shoot or build bridges or fly, I was able to show gunners and engineers and aviators how to teach what they knew and I did not.

The Old Days—and Now

"IN THE old days, 'M. A.' meant 'qualified teacher,' in Oxford, in Paris, and at Bologna. The degree conveyed the *jus ubique docendi*—the right to teach in any university in Christendom. The man seeking a degree became professor by professing. He prepared a verbal thesis, delivered it, and maintained that thesis all day in argument with all comers. He was taught not only his subject, but how to defend it, how to argue for it, how to transmit it to others. Today, the graduate writes his thesis, possibly reads it, does not have to defend it, or even to impress it on his hearers, but can step directly out of the halls of study into a lectureship or a professor's chair, altogether untrained in compact argument.

"The truth is that the successful teacher or lecturer must be able to sit at the same time in the professor's chair and on the student's bench. He must be able to put himself into the other fellow's place, and to realize that he is telling the other fellow something the other fellow does not know. He must convince the student, and to do that he must be able to think as the student thinks. He can obtain this ability only through the study of methods of teaching. It is as important that the professor be taught how to teach as it is that the pupil be taught how to study.

"In many cases, the teacher or the lecturer is 'shooting over the heads' of his students in the course. There are three things the teacher must learn if he wishes to hand on to the next generation the accumulated knowledge of his own:

"First, he must get the mental background of the student. The professor is not necessarily brighter than his students; his mind merely is more mature and has achieved a greater mental content. He must present everything to the students against the mental background of their minds, and to do this he must be able to put his own mind in the place of theirs. Minds are rigid, fluid, or plastic. The rigid mind is incapable of change; the fluid is always wobbling about, from subject to subject and from thought to thought; the plastic is fixed, or becomes fixed, in an opinion, but can be changed by argument, just as clay can be molded, and, once molded, retains its shape. The plastic mind is the best and easiest of all to teach.

"Second, the teacher must learn to present his facts in such order as to appeal to the pupil, and to arouse and maintain his interest. This need not be the 'logical order,' but such sequence as will make the greatest and most forceful argument with the pupil. The lecturer cannot lay down his statements as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, because change in the world is continuous, and the lecturer, the professor, the teacher, is merely the intermediary between the subject matter and the pupil.

"Third, and very important, comes the matter of illustration, the driving home of important points by apt analogy, comparison, elaboration, detailed description, exemplification and contrast. Stories told occasionally in a lecture, provided they have a definite reason and purpose, will furnish the student with projecting hooks on which to hang memories of the facts in the lecture. The danger of derailing or sidetracking interest by stories which, of themselves, are more interesting than the subject matter of the lecture, however, is great, and illustrations used in a lecture, or in teaching a class, should be given the closest and most careful analysis and study before being applied.

Test for the Instructor

"WE ARE approaching the period wherein all professors will be trained to *teach.* It is not enough that the professors should be brilliant 'doers' in their subject, after the manner of the old masters of painting, who delivered no lectures, but painted continuously and allowed their students to copy their work, or even to paint in the details on the original works of art of the masters. Sending out a teacher who has had no training in teaching is like giving a boy a course in an art school and expecting him to paint a masterpiece immediately. Our mental scene-shifting today is too hurried. We rush from one subject to another in a hectic haste to get results in too brief a time. Lecturing to students is quite different from general public lecturing, primarily because the lecturer to students is not there to entertain them, but to retain their interest, and, at the same time, instruct them.

"The test of the lecturer, or expositor, then, is: Does he produce in the mind of the pupil the impression he desires to produce? Literary style is sometimes tested by the clearness with which it conveys the author's meaning. But sometimes the author may not desire that his meaning be understood. He may want his words to convey one meaning to one set of readers, and quite another meaning to another group. From this point of view, the test is: Does he convey the meaning to each that he intended to convey? Style is not so much a means of making another know what we think, as it is a means of producing a certain effect upon the mind of another. So, in the case of the lecturer, whether he be honest or dishonest, the result of successful lecturing must be that there now exists in the mind of the hearer a combination of mental elements that previously existed in the mind of the lecturer.

"This transmission of ideas can and should be taught to the lecturer or the professor before he mounts the platform or takes his seat in the professorial chair. It is not always the fault of the pupil that he does not understand the lectures he hears, or the lessons he is taught; quite as frequently it is the fault of the lecturer, who cannot put his mind in the place of the pupil's mind, or of the teacher who cannot realize that the student does not know as much as he, the teacher, knows of a certain subject. Surely, if our youth are to devote eight to twelve years to the laying of mental foundations for their lives, they are entitled to teachers who not only know the sort of structure they desire to erect on such a foundation, but how to build it after they have gathered the materials."

Has the Single Tax Theory Made Progress?

Denmark Declared to Be First Nation to Impose National Land Tax

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

Editor's Note—Mr. Miller is editor of Single Tax Review and gives here a record of the present status of the Single Tax idea.

WHEN Henry George died in 1897 at the close of a dramatic campaign for mayor of Greater New York, it was felt by many that the progress of the cause to which he had given his life, and in the advocacy of which he was so impressive a personality, had suffered a serious interruption.

The years immediately succeeding must have seemed to justify such impression, for a period of inactivity followed, and the Single Tax ceased to be talked about as it had been in the lifetime of the author of *Progress and Poverty*. But the persistence of the agitation was nevertheless a fact, and its revival has kept it constantly if not prominently before large numbers of the people in almost every country.

What is the essence of that teaching? It is that the rent of land, or land value, belongs to the people and should be taken by the taxing power in lieu of all taxation on improvements and other products of labor. What progress has been made in the carrying out of this principle in legislation?

Perhaps no event in the direction of the Single Tax has been more notable than the new law enacted by Denmark on August 4, 1922, taxing land values at the rate of one and one-half mills on the dollar for national purposes. Heretofore there had been a real estate tax (that is, on land and buildings) of one and one-tenth mills. This tax is continued on improvements over ten thousand kroners. Thus the effect of the new law is to exempt improvements under the value named, while improvements in excess of that value will be taxed at a rate which is approximately only two-thirds of the rate levied on all land values, large or small.

We think we are right in saying that Denmark is the first country in the world to apply a national land tax, and with its exemption feature this act is therefore the nearest approach made by any nation as a whole toward the Single Tax. The government which has just passed this bill for national taxation has announced its intention to enact legislation for local purposes in which similar discrimination will be made between land values and improvements.

It has been thought that the farmers constituted the greatest bulwark of defense against any proposal for the taxation of land values. But it is to be noted that Denmark is a country of small farmers, and that the greatest organized force working for this reform was the band of 120,000 small cultivators who have been demanding this legislation in their conventions since 1902. For twenty years the resolutions passed at these conventions have been a bold embodiment of the Single Tax philosophy, and on this they have based their demands.

Turning now to our own country, there is today perhaps in every state in the Union, and certainly in the greater number of them, a larger proportion of land values taken for public purposes than at any time in our history.

Single Tax Teachings

LET us now take some of the states in which the more notable instances of progress may be indicated. Twenty years ago, during the administration of Mayor Low, real estate assessments in the city of New York were put on a full value basis and for the first time vacant lots were assessed for what they would bring, "as between a free buyer and a free seller." Later the department of taxes and assessments of the city had as its president the Hon. Lawson Purdy, and during his incumbency the tendency was to take an ever-increasing amount of land value through the strict and honest appraisal of the very valuable land of New York—the most valuable land in the world save London.

In September, 1920, confronted by the severe housing shortage, the lawmakers of Albany borrowed a leaf from the book of Single Tax and passed a permissive act by which new dwellings might be exempted from taxation for a period of ten years. New York City and six other cities of the state immediately availed themselves of the permission. Of course, there is little in common between the Single Taxer's proposal to take all the rent of land, or even as much of it as is needed for government expenses, and a measure which seeks to relieve the housing shortage by the exemption from taxation of new dwellings. Still Single Taxers were encouraged by the practical recognition of so much of their teachings, and were glad to welcome an illustration in the great city of New York of the stimulus afforded to one great industry by decreasing the tax burdens.

The effect of this exemption has been marked. The *Real Estate Record and Guide*, of New York, is authority for the statement that "More construction is now under way than ever before in the history of the city." Reports of the superintendents of the building bureaus show that on June 30, 1922, there were under construction in the city of New York 7,504 one-family houses, 6,366 two-family houses and 998 apartments to accommodate 23,791 families; a total of accommodations for about 40,000 families, capable of housing the entire population of a city the size of Atlanta or Omaha. These totals do not include dwellings built as a result of the stimulus of tax exemption and completed after assessment day, but before June 30.

The Pittsburgh half rate on improvements, which was inaugurated with a ten per cent exemption that has now reached thirty per cent and is to continue until a fifty per cent exemption is reached, is another notable experiment on Single Tax lines. The Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce and the Allied Boards of Trade of that city have given it unqualified endorsement.

North Dakota in 1917 provided for the assessment of land at thirty per cent of its value, and improvements on farm land at five per cent of their value, which would result in such improvements paying only one-fifth of the tax paid by land of similar value. Cities were permitted to adopt a similar plan if they choose. In 1919, however, a new law was enacted, providing that land, railroads and other utilities and business buildings should be assessed at one hundred per cent of their actual value; buildings used for homes on city lots, live stock, personal property and farm machinery generally, to be assessed at fifty per cent of value, while farm buildings and improvements are exempted entirely.

Vancouver Not an Example

IN OTHER states there have been advances which have passed almost unnoticed by press or persons outside those states. Minnesota is a case in point. From 1881 to 1897 the valuable iron mines of that state paid nothing in taxes for local or state purposes. But in the latter year these lands were subjected to taxation by unanimous vote in the house and only four negative votes in the senate, despite the efforts of a powerful lobby. Since then they have paid several millions for schools, roads, township, village, county and city improvements. In 1921 the legislature passed another bill that will give to the state an additional four million dollars—all land value, no tax on capital or mining operations, but just the land value in the ore.

Mention should not be omitted of the method by which the maintenance and operation of the irrigation systems in California are paid for. The irrigation law of the state, as orginally adopted, provided for the taxation of both land and improvements. But in 1909 the law was amended limiting assessments in all new irrigation districts to land values only, and permitting the five irrigation districts then existing to adopt the new system by a majority vote of the resident land holders. Today more than 1,500,000 acres of California land located in the most fertile valleys and the richest section of the state, is operated under the Single Tax system. This is so extensive an application of the principle of land value taxation and exemption of improvements (the Single Tax) that it deserves more attention than has been given to it.

Crossing the border into Canada, we find that that country has made many important advances toward the Single Tax. In 1911 the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, abolished taxes on improvements. This was heralded far and wide as the Single Tax in operation. Of course, it was not. The low taxes on land values still permitted speculation in land, and the exemption of improvements caused a building boom which further increased land values. The war called for additional revenue, and the Vancouver council then resorted to the taxation of improvements, though a partial exemption still continued.

The Vancouver experiment has been pointed to as a failure of the Single Tax in practice. But this is a superficial view of what was done. The building boom that resulted from the exemption of buildings was, in fact, a demonstration of the stimulus given to industry by the removal of tax burdens. Had there been any real knowledge of the effects of this mode of taxation, or any disposition based upon such knowledge to make an adequate trial of the system, the result would have been different. As it was, it left us with no available data on which to base conclusions.

But happily Canada did not need such evidence. The city of Edmonton had already made somewhat halting advances toward the same system; Victoria has abolished all taxation of improvements; the smaller cities of the Alberta Province, Medicine Hat, Alberta and Lethbridge entirely exempt improvements and levy taxes for local purposes almost entirely on land values.

Municipalities in Manitoba obtain their revenues mainly from a tax on land values. In Winnipeg land is assessed at full value and improvements at two-thirds value. The cost of its water supply, more than $15,000,000, is made up by a special tax on land values.

In Alberta and Saskatchewan provinces the rural municipalities derive all revenues for local purposes from land values alone; the towns, cities and villages derive some revenue from improvements, but mainly from land values.

The principle of the Single Tax has been recognized in levying taxes for purely provincial purposes. Manitoba exempts farm stock and improvements; Saskatchewan levies an "unearned increment" tax; Alberta, in its first charter, provided for a general tax on land values to the exclusion of improvements, but modified by business and income taxes. These last have been abandoned, leaving the land tax to provide the necessary provincial revenues.

When the war came, and new sources of revenue seemed to be needed, there were instances of the return to the taxation of improvements. But these were not many nor important. And in no case was the full assessment of improvements restored. That system is dead in Canada. The whole course of her legislation is heading toward the complete liberation of industry, and Single Taxers of the Dominion believe that the goal to which they are traveling is almost within hailing.

Looking toward Australia for examples of Single Tax progress, we find Sydney, with a population of 800,000, and called "the New York of Australia," comes first in importance. This city wholly exempts improvements, nor is there any tax on personal property.

The movement in New Zealand received its early impetus from Sir George Gray, first governor of New Zealand, and one of the most remarkable men of the century. Sir George was deeply impressed on reading "Progress and Poverty," and he fathered legislation designed to prevent land speculation. Succeeding administrations repealed much of this. Graduated land taxes intended to break up the great estates were only partially effective, since "dummy holders" were easily substituted.

In its local taxation New Zealand has made the greatest strides toward the Single Tax. More than 167 local authorities "rate," as they say, on land values.

In Queensland since 1902 the policy of land value "rating" has been in full operation, in South Australia in thirteen municipalities for about ten years, and in the Transvaal in most localities since 1916.

The Argentine is one of the few countries where the Socialist leaders accept the Single Tax as the basic reform, the settlement of which is regarded as a prior condition to the development of any plans for a reorganized society.

Land Tax in the Argentine

IN THE province of Cordoba, in the Argentine, the bulk of the state revenue is collected from a land value tax. For many years the "real property tax" in Uruguay, outside of Montevideo and other municipalities, has been levied on land values exclusively. In Montevideo itself an admirable system of property valuation exists under which land values and improvement values are kept distinct. Under the late government a bill was brought in with official support exempting improvements entirely. The present president is credited with the intention to revive this proposal.

The state of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil, claims to have been the first instance of the municipal Single Tax in operation in South America. Exemption of improvements exists in the city of Garibaldi, in that state.

The state government of Sao Paulo, Brazil, has initiated at the request of the Sao Paulo Agricultural Society, the study of the methods of assessment and taxation of land values in Uruguay, with a view of adopting measures necessary for the shifting of taxes from improvements to land values exclusively. The president of the state of Sao Paulo is a Single Taxer.

I have purposely made this article a record of achievement. The time when the entire rental value of land will be taken for public purposes is yet a long way ahead, but events are crowding one another and nearly every country in the world is making some favorable gesture toward the principle.

It should be noted that the new constitution of the German republic declares that "All the increase in land values not due to the expenditure of capital and labor must be used for communal benefits." This clause, going beyond a merely permissive declaration, is the first instance of such a statement in the organic law of any nation. No step has yet been taken to make this declaration operative.

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The President Is Right

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE displayed wise statesmanship in refusing to state whether he would sign the Longworth compromise revenue bill, should the Senate pass a measure agreeing in its essentials with the one enacted by the House of Representatives.

There were many attempts to place the President on record on his future course on tax reduction. Some of the members of his own party were desirous of learning whether he would accept something short of the plan recommended by Secretary Mellon. Radical Republicans and Democrats would have liked Mr. Coolidge to have displayed a sign of weakness. But, in commenting on the action of the House, the President took occasion simply to reiterate his support of the tax reduction plan originally proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and declined to state his position regarding a purely hypothetical situation.

The President's stand will be approved as the proper one. It is the Constitutional duty of the Chief Executive to recommend legislation; it is also his duty to approve or disapprove of enactments of Congress. But it is no part of his duty to take part in the debate, the discussion, and the political maneuvering which accompany the process of getting a bill passed by the two Houses of Congress. And a flat statement, such as was sought of the President on the Longworth compromise, would obviously have been a part of the political maneuvering in connection with Congressional action.

Most legislation, when finally passed, is the result of compromise. Ideal measures must run the gauntlet of practical obstacles. The Mellon plan was proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury as one which would give a measure of tax reduction, encourage business and provide sufficient revenue to run the Government. The Garner plan was a proposal satisfactory to Democrat leaders who cling tenaciously to the surtax policy while the Frear proposals represented another point of view. For the President to have expressed hypothetical support or opposition to these plans while they were up in the House would have been unwise. It would have been just as improper to have expressed irrevocably opposition or support of the Longworth plan after its passage. And it would be unwise for him to take a stand, which commits himself finally, during the consideration of the problem by the Senate.

The time for the President to consider a measure other than the one he originally recommended is when that measure is before him after final passage. Then he will examine it from various viewpoints. He will decide first whether it provides sufficient revenue to run the Government. He will decide whether it affords real tax relief to the public. And he will decide whether lifting of the taxation burden has been made on sound or unsound theories. Then he will act.

True Mercy

IN TURNING loose from prison and restoring to American citizenship 100 men who deserted from the Army and the Navy after the termination of hostilities and before the formal declaration of peace, President Coolidge performed a humane and commendable act.

These men were punished as deserters. Technically, they left their posts of duty in war-time. Since the earliest times when man began to glorify war and courage, the flight from a post of duty in war-time has been deemed cowardice, and as such punished with the utmost severity.

The men whom the President freed belonged to this technical category. They deserted in war-time. In truth, of course, they were not cowards, because their flight came after the war had become a mere paper war. In releasing them and restoring them to citizenship, the Chief Executive recognizes that the war-time standards have ceased to govern.

Indeed, there is ground for strong argument that the President's clemency should go still further and be extended to those now in prison, who were sentenced for long periods for actual flight in battle. Fear, the highest authorities say, is an uncontrollable impulse, due to the state of mental and physical health which the individual possesses.

Courts-martial in war-time, on which sat some officers who never saw the Front and who knew nothing of battle conditions, imposed severe sentences on men who succumbed to hysterical fear and fled. Some of the men who were sentenced as cowards are said to have displayed a high degree of gallantry in previous fighting and to have finally fallen victim to a pathological condition over which they had no control. The release of such men from punishment at this time could not be harmful to the principle of military discipline in war-time. And it would be an act of Governmental mercy which would be generally applauded.

Just Noise, That's All

THE hubbub raised against the Johnson immigration bill is growing deafening.

In all parts of the country, mass meetings of protest, fostered by alien influences or selfish interests, have been held. During the past few weeks, the same old arguments that have been raised against further restriction of the alien horde have been reiterated.

Secretary Hughes, desirous of keeping the friendship of certain foreign peoples, issued a statement, pointing out certain provisions in the proposed law which he thought should be changed. His statement was taken by the advocates of unrestricted immigration as a text, around which they wove all sorts of arguments and demands for the killing of the entire immigration bill.

In the Senate, the Committee to which the immigration problem must go, has begun consideration of restriction based on quotas fixed under the 1910 census, as at present. The clamorous crowd which leads the movement for unrestricted immigration is inclined for the moment to favor the Senate Committee idea. But the favor is extended, confessedly, because Congress has shown a determination to tighten the safeguards against continued infiltration of the foreign elements which cannot and will not assimilate.

Certain portions of the press have taken up cudgels against the Johnson measure. Other newspapers, which will not openly oppose this measure, have given much space to the reporting of the meetings of protest. This policy has resulted in an appearance of great opposition to the selective immigration plan.

The truth is that this appearance is contrary to the fact. The opposition is noise and clamor, not substantial feeling. The great body of American people is by tradition, inheritance and training, a quiet one. It does not spend its time shouting its desires from the house-tops. It is inarticulate because it does not seek special favors. But the great mass of the American public possesses views and opinions, despite the fact that it does not hold mass meetings in which to express them.

Congress took action four years ago to limit immigration. That action was in response to an upheaval of real American sentiment. This limitation of immigration was admittedly a stop-gap, not permanent legislation. The American people expected that it would be followed by wise restrictive legislation, which would limit immigrants to this country to the kind of people who are willing and able to become Americans. Congress will do well to proceed calmly to the accomplishment of that purpose and not permit the volume of noise from alien elements to cloud the issue.

Knowing the Ropes

THE Governmental investigations at Washington disclose that a knowledge of the official ropes is a valuable asset to an individual seeking a fortune.

Certain Government officials, ranging from the Cabinet to humble clerks, have stepped from modest salaries to a degree of affluence, when they resigned their service of the people to take up the service of the private individuals or private corporations who are constantly seeking Government favors.

No absolute rule of condemnation can be laid down regarding the persons who have used their experience, knowledge and acquaintance, acquired in public employ, for subsequent private profit. Several Government departments wisely forbid their retired employes or officials from arguing private causes until a reasonable period after leaving office has passed. Obviously, however, this regulation is only relatively effective. Such employes may appear by partner or agent, and thus utilize their Government knowledge for private benefit.

The public cannot expect that it will retain indefinitely all its valued employes, when opportunity for greater remuneration presents itself in private employment. And it is clear that no man, retiring from the public service, can divorce his mind entirely of the knowledge obtained while in such service. Even the highest standards of ethics would not command that all persons, once in the public service, shall forever be disbarred from appearing in a professional or business capacity before Government departments.

The present turmoil over the dubious relationship between public officials, public business and retired public officials and quasi-public business will probably result in insistent demands for drastic regulation. It is doubtful whether any prohibitory legislation will be of much service in this regard, as the secret machinations which might ensue would be more harmful than the present situation. If a requirement of publicity regarding the identity of all persons and interests, requesting Government assistance or favor, could be enforced, it would better conditions measurably.

But the public's chief reliance must remain in the ethics of its officials. Just at present, the disclosures at Washington have provoked unjust cynicism over this question of ethics. The disclosures must be accepted as dealing with a temporary condition. The deep faith which American citizens entertain in their institutions cannot be uprooted by evidence that a few, a very few public officials, have been false to their trust.

Doesn't Mean Anything

FIFTY-EIGHT varieties of American statesmen have introduced into the House of Representatives identical bills providing for the modification of the Volstead Act to permit the sale of beer and wine.

There is little of note regarding the Representatives who thus succeeded momentarily in getting their names in the public prints. Aside from Representative Victor Berger, Socialist of Milwaukee, and Representative John Philip Hill, the perennial wet advocate of Maryland, most of the 58 are men of whom the nation at large had never heard before, and probably never will again. They are representatives from districts composed largely of alien stocks. New York City naturally had the largest quota.

None of the 58 bills has a chance to be passed by the present Congress. Each of the 58 national legislators knows this. Yet, each was eager to participate in the gesture of hatred to the Eighteenth Amendment. Their accomplishment will probably go down in history as the height of uselessness.

Naturally, those who profit from bond brokerage can see only danger in the cancellation of interest-bearing public bonds through the issue of legal tender, a non-interest-bearing obligation. There would be no dispute as to tax exemption if the public debt could be used as currency.

Every time usury is denounced, the attack is claimed to be on banks. In view of the many Bible texts against lending on usury, meaning interest, the question naturally arises as to how those who practice it can claim to be religious.

Legitimate banking is subject to the same injury from money monopoly as is every other business. Yet bankers fear attacks on money monopoly as leveled at legitimate banking. The honest banker has nothing to fear except money slavery to monopoly.

Bureaucratic Incompetence Hurting Germany

"Democracy of Peace" Has Failed to Aid Recovery of War-torn Nation

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

AN OFFICER of one of the large insurance companies said to me not long since:

"Why should not Germany be in good condition? She has no internal debt. That has been wiped out by the depreciation of the mark. So why all this fuss? Why is not Germany up and around and at work?"

The question was not one that I could answer within the limits of an ordinary conversation. It is not a question that can be fully answered by anyone. National and international questions are not open-and-shut affairs. And particularly is this the case with Germany.

Nobody in Europe is much interested in the truth. For instance, the reparations question does not concern Germany's ability to pay. The question is almost wholly one of human nature. The French and the Germans are probably least of all concerned with Germany's ability to pay. The French would like to have a continuing claim which they can use to prevent Germany from ever again becoming a military power. The Germans are concerned only with gaining assent to the smallest possible reparations. And it is rather difficult for a purely pro-American observer to pick out what he thinks is the truth. Our newspaper correspondents cannot cable the truth. They are compelled by force of circumstances to cable only the news. The news from Paris has to be pro-French; the news from Berlin has to be pro-German. One day we hear via Paris of the overflowing prosperity of Germany. The next day we hear via Berlin of harrowing destitution. And so it comes about that the ordinary newspaper reader, finding it wholly impossible to reconcile the various reports, gets himself into a state where he is ready to believe anything or nothing.

Work to Find Solution

WHAT brings us into quite a deal of our difficulty is centering the thought on Germany's ability to pay whatever indemnity may finally be decided upon as due under the Versailles Treaty. It will be recalled that the original indemnities were settled upon without regard to their payment. An election was coming on in England and Lloyd George promised the voters that Germany would pay all the costs of the war. Clemenceau said about the same thing to the French people. And the indemnity payments were arrived at purely for the benefit of the folks at home. Since then the payments have been scaled down and down. The English have wanted to have a sum agreed on and the thing over with. The French have been mainly concerned in rendering Germany impotent. Now, an unofficial committee, consisting of three exceedingly able Americans —General Dawes, Owen D. Young, and Henry P. Robinson—are working night and day to find some solution which will make out of Germany a productive unit in the world's economy. No settlement can be satisfactory, but if the American committee succeeds in reaching a series of conclusions, which both the French and the Germans will denounce as outrageous, then we can take for granted that their conclusions will come close to the truth. For nothing is more objectionable to either France or Germany than the truth. That is the background.

I traveled rather thoroughly from one end of Germany to the other in the early part of 1919—that is, just a couple of months after the Armistice. My recent trip took me all over Germany, and I had an opportunity to see what had been accomplished in four years. I find Germany today in most respects worse off than immediately after the end of the war. After the war came uncertainty, but with it was hope. Now there is uncertainty, but it is accompanied by despair. Or, to put it another way, Germany was then a factory in the hands of a receiver but which the workmen expected would soon open up again. Now it is a factory which failed and opened only to fail again. For the cruelest portion of this whole thing, as far as the plain citizen in Germany is concerned, is that after the deprivations of the war and the wearing period of the early peace he found himself in a period of a kind of prosperity induced by the inflation of the currency only at last to come to nothing whatsoever.

When Value of Mark Went

THE before-the-war German was thrifty. It was a rare thing to find a family without a nest egg. Now every savings account, every bond, and every mortgage has been wiped out. The returns from rented property are so insignificant that practically everyone lives rent free. For instance, in Dresden I met a very respectable, well-educated young man hawking chocolate bars. He told me that before the war he and his old mother received twenty thousand marks a year from rentals of property. That meant five thousand dollars, which was quite a respectable income. Certain increases in rentals had been permitted, so, at the time he talked with me, they were getting two hundred thousand marks a year from their property—which was exactly the price of a single bar of the chocolate he was selling!

Perhaps in the long scheme of things the wiping out of the internal indebtedness of a nation is not an affair of much consequence. It is just a bookkeeping game in which the debtor wins and the creditor loses. The actual productive wealth remains the same as it was before. But it does make a tremendous difference in the morale of the people; for here we find a man, a debtor, who is getting something for nothing by having currency depreciation practically destroy his indebtedness; and here we find a man, a creditor, who has just had that which he has worked through the years for taken away from him. Neither is in the mood for work.

The big asset of old Germany was skilled, willing labor. That asset has gone. Many of the older workers were killed in the war. Those who survived cannot adapt themselves to circumstances in which neither thrift nor industry counts. The younger workmen of Germany are not skilled. They were in the army when ordinarily they would have been serving their apprenticeships. The youngsters who would be apprentices today, if there were anything for them to do, passed their formative years during the war and immediately thereafter, when food was scarce and dear. The German youth of today can hardly remember a time when he had enough to eat. The whole working population, which ate so heartily before the war, has not eaten for a long time. It is today undernourished.

At the close of the war the German workman was not undernourished. There was great talk of "lebensmittel" in Hamburg, Berlin, Breslau, Leipzig, and Dresden, and conditions undoubtedly were bad in most of these cities and especially in Hamburg. But I did not find the workmen of the Ruhr looking underfed. Neither were they underfed in Silesia or in Saxony or in the industrial plants I visited along the Rhine. The government had been able to get food to them that they might carry on for the war. But a few months ago things were very different. Never have I seen a waner, paler, more dragging lot of men than filed out of Krupp's, at Essen, one noon hour.

Everywhere in Germany, except on the farms, food is scarce. It is scarce because Germany has never been able to raise enough food for her population. She has always had to export goods to buy food. She has not been able to export. But I found food scarcer than it really ought to be because of the tangled mass of red tape which today goes by the name of a government in Germany. Everything is regulated. A housewife spends at least five hours out of every day standing in line to buy the necessities of life at some government-regulated shop. We used to joke about the "verboten" signs of imperial Germany, but the imperial officers were mere amateurs in the "verboten" business compared with the republican officers of today.

The only industry which has really thrived in Germany since the revolution of 1918 has been the government industry of creating bureaus and officers. The railroads and the public offices are so loaded with men that they could not work if they wanted to. It is quite impossible to get at the figures, but I believe the civil list of Germany today is more of an expense than the army used to be. Certainly it is more of a nuisance and even if industry were thriving in Germany—which it is not—it could not begin to make goods enough to feed the mouths of the non-producers.

Has Suffered Acutely

THE indemnities question is a considerable one, because of what might be called its moral ramifications. But the main question in Germany today is not indemnities. Nor is Germany recovering from the war. The principal recovery will have to be from the democracy of the peace!

For Germany, like most of the countries of Europe, has acutely suffered from the Socialist wave which starts out to give a living to everyone without work and ends up by creating a mass of useless officials who prevent work and expect to be supported for doing so.

The Germans are not accustomed to self-government; under the kaiser they had the forms of self-government, but most matters of importance were decided from above. In the critical period since the war, a firm and skilled government has been needed, for the country had lost both men and wealth. The big thing was to repair the losses. In addition was the indemnity; any indemnity to be paid will be a burden on production. The money will have to be paid out of production in the future. Wealth in such vast quantities does not exist ready at hand in movable form, so the task was to devise a productive scheme which would both repair the losses of the war and pay on the indemnity and at the same time give to the people a respectable living. No country has ever been called on to make such a struggle in peace. It was a time for government economy and for industrial efficiency. The way was made all the harder because the most lucrative markets of Germany in the past had been suspended during the years of the war and many of them had after the Armistice erected special customs barriers against German goods. Cheap, well-made goods will, however, overcome any customs barrier. Citizens of no country will pay more for home goods than they will for foreign goods; that has been proved over and over again. The slogan "Buy home products" was invented by sellers and not by buyers.

What happened? The Revolution broke down the machinery of the imperial government. The new government started an immense program of reforms. It gave doles to the unemployed and it paid billions of marks to the owners of property in Alsace and Lorraine which had been lost under the Treaty. It made the eight-hour day compulsory, in spite of the fact that the plant and equipment of the country were in bad condition after the strain of war. Hours and wages are the results of production; to cut hours and to increase wages without keeping up production is to assume that wages come from nowhere—that there is an Aladdin and a lamp to bring them into being.

The government kept all its war controls and sold food at less than it bought it for. The mark still had a considerable value—in the early part of 1919 we valued it at roughly ten cents. The outside world, and especially America, thought that the mark would recover and bought marks for speculation.

All Expenses Increased

THE government increased every item of expense and it had almost no revenue because it had no production to draw upon. Therefore it began to print marks in fairly large quantities. The printing of money that has no backing at all can go on for a considerable period, because people through long usage become accustomed to taking a paper bill at what it purports to be. What we call inflating the currency is a system of taxation. The volume of money to a large degree determines prices. If one hundred million marks are out and the government prints another hundred million without value, prices in marks will gradually be doubled and the government will have taken to itself half of the value of the outstanding currency. This process can keep on until the people become afraid of the money and dispose of it as quickly as possible after it reaches their hands—workmen began to ask to be paid in the morning instead of in the afternoon. It is then that prices rise by the hour and money becomes scarce; the mark depreciated slowly for a while and only last year did it take the plunge.

Ever since the Revolution the government has been paying its expenses by printing marks instead of by stimulating production. No single man has been strong enough to come forward with a plan in which work and thrift would be supreme; no party has been strong enough to stem the tide. For if the government withdrew its doles and cut down its staffs, another revolution would surely have taken place and probably it would have been a Bolshevik revolution of desperation.

Just what all this means—how it has thrown Germany into the hands of a few men, how it has impoverished the worker and so cut down the productive power of the country that it will be many years recovering—will be outlined in the next installment.

Lumberjack Poet of the Pines Once Salesman

Concluded from page 5

carries. In his hands were two pails overflowing with blueberries. He had been out since early morning.

"Such a day will net me fifteen dollars, and that will help to pay some of the doctor's bills," explained the woodsman poet.

"I came to talk with you about your poems," explained Mr. Zimmerman. A light suffused the face of Hayward. For twenty years he had been striving for recognition. At last his rugged verse, written from his wilderness retreat, had attracted attention. A stranger had found him in the remote wilderness.

For more than an hour Mr. Zimmerman listened to more poems, simple and sincere, quaint and fanciful in rhyme, but as throbbing with love and sentiment as the near-by woodlands were pungent with the odor of pine-scented, budding, blooming fields. The bookmaker came seeking the author, and the publication of "Poems from the North Woods" was the result of his visit.

The hair of the lumberjack poet is turning gray. But his face is pleasant and the tone of his voice is resonant and musical, with the deeper harmonies of a settled, peaceful, restful world of seclusion.

Twilight was stealing across the snow-shrouded countryside. An uncompleted verse lay on the table. He arose from his talk, stirred the dying embers on the hearth. The glow lighted up the room. Now he appeared different. He was strong and muscular, garbed in a large, checked flannel shirt and heavy wool trousers, a necessity in this rugged climate. The wife with whom he had planned and worked, whom he loved and cared for for more than a quarter of a century was now missing from the log cabin home. A touch of sadness deepened the lines in his kindly, pleasant face, like the shifting of another scene. He was lonely.

"I sometimes feel that I should also be preparing for the long lonesome trip—we have always been together," he almost whispered. A second later, a more ennobling thought animated his face, lighting his eyes, robbing his countenance of all sentiment of fear and compassion.

"I guess that poem I wrote about 'The Summons' will best express what I wanted to tell you," he remarked, as we parted. I found it in the little green-covered book of poems, illustrated with log-cabin scenes and pictures of lakes and north woods, which I carried away under my arm.

THE SUMMONS

"I'll stand bravely in line while the numbers are called,
When at last I hear mine, I will not be appalled;
But respond to the voice calling softly and low,
Which would give me no choice, if I wished to say no;
Tho' I'd linger awhile midst the pleasures down here,
With a tear and a smile, I will go without fear;
I've been taught from my youth that this summons must
  come,
Then I'll know as a truth, it is calling me home—
Where another career with others I'll share,
Leaving earth friends down here, for the ones over
  there."

Why Don't Women Investigate Propaganda?

Vigorous House-cleaning to Prevent Further Duping of Organizations

By An American Citizen

IN SAMUEL SOLOMEN'S book, "The Red Destruction of the Family," are hundreds of quotations from Socialist and Communist authorities proving that those who adhere to its principles are bent upon the destruction of the family, and of morality as we now interpret that term. Most of the women working for disarmament and allied radical plans are unaware, and indeed deny that the facts set forth in Solomen's book are true, but listen to the advice given in the Washington conference and it will be clear how well the Pacifist-Radical understands the necessity for camouflage: *"We want also to look like patriots in everything we do. We want to get a lot of good flags, talk a good deal about the Constitution and what our forefathers wanted to make of this country, and show that we are the folks that really stand for the spirit of our institutions."* (It is to be regretted that a full report of this convention cannot be given in this article.)

The reappointment of Lucia Ames Mead as chairman of the committee on Permanent Peace in the National Council of Women came as a surprise to the majority of council delegates. Even those who previously voted for her appointment thought it wiser to have someone less radical, but just as the matter was up for discussion before the board, Mrs. Mead herself appeared and the discussion ended. We must remember that most of the board are personal friends of Mrs. Mead's and were embarrassed by her presence. Thus was Mrs. Mead's appointment referred to the executive committee where she was sure of her majority vote.

The episode calls attention to a condition that probably could not exist outside a woman's organization. Until it is made unconstitutional in the council for officers and chairmen to be present when they are being discussed as candidates it becomes comparatively easy to control appointments.

The reappointment was given Mrs. Mead conditioned upon her assurance that she would not use the same propaganda methods in the future that she had in the past.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead introduced a resolution that provided that the National Council of Women should affiliate with the National Council for Disarmament. At the board meeting of the National Council at Des Moines last year Mrs. Mead endeavored to get the National Council of Women to pass a similar resolution. The chief opponents of this proposal were Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Mrs. Flo Jamison Miller, corresponding secretary of the Council.

Declared a Menace

WHEN Mrs. Winter was associated with the Disarmament Conference she became aware of the danger inherent in pacifist organizations, and at the Des Moines meeting, among other things, said, "I believe Frederick J. Libbey and his organization, The International League for Peace and Freedom, are a national menace." Mrs. John Sherman represented Mrs. Winter at the Decatur convention. Mrs. Sherman voted against any affiliation with the Disarmament Council.

At one time most of the affiliated organizations in the National Council for Women were members of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Recent revelations in regard to the latter's radical background caused the resignation of many of the members, including Mrs. Philip North Moore, president of the National Council of Women.

The "freedom" accorded the minds of the women whose membership sustains these organizations may be measured by the following: It is usual for the chairmen of committees to indicate their endorsement of those invited to speak before the Council on subjects falling within the range of their committee work. Thus, no woman is allowed to speak on the subject of Peace or Preparedness, unless she is certain to say those things which the International League for Peace and Freedom endorses. At the board meeting in Washington in May of this year, Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead and Mrs. Louis Post introduced Madam Solomon, of Germany, a vice-president of the International Council of Women, who spoke twice. She released a flood of misinformation about conditions in Germany, but no one refuted her statements. The conclusions of the delegates formed by what they hear at these council meetings extend through the great network of affiliated organizations, reaching into every village of every state of the Union.

Illustrating this delightful combination of "freedom" with misinformation is the experience of Mrs. Haviland H. Lund whose popularity with the leaders received a sudden chill, and from a very strange cause. Mrs. Lund was one of the first to uncover the radical and revolutionary nature of the Pacifist and Welfare legislation so generally endorsed by our women. She has long urged the establishment of "The Institute of Government," an agency for the distribution of facts, which she designed should utilize the machinery of existing organizations rather than create new machinery. Mrs. Lund distrusted the already over-organized state of women's work. She has held tenaciously to the opinion that most of the women guilty of spreading subversive propaganda are deceived. Mrs. Lund thinks it possible to enlighten the membership of propaganda organizations and thereafter to use many of their own leaders to spread truth. Her method has been to place documented evidence in the hands of existing leaders that they may be made potent in their own sphere of activity. To ascertain the facts, Mrs. Lund assembled a faculty of specialists in Political Science, Sociology and related fields.

In 1921, the president of the council, Mrs. Moore, had no trouble in arranging for Mrs. Lund to address the Council. The radical leaders were not at that time aware of Mrs. Lund's attitude toward radical propaganda through women's organizations. A committee was appointed to examine the details of the plan. Mrs. Moore at that time so little suspected the inroads of political propaganda from the radical organizations affiliated with the council that she appointed Professor Marion Whitney as chairman of this investigating committee, because she is chairman of education in the council. Miss Whitney is an ardent pacifist, an active member of the League of Women Voters, and a teacher at Vassar College. (The Rand School of Social Science recommends Vassar and Bryn Mawr as being "liberal" girls' colleges.) There "happened" to be a majority of League of Women Voters on this investigation committee and Mrs. Lund's program, needless to say, was not endorsed. At this meeting, Miss Whitney made the statement that the "League of Women Voters was to be the political expression of the National Council of Women."

The methods used by the Pacifist-Radical group to keep their control of the Council, as evidenced by instances like that which has just been related, is a long story, but it is sufficient to say here that when a woman attains a degree of influence and also shrewdly sees through the camouflage thrown over radical activities, she is not longer wanted. Such a woman is labeled "dangerous" and indeed she is dangerous, for she has surprised the secret and will not keep it. Then begins every trick of opposition from petty pin-pricks to character assassination. But of all this, the millions of women in "clubs" throughout the country, are not informed.

The International Council of Women is to hold its quintennial convention in Washington in May, 1925. According to Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead and Mrs. Maud Wood Park, this is to be a "No More War" meeting. All American women want the world free from the criminal idiocy we call war, but how many of them know that the nations that are secretly doing most in the way of military preparation are backing the Pacifist program of American women's organizations?

Women leaders who are shrewd enough to "spot" the influences which have captured the machinery are saying: "We must see to it that our pacifist women in the council get the facts before the 1925 meeting. If we work patiently, they will soon see that they have been fooled in the name of peace to work for that which will inevitably bring war."

The turmoil among the women at the Decatur convention was caused by an innocent resolution which could hardly have been opposed save by those who had somewhat to fear from its enactment. Here is the resolution, drawn by Mrs. Haviland H. Lund at the request of what may be called "the wideawakes" among the women there assembled:

WHEREAS the Attorney-General of the United States in his annual report states that there are 427 propaganda organizations in our country spending millions monthly to mislead our people and since several patriotic organizations affirm that the churches and women's organizations are the special prey of these propagandists and also affirm that consciously or unconsciously said churches and organizations are influenced in their legislative programs thereby and are assisting Socialism to bring about their "Bloodless Revolution" in the name of Pacifism and Child Welfare,

BE IT RESOLVED, that the National Council of Women appoint a committee to be composed of one member from each of our affiliated organizations to investigate the subject of propaganda in all of its phases and to report to the next board meeting."

Mrs. Lund's Arguments

THE only speaker on the peace program was Professor James W. Garner, of the University of Illinois, on "International Co-operation and American Politics." This address was by no means what Mrs. Mead anticipated, and her face reflected her amazement and consternation. Professor Garner, it seems, has spent long and frequent periods in France, hence, he defended the occupation of the Ruhr, said that France is not militaristic, explained why France must remain in the Ruhr, and disclaimed against the illusion of disarmament at this time. Professor Garner stated that we can fight with a fifty per cent reduction in armament and though he is an ardent advocate of the League of Nations, he certainly advocated a peace program that effectually demolished the Pacifist technique. Professor Garner left soon after he finished his speech and Mrs. Mead then revealed the adroitness of her leadership. The clever way in which she juggled Professor Garner's words and made them appear to mean that which she wanted them to mean was masterly. She talked on and on and on. It was evident that she meant to leave no time for discussion.

When it was nearly six o'clock, Mrs. H. H. McClure, of Kansas City, the newly elected president of the National War Mothers, finally interrupted Mrs. Mead and asked that Mrs. Lund be heard. Five minutes' time was granted and Mrs. Lund said in part:

"Probably no one will contradict the statement that we are farther from peace today than we were at the close of war. In whatever direction we look we are confronted with lack of confidence in the printed word and in existing political leadership throughout the world. Every political writer returning from Europe warns us that our country is flooded with propaganda. Every political writer in our own country knows that this is true. It is evident that propaganda does not make for peace . . . .

"Those who have made a survey of propaganda announce that it is the special aim of the propagandist to deceive our churches and women's organizations, hence we must be on the alert to sift all statements and get to the basic truth . . . .

"The propaganda against chemical warfare and aircraft development has been let loose upon us in a flood by those who themselves are concentrating upon its development. This statement is susceptible of proof. I implore this great organization of women to take time to understand propaganda. It touches every phase of our work, and especially does it need to be understood in relation to Peace . . . .

"I wish there were time to tell you the story of the propaganda against the air service during the Great War. Never in any dime novel has there been set forth such a story of intrigue, treachery and deception as the unprinted aircraft story reveals . . . .

"We can arrive at the truth about these things only by taking time for an exhaustive study of the subject of propaganda. I shall, during this session, introduce a resolution asking that this organization appoint one member from each of its constituents' organizations to make such a survey and report at the next board meeting."

Mrs. Mead: "I am sure the National Council of Women will not agree that it is necessary to establish a detective agency."

Mrs. Lund: "Madam Chairman, you misunderstand. I had no such thought in mind. The word "detective" should not, however, be offensive in relation to a search for truth. To *detect* truth should be an honorable undertaking; however, it is so well known that the Pacifist organizations do not keep books and that there are no files indicating the contributions they receive, that none of us who are enlightened upon these matters think of trying to trace money, nor do we wish to do the type of detective work Mrs. Mead specifies. On the contrary the program I have in mind for this committee is that it shall examine the historic background of propaganda and shall read something like a dozen books, some of which are not on sale through the bookstores and shall examine many documents as yet unpublished to the end that *they may know how to detect propaganda."*

Inquiry Committee Named

NEXT day Mrs. Belle W. Bliss, president of the Women's Relief Corps, introduced the resolution drawn by Mrs. Lund, and every vote in the Relief Corps was behind it. Mrs. Bliss asked the chair to permit Mrs. Lund to speak for her resolution and Mrs. Lund said:

"I am very reluctant to attempt to explain anything pertaining to propaganda in a ten-minute speech. It takes about twenty-six consecutive hours to tell all that is known about it, but when our Attorney-General states that there are four hundred and twenty-seven organizations spending millions monthly, it is obvious that all of us are bound to be more or less deceived.

"Not all of these propaganda organizations are engaged in what is known as subversive propaganda. We have the British, and the French, the Italian, the Japanese, and so on. In other words, we are besieged by special pleaders on all sides. We need to know all the facts behind this special pleading, but more than anything else we need to understand the network of *subversive* propaganda as it operates through our schools, colleges, churches and women's organizations. We cannot hope to understand this without taking time to go into it deeply. It is a big and complex subject.

"If the most astute brains of the world are employed to deceive us and there is no end of money at their disposal, no one need feel humiliated by the discovery that he too has been deceived. Those instigating plans for the destruction of our government realize that they can succeed only by deceiving us. They know they must accomplish their end by appealing to our holiest impulses. No one could look into the faces of the women here assembled, every one of whom is consecrated in her work to uplift the race, and not know that such women must be first persuaded that what they do is for the highest purpose. Yet it is a fact that the Socialists boast that they will achieve through the ballot or what they call the "Bloodless Revolution," the establishment of a great bureaucracy in the United States in the name of Peace and Child Welfare. To understand this we have got to go to the very bottom of the subject.

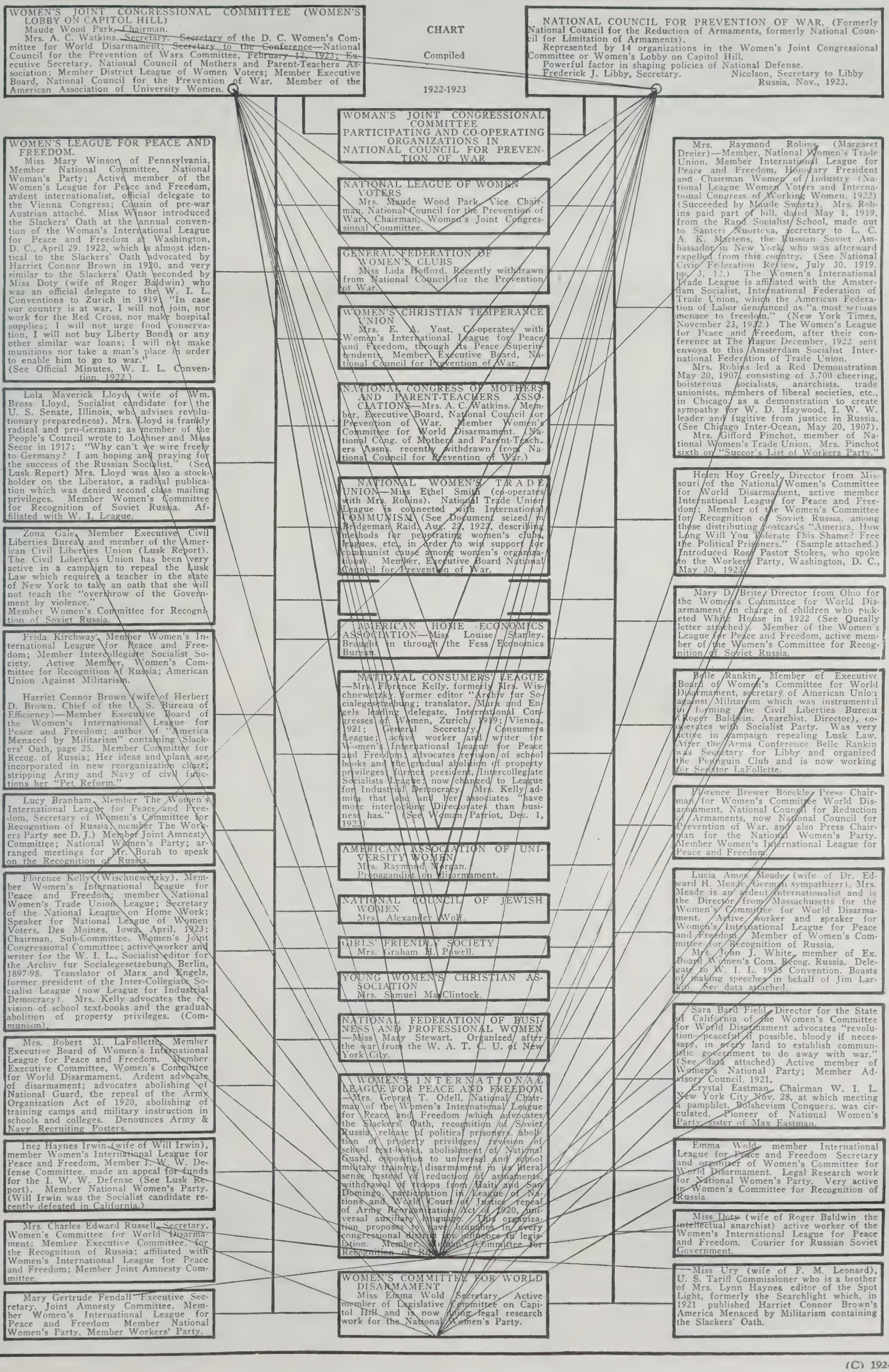
"I understand that a story obviously calculated to be derogatory has been circulated that I am paid by some commercial organization to come here and influence you. I wish that this were true. I believe that my work is important enough to the nation and to many commercial organizations to warrant my being paid for coming and if this were true, I would very proudly admit it, but it isn't. . . .

"You will find propaganda has its hooks in our drama, our music and our art, as well as in the motion picture . . . .

"To deceive such women as are here assembled Satan must indeed manifest himself as an "Angel of Light."

(Concluded on page 13)

The Socialist-Pacifist Movement in America Is an Absolutely Fundamental and Integral Part of International Socialism (Lusk Report Page 11.)



CHART

Compiled

1922-1923

WOMEN'S JOINT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE (WOMEN'S LOBBY ON CAPITOL HILL)
Maude Wood Park, Chairman.
Mrs. A. C. Watkins, Secretary. Secretary of the D. C. Women's Committee for World Disarmament; Secretary to the Conference—National Council for the Prevention of Wars Committee, February 12, 1923; Executive Secretary. National Council of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Association; Member District League of Women Voters; Member Executive Board, National Council for the Prevention of War. Member of the American Association of University Women.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PREVENTION OF WAR. (Formerly National Council for the Reduction of Armaments, formerly National Council for Limitation of Armaments).
Represented by 14 organizations in the Women's Joint Congressional Committee or Women's Lobby on Capitol Hill.
Powerful factor in shaping policies of National Defense.
Frederick J. Libby, Secretary. Nicolson, Secretary to Libby Russia, Nov., 1923.

WOMEN'S LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM.
Miss Mary Winsor of Pennsylvania, Member National Committee, National Woman's Party; Active member of the Women's League for Peace and Freedom, ardent internationalist, official delegate to the Vienna Congress; Cousin of pre-war Austrian attaché. Miss Winsor introduced the Slackers' Oath at the annual convention of the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom at Washington, D. C., April 29. 1922, which is almost identical to the Slackers' Oath advocated by Harriet Connor Brown in 1920, and very similar to the Slackers' Oath seconded by Miss Doty (wife of Roger Baldwin) who was an official delegate to the W. I. L. Conventions to Zurich in 1919. "In case our country is at war, I will not join, nor work for the Red Cross, nor make hospital supplies; I will not urge food conservation, I will not buy Liberty Bonds or any other similar war loans; I will not make munitions nor take a man's place in order to enable him to go to war."
(See Official Minutes, W. I. L. Convention, 1922.)

Lola Maverick Lloyd (wife of Wm. Bross Lloyd, Socialist candidate for the U. S. Senate, Illinois, who advises revolutionary preparedness). Mrs. Lloyd is frankly radical and pro-German; as member of the People's Council wrote to Lochner and Miss Secor in 1917: "Why can't we wire freely to Germany? I am hoping and praying for the success of the Russian Socialist." (See Lusk Report) Mrs. Lloyd was also a stockholder on the Liberator, a radical publication which was denied second class mailing privileges. Member Women's Committee for Recognition of Soviet Russia. Affiliated with W. I. League.

Zona Gale, Member Executive Civil Liberties Bureau and member of the American Civil Liberties Union (Lusk Report). The Civil Liberties Union has been very active in a campaign to repeal the Lusk Law which requires a teacher in the state of New York to take an oath that she will not teach the "overthrow of the Government by violence."
Member Women's Committee for Recognition of Soviet Russia.

Frida Kirchway, Member Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Member Intercollegiate Socialist Society. Active Member, Women's Committee for Recognition of Russia; American Union Against Militarism.

Harriet Connor Brown (wife of Herbert D. Brown. Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Efficiency)—Member Executive Board of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; author of "America Menaced by Militarism" containing Slackers' Oath, page 25. Member Committee for Recog. of Russia; Her ideas and plans are incorporated in new reorganization chart; stripping Army and Navy of civil functions her "Pet Reform."

Lucy Branham, Member The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Secretary of Women's Committee for Recognition of Russia; member The Workers Party see D. J.) Member Joint Amnesty Committee; National Women's Party; arranged meetings for Mr. Borah to speak on the Recognition of Russia.

Florence Kelly (Wischnewetzky), Member Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; member National Women's Trade Union League; Secretary of the National League on Home Work; Speaker for National League of Women Voters, Des Moines, Iowa, April, 1923; Chairman, Sub-Committee, Women's Joint Congressional Committee; active worker and writer for the W. I. L., Socialist editor for the Archiv fur Socialegesetzebung, Berlin, 1897-98. Translator of Marx and Engels, former president of the Inter-Collegiate Socialist League (now League for Industrial Democracy). Mrs. Kelly advocates the revision of school text-books and the gradual abolition of property privileges. (Communism).

Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette, Member Executive Board of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Member Executive Committee, Women's Committee for World Disarmament. Ardent advocate of disarmament; advocates abolishing of National Guard, the repeal of the Army Organization Act of 1920, abolishing of training camps and military instruction in schools and colleges. Denounces Army & Navy Recruiting Posters.

Inez Haynes Irwin (wife of Will Irwin), member Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, Member I. W. W. Defense Committee. made an appeal for funds for the I. W. W. Defense (See Lusk Report). Member National Women's Party. (Will Irwin was the Socialist candidate recently defeated in California.)

Mrs. Charles Edward Russell, Secretary, Women's Committee for World Disarmament; Member Executive Committee, for the Recognition of Russia; affiliated with Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Member Joint Amnesty Committee.

Mary Gertrude Fendall Executive Secretary, Joint Amnesty Committee. Member Women's International League for Peace and Freedom Member National Women's Party, Member Workers' Party.

WOMAN'S JOINT CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE PARTICIPATING AND CO-OPERATING ORGANIZATIONS IN NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR PREVENTION OF WAR

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS
Mrs. Maude Wood Park, Vice Chairman, National Council for the Prevention of War; Chairman, Women's Joint Congressional Committee.

GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
Miss Lida Hofford. Recently withdrawn from National Council for the Prevention of War.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
Mrs. E. A. Yost, Co-operates with Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, through its Peace Superintendents, Member Executive Board, National Council for Prevention of War.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS AND PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. A. C. Watkins. Member, Executive Board, National Council for Prevention of War. Member Women's Committee for World Disarmament. (National Cong. of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Assns. recently withdrawn from National Council for Prevention of War.)

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION—Miss Ethel Smith (co-operates with Mrs. Robins). National Trade Union League is connected with International COMMUNISM (See Document seized in Bridgeman Raid, Aug. 22, 1922, describing methods for penetrating women's clubs, leagues, etc., in order to win support for communist cause among women's organizations). Member, Executive Board National Council for Prevention of War.

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Miss Louise Stanley. Brought in through the Fess Economics Bureau.

NATIONAL CONSUMERS' LEAGUE—Mrs. Florence Kelly. formerly Mrs. Wischnewetzky. former editor "Archiv fur Socialegesetzebung; translator, Marx and Engels leading delegate, International Congresses of Women, Zurich 1919; Vienna, 1921; General Secretary, Consumers League; active worker and writer for Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; advocates revision of school books and the gradual abolition of property privileges; former president, Intercollegiate Socialists League; now changed to League for Industrial Democracy. Mrs. Kelly admits that she and her associates "have more interlocking Directorates than business has." (See Woman Patriot, Dec. 1, 1922)

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN
Mrs. Raymond Morgan.
Propagandist on disarmament.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN
Mrs. Alexander Wolf.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY
Mrs. Graham H. Powell.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
Mrs. Samuel MacClintock.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN—Miss Mary Stewart. Organized after the war from the W. A. T. C. U. of New York City.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM—Mrs. George T. Odell, National Chairman of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom which advocates the Slackers' Oath, recognition of Soviet Russia, release of political prisoners, abolition of property privileges, revision of school text-books, abolishment of National Guard, opposition to universal and school military training, disarmament in its literal sense instead of reduction of armaments, withdrawal of troops from Haiti and San Domingo, participation in League of Nations and World Court of Justice repeal of Army Reorganization Act of 1920, universal auxiliary language. This organization proposes to have branches in every congressional district for influence in legislation. Member, Woman's Committee for Recognition of Russia.

WOMEN'S COMMITTEE FOR WORLD DISARAMAMENT
Miss Emma Wold Secretary, Active member of Legislative Committee on Capitol Hill and is now doing legal research work for the National Women's Party.

Mrs. Raymond Robins (Margaret Dreier)—Member, National Women's Trade Union. Member International League for Peace and Freedom, Honorary President and Chairman Women of Industry (National League Women Voters and International Congress of Working Women, 1922) (Succeeded by Maude Swartz). Mrs. Robins paid part of bill, dated May 1, 1919, from the Rand Socialist School, made out to Santeri Nuorteva, secretary to L. C. A. K. Martens, the Russian Soviet Ambassador in New York, who was afterward expelled from this country. (See National Civic Federation Review, July 30. 1919. pp. 3, 12.) The Women's International Trade League is affiliated with the Amsterdam Socialist, International Federation of Trade Union, which the American Federation of Labor denounced as "a most serious menace to freedom." (New York Times, November 23, 1922.) The Women's League for Peace and Freedom, after their conference at The Hague December, 1922 sent envoys to this Amsterdam Socialist International Federation of Trade Union.

Mrs. Robins led a Red Demonstration May 20, 1907, consisting of 3,700 cheering, boisterous socialists, anarchists, trade unionists, members of liberal societies, etc., in Chicago, as a demonstration to create sympathy for W. D. Haywood, I. W. W. leader and fugitive from justice in Russia. (See Chicago Inter-Ocean, May 20, 1907).

Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, member of National Women's Trade Union. Mrs. Pinchot sixth on "Succor's List of Workers Party."

Helen Hoy Greely, Director from Missouri of the National Women's Committee for World Disarmament, active member International League for Peace and Freedom; Member of the Women's Committee for Recognition of Soviet Russia, among those distributing postcards "America, How Long Will You Tolerate This Shame? Free the Political Prisoners." (Sample attached.) Introduced Rose Pastor Stokes, who spoke to the Workers Party, Washington, D. C., May 30, 1923.

Mary D. Brite, Director from Ohio for the Women's Committee for World Disarmament in charge of children who picketed White House in 1922 (See Queally letter attached). Member of the Women's League for Peace and Freedom, active member of the Women's Committee for Recognition of Soviet Russia.

Belle Rankin, Member of Executive Board of Women's Committee for World Disarmament, secretary of American Union against Militarism which was instrumental in forming the Civil Liberties Bureau (Roger Baldwin. Anarchist. Director), co-operates with Socialist Party. Was very active in campaign repealing Lusk Law. After the Arms Conference Belle Rankin was Secretary for Libby and organized the Penguin Club and is now working for Senator LaFollette.

Florence Brewer Boeckle, Press Chairman for Women's Committee World Disarmament, National Council for Reduction of Armaments, now National Council for Prevention of War. and also Press Chairman for the National Women's Party. Member Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

Lucia Ames Meade (wife of Dr. Edward H. Meade, German sympathizer). Mrs. Meade is an ardent internationalist and is the Director from Massachusetts for the Women's Committee for World Disarmament. Active worker and speaker for Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Member of Women's Committee for Recognition of Russia.

Mrs. John J. White, member of Ex. Board Women's Com. Recog. Russia. Delegate to W. I. L. 1923 Convention. Boasts of making speeches in behalf of Jim Larkin. See data attached.

Sara Bard Field, Director for the State of California of the Women's Committee for World Disarmament advocates "revolution—peaceful if possible, bloody if necessary, in every land to establish communistic government to do away with war." (See data attached) Active member of Women's National Party; Member Advisory Council, 1921.

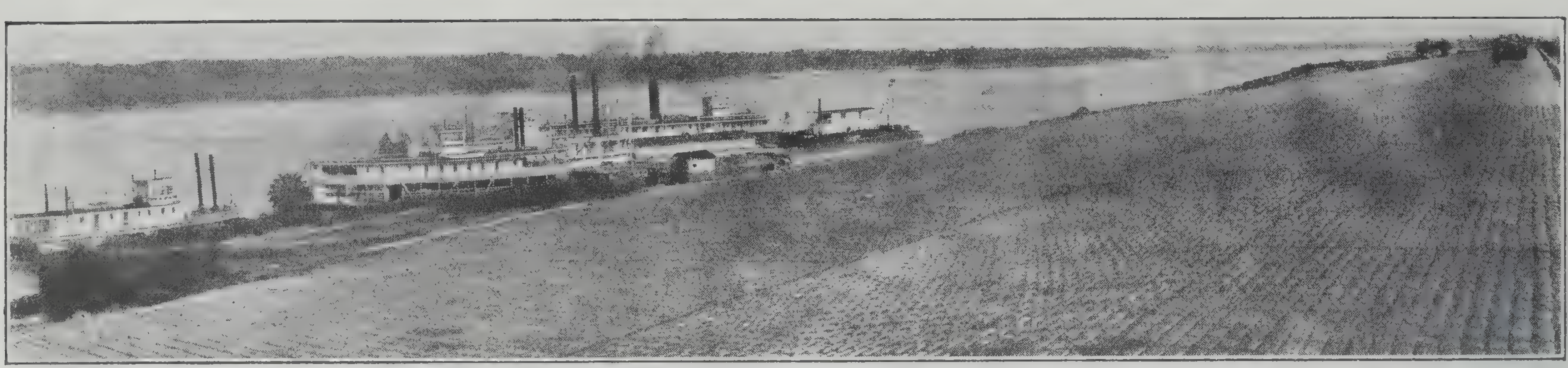
Crystal Eastman, Chairman W. I. L. New York City Nov. 28, at which meeting a pamphlet, Bolshevism Conquers, was circulated. Pioneer of National Women's Party, sister of Max Eastman.

Emma Wold, member International League for Peace and Freedom Secretary and organizer of Women's Committee for World Disarmament. Legal Research work for National Women's Party. Very active in Women's Committee for Recognition of Russia.

Miss Doty (wife of Roger Baldwin the intellectual anarchist) active worker of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Courier for Russian Soviet Government.

—Miss Ury (wife of F. M. Leonard), U. S. Tariff Commissioner who is a brother of Mrs. Lynn Haynes editor of the Spot Light, formerly the Searchlight which, in 1921 published Harriet Connor Brown's America Menaced by Militarism containing the Slackers' Oath.

(C) 1924



The concrete wharf at Greenville, Mississippi, is one of the finest landings along the river.

In the Wake of Mark Twain

A Story of Steamboating on the Mississippi

By HARRY E. BARNET

“THE Devil's pet child,” is Mark Twain's description of Napoleon, Arkansas. So, when you start out to steamboat it from Cairo to the Gulf, you're anxious to see the place whose reputation was embalmed in competition with many other notorious landings. But you only start a glorious argument among steamboat men if you ask them to point out the town. At best it is a weak flicker across their memories, and the weaker the flicker the hotter the argument. Napoleon isn't there, and few persons know exactly where it was, which always leads Pintado, the pilot, to tell this story.

“It happened a long while ago, on the Lower Coast of the Mississippi, below New Orleans,” Pintado begins. “A young doctor was engaged to the daughter of a wealthy plantation owner. One night he took her to a dance. She wore a gown cut low in the neck and back. While he was dancing with her he glanced at her back, and saw a spot there.

“‘Let's go home right away,’ he said, ‘because I want to talk to your parents.’ The girl didn't know what the trouble was, but she went, and the next morning they were married.

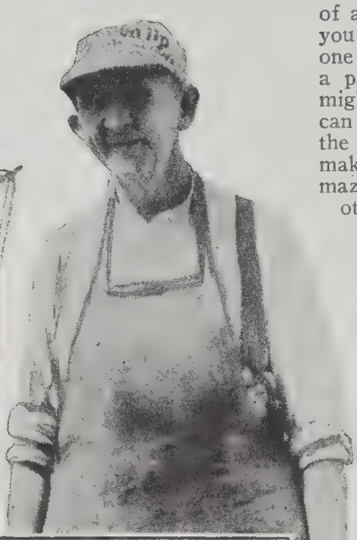
“Well, sir,” Pintado concludes, “that was a leper spot on the girl's back. The doctor took her away, and he spent his life studying leprosy. He kept the spot from spreading very much farther, but he couldn't cure her.”

A cotton boat on the Mississippi.

Pintado means to say that the Mississippi is like the leprous spot on the bride's back. Elsewhere is the enchanted spot to the stream, and it always is wandering about trying to go there—flowing here today; tomorrow eating a hole in the shore across yonder.

You fall in with the comparison when you even casually study the water in the channel, much less continuously look closely at it as a pilot must. You have no confidence in what you see, though the water flows swiftly enough, for it reminds you too much of the labor-in-vain bustle of an old-fashioned toper during one of his spells of “straightening up,” when he tried to create the impression that at last he was going straight.

Water from the Ohio River seems to hear the ancient leper cry of “Unclean,” when it pours into the Mississippi. It doesn't mix at first with the big river. For some distance it keeps aloof along the left shore. Two rivers flow in the same channel—the water from the Ohio in sharp contrast to the murk of the Mississippi. Of course, before they get to Memphis the streams mingle, but even then you have the half-notion that there never is very much of the fellow-wanderer feeling between the two, though afterward they hasten together over enough hundreds of miles to become quite chummy.



Above—“Gravy Joe,” a river character.

Below—A typical landing on the Ohio River.

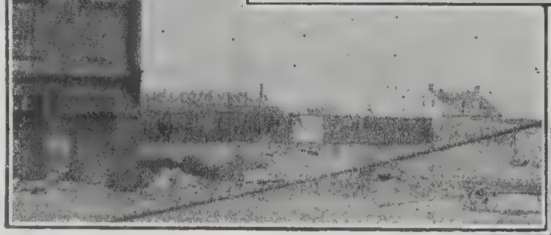
Furthermore, when the Mississippi eats into the shore it doesn't snap off chunks of land, and gobble them whole. It silently and slowly permeates the soil, until acres of it sometimes squash suddenly, carrying everything that is on it—towns, trees, buildings, animals, and even human beings. You see the principle of it if you top a mound of brown sugar with tiny dolls, toy animals, and small playhouses, then set one side of the sugar against an inch or two of quivering water. The soil is carried in solution to another place, where the river either builds a new shore, or starts a towhead that may become an island.

Mark Twain had a lot to say about towheads and islands, and you probably have the idea that somehow they are distinct affairs; but to your layman's eye they're alike, unless the towhead is very young. Then it is a wavy stretch of glistening sand, sitting prettily amidstream. The name comes from resemblance to the hair of a vividly blond woman, freshly shampooed, and turned loose to ripple dry in a breeze. Towheads are formed by obstructions in the stream. Drift accumulates. Deposits of mud on the drift build up the towhead, with a sharp point, like a boat's nose, sticking into the current. Soon after they appear, towheads bristle with cottonwood, willows, and plant growth. If they last long enough they become landmarks for pilots, and are named islands. Age and the ability to withstand attacks by the river determine the name, towhead or island. If you're sitting forward on the roof of the boat when a cluster of towheads comes in sight in the wide stretch of the Mississippi, you get the sensations of a stranger afoot in the Circle in Indianapolis. Before you there are probably half a dozen rivers, but which one of them is the channel? After the boat noses into a passage you realize why the pilot is the high-and-mighty man Mark Twain pictured him, especially if you can imagine the same approach and progress through the darkness of a stormy night. It is not uncommon to make use of five or six landmarks to get through the maze—steering this way, then twisting suddenly in the other direction. Of course, there is this much to be said about the Mississippi River: it is what is left of a big arm of the sea that reached to where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi—and the sea is restless. This restlessness furnishes plenty to talk about when you steamboat it in the wake of Mark Twain. And you hear it from the pilots especially, for they have to be the most observant of all travelers. They know the odd happenings from one end of the river to the other. Pilots work alone for a good many hours at a stretch. When they get a chance to talk they “make hay.” Sometimes they make a little more hay than the subject warrants, wherein you have the origin of their reputation for “tall yarning.”

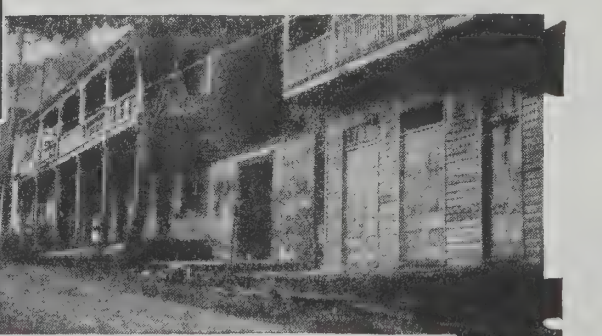
Be that as it may, by changing its channel in about the time it takes a lusty pup to grow old and feeble, the Mississippi changes inland towns into river ports, and leaves river ports four and five miles in the back country. Once in a while the river does a town a good turn in this way, meaning Arkansas City at the moment. Chicot City was started to put it out of business. For a long time before this, Arkansas City was glutted with scalawags and jades, and in general it was as wild a place as you'd care to be turned loose in without warning. More than a generation ago one of the big New York newspapers commenced to print a story each week about the poker games of its wild-oats days, and interest in these stories keeps up. But that is going over old ground. Arkanses City settled to staidness, and Chicot City was eaten alive by the river. Mottled water rushes through the willows that wave above the spot where it stood. Not far away, Huntington and its railroad went down and under. Napoleon, it is claimed, met the same fate.

Do you remember, in “Life on the Mississippi,” when Mark Twain was tested as a pilot? Where he was left alone to make the cross-over is dry land, covered with timber and rank jungle growth. In the 1870's the *Wauhatchie Belle* sank, and all traces of her were lost. The river covered the boat with sand and debris, and then picked that spot as part of its channel. Three or four years ago, the Mississippi began to cut a new channel in a different direction, and the stacks of a sidewheeler emerged from the mud and receding water. At that time no one knew the name of the boat. Not until old pilots checked the craft lost in that vicinity did they discover that the *Wauhatchie Belle* was the only sidewheeler among them. The river partially unearthed the boat, but before the job was completed the stream shifted back, and again interred what it had brought half into the light. With Prohibition came a new game on the Mississippi—hunting buried steamboats beneath the forests and undergrowth on sandbars in abandoned channels. Most of these buried craft carried cargoes of whisky. It sank with them, and still is there, as far as anybody knows. The effort is to find it. So far, the game hasn't been worth the candle. Sand slips into the excavations as fast as it is shoveled out.

Log rafts and shanty boats, drifting along without lights, were one of the troubles of pilots in other times, according to Mark Twain. That trouble is over and done with. Population that lived in the craft is dwindling to the point where, in some localities, they're a bit of a



The town behind a levee, the latter protected by a wooden sheeting.



What is left of “Natchez Under the Hill.”

Clearing lands behind the levee.

Weighing cotton in newly cleared country behind the levee.

curiosity. Disappearance has been speedy. A few years ago river dwellers were numerous enough, and they carried on all sorts of businesses. There were blacksmith boats, and medicine boats; trading boats, where old iron and bones could be exchanged for anything under the sun, from a needle to glassware and clothing; and on other junk boats cash was paid for old iron. A lot of this "old iron" was new parts for plantation and sugar-house machinery. It was not uncommon to see new engines, if they were small, and other things made of iron, in the collection. Thievery of this sort was one of the vexations of a plantation owner. The junk was piled high on the roofs of these boats. In the cabin beneath the weight the trader lived with his family. No one seems to know of an instance where a roof caved in, though the ramshackle craft were subjected to terrific strains in the shore swells from passing steamboats.

Also, there were grocery boats, and saloon boats—in fact, almost every sort and kind of legitimate and illegitimate business, as well as pure vice, that flourishes ashore, was duplicated and afloat. These boats had no power; they drifted downstream, and tied at likely looking landings. People came there from miles around to trade. Stocks were not always enticing. Clothing boats, for instance, usually were filled with a type of merchandise that could find a place only in the lowest grade of second-hand stores on shore. Yet it was sold at big prices. When business went bad, the boats drifted elsewhere. But the bulk of this business has been done away with, since fast freight service by motor boat and truck is an everyday affair.

In "Huck Finn" you've probably taken the adventures of the "Duke" and his companions to be unusually "tall yarning." On the contrary, it keeps very close to general facts about shanty-boat people who worked at all sorts of professions. And, in milder ways, they're still at it. A doctor, for instance, recently retired with a comfortable fortune, all made in a few years. He traveled in a glorified shanty boat with three rooms. His office was the front room. Between it and the middle room was a very thin partition. When the craft tied at a landing, and the first ailing darky came aboard, he was met at the door by the doctor's wife.

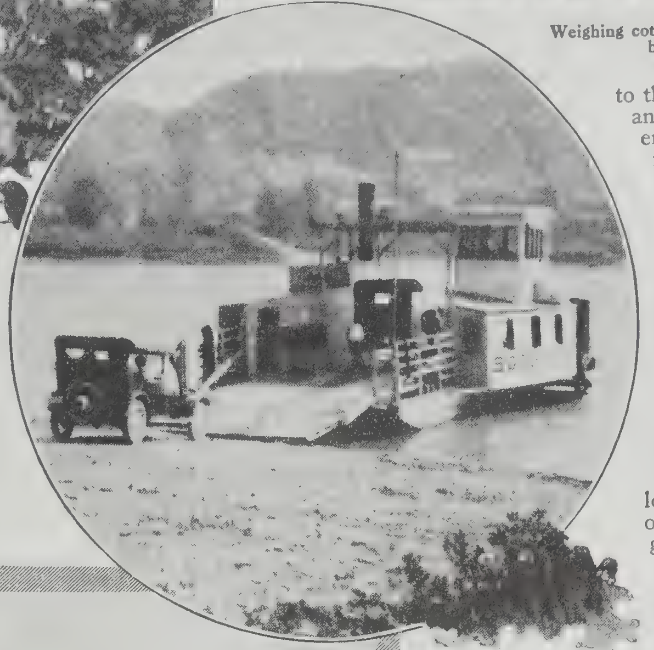
"The doctor isn't here just now," she said, "but just come on in the office, and wait awhile. He'll be here shortly."

While he waited, the woman talked to the darky, and got the history of his afflictions and all his symptoms. The doctor was seated on the other side of the partition.

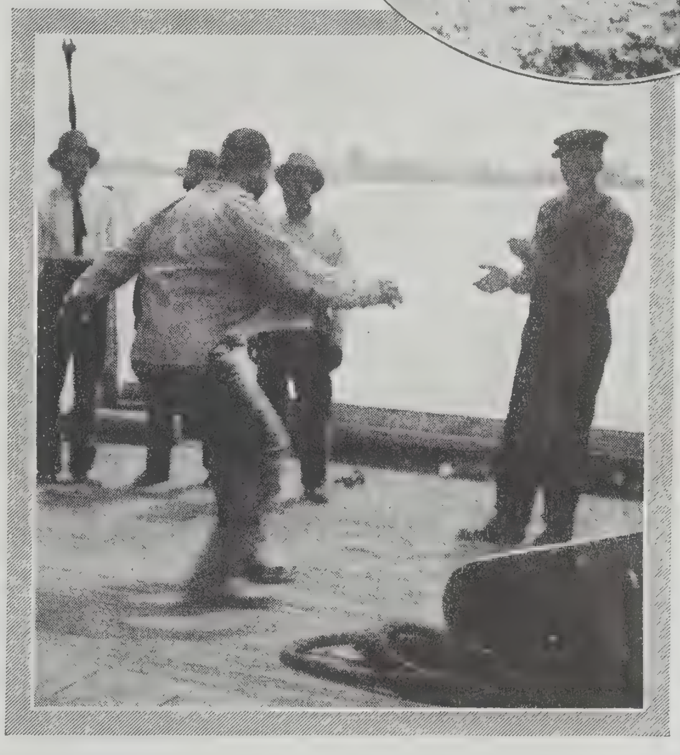
"Not a word," exclaimed the doctor when, with his right hand upraised as a warning, he stepped pompously into the room later on, "not a word from you. By looking at you I can describe every ache and pain you have, and where it is."

Seating himself before the patient, and looking at him intently, the doctor did that very thing. The darky sat open-mouthed, and listened. When he left with a bottle of medicine in each hand, he lost no time spreading the news that a wonder man was at the landing. Before night the shanty boat was overrun with patients, willing to give their last nickels to the doctor for medicine.

As a rule, islands and towheads have a big acreage. Some are under cultivation. The majority shelter a picturesque population that lives half-afloat and half-ashore—shanty-boat people, who work a few days on a neighboring plantation, and loaf a month to recuperate; fishermen, hunters, and "dehorners of logs," to name a few. The rarest of good luck is with you if you see a log raft equipped with the type of oars and sweep of Mark Twain days—they're scarce, but not entirely of the past. There are rafts towed by steamboats, and small motor boats. They come out of tributaries. Logs break loose from these rafts, and men live and lurk on islands and towheads on the lookout for them. Upstream, these men can see a saw log in a mass of drift before the average of us can distinguish anything more than a floating mass, and they row out to intercept it. Logs are branded on the sides and ends to the depth of a quarter of an inch to show the ownership. "Dehorners" cut four inches back from each end, and gouge the same distance, to destroy the end and side brands on the logs they capture. Then the prizes are towed to a sheltered place until there are enough of them to make a raft big enough to bother with, when it is floated to a sawmill and sold.



A landing at Constance, Kentucky.



The original "Steamboat Bill." Types of rousters who today have practically disappeared as familiar figures along the Mississippi.

Lately, moonshiners load stills and material on fast motor boats, and go to islands and towheads that are covered with dense growth. The mash is cooked there, and put in the stills, which are left on the boats. The latter range the river, or lie in sheltered places, while distillation goes on. If enforcement officers give chase there is as pretty a speed contest as you want to see. Should the outlaw boat be overhauled, the still is dumped overboard and there is no evidence.

The Mississippi does its devilment, except in rare instances, between the levees, and against them. The embankments have repeatedly been moved back, and made higher. All the buildings in one Missouri town have been put on rollers and moved back six times. In a few places, plantation homes that years ago were far away from the river are now just behind the levee. Cross sections of parts of old levees are standing, and they furnish a good idea of levee construction, and the heights of various embankments. In the old days, two "rousters" could roll a barrel of sugar from a steamboat, and up and over a levee. Nowadays, there are places where sixteen men are required to do the same thing. Down Greenville way, the crown of the levee is to be a tourists' highway. The Greenville landing is the show place of the Mississippi. It is a concrete layer up the side of the levee, 700 feet long, 400 feet wide, and with a one to seven slope to low water.

Between the levees and the water is jungle-covered waste land—enough of it that is rich to supersoil another Holland, if there were a foundation on which to put it. In many places this land is dotted with abandoned and tumble-down quarters of plantation "hands," and cabins of fishermen, built on stilts in clearings. The shore is several feet above the water at normal stage, and it is straight up and down, as well as badly gnawed by the river. There are no rocks nor gravel in it, and as you ride along these places give you the best view of the leprous action of the Mississippi. Occasionally, an acre or more sinks down, with whatever is on it. Live stock float downstream till they drown. Trees lie half-submerged, or stand on their heads, but they attempt to live by sending out branches and leaves.

For the most part, however, the shores of the Mississippi that you see from the boat give you no more of the feel of confidence than does a study of the water in the channel. There are no beaches. Occasional sandbars reach channelward from the shore. They are bare when they are new. Even with the waterline, cottonwoods, willows and shore growth begin. They form green walls, though which you ride for hours. As the river is twisty, you never see very far ahead or behind you—the impression is of being shut in a green world from which there is no escape.

From Baton Rouge to New Orleans, the levees are in sight. Smooth stretches of grass are between the water and the levees, and behind the latter the roofs of plantation homes, sugar houses, and quarters for the "hands" just show over the tops.

Behind the levees, from Kentucky and Missouri to the Gulf, are 20,000,000 acres of land that have been cleared and put to good use in recent years. If you dig down one hundred feet you still find the soil black and rich. It is estimated that the first seven inches will produce one hundred crops of cotton, or one hundred crops of corn, or eighty years of other standard crops, without fertilizer. There is a different class of people from the picturesque type Mark Twain knew there when he was a pilot, and even when he was writing "Life on the Mississippi."

Why Don't Women Investigate Propaganda?

Concluded from page 10

We can uncover all of this if we have a committee charged with making a thorough investigation."

Mrs. Isabelle Ball, past president of the Women's Relief Corps, followed and said: "I see no reason why all should not desire the appointment of such a committee. No one asks to have some outsider investigate for us. The proposal is that we shall appoint a member from each organization and investigate it for ourselves. Why should there be any objection to it? I hope that this resolution will be passed."

The Resolutions Committee was composed of Professor Marion F. Whitney, Chairman, Pacifist and member of the League of Women's Voters; Miss Anna Gordon, president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, also a Pacifist, but less extreme in her views than Miss Whitney, and Mrs. R. Emmet Digney, past president of American War Mothers. It was reported privately to many delegates that the resolution would never be reported out of committee. The president of the council, Mrs. Moore, as confidently stated that it would be reported out of committee. Efforts to persuade Mrs. Digney not to put in a minority report failed because Mrs. Digney is too well informed on the subject of propaganda and has seen too much of its operations in her own organization (The National War Mothers) to be influenced by the Pacifist members of the committee. She brought in her minority report. The majority report was against passing the resolution because they thought it best to let each organization make its own investigation. Mrs. Moore, knowing that the majority of the organizations represented were in favor of the resolution and that they were at white heat because of the methods employed to defeat it, called for a vote of the delegates. The vote was taken three times and stood twenty-three for the passage of the resolution and fifteen against it.

Dr. Valeria H. Parker, director, department of social morality, National Women's Christian Temperance Union, voted against the resolution. She said, among other things, "To admit the need of such an investigation would stamp us all as dupes." Coming, as it did, after the enlightening statements that had been made with regard to the brains and money in the service of the propaganda, this remark was received with smiles.

It is significant that the resolution to appoint a committee for the investigation of propaganda was favorably voted upon by a majority of twenty-three delegates against a minority of fifteen delegates opposing. It is significant because it proves that, once they are informed, the majority of women do not favor the Radical-Pacifist program despite the cleverly contrived appearances to the contrary. It remains now for those women who are awake or wakening to the real objectives toward which the radical leadership is guiding their truly patriotic but unsuspecting sisters, to undertake a rather vigorous house-cleaning.

Argentina Turns to Sports for Advertising

South American Nation Takes Its Place in International Athletics; Polo and the Great Firpo Outstanding Examples of Its Achievements

By A Veteran Sports Writer

ARGENTINA, ambitiously reaching out for greater recognition in the fields of commerce, has suddenly found herself elevated to a more advantageous position through her activities in sport. This means of gaining recognition may appear poor policy to the average man; still it is the method used by our leading educational institutions. The universities and colleges of the United States long since discovered that to bring national repute to the institution this end must be achieved not through educational methods but through athletic accomplishments. That is the reason such vast sums are spent each year for coaches and athletic funds that are expected to produce winning football elevens and teams able to win in other college sports, but chief of all, football.

So great has become the rivalry among the colleges and universities in athletics that the more serious-minded educators are debating whether the present method of procedure in developing winning teams is undermining the entire structure of higher education in this country and in a large number of institutions steps have already been taken to curb to some extent the activities. But the method continues, for winning teams mean newspaper publicity and newspaper publicity means a higher standing for the institution.

This matter of college and university athletics is a subject of prominent discussion and it is not our intention of dissecting it, these paragraphs being written merely to show that Argentina has done nothing unusual in turning to sports to gain world advertising. In the last twelve months Argentina has become the most discussed country on the other side of the equator and the commerce of the Argentine is now prepared to take advantage of the prominence achieved.

Play Championship Polo

ONE year ago the Argentine interested few persons outside of those who had direct business relations with native firms or individuals, but today the people of several nations are making inquiries about the Argentine. They are anxious to know the manner of people that live in that South American republic and the manner in which they live. They are studying their characteristics. While for several years Pan-American congresses and delegations from the two Americas have been trying to reach a better understanding and arrive at more intimate relations, Argentina solves the problem for herself with a few victories in sport—and she accomplishes this in one year.

In the late summer of 1922 there came to the United States a representative polo team from the Argentine. This team invaded England before coming to North America. In England the Argentine four played brilliant polo and in this country they did even better, winning the national championship for 1922. When they left the Argentine, the polo team took fifty native bred and schooled ponies. In England they sold twenty-five of these and the remainder were brought to the United States. After winning here the Argentines sold the other twenty-five.

The victory of the Argentine four on American soil was startling. The readers of the sport pages in American newspapers had never heard of polo being played in the Argentine and when the South Americans came here it was regarded as a pleasure trip. No one gave them serious consideration, but not alone did the South Americans play clever polo, as one may surmise by considering the result of the matches in which they engaged, but they showed some of the best polo ponies that have played on American soil. They were fast, sure-footed and always boring in. They showed the result of careful and intelligent schooling.

Not New in Argentina

WHEN the remainder of the Argentine string of ponies was disposed of in this country, Americans concluded that Argentina had decided to abandon the game, but this brought new information. Not alone did Argentina take no such action nor contemplate doing anything of the sort, but spurred on by the success on American soil, the South Americans took to the game with new enthusiasm, vigor and interest. The string of fifty ponies that they took to England was only part of a large field of polo ponies. There undoubtedly were left in the Argentine several times that number of ponies just as good as the group that was shipped overseas.

Argentina has been looking for years for world supremacy in some of the major sports. Those of the Argentine are showing, and have been showing, an intelligence and perseverance that most of the Anglo-Saxons lack. They have a keen love for thoroughbred racing and in pursuit of this sport "the improvement of the breed" has been more than a byword in the Argentine. The men who are interested in racing tried to breed faster and better horses and gave the matter intelligent thought instead of trusting to the luck of breeding. To secure a better breed of thoroughbreds they bought Diamond Jubilee, Craganour, Cylene and Tracery, among other stallions. These four are mentioned, for the purchase price for each member of this quartet of great turf performers was $150,000 or more. The highest price, one of $264,000, was paid for Tracery a few years ago.

Polo has been played in the Argentine for a long time. The game is supposed to have been tendered its greatest development in England, with the United States and India not far behind. In England, at least, the game has been the sport of British kings for many years. In England and her possessions the breeding of polo ponies has been a matter of serious consideration for years and much time, money and effort have been spent to produce better ponies, so imagine the consternation caused when the Argentine poloists invaded the northern countries with ponies that are considered equal to those of the ancient polo countries. The conclusion is immediately arrived at that Argentina must have been badly misunderstood these many years.

Want International Matches

ARGENTINA is not satisfied with her polo accomplishments of last year. At present there comes from the republic a demand that international matches be arranged, fashioned after the Davis Cup matches. Every polo-playing country is to send a team or two and world supremacy in the game is to be firmly established. Argentina wants this done and in making the request Argentina must be confident of being successful. To beat the Anglo-Saxons at their own game would be one of the master achievements of this South American republic and would surely do more to bring about greater respect and interest than a dozen expensive Pan-American congresses.

The achievements in polo were the first of a series of accomplishments that have made the Argentine the great challenging nation of sports. During the summer of 1923 Enrique Tirabocchi, a wealthy manufacturer of the Argentine, went to England. He tried to swim the English Channel, considered most difficult of all swimming feats, calling for stamina and endurance. Tirabocchi failed. He stayed on. Once more he tried to swim the English Channel and once more his attempt ended in failure. But he remained. For a third time Tirabocchi dropped into the turbulent waters that separate England from France and this time he reached the opposite shore. Not alone did Tirabocchi of the Argentine swim across the English Channel but he created a new record in swimming it. The wealthy Argentine manufacturer swam the channel in sixteen hours and thirty-three minutes on August 12 and he thereby broke a record that had stood for forty-eight years. Captain Webb, most famous among the swimmers that have tried to cross the Channel, accomplished the feat in 1875. It has been done a few times since but never, before Tirabocchi's trip, was it made in as fast time as Captain Webb made. Most astounding of all was that Tirabocchi's time was more than five hours under the record of Captain Webb. Tirabocchi's channel was the greatest publicity stunt that has been done in behalf of Argentine manufacturing.

The feat of the South American manufacturer was still under discussion when Luis Angel Firpo, the swarthy giant, fought Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world, most coveted of all boxing titles. It took Dempsey less than four minutes to win over Firpo, but several times Firpo was on the brink of winning the world's title. He gave Dempsey the hardest fight of his career.

Boxing, you will say, is a poor way to advertise a nation, but we still have to meet an American who is not proud that his country is supreme in the sport. It is a national boast with us and the boast we make most frequently when visiting outside the borders of our country. Of all the feats performed in sports in the last twelve months by athletes from the Argentine, the accomplishment of Firpo was the most widely discussed and will continue to be discussed in most of the countries in the world's two hemispheres. Practically every profession and every form of labor was represented at the ringside when Firpo made his memorable onslaught and the newspapers printed columns of details and comments for days after the fight. South America once more jumped into the newspaper headlines and with credit.

The Argentine is not confining her activities to the sports here mentioned by any means. The country is developing tennis players that must be reckoned with in international competition and her soccer teams are beginning to demand attention. The republic is extremely ambitious in track and field athletics and the challenging cry of the next Olympic Games will probably not come from the expected quarters in England, Finland and Sweden but from south of the equator in the land that is the Argentine.

First Latin Challenge

FOR the first time since the days of Rome has the challenge been sounded by the Latin races. When the sports glory belonged to Rome and her gladiators made holidays by battling unto the death with metal weapons, the Latins ranked supreme, and now, centuries later, the menace to Anglo-Saxon supremacy is suddenly developed south of the equator.

Argentina is equipped to challenge the world. Her people are bigger and stronger than the Latins of the South of Europe. They have grit, determination, stamina, courage and spirit. They carry the stuff of which champions are made. They have most of the admirable traits of the Anglo-Saxon, but it required an actual display in competitive sport to impress this fact upon the world. No one would ever have realized this if the matter had remained in the hands of the international propagandists and those whose efforts are directed toward establishing relations between the two Americas. Argentina realized this and set about to win her place in the sun in the manner described. It has proved successful.

The Theater's Three Doodle Doctors and One Saint

Concluded from page 2

sanctification are to be judged. But while "St. Joan" may be delighting the "intellectual" Hebraic cult which dominates the Theater Guild and alternately befogging and paining other patrons of the Garrick Theater, there is no sign from Rome that the Vatican has thrown its age-old rules of canonization into the Tiber and adopted those set up by Dr. Shaw. In the process leading up to the enrollment of any name in the category of saints there is in the last stage a person whose duty it is to introduce all possible evidence and arguments against the life and record of the candidate. He is called, in the language of the church, "the devil's advocate" and his office is an appointed, not a voluntarily selected one. Dr. Shaw has chosen that grizzly rôle for himself and his line of action has been to laugh the candidate out of court.

Dr. Cohan's "The Song and Dance Man" has none of the pretense of his competitors' nostrums. It is a special plea for the downtrodden buck-and-wing specialist and shows that despite all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune a true gentleman's heart may beat above a pair of wooden shoes. Dr. Cohan has evidently dramatized the personal qualities which he is credited with having and in Hap Farrell, the Wilkes-Barre "hoofer," we have Geogre Michael himself as he is pictured in song and story. Hap's partner, another escaped breaker boy from the hard coal region, is taken care of in his dying moments by a young actress and her mother. Out of gratitude for that act of charity Hap dedicates his life to seeing that Leola Lane gets a chance to see her name on The Great Shine Way. He does it by holding up at the end of a revolver a rich youth who has a theatrical boss for his friend and in three long talky acts succeeds in making Leola a stage sensation although, like all other heroes, it means his own elimination as a song and dance man. At least you think that's what it means until Dr. Cohan sends Hap out into the great wide West where he makes himself so important in the mining world that he gets thousands of dollars a year salary. Then when you imagine that he has settled down to be an honest-to-goodness financial shark if he doesn't throw up his job and go back to the stage to have another hack at the song-and-dance business. The moral of the play is, "Be what you want to be no matter how much money there is in being something else." The play is Dr. Cohan as his admirers paint him and it is a triumph of actor over author. No one but the doctor himself could make it live and that he does so is due to the fact that years ago he provided against the rainy theatrical days by making thousands of friends via the Star Spangled Banner and Dear Old Broadway formula of Doodle.

One thing about Dr. Cohan must be said. In all his career as brain food expert he has never used adulterants in his stuff. It may be bosh, theatricalism, and even nonsense but it has always been clean and washed. He has never relied on sex or smut and because of that many things can be forgiven him. Besides, if we must be fed Doodle, by all means let it be the "Made in America" brand. Dr. Cohan's "Yankee Doodle Dandy" will hurt nobody. It is good for man or beast, women and children and can be taken in large doses without causing loss of circulation, sourness of stomach, or bitter taste in the mouth. But Dr. Cohan should not ask us to believe that Leola Lane became a star after singing a verse of a song, doing a few dancing steps, and reading a couple of lines to a theatrical manager in his office. It simply isn't done—except in plays.

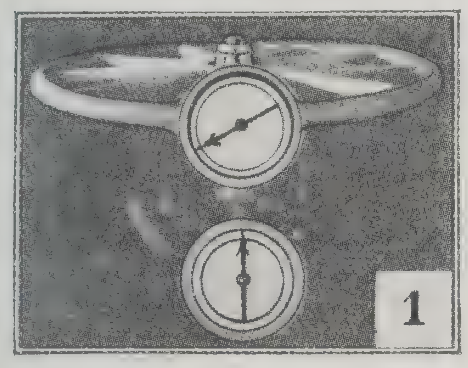
International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Einstein Film and the Debacle of Einsteinism

DR. GARRETT P. SERVISS has written a book entitled "The Einstein Theory of Relativity," based upon "The Einstein Relativity Film," produced by Mr. E. M. Fadman. Although the presentation of the material is excellent we cannot agree with the conclusions. We are indebted to this work for Figures 2, 3, and 4, and to *Science and Invention* (June, 1923), for Figure 1.

Einsteinism teaches that "measuring rods and clocks create space and time." We hold that special and temporal properties of matter are *revealed but not created* by measuring instruments.



The rim of the wheel represents the orbit of a planet. The clock on the rim is supposed to run slower when the wheel rotates. The Einsteinians conclude that time is relative and that "the clocks create time."

The device shown in Fig. 1 is supposed to retard time. In *Science and Invention* the following legend appears under the figure: "Measuring Time with a Light-Ray." Einstein has devised a formula involving the *absolute* velocity of light, by means of which "the variation of time—measurement produced by motion"—may be determined. Therefore, we assume that the Einsteinians mean what they say when they assert that time may be measured with a "light-ray." This conclusion is directly contrary to the legend printed below the figure, and therefore in accord with the usual results of relativistic speculations. The average man will ask: "Do the hands of the clock actually rotate at a slower speed when the wheel is in motion?" *Science and Invention* anticipates this question by stating: "This mechanical illustration is purely theoretical." In fact, it is so marvelously *"theoretical"* that the device will be utterly demolished into mere fragments long before the "hoped for" effect can be observed.

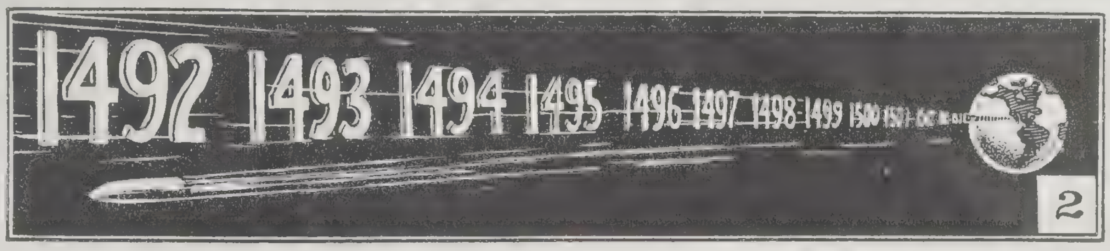


Figure 2 is supposed to indicate what happens to a man who travels in a projectile whose speed greatly exceeds that of light. If he begins his trip in 1924 he will, according to the Einsteinians, pass by former centuries just as if they were places, and eventually overtake Columbus discovering America.

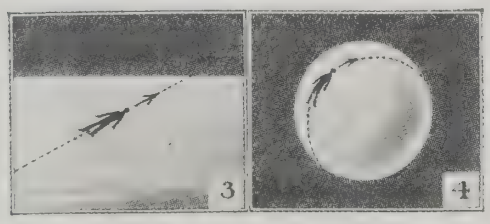
It is the Einsteinians that are solely responsible for the "slowing down" of the clock; not the rotation of the wheel. They have "slowed it down" just enough to compensate for the time it takes for the light-ray to act as the recording messenger between the moving clock and the relatively stationary observer. There is nothing marvelous in that idea except the confusion and the inconsistencies which are spun about it.

Were it not for the *"Second Postulate of Relativity"* there would be no Einsteinism. This *pure assumption* is that the velocity of light will appear to be the same amount to any observer no matter how fast or slow he travels. Even if he remains stationary in respect to the earth the result is supposed to be the same. This is what a modern relativist means when he speaks of the *"absolute velocity of light."*

With utter nonchalance Einstein and his disciples, after having named this *"absolute velocity of light"* a *"postulate,"* proceed to use it as a fact. The velocity of light, however, cannot be determined by the methods of Einsteinism. No, indeed; the old classical mechanics must be used in that most important determination after which it is discarded as inexact and not "up-to-date." In other words, Einstein's entire structure has been erected upon a foundation whose validity is thereafter denied by the builder. That he realizes this vital conflict between classical mechanics and his own system is indicated by his frantic, but futile, attempts to reconcile these two irreconcilables.

We are now prepared to appreciate the contradiction involved in the Einsteinian legend appearing below Fig. 2. The projectile is supposed to travel with a "speed which greatly exceeds that of light." The very foundation upon which Einsteinism rests is that no velocity can exceed that of light. Thus the modern relativists reason ruthlessly from premises which are impossible according to the fundamental tenets of their own theory. No wonder that the impossible can be accomplished from such Gargantuan inherent inconsistencies. Time is not reversible. We can only reflect upon the landing of Columbus in America by an act of memory concerning historical statements printed in books. Time is not a series of places which can be actually passed through in two opposite directions. We are charitable if we speak of these alleged profundities as mere fairy tales. Such balderdash is an insult to common sense.

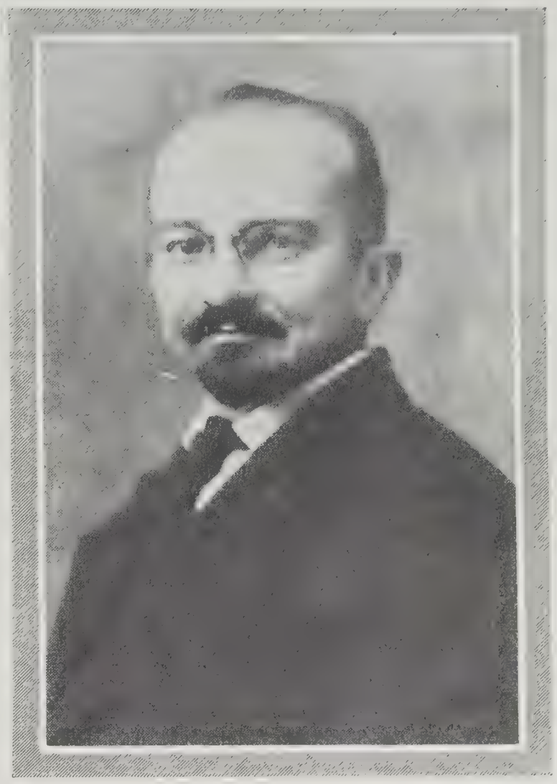
In Figures 3 and 4 we are requested *seriously to imagine what a man of "no thickness" can experience.* From this impossible and ridiculous assumption we are asked to admit that we live in a four-dimensional space without knowing it. We admit that we are not aware of this four-dimensional space, but we refuse to accept, as physically real, anything that is derived by analogy from that which is impossible. Mathematical expressions, supposed to portray this four-dimensional space, depict nothing but conceptual speculations having no counterpart in a real physical world.



3—Supposed to represent a "shadow man" having surface extension only but no thickness and consequently living in only two dimensions. It is assumed, in the doctrine of Einstein, that this man of "no thickness" travels along what he believes to be a straight line. 4—In this figure the "shadow man" is assumed to be traveling around the earth in a circle, passing through the starting point as often as his endurance permits. The conclusions drawn by the Einsteinians are: (1) the "shadow man" lives in a world of three dimensions without knowing it; (2) therefore we must live in a four dimensional world without recognizing the fact.

Practically all of the purely Einsteinian portions of the Film are based upon gross incompatibilities which are in glaring opposition to facts. The views which are true must be accredited to the old school of classical relativity.

The modern relativists have recently been forced to take note of the many recent exposés which have been made concerning the sameness of Einstein's 1911 formula for the deflection of light with Soldner's formula of 1801. The writer was the first in the United States to call attention to this fact. The Einsteinians have tried to ignore the attack but the opposition has grown to such proportions that they have been forced to reply, by proxy, for Einstein. In *Science* (August 31, 1923), Dr. Robert Trumpler calls attention to the *error in Soldner's work.* Note that it is Soldner that is wrong despite the fact that Einstein's 1911 formula is identical with that of Soldner. It is also curious that when Einstein tried again in 1916 to produce a formula it did not agree with his first effort, in fact, the 1916 formula gives a value twice as large as the one of 1911. Both are right according to the Einsteinians:—*two equals one.* In the presence of the mighty "invariants" and "covariants" of modern relativity such mere trivial inconsistencies must be ignored as negligible "Einsteinian effects."



PROFESSOR E. GEHRCKE,

Successor to H. L. F. von Helmholtz as Director of the Physikalisch-Technische Reichanstalt at Charlottenburg, one of the greatest of modern physicists, who, in the year 1916, exposed the Einsteinian use of Gerber's earlier formula of 1898.

Dr. L. P. Eisenhart, of Princeton University, in the same journal (December 21, 1923), tries to assist Dr. Trumpler in the defense of Einstein in the Soldner-Einstein case. The real issue is carefully avoided. He, however, makes the following interesting statement: "Hence the velocity of the light from a star *decreases* as it approaches the sun." The Soldner episode seems to be a powerful stimulant in the revealing of inconsistencies. The Einsteinians are actually getting hysterical in the presence of the specter of Soldner. We have previously stated that the Second Postulate of Einsteinism precludes any change in the velocity of light. Despite that alleged fact, Dr. Eisenhart, defending Einstein against Soldner, discovers that the Einsteinian formula indicates a *"decrease"* in the velocity of light. Will the marvels of relativity ever cease?

The latest interesting event (not for public consumption) is the fact that Dr. W. W. Campbell's revised calculations for the deflection of light show an excess of seventeen per cent above Einstein's prediction. This disagreement is fatal to Einsteinism. By the *"two equals one"* process, the excess can, however, be subtracted, by the Einsteinians, from the observed result, thus producing exact agreement, provided that a name, "Courvoisier refraction" or any other equally convenient label, be applied to it.

The specter of Gerber (whose formula of 1898 is identical with the Einstein formula of 1916), first revealed to the Einsteinians by Dr. E. Gehrcke, is awaiting justice by the side of Soldner. We foresee the usual relativistic evasions and defense of Einstein, by proxy, but the result will finally be a thorough exposé of the fiasco of Einsteinism. Now that the Einsteinians have been forced into the open, the complete debacle of Einsteinism is inevitable in the near future.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The foreign-born in this country sent $400,000,000 abroad during the last fiscal year. This, together with the expenses of our tourists in Europe, our gifts for relief purposes and other items not only wipe out the trade balance in our favor, but it even appears that Europe in 1922 got the better of us by about $500,000,000.

Changing fish to water of a different temperature from that to which they are accustomed will, according to a Danish scientist, after several generations, produce a new type, modified in form and structure, especially in the rays of the fins and the number of vertebrae.

Four more towers at the Tower of London—the Martin, Salt, Broad Arrow and Byward towers—are to be opened to tourists in April.

Wooden houses are rare in Belgium. Real estate is high, lots are small, and the yards which Americans enjoy are unknown except for villas owned by the well-to-do.

A German woman, newly arrived from the old country, believing she had arrived in the land of wild Indians, of whom she had heard much while living in her old home, refused to leave a train when it arrived in Leavenworth, Kansas. It was necessary forcibly to remove her and not until she saw her sister and had been assured of her safety would she believe she was in a civilized community.

Mount Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika territory, Africa, is 19,900 feet high, the highest mountain on that continent. It is near the equator and is covered a third way down with perpetual snow.

For the first time since 1896, the St. Lawrence River at Quebec was this winter blocked with ice.

Missouri Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that 8,789 farms of Missouri farmed or supervised by women are more profitable than are average farms controlled by men.

A primitive people, living in holes in the ground and believed to be descendants of a race antedating the Arabs in North Africa, were found by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society a few hundred miles south of the Mediterranean coast in Africa. Here dwell more than 12,000 souls, without tents or houses, living in subterranean homes which are entered through sloping tunnels. They are Moslems and extremely fanatical.

Forty-two per cent of the farmers covered in a recent survey feel that their financial difficulties are due to low prices of farm products. Seventeen per cent attribute their condition to high taxes; eleven per cent to high costs for farm labor; ten per cent to high freight rates; ten per cent to high interest rates; six per cent to reckless expenditures during the boom period; and four per cent to too much credit.

Colgate University paid $5,000 for one of the twenty-five dinosaur eggs found by the American Museum of Natural History in the Desert of Gobi, Mongolia. The egg is 10,000,000 years old.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

The people of Czecho-Slovakia, regarding the late President Wilson as the founder of their republic, have named various parks, streets and buildings after him. The latest is the new Wilson Station in Prague which is the meeting-point of all railroads leading out of the capital to Poland, Germany and other countries.

The expression, "Lo, the poor Indian," is from Alexander Pope's Essay on Man. It occurs as follows: "Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

Professor Richard Burton has pronounced the last word on "Main Street." He says the author wrote about only one side of the street.

The author of the song "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" died recently at his home in Coventry, England. This song was one of the most favored during the war.

Sixty-six kinds of birds of the southeastern states feed upon boll weevils.

Three men in Brooklyn, New York, who have not qualified for a license to practice medicine are said to practice on the licenses of physicians who have either retired or died. It is not known how the licenses fell into their hands.

A six weeks' course for prospective bridegrooms is given at the Central Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. The course takes the form of lectures covering all aspects of married life, from the parts to be played by the relatives to the proper ages at which to marry and the sort of wife to choose.

Protracted researches into the nature of the Aurora Borealis, known as the "Northern Lights," lead Professor Vegard of Christiania University to believe that its essential character is nitrogen, and say that the green line which is the chief feature of it consists of small particles of frozen nitrogen in the highest part of the atmosphere. This line appears when frozen nitrogen is exposed to electric rays.

A signature book containing signatures of parents, guardians and others is used by a teacher of the Porterville, California, high school. It is proving to be a terror to those students who would play hookey and write their own excuses.

German troops in the World War failed to reach Amiens in March, 1918, because the soldiers discovered large stores of red wine whose demoralizing effect on the exhausted German soldiers prevented their attaining their objective, according to a German professor, writing in the German temperance periodical, the *Christian Advocate*.

Utilizers of electric-light poles in California find it necessary, in many instances, to impregnate the entire pole with creosote to prevent serious damage by termites to the tops and cross arms.

An authentic Titian, owned for many years by an artist who never suspected its worth, has been sold to a Los Angeles art collector for $100,000. The artist who sold it bought it at an auction in Florence, Italy, while he was studying art there in his youth. He paid the equivalent of $150 in American money for the masterpiece.

The originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution have been placed on public view in a specially constructed shrine in the Library of Congress where they may be viewed by the general public. The shrine is of marble and the papers are in cases covered with specially prepared gelatine films to exclude all light rays that might fade the historic documents.

Upon the advice of physicians Albert B. Fall does not read newspapers and sees only close friends. He is in seclusion on his ranch home at Three Rivers, New Mexico, where he intends taking a long rest.

A priest and editor of the local newspaper in Sondrio, Italy, has been challenged to a duel by a Fascist secretary because of the fact that the editor-priest treated humorously the war decorations of the Fascist candidate for the House of Deputies from that district.

What is believed to be a moccasin print on rock has been found in Virginia on Bolecamp Creek. The rock is flat and level, approximately eight or ten feet in dimension. The track is about six or seven shoe size and represents the right foot. A rim about the edges of the track would indicate pressure of the foot before the hardening had taken place.

It has been charged in the French Chamber of Deputies that of 85,000,000,000 francs paid in claims for war damages, only 15,000,000,000 went into the pockets of the genuine victims of the war.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Heart of English Newspaper Is Editorial Page

An Interesting Survey of News and Ad Contents of Britain's Great Dailies

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

TEN days at sea, even with a wireless, is a considerable detachment from the going concerns of the world. True enough, a ship is a world of her own which sea and sky conspire to isolate, with rumors running up and down her decks and a disconcerting likeness to the world as it is, stokers feeding her furnaces in the deep inwards of her, third-class passengers out on the lower decks when the weather is kind, and up in the sunlight a first-class list as comfortable as the sea permits, with officers who do not take the passengers into their confidence and a road to follow where only sun and stars are certain guides. For the time, nothing much matters but making the day's run and those who bet on it taking chances against cosmic forces. The principle upon which the radio news is chosen passes intelligent comprehension—only stock market quotations and the trivial seem to be caught out of blue or gray emptiness. Perhaps the immensity of the sea makes it all trivial.

But the first sight of land brings the world back again and the French boys who sell you *Le Matin* or the *Echo de Paris* or the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* at Cherbourg are liaison officers giving you a chance to try your rusty French, change a shilling into sous, and touch the world again. I chose the *Echo de Paris,* a four-page sheet badly printed on poor paper with tabloid news, little advertising and a pungent indictment of English policies, significant of the breaking Entente. Southampton gives you the English press and unless you insist on the London edition of the New York *Herald* or the Chicago *Tribune,* or spend your time reading three-weeks-old American journals in the reading room of the American Express Company, you see the world thereafter as long as you are in England through English eyes.

A course in English newspapers is an experience worth consideration, and after reading them for weeks I brought them home, half a trunkful. They have been piled up for months at arm's reach and I take the one on the top: the *Daily Telegraph,* late edition, eighteen pages, price twopence (four cents); published in Fleet Street and postpaid in England four pounds and eleven shillings a year in advance, twenty dollars say—not cheap. It is a stodgy sheet, eighteen inches wide, two feet two inches long with twenty-four inch editorials as the heart of it, printed on a tougher paper with less glaze than the average American journal; both inside pages, close-line advertising, beginning with births, marriages and deaths, two and six (say fifty cents) a line—notices must be authenticated. If you are reported dead in the *Telegraph* you must prove it. Personals follow with legal and probate notices, bids for supplies, shipping and mails, schools and tutors, horses, cattle and carriages for sale, motor ads (negligible), horses a-plenty, from cart horses to Irish hunters—a close-packed page and no nonsense. Back page: situations (one shilling to the line), auction sales and more motor cars. First inside page: money and financial shipping and trade with substantial reports of United States trade and markets. Third inside page: shipping again, lawn tennis, yachting, the army and navy and a little advertising. Fourth inside page: sport entirely, carefully and soberly reported, a marked absence of slang or smart writing. Headlines small and businesslike. Next page: engineering notes and technical articles; principal article, a study of steam road tractors, much seen in England. A serial novel takes more space than any first-class American daily would give. There are few specials. A Bishop has been protesting against too ardent love making in Hyde Park; a special correspondent has been studying the situation and finds nothing worse than a stolen kiss—loss not reported to the police—which he thinks "should not bring a blush to the cheek of the ordinary observer"; an American writes at length on the Bishop's charge and says we have as bad at home. A column of American news from our special correspondent, well written and fair-minded; conditions at Ellis Island, the coal strike, transatlantic travel, the funeral of a Russian princess, and Jack Dempsey and Siki furnish the items.

Editorial Page the Heart

THE heart of the paper is editorial, political and international, and here there is an amazing force and range. A "leader" on Italy and Greece; a second on the Free State elections; a third on the Wrangel Island tragedy, all carefully argued, analytical, restrained—a general characteristic of English newspaper writing. Theater advertisements flank the editorials. The king and court figure on this page.

But the arresting thing is the foreign correspondence. This reflects England's far-flung interests and her cosmopolitan mind. The same situation is reported by special correspondents and diplomatic correspondents. Nothing of Europe is left out and little of the seven seas. In this the better English newspapers contribute to a world-view intelligence which the average American —as far as he depends on his press—simply cannot get. The index of the *Telegraph* is revealing. Six main heads: "Official," "Abroad," "Home," "Sport," "Finance and Commerce," "Advertisements." "Home" and "Sport" have the most items, but "Abroad" has the largest single space—fifteen columns as against thirteen for "Sport," almost one-quarter the news space of the paper. There are no "scare" headlines, no two-color printing, no "comics," no "stories," no sex appeal, no bandits and no divorce accounts though when an English newspaper does publish divorce proceedings the thing is done with English thoroughness and no detail of co-respondence is omitted, though, to do them justice, they put it in the finest of fine print.

The *Telegraph* is one of the great morning dailies, founded in 1855; a middle-class organ, judiciously conservative and just now pro-government. I find a great many *Telegraphs* in the pile at my elbow; the issues changed in detail but not in substance. A paper needing thoughtful readers with time to read it. It crackles as you fold it and you can hear it crackling in the less exclusive clubs, second-class railway carriages and in front of the grate after tea. An Englishman generally treats his newspaper with care; folding it is a ritual. An English friend once told me he could judge a man's character by watching him fold his papers.

The *Times* comes next—any issue—September 6 will do. Same width as the *Telegraph,* two inches shorter and the same price, twenty pages, perhaps a trifle better paper. The first page, solid line advertisements. The *Times* is nothing if not logical: its advertisements begin with "Births," good, select, high-class births at a guinea for three lines or less and five shillings for every additional seven words—Limehouse does not report its births in the *Times.* R. H. C. Amos announces twins, a clear saving of a guinea. Marriages follow Births, Deaths follow Marriages—a dramatic foreshortening of life—and "In Memoriam" follows Deaths. In Memoriams cost "three and six" a line, not too dear for considerable poetry. These notices are anniversary tributes generally, pathetic echoes of the war. For example: "In proud and loving memory of Major Henry Griffith Boone, D. S. O., R. F. A., who died of wounds at Ypres, September 6th, 1917." There are many such; a shining list.

"Personals" of the Times

"PERSONALS" come next at ten shillings two line minimum, and five shillings a line thereafter. It costs S. C. $2.30 to ask L. R. to "wake up and do something for me," or "Kit" to tell A. B. that she—it must be a she—is "desperately anxious." The personal columns in the *Times* are a fascinating human document; you are offered anything from shooting places to tears. Club announcements, dancing, business offers, investments and loans, legal notices, domestic situations fill the rest of the page. The charges vary but four shillings for four lines is the minimum. There are about 1,750 lines on the page which average four shillings—ninety-two cents—the line, say $1,500 the page. This issue carries fifty-two columns of advertising, seven and a half pages out of twenty. The back page is all real estate advertisements—but what real estate! History, luxury and sport, with a good bit of agriculture, all on the block. Here is Gelston Castle, two and a half miles from Castle Douglas, with salmon fishing in the River Dee and the farms of Castle Gower, Breoch, Beveland and Kirkland. It would be worth bidding on that estate just to own the names in fee simple.

The *Times* has always put a generous amount of possibly the most valuable newspaper space in the world at the disposal of its readers. Writing to the *Times* is a historic safeguard of British rights and, in cases of undue irritation, a substitute for old-time blood letting which was supposed to prevent apoplexy. In this issue Colonel A. K. Wyllie warns invalids and a sensitive public generally to avoid Brighton because of the "intolerable nuisance" of motor cyclists. He has had two interviews with the "chief constable" which "while my reception was both cordial and sympathetic, have produced no appreciable result." Mr. Challoner, of the Northern Counties' Club, London, indulges in a mellow reminiscence of a sixty-mile walk he did in 1876 with three friends. Mr. Taylour protests against the slaughter of Canadian bison. The Rev. Dr. A. E. Simpson replies with some heat to a criticism upon some restorations he has been making in his church; said critic, he is persuaded, "evidently cherishes the curious ideal of those times which was to make our ancient churches look like cold corpses." A plain spoken man, Dr. Simpson. "Letters to the *Times*" have made history: Thomas Carlyle in 1870 wrote one letter which solidified English neutrality in the Franco-Prussian War; the history of the last sixty years might possibly have been changed had that letter never been written.

The great English newspapers print their editorials at the heart of the paper—the reason being that the reader is supposed to open at once to that page—and the editorial page of the *Times* has been for one hundred and forty years a compelling and often a determining force in English politics. The *Times* was founded in 1785 by John Walters, a fearless and telling middle-class protest against the harsh policies of Pitt. Walters was more than once fined and imprisoned for his writings and only escaped sharing the pillory with DeFoe. He was a born newspaperman. He knew the value of a "scoop" and organized a news agency which again and again beat the government messengers. He sent out the first war correspondent and was the earliest to announce the battle of Waterloo. His son, John Walter the second, consolidated and extended what his father began. He divided the management and the editorial office and began the great editorial line which has distinguished that paper.

Edmund Stirling won for the paper its name, the "Thunderer," and Delane followed Stirling. John Walter the third succeeded the second Walter and the *Times* held its place though other papers, the *Telegraph* and *Post* outstandingly, copied its methods and divided its field. In 1908 the *Times* was taken over by the Times Publishing Company with a capital of 750,000 pounds (its circulation at that time was less than 30,000). Harmsworth—Lord Northcliffe—secured, in the next thirteen years, about 300,000 out of 645,000 shares. The "Thunderer" thus became one of the Northcliffe group and Harmsworth used it during the war with telling effect. The paper came, finally, into the control of the self-expatriated American, Astor, and he and Walters have now put the control of it into the hands of trustees who are to administer it as an independent journal. It is generally pro-government but otherwise one of the few English newspapers which does not represent an "interest."

The "leader" in this issue is on Mussolini and Corfu; the second editorial on "Unions and Disputes"; third on "American Competition"—all direct, well written and well argued. During the summer the *Times* carried, and likely carries still, fascinating editorials on a most human variety of subjects, rich in observation, humor, literary touch and recondite allusion, pieces of writing which would lend distinction to any printed page. I note the subjects: "Meals on the Train," "Scent in Flowers," "On Constructive Conservatism," "Before Breakfast," "On Presents of Game," "On Getting Back," "On Getting Up," and a classic "On the Telltale Dog"; half-column gems written by a nameless pen. The foreign and imperial news of the *Times* is in proportion much the same as the *Telegraph* but, I should say, of a higher quality. Much of it written by men who are evidently in close touch with the chancellories of Europe. When one adds to this, art, music, the drama, literature, finance, trade and a wide range of human interest, one has a journal which, if we add to its present force its long history and high tradition, stands in a class by itself, at least by the tests of a classic journalism.

The *Morning Post* crackles with Tory respectability. It is the organ of the Tory "die hards": a sworn foe of Lloyd George and Labor Unions and Bolshevik Russia and Most-Things-As-They-Are, and the joy of the Carleton and Conservative Clubs. It contents itself with twelve and fourteen pages and its sport columns outnumber its foreign correspondence but you may be born in the *Post* at one-third the price in the *Times* and it's good reading for all its Tory stiffness and its despondent editorials on the Penalties of Democracy. It quotes Carlyle approving "the noble in the high place, the ignoble in the low" though what Carlyle would say of the *Post* we shall never know. It is really devout and believes in the "old-time religion" without being too exact in its definitions. It has a column on the "Way of the World" which is good enough, ranging from Omar Khayyam to a robin's song. The "Line o' Type" columnist is not found in the English press but his place is well taken.

The *Post* is older than the Declaration of Independence and formerly had great literary distinction. Coleridge, Southey, Arthur Young and Wordsworth wrote for it and it still keeps high connections. If one adds to the *Times,* the *Telegraph,* the *Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* one has the big four of England; these are all twopenny papers clear of the "Interests" and maintaining tradition against a larger and more driving group called the "halfpenny press" and, by the unreconciled and critical, the "Gutter press," but compared with the like in America the last epithet is ill bestowed.

The Halfpenny Press

THIS list includes the *Daily Mail* (Tory), the *Daily Chronicle* (Lloyd George Liberal), the *Daily News* (Independent Liberal), the *Daily Express* (Tory), the *Westminster Gazette* (Independent Liberal), the *Daily Herald* (Labor). These papers have enormous circulations, the *Daily Mail* 1,750,000, the *Express,* 1,000,000, the *Chronicle* 900,000, and the *News* 700,000. They are from eight to twelve pages and smaller paged than the great dailies. They carry, as most American papers, a main page with featured news; they feature also what the American press calls "stories" and cartoons but no "comics." A keen young reporter on the *Mail* told me he liked the American comics but his paper could not use colored comics because of the mechanical difficulties in printing the enormous issues.

These papers make no specialty of Sunday editions. They stress sport and one of them, the *Star,* features racing and the bookmaker's odds. They follow public opinion, live out of their advertisements, and are, occasionally, as nearly sensational as anything English can be. They are not, however, excessively influenced, so I was told, in their policies by the prejudice or policies of their advertisers.

They are strongly under the influence of the American ideal in composition and reporting. An analysis of their ownership and directing policies reveals in English journalism a movement parallel to syndicate or group ownership in American journalism, for the English press today is largely under group control. The Harmsworth group, the Berry group, the Cadbury group, Rowntree and Lord Beaverbrook are the Hearsts and Munseys of the English newspaper world. The Hulton and Northcliffe interests have recently amalgamated, evoking fresh protests against the process of centralization which, say the pessimists, is taking individual initiative out of English newspaperdom and robbing it of distinction. The careers of some of these more recent owners, particularly the Harmsworths and Beaverbrook, read like a romance. These men have a genius for organization, a flair for the trend of public opinion and an instinct for news values which gives a Napoleonic quality to their enterprises.

These great popular dailies are, by American standards, plainly housed but their working personnel is hard to reach for all that. A "commissionaire" guards the approach and your entry is made by card. Meanwhile you sit in a bare reception room and wait. When you finally reach the editorial rooms you find an atmosphere and setting in which any newspaperman would

(Concluded on page 10)

"Vetoing Vic" Donahey, Ohio's Fighting Governor

Believes There Are Far Too Many Laws and Feels They Are Made for the "Classes"

By EMERSON ROBINSON

THE HON. A. V. DONAHEY,

Governor of Ohio.

THE governor of Ohio sat in his private office in the statehouse at Columbus late one night. He had a problem to solve and couldn't find the solution. By no combination of figures could he add five and two and get a total of nine, yet that is what an intelligent, adult legislature had decreed in increasing the number of trustees for a state institution.

Therefore the bill got the ax. It was one of seventy-six vetoed by the governor, a record not only for Ohio, but for all other states.

And when he vetoed the last bill, A. Victor Donahey, or just plain Vic as he is officially now, crashed into national prominence and became a possible contender in the Presidential derbies. But Vic isn't interested. He has one job and he hasn't finished it yet. He won't talk to anybody about any other job.

What manner of man is this Donahey, anyhow?

Well, he's as good a printer as ever, in the rush hours of a newspaper composing room, pied an ad.

He's as good a husband as any woman could wish and he's as good a dad and pal as the father of ten living children could have. Therefore he is a good citizen.

He was such a good township clerk and member of the board of education at New Philadelphia, his home town, that he was elected county auditor. They later sent him to Columbus to help draft the new state constitution. That was in 1912.

Then the people of Ohio took a liking to him and elected him state auditor, and he made a good auditor because he worked hard and long and efficiently. Then they made him governor.

The governor has peculiar ideas, that is, peculiar for a man in public life.

Far Too Many Laws, He Says

FOR instance, he believes that there are too many laws and too much lawmaking; that there is excess class legislation and not enough mass legislation, and when he assumed the reins of government in Ohio he announced to the assembly that he would veto every bill passed that was not for the masses and was careful to explain that by masses he meant everybody.

"There is a hysteria of lawmaking in the country," said Governor Donahey. "There seems to be an idea among legislators that every action of mankind should be regulated by law and that every business, large and small, should be controlled. There are entirely too many laws, laws that don't mean anything, laws that are not enforced and not enforceable. A law that isn't enforced should not be on the statute books.

"Then, too, there are so many laws that are mere matters of administration, that they only serve to clutter up the books."

If the governor had his way about it, he probably would eliminate about two-thirds of Ohio's laws and the state would be better off if he could do so.

One bill which he rejected, and which, by the way, the legislature repassed over his veto, was the Taft law, raising the tax maximums throughout Ohio. The state for years has been in a tax muddle. Tax spenders in cities, counties and state, and even on boards of education, have been weeping copiously because they haven't had sufficient funds to carry out ornate plans of improvement and add thereby to the tax burden. The Taft bill may yet be voted on by the people, as a referendum is being discussed.

Governor Donahey has his own idea on tax rates and bond issues. It is unique but he believes that if it were enacted into law, it would forever settle the tax problem in Ohio or any other state which tried it.

His plan is simple—absolute MAJORITY home rule. He doesn't care a rap how high the tax rate in a community is nor how many bonds are issued, provided a majority of the voters in the district give approval. The word majority, as used by the governor, should be explained. He means a majority of the voters qualified and registered to vote at a regular November election. As an example:

Suppose a district has 10,000 voters. A proposal to issue $100,000 in bonds for parks is submitted either at a special or primary or even at the regular election. The majority would have to be 5,001 votes and it would require this number to carry the proposal although only 7,000 went to the polls. One can readily see that it would be a difficult problem for designing politicians or hungry officeholders to put over a bond issue or excessive tax rate.

The great trouble in the past has been that most of the bond issues have been minority-voted. A special election would be called and often not more than fifty or sixty per cent of the voters would turn out, representing largely those personally interested in promoting the proposition and what support they could muster.

The governor's home rule plan would extend even to the method of levying taxes; whether by the uniform rule under which all property is supposed to be taxed at a uniform rate; classification, under which stocks, bonds, and so forth, are taxed at a lower rate than real estate; income, occupation or any other kind; he doesn't care which, so that the people in the district, by majority vote, say they desire that method.

It takes courage to veto an appropriation for an educational institution. The people, generally, are proud of their colleges and their universities and requests for money largely are met by the legislatures. The requests were approved by the assembly, halted for a moment by a characteristic veto of the governor and reinstated by the legislature over the veto. Donahey cut nearly $3,000,000 off the allotment for new buildings.

The bootlegging industry got it in the neck. The Bender bill makes it murder in the second degree for the liquor salesman when a person, as a result of drinking his liquor, dies. The dry enforcement laws are strengthened, and property used for the manufacture of liquor may be "padlocked" for a year. The buyer is equally guilty with the seller.

Then the "dry" interests sponsored a bill which sent violators of prohibition laws, unable to pay fines, to prison. This, the governor believed, would have permitted the rich to escape prison. Here is his veto comment:

"Laws that make a convict of a poor man and permit a rich man to escape with a fine, will not be approved by me so long as I am governor of Ohio."

There was another measure intended, its supporters believed, to strengthen the motion picture censorship law. It did away with the imprisonment feature and increased the fine, the assumption being that it would be more difficult to convict if the penalty carried a prison sentence.

Governor Donahey believed the bill weakened the censorship law. Here's what he said in his veto message:

"I hesitate to afford to unscrupulous exhibitors or purveyors of immoral, indecent or otherwise objectionable films, the opportunity of placing such pictures on exhibition at a huge profit and suffer as a penalty for such infraction of the law a mere fine, easily paid from the profits of such sordid enterprise.

"In my opinion the risk of imprisonment up to one year for flagrant outrage of public decency serves as an emphatic deterrent to those who, not fearing mere fines, might otherwise unhesitatingly seek profit at the expense of public morals.

"Let us safeguard with every precaution the moral atmosphere in which our boys and girls are growing up. Let us shield against every sinister influence or embarrassing contact the innate modesty and purity of our mothers, our wives and our daughters * * * *."

Donahey believes in organizations. They are fine for a community—up to a certain point—but this point, he believes, has been passed in America, which is suffering from over-organization. There are entirely too many clubs, associations and organizations representative of particular businesses, trades or professions, each trying to obtain legislation. Each city and even each village has many such organizations, and every one of them is trying to do something in its own way. Each has its national, state and district representative and each is attempting continually to influence public officials along the path which it desires them to travel. And a good many of these objectives are purely selfish.

Governor Donahey puts it this way:

"There are too many organizations, too many blocs and too many interests, and they are all using whatever pressure they can bring on legislatures and public officials to gain legislation which is largely selfish.

"What the country needs is an organization of the masses, an organization for everybody, rich and poor alike, with no personal axes to grind and with the sole idea of obtaining that which will be of benefit to all the people.

"There is so much lobbying about the legislative halls and so much lobbying even about the governor's office that I am sick of it. Selfishness, selfishness all the time! Why can't somebody do something for the general good?"

What He Holds Greatest Need

AND here is what the governor believes to be the greatest need of the nation today:

Constructive administration in the interest of the masses and laws to put a stop to legalized burglary.

In this latter class he places gambling in the necessities of life, foodstuffs, fuel, cotton, wool, and so forth. He would make the laws so stringent for the speculators who drive up the costs of these, that enforcement would be an easy matter—the gamblers would not take chances on spending long terms in the penitentiary.

And along this same line, the governor already has shown what can be done to protect the people. Ohio is fortunate enough to have a blue-sky law designed to prevent the unloading of worthless stocks on the investing public. It has been on the statute books for years and has been enforced more or less—largely less.

When he was state auditor, Donahey had occasion to observe the workings of this law. He learned that untold millions were being lost yearly despite the state's restrictions. As soon as he became governor with power to investigate the department he did so and with this result:

In less than two months he revoked the right of companies that had sold $118,000,000 worth of stock to continue in business. This stock has never paid a dividend and Donahey has given assurance that not another dollar's worth of stock will be permitted to be sold in Ohio unless investigation shows the project to have the assets claimed and shows further that the business is to be conducted for the benefit and in the interests of the stockholders and not of the promoters. Incidentally it might be stated here that within the last five years, Ohioans have lost more than a hundred million of dollars in worthless stocks.

Why He Won't Take Degree

ALMOST from the day he took office, Governor Donahey has been in a row with his director of highways, Leon C. Herrick, the appointee of a former governor. Donahey has his own ideas on road building; so has Herrick. The governor revoked the right of the director to award contracts without his approval through the director of finance. Herrick awarded the contracts, they were held up and court action to determine the rights of the disputants was filed. The governor lost, and Herrick remains on the job until his term expires. Following the decision of the Supreme Court, Donahey announced that he would never appoint a highway director until he had his signed resignation. Then if the official is recalcitrant, his services can be dispensed with immediately. The governor demanded Herrick's resignation and it was refused.

There is one other element in the make-up of Donahey, the governor, which sets him out as an unusual man. In years gone by one of the chief duties of the governor of Ohio has been to make commencement addresses, speak before forums, chambers of commerce and generally make himself conspicuous about the state. All of which may be perfectly agreeable to a governor, if he has other political aspirations, and to the audiences which take pleasure in meeting the state's chief executive.

But Donahey takes a different attitude. He believes he was elected to serve the people and not to make speeches and galivant about the state day in and day out and week in and week out, repairing political fences or seeking to strengthen those already strong.

He believes he can be a better governor by sticking to the job in his office at Columbus than by waving the flag to get a hurrah; that actions speak louder than words. So despite the fact that he has received hundreds of invitations to banquets and to address varied gatherings, he has turned them all down. He will continue to do so.

He also has the idea, a mistaken idea most politicians would say, that no man is entitled to that which he has not earned. He lives up to this precept as shown in the following: It is the ambition of nearly every man to be honored by a university or college and to be able to tack on to his name an LL.D. or some other degree, whether it means anything or not. Not so long ago, the governor was approached by a representative of a state educational institution with the suggestion that if he make the commencement address he might be awarded such a degree. With characteristic brevity, Donahey replied that he would like to have the degree,

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Swift Changes Taking Place in Agriculture

Now Is Time to Get in on Ground Floor of Farm Factory of Tomorrow

By WELLINGTON BRINK

AS I go about my task of gathering information for farm folk, I sometimes stumble across things that cause me to wonder if the great city papers are not, after all, regularly passing up the biggest news story of the day. In no other branch of life are such swift and portentous changes taking place as in agriculture.

As an illustration—

I travel to a small town, hunt up the courthouse, buttonhole a man who looks as if he might be leading citizen, mayor, judge, Congressman, bootlegger, police chief or someone, and inquire: "Can you tell me where I can find 'Cy,' the spectacled farmer who is so popular with the cartoonists? I suspect he's the old boy I'm looking for."

"I am sorry, sir, but I cannot give you the present address of any person named 'Cy,'" says he, civilly enough. "'Cy,' I understand, shaved and began talking civilized American some time ago. Furthermore, he now goes by the name of Simon or Sebastian or Sidney. And who, may I ask, do you happen to be, young fellow?"

"Oh, I'm the scribbler who is to cover the county fair."

"Well," he exclaims, in sudden recognition. "Shake! I'm Tim Brown, president of our fair association. To be cruelly frank with you, we were ah - er - expecting some such journalist as we see pictured in the movies —somewhat obese, you know, middle age, shaggy crop of whiskers, lots of dignity and all that. But then, you may be all right, after all. You never can tell, in these days of kid wonders and topsy-turvy farming."

As I leave Tim Brown I write in my mental notebook: "Editors and farmers are not running true to traditional form; at least one editor I know is beardless and skinny, and at least one farmer is big and pompous and sophisticated."

Out on the street, I purchase a pink edition of the town's newspaper, and there on the first page is a dispatch heralding science's latest reputed achievement—the duplication of an egg yolk. The article fails to mention whether science patterned its work after the Brown Leghorn or the White Wyandotte. And it neglects to include science's prophecy as to whether the orphan chick-to-be will grow feathers or hair or steel bristles. But from a news standpoint this is immaterial, anyway, although the commercial possibilities are enormous.

The New Agriculture

ON THE train carrying me back to headquarters I buy a green "extra" and finally discover a "stick" of real "dope" down in the lower left-hand corner. A university professor, it seems, has assumed the cloak of "rainmaker"; he is playing an old-as-the-ages rôle but has an entirely new bit of action. Instead of exploding gunpowder or conducting mystic rites or chanting strange words, this learned gentleman flies an airplane above the clouds and scatters finely ground, electrically charged sand. Rain, supposedly, follows immediately. Inasmuch as Uncle Sam has been playing opposite this star of science, we cannot doubt the correctness of the theory, nor can we deny its practical possibilities in the realm of farming.

When I reach the office, I plump down in the swivel chair—and as quickly rise up. I find that I have sat upon what used to be a box of candy made from the new rice "milk." I fall to wondering if the same methods used in removing Jersey milk stains from trousers will prove equally efficacious with respect to damage wrought by the Blue Rose or Honduras or Prolific varieties of fluid. And, say,—here are animal and plant shaking hands, as it were, in bonds of comradeship, drawn together by participation in a mutual occupation, functioning, whether they realize it or not, in like capacities.

Presently my editorial neighbor remarks, from behind an ambush of exchanges, "Whatcha know about this?"

The "this" is a story to the effect that of 5,376 school children of St. Louis who were questioned on the matter, 40 per cent have never seen a sheep, 17 per cent have never seen a mule, and 12 per cent have never seen a cow.

"Humph," say I. "And what's more, if it were possible for the present trend to continue indefinitely, the time would come when all we'd have to show 'em would be mechanical sheep and mules and cows. Live stock would become as extinct as the American bison.

Hard as it is to believe, on one of my recent trips into the country, I discerned unmistakable traces of culture. It may not have been either Bostonese or Pekinese, but it was genuine bottled-in-bond, nevertheless. Those poor "jakes" knew more about Mendel's law and Centre College football and Coué than any bold Easterner of my acquaintance.

That was the same trip on which I made the startling discovery that many of the best farms are being manned by young men just out of college, youngsters who had been reared in the city. They were clearly outdoing many an old-timer in the growing of corn and spuds and cabbages. It would seem as if my friend Tim were indeed right. Agriculture *is* topsy-turvy.

Why, here just a day or two ago, I was in the ill-smelling laboratory of a state experiment station talking with a chemistry genius of the new type. I received positive evidence of his ability—borne out by previous demonstration—to estimate crop yields accurately by soil analyses and a squint or two at geological and climatological charts.

All of these editorial adventures—all of these casual "pick ups"—are mere isolated incidents of a life skirted with rural phenomena of increasing significance and multiplying numbers. I am fully aware that they constitute the rankest sort of heresy, that they break down our most cherished preconceptions, that they utterly smash tradition. They are iconoclastic in effect, jarring down from the walls the pretty pictures that have been hanging in the halls of public fancy for lo! these many years.

The things I see are off-stage glimpses by a privileged reporter. They lead me to believe that, notwithstanding the rapt attention being bestowed upon Miss Radio and Dippy Aircraft and Sammy Submarine, the biggest act of all is waiting in the wings. This act is billed as "The New Agriculture." And it is safe to say that the effect of this headliner on the world audience will be more impressive than that achieved by any of the favorites that are now momentarily in the spotlight.

Some of the front-row brethren are of hearty imagination and ready prognostication. Already they are clapping their hands in anticipatory applause. They hold the vision of a highly profitable agriculture conducted on a system of convenient electric switches and pushbuttons. When their dream comes true—so they reason—it will be the proper thing for them to move to the country!

I dislike to disappoint. Fidelity to the coming agriculture, however, prompts me to suggest that farming is still going to depend somewhat upon the air and the sun and the rainfall—but hardly more than does the Stock Exchange under the present status of affairs. Indeed, hardly as much. Under the new order of things, the highly trained specialist will know how to manipulate the elements to his continuous advantage, just as the skillful bear or bull of Wall Street successfully responds to the fluctuations caused by war, weevil, weather or Washington. He will apply to every branch of his business the same precision and efficiency that enables the Danish farmer of today to compute, from a glance at his records, the exact amount and value of milk that will be lost every five minutes that Bossy is permitted to face a "norther" with her blanket off.

The periodicals of our country are heavily laden these days with the inspiring stories of inventive geniuses who have converted their brain energies into gold eagles, of men of small means who, by an investment at the right time, have ridden to fame and fortune on the crest of an industrial wave. Thousands of "success" stories have been built about young men and young women who have chosen an "oil" career or an "automobile" career or a banking career at precisely the strategic moment.

Now, I'll venture to say that no "success" story of this type has ever seen its beginning and its end on a farm. Millions of husbandmen have lived lives of undisputed service, supplying food and fiber for humanity, yet they have died unknown and unsung. A few small fortunes have been garnered from specially favored herds or crops. Nothing, however, comparable to the meteoric ascensions of some of our financial and industrial barons has ever attended a strictly agricultural enterprise.

But take a tip from me: If you have the brains and stamina and ambition, now is the time to get in on the ground floor of the biggest thing of all time! People can let their hats go unblocked and their shoes unshined. They can let cobwebs grow over the entrance of the movie show. They can forget their ice cream sodas and shaves and after-dinner cigars. They can let politics and baseball rest. They can even stay away from lodge. They can draw out the last penny of their savings. But two things are necessary: They *must* have something to eat and they *must* have something to wear. With increased populations, higher standards of living and the exercising of more discrimination, the demand for high-quality staples is mounting at a bewildering rate.

"Back to Farm" Wrong

THIS increasing consumption is proceeding in the face of a decreasing proportion of ruralists. In 1820, 87.1 per cent of the people of the United States were engaged in agriculture; in 1920 only 28 per cent were so occupied. Hence, the professed alarm of the newspapers over this "shocking" drift toward cities and towns. "Something must be done to stem this movement—and that immediately," they cry. "Congress must pass some resolutions and appropriations and credit measures."

It seems to me, however, as I scan the latest Yearbook of the Federal Department of Agriculture, that there is being made much ado about nothing. Headlines, too, continue to proclaim bumper crops. Statistics prove beyond challenge that we are producing in larger quantities and of better qualities than ever before. Modern equipment and increased ability are more than taking care of the loss in man labor.

What is really taking place, I think, is a sort of general house cleaning. It is a dusting and scrubbing preparatory to the methodical industrializing of agriculture. And if there is anything temporarily harassing, it is that rural America is threatened with a brain-famine. Many of the more intelligent pupils of the old school of farmers are getting cold feet over the present market schedules of farm products and are fleeing to the cities where they are assured for the time being of better wages. The counter-movement of agricultural industrialists is not yet fully under way, but it is taking form.

"Back to the farm"—phonetically speaking—is pleasant enough, but as a practical slogan it is all wrong.

Why should we wish to persuade back to the farm men and women who can do better in the city? Why should we urge a repetition of past failures? What rural life most needs is a strong injection of new blood, new ideas, new viewpoints, new confidence, and new force. What America needs is not *more* farmers but *better* farmers. And the *better* farmers of the day that is dawning are to be square men and square women fitting snugly in the square holes of the new industrial organization, the new economic system and the new business philosophy.

Out on the farms are thousands of misfits and discontents. In the cities, towns and villages are thousands of other misfits and discontents. It is time for many members of the two groups to swap places!

At the present writing the nation is somewhat "bearish" on the rural districts. The farmer's situation, it is said, is not an enviable one. His plight is day by day getting worse and worse, and worse and worse. But the fellows who are keeping quiet are those who don't consider their "plight" or their "situation" and who don't take the time to view themselves in mirrors. They are the forerunners of the new order of affairs. They are the advance engineers preparing the way for the march of the relief army of agricultural workers.

Science Cuts Labors

THE plowman of yesterday would scarcely recognize the furrow of today. Science is cutting strange capers. It is slowly but ceaselessly reducing the amount of horse labor, mule labor, man labor. Tractors, trucks, harvesters, implements of all sorts—iron men and iron mules—are taking over the work, doing it twice as well and many times as quickly. Farm women are being brought in from their manual work in the fields, and returned to their heritage of homes and happiness. It is the *country* sweatshop that now is doomed! The greatest factory of all—the food factory—is at last about to be put on an efficiency basis; the machinery is being installed and the call is going out for highly trained specialists as operators—men who understand the new process of manufacture or who are temperamentally and otherwise adapted to becoming apprentices in the greatest enterprise of the age.

In response to the call, 51 state institutions of higher learning and innumerable elementary schools are training a new generation of farmers alongside the latest generation of engineers. Texas cowboys are coming off the range, wearing their chaps to college, learning the scientific secrets of ranch management. Kansas plainsmen are spitting the sand from their teeth and riding their little pintos to school, where they are to study the problem of keeping their crops from blowing into the next county.

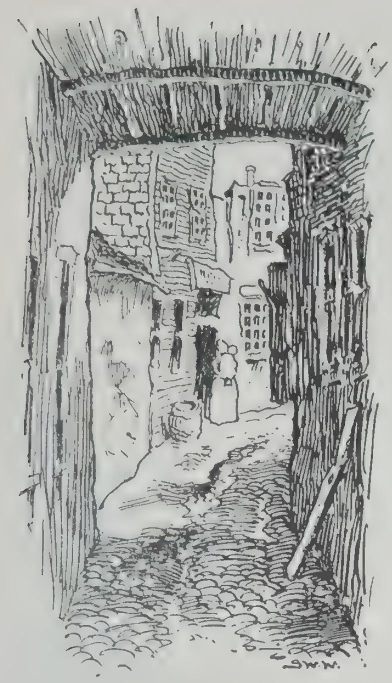
And what are they learning? Why, machinery, genetics, plant and animal breeding, balanced rations, geology, chemistry, physics, agricultural engineering, economics, sociology, and business administration; they are learning the most complicated vocation in the world, agriculture. They are treating agriculture as an exact science, and they are making progress as if endowed with seven-league boots.

These are the ones who will be the executives, administrators, "training officers" if you please, of the new army of food and fiber manufacturers. And in the ranks will be the stalwart men and women who have lived their lives on the farm, keeping step with the march of progress; the boys and girls farm-born and with the spirit of militant, aggressive agriculture coursing in their veins; and, lastly, the vast rank and file of "apprentices" or buck privates who formerly were soda-water jerkers, or barbers or motormen or school teachers or shoe clerks.

It will not be many years before the farm organization will be holding its production strictly to a basis of advance orders, just as the manufacturer of safety razor blades or shoes or soda sirups or street cars adjusts his factory output to the anticipated demand. And in that day the instructions of the farm superintendent for the production of so many bales of cotton and so few bushels of corn will be met with harvests closely approximating the stipulated amounts. A nearly perfected science and a highly competent personnel will do the job.

It is not my purpose to "promote" this promising industry—The New Agriculture. As I have already intimated, it is not *more* farmers but *better* ones that are needed. But if I were to be commissioned by Ma Nature to look after her publicity of the next 50 years, I'd start right now. I'd pick out the brightest young city chap I could find and the most promising youth of Rural Route No. 1, and this is what I'd tell them, *in confidence,* you understand, according to the prescribed formula, but at the same time with the strength of pure motive and honest conviction:

"Take a tip from me, Old Top, and subscribe for a chunk of stock in the new issue of Agriculture, Amalgamated! Take out 10 acres and copy-cat the larger operators. Or merely invest your health, ambition and brain for the next few years. Remember, the big boys today are the ones who got in on the ground floor when they were young."



Salt Lane.

Old Boston Lanes Richly Steeped in History of City's Colonial Days

Queer Highways and Byways of New England Metropolis

By MAY B. WHITING

STREETS and avenues at right angles, all neatly numbered and as alike as peas in a pod, may be convenient and beautiful in a conventional sort of a way, but a Bostonian loves his alleys and his lanes. Their quaintness, their dinginess, and their mystery, too, for even the initiated cannot be *just* sure where they all lead, stir the imagination, and their names alone suggest episodes of a long and storied past.

When the settlers arrived in Boston they picked out the probable center of the town with such good judgment that the first lane their feet trod remains a much-used passage in the very heart of the business district. It led to the Great Spring which the colonists early fenced about and called the approach to it Springate. Governor Endicott, that flaming spirit, dwelt beside it, and almost across the way lived Anne Hutchinson, a thorn in the flesh of established Puritanism. In the neighborhood were erected the church, the school, and the townhouse. and in back were the docks and tavern by "Mackril Lane," now Kilby street.

The grassy lawns and the peaks of Trimountain rising above them are long since gone, but a tablet marks the spot where the spring bubbled forth which for more than two hundred years supplied the town with water. In 1869, when the foundations for the post office were laid, its sources were disturbed and it gushed to the surface again, much to the annoyance of the workmen. Today Spring Lane is a sort of canyon, offering a welcome relief to pedestrians in the "most congested district in the world."

Several other of these early lanes remain in the center of the city, but none are quite so ancient. Directly opposite City Hall is Province street, a narrow, Old World way, with sidewalks perhaps a foot and a half wide which serve only as a place of refuge when a truck ventures through. Formerly this highway was Province Lane, then Governors Alley. It ran in back of the residence of the royal governors, the Province House, the three remaining walls of which were demolished only last year, revealing unexpected remains of the old mansion, its fireplace, windows, and innumerable molded brick that formed its decoration. Just a little back from Province Lane was the French Huguenot Church, and from it, on the right, led Cobblers Lane, now Harvard Place. This is one of the few squares remaining which one enters by a flight of stone steps beneath an iron gateway.

A little farther down town, leading from Court street to Washington, is Wilson's Court, named in honor of the crier who for fifty years called through the streets of the town the daily happenings, the arrival of a shipload of delicacies from the East, an auction sale of household goods, announcement of strayed animals, or lost children. The Bell in Hand Tavern formerly stood in this court and its old sign, that of a hand clutching a bell, was one of the picturesque features of the neighborhood. Now the place is generally known as "Pie Alley," and it is a convenient passage for policemen, lawyers, and reporters. Many of the streets in the vicinity started life as lanes, some have been widened and others dignified by more pretentious names than their dimensions warrant. Boylston street was Frog Lane, Summer street, Seven Star Lane, while Corn Court was a "wheelbarrow way full five feet wide."

The North End, so called from earliest days, has seen very few changes in its highways. Hancock street, once Orange Tree Lane, is now a generous thoroughfare and from it, every few rods, lead lanes and alleys that once passed the homes of prosperous merchants.

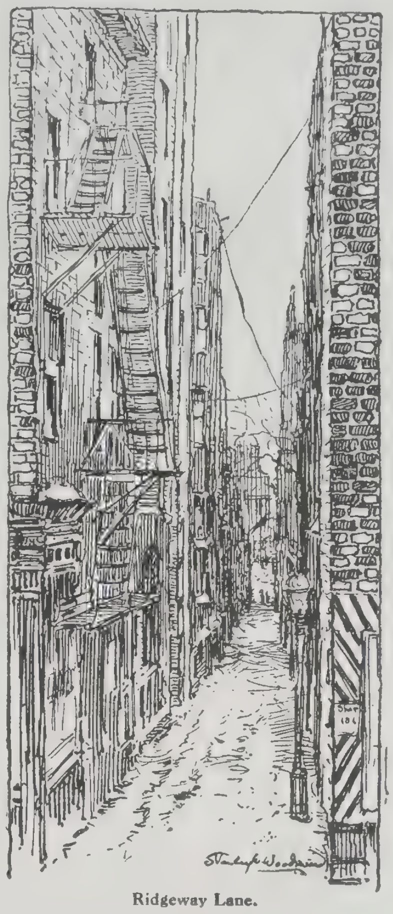
One of the most interesting sections, historically, in Boston, is in the vicinity of Marshall's Lane, where it joins Union, near Hanover. Marshall was a selectman, and a deacon in the church, and the lane was laid out in 1652, a "hieway through his grounds." At the corner of this lane and Union street is a low brick building where Count Rumford, then young Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, was apprenticed to Hopestill Capen, and sold imported finery to the Provincial gentry. Thompson turned Royalist during the Revolution, and later entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria by whom he was made Count of the Holy Roman Empire, taking the name of the New Hampshire village where he once lived. His brilliant career as statesman, scientist, and inventor is barely touched upon by our histories, but the "Rumford roaster" was long a favorite with housewives. In this same building was published in 1771 *The Massachusetts Spy*, a paper whose columns were "open to all parties but influenced by none." Nevertheless its owner, Isaiah Thomas, thought it wise to remove to Cambridge and later to Worcester during the siege.

Marshall's Lane runs into Creek Lane which led to the Mill Bridge across the Pond. On the corner is still standing the time-worn brick building which was once the home of Ebenezer Hancock, younger brother of John Hancock and paymaster in the Revolution. To this house the admiral of the French fleet brought money to pay the Continental army, and the sight of a room piled half full of silver crowns did much to reassure the weary troops. The lower floor of this building is now an "Oyster House," the last of a long line, for in Provincial days the whole town came to the North End for its oysters.

Across from the Hancock house, set into the wall of the building just above its foundation, is the so-called Boston Stone. This was probably the grinder of an old paint mill brought from England before 1700 and used by Tom Child. Under the date November 10, 1706, Judge Sewall writes in his diary,

"Tom Child had often painted Death
But never to the life before,
Doing it now, he's out of Breath,
He paints it once and paints no more."

In 1737 this stone, together with a part of the trough, was set in the wall of a house, the date carved upon it with the words "Boston Stone," probably in imitation of London Stone which is a Roman milestone in front of Saint Swithin's Church in London.



Ridgeway Lane.

Over his shop Tom Child hung the Painters arms, a fine wood carving brought from England in 1692. These arms were granted to the painters of London in 1486, and to his copy Tom Child added his initials and those of his wife beneath the Latin motto, "Love and Obedience." The modern building which occupies the site of the shop bears on its front a copy of the arms, carved in stone.

Creek Lane runs into Creek Square, and only a stone's throw away is Salt Lane, one of the dingiest and most disreputable in the city. This whole section has an Old World appearance like some of the most ill-favored parts of London, or even the Ghetto in Rome, and it needs a Dickens to describe its picturesqueness, not unmixed with squalor. On Creek Lane, John Hancock had his warehouse, and there still remains a part of the row of brick houses built by the first governor and known as Hancock Row.

Just beyond Creek Square were the wharves. On Prince street, then Black Horse Lane, lived the Thoreau family, in business on Long Wharf, and here the father of the naturalist passed his boyhood. To a house on this street Major Pitcairn was brought after the battle of Bunker Hill. General Gage sent a surgeon to attend him, but Pitcairn, feeling that his wound was mortal, asked only to be left alone. In 1786, when the first bridge was built across the Charles, this lane was widened to receive the traffic which had formerly come over the "Neck."

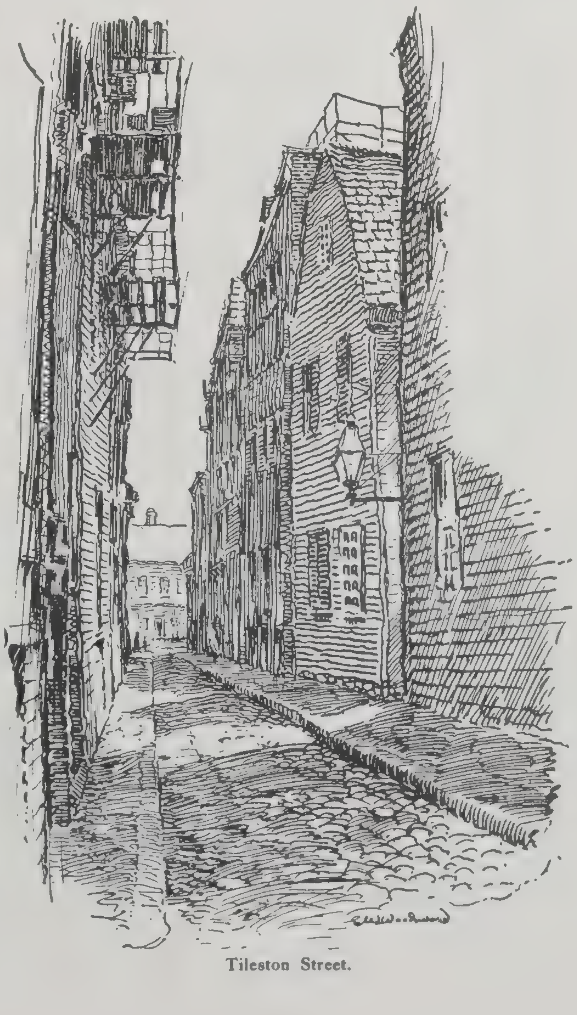
Continuing down Hancock street, we come to many another lane of colonial days, although not all have retained their original names. Tileston street was originally Love Lane, then North Writing School street. In 1786 a free writing school was established, taking in an older school given by Thomas Hutchinson, father of the governor, which had been closed during the siege. One of Boston's famous schoolmasters, "Johnny" Tileston, taught there. Writing was the principal subject and the clear hand which appears in the documents of the time justifies his title of "father of good penmanship." For full eighty years he was connected with the school as usher, teacher, and emeritus, and for more than fifty years he lived in the neighborhood, an eccentric, but beloved figure, clinging to the old attire when almost everyone else had discarded it.

Not far from Tileston street is Wesley Place, recalling the fact that the Methodists had their first meetings near by, and a few steps beyond is North Bennet street, laid out in 1696 as twenty-four feet between the house of Increase Mather and of Bennet, "yoeman." Today the North Bennet Street Industrial School is famous in the educational world, for it was the first institution to teach manual training. To step into this building from the din of streets which are now Italian quarters and to find on every hand rare tapestry, medieval wood carvings, and choice statuary, gives a distinct thrill.

One of the most picturesque lanes, and certainly one of the dingiest, is Salutation street, laid out in 1693 as Salutation Alley, and named from the tavern in it, the sign of which represented two wayfarers doffing their hats with elaborate ceremony. They were called the Two Palaverers by the North Enders, and that was the name the tavern generally went by. This tavern played an important part in Revolutionary days. It was the resort of the mechanics, especially the shipbuilders, and, while it was before the days of "blocs," their vote was an important one, and Otis, Hancock, and Adams took no little pains to win it. Hence comes our word caucus, or "corcus," a meeting of the caulkers.

As Salutation Tavern was the rendezvous of the mechanics, so the Green Dragon on Union street (laid out in 1636 as Goodman Watson's Lane, and renamed in honor of the union of the British Empire) was that of the gentry. Here many of those events which preceded the outbreak of the Revolution were planned. In 1765 the tavern became the property of Saint Andrews Lodge of Freemasons and in 1769 the first Grand Lodge of the province, with Dr. Joseph Warren as grand master, was organized. The books of the years following make interesting reading. On the night of December 16, 1773, the evening of the Boston Tea Party, the record states, "No business transacted, too few brethren present."

In the West End and over Beacon Hill are many lanes of the Old Town, not with the historical interest of those in the center and in the North End, but with a real beauty impossible with the changing population and business conditions of other parts of the city. Ridgeway Lane, laid out in 1789, leading from the back of the State House to Cambridge street, has a charming vista of the Old West Church, and crisscrossing up and down the Hill are tiny streets with colonial doorways and diminutive walled gardens where bloom the first crocuses of spring. Perhaps they lead by unexpected courts with potted trees and window boxes or into little squares with shady grassplots and glimpses of Charles River, silvery in the sunlight.



Tileston Street.

Czechs and Germans Work Out Co-op Problem

Farmers' Societies and Consumers' Organizations Work Harmoniously; Virility of Great Economic Movement Is Shown in Growth in Germany

By HUSTON THOMPSON

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA is perhaps the busiest nation in Europe today. Although it has troubled Poland on the north and Germany to the west, it is busy constructing a nation with a vigor that reminds one of life in the United States.

I had my first glimpse of this country in the early morning after having passed the Polish boundary line. It recalled in a measure the view of the Rocky Mountains one gets in Colorado when the mountains come into view. The fields, green with beet tops also suggest Colorado. This little country produces more than 662,000 tons of beet sugar yearly and its capital, Prague, is one of the world's sugar markets.

One cannot but be impressed with the splendid forests of the mountainous country. One-third of all the land is covered with trees. These forests have been taken over and nationalized by the government. I presume that eventually they will be farmed out to private individuals and crops taken off in somewhat the same way as in Denmark where co-operative organizations do much of the lumbering.

The trip round its capital at Prague immediately impresses one with the industrial activities of that city. They include seventy-four per cent of all the manufactures which belonged to Austria previous to the war. Among these are the coal and ore mining in Silesia.

In most of the countries of Europe I found it very difficult to get in touch with business men before ten o'clock. At Prague on the first morning at about seven-thirty I discovered that crowds of people had arrived on suburban trains and were hurrying from the station to their daily tasks. On inquiry I learned that practically all offices were opened at eight o'clock. Czecho-Slovakia today spells life and energy, with an intelligent populace that is inspired with high hopes for the future.

Unemployment Does Harm

THE degree of intelligence of the Bohemians is evidenced in many ways. For example, one Sunday morning I was visiting the various churches, when I saw a crowd of several hundred persons of the middle and artisan classes gathered about a speaker. His audience was apparently completely under his spell. The speaker proved to be a professor of astronomy at the university who was talking on that subject to his audience.

There is nothing that stands in the way of the successful growth of this nation except the unemployment of about two hundred thousand men, due to the fact that it cannot sell its surplus of manufactured goods because of money conditions in Europe. Were the surrounding countries able to purchase their customary normal requirements from Czecho-Slovakia, it would have what we in America call a boom.

In my excursion into the co-operative field I found here, as in Finland and the Baltic provinces, that there was little difficulty in combining the interests of the farmers' producing and selling co-operatives and the Consumers' Co-operatives of the cities and villages. In fact, the Consumers' Co-operatives informed me that they purchased as much of the farmers' produce as was obtainable. Both types of co-operatives belonged to the same national association or union.

In still another respect the consumers' co-operative organization of Czecho-Slovakia is different from that of England. In the latter country, I found a strike of the employes who had united themselves into one great union which felt itself separate and apart from the co-operative organization. In fact, they were striking for higher wages for a like employment than had been agreed to by the trade union representatives.

Plan It as Life Job

NO SUCH trouble appeared on the horizon of the Consumers' Co-operatives in Czecho-Slovakia. They informed me that when a person became an employe his future was so looked after that he usually planned to stay with them the rest of his life.

They are insured by the co-operative organizations and by state insurance, the premiums of which are paid by their employer. They are paid higher wages than private interests pay for the same class of labor. They are protected by a sick benefit fund. The co-operatives even go so far as to pay their income tax. Also all industries are on an eight-hour-day basis. Thus the ties which bind them are many.

The consumers' co-operative societies have helped their members to solve the coal problem just as is being done for the artisans of England and consumers of Southern Sweden by their societies. In Czecho-Slovakia, the Central Society at Prague receives the orders from the local societies scattered through the country. It arranges with the nearest coal-producing company to ship from its mine direct to the local co-operative which distributes to its members.

The co-operative movement has had a great impetus since the war. Including credit, housing, farmers', consumers' and industrial societies, there are at least thirteen thousand societies.

The reason for this impetus was that instead of going on a buyers' strike, as occurred in this country when prices became too high, the people flocked to the Consumers' Co-operatives or established new ones, not as a means of combating profiteers and price-fixers, but of preventing future runaway price markets.

They found that they could go a step further than simply purchasing in wholesale quantities, so they took the offensive against the trusts and combinations and are today manufacturing many necessaries.

Their success has been such that they are expanding their plants with great plans for the future. During my stay in Prague I visited the wholesale plants and the manufactories of the consumers' wholesale society, just a few miles outside the city. There they were bringing in chicory root by the carload and turning it into the manufactured article. They were also making a great deal of grain postum. They used up-to-date machinery for this work, carrying the grain from the cars into the buildings in one continuous process until the final article was turned out. I also saw them making blueing, shoe polish, brooms, and spices. In one building they were roasting coffee and they had reached such a standard of excellence that the government had contracted with them for coffee for the soldiers. All the surplus of flour or grain that the Consumers' Co-operative has left after supplying their own members is sold in the domestic markets or exported. They bought their wheat from the farmers' co-operative societies as well as from private sources. They showed me boxes of tea which they had purchased from the Consumers' Wholesale Co-operative Society in London and repacked and marked for the use of their own societies.

At Gladenau the co-operatives had a flour mill which had practically failed under the management of private parties and had been taken over by the co-operatives. In season they were running it to capacity. I do not recall what that was but of course it was no such plant as one sees in Minneapolis. Much of its machinery was not as up-to-date as it might have been, but considering the losses sustained in the last five years by these artisans, it was making a very creditable showing.

Next to it was as modern a bakery as one can find in America, in a new building, white-tiled inside, with automatic machinery and great attention paid to sanitation. The capacity of this bakery was fifteen thousand loaves of bread a day, all of which was delivered within five hours after being made.

Believe Crisis Impending

THE Consumers' Co-operatives of Czecho-Slovakia are in no sense deceiving themselves as to the situation that confronts them. They believe that a crisis is impending which will be more difficult to solve than any they have ever had to meet, due to the instability of the rates of exchange, and the tariff and customs walls surrounding the contiguous nations. But they are imbued with a cheerfulness and energy that is delightful to behold and have a superb confidence in their ultimate success.

GERMANY

One might well ask why go into Germany to study the co-operative or any other economic movement under such abnormal conditions. I visited that country for two reasons. The first was to determine whether the co-operative movement could survive such a situation and if so what vitality it had left. I was also eager to investigate the method of financing co-operative movements in Germany for it is generally conceded that just as England is the premier in the consumers' co-operative movement of the cities, Denmark in the farmers' agricultural life, and Finland in its general instinct for co-operation, so Germany stands forth as the first to evolve one of the greatest single essentials in the co-operative movement, the way to finance them.

Leaving Czecho-Slovakia with all its evidence of energy, hope and reconstruction, a remarkable contrast presented itself as I entered Germany. There was plenty of activity on the surface, but it was feverish and unnatural.

There was a scarcity of food and the prices were high. The farmers, fearing a drop in the value of the mark, were sending to the city from day to day only as much produce as they were sure they could sell. The proceeds they invested in some useful articles for their farms before another drop in the money market.

There were in Germany on July 27 approximately twelve thousand rural credit societies; three thousand buying and selling associations; 2,198 co-operative dairies, and 5,431 co-operatives selling eggs, vegetables, and so on, or buying electricity for their members. These, of course, do not include many consumers' societies located in the cities and towns of Germany.

In 1922, there was an increase of 2,952 local agricultural societies but at the time of our investigation the number of societies was falling off owing to the overhead cost of administering the affairs of a society. At the same time, however, the number of members was increasing. In the societies, the total number of members in Germany had increased. This showed that they were avoiding the expenses of starting new co-operatives by having the members align themselves with old ones.

Here a new problem had sprung up. The co-operatives discovered that there was such a thing as getting local societies too large for efficiency.

The crops in the country appeared good and the government reports since have sustained this estimate. I would not have it understood that the farmers' co-operative representatives were free from trouble. Those who handle his buying of machinery and fertilizer and sell his produce told me that the constant dropping in the value of money almost drove them frantic particularly where they were buying in quantities things which the farmer needed.

In my investigation it developed that the number of farmers' credit societies were falling off. I inquired the reason for this and was told that it was due to the fact that the farmers having received good prices for their produce did not feel the necessity of using such credit societies. In other words, when prices were good, the number of credit societies was liable to shrink.

There is a feeling of accord between the farmers' agricultural societies and the consumers' societies. In fact the farmers' societies sell direct to the consumers' societies and there is a special committee for bringing together the producers' and consumers' societies.

The National Organization of the farmers have on their program for discussion this year the question of how to meet international trusts. This same thought of meeting international trusts is spreading among the co-operative societies all over Europe.

The leaders of co-operation in Germany do not believe in obtaining political results through a political party of their own.

Would Interest Women

IN GERMANY, there is a sympathetic attitude toward getting the women interested in the co-operative movement. To date they have not broken down the barriers that surround the co-operative offices. There are very few women who hold office.

In and behind the German agricultural co-operative movement is the thing for which it is most distinguished, the method of financing the co-operation among the farmers. It bears the name of its founder, F. Raiffeisen. Raiffeisen's idea was to combine the funds of a group of farmers to be used in assisting each other in buying the necessaries for the production of their crops, as for example, machinery, fertilizer, and so on.

Among the rules laid down by Raiffeisen was that all members of a local credit bank or society were charged with unlimited liability to the last cent of which they were possessed. Two benefits resulted from this. It made each individual feel a personal relationship and responsibility to the bank so that when a group of farmers loaned the funds to one of their number they knew his complete financial standing and personal character. Moreover, it limited the number of members in a local society since the members insisted on having a personal knowledge of the situation of those to whom a loan was made. When there was complete knowledge of the borrowers' standing members were more ready to extend a larger credit to the one who was worthy. This rule also resulted in eliminating the big landowners from such type of bank for they did not care to assume a personal liability which might result in foreclosure of their entire estate. Thus the membership was confined automatically to the small landowners.

Benefits Are Set Aside

SOME of the features that evolved were the thrift and death benefits. A certain sum was set aside for the development of social life among the members. In each one of the divisions of Germany, as for example, Bavaria, there has been created a regional institution to which all the locals are connected. Finally, there has been created what is now known as the Central Bank of Raiffeisen which is located in Berlin to which all the regional banks belong.

This Central Bank is a clearing house for all problems and questions of importance. Through a committee, it arbitrates disputes between members of the locals instead of their going into court.

Attached to these banks is a buying organization for the farmers' necessaries as well as a selling organization for the produce of his farm. They are in competition with the other farmers' distributing organizations. Gradually the Raiffeisen banks are coming together with other agricultural co-operatives and eventually it is believed that the others will handle all of the merchandising business with the Raiffeisen organizations doing the banking.

So successful has been the Raiffeisen plan that one finds it adopted to a more or less degree throughout Europe and the co-operative world.

It would be folly to assert that the co-operative organizations have not been injured by the conditions existing in Germany. The fact, however, that they continue to add to the membership of their locals is indicative of marvelous virility that is wrapped up in this great economic movement.

If the co-operative movement was able to emerge from the Russian chaos, the one system of distribution that the revolution could not destroy, then I have confidence that the German co-operative organizations will survive whatever there be in store for that unhappy country.

New York Admits Literary Center Is New York

If You Don't Believe It, Look at the Magazines and Sunday Sections It Publishes

By MARK V. O'NEILL

I AM violating no confidence when I say that New York City is the literary center of the world. You do not have to take my word for this. Ask any New Yorker about it; preferably one who speaks English. He will tell you the same thing. He not only tells it; he actually believes it. He gets that way from reading the newspapers of his native jungle.

There have been protests and dissenting voices from Tarrytown, Seneca Falls, Cohoes, and Yonkers. They have been traced to jealousy, though, and very properly ignored.

So pronounced is the superiority of New York in matters literary, that it has been conceded by practically the whole of the United States. Excepting only Easterners, Westerners, Southerners and Northerners, the people of our country are united in regarding New York as the official literary pneumogastric of the universe.

In a way, this is natural. All the modern literary improvements are either originated in, or issued from, New York.

Let me name a few of the most conspicuous benefits that New York has conferred upon the letters of the world. It will help to make my meaning clear.

Unquestionably the greatest single achievement has been the publishers' blurb. Starting as a tiny whisper it has now grown to a mighty roar of unadulterated bunk. But this is purely commercial.

Blankest of Blank Verse

IN FICTION, New York has shown us the never-ending beauties and possibilities of perfected pornography. In the field of poetic art, the salons of New York have furnished the blankest of all blank verse. The drama—but surely what New York has done for and to the drama is a matter of common knowledge. Very common.

In this great cultural center is gathered a group of the very choicest artistic souls. They are known as the intelligentsia, the cognoscenti, and the illuminati. This group is composed of space writers, sporting editors, sob sisters, and column conductors. They have reduced the gentle art of logrolling and back scratching to an exact science. With steady hand and compressed lips, they guide the literary tastes of America along such lines as will result in the continued supremacy of their fair city.

In the magazine field, New York naturally stands head and shoulders above less-favored cities. It has given us many news stand favorites, such as Lurid Stories, Passionate Stories, Scarlet Stories, Breezy Stories, Livid Stories and Suggestive Stories. But these magazines, wonderful as they are, merely serve to indicate the popular taste of literary New Yorkers. It is in the Sunday supplements of the daily papers that we find that elusive, exclusive something which really justifies New York's claim to literary greatness.

And it is of these supplements that I want particularly to speak. Did you ever see one of them? They are published by many of the New York dailies. They are called magazine sections, book sections, literary sections, and in the case of the more pretentious newspapers they are even called reviews. It is from these founts of literary purity and estheticism that the New Yorker derives his quaint idea of his own culture and that of his native heath.

Introducing Boris

LET us look through one of them together. We will take a "review," to get the very cream of the cream. Do not be misled or dismayed by the frightful display of lurid book advertisements that greets your eye. The reading matter is gold. Pure gold.

On the first page we have a sort of editorial. It is highly esoteric and is written by the editor himself, no less. It says so directly under it, in bold-face caps. The subject is, "Siberian Literature and Its Probable Effect Upon the Gulf Stream." I will quote a few lines from it or from something like it. Just a very few.

"A literary event of unusual importance and interest to the illuminati of America is contained in the news that Boris Boriskovitch, the Siberian impressionist, is about to visit New York, where he will give a series of readings in the original Siberian from his own unpublished works. Carnegie Hall has been selected as the most fitting auditorium and entrance cards will be on sale at the door, all subway kiosks, and barber shopskis. It is difficult to speak of Boriskovitch and his work without becoming unduly enthusiastic. This is partly because we have never seen any of his work and partly because we could not possibly read it if we should see it. The coming of the Siberian Master will be enjoyed by the elect. Arrangements have already been made for a police tug to meet him as he enters the harbor. This is a necessary step because the prison authorities at Siberia have resolutely refused to allow him to give more than five public readings in New York. In the meantime they are holding our local police strictly accountable for his safe return. Miss Viola Sqush who has already translated the master's great novel, "Imbecility," will be on the platform with him in case there are any in the audience who do not understand the Siberian language."

The purpose of this editorial is to sort of warm us up and prepare us for the beautiful thoughts which we will find as we proceed with the review.

Read Mr. Whizz's Review

YOU will notice that, although the editor writes with conscious power and authority, his style is lucid at all times. There is also a sort of undercurrent of simplicity which appeals by its very incoherence and stupidity. This is Art.

On the next page of the review we find ourselves in a perfect orgy of literary atmosphere. It is a feast of intellectuality and an uninterrupted flow of language. For here are the book reviews. They are written by the publicity departments of the publishers and mailed in violet-scented envelopes to the editor of the review. But we are not supposed to know this, so let us drink a demitasse or so.

Fruit and Old Vegetables, by Oscar Featherhead. New York: Weisenkopf, Mendelbaum & Company. 1924. $5. Reviewed by O. G. Whizz.

That sounds promising, doesn't it? Let us read what Mr. Whizz has to say.

"Poetry, as practiced by the advanced, has come to be a sort of elusive mystery, an esoteric art, the secrets of which are kept hidden from the vulgar. Year by year it has grown more difficult to guess what the poets are up to. It is particularly difficult in the case of Mr. Featherhead's first volume, 'Fruit and Old Vegetables'; the more difficult because it is as evident that Mr. Featherhead is a true poet as that he is mentally infirm.

Poetry May Puzzle You

"UNQUESTIONABLY much of his poetry will puzzle, if not actually enrage, the ordinary reader. For one thing, he is forever lapsing into the technicalities of his real profession, which is that of a huckster. Thus, in his beautiful 'Song of the Turnip' we come across the most exasperating technicalities. It starts, as everyone who is anyone, knows:

a patient turnip I
pointed at one end
and rather blunt at
the other!

but if I wait my
love will come
to me!

here in the wagon
I sit among onions
potatoes beets and
lettuce and cauli-
flowers!

Hark! Hark!
a lark? a lark?
no it is my owner
vending his wares

nice-a fresh-a da
potate he calls.
good-a da latoose
orange very swit
an' joosy.

ah my love where
are you where for
that matter am I?

"The Turnip Song has been extensively quoted and reprinted as a perfect sample of Mr. Featherhead's unique style. Here we have, at its best, his scorn of grammar, punctuation and versification. The Song, in common with most of his poems, strikes a sad note at the very beginning and this is admirably sustained throughout. Ending abruptly on a perfect crescendo of gloom, Mr. Featherhead has given us the soul of the turnip in a manner not surpassed even in the vegetable soup advertisements. But his constant recurrence to the cant of his trade is most disconcerting.

"The beautiful passage, for instance, in which the owner is made to cry out about his 'good-a da latoose,' will inevitably start a furor of discussion as to the root derivative of the word, 'latoose.' In the opinion of the present reviewer this is a simple corruption of the Anglo-Saxon term, 'lettuce': although it may be that Mr. Featherhead had one of the lesser-known Euranian word symbols in mind."

Mr. Whizz goes on to quote at considerable length from other gems from the pen of Featherhead and illuminates his quotations with simple, rugged opinions of his own.

But enough of poetry. It is too deep to be really interesting. Let us rapidly thumb over a few pages of the review and see what they have to say about fiction. Fiction is simple. Even we can understand what they have to say about fiction.

Another Contribution

SURE enough. Here we have it. This is the real thing.

Psychic Psarah, a Pstudy in Psychoanalysis, by Cutie Trixie Slix. New York: Grabowski & Katisch. 1924. $2.

This review is semi-anonymous and is signed by the baffling initials, D. F.

"In this book, whose author has just been awarded the three-million-dollar prize of the American Society for the Promotion and Promulgation of the Abnormal, we find a marvelous contribution to the rapidly increasing volume of satisfactorily morbid fiction. It is true that many of our best writers are giving themselves almost entirely to morbidity: but very few of them are capable of rising to such heights of sheer unwholesomeness as are achieved by the piquant young author of Psychic Psarah.

"Miss Slix will be best remembered by the amazed and delighted readers of her latest work in connection with her best seller of last summer entitled, "Morgan the Morgue Man." This unusual story enjoyed world-wide popularity and has been translated into many languages, including the Scandinavian, in spite of the fact that translation into this language was expressly forbidden by Miss Slix's publishers on the flyleaf of the original edition. It has also been transferred most acceptably to the silver screen.

"In Psychic Psarah, Miss Slix concentrates all of her marvelous introspective powers upon the creation of the heroine, Psarah.

"Story Is a Pretty One"

"THE story is a pretty one and tells of Psarah's gradual rise from the gutters of New York to the proud position of chieftainess of a gang of successful bootleggers. Organized society proves inimical to Psarah, however, and the last half of the book is devoted to a description of her return to the gutters. This return is also gradual.

"The gutter scenes and descriptions in this epochal book are among the strongest that the present reviewer has ever read.

"Miss Slix has a truly remarkable gutter gift, and she must cherish it carefully in order that it may delight future generations in New York, her adopted city. The literary world is impatiently awaiting her next offering."

There are more pages of the review, but we do not need to read them to know what they say. We have sampled them and a literary review offers one of those rare instances of integrity in which an entire product runs true to its samples.

It has been said that to write book reviews for New York newspapers and magazines the reviewer must first bind himself by secret oaths and incantations never to read, or even discuss, any of the books which he reviews. This report has never been completely verified, however, and it is only fair to state that it may not be true.

There is one other fact that I would like to mention in closing:

New York City is the literary center of the world.

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3. Write clearly.

Harvard Leads the Way

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has taken the lead in limiting admission of students. It was obvious that the institutions of higher learning must soon take stands against unlimited expansion. The demands of scholarship are sufficient in themselves to require that classes be kept small enough to permit some traces of the traditional personal instruction which formerly was the rule. Of recent years, many colleges and universities have become merely large lecture factories and the ablest professors are often as far removed from the individual student's thoughts as if domiciled in a foreign land.

In the last few years, the desire for college and university education, plus an increased ability on the part of parents to afford the expense, has flooded the campuses with students of all descriptions.

Three-quarters of a century ago, nearly all students at the colleges obtained their educations only through great personal sacrifices. They were rail-splitters and rail-splitters' sons. They earned their way. They were sons of the pioneers, of a stock fitted to benefit by education.

Today, most of the students who go to colleges and universities have their way paid for them. Some are unworthy. Some are positively harmful to their associates. Some elements which force their ways into the great colleges are of the type likely to destroy college traditions and national traditions.

Harvard takes the right course in deciding to limit its enrollment in numbers. It takes the right course, too, in deciding on a policy of selection in the students it accepts. Character, ability, and adaptability are proper subjects for examination.

There will be criticism. There will be an attempt to show that snobbishness and a lack of democracy are at the bottom of the exclusion of undesirable elements from the institution. The criticism will not be well grounded.

There should probably be some sort of provision in the regulations whereby the children of alumni have the preference in the selective process. There should be some sort of a property right in a graduation, entitling a Harvard man, a Yale man, a Cornell man, a Michigan man or a Minnesota man, to bequeath his college traditions to his sons.

But the most important thing is that American colleges be kept American in thought, in sentiment, in tradition. Wholesale admission of elements, foreign in thought and viewpoint, would soon destroy American higher education.

Excuses and Reasons

THE difference between an excuse and a reason is important to one who considers politics. Political decisions are usually motivated by reasons which lie deep down in the hearts of the men who decide. Some of these reasons are petty; some are improper; some are sinister. And seldom are these reasons given utterance to, when the politician explains his course of action.

The explanation the politician gives is the excuse, not the reason.

Colonel William Hayward, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, gave a clear example of the distinction when he vigorously denounced the opposition to a real prohibition enforcement act for the State of New York.

Last year, the New York legislature repealed the Mullan-Gage State Prohibition Act, which conformed generally with the National Prohibition laws. One excuse eloquently urged for this repeal was the fear that citizens stood in double jeopardy of punishment for violating prohibition laws. The United States Supreme Court had given utterance to an opinion that the punishment under a state act did not preclude penalties under the national laws.

This decision caused vast expressions of horror by certain New York legislators. They hastened to repeal the state prohibition law, leaving the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, in the most populous state, to the national laws. New York officials were not bold enough, however, openly to defy the law of the land, and gave utterance to rather mild assertions that the police and other state and municipal law enforcement agencies would be expected to make complaints for law violations under the Volstead Act.

But this state of affairs was not satisfactory. This year, even avowed wets conceded that it would be wiser to pass some sort of a prohibition law for the state.

The old cry of "double jeopardy" was brought forth.

Colonel Hayward gave reply.

"The so-called 'double jeopardy' has never been more than an excuse," he declared. "It was never a reason.

"In all the thousands of cases in the state and Federal courts under the Mullan-Gage law or the Volstead Act, I believe there is no instance of prosecution by the Federal authorities following state prosecution or vice versa. The 'double jeopardy' bugaboo is similar to the silly claim that the Eighteenth Amendment is a minority enactment, when as a matter of fact it received the most overwhelming ratification that any amendment ever received. It was submitted to ninety-six legislative bodies, two in each of forty-eight states. On the face of the returns it swept the country ninety-three to three."

Public officials who give excuses instead of reasons require watching.

Clean Up the Debt

SECRETARY MELLON was acting in accordance with the demands of propriety and duty when he told the Senate Finance Committee that he was opposed to a reduction of the sinking fund appropriations to make possible a purely temporary reduction in taxes.

The Secretary of the Treasury asserted that the present program for setting aside of the stipulated sums now agreed upon will mean the retirement of the twenty-billion-dollar National Debt in approximately thirty-five years. To reduce the amount of money raised for sinking fund purposes would lengthen that period. Such a course would be inexcusable.

The World War was an event of this generation. Its cost should be paid, as much as possible, by this generation. To assume that a generation shall continue longer than forty years is contrary to fact. Twoscore years after the conclusion of the World War it will be a new generation of men and women who will furnish the vigor, the energy, and the industry to run the Nation and the World. To impose upon that new generation the burdens of a war fought long before is contrary to all considerations of justice.

Aside from this question of justice, it is clear that the temporary expedient of reducing taxes by thinning the sinking fund resources would in fact be equivalent to compelling an increase in taxes within a brief period. The sinking fund money is to be used for payment of interest and retirement of bonds.

It is primary class finance to point out that unretired bonds means continuing interest. Continuing interests means continuing taxes.

This is election year. Certain political opportunists hope to curry favor with the voters by reducing taxes beyond the limits which sound governmental finance permits. Such a course would mean a future deficit and would pile the burdens of this prosperous era upon the future, the resources of which cannot now be known. It is not to be believed that the people will approve of such unsound business.

A Word to the Wise

SPRING is in the air, and hand-in-hand with spring we face in education the eternal question of truancy—the lure of fishing, picnicking; in short, of the great out-of-doors. That is natural and inevitable. It is being dealt with, on the whole, in a satisfactory manner. Sympathetic encouragement is being given to the proper outlet for this natural instinct.

Also hand-in-hand with spring come spring athletics. They, too, are natural and wholesome, and have a real place in every school. But the criticism is made, so urgently and pressingly from so many quarters, that athletics are usurping the place of scholastic activities in the school, that the question must give us pause.

Is overemphasis placed on athletics in America? Is it true that real scholarship is suffering as a result of it? We have the cumulated knowledge of all preceding centuries locked in books and similar documents. Are we indifferent to our priceless heritage in our overweening encouragement of physical prowess and competition? Is it true that the natural student, the delver after knowledge, is dubbed "grind," "stude," "shark," and as such shunned by the athlete and his "rooters," who constitute the majority? Is it true that cups and awards are granted for athletics, while careful, consistent scholarship is permitted not only to go unawarded, but actually to be considered a mark of "queerness," in after life to be set down well toward the bottom in the scale of compensation?

If these things you find to be true in your community or in your experience, then don't you agree that the time has come when a more even balance should be struck between body and mind, between work and play? If "All work and no play makes Johnny a dull boy," conversely, surely, "All play and no work (or as little as possible to slide through) makes Johnny a one-sided boy, ill equipped for the battle of life.

Poor Pay False Economy

WHEN superficial critics are looking about for something to criticize, they often pick on Ellis Island and hurl their most caustic adjectives and bitter nouns at the physical accommodations and human management of that great distributing point for immigrants.

Accommodations at Ellis Island are insufficient. They should be made adequate and the equipment at the alien gateway should be modernized. The understanding is that the present Congress intends to appropriate money for this purpose.

The human personnel at Ellis Island is even more important. It has been unjustly criticized. In the handling of hundreds of thousands of persons annually, it is obvious that there must be some discomfort, considerable sorrow and occasional injustices. The law is not made at Ellis Island. In the inevitable hardship which strict enforcement of necessary legislation brings there are often instances of individual suffering which appeal to general sympathy. These are magnified and broadcast by alien blocs.

But there are other reasons for sympathy which seem to have passed almost unnoticed in connection with Ellis Island. They are the salaries paid to the Ellis Island employes. It became known recently that there has been only a slight change in the Island's salary schedule since 1908. The immigration employes are practically the only public or private employes in the country who have not been considered in the revision of salaries to accord with changed living costs.

Their pay should be revised, radically upward. Ellis Island employes should be among the best paid in the land. The need of capable and faithful employes is nowhere greater. The safety of the country's future is in the hands of these men and women.

Mathematical students are familiar with the axiom, "Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other." A school district applies to a bank for a loan with which to build. The banker secures the money from his Federal Reserve Bank by rediscounting commercial paper. The Federal Reserve Bank has received the money at cost from the United States Treasury by the deposit of certain specified securities. The axiom applied is that the school bonds on which the banker draws interest are the real security for the money issue. Why not eliminate the banker and the Federal Reserve System from the deal, deposit the school bonds with the Treasury on the same terms given the Federal Reserve System, saving to the district the entire interest burden?

Battle Is On to Save the Wild Flowers

Stern Campaign Needed to Prevent Stripping of Nation's Beauty Spots

By E. I. FARRINGTON

NATURE lovers in New England are fighting to save the mountain laurel from extinction. In California they are struggling to prevent the total destruction of the wild yucca. These are among the most typical and impressive plants in America. All over the country efforts are being made to preserve the lesser wild flowers, with varying degrees of success. Changing conditions have threatened to wipe out many of the native plants almost before their disappearance has been realized. In former days great colonies of fringed orchids, gentians, trailing arbutus and similar lovely examples of our native flora were to be found. Raids upon them were few because they were difficult of access. With the coming of a new era in transportation, which made remote rural districts accessible in a few hours' run, the lovely wildings, the ferns and the bolder plants like the laurel, were no longer to be hidden. They were seized upon with delight and plucked with abandon, not so much in wantonness as because few persons realized that they differed in habit from the common wild flowers like the daisy and buttercup which might be gathered without restraint.

The women of the country are to be thanked for beginning a crusade to save the wild things of the woods for future generations. It is the women who have organized such potent agencies as the American Wild Flower Association and the New England Society for the Protection of Native Plants. With leaflets, lectures and newspaper warnings they have done much to stay the hand of the spoiler. The first skirmish has been won.

The trailing arbutus is fast disappearing.

Yet the campaign to save the wild flowers of America has only begun. A long, stern fight is ahead, for commercial interests as well as the carelessness of tourists, the thoughtlessness of schoolboys and the ignorance of newcomers from other lands must be reckoned with.

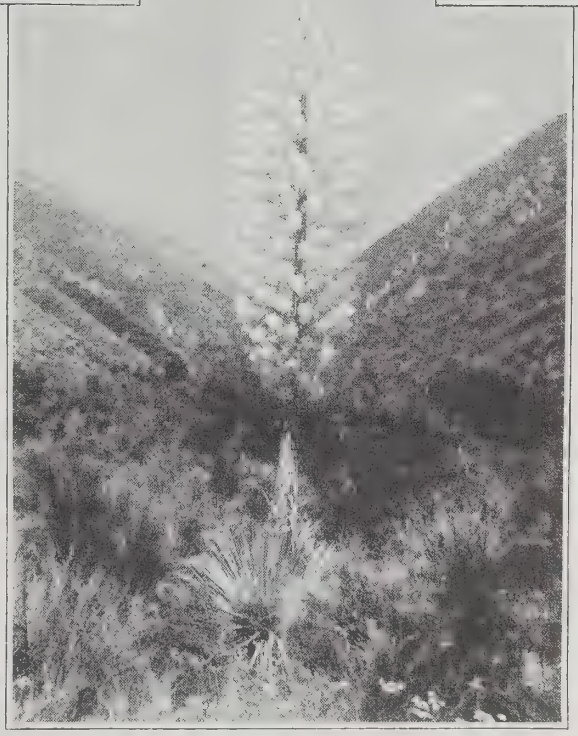
Few plants are used so extensively for decorative purposes as the mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*), the calico bush of the farmer, and a plant which Congress has been asked to make the national flower of the American people, growing as it does over a large part of this continent and in no other land. This laurel is evergreen and its foliage keeps fresh a long time when cut. Those two facts make a strong appeal to the florists, who use it literally by the ton all the year around. Christmas wreaths are made largely of laurel in all the eastern states. Churches are festooned with laurel ropes for weddings. Laurel is draped in homes and ballrooms for all kinds of social occasions.

Vast amounts are needed to meet those uses, but the supply seemed likely to remain adequate until cities began to employ it with the utmost lavishness for decorating their streets on holidays and especially at Christmastide. Probably Springfield, Massachusetts, has been the most flagrant offender. For several seasons that city has strung at least 10,000 yards of laurel roping along its downtown streets as a part of the merchants' plan for creating a holiday atmosphere and thus increasing their business. This last season the city council voted such action against the most bitter protests on the part of the Springfield Garden Club and contrary to the expressed desires of many churches. Indeed, a controversy arose which filled the papers and engendered a feeling of antagonism which is as far removed from the spirit of Christmas as anything could be.

As might be expected, there are two sides to the laurel question, and there was right on both sides in Springfield. Laurel, if ripped up ruthlessly, can readily be exterminated. If the branches are broken off, they will die back to such an extent that the plants will be long in recovering. If, however, they are cut moderately with a sharp knife, the effect will simply be that of pruning. Most of the flower buds will be removed, so that there will be no burst of bloom to glorify the spring, but the plants themselves will be benefited rather than injured. There is almost no laurel plantation where cutting cannot be done every other year in such a way as to yield an enormous amount of laurel for decorative purposes without endangering the existence of the plants. If farmers would bear this fact in mind, laurel might well be made a steady source of revenue. Indeed, there seems to be no good reason why laurel should not be cultivated by farmers or in nurseries expressly to provide decorative material.

As the business of laurel gathering is carried on, however, there is real danger that it will be entirely destroyed in many sections where it now grows abundantly. It is broken off and pulled up with utter ruthlessness and, even at the best, there is a limit to the amount which can be used without inviting destruction. Some cities which formerly trimmed their streets with ropes of laurel have voted to discontinue the practice. Indeed, there are certain florists who have foregone the use of laurel even in indoor work, although the necessity for such abstention is to be questioned.

Vermont is blessed with acres of wild ferns, which make a lovely green carpet under the trees. These ferns are gathered by the thousands every year and shipped to all parts of the United States. The bright bits of green which the florists obligingly wrap up with your half-dozen carnations or jonquils may have come from the mountain sides of Vermont. The picking is done in the autumn and the ferns placed in cold storage until the florists call for them. The pickers are farmers and their families, who sell their crops to dealers, some of whom own large packing plants. A single dealer has been known to handle 50,000,000 ferns in one season. These ferns, however, are cut. The roots are not disturbed and there will be another crop the next year. The life of a fern colony is not threatened even by such a commercial process. It is entirely different with the city visitors who are not familiar with ferns and their habits. All too often rare and delicate varieties are pulled up by the roots, soon to perish for all time. There are some kinds, like the Dicksonia, and even the sensitive fern, which seem able to care for themselves under most conditions, because the roots burrow very deeply and are likely to be broken off rather than pulled out of the ground. Many others, however, like the ostrich ferns, the bladder ferns, the oak ferns, and the spleenworts are easily killed out and are already becoming rare, and the beautiful maidenhair fern is now extinct in many places where once it grew freely. The rattlesnake plantain is disappearing from its former haunts largely because of the depredations of collectors who combine it with ferns and partridge berries and offer it for sale on the street corners in the cities.



The wild yucca of California.

New England mourns for its sweet-scented trailing arbutus, or as it is called in that part of the country, the Mayflower, although the name is given to other flowers in other sections. This is a running plant and it is very difficult to gather the flowers unless the roots themselves are pulled from the ground. For years great bunches of Mayflowers have been sold on the streets each spring, and many are still to be found on Cape Cod, but whole colonies have been entirely wiped out and each season the flowers become more difficult to find. Persons who really love the wild flowers refuse to buy the arbutus from street peddlers. In many places its companion, the wild phlox, has disappeared, too.

It is the plant which is shallow rooted and so comes up easily that is most quickly killed out. The dainty bluebells are an example. If such flowers are to be gathered at all, let them be cut with a knife or a pair of scissors, so that the plant may come up another spring.

In years past the bloodroot and the painted cup, the butterfly weed and the pink sabbatia flourished in colonies over a wide area. Who can find them now, save a few scattering plants here and there! And if there are spots where they abound, we may be sure they are far from the open country and that the secret is guarded jealously by the few nature lovers who may have stumbled upon them.

There are some kinds of wild flowers which have an unusually tenacious hold upon life and which may be gathered freely without much fear of wiping them out. Among them are the buttercups, the daisies, the wild roses, the meadowsweet, the wild asters and the goldenrod. The purple-fringed orchid, on the other hand, and the lovely blue gentian can be wholly destroyed in a few seasons' picking.

Many wild flowers are annuals and are multiplied only by seeds. If all the flowers are picked there will be no seeds to drop into the soft earth or be wafted to new locations on the breezes. And then there will be no flowers the next season. Much can be done by making lists of the wild flowers which are propagated in this manner, distributing them among school children and more particularly among campers and tourists. It is no unusual thing to see the members of a camping party returning from an early morning stroll laden with delicate wild blooms which they have collected and which have already begun to wilt in their warm hands. Some wild flowers are decorative and last well when cut, but most of them make but little appeal to the eye except as they are seen nestling in their half-shaded retreats, shy and lovely in their solitude.

The mountain laurel of New England.

It is these more delicate plants about which most is written, but even the bolder kinds are threatened with extermination as a result of ignorance and vandalism. Not many years ago the eastern states abounded in fine specimens of American holly, one of the most beautiful of trees. Now the hollies have largely disappeared from the neighborhood of all large cities and are becoming rare in more remote sections.

In California ti is the so-called wild yucca, properly called *Hesperoyucca whipplei*, upon which the tourists prey. This plant, which sends its gigantic wax-like blooms towering high into the air, adds not a little to the landscape and attracts much attention from eastern visitors. Yet thoughtless travelers make a practice of chopping down the great spikes of bloom, thinking to carry them home, although in point of fact the blossoms wilt and die almost as soon as plucked. The Automobile Club of Southern California is co-operating to prevent the ravaging of these wonderful flowers.

Wild flowers in the Northern Pacific states are plentiful and lovely, but the residents of that section have long been active in efforts to preserve them for generations to come. Portland, Oregon, was one of the first cities in the country to take measures in this direction, using the following well-worded sign throughout the famous Macleay Park:

> PICK NOTHING.
> Please Read This
>
> "There being a strong desire on the part of the citizens, the Lewis and Clark Board, and the Park Board to have one wild spot in our city limits that is untouched and untrammeled by the hands of man, the Park Board has therefore selected as that place the Macleay Park and such portions of the Macleay Park trail as come under the control of the board. It is desired that not a fern, flower, leaf, twig, or branch of any name or nature be disturbed. While the Park Board feels that about ninety-five per cent of the community are thoughtful and appreciative, still there are a few that are careless and indifferent, and to these few it necessitates the board making stringent laws not allowing any one to pluck or mar anything. A keeper clothed with authority will be constantly kept in the park rigidly to carry out this plan, by arrest or otherwise. All good citizens will confer a favor if they will report quietly to the local keeper any depredation of this kind coming under their notice, and thus assist in keeping this park in its native wild beauty. There is plenty of room for marauders outside the park premises. It is requested that no one carry cut shrubs through the park, as this would give vandals a loophole out of which to escape. The keeper in charge is hereby requested to carry out the spirit of this statement."
>
> (Signed by the Park Board)
>
> "The Park belongs to *you*, kindly assist in protecting it."

The well-known summer resort on the coast of Massachusetts known as Magnolia was named because of the great quantities of *Magnolia glauca*, the sweet bay, which grew within its borders. Hardly any of these magnolias are to be seen now. Vandalism has destroyed them. In other parts of the country the native rhododendrons and azaleas are meeting a similar fate. What a pity! The charm of travel in America is due in a large measure to the native wild growth. Along with conservation of the country's resources, let us have also conservation of its beauty.

Facts About German Industry

What an Observer Found in His Investigations

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

GERMANY is not a country in which man may sit down and let nature take its course. It is a man-made land and therefore anything which tends to decrease industrial efficiency is infinitely more serious than it would be, say, to France, or Russia, or Rumania, or any other mainly agricultural country.

The soil of Germany in most parts is rather barren and has to be heavily fertilized. The big asset is the coal in the Ruhr—although we, with our immense, high-grade deposits, would consider that coal of low quality and scarcely take the trouble to mine it. There are also important coal deposits in Silesia. Many of these now belong to Poland. The kali deposits are extremely valuable, but a considerable portion of them went with the loss of Alsace. All the iron went with Lorraine. So now Germany is a workshop which must depend for its raw materials on imports. Iron ore, wood, cotton, copper, wool—all of these must be brought from the outside, manufactured, and then sold again on the outside.

Imperial Germany made the most of these limited resources by highly developing the metallurgical and the chemical industries and by providing cheap and good transportation by an extensive and interlocking canal and rail system. It was possible, however, to make all this development only by encouraging technical skill and training workmen. The really big asset of old Germany was trained men. The 1918 revolution struck right at the heart of the whole system because the first thing it did was to divorce labor from production. As one manufacturer told me:

Laws Hamper Industry

"I AM managing my place as best I can, but if the law were strictly enforced I could do nothing at all. My clerical forces and my workmen are by law organized into representative councils. The workers' council has a representative whom I must provide with an office and keep on my pay roll, although he does no work. I cannot put a notice on the bulletin board without his approval. I cannot discharge a man unless I can prove charges against him, and in that case he has the right of appeal to a labor court and from that body to the Minister of Labor. He can be awarded damages for an illegal discharge, just as though it were a personal injury. Four weeks' wages must always be paid on discharge. Sometimes as much as a year's wages have to be paid.

"I have no control whatsoever over wages or hours. The wages are fixed for the district on an official cost of living, which changes every week. I have no idea what my costs will be next month. We may be in the midst of a rush order which requires overtime. I cannot have overtime, no matter what the emergency. It is prohibited by law. I cannot hire a man. If I want a man, I must send to the state employment bureau for my district and they will send me the first man on the list—that is, the man who has been out of employment the longest time.

"If I have no work to do, I cannot close the shop and cut down expenses. I must keep the place going for three days a week for five weeks and not until I have done that can my application for permission to close down be heard.

"Right now I am running three days a week, but the men are doing practically nothing. I have no orders ahead and I cannot afford to buy raw materials, for the men are really only marking time.

"But it does not make much difference to me. I do not own the place any more; the wages I pay do not amount to much in gold, but neither does the money I earn. I have had to borrow from the banks for the last several years. They charge me twenty-five per cent, and practically the banks own the place."

Worker's Condition Worse

IN SPITE of all the regulations, presumably for the benefit of the workingman, his condition has steadily grown worse. Fixing wages on the cost of living and without regard to production simply raises prices and keeps wages below them. Before the war a skilled workman would average the equivalent of ten or twelve dollars a week. Now he is lucky to average a dollar a week. Of course he does not have to pay house rent because, as I said in my last article, the state control of rents has made the figures purely nominal. But there is another side to this. People will not build houses to rent, and so there is almost nothing for the building trades to do. And of course a landlord who gets no rent cannot make improvements. So, in spite of housing operations undertaken by the government, the standard of housing has greatly fallen and what houses remain are overcrowded.

The workman finds himself being steadily shoved down the scale and he strikes and strikes, but never does he strike at the right thing. He is demoralized—so demoralized that he will not even attempt to rid himself of the immense labor bureaucracy that has fastened itself on him and which he must support. Germany, in the name of social reform, has shifted from a highly productive to an almost non-productive country.

Much of what I have said reads contrary to the general reports of Germany's productive power and the danger to the world of letting out German goods. We are beginning to see German goods now in the shops and it is supposed that immense quantities are stored throughout Germany to be let loose on the world at the most favorable moment. Also one hears tales of how German industry has been remodeled, of the extensive building programs, and all that, and Herr Stinnes is pointed out as an example of concentrated efficiency.

The fact is that, so far as I could discover, Germany's actual productive power several months ago was about one-quarter of its pre-war. The line-up of imports and exports shows this, but even these cannot be taken at face value because under normal conditions everything that Germany can now produce would be consumed at home. These goods are not consumed at home because there is no purchasing power. The average German is reduced to the barest necessities of life and considers himself lucky when he can get them. There is no market for anything in Germany. Everything that is made has to be sold abroad.

I noticed a fair amount of new factory construction, but not a great deal and under present conditions I should rate these new or enlarged factories as liabilities rather than as assets because there are neither men nor capital to run them.

Now, as to Herr Stinnes. He is by no means the only magnate in Germany but he is the best advertised one. He is one of the men who received large payments in marks, when they were worth something, for holdings ceded to France under the treaty. He converted most of his marks into foreign exchange. As companies got into financial difficulties, he bought them, although seldom did he buy outright. Mostly he bought only a majority or a working majority of the stock. He extended his operations considerably outside of Germany into Austria, Hungary, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania, and he bought all sorts of things—steel companies, manufacturing concerns, hotels, steamships, and so on. He has extended far beyond any other German, but all the more powerful groups, such as the Thyssens, the Krupps, the Wolffs, and others have added to their holdings, until today German industry is in the hands of a comparatively few persons.

This ought to make for less wasteful methods and undoubtedly it would do so, were these chains constructed with any scientific idea. But they are not. There are a few chains running from source to consumer but in many cases the purchases represent only speculative ventures. I thoroughly believe in the consolidation of enterprises because it is only through large units that waste may be prevented. But these great German mergers are not really consolidations at all. They are just the joining of diverse enterprises under one head. They strike me as being unmanageable, but even if they were manageable they scarcely have the money with which to operate.

German Physique Gone

THE condition of German capital does not seem to be well known. The Germany of before the war was doing business on insufficient capital. For some years before 1914 money was being gradually drawn in. Since the war the government has made a great deal of money selling marks for foreign exchange, but nearly all the proceeds have gone for food. For the last several years it has been the habit of German exporters to keep as much as they can of their money abroad and everyone has heard the tales of the immense sums on deposit to the account of German merchants throughout the globe but particularly in the United States, England and Switzerland.

The purchases made inside Germany and the wages paid do not amount to anything as far as the big companies are concerned, because most of them can get marks by the ton whenever they want them. But they had to pay for imported raw materials in foreign exchange and the amount of the exports minus the raw material imports has not been large enough to permit any great balances to be accumulated. The best estimate I have been able to get at is that around two hundred million dollars is on deposit for Germans in the United States and that their deposits in other parts of the world will not exceed three hundred millions. Doubling this total, we have only one billion dollars, which is not enough working capital for the industries of a great nation and it is the only working capital which Germany has.

Affairs were troublous enough until the French occupied the Ruhr and the season of passive resistance began. It meant that the government at Berlin undertook to feed the millions in the Ruhr and at least in part to pay the wages of the men. It was the printing of marks to finance passive resistance that finished the mark. That is one side of the occupation.

The other is that it cut off the chief coal and metal supply from the German factories located outside the Ruhr. It was just as though the Pittsburgh blast furnace region were cut off from the United States.

The majority of Germans implicitly believe that the last war was a defensive one. At the close of the war, militarism was dead. But the Ruhr occupation has revived it. The occupation is not onerous in a big way, but it is distinctly petty and irritating. I had no trouble in going about the Ruhr at will, but a German must have special permission to travel. And so now the Germans hate the French with an intensity which means that another war is only a question of time.

It will be a long time, however. For one thing, it will be years before the German physique is built up again. It will be years before costs can be brought down, excepting at the expense of wages, and costs brought down at the expense of wages are terribly paid for. It will be years, therefore, before the country will really be a going workshop and perhaps by that time the temper of men will have changed.

Heart of English Newspaper Is Editorial Page

Concluded from page 2

be at home—typewriters, shirt sleeves, tobacco, keen faces and generally youth. There were two women hard at work in the office of the *News* and—it being afternoon and the proper hour—the inevitable tea tray. The clever young man who became my guide for an afternoon divided his time between Paris and London, had been condemned to death by the Sein Feiners in Ireland and escaped in a car and was desperately anxious to work on an American paper. He turned the list of the five best English papers, which the secretary of the English-speaking Union, Mr. Wrench, had given me, squarely upside down, putting the halfpenny press at the top—with his own paper, of course, at the top of the top—and the twopenny papers at the bottom. He ate pigeon pie at the Cheshire Cheese with youthful relish and took me out on the fire escape of the tallest building in London—seven stories high—to show me how his paper flashed down on Trafalgar Square running news bulletins in electric-lighted letters. But he told me also of his interest in popular education and gave me the best book of Sunday school lessons I have ever seen. His name was Preston Burns and if this ever reaches him, it carries the writer's thanks.

English newspaper workers are well organized: journalists in the National Union of Journalists; compositors in the London Society of Compositors, if they work within a fifteen-mile radius of Charing Cross, or the Typographical Association if they do not; machinemen in the Machine Managers' Society; electrotypers and stereotypers in the National Society of Electrotypers. There is, besides, a National Society of Bookbinders and Paper-workers. Salaries and wages are fixed to scale. The minimum reportorial wage is nine pounds a week, though this is not held to. The foreign offices of the English press pay eighteen pounds and the Paris offices pay thirty pounds.

Begin on County Weeklies

THE reporters are not, commonly, university men and there are no schools of journalism, though a reputation for good work on "Public School" publications helps. Reporters usually begin on County Weeklies, of which a little more presently, and serve a most thorough apprenticeship. The *Mail* and *Express* are considered excellent training schools. In general their work is carefully done with a better use of English than commonly holds in the American press. The Free Lance—a tradition of Fleet and Bouverie streets—is now only a tradition. A "stunt" is the Fleet Street equivalent of the American "scoop," though not quite, for a "stunt" may be a drive against a prime minister—the *Express* boasts itself to have made and unmade three cabinets—or a grave, and illustrated, discussion of the rightness of one-piece bathing suits for the English female, or an arbitrary exercise of power in the making or unmaking of reputations. For example: one of the uncrowned kings of the English press had a friend in Parliament who entertained unpleasant recollections of a passage at arms with a fellow member and reported a heated version of it to the uncrowned king. "Very well," said the Personage, "we will turn the paper on him," which was done with vitriolic bitterness and kept up. Two or three weeks later the member of Parliament met the uncrowned king. "Why," he said, "are you heckling X?" "I thought," was the answer, "you wanted it." "But we are friends now." "Very well, then, I'll call the paper off."

Journalism is always, save for those who know, a profession in which only the paper has a name. It is so in London where an immense amount of good work is done by men who are not even known to the generality of their guild. Signed articles are the exception; "our special correspondent," "our own correspondent," "our diplomatic correspondent" do the work. But there have been great names in Fleet Street and Bouverie for all that. Charles Dickens founded the *News*, and Archibald Forbes later reported for it, Kipling wrote for the *Mail;* the *Pall Mall Gazette* counted among its contributors George Eliot, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope and Tom Hughes. Archibald Hurd was foreign correspondent for the *Telegraph* and Sir Philip Gibbs is Fleet Street trained. There has been in general a closer alliance between literature and the press in England than in America. Delane—long-time editor of the *Times*—is perhaps the greatest tradition of more recent English journalism. In his thirty-seven years of editing he is said to have seen more sunrises than any other man in London.

Small Papers an Influence

THE county weeklies are a distinct influence in English provincial life. Solid journals as big as the *Times* or *Telegraph*, whose front-page advertisements offer you at auction anything from the furnishings of a vicarage to a dairy, with chickens, dogs and farm tools for good measure. They reflect the deeply rooted, steady-going quality of English countryside and market town life and are the training schools for the London reporters besides, report county cricket and tennis, provincial births and deaths, flower shows and marriages, Jackie Coogan in "Daddy," what is happening in Denham, Haslington and Yewsley, and do not overlook the world at large. We have nothing like them in America. The Middlesex *Advertiser* and *County Gazette* and the Westmoreland *Gazette* are excellent papers of this class.

There are Sunday pictorials with a circulation of from two and a half million to three million copies, and the *Spectator*—old as Queen Anne and Steele and Addison and new as Strachey. And there is always *Punch*.

When "it's over, over there" you buy a Liverpool *Daily Post and Mercury* at the dock and never read it. Yesterday's newspaper at sea is the unprofitable intrusion of what is finished into a world whose realities are sea and sky and the day's run and the harbor on the edge of a new world, and home behind the harbor.

Roosevelt House a Mecca for Thousands

Museum of Rooseveltiana Founded in New York Home Where President Was Born October 27, 1858

By J. OLIN HOWE

Roosevelt House.

ROOSEVELT House is at 28 East Twentieth street in New York City. Here Theodore Roosevelt was born on October 27, 1858. Here thousands come, from all parts of the United States and from far foreign countries, to look over the home of his boyhood in all its intimate details.

They see the room where he opened his eyes when he came into this world, the back parlor with the little chair which was his especial property, the gymnasium on the rear piazza where he began the fight which made a vigorous red-blooded man of an anemic, asthmatic boy. They observe the Rooseveltiana in the museum or consult that in the library; and many come for information of varied kinds about Roosevelt.

Roosevelt House was opened on T. R.'s birthday last autumn and quickly became a real American mecca, a dear and sacred spot amid the bustle and turmoil of business. No day passes without bringing fresh evidence that Greatheart lives in the hearts of the American people. And from Roosevelt House his influence still spreads over the broad land and far outside.

Here is the headquarters of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and of its committee "on the perpetuation of Roosevelt's ideals," whose name phrase gives an accurate indication of the scope of its activities.

Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, is chairman of this, and Herman Hagedorn, Roosevelt's biographer and director of the association, vice chairman.

Other members are Lawrence F. Abbott, of the *Outlook;* R. J. Cuddihy, of the *Literary Digest;* Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *American Review of Reviews;* E. A. Van Valkenberg, of the Philadelphia *North American;* Mark Sullivan; Carl E. Akeley, sculptor and naturalist; Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard; Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York; Mrs. Medill McCormick, of Chicago; Mrs. C. A. Severance, of St. Paul; Oscar S. Strauss and Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.

Roosevelt House is maintained jointly by the Roosevelt Memorial Association and the Women's Roosevelt Memorial Association. It is really managed by the latter, whose project it originally was, but out of the nearly $2,000,000 subscribed by the American people to the Roosevelt memorial fund the former provided the amount necessary for its completion. Its offices are there now and the two organizations co-operate.

There are two houses, in reality: the Roosevelt home, which has been restored externally to its exact condition of sixty-five years ago, and that of Roosevelt's uncle, next door on the west. The two were formerly not connected in any way, but have been thrown together to make Roosevelt House.

In Roosevelt's boyhood East Twentieth street was a select residential street, but business has encroached upon it until now tall and lofty office buildings hedge it about on every side. This is the edge of New York's silk district, and not far away, on Fourth avenue, are the offices of magazines with which the ex-President was connected after leaving the White House.

The Roosevelt house proper has been restored inside as to the basement and the first two floors. Mrs. Roosevelt, the Colonel's sister, Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, and others of his relatives helped out in this very generously. Friends of the family and others, sometimes at no small distance from New York, were glad to contribute furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac or other articles which had been in the Roosevelt home.

In the drawing room on the main floor and in the front bedroom immediately above on the second floor the wall paper is an exact reproduction of what was on the walls when T. R. was a small boy. In the other rooms wall paper of that period has been reproduced with great care, though possibly not of the exact pattern of the original.

The culinary department in the basement is as completely equipped as when young Theodore hid under the kitchen table from his irate father after he had bitten his sister's arm, on the only occasion in his life when the elder Roosevelt administered corporal punishment. "My father was the best man I ever knew," Roosevelt says of him in his autobiography.

In the dining room above, where now on special occasions meals are served, the same haircloth-covered chairs upon which the Roosevelt children scratched bare legs stand about the heavy dining table of black walnut. All the more solid furniture is of black walnut, which was considered the best taste in the Civil War period and that just following the war.

In the drawing room at the front on the main floor the hangings and the upholstery of the furniture are in a beautiful light blue, a faithful replica of other days. And the great chandelier in the center has had replaced among its innumerable hanging crystals that which dropped to the floor and was secreted by the boy Theodore as a wonderful treasure.

Each child had a particular chair in this room and Theodore's special little chair stands where it used to. In the back parlor is the great black walnut sofa opposite the mantel and fireplace where the Roosevelt children had morning prayers with their father. They would come rushing downstairs those mornings, the leader calling out, "I speak for you and the cubbyhole, too!" thus gaining the place between the father and the end of the sofa, with his arm about the favored one, which was so desirable.

Roosevelt tells of this in his autobiography and intimates, what Mrs. Robinson says is the fact, that he would win the cubbyhole very frequently.

There is in this room a small chair which was the boy's special pride and in which he seated the family pastor on an occasion when he was entertaining the latter ere his mother came downstairs. And over the mantel is an allegorical picture to which Theodore called the minister's attention, in which "the angel is ascending into Heaven with his coat tails flying out."

Furniture and furnishings in the front bedroom on the second floor are those which were there when T. R. was born, even to the curtains at the windows and the bedspread. And the portrait of his mother which hung above the mantel hangs there still.

The nursery to the rear on this floor has the original table and chairs. And there is the flight of steps which led out of the window to the back piazza where Theodore Roosevelt lay in his earliest youth and where he had his youthful gymnasium later on. The swinging rings, parallel bars and other apparatus have been restored.

One need not close one's eyes to imagine the spirit of the departed Colonel hovering about his boyhood home.

The Roosevelt museum and the library of books and other material by and about Roosevelt are in the house to the west, where dwelt the family of his uncle. On the top floor of Roosevelt House an auditorium occupies the space across both the old houses, where there is far more room than one would suppose possible. The rich dark woodwork upon the side walls of this room is strikingly handsome.

The museum is not large as yet, but it is growing constantly, and already has many objects of striking interest. Colonel "Bill" Sewall, the Aroostook County, Maine, guide who taught Roosevelt to shoot, has sent down the old frypan the New York youth used in the Pine Tree State in those days.

It was "Bill" Sewall and Will Dow, another Maine friend, whom Roosevelt called to his side when, in the eighties, after the death of his mother and his first wife within a single twenty-four hours, he retired to Elkhorn Ranch in the Dakota Bad Lands. In the museum are numerous relics of ranch days, even the "chaps" and hunting shirt he wore.

Sylvane and Joseph Ferris and A. W. Merrifield, who were with him at Chimney Butte, and A. W. Erickson have sent on much connected with Roosevelt's life there, and many things have been secured from other sources—his rifle, shotgun and six-shooter, his round-up hat, compass, drinking cup, even his spectacles. Roosevelt's ranch journal contains the contracts and rough bookkeeping which served to keep matters straight.

The library has four copies, the only ones known to exist, of the "Bad Lands Cow Boy," published at Medora, Dakota, in the eighties, in one of which there is a reference to "Bad Man" Finnegan, who is doing time for stealing Theodore Roosevelt's boat.

In the museum is the ranch organ which T. R. bought for the use of Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Dow after they joined their husbands at the ranch.

The Smithsonian has given a mounted African lion skin and an unmounted topi skin which the Roosevelt expedition secured in Africa and the silver-mounted saddle, bridle, lariat, and so on of the South American gaucho which the people of Brazil presented to Roosevelt during his South American trip.

Then there are koodoo horns given by Roosevelt to Secretary Bonaparte; his Rough Rider rifle; two native Filipino swords given T. R. by Datto Piang, a native chief; the single sticks he used in the White House gymnasium in contests with General Wood; two lamps he used on western hunting trips; three master phonograph records of Roosevelt's voice; a variety of campaign souvenirs, buttons, handkerchiefs and the like; and much besides to which accessions are constantly coming in.

The Library of Congress has Roosevelt's official manuscripts, but Mrs. Roosevelt has given Roosevelt House his scrapbooks, about which a separate article could be written. In addition, the library of Roosevelt House has nearly two hundred original Roosevelt manuscripts and letters, including the last letter he wrote, on January 3, 1919, to Richard M. Hurd, of New York.

This library has upward of 15.000 pieces—books, pamphlets, magazine articles, clippings, cartoons, and so on—of which Roosevelt himself wrote more than a thousand. Mrs. Roosevelt has given it the manuscript of his speech and the spectacle case which saved the ex-President's life when he was shot in Milwaukee during the campaign of 1912.

Roosevelt's Spanish War diary is also her gift. The library has the diary of his South American trip, and the only known copies of the minutes of the Little Missouri River Stockmen's Association.

Remarkable is the collection of original cartoons, many of them given by their makers; and there are myriad photographs, including several rare early photographs of T. R. and those associated with him and a valuable group taken by him at his Elkhorn Ranch, with his original notes on the back of them.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association has for its honorary presidents Secretary of State Hughes, ex-Secretary of State Elihu Root and General Leonard Wood, and for honorary vice-presidents, James R. Garfield, Senator Hiram Johnson and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Theodore Roosevelt's favorite photograph.

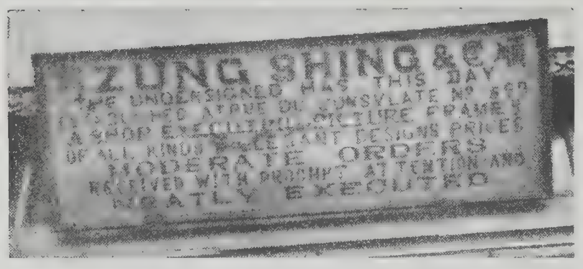
The spectacle case and manuscript of his speech which saved Colonel Roosevelt's life when he was shot in Milwaukee during the campaign of 1912.

Snowy owl mounted by Theodore Roosevelt as a youth.

"Pidgin" English on Chinese Signboards

The Language as "She Is Writ" for Advertising Purposes in China Is Wonderful and Fearful to Behold

By CARROLL K. MICHENER



Zung executes picture frames.

SCARCELY had we been installed in our hotel at Shanghai when Vong, the "room boy"—which is to say, the gray-haired Oriental who served as chambermaid on that floor—introduced to our attention his friend, the tailor. This felicitous circumstance brought us first acquaintance, not only with that astute individual, but, generically speaking, with the essential business man of China.

It appeared, from his card, that we were in the presence of Sing Chong, personifying the "Looknice Company." The card violated our notion of things Chinese. We had expected not a white pasteboard oblong, bearing in neat English print the names of Sing and his "attractive-aspect" concern, but a strip of red paper huge enough for a billboard or to wrap a case of firecrackers, and emblazoned with black ideographs.

How we fared at the hands of Sing Chong is hardly a part of this narrative; though it may be said, in passing, that we learned about business from him. The transaction was profitable for everyone concerned.

We had been warned to submit a model. Sing Chong asked for one, in fact. And though we doubted that old story of Chinese fidelity to pattern, which relates the affair of the new trousers that came from a tailor patched at the seat exactly like the old, we were diligent in seeing that our sample suits were no more and no less than we intended to reproduce. This care, in a sense, was justified. The new garments, save for freshness of fabric and variation of weave, were indistinguishable from the old.

In arguing his merits, Sing Chong had pointed with pride to his advertisement in a Shanghai daily newspaper, published in English. We knew from this that the Chinese merchant of today did not hesitate to add to his inherited sagacity the western world's chief aid to business. His legend to prospective patrons ran thus:

SING CHONG
LOOKNICE COMPANY
GENTS CLOTHING, DRESS MAKER
AND LADIES HAT

> I had my tears in work Department of first and Practical training with the Largest Foreign Shop on Nanking Road. Onething I learned is not to "Squeeze" Material and not to overcharge my Customers to keep them. Cut a picture of a dress or Costume and hats which you like from a magazine and I will make it for you, isent this fair? Can I have-your business? Can I come and see you? or you will please ring up the number.

Sing Chong was not alone in his ambition for foreign trade, as we discovered in our sinuous journeyings through crowded, aromatic streets of both the Chinese and foreign sections of Shanghai. We found what seemed an epidemic of "pidgin" English on signboards. Search for humorous new evidences of such progressiveness among Chinese shopkeepers became something of an enthusiasm with us. We made it a hobby.

It was clear that in King Cheng Kee, Sing Chong had a lively competitor. King's signboard, running across the top of his one-story building between the gold and vermilion perpendicular "shingles" that catch the Chinese eye with their huge crow's-track characters, carried this legend in somewhat uncertain Roman lettering:

LADIES DRESS MAKER & GENERAL OUTFITTER READY MADE UNDER CLOTHINGALL FASHIONABLE EMBROIDERIE WORKS & TUKE ORDER
—AND—
EVERY KIND OF FURS & CORSETS SILK & SATINS & PONGEES OF FANCY GOODS EMBROIDERY ETC.

Next in point of numbers to the tailors in their bidding for foreign patronage were, curiously enough, the carpenters, painters and masons. This was odd because we found, from inquiry, that the services of these craftsmen were rarely subject to negotiation directly by any foreigner, but were secured as a rule through the mediation of Chinese servants or contractors. Nevertheless the Chinese lettering on their signboards was usually badly crowded by awkward, blustering and erroneous English capitals. Here, for example, was

ZEE YUNG CHONG
CARPENTER MASON GECOI-
ER HOUSE&SHIP PAINTER
DECORATOR & CONTRACTOR
AVENUE PAUL BRUNAT OF

Fong Yung Hing, in the Chungking road, had taken occasion to incorporate in the English text of his sign, the naïve explanation that the foreign lettering was "the English of Chinese." Fong blazoned himself as

CERPENTER AND MASON
PAINTER HOUSE FIX GLASS
MAKER ALL FURNITURE
CONTRACTOR

It was a bit difficult, at first, to understand completely why there should have been such a prevalence of typographical error in these "English of Chinese" signs. "YU.TAI.CHINESE.GENILEMAN.&LADYS.SNOTS.&BOTS.CO" was a rude offense to our editorial sensibilities. There was evidence, too, of faulty phonetics in the smithy sign of Yung Chong, which proclaimed him to be no less than a "poney sho mack."

But this puzzle, in time, unraveled itself; particularly when we had watched a dozen coolies, hunched over as many type cases in the composing room of an English print shop, laboriously matching the letters set forth in the "copy" before them, without the slightest knowledge of what the letters were or of anything the "copy" meant. Proofs of such type-set material came back to the compositor almost obliterated with mazes of correction marks. After this it was easy to deduce, therefore, either that the average sign painter was less meticulous than our tailor in "following copy," or that the "copy" itself was produced only after an imperfect study of best English models.

Lack of finesse in English idiom on the part of one of these interpreting savants, we supposed, must have accounted for a curious advertisement over the door of a towel maker's shop: "The towels," read this sign, "are weaving up of the different colours to sell." But this may have been, of course, simply an accurate translation of the accompanying ideographs. "Foam water," lettered over the door of a shop that sold hot tea-water to neighboring householders, was at least idiomatically picturesque.

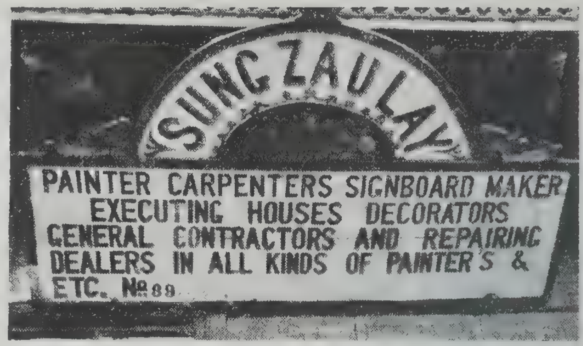
Foo Kee's hair dressing "salool."

Disingenuous, as well, was the signboard of Dong Woo, the money changer, and somewhat savoring of the printer's "pi-box" were the styles of type used:

> sale all kinds of cigars and cigarettes ALSO will be change any kinds of goldpounds and chick as foiiow countries america england france russia german italy and japan if anybody coming here we give a true to every body

The emblazonment of Zung Shing & Company savored of legal phraseology. "The undersigned"—so read his shop board—"has this day established at Rue du Consulate No. 599 a Shop Executing picture frames of all kinds & elegant designs prices moderate orders received with proompt attention and neatly executed."

It was before the sign of the dairyman, Fok Kyi, however, that we ceased to seek further for the unique. Not only had Fok avoided the callow young English-scholars of his community with their "pi-line" translations, but he had intrusted his work to a faithful calligrapher, providing as copy no less than the firm's identical billhead. In this, no doubt, he felt reasonably sure of averting error. The business, therefore, stood quaintly notified to the passing world as:


SUNG ZAU LAY
PAINTER CARPENTERS SIGNBOARD MAKER
EXECUTING HOUSES DECORATORS
GENERAL CONTRACTORS AND REPAIRING
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF PAINTER'S &
ETC. №89

And Sung, houses and decorators.

Dr. to FOK KYI DAIRY,
1401 Avenue Road
MONTHLY ACCOUNT
Bottles Milk @
Pats Butter @
Cheese per lb @
Bottles Cream @

We learned on the other hand, of a well-known foreign shop on Nanking Road which had been a source of keen delight to the Chinese population for years because one of the ideographs in its sign was upside down. Many of the hongs—the foreigner calls them that in China—had Chinese names that were fantastically absurd. The consular secretary told us of one that, literally translated, meant "open and shut." A scholarly Chinese, he said, was fond of informing his friends, with mock solemnity, that the name was a profound manifestation of western intellectual subtlety, meaning that the concern opened its doors in the morning and closed them in the afternoon. This was as funny to them as the case of a certain Honkew tailor was to us. The man did business under the proud name of "jelly Belly," a commercial sobriquet which, according to tradition, had been bestowed upon him by an American naval officer gifted with a somewhat rough-faceted sense of humor.

But the naïve adventures of the Chinese merchant into the realms of English calligraphy did not deceive us as to his essential business sagacity. His "English of Chinese" might be ludicrous, but his commercial practices and instincts were soberly sound. His business cunning had been cumulative since several centuries before Confucius.

And not all his signs, even in English, were curious. Along Nanking Road he had blazed a trail of electricity, somewhat less formal, but certainly no less effective than any of his most progressive foreign competitors. He had learned the value of display.

In the narrow, wooden-shuttered streets of the native quarter of Shanghai, still savoring of medieval times, there was sharp contrast. Here there was no pretense of occidental learning, and shop signs, decorously perpendicular, bearing characters in red and gold, made no bid for foreign trade.

With a translator in tow it was possible, nevertheless, to find entertainment in many of these commercial notifications. From over the door of a cash meat market, for example, he read to us the Oriental equivalent of "Cash Store." The legend ran: "No Credit Given—Former Customers Have Taught Caution."

The cobbler in the next block had expressed the nature of his calling in words of euphemism and elegance. His shop was "for the regeneration of footwear."

But if there was no English on the signboards of China at large, there was; we found, plenty of "pidgin" under the Oriental firmament of trade as a whole. English, clearly, was everywhere in China the "business" tongue in international transactions. And this was no more than the reflection of a dominant Anglo-Saxon characteristic. Englishman and American were alike in smug self-sufficiency when it came to the matter of language. He who would trade with them must speak their tongue.

This, in effect, was what was said to the Oriental when modern trade relationships were begun some century and a half ago. Hitherto, in the golden eras of the Grand Khans and the periods of the dynasties that laid claim to haughty sovereignty of the world, traders had need to speak the language of Cathay. But with the coming of the Anglo-Saxon, China began speaking, perforce, the familiar species of "pidgin" English that prevails to this day.

Other nationals, it appeared, were willing to make concessions in the matter of speech. As a result, there was no such thing as "pidgin" French, "pidgin" Dutch, or "pidgin" Russian. Numerous foreign languages were spoken, and spoken badly, we knew, by Chinese engaged in international trade, but "pidgin" English had become the international business dialect of the Orient.

We found ourselves in possession of fair fluency of that mode of speech before the end of two weeks. Early in our linguistic adventures we heard from the lips of a missionary's little daughter, a guest in our hotel, the entire Mother Goose suite couched in "pidgin." This was the one about the old lady who lived in a shoe:

One piece-ee old missus-ee have got,
Stop in one shoe.
Catch-ee too many children,
No sabbee what thing can do.

Entrance to tenement street.

Pay-ee some soup,
No pay-ee any bread;
Tan-tan-ee each man plenty,
Talk-ee chew, go bed.

At the end of our second week we were able to address Vong, the "boy," upon such an occasion as that of having left behind in our rooms some essential implement, in the following fluent and canonical "pidgin":

"Vong, you go topside, chop-chop, catch-ee one piece-ee umblella, my pay you plenty cumshaw. Spose can do?"

And:

"Can do, mastah, chop-chop," Vong grinned, anticipating his reward of cumshaw—a word that signifies "golden sands," one of the few that have been taken over from the Chinese into the business talk of the English.

In the deeper channels of trade there was, of course, small echo of the primitive language of trade. The more important foreign business firms were still addicted, we learned, to the convenient but not wholly satisfactory old system of employing a compradore. This was a direct borrowing from Chinese sociology. The compradore was the Chinese middleman, without whom nothing of any importance, from money matters to matrimony, might be undertaken.

Anglo-Saxon reluctance to learn the speech of the Chinese made the compradore an essential. Futhermore, there had always been, it was easy to discern even in modern Shanghai, a stubborn Anglo-Saxon resistance to the notion of studying Chinese manners and customs, and of modifying trade practices accordingly. The old-time taipan had declined, somewhat disdainfully, to attempt any effort at understanding the Chinese. He left all that to the compradore.

In old days the compradore's character and probity were unquestioned. He was a great man in the business community. His word was gilt-edged as a high-class bond. But China's modern political, social and financial disorder had broken down, somewhat, the compradore's high reputation for integrity. Exploitation of Chinese credit and money by unscrupulous foreigners, with consequent losses to the compradores, had tended to increase the number of defaulting Chinese. Therefore, where formerly oral contracts served, legal documents and bonds must now be exacted of the Chinese go-between.

When we had observed in repeated detail the small traffic of the Chinese streets we achieved the certainty that America possessed but a rude knowledge of bargaining. Here was trade in its lowest denomination, yet carried to the *n*th degree of finesse. More physical and psychic energy was squandered upon the purchase of a pinch of soy cheese, a sliver of varnished duck, or some such inconsiderable trifle as a broken snuff bottle—all for a consideration of about a twentieth of a cent—than would be expended in America upon a railroad bond issue.

But China had limitless time, inexhaustible patience. We recalled the legend of the woman of Soochow, who, lacking a needle, began filing down a crowbar to meet her needs. And, further, bargaining, among the Chinese was a pleasurable art. It amounted to an enthusiasm, shared in common by the entire race. It was embedded in Oriental philosophy and old custom, and had become almost a religious commandment. There was no Chinese, we were convinced, who would not haggle half a day over a dime's worth of cabbage—on principle, and for the zest of the thing—though he knew that, devoted to other pursuits, his time might be coined into dollars.

YU TAI FOR CHINESE GENTLMAN & LADIS. SNOTS & BOTS CO

Just what does Yu mean?

The signs tell of the business.

Much had been said and written, we were aware, both before and since Bret Harte, about the guile of the heathen Chinee. His ways in business, as well as in poker, were understood to be dark. And yet there was also the legend of Chinese business integrity and honesty that was supposed to be mirrored in the practice, widespread over the eastern hemisphere, of employing Chinamen as bank tellers.

The prevalence of the Chinese banker was obvious, but that, we were certain, had nothing to do with Chinese honesty. It was an evidence of efficiency and adaptability. But in spite of business cunning that outdid the proverbial Yankee shrewdness, Chinese merchandising, we were convinced, was fundamentally honest. It was true, probably, as Baltazar had said in Mr. Locke's novel, that China was a country where unless you guessed what the other fellow was thinking of, you might be led astray by what he said. But, with proper allowance for the peculiar inversions of Chinese methods of thought, the word of a Chinese merchant in an affair of business was, we would have gambled, as good as his bond. True, he might get the best of one on exchange, or inadvertently visit upon an over-exacting customer a few "three-piece"—lead-filled—dollars, but only after the letter of his compact had been filled.

Roosevelt House a Mecca for Thousands

Concluded from page 11

William Boyce Thompson, of New York, is president and William Loeb, Jr., and Will Hays are vice-presidents.

The Roosevelt Memorial Fund amounted to $1,837,353.52 at the last report and an additional $75,000 has been collected locally by the Roosevelt Memorial Association of Oyster Bay for the purchase of land for Roosevelt Memorial Park there. The National Roosevelt Memorial Association has appropriated $50,000 for the purchase of land for this park, which will cost about $120,000.

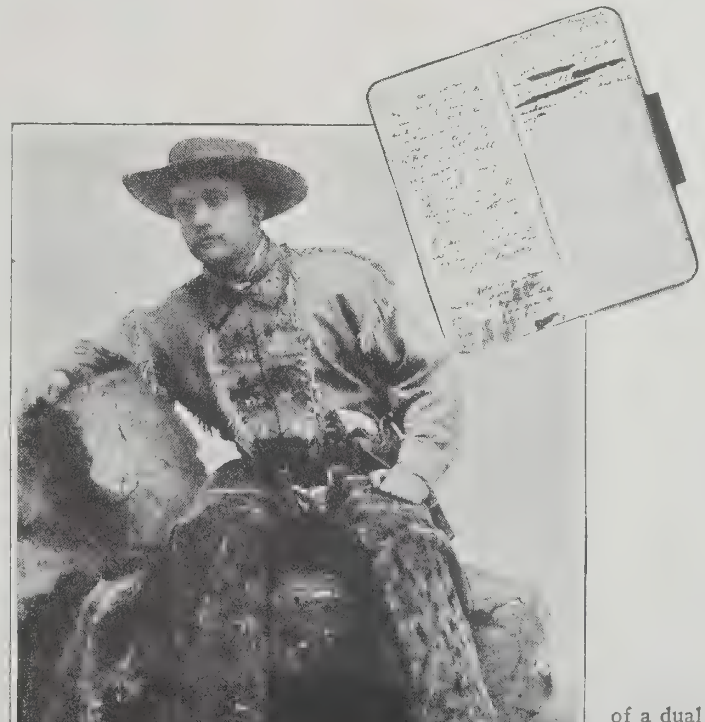
This park is one of the principal objects of the national organization, in fact. The Oyster Bay society has selected for its site a tract of fifty-three acres on the shore of Oyster Bay which Colonel Roosevelt used to hope might be redeemed for public uses, especially since the preëmption by private owners of shore property in that vicinity had practically shut off the citizens of the town from the water front. Part of this fifty-three acres is under water at high tide.

On one occasion when a project was placed before the voters of Oyster Bay to make this tract a public park Roosevelt took a vigorous part in favor of it, but the negative vote of those living in villages in the town of Oyster Bay remote from the shore resulted in its defeat.

Another leading object of the Roosevelt Memorial Association is the care of Theodore Roosevelt's grave. W. Emlen Roosevelt, as a personal tribute to his cousin and lifelong friend, has purchased and improved certain land adjacent to Young's Cemetery at Oyster Bay, where Roosevelt's body lies, and has given it to the cemetery association.

Near the entrance an attractive house has been fitted up as a lodge for the caretaker of Roosevelt's grave, whose salary is paid by the national association from a fund laid aside in perpetuity.

In every season and whatever the weather, the grave is visited by a seemingly endless procession of men, women and children from everywhere on earth. Annually on Roosevelt's birthday Boy Scout troops in the neighborhood of New York hold special exercises there, and on January 6 of each year the members of an organization known as the Roosevelt Pilgrimage pay tribute there to their former friend and chief. Until his death Dr. Lyman Abbott was the chairman of the Roosevelt Pilgrimage.



Colonel Roosevelt in cowboy costume.

Another main purpose of the Roosevelt Memorial Association is the erection in Washington of a monumental memorial to the ex-President. A competition of a dual nature is in progress—of ideas and of designs. The winning ideas will naturally play their part in the second phase of the competition, the first prize in which will be the commission to execute the monument.

No site has as yet been selected, but perhaps it would not be amiss to locate the memorial in Rock Creek Park, the beautiful stretch of country which Roosevelt loved so well and in whose rustic fastnesses he spent all the time he could.

Provision has been made for the inclusion in this competition, without prejudice or favor, of the design submitted in 1920 by Carl E. Akeley and James Brite. This is for a remarkable symbolic monument in the form of a huge, monolithic lion.

A PAGE FROM ROOSEVELT'S SPANISH WAR DIARY.

The entries in the diary for June 5 to 11, 1898, inc., read:

"No words can paint the confusion. No head; a breakdown of both the railroad and military system of the country. Mounted drill very good, much admired by foreign attaches. No plans; no staff officers; no instruction. Each officer finds out for himself and takes his chances. We are doing as well as the regular regiments. Have very light baggage.

"Told to go aboard transport. Worst confusion yet. R. R. system utterly mismanaged. No allotment of transports. Utter confusion.

"After we were embarked we had to stay still! And the administration here beats everything.

"Delay in harbor under the tropical sun very bad for men."

Working to Make All the World Healthy

Agencies Named by League of Nations Campaign Against Disease

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THE biggest thing that any of us have ever bumped up against is old man world whirling around out here in the great spaces with only a gravity string holding him to his course. One of the tiniest things we have known is young sprout microbe which gets into our victuals or our air, enters our system without knocking and begins to bore from within, thus handing to us various varieties of the pip.

Just of late it has come to pass that these two individuals have signed up for a fight, all organized and everything, a fight to a finish. On the face of it one would say that it is an inconceivably unequal combat but it has been going on in a guerrilla sort of way for a long time with many successes chalked up to the credit of the little fellow. But now the world has seen a new light, has got a new idea. That idea grew out of the war. For lack of it the Allies floundered for four years and lost millions of men. In the end it won the war. That idea is *unity of command.*

The League of Nations is just now bringing the whole world to work in unison on the idea of sanitation and health. One cannot see at a glance just how big an accomplishment this is. Maybe it is big enough to recompense the world for the war. Maybe it will save more people than were lost in that holocaust. It appears pretty big. Let us take a look at the manner in which the world was induced to present a common front to its myriad, microscopic, ancestral enemy.

In Paris, after the war, when an attempt was being made to write into a treaty a world agreement for the future, someone inserted Article 23 into the controversial document there drafted a statement that: "Members of the League will endeavor to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease."

Before the war nations had recognized the existence of the necessity of studying health conditions beyond their borders. The United States, for instance, was interested in yellow fever to the south, for it had swept New Orleans, even Philadelphia, in the past; in bubonic plague from the Orient, for a rat had once shinnied down a hawser in San Francisco and given it to prairie dogs who kept it alive for years; in sore eyes which came to America with immigrants in the steerage and got hold of the mountaineers of Kentucky. Certain diseases, existing anywhere in the world, might spread as does the gypsy moth. Public health was an international problem. The health services of the nations tried to keep track of the epidemic diseases and protect themselves against them but there was no common action.

After the war a quite terrifying situation developed that served the purpose of spotlighting the grim, slathering monster of contagion, licking his chops there on the eastern frontier of Europe. Typhus, the old jail fever of the Civil War, born of vermin that crawl, was running among the repatriates like flames in dry grass. It was spreading west. Thousands were dying. A score of nations had it. Others were threatened. No one knew where the plague would stop.

How Typhus Is Fought

THE League of Nations, under its scant covenantal authority, appointed an epidemic commission consisting of three men of continental reputation. They were to be its advisors. They suggested that international cooperation be brought about under the auspices of the Office International d'Hygiene Publique, of Paris, a voluntary association of the health services of the world. The Polish Government took the initiative and called a conference of health agencies of the world to meet in Warsaw in the summer of 1920 to study the typhus situation. Nearly all the nations of Europe were represented, among them Germany, Russia and Turkey. They mapped a program, raised a common fund for the campaign. They tied the nations together for fighting typhus. The league secretariat ran the meeting. The responsibility for keeping the mill working was placed with the league. Under the old scheme conventions met and passed resolutions, adjourned and forgot them. This secretariat at Geneva carried on the work of the Warsaw Conference. The league itself built upon it.

A health section was created at league headquarters in Geneva, with its secretariat and technical staff. Great pains were taken in selecting a man to head this section. Finally a Pole was selected, Dr. Rajchman, head of the Epidemological Institute, of Warsaw, and a leader in the big battle on the eastern front. Dr. Rajchman had gathered experience as an inmate of Russian prisons during the war. He wrote and spoke seven or eight languages. He had the habit, which still sticks to him, of working 18 hours a day. He is dark, thin, sprightly, bald, smiling, energetic. He is the Foch of the allied army against disease. There is unity of command.

The League of Nations established a second agency to work with it, the Council, the Assembly, Dr. Rajchman—a technical advisory committee. This committee now has 14 members and may eventually be increased to 20. These members are the best experts that can be found among the health services of the world. Surgeon-General Cumming, of the United States, has recently become a member. The committee meets once every three or four months, oftener in emergency. Every time it meets it surveys the world, scratches its head and asks itself just what there is that can be done to advance the idea of co-operation among nations for the elimination of disease. There is always plenty to do. The committee makes its recommendations to the Council and the Assembly. Through these bodies 52 nations take action, authorize campaigns, instruct their permanent staffs as to what to do. Their action is virtually the action of the world.

Here are some of the concrete things it has done. It established three training schools for health officers in the East—one in Moscow and one in Kharkov, Russia, and one in Warsaw. There are always some 70 picked men in each of these schools taking three-month courses in sanitation and public health methods. This is an attempt to supply a need for sanitary officers in that part of the world.

Another venture has been undertaken that is an enlargement of this idea. It started with an invitation to two members of the sanitary staffs of 10 East European nations to visit Belgium and Italy, spending six weeks in each country studying sanitary methods as there applied. The Rockefeller Foundation bears the expense of these pilgrimages. This venture was a great success. The prize student was a man from the wilds of Russia. It resulted in a similar invitation being issued by Great Britain and Austria. Nineteen nations accepted and sent two picked men each. Among these were two from the American Public Health Service.

In Paris, in 1912, an international sanitary convention was held. Among other things it wrote an agreement among the nations on such questions as quarantine regulations.

Further studies under the advice of a health committee of the league are to be organized and the results of these studies are to be considered at a world conference. Regulations set down at this conference will be administered through the league.

Work on Regional Problems

THERE are very important regional problems. The Eastern Mediterranean, for instance, is given to certain epidemic diseases. It is important to the nations of that part of the world and, for that matter, of all the world, that every precaution should be taken to control and eradicate those diseases. A commission has therefore been dispatched to that part of the world. It will write a convention, an agreement among the nations affected, with relation to the measures needed. It is probable that a regional convention will be called and that the interested nations will work out of this movement a program for common action that will clean up the Eastern Mediterranean.

In the Far East there is an entirely different regional situation. There are many ports of call in the Orient. There are peculiar diseases in that part of the world. There are at places regulations that do not afford the necessary protection. There are at other points quarantine regulations that materially interfere with shipping. If a suspected ship, for instance, has been held up and has undergone quarantine at one port, it is an unnecessary hardship if it is forced to endure the same delays at the next port of call. There should be co-operation among these ports. A commission is now in the Far East studying this problem.

It is likely that Africa will furnish the problem for another regional study and convention. What sanitary control existed in Africa before the war has largely disappeared. Germany had extensive colonies there and her establishment was destroyed. Those colonies have now come under mandate and the conditions that exist in them are therefore an international responsibility. "Sleepy" sickness (an entirely different thing from the "sleeping" sickness of civilization) is causing a great deal of trouble. It is to be studied and an international attack is to be made.

New problems have arisen here and there about the world. There is the Danube River, for instance, which is much more of an international waterway than it used to be. The sanitary problems along it are international problems. The sanitary regulations having to do with shipping are international problems. Agreements are necessary with relation to emptying sewage into the Danube. It furnishes a regional problem which requires study by an international agency and presents a need for agreements which must be internationally drafted and enforced. It is another of the infinite number of international tasks that are gravitating to the League of Nations.

Common Standards Needed

IN MEDICINE there is great need of establishing common standards in such matters as the strength of medicines. Canada, for instance, recently discovered insulin, a cure for diabetes. It is a matter in which the hygienic laboratories of the world are greatly interested. They will be talking about it, experimenting with it. It is one of those serums that is measured by its reaction on some living creature, man or experimental lower animal. There are other such serums, anti-tetanus serums which save the victim from lockjaw, anti-diphtheria serums, which save babies' lives by the thousands a year. There should be common measures of strength in these serums. In some of them the unit in the United States is 60 times as strong as the unit in Germany. One who had been accustomed to use the German drug might get hold of the American drug and give as many units of it as he had been giving of the German preparation. The patient would be killed. There should be agreements in the hygienic laboratories of the world, standardizations of these units. It is another type of problem that this international health organization will handle.

But it is probably true that the biggest advantage in the whole program will come through the fact that the whole world will become a reporting agency for the health section of the League of Nations. There has never before been any central world agency to which any outbreak and any disease would be reported and which would be in a position to act on its information for the interest of the whole world. Now everything comes to Geneva. It is promptly digested and put into reports. These reports go forward to all the health departments of the world. Month by month the growth of an epidemic, if one should occur, would be shown by the graphs of this world health agency. If such an epidemic should assume threatening proportions the force of the health agencies of the world could be concentrated upon it. This health agency has not had an opportunity to come to grips with an epidemic since, in its swaddling days, it grappled with Russian typhus. It is fairly safe to say, however, that from this date forward the dragon will need but rear its head of contagion from the miasmatic atmosphere in which it breeds to find itself bludgeoned into submission by this new common weapon of the nations.

"Vetoing Vic" Donahey, Ohio's Fighting Governor

Concluded from page 3

it had been one of his ambitions to have a degree but that he had not earned it and could not and would not accept anything which he had not earned.

So much for Donahey, governor. When he leaves his office he goes home, for he is a home-loving man. He likes to be with his family and he has to stay at home a considerable portion of his time if he cares to keep acquainted with his family. It would make the heart of Roosevelt glad to know that the governor of Ohio is the father of a dozen children, ten of whom are living and nine of whom stay at home. He's the pal of his sons, all six of them.

Donahey likes to work in the garden and the fact that he is governor of Ohio does not preclude his putting on his old togs to hoe, spade and rake the garden patch. It is of record at the state house that the only Friday he has been absent was when he went to New Philadelphia to get his garden ready for planting. It is not an uncommon sight for passers-by at Columbus to see the governor engineering a lawn mower over the spacious grounds surrounding the executive mansion.

Donahey caused an international sensation when he took as his chauffeur on a fishing trip into Canada a life termer at the Ohio penitentiary. Stories were published that he would be requested by the Dominion authorities to send him home. The governor on his return, however, stated that nothing was said to him and that the agitation was for political purposes.

The occasion gave him an opportunity to get before the public his attitude toward prisoners.

"Those prisoners out there in the penitentiary," he said, "are not all bad. Some of them are real criminals and they should remain there, but others, and many of them, are there because of circumstances and because of acts committed in a moment of anger. The chauffeur whom I took to Canada killed a man in a brawl when he was only nineteen years old. Do you mean to tell me that that boy is bad? He has served seven years. I believe in giving him another chance, a real chance to make good and to become a useful and respectable citizen. He would give anything to undo that one act.

"Is it humane to condemn him eternally? In my younger days and in yours, you have had fist fights. Nearly everyone has. Suppose in one of them you had killed your opponent. It might easily have happened. Would the ends of justice be served by condemning you to a life behind the bars? I think not.

"Not so long ago the warden (P. E. Thomas) came to me. He told me that a young prisoner, sentenced for life, was about to lose his mother who lived in another state. The warden had granted many prisoners permission to attend funerals or visit sick relatives and to return on their honor. But the prisoners had all lived in this state. The young man was brought before me and I asked whether he would return if we would grant him this privilege. He told us, with tears in his eyes, that he would; that he wanted to see his mother before she died. We granted him leave and he kept his promise although he had plenty of opportunity to escape."

One of these prisoners has since been pardoned and the other paroled.

Governor Donahey uses inmates of the penitentiary as servants at his home and one or two of those fitted for it are employed in the executive offices.

The governor is very fond of the essays of Emerson and it probably was one of the magnificent thoughts of this great thinker which set the young Vic toward the governorship.

Donahey isn't much of a politician, as the attributes of a politician are reckoned by politicians. Recently he named a man of opposite politics as a special investigator under direction of the governor.

Contenders for the Presidency need have no fear of Donahey. He isn't a candidate and couldn't be nominated if he were.

Here's the reason:

He doesn't play golf and won't learn the game.

Interesting Side Lights on American Sports

Prevailing Styles Set by "Champs"; Miracle Performances New Order

By A Veteran Sports Writer

(C) Keystone View Co.

LOREN MURCHISON.

Wearing the colors of the Newark A. C., Murchison won all three special sprint races held in New York. He beat a quintet of the best sprinters in the country.

IT IS the custom in sport to follow the leaders. Holders of the titles set the style. When Maurice McLoughlin, the California Comet, was king of American tennis, all boys and novices in the game tried to develop the smashing drive, McLoughlin's strongest point. Now that William T. Tilden heads the game in this country, those who play try to learn a variety of strokes and practice strategy rather than power.

Since Babe Ruth has become baseball's greatest drawing card, ball players try for long hits. They are no longer content with hitting the ball into fair territory, but they want to "knock it out of the lot." The home run is the thing.

Gene Sarazen had no sooner won the national open golf championship than golfers were imitating his somewhat unusual grip.

Jack Dempsey's best punch is undoubtedly the left hook, and the majority of boxers are trying to develop one. Also, since Dempsey won the title, there is more body punching in both professional and amateur boxing than at any previous time. Dempsey is primarily a body puncher.

Charlie Brickley, of Harvard, showed what advantages kicking can give a football eleven, and many boys who paid no attention to kicking previous to Brickley's reign immediately devoted time and effort to this angle of play.

And so, down the list of sports, one finds that the prevailing style is due to the success of some leader who proved its value by going to the top.

Few things seem impossible in sport. A few years ago it was predicted that baseball would never see the season when an outfielder would have 500 chances in the 154 games comprising the schedule of major league teams. But last year Max Carey, the crack outfielder of the Pittsburgh Nationals, had 450 putouts, 28 assists and 19 errors, a total of 497 fielding chances. Carey played in 153 games and since he averaged more than three chances a game it is reasonable to assume that had he played in the other game he would have handled an even 500 or better, giving baseball a new "miracle" performance.

The argument between William T. Tilden and the American Lawn Tennis Association, which has provided much gossip and comment this winter, brings attention to doubles play in the United States. It has been many years since America has had good doubles play in tennis; our strength has always been in singles. Tilden pointed out this national tennis weakness several years ago and strenuously suggested that it be remedied. Lack of attention on part of the ruling body has been one of the causes for the defect in our play and no attempt has been made to strengthen this country in doubles competition. The break between Tilden and the tennis chiefs dates back to Tilden's criticisms of the manner of picking doubles teams for international competition. Instead of squabbling with Tilden the tennis executives could do a great deal more good by eliminating personal feeling in the matter and starting to give their support to doubles play. If the United States is to defend the Davis Cup, and the United States undoubtedly will, now is the time to form doubles teams and encourage practice and development of team play. It takes much work and time to develop a good combination for net competition.

P. & A. Photo

BERNICE PHELAN

Bernice Phelan, of Fresno, California, may be one of the United States entrants in the diving division of the forthcoming Olympic games. Miss Phelan, it is claimed, is the youngest full-fledged diving champ.

From the Argentine come reports that Luis Angel Firpo, who was kept from winning the world's heavyweight championship last September by a few technicalities that were foreign to him at the time, has grown fat. The big hulk that pounded Jack Dempsey to the floor once and also knocked him through the ropes within a space of less than three minutes of time, is said to have taken on excessive weight and some close observers of physical condition say he will not be fit to take the title from Dempsey when they have their second meeting this year. Be that as it may, the fact remains that when Dempsey and Firpo face each other in the ring a second time with the title at stake, the gate receipts will be more than any two baseball teams in the major leagues gather in an entire season.

East is East and West is West and the twain do not seem to get along when it comes to golf in this country. The past has been marked by a number of bitter disputes and undoubtedly the future will have its share. It is but natural that misunderstandings should arise when the territory of American golf is so widely separated. The major portion of the East fails to realize the extent of the game's progress and development on Mid-Western and Far-Western soil. This vast growth is centered chiefly in the last ten years and the West has felt that it should be given greater recognition and power in the administration of national golf affairs. In the meantime the politics of the game happen to be, frankly speaking, of only remote interest to the average golfer. He likes the game for the sake of the game, which is as it should be.

Pitching has lost a great deal of its effectiveness in the last ten years. Some say that pitching has gone back, that it has become a lost art and that pitchers no longer give serious thought to their work. This same group of critics, and among them you find some of the shrewdest men in the game, overlook one important item, and that is the lively ball. It is certain that Christy Mathewson in his prime could never have won the success he achieved had the lively ball been in use at that time. In 1913 "Dutch" Leonard, then with Boston, ranked twelfth among the American League pitchers in point of effectiveness, permitting an average number of 2.29 earned runs a game. Last season, exactly ten years later, Coveleskie, of Cleveland, led the same league in point of effectiveness with an average number of 2.76 earned runs a game, a record much below that of the twelfth pitcher of 1913.

Luque, of Cincinnati, with twenty-seven victories to his credit, led the National League pitchers last season in games won and Uhle, of Cleveland, was the American League leader with a total of twenty-six victories. Fifteen years ago Walsh, of Chicago, won forty games to lead the American League, and Mathewson, of New York, won thirty-seven to lead the National. Fifteen years after Walsh and Mathewson did this winning, we find few pitchers that get into as many as thirty-seven or forty games a year.

Football needs more room. Universities say that they can no longer take care of the crowds that want tickets to the varsity contests. Good coaches are increasingly in demand. Several changes have been made during the past year that have caused much speculation. Among these Howard Jones, who coached unbeaten teams at Iowa for two seasons but was not so successful last year, is going to leave Iowa next August and coach at Trinity, down below the Mason and Dixon's line. When it became known that Jones was considering departing from Iowa, several coaches in the Western Conference undertook to induce him to stay, an unusual procedure. Their motives were not entirely unselfish, for they believed that Jones' unusual personality reflected credit on all those associated with him in the Big Ten of the Middle West.

Jones, who came from Yale and who is a brother of Tad Jones, present coach of the Eli, is an exceptional sportsman among football coaches. To illustrate our meaning in a more impressive manner we shall relate an incident that occurred last autumn.

It was a few minutes after the Michigan-Iowa game. Michigan had beaten the Iowa giants through a mistake by one of the Iowa backs.

"A hard game to lose, Howard," said an acquaintance to Jones as he was leaving the field.

"Yes, it's hard to lose a game that way," replied Jones, "but that is the penalty of poor coaching. The fault is mine."

No sooner is the football season ended than writers, coaches, players and patrons of the sport begin picking all-star or mythical elevens. We have this selection in progress in every part of the country. Most of the All-American teams are picked by people that have never seen more than one or two of the men selected by them in action.

No sooner does this subside than the baseball enthusiasts begin picking their teams. January is the month when this hobby starts and it rides through the first three months of the year. By that time there is so much live baseball news coming out of the Southland that no time is to be had for mythical teams.

The fact that no one can definitely pick the best baseball or football team of all time makes this interesting autumn and winter amusement possible.

Hockey, played for years by eastern colleges and universities, has invaded the Middle West and several of the leading educational institutions are now represented on the ice. The game has made but little progress because its success depends upon the weather, also the caliber of the teams. Hockey in these colleges and universities is played on outdoor rinks, on natural ice. When the season of 1924 opened, not one of the teams had had more than four days' practice, and even four weeks is hardly long enough to get a hockey team into first-class playing condition.

Hockey is a fascinating game, one of the swiftest, most thrilling and colorful of all sports. To get a higher standard for collegiate hockey it is planned by several universities to build artificial ice arenas. Michigan is almost certain to have one next year and if not then, surely in the following year. This will enable the team to start practice before the football season is half through and insure improvement in play. Teamwork is as important in hockey as in basketball.

Tris Speaker set a new record for two-base hits in 1923. He made a total of fifty-nine which eclipses his own American League record of fifty-three, made while he was a member of the Boston Red Sox in 1912, and the total of fifty-six, made by the late Ed Delahanty in 1899. It is doubtful if another batsman will ever make as many two-base hits as will be credited to Speaker when he decides to retire from the game.

Speaker is one of the best batsmen of all time and one of the hardest hitters. Judging by the power he puts behind his drive one wonders that Speaker is not one of Babe Ruth's rivals for supremacy in hitting home runs. He explained it recently in a newspaper interview:

"It's all in the swing. I doubt whether there are two batters with the same stance and swing. Ruth hits so many home runs because he gets under the ball with his terrific swing. He raises it and produces mighty high flies.

"My swing is a waistline stroke. When I pull back my bat and go through I do not raise or lower the bat two inches until the swing is completed. Thus the bat instead of being raised similar to Ruth's goes out on a straight line.

"Many young batters make the mistake of not steadying their swings. If they would only practice when they are young for the follow-through stroke, with the bat leveled waistline high, they would improve their batting.

"Such a swing produces a line-drive hit. Few low-line drives ever go direct to an outfielder but invariably between outfielders or just inside the foul lines where they cannot be handled."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

One giant redwood tree, recently felled near Portland, Oregon, yielded sufficient lumber to build fifty ordinary five-room bungalows.

The "shimmy," the "camel's step," and other modern dances are severely condemned by *Osservatore Romano*, organ of the Vatican, in an article indorsing the recent stand taken by Cardinal Begin, archbishop of Quebec.

Clark County, Ohio, in the future will use all copper found in liquor stills in repairing roofing and spouting on county buildings.

The chimes of the ancient church of St. Ulrich, at Augsburg, Germany, no longer mark the hours. After working steadily for fifty years the sacristan went on a strike because he had been paid but 4,000,000 marks from April to September—not enough to pay for the shoe leather he wore out climbing daily the 163 rough stair steps to wind the clock.

A block of coal nine feet high and four feet square was shipped from near Elkhart, Maryland, to Milan, Italy, where it is to be put on display at an industrial exposition.

Statistics show there is one officer for every eleven soldiers in the United States Army at present.

The old ship *Discovery,* which carried Captain Scott on the expedition which ended in his reaching the South Pole, is now being fitted for an expedition into the Far South to investigate means to save the whaling industry, which is being threatened by the extermination of the whales east of the Falkland Islands and South Hebrides.

Cattle will be killed by electricity by the Cudahy Packing Company, of Omaha, Nebraska. This will replace the present system of clubbing the animals over the head.

To prevent repeating in voting in San Juan, Porto Rico, each voter is shaved back of the right ear and is required to stick his finger in a pot of indelible ink. Formerly the voter was treated with indelible ink alone but an enterprising voter obtained a quantity of ink eradicator which he distributed to others.

A bill which would prohibit the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution in the schools and colleges of Mississippi was introduced in the lower house of that state recently.

Coal is being mined in Spitzbergen in the Arctic.

The world's largest ball, measuring seven feet in diameter, is being pushed northwest from Chicago to the seaboard, south on the coast, across the continent and then back to Chicago to advertise and arouse interest in the citizens' military training camps. Army officials have said that the idea is to have the ball pushed along the route by students and their friends. It is expected that eighteen months will be required for the trip.

In the Baku fields of Soviet Russia the production of crude petroleum for 1923 increased more than twenty per cent over the previous year.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

"I am for an immigration policy truly American, drawn by Americans, administered by Americans, for the benefit of America today and in the future."—*James J. Davis,* Secretary of Labor.

It is rumored that a New York millionaire has sailed away in his yacht in search of buried treasure believed to have been buried on Cocos Island by Captain W. L. Morgan, the British buccaneer. The treasure is rumored to consist of solid gold and gem-incrusted ornaments, the ravished riches of the Inca Indians, looted from Peruvian churches.

Of the total population of the continental United States 10,500,000 are Negroes, including Mulattoes; 14 000,000 are foreign-born and 23,000,000 native-born with one or both parents foreign-born.

Isle Royale, located in the heart of Lake Superior, and containing 132,000 acres, may become a national monument, according to a statement from Secretary of the Interior Work. Evidence of prehistoric mining has been uncovered in three sections of the island. Harbors and bays range in depth from two to seventy-four fathoms. It is estimated there are 1,800 moose and 400 woodland caribou on the island. Also the only sharp-tailed grouse found in Michigan are located in this area. It has twenty-one inland lakes and several swift-flowing trout streams in the interior.

A hydroelectric project now under consideration contemplates the sending of power by wire from Isle Maligne on the Saguenay River in Canada, a distance of 550 miles, into New York City. It is believed that 2,000,000 horsepower will be developed here.

The total value of mah jong sets which Shanghai sent us in 1923 was $1,505,000, which was $176,247 more than the value of declared exports of hair nets.

The chief probation officer of the third Utah judicial district, including Salt Lake City and an area larger than the entire state of New Hampshire, has discovered from a perusal of his records that no boy scout who attended troop meetings regularly has ever been brought into his court.

The ex-kaiser is making ready his yard and garden for spring planting. He works among the rose bushes and other shrubbery, cutting away the vines of last season to make space for the blooms of 1924.

Ten "Dont's" for women political orators, given by the woman vice-chairman of the Republican national committee, are as follows: "Don't show off your best clothes; don't look like a bareback rider or a tinsel circus dancer. Don't wear pearls or dangly things around the neck. Don't wear a hat, especially one with feathers or flopping things on it. Don't show your feet or ankles. Don't yell at your audience. Don't learn your speech by heart, or read it from a written copy. Don't refer to your lack of time. Don't knock the other party."

Nineteen per cent of the people in Mexico are classed as pure white stock, forty-three per cent as Indian, and the remaining thirty-eight per cent as mixed. The total population is approximately 15,000,000.

The Gould seat on the New York Stock Exchange purchased thirty-nine years ago for $25,000 was sold recently for $85,000.

Hearses will be disguised as ordinary limousines if the opinion of the Associated Undertakers of New York carries throughout the country. Last year the association eliminated black gloves at funerals and voted to make its mortuary establishments bright and attractive. Enough gloom prevails in the world without somber hearses passing through the streets, according to the reasoning of the association.

Two thousand, four hundred and fifty-two men were killed by accidents in coal mines in the United States in 1923.

The government cable ship, *Dellwood,* with which the Army Signal Corps will lay the new cable to Alaska, has started from Seattle for London on the first 9,000 miles of a 41,000-mile journey. In London the cable will be loaded on the boat ready for laying. The *Dellwood* is equipped with the "Gyro-Pilot," a mechanical steering instrument which shows instantly the slightest movement of the ship's head off the course. At $1,000 a mile, the cost of laying the cable, it is estimated the new equipment will be paid for ten times over because of the true straight course it will follow.

A strange creature is the sucker fish which clings to larger fish and to hulls of vessels by means of "vacuum cups" at the back of its head, solely for the purpose of stealing a ride. It is found off the coast of Australia.

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APR 5 1924

England's Reconstruction Problem

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

Teaching "Freshmen" Congressmen

Suppressing the Menace of Opium

Joseph C. Lincoln, the Novelist

Georgia's Many Complex Dilemmas

The Swiss and Co-operative System

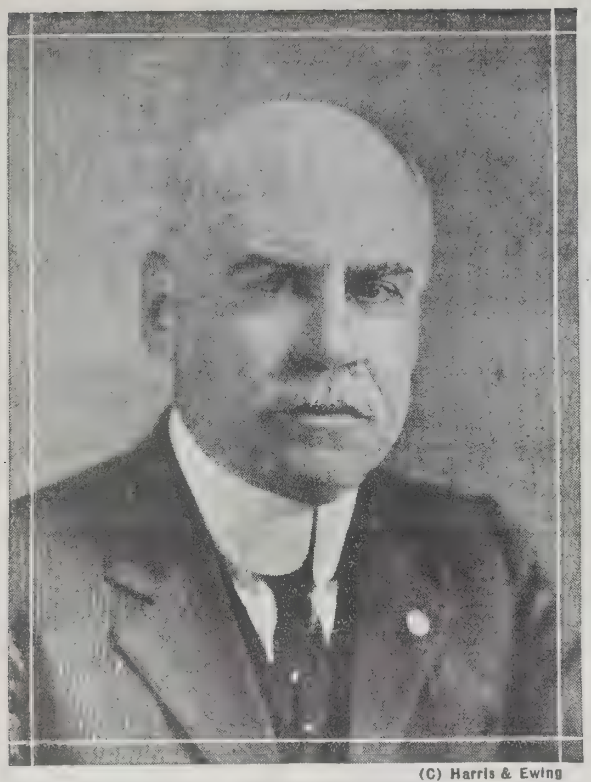
By HUSTON THOMPSON

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Teaching of Statesmanship

A School for "Freshmen" Congressmen

By a Washington Observer



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WILLIAM TYLER PAGE,

Clerk of the House, as Professor at the school of statesmanship.

ONE hundred and fifteen of the 129 new members of the 68th Congress met in the Auditorium of the House Office Building two days before the beginning of the session to get instructions in the art of statesmanship. William Tyler Page, clerk of the House of Representatives, was their "schoolmaster" and he proved an efficient one.

Two years ago Mr. Page conducted this "school" for the first time as an experiment. The idea has become so popular, because of its usefulness, that this primary "school of statesmanship" will be held each two years when new members are sent to Congress to enact laws for the nation.

Mr. Page's lecture occupied less than one hour of time. It was an intensely practical talk bearing on the routine work the "Freshmen" Congressmen would be expected to do and how to go about it, in making the start. After the lecture an hour and a half of time was spent in asking questions on the part of the "baby" Congressmen, which were answered by Mr. Page.

In his introductory remarks Mr. Page explained that "this is a symposium rather than a school." As a matter of fact the "class" very much resembled a class in a large university, in the lecture, as well as in the questions and answers. The textbook was "Page's Congressional Handbook" which the "Freshmen" were supposed to study after the "class" was dismissed. The conduct of the "class" was fairly good. There was some smoking of cigars and cigarets, in which latter the "professor" himself indulged after the lecture.

But "Professor" Page had promised the "class" some eats after the work of the "class" was over. While he didn't tell the "boys" that they would be rewarded at the elaborate buffet luncheon, spread out in plain sight in a far corner of the room, if they were good and had their lessons, perhaps it had the same effect as the rewards of the stern schoolmistress of their boyhood days. The class exercises lasted from eight to eleven-thirty in the evening. The splendid buffet luncheon after "class" proved to be a get-acquainted affair, much resembling a church social, minus the ladies and the preacher.

In his lecture Mr. Page declared that he had little patience with certain people who are always criticising Congress and its members. "There are 435 of you in the House, sent here by 110,000,000 sovereign people. You represent these people who sent you here by their votes. Whoever criticizes Congress and its members, on general principles, without some substantial reason, criticizes the sovereign people of this country," said he.

One member asked if his secretary could frank his personal letters and use the government-paid-for stationery. This brought up the whole question of the franking privileges of Congressmen, as to the mails and the telegraph companies. The telegraph companies send franks to all members each year. This entitles members to send telegrams at government rates, all the messages pertaining to the business of the government being charged against the government. As there has been some abuse of this, clerks of the Committee on Accounts now check up all the messages of members charged against the government, and those found to be of a personal nature are charged against the member at full rates. Members are entitled to send trunks and practically anything they choose through the mails. Congressmen have been known to send pianos and all kinds of household goods through the mails on their franks. Some years ago one member franked a Shetland pony for his children to use in Washington. While Mr. Page did not refer to these matters directly, he did explain with much elaboration about the franking privileges of members.

Among the many other questions asked are the following:

"How do two members "pair"?

"What is the "pair" for?

Mr. Page explained that when a Democratic member was to be absent and the House was likely to vote on any bill or question before the body, he would "pair" with some Republican member who would refrain from voting to offset the absent member's vote. A Republican member who was to be absent would do the same with some Democratic member. "Pairs" in the House are always put into writing and the roll clerk calls off the "pairs" daily. In the Senate the agreement to "pair" is not put into writing but is simply a verbal understanding between two Senators. The Senate having less than one-quarter the number of members as the House this plan is practicable in the Senate while it would not be in the House with its 435 members. The "pair" is a gentleman's agreement. If the member present violates his promise to "pair" with the absent one and votes, there is no penalty for so doing. It is very rarely that an agreement to "pair" is violated.

Other questions and the answers follow:

"How does a member introduce a bill?"

"In the handbook I have given each member here, you will find model bills, and the method of introducing them explained," answered Mr. Page.

"To how many copies of the *Congressional Record* is a member entitled?"

"Fifty-nine copies are allowed each member. You will find additional information in the handbook."

"Is there an Athletic Club and Turkish Bath free for members?"

"There is a Turkish Bath in the House Office Building for Representatives and one in the Senate Office Building for Senators, maintained at the expense of the government. There are no athletics furnished."

"Am I entitled to have my visiting constituents call and be received at the White House?"

"That is a matter you will have to arrange with the Secretary to the President in each individual case."

"When does a member-elect pass from that status to that of a member?"

"When he is formally sworn in, as provided by law."

"What is the difference between an order, a bill, a resolution and a concurrent resolution?"

"When the House commands, it is an 'order.' But fact, principles, and their own opinions and purposes are expressed in the form of resolutions. A concurrent resolution is for a recess of Congress, or for adjournment of Congress *sine die,* in which both the Senate and House concur."

"Please tell us about the privileges of members at the Congressional Library and at the Library in the Capitol Building."

"The House has a library of law books and statutes for the immediate use of its members. At the Congressional Library members have special rooms reserved for them to which the general public is not admitted. Clerks are there to assist them in getting the books they want and help in research."

"What allowance do I have for clerk hire?"

"Each member is allowed not to exceed $3,200 a year for hire of his secretary or clerk and $125 a year for stationery. Most members have both a secretary and a clerk. The office rent, of course, is free to the members. Until very recent years members were allowed $1,500 a year for clerk hire.

"Does a delegate to Congress from the territories, and resident commissioner, have the same privileges as members and get the same salary?"

"Alaska and Hawaii each have one delegate in Congress. The Philippine Islands have two resident commissioners, and Porto Rico has one. They receive the same salaries as members. While they have the privilege of the floor, they are not qualified to vote. They are given assignments on the Insular Committees. They are sent every two years by a vote of the people in Porto Rico and by the legislature in the Philippines."

"Is the mileage the same for all?" asked Pedro Guevara, the newly elected commissioner from the Philippines.

"The two commissioners from the Philippines are each allowed $2,000 mileage a year to cover all expenses of traveling. The delegate from Alaska is allowed $1,500 for this purpose each year. From Porto Rico the commissioner is allowed actual traveling expenses each year. From Hawaii the delegate is allowed twenty cents a mile, or ten cents a mile each way, for traveling expenses, the same as members from their states. The member from near-by Congressional districts in Virginia or Maryland, fifty miles from Washington, gets $10 mileage for all traveling expenses, while the member from California would get in the neighborhood of $600 each year. The actual distance by the shortest route is the basis for mileage allowances."

"Have Congressmen immunity from arrest?"

"The Constitution grants to members privilege from arrest under certain conditions. Senators and Representatives shall in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses and in going to and returning from the same, and for any speech or debate in either house they shall not be questioned in any other place. The words treason, felony, and breach of the peace, however, have been construed to mean all indictable crimes."

"When a member dies, does his widow or heirs draw the salary and mileage due him?"

"The widow or dependents get one month's salary. In addition to this the widow or children are given a year's salary, usually, which is granted by special legislation in each case."

"What persons can be admitted to the floor of the house?"

"Rule 32 provides: The persons hereinafter named, and none other, shall be admitted to the hall of the house or rooms leading there, namely: The President and Vice-President of the United States and their private secretaries, judges of the Supreme Court, members of Congress and members-elect, contestants in election cases during the pendency of their cases, the secretary of the house, the secretary of the Senate and sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, heads of departments, foreign ministers, governors of states, the superintendent of the capitol building and grounds, the librarian of Congress and his assistant in charge of the law library, ex-members of the House of Representatives who are not interested in any claim or directly in any bill pending before Congress, and clerks of committees when business from their committee is under consideration; and it shall not be in order for the speaker to entertain a request for the suspension of this rule or to present from the chair the request of any member for unanimous consent. It is very rare that a foreign minister avails himself of the privilege of the floor, which is simply a courtesy. Such foreign officials usually prefer the diplomatic gallery, for observing the sessions, which is reserved specially for them.

"What constitutes a quorum?"

"A majority of each house constitutes a quorum. A smaller number than a majority may adjourn from day to day and compel the attendance of absent members. A quorum of the 68th Congress, as to the house, is 218."

"What is the drafting board or drafting committee?"

"The drafting board was created in 1915 to assist the committees to draw up important bills to be introduced. Individual members are not supposed to call on the drafting board to assist them in drafting bills and resolutions. The Senate also has a drafting board and members of that body may call upon the board to draw up bills for them or assist them. The men composing these

(*Concluded on page 13*)

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"Rookie" Representatives attending a "symposium" in the House Office Building, Washington, by William Tyler Page, Clerk of the House. A rapid fire of questions was answered by Mr. Page.

World Action to Suppress the Opium Menace

League of Nations Brings About International Co-operation; Control of Production and Manufacture Promises Relief

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

IN INDIA, Turkey and Persia grow wide fields of white poppies looking upon azure skies, and into these fields at carefully chosen moments in the plant's development swarm many groups of dark and somber men and women. They pluck the unripe capsules of these poppies. possessed of weird influences destined to be felt from Vladivostock to Lisbon and from Boston to Zamboanga, dry them and pack them into black gummy balls. Every year when the season is over it is found that the production of the dried poppy capsules from these combined nations amounts to some 1,500 tons. It is opium. It constitutes the world's crop of that drug for the year.

Between the poles there live a billion and three-quarters of persons and in so great a number there are always many in the grip of painful afflictions, many facing the necessity of subjecting themselves to the surgeon's knife, many so placed that it is deemed advisable that resort be had to the juice of the poppy to relieve them of their agonies. To them the white flower of Turkey, Persia and India carries surcease to pain. So perfected are the agencies for the dissemination of palliative drugs that there are few individuals beneath the sun who cannot be reached by them.

And when this drug has served this medicinal purpose wherever men and women suffer, it is found that one hundred tons of each year's production has been consumed. One hundred tons covers the annual world requirement of opium for medicinal use.

The Additional 1,400 Tons

THERE remains of the annual crop 1,400 tons of opium, the most malignant package of merchandise that finds its way into the marts of men. That 1,400 tons drugs and degenerates a whole people as numerous as the hordes of India. It leaks illicitly across the borders of China where the intensity of the struggle for existence, the monotony of a life with no diversions, the Oriental propensity for the use of drugs, creates a limitless market. It whips the British Empire and the American Government, which have fought it and lost steadily for two decades, and which today have as many broken addicts, men and women, lost to usefulness, decency, love, as there are people in three cities like Washington. It has been the cause of international conventions which have had no more effect than whistling against the wind. It is today the cause of an attempt in Geneva to bind fifty great nations to simultaneous action to suppress it, fifty to win through organization where each standing alone has met naught but defeat. Fifty nations are organizing for common action in suppressing 1,400 tons of opium.

So ever present has been the menace of drug addiction for the past decade that this generation has forgotten that it is a new danger facing the peoples of the world. In the days of our fathers the use of drugs other than as medicine hardly existed except in the Orient. India had used opium for centuries, and had, as a commercial venture, pushed it upon the resisting Chinese. It was not until the present century appeared that its abuse became material among the western nations. The Chinese, who always smoked their opium, had succeeded in closing their borders as a first-rate market for the Indian product. It was then that India learned how to convert the raw opium into alkaloids through a process of refinement, and began to push it as morphine, codeine, heroin, into the western world. The improper use of these drugs is largely a growth of the past two decades.

Cocaine – Morphine's Ally

MORPHINE breeds that frame of mind in which comes a blissful disregard, when nothing matters. The Oriental under its spell dreams blissfully, but to the Anglo-Saxon, oddly, come unpleasant visions. The habitual use of morphine is a secret vice. The morphine addict hides his sin. In this he differs from the user of cocaine. The morphine addict takes his "shot in the arm" in seclusion, while the cocaine maniac "sniffs the snow" in company. He goes out into the byways and induces others to acquire his addiction. He waits with cunning for an opportunity to pin his vice on the young or the weak of character.

Cocaine, we may pause to explain, is a habit-forming drug not derived from opium but supplementing it as a menace. It is made from coca leaves secured principally in Peru and Lava. There are unlimited quantities of coca leaves in the world. One pound of cocaine makes a thousand doses. How many doses would a hundred tons of it make? Yet there is a firm in Philadelphia which has received shipments of coca leaves amounting to 1,000,000 pounds a year, and which would be glad to take orders in these quantities. Thus does the suppression of cocaine become a part of the campaign against opium as the chief offender, but its importance as a foe is but one to ten when compared with it.

It develops that the responsibility for the traffic in morphine and cocaine does not rest entirely with the countries that produce the raw materials, but also upon those which manufacture them into their more refined products.

Opium in the raw state is not the drug that is degenerating millions. It is opium in the form of its alkaloids that is doing the mischief. Laudanum, a drug much used a generation ago, is made from raw opium, but its use has largely passed. Raw opium is smoked by the Chinese, but this phase of the problem is not of major interest to western nations. It is opium, in the form of morphine and in the form of that still further refined drug, heroin, that is so extensively used in the western nations.

The conversion of the raw opium into its alkaloids is a technical, scientific and quite complicated manufacturing task. It is so difficult, for instance, that the Chinese have never mastered the process. It is a thing which is chiefly done by the nations of the west. America leads the industry. Japan, England, Germany, Switzerland are very active in it.

The manufacture of cocaine from coca leaves is an even more difficult process. Here also the manufacturing is chiefly done by the advanced nations. One factory in the United States makes more cocaine than is needed for the supply of the legitimate needs of the world. The process is so complicated that it could not be carried on in secret. A realization of these facts makes it impossible for the advanced nations to place the responsibility for the growth of drug addiction on those countries that produce the raw materials. The manufacturing plants are in the western nations, and their existence is well known to them.

Even with these facts of the source of habit-forming drugs in mind, with a knowledge of the frightful results that are coming from their use, and with ninety-nine persons out of every hundred between the poles in favor of their suppression, drug addiction is everywhere increasing at a frightful rate. In the face of these facts, it may well be asked, is not the ingenuity of man sufficient to rid itself of this thing which is so grievously injuring the human race?

National Co-operation

THE answer is that no nation acting alone can get rid of habit-forming drugs, but possibly they can if they will work together. If the United States, for instance, should establish control over her factories which make the alkaloids of opium and cocaine of coca leaves, and should it prevent their illegitimate traffic in these products (a thing which she does not do), the profits from smuggling them in from the nations which still produced them, and the virtual impossibility of preventing it, would result in a continuance of quite abundant supplies. The bulk of the drugs is so small that a method of introducing them can always be found. But if the United States actually controlled the manufacture and distribution within her own bounds, and if other nations did the same thing, the traffic could be suppressed. It could be banished from the world.

Just this thing is well on the way toward accomplishment. It is coming about because a way has been found to secure common action among the governments. The League of Nations at Geneva is proving to be a medium through which common action can be secured. For some years it has had an opium commission with a technical staff which has been studying the problem from a world standpoint. The United States has been co-operating with this commission, so its scope is actually world-wide. A delegation headed by Representative Stephen G. Porter went to Geneva, sat with the commission, insisted on the American viewpoint and got its way. That commission returned to Geneva for further conference during the meeting of the League Assembly, insisted on progress toward actually clamping down the world lid, proposed a world conference to finish the job, which proposal was enthusiastically accepted. There will be a preliminary conference of nations directly interested in the opium problem of the East and later the big world conference. Hence, since the preliminaries are pretty well out of the way, history stands to be written.

Two Solutions Offered

THERE are two methods of approaching the problem. One is through an arrangement for limiting the production at the source. If the world needs one hundred tons of opium and 1,500 tons are produced, the cure lies in reducing the production. India, Turkey and Persia produce the bulk of the opium of the world and in about equal amounts. If each were allotted a mere thirty-three tons that it might produce, the question would be solved. There is no authority by which other nations may go into Turkey, Persia or India and give orders as to what they shall do within their own borders. This is an obstacle to be overcome.

There is another method, a control of the channels through which opium flows. This control will be necessary even if control of production at the source is attained, for it will be necessary to see to it that the opium legitimately required does not get into illegitimate channels.

The first concrete advance toward control was made when the commission made its proposal to establish an international importation certificate. If a British merchant wanted to import a ton of opium, or an ounce, from Persia, he should be required to show a certificate from his government authorizing that importation. So should any other citizen of any country entering into this agreement. If he did not have his certificate, Persia could not let him have the opium. It would be the business of the British Government, or any other government, to assure itself that its citizen was to make a proper use of that opium before it issued the certificate. He should be made to account for every ounce of it. He should be made to give bond for such an accounting. This simple device, it seemed, would keep track of the flow of opium about the world. Of course, raw opium might be smuggled, but there was another check on that, for the opium of the drug user must pass through a factory for its conversion into alkaloids.

An International Experiment

FOR a while the certificate plan seemed doomed to failure because Turkey and Persia, producing countries, failed to ratify it. The people of those nations had no interest in opium except as a commercial venture. They were not addicted to its use, as were the Indians. They made money out of opium and they intended to continue its production.

Then a very interesting international experiment was tried. A large group of organized nations decided to bring pressure on a small group of recalcitrants. Turkey and Persia would not adopt the certificate system.

Very well. Merchants of other nations should be allowed to buy only through the certificate method. They therefore could not buy from Persia and Turkey at all. They must find their opium elsewhere. Turkey and Persia saw their opium business entirely disappearing. They signified their willingness to ratify. So does this certificate scheme promise to become a dyke which will keep opium within legitimate channels. It will not be water-tight at first, but in time its flaws should be mended.

The experts hold, however, that control of opium and cocaine, beginning thus, are as much a domestic as an international task. While raw opium is produced in the East, the drug in the form used and the cocaine are manufactured inside the western nations. That manufacture must be controlled, or the makers are likely to find a way of procuring the raw materials. Certain principles of this control are quite generally accepted by students of the problem.

Controlling Manufacture

IN THE first place, factories must be under state control. If they are not, the temptation is so great that a way will be found to make the stuff for illicit use. There are plenty of factories in America today, and in Britain, Switzerland and Japan, that are making these drugs without any government hindrance. Controlled factories would be supplied by licensed importers. Every ounce received would have to be accounted for. The drugs would be sold by the manufacturers only to the licensed dealers, and in lettered and numbered packages that could be traced and identified. The dealers would be required to account for every ounce. They would be required to explain any package found in the illegitimate possession of any individual. Thus would a record be kept of each particle of opium from the time it left the country where it was grown to the time of its actual consumption. Not only would each person receiving opium be required to have a certificate, but he should be required to give bond that he would make proper use of the materials he secured, and render a satisfactory accounting.

This all looks quite complicated, but it is not so because the quantities of drugs used legitimately are not sufficiently great to make the machinery large. All the cocaine needed in the United States, for example, could be made by one factory of no considerable size. All the opium could be refined in one plant. The best plan, it is held, is to make this production a government monopoly. Failing this, the government should supervise the factories. If production was thus controlled in the individual manufacturing countries, there would be no source of drugs from which the smuggler could be supplied, and it would cease to be possible for him to operate. The elaborate agencies now maintained to combat him could be abandoned.

The program being followed by the opium commission is to push both these programs, to make each upplement the other and have one as a protection against habit-forming drugs in case the other fails.

England Suffers Economic Breakdown; Unemployment and High Taxes Prevail

Employer and Employe Alike Suffer; More Than a Million Men Now Out of Work; New Industrial Methods Would Solve Problem

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE country hardest hit by the war is England. No battles were fought in England. The German Zeppelins, with supreme foolishness, dropped great numbers of bombs on London, killed a few women and children, and caused a rather considerable amount of damage. But as war expenditures go, the amount of damage was trivial.

The really devastated sections of Great Britain are the mill towns of Lancastershire and Yorksnire, the shipyards of the Clyde, the fine steel and cutlery industries of Sheffield, and the docks of Liverpool and London. In these once busy centers of work and trade reigns the silence of the grave.

A building razed by a bomb may be rebuilt. The problem is simple enough. The only question is getting the money for the material and labor. But these British factors, shipyards, and docks are perfectly equipped for work of the kind that Britain did before the war. The labor is there waiting for the sound of the whistle. Only customers are lacking. The people who bought from England are no longer buying, because they have not the money to pay the prices that the factories ask, and thus the ships which would carry the goods are idle, and in turn the shipyards are idle. The problem of reconstruction here is far from simple.

Million Unemployed

I HAVE overdrawn the picture a little. There is some work in England, but the amount as compared with the normal volume required to support the country is so small that it can almost be dismissed. More than a million men are out of work. You cannot stay in England a week without running into some kind of a pathetic unemployment demonstration. The men who are at work are only a little better off than those who are without it, for the wages of productive labor are considerably below the cost of living, and so strikes are an everyday occurrence. We have had periods here in America when men thought lightly of their jobs and left them easily. They knew other jobs were waiting around the corner. The British workmen hold their jobs lightly because it does not seem worth while to work for almost nothing. As a skilled engineer (what we call a machinist, the British call an engineer) said to me:

"I served my apprenticeship. I am a first-class workman. But if I get a full week's work—and I have not had a full week's work for two years—I shall not earn as much as a railway porter who just carries luggage and does not need any skill at all. What is the world coming to when the wages of a skilled worker are below those of an unskilled laborer? If it were not for the unemployment doles, which my two daughters have been drawing ever since they were munition workers during the war, our family would starve to death. Why can't this country provide a living for us?"

Questions like that are being asked all over England. They are not being asked very patiently. The workers are extremely dissatisfied, and they are rather easy prey for the social quacks who tell them that all of their troubles are due to the failure of the capitalistic system. The white-collar men—the vast army of clerks who man the offices and the retail shops—are actually worse off than the manual workers because their wages are in most cases no higher than those of the factory hands and at the same time they have to keep up something in the way of appearances. They do not know where they are at. A great many of them are inclining toward Socialism and it is their vote which determines the balance of power.

The Party Situation

THE English Labor party is not strong enough of itself to gain power nor to keep it. The voting backbone of the Labor party is comprised of the strongly unionized hand workers. The Conservative party has its power in the farmers and landowners generally, strengthened by a certain number of bankers and professional men. The Liberal party finds its greatest strength among professional men and salaried people. It is essentially a middle-class party. But for the present a very considerable section of the middle class has shifted to the Labor party, not that any great sympathy exists between them and the trades unions—in fact the hostility is quite bitter—but simply because the principles of Ramsay Macdonald and his followers are about the only principles which have not yet been thoroughly tried out. It is part of the English political heritage to try almost anything in politics once!

Take another side. While in England, I met and talked with most of the industrial leaders. Only one of them said that he was making any money. The others were living on capital. That is to say, although they made a certain amount of goods and sold some at a profit, these profits were not large enough on their small volume of production to pay the fixed charges. They were operating on a loss—which means that they were operating either on capital or on borrowed money.

None Are Prosperous

THE banks are advancing considerable sums on foreign loans, but this is not a sign of prosperity. Money hunts the world over for employment and when it cannot find it at home it goes abroad. That is why English money is going abroad. The wealthy landowners, the titled men, who have lived as did their fathers before them on the income from lands, are selling their estates whenever they can find purchasers. The English newspapers are full of offerings of small and large estates; for estates which used to be sources of great revenue are now items of expense. The local taxes are so high, the price of farm products so low, and the cost of farm labor so high that a tenant farmer cannot pay his landlord a rental which will take care of fixed charges, and so the landlord sees what was once an income turned into a liability.

The poor in England are very poor, but they are not being ground down by capitalists. The capitalists themselves are being ground down. No one is prosperous. The case is not one for political remedies. The Labor government, which has finally come into power under Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as prime minister, arrived with a series of remedies guaranteed to cure anything. It was proposed gradually to do away with the profit system and to go on a Socialistic basis. No one thought to observe that there were no profits to do away with. Then also it was proposed to make a capital levy. The difference between a levy on capital and an ordinary tax is only one of degree. Our inheritance taxes are capital levies. The Labor proposal had a sound basis. England's public debt is very large. The idea was to get rid of a portion of this debt by a sliding scale levy on capital which would affect the man of moderate means lightly and cut deeply into the resources of the wealthy. The English Labor party is a political body, and although trades union funds are used for election purposes, the party itself is purely political and most of its leaders are politicians who have never been workers. Ramsay Macdonald, for instance, lives on an income inherited from his parents. These leaders know that a rich man's fortune does not consist of money kept somewhere in a chest. They know that what is called capital is only in a small degree money and is mostly in lands, buildings, and machinery.

Too Much Government

THE statistics worked out that were the capital levy made, the decrease in revenue-producing sources would be so great that thereafter taxation could hardly produce enough money to pay the expenses of government. They found they could kill the goose that laid the golden egg, but they could not discover any way of making a dead goose lay an egg. So, instead of a great, radical, sweeping program, the Labor government of Great Britain has decided to postpone its measures until a more propitious time and is doing exactly what its Conservative predecessor did—marking time.

The real trouble with England is, that like most foreign governments, it is suffering from far too much government. To the heavy burden of the war was added the tremendous burden of the peace. England is essentially a workshop and a trading center. The population is of course much larger than the food-producing capacity of the country. Food has to be imported. But the population could not have grown beyond the food-producing capacity, had it not been for the coal deposits. Having coal and iron, England could support a big shop organization. The vessels could go out laden with coal and bring back foodstuffs and cotton and wool. A country cannot support a merchant marine unless the ships can have full cargoes both ways. England could do that and thus become a shipping country and London become a financial center by the clearing through its banking houses of the bills for the cargoes. Later it began to insure the vessels and cargoes, and shortly became the maritime insurance center of the world.

These shipping facilities, combined with an early taking up of the steam engine, gradually made England a weaver of cotton and woolen textiles, a builder of machinery and engines, and a producer of tools. Here in the United States we have grown because of the development of the home market. Foreign trade has always been a side issue with us. In England the home market is the side issue. This is an extremely important point and the whole industrial structure of England is built on it. It is the reason behind British free trade—although the fundamental conception of free trade rests on a different basis.

English manufacturing grew up almost without competitors. Until the latter part of the last century English machinery and methods were far ahead of those of any other country. Wages, however, were low. All the evils of the factory system—the labor of children, the crowding into slums, and so on—originated in England and the English workman never had a fair chance until the war. The idea that high wages could be translated into low cost production has made but little headway in England because tradition has ruled both employers and employes. The English labor unions early adopted the policy of restricting production. If an employer wanted to put in a machine which would do the work of ten men, he would be allowed to put it in only if he employed the ten men about the machine—even though the ten had to sit around the machine and watch it. It meant nothing to the employers to build up buying power among their own people, for they did not sell to their own people. So, while the voluntary restriction of production makes high wages impossible, for wages can be paid only out of production, yet it is easy to see how the worker felt that this restriction was a measure of self-defense.

The Burden of Taxation

THEN came the war with its big wage rates, paid not out of production but out of bond issues. After the war, Lloyd George, in the process of the demobilization both of the army and of the munition workers, put in effect a policy of what were supposed to be temporary unemployment allowances. The local authorities supplemented these allowances. The government war controls continued because once a bureaucracy gets its fingers into business it acts like a small boy in a jam jar. The expenses of the government were being paid partly by taxation and partly by raising fresh loans.

Taxation was heavy, but its actual burden was light because of currency inflation. England was printing money. Before the war England used gold sovereigns and Bank of England notes with a full gold covering. During the war the gold was withdrawn from circulation and the treasury printed notes. Paper money, freely issued, causes prices to rise and with them profits, so that taxes do not bear heavily. England had a boom, just as we did in 1919-20. Then England started to deflate. It was not wholly a voluntary process. The Continental countries had been buying largely on credit, and all of them reached the end of the rope at about the same time. Disturbances in India cut into England's biggest market for cotton goods, and in addition many Indians who would have liked to buy could not pay inflated English prices.

Then things in England began to look black. Mills and factories began to shut down, and once more in desperation the government began to extend its unemployment doles and to institute government work—not because it was needed but to give employment to men. These tremendous government expenses had to turn up in still heavier taxes, and so today we find English production so heavily taxed that a yard of goods cannot be sold for enough to pay the costs of raw material, manufacturing and taxation. For of course every penny of taxes, directly or indirectly, has to be paid out of what is produced.

New Production Methods Needed

THE only possible method for a country to get out of a hole of this sort is to introduce mechanical means which will cut down the costs of production. But neither the employers nor the employes understand such methods of production. The whole country hopes against hope that someone will discover a new way of counting by which two plus two can be made to equal six. The labor unions try to raise wages without raising production and all they accomplish, when they do get their advances, is a raising of price levels which makes the new wages no better than the old ones.

The situation is serious—much more serious than most people imagine, because the British do not advertise their troubles. No one knows what the eventual outcome will be. We only know that a factory which cannot produce at a price its customers can pay must either reorganize or go out of business. A nation cannot go out of business. At the same time, the reorganization of a nation is a matter of years, not of days.

Joseph C. Lincoln Has Reclaimed Cape Cod

Novelist Reconstructs Life of Seafaring Forefathers

By FRED L. HOLMES

CAPE Cod, on the south side of Massachusetts Bay, projects an upward curving finger of sixty miles of headland into the Atlantic Ocean. It is a point with only two directions, for at places the peninsula narrows to about a mile, but widens at its base to nearly twenty. Barren spots and sand dunes are broken by cranberry bogs and marshes, the cultivation of which is the principal agricultural industry. The tides ebb and flow about its shores and the pungent odor of seaweeds and salt breezes waft in from the billowing ocean.

Seafaring men for centuries have made Cape Cod their home. Up to half a century ago there were as many "captains" on this neck of land as there were "colonels" in Kentucky. Before the seventies in the towns and villages practically every house was occupied by a sea captain, active or retired, or by a captain's widow or near relatives. All this was before the day that the steamship drove the old square rigger out of business.

Now all has changed. Residents no longer walk with a sea roll. Fences which inclosed their former trim lawns and yards have disappeared. Gone are the hitching posts and carriage blocks by the front gates. The majority of the houses are open now only in summertime; then they were occupied all year. They who come now regard them as playthings for a few weeks in summer. Then they were the homes of men who traveled all foreign lands, gathering a wealth of curiosities which turned their front parlors into museums; the home of sturdy men and women who loved their homes and meant to live in them while on land—as long as life was there.

Joseph C. Lincoln, the novelist, has rediscovered Cape Cod of seafaring days. Born on the Cape, at Brewster, February 13, 1870, not many miles from the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed after their memorable voyage just two hundred and fifty years before, the perfume of the green salt meadows, the aroma of pines and bayberry, the scene of fishing boats and dripping nets, were a part of his boyhood existence.

"Well, I ought to know the folk of Cape Cod," declared the robust, ruddy-faced, jovial Mr. Lincoln. "I was born there, lived there all my youth, and, since leaving, I can't remember ever having missed visiting the Cape Cod during the year. Sometimes I've only gone there for a few days, often for months, but I always go back. I suppose that it's the call in my blood."

For a time Mr. Lincoln sat comfortably, as if his mind were ruminating the many stories told by the old sea dogs upon returning from long trips to foreign shores; visualizing the social life of the Cape Cod of half a century ago.

"My father was a sea captain," he finally continued. "So was his father and his father before him, and all my uncles. My mother's people all followed the sea. I suppose if I had been born a few years earlier, I would have had my own ship. But when it came time for me to earn a living, the steamship was driving the old square rigger out of existence, and the glorious merchant marine that we had built up in the first part of the nineteenth century was fading into tradition. So I went to Brooklyn to live and become a broker."

A year after the birth of the boy, Captain Lincoln died of a fever in Charlestown, South Carolina, and upon his mother fell the burden of rearing the child. She was a tender, self-sacrificing woman, of whose devotion and inspiration many a poem, written by the son in later life, gives detail. She gave the boy a freedom of field and shore that was to lay the foundation for his success in later life.

Roaming over Cape Cod, young Joseph came to know the village oracles and their legendary tales; the old sea captains, gathered around the stores where they related tales of their adventures; learned the life of the stagecoach driver on the line from Harwich to Chatham, the vigil of lighthouse keepers, the ways of grizzled fishermen and the homely philosophy of the post-office prophets and country merchants.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN,

Novelist, humorist and philosopher.

Unknowingly, the strange vernacular of these people was assimilated—odd phrases of the sea; eccentric customs characteristic of the people themselves. Curt words, like, "hev" and "hed" for "have" and "had," are still used by him, when the emotions of the occasions toss him from his more stable moorings. And through his books are to be found colloquial terms of the sea permeating their every page, like the scent of roses that still climb over the lattice doorways of the old residences. When an old sea captain dies, he "slips the cable"; or in actual life may be characterized "as graceful as a brick sloop in a head tide." Thinking is "dragging a seine through one's head." Checking a disturbance is "lam the crew over the head with a handspike"; and home is "a snug harbor under my lee"; broken legs are "splint timbers," and a guest in the house is "a passenger in your spare state room." These are a few of the hundreds of similar expressions gathered from the language of the Cape.

"As my mother and I were alone in the world," observed Mr. Lincoln, when pressed for more of his early reminiscences, "and I was to be a business man, it was decided I had better not waste time going to college. So, as I said before, I went to live in Brooklyn and entered a broker's office. It was not work to my liking. I wanted to draw—to be an artist—and eventually under the guidance of Henry Sandham, whose familiar signature was 'Hy,' I went to Boston."

"Was there opposition by the financial firm to your quitting?" was asked.

"I have always felt that they were fully as glad to get rid of me as I was to leave them," came the reply.

Doubtless it was this experience which a quarter of a century later prompted him to write the novel, "Galusha, the Magnificent." It portrays the mental torture of a bank clerk who dislikes his employment. The temperamental, impractical Galusha is dragged through the realms of finance only to escape to the fields of Cape Cod as if he were shunning embellishments of fiction and trials mellowed through the years. Nevertheless, to this day, one who talks to Mr. Lincoln cannot but feel impressed with the sincerity of his belief that it was this escape from the countingroom that made his literary career a possibility.

Always artists have found it difficult to dispose of their pictures. Lincoln fared no differently. To make a painting sell better, he struck the singular idea by writing a verse or a joke to accompany each painting. Soon the verses were selling the pictures. Editors who learned of the quaint, witty stories about the Cape Cod people began to demand them.

"Did you give up painting?" was asked.

"It was this way," interrupted Mr. Lincoln. "Shortly after this, Sterling Elliott, who was editor of the League of American Wheelmen, sent for me and offered me a position as staff illustrator. I accepted. That was in the days when everyone rode a bicycle and the journal had a circulation of over 125,000 weekly. My verse and illustrations became known to a fairly large public.

"In the meantime I was back in Brooklyn, had married a Massachusetts girl, and was doing considerable verse for various publications. They were mostly poems in dialect, the vernacular of the Cape, and I had almost unconsciously turned to the Cape for my inspiration. I sensed the fact that there was a subtle humor in the men and women of my own stock. Then, too, they were unusual characters and the homes that made a background for their lives were picturesque to a superlative degree.

"It was about this same period that I wrote my first story. I went again to the Cape for my inspiration, drawing the type of man I know best for my central character, and the story sold."

That was the beginning of his career as a fiction writer. In 1904 his first novel, "Cap'n Eric," was published. It fixed his ascent in the literary firmament. The story is the tale of three old sea captains, who, despairing of their joint efforts as housekeepers, advertised for a wife. Although it is nearly twenty years since this volume appeared, it is still in demand, just as there is a continual call for "David Harum," the old horse-jockey banker of Western New York, stories of real home-people lives. "Cap'n Eric" has gone through many editions.

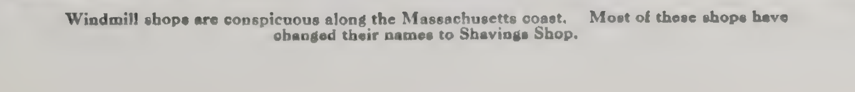
A score of books were to follow in almost annual succession: "Mr. Pratt," "The Old Home House," "Partners of the Tide," "Our Village," "Cape Cod Ballads," "Cy Whittaker's Place," "Keziah Coffin," "The Depot Master," "The Woman Haters," "Cap'n Warren's Wards," "The Postmaster," "The Rise of Roscoe Paine," "Mr. Pratt's Patients," "Cap'n Dan's Daughter," "Kent Knowles, 'Quahaug,'" "Thankful's Inheritance," "Extricating Obadiah," "Mary 'Gusta," "Shavings," "The Portygee," "Galusha, the Magnificent," "Fair Harbor" and "Dr. Nye of North Ostable."

Hundreds of letters come to the author in which the reader declares that he knew the old sea dog who figures in a certain novel in real life and recognized him at once.

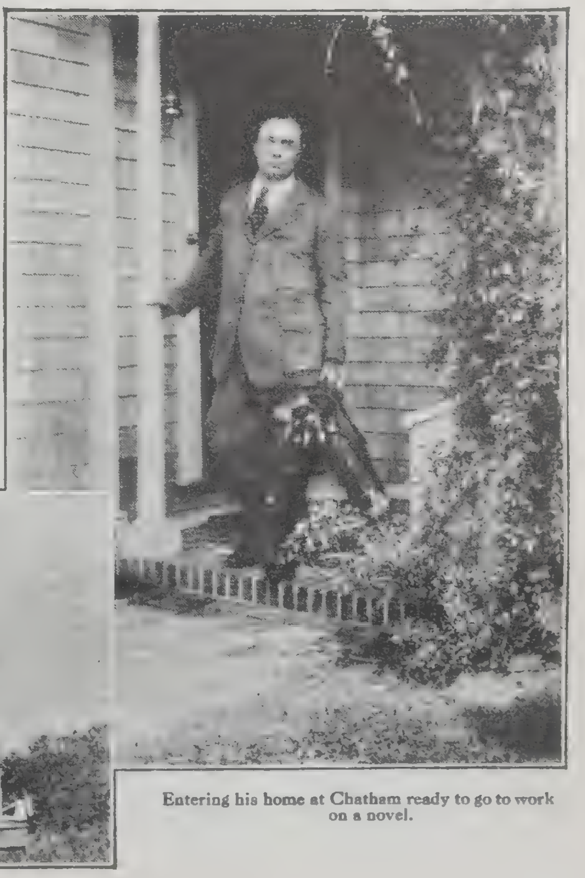
"Nevertheless, they are wrong," declares Mr. Lincoln, "for no character of mine has been, if I could prevent it, a portrait of one living or who has lived. I have endeavored always to be true to type, and in writing of the

(*Concluded on page 14*)

All the people of Cape Cod are interested in windmills and Joseph C. Lincoln is no exception.



Windmill shops are conspicuous along the Massachusetts coast. Most of these shops have changed their names to Shavings Shop.



Entering his home at Chatham ready to go to work on a novel.

Haleakala, the Enchanted

A Trip to Hawaii's House of the Sun, the World's Largest Extinct Volcano

By FLORENCE MARGARET LEE

IT WAS not a case of "see Naples and die," but see Ha-le-a-ka-la and almost die! For Hawaii has not yet built an automobile road up to the rim of the largest extinct volcano in the world. No rubberneck wagons or picture post cards or Cook's tourists are there to greet one at every turn; one finds only nature in her most magnificent mood.

Four of us in Honolulu planned to climb to the top of Haleakala. Elizabeth, a pretty young widow, and I went ahead; the other two were to join us later. Little did we suspect when we boarded the small inter-island steamer about ten o'clock in the morning that we were to cross in the wake of a storm, for the day was dazzlingly clear, friends were at the steamer with flower leis, the wreaths with which Hawaii drapes her departing travelers, and all seemed auspicious.

"This is much worse than the English channel," murmured Elizabeth, when we were about half an hour out. Glancing around I saw the familiar seasick color blanching her face. And that was the last that the deck saw of Elizabeth until the late afternoon. Most of the passengers were among those missing at luncheon. I, happily ignorant that my ordeal was to come on the mountain, was one of the few to enjoy the rough voyage.

Landing on the island of Maui after the storm was thrilling. The steamer had to stop outside and land her passengers in lifeboats on a pier built out in the sea, since the hills at this place rise sharply from the water's edge. Powerful Hawaiian sailors rowed the lifeboats to this pier, skillfully maneuvered so that just as the boat, carried on the crest of a wave, was level with the top of the pier eight feet above, two of the men would swing a passenger to the pier. Their skill was marvelous and they tossed us, who weighed no more than one hundred and twenty pounds, as easily as a ball, but it was no place for a fat dowager!

Automobiles were waiting, and with other steamer passengers we drove to Wailuku twenty miles away. The road for awhile skirted the ocean; then with hair pin curves it swung over the low mountain and we caught our first glimpse of amethyst Haleakala in the distance, rising majestically above the clouds.

In Wailuku, a little town that nestles sleepily among tropical, low mountains, and in the beautiful Iau valley, the Yosemite of Hawaii, we whiled away the next few days.

On a hot August morning about seven o'clock, we boarded the slow-moving, primitive train, "the cannon ball," Elizabeth ironically called it, "on account of its size—not speed," she explained.

Only part of one coach with six seats was provided for passengers, for sugar was king in this country and it was an accommodation to let people ride. Typical of the mixture of races that dwell harmoniously together in these islands were the occupants of these seats. Two Hawaiian women dressed in their native garb, the holoku as they call it, but known to us as the "Mother Hubbard" wrapper; an American traveling salesman, the well-known type; a Japanese coolie on his way to work in the cane fields, Elizabeth and I made up the passenger list.

For a half-hour this primitive train, with its bare wooden seats, chugged and puffed through the middle of sugar plantations, a path cut for it through the tall cane. At Paaia, twenty miles from the top of Haleakala, the other two members of our party who had just made the overnight trip from Honolulu, were waiting for us; a botanist and a lad who had always lived in the islands. In contrast to ours, their trip had been calm and quiet, the night sultry and the landing uneventful.

A surrey was waiting for us, rubber-tired, wide and comfortable. For six miles we drove over flat, hot, dusty country, through more plantations of waving cane. On all sides along the road's edge rose lantana, the lovely island pest, and flaming scarlet hibiscus.

"There are fifty-seven varieties of hibiscus here," said our botanist, "and did you know that this lantana was brought over by the New England missionaries a century ago, brought as a delicate potted plant—and now look at it, a rank weed and the pest of the farmers!"

"It is not the only thing that has come to our islands and flourished," remarked the lad who had always lived there.

"Evidently not," said we, looking at the vast cane fields owned by the children of these missionaries.

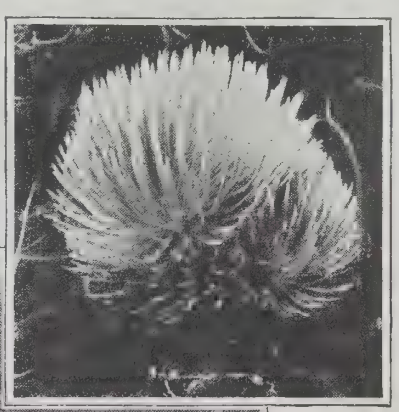
At Puunane we were met by the saddle horses and the guide, horses as rangy as the proverbial mountain goat and as sure-footed, but with comfortable saddles.

"Now, aren't you glad that I warned you not to bring smart riding togs for this trip?" smiled the boy who had always lived there.

He assumed that we were, but "I'm not so sure," said pretty Elizabeth, looking ruefully at me. And never have I seen travelers look worse. In old divided riding skirts, big sombreros and grease paint over face and neck to prevent bad sunburn, we looked and felt like real kamaainas, old-timers. We were to be gone two days and carried only sweater, coat and tooth brush.

Looking ahead we saw rising above the clouds the mountain whose gentle slopes we were to climb, Haleakala, the House of the Sun. Never would one suspect that it was a hollow shell, from whose crater floor inside rise cones eight hundred feet high!

For a few miles we rode up the gradually ascending mountain trail, leaving the tropics behind us, until four thousand feet above the sea we reached "Idlewilde," the charming mountain home where we were to lunch. Sweet peas, forget-me-nots and flowers of the temperate zone surprised us here in profusion—flowers we had not seen since we left the East. And the lunch was not one to be forgotten. Alligator pears and the far-famed Hawaiian pineapple, ripened on its plant, were among other unforgettables.



Above—The Silversword. Below—Crossing the crater floor, the 800-foot cones towering above.

The Needle, Iau Valley.

After luncheon it was boots and saddles at once and the real business of the day commenced. Up, up, up we climbed, eight miles more to the summit. From summer into winter.

At its base the mountain was green and tropical; then for miles there were silver-leafed geranium, scattered kukui trees and little plants no larger than our huckleberry, with pale, red berries.

"Ohelo berries," said the botanist, in reply to our query, "much like our own thimbleberries."

"And sacred to the fire goddess, Pele," added the lad who knew Hawaiian lore. "The nuts from these kukui trees are full of oil that the ancient natives used to burn."

The lantana stopped halfway up the mountain as if afraid to venture further. Vegetation became scarcer until we passed above the timber line. On the edge of this the guide picked up bundles of fire wood; then we passed on and up to where nothing grew. Up through the clouds we rode. Elizabeth began to cough.

"What's the matter," called the lad. "Frog in your throat?"

"She swallowed a cloud," said the botanist. "That's all." And true enough, in scudding mists the clouds were swirling round us, but did not wet us.

"We are in luck today," announced our guide, "for one often gets soaked in these clouds."

Up we climbed over the lava trail, steeper now than ever, for the last mile, the sure-footed horses slipping, skidding and stopping now and then for a minute's rest.

When the summit was reached, first we looked down upon the "Battle of the Clouds," as it is called. Far below we watched the billowy, fleecy, white clouds driven from both sides of the mountain toward each other by the trade winds, now advancing, now retreating, now bringing up whole cavalcades, only to be merged into others of the opposing forces—a celestial battle. When the clouds separated, we could catch a glimpse of the base of this island far below and the surrounding turquoise ocean.

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Haleakala, showing the "Battle of the Clouds."

The Fall of the American Newspaper Editorial

Sports, Society, Financial Features All Take Precedence

> Start a personally conducted inquiry of your own to find what parts of the newspapers are read today. If your experience tallies with the writer's, the result will indicate emphatically the decline of the editorial. Whether or not this is due to a dearth of editorial writers such as made that section of our daily newspapers of such vital importance in other days, we do not venture to claim; but that in face of the present trend of newspaper reading some radical change may be expected seems highly probable.
>
> It is going to be mighty interesting for the spectator to watch for future developments among enterprising editors. Our forests are too valuable to waste indefinitely.

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON O'NEILL

WHAT is the least important reading matter that appears in a modern daily newspaper?

There might be a great number of widely varying answers to that query.

My opinion might be that the ultimate in uselessness are the columns reporting the activities of those who make up what is called (by themselves) Society. Yours might be that there is small utility in chronicling the littlest details of how ninety thousand men and women paid a million and a quarter dollars to see four minutes of tussling between a couple of oversized athletes for "the championship of the world." The next one's belief might be that there is a great waste of clean white paper and good black ink in narrating the personal fads and fancies of the so-called stars of the stage and screen. And a dozen others would offer as many different contentions.

But we're all wrong, it seems.

The least important thing in the modern daily newspaper is what used to be called the most important—the editorial: that learned treatise in which we were told by a super-intellect, concealed in a mysterious sanctum, just what is wrong with the world, for whom we should vote, what the Republican party ought to do to be saved, the merits (or demerits) of Prohibition, and the value of the Einstein theory.

This may sound like sacrilege. The shades of the late Messrs. Dana, Greeley and Marse Henry Watterson may storm when they read it—and according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the shades do read what is printed in this material world they have left behind. But it isn't intended as sacrilege, and it isn't set forth here as an opinion. It's a fact. We have it from the editors themselves, the New York editors. And who could be more learned in newspaper values than these same pundits who sit in towers and domes high above the metropolis and inform the universe what's what? They themselves decided that their tablet-gravings were of less necessity than anything else in their journals. And here is how that came about:

"What Shall Be Cut?"

SOME months ago there was a strike in the New York newspaper shops. The merits of it have no place here. The pressmen were the ones who quit work. They wanted more money, shorter workdays and various other things. So they walked out on a certain Sunday night, and the presses didn't roll, and on Monday morning the city of six millions was without a single newspaper.

That day there was tremendous activity among the publishers. It was rather a disgrace not to turn out a paper, no matter what the reason. Papers had been turned out in the midst of conflagrations and floods and earthquakes and what not, and there *positively must* be a Tuesday morning issue.

Everything was in order except the pressrooms. Editors and reporters were ready to write, the mechanics were ready to set the type and cast the plates, the motor trucks were ready to haul away the finished product. But there could be no papers unless the presses rolled.

Late in the day a few loyal pressmen were found—just enough to man a single pressroom. This could be run to its capacity. But it was obvious, of course, that there could be none of the eighteen, twenty-four or thirty-two page papers to which New York was accustomed. There were eight morning newspapers to be accommodated, and each must have a fair share of what circulation could be run off from this one pressroom. So the publishers agreed that an eight-page issue should be prepared, bearing at the top of it the accustomed insignia of all the papers, instead of only one.

"Of course, a lot of things must be left out," said the publishers. "We've got to give the public a fair showing of the news, but it can't have everything it has been accustomed to. Now, what shall we drop?"

"Sporting news might be cut down," some one suggested, to be answered thus: "Cut sports? Never! We're going to give the whole eighth page—the best position in the paper, really—to sports." And, with a single exception, all the publishers placed their baseball, racing, fighting, golf, tennis and other athletics on the desirable last page.

"Out with the society stuff!" was another suggestion. But that met almost as strong resistance, at least from two of the newspapers, which depend a whole lot (or think they do) upon the news of the Élite for circulation.

And so with the financial news, Wall Street's activities. Some of the papers decided to devote the better part of two pages to this. And there was "a very important murder trial" on hand, which must likewise get considerable space. Altogether, it was a hard situation. Something had to be sacrificed to make room for these other imperative things.

"Why not the editorial pages?" offered some genius. Ah, there was the right sort of a suggestion! Out with the editorial pages! So out they went, and out they stayed during the course of the strike, and I for one didn't see a single tear shed or hear a solitary voice crying: "What shall I do without my daily advice on what Poincaré should tell Germany?" or "How can I get along without being told what the next movement of the Farm Bloc should be?" Furthermore, from not a soul outside the newspaper trade itself did I hear as much as one comment upon the absence of the editorials. It would appear that editorials in the daily newspapers—in New York at least—have come to be regarded as what the slangily inclined would call "a lot of apple sauce." And if that means that the people are learning to do their own thinking instead of being told what to think, it is not altogether a bad thing.

Editorial Support Fails

THERE came to mind, during the no-editorial period in New York, a skit from the Follies of a season or so ago, dealing with a New York mayor. Now, it may be remembered that John F. Hylan was first elected to that position six years ago, in the face of the almost unanimous opposition of the New York editorial writers. His only editorial supporters were the two Hearst papers, morning and evening. Before election it was predicted that no man could face the opposition of the *World, Times, Herald, Sun* (then in existence) and *Tribune,* and be elected to any office at all. But Hylan was swept in.

Two years ago, with the same opposition, he was re-elected by a majority that broke all records. And so the Follies skit ran thus:

There was a Rip Van Winkle character who was supposed to have slept in New York for twenty years, and awakened in 1941. As he shook his old gray head and whiskers, he said:

"So I've slept twenty years! Who is now our President?"

"Sam Untermyer," was the reply, the name being that of one of New York's Jewish lawyers. This got a laugh from the audience.

"And who is now our mayor?" asked the modern Rip.

"John F. Hylan," he was told.

"Hylan? Why, he was mayor when I went to sleep, and that was twenty years ago," marveled Rip. "How can Hylan be mayor now?"

"Well, Rip, the last time he was nominated the Hearst papers joined all the others in opposing him, so the people elected him for life!"

It seemed to me that the roar of applause which greeted this was indicative of the low esteem in which the people hold the present-day editorial. Some brave newspaper, some day, may come out minus that appendage entirely. And it may succeed. At all events, there will be a great many persons who will not miss anything when they turn the pages of the sheet.

One of the New York papers has run what it calls an "Inquiring Reporter" column. Each day this individual would stop a number of different persons on the streets or in public places and get their views on various matters. One day his question was, "What do you read in the newspapers?" As I recall it, there wasn't one in his queried group who said he read editorials.

"I skim over the first page news and then turn to the sports and see what Babe Ruth did yesterday," was the frank admission of several. Others replied: "Well, I look at the headlines on the front of the paper, and then go back to the business pages." Others—after the invariable glance at the first page—liked news of the theater, or of the movies, or liked to see the "funny column" or the pictures. None confessed to any particular interest about the doings of Congress or of those who govern them, or about what is happening among the nations of the Old World.

New York Reads—But What?

SPORTS, it would seem, attract more readers—at least male readers—than any other subject, so for business purposes the publishers were altogether right in placing their sport-chronicles in a leading position during the days of the eight-page papers.

"Newspaperless New York" seemed a queer place that Monday morning. "Where's the paper? What's the matter with that janitor? What's the matter with that delivery boy?" demanded hundreds of thousands in apartments or houses when the familiar sheet did not appear with the morning's coffee and eggs.

It was a grumpy New York without its papers, too. It really seemed as though something big were missing from life. Why this should be is perhaps hard to explain. It didn't matter, actually, if a man didn't know how the Yankee baseball team had progressed toward the pennant, or if he didn't get a laugh from a cartoon showing a wife banging a husband over the head with a rolling pin. But there undoubtedly was a hiatus, even though it were just a break in a fixed habit.

The word spread quickly enough that a strike was responsible for the non-appearance of the newspapers, and then the question arose: "What am I going to read on the way downtown?" For New York is a city that reads—no matter what its choice of literature may be. As one of the so-called comic strips inquires daily: "Can you beat it?"

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Loans and the Gold Standard

THE advancement of one hundred million dollars to France by the international bankers in New York reminds one of the stock market gambler putting up margin in a vain hope that he can postpone the final call that will wipe him out.

It would seem as if this heroic move to halt the rapid decline of the franc and the price of French government bonds in America was made because the insiders were unloading upon the ignorant public faster than it would absorb.

The publication of the appraisals of the estates of wealthy New Yorkers, men who sit in on the international schemes that are capitalized there, shows that none of them hold a single one of these foreign government bonds they have "distributed" in this country to the extent of billions. They put their own money in Liberty and gilt-edged municipal bonds and some industrial issues.

This is not a reflection upon the integrity of the unfortunate foreign people whose credit and good names have been hypothecated by the international money lenders to such an extent that liquidation is utterly out of the question. They have been victimized in the same way.

The international money lenders are making their last stand in New York. The European sucker list has been squeezed dry where the people's assets have not been dissipated by misgovernment. Our credit merchants seemed to feel immediately after the close of the war that they could lend American money abroad in such a volume that their commissions would be enormous. They made a brave start and sank almost a billion of our people's money abroad before the foreign countries by their inability to pay interest upon their war borrowings from our government showed the state they were in.

England will be used to refute this statement, since she has funded her debt here. However, a leading reason for Baldwin being overthrown as prime minister was that he agreed to pay the debt to America when he was sent to America to beg off.

The London *Times* in commenting upon the appointment of a parliament committee to consider the question of the national debt referred to its being ten times as large as it was before the war; its service requires over one-half the tax revenues of the country and four billion dollars of it is a floating debt.

That England has abandoned the gold standard is indicated by the *Times* admitting that until the floating debt has been funded the restoration of the gold standard cannot be tackled.

A Weak Spot in the Movies

IT IS a foregone conclusion among fair-minded, not to say reverent-minded observers, that the movie-makers are consistently overshooting their mark in caricaturing the profession of the Christian minister. Granted that there may be occasional quacks in church circles just as there are occasional quacks in medical and educational and other circles, why tar all the representatives of the profession with the same stick? Why permit a few insincere particular instances to assume the proportions of a damaging generalization?

There is less than nothing to be gained by such a method. While it may secure the rise of a general laugh, innocent and wholesome as that may be, at one and the same time it registers disrespect for what is not only an eminently respectable but also a sacred function. And it is quite characteristically true that what we poke fun at we do not respect overmuch. Conversely, what we cherish a deep-seated regard for we do not make a matter for ridicule.

There is still more to it. The times are more sadly out of joint than Shakespeare ever dreamed. It is bad enough that any number of adults could get the consent of their own minds to buffoon and belittle such an institution. It is incalculably worse that children, many of whom have seldom seen the inside of a place of worship, should be given a burlesque upon which to base their first impressions. Such a condition of affairs is not only sacrilegious, it is an unforgivable offense against childhood here and now and a spiritual disability to be entailed upon the generations yet unborn.

The remedy is a thoroughgoing public disapproval. Once thinking people awake to the real import of such films and apply the necessary moral corrective, this libelous practice will cease. The public can have exactly what it demands.

Modesty May Be Its Own Reward

THE recent death of Dr. P. H. Dudley, a son of the Middle West, and the record of his useful life of eighty-one years, serve to impress us with the value of the research engineer to the world.

Dr. Dudley spent more than fifty years on the problem of designing steel rails strong enough safely to carry heavy freight and fast passenger trains. His hard work and genius enabled the rail, the primary and vulnerable part of the transportation machine, to keep pace with its increasing burdens.

Dr. Dudley's numerous inventions of rails, as well as the marvelous machine that registers the strains on rails under moving trains, made him a world figure in his field, although the general public, the real beneficiary, hardly knew this man existed.

He was always striving to make the railroads safer, delving into the making of locomotive tires and structural steels. He was the first to announce, forty years ago, that fungi are the cause of decay in wood.

It is such men as Dr. Dudley who enable each succeeding generation to live better and longer. They are the salt of the earth, the modern indication of our progress from the cave man.

Is the Federal Reserve Doomed?

ASIDE from any dispute as to the power or effect of the Federal Reserve System for good or evil, anxiety exists among both friends and enemies of the big machine as the time approaches for reorganization or liquidation. That it is none too early to give the matter consideration is clearly evident. Even the caution of the bankers is not sufficient to keep hidden the knowledge of a coming storm. A very prominent National Bank recently complained of the Federal Reserve law forbidding the payment of interest to member banks on daily balances.

A letter from a New York economist declares the doom of the Federal Reserve is sealed unless outside business can be attracted. Member banks today are not rediscounting their commercial paper in volume sufficient to keep the Federal Reserve Banks in profitable business.

On the other hand, some member banks are grumbling because compelled to maintain a reserve, including their personal gold holdings, in the Federal Reserve and are allowed no interest. Already enjoying a much greater interest on their original investment through the cumulative six per cent allowed them on capital stock and surplus, these "Oliver Twists" may well be satisfied if the system is liquidated before it breaks down.

That the grave trouble with the system is in large part due to its bad, not to say vicious, operation in recent years cannot be doubted. Dr. Anderson, economist for the Chase National Bank of New York, has pointed out the intended objective of the system and some of its adventures which have been unwise and imprudent and outside any legitimate purpose.

One cause of present trouble is excessive overhead. It was easy to take the franchise tax to build up palatial banking houses, for of the millions spent in the Federal Reserve and branch cities, $90 of every $100 came out of Uncle Sam's share of what otherwise would have been net revenue; but it is not so easy now to meet the expense of maintenance, which has increased as a consequence of this expansion.

These statements are facts. There are many deeply concerned in the outcome, though powerless to apply a remedy, who must nevertheless assist in defending the system from outside attacks and quieting the mutinies within. The enormous profits of the years of depression created an appetite that the normal gains of a system economically managed cannot satisfy. When speculative usury is rampant, there must be a constant withdrawal of support if the Federal Reserve remains purely a "bank for bankers," while, if permitted to seek outside business further than it already is doing, the machine itself must become a competitor for business its members are attracting.

Why Play the Rich Uncle?

THE circumnavigation of the globe by the army air service will give the United States worldwide prestige and glory for all time.

Such a prediction cannot be made about our navy's air service participating in the projected polar flight of a Norwegian government expedition headed by Roald Amundsen.

It seems that our navy will furnish the services of Lieutenant Ralph E. Davison and his airplane, and the American public is expected to put up two hundred thousand dollars for the Norwegians by purchasing as many Norwegian government special polar postage stamps through Gimbel Brothers, a department store on Broadway.

In a full-page announcement in a New York Sunday newspaper Gimbel's state they will sell the stamps without profit. At the bottom of the advertisement this notice appears in blackfaced type: "All Business Pertaining to Expedition in U. S. to Be Transacted Through Gimbel Brothers Inc."

It was intended that the Shenandoah make a flight to the pole to annex any land discovered. The Norwegian government recently had the statement made in New York that all lands discovered by this party would be claimed by Amundsen in the name of the King of Norway, regardless of our contribution which has saved the scheme from being given up.

Norway is to be congratulated upon its prospects. However, we fancy that if Harrod's in London were to serve as any agency to raise these funds for a foreign annexation scheme they would be called to the Foreign Office and reminded of their obligation to their own country.

Concerning National Security

WE HAVE come to think of France as the greatest sufferer from the war, because it was on her soil that a large part of the conflict was staged, and the wounds are still there, visible to the eye.

But there are other nations who are binding the wounds of war, and find even greater difficulty than France. England is an outstanding example of this group. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Crowther gives a graphic picture of England's post-war conditions. This article merits a careful reading by every thinking person. The problem of destroyed markets and resulting unemployment, for example, has assumed gigantic proportions.

It is refreshing to note that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, in his recent letter to Poincare, takes full cognizance of the entire situation on both sides of the English Channel. He reveals a full and sympathetic understanding of the French conditions. What he says is not new. On the contrary, it has been said again and again. What is new is that it is said by the responsible head of one government to the responsible head of another.

Mr. Macdonald admits that France has just cause for grievance in the failure of Great Britain and the United States to guarantee France's safety on the Rhine, and admits that this failure is responsible for much of the apparent French aggression.

But Mr. Macdonald goes further. In summary, he says:

"The French people desire security; the British people cherish an identical idea, but whereas France conceived of security as security against Germany alone, the British Empire attributes to the word a far wider significance. What we desire is security against war."

From Washington comes the apparently official announcement that Senator LaFollette offers himself as the Moses to lead the Progressive wing of his party out of the wilderness of slavery to the "invisible government," and with the help of those in other party affiliation, drive from power those who are alleged to control both of the major parties in the recent past.

Senator Moses of New Hampshire has been defeated for delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention because he asked to be sent without instructions. He had previously expressed his personal preference for the nomination of Coolidge, but his opponent was willing to be instructed to support the President, and the delegation was made up of that class, and he was "steam-rollered." Moses is a leader of the regulars in the Senate.

The United States Supreme Court denies to the Federal Trade Commission the right to search the records of the Lorillard Tobacco Company for evidence in the case of unlawful acts in restraint of trade against the "tobacco trust." But that will not prevent search of the books of individuals or corporations suspected of evading income taxes.

Switzerland and the Co-operative System

Agricultural and Consumers' Societies Oppose Local Trusts

By HUSTON THOMPSON

CROSSING the invisible line that divides distracted Germany from serene Switzerland brought a profound feeling of relief. Leaving Stuttgart on the train bound for Basel, Switzerland, the throng of people in the station was so dense that it was difficult to make one's way, and, although traveling first class, it was impossible to get a seat and eight hours were spent on the rear platform of our coach.

A new lease on life seized us as we passed through the gates of the picturesque and magnificent depot at Basel.

Switzerland is in some respects better adapted to the application of the co-operative system than any other country. In the first place, it is very small. The population though quite dense is well spread out, making for a more or less ideal situation. Geographically the cantons so divide the country that it is not difficult to have small regional organizations which can head up in one national organization. Moreover, the country has lived under democratic rule and exercised self-control for so long that its people understand the necessity for team play in matters affecting their welfare.

Despite this almost ideal situation for Consumers' Co-operatives, the Swiss are foresighted enough to see that one of the problems that must be dealt with is the question of size in their organization. In fact, Mr. Grandjean, the director of the very efficient local Consumers' Wholesale Society at Geneva, told me that one of their pressing problems was the decentralization of administration from the national co-operative organization to the local, and that the local societies were insisting on more autonomous action and power for themselves. Mr. Grandjean, when I referred to the enormous size of the British co-operatives, said that he believed they too would have to meet this problem.

He suggested that, if America were moving along the lines of consumers' societies, it be very careful not to force into the foreground a national organization with too much centralized power, but let it come through a spontaneous demand on the part of the local societies.

Switzerland fairly teems with new co-operative ideas and suggestions. One that caught my fancy immediately was the use to which they put electricity. The electric co-operative society in Basel distributes current to each member in his home. Many houses in that region have a ribbon power-loom. Members of the family who are not occupied with other duties use the electricity to drive the power-looms and have become weavers for the great Basel firms. This organization now has a membership of 8,927.

To those who are studying size and its point of inefficiency in industry and the dangers of congested areas in our cities, the establishment of the loom and the wire in the home where manufacturing on a small scale can be handled should excite some interest.

Co-operative Money Used

ONE thing particularly unique about the consumers' society's method of doing business was the use of co-operative money. This money is in the form of copper coins of five and one franc and fifty, twenty and five centimes denominations. A member of a society desiring this money presents Swiss legal tender to his society and in return is given the copper tokens which are equivalent in buying value to the money he has tendered. This is then turned over to the housewife who is generally the buyer.

The advantage to the consumers' co-operative organization is that it gets the legal tender of Switzerland for its needs in advance of the use of the copper money by the members and makes certain the sale of as much of the store's goods as the copper money will buy.

There is a little joker in the situation for the housewife. Since the money has no value outside the co-operative stores, she can't spend it for any pleasures, luxuries or other things that might strike her fancy in other stores.

The Basel co-operatives believe that the use of this money has passed the experimental stage. I have not been able to visualize the effect of its use in all co-operative stores in Switzerland, but if it is a success in Basel I see no reason why it should not be extended through all the consumers' co-operative organizations.

Our visit to their shoe factory in Basel brought a universal reply to the question of why they had gone into manufacturing. They were "fighting back at the shoe manufacturers who at the instance of the wholesalers and retailers had boycotted them" by refusing to sell to the co-operative societies.

In their showroom, they had on exhibit 150 different styles. I expressed surprise at the additional cost that must be added to each pair of shoes in making so many different kinds and asked how the members tolerated such additional expense.

"They tolerate it all right," said my auditor. "In fact, this exhibit is a lesson in the demand for free play in individual taste that not even the cost or price can prevent. We can standardize taste only to a certain degree and must be very careful that we do not cramp the individual's desires. We find that the 150 different styles do not always cover the different tastes of our members, and at times we go into the market and purchase other styles rather than lose a member."

On passing through the plant, I was taken to each machine that is used in making any part of the shoe. The nameplates on all these machines indicated that they were bought from Germany. That immediately started a trend of questions as to whether co-operatives owned the machinery outright. They informed me that they did.

"Well!" I said, "I recall an instance in the United States where the parties were required to purchase their machines on the condition that when they were through with them, they would return them to the seller, and also would permit a monthly inspection and pay the one from whom they were purchased according to the extent that an indicator on the machine showed it had been used."

I was assured very emphatically that the co-operators would not buy on such terms and if they could not get the machinery otherwise they would do without it. They felt confident that no such contingency would arise since they were so strong that they could purchase on an equality with any manufacturer.

An inspection of the shoes made by these co-operatives indicated that they were of the very best material obtainable and were manufactured to wear just as long as possible.

"You see," said my guide, "that we reverse somewhat the purpose of manufacturing. The private manufacturer frequently makes shoes with quantity production and profit in mind. It would not be to his interest to make his shoes along indestructible lines. We, however, are compelled by our members to make our shoes as nearly indestructible as possible without any thought of profit. "Saving with profit is our co-operator's shibboleth."

Excellent Working Conditions

AS IN most of the European countries, they have adopted the eight-hour law, so the employes in the Swiss manufacturing plants work forty-eight hours a week. The light and other sanitary conditions are excellent. If one of the employes is injured, he receives eighty per cent of his wage from the government and twenty per cent from the factory, and the co-operatives pay the state's premium. They also have a pension system and retire their employes at the age of sixty.

To date, they have had no strikes, though undoubtedly the co-operatives in Switzerland as their plants grow will have to create a mutual interest that will tie the employe close to them.

The investigation of a very modern first-class dairy in Basel operated by the Consumers' Co-operative threw a new light on the relation of the farmers' agricultural societies to the consumers' society of the city. Some time ago the farmers' societies, of which there are three thousand, handling milk and milk products, had the milk production practically in their control. They found that they could not come to an agreement with the Consumers' Co-operative dairy interests on prices. As to who was in the right I am not informed, but at this juncture the farmers refused to sell milk to the consumers' society and the latter retaliated by buying from the great milk products manufacturers of Switzerland.

This brought the situation to a climax. Government representatives were called in and, together with the farmers' and consumers' representatives, a price was arrived at which was agreeable. Since that time this method has been pursued to the apparent satisfaction of both groups.

Since 1916, the consumers' societies have indulged in a very interesting experiment in farming. They have bought farms in many different parts of Switzerland and placed practical farmers on them. They admit that the returns to date do not appear very favorable, but they offset this by saying that the circumstances under which they have entered this field have been very unfavorable owing to economic conditions. Through this experience they believe that they will gain a desirable objective and an unprejudiced view toward Swiss agriculture, and in this way be better able to deal with the farmers in the matter of prices. It is too soon to determine how much good has resulted from this experiment. Whether a success or failure from a pecuniary point of view, it should help to bring the toiler of the city and the farm into a more reasonable and more sympathetic relationship.

The co-operative movement has a marked dominance in the field that its manufacturing plants occupy. At Zurich it owns and operates the largest flour mill in Switzerland. This mill has an interesting history and is typical of how a co-operative organization can halt a monopoly in its tracks. In 1912, the association of bakers of East Switzerland notified the millers that they must not sell flour to the co-operatives, their complaint being that the co-operatives sold bread cheaper. The millers are said to have acquiesced with apparent eagerness.

With secrecy and dispatch the co-operatives acted. In a short time they sprang a tremendous surprise by announcing that they had acquired the most important milling plant in Switzerland at Zurich. In a short time the flour millers' trust broke up. Despite the economic disturbances of the war and the constant attempt on the part of private interests to wean local societies away from the support of their milling industry, the co-operatives continue to manufacture their own flour and are the largest producers of this article in Switzerland.

On the outskirts of Geneva, I visited a wine depot, owned by the co-operatives, which is the largest in Switzerland, having a capacity of five million liters and containing at that time 2,500,000 liters of wine. The superintendent of this plant, when we had walked underground between the gigantic casks, began cross-examining me, with some amusement on his part, on prohibition in the United States. After obtaining my views he informed me that he had been to Bordeaux, France, and had seen 2,800 boxes of wine containing twelve bottles each on board ship destined for America, as evidenced by the ship's papers which he had read. Inquiring how it was that they were shipping wine to prohibition America, he was told that there were drug stores in the United States that needed it.

Switzerland is one of the few places where the co-operative banks accept deposits from outsiders. The Raiffeisen plan of credit societies is in vogue throughout the farming districts. The members of these credit societies are subject to an unlimited liability.

In the matter of politics, the agricultural societies have great strength and influence with members of the legislative bodies. The consumers' societies which number about a thousand have no political party and do not attempt to act as a political unit. However, on occasions they have taken up the cudgels for economic policies and when they have done so, they have been very effective.

In 1890, they addressed Parliament demanding a tariff policy more favorable to the consumers, insisting that the scheduled rates should be reduced. Having obtained reductions, the national consumers' organizations stayed out of the campaign but permitted the members of local societies to vote as they liked. The result of the ballot was that the low tariff as approved by the Consumers' Co-operatives became a law.

In 1902, the question was up as to whether Switzerland should have a tariff for revenue only or a protective tariff. Again the consumers' societies of the cities won out having taken a stand for the tariff for revenue. This estranged a number of agricultural co-operatives as they were very earnest partisans for the protective policy.

The members of the consumers' societies, through meetings and through their magazine, which has a weekly circulation of more than three hundred thousand, keep themselves well informed as to what is going on. Some of their representatives informed me that there is a crisis impending in the co-operative world just as there is in private business. The latter has prepared to meet it by reducing the number of employes. The co-operatives realize that the time is at hand when they too will have to make reductions. They think there is no question about riding the crisis successfully because of the universal intelligence of the people of Switzerland, the great majority of whom, with all classes represented, belong to this movement, and are included in its 12,000 local agricultural and consumers' societies.

International Co-operation

AS I see Europe, the next great war will not be between nations––if a war of arms is postponed five years—but it will be a bloodless economic war between international trusts on the one hand and an international co-operative organization on the other.

The co-operator dimly senses this war. He knows full well that he is not prepared for it because he has all he can do for the present to recover from the body blows he received during the World War. As the pressure of the trusts is being felt, the co-operator is gradually awaking to the urge for preparation.

In the meantime, the Consumers' Co-operators are centering their attention on their domestic trust, making them sit up and take notice or destroying them. In twelve countries of Europe there are today 25,000,000 members of consumers' co-operative societies, which means that most of the necessaries of 125,000,000 peoples in these countries are being supplied through their local societies. But far more important than this is the fact that in all Europe thousands upon thousands of meetings are being held by local societies every month at which, through propaganda and teaching, the spirit and purpose of co-operation is being drilled into the members or incited in prospective members. If one were to drop into any of these thousands of meetings and inquire why they exist, the universal answer would be because of the greediness of the trusts or the usurer.

In other articles I have referred to the fact that the Great British consumers' co-operative society purchases, blends and puts up tea for co-operative organizations throughout Europe. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have an association through which they buy articles necessary for their members. When the present rates of exchange are more settled it will not be at all surprising to see the societies of Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania and possibly Finland joined together in another buying group. In Germany it was suggested to me that some day they hoped to have a purchasing organization in connection with Austria and Italy. It is not beyond the range of imagination for Spain, France and Belgium to come together. Already England, Ireland and Scotland have interlocking co-operative purchasing organizations.

During the war the British organizations helped out the co-operatives of allied countries by assisting them in obtaining goods. Today Russian co-operatives, through an organization known as the Centrosoyus, have offices in London which are doing business with the British co-operatives while the British consumers' societies are purchasing from the farmers' co-operatives in Denmark and other countries. The moment that domestic situations are more settled we can expect to see great international buying organizations based on racial lines and contiguous territory acting in concert. When this happens, it will not be difficult for the several interna-

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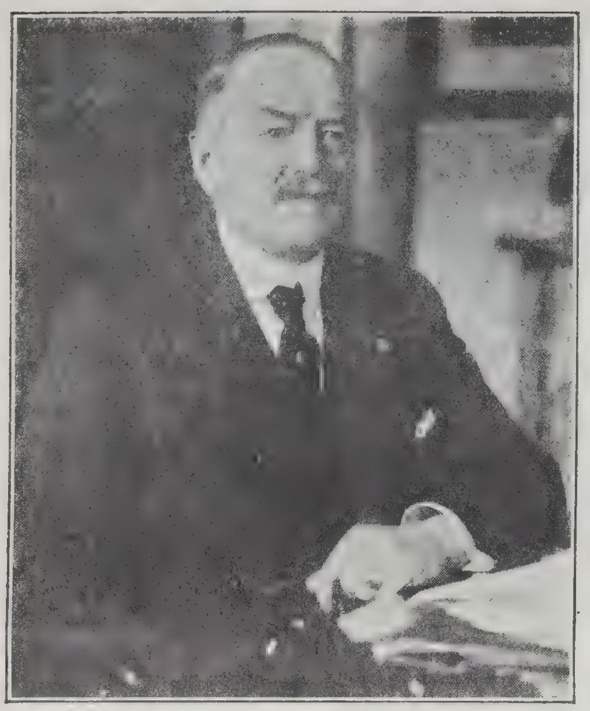


(C) National Photo

COLONEL FRANK WHITE,

Treasurer of the United States, who receives hundreds of conscience fund contributions.

Money Received From Persons Unknown

Hush Money Comes Regularly to Uncle Sam to Ease the Pricks of Somebody's Conscience

By GEORGE H. DACY

HONOR bright, now, cross your heart and promise that you will not divulge this big secret about which I am going to tell you.

Close all the doors and windows, be sure that no one is listening, and we'll all group closely together and talk in whispers, for that highly efficient and effective branch of the United States Government, the Secret Service even, might be interested in what we shall say.

Yes, Uncle Sam receives hush money regularly—two and three times a week. The hush money, however, is not sent to the United States Treasury at Washington as bribery payments but to hush and silence the painful pricks of somebody's uneasy conscience. Somewhere, sometime, some one defrauded our venerable national relative in one way or another. His conscientious restlessness and dispeace finally become so distasteful to the offender that ultimately, in an anonymous communication, he remits to Uncle Sam the funds which are rightfully government property.

That is the brief explanation of the "how come" of the conscience fund, the most curious contributions which ever flow into the voluminous Federal moneybags. There is no psychology more novel or extraordinary than the workings of the human mind which finally force the culprit to make good the losses which the national government has suffered as a result of his malicious or unintentional acts.

Webster calls conscience "knowledge of one's own acts or feelings as right or wrong." The sense of duty, strong in the most of us, to be honest and truthful and to abide by every requirement of modern law is centralized in the dictates of our conscience. Conscience drives murderers to confess their crimes. It impels robbers after years of apparent safety to admit their unlawful actions. Conscience is responsible for baring to sleuthlike sentiment the carefully concealed skeleton in many a family closet. And conscience, in time, obliges smugglers, customs-evaders, contractors who overcharge, income tax reporters who forget to declare all their wealth and those who are overpaid in any manner by Uncle Samuel, to make restitution to the Federal Treasury Department for all funds which they undeservedly have received.

More than a century ago—to be exact in 1811—the first conscience fund contribution came anonymously through the mails to the Treasurer of the United States. It was a five-dollar bank note. Penciled, evidently in disguised handwriting, on a scrap of accompanying paper were the words, "To be credited to the account of money received from persons unknown." In some manner or other, the sender of this $5 bill had evidently bested the government. When the act occurred, nobody knows. The return of the money was simply a business transaction between the guilty party and his God.

From that day to this, contributions to the national conscience fund have been received regularly at Washington. Sometimes three or four of them will be credited each week to the unique account. Really there is no conscience fund essentially as such on the national ledgers and cash books. The conscience or hush money goes to the miscellaneous or general funds of the Treasury Department. Conscience contributions are neither governed nor regulated by Federal law. Here is one case, at least, where our circumspect national lawmakers have seen fit to leave well enough alone.

The sense of duty and honor debts which unknowns have paid to Uncle Sam now aggregate more than $560.000. The smallest sum ever received has been two cents. Many persons in all parts of the United States have used a two-cent postage stamp a second time. Thereafter, discovering that their actions were illegal, they have mailed two-cent contributions to the Federal conscience fund to atone for their acts. The largest sum delivered in Washington via a bank draft from New York amounted to $18,000. The identity of the donor was never ascertained. Uncle Sam feels in honor bound not to try to seek out the anonymous contributors who endeavor in this remarkable manner to "square" themselves with the government and their Maker.

During the Civil War, a certain soldier of unknown identity stole one of Uncle Sam's Missouri canaries—a mule of particular parts and attributes. The mule in time came to be the foundation of this deserter's prosperity. Every time he earned an additional dollar, he could indirectly trace its origin back to the mule. His conscience hurt him more and more. Finally, he scrawled an unsigned confession on a shred of paper, sealed it in an envelope with enough currency to pay for the original value of the work animal with the accumulated compound interest and dispatched it to Washington.

A certain New York importer more than a half-century ago brought suit against Uncle Sam, claiming that several of his most valuable commodities brought in from abroad were seriously damaged while in the hands of the United States Customs. This man, furthermore, proved that he had been charged excessive customs rates on certain articles. The case was decided in his favor and the United States Treasury sent him a large check to adjust the legal altercation.

Several months later, one-half of a $1,000 government bond was received by the Treasury official who at that time attended to conscience fund contributions. It was from the importer. He stated that upon sober reflection and study, he had decided that the government overpaid him to the extent of $1,500. He sent the mutilated bond for which he had paid cash as his first contribution to square his obligation. He promised to send one-half of another $500 Treasury bond. Shortly afterward, the Civil War broke out and the supposition is that this importer enlisted in the Union Army and was killed, as nothing more was ever heard of him at Washington.

The greatest quota of conscience fund contributions flooded the Washington mails during the aftermath period of the notable "salary grab" era of the Forty-third National Congress. The Federal legislators enacted a law at that time increasing the salary of each Representative from $5,000 to $7,500 a year. They armored the clever piece of legislation by making it retroactive so that they personally would benefit. As soon as their constituencies in all parts of the country became intimately familiar with all the workings of the "salary grab" act, they set up such a howl of protest that the majority of the national lawmakers were so afraid of losing their statesmanship seats at Washington at the pursuant elections that they turned their salary increase money into the Treasury Department conscience fund.

The "money received from persons unknown" account thus was augmented by many thousands of dollars. It is notable that the minority Congressmen, who persistently accepted the increased monthly checks in payment of their legislative services and did not revert at least a part of the money to the conscience fund, were missing when the initial roll call of the next session of the newly elected lawmakers was called. Popular sentiment defeated these candidates at the polls. The "salary grab" act, which was to increase their fortunes, really developed into a vehicle of great misfortune. The archives at Washington show that some of the Representatives neither cashed their pay checks nor turned them over to the Treasury Department. Many years later, after these statesmen had died, the administrators of their estates presented the belated checks to Uncle Sam, who paid them.

(C) National Photo

A case of dishonesty or defalcation of government funds has never occurred at the United States Treasury.

The supposition among United States Treasury officials is that much of the hush money which the conscientious return to the impregnable vaults of the City of Presidents consists of overpayments which your Uncle Samuel made in one way or another to these different donors. Sometimes, the customs officials at the American ports of entry may be a little careless and admit goods at prices lower than those that should obtain. On other occasions, American tourists surreptitiously smuggle certain commodities such as jewelry into the United States from abroad without declaring these dutiable articles. Sooner or later, some of these persons suffer from an acute attack of remorseful conscience and secretly remit the balance which they owe to the Washington Treasury.

Several years ago, one of the paying tellers at the United States Treasury found that he was twenty dollars short on the day's transactions when he came to check up his funds at night. He made up the deficit out of his own pocket. About a year later, a stranger stopped at his window and asked if he had been on duty there the previous year and if he had noted any money shortage on a certain specified date. The teller referred to his books and found that the day stipulated was the one when he lost the $20. He told his inquisitor of the occurrence.

"You overpaid me $20 that day," replied the layman. "I was about down and out. That extra money aided me greatly in getting back on my feet again. I took the money and used it. Now I am returning it with compound interest. It was the first dishonest act of my life. If you say so, I will confess my offense to the proper authorities and pay the piper. My conscience would not allow me to neglect this obligation any longer." The Treasury employe accepted the proferred bank notes, wished the penitent man good luck and has henceforward been one of the most loyal supporters of the national conscience fund.

Latterly, the majority of the anonymous contributions to the government financial assets have consisted of relatively small amounts, ranging from a few dollars to as much as $100. Five $100 bills were received recently, accompanied by an unsigned letter requesting that the money be credited to the conscience fund. Treasury officials believe that they know the source of this gift. It appears that during the last half year, a certain government official, through no fault of his own, mislaid $500 of Uncle Sam's currency. It is quite likely that the money sent in to Washington comes from the person who found the lost funds.

Psychologists throughout the United States will doubtless be interested to learn whether the effects of the World War have reacted to soften the consciences of Americans so that they are contributing more largely than ever before to the Federal conscience fund. A certain prominent eastern minister recently interrogated Uncle Sam about this matter. The government experts made a critical statistical survey of the conscience fund contributions to assemble accurate data for this clergyman. The facts and figures are to the effect that there has been no increase in the amount or character of the anonymous money gifts since the cessation of hostilities. As gauged by the reflections from the extraordinary Treasury balance, the conscientiousness of the average American was no greater in 1923 than it was in 1913 or 1813.

The honesty and reliability of the government employes who daily handle enormous sums of money in the service of Uncle Sam are admirably endorsed by the spotless record which they have established and preserved. There has never been a case of robbery or defalcation in the Treasury Department at Washington. During the administration of John Burke as Treasurer of the United States, although more than $56,000,000,000 were handled, the only shortage that occurred consisted of $30,000 worth of government bonds that were lost by several faithful messengers. These bonds evidently were destroyed by fire or other agency, for their coupons have never been sent in for collection.

Colonel Frank White, Treasurer of the United States, venerates the national conscience fund as a desirable and permanent monument to the conscientiousness and integrity of the American people. He believes that Uncle Sam will always respect its inviolable secrets. It is our strangest unwritten court of retributive justice. Its unusual tales will never be written. Like the rock of ages, it will endure sempiternally.

Georgia's Many Complex Dilemmas; How a State's Exchequer Was Sealed

Old Southern State Noted for Long Line of Strong Leaders; Marks Time Awaiting Advent of a New Political Moses

By AARON HARDY ULM

"I HAVE locked the treasury and thrown the key away," declared "Bob" Toombs after he had written the bulk of it and seen to the adoption of the present constitution of the state of Georgia. And a half-century of time has proved that there was as much truth as epigram in the remark.

The result is that fundamentally the state government of Georgia is financially one of the soundest in the country. For a quarter of a century there has been virtually no increase in the tax rate. The state's funded debt steadily has been reduced. It now amounts to only a few million dollars, and is offset by income-earning property, itself unencumbered, worth from two to three times as much as all the state owes. This property comprises a railroad which was built by the state more than seventy-five years ago and has never passed out of state ownership. It is one of the best roads and for its length the most valuable, probably, in the South. It has been a paying investment almost continuously since the road was constructed, though for the last forty or fifty years it has been operated, as at present, under lease.

The retention and successful handling of this railroad, together with steady reduction of the state's bonded debt and the keeping of the tax rate within firm and modest bounds, is owing almost wholly to a stern public opinion on the subject of state finances. Regularly the politicians would have changed it all had they dared to do so. Though they frequently have rushed upon it with all their might they have found the state treasury not only locked with no key available but walled about with barriers invincible.

The Fixed Tax Rate

HOWEVER, there has been no barrier against the spending of money which did not exist. And this the politicians, as conductors of the government, have been doing more or less regularly since Toombs put an unbreakable seal on the state's exchequer. The people, well protected by that seal, have let the politicians wrestle with the problem thus created. For they, the people, should worry! No matter how much the government of its own accord may spend, the tax rate cannot be increased except by direct vote of the people. And though running deficits grow and are tossed back and forth by administrations and factions, the people generally look on and smile—and ask for more. For no matter how far the politicians go they cannot materially damage the state's credit. And no matter how badly they would like to do so, they dare not risk their official lives by advocating the removal of the barrier to raising the tax rate. Only occasionally has one been so bold as to urge the issuance of new bonds to get funds with which to meet current deficits, and these have taken care to camouflage the move as one connoting more of other things like roads and schools than of debt.

The situation is an anomalous one, but Georgia's history is filled with anomalies and paradoxes. For example, as a colony Georgia was "dry" long before the word "prohibition" was current. Though the state gave freely of its wealth and its blood to the Confederacy, its history contains one of the oldest of anti-slavery traditions. As long as James Oglethorpe, Georgia's founder, lived, neither slaves nor booze were permitted there.

Now basically one of the financially soundest of state's government, it yet is one of the chief duties of Georgia's governor to haunt the precincts of the money lenders, hunting for money with which to pay the school teachers and the pensions provided for Confederate veterans.

Georgia's Constitution

THE constitution places a limitation on the shaving of short-term notes, and this emergency device long ago ceased to cover the steadily widening gap between income and outgo. Then a governor hit upon the device of auctioning off postdated executive warrants. This did not long suffice. Then they pawned the rental notes covering the lease of the state's railroad.

Now about everything that can be kited or pawned is afloat or in soak—excepting all but a modicum of the state's long-term credit. The situation has reached a stage so crucial that the governor has called an extraordinary session of the legislature to deal with it.

It is inherently a political, far more than a genuine fiscal, condition, for it owes chiefly to faulty taxing and appropriating methods, made worse by political juggling.

And yet the politicians deserve no great amount of criticism for the curious condition besetting the state's running fiscal affairs. There has been no appreciable amount of grafting. Waste there has been, as nearly always exists in government everywhere, but the difference between income and outgo is due in no great measure to that evil. It is owing in greatest part to rivalry between the politicians and the factions, through which the state's politics functions, in the realm of more or less commendable generosity—toward the public schools and the state's eleemosynary institutions and lately, to some extent, public roads, and the veterans of the Civil War.

Of the approximately $10,000,000 of revenues raised by the state government in 1921. about $5,750,000 went to the public schools or to state-operated institutions of higher learning. This item of expenditure has doubled several times during the last twenty-five years. All of the money for education has not been expended as well as it might have been, but of graft in that sphere there has been none and such waste as occurs is due more to local than to state agencies. Nearly two millions and a half went to the support of eleemosynary institutions or for Civil War pensions. Less than a million dollars was left for the general expenses of the state government and for interest and retirement of public debt. Hence there wasn't much room for outright graft or atrocious waste, excepting, for the latter, that of benevolent kind, such as perhaps a too non-discriminatory system of war pensions.

The Georgia constitution, one of the best ever written, is based largely on the assumption that it is humanly natural to abuse political power. Hence, its chief characteristics are the safeguards and restraints thrown around and put upon public offices. Most of these grew out of sad and costly experiences, such as that known as the Yazoo fraud in the early days of the state and the carpetbagger régime following the Civil War.

Two items are well worthy of adoption by the Federal Government. One is the stipulation that the caption of every bill enacted by the legislature must contain a summary of the bill's contents. Another is the power given to the governor to veto any item in an appropriation bill.

Probably nowhere else in this or any other country is the public official made more affirmatively the servant of the public. Georgians have ever delegated political power reluctantly and have watched its use suspiciously. This attitude has yielded defects as well as safeties. For example, when the people, or even mobs, so will, they are all but supreme in the state. Even the courts are partially silenced, as by the state's "dumb" act, which forbids a judge even to intimate an opinion as to evidence in a case.

Then over all hangs the blight and blessing of the one or rather no party system of government and politics.

Brownites, Hokites and "Pops"

INSOFAR as state government goes—and in all but a few isolated spots local government, too—in Georgia, the Democratic party is everything in a titular way and nothing in an actual way. Hence the Democratic party, as with the all but nonexistent Republican party here, stands for nothing, and really counts for nothing. Succinctly, Georgia has no political parties; it has factions only. These factions often are more intense and develop a bitterness in rivalry not found in real parties elsewhere. They revolve in the main around personalities. They are more potent for opposition than construction. This kind of factional politics makes handshaking count for more than discussion.

For many years the outstanding state factions were known as the Brownites and Hokites. The latter were the supporters and the farmer the opponents of Governor and later United States Senator Hoke Smith. In between and holding the balance of power stood the "Pops," made up of surviving remnants of the old Populist party. These latter followed with a loyalty approaching worship all the eccentric windings and turnings of the late "Tom" Watson.

During his latter years Watson was the arbiter—indeed, almost the boss—of Georgia politics, ruling through the Democratic party which he hated and to which, until a few years before his death, he abjured all allegiance.

Litterateur, author of two or three of the best written histories of modern times, man of wealth, Watson came near to being the perfect agitator. He threw his decisive influence first to one faction, then to another, as the impulse of the moment moved him to do. At times his moves were so irrational as to cause his sanity to be suspected. Yet for nearly twenty years no man could be elected governor without his support, and ultimately Watson himself was sent to the United States Senate.

Political demoralization was the result of this situation and conditions which abetted it.

Constructive and courageous men, already being weaned from public life by the more inviting fields of business and the professions opened up by the development of the New South, stepped aside almost unanimously in favor of the time-serving type of politician.

Even the capable politicians steadily were destroyed in the fires of factionalism which they kindled and fanned for their own glory. Hoke Smith, defeated for re-election to the United States Senate, settled in Washington and returned to money-making. Even Thomas W. Hardwick, the best political strategist of them all, went down, rose again, and then went down apparently for good. He now holds a departmental position under the Republicans in Washington. "Little Joe" Brown, once the unique leader of one of the strongest factions, has buried himself among his books. "Jack" Slaton, at one time the most promising of the younger generation of public men, still is shadowed by the notorious Frank case in the dénouement of which he had a hand, however courageous, that since has meant his political relegation. Representatives of the great Georgia families, like the Cobbs, the Adamses, the Jacksons, now rarely are heard of in the politics of the state. In fact, in all the state's public life, though it still contains many good and some talented men, there is not one figure that is of more than state and only a few that rise above purely local importance. For the first time virtually in the history of Georgia, the state has not so much as one member of Congress whose head rises above the stature of the average.

The New Era

GEORGIA, whose political history is one of strong leadership, by men like James Jackson, William H Crawford, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, Albert H. Colquitt, Joseph E. Brown, Henry Turner, now is virtually without political leaders. And in journalism, politics' twin brother, the state's poverty is almost as pronounced. It has many live dailies that are fine commercial successes but gone are the editorial pages which reflected the personality of a Grady, a Lamar, a Pendleton, a Patrick Walsh, or even a Thomas W. Loyless, who, still surviving, recently quit the game in disgust.

If one had to select the state's dozen most admirable editors one would look to its weekly press, now remarkably renascent, for at least ten of them.

The time was never more opportune, or the field more promising, for a political Moses to arise and show a people the way out of many complex dilemmas.

For a sort of new era is beginning in the state. The boll weevil is producing a rural revolution. The Negroes, upon whom the state is dependent for common labor and upon whom the lower type of politicians has relied too freely for agitational pretext, are leaving in thousands. Yet the state is not poor—it is so well off that there no longer is excuse for even the pose of poverty. The writer, when traveling through the southern section of the state a year or two ago when the joint operations of boll weevil and financial depression were causing what appeared to be all but universal bankruptcy, heard on every hand the following:

"We have everything except money."

The crass materialism which dominated the first and second now counts for less with the third post-Civil War generation which is becoming vocal. In the realm of education, where vast paucity still is to be found, no community is making more comparative progress.

Political Decline

THE least progressive of all fields of state thought and activity is the political. And the average Georgian has a passion for politics, and in times of emergency a perception supreme. During most of the time, however, politics with him is a game, the sport of sports, which he pursues more out of a spirit of fun than of fundamentals.

The state just now seems to be marking time politically while awaiting a new leader. Toward national politics the people of the state are even more nonplussed than in the case of state affairs. For McAdoo, a native of Georgia, they naturally have a sentimental fondness. However, unless someone more affirmatively to their liking permits them to assert a genuine desire in the premises they probably will leave the matter of the Presidential nomination largely to the politicians, as they have done in the past. And if the politicians fight it out among themselves, or reach agreement without a fight, the decision will be based on little having truly to do with political principle. It will rest more on state than on national politics and will connote more of incidental matters, like the state's membership on the Democratic National Committee, than of things fundamental.

And though a growing number of Georgians are straining at the chains which bind them to one party and are threatening after every national election to break away from tradition the state will continue, for some time to come, to sustain the tradition of the solid South.

Washington's Two Paleontological Artists

Fossils 20,000,000 Years Old Furnish Guide to Modern Industry

By RICHARD FREDERICKSON

IT SEEMS a far cry from the multiplied millions of tiny marine creatures incased in shells no larger than a grain of exceedingly fine sand floating in the shallow seas of a prehistoric age 20,000 000 years ago and the point of a whirling drill searching its way to the oil deposits of California, Texas, Wyoming, Mesopotamia—every part of the world where oil is sought. But there is a close connection between the two, all unsuspected by the general public.

MISS FRANCES WEISER

It seems a fantasy of a fevered imagination to see between the little mollusks which flourished in the days of the dinosaur and the modern city skyscraper any intimate relation—yet there is a relation.

Equally as incongruous seems a situation at once embracing these microscopic denizens of the ancient deeps, flannel-shirted, lace-booted geologists and drillers on plain and mountain watching the whirl or listening to the clank and thud of the oil drill, the dry-as-dust scientists in the laboratories, the denim-clad quarrymen blasting out the marble from the hills, the mollusks, and two quiet, patient girls—artists of rare ability and unique experience—tucked away in two cubbyhole offices in two great government buildings in Washington—the Smithsonian Institution and the Department of Interior Building.

To talk with these two women, one would never suspect from their quiet, unassuming demeanor that they are the only two individuals among the thousands of government employes who can do the work they are doing; that, indeed, they are two of a scant half-dozen artists in these United States who can do it.

And, too, little would one dream, as he watches them peering through queer binocular microscopes at objects the visitor cannot even discern on the plates beneath the object-lenses, that if these two artists should suddenly decide to get married or mayhap accept a position at some less arduous work, that a tremendously important part of the government's scientific geological work would instantly cease—and for years; that tears would start from the eyes of the aged and learned scientists hidden away among their thousands of specimen cases; that far out on plain or in mountain fastness, field geologists would pause with alarm at the news that these two women had "quit"; that oil-drill pilots would be filled with consternation and dismay; that, search as it might, the government would be years in finding someone to replace these two faithful, quiet artists, one of whom has been doing her particular kind of art for the scientific forces of the government for thirty years, and the other for twenty years.

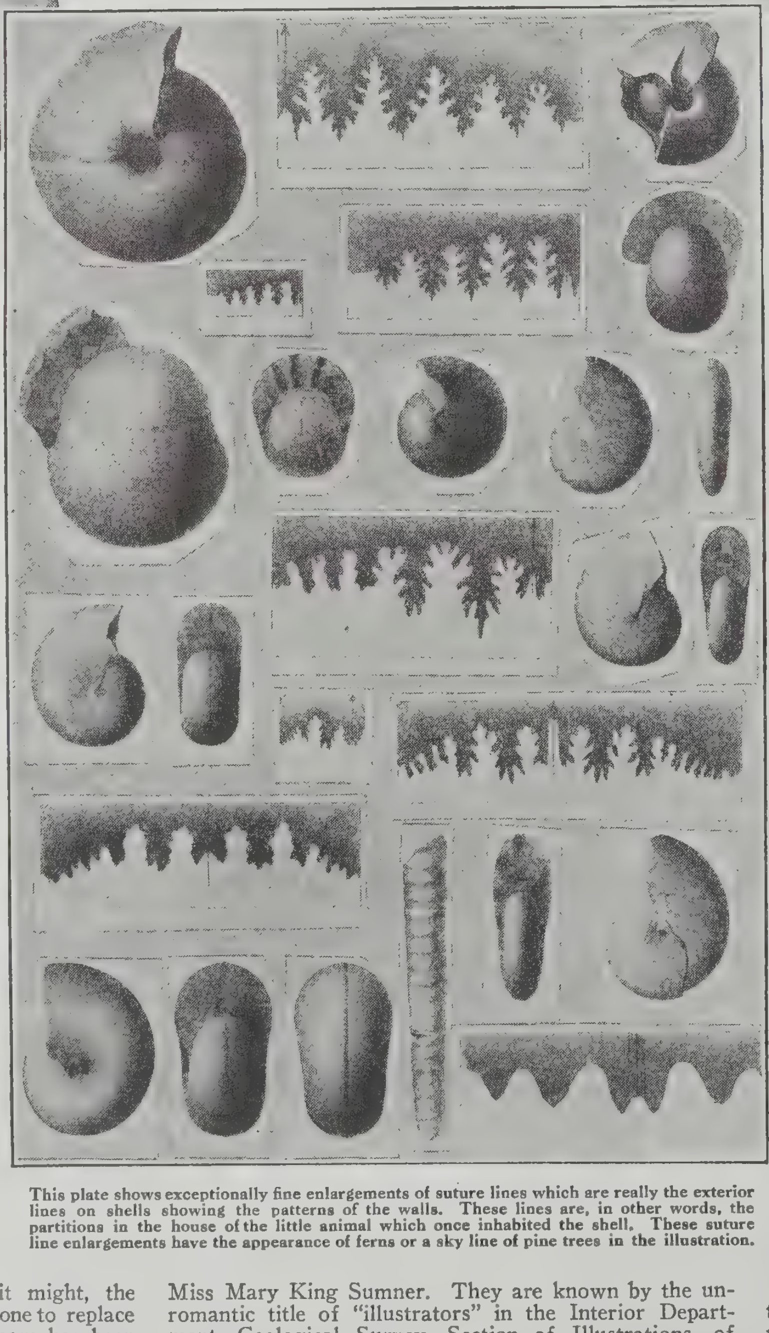
Not a day passes but scores of learned geologists in various parts of the world study the work done by these two women.

In the marble quarries, too, their work is pored over by men begrimed with a fine white marble dust.

Day in, day out, year after year, these two artists continue to gaze peeringly, patiently, through the eye-pieces of binocular microscopes and transfer to paper with their brushes what they see in that miniature world that the drill may be guided unfailingly to the oil hidden thousands of feet beneath the surface of the earth; that the quarryman's blast may seek that stone which will safely bear the crushing weight of the modern skyscraper with its burden of humanity.

Incidentally, a complacent government, careless of all this patience and skill, wasting millions, paying political favorites their many thousands a year, rewards the care and patience and talent of these two artists with a paltry $2,000 a year each, or thereabout.

MISS MARY KING SUMNER



This plate shows exceptionally fine enlargements of suture lines which are really the exterior lines on shells showing the patterns of the walls. These lines are, in other words, the partitions in the house of the little animal which once inhabited the shell. These suture line enlargements have the appearance of ferns or a sky line of pine trees in the illustration.

These two women, who thus stand, with their brushes and microscopes, as translators between the fossilized remains of the ancient, tiny-shelled denizens of prehistoric seas and the geologists, the oil-drillers, the marble quarrymen, the coal scouts, are Miss Frances Weiser and Miss Mary King Sumner. They are known by the unromantic title of "illustrators" in the Interior Department, Geological Survey, Section of Illustrations, of which Martin Solem is chief.

For thirty years Miss Weiser has been doing this particular kind of work, and Miss Sumner has for twenty years been tracing the intricate patterns she sees through her microscope, transferring them to paper that scientists may study and learn.

The instruments and implements these two artists use are fine microscopes of seventy-five magnifications, magnifying glasses of varied assortment, a complicated system of lights for getting certain peculiar rays, putty to hold the tiny shells in place so some vagrant breeze will not suddenly whisk the precious subject sought out by some scientist from millions of grains of sand or pulverized rock onto the dust of the floor, where it would be irrecoverably lost.

For, gazing through the microscope, the slightest shift of light ray or subject shows something entirely different from the object seen a moment before under some other arrangement.

The development of this fossil work, known under the general designation of "Paleontology," has been under way for nearly fifty years in the Geological Survey, yet, strange to relate, it is only within recent years the oil companies, quarrying companies, coal companies and other natural resource developers have known the value of this work. Now they all use it, and some geologists, more fortunate, perhaps, than others, are being paid princely salaries for studying and classifying the fossils brought to the surface in the drill cores, that the drillers may know whether they are in an oil or coal producing zone, above it, below it, or in a non-productive formation.

The age of the shells varies from 5,000 000 to 20,000,000 years. The shell fossils, taken from drill cores, are usually about the size of a large cambric needle point. Take a pencil, sharpen it well, then with it make the finest dot you can to be visible to the naked eye and you will have an excellent idea of the size of some of the shells with their intricate, beautiful patterns you see pictured herewith.

The geologists in the field, armed with microscopes, search the sands in the drill cores and with the point of a camel's hair brush dipped in gum arabic, carefully isolate and remove these shells. They are then mounted on plates and sent in to the Section of Illustrations, together with a description of the location in which they were found, their size, significance, and so forth. Hence, since the shells cannot be photographed, it is of the utmost importance that the artists show each line suture, and so on, for even the shape, size, the form of the lips, the pattern of scroll or fluting—a thousand details which the untrained eye, even aided by the microscope, would never discern, have to be noted and faithfully portrayed.

Drawing the shells is much more difficult than the task of an artist making an accurate portrait, drawn to the finest scale, of a man *one hundred and twenty-five times larger than the man, showing every mole, every freckle, every line, hair, the pores of the skin, that many times enlarged!*

These two artists spend hours studying the subjects, adjusting light rays, turning the shells this way and that to be sure they are getting the correct refraction—in other words, the accurate vision of the shell. Then carefully, patiently, each line, each dot, each scroll and spine is drawn, measured with the calipers, and finally, when the illustration is finished, rechecked. When it is found correct, the drawing is photographed and reduced to halftones and printed in "professional papers" issued by the Geological Survey.

For years geologists tried to describe by words these shells, but such intricate and minute subjects defy description as they do microscopic photography. Naught but the drawn picture will suffice.

The geologists in the field where oil, coal and so forth, are found take the fossil shell specimens from each successive formation encountered in drilling. They are accurately described and the location fixed; they are illustrated, and when found to occur invariably in certain formations where oil or coal, for instance, are or are not found, then the geologists for the drilling companies, looking through their microscopes at their fossil shells brought up in the core, consult the illustrations and the descriptions—and immediately know in what formation their drill is, and can tell whether they are in or out of a coal or an oil-bearing region or strata.

The paleontologist takes as much pride in his ability to identify each shell as to its family, habitat and previous condition of servitude, as does the art connoisseur in being able instantly to pick out a Rembrandt.

Would you ever suspect that a shell the size of a pinpoint that floated in the seas 20,000,000 years ago might have a great deal to do with the price of the gasoline you burn in your automobile? Yet, because of those descriptions and the elaborately patterned shell pictures, the oil driller is kept from spending money in barren zones and thereby adding to the cost of gasoline.

Eliminating Red Tape From Judicial Systems

Arbitration Society of America Promises Relief for Courts

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

YOU are a spectator in any trial court in the country. What do you see that impresses you most? Answer: Technicalities. As you leave, the words "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial" drum at your ears, echoing what you have heard. Incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial! Technicalities and their legitimate offspring—expensive and vexatious delays!

And then the natural query lodges in your mind, "Can the red tape be unraveled? Or, better still, can it be cut?"

Until some time ago the answer would have been an emphatic "No!" But now all is changed—at least in New York. For in 1920 the legislature of that state passed an amendment to its arbitration law providing for arbitration courts unique in this country.

That statute carries three outstanding provisions:

1. Excepting in a small class of actions—such as criminal proceedings and suits for divorce—two or more persons may agree in writing to submit any actionable difference or controversy to arbitration and such written agreement to arbitrate is *binding* and *irrevocable*.

2. An arbitrator may be *any* person *selected by the parties*, and such arbitrator is endowed with power to subpoena witnesses, compel production of books and papers material to the issue, and, in almost all essential respects, to exercise the same authority with which a judge is clothed in the conduct of a trial.

3. The award of an arbitrator, upon application of either party, will be confirmed by a regularly established court of law, will be enforcible as a judgment of that court, and will be final—open to vacation only if procured by fraud, corruption, misconduct or excess of authority. From such judgment no appeal will lie.

Does Not Imply Compulsory Arbitration

NOW, don't throw up your hands in horror and shout derisively, "Compulsory arbitration!" If you do, you are in error. Compulsory arbitration means that parties are *compelled to arbitrate*. Here there is nothing of the sort. The *initiation* of arbitration—the agreement that you will arbitrate—is as free and untrammeled as the winds; the compulsory feature is merely the arbitrator's *decision*. In other words, the law does not say, "Bill Jones, you must arbitrate your differences with John Smith." It simply decrees, "Jones, if you agree to arbitrate your differences with Smith—agree in writing—then the decision of the umpire is as final as in a major league baseball game; and you are in no position to complain, for *you* helped to choose him!" And, as anyone can readily see, if the finding be not binding, the whole proceeding is as ineffectual as the efforts of a water lily against Niagara.

All this brings us to the work of the Arbitration Society of America, a "Membership Corporation" none of whose officers, governors or members can profit through its operations—an institution designed to confer its benefits upon the public at large.

From its charter we learn its chief purposes: first, to conduct a nation-wide campaign of education in promotion of the general cause of arbitration in all disputes and differences; second, to organize, equip and operate in New York City, and later in other large cities of the country, tribunals of arbitration patterned after those already established in New York; third, to have enacted a uniform arbitration law in all the states of the Union, and to encourage the insertion of an arbitration clause in all trade and industrial contracts. And here let me say that, for the present, the society will not extend its influence to the settlement of industrial disputes, for its sponsors feel that in that field mediation and conciliation are far superior to arbitration.

I said before that technicalities—red tape strangling poor litigants and curbing their freedom before our courts—constitute the most powerful drawback to the proper administration of justice in America. That is a serious indictment, yet who will doubt its truth? And the average litigant realizes its truth once he has taken a judicial bath, which slops over him but never cleanses. Of all such unpleasant and expensive experiences the Arbitration Society will relieve him; not only will—it has. For its work has passed the experimental stage. No mere toy, no idle dream, no fine-spun theory; instead a smoothly running machine functioning with greater power as its bearings become oiled with the lubricant of use.

Delays of justice one sees in congested court calendars everywhere. While they are proverbial, tinged with the whiteness of age, are they becoming worse. The rising tide of litigation engulfs our courts and exhausts our judges, who must struggle desperately to keep their woolsacks above the ever-rising surface. In New York County you will see a typical situation when you glance at the following figures relating to the trial term calendar:

Number of cases pending	21,380
Number of cases pending December 31, 1920	16,402
Number of cases pending December 31, 1919	12,419
Number of cases pending December 31, 1918	10,744
Number of cases pending December 31, 1917	10,265
Number of cases added during 1921	13,223
Number of cases disposed of during 1921	8,938

A sporadic case? Far from it: New York's situation echoes that of each of the great centers of our population. In fact our foremost bar associations, recognizing the gravity of the state of affairs, have committees at work on the problem. Meanwhile conviction is growing that the only solution lies in arbitration. With the public behind it the society hopes to relieve courts of 75 per cent of their cases, the bulk of them being that type of controversy which while insignificant yet requires the time and attention of judges—time which might be more profitably spent on cases requiring a deep knowledge of law. That is, these arbitration tribunals will not attempt to rival, but will cooperate with, the regular courts of justices. They will not be conflicting; merely supplementary.

To imagine a typical case, here is what happens. John Doe has worked for Richard Roe as a bricklayer. Doe's contract of employment provides for double pay for holiday labor. The contract is silent on arbitration. A controversy over wages for labor performed on a Fourth of July arises. Doe and Roe cannot agree. Doe sues Roe. The case lingers on the court docket for months—possibly a year or more, through congestion or manufactured delays on the part of some shyster lawyer. The amount in question is not large, but Doe needs his money. Yet he must await his turn. Finally, the case being called for trial, Doe and Roe appear in court, accompanied by counsel more or less learned and more or less tricky. Here Messrs. Doe and Roe catch a glimpse of an American court of justice, so called. Doe finds that he hasn't much of a case after the lapse of a year, his star witness having died. Time and tide wait for no man, but every man must wait for the courts. But that isn't the only exasperating feature. Doe grows fidgety listening to incessant squabbles over the admission and rejection of evidence, to verbose hypothetical questions put to high-priced experts, to skillful maneuvring of hair-splitting attorneys, to eloquent argument and emotional appeal in a matter calling for neither. And winner or loser he leaves that court room a disgusted and a discouraged man.

Lawyers Thwarted—Time Saved

SUPPOSE, however, he had been farsighted enough to have included an arbitration clause in his contract. He and Roe would then have visited the society's offices and chosen an arbitrator—preferably some one connected with their particular craft of bricklaying—from a list of more than 300 available arbitrators—names classified and indexed according to profession, trade or occupation. In accordance with their own agreement either the loser, the winner, or each of them on a half-and-half basis would have paid the society a fee of $10 if either or both were financially able; if not, their case would have been heard anyway. None of that fee goes for anything except necessary expenses such as overhead, the expense of a shorthand reporter and the cost of the arbitrator's oath and of the preparation of his finding and award. (The arbitrator usually performs his services without charge. On occasion, however, he receives a fee—agreed upon by disputants and arbitrator—from $10 upward, the amount depending upon the litigants' financial ability and the importance and complexity of the issues involved.)

Mr. Arbitrator designates a time for the hearing, and Doe and Roe then appear before him in one of the court rooms maintained by the society. The procedure is simple and direct. Doe states his case, produces his witnesses, if any, and submits whatever documents are material. Then Roe does likewise. There are no rules of evidence. Each party tells his own story in his own way, and the arbitrator, exercising common sense, knows what to consider and what to reject. It is an honest, fair proceeding steeped in common sense—the kind of proceeding that men with honest differences and honest purposes will desire.

Disputants need not be represented by counsel. They may have such assistance at the hearings if they so desire, to insure a clear and helpful presentation of their cases; but this is not essential. And even if a party's lawyer be present he can do no harm: he has been shorn of his power to sequester and manipulate.

Mr. Arbitrator, having heard all the evidence, announces his finding, and from it there is no appeal, no motion to arrest judgment, no new trial. What a relief to plaintiff or defendant! What an eye opener to members of the bar—a hint that they themselves should clean house! What an aid to overworked judges!

A happy result flowing from this arbitration scheme concerns issues involving a trade custom or practice, in which event no costly experts need be used as witnesses. In a law court each side would place experts on the witness stand with one inevitable result—a jury hopelessly confused by conflicting testimony. In the society's tribunal of justice you will detect a changed complexion: the arbitrator will write, say, 30 letters to as many prominent members of the trade in question, asking for the desired information. Thus at a nominal cost a like result is obtained.

No Publicity on Records

IN CASES involving trade secrets one notes a further advantage over the old system. To arbitration tribunals persons will gladly bring their controversies, knowing that, if the hearing results in a revelation of confidential matters, there will be no damaging notoriety—no publicity beyond the title of the case and the award as they will appear on the arbitrator's final record.

And still another advantage is seen in the fact that, instead of being restricted to a particular judge or jury, under arbitration the parties may select whomsoever they please from a long list of high-class "civilian judges"—men from all walks of life, men of unquestioned ability and spotless reputation for fairness and integrity.

"Who," I hear you ask, "are behind the society?"

Among the directors you will find such men as Emerson McMillan; Justice Charles L. Guy, of the New York Supreme Court; General Samuel McRoberts, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company; James A. O'Gorman, former United States Senator and Supreme Court Justice; Frank H. Sommers, dean of the New York University Law School; Dean Harlan F. Stone, of the Columbia Law School; and William C. Redfield, former Secretary of Commerce.

Judges, needless to say, are ardently supporting the plan. Assistance for them it means; not an ousting of their jurisdiction—at least jurisdiction worthy of judicial brains and effort. But—how about the lawyers? Does it not mean the snatching of fat fees from before their very eyes? Stripped of legal phraseology the arbitration tribunal is a court without lawyers, yet it is backed by lawyers—I mean the better class. Of course, the shyster who tries to stir up litigation, who forgets his dual rôle of counsel and court official, who takes his code of ethics lightly or not at all—naturally he is opposed to the new state of things. But many others of the profession—whether majority or minority—heartily endorse it; for their ideal is to keep running the wheels of an orderly society, not to hinder them with the sand of barratry.

"What have been the results thus far?" I hear somebody ask.

The first case submitted for adjudication was entered May 13, 1922. Since then hundreds of civil matters have been decided through the society's efforts. J. W. Slaght, the executive secretary, says: "We are gratified at the results achieved to date and are especially pleased by the knowledge that arbitration tribunals in the trades are receiving constantly more attention. Chambers of commerce and boards of trade, civic organizations, trade associations, and fraternal societies will be associated with us in a state-wide educational campaign to be known as 'Arbitration Educational Week.' Our physical facilities for conducting arbitration hearings are as yet limited, but plans are on foot for the acquisition of more centrally located headquarters, where night sessions of the arbitration tribunal will be possible."

The American press has given the society's efforts wide publicity. Editorial comment has unanimously favored it. In these days when the poor man finds himself almost a pariah before our courts; in these days when courts are often instruments, not of justice, but of injustice; at a time when the public's faith in them must be rekindled, that Bolshevism may be met and stamped out—no more propitious moment could have come than the present for the launching of the work of those public-minded men who are bent to the task of keeping justice blindfolded as litigants come before her.

The Teaching of Statesmanship

Concluded from page 2

boards are experts on the Constitution of the United States, as well as on matters of legislative usages prevailing in Congress. They also have a knowledge of the law. The members of the board are not members of Congress."

"Are the proceedings and rules of Congress based on general parliamentary law?"

"Yes, they are to a degree, but Congress has developed a parliamentary law and rules largely its own."

It will be seen that the "school for beginners in Congress" or the symposium, as Mr. Page designates it, dealt with the most practical matters in his endeavors to break in the novices for a beginning in the game of of being Congressmen. The idea of the one session class for "Freshmen" Congressmen originated with Mr. Page. After consultation with leaders in the house it was decided that Mr. Page try the plan out two years ago, as stated above. It is now thought that it will be permanent, as a single class institution for each incoming Congress. The Senate, as yet, has not adopted the plan and "baby" Senators must break into their careers as statesmen the best they can. Mr. Page's plan is a voluntary one and is not legalized by any law, rule or order. The new members can attend or not, as they choose. But it has proved to be very popular and well attended.

When the question, "Are members of Congress immune from arrest?" was asked, Mr. Page might well have quoted, as part of his answer, the following from Confucius, written 551 B. C.: The emperor of China questioned Confucius on a point of government, saying: "Ought not I to cut off the lawless in order to establish law and order? What do you think?"

Confucius replied: "Sir, what need is there of the death penalty in your system of government? If you showed a sincere desire to be good, your people would likewise be good. The virtue of the Prince is like unto wind; that of the people, like unto grass. For it is the nature of grass to bend when the wind blows upon it."

Haleakala, the Enchanted

Concluded from page 6

Then over the low, gray, rocky crater wall we peered into the crater, and there what we saw rendered us speechless. A yawning chasm as far as the eye could see, all brick red, gray and black, no sign of life or vegetation, the floor of the crater as black as if the fires had gone out but yesterday. Eight miles long, twenty-three miles around the rim, and two thousand feet deep is this huge hell pit. So deep is it that many cones rise from its floor eight hundred feet high, and yet from the top look insignificant. The whole of Manhattan Island could be buried a quarter mile deep in this chasm. From where we looked down it was not a sheer drop to the bottom, but an incline too steep to keep one's footing on the loose lava cinders.

"There are dogs in the crater," our guide explained, "a strain of bulldog that has run wild. And there are herds of wild goats. These often come through the gap. Water down there is very scarce, only in a few blow holes, and you have to know where they are. Occasionally a horse will break away at night and if he is not found will wander around until he dies."

We tried rolling stones down the sides of the crater, curious to see how long they would take to reach the bottom. They rolled, bounded, struck other stones, glanced off and always disappeared in the far, far distance, still rolling.

Swiftly the clouds in tumbling masses rolled in through the gap, filled the crater, and hid everything below from view. Upon this followed what sunrise in a clear sky in the arctic must be. The fleecy white clouds below looked like an ocean of snow and icebergs into which the sun dropped—no afterglow, and little reflection even on these icebergs; a short twilight; then darkness.

"But the days are longer than they would be," said the lad. "According to Hawaiian legend this is the spot where Maui the demi-god, overcame the sun—but perhaps you have never heard the story?"

"No, please tell us," we begged. So slowly filling his pipe, he began: "Maui, after whom this island is named, one day sat watching his mother Hina as she was making tapa cloth from the inner fibers of trees. The ancient Hawaiians used these tapas for draperies, couch covers and many things.

"Day after day Hina spread out her tapas to dry, but night after night she had to take them in wet because the sun shone so short a time that they were never dry, and the next day they all had to be hung out again.

"Maui was so filled with pity for his mother that he determined to force the sun to go more slowly. He watched the sun and saw that in its course it went directly over Haleakala. Then he made a long, strong cord from the fibers of many cocoanut husks.

"Armed with this he climbed Haleakala and waited for the sun. As the first long beam appeared over the horizon, Maui lassoed and broke it off, and repeated this until he had broken all of the sun's strongest beams. Then he commanded the sun to go more slowly. That is the reason why the days are longer in summer than in winter. This mountain should properly be called Aleheka-la (sun snarer) and not Haleakala. And now pau with the stories—let's have supper."

Our guide had already unloaded the "kau kau" from the pack horses and spread it out on the ground. Had we been going through the crater carrying meals for a week, we should probably have taken, as the Hawaiians do, jerked beef and poi, the starchy paste made from the taro root, the chief food of the old-time Hawaiians. But since we were to spend only the night, our supper was one such as might be carried on a picnic in any other of Uncle Sam's domain; sandwiches, salad, coffee and pineapple, this time canned.

A one-room stone house had been built here on the summit for travelers and a corral further down the mountain for the horses. The guide made a fire inside the hut and spread slickers on the dirt floor for us. Each wrapped a blanket around him and wearily turned in for the night.

There had been much talk by the natives of mountain sickness. "You may feel it in the rarefied atmosphere on top of the mountain," said our hostess at luncheon, "if so, don't take coffee; whisky is the thing," and some was provided.

I awoke about two o'clock. The room was thick with smoke. There was no air. Everything turned black before me, and I lost consciousness. "Mountain sickness," I murmured as I came to. "It's got me—whisky," and I staggered outside into the fresh air, while the sleepy guide, only half awake, began to replenish the fire, thinking that was what was wanted.

It was cold outside, almost freezing, but seemed better than that smoke-filled room, so there, wrapped in a blanket, I lay on the ground for the remainder of the night. The others I soon persuaded to go back inside.

Never had I imagined such death-like stillness as out there. Above the clouds, above the timber line, no wind, none of the night sounds—and that sinister awful crater yawning a few feet away. Even the Southern Cross in that cloudless sky seemed nearer. One sound now and then broke the stillness, I wondered if it could be one of the wild goats that had wandered through the gap—but nothing seemed to matter very much, for I wondered if I would live through the night.

Sunrise at last and all was well. We would have slept through it and missed a vision of wonderland, had I not been outside. The crater was still filled with clouds. Then slowly, as the sun rose over this cloud-ocean of billowy snow, tipping each peak with rose and gold, the clouds melted away, and we could see the real ocean and sapphire sky, the islands of Molokai, where is the leper settlement, Lanai, the barren island, and Maui, upon which we were, and also the mountains of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea rising snow-capped above Hawaii, a hundred miles away.

After ham and eggs and some of the native coffee grown on the island, we swung into the saddle and started around the rim to White Hill.

The silversword is the only plant that grows inside the crater. Like the yucca it throws up clusters of flowers which look like huge, furry, silver gray, petrified chrysanthemums and grow only here and on the slopes of the Himalayas. Some of these were the only souvenirs that we carried away. Though mashed flat I think I have mine still, as silver and furry as ever.

"We must start back," warned the guide, as guides everywhere seem to have the unpleasant habit of doing, and reluctantly we turned our horses' heads homeward and started on the downward trail. Off at the horizon the sapphire ocean seemed to be on a level with us.

"I had heard," said Elizabeth, "that the higher we climb the higher the ocean would seem to rise at the horizon, but I did not believe it. Why it looks like a huge bowl."

"A match for old Omar's inverted one above us," grinned the lad. "They have matched their blues pretty well, it seems to me."

"You did not see the circular rainbow today, I feel sure," remarked our hostess at Idlewilde.

Then we were told that semi-occasionally, when the weather conditions were just right, that is, a rainy day below, the sun shining above, and the crater filled with clouds, one can stand on the rim, and the afternoon sun behind him will throw his giant shadow over the crater clouds, and around it will be the complete circle of the rainbow.

"Lost our only chance of a halo!" murmured the lad.

Lunch over, once more we swung into the saddle. Hotter and hotter it grew as we descended to tropical temperature and the land of the flaming hibiscus and sugar cane.

Back to Paaia we went by the same route, and after a two-hour wait for the "cannon ball," we steamed into Wailuku about four-thirty in the afternoon—hot and weary, but with a never-to-be-forgotten vision in our souls.

Switzerland and the Co-operative System

Concluded from page 9

tional groups to exchange goods where profitable or necessary. This is the dominating idea that is discussed and planned at each one of the international meetings.

The national co-operative organizations in Europe have met for twelve years in international meetings. In 1924 they will assemble at Ghent where they expect to put on a notable exhibit typifying the growth of co-operation in the various nations.

The more rapidly the international trusts develop and the more severely the pressure is put upon the ultimate consumer by them, the shorter will be the time when the contest between the international trusts and co-operatives takes place.

It is not to be understood that the great consumers' co-operative movement will ever put private business out of existence. The majority in the upper middle and wealthy classes will probably never join it, since financial pressure which is one of the main causes for co-operation does not operate on the well-to-do. This does not signify that the trusts will survive. They must have the patronage of the artisan and peasant to feed upon.

But when this armageddon does take place the trusts will realize for the first time the handicaps to which they have subjected themselves. In the co-operatives they will meet an economic group that is not loaded down with the weight of watered stock, since there is no way in a consumers' co-operative to inject water, whereas with the trusts it is practically impossible to imagine one that is not carrying water. The co-operatives expand and produce only when necessity requires since there is no incentive to profits. There is one chance for the co-operatives to have an oversupply of goods, and that is when they have an unwise manager. Sometimes in the event of a sudden drop in the price of goods they sustain a loss. Again the whole co-operative scheme is based on the elimination of the middle man, whereas the trust usually deals through this additional agent.

The banking question will also be a feature in this struggle. Trusts need bankers and have to pay their bonuses and interest. If there is one thing the Consumers' Co-operatives are doing in Europe, it is to eliminate the private banker. This is true also of most of the agricultural co-operatives.

When the time comes, the co-operative banks of one international group will undoubtedly assist the others as against an international trust, or there will be one great central international bank in which each one of the national or international co-operative groups will own shares and from which they can draw sustenance.

The greatest ally that the co-operatives will have is labor. In fact, this movement in the cities has in most instances emanated from labor organizations and gone hand in hand with them. Today at Geneva at the League of Nations, the Labor Division is surcharged with life and energy, and whatever the rest of the world may be doing, Labor is drawing its forces together in an international hand and co-operation is going right along with it. One of its divisions is studying the co-operative movement and has a liaison officer who keeps in touch with it.

But the Consumers' Co-operatives, to have an unbroken line, must in all countries consider the farmer and his societies. Either these city consumers' organizations must place their stores and societies through the country where the farmers can join them, as is done in Finland and other northern countries, or they must devise some other means of bringing the farmer into their organization or allying him with them. I can see many reasons why the farmers' organizations should be given every assistance and consideration. It has been demonstrated in Russia and other European countries that no economic movement of the city can succeed without the co-operation of the farmer. Moreover, the farmer cannot control the production of his farm with the certainty that the consumers' organizations can operate their business. He must always have a selling organization for the surplus of an unusual harvest that gives him more than his community needs. In addition, there should be sympathy for his organization because when in buying the farmer's fertilizer machinery, and so on, for him it performs a service similar to that of the city consumers' organization for their members.

The co-operative organizations, generally speaking, say they have given up hope of being fairly represented in the press of Europe. While I was there I frequently read articles in the newspapers charging them with being communists. In some parts of Europe I discovered small unimportant communistic co-operative organizations, but it is the height of absurdity to say that the great co-operative movement is communistic. It is built along entirely contrary lines. One of the incentives of the whole consumers' movement is that each person shall get dividends in proportion to the amount that he purchases. With the farmers, the dividend to each one is based on the amount he sells. Most co-operators believe that public utilities should be controlled by the government, but who would assert that this makes them communists?

In many countries, the most enthusiastic co-operators I met not only had no intention of merging their nation's sovereignty with other national movements, but were wildly enthusiastic about developing their own racial ideals. These ambitions never ran along war lines but were invariably peaceful in their aims.

On the other hand, the thought of a central clearing house for all their international problems has been in a sense symbolized by the League of Nations and its establishment at Geneva. Their leaders confidently believe that it is only a question of time when they shall have an international league of co-operators.

They have also seen what might be done with a central bureau of information for co-operators, fashioned along the line of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, which has the support of many nations and which issues monthly bulletins on economic and social questions, informing the public of the latest news on agricultural co-operation.

Among all the nations visited, whether they had been allies or enemies in the late war, there was an intense desire among the consumers to forget the past and come together along economic co-operative lines.

Joseph C. Lincoln Has Reclaimed Cape Cod

Concluded from page 5

old deep sea captain, the coasting skipper, the longshoreman or the people of the Cape Cod villages, I have done my best to portray each as I have seen and known specimens of his or her kind. But I have endeavored just as sincerely never to draw an individual portrait which might offend or hurt. And in attempting to transcribe the habit of language, I have made it a rule never to use an expression or idiom I have not heard used by a native of the old colony."

While all his novels deal with Cape Cod characters, many of the settings are away from the Cape. In "Cap'n Warren's Wards," he took the Cape Codder to the city and showed through his character delineations his high sense of right and wrong. In "Kent Knowles," the hero is taken to England. But it is always the development of the sterling, rugged Cape Cod character that is attempted.

"Shavings" made the real hit among the Cape Codders. It was the story of the quaint, unbusinesslike windmill maker, and no sooner was it published than nearly every boy windmill maker on the Cape changed the name of his shop to "The Shavings Shop." One of these is still operating near Mr. Lincoln's home at Chatham.

Interest in Lincoln's humor and philosophy has extended to the literary clubs. Last year more than 200 clubs in the United States spent an afternoon program discussing his books. Meantime the author has been called upon by scores of eastern audiences to give readings from his poems and novels.

"Whether the type of old sea captain that I have portrayed is gone forever is the question," declared Mr. Lincoln. "Certainly each summer I find that the ranks have perceptibly thinned. The longshore captain is still there, many of the men who are not many years older than myself, but their viewpoint is not that of the man who has sailed the square-rigged ship out one morning with China as his destination. Since the war, the square-rigged ship has made its appearance again and the sailing vessel has become a valuable property. One thing is certain, however; if the United States is to have another set of men as were represented by the sea captains of the days of the clipper ship, they will have to be bred."

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Science of Tapestry Weaving

SCIENCE is not only systematized knowledge but it is also that art and skill which is a result of classified knowledge. It is in the applications of science that the greatest common good of systematized knowledge is found. The results of applied science are seen in the general improvement of the conditions of living. Industrial and engineering development are examples of applied science. The solidarity and health of a state depends, in a very large measure, upon its industrial and engineering status. The arts and crafts depend, today, more upon science than ever before. The beautiful is a valuable human adjunct to the useful. It enriches life. Good living conditions, however, are the prerequisites to the ability to enjoy the beautiful. A state that develops in that manner grows normally. It is fortunate that in our country industrial and engineering developments have taken precedence over the arts because the future of our nation depends fundamentally upon the success of these basic human endeavors. In a flourishing state art will, eventually. find an enduring soil for growth.

Music, painting and sculpture are now grounded in science. The great physicist, H. L. F. von Helmholtz, in the year 1875, placed music on a scientific foundation with his famous work, "Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music." Wilhelm Ostwald, the illustrious modern chemist, made a careful study of the chemistry of paint, with the result that better and more enduring effects can now be obtained by artists who use the knowledge revealed by these investigations. The modern sculptor is not only an artist but he is also a craftsman and an engineer.

In view of these facts we do not wonder that science is intermingled with art in the weaving of tapestries. It is very difficult to produce an excellent tapestry. Great skill is required. The art is not new. It has been recorded that Metullus Scipio paid 800,000 sesterces and Nero, 4,000,000 for examples of the ancient art. Famous pieces of tapestry have come from the Italian, French, Spanish, Japanese and Russian looms. The American, William Baumgarten, has, since the year 1893, produced some notable pieces.

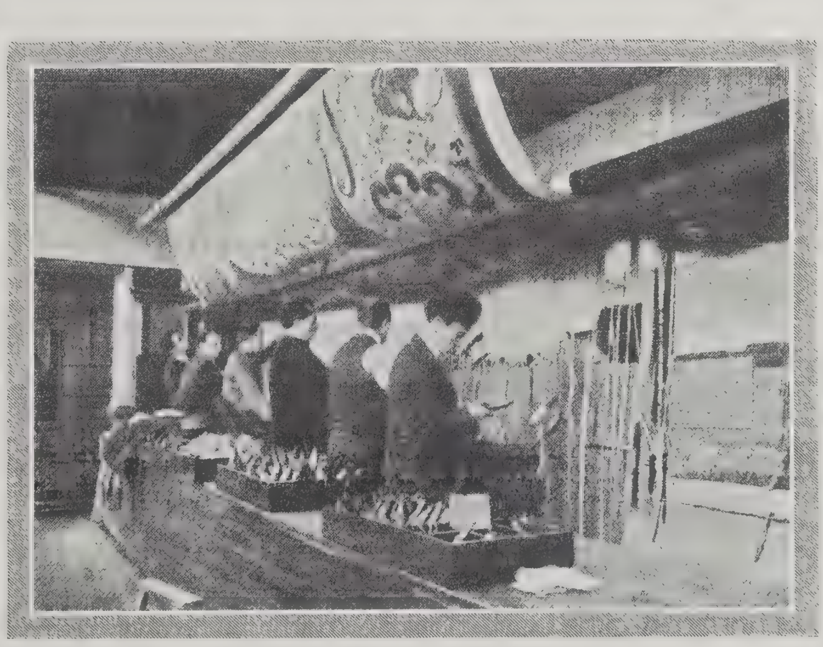
At the color-atelier of the Gobelin factory at Paris, the scale of color used includes about 14,000 distinct shades.

Tapestries are made by interweaving woof threads of various colors with either vertically or horizontally extended undyed warp threads. An instrument called a "*broche*" is used for the purpose. A "*broche*" may be said to be a combination shuttle and bobbin. The warp threads serve as the background for the development of the picture by means of the variously colored woof threads. At the famous Gobelin factory at Paris, a special color-atelier, or workshop, is equipped to dye the yarn and silk required for the production of the tapestries. The Gobelin factory produced tapestries for Louis XIV of France. This institution owes its name to Gilles Gobelin, who was particularly noted for his great skill.

That tapestry weaving is a science is evident from the fact that at "Manufacture Nationale des Gobelins" a school is conducted which offers three distinct courses to students. An elementary course in art, extending over a period of two years, serves as the foundation for the two advanced courses which follow. The intermediate course includes studies in weaving with two and later five tones or colors, decorative composition, and the study of fruits and flowers from nature. The advanced course is difficult because it includes the study of the representation of such subjects as the human body by the medium of the tapestry.

Tapestries are of two kinds, the "haute-lisse" and the "basse-lisse." In the "haute-lisse" looms the warp threads extend vertically, whereas in the "basse-lisse" looms they are horizontal. The basse-lisse process is more rapid. The warp threads are stretched in parallel directions like the strings in a piano. In a distance of one inch about 22 to 26 warp threads are stretched.

The work entails exceptional difficulties because the weaving is done on the wrong side and the finished portions face away from the artist. Considerable trouble is therefore involved in the examination of the work while it is in progress. The *haute-lisse* tapestries are generally original creations. The *basse-lisse* process is used principally for reproducing original works of art which are suspended above the artist as shown in the illustration. The haute-lisse tapestries are generally of greater excellence than the basse-lisse. This is due to certain advantages which the former process has over the latter.



One of the "basse-lisse" (horizontal warp) looms used at Beauvais, France. The copy or model is seen suspended above.

If a painter is dissatisfied with his work he can generally remedy the defect by repainting the faulty portion. The tapestry weaver does not have this advantage. It is a difficult task to modify, even slightly, any part of his work. The painter can easily pass from one color or tone to another color or tone. Shades and shadows can be produced with scientific correctness and artistic effectiveness. The tapestry weaver must produce all these effects by weaving in threads whose tones and shades vary so gradually that only the most highly trained and expert eye can detect the differences in their color values. That tapestry weaving is a delicate science is clearly evident from the fact that the scale of color used at Gobelins includes 14,000 distinct shades. A very definite science is required in conjunction with extraordinary skill to place these delicately shaded threads in such a manner that the combined result shall produce the color values sought. The desired effect cannot be produced by placing a thread of one color adjacent to another whose tone is too remote in the scale of colors. The blending of the threads must be of that gradual type that is distinctive of the spectral colors in the rainbow. This process of blending shades is called "*hatching*" and its successful execution depends not only upon a thorough scientific knowledge of the optical effect which will be produced by a certain massing of shades and tones but also upon an eye that is trained so accurately that it will distinguish shade gradations of the most minute order. The progress made upon high art haute-lisse tapestries which involve the human figure is so slow, because of the exceptional difficulties involved, that one is hardly aware of the surface completed in one day. To be precise, this amount is about four square inches. In one year of fifty-two weeks, at six working days a week, about one yard square can be completed. At "Manufacture Nationale des Gobelins" the actual cost of one square yard of this type of weaving is about $900 exclusive of insurance, rental of apartments for the weavers, taxes, and all the other overhead expense items.

The Swedish scientific journal *Vetenskapen Och Lifvet* states that Coomans and Deplanche were the first masters at the Gobelin works. These artists reproduced the paintings of Rafael, Roussin, Fremiet, Corneille, Fouquiere. and Lesneur in tapestries. We are indebted to this journal for the illustrations shown. We can only marvel at the precision with which these masters worked. One can hardly imagine that the eye and the memory can be trained to such remarkable precision performances. These astounding feats become even more marvelous when we make allowance for the fact that the finished work appears upon that side of the tapestry which is hidden from the artist. No longer do we wonder at the fact that from twelve to sixteen years of intensive study and careful training are required to develop a weaver of average skill and ability. The art itself required generations for its development.

The oldest existing tapestries were woven in Asia about 400 B. C. They were discovered in Crimea by the archeologist Stephani. In the Church of Saint Gereon, in Cologne, we find the oldest mural tapestries which were woven sometime during the 11th and 12th centuries. The Gobelins have a tapestry museum in Paris. There the student can read in the tapestries the development of the Gobelin art and science since the year 1603, when this institution was founded.

The art of tapestry weaving has developed harmoniously with the art of painting. The basic process itself has undergone but slight modifications since the time of the Roman poet Ovid whose description of the method used at that time indicates a great similarity with that employed by the Gobelins at the present time. The modern tapestry, however, is far superior to the ancient.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Although Japan has a total population of about 52,000,000 in an area the size of the state of California, two-thirds of the total area of the empire is forest land containing 1,100,000,000,000 feet of standing timber—about half of the estimated timber supply of the United States today. Japan has been practicing forestry for 400 years and it is one of the recognized principles of the country.

By a unanimous vote, the Legislative Committee on the Judiciary, at the Massachusetts State House, has voted against the plan to have the painting, "The Synagogue," removed from the Boston Public Library. The bill calls for the repeal of the act passed in 1922 requiring the Department of Education to take the painting by right of eminent domain, to remove it from the library and use it in connection with educational work.

To authorize the coinage of fifty-cent pieces in commemoration of the carving on Stone Mountain, and in memory of Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, in whose administration the work was begun, a bill has been introduced in the Senate.

Higher education is more devastating to the human race than war, according to Dr. S. J. Holmes, professor of zoology at the University of California. He is reported as saying that the prevalence of small families among the "highly intelligent" tends toward the extinction of "better endowed stock."

Shifting shoals of a sinking coast line on the Atlantic seaboard from the Florida Keys to Chesapeake Bay are proving treacherous. Charts now in use along this stretch of coast are antiquated and a re-survey is to be made to bring them up to date.

Details of a plan under which hundreds of hardy Scotch fishermen from the Hebrides would come to British Columbia to engage in the fishing business in the place of the Orientals were laid before the provincial government by Captain Ian Mackenzie, member of the House.

Czecho-Slovakia has its Teapot Dome scandal and five persons, including three Czecho-Slovak government officials, have been arrested in a scandal involving the sale of benzine to the Czecho-Slovak army.

The Houses of Parliament are in danger of losing much of their artistic beauty due to the dense fogs of London which crumble the stone.

Powerful electric locomotives operating in the Rocky and Cascade mountains pull the train up the grades of the Continental Divide. In their descent these same locomotives electrically brake the descent, and in so doing generate additional power which is returned to the line, making up in part that which is lost in ascending. Electrification does away with dirt, smoke and noise, doubles the capacity of a line, speeds up service, saves hauling immense quantities of coal, and is advantageous in every respect.

S. S. McClure has bought back *McClure's Magazine,* which he founded in 1893 and later sold. The magazine will return to the old size of 160 pages.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Ants manufacture their own home-brew in their digestive canal by the action of yeasts on the milky juices which they extract from aphids or plant lice, which they keep for that purpose, according to Professor Paul Lindner, chief of the fermenting industry institute in Berlin.

The real name of Kameneff, the vice-president of Russia, is Rosenfeld.

The highest fire lookout station in New England is in the heart of the Connecticut state capital. It is located at the top of the Travelers Insurance Company Building in Hartford where the lookout can see 250,000 acres of Connecticut woodlands.

More than one-sixth of the world's cattle are in the United States.

The German Government must pay $1,000,000 to United States citizens for claims arising out of the sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7, 1915, according to a decision of the German-American Mixed Claims Commission at Washington.

There are 1,000 lepers in the United States.

The oldest building in the world still standing above ground is said to be a small square temple, built by the Sumerian king, Aannipadda, of Ur, about 4500 B. C. It is nearly twice the age of the relics found in the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

The *Almanach de Gotha* has quit publication.

Of 18,000 applicants for visas in Poland nearly 9,500 had no occupations.

Canada has more surveyed territory than any other country in the world, according to the president of the Dominion Land Surveyors.

Neighboring geysers of hot water are to be used in Reykjavik, Iceland, to heat the city. The geysers are within a mile of the city and have long been used for laundry purposes. Wooden pipes will carry the heat.

London fogs contain all the acid and irritating ingredients of poison gas and affect the delicate membranes of the throat and respiratory organs in a serious manner, according to a prominent London specialist in nervous diseases. Many children this winter have contracted "fog poisoning."

The Great White Way of New York City contains more than 1 000,000 incandescent lamps in 10,000 electric signs.

Nearly 1,200 highway billboards of the Standard Oil Company of California in Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California and Arizona will be removed as the company feels that the splendid scenery should be unmarred.

The Eskimos use the inflated skins of the leopard seal as bumpers and fenders for their water craft to prevent the fragile craft from being injured by the sharp, jagged edges of ice floes.

The coal resources of the United States will last 6,033 years at the present rate of consumption, according to the figures of coal statisticians.

Five women have been elected to local offices in Duxbury, Vermont. The town has a population of 631.

The *Mayo-Keno Bulletin,* "owned and edited" by Mrs. Marie Fotheringham, a well-known figure in the Yukon, is Canada's newest newspaper. It is made on a typewriter and is published Tuesday and Friday in Mayo, Yukon Territory. The *Bulletin* for $2 a month carries dispatches from London, New York, Washington, Moscow, Ottawa and other capitals. Advertising rates are a dollar a line and some fifteen lines are taken by as many firms.

Although the Hindus, like the Canadians, are subjects of the British Empire, they are excluded from Canada and even when admitted under special conditions they are refused the rights of citizenship.

The 13,000 tenants of the Equitable Building in New York City require twenty subway trains of ten cars each daily.

Virginia Strange, 11-year-old daughter of Representative Frank L. Strange, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, has the distinction of being the first girl page in the Kentucky state legislature.

Although King George released the rules about wearing court dress at royal functions when the Labor government came into power, many Labor ministers appeared at the first royal levee in all the glory of their blue cloth, gold lace, tin sword and glass shoe buckle outfits. The entire regalia costs about $650 and cannot be hired.

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Europe and the Next War

Antics of the Antique Hunter

"The Eighteenth of April '75"

Pulitzer Races Promote Flying

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Antics of the Antique Dealer and Collector

From Junk Man to Art Gallery; Auctions Catch Unwary Buyers

By a Metropolitan Observer

THE suit of $500,000 damages brought against Sir Joseph Duveen, of New York, internationally noted art expert, because he said that he believed a certain ancient statuette not to be genuine, was followed by the charge of M. Cornillon, of Paris, also an expert and reputed specialist on Gothic antiquities, that spurious antiques are housed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

This startled the population of New York City; from the humble owner of a copper ash tray to the proud proprietor of a whole private museum costing millions of dollars. It is said that even the Second-avenue tenement denizen secretly cherishes a kitchen chair which is credited as being an "early American" piece of furniture, and who will question the poignant tragedy of learning unexpectedly that the painted furniture made of birch of the 1797 vintage is, instead, cherry wood of the Buchanan period?

True, the great Cornillon says that "modern work or a copy of the ancient piece may be more interesting or more beautiful than the authentic ancient one," and that "selling an imitation of the real thing" to a person with the artistic itch is no crime, but it isn't, as usual, the money that counts, but the principle of the thing. The "principle of the thing" is the chief topic of Manhattanese discussion—and Manhattanites, native and foreign, are long on art, or are so conceded to be.

How can one be sure?

Easily; very easily. New York boasts very few junk shops or secondhand furniture dealers. Unlike other American cities, which consider that the "Slightly Used Secondhand Furniture For Sale" shops are a necessary pivot of business, New York has antique shops and interior decorators.

The Junk Man's "Art Gallery"

WHEN the junk man, with his pushcart or even the more pretentious motor truck, surmounted by one or two or three bells, pays the thrifty but innocent housewife $2.63 for discarded household objects, the great art machinery of the city is put in motion. In Omaha or Detroit the junk man would salvage what he could according to his methods, but in New York the thing is much more complicated.

The junk dealer has an "art gallery" of his own. He may not know it, but he has it. He is constantly visited by the numerous antique dealers and interior decorators that are about as thick as the chain groceries. It's a poor antiquarian who does not find an antique in the course of his peregrinations in these discard heaps. Thus a process of elimination means that what is not transplanted to an art shop in the expensive Thirties or Fifties (the great area where art is pronounced with the $ silent) must be cremated, buried or otherwise destroyed.

The collector is not supposed to know that so very many way stations exist between a piece of furniture and an *objet d'art,* for, in addition, if not spelled in French, it is not artistic, even though the *objets* are Levantine or Dutch. In fact, he is not supposed to know that the way stations are nothing, compared to the route a given *objet* travels, from maker to consumer; consumers, rather, because the more owners are interspersed the more valuable it becomes, unless it is a creaky reed chair or box-couch or ice-box. The "How to Make Your Home Artistic" pages of the domestic magazines inform one how to turn such a chair into a throne, emergency bed into a Turkish corner, and refrigerator into a jewel safe, but real antiques consist, primarily, of things wrought of metal, wood or china and glass.

"I bought the cunningest pair of candlesticks," one young lady was telling a friend in the street car; "and I believe they are Battersea enamel, and only $17.50!"

"How lucky you are, dear," the friend replied. "Why is it that chances like that never come my way? It's a gift, I suppose, yes, and luck."

The Value of Turnover

AS THE genuine Battersea enamel candlesticks will bring $500 and even more a pair—because I have seen a dealer pay $750 for three pairs at a dispersal auction, and he is not in the business for his health—the lucky young lady is doing her bit, indirectly, for American art, since her possessions must have originated somewhere in New Jersey, U. S. A.

The strangest thing about the antique business, either in this country or in Europe, is that dealers depend upon other dealers for their chief business. It rarely happens that a purchaser actually gets anything that is supposed to be or is artistic unless it has been turned over a few times. This is true of the commonplace piece of a few dollars as well as the rare object adorning private or public museums.

It was by mere chance that I stumbled upon the antique business and its intricacies of Manhattanese type, and to see "what was inside," I managed to become friendly with many of the dealers. In the course of a few visits I learned how to spot them at the auction sales, and by noting down on the catalogs the prices these dealers paid—and each and all of them have charge accounts in spite of the conspicuous warning, "Terms Cash Before Removal of the Goods"—I arrived at a fair understanding of fashions, values, prices and turnovers. I have seen dealers buy from one another right in the auction room after the particular pieces had been knocked down. One year the vogue is for bronzes, another for gilt furniture, another for Spanish furniture, another for china and glass, another for oil paintings, and so on. I presume this is a well-laid scheme of the interior decorators; it throws back on the market old marketable stuff and replaces it with a different style, and this process aids "antiquing."

How this works out may be demonstrated by the following experience of mine.

For some time I had been seeking a library desk of the Florentine school. One of the friendly dealers, at an afternoon auction, showed me a desk he had just bought for $15. It was one of the "slow days," for that sum had been paid for a magnificent mahogany desk, with elaborate carvings. Its double sculptured apron made it a piece that would sit handsomely in the center of any library or living room. Its only damage was the badly stained top—a matter of a few dollars. The piece did not fit with my scheme of things, but I thought that I might try a bit of antique-dealing myself by buying it for $17.50 and selling it or exchanging it for something more valuable, and I was sure that it was worth $100 in any trade. But he who hesitates is lost, and I hesitated.

And lo, behold! A week afterward another dealer sent me a card asking me to drop in. He showed me a desk I had seen before—and could have bought for $17.50. He had cleaned it and thus better than new, because it was the sort of cabinetwork turned out by master workmen of two generations ago. He asked "only $90," although he assured me it was worth $200 to throw it out of the window, by which he meant, of course, that even the pieces would have been worth two centuries. For, ah, in the antique business a $100 bill is a century. The computation is easily arrived at; anything worth a dollar can be safely marked $100. The dealer, therefore, who had bought it at the auction and offered it to me at a profit of $2.50, or one-sixth, sold it to a fellow dealer for $40, who straightaway marked it up $150 after expending a day's labor and material for refinishing. And the joke is that he sold it for $250.

How? Easily.

His method has been to mark on his price tags a figure preceded by the sign #. This figure is twice the selling price, which in turn is suspectible of a further deduction. But a woman walked into the art store, saw the 300, mistook the # for $, and thinking that she was very smart, offered $250!

Knowing How Much to Pay

AS THE antique dealers, either in modern antiques or ancient antiques, work together despite commercial competition, the prices are very nearly stabilized. In the midst of winter a week may witness six simultaneous sales. It begins with the American Art Galleries, which will disperse and sell, for actual cash, a million dollar—selling price—collection in three afternoons. At the Salomon sale last spring a three-piece garniture set for a drawing room mantel or console went for more than $200,000 to a dealer, which means that the purchaser will have to pay from 50 to 100 per cent more for it.

To be wary is the first element in auction buying, but above all in antique or art buying. One may ask how it is possible to be wary when art dealers dispute among themselves given art objects, and frankly denounce this or that piece, costing tens of thousands of dollars, either as suspicious or outright spurious. If the Metropolitan Museum of Art has actually bought "fabricated sculpture" faked in Europe for American trade, as Cornillon charged recently, what chance has the innocent once he is baited by the auction sign?

None at all. Outside of being so wary as not to buy at all the next best and safest method is to decide what a given piece will be worth to the buyer. It is safe to bid, in anything except rare objects valued for their historical background, a price not exceeding by many dollars the bid of any of the dealers or dealers' agents who usually are grouped in the rear and make their bids almost surreptitiously. When the first dealer withdraws, then it is safe to stop—for the private buyer. A few visits to these interesting auctions—and they are interesting not for the business of selling so much as for the chance to inspect and study the marvels wrought by labor in the past, so eloquent of patience and even love—will soon render one's eye practiced in detecting the dealers.

Responsible auction rooms have no cappers or bid boosters. Competition is usually keen and all bids are bona fide. There are auction rooms, of course, where the things auctioned off are actually not sold, despite the appearance of bidding, and the prospective buyer had better acquaint himself or herself of this type of alleged auction. There are three or four places in New York, to my knowledge, where certain Sévres vases, statuary and miscellaneous pieces have been cataloged and "sold" at every sale for two and three years. The sale has never been concluded because the best bona fide bid in every case happened to be less than the cost of such objects to the auctioneer (who owns them outright and is not selling them on commission upon order) and in general these objects represent the individual purchases from dispersal auctions and junk shops.

I know of two dealers—who call themselves auctioneers—who regularly visit every secondhand store and auction and buy there, for cash, such knickknacks or furniture which happens to survive the junk heap by sheer beauty, intrinsic worth or other quality. Strangely enough, these dealers often become so attached to some particular piece that they will not sell it as long as this love endures.

An auction presupposes a bargain, but all are not bargains that are sold at auction. One gets stung and that's part of the education, the only hope being that at last accounts the judicious purchases shall compensate for preliminary losses.

Above all, it is necessary to avoid the gyp auctions which flourish in the more popular thoroughfares, festooned on the outside with cheap oilcloth or bunting signs announcing a removal, expiration of lease, bankruptcy stocks and "We Need the Cash." These fictitious auctions, which the police departments of our cities have failed to eliminate, are absolute frauds. They do not sell furniture or artistic furnishing and decorations, but in the wild array of cheap jewelry and low-grade cut glass, optical goods, and plated silverware, there will often be found statuettes, miniatures, ivories, fans, and similar things which unless of no real value serve as decoys.

These auctions, run in fly-by-night style, as a rule on monthly tenancies, make use of a great deal of red blatant announcements, glaring and blinding illumination to give the sparkle to the wares. Sales are held, and one-cent bids are often accepted. Ten-cent articles, like collar buttons and folding toothpicks and earspoons—which the auctioneer declares every genteel person must carry, as it isn't polite to "use one's finger nails"—and combs and pencils, are put up every few sales.

"Gold" Watches—$7.00 a Dozen

MY FIRST defeat of this kind happened in London before the war, at an auction on Leicester Square. A "gold watch" was put on sale. One shilling? Yes. Hunting case "gent's watch" by which Charing Cross trains would be glad to run or stop. A couple of yokels from submerged Britain—and I happened to be the third—bade for it. Well, it went up to a guinea, or a fiver of our money. But the auctioneer was kind; he was altruistic. He added a gold chain. Then he added a gold-handled knife. Then a woman's watch. A long chain. A locket. A brooch. A diamond ring. The pyramid was wonderful. As yet the bid was being raised a few shillings at a time. It was worth the seven or eight dollars at which the collection was dangling, yet supplemental bids were difficult to obtain. Fifty pounds' worth, said the auctioneer. Well—he started with the watch again. It looked good, and I was an easy mark. I bid it in for eighteen shillings. That was, and has remained, the extent of my auction experience in London. I wore the watch one warm day, and the gilding, which was not even gold, stuck to my pocket lining. I was the owner of as solid brass a watch as I have ever seen. These watches, made for the "auction trade" herein referred to, sell from $7 to $13 a dozen. Yet human nature is so gullible that even the man with a $200 chronometer, once within earshot of the lusty auctioneer, hasn't the heart to see so handsome a watch thrown away for a couple of dollars. One auctioneer told me he sold an average of fifteen dozen watches of this type every day.

This auctioneer, taking me partly into his confidence, told me that the easy "guys" are the young fellows with a girl—those who like to make a hit with a showy piece of jewelry without sacrificing the next year's lunches. But the auctioneer was a cynic, too, when I observed that it was a cruel joke to play on trusting creatures.

"Huh?" he ejaculated. "My stuff lasts as long as their love affairs. An' it's a good thing; the guy is out less, because if he loses the phony stuff it won't hurt him none an' if it was real goods he'd have to whistle for it until the cows come home."

The Imaginary Bidder

PASSING by the auctioneer, therefore, who sells at auction a sealed box for ten cents, and will refund the money if after looking you are not satisfied that it is worth what you paid for it—this proviso and privilege is necessary to get around the lottery laws—one comes to the general art auctioneer who sells his own stuff at a bid which he is free, unknown to you, to accept or reject. He outbids you by calling an imaginary bid somewhere—and it would be difficult to prove that the bid was faked. The set-up price is absolute as long as he wills it so.

The trick is to obtain one or more pieces from some noted or notorious person, whose name adds a "front" and is a good selling point. Stage folks are supposed to be good pulls in this wise. Certain houses feature names involved in the news scandals. But it should not be taken for granted that the whole collection belongs to the owners or ex-owners named. The genuine art gallery announced, in print and on the catalog, a collection belonging to a given person or estate, and that goes as the final chapter of a more or less long pedigree. But when it is announced that it is the sale of Mrs. Whoozis, and then in small letters a postscript explains that "other properties" are included, the sale is off-color, even if not actually fraudulent.

Most sales are scheduled on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. The average day's sale runs to about 200 lots, unless they are extremely complicated and valuable lots, and the best pieces are always reserved for the middle of the sale, with Saturday the prize day—the expensive day. In New York there are persons who are on the mailing list for catalogs and who attend sales as regularly as church, and perhaps oftener. Their buying may not be profitable, but the auctioneer likes

(Concluded on page 12)

"The Greatest Single-Handed Fight in American History"

Thrilling Tale of Old Frontier Days Gives Way Under Rigid Investigation

By WALTER NOBEL BURNS

WILD BILL HICKOCK'S fight with the "McCandlass gang" is one of the classic stories of the West. It has been called "the greatest single-handed fight in American history." It has been printed countless times. As the fabric of many a penny dreadful, it has been read by thousands of boys of an older generation under their desks at school or in the sanctuary of the hayloft far from stern parental eyes. It has been repeated in books of a more pretentious literature by authors of reputation and become familiar to everyone interested in the history of the old frontier. So thrilling is this tale of desperate heroism, so picturesque in its quick, vivid drama, that it seems little short of sacrilege at this late day to impugn its veracity. But as it has been handed down by tradition and in type for more than sixty years, it is merely fiction, with little more than a basis of truth.

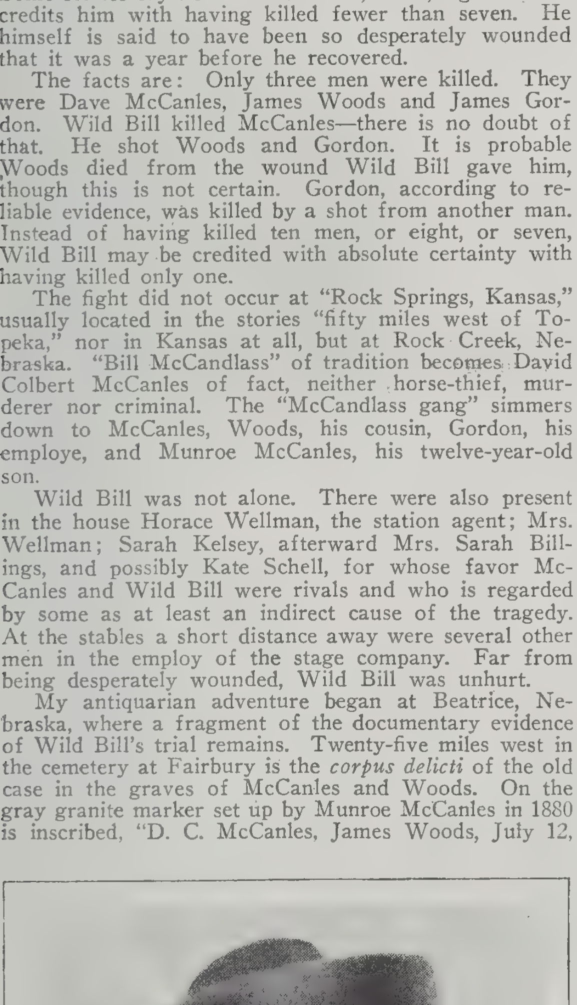
The old story runs in this way: Ten members of the "McCandless gang," bound on a horse-stealing foray, swooped down on the relay station of the Overland Stage Company at "Rock Springs, Kansas," at the outbreak of the Civil War. They were led by "Bill McCandlass," horse-thief, murderer, terror of the border. Wild Bill was alone. He barricaded himself in the cabin and when the bandits broke down the door and stormed the house, he emptied his rifle and six-shooter and then fought on with his bowie knife. Some stories say he killed ten men; some, eight. None credits him with having killed fewer than seven. He himself is said to have been so desperately wounded that it was a year before he recovered.

The facts are: Only three men were killed. They were Dave McCanles, James Woods and James Gordon. Wild Bill killed McCanles—there is no doubt of that. He shot Woods and Gordon. It is probable Woods died from the wound Wild Bill gave him, though this is not certain. Gordon, according to reliable evidence, was killed by a shot from another man. Instead of having killed ten men, or eight, or seven, Wild Bill may be credited with absolute certainty with having killed only one.

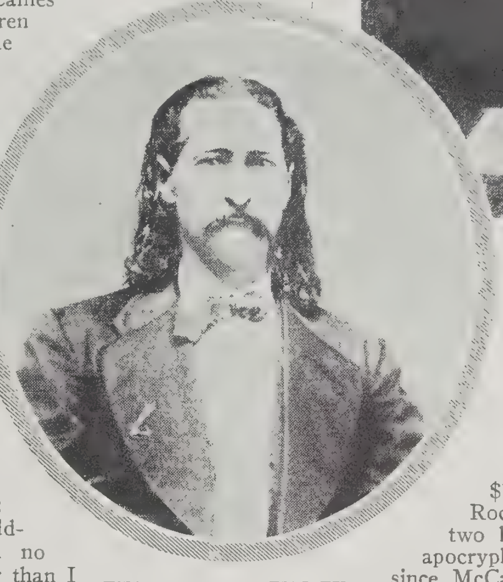
The fight did not occur at "Rock Springs, Kansas," usually located in the stories "fifty miles west of Topeka," nor in Kansas at all, but at Rock Creek, Nebraska. "Bill McCandlass" of tradition becomes David Colbert McCanles of fact, neither horse-thief, murderer nor criminal. The "McCandlass gang" simmers down to McCanles, Woods, his cousin, Gordon, his employe, and Munroe McCanles, his twelve-year-old son.

Wild Bill was not alone. There were also present in the house Horace Wellman, the station agent; Mrs. Wellman; Sarah Kelsey, afterward Mrs. Sarah Billings, and possibly Kate Schell, for whose favor McCanles and Wild Bill were rivals and who is regarded by some as at least an indirect cause of the tragedy. At the stables a short distance away were several other men in the employ of the stage company. Far from being desperately wounded, Wild Bill was unhurt.

My antiquarian adventure began at Beatrice, Nebraska, where a fragment of the documentary evidence of Wild Bill's trial remains. Twenty-five miles west in the cemetery at Fairbury is the *corpus delicti* of the old case in the graves of McCanles and Woods. On the gray granite marker set up by Munroe McCanles in 1880 is inscribed, "D. C. McCanles, James Woods, July 12, 1861." The inscription gives the authentic date of the fight and the authentic spelling of the McCanles name.


DAVE McCANLES.

I found Clingman McCanles and Lizzie McCanles, children of Dave McCanles, on the farm of Mrs. William Compton near the village of Endicott, seven miles southeast of Fairbury. Mrs. Compton is a daughter of "Irish John" Hughes and Dave McCanles' widow, who were married in 1865. "Irish John" is generally credited with having fired the shot that killed Gordon. Their tragic heritage still embitters the memories of these old people. Lizzie McCanles recalled with tears the "murder" of her father. Clingman McCanles said: "Wild Bill's act was cold-blooded murder. He had no more right to kill my father than I have to kill you."


WILD BILL HICKOCK.

Other children of Dave McCanles are still living. Munroe McCanles, now seventy-five years old, lives in Kansas City where he practiced law for many years. Julius McCanles lives in Florence, Colorado, Charles McCanles is a grocer in Denver. Leroy McCanles, a brother of Dave McCanles and associated with him in business at Rock Creek, died two years ago at Florence, Colorado, where he was a wealthy banker. Mrs. Dave McCanles died at the home of her son, Charles, in Denver, in 1904.

The site of the old Rock Creek station, four miles southeast of Endicott, is still plainly marked by large red stones, known locally as niggerheads, which formed the foundations of the house. Close to the west end is the old well, forty feet deep, lined with niggerheads and empty of water. No trace of the stables remains. Near by, Rock Creek flows under oaks, boxelders and cottonwoods. Deep indentations on its bank show where Dave McCanles' toll bridge stood. Rutted outlines of the old Oregon trail are discernible on a neighboring slope. Express trains now flash by the scene where once the Overland stage changed horses and the endless caravans of covered wagons went by. All about is the stillness of wooded hills and rolling farmlands.

Standing by the skeleton foundations, it is easy to orientate the old tragedy and to say with approximate accuracy, "There stood Wild Bill when the fight began"; "On this spot McCanles fell"; "There Woods stumbled to his death"; and "Yonder toward the old bridge, the doomed and wounded Gordon staggered in flight." Easy, too, with the aid of old descriptions, to reconstruct in fancy the old stage station, built of hewn logs, thirty-six feet long, sixteen feet wide, eight feet high at the eaves, with puncheon floor, open stone fireplace, stone chimney on the outside and a clapboard roof sloping both ways from a ridge pole. It was a house of a single room with an attic entered through a window in the east end by an outside ladder. Seventy-five feet to the northwest stood the barn, eighty feet long, twenty wide and constructed of perpendicular logs.

Bound for Pike's Peak during the gold excitement and accompanied by James Woods, his cousin, Dave McCanles arrived at Rock Creek from North Carolina in 1859. Seeing good business prospects in selling supplies to Pike's Peak argonauts and emigrants swarming westward over the Oregon trail, he bought Newton Glenn's ranch on the west bank of the creek and built a store. This became known as West Rock Creek station to distinguish it from East Rock Creek station which he built later directly across the stream. This latter place was sometimes known as Elkhorn station from a pair of antlers nailed above the door and was the scene of the Wild Bill-McCanles fight.

McCanles used the west-side station as a depot of supplies for freighters and emigrants and the east-side establishment as a relay station for the Overland stage and the pony express. His toll bridge, which he built across Rock Creek between the two stations, and for crossing which he charged from ten cents to a dollar and a half for each team outfit, brought him in a large revenue, as emigrant traffic was heavy. He employed from ten to twenty men at the two stations to tend store, take care of the horses and stock, give service to the stages, and freight in supplies for the emigrant trade from Atchison, Nebraska City and Fort Leavenworth. His business is said to have netted him from $500 to $1,000 a month. There is a tradition that shortly before his death he buried $10,000 in gold in an iron kettle at Rock Creek and marked the spot with two boulders. The story may be purely apocryphal but certain it is that many men since McCanles' day have dug industriously in an effort to unearth the hidden treasure.

ROSS HELVEY

At the grave of McCanles and Woods in Fairbury cemetery.

McCanles' wife and children joined him a few months after his arrival and made their home at East Rock Creek station. The domestic situation was complicated soon afterward by the arrival of Kate Schell with whom McCanles had had an affair in North Carolina and whom he established as mistress of the west-side house. Kate Schell was twenty years old. Some stories represent her as a gay, dashing, devil-may-care young woman who sometimes sat in at a card game with men and was not averse to a toddy. Others picture her as a quiet girl of some education and refinement. All agree that with her dark hair and eyes and trim figure, she was unusually pretty. Why, with Rock Creek dividing domesticity from romance, Mrs. McCanles, who was an intrepid woman, did not take matters into her own hands and visit summary vengeance on her rival, was a question often debated among the settlers. The bitterness between the two women, however, never reached the point of open vendetta and the reason doubtless lay in the submission of both to the iron will of McCanles. Kate Schell remains a mystery figure in the Rock Creek drama, stepping abruptly into view out of the unknown two years before the tragedy and immediately after disappearing into oblivion.

McCanles, who was twenty-eight years old when he arrived at Rock Creek, was six feet in height, weighed two hundred pounds and was of extraordinary strength. The daguerreotype portraits of him still in possession of his family show a bearded man with a merry eye and the robust look of a jovial buccaneer. His character and psychology are difficult to gauge even by the canons of his own wild times. He was a shrewd business man and became the richest man of his part of the frontier. He was dynamic, aggressive, belligerent, domineering, with an egotism that amounted almost, if not quite, to megalomania; yet he was generous, hospitable, unquestionably courageous, full of boisterous, roistering fun, played the fiddle and banjo and sang a rousing song. He was the champion wrestler of the countryside and reveled in a good fist fight. In a country without law, he arrogated to himself the right to punish cruelly and mercilessly anyone who violated his personal code of right and justice. He was a hard drinker, an inveterate gambler, immoral, if not unmoral, and a bully, but there is no record that he ever killed anyone or was guilty of any grave crime. Viewed through the perspective of the years, he seems to have been a jovial ruffian and, though bad enough, not half so bad as he has been painted. If he had enemies, he also had many friends.

Here are some anecdotes of this complex frontier character narrated over McCanles' grave in the cemetery at Fairbury by Ross Helvey who had located the spot for me. Helvey had the stories from his father, Tom Helvey, who, on the day after the fight at Rock Creek, assisted in the burial of the three dead men.

"Harry Goff, who worked for McCanles about the station, was a great fellow to get drunk," said Helvey. "McCanles had done everything to keep him sober but it wasn't any use. McCanles found Goff lying under a tree one day, dead drunk. He filled Goff's hair and beard with powder, and, laying a train of powder along the ground, called his men about to watch the fun. He set a match to the train and in a moment there was an explosion that left Goff hairless and beardless and came near putting out his eyes. Goff jumped up in a

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Jewish Exploitation of Farmers' Organization

Monopoly Traps Operate Under Guise of "Marketing Associations"

By ROBERT MORGAN

A BAND of Jews—bankers, lawyers, money-lenders, advertising agencies, fruit-packers, produce buyers, professional office managers and bookkeeping experts—is on the back of the American farmer. Working occasionally in the open, usually behind a screen of well-paid Gentile "fronts," this organization has developed with such amazing rapidity within the past five years that its operations today extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the interior of Canada to the Mexican border. If it is allowed to continue for another five years, not a grain grower, not a vegetable producer, not an orchardist, save one class in one limited area, will be able to escape paying tribute to it.

Born in the fertile, fortune-seeking brain of a young Jew on the Pacific Coast a little more than five years ago, and nurtured by a Jewish official who had the ear of one of the state governments by which he was employed, the idea has turned millions away from the pockets of the men who till the soil, and into the hands of the Jews and their followers.

With specious promises which never have been and cannot be fulfilled, these exploiters of the farmers, working together like the well-meshed cogs of a perfectly designed machine, are attempting to bring all the farmers of whatever class in the United States into various classified organizations called "co-operative marketing associations." As soon as these individual and local associations are formed, they are organized again into larger classified state and national bodies. These state and national bodies, one to each variety of agriculturist—grain, potatoes, fruit, vegetables, and so on—are to be organized, for a third time, into one huge controlling body, nation-wide, probably international, so that the Jews of Europe and Asia also may participate. So far this group has proceeded only so far as the state, or crop-territory, association.

This delay in the formation of the national Jewish "holding company" for the entire production of all the farmers of the United States is not due to any backwardness on the part of the promoters of the plan, but solely to interior disturbances in the local associations already organized. The majority of these disturbances have been economic, due to the fluctuating conditions of public demand and public ability to pay for the production of these associations. A few of them have been brought about by braver spirits in the local associations, who, seeing the direction affairs were taking, endeavored to save themselves and their fellow farmers from what to them appeared to be inevitable ruin. Most of these brave spirits either have been crushed by the machinery of the Jewish organization; have been won over to the side of the "organizers," sometimes by devious means; or have been forced to leave the local associations, through the efforts of Gentile "fronts" well and wisely "planted" in such organizations.

Reports that all was not—and is not—well with these new-style co-operative marketing associations, however, have spread to other and unorganized areas, and to other and unconvinced groups of agriculturists, with the result that, within the past year, there has been a marked indication of delay in the acceptance of the doctrines put forth by those seeking to get the control of the farmer's production away from the farmer.

That my readers may understand fully this effort to control, direct and regulate every farmer in America, and to take from him the profits of his labor without giving him adequate return, it is necessary to consider for a moment the forms of co-operation in existence prior to the Jewish movement on American agriculture. Co-operative marketing is the child of co-operative buying, and co-operative buying is almost as old, in one form or another, as accurate history. The Greeks knew the idea; the Phoenicians practiced it; the Egyptians were familiar with it.

It came to America through Denmark and Sweden, was improved in this country and went back to Europe. It is a success, wherever it is tried by honest men, because *quantity buying reduces cost.* The co-operative selling plan is not a success mainly for the reason that *quantity selling automatically reduces the sale price*, the converse of the reason for the success of the co-operative buying plan. But of that, more later.

Based on the instant success of co-operative, or community, or quantity-buying—whichever you choose to call it—men and women who had been benefited by this means of purchasing their necessities undertook to *sell* the production of their own hands and lands by reversing the method they had used in their *buying* organizations. This reversal, without a complete reorganization of their merchandizing methods, did not succeed. It is a matter of record that the first co-operative marketing attempts almost uniformly resulted in failure. When the producers learned that, in buying quantities of a number of commodities, the buyer virtually can dictate prices, but that in selling quantities of one commodity it is the buyer, not the seller, who makes the price, the co-operative associations began to function.

With a few notable exceptions—such as the milk and cheese associations in Wisconsin and other Middle West states, and the orange growers of Southern California, for example—co-operative marketing organizations today are successful only when their members are comparatively few, their production limited, their market close at hand, and their control and direction vested in men who know production, demand, market and salesmanship. Such men are hard to find; they have not been found by the Jewish promoters of the new American farm trust, which, thanks probably to the great distances of this vast country, is not quite a reality.

There are in the agricultural states from the Appalachians to the Rockies, approximately 10,000 local co-operative marketing associations. Most of them are successful in that they bring to the average producer about what his product is worth, and to the producer of below-the-average crops, more than he could obtain for them in any other manner. The farmer who knows his business as well as does the successful manufacturer, and whose product is better than average, does not, and will not, join these associations.

It is worth noting that these *local* associations, both in the interior of the United States and on the Pacific Coast, where they have reached greater development than in any other section, have moved along smoothly and profitably until the Jewish influence began to be felt in them. Then, almost immediately, dissension inside, and quarrels with the market outside, began to appear. The majority of the associations which have come under the new influence and are now solidly under Jewish control, are on the Pacific Coast, the larger number of them being in California. The stories of some of them, which will be told in these articles, are pitiful; of others, when one notes the manner in which these white, free, American men have allowed the Oriental financiers to pull the wool over their eyes, one is tempted to say, "it serves them right."

The local co-operative marketing association, however, is merely a small stepping-stone to the promoters of the new control of all American farm products. So far as the writer has been able to observe, the original *local* associations are good things for the farmers. Owned and operated by men who are or have been close to the soil, it would be difficult for an outsider to obtain stock in one of them, and almost impossible for him to put himself in a directing position in one. But dissension is ever the torpedo of the Jewish submarine in America. So today there are working among these local associations in California men whose business it is to make the co-operatives dissatisfied and to implant the idea that the manager of the association needs to know nothing of farm production or of the things produced, so long as he is a "salesman."

When such dissension has been accomplished, there is always ready the hand-picked man to handle the job, bring the quarreling members together, reorganize the association, plunge it into debt if it is not already there, draw it into the national web of associations, and then turn it over, signed, sealed and delivered, to the higher Jewish control. This has been done a dozen times among the deciduous fruit growers of California. It is today being attempted among the potato growers of the entire nation. It was done with the tobacco growers of Kentucky, and the cotton growers of the southern states. It would require a volume the size of the dictionary to tell even briefly the schemes that have been used to disrupt, reorganize, re-finance with various methods of financing, and then hold helpless these local associations of producers of virtually every crop that comes from the soil in the United States. Now a similar invasion of Canada has been commenced.

The local association being so made ready for further operations by these doctors of farm finance, a number of locals handling the same or kindred products are organized into a county, state, or regional association. Into each local is injected a manager, usually a Gentile, but always a man who is bound by some heavy cable to the promoters of the national organization. It is the business of one of the promoters to keep these cables taut, and how he does this will be told in a later chapter.

To these managers are added assistant managers, office managers, sales managers, transportation managers, advertising managers, publicity directors, field agents, and every other form of business office holder to whom a title and a desk can be fitted. Not all of these are applied to one local association; for the promoters know to a German mark just how much the traffic will bear. But—never forget this—the farmer pays the bill. One of the promoters occupies the responsible and fully remunerative position of legal adviser to *every* association, *local* as well as *regional.*

A glimpse at the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, where the most elaborate trial of the Sapiro Plan has been staged, with disastrous results to the prune and apricot growers. These California fruit-growers would like to cast off the Jewish millstone they have tied around their own necks, but they dare not.

The citrus fruit growers of California, whose co-operative marketing association is conducted on a plan entirely different from that of the Sapiros, have been successful, largely because the area in which oranges, lemons, grapefruit and tangerines will produce is limited, but they too are approaching the saturation point in demand for their output. Here is a view in the Redlands, California,orange district.

Cattlemen of the West last year reorganized their association, partially on the Sapiro Plan, with Jewish agents hovering around the new project, seeking to get control of it. The Sapiro Plan will get 'em, if they don't watch out.

With the local associations—which, during the reorganization, re-financing, re-officering process, have been changed from "locals" to "branches"—the formation of the county, state or regional association goes on. Here are provided elaborate headquarters, at high rent, and here, at high salaries, are placed the same kind of "officials" provided for the locals. Where the manager of the local association, prior to the introduction of the non-farming, non-producing agricultural expert, served for a salary commensurate with the value received for the products of his fellow-members of the association, the manager of the new association receives a salary proportionate to his ability to hold the regional association and its branches in line under the new plan.

The average minimum salary of the managers of these regional "co-operative" associations is $10,000 a year.

The maximum of which the writer has been able to find an authentic record is $50,000.

Obviously, the businesslike way to pay these managers would be by commission on the business they handle, and to eliminate the managers and other officials of the branches, who are about as unnecessary as a belt with suspenders. Incidentally, the sales manager of one of the largest regional associations in California was a woman, a stenographer, whose only claim to ability was that she was a friend of the manager. When this manager was ousted, in a fruitless attempt to break the Jewish grip on this association, the lady went with him. Before she went, a persistent lawyer compelled her to admit that she had received $5,000 from an eastern fruit-handling firm, but to save her life the poor lady could not remember what she had done to earn this sum. That five thousand dollars ultimately came out of the pockets of the members of this association.

Now then, we have carried the plan by which the American farmer is being "organized" to the point at which the regional association has bound together all its branches. A costly, cumbersome, usually inefficient, and always extravagant organization is functioning, not for the benefit of the farmer, but for the benefit of the promoters, for the lesser lights of Jewry who surround them, and for the Gentiles who, for money or for other reasons, have become the human camouflage for the operations of the originators of the new form of "co-operative marketing."

But the end is not yet. A huge advertising campaign, ranging in cost from $100,000 to $2,000,000 a year, is "voted" by directors, the majority of whom are chosen by the promoters of this great co-operative advancement for the farmers. The local associations in the old days sold all their production without advertising and at a price which returned a better profit than any they have received from the new branches under the regional associations. Yet here they are called on to add to their other burdens the payment of a tremendous and in the main unnecessary bill for advertising.

Who handles this advertising? Ask Mr. Lasker. Ask Mr. Honig, of the Honig-Cooper Company, San Francisco. They know. And maybe they could tell why *only certain publications bid for this advertising*, all the remaining publications of the United States being automatically barred from the orchard when this plum tree is shaken.

These advertising gentlemen are of the same nationality as the promoters of the new co-operation among the farmers of America.

So are the advertising managers of the majority of the magazines and newspapers which divide the advertising funds from these associations.

Both of the advertising companies which handle these funds have their Gentile "fronts," too, and, unless you are one of the two unlost tribes, you'll have a lot of trouble seeing either one of the principals in the firms, though you'll meet a lot of young American men in their offices.

Enters now, also, the Jewish canner and packer of fruits and vegetables. There is always a certain amount of second-class fruit and vegetables around the packing houses of these co-operative associations. Some of it isn't so second-class either, but if the canner be "in right" he gets it all for the price of the seconds. That's good business for everybody except the farmer. It keeps the favored canner at the door buying seconds; in fact, he is a so-ready market for fruit and vegetables which, *according to the new manager*, cannot be sold elsewhere. Then, too, when production goes above all ability of the market to absorb, *as it often does in the territory of these associations*, there's the opportunity to let Mr. Favorite Canner have the over-production, so he can sell it first at the top of the market, and then let the farmer wait until the public has consumed Mr. Canner's product.

This is not theory of what may happen; it is fact of what *has happened* in more than one instance.

If this strain of payment to Jewry for the permission to work ten or twelve hours a day on his farm or in his orchard, puts the farmer flat on his back financially, a group of banks stands ready to make any necessary loan—at the regular rate of interest. This loan (*be sure to understand this clearly, because it is important*) is not made to the farmer on his land, or on his reputation, or on his character, or on his note, but to the whole association. This means that every man or woman in that association, every member of every branch of that association, is responsible, and all his or her land is responsible, for the money so loaned. John Johnson may be able, being an intelligent, trained agriculturist, to make his farm pay, despite the incubus of the modern co-operative association, but that does not free John from having to pay Bill Smith's debts if Bill, being an incompetent, shiftless or lazy "co-operator," fails to pay the money he borrowed through the association.

Hoeing potatoes for Sapiro, who at present is at work to put every potato grower in the United States on the same job for him.

Just lay down this paper for a minute and figure out who gets the most money, in the easiest way, on these loans.

We now proceed to the next step in co-operative salvation for the American farmer.

When the county, state or regional associations have been formed, and are working to the full extent of the amount the farmer can pay, it is the plan of the promoters of the whole scheme to combine all these associations into one national association of each kind. That is to say, there will be one national association of peach growers, one of apple producers, one of cabbage farmers, another of wheat raisers, and so on down the list.

One must admit that there are some possibilities in this idea, when it is figured that, in addition to the fat jobs in the branches and the regional associations, all these offices must be duplicated in the national organizations as well. Incidentally each national association also will have to have a "legal adviser," just like the regional associations have. Now if this legal adviser took from one small regional association $51,000 for fees in one year, as he did, how much can he get from one national association? And if there are some twenty-five to thirty national associations, how much will he get from all of them? Only time and the perfect "co-operation" of the American farmer with his Jewish exploiters can answer.

The only one of these national organizations that is in process of being formed is that of the potato producers. From Maine to Washington and from Minnesota to Texas, the outriders of these self-appointed saviors of the American farmer are working with the potato growers of the nation. The tobacco growers of the upper South have been fairly well organized, and the area of this crop production is so well defined in the United States that their organization is virtually national in scope today. The cotton producers of the farther South are about eighty-five per cent organized in what amounts to a national organization. In California, where the larger part of the prunes and apricots of this country are grown, the producers of these fruits are collected into a regional association which is to all practical purposes national, though this association is today in such a chaotic condition that a considerable part of another chapter will be devoted to it.

Those able workers who can be spared from the potato fields are beginning to get out among the wheat growers, and with the aid of certain men of national reputation, such, for example, as Senator Borah, who possibly knows nothing of the real organization back of this movement, are making some headway in "lining up" the wheat farmers of the nation.

And the end is not yet. The writer has reason to know, from sources which are unimpeachable, that when the farmers of America have been organized into national associations, the men who control these associations will be united in one national organization. And the men who control this super-association, this Jew-directed holding company for all the farmers of America, *will not be the farmers of America.* The farmer or fruit grower or vegetable producer who is so unfortunate as to be in this endless chain of so-called co-operative marketing associations barely controls his own life. He has a weak voice in the tiny branch association to which he belongs, yet which is ruled by agents of the promoters of the scheme, and even his crop and his land is subject to loans of money to other men whom he may not even know. When his crop is delivered to the branch association, it is lost to him, as far as control or direction of selling is concerned.

The prices which the food producers of this nation receive through these new co-operative associations—bear in mind this article has nothing to do with the local associations which are functioning without Jewish "aid"—will be discussed later. But, while the tillers of the soil are thinking of their own personal incomes and expenses through such associations, it would be well for them also to consider the legal aspects of the regional associations, the national associations, and the national or international, as the case may be, holding company, for which, as I have said, definite plans have been laid. There is not a doubt in the mind of the writer, who has obtained the opinions of some of the best corporation attorneys in this country, that not only the proposed national holding company, but the national associations, and even some of the state or regional associations, are operating in direct violation of the laws of this nation and of several of the states.

In fact, in California, where the proponent of this whole idea was started on his way by a state official, it was found necessary to change certain state laws so that these associations could function beyond the local or branch stage. Even with all this clever aid, put through the legislature by Jewish attorneys, the superior court of Santa Clara County, no later than last winter, declared void the amendment to the state civil code which gives co-operative marketing associations the right to enforce crop contracts with their members. The court held the amendment to be class legislation and, therefore, a violation of the constitution of the state. This is merely the first warning that these associations are monopolies, and that their members are as amenable to the law governing attempts at the restraint of trade, coercion and similar offenses, as are other organizations. Nor is this all.

The lure held out to the farmers to induce them to surrender their freedom of production, distribution and sale to these new associations is that the producer can fix the price of his product, meanwhile maintaining the demand, or market, for it. There are other attractive baits offered to the farmers by these promoters, but this, though economically unsound, is the first and apparently the most influential. The very attempt to put the farmers—provided the farmers were allowed to control their own output—in a position to do this price-fixing and to maintain the demand for their production, would make of the association a monopoly. This constitutes a very real and dangerous menace, a monopolistic trap, baited with co-operation, for the farmer.

In a succeeding paper, Mr. Morgan will tell of the birth of the plan to organize the farmers of this nation in the new co-operative scheme whose details are outlined above, and of how a state government was utilized to give the project its start in life.

"On the Eighteenth of April in Seventy-five;"—

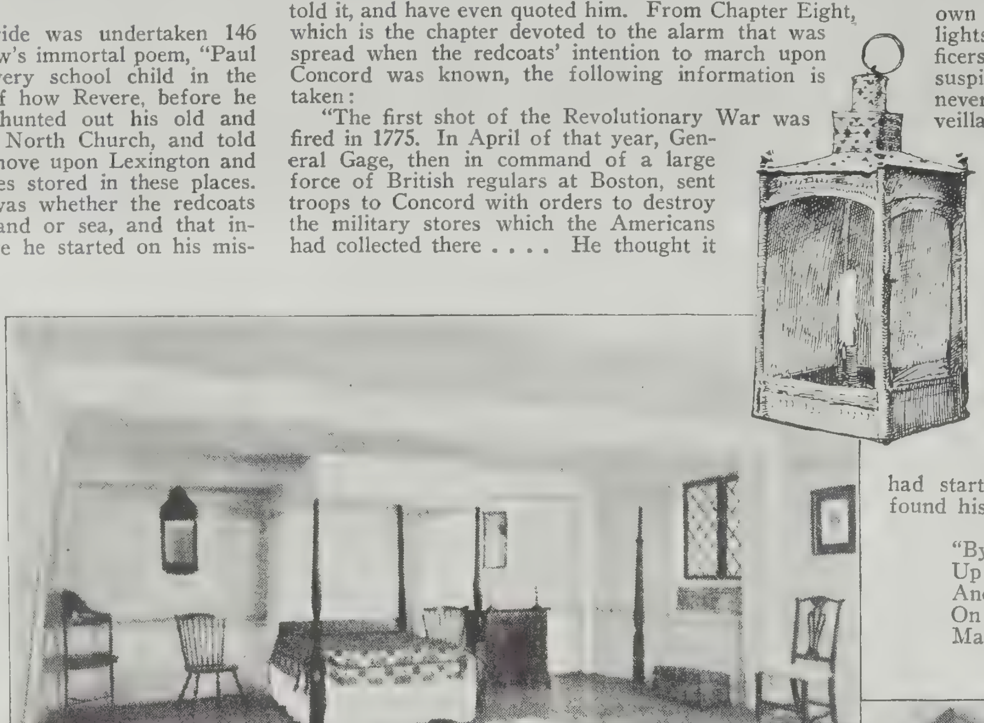
Obscure Patriots Play Important Part in Historic Incident

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

EACH year on the night of April 18, Boston celebrates. Lanterns are hung in the steeple of the Old North Church, just as on that memorable April night in 1775 when Paul Revere rode away into the darkness to warn the militia and the minutemen that the British were about to march upon them. That was the eve of the day on which a shot was fired that was "heard round the world."

Though that memorable ride was undertaken 146 years ago, thanks to Longfellow's immortal poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," practically every school child in the land knows the story well: of how Revere, before he left Boston on his mission, hunted out his old and trusted friend, the sexton of North Church, and told him that the British were to move upon Lexington and Concord, to secure the supplies stored in these places. What Revere did not know was whether the redcoats planned to leave Boston by land or sea, and that information he must have before he started on his mission. According to Longfellow's poem:

"If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."



Above—Paul Revere's lantern. Below—Chamber, Paul Revere House.

Such is the story of those signal lights, as told by Longfellow in his famous poem. What the poet did not weave into his story was the fact that Revere was the second messenger sent out that night by the vigilant Joseph Warren, to spread the warning "through every Middlesex village and farm," nor did he tell that Revere never reached his destination of Concord, and that a third man delivered the message there. Both messengers sent from Boston, however, reached Lexington in time to warn John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were sleeping that night at the home of the Reverend Jonas Clarke.

The first messenger sent out that night was William Dawes, Jr. On the back of his horse he swam the Charles River and was well on his way before Revere reached the farther shore of the Charles, whence he had been rowed by boat, and where a blooded horse waited, ready to be mounted when a flash of the signals gave him knowledge of the plans of the enemy.

It was Dr. Samuel Prescott who carried the news into Concord. Prescott was returning, shortly after midnight, from a call upon his sweetheart, a Miss Milliken, of Lexington, when he overtook the two messengers just leaving the village. They told him their errand, and he volunteered to help. The three set out for Concord, where the largest part of the supplies of the Colonial Army was stored. When nearly halfway there, they were surrounded by mounted British officers. Spurring their horses they tried to dash past, but were forced into a side pasture by the road. Prescott, jumping his horse over a low stone wall, escaped, and got safely to Concord where he gave the alarm. Dawes was chased for some distance, but made his escape, and reached Concord shortly after Prescott. Revere was allowed to return to Boston the following day and that was the day the first battle of the Revolution was fought.

It is the anniversary of this night that Boston has celebrated each year for nearly a hundred years. There is speechmaking and music, and a direct descendant of Paul Revere hangs the lanterns in the steeple of the Old North Church, and then gallops through the night over the route taken by Warren's messengers that April 18, 1775, even across the bridge into Concord.

It is always considerably more of a celebration of Longfellow's poem than it is an historical event. It is known as "Paul Revere Night." In this celebration William Dawes and Samuel Prescott are forgotten, just as the parts played in that night's history by Captains Pulling and Barnard, and Sexton Robert Newman are forgotten. None of these men are mentioned by Longfellow in his poem, and neither are they mentioned in some, at least, of the public school histories.

In Beard and Bagley's "History of the American People," used at this time perhaps more extensively than any other grade-school history of that period, the authors tell the interesting story of the night of April 18 in much the same language that Longfellow has told it, and have even quoted him. From Chapter Eight, which is the chapter devoted to the alarm that was spread when the redcoats' intention to march upon Concord was known, the following information is taken:

"The first shot of the Revolutionary War was fired in 1775. In April of that year, General Gage, then in command of a large force of British regulars at Boston, sent troops to Concord with orders to destroy the military stores which the Americans had collected there . . . . He thought it would be a simple matter, dispatched with great secrecy, but the patriots in Boston were alert and watchful. Lanterns hung out in tower of the Old North Church flashed far and wide the signal that the British were coming, and Paul Revere galloped along the road ahead of them, rousing the farmers!

"'So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!'"

But not a word in that history about the other two men who helped to spread the alarm that night, nor a word about Sexton Robert Newman, nor of Captains Pulling and Barnard who secured the information which should guide Sexton Newman in the choice of his signal lights. It and some other school histories have builded for facts on a poem which does not stick very close to actual history.

Captain Tom Barnard and Captain John Pulling crept stealthily through the streets of Boston, listening wherever a group of redcoats gathered and conversed in low tones, eluding the eye of the Vigilance Committee cleverly, yet learning its secrets, and when they turned toward the church again, they knew the sexton would hang two lanterns in the belfry arch. "One, if by land, and two, if by sea." Revere had said, and then rowed across the river where a horse awaited him, to carry him away into the night on his mission of warning when the signal lights should flash from the church tower. Dawes had already gone on his way to Lexington, to warn Hancock and Adams. He was to wait there for Revere, and the further information which the signals would give Revere.

Sexton Newman was practically a prisoner in his own house, and he was intrusted to hang the signal lights. His was a modest domicile, but British officers were his unwelcome guests, and he was under suspicion, watched as a cat would watch a mouse, never free for a waking moment from their surveillance. That night he feigned illness and went early to bed. And so, while Paul Revere stamped impatiently beside his restive horse on the Charleston shore, Newman turned and tossed in his bed, till the house grew still and his guests slept. Then he rose, dressed and climbed out of a rear chamber window, down a sloping roof to the ground where Captain Pulling awaited him with instructions to hang two lanterns, and Captain Barnard kept watch to give the alarm if danger approached.

Newman entered the church and Captain Pulling locked him in, and then the two captains crept away into the shadow of the night.

It was cold and dark and a drizzling rain had started to fall. Newman, groping in the dark, found his lanterns, and went

"By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
Up to the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses of moving shape and shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall."

Paul Revere House, Boston, Massachusetts.

One who has climbed the steep, squeaky, winding stairs of that old church to where the signal lights were hung can feel with Newman "The spell of the place and the hour, and the secret dread of the lonely belfry and the dead"; and they possibly can realize that Newman that night was fully as heroic a figure as was that other figure, waiting impatiently on the opposite shore to mount his horse and be away.

Newman hung his lanterns and got back into his home. Some one was moving about; his guests were restless. Quickly he undressed, flung his wet clothing in a heap on the floor, and got into bed. A quick-witted wife grabbed the wet clothes and his shoes, and hid them in a closet, substituting dry ones just as the British officers, growing suspicious of sounds in the house, and discovering lights in the church tower, broke into his room and took him prisoner. Thanks to his wife's thoughtfulness he was quickly given his release. They had no way to prove that he had left the house that evening, as his clothes were dry and the night was rainy.

Long afterward—a hundred and three years after, to be exact—a tablet was placed in Old North Church, which read:

"The Signal Lanterns of
PAUL REVERE
Displayed in the steeple of this church
April 18, 1775
Warned the Country of the March
Of British Troops to
Lexington and Concord."

But no mention is made on that tablet of Newton who hung the lanterns or of William Dawes who, disguised as a farmer, had put the spurs to his horse two full hours before Revere started, going to the more out-of-the-way places to awaken the minutemen, and arouse them to action. Dawes had gone over Boston Neck. Both Dawes and Revere reached Lexington, and warned Hancock and Adams, Dawes arriving there but a few minutes ahead of Revere. The two then started for Concord, and were joined on their way by Prescott. Halfway between Lexington and Concord they encountered a body of British horsemen. Prescott's horse leaped a stone wall and he escaped and got to

(Concluded on page 14)

Should U. S. Capitol Be More Centrally Located?

Climate of Washington Bad for President and Congress; No Stimulating Weather; American Capital Compared With Ottawa

WHY don't we have the wisdom and courage to think continentally, as Alexander Hamilton put it, and locate the national capital near the geographical and population centers of the Republic where the climate would enable presidents to stand the strain of their tasks?

It is possible that Wilson would still be in good health and Harding might be alive if the Washington climate was even equal to that of Princeton and Marion.

The combination at Washington of humid sultriness and monotony of weather, the two greatest foes of human efficiency, neutralizes the vitality of Congressmen and officials to an extent that mystifies those of their constituents who are not familiar with the debilitating city on the Potomac.

Calcutta, the low, hot capital of India on the banks of the Hooghly, is being abandoned for Delhi in the Punjab, a thousand miles to the northwest. However, the Indian government for generations has been sensible enough to remove to Simla, also in the cool Punjab hills, from May to October. Our Philippine government also has a summer capital in the highlands. In fact the United States is the only important country that does not provide at least a summer residence for its executive.

Petrograd, which, like Washington, was established on a vacant swamp by decree, has been given up for central logical Moscow. Petrograd's climate was also monotonous and its cold was as bad in its way as the heat of Calcutta, Washington and Manila. Even the Soviets have recognized the necessity of the capital having a central location, and have moved to Moscow.

Location Is Unfit

STATESMEN such as Napoleon and Hamilton would not be less progressive or intelligent in such a matter than benighted India and Russia. Selected through submission to the blackmail of delegates who would not vote for the adoption of the Constitution unless they got the capital, the growth of the country since it was but thirteen seaboard states, has made Washington an altogether unfit location.

The isolation of Washington from the Middle West, the center of the country which determines its industrial, agricultural and political affairs, is bad for Congressmen, government officials and foreign countries.

Congressmen seem to be overwhelmed by the atmosphere of the Europe of America, as one of Washington's leading merchants recently termed the northern seaboard states.

Henry Watterson once declared there was something about the air or the whisky of Washington that speedily caused Congressmen to lose contact with their constituents to such an extent that other men were soon elected to fill their shoes. Climate and geography are the major causes of these blighted Congressional careers. Whisky, this time, was less harmful than the other two evils.

The related point is that diplomats, journalists and other creators of foreign public opinion who visit America usually limit their itineraries to Washington and the European cities and watering places of the North Atlantic seaboard. They give their countrymen a distorted or unreal picture of America that often has distressing results.

The high, rolling hill country of Southern Indiana, the center of population of the United States, has much to commend it as the site for a new capital. Several of the best known all-year resort hotels in the country are at French Lick and West Baden. Many public men and other leaders use these places for recuperation. This favored region has mild winters and summers. The weather is of the changeable sort necessary for stimulation. Mere balminess palls on people and makes them sluggish. This central location is ideal for radio and airplane communication. It is reached by several important east and west and north and south railroads and is near the National Pike and other touring roads.

Reckoned in figures of present-day budgets and our loans to foreign government, the removal to a new capital would not be costly. The gain in the efficiency of the government and in convenience to all the people would quickly wipe out the expense. The move would also cause the deferred reorganization of the government departments, a crying need, to be made. The public would demand that the new buildings and transplanted organization be arranged to produce results without the present waste of effort and money.

The Canadians may regard New York and our population and stupendous national wealth and sigh, but they can have the satisfaction of possessing a Federal capital whose setting and climate are incomparably superior to Washington. They also make contact with their government offices under happier conditions.

We have in Ontario province, the location of Ottawa, and in the British Bahama Islands a vivid illustration of the effect of climate on people. Both were settled by American Tories or Loyalists who preferred to live under the Crown after the Revolution. The enterprise and capacity for creative work of the Ontarians make them conspicuous among the worth-while people of the world. The Bahamans are notoriously lazy and good for nothing. They smilingly admit it and say their critics would soon be like them if they removed to the island. One hundred and fifty years ago they and the Ontarians were the same!

Last summer the United States was mortified to learn that thirteen guides had the exclusive privilege, in return for a fee which they pocketed, of escorting visitors through the imposing Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington.

Citizens who believe the Capitol is free are disabused when these backsheesh grabbers hold them up. A girl from the Middle West who was found in tears because she didn't have the money for the service she thought was free brought the condition into prominence. Everyone connected with the Capitol now professes to be ashamed of this feature of the patronage perquisites of Senator Sorghum and his quaint colleagues.

In Ottawa the visitor is escorted through the stately new parliament building by an intelligent, well-bred official whose attire includes the metal-buttoned frock coat and boiled shirt of British functionaries. He greets you with courtesy and takes leave with an expression of pleasure at your interest, maintaining his self-respect by declining a fee.

The guards at the Washington buildings are mediocre without the personalities and appearance that should mark them. They are evidently some more patronage from the Congressional plum tree.

Members of the world-famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police keep watch and ward at the Ottawa public buildings. These alert young men evidence the pride and tradition of their service.

The R. C. M. P. seem delighted to put their fund of information about Canada and her government and Ottawa and the buildings at the disposal of visitors. The average Washington guard is abysmally ignorant of anything save the building in which he is stationed. Of course, the climate has much to do with their listlessness and futility.

The first government building encountered in Ottawa is the general post office with its prominent signs announcing that it operates a general information office for persons seeking the federal government.

Washington certainly needs such an information office. The person unacquainted with circumlocution offices is left to his devices there. One must have a call upon a Congressman's office, an attorney or one of the many concerns and associations that sell government information and service that should be easily available to the public without using such middlemen.

Compared With Canada's Capital

THE government offices seem so used to responding to Congressmen and the associations and concerns that sell their services, and have the ability to impress themselves upon the departments, that the citizen playing a lone hand frequently has a desultory time of it.

"Practicing before the departments" is the high-sounding title of the profitable business of certain lawyers and ex-Congressmen, especially those who have entrée to the high official and diplomatic social affairs. It is one of the most profitable secondary pursuits in the country and a pernicious influence. "Bootlegging government dope, obtained through knowing how to get it out of the warehouse," is what the vulgar would term it and they would be about right at that. A properly organized departmental system would eliminate most of these parasites.

Ottawa with her majestic location upon the one hundred and fifty foot limestone cliffs above the Ottawa rapids, her cool summers and crisp winters and frequent variations in the weather that arouse people to effort, has been a fortunate choice for the capital of the Dominion.

Canada's capital is midway between the maritime and prairie provinces and on the transcontinental railroad lines. Montreal, the New York of Canada, is but three hours' distant and it is seven hours to Toronto, a so-called Boston. The Ottawa River is the boundary of Quebec and Ontario, the old Upper Canada.

There are few places that give one the thrilling views obtained from the Chateau Laurier, Major's Hill Park, which extends from the hotel to Nepean Point, the edge of the cliffs that overlook the river, or Parliament Hill.

Between the terrace of the hotel, on which meals are served in the summer, and the slightly higher Parliament Hill is the deep grassy cut, seemingly a natural gorge, made for the eight locks of the Rideau Canal. From the terrace of the hotel, and from many of its rooms, as well as the walks in Major's Hill Park, one can observe the locking of vessels up and down the hydraulic stairway, and the splashing of the surplus waters through the idle locks sounds like a rapids. The placid Rideau River which feeds the canal flows through fair fat Ontario to Ottawa. However, the Chaudiére Falls of the Ottawa and the savage Gatineau which it meets here impel it likewise to make a plunge over the Rideau Falls.

The Rideau Canal is 126 miles long. It connects the Ottawa River with Lake Ontario at Kingston. Its forty-seven locks have a total lift of 458 feet. The Duke of Wellington authorized the canal which was finished in 1827. It was built to provide a military route from Montreal to the Great Lakes that would avoid the New York State bank of the St. Lawrence River. Two and a half million dollars were spent on it while England was also taxing herself for the Napoleonic Wars, just ended.

Scenic Setting Lacking

LOOKING across the Ottawa rapids one sees the junction with the Gatineau River which rushes down a couple of hundred miles from the Laurentians' crests, the height of land between Hudson's Bay and the St. Lawrence, over more rapids, cascades and falls than any other river in Quebec.

The Gatineau Hills have long been famous among sportsmen and now their Adirondack-like scenery is making them an international vacation land. A railroad and a connection with the Ontario good road system crosses the Alexandra bridge at Ottawa and penetrates the hills, which are in Quebec.

Far away in the sunset is the hazy outline of the Laurentian Mountains, the crest of the Canadian shield, which extends to the prairie provinces, the shores of Hudson's Bay and the Labrador coast.

One obtains a glimpse and a sensation of empire from these vantage points in the capital of the Land of the Maple Leaf.

The railway and interurban terminals and the Chauteau Laurier hotel, the latter a noble structure of the style of Francois I, have been combined in a fashion that must delight the city planner. They minister to one's travel requirements so much better than the same Washington facilities. The train sheds and entrances are arranged so that smoke is never seen. One walks from the fine station concourse through a marble corridor to the elevator or single flight of stairs to the lobby of the Chateau Laurier. It is but a block from all the hotels to Parliament Hill.

If Washington only had a Chauteau Laurier! It has no hotel that compares with it in architecture and location. In Washington the best hotels are a mile from the station and the Capitol. Since, as a usual thing, the coastal rains are either deluging the streets or the sun is softening the asphalt, the street car ride is long and the distance makes taxicabs expensive.

While a few Washington hotels give one a glimpse of a government building, most of their guests merely look out on city streets. There is an absence of the magnificent group picture of capitol, parks, rivers, rapids and mountains that is enjoyed by the guest at Chauteau Laurier. Incidentally prices at Washington hotels are higher than at good New York hotels whose food and service are superior.

On a few spring and autumn days Washington with its great wide streets, parked spaces and masses of white government buildings seems fine indeed. The splendor of the Capitol dome when illuminated by flood lights is matchless. The giant shaft of the Washington Monument dominates the scene. Unfortunately the White House is on the low river bottom where it is hottest in summer. Dives and his kind live out on the heights when in the city during the summer. Most of them are in the mountain and seashore resorts while the President is sweltering at his desk. This is unfair.

Changing the location of the capital would be opposed by financial and other executives who like to spend the day in Washington and take the afternoon Congressional Limited to New York. The idle rich who have built Washington palaces for social campaigns and the parasites who have entrenched themselves in departmental and Congressional lobbying would be up in arms if a move were seriously considered.

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A Fifty-Fifty Solution

IN ORDERING 7,000 Negroes to leave his city, the mayor of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, acknowledged defeat in coping with the Negro problem, a pressing riddle that is forcing an issue in practically every city of the country at this time.

In marked contrast with the failure at Johnstown, it is reassuring to learn that Winston-Salem, North Carolina, has reached a happy and workable solution, the details of which are admirably set forth in *Collier's* for March 29.

Of Winston-Salem's population of approximately fifty thousand, nearly twenty-five thousand are Negroes. For its important industries—it boasts the largest knit-goods mills and the third largest furniture manufactory in the United States—Winston-Salem depends for labor upon Negroes.

As in most places, it was conceded that the Negro was all right in his place, but no one in authority concerned himself with helping him find a place, until James G. Hanes was elected mayor, about two years ago.

At that time, trouble was threatening. The Negro was leaving the old, wretched quarters, among railroad tracks, factories and warehouses, and procuring better, more modern and sanitary homes in the white section of the city. This meant, of course, among other things, that Negro children began to appear in hitherto exclusively White schools.

Mr. Hanes, with sure insight, realized that the city was to blame for the situation. The White sections alone were made desirable residence places. In the Negro sections the streets were neglected, often unpaved, and there was no provision for water, sewerage or lights, nor were there adequate schools, police and fire protection, sanitation or health work.

Under the guidance of Mr. Hanes, the Negro was provided with equal municipal advantages with the Whites. The result has been that, of his own accord, the Negro has moved back among his own people.

In addition to new schools and playgrounds, with Negro directors and musical instructors, musical instruments have been bought for the Negro community, and bring happiness and instructive recreation into the lives of the children. Furthermore, in the half-million-dollar municipal hospital, there are two wings, of the same construction and identical equipment. One wing is for Negroes; the other for Whites. The annual appropriation for health work is split fifty-fifty between Whites and Negroes. Finally, there is a strong Inter-Racial Relations Committee to which any colored citizen or group of colored citizens can carry any grievance or problem, assured of receiving a sympathetic hearing.

Amid the surging, boiling national difficulties, such peaceful solutions seem to appear on the horizon as a guiding star, pointing toward a sane, logical solution of perplexing problems.

Giving the People Their Choice

THERE is much of humbug in American politics. The caucus and convention system of nomination has been superseded in the main by a plan of primaries. The merits of the old and new systems, either of which is good in theory, are not to be discussed here. But it is true that defects of the one are not absent in the other; in fact, that only the vigilance of the citizen, the honest patriotism which should inspire him is the only means of keeping primaries and elections honest. Instance after instance might be related of the many schemes undertaken by the professional politician to fool the voters, but a few will suffice.

The caucus and convention system, in the beginning, was ideal in its methods, and worked well, for it was based on the theory of representative democracy. The smallest political unit in mass convention selected delegates to represent it at the next higher unit's convention, specifying a line of conduct or not, as it wished, but usually leaving them free to exercise individual judgment.

In the succession of years there was developed a distinct class, the professional politician, and he soon made the control of party conventions an art. Demand for reform followed, and the secret primary, and later the preferential primary, were adopted to give the individual voter a chance.

That President Harding received his nomination in 1920 was due to other causes than a popular expression of preference is an absolute fact. Johnson carried more votes in the preferential primary than other candidates for preferment, but the delegates for the national convention were not picked from Johnson men, and only gave him a complimentary support at first, then joined in the jockeying for position to be recognized as an influence in the final result.

Without regard to the merits of the contest, it may be said that the result in the Democratic convention in 1908 was reached by a feeling that no one but Bryan could unite the party after the Parker disaster in 1904. Those who saw the rush of delegates could not but note at the head of the procession, shouting for him, a delegation chosen to oppose him. The nomination of Wilson was accomplished by intrigue.

The attempt to confuse the voters in Michigan in this year's primaries, by filing a petition for a local "Hiram Johnson" is but another example of the varied "humor" of the avowed politician. He was joking, he says, but not until after the name was ruled off the primary ballot.

Coming down to petty politics, an incident of a ward primary in March of this year is amusing. In a Republican ward in a certain city a Democrat had been elected to the council for three successive years. The defeated candidate had no difficulty in securing nomination, but election seemed impossible. The reason given is that, while strong with the women, he is not a "mixer." The committee had a candidate, but no hope of winning with him in the primary. The committee's choice was not entered in the primary, but a popular young man named to oppose the one who had lost three times at the polls and succeeded in winning the nomination. According to the prearranged program, he withdrew next day, and the committee named their real choice.

If the facts were generally known, it might prove a blunder, after all. The recital is given only to demonstrate that the ward "boss" is still master of the situation.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of The Dearborn Independent, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1924, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Dearborn Independent, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

[Seal] J. EMMET HALL.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1924.

(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

Sir Adam Beck Starts Action

THE recent appointment of the St. Lawrence Commission by President Coolidge will hasten the consummation of the project to deepen the St. Lawrence waterway and utilize the tremendous hydroelectric resources of its rapids.

It is significant that Tammany Hall, which opposed DeWitt Clinton in building the original Erie Canal, the basis for New York's supremacy as a port, has also viciously fought the St. Lawrence waterway. This lends color to the belief that Tammany has replaced its old liquor alliance with a more profitable one with Wall Street.

With Washington turning to favor the project because the Middle West would no longer brook delay, it has remained for Sir Adam Beck, the virile, aggressive head of the Ontario Hydroelectric Commission to prod the Canadian Government to action.

Ontario has but two main sources of power, the Niagara and the St. Lawrence rivers; there are no coal measures in Central Canada. It is estimated that within three or four years the province will have exhausted every hydroelectric resource except the St. Lawrence rapids whose damming would at the same time deepen the river for ocean steamship navigation up to the Great Lakes.

On the other hand Quebec province has a great number of fine sources of water power, numerous large rivers plunging down from the Laurentian Mountains to the St. Lawrence. A band of New York and Montreal bankers with admittedly powerful political allies in Ottawa are exploiting these Quebec powers, issuing securities on a basis of selling the current for all the traffic can bear.

The utilization of the millions of horse power available at the St. Lawrence rapids will enable current to be transmitted to New England, New York state and city and Montreal as well as to supplement the Ontario supply. This would invade the preserves of the international stock jobbers who are in control of the vast Quebec province powers. Just recently a Quebec power company announced it was going to transmit power to New York City.

The Quebec province politicians have often held the balance of power in Ottawa and this has enabled them to serve well their notoriously close friends in the power trust. However, Sir Adam Beck has never permitted peanut politicians to defeat the public welfare. The recent move of the Canadian Government to co-operate with the United States means Sir Adam has brushed aside another group of lobbyists.

The Real Issue

ONE of the strongest editorial comments on the issue involved in the political scandals under investigation in Washington is to be found in the *Christian Century*, an undenominational religious paper published at Chicago, in its issue of March 27.

That corruption be exposed and crime punished is a desideratum, of course, but, sated with the flood of sensational headlines, the danger is that the public may become dulled to the greater danger, that the morality of political life be permanently destroyed. As the *Christian Century* says:

"Neither Teapot Dome nor Fall nor any of the witnesses comprise, in themselves, the fundamental issue at stake. That fundamental issue is the present standard of public morality on the part of governmental servants of the American people. It is a vast deal more important to find out how our men in official life today interpret the dictum that 'public office is a public trust' than it is not to send Fall or Doheny or anybody else to jail. Testimony that may not be relevant in putting somebody behind the bars may be—and has been—exceedingly relevant in showing the standards of life in some parts of Washington."

That is enough to show the tenor of the editorial. It is a summary that should be studied by every lover of his country. It suggests the patriotic duty of all Americans. The issue is not political; it should not be made political. Starting backfires against political foes cannot excuse the betrayal of trust among those who thus have injured the party disgraced. As a political policy partisanship now is folly. Leaders who palliate the offenses are as bad as the men who commit them, and even if controlled by mere policy and not by honest indignation the party management which cleans the ranks of the offenders will do most to save the party itself.

"He serves his party best who serves his country best" is as true today as in more decent times. The blind followers of mere prejudiced vision will never save the nation from decay and disaster.

War-Torn Europe Prepares for Next Conflict

The War That Was Fought to End War Has Failed in Its Purpose;

All Europe Is Today an Armed Camp Awaiting Another Sarajevo

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

WILL there be another war in Europe? Six months ago, before I left for abroad, not having seen Europe since 1918-19, just after the Armistice, I should have answered:

"Not in our time, certainly. The people are tired of war. There is no more money for war. Most of the workmen refuse to make munitions. All they want is a chance to get back to at least where they were in 1914 before the war started. Everybody is sick of war."

Now, after five months spent in visiting all the countries of Europe except Russia, the Scandinavian countries, and the Spanish peninsula, talking with politicians, industrialists, labor leaders, and the man in the street, the question is not "Will there be another war?" The question is "When and where will the next war start?"

For unless some readjustments of a really drastic nature take place, a war which will involve most of the countries of Europe is inevitable.

Real and Fancied Grievances

I WENT abroad expecting to study economic conditions. I thought, from reading the reports, that the peoples of Europe would be by this time putting their houses in order. I found that there were practically no economic conditions to study—that instead there were merely economic phenomena, and that, with the exception of Italy, every country was in a basically worse condition than just after the war ended. It is true that there has been a reconstruction of the devastated areas of France and Italy, but the chief interest of a majority of the people everywhere, except England, is in settling some real or fancied grievance with some other country, or in getting ready to resist some real or fancied danger of an attack by some other country or countries.

The ordinary, plain people who have to fight in wars have nowhere in Europe a margin over their daily bread. Probably half of them have less than their daily bread. Looking at things from the American standpoint we should say: "Go to work and earn your bread," but it is extremely doubtful whether, under existing conditions in Europe, a man can earn his daily bread. The map of the Continent was redrawn under the Versailles Treaty and new countries were set up, based on old nationalities. Each country which received territory thought it got less than its due; each country which lost territory claims that it lost an integral part of its population. For instance, the German-Austrians are very restive in Czecho-Slovakia; the old Imperial Germans intensely dislike Polish rule; the Hungarians in Transylvania insist they will not tolerate Rumanian rule; the Croats are ready to revolt in Jugo-Slavia; there are Bulgarians and Greeks and Italians also in Jugo-Slavia; there are Bulgarians in Greece; there are Greeks in Turkey and Turks in Greece. The French-German situation is on a somewhat different basis. The peoples of Alsace and Lorraine do not care much whether they are under French or German rule, but there are efforts from within to set up Bavaria as a separate monarchy, and efforts from without to force a Rhineland republic.

More Armed Men Than in 1914

IN EVERY case the disturbances in these populations are enough to take the edge off work because professional agitators keep the questions ever alive. Somebody is always starting a riot. Riots are so frequent in all the districts I have mentioned, and one riot is so much like another, that they are not reported unless a real battle with the military takes place.

These countries are all afraid of their shadows. They are afraid of trouble from within and trouble from without. Most of them maintain enormous bureaucracies which seek to regulate everything, but actually simply mess up everything. They are afraid of too much goods being exported and they are afraid of too much goods being imported, so most of them have complicated regulations and tariffs which make business between countries all but impossible. For instance, it is cheaper for the Swiss to buy cattle from the Argentine than from Hungary, which has plenty of cattle to sell and needs the money, simply because the Hungarian export tax on cattle is so high as to put them out of the export market. Austria used to have a big textile industry. Now the weaving portion of that industry is in Czecho-Slovakia but the spinning of the yarn and most of the finishing and dyeing processes are still in Austria, and there is a great wall of tariff and custom regulations drawn right through the center of the industry.

Everywhere in Europe currency is not only depreciated but is flighty. The class which lived on investments has, of course, been wiped out. So also have all those people who lived by renting property, for nearly everywhere rents are fixed by law at the prewar rate. A property which formerly yielded enough for a family to live on now yields the price of a not very good cigar. These people are desperate. The working people for a while after the war, when they were in the saddle and currencies were being inflated, lived fairly well. Now prices have everywhere caught wages and the average workman of Europe is not only worse off than he was before the war, but in many countries is on the starvation line.

It is easy enough here in America, where we have plenty, to tell these people just what their troubles are and what caused them and how they could be remedied. But the actual facts have nothing to do with the case. In each and every country the ordinary run of people believe that all of their troubles are due to the machinations of some other country. The Continental peoples deal solely in illusions; they never face facts. They have no opportunity to face facts because they have no newspapers. In America and also in England we have newspapers which print news and put editorial opinions on the editorial page. On the Continent, newspapers do not print news. They are nearly all small sheets supported by political, industrial, or military interests and they print only that which will advance the interests of the owners. These conditions have brought about a situation which is almost incomprehensible, but which nevertheless actually exists. It may be summarized thus:

(1) There are today more men under arms in Europe than in 1914 and at least eight countries are on a war footing.

(2) There are more active causes for war and these causes are being more actively agitated than at any time within the past fifty years.

(3) Except in England, the dread of war does not exist. The people think war preferable to the way they are now living—for somehow soldiers get enough to eat.

Europe an Armed Camp

EUROPE today, needing useful production more than it ever did, is devoting its largest energy to the making of munitions and airplanes. The Creusot works in France and the famous Skoda works in Czecho-Slovakia, which is owned by the Creusot people, are engaged almost solely on munitions and locomotives. Whatever repairing of railways and rolling stock has taken place has been with a view to possible war. These two big factories, with their branches, have made the munitions for France, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Turkey. The Vickers-Armstrong interests in England and Jugo-Slavia have made the munitions for Greece. Last year the Rumanian government fixed a price for its wheat crop, compelled all sales to be made to the government, and pledged the profit on the transaction to France for the purchase of airplanes. There are enormous stocks of munitions in every country except Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. France has more airplanes than during the war. England has just launched on a big airplane program. Russia plans to increase its army to a million and a half men in 1924 and has a large, although probably fantastic, airplane program. Italy has plenty of airplanes. Poland is fairly well supplied. Jugo-Slavia, Greece, and Turkey have very few.

These people in Europe are thinking of war largely because they have precious little else to think about. They are hungry, they are desperate, and they are armed. The big war did not teach them the futility of war. They mostly think that the war stopped too soon and that they were juggled out of their rights by the peace. This applies equally to the victors and the vanquished.

And for most of them the war has not really stopped. Turkey set the example by going to war with Greece after the Peace Treaty. She lost in the Great War because she was on the side of Germany, but she won her private war with Greece and revised the peace terms. Italy got away with Fiume. France is in the Ruhr and along the Rhine and in addition to her plans for reparations and security has some grandiose plans for the domination of Europe. Only the fall of the franc altered those plans and paved the way for a possible settlement through the Dawes Commission.

It is the opinion of a number of men I talked with, who knew the Russian situation thoroughly, that unless the Red Army is occupied with a foreign war it may turn into a Pretorian Guard and set up a military dictatorship in Russia.

All Countries Suspicious

AS A matter of plain fact, England and America are the only countries engaged in the war who have tried to get on a peace basis and many men in England believe that it was a great mistake so quickly to demobilize the English army. For England without an army wields on the Continent nothing like the influence she would have with an army. But even though demobilized on land, England has had until lately about twenty thousand troops in Constantinople and at the Dardanelles, in addition to a big fleet scattered about the Sea of Marmora, while France and Italy had about five thousand troops each in Turkey, the French troops being mostly in Thrace and Constantinople. The Italians are largely in Constantinople. Both of these countries also have fleets in the neighborhood. We ourselves had a destroyer fleet with about twelve hundred sailors in the Bosphorus. Under the terms of the newest Turkish treaty, Constantinople has been evacuated by the foreign troops, but when I was there it was an armed camp, with the Allies watching each other more suspiciously than they watched the Turks.

The French army has only partially been demobilized, and the approximately nine hundred thousand troops in service are on practically a war footing. It is hard to get at the real number. The French troops in Germany, of course, are on an actual war footing, as is also that portion of the Belgian army which is in Germany. I found it very difficult to get at the actual strength of the Italian army, because in addition to the regular army there is a big force of *carabinieri*, who are picked troops acting as policemen, while the Fascisti militia is a strong force made up of men and officers who fought in the late war. Probably Italy has half a million men actually under arms. Jugo-Slavia has three hundred thousand men in service and they are fine soldiers. Their chief lack is officers, and these are being supplied by France. Rumania has officially about half a million men, but it is not much of an army and French officers are trying to whip it into shape.

Revolutions and Dictatorships the Rule

POLAND has also more than half a million men and this army also is being French instructed. Czecho-Slovakia has an army somewhere between one hundred and two hundred thousand. I found it impossible to discover the real number through any official source. It also is under French tuition. The Russian army is now largely commanded by ex-German officers, and all the pow-wowing about orders, the committee representation, and the Communist stuff which marked its beginning has been cut out. Greece is on a war basis but the size of the army is indeterminate. The command is so lax that it is hard to say who is in and who is out of the army at any one moment. A large force, however, is being maintained in Thrace. The Turkish army, and here again I found it hard to get at exact figures, will probably run to two hundred thousand, with as many more men available in case of war and with plenty of equipment and munitions. Germany has no army and it would be very difficult to raise one except in conjunction with Russia, simply because Germany no longer has any army equipment. The same is true of Austria and Hungary. Bulgaria cannot maintain an army under the Peace Treaty. She has plenty of officers, all German trained, plenty of men accustomed to war, but no munitions.

These armies exist because the single argument which has any weight in Europe today is force. This shows not only in the international relations but also in the domestic relations. Nearly every country has since the Armistice had some kind of a revolution in which force replaced the ballot box; Germany has had one revolution and will probably have another, Hungary had a Red revolution and it was put down by a White revolution, Austria went through almost the same course, Bulgaria has had two forcible seizures of power, Turkey had the revolution which brought Kemal to the front, Italy had the overturning which brought up Mussolini, and now Spain has come into line with a military dictatorship.

No Interest in World Court

ALL the ordinary considerations that usually influence public affairs have been thrust aside and force is in the saddle. What interest I found in the League of Nations was a financial one; Austria got a big loan through the League. The small countries of Europe who are in the League stay solely in the hope of being able to borrow money. They do not pay their share of the expenses and they have no intention of so doing. They are not interested in a World Court. They are not interested in justice unless justice be defined as giving them whatever they want. As a Russian Prince, who for many years was in the Imperial service and who is now the confidant of many governments, said to me in London:

"The mistake you Americans make in European affairs is in believing that anyone wants justice and fair play. I have never found that the question of right and wrong entered into any European situation. The one question is what you can get and keep. What you can take is yours. What you can't take you give to the other fellow and pretend you are compromising."

My own investigations entirely bear out the Prince's remark.

The next war will not be between France and Germany. Germany cannot make war; it can only have a revolution. But how could any war be financed? There is not enough money for peace but there is everywhere enough money for war; it would not cost much more to make war than it does now to maintain the armies.

The horrors of war? Part of war is getting killed—but still one has to die sometime anyway. And part of war, so the man who does the fighting reasons, is sitting about doing nothing and getting three square meals a day for it—and three square meals a day are just now at a premium.

"Alphabet Four," Forerunner of Present Navy

Famous "White Squadron" Worked Radical Change in Battleship Design

By HARRY H. DUNN

IN A shallow, protected little cove in a small island on San Francisco Bay, tied fore and aft to a sea wall with permanent moorings, lies the last ship of the "Alphabet Four" of the "White Squadron," once the most famous fleet of fighting ships in the world. Nearly forty years old, her guns dismantled, her engines removed, her boilers used to heat water for the thousand or more sailor-recruits on the island, the *Boston,* steel steam corvette, heroine of the battle of Manila Bay, and grandmother of our present war fleets, lies in her last port, from which she never can move under her own power, and from which she will be towed, only to be broken up for junk. Her sister ships, the *Atlanta, Chicago* and *Dolphin* have left the Navy forever, to be torn to pieces for the metal that is in them.

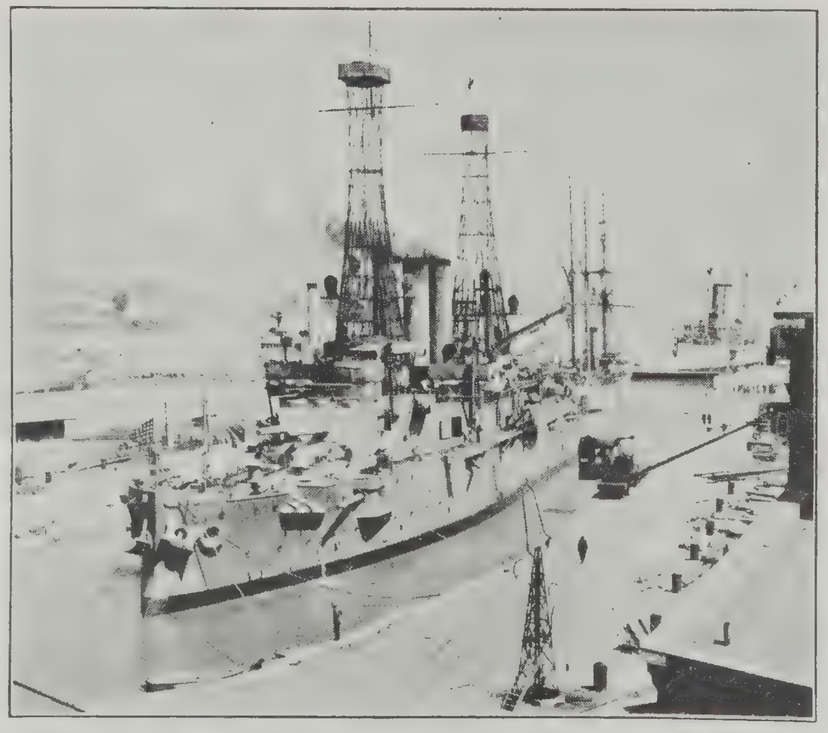
If that metal could speak, it could a tale unfold of more than a quarter of a century of sea service. The "White Squadron" which revolutionized the world's ideas of naval construction, and made the Stars and Stripes familiar colors in many a port the world around, laid the foundation for our present Navy, and one of them, the *Boston,* came very near winning a war all by herself.

The squadron was started by the signing of contracts for the building of the *Atlanta, Boston* and *Dolphin,* on July 23, 1883. The contract for the construction of the *Chicago* was signed two days later, and these dates, in addition to being of tremendous importance to the American Navy, also are worth remembering as marking the actual beginning of the great growth of the steel industry in this country.

The *Atlanta* and the *Boston* were classified under the old navy descriptions as "steam corvettes"; the *Chicago,* in reality a protected cruiser, was called a "steam frigate," while the *Dolphin* was a "clipper dispatch-boat." The *Atlanta* and the *Chicago* never had a chance to distinguish themselves in action, but the other two more than made up for the inactivities of their companion ships. The *Chicago,* considered the most powerful as to fighting qualities of the four, was 325 feet long and 48 feet wide. She was armed with guns on two decks, the upper deck armament consisting of four eight-inch rifles, and that of the lower deck of two five-inch, and eight six-inch rifles. Her protective armor plates were one and one-half inches thick, as compared with the fourteen to sixteen inches of present-day fighting vessels, and she had the then marvelous improvement of water-tight compartments below her water-line, so that, though hit beneath the belt of armor plate, she would be less likely to sink. In other words, when the *Chicago* slipped from the ways, she was the last thing in naval construction. If she were as good today as she was then, she could not whip a well-equipped submarine chaser, nor could she escape by flight from the largest and slowest of modern dreadnoughts.

The cruiser *Atlanta*, first of the famous "White Squadron" to be built in 1883, and flagship of the fleet. She also has been converted into junk.

The *Atlanta* and the *Boston* were sister ships, 276 feet long, by 42 feet beam. Their guns were all on one deck, but they introduced to naval construction and warfare the barbette which angled out both forward and aft. This was the beginning—possibly taken from the idea of the *Monitor* in the Civil War—of the revolving turret, from which almost circular gun fire could be obtained, as applied to the cruiser. These two vessels also were belted with armor plate of one and one-half inch thickness, and each carried two batteries of eight-inch guns, one forward and one aft, and two batteries, one on each side, of six-inch rifles, as well as a supply of portable rapid-firers, gatlings and machine guns. The *Dolphin,* of which more hereafter, was a dispatch-boat, and while she carried light armament and thin armor (her speed was the feature of her construction) she could set and maintain, as long as her coal held out, the then unheard-of speed of sixteen knots, which made her for some time quite the fastest fighting vessel afloat. Today most battleships, and all cruisers, destroyers and sub-chasers, exceed her speed by many knots, some of the destroyers virtually doubling it.



The battleship *Ohio*, and, astern of her, the *U. S. S. Intrepid*, once a famous member of Uncle Sam's fighting fleets, both of them in drydock at Mare Island, California. Compare the *Ohio* with the *Boston*, the *Atlanta* or the *Chicago*, and remember that these three are the direct ancestors, though it is more than forty years since they were built, of the massive and modern *Ohio*.

This entire fleet, famous as it was from 1885 to 1900, cost less than one modern battleship, though these four represented the beginnings of the present Navy of the United States, turned the eyes of the naval officers and construction engineers of every nation in the world on America, and gave Uncle Sam his first taste of prestige on the sea since the War of 1812. The *Atlanta* and the *Boston* cost $809,925 each, a total of $1,619,850; the *Chicago* cost $1,245,775; and the *Dolphin* added only $315,000 to the total, making the entire cost of the "Alphabet Four" $3,180,625. The cost of the *Montana,* latest and largest battleship of our Navy, was to have been in round numbers $5,000,000. Her hull, forty-seven per cent completed, was sold recently for junk, under the limitation of armaments plan, for $41,000 to a wrecking firm in Oakland, California.

Before we go further into the history of this, possibly the most interesting fleet the United States ever has had, let us look for a moment into the conditions which brought about the construction of the "Alphabet Four," a revolutionary and evolutionary step in the building of fighting ships. National interest in the American Navy had fallen so low at the end of the Civil War that men who were striving to maintain the standards set by that navy in the War of 1812, and in ridding the world of pirates, found themselves unable to get either moral or financial support from stingy Congresses and apathetic Administrations. Finally, in June, 1881, after more than fifteen years of almost absolute stagnation in construction of naval vessels, a board of naval construction, of which Rear-Admiral John Rodgers was the presiding officer, reported out a recommendation that several vessels be constructed at once and added to the sea forces of the nation. This report created some activity in Congressional circles, but this activity satisfied itself with the making of an appropriation for the construction of the ram *Ammen,* which seems never to have accomplished anything after it was built.

The twin-screw protected cruiser *Chicago*, once the pride of the American Navy, and now gone to the junk pile.

Matters lay thus until 1882, when Congress adopted a measure providing for the construction of a small group of vessels which should have high speed, and should be equipped with both sails and steam as power. This indefinite order remained unfilled, however, and it was not until March 3, 1883, nearly 41 years ago, that Congress passed an act definitely authorizing the construction of "three small cruisers and a dispatch-boat." In that act was laid the foundation of the present American Navy. The vessels constructed under the authority of this act were the *Atlanta,* the *Boston,* the *Chicago,* and the *Dolphin,* the latter being the dispatch-boat—the "Alphabet Four." The eager officers on the naval construction board then evolved a type of fast, armored war vessel, which, though small, compelled all the nations to change radically their ideas of naval construction, and altered to a great degree all previous plans, methods and systems of sea fighting. These naval construction experts, with farsighted vision, insisted that these ships should be built exclusively of American-made materials, thereby, as has been mentioned above, bringing into the first stages of its present great development the steel industry of this country. There were, at that time, only two plants in the United States capable of building these vessels but by consolidation and co-operation with several smaller plants, blast furnaces and rolling mills, steel enough was at last produced to build the quartet of ships.

It was not, however, until ten years after the contracts for the construction of these ships were signed that they really accomplished their purpose when, by their appearance at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, in 1893, they focused the attention of Americans on our Navy. Then, for the first time, the people began to realize the absolute necessity of a strong navy, and the immediate urgency of starting construction of the nation's first line of defense. After they had appeared at Chicago, the "Alphabet Four," better known to most Americans as the "White Squadron," steamed to several foreign ports, attracting so much attention that it was commonly charged that Uncle Sam was seeking naval supremacy among the nations of the earth. Almost immediately England, France, Germany, Russia, and even Italy started a program of naval expansion and battleship building that existed up to and through the recent World War, and, without a doubt, had a large part to do with the bringing on of that terrible conflict.

The speeds of the *Atlanta, Boston* and *Chicago,* are reported in publications of that time as fourteen knots, with a maximum, forced-draft speed of fifteen knots. The *Dolphin's* sustained speed was sixteen knots and she could do seventeen under pressure. The use of steel in the protective armor of a warship had been common following our own Civil War, but the innovations in construction shown on these four vessels worked an immediate and radical change in the plans for fighting ships among all the civilized nations.

The histories of the *Atlanta* and the *Chicago* contain few thrills, but the *Dolphin,* much as she was sneered at and often as she was called the "yacht of the official junketers," set a record which has never been excelled by any ship, large or small, before or since.

For all her life as a naval vessel of the United States, prior to the day a few months ago when she was sold pursuant to the terms of the limitation of armaments agreement, she had sailed virtually every navigable body of salt water—and many of fresh water as well—for 38 years without the loss of a single man, and without an accident with the exception of one slight grounding, when she pulled herself off without aid and without damage to hull or equipment. When the now nearly forgotten war with Spain came along in 1898, the *Dolphin,* then nearly fifteen years old, was sent out, with Commander W. H. Lyon in charge, to duty with the North Atlantic station. After that war, she was operated as a special dispatch-boat for the Secretary of the Navy, until 1916, when she was assigned to the Virgin Islands for a year, and thereafter made flagship of the patrol and special-service squadron in Central American waters until her sale to private interests.

But to the valiant *Boston,* now tied up to end her days as a receiving ship at Goat Island (old Yerba Buena) in San Francisco Bay, goes the laurel wreath for service. She was on the China station, located at Hongkong, under the immediate command of Captain Frank Wildes, and a member of Commodore George Dewey's

(*Concluded on page 14*)

How to Acquire the Greatest Charm of All

Children Should Be Taught From Infancy Importance of Pleasing Tones and Correct Speech as Mark of Culture; Foundation of Personality

By MARY E. BAYLEY

ALL of us have at some time been delighted and charmed by a beautiful speaking voice; all of us have more often been repelled by a harsh, mechanical voice. How often one fails to make the desired impression, succeeding only in tiring the listener because of indistinct articulation or fatiguing resonance of the voice.

The influence of the speaking voice in all the relations of life, business, social or domestic, cannot be estimated. It may have a calming or irritating influence. And in our daily concourse the ability to deliver words clearly, in a pleasing voice, inspires toward us not only a better understanding from others, but a better feeling. That a good voice is an economic asset business men thoroughly appreciate; many of them refuse today to employ those suffering from any defect of speech.

That the voice should be cultivated collaterally with the culture of words, the spoken word and vocal tone growing up together, even from the standpoint of health, is no longer doubted. For not only may a voice have a good or bad reflex action upon its possessor, but by the correct use of voice, tuberculosis, in many persons with that tendency, could be successfully warded off.

Where to Begin

IT IS plain that childhood is the time when the foundation is laid for the acquisition of correct speech and a pleasing speaking voice. Even a baby will listen intently and turn instantly at the sound of an unusual voice. The Hawaiian children learn to sing as readily as they learn to talk merely by listening to their parents singing all day at their work. Parents may, by means of a little care and the application of a few principles, do more and with far better results than it is possible for a teacher to accomplish at a later date. The great aim should be not to allow the high-pitched tone, nasal twang, whine or other imperfections to fix themselves in childhood, for their growth is so subtle and so deep that the work of correction in later life is apt to be slow and arduous.

Many defects and anomalies are acquired chiefly by imitation. In lisping the influence of imitation is generally admitted to be very important. Recently a physician reported having observed this speech defect in five children in one family. It had been acquired from a lisping maid. The unconscious observation of a child is very keen, so if those who surround him have linguistic defects, he may develop similar ones. In a very young child a defect of speech may appear to be attractive, but if allowed to continue it can be overcome only with great difficulty, if at all. And now where is the beginning?

First, the parents must establish an ideal, realizing that speech as well as silence can be made golden. That is, they must know what constitutes a beautiful mode of speaking; they must learn to distinguish good sounds in speech from bad sounds and accustom their children to hearing good speaking voices. Close attention to the language of others who speak better than we do will help immensely in cultivating the ear to the appreciation of vocal charm. By studying the voice that pleases and endeavoring to imitate it, much may be accomplished, since the imitative power of the vocal cords is unlimited. While at first, when trying to acquire a quality that pleases, a conscious effort is required, this soon falls into the realm of the unconscious. In others words, what was at first a conscious effort soon becomes a habit.

Essential Qualities

IN WHAT does a beautiful mode of speaking consist? The quality which we would place at the top is modulation—a voice always under control, one so disciplined as never to be irritating to the nerves or to the ear of good taste. With this there should be a natural, easy utterance, clear and distinct, carrying a full and vital expression, and having rather than a wide range of sound, beauty of tone. These are the essential qualities that make for good speaking. While they cannot all be acquired at once, parents should have them fixed in mind as a goal to be reached by their children.

And now having established an ideal of good speech, how shall we begin to work toward it?

There are three physical essentials for the cultivation of a pleasing speaking voice: Good teeth; a non-constricted, clear and open throat; nasal cavities free from obstruction.

The child's teeth should always have the best of care, for, by their neglect and subsequent deformity, the utterance may be spoiled.

The muscles of the throat should be allowed freedom of action; that is, they should not be constricted by high or tight collars, and there should be no obstruction such as excessively enlarged tonsils would cause.

Physical Defects

IN PERFECT speech the principal sounds issue from the mouth, but they must be strengthened by the resonance of the nasal cavities. This resonance cannot be properly given if in the nasal passages there is any interference such as adenoid growths or spurs of bone. Always, too, the general health must be taken into consideration. For whatever pertains to physical health immediately affects the voice. With the bodily health at low ebb, it is simply impossible to have a clear and sustained tone. This is also true where the posture is poor and the breathing incorrect. And now as to fundamental training?

First, we believe that parents should recognize and endeavor to eradicate in early life the nasal tendency, the tendency to whine or the tone pitched too high, just as quickly as they correct faulty pronunciation or grammatical construction. For it should be remembered always that the habits of speech which the child is acquiring will be the vocal habits of the adult.

In a general way the study of voice culture is divided into two parts—correct breathing and articulation and pronunciation. If given half a chance, that is, if the child is taught to stand and sit erect, nature will attend to the breath supply so far as ordinary speaking is concerned. If, however, the child's voice is thin, feeble or shrill, it means incorrect breathing. To correct this, teach the child to breathe deeply, that is, to breathe from the diaphragm (the muscle between the chest and abdomen). This means breathing from the bottom of the chest instead of from the top. While one breathes without being consciously aware of it, the art of deep breathing has to be acquired by practice. When practicing deep breathing have the child stand in a well-poised position:

Correct Posture

THE feet should be slightly apart, toes pointing straight ahead, weight equally distributed between the feet. The hips should be straight, stomach drawn in, not evidencing effort but showing the result of correct hip and chest posture. The chest should be held high with the chin lifted but not tilted. The shoulders should be dropped downward, not forced back, as they will be back if the chest is high. In this position tell the child to fill the lungs (to inhale) and to try before expiration to make a slow mental count of five, exhaling sometimes explosively and sometimes slowly and steadily. If this is done regularly for a few minutes each day, little by little the lungs will dilate and one will unconsciously increase the length of the inspirations and the slowness with which the air is expelled, until gradually the count may be increased to ten or fifteen. While, as we have said, breathing may be thoroughly unconscious in ordinary speaking, there are some qualities, not the least of which is resonance (that quality which sustains tone), that cannot be acquired without proper breath control. To be assured that resonance and carrying power are accomplished by control of respiration, one need only notice the singer who has developed vocal ability or the actress who has acquired mastery of speech. What do they do?

They breathe deeply, thus securing the proper voice support.

It is by means of the articulating muscles that the organs of speech change their relative positions and assume the attitudes necessary for the formation of the vowel and consonant sounds. In training for a correct speaking voice these muscles must be brought into play and one must learn to form consciously and correctly the many vowel and consonant sounds. The vowel sounds are the most difficult because they are what may be called open-mouth sounds. They must be made with an open throat, mouth, teeth and lips.

The vowel sounds, as given by the Director of Speech Improvement, New York Board of Education, are:

Ah, A, Ee, Aw, Oh, Oo (the *a* used is that in the word *make*).

Ah should be produced with mouth open wide, the tongue flattened with its tip against the lower teeth. Practice words—father, papa, car, barn, star, Arthur, and so on. *Ah* is the widest and freest of all sounds and is one of the first uttered; keep it forward out of the throat and down out of the nose.

A must be made as a pure tone without a diphthongal combination as *ayee*. The tip of the tongue should touch the lower teeth, but the remainder of the tongue should be slightly arched above their level. Practice words—ate, ache, blame, fate, make, baby, and so on.

Ee Care should be taken that the upper and lower teeth do not meet and that the sound be made not too thinly. The tongue is held in a position similar to that for producing A. Practice words—see, meet, need, feel, seem, eel, free, and so on.

Aw The lips are extended with the mouth well opened, the tongue slightly convex. Practice words—raw, saw, jaw, awning, lawn, gnaw, yawn, and so on.

Oh The lips are rounded and pursed forward. The tongue is held in a position similar to that for producing Oh. Practice words—ooze, spoon, too, soothe, tooth, moon, and so on.

Repeat the scale down and up until you are conscious of the changes in adjustment of the speech organs and try to associate each sound with its position. Practice this scale slowly at first, then increase the speed, keeping each sound separate and distinct. Go over it frequently until the correct habit of producing each sound is fixed. Care should be taken that the sounds are not nasal and no great muscular effort should be made. This effort is one of the major causes of throat contraction and "throaty voice."

The child should also be drilled in repeating aloud the alphabet, making sure that every letter is pronounced not only distinctly but is given the correct sound. For instance, that the letter *h* is never pronounced as though it were aitch and the letter *w* not as double yer. In going over the alphabet see that the child brings out every letter vigorously and concisely. Do not allow him to drawl the letters. Remember that the drawl is not only very apt to result in the habit of whining, but that concise and spirited expression has a stimulating effect upon the mind. In other words, it marks for the child a step toward health.

Effect of Harsh Voices

IN MEETING the difficulty of pronouncing a difficult word do not allow the child to try to say it all in one breath, thus getting the syllables mixed. Teach him to pronounce it syllable after syllable, pausing after each effort and then going quietly on.

With very young children, sweet, quiet and low tones will have more effect than much technical training. Children who never hear harsh or angry voices will never develop them. The finely modulated voice is the one which can express to the child sympathy and understanding. Teach the child to speak slowly and distinctly. Smooth, rippling, happy poems, repeated in the right tone, either from memory or as reading exercises, will not only aid in acquiring effective modulation but will help to beautify the notes.

The faculty of taking pains and a little practice with the child every day will work wonders toward acquiring a beautiful speaking voice which will soon become a habit. Let us not hesitate to take these pains, remembering always that we cannot, like a dress to be put on in the evening, have two kinds of speech, but that the child's everyday habits will mark the adult speech habits and that beautiful speech is a mark of true culture.

Teapot Dethrones Porridge Pot of Scotland

Bowl of Brose Is Passing; Will Scotch Physique Suffer?

By VICTOR MITCHELL

IT IS to be feared that the day when the average Scotsman was brought up on oatmeal and the Shorter Catechism is gone forever. The oatmeal is still there, and so is the Shorter Catechism, but neither is used in the same proportion nor to the same extent as formerly. It is with the oatmeal, however, that for the present we shall deal more particularly, especially that form of it which used to be found on the breakfast table of every Scot, rich and poor alike, in the form of porridge.

A few years ago William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States, paid a visit to Scotland. The principal object of his visit was to receive the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the University of Aberdeen. In Mitchell Hall, after he had been duly clothed with the insignia of his new dignity, Mr. Taft made a speech, in the course of which he referred to his journey north, giving some of his impressions of his first visit to the land of the heather. Perhaps the most striking thing he said was that the circumstance which had impressed him most was that in the land of Burns, in the land o' cakes and "halesome parritch," he had been unable to procure a plate of the national food for his breakfast. This statement provoked some amusement, and not a little surprise, but to those familiar with the changes that have taken place in the habits of the Scottish people within the past quarter of a century or so, and which are still taking place, there is nothing surprising about it.

There is a story still current in the North of Scotland about an English tourist who tried to gather all the information he could about the country and its inhabitants, with the object, it is to be presumed, of writing a book on the subject. One day, while seated in a farm kitchen, he was much struck with the appetite which the herd laddie displayed in the disposal of his morning supply of porridge and milk.

"And do you get this for breakfast every morning?" asked the inquiring Sassenach.

"Aye div a'," answered the native, "I aye get porridge for my brakfast."

"Indeed! And what do you get for your dinner?"

"Porridge."

"And for your supper?"

"Porridge."

"Good heavens. Do you not get tired of porridge?"

"What wye could I get tired o' ma meat?" retorted the herd laddie, with a look of blank amazement. The porridge and milk was the only meat he sought or cared for, and he was content.

At one time oatmeal formed the basis of almost every dish that was supplied to the Scottish countryman, more particularly to the farm servant or cotter class. It was often taken in the form of brose. Now brose is a dish about which many Scotsmen know little at the present day, and about which the Englishman knows nothing. In its simplest form brose is composed of a handful of raw oatmeal put in a bowl with a little salt, and, while boiling water is poured into it out of a kettle, it is stirred until the mixture is of the consistency of stiff dough. It is really porridge which has not been boiled. Then the brose has milk or cream poured over it, and it is eaten in this uncooked state. It can be readily imagined that it requires a strong stomach to assimilate a mixture of this sort; but the sturdy outdoor worker throve and grew strong on it. There are other kinds of brose: beef brose, for example, in which the "bree" or juice off a piece of boiled meat was used in place of the boiling water, and in which fragments of the meat mingled with the meal; and there is "neep" or turnip brose, in which the meal is combined with mashed turnips and butter.

The Decline of Oatmeal

IT IS difficult to say what has led to the decline of oatmeal as an article of food among the Scottish people, but that the use of it, especially in the form of porridge, is on the decline there is not the slightest doubt. Eminent doctors have noted this and have deplored it, and most of them ascribe it to the rapid growth of the tea-drinking habit. In other words, the teapot has dethroned the porridge pot. In place of wholesome porridge and milk, with perhaps a piece of oatcake and butter and an egg, the breakfast menu consists for the most part of bread and jam and a slop of tea. This is much more easily prepared, much more easily disposed of, and the children as well as the grown-ups have become accustomed to it. Its effect upon the Scottish race remains to be seen, but its use—the entire change—is deplored by the best authorities.

Another of the causes which has led to the decline of oatmeal porridge as an article of food in Scotland is the introduction of easily prepared breakfast foods, foods that require little or no cooking, but of whose nourishing qualities it is left to doctors and dietitians to judge. It must be confessed that the modern Scottish housewife, while retaining many of the characteristics which have distinguished the race from time immemorial, has not the stamina or forcefulness or good, sound sense of the housewife of a former generation, and is inclined to follow the line of least resistance in her household economy, both in cooking and in the care of her bairns. She, therefore, gives Jockie or Jeannie what they ask for in the shape of sustenance, not what is good for them.

But this is more particularly the case in the cities, especially in the manufacturing centers, where there is a greater rush than there is in the country districts. The rural housewife still retains many of those sterling qualities which have made Scottish women the mothers of great men, and oatmeal porridge, oatmeal cakes, home-baked scones, and homemade jam are still included in the list of her accomplishments. The result is —and it is quite obvious even to the casual observer— that the country child is as a rule of a much sturdier frame and healthier cast of countenance than his city cousin. Perhaps pure air has as much to do with this as wholesome and plain food, but at the same time it must be remembered that in Scotland and in Great Britain, generally, city sanitation is usually equal and often superior to that of the rural districts.

Differences in Physique

IT IS therefore for more reasons than one that every patriotic Scotsman deplores the dethronement of the porridge pot in the industrial centers of the land. So marked is the difference between the porridge-fed Scot and those who have been nourished on a more up-to-date diet, that anyone familiar with conditions in the old country who witnesses the arrival of a fresh batch of immigrants, can at once detect, by their general physique, the town-bred men and women from those who have been raised in the country. This superior physique may not be altogether due to the oatmeal régime, but that has doubtless a great deal to do with it. The imbibing of tannic acid which is inseparable from tea-drinking cannot be good for growing children. and this is one of the effects of the dethronement of the porridge pot. It must also be remembered that the doing away with porridge as the principal item in the breakfast menu has a tendency to the abolition of breakfast cereal foods of all kinds, and therefore with the gradual elimination of milk, the food value of which cannot be overestimated.

There is good sound logic in the assumption of the herd boy that oatmeal porridge is not only a food but that it is "the food"; the "meat" which is to supply all necessary nourishment to the body morning, noon and night. It is therefore regrettable to find at the present day so many of the younger generation in Scotland who will tell you that they cannot take oatmeal porridge in the mornings. that it "does not agree with them." There is no doubt that when once the art of making porridge is lost, the art of eating it is lost also, because stomachs get weaker and blood gets poorer and cannot stand the substantial qualities of the fresh oatmeal.

The reason the Scottish peasantry are among the finest races in the world is because they have stuck to the porridge pot after others had abandoned it, and the bowl of brose, which is a grade still higher in the scale of super-foods, is still found in a great many districts where men toil in the fields from morning till night.

It must also be observed that in the acreage of grains grown in Scotland at the present time, the quantity of oats that is grown is far in advance of either wheat or barley. As a matter of fact, wheat is a negligible quantity so far as Scotland is concerned, and oats and barley are the staple crops; but while the oats feeds both men and horses, the great bulk of the barley feeds neither, for it goes to the distilleries for malting purposes, and the majority of the farmers in the North of Scotland raise it almost entirely for this purpose.

But for those who fear for the degeneration of the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic race through the pulling down of the porridge pot from its former place of supremacy, there is the consolation that porridge of the oatmeal variety is eaten regularly by many thousands of people on the American continent, and that the Chief Justice of the United States is but an example of many others who look for this nourishing food as part of their breakfast menu wherever they go. There is scarcely a restaurant or caféteria on the continent where you may not procure oatmeal porridge of a kind. It may not be of the kind which aroused the poetic fervor of Burns, the kind that has nourished so many generations of sturdy Scots, but it is as near as we can get to it in this country.

The Passing of Meal "Girnel"

ONCE upon a time an essential article in the furnishing of every Scottish household was a meal "girnel," or large upright chest in which a family supply of the cereal was kept, and which was kept replenished by the regular calls of the miller with his cart laden with the freshly ground product of his meal mill. In medieval times licensed beggars were permitted to demand a handful of oatmeal from every farmhouse they called at in their wanderings over the country, and this they carried in a poke or sack slung over their shoulders. There are still a great many people in Scotland not too old to remember when the tramps used to call regularly at certain houses for the dole of oatmeal which the housewife had always ready for them; but nowadays the demand for oatmeal for the making of brose or porridge has sadly fallen away, even among the beggars.

If a law could be passed restoring the porridge pot to its former supremacy in old Caledonia there is no doubt that it would be a good thing for the country if not for the world at large, and a bill brought forward in parliament with this object in view would certainly receive a great many supporters. Wrong feeding is undoubtedly one of the greatest evils of the age, especially among the rising generation, as any of the medical officers who inspect our schools can testify. Malnutrition is not so often caused by underfeeding or overfeeding as it is by feeding on the wrong kind of food and this is as true in Scotland today as it is in any other country. "Back to the porridge pot" is therefore a slogan that every true Scotsman would like to hear.

Antics of the Antique Dealer and Collector

Concluded from page 2

to have these persons about; they are dignified, well-dressed, have an air of "knowing," and are cheap "extras." Theaters and movies have to pay for them; the auctioneer gets them for nothing, more or less.

So one sits, one opens the catalog, examines the object under the hammer, and reads:

"34 Bronze empire fender"; * * * "281 Antique miniature tapestry workbox"; "496 Spanish lace vest and collar," and so on, according to the number of items. All these in general are items of no unusual importance and may be bought either under value or above it, depending upon the auctioneer's mood, the purchaser's attitude and other more or less elusive circumstances not always predictable.

Quite often genuine and valuable furnishings are dispersed under condition that the name of the seller shall not be published or publicly announced, although the address is sometimes permitted. This happened in the case some time ago of a Vanderbilt collection. More recently it happened with the Levantine gold-thread needlework hangings and robes belonging to the Biddle family. Occasional Frick pieces have been disposed of unsupported by ownership label.

Perhaps no more interesting collection of variegated and general nature has been offered lately than the Symons collections sold at the Clarke galleries. At the last day's sale I happened to sit next to a millionaire publisher who has been spending hundreds of thousands of dollars at sales of this kind to furnish a house planned a dozen years ago and yet to be built. Aided by an agent and a lady of the family, he made a ten-thousand-dollar bill levitate from his to the auctioneer's pocket by an imperceptible nod of the head. Whether he bought the Emperor Maximilian tapestry of the fifteenth century, depicting the last days of Jacob, I did not learn. It was subject to a set-up price of $10,000. The tapestry is woven in superb colors, and was the property of a great Spanish church, to which it was presented by King Charles V. At that sale two sets of tapestries, one Les Amours by Gobelin after cartoons by Berain, said to have been woven for the Chateau at Fontainebleu, sold for $29,400, while Flemish tapestries depicting the story of Herodias, woven nearly four hundred years ago, went for $34,600, both to dealers, I believe.

It makes one dizzy to read a description like this: "EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FRENCH ROSEWOOD AND MARQUETERIE FITTED BEDSIDE TABLE OF THE LOUIS QUINZE PERIOD; on chamfered cabriole supports, the front fitted with two drawers and reading slide and covered with a parqueterie pattern of straight and cross-grain veneers laid in dice in light and dark rosewood, and bands of mahogany. Returns and back shaped at the top veneered in a similar manner with bands of straight grain mahogany; gilded scroll handles, escutcheons and appliqués." Or this: "EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SIXTEENTH CENTURY OAK COURT CUPBOARD OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD; composed of a tall chest, fitted with two panelled doors with bracketed stiles which are flanked by slender fluted Ionic pilasters; molded base; headed by two jig-saw cut panels of a conventionalized tulip and husk scroll; broken ogee cornice molding. The upper part is architecturally planned with two doors, recess panelled and enriched with a quarter star in hollywood marqueterie; and the center panel carved in relief with a Flemish vase with spreading flowers, and branches carved in high relief. Flanked by boldly protruding angular and arched cove shaped pilasters, with multiplied ogee cornice and base moldings; entablature jig-saw cut, similarly to panels below; panelled sides; wrought iron and gilded fretted pear escutcheon drop handles, and hasps, in the Gothic style; armorial and scrolled key escutcheons."

And when one reads four to six hundred such descriptions, printed artistically and even illustrated in book form, one need not be surprised that such catalogs sell for $5 to $20 each, and they are in great demand, especially for collectors and museums, who thus are enabled to keep track of each change of ownership and price. The complete set of the American Art Galleries catalogs is supposed to be priceless.

One of the mysteries about furniture and furnishings is that of fashion. In the current department store advertisements the "latest fashionable furniture," is played up as if furniture fashions changed annually. Often diatribes are included against veneered furniture, whereas it is quite impossible to find a costly piece of antique art furniture, outside of the oak and walnut Flemish, Gothic and Florentine types, that is not veneered.

At these authentic sales, usually collected by connoisseurs, the chance of being led astray does not exist. Whether the prices obtaining are the true index of value none can say. Dealers set their prices in accordance with the liberality and desire of patrons, and every increase of selling price boosts prices all along the line. That is why tapestries, hangings, rugs, bronzes, marbles, vases, porcelain, colored glass and certain kinds of furniture are subject to few fluctuations.

Pulitzer Races, 1924, to Give New Impetus to Aviation

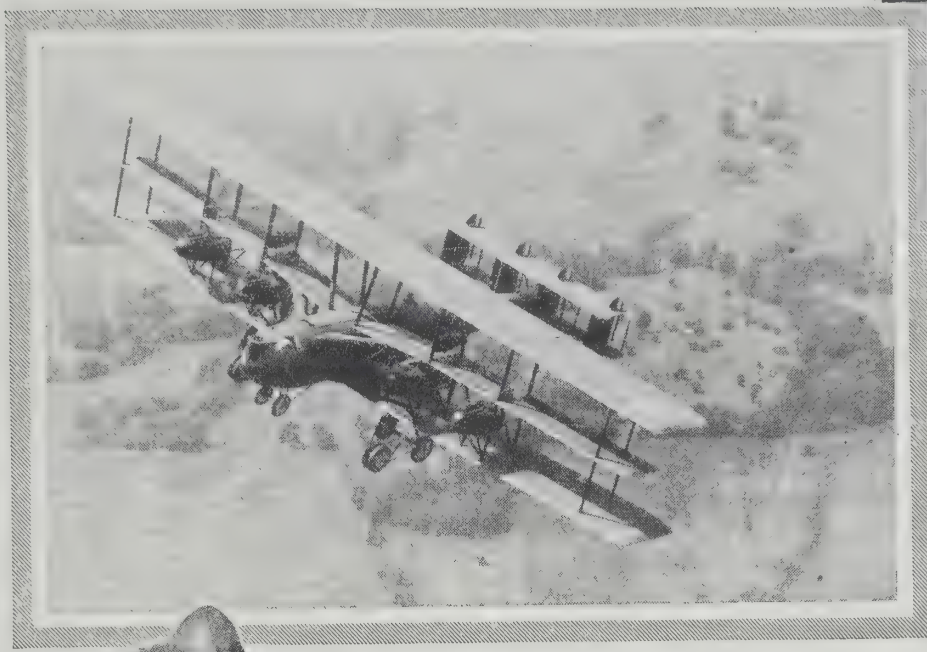
Birthplace of the Airplane Is Well Equipped for the Important Event

By

HOWARD EGBERT

FREDERICK BECK PATTERSON,

Of Dayton, president of the N. C. R., president of the National Aeronautical Association, under whose auspices the 1924 Pulitzer races will be held.



The Barling Bomber in flight.

FOR the first time in the history of the Pulitzer airplane races, this international event will be held at the birthplace of the airplane, Dayton, Ohio, and Orville Wright, co-inventor with his brother, the late Wilbur Wright, will witness the crowning distinction to the genius of this invention. These races, which will be held early next October, will be in every respect the greatest ever held in any country. Frederick Beck Patterson, president of the National Aeronautical Association, solicited entrants from foreign flying celebrities, many of whom already had announced their intention to compete for prizes.

Dayton, perhaps unconsciously, was making preparation for the Pulitzer races about two years ago when her citizens by popular subscription pledged more than $400,000 for the purchase of 5,000 acres of land about six miles to the east of the city. The plans as accepted by Secretary of War Weeks for the new air academy which will entertain the Pulitzer races call for an expenditure of at least $10,000,000 by the United States Government for new buildings at the Wilbur Wright Field. No sooner had Dayton taken up this project than the necessary money was subscribed within a week's time. Congressional action by way of appropriations for the carrying into effect of the great air program is expected to be taken before many months. When the Wilbur Wright Field project is finished it will be the largest and by all odds the greatest airplane institution in this country, if not the world. Here the Pulitzer races will be held.

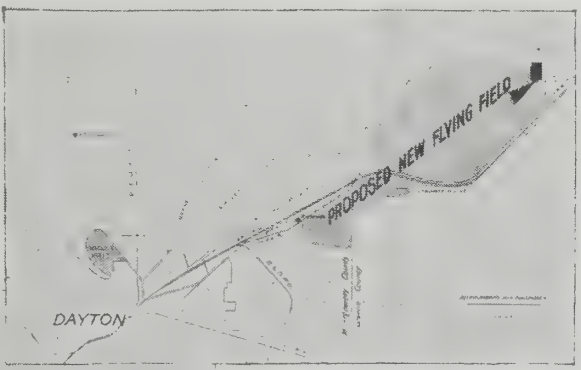
Clothing developed for altitude flying.

Major General Mason M. Patrick, of the United States Air Service, already had visited Dayton upon numerous occasions and given his unqualified endorsement to the plans which have been set in motion.

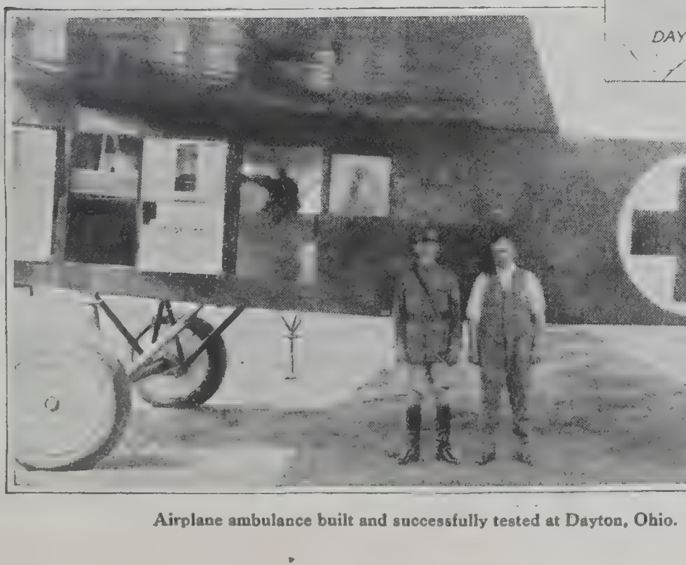
Dayton, therefore, is making preparation to entertain the thousands of visitors who are expected to be present for the 1924 event. Two main railroad lines reach the Wilbur Wright Field, and an interurban line is available. Dayton is a city of nearly 175,000 persons and is able to take care of the visitors. The Wilbur Wright Field is only a night's ride from all important centers east of the Mississippi River. Major General Patrick has said unreservedly that the Dayton field is the best available field in the country for such a purpose.

It might not be amiss to recall that at the present time the M'Cook Field, which is the engineering headquarters for the United States airplane business in the nation, is located within the city limits of Dayton. But this is not a government-owned field. It occupies leased ground. The natural advantages of the Wilbur Wright Field are many. Chiefly the wide stretches of land which will be available with the new territory added to the present equipment will offer unexcelled opportunities for airmen to "take off" for the prize flights. In all directions there are ample places for forced landings if these should become necessary. The air currents throughout this section of the Miami Valley are said to be unusually good. Every element, moreover, which enters into successful speed tests or altitude tests, will be found at the Wilbur Wright Field.

Aerial photography, as well as night flying, have received their greatest impetus in connection with the work of aviators operating out of the M'Cook Field. At the Wilbur Wright Field is located the immense Barling Bomber, which is said to have cost nearly half a million dollars in building. At present it is undergoing repairs. It may play a conspicuous part in the next Pulitzer races. Before these events transpire in October, Lieutenant John A. Macready will attempt to wrest the altitude record from the French aviator who beat Macready's record of 40,800 feet over the M'Cook Field.



Map showing location of Wilbur Wright Field and relationship to Dayton, Ohio.



Airplane ambulance built and successfully tested at Dayton, Ohio.

Besides the airplane work that is carried on in both Dayton fields, at the Wilbur Wright and the M'Cook posts, a considerable amount of balloon and small dirigible experimental work is conducted under government supervision.

The national supply depot for the airplane service is established at the Wilbur Wright Field, where the supplies for all airplane fields in the country are stored. You can get anything you want here, from a bolt to a fur-lined aviator's overcoat. The estimated value of motors, spare wings, tails, mechanical equipment and similar articles at this post amounts to approximately $100,000,000, and so the advantages of holding the Pulitzer races at this point again are emphasized by the unusual and comprehensive facilities which are offered to the flyers.

One of the transcendent benefits which is expected to follow the 1924 Pulitzer races will be the increased impetus given to aviation in the United States. The accumulated value of prizes will be larger than ever before in the history of these races. The presence of more foreign pilots will be another element that will add to the attractiveness of the events. If America has been tardy, as some of our experts have claimed we are, in the matter of aeronautical development, the effects of the 1924 Pulitzer races are anticipated to prove a most amazing stimulus to aviation progress in the United States.

This progress is essential to America if she would keep her place among the nations of the world, in peace as she did in war. For while airplanes in the past have been chiefly for military uses, indications are that future demand will be for peace purposes; that is, as common carriers for mail service, for forest patroling, surveying, aerial photographing and for sport and pleasure. It would seem that particularly in the matter of marketing perishable commodities the airplane holds the key to future developments that may revolutionize this phase of agriculture. Hence, to keep abreast of the times, America must keep step with the forward strides being made in aeronautics.

At the Dayton fields practically every modern scientific knowledge of aviation has been turned in the direction of practical purpose. Models are tested by wind tunnels for strength and durability of service. Propellers are tested. The Armament Section is intrusted with the work of synchronizing the timing of gun shots with speed of the engine; pyrotechnics for signalling at night, and analyzation of bomb racks and release mechanism. The photographic section always is active both in and around Dayton and wherever the Federal department may send them.

The world's largest airplane, the Barling Bomber, mentioned above, was built and made its first successful flight from the Wilbur Wright Field. Fully equipped it will carry 12,000 pounds of explosives and eight men. It weighs approximately 43,000 pounds. It has three planes with a wing spread of 120 feet. It measures sixty-five feet from the nose of the fuselage to the tail and stands twenty-eight feet high. It is driven by six 400-H. P. Liberty motors arranged in tandem formation. At the present time the Barling Bomber is undergoing careful examination for defects and improvements and will shortly be housed in a specially designed hangar to cost $50,000.

Every type of airplane used in America is first tested out at the M'Cook Field and hundreds of competent mechanics are available for passing aircraft of all kinds. Every day one or two machines drop in for help. Among those who are stationed here are Lieutenant John A. Macready, who with Lieutenant Kelly made the famous non-stop flight from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

Dayton, therefore, believes that it is equipped better than any other city in America for handling the 1924 Pulitzer races. That's why she accepted the challenge of the executive committee of the National Aeronautical Association. She has the brains, the mechanics, the facilities and the ground. Committees already are at work preparing for every phase of the big adventure. After these races aviation in America will make more rapid strides than it ever has before, and perhaps we shall take our place alongside England and France, disclosing our genius for design and manufacture, and our ability to excel when we put ourselves to the test.

It is significant that the Washington Arms Limitation Conference declined to limit aircraft because by so doing the commercial growth of flight might be handicapped. As a result of the startling advances and the general interest aroused, perhaps no events are more eagerly watched than those of aviation, foremost among which are the Pulitzer races.

"The Greatest Single-Handed Fight"

Concluded from page 3

rage and wanted to fight. McCanles knocked him down, tied him on an unbroken horse and turned the animal loose. The horse bucked all over the landscape until it was worn out. That cured Goff of drunkenness.

"McCanles thought he was the best man in the country in a wrestle or a fist fight. He wasn't far wrong, either. A big powerful fellow was sitting with a gang of workmen on my father's porch when McCanles dropped in on a little neighborly visit. He went up to the big man and said, 'Get up. You'd orter be a good fighter.' The man stood up and McCanles felt his muscles. 'Yes,' he declared, 'you're a powerful good man but I can lick you. Step out here in the yard and we'll fight it out.' The big fellow was game and, as McCanles had said, he was a powerful good man. They fought for nearly an hour. McCanles won but he used to say it was the hardest fight he ever had in his life.

Making of a Bad Man

WHEN the Civil War broke out, McCanles determined to turn his properties into cash, go back to the South and fight for the Confederacy. Having disposed of West Rock Creek station, he sold the Elkhorn station to Ben Holliday, owner of the Overland Stage Company, in May, 1861, and moved his family to a ranch four miles away at a point where Rock Creek empties into the Little Blue River, near the present village of Endicott. He received a sum down and the remainder was to be paid in monthly installments over a short period agreed upon. Holliday placed Horace Wellman at the station as agent and Wellman was to deliver the monthly payments to McCanles.

At this juncture, Wild Bill Hickock steps into the story. He was not Wild Bill then; the McCanles fight conferred that title upon him. His name was James Butler Hickock but he was known as Bill Hickock.

Wild Bill Hickock in later years was said to be the handsomest man of his day on the frontier. Kate Schell, it is said, fell in love with him at first sight. The budding romance reached the ears of McCanles and made him furiously jealous. But he threw no lariat about Hickock's neck nor did he drag him by way of punishment at his horse's heels. The youthful Apollo, who with a bullet from his six-shooter could hit a tomato can tossed into the air and who was as dynamic and fiery a personality as McCanles himself, was not a man to be trifled with and was looked upon even then as dangerous.

When the first month's payment on the station fell due, Wellman failed to pay. He told McCanles the money had not come from company headquarters. McCanles was skeptical but waited another month. Wellman failed to pay the second installment. This angered McCanles.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, July twelfth, McCanles, accompanied by Gordon, Woods and Munroe McCanles, rode to the Rock Creek stage station.

The four riders dismounted at the barn. It is presumed Woods and Gordon remained at the barn to prevent interference by the stable hands in case McCanles got into trouble. McCanles met Wellman at the south door of the cabin. He charged him with stealing the money due him and demanded immediate payment or possession of the premises.

"I'll get your money in time, Mac," Wellman said, "but I haven't been able to get it yet."

"You're a liar," McCanles hurled at him, "and a thief to boot."

Mrs. Wellman crowded to the door as her husband retreated into the house. She was a courageous woman, noted for her sharpness of tongue, and she volleyed vituperation upon the lowering giant facing her.

"My business," said McCanles contemptuously, "is with men, not with a woman."

Wild Bill Hickock thereupon brushed Mrs. Wellman aside and confronted McCanles.

"I'm a man," he said.

"I've come to have this thing out with Wellman," McCanles replied. "This ain't no affair of yours, Bill."

"Perhaps 'tis or 'taint," snapped back Hickock.

"We are friends, Bill, ain't we?" asked McCanles.

Wild Bill did not answer.

"You send Wellman out here so I can settle with him or I'll come in and get him," McCanles threatened.

Wild Bill stepped back into the house as if to comply. As Wellman did not reappear, McCanles walked inside. He was just in time to see Wild Bill disappearing behind a blanket which curtained off the east end of the house as a bedroom.

"Come out from behind that curtain, Bill," McCanles roared.

Wild Bill stepped out with a rifle in his hands—it was McCanles' own rifle left behind when he had sold the station—and shot McCanles through the heart. McCanles staggered back through the door and fell dead on the ground at the feet of his little son.

Hearing the shot, Woods and Gordon ran to the house. Woods rushed in at the west-end door as Gordon entered at the front. Wild Bill shot Woods twice with a six-shooter and Gordon once. Both turned and ran. Woods ran around the house and fell in some weeds at the east end. Gordon staggered toward the Rock Creek bridge and Wild Bill, stepping out the front door, emptied his revolver at him, wounding him again in the back.

Death of Wild Bill

WILD BILL subsequently became the most famous of the frontier's long roll of "bad men." He was scout and spy in the Union Army during the Civil War, scout in later Indian campaigns and marshal of Hays City, Abilene, and Ellsworth, the "toughest" towns on the border in old cattle-trail and railroad building days. He is generally rated as the quickest man on the draw and the deadliest marksman with a six-shooter the West ever knew. How many men he killed is a dubious question. Buffalo Bill, who was associated with him in Indian wars and knew him intimately, once told me that the dead men who slept in Wild Bill's "private graveyard" numbered more than thirty.

Wild Bill was killed in Deadwood in 1876. While playing poker, he was shot in the back of the head by Jack McCall, who was hanged for the crime at Yankton. Though Wild Bill's death was instantaneous, his hands flashed to his guns and drew them halfway from their scabbards as he fell lifeless across the card table. When tried before a "miners' court," McCall was asked why he had not shot his victim in front and given him a fair show. His laconic answer was a tribute to Wild Bill's deadly facility with a revolver. "I didn't want to commit suicide," said McCall.

"On the Eighteenth of April in Seventy-five;"—

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Concord. Revere was captured and taken back to Lexington and the next day allowed to return to Boston.

When Longfellow wrote of Paul Revere,

> "It was two by the village clock,
> When he came to the bridge in Concord town."

he was incorrect, for Revere did not reach Concord. It was Prescott who, knowing most thoroughly the country thereabout, took to the lowlands and reached Concord and gave the alarm. He was joined there shortly afterward by Dawes, who had evaded the redcoats.

In April, 1889, the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution placed a tablet over the grave of William Dawes in King's Chapel Burying Ground; a tablet of bronze, which pays tardy tribute to the man who also rode into the night, that April night in 1775, on a ride fraught with as many if not greater dangers, than those which attended the ride of Revere. For a hundred years Dawes had slumbered in his tomb, unknown, unmarked. Then the "Sons" in some way had their attention called to the omission, and they set about paying him tribute. Today the tablet that rests over the Dawes tomb opens a bit of history to the tourists in Boston, for Dawes they have not heard of, and Revere they knew of, through the Longfellow poem. The tablet reads:

"William Dawes, Jr.
Patriot, Son of Liberty, and First Messenger
sent by Warren
From Boston to Lexington, on the Night of
April 18th, 1775
to warn
Hancock and Adams of the coming of the British
troops.
Born April 6, 1745
Died Febr'y 25, 1799."

This tablet is the one thing about the historic city of Boston that points to the heroic act of Dawes.

One time, shortly after Longfellow had written "Paul Revere's Ride," he was taken to task, it is said, by one of Dawes' direct descendants, for giving all the praise to Revere, and mentioning neither Dawes, nor Newman nor Prescott. Longfellow replied, it is said, that the name Revere was a poetic one, and that it would do no one any harm because the poem would soon be forgotten. But histories have been founded on that poem. Furthermore, it is very doubtful if Boston would have honored Revere in so many ways as she has, had it not been for that very readable and easily remembered poem.

Since that poem, great artists have painted pictures of a young man riding in the dead of night, through the countryside, crying an alarm, and they have called their pictures "The Ride of Paul Revere." Such a painting hangs today in the great State House in Boston. There is no picture of Dawes. The Revere home has been restored to its original form and furnishings by the Paul Revere Memorial Association. No one knows where Dawes lived. Everywhere in Boston you are confronted with the name of Paul Revere, and every once in a while you run across a bronze tablet in his honor. In the Granary Burying Ground, the Revere monument—about the only monument in that old burial place—looks imposing compared with the low slate slabs marking the other graves. One of the great playgrounds of Boston vicinity is the Revere Beach, lapped by ocean waves, where thousands go on summer days to escape the heat of the city. It was named in honor of Paul Revere.

You can buy, at the beach and in Boston, all kinds of Revere mementos, but there is no place in all New England, except on the little bronze tablet over a grave in King's Chapel Burying Ground, where one may see the name of "William Dawes, Jr., the first messenger."

And a direct descendant of William Dawes, when she took me to that burying ground to show me the tablet, admitted that no one knew whether or not the tablet was placed over William Dawes' tomb—they thought it was, but the records were not absolutely perfect. They had selected what they believed to be Dawes' tomb, but if there had ever been a marker there, it had been thrown away years before.

There are histories that mention William Dawes as the first messenger sent out that night to warn the Middlesex village and farm, but they are comparatively few. One, written by the eminent historian, VanTyne, of the University of Michigan, mentions him as "Joseph Dawes," and in the State House in Boston there is authoritative record of his courage and his brave adventure, but the histories are not school histories, usually, and therein is the pity; for, after all, it is the history we learn in our most impressionable years that we remember longest.

"Alphabet Four," Forerunner of Present Navy

Concluded from page 10

fleet, when the United States declared war on Spain. Notice was served on the American fleet by the British governor of Hongkong that, in compliance with the neutrality laws, the warships must leave the port within twenty-four hours. This was on April 24, which was a Sunday, and the *Boston, Concord* and *Petrel,* none of them much more than armored gunboats, with the colliers *Nanshan* and *Zafiro,* cleared the harbor immediately. Commodore Dewey, on his flagship, the *Olympia,* accompanied by the *Baltimore* and the *Raleigh* cleared the following morning, April 25. The commodore found himself compelled to purchase the two colliers, which had just commenced coaling his vessels, and complete the transfer of the coal at sea. The colliers belonged to a Chinese merchant of Hongkong, and he refused to allow them to put to sea with the coal unless they were bought and paid for by Dewey before he left the port. The American fleet had to leave Hongkong, and had to have coal; Dewey bought the vessels at a profiteering figure put on them by the Chinese.

Sinking of Spanish Fleet

AS THE fleet approached Manila Bay the *Boston* and the *Concord* were sent on ahead, while the larger vessels were still far below the horizon, to scout the location of the Spanish fleet. The American vessels entered Subig Bay on the night of April 30, and Dewey laid his plans to invade Manila Bay immediately. It is quite apparent from the records of the day that the American commodore never for a moment entertained the idea that the enemy fleet would or could prevent the passage of his ships into that bay. And they didn't. The one entrance to Manila Bay was guarded by a fortress rising sheer 600 feet from the water and well equipped with guns of large caliber, on Coregidor Island. An adjoining island, El Fraile (The Priest) also concealed fortifications and guns, though neither fort nor guns were as powerful as the armament on Coregidor.

The American fleet endeavored to steal past these forts in the middle of the night, but just as they were in mid-channel, the stokers on the cutter *McCulloch* found it necessary to stoke their fires. The coal, a soft variety from Japan, produced a long-continued fountain of sparks from the stack of the cutter, and watchmen on the islands gave the alarm. Coregidor opened first, with a shell which shrilled over the *Boston* and to which that doughty little "steam corvette" immediately replied with her six-inch guns. This was the actual and official beginning of the battle of Manila Bay. The Spanish forts, unable to see the American ships and apparently also unable to hit them when they did see them, failed to stop the fleet, and the Spanish ships, their commanders believing that Dewey could not pass the forts, were caught with their anchors down, within the harbor, until sunk by the fire of the American gunners.

The Spanish ships opened fire at long range, but the American fleet, with the *Olympia* and the *Boston* in the van, kept advancing until they were within two miles, before they commenced firing, and then the *Boston,* forced so far into the harbor by the necessary maneuvering that she dragged on the bottom, bore the brunt of the battle. While for a few minutes, she was stuck fast in the mud, three large guns on shore concentrated their fire on her. She replied with one eight-inch forward rifle, and silenced the shore battery, dismounting all three of the enemy's guns. A shell, however, entered the room of John Doddridge, an ensign on the *Boston,* and wrecked it, while a second, which proved to be a "dud," hit the little vessel's foremast. As this shell landed, Captain Wildes, who was smoking a cigar, is reported to have looked casually at the dead shell as it lay on the deck, and remarked coolly to his associates, "That was lucky for us." The only casualty on board the *Boston* was that of a sailor who was at the wheel, and who was struck by a sliver of metal paint knocked loose by this same shell. He sustained only slight injury from this.

Silent Forever

WHEN the Spanish-American War came to an end, the *Boston* and her officers and crew assisted in the Philippine land campaigns, and later the Marines whom she carried took part in suppressing the Boxer uprising in China. After this work had been done, the "steam corvette" returned to the United States and was placed in reserve at Mare Island Navy Yard. The old frigate *Independence* was then in use as a receiving ship at the training station at Goat Island, some two miles out from San Francisco in the bay of the same name. The needs of the service outgrew the *Independence,* and the *Boston* was given her place as receiving ship at the historically famous Yerba Buena. The training station recently was removed to San Diego, and it is probable that, before many more months have passed, the *Boston* will have followed her three companions in the "White Squadron" to oblivion at the hands of the wrecker. As it is now, she little resembles the trim fighting machine she once was, for her decks have been housed up, her guns removed and her ports closed, her engines and other equipment taken out, save for the boilers and the electric generators, which still supply steam for cooking, heating and light. Until one reads the name still painted on her overhanging stern, one would little suspect that here lies silent forever one of the greatest little fighting ships ever devised, grandmother, so to speak, of the mighty dreadnoughts that with supercilious mien roll grandly in off the Pacific to their anchorage in Battleship Acre, less than a mile away.

Americans Know Their Paris

By LEONORA RAINES

THE official guide of Paris is wise, but not so wise as his American clients, particularly when there is a combined force of them present. The exploration of European cities has been reduced to an exact science by them, and they come armed to the teeth with ken and curiosity.

Before leaving home the American has searched for side-tracks not known to the casual traveler. That nothing would get past his memory, he made notes of the "rare" things he intended to visit. Once on the spot, he searches out corners Parisians never see. He has a mania for the under-side of history.

He knows beforehand all about the time-worn places and the souls who frequented them—if only to be hanged there. He even corrects the guide who considers his erudition complete with knowledge of what the functionary calls "chief points." He knows the Paris of Victor Hugo, of Dumas, of Balzac, but what he wishes at the end is acquaintance with locations not considered of great moment with professional globe-trotters.

He begins the day by visiting the Picpus Cemetery, not so much to get a look at the tomb of Lafayette as to see the wall scaled by Jean Valjean and the small Cosette. He yearns for traces of the Temple, but finding none, contents himself with a dreamy survey of buildings in the neighborhood.

He wants to see ruins of the Bastille, and, while the guide is talking of dates and dimensions of the prison of odious memory, he is drawing mental pictures of how the walls looked with sentries snipping off heads that bobbed up from the prison wall.

The caravan visits the area of the Great Plague that devastated Paris in 1348. Looking at the lichen-covered huts that are tumbling over each other with age, and getting a whiff of the dark courts, he irreverently exclaims, "So this is the site! Not surprising there was a plague here. Let's get out of it," and the caravan motions the conductor to move on.

They pick out the Carrousel as they halt a moment under the Louvre arches, and speak of its history. What interests them most keenly is that it was in this court that the gamins headed by Gavroche stole at night to lay their hungry little bodies.

St. Lazare prison, the sometime social resort of Parisians, comes in for special eagerness from the crowd. It is familiar with the sojourn of Mme. Humbert, mother of the "financée perpetuelle"; also with another illustrious prisoner, Mme. Caillaux, who slew Gastón Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*. One of the party informs the rest that St. Lazare was the place where lepers were originally housed—as many as could be crowded into the tiny inclosure.

One of the party suggests the old Carmelite Convent in the rue des Vaugirard, where La Vallière spent her nights in prayer and corporal chastisement. The guide, who has never heard of the cloister, takes the party there under direction of a young woman who found the address in her notebook.

"Cleopatra's needle," calmly announces the guide as the van halts at the Place. The eyebrows of the Americans go up, for they know it is not prehistoric and has nothing to do with the Egyptian vamp.

A slip of a girl in horn-rimmed spectacles tells the history of the monolith and its rescue from the sea. She adds: "There were three transported from Egypt. The largest is in our own Central Park, the next largest is on the Embankment in London. This is the smallest. It marks the spot where the guillotine stood."

"Now for the old cemetery of the Madeleine."

The guide looks worried and is silent. Then they tell him to drive to the Chapelle Expiatoire, in Boulevard Haussmann. The remains of Marie Antoinette once rested there, and the tragedies of the Queen are fully commented on. Not to be ignored, the guide ventures something about the genealogy of her he calls "the German princess," and is immediately pulled up and set right by all the party.

The Guide's Architectural Knowledge

AS THEY leave the Chapelle, the escort makes a note of the origin of the wayside park, to be prepared for his next clients, and the wagon proceeds to the Church of St. Gervais, brought to mind of recent years by reason of the Good Friday Bombardment, on which occasion an American, Emma Cullen, was among the victims. An architect of the group straightens the guide on his feet when he informs him that St. Gervais of today is not the original structure, the first having been built in 1212, crude Gothic in finish.

The story of the Trocadéro Garden with its traditional monastery-convent is as familiar to the party as A B C. The foreigners rise from their seats and scrutinize the palace and grounds.

"This peak was much higher," they declared. "It was graded to be convenient to the road. The point was selected because it was the loftiest this side of Montmartre, and so that the chapel bell could be heard calling the faithful to prayer."

Passy Cemetery, built on the next peak, has to be visited again to refresh memories as to the merits of the frescoes in the mausoleum of Marie Bashkirsteff. They had all read the journal of the young Russian, and were quite conversant with the sculptor who molded her head.

They quote the lines, "Elle est venue; elle a souri; elle a passé," printed under the bust of the actress Jane Henriot, as they near her grave, and mention the fact that she had met death at the burning of the Comédie Francaise in 1900, when she returned to save her dog.

They comment on the near-by vault of James Gordon Bennet, and explain the symbol of the owl reproduced over the door. They knew the size of the fortune Bennet had left, and they knew how much his vault cost.

If It Please the Court—By G. W. BARRINGTON

UNDER the common law, it is within the power of a magistrate to fine or imprison a person who expresses or exhibits contempt for the court.

What a fine thing it is, after all, that human emotions can remain hidden. Otherwise, many of us would be mulcted in a sum approximating the inter-allied war debt, and doomed to serve in prison for a term equaling the period which began at the Great Beginning of all things, and will end with the millennium. A court is an instrument of justice, an interpreter of the law, which, presumably, is the people's will as written by its legislators.

That is theoretic, axiomatic.

In reality, a court—or, at least, some courts—recognize old General Expediency as an eloquent pleader and at his behest say, with Koko:

My purpose all sublime,
I will achieve in time,
To make the penalty fit the crime,
The penalty fit the crime.

People are taxed to defray the expense of maintaining a legislature whose province is to define crime and affix a proper punishment.

True, the sociological family probably would live more happily if the legislature met only once every twenty years, and adjourned *sine die* immediately following the chaplain's invocation; nevertheless, the legislature, crude, impulsive, inconsiderate as it is, is our chosen tool. If it is a mistake, it is our mistake, and we own the commonwealth and have the right to manage it mistakenly if we so choose.

Those learned ones in ermine are paid to look up the record, see what the farmers and tradesmen and drovers and retired and tired lawyers in the legislature have written into the statutes, and apply that law to every case on their calendars.

If the job is distasteful, there is a way out. The framers of the Constitution, in their infinite wisdom, looked far into the future, saw this day of indiscriminate lawmaking, and provided that any public official who should become dissatisfied with his position might resign.

The Court's Alternatives

NOT long ago a most upright and sympathetic jurist heard the pathetic plaint of a frail woman who had been beaten by her heavyweight husband. After having listened to the evidence and the wrangling of opposing attorneys, after having perused moldy volumes in search of precedent, the judge sentenced the wife-beater to a year in jail, offering him the alternative of kissing his battle-scarred consort three times daily for a like period.

The first-named penalty was the maximum laid down by the legislature, which, after all, has complete charge of that job; the second was a product of the judge's own brain, a horrible conception, the awfulness of which may be appreciated only by those who have seen the woman.

In addition and casting aside the grave question of jurisdiction over such matters, it is in direct conflict with that section of the Bill of Rights which forbids "cruel and unusual punishments."

Just the other day, the police judge of our city announced that juvenile offenders convicted in his court should be publicly spanked by their fond parents, with the court sitting in chambers to see that the spankmanship was flawless in technic and efficacious in execution. The alternative was—courts appear fond of alternatives—that a husky policeman, with a proper stance and a good follow-through, should wield his belt over the hapless infant until the court should cry, "Hold! Enough!"

Granting to the august court a superiority of legal acumen, if we elders, who hire the lawmakers, were juveniles, we doubtless should hesitate to submit sensitive portions of our anatomy to the hazards of such a procedure. Court decisions are proverbially slow of formation and tardy of announcement; the belt and other things might be badly damaged before the legal mind had time to function. In addition, there always is the risk of having one attorney or the other move for a recess or something *sotto voce* right when important proceedings are in progress.

Furthermore, a careful search of the statutes made and derided fails to disclose a single reference to court ceremonies participated in by doting mothers with house slippers or brawny policemen with cowhide belts.

A few weeks ago, Dr. Cook, whose account of his polar triumphs and his oil prospects have earned equal repute as outstanding contributions to current fiction, was found guilty of having advertised sundry and divers stocks over-enthusiastically through the United States mails.

The Solomon behind the judicial plate punished the offender by applying a fine of a few thousand paltry dollars, a prison sentence of a decade or so, and a lecture which no mortal would have endured willingly in exchange for the blessed privilege of taking the United States census as a sucker list and roping in all of 'em.

The fine and the prison term were matters of course, based upon the law and the jury's verdict; but the lecture was gratis, gratuitous, extra-judicial, and, it would appear to a layman, imposed with impunity and suffered in silence simply because one man was in a position to inflict it and the other was in no position to resent it.

So grinds the judicial mills. A man commits larceny or arson or mayhem, or kisses his cook or covets his neighbor's spare tire and the judge tells him to go to bed at dusk for six months, or to climb a tree and crow like a rooster, and sin no more.

About the only statute on the books which meets with general approbation among jurists is the one which assures them a pay day, and there have been hints that some of them are not altogether satisfied with its provisions.

If the court please, as a matter of simple justice, fine me a few billions.

Several weeks ago a man and a woman, both mature and untrammeled, left a western city and came to Dallas where they were married. Responding to a telegram from their former home, the police, without an atom of evidence upon which to base a suspicion that they were suspected of crime, took them to jail and kept them there for several days.

Our policemen are no better, no worse, than others about such things. All policemen appear to have a peculiar regard for long-distance complaints.

If my neighbor smites me with a clapboard, and I point him out to a patrolman and ask that he be cast into jail, the officer will insist most strenuously that I swear to a complaint, but if I live halfway across the continent from some man who trims his mustaches or dresses his hair in a fashion which offends my artistic taste, all I need do is to step to the telegraph office and lay down the price of a message, whereupon business picks up amazingly at the other end of the line.

A short time ago the police force of Los Angeles asked for a raise; that is another action characteristic of policemen in all sections and all ages.

The city commission considered the matter soberly, applied its ponderous logic to the difficult situation, and eventually decreed that such policemen as earned it should be given a raise of $20 a month. In other words, if a patrolman made a sufficient number of arrests which resulted in convictions and consequent fines which should enrich the city treasury to an extent which justified it, he should receive the maximum pay.

What do you think of that?

An officer bribed to swear away the liberty and the pelf of enough persons to make his paycheck keep the butcher and the baker and the electricity maker smiling!

Recently a chief of police announced through the press that a certain traffic law had been violated with grave consequences, and that in future he would enforce it, sternly and impartially. His argument was sound, and his arraying of the facts was masterly. In fact, he has missed his calling; he should have been a lawmaker, instead of a mere enforcement officer under oath and surety bond to enforce the law because it is the law.

He is a good horse, in the wrong stall.

Laws in Abundance

SOMETHING is amiss with the mechanism of justice. The machine may have every part intact, and there is plenty of gas in the tank, but the timer is off. Each gear and shaft appears to meet another head-on, instead of working in unity.

For legislators, we select our best intellects and bravest infant-kissers. Not satisfied, we put them under solemn oath to do their duty well, and, as an additional precaution, we place them under bond. Having thus declared our entire lack of faith in the native honesty of the cream of our citizenry, we still can say that they were the very best that our country is producing, and we point out their job and set them at it.

As a matter of volume, they are turning out the work. Chief Justice Marshall, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, is authority for the statement that we have passed more laws during 135 years of our national existence than all of civilization did in sixty centuries. Our own R. E. L. Saner, president of the American Bar Association, vouches for the correctness of these figures, proving that for once court and counsel are in accord.

As though that were not enough, judges must need do more legislating from the bench, and policemen still more with leather belts and nightsticks, so-called, though many a poor devil has been made to know that they work fairly well in the daytime.

If it please the court, where does all of this law come from, and will you kindly have the clerk write it down for us?

Such laws the infraction of which is to be punished by suffering a judicial tongue-lashing, or by tree-climbing or roosting with the chickens, ought to be emblazoned athwart the billboards so that the wayfaring pilgrim, though a fool and a student of the statutes, may read as he runs, or read and run far and fast, into the province of some other judge with another private stock of pet enactments and self-invented penalties.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The little French town of Strassburg has been made world famous through its manufacture of goose liver pies, or "pate de foie gras." Some of the families in this section have been raising geese for generations and the many flocks in the roadways are oftentimes a hindrance to pedestrians. An ordinary liever from a fatted goose weighs 1 1/2 pounds and the farmer receives approximately $1.25 a pound.

Petroleum Reserve No. 4, in Alaska, is being surveyed by a party of geologists who depend for transportation on 140 Eskimo dogs. The reserve includes an area of about 35,000 square miles in the extreme northwestern part of the North American continent.

For more than eighty years Maiden Lane in New York City has suggested the American jewelry trade. Now firms which have been established in this street for years have made arrangements to move to a new center on 47th street. This is due to the gradual trend northward of both wholesale and retail trade that has been taking place for some time.

Seven hundred thirty million feet, board measure, of ripe western yellow pine and other species of timber on the Klamath Indian Reservation of Oregon is to be sold. The proceeds from the sale, after the cutting, which is expected to take several years, will go into the tribal fund of the Klamath Indians.

In Holland the pancake is never served at breakfast. It is eaten for lunch and frequently serves as a dessert after dinner, when it is spread with sugar or preserved fruit.

There are twenty-nine National Monuments, established by Presidential proclamations. These monuments preserve for the people of the United States historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest.

The output of the various United States factories primarily engaged in the manufacture of chewing gum in 1921, the last year for which figures are available, was valued at $38,865,000. It is stated that the original industry was begun on an outlay of $55.

Radium deposits of great promise have been discovered in Durrmaul, in Czecho-Slovakia.

When salt is sprinkled on meat, fish or vegetables, it extracts water from them, forming a saline solution so strong that bacteria cannot grow in it.

The larva of the California petroleum fly lives in petroleum pools and dies when removed from them. The adult fly, resembling any small black fly, is poisoned by the very element in which it has passed its earlier life.

Foreign antiquarians are despoiling the churches of France, literally robbing them of all their artistic treasures, according to the Archbishop of Paris.

Nearly ten million persons visited the 146 national forests last year.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Two aged chiefs of the Mohawk Tribe were sentenced to two months' imprisonment after they had been adjudged guilty of stealing the famous Iroquois Wampum Belt from the parish priest of Caughnawaga, Canada. This belt, valued at more than $25,000 as a historic relic, was loaned to the chiefs who desired to decipher and interpret certain markings on the belt.

In a secluded corner of the National Museum at Washington, D. C., is hung the wall map used by General Pershing and his staff at American headquarters at Chaumont, France, during the Great War. The map indicates the location of the Allied and the enemy forces as they stood on November 11, 1918.

A new Canadian ensign has recently come into use for Canadian shipping. It is a red field with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner and simplified form of the Canadian arms on the field. A blue ensign on similar lines will be flown from government-owned vessels.

Mr. Waynmann Dixon, the engineer who in 1877 dug up the Cleopatra's Needle which now stands on the bank of the Thames, believes that there is a canal under the Great Pyramid of Egypt. He cites the many allusions to such subterranean waterways found in the works of Herodotus and certain Arabic works, specifically referring to an underground chamber in the hill on which the Pyramid of Cheops stands.

More than 900 traveling libraries are in circulation at the present time in Saskatchewan. In addition to this some 500 books are sent out to districts where the branch was unable to supply libraries.

Dr. Jarmilia Vessela is the first woman honored by the privilege of sitting as a judge in the new republic of Czecho-Slovakia, according to a dispatch from Prague.

Six log rafts, each 900 feet long and containing 5,000,000 feet of lumber, besides carrying deck loads of shingles and cedar poles, will be brought to San Diego, California, this year from the Columbia River. The rafts run on schedule, the first starting on June 15 in tow of a tug. They are cut into lumber by the mills at San Diego.

There are 143 Federal meat inspection stations and 112 substations in the United States.

The amount of electricity used in Italy has more than doubled during the past ten years, rising from 1,961,000 kilowatt hours to 4,281,000 kilowatt hours. Most of this electricity is produced by water power.

The Alpine Club of Canada is planning to send a party to Mount Logan, the highest mountain in Canada. The English and American Alpine clubs have been invited to send one representative each to accompany the Canadian expedition. This mountain is in the southwest corner of Yukon Territory, twenty miles east of the international boundary and is 19,539 feet high.

There is no malaria in high and dry spots as has been proved by investigators in Asia. At the foot of the Himalayas from 2,000 to 4,000 feet endemic malaria is very severe. From 4,000 to 5,000 feet endemic malaria appears to be less prevalent. The highest elevation in the Himalayas in which indigenous malaria has so far been found is at a height of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, while at 6,000 to 8,000 feet malaria is entirely absent.

Odorless fertilizer is produced in large quantities but the farmers will have none of it, so the manufacturers have to "sweeten" it with strong-smelling material, so that it will be considered effective. The ruse does no harm, because the offensive material has the same fertilizer value as the odorless product.

A Swedish capitalist has purchased 300,000 acres of land in Guatemala for the establishment thereon of a large Swedish colony, according to reports from Stockholm.

Oil poured over the sides of the auxiliary steamship *Red Island*, off the coast of Nova Scotia, recently saved her from disaster when she struck a heavy storm a few miles off Halifax. The vessel came into Halifax heavily freighted with ice, her bowsprit smashed and deck fittings damaged.

The railroad loss and damage claims on fruits and vegetables in the United States alone in some years run as high as $14,000,000.

Magazines and periodicals with "salacious titles and suggestive sex content" have been ruled from the counters and racks of Richmond, Indiana, dealers. Twenty magazines and periodicals were listed in the ban. The order is sweeping and prosecutions for violations are sure to follow.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

America Deficient in Long-distance Runners

Severe Early Training Tends to "Burn Out" Much Promising Material

By A Veteran Sports Writer

AT THE Olympic Games at Antwerp, Belgium, in 1920, America was swamped in the distance events. The 1,500-meter run was won by A. G. Hill, a Britisher, with P. J. Baker, another Britisher, second. The 5,000-meter run went to the well-known Guillemot, a Frenchman, with the equally well-known Nurmi, a Finn, second. Backman, a Swede, was third and Koskenniemi, another Finn, was fourth. Not an American was included among the first ten men to finish in the event, and three Americans failed to finish. The 10,000-meter run was won by Nurmi, the Finn, with Guillemot, the Frenchman, second, Wilson, of Great Britain, third and Maccario, an Italian, fourth. Among the first six men who finished, not one was an American. The 10,000-meter cross-country race was also won by the Finnish runner, Nurmi, with Backman second, Liimatainen, another Finn, third, and Wilson, fourth. The ninth man to finish in this race was P. Flynn, of the United States Army. The historic Marathon race of 1920 was captured by Hans Kolehmainen, the Finn, who came to this country soon after the Olympic Games. J. Lossman, an Esthonian, finished second; Arri, of Italy, was third; Broos, of Belgium, fourth; Tuomikoski, of Finland, fifth; Rose, of Denmark, sixth, and seventh to finish was J. L. Organ, an American.

Only once in these games was America able to break the European supremacy, and that was the 3,000-meter team race. Here the American team finished in front. In every individual event the American colors dragged far behind. The results are set down above to show where the strength rested. The advantage was with what are known as the Scandinavian countries.

Faulty Training in Early Trials

LEADERSHIP in track and field events and supremacy in Olympic Games has become a national boast with us, and America, while performing brilliantly in the dashes and short runs and in the field events, broke badly and collapsed when competition was over a distance and high endurance and stamina were demanded. Our utter rout in these distance events became a sort of national calamity and every newspaper in the land bemoaned the failure. We were told that America must immediately set about to develop distance runners. The Scandinavian hold must be broken and the United States must establish herself supreme over distances as well as in sprints.

Four years have passed and ahead of us lies another Olympic Games. This is the year for which the United States has been waiting to show her worth in the distance races. For four years we have been preparing, but today America's chances for the distance events at the 1924 games in Paris look extremely dull and gloomy. America is apparently as poorly equipped for the events named as she was in 1920.

This scarcity of good distance runners in our country has been attributed to the fact that Americans do not go in for long-distance running as much as the English, Finns, Swedes, Italians, French and other leading athletic nations. This is true, but it does not alter the fact that, although we have fewer distance men competing in proportion to other performers, we have a larger field available than any of the other leading contenders at the Olympic Games. There are more stars "killed" in the United States than ever develop and this is due to a combination of causes, most important of which may be mentioned the following:

1 American runners start competing too early.

2 The intense competition in our preparatory schools and the lack of judgment of most of the men coaching our preparatory school track and field teams "burns out" most of the able runners and likely prospects.

3 Many of our college and scholastic athletes compete in open events during the summer months after a gruelling season in intercollegiate or interscholastic athletics. This over-indulgence is athletically fatal to the younger athletes.

4 The over-filled indoor track program in the East has a bad effect on the athletes competing.

5 Foreign runners rarely compete in more than three or four meets each season. Some of our best runners have been known to compete in twenty or more important races in one year and are in training practically the entire time.

6 The process that is destroying our distance runners is detrimental to athletes in practically all events, but the shortage is not as evident in the other events, because of the multiplicity of fine material, some of which must and does survive.

Foreign Runners Last Longer

WE ARE constantly reminded of the fact that foreign countries are stronger in the distance events than the United States. Recently a well-known writer commented upon the marvelous form being shown by a Swedish "youngster" named Wide who had done the mile run in 4:13 1/5 and "is coming fast." It might amaze this reader to learn that the "youngster" Wide, who is coming so fast, is a man thirty-five years old and that he competed in both the 1912 and 1920 Olympic Games. Wide, at the age of thirty-five, is doing the best running of his career. Yet where are Norman Tabor, John Paul Jones or Mel. Sheppard, three brilliant American cinder-path stars who competed against Wide at the Olympic Games at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1912? Abel Kiviat alone, among the old guard, remains, and he is making a none too pretentious comeback.

If Wide were the only example of this type he might be called the exception that proves the rule, but there are many others who illustrate that an athlete can be a winning contestant after he becomes thirty years of age. A. G. Hill, of Great Britain, who won both the 800 and 1,500 meter races at the last Olympics, is a youngster of thirty-seven. P. J. Baker, another Britisher, who finished second to Hill in the 1,500-meter race, will never again see thirty. Baker also competed in the 1912 games at Stockholm. Among the numerous other examples of men who are beyond thirty and are still numbered among the world's leading athletes may be mentioned Lundstrom and Zander, the Swedish stars, and Kolehmainen and Kyronen, the Finnish wonders.

Twenty-seven is the age when the average foreign runner reaches his greatest efficiency; twenty-three is the zenith of the American athlete's career. Joie Ray is perhaps the only runner of exceptional merit, running any distance less than the Marathon, who is going at top speed and has passed the age of twenty-seven. Ted Meredith, the greatest half-miler of all time, is a perfect illustration of the careers of the majority of American athletes—a world sensation in 1916 at the age of twenty-four and an absolute failure in 1920 at the age of twenty-eight. He was completely "burned out."

The wrong system has its start in the high schools of the United States. Here one finds youngsters beginning their athletic careers at the age of fourteen or fifteen. Many of them start at an even younger age. There is nothing wrong in having boys start at that age provided they are handled correctly. The average high school coach wants to bring the boys around fast, get them going at top speed as soon as possible, and he is seldom concerned with thoughts of what this pressing process may have on the boys' futures. If the youngster does not show signs of developing into a first-class performer he has a chance to survive, for the coach will ignore him more or less and will concentrate on the better prospects in the squad. However, if the boy gives early indications of developing into a star the chances are that he will run his fastest races in high school. It is not unusual to see high school runners of caliber competing in two or more races in one afternoon.

As an example we shall cite one of the leading cities in this country. The numerous high schools of this city produced five-mile runners in the last seven years and all of them should have developed into collegiate stars. Only one of these boys came through. One discontinued athletics while he was still developing and the other three were "killed off." Responsibility for their failure to gain fame rests entirely with the coaches that tutored them in high school. One of the boys was forced to run the half-mile, the mile and the relay, all in one evening and against the strongest kind of competition.

Extended Indoor Training Harmful

THREE years ago there was a youngster named Helme at Lafayette High School, in Buffalo. He won the national Amateur Athletic Union championship in the two-mile run, covering the distance in 9:34 3/5. Last year this same Helme, a sophomore at Georgetown, never beat 9:55 and was defeated in 9:58 in one race. The Shields brothers, of Mercersburg, furnish another example. Eddie, the prep-school wonder, who competed in the 880-yard run, the mile and the two-mile events and who holds the national interscholastic record of 4:23 3/5 for the mile, never demonstrated anything in college. He was "burned out" in preparatory school competition. Larry, the less promising of the two brothers and who was not pushed or pressed by the coach, finished third in the 1,500-meter run at the last Olympic Games.

The extended indoor season has a detrimental effect. Indoor running, if conducted on a limited scale, may be beneficial. Running conditions are more severe indoors than they are outdoors. The air is harder to breathe and the leg muscles are apt to become sore. The continual pounding on an indoor track and the many turns required tend to tighten up the muscles of the runner. Many more injuries occur indoors than outdoors. Most of these are injuries to the muscles of the leg or thigh, of which perhaps the sartorius is the most important running muscle. The continual pressure results in a slight fracture of the anterior superior iliac spine, due to a sudden pull of the sartorius which is then torn loose.

A glance at the eastern athletic calendar for last February discloses a meet scheduled on almost every second night. Running continually inevitably has the effect of weakening the resisting powers. Many of our near-great distance runners could become first-rate performers if only they would eliminate the indoor running or cut it down to two or three times a season. Even Joie Ray has not been exempt from these muscle troubles, and it is a notable fact that practically none of the European runners of merit suffer from pulled tendons and muscle tears.

Certain qualifying factors do exist in the case of the United States. It is practically impossible to develop distance runners in the climate of the Rocky Mountains and the South Pacific Coast. Our runners are not used to the 5,000 and 10,000 meter events and it is asking too much of an athlete to develop a new pace for an event for which he has only a few weeks of practice. The events mentioned are not included in our college programs and therefore the athletes, who practice for only such events as those in which they compete, do not take up the long runs until after leaving college. It requires years sometimes for a man to perfect a pace for a long race.

The system of excess competition is affecting performers in other events as well as the distance men. Those who have observed Gene Goodwillie are of the opinion that he will never be any better than he is today because of the great amount of competition that he has entered in the last two years.

Two years ago Johnny Cameron, a sprinter from the Evanston, Illinois, high school, was one of the best dash men in the country and today he is unheard of, for he was "burned out" in preparatory school. The University of Michigan is familiar with the case of "Red" Weekes, a Battle Creek, Michigan, schoolboy who ran practically every race that was scheduled while he attended high school. He was one of the best scholastic quarter and half milers in the country. When he came to Michigan he was pronounced "burned out." Coaches try to nurse men of this type. At every institution of any size in the country will be found former high school stars who were sensations in their preparatory school days. Coaches work with them unceasingly, trying to bring back the reserve power that track men call the "kick," the thing that distinguishes the excellent performer from the mediocre. Less than ten per cent are ever brought back to that stage where they can maintain their own with the best of college performers. One may come back for one great and last spurt, but it is rare indeed where you find one who returns for a stretch of time.

Too Much Work "Kills" Runner

WHILE the system has a bad effect on all athletes, it is the distance man upon whom it has the worst result. The average distance man, strange as it may seem to you, is of frail and wiry build. It is not unusual to see a star distance man slump badly for an entire season as the result of a cold that would not affect a sprinter or field event performer. In the Western Conference last year Davis, of Michigan, and Scott, of Illinois, were both badly off form due to a cold.

Among the college stars who had a bad season in 1923 due to too much work may be mentioned Burke, of Harvard; Higgins, of Columbia, and Krogh, of Chicago. Burke, an excellent prospect and a man who had already beaten 4:20 in the mile, was called upon to run the quarter and half mile. Higgins was asked at various times to run the half, the mile and the two-mile events. Krogh was at the most a prospect but at the indoor meets and before the siege of overwork began, he looked like a genuine runner and had a "kick" at the finish.

There is a certain type of runner who would make an excellent distance runner and who should be limited. Charles Mellor is a striking example of this type. Mellor is practically useless in any event of less than ten miles distance. If he and others of his type would only limit themselves to the distances to which they are best suited, America would have a representation at the Olympic Games that would rival the best of the European countries. In fact, Mellor and Zuna have at times looked just as good as any of the European stars. Four races a year is quite sufficient and no man engaging in distance races should compete oftener than on an average of once every three months. In the distance events there is a reserve strength needed that is not called upon in other events.

Most of the charge of bad management made in this article has been directed against preparatory school coaches, but the colleges have contributed their part to this national athletic mistake. The college coaches have "killed off" their share of excellent athletes who were headed for the peak. At the present time two of the best prospects for the mile run are attending midwestern colleges but if the coaches who have them in charge continue to overburden them they are certain to break under the strain and instead of having a star in one race the coach will have a man who can win at nothing.

Win at Any Cost Spells Ruin

THE chief trouble with coaches is their mania for winning, and next comes winning at any cost. Whenever they get a capable athlete, instead of conserving his talent and directing it to the event where he is best fitted for competition, the coach will overtax him and give him more events than he can possibly compete in. His task will be, in many instances, superhuman. Naturally, he breaks down under the strain.

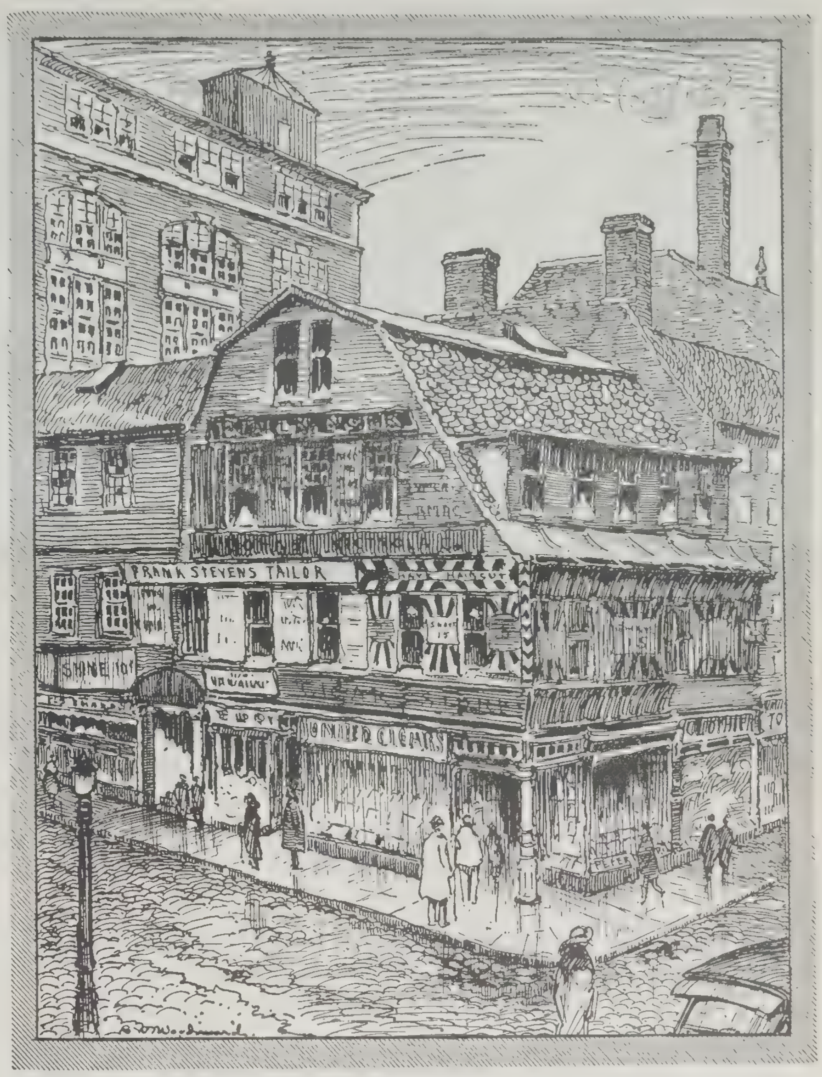
Smaller colleges have been accused of being the worst offenders. They get few really high-class performers. Boys with marked ability like to go to the big universities, and, since competition among them is keen, the boy naturally has an opportunity to attend one of the leading institutions of learning. So whenever the moderate-sized college gets hold of a good man, he is trotted out for every event he can possibly enter. Many small colleges have cheated themselves of national fame by doing this. Overtaxing their best athlete may win them a few dual track meets but how much greater the fame in having a champion at one certain event which they might have had by permitting the boy to concentrate on the one event for which he was quali-

(*Concluded on page 11*)

Memory of the Old Corner Bookstore Recalls Golden Age of Letters

Names of Famous Writers of Past Century Associated With Historic Shop; Many Literary Ventures Born in Atmosphere of Parnassus Corner

By MAY B. WHITING



The Old Corner Bookstore.

A BARBER shop, a tobacco store, a shoe-shine parlor, an armchair lunch—what are they doing in the abode of the gods? Either they have lost their way or the gods have passed their twilight, or else times have greatly changed. There they are, with striped signs, and tarnished lettering, and trumpery wares displayed in every window of Parnassus Corner, for so, in Boston's Golden Age of letters, was the old bookstore at the junction of Washington and School streets called. The glory of those days has departed, and probably never again will a single group reign supreme in our literary world.

The Old Corner Bookstore is very ancient, some say the oldest brick building, except one, in Boston. But ancient as it is, its site has a far longer history and a deeply tragic one. Here was built the house of the first-comer among the founders of Boston, Mr. Isaac Johnson, a man of wealth and culture. His wife, the gentle and lovable Lady Arbella, who came "from a paradise of delight and plenty she enjoyed in the family of a noble earldom into this wilderness of straits," did not thrive in the damp lands to the north where the colonists had passed the first winter, and Mr. Johnson was in hopes that new scenes might help restore her health. Blaxton, who was then living alone on the peninsula, received him kindly, and he set to work on his house with all haste. But before it was finished Lady Arbella passed away, and he moved into it, a heartbroken man. A few weeks later he died of grief, and no doubt Dudley, Bradstreet and Endicott followed his bier to a field some little distance from the house where he was buried, the first grave in what is now called the Old South Burying Ground, adjoining King's Chapel. Such, at least, is the story as we have it from Judge Sewall who, in his youth, knew the aged Bradstreet, and in our day it has been retold in the publications of the Bostonian Society.

Anne Hutchinson Banished

AFTER the death of Isaac Johnson, the house became the property of William Hutchinson and his wife Anne. Anne was a woman of brilliant intellect, and, unfortunately for her, of ideas beyond her time. From the first she was a tower of strength to her weaker sisters, nursing the sick and encouraging the weary-hearted. Then she invited the women to her house for a weekly meeting to discuss the sermon of the previous Sunday, as the men were accustomed to do, and before long she acquired such an ascendancy over the thought of the town that a second weekly meeting was held, open to both men and women. Her most distinguished follower was the young Sir Harry Vane, and with him no doubt came the titled visitors who occasionally were his guests.

All this was by no means pleasing to the authorities, or to those who considered themselves authorities, and little by little there arose against Anne a deep hatred, mingled with fear lest her teachings bring dissension in the new plantation. She was tried by a court sitting in Cambridge, for she had too large a following in Boston, and when admonished to acknowledge her misdeeds, not the least of which was "dishonoring" the ministers, she replied, "I do acknowledge no such thing." But friends and courage availed nothing. She was sent forth into the wilderness, finding a refuge among the Narragansett Indians in Rhode Island. No doubt her persecutors would be confounded if they could see the beautiful statue in her name by Cyrus Dallin that adorns the State House lawn, while their own names are almost forgotten.

Old Isaac Johnson House Burns

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON'S brother, Richard, next owned the property, and then it came into the hands of a brazier, William Shrimpton, a very honest man. It seems that he must have been superlatively so, for he never cheated the Indians. The story is that when the English dunned the tribe of the Narragansetts for a debt, they brought their copper kettles to him, waiting in single file before his house while he weighed them and paid out the purchase money.

In 1711 there was a fire in Boston, commemorated by Increase Mather in one of his most stirring sermons, "Burnings Bewayled." Judge Sewall writes in his diary, "A Dreadful Fire happens in Boston. It broke out in a little house belonging to Captain Ephraim Savage," and then he continues to give the cause as the "Drunkenness" of one of its inmates. This conflagration destroyed the house built by Isaac Johnson in the sadness of his heart, and sheltering after him a still greater tragedy.

The next year Thomas Crease, an apothecary, built the present structure. He had his shop in the front part, and used the rest of the rooms for a dwelling. The building always seems to have been used, at least in part, for trade, and we find some references to assemblies of brocade-clad ladies and gentlemen with powdered hair. Toward the close of the century the descendants of the Hutchinsons, in the families of Brimmer and Inches, came into possession of the property. The last apothecary shop was that of Dr. Samuel Clark, father of James Freeman Clark, whose youth was spent in the historic spot.

Just about a century ago the building became a bookstore. Carter and Hendee opened there in 1828, building in the rear a wooden structure to house their presses which, at first, were run by a team of Canadian horses. In a few years William D. Ticknor took over the property. Mr. Ticknor was a dignified, impressive figure, who soon made the influence of his personality and his methods felt wherever books were written or bought. It was he who presented Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Tennyson, De Quincy, Browning, to the American public, and it was under him that the principle was established, now incorporated in our laws, that an author is entitled to share in the profits of his work.

In 1831 a lad, James Fields, came down from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to work in Mr. Ticknor's store. Money was not plentiful then, and it was the custom for business men to take some of their employes into their homes in part payment of their wages. Young Fields was fortunate enough to be a member of the Ticknor household, where he improved every opportunity. In the store, there never was a more enthusiastic clerk. Soon he acquired an almost uncanny knowledge of the public taste. When a customer entered he would whisper to his fellow clerks what the stranger had come for, and an astonishingly large number of times he guessed right.

A Literary Retreat

AND the customers of the old Bookstore were well worth observing, for here came all the learned folk of the city, and every visitor of distinction from abroad. Fields himself tells of remaining up until past midnight on the occasion of Dickens' first visit to America and of following the stranger on his explorations about the city, sometimes drawing near enough to hear his comments. In later life Dickens and his one-time shadow were fast friends, the former making the Fields household his home when in this country.

After some years of experience, Mr. Ticknor took Fields into partnership and then the days of the greatest glory for the Old Corner Bookstore began. The strict business integrity and sound judgment of the older man, and the versatility and real genius for friendship of the younger, made a combination that did much to justify Hawthorne's comment when he wrote to his publisher of the "Paradise at the Old Corner Bookstore." Hawthorne himself loved to linger for hours in the busy shop, not in conversation with the group that came to Mr. Fields' green-curtained sanctum, but rather in a secluded corner where he could watch the flow of life unseen. Here came Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Thackeray, Whittier, Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcum, the leading lights of the stage, and Ole Bull with his violin.

This was in the palmy days of New England lecture courses, and many a tour was arranged at the Old Corner. The lyceum of those days was not the jazzy institution of today. We have fallen on days where a conviction that pierces modern superficialities is almost a certain barrier to a place on the platform. No tender prejudice must be bruised by honest speech today. But there was an epoch in our people's history when they regarded it as an intellectual duty to attend lectures which assailed their cherished views. That is how political questions were threshed out. That is how abolition began. That is how prohibition began. The great lecturers of the past were all reformers. But what small town Chautauqua could endure a reformer today? We have fallen to the level of Swiss bell ringers and trained canaries.

The Passing of the Old Corner

HERE, too, the tickets for the Lowell lectures were distributed, and so great was the thirst for knowledge that on one occasion a window was broken to get at the coveted tickets of admission. No wonder Boston got its name as the intellectual hub of the universe. The Lowell lectures still are given and noted men in every field of thought contribute to their reputation by appearing there, but it is one of the few remaining landmarks of old Boston's intellectual zeal.

At one of its counters the Oliver Ditson music publishing business was started, and at the desks at the back the *Atlantic Monthly* was edited. In the rear of the building was Mrs. Abner Brown's coffeehouse where authors could meet and dine, discussing the literary gossip of the day, if the unusual meter of "Hiawatha" would kill the poem, or if Hawthorne would lose every cent in his quixotic financing of Miss Bacon's book, which launched the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

For many years the glamour of its literary glory hung about the Old Corner. When Ticknor and Fields removed to Tremont street for more commodious quarters, they established an authors' parlor, but it never rivaled the "green-curtained corner" of the Old Bookstore. The younger writers, Howells, Aldrich, Lathrop, continued to visit it as a literary mecca.

Impress Felt Today

BUT generations pass, conditions change, and twenty years ago the last of the bookshops removed to Bromfield street. But the structure remains, a shoe-shine parlor, a victrola shop, a tobacco store, in the lap of the gods.

The Old Corner, however, has left its mark for good on all Boston bookstores. No new store is opened now but what strives for the atmosphere of welcome and leisure which the Old Corner established. The habit of "browsing" is encouraged. A Boston bookstore, even some of the more notable secondhand bookshops, has an air of distinction hardly to be found outside Old London. Many publishers have their own stores, and one can still see from the street the stairways up which manuscripts have been carried, and are carried still, which scarcely escape the thunders of the presses ere they are hailed by the trumpets of fame.

All Little Pals Together—To Save the American Farmer!

ALBERT D. LASKER,
Former head of Shipping Board.

AARON SAPIRO,
Organizer of American farmers.

HON. E. MEYER, Jr.,
Former head of War Finance Corporation.

(C) Harris & Ewing

HON. B. BARUCH,
Former head War Industries Board.

Jewish Exploitation of Farmers' Organizations

II. The Story of the Sapiro Boys

By ROBERT MORGAN

THE history of Jewish attempts to seize control of the agricultural and horticultural resources and production of America begins with the employment by the late Harris Weinstock, then head of the California State Market Commission, of a young Jewish attorney, named Aaron Sapiro, as counsel for and legal adviser to the commission. There is nothing to indicate that the commission and Mr. Weinstock could not have used the state's legal department for such business as they had to transact with the courts, but a glance at the names of employer and employe will furnish at least one of the reasons for the opportunity so opened to Mr. Sapiro.

About two years were required by the new legal adviser to grasp the plan by which the co-operative marketing associations of California, then as now under state control, could be "improved." As soon as this plan had become well formulated, Sapiro left the state commission and branched out as "organizing legal counsellor" for co-operative marketing organizations. Despite the statement of Herman Steen, panegyrist for Sapiro, that "nineteen out of twenty of the co-operative marketing organizations" were not functioning properly or profitably prior to the coming of this "counsellor," it is a fact that the farmers in these associations, though prices for their products were lower then than now, received more money, net, acre for acre and tree for tree, for their crops, than they received last year.

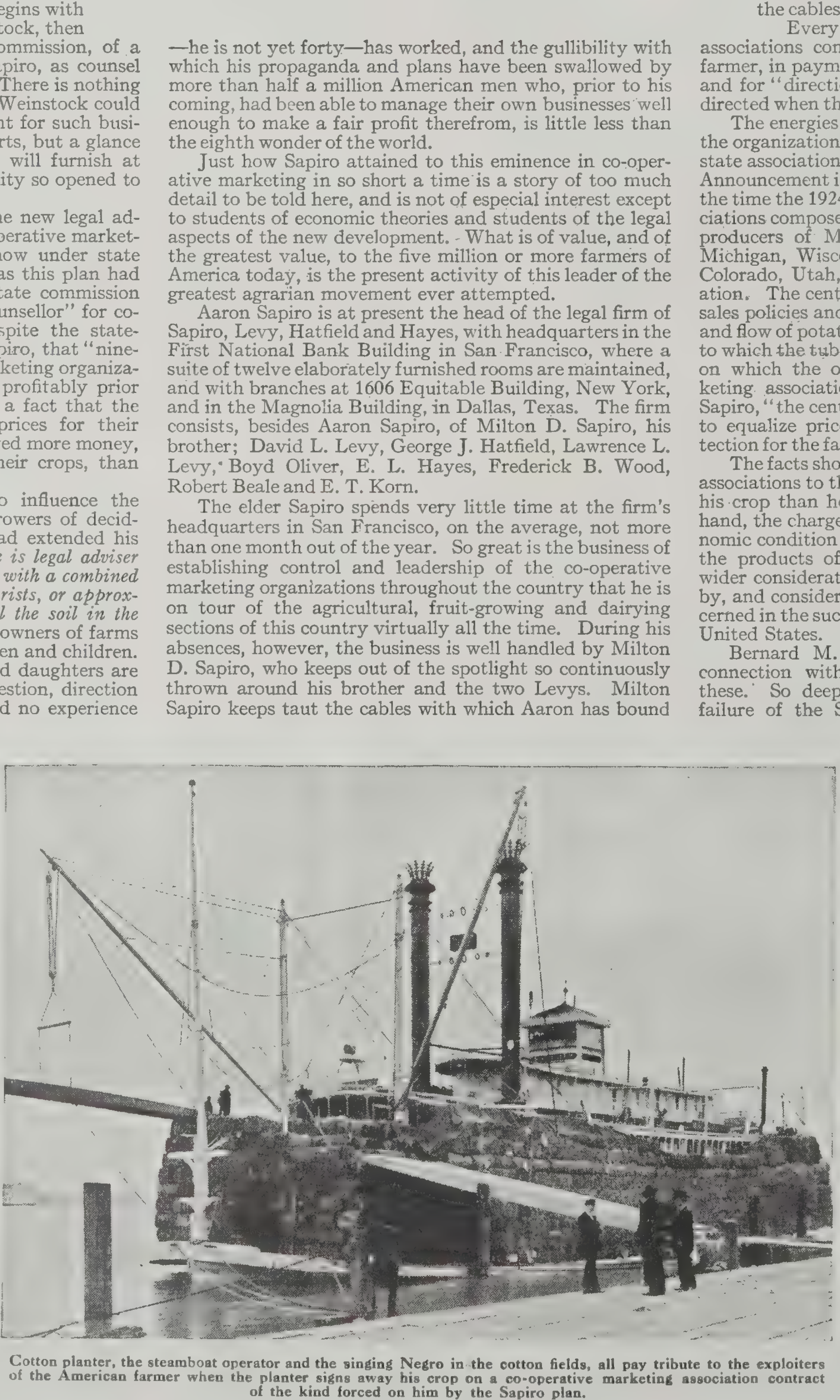
Nevertheless, Sapiro was able so to influence the farmers of California, particularly the growers of deciduous fruits, that within two years, he had extended his activities into a dozen states. *Today, he is legal adviser to sixty co-operative marketing associations, with a combined membership of more than 500,000 agriculturists, or approximately one-tenth of all those men who till the soil in the United States.* Back of these half-million owners of farms and orchards are at least two million women and children. These men and women and their sons and daughters are absolutely dependent on the advice, suggestion, direction and control of this attorney. He has had no experience in agriculture or horticulture in any form; he never has produced a dollar from the soil; he knows nothing of the problems which confront the farmer, save what he has read in books; he is not a producer of anything except ideas which require his personal employment by the American farmer. *Yet, seventeen states have altered their laws to conform to his plans of co-operative marketing*, and to enable farmers to fix prices for their crops at his command. *Forty-seven states contain associations whose members have pledged their crops to boards of directors obedient to Aaron Sapiro, and have pledged not one crop, but all the production of their lands for periods of five to seven years.*

Not a dollar can be paid by any purchaser to these American farmers unless the boards of directors of their associations—boards a majority of whose members are selected by Sapiro, or whose selection meets with his approval—permit it to be paid. These farmers must deliver the crops from their own lands, the production of their own supposedly independent and free American labor, when and where and to whom Sapiro directs, and accept for it the price his agents, or his representatives, or his boards of directors have fixed for it. The rapidity with which this young man—he is not yet forty—has worked, and the gullibility with which his propaganda and plans have been swallowed by more than half a million American men who, prior to his coming, had been able to manage their own businesses well enough to make a fair profit therefrom, is little less than the eighth wonder of the world.

Just how Sapiro attained to this eminence in co-operative marketing in so short a time is a story of too much detail to be told here, and is not of especial interest except to students of economic theories and students of the legal aspects of the new development. What is of value, and of the greatest value, to the five million or more farmers of America today, is the present activity of this leader of the greatest agrarian movement ever attempted.

Aaron Sapiro is at present the head of the legal firm of Sapiro, Levy, Hatfield and Hayes, with headquarters in the First National Bank Building in San Francisco, where a suite of twelve elaborately furnished rooms are maintained, and with branches at 1606 Equitable Building, New York, and in the Magnolia Building, in Dallas, Texas. The firm consists, besides Aaron Sapiro, of Milton D. Sapiro, his brother; David L. Levy, George J. Hatfield, Lawrence L. Levy, Boyd Oliver, E. L. Hayes, Frederick B. Wood, Robert Beale and E. T. Korn.

The elder Sapiro spends very little time at the firm's headquarters in San Francisco, on the average, not more than one month out of the year. So great is the business of establishing control and leadership of the co-operative marketing organizations throughout the country that he is on tour of the agricultural, fruit-growing and dairying sections of this country virtually all the time. During his absences, however, the business is well handled by Milton D. Sapiro, who keeps out of the spotlight so continuously thrown around his brother and the two Levys. Milton Sapiro keeps taut the cables with which Aaron has bound the farmers in the associations, and the Levys attend to the legal repairs necessary to prevent breakage in the cables.



Cotton planter, the steamboat operator and the singing Negro in the cotton fields, all pay tribute to the exploiters of the American farmer when the planter signs away his crop on a co-operative marketing association contract of the kind forced on him by the Sapiro plan.

Every dollar that comes into this firm from these associations comes out of the pockets of the American farmer, in payment for "services" which he does not need, and for "direction" of his associations which were better directed when the farmer did the directing himself.

The energies of Aaron Sapiro are now being devoted to the organization of the potato growers of this country into state associations, to be followed by a national association. Announcement is made at the Sapiro headquarters that, by the time the 1924 potato crop is ready for the market, associations composed of at least seventy per cent of the potato producers of Maine, New Jersey, Virginia, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California, will be in operation. The central or national organization will direct the sales policies and sales prices, transportation, distribution, and flow of potatoes to market, as well as name the markets to which the tubers shall be shipped. This is the same plan on which the other Sapiro-controlled co-operative marketing associations are operated, and, to quote Milton Sapiro, "the central body will control the distribution so as to equalize prices and conditions everywhere as a protection for the farmer."

The facts show that the farmer is not protected by these associations to the extent that he receives any more net for his crop than he received before, but that, on the other hand, the charge to the consumer is increased. The economic condition created by the Sapiro plan of control of all the products of the American farm, however, deserves wider consideration later. Let us for the moment pass it by, and consider the other Jewish gentlemen who are concerned in the success of the exploitation of the farmer in the United States.

Bernard M. Baruch, known best, perhaps, for his connection with the Wilson administration, is one of these. So deeply is he concerned with the success or failure of the Sapiro plan, that he signs his name to the official foreword of a book called "Co-operative Marketing, the Golden Rule in Agriculture," by Herman Steen, managing editor of *The Prairie Farmer*. Though this foreword is very like the main text of the book in style and substance, the signature at the end of the foreword leads the reader to believe that Mr. Baruch is responsible for it. In this foreword appears the following appeal (and also warning, if read aright) to farmers to refrain from objecting when the high overhead, heavy salaries and other extravagances take their money:

> "Mistakes will be made in co-operative marketing: they are made in all human affairs, and only experience can finally point the approximately perfect way. Here and there will be losses, due to mishaps which cannot be avoided or foreseen. When these arise, the members of the co-operatives should deal with them loyally, practically, and tolerantly; and, if they are led by the high type of business executive which the work demands, they will win through. For it is the man, more than the organization, who will win or lose for the co-operatives, and those farmers *who allow themselves to be agitated by the so-called high salaries paid for co-operative executives are fighting against their own interests.*"

In other words, Mr. Baruch says to the farmer: "Never kick at the price you have to pay for an executive in whose selection you have no voice." Those who have followed Mr. Baruch's history will see something in this statement; those who have not followed it would do well to learn it, and then remember that, ever since the Wilson administration went out, Mr. Baruch has been willing at all times and in all places to advise the farmers, and others, to mortgage themselves, through the co-operative associations, to certain bankers who operate either with or without governmental aid.

Incidentally, it is worth mentioning that Mr. Steen's book, mentioned above as containing Mr. Baruch's enlightening "foreword," is published by the American Farm Bureau Federation, according to a statement in the introduction, signed by Samuel R. Guard, of the department of information of that federation. Mr. Guard further adds that this volume is not propaganda, yet the name of Aaron Sapiro appears on twenty-five different and widely separated pages. Mr. Sapiro neither devised, invented, originated, developed nor improved the co-operative marketing system. All that he has done has been to collect the co-operative associations into one huge machine which can be controlled and operated by one group of men for the benefit of persons who never have been, are not now and never will be tillers of the soil.

We have now considered the connection of Harris Weinstock, Bernard M. Baruch, Aaron Sapiro, Milton D. Sapiro, Mr. Lasker, Mr. Honig, the two Levys, and some other gentlemen of Jewish origin, as well as the eulogist, Mr. Steen, with the control, direction and—let us say—"expansion" of the American farmer. When, as invariably happened, the local branches and the regional associations, under the Sapiro plan, felt the pinch of extravagance, poor management, ignorance of the workings of the inexorable law of supply and demand, and violation of other economic laws, they had to have money. Where the farmer, operating in his successful local association, without the assistance of legal advisers, had been able to operate on a business basis, the new associations turned to the banks. And where should they turn but to the Jewish bankers? If not, why not? The farmer, in the old days obtained such money as he needed from his local bank, and does so obtain it yet in those local associations which have been level-headed enough to refuse to be swept into the Sapiro plan. Today, his association goes to New York for its money, and the farmer pays the freight.

In the winter of 1922-23, Otto H. Kahn, leader of the Jewish international bankers on this side the Atlantic, gave a dinner to Aaron Sapiro in New York. Press agents for Mr. Kahn and Mr. Sapiro told the world that this dinner was given "to create a better and more intimate understanding between the financial and the agricultural leaders of the country." Not a single farmer attended this dinner, for the simple and effective reason that not a farmer was invited, but all the Jewish "agricultural leaders" of America, none of whom ever plowed an acre, planted a seed or harvested a crop, were there.

At this dinner, Aaron Sapiro, as the dean of the "agricultural leaders of America," made the principal address. His subject was "Why the California grower is running away with the eastern market." After comparing his plan to control the farms and the farmers of the United States to the operation of the United States Steel Corporation, especially as to selling methods, Sapiro said:

> "The California farmers, by pooling their products and having a central business organization of experts to sell them, have adopted the same methods the United States Steel Corporation uses. We know our markets; we have a complete outlet for our perishables; we store our non-perishables, and we feed them out in such quantities as the buyer will absorb at a fair price. And because we are a sound business organization, we can borrow money from the banks, so that the farmer who has once pooled his crops does not have to wait for full payment until they are sold. During the past twelve years, financial institutions have loaned *us* —(Mr. Sapiro has not been in the co-operative marketing business for twelve years—R. M.)—more than a billion dollars. *In 1921, the War Finance Board advanced seventy million dollars to co-operative organizations*, and if there was a single loss, I haven't heard of it."

Aside from the facts that not one of the associations under the Sapiro plan has been able to maintain a "fair price" for the products of its members; that the farmers in these associations were not paid for their 1922 crops until late in the fall of 1923; that the 1923 crops were not paid for in January 1924; and that the losses in these seventy million dollar loans, as well as the interest charged, were borne by the farmers, and not by the bankers or the Jewish directors—aside from these few corrections, Mr. Sapiro's statement is true.

In return for this speech, Mr. Kahn informed the "agricultural leaders" gathered around his banquet board, that Mr. Sapiro is "the most sought-after business man in this country." It was further announced at this dinner, though a lesser financial light than Mr. Kahn made the statement, that Mr. Sapiro "had pulled the prune growers of California out of one of the worst holes that a group of agriculturists had ever found themselves in." It will be shown later that the prune growers of California are today in worse condition than they ever have been, due to the expert work of the "high-salaried co-operative executives" for whom Mr. Baruch came so valiantly to the front. In addition to this it should be added that the prune growers are headed for worse trouble in 1924-25 than they met in 1923-24.

The demand which called for $70,000,000 in loans to carry over the unfortunate farmers, whose crops the Sapiro-directed associations were unable to sell in 1921, has increased to rather more than $100,000,000 in 1924. This is a "neat sum" to be loaned at seven per cent, with the best farming lands of America as security, and it would be surprising, if, with seven million dollars or more in sight as clear profit every twelve months, the international, as well as the national, bankers were not attracted to it. The names of the bankers who participated in these life-saving loans to the farmers whom the Sapiro plan already had "saved," indicate that the financiers of Jewish origin got the lion's share.

So next we find the managing director of the War Finance Corporation which, according to Mr. Sapiro, advanced the necessary seventy millions to the farmers in 1921, defending the co-operative marketing associations. For those who are not familiar with these matters, it may be said that Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., is this defender of the faithful. In an interview given out at Denver, October 29, 1923, Mr. Meyer, speaking directly on the subject of the grain trade, but including all the co-operative associations in his comment, said in part:

> "Although there is a growing appreciation everywhere of the fact that the co-operative marketing movement offers at the present time more promise of helpful results along sound lines than any other program that has been suggested, two elements are opposing it. On the one hand, it is being attacked by some of the grain dealers, and on the other, certain elements are belittling it because it interferes with their program of virtual socialization of the grain trade."

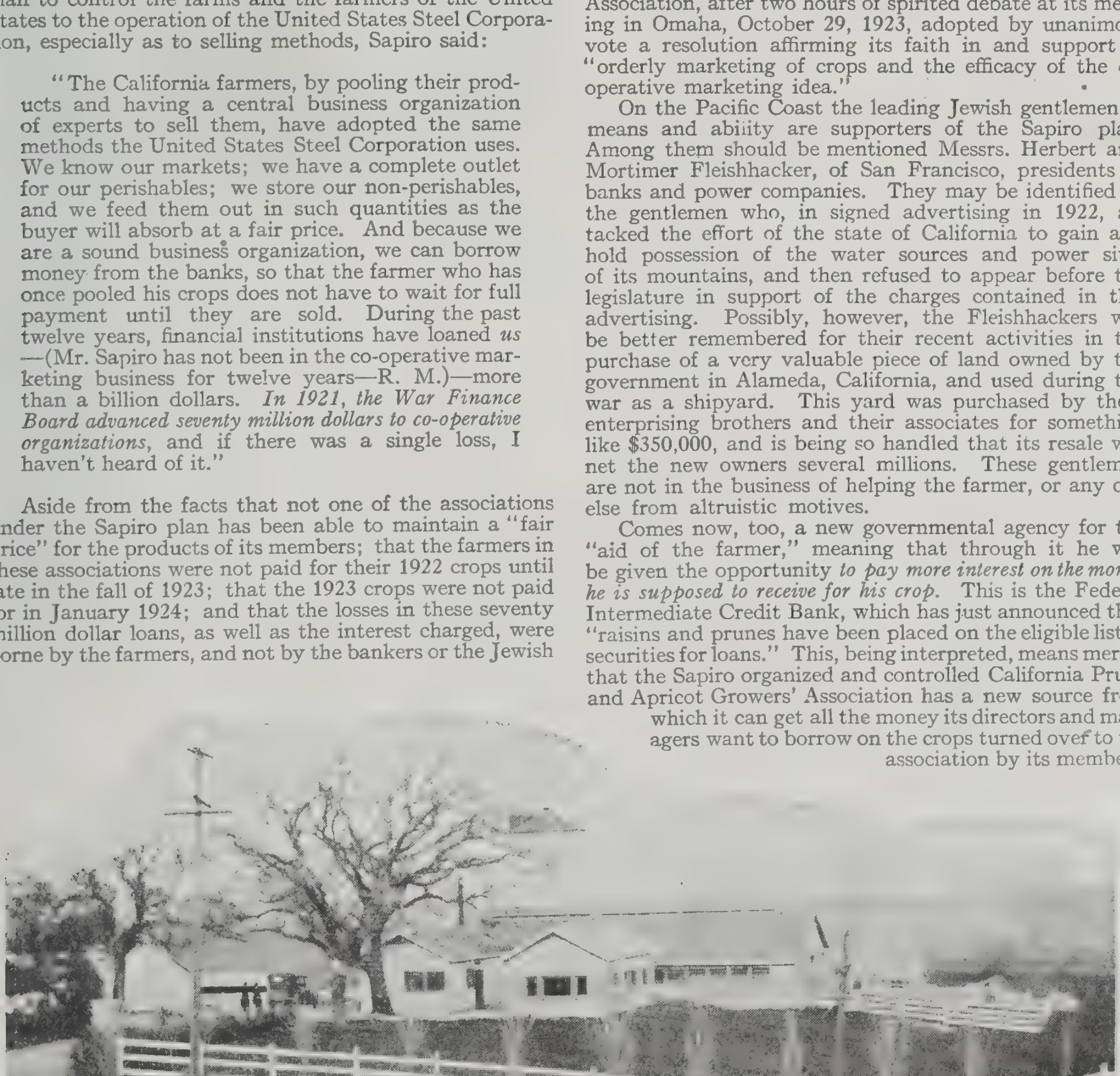
At Washington, in October, it was announced that Managing Director Meyer, and Director Mondell, of the War Finance Corporation, on October 9, telegraphed to the President of the United States:

> "We feel that the meeting with the leaders of the co-operative marketing movement in Chicago indicates a most auspicious outlook for successful results in organizing wheat producers, with the assurance of important benefits to them as well as to the entire country."

The agricultural commission of the American Bankers' Association, after two hours of spirited debate at its meeting in Omaha, October 29, 1923, adopted by unanimous vote a resolution affirming its faith in and support of "orderly marketing of crops and the efficacy of the co-operative marketing idea."

On the Pacific Coast the leading Jewish gentlemen of means and ability are supporters of the Sapiro plan. Among them should be mentioned Messrs. Herbert and Mortimer Fleishhacker, of San Francisco, presidents of banks and power companies. They may be identified as the gentlemen who, in signed advertising in 1922, attacked the effort of the state of California to gain and hold possession of the water sources and power sites of its mountains, and then refused to appear before the legislature in support of the charges contained in this advertising. Possibly, however, the Fleishhackers will be better remembered for their recent activities in the purchase of a very valuable piece of land owned by the government in Alameda, California, and used during the war as a shipyard. This yard was purchased by these enterprising brothers and their associates for something like $350,000, and is being so handled that its resale will net the new owners several millions. These gentlemen are not in the business of helping the farmer, or any one else from altruistic motives.

Comes now, too, a new governmental agency for the "aid of the farmer," meaning that through it he will be given the opportunity *to pay more interest on the money he is supposed to receive for his crop*. This is the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank, which has just announced that "raisins and prunes have been placed on the eligible list as securities for loans." This, being interpreted, means merely that the Sapiro organized and controlled California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association has a new source from which it can get all the money its directors and managers want to borrow on the crops turned over to the association by its members.


Typical American dairy, one of thousands which are being "organized" to pay tribute to the promoters of the Sapiro plan of co-operative association marketing, which is by no means limited to the products of the farm and orchard. Dairymen who have entered these new associations have not prospered any more than those who remained outside, but have had to pay for a great deal of excess cost of operation.

Aaron Sapiro's brother—a member of the law firm.

It would be unfair to the remainder of the ring of Jewish promoters and financiers who are today exploiting the American farmer not to mention at least one more, the able S. G. Rubinow, close associate of Aaron Sapiro, and at present his headquarters lieutenant in the organization of the potato growers of the nation. Mr. Rubinow lacks the intensity of which Mr. Sapiro boasts, but he has proved himself no less able in the overturning of already operating co-operative marketing associations and the substitution of Jew controlled and directed organizations therefor.

Lasker, Baruch, Weinstock, Sapiro, Honig, Levy, Steen, Fleishhacker, Rubinow, Kahn, Meyer—all working for the uplift of the American farmer! Does the American farmer never wonder that of all the leaders of this movement for the exploitation of our agriculture not one has ever been a farmer? Does the American farmer never pause to ask himself why his only "friends" should be an interlocking group of Jews? Does he ask himself why there is not an American farmer in this ring? Mr. Aaron Sapiro is rated by the financial authorities of San Francisco as "able to cash in one million dollars on a week's notice." This means that the million or more dollars this young attorney has made is *not invested in farms* but in easily salable securities. How many American farmers have made one million dollars in five years, or in twenty-five years, or in fifty years? Not one dollar of the money of any of the Jews in San Francisco who are interested in the Sapiro plan is invested in farms, orchards, agricultural lands or agricultural industries.

From one side of the United States to the other, the banks, and certain governmental agencies, about whose control very much could be said, are graciously condescending to lend money to the farmer, on the best security in the world, backed by the best and hardest labor in the world, and guaranteed by the most honest, and, possibly for that reason, the most easily deceived, class of people in the world. Why should the farmer pay interest on money honestly due him for his crop, after that crop has been delivered to the co-operative association? Why should the farmers support from three to a dozen high-salaried executives, and pay tribute to a band of bankers, attorneys, and other "experts" to help him dispose of a crop for which he is receiving no better net return than he received when he sold it himself? There never was a day in the history of agriculture in these United States when the middleman, the oft-reviled go-between from the producer to the consumer, looted the American farmer on such a stupendous scale as he is now being looted.

These are things for the farmer to think about before it is too late, and a large number of the farmers who are now tied up with these new co-operative marketing associations wish most devoutly that they had thought about them before they signed on the dotted line.

One cannot but feel amazement at the territorial extent which this movement has attained, started in reality less than six years ago by a young, unknown and uninfluential attorney on the Pacific Coast. It is true that, in its movement eastward, the Sapiro plan has left disaster in its wake, but it has been disaster to the farmer alone, not to Mr. Sapiro, Mr. Kahn, Mr. Fleishhacker, Mr. Lasker, or any other of the altruistic gentlemen who saw the necessity of uplifting and improving the farmer, and, without thought of anything but profit to themselves, stepped valiantly into the opportunity. In the South, the Sapiro plan holds cotton and tobacco, and virtually all the "improving" of the planters has been done there since 1919. In the great Mississippi Valley and westward to the Rockies, it is gaining rapidly through state organizations of producers of everything from grain to live stock. In the great mountain zone of the West, little effort has been made to "uplift" the farmer or fruit grower, not because the agriculturist does not need it, but because the farmers in that region are not numerous enough, and are too widely scattered through long distances, to make it profitable for their latest exploiters to "work them over." On the Pacific Coast, the Sapiro plan has been or is being locked around the necks of many of the agricultural industries, though those which have made the greatest successes are those which are operated by the agriculturists themselves, without the aid of an "organizing legal counsellor."

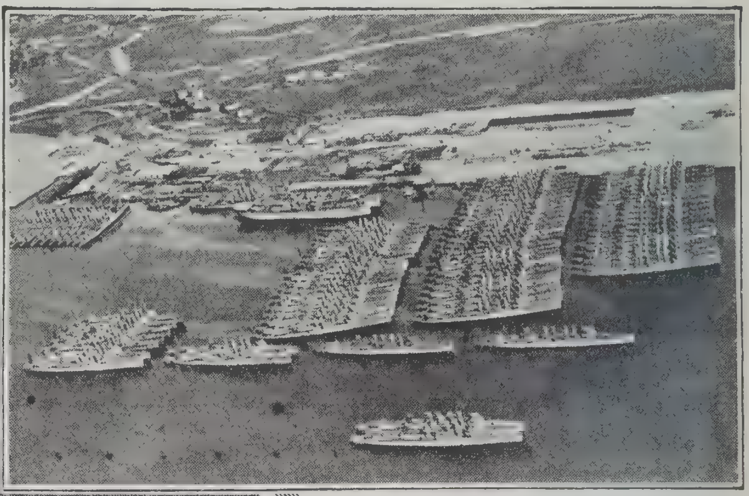
In a succeeding paper, Mr. Morgan will tell of the disasters which have followed the application of the Sapiro plan to the agricultural and horticultural industries of the Pacific Coast, where it originated.

Uncle Sam's Newest Naval Training Station

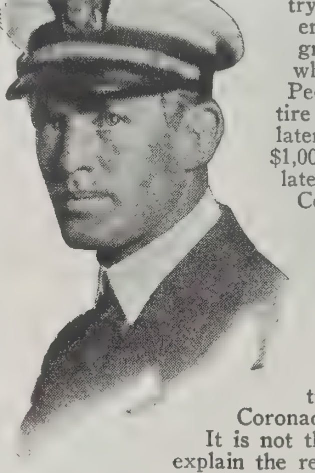
Will Accommodate 20,000 Men Who Will Be Trained for Better American Citizens as Well as Better Sailors

Official Navy photo-Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet.

The aviation station at North Island, San Diego, in 1923. Here many famous World War flyers were trained.



Decommissioned destroyers of the United States Navy tied up at the newest naval station at San Diego, California.



Above—A formation of Vought navy airplanes flying over the waterfront of San Diego. Left—Captain Albert Marshall, U. S. N., commanding the Aircraft Squadrons of the Battle Fleet. Right—Lieutenant B. H. Wyatt, flag lieutenant of the Aircraft Squadrons of the Battle Fleet.

Official Navy photos-Aircraft Squadrons, Battle Fleet.

By HARRY H. DUNN

WHAT is said to be the largest and best-equipped naval training station in the world is being completed by the United States at San Diego, California. Already there are pouring into it from 150 to 200 young Americans, recruits to the sea and air service of this nation, from all states west of the Mississippi River, from Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Eventually this western outpost of American sea power will accommodate 20,000 men; today there are between 2,000 and 3,000 in it, with the number increasing every day.

Few careers in this world are so fascinating to the average American boy as life on the sea, and the manner in which, in times of peace, these boys, grown to young manhood, flock to Uncle Sam's newest and best school for sea-fighters, proves that the lure of adventure has not passed with the coming of the age of commerce.

The new naval training station comprises a group of twenty-one buildings, set on 225 acres of land along the shore of smiling San Diego Bay. It is less than two miles from the station pier to the open sea, yet the station itself is perfectly protected by the abrupt earth buttresses of the Point Loma Hills. The station represents, to date, an expenditure of $3,500,000 and $2,000,000 more is being spent to complete the plant to meet the original plan of training all naval recruits from the western half of the United States and the islands of the Pacific.

Here recruits to the navy are given basic primary instruction in seamanship, and later special instruction in that branch of the service which each selects when he enlists. Here, too, are collected the naval training staffs and equipment formerly located at Mare Island and at Goat Island, on San Francisco Bay. The station is commanded by Captain David Foote Sellers, a distinguished officer of the American Navy, whose career dates from the Spanish-American War, and who, at the time of his transfer to direction of the San Diego station, was in command of the super-dreadnought *Maryland*. Henceforth, this station is to be the center of all naval training activities in the West. When plans for this station were formulated, the naval authorities set about securing a site which would accommodate at least 20,000 recruits at the same time. Due to its small size, Goat Island, in San Francisco Bay, could not accommodate any such number. At Mare Island there was a technical school where enlisted men were given advanced training in electricity, machinery and radio, the prime reason for location of this school at Mare Island being that there was a navy yard where actual repairs to large fighting ships were made, and which offered the opportunity for practical technical instruction.

When the destroyer base was established at San Diego, however, practical means of training were opened there and the departments previously maintained at both Goat and Mare Islands were transferred to the Southern California port, so that the entire training school, both primary and advanced, might be kept intact. This great naval training school is now beginning to function—"getting under weigh," as the naval officer says—and its operations, along with the great aviation station, also at San Diego, are worthy of the attention of every American who is interested in his country and its westward advancement.

The training station at San Diego is primarily intended for the basic training of recruits. The 150 to 200 arriving there weekly get an intensive training for eight weeks, after which they are sent to more advanced schools or to deep-sea duty. Although the personnel is constantly shifting, there are always from 2,000 to 3,000 recruits at this newest station.

From November 1 to April 1, a special school is conducted for applicants from the enlisted men of the Pacific fleet, who aspire to enter the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. The law orders that 100 enlisted men from the navy may enter the academy each year, and the examination given at the end of this period of special training for entrance to Annapolis is purely on academic subjects, such as geometry, algebra, trigonometry, English and history. There is an average of seventy men in the class each year, and five officers are detailed as instructors. Those who do not pass the examinations, or for some reason or other do not enter the naval academy, are eligible to take their places as able seamen aboard the ships of the fleet, after their eight weeks' training, so that the school really serves two purposes.

It is interesting to note that the rejections at the naval training station average only six per cent of the men received, and five of this six per cent are rejected because of physical disability, or ineptitude for the discipline or work involved. Only one per cent is rejected because of bad character or bad conduct. This is a high testimonial to the character of the American boys who apply for admission to the navy. On the day that a recruit arrives at the San Diego station, the chaplain forwards a letter to the boy's mother, or next of kin, advising this relative that the young man has enlisted in the navy, and giving his correct address. In this letter the chaplain offers his services to the man and to his family. When the recruit has completed his preliminary training and is being sent to another station, he is given a stamped post card, which he fills out and sends home, apprising his family of his change of station and new address. Thus, contact with the "home folks" is maintained as long as the man is in the service.

Each week, one man is selected as having the best all-around record for the preceding week and is declared to be "honor man." The navy in the training stations tries to care for the spiritual, mental and physical welfare of the men, surrounding them with good influences and providing congenial, healthful work. As a result of this, the duties of the officers in charge of the naval training stations are by no means confined to the mere teaching of routine navy work and practice to the recruit. He is given a training which makes him not only a good sailor, but a better citizen, and a stronger American when his term of enlistment expires.

At San Diego, too, is located the largest combined army and navy aviation field in the United States. It is on North Island, just across the harbor from the city of San Diego, and its history is one of the most interesting chapters in the record of the armed services of this country. On May 15, 1846, Governor Pico, of California, granted North Island and what is now Coronado to Don Pedro Carillo, who sold the entire property less than a year later to Bezer Simmons for $1,000 in cash. Forty years later, the Coronado Beach Company purchased this entire tract for $100,000. In 1919, or thirty-three years later, the Coronado Beach Company sold North Island alone, consisting of 1,475 acres, to the United States Government for $6,098,333.33, or sixty times the sum paid for both Coronado and North Island in 1886.

It is not the purpose of the writer to explain the reason under which the government paid more than $4,000 an acre for barren land, without improvements, but doubtless there are hundreds of thousands of taxpayers in the United States who would be interested in such information.

North Island was connected with Coronado, the mainland, by a bridge. In 1910, Glenn Curtiss had established a civilian flying school there, under a three-year permit, without charge. There, Curtiss trained a number of army flyers who afterward attained prominence in the World War, among them Major H. H. Arnold, present commander of the army flying field on North Island. In November, 1912, the United States Army established its own flying field on North Island, and at the outbreak of the war with the Central Powers, plans were set on foot to establish a large aviation school at North Island. Many cadets were trained here and sent immediately overseas. In 1917, primary training was discontinued, and Rockwell Field was converted into a pursuit and aerial gunnery school. Young flyers who had finished their preliminary training and received their commissions at other fields in the United States were sent to Rockwell Field for an advanced course of eight weeks, and immediately on the completion of that training sent overseas, completely trained for service over the lines of battle. Of the three classes of pilots—pursuit, bombing and reconnaissance—the first was the most coveted by all the candidates.

Thus, when the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, Rockwell Field presented to the world the last word in modern machines, machine shops, planes and equipment. Practically every type of pursuit and bombing plane was available, and several captured German fokkers also were in the yards. Celebrating the signing of the Armistice, 213 airplanes were sent into the air at one time, flying in various formations over San Diego. Every one of these machines returned to the ground without mishap to pilot or plane. This is the largest flight ever held at one time in the United States. Rockwell Field claims the record for turning out more finished flyers in a shorter time than any other aviation training school in the country. Men who had never before flown were taught to fly and

(Concluded on page 10)

Mr. Ford's Page

FARMERS who think are well aware by now how foolish it is to look for help except from themselves. The cure for the ills of farming is to be found within farming, not elsewhere. This is a valuable piece of knowledge to have, because it will save farming from some of the greater disasters that have befallen other fields of labor.

The common error everywhere has been to look to the financial field for the cure of whatever distress there is. This has grown to be a habit in the world, but it is gradually being brought into question, because there is no magic in money to supply a lack of experience or judgment. Railway problems are problems in railroading, not in banking, and all the bank loans in the world will not produce railroad wisdom. Yet what has been commoner in our country than to see railroads bow to Money, as if that could take the place of Management?

This pitiable mistake is at the back of Europe's failure to make a better showing than it does. Materially, Europe is just about what it was. The processes of Nature have been continuous, natural resources are as ready to hand, all the elements necessary to production are present, and yet because of a habitual reliance on money as the main requisite for production, there is no production to speak of. People talk about loans as if loans had magic, as if indeed they ever reached farther than the banking class. The belief that the earth was flat and if one traveled too far he would fall off, the superstition that demons caused eclipses, were no heavier burdens on the human mind, no stronger hindrances to human progress, than is the superstition that it is money that accomplishes things.

Farmers are being handed this superstition in large quantities just now. One would think that the farmer plowed with money, sowed money in his furrows, cultivated with money and harvested money, to hear some of the counsel being given him. There have been proposals of loans, to sink him farther in debt. There have been proposals of great funds to fight off the parasites that jeopardize his crops. Not to mention those who tell him that the problem of farming is marketing, which is not a problem of farming at all but of merchandising. Insofar as a farmer is a merchant, buying and selling, purchase problems and merchandising problems are legitimately his to consider and wisely act upon. But they are not the central problems of farming, by which we mean the working of the land for grain, fruit, vegetable or dairy products. The central problem of farming is the care, cultivation and collection of the fruit of the land.

WHEN you talk about Clean Farms there are farmers who will think that you are only a zealot for neatness. They will think that it is just the "looks" of the farm that interests you. Point them to a well-kept, prosperous farm and they will say, "That man made money and can afford to keep his farm in good shape." This kind of reasoning puts the cart before the horse. It would be nearer the truth to say, "This man kept his farm in good shape and therefore made money out of it." It is more important to keep a farm clean than it is to keep a factory clean, and every factory manager knows that a dirty, disorderly factory spells loss. Clean farming is an essential element of profitable farming.

How can any number of financial or merchandising plans make up for a lack of agricultural ability? So it stands to reason that the first problem of the farmer is farming.

While the fundamental principles of agriculture remain always the same, methods and management are constantly improving. Even the periods of distress through which farmers have passed have contributed to their progress. Failures in one crop have influenced the movement to a diversity of crops, so that the farmer's whole fortune need not always be in one basket. The overproduction of wheat is directly responsible for the increased attention that is now being given to the dairy side of the business. The "great freeze" in Florida many years ago was directly responsible for Florida farmers discovering the large possibilities in garden farming in that state, and anyone who has seen the vegetable farms of Florida and the matchless systems of irrigation which exist in some sections cannot but feel that though the early loss was heavy, the resultant gain has made it worth while a thousand times over. Wise Florida farmers who have seen the agriculture of that state grow to its present proportions are the first to admit this. The boll weevil, disastrous as its invasion of the cotton country has been, will also leave an unforeseen advantage in its wake. And—still speaking of the South—the influx of Negroes to the northern industrial centers will have the effect of replacing slower methods of human labor with modern methods of power-farming; the shortage of men will make an opening through which farmers will see the advantages and profits of the machine.

But, regardless of these problems, there is one matter which should receive more and more attention everywhere, and that is better methods of Farm Management. Farming is both a profession and a business, an art and a science. Haphazard practices, blind following of the old ways, grow less profitable year by year. We are no longer in the rich, lush periods of virgin soils, where fields merely tickled laugh in overflowing harvests. The farmer is adding to his duties that of Manager. It is the man who looks at his business as a whole and is constantly on the alert to apply right principles that finds himself unaffected by the troubles which overtake his fellows in the same line of business.

It seems simple enough to say it, and far too simple for many farmers to take it seriously, but a fundamental principle to follow is that of a Clean Farm. Successful industrial managers know the value of the clean factory, but there are still too many farmers who have not given enough thought to the Clean Farm. Cleanliness of the ground is much more important than of a factory, because the ground is living and because many of the farmer's most troublesome enemies arise from the neglected corners of his land. A well-kept farm should provide no covert for the propagation of parasites. There should be no hole or corner for insect or plant thieves of the farmer's labor. The ill-kept farm becomes a home and breeding place for the very elements which the farmer cannot permit without loss.

This is not merely a plea for neatness. The trouble has been, perhaps, that too many have viewed it in that light. Men who are naturally neat and orderly have looked after their farms merely to satisfy their instinct for neatness, and in so doing they have reaped other benefits of which it may be they were not aware. Still, it is evident to the ordinary observer that it is the neat farm that is usually the well-to-do farm.

People often reason about such farms this way: "That man has made money and is therefore able to keep his farm looking neat." But is it not possible that they mistake cause and effect in this matter? Is it money, after all, that keeps a farm clean and neat? Is it not rather labor and a respect for cleanliness, a desire for orderliness? It is not money, it is the man, who produces neatness. The truer way to reason is this: "That man kept his farm neat and clean, therefore he made money." Cleanliness is one of the causes of prosperity, not the effect of it. In such matters we must guard against putting the cart before the horse.

Suppose a farmer cannot see this as an argument: is he willing to adopt it as an experiment? Neatness is something he cannot buy, he must create it. What will happen? The spots where farm pests breed will disappear. The sour, festering spots will be made wholesome. The holes where rodents take their heavy toll will be stopped. Implements will be protected against the weather. Buildings will be cared for. Fences will be whole and stout. Lanes will be straight and trimmed. Dead stuff, the home of next year's pests, will be used up. The pleasure of it will build the element of orderly management into the farmer's mind and the practical and profitable effects of it will become apparent in the increased value of his property and products. He will become recognized for what he has become—A Master Farmer.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

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New Men

THE sole ray of hope from Washington in recent days has been the deliberate manner in which President Coolidge has ignored professional politics in selecting men to fill the Cabinet vacancies. It does not guarantee success that a man lacks a national reputation, but it may indicate that at least he does not belong to the old gang. One of the illuminating disclosures of the investigations is that it is always the old gang that is involved—the same old hangers-on of both parties, the same old office-seekers, even the same old newspapermen. Government seems to have circulated for the last twenty-five years within a limited circle. There have been no new, copious, purifying drafts made on the American people. The "new blood" which is sought by a change of parties, has not been acquired. New people are not brought into the government by swapping one party for another. The only way by which new drafts of men can be brought in is by the renewal or rejuvenation of the parties from within. "Throw the rascals out," once referred to the opposite party; it would be a good slogan for every party to adopt with regard to itself. If this is what Mr. Coolidge is trying to do, good luck to him! But the practical wisdom of his selection can only be determined by the action of the appointees themselves. It would seem that the new Attorney-General could begin at once to show his mettle.

Swat the Rumor

WHO should be interested just now to deal a blow at American business, or any part of American business? Who interested to see jobless men walking the streets, factories running part time, production decreased?

Somebody must be interested in bringing about this state of things, because somebody is making a business of circulating rumors and falsehoods calculated to create distrust. Within a few days there have been fed to newspapers by so-called financial news agencies invented tales of wholesale layoffs of employes, cancellation of raw material orders, and curtailment of production. In every instance these rumors were absolutely without the slightest color of justification—yet they were invented, they were circulated, and when they were called to account and disproved, they were followed by others equally false, equally calculated to create a fearful state of mind.

Somebody, apparently, wants to start something in this country, for financial or political reasons, and somebody is guilty of a kind of treason to the American welfare which, upon exposure, will merit the penalty of treason.

The public should beware all reports calculated to rouse a spirit of insecurity or foreboding. In the meantime, every effort should be made in every locality to discover just who it is that is interested in trying to put the brakes on American industry at this time.

Business is good, normally and wholesomely good. It is real business, not boom and bluster. There is no natural, normal, economic or political reason why it should not continue good. Which makes the activities of a certain rumor-factory very suspicious.

The Mass Meeting

THE following notes were written by an American and may therefore meet the disfavor of the noisy propaganda now reaching Congress. But, as the newspapers played their customary role and told what an impressive mass meeting was held at Detroit in protest against the United States controlling its own immigration affairs, this unvarnished report may assist honest minds to visualize not only what occurred at Detroit, but what occurs everywhere in similar meetings.

"Half the first floor was filled. None in the gallery. It required an hour's wait beyond time for the meeting, to obtain those. Practically all Russian Jews.

It is significant that all the speakers referred to the bill as a religious discrimination. Remove the professional racial leader and clergymen from this argument, and the rest will not feel bad.

"Rabbi Hirschman spoke for the orthodox wing of Judaism. He sneered at Americanism as a certain type of Jew always does when he lets himself go. This is not, of course, a secret pose: it is increasingly found in Jewish publications in the United States.

"Attorney A. H. Jaffin spoke in Yiddish and got the only real kick of applause from what one rabbi called 'this red blooded American audience.'

War on the Birds

DURING the World War the American powder industry expanded quietly because of the material and labor required in the manufacture of war explosives. But the market for powder has fallen off. Is it to revive this market that a prominent powder company is offering $25,000 in merchandise prizes to the individual or club which at the end of the three-month season has killed the greatest number of crows or other birds or animals designated as "vermin" in the competition prospectus?

We hold no brief for the crow. But when it is said that 87,000 persons, including women and children, have enrolled in this campaign, we foresee an indiscriminate slaughter of innocent song birds.

Crows are wary birds and the old pioneers averred they were able to "smell powder." It takes a trained hunter to get within gunshot of the crow. Too many disappointed hunters will "take a crack at something" regardless of species. Among the birds conspicuously black who will come in for indiscriminate shooting by amateurs who think they are shooting "young crows," will be the American Raven, Purple Grackle, Bronzed Grackle, Rusty Blackbird, Red-winged Blackbird, Purple Martin, Cowbird and Starling. Many will unthinkingly shoot robins, woodpeckers, grosbeaks, bobolinks, mourning doves, thrushes, whippoorwills and numerous other songsters rather than return home empty-handed. The thousands of amateur hunters entering into this contest will cannonade the quiet forests and woodlands, frightening away many valuable species during their nesting season.

This campaign to educate the youth of the land in the practice of cruelty and slaughter of birds is sincerely to be deplored. We trust the destructive features of this contest will arouse such adverse criticism that the effects of the nefarious project will be nullified.

Rooster and Cat

ONCE a tiny mouse took a brief outing for the first time. Under the advice of its mother it kept within quick reach of its home. Returning safely, it told its experiences to the wise parent, something like this:

"Oh, mamma, I had a lovely time. I almost forgot to watch for danger. At last I spied the loveliest animal sunning itself. It was so quiet and innocent, and had such lovely fur, I felt I must go to it and nestle against its side. Just then a great big monster, strutting in the yard, raised its head and shouted so loud I was frightened and ran home. I only wish I had been given time to go to that kind friend."

"My child," said the wise one, "but for the fellow you feared you would not have returned. Your quiet, demure friend was our greatest enemy, a cat, and would have devoured you, while the blatant rowdy was a rooster, of whom you need have no fear. His crowing saved your life."

How well the innocence of some humans is illustrated in this little fable! For instance, denouncing the danger of propaganda, many have only the fear of radicalism in mind, and speak of sound Americanism, seemingly unaware that some of the most insidious and menacing propaganda of the day is that which would maintain conditions that are a positive danger to America.

The radical may be only the boisterous rooster; his grievances have their birth in the wrongs suffered by the masses under institutions fostered by harmful selfishness. It is true that human woe is often exploited by radical demagogues for their own selfish ends, but human woe exists in too large a degree for a civilized country. Given a reign of real equity, with a decrease in human distress, the radical would find his occupation gone.

It is wiser to look out for the demure cat, rather than fear the shining-feathered rooster.

Evolution

TO AN outsider, who has ceased to expect courtesy in certain disputes about "evolution," there is still a faint hope that honesty may prevail. When Professor Stewart P. Sherman, as quoted in a Detroit paper, refers to "evolution" as "the most fruitful scientific theory of modern times," he recognizes the fact by the use of the term *"theory."* But when he denounces those who protest that a *"theory"* should not be taught to children as a *Fact,* known and proved, and speaks of "60,000 benighted Bible students" as the enemies of intellectual light, he is simply falling into the casual scientific lie which has so darkly befogged the whole question. When the best informed pro-evolutionists say that the theory is not proved, that confirmation on at least two sides of the theory is less than it was thought to be twenty-five years ago, that what the people have been taught to understand by "evolution" is not at all what scientists now understand by it, there certainly is room for a protest against defenseless school children being taught as a *fact* what is not known to be a fact, while at the same time all other accounts of man's appearance on the earth—the Bible's, for instance—are not permitted to be taught. If Genesis is "religion," and therefore forbidden, where does an opposite theory (admittedly a theory) cease to be irreligion and become science? There is a question of honor as well as logic involved and it is regrettable that enlightened scientists should leave themselves in a position to be challenged by "benighted Bible students."

Comments on the Investigation

LET the investigators be on guard against Cabinet advice about inquiring into "delicate matters." Let the people's business be done in the sight and hearing of the people. If Japan worked a game against our airplane preparations, let it be known. No Secretary of State has the right to say it should not be made known. If a foreign government was behind Sinclair in gobbling up our naval oil reserves, let that government be named, and the details of its game exposed. There are no matters more "delicate" to the American people than the matter of integrity among their public officials, and the Investigating Committee will add the last straw of unbearable treachery if it should fail in its duty or "play the game" as that phrase is understood at Washington.

Pressure is being brought on newspapers to soft-pedal the investigation or slide it over as a comic issue. The country's best humorous writers are being sent to Washington to wind up the exposures with a laugh. This is a course which only desperation could pursue and wholly ignores the impression that has been made on Mr. John Citizen of Forty-Nine States. The reaction which "laughing it off" is causing among people in all parts of the country is not a nice thing to feel. One of the dangerous elements in the present situation is the inability of publicists to feel the public pulse.

What penalty, what punishment for officials who have sold out their sacred public trust? You will not find the people at large talking much about punishment. They don't know of any that fits high crimes. What can be done to a man who has sold his soul, anyway? Here and there throughout the country are military cemeteries, where row on row, in regimental circles and in long lines reaching through woods and running across little hills, are the tens of thousands of white headstones marking the graves of soldiers slain in war. Mostly boys, they were, who believed in America, who paid for America with all they had—to hand America on to us. Confinement to the bounds of a military cemetery, to contemplate by day and night the cost of the country they betrayed—this might prove a suitable punishment for soft-palmed men, weak-charactered men who made of public office a private graft.

The moral slump that has characterized Washington is difficult to understand except at a distance. One example. Everywhere a man's home or a man's office is considered inviolate, but it was with the utmost aplomb that government agents told how they "went through" Senator LaFollette's office and desk, and shadowed other respectable citizens for the personal satisfaction of their enemies. Breaking into rooms and desks and mail, appropriating or destroying papers, is a method that cannot be practiced by any government upon its citizens without bad results. A government has no right to do anything that would be punishable when done by a private detective agency. And—the Investigating Committee should carefully note this—*private detective methods have too shamelessly marked official methods at Washington since the last Presidential inauguration.*

First Impressions of the Picturesque Orient

Leis of Hawaii, Fujiyama the Sacred Mountain, Chinese Bandits

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

"TAKE four piecee man and one piecee missie to Hotel Astor and make chop chop."

It was dark when we docked at the port of Shanghai, and the ordeal at the customs house had been particularly exasperating.

So this was China where a human was "one piecee." For years I had dreamed of going to China, but I had expected to remain a human being; not become a garment.

In our party were five "griffins" and myself, the mother of one of them. A "griffin" is a young man who is being sent out to the Far East as a representative of a British or American firm. He remains a "griffin" for one year. Four had been sent to North China, and one was to leave us at Japan.

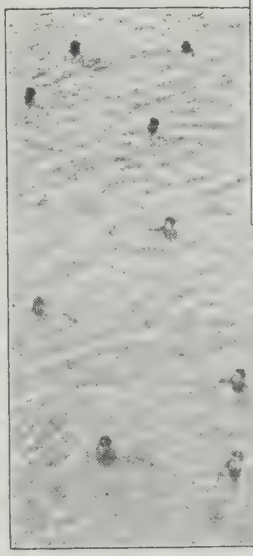
What a trip it had been! Six days out from the Golden Gate—or was it five or seven? We had lost all track of days—we awakened to see, way off in the distance, something that looked like a low-lying cloud, which gradually took on more tangibility and a mountainous shape. The Hawaiian group was an actuality!

The Hawaiian Islands rise out of the deep blue of the tropic waters into a cloud-flecked tropic sky. Their approach is quite entrancing. Color runs riot. The rocks and mountains are covered with tropical growth in a multiplicity of colorings, and the red soil of the islands lends tone to the wide range of greens and heather shades that greet the eye. Little rivulets of sparkling water, cascading down the mountains, reflect myriads of rainbows as the sun shines on them.

In the long ago, in the time of native splendor on the islands, kings and queens of Hawaii maintained their summer palaces on the beach of Waikiki, which is now a world's playground. There, amid the seductive murmurings of palm trees, they relaxed and rested from their cares of state. But gone are the kings and queens, and gone is the native splendor of their day.

The native does not approve of this change. Deep down in every Hawaiian heart today there is seething resentment of the presence of the white man to whom the glory of a bygone day appeals only as a comic opera setting; a resentment toward a pale-faced race which refuses to treat the superstitions, traditions and customs of the islands with respect. It is a resentment, poorly concealed, against the white man who very openly holds the native in contempt.

Half an hour before the boat docked at Honolulu, all about the ship black heads began to bob. They were the heads of Hawaiian boys who swim out to every incoming ship, to dive for the small pieces of silver tourists toss overboard, and stay to watch it turn and flash in the sun, until some native boy has secured it and tucked it away inside his cheek, much as the Maine chipmunk tucks nuts away in its cheek pouches. By the time the boat had docked some of these boys had their two cheeks so full of silver that they had great difficulty in closing their mouths sufficiently firmly to keep the coins safe.



Native boys swimming about the ship at Honolulu.

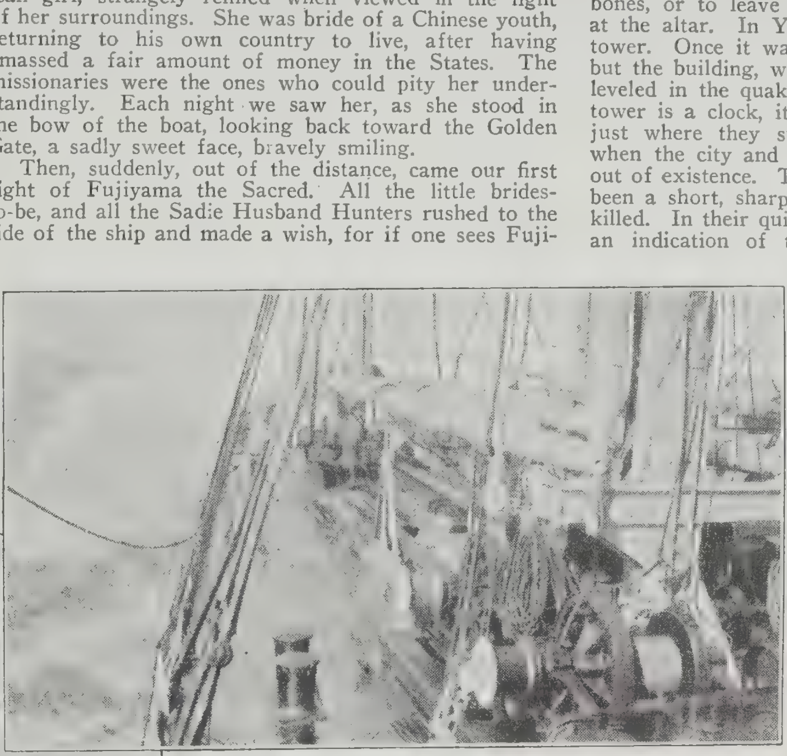
Flower vendors swarm the boat as soon as it docks, and the visitor met by friends, or the traveler returned to his home, will find himself almost strangled by wreath after wreath of sweet-smelling flowers that are thrown about his neck. This wreath is the native leis, sometimes made of fancy colored tissue paper, more often, however, of sweet perfumed native flowers. It is a pretty custom. Just a bit wistfully, perhaps, I stood on one side and watched this most charming custom of welcoming friends, and suddenly, about my throat, I felt something very sweet and spicy and cold, and I, too, was wearing a leis. One of the "griffins," thinking tenderly perhaps of his own mother back in California, had slipped away from the crowd and secured this wreath of soft yellow and white ginger flowers, strung alternately with little deep orange flowers, to make a leis. It was a pretty compliment, a gracious act, and made me feel that I "belonged."

There is a purely American superstition that to toss one's leis on the water as one sails away from the islands, will insure one's return, provided the wreath drifts back to the shore. Here again the foreigner insults the tradition of the native people, for the Hawaiian never casts his leis away. It was given him by a friend and he will treasure it always. It is a small thing, in our eyes, but resentment is deep in the heart of the native-born, who looks with ill-concealed displeasure upon the once beautiful wreaths, grown sodden and ugly, that drift back to shore after each departing boat.

On the boat were the usual number of "navy widows" on their way to the Orient to meet husbands stationed in Far East waters for a period of years. There was also a dear little blond girl, en route to Manila, to meet the man she was to marry, whom she had not seen for three years. Three years sometimes make a sorry change in a young man who has lived alone in the Orient, but the China *Press* of December seventh carried a dispatch from Manila, announcing the marriage, on the day before, of the little blond girl and her man. She had found him worthy.

Others on board our ship were wealthy people touring the world. American business women, going to the Orient for positions, where the salaries are high and the expenses divided in half, counting on the American gold standard. There were missionaries returning to old fields, or new ones going into they knew not what, with the light of high resolve in their eyes. And there were the usual lot of Sadie Husband Hunters, lured on to possible conquests by the stories of the numbers of young unmarried men, on high salaries, living in the Far East, waiting to be plucked.

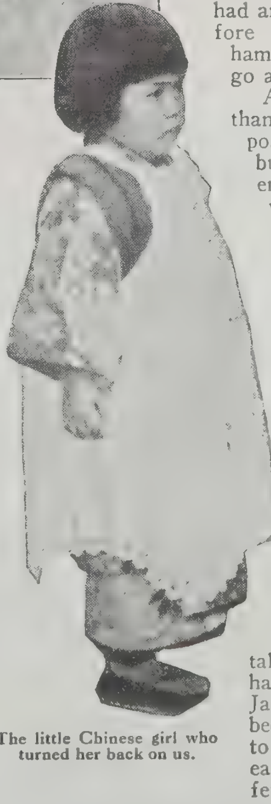
Turbaned Indians from the East, squatting in the steerage, held themselves dignified and aloof from the other steerage passengers. To one side a group of Chinese were playing fan-tan. They were in rags for the most part, but they had money and won and lost it without the flicker of an eyelash. Considerable sums of money changed hands over that game, down in the steerage, and once, looking over the railing "abaft" of which no first-class passenger might go, I saw the oldest Chinese of them all count out $350 and pay it over, without a change of expression. In the steerage, looking quite out of place, was a rather pretty American girl, strangely refined when viewed in the light of her surroundings. She was bride of a Chinese youth, returning to his own country to live, after having amassed a fair amount of money in the States. The missionaries were the ones who could pity her understandingly. Each night we saw her, as she stood in the bow of the boat, looking back toward the Golden Gate, a sadly sweet face, bravely smiling.



Spray dashing over the boat in mid-Pacific.

Then, suddenly, out of the distance, came our first sight of Fujiyama the Sacred. All the little brides-to-be, and all the Sadie Husband Hunters rushed to the side of the ship and made a wish, for if one sees Fujiyama for the first time when the sun shines on it, and makes a wish, that wish will never, never fail to come true.

The next morning was cold and raw and misty, and the mist changed to a driving rain before noon. Late the night before we had anchored out in the bay, before the stricken city, Yokohama, but were not allowed to go ashore till morning.



The little Chinese girl who turned her back on us.

Anything more desolate than Yokohama would be impossible to picture. Not a building stands intact in the entire city, which but a few weeks before had been called the happiest city in all Japan. Leveled to piles of broken brick and sodden dust was its gayest and happiest street—the theater street. Leveled to piles of broken brick and sodden brick dust was every street in the city, and the stench of old bones and old flesh was everywhere. In pouring rain we went on to Tokio, where eager workmen were reducing all signs of a terrible tragedy as rapidly as it was humanly possible. There is some talk of not rebuilding Yokohama as the great port of Japan and hence there has been no such feverish haste to remove all signs of the earthquake. In Yokohama a few streets had little stores of rough framework, stores in which were only the necessities of life, and they were of the roughest and most temporary structure. In Tokio it was different.

Honolulu street scene.

In Tokio a shrine had been erected in a great square, which had been the site of a great factory building. When the building was destroyed by the quake, 35,000 were seeking refuge there and the fire broke out and smothered all to death who had not been killed by the quake. At the shrine, day and night, priests chant their prayers, over the high piles of bones, and tourists, attracted by the chanting, stop and buy flowers to strew upon those piles of bones, or to leave at the altar. In Yokohama there stands a high clock tower. Once it was a part of a great office building, but the building, with the exception of the tower, was leveled in the quake. High up toward the top of the tower is a clock, its hands pointing to the noon hour, just where they stopped that bright September day, when the city and thousands of its people were wiped out of existence. The day before we arrived, there had been a short, sharp shock, and three persons had been killed. In their quick movements we suspected we saw an indication of the strain under which the native people were living, but their immobile faces showed no hint of worry, and the changeless smile of Japan was seen on every hand.

On the ship coming over were two American girls. Both had held high salaried positions with an American firm having an office in Yokohama. Though their building had been demolished by the earthquake, they had escaped without injury.

Their firm got them onto one of the first of the rescue ships bound for the United States. They bade goodby to Japan for all time, but after a week at home they became restless. They longed for the Orient, for Japan. Their firm had established offices in Kobe, and the young women returned on the U. S. S. *President Taft*, sailing out from San Francisco November 8, two months and a week after living through the great earthquake tragedy. That rainy day in Yokohama I went with one of these young women as she started out to try to find the place she had called her home for three years. These two girls, with another American girl and their amahs and servants, had occupied an apartment up on the bluff, the most desirable foreign residence section of the city.

Through miles of debris she and I plodded, over slippery, muddy roads where rickshaw men would not go, and at last she found the place. By a bit of broken china pitcher which had been hers and which she found in the debris, she recognized the site. A pile of charred bones in a little wooden box stood where she believed the entrance of the home to have been. A pathetic little sign, written in Japanese characters, told that these bones had been found in the wreckage of the building. Could anyone identify them? Miss G. thought presumably they were the bones of her amah, for they had never been able to find what had become of her, though the other servants had been found, either dead or living. Pushing away bricks and wood where once the garden had been, she found a few red roses and white gardenias, which she picked and reverently laid on the pile of charred bones that rested in the little wooden box beside what was once the entrance to her home.

That night it cleared and a Japanese moon, a great red ball of fire, came out; across its surface sped fleeting clouds, black in the night.

The surprise of the tourist, visiting Shanghai for the first time, is the initial glimpse he gets of the sky line of that city. It is not unlike that of New York City or of any other American port city. You say to yourself: "This is not so bad. This is like some American city," but then you hear some one at your elbow order a Chinese chauffeur to take "Four piecee man and one piecee missie to Astor Hotel House and make chop chop" (hurry up) and the dream is dispelled.

There are other things to shatter that dream—among them the odors of the street, the ragged rickshaw men, the beggars sore and covered with filth as they wave a shattered arm at you, or with a grin show the stump of a leg, a big asset in the profession of begging. Everywhere there is filth. But Shanghai's shops are marvelous, bewildering and fascinating.

The native city of Shanghai has all the interest of a Chinese city of a generation that has passed. But one

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The American Truth and Alien Free Speech

Is the Goose Step Altogether Fatal; Is a Quinine Diet to Be Forced Upon Us by Those Whose Truth Is Not Our Truth?

By LOUIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

THAT lover of turmoil, animosities and publicity, Upton Sinclair, brought the question of free speech to the front page a short time ago. His attack upon the management of universities and colleges as being ready to suppress truth in obedience to the mandates of wealth, individual or corporate, malicious or stupid, is as violent as that of any clamoring voice well can be.

Ideally, no doubt, free speech, whether of the tongue or of the printed page, is part of the irreducible minimum of liberty essential to a democracy. Milton's plea for unlicensed printing, the *Areopagitica,* has seemed unanswerable. More than that, it has so much become a part of our common thought that we can hardly look upon it as a thing debatable. It is to be remembered, however, that in Milton's day truth was static, not dynamic; absolute, not relative; objective, not subjective. Out of the conflict of opinions truth would only the more surely emerge, as Milton thought, and that was because truth for him was one thing.

When this American commonwealth of ours was given a constitution, it was not realized in its implications that the world of social order that man creates for himself is not the world of nature into which he is born. Truth was a something absolute to our forefathers, as to Milton, and nature was only incidentally part of the whole of truth. The more men were free to talk about it, the more likely they were to find it. In the world of the natural and physical sciences, now as then, nothing could be truer. For the student of the material world outside of man, animate and inanimate, the goose step is beyond all question utterly fatal.

Is it reasonable to pass from this conclusion to the further conclusion that in a society organized by man for the fulfilment of his aims and purposes the goose step is equally disastrous? The Upton Sinclairs all say yes, and all the lovers of chaos add their voices to the chorus. Others who are not lovers of chaos can be discovered beating time to the music, but it is at least a ground for suspicion that the high-pitched instruments are in the hands of the anarchic.

Striking a Happy Medium

THE great problem of man in society has for a great part of his recorded history been that of securing order and organization without becoming bound to formalism and ritual. Inescapably, order and organization are in some degree associated with the maintenance of a ritual. Any action that is not to be destructive of order and subversive of the organization within which it is operative, must be in agreement with a formula. If that formula is as hard and fast as the goose step, life certainly becomes more or less pallid and meaningless. On the other hand, life without a formula is life in the jungle. There are those who enjoy the jungle, who belong in the jungle, but when that can be said of the majority of Americans, when that has become the inner truth of American life, America as we have understood it will have ceased to be.

The Cat and the Tiger

THE jungle theory of existence is rooted in the belief that man is a part of external nature, that he lives according to the laws of external nature, and that the old notion of his superiority to nature is a myth. This theory and the doctrine of free speech have come to have an affinity that could hardly have been dreamed of before science had increasingly drawn men to look at and study the world outside themselves. Free speech, carried to its logical end, gives to the advocate of the jungle the privilege of imposing the jungle and the methods of the jungle upon those who have fought their way out of the jungle and have no overpowering primitive instincts to force them along the way back. It is out of the wisdom of the race that its social formula has been evolved. No social organization, no social code, has been discovered in nature. Society as organized is not objective. It is not founded on objective reality or objective truth. It is a human construction, and it is usually so far local that it reflects not the truth of humanity at large, but the truth of a racial portion of humanity. Organized society is the instrumentality by which man realizes his inner nature and gives it external actuality.

Illustratively, it is more than probable that Muscovite truth and Turkish truth can never become Anglo-Celtic truth. The brotherhood of man is a beautiful conception, but the sentimentalists have not yet demonstrated it as a real unity of the race. The cat and the tiger are one in their kind, perhaps almost as much one as the Hollander and the Marquesan; but the truth of existence for the cat is a warm fire and a place on the rug by my lady's chair, while the truth of existence for the tiger is the jungle. The growing encroachment of the world of the cat upon the world of the tiger does not change the tiger's habits to those of the cat. It exterminates him. It is reported also that the introduction of the beauties of civilization into the Marquesas Islands does not make a civilized man out of the Marquesan. He suffers extermination with the tiger.

It is for the securing of his own happiness in agreement with the demands of his own nature, as exhibited in the racial mass, that man has established a social system. No man can be persuaded that he is happy by way of the palate on a diet of quinine when he craves grapefruit and buttered toast. No amount of discussion will make the life that produces happiness for the Marquesan produce happiness for us. Neither will an American arrive at happiness by such roads as guides may point out to travelers in the Balkans. It is worse than useless to discuss that possibility. If the Persian or the Abyssinian crowds upon us and asserts his truth in our midst, he may seduce some of our degenerates and disturb our life, but he cannot change what is truth for us. He cannot give us his nature in place of our own.

In the face of these considerations, the argument for free speech and a free press loses something of its look of finality. In a world in which truth is one thing, the discussion that brings truth to light should certainly contribute to agreement and understanding. In a world in which truth is two things or three things or even more, in a world of subjective truth, including a variety of differing race tendencies, it may chiefly bring to light truths whose differences are irreconcilable. If discussion only makes it more certain that my neighbor and I can never agree, perhaps one of us should be suppressed before our antagonism has become too pronounced. Which one of us should receive the adverse judgment must be wholly a matter of location. If I am in the other man's world and am trying to make him take my good and beauty in place of what is and always will be good and beauty to him, I am the one to be given a sedative. I can justify my suppression of his truth, whether by force or by open discussion, when I am in his world, only by conquering him by making him a part of my world and insisting upon his accepting the consequences. In such cases the question is not one of abstract theory, but of preponderant force maintaining its own social ideals.

Choking the Super-Vociferous

IT SEEMS more than probable that, with the coming upon us of many additions to our already large alien population, we shall have to reconsider the problem of freedom of speech. Our truth is not the truth of a great number of those who cross the water to our shores, and it is a grave question whether the various bodies of truth to which we separately hold can ever be brought into harmonious union. If race qualities are as permanent as there is abundant reason for believing them to be, they will always remain apart. In that case freedom of speech is little more than a piece of sentimental benevolence by which we may surrender our truth to those not of our household and be compelled thereafter to eat the crumbs of unpalatable bread from their tables. A decent self-respect should suggest that, before we come to that state, some measures of self-preservation may properly be taken, even though they do compel the super-vociferous to choke a little now and then on their words.

Uncle Sam's Newest Naval Training Station

Concluded from page 6

received their "wings" as trained pilots in thirty days, and solo flights were made when the cadet had received less than three hours' instruction. At other fields seven or eight months often were required to give the same amount of training that was given at Rockwell Field in thirty days, the reason being the absence of rain or cloudy days at the San Diego field.

There are a number of other interesting features of Uncle Sam's naval department now developing at this newest and largest station. The destroyer repair base, which is of the most vital importance to the maintenance and operation of the destroyer force on the Pacific Ocean, is located there, and is one of the best-equipped plants of its kind in the world. The base covers 115 acres and includes in its repair units a 2,500-ton marine railway. This base keeps in condition not only the destroyers in active service, but maintains as well the condition of the eighty-two decommissioned destroyers tied up there.

The fleet supply depot, occupying, with the headquarters of the Eleventh Naval District, a seven-story building on the waterfront, handles all the supplies for the shore stations throughout the district, amounting to more than $2,000,000 monthly. The high-power radio station of the navy is located on Chollas Heights, overlooking San Diego, and the more than one hundred warships of various kinds which, on the average, are in the harbor every day in the year. Some idea of the value of this newest and largest naval station to the port in which it is located may be gained from the fact that the pay roll met by Uncle Sam there every month is more than $2,000,000.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT results of the bringing together in one naval training station of all the recruits from the United States and its possessions west of the Mississippi River is the collection of information regarding the education, religious beliefs, ages and family relationships of the men who enlist, giving a cross-section of these conditions in the general young manhood of America. The following tables are the result of the tabulation of the first 3,000 men entering the San Diego station for training:

1st. Thous.	2nd. Thous.	3rd. Thous.	RELIGIOUS DATA
474	457	303	men profess Protestant church preference but not membership.
365	385	519	men stated they were member of Protestant churches.
134	123	140	men stated they were Catholics.
6	10	10	men gave their church preference as Catholic.
16	14	16	men stated they were Mormons.
7	5	5	men were of the Jewish Faith.
5	4	0	men belonged to the Christian Science church.
3	2	7	men declared they had no religion or religious training.
			AGE DATA
°57	58	64	men are below 18 years of age.
°354	346	336	men are 18 years old.
189	191	187	men are 19 years old.
105	108	100	men are 20 years old.
137	143	112	men are 21 years old.
68	68	80	men are 22 years old.
37	38	43	men are 23 years old.
20	14	26	men are 24 years old.
33	34	52	men are 25 years old, or older.

°NOTE—This is a tabulation of original statements. Later admissions and reports move many 18 and 17 year old boys down into younger ages.

1st. Thous.	2nd. Thous.	3rd. Thous.	EDUCATIONAL DATA
117	97	91	men have less than 7th grade education.
27	14	4	of the above had only 3rd or 4th grade schooling, or less, and are considered near-illiterates. They have been given instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic.
116	134	123	men finished 7th year in grammar school.
295	312	340	men finished 8th year in grammar school.
143	149	133	men had one year in high school.
144	133	128	men had two years in high school.
86	84	83	men had three years in high school.
76	71	73	men had graduated from high school.
23	20	29	men had graduated from high school and had taken more or less advanced schooling after that.
			HOME DATA
153	171	127	men reported having no living parents.
400	340	380	men reported coming from broken homes, or having only one living parent.
447	489	493	men reported having both parents living not separated or divorced.

A naval hospital, designed ultimately to accommodate 1,000 patients, also is located at the San Diego post, though at present there are wards for only 250 beds. The group of buildings in this hospital cost $2,300,000. The barracks of the United States Marine Corps, standing on a campus of 732 acres, is considered the finest brigade post in the United States, which is to say, in the world. The government has expended to date approximately $3,500,000 on this unit, which consists of six barracks, each 319 by 42 feet, with dormitory wings 66 by 41 feet, and a kitchen wing 43 by 41 feet. The connecting arcades between these buildings and in front of them form a covered portal more than half a mile long.

Each of these barracks has accommodations for 200 men, with individual mess halls and kitchens. The buildings are designed in the Spanish renaissance style of architecture, and the idea has been carried out in great detail. When completed, this Marine Corps post will contain forty-five buildings, placed in a rectangle, and extending along a 3,000-foot front, facing San Diego Bay. The buildings are grouped within an area of fifty acres, the remaining 682 acres of the tract being set aside for parade grounds, baseball diamond, tennis and handball courts and flower gardens. Major Joseph H. Pendleton is in command of the brigade of Marines, and Lieutenant Colonel Giles Bishop is in command of the Marine Post. Captain Albert Marshall, U. S. N., commands the Aircraft Squadron of the Battle Fleet, and Lieutenant B. H. Wyatt is flag lieutenant of the same squadrons.

Our Wonder of the World—the Great Salt Lake

Longer and Wider Than the Dead Sea But Not So Briny

By E. J. DAVID

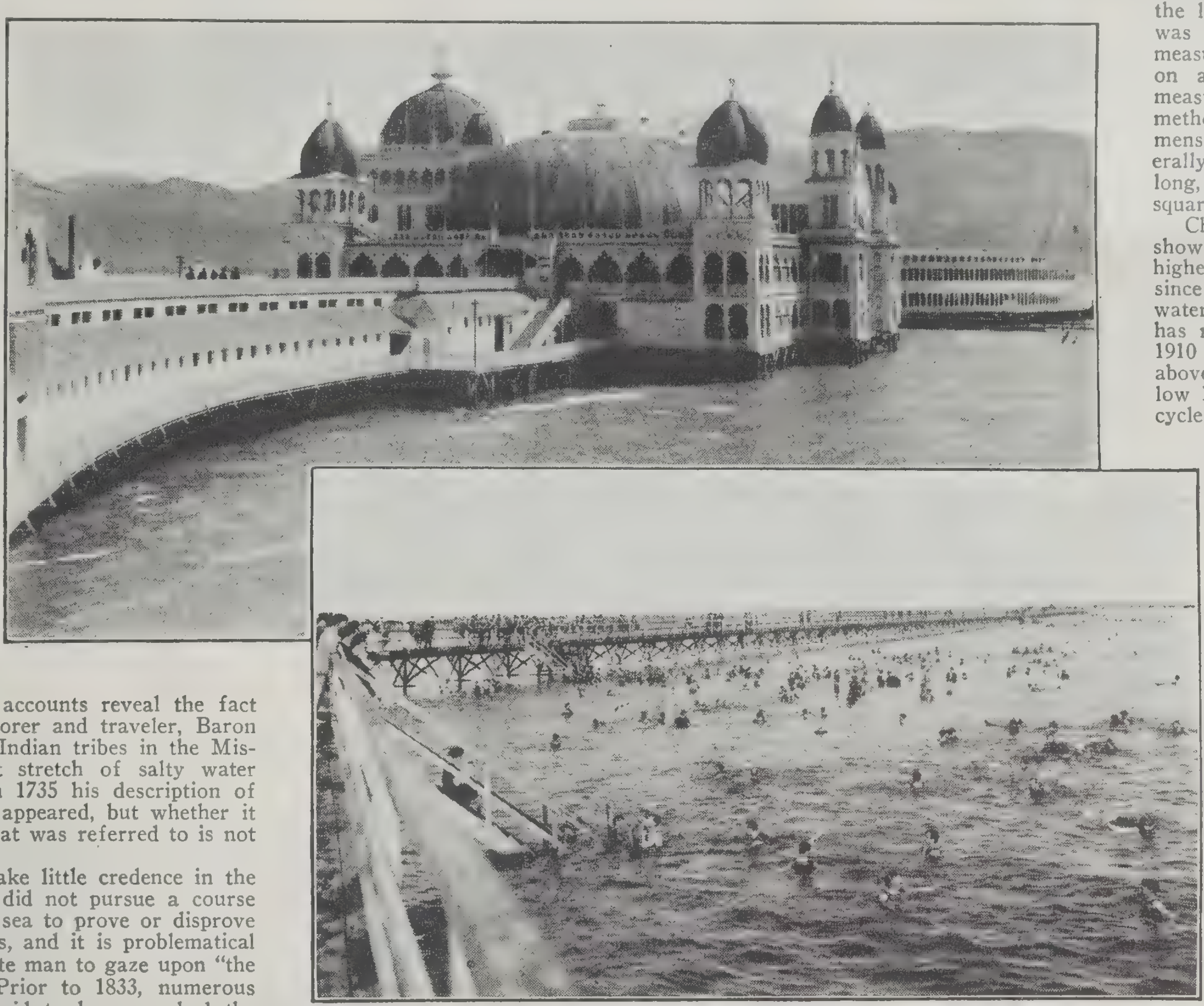
AT SALT LAKE CITY'S doorstep is situated a wonder of the world—the Great Salt Lake—of which people know little. The lake is a great inland sea with no outlet from the lake except by evaporation. It is, of course, heavily impregnated with salt.

To such an extent does the salt prevail that it is impossible for a person to sink. This, however, does not mean that the water is absolutely devoid of danger. On the contrary, the uninitiated might not swim or float properly and as a result would tip at an angle which would cause considerable suffering if the salty water entered the lungs. However, most of those who venture into the water, and there are many thousands every year, obtain the proper advice to avoid any discomfort.

The Great Salt Lake has been an object of attraction to the student and the layman alike; and its claim upon the popular notice has increased with the passing years.

The first reliable information regarding the discovery of the lake dates back to 1776, when Padre Escalante, a Spanish official and explorer, followed the Provo River from its upper parts to its termination in Utah Lake, situated in a valley directly south of the Great Salt Lake. Earlier accounts reveal the fact that a certain French explorer and traveler, Baron La Hontan, learned from Indian tribes in the Mississippi Valley of a great stretch of salty water lying to the westward. In 1735 his description of what the natives told him appeared, but whether it was the Great Salt Lake that was referred to is not known.

Escalante appeared to take little credence in the stories of the natives and did not pursue a course into the basin of the salty sea to prove or disprove the accounts of the Indians, and it is problematical as to who was the first white man to gaze upon "the Dead Sea of America." Prior to 1833, numerous traders and trappers are said to have reached the shores of the lake, but in that year Benjamin L. E. Bonneville gazed upon the inland sea without question. He wrote much of it in a descriptive manner and many attempts have been made to have the lake named after him, but the name, the Great Salt Lake, was far too popular. Captain James Bridger is said to have followed the Bear River to its mouth and sallied forth in a boat on the lake, but authoritative confirmation is lacking. Then, again, in 1843, ten years after Bonneville made his expedition, John C. Fremont, brevet captain in the United States Army, out West on government work, traversed the lake by rowboat and made the first reliable record of its physical features.



Above—The pavilion on Salt Lake, amusement center and gathering place for thousands who journey to the lake to "cool off." Below—A summer afternoon in the Great Salt Lake showing the large number who take advantage of a dip in the briny.

The Great Salt Lake today lies on the valley floor, bounded on the west by Boxelder and Tooele counties' waste and desert lands, on the north by another part of Boxelder County, on the east by the hilly Davis and Weber counties, and on the south by Salt Lake and Tooele counties. The lake is twenty-eight miles longer than the Dead Sea in Palestine, forty-one miles wider, and covers six to seven times as much area. Only in depth and in saltiness does the historical Biblical sea surpass the mountain-girded sea of Utah. The water of the Dead Sea is twenty-seven per cent salt, while the Great Salt Lake varies from 13.7 per cent to 22 per cent. In depth the Dead Sea measures in places 1,300 feet, but the most striking feature of the hydrography of the Great Salt Lake is its shallowness. The mean depth is thirteen feet and the maximum depth of forty-nine feet has been compiled, and even when the water increases from ten to twelve feet in level, the depth of the water does not keep pace correspondingly, but spreads.

Due to the varying amount of precipitation, humidity and water used for irrigation, the lake is always inconstant in its volume, and consequently such action causes many fluctuations in the area of the lake. At one time when it was at its lowest level its area measured 1,750 square miles, and on another occasion the lake measured 2,170 square miles. For methods of convenience, the dimensions of the lake are generally settled at seventy-five miles long, fifty miles wide and 2,125 square miles in area.

Charts of the lake levels show the water at present to be higher than in any previous year since 1891. In that year the water equaled the height that it has now attained and again in 1910 it ran close. It is eight feet above what it was during the low level mark in 1903. A wet cycle prevailed from 1865 until 1886, during which time the lake was continually high, and reached its climax in 1886, when it struck the 13-foot mark above zero. From then until 1903 a dry cycle prevailed, and in the latter year the lake reached its lowest mark in written history. A game of baseball was played west of the present pavilion at Saltair, which is now on the fringe of the lake and the foundation of which is now submerged a few feet. Incidentally, bathers had to walk more than a mile to get into satisfactory bathing water, compared to the conditions existing today.

During the year of its lowest mark the precipitation in Utah was 14.80 inches, while the precipitation during the highest mark registered 18.42. The range of the lake is 16 inches during the season and it reaches its highest mark in the latter part of May or June. The rise occupies seven months, due to the melting snows, spring waters and occasional rise of precipitation. The fall takes about five months during the summer when water escapes very rapidly by means of evaporation. In autumn the evaporation diminishes and in November it barely manages to hold its own.

Promontory Point, pointing like a pistol into the heart of the lake from the north, appears to be the remnant of the range of mountains which at one time took in Antelope Island, directly west of Davis County, and Fremont Island and protruded through to the Oquirrh Range. Antelope Island is the largest of the land masses arising in the lake. The other islands, in order of size, are Stansbury, Fremont, Carrington, Gunnison, Dolphin, Mud, Hat and Bird and Strongs Knob.

In the early days, Stansbury and Antelope islands were accessible by fording and were used as herding grounds. Later, however, with the rise of water, boats had to be brought into action to make the crossing.

The Great Salt Lake receives its water supply from the creeks and rivers running from the Wasatch and Uinta ranges. From the western shore, which is bounded by the Great American Desert, there are no streams which yield water for lake consumption. The first river of importance that feeds the lake is the Jordan, which brings down the overflow from Utah Lake and dumps it in the lake a few miles southwest of Woods Cross; next to the Jordan in point of importance are the Bear and Weber rivers, the former running in from the north and the latter draining the eastern hills. Besides these main contributories, numerous small streams, known as creeks, render considerable water in the early spring melting season. It is recorded that the streams carry enough calcium to charge the lake for 18 years.

The solids brought down in solution by the inflowing streams have been progressively accumulating, while water itself has been removed by evaporation at a rate equal to, and for long periods greater than, the supply. Much of the soluble matter is left in the lake and abandoned and becomes a layer of the dregs.

The lake itself was probably formed by the distortion of the earth's crust.

There appear to be but two forms of life that can survive, brine shrimp and larva of the fly.

The pavilion was completed in 1893. At the time it was nearly a mile from shore, the railway leading on a pile-supported track into the lake.

America Deficient in Long-Distance Runners

Concluded from page 2

fied. But the same charge may be made against some of the leading universities.

One of the best illustrations of overburdening the high-school athlete may be found in the case of Sherman Landers. In 1916 Landers competed in the Stagg Interscholastic Meet. He ran in the 100-yard and 220-yard dash events, in the 120-yard high hurdles and the 220-yard low hurdles, the 440-yard run, the pole vault, the broad jump and the javelin throw, a total of eight events. In the two-dash and the two-hurdle races he was forced to run heats as well as the finals. It was the keenest of scholastic competition. Landers scored twenty-six points in the meet and after running in the heats and in the finals and doing the pole vault, the broad jump and the javelin throw, Landers had the pole vault standards set at thirteen feet at the close of the meet and tried to clear that distance and set a new record.

Landers did not do this only in the Stagg meet at Chicago, but he repeated the performances in the meets sponsored by the University of Michigan, the Bradley Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Minnesota. In addition, he was subjected to the same abuse in several smaller meets. Landers was the outstanding athletic performer, winning these meets single-handed. Then, as soon as school ended, Landers joined the Chicago Athletic Association, kept in training all summer and competed in all meets. He was, of course, the most desired prospect in the country and Pennsylvania finally landed him. But there he was never the pole vaulter that he had shown himself to be in high school and he was only a fair broad jumper. By virtue of some skill in the hop, step and jump, he managed to make the Olympic team. According to his feats as a high school athlete he should have been the star of the Olympic Games at Antwerp in 1920 but all that Landers managed to do was to fail absolutely. He did not have enough ability to finish among the first three in the one event that remained for him, the hop, step and jump.

America can have no excuse for the lack of distance runners in this country. We have many first-rate sprinters, and yet most of our high-school stars and excellent college prospects are "burned out" early. In distance events there are fewer good performers and these must be nursed along carefully. The remedy is in our hands. If high-school coaches will only try to develop their men more carefully and avoid letting the growing athlete reach his full strength too soon through excessive competition, the result will be beneficial, for, even if they are abused thereafter, they will at least have had a chance to attain fair strength before they are offered to an almost year-round competition in hard races. Colleges will benefit this country if they insist that their athletes do not compete in open meets, at least in open indoor meets, while they are attending college. It takes years to develop good distance men and they must be brought along gradually. One season of overwork can easily ruin a man's entire athletic career.

A New Day Dawning for the American Garden

Garden Clubs Are Now Introducing a New Movement in Horticulture

By E. I. FARRINGTON

HORTICULTURE in America is undergoing a revolution. American women have brought it about. Until within a very few years ornamental gardening in this country was carried on in the most haphazard and unorganized manner. There was none of the co-ordination which has made gardening an art in Europe, none of the co-operation which produces a national type.

There have been gardens, of course, ever since the days when Washington planted his neat hedges of box at Mt. Vernon and the old sea captains of Salem filled their back yards with hollyhocks and larkspurs. There have been brilliant landscape architects who have laid out magnificent estates from Maine to California, but garden making as a coherent expression of American ideas did not exist until women here and there began to form little garden clubs, bringing their influence to bear on seedsmen, nurserymen and landscape architects. So prompt and so surprising were the results that now they are to be found in every state, hundreds of them, and their federated organization, the Garden Club of America, is probably the most powerful force for horticultural advancement on this continent.

In former times the foreman or superintendent of an estate was a law unto himself. He regarded his employer's ignorance with amused tolerance, but bought what he chose and planted where he pleased. His employer respected his scientific knowledge, interfered but little with his plans, and paid the bills. As a result, most large places expressed the personality of the gardener and not that of the owner.

Commonwealth, a new rose.

All this has been changed. As a rule, the employer still stands aloof, but the employer's wife knows every plant that goes into the ground and plans every important change that is made. The gardener works with her and not merely for her. In many instances warm friendships, based on mutual respect, exist between the mistress of a country home and her superintendent. The latter would not think of making a new rose bed or changing a border without a consultation. The women of America are studying the art of garden making with an earnestness and an intelligence that is reflected in better gardens, more attractive home grounds, and a higher type of horticulture in all parts of the country. Some of the most valuable garden books of the day have been written by women. Mrs. Edward Harding is a wealthy estate owner in New Jersey, but she works with her own hands, and her book on peony growing is the recognized authority. Mrs. Charles H. Stout, another New Jersey woman, has written the only important book on dahlia growing now to be found. Mrs. Francis King, of Alma, Michigan, the dean of women garden writers, has produced several books that have had a profound influence on the development of gardening in this country. Mrs. King has also been given the George Robert White medal of honor for eminent service in horticulture by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the highest award that can be made.

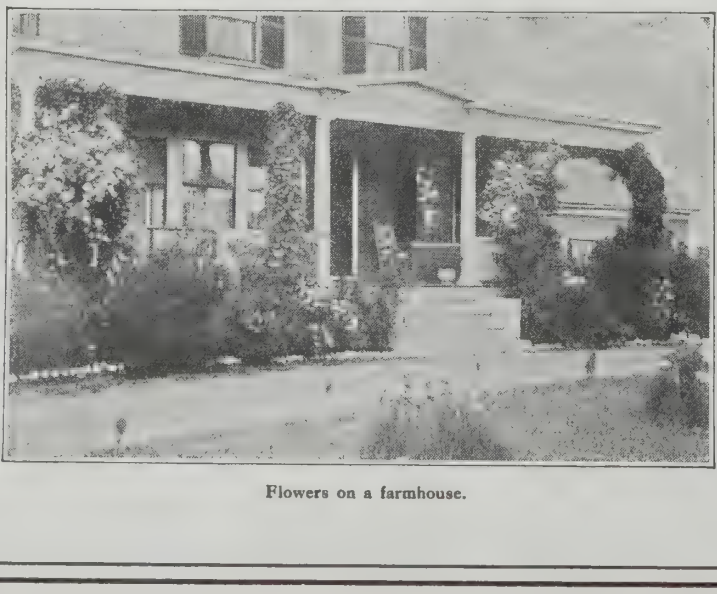
Many other women write for the bulletin of the Garden Club of America which contains, perhaps, more real, practical information on modern garden methods and the newer plants than any other publication on this side of the water.

A city garden.

Members of the club have gone further and have opened their gardens on certain dates to accredited members from any part of the country, resulting in frequent visits and bringing about not only a splendid feeling of comradeship but a welding of opinions as well, that is being felt by every seed house, nurseryman and landscape gardener.

It has always been the custom of men in the trade to grow and sell what could be handled in a large way with a minimum expenditure of labor. The result has been a tendency toward restriction, a tendency which is manifested in private hedges, specimen hydrangeas and Carolina Poplar trees. The garden clubs have insisted upon the finer, more refined plants, the novelties from Europe, the Asiatic shrubs introduced by the Arnold Arboretum, the choicer products of American hybridizers. This attitude has been of exceedingly great importance at this particular time, for importations on any large scale are made impossible by a very drastic (and what many persons consider a very arbitrary) ruling on the part of the Federal Horticultural Board at Washington. This ruling shuts out all plants which have balls of earth on their roots and many bulbs besides.

Roses, rhododendrons, azaleas and other plants were formerly shipped to this country by the thousands from Europe. Now they can be obtained only by special permit for propagation. The result has been that American nurserymen have been compelled to develop their own resources. But the whip of public opinion was needed to stir them to action. If left to themselves they would have grown and offered for sale only a limited variety of shrubs, comprising mostly the kinds easiest to grow. This is perfectly natural and offers no grounds for criticism. It would be the easiest way of making money. The awakened women garden makers of the country, however, declared that they would not be kept within any such narrow limits. They exhibited a surprising knowledge of the novelties available for propagation. They demanded that these novelties be grown. As a result a condition which seemed likely to beget only stagnation and apathy has resulted in the production of American-made plants on a scale never dreamed of in the past. At the same time, the amateur garden makers have not dropped their campaign for more liberal treatment from the Board at Washington, realizing that this country cannot live unto itself from a horticultural viewpoint if its gardens are to contain the best of the world's ornamentals.


Flowers on a farmhouse.

This country has come to excel already in the development of new roses, although the roses of Ireland and England are still prized. Each year sees introductions of merit, many of the best coming from the establishments of the Hills, father and son, in Indiana; and from the Montgomerys in Massachusetts, not far from President Coolidge's home town. Such roses as America, Angelus, Hadley, Commonwealth, My Maryland, Mme. Butterfly and Radiance will make any garden a delight. And the wonderful climbing roses developed by Dr. W. Van Fleet, M. H. Walsh, George Thomas and others have gone far overseas.

American peony, dahlia, iris and gladiolus hybridizers have given many wonderful new varieties to the world. Dahlia growers like to boast of the enormous size attained by their flowers. This tendency is being checked by the more progressive societies, which are insisting that dahlias shown at their exhibitions shall appear with long stems instead of being stuck into the top of a bottle. Now the cabbage dahlia usually has such a weak stem that the flower hangs its head as though ashamed unless supported, which militates against its exhibition in a long-stem class.

The flower shows of the country are in themselves an indication of the changes under way. Formerly milk bottles ranged row on row, each containing its one flower, were the rule. This arrangement is giving way to more decorative methods. Green burlap is replacing white paper on the tables. Baskets and vases are replacing bottles. More foliage is being used. The flowers are being grouped for decorative effect. Black velvet backgrounds, special lights and benches of different heights are adding to the effect. The garden clubs have pointed the way and the commercial exhibitors are falling into line.

Remarkable spring shows have been set up in New York for several years. In May of this year an international orchid show is to be held at Horticultural Hall in Boston which will surpass anything of the kind ever seen before on this continent. In the spring of 1924 a National Flower Show will be held at the huge new auditorium in Cleveland, preparations for which are already under way. Smaller communities everywhere are holding annual exhibitions which are reflecting both the love of the masses for nature's offerings and the newer ideas about displaying them to the best advantage.

There are national gladiolus, dahlia, iris and peony societies, and their conventions are always occasions of rare enjoyment. These societies have taken a very important step in starting test gardens and by making check lists, the purpose being to keep only the best varieties in cultivation and to avoid duplication.

As a culmination of the work of the different societies has come the book called "Standardized Plant Names." This book has been issued so that seedsman, nurseryman, botanist, author, and everyone dealing with plants and plant names has an accepted authority to follow which will make the catalogs easier for the amateur to understand, and planting directions easier to remember, a most desirable consummation.

Adventures in "Housekeeping" on a Railway

A Story in Which a Trip Across Canada Is Vividly Described

By A. R. PINCI

"IF YOU break those eggs you'll have to do without lunch!"

"I won't break them, mother, but I can't find them. Where are they?"

"I know I put them there, right next to the celery and the apples. They are in a cake box—"

"Oh!" It was an exclamation of petulant disappointment that surged from the depths of a juvenile heart—a very young one. "I thought that was cake."

"You shall have your dessert, Mary, because I packed everything we could use but we have three days to go and we must make everything count."

It was "mother" that was speaking.

There she was, in a washable silk waist and a sensible woolen skirt, and a very infectious if motherly smile, as she sat facing her daughter, aged about eleven, ready to do a little housekeeping—seventy-two hours of it—on a transcontinental train.

It was an interesting group of travelers in the tourist car that has made the Canadian railways noted if not famous; the car of the people for the people; the tiny home that permits of little rest from household cares to those who wish to avoid the commonplace comforts of the more formal and more expensive dining car behind.

I wanted to see how the Canadians do their housekeeping while traveling, or, more correctly, their traveling while housekeeping. So I became the possessor of a tourist ticket between Montreal and Winnipeg—half the transcontinental journey—at half the price for really almost all of the regular sleeping car comforts. The tourist car is just a wee bit less ornate than the more exclusive models after which they are patterned, but they are superficial simplifications. Instead of the customary green plush one begets artificial leather coverings that in warm weather are certainly cooler for sitting purposes. The only objection is that they show off the dust that the plush conceals and saves amid the fibers of its nap, but it's good exercise to blow it off. It strengthens the lungs. But there was a fellow traveler so powerfully lunged that he scattered his individual portion of Ontario dust all over neighboring seats. He was very generous with it—and with his snores, which also originated in his lungs.

At one end of the car there was the kitchenette. It was done in white tile, or a clever imitation of it, with its sink and running water, and the coal stove facing it across the space taken by the window.

Three meals a day for an average of twelve persons—the others being those who take their meals in the regulation diner, a privilege that graces the tourist-sleeper ticket—and each meal representing a variety of appetites and purses and *cuisines;* I call that a kitchenette in size but not otherwise. It's a kitchen, full-fledged and dependable that caters to individuals who in turn must cater to themselves when this duty is not a pleasing task; and I know of kitchens that cubically are much more extensive, much more fastidious, much more modernly equipped, that fail of their mission to feed—nay, to satisfy the inner man.

I have partaken of a complicated viand duly prepared in one of these kitchens, where every pot and kettle and pan and dish and fork was sterilized, scrubbed and polished, but when it comes to stimulating the nostrils, inspirit a lethargic stomach and excite the papillae of the tongue, through the delight of aromatic odors rather than the ocular enticements of suitably displayed eatables, the tourists' kitchenette gets all the gold medals, blue ribbons and diplomas.

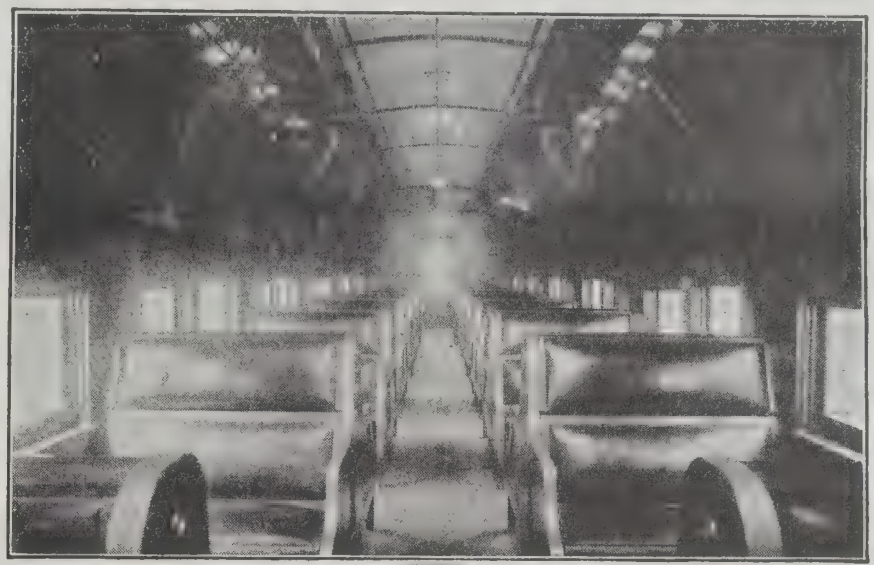
Lest I offend the sensibilities of an epicure I shall qualify to this extent; that I refer to individual odors and not to the ensemble, especially on a Friday, when fish holds the place of honor (especially if one happens to traverse the habitat of very religious peoples).

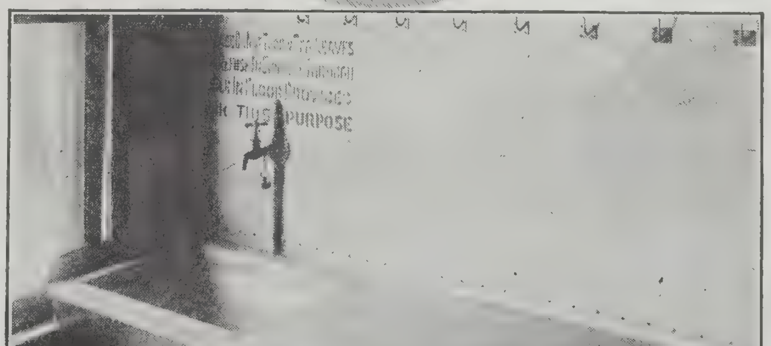
So while the very plain but businesslike mother was warning Mary to be careful with the eggs, my nostrils were dilating in response to the wafting forward of ham-like exhalations and another substance that I have failed to recognize. Undoubtedly it was a "folk" dish, because the gray-haired woman presiding over the diminutive kitchen had her mind on what she was doing—and that is more than can be said of many a woman today engaged in cooking. She looked like the sort of housewife that would delight to pierce a turkey with a spit and affectionately watch its turning over lambent flames. Have you ever seen a French peasant croon over a *poulet?*

It was an unusual crowd that was housekeeping and almost fraternizing while the miles were counted off under our feet. An aged couple; a woman with three grown-up sons; two spinsters; three men that believed in "saving fourteen dollars a head for four days of 'tourist' life"; two sisters; a man; another man; a bride; several children; two married couples; and one or two unremembered others.

It was typically Canadian in atmosphere; only one couple spoke French and originated somewhere in Quebec; all the others were Anglo-Canadians or Irish-Canadians. In general, however, they were all Scotch—they were so thrifty that they were afraid even of rubbing their hands upon the elbow rest—whether to save their skin or protect the brass lacquer I don't know. Thrifty but generous.

For here were chances galore to be a "guest." I could have eaten my way across Canada free of charge had I rotated as per invitations. Anything from a sandwich up to veal chops. It was shy on fuss—the kind of overdone, pampered table decoration that one gets almost anywhere in polite society these days—but long on food. Calories or vitamines—whatever it was, there was enough.





Above—Colonist car ready for day occupancy. Center—Cooking stove in colonist car. Below—Sink in colonist car.

The one drawback was bread; the second day from Montreal it was not especially appetizing and being inclosed in boxes, suitcases, paper sacks, napkins and the like, rendered it fit for puddling but nothing more unless one has a penchant for stale bread. The other drawback—but it had nothing to do with the cooking—was the heavily spearminted dessert affected by the following: one boy, two girls, one young woman, a man who with eyes closed was rendering an excellent imitation of a cow Fletcherizing meditatively (and there were hundreds of them on the pastures alongside our tracks) and one bride. If any of the others did it witness deponeth not.

If one wished to be captious a lament might be voiced about finding sundry orange or banana peels on one's window-sill, but one could not really get peeved about the unpremeditated decorative effect of such vivid hues at one's temporary casement. In my case it was the ambitious effort of a youngster who evinced his artistic proclivities as so many of us grown-ups used to do at about the same age. In fact, in honest-to-goodness boys' society, peels—especially banana peels—seem intended to ornate floors especially at those choice points usually selected by innocent passers-by, but no such thoughtless negligence marked our car. The floors could be walked on with impunity, for no banana peel would cause the floor to meet one's unequilibrated anatomy.

The aged couple was interesting. We shall call them Dobbs. Kindly eyed, cheerful faced, the expression of placid temperaments. It was not necessary to hear their story to fix, however approximately, their career of threescore years. Three children were theirs, and each male had strutted away to conquer new glories from nature, and so they settled, one in Manitoba, the second in Alberta and the third in British Columbia. As the parents belonged in New Brunswick it is evident that the Dobbs family "covered" Canada.

Well, Pa and Ma Dobbs were tired of being alone, even though prosperous sons came annually to visit them and tarry awhile, so they rented out their homestead, with privilege of purchase, and were migrating westward to rejoin their youngest son somewhere near Prince George.

"Ma" Dobbs told me that John—her baby—had fallen in love but that his girl died, and he wouldn't marry after that.

"Pa" Dobbs, with a knowing wink intended for me but which he was careful to conceal from "Ma"—a wink that sat well in that tranquil face—conveyed to me his belief that he doubted his son's avowed celibacy, and I believe he would have bet a whole Canadian dollar in support of that conviction against all comers—yes, except Ma. He let Ma have her own way, and it was evident that Ma, on her part, had always been equally conciliative, which accounts for their benign manner.

It was Ma, of course, that had been preparing the "folk" dish that had teased my senses—and it was Pa's favorite dish. It was plain, too. It consisted of potatoes cut into very small pieces browned in butter, with a great deal of finely cut parsley, and then the whole held together by one beaten egg.

There you are! How could Pa go four days without his favorite dish? It wasn't on the menu of the diner—and probably never will be, and here was Pa, his pockets well lined, evidently, with coin of the Dominion, producer, too, of potatoes, parsley and eggs and butter—all the fixin's—sticking to the simple life, and Ma herself happy now as she evidently must have been the first time she cooked it for him. That first time—you imagined you could almost "see" her think about it as a wistful look occasionally effaced her smile—the consciousness of life's approaching twilight.

But that was middle age, with its predilections—and here, by my side, was lusty youth, with its predilections, too.

Four women—the two spinsters and one young woman and one girl. In other words aged about as follows, since no beauty parlor embellishments had been practiced; thirty-four, thirty, nineteen, sixteen and a half. Don't be surprised if precision compels the inclusion of the half year, because the young lady herself had calculated her age but a few hours before during an argument she was having about age and ages.

It was this young lady—or girl, rather—who derived all the enjoyment from the game of cards they were playing. She smiled and laughed and giggled and sighed and twisted and pushed back rebellious hair and glanced restlessly about. Her partner was the young lady; the opponents were the spinsters. The latter were very friendly, but naturally not demonstrative, and seemed pained every time that a trick went against them, after which each would shake her head as if in extenuation of a recognized case of misjudgment. Then all would be serene again.

One carried a leather bag, fashioned like a purse, that hung from a shoulder strap. What that bag contained—that was the mystery that worried me. Every once in a while its possessor would open it and then shut it. I never detected anything emerge from it or go into it. It couldn't have been money since the woman was carrying travelers' checks; it could not have been jewelry. But as a mystery it was a huge success. My most inquisitive conduct failed to be rewarded, and the secret remained well guarded.

The two spinsters did not hanker much for light housekeeping on the car.

They had provided themselves with the wherewith for a few quick meals, but after the first luncheon they

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Adventures in "Housekeeping" on a Railway

Concluded from page 13

repaired to the diner and ate in style. Their first meal attracted my attention because the porter—a West Indian Negro who had distinguished himself in the war and was now studying medicine, by the way—had some difficulty in fitting the folding table into the lateral slots, and he tried several of them, even though they were, I believe, numbered.

But the table once in place—it was a regulation Pullman table over which in the States drummers classify their papers and annoyed travelers pretend to play cribbage—the two women arrayed it with sandwiches, fruit, two or three assorted jars that contained jams or marmalade, salt and pepper shakers, napkins duly folded into rings, namely: a pink one and a blue one; but with this result, that after half an hour or so there seemed to be as much on the table as there was laid out originally. There was no sign of a clean platter like Pa left after he got through with Ma's masterpiece. It's surprising how long it takes certain women to eat nothing!

The second morning out herring, or some such smoked fish, was olfactorily noticeable. It was evident that the alleged cook that was presiding over the fate of a poor fish that was born somewhere in Norwegian waters was treating it infernally in an undergreased skillet. I have known of such maltreated fish before, and I don't know just what culinary result boarding house cooks endeavor to reach, but I know this much—that one burnished herring of this kind will outdo, odoriferously, a ton of rose blossoms gathered at Grasse, in Southern France, for milady's boudoir.

One of the three men that were "roughing it" for the sake of economy at no expense of basic comfort evidently was awakened by the seared *Clupea harengus* fumes, and from within the green-curtained enclosure he declaimed something about breakfast.

That is a luxury that is not included in the more exclusive traveling circles aft, but in this case Lower 8 paid a tribute to the skillet, even though it was an unskill't one—and lo! here emerged No. 8 and then Upper 8 and Lower 10—the trio—who after a nod and a smile and a word directed their unsteady steps toward the diner, where together they seemed bent upon trying everything that Mr. Cooper provided for the inner man.

The bride—we mustn't forget her. She was alone. She was dressed in black. The only sign of life was her gum-chewing, unless it was a new way of talking to one's self. If so, she was a very talkative person. And because her nose was very retroussé the mobility of her lips and jaws seemed more emphatic. When she leaned her head back, her nose pointing to where the North Star must have been at that hour, nose and chin were operating alternately it seemed.

However, that's neither here nor there. The fact is that she barely nodded her greetings to the passengers. She boarded the train at the same time I did, and for almost forty-eight hours she traveled on the same car with me, with nary a word to any one. Whither she went, and whyfore none knows—none on that car. It was the second mystery, the first being the spinster's leather bag. And I should rather know the contents of the latter than the details about the former at that.

Two married couples. One of these was strictly housekeeping. The other was strictly non-housekeeping. One regarded her imitation leather suitcase that served as a food chest with much attention and care, throwing out whatever seemed to have lost its freshness, taking care at every important station to purchase this or that thing, but this much I know—her *hors d'oeuvre* was canned soup. She never missed a can—a can never missed a meal. And she made the incisions on the top with practiced fingers—first a tiny hole as a vent and then the larger opening for pouring out the liquid. It was consommé or purée in any event, sluggish or easy-flowing, but she certainly avoided laborious cutting of tin.

Of course, it is not a pastime, that of light housekeeping on a railroad car traveling at forty miles an hour for days, taking curves at high speed and imperiling these Lucullian feasts as they tremble or slide along the polished table top, but it is a convenience, and a great convenience to the family group that must travel on a limited allowance.

Nor is it solely a question of expenditure. In the case of Pa and Ma Dobbs, to whom a hundred dollars more or less would have been of little consequence, there entered the element of adherence to ancient and beloved standards—the kind that could not be abandoned or forsaken for even four or five days on the road. Pa would not have suffered had he been obliged to partake of diner meals, and as for Ma, it would have saved her some work, but they were much more contented by prolonging their "home life" even on the train that the railway company lost nothing by catering to their wants.

In the course of my one experience I believe that my fellow passengers represented about every class and type of everyday, garden variety of citizen, poor and well-to-do, easy to please and difficult to please. But if their housekeeping is any criterion—and I don't see how it could help being—then their domestic success is inevitable. And the best part of it is the self-unconsciousness of it; it is a recognized feature of Canadian railroading and no more to be fussy over than that of disrobing behind green curtains.

Canada has been obliged to study the needs of her traveling public far more than has been the case in the United States. Canada has one mile of railway for every 236 of population, in comparison to the United States which has one mile for every 404 of population, or to England's mile for every 1,804 of population. In order to make railroading profitable under the circumstances the system must be elastic and, above all, discretionary.

The tourist kitchenette-sleeper meets quite a want, and the proof of it lies in the fact that such cars are well patronized, nor is it always a sign of compulsory economy. In most cases it is a sign of independence and self-service. There is no false pride. The patron of the diner does not presume to look askance at the couple that partake of their own cooking. It is their privilege as well as their right. It is a fundamental part of Canadian life—and Canadian life is yet tinged with a nomadic temperament.

But recognizing that there are classes that wish to travel even cheaper or with less fuss—camping parties rather than picknicking parties—there is what is known as the colonist car, which is available to all holders of colonist tickets (whose cost is about half the regular fare) without extra charge.

The colonist car fulfills the needs for which it has been intended. On our American trains, for instance, it is a common enough sight to see passengers, men and women, sit up half or all night in a cramped position on what are known as coaches, satirically dubbed "first-class," and I can conceive of something better than sit up that way. I know, because I have tried it on European trains—such as the first-class and in a way luxurious French P. L. M. coaches—but soft as the cushions are the colonist Canadian car, with its berths, so to speak, that enable one to recline even though there is no bedding, would be preferable, especially since bedding can be easily obtained.

Lumberjacks, crews of outdoor workers, construction gangs, fortune seekers who are oblivious of physical discomforts, men who can sleep on marble slabs with the same ease that they can recline on hair mattresses, and a host of others attest to the popularity and necessity of the colonist car, whose presence on most important long-distance trains is a feature of Canadian travel.

In other words, the transportation idea in Canada seems to be to cater to all the people to the extent of their individual requirements, and that is more than is done in the United States, where in certain cases travel is prohibitively high without corresponding facilities. On the American transportation basis the traveler must act and appear prosperous even when he is not.

Is it not better, after all, to provide facilities for inexpensive travel—when the majority of the traveling public moves out of necessity and not for the sake of pleasure?

Blind Faith in Present Monetary System Dangerous

AN INTERESTING discussion of the Money Question occurred recently in a group of citizens, each of whom had attained a fair success in life, as measured in material competence, or was well on the way to such success.

Theories of finance had been treated pro and con, until the matter of gold contracts was touched upon. The dean of the party, whose success had been greatest of all, though reached through many vicissitudes, expressed confidence in existing conditions, and quietly gave his reasons.

"For my part I know the gold contract means little. I recently sent my check in payment for an obligation specifically providing for gold coin payment. I hold in full satisfaction a written acknowledgment of its receipt and acceptance, as well as the canceled check as evidence of payment. No gold was used in the transaction.

"On the other hand, I am a creditor on paper specifying gold coin as a basis of contract, but invariably accept payments of interest and principal in lawful paper money. To me this is evidence of the soundness of our present system, and I am unwilling to consider any change."

A second member of the group, known to be an opponent of the entire plan of a commodity-based currency and a believer in the overthrow of delegated power to issue currency at all, was challenged to reply.

"There is no question of facts as stated," he said. "The trouble is with those who hold such views; they are simply drifting along smooth waters that may at any moment develop into a rapids leading to a cataract, from which, once entered, there is no escape. Back of every national paper note is the pledge of the faith and credit of the United States, blind faith in which has misled the people to do business with the so-called lawful money, while the usurers have gathered to themselves all of the currency that is a first lien on the gold supply.

"The Federal Reserve System has permitted the concentration of more than half the world supply of monetary gold under its own control, creating a monopoly in that commodity that menaces the power of the government to redeem its pledge, if that becomes necessary.

"Personal responsibility aids in this facility of exchange, for the checks referred to assume the function of money, of which, in spite of the excess in volume of promises to pay over the aggregate gold supply, that volume represents but five per cent of the business exchanges of the country.

"The instance of the Ohio manufacturer who exported his product to Canada during the period when the railroads demanded prepayment of freight because the Dominion currency was at a discount in exchange, illustrates this. He gave his note for the amount of the freight, depositing it with his bank as a checking account. He gave his check for the freight, added the amount to his sight draft on the customer, received New York exchange for the whole in time to pay the note, and not a dollar left the bank. His only cash outlay was twelve cents for a revenue stamp placed on the note. Even the interest was prepaid by check on his private account.

"The contention of reformers is that the government should issue its currency direct upon what is now the real basis of money, the faith and credit of the nation, and that but one kind of currency be issued; that the farmer, the manufacturer, the wage-earner, and the banker shall each receive exactly the same dollar (not, as now, different dollars of different security) and that the power to corner gold by its holders shall be destroyed."

The gold contract is against public policy. It is giving the creditor power to exact something that does not exist. Read it. It is an agreement to pay "in United States gold coin of present standard weight and fineness"; not in gold bullion, not in fine gold, not in assayed quartz, but in "gold coin." Gold is not minted on government account. The holder alone can dictate as to how much may be coined. He can melt down existing coin at will. No man knows today the exact aggregate of gold coins of the United States.

Is not the danger plain? Is the Money Power which exacted from Austria a promise to pay, beside usurious interest, a dollar for every eighty cents borrowed, likely to spare America when the time comes it deems such action wise?

First Impressions of the Picturesque Orient

Concluded from page 9

must have a native guide, unless one has a very good working knowledge of the Chinese language. Until 1921 a great wall completely surrounded the city, and outside the wall was a moat. Two years ago both were done away with and in their place broad avenues of sorts have sprung into being and even the native city itself, dirty and filthy and unsanitary as it is today, has taken on some semblance of cleaning up and improvement over the old order.

In our grandmother's day to own a tea set of willow pattern china was the good housewife's ambition. The original Woo Sing Dong-Willow tea house, which was depicted in blue on that precious china, stands in the native city today in a pond of dirty, green, slime-covered water. The approach to the tea house is by zigzag bridges. You will miss the unpleasant odor—and that is a good thing to miss in China. There are worse things that could happen to a white man in China than to lose his sense of smell.

The angles in the bridge approach to the Willow tea house in the native city have great significance, as the Chinese believe they cannot be traversed by evil spirits, for if one should attempt it he could be precipitated into the slimy water below, where he would surely drown. The place to buy jewels is in the native city, in the thieves market. The thieves market is an actuality, and not merely a name. It operates year after year, never seriously molested by local police or government officials.

Captain Carnaghan of the Poyang, with as rich a burr as ever emigrated from Bonnie Scotland, entertained us all the day after we started up the river with stories of bandit attacks that had been made on his boat in the few months just passed. He also showed us a copy of a certain Shanghai paper of the day before, in which was told in a dispatch from Wuhu that bandits in large numbers had marched within twelve miles of the city and were encamped there, awaiting the word to march on the town. There were several hundred, it said, and the attack was hourly expected.

And in Wuhu we had expected to make our home for the ensuing eighteen months!

We landed at what seemed a peaceful and quiet little port; 300,000 Chinese, and 120 foreigners, including children and missionaries, is Wuhu's population. The sun shone brightly, flooding the hills that are Wuhu's one claim to beauty. Wuhu, once the terror of the treaty port towns of China, seemed as calm as Main Street in Gopher Prairie and about as muddy. Darkness came, and before I went to bed I looked into every nook and corner for the bandit that the Shanghai newspaper said was about to descend upon Wuhu, but nary a bandit did I see. He had been detained! I involuntarily lay awake to wait for him. Listening, I heard wonks barking down in the native villages, and heard the answering call of wonk to wonk mate from the hills. Occasionally, there would be the sound of bunches of little red firecrackers exploding—being shot off in some native home to welcome the new-born son, or to challenge the passing of a soul. In the distant village I heard the click click of bone on bone as the night watchman made his way about the streets and sounded the warning of his approach. My little traveling clock pointed to four and no bandits, armed to the teeth, had as yet descended upon me. Wuhu slept.

I, too, must have slept, but suddenly I was awakened by the most fiendish shriek, the kind known at home as the siren whistle and greatly affected by small town fire departments to sound fire alarms. Shriek after shriek it emitted.

Till break of day I lay, stiff with fright, in my wide and comfortable bed. That day I learned that the whistle I heard would blow every morning at 4:30 o'clock, to notify the many hundred Chinese employes of a local factory that it was time to change to the day shift.

About the story in the China *Press* that bandits were about to march on Wuhu—were within twelve miles of the city gates, in fact—according to the British Commissioner of Customs, it is only a bit of political propaganda.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Sun's Rays and Plant Life

THE mystery of life is closely interwoven with the mystery of light. The transformation of inorganic substances into organic and living protoplasm is the most marvelous and important process in nature. At the initial end of this series of changes we find light as the potent principle. Light, therefore, is the greatest of all the cosmic transformers. One may say that the Creator's mandate, "Let there be light," was equivalent to the command, "Let there be life."

The process by which light rays' transform inorganic matter into organic substance is called *"photosynthesis"*; and this word literally means, *"combining by the agency of light."* Although *"photosynthology"* is a comparatively new science, some elementary facts in this interesting field of research were known in the latter part of the seventeenth century. In the year 1774 Priestley observed that air, which was not suited to sustain animal life, had its life-supporting properties restored when green plants were permitted to remain in it for a considerable period of time. Now we know that Priestley was describing air whose oxygen content was low and which, undoubtedly, contained an excessively high percentage of carbon dioxide. When the green plants were introduced into this type of atmosphere something happened which increased the percentage of oxygen because this element is essential to the support of animal life. The conclusion that plants act as chemical transformers is inevitable. It is now a well-established fact that plants manufacture starch which is later digested or transformed into sugar. It is during the process of manufacturing starch that plants liberate oxygen into the air. The chemical elements which compose starch are carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. These elements must be combined in definite proportions, however, to form this particular substance. Chemical analysis has shown that starch is composed of six parts of carbon, ten parts of hydrogen, and five parts of oxygen. The plant gathers this raw material from the air where these required elements exist in the form of carbon dioxide and water. Carbon dioxide is composed of one part of carbon and two parts of oxygen. Water is composed of two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen. The only simple combination that will supply enough carbon, hydrogen and oxygen to produce starch is six parts of carbon dioxide and five parts of water which is equivalent to six parts of carbon, ten parts of hydrogen and seventeen parts of oxygen. Starch, however, requires only five parts of oxygen out of this supply. The excess, consisting of twelve parts of oxygen, is liberated into the air by the starch manufacturing plant.

This explains the purely chemical part of the process. The remarkable factor in the transformation, however, is the rôle played by light rays in the manufacture of the starch. It is the light rays, through their mysterious activity, that bring about the union of carbon dioxide and water, producing starch and liberating oxygen. Another chemical change is brought about by the activity of plants. After starch has been produced by the aid of rays of light and chemical action this compound, through the addition of water, is transformed into sugar (*glucose*).

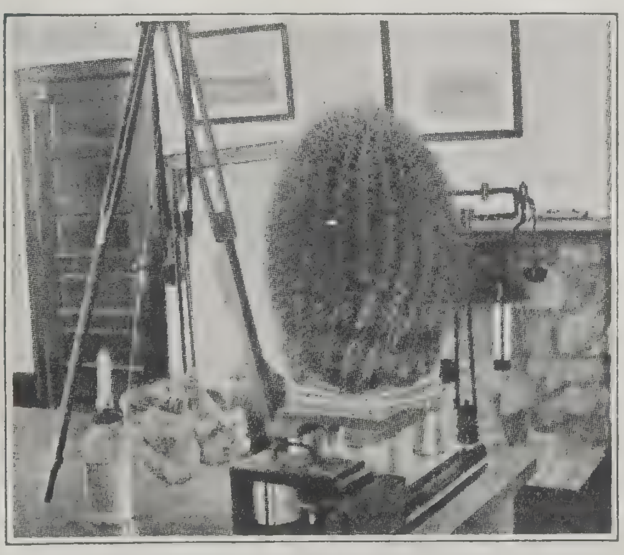
Desert Laboratory at Tucson, Arizona.

From the cosmic standpoint *photosynthesis* is one of the most important processes in nature. By this process enormous quantities of carbon have been stored in plants and trees. Coal is one of man's greatest sources of energy. It is a well-known fact that coal is of vegetable origin. When submerged under water, plant and vegetable matter is gradually changed into carbon. During the process of decomposition, under water, vegetable matter slowly gives off oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and comparatively small quantities of carbon. The great residue, from carboniferous times, consists mostly of coal containing an abundance of carbon and other substances which may be disengaged in gaseous forms and condensed into valuable by-products.

The process by which carbon is stored in plants and trees is colossal in magnitude. The following facts clearly prove the truth of this statement. A tree weighing about five tons (dry weight) contains about two and one-half tons of carbon. The quantity of carbon dioxide contained in 10,000 quarts of air is about four to five grams and the carbon content in this amount is about two grams. On this basis it can be easily shown that 12,700,588,000 quarts of air are required to furnish the two and one-half tons of carbon in the tree.

In the observation of Priestley we discover one of the most marvelous of nature's cycles—the interdependence of animal and plant life. Carbon dioxide is expelled by the lungs of human beings and animals. This carbon dioxide is finally transformed, by plants, into living protoplasm which is available as food for man and animals. The atom of carbon leaves the animal in the form of carbon dioxide and returns as food. Those who maintain that such wonderful natural processes are the result of mere chance must be the victims of irrational delusions.

Measuring the growth of a tree by the dendograph and the dendrometer.



Determining the weight of barrel cactus deprived of water for two years.

Photosynthesis operates through an ingenious organic device called the *"chloroplast."* This consists of minute flattened granules which develop only in those plant cells which are exposed to light. The *chloroplast* contains the coloring matter or pigment called *"chlorophyll"* which is the great essential in the production of such carbohydrates as starch by the photosynthetic process. Professor R. Willstätter's extensive researches (1913) have added much to our knowledge of the remarkable substance, *chlorophyll.* It is a very complex nitrogenous substance containing both green and yellow pigments. This substance is found in the *chloroplast* granules of the leaves of plants and trees. Chlorophyll occurs upon or near the surface of these granules. The exact process by which chlorophyll transforms carbon dioxide and water into starch is unknown. When the nature of this process has been discovered then one of the greatest mysteries of the universe will have been solved. We do know, however, that chlorophyll absorbs certain light rays, principally those corresponding to the wave-lengths found in the red part of the spectrum, and this absorbed vibratory energy of light is changed into the chemical energy which is required to combine the carbon dioxide, furnished by the air, with the water, which travels upward from the roots, into the carbohydrate starch. The process of absorption of vibratory energy by chlorophyll may be of a "sympathetic" nature. The vibration rates of the molecules of chlorophyll may be the same as the excitant light vibrations. Photosynthetic transfer of energy would then be due to the ability of light rays to cause the molecules of chlorophyll to vibrate sympathetically after the manner of two piano strings of the same gauge and length. This theory is the only one so far advanced which has gained the support of specialists in this obscure field of scientific research.

In nature the sun's rays are the principal source of this vibratory energy. Artificial light, however, is also effective in producing the same type of results in proportion to the available energy. In many countries horticultural experiments, using electric light, have shown that the development of the foliage and vegetative organs of various plants may be forced, to a certain degree, by this agency.

The Department of Botanical Research of the Carnegie Institution of Washington has had its headquarters in the Desert Laboratory of Tucson, Arizona, since 1905. We are indebted to a recent departmental report for the illustrations which accompany this article.

The problem of photosynthesis is one of the many within the scope of this department. An instrument called a "dendograph" has been developed for the "measurement of the course of change in volume of tree-trunks." The change in the circumference of a tree is measured by a "dendrometer." The work of this department is of exceptional practical significance.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

There are boys and girls in certain sections of Ohio, and even men and women, who have never seen a "movie" show, according to reports from county agents in these remote districts.

It is the custom each year to present a silk hat to the skipper of the first grain-carrying boat to enter the port at Fort William, Ontario.

More than $6,126,000 worth of rice was produced in California in 1923, most of which was sold in Japan.

Persia will develop her railroad system by building new and needed roads, financing the work by selling the crown diamonds.

The German Department of Labor reports a remarkable revival of household manufacturing during the present period of economic distress. Spinning wheels, hand-operated linen factories and other home devices are being pressed into service.

In Spitzbergen the carcass of an animal can lie in the open for a couple of years and show no signs of decomposition.

The largest bridge in the world will be built over the estuary of the River Elorn in France to connect Brest with Plogastel. It will be six miles long and made up of two approaches, one-third of a mile long, and four spans of one and one-third miles each.

Regardless of the fact that the earthquake in Japan destroyed the warehouses, shippers have continued to consign merchandise to Yokohama and Tokio owing to the demand for goods. This merchandise is being landed and stored in the open, and steamship companies have issued an announcement to the effect that they can assume no responsibility for goods after discharge from steamer. At this writing there are more than 120 vessels discharging or waiting to discharge at Yokohama.

A proposal has been made to change the name of Manhattan Square in New York City to Roosevelt Square and the proposal contains the suggestion that space in that square be reserved for a Roosevelt memorial.

King George has installed in his palace a radio receiving set with two stages of radio frequency amplification and three stages of audio amplification. The British Broadcasting Company plans to broadcast the song of the nightingale in its native haunts this spring.

Prior to 1912 there was not a single labor organization in Japan; today there are nearly seven hundred unions with a total membership of a quarter of a million.

The State of New York has 9,000 more students in colleges and universities than the entire United Kingdom.

Many Icelanders have never seen a train nor a trolley car, a drama nor a masterpiece of art; nor have they ever seen a tree; only saplings in some very sheltered nook. They have no gardens, fruit or grapevines.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court and the son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the famous poet and essayist, has been awarded the Gold Medal of the Roosevelt Memorial Association for distinguished service in the development of public law.

Old pioneers of the western towns are complaining that the film producers are not sticking to historical facts in many of their pictures taken on the old stamping grounds of the heroes of the plays. They contend that writing or picturing events without the aid of the men who lived through the times in which the stories are given tends to give a crooked slant to history.

French theater managers will allow critics to have their say only after theater patrons have manifested their sentiment, instead of inviting the critics to the first night's performance. The critics will receive their invitations for the third or fourth performance.

A Federal agent in New York City recently upset by accident a can of alleged Turkish paste in the appraiser's storehouse, revealing opium hidden under the paste. This led to the seizure of between $60,000 and $100,000 worth of the drug hidden in other tins consigned to Abraham D. Lake, radio merchant.

Gizzard stones from dinosaurs have been found by a scientist connected with the United States Geological Survey. They are of quartz and agate, varying from less than an inch to more than three inches in diameter. They are entirely foreign to the geological formation in which they are found in the oil-sands of Wyoming. They were found among dinosaur skeletons.

Water buffalo, imported into Italy from Africa by the Carthaginians under Hannibal about 200 B. C., perform their greatest service during their hours of leisure when disporting in the marshes. It is then they rid the irrigation and drainage canals of clogging aquatic plants, which they uproot with their sharp hoofs.

Tampico is the world's greatest oil port. Often nine million barrels of oil are shipped from there in a month.

The Netherlands back from the sea is not a flat land of dikes and ditches, as many believe, but a wooded, rolling country, abounding in old castles reminiscent of robber barons and heroes of historic days.

Marino House, Clontarf, Dublin, the old historic residence of the earls of Charlemont, is about to be demolished to make way for fifteen hundred workmen's houses.

Huston Thompson, member of the Federal Trade Commission, in a recent address, suggested measures for coping with what he described as the increasing "machinations of lobbyists in Washington," including their compulsory registration with a government agency.

After a survey of the premises of a farmer in Virginia it was found that the housewife, to obtain water for her work, was walking 140 miles a year and expending enough energy to do the work of two horses in plowing eleven acres of land. A small hydraulic ram, overhead storage tank, kitchen sink, and waste pipe were installed at a cost of about fifty dollars, which put running water into the kitchen.

The geophone, a small seismograph-like instrument, is so sensitive that in the quiet of a mine, sledge-pounding has been heard through about 3,000 feet of solid rock. Talking has been detected through a fifty-foot coal pillar.

Senator Curtis, of Kansas, it is said, had the Senate all to himself recently. When the gavel fell, calling the Senate to order, he was the only member on the floor, all the others being away, many of them attending investigating committees as witnesses or onlookers. It was fifteen minutes, according to reports, before enough Senators could be called together to form a quorum.

The Harvard University library received a gift of a rare volume in honor of the ninetieth birthday of Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus. This book is Heylyn's "Cosmographie Containing the Chorographie and Historie of the Whole World," second edition, printed in London in 1657. John Eliot, apostle to the Indians of Massachusetts, at one time owned the volume and it bears his autograph and marginal notes written by him.

Prominent conservationists and agricultural officials of Massachusetts have protested to the Du Pont Powder Company against its proposed nation-wide crow-shooting contest. They believe that crows should be reduced when they become destructive, but that a nation-wide extermination campaign would result in more or less slaughter among nesting game and song birds and add to the fire risk in the forests.

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Was Stinnes a Jew?—He Said No

World Slides Off the Gold Standard

The Georgia Peach in Festival Bloom

Exploitation of Farm Organizations

Kit Carson Leaves His Calling Card

Green Argosies of Lake Superior

Uncle Sam's Unique Plant Museum

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Was Hugo Stinnes a Jew?—He Always Said No

German Industrial Leader Once Discussed the Semitic Question in Plain Terms and Gave His View of Its Ultimate World Solution

By JACOB ISAACSON

Was Hugo Stinnes a Jew? Certain American periodicals have assumed from his photographs that he was, and since his death the Associated Press has referred to him as descended from "an eminent Jewish family." The question of Mr. Stinnes' racial descent was at one time of sufficient importance to warrant inquiry, the result of which has never before been published. As a matter of public interest, and as giving a view of Stinnes personally, such as is not to be found in the mass of writing which has attempted to describe him, the article, part of which is here published for the first time, may be of permanent value. It was written in 1920-21.

HUGO STINNES was born in Mülheim, son of the junior chief in the firm founded by his grandfather, Mathias Stinnes. This firm, which dates from 1870, became very quickly one of the very richest and most influential of those coal-mining and coal-trading firms which at that time grew up in the Ruhr district, and out of which the heavy industrial undertakings in that district later developed.

It was these firms which first attempted to unite coal-mining, coal-dealing and coal-transportation and in this manner became the pioneer of the mixed or, as it is also called, closed industry (Trusts). Hugo Stinnes' grandfather and father had, in connection with their coal mines in the Ruhr, also their own line of river ships which handled the distribution of coal to South Germany and to Holland. The natural quest for freight for the return trips of these ships, together with the need of reliable and steady buyers for the coal, soon led to partnerships in other firms, both German and foreign.

Master of the "Vertical Trust"

HUGO STINNES was, then, the son of a relatively rich family, whose business development was founded on their own wealth. He acquired, through his own work, practical knowledge in mining, and later attended the mining academy in Clausthal. After that, he took his place in the management of the family business which, however, did not long satisfy his desire for enterprise and business on a large scale. In the first year of this century began the building of the Hugo Stinnes group, at that time perhaps best known by the part it played in the foundation and development of the Mülheimer Bergwerks-Verein (Mining Association).

During this period of Stinnes development, two things are typical of him and have often found expression in public; namely, first, the outspoken predilection for a quiet but nevertheless foresighted mode of working. All the larger transactions were always thoroughly planned beforehand and secured in each step of their development. Also the general evolution of the group was planned and mapped out years beforehand, so that the public often received a sudden and unexpected surprise in hearing of new large operations of the Stinnes group.

The other peculiarity which came to expression in the Stinnes operations, in opposition to all other industrial and banking groups, was the fact that the Stinnes group never lost sight of their extraordinarily large and ambitious goal. This was shown by the fact that Stinnes steadily bought more and more mining and industrial enterprises without afterward letting these works earn any interest; he simply wrote off all the earnings and undertook new investments.

Stinnes worked slowly and more or less secretly, so for years the general plan of these operations was not evident to the public. Several times this immense industrial structure was on the verge of collapse, because even the enormous fortune of Stinnes and his family was not nearly sufficient for the realization of plans of this magnitude, and it is debatable if they ever would have been realized had it not been for the war.

That Stinnes should become a factor in national politics, either directly or through the men that surround him, had before the war never been thought of. His first appearance on the political stage was during the war, when he acted as member and expert in the different commissions that dealt with the organization and operation of the industrial works situated in the Allied territory occupied by Germany.

Meeting Stinnes at the Adlon

MR. ———— and I were received by Mr. Stinnes in his rooms in the Adlon Hotel, Berlin, Thursday, January 27. Stinnes is a man of fifty, very dark, wears a full beard and the darkness of his hair and eyes is emphasized by the remarkable paleness of his skin.

His whole appearance gives evidence of a tired man who is addicted to working incessantly within four walls, and who seldom gets exercise in the open air.

As he talked he leaned back in a large armchair, and one could see that he had developed the habit of saving his energy. His voice never rose to much more than a whisper even when he wanted to give weight to a statement.

Present besides Mr. Stinnes, Mr. ———— and myself was a private secretary, who made a stenographic record of the conversation.

Mr. ———— said to Stinnes: "You look tired."

Mr. Stinnes answered, "Yes, I worked until five o'clock this morning and started again at eight; that is the way it goes every day. I seldom get more than three or four hours sleep."

I asked Mr. Stinnes if he had ever heard that it was generally believed in America that he was a Jew, due to articles published in magazines and newspapers, and also due to his widely published photograph.

Stinnes Discusses Facial Appearance

HE laughed and said: "That may be due to my appearance. In the first place I am dark; in the second place I had an accident as a boy and broke my nose—since then it has been somewhat hooked. But the blood in my family has been pure German as far back as I can trace it, and we are of the Protestant faith. However, it is just likely that the French and English are interested in discrediting me with the American Gentile public, after the affair in Spa last year, and therefore are spreading the information in America that I am a Jew."

A close scrutiny of Stinnes' face does not reveal any of the characteristics of Semitic blood, neither around the mouth, nor in the eyes.

To my surprise he seemed to be equally as interested in agriculture as in industry, and he certainly was well versed in farming methods. He explained his extensive experiments in fertilizing his own farms in Germany with clover and lupine which he (just as we do) lets grow a certain length of time and then plows it under. He believes that the lupine is the best fertilizing plant known, due to its large nitrogen content.

I asked Stinnes what he thought of the cry raised by German manufacturers against the entrance of other manufacturers into the country. He said that, according to his idea, it was most desirable that the industries of the various nations remain in the hands of their own nationals, but on the other hand Germany was at the present time in such an impoverished state that it could never extricate itself without American help—especially in the regeneration of the industries. He also said that he realized that this help would never have been obtained without the German industries becoming partly Americanized and partly American-owned.

We then reverted to the Jewish Question and I asked Stinnes if he thought there was any connection between Bolshevism and the Jews. He answered that there was.

I asked him if he felt that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was also fighting Bolshevism when it exposed the activity of the International Jew. He answered: "Yes, absolutely."

I wish to call your attention in this connection to the fact that Stinnes has made an appropriation of one hundred million marks to combat Bolshevism.

Stinnes added that he thought there was a conscious organized effort on the part of some of the big international Jews to attempt the financial rule of the world.

"But," he said, "I am afraid it is too late to do anything about it in a direct, combative way; their hold is too strong by this time."

I asked what ways he would suggest for the Gentile world to meet the menace which the increasing power of the Jews constituted. He answered by explaining to me his program of "Antisemitismus der besseren Leistung"—(the anti-Semitism of doing better than the Jews) which he has preached at many public occasions and which is well known in Germany.

It consists simply in teaching Gentiles to work for quality results and to do business on straight lines. Shoddy goods and tricky dealing are not natural to the northern white race and they cannot compete in them with Orientals to whom they are natural. This is "the anti-Semitism of doing better than the Jews."

In the succeeding lines I shall try to point out what Stinnes really would seem to be if one scratches the surface.

How Far Was He "Used" by the Jews?

THERE is *no doubt in my mind about Stinnes' Gentile birth.* One does not have to take his own word for that; the best genealogical experts in Germany will testify to the truth thereof; but let us go a little further. Here we have this man as he stands today—a colossal figure in the industrial, political and economical life of Germany—the creator of the largest trust the world has ever seen. The fact that it is "vertical" and embraces all lines of industry from mining up, makes no difference. According to his own admission it is patterned after the Jewish style. This insatiable ambition and its ultimate triumph would not constitute such an enormous danger to the world if Stinnes were Stinnes—and nothing more:—But is he?

Among his immediate lieutenants there are no Jews—but the minute one starts to investigate the banks with which he has done business, the fact that the administration of these banks is Jewish cannot escape one's attention.

But the German Jewish banks with whom Stinnes does business are hardly large enough to own him. The unnamed corporation is indeed Dutch, but its activity in connection with Stinnes does not limit itself to engineering oil trusts with him. This syndicate of Dutch Jews are financing Stinnes in the most important of his combining operations since the war. These combinations are so wide-reaching that should the capital necessary to keep them going fail to materialize, Stinnes would be wiped out. In other words this syndicate of Jews having their headquarters in Holland at present *own Stinnes,* and therewith he automatically becomes their *"Gentile front,"* the most enormous Gentile front in the history of Jewry, but withal a Gentile front.

This Is All Settled Now

THAT Stinnes should have consented to be made a Gentile front with open eyes I do not believe, but his limitless personal ambition has driven him on and on until he had to play into the hands of the Jews or cave in—he apparently chose what to his mind was the lesser of the two evils. That the date of this Jewish gobbling up of Stinnes is a comparatively recent one can also be considered certain.

Where he will end is difficult to predict but my own earnest belief is that if the Jewish scheme works around to its final destiny as outlined in the Protocols, Stinnes' head will be one of the first to fall. The other possible alternative: That Stinnes should be taken into the inner conclave of the Jews, and continue to do business as one of their own indefinitely, I consider a very remote possibility, for the simple reason that Stinnes is a far too dangerous man for the Jews to fool with. There is namely every evidence to show that Stinnes will fight the Jews the minute he is independent of them. The idea that his abovementioned program of "Anti-Semitism of doing better than the Jews" should offer a solution to the problem is, of course, both insincere and utopian; and the fact that he hands it out to the public only offers another evidence that he is afraid of the Jews.

So, in view of this, there seems to be only one thing to expect, and that is that the Jews will squeeze him the minute they feel that they can do so with impunity, which means take over the colossal Supertrust built up by Stinnes and administrate it to suit their own needs and serve their own purposes.

Festival Held in Honor of Georgia Peach

Pageant Links the China of 2,000 B. C. With the Georgia of Today

By CLAIRE GILES

HISTORY cannot be made in a day, but one day's happenings can establish a precedent that will echo down the years with a recurrence that establishes its permanence for all time. Such an incident was the Peach Festival held at Fort Valley, Georgia, in March, 1922, and repeated every spring since. This was America's first really and truly native festival.

Festivals date from the dawn of history. Every country, with the possible exception of Persia, whose people have no temples and no common form of worship, has its festivals. These are either religious, pagan, or materialistic, according to the prevailing beliefs of the people. In some countries they have taken on more the color of feasts; in others, human sacrifice, and the Greek idea was a sort of joyful pageant in honor of the harvest or the vintage. Even now Japan has her cherry blossom carnival, Norway celebrates apple blossom time, and Holland, tulip time.

In America our few carnivals and festivals—among which are our rose carnival in Portland, Oregon, Mardi Gras at New Orleans, and Gasparilla Day at Tampa—are perpetuated by the descendants of other races. It is not strange that we should have no American festivals; first, because our country is yet young, and it takes centuries to grow traditions; second, because in early pioneer days the struggle for a bare existence precluded a lively play of the imagination, and in latter years commercialism and the strain of keeping garmented a country that, like a fast-growing boy, is always in danger of outgrowing his "britches," has left little room for sentiment or the spirit of play. Our nearest approach to the festival idea was carried out first in the custom of having "house raisings," later in quilting bees and husking bees (called "corn shuckings" in the South), all of which combined a hard day's work with feasting and dancing and merrymaking.

And now it seems that we have graduated into the ancient custom of combining our harvest celebration with pageantry.

There could not have been a happier inspiration than that our first native festival should be woven around the peach, and that its setting should be in a blossoming peach orchard. No one person, it seems, was responsible for the movement or is willing to take credit for the idea, since it seemed to occur to nearly everybody in Fort Valley at the same time. The Community Service Organization took hold of the movement, the Kiwanis Club sponsored it, and literally everybody did his or her part toward making the festival a success. It is told that a traveling man, happening into Fort Valley (which is a town of about 4,000 inhabitants) while the festival was on, asked: "Who got it up anyway?" For answer he was shown the telephone directory of the town.

The whole thought behind the festival was to interpret the spirit of joyousness with which the growers greet the awakening of spring and the bursting into bloom of the acres of peach trees which mean the very life and happiness of the people in that section of Georgia. This was done by combining a pageant with a feast—which means, in Georgia, a barbecue. A pageant play was selected, a king and queen of the carnival were chosen, and the Governor of Georgia and many notables were invited to attend.

Twelve thousand persons came to "The Peach Paradise of the World" to the first festival. All night long the night before, one hundred men attended the barbecue pits where twelve hundred pounds of meat was being prepared, and Negroes kept live coals under one hundred and fifty roasting pigs and ten roasting cows. There were three hundred and fifty gallons of Brunswick stew served, five hundred gallons of coffee, three thousand loaves of bread, three barrels of pickles, and many bottles of soft drinks. More than ten thousand plates were served to white people and two thousand to Negroes. Three hundred women superintended the dinner.

When the feast was over, the pageant began. The masque portrayed a bit of Georgia woodland. In the background, behind the throne of the king and queen, were acres of blossoming trees—a sea of pastel pink as far as the eye could reach, and down endless vistas thousands of lovely, fluffy blossoms. There was something ethereal in the spectacle. In the foreground were the court musicians, the lovely ladies in waiting, dainty flower girls, pages and courtiers. There was a chorus of several hundred voices, and music was furnished by two bands.

Then unfolded the allegorical pageant, which typified the anger of the Sun Goddess, the methods used by the Rice Maidens, the Cherry Blossom Maidens, Wisteria Maidens, and the Goddess of the Orchard to lure the lovely Sun Goddess from her cave. When it seemed as though the lovely, graceful dances of the maidens would prove unavailing, the goddess finally made her appearance from amid a shower of peach blossoms, and her advance was widely heralded as the omen that spring was at hand and that a prosperous season awaited the planter. The most beautiful girls of Fort Valley were chosen to enact the different rôles, and their daintiness, charm and grace lent much to the exposition of the theme.

Thirty thousand guests attended last year's festival, and 238 hogs, ten beeves and ten sheep were prepared. The pits in which the meat was barbecued were half a mile long, and seven miles of tables were required to serve the guests. "Last year," said the enthusiastic president of the Fort Valley Kiwanis Club, "we invited the United States and Canada. This year we extended a cordial invitation to the *whole world* to come to Fort Valley to the Peach Festival." Preparations were made to entertain 50,000 persons. Since last year, Fort Valley streets have been paved, a white way has been erected, and other civic improvements effected. In the 1923 pageant, 1,000 persons—all local talent—took part. This year the festival was even more spectacular, depicting the history of the peach since its first appearance in China, 2,000 B. C. There are between 10,000 and 12,000 peach trees in the Fort Valley community alone, and the festival is held when they are in full bloom.

Above—Grand ensemble Fort Valley Peach Festival and Carnival. Oval—Scene from 1923 Peach Festival at Fort Valley, Georgia.

The peach, which strangely enough belongs to the rose family, is native to Asia, its supremacy as a Western product being due to improved methods of culture and adaptability of soil and climate. There were 8,000,000 bearing peach trees in Georgia in 1921, and 3,391,851 trees not of bearing age—which means trees under three years of age. The number of bearing trees has almost doubled since then, and Georgia's peach crop represents an annual revenue of nearly $10,000,000, and gives employment to thousands of people, particularly during the picking, packing and shipping season, which is from the middle of May to the last of July. In 1922 there were 10,000 cars of peaches shipped from Georgia, of which sixty-five per cent went to eastern markets. Last year the crop was short, due to torrential rains during the blooming season (which washed the pollen out of many of the blooms), and this season promises between 12,000 and 15,000 cars.

Georgia's Elberta peach is widely known and highly favored, being probably more sought after than any other peach. It resulted, about twenty-five years ago, from the experiments of Mr. Samuel H. Rumph, a nurseryman living in Marshallville, Georgia, and is a cross between the Chinese Cling and the Crawford Early. It was named for his wife.

In the efforts of the growers and nurserymen to find an early peach, they have at last hit upon such early varieties as the Mayflower and the Uneeda. In 1921, the first car of peaches was shipped on May sixth, which is the earliest date on which a shipment was ever made. These early varieties have not proved as satisfactory, however, as the growers had hoped, since, being a forced growth and really out of season, they lack the flavor and "comeback" of the more staple varieties. These varieties come along in the order named: the Carmen, the Hiley (sometimes called the Hiley Belle, and named for a Mr. Hiley, of Fort Valley, who perfected the peach), the Belle of Georgia, and lastly, the Elberta, which is by far the most popular and the most extensively shipped.

In many respects the Georgia peach is considered superior to the California peach, the latter being dry and lacking the juiciness of the Georgia peach. For this reason it is essentially a canning peach, and the larger portion of the California peaches go into cans. This is not to say that the Georgia peach is unsuited for canning, for most of the varieties make an excellent canning peach, and canning plants have been established throughout the fruit section, which includes Fort Valley, Marshallville, Byron; and recently one of the best equipped plants of this kind was established at Franklinton, near Macon, Georgia. These canneries afford a ready market for a large per cent of the peach production.

Of all fruits, peaches and strawberries are most perishable, and require the most careful cultivation. Peaches are quite susceptible to all sorts of parasites and diseases. This necessitates eternal vigilance and constant spraying and dusting with chemicals under instructions from the government laboratories, and a United States Bureau of Entomology is maintained at Fort Valley for the benefit of the growers. There is not a month during the year that the trees are not given attention, and the most scrupulous housekeeping is practiced. When you cast your eye over a peach orchard, you see a house "swept and garnished."

Even with the most scrupulous care, peaches are subject to Brown Rot and a disease caused by the sting of an insect called the "curculio." This last is discoverable before the peach is mature, and is shown by tiny, jelly-like drops appearing on the outside of the peach, which means that the peach will harbor a worm.

Brown Rot is a peculiar disease that remains incipient, the defect in the peach often not showing up until after shipment. However, there is protection against these diseases through constant spraying and dusting, and government experts are constantly on the job to see that the peach growers have the advantage of every advance that science and experimentation can make, better to simplify and stabilize peach growing. There has not been a complete failure of this crop in twenty years, though sometimes the crop is considerably curtailed, as in 1923.

There is romance in the harvesting of peaches! They are picked by hand by Negroes in regulation peach baskets with handles, and left in the roadways to be gathered by trucks and taken to the packing shed. Every large plantation has its packing shed, and many of them have "hotels" where the help is housed and fed during the packing season. The packers are all white, and are composed largely of experienced citrus fruit packers who migrate from Florida to the peach section for the summer. Among the packers will often be found school and college students who are earning money for tuition.

The ramifications of the peach industry are almost limitless, literally affecting the lives of thousands of people. The cultivation of the soil (cotton, corn, peas, and so forth, are planted between the trees—which are planted about twenty feet apart—the first two years); the constant spraying, dusting and pruning; the hundreds of tons of fertilizer and chemicals used; the implements required in cultivation; the thousands of extra freight cars, and hundreds of tons of ice used in refrigeration; the extra employes required to handle on the railroads—all these furnish adequate reasons for a peach festival and carnival in Georgia, and cement the determination to make it a national and permanent institution.

Jewish Exploitation of Farmers' Organizations

III. Money for Everybody but the Farmer

By ROBERT MORGAN

IF THE impression has been left by preceding articles that Aaron Sapiro, or the Sapiro plan, is responsible for the co-operative marketing idea or its development, allow me at once to correct that idea. Mr. Sapiro did not originate nor develop co-operation. He simply has taken hold of an existing condition, the development of nearly a century, and is engaged in shaping it to his ends, and to the advantage of the bankers, attorneys, promoters and other exploiters of which he is the mouthpiece.

Mr. Sapiro in his addresses and in his "educational campaign" among the farmers uniformly tells the agriculturists of what "we" have done in California. Since he thus selects California as the scene of his greatest successes in the promotion of the Sapiro plan, and since it is a fact that more farmers, fruit-growers, poultry-raisers and vegetable-producers have been misled into following that plan in California than in any other state, let us turn to the record and see the results of the application of the plan there.

In the first place, neither Aaron Sapiro, nor any of his crowd, have had or now have anything whatever to do with the few co-operative marketing associations which have been markedly successful in California or on the entire Pacific Coast. The California Fruit Growers' Exchange, which handled 27,138 cars of the 43,620 cars of citrus fruits which the co-operatives marketed in 1923, has been in operation for thirty years. Mr. Sapiro never has had the slightest connection with it and has none now. This exchange has 213 local associations (not branches) and marketed $48,647,800 worth of citrus fruits last year.

The California Walnut Growers' Association, which markets about 81.5 per cent of the walnut crop of California, valued at more than $9,000,000 a year, has never had any connection in any way with Mr. Sapiro or his associates, and is operated on a plan and organization altogether different from that offered by the "leader of American agriculturists."

The Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association, of Fresno, which has had troubles enough of its own without borrowing any from Sapiro sources, is referred to almost constantly by Sapiro, Rubinow and others engaged in the improvement of the American farmer, as "an outstanding example of the success of *our* co-operatives in California." Yet neither Mr. Sapiro nor any of his associates has ever had the slightest connection with the Sun-Maid Association, any of its district or local organizations, or any of its members.

The California Peach and Fig Growers' Association, with headquarters at Fresno, is another which is frequently referred to by the promoters of the Sapiro plan as an example of the success of that plan. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Sapiro has not now and never has had any connection of any kind with this association.

Going farther north, I find that the Tillamook County Creamery Association—one of the most successful of all dairy co-operatives ever organized—was formed when Sapiro was a small boy, and has been functioning without his aid ever since.

The Apple Growers' Association of the Hood River Valley, Oregon, sometimes pointed out by Sapiro's agents as another shining example of the success of their plan, was organized nearly twelve years ago, with A. W. Stone as organizer and general manager. Mr. Stone is still general manager and has been able to operate the association successfully without a word from the Sapiros or anyone connected with them.

The Fraser Valley Dairies, Limited, of Vancouver, British Columbia, reports that, while successful, it can attribute none of its success to Mr. Sapiro or his organization, since his advice never was asked nor his plan used in any way in any connection with this notably successful co-operative organization.

So this list of those associations in which Sapiro never has had a word to say, but to whose success he "points with pride," could be continued indefinitely without going any farther outside the state of California.

Every stalk of celery shown in this corner of a large field pays direct tribute to Jewish domination of the co-operative marketing system in this section of the United States.

One thing that Mr. Sapiro, Mr. Rubinow and others neglect to mention is that the plan of organization, operation and control of virtually all the successful associations *is fundamentally different from the Sapiro plan.* Co-operative associations organized or reorganized under the Sapiro plan in California, and in other Pacific Coast states as well, are most conspicuous for the disasters which have overtaken them. As we read, we shall see that virtually all these disasters are due to two factors:

Every half a pear shown drying in the California sun belongs in part to the ring which controls the fruit co-operative marketing associations of the deciduous fruit districts of that state.

First, simple, yet fundamental errors in the Sapiro plan itself.

Second, bad management, sometimes bad because of ignorance of the industry, sometimes because of dishonesty on the part of the managers.

The majority of the managers are Gentiles, and all the managers must meet with the approval of Mr. Sapiro, or they do not remain as managers. There is nothing to show that Mr. Sapiro connives with these managers either in their ignorance or their dishonesty, but as a picker of managers, he has little success with regard to the prosperity or the safety of the farmer.

One of the first of the Sapiro plan fiascos was the California Tomato Growers' Association. Sapiro, with the assistance of Mark Grimes, organized this association some six years ago. Both Sapiro and Grimes received their fees for their services, but the unfortunate tomato growers were left holding the sack for approximately $48,000 at the end of the first year. The association never has been revived.

The Fruit Growers of California, a co-operative green-fruit marketing association, with R. P. Van Orden, a close friend of Sapiro's, as president, has found itself under the necessity of immediate reorganization, and the establishment of a new marketing agreement, according to Van Orden's announcement, made at San Jose, California, on January 28, 1924. The Fruit Growers of California was built on the Sapiro plan fully and completely, and it is the latest of the Sapiro-plan associations to go the way the majority of them have gone—into reorganization either to avert or to remedy disaster.

But between the unfortunate tomato growers and their loss of $48,000, including Mr. Sapiro's fees, and the latest movement of the Fruit Growers of California, lies a long list of wreckage.

In Oregon, no more than three years ago, there was a Dairymen's League, which had been working to the satisfaction of its members for some time. They listened to the call of the new era in co-operative marketing, followed the Sapiro will-'o-the-wisp, and, two years ago, were sunk without trace, with heavy individual loss to the members.

Farther north, in Okanagan, British Columbia, there was in existence, until two years ago, the Okanagan United Growers, Ltd., a successful co-operative marketing association, at least its members never had lost any money, and believed they were making more than they would trying to sell individually. Here Sapiro tried his usual scheme of destroying existing methods to make way for his own. The Okanagan growers were lured into the Sapiro plan, the existing organization and its methods were discarded, and the old association forced into bankruptcy. Just as the assignee in bankruptcy was clearing up the last details of this forced dissolution, late in January, 1924, comes the news from Okanagan that every member lost money, some of them large sums of money; that the new Sapiro-plan association is not functioning so well as the old one, and that the growers are not in such good condition in any way as they were under their own association, without Sapiro's assistance.

Sapiro now has agents in Eastern Canada, preparing the ground for the Sapiro plan, and making ready, also, to force to the wall those existing associations over whose members he can obtain control, as he did at Okanagan.

Apparently the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange has found the Jewish fly in the American amber, for on the Pacific Coast, at the end of January, the newspapers gave space to a dispatch that "Aaron Sapiro, the

Every sack of grain produced in the United States will help to swell the fortunes of those now seeking control and direction of the wheat industry of this country, when the Sapiro plan becomes the method of marketing our grain. Here are barge loads of grain coming down the Sacramento River for shipment to Europe.

apostle of new prosperity for the farmer," had retired from that organization. Almost on the same day, it was further reported that he had quit as counsel for the American Farm Bureau Federation. There is some hope in these dispatches. Comes, too, the message that M. W. Blum, assistant manager of the Growers' Packing and Warehousing Company, branch of the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, had resigned about the middle of January. There is encouragement in this also.

In 1921, it became necessary for the division of markets of the California State Department of Agriculture—which, by the way, has not been nearly so enthusiastic in support of Mr. Sapiro as it was when under direction of Mr. Weinstock—to go to the rescue of a number of the co-operative marketing organizations founded on the Sapiro plan. Among these were the Turlock Melon Growers, who, despite a high-salaried staff and a widespreading sales organization, could not find a market for their product. The California Alfalfa Growers' Exchange, in the face of the fact that alfalfa was at a high price, and the crop no larger than average, had to be reorganized. The financial affairs of the California Honey Producers' Co-operative Association were readjusted, the banks at Los Angeles getting their bit during the reorganization. The Rice Growers' Association, threatened with destruction, was reorganized, a substantial loan from Mr. Meyer's War Finance Corporation figuring in this transaction, as it has in a number of others. The Sonoma-Marin County Potato Growers' Association also was organized in that year, and this is important, because it was from this small association that the exploiters of the farmer conceived the idea of organizing all the potato growers of the United States into one huge association, paying tremendous tribute to whoever could control it.

But the gem of the Sapiro-plan organizations in California is the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association. It was considered the most successful example of co-operative marketing yet put into operation. As a matter of fact, this association has expended more of the money of its members without giving them an adequate return, and, in many instances, without giving them any return at all, than any other similar association, old or new, in the country. Conditions became so bad that a faction in the membership, led by Judge J. R. Welch, of San Jose, California, where the headquarters of the association are located, started a fight for a house cleaning against the entrenched Sapiro interests, of whom one, the Mr. Blum mentioned above, hung on until well into 1924, though the explosion started in 1922. The ousting of the old management, including the manager and the president, is a matter of internal combustion, which might occur in any organization. A trifling matter of nearly $38,000 which belonged to the apricot growers was shown to have been transferred to the prune growers. But the most interesting disclosure of all came in direct connection with Aaron Sapiro, who was made counsel for the prune and apricot growers. Sapiro persistently upheld the discredited management which was eventually forced out by a determined faction of the membership, notwithstanding the fact that he was taking $3,600 a year as a "retainer" from the growers to look after their interests.

Fruit-Growers Receive Payment for 1922 Crop Two Years Late

Members of the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, organized, controlled and directed by the Sapiro brothers, received on March 31, 1924, the final payment for the crop of fruit which they delivered to the management of this association in 1922, two years ago. This payment amounted to $285,000, according to A. M. Mortensen, manager of the association, who also issued the statement that the payment had been made at the end of March, this year.

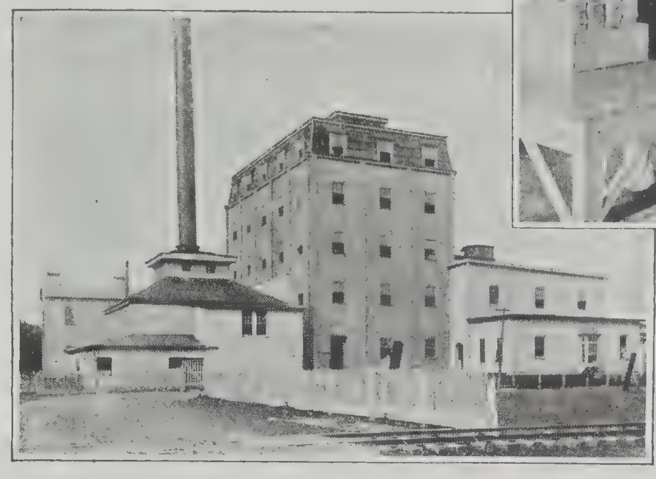
This means that the members of this association have been compelled to borrow money from the banks to carry themselves for two years, paying high rates of interest for funds which, had they not been members of this Jew-controlled organization, they would have received on delivery of their crops. Needless to add, Jewish bankers get the greater part, if not all, of this entirely unnecessary interest payment.

Let us see how that little retainer of $300 a month grew and grew and grew, under the skilful nurture of the Sapiro plan. Sapiro's partners, the Levys, mentioned in the second of this series of articles, went into court in San Jose and endeavored to hold in office the old management, and to expel Judge Welch and seven other members from the association. The Sapiro forces failed, and Judge Welch made public the report of the efficiency committee and the efficiency engineers. It is necessary here to say that, despite the Welch campaign, Sapiro is again in the saddle in the prune and apricot growers' organization. The growers who followed Welch put into office just the men Sapiro wanted in power, and there they are, with Sapiro still counsel, still dictator, still controller of the lands, the crops, the income, the marketing, and even the pay of the American farmers who comprise this association.

During 1920, 1921 and 1922, Aaron Sapiro drew from the California Prune and Apricot Growers, Inc., the parent association, $86,335 in fees, of which $3,083 went to other attorneys (all in the Sapiro firm) and the balance of $83,252 into the pockets of Aaron himself. This is an average of $2,312 a month for thirty-six months. Yet, during all but three months and a few days of the thirty-six months, Aaron Sapiro was touring the southern, middle-western and eastern states, organizing the farmers, fruit-growers, vegetable producers and dairymen as well as the tobacco and cotton planters into other co-operative marketing associations, for each of which he is "organizing legal counsellor." It would appear to the business man that an attorney who was paid $2,300 a month to attend to a firm's business, really should put more than one month in twelve into attending to that business.

It was the general understanding of the grower-members of the prune and apricot growers' organization that their legal services were to cost them $3,600 a year. Most of them have not yet learned how Mr. Sapiro collected approximately eight times as much as this for every one of the three years. However, he got it and there seem to be no prospects that any of the members will be able to get back a thin dime from their organizer, counsellor and friend.

It was not until the spring of 1921, when this same association was approximately four years old, that its members learned some interesting things about their own association, its financial condition and their own position.



A Louisiana rice mill. Rice is the most-used food in the world, ard exponents of co-operative marketing have obtained control of some of the rice associations, while they are reaching out for the control of all of them in the United States.

I quote from the report of the efficiency committee mentioned above:

"It was then (1921) for the first time that some of the facts concerning the association affairs came to the light of day. The growers then learned that the management had borrowed from the banks, and that the association then owed the snug sum of $4,650,000; that the manager (Coykendall) was receiving a salary of $25,000 yearly; that the secretary's monthly salary was $1,000; that the head of the sales department (Mrs. Wallace), a stenographer before she went into the employ of the association, was receiving $500 a month, though she was receiving only $65 a month before she went into the employ of the association; and that members of the executive committee were receiving $150 a month."

It was further shown at this time to the astonished growers, who thought that they owned, controlled and operated their own association, that the president, manager, secretary, and the governor's appointee, the representative of the state, knew little about the expenses of the association, and less about its business. Still these officials knew more than the growers did. The governor's appointee to the board of the association, for example, was a wholesale merchant, who never had cultivated a foot of land nor harvested a crop in his life.

At the time that the contracts for this Sapiro-controlled Association of Prune and Apricot Growers were signed in 1917 it was represented to the growers that the association would market the fruit of the members for *five per cent of the net price received* by the association from the trade, less taxes and carry over insurance on prunes held from delivery to January of the following year. This association controls and markets approximately seventy-six per cent of the production of dried prunes and apricots in the state.

> As a matter of fact, it cost the growers in this association, in 1920, *eighteen* per cent of their sales to market their prunes, or thirteen per cent more than had been agreed on.

For the 1920-1921 crop, some even more interesting statistics were brought out by the efficiency committee, whose figures have never been questioned. It was shown that the marketing of this crop on the agreed five per cent commission, with insurance and taxes added, should have cost the growers $836,830.

But it actually did cost the growers $2,091,377, a difference of $1,254,550, which was a dead loss to the growers and which went to join the thirteen per cent loss in the 1919-1920 crop.

One more example, chosen from a score, to show the manner in which the growers who, *supposedly*, organized, owned and operated this association *for their mutual benefit*, were deceived:

Negotiations have been entered into quietly by the agents of the Sapiro plan of co-operative marketing to obtain control of the commercial fisheries of this country. When they do get such control, they will collect from both the producer and the consumer, as they have in the co-operative marketing associations in farm products. This is a corner of a California fish-canning plant.

On the statement issued by the now-discredited management of the association, for the 1921 crop, appears this item:

Freight and storage, cartage
paid back by trade................$508,327.

In another statement, prepared by McLaren-Goode & Company, a firm of accountants, this item is placed at $474,038, and these last figures are borne out by the report of the independent committee of efficiency engineers. A discrepancy of $34,289?

Added to the $1,254,550 loss on the 1920-21 crop through overcharge for marketing, this makes $1,288,839, which the growers should have had but did not get. Added to this, the precious management of this association paid out $421,145 for "brokerage," on fruit sold by their own sales department. And this was $91,117 more than was paid for the same purpose on the 1920 crop.

Due to the efforts of Judge Welch and several other members of the organization, the California prune and apricot growers were saved, temporarily at least, from utter disaster. There hardly can be a question that their misfortune was due to downright dishonesty of management, though just where the blame lies never has been revealed. Some of those who exposed conditions under the Sapiro plan have been terrified—and I mean *terrified*—into silence by their Jewish masters; others have decided to pocket their losses, smile, watch their directors and managers a little more closely, and let the dead past bury its own dead. But the manipulators of the fruit crop, the exploiters of the California orchardist, are far from dead, and the fruit-grower who is out of the California Prune and Apricot Growers, Inc., is a fortunate man.

The business handled by co-operative marketing associations in the United States in 1922—the latest year for which complete figures are available—totaled a little more than $1,000,000,000—one billion dollars. California alone handles about $240,000,000 worth of products of the soil through co-operative associations every year. The Sapiro plan has been given its widest application in that state. Here is what the Sapiro plan actually does in California, and what it is to be made to do, locally, by states, by crops, and, eventually, by the entire nation:

Binds the producer to turn over his entire production for a period of years to men outside the agricultural industry, and allows them to sell it at a price they fix.

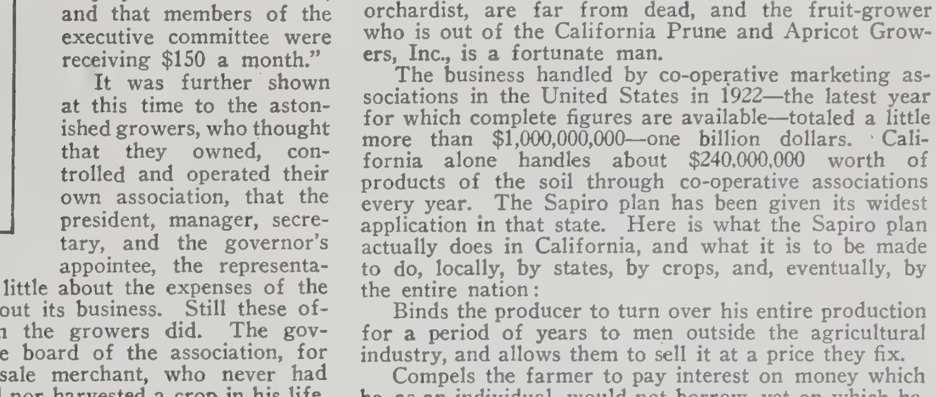
Compels the farmer to pay interest on money which he, as an individual, would not borrow, yet on which he, as a member of the association, must pay interest. This is one of the cleverest tricks in the Jewish deck, the "bankers' joker," so to speak.

Puts the farmer, grower or producer completely in the hands of the directors of the association, without giving him other than a figurative (and largely fictional) voice in the disposition of his property.

Destroys the small local association and substitutes for it a "branch" of the main association.

Completely eliminates contact between the grower and his market. It is an irrefutable principle of economics that the closer the contact of the producer with the consumer, the greater the profit to the producer and the lower the cost to the consumer.

Fixes an arbitrary price, regardless of the demands of the market, or the ability of the public to consume, and attempts, either by costly advertising or by holdovers and storage, to bolster a falling market. These methods, as well as the original price-fixing, work injustice to the consumer, and handicap the producer.



On their knees to the controllers of American farm products. Picking strawberries for distribution and sale through an association operated under the Sapiro plan.

Gold Standard "Dead as Mutton"—Keynes

Noted Economist Writes Startlingly Frank Book on Failure of Gold, Danger of Interest and the Immediate Need of Monetary Reform

To illustrate how far ahead of the United States other countries have forged in their study of the Money Question, excerpts from the work of various thinkers have been presented here from time to time. John Maynard Keynes, whose notable book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," won wide fame, has written a startlingly frank and very able new book on "Monetary Reform," published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. This book will greatly enhance Mr. Keynes' reputation as a thinker, but his fearless handling of the Gold Standard and his warnings concerning the effects of usury can scarcely be welcomed by the Money Power. However, Keynes' face is now in the right direction.

SPEAKING of the factors which produce a change in the value of money, Mr. Keynes says:

"It is one of the objects of this book to urge that the best way to cure this mortal disease of individualism is to provide that there shall never exist any confident expectation either that prices generally are going to fall or that they are going to rise; and also that there shall be no serious risk that a movement, if it does occur, will be a big one . . . The remedy would lie in so controlling the standard of value that, whenever something occurred which, left to itself, would create an expectation of change in the general level of prices, the controlling authority should take steps to counteract this expectation by setting in motion some factor of a contrary tendency. Even if such a policy were not wholly successful, either in counteracting expectations or in avoiding actual movements, it would be an improvement on the policy of sitting quietly by, while a standard of value, governed by chance causes and deliberately removed from central control, produces expectations which paralyze or intoxicate the government of production. (pp. 43, 44)

"We see that rising prices and falling prices each have their characteristic disadvantages. The inflation which causes the former means injustice to individuals and to classes—particularly to investors; and is therefore unfavorable to saving. The deflation which causes falling prices means impoverishment to labor and to enterprise by leading *entrepreneurs* to restrict production in their endeavor to avoid loss to themselves; and is therefore disastrous to employment . . .

"Inflation is unjust and deflation is inexpedient. Of the two, perhaps deflation is, if we rule out exaggerated inflations such as that of Germany, the worse; because it is worse, in an impoverished world, to provoke unemployment than to disappoint the *rentier*.

"But it is not necessary that we should weigh one evil against the other. It is easier to agree that both are evils to be shunned. The Individualistic Capitalism of to-day, precisely because it intrusts saving to the individual investor and production to the individual employer, *presumes* a stable measuring-rod of value, and cannot be efficient—perhaps cannot survive—without one. (pp. 44, 45)

"Tricks" of the Gold Standard

"CONFIDENCE in the future stability of the value of gold depends on the United States being foolish enough to go on accepting gold which it does not want, and wise enough, having accepted it, to maintain it at a fixed value. This double event might be realized through the collaboration of a public understanding nothing, with a Federal Reserve Board understanding everything. But the position is precarious; and not very attractive to any country which is still in a position to choose what its future standard is to be . . .

"It is natural, after what we have experienced, that prudent people should desiderate a standard of value which is independent of Finance Ministers and State Banks. The present state of affairs has allowed to the ignorance and frivolity of statesmen an ample opportunity of bringing about ruinous consequences in the economic field. It is felt that the general level of economic and financial education among statesmen and bankers is hardly such as to render innovations feasible or safe; that, in fact, a chief object of stabilizing the exchanges is to strap down Ministers of Finance. (pp. 182, 183) . . .

"If, indeed, a Providence watched over gold, or if Nature had provided us with a stable standard ready-made, I would not, in an attempt after some slight improvement, hand over the management to the possible weakness or ignorance of Boards and Governments. But this is not the situation. We have no ready-made standard . . . And—most important of all—in the modern world of paper currency and bank credit there is no escape from a 'managed' currency, whether we wish it or not;—convertibility into gold will not alter the fact that the value of gold itself depends on the policy of the Central Banks. (p. 184) . . .

"Those who advocate the return to a gold standard do not always appreciate along what different lines our actual practice has been drifting. If we restore the gold standard are we to return also to the pre-war conceptions of bank-rate, allowing the tides of gold to play what tricks they like with the internal price-level, and abandoning the attempt to moderate the disastrous influence of the credit-cycle on the stability of prices and employment? Or are we to continue and develop the experimental innovations of our present policy, ignoring the bank ratio and, if necessary, allowing unmoved a piling up of gold reserves far beyond our requirements or their depletion far below them? (p. 186) . . .

"In truth, the gold standard is already a barbarous relic. All of us, from the Governor of the Bank of England downward, are now primarily interested in preserving the stability of business, prices, and employment, and are not likely, when the choice is forced on us, deliberately to sacrifice these to the outworn dogma, which had its value once, of £3:17:10½ (three pounds, seventeen shillings, tenpence half-penny) per ounce. Advocates of the ancient standard do not observe how remote it now is from the spirit and requirements of the age. A regulated non-metallic standard has slipped in unnoticed. *It exists.* Whilst the economists dozed, the academic dream of a hundred years, doffing its cap and gown, clad in paper rags, has crept into the real world by means of the bad fairies—always so much more potent than the good—the wicked Ministers of Finance. (p. 187) . . .

"Therefore, since I regard the stability of prices, credit, and employment as of paramount importance, and since I feel no confidence that an old-fashioned gold standard will even give us the modicum of stability that it used to give, I reject the policy of restoring the gold standard on pre-war lines. At the same time I doubt the wisdom of attempting a 'managed' gold standard jointly with the United States, on the lines recommended by Mr. Hawtrey in his 'Monetary Reconstruction' because it retains too many of the disadvantages of the old system without its advantages, and because it would make us too dependent on the policy and wishes of the Federal Reserve Board. (pp. 190, 191) . . .

"Nor must we neglect the possibility of a partial demonetization of gold by the United States through a closing of its mints to further receipts of gold. The present policy of the United States in accepting unlimited imports of gold can be justified, perhaps, as a temporary measure, intended to preserve tradition and to strengthen confidence through a transitional period. But, looked at as a permanent arrangement, it could hardly be judged otherwise than as a foolish expense. If the Federal Reserve Board intends to maintain the value of the dollar at a level which is irrespective of the inflow or the outflow of gold, what object is there in continuing to accept at the mints gold which is not wanted, yet costs a heavy price? If the United States mints were to be closed to gold, everything, except the actual price of the metal, could continue precisely as before. (p. 182) . . .

"The United States has not been able to let gold fall to its 'natural' value, because it could not face the resulting depreciation of its standard. It has been driven, therefore, to the costly policy of burying in the vaults of Washington what the miners of the Rand have laboriously brought to the surface. Consequently gold now stands at an 'artificial' value, the future course of which almost entirely depends on the policy of the Federal Reserve Board. The value of gold is no longer the resultant of the chance gifts of Nature and the judgment of numerous authorities and individuals acting independently." (p. 181) . . .

Prof. Irving Fisher's Plan

IN HIS chapter, "Positive Suggestions for the Future Regulation of Money," Mr. Keynes points out what appear to him as defects in Prof. Irving Fisher's plan:

"The pioneer of price-stability as against exchange-stability, Prof. Irving Fisher, advocated the former in the shape of his 'compensated dollar,' which was to be automatically adjusted by reference to an index number of prices without any play of judgment or discretion. He may have been influenced, however, by the advantage of propounding a method which could be grafted as easily as possible on to the pre-war system of gold-reserves and gold-ratios. In any case, I doubt the wisdom and practicability of a system so cut and dried. If we wait till a price movement is actually on foot before applying remedial measures, we may be too late. As Mr. Hawtrey says: 'It is not the *past* rise in prices but the *future* rise that has to be counteracted.' . . . Prof. Fisher's method may be adapted to deal with long-period trends in the value of gold but not with the often more injurious short-period oscillations of the credit cycle. (pp. 202, 203) . . .

"We have scarcely realized how far our thoughts have travelled during the past five years. But to re-read the famous Cunliffe Report on Currency and Foreign Exchange after the War, published in 1918, brings vividly before one's mind what a great distance we have covered since then. This document was published three months before the Armistice. It was compiled long before the unpegging of the pound sterling and the great break in the European exchanges in 1919, before the tremendous boom and crash of 1920-21, before the vast piling up of the world's gold in America, and without experience of the Federal Reserve policy in 1922-23 of burying this gold in Washington, withdrawing it from the exercise of its full effect on prices, and thereby, in effect, demonetizing the metal. . . . Of all the omissions from the Cunliffe Report the most noteworthy is the complete absence of any mention of the problem of the stability of the price-level; and it cheerfully explains how the pre-war system, which it aims at restoring, operated to bring back equilibrium by deliberately causing a 'consequent slackening of employment.' The Cunliffe Report belongs to an extinct and an almost forgotten order of ideas. Yet the Report remains the authorized declaration of our policy, and the Bank of England and the British Treasury are said still to regard it as their marching orders. (pp. 210, 211) . . .

"If we agree that gold is not to be employed in the circulation, and that it is better to employ some other criterion than the ratio of gold reserves to note issue in deciding to raise or to lower the bank rate, it follows that the only employment for gold (nevertheless important) is as a store of value to be held as a war-chest against emergencies and as a means of rapidly correcting the influence of a temporarily adverse balance of international payments and thus maintaining a day-to-day stability of the sterling-dollar exchange. . . . Nor would the amount of gold, which it would be prudent to hold as a reserve against international emergencies and temporary indebtedness, bear any logical or calculable relation to the volume of paper money; for the two have no close or necessary connection with one another. Therefore I make the proposal—which may seem, but should not be, shocking,—of separating entirely the gold reserve from the note issue. (pp. 211, 213) . . .

The "Dollar" Standard

"THE principles underlying these proposals remain just as true across the Atlantic. In the United States, as in Great Britian, the methods which are being actually pursued at the present time, half consciously and half unconsciously, are mainly on the lines I advocate. In practice the Federal Reserve Board often ignores the proportion of its gold reserve to its liabilities and is influenced, in determining its policy, by the object of maintaining stability in prices, trade, and employment. Out of convention and conservatism it accepts gold. Out of prudence and understanding it buries it. Indeed, the theory and investigation of the credit cycle have been taken up so much more enthusiastically and pushed so much further by the economists of the United States than by those of Great Britian that it would be even more difficult for the Federal Reserve Board than for the Bank of England to ignore such ideas or to avoid being, half-consciously at least, influenced by them.

"The theory on which the Federal Reserve Board is supposed to govern its discount policy, by reference to the influx and efflux of gold and the proportion of gold to liabilities, is as dead as mutton. It perished, and perished justly, as soon as the Federal Reserve Board began to ignore its ratio and to accept gold without allowing it to exercise its full influence, merely because an expansion of credit and prices seemed at that moment undesirable. From that day gold was demonetized by almost the last country which still continued to do it lip-service, and a dollar standard was set up on the pedestal of the Golden Calf. For the past two years the United States has *pretended* to maintain a gold standard. *In fact* it has established a dollar standard; and, instead of insuring that the value of the dollar shall conform to that of gold, it makes provision,

(Concluded on page 14)

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are sixteen investigations in progress in the Congress at this writing, which may mean any or all of three things. It may mean that there has been a most amazing amount of wrongdoing in public office; it may mean that a number of inquiring minds have suddenly decided to learn for themselves how the business of government has been done; it may mean that political and campaign material is being sought out of the naturally fallible actions of public men.

Looking over the list of these investigations it becomes clear that the best harvest that can be hoped for is the harvest of knowledge. This is only what any post mortem is expected to yield. If it does not, the effort is wasted. The knowledge that it may yield is of three possible kinds; whether all the alleged misdeeds really occurred; whether such as have occurred are due to bad intention or ignorance; and how to prevent the same things from occurring again. For it requires more than curiosity to justify a post mortem; its whole value is in enabling us to prevent recurrence in the future.

It is almost certain that there can be no large measure of reparations or recovery of damages, as a result of these investigations (except, it may be, in the matter of lands and natural resources) so that our chief gain must be more knowledge.

This statement is of itself sufficient to forestall the charge that one opposes the investigations. We have just mentioned knowledge as their best fruit, but knowledge comes through experience, and these investigations are a part of the nation's experience. It is only to be hoped that through this experience the government will not fail to get knowledge.

Running through the list of the various investigations, what may we hope from them? Of course we must first hope *for* them a seriousness of intention and method. Let them search for the fact—always the fact. An investigation is a trial of an action, an inquiry into all the elements necessary to a judgment. That of itself should save it from descending to factionalism of any kind.

We must also hope for our people the judicial mind. What may be charged is not thereby proved. Here is a publication which has had in its files for several years much of the material that is now finding its way out through the Congressional Investigating Committees, and some that perhaps will not so find its way. This material could have been printed, exposure of certain suspicions and certain strange-looking situations might have been made, but that would not have been proof. The public appetite for sensation and scandal might have been pleased, but that would not have been sound proof of the actual situations. And neither is testimony before a Committee. As a trial before public opinion the contentions of the prosecuting witnesses have probably won a widespread verdict of Guilty, and doubtless the public is as often right in these matters as any other body could be. But nevertheless, accusation is not proof. And the people would not so often mistake it for proof if legal methods did not permit of so much juggling and escape.

So, with these matters in mind, what may we expect *from* these sixteen investigations in progress? In the Teapot Dome matter we may expect exact knowledge whether United States rights were tamely given away, and if so how this whole leasing system can be brought out into the open and avoid even the appearance of evil. That is about all the country can expect in that instance, except the possible cancellation of the leases if found to have been corruptly obtained or contrary to the public interest.

The Committee investigating the conduct of the Department of Justice cannot be expected to do much more than to discover cases that may have been handled with favoritism or shelved for the same reason, and start belated justice again on their trail. It might perform a service to straight dealing if it would inquire also how far a government department is permitted to invade the rights of citizens through the use of vicious private detective methods.

The Committee investigating the Russian situation, or "the American activities of the Soviet government," as the title runs, can do much good by thrusting its inquiry beneath the superficial, that is, the political, aspect of the question, and dig out the real sources of Sovietism. It is rather strange that Americans are still talking of a "Russian Communism" that has been abandoned in Russia, and are carefully refraining from the study of that idea, that purpose which always exists regardless of the form of government. The Committee could serve the people by giving it the philosophy and method of organized revolutionism as it now exists; but this would lead into certain racial investigations which, it is understood, Congress is not willing to take up as yet.

Instead of fighting off investigations, they should be welcomed where demanded. There is no reason why the Internal Revenue Bureau should not be opened to Senators, if only to satisfy the public of the administration of a bureau that has become vitally important to the spirit of confidence in multitudes of our citizens. Crooks may be found, of course, unless they are kicked out beforehand; but a department head who does his full duty will always come out ahead in one of two ways; either he will be kicked out by politicians and therefore will not be present when eventually his department is investigated, or he will always be able to throw open the doors to all comers and say, "Gentlemen, if you can find anything I have overlooked, I'll be obliged to you."

As to the Committee investigating propaganda whether it be on the Mellon tax plan or the Bok peace plan, it too can add to the nation's knowledge if it will take propaganda as a whole and issue so comprehensive a guide to its detection that the public will never be fooled again. The tax plan and peace plan publicity were angelic compared with what is going on all the time, even around Congress.

There is the Shipping Board investigation, too. That Committee deserves sympathy. If it seriously undertakes its work, it will require half a lifetime to unravel the tangle. It would not be worth while unraveling unless it gave us preventive information for the future. Of all complexities, there is none like the history of the Shipping Board. Perhaps all that we can expect from it is a report on some of the thousands of ways to tie up a big business.

Other matters should have been cleaned up by executives and never left to Committees, as the matter of the alleged duplication of securities in the Bureau of Engraving and other similar difficulties which in private business would have been straightened out at the moment, not two years later. Now they are in the hands of investigating committees and, of course, being there, the utmost rigid thoroughness ought to mark their examination.

Some of the Committees occupy a position similar to that of Chairs in the University. They are making researches which should enable them to teach the people valuable lessons in frustrating the activities of the forces of subversion. Other Committees are ironing out current difficulties of administration. Our government cannot claim perfection until a system is created which will take care of these matters by prevention, rather than by the tardy and expensive method of post-mortem examination.

SOME of the investigations now proceeding in Congress are important because they constitute serious studies in methods of doing government business. We may expect from these sufficient information to form the basis for better methods. Others of the inquiries deal with matters that could have been settled at the time by any competent foreman who did not know how to spell "politics." Now that the Committees have been set up and are at work there is nothing for them to do but justify themselves by the permanent character of the work they perform. They are research bodies in public affairs. As such they can easily command national respect by the quality of their motives and methods. The pardonable amount of partisan zeal which may mark debates in Congress has no place whatever in this important Committee work.

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Cutting Off a Year

PROMINENT educators are seeking a substitute for the present standard four-year college course. The traditional term is in danger of being set aside in a striking manner.

A three-year course, whose short summer and Christmas vacations will give it as many study hours as the usual four-year term, is to be inaugurated at the new five-million-dollar college for women in Bennington, Vermont, that is being projected by the heads of Wellesley, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Barnard and other distinguished schools.

The new college is sponsored because the present women's colleges in the East cannot take care of the young women seeking to attend them. The new institution is planned that parents may be spared the expense of unnecessarily long collegiate courses.

American parents will welcome anything that will spare the sacrifice necessary to send children to college for four years, if three years will do as well. It is significant that our tax-supported state universities have not led the way in this possible improvement; it had to be done by those who appeal to private citizens for endowments.

What of That "Surplus"?

THE Treasury Department announces the offering of $400,000,000 certificates of indebtedness, running for one year at four per cent. This amount, in addition to collections on March 15, is announced to be necessary to meet interest and maturities on the public debt for the March account. It is further announced that additional financing will be necessary in June.

To those who have accepted the statements of the department that the revenues have so far overbalanced requirements as to leave a surplus of more than $300,000,000 for the current fiscal year, the announcement must cause surprise. We have been told that the public indebtedness was reduced to the amount of practically a billion dollars during the year, and while it is generally understood that this means simply that present available funds are merely offset against the aggregate debt, the showing was creditable. But as the new offering is made with the expectation of using also such funds as are available, it will be seen that when disbursed the total indebtedness will not have been reduced at all.

The people are entitled to accurate knowledge of the condition of the national finances at all times. This new issue will pass the three billion mark in short-term securities issued since the advent of the present administration, not including savings certificates which do not represent an indebtedness of full face value until maturity. As to how many of these are outstanding, it is doubtful whether even the department has positive knowledge.

Legends of the Dead

DEATH as a rule is not dramatic. Princes and peasants are as alike in their deaths as in their births. Yet there is a cult of dramatic tales of how the great have passed, what their last words were, what depth of wisdom or reach of prophetic insight was vouchsafed to them as they neared the marge of the mystic crossing. When Lenin died, the story sped abroad that he breathed his last crawling around on his hands and knees, cursing the Jews. The basis of the tale, perhaps, was the Russian peasantry's genuine belief that Lenin really stood between them and conquest by international Jewry. Anyway, the tale is typically Russian.

And hardly is Hugo Stinnes gone from his multitudinous activities than the legends begin to be told. They are all attributed to "witnesses of his last moments," but they are all too dramatic to be true.

"Toward the end," says one, "he seemed to see a Communist horde advancing on him. His face was contorted and his voice shrill as he imagined they had come to take his possessions away. It seemed as if they advanced nearer and nearer until he felt their hands about his throat, and he fell back, exhausted, breathless, in fearful agony. He recovered for a moment. Then he reviled his enemies with terrible curses."

This is New York *World* stuff and is to be given the same degree of belief as most of the "foreign correspondence" fed the American public.

Vanderlip's Venture

MR. E. P. Swenson is by way of being a Wall Street personage. Chairman of the board of the National City Bank, he is influential in various other companies. Most of the public was ignorant of Swenson's existence until the other day he wrote Frank Vanderlip a nasty letter removing him from the directorates of some Freeport, Texas, companies because Vanderlip has busied himself with the Washington scandals, some of which involved international bankers and business men.

Swenson wrote the sort of letter that goes to any man who doesn't play the Wall Street game according to the unwritten rules:

"I cannot advise you of this feeling solely on behalf of the other directors, for, personally, I am not in sympathy with your attitude in public matters. As a friend, I have asked many times the question in my own mind as to whether you stop to consider the ultimate results and how they may affect you personally."

Mr. Vanderlip might have answered, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. Vanderlip's retirement from the presidency of the National City Bank in 1919 was coincident with a frank expression of opinion on European affairs. Now come other retirements coincident with his bold stand for clean government.

To anyone familiar with the signs, certain interests are afraid of what Vanderlip knows and may tell; they are using the familiar method of trying to discredit him in advance. The prophecy may be risked that they will not succeed. Mr. Vanderlip was not born yesterday and, more significant still, he has not always been a banker: his newspaper training is still observable in his strong reliance on facts.

Now that he has set up his own research bureau to get at the facts, to do his utmost to meet "the fact shortage of America" (to quote "Mr. Ford's Page"), there is a tremor in the ranks of those who fear the facts. More dangerous to the American people than all the Teapot Dome disclosures is the organized daily, insidious, widely ramified efforts of Mr. Vanderlip's erstwhile co-workers to prevent facts reaching the people and to plant in lieu of facts a set of ideas along which the American mind is to be regimented.

We are not prophesying how thorough or useful Mr. Vanderlip's new service venture will be. Even brave men are cowed by some of the discoveries they make when they go out to seek facts. Even honest men sometimes hedge when it comes to calling out names. But, no matter by whom, the work is going to be done.

Pay-As-You-Go System

A LATTICE girder wooden bridge was erected over the river in Chicopee, Massachusetts, in 1847. It cost $7,000 and is still going strong.

The startling increase in the cost of municipal administration is illustrated by the fact that when the floor system of this ancient bridge was rebuilt in 1921 it cost $30,000, more than four times the original cost of the structure.

Back in the good old days when the Chicopee bridge was built, such costs were met out of current taxation. Nowadays, politicians fear to let the people know the full extent of their extravagance, and issue bonds for improvements and sometimes for operating expenses as well.

This is fine for the bond brokers, but the interest upon the bonds makes the improvements cost the taxpayers twice as much as a "pay-as-you-go" policy would entail. This bonding policy compels many cities to pay half their yearly income for interest.

When taxpayers find themselves unable to carry the interest and sinking fund charges of all these accumulated bond issues as well as the regular operating expenses of their respective cities, the system will find itself in imminent danger.

Japan Protests

JAPANESE immigration has been handled in a manner to create difficulties instead of solving them. We have "a gentleman's agreement" adopted after a secret conversation with a President of the United States, the exact terms of which have never been made known. Its purpose, of course, was to save Japan's face by preventing exclusive legislation while at the same time obtaining for us the desired measure of exclusion. That is, Japan agreed to do what was wanted, provided it was not put into legal statutes and enforced. The Japanese government won its point of obtaining the right to itself enforce on its own people the same restrictions we should otherwise have enforced by legal enactment.

Now that it is proposed to include Japanese under an immigration law, the Japanese ambassador makes a strong protest. He says his nation will stand by "the gentleman's agreement" or any modification of it which may be agreed upon, but he wishes to save his nation from the humiliation of being legally classified with other Orientals. The note which he presents to our government is couched in terms and resolves itself into tones that Americans are not accustomed to receive. It did not help the matter. And the fact that he argues on a basis supplied by our own muddling of the question does not help us. For the moment, however, the ambassador has supplied Congress with a touch of that "natural pride" which he pleads in behalf of his own nation, and thus provides a little breathing space for the contending sides.

But it doesn't settle the Japanese Immigration Question. And the time is coming when it must be definitely settled one way or the other. At present it is plain that our government is persuaded to different views of the Japanese than are citizens of the Western coast; the "gentleman's agreement" is a straddle between Japan's contention and that of California. Japan, which has never lacked the highest skill in the game of bluff, talks big enough to breed resentment in minds of better world perspective. But regardless of that, a principle is involved, and the sooner the American people find out which principle it is, and act upon it, the better for the general situation.

Rarely Solitaire

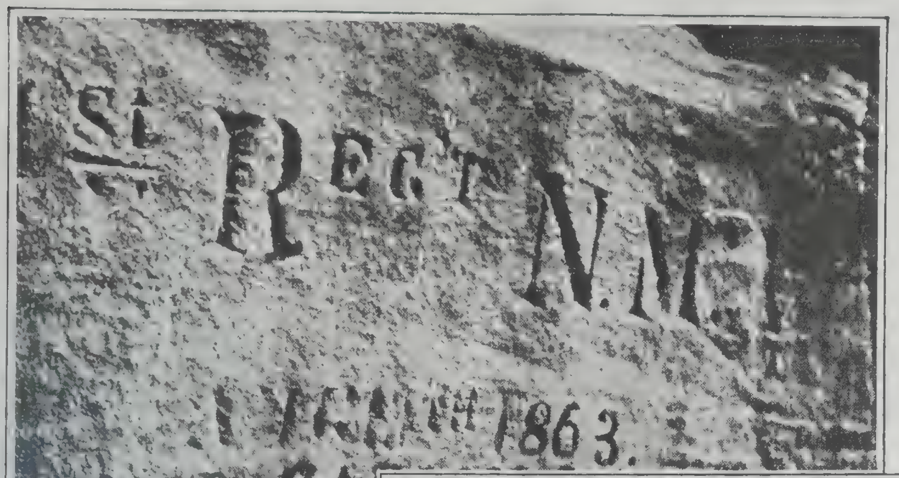
IN A CITY of 60,000 the treasurer has been convicted of embezzlement of some $30,000 and sent to prison for a term of from two to ten years. A man of exemplary personal habits, for thirty years a trusted citizen, he lost the money in stock speculation. His friends joined in asking a parole for him, placing the circuit judge before whom he was tried in a position of embarrassment, because he could not consistently free a popular man and in perhaps the next case send a friendless man to prison for a felony less offensive.

It would have been better if the friends, instead of trying to stay the hand of the law, had made up the defalcation before the law was invoked. Many of them, no doubt, were his companions in stock gambling, with the only difference that they used money belonging to their families, if they lost, instead of money not their own. Speculation, like other folly, is rarely a game of solitaire.

Discussion still swirls around President Coolidge's responsibility for the Harding Cabinet. Those who would injure the President claim he should have thrown out some of his predecessor's appointees. Those who defend him say that he was only following precedent by retaining them. The Cabinet itself could have forestalled all this difficulty by resigning. Cabinet members are personal appointees of the President, and in that sense they rise or fall with the President who appoints them. In practice, however, they are usually the choice of the party as well as of the President, and the continuance of the Cabinet in office is held to continue the party government which had been elected by the people. From this point of view it is held that the Cabinet gives continuity to the government across any breach caused in the performance of Presidential duties. The argument is somewhat strained, inasmuch as the Vice-President immediately assumes Presidential functions. Recent experience emphasizes the wisdom of a Cabinet resigning en masse upon the death or removal of the President appointing it.

The "gentleman from New York" who assailed the Muscle Shoals offer because "attacks" on the Jews caused pogroms in Poland in 1919 is mixed in his dates. The Poles woke up to the Jewish Question about 1790, while the articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT did not begin until 1920.

Famous Frontiersman Leaves His Calling Card



Photos by U. S. Forest Service

Above—The card Kit Carson left, carved deeply in the face of the rock on the trail he blazed in pursuit of rebellious Navajo Indians under War Department orders, in 1863.

Right—Kit Carson's grave in Taos, New Mexico.

Kit Carson's Record Cut in Rock Sixty Years Ago Discovered by Exploring Party; Facts Borne Out by War Department Order

By S. R. WINTERS

"OLD KIT'S calling card, by all that's holy," exclaimed a member of a party that camped one night on a sheep ranch en route to the annual snake-dance ceremony of the Hopi Indians, in Northern Arizona. This exclamation had reference to the discovery of a rock on the face of which was imprinted the name and regiment number of Kit Carson, who sixty years before had quelled an uprising of Navajo Indians and arrested their plunderings and robberies of the citizens of New Mexico.

Among the group of persons that camped at a desert water hole that night, which resulted in the unearthing of evidence of a bit of thrilling American history in the frontier days, was Will C. Barnes, forester, cowboy, author and prince of fellows. He brought back to Washington a series of photographs showing the discovery made by this party while on their way to the snake-dance ceremony in Northern Arizona. This pictorial evidence, coupled with an order copied from the records of the War Department, support the conclusion that Kit Carson was in that vicinity on the date imprinted deeply on the face of a rock on the trail this warrior blazed in the pursuit of the rebellious Navajo Indians.

The following order was issued by the War Department:

"General Orders, No. 15
"Headquarters, Dept. N. M.
"Santa Fe, N. M.,
"June 15th, 1863.

"For a long time past, the Navajo Indians have murdered and robbed the people of New Mexico. Last winter, when eighteen of their chiefs came to Santa Fe to have a talk, they were warned and told to inform their people that for these murders and robberies the tribe must be punished unless some binding guarantees should be given that in future these outrages should cease. No such guarantees have yet been given, but, on the contrary, additional murders and additional robberies have been perpetrated upon the persons and properties of our unoffending citizens.

"It is therefore ordered that Colonel Christopher Carson, with a proper military force, proceed without delay to a point in Navajo country known as Pueblo, Colorado, and there establish a defensible depot for his supplies and hospital, and thence to prosecute a vigorous war upon the men of this tribe until it is considered at these headquarters they have been effectively punished for their long-continued atrocities.

"By command of Brigadier General Carleton:
"(Signed) Benjamin C. Cutler,
"Assistant Adjutant General."

The manner in which this party of snake-dance attendants stumbled upon this bit of historic lore is quite as interesting as the find itself. The discovery was made a few miles below the present Keams Canyon Indian School, the namesake of Tom Keams, a pioneer who founded an Indian trading post in this locality in 1876. Will Barnes, in his inimitable style, tells about how this group of wanderers on the way to a Hopi village unearthed Kit Carson's calling card. He states:

"That night a Navajo boy, herding sheep on the mesa above, came to the water hole for a supply of water for his sheep camp. While he was filling two ten-gallon kegs slung on the "sawbuck" pack-saddle cinched to a diminutive burro, one of the party questioned him as to the road ahead, the grass for their horses, the exact date for the snake ceremony—always an uncertainty—and also asked him if he knew of any cliff-dwellers' ruins or hieroglyphics they could look over on their way to the Hopi village.

"The boy, with a combination of Spanish, Indian, and English, ably filled out with a plenteous supply of signs, answered their questions as best he could, and what the interrogators didn't understand they guessed at, just as the majority of explorers in strange lands have ever interpreted the information imparted to them by the natives. When it came to the matter of pictographs the questioner took a piece of sharp rock and scratched a few crude figures upon the near-by canyon wall. "You sabby?" he asked. The boy's face lit up. "Si, si," he exclaimed eagerly, pointing down the canyon as if to indicate the location of the place where cryptic writings could be viewed.

Bold Cliffs and Yawning Chasms

"BEFORE the boy left with his burro-load of water, he had agreed to guide the party to the place where the pictographs were to be found, which he explained was "No mucho lejos"—not very far. Early next morning the boy rode into camp, and the men of the party were soon mounted and following him down the canyon. Arrived at a rather wide opening in the canyon, the boy reined in his pony and pointed toward the sky line of the canyon's crest. The walls here were from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, but not perpendicular, being formed by a number of ledges of varying thickness, each with a sloping mass of talus at its foot, the result being a series of terraces until at the top the canyon was probably ten times as wide as at the bottom.

"The boy indicated that the hieroglyphics he would show them were at the very top of the canyon, and promptly pointed his pony up the first slope, which was not only exceedingly steep, but also a mass of sharp, broken rocks, 'just like riding over a pile of broken beer bottles,' one of the party declared.

"The diminutive Navajo pony, without a shoe to a single foot, plunged through the rocks, often flinching from the sharp points, but forging straight ahead under the constant lash of the rawhide 'quirt' in the boy's right hand, plus a very devil's tattoo played on his none-too-well-covered ribs by both heels of the rider. We followed, but our horses, though grain-fed and well shod, made mighty poor work of the climb.

"Soon the kid picked up a trail which zigzagged up the side of the canyon, finding here and there narrow openings or passes in the bold cliffs, where from the bottom nothing but a solid wall of stone seemed to exist, until we reached the last terrace, with a last wall above us possibly twenty feet high. The trail here led along the edge of the talus, with the ledge of the cliff below yawning under our stirrups until it turned up through a narrow cleft to the mesa above. Just before we reached this turn, the boy slipped from his pony and we followed him to the foot of the ledge, where he pointed triumphantly to some carvings on the face of a smooth sandstone, which were pictographs all right, but neither prehistoric nor Indian. Carved deeply into the rock, which was protected from the weather by an overhanging shelf, we read, easily:

"1st Regt. N. M. Vols.
Aug. 17th, 1863
Col. C. Carson Comdg."

Although Mr. Barnes tells this writer that several subsequent trips to the former location of this historic rock have failed to reveal its original identity, the first evidence is indisputable. This former cowboy, who is now in charge of grazing experiments of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, also delved into the records of the War Department, revealing other interesting bits of history than the general order already cited. Additional orders instructed Kit Carson to designate the new post after General Canby, who had recently relinquished command of the Department of New Mexico. General Canby a few years prior to that had met death at the hands of the Modoc Indians in the lava beds of Northern California.

Noteworthy, also, in contrast with present-day warring tactics, Carson was allowed only three other commissioned officers to handle 333 enlisted men, the number comprising a regiment sixty years ago. The records of the War Department indicate that Carson transmitted official reports frequently to Washington, indicating the progress of the expedition. Among these reports was found the one which virtually verifies the carving found near a sheep camp. It reads as follows: "At 8 a. m. on the 23rd (August), 1863, arrived at the west opening of the Canyon de Chelley, but could find no water. About twelve miles further found abundance of running water and good grass and encamped."

Carson's Devastating Warfare

THE reports of the War Department were dated Fort Canby, New Mexico, August 31, 1863. The evidence tends to support the belief that Fort Canby was located on the Pueblo Colorado "Wash," a few miles east of where Will Barnes and his party camped and just over the line into what is now Arizona. The latter state was not divorced from the mother state of New Mexico until December, 1863. The Canyon de Chelley lies to the northeast where Kit Carson's calling card was located and the reports suggest that this warrior bold scouted to the westward from Fort Canby into the vicinity of Keams Canyon, where he left his impress on stone, and then swerved his course to the northeast, toward Canyon de Chelley, where the Indians were sequestered in canyon depths.

The methods of warfare in the frontier days were quite as devastating as were those which swept clean the battlefields of European soil in the recent World War. Kit Carson resorted to the method of starving the Indians into submission. To accomplish this end, he cut down in excess of 3,000 producing peach trees in one canyon alone, and his charges were ordered to level peach orchards with the ground wherever found. Moreover, these devastating tactics resulted in the slaughter of more than 50,000 sheep and goats that belonged to this tribe of Indians. Will Barnes, who figuratively knows every cow path and pig trail in this section of our country, observes that the Hopi Indians, then residing west of the Navajo Indians, have today many peach orchards. It is likely that the trees destroyed by Carson and his army belonged to these Pueblo Indians, described as an inoffensive and kindly disposed race of men. The Navajo Indians, it is assumed, had hardly established a permanent agriculture so early. The Hopi Indians, however, have cultivated peach orchards, among the sand hills, for centuries.

Closing Days

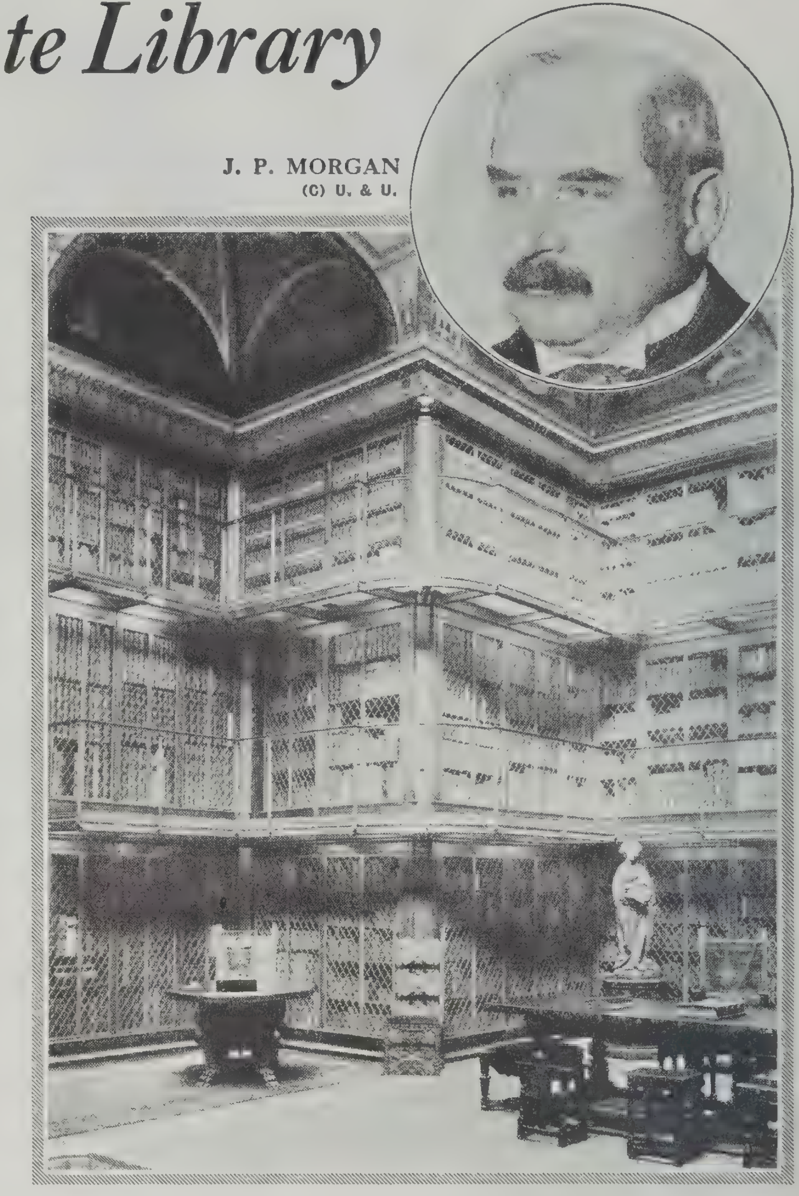
THE eventful life of Kit Carson, whose career was replete with thrilling incidents in subduing the Indians and unruly members of his own race, came to an end on May 23, 1868. Unlike the storm-tossed life he had lived, his passing across the Great Divide was peaceful, the end coming in his bed at Fort Lyons, Colorado. This point was one of the early outposts of civilization in that region. As a government station it has retained its identity to this day. It is situated on the north bank of the Arkansas River, a short distance east of La Junta.

The quaint town of Taos ("Towse"), New Mexico, was for years identified by Kit Carson as his home. At this place he obtained a wife and his request was that his body be buried there. This request was granted and his remains are slumbering in the dust in the little "Campo Santo" of the Mexicans, where the body of his wife was also interred. Mr. Barnes says, "Near by the wonderful six-story edifice of the Taos Pueblo Indians rises into the clear blue sky like some modern pyramid, while dominating the whole region the mighty peaks of the "Sangre de Christo" range (The Blood of Christ) form a backbone at once glorious and inspiring."

World's Finest Private Library Property of Public

Gift of Priceless Books and Manuscripts Sets Mark in Educational Benefactions—Intrinsic Value Greater Than Millions at Which Appraised

By JULIUS MORITSEN



J. P. MORGAN
(C) U. & U.

An excellent survey showing how the priceless books are housed.

THE gift of the J. Pierpont Morgan's private library to the City of New York can be appreciated only by remaining aloof from the money values involved and considering what this magnificent gift means to the present and to future generations.

One may say that perhaps some ten million dollars could not buy the magnificent structure on East Thirty-sixth street and its priceless contents. But the spirit of reverence for all that is beautiful and lasting in art and letters, such as must have moved the elder J. Pierpont Morgan to gather together these treasures of past ages; it is this thought that crowds upon the mind as the observer steps across the threshold of the library building and is brought into rapport with perhaps the greatest collections of their kind in the world.

This building, known as a library, in truth a beautiful art gallery, is in the Italian Renaissance style, in white marble, approached from the street by a stone walk, which cuts through a vivid oblong of green lawn. Once inside the bronze doors of the building, one finds himself in a vaulted entrance hall paved with Roman stones, with a great circular piece of porphyry, on either side of which stands a pair of Cipolino columns of greenish marble from the Chateau de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne.

The books are in an east room, on shelving of Circassian walnut, above which are medallion portraits on a background of gold—the whole bathed in a warm, tempered light from the glass-paneled ceiling. In this beautiful and expressive building, the whole effect of which, in its architecture and decorations, is to proclaim the spiritual greatness of its contents, are stored numbers of priceless manuscripts and rare books.

The collection and preservation of such relics of past greatness as these manuscripts seem properly the work of national governments. Mr. Morgan, besides gathering these unreproducible documents, has shown how they should be housed and cared for, in safety from fire and in an artistic setting.

The elder J. Pierpont Morgan was a connoisseur on his own account and he knew how to surround himself with those experts whose judgment was considered beyond criticism. His wealth enabled him to outbid many whose interest in the preservation of the great things of the past were no less keen than his own, but it was not individual ownership that he desired, so much as the collection and housing in complete security of objects up to his time subject to the hazard of purchase and sale. Instead of a scattering of old books and manuscripts under conditions not making for their preservation, he desired to care for them in one building under such auspicious circumstances as mark the existence of the Morgan library. The people of the future may therefore anticipate as much pleasure and benefit from their inspection as the people of the present enjoy.

The method whereby such a library can be made accessible to the public must in some respects differ from what obtains in a public library as the term is ordinarily understood. Asked a question relative to this, Mr. Morgan said: "The most important thing about a collection of this kind is to preserve it. If we want to do this we must throw safeguards about it or we defeat our purpose. You can see that a collection of this kind is not such as you can throw open to indiscriminate visitors. You cannot have large numbers of visitors going over these books. Think of it, one soiled thumb could undo the work of nine hundred years and a misplaced cough would be a disaster."

As you view the Morgan library from without, the crowning achievement of Charles F. McKim, regarded as the leader in Renaissance architecture, the imagination is stirred as to what may lie behind that wonderfully wrought entrance gate, said to be one of the finest pieces of work of its kind in the country. You are not long left in doubt as to the precautions necessary for the protection of these great treasures. A ring at the door brings the inner guard who, after duly examining the necessary credentials for admission, takes you into the presence of Miss Belle da Costa Greene, the chief librarian.

Exterior of Morgan library from East Thirty-sixth street.

As you slowly pass through the reception hall, looking first to the left and then to the right, wide-open doors afford glimpses of half-hidden beauties to feast the eyes, and the impression comes that this is an art institution rather than a library of books. The decorative skill employed in the interior soon fades from sight as little by little the visitor becomes conscious of the objects kept safeguarded behind the thickest of glass doors. The splendor of some of these ancient works in their wonderful bindings begins to fascinate the beholder. The craftsmanship there in evidence is little short of marvelous.

A book encrusted with jewels and set in gold stands alone in its case in Mr. Morgan's private study. A gorgeous thing requiring extreme care, this volume is no less than the Golden Gospels presented by the Pope to Henry VIII, together with the title of "Defender of the Faith" in appreciation of Henry's book in defense of the Catholic church. Its text is written in gold on vellum stained with Tyrian purple. A gold and jeweled manuscript cover near by is decorated with the gems which are said to be those a niece of Charlemagne gave to the church when she retired to a nunnery. Pearls and clear stones—red, green, blue and white—are set here in pedestals which rise half an inch above the gold and silver. It is a rich relic of a fine old barbaric age. Of a later date are the jeweled covers of the Ashburnham Gospels, whose splendid craftsmanship is believed to show the influence of Benvenuto Cellini. Cellini is otherwise represented in the library by a bust attributed to the master and by manuscripts in his handwriting.

The Morgan collection contains the masterpieces of great artists who raised bookbinding to one of the fine arts. Many of the examples have the richest historical associations. A fine work in leather by Clovis Eve covers a Ptolemy's geography which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. There is much material in the library relating to women who were unfortunate in wearing a crown. A sheaf of letters in the handwriting of Marie Antoinette tells the story of her vicissitudes. These letters speak of much that occurred during the last three years of her life and were written to the Count Mercy-Argenteau.

But it is perhaps on some old and tattered leaves that the imagination dwells in preference to the dazzling richness of the more obviously precious items.

The contents of these manuscripts are of great interest. They are in Coptic, or medieval Egyptian, and were written by the monks of the Monastery of St. Michael the Archangel, at Payum in Egypt. These Coptic manuscripts were one of the last and greatest acquisitions of the elder J. Pierpont Morgan.

"These manuscripts were dug up by Arabs in a dry well connected with the Monastery," said Mr. Morgan in commenting on the relics. "My father heard of it and was able to buy the whole collection in 1911. It had been the custom of the Arabs, on finding manuscripts, to tear them up into separate leaves, distribute them to the whole population of the village and let them sell them. Luckily it was possible to buy these as a whole."

These Coptic manuscripts fill sixty volumes and have recently come back to the Morgan library from the Vatican where for years they have been carefully restored under the eye of the Pope who started the work of reviving the tattered pages while he was Monsignor Ratti. The Pope himself is one of the greatest living authorities on early Christian manuscripts and his interest in the Coptic collection was intense. He put the best manuscript restorers in the world to work on them. Parts of the original were so ragged and faded that it seemed impossible that they could ever be read. These were stiffened with gelatin and the writing cleared up so that nearly all of it can be read.

Ten complete photographic copies of the sixty volumes have been made and deposited at the chief libraries of the world. The great interest of scholars is in the differing versions of the New Testament and other Christian literature which is found here. As a contribution to the study of early Christianity it is the opinion of scholars that the Coptic manuscripts have no equals. They are beautifully illustrated and the style of the pictures forms a connecting link between ancient and medieval painting.

What, after all, may be considered the greatest literary treasure within the Morgan library? To answer this is difficult. The range is so wide, time and distance have been such contributory causes not only for the preparation but the gathering of these accumulations of man's written word that to hazard an opinion would be but to have someone else make a different choice. The late Theodore Roosevelt said that to him the greatest thing in the library was this letter by Lincoln:

> Executive Mansion,
> November 13th, 1861
>
> Hon. Secretary of War.
> My dear Sir:
>
> Please have the Adjutant-General ascertain whether 2d. Lieut.—— of Co.—.—— infantry, is not entitled to promotion. His wife thinks he is. Please have this looked into.
>
> A. Lincoln.

With regard to documents bearing on the history of the United States the Morgan collection stands in the front rank. There is, for instance, a three-volume compilation of letters that refer to the Siege of Yorktown, including the letter Cornwallis wrote to Washington proposing a cessation of hostilities, really the British official notice that the beginning of the American victory was at hand. There is also a great collection of letters that Washington wrote. No one seems to know just when the elder Morgan's interest in the Washington correspondence took its start, but with regard to the Valley Forge letters it is believed that their accumulation began some time in 1883, giving evidence that the founder of the library turned to Americana as his first choice when entering upon the quest that has borne such rich fruit.

Other Presidential documents are autograph letters of Grover Cleveland, while Roosevelt is represented by the manuscript of his autobiography.

Imposing view from entrance of the Morgan Library.

A corner in the study, illustrating characteristic blending of art and literature.

In one corner of the room which was Mr. Morgan's private study is a door with heavy bars and braces—plainly the entrance to a vault. And a vault it is, lined with bookshelves which hold collections of priceless original manuscripts and letters.

Mr. Morgan took from the shelf a little volume and opening it, he remarked simply: "A Christmas Carol." It was indeed Dickens' great little masterpiece. "And Scrooge and all the rest of them are in there also," he added.

Considering what pleasure and comfort "A Christmas Carol" has furnished men and women, boys and girls, since the days when Dickens penned the immortal words, there are those who feel that no greater literary treasure rests between the four walls of the Morgan library. Again we see demonstrated that after all it is not the gold and glitter that constitute the real treasures of mankind, but that which goes deeper into the consciousness, that touches the heartstrings of humankind, of which "A Christmas Carol" is so striking an example. With all that the ancient manuscripts may mean to the scholar bent on discovering the links that united the past with the present, some of the things nearer our own time have the power to move us even more strongly because of our better understanding of a genius who, like Charles Dickens, gave expression to the emotions that stirred the common human heart.

Manuscripts of the works and correspondence of American, English and Continental authors in the library total 905 volumes. There are about 7,000 signed letters and documents, unbound. As for autograph manuscripts, the collection is vast and varied. Here you see Keats' manuscript poems. There are the three volumes of Emile Zola's "Nana," the only Zola manuscript not in the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris. George Sand is represented by "Les Dames Vertes"; Alexander Dumas by portions of his "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne"; Victor Hugo with "Journal de Pexile." Boswell's letters to Temple from 1758 to 1794 form a valuable part of this collection, as does Lamb's "Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," and many of his letters. The complete manuscripts of Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring," "The Virginians," "Denis Duval" and "Lovel the Widower," together with the original drawings, are other choice bits kept under lock and key except on such special occasions as this to tell the world what is here preserved for posterity.

Of other English authors whose manuscripts have been collected here some of the outstanding names are George Meredith, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Moore, Campbell and Johnson, whose "Life of Pope" is considered a special literary treasure. Among the American writers occur such outstanding ones as Edgar Allan Poe, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Bret Harte.

The great collection of Bibles, ancient and of later days, may be considered among the most notable in the Morgan library. There are just thirty shelves of Bibles—three Gutenbergs (Mazarins), one of paper, the others on vellum; the Hebrew Bible of 1482; all the English Bibles from the Coverdale onward; Bibles owned by celebrated personages, such as Colbert's, in thirty-two volumes, with the statesman's arms on the cover; Mme. de Maintenon's; Sir Walter Scott's; Bibles in Icelandic and other strange tongues; a set of the Gospels in ten volumes, exquisitely bound by Padeloup.

Of other religious relics the list includes the Gospels of Mathilda, Countess of Tuscany, written and illuminated between the years 1055 and 1115; leaves from a "Bible Moralisee," written for and containing the portraits of Blanche of Castile, and her son, Louis, about 1230; the Huntingfield Psalter; a manuscript written and illuminated in England about 1170; the "Windmill," Psalter, dating from about 1280; the Tiptoft Missal, from around the year 1332. There are more than 200 French Bibles, Psalters, Gospels and Service books, dating from the VIII to the XVII century, including the "St. Louis Bible," the only known complete manuscript of the Bible, in French, of the thirteenth century. A number of the manuscripts contain full-page pictures in red, yellow, green and brown, depicting such scenes as the Annunciation; the Virgin and Child; St. Michael and the Dragon; Martyrs, Saints, Anchorites, and so forth; and very often a large Calvary Cross of interlaced design, the spaces between the arms being decorated with sacred monograms or symbolic animals.

The extensive collection of Incunabula, comprising books printed before 1500, includes the only specimen in America of the earliest dated piece of printing, the Indulgence, dated 1455, of Pope Nicolaus V. issued to such persons as should contribute money to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks; also, the first printed book, the so-called Gutenberg or First Bible, printed at Mainz before 1455. Of even greater importance, according to collectors, is the Great Psalter printed at Mainz by Fust & Schoeffer, successors to Gutenberg, since it is the first book to bear a date (1459). The Morgan copy, printed on vellum, is the only one in America.

As you turn from the Bibles to the other side of the great room, what an array of Caxtons and Wynkyn de Wordes greet the eye! See those Elizabethan and Jacobean first editions. Practically everything is here—Shakespeare folios and quartos, Sidney, Spencer, Johnson, Sir Thomas Browne, Marvell, Waller, Burton and hundreds of others. There is also the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," of Keats' "Endymion," Shelley's notebook, Pope's "Essay on Man," Lord Byron's "Don Juan," "The Corsair," "Marino Faliero," Burns' "Auld Lang Syne," "Mary Morrison," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "Tam O'Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Scott's "Waverly," "Ivanhoe," "Anne of Geierstein," "Old Mortality," "Guy Mannering," "The Lady of the Lake," and Scott's own journal. It is said that not even the British Museum can match the Morgan collection of Caxtons.

It is claimed, and with good reason, apparently, that there has never been a complete description of the contents of the Morgan library. The only article known in print dates from 1908, since which time there have been many additions made both by the elder Morgan and the son from whose hands there now passes to the public this great storehouse of knowledge.

The library, as has been said, will be maintained primarily as a work place for scholars and scientists. It will not be open to the casual sightseer, since that would defeat the end in view. Those gaining access to the precious volumes will have to show proper credentials. To all such the collections will be available. The viewpoint that these books now belong to the world of letters and not to a private family will be observed throughout, with the safeguards so necessary in a case where the future even more than the present is at stake.

Indictment of Easel Art by Workaday Artists

The World Wants Peaches—Modern Art Offers It Persimmons Instead; Creative Genius No Longer Works to Definite Specifications

By MORGAN D. E. HITE

MY FRIEND, Roland Darkert, who is an artist and a thinker, was speaking. We were together at a late afternoon luncheon in the Comus restaurant where silk-shaded lights glowed on tiffanized walls and snowy damask cloths. Sitting in the subdued light of a side aisle, at a table-for-two against a wall, the conversation had turned—as it usually did with Darkert—to art and esthetics.

"Have you noticed that art today seems to be thought of as something distinct and apart from everyday activities?" Darkert asked. "That is to say," he added, "it is deemed to be something out-of-the-ordinary, instead of being, as it ought to be, the most ordinary thing in life. Do you want to know what is the trouble, that is to say, what I believe is the trouble? Easel art is the matter with art."

"What is easel art?" I asked.

"Easel art is that kind of a work of art which has been created solely according to an individual artist's own whim and fancy, something evolved from his own desires without consulting the wishes of others, a kind of art, strictly individualistic, if you will, brought forth by the initiative of the artist himself, expressive solely of himself, a one-sided baby, so to speak. The easel artist abhors the idea of bringing out something made to order, that is to say, as the expression of some other individual, community or race. Easel art is the kind that is not made to measure, not made to order, not made to fit a given place or to fulfill a given purpose. Easel art is the kind that is made, on the contrary, to suit best the artist's own comfort and idiosyncrasies, accommodated to himself alone, with only one chance in ten thousand of a meeting between his piece of easel 'art' and its most fitting place and purchaser."

Easel Art Once a By-Product

"IN OTHER words," said I, "you would imply that the three factors should always go together—artist, place and use, and purchaser?"

"Yes, I mean just that—artist, use, buyer, and the work of art itself are one and inseparable, and that they must be a unit or the work will fall short of being true art. That is what is the matter with easel art—it is detached, and the only things I know of in the world that are detached, unrelated and purely individualistic, are dead things. Nature soon eliminates them from the scene.

"Easel art's detachment will remove it in due time and real art may have an opportunity to breathe again. The world is suffering now for the stimulus of art which is lacking in our everyday concerns, because easel 'art' has had unchallenged possession of the popular mind."

"Well, I think I begin to see why 'art' is unpopular in this age and generation," I returned, "that after all the popular disregard for art and artists is founded on a true instinct of the people that most so-called 'art' and 'artists' is just one more form of 'spoofing'. . . . Who invented easel art, anyway?"

"The present-day conception of art," replied Darkert, "is an outcome of the Renaissance period, when in addition to the magnificent opportunities extended to the artists of that time for doing work *in situ*, in place, such as frescoes, monuments, architectural works, the fashion of painting individual easel portraits, portable pieces without special requirements of use or place, was developed as a by-product. Hitherto the work done by the art workers was in every case integral with and a definite part of the building or space it occupied. The detached painting was almost as unknown as the detached statue, mosaic, altar or column. Up to that time all art work was done to order, to definite specifications, ordered in advance, each piece being the co-operative result of art worker and owner, such as we see today in the relation of architects and the owners of the buildings they plan for them, and architecture appears to be one of the few surviving arts. All the rest degenerated, until we witness the multitude of works of every description poured forth in the present age, representing individualism at its maddest, whimsies, erotics, temperamental. The modern 'artist' works without restraint of any kind. He has license without limit. That is what is the matter with him. The greatest artists of the past worked under the severest kind of limitations. The modern artist is 'free,' on the other hand."

Spiking a Popular Misconception

"AND let me say," added Darkert, "that the urge of the artist, the urge of a human being to create art, should be under control, its efforts directed into the best possible channels instead of frittering away on aimless productions of easel art. The modern artist—and mayhap his progenitors of the past centuries—is asserted to be loose in his love ties, and to disregard marriage relations, and his 'temperamental' actions are condoned. It is supposed to be the 'natural' thing for artists to act so, a part of the general license seemingly granted to them because they are 'artists.' Fortunately there is a class of artists who lead matter-of-fact lives, have happy homes and raise regular families, and particularly true is it so not only of the art workers of the present time who labor industriously day in and day out to fill orders given them in advance for art creations, such as the architect; but it is true of the greatest artists of the present day and likewise of the past, that they were 'family men,' devoted husbands, matter-of-fact in their business affairs and generally men of everyday plain living. The neurotics, individualists, and temperamentalists that we see today in the art world are a new tribe, something new under the sun. What they need is reasoned restraint, and the diversion of their ability into useful art work—into any channel except the wild freedom of easel 'art'."

"Darkert!" I exclaimed. "You would class the easel artist with the Fijian or Bushman, as one who is unequal to the possession of full citizenship rights, unfit for self-government?"

"I would say that the more powerful the urge of a thing in a human, and the more necessary, the more civilized a thing it is, it is more in accordance with nature's line of evolution, and more in keeping with the dignity of the human race, to put on artificial curbs and restraining influences. Great forces should be harnessed, and in mechanical things the human race recognizes this and puts it into practice with a new invention every day.

"Great urges in human beings should likewise be harnessed and diverted when and as needed. Salt is a wonderful thing—but it must be used in small pinches only. Too much individualism, license, lack of restraint, in an artist is the same as putting too much salt in our food. The use of salt, or anything, no matter how meritorious, must conform to our actual requirements. The work of the artist comes into this category. He must be reduced to a useful instrument of society by making him a willing, nay, an enthusiastic slave to the limitations of actual life. It can be done. Witness ancient and medieval art, and the best of modern architecture, and the wonders of modern mechanical genius."

The Utilitarian Viewpoint

"WOULD you imply, Darkert," I asked, "that it is the nature of art to be utilitarian, that art necessarily must have, to be true art, a strictly utilitarian basis?"

"Work of the human hands, if it is to be classed as true art," he answered, "must fulfill an actual requirement of a community, a nation or a large section of the human race. That is why you will see certain works of ancient or modern art widely received by all those minds which have a common communal, national or racial heritage, and rejected or accepted negatively by others to whom the heritage is not common. The artist cannot produce a universal work of art, that is, I mean something which has an absolute universal appeal, because of basic differences which inhere in different racial and communal and national groups, but most of all and chiefly because of the fundamental racial differences, which are such as to break the human race as a whole into several distinct parts. But within any given racial unit, where there is a common meeting ground of minds and the way of looking on life and the world, the artist may have scope to produce a work of art with a 'universal' appeal, that is to say, restricted within these wide limits. But to make the appeal it must be grounded on some common experience of the communal, national or racial unit in question, and not on the casual appeal of isolated souls. The common experience of a community or a race is intensely practical, at base utilitarian, and any work of man which is to gain influence or glory must have this common appeal.

"How many works of *easel art*," and here Darkert leaned forward and almost thundered, "have this universal, this common appeal! On the contrary, works of most of the artists of today pass neglected and unappreciated for the very reason that they are addressed to 'Nobody, Nowhere,' unless it be to the artist himself and no other!

"That is what is the matter with easel art—it is made by the artist to please only himself! The selfishness of this modern-day art is colossal. 'Temperament' is only one of the outcroppings of a selfish nature, and no one is so full of unrest, dissatisfaction and aimlessness as those who are most selfish in the world. The truest artist, on the other hand, is well balanced, generous, reasonable, and has so much respect for the rest of humanity, for his community, that he limits his productions to those things solely and best fitted for those around him. The persuasion and the reason of his art is to raise civilization's eyes to the purest heights of beauty—which may be truth for all we know—that within him resides. To do this much he had done the utmost that lies within human scope, to lead gloriously while serving faithfully . . . . But does the present-day *easel artist* do this? Rather he wants to lead while unwilling to serve. There is nothing reciprocal in his nature. They go on and on, these easel artists, desperately producing things, and pitifully starving, if need be, things for which there is no demand because they fill no real need. They grow persimmons, as it were, for a world hungry for peaches."

"But, my dear Roland," I interjected, "let us go back a little on this subject, to where you implied that artists produce great work only to specification, and that doing so they are therefore immediately appreciated by the world. What about Keats, whose work ranks as great work, and who in his brief life suffered cruelly, received little appreciation for the work which he did and which the world now acknowledges to be the truest kind of art? Yet Keats did his work on his own initiative, probably for his own pleasure, 'easel art,' as you would call it. Would not this imply that easel art has possibilities of its own, even though I may grant your argument that art made specifically for a time and a place has prior claims?"

What About Those Others?

"CUDGEL your memory," said Darkert, "for more examples like Keats. And then I will try to answer this phase of the problem."

I cudgeled, as it were, for more outstanding instances of a like nature with the wonderful boy, Keats. Fleeting names passed through my mind, such as Aubrey Beardsley, Poe, Chatterton, Stephen Crane, but one and all, with the possible exception of Chatterton, had seemed to retrieve something of success and celebrity, recognition, before they died. I began to note with a glimmer of intelligence at the fact, that names of artists of ancient times and of the Renaissance who died without recognition were totally absent from my memory, and for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps there were none such, that artists in those days never did any work unless they were given orders for their work in advance, and this, of course, meant that they secured recognition, appreciation—and payment—in their lifetime. The artistic tragedies of modern times have few prototypes in history! I began now to see that the worth-while pieces of art which have come down to us were designed, in by far the largest part, for a given place or given purpose, and for some exacting or relentless owner, and done to order, to exact specifications, with a time limit."

"Keats," replied Roland Darkert, "is perhaps the exception that proves the rule. Whistler, Corot, Turner, these, like many hundreds of other easel artists, did come into some decent form of recognition and reward during their lifetime. They produced something which met adequately some definite human requirement, and had to endure only that slow process which precedes success, and suffered the fate of the young man in any profession, who must grind ceaselessly and strive endlessly upward, persistently, before receiving recognition from the public. The professions recognize the truth of what I am saying, that years of hard, hard work must pass before the young man can build, first, public confidence, a character; and second, a reputation for good work, for the world is canny. Keats, had he lived, would sooner or later have achieved a wonderful success, as no doubt would have Chatterton, who also died so young. The others you had in mind, like Beardsley, Crane, Poe, each attained to some success and fuller recognition during his lifetime, and at the time of their passing out, the further success of each was assured.

The Instinct of the True Artist

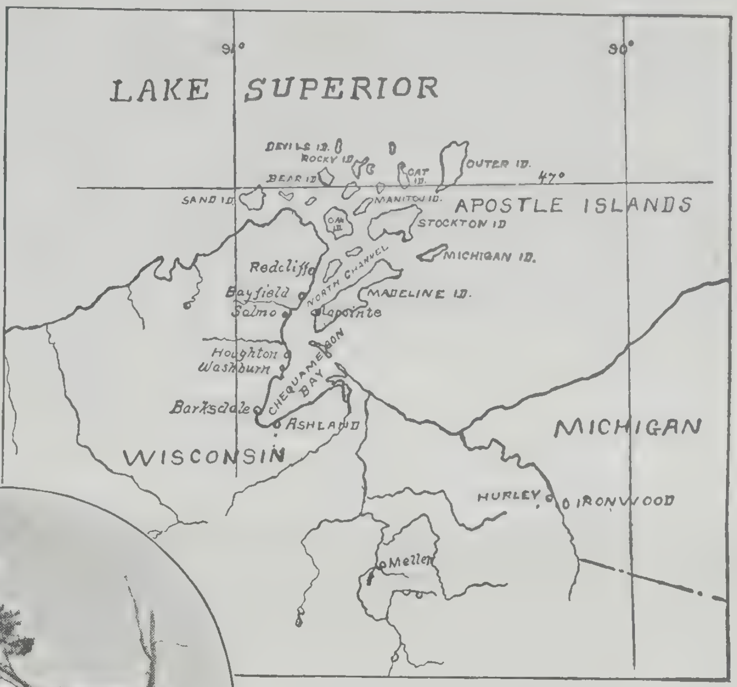
"BEARDSLEY indeed was not an easel artist, but did nearly all of his work for specific needs of his—clients, shall I say? He did his work in his own way, nevertheless, but to fit given requirements, very certain limitations. In producing 'The Raven' Poe laid down for himself certain extraordinary limitations and requirements, and unquestionably 'The Bells' was produced in much the same way. Poe was not an easel artist in the sense that I have applied the term to the modern-day average artist.

"Now, just how an easel artist can continue to be an easel artist and yet step into the charmed circle of the true artist, as all of those just named have done, and answering your objection, it is simply because the stuff they produced met the ten thousandth chance that I spoke about a short time ago—met the one chance in ten thousand where or when the work they did seemed as naturally in place or as fitting in time as a pea in its pod. When such work meets the ten thousandth chance it is fully equivalent to having been done satisfactorily to order. When a *true artist* works as an easel artist—for his own personal satisfaction or for lack of a client to give him an order—he will sooner or later come into his own, because the true artist has a true instinct for the needs and requirements of his people. His instinct and his public's needs are as one, integral. Hence his work meets a ready reception and, given the necessary time to build his reputation, his reward is sure.

Apostle Islands: Gateway to Old Northwest

Enchanted Lands of the Coureurs de Bois and the Jesuit Missionaries

By FRED L. HOLMES

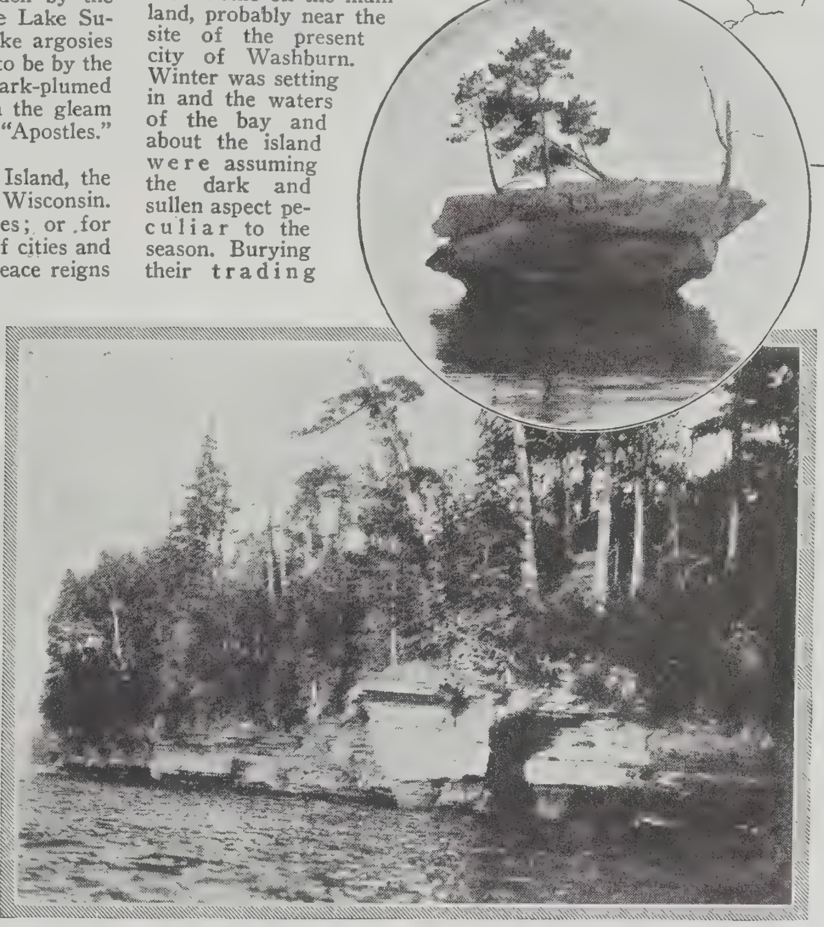


Map showing Apostle Islands off the northernmost tip of Wisconsin.

A CRAGGY shore line, sea caves and red stone cliffs, picturesque grottoes with pillar after pillar of variegated stone, high white columns of lighthouses, dazzling villas planted like tents under curtains of verdure—this is a glimpse of the enchanted Apostle Islands off the shore of Chequamegon Bay in Lake Superior.

The approach up the ascending Bayfield peninsula of Wisconsin thrills a visitor, like the glamour of childhood stories upon entering a fairyland. Viewed from the mainland, the Apostle Islands, one of the earliest spots in the Northwest to be trodden by the feet of white men, lay anchored in the blue Lake Superior waters, bathed in an afternoon sun, like argosies of green. Twelve islands there were believed to be by the early explorers, who first visited these dark-plumed lands of evergreen, irregularly streaked with the gleam of white birches. So they named them the "Apostles." Twenty-two islands there are in reality.

In summer, La Pointe city, on Madeline Island, the largest of the group, becomes the Lucerne of Wisconsin. Visitors throng to view its sculptured shores; or for quiet and rest far from the dust and smoke of cities and the noise of a commercial world. Sublime peace reigns in these isolated lands.



Above—Lone Rock, Bass Island, glistens from afar off like a green-mantled boat. Below—The Bayfield shore line off the Apostle Islands is rugged and picturesque.

Legend and history abound in these remote places. Before Columbus discovered America, the Ojibwas had made Madeline their island home. Still later the lands became the northwest gateway for zealous French explorers and trappers; for pious "black-gowned" priests seeking converts in the wilds, and then as an early commercial outpost of the Astor fur company. Long since the Indians were moved to reservations after an internecine warfare for years with the tribes on the shore. But the stories of their daring and bravery, their trials and vicissitudes linger, rehearsed by old island residents on their porches during the cool summer evening with the solemnity of a gospel reading.

The collective name of the Apostle Islands is at least two centuries old. Based on information gathered by Charlevoix, a noted Jesuit missionary, who in 1721 visited the western country as an agent for the French Government, this name was placed on a 1744 map. The first English traveler to note these islands was Jonathan Carver. He coasted the shore of Lake Superior in 1767 and published a map in his "Travels," applying the name "Apostle Islands" to the group.

Governor Lewis Cass, of Michigan, and James D. Doty, afterward territorial governor of Wisconsin, were probably the first Americans to make an official tour to this locality. Their visit was in 1820. At that time Henry R. Schoolcraft, later a distinguished Indian agent at Sault Ste. Marie, who accompanied them, attempted to rename the islands after several of the states in the Union. His proposal was not generally followed, although the present names of York and Michigan islands seem to remain as a part of his suggestion.

It is apparent that the early traders did not see each of the separate islands. Since the principal mission was named "Mission du Saint Esprit," the name of the twelve islands which they had counted appeared appropriate. Strange as it may seem, not a single island of the group bears the name of an apostle. The individual names of many of the islands have been taken from their outward natural characteristics. Outer Island explains itself, as do Ironwood, Oak, Basswood, Sand, Rocky, North and South, Twin, Bear, Wild Cat and Otter. Raspberry Island takes its name from the Raspberry River which empties into Lake Superior. Devil's Island and Manitou Island are both the same name. Hermit Island and Stockton Island have taken their appellations from their early inhabitants. Madeline Island received its name from the wife of an early trader, Michael Cadotte. The island was frequently known as St. Michael's, from the given name of Cadotte, who was the principal trader on the island for many years. Its Indian name was Moningwanekaning, supposed to mean "the place of the Golden Breasted Woodpecker." By the name of "Woodpecker Island" it is often referred to in story and song.

Probably the most remarkable scenery is to be seen along the shores of Outer, Devil's and Bear islands. At Bear Island, if one cares to penetrate the shore, is the great brown stone bathtub hewn from the foundation of the island by the force of the waves.

There are no characters in American history more picturesque than the first two adventurous fur traders to visit the Lake Superior region—Pierre d' Esprit, Sieur Raddison, and his sister's husband, Medard Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers. In their fond desire to "travel and see countries" and to be known "with the remotest people," they roved through the country of St. James Bay and Central Wisconsin in 1655 and by many able historians are believed to have discovered the Mississippi River twelve years before Marquette. Five years later they are found exploring the Lake Superior region, skirting the shore of Chequamegon Bay, visiting the famous "Pictured Rocks" on the banks of Michigan peninsula.

Within full view of the Apostle Islands, they made their home on the mainland, probably near the site of the present city of Washburn. Winter was setting in and the waters of the bay and about the island were assuming the dark and sullen aspect peculiar to the season. Burying their trading supplies, doubtless on one of the islands, they spent the winter on a hunt with remnants of the starving band of Algonquin Indians in the Mille Lacs region of Minnesota.

A white-columned lighthouse on Michigan Island, one of the Apostle group.

In 1665 the first missionary, Father Claude Allouez, reached the locality. For four years he labored alone with the Indians, attaining little success amid the greatest of hardships and privations. Father James Marquette, a more youthful zealot, was sent to relieve him in the autumn of 1669. Here it was that he first learned from the Indians about the mighty Mississippi with which his name will be linked through the ages. Soon trouble arose among the warring Sioux and their neighbors, with the result that Marquette and a band of Hurons were forced to retire to Mackinac. It was 1835 before Mass was again said on the tree-mantled shore overlooking the Apostle Islands.

Within this interregnum a panorama of noted fur traders passed in an historic procession. Sieur Raudin, the personal representative of the impetuous La Salle, came cajoling the Sioux in 1673; Daniel Graysolon du Luth, after whom the city at the head of the lakes is named, followed in 1679; Le Seur in 1693 to build his stockade on Madeline Island and other notable traders who were to leave an imprint upon the early history of this enchanted land.

After the fall of New France, an English trader, Alexander Henry, spent the winter of 1766 opposite Madeline Island and formed a partnership with the Cadotte family. About the opening of the nineteenth century, Michael Cadotte took up his abode on Madeline Island, and from that time to the present it has been permanently occupied. In 1830 Frederick Ayer, of Mackinac, visited the island and opened what was then the only Protestant mission on the shores of the Great Lakes. Five years later Father Frederick Baraga established a Catholic mission there, just one hundred and sixty-four years after Marquette had been driven from Chequamegon Bay by war parties of the western Sioux. The old "mission house," which he built in 1841, was recently destroyed by fire.

Little wonder, with all this early history dramatized by the fiery words of Parkman, that the Apostle Islands should be a place of historic remembrance. But even the romantic and fabled story of trials and disappointments, of strivings for power and control, the rise and fall of kingly domain in the Northwest, pale into comparative insignificance when the islands themselves are visited. Long ago as a schoolboy I had traced the line of advance of these first traders and missionaries, but it was never so indelibly imprinted until one autumn afternoon I motored over the peninsula to have the dreamland of a quarter of a century made a reality.

Before me the great lake was calm as a mirror, silvery in the light of a noonday sun. First one island and then another came into view upon the blue haze of the Lake Superior background. Here was the gateway of the Northwest.

Each of the islands had some especial peculiarity; some grotesqueness of outline or sculptured shore which differentiated it from the entity. Madeline Island, the largest of the group, is the only one of the islands that is settled. It is reached by a little steamboat, which makes daily trips to LaPointe, a prosperous community for tourists.

The inhabitants of the remaining islands are limited to lighthouse keepers, and a few summer campers, several of whom have been coming to the locality for more than a quarter of a century.

Madeline, "Queen of the Apostles," is a treasure spot of romantic interest. Indian legends make it the foundation stone of Mother Earth. Among them there is a story that "Winnebozho," the first white man, had a quarrel with the "Water Spirit," who ruled the floods, in consequence of which the Spirit determined to drown him. The waters were caused to rise so that they covered the whole earth. But supernatural powers were also possessed by "Winnebozho," and when he saw the flood advance he went to the pine tree, and climbing into its topmost branches, commanded it to grow as fast as the mounting tide. Finding his efforts fruitless, the "Water Spirit" then allowed the waters to subside. After the twelfth sun the surface became calm and still and "Winnebozho" descended. Around the tree trunk an otter was swimming, seeking safety. "Winnebozho" lifted him up and after he had rested him in his arms, told him to dive down and bring up some earth that he might create land. Trial after trial was made, but the otter could not reach bottom. As he had given up, a mink came swimming along, but his efforts were also unsuccessful.

Still "Winnebozho" was not discouraged. Seeing a muskrat paddling about in the waters, he took him up, and breathing into his nostrils, told him to go down and bring up earth, or never to come back. The rat swam swiftly down, and after a terrible struggle below

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Apostle Islands: Gateway to Old Northwest

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floated up, lifeless, on his back. "Winnebozho" picked him up and found in his black claws some grains of sand. Restoring the animal to life, he took the sands and blew a strong breath upon the grains, scattering them at some distance over the surface of the waters. Every grain began to grow and multiply and soon the grains became islands. It was thus that the lands were originated and one of them, "Madeline," became the hunting ground of "Winnebozho." As the muskrat saved "Winnebozho" it has since been the favorite animal of the Ojibwas.

Several miles out from the Wisconsin shore line near the city of Bayfield, at the north end of Chequamegon Bay, lies Madeline Island, a succession of great land waves. It is a beautifully wooded island, twelve miles long and three miles wide. Fine summer homes line its western shores and a number of farmsteads have been carved out in the interior. Autumn makes it a haven for hay fever sufferers.

It is La Pointe, old and historic as a city on the island, which attracts attention. A long dock comes out from the water's edge; one long shady street traverses the town; farther on is the old Indian cemetery, and then at the deep bend in Crescent Bay are the beautiful grounds of the old mission. The air, pungent with the scent of evergreens, the paths of the village, the byways through the land seem to be permeated with its legends and romances of a day when the Indian and the trader held heyday in the land.

Rich in Indian Tradition

ACCORDING to tradition, the Ojibwas settled on the island about 1490. They had been driven westward by their ancient foes, the Iroquois. They rested for a time at Mackinac, and then moved on to the Apostle Islands. Soon they became adept in the handling of the canoe and were able to escape from their enemies on the shore. It is estimated that at one time 10,000 Indians of the Ojibwa tribe made their home on Madeline Island. The waters about abounded in fish and great flocks of wild pigeons came in the early spring and autumn. Here they lived for 120 years unhampered by their enemies, their camp fires never smothered.

Then came a sudden change. Their desertion of the island home is one of the sad, romantic chapters in the story of the islands. Among these Indians there grew up a strong group of medicine men, known as shamans, who demanded every year the sacrifice of an Indian maid. The Indians, steeped in superstitious fear, reluctantly acceded to their demands. Once the maidens were given up, they were never again seen. It remained for a dusky Indian lover who had been robbed of his sweetheart to solve the mystery. Spying on the medicine men, he learned that they had slain his sweetheart, had taken her body to the medicine lodge and were roasting it for a feast.

Arousing the young braves, he led them against the shamans, destroying their lodges and murdering the cannibalistic feasters. Among the Indians there grew up a superstitious fear that the spirits of the murdered maidens haunted their homes and hovered menacingly over the island. Women heard their cries in the night and warriors saw their faces in the clouds. Panic seized them. In fear they fled to the mainland. By the year 1620 the island was entirely deserted. Some migrated far north into Canada and Northern Minnesota, and the Ojibwas or Chippewas who are there today are the descendants of the tribes who never returned to their island homes.

Years afterward some returned. For them fear lurked in their footsteps. Whenever they passed the big stone, near the cliffs, where the shamans were supposed to have murdered the maids, they would scatter tobacco on the rock and waters to appease the angry spirits.

The scene of life in the Northwest was about to shift. Soon thereafter came the traders and missionaries, and again Madeline became a place of pulsing interest.

Devil's Island, which, according to the Ojibwa legend, was the prison of "Matchie-Manitou," the evil spirit who was confined there by "Kitchie-Manitou," the great spirit, has its surprises—among them being the most picturesque sea caves of the group. The island is a huge block of Potsdam sandstone rising from forty to fifty feet above the water level, the land covered with a dense evergreen forest. Resisting the force of three hundred miles of sea, during the passing centuries, the waves have honeycombed the solid walls into great chambers, expanding arches and fantastically carved pillars. A rowboat can pass through these connected caverns several hundred feet, the cold, moist corridors narrowing and expanding from passageway to chamber.

The Hermit of Wilson's Island

"DURING the terrible storms that periodically sweep over the great chain of lakes, these caverns become seething caldrons, and the rushing waves dash into them with almost resistless power," declared an old resident of Madeline Island. "Often when the storms are at their height, the spray from the sea, beating against the rocks below, is thrown against the glass of the lighthouse lantern, forty feet above its base, while the roar of rushing waters is like deafening thunder, and the island itself is shaken to its very foundation."

Near by is Presque Island, known on government maps as Stockton. Third in area, it stands out boldly in the watery mirror with several miles of high frowning walls, crowned with moss-seamed battlements, along its north and east shore line. Centuries of rain and storm, sunshine and frost, have fashioned these stone ruins to resemble ancient castles. A rocky sentinel, known as the "Sphinx," guards the entrance to one of the dells, whose walls tower from forty to fifty feet in height. Sheltered in one of the grottoes is the little musical waterfalls, the Silver Cascade. The wave-nibbled shore line seems like a beguiling cavern to a fabled fairyland.

Two miles away is Hermit or Wilson's Island. Shortly after the American Fur Company had settled at La Pointe, a stranger appeared at the post. He made a few purchases, lingered about the place for a few days, and then disappeared. A month later the Indians reported that the stranger was erecting a log hut and making a clearing on an island. Soon he had a large garden for cultivation. Twice a year he visited the fort, bought his supplies, paid for them in Mexican gold and silver and then departed. His money caused a comment among the inhabitants and it was whispered that he was possessed of fabulous wealth and had a hidden treasure on the shore. Seldom was he visited except by the Indians. One day they reported at La Pointe that he was dead. Investigation disclosed that he had been murdered for his money. Among his effects were found a number of books, both in French and English, indicating that he was well educated. In a clock, overlooked by the assassins, a canvas bag was found. It contained forty-four Mexican dollars and a few gold pieces, which the authorities used in defraying the expense of his funeral at La Pointe. Thereafter the island was known as the Hermit's Island.

A few miles west of Oak, between Raspberry and Steamboat islands, is Sand Island with its great sea arch made famous by the celebrated American landscape painter, Bierstadt, who visited there in 1878. Fable and fancy have connected them with other thrilling romances.

As we left the islands the sun was setting over the Bayfield peninsula, bathing the anchored ships of green in a flood of golden light, mirroring their trees and shore line in the deep blue of Lake Superior. Far off a freighter was steaming past on its way toward the "Soo," a reminder that the paths of civilization are near these enchanted islands of beauty and peace.

Gold Standard "Dead as Mutton"—Keynes

Concluded from page 6

at great expense, that the value of gold shall conform to that of the dollar." (pp. 213-215)

On the "fell and furious" toll exacted by usury Mr. Keynes writes with an illumination rare in expositions of real-politics. Thus he writes:

"The active and working elements in no community, ancient or modern, will consent to hand over to the bond-holding class more than a certain proportion of the fruits of their work. When the piled-up debt demands more than a tolerable proportion, relief has usually been sought in one or the other of two out of the three possible methods. The first is Repudiation. But, except as the accompaniment of Revolution, this method is too crude, too deliberate, and too obvious in its incidence. . . . The second method is Currency Depreciation, which becomes Devaluation when it is fixed and confirmed by law. . . . In Germany the National Debt has been by these means practically obliterated, and the bondholders have lost everything. In France the real burden of the debt is less than a third of what it would be if the franc stood at par; and in Italy only a quarter. (p. 71) . . .

"The remaining, the scientific expedient, the Capital Levy, has never yet been tried on a large scale; and perhaps it never will be. It is the rational, the deliberate, method. (p. 72) . . . . There is a respectable and influential body of opinion which, repudiating with vehemence the adoption of either expedient, fulminates alike against devaluations and levies, on the ground that they infringe the untouchable sacredness of contract, or rather of vested interest, for an alteration of the legal tender and the imposition of a tax on property are neither of them in the least illegal, or even contrary to precedent. (pp. 73-74) . . . Nothing can preserve the integrity of contract between individuals, except a discretionary authority in the state to revise what has become intolerable. *The powers of uninterrupted usury are too great. If the accretions of vested interest were to grow without mitigation for many generations, half the population would be no better than slaves to the other half.* Nor can the fact that in time of war it is easier for the state to borrow than to tax be allowed permanently to enslave the taxpayer to the bondholder. Those who insist that in these matters the state is in exactly the same position as the individual, will, if they have their way, render impossible the continuance of an individualist society, which depends for its existence on moderation. (p. 74) . . .

"Experience shows with great certainty that the active part of the community will not submit in the long run to pay too much to vested interest, and, if the necessary adjustment is not made in one way, it will be made in another,—probably by the depreciation of the currency." (p. 77)

"Easy Money" Alecks No Longer Fester Europe

By WALTER M. WOLFF

MISSISSIPPI Bubbles, rat ranches, goat farms, and Panama oil wells are not the only methods used to court Dame Fortune. The "wise guy" does not buy promotion gold mine stock in Alabama nor does he waste much time with perpetual motion machines.

A particularly fertile spot in 1922 and 1923 for all seekers after easy gain was the new German Republic, fighting desperately an uphill battle to prevent the mark from rolling off altogether into nothingness. It suddenly became possible to spend one's stable currency in a country where one dollar meant four or five dollars and a pound was worth four pounds as if touched by the fingers of Aladdin. Germany became the very cheapest, most inexpensive nation in the world in which to live and a considerable part of the migrating world packed up and came to Germany for an indefinite and comfortable sojourn. But there were many indeed who preferred to see the fun from their front porches. These individuals merely placed an order with their bankers for so many dollars' worth of German marks and then figured up to see how much profit they would make when the mark should get back to normal once more. But if these German-Americans and other stay-at-home "wise ones" would only have bought Czech crowns or Italian lire, or, best of all, have kept their tidy savings of gilt-edge American dollars, all would have been perfectly blissful. As it is or was, a grand total of more than ONE BILLION dollars changed hands and German mark "investors" are still holding the sack into which no snipe will ever run. However, like all snipe-hunting contests, it can be reported that a good time was had by all—except by the snipe hunters themselves.

When a Bargain Is Not a Bargain

ONE man who left his sister at home in New York thought he could get away with something if he sent back to her at regular intervals small parcels or envelopes containing gold leaf which he bought for paper marks at much reduced prices. The sister is bothering American consuls and the customs agents in Germany to this day in an attempt to secure a release of the confiscated parcels. About this time it was a grave offense to send more than a very small amount of currency out of the country. It is not known just how much cash was actually seized by the German postal and customs officials but place the figures well ahead of six ciphers in the dollars column.

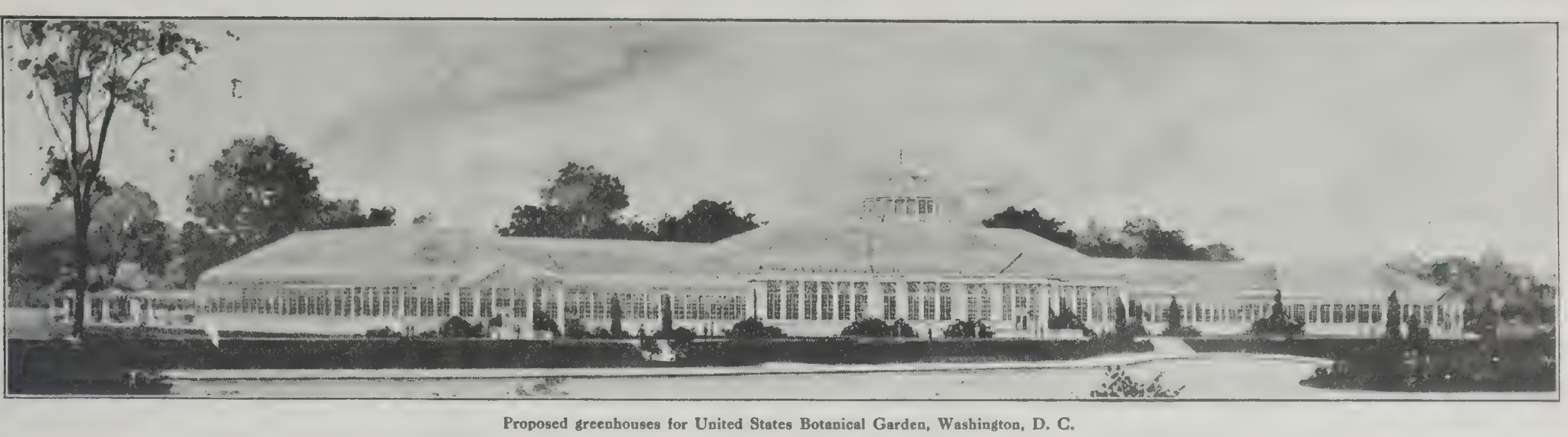
Every other Tom, Dick and Harry in Germany during the halcyon "harvest" days loaded himself up with all sorts of articles which he expected to take back home with him and dispose of at a neat profit. But one redeeming grace saved the Germans from complete commercial annihilation. This all-saving grace worked like a boomerang to the invader after he had filled his bags and prepared to leave. Everything went smoothly until the victim approached the border, wheresoever that border may have been. Here the German officials shone like a bellboy's brass buttons and the general outcome of every inspection usually meant that most of the "bargains" were left behind and the purchasers proceeded on their way with only a slip of paper to show what had been left behind. Very often, in cases where direct violation of the law was evident, the "wise guy" also departed minus fifty dollars or seventy-five dollars which were exacted from him in fines, and he could congratulate himself that he got off without a prison sentence in most instances. The law in the matter was clear and specific: an export permit from the customs officials was necessary *in every case* before goods were allowed to leave the country, immaterial whether toothpicks or traveling bags were involved. The fact that people overlooked the *every case* clause cost them very dearly, for very few of the confiscated goods have to this day been returned and then only after diplomatic or consular intervention in most instances. For those individuals who supplied themselves with an export permit beforehand, matters went on very smoothly but these "fortunate" persons usually paid enough duty on what they bought so that they found themselves bringing home articles which were often not as cheap as the home product.

"Never Again" Says the American

BUT we will not suppose for a moment that everybody was caught red-handed and punished accordingly. Not at all. So many goods were smuggled out of Germany successfully that even the stories about daring rum-runners seem tame in comparison. Everything contraband crossed the border in a thousand different ways, but by far the greatest number of lawbreakers were caught very soon after attempting a get-away. The eagle-like watch on the German frontiers prevented anything like a big haul from leaving the country unmolested.

Another little stunt which was worked upon the German populace was that of passing or circulating old Confederate currency and also counterfeit American bank notes. Not a small number of Germans accepted these spurious bills and became suspicious of every foreigner who crossed their thresholds thereafter.

Today Europe is no longer the happy hunting grounds for the "soft snap" seeker. Not even the reports of the falling French franc arouse the "wise guy's" avarice nor does he lose much sleep over the matter at all. The "wise guys" of this generation are all back home, likely as not bigger and better Americans for their experiences. There will be no "next time" for them and so much the better for posterity!



Proposed greenhouses for United States Botanical Garden, Washington, D. C.

Uncle Sam's Plant Museum, Washington, D. C.

Unique Botanic Collection Begun One Hundred and Four Years Ago

ON THE eighth of May, the United States Botanic Garden will celebrate its one hundred and fourth birthday. Few spots in Washington attract more visitors than does this garden of Uncle Sam. For, in spite of cramped conditions and dilapidated conservatory, the garden has preserved a remarkable collection of plants and has distributed throughout the length and breadth of the United States countless thousands of trees and flowers and ornamental shrubs to beautify and adorn American homes.

In early American history we find that George Washington contemplated, among other projects considered by him for the Federal city, just such a botanic garden. It was the subject of correspondence between him and the commissioners of the Federal District. The commissioners, writing Washington on the first day of October, 1796, discussed

> "The disposition of the public grounds in the city, and having already recommended sites for the national university and mint, they add that the establishment of a botanical garden has been lately suggested, and if the site proposed, which is not named, does not meet with the President's approval that a portion of the national university site can be devoted to that purpose."

In his reply of October 21, Washington decided the site for the university, and stated further,

"Conceiving (if there be space sufficient to afford it) that a botanical garden would be a good appendage to the institution of a university, part of this square might be applied to that purpose. If inadequate, and the square, designated in the plan of Major L'Enfant for a Marine Hospital, is susceptible of that institution and a botanical garden also, ground there might be appropriated to this use. If neither will admit of it, I see no solid objection against commencing this work within the President's Square . . . ."

However, nothing definite was done until May 8, 1820, when Congress granted the use of five acres for a botanical garden, and four years later, May 26, 1824, extended the area of the grant.

Among the original ideas in establishing the botanical garden we find that "The collection, cultivation and distribution of plants were proposed in the interest of medicine, foods and the arts and industries, and as it was the living plant that was sought, their care and growth required a botanic garden. . . ."

From the very beginning the Botanic Garden has had difficulty in obtaining finances. At first, Congress seemed practically content to grant the five acres of land. Friends of the garden contemplated a lottery (they were frequent in those days) as a means of overcoming their financial difficulties. Upon the granting of the five acres it was placed in the care of the Columbian Institute for development. The idea of a lottery was finally abandoned, and a plan of selling public lots adopted.

The Metropolitan Society in June, 1816, proposed to apply "to Congress for the appropriation of 200 acres of ground, called the 'Mall,' which was designed in the original plan of the city for a public garden. In this place it is proposed to cultivate the plants and seeds which may be presented to them; and as they multiply, to distribute them throughout this extensive continent." It was also later explained that the garden might be used to cultivate all kinds of indigenous trees, shrubs, roots, grasses, and so forth, to be distributed to every part of the United States. "Beautiful, shady, cool walks may be formed, yielding a pleasant and healthy means of recreation, and the science of botany be improved and encouraged."

In August, 1830, one Francis Barnes made a most unusual proposition to the Institute, and, due to the financial difficulties that were being encountered, it was even favorably considered by some of the most influential members. Mr. Barnes wanted to lease the garden for a term of years, and he intended to be recompensed by charging fees to visitors. He proposed to make some kind of pleasure garden out of it, although he was not quite definite as to the kind of amusement he intended to provide. His proposal contemplated the taking care of the plants and the cultivation of plants and seeds, beautifying the garden and keeping it in good condition.

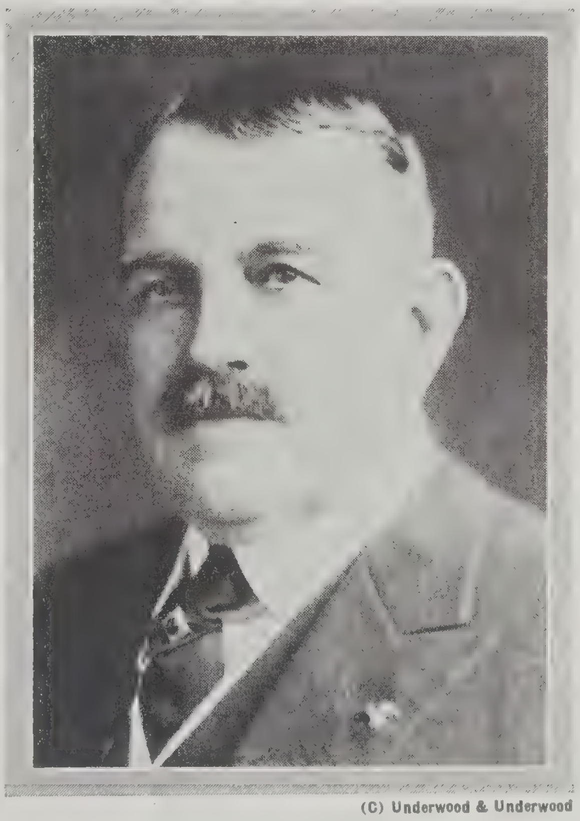
Indeed, the United States Botanic Garden is a development that has been continuously beset by difficulties. Numerous incidents and points in its history are interesting, but what of the garden today?

The plants in the Botanic Garden come from all parts of the world. The first collections were abandoned by the Columbian Institute during the thirties, the garden was required by the government to provide accommodations for the collections of the United States Exploring Expedition to the South Seas, 1838-1840, which had been deposited at the Patent Office as they had been received in Washington.

At first, small greenhouses had been built at the Patent Office. These became inadequate and public agitation finally resulted in the transfer of the greenhouses and plants to the site of the former Botanic Garden, where they have since remained. This collection of the expedition to the South Seas constitutes a very important group of the plants now owned by the government.

The Botanic Garden is under the direction of George W. Hess, who not only has to be a botanist, but a diplomat as well. He was brought up with the soil, and has worked in various public gardens all over the country, some of which obtained their principal supply of plants from the United States Botanic Garden. He is an expert on Chinese plants and knows their names in Cantonese dialect.

There is great lack of room in the present garden. You may walk into one of the greenhouses and there find six rows of beds, with passageways almost too narrow to pass through. All available space has been used. You will see 40,000 plants in one propagating bed that you would think could hold only half that number. There is a continuous process of shifting and changing to make room, out of the propagating beds into pots, and as soon as the weather will permit the young plants are set out in the nursery.



(C) Underwood & Underwood

GEORGE W. HESS.

Plants from all over the world are found in the collection. The Hottentot poison tree which bears a small fruit, purplish like a small plum, the fruit and sap of which are both very poisonous and used in making poison arrows, is an interesting specimen. It is also called the ordeal tree because its fruit was given in a broth to the accused; if he died, he was guilty, if he lived, innocent. There is a bamboo that often grows a foot in twenty-four hours; the Gamboge, a tropical fruit out of which is made artists' colors and yields medicinal products; spice trees, mahogany trees, Indian Bread Fruit; the celebrated Bena, or the "fish-tail" or toddy palm, which is used in Colombia and the Philippines in making intoxicating beverages of a percentage clearly outlawed by the Eighteenth Amendment; banana trees, the Papaw—a melon fruit tree, all the fruit being borne on the female tree.

Out in the garden, on the approach to Maryland avenue, is a European Hornbeam tree alleged to have been planted by Abraham Lincoln. It is declared to be one of the finest specimens of this tree planted in America. Just to its right is a Cedar of Lebanon. Within a few minutes you can walk over the entire garden, yet you will be astonished at the variety that has been packed into such a small place.

When one considers that the plants and flowers cultivated in the United States Botanic Garden are at the beck and call of four hundred and thirty-five Congressmen as well as ninety-six Senators, it is easy to understand why it is necessary that Director Hess should be a diplomat as well as a botanist. Since Congress failed to appropriate last year for the distribution of seeds and plants by the Department of Agriculture, it has thrown an added burden upon the Botanic Garden, because if a Congressman cannot get votes by sending garden seeds he will insist upon "saying it with flowers."

So, if you go down to call on Mr. Hess you will be lucky if you do not have to wait until some Congressman or his secretary gets through explaining his "requests" and the exacting demands of his constituency. Naturally, the supply of plants is limited, and the director's diplomatic powers are often tested in an effort to satisfy every demand and yet keep within his possibilities.

There are many social occasions among the Congressional set that demand flowers, and again the director is called upon to furnish the decorations. He always meets the demand and usually succeeds in getting most of his potted plants back into his greenhouses again, since they are only loaned for the occasion.

At last it begins to appear that Congress is going to recognize the needs of the Botanic Garden. The plans now contemplate an $800,500 new conservatory. (The old one built in 1867 is in bad shape and in danger of falling down. It is closed to the public.) Recently Congress has authorized new lands for the garden and it is now proposed to open up all the land in a direct line down to the War College and the Potomac River. If this plan is carried out the Botanic Garden will become one of the real beauty spots of Washington and will be a credit to our nation.

A report of progress made to the society on December 6, 1823, stated:

"The ground for the garden has been completely drained and partly leveled, and is in a great degree fit for cultivation. An elliptical pond has been formed 144 feet for the transverse and 100 feet for the conjugate diameter, with an island in the middle 114 feet by 85 feet. The canal that surrounds it is fifteen feet wide and two and one-half feet deep. There is also a drain from the spring leading to the pond through the center of the ground, and from the pond to Tiber Creek, with a conduit at the lower side of the pond by which water can be either let into, or out of, the pond. At high water and a spring tide, two and one-half feet of water flows into the pond, which can there be confined by putting a plug into the bore of the log; or the water can be nearly all let out and kept out."

A visitor to the Botanic Garden today would recognize no such spot.

In the garden is placed the imposing Grant Memorial. Just why, it is hard to say. All that can be said for the present site can be outweighed by the statement that the Grant Memorial should be set upon some imposing eminence where its real grandeur and beauty can be appreciated, not stuck down in a bottom hedged in by objects that obscure its artistic magnificence. The Memorial to General Meade is now being erected in another corner of the garden. These are mistakes in taste, errors in judgment, which sooner or later must be corrected.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Archeologists excavating on the site of ancient Carthage have found, among other things, a pair of spectacles of the third century B. C., and in a Punic tomb, a terra cotta figurine of an organ, pots of rouge and face powder, bronze razors and milk bottles.

An old Spanish proverb applicable to the present is "Truth and oil will come uppermost at last."

The Pullman Company has posted the following bulletin in certain of their sleeping cars: "Strangers who invite you to play cards generally are too lucky for the average mortal." This warning is emphasized by a picture showing the corner of the ace of clubs sticking out of a player's pocket. Officials report the Florida runs have had more robberies by card sharps this year than at any time during the last twenty-five years.

America's first helium reserve, comprising 7,100 acres of gas-bearing lands in Emery County, Utah, has been created by President Coolidge on recommendation of Secretary Work, the man appointed by Coolidge to take Albert Fall's position. This land is known as Helium Reserve No. 1, and will be closed to public settlement, location, sale or entry. Except for a few prospecting permits, issued about three years ago, the mineral title to the land is vested in the government.

Karl Wittig, famous bicycle rider, gave such an excellent demonstration at the Paris velodrome that he was called upon to do an extra lap "for honor," a request usually reserved for victors in races that they may receive the plaudits of the audience. The race was won by a Swiss, Paul Suter, who rode sixty-nine kilometers, 980 meters in an hour.

A modern lumbering concern in Oregon is using six-inch square timbers as rails in short-line logging railroads of a temporary nature.

By having "dummy" Ecuadorean and Peruvian concerns first obtain concessions and prospecting permits, British oil companies are said to be rapidly gaining a commanding position in the potentially fertile petroleum fields of these two South American countries, which experts believe will, in a few years, become two of the richest oil-producing sections in the Western Hemisphere.

Mahatma Ghandi is fifty-six years of age.

The Triangle Theater is an underground theater in New York City where professional actors, temporarily at leisure, try out plays. Membership to the theater is open to all lovers of art and there are many players who are persons of the literary and artistic world.

The railroad system of Germany is the best in the world, according to the report of the Dawes Commission.

The Afghanistan Government employs a great deal of labor, which is organized in military fashion. Gangs of workmen march to and from their work in military formation. The entire country resembles a private feudal estate and the Amir's word is law.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

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A law passed during the time of Napoleon is being revived by the French to save Paris from Broadway advertising methods. The great electric signs around the Place de L'Opera are to go. The prefect of police has jurisdiction over exterior design of buildings in the vicinity of "historical monuments."

Of the ten cents paid for a loaf of bread, on the average, six cents goes to the baker, one and four-one-hundredths cents goes to the retailer, nine-tenths of a cent is given to those who haul the wheat to the mill and the flour from the mill to the baker. The elevator gets not quite one-tenth of a cent and the miller slightly more than half a cent. Producers of the wheat, the yeast, the salt and other ingredients get a little less than one and a half cents. The bulk of this cent and a half goes to the wheat farmer.

The desert areas of the United States are included within a great triangle whose base, 800 miles long, rests upon the Mexican border in California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, and whose apex is in North-Central Oregon.

The average person in the United States consumed fifty-three gallons of milk and cream last year, or 1.16 pints a person each day.

Hair from Chinese queues are stretched across a wooden frame in the mechanism of a fog buoy. The fog rolling in on the coast expands the strands of hair. This elongation of the hairs is sufficient to set in operation automatic fog bells, sirens and whistles, warning vessels off the rocks. When the fog recedes, the hair strands dry out, contract and close the valve, shutting off the signals.

A new instrument known as the electric telemeter records strains produced in bridges by trains or motor trucks passing over them.

In New Zealand the native Maoris living near the hot springs cook their food in the bubbling pools of boiling water. In the Whakarewarewa region there are geysers, hot springs and other volcanic phenomena, similar to our own Yellowstone National Park.

Australia is often described as a climatic paradise. It is a land of sheep and cattle, wheat and corn; apples, grapes, peaches and figs, pineapples, cocoanuts and bananas. The climate is tropical, alpine, temperate and uniform.

The average farm wages in the United States last year were $33.18 a month with board.

The Alaska Railroad, the only railroad operated by the United States Government, will be self-supporting within another year, according to a statement made by the general manager.

Icebergs in the Atlantic steamship lanes are destroyed by means of high explosives.

The normal loss of sugar cane in Louisiana, caused by the sugar cane moth borer, is estimated at 570 pounds of sugar an acre.

Ramsay Macdonald married a woman with sufficient dowry to relieve him from all further anxiety. The trade unionists had far more confidence in Macdonald married and prosperous than in Macdonald the needy.

Disdaining to give up his ship and backed by his crew, Captain Charles Williams, seventy, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, steered his vessel, the *Brina P. Pendleton,* for ten days without a rudder after the schooner had lost her steering apparatus in a gale. A sister steamer offered to take off the crew but they stuck to the vessel and by manipulating the sails, they zigzagged through gale after gale to Norfolk, Virginia, Harbor.

White salmon, dyed and sold as high-grade salmon, has been found by the Federal government inspectors in Philadelphia.

The eight voyages of the *Leviathan,* beginning with the maiden voyage last July, have been at a net loss of $70,897.87. This is exclusive of the costs of repairing the ship's recent mishaps.

Mayor Kendrick, of Philadelphia, will play no more Sunday golf, according to reports. He is said to have told a Philadelphia pastor that he could no longer conscientiously play Sunday golf, because he felt, as a city official, he should set an example by obeying all laws.

"If we continue to put fear at the helm and folly at the prow, we shall steer direct for the next war."—*Mr. Leach,* the British Undersecretary of War.

Elias Liebermann, literary editor of the *American Hebrew* and chairman of the department of English in New York public schools, has been made principal of the new Thomas Jefferson High School, which will be the largest in the country.

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A Christian Church in the Ghetto of New York

Older Than King "Tut"—The Pyramids of Mexico

Germany's Youth Movement; the "Wandervoegel"

Modern Developments in Easel Art—Jazz

The Passing of the Last New England Whalers

A Page From the History of Juvenile Literature

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

"The Red Clydesiders" Are Not So Wild

Bolsheviks May Be Disappointed in British Labor "Extremists" From Scotland

Newspaper reports startled the world by asserting that Bolshevism had come to Scotland. While, perhaps, not so revolutionary an assertion as that prohibition had come to the land of the haggis, it seemed so utterly at odds with Scottish character as to call for examination. The present article presents the facts as they are. The writer is an informed British journalist to whom Clydeside is more than a name. A point he does not emphasize is the religious character of the Labor leaders of Great Britain. Time and again the influence of John Wesley has been credited with giving the English workingman his admirable balance between effective protest and lawless violence, and the Scottish workman has cultivated strong character on his diet of catechism and kirk. Bolshevist ideas have been sown at the cost of tens of millions of dollars in Britain and America, but have brought forth no harvest in action. The fact is significant and the explanation is this, namely, that superior racial soils do not nourish the inferior seed.

By THOMAS C. TAYLOR

"THE Red Clydesiders!" The glib phrase has come over the wires frequently of late. It has been seized upon with avidity and unconcealed delight in radical quarters here. One hears it rolled in spouting triumph from cosmopolitan tongues in the byways of Manhattan; and on the pages of some of those publications which circulate (some surreptitiously) in languages other than the language of the United States it has been given a prominence and significance which suggests that upon the Scottish Labor members of the British Parliament great Bolshevik hopes are set. Elsewhere there has been engendered a feeling that behind the cautious Premier Ramsay Macdonald there is a reckless group of "wild Scotsmen" bent upon driving him by all sorts of dangerous and even catastrophic short-cuts to the Socialization of Britain and the spread of Bolshevik influence.

It has been patent to close observers of the performance of Britain's Labor Government during its few weeks of office that Macdonald's chief preoccupation has been the consolidation of the position won by Labor in popular favor. Behind every move has been preparation for the next election. When Soviet Russia was placed in the position of announcing that Great Britain had decided to take the paw of the Bear, the "recognition" rejoicings were somewhat chastened in character when they came along, the reason being that Russia's present controllers were quick to realize that the "recognition," actuated by Britain's need of trade and work for her unemployed, settled not one of the questions outstanding between Britain and Russia. It gave British industry and finance an opportunity to attempt to re-enter Russia and take some risks and exert some influence; it placed the respective administrations on speaking terms; but the actual speaking has yet to come! The move strengthened Labor's position in Britain. Macdonald may leave the talking to others.

A Naval Program for Wages, Not War

SIMILARLY, the grim facts of unemployment in Britain constrained Macdonald and his Labor brigade to antedate the naval program. Work, plentiful and immediate, is the great need there; and in proposing warship construction at once the Labor government had in mind not *war* but *wages*. By the way, the Conservatives could hardly have withheld support from Labor in that matter. They had already antedated construction for the sake of the unemployed, as one at least of the 1,925 ships was well under way on the Clyde long before the last election! Labor gained in general prestige by that decision, however, and, be it suggested, made an important electoral advance into Liberal territory.

Having skillfully shelved the capital levy question, and reassured financial interests thereby; having indicated that he is not going to be altogether neglectful of the fact that in British opinion means of national defense cannot yet be ruled out as superfluous; and having indubitably improved the atmosphere enveloping Britain's foreign relationships, Premier Macdonald has "made ground" for Labor in Britain, it is generally admitted there, and sowed an impression of common sense, sane, clean dealing.

What, then, of the Labor men from Scotland, those "Red Clydesiders" whose every extravagance of utterance is hailed with equal delight by the Bolshevists and by those who are awaiting the development of a British reaction against Labor? Is this new broom—this broom of tough Scottish heather—so keen to get on with the sweeping that it is failing to grasp the fact that its handle is held by non-Labor hands?

There are points of much interest in the question, and informed consideration of these is not likely to bring any comfort to America's "Reds."

The uncompromising earnestness of the contingent sent by Scotland to Parliament has to be taken account of in all that they say and do. Men of the people, with personal experience of the blighting conditions which have been the lot of the mass of Britain's population since 1914, impatience of delay toward what they regard as ameliorative action is to be expected of them.

For the first time in its history, however, British Labor has been confronted with the slippery track that lies between electioneering and governing. It is learning that, after all, its own country may not always be wrong, may not always be the laggard in progress, and may even be right occasionally. Its education is proceeding apace; however, it has been electioneering for thirty years and governing for only thirty days or so. Old habits cling. Withal, these Scots are practical men, and unlikely to do more than to insure that the ideals of Labor are kept clamantly before their leaders, and to guard against the danger—to them, a very real danger—of the party heads being enmeshed in the net of tradition plus precedent plus form plus departmental routine which is calculated to hold and tame the wildest of the wild reformers entering the ancient precincts of the Mother of Parliaments.

Personal acquaintance with practically every member of the Scottish Labor group enables the writer to indicate to some extent the misleading qualities of "The Red Clydesiders" phrase, and to suggest that any hopes entertained by the radicals concerning the group so branded are doomed to disappointment. "The Red Clydesiders" are from constituencies which would immediately apply a distinct corrective to any display of that particular tinge of "redness" beloved of the Bolshevik. The Scots realize that *so far as this Parliament is concerned the British Labor Party, in actuality, has no binding program, and in their wider scope all Labor's big plans and projects are set aside meantime.* The formula employed by Ramsay Macdonald in putting the troublesome project of a capital levy out of the way can be applied effectively to every question or pledge or platform "plank" which might restrict Labor's chance of now remaining in office and proving to hesitant Liberals in particular and the world in general the capacity of Labor to govern: "We did not receive from the country a mandate for a capital levy any more than the Conservatives received a mandate for protection." The country may make its mind clearer to all parties at the next election, which Macdonald will welcome if it falls at a time when his record of administrative success remains undamaged, and before the jealousies which are the reward of every Labor leader have had time to weaken his party. There is less really loose talk from "The Red Clydesiders" than from other parts of the Labor lines where noise is more readily mistaken for intelligence than in Scotland.

David Kirkwood, the Irrepressible

THE "wildest" of "the wild men from Scotland" is understood to be that lively Clyde engineer, David Kirkwood, now quite an old Parliamentary hand, and renowned at St. Stephen's for a voice that will not be lost in a storm, and a most irritating habit of mystifying the House by dropping into the use of "the braid Scots tongue." Believing that the Great War had its origin in capitalistic ambitions, Kirkwood opposed war activities without fear, and was ultimately deported from his district. He came under the personal notice of Mr. Lloyd George in those days when, as Minister of Munitions, the latter came to the Clyde to talk to the workers. The right honorable gentleman was made rather uncomfortable on that occasion, and became conscious of his salary, at least, when the irrepressible Kirkwood, who presided, made the introduction to a gathering of workers who wanted more pay: "This is Mr. David Lloyd George, the highest-paid munition worker in Great Britain!" In that introduction is revealed the real Kirkwood, specialist in studied irreverence for "the little tin gods." There is one good reason why Kirkwood is in Parliament for an industrial district. He is, first and last, apparently, a class politician—Labor first, the rest "nowhere"; and he is absolutely sincere. There is a reason equally good, however, for his avoidance of Bolshevism as it is understood in Scotland. He and others assimilated thoroughly the important lesson which "Red Clydeside" furnished to all politicians in the dangerous early days of 1921: the lesson that Scotland, favoring progress, suffering from desperate ills wrought by war and subsequent financial manipulation, will not tolerate "rough-housing."

Other "Red Clydesiders"

BRITAIN'S Minister of Health, John Wheatley, a man whom his many friends regard as "a future Labor Premier," is another of "The Red Clydesiders," and, I learn, he has roared with laughter at the designation. He is uncompromisingly Laborist, a specialist in housing matters, and so impressed by Britain's dire need of housing for the people that he is not likely to allow any consideration of party expediency to hamper or retard him in that connection. His working life he began as a miner at the age of eleven, and was in the mines till he was twenty-two. He is now a publisher. He, too, has read adequately the character of Scotland in matters political, and he has had much experience of public life. To picture him as Scotland's Trotsky is funny. He is for homes, decent family life, a chance for the under dog. He is a "destructionist" in so far as the demolition of comfortable platitudes is concerned. He, in his forceful driving for housing, may even be the means of destroying the present government. His faith in Labor is unbounded; but the "Reds" must not number him with their elect, for he won't fit in.

Journalists figure prominently among "The Red Clydesiders." There is Dickson, who began his career as a pit-boy and won, very grimly, an experience which in later years contributed to brilliantly effective work as a journalist; a straight, clean thinker and warm-hearted family man. He is not a "Red." Another journalist, Johnston, editor of a long-established Scottish newspaper, has for years maintained a relentless attack upon the many British relics of feudal days which Labor regards as obsolete and not worth the money they cost. For example, Johnston, who has delved deep into family histories and has published the very interesting results of his researches, sees no adequate reason why the descendants of (let us imagine) a chef who catered to the gluttony of a king several hundred years ago, and was ennobled therefor, should be in these days a burden on the people, or should hold salaried office to which no duties attach, or should claim "rights" and privileges on sea-front and land which are unjust and absurd. Johnston, serious, idealistic, and a gentleman, is out to strip off the weed and the barnacles which have accumulated on the hull of the old British ship during the centuries, but he will do nothing to impair the soundness of that hull.

Maxton, teacher, journalist, sardonic and effective critic, is for "revolution by education," holding that if education be adequate there can never be any other kind of revolution, and progress will be inevitable and invincible.

These are "The Red Clydesiders." The radicals of America need expect little other than useful instruction on the futility of force from "Red Clydeside."

A Christian Church in the Ghetto of New York

St. Augustine's Chapel Engulfed in the Flood of Degraded Alien Influence

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

Chapel of St. Augustine, wedged in between tall buildings in the Great Ghetto of New York.

IN THE downtown section of New York's great East Side, there is a large block of singular shape, bounded by the Bowery, by Stanton, Chrystie and Houston streets. In the heart of the block there was once a Quakers' burying ground. On this site, fronting on the south side of Houston street, a short distance east of the Bowery, stands the impressive Chapel of St. Augustine. Even today, this building, structurally, is one of the largest church edifices on Manhattan Island. Imposing in its façade as in the immensity of its interior, it had the highest ceiling of any church in New York until the building of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Some half-century ago, St. Augustine's Chapel represented the far-flung outpost of the Trinity Corporation, the great Protestant Episcopal parish of New York City, in its mission work among the large immigrant populations of Northern Europe, mostly of Anglo-Saxon stock, that were pouring into the metropolis of the country. This work was undertaken by a one-time curate of Trinity Church, the Rev. Dr. Arthur C. Kimber, who, assigned to the mission, hired a room over a saloon on the Bowery, and began such pioneer efforts that have in them the fruits of victory. His success in a short period was so great that Trinity Parish decided to build a chapel in this district.

The corner stone of St. Augustine's Chapel was laid September 2, 1876, and the chapel was consecrated on the Feast of St. Andrew, November 30, 1877, by the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York. At the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Parish of Trinity Church, New York City, in May, 1897, the Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, S. T. D., Vicar of St. Augustine's Chapel, delivered in that edifice on May 2 an address entitled "A Witness to the Faith," in which he said:

"It is evident that the history of this great parish is contemporaneous with more than two-thirds of the history of civilization in the United States. The parish was nearly a hundred years old when the independence of our great republic, the United States of America, was acknowledged. In this parish the vestry has always been composed of men noted for their high intellectual attainments and for their unquestioned integrity. It is not at all remarkable that the vestrymen of Trinity Church have always been the first citizens of the city."

At the time when this address was delivered, the organizations of St. Augustine's Chapel and Mission House included communicant classes, church instruction classes, and a Sunday school in which the officers and teachers numbered sixty-one, while the scholars aggregated 809. There was a sewing school with a membership of 465. There was a Parish school for boys, and a night school for young men and women in which the number of persons enrolled aggregated 124. There was also a house school and a missionary guild. That was twenty-seven years ago.

In the ensuing years this district became more thickly settled by an industrious people of the type that has added to the greatness and wealth of the country. Christianity had been their inheritance, and though there crept in those undesirable elements which may be found in the crowded quarters of all large cities, yet even they were scrupulous never to affront the near vicinity of a Christian church. Under the energetic and capable ministrations of Dr. Kimber, the influence of the Chapel of St. Augustine broadened to an unprecedented scope. It soon could boast the largest congregation on Manhattan Island, and had the largest Sunday school in the United States. The church and school attendance twice a day aggregated 2,500 persons.

The church was distinguished in many ways. Its tower was 266 feet high, although it has since been reduced some sixty feet, owing to the building of public improvements in the locality which it was feared might imperil its safety. St. Augustine's was the landmark of the neighborhood, and its great illuminated sign blazed its purpose through the district. It was the pioneer in instituting an illuminated invitation to churchgoers in the city. This sign was first lighted by gas, although electricity was later adopted. The interior of the church is still lighted with gas, but St. Augustine's was the first to introduce the attachment by which its great chandeliers were set alight by means of a spark instead of the cumbersome torch theretofore in use. Dr. Kimber died in 1909, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. W. G. Anthony.

The startling change in the character of immigration to this country first manifested itself on the lower East Side of New York and produced the beginnings of that immigration problem which has assumed such importance in the present day. Non-Christian peoples from Eastern Europe, principally from Poland and Russia, came in floods that augmented year by year. From Allen and Baxter streets their stream spread steadily northward. A large portion of these peoples had not even risen to that civilized plane where personal cleanliness is regarded as an essential. Streets and houses in the section were evil-smelling. Large families lived in one or two rooms, the tenements were hotbeds of immorality and disease. Here the "red-light" district was born, a product of the children of the Ghetto, who organized the infamous "cadet" system. Later followed the exposure of the "white slave traffic" scandals, whose scenes centered in Allen and Chrystie streets and adjacent thoroughfares.

The Christian populations that had settled on the East Side could not sustain existence in proximity to the newcomers, whose community appeared to them destructive of everything they held dear in life. They moved away as the foreign flood advanced. American shops and industries were gradually abandoned in this section, and the Christian churches that remained were called upon to deal with new conditions. Chief among these was the large chapel and Sunday school which the Trinity Corporation had founded in East Houston street.

REV. DR. L. D. RHODES.

Vicar of St. Augustine's Chapel.

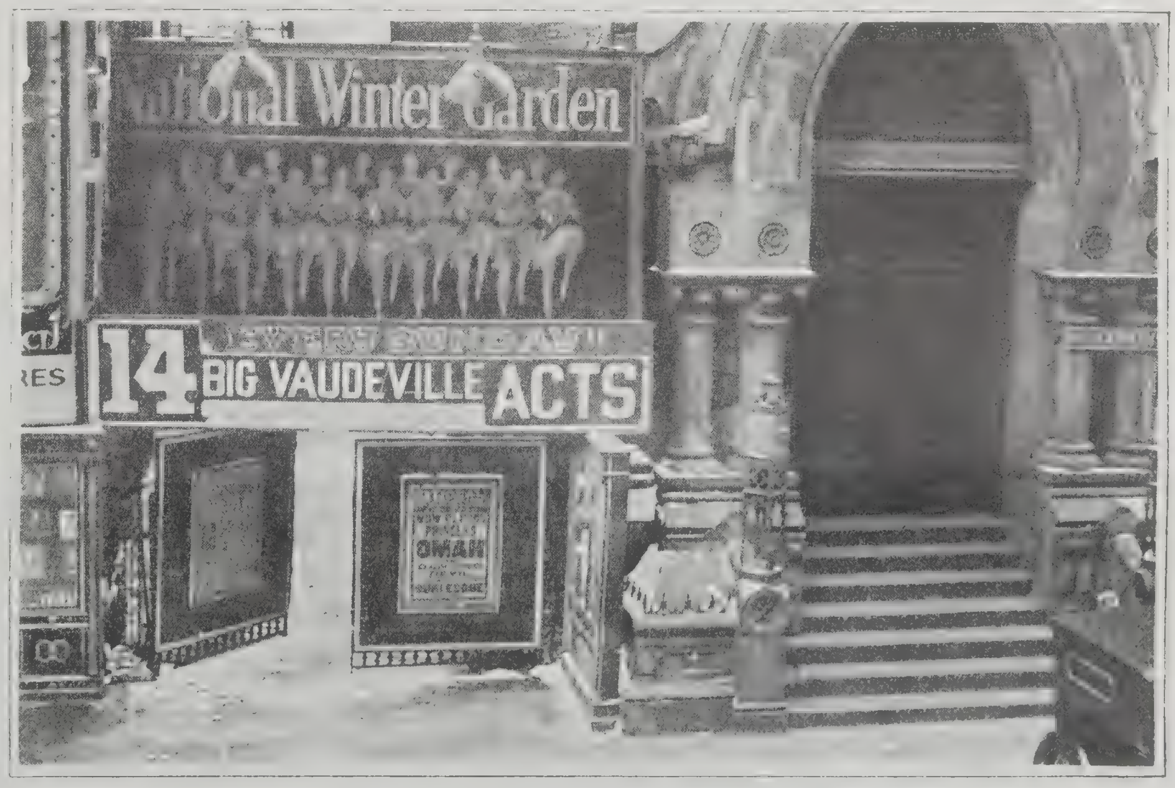
St. Augustine's Chapel was soon engulfed in the flood of the Ghetto. *Opposite the edifice, on the northwest corner of Second avenue and East Houston street, stood the notorious Cosmopolitan Café, which became the rendezvous of Leon Trotsky, then a radical agitator, and today the most prominent leader of the Russian Soviet. For years Trotsky was a well-known figure here, where he harangued great Yiddish throngs congregating on this corner at nights, on the principles of Communism.*

In the "Iconography of Manhattan Island," the monumental work on whose publication Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes is expending a fortune, one can read the facts concerning the foundation of Trinity Church in 1697. Jewish refugees, then banished from other countries, out of gratitude for the shelter they had received in New York, contributed a quota toward the building of Old Trinity at the head of Wall Street. They were then few in number, but some 220 years later, with the Great Ghetto firmly established, they instinctively obeyed an impulse to affront the Christian church that stood within its boundaries. *A burlesque show of a degraded character was opened in the building immediately adjoining the Chapel of St. Augustine's on the east. The nature of the performances that are given here, and the efforts that have been made to suppress them will be dealt with later. But the salacious character of the photographs displayed in the windows, of the pictures exhibited on stands on the sidewalk and the posters which are deliberately placed on the wall of the chapel, are notorious throughout the district.*

The flight of the Christian population from this section soon made its effect felt upon the large congregation of the chapel, the attendance at the Sunday school and the membership of guilds and classes. The once flourishing St. Augustine's soon saw its record attendance dwindling until today the work which had been built up with such effort and enthusiasm in former years, has almost disappeared. *The opening of the Yiddish theater beside the church edifice has had its blighting share in all this, as was evidently intended that it should. Parishioners on their way to church, whether on week days or Sundays, are compelled to pass a place flaunting evil and debasing appeals, and it is no wonder that many parents have decided that their children shall not be exposed to such influences on their way to Sunday school, for the burlesque house continues its performances even on Sundays, under the pretense that they are "vaudeville concerts."*

The exact character which this district of New York bears in the police annals of today was disclosed a few weeks ago, when Police Inspector William A. Coleman,

(Concluded on page 13)



The National Winter Garden advertising its burlesque "show" alongside the Chapel of St. Augustine in East Houston street, New York City. Note how the posters are placed against the side of the Chapel.

Older Than King "Tut"—Pyramids of Mexico

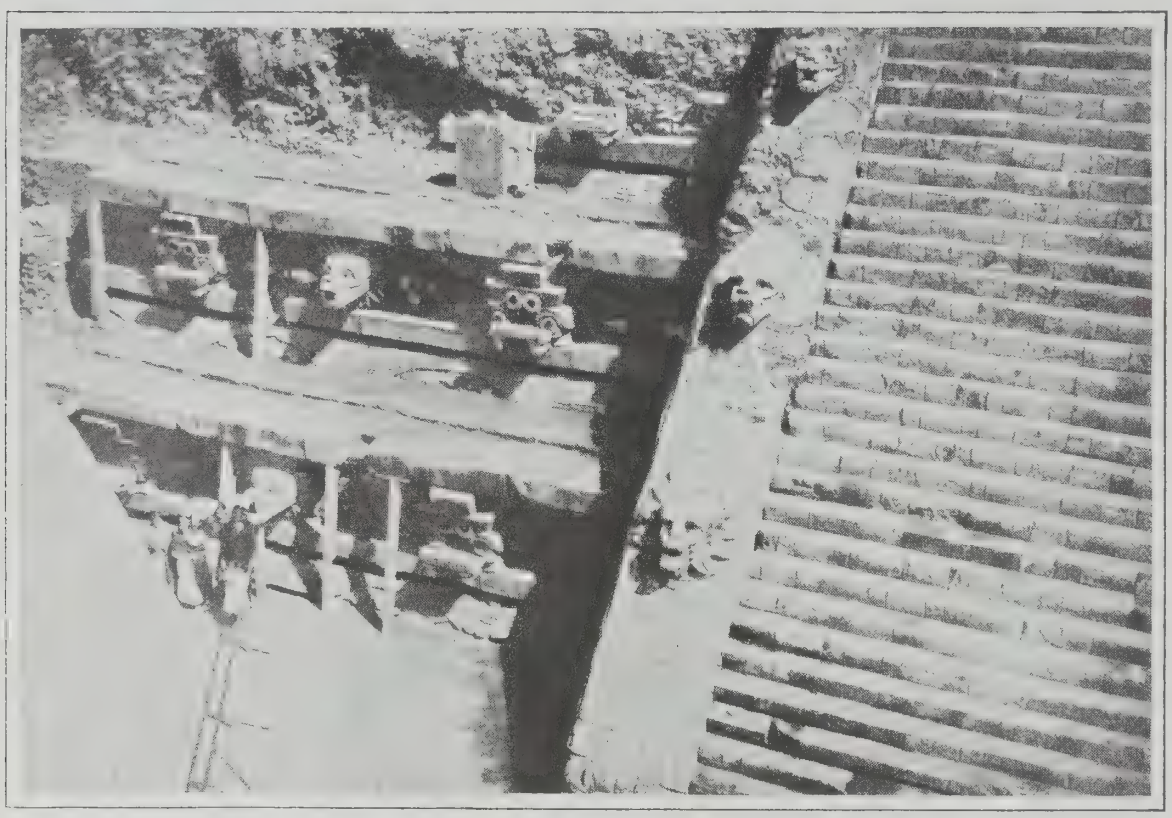
Marvels of the Past Just Four Days South From New York

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

AS OLD if not older than the Pyramids of Egypt; larger in some ways; more beautiful in ornamentation; with their own symbolism; more than one hundred pyramids, wrapped in the silence of thousands of years, keep their ancient secret in the Valley of Pyramids at San Juan Teotihuacan, Mexico.

A world of romance and mystery lies to the south of us, four days by train; Pullman cars all the way; and at the end of the journey, a land whose history makes our own a new-born child in comparison.

The Tombs of the Egyptian kings, whose discovery and penetration have held the ear of the world, are not as old, nor as mysterious, as the sacred pyramids of Mexico.



Showing steep steps and symbolic figures in the Citadel at the "Valley of a Hundred Pyramids" in Mexico. These serpent heads have black eyes made out of volcanic glass, red throats and pure white teeth—the colors as bright today as they were four centuries B. C.

I have traveled the world over, but I have never seen a spot where the ages brood as they do over the Valley of a Hundred Pyramids. Napoleon told his troops that forty centuries looked down upon them from the Pyramids of Egypt; but had his lust of conquest led his armies to the Valley of Mexico City, he might have told them that eighty centuries looked down upon them there.

The only world-relic I have ever seen that compares with the pyramids of Mexico is the Temple of Boreboedoer, in Central Java, but even this great pyramidal temple dwindles in comparison with the Pyramid of the Sun and the Pyramid of the Moon in Mexico.

This Pyramid of the Sun, which has only recently been unearthed from its twenty-foot blanket of volcanic ashes and debris—great stones as large as wheelbarrows and black ash, five feet thick, which destroyed the people who built these pyramids and covered up their magnificent handiwork—is a truncated artificial mound 216 feet high by 760 feet around at its base.

I climbed this massive bulk yesterday, counting the stone steps that lead to its top. From the ground to the end of the first terrace, seventeen steps; from the top of the first terrace to the bottom of the third terrace, thirty-eight steps; from there to the fourth terrace, sixty-nine steps. These steps are divided into two sections. In the fourth section of steps there are fifty-two in the climb, twenty steps in the fifth climb and forty-eight in the sixth climb upward.

These steps are so steep that in ascending them one has to use hands and feet. In the fifth section of stone stairs, the sides of the pyramid curve outward so that one cannot see the top of the twenty steps from the bottom. They make a curve like the curve of the earth on the sea. The steps are about seven feet by eleven inches in width and about a foot in height. They run right up the side of the steep pyramid so that it takes an amateur "Steeple Jack" to climb them safely. I thought of those men who climb the sides of city skyscrapers as I watched the guides preceding me. When the stone steps end, there is still a little mound of earth to climb on the top of the pyramid, a mound about fifteen feet high. On the top of this mound there was discovered a hideous but symbolically significant statue to the sun god, which years ago was removed to the National Museum in Mexico City.

The tradition is that in the days of the Toltecs, at least four centuries before Christ, human sacrifices were offered every year from the top of the great pyramid. Down along its steep sides, great sharp and ragged stones protrude every five or six feet. They are made of flint and edged like knives. They are as large as water-buckets and literally pock-mark the sides of the monument.

The fairest, strongest, wisest boy and girl of the tribes were selected for this awful sacrifice. They were fêted in luxury for three weeks. The boy was given the finest of wines and food; the fairest daughters of the tribe for his own. All that he wished was his. He was dressed in splendid gowns. The people poured their gifts on him. He was paraded like a king and worshiped.

Then on the sacrificial day he was led, with all the others selected for the rite, along what is called "The Highway of the Dead" to the top of the pyramid and, after certain ceremonies were observed, was cast over the side of the pyramid to a heroic and honored death—and once again the sun was propitiated and would shine upon that beautiful valley.

I found the same practice in Eastern Java, where the primitive peoples carried their sacrificial victims to the top of old muttering volcanic Bromo and threw them into the mouth of the crater of this fiery monster which still belches its threatening fire and smoke from the bowels of the earth.

The Pyramid to the Sun has five great terraces running from the ground to the top, erected with perfect technical skill; a feat which compels the admiration of modern engineers. On the top there was a gigantic statue of the sun god made of a single mountain-like block of porphyry, with a breast-plate of pure gold which must have shone with resplendent glory in the sunlight, and which must have been visible over all the Valley of the Pyramids.

Stand with me on the top of this ancient Pyramid to the Sun.

Look to the east where the sun is rising and you will understand the awe that filled the souls of the Toltecs who worshipped the sun from this great height. To the east you will see hundreds of smaller pyramids and beyond them a line of beautiful mountains breaking the sky-line with their jagged peaks, one of which is the ancient crater of the volcano whose eruption covered these pyramids.

Turn from the east to the south and you will see lying below you a magnificent piece of engineering in the remains of what is called the Citadel.

This is the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. It is quadrilateral in shape. It has only recently been excavated.

It is like a huge stadium, with great walls, still intact, surrounding a vast open space, 160,000 meters square.

The four points of the great inclosure correspond to the four points of the compass.

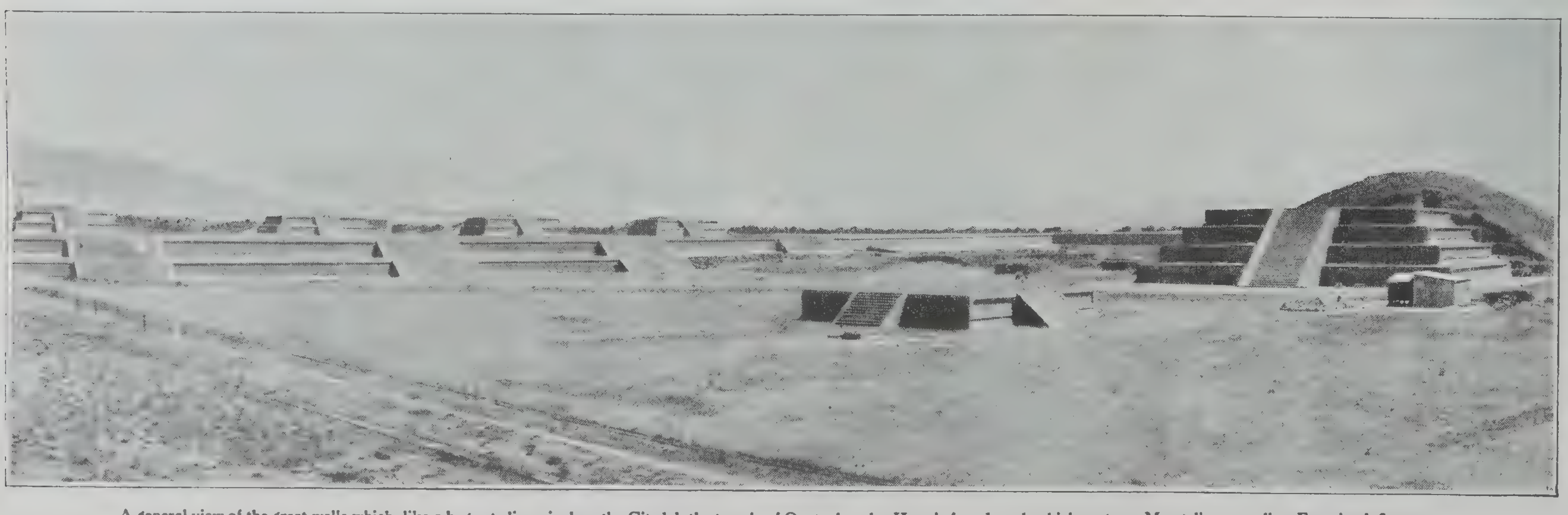
On each of the walls of three sides—south, west and north—there are four smaller pyramids, rising about twenty feet high; twelve smaller pyramids in all. Standing at the western side of this Citadel and facing east you may see at the far end of the great inclosure a much larger pyramid which has thirty-nine steep stone steps leading to its summit. It was on the top of this central Pyramid of the Citadel that the sacrifices took place coincident with the sacrifices on the top of the Pyramid of the Sun. Back of this central Pyramid of the Citadel was the Temple.

The Temple is adorned with snakes or sea serpents from thirty to fifty feet long, sculptured out of solid granite, from the mouths of which water is supposed to have spurted on sacrifice days. There is an Oriental suggestion in these serpents, one of many indications that there was Mongolian as well as Egyptian influence at work on these temples.

All this you can see from the top of the Pyramid of the Sun by looking to the south, down from that great, expanding height upon the outline of the Citadel. It almost looks as if you could jump from the top of the Pyramid of the Sun, where we are standing, to the top of the central pyramid in the quadrangle of the Citadel.

Life is to the east; Death is to the west.

This has always been true in ancient mythologies. Pioneers are always and forever traveling to the west from the east and the rising sun. They follow the path of the sun.



A general view of the great walls which, like a huge stadium, inclose the Citadel, the temple of Quetzalcoatl. Here is found work which portrays Mongolian as well as Egyptian influences.

"Going West" was the symbolic phrase for death in the World War. So, as we stand on the top of the Pyramid to the Sun and look directly west, stretching away at our feet is the Highway of the Dead.

It is built of stone and is thirty feet wide. Its way is lined with pyramids, on top of which homes were formerly built. Along this pyramid-lined way of death the sacrificial victims were paraded on sacrificial days. It must have been an impressive sight, with hundreds of thousands of people gathered in that vast valley.

Bodies of unnumbered men have been unearthed from these smaller pyramids along the Highway of Death, and these bodies and bones show marked Mongolian, Egyptian and even Negroid features, which is another indication that the civilization of Mexico in the days of this pyramid-building was made up of many racial types from distant lands.

Along the Highway of Death, down upon which we are now looking, there are many ruins which are called "Los Subterraneos," habitations down under the earth thirty to fifty feet. I visited these underground dwellings and found beautiful frescoeing and painting on the walls in colors of red, yellow, gold and black, as clear today as when they were laid on centuries before Christ.

I found a bath room with a shower bath; a bake oven, and a well a hundred feet deep which supplied the subterranean inhabitants with water.

Turning again from the west to the north—right face—and looking down from the Pyramid of the Sun, we see the Pyramid of the Moon. It, too, is an imposing structure with great stone terraces.

This pyramid is smaller than the Sun Pyramid, being only 151 feet high. Around its base it is 426 by 511 feet. On its summit is a crowning platform made of solid stone about twenty feet square.

To the north and the south there are two high mountain peaks of a beautiful conical structure and engineers say that if a line were drawn from one to the other of these peaks it would pass directly over the apexes of both pyramids.

To stand on the top of the central pyramid—the one erected to the sun—and look at the distant mountains that surround the Valley of Pyramids, and down upon the impressive remains of the Citadel, the Pyramid of the Moon, the Highway of Death, the Subterranean Habitations and the hundreds of smaller pyramids that are literally scattered like tree stumps in a depleted forest, is as impressive an experience as one will find on the face of the earth.

That these great pyramids are little known is due to the fact that they are still in the process of being excavated. Cortez knew of their presence but nothing was done to unearth them. Then followed the long line of wars and revolutions, so that it is only during the last ten years that the work has been seriously and continuously undertaken. Even today much remains to be uncovered. Workmen were busy when I was there. Narrow-gauged railways with dump carts were rattling along. Centuries were being exposed to the light before our astonished and bewildered eyes. We were looking upon a civilization and a religion that flourished when Moses was leading the children of Israel out of their captivity; when the giant Sequoias of California were young striplings; when the land now called the United States was witnessing the work of the Mound Builders who left crude series of earthen piles to mark their way—thus early the builders of the Mexican pyramids were engaged upon works of magnificent art, symbolism, engineering achievement and religious significance.

"IF THAT thing could only tell its story!"

Dr. Sylvanus Griswold Morley, of the Carnegie Institute, studied a plaque that had just been unearthed. It was a hot July Sunday morning and we were sitting on a pile of black volcanic dust that had been thrown out of the old pyramid.

The relic was a Votive Offering Plaque about half the size of a fire brick. On it was the figure of a man with hands raised in prayer. Red and deep yellow lines of colors marked the outline.

"Are these discoveries really significant?" I asked Dr. Morley.

"As significant as any in Mexico."

However, a more interesting discovery had recently been made. It is either the floor or the walls of a temple room. There are two large colored carvings outlined in deep yellow and red. One figure is that of a mother holding a babe in her lap.

"It looks like a floor," said Mr. Niven.

"They would not have walked over their gods like that," suggested Dr. Morley.

"Then it is a wall of the Temple tumbled over either by a flood, by volcanic action, or earthquake," said Mr. Niven, as we stood looking down upon it.

This piece of carved flooring or wall, whichever it is, lies seven feet under the earth on top of a pyramid temple near San Miguel Amantla, which is what the archeologists call a Mexican-Mongoloid pyramid. The piece is more than five thousand years old. It is seven feet long, four feet wide and weighs about five hundred pounds. Two strange carvings, dedicated to the sun god, ornament its polished surface. The stone is of cement and the carvings have been colored in red and yellow and are as clear today as they were a thousand years ago.

Sanagum, the Spanish priest, who is Mexico's greatest historian, came over with Cortez and immediately learned the Aztec language so thoroughly that he could both write and speak in it. It is from his marvelous books that most of the material comes which interprets the findings that were being made last summer in the new excavations in Mexico, chief digger of whom is the little Scotchman named Niven.

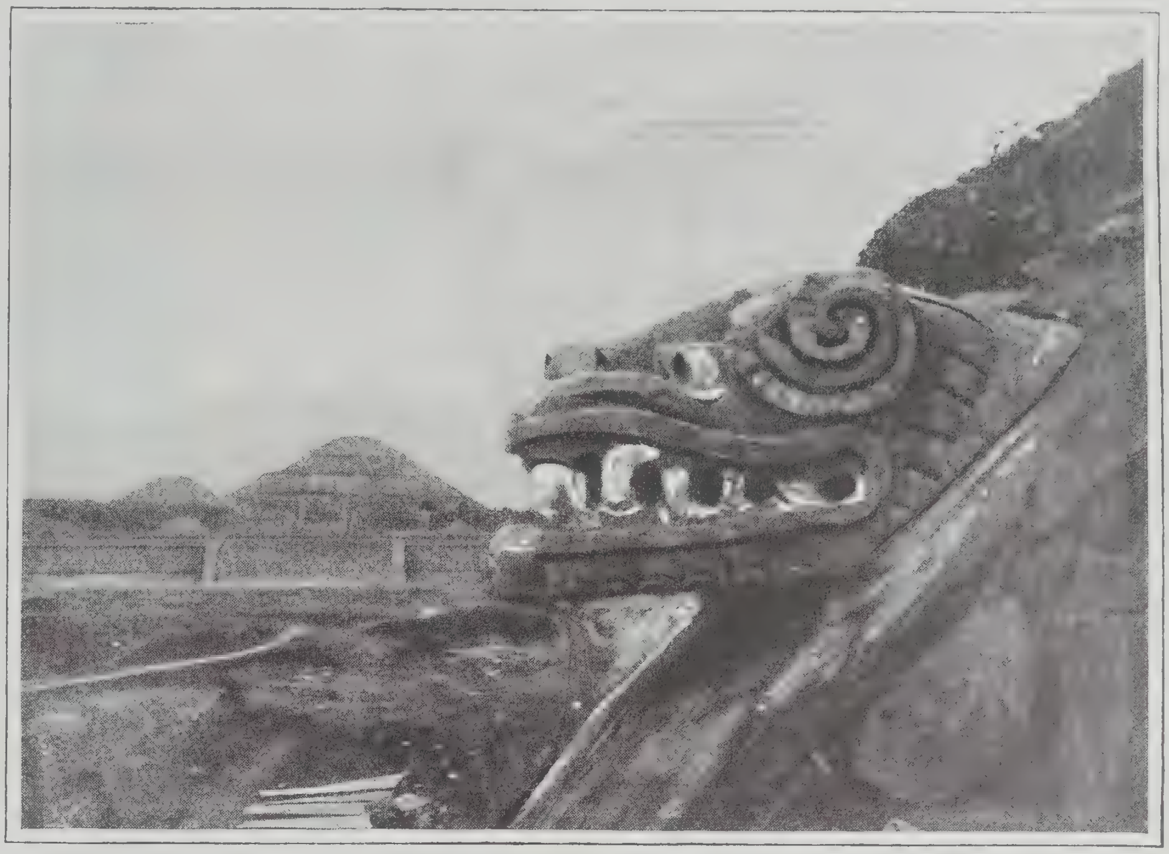
It was through his courtesy that I, having just arrived in Mexico City, was granted the privilege of accompanying the Carnegie Institute party on this mission of uncovering American history of thousands of years ago.

All of the plaques and all of the larger symbolic carvings and drawings are in red and yellow; the red representing fire, which forms the outline of these carvings and the yellow representing the fire god coming out of the fire.

The old myth of the fire god which is represented in this temple relic, comes from the Toltecs and is consequently very ancient.

To this fire god the Toltecs, who came before the Aztecs, erected the giant pyramids.

The myth of the fire god was handed on by the Toltecs to the Aztecs and even as late as 1521 A. D. this myth was alive.



One of the sea serpents in the temple at the back of the pyramids in the Citadel of "The Valley of a Hundred Pyramids." This photo also shows the Pyramid of the Sun in the foreground and the Pyramid of the Moon to the extreme left.

The legend says that there was a marriage of the water god and the earth mother and that from their union came all productivity of the vegetable world.

This earth mother in Mexican-Mongoloid mythology is always represented as a woman with a crown of serpents on her head, symbol of the fertility that comes from the water.

The moon god is the wife of the sun god also and the daughter of the fire god; thus being, as in Egyptian mythology, wife and sister to her own husband.

Both the moon god and the sun god are looked upon as "suns" of equal power; the one to rule the day and the other to rule the night; equal in rank.

It is a rather curious thing that the water god of the Mexican-Mongoloid excavations has great round eyes that look for all the world like the modern student spectacles with wide rims.

I asked Mr. Niven what these great round eyes meant and he told me that they represented springs or water-holes from which the water god was supposed to come with his fertility and his power of productivity.

"Where are these symbols of the gods found?" I asked the excavator.

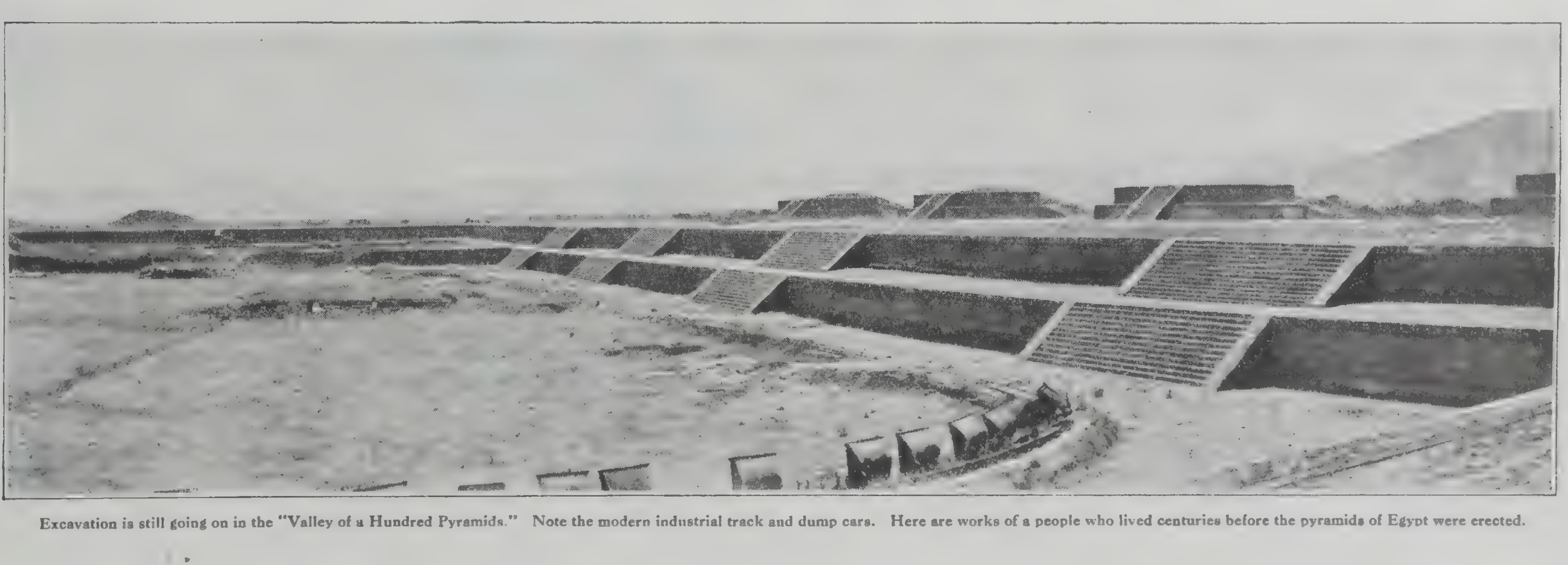
"On the temple walls, floors, and in private dwellings. They were supposed to bring good fortune and to keep away all evil from the faithful. That is why we find so many of them in the excavations."

There is a strangely beautiful squared spiral symbol found all through these ruins of the ancient cities and pyramids of Mexico. One morning I unearthed a large one myself.

This squared spiral symbol is to the Mexican-Mongoloid mind what the cross is to the Christian and in this form the inner shrines, or the holy of holies, were built down deep in the pyramids which we are uncovering now.

The mythology of these Mexican-Mongolians, which has all been corroborated by the discoveries made last summer, shows that there were five supreme gods.

The first was the dual god of the double face, the sun and moon god; the second was the fire god; the third was the corn god with fire flowers in his headdress; the fourth was the earth mother, always shown ready for the coming of the water god; the fifth, being the sun god wearing the symbol of the sun, which is two concentric circles on his forehead.



Excavation is still going on in the "Valley of a Hundred Pyramids." Note the modern industrial track and dump cars. Here are works of a people who lived centuries before the pyramids of Egypt were erected.

The "Red Bank Register"—An Object Lesson

A Purely Local American Weekly That Is Not on the Decline

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

HAS the sun of the American weekly newspaper in the small towns and hamlets set? Will the enterprising journalists and publishers who, in a modest way, yet vigorously, have kept alive the homely friendships, the common interest in community life, and the traditional ideals of a great people in many sections of a vast area, bow to the onward march of your big city newspaper? Or must the successful weekly paper meet the sharp competition of the larger dailies by going to press every twenty-four hours, to keep up with the swift pace and the eager demands for news?

A vigorous negative is sounded in Red Bank, New Jersey, in historic Monmouth County, long a progressive subdivision of a flourishing garden state, where the Red Bank *Register* still keeps alive the personal paragraphs of a red-blooded people. Down where Molly Pitcher won undying fame by taking her place at the cannon of the brave colonists, this sturdy example of old-time journalism is still an intimate part of the lives of an industrious and prosperous people.

Curious to learn the secret of John H. Cook's generous measure of success in a field that has been characteristically styled a "small town" community, I visited Red Bank to study at first hand this genius of the types.

Various newspapers arrive on the fast trains, that connect the Jersey shore and New York and have their circulation in Red Bank as well as in other towns. Hustling publishers in the shore cities and other near-by places add to the wealth of reading matter, and the magazines and myriad publications of all kinds find readers there as elsewhere. Yet through all the years for nearly half a century the *Register* has flourished and today ranks as one of the most substantial publications in the state, a powerful ally to the local merchants and business men who make generous use of its columns, and a household fixture, where for two generations at least it has been welcomed every Wednesday evening. *It has the largest circulation of any purely local weekly newspaper in America.*

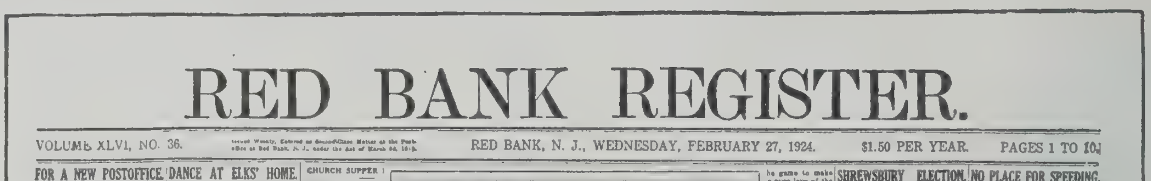
Strict adherence to the old-fashioned ideals of the country editor, who considered himself required to speak out fearlessly and without fear of consequences to himself or his enterprise, has led to the continued success of Mr. Cook. In a field where other editors have flourished for a time and where many who thought they had grasped the full significance of editorial responsibility used their money and talents in getting out publications, only to fail, he has gone steadily ahead with his paper. This spirit of independence in Monmouth County, where his expressions of opinion often ran counter to the prevailing political thought, resulted in frequent indictments of the vigorous editor.

But he came out of every situation with flying colors. Once following a trial on one of the numerous true bills against him in a section where political influences were all-powerful, the trial judge who ordered a verdict of acquittal commented that if Mr. Cook had done less than he did he would have fallen short of his editorial duties. These experiences, in the final analysis, only strengthened the editor in his civic leadership and enhanced the respect of the people he served for their sturdy champion.

Mr. Cook pointed out the slow transition of the editor who was always poverty-stricken, to the business leader. Settlement of small towns and villages about the period of the Civil War soon crowded out high aims of the humbler men of the profession, and the love of money took the place of older traditions. By 1875 the change had been practically completed, he said, and from personal representatives of the thoughts of their owners the country newspapers became institutions for making money. Old-timers continued in the ancient ways, it was true, and some holding high ideals made money, also, and continued to speak fearlessly on every topic on which they felt called upon to express an opinion. The editor was proud to list himself as the last of the disciples of personal journalism and to this day intimate comments on men and affairs afford an opportunity to keep in close touch with the daily events, many of them minor compared to affairs of general interest which are treated by the modern editor.

Partisan politics finds no place in the *Register*. Mr. Cook was active in the county affairs of the Republican party for many years. Of late he has been independent, with a leaning toward the Democratic party. But the political viewpoint of the editor, when it involves partisanship, is not diffused by printer's ink throughout his paper. Politicians, naturally, purchase space liberally during campaigns, but this is the last thought in the writer of editorial or other comment, as public opinion is being formed prior to election. As an adroit politician Mr. Cook has ruled that the virus of partisanship must be carefully excluded from the *Register's* columns, especially in local contests.

From the start the *Register* has been a "John H. Cook" newspaper and this saturation of every department with the personality, industry and character of the leading spirit has caused it to retain that flavor of individuality long a characteristic of American journalism, but later giving way to the "standardized" viewpoint of news treatment, so manifest, especially, in the larger centers of the country.



RED BANK REGISTER.

VOLUME XLVI, NO. 36. RED BANK, N. J., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1924. $1.50 PER YEAR. PAGES 1 TO 10

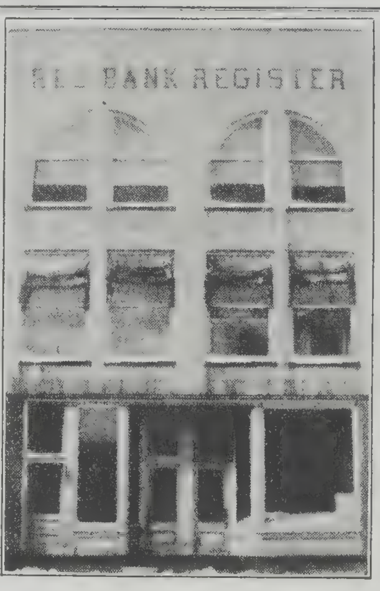
FOR A NEW POSTOFFICE. BILL PROVIDES $200,000 FOR BUILDING AT RED BANK.

DANCE AT ELKS' HOME.

CHURCH SUPPER

SHREWSBURY ELECTION. SCHOOL BOARD LOOKS FOR SUCCESS THIS TIME.

NO PLACE FOR SPEEDING. HEAVY FINES ARE



The office of the Red Bank *Register*.

The *Register* owns its own home, a three-story brick structure, in the heart of the business district, and Mr. Cook's desk is right in the front office where everyone coming in may see and chat with him. His friendly "how d'ye do" has been a personal feature to patrons for years and while suggestions of ornate counters and modern office furniture arrangements have been leveled at "the chief," he has quietly vetoed them all. He is a personal factor, even in the small "ads," which, of course, he does not handle.

And in harmony with this spread of personality throughout the organization it may be noted that most of his principal aides started in the business as boys. With no children of his own, Mr. Cook lovingly refers to his "boys and girls," and their interests are very much in common.

Perhaps no other single feature of presenting news and views, guided by the trained thought of the staff, has been a more vital element in the sustained success of the *Register* than the policy of avoiding "boiler plate" or "canned" opinions. When Red Bank and its environs peep out to the larger world beyond its borders, from the complacency and "Main Street" contentment of historic Monmouth County, through the columns of its favorite newspaper, the vision is solely that of home talent.

Every editorial comment is written in the office. The scissors are passé, and the brilliant thinker whose flashes of deep wisdom, or cynicism, or professional humor, are spread over this broad continent, does not exploit his rare genius in the columns of Mr. Cook's paper.

Above—Residence of John H. Cook, at Red Bank, New Jersey. At right—John H. Cook, Editor and Publisher of the Red Bank *Register;* the local newspaper with the largest circulation in America.

The main proposition, in which the entire force from top to bottom is engaged, is to put out the best paper that any one in the territory covered, who is able to read, can secure. Nothing objectionable, nothing suggestive, no news copy by which the child learning to read might be disturbed gets into the columns of this model publication. And the news is purely local. Seven times a day, editions from the big metropolis of New York with its wild array of feature stuff by expert writers and "sob sisters" are sent into Red Bank, and these will satisfy any who prefer the sensational journalism of your modern big city. Newark, too, sends good daily papers for those who wish to keep in touch with shifting events and comments. The national problems are well handled by these outside literati. The *Register* linotypes save their metal for local news and naïve paragraphs, solemn, joyful and other entertaining happenings that seldom ruffle the papers of the big cities on the north, two score miles away. It is interesting to read these items in a 1924 newspaper:

"Nearly every night Bernard A. Hickey has a house full of company. He has the finest radio outfit in this neighborhood and folks like to go there and be entertained."

"Earth from the cellar of Paul Stillman's new house has been moved back of the post office building. The building will be moved the coming summer and the cellar of the building will be filled with the dirt which has been put on the property."

"Stanley and Wilhelmina Pharo of Leonardo last week received by express a 'surprise box gift' of a bantam hen and a bantam rooster from their Uncle Edward Morris, of Chaney, Oklahoma. The rooster is 'cock of the walk' at Leonardo. He has licked all the other roosters in the neighborhood."

There has been no mushroom growth. The price of the paper has always been $1.50 a year since he began it as a four-page messenger of news. The advertising rates have not been changed in three years. There is little fluctuation in the character of the circulation. Summer residents are becoming listed as transients no longer, as they find the open winters an excuse for prolonging their stay in Red Bank and its surroundings and they are listed as Jersey voters. They may spend part time in New York, where their business and professional offices are, but they are Red Bank grist for Editor Cook's lusty enterprise. They want to know what is going on, to vote intelligently, and so they read the *Register*.

The *Register* was started in 1878 by Mr. Cook, then twenty-two years old, with a cash capital of $1,125. His brother-in-law, Henry Clay, was associated with him but he retired within a few months and the editorial policy has since been solely under Mr. Cook's direction. In Monmouth County the progress of the paper and Mr. Cook's life have been blended. The publication, begun as a four-page paper, has grown to four or six times that size, as occasions warrant.

The paper has steadily prospered, and while a disastrous fire destroyed the plant early in its history, the loss was soon overcome and the advancement of the *Register* has been steady.

In the year-round quest for new readers the regular office force is ever on the alert. Subscription duties are linked closely with the reporter's other work of "covering" his territory. Newsboys, of course, meet the transients in Red Bank streets, but the reporters have a faithful check on all homes and apartments in their respective districts. If a new family arrives, a real estate man who got them located, the pastor of a church or someone else who has met the newcomers, relays the word to the reporter and for three weeks the paper is sent to the family.

It is the duty of the scribe to find some paragraph of interest that will permit use in the columns of the *Register* of the family's name, and this usually clinches their appreciation of the paper. It is then a matter of routine to sign them up for one year or less. If the plan fails, another three weeks usually provides the essential arguments, the name of the folks gets in print again and the tireless reporter usually meets with success in corraling the subscription.

Back in the *Register* office is the circulation ledger with its complete record of each potential or actual patron, and the efforts of the reporters to get subscribers are duly chronicled. There comes, finally, with a few, a permanent negative mark. "So-and-so" reads the paper purchased by a neighbor with whom, possibly, he exchanges another paper; or the person is not a reader, or there is some other excuse that ends the effort.

"Didn't have time to read," is an occasional entry that points out an indifferent prospect. Some of the other comments are equally explanatory. But the circulation of 7,300 in a territory in which the total population is 18,000 shows how intensively and expertly the faithful reporter-solicitors work.

In the continuous quest after the goal of the best possible kind of a home paper and a growing army of readers, Mr. Cook avoids premiums, clubs, contests or other circulation artificialities.

"If you have to give something with your paper," was Mr. Cook's instructions to those who suggested schemes to add new readers, "the paper must lack some vital characteristic. And there is ever present

(*Concluded on page 10*)

Mr. Ford's Page

THE people are doing their best to make this a Presidential election year without the usual national disturbance. This is highly displeasing to two classes of people, those who profit by dickering within the parties and between the parties, and those who profit by the uncertainty which in former years has struck national industry a blow. The election business has not been unprofitable to certain classes; the vast sums raised and spent go somewhere; and it is not likely that this source of profit will be easily relinquished if its beneficiaries can prevent it.

The people have done all that is possible to prevent uncertainty and dickering from seizing upon the country this year. They have done it by using the pre-election voting methods, principally the primaries, that have been made available to them. The critics may say what they please about the efficiency or value of the primaries, but for this year at least they have served to indicate in no uncertain way what the people are thinking and how they intend to vote. Indeed, for all practical purposes, the primaries that have been held have been election votes. The country is well aware what man is now the country's choice for President.

WHATEVER reluctance to act President Coolidge may have felt because of his status as successor, may now be swept aside. The primaries have indicated that Mr. Coolidge is no longer President merely through the death of Mr. Harding, but that he is President by the choice of the people. They have given him personally their mandate; the seal of the popular choice is upon him. And what they now want mostly is clean government. There is at present no issue superior to that. They believe that President Coolidge can and will give it to them, that he can if he will. With the unmistakable meaning of the primaries in mind, the President need not wait until after the next election. The primaries mean that he may and should begin now, visibly and forcibly, to be executive head of the government.

This will generally be agreed to be a fact, whether pleasing or not.

In taking the view that elections may sometimes be made detrimental to the nation's interest, we should carefully guard against the assumption that elections are essentially or necessarily detrimental, and that it would be better if these things were managed so that the people need interest themselves in them as little as possible. That would be a very dangerous assumption to make.

There was a time in this country when men voted as they were persuaded on the great issues of the day. The election was of principles, and men were elected only as they were the agents of principles. When we read the records of the Jackson campaigns and the Lincoln campaigns it is very clear that the nation was discussing its own affairs, weighing two distinct principles involved, listening to the best presentations of either side, and making up its mind with care and intelligence. Such campaigns were no small part of the educational movements which developed the American people's mind. Old-time campaigns were a liberal education in American history and policy. They were stimulating to thought; they introduced hundreds of thousands of people to the use of reason; they made a whole nation aware that there could well be two sides to every question. And the elections following upon such campaigns usually demonstrated that the people could judge the right.

All this, however, was in the days when politics centered around principles, and not, as now, around office. There could never be any objection to campaign funds gathered and expended for the purpose of educating the people on all the phases of a great national issue; everything useful costs money, and political education is no exception. No one ever objected to campaign funds that were used to give the people an intelligent grasp on the problems created by their own methods of liberty. Indeed, when you think of the millions of dollars that are being spent in this country all the time to destroy the American conception of liberty, the amount spent to insure a nation-wide discussion and understanding of vital political issues during national campaigns seems little enough. It was not wasted money that in Jackson's time taught the people how to save the country a little while longer from the power of money in political affairs. It was not wasted money that in Lincoln's time enabled the people to hear and discuss the epoch-making issues of that day.

But all that is changed. How long is it since the United States last had an issue, on which to select a President? Our issues latterly have been entirely personal or made up of prejudices. The country has grown tired of this one or that one, this party or that, and has sometimes made a change. Great issues? None. Great instructive discussions of vital public affairs? None. What has been the issue of latter years? Only this—shall we elect Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum?

And in the meantime the costs of campaigns have increased an hundredfold. It is a long time since any Presidential campaign has been based on arousing the serious thought of the American people on a national question. There was a time when the people thought about the Money Question, but no longer. A sensational subject like war was the last we thought about as a nation—really thought about. No one now pretends that Mr. Harding's election had anything to do with the League of Nations, one way or another. So that, with all this true, the whole cost and purpose of campaigns have been to put up one set of men or put down another set of men, as they happened to be able to win the support of the "interests" for whom a large part of the government seems to be run.

This year there is no issue, unless it may be the one injected since the first of the year, namely, clean government. But that is not an issue. There is no difference of opinion on that, so far as the people are concerned. They vote "Yes" unanimously, without campaigns or election. All they ask is for someone to give them clean government. If one may judge from the primaries and other evidences of the people's thought, they believe they now have the man who can and will give them clean government. That seems to be the only possible interpretation of the recent voting results.

But that is not all. It lays a certain compulsion on President Coolidge, a compulsion with a new element in it. While it is true that Mr. Coolidge is President and that all the responsibilities and obligations of the Presidency devolve upon him, it is also true that he was not made President by being personally chosen by the people. By virtue of his position as Vice-President he had a Constitutional mandate to succeed to the Presidency upon the death of Mr. Harding. But it is doubtful if Mr. Coolidge could have become President at the time Mr. Harding did, by direct vote of the people.

What these primary elections in the various states have done is to give Mr. Coolidge personally a direct mandate from the people. The primaries have shown that not only is he President by law, but by the public will. In state after state, by majorities overwhelming, the people have as it were chosen him again as President. The seal of the popular choice is upon him.

And that would seem to set President Coolidge free at once from any reticence he may have felt on the score of his being a Vice-President, by accident succeeding to the chief office. He is now free to feel that he has been made Prsident for himself, and for his own qualities. He is not now a successor, but a chief—the people have spoken. He must now strike out upon his own policies and respond to the call of the people for what they believe he can give them.

That is to say that, though it was understood in some of the difficult phases of the recent exposures that President Coolidge felt himself somewhat bound by his successor-status, and though this was offered as an explanation of what was regarded in some quarters as his reluctance to act, the results of the primaries sweep that away. The expression is not only one of confidence in the President, as he has been able to act since last July, but also one of hopefulness—even a mandate—that now the period of successorship may be regarded as past, and work taken up with the directness that would characterize it after a general election.

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The Ethics of the Door

WHATEVER the upshot of the act excluding Japanese from America, it has set the American people thinking. One surprise was that Congress had the nerve to act drastically on any phase of the immigration problem. There has been so much pussyfooting everywhere that the appearance of conviction, even if wrong, is heartily welcomed. Sob-propagandists to the contrary notwithstanding, it was time for the United States to do something with regard to aliens in general. Times have changed from the days when we were a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, a new door of hope for the forward-looking peoples of the earth. We were right in those days; it would have been wrong to close our doors. The best came to us then; pilgrims of liberty came to us; refugees from wrong came to us. Latterly the nations regarded this land as a good place to dump their criminals, their undesirables of every class. From being a strength, immigration became a menace: how great a menace, may be gauged by the unusual conviction of Congress on the question.

But the people are thinking—If the Japs, why not others compared with whom the Japs are highly desirable? No one has heard the Japs charged with orientalizing our fashions, our fiction, our humor, our movies, our literature. The Jap ghetto, if such a thing exists, would win a medal of merit in a comparison with another ghetto. The Japs have at least created a modern nation, they know what loyalty means. We have among us people who have never made a nation, but have preyed on all, and have loyalty principally to their own ideas of things. Therefore the people think—Why only the Japs?

The fact is, we are just entering upon the problem. Nothing is settled. Nothing can be settled except upon the principles of racial affinities. Even that may not mean segregation of peoples, but control of great streams of influence now operative in the world.

Short Words

THERE are long words and short words, more of the short than of the long, and it is to the use of short words that the English tongue seems to run. Not long ago, a group of scholars chose what to them were the big words in common life, and they were all short words.

Take that outside of us, the mystery of the world, how it all falls into the span of short words: sky—star—sun—earth—air—rain—snow—tree—grass—water—grow.

And the things more near us in the way of life—that word "life" itself!—man—woman—child—food—drink—fire—home—love—work—play.

The things of the spirit, all said in short words: faith—hope—fear—grace—strong—weak—wonder.

And then those two infinitely decisive words—Yes—No.

Most of them words of one syllable, too. Even "syllable" might have been written "part."

Gen. Allen and the French

THE disposition of the French to make it difficult if not impossible for Major General Henry T. Allen, retired, formerly in command of the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, Germany, to serve as one of the American delegates to the forthcoming Olympic games in Paris discloses a side of the French character that cannot commend itself to Americans.

The French are now disposed to swagger just a bit too much for a people who were potentially defeated in 1917 with an army breaking out into open mutiny and who have been rebuked by the British premier in sharp terms, on the same score. It comes with bad grace for them to attempt to discriminate against an American officer who has won the affection of his countrymen.

General Allen seems to be guilty of two sins in the eyes of the French. He is actively engaged in collecting funds with which to feed starving German children, and he has frankly described the policy and methods of the French army officers in command of the Rhine bridgeheads which adjoined General Allen's district when he commanded American troops of Occupation in Germany.

General Allen is a fine American character and to such men the French are forever indebted.

Producers Live Longer

IT SEEMS to be established that men of action, the men who do things, live much longer than the rest of mankind.

This is much as it should be. The world prefers to retain those who can take the initiative and leave their impress upon people and institutions. These are the men the world can least dispense with. When they are scarce, community life droops.

According to a qualified investigator, for 108 picked men of action, he finds the average of life to be over seventy-three years.

The contemplative men show up less fortunately. Of 125 artists, authors, scientists and saints, the average age is just over sixty-four years.

Men of action surpass all the contemplatives in longevity, except the scientists, and here again the exceptionally useful man wins out. Philosophers and painters are just above the common actuarial rate, while the saints are below it. Authors rank with just the level of the rest of mankind.

Activity, then, is shown to be an element favorable to a green old age.

What Is the Earth Stuffed With?

IT IS refreshing to note that Europe is paying honor to an American scientist, even though the European picture of this country is distorted by overseas treatment of the current investigations.

The Royal Geographical Society of England has just awarded its Victoria medal to Director John F. Hayford, head of the College of Engineering, Northwestern University, for his notable achievement in establishing the theory of isostasy.

Isostasy has little to do with our ordinary affairs, its field being the problem whether the earth is solid or filled with more or less molten matter and gases. Nevertheless Dr. Hayford has challenged the attention of the scientific world by his discussions of isostasy. He says that he has demonstrated that the distance between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is nearly ten miles shorter than it was before the folding and crumpling of the rocks took place.

Isostasy, according to Dr. Hayford, also demonstrates that the earthquakes on the Japanese and Western American coasts are due to the pressure of mountains and deep seas and not to subterranean gases and lava. And it contends that while gases and fires exist they occupy pockets of the outer crust and that the earth is not a flaming mass at the center.

Appointment vs. Election

REGISTRAR FRANK A. GOODWIN, of Boston, is advocating the appointment instead of the election of district attorneys in that state.

This would be in accordance with the British practice which has given the English-speaking world the best example of the administration of criminal justice. All the judges in Massachusetts are appointees and the decisions of their courts rank higher than those of the elected judiciary of other states.

Mr. Goodwin, in describing the conditions under which elected district attorneys must work, says, "their offices are infested by politicians whose only duty as representatives of the people seems to be to keep the criminal element out of jail so it may be permitted to prey on the more decent and respectable constituents."

True as this picture is, Massachusetts is not the only state where these conditions exist.

Banking by Government

THE United States Chamber of Commerce is warning bankers that the postal savings system may become a stronger competitor of national and state banks of the country. A bill introduced by Representative Kendall, of Pennsylvania, is under consideration by the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, the object being to enlarge the scope of the postal savings system by increasing the rate of interest paid depositors, permitting the acceptance of joint, trust and organization accounts, doubling the maximum balance of individual deposits, and increasing the rate of interest charged depositary banks.

The warning bulletin issued by the Finance Department of the National Chamber of Commerce says the principal effect of the passage of the bill will be "to place the government in competition with privately owned national and state banks which carry savings deposits. We recognize that the postal savings system is of value as a welfare and thrift agency, but we do not believe that this justifies the government in placing itself in the savings business in competition with banks of such cities as Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Memphis, Richmond, Duluth, Omaha, Colorado Springs, Kansas City, Topeka, Portland, Spokane, Tacoma, Washington, D. C.; Springfield, Decatur and Quincy in Illinois, Gary and Hammond in Indiana, Atlantic City and Trenton in New Jersey, and Reading, Scranton, Harrisburg, New Castle, Wilkes-Barre and McKeesport in Pennsylvania, most of which are known as 'three per cent cities,' meaning that many, if not most, of their banks pay three per cent on savings deposits. In some cities, such as Kansas City, Missouri; Los Angeles and San Diego in California; Seattle, Washington; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Nashville, Tennessee; Indianapolis, Indiana, and Columbus and Toledo in Ohio, there are banks that pay three per cent and some that pay four per cent.

"The postal savings system pays no taxes and enjoys other subventions. It would offer government protection and three per cent. This would be a substantially higher return than is now offered many thousands of savers and would be attractive to many depositors of savings banks, even of banks that pay more than three per cent. Some banks would have to meet the competition by increasing the interest paid, which might mean eventually an increase in the loan rate. This would result from an unwarranted interference by the government."

Talk of "government interference" would never have been possible had the government never farmed out its Constitutional control over money. It did so, of course, because of the lack of financial brains in the government.

More Hope in Truth

AROUSING false hope among victims of diseases at present regarded as incurable is about the cruelest thing that publicists or sensationalists can do.

Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood, the national authority on cancer at Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, has just denounced a statement attributed to him, that a new X-ray tube has been discovered that has resulted in important progress in the treatment of cancer, as "an error and a dangerous error."

Dr. Bloodgood was subsequently quoted as discussing the general subject in terms that should be considered by every thinking person:

"At the present time cancer is a disease of ignorance. Practically everyone who ultimately dies of cancer is warned in time to receive treatment in which there is a large probability of cure, but practically no human being warned in time will act in time unless he receives from the medical profession correct information. . . .

"Warned in time, if you are taught to act in time, many diseases can be prevented and in all the chances of a cure are far greater in this early period as compared to a later period."

The remarks of this distinguished scientist and surgeon contain more of the sure essence of hope than all the spectacular claims of medical charlatans and their journalistic abetters.

In the editorial, "Fifty-fifty Solution," which appeared in the issue of April 12, the statement was made: "This meant, of course, among other things, that Negro children began to appear in hitherto exclusively white schools." This should have read: "Negroes began to encroach in the districts of the first public schools for white children." A reader calls attention to the fact that according to the constitution of the state of North Carolina, children of the white race and those of the colored race must be taught in separate public schools.

Germany's Youth Movement; the "Wandervoegel"

Present Tendencies of Chauvinistic Crusade of Childhood Is Viewed With Alarm by Germany's Intellectual Leaders and Educators

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

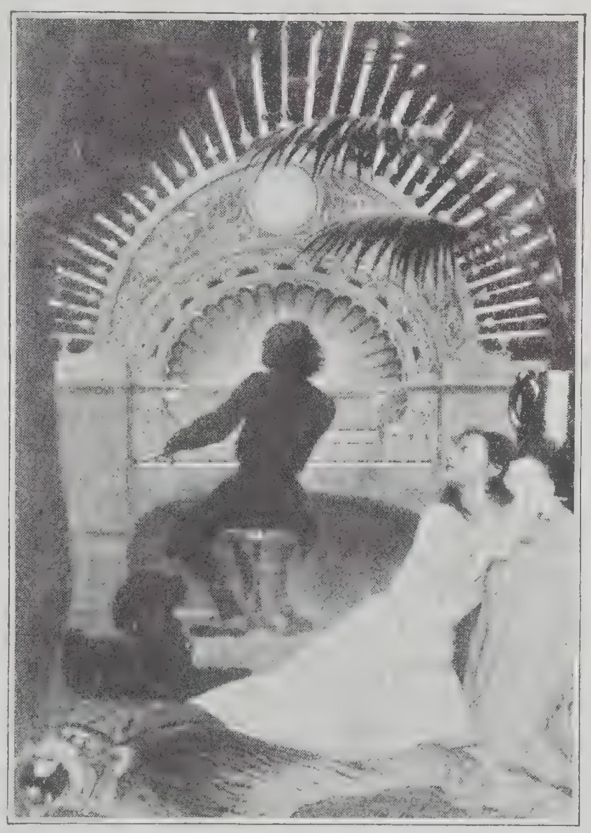
OUT of the tragic political, economic and social disasters of this nation has flamed into existence the German Youth Movement, exotic and bewildering, a creature as unreal and feverish as the rank miasma through which it has seeped.

Fine yet mad, the unconscious agony of youth to thrust away the griefs and burdens that have been bequeathed it by its elders, the evolving of a perplexing theory of reasoning by which unconsciously it has made of military defeat a betrayal of the people by leaders under the domination of un-German ideals, wound about with youthful exuberance in colors gay yet wistful and ofttimes crimson, with exotic rites at midnight in deep forests and ancient ruins, steeped in a bizarre, fantastically emotionalistic art and music and literature, and all fiercely unreasoning, unconscious, as youth alone can be, and chauvinistic. This is the German Youth Movement, its psychology, its reasoning and its activities.

Its ramifications reach from the grade schools through the universities. It is confined not only to the intellectual classes, but is as strong in membership and esprit in the peasant and working groups. It began as a sun-hued hope. It has become a grim cloud of foreboding tendencies and disasters in the future.

Universities and many cities throughout the East and Northwest will recall a tour last spring by a group of German Youth Movement leaders from several German universities, Heidelberg and Berlin. They will also remember very clearly the absolute impossibility of getting any information of the organization, its aims, its intent, its membership. Not one of the three pleasant visitors would stand up against specific questioning. There was an irritating vagueness. Much had been heard about the movement, its idealism had been much vaunted; here were three leaders, university men, and yet nothing but words: "a new freedom," "inspirational emotionalism," "not to be but to become."

Close scrutiny and examination of the movement by personal contact in Germany, attendance at meetings, rituals, participation in heated debates and fierce discussions give a very simple explanation of their apparent reticence. They were not dishonest. They were sincere and honorable youths who told all they could. They could, in fact, say nothing definite because there was nothing definite to tell about the extent of membership, intentions, programs. For them to explain that their whole reasoning was a sort of mental drawing back from blunt matter-of-fact political, economic and social trials and problems confronting their nation while physically they were chauvinistic was, of course, impossible, for movement enthusiasts. To have seen the situation in such a light would have been un-German to them.



A Fidus drawing, characteristic art of the Youth Movement. Fidus is the great art exponent of the movement and does all his work in black and white. This print is to represent "The Sun-Mass."

And this vagueness, this determined indefiniteness, is the great danger. The movement, so denunciatory of discipline and avowed leadership, has become the victim of oily, dangerous politicians and class organizations.

To speak of the Youth Movement is not to talk of a specific organization, as such is known in America. The movement is just that—a movement. It is a mass of local organizations, often irrevocably bitter among themselves, definitely opposed to each other in the different sections of the country and still more bitterly arraigned in hostility in religious camps; Protestant against Catholic, and both against the Jew.

In fact, one of the few concrete and universal principles is their anti-Semitism. "The overthrow of the Jewish financial control and manipulation of Germany" is to be found in all literature of the movement, regardless of sectional, class or other differences.

There are socialistic movement groups, Communistic Youth Movement groups; as a matter of fact, the Communists are very serious in organizing and supporting their groups, Nationalistic Youth Movement groups, Monarchistic groups and other ramifications. The groups are from every source and variety, political, economic, social and religious, all bound together by this "Teuton" atavism and German chauvinism, and nevertheless arrayed in internecine conflict of class and factional differences.

Each group interprets the strivings of the movement in its own tenets, its class or faction interests. For instance, the Communist Youth Movement talks seriously and determinedly of a proletariat dictatorship of "pure" Germans, who have not been stained by an unhallowed "French or Jew" commercialism and shattering of morals. It might be added here that it is significant that the Communists' propaganda in Germany has taken on a very decided nationalistic tone. The Nationalist Youth Movement also demands a "pure" German leadership in government and nation, but anti-Communist and strictly democratic in form.

There has been no effort made to bind the entire mass into a unity. That would be impossible. The great tragedy of Germany today is its total lack of unity, the ever-embittered clash of classes and sections; and as the nation, so the youth and this Youth Movement of theirs. In various sections of the country there have been large gatherings, but they have been as vague and bewildering as the organizations: fiery, muddle-brained outbursts of perplexing oratory, full of nothing but incoherence and words, songs, suspicious-sounding cries of reactionarism echoed by radicalism, and yet through all the confusion a very strong left-right, left-right fugue of chauvinism.

In the spring, summer and autumn, this Youth Movement takes on an outdoor aspect that goes in for a "Nacktkultur," a culture of the naked, with weeks of hiking and wandering, forest depth rites and weird exercises at midnight or break of day in old ruins and caverns. The culture of the naked expresses itself in going about in a pair of knee breeches or skirt, sleeveless, collarless and buttonless shirt, bare-legged and shoeless, with hair long and uncombed. These are not a few extreme cases but the mode of attire of thousands of boys and girls. It is a common sight to see them clothed in nothing but a pair of swimming trunks. So clothed or unclothed, they tramp about for weeks in small or large groups with little packs on their backs, a banjo, mandolin or guitar among them, in village, city or metropolis, children of the open, "Wandervoegel," as they call themselves—migrating birds.

There is also an unexpected type of discipline in the movement in regard to the use of tobacco and alcohol. An iron-bound intolerance of their use is maintained among the members of all groups, regardless of faction or of class. A youth caught smoking is ignominiously ousted. This is particularly unique in Germany where tobacco and alcohol have never been regarded as evils.

A group of "Wandervoegel," birds of migration literally, members of the Youth Movement on an itinerary, with knapsacks and string instruments. They wander about the country in this manner for weeks, living on what they can get by the wayside, playing, singing, holding their rites and ceremonials among themselves and other groups in the forests and ancient ruins.

A distinct type of art, literature and music has been developed, all with a decadent note, bizarre and fantastically emotional, with a stressing of the pre-eminence of "Teuton." The literature is wildly German.

The great artist is Fidus, the worshiper of light and sun. Black and white fantasies and grotesques; emotional figures of black against backgrounds of streaming light or flaming sun; stark gods or goddesses of brightness against black hintergrounds; lines, shadows and symbolistic, mysterious emotionalism. This art is lived in odd ceremonies and rites, staged on mountain tops at early dawn or midnight, in forests and ruins; startling dances to the strains of as odd music or still more unusual intoned verse; a mass of hokum and claptrap, childish, amusing, yet heavily sad.

Ask them how they are going to return to nature, how they plan to depopulate the cities, how they will drive out the "foreign" un-German elements, how they are going to save and regenerate the Teutonic civilization and they will brush the queries aside. It will come, out of us, is the intangible answer.

To the query, "What do you want, what do you want to be?" the reply is: "Wir wollen nicht sein, wir wollen werden"—we don't want to be, we want to become.

It is simply a movement, a result of the psychology and activity of five years of war and five years of fearsome and terrible peace. Widespread and large as this movement is, among the youth of the land who, within a decade, will be Germany as the world will know it, the matter is one to give pause and thought.

The Youth Movement today is a grievous problem to the intelligent German. The intellectual leaders are opposed to it, its constant danger-increasing tendencies. And yet, the spirit, the ideal that lighted the fire, was true and noble, the wistful desire of their youth to get away and out into the clean sun and fragrant open is dear and tender to them. In such urges, they say, lies the hope of the race.

But false ways have been opened on the highway, leading into bypaths of political chicanery and demagogy. Youth is being egged on to take the bit and charge wildly at the beck of suspicious and dangerous leaders and class organizations. The thoughtful have begun to try to keep the movement from getting too serious. They want to keep it in its original wholesomeness, its very early purity of purpose and action. An idea—and ideal—toy for their boys and girls to bite their mental teeth on. Yet it is questioned whether a hand grenade is a safe toy on which to bite any kind of teeth.

Jazz—Art for a Day—Modern Developments

A Further Discussion of Easel Art; Certain Racial Phases

By MORGAN D. E. HITE

THE conversation across a luncheon table in the Comus restaurant, between Roland Darkert and me, persisted that afternoon long after the waiter had cleared the cloth and collected for the check. Darkert had been stating his ideas—very positive ones—concerning what he called the degeneration of modern art, and tried to account for it by citing the fact that present-day artists, as a general rule, work for themselves, while artists of the past ages worked primarily in the service of others. The ancient artist did no work until he had a definite order in hand, and then was compelled to execute his commission under certain handicaps of time, place and use, as well as cost, and to satisfy the whims of patrons who sometimes did know but just as often did not know what they wanted. Darkert had compared the artist's limitations in those days to the limitations today placed on the modern architect, who works very much in the same manner and spirit as did the ancient goldsmiths, fresco painters, sculptors, armorers, rug weavers, tapestry makers, mosaic artists, painters and stained glass and pottery workers. These one and all performed their tasks with some definite utilitarian purpose in mind for the object upon which they applied their genius.

Art a Service to Humanity

MY FRIEND Darkert asserted that present-day artists worked under no such handicaps, but preferred to exercise their own temperaments and individuality in the creation of an object of art to suit themselves and then to go out and try to find a buyer or appreciator for it, or to wait patiently and in poverty for such a buyer to appear at their studio or workshop. He claimed that this change in attitude of the artist toward his art had resulted in a world-wide art degeneration, a well-nigh total forgetfulness on the part of artist and people of the true function of art. Darkert declared that ancient art was great because it had fulfilled its proper function at all times, and that this function was nothing less than complete subordination of art to the everyday practical ends and needs of a community or society as a whole; that basically art should be servant to humanity; and that to exert its spiritualizing influence on mankind, to sustain civilization, and to raise civilization still higher, it must perforce first serve, willingly, enthusiastically, humbly.

"Works of true art are nothing but pieces of human work done right! When all things that we do are done right, then all things which we do will be perfect works of art. Perfection means perfect adjustment to conditions. I maintain that the ancients knew this and that their art is the living result of this knowledge; that the moderns do not know this and that the easel artist and his art is the depressing result."

"Darkert, how do you explain," I asked, "the success of jazz music and songs, some of which seem to me to be virtually illiterate, as far as words go, and savage, almost obscene, as far as the music goes? And yet they make a wide and instant appeal to the public, not only American but European. It is true that most of this stuff is forgotten quickly, but while at the height of popularity there is unquestionably a universal appeal in them, and their composers must therefore be entitled to be called real artists by the standard you have announced of a perfect meeting of the art creation and the public desire."

Art a la F. A. D.

"YOU have opened up a new field," answered Darkert, "a field of its own, the racial influence in the arts. You are right, that the appeal of jazz is instant and widespread, uncontrollable, that such art meets with wide approval, fulfills the demand of the public. But, on the other hand, are the creators of jazz entitled to rank as artists? Apparently they are so entitled. But let us see. In the first place, as you have said, this popular art perishes almost as soon as it is born. It is what I call *art à la F. A. D.—art for a day*. Now, if there is any one factor that defines a true work of art, the genuine thing, the thing which you should always seek for in analyzing any work, it is the one factor of *permanence*. Art is a crystallizing process, and this implies utter permanency, for the perfect or full crystal has attained an utterly *final* stage of development—the nearest condition to eternalness of which the human mind knows. Art therefore is always at high noon in its genuine phases. All other forms of art are passing, incomplete, through all the graduated stages down to the lowest form of all, that which is born and lives for a moment, the *art à la F. A. D., for a day*. Into this class falls jazz and other related forms of art. The artists who produce them are artists to just that extent and no more. Call them what you will.

"Moreover, these low forms of art, mushroom-like, and growing like noisome spores of analogous specimens of plant life, and likewise to be likened unto the enormous reproduction and swift perishing, such as are found in the vermin world—this form of 'art' is distinctly a product of certain racial strains, is a phenomenon associated with the activities of the so-called 'Ashkenazim' Jews. The evolution of this branch of the Jewish peoples has been traced by Professor Dixon in his 'Racial History of Man.'* It is largely this branch of the Jews, he says, that has migrated to America, and in Professor Dixon's anthropological study it is to be noted that it is highly improbable that the ancestors of these Jews ever saw Palestine or were ever a part of the famous Bible people. Briefly, the 'Ashkenazim' Jews are a race that came from the uplands of Anatolia, Armenia and the steppes of the Caucasus and had been converted to Judaism. They are not, strictly speaking, Hebrews, their only tie with the Hebrew race being the Semitic language which they imbibed with their conversion.

"These people make up the Jewish population of America to a very large extent, so that present-day American Judaism takes its color from them rather than from the early Colonial Jews. Modern jazz music is almost exclusively in the hands of American Jews, and in a way it has come to be looked upon as a distinctive expression of the spirit of New York City. New York is inextricably associated with jazz and 'nifty' art products of every sort—the word 'nifty' itself being of Jewish origin.

"You mentioned jazz as an example of a popular art. But the Jewish people, such as we know most of them in this country, possess a remarkable ability to sense the superficial likes and dislikes of the public. I might have said the things to which human nature in general most quickly—but not most wisely—responds favorably or unfavorably. Therefore you will notice that the task of catering to *temporary* desires is an important part of Jewish commercial and artistic endeavors. We see them dominating such fields as jazz music and songs, show window decorating, interior decorating, vaudeville entertainment, motion picture acting, motion picture producing, the theater in general, costume designing, clothing styles and fashions, the design of lighting fixtures, floor lamps, dress goods, apparel and jewels, the devising of ornamental lighting effects, advertisement writing, and advertising generally, 'bargain sales'—they will be found in all things appealing to the instant, popular and superficial emotions and wants. In the staple lines and the permanent arts they are found less often and are generally a differing type.

The Spread of Jazz

"IT IS by this racial clue that I partly explain and account for jazz, and while its widespread surface-success would indicate its possessing real art vitality, it is purely a surface movement. It has had the serious effect, however, of giving a false idea to the world as regards permanent artistic works, for every work of art today, surprising as it is to say so, is measured by the standards of the world of jazz! To such an extent is this true now that there is danger of artists themselves being drawn down to the point of injecting jazz attributes into real art, of the artists and the world of art *stooping to the standard of jazz*, as already it has done in 'cubism,' and 'lewdism' and all the other 'isms,' thinking that, because jazz was successful, real art itself to be successful must partake of jazz features! The menace is a real one to present-day artists; doubly so because of the false lure of 'service' which is seemingly connected with all the superficial forms of art which I have specified.

"Today the art of ephemera has the upper hand, because in the fields of ephemeral art are the large monetary rewards at present. The arts of permanence, however, are apt to remain in the hands of the more stable line of artists, and into the arts of ephemera and jazz will gravitate the weaker sisters of the arts and those in whom 'temperament' rules. In one way, it may mean the cleansing of art to make room for the new ideal of workaday artists.

Sure-Fire Propositions

"BECAUSE ephemeral art is transitory, it is of a kind with things that appeal to the child mind. Its appeal even now is never to the strong and adult-minded ones of the people, but to minds weakened by stress or childish in their development. To a mature-minded public only a mature-minded artist can appeal. To the child-minded ones only the child minds among the artists can appeal. As America becomes more a nation of adult-minded persons, the influence of the jazz mind will be lessened."

"And now, I would remind you," said Darkert with a little twinkling of the eye, and as he reached toward his hat, "of one fact: that the Jewish hand does not go in for *easel art*. It works only on sure-fire propositions. In the world of ephemeral art his orders are given him in advance, or he truly sizes up his public and makes only that for which there will be an instant demand. Jewish art workers generally adjure easel art, abandoning it to work toward some definite goal and to produce for some known market. They therefore are not liable to the charge of perpetrating the usual easel art aberrations. It is their instinct, on the contrary, to keep out of unprofitable fields. Easel art is distinctly one of the most wasteful departments of human endeavor, a mass of misdirected human talent and energy, if the truth might only be realized!"

"I would seem to gather from what you have said, Darkert," I ventured at the last as we arose to go, "that art is almost a mechanical process after all, and that if we but knew a little more about the science of esthetics—as no doubt we will in time—that thereby art might be practiced mathematically, and with the same certainty of success, when the proper formula is observed, as is met with by the engineer in the design of motive power, structural works and electrical utilization. Do you really think of art in any such light?"

But our long seance was over. "Ah, that," he said as we passed out into Common street, "is the question which Poe almost answered."

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* *Scribner's*, 1923.

The "Red Bank Register"—An Object Lesson

Concluded from page 6

the danger that the readers sought out will be interested in the premium, not entirely in the paper."

There are no delinquent lists of subscribers. During the war, when the Industries Board called upon patriotic newspaper publishers to eliminate waste in paper, and the Post Office Department joined in the urge, the delinquent list was abolished. Subscribers pay in advance for the paper and the plan has become a permanent adjustment in Red Bank, at least it has in the *Register* office.

A unique arrangement of the advertisements, small in size, which are usually styled "classified columns," is another healthy asset of the paper. From the minimum price of twenty-five cents to space at the rate of four cents an agate line the prospective buyer or seller uses to communicate with someone interested in his argument, the "ads" are put in the forms according to size. This makes it necessary to read them all, and enhance the value of this form of publicity. Each "ad" has an individual bold-face head. There is no division of the advertisements into small groups of a similar type of notices, and guided and inspired by "Luke Longhead," a pseudonym affected to put across some encouraging thoughts to purchasers of space, as interesting a collection of statements as such a motley list could provide is given weekly to the readers for study and action.

Once upon a time a coveted position in the center of the page was given "Luke," and he merrily quipped his arguments to spur on advertising, until a humble user of the service commented that it was taking more and better space than pay-patrons got and, admitting the truth of the argument, the management discontinued the practice. It was a discrimination against the paid advertisers, the office concluded. No position in the paper is sold, the man with the "fat pocketbook" can gain no advantage over other advertisers by paying extra for it, as one man who sought an "island" position quickly learned. And naturally advertisers pay the same as the local patron for space, regardless of the size of advertisements.

Mr. Cook believed those who made the profits for the publication of which he was the head should share in a distribution of the gains. Semi-annual bonuses have been given each employe and he considers all the twenty-two persons in his enterprise are identified in its progress by their co-operation.

At a social meeting with his employes in August, 1910, Mr. Cook announced that he would take in a number of his aides as partners.

He gave stock in the paper without cost to six young men in his employ, and the company was incorporated.

Get-together meetings are held every Friday, and each is expected to come forward with a new suggestion for advancement of the business. This keeps the heads on the alert and the paper reaps the profit. The human touch, too, is emphasized in correcting errors within the organization. No fault is found with an employe in the presence of another. When suggestions are to be offered to a man, when something has not gone right, he is spoken to quietly by a department head or the man's foreman. This has proved to work for better understanding, even at times when differences of opinion might have developed into arguments.

Workers are not penalized for time lost and are paid for holidays and during sickness. Each gets two weeks' vacation with full pay. Two of the staff were called to service during the war and both were paid full time while away and returned from overseas to their positions again.

Combined with the development of the spirit of morale in the business the mechanical equipment has kept steady pace with the modern presses and other machinery required. In fact, the *Register* plant is so up-to-date that it would be possible to shift from a weekly to a daily paper at once, if the management elected to issue every twenty-four hours. But the daily paper idea has never been popular with Mr. Cook. The idea was urged upon him but he pointed out that multiplication of the hustle required to get out the *Register* did not appeal to him, and the metropolitan and other big city papers filled the daily need at this time, at least.

Mr. Cook traces his ancestry back to the early life of the American colonies. His mother's forbears came here from Holland in 1680 and his father's people trace their origin in America to 1690, when the first group came from England. Mr. Cook was born in Jersey City, but he went to Red Bank in early boyhood and has remained there since.

He enjoys foreign travel and for many years has spent several months in each year abroad, except during the World War. He has visited practically every country on the globe, but finds his greatest delight in visiting primitive peoples and uncivilized countries.

Fond of books, Mr. Cook has an extensive library of approximately 6,000 volumes, principally works of philosophy, poetry, travel, natural history and nature books. At one time he was a collector of first editions of his favorite authors. His collection of works of Philip Freneau, styled "Poet of the Revolution," whose home was in Monmouth County, is said to be one of the best and most complete in existence.

Baseball Stars Who Came in by the Back Way

How the Famous Major League Players Are "Discovered"

By PAUL MACDONALD

PILED on the desk of the owner of a major league baseball team was the morning mail. He glanced through the letters with a bored feeling; advice and suggestions from well-meaning patrons of the sport. The team was losing and the public was taking unto itself the task of remedying the faults and switching the individual units into a winning combination, an old story.

Among the letters was one from Weiser, Idaho. The owner looked at the name a second time and then, before perusing the contents, his glance wandered to the signature—a strange name. He had never heard it before. He read the body of the letter:

"We have here the greatest pitcher in the world and you need him for your ball club. You better get him signed up right away."

The owner tossed the letter into the waste-paper basket. Just another letter of that kind. He got thousands of them every year. He proceeded with what was left of the mail.

A few weeks later the owner of another major league club received a letter from Weiser, Idaho. He, too, had never heard of Weiser, nor had he ever heard the name signed to the letter. He read:

"You need pitchers and Weiser has the greatest pitcher that ever lived. He'd set the league on fire."

The owner laughed. "He'd soon find the league made of asbestos as far as he was concerned. Just another nut." He, too, threw away the letter and forgot about Weiser, Idaho, the pitcher and the writer.

Then one morning the owner of the Washington team started the job of going through the mail. It was light that morning, only a few letters. He had nothing to do. He picked up an envelope bearing a Weiser, Idaho, date mark. He had never heard of Weiser and the name of the writer was equally strange to him. But, having nothing else to do, he read the letter a second time, chiefly for amusement. What made him smile was the information the letter contained:

"All the baseball scouts must be asleep, for they are passing up the greatest pitcher in the country. He's a big boy pitching here in Weiser. Nobody can hit him and he strikes out from twenty-two to twenty-seven men in each game. There's no ball player in the world what can get an honest hit off this pitcher."

The owner reflected a moment. Yes, the club had a scout in Idaho. On this day he probably would be somewhere near Weiser. The owner had a clerk call up the railroad offices and ask where Weiser was located. They finally found the place. The scout really was near Weiser. So the owner wired the scout and instructed him to "take a run over to Weiser and look over a pitcher the town is mad about."

The next morning, when the owner arrived at his office, a telegram was awaiting him. It was from the scout and read:

"I have signed the pitcher and am bringing him to Washington."

Several days later the scout arrived with a tall, well-built youngster, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired and shy. Closeted with the owner, the scout told his story:

"I went to Weiser and this boy was pitching that afternoon so I stayed and watched him pitch, and just as soon as the game was over I took him to the nearest place—it was a butcher shop—and had him sign a contract. You've seen the boy and here's the paper."

The scout produced a piece of soiled brown wrapping paper. It was the contract. It was signed "Walter Johnson."

"Johnson?" reflected the owner, "Johnson? I don't believe I've heard of a minor league pitcher by that name being so good."

"No, you haven't heard of him but you're goin' to hear a lot of him and so will the rest of the country," replied the scout.

Stars Who Went Begging

THE owner was correctly informed. The boy whom the scout brought to Washington made good from the start, one of the few major league pitchers that ever did, since nearly all the others need at least a season of experimenting and coaching. He is the greatest pitcher the American League ever produced and the only pitcher that ever reached the heights with a single delivery since Johnson, during the years when he established his remarkable record, used nothing but a fast ball. More than that, Johnson is one of the most beloved men that ever engaged in any sport, a remarkable character.

One of the most hazardous undertakings in the professional sport or amusement fields is that of getting players for major league teams. In the course of one year several thousand players are recommended to each of the major league teams and it is self-evident that no club can possibly secure more than about two per cent of the men recommended. To insure for his team the possible services of a ball player, an owner is compelled to spend money, the price varying, naturally. If he engaged every player recommended he would be bankrupt within one year's time.

There is not an owner in the major leagues who cannot point to a dozen or more stars and tell you how they "slipped through his fingers." Sixteen major league teams had an opportunity to get Tyrus Raymond Cobb, greatest ball player of all time. Detroit got him because the Augusta club owed Detroit $750 and Detroit accepted Cobb in lieu of currency. Sixteen major league teams could have had Tris Speaker. He went begging for a few years and Boston finally took him on because the owner became tired of hearing from one of his scouts who kept insisting that Speaker was the greatest outfield prospect in the country. Sixteen major league teams could have had Grover Cleveland Alexander for a few hundred dollars. Finally the Philadelphia Nationals asked for him in the draft and drew him, which did not highly elate the Philadelphia Nationals nor make envious the fifteen clubs that did not get Alexander. George Sisler was rated as a fine prospect when he was with the University of Michigan. Pittsburgh Nationals claimed him when he was graduated but the St. Louis Americans signed him and the result was one of the bitterest contests over contracts ever fought in the majors and resulting from the Sisler case was one of the deepest feuds in sport, a feud that had its culmination in the dissolution of the National Commission. But Sisler is the only great star of the major leagues who was recognized as a great ball player before he entered the big leagues. Practically all of the other leaders "came in through the back door," like Cobb, Johnson, Speaker and Alexander. No trumpet blasts proclaimed their approach.

The owners of major league clubs have learned through past experiences that often the most valuable tips about players are those that seem most inconsequential. We have cited in detail the case of Walter Johnson. We have heard at least four owners of major league clubs relate how they were advised about Johnson but ignored the information because it seemed valueless.

Scouting for New Timber

THERE are 400 ball players in the major leagues. Each year every one of the sixteen clubs searches for new material for future use. This search covers thousands of square miles and in recent years the search has been so systematized that every state is covered by every club. Umpires in the minor leagues and former major league players who are managing clubs in the minors, or playing, are paid by the major league owners to scout for new material. These clubs also have on their pay roll a number of scouts. When one of the "lookouts" reports favorably on a player, the major league owner sends one of his scouts to look him over. Sometimes he sends two or three scouts. He compares their reports and sits in final judgment. Then comes the matter of securing the player. If the owner finally agrees to take him, he secures, through the payment of money or by means of a trade, a claim on the prospect.

Each year hundreds of players are secured by the big leagues. The majority of them never see a major league park, for after further tryouts in the minors they are found wanting and cast adrift, the major league owner relinquishing all claim. Some of the leading players in the majors today were owned by two or three big league clubs previous to getting a major league trial, for the trial is awarded only to those players who, after having been thoroughly tested in the minors, are found with enough talent to promise making good in the big leagues.

The followers of the home team, disappointed during a slump, often ask:

"Why don't they go out and get some ball players? Why don't they buy somebody that can hit or pitch or field? Are they afraid to spend any money?"

The major league owners spend money. They spend fortunes trying to do the very thing that the customers want them to do—get good players. If they fail it is the luck of the game or rather the ill luck of it, not due to any economy on the part of the owners. We know of one club that at one time owned more than 150 players in the minor leagues and not more than three of them ever proved good enough to be given a regular position on the team, while not one of them proved an outstanding player.

It is now next to impossible to buy a "made" ball player. So much criticism was caused by the purchases of the New York Americans from the Boston club of the same league, and by the New York Nationals from the Boston and Philadelphia clubs in the National League, that what purchasing was done before has been practically abolished. Boston, once the pride of the American League, was wrecked as a baseball city by the sale of star players, and the same thing happened to Philadelphia. Baseball followers in these two cities simply boycotted the home teams and refused to go to the park. So now, when major league clubs get hold of a star ball player, they keep him. It is doubtful if any stars of today could be bought at any price. The sum might be exorbitant at the time of the deal, but in the end it would be small compared to the loss in gate receipts.

The only chance the major league clubs have of supplying their line-ups is to secure the players from the minor leagues. They do not stop in these organized ranks but the big league scouts travel to the colleges and universities and to the semi-professional playing fields, trying to find material.

To separate the wheat from the chaff in this vast area is the trial of every major league club owner. His ever-growing organization of scouts, his filing cabinet, his record books, his index system, telegraph and long-distance telephones are brought into service, but with all these scouts and other aids and advantages of today, the owner annually sees several good men pass from his reach. Someone else gets them. He has learned to keep his disappointments to himself, for if the patrons of his park discovered what prospects escaped his net he would never hear the last of it. That is his fear. Still, it cannot be avoided.

The owner knows that in the country today there are 400 men who will, in years to come, have replaced the men who are playing in the major leagues today. Among the 400 are the baseball stars of tomorrow. He and the owners of fifteen other major league teams are trying for the cream of the future 400. Now, how to pick the cream! How to select the players that will be the headliners of the national sport in a few years!

The owner has learned that he cannot let any tip go unnoticed. That has happened too many times in the past with disastrous results. There must be no more Walter Johnson incidents! But, how can he distinguish the stupid from the intelligent? He cannot. That is the trouble.

Every baseball follower regards himself as an able judge of ball players, at least more able than the manager or the owner. He tells the heads of the team where there is a good pitcher, a good catcher, an infielder or an outfielder. He gives names and data.

This type is the honest enthusiast. He means well and gives to the best of his knowledge what aid he can to help his favorite team. But there are thousands who send information with the sole purpose of exacting some reward. A man who can enable a major league team to get a star player at little cost is certain to be paid a nice bonus for his trouble. The self-appointed scouts therefore figure that if the man makes good they will be that much money ahead, and if he fails to make good they will be nothing out. They cannot lose.

Then there are many people who write simply to show their good will. They expect a certain amount of recognition as a reward.

Many of the letters recommending players are from people that have never seen the players they recommend. They read about them in the newspapers and draw their conclusions. A baseball enthusiast in Urbana, Ohio, will read the Springfield, Ohio, newspapers every day and be impressed by what is printed about Ogle, the second baseman. He imbibes all this information and finally decides that Ogle is about the best second baseman in the western hemisphere. So he writes a long letter to the Chicago National League club, providing that is his favorite team, and tells the owners all about Ogle, the second baseman of the Springfield, Ohio, team. He will give all the information that he has been assimilating for weeks and weeks and be convinced that it is all his own. The Chicago owners receiving a letter as sincere as this sounds cannot miss the opportunity of having a look at Ogle, so they send on a scout who spends several days, probably, looking at Ogle. He discovers that Ogle is not quite good enough for major league baseball but the fact that Ogle was so highly recommended cost the Chicago National League club about $100 to have him investigated.

Where Tips Sometimes Lead

ONE major league club received a number of letters last year about a player in one of the minor leagues. The letters were all from the same man and finally the club sent a scout to look over the player. He discovered that he was none other than a man who played in the majors fifteen years ago. He had drifted to the minors and by taking good care of himself, managed to play on, season after season. He had polish to his play and that impressed the onlooker. The scout remembered the player when he saw him, but on reading the enthusiastic letters he had concluded that this must be a youngster of the same name. It never occurred to him that this man, who once sank his spikes into major league infields, could possibly still be in the game. But there he was, more than forty years of age and still going well enough to impress the fans.

Many players recommended look good. Even to an experienced eye they have sufficient merit to carry them into a regular place on a major-league team. There is a type of ball player who is just a shade under the big-league standard, a type that always threatens to make good in the majors but who never quite shows enough to hold on while he continues to be a sensation in the minors. This type gives the big-league club owners the greatest amount of worry, for they feel they cannot let them go and again they feel they cannot afford to hold onto them. They always give the impression of being just about ready to blossom into stars, but they never do. The trouble is that this type is not easily recognized. It is confused with the type of player that comes slowly and suddenly reaches the top rung.

To show what tips lead to and what the end of the trail often proves to be, an owner told us about receiving several letters concerning a great ball player in Atlanta, Georgia. He decided to send a scout to Atlanta to look over the prospect. The scout arrived in Atlanta, inquired about his man and learned that a player of that name was creating a sensation. Asked where the player could be found, his informants told him that he was at the Federal penitentiary, so the scout went to the prison and inquired, expecting to find the player employed as prison guard.

"Sure, he plays on our prison team and he's a star," the scout was told.

"I'd like to see him."

"What about?"

"About joining a big league ball club."

"But he's a prisoner."

"How much longer has he got to serve?"

"That, mister, is hard to tell. You see he's in for life and he's enjoying the best of health right now."

The owner reflected a moment then observed:

"But you've got to expect things like that. You can't afford to let any tip go by. You have heard about Walter Johnson's discovery, haven't you?"

We had and so have you and you can understand better how great a gamble this proposition of building a winning baseball team really is.

The Passing of Another Epic

Last New England Whaler Returns From Final Voyage

By CLARENCE J. HALL and KENT LIGHTY

A dock scene in New Bedford.

THE last harpoon is all but thrown. The famous New Bedford whaling fleet is furling its sails. Leviathan may find peace in the oceans of the world. This year will probably see the dissolution of an industry which has played a unique part in the maritime interests of New England; an industry which gave its ships for the Great Stone Fleet to blockade Southern ports in the Civil War; and which took adventurous Yankees into every outlandish harbor of the Seven Seas; an industry which gave lovers of literature "Moby Dick"; and which lighted the lamps of the nation.

For more than a century blunt-nosed ships have trimmed their prows out of New Bedford harbor. Nowhere, from the arctic to the antarctic, from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific, has the mightiest of all of earth's living creatures found refuge from the barbed dart. To the stirring cry, "A dead whale or a stove boat," the great oil casks have filled, and never has the sweetish smell of the stuff failed to hover over New Bedford docks.

But year by year the whaler has been forced to lay aside his harpoon before derricks of the drillers of the western oil fields. The fleet, the masts of which once made a forest against the New England sky, has dwindled. The tall stacks of mills, wherein are manufactured fine cottons, today line the shore. An industrial city looks away from the sea which brought it fame and almost fabulous wealth. At first the yards of the square-riggers were replaced by the tapering masts of schooners as the whalemen made desperate attempt to avert the death of the industry by the substitution of smaller boats. Still the fleet shrank. The noble old barks could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The schooners were scarcely more numerous.

Not so long ago the bark *Wanderer* came disconsolately up the harbor, the last of the old-type whalers still active, bound in from what was probably her final voyage. The oil beneath her decks was scarcely worth the unloading. The little schooner *Margaret* is out on the high seas today. The *Charles W. Morgan*, most ancient of square-riggers, lies moldering against an ancient wharf on the Fairhaven shore. These, with two or three schooners tied up at dock, are all that remain to tell of the once mighty fleet, so low has sunk the estate of whaling. Perhaps this voyage of the little *Margaret* will be the very last whaling cruise.

Charles A. Morgan, with all sails set, one of the few remaining whaling schooners.

In a dusty, dimly lighted room over a bank building sit gray-bearded men. They play endless games of cribbage. A ship's clock ticks loudly. Whaling prints adorn the walls. Harpoons rest in a corner. This is the New Bedford whalemen's club. To belong one must have gone on a whaling voyage.

Among these men are Captain "Ben" Cleveland, who for thirty-five years pressed his ships all over the world, and spent many winters in the antarctic yelling his orders in the teeth of howling gales and gathering flora and fauna, earning himself the name of the "skipper-naturalist." Another is Captain "Jim" Tilton, the first man to spend winter whaling within the arctic circle, and the hero of countless adventures. They sit opposite each other shuffling their cards. Cribbage! Not very exciting sport for such men. To their fingers the pasteboards have not the welcome feel of the shaft of a keen barb.

Yet where else can they talk upon the only subject worth talking about—whaling? A prosaic, industrial city ignores them, cares little for their tales. Among themselves they spin endless yarns of adventure, tales which each has heard again and again. There is nothing else to do except play cribbage. Good old New Bedford whaling is dead.

In its heyday, the age of whaling was indeed a golden age, from about 1840 to 1860. Figures are dull things, yet a few are enlightening. A report compiled in 1843 by James Arnold gives the total number of vessels in the national fishery as 650, a tonnage of approximately 193,000. Of these vessels New Bedford was the home of more than half. New Bedford was then the fourth tonnage district of the United States, the other three being New York, Boston and New Orleans.

In that year, 1843, the greatest import was reached when 158,000 barrels of sperm oil, 272,000 barrels of whale oil and 3,000,000 pounds of whale bone were landed. With an investment at that time of $20,000,000 or so, in some years the annual catch sold for half the value of the entire fleet. Oftentimes single voyages were unbelievably successful. Here are a few: 1867, ship *Commodore Morris;* Captain Jacob A. Howland; voyage, North Atlantic Ocean; thirty months; 2,700 barrels sperm, value $192,000: 1886, bark *Europa;* Captain George Baker; voyage, Japan Sea; 6,300 barrels whale oil, 900 barrels sperm and 63,000 pounds of whalebone, value $248,000. In 1868, ship *Corinthian;* Captain Lewis, 570 barrels sperm oil, 4,000 barrels whale oil, and ship *George Howland;* Captain Jones; 360 barrels sperm and 4,100 barrels of whale oil. The gross profits of each of these last two voyages were estimated at $250,000, with a profit of $125,000 on a capital of $25,000.

The national debt of the youthful republic to the whalers of New Bedford is realized by few. The influence of these rough-and-ready men in exploration and the spreading of knowledge was tremendous. The first time Old Glory was seen in many a foreign land it waved in the breeze from the mast of a whaleship. These men lighted the lamp of an early day.

And the providing of the wherewithal to set these lamps agleam was hazardous and strenuous work, extended over such long voyages as three and four years. From the time the stubby whip dipped into the seas and the shivering spray deluded her off the island of Nantucket until the last inch of space below decks was filled, everything was expectancy and every man had a zest for his work.

With the sighting of a whale, from the lofty topmast, came the hail, "Thar she blow-w-w-s! Thar she blow-w-w-s!" From the deck came the answering hail, "Where away?" The location was established and the decks became agog with the commotion of the lowering of the whaleboats. As these tiny craft approached the vast hulk of Leviathan, the harpooner standing in the bow hurled his harpoon, a barbed spear fastened to a long rope. The barb pricked the side of the whale and a merry chase followed, the whale towing the boat at terrific speed. Sometimes the whale would dive and unless the line could be cut the boat would be carried down with him. Again, the great creature would attack the boat. At length the whale became tired out and was killed with many pricks of long lances, delivered with all the strength of the harpooner, until the sea ran with blood. There followed the picking up of the boat by the ship and the "cutting in," pealing off the hide with its thick layer of blubber to be boiled over the "try-works." The average whale gives about sixty barrels of oil; although some have been known to yield several times that quantity.

Whaling at its start was carried on in a much more modest way. As early as the opening of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of Nantucket watched from shore for the spout of a whale and then made pursuit in small boats. By the middle of the century the industry had been taken up in New Bedford, then a cluster of houses nestling at the edge of a forest. With Revolutionary times whaling was in flourishing condition, but the industry was short-lived, for with British harassing of ships it died throughout all New England.

During the British invasion of Dartmouth (New Bedford) on September 5, 1778, seventy vessels were destroyed. So severe a blow was this that not until nearly seventy years later did whaling spring up again. The War of 1812 was another setback, but with its close the New Bedford whalemen took fresh heart and plied their trade in all the seas, and in 1848 the whaleship *Superior* passed through Bering Straits, opening up arctic whaling.

The whale fishery furnished the lighting for the world, but high prices forced in substitutes, among the first being lard oil. It was, however, the discovery of the oil wells of Pennsylvania that was the beginning of the end. Rather queerly, one of the very first factories for refining crude petroleum was established in New Bedford in 1858.

The opening of the Civil War found no Northern industry in a more unfortunate position than whaling. The fleets were scattered over all the oceans and easily fell prey to Southern privateers. When the call came for vessels to be sunk at the mouths of Southern ports, the inactive whaling fleet of New Bedford formed the backbone of the "Great Stone Fleet." Forty-five vessels in all were sacrificed and of these the Whaling City gave twenty-four.

In 1871 there came an appalling disaster in the arctic when thirty-four vessels were lost in the ice floes. While not a life was sacrificed, the loss in money amounted to a million dollars. In 1867 came a second blow when a fleet of twenty ships was caught in similar circumstances, this time with a heavy loss of life.

Except for glorious memories and tales of bravery, nothing remains today for the *Wanderer* and the *Morgan.* Few of the old-time skippers, those dauntless men, still live. Every voyage was a voyage of hazard. The *Wanderer,* upon one of her last voyages in 1912 under Captain S. A. Mosher, lost one man when a ferocious whale stove two boats and then attacked the ship itself. A vicious bite at the side of the ship was made, despite a din raised on board by the beating of tin pans and shouting in an attempt to scare away the great creature. For the day the whale was victor, but the next morning, sighted again, a second encounter netted one hundred barrels of oil.

The *Morgan,* on her last voyage in quest of oil under Captain Cleveland, lost four men, when a whaleboat was going ashore to Desolation Island after sea elephants. To that spot 2,500 miles due south of Cape Town, where perpetual icy winds howl, Captain Cleveland had made regular trips and was familiar with the tides, yet when the huge "brine breaker" overturned the frail craft, he was forced to stand helplessly by while the men in the icy water died. That was a fairly profitable voyage for the ancient *Morgan,* since she came back with a cargo of sea elephant oil worth $30,000.

These adventures were, however, but commonplace tales compared with the narrative of the ship *Ann Alexander*, told by Leonard Bolles Ellis, the compiler of a history of New Bedford.

"On August 20, 1850, Captain Deblois having reached the whaling ground known as the 'Off-shore Ground,' discovered whales at about nine o'clock in the morning. The boats were immediately lowered, and by noon the mate's boat was fast to one.

"The whale ran a short distance, and then, turning, rushed at the boat, seized it in its jaws, and in an instant had smashed it to fragments no larger than a common chair. Captain Deblois immediately hastened to the rescue and took the mate's crew into his own boat," which then contained eighteen men.

"In the meantime, the disaster having been observed from the ship, the waist boat was dispatched to assist. When it arrived the crews were divided, the mate taking command of the waist, and the captain continuing with his own (starboard) boat.

"The attack was recommenced, the mate's boat being in the advance. No sooner had the whale perceived this demonstration than he again turned upon the mate, and before anything could be done to avoid the assault, the second boat had shared the fate of the first.

"Again Captain Deblois picked up the swimming crew and ordered his men to pull for the ship. The situation had become exceedingly critical, for the whale still maintained his hostile demonstrations toward the now greatly over-loaded boat. They had proceeded but a short distance on their return, when he was discovered with jaws wide open, in hot pursuit.

"Situated as they were, six or seven miles from the ship, with an enraged whale in pursuit, and no rescuing boat at hand, destruction seemed inevitable. But to their surprise and joy the monster passed without harming them, and they soon regained their vessel.

"Again on board, a spare boat was sent to pick up the oars of the demolished ones, and on their return the attack upon the cetacean was renewed from the ship itself. As the vessel passed him a lance was thrown into his head. This but served still more to infuriate him, and he again assumed the offensive, making for the ship.

"As he came near, the vessel was hauled on the wind, and the whale allowed to go past, after which Captain Deblois again advanced his ship to the attack. When within about fifty rods of the whale, it was discovered that he had settled some distance below the surface of the water. It being about sundown, the attack so far as the sailors were concerned was given up. Not so, however, with the whale.

Loading ships for a voyage.

"Captain Deblois had been standing on the knightheads, iron in hand, ready to strike when the ship got near enough, the vessel moving through the water at the rate of five miles an hour. Before time enough had elapsed for him to change his position, he discovered the monster rushing toward the ship at a speed of fifteen knots, and in an instant he struck her a terrible blow about two feet from the keel, and just abreast of the foremast, shaking her with as much violence as though she had struck a rock, and breaking a large hole in her bottom, through which the water poured in, a rushing stream.

"As soon as the extent of the damage was discovered by Captain Deblois, he ordered the anchors cut away and the cables thrown overboard that the ship might be lightened as much as possible. One anchor and cable were cleared, but the other chain, being made fast around the foremast, was not cast off. The captain hastily secured his chronometer, sextant and charts, though the water had invaded the cabin to a depth of three feet. The boats were cleared away, and such articles of necessity as it was possible to get were put into them.

"The captain made another but ineffectual attempt to get into the cabin, and then ordered the boats to shove off. He was the last man to leave the ship, which was already on her beam ends, with her topgallant yards under water, and he was obliged to throw himself into the water and swim to the nearest boat.

"When clear of the vessel and beyond the influence that her sudden sinking would have on the surrounding water, an examination was made of the stores, which were found to consist of but three gallons of water, for not a mouthful of provisions of any kind had been saved. The boats each contained eleven men, and such was the condition that it required unremitting bailing to keep them afloat.

"The next morning at daylight, the vessel being still above water, the captain, who alone dared venture on board, succeeded in cutting away her masts with a hatchet. This being done she righted. The crew then went on board, and with the aid of their whaling spades cut away the cable which still hung around the foremasts; and when that went overboard the ship sat nearly upright.

"Holes were now cut in the decks, with the hope of saving some provisions, but all that could be got out was five gallons of vinegar and about twenty pounds of bread. It must have been with indescribably heavy hearts that these mariners set off from so lately a gallant ship, that for months had been their home, and to which they must have become attached, as every true sailor does become attached to his vessel. On the wide waste of waters, boats which at their best were but frail shells, but which now were in poor condition and leaking, with scanty provisions, their situation was indeed appalling.

"The terrible alternative was forced upon them that unless a speedy rescue could be effected, the time was near at hand when the lives of one or more of their number must be sacrificed, that the others might survive. With what horror must they have recalled the terrible tale of the loss of the *Essex*, and remember how, when the fearful lottery of death was drawn, a miserable wreck of a man, a mere animate mass of skin and bones, yielded up his life to prolong that of his companions. Happily, this was not to be their fate.

"Steering northerly, hoping to reach a rainy latitude and thereby to prolong with water that life which they had no food to sustain, on the twenty-second of August they sighted a sail, signaled it, and to their indescribable joy, were seen. Soon they trod the deck of the ship *Nantucket*, Captain Richard C. Gibbs.

"Five months after this, this pugnacious whale was taken by the *Rebecca Simms*, of New Bedford. Two of the *Ann Alexander's* harpoons were found in him, and his head had sustained serious injury, pieces of the ship's timbers being imbedded in it. Disease had robbed the whale of his propensity to resist attack, or of any further 'carrying of the war into Africa.' He yielded to his captors from seventy to eighty barrels of oil."

A Christian Church in the Ghetto of New York

Concluded from page 3

tried on a charge of laxity in the enforcement of law, said in his defense:

> "I have Chinatown and the Italian section in my district, and also *the largest Jewish center in the world. There are about 450,000 people in that Ghetto alone."*

The inspector mentioned what he termed the "tough spots" in his district, declaring that a large section of it was lawless. *He told at some length of the sacramental wine which is issued by rabbis on the lower East Side. "All rabbis have permits and there is no check on the amount they issue to members of their congregations," he said. Much of it goes to other sources than that intended by law, he intimated.*

The present Vicar of St. Augustine's is the Rev. Dr. L. D. Rhodes, successor to Dr. Anthony, whose curate he had been. It was while Dr. Rhodes was showing me over the church buildings, and the portion of the old Quaker burying ground, now transformed into a playground for the children, that he gave me many of the particulars concerning the history of St. Augustine's.

"We are living under greatly changed conditions," said Dr. Rhodes, "from the days when we possessed the most numerous congregation in the city. We were affected by the destruction of the excursion steamer *General Slocum*, in which so many persons, young and old, were lost. Most of the bereaved families lived in this section, and when they moved away, the congregations dwindled in nearly all the churches in the vicinity. The population has altered entirely. A new type of people has come. I remember, while still a curate here, seeing Leon Trotsky haranguing the street crowds on the corner across the way. The haberdasher's store which stands on the corner is the site of the old Cosmopolitan Café, where he made his headquarters. I still have a clear recollection of his appearance"

"How long has the burlesque theater been running beside the church?" I asked.

"That was here when I came. The lobby is on the ground floor, but the performances are held on the top floor of the building. It was conducted, and still is, as far as I know, by the Minsky Brothers. We suffer no direct annoyance from those people, but they perpetrated something that I considered rather raw last Thanksgiving. *They put up a sign advertising a special Thanksgiving night performance, and added the words: 'Come and spend the night with our girls.'* The police raid the place from time to time on account of the character of the performances. The Minsky Brothers last year opened a theater of a similar kind on Broadway at Columbus Circle. I was glad when I heard that they had to close that place, at least. So far as the neighboring theater is concerned, there seems to be no way to close it. We are so few, and they are so many."

The burlesque theater adjoining the Chapel of St. Augustine is run under the title of the National Winter Garden. The management is given as that of "Nick" Elliott. After my talk with Dr. Rhodes, I attended one of the matinée performances. There are two elevators that take the patrons up to the sixth floor, where there is a very extensive, though dingy, auditorium. The place seems dangerously situated on the top floor of a beehive of a building in the Ghetto, but I was told that the management obtains its license on the pretext of running a roof garden.

It is needless to go into detail as to the character of the "show." Suffice it to say that all the spoken lines are suggestive of obscenity and perversion, and the actions of the performers are in keeping with the lines. The performance is given in English.

The dancer's act which was given at the performance now being described was clearly in violation of the Penal Law. I doubt if its like has ever been perpetrated on any other stage in New York City. But its suggestiveness had been the card that had drawn a large audience to the "show." I was informed that the act is introduced always at some different time at each performance, so that the police would be at a loss to know at what exact hour to raid the place.

On the first page of the theater program was this boxed advertisement:

> After the show, meet the girls at
> Jimmy Diamond's Spaghetti House,
> 133 Mott Street, near Grand Street
> Where all Professional Talent meet.

On the last page of the program was the following notice:

> Club Committees are requested to CONSULT THE MANAGER for theater parties, dinners, smokers and so forth. Special rates to clubs.
>
> Nick Elliott, Manager.

At the close of the performance, the greater part of the audience climbed down the long fire escapes to the foot of the narrow passage that divides the theater from the chapel. Out in the dusk of the crowded street, Yiddish youths, with furtive glances, were darting to and fro, in whispers offering for sale, at twenty-five cents a copy, a small vicious booklet with blue covers, an article that was being peddled also in violation of the Penal Law.

Immediately after leaving the place I made inquiries to learn how it was possible for such a theater to exist, not because it was presenting an obscene performance in which men were exploiting unfortunate women of their own race, for that has become an everyday matter in New York; but to learn why such indecencies could be perpetrated alongside a religious edifice, without their being prevented by the police, the magistrates, the criminal courts, the judges or the commissioner of licenses. The true explanation was not long in coming.

In July, 1919, the responsible managers of the National Winter Garden and their women performers were arrested and taken to the Essex Market Police Court, charged with unlawfully presenting an indecent entertainment. They were held by the Magistrate, for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. When the case came up in that court, a plea was made by their lawyers that it be transferred to the Court of General Sessions, so their clients could obtain a jury trial. The plea was a specious one, for no jury trial was ever held in this case.

The theater women were discharged, and indictments were found against Abraham Minsky, William Minsky, "Nick" Elliott, Harry Bentley and "Jack" Shargel for violation of Section 1140 of the Penal Law.

The case came up for pleading on January 14, 1920, in the Court of General Sessions, before Judge Nott. A postponement was obtained. Two weeks later, on January 29, all the indictments against the five men were superseded by a new indictment. The case came up for pleading on February 2, and again on February 3, before Judge Wadhams, in Part I of the Court of General Sessions.

Postponements were obtained by the men during the remainder of the year 1920 and during the year 1921. The case dragged on into the ensuing year.

On June 28, 1922, the indictments against the Minsky Brothers and "Nick" Elliott were dismissed, in Part 6 of the Court of General Sessions. "Jack" Shargel and Harry Bentley pleaded guilty to violation of Section 1140 of the Penal Law. These two men, male performers, were fined $25 each by Judge Mancuso.

This simple case had lasted for three years. From July, 1919, until June, 1922, it had been juggled from one court to another, from one part of general sessions to another, from one judge to another, and in its last analysis it ended in the dismissal of the principals and the imposition of an insignificant fine upon two actors. And in the year 1924, at the same National Winter Garden, under the management of the same "Nick" Elliott, I witnessed a presentation of the most degraded "show" ever performed on a New York stage. I was reminded of the testimony given by Police Inspector Coleman in relating his attempts to drive "Dollar John" Langer from his district: "He went to the Supreme Court to restrain me from interfering with him. It took me two years to drive him out." Does anyone wonder that the Ghetto laughs at the law?

No wonder that the Rev. Dr. Rhodes, Vicar of St. Augustine's, is compelled to say: "So far as the neighboring theater is concerned, there seems to be no way to close it. We are too few, and they are so many." Trinity Corporation, the most powerful religious organization in New York, the congregations of whose churches include members of the leading families, and financiers of international renown, lies helpless before this cruel affront placed upon its chapel and mission house, organized a half-century ago by valiant priests who worked and fought for the advancement of their faith and their civilization.

A Page From the History of Juvenile Literature

DR. C. A. STEPHENS

Dr. C. A. Stephens, Story-Teller and Biologist, Portrays Ideals of New England Home Life

By ANDREW J. DAVISON

THUS far no author has undertaken the writing of a complete history of American literature. There is lacking from the pages of the best and fullest works thus far prepared on this general subject anything like a full recounting of the lives and works of that group of authors who have devoted their talents to writing for the young.

There is, perhaps, no more difficult type of story-telling than that aimed to interest young persons—not nursery-book stuff, but the variety of fiction which will hold the attention of boys and girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, or even entertain some of us older folks who now and then return—perhaps in an endeavor to be youthful once more—to the books we once loved. The first stories we ever read have a most lingering way with them.

When someone does undertake this task, there must of necessity be a great deal said in its pages about Elijah Kellogg, John T. Trowbridge, Louisa M. Alcott, Oliver Optic, Edward Eggleston. And surely there will be a long chapter about C. A. Stephens, who was a contemporary of all these persons, knew most of them intimately, and is the only one of the group alive today. But Dr. Stephens has made a niche for himself simply because all authors of boys' and girls' stories have not written in the same vein. He has kept well away from the blood-and-thunder type of yarn, and also avoided the goody-goody narrative.

Dr. Stephens is of New England origin. He is a native of Maine and has spent most of his life, when not traveling to gather material, in the vicinity of Norway Lake in Oxford County. He was born not far from its shores seventy-eight years ago. This little man—he is only five feet tall and does not weigh more than one hundred pounds—is still active and told me that he has been "yarning" ever since he was eighteen. His pen has been moving constantly and vigorously ever since 1870 and in that time he has produced nearly if not quite twenty-five hundred short stories and no less than sixty serials.

Like nearly all persons of literary bent, Dr. Stephens discovered himself as a youth under the strong influence of a master at story-telling. The influence of Kellogg was potent in young Stephens' case in those earlier days, his pre-college years. When he finally went to Bowdoin as a student, a still more complete sway, destined to change his whole life work, took possession of the boy. Elijah Kellogg was then, and for some years later, at the height of his power. His "Elm Island" and his "Lion Ben" stories were in every boy's hands. Even today all proper attics contain some of these books. Forty years ago it seemed certain that his name would remain forever a household word and one to quicken every boy's pulse, but alas! time has erased much of his fame and it is doubtful if he is widely read these days.

This fact is a pity, for he was clean and wholesome, and not given to the melodramatic or to writing thrillers. He deserved a better fate. His stories have for their background the Maine Coast folk—a hardy people, capable of great endurance whose lives as lumbermen, fishermen and sailors made them shrewd, capable and venturesome. There are persons today in this region who remind one strongly of the Kellogg type.

He wrote of a life without motor boats, automobiles or wireless, but managed with crude settings to include plenty of humor, kick and sparkle in all that he produced.

To Bowdoin students of the Sixties and Seventies this man was something more than a writer. He was indeed a friend of most of those lads. By profession a clergyman, his work was carried on at Harpswell, only a few miles from Brunswick. There was no more pleasant journey for a student than a few days down at the Kellogg home. He had more stories in his head than he ever put on paper and was a constant delight to those who were fortunate enough to know him and to be in his favor. He used to preach to the students, but it was not as a minister that they liked him best. Whenever a boy got out of hand at college he was given his choice of being sent home or going down to Harpswell until he could "tame down." Those wild young blades who began to believe themselves regular devils always took the Kellogg cure and returned with a new viewpoint.

Not a few of the orations given at Bowdoin commencements in those days bear strong traces of this writer's style and influence. Indeed, Dr. Stephens says that he really wrote many of these and charged the students roundly for his efforts. He once consulted Kellogg about the preparation of an oration. *It was to be a mighty effort!* The subject was to be no less than the great Hannibal. The preacher fell in with the idea completely but when he named his price—$200—"I had to retreat," declared Dr. Stephens. "I did not have so much money."

While still at college Stephens took up writing, liked it, found that he could make some money at it and kept on. "Those were my literary beginnings."

His earlier writing found its place in *Our Young Folks,* just then the most popular publication in America for boy and girl readers. It had been started in 1865 through the efforts of James T. Fields. Famous contributors wrote for the early numbers—Harriet Beecher Stowe, Rose Terry (Cooke), Louisa M. Alcott, John G. Whittier, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and many others. Dickens' "A Holiday Romance" first appeared in its pages as a four-part serial. Trowbridge was the guiding editorial spirit and had later as his writers many of the country's best: Edward Everett Hale, Bayard Taylor, James Parton, Elizabeth Akers-Allen, Celia Thaxter, names which were known far and wide then but of whom we now hear but occasional mention from the lips of persons no longer young. What Stephens wrote for *Our Young Folks* met with instant favor.

The Laboratory. Dr. C. A. Stephens' home at Norway Lake, Maine.

Then he wrote his famous "Camping Out" series and made six thousand dollars in the first year and a half! This was indeed a remarkable achievement and placed the young man—not yet twenty-five—among the first rank of juvenile writers as based upon the number of volumes sold and the high standard of work which he had put into these books.

In 1871 this Maine young man met Daniel S. Ford, who was already making a great success with his newly acquired *Youth's Companion.* This had been started in 1827 by Nathaniel Willis, the father of Nathaniel P. Willis, and was, as described by Trowbridge, "a rather namby-pamby child's paper, until by a curious combination of circumstances Mr. Ford woke up one morning to find himself its sole proprietor."

Some of Stephens' writings were accepted, but this was not all. Mr. Ford took a fancy to him and sent him to Canada, to the West Indies, to Alaska, Mexico and to Europe in quest of fresh material. Under Mr. Ford's guidance this paper prospered beyond all expectations and its profits soon made a millionaire of its proprietor. He had set certain high ideals in its publication and one of his aims was for practical social and health uplifting. Mr. Ford was ever trying to assist and benefit mankind in practical, common-sense ways. He urged this young contributor to become a physician, that he might widen his usefulness as an author and treat intelligently a wider range of subjects. One result has been a weekly health article which Dr. Stephens has written over a span of almost fifty years.

When not absent from the country Dr. Stephens had opportunity to mingle with the literary Boston of those days; the days when Longfellow and Emerson, Lowell and Holmes were the chief figures and when the *Atlantic Monthly* was quite the sole literary diet of the whole country.

There is one subject upon which the doctor is touchy. It comes to the surface when he meets persons who take it for granted that the writing of juvenile stories has been his chief business in life. He says he would be sailing under false colors if he permitted the belief to go abroad that he had no other pursuit. His greatest hobby has been the study of biology and writing on that subject. He says that he went through the subject of Immortality while coming to his present views.

"My work has had little or nothing to do with spiritism. My effort has been directed toward bringing all knowledge and research to bear on the problem of extending life in the human organism, in health, with a full head of vitality as long as we desire to live, instead of being cut off by untimely decrepitude and death. What I am seeking is liberty to live as long as we want to live. I care very little for all that dreary, futile discussion about *disembodied souls*—probably a myth. What a sorry figure dear old Sir Oliver Lodge cuts in our general present idea of things! The great mass of people, as I view it, appears to care only for jazz, salacious fiction and the movies."

While in his writing for young people Dr. Stephens has frequently taken his readers far away and into little frequented places, the stories in which he is at his best are stories of Maine, with their scenes fixed on and about the old farm of boyhood memory, yarns in which he tells of the adventures of his grandparents and of his cousins, Theodora, Addison, Ellen Halstead, and of their neighbors, the Edwards and Murch families. Fully half of his tales have had no other background, but there remain in all of them the same wit, freshness and novelty which his work contained in earlier years. He has painted many pictures without moving his easel but without detracting from the value of the thing portrayed. No better ideas of home life—at least New England home life—can be obtained than from reading a dozen or so of Dr. Stephens' short stories dealing with the scenes he knew as a youngster in Oxford County.

Some years ago, before the Rockefeller Foundation took in hand so extensively the matter of biological research, Dr. Stephens conceived the idea of a laboratory on the shore of Norway Lake. This was built—a large building which he now occupies as his home and which houses his library. It is here that he has done most of his later writing.

Dr. Charles Asbury Stephens may be classed as a great biologist and known to hundreds. But it will be as a pleasing, homey, humorous story-teller that C. A. Stephens, ever with a real narrative to spin, will be known to thousands. His larger audience will not have it otherwise.

"What Do We Plant?"

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey* (1842-1911)

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Science and Conservation

WASTE is the child of abundance. Our country is the land of abundance. It is also the country of reckless wastefulness. Theodore Roosevelt, our great conservationist, took the first steps to curb the wanton waste of national resources, in the year 1907. Since that time the program of conservation has had a more or less sporadic existence. In some states scientific and engineering societies have exercised their influence in keeping the conservation movement alive.

One phase of conservation has been almost entirely overlooked in the United States. While we are attempting, in a perfunctory manner, to conserve the natural resources, we have, to a large extent, neglected the conservation of the residues resulting from our manufacturing processes. American scientists and engineers are beginning to realize that the conservation problem merely begins with the protection of our national resources against private greed and exploitation; and that any conservation program is inadequate and woefully incomplete which neglects the most exhaustive use of the lower grades of raw material and the development of the by-products of these types of natural resources.

The most notable work done by any large body of technical men in the United States, in this most important branch of the conservation movement, is due to the splendid efforts of the Minnesota Federation of Architectural and Engineering Societies. This unique organization, having a membership of about 1,200 engineers and architects, has made its influence felt in indicating and guiding the public welfare policies of the state of Minnesota. The results already attained by this organization constitute an object lesson worthy of emulation by any state desirous of substituting technical knowledge for political expediency in the control of its development problems.

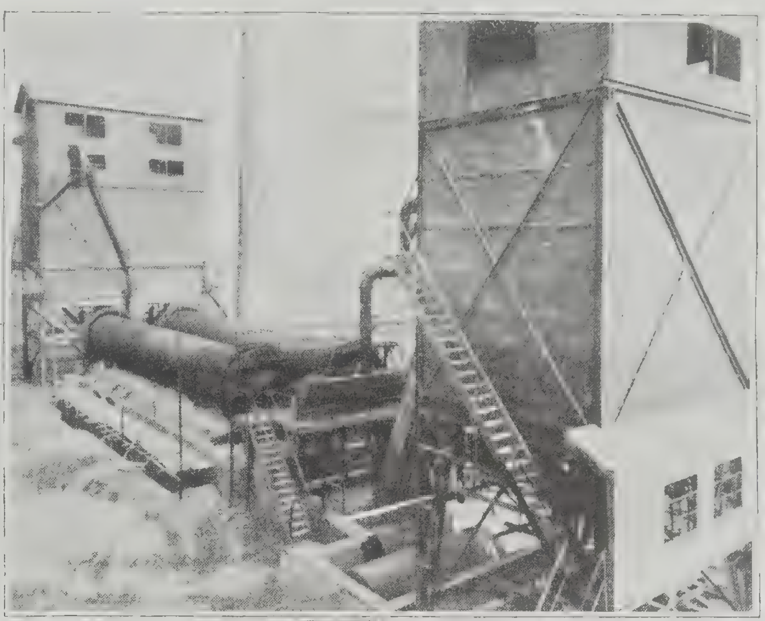
The third annual convention of the Minnesota Federation of Architectural and Engineering Societies, which was held at Duluth (February 1 and 2, 1924), may be justly designated as a "Conservation Convention." The program of this convention included the discussion of "Drainage Development," "The Work of the United States Forest Products Laboratory," "Reforestation in Minnesota and the Enlargement of Superior National Park," "Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tide-Water Project," "Efficient and Economical Street Illumination," "Development of Peat for Fuel Purposes," "Development of Low-Grade Iron Ores," "Forest Fire Prevention," "Preservation of the Scenic Beauty of Washington, the National Capital," and "Lignite Fuel."

These discussions served to emphasize the many deficiencies in our national program of conservation. One paper in particular forcibly illustrated our wastefulness in comparison with Germany. I refer to the address of Dr. Hans Holzwarth, entitled, "Commercial Development of Lignite Fuels." Dr. Holzwarth is an eminent German scientist and engineer. He is the inventor of the gas turbine and is an authority on lignite. The Thyssen Low-Temperature Distillation Rotary Kiln is, in a great measure, due to the inventive genius of Dr. Holzwarth. He has had charge of the kiln production and development work for the Thyssen Company since 1916. Dr. Holzwarth, in his lecture, made the following statement: "In Germany the pressure to develop a process and the apparatus for low-temperature distillation of raw fuel was extremely heavy during the war. We had no lubricating oil, fuel oil, benzine; and it was for us a question of life or death to perfect suitable processes and apparatus, on a large commercial scale, to obtain the urgently demanded oil and thereby incidentally we solved the problem of carbonizing, at low temperature, any kind of raw fuel."

In Germany the urgent demand for lubricating oil was the necessity which proved to be the father of a new industry whose essential feature is conservation of all the valuable residues. Dr. Roser, of Thyssen and Company, Mülheim-Ruhr, perfected a process whereby soft coal could be gasified and sufficient lubricating oil produced to meet the lubricating requirements of thousands of tool machines operated in the Thyssen machine works. In the year 1915 Dr. Heckel discovered the special qualities of low temperature tar. This important discovery was followed by exhaustive research work conducted by Professor Fischer at the Kohlenforschungsinstitut at Mülheim-Ruhr. The Fischer drum was used in testing thousands of tons of soft coal, brown coal, lignite and oil shale in the so-called Rotary Kiln. Thyssen and Company carried these experiments beyond the experimental to the commercial scale. Many plants were erected and this concern spent millions of dollars in perfecting the final commercial process now in use in hundreds of installations. The final commercial process and its necessary mechanical equipment are, in a large measure, due to the efforts of Dr. Holzwarth.

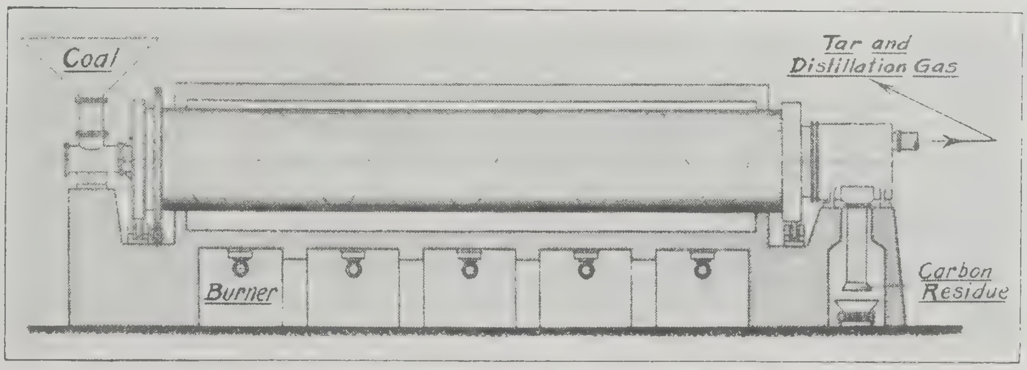
It is evident that, in any commercial process, every required heat unit must be purchased at some particular market price. Whenever high temperatures are required in a process, the cost of generation is proportionately large. It follows that low temperature processes are more economical, all other conditions being equal, than high temperature production methods. The Thyssen Rotary Kiln recovers pitch, tar, light and heavy oils, buthan and ethan, ethylene, benzine, artificial rubber, lamp black, and so forth, at low temperatures.

In this kiln the coal is introduced at one end (at the left side in the diagrams) and is transported through the cylinder by means of a spiral attached in the interior. While the coal is transported from one end of the rotary kiln to the other, it is turned over continuously, bringing all portions into contact with the cylindrical heating surface. From the edges of the interior spiral, tar vapors, benzine, and all the hydro-carbons are liberated and mixed with steam. The steam forms a protecting vaporous cloud around these gases. From the carbon residue and pitch binder, briquettes, yielding 12,000 to 14,000 British Thermal Heat Units, may be manufactured.



Two 100-ton Thyssen kilns photographed during erection at the mine, Graf Bismarck, Gelsenkirchen, Germany. These kilns have been in operation since 1921. A similar installation will be erected for the Lignite Coal and By-Products Corporation, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, on their coal lands at Richardton, North Dakota.

A 100-ton unit Thyssen kiln, gas tar, and coke plant, recently installed for the gas works at Hamburg, Germany.



Diagramatic sketch showing the essential parts of a Thyssen kiln.

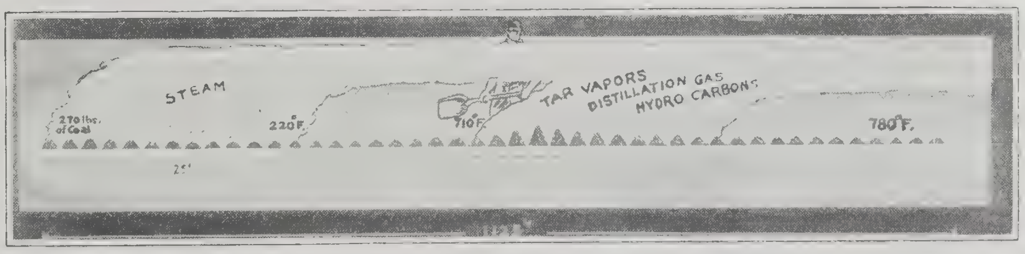


Diagram illustrating what takes place within a Thyssen kiln in operation.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The thousands of Arabic coins which have been found on Swedish soil and which date back to the earliest days of civilization indicate that there was considerable trade between the South, which wanted amber, and the North which wanted bronze.

While conducting experiments to determine construction of nitrogen molecules, two professors at Morgan Laboratory, University of Pennsylvania, heard radio concerts by inserting special transformer and head phone in plate circuit of a two-element nitrogen-filled tube, made incandescent by passage of electrical current.

The quickest train time ever made from coast to coast is said to have been made by the special train carrying Mrs. A. H. Smith to the funeral of her husband, the late president of the New York Central Lines. Three railroads participated and the trip of 3,198 miles was made in sixty-nine hours, seven minutes.

Foreign authorities credit Japan with practically 100 per cent literacy.

There are on an average of three million persons sick all the time in the United States, and forty-two per cent of this illness could be prevented, according to the health commissioner of Chicago.

An agricultural technologist of the Bureau of Plant Industry has found that a certain parasite, called "mermithid," is one of the deadliest enemies of the grasshopper. Artificially infested grasshoppers containing six or eight mermithids die in about eight days. The parasites multiply with amazing rapidity.

"Yale will never be a rich man's college for we'll shut up before that happens. We like to have the high school boys from the Middle West. We have not always been getting them, but we are getting them now."—*President James Rowland Angell.*

The Forest Service reports that 36,000 forest fires every year destroy timber and property valued at $16,500,000 in the United States, besides costing many human lives. Be careful with fire in the forests.

Enough immigrants have registered at the American consulate at Kovno, Lithuania, to fill the Lithuanian quota to the United States for seven years.

In spite of repeated warnings, deaths are caused by the operation of automobile engines in closed garages. Carbon monoxide is given off by an automobile engine at all times and is extremely poisonous. When it is necessary to leave the engine running, all the doors and windows of the garage should be open or the car should be driven into the open.

The Bible must be read every day in every classroom in Kentucky "in the presence of the pupils." A teacher's license may be revoked for failure to comply with the law, which passed the house by a vote of seventy-seven to eleven, the senate, thirty-one to one. The governor signed the bill making it the law.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

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"Cameography" is a new art by means of which it is possible to produce the likeness of the human features by the aid of photography in copper, bronze and other metals, and in marble.

Heat generated by the bodies of chickens roosting in prune trees in an orchard at Marysville, California, is said to have saved the fruit blossoms of those trees. At least, trees not used by the chickens were badly damaged.

There are more than 1,200 properly accredited press or publicity agents in New York City alone. Their work is to get free publics for the individuals or movements that employ them.

America is guilty of wasting from $2,000,000,000 to $4,000,000,000 annually, by burning raw coal in its many scattered little furnaces instead of converting it into electrical energy at or near the mines, and salvaging the by-products that now go up in smoke.

In future the British Government will present every treaty to Parliament for twenty-one days; then ask for ratification. To a great extent this will do away with secret pacts.

A directive type of radio beacon is being used for guiding aircraft. In a recent test the pilot depended for guidance entirely upon the signals received from the beacon. In his ordinary airplane receiving set he heard the letters A and T (- — —) repeated over and over. As long as he flew along the correct course both letters were equally loud, but the moment he got off the course to one side or the other one letter became noticeably louder than the other and showed him which way to turn to get back into line.

The vacuum cleaning process will take the place of the old-fashioned currycomb in the United States Cavalry.

Butler Brothers, merchandise wholesalers, have announced that, in the public interest, the firm has decided to quit selling revolvers and pistols. This action was taken because of the growing sentiment throughout America against carrying concealed weapons.

Alfred J. Pearson, professor of modern languages at Drake University, Iowa, has been appointed Minister to Poland, succeeding Hugh Gibson.

The *American Hebrew* states that hotel exclusion of Jews "from Florida to Maine" have occurred in increasing numbers lately.

The White House needs repairs. It was built between 1792 and 1799 and gutted by fire in 1814 when the British burned it. With only the walls left standing, the interior was rebuilt and to cover the smoke stains it was painted white. It is said to be a firetrap and to fireproof it would cost $400,000. To rebuild would cost $1,000,000.

Six and one-half barrels of crude oil was the per capita measure of consumption in the United States last year.

Herds of goats that went from door to door in Paris in the old days to be milked for the patrons are becoming a thing of the past. Automobiles are crowding the picturesque animals off the streets and it is only in the quieter districts that the goats are milked before the door as of yore.

An aviator who killed a number of wild geese over the Mississippi River in January was apprehended by a game warden employed by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture.

"I shall be well enough to hunt before long and I don't intend to follow old women's advice to wrap myself in cotton wool just because I have had a couple of tumbles."—*Prince of Wales.*

A fifteen-story hotel and church will soon be built around and over the old Calvary Baptist Church on West Fifty-seventh street, in New York City, while the congregation will continue to sit in their accustomed pews.

Kentucky is to have a homecoming for a fortnight in June. Adventurers who have traveled far from their native state will come trooping back from north, east, west and south to partake of the hospitality awaiting them.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, speaking of the effect of the dole system in England, says, "I do not think it is possible for the ordinary reader of these lines to imagine the moral decline, the mischievous influence over all alike, which springs from this evil thing."

Tractors, harvesters or other machinery exposed to the elements or poorly housed, deteriorate in value $370,000,000 a year in the United States.

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Europe's Favorite Indoor Sport—Reparations

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

Taking the Cruelty Out of the Movies

The Historic French Parish of St. Bernard

Cronkhite Case to Trial—High Court Order

The Hottest Spot in the United States

Germany's Breathing Spell—the Rentenmark

A Stroll in Shanghai—Random Observations

The Menace of Revolver and Pistol Traffic

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Europe's Favorite Indoor Sport—Reparations

The Meal Ticket of the Diplomats Is in Danger If Anything Is Settled

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

> **If ever a gypsy horse trader got into high diplomatic circles, he would look back upon his early life as one of honest toil.**
>
> **At home here we have not bothered about reparations because we were not asking to be paid any money. The English people are not bothering a great deal because the political structure built upon getting great sums from Germany long ago collapsed. Its site is marked only by a few tufts from the flowing locks of Lloyd George, who built it.**
>
> **There is no use talking about the morality of reparations. There is nothing moral about war and so it is mere twaddle to talk about the morality of what happens after war. It is purely a question of what you can get away with.**

AN OLD lawyer went off on a vacation, leaving his son in charge of the office. When he got back he asked the son what had been going on.

"I have been working very hard, father. I never thought I could do it and I wanted to finish before you came home. I have settled the Smith estate!"

"Settled the Smith estate!" gasped the father. "Why, don't you know we have been living on that since before you were born?"

That happens to be a very old story and dates back to the first lawyer, but also it happens exactly to tell the story of European reparations in a nutshell. Nearly five years have gone by since the war in Europe officially stopped. Europe has had plenty of little wars and near-wars since November 11, 1918, but none of them has had any social standing. Out of the great war grew a big batch of treaties and in only one of these, the Treaty of Versailles, did the United States have an official part, and that treaty was never ratified by the Senate. (We are at peace with Germany by a separate treaty document.) All the treaties had the following details in common: They provided that the vanquished pay to the victors certain reparations in kind—in cattle, locomotives, freight cars, and so on; that over various terms of years they pay reparations in cash, and finally that each of the defeated nations cede territory either to the victors or to the new nations set up to take it. The territorial cessions have mostly been carried out and so have the reparations in kind, but nothing much has been done about the reparations in cash.

Never Call a Thing by Its Real Name

NOT one of the treaties stands as originally written. For several years the premiers of Europe gave themselves up to selecting pleasant watering places where they might have their photographs taken, issue statements, and talk about the Treaty of Versailles. Lesser diplomats met and talked about the lesser treaties. They did not actually scrap any of the treaties. They just interpreted them according to the way the political wind was blowing. Whenever necessary they found, and without turning a hair, that when a treaty said black the plain meaning of this word was white. Diplomacy has many traditions. Among the more sacred is the one which demands that nothing shall ever be called by its real name, and another is that everything shall be decorous. A third is that a straight line is never the shortest distance between two points. If ever a gypsy horse trader got into high diplomatic circles, he would look back upon his early life as one of honest toil.

As a result of these many conferences, a great many settlements of cash reparations were arrived at, but none of the settlements ever produced any cash to speak of because just as the old lawyer lived upon keeping open the settlement of the estate, so most of the politicians were living upon keeping open these cash reparations. The politicians of the defeated nations have kept their own constituencies in hand by showing how skillfully they could ward off payments, while the politicians of the victor nations have kept up the spirits of their constituencies by promising to fetch home bigger bags of money than were in the world to get.

At home here we have not bothered about reparations because we were not asking to be paid any money. The English people are not bothering a great deal because the political structure built upon getting great sums from Germany long ago collapsed. Its site is marked only by a few tufts from the flowing locks of Lloyd George, who built it.

Europe Is Commission-Crazy

IN the meantime the Allies mobilized a great civilian army to look after reparations payments. We have heard a great deal about the French and Belgian armies in the Ruhr and of the armies of occupation generally. These have been tremendously wasteful in a number of ways. They have wasted the time of the soldiers—that is, men who ought to be working have been kept idle in uniforms. They have wasted the resources of the conquered peoples, both by their keep and by their interference with the ordinary run of life, and also they have wasted the resources of the people at home who in part have been burdened by their keep. But we expect military and naval forces to be wasteful. They are formed for destruction and their wastefulness is blunt and perfectly apparent.

More insidious is the waste of the reparations commissions. The seat of the Rhineland Commission is at Coblenz. There is another big commission at Sofia, and from these and other centers radiate no end of little commissions drawing up reports that no one reads and drawing salaries that someone has to pay. Europe has been commission-crazy ever since the war, and I doubt if there exists in any one place a record of all the international commissions which are scattered over the Continent of Europe. One runs into not only the endless divisions of the reparations commissions but also the commissions connected with the League of Nations. None of these commissions does anything of particular moment. They are all alike in being exceedingly full of red tape and in never putting but one man on a job if ingenuity can find a way to use twenty.

Mystic Maze of Obligations

NOW, all of this mess has grown out of reparations. We think of reparations as a question between France and Germany, but that is merely the most prominent case. All the defeated countries have reparations accounts owing, but also all the victor countries have accounts owing for borrowed money. It will be remembered that only a tiny fraction of the cost of the war was paid by taxation. Part of the cost was paid by the indirect taxation of currency inflation, but the big part was paid by borrowing money, or rather goods, at home or from England and finally from the United States. Up to April 7, 1917, when the United States came into the war, the loans between the Allies amounted to more than eight billion dollars. Then we came in with fresh funds and the Inter-Allied loan account increased by fifteen and a half billion dollars. The post-Armistice loans and the interest brought the account up to more than twenty-eight billion dollars. Three nations did all the lending—Great Britain to nearly twelve billions, the United States to eleven billions, and France to over three billions. But Great Britain and France were borrowers as well as lenders and in the net account we came out as creditors for nearly twelve billions and Great Britain as a creditor for more than four and a half billions. All the other Allied nations are debtors.

There would seem to be no connection between reparations payments and the Inter-Allied debts, and actually there is no connection, but the Allies, other than Great Britain and the United States, are all owed fantastic sums in reparations. At the same time they owe for money borrowed. And so they say that they cannot think about paying their debts until the reparations money is paid to them. Out of all this has grown a perfect maze of obligations which are kept in the air by political juggling, and because they have been kept in the air everything else has been kept in the air. No one has wanted to face the realities of peace. A man who tries to live on nothing a year has to spend a good deal of his time stalling creditors. The Allied nations owe more money than they can pay and, broadly speaking, their only assets are a lot of bad debts. There is just as much chance of collecting money from Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey as there is of collecting from the moon. In fact, this has been officially recognized by moratoriums.

Germany, as the richest of all the Central Powers, is the only debtor that has been kept in the running, for Germany undoubtedly could pay something and then again the national bookkeeping of France required that at least some of the accounts receivable be retained as good. This national bookkeeping has had a great deal to do with prolonging the trouble about reparations.

The state of mind is a perfectly familiar one. We see it every day about us. When a merchant's business starts to go bad, he invariably makes out a false statement of condition. I am not speaking of the dishonest man but of the man who tries to be honest. He probably has a great number of bad debts. If he crosses these out of his assets, he will on paper appear to be insolvent. If he includes every possible sum owing to him, whether or not he can collect it, then he can appear on paper to be solvent. If he can dress his bad debts up nicely, maybe he can borrow money on them. During our big slump of 1920-21 some banks were so heavily involved that they actually kept hopelessly insolvent concerns from failing just so that their notes would not have to be withdrawn from the bank's receivables.

The Continental Allies have, with a few exceptions, gone these familiar plans one better. In their statements they have included the reparations owing to them as assets and their own debts as liabilities, or they have included the reparations and forgotten their own debts, or forgotten both accounts. The defeated nations have not bothered to include the reparations as debts because the sums have been so out of reason as to make any balance sheet containing them absurd.

If Justice Ruled—

THERE is no use talking about the morality of reparations. There is nothing moral about war and so it is mere twaddle to talk about the morality of what happens after war. It is purely a question of what you can get away with. A German thinks it perfectly shocking to have the French bent on destroying Germany, but he sees nothing out of the way in the Germans destroying Northern France. A Frenchman is shocked by the German destruction of Northern France and cannot see why anyone should possibly object to his smashing Germany. War is war, and that is all there is to it. If justice ruled, there would be no war, and it is all nonsense to talk about a just peace. If a just peace were possible after a war, then there never would have been a war.

The Versailles Treaty, for instance, had nothing to do with justice. That question was not involved. The sole point was how much the Allies could get. The treaty was bad because it fundamentally lacked common sense in that the Allies asked more than they could get. Now, after five years, an American commission has applied common sense to the problem.

The French have been using crude credit methods. They had been pulling the strong-arm stuff, which presumes that if only you beat up a man enough he will find the money with which to pay you. The Dawes Commission has recommended not more moderate but more modern measures. Your modern credit man rarely sells out a debtor, for not only does he seldom get enough out of the sale to pay him, but also he destroys a customer. He finds that it pays better to nurse the debtor along.

Rights, Wrongs and Responsibilities

NOW, the important part of settling this reparations is not the money that will pass. Probably in the end not very much money will pass. The important thing is to pull assets and liabilities out of the air and set them down on paper as real facts. Financiers of the European governments have been playing with the fairies so long that now only the fairies will take the money they issue. With the French and German question open, every old question could be kept open and a few new ones started. It is very easy to keep people worked up by political promises. If you keep a man's attention focused on his rights and his wrongs, he will easily forget his responsibilities. On the other hand, a man who thinks first of his responsibilities usually finds that he gets what is coming to him in the way of rights.

Europe has been rather generally evading its responsibilities. Any idiot can talk about rights. It takes a wise man to consider responsibilities. Who gets what in Europe is not of the remotest concern to real citizens of the United States. Of course many of our aliens are concerned, but their concern is of no moment. We, as citizens, are interested only in seeing the prosperity of Europe—Europe as a whole—brought about. We can gain nothing by mixing in family quarrels. A poverty-stricken Europe does affect us. How it affects us and what the new and latest plan—the Dawes plan—is, and how it may be expected to work out will be the subject of the next article.

Taking the Cruelty Out of the Movies

Answer to Clever Animal Acting Found in Abuse and Ill Treatment

By HARRY H. DUNN

WHEN a man beats an animal unmercifully in public he is punished for it; when a man transports living animals, either on foot or in trains, he is compelled by law to see to it that they have abundant water and food, that they are not driven at an excessive rate if on foot, or crowded too closely if in cars; if a man assumes the responsibility of ownership of animals, either for industry or as pets, his city, state and national governments combine to see, as far as humanly possible, that these animals get a "square deal." Yet ever since motion picture making became an industry, and more especially since it was learned that animals, both domesticated and wild, could be made to perform before the camera, the studios making these pictures have been the scenes of almost unbelievable barbarities and cruelties toward dumb and defenseless animals that, if the full story could be told, would minimize the tortures devised by Torquemada and his human fiends in the days of the Spanish Inquisition.

With not more than three exceptions—and at least one of these forced by the hands of a band of earnest women —the animals used in these pictures have been, and to some extent still are being, trained by cruelty alone. When they are not needed on location, they are neglected in their quarters, left a prey to thirst and hunger and the whims of ignorant, careless and often vicious keepers, masquerading as "animal trainers." When they are on location, they are doped with drugs, made wild with moonshine whisky, beaten with whips into whose lashes steel wires have been woven, pounded with clubs, directed by collars through which spikes are driven, pointing inward to their tender throats, and, in many instances, strung on wires, which are pulled hither and yon to make the poor animal go through the motions of action which it could have been taught to do by kindness, had the trainer had either the intelligence, the patience or the industry to train his animal in a proper and humane manner.

These statements apply with equal force to wild animals "trained" in shows and circuses, and to domestic and wild animals taught to perform tricks on the vaudeville stage. They are not random instances, picked with an eye to criticism, but the result of the researches of an organization formed less than a year ago to combat cruelty to dumb animals in all forms of exhibition. Proof of every one of these charges, and of worse, is on file in the headquarters of this organization, in Los Angeles, where, in the center of the motion picture industry of this country, some progress has been made in obtaining better treatment for animals, both on and off "location," that is to say, both when at work in the pictures and when in their cages or yards in the motion picture "zoo."

In one recent motion picture, more than two hundred cattle and horses were destroyed in the fording of rivers. This picture showed the movement of an emigrant train westward, shortly after the Civil War. Animals were driven indiscriminately into the streams to sink or swim, survive or perish, so that "realism" could be added to the film, and the childish minds of the average motion picture audience could be given another "thrill." A horse, which played a leading rôle in another picture, was tied on wires, doped, his feet bound with wires, so as to make him limp with "weariness," and otherwise maltreated, until, at the close of the making of this "film of the wild," the splendid animal was shot, after patiently enduring untold sufferings for several days.

A writer in the *Daily News* of Santa Barbara, describing the filming of "The Ten Commandments," widely blazoned as a "two-million-dollar spectacle," describing the dash of the Egyptian soldiery after the fleeing children of Israel, says:

"In the van of the stampede was a span of black thoroughbreds, which Mr. De Mille (the director, Cecil B. de Mille) had bought in Kansas City, to add beauty to the setting. When the stampede was over, four men lay in the sand, badly hurt. Horses were lamed. One horse, goaded beyond endurance by its injuries, pulled away from its mate and fled over the sand dunes. A square foot of its flank, ripped or kicked open into a right-angled tear, flapped on the wind like a red bandana."

This writer continues to tell of other maimed and ruined horses, permanently damaged in this mad "spectacle," but there is no word to indicate that any attempt was made to overtake these animals, to ease their sufferings, or even to kill them to put an end to their pain. Outlaw horses were introduced into the stampede to arouse and excite the tamer animals, spurred to madness by the "Egyptian soldiers," to make a show, not for Nero or Tiberius Caesar, but for civilized Americans in the midst of the twentieth century.

Late last year, an investigator for the new organization for the defense of these dumb creatures found an elephant at Universal City, which had been so badly beaten that one eye was knocked out, and a deep, untended gash had been cut in his forehead. This elephant was one of the best of his kind, gentle, and of such good disposition that he had once stopped a stampede of circus elephants in San Francisco during a parade. Falling into the hands of a typical motion picture "animal trainer," he had been so badly beaten that there was nothing left to do but kill him. It is pleasing to note that, before he died, he nearly killed the keeper who had maltreated him.

STRONGHEART

Circle—**MRS. ROSEMONDE RAE WRIGHT**, vice-president, office-manager and lecturer for the American Animal Defense League. Above—"Strongheart," and, at left, his "fingerprint." This is the only animal in motion pictures of whom it has been definitely proved that his training was all done by kindness. "Rin-Tin-Tin," a dog trained by the most brutal methods in Germany, has fallen into the hands of an American trainer, who declares that it required many months to get fear out of the poor dog's mind. Since coming to America this dog has been trained by kindness only. Right—**MRS. FANNIE THOMPSON KESSLER**, president of the American Animal Defense League, which is carrying on a nation-wide campaign against cruelty to animals in motion pictures, on the stage and in circuses.

In another instance, in which a dog was supposed to be wounded and to be crawling through deep snow to his master's cabin, the feet of the animal were bound so tightly with wire that he could not walk, his cramped toes causing the expression of agony caught by the camera, transferred to the film, and called "art" by the director. This dog was literally strung on a wire, the steel filament being passed between his legs along the length of his belly, so that his weight rested on it. The wire was then jerked slowly forward, to simulate the appearance of the crawling of a wounded animal through the snow.

To combat this cruelty, a number of men and women, prominent in all lines of life in the West—where the majority of the motion picture zoos are maintained—have organized the American Animal Defense League, of which Mrs. Fannie Thompson Kessler is president, and Mrs. Rosemonde Rae Wright vice-president and lecturer, actively in charge of the headquarters in Los Angeles. The late George Wharton James, an authority on the Indians, as well as the wild animal life of the West, also was a vice-president, and among the honorary vice-presidents who take an active interest in the work are Minnie Maddern Fiske, General Nelson A. Miles, John Galsworthy, George Arliss, Maurice Maeterlinck, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, and Governor Percival P. Baxter. Mrs. Wright, for the past ten years, has been president of the California Anti-Vivisection Society, one of the most powerful humane organizations in America, and formerly was head of the Humane Animal Commission of the City of Los Angeles. Virtually all her life has been devoted to the defense and protection of dumb animals.

"The purpose of the American Animal Defense League," Mrs. Wright said to me a few days ago, "is to arouse the conscience of the American people to a realization of the appalling cruelty practiced in the training of animals for the stage and for the circus, and in their use in motion pictures. Such cruelty, reflected to millions of minds through the tremendous distributing agency of the motion pictures, constitutes a menace to the impressionable minds of children, and even to the thoughts of men and women. A prominent motion picture producer recently said to me: 'The average motion picture audience represents a mentality of nine years.' To such a mentality brutal cruelties, even though they may seem shocking at first, soon become ordinary matters, and the humane and protective sensibilities become dulled and dormant.

"Except in rare instances, the 'trained' animals seen in vaudeville, in circuses and in motion picture zoos represent unspeakable suffering. Made to travel thousands of weary miles in cages scarcely large enough for them to stand upright, starved, beaten and abused, they represent the epitome of cruelty. Can the American people afford to purchase pleasure that involves torture to sentient creatures, simply because those creatures are in the power of brutal, hardened trainers?

"When you see an animal on the screen pulling frantically at some unseen object, or held rigid by an invisible force, you may know that the poor creature has been 'wired' with fine piano wire, virtually invisible to the camera. This is the most common trick in compelling animals, both wild and domesticated, to perform before the camera. It is unspeakably cruel and often permanently damaging to the animal, who fights against his wire bonds and cuts his flesh to the bone. 'Doping' animals, both wild and domesticated, with cocaine, morphine, strychnine and other drugs is all too common in so-called 'animal pictures,' and, almost without exception, leaves the animal to die a lingering death. This 'dope' is resorted to by unscrupulous and impatient directors and ignorant, brutalized trainers when they desire some action impossible to obtain without long, patient and kindly training.

"The frightened animal is dragged from his cage, clubbed, shouted at and thrown into 'position.' If he does not hold that position, as he rarely does, being frightened nearly to death, the 'dope needle' is called for, and another helpless, harmless animal pays the price of his life for a few feet of film."

One of the first acts of the new animal defense organization was the cleaning up of the Universal City zoo. Under the spur of Mrs. Wright's investigation, the president of the Universal Pictures Corporation, Carl Laemmle, made such sudden reformation in the staff and methods of conducting this zoo that most of the "trainers" have not yet found out just what happened to them.

"When I arrived at the Universal City zoo on July first," said Mrs. Wright, "it was an exceedingly warm day, but there was not a drop of water in any of the cages. The animals were suffering, both from lack of water, and from close confinement in unsani-

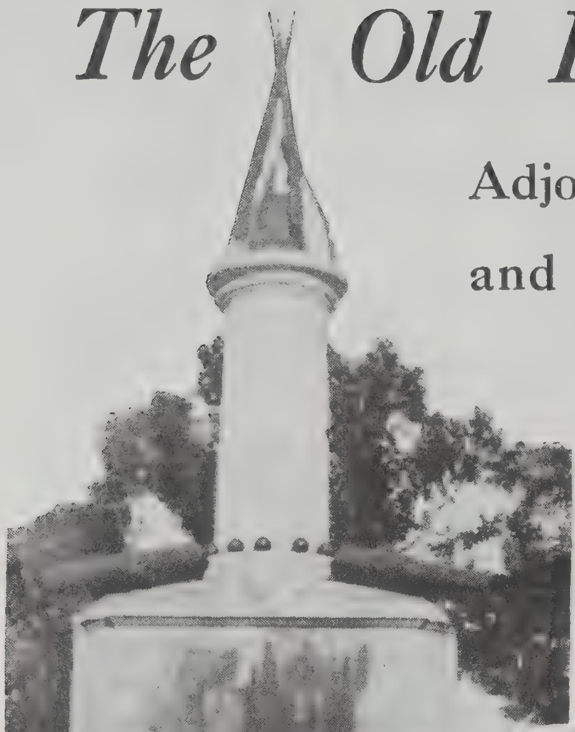
(*Concluded on page 13*)

A motion picture troupe "on location" for "frozen North" pictures made in the snow-clad mountains of California. It is claimed, without denial, that the fate of dogs, horses and other animals used in these pictures is of no importance to the producers, so long as the momentary "action" required of the unfortunate dumb beasts is obtained.

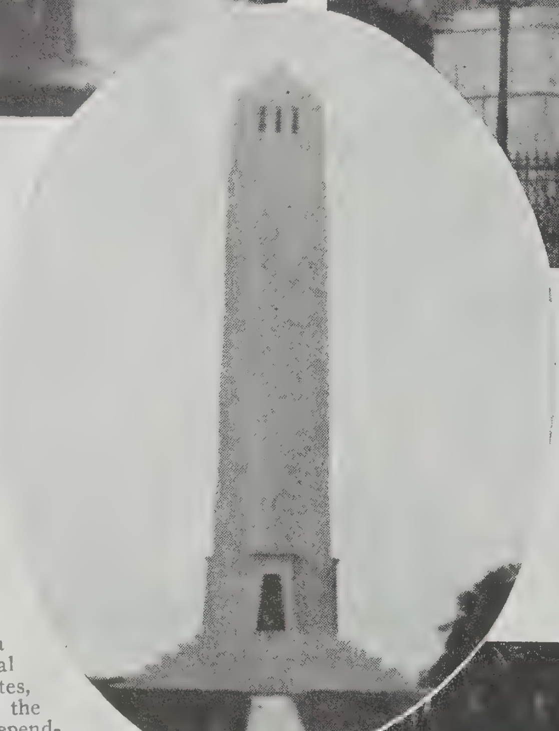
The Old French Parish of St. Bernard

Adjoining New Orleans, as Full of Historic Interest and Romantic Associations as the City Itself

By MARIE LOUISE POINTS



Monument erected to the Union dead in Chalmette Cemetery.



Above—A view of the Jackson Monument, New Orleans, with the Cabildo" or ancient government house and the "Presbytere," now the museum, on either side.

Left—The Chalmette monument which marks the site in St. Bernard Parish where the Americans under General Jackson defeated the British, January 8, 1815.

LONG ago, a Louisiana poet, in a burst of enthusiasm, wrote, "Oh! the dryness of my studies has fled; there is poetry in the very foundation of this remarkable land!" To no portion of Louisiana could this apostrophe be more fittingly applied than to the ancient Parish of St. Bernard. Rich in natural resources, and geographically one of the most happily situated in the state, it is a parish abounding in romantic associations and traditionary lore; it is a landmark in the agricultural progress of the United States, and the section which set the historic seal upon the independence of the American Republic; for it was in St. Bernard Parish that the principal industry of Louisiana, the granulating and refining of sugar, had its birth; and it was beneath the venerable oaks of Camp Chalmette that the English under Pakenham met an American Waterloo.

St. Bernard Parish extends southeast of New Orleans for a distance of twelve miles along the left bank of the Mississippi River, from the Jackson Barracks to the English Turn, and thence obliquely to the South, following Bayou Terre-aux-Boeufs and Lake Lery to the sea. The Shell Beach Railroad which traverses the parish brings it in touch on one side with New Orleans, the most important market of the South, and on the other puts it into communication with the Gulf of Mexico, the unique mouth of the Mississippi. The "English Turn" is so-called because here in 1699 the English, under Captain Barr, turned back when informed by Bienville that the French were in possession of Louisiana. St. Bernard has long been regarded as a favored spot in Louisiana. The air is pure and salubrious, refreshing breezes coming from all points, the Mississippi River on the right, the Gulf of Mexico on the left, and Lake Borgne on the north. The entire parish is formed of alluvial soil, brought down by the river in its course to the South, and this double work of nature has not only enriched the earth, but has made the parish high, healthy and singularly free from inundations from the river, except in case of an unprecedented rise. The deposits from the river have given richness and variety to the soil, and made it adaptable to the culture of fruits, vegetables, and Louisiana's great staple, sugar cane. The orange and fig find here their natural home. The lakes and bayous are stocked with fish and oysters, the finest in the Louisiana waters. The great plantations of ante-bellum days have given place mostly to truck farms which supply fruits and vegetables to New Orleans and other markets. Tourists to New Orleans never fail to visit the orange groves in St. Bernard.

In 1778 the Colony of St. Bernard was founded by Don Bernardo de Galvez, who was the governor of the Province of Louisiana under the Spanish Domination, from 1777 to 1783. Galvez belonged to one of the most powerful families of Spain. His father was the Viceroy of Mexico, and his uncle was the chief minister of King Charles, the then reigning sovereign of Spain. Galvez was the youngest governor Louisiana ever had, being only twenty-one when he entered upon his high duties. He was filled with the desire to win over the affections of the French settlers who had never been reconciled to the cession of Louisiana to Spain. His first act was one of great prudence. He sought to extend the commerce of the colony, and not only revived the hopes of the colonists by enabling them to get better prices for their products, but he removed the restriction which had been placed upon their exports since the days of the first Spanish governor, and permitted them to export their products to any of the French ports.

The people took heart and were still further encouraged when, in 1778, Governor Galvez, at the King's expense, caused a large number of colonists from the Canary Islands to be brought to New Orleans and settled them in the section just below the city. There were 150 families in all, and Governor Galvez called the spot in which they located "New Galvez" to distinguish it from "Galveston," a colony which he had founded on Manchac, not far from Baton Rouge. But the people of New Orleans insisted upon calling the entire parish "St. Bernard," after the patron saint of the governor; and St. Bernard it remains to this day. In January, 1779, five hundred more colonists arrived from the Canaries, and Governor Galvez distributed them between St. Bernard Parish and the Bayou Teche district. In St. Bernard the descendants of these colonists are still known under the name of "Islingues," a name derived from the Spanish word "Islenos," meaning islanders. The town of New Galvez was afterward called "Terre-aux-Boeuf," because the colonists used oxen in working the soil. Even now, the village next to St. Bernard carries the name of "Terre-aux-Boeuf,"—"The Land of Oxen."

Governor Galvez had great plans for his favorite colony. He marked off at equal distance from the Mississippi River a spot for a residence and a church. Up to a few years ago the remains of the beautiful house which he built could still be seen near the post office. The church was built after his orders on a front line facing Lake Lery, three miles distant. The old parish register still contains the names of these first worshipers from the Canary Islands. Among them are the names of Estopinal, Nunez, Solis, Serpas, Marrero; later French settlers gravitated to the parish, and established themselves in handsome plantation homes. Among the descendants of these pioneers are the Livaudais, Olivier, Villere, Beauregard, Mendes and Ducros families. Three of these, Mendes, Villere and Beauregard, were destined to write the name of the ancient parish high in the annals of the state.

The administration of Bernardo Galvez was one of the most famous in the history of colonial Louisiana, because of his brilliant enterprises against the English posts during the Revolutionary War. It is one of the traditions of St. Bernard Parish that through the patriotism of Galvez, the old Franco-Spanish Province of Louisiana was brought into the war and did its share toward winning the independence of the union of which it subsequently became a part. For France, the ally of Spain, having recognized the independence of the United States after having had her propositions for peace rejected by England, declared war against that country in 1779. Governor Galvez, who was young and fired with sympathy for the American cause, called a mass meeting of citizens of New Orleans and St. Bernard, and after telling them that war had been declared by Spain against the English, exclaimed, "Let those who love me follow where I lead!" Fifteen hundred young Creoles, as the pure-blooded French and Spanish colonists were called, responded to his appeal. Through all the fortunes of war they remained true to their brilliant young governor, who captured the English posts at Fort Manchac, Baton Rouge, Natchez and Mobile, and proceeding against the strongly fortified post of Pensacola, forced the English to surrender. The result of the campaign was that the whole of West Florida, which had fallen into the hands of the English, was restored to Spain, the English were driven from every post in the Province of Louisiana, and Louisianians have always felt proud that, though under the Spanish flag, they thus assisted the Americans in their struggle for independence.

In 1783, when the treaty of peace between the United States, Great Britain and Spain was signed, "the navigation of the Mississippi from its source to its mouth" was declared free to the people of the United States. A few months later, when Governor Galvez was disbanding his troops, he dwelt upon the importance of the free navigation of the Mississippi, and how St. Bernard and New Orleans, with their strategic position at its mouth, must in time become the gateway for the traffic of two continents. No colonial governor of Louisiana could ever lay claim to such honors as the founder of St. Bernard Parish. The Spain of that day did not forget, and when Gov-

Above—View of the ruins of the old Villere mansion on the battlefield of Chalmette, to which General Pakenham, who commanded the British troops in the Battle of New Orleans, was borne from the field, mortally wounded. Below—Ruins of the once famous home of Mrs. Jennie Washington Story, great-great-granddaughter of Colonel Lawrence Washington.

ernor Galvez' father died in 1785, his son was appointed his successor as Viceroy of Mexico.

It is the pride and glory of St. Bernard Parish that it was the cradle of the sugar industry in the United States. The cultivation of sugar cane was first introduced in Louisiana by the Jesuit Fathers in 1751, an attempt being made by them to manufacture sugar on their plantation in Baronne street, New Orleans, in the spot where the Jesuits' church now stands. But the attempt proved a failure. At this time indigo had been for many years the chief industry of the colony. The soil of Louisiana was still undeveloped. No one dreamed of the possibilities of culture that lay hidden like a mine of gold within it. In 1791, an insurrection of the Negro slaves in the French island of San Domingo drove hundreds of wealthy, educated, white refugees to New Orleans. They brought with them a wealth and luxury unknown before in the colony. Many of these refugees, being accustomed to large plantations, settled in St. Bernard Parish. Among them was a Spaniard named Solis, who laid out a large plantation on the site of the present little village of Bencheque, a portion of which afterward comprised the well-known Olivier plantation. In 1791, Solis essayed to manufacture sugar from cane, using a wooden mill. He succeeded only in making syrup and an indifferent quality of rum called "tafia," which he placed on the market.

Adjoining the Solis estate was the magnificent plantation of Don Antonio Mendes. This remarkable man was fully convinced that sugar could be manufactured from cane in Louisiana. Later in 1791, he bought out the Solis plant, erected the mill on his own grounds, and, with determination to succeed, he secured the services of a sugar maker from Cuba named Morin. Morin had spent many years in San Domingo, where the manufacture of sugar from cane was no secret. Many planters interested in Mendes' venture gathered in St. Bernard to witness the experiments. One can imagine their interest, how anxiously they gathered around the ancient wooden mill and the enthusiasm that filled the air when the historic words, "Ça Granule"—"It granulates!" burst from the lips of Mendes. This was the first sugar ever made in Louisiana.

The most romantic memories of St. Bernard Parish are connected with stories of the famous pirates, Jean and Pierre Lafitte. Jean Lafitte, the leader, was a handsome, dashing man, brave and reckless in all his acts. He had his trysting place in the island of Grand Terre in Barataria Bay. "Barataria" is an adaptation of a curious old Creole word, "Barateur" or "Barato," signifying "cheap," as the smuggled goods, rare and beautiful, sold by the pirates, were very cheap. Lafitte's crew were desperate men of all nations, contrabandists, pirates and what not. They were known in New Orleans as the "Smugglers of Barataria Bay," or more generally as "The Pirates of Barataria." They were the "wild men of the Spanish Main," and it was darkly hinted that they carried the black flag, and attacked vessels of all nations and did not hesitate to make their prisoners "walk the plank," that terror of old pirates of the deep.

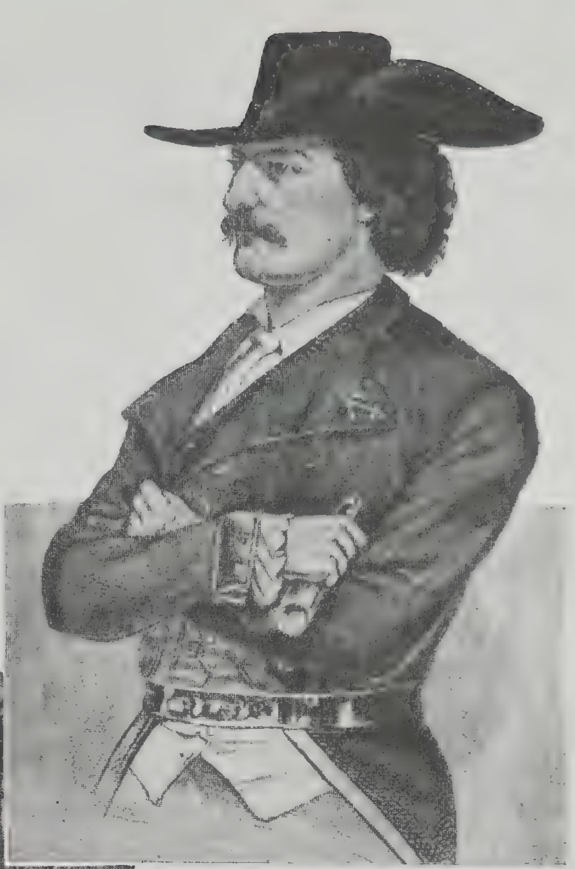
The Lafitte brothers had a smithy in Bourbon street, in New Orleans, and whenever the hand of the law seemed about to fall upon them, they would come out of the fastnesses of Barataria and sit smilingly in their blacksmith shop, which the Creoles said on the sly was not altogether a blacksmith shop, but a hiding-place for the city sale of their smuggled goods. Governor Claiborne, the first American governor of the territory and afterward of the state of Louisiana, sought to capture Lafitte and his men because they were engaged in a large smuggling trade. But the various expeditions sent against them did not succeed, because the people, who could buy goods from them much more cheaply than anywhere else, sympathized with them and always warned them when any expedition started.

But Lafitte had made up his mind. Mounting his horse he rode quickly to New Orleans, and suddenly appeared at General Jackson's headquarters. Jackson had heard of the Baratarians; he had been warned against the robbers and "pirates." Jackson was very much in need of arms and flints and accepted Lafitte's offer and Lafitte turned over his men and arms. On the day of the great Battle of New Orleans the Baratarians distinguished themselves. Lafitte and all his men fought so gallantly that they received General Jackson's thanks in a "General Order." Afterward President Madison granted all the outlaws a full and free pardon.

A fact which reflects credit upon the parish is that the first steam engine ever used to grind sugar cane was put up on the site of the plantation of Jean Joseph Coiron, in St. Bernard Parish in 1818. Two years later Coiron introduced the first red-ribbon cane from Georgia. These improvements operated most advantageously for the success of the industry, and Coiron's name lives in the agricultural history of Louisiana as the great promoter of the sugar industry in the early part of the nineteenth century, as De Boré was in the latter part of the eighteenth.

The battle field of Chalmette where the famous Battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815, lies about a mile and a half from New Orleans in St. Bernard Parish. The British expedition, directed against the city of New Orleans, formed part of a grand movement inaugurated by the English for the capture of Mobile also, in the latter part of the war of 1812. The troops destined for these operations united at Jamaica. They included a detachment of veterans who had served under Wellington on the Continent, and a portion of the British Chesapeake force under Admiral Cockrane. Intelligence of the English preparations reached Washington, December 9, 1814. The President immediately directed the governors of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia to dispatch their militia to New Orleans. General Andrew Jackson went to the city to take charge of the defense. He reached New Orleans December 12, 1814, and promptly began the organization of a force. The citizens rallied to his assistance; he also enlisted convicts and free men of color. With the volunteers from other states, Jackson's force was speedily swelled to 5,000 men, of whom less than 1,000 were regulars. The British expedition was composed of 7,000 men. The British were afterward reinforced by a detachment under General Lambert, one of Wellington's officers; this increased their numbers to 10,000 men. Transported in fifty large vessels, the British made the voyage to the Louisiana coast in safety, and anchored at the entrance of Lake Borgne in St. Bernard Parish. They believed their near approach to within nine miles of New Orleans by December 23 was unsuspected. But Jackson had received warning and, boldly advancing toward the enemy on the evening of December 23, attacked the British who were under the command of General Pakenham. He did little other than to show that he was prepared to make a gallant defense. On December 28, the British made another attack, but were repulsed with a loss of 213 men. On January 8, 1815, early in the morning, Pakenham made a desperate attempt to carry the American position by assault. Jackson was now encamped on the Plains of Chalmette about four miles below New Orleans. General Pakenham was mortally wounded and was borne off the field to die. General Gibbs, his second in command, was also mortally wounded, and General Keane, upon whom the command devolved, was shot in the neck. The command then fell to General Lambert, who abandoned the attack and withdrew his men to Lake Borgne, whence they sailed away in a few days. The battle had lasted scarcely more than an hour. By 9:30 a. m. it was over. The American loss was only thirteen killed and wounded. The British lost 2,600 killed and wounded.

Early in February news reached New Orleans that peace had been declared between the United States and England December 24, 1814. Thus the Battle of New Orleans was actually fought after peace had been declared, though neither army knew it. But the importance of the battle was recognized by Congress, which passed resolutions complimentary to the people of Louisiana for the valor with which they had defended their soil.



JEAN LAFITTE,

Commander-in-Chief of the "Barataria Pirates."

Above — Lafitte's oak. Historic live oak in the wilds of Barataria Bay, under which Lafitte and his pirates held their trysting place.

Right — Facsimile of Jean Lafitte's "Grand Mansion" in the fastnesses of Barataria Bay where he entertained governors and government officials in lavish style.

Above—General Jackson's headquarters. Historic Beauregard Mansion in St. Bernard Parish in which General Jackson made his headquarters during the Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Below—The Chalmette Cemetery, purchased in 1865 by the United States Government, a portion of the old battle ground in St. Bernard. It was converted into a beautiful burial place for the Union soldiers of the Civil War.

The Chalmette Monument marks the place where the battle was fought. It stands on the grounds of the ancient plantation of Monsieur Chalmette de Lygny, whose descendants still reside in the "vieux carré" of New Orleans. The venerable Madame Zoe Chalmette de Ligny Peychaud, daughter of the colonial owner of this historic ground, lived to the age of ninety-five, and many a time did the writer, in childhood, hear from her own lips the story of the Battle of New Orleans, and how she was among the young girls, representing the states and territories of the Union, who afterward strewed the pathway of General Jackson with flowers at the public reception tendered him in New Orleans.

The battle ground is now under the care of the patriotic association of the Daughters of 1776-1812.

And so from plantation to plantation, one may go in the old parish, hearing the songs and stories of other days, how one after another had passed from the hands of the ancient owners, till one reaches again the boundary line which separates the parish from New Orleans. There stands a large old colonial building, the last relic of the old life. It was the home of Francois Le Beau, a wealthy sugar planter and was erected more than one hundred years ago.

But the people of St. Bernard are optimistic. They do not believe that the glory of the old parish has departed forever. Rather do they feel that the best is yet to be. For the people are coming unto their own. The great wealth of the parish is no longer concentrated in the hands of a few landed proprietors. Plantation sites have been cut up into truck farms, swamp lands are being reclaimed, on all sides the hum of industry is heard, and the land is being made to yield substantial returns. Besides truck farms, much of the vacant land on which sugar was formerly cultivated has been converted into rice lands and the yield has been a prolific source of revenue to the people.

Interest of late, too, has settled around the old battle field. The Daughters of 1776-1812 and the Colonial Dames will have joint charge of this historic area, which the United States Government proposes to convert into a great national park. When the plans elaborated for its improvement are completed, the park will be among the most beautiful in the United States. The live oaks alone will be an attraction, for the "Avenue de Versailles," which runs through the grounds, is said by botanists to contain the most magnificent growth in the world.

Cronkhite Case to Trial: Highest Court Order

Rosenbluth and Pothier Surrender for Journey Back to Tacoma

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE many obstructions which, for the last three years, were placed deliberately in the way of the administration of justice in the Rosenbluth case, have at last been brushed aside as irrelevant and immaterial by a ruling of the United States Supreme Court, which sustains the action of United States District Judge Arthur L. Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, in issuing a warrant for the removal of Roland R. Pothier to Tacoma, Washington, there to stand trial for the murder of Major Alexander P. Cronkhite.

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will recall that more than a year ago, on April 7, 1923, it pointed out the strange inconsistencies in the removal proceedings instituted against Pothier in Providence, as compared with those against Robert Rosenbluth in New York City. The two men had been indicted on the same counts and for the same crime. Bench warrants had been issued against them from the United States Court for the Western District of Washington (Tacoma), charging them with willful and premeditated murder. But while in Rhode Island Pothier's case was properly laid before the United States District Court, Rosenbluth's case, in New York, was presented for adjudication to a United States commissioner, one who acts merely in a clerical capacity for the district court. Pothier was imprisoned during the course of the hearings, but in New York Rosenbluth was promptly liberated on bail. In Providence Judge Brown decided that the bench warrant for Rosenbluth had been issued by a court of competent jurisdiction and granted a warrant for the man's removal to the State of Washington. In New York the commissioner, after protesting that he should not have been called upon to take the responsibility for a decision, discharged Rosenbluth's bail and dismissed the proceedings against him. Rosenbluth thus walked the streets of New York a free man while Pothier languished in a Rhode Island jail. The strange spectacle was presented of a United States commissioner in New York nullifying the act of a United States Court in Washington, and ignoring an indictment for a capital crime found by a Federal grand jury.

The Supreme Court Ruling

IN NEW YORK no attempt was made to review the action of the commissioner. In Rhode Island, however, the removal of Pothier was again contested by an appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston, which later liberated Pothier, holding that there was an "absolute want of probable cause" for the removal of Pothier to Tacoma.

The case now went to the Supreme Court *of the United States which sustained Judge Brown and reversed the decision of the United States Circuit Court in Boston, thus automatically nullifying the action of Commissioner Hitchcock in New York in liberating Rosenbluth.*

The ruling of the Supreme Court is as follows:

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 546.-October Term, 1923.

William R. Rodman,
United States Marshal,
Petitioner,
vs.
Roland R. Pothier

On Writ of Certiorari to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the First Circuit.

(April 7, 1924.)

Mr. Justice McReynolds delivered the opinion of the court.

Respondent Pothier and another were duly indicted—October 13, 1922—for the murder of Alexander P. Cronkhite, on October 25, 1918, "within and on lands theretofore acquired for the exclusive use of the United States, and under the exclusive jurisdiction thereof, and within the Southern Division of the Western District of Washington, to wit, within and on the Camp Lewis Military Reservation." Pothier was arrested in the State of Rhode Island and, after hearings before the Commissioner and the District Court, a warrant for his removal was directed as provided by sec. 1014, Rev. Stat. By this *habeas corpus* proceeding the validity of the warrant is questioned and respondent's release sought. His contention is that the United States had not acquired exclusive jurisdiction over the place of the crime as alleged by the indictment because they had not then received a deed to the land.

The District Court said and held, 285 Fed. 632—

"The argument is that by the terms of the statute the passing of the deed is a prerequisite to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, and that as the deed postdates the time of the alleged murder, the United States did not then have exclusive jurisdiction over the lands conveyed by said deed. But the evidence shows also that before the passage of the deeds, and before the date of the alleged murder, Pierce County, acting as the arm and agent of the State, had acquired by condemnation, and had turned over to the United States military authorities many tracts of land comprised within the Camp Lewis Military Reservation, which had been selected by a representative of the Secretary of War, and which, when donated to the United States, the Secretary of War had been authorized to accept. Buildings had been erected and the camp permanently occupied before January 29, 1918, and before July, 1918, there were 50,000 men in camp. There is much evidence tending to show that as to a number of the tracts of land comprised in the camp there was, before the date of the alleged crime, a practical consummation of the donation, and that the agents of the county and of the United States had done all that it was necessary to do to vest title and exclusive jurisdiction in the United States, save the execution and recording of the deeds whereby the title of the United States should be evidenced. The contention of the United States that the evidence of *de facto* exercise of exclusive jurisdiction is sufficient in itself to show probable cause cannot be disregarded, in view of the *quaere* in *Holt* v. *United States*, 218 U. S. 245,-252: 'The documents referred to are not before us, but they properly were introduced, and so far as we can see justified the finding of the jury, even if the evidence of the *de facto* exercise of exclusive jurisdiction was not enough, or if the United States was called on to try title in a murder case.' . . . I am of the opinion that the defendant has failed to overcome the *prima facie* case made by the indictment, and that the evidence fails to show the want of probable cause."

The Circuit Court of Appeals, 291 Fed. 311, was "of the opinion that no other conclusion can be drawn from the evidence than that, at the time the crime charged in the indictment was committed, the United States had acquired no title in the land embraced within Camp Lewis Military Reservation; that the sovereignty of the State over the tract had not then been yielded up and was not until the deed, map, etcetera, were filed in the office of the County Auditor of Pierce County for record, which was not until November 15, 1919, more than a year after the alleged murder. This being so, there is an absolute want of probable cause for the removal of the appellant to answer to the crime charged. *Green* v. *Henkel*, 183 U. S. 249, 261." It accordingly reversed the judgment of the District Court and directed Pothier's discharge.

We think there was enough to show probable cause and that the judgment of the District Court is correct. Whether the "locus" of the alleged crime was within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States demands consideration of many facts and seriously controverted questions of law. As heretofore often pointed out, these matters must be determined by the court where the indictment was found. The regular course may not be anticipated by alleging want of jurisdiction and demanding a ruling thereon in a "habeas corpus" proceeding. Barring certain exceptional cases (unlike the present one), this Court "has uniformly held that the hearing on 'habeas corpus' is not in the nature of a writ of error, nor is it intended as a substitute for the functions of the trial court. Manifestly, this is true as to disputed questions of fact, and it is equally so as to disputed matters of law, whether they relate to the sufficiency of the indictment or the validity of the statute on which the charge is based. These and all other controverted matters of law and fact are for the determination of the trial court." "Henry v. Henkel," 235 U. S. 219, 229; "Louie v. United States," 254 U. S. 548.

Reversed.

A true copy.

Test:

Clerk, Supreme Court, U. S.

Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, and his associates, in opposing the removal of Pothier and Rosenbluth to Tacoma, set up an assertion that the United States did not have jurisdiction over the land on which the crime was committed. This was their plan to prevent the facts in this case from coming to light by preventing the trial from being held. They maintained that "no probable cause" had been shown for the removal of the two men to Tacoma, and brought *habeas corpus* proceedings to prevent their being taken there.

Stripped of its legal form, the decision of the Supreme Court in plain language is this: The Supreme Court decides that "probable cause" has been established and that the question of United States jurisdiction is to be decided only by the court at Tacoma. The Supreme Court says that it "has uniformly held that the hearing on *habeas corpus* is not in the nature of a writ of error, nor is it intended as a substitute for the functions of the trial court." In other words, the cherished privilege of *habeas corpus* cannot be abused by using it as a subterfuge to prevent men indicted for crime from going to trial. No more scathing arraignment of illegal tactics has ever been made by the Justices of the Supreme Court in thus pointing out the misuse by Louis Marshall and his associates of *habeas corpus*, and their ignorance of the "uniform" precedents established by the highest court in the land.

The irregularity lay in appealing from Judge Brown's decision. Under the law there is no appeal from a removal order issued by a Federal judge.

In one blow the decision of the Supreme Court demolishes the smoke-screen of deception which was built up about the Rosenbluth case, and which has already proved costly to many a reputation in judicial, political, financial and journalistic circles. The entire country is now aware of the identities of those who tried to obstruct the law. They have been not only defeated, but discredited. The decision is a rebuke to the Wall Street bankers who advanced their protection to one of the accused; it renders impotent the intrigue of the New York *World* in tampering with one of the Government witnesses by publishing an alleged retraction of his sworn confession; it discredits the instigators of the extensive publicity campaign conducted to create an "atmosphere" on behalf of one of the accused by periodicals such as the *Nation* and the *Literary Digest*, and by the *Institute for Public Service*, which actually circulated literature among school children, attacking the prosecuting arm of the United States Government; it is a reproach to those who expended such large sums of money in an attempt to defeat justice, and brings into relief the scandalous scenes that prevailed in Tacoma when intimidation was resorted to and prospective witnesses were plied with liquor to prevent them from being able to testify before the Federal grand jury.

A Lawful Course, Unhindered

THE Supreme Court ruling casts a peculiar light upon the activities of certain men identified with the Yale Forest School in attempting to discredit the action of the Federal court, in circulating a misleading booklet provided them by one of the accused and in trying to hush the exposure of the Rosenbluth case by issuing a pamphlet containing a personal attack upon the writer of these articles; it calls into question the "exoneration" pamphlet, built upon material concocted by attorneys for one of the accused, which was sent broadcast on the alleged authority of J. W. Selden, prosecuting attorney for Pierce County, Washington; it again calls attention to the sinister falsehood that young Major Cronkhite was buried in Arlington Cemetery, beneath a tomb on which were chiseled the letters "S. I. W." (self-inflicted wound), which was circulated by racial publications such as the *Jewish Tribune*, which placed the responsibility for this story upon the same man, Selden; it further brings intoprominence the iniquity of certain politicians in using their influence in Washington on behalf of one of the accused, even to the extent of exercising pressure upon members of the President's Cabinet.

Since the ruling of the Supreme Court was published on April 7, the developments have been prompt and decisive. On April 12, Pothier was taken into custody by United States Marshal Rodman, at Providence, Rhode Island, and committed to jail to await his removal to Tacoma. On the same day, Rosenbluth appeared before United States Commissioner Hitchcock in New York City, and announced his readiness to leave for Tacoma when required. It is evidence of the public fairness that in no part of the country has there been any exhibition of feeling against these two unfortunate men, whose misfortune it has been that they were deliberately entangled by misguided partisans into a racial and political intrigue. No one doubts that their trial will be a fair one, and if they are acquitted, there will be a feeling of relief generally that the procedure set up in such cases has taken its lawful course without hindrance. No one, as far as we are aware, has demanded the conviction of the accused men, but only their lawful trial. It is the trial that has been obstructed, and will now be held.

A Lull in Ireland's Affairs

From the *Round Table*, March

(London Liberal-Imperial Quarterly)

THERE seems today to be a kind of tacit understanding—pessimists call it a lull, optimists give it a more important place—but whatever it is, the Republicans have clearly no desire to break it. The passivity of the winning side is, I imagine, based upon the conviction that their opponents have reached a psychological turning-point. According to this opinion, the Irregulars are hesitating longingly on the threshold of the civilized life they have done so much to spoil, and the effect of a root-and-branch policy of extirpation, whatever else it might achieve, would obviously be to nip in the bud any tendency to repentance. Despair would indeed only lead to the perpetuation of lawlessness. As long, therefore, as the prodigals abstain from positive violence, the attitude of the Free State should also, on this theory, be a passive one, in order to encourage a return en masse to the fold. More than that: there is a feeling that, whatever their misdeeds, they are still Irishmen and brothers, and that the qualities of idealism and determination which some of them possess are needed by their country for her reconstruction.

Would they be put to such a use? They have appealed to physical force and failed. They have appealed to moral force and failed. Will they now see the error of their ways and return to constitutional methods? It seems to me that even in that event—and at the worst it is better than their present behavior—the temptation to follow a well-worn track would be almost irresistible. They would, surely, only enter Irish politics to obstruct, just as the old Irish party used to do at Westminster, their eyes fixed on a single goal.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN a friend lamented to Alexander Whyte the scarcity of great men these days, in the region of political leadership, Whyte replied, "They are a different race"—"I gathered that he meant a smaller," said the friend. Different and smaller, perhaps, though on the average higher, and lacking the once liberal sprinkling of tall statured men which make certain periods of our past so notable.

But to suppose that the political field exhausts the great opportunities for notable service, is simply to illustrate how firmly our minds are still held by the ideas of the past. It is not very long ago that only two fields opened to men of ambition and brilliant parts—the Church and the Law, the church with its side lines into literature and learning, the law with its main avenue into politics. In those days there were great clergymen and great statesmen. These two channels had a monopoly, as it were, of the brains of the times.

Doubtless a purpose can be traced in this. Indeed, it is only with difficulty that one can survey the past without happening upon what seems to be a distinct purpose in its development. For example: we now ride over the Mohawk Trail in our motor cars, and it means only a couple of hours of delightful scenery and outlook. But to reflect that these mountains were once the containing walls of the American nation, gives them a more than mere geologic or scenic meaning.

> *THE pioneers seem bigger than those who follow them, because they stand alone. They go out from a growing race, the first tendrils of conquest, but those who follow are of the same stock. In a multitude, however, the average is high enough to bring even the pioneer to the level of his fellow men. Pioneers in statecraft, science, invention, ethics, win reputation because out there in the new field they stand alone, and appear like giants. But as new fields are occupied by the crowds that swarm behind, distinction tends to vanish in a high average. Ordinary men are doing daily now what would have won them lasting fame in days when the average was lower. If sometimes we seem to live in a time of little men, it may be only because there are so many big men that greatness does not seem unusual.*

Within those mountain walls that American nation was contained until it had threshed out of its experience the vital principles of American life. It was cradled there between the mountain and the sea, a ferment of small factions, hearing multitudes of speeches, making public assemblies the chief features of its life, tasting and digesting or rejecting all the political philosophies then in the world, and developing as in a specialist's nursery a type of thinking, a type of outlook upon life which is distinct among the thoughts and attitudes of the world.

All this on the eastern side of the mountain wall. There was a great continent to conquer, but the conquering idea had first to be born and brought to maturity in that smaller compass of the original territory. Before those mountains were destined to be crossed in the westward migration of the people, the stamp of American mentality and energy and enterprise and principle was to be pressed deep into the new nation.

When that had been accomplished through the work of statesmen, schools, town-meetings, political upheavals and the creation and enlightenment of general opinion, then came a new wind blowing upon the nation. It began to feel narrowed and cramped, it longed for space, it felt the call of the continent. Paths found by adventurers through the mountains became the highways of a people on the march. The people of New England filtered through to Buffalo, thence to the Northwest and to the Pacific Coast. The Dutch stream from New York came up the Hudson, across Pennsylvania, and westward. The streams of migration can be traced in place names and the characteristics of the people even yet. Then in the great spaces of the central west and farther west the streams mingled.

But their glory was not in their numbers: their glory was in what they bore with them, the ideals of enterprise and independence and human justice and the fair chance, which had been born into their very blood during their apprentice sojourn beyond the mountains near the sea.

There was a purpose in that hill-kept infancy of the people. Concord and its school of thinkers who mingled iron with their thought and character with their conclusions, was not an accident; but we do not continue to reproduce Concords today. The New England poets bore their part which still runs strongly in the nation's mind, but we are not duplicating them today. Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Webster, Jackson, these all did their part, and upon their foundations our political structure still rests. But we have no Jeffersons and no Websters today.

It seems to be that, as the nation formed itself within the mountain-guarded area and then moved forth, so has the intellectual enterprise of the people moved out of the former fields in which it first exercised itself and gained its first sense of its own strength. It was necessary first that the political structure should be firmly based and strongly built in order that the life of the people might function freely. To this then principal task, the best minds of the country turned. It was pioneer work. The statesman was leader into a new region of collective living. His work was of the highest importance. He was not only an administrator of the public business, he was creator of the molds in which ever after the public business would flow.

With this achieved other interests claimed the pioneer type of mind. In the Colonies, medicine, for example, was little developed, and consisted of a few shrewd, common-sense observations, useful as far as they went, but not the stalwart ally of the public welfare which Medicine has become today. The field of manufacture opened, and with it the field of invention. Quickly followed the far-flung field of transportation. Then on the heels of these came the great era when it was first realized what tremendous natural resources awaited this people. Upon the growth of settlements came education which speedily developed its own specialists and its own science.

And thus, little by little, the two fields which once offered the stimulus of effort to the abler minds, were multiplied into many fields. And without necessarily disparaging either Politics or Religion, it is apparent today that so far as the world of professional activity goes, these have fallen into relatively equal positions with reference to many other activities although they were formerly the two chief professions. The opportunities for service have increased a thousandfold, and the avenues of activity have been multiplied almost beyond classification.

The two primary fields have, of course, influenced all the rest. Without the orderly life which is guaranteed by wise political organization there could have been no development of the arts and sciences, no secure outspreading of the people's hopes and efforts. And without the principles of morality and fairness and humanity which it has always been the special care of religion to inculcate, no human activity and development can remain sound. But, considered as regions of work, these two fields, once primary, are today two among many.

Perhaps the complaint that we lack great men in public life is the result of an unbalanced view. All forms of life are public, and surely there are great men in the various fields of life. Probably we are confusing greatness with unusualness. When there were only one or two great men in the nation they towered apart. But with hundreds of such men, greatness does not appear so unusual. One sometimes thinks, after carefully considering all the elements of the question, that in a given body (take Congress for example) the common average represents really a higher degree of character and ability than was represented in some of the great men whose greatness towered above the multitude in early days.

With that true of the rank-and-file, great men (in the older sense) are not so necessary, and they are not so easy to produce. The great man of today must necessarily be greater than the greatest men of the past. The average has greatly risen, because the opportunity for development and action is widened and diversified beyond measure.

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The Rule of the Home

A BROOKLYN judge asserts that more than eighty per cent of our criminals are under twenty-five. Another New York jurist observes that the average hardened criminal is about seventeen, and that the age at which the largest numbers of prisoners are committed to jails and reformatories is nineteen. This implies a youth situation of alarming proportions and implications.

How can this frightful wastage of young life be accounted for? Those nearest to the facts tell us that it is not the fruitage of a crime wave that inevitably follows in the wake of war. The causes go much deeper. In the final analysis the principal indictment falls upon one only institution and that institution is the average American home.

The tap root of the situation is contempt for rightly constituted authority. A generation ago the parents governed the family. Today the tables are turned and the family policy is largely dictated by the children. Consequently, before either the school or the church can assume any guardianship, the seeds of potential disorder have been sown. Nothing is plainer than that moral education, like charity, must begin at home.

The child who has not learned a wholesome respect for home-law will have nothing but disdain for school-law. The youth who has not been disciplined to regard either will leave school around fourteen and go out to defy all law. And when he falls into the stern hands of the guardians of the law he will have his parents to thank most of all.

The remedy is not better laws or better schools or better churches. It is better homes and better parents.

The Women—Bless Them!

THE women of America have recently given evidence that they are penetrating the specious efforts which have been made to work under cover of their organizations for ends not clearly defined. The modern movement among women came at a time when propagandism of the secret service type was highly developed among those groups most inimical to the American idea. For this reason it was not surprising that the initial experiences of the movement were of varied kinds. The highest kind of compliment was paid to the women by the propagandists in the tacit admission that American women could not be organized or moved except on a high plane of idealism. The precious elements of womanhood—its strong desire for sweetness and light, its powerful sympathy for the oppressed, its natural antagonism to duplicity and brutality—were all counted upon by those who planned to "use" the women's organizations. American women did not know that while the ostensible objects of their associations were being advocated, other ulterior objects were being fostered. Nor did they know that in some cases methods of political coercion were being used that no American woman would countenance.

But there never was any real danger to the women's movements—certainly no real danger *in* it—but there was a condition of misinformation in some quarters that had to be dispelled. Happily it has been dispelled. The majority of the leaders of the women's organizations, especially those leaders who lived among the people, and not in the fetid atmosphere of Washington, have always been clear-seeing, and of late have developed an instinct by which they are becoming more and more able to detect the approach of subversive objects. There has been a widening of vision, so that now the published altruistic purposes of certain groups are not allowed to obscure the harmfulness of the methods by which the altruism was to become effective. American wives and mothers, as distinct from the professional type of "woman leader," have become aware that they have attained a sufficient importance to become desired as the vehicles of ideas that ultimately are not for the general good, and hence they are on guard as never before.

All this is clear gain and insures the continuance and usefulness of the movement as a whole. The un-American fringe will fall away. Observers have seen nothing more refreshing and hopeful than the manner in which women, especially in their local clubs, have cleaned house and taken stock of the more general trends of their programs. The great power of American womanhood is now in less danger than it ever has been of being misled by false phrases. And that happy condition has been recently attained.

Once Out of Debt

IT WAS nearly a century ago, in December, 1834, that Secretary of the Treasury Taney, in his annual report to Congress, announced that the entire national debt would be paid or provided for during the ensuing year. "Thus the United States will present that happy and probably, in modern times, unprecedented spectacle of a people substantially free from the smallest portion of debt," to quote from the report.

Secretary Taney's predecessor, Secretary McLane, had predicted the total extinguishment of the national debt three years before, and it is evident that the officials of that day had no confidence in the theory, attributed to Hamilton but probably never advanced as a general truth, that "a public debt is a public blessing," for the final wiping out of the last bond occurred but seventeen years after the close of the War of 1812, in which much of the debt was created.

Had later financial administration been as thrifty, Uncle Sam might long ago have paid the Civil War debt, which still drags along to the enrichment of the bondholders.

A Democratic Possibility

WHO will the Democratic Presidential candidate be? Distinctly less certain is the answer given to that question than to the question of the Republican candidate. It is generally conceded that Mr. McAdoo may go into the convention with forty-five or fifty per cent of the delegates instructed for him. But it is likewise conceded that Mr. McAdoo has failed to capture the imagination either of his party or the country. Indeed, serious defections have occurred in quarters where McAdoo support might have been reasonably expected. The Democratic field is still an open one.

The casual mention of Josephus Daniels, as a possible candidate, has sparked more public and partisan interest than the political press reflects. Mr. Daniels, it is true, promptly announced that he was not a candidate, and his state, North Carolina, did not name any delegates for him. Nevertheless his name came with the effect of light and hope to thousands of Democrats. He represents qualities which are too much lacking in present politics. He stands for some of the best achievements in public life. In fact, the naming of Mr. Daniels as a possibility threw an element into the situation which may yet have important results.

Every Presidential convention goes through three stages. First there is the complimentary introduction of various candidates, "favorite sons," "available timber," "receptive party wheel-horses," and all the rest. That over, the convention settles down into its second stage, the fight between candidates who really count. The impolitic thing about strong convention candidacies is that they evoke as strong opposition. When a convention reaches a deadlock through the determination and strength of two candidates, it begins to slip into its third stage, the search for compromise candidates, for "the dark horse" whose modesty has created no enmity and whose past record renders him acceptable to all factions.

It may be that in the third stage of the Democratic national convention the name of a man like Josephus Daniels will come with unifying power and carry off the nomination from the stronger contenders. Speaking generally, the Democrats could conceivably do much worse than name Mr. Daniels.

If it shall turn out that the indictment of Senator Wheeler is without warrant—a "frame-up"—the result will be disastrous to those who are responsible for it. At this writing it is only too obvious that but for his activity in the investigations, Senator Wheeler would never have been subjected to this attack on his reputation. The method and the motive of the attack are of the same low moral order and will blacken any faction or party that attempts to justify it. Politics, as the game is now being played in the sight of the American people, is a sad exhibition of petty-mindedness.

Few Words

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has won the reputation of being a man of few words. He appears to listen much and say little. This was not dispelled by his recent address which required forty-three minutes to deliver. What he really had to say in that address, he said in a few words. The rest was—perhaps not exactly padding, but verbal detours which served to keep the Presidential presence before its hosts for a polite interval of time.

Speaking of the recent scandalous practices disclosed by the Congressional investigations, the President said: "There is an exceedingly healthy disposition to uproot it altogether and administer punishment wherever competent evidence of guilt can be produced. That I am doing and propose to continue."

Concerning taxation and cost of government, the President said: "The success of Government does not lie in wringing all the revenue it can from the people, but in making their burden as light and fairly distributed as possible, consistent with the proper maintenance of the necessary public functions."

Nowhere did the President seem to feel more the sense of message than in his discussion of our foreign relations. In this he was frankness itself, uttering some aspects of truth which diplomats commonly gloss over, and steering completely clear of all sorts of bombast. He does not abate any just credit due to America, he does not make claims that go beyond the bare facts.

Of American participation in the war: "We took our part in the war at length, in the defense of free institutions. We believe, while acknowledging that we were only one of the contributing elements, that our participation was a decisive factor . . . .Our action at this time was distinctly a world service."

Of American influence in making the treaty: "There can be little doubt that our presence at the treaty table softened the terms and diminished the exactions of the victorious nations, where joint covenants of defensive alliance were in part substituted for the usual territorial transfers."

Of the United States' attitude toward the League of Nations: "Our country refused to adhere to the League of Nations with a decisive rejection which I regard as final."

Of the feeling toward the United States by the other powers: "It is undoubtedly too much to suppose that we hold very much of the affectionate regard of other nations. At the same time we do hold their respect."

As to what the other nations may rely on concerning the United States: "If there is disappointment in some directions that we do not enter alliances with them, *it is more than overbalanced by the knowledge that there is no danger that we shall enter alliances against them.* It must be known to every people that we are seeking no acquisition of territory, and maintaining no military establishment with unfriendly and hostile intent."

As to Peace in general: "I do not claim to be able to announce any formula that will guarantee the peace of the world . . . . On what nations are at home depends what they will be abroad. If the spirit of freedom rules in their domestic affairs, it will rule in their foreign affairs . . . . We increase the desire for peace everywhere by being peaceful . . . . We maintain a military force for our defense, but our offensive lies in the justice of our cause . . . . We believe in treaties and covenants and international law as a permanent record for a reliable determination of action. All these are evidences of a right intention. But something more than these is required, to maintain the peace of the world. In its final determination, it must come from the heart of the people. Unless it abide there we cannot build for it any artificial lodging place. If the will of the world be evil, there is no artifice by which we can protect the nations from evil results."

One other statement showed President Coolidge to be democratic in the strict American sense. He believes in the freedom of the people, wholly: "We need a faith that is broad enough to let the people make their own mistakes. Let them come unto knowledge and understanding by their own experience."

That is the gist of Mr. Coolidge's mind as he shares it with the people at this time. While not the man of letters Lincoln was, nor a master of Wilsonian phrase, the President can say the thing simply and clearly, and having said it, let it work.

However, words at the best lose their savor unless enshrined in supporting actions. In the above speech the only reference that concerns the Executive alone is that which refers to prosecution of criminal officials. The Big Stick, if there is one in this Administration, has been most strongly shown in efforts to thwart the Mellon investigation. To be a very convincing Big Stick it must be shown in positive action also.

New Rentenmark Shows Up Real Poverty

Germany Welcomes Breathing Spell Offered by New Money; Government Regulation Curbs Activity of Shady Profiteers

By HARBOR ALLEN

WHILE the new Rentenmark ($1=4.2) has given Germany a breathing spell and is gradually swinging living conditions back to a halfway bearable state in the Reich, it has also torn off the mask of "easy-money" prosperity and shown the German people for the first time how hideously poor and exhausted they have become.

Still the average German is not complaining. Poor as he is, he can still feel much gratitude for the change from the deadly days of last year, and his daily prayer is that the new currency will not fall prey to the fierce infant mortality that carried off in quick succession Germany's output of thousand, million, milliard, and billion mark notes.

Best of all, food has suddenly and miraculously appeared in plenty on the market. In January people still had to fight for a loaf of bread and a few pounds of potatoes: now you can get all the bread and potatoes you want, and oranges, apples, dates and figs to boot. Hawkers crowd the curbs of Munich and Berlin with carts piled high with Italian fruits and delicacies, and groceries have loaded up their windows again—as they weren't loaded up since before the war—with Dutch cheeses, Portuguese fish, American meats and lards, and German butter and eggs.

A few months ago you got nothing but frowns and grunts when you went into a store to buy. Shopkeepers were compelled by law to remain open so many hours a day and to sell their wares; but secretly, they tried in every way to keep their goods rather than trade it off for your worthless paper bills. Now shopkeepers smile at you as they haven't since 1914. They urge you to buy more; they show you their goods with bows and flourishes of courtesy; they accompany you to the door and send you off with a gracious: "Gruess Gott die Herrschaften. Beehren Sie uns wieder." ("God be with you, noble sir. Do honor us again.")

The reason for this is obvious. Two months ago everybody had lots of money and was trying to pass it off to the next man as fast as he could. Now nobody has any money and is hanging on to every pfennig as long as he can. As usual, wages are lagging behind the cost of living like a man with two broken legs.

Prices for food articles have sunk to American levels or even a trifle lower. This is the result of gentle prodding on the part of the government, which has established price-testing bureaus in every city to compel the business man to come to his senses and be satisfied with a civilized profit.

The price-testing bureau in Munich, for instance, soon discovered that almost all branches of business, taking advantage of the chaos in figures and money, were charging prices one hundred and two hundred per cent above the cost of production. The results of the bureau were published and the stores were compelled willy-nilly to abide by its decision.

Consequently, overnight sausage dropped from $1.25 to twenty-five and fifty cents a pound; meat from eighty cents and one dollar to fifteen and twenty-five cents; butter from $1.50 to forty-five cents; bread from twenty cents a loaf to seven cents; and eggs from ten and fifteen cents each to five cents.

Hardest hit by the "recovery" of Germany have been the farmers, who only two months ago were the virtual rulers of the republic. Today they are crushed under the enormous new 1924 taxes and are hard pressed for money. Money is absolutely scarce; banks have none to lend and the state is neither in a financial nor a temperamental mood for extending a hand to the farmer. The farmer is therefore compelled to open his granaries and throw his products on the market for what he can get, usually at prices consistently below the par of farm products in 1914.

These comestibles are scooped up by the army of Germany's shady middlemen and speculators, who, in the chaos of the last years, have become the most efficient and accomplished gougers and profiteers in the world. The tactics of these men would put the exactions of Chinese bandits to shame. All the price-testing bureaus have been able to do with them is to put a slight dent here and there in their get-rich-quick ambitions.

The camouflaged field kitchens of the old army have been pressed into service by "Not un Brot" ("Need and Bread") a vast organization which is feeding the hungry unemployed and the children on Germany's bleak streets during the terrible "recovery crisis."

The worker, like the farmer, is being crushed—only he between the government and big industry. The state has cut the wages of its postmen, teachers, telephone, telegraph, railroad, and power plant employes to exactly one-half their 1914 salaries. This means that a mail carrier in Germany earns fifteen dollars a month, a high school teacher forty dollars, a high government official eighty dollars, a representative to the Reichstag $120, and the chancellor of the entire German Reich $300!

With the same pen that slashed the worker's salary in half, the government raised the cost of freight, light, gas, and coal to prices higher than those in America and probably higher than those anywhere else in the world. How a man with a family can live in one of Germany's large cities on fifteen or even forty dollars a month is a mystery I cannot solve. When the mail carriers held a huge protest meeting in Leipzig recently, the post office replied that they should be glad they had jobs at all, since in the vast economizing campaign to be started this spring, more than one-fourth of them could expect to be turned jobless into the streets.

In the autumn everybody had plenty of money, even if it was no good, but nobody could get food. Here is a typical line clamoring for food. Now there is plenty of food but nobody has any money.

Taking its cue from the state, big industry is meting out the same bitter pills to factory workers. Spreading unemployment has paralyzed the trade unions and thrown the worker limp at the mercy of his employer. There are already 3,000,000 unemployed in the Reich, and the number is constantly increasing.

Metal workers in North Germany are glad to work ten hours a day for forty pfennig an hour, less than ten cents. Masons in Munich are working half time for twelve marks a week, less than $3. Women of refinement are scrubbing offices for ten marks, $2.50, to help keep their families from starving. A few months ago you could not get a servant girl for love nor money. All the young women were filing into the banks which were springing up by the score on every square. Now the banks are deserted and are closing down one after the other, and you can hire all the maids and cooks you want at three and four dollars a month. A great many of them are seeking jobs in America.

But while people are getting such pay, shoes cost seven dollars a pair, a shirt five dollars, a suit forty; and to heat and light a single room at all comfortably in February cost twelve to fifteen dollars!

It is no wonder, then, that one-fourth the entire city of Munich is being fed from soup kitchens supported by money collected in America and other parts of the world. Whole restaurants have been taken over by a national emergency organization called *"Not und Brot"* (Need and Bread) and have been converted into public halls where poor people, with cards issued from headquarters, line up daily by the thousands to get a piece of bread and a warm bowl of soup. The camouflaged rolling field kitchens of the old army have been pressed into service, and every day at noon the soldiers dish out food to the half-starved unemployed on the streets.

Meanwhile, Germany's "heavy industrialists," already responsible for a large share of the misery of their compatriots, are taking advantage of the situation and toying with dynamite. "We've got the workingman where we want him now," declared the secretary of the Bavarian Manufacturers Protective Association recently. "Wait until he has starved for a while. Then he will be willing to work twelve hours a day for nothing."

This policy will cause more than a little trouble in Germany sooner or later. Just at present the German laborer is willing to work for almost nothing to keep alive, but he has not forgotten the improvement in his standard of living immediately after the war. He harbors a grudge against his employer, which, once he gets on his feet again, is going to make some chips fly.

Swindled out of everything he possessed, the small property owners and stock holders—*Kleinrentner,* they are called—are worse off than the worker. Generally they are too old to work, and are totally dependent upon the charity of relatives or children.

While the mark was dropping, these people were deceived into believing they still had valuable possessions. Bondholders counted their riches as they read in the Berlin bourse that their papers were quoted first at a hundred thousand marks, then a million, a milliard and finally ten billion.

Ten billion to these old-timers, accustomed to the sanctity of the par mark, sounded like a vast amount of money. When the stabilization of the mark came, however, they soon found that they were stripped to the skin. The state announced one bright morning that henceforth a billion paper marks were worth exactly one Rentenmark, about twenty-four cents, and these *Kleinrentner* then had to strike off twelve ciphers.

At the same time the government began to pay back its war bonds, refunding one paper mark in 1924 for every goldmark paid in 1915. An acquaintance of mine who sank his entire fortune of 850,000 goldmarks ($200,000) into government war bonds, received the other day, together with interest, about one million paper marks. This is now worth 1/400,000 of a cent. An American can understand this process—and what would happen to an enormous class of people in the United States—if he imagined that the American Government began to pay back its Liberty bonds at the rate of one cent for every forty-two milliard dollars invested in 1918. This is precisely what the German Government is now doing.

People dependent upon the income of real estate are also left destitute by the fantastically small rents which the government compels them to accept.

The cost of sweeping the chimneys in February in Berlin was more than the total income of rents. Consequently, houses are simply going to ruin. Tenants are too poor to pay. Rents are now gradually rising and will probably reach 1914 levels—which compared to American rents are cheap enough—by the end of this year.

Meanwhile, a small class of shady profiteers are living on the fat of the land, wearing furs and silks, scurrying about in limousines, and keeping the demimonde cabarets and wine-restaurants jangling with jazz into early in the morning.

That these conditions cannot long continue is obvious. Germans are not yet aware of the staggering exhaustion and shabbiness of their cities, their homes, their resources, their lives. They are too happy for the breathing spell afforded by the stability of the mark to think about their inconveniences. At least, they no longer have to hurry down to the bank every morning, buy up everything they see, try to get rid of their money as if it burned the hand.

Lately there have been rumors that the mark is fluctuating again in the "Ausland." The papers, gagged by press dictatorship, are blaming it on foreign speculators. But those who know say that the government, having exhausted its credit and its patience waiting for an American or any other kind of loan, is secretly inflating the Rentenmark. If, after this short taste of civilized and human financial conditions, the German wakes up some morning to find that it has all been an illusion, the reaction will be disastrous.

The Hottest Spot in the United States

Harvesting her own—women are largely concerned with the American date industry.

"A Hellish, Hopeless Desert"—Second Death Valley Becomes a Date Garden

By MARY E. WALTER

THE hottest spot in the United States is at the same time the most unique. Hottest and driest agriculturally, it is part of the desert of the great Southwest, yet the harvesting and the marketing of this year's crop from the date palm gardens that convert this arid region into a huge oasis have brought to commercial security a new American industry. They have likewise marked another step toward the adjustment of one of our frontier sections and point to its rivalry of the Old World in at least two particulars.

Round 1370 B. C., when the great Hall of Karnak was built, the date industry flourished in the Nile Valley. Dates were doubtless known to the Queen of Sheba when she made her memorable visit to King Solomon.

Yet in little more than twenty years the date industry of America has gone far in some respects toward outdoing that of the Orient; this because it is the offspring of intelligence, imagination and vision. The farmers who are "bucking the desert" are largely college-bred men, possessed of the rare spirit that typifies western pioneers—they are New Era farmers. Moreover they are, most significant of all, helping to demonstrate what is possible to the growth of an infant agricultural industry when it is taken in hand from the start and fostered through all its adolescence by the United States Government.

A generation ago the grandfather of the writer crossed a part of this desert with a band of sheep, leaving many of them dead on the tree-less, water-less, sun-baked waste, and sent back word that characterizes the "old-time" farmer even today, "a hellish, hopeless desert."

Desert? Of all the area where date raising is possible, not a thousandth part is now under cultivation, yet to that old man this bit would be a marvelous mirage, a huge oasis, spread with acre after acre of fruiting date palm gardens—they are "gardens," not orchards—where this year's harvest has crowded to capacity the packing house accommodation and where growers begin to look east for their market.

Climatological data of the United States Weather Bureau show that Coachella Valley, the principal date area, which is geographically the upper extension of Imperial Valley, almost rivals Death Valley in conditions of temperature and dryness.

Still more astonishing to that old sheep-owning pioneer would be the indication of present development and interest—that here is the future wintering place of Southern California, with an ideal winter climate, dry, warm and balmy, its appeal strengthened by contrast with corresponding coast points, so liable to be cold, raw and damp in winter.

It was not till 1900, after initial effort, that the United States Department of Agriculture made its first large importation of date palms that lived, when Dr. Walter T. Swingle, of the office of crop physiology and breeding investigations, Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, had learned, through experience in Old World date regions, how to pack young palms for shipment and to ship them in bulk. In all a dozen expeditions to the Old World were sent by the government, resulting in an excellent collection of all good varieties from the best date regions of the Orient, which were tried out in experiment stations established and still maintained in Arizona and at Mecca and Indio, in Coachella Valley, California.

Roughly, 200 varieties were imported; some five per cent of these have proved satisfactory for American culture and less than two per cent adapted to commercial development here.

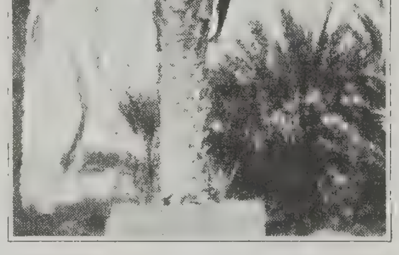
Later, before the World War, the government imported 20,000 young palms of the Deglet Noor variety, which, besides costing the co-operative growers $50,000, cost the government $50,000 more to disinfect and care for till they were ready to be planted in orchard form. After the Armistice came an importation of 10,000 more of two varieties, which two corporations contracted with the government to keep in co-operative quarantine nurseries and later distribute offshoots at a minimum cost. A number of Khadrawi palms, a Persian variety, were imported privately.

Why should the government spend all this money? Because, as pointed out by Dr. Swingle, the date cannot be grafted like other trees, such as the grapefruit, with which pedigreed buds can be set into seedling stalks. Date palms, to come true to type, must be propagated from offshoots or suckers, which remain on the parent stem till three years old, then are chiseled away, roots and all, if they have rooted. The farmer who plants dates from seed must wait some four years for fruiting to determine the value of the product. If this is inferior, he must dig up the palm.

Seedling palms all bear differently, though a few good varieties have been developed and the government stations are now continuing work on new varieties of American origination, with promising results.

To be sure, it costs approximately $250 to bring an acre of seedlings to bearing, against $2,500 for an acre of the best pedigreed offshoots. Moreover, seedlings, unlike imported dates, are free of pests and need no expensive disinfection, isolation and spray. But the difference has been demonstrated by the Federal Department of Agriculture and some of the growers, with the result that the state real estate commissioner, Edwin T. Keiser, refuses to approve any real estate scheme involving the sale of dates unless the offshoots are of proved performance. Any one so selling must give satisfactory pedigree of stock or must state in advance exactly what stock is being sold. This is to prevent fraud and that the public may buy with open eyes. At all times the commissioner is active in warning the public against buying dates unless of performance stock.*

So is the farmer assured a marketable crop, and ultimately the standardization of quality and pack purely American.



Leaf bases are used for steps on the older palms in pollinating and harvesting.

Thus the United States as the fostering mother behind the industry has made for prevention of disastrous mistakes.

Co-operating with the work of the government, date growers have, through failure and discouragement, worked more or less without precedent in matters of cultivation, irrigation, fertilization, pollination, which must be done by hand; treatment of the fruiting stalks, culling, maturation and processing of the fruit, as well as in cleaning, packing, standardizing, grading and marketing. But in these very things lies the superiority of American dates, as once suggested by Professor Silas Mason, of the United States Department of Agriculture, in his reply to the former king of Egypt who asked Professor Mason, when he was investigating dates abroad, why Egypt did not have as good dates as any in the world.

By carefully worked out methods, maturation or final sugar development of our dates takes place off the tree before flies and dirt reach them, unlike the product of the Old World, some of which, in packing to keep out bugs, is crushed into stickiness by a board placed on top and tramped down. In the average pack of such product the consumer is supposed to get his required peck of dirt. American dates are disinfected before shipping to prevent hatching of possible eggs. This is done by fumigation or pasteurization. Moreover, by specially devised cleaning methods and utmost sanitation in the packing houses, where women are largely employed, domestic dates have come to live up to their slogan, "from the box to the banquet table."

Again in rooting offshoots have the science and ingenuity of American methods resulted in a superior product. According to those acquainted with date cultivation abroad, the Arabs raise only about two-thirds of their offshoots, or less, where our growers have worked out methods till now, by rooting all offshoots on the palm or in specially tended outdoor nurseries, they save one hundred per cent and get one hundred per cent to grow the first year. Thus the orchard increase can be more rapid than in the Old World, because numerical increase of offshoots now works. For example, the Saidy variety bears some twenty-five offshoots. These at the right age each start another young family of twenty-five. Other varieties bear more or less.

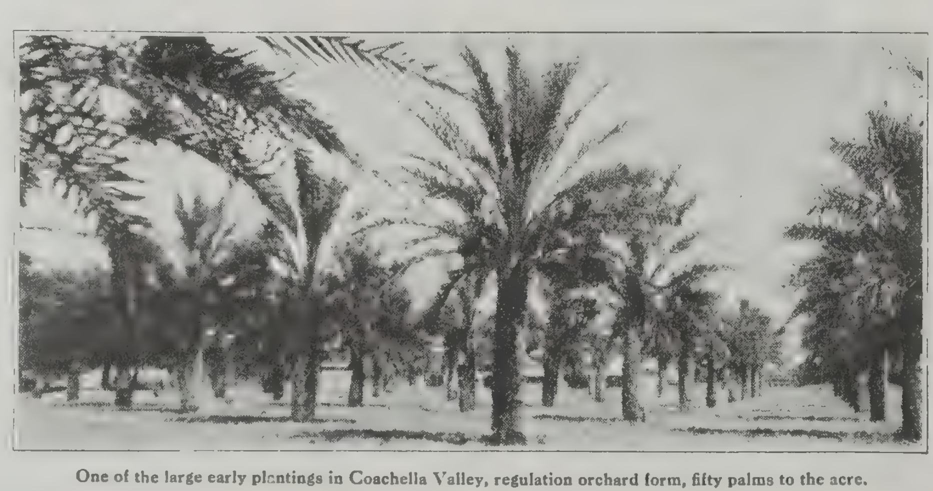
Five years after the three-year-old female offshoots have been set in orchard form, they are calculated to produce two tons of fruit to the acre—fifty palms to the acre, one of which is male for pollination. This average increases with age but is held from over-production by careful pruning of fruiting stalks.

The average number of palms to the acre in one of the most thickly planted date regions of Mesopotamia is 130, according to a date census taken there by the British Government. But this same census shows for the year 1919 an average of forty-four pounds of dates to a palm, less than half the lowest estimated average of our palms.

Figures on paper—booster talk too often imputed to Westerners—justify the statement that an acre of dates is the most paying agricultural venture in America. A palm of good variety, say the enthusiastic, given proper attention, yields at full maturity 125 to 200 pounds with a maximum of number ones. Fifty palms should produce 7,000 to 10,000 pounds. At as low as twenty cents the pound the net is not small and many dates bring vastly more than that. Besides, ten to twenty-five offshoots to each palm are worth while, either for sale or expansion of acreage. Some date champions estimate that the best grade of dates can be made to pay $2,000 a year an acre, or ten per cent on $20,000.

That palms continue fruiting for a century at least confirms the statement that an acre of full-bearing dates should be worth $8,000. Moreover, even the most pessimistic agree that dates are not set up for show, as a real estate lure, because the government is back of the planting.

But—



One of the large early plantings in Coachella Valley, regulation orchard form, fifty palms to the acre.

Nobody concerned denies that date raising is not a poor man's proposition. Neither, according to Dr. Swingle, is it a rich man's proposition.

The cost of establishing a profit-yielding date acreage is stupendous in comparison with other California crops. While twenty acres in full bearing should carry, at the lowest figure, 200,000 pounds, consider the cost of getting it to that point.

Offshoots cost from fifteen to twenty-five dollars apiece, the latter fully rooted, so saving time and money. A dollar each is estimated for setting. To be sure, later on, from the two co-operative quarantine nurseries under government supervision, standard offshoots will be sold as per contract at $3.50 and $7.50, according to variety.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

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*Practically Mr. Keiser's words personally to me.

The Revolver Traffic—Its Contribution to Lawlessness

By E. L. M'COLGIN

"WHAT'S the matter with you mail carriers anyway? Why didn't you deliver these revolvers yesterday, when they were due to arrive? The gang was all here then and I could have turned the guns over to them; now I will have to get them together again."

The proprietor of a near-beer saloon, a rendezvous of bootleggers, hijackers and other birds of prey, was bawling out a United States mail carrier, if you please! Uncle Sam was not sufficiently energetic in performing his share of the circumvention of the state law forbidding the purchase of pistols unless a permit is issued by the chief of police or the sheriff.

If you live in a community that forbids you to purchase weapons without first obtaining a permit, the postal laws enable you to buy your gun without the state and have it delivered by mail. The post office gladly handles the business on a C. O. D. basis, remitting the collection of the purchase price to the seller and pocketing its fee as honest earnings.

There are a number of houses, many of them foreign owned and operated, that specialize in this sale of murder by mail. Butler Brothers, a highly reputable mail order concern, recently announced that it would no longer accept business of this sort. Years ago the conscience of the nation caused the carriage of booze to be outlawed from the mails to prevent local laws being evaded, as is now being done in the case of revolvers and pistols.

However, the peevish outburst of the proprietor of the nest of lawbreakers quoted above proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back in that city. The postmaster and police department got together, anticipated Congressional action, and now mail carriers do not peddle automatics to the tenderloin.

The person to whom a gun is sent by mail nowadays, in this city at least, receives a card stating delivery can be obtained only by calling in person at the post office. The police department has a detective stationed in the post office watching for the appearance of the sneaking mail order buyers. When delivery is made the officer follows the receiver out of the post office—that is, off Federal property—and takes him into custody for unlawful possession of the weapon. It has worked out beautifully and shows how a self-respecting postmaster can prevent being made a cat's-paw for the underworld.

The record of the first fifteen weeks of the new order of things in this one post office indicates the proportions of this use of the mails by gunmen and how it was reduced:

One thousand and seventy-one parcels of firearms were received in that period. Four hundred and sixty-six of them were delivered to customers and the lurking policemen confiscated three hundred and twenty-five of them; the remaining one hundred and forty-one delivered arms evidently got out while the officer was following another customer.

The most significant fact is that six hundred and five of these shipments remained on hand unclaimed. The crooks soon learned that post office has ceased to be their arsenal. Some of the firms engaged in consigning these arms via the post office complained to Washington but got no relief. While legal the pistol traffic is too raw to be defended by the department.

Here is a sample of the kind of people who were obtaining arms through the post office: Francisco Cona was sentenced in July, 1913, for killing a policeman and paroled in the spring of 1923. In September the detective at the post office found Cona had just received a revolver and arrested him.

Cona offered a bribe to the officer and later made a break for liberty, biting his captor's hand in the scuffle.

The strict pistol laws of some states are nullified by indifferent neighbors. New York gunmen purchased their artillery in Jersey City and Michigan gangsters can run over to Toledo, and no troublesome questions asked by the Ohio tradesmen.

The habit of toting a gun has resulted in this country being afflicted with more armed ruffians than any other unless it be those Asiatic regions that openly recognize banditry as part of the scheme of things.

The International Association of Chiefs of Police represents the first line of defense against the enemies of law and order. These professional foes of the gun toters demand legislative co-operation in ending the present virtually unrestricted traffic in weapons that can be easily concealed.

The American Bar Association is on record in favor of suppressing the manufacture and sale of pistols. Perhaps this attitude of the lawyers is in response to the energetic attitude of Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo, of New York City, one of the most positive judges in the country, a man of action and lofty public spirit. Judge McAdoo has to deal with the worst zone of lawbreaking by armed criminals in the country and knows whereof he speaks.

Senator Copeland, of New York, has introduced a bill at Washington, Senate No. 1960, that embodies Judge McAdoo's views about ending the traffic in pistols. It is very drastic, but Judge McAdoo declares the situation requires such treatment and without further delay.

The so-called Roach Bill, H. R. 4142, has also been submitted to Congress. It, too, would practically end the transportation, sale, import and export of pistols except for the use of officers and a negligible number of licensed persons.

Then there is the Capper Bill for state regulation of traffic. It is sponsored by the United States Revolvers Association, representing the civilians and military who use pistols for target and kindred purposes. The Capper Bill does not outlaw pistols from the mails and express; it seeks to impose a uniform licensing of the traffic and to penalize persons caught violating laws with guns upon them.

The Postmaster-General says he approves of any proposition having for its purpose the prevention of the indiscriminate shipment of weapons through the mail which cannot be prevented under existing postal laws.

However, these well-meant laws overlook the potentialities of smuggling arms in from abroad in the same way that liquor is now obtained by importing bootleggers. The chiefs of police, experienced in dealing with human nature, have in mind that too drastic American laws would drive the traffic under cover and put it on a plane with bootlegging and the narcotic drug traffic.

The police advocate first limiting the transportation of arms by mail or common carrier except where local pistol laws are complied with by the receivers. The police would then rely upon public sentiment requiring the national government to take further broad and effective treatment that would stop the foreign traffic as well as the improper distribution of our domestic manufactures.

The weakness of all pistol laws, however, is that decent citizens obey them, and thugs do not; thus those needing defense are unarmed, while the criminal classes are walking arsenals. What is required is some kind of actual prevention which will make possession impossible except under satisfactory guaranties.

The crooks are not arming themselves with fine American revolvers, the standards of the world. German and Belgian concerns and German-owned factories in Spain are dumping cheap guns, often without proof marks attesting their safety, upon the American market at one-third and one-fourth of the prices of reliable American makes.

England has dealt with the revolver problem in accordance with its traditions as to law and order.

In all London there are but about one hundred civilians authorized to own guns.

During one year England had twenty-six murders. Thirteen of the criminals committed suicide on the spot because they knew what would happen to them; two were found insane, and that means the real thing in England, and the remaining eleven were either hanged or given long terms of imprisonment.

The English police do not go armed unless they are assigned to apprehend criminals presumed to be armed. Lawbreakers found armed are given sentences that simply appall one, but the result is that even burglars usually ply their trade unarmed.

There is much need for ending the popular delusion about the protection afforded gun carriers. Secret service men frequently arrest criminals without having a gun in their pocket. While the police in this country cannot give up the use of arms, they place less trust in them than laymen imagine.

As for the householder who arms his castle, the police agree that he would be much better advised if he would place electric lights over rear entrances and dark side passages. Prowlers will not operate under a light and this protection is cheap and useful in other ways. It is also helpful to have special switches in the bedroom that will flood different parts of the house with light. This will cause intruders to flee at once.

Revolvers in private houses cause more tragedies than they avert crimes. Domestic quarrels frequently end in one person thinking of the gun in the house and using it with fatal effect. Guns fall to the floor and explode with resulting injury and the gun that is supposedly empty is always going off and wounding or killing one. One is continually reading of children getting hold of these arms with terrible results.

Never put the gun in your pocket. It is useless there and makes you liable to arrest.

Surely the United States can do as well as Canada, England, Ireland, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden and Japan in eliminating the armed gangsters. The present situation is giving us a bad name throughout the world; we are properly regarded as having the most lawless and murderous elements of any country that terms itself highly civilized.

The Wife Put Her Foot Down and Husband's Gastric Distress Vanished—By G. W. BARRINGTON

MY EXPERIENCE exactly reverses that of the ubiquitous signer of patent medicine testimonials. In youth he was wan and sickly, but after he had crossed the crest of the hill, he took two small bottles of Gogetem's Vitalizer as per directions plainly printed on the label ($1.25 postpaid) and today is almost afraid to consume the three bottles still on hand. His fear is that if he should grow still stronger and high-spirited he will rollick about, breaking fragile things, until the precious Vitalizer will prove a bad investment after all.

By way of contrast, I was a sturdy youngster fitted by nature with an inner organism which ticked right along no matter what strain was imposed. I ate, slept, worked and played as fancy dictated or fortune decreed. Finally fortune decreed that I should work and eat more steadily than I should play and sleep, and the little dinguses concealed in my torso filed more demurers than Governor Walton's attorneys did in his famous impeachment trial.

Doctor Number One looked long and earnestly at my tongue, took my temperature, timed my pulse, asked numerous questions, and gravely informed me that I had stomach trouble.

It wasn't such a shock as you might think. I had suspected it for some time.

Doctor Number Two looked long and earnestly at my tongue, took my temperature, timed my pulse, asked numerous questions, and called it gastritis, which is another name for the same thing.

Doctors Three to Seventeen, inclusive, looked long and earnestly at my tongue, took my temperature, timed my pulse, asked numerous questions and corroborated.

Being of a placid, amiable disposition, I never disputed one of them, though, as medical science advanced, I learned that the raw egg which was prescribed by a medico of the late eighties should have been boiled twenty minutes, and that fat meat is more easily digested than lean, no matter what the pioneer explorers of my anatomy may have said to the contrary. Doubt intruded naturally, but I never rebelled. It is easy to do independent thinking when at ease, but when one of those old-time physicians looked at you over his glasses, stroked his beard reflectively, and announced that you had stomach trouble, the correctness of his diagnosis so impressed you that anything else he said commanded instant and unrestricted credence.

For a decade and a half my stomach was like a street car line or an electricity plant; it was privately owned, but publicly conducted.

I Fletcherized, guzzled capacious tumblers of hot water, went breakfastless, did calesthenics, eschewed meat instead of chewing it, altered the solidity of my eggs as the fashions changed, gurglingly absorbed yeast, shifted at times to raw vegetables, and for a brief season listened to the gratuitous and gratis advice of a cult which advocated an exclusive diet of fruits and nuts—suggestive word.

Throughout all those years of torment, during which I was dutifully pouring down such nostrums and tamping in such foods as my changing procession of advisers sagely advocated, I noted that, though their prescriptions differed in marked degree, one fixed tenet of the profession remained inviolate—never under any circumstances was I to eat or drink or do anything that was pleasant or attractive.

They broke my toddy glass; they gave my consoling pipe away and hid my twist of natural leaf. They made mealtime a period of solemn consideration and deliberate action; they rousted me at dawn to walk barefooted on the verdant, gently undulating lawn; they substituted Roastum for my Java and exploded wheat for my ham-and. When my whole inner being was sending frantic S. O. S. calls for porterhouse and mushrooms with a side dish of olives, they handed me a pallid cereal, six prunes and some raw lettuce, telling me to chew every morsel thirty-two times, and rest in peace and enjoy myself no more.

Every ailment eventually arrives at a climax; mine did when somebody, or a succession of somebodies, discovered vitamines, calories and heat units, with a consequent revision of my menu, which, by this time, was like the moon, the inconstant moon, which daily changes in her circled orb.

Right there, the *little woman* rose up and *set her foot down.*

This *little woman* is not a scientist, medical or domestic. Her whole philosophy is embraced in an intensive study of cause and effect. Quiet observation had convinced her that if I drank a quart of fresh milk as per order and did plain and fancy contortions in bed that night, then fresh milk must have been received by my stomach with the same degree of grateful appreciation exhibited by the United States Senate when it read Hanihara's note on the Japanese exclusion question.

This is no attempt to cloak my frail consort with a wisdom superior to that of the medical profession, which is held in the highest esteem by both of us. The simple fact was that she possessed certain opportunities for observation. When I dined on steak, coleslaw and onions, and lay on my own side without pulling covers, she made mental notes.

Mind you, she is concerned not a whit with theory, but only with results. She doesn't know today whether my trouble was fashionable gastritis or plebeian stomach ache. She wouldn't know a vitamine from the Einstein theory.

But she decorates the frugal board with savory pabulum which staves off muscular atrophy and dispels hypochondria. I wouldn't say it to her, but she is one stubborn-minded female. When I showed her the latest dietary list she just yawned and said: "Oh fudge!" Anybody knows that that settled it.

Neither of us ever will know exactly what was wrong with my stomach, or whether there was anything wrong with it at all when I commenced denying it almost everything that it called for. At one time we considered having a Senatorial investigation of that matter, but—what was the use?

The really important thing is that the stomach got well. It is a perfectly honest, industrious, capable organ, thankful for the blessings it receives and ever wireless for more. As McKinley said about the tariff, "the period of exclusiveness is past." I could dine at Dinty Moore's this good night, taking potluck with Jiggs and bolting things down in a manner which would cause the ghost of Fletcher to rise, and no evil would befall. Back of this statement are five bright years of gastronomical enjoyment unblighted by dietary restrictions, unmarred by jaw-counting. Like the unbribed and altruistic writers of patent medicine testimonials, I am imbued with a proper spirit of fellow-feeling which prompts me to indite my harrowing experiences, and my subsequent blessed relief, for the benefit of my brother and sister Man, who are free to take it or leave it, always with the comforting assurance that if it is of no value, it cost nothing.

A Stroll in Shanghai—Random Observations

American Woman Tells of Peddled Babies and Chinese Weddings

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

The cobbler.

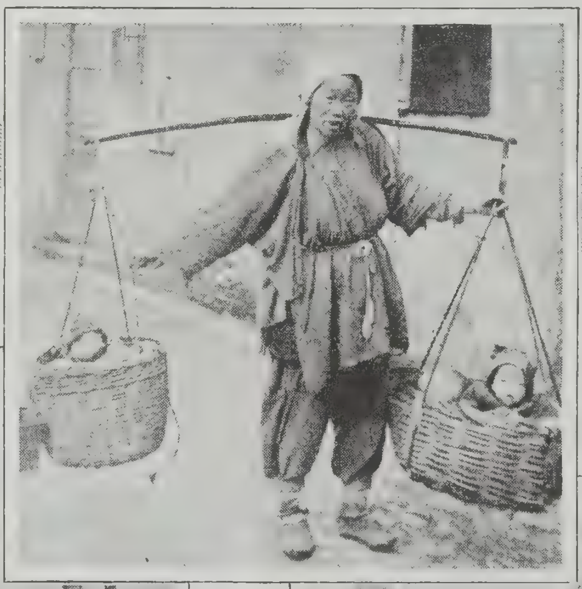
The fortune teller.

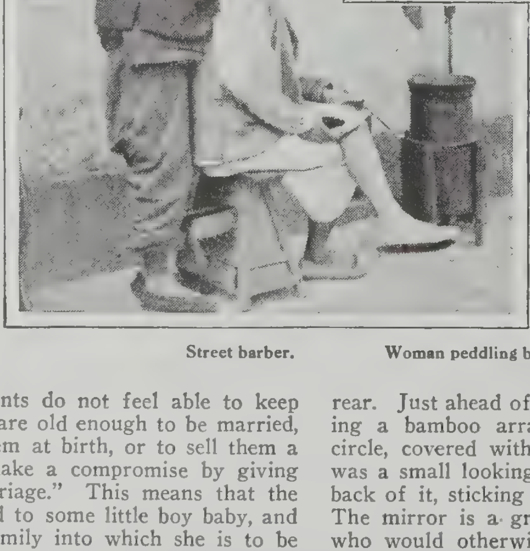
SHANGHAI is a city of modern attraction, yet with all the mystery and color of the Far East—a "city with a sky line and templesful of gods; a city with telephones—and firecrackers at funerals; a city with street cars—and silver collars around the children's necks to fool the devils into believing them dogs."

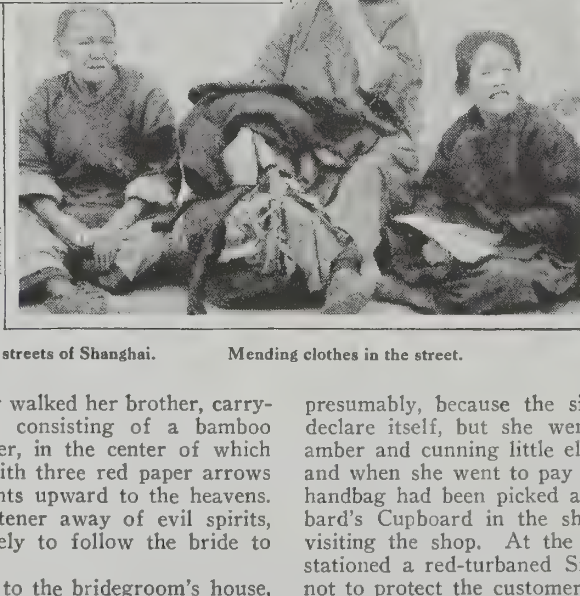
At the corner of Honan Road and Avenue Edward VII there is an attractive little silk shop conducting a ten-day sale in wonderful and beautiful silks. A strictly native shop, its customers are Chinese, and a foreigner would have a hard time getting waited upon, unless he spoke the Chinese language, for no clerk speaks anything else. Every day for a week I have had my ricksha coolie take me past that shop that I might hear a very good Chinese band play "John Brown's Body," and not mutilate it. The band would do credit to many small-town bands at home, and it includes in its repertoire such selections as "The Long, Long Trail," "Over There," and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The latter selection, by the way, is a favorite band piece at the big Chinese funerals—it is good to march to, and nobody knows the words anyway.

Since the sale began the band has played from nine o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, with hardly enough intermission, it would seem, to allow the big tuba player to catch his breath. But it is not playing to attract customers, as we from the States might suppose, but to drive away devils. The noise is assurance to any prospective customer that not only will it be perfectly safe to enter the store, but also that good joss will attend the purchase and continue with it until the beautiful silk is made up in long skirts for father or into long pants for mother. No devil will molest a customer or a store with all that noise going on.

Two baskets full of baby girls were being peddled from back door to back door in the best shopping district in Shanghai one day recently. As Chinese babies go, they were cunning little things and seemed very intelligent, their only fault being that they were not boys. They seemed quite to enjoy their excursion into the hurrying streets, and they cooed and gurgled as they looked from their baskets out into a world that evidently did not want them—but they did not smile. I have yet to see a Chinese baby smile, even a child of a well-to-do family. The world they looked upon that day was a bright and smiling one, but the miseries which little girls thus sold are almost sure to endure made me offer a little prayer that they might both be stricken dead, right there and then. But they were not, and I turned and watched after the woman and her human wares, as she sang her chanty song which told what she had for sale. In China the peddler sings his wares, each ware having a little chanty all its own.


Woman peddling babies in the streets of Shanghai.


Street barber.


Mending clothes in the street.

Oftentimes if the parents do not feel able to keep their daughters until they are old enough to be married, and yet hesitate to kill them at birth, or to sell them a few months later, they make a compromise by giving the child in "rearing marriage." This means that the little baby girl is betrothed to some little boy baby, and then made over to the family into which she is to be married, to be brought up by that family, and married whenever their convenience dictates. Naturally the little things become in reality little slaves to their future mothers-in-law, and are often treated most cruelly. To give a child in "rearing marriage" is a confession of weakness and poverty on the part of her natural parents, and she will be looked down upon throughout her life. It is eminently unfair to the little girl, but China *is* unfair to her little girls. In the family of her father-in-law-to-be, all too often the little girl is known as a "ya-t 'ou," or slave girl, and the application is made just as we speak of our own little girl as "daughter."

A most decorative affair is the Chinese wedding chair which carries the bride from the home of her parents to the home of the parents of the man she is to marry. Down Thibet Road the other day I caught up with one, and if I must admit it, I had my ricksha coolie follow it on to the home of the bride, that I might see what I could see. Curiosity is not resented in China, as it would be in almost any other place. The Chinese themselves are the most curious humans on earth. Down a narrow alley leading off Thibet Road we turned, and went almost its crooked length, the bridal chair leading. Arrived at the home of the bride, we found ragged little boys carrying most gorgeous banners, and other barefooted, dirty youngsters, all about nine years old, with gorgeous cloth of gold gowns, and with fearful and awesome headdresses crowning their shaven pates. In front of the door stood a bushel basket, its top covered by red paper. After a short wait, the door was flung open and the bride, all in red, dashed madly out, chased by her wailing mother. The mother must wail though she be tickled stiff to get her daughter married off, for if she did not wail the daughter's first child would be born deaf and dumb. And the daughter must be "forced" out of the house, no matter how glad she may be to go, otherwise her family would lose face, and it is a terrible thing to lose "face" in China. As the young bride was forced out of the house, she was rudely pushed into a market basket, and then someone threw chopsticks at her, all of which portends good luck and plenty of rice to eat in her new home.

The bride was placed in her glittering chair, the curtains pulled close, to shut out all prying eyes, and the procession started, the bridal chair bringing up the rear. Just ahead of the chair walked her brother, carrying a bamboo arrangement, consisting of a bamboo circle, covered with red paper, in the center of which was a small looking glass, with three red paper arrows back of it, sticking their points upward to the heavens. The mirror is a great frightener away of evil spirits, who would otherwise be likely to follow the bride to her new home.

I followed the procession to the bridegroom's house, where I saw a table that had been placed in front of the door, on which had been arranged a pint measure, candles, incense and paper. Before our eyes they killed a rooster, and sprinkled its blood around the bridal chair, while the master of ceremonies—or he appeared to be that—recited some lines in Chinese. When his little speech was finished, the bride, still alone, went inside the house, and my coolie turned around and pad-padded his swift way to the Yellow Jacket Tea Room, from which objective his passenger, "the foreign devil," had diverted his way a half hour before.

Professional beggars in China are always under foot. They are a well-organized "profession" having their own guild, a powerful organization with which all China must reckon. The guild has a code of ethics as rigid as that of the American medical profession. The Shanghai beggar guild has its headquarters in the Temple of the Daughter of Heaven, on Honan Road, north. Into this guild hall is reported to the chief such information as will be of assistance to the members. Notices of shops about to open, opportunities for possible blackmail, are received and tabulated. Here are made arrangements for furnishing bearers for funeral and bridal processions.

Once it has been reported that a wedding is to take place at a given date, or that a funeral is to be held from a certain house, a representative of the guild is sent to the family concerned, and there is usually a gift of cumsha (money) paid over to the guild representatives; but if the family cannot or will not make this little contribution to the guild, then hordes of beggars surround his house on the day of the feast—for both weddings and deaths are the occasions for feasts—and these beggars will steal everybody blind. But let the family concerned come across with sufficient cumsha, and immediately a little strip of red paper is fastened to the lintel, which guarantees that that place will be as free of beggars as the North Pole is of mosquitoes.

One day last December a merchant opened a new shop on Nanking Road. That is, he intended to open it, but he refused cumsha when waited upon by the Commander-in-Chief of the Beggars Guild, and on the morning of the opening for a block either side of his shop the beggars were massed. Police dispersed them, of course, and after that stood guard so that no crowd congregated, but a few managed to slip through and hectored the prospective customers till they were lost to the shop. After two days the shopkeeper "came through" but his hesitancy cost him a pretty penny, not only at the time, but in loss of that class of trade he had hoped to attract. Now, early in March, the store has a "To Let" sign on it.

And there is a Thieves Guild also. Where on earth, except in China, could a Thieves Guild exist, to say nothing of flourishing like a green bay tree, as is the case of the guild in Shanghai? This guild has its regular markets—one is situated down in the best business section of Shanghai, and does a thriving business. One of the passengers on the *Laconia*, a round-the-world tourist boat visiting Shanghai late in February, visited that market. She did not know that it was a Thieves Market, presumably, because the sign over the door does not declare itself, but she went and she bought jade and amber and cunning little elephants carved out of ivory, and when she went to pay for them she found that her handbag had been picked as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's Cupboard in the short half-hour she had been visiting the shop. At the door of the shop is always stationed a red-turbaned Sikh, whose duty evidently is not to protect the customers within the shop.

But the Beggars Guild and the Thieves Guild are neither of them all bad—at the time of the Famine Relief Drive both organizations made substantial contributions to the fund.

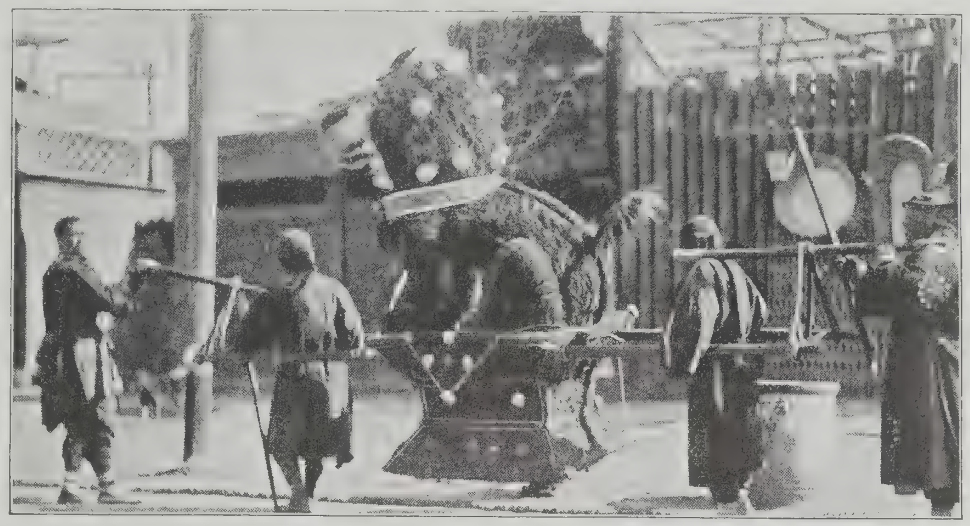
Beggars who ply their trade by the help of children are the ones who reap the golden harvests from the tourist in Shanghai. The beggars are wily—they know human nature and they know the foreigner. If the child who assists them is deformed or looks to be starving they know it is a great asset, and terrible stories are told of children almost starved while their owners, oftentimes their own parents, are fed on the fat of the land, which in China is presumably a full rice bowl with occasionally nice fat pork. Other stories drift out to one, which tell of newly born babies who are placed in an earthenware jar with only their heads sticking out, and who are kept in this barbarous cradle for two or three years. When the jar is at last broken the child's distorted legs, and its wizened body, with its head of normal size, make it an invaluable asset for the Beggars Guild. There is an old Chinese proverb which runs like this: "Be a beggar for three years and you wouldn't trade places with a Mandarin." There surely must be money in it or so many would not be following the profession.

There is an apparent lack of sympathy among the Chinese. Dr. Arthur Williams, who has spent nearly a half-century in China and knows what he writes about, relates an instance which gives an insight into this characteristic. There are a couple of American gunboats anchored in Shanghai Bay, just off the Bund. One day an officer heard a cry as of a human in great distress, and he rushed to the side of his ship in time to see a Chinese boatman floundering in the water and begging piteously for some one to save him. The man was apparently about exhausted, but other boatmen all around him were watching his struggles as though it was all a good joke. They were laughing and calling out pleasantries to him, but refusing to make any effort to save him. The United States officer dispatched one of his seamen to save the drowning man, and the chap was pulled out of the water. Later on the naval officer found out why no one of his own class would make any effort to save the drowning man, or help him to save himself. To rescue a man from impending death through accident, it seems, would mean that from the time the rescue was performed, till he died, that man would belong to his rescuer, and if he decided not to work, that the rescuer would have to support him all the days of his life.

A familiar sight all through China is the fortune teller. In Shanghai their stalls are legion. Sandwiched in between foreign shops on lower Nanking Road, they are everywhere to be found. In the picture Lao Wong smiles. The fortune teller possibly has seen it in the cards that Lao Wong is going to have good joss. Maybe the fortune teller has predicted a good job with a wealthy "foreign devil" which will bring him in the stunning salary of $10 (Mex.) a month. That will be but five dollars gold, but Lao Wong and his family of five will live in luxury on that amount—and besides the "Melican" man is always good for considerable "squeeze."

The cobbler of Shanghai comes to your door, sings his expertness as a mender of worn footwear, does a neat job despite his primitive tools, and charges a price which makes the American smile—it is a few coppers, and home it would have cost two dollars gold.

In large cities in China the police force is quite westernized, but in the outports and in the interior the custom still obtains of a policeman or watchman walking his rounds, beating a small brass cymbal, and flashing his lighted lantern, thus warning thieves and men of like calling of his approach, thereby giving them opportunity to get out of the way.



An image in a funeral procession, intended to scare away evil spirits.

On the coldest days of winter and in the heated summer months, you will see the little sewing amahs, sitting on the sidewalks mending clothes. They walk along the streets of shops, and a coolie, passing, takes off his one upper garment and pauses while the little old women with nimble fingers mend the rent in his jacket. Outside the shop door she sits, as she mends the silk and fur-lined garment of the merchant within. She is a homey looking little woman, sometimes very old, and sometimes hardly in her womanhood, but she is patient, and generally seems content with her lot. Occasionally she has a baby strapped to her back, which looks over her protecting shoulder, watching in round-eyed wonder a world of people pass by, most interested, perhaps, in the children rushing by on their "scooters," for in China, which is the same today in most things as it was five hundred years ago, the children's one toy seems to be an up-to-the-minute American contraption, the scooter.

The street barber is an interesting fellow. In the large cities regular barber shops are to be found, but it is the street barber that shaves the majority of men. In the small places the traveling barber shaves your face, cuts your hair, braids your queue, if you happen to have one, cleans your ears and with his little tweezers removes stray hairs from nose and ears. Even the coolie, the lowest type of human life in China, considered intellectually, is very particular about his nose and ears—no stray hair must show there, or he loses "face."

The carrier coolie is bringing his live pigs to market. Squealing every step of the way, the pigs resent the liberty taken with their means of locomotion, and every step of the way the carrier coolies sing their queer little chanty-like songs. No matter how hard they are worked or how tired they may be, the carrier coolies sing their chanty from early morning till late at night.

These little chanties are fascinating. If two carrier coolies are on the same job, the leader will sing—it is really more like a musical grunt—for two or three notes and then the other coolie will sing-grunt an answer, and thus they continue all day. One who has lived for a great many years in China translated a song to me one day. I wish I could reproduce the music of it, but no one can remember it a minute after hearing it, so elusively haunting is it. The first man sang: "I am very strong," and the other coolie answered, "So am I." Sometimes while they are singing, they laugh good-naturedly at the foreigner who stops to watch them, and then they add a new note or two, presumably making good fun of the "foreign devil," and when this happens all the natives about will laugh and double up with glee. Probably it is just as well that you don't understand, for the Chinese have a way of calling a spade a spade that would bring blushes to the face of an American Indian.

The Hottest Spot in the United States

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With the expensive electrical pumping system now in use in parts of the date region, young palms must be irrigated twice a week during the hot arid summer, and less frequently the rest of the year. It is hardly possible to hire labor experienced in date culture, so it is expensive to get competent help that will rightly care for palms. The cost of such care is estimated at five dollars the tree for the first year.

Thus at present prices a date garden will have cost per acre at one year old approximately:

50 X $20 (average),	$1000, offshoots.
50 X 1	50, to set.
50 X 5	250, care, water, taxes.
	$1300, per acre.

Add to this the price of raw land, from $100 to $300; grading and leveling, $25 to $100 an acre; well and pumping plant, $50 to $250 an acre, according to size of tract, and the result is some $1,500 to $2,000 to bring an acre of pedigreed dates to the end of the first year. But further expenditure to carry this acre to bearing at about five years of age pushes the average up to from $2,250 or $3,000 as a fair estimate given by responsible date growers. Many farmers lessen these costs by intercropping or by sale of offshoots.

So what will a million dollars do in the date region? It will bring to self-supporting age about 400 acres of palms. That's all. Not a poor man's business! Nor a rich man's, since, as in the case of day labor, it is rare to find, at $5,000 or $10,000 a year, a manager who knows his dates and it takes time to learn the business. In two local cases the rich man has taken the high-salaried man into partnership and a third managerial find had long experience in government employ. Indeed many of the farmers who are successful with dates are college men.

The industry is perhaps most satisfactorily carried on by the well-to-do farmer who grows into it, or by the man who intercrops with truck or turkeys while he cares for his one acre of dates, looking to the golden day when they may maintain him and his family.

Thus the costs make a safeguard against the too rapid expansion of this new industry of the western frontier. There are two other safeguards: First, the Federal government has full control of further importation of foreign offshoots and can forbid it if necessary. Again, palms produce only about as fast as dairy cattle, so it is impossible at this time to expand the business, as with grapefruit, for example. Enough grapefruit can be purchased to plant 1,000 or 10,000 acres without much trouble, in any good year. But it is impossible now to get enough standard offshoots to plant fifty acres.

Getting down to figures of commercial value it is shown that there are approximately 1,000 acres planted to dates in Coachella Valley, of which about sixty per cent, 600 acres, is bearing. This bearing acreage is divided about as follows: 200 acres, seedlings; 300 acres, Deglet Noor; 100 acres, Khadrawi and miscellaneous imported varieties. It is estimated that sixty to eighty per cent of the offshoots have been already removed from the standard imported varieties now bearing.

The 400 acres not yet bearing is but one generation descended from the imported stock and will be the principal source from which offshoots will be provided for future expansion of the industry. In the two co-operative quarantine nurseries of 10,000 imported offshoots, it is assumed that fifty per cent will live, from which the increase, to be sold at minimum price, will make an additional source of valley planting.

The 1923 yield is given authoritatively as about 450,000 pounds, of which fully 250,000 pounds were Deglet Noor. At home this pouhdage looks big. It is a drop in the bucket against our foreign importation of dates, the reported increase of which only shows increased consumption of this fruit and recognition of its excellent food value.

More than two millions is invested in dates in Coachella Valley alone, while one large concern represents its assets at a million. Continuous with Coachella Valley, the region of the Southwest where date raising is possible runs into Imperial, Yuma and Salt River valleys; then with a break appears again on the lower Rio Grande. It is found in corresponding parts of Mexico and along both sides of the Gulf of California. For each of these spots has been or will be found the exact variety of date best adapted to soil or climate conditions.

A hundred years from now government authorities see in these places a huge oasis where date raising will predominate, the valiant offspring of present costly experimentation and desert pioneering.

Meantime, in the hottest spot in America, Coachella Valley, the most unique spot—which will be an important intervening section between the coast and the Boulder Dam project—are the marvelous desert beauty and the ideal winter climate, that ten years hence will make it a resort for the wealthy who want their desert scenery unobstructed by city crowds or board walks, and set off with a charming background of palm-planted oases.

In the Old World to reach a resort of like winter climate, one goes from Nice across the Mediterranean, across the Atlas Mountains, at great cost of time and money, Dr. Swingle found, while our desert date region is only a five-hour motor trip from the harbor, on paved boulevards. Here in the hill coves, sheltered from seasonal winds, those with vision foresee the planting of future winter resorts.

Taking the Cruelty Out of the Movies

Concluded from page 3

tary quarters. In some of the lion and dog cages, there were four animals in a cage scarcely large enough for one. The neglect of the dogs was pitiful. I gave one water, and he drank for five minutes. I found that one Stecker was in charge of the zoo, and that he had been discharged by the Selig Zoo because of his unspeakable cruelties to the animals under his control.

"I took up the matter with General Manager Bernheim, but it was not until I appealed directly to Mr. Laemmle that conditions were changed."

Though these conditions had been going on at the Universal City zoo for some years, and repeated complaints had been made by persons familiar with the situation, nothing was done until the Animal Defense League prepared criminal charges against the management, and so informed Laemmle. The latter pleaded ignorance of true conditions, regardless of the length of time these conditions had persisted, and finally made a clean-up of Stecker and of his relatives and associates.

"There are, however," Mrs. Wright continued in her talk with me, "some producers of animal motion pictures, and of motion picture plays involving animals, who get the greatest results by kindness and patience alone. Nell Shipman, as one example, has proved that animals can be used successfully in motion pictures without resorting to cruelty, or even to harsh methods. Not one of the 187 animals in her zoo has ever felt the sting of a whip, and in her recent production, 'The Grub-Stake,' it is easy to see that the animal actors are happy in their 'work.' When the action of the story calls on an animal to perform some new stunt, Miss Shipman and her director, Nert Van Tuyle, spend days and even weeks acting with the animal, until the latter knows what is wanted of him, and how to do it. Then he does it to please those who have been kind to him.

"Laurence Trimble, director of 'Strongheart' and producer of the famous dog's pictures, is another. This animal has been trained entirely by kindness, love and patience, and he is beyond all doubt the greatest animal 'actor' in the world. Trimble has 150 dogs and wolves in Canada, and a large number of dogs, including 'Strongheart' and 'Julie,' his mate, on the Trimble ranch in the San Fernando Valley, near Los Angeles. Whips, clubs, wires, 'dope' are all unknown to these animals, and their pictures speak for themselves. All other animal pictures could be made the same way, and, unless the brutal ones among the animal trainers for the stage, the circus and the motion pictures change their methods, with the exposures that are now being made, it will not be long until the American people demand that all animals, except those trained by kindness, be eliminated from the screen."

Control of Credit Must Yield to Free Competition of Credit

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

INTEREST is the toll exacted from society by the holders of gold or the call upon gold by virtue of the circulating advantage of the latter over other forms of wealth.

The statesmen of the world are as clay in the hands of the all-powerful gold pool.

The present system of finance is systematic in this sense only, that it is an almost perfect device to enable the holders of gold to manipulate all values and gather them into their private vaults.

The absurdity of the situation is equaled only by its tragedy, for it amounts to this: that unless a man can produce gold, he will not be allowed to produce anything else. Such are the arresting statements in a recent English work, "The Menace of the Money Power," whose author, Mr. Charles Percival Isaac, is acclaimed with singular unanimity by the British press as an authority who must be reckoned with.

The author asserts that the distresses into which the world has fallen—distresses aggravated by the war but in full tide before that catastrophe—are due to the restriction of credit by the state. Society is in thrall to a body of financial magnates, who inflate or depress as they think most conducive to their own greater enrichment. "They transfer their activities from wheat to public debt, from public debt to oil, from oil to sugar, from sugar to railroad system. No market can withstand their influence."

Must Be Credit Specialist

WHAT is the remedy for this situation? "Artificial centripetalism must give place to a natural centrifugalism. Control of finance must yield to free competition in credit. The call on gold as a basis of industry must be supplanted by the claim to real wealth . . . . With the reversal of the financial system, the pools, the trusts, the limited liability companies will disappear. The creditable individual will obtain credit facilities to initiate enterprise. The banker will be . . . . a credit specialist."

* * *

"The increasing wealth of the community will form the basis of more ample credit than gold could furnish. The smaller producer will be able to compete on an equality with the larger producer. The workman will find employment at a just wage and will have an open avenue to ascend to that position in the social system to which his constructive ability and his productive capacity entitle him."

Thus it will be seen that the author's panacea for our financial ills is freedom for banks—for local banks in different parts of the country—to issue notes. In that way, he argues, the flow of money would be centrifugal; it would be dispersed. As it is, the flow is centripetal and daily grows more concentrated. He is not afraid that the banks would commit the folly of an over-issue of paper. He strengthens his argument by reference to the freedom of the Scottish banks to issue notes of low denomination and to the subsequent benefit to Scottish industry and commerce.

Lord Acton, in his essay on Liberty, wrote: "Solon was the profoundest political genius of antiquity. Before Solon's time the only resource against political despotism that had been known was the concentration of power. Solon undertook to effect the same object by the distribution of power." In the spirit of Solon, Mr. Isaac finds that in finance, no less than in politics, the supreme problem is to accomplish a redistribution of power. Against the centripetal policies beloved of the reigning school of finance, he seeks to find the centrifugal policies which would redistribute financial power and give to commerce that freedom without which all things languish and die.

"During the century and a half that Scotland enjoyed free banking it rose from an obscure, backward country to one of the most industrial communities the world had ever known. In spite of the comparative barrenness of the soil, its agriculture ranked among the best in the world. Farm leases were lengthened to nineteen years, whereas in England they rarely extended to more than one year. Its prosperity was manifest and was untroubled by those recurring financial spasms that caused such havoc in England. The historical test affords complete proof of the superiority of free banking over restricted banking.

"The old note-issuing country banks were the stimulators of the spirit of enterprise that enabled England to make its extraordinary forward bound at the beginning of the industrial era. When note issue was stopped, banks ceased to promote enterprise. Any such step was not consonant with the artificial form of check-overdraft banking.

"Curiously enough the joint-stock banks advertise the huge amounts of deposits that they owe as a sign of their stability. It is to some extent an index of the confidence that the public has in them but reflection will show that these deposits are in reality a huge liability which could not be met at any given moment. . . ."

* * *

"The Panic of 1907 in the United States was not due to excessive note issues. It was due to that economic arch-folly, state intervention in note circulation. The crisis passed as soon as the banks issued clearing-house certificates. . . ."

* * *

"Credit is being withdrawn from the directly productive members of society and extended to financial middlemen. There has been an increase of so-called public credit. The fact that states and municipalities waste the community's resources is lost to sight. *Yet public loans are not pure credit at all. They are only partially voluntary. They are based, not upon productivity, but upon taxation. The credit of a community is thought to be inexhaustible because the power of taxation has not been seriously challenged. . . .*

"The collapse of the financial systems of Central Europe is the outcome of a refusal to recognize the elementary truth that a credit instrument must be free from all constraint . . . . With the advent of paper money, power passed from the kings to the politicians. The latter have not yet learned the lesson that the kings were taught by their experience in debasing the coinage. Statesmen still think that coercive credit is better than free credit, that evidences of public debt are as good as evidences of real wealth or productive ability. They have suppressed the free note in favor of the privileged note. They have even suppressed or limited the privileged note in favor of the state note. Everywhere the result has been the same. Forced paper currency has always become debased. Statesmen have multiplied evidences of public debt so enormously that the community can no longer absorb them. The banks have been obliged to take up huge proportions of public issues. The pressure exerted upon them by the state's hold on the central gold reserve left them no other course."

* * *

"The British joint-stock banks were forbidden to issue notes. They had to find a substitute. Now that the law had suppressed the better form, the note, the lower form, the check, again came into use. The check, rightly considered, is not a form of credit at all; it is simply a method of payment. A check drawn by any one against his deposit at a bank does not represent a credit. The deposit itself represents a credit from the individual to the bank. Such credit is useless to industry until the bank puts it at the disposal of producers. This is done by an overdraft; not by an actual loan of gold, but by giving the producer a call upon a certain quantity of gold. The difference between note credit and overdraft credit is of the utmost importance. To ignore it is to vitiate the whole science of economy. The check is centripetal, the note is centrifugal. The tendency of the note, in normal times of industry, is to circulate further and further from its point of issue, to penetrate through all the industrial layers, from the biggest producer to the most menial wage-earner. The tendency of the check is in the reverse direction. Its trend is to be presented for payment or cancellation through the clearing house as soon as possible.

Result of Present System

"THE upholders of the present centripetal system of banking maintain that the concentration of reserves in one national store is a good thing. It must be pointed out, however, that economy is not a national but a world science, and that a nation's political boundaries do not correspond to a community's economic ones. The influence that has produced a centralized store of gold in the state bank is not economical but political in origin. It is the result of legal restrictions of note issue.

"Prohibition of free note-issuing banks limits fresh enterprise. Limited companies favor large concerns. Financial trusts obtain control of the large concerns and pools manipulate the trusts. The centripetal system lures from the individual his meager cash store. The branch bank hands it over to the head bank, the head bank places it in the central bank . . . . The central store of gold in every nation is at the mercy of the pool interests. The banks themselves dare not refuse to obey the directions they receive. The pools have the effective call upon gold and by use of that call they obtain control of industry. The industrial trust is an effect of their operations . . . . The expansion of industry and specialization of function combine to create a need for greater credit facilities. But the control of such facilities passes into fewer and fewer hands. Permanent credit stringency is the result. *First agriculture declines, then small tradesmen tend to disappear, then the smaller companies are forced to unite with larger ones and finally the larger ones are compelled to combine.*

"Let us face the facts squarely. Centripetal finance has given the oil control of the world over to two competing groups. Centripetal finance has caused credit starvation throughout Europe. It has brought the economic system to the verge of complete collapse and the more militant financial interests are preparing for the fight for complete control of the world's destiny. . . .

"There is one remedy. The system which has brought us to the edge of complete disaster must be altered. The removal of state restrictions will allow a gradual growth of the note-issuing bank. The volume of notes will increase and decrease, not in accord with the preconceived fancies of politicians, but in accord with the needs of the community. They will be based, not upon debt or negative wealth, but upon production or positive wealth. The marginal differentiation which has worked in favor of the possessors of the call upon gold, will, under a free system, work in favor of creative ability. Bureaucracies will diminish because a commercial career will offer a better scope than a non-productive official life. Economics will become a study of wealth, not of poverty. The notion that the centralization of credit resources could, in any possible way, lead to the diffusion of wealth is not only the antithesis of scientific thought: it is a contradiction of every form of horse sense . . . ."

Ramsey Macdonald Interprets Military Motive

THERE has been much talk in the last hundred years in every country in the world about freeing foreign policy from the dominance of the military motive; but the present government of Britain is translating the talk into action. It is actually subordinating considerations of military power to those of fairness, friendliness and the square deal.

This is not the least of the changes in the international, as well as the national, outlook, that is emerging from the bloodless revolution consequent on Mr. Asquith's recent little play of using the Socialist party as the cat's-paw to pull his chestnuts out of the fire. With the advent of the Laborites to office, the whole question of armaments bids fair to become a burning issue. In a recent speech in the House, the Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald, replying to a question by Mr. Baldwin, his predecessor and now leader of the Opposition, intimated that the whole matter of imperial defense was being taken up and explored "in a very much wider way than it had been hitherto.

"It has been said that it would help me very much if I had this force or that force behind me. My reply is, 'Not at all—you are very much mistaken. For some time to come, the bargaining power of the British Foreign Secretary is not to depend at all upon military force, but upon the *reasonableness* of the policy which he represented.' . . . . The government is not going to assume that the problem of national defense is purely and solely military."

These remarks indicate that the Premier is under no delusion as to the manner in which the task of reducing armaments ought to be approached by a statesman to whom the phrase "world peace" is more than a formula. Obviously, there is the closest possible connection in his mind between foreign policy and war or peace. It would seem to be his idea that by a policy based on reason and not on armaments, it will soon be possible, not only in Britain, but also in every other country, to decrease the national expenditure on armed forces.

Reasonableness of Policy

THIS policy involves certain delicate points in the present situation—points that offer the acid test of real statesmanship. The Baldwin administration, shortly before the last general election, launched an emergency shipbuilding program which, while coming well within the terms of the Washington Agreement, was designed to relieve the unemployment distress—there are more than two million idle workers in Britain today being sustained by payments from the national treasury under the National Unemployment Insurance scheme, less euphemistically called "the dole" —while anticipating replacements of obsolescent vessels, replacements that would have to be made in any event within the next two or three years.

Until yesterday it seemed probable that the new government would decide against carrying out this naval building program. Indeed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, had publicly expressed the view that the money designed to be spent on this program, amounting to some £6,000,000 ($30,000,000), ought to be diverted to other purposes, particularly to building houses, the house shortage in Great Britain today being some half-million dwellings, reckoning the needs of the population at a much lower standard than would be tolerated by the workers of the United States. "Houses before ships!" is Mr. Snowden's slogan, and it is no secret that his view is shared by several of his colleagues in the government.

The Baldwin Government proposed to lay down immediately eight light cruisers, three of them in the royal dockyards and the remaining five by contract in private yards. The program also included three submarines and a submarine depot ship, two destroyers and a destroyer depot ship, two gunboats of a special type for the Persian Gulf, an aircraft carrier and a mine-laying vessel. The Unemployment Committee of the Cabinet, which has had the whole matter under investigation for several weeks, brought in a report strongly urging the carrying out of this program as an immediate method of relieving the unemployment distress, especially as it would take months at least before any other adequate measures can be matured and these naval replacements are bound to come up later as urgency measures if not carried out now.

So Ramsay Macdonald informed the House of Commons that a bill would be brought in for the execution of Mr. Baldwin's naval program with some reductions, namely, calling for five light cruisers instead of eight and a cutting out of the auxiliary craft. He defended his decision ably, insisting that it involved no least departure from his pacifist principles and policy, that it would be poor economy to "allow the nation's navy to rot from the bottom upward," and that he was as unalterably opposed as ever to any increase of armaments, sea, land or air. Furthermore, he promised a substantial cut in the navy estimates. Mr. Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty in the late government and responsible for the original program, paid a high tribute to the Premier's clear common sense and practical course; but it was severely dealt with not only by the Liberals, but also by a number of the Labor members. Then happened one of the queer things that happen only in this tight little isle. In a preliminary test of strength on a vote to consider the matter, the Socialist government was saved from defeat only by the solid vote of the Conservatives whom they had turned out of office a few weeks before with the aid of the Liberals; the Liberals voting almost solidly against the government which they had placed in office!

Ramsay Macdonald has turned a bad corner, but his troubles are not over.

President's Back Yard Has One Apple Tree

A Garden of Old-Fashioned Flowers Graces the White House Private Grounds

By GEORGE H. DACY

DID you ever hear about the famous Presidential apple tree, the only edible-fruit-bearing tree that adorns the White House grounds in Washington?

Probably you have not, since only a very few Americans know about the proudest fruit tree in all America, which raises its leafy foliage and rears its beautiful blossoms within sight of President Coolidge's bedroom window.

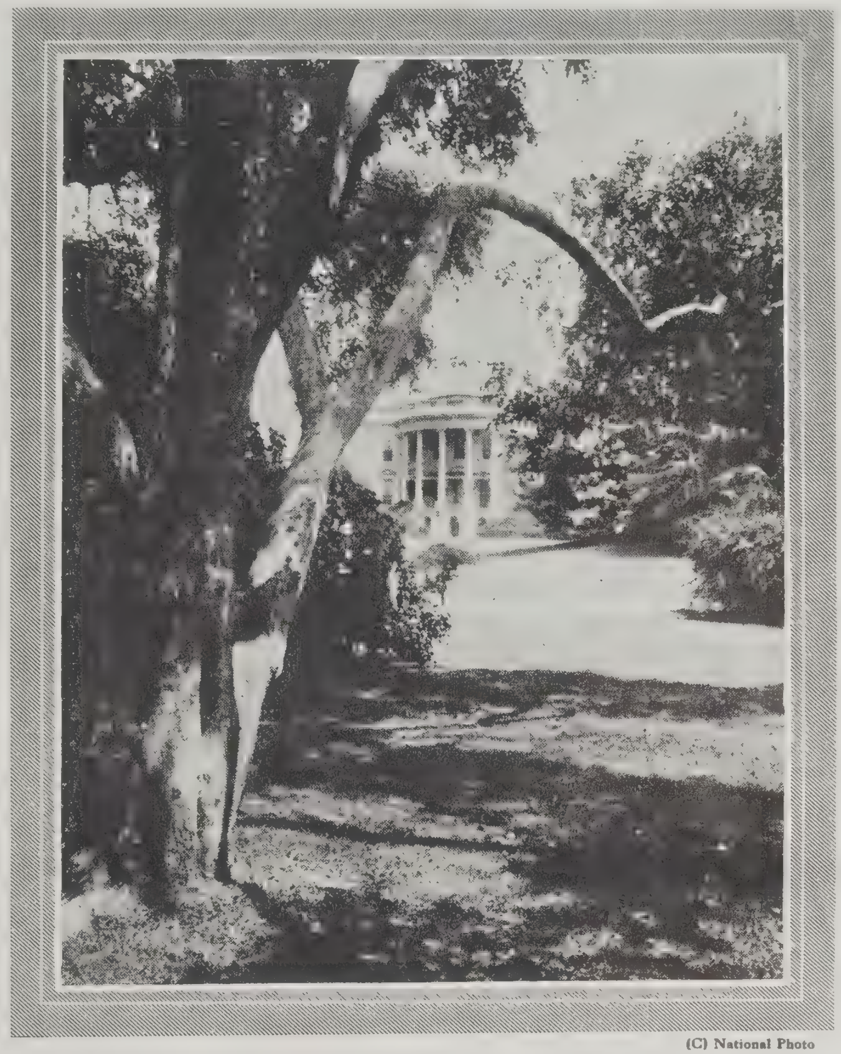
Unwept, unhonored and unsung, this veteran producer of delicious, rosy-cheeked apples has witnessed the advent and retreat of twenty odd different Presidential administrations. As an established resident of the miniature White House grounds forest, it has welcomed and bid adieu to the occupants of the Executive Mansion from the time of President Adams to the coming of President Coolidge. The graceful and dignified old fruit tree—a fitting representative of horticulture and pomology at the White House—will probably continue to provide a wealth of shade, an abundance of fruit and a springtime galaxy of glorious blooms through many more administrations.

Neither White House chronicles nor the memory of the oldest employe at the Executive Mansion in Washington disclose when the old apple tree was planted, nor why. Maybe it dates back to the days when leisurely kine grazed on the White House lawn and provided the Presidential family with plenty of milk and cream. Yes, in the bygone days, the President of the United States used to keep a couple of cows. In one of the basement rooms of the White House, which now is used for coal storage, set in the floor, are two marble troughs which scores of years ago used to serve for milk storage and cooling purposes. In those days, the room in question was the White House dairy where milk and cream were kept and where butter was made.

The old apple tree never gets lonesome where it has stood deep-rooted for scores of years. Not far distant are three wild crab apple trees. In the month of May, when Washington is resplendent in flowers, ornamental plantings and sunshine, the three crab apple trees and the lone apple tree on the White House lawn add their blossomed beauty to the attractiveness of the national estate.

You can let your fancy run riot concerning the history of the White House apple tree. Perhaps it is a tree that George Washington planted when he first resided in America's most historical home in the national capital to square his debt with forestry conservation for the famous tree he chopped down as a boy. Perhaps there was a shortage in the apple crop during the days when Thomas Jefferson was President. Possibly Mr. Jefferson planted the apple tree, as he was a far-sighted farmer and greatly interested in agriculture. Albeit, the apple tree of unknown history and puzzling antecedents still stands as solidly and substantially as any fruit tree in the eastern states.

Within a stone's throw of the notable apple tree is the old-fashioned garden which ornaments the eastern side of the White House. This garden, revived by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and perpetuated by Mrs. Warren Harding, will be maintained and extended under the direction of Mrs. Coolidge, who delights in many of the quaint, old-fashioned flowers that it contains. The venerable varieties of flowers produced in the remarkable garden include phlox, peonies, chrysanthemums, delphiniums, forget-me-nots, hollyhocks, black-eyed Susans, snapdragons and other patriarchs of American floriculture.


(C) National Photo

In the shade of the old apple tree at the White House grounds. It is the only edible fruit tree on the fourteen-acre estate.

Bordering the several White House fountains which beautify the grounds are ornamental plantings of German and Japanese iris. A great bed of white phlox is an outstanding feature of the front lawn every spring and delights the thousands of passers-by who stroll that way. Pansies and many different varieties of bulbs, such as hyacinths, narcissuses and tulips, which prosper in the latitude of our national capital, also, in orderly sequence, ornament the spacious greensward during the spring and early summer months. The bulbs are set out in specially prepared beds during the autumn months so that they will be ready to peep forth from the fertile soil and grow to rapid maturity as soon as temperature conditions are favorable.

On the west portico of the Executive Mansion is the rose garden, where twenty-five different varieties of roses are grown each summer.

If you have visited the White House grounds you have doubtless exclaimed over the wonderful shade trees that adorn the fourteen-acre grounds. There are approximately 250 trees of some sixty-five different family names and varieties in the diminutive White House forest—if such it may be called. The trees are as prolific in variety and species as they are in shade-producing qualities. Among the most important tree species are elm, maple, beech, oak, acacia, magnolia, tulip-poplar, ash, cypress, buckeye, yew, pelonia, Japanese flowering cherry, pine, cedar of Lebanon, basswood, Japanese varnish tree and boxwood.

If any of the White House trees blow down, they are replaced by others of the same lineage and family. During the Wilson administration, a great elm toppled to the earth in a heavy windstorm. Shortly thereafter, Woodrow Wilson formally planted another elm to take the place of the fallen veteran. There are several such Presidential trees in the executive grounds. The stately elm has been most popular with the Presidential planters. William Henry Harrison set out such a tree and President Rutherford Hayes planted another.

It is reported that during the incumbency of Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," forsaking his namesake specimen of the forest primeval, set out several magnolias in the grounds of our fourteen-acre national estate. A beech tree planted by Theodore Roosevelt is one of the favorites with the White House visitors. About eighteen months ago, Mrs. Harding planted an evergreen variety of magnolia tree.

William McKinley planted an oak tree shortly after the Spanish-American War. This solid, substantial oak tree proved an ideal mascot, for it introduced an era of prosperity and good times.

Ornamental plantings on the roof of the White House executive offices, showing the secluded garden that links the White House and the offices.

(C) National Photo

The old-fashioned garden on the eastern side of the White House and the gardener who cares for it.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Luther Burbank has offered his "creations gardens" to the University of California for educational and experimental purposes. He has been offered $100,000 for them, but commercial profits interest him less than the public benefit.

The New York Public Library reports 385,633 fewer volumes issued in 1923 than in 1922, though 1922 was far below the record for 1921. What is the answer—Radio?

"I am convinced from experience that it is generally far easier to straighten a boy out and give him a right start outside an institution of correction, and before he has been branded by a commitment, than after he has been committed."—*Victor P. Arnold,* Judge of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, Illinois.

Seventy-nine counties of Iowa have more cars than families.

The real reason for planting yew trees in churchyards is indicated in an excerpt from Liber Festivalis, printed by Caxton in 1483, which reads as follows: "But for reason that we have no olive that bears green leaf, we take yew instead of palm and olive and carry it in procession; and so is this day called Palm Sunday."

If early spring and summer weather conditions are favorable the tobacco crop for 1924 in Essex County, Ontario, will in all probability total 10,000,000 pounds.

One-tenth of the people of the United States, about twelve million persons, may "tune in" on the proceedings of the Republican National Convention at Cleveland, June 10. The proceedings will be relayed from station to station and so amplified that people on both the east and west coast may hear it.

The Japanese bar natives of Korea, China, Mongolia, Siam and Java from settling in Japan.

Hopkinton, New Hampshire, plans to raise on Hopkinton farms all the food the town will need in the ensuing year.

Emigrants in Southeastern Europe are taught to slip into the United States via the Canadian frontier. Shipping companies advertise Canada to Budapest, Bucharest, Belgrade, Warsaw, Danzig, Athens and other big immigration centers, assuring emigrants they will have no difficulty crossing the unguarded frontier.

While hunting rabbits, John Huckaby, fourteen years old, of Colgate, Oklahoma, uncovered an old skunk hide wrapped around $10,000 in currency.

Mary Garden has applied for first citizenship papers. She was born February 20, 1877, at Aberdeen, Scotland, emigrating to this country from Glasgow in 1883.

A deep crack has appeared in the neck of the Sphinx, according to the Egyptian Antiquities Service. It will be repaired.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Paris-green dust scattered in a malarial mosquito swamp near Mound, Louisiana, proved very successful. Airplanes flew over swamps otherwise inaccessible and scattered the dust heavily diluted with Tripoli earth.

The Mexican state of Colima declares its willingness to accept 10,000 Japanese agriculturist immigrants.

Harvard College has been presented with thirteen volumes of theology which Cotton Mather purchased from the college in 1682.

The movement to revise English spelling, initiated in 1907 and interrupted by the World War, is again in full swing. About 460 universities, colleges and normal schools use the simplified spelling method in publications and correspondence.

Frans Hals, the famous Dutch painter, died at the age of eighty-six, a public charge for the last two years of his life.

No one can land in Greenland without the permission of the Danish Government.

The tide reaches its highest point in the Bay of Fundy between Nova Scotia and Maine. At the head of the bay the tide has been known to reach more than sixty feet. Plans are now under way to harness the tide here for water power.

Queen Mary has taken a great liking for Miss Ishbel Macdonald, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of the Labor Prime Minister.

Italian voters received the following from the Fascisti: "Dear Friend: We notice that you have not voted yet . . . . we beg you to go and vote at once without waiting for the last minute." Fearing castor oil and cudgels the electors crowded the polls to vote.

Housewives of Crystal Bay, Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, have voted to "boycott all articles advertised on billboards in their vicinity."

Pericles Xenhakis will sell fruit, soft drinks, candy and other articles at the Battery landing on the New York City harbor front, for which privilege he pays the city of New York $30,000 a year for three years. In 1920 the same stands rented for $100 a month.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was the first paper carried into Alaska by airplane.

The first day of trout-fishing season in Traverse City, Michigan, is a school holiday. Children, faculty and hundreds of others flock to the many streams on May 1 to enjoy the opening of the season.

"I may be unable to lend a helping hand to those who direct the State; but I should be ashamed to make myself one of a noisy multitude to hollow and hearten them into doubtful and dangerous courses."—*Burke.*

Hundreds of persons stopped on Broadway, New York City, recently to view the spectacle of a two-horse plow turning up black loam in the acre plot of City Hall park which was being prepared for the annual seeding down to grass.

The largest floating dock in the world—960 feet long and able to dock any liner afloat—recently made the trip from the River Tyne for Southampton, England, in tow of seven tugs.

A section hand at Tuscola, Illinois, was killed recently when a rock, picked up by the momentum of a passing passenger train, struck him in the forehead and fractured his skull.

Rabbi Herbert E. Goldstein, President of the Union of Orthodox Congregations, says that American Jewry has not produced a single great rabbi.

A complete set of British field equipment worn in India, consisting of pith helmet and knee breeches of the British Tommy Atkins, has been received at the War Department. It will be tested at the infantry school with a view of its partial adoption for American tropical posts.

A large party of Swedish settlers will arrive in Alberta shortly with sufficient financial resources to purchase farms. Some 5,000 are expected during the present year.

Twelve vagrants returning to prison from a day's work on the roads of LaGrange, Illinois, rushed into a blazing sanitarium and rescued six patients, some of whom were bedridden. The authorities released them and gave them $2.00 each.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Is Five Years of Nonsense Long Enough?

If Business Ruled, Instead of Political Finance, Europe Would Be on the Up-Grade Now

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

UNDER ordinary circumstances the amounts which the European nations owe to one another, either for the account of reparations or for the account of money borrowed during the war, would not be of the slightest consequence to us here in America. Our affairs are only indirectly involved with those of Europe. We are not extensively in trade with Europe and have no need to be, for as compared with the buying power of the United States the buying power of Europe, even in the most prosperous times, is small, and now it is near zero.

Our export trade with Europe is valuable in disposing of a certain portion of our cotton crop, but in our manufacturing development we are each year consuming more and more of our own cotton and exporting it as finished goods rather than as raw material. Certain cereal and mineral exports are of value in taking up the slack in home consumption, and we can sell a certain number of specialties, such as automobiles, typewriters, cash registers, harvesting machines, and so on through the list of American specialties, but our manufacturers, whenever the demand abroad is great, find it cheaper wholly or in part to manufacture abroad. Europe has to have our petroleum products, not only because our Standard Oil Company has the only really adequate distribution system abroad, but also because all the European companies put together could not supply the market. The importance of our export trade to Europe has been vastly overestimated.

Money—A Medium of Speculation

BUT it is of importance to us that the countries of Europe should have a currency, and the uncertainty about reparations has done more than any other one thing to bring about the loose financial methods which have made the paper money of Europe a medium of speculation instead of a medium of exchange. We had a little taste of this ourselves when prices were soaring in 1919-1920. Suppose you were earning twenty dollars a week. You knew just about what this twenty dollars would ordinarily buy for you, but when you went to the store you found that prices had gone so high that the twenty dollars was worth only fifteen dollars in buying power. You went back to your employer, told him the circumstances, and got your pay raised to twenty-five dollars. But when you came to spend this twenty-five dollars, you found that prices had moved so far along that you could still buy less than with your old twenty dollars. The process was disheartening. There was no use saving. The thing was to get rid of money before it depreciated. Fortunately, we checked ourselves in time, but in Germany the thing went on so rapidly that it presently took about three billion paper marks to buy what one gold mark would buy before the war.

We have built up modern life on being able to exchange the goods we make for money and then exchange that money for other goods. Barter is impossible excepting in a small community of simple needs. But naturally if the medium of exchange varies widely in value it is no longer a medium of exchange and instead of selling your goods for something of a fairly definite value you merely buy a pig in a poke.

Importance of Stabilization

A MAN who is solvent has a care about issuing promissory notes because he knows he will have to redeem them, but a hopelessly insolvent man will issue promissory notes to whomever will take them. Most of the Continental nations who were at war have been living on promissory notes. A settlement of the reparations question will necessarily bring these governments back to actualities —which means they will have to cut down their expenditures to the level of their incomes and thus bring their currencies back to some moderately stabilized basis. Then, and not until then, can people go to work with any degree of confidence.

This stabilization is important to us for three reasons. First, it will bring Europe into production and give the people the power to purchase from us those necessities which we alone can supply. Second, it will remove us from unfair competition. These depreciated currencies fall hardest on the working people and the European workman today gets coolie wages. The item of labor has really been removed from Europe's goods. Third, only as Europe goes into production have we any chance of getting back any of the money we loaned, or at least some of the interest on it, and of thus reducing our own taxes, which we have to raise to pay the interest to our own bondholders on the eleven billions which is still coming to us from abroad.

That is where we come in on reparations. We are interested to just that extent and no more. The interest is large. It is not of paramount importance—not of sufficient importance, for instance, to warrant our fussing around in the affairs of Europe. By going into Europe, we can hope to get just about what anyone gets who butts into a family quarrel. The best that we can do is to suggest to the European nations some methods by which they can help themselves, and that is just what has been done by an entirely unofficial American commission composed of Charles G. Dawes, Henry P. Robinson, and Owen D. Young, all men actively engaged in American business.

Under the Versailles Treaty, the subject of reparations is lodged with the Reparations Commission, which is dominated by the French interests. This new committee, which elected General Dawes chairman, had on it representatives from England, France and Belgium. It had no authority other than to make recommendations. Their recommendations have been accepted by the Reparations Commission and have been more or less agreed to by England, France and Germany. The United States is not a party and does not have to agree. The commission's suggestions have not been fully accepted by anyone. Just now they are merely the basis of a trade and may never be accepted, in which case Europe will go on just as it is now going on until someone starts something.

The Proposed Bank

THE committee was chiefly concerned in getting something settled from a purely business point of view, that Germany might get to work and therefore that all Europe might get to work. It had no authority to arbitrate or to decide. It could not make a purely scientific report—it had to make a report which could be accepted. Otherwise its work would go for nothing. It had no authority to determine the total reparations Germany could or should pay. Nobody knows how much a nation is worth or how much money it can raise over a period of twenty or thirty years. In twenty years our own actual wealth has more than doubled. Any estimate of national wealth is at the best only a considered guess and the bulk of any national wealth is in land or mines or other property that cannot be paid over the counter.

The committee, therefore, tackled Germany as it is today. It found incidentally that the German holdings outside of Germany did not amount to much more than a billion dollars, thus puncturing the foolish notion that the Germans had fabulous sums concealed in foreign countries. The report of the committee is not precisely complicated, but it had to consider a great many factors and the report is thus not entirely easy to comprehend.

The report suggests the creation of a bank under foreign supervision which will have the sole power to issue money. The capital for this bank is to be subscribed partly in Germany and partly abroad, and although at first its bank notes will not be redeemable in gold, the bank will back them with a thirty-three per cent gold reserve and support the notes whenever their value seems to be falling. When a country has to pay more for goods imported than it receives for goods exported, its money cannot be kept stable. If Germany each year paid out a large sum on account of reparations, then the value of its money in foreign exchange would suffer. The new bank hopes to prevent this by having all German reparations payments made to the bank in marks and then the bank will make the foreign payments in some manner so as not to disturb exchange rates. Practically, this means that the actual transfer of German money for reparations will be limited to the German surplus of exports over imports.

This is the most important feature of the whole scheme, for the German financial system began to wreck itself when the government started to print paper money and with it to buy foreign exchange to pay for the excess of imports over exports. The many thousands of people who bought German marks as a speculation find these marks worthless, but they have the slight satisfaction of knowing that the proceeding also contributed largely to the wrecking of German finance. If this bank can function, then Germany can have a currency and as far as we are concerned nothing else will much matter.

Balancing the German Budget

THE other recommendations of the committee concern the gathering of reparations. The German budget has to be balanced. An insuperable obstacle to balancing the budget has been the lack of a stable money in which to calculate outgo and income. The new bank will make exact calculation possible. It will also make possible the arrangement of a scale of real taxation. Taxation will not be in phantom money. The railways and the industrial concerns of Germany are now practically debt free. They paid off their debts in depreciated currency. Twenty-five cents in real money will pay off a mortgage indebtedness of three billion marks—that is, an indebtedness which at one time represented seven hundred and fifty million dollars! It is proposed that the industries issue mortgage bonds and turn them in to the government and that the railways be separated from government control—that is, from politics—and that they issue mortgage bonds and also pay an annual transportation tax. By no means all of these bonds are to be used for reparations. Some of the funds realized from them are to go toward working capital. It is further suggested that a loan of two hundred millions be raised abroad.

In the first year Germany will pay to the bank fifty million dollars and for treaty payments at home two hundred million dollars. Most of this, it will be seen, is to be raised out of the foreign loan. In the second year the payments for reparations are to be three hundred and five millions; in the third year, three hundred millions; in the fourth year, four hundred and thirty-seven millions; and after that, six hundred and twenty-five millions a year. These sums are not inflexible. They are to be made larger or smaller according to a device known as an index of prosperity based on the amount of foreign trade, the railroad business, and the consumption and production of certain staples.

Germany, without an army and a navy, and with the whole home debt wiped out, would under the new arrangement really be paying much less for reparations than formerly she had to pay for current upkeep.

Will the Plan Work?

ON THE other hand, as has been noted in the articles on Germany, the productivity of the country is far down on the scale and working capital is almost absent. Whether a foreign loan can be raised, whether Germany will be sufficiently prosperous in five years to pay out something more than half a billion dollars a year are matters on which one man's guess is as good as another's.

Outside of the bank the other important parts of the recommendations are that the economic barriers erected by France in the Ruhr occupation be removed. The custom barriers between the Ruhr and the rest of Germany and the demoralization of the railways have been large elements in contributing to Germany's economic downfall. Also the payments are to be inclusive. At the present time the costs of the Rhine occupation, of the Reparations Commission, and countless other expenses are charged to Germany in addition to reparations. Putting these expenses into the reparations account will cut off a tremendous extravagance.

The plan, when all is said and done, is just a plan. It will not work if Germany tries to evade the payments. It will not work if France insists on mussing up her debtor's house. It will not work if the other countries of Europe refuse to receive German goods. It will work only to the degree that the people involved are tired of the nonsense which has been going on for the last five years.

When Democrats Last Met in New York

Attendant on Convention of 1868 Recalls Fervor of Post-Bellum Politics

By JULIUS MORITZEN

THE National Democratic Convention is to be held in New York in June, 1924. With an occasion like that in prospect, the memories of the "old inhabitants" are bound to stir, but it is not often possible to have the old and the new visualized, as they can be by John R. Voorhis, president of the New York Board of Elections, at the advanced age of ninety-five years. Mr. Voorhis' memories go back more than half a century when last the National Democratic Convention gathered in New York.

Old colonial New York seems to be better known than the comparatively recent time of 1868. The reason may be that the sixties are still within the ken of men now living. Fifty-five years is a short span in the life of a community.

Seated in his office atop the huge Municipal Building, Mr. Voorhis readily consented to draw back the curtain of the past and make incidents and personalities pass in review.

"When I recall with what pride we pointed in those days to the great improvements that had taken place in New York," Mr. Voorhis said, as he cast a glance through the nearest window and looked in the direction of the Battery, "I am certain that we and our visitors marvelled more at our buildings and streets then than will the thousands who come to the convention next June.

"Down at the Battery was Castle Garden, the country's once most famous concert hall—Jenny Lind sang there—now the Aquarium.

"Down Wall Street to the right, where old Trinity still points heavenward, the Morgan bank occupies the same old site, but a very different kind of building than in the days of old. The entire district has undergone a transformation."

Rising from his chair and coming closer to the window that faced City Hall Square, Mr. Voorhis pointed past the towering structure of the Woolworth Building and remarked that not much remained to signify that the Astor House was once the first-class hotel of New York.

"Speaking of hotels," said Mr. Voorhis, "I remember how they clustered in those early days around Tammany Hall, then just completed and considered one of the most magnificent buildings of its kind.

"Fourteenth street was very much uptown those days. It was still a residence district with very few stores. The Metropolitan Hotel, on the east side of Broadway between Prince and Houston streets, was considered first class; it was owned by A. T. Stewart. And there was the Prescott, on the northwest corner of Spring street and Broadway, and still another hotel on the southwest corner of Spring street, running to Broome street. There was besides, at Canal street, the Brandreth Hotel, owned by the man of Brandreth pills fame. But to stop at the old Astor House was considered the ultra-fine thing and the corner of Vesey and Barclay streets was always thronged with people coming and going."

Speaking of that pride of New York, the library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street, Mr. Voorhis said:

"Can you picture to yourself that in place of that magnificent public library this used to be our city reservoir? It is mighty hard to realize it, but on this busiest corner in the United States, just where this great marble library now stands, all one could see were the gray stone walls of the city reservoir. Impossible to conceive, unless you have the photographs."

"Yes," he continued, "many pleasant memories cluster around that spot. But we don't have to go back as far as 1868 to recall the country-like conditions of this neighborhood—Forty-second street was a long way out in those days."

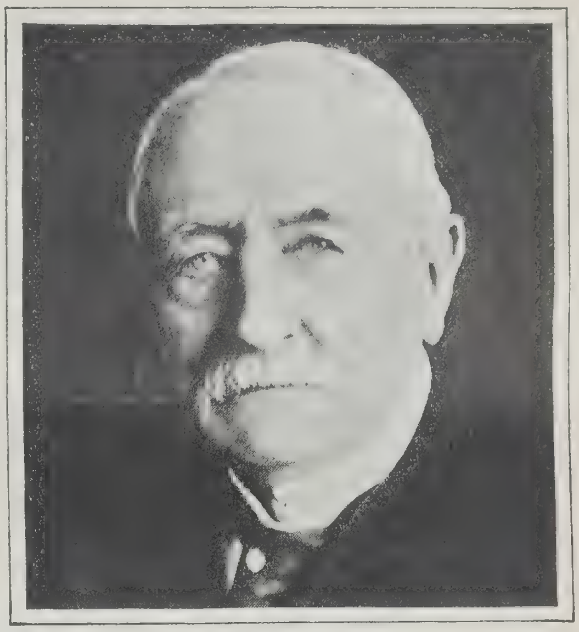
Leaving Mr. Voorhis for the present, and turning elsewhere to what may be called corroborative testimony concerning the period in question, we find that Henry Collins Brown, director of the Museum of the City of New York, tells in his "New York of Yesterday" some very interesting things about the older city.

Mr. Brown, who is also the editor of the famous *Valentine's Manual,* in speaking of his boyhood days in old New York, says:

"When we kids took an Eighth avenue car, going north of Fifty-ninth street, the conductor always said: 'Keep your nickel, Johnny, it's so good to have company up here, it's worth the money.' And no wonder! All around us was a wilderness of crags and boulders. Little wooden shanties peeped out here and there from behind occasional level spaces among the rocks. A long stepladder was needed to reach some of these eerie dwellings. Pigs and children abounded, but the chief inhabitants seemed to be goats. They were everywhere and appeared to thrive on a diet of tin cans and waste paper. This was 'Shantytown' and its inhabitants were known as 'Squatters.'

"This strange region is now covered by the Grand Central Station, the Biltmore Hotel, Park avenue and both sides of Central Park."

But to return to Mr. Voorhis: "And to think," he says, "that on this wonderfully busy avenue, with all that traffic of motor cars, grass grew in the street and the telegraph pole reared its head.



JOHN R. VOORHIS,
President, Board of Elections, City of New York.

Traffic jam on Fifth Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-fifth streets. As Democrats will see it in June, 1924.

Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-fourth street—notice grass growing in sidewalk—as Democrats saw it in June, 1868.

"The days of the convention!" he suddenly exclaimed. "As you know, we were only a few years removed from the Civil War and the effect of that terrific struggle was still in the atmosphere wherever people met and discussed politics and kindred matters.

"Of course, it is hardly necessary for me to tell you that the Democratic convention nominated Horatio Seymour for President and chose Francis P. Blair, Jr., for his running mate. Seymour was a New Yorker, while Blair came from Missouri.

"It was in the week beginning with the Fourth of July, 1868. And before I forget it, and in view of the position of woman today as compared with that of fifty-five years ago, I should say that an outstanding event during the convention was the appearance of Susan B. Anthony, seated together with a score or more of women on the platform on the opening day. They handed to the chairman, Mr. Seymour, a memorial from the Women's Suffrage Association of America demanding the franchise of her sex. In parenthesis I may remark that this memorial was referred to the committee on credentials from which it never emerged."

The newspapers of the day relate that the appearance of Miss Anthony and her friends was greeted with peals of laughter and that considerable merriment met the offering of the memorial.

"I don't know how New York happened to get the convention in '68," Mr. Voorhis continued, "but I suppose it was fixed up by those in charge, just as at present. The war had been over only a few years. New York was called disloyal by some during the war and for that reason the citizens as a whole insisted on the convention coming here. There were a lot of people who thought the war should have been finished long before it was. But that is neither here nor there.

"The fact is that we got the convention for New York. Talk about decorations! Tammany Hall was a wonderful sight, decorated within and without with a mass of flags and bunting. Inside the walls were hardly visible for the decorations that covered them.

"Perhaps the crowds of that day may not look like much when compared with the jams in front of Madison Square Garden on great occasions, but I can tell you that you had to fight your way into the hall and it was a piece of good luck if you got as much as standing room. I managed to get into the gallery and had a fine view of the proceedings.

"The day that Seymour was nominated Tammany Hall was crowded to its capacity. Buses were bringing the crowds up in relays. Well-dressed men and handsomely gowned women were continually arriving in carriages—horse-drawn vehicles, of course. There weren't many single buggies in those days and the hansom cab wasn't known.

"The illuminations of that day deserve some notice—they were mostly made with candlelight. Of course, we had lamps and we had gas at the time, but it took a lot of jets to make anything like a Fourth of July celebration.

"But candles weren't such a bad thing for illumination purposes. All the windows of the houses at night were filled with rows of lighted candles, the width of the sash, and bonfires crackled and roared and blazed on the street corners. I want to tell you it was a pretty sight and the whole country knew that little old New York was proud of her company and was showing them that she was. I hope some of those old-timers who saw our city for the first time in 1868 will be here for the convention so they can see the regular nightly illumination of Broadway and ponder on what has come to pass. But the demonstration of enthusiasm in 1868 was such as New York had never before witnessed nor had the delegates and their friends from other cities and states. The memory of the sights must have long remained."

Turning for a moment to the files of the newspapers, we find the following comment on the convention:

"Yesterday, Sunday, met the National Democratic Convention. So intense was the interest of our citizens in it, that the day of all the year when New York gives itself up to the most hideous and noisy celebration was robbed of a quarter part of its exuberant homage by the deep issues and momentous questions felt to have centered in the assembling of Democrats."

Then followed an extended account of what was in

(Concluded on page 14)

Was Mexico the Cradle of the Human Race?

Traces of Five Distinct Civilizations; Partitioned Skulls

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Above—A corner in the studio of William Niven, showing many Mongoloid figures and designs that are manifestly Chinese in influence. On the bottom row will be seen vases and designs which can be duplicated in China at this present time. To the left on the bottom row will be seen a distinct Mongolian face.

Left—This illustration not only shows Mongolian features, but the dress is distinctly Chinese—a mandarin dress. The bulkiness of the appearance is still distinctly Chinese, as those who have traveled in China know so well. This bulkiness is due to the fact that the Chinese in winter never change their clothes. As it gets colder they put on another suit, and so on, to the end of the cold weather. This makes them look by spring about five times as large as they really are.

THE United States of America is a child in years compared with our neighbor to the south, the Mexican Republic. The oldest race of people whose footsteps we can trace in the United States were the Mound Builders, and following them came the Indians.

Mexico has five distinct civilizations, traced as accurately as if the written documents had been handed down.

The first proof of these five distinct civilizations is found in the excavations. Starting from the surface of the earth and going down, which I have seen the excavators do this past summer, each civilization is found to have written its story as clearly as if it had been written, as the Bible says, "with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond."

The second proof of these civilizations is found in the figures that adorn the pyramids, in which we find apparent the clearest possible Mongolian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Negroid, Hindu and American Indian influences.

The third proof of these distinct civilizations and influences is seen in the painted, carved and sculptored figures which are being recovered by thousands. Everywhere you dig you find these relics of an ancient people. Last July, as I was writing this article in Mexico City, a young American engineer was excavating for an iron works near Mexico City and discovered a cache of beautiful vases, idols, heads and carvings. The great steam shovel brought up invaluable gold relics at every lift. The news soon spread like wildfire and the government of Mexico sent officers posthaste to stop the excavating. This find was so rich that it is estimated by archeologists to be worth millions of pesos.

It is this way all over Mexico Valley. Plowing in the fields farmers turn up pieces of ware that are, or soon will be, worth a small fortune. Digging for foundations, jade and other precious stones, and innumerable statues and vases are lifted by the ruthless shovel. I myself have walked through the woods and fields and picked up relics of pottery and precious stones just as I used to find Indian arrowheads in the fields in my West Virginia boyhood. That is one of the fascinating things about a visit to this wonderful country; the excavations are only just in their beginnings.

The Chinese minister at Mexico City told me that everywhere he turned he could find traces of a Mongolian civilization in Mexico. I myself have traveled extensively in Mongolia and China, and in hundreds of little idols and sculptored pieces I can easily trace the Mongolian features. Every writer who writes of Mexico mentions this experience.

Mary Barton, in her book, "Impressions of Mexico," tells what we all feel and have noted:

"Everywhere I was struck by the Mongolian type of countenance among the people and by the finding of thousands of vessels with Mongolian features. This is also shown by the fact that the people themselves still have Mongolian costumes. One which I remember particularly is that of the way in which the women dress their hair. It runs down their backs in two long plaits with false hair and often shoe strings woven in. I have seen this manner of hairdressing among Thibetan women often."

This is a collection of Mongolian cups arranged about an incense burner which Mr. Niven excavated a few months ago. The figure on the top of the incense burner shows clear Egyptian traces and the faces on the legs of the burner indicate just as clear Mongolian influences.

The great pyramids of the Mexico Valley show marked Chinese influence. The dragon there has every characteristic of the Chinese dragon; a great serpent with the Mongolian head. On the great pyramids there are several of these serpents which are fifty feet long, carved of solid granite.

I have picked up out of the excavations of Professor Niven hundreds of little idols with the most apparent Mongolian features and headdress. It is as clear as if a voice had spoken out of the void of the past centuries and said, "The Chinese came to Mexico in hordes ten thousand years ago, crossing the Pacific over the Bering Straits, or coming by way of Lost Atlantis."

One thing is certain, they were here, and in great hordes, just as they are now inundating the Malay States, Java, Borneo and Sumatra. The Chinese have always been a venturing people with the pioneering instinct, and the evidence is overwhelming that they thronged this Mexican plateau ten thousand years ago in vast armies, influencing its civilization to this day.

The Egyptian influence is apparent in every shovelful of relics unearthed by the excavators, in every pyramid uncovered (and there are hundreds of them); in every piece of sculpture and every carving on every idol.

The pyramids themselves may have been built by Egyptians who came to Mexico after they had finished the pyramids of Egypt or by people who went to Egypt after they had erected the great pyramids of Mexico. The opinion has been expressed that they built the Egyptian pyramids first and then came to Mexico. The Mexican pyramids are of superior type and seem to have been built by hands that were skilled and trained in such huge construction work.

In headdress, in form, facial features and in other points, through pyramid, idol, excavations and carvings, the Egyptian influence is startlingly obvious.

That Africa also contributed its imprint to the civilizations of the Mexican plateau seems certain. In the faces of the unearthed idols, and on the carvings of the stones the Negroid influence is felt at every turn.

I was present when Professor Niven unearthed an idol that looked precisely like the American Negro.

The first civilization, indicated in chart on opposite page, was found at a depth of four to five meters. These people were the first ancestors of Mexico and were a nomadic race. In the first and deepest layer of earth the articles found are of coarse, unburnished clay. There were crude vessels without any handles or necks, as if the makers were merely imitating holes in the ground.

The second civilization is found in the second layer of earth at from three to four meters depth. It is Mongoloid in type. This layer of earth, which I myself have helped to dig through with Mr. Niven, is a mixture of wood ashes and sand. These Mongoloid remains were undoubtedly left, as we have heretofore indicated, by Chinese migrations.

Mr. L. Tao, of the Chinese legation in Mexico City, tells me that there are definite accounts in Chinese literature of this exodus of Chinese people across the Pacific about the years 2500 to 2000 B. C.

Mr. Niven unearthed some flagstones which had evidently been used for cornices in one of the temples of Texcalpan and the Chinese consul declared that they contained Chinese writings.

The third layer of earth is the most varied and the largest stratum. It is sandy soil. Here, one day when I had the honor of working with Mr. Niven, we unearthed a large flat stone floor or wall about ten feet across which had on it a perfect drawing of the sun god and the earth mother, painted in colors. It is of solid cement and has been buried at least 2,000 years. In this stratum there were also found Mongoloid figures with Mongoloid headdress and faces.

The fourth stratum, which is from two to three meters down and which is about 800 years old, contained remains of the Chichimeca or mad dogs, because they were a ferocious, naked tribe of long-faced men who tattooed themselves and who swept down from the north, armed with bows and arrows, probably our own American Indians. The Tlachichique, or the people of the third period, in fear of these ferocious mad dogs, covered up the beautiful pyramids they had built just as the Buddhists did in Java upon the invasion of the Mohammedans.

The fifth stratum, or that nearest the surface, is called the civilization of the Nahua and is found from one to two meters down. These immigrants also came from the north into Mexico. They are the present Mexican people, quiet, industrious, gentle-mannered. This civilization immediately preceded the Aztecs. Professor Niven has found the remains of a race which had partitioned skulls, unlike anything yet discovered on the face of the earth, so at least the scientists of England and America testify.

From forty to fifty natives work unceasingly, night and day, to unearth these buried cities and civilizations.

"From which of these layers of earth do the partitioned skulls come?" I asked the old Scot, who has been working passionately and ceaselessly in these buried cities for thirty years.

"From the deepest known volcanic ash strata, which means the oldest civilization that we know in Mexico."

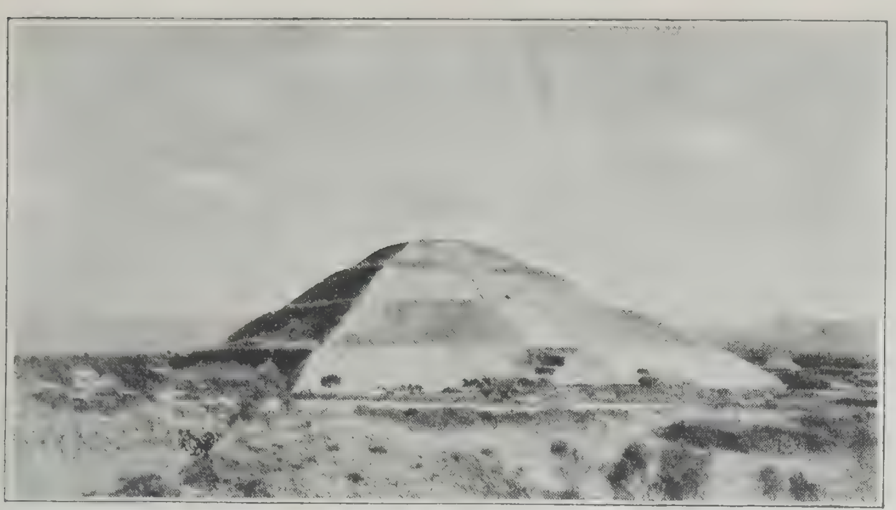
"Does that mean the oldest known civilization on earth?" I asked.

"It does. Science has not discovered a man so far back as to have a distinctly partitioned skull such as we have found here in these diggings. It means, I think, that we have discovered the oldest civilization on the earth."

Professor Niven showed these strange, partitioned skulls to Dr. Dudley Buxton, professor of human anatomy of Oxford, one of the foremost experts on prehistoric skulls in the world. Professor Buxton has in England the most complete though not the largest collection of skulls that has ever been assembled for scientific purposes. But he never saw one of these divided skulls until he came to Mexico and interviewed Professor Niven, the excavator.

"Have you ever seen partitioned skulls like these before in your collection of prehistoric man, or in your scientific investigations?" Professor Niven asked Dr. Dudley Buxton.

"No! Never so pronounced as these. We have



Pyramid of the Sun.

found them with a slight suggestion of a partition, which might have been due to some sort of headdress or pressure put on them when they were children."

"But would any external pressure, even during the plastic state of childhood, bring about such a marked partition as you see in these adult skulls?" asked Professor Niven.

"Impossible, I should say," replied the great authority.

These skulls are of normal adult size. They have a distinct partition of hard bone, running from the under surface of the skull inward, thick at the skull and tapering to a fine point the farther in toward the brain matter it extends. Some of these partitions are as much as three-quarters of an inch deep, marked and distinct and hard as bone can grow.

This protuberance is back of, and inside of the frontal bone, running almost to the junction of the frontal and the parietal bones, dividing the skull into two partitions as clearly as a room is divided by a partition of wood.

"How many of these have you unearthed?" I asked Professor Niven.

"Several hundred, and we are finding them every day."

"Is there any other marked difference between the skulls of these prehistoric men and the skulls of men of our present civilization?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"There is a separate piece of bone or skull which looks like trepanning (but is not, according to Dr. Buxton). This piece of round skull runs, like a large-sized coin, the dimensions of a silver half-dollar, between the parietal and occipital bones. It seems natural and is found in all of these skulls which have also the partition. This is not found in our present skull structure," explained Professor Niven.

Dr. Buxton measured these skulls carefully, took the measurements to Oxford and will report the results of his findings.

"Can you picture these strange people with their flesh on them?" Professor Niven asked the scientist.

"My specialty has been the study of skulls and I can see these people alive and dressed in their flesh just as distinctly as I can see you standing there with that skull in your hand," replied the Oxford savant.

"What did they look like?"

"Savages! They were wild savages!" said Dr. Buxton.

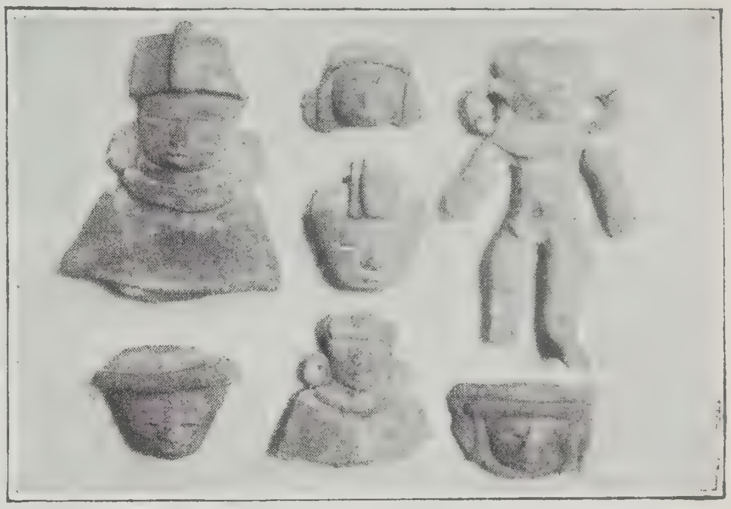
"Wrong!" responded Professor Niven, with a great deal of feeling back of his kindly Scotch smile. "These people with divided skulls are the people who built the greatest pyramids on this earth—larger than the Pyramids of Cheops and more beautiful. These people who had the divided skulls developed a high type of culture two thousand years before Christ came to the earth.

They were astronomers and they made observations on these pyramids for thousands of years. Their wise men night and day studied the stars, without astronomical instruments of any kind. They made calculations and lost only one day in fifty-two years which was their century.

"And more than that, in this respect, I would like to call your attention to the fact that these astronomers, without instruments of any kind, were superior to the astronomers who made the Julian calculations, for the Julian calendar is short one day in four years, which is the leap-year loss. These ancient men of Mexico lost only one day in fifty-two years—or one day in what is their cycle of years corresponding to our century."

Professor Niven immediately shipped some of these skulls to Oxford. He had a strange experience in getting them out of Mexico.

Excavators in Mexico consider this discovery of Professor Niven's the most important that has been made. The old archeologist himself, who has been digging for thirty years, says that this unearthing of a race with partitioned skulls is his greatest contribution to scientific discovery.



Group of Mongoloid gods, including sun god, fire god, earth god and water god.

Professor Niven has given me permission to publish a printed chart he has evolved to illustrate these five distinct civilizations. These civilizations succeed each other, as shown by the chart.

Archeological Objects
Collected by William Niven,
From Excavations in Buried Cities Beneath the Valley of Mexico,
Illustrating the Ancient Races of America

CIVILIZATION	DEPTH	LOCALITY
Toachtopayotlaca 5000 B. C.	4 to 5 meters	Tlatelco, near Azcapotzalco.-D. F.
Mongoloide 2500 B. C.	3 to 4 meters	Tlatelco and Amantla, near Azc.-D. F.
Tlachichique [the makers of all things] 2000 B. C.	2.50 to 3 meters	Ahuizoctla, Xometitla Amantla and Tlatelco near Azc.-D. F.
Chichimeca [Mad dogs] 800 A. D.	2 to 3 meters	Tlatelco, Ahuizoctla, Amantla, Xometitla and Tlilhuaca.-D. F.
Nahua 1200 A. D.	0. to 2 meters	Same localities as above.

A Libel on Scotsmen

It's No to Get the Joke in, But the Humor Out, That an Operation Is Required on a Scotsman

By VICTOR MITCHELL

IT HAS been said that all the peoples of the earth weep in the same language, but laugh in different languages. When one thinks this over, it seems to be true. A Frenchman will laugh at something which will leave a Scandinavian cold. An American will become hilarious over a joke which will make no humorous appeal to an Englishman.

As for a Scotsman, Sydney Smith is alleged to have said that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotsman, and this gibe at the Scottish race has been extensively quoted ever since.

But the truth of the matter is that no such statement was ever made by Sidney Smith.

The correct version is recorded by Dr. William Chambers, of Edinburgh, the founder of *Chambers' Journal*. Dr. Chambers said to Sydney Smith that he must, at least, admit that the Scots were a humorous race, and the English man of letters replied:

"Oh, by all means, you are an immensely funny people, but you need a little operating upon to let the fun out. I know of no instrument so effectual for the purpose as the corkscrew."

Strange to say, the fire of English wit is largely directed at the people of Aberdeen. For example, it is stated that an Aberdonian was taking a walk with his young son when he said:

"Jock, is that yer Sunday boots ye've on?"

"Ay."

"Weel, then, tak' longer steps."

There is also the story about the Jew who went to Aberdeen and filled in his census paper with the declaration that he had gone there *"to learn his profession"*; or the one about the Aberdeen fish-dealer who said that as he had to buy his fish from Scotsmen and sell them to Jews, he could "mak' naething o't."

Even the dumb animals from the Granite City are alleged to be endowed with this keenness of eye for the main chance, as witness that story about the Aberdeen horse that came to a sudden standstill on the streets of Glasgow and would not move until they lifted up his hoof and found a "saxpence" underneath.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is an eminent Scot, and this is one of his stories:

"A Scotsman got a position in a large commercial house in London, and a friend, meeting him shortly afterward, asked: 'Well, how are you liking England?' 'All right,' he replied.

"'But how do you like the English?'

"'Oh, weel,' said the Scot, 'I havna met many o' the English yet. Ye see, a' my dealings are wi' heads o' departments.'"

Much Scottish humor that is peculiarly characteristic circles round the minister, the beadle or sexton, and the simple folk of the country districts.

A parish minister one Sunday was reproving his congregation for sleeping in church during the sermon. He said:

"Look at Jamie Fleeman, the parish fool; he's wide awake."

"Ay, and if I hadna been a fool I would hae been sleepin' too," responded Jamie, loud enough for everyone to hear.

On another occasion, in the wintertime when the weather was cold and stormy and the church without any system of heating, the minister was preaching an unusually long and dry sermon. The members of the small congregation rose one after another, left their pews and quietly went home, until the beadle became the only auditor. That official waited patiently for a time, but the sermon went on until he could stand it no longer. So he slowly and noiselessly ascended the steps of the pulpit, and taking the key to the church out of his pocket he held it in front of the preacher, remarking in a subdued tone: "If ye please, sir, when ye're done, would ye be sae kind as to lock the door?"

The beadle or church officer is in Scotland—especially in the country districts—a greatly privileged person, and is often a bit of a character. A young university student, fresh off the irons, visited his native parish and met the beadle, who had a high opinion of his minister. The student said he heard the minister's sermon, but that the simile of the wind upon the barley which had been used was borrowed from the "Odyssey" of Homer. "Dinna tell me that," retorted the beadle. "I believe it's mair likely Homer borrowed it frae oor man."

Earl Balfour said recently that philosophy was not so popular in any country as in Scotland. But some of the folks are philosophers without knowing it, as the following instance will show: The minister and his man Jeames were driving past a Highland distillery. The tall chimney was considerably off the perpendicular and the minister said: "If that stack falls it will kill somebody."

Jeams immediately replied: "It'll kill mair folk if it stan's."

Then there is the story of the fellow, supposed to be half-witted, who was one day walking through the Earl of Eglintoun's private grounds. The earl saw him and called:

"Come back, you're on the wrong road."

The man stood still and said: "D'ye ken whaur I'm gaun?"

"No," said the earl.

"Then how in the world can ye tell whether I'm gaun the richt road or no?"

And he walked on.

Not so very long ago there lived an old Highland minister whose homely remarks occasionally drew a smile from even the most serious-minded of his congregation. One day he paused before beginning his sermon and called out:

"There's a young man there ticklin' a young woman, in the gallery; when he stops I'll begin!"

The same minister, preaching a sermon on "Faith," made use of the following illustration from his own experience: "I was coming over in the ferryboat from Cromarty to Invergordon, and a storm arose. The boat gave a big lurch and a young woman sitting near me gave a scream and just gripped me round the middle. My friend, that's faith."

In a fishing town in the North of Scotland an old

(*Concluded on page 12*)

The Sources of America's Individualism

Many Nations, of One Racial Stock, Mingle to Form the Soil of Liberty

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

FROM the midst of our national existence, Emerson, "the apostle of self-reliance," expressed the meaning of American individualism:

> "We will walk on our own feet;
> We will work with our own hands;
> We will speak our own minds."

The dictionary defines individualism as "personal independence of action, character or interest." We may vitalize that definition in the words of Aunt Lydia, the sturdy mountain woman of the Great Smokies in Eastern Tennessee, who, having lived her eighty-five years in stern battle with the realities of life, said to me, "I don't aim to do as nobody says. I aim to do just as I please." Individualism rests on the principle that a man shall be his own master.

The individualism of the American people is not a thing of chance. It has had three chief sources which have made it a dominant characteristic of our nation. These sources are: First, the enduring fact of race which has been so potent throughout our existence; second, the process of selection which has been ceaselessly operative during the continuous immigration of peoples to America; and third, the gripping, undying hold of the American environment.

The modern individualistic ideal of government—of industry, of property right, of education, of religious ideas and practices, and of almost every other human activity "of, by, and for the people"—is such an everyday conception with us in America that we can afford to have its early sources brought again to our view.

Early Beginnings

AMERICAN individualism has been constantly fed by the fact of race. Different races have made different contributions to the culture of the world. The roots of American individualism are fast imbedded in a race of men believed to have entered Europe near the close of the Paleolithic age—something like 15,000 years ago. They were then clustered about the Baltic Sea, and apparently were the ancestors of the present Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, Northern Germans, Austrian Germans, Dutch, Flemish Belgians, the Norman French, and the Anglo-Saxon Britishers.

The outstanding psychic characteristic of this Baltic race and of their descendants wherever found is individualism—their emphasis on the worth and rights of the individual. The germinal contributions to the gradual development of individual liberty were made in pre-Christian days. With the acceptance of Christianity came the dynamic backing of the Bible to drive forward this innate racial conception of the individual. Thenceforth the typical individual of this northern race and culture has continued to fight against organizations which would hamper and control him. At the same time, a most important fact to note, he has struggled to build up organizations which would safeguard and protect him in the opportunity for greater individual expression.

An early expression of this spirit on the Continent of Europe was exemplified by the Frisians, in whom the sense of individual liberty was especially fostered and matured. "The Frisians," said their statute books, "shall be free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds, and the world stands." It was from this area of old Frisia that the Angles, Danes, Frisians, Jutes and Saxons, and other tribes, crossed the waters from the Continent to England where, in time, they produced the Anglo-Saxon race and culture.

A later Continental expression of the worth of the individual was the birth of the so-called "Dutch Republic," which came into being in 1579. For two hundred years this republic was the glory of Europe, leading all other states in learned men, universities, manufacturing, shipping, discovery by sea, painting, domestic architecture, home life, and, for the purpose of our present study, offering practically the only haven of liberty then in the world for oppressed mankind.

Across the English Channel the individualistic spirit of the peoples who had been transplanted from the Continent was working as a leaven in a continuous struggle for religious and political freedom. It was during the reign of James I, in 1608, that a group who had separated from the Church of England and were thus called Separatists, fled from the persecution of the established church in England to Holland. "In Holland these Englishmen imbibed anew republican ideas and caught anew the spirit of liberty." In 1620 these Separatists, who later were called Pilgrims, left Holland and sailed for America, stopping long enough in England to get a few recruits. Thus began the great migration to the New World of those persons whose unyielding individualism would not die.

The movement for political freedom in England was crystallized in the early part of the seventeenth century under the name of Puritanism. Puritanism was rank individualism fighting for greater freedom of expression in religion, in government and in private life. At the height of its struggle for political liberty, Puritanism was transplanted to America. The Puritans in England turned their eyes toward America, where their friends, the Pilgrims, were. "Endicott went to Salem in 1628, with forty or fifty persons; 400 came with Higginson in 1629; 800 arrived with Governor Winthrop in 1630. Up to the time of the meeting of the Long Parliament, in 1640, the average number of emigrating Puritans was about 2,000 a year."

Thus we have the deep racial tap root of American individualism—a racial feeling of individual dignity and worth in the Baltic race best preserved in Northwestern Europe, carried across the channel to the British Islands and finally transplanted from England to America.

ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Besides being professor of Anthropology at the University of Minnesota, Dr. Jenks is a member of the National Research Council, Washington, D. C., and chairman of the Division of Anthropology and Psychology. He is a distinguished lecturer in summer courses on foreign races in America. Dr. Jenks' administrative experience also is large, including such posts as Chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, Chief of the Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes in the Philippine Islands, and Associate Editor of the *American Journal of Physical Anthropology*. His keen observation and analysis are only equaled by the breadth of the sympathy which he brings to his important field.

From the time of the early colonization of America up to about forty years ago the large majority of the people who came to America came from the northern areas of Europe. They were a people who did not need to cluster in social groups in our cities, but dared to go as individuals or families to the distant farms and the lonely frontiers to make America.

The second source of American individualism is the factor of selection—we may properly say immigrant selection—which has operated ceaselessly among all groups of European peoples from whom our early colonists and later "immigrants" came to America.

Migration is one of the best examples of the human selective process revealed by universal history. It may be stated as an ethnic law that, other things being equal, it is the most restless and highly vitalized, the strongest and most courageous, the most dominant and individualistic persons who in the spirit of adventure and conquest go farthest from the home nest.

The selective process has thus normally brought to America men and women of strong physical energy, clear vision and judgment, and dominant wills. The weaker stayed at home.

The Lure of America

THOUGH our recent immigrants are racially different from those coming earlier, unquestionably these later immigrants are among the most individualistic members of their several races. The lure of America to the immigrant has been the lure of independence—religious, political, social, and economic.

Today it is a question whether, due to the spirit of the times, the selective process is not bringing us a greater proportion of rank individualists than ever before.

The names of leaders in the numerous activities against legalized American procedure reveal a surprisingly large number of members of our newer immigrant races. Right or wrong they are the men who dare to differ. During several years of rather close observation of our newer immigrants it is their individualistic expression, as well as their herding practice, which forces itself on my notice. Each man is strongly inclined to talk about his "rights" as an individual. Often he seems to have come to America with an individual-rights chip on each shoulder.

The third source of American individualism is the American environment—really our frontier environment. Our historians have made it clear that the westward movement is the characteristic American movement. From the long line of the Atlantic seaboard westward in America there was ever a slowly advancing frontier line, with its new problems for the isolated frontiersman.

Never before had civilized men encountered such vast and impenetrable forests, such lonely and limitless prairies, and such cruel deserts. Everywhere, in it all, those adventurous men and women had to pit their physical endurance, their courage, their frontier craft, their cunning and invention with that of the most individualistic, and, in all probability, the most splendid specimens of native races that history has recorded. Boone and Crocket are not the only isolated men whose woodscraft proved superior to that of the forest Indian; they are only two of the men from among many thousands in America's historic pageant whose resourcefulness became greater than that of the Indians who had been forest-bred for centuries. Buffalo Bill and Crawford are not the only isolated plainsmen who became more capable than the Dakota, the Pawnee, the Cheyenne and the other Indians of the Great Plains; there were hundreds of plainsmen who outwitted the horse-trained Indians.

The Genius of the Pioneer

FIRST, the frontier line was drawn by the hunter and trapper, then by the prospector and miner, the herder and homesteader, and at last by the sedentary farmer. Each took his stand alone. He was miles, days, and even weeks distant from his neighbors. The American environment, with the native Indian, reacted on the self-reliant and resourceful men and women of the sons and daughters of those northern peoples from Europe until "Yankee ingenuity" was proverbial, and the frontier American became a "Jack-of-all-trades."

Harriet Martineau wrote of the American in our eastern forests nearly one hundred years ago: "The settler, carrying merely his axe, makes his very tools, his house, his fireplace, his bed, his table; carves out his fields, catches from among wild or strayed (maverick) animals his farm stock, and creates his own food, warmth, and winter light."

We may note that life in a frontier environment has always tended to produce resourceful individuals. The Stouts wrote in 1911 of the New Zealander: "There is an adaptability in a colonial that is often absent in his home-reared brother. A colonist is able 'to turn his hand,' as it is said, to anything. His occupation, especially in the early days, changed often. He is more resourceful, and has more initiative than one brought up in Europe, and he seems to get on better among Americans than the Englishman seems to be able to do."

American frontier influence has been continuous from our earliest Atlantic settlements until today. Today it is not ended. Frontier life is still being characteristically lived, in large part, by thousands of homesteaders in most of our states. In the aggregate, it is the daily life of many thousand isolated prospectors, ranchers, herders, farmers and even townsmen scattered throughout the vast American domain.

The outstanding individualism which characterized our people at the time of the founding of our nation is well shown in the following extract from a letter of Washington to the Governor of Virginia concerning the action of men in the army at the time of the Revolutionary War. Washington wrote: "Every individual has his own crude notions of things and must undertake to direct. If his advice is neglected, he thinks himself slighted, abused, or injured; and to redress his wrongs, will depart for home."

Amusing as this account is to us, it was but the direct expression of the resourceful individualism of the men of the frontier. It had undoubtedly been necessary for many of these men of Washington's army to think and act largely for himself in frontier warfare.

The early American spirit of individualism expressed itself in one of the highest conceptions of genuine democracy ever uttered by America when Washington defined his governmental policy. "I wish well to all nations and to all men. My politics are plain and simple. I think every nation has a right to establish that form of government under which it conceives it may live most happily; provided it infracts no right, or is not dangerous to others; and that no governments ought to interfere with the internal concerns of another, except for the security of what is due to themselves."

No well-known early American better illustrates the belief in thorough individualism than does Jefferson. "No man has a natural right to commit aggression on the equal rights of another," said Jefferson; "and," he added, "this is all from which the laws ought to restrain him."

In his first inaugural address as the third President of the United States, in concluding his statement of what our government should work for, Jefferson added: "One thing more, fellow citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits and improvements."

Jefferson was a product of the then western frontier, and he was left, at the age of fourteen years (as he says), "without a relative or friend qualified to guide" him. The value he placed on resourcefulness as a desirable individual quality, and as a national characteristic, is strongly emphasized in his advice to his daughter. She complained that she could not translate her Livy without the aid of her master. "If you always lean on your master," her father wrote her, "you will never be able to proceed without him. It is part of the American character to consider nothing as desperate, to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance."

(This is the first part of an article which will be completed in our next issue.)

Mr. Ford's Page

THE sea is wholesome because it is constantly in motion, and human society is saved from utter decay by the permanent principle of change. Where the initiative of change dwells is a disputed point. Does human society move forward of its own will, or is it pushed?—that is the question. In a group of men there will be some that have initiative, they are the self-starters, they have a hidden spring of action in themselves; but others will be lethargic, standing still until they are told to go, moving only when circumstances push them.

Whether in the counterbalance of these two kinds of human nature we find the motion and balance of human society, is a further question, which, perhaps, cannot be resolved. For to search for the source of human initiative is to search for the source of life.

However there *is* change, society *is* moved along, and it is often worth while to classify the accompaniments of the process.

It will be agreed, when it is sufficiently considered, that the conditions most complained about today were at one time hailed as wonderful improvements. Range through the whole field of complaints and see how true this is. Everything that we are now agreed upon as being undesirable was at one time the very height of desirability. It constituted such a notable advance on what had preceded it that its appearance was greeted as a triumph.

FOUR steps make up the ladder of progress, each a stage of power. The first is fault-finding, capacity to react to the feeling of wrong. It is not infallible, the wrong may be in the finder rather than in what he deems the fault. Second comes analysis, power to take a situation apart and lay the facts bare. This is of higher order than the first, is less self-centered, less emotional. Then comes the power of criticism, which means to weigh values, to value all facts according to universal standards. Fault-finding is emotional; analysis is intellectual; criticism is moral. Fourth and last is creativeness, the full flower of human usefulness when connected with the invisible sources of knowledge and suggestion. At the foot of this ladder are multitudes. Higher, the climbers grow fewer. Imagine what Progress will be when the higher ranges of the ladder swarm with the Servants of Service!

What has caused this change in attitude? It is attributed by some to the growing mental stature of the race. To others it is merely an illustration of the old saying that if you give human beings an inch of favor they will demand a yard. In any case, the fact remains that the best slowly loses its status until it comes to be regarded as very like the worst. We are complaining today about conditions which kings could not have commanded in the days of our great-grandfathers.

This, however, is not said here to introduce the preachment that men should be satisfied. It merely introduces a casual study of the phases in which men's dissatisfaction manifests itself. The mind-action which accompanies social dissatisfaction, or any discontent which is the harbinger of progress, may be considered under three descriptions: first, fault-finding; second, analysis; third, criticism.

Fault-finding is the most elementary reaction to the sense of wrong conditions. It may be wordless as an infant's cry in the night, but it may still be the language of protest wrung out under pain. Or, on the other hand, it may be the whimper of a pampered race whose dainties have become scarce or harder to get, the plaint of a soft people resentful of the need for hardihood. In any case, it is the first crude reaction to the pressure of conditions. It may be valuable as a symptom only, it is never a diagnosis.

Send a man into the coal fields to find the cause of the trouble and he will be met with a condition of fault-finding to which in the majority of cases he himself will succumb. According to his bias, he will emerge from his investigation shouting the faults of the mine operators or shouting the faults of the miners. The fact that faults are to be found on both sides and in almost equal degree, rather weakens his findings. And the further discovery that these faults in which both sides share are themselves the result of a general condition that embraces them both, renders the whole service of fault-finding at an end.

For when we have risen above the heat and the dust of partisan conflict and have found the general conditions involved, we enter the region of *analysis*. It is here that people part company, the great majority satisfied with fault-finding, the small minority wholly unsatisfied until they find the causes of the faults which are complained of. For one person whose mind requires that the work of analysis be done, there are tens of thousands who are satisfied with mere fault-finding. The easiest road to temporary public favor is to share the grudges of the majority and shout them louder than the rest, with new embellishments. This is the method of the demagogue.

It is amazing to observe how large a percentage of our intelligent classes desire to remain in the region of fault-finding simply because effort is required to rise into the region of analysis. Lazy-mindedness is a disease which drives the mind to lean on any convenient defect that may serve as an excuse in lieu of a reason. To express and nurse the grievance, instead of diagnosing it, is the first tendency of human nature with regard to unpleasant or baffling conditions. It is the tariff, or it is the Republicans, or it is the Eighteenth Amendment, or it is the capitalist, or the workingman—anything handy will do on which to lay the blame.

Such a course discovers nothing, solves nothing, improves nothing. It is emotional rather than reasonable, whimpering rather than self-reliant; it encourages moral cowardice. And the habit of looking around for someone to take the blame is parent of the habit of looking around for someone to help us, instead of looking to ourselves. Both these habits arise from weakness, from the general human willingness to coddle ourselves, and become willing prey of false leaders who promise to coddle us.

We need analysis more than fault-finding, for then we face conditions and not merely people who are caught in the very conditions which we charge them with creating. From analysis the way is made clear to go on to *criticism*. It is a sad light on our mental habits that the very word *criticism* has come to mean fault-finding. It has nothing to do with faults or excellences as such, it has only to do with values. When a situation is analyzed, all its elements are laid bare, as when the symptoms of a disease are tabulated and the history of the patient taken, or as when a machine is taken apart to repair a defect. We have any amount of fault-finding with regard to the coal situation, the farmers' situation, the reparations situation, but little real analysis. The facts are not all laid bare.

In the work of criticism, a judgment is given on the various facts which analysis produces. The facts which are productive of disharmony, waste, injustice are so valued; the facts which favor use, efficiency, general service and welfare are so valued. The critic separates between the good and the bad, the wise and the selfish, the permanent and the temporary. Progress in social welfare is not a matter of one group getting the better of another by any method such as getting laws passed, or parties elected, or programs accepted. The forcing of one set of facts into control of another set of facts does not mend a wrong condition as long as in the total facts there are those that make for wrongness. True criticism, which means fairness and detachment of mind, requires that from all the facts there be eliminated those which are productive of the qualities which hurt men and prevent social progress.

The analyst is not very popular, because he takes apart the interior mechanism of a condition, and as neither side to a controversy possesses all the virtue nor all the vice, the analysis necessarily exposes the sins of each. And the true critic is even less popular, because by the same law he judges both.

And yet it is by these two, goaded into action it may be by the insistent murmurings of the fault-finders, that we get the material by which consciously to direct our economic courses toward justice. Millions of fault-finders, hundreds of analysts, tens of critics—this is the ratio which we ought to mend, becoming fact-finders and value-finders in ever-increasing numbers.

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Scientific and Kind

IN EXPRESSING their views on immigration the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church in quadrennial conference assembled, have said nothing new, but what they have said is phrased with singular clarity. They are looking to a solution of the problem that shall be at once "scientific in its methods and Christian in its spirit," and while they do not presume to say what that desirable method would be, they do say that it cannot be scientific and Christian unless it does four things:

Provide for a selective process in the countries of origin, thus preventing the cruelty of rejection after reaching an American port.

Wise distribution of those immigrants who are accepted.

The prevention of the exploitation of these newly arrived people by unscrupulous profiteers.

Placing at the service of these prospective citizens every constructive agency that makes for an intelligent, patriotic and American citizenship.

These are excellent guide posts. The first can be easily arranged by Congress. The second can be achieved by co-operative action between Federal and State governments and private societies. The government will find that most of the immigrants arriving possess organized loyalties with which our Government would probably decide not to interfere. The third suggestion is hardest of all to meet, since the exploiters of the newcomers are usually of their own race. As to the fourth suggestion, Americanization work made a good start but a poor finish. As practiced now it means Americanism as seen from any one of a hundred racial and religious angles.

Nevertheless, the main objectives of the Bishops will command the agreement of all, for the principle in each of them is fairness to the stranger.

Doctor Butler, Tinker

FORTUNATELY, what Nicholas Murray Butler may say, while usually interesting, is not of world-toppling importance. This is regrettable, for time was in this country when presidents of great universities were able to speak the people's thought in a way to give that thought incisive power. The nation's spokesmen are not found in the seats of learning today; indeed we look for them in vain in all the seats where our fathers were accustomed to find them. A strange puerility has fallen upon pulpit, academy and legislative forum. All of them make efforts to be heard; they resort to many devices to attract attention, but the root of the matter is not in them, and the people turn away unrefreshed.

It should be said in President Butler's behalf, however, that he labors under a great handicap—he lives in New York. We have heard of Americans who were so impressed by the London point of view that they quite forgot their Americanism; but it is daily evident that infection by the New York point of view produces the same malady. Nicholas Murray Butler resides among what is probably the greatest aggregation of alien-minded aliens existing on earth, and what is worse he daily mingles his mind with theirs in his capacity of head of the world's greatest alien university. Very few things American are in favor among the community where Dr. Butler dwells. The Constitution itself, even before the Eighteenth Amendment was added, was very much out of favor. Americanism generally is an influence to be neutralized—in the mind of the great majority of Columbia's alien beneficiaries. And nothing would better serve their end than to have the Constitution not only unwisely amended, but un-amended again and again, until that Document becomes a mere scrap of paper.

As to the question of Prohibition we take it that Dr. Butler is estopped by his environment from thinking about it as the majority of the American people do. Residence in New York or Washington is separation from the mind of the United States. The Prohibition discussion now proceeding should have occurred before the Constitutional amendment was made. What had Dr. Butler to say then? But now that Prohibition is in the Constitution, it will stay there if for no other reason than to warn everyone that the foundation Document of this Government is not to be juggled with—now jammed with amendments, now denuded of them, and made the sport of passing interest. Dr. Butler has perfect liberty under the Constitution to think as he pleases, and even to say what he pleases, about Prohibition. But tampering with the Constitution is another matter.

However, it would be a mistake to grow too serious about this. Dr. Butler is usually harmless.

How the Loan Works

THE significance of international banker control of the destinies of countries is illustrated in the remarkable terms of the four hundred million lire loan the Banca Commerciale Italiana has recently extended to the Polish Republic.

The loan is secured by a first lien on all the fiscal revenues arising from the Tobacco Monopoly in Poland and runs for twenty years. The price of issue to the public is eighty-seven and the rate of interest seven per cent, a terrific burden to the borrower.

The Italian Government has given the bondholders a subsidiary guaranty to the effect that if the Polish Government by reason of armed invasion is unable to meet interest on the bonds at any time, then the Italian Government will substitute its own liability.

It is provided that in this event the Italian flag will be raised on all properties of the Polish Tobacco Monopoly in Poland which will come immediately under the protection of the Italian Government. Thus thousands of Italian conscripts may be slaughtered in Poland or other theaters of war, and the Italian taxpayer loaded with greater burdens, in order to fulfill the international bankers' contract.

However, this loan has the virtue of putting into plain words the real intent of all these international banker loans where the politicians have been brought into collusion with the money lenders.

The bulk of the people in this country do not realize the extent of the European practice of international bankers bringing the various leaders of political parties under their control for the furtherance of these unholy deals. The politicians, even the most eminent, are reached either through outright bribery or by assistance in profitable speculation.

The maneuvers to get American bankers with international alliances to place reparations bonds with the public have in mind that this will ultimately bind our government to countenance the deals which bankers of France, Germany, Holland and elsewhere are making at the expense of the working people of Europe who will sweat for generations to satisfy their new masters. What could not be accomplished politically with America may be done by the bankers.

Cutting the Knot

THE Reading *Eagle,* a daily newspaper published in Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, has disposed of the editorial policy problem by omitting editorials from the paper.

This smacks of the sound common sense that is a characteristic of the Pennsylvania-Dutch of which Reading is a capital. Reading is not a small town, its population is 108,000, the county has a population of 200,000, and the daily average circulation of the *Eagle* in March was 42,924.

There are too many censors upon the present-day newspaper editorial and the result is a non-committal output which by no means pleases anybody, but has the superior merit of offending nobody.

The local department stores, the national advertising agencies who have policies of certain clients to enforce, and the banks' advertising, all play havoc with the supposedly free press. Then the editor has to please the local political groups and be careful not to interfere with the social and political ambitions of the publisher or owner of the paper.

In such a situation, it may be just as well to abolish the editorial page as a fixed institution, and revive it only upon those occasions when strong and honest convictions can be no longer repressed.

Why Not in the White House?

"I NEVER knew a President who was happy after he got into the White House," says former Vice-President Marshall.

It all depends on what he means by happiness, and what Presidents he has known.

Mr. Roosevelt said he had enjoyed a "bully time" during his Presidency, but doubtless it took out of him more than he would ever admit.

Mr. Taft probably had an unpleasant enough time of it, because Mr. Taft was so seldom master of the job, so constantly at the mercy of advisors, and so unluckily doing the wrong things.

Mr. Wilson, physically weaker than all the recent Presidents, rose to the weighty duties which came with the war, and by wise management of his time and economy of effort, got through an amount of work which made even Roosevelt's most strenuous days look rather leisurely. Mr. Wilson was never more fit than at the height of the war. He was not frittering away his strength in trying to keep pace with the frivolous fringe of Presidential life, and it may be said that he left for the Conference of Versailles in better physical condition than he left Princeton to enter the White House.

What pulled Mr. Wilson down was the social pace which was set up for him especially in Paris, added to the increasing mental irritation caused by his totally new experience of dealing with supposedly responsible statesmen whose word did not keep good overnight.

The attempt at Woodrow Wilson's age to adjust the mind to a wholly uncertain world of moral concepts is bound to be debilitating, and had he acted on his last strong uprush of American independence and taken the ship home the day he threatened to do so, the history of the past six years might have been vastly different. It was not the Presidency that killed Wilson. It was the useless frills and insincerity of European diplomacy.

Still, happiness should not be a stranger to the White House. There's a man's work there, and when there's a man to do it, that should spell satisfaction.

Of course, when a man vainly straddles between six or seven impossible parties, makes himself politician-in-chief, job-dispenser-in-chief, national-handshaker, non-emptiable-source-of-oratory, together with all the legitimate and constitutional things a President must be, the mixture may easily become a little nerve-racking.

We venture to think that the present occupant of the White House is neither unhappy nor suffering in his health.

In the language of a profane but expressive saying of the street, what we want is a President who lives every day so that he can look any man in the eye and tell him to go to the devil.

The Bias of the Tongue

THIS is worth considering, as are most of the ideas of L. P. Jacks, of the Hibbert *Journal*:

"Judging the importance of things by the degree in which they lend themselves to public contentiousness, a standard of values peculiar to the parliamentary age, we inevitably give to evil a prominence to which it is not really entitled. For there is more to be *said* about evil things than there is about good things, more about vice than about virtue; more about sickness than about health . . . .

"The vocabulary of blame is wider than the vocabulary of praise; its terms are more easily found, and the habit of using them more rapidly acquired; while fear (the mother of accusation) is more voluble than courage, which is, on the whole, a very silent quality and indistinguishable, in its higher manifestations, from love.

"If you cultivate the eloquence of blame the scope of your indictment will expend without limit; the more you say the more will remain to be said, and you may go on making speeches forever. But if (like St. Francis) you cultivate the eloquence of praise you will be met at every stage of your progress by a law of Diminishing Returns. As you pass from the evil to the good, from the good to the better, from the better to the best, you will find it continually harder to do justice to your theme; the satisfaction of 'hitting the mark,' so easily found when abuses are being exposed or lies nailed to the counter, will now be increasingly difficult to find; the area of discourse will contract, its values acquiring an intensity which language cannot overtake; you will have less and less to say, until, at last, when you come to the Very Best you will be struck completely dumb and have nothing to say at all. The Very Best is no theme for oratory.

"The bias of the tongue being always in the direction of indictment it is easy to understand how the habit has arisen of interpreting our social system in terms of the evil rather than of the good . . . ."

A College Where Old-Fashioned Virtues Reign

Youth of Taylor Respond to the Call for Old American Standards in Conduct and Education

By JOHN PAUL
PRESIDENT OF TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Interior view of the greenhouse.

A typical scene on the pasture lands.

This is the story of a small American college, seventy-two years old, which is attempting, with apparent success, to conduct a school where the old-fashioned virtues reign. For example, there is no smoking there. The co-ed's perfumed cigaret is not a problem. President Paul's discussion of these matters and "academic liberty" is interesting.

OLD things that keep savory without becoming rancid are prized, especially in this age when many things are so fresh. A certain class of conservative Americans from all sections have been finding their way for three-quarters of a century to the school now known as Taylor University, which is situated about a hundred miles northeast of the present American center of population. As if to symbolize its simple, industrious student life, Taylor has the modest Hoosier town of Upland, Indiana, for its post office.

Student care is responsible for these well-kept farm buildings.

Work — honest, thorough, diligent work—in farm, greenhouse or school plant, is the watchword at Taylor, and is built into the fiber of generations of students who are serving humanity and gaining a reputation for getting results.

Recently one went to Harvard with his Bachelor of Arts degree from Taylor. At first he was an object of distrust for the obvious reason that there is a difference between Taylor and Harvard. He wanted to capitalize a bachelor's degree from Taylor toward a master's degree in Harvard. He was sent to the classes for a tryout, with the following results: Distinction in all subjects; elected to a research fraternity in the department of education; given a scholarship based on rank; approved for half-time position on state pay as one of Harvard's agents in the "psychological research department" to visit the charitable institutions of Massachusetts, a thing for which a Taylor man has a rare fitness, for he is very human, a student of human nature, and pretty well acquainted with the unveneered article. The outcome was that Harvard authorities, instead of questioning his right to enter for a master's degree allowed him to proceed as a candidate for Doctor of Philosophy, without extra requirements. He belongs to a type. The moral—pardon a superfluous explanation—is that students where labor is honored, where an independent spirit of democratic Christianity is fostered and the modern vices are taboo, will take rank above the average level—all other things being equal.

The Association of American Colleges, to which Taylor belongs, is a kind of sizing machine for college policies. Occasionally the school gets an inference that it violates the American standard of open-mindedness in seeming to require its faculty to avoid certain views in religion and economics. For instance, German destructive Biblical criticism and Russian philosophy of communism are equally alien to the ideals of Taylor. Not because they are feared, but because they are clearly understood and measured, they would not be tolerated a single day. Taylor's students and faculty are all capitalists and all laborers at the same time; and the graduates go out with the conceit that there is no difference between a capitalist and a laborer if they are the right kind of capitalist and laborer.

The lack of freedom is only apparent. Scholars are multiplying who want the refreshing privilege of sowing the seeds of true American doctrine in a field sufficiently fenced so that they can reap a harvest without being molested by the crows or the cows. A lover of academic freedom would be delighted to see how perfectly free are Taylor's professors. They come because the school is the element in which they preferred to labor, and a man in his element is free. Sectarian doctrines are not a test of membership in the Taylor student body. One can belong to any church on earth or no church and, if a gentleman or lady, there will be a welcome at Taylor. An earnest, altruistic spirit of evangelism pervades the school, but no one ever gets after a student with a funnel to serve him with salvation.

Taylor holds a brief for principles rather than people. Men come and go; but it is felt that in the interest of coming generations the school must go on forever. The art of balancing the old and the new is one of the essential elements in the law of progress. Luke McLuke says that any cook can boil an egg too hard or too soft, but it takes a trained cook to boil it just right. We have fundamentalists who play up the notions of the Middle Ages as essential to salvation and modernists who put everything under suspicion which has belonged to previous generations. Taylor tries to split its difference and keep in the road. It is not so much the mission of modern leadership to blaze new trails as it is to find true trails. Taylor's slogan for the old-fashioned Bible, the old-fashioned church and the old-fashioned home, intelligently defined, has proved to be very wholesome. It does not seem at all archaic or quaint when put into operation under the glare of electric lights and the echo of radio. Students of modern problems sometimes come for miles to see the result of trying to conduct a co-educational college without tobacco, dancing, and the kindred supposed concomitants of a modern college. Some are skeptical about the possibility. A W. C. T. U. national official recently wrote to inquire what measures and influences were invoked to prevent or reduce the evil of smoking among the girls! We could only reply that we had no tobacco in any form throughout the institution.

Main buildings of Taylor University.

It is not the function of this article to outline a program or advance theories on how the various modern abuses are to be reduced or excluded from the colleges. Our policy could not apply universally to state and church schools. If it were brought about by artificial or arbitrary rulings a large fraction of American youth would be excluded from privileges of higher education.

This would be impractical, for the thinking of the times tends to confirm the youth and even their parents in theories adverse to the "old-fashioned," and it is necessary to deal cautiously on questions of right and wrong that seem to be two-sided. No youth could be expelled from Taylor for the use of tobacco, because it is not an expulsion offense in the college world. Moreover, the logic of such an act might insinuate offensively against the youth's father or even his pastor. He can and is required to withdraw, with whatever grades he may have earned, on the ground that we have a right to conduct a school of students whose brains are free from the influence of nicotine.

If we were to speak for the college world as a whole and were optimistic enough to believe that a reform was desired on these moral and near-moral questions among students we should have to suggest that there be a strenuous propaganda of preaching and teaching, tempered to student psychology, and calculated to create a new viewpoint.

The youth of America have many redeeming traits. If they are often guilty of wrong practices it is because they are the inheritors of wrong views which to a large extent has been passed on to them from their seniors. If they are not quite so capable of the deeper reasonings as their seniors they are often even more responsive to the decree of reason when it breaks in upon them.

It follows therefore as a psychological fact that the greatest moral convictions and the greatest spiritual awakenings we ever witnessed were in schools of higher learning.

JOHN PAUL — E. O. RICE — W. G. NIXON

Taylor University is under control of the Legal Hundred, a name coined by John Wesley to denote trustees. The president is W. G. Nixon, a minister of Detroit. The business manager is E. O. Rice, who left a career of unusual promise in the financial world to devote his financial ability to educational and religious causes. The members of the Legal Hundred hold office for life, or as long as they are in cordial sympathy with the ideals of the college as stated in its charter. The normal registration of students at the school is slightly in excess of three hundred.

"For Nothing Changes Here"—Old London

A City of Survivals; the Flavor of Her Shops and Lanes

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

THE way into London by train is always through the chimney pots. No railway enters or leaves the city on grade level but commonly above grade and even with the tops of the two-story, grayish yellow tile or slate roofed brick houses which in endless straight, hard streets house the British workman or petty tradesman. Each room in each house is heated by a coal grate, each grate has its chimney flue and each flue its pot, which is just a six-inch sewer pipe, yellow or brown, set on end at the chimney top to help the draft. Every chimney has from two to four of them and the consequent vista of chimney pots through a car window is as unforgettable a memory of London as fire escapes in the East Side of New York, or horse chestnuts on the Paris boulevards. They come out to meet you, a strange, stunted growth, whose flower or fruit is smoke, and the unchanging solidity of them assures you. It may have been a year or a decade since you saw them last but "Come on," they say, "we are quite the same, 'for nothing changes here.'"

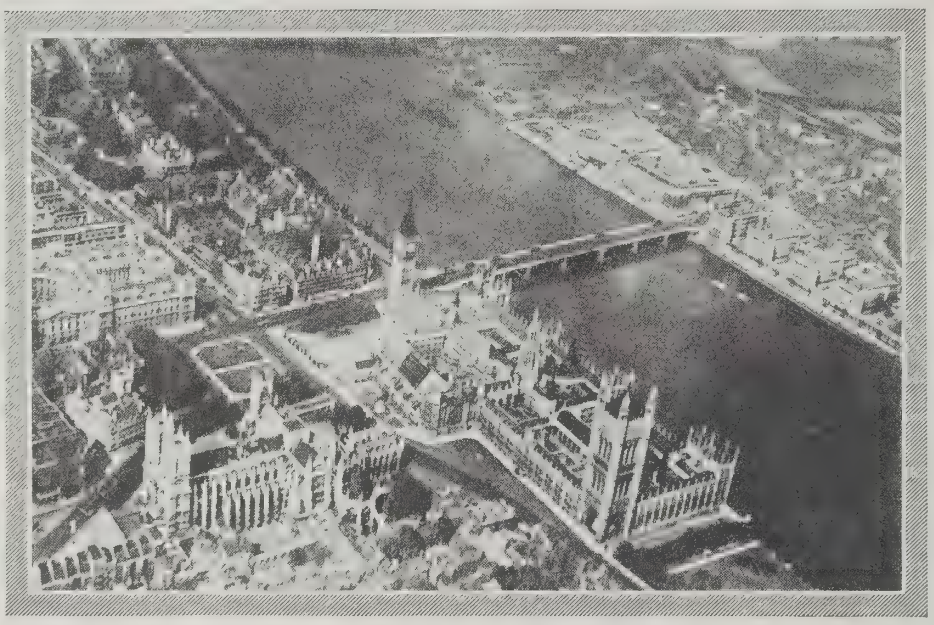
You can always go back to London, as to no other city anywhere, confident that you will find it much as you left it, always provided, of course, that you have been there since the "Great Fire." The London papers were discussing that fire recently and generally agreed that the town had changed since. But that was 257 years ago. The "Great Wind" also did considerable property damage, but that was 220 years ago. The "Great Frost," comparatively recent (180 years ago), seems only to have frozen the Thames. The ice has since melted, though it would be difficult to convince some visiting Americans of that fact. Historians who are unduly careful about detail insist that the present London is hardly older than the reign of Queen Anne and maintain with a reasonable show of authority that a visitor who had not come up to town since James Stuart would have difficulty in finding his way about.

But an ancient Briton might still recognize Tower Hill and its general relation to the river; a Roman gentleman would find fragments of his city wall here and there, notably in the north wall of the new post office. He would discover his hall floor mosaics in a museum and he might possibly stumble upon his bath a bit back from the Strand. King Alfred, if he were permitted to dig about, could find foundations he laid under the "White" tower of the present tower group, and William the Conqueror could without much difficulty recognize what he built on those older foundations. Henry the Third and his son Edward would feel entirely at home in the Abbey and likely beg to be excused from subscribing to a fund for its repair, urging that what they built had stood up well enough for almost 700 years and the twentieth century could do its own repairing.

Sir Christopher Wren would find his dome still brooding over streets whose names would be unchanged, and wander from one perfect church which he built to another, finding them changed only in their want of worshiping congregations. John Bunyan would feel much at home if he should sit of an hour some morning in Bunhill's Fields Cemetery. Something would be changed, of course, in the buildings which look down upon a burying ground which is now a field only in name, but the worn sandstone gravestones would be neighborly enough and he would make no complaint of being buried with Isaac Watts and Susanne Wesley and Defoe and William Blake, counting such sepulchre under the open sky—from which he was, while he lived, much shut away—more to his taste than abbey chapels. He would not note what the visiting American notes: that in this same Bunhill burying ground there are, upon its weathered headstones, more surnames still to be found among living folk in New England towns than in any equal space in England—a testimony to the tide of migration which ran from old London town to Boston and Salem.

Samuel Johnston would find a chair waiting for him in the old Cheshire Cheese, the cheese as ripe and the ale as mellow as he knew them. And if, having dined there, he should still walk down Fleet street he would find his way easily enough and recognize familiar names as he walked.

Not that London does not reflect what is happening to England and the empire. It does. I spent a rainy evening in a Gower street rooming house (but Charles Darwin wrote "The Origin of Species" in Gower street) reading a London guidebook of the eighties. From the pictured costumes of the women to the discreetly noted diversions of the Prince of Wales it described an order as extinct as the Michigan wood pigeon, and London has shared those changes but in such ways as completely to mislead you. Paris draws a straight edge across the map of what she has left of two or five hundred years ago and drives through the Latin Quarter fire new avenues as near gingerbread as the French can do anything, till the Boulevard Raspail fairly screams at the tangle of old streets Dante may have seen, and old churches stand blinking in the light almost shamelessly disclosed, or else her mobs burn up history, or whatever corresponds to her city council changes the name of old streets overnight to immortalize a new hero. (But a Paris street name confers a doubtful immortality.)



Aerial view of Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, London.

Not so London. Occasionally a new vista is opened and the names of London streets do reflect a changing order—there are now six Victoria roads—but it is done discreetly and the steadfast vastness of the city, which comes nearer being a world of its own than any city in the world, gathers the new to itself and loses it in the mass. The rain, the wind and the smoke attend to the coloring. The smoke darkens marble or granite, the rain washes darkened surfaces clean in patches, the wind directs the rain and you have that mottled play of light and dark which makes old St. Martin's in the Fields and the new Courts of Justice contemporary to the eye, and gives to London its color scheme. There is just now an unusual amount of building in Regent street; old leases have expired and new shop buildings are going up, but it is all so deftly blended that ten years from now you will never know it.

The buildings are all low. I went out on the top fire escape of the highest building in the city this summer with a young newspaper man who wanted to show me how his paper was flashing running electric light bulletins over Trafalgar Square, but it was no dizzy height, six, maybe seven stories. London has thus an arrestingly even sky line, broken only by the dome of St. Paul's and the towers of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. It is a curious mingling of the commonplace and the grandiose. Cockney London is housed drably enough, but here is as good a place as any to say that though there is bitter, bare poverty in London there are no rotting tenements. We asked a policeman who had become our guide for a day to show us the city's worst. He showed us Limehouse and the hard, bare streets which border the docks. He showed us streets full of children and the pitiful little mothers of the poor, their arms overburdened with baby brothers and sisters. He showed us tattered clothes a-plenty and public houses too many. But he never showed us dirty streets or fire traps or rotten wood, or the gray desolation of the "levee" in Chicago or the crowded tenements of the East Side of New York. Nor is there anywhere in evidence in London today the moldy poverty of twenty years ago. The "doles" have their doubtful side but they have met and mastered abysmal poverty in England.

London is generally the East and West ends with their extensions or hinterlands. The East End in old London town is the city of finance and the merchants. It belonged to the commoners as Westminster belonged to the king and his court, and the king may not enter it ceremoniously now save as he is properly met at Temple bar—once a real bar, now a lion and unicorned monument about which the tides of traffic flow—and given right to enter. The bank and St. Paul's and old London Bridge belong to the "city," as do all that Dickens knew and loved and centuries of history as well. It is a city whose winding streets brim with traffic and whose shop windows are full of all the things a man may want, if he wants only books and tobacco and pipes and woolen clothes and a saddle and field glasses and bills of exchange and bank notes and a steamship passage to the ends of the world and the *Times* or *Punch* and roast beef and porter and a church in which to worship and—if he be great enough—a place to be buried; for if he be an admiral or an artist they will bury him in St. Paul's in more select company, on the whole, than the Abbey supplies. There are a million people in the "city" in the daytime and 20,000 at night. The contrast between the East End at ten o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night is one of the dramatic things in any city. None are left save caretakers and newspaper men who work in Fleet street and Bouverie street as Thackeray and the Walters or Delane before them.

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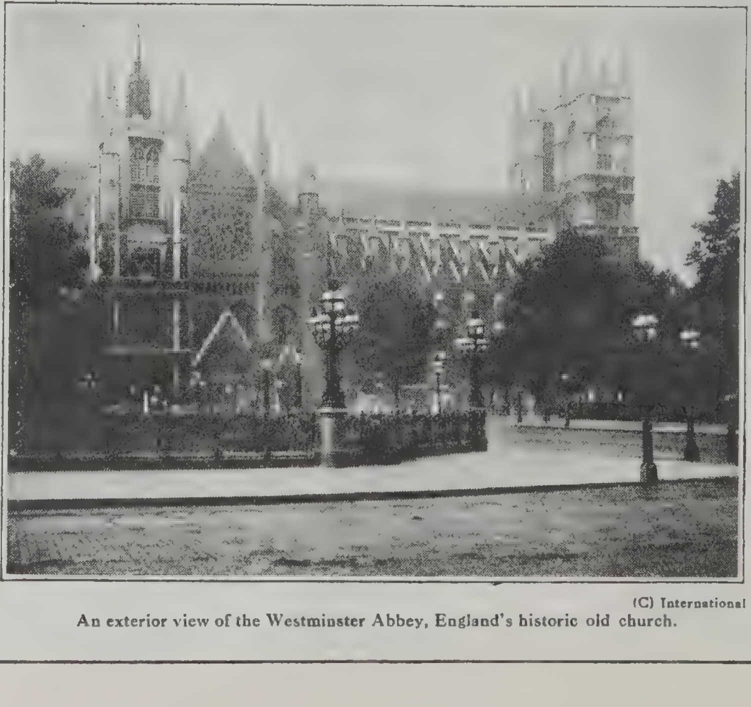
(C) International

A recent photo of the historic London Bridge, the two towers standing out boldly against the sky.



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An exterior view of the Westminster Abbey, England's historic old church.

Should Income Tax Records Be Made Public?

Not a New Question; Benjamin Harrison Discussed It; He Said "Yes"; What Others Say; What Publicity Has Done

By FRED L. HOLMES

TAXATION should be a public matter. It is in most governments. Secrecy encourages deceit and evasion. Publicity circumvents fraud and prompts honesty. Right now there is deep interest in the subject of tax secrecy or tax publicity.

As civilization could not long exist without government, neither could government function without the right to levy taxes. It takes money to administer the orderly rules of society in any community. People become interested in government because it affords protection for the support they give it. Their patriotism in its defense is quickened when they know that all partners contribute on a scale of equality.

Taxpayers not only want to know that the amounts which they pay are just; they desire assurance—proof if necessary—that their neighbors are contributing in proportion. Justice in taxation insures the interest of good citizens in the administration of government. A citizen enthusiastic in civic affairs is a guaranty of stability in good government.

Now the best way to keep up the interest of citizens in their government is to give them the truth about its operations. No group, no class, no individual, owns the government. It was instituted to protect people in their inherent rights—not selfish desires. It was founded for the benefit of all. When these aims are subverted, its welfare is menaced.

The Growing Tendency of Secrecy

THERE is a growing tendency to clothe the affairs of government in the garb of secrecy. This is a serious mistake. To shut out the light of publicity is to substitute ignorance for knowledge; prejudice for high motives; misinformation for the truth.

There is an old axiom, taught in the law schools, that a government record is a public record. So it should be. The transgression of that rule has been fraught with disaster. Secret treaties between governments have resulted in wars. Nearly every scandal in government has come from secrecy.

Just now Congress is dealing with another problem of secrecy. For many years income tax returns, filed both by individuals and government, were public records. Then the rule was changed. Some of the evil results are already apparent.

For the past three years an effort has been made to remove the mantle of secrecy from the Federal income tax records. In the United States Senate, November 5, 1921, the La Follette secrecy removal plan was defeated by a vote of thirty-five to thirty-three. The House of Representatives in the present Congress beat the open secrecy plan, but adopted a restricted amendment which would make the income tax records more public than they are at the present time. So rigid is the old law that committees of Congress, drafting the financial budget of the nation, cannot examine Federal income returns.

There is a sharp difference of opinion among officials at Washington over the question of making income tax returns public records. Secretary Andrew D. Mellon, of the Treasury Department, opposes the publicity plan. Many others agree with him. It is claimed by them that curious people would be examining the returns, that business secrets would become public property, and that excessive earnings by corporations or individuals would be flaunted in the public press, exciting the animosity of citizens with more slender incomes.

Every contention now made against publicity was answered by President Benjamin Harrison nearly a quarter of a century ago. Invited to speak before the Union League Club of Chicago on February 22, 1898, he refuted the arguments made by those who would lock the pages of public records. His address was prophetic. He saw that large aggregations of wealth might desire to keep their tax records secret. In a free government he believed that it was unsafe to make a "show in our homes and on the street that is not made in the tax returns." It breeds contempt for government; it inculcates lawlessness. There is a national lesson in President Harrison's address.

> "Each citizen has a personal interest, a pecuniary interest, in the tax return of his neighbor," declared former President Harrison. "We are members of a great partnership and it is the right of each to know what every other member is contributing to the partnership and what he is taking from it.
>
> "We live in a time of great agitation, of a war of clashing thoughts and interests.
>
> "There is a feeling that some men are handicapped; that the race is sold; that the old and much vaunted equality of opportunity and of right has been submerged. More bitter and threatening things are being said and written against accumulated property and corporate power than ever before. It is said that, more and more, small men, small stores, and small factories are being thrown upon the shore as financial drift; that the pursuit of cheapness has reached a stage where only enormous combinations of capital, doing an enormous business, are sure of returns.
>
> "The great bulk of our people are lovers of justice. They do not believe that poverty is a virtue or property a crime. They believe in an equality of opportunity and not of dollars. But there must be no handicapping of the dull brother and no chicanery, fraud or shirking. If our plan of taxation includes notes and bonds and stocks they must be listed. The plea of business privacy has been driven too hard. If for mere statistical purposes we may ask the head of the family whether there are any idiots in his family and enforce an answer by court process, we may surely, for revenue purposes, require a detailed list of his securities.
>
> "The men who have wealth must not hide it from the tax gatherer and flaunt it on the street. Such things breed a great discontent. All other men are hurt. They bear a disproportionate burden. A strong soldier will carry the knapsack of a crippled comrade, but he will not permit a robust shirk to add so much as his tin cup to the burden.
>
> "The special purpose of my address today is to press home this thought upon the prosperous, well-to-do people of our communities and especially of our great cities, that one of the conditions of the security of wealth is a proportionate and full contribution to the expenses of the state and local governments. It is not only wrong but it is unsafe to make a show in our homes and on the street that is not made in the tax returns.
>
> "It is part of our individual covenant as citizens with the state that we will, honestly and fully, in the rate or proportion fixed from time to time by law, contribute our just share to all public expenses. A full and conscientious discharge of that duty by the citizen is one of the tests of good citizenship. To evade that duty is a moral delinquency, an unpatriotic act. . . . I want to emphasize, if I can, the thought that the preservation of this principle of a proportionate contribution, according to the true value of what each man has, to the public expenditures, is essential to the maintenance of our free institutions and of peace and good order in our communities.
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> "Taxes are a debt of the highest obligation, and no casuist can draw a sound moral distinction between the man who hides his property or makes a false return to escape the payment of his debt to the state, and the man who conceals his property from his private creditors. Nor should it be more difficult to follow the defaulter in the one case than in the other. If our taxes were farmed out to an individual or to a corporation, they would be collected. There would be a vigilant and unrelenting pursuit. The civil and criminal processes of the law would be invoked with effect, just as they were against fraudulent debtors under the bankrupt law.
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> "Mr. Lincoln's startling declaration that this country could not continue to exist half slave and half free may be paraphrased today by saying that this country cannot continue to exist half taxed and half free.
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> "We have too much treated the matter of a man's tax return as a private matter.
>
> "We have put his transactions with the state on much the same level with his transactions with his banker, but that is not the true basis."

Experiences of the national and several state governments in dealing with income tax returns demonstrate the sanity and truth of Mr. Harrison's statements.

Horace Greeley Turns on a Light

DURING the Civil War period there was a Federal income tax law and it contained no secrecy clause. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, believed in publicity and he indicated that he intended to publish a list of the income tax payers in New York. Efforts to stop the publication proved of no avail. Just what effect this publicity had upon the tax record was disclosed in a New York *Tribune* editorial, January 26, 1865. It says:

> "We learn that the publishing of the list of income tax payers in this city, against which there has been so much absurd outcry, is likely to prove beneficial to the revenge as well as to the consciences of some of our 'best citizens.' Already, as we understand, considerable sums have been returned to the assessors and paid to the collectors by persons who have discovered 'errors' in their original returns of incomes since the publication of the lists referred to, and assessors have received valuable information in reference to the incomes of some gentlemen who should but have not yet amended their returns. The penalties for false or fraudulent returns are, first, an assessment of double the amount sought to be evaded, and second, a fine, not to exceed $1,000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, at the discretion of the court. It is presumed that all persons who on reading the printed lists discover that they have made mistakes in their returns of their annual 'gains, profits, or incomes,' would be able to adjust any little difference between themselves and the public treasury with greater facility by calling voluntarily upon the assessors of their respective districts than by taking the risk of being waited upon by those officers."

Then the policy of the government was changed in 1870. Federal income tax returns were made secret documents. At once the results of the closure became apparent. In 1870, the last year of publicity, the number of Federal returns showing incomes of more than $2,000 was 94,887. In 1871, when publicity was prohibited, the number fell to 74,000—a decrease of twenty per cent. It declined again in 1872 to 72,000—a reduction in the number of payers in this class of 22,000 in two years.

North Carolina had a similar experience. When Josephus Daniels published the list of income tax payers in the *News* and *Observer*, the returns of income taxes nearly doubled. The plain fact seems apparent that publicity cures dishonesty and fraud in making tax returns.

Nor is the experience in Wisconsin without point. A state income tax law was enacted in 1911, and in spite of the fact that all real estate and personal property tax returns are public records, the state income tax return was made a secret document. Mark the result.

A Disparity in Returns

SOON after the World War a Federal agent employed in the Internal Revenue Department "tipped" the governor of the state that a great disparity was found in the returns filed by many Wisconsin corporations for payment of state income taxes and Federal income taxes. Auditors for the state tax commission soon verified the statement. Governor John J. Blaine called a special session of the Wisconsin legislature and asked that the secrecy ban be removed. This the legislature refused to do. Appropriations were increased, however, for auditing some of the books of the big corporations.

"After the close of the legislative session of 1921 I turned my attention to the question of the auditing of income tax reports. I found that in the two years preceding 1921 the Tax Commission had succeeded in adding additional income taxes, through the field audits, of $102,834," said Governor Blaine in a recent interview. "These were from 127 corporation returns only. I obtained from the Tax Commission information respecting this subject and I found that, in its opinion, there were about 14,000 corporations doing business in the state and of that number approximately 3,200 income tax returns of corporations ought to be audited.

"On the eighteenth day of November, 1921, I called a meeting in the executive office of the members of the Tax Commission, the secretary of the State Board of Public Affairs and the secretary of the State Board of Education, to discuss the possibility of making the field audit more effective. As a result of that conference I requested the Tax Commission to address a request to the State Board of Education to assist the Tax Commission in the administration of the soldiers' educational bonus, and to ask that $40,000 be placed at the disposal of the Tax Commission out of the soldiers' educational bonus fund. The Tax Commission on the same day complied with said request, and the secretary of the State Board of Education immediately procured the approval of the suggestion by the members of that board, and immediately thereafter I called a meeting of the emergency board and transferred from the special fund $40,000 and placed it at the disposal of the Tax Commission.

"The result, however, of that proceeding was not effected until 1922. For the year 1921, fifty-five corporations, through the field audit, were required to pay additional income taxes of $410,173.64. Through the intensified auditing following the conference, the result of the 1922 audits to December first was that an additional income tax of $1,821,749.34 has been placed in the process of collection. The total of all audits for the last two years, ending in 1922, yielded close to $3,000,000 additional income taxes.

"A special session of the legislature was called on March 22, 1922, for the specific purpose of considering the repeal of the secrecy clause. Thereafter an educational campaign was conducted throughout the state. Every person was given a hearing. The taxation question, including the secrecy clause, was no doubt the paramount issue before the people, and those, in nearly every case, who voted to repeal the secrecy clause received the overwhelming approval of their act by the people, and in most instances those who opposed the repeal of the secrecy clause were repudiated by the people.

"The 1923 Wisconsin legislature promptly repealed the secrecy clause in the state income tax law. The time for the filing of income returns expired March 15 of this year. We will soon be able to ascertain from experience the benefits of publicity. Some accomplishments are already apparent. As a result of the public discussion and the possibility of the repeal of the secrecy clause, much good has come. I find as to individual incomes there was an increase of more than seventeen per cent as to the normal tax; more than thirty-four per cent as to the educational surtax and more than thirty-three per cent as to the teachers' retirement fund tax, for the year 1923, over the year 1922. Tabulations as to the corporations have not been finally completed, but there has been an increase in number filing and in net incomes subject to taxation.

"I have contended and now contend that secrecy in government is a bad thing; that taxation is a public matter and not a private matter; that the tax returns of those who pay real estate and personal property taxes

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Civilization Should Meet With Its Creditors

Differences Between Money and Wealth; High Finance Methods

"IT IS high time that civilization should have a meeting with its creditors," declared Professor Frederick Soddy, F. R. S., of Oxford University, in an address before a London audience, December 12, on "International Economics."

The distinguished scientist's London address followed close upon a series of philippics against high finance delivered in November to enthusiastic and receptive audiences in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Professor Soddy said in part:

"For many years I have been following a particular line of thought of my own and I have come to the stage in which I was about to apply this to international questions.

"To begin with, we scientific men feel, I think, that the world at the present time, in so far as it is different from the earlier world, is *our* world. We feel that the difference between this age and two centuries ago is primarily and fundamentally due to the harnessing of natural forces of energy.

"I think we can trace the whole of the evils of the present day just to the antagonisms between a new mode of living discovered by science and an old mode of economics based upon a type of life which has actually been superseded.

"A machine today can embody tens of thousands of horse power, every horse power equal to the work of ten men, and that machine can work eighteen to twenty-four hours a day, so that it can produce as much as 300,000 persons could produce in the time of Adam Smith. Scientific men see this colossal production with which their labors and inventions have endowed the world, not used for any good purpose, but perverted, resulting in the great problem of unemployment, which is a direct consequence of doing away with human labor in the production of wealth, as well as in modern war, where every new invention, every new discovery, is used for the purpose of destruction rather than construction.

"The production of wealth on a colossal scale ought undoubtedly by now to have inaugurated a system of abolishing such evils; but instead of that, the wealth has been used to accomplish the direct opposite and a larger and ever larger fraction of the population is reduced, through unemployment, to destitution and misery, not because of any shortage of wealth, but for precisely the opposite reason—because of the glut of unsalable goods that follows these new scientific methods of production.

"The phenomenon of modern war results primarily from this excess of production, which needs to be exported to less developed countries—it is a struggle for markets which has to be backed by armies.

"In the past, men fought for true economic reasons—driven by hunger resulting from food shortage to raid other lands for what they could take away. Such wars were not of great consequence because the people on both sides were soon exhausted.

"The Great War went on for four years, and at the end of that time both victor and vanquished ought to have been economically exhausted, but they were not. The war was not brought to an end by any shortage of materials, but by exhaustion of human energy . . . . Germany was able to hold out—cut off from all external supplies—because she had mastered the process for fixing atmospheric nitrogen, originally for the manufacture of fertilizers, but easily diverted to the manufacture of explosives.

"The public must understand that these scientific methods can be used as well for peace purposes as for war. The scientific man is not responsible for the use made of his inventions and discoveries. If at the end of the war our marvelous productions had been used for constructive purposes, we could by now have rebuilt our whole civilization on a plane of which no man need be ashamed . . . .

Wealth—Embodied Energy

"WE MUST examine this power which can prevent a nation from enlarging its life in time of peace but which does not operate in time of war. All through history nations have been unstable—every power that has arisen has become wealthy and has fallen. The case of Rome is historical. Spain conquered the Eldorado of the West and fell so low that it has not yet recovered. The problem is not national, but universal. Science is gradually conquering and using all the powers of nature, but the abundance of wealth it produces brings not happiness and prosperity, but the exact opposite, poverty at home and war abroad.

"Why is this?

"That question can be answered in one word, a word not used today in polite society though in general use in the Middle Ages, 'Usury'—simply the power of money.

"Ruskin defined wealth as 'power over the labor and lives of other people.'

"A scientific definition of wealth is now possible—*wealth is embodied energy*. There is a strange relation between this 'energetic' view of wealth and the view taken by the ruling classes. The physical scientist and those who work for their living mean by wealth—food, clothes, and the necessities of life, while the economists and members of the ruling classes deriving an income from funds and investments have a conception of wealth which is the direct opposite of this.

"During the recent election the capital levy—a proposal of the Labor party for extinguishing the national debt—was described as the destruction of the country's wealth. The moneyed classes hug their debts under the conviction that they are fostering wealth. The people are not allowed to produce the abundance which they easily could because 'money' is kept tight.

"It is an extraordinary thing that in its struggle with autocracy democracy has forgotten altogether the question of money and its control. On examination, ninety-nine per cent of the money in this country will be found to be counterfeit, issued in the form of loans or checks—a concertina, at one moment inflated, causing purchasing power to increase and industries to thrive, and the next deflated, so that purchasing power is reduced and the evils of unemployment follow, while the wealth of the country is bought by the usurers for a song.

Not Wealth But Money—

"THERE is no doubt that if we controlled our money, we should be in a position to repay our creditors as far as we desired, but the cause of such evils is that *creditors do not desire repayment and would refuse it if offered. We could bury them under wealth if that was what they wished for, but they want not wealth but money—money to put out to usury so as to get a permanent income from interest without spending their capital* . . . .

"The result at home is that the country is not producing one-quarter of the wealth it could produce, while internationally the stronger nations are trying to get the weaker nations into their debt and to prevent repayment so as to extract permanent interest. It is obviously unreasonable for a creditor to want his payments deferred and to charge interest until the payment is made, and if wealth were made legal tender for debt, repayment would be easy and usury could be abolished. The wealthy man dares not ask even for his capital, for he could not use it—he could only sell it, and he would have to ask to have his debt repaid gradually . . . .

"If an alchemist gave us by transmutation an unlimited gold supply so that all international debts could be paid, would he not have made fools of us? It is high time civilization had a meeting with its creditors, but if it paid them off in gold they would say that gold tokens merely represented indebtedness and were of no use to them, for what they really want is wealth.

"The reform required is simple but it would need a very courageous democracy to undertake it."

"Can England lead the way in this reform? Politically it would be a tremendous advantage to overcome the moneyed men—the jugglers with the currency, the bankers with a power no autocrats ever had and which they have obtained and hold on account of the ignorance of the democracy. There would be no difficulty in getting rid of these, for they would have no support when once the facts were understood. Some will think the press a difficulty, but there is no need to worry about it—in England the press has been bought and is discredited.

"The situation abroad is more difficult. One would have to anticipate a flight of money and of those owning it. The remedy would be to send their gold after them. It is time that those who have the knowledge, the will, and the heart, should find a way out—science, religion and labor must unite."

A Libel on Scotsmen

Concluded from page 5

fishwife had died, and her daughter was relating to the neighbors all the details of her illness, how she had nursed her mother and applied poultices, and so on. She concluded in a sad, mournful tone: "But, ma freens, I've the prood satisfaction o' knowing that she has gone to a better world wi' the mark o' my mustard poultice on her breest."

Despite the tradition that the average Scot is of a dour disposition and resents every attempt at putting the joke "on him," he is a firm believer in the line which says, "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." When the jokes are good he can enjoy them—even at his own expense! For instance, an Aberdonian was once asked his impressions of London on a Sunday. He replied:

"Oh, it's just like Aberdeen on a Tag Day: No a soul to be seen on the streets."

But there are times, occasions of mental excitement and stress, when the Celtic nature inclines to the vitriolic. An English lady entered a butcher's shop in Inverness and wanted an English sheep's head. The butcher said there was no difference between an English and a Scotch sheep's head. The lady, however, was very persistent—it must be an English one and no other. So the butcher, losing his temper, went into the back shop and was heard to exclaim to his assistant:

"Hi' Tougal, skin ta sheep's head, an' mak' it English. Tak' oot the brains but leave in the tongue." Thus was Culloden avenged.

I will conclude with an episode of one of the scenes of which I myself was a witness. It was in a royal burgh on the borders of the Highlands, just before the war. It was New Year's Eve, commonly called "Hogmanay" in Scotland, and three bosom cronies—Sandy the souter, Jamie the baker, and Donald the butcher—foregathered in the back shop of the latter, after closing time, to celebrate the departure of the Old Year, and welcome in the New.

It was a Saturday night, and when Donald had pulled down the window shade and turned off the lights in the front shop, the trio adjourned to the rear of the premises and spent an hour or two to their mutual satisfaction.

"Wha's Deid?"—Nobody

NOW Donald, although a bachelor, was likewise an elder o' the kirk, and saw to it that his boon companions, who were both married men, did not prolong the revel until an unseemly hour. Having bade them good night, Donald returned to his seat by the fire in the back shop and fell asleep. So sound were his slumbers that when the sun arose on that Sabbath morn he stirred not, and the first bell had clanged from the steeple of the kirk, of which he was an ornament and a shining light, and some of the good folks were beginning to stir on the streets ere he awoke.

"Bless me," said Donald, "I've sleepit in," forgetting in his excitement that it was the first day of the week, as well as the first day of the year, and thinking only that he had neglected to open his shop at the usual hour. Jumping up, he hurriedly donned his blue and white striped apron, pulled up the window blind, opened up the front door, and stood looking forth with all the alertness he could command, ready for the first customer. Who should he espy coming along the street but his friend, Sandy the souter. Sandy, who was a magistrate of the burgh as well as a worthy citizen, was arrayed in all the glory of a frock coat, "lum" hat, and black trousers. Donald was a bit surprised at this display of grandeur and at once hailed him: "Good mornin' Sandy, will ye be goin' to a funeral the day? Wha's deid?" "There's nobody deid, Donald. This is the Sabbath Day, an' I'm gaun tae the kirk."

Donald's meat emporium was closed in record time, but his fall from grace will be remembered by his fellow citizens unto the third and fourth generation.

Sir Archibald Alison in His "History of Europe"

WHEN sixteen hundred thousand men, on both sides, were in the Continental wars with France in Germany and Spain alone, where nothing could be purchased except by specie, it is not surprising, that guineas went where they were so much needed and bore so high a price . . . . In truth such was the need of precious metals, owing to this cause, that one-tenth of the currency of the world was attracted to Germany as a common center, and the demand could not be supplied; and by a decree in September, 1813, from Peterwalsden, in Germany, the allied sovereigns issued paper notes, guaranteed by Russia, Prussia and England. These notes passed as cash from Kamchatka to the Rhine, and gave the currency which brought the war to a successful close. . . . To the suspension of cash payments by the act of 1797 and the power, in consequence, vested in the Bank of England, of expanding its paper circulation in proportion to the abstraction of a metallic currency, the wants of the country and the resting of the national industry on a basis, not liable to be taken away by the mutations of commerce or the necessities of war—it is to these facts that the salvation of the Empire must be ascribed . . . . The adoption of the opposite system of contracting the paper currency, in proportion to the abstraction of the metallic currency, by the acts of 1819 and 1844, followed, as they were, by the monetary crises of 1825, 1839 and 1847, have demonstrated beyond a doubt, that it was in the system of an expansive currency that Great Britain, during the war, found the sole means of her salvation. From 1797 to 1815 commerce, manufactures and agriculture advanced in England, in spite of all the evils of war, with a rapidity greater than they had previously done in centuries before. This proves beyond a doubt the power of paper money to increase the wealth of a nation.

The Deserted Hill Farms of New England

Decayed Homesteads, Relics of Past Prosperity, Dot the Adirondack Landscape

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A typical deserted farmhouse in the Adirondacks, falling into decay. Raspberry bushes are trying to cover up the desolation of the place.

By D. JAY CULVER

TUCKED away in the Adirondacks are hundreds of deserted farmhouses, falling to rack and ruin, becoming more dilapidated with each succeeding storm. Each year the moss is a little heavier; each summer the ivy creeps a little higher about the old houses where a few years ago large families were contented and happy. The men and women who played in the old barns as children are now scattered to distant parts of the country.

The pathos of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" is in this unfortunate but inevitable state of decay. The tragedy is that it is inevitable. While other sections of the United States are becoming more prosperous and new homes are being built in the West, the farms of the Adirondacks, as well as throughout all of New England, are being deserted one by one.

An old-timer who remembers when the Adirondack farmers were at the height of their prosperity.

Tourists who spend their vacations traveling in these sections do not realize the extent of the desertion. On the smooth main highways they may see a deserted farm here and there, but it is when one leaves the highroad that one begins to see the extent of the desertion.

One may travel for miles along dusty country roads, winding in and out among the mountains, and not discover a farmhouse which shows any signs of life. There are various degrees of dilapidation. Trees nearly a foot in diameter now stand where the farmer used to plow and plant. Barns and the other outbuildings on the place are fallen wrecks.

Time has done a thorough job. One would scarcely believe that the marks of a farm could be obliterated in so short a time. But not all the farms have been abandoned for twenty years. The tide began to turn about two decades ago and since then the tenants, attracted by promises of a life of greater ease and fewer hardships, have forsaken the farm for the cities and near-by towns.

The younger generation has been responsible for this great change. Being dissatisfied, they nagged their parents to sell "the old homestead" and move to town. The old folk usually refused absolutely to do any such thing. They were guided by sentiment. Many farmers lived on places that had been owned by their fathers before them, and they lived in farmhouses that had been built by their fathers. Some could remember when, as children, they had moved from a log house to the fine, new frame house that had been built by the joint efforts of the neighbors. In some cases the land had been in the family for more than three generations.

Tired old farmers thought of the years of back-breaking labor that they had spent in cultivating the land to raise enough to keep the family alive. They thought, too, of the energy that father or grandfather had spent in clearing the land, removing the huge rocks so that plowing might be possible, and the thousand and one other laborious tasks that had to be performed by the pioneers before life in that region was possible.

They had been born on the spot and their desire to stay under their own roof-tree was greater than their desire to go somewhere else and begin life anew.

Families were large twenty years ago. Each farmhouse was crowded with a dozen or more children. As the children reached a marriageable age, they lost no time in leaving home for more lucrative employment in the city. The girls were not in a receptive frame of mind when young fellows asked them to marry and settle down on farms of their own. They knew it meant drudgery, so they passed it by with a shrug of their shoulders.

But in time the old folks passed and were laid away in the hillside cemeteries. As a rule the children disposed of the property as soon after the funeral as possible. The places found purchasers mostly because the lumber on the land was valuable. The lumber was worth four or five times the purchase price of the abandoned farms.

These lumbermen who purchased the old places were not interested in the farms or farmhouses. They boarded up the windows and doors and let everything go to ruin. They could afford to wait for the timber.

Just as the gold seekers in 1849 sent back glowing reports from California of their success and thus enticed their former neighbors to leave their homes, the people who abandoned their farms and moved to the city wrote back to their friends and told them how much happier and how much richer they were in their new homes. Those who remained behind hesitated. They were lonesome. Even if their nearest neighbor lived two miles away, it was a great satisfaction to know he was there. After he had departed and his house was closed up, the sense of loneliness grew. It was natural that one family should follow another until the region was nearly deserted. Florida has been populated that way, and in that way have the New England hills been denuded of their old population.

The land was never very fertile, even as far back as the Revolutionary days. The old settlers spent more hours than will ever be computed in clearing the land of its forest and stones, preparing the ground for cultivation. It was a long, uphill fight all the way. The land being poor to begin with, and not receiving fertilizer, eventually gave out.

If the farmer could attribute poor crops year after year to nothing else, he decided that the land had "petered out," to use one of his own picturesque expressions. Instead of rotating his crops or plowing deep, or plowing under some clover to enrich the soil, he preferred to clear a new piece of ground. The abandoned field became part of his pasture land. The process of clearing the new piece of its surplus rocks had to be repeated. Every year, there seemed to be more stones in the path of the plow than the previous year. This did not take place overnight, but slowly through generations. The farmers never realized that they were committing agricultural suicide.

The schoolhouses in many districts are lying empty, or if not empty, attended by but two or three children. The schoolhouse pictured here had an enrollment of forty children thirty years ago. The place hummed with activity. The school teacher was usually a young man earning money with which to attend college. The children ranged in age from five to eighteen.

Today there are two pupils attending this school, and one is only four years old. She is sent to school for the old-fashioned reason—to be kept out of mischief. Her mother figures that the teacher has more time to spare than she has. Sometimes she goes to sleep on one of the long benches and the teacher lets her slumber for hours at a time.

The teacher really has just one pupil. This girl is about eleven years old. The school board experiences great difficulty in getting teachers to stay at this school.

The prospect of having just one pupil is attractive at first, but after two or three months of teaching one girl five days a week and five or six hours a day, with nothing to vary the monotony, is more than teachers can bear. They resign.

Yes, thirty years ago there were thousands of thriving farms in this region.

The old country schoolhouse, seventy-five years old. Once there were forty children going to school there, now there are two.

"For Nothing Changes Here"—Old London

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Yet even at ten o'clock of a morning a step aside takes you into some backwater of a court or quiet street where the deep note of the city's traffic reaches you only as a far-off echo. London's major note is distinctive, a deep-toned voice like drum fire heard miles away. Paris is shrill and staccato, Chicago in the loop is a boiler factory, New York under the elevated is a punctuated roar. The Inns of Court, where the barristers have chambers and offices, are like college dormitories in shaded gardens. The Temple is the Middle Ages in the heart of today. (But take care that you do not step on Oliver Goldsmith's grave as you walk about it in the twilight trying to find the place where York and Lancaster plucked their white and red roses.) Paternoster Row is sacred to sellers of wise books and St. Paul's looks down upon courts you must hunt to find where the tide of the years seems ebbed away. There is no end of little crooked streets with any name you please, Bread street, or Shoe Lane, or Brick Lane, or Shore Ditch—which is just what it once was—or Threadneedle street, or any Saint or Duke or King or Queen you want. Queen Elizabeth's Walk is a semi-suburban avenue, but she walked there once and it is still her walk. There are a score of "old" streets and squares from Old Gravel Lane to Old Jewry, and every one of them packed with humanity. There are people enough to fill all the streets, the traffic flowing down their turnings till you can step from bus top to bus top, and ebbing with the twilight to leave the "city" with its guardian Cathedral Dome and its haunting memories. Then likely the ghosts of its past come out and talk of fire and plague and trade and war and empire—and what ghosts they are!

The river turns sharp south at the west end of Fleet street—Waterloo Bridge crosses the bend—and you walk against its current along the Strand and Whitehall to the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Here the kings have left their palaces, plain enough but with great names, and their parks. A London park is a bit of rural England brought to town. The sheep pasture in Hyde Park and listen as unmoved as most of the other hearers to the free speech which threatens a revolution in one breath and promises a new heaven and earth in the next, in which Hyde Park abounds. You can forget London in a ten-minutes' walk there and of a misty September morning the towers and broken sky line of London the magnificent seen across the living green and through the soft mists is a picture not to be forgotten.

The West End is shops with what a man wants plus what a woman wants. "My God," said old Blucher when he saw it first, "what a town to loot." But nobody has looted it yet, though the English tradesman puts up his shutters of a night to protect his silver plate and woolens and leather from such a fate. He leaves a peep hole for the Bobby to look through. The whole arrangement seems to an evil-minded American contrived exactly for the security of burglars—but nobody apparently burgles. Oxford street and Piccadilly, Regent and Bond streets are shopping streets for an empire. Your judgment of them depends on what you want to buy—or see. But for woolens and leather and silver plate and rugs they are quite in a world's class by themselves. The department store does not greatly flourish, but there is the Army and Navy Co-operative on Victoria street, of course. You can outfit yourself there for any expedition in any climate, in a building as full of passages as a rabbit's warren, and do it reasonably well with entire confidence in what you get. There is a tradition that you must have a permit to shop there, but it is now only a tradition. The Civil Service Co-operative Society is more particular.

Most shops specialize and the names of many are classic: Liberty's for the gorgeous fabrics of the East, Maple's for furniture, Heath's for hats, Broadwood's for pianos, Poole's for tailoring, Billingsgate's for fish and a vivid vocabulary, Tattersall's for horses, Covent Gardens for flowers. A shopkeeper who has become something or other to the king is a made man for life, and if his shop has been for a hundred and fifty years a going concern he asks nothing more of Providence but customers.

But London does not shop in Bond street and Piccadilly. It buys in miles and miles of little shops and from miles and miles of carts and costers and sidewalk vendors. Edgeware Road is all shops, and little streets are packed with a traffic so pitifully bare and cheap you wonder how they live by it. The city has theaters and music halls a-plenty. The music hall is a national institution, ranging from the Palace or Alhambra to halls unknown to fame, just another name for vaudeville, good or bad. The audience is more interesting than the stage, packed to the roof, clouding itself with tobacco smoke and the most entirely human audience in the world singing familiar choruses, whistling at command, laughing or crying. You will never think an Englishman cold when you see him surrender himself to the homely joys of a music hall.

London moves about quickly, comfortably, cheaply. The tubes and undergrounds take you anywhere and all connect, though with many winding passages and a deal of going up and down, though elevators and escalators help in that. On the surface the busses go everywhere. A bus top is the place from which to see London and a bus route map is history on wheels. There you see that the winding streets are just old country roads—designed primarily, as Chesterton insists, for the convenience of drunken carters—which have in the slow process of the years taken on city ways. The names on the street corners note the old boroughs through which they wound, still keeping their corporate integrity in the complex municipal administration of the city. The bus terminals are old inns and village greens—green no longer; the soil on which the "Plough" is built has not known a plow this hundred and fifty years, nor has the "Plough" itself any need of "stabling for horses," though it still advertises the stables. (But a London stable is more properly a "mews.")

Your bus takes you through streets whose low sky lines gain charm from the really rich variety of their solid architecture, by parks and palaces in whose gateways red-coated, white-breeched, black-booted guards sit sentinel on black horses, or by barracks where the drill sergeant is doing his hoarsest worst, or by great houses shut away from a curious world by brick garden walls, or from one town center to another—for London is really a group of towns—or out where the fields begin, or up to Hampstead Heath where the city lies beneath you vast, mysterious and somber, and always through streets filled curb to curb with a flowing, winding human traffic tide which makes the streets of any other city seem empty. And next day you do it all over again on another line, and so for a summer in long twilights whose tenderness softens the harsh and clothes the city with the pathos and travail of humanity.

The city has for an American little distinctive things; its street musicians, for example. Just now many of them are ex-service men who turn an honest and reasonably harmonious penny by singing old songs and playing older instruments. Alfred Noyes' barrel organ has given way before them, but there is no lack of troubadours.

"In the city as the sun sinks low."

Often the singer is a woman standing quite alone perhaps in some wholly quiet street and singing with charm to closed doors and windows. If you are in the queue waiting for the pit doors to open at a theater you will be sung to and recited to and shown gymnastics till the pence you give the street performers balance what you save by going to the pit, which, by the way, is directly behind what we call orchestra seats and on the same level, only a rail separates the bench at two and six from the upholstered chairs at ten and six. But you must go two hours early to get next that rail.

Old women and old men as well make a living—one hopes—by selling matches in the streets. A curious law makes 9:30 closing time for match vendors and at 9:30 they stop selling matches. Nor is there any match bootlegging. Girls sell you flowers—if they can—and bring the moors to the Strand in purple heather, and Ireland to Trafalgar Square in shamrock.

But you miss familiar sights of American cities, for in London there are no skyscrapers, corner drug stores selling everything, self-serve cafeterias, shoe-shining "parlors" (though red-coated men will do your shoes in the open), wind-blown waste paper, street sprinklers or, for any long time, dirt, or soft drink parlors—you can get an "American Ice Cream Soda" here and there, but it's a doubtful brew—Great White Ways and the very-late-at-night life that goes with them, dance halls, amusement parks, Sunday theaters or Sunday much of anything else, parked private automobiles, pop corn, peanuts—the empire calls them monkey nuts and takes them to the zoo for their namesakes—or baseball parks, but Lords and the Oval Cricket Grounds make up for that.

Very little is being torn down and equally little being built up. London grows, but always, as since Queen Anne, by a slow and massive encroachment upon surrounding territories. But even that is managed with apparently little machinery of real estate promotion. You will see no fields staked out into subdivisions as you go out of the city; wheat, potatoes and gardens meet London just where the streets stop. On the Chatham and Southeastern Railway, twenty minutes from London Bridge station takes you to a hop field. Some day the country lane will have become a city street keeping its old name, and the hop field a bus terminal, but always with such an assertion of the old over the new as to make it all a part of an immemorial order rich in habit and tradition.

When your time to leave is come, your long train of light little cars drawn at a surprising speed by a light little engine will fairly whisk you out of an old station, across the river, with the towers of the Abbey on your right if you watch and the dome of St. Paul's on your left if you watch, above the chimney pots and out to the open fields, and London is once more a memory. But whether you go back next year or ten years or never you know that Landseer's lions will still guard Trafalgar Square and the pigeons feed on the steps of St. Paul's, the busses run to the bank, the Horse Guards stand under their arches and the sheep feed in Hyde Park, the geraniums will bloom red before Buckingham Palace and London Bridge will not have fallen down.

Should Income Tax Records Be Made Public?

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have no veil of secrecy drawn over them; that no honest tax return need fear publicity; that it is only the return made by the man or corporation that evades the law that needs this veil of secrecy drawn over the return to shut out from public view that which may be a fraud, a cheat, or even a mistake.

"The amount of back income taxes which have been dug up and put on the assessment roll of Wisconsin since the repeal of the secrecy clause was agitated now totals more than $3,225,000. Publicity is the only cure for tax cheating. No army of tax auditors or espionage officials can accomplish a fraction of what will come by making all government records public records.

"Secrecy is a bad thing in government. It aids the iniquities of the coal barons, the oil interests, ship subsidies, income tax frauds, or any monopoly. Refunds and rebates in Federal taxes have been shrouded with a dark cloak of secrecy. When public officials are purchasable, the secrecy of the income tax returns makes it possible to pay the public official for a special favor. If the Federal income tax returns were open to public inspection, the dishonest tax dodger would hesitate to lay bare a fraud or a cheat on the government.

"The honest income tax payer has nothing to fear from publicity. The criminal and the tax dodger may well fear publicity."

When the Mellon tax plan came up recently for consideration in the House of Representatives, the contest for the repeal of the Federal income tax secrecy was led by Congressman James A. Frear, of Wisconsin. It failed. But the legislative fight is not ended.

No one contends that publicity of income tax returns should not be attended by all necessary and reasonable safeguards. Under the Wisconsin law, these tax returns are open to inspection by those who have a real purpose for making inspection. Persons asking to examine the income tax return of another must sign a request blank and this is attached to the original document in the files. This little formality prevents curiosity seekers from examining all of the files. But those who have a purpose in making the examination, officials of all sorts, are freely shown the tax returns.

If there were more publicity of the affairs of government there would be fewer scandals. It should be the duty of public officials not only to aid in keeping the avenues of publicity about governmental activities open; they should feel the responsibility of furnishing real information to the public. Knowledge of government will inspire faith in government.

When Democrats Last Met in New York

Concluded from page 3

prospect, political speculation as to the success of the respective candidates, discussions of President Johnson's Proclamation of Universal Amnesty, indicating how close was July, 1868, to the struggle between North and South. In the papers of July 6 was a reminder of the activities of the Ku Klux Klan in the trial then being made of the Columbus prisoners.

Further perusal of the newspapers of the convention week throws much interesting light on the events that followed the gathering of the delegates. Among the impressive things recorded were the large number of ice-water fountains within Tammany Hall. The twelve Morse telegraph instruments installed for the use of the correspondents of outside papers comprised a greater novelty to visiting delegates than will the radio outfits in Madison Square Garden in June, 1924. About 400 reporters covered the 1868 convention, a small number compared with the press observers of present-day conventions.

Of the 636 delegates in the convention only 317 were entitled to vote, and the vote necessary to nominate was two-thirds of that, or 212. The convention organized with Henry L. Palmer, of Wisconsin, as temporary chairman. During the Sunday recess the New York delegates caucused and decided to present the name of Sanford E. Church as the favorite son of the Empire State, Governor Seymour having positively declined to be a candidate. At the opening of the convention on Monday, Seymour was elected permanent chairman.

The convention continued for five days, holding a session daily. In the first eight ballots Pendleton, of Ohio, led over General Winfield Scott Hancock. On the eighteenth ballot Hancock had 144½ votes and Pendleton and dwindled to 56. The proceedings on the fourth day were puzzling to the delegates because of interruptions and delays and clever parliamentary maneuvering. It was apparent that powerful interests in the convention did not want Hancock, and these interests forced an adjournment until Thursday, July 9.

It was then known, according to Mr. Voorhis, who here takes up the narrative again, that in spite of Seymour's protestations to the contrary, he was going to get the nomination.

"Nobody seemed to care who his running mate was to be," Mr. Voorhis said. "He was nominated, and then the big demonstration came off. They cheered on the floor and waved their hats and flags and the band played like sixty. I don't remember just what it played, but I can still see the men before me.

"When finally order was restored, Governor Seymour bowed and made his speech of supposed acceptance but which proved at first a speech of rejection. I don't remember much of what he said, only his last words, which he didn't stand by. He was a fine figure of a man as he stood on the platform, about six feet tall and built in proportion, with a fine face, decorated with 'sideburns'; moustaches were not the thing in those days. He was a fine speaker, and his voice reached every part of the hall. His closing words were something like these:

"'Again I thank you, fellow delegates, for the great honor you have conferred on me, but I cannot be your candidate.'

"Then the crowd did roar and there were cries: 'Yes you can!' 'Yes you will!' 'You'll be elected!' He became their candidate all right but he wasn't elected. Well, it was right after the Civil War and the country was still ringing with the praises of its idol, General Grant, and Grant was the nominee of the Republican party. But we got the convention for New York, at any rate, and we nominated a New Yorker. And now the whirligig of time sends us fifty-five years farther ahead and we are once more to entertain a National Democratic Convention. I am glad to have lived long enough to see this accomplished in our great city."

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Kinetograph Camera in Science and Industry

PHYSICAL life consists in motions. The vast majority of these motions do not involve the directive influence of conscious will. The purely physical motions are automatically economical. The great problem of conscious life consists in securing the greatest result with the least effort. Sometimes the realization of this goal is called efficiency. Scientifically it is an example of conservation of energy brought about by economy in motions. Scientific manufacturing is a study of economic motions which directly affect the cost of production.

Before the advent of the kinetograph (motion-picture) camera, the study of motions in nature was an extremely difficult task. In a recent article in the English scientific journal, *Nature,* reference is made to the difficulties encountered by such early pioneers in motion studies as Marey and Muybridge. The modern kinetograph would have been invaluable to them in their studies of running men and trotting horses.

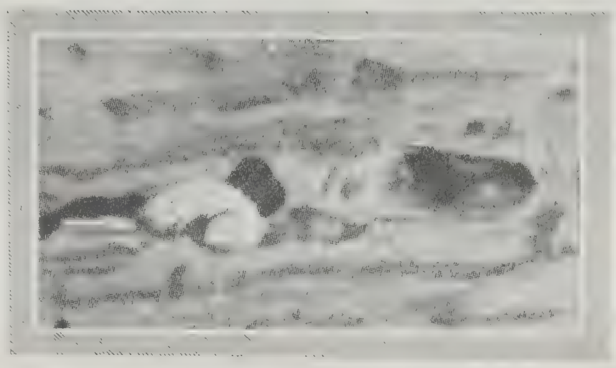
The *zoetrope* was the earliest form of the motion-picture machine. It consisted of a revolving cylinder fitted with vertical slits. Pictures, representing the object in successive stages of motion, attached to a strip of paper, were placed on the inside of the cylinder. The observer, looking through the vertical apertures, saw the object apparently in motion. The ordinary camera was used by the American, Eadweard Muybridge, in his studies of moving horses. His photographs were taken by a battery of cameras placed at definite intervals along a race track. The running horse broke a string which operated the camera shutter. The pioneer work of Muybridge, despite its lack of continuity in the production of pictures, did much to settle many mooted questions between artists and anatomists concerning the motions involved in running.

A Kinetograph camera picture of the method used by a male three-spined stickleback in preparing the ground for the subsequent construction of the nest.

The great American inventor, Thomas A. Edison, first brought out his kinetoscope in the year 1893. A few years later Paul, and Lumiere in France, invented types of motion-picture machines. The outstanding merit of all of Edison's work is that he makes his inventions available to the average man. Serving the common good is the greatest of all achievements. Measured by this standard, Edison is one of the world's greatest benefactors. It is hardly conceivable that even the great prevision of Edison would enable him to imagine the many and remarkable uses that his kinetoscope would be put to within the short period of thirty years.

At the present time the kinetograph is invaluable as a precision instrument in scientific and industrial research. The perfection of the modern motion-picture machine is readily recognized from the excellence of the screen image produced from a kinetograph picture one inch long and three-fourths of an inch high. The average magnification, consequently, is about 10,000 times the original area of the film picture. The length of a film strip varies from 120 to 1,000 feet. The time required to run a short film of 120 feet is two minutes. During this period of two minutes, 1,920 individual pictures are shown. In every foot of film there are sixteen pictures. Consequently it requires one-sixteenth of a second to show one film picture. A revolving shutter, placed in front of the projection lens, is adjusted so delicately that its operation synchronizes perfectly with the appearance of the successive film pictures. This shutter is closed during a short period of one-eightieth of a second between every two consecutive film pictures. The remaining four-eightieths of a second of the entire picture period (one-sixteenth of a second) constitutes the actual time of illumination during which the observer sees the image as a continuously moving picture on the screen. The dark gaps, occurring between individual film pictures, have been a source of annoyance to the observer. This difficulty has been overcome in the more recent machines by placing a transparent violet vane on the shutter frame opposite the opaque shutter for the purpose of lowering the high brilliancy and producing more uniform illumination. When exposures are made, the crank of the machine is turned uniformly at the rate of 120 turns a minute. During every turn of the crank eight individual negatives are made. The time exposure for a picture is therefore one-sixteenth of a second. From these negative films positives are produced, for the exhibiting lantern.

The speed of the ordinary kinetograph is not sufficiently high to record properly the very rapid movements of some types of living forms. For this purpose the ultra-rapid kinetograph camera has been constructed. This camera can produce individual film negatives at the rate of from 128 to 160 a second. When such pictures are projected on the screen at the normal rate of sixteen a second, every movement made can be seen and carefully studied by the observer.



The roof timbers of Westminster Hall, built by Edward the Confessor, showing a larva of the deathwatch beetle eating the material.

By using the ultra-rapid kinetograph the British Instructional Films, Ltd., have produced a remarkable series of natural history films. We are indebted to this firm and to *Nature* for the accompanying illustrations, which are reproductions from some of the original pictures. This firm, under the direction of Sir Frank Baines, has produced a film record of the famous Westminster Hall and its remarkable roof. An interesting feature of this film consists in a series of pictures showing the larvae of the deathwatch beetle excavating tunnels in the oak beams.

Another interesting film in the series shows the little three-spined stickleback engaged in the work of nest-building, guarding spawn, and protecting the newly hatched fry from the onslaught of the hungry denizens of the sea. We quote the following from *Nature* (November 24, 1923): "The production of these natural history films is by no means a simple matter, for if they are to be of real educational value, not only must the record show the subject clearly, but also they should be taken by, or under the direct supervision of, one who is thoroughly conversant with the habits, characteristic movements, and life-history of the creature, so that no important phase is missed or wrongly interpreted. The actual taking of these records of animal life calls for great technical skill and judgment and for the exercise of untiring patience, for the difficulties to be surmounted are infinitely greater than in ordinary photography. Hours of patient watching and waiting have to be faced, and often when the end seems in sight something will happen; the stock of film in the camera runs out, or the sky becomes too overcast to permit sufficient light for the extremely short exposures necessary, and the final stage is missed—perhaps the last possible chance of the season—and the whole of the work has to be begun all over again the following year."

When recording the movements of small insects the focus must be continuously readjusted. This is necessary to insure that sharp definition which is required, that the enormous subsequent enlargement of the picture, which is projected on the screen, shall be satisfactory in every minute detail. *Nature* also points out the following additional difficulties: "Last, but by no means least, the subject, if a bird or a mammal, has to be accustomed to the presence, and the sound when in operation, of the kinematograph camera; this often calls for considerable patience, for all wild creatures are suspicious of unfamiliar objects or sounds. In obtaining successful records of the rare and interesting maned wolf of South America, the kinematograph apparatus had to be set up again and again and the mechanism run without any film, before the animal could be induced to tolerate its presence or move about in a natural manner."

An important industrial application of the kinetograph consists in the recording of the movements of highly skilled mechanics. The minute electric light which is attached to the hand of the artisan records its own historic path on the film. From this record the unskilled are taught the proper motions. The time consumed by various motions is recorded by introducing a clock into the picture. Thus the time of a movement can be measured with the accuracy of one-millionth part of an hour. In surgery the kinetograph has recently found another important application in recording abnormal and defective motions after operations.

Here the camera shows the male on guard at the completed nest, while the female deposits its spawn.

For *"under-water pictures"* the camera is protected by a water-tight chamber or box which is provided with a plate-glass window. Powerful electric lights are suspended in front of the window in order to illuminate the zone near the camera sufficiently to insure good photographs. The water-tight camera box is lowered into the water from a boat. Photographs have been taken by this device at depths of more than sixty feet.

Practically every conceivable subject has been dealt with and recorded on the motion picture film. Crusades against diseases, infections, unhygienic housing conditions, and many other similar dangers to health have been photographed by the kinetograph and thus this practical achievement of Edison has become a blessing to mankind.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Alert waiters, using seltzer siphons, extinguished a fire in a theater adjoining the café in which they were working in Paris.

The use of the fez is abolished by inhabitants of Mesopotamia.

Twenty-five per cent of the 2,500,000 public school pupils of the country are taking business subjects, according to authorities connected with the United States Bureau of Education.

A new process of manufacturing synthetic marble has been devised in which the marble is made by a wet method in place of the fire method. The product has the same high luster as marble.

Oregon's compulsory school law, which requires, with certain exceptions, all children between eight and sixteen years of age to attend public school, has been declared unconstitutional by the Federal District Court, sitting in Portland.

Rangoon, Burma, is often described as a "Glasgow suburb," most of the great business houses being managed by Scotchmen.

Jacques Sadoul and Henri Guilbeaux, under sentence of death for treason, are candidates for election to the French Chamber of Deputies on a Communist ticket. If elected they expect to receive unconditional pardon.

When wolves threaten a herd of musk ox, the attacked animals form a circle of deadly down-drooping horns which proves impregnable. A bull may rush out in an effort to pierce a wolf, but he is never lured too far and soon returns to the circle, backs into place and resumes his defensive attitude.

Hundreds of thousands of sea gulls of a new species and coloring are flocking to Southern California, brought there, it is said, by ships coming from the Orient.

A pictorial encyclopedia of the Holy Land is being prepared by a young English photographer who, during the past three years, has collected twenty-two thousand photographs of Biblical scenes. He proposes to illustrate the entire Bible from photographs made chiefly by himself on the spot.

"In dealing with the English language one is often reminded of the characteristic English handwriting: just as an English lady will write in a manner that in any other country would be found only in a man's hand, in the same manner the language is more manly than any other language I know."—*Professor Jespersen,* University of Copenhagen.

The American flag is the second oldest flag in use on earth today.

A new petrified forest has been found in the Mojave Desert in California.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

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A message by cable from London girdled the earth in eighty seconds. It was sent direct by telegraph from London, by cable to Halifax, then over telegraph lines to Bamfield Creek, British Columbia. From there it was cabled to Sydney, Australia, relayed across that continent by land wires, and sent by cable to Dublin, whence it was relayed to Capetown, which in turn sent it back to London, England, via the Azores.

There are but sixty European bison left in the forests of Europe. Efforts are being made to preserve for Europe this interesting animal in the same manner that the American bison have been saved from extinction.

More Negroes migrated North from Florida during 1923 than from any other southern state.

A new substitute for camphor has been invented by a German chemist.

William Rittenhouse, the first Mennonite preacher in America, in association with others, manufactured in 1690 the first paper made in America. His mill was originally built on the branch of the Wissahickon Creek, Pennsylvania. Samples of the Rittenhouse paper are yet in existence.

By the 1920 census, 1,060,858 boys and girls between ten and fifteen years of age are tabulated as "child laborers" employed in factories, mines, quarries, agricultural work, and trade in the United States.

San Francisco has the highest cancer death rate in the world, with 500 deaths reported in the past five years, according to a prominent physician in Newark, New Jersey, who has made a study of the disease.

A corps of guides will now be at the disposal of tourists in Paris. A notice, passed by the Paris Municipal Council, reads: "It is desirable to preserve French and foreign tourists from the unwholesome influence of unscrupulous toughs without any professional knowledge, who now practice the trade of guides."

Ira Sparks, an Indiana carpenter, who left Honolulu alone in a twenty-three-foot boat en route "to the Holy Land, to take up the work of Moses," landed in the Philippines, Island of Mindanao, March 22. He was at sea seventy-three days without sighting land.

The sculptor of the head of Lincoln on the "Lincoln penny" was a Russian Jew, V. D. Brenner. His initials "V. D. B." on the penny (the first time such a thing was ever attempted in America) caused strong protest and were afterward removed. Mr. Brenner died recently in Montefiore Hospital, New York.

The first use of numerals of which we have record dates back to the end of the second century of our era.

The natives of New Guinea are immune to ptomaine poisoning. Tins of canned food that had gone bad on explorers were in great demand. At Port Moresby, trading in spoiled tinned foods has become a sizeable business.

When a Japanese merchant goes to his banker for credit, the banker wants to see his balance-sheet but also asks about the family. Who are his relatives? Who are his wife's relatives? Will the family council back him up? If the family is a good one, he has no difficulty in obtaining credit.

Coins of Anglo-Saxon mintage have been found in Norway which leads investigators to believe the Vikings of Norway and Denmark extorted large ransoms from the rulers of England. The markings on the coins indicate they were minted in London, York, Lincoln and Canterbury.

The tigers of Korea and Manchuria, the finest of the tiger race, live in the high mountains amid bitter cold and deep snow. They have heavier coats than their jungle cousins farther south.

Canada received 137,681 immigrants in 1923, as compared with 70,153 in the previous year. The first months of 1924 are said to be such that the same rate of increase will be maintained throughout this year.

Experiments made in France, with the object of discovering whether light or heat is the determining factor in the reddening of cherries, indicates that light exerts no direct action upon the process of turning red; heat alone counts in the matter.

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Our Individualism—Its Strength and Danger

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Library 7,000 Years Old Unearthed in Mexico

The Tailor-Made Cigaret and Forest Fires

When a Man Dies in China—Its Etiquette

Government by Espionage—How It Is Done

Old Beecher Church—Brooklyn's Landmark

When Congress Chose John Adams President

Peonies and Pioneers Make Faribault Famous

The Art of Pitching—the Hub of Baseball

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Our Individualism—Its Strength and Danger

A Study of Extremes to Which Personal Interest Draws Our People

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.

> One would expect that the individualism of America would find expression and interpretation in her literature. We are not disappointed in such expectations. Emerson put his individualism into many epigrammatic sentences of prophet-like force which have had their influence on American thought from his time to ours. Here are a few typical Emersonian expressions:
>
> "If a single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and there abide, the huge world will come round to him."
>
> "The new man [the American] must feel that he is new, and has not come into the world mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe and Asia and Africa."
>
> "[A man] need not study where to stand, nor to put things in favorable light: in him is the light, from him all things are illuminated to their center."
>
> "Be content with a little light, so it be your own."
>
> "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string."
>
> ---
>
> "There is no permanent class of hired laborers among us . . . . The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account today, and will hire others to labor for him tomorrow. Advancement—improvement in condition—is the order of things in a society of equals," said Abraham Lincoln.
>
> The transformation of the individual or his children from one class or rank to a higher economic, social, or political plane is an ever-present miracle in our American democracy. "Up from the ranks" is a familiar American explanation of the way a successful man has been trained. Literally, it is often true. MacArthur, Funston, Wood, Miles are household names of United States Army officers who never saw the inside of West Point. In 1919, on the appointment of instructors at the General Staff College at Washington, six out of the seventeen chosen were former privates.

ENOUGH has been said of American individualism so that there need be no question of the meaning of the expression, or of the statement that individualism permeates our whole life.

The strengths of American individualism are too patent to need emphasis. The recognition of individual worth and of the right of the individual to self-development is the corner stone of our American democracy. The value of our individual resourcefulness in the formative period of our history cannot be overemphasized.

But there are always grave dangers in excesses of all kinds, so there is in excessive individualism a danger line of disintegration and disorganization beyond which lies ruin.

There are in America today grave dangers which are a logical accompaniment of our extreme individualism. They are products of our individualistic excesses, or of our old individualism still operative in new conditions where it is no longer necessary. In many phases of American life today these dangers strike the observant person squarely in the face. The growing individualism of the man and of the woman in all lines of endeavor; that of the child at home and in school; of the young people in college; the rank individualism of our present-day literature; the fighting individualism of the community, of the city, the section, the religious organization, the class organization, and an extensive catalog of other individualistic lines of cleavage make the thoughtful American ponder.

The Extremes of Personal Privilege

MANY people have seen this danger. Professor Elwood saw it, and said, while "historically the individualistic movement has conferred some of the greatest benefits upon western civilization . . . . yet it must be judged at the same time as perhaps the greatest menace of the present to social order, and so to civilization."

Professor Giddings saw it and made this sweeping statement: "It is useless to deny that our present tendency in the United States is toward anarchy in all those fields of human interest which we have not yet brought under the iron hand of our central government." Roosevelt saw it, and, with the vision of the statesman, wrote his *New Nationalism.*

The individualism which is a necessary part of frontier life, which may fit well a homogeneous people, "shored about by lines of hereditary thought," who for generations have felt and acted alike, has grave dangers when overemphasized by a people rapidly developing a super-urban civilization and composed of heterogeneous groups of many hereditary cultures.

Let us point out some of the most imminent expressions of this dangerous individualism.

First, the emphasis by each individual on his own personal privileges and rights has made us a headstrong people with contempt for law. We are self-willed and defiant of public authority. We think of the laws, if we think of them at all, as made to protect our rights, rather than to curb our desires or our acts. Americans are so little conscious of laws that as individuals in small or larger mobs we too commonly "take the law into our own hands," instead of waiting for the process of established legal procedure. Harry Pratt Judson, president emeritus of the University of Chicago, has said: "Like a scarlet thread through the russet and gold of the fabric of our history runs this proneness to violent remedies in place of the more remote securities of legal process."

The American Bar Association in its annual meeting, 1922, reports "Particularly since 1890 there has been, and continues, a widening, deepening tide of lawlessness in this country. The criminal situation in the United States, as far as crimes of violence are concerned, is worse than that in any other civilized country. Here there is less respect for law."

Individualistic Excess in Lawbreaking

SOME comparisons with other English-speaking peoples may assist us to see ourselves as we are. Recently it was written that "Not for seventy-five years has a mob anywhere in the British Empire taken a prisoner out of the hands of the authorities and put him to death." We do that lawless act literally, or by forestalling the "hands of the authorities," more than fifty times a year in the United States. Again, "there were seventeen murders in London last year, and not one of these crimes was unsolved." During the same period New York had 260 murders and obtained three convictions. It is estimated that 7,850 murders were committed in the United States last year. During 1921 there were 137 murders in Chicago. In the same year, throughout all England and Wales, there were sixty-three murders. In 1917 Los Angeles had ten more murders than London with twenty times the population. There are thirteen times as many murders committed annually in the United States as in Canada, man for man. In the United States a murderer has a greater chance of eluding capture than he has in Canada. If captured here, his chances of acquittal at trial are greater than in Canada. If convicted here, his chances of release from prison, to enjoy long years of liberty, are good.

Today in America we have come upon a period of lawlessness surpassing anything known before. It extends from the man in the street to the man in the underworld. Recently in one of our cities "a squad of seven special police stopped ninety violators of traffic ordinances in just ninety minutes." "The law of the jungle rules the underworld," says the headline of a daily paper in one of our large cities. In that city we are told that there are at least 10,000 places where liquor is sold in violation of the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. The chances of conviction on a charge involving the liquor laws in that city are said to be 1 in 144.

We have reached in America the danger line of individualistic excess in lawbreaking. Americans have certain "inalienable rights," named in our American "Bill of Rights," the first nine amendments to the Federal Constitution. We have so nursed ourselves on those rights that we have forgotten that every guaranteed personal right carries with it the moral obligation of personal duty to all the laws of the nation which guarantee and protect us in those individual rights. We ask that the Federal Constitution protect us in our person and property, and we violate the provisions of that same Constitution at will.

The government is a covenant. We are breaking the covenant.

The Exaggeration of Personal Happiness

WE ARE not without the words of a prophet to tell us the meaning of such a violation:

> "Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so *to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor.* Let every man remember that to violate the laws is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty."

These are the words of Abraham Lincoln.

A second expression of dangerous individualism in America is the exaggeration of personal development, of personal happiness. Americans are selfish, as never before. Men, women and children alike have become self-centered.

As to the American child—the whole tendency today is toward allowing the child to develop his individual personality. In other words, the tendency and practice is away from discipline and restraint. Discipline of children is out of style in the home and largely out of law in the schools. As a result, or at least as an accompaniment, American children are said to be notoriously the worst behaved children in the world. Recently two groups of grade-school teachers, aggregating slightly more than 200, named for me, and unanimously voted to sustain, the following list of present-day characteristics of pupils, which they believed were the product of exaggerated ego: "Lack of self-control, lack of concentration, disregard of the authority of those in control, lawlessness, selfishness, and disregard of the rights of others."

The individualistic young man and woman of today is this uncurbed selfish child grown older. If the child is never or seldom disciplined, is never or seldom taught to listen and be obedient to reason, seldom taught to respect and obey law, seldom taught to think and act in terms of constituted authority—but is allowed to think and act in terms of its own impulsive, selfish, powerful self, into what sort of a young man or woman will it develop? We find our answer in certain of the young men and young women of today—self-willed, rebellious of discipline, heedless of convention, self-sufficient in their disregard of the ideals and traditions which have developed and preserved the race.

As to the individualistic American woman, with all respect and regard for her manifold virtues, let us go to the very root of the question at once. Instinctively all normal Americans desire the survival of their nation. There is only one way it may survive as an American nation, and that is by the establishment of families by present Americans and the breeding of children by those families. What are the facts? A larger proportion of American men and women are unmarried than ever before. A larger proportion of families are selfishly broken by divorce than ever before. A larger proportion of permanent families are selfishly childless than ever before. This expression of our selfish individualism is fatal to the American nation. The nation needs a new education of all of its women toward the home. Conditions within a nation which cause its young women personally to value "careers" above families and children are suicidal for that nation. Further, conditions which cause any generation more than temporarily to value work, nay, any so-called "unselfish public service," more highly than it values the rearing of children which should be born to it, are silly and ignoble conditions. Conditions which allow men and women with exaggerated ideas of personal happiness to break the marriage bond at will, in disregard of all obligations to society and to their children, are fatal to our nation.

Super-Individualism

IF THE present individualism of America continues to decrease the birth rate, it will not be

"In the long day of days to come"

but it will be very soon that the poet's lines will be true, not only of New York City, of which they were written, but of our country as a whole:

"In the long day when we are done,
And other men these streets shall pace,
No more in thee shall then be known,
Be seen, the face that was 'our own!'"

We need only go to the business world with its unrestrained competition to find the excessive individualism of the American men. One step farther and we see the corporation, or trust, as an expression of super-individualism, seemingly endowed with eternal life.

We find also in the business world various class minorities fighting for the so-called rights of their particular class with little regard for the rights of the people as a whole, consulting only their own narrow desires in deciding courses of action. Individualism in the political world as expressed in the immortal pork-barrel legislation forms the greatest menace to efficient government. Men in the last years have even used political power to make their individual profit out of the very lifeblood of their fellow citizens.

To sum up, in America we are reflecting the universal social mood of the hour—a mood of overemphasized individualism, a perverted craving for independence. In the political world it is showing itself in unprecedented contempt for law; in the economic world in our unprecedented competitive materialistic struggle; in art, it is called impressionism; in poetry, it is free verse—free alike in form and subject matter; in philosophy, it is the new psychology of self-will; and in ethics, it is the doctrine of self-expression, with its revolt against the old-fashioned words "right" and "wrong." The logical end of all this is anarchy.

We Must Have a New Individualism

WHAT will the outcome be in America? Up to what point, asks Ferraro, the Italian historian, may man aspire to liberty in every department of life, without endangering in the long run the most precious fruits of his conquest? Are our citizens to continue in contempt for law and in defiance of constituted authority until we arrive at the point of anarchy? Are we to continue to emphasize individual development and happiness and so-called self-expression as the chief goal of existence, until we have disorganization in family and community? Are we to continue to magnify unimportant minority rights until we have disintegration in religion and society?

The American people are at the parting of the ways. America must make a new interpretation of our undying individualism. We must have a *new individualism.*

Alan Seegar, the young American poet who died on the battle field of France, will be best remembered by his poem, *"I Have a Rendezvous With Death."* In another poem, *"A Message to America,"* he considers it not impossible that America might yet be conquered by another people—

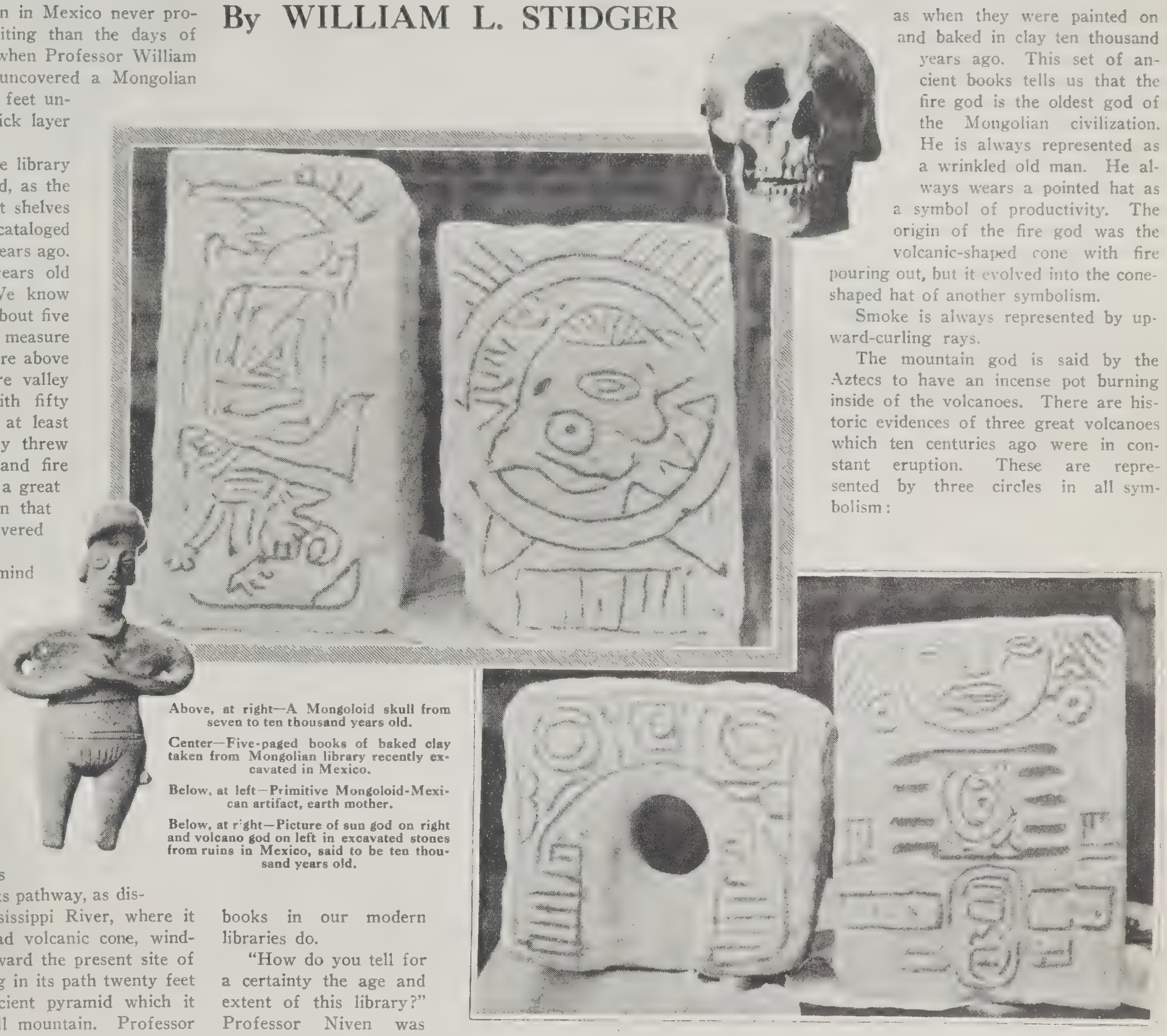
"Sobeit a people that comprehends
The limit where private pleasure ends and
Where their public dues begin.
A people made strong by discipline
Who are willing to give—what you've no mind to—
And understand—what you are blind to—
The things that the individual
Must sacrifice for the good of all."

(Concluded on page 14)

Library 7,000 Years Old Unearthed in Mexico

Represents a Mongolian Civilization Antedating the Toltec Race

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



Above, at right—A Mongoloid skull from seven to ten thousand years old.

Center—Five-paged books of baked clay taken from Mongolian library recently excavated in Mexico.

Below, at left—Primitive Mongoloid-Mexican artifact, earth mother.

Below, at right—Picture of sun god on right and volcano god on left in excavated stones from ruins in Mexico, said to be ten thousand years old.

THE days of the Revolution in Mexico never produced anything more exciting than the days of July of this past summer, when Professor William Niven and Dr. J. H. Cornyn uncovered a Mongolian library, from ten to twenty-five feet under the earth, just beneath a thick layer of volcanic ashes.

"How old would you say the library is?" Professor Niven was asked, as the pieces tumbled out from perfect shelves where they had evidently been cataloged and placed many thousands of years ago.

"At least seven thousand years old and possibly ten thousand. We know that the volcanic deluge came about five thousand years ago, for we can measure that by the various strata that are above the volcanic debris. This entire valley was a great volcanic cone with fifty active volcanic mountains, and at least three of these giants constantly threw out streams of lava and ash and fire which inundated this valley like a great flood. It was at that inundation that this prehistoric library was covered and the attendants buried."

To the average American mind this seems hard to believe. The prehistoric pyramid near Mexico City is so old that it has no ornaments on it at all. It is just a great, crude pyramid of rough masonry without a sign of cement to hold together the stones with which it is built. They are laid, stone upon stone, but they have stood through ten centuries or more. When I visited this pyramid they showed me a stream of lava which is twenty feet deep. You can see its pathway, as distinctly as you can see the Mississippi River, where it flowed forth from the now dead volcanic cone, winding its way down the valley toward the present site of Mexico City, covering everything in its path twenty feet deep until it came to this ancient pyramid which it surrounded as it would a small mountain. Professor Cummings has dug down through this layer of volcanic lava to the bottom of the pyramid, which is ten feet below the lava stream. As to the age of this pyramid, scientists know that the volcanic upheavals must have come at least seven thousand years ago, and the pyramid was erected centuries before that. Human skeletons are found both beneath and imbedded in this lava stream.

So it is with the library that has just been uncovered by the archeologists. They know that it is at a depth beneath the lava ash and debris, although no stream of lava came this way.

The books are tablets, just as the books of the libraries of ancient peoples have always been. These tablets are of all sizes. They have their writings on five sides of a stone. Some of the books are crude and some of them show a high degree of stone-book-making skill. They range over a long period of time, just as the books in our modern libraries do.

"How do you tell for a certainty the age and extent of this library?" Professor Niven was asked as we watched the men digging out piece after piece with ancient hieroglyphics telling the story of the past.

"Because we know certain letters and signs and figures. They are stable and certain. We have established them scientifically."

"What are some of these signs that you know for a certainty?"

"There are more than two hundred symbols that we can recognize in this library. We recognize the symbol of the moon, the symbol of fire, the earth mother, water, lightning, the sun's rays, the symbol of the volcano god, the symbols of morning and evening, the symbols of the various stars and heavenly bodies, of which the people of that period knew much. Many of the books of this Mongoloid library are books on the stars. They knew the heavens."

"When did this Mongolian civilization which left behind it this tremendous library exist?" these men were asked.

"Many centuries before even the Toltec or the Aztec races."

In this excavated library of the Mongoloid civilization that preceded both the Toltec or Aztec civilizations, a conventional flower is the sign which represented fire; a half circle with a concentric circle, represented either the rising or the setting sun; a cross represented the four movements of the sun.

Mythical animals appear in this library and they are always connected with the fire and sun signs.

The sun is always shown in yellow or orange.

The fire is always shown in a deep red.

The water symbol is always in green or blue.

The morning symbol is always white.

Each day new books from this library are being unearthed, and they have these symbols and stories still intact; perfect specimens, with the colors still as brilliant as when they were painted on and baked in clay ten thousand years ago. This set of ancient books tells us that the fire god is the oldest god of the Mongolian civilization. He is always represented as a wrinkled old man. He always wears a pointed hat as a symbol of productivity. The origin of the fire god was the volcanic-shaped cone with fire pouring out, but it evolved into the cone-shaped hat of another symbolism.

Smoke is always represented by upward-curling rays.

The mountain god is said by the Aztecs to have an incense pot burning inside of the volcanoes. There are historic evidences of three great volcanoes which ten centuries ago were in constant eruption. These are represented by three circles in all symbolism:

O..........................O..........................O
sun god..........................volcano god..........................fire god

This symbolism came down from the Mongolian civilization up to the Aztec times.

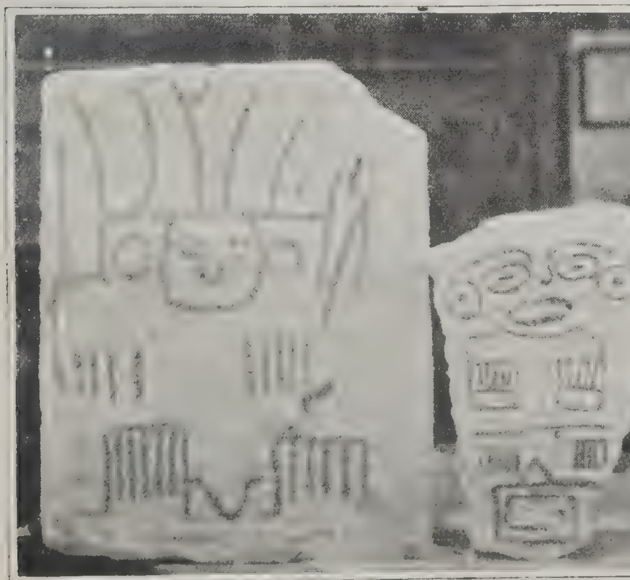
One conventional type of a deep dish is found constantly in the ruins of this great Mongolian library which is being dug up by Professor Niven. It is a great incense dish. Symbolically it represents the Mexico Valley. On the edge of this dish are three volcano gods, each with a hole through his body coming out of the top of his head. In this hole the ancient peoples burned their incense to this volcano god. These three volcano gods were the three great volcanic mountains that at that time were in constant eruption.

This library shows that the various pyramids that were erected in the valley also represented worship of the volcano gods. They are shaped like a volcano and the chief method of worship was to build fires on the tops of these pyramids and keep them burning for fifty-two years, which was the century of these ancient peoples. It was on top of these pyramids that human sacrifices were made to the volcano gods long before the Aztecs came along with their human sacrifices.

In addition to the books that have been unearthed from the shelves of this ancient library, architectural drawings have been dug up by hundreds.

Careful analysis and study have shown that these are drawings of the pyramids and temples. They are on baked clay which is so hard that it is impregnable even by the digger's pick. They are from sixteen inches to eleven inches in surface and two inches thick.

They are drawn by the architect in colors and show each dimension and floor of the various pyramids and temples. One drawing shows four gables with pointed peaks, four terraces on each side and end, but no entrance. The Pyramid Temples in these days had no entrance. They were approached by ladders like the cliff dwellers and when entrance was gained these ladders were drawn up for safety's sake. In later days, stone steps were installed by the Aztecs.



Part of the Mongolian library excavated recently near Mexico City.

The Tailor-Made Cigaret and Forest Fires

An Indictment Against the Careless Smoker; Camper and Tourist Are Also to Blame

By JOHN M. ROBERTSON

"NOTHING doing" to lessen forest fires, has been implied by the rebuffs which the cigaret manufacturers have administered to the United States Forest Service, the National Board of Fire Underwriters and large timber owners.

Smokers were responsible for 17.41 per cent of all fires on the national forests in 1922, the latest year that has been fully reported, and campers followed with a record of 13.22 per cent. Lightning caused most fires, 36.44 per cent, only 5.81 per cent in excess of both smokers and campers, however.

A Canadian tobacco company, reflecting the public spirit that distinguishes our northern neighbor, has been inserting in each package of cigarets a red slip bearing this caution:

> "Please don't throw away a lighted cigaret. See that it is dead out.
>
> "Lighted tobacco and matches are especially destructive in the forests.
>
> "Living forests mean liberal employment; dead forests employ nobody.
>
> "Don't be responsible for a dead forest.
>
> "This caution is printed as a contribution to the forest conservation movement."

Americans seeing these little red slips have wondered why similar action has not been taken by cigaret manufacturers in the United States. The United States Forest Service did undertake to lay the value of such co-operation before them, but only one concern responded and its interest has since been relinquished.

Later the National Board of Fire Underwriters addressed thirty-five leading tobacco manufacturers with the same idea in mind, but its suggestion has been ignored. The Pacific Coast Logging Congress and leading southern timber men also were treated to silence when they protested against the cigaret danger to our remaining forests.

Why a tailor-made or machine-made cigaret should be held responsible for forest fires and the "roll-your-own" type be passed over has doubtless become an inquiry in many minds. It is easily answered.

The paper wrapping of machine-made cigarets is treated with potash salts or other mineral salts to insure high combustibility and even burning, whereas ordinary papers used for hand-made cigarets are not so treated.

Most machine-made cigarets are made of a blend in which Turkish and other foreign-grown tobaccos enter. These tobaccos are naturally more combustible than the straight Virginia and Burley tobaccos which are ordinarily used in "rolling your own." Hence the ordinary machine-made cigaret is much more free-burning than the hand-made one. There are many kinds of tobaccos that naturally contain saltpeter. It is a property of the tobacco itself, and it is these tobaccos that enter into the blends used much more generally for machine-made cigarets than for hand-made cigarets.

Lastly, there is the degree of looseness with which the cigaret is rolled. Machine-made cigarets are usually rolled tightly and firmly, whereas most hand-made cigarets are rolled loosely.

"The tailor-made cigaret and the unextinguished match continue to be the greatest enemies of our forests," said District Forester Paul G. Redington, of the United States Forest Service in California.

The gray hairs of faithfulness.

"It is surprising also to note the number of fires started by campers," he continued.

Forester Redington added this warning, since confirmed by drastic action:

"The forest service would regret exceedingly to have to issue orders restricting the public use of our national forests, which cover the greater part of the mountain region of the state and constitute a most popular playground.

"But if such action is taken, the public will have only itself to blame. One thing is certain; we have to reduce the number of man-caused fires, and if educational methods fail to produce the desired results, the government is prepared to take more stringent measures."

Now comes word that the Palm, Andreas and Murray canons in California have been closed to campers because of the fire hazard, the pollution of water and their failure to remove their rubbish. Palm canon is one of the most beautiful spots in the West.

Forests in Profile or Franconia Notch, New Hampshire, location of famous "Old Man of the Mountain," were set on fire when summer hotel burned in autumn of 1923. While the fire was prevented from sweeping the forests it evidences the risk of summer hotels and camps to forests.

More than 4,250,000 persons visited the national forests of California in 1923, and 475 smokers' and campers' fires occurred there. Forest officers in California obtained convictions of one hundred and twenty violators of state and Federal fire laws last year.

It was once the rule to wink at violations of the state and Federal game laws. Now the game hog is looked upon as a common lawbreaker. Public

Forest fires spread with incredible rapidity. Picture of Mt. Echo, California, fire, taken within ten minutes after fire started.

opinion must likewise be mustered against careless and ignorant smokers and campers.

District Forester Cecil, of Portland, Oregon, confirms Forester Redington by declaring: "The fact that careless smokers do not kill their cigaret stumps before throwing them away and that the stumps of tailor-made cigarets hold their fire after being tossed aside is undoubtedly responsible for a large majority of our forest fires due to smokers."

Paul B. Riis, president of the Superior National Forest Recreation Association, in a stirring appeal for increased Federal forest service extension of what he described as the only real bit of wilderness in Mid-America, makes this moving reference to forest fire ravages:

"Erstwhile highland lakes, indescribably beautiful and primeval wilderness are now huge burnings, a blackened devastated barren, an inferno of rocks and snags and utter desolation. Soils have been eaten away by the greedy tongues of all-consuming flames and have become but a sterile desert of rocks useless from whatever standpoint. Wild life avoids these regions, humans sidestep them and the sun and winds work their wills upon them relentlessly . . . ."

Inexperienced visitors to the forests frequently disregard the fact that the forest floor is made up of a mat of leaves, bark and decomposing dead trees, all termed "duff," which often is mistaken for the earth. A lighted cigaret or match cast into this duff may smolder for days or even weeks and then break out into an open fire. Campers should be scrupulously careful to clear away a large space in the duff *down to the ground or rocks* before building fires. These fires should be small and carefully extinguished with water and earth before leaving even but for a few hours. The state and Federal forest services are perfecting their means of promptly detecting the causes of such fires. More and more often these visitors who abuse their privileges are being haled into the courts and severely punished.

Here is the sad record of what happened when the duff got on fire. It was one of the worst forest fires in New York State.

In April, 1903, a farmer burning over a field near Lake Placid permitted the fire to get into the duff of an adjoining forest, where it smoldered until the third of June. Then an unusually strong wind fanned it into a surface fire which traveled eight miles in two and a half hours. It leaped clearings and streams. At times it proceeded through meadows, making a path a few feet wide and then, driven by the wind, burst into a roaring conflagration which in a few hours devastated a tract of forest land six miles long and three miles wide.

Fourteen thousand acres were burned over, the famous Adirondack Lodge on Heart Lake was consumed, the total loss being estimated at more than $150,000, comparable with a present-day loss of about half a million dollars. For more than a generation the public enjoyment of the south end of the beautiful Lake Placid Valley has been limited because of the destruction of what was declared to be the finest stand of primeval forest in the eastern states.

The significance of the forest fire losses which are accentuated by cigarets and careless campers is seen in the startling record of America's annual losses.

Each year the forest fires destroy or damage timber of sufficient amount to build five-room houses for the entire population of a city the size of San Francisco.

An area equal to a ten-mile strip reaching from New York to Denver, or more than eight times the acreage of French forest destroyed during the World War, is burned over by forest fires in this country every year.

Regarding the preventive measures being employed to stay this appalling rate of loss, the following is of importance:

The Federal and state governments and private interests spend about three million dollars a year for forest fire protection. W. B. Greeley, chief of the United States Forest Service, believes that if ten million dollars were spent each year, our fire loss of timber could be practically eliminated.

Since the average fire loss of timber is about sixteen and a half million dollars, the proposed expenditure would return a net profit of sixty-five per cent without figuring the values involved in the conservation of water supplies, recreational and other uses.

The Federal Government spent $607,200 in 1922 in fighting fires on the national forests where the losses were kept down to $493,965 and 373,214 acres were burned over. It also co-operated with the private owners of adjacent forests who deposited funds for the protection of their forests to the extent of $128,000.

The Federal Government makes available for protection from fire in co-operation with states the forested watersheds of navigable streams the additional sum of $400,000 and in 1923 the co-operating states added $1,826,430 to this fund. The summary of all forest fires throughout the country in 1922 gives their number as 51,891 with 8,194,189 acres burned over and a loss of $16,678,485.

Tangible evidence of the new tendency of America to keep house in a self-respecting manner is found in the fire lookout houses on mountain tops and observation towers throughout the forested regions. They are as dramatic an evidence of a guarded public domain as were the scattered presidios of the Spanish conquerers of the Southwest.

The Federal forest service has one hundred and ninety-four of these watch towers and an additional two hundred and twenty-four are desired for primary lookout purposes. These lookout stations and the rest of the forest service are connected by a telephone system of 28,896 miles. It should be supplemented by the construction of 8,599 miles of new line to provide a reasonably adequate communication system for fire purposes.

The thousands who annually scramble up to the summit of Mt. Whiteface at Lake Placid in the Adirondacks have become initiated in the methods used by these lookout tower observers.

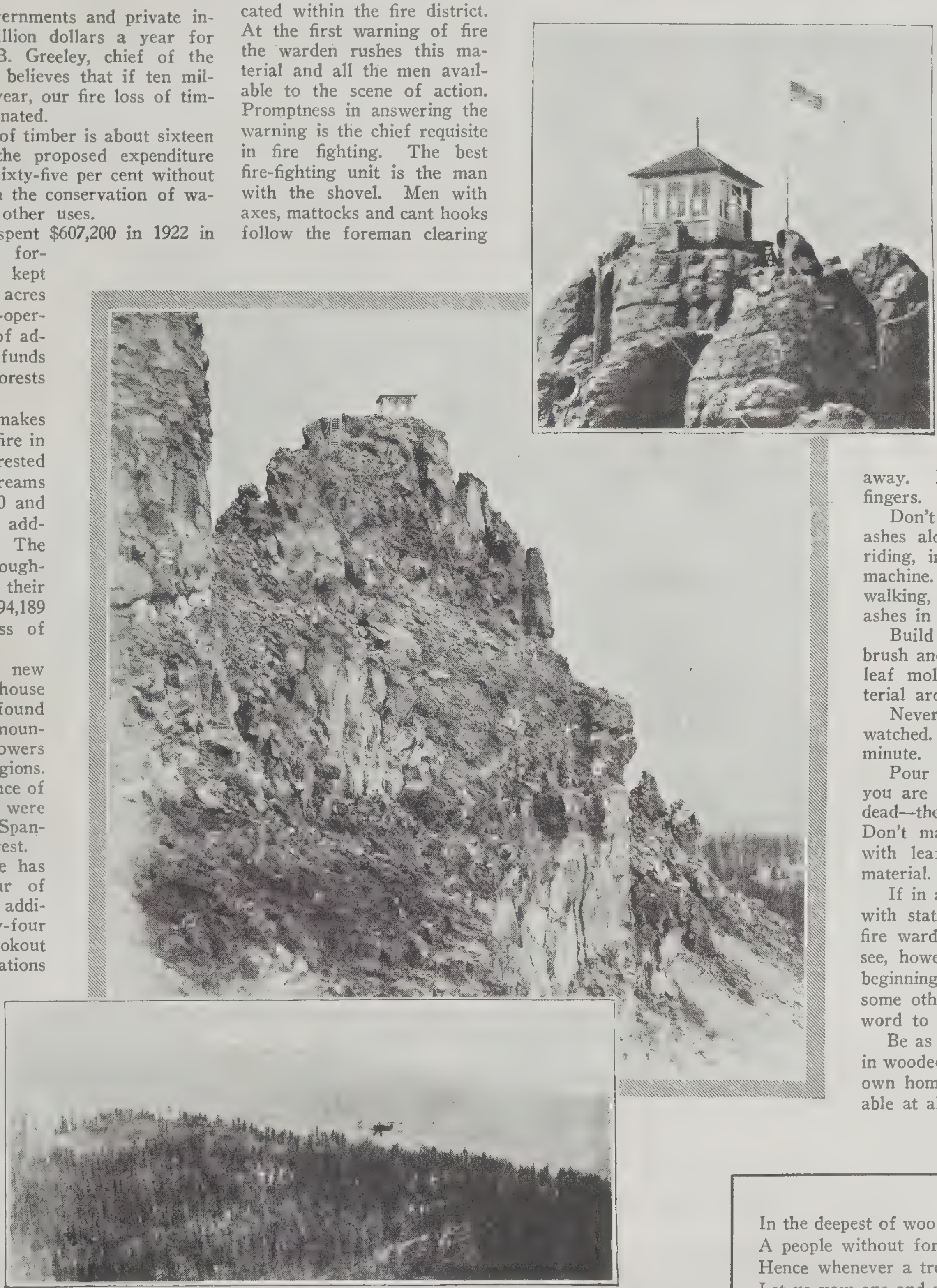
During the years 1919-1922 appropriations were made that enabled the army air service to co-operate with the forest service in maintaining an aerial patrol of the forested regions in California and Oregon. It was discontinued last year, first, because of Federal budget economies and, second, because of the conclusion of the forest service that regular daily patrol by airplanes does not yield sufficient results to justify the cost.

Nevertheless, airplanes have an important place in fire control. The chief forester advocates such patrol stations a few hundred miles apart throughout California and the Northwestern states. When fires grow large, a reconnaissance from the air is a very useful method of securing vital information. Smoldering fires started by lightning can be searched out by planes after bad electrical storms. Systematic fire patrol may be very important for a few weeks at a time when a smoke blanket renders fire detection from stationary lookouts on mountains ineffective. From selected points an average of from twenty-five to fifty flights a year would be an important adjunct to the other available means of controlling fire on the national forests.

The lookout system is constantly operative and the aerial service must be supplementary. While the detection of forest fires has been mentioned, this must be supported by the fire-fighting organization. Years of search have failed to disclose any simple or easy road to mastery of the problem of fire control in American forestry.

Control of summer fires begins the preceding autumn when a scattered forest personnel must analyze the results of the fire season then closing and learn the lessons it has taught. During the winter plans for dealing with equipment are made, educational work done among the public and the interest of large timber owners aroused. The spring sees the government repairing the telephone lines, placing tools and equipment at convenient points. The guards are schooled and sent out to the lookout peaks and the guard stations.

Fire-fighting tools, such as shovels, axes, mattocks and, in well-watered regions, force pumps with extension hose, are centrally located within the fire district. At the first warning of fire the warden rushes this material and all the men available to the scene of action. Promptness in answering the warning is the chief requisite in fire fighting. The best fire-fighting unit is the man with the shovel. Men with axes, mattocks and cant hooks follow the foreman clearing a wide space through the underbrush, chopping out dead and inflammable material and clearing the way for the shovel men. The men with shovels follow through, turning the soil over, making a sandy fire line which turns the flaming terror away from valuable standing timber or homes, into old burned slashings, lakes or rivers. Back fires set from shoveled fire lines will meet the onrushing flames and harmlessly burn themselves out to windward of the safety lines.



Above—Fire lookout station on the Harney National Forest in South Dakota. Center—Lookout station on Castle Peak in the Holy Cross National Forest, Colorado. Below—Airplane on patrol over Umpqua National Forest, Oregon.

No one is spared when fighting fire. Women, children and the aged join against the common enemy. Tourists are taken from their automobiles and impressed into the service, the men handed shovels and axes, the women cooking food and carrying water and food to the fire fighters, many of whom have been on the line for days and nights, continuously breathing the hot, acrid atmosphere and choking over the pungent burning evergreens. Severe penalties are imposed on those able-bodied persons who for any reason seek to avoid service. Courts in the fire districts deal harshly with them, and justly so.

In the mountainous districts of the West the deep coulees act as chimneys and with a powerful wind behind a fire, aided by the natural "draw" of the ravine, there is nothing man can do to prevent the total destruction of every living thing in the path of the roaring flames. Dead timber, standing green timber, game birds and animals are reduced to ashes. The roaring of the flames may be heard for miles and the fleeing animals run terror-stricken through the forest, the deer and the cougar running side by side in mortal fear of the common enemy close behind them. The heat becomes intense and great rocks outcropping from the earth are shaled and broken in the trail of the all-devouring fire. Creeks are dried up almost instantly and the larger pools become so heated that the fish float dying to the surface. The sun is obscured in the heavy pall of choking smoke, burning brands are tossed upward by the heat waves where the higher currents of air carry them far in advance of the main conflagration setting new small fires which in turn soon become roaring terrors devouring everything with which they come in contact.

Millions of people are now making their first contact with the wild wooded areas of the nation. Perhaps it is but natural that they should make mistakes and heedlessly cause fires. However, it is just as bad form to throw an unextinguished match or cigaret on the forest floor as it is to do the same thing on your host's rugs.

Here are simple rules which if observed will go far toward reducing the appalling loss of life and timber in the forests:

Be sure your match is out before throwing it away. Break it in two with your fingers.

Don't throw cigars, cigarets and pipe ashes along the roadside. If you are riding, improvise an ash tray in your machine. A tin can will do. If you are walking, grind your stubs, matches and ashes in the dirt.

Build small camp fires away from brush and small trees. Scrape away all leaf mold and other inflammable material around your fire.

Never leave your camp fire unwatched. A wind may spring up any minute.

Pour water on your camp fire when you are finished with it. Be sure it is dead—then bury it with dirt or gravel. Don't make the mistake of burying it with leaf mold or other inflammable material.

If in a wooded region, keep in touch with state or Federal forest ranger or fire warden. Report all fires you may see, however small. If you see a fire beginning to burn, stop and fight it while some other member of your party gets word to the ranger or fire warden.

Be as careful with fire while you are in wooded areas as you would be in your own home. Be thoughtful and reasonable at all times.

In the deepest of woods the nation keeps its heart;
A people without forests is a people that dies,
Hence whenever a tree succumbs,
Let us vow one and all to plant a successor upon
its tomb,
And let us vow to reforest the denuded wastes
Where quick-rising floods swell into torrents
And the mountain sides are bitten bare by grazing
sheep
And the rocks thrust forth like Nature's bones.
And may our children behold in future seasons
The robust branches of oaks and pines
Sway o'er the plain and flaunt their fleecy foliage
in the air
Like the fruitful tossing waves of the sea.
—Andre Theuriet.

I know a forest vast and old,—
A shade so deep, so darkly green,
That morning sends her shaft of gold
In vain to pierce its leafy screen:
I know a brake where sleeps the fawn,
The soft-eyed fawn, through noon's repose;
For noon with all the calm of dawn
Lies hush'd beneath those dewy boughs.
—Edith May

Old Beecher Church—Brooklyn's Landmark

Scene of Thunderous War-Time Eloquence by the Shakespeare of the Pulpit

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

WHAT Old South is to Boston, and Independence Hall to Philadelphia, Plymouth Church is to the city of Brooklyn. The old meeting house, partly covered with ivy, and without a steeple, is distinctive in having preserved the simplicity of the typical New England Congregational church. From every part of the country thousands make annual pilgrimages to Plymouth Church, and scarcely a month passes without a score or more travelers from foreign countries visiting Brooklyn in search of Beecher's grave, for the church and the memory of its famous preacher are still inseparable.

Photos by Paul Thompson

Left—HENRY WARD BEECHER. Above—Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

The ground upon which Plymouth Church now stands was bought in 1823 for the erection of the First Presbyterian Church at a time when Brooklyn had a population of fewer than 10,000 persons. This congregation eventually moved to larger quarters, and the property was bought by a group of men interested in establishing a new Congregational church. On Sunday morning, May 16, 1847, they opened the meeting house in Cranberry street for religious worship. Henry Ward Beecher, then pastor of a Presbyterian church in Indianapolis, had visited New York at this time at the request of the American Home Missionary Society to make a public address at its anniversary. He made other addresses of a similar nature during the second week in May, and had thus become well known to the public. He was invited to preach at the opening of the new Congregational meeting house, and accordingly preached both in the morning and evening to audiences which crowded every part of the building.

On June 13, 1847, the meeting house was publicly organized under the corporate name of "The Plymouth Church," and on the following day the church, by a unanimous vote, elected Henry Ward Beecher to be their pastor. On the very first Sunday (October 10, 1847) upon which the pastor occupied the pulpit, the church was about three-quarters full in the morning, and entirely filled in the evening. This continued to be the case for about four months; after which the building was generally thronged both morning and evening. There was a frequent recurrence of revivals, particularly in the years 1849, 1852, 1855, 1857, 1858, 1862, 1865 and 1866.

The original buildings consisted of a church fronting on Cranberry street, and a lecture room facing Orange street. In January, 1849, the structure was so seriously damaged by fire, that the society decided the church should be rebuilt entirely. The corner stone of the new building was laid in May, 1849, and was occupied by the congregation on the first Sunday in January, 1850. The form of the auditorium and the arrangement of the pews were innovations at that period, and they were followed in many other church edifices. The building seated in the pews and choir gallery about 2,100 persons, while with seats by the walls and in the aisles, it accommodated about 2,800. Few churches ever give or have given so genuine a welcome to all comers as Plymouth. No man, woman or child, rich or poor, high or low, in visiting the meeting house, was ever made to feel out of place.

Henry Ward Beecher was an extraordinary reader, even in his rendering of a hymn or a chapter from the Bible, and during the prayer there was a tense stillness throughout the church. The sermon was awaited with a sort of breathless conviction that "something was coming." Sometimes it was so humorous as to provoke laughter, at other times the words were delivered with a tensity that made the hearers quiver or become spellbound with attention, while again it was a calm, quiet, but forceful presentation of some truth. It has been said of Mr. Beecher that his power of intense sympathy made it easy for him at the time being to impersonate almost any character; delicate shades of meaning came out in the slightest tones of his voice.

Plymouth Church was born in days of strife, and during a period of great political ferment. The war with Mexico was followed by the anti-slavery agitations, and then came the Civil War. The three pastors of the church have ever been militant. Mr. Beecher proved his great powers as an orator when he went to England in 1863, to address large mass-meetings in Liverpool, Manchester and London. So strained were the political relations between Great Britain and the United States, that Mr. Beecher was met with a bitter wave of hostility, and huge posters were displayed, denouncing his "cruelty and impiety." So inflamed was the public mind against him, that when he arose to speak, the hisses and general uproar made it impossible for him to be heard. He calmly faced the storm for an hour to an hour and a half before his audience would listen. The slowly quieted mob gradually paid attention to his words, fell under the influence of the speaker's spell, and in the end applauded him with greater tumult than that caused by the groans and howling with which he had been first received.

During the pre-war days, while speaking at the Broadway Tabernacle, located near Duane street, to a packed house which was listening to him with the intensest interest, Mr. Beecher, at the climax of his address, turned around and lifted a chain that had been taken from a slave in the South, held it aloft for a moment, and then dashed it to the floor, placing his foot upon it, and saying: "In this way we purpose to deal with the slave power in the South." The audience, entirely carried away, rocked the building with applause.

In the days of Beecher's popularity, tourists visited Plymouth Church just as they went to Washington, or to see Niagara Falls. Noted men and women from all parts of the world were to be met with in the congregation, statesmen, generals, well-known editors. Among those who went to hear Plymouth's great pastor were Abraham Lincoln, Louis Kossuth, General Grant, Charles Dickens, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Whittier and Charles Sumner. During the Civil War, the church was visited by most of the so-called war governors—Andrews, of Massachusetts; Buckingham, of Connecticut; Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Morgan, of New York. New England regiments, marching on their way to the front, frequently stopped over in Brooklyn on Sundays and marched to Plymouth Church.

When President Lincoln became convinced that the North had won the conflict, he determined to celebrate the event by raising over Fort Sumter the same old flag that had waved above it before the war had begun. Mr. Beecher was selected to deliver an oration on that occasion, and his address, which was delivered April 14, 1865, has taken its place in the list of memorable addresses delivered on great occasions.

Plymouth was never what may be termed a wealthy church, but many men of influence identified themselves with its life, among them General Horatio C. King, Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, "Deacon" Stephen C. White, John Arbuckle, Henry Hentz and Horatio B. Claflin, founder of the H. B. Claflin Company. Among noted musicians who were engaged for Plymouth Church were Zundel, Burnet, Stebbins, Wheeler, Thursby, Toedt, Sterling, Lasar, Damrosch, Werrenrath and Camp. John Zundel was Beecher's favorite. The great preacher loved old-fashioned hymns, and encouraged the entire congregation, strangers as well as members, to sing, and this custom undoubtedly had its share in ridding the service of any vestige of formality.

In the years 1874 and 1875, Plymouth Church and its pastor were called upon to undergo a trying ordeal, when Mr. Tilton charged the pastor with having alienated his wife's affections. An investigation of these charges by practically the entire resident membership of Plymouth Church ended with a vote of entire confidence in the pastor. A civil trial resulted in a disagreement, but the principal lawyer for the prosecution and the presiding judge publicly expressed their belief in Mr. Beecher's innocence. Plymouth Church then called a council of Congregational churches to review its action regarding its pastor, and this council, consisting of more than 240 men from every part of the country, comprising nearly every phase of theological belief, closed its sessions with a reaffirmation of Mr. Beecher's innocence, none of the charges having been sustained by any proof.

It is difficult today to measure the scope of tremendous influence that Henry Ward Beecher exerted during his lifetime. Abraham Lincoln said of him: "Mr. Beecher was asked to raise the flag at Fort Sumter because, but for his speeches in England, there might have been no flag to raise." "No such eloquence has been heard since Demosthenes made his plea against the tyranny of Philip," was a view expressed by Dr. William Taylor, and Spurgeon termed him "the Shakespeare of the Anglo-Saxon pulpit."

In a sermon devoted to the memory of Mr. Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, present pastor of Plymouth Church, said of him: "In hymnology he founded the first of the great song books. His lectures to young men have been translated into twenty foreign languages. He sowed and reaped in many fields, he lectured often, but his pulpit was his real throne. He was an editor and strengthened one great journal, *The Independent,* and founded the *Christian Union.* He became tongue for the dumb and voice for the Indian, the Chinese and the Negro. He lived three and seventy years through the most tumultuous career of our history and forged many a thunderbolt against iniquity."

When Mr. Beecher died in 1887, forty years after he had been identified with Plymouth Church, the urgent question arose as to who could take his place, and whether it would be possible to find his successor. The selection fell upon Dr. Lyman Abbott, who had been associated with Plymouth Church for many years, had gone to it as a boy, and had later been intimately associated with Mr. Beecher. In fact, the lives of these two great preachers had run parallel

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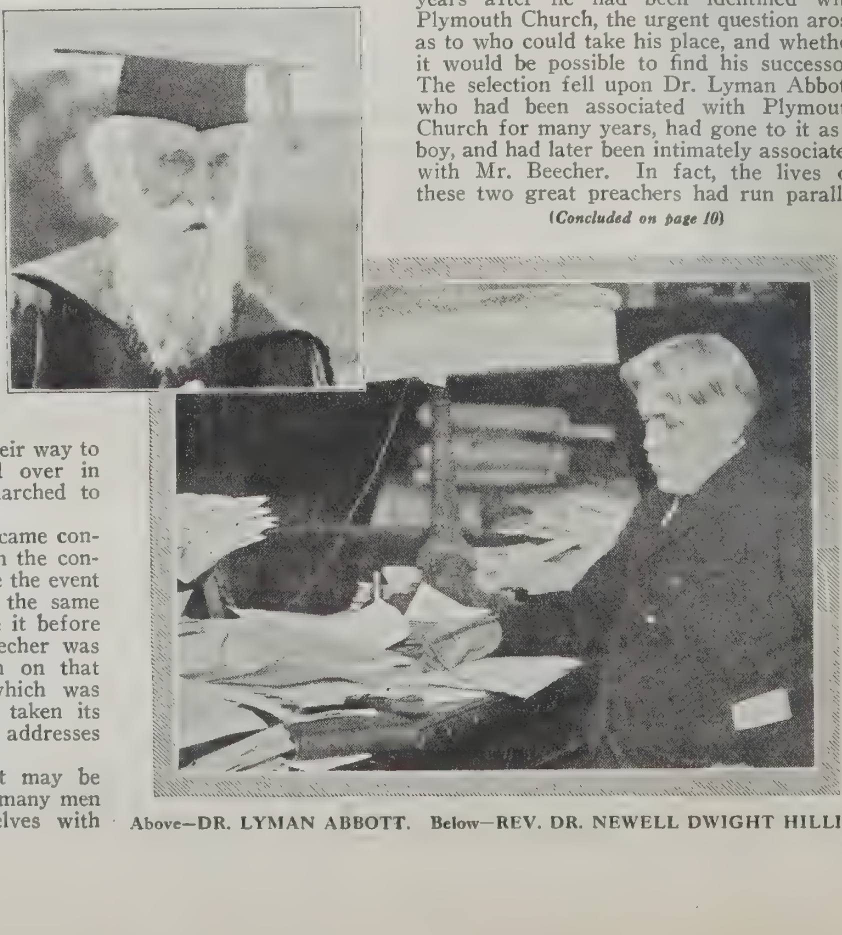

Above—DR. LYMAN ABBOTT. Below—REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS rather a chastening experience to read in foreign newspapers the reports of looseness and corruption in the United States. It is difficult to know just how anything will appear, until you see through the eyes of outsiders. To detach oneself in mind from this side of the world, and in mind take up one's stand on the other side of the world, is to catch something very like a gasp of fear that the American Republic is showing signs of moral decay.

Of course, it isn't that. Dangerous veins in our common life have cropped up on the surface in too close proximity to the Federal Government, that much is true. And it may be that since the cruder methods of bribery and coercion are no longer practiced, other more insidious ones have taken their place; but nevertheless it is true that most of the harm done the nation today is done honestly, and our main troubles are not traceable so much to criminality as to ignorance.

The impression is borne in more strongly the more one observes the events of the times, that there is a great need for the Americanization of Americans. It was good and necessary work to undertake the Americanization of the alien-born and alien-minded within our borders, to teach them our common language and at least give them the names of some of our common ideals. But the sad fact remains that many of the qualities which we were trying to Americanize the alien-born away from, were qualities which they had picked up in this country and heartily adopted under the impression that they were American qualities!

WHEN we Americanize Americans it will be a much simpler matter to Americanize the alien in our country. Some of the qualities which are scheduled to be Americanized out of the alien are qualities which he has picked up in America under the impression that they were strictly American and proper. This could not have occurred had Americans been truly American. Americanism is neither national nor international, it is universal. We are not making mere nationalists when we Americanize people, we are making them agents of the universal principle of civilization. People who decry the American principle in favor of so-called internationalism have partly seen the hoax of a narrow nationalism, but they have not seen the dangerous fallacy of what passes for "internationalism." The nearest approach to international principle in the world today is the American principle.

Indeed so many un-American tendencies have come to power among us that we have practically ceased in public speech to recite the glories of Free America. It has been felt that the gulf between what we say America is and what it really is, is too wide to be bridged by speech. In the old days there was a great deal of oratory of the Fourth of July order. Mingled with it was much inspirational counsel to young people, that this was the land of glorious opportunity which could not fail to recognize and reward ability and industry and honesty in any citizen. There were held before us the great principles which are the rock foundations of the Republic, until in every American breast the consciousness flowered that it was a great privilege just to be at home in a land so nobly reared.

It is worth remarking here that it was during that period that the best of our immigration came—people from all parts of the world who came to the shrine of Liberty, for the sake of Liberty, and not merely to an "easy" country where material concerns comprised the total benefit. What we were then, or what we dreamed then, attracted the like-minded of all lands.

But of those old ideals we hear very little now. Not many weeks ago a young Southerner arose in Congress and made a speech in which he exulted in all that America was meant to be and was destined to be, materially and spiritually. Down South they still know what America means. But the paragraphers poked fun at the speech. Now it would be just as foolish to denounce the paragraphers as it was for them to ridicule the speech. Both these things are signs. The speech is something like the first robin in spring, or the first song of the meadowlark—it is a sign that things are on the turn, that somewhere the spirit of America is reviving, that the principles of the fathers are still vital, that the dream of America is coming true. We have been so closely caught in the excitement and strain attending the rise of our new industrial era, and the downfall of the old European era, that we forgot the dream for a little.

Our forgetfulness allowed many un-American ideas to take root among us. Never were so many people so busy in trying to introduce among us the very ideas which brought old Europe to her knees in disaster. But are these people doing so for the deliberate hurt of America? Oh, no. Their intentions are of the best. Their own Americanization is so incomplete (notwithstanding they trace their citizenship back for generations) that they have sought to fill up the empty spaces with ideas imported from the failure-sown fields abroad. If these very active American minds had only been Americanized, they would have seen that in our own American foundation are as yet unrealized principles which would do infinitely better all that they are trying to achieve through alien principles.

It is a fine thing to understand and appreciate the spirit of other peoples and races, but the result is always certain to be a lopsided attitude, a deficient comparison and an incomplete action unless first we understand and appreciate the vital essence and quality of Americanism.

It is all very well to talk about internationalism, and about the damage which insistence of a narrow nationalism has done to the world. That kind of talk was rather fashionable a little time back. It would have been useful talk if it had been mixed with brains and knowledge, but it never went so far as that. It is folly, utter folly, for people of the same race, organized under separate governments, to imagine themselves as possible enemies. In that sense, nationality has been something of a hoax. It may be defended on the ground of efficiency in administration, as are the various state governments within our own nation, but certainly what every nation should know is that one great racial bloc is living under separate governments, and that a consciousness of their racial unity ought forever to prevent international trouble.

But to insist on Americanism is not to insist on a narrow nationalism. The essential principles of Americanism are the goal toward which all civilization is striving. Nor is this said in the bombastic national sense, for these principles were born before the United States came into existence; the United States was created as a nursery in which these principles could be brought to full growth, that all the nations of the earth might see, and seeing know, the practical nature of Liberty in all things. The historic mission of the United States is to give a demonstration to the world of the reality and endurance of certain principles toward which the heart of all humanity reaches in hope and longing. Americanism is not American in the sense of being our special nationalistic creation and possession, but as being our demonstration of that which the whole world can have.

Those, then, who have been caught with the half-baked idea of a false internationalism, should study Americanism once more, as the vehicle of the deeper values which they have dimly seen through their imperfect liberalism.

The assumption of the recent Americanization movement that only the alien-born needed it, is partly the cause of its failure. Americanism cannot successfully be taught as part of a textbook system. Like religion, it can be taught only out of the burning convictions of the heart. And this heart-Americanism could be profitably striven for among millions of Americans today. They need instruction. Merely being born here does not make one an instructed American, any more than merely passing through Ellis Island and the citizenship process does.

In future pages this matter will be taken up again, for its importance touches the very root of our life. When Americans become American in the true sense, aliens will breathe Americanism as a new and yet a native air.

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Sad for France

THE defeat of Poincare, while a triumph of right in one direction, is a triumph of error in another. It is no longer possible to gauge occurrences on the Continent in any other than this double light. The whole psychology of the French Government was bad in the Ruhr matter; but the whole psychology of the communism which has dealt a deep blow to the author of that policy is thoroughly bad also. Financiers may patch up affairs a little while, swift changes of government may give temporary stimulus to hope and action; but something deep and dangerous is working in the whole situation; and the defeat of Poincare is only one sign of it. With the world definitely resigned to expect no statesmanship from France, no recovery from the war psychology, no belief in the "hypocritical" ideals of western civilization, anything may happen, though probably not with suddenness. The revelation of France as a fertile soil for the Communist poison is bad news for the world at large, and particularly for Europe. For any soil that naturally takes that seed and nourishes it, rears destruction for all that exists upon it. France never needed friends more than she does today, but France was perhaps never more disdainful of friendship's reciprocity.

The Leaven Is Working

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, has defeated a proposed issue of bonds amounting to four hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars. It requires a sixty per cent vote to authorize in that state, and the "Yes" vote, although a majority, fell short of the required percentage.

That the idea of the waste in borrowing, the loss to the people through the delegated scheme for money issue, had a part in the result, can hardly be doubted. The people are coming to see that whatever the amount they borrow, the amount they repay is just double.

In spite of urgent need for new public buildings, Cleveland has recently defeated a proposition to issue bonds for a new jail and municipal courts. One big objection to the issue was the increase in taxes which would be caused by an increased interest account.

Were the government able to issue money on the people's bonds, much waste might be eliminated.

One of the Spokane, Washington, newspapers maintains a service department, which offers to answer questions and give information. Such a department may be and often is a power for good, but it is also in frequent use for the dissemination of propaganda and misinformation, usually with entire innocence on the part of its conductor.

As an example of such misuse the following questions and answers are worth attention:

Question—"Spokane. Is it true the government receives no interest on the notes issued to the Federal Reserve System?

"If it is true, why should not our school bonds be deposited with Federal Reserve System banks and currency issued, with no interest charge?—H. H."

Answer—"(1) It is not true. Federal Reserve banks pay a franchise tax to the Treasury Department after paying operating expenses, six per cent interest on stock and a 10 per cent distribution to a surplus fund. The Federal Reserve notes must be secured by forty per cent gold and the rest in rediscountable paper. (2) There is no provision in the law for any such transaction which is purely a theoretical proposition as applied to school bonds or any other securities. The Federal Reserve System has no machinery to handle such an arrangement."

Now, compare this "information" with the facts:

Federal Reserve notes are issued by the United States Treasury *at cost of printing,* upon deposit of certain securities, *without charge for interest, and without participation in the interest the deposited securities carry.* No man can answer the question categorically other than affirmatively.

The franchise tax alluded to has no connection with the issue of currency. After the multiplied expenses of the Federal Reserve System, its high salaries and costly buildings (to which government contributes but in which it has no ownership) have been figured up, the government is entitled to ninety per cent of the profit that remains *whether any money has been issued or not.* The System has had its full return, and additional allowances for depreciation and even banking losses, and may add the remaining ten per cent to its surplus.

However, before the government could claim a dollar as franchise tax the Federal Reserve banks were permitted under the law to *add all profit to surplus until surplus should equal subscribed capital,* and it was *five years before any franchise tax was paid.* The original investment was fifty per cent of subscribed capital. When the surplus and subscribed capital became equal and the franchise tax thus became available, *the System was receiving twenty-four per cent on its investment. Every year subsequent to the original five-year period an addition to surplus of ten per cent of net profits has added to that profit.* Now, the total amount which the government has received to date as franchise tax, *has been less than the government's cost for additional bureaus to keep accounts with the System.*

When the franchise tax became effective, under conditions given in the above paragraph, every regional bank must have its own building, the maintenance expenses of which more than offset rentals previously paid. This lowered the net profit, and millions have been expended on these buildings, the contribution of the public being ninety cents on every dollar.

Just one point aside: During the depression of 1920-22 the government received about $60,000,000 a year as a franchise tax, while since the resumption of industrial activity the amount has been less than two millions.

This indication that the prosperity of the System depends on the presence of depression in business in itself justifies every criticism.

The Spokane newspaper entirely missed the purport of the non-interest-bearing public bond. Let us take the case of Spokane. There is little question that if the recently defeated $427,000 bond issue for schools could have been secured without exorbitant total interest, the proposal would have carried. If Spokane's bonding limit would carry that amount in bankable bonds, it could carry the same in bonds without interest if she could find a market. Public bonds are the best investment to be had, and would form a good security for the issue of money. At present we have an equation something like this:

Let B represent the loan; M the lender; F the Federal Bank rediscounting M's paper to supply the funds; T the Treasury which prints and delivers to F the notes on deposit of the security required.

By the simple rule of elimination, M and F can be dropped from the equation and it would stand: B=T.

The issue of the currency by the Treasury on delivery of Spokane bonds, which are as good or better than those on which the money is printed for the Federal Reserve System, involves no cost, no change in principle; but it would save Spokane an annual interest charge of approximately $20,000, or an aggregate of about one and a half times the principal of the loan. With the principal paid back in installments of four per cent of the principal, and the notes retired in equal amount as fast as the bonds are paid, there would be neither undue expansion nor undue contraction of currency volume. Work would be expedited. Progress everywhere assured. Waste eliminated. The increasing load of interest efficiently checked.

Mr. Lodge Proposes

MR. LODGE cannot be unaware that his proposal of a World Court is tantamount to active competition with the League of Nations, if not direct antagonism to it. Such a court, with the United States and the British Empire as members, would by that fact become greater and more powerful than the League ever promised to be.

The proposal sets up in advance that certain American doctrines are to be accepted at the outset as not subject to the court's jurisdiction, which in itself is more the attitude of power than of counsel—an attitude that is doubly essential at this troubled period of the world's experience.

The document in its terms is more declarative than invitational and if it becomes acceptable to the other nations, which is not unlikely, the moving motive no doubt will be the prudential reflection that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by walking into the same room with the United States. However, most distinct declarations are made that when the United States walks into that room, it is as the United States of America and not as a postulant participant in European affairs.

The Lodge proposal seems to have no other merit than to arrange for the United States to do formally what it has since the war been doing informally—and doing very well, too, if we may say so. Why it is introduced now, no one seems to know. It has been met with the same casual indifference with which all other international proposals have been received by our people.

Burns Out

WILLIAM J. BURNS has quit his position as chief of the Detective Bureau of the Department of Justice, a position to which he should never have been appointed, and against which appointment THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was probably the only big paper to register a protest. The fact that he is now out gives no ground for congratulations; there has been time enough to do all the doubtful things that could have been done. No man in private detective business ought to be placed in contact with the great mass of government information, under any circumstances whatever. It is extremely doubtful if a man with a detective type of mind ought ever to be placed in control of the Bureau of Investigation. This remark does not apply to the true investigatorial or research type of mind, but to the type which Mr. Burns' career has very amply illustrated.

It has been noted at large through the country with what apparent ease and smoothness Mr. Burns has been able to glide through the recent storms which raged in his general vicinity. The reasons for this apparent immunity have been the basis of much *sub rosa* discussion in Washington.

However, Mr. Burns' departure, from whatever cause, is another good sign that President Coolidge and his new men are working to give the country a new deal.

And there are others, within as well as outside the Cabinet, whose severance from office would be greeted, if not with a cheer (the country is hardly in a cheering mood) then with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

Oil vs. Dollars

CLARITY appears in the oil situation. The President's Commission calls halt to all deals that put dollars above naval oil supplies. Even the system of paying for the erection of storage tanks with oil taken from the reserves, is condemned and stopped. The Commission acts on the principle of "saving publicly owned oil for future needs rather than of saving public funds from present expenditures." In the day of emergency, the Navy can't burn dollars nor Congressional appropriations however large. The present *market value of* oil, high or low, should not govern our policy with regard to the oil reserves, says the Commission, but its possible *emergency value* at a future date. The most emphasized argument of Secretary Fall and Secretary Denby was that their policy saved dollars. This was fitting enough argument for one side of the question. But the President's Commission has reached a more solid basis by keeping its eye jealously on the Navy's oil.

Way to Save Two Millions a Day

By CARL HERING

PROBABLY never before have the people of this country so unanimously favored a bill before Congress as they favored the bill to reduce Federal taxes by the huge amount of about one million dollars a day.

Reduction of a million dollars a day was made possible largely by the reduction of waste in the expenses of the government. But there is still another source of waste which the government could greatly decrease, thereby reducing our Federal taxes still more, were it not for the opposition of those few who then would profit less, and for the opposition of some theorists.

For the sake of simplicity in figures, and assuming our government will not make the citizens of this country pay the debts which foreign countries owe us for money which our taxpayers loaned them when they were in distress, let us suppose that the amount that our government borrowed from us for war purposes was approximately fifteen billion dollars, in the form of Liberty and Victory bonds, at about five per cent, redeemable in about twenty years. This interest, therefore, will, in twenty years, amount to another fifteen billion dollars, which, of course, the government must first collect from the people in taxes before it can pay it to the holders of the bonds. Hence every dollar thus borrowed for the war costs the taxpayer about two dollars, by the present system—one dollar principal to be repaid, and one dollar interest.

That this interest goes back to the people is no proper argument to justify this system, as it does not go back to all of those who pay it in taxes to the government. This interest, which the taxpayer has to pay as taxes, amounts to about two million dollars a day for about twenty years, and the sinking fund necessary to redeem these bonds in twenty years amounts to the rate of another two million dollars a day, making four millions a day in taxes, and considerably more if we have also to pay the foreigner's debts to us, by "cancelling" these debts, as it is deceivingly called.

Saving Two Millions a Day

A LARGE part of this four millions a day might be saved to the taxpayer, because it also can be classed as an avoidable economic waste. To take the extreme case, suppose the government were to buy back now these fifteen billion dollars of bonds at par, and pay for them in currency, issued for this purpose, bearing the inscription that it is a legal tender for payment of all debts including those to the government; and suppose that every year the government would buy back and then destroy five per cent of this issue, hence all of it in twenty years. The cost of these purchases would be just the same as it now costs to pay the interest on the bonds. But at the end of the twenty years this whole bonded debt would thereby have been automatically discharged without the further payment of a single dollar of the principal as there would then be no principal to pay. In other words the taxpayers would be saved about two million dollars a day in taxes for twenty years, which is about *twice as much* as the tax reduction promised by the Mellon plan. In the twenty years this amounts to a saving of approximately fifteen billion dollars in our taxes, over and above the Mellon reduction.

In principle, this simply amounts to the government borrowing money without interest. European countries could not do this because their credit is impaired, but our country could do it.

There would also accrue great benefit to industries, railroads, public utilities and private enterprises, as the money now tied up in these government bonds would be released to be invested elsewhere. Money would then be "easy," which encourages enterprise, investment and borrowing. Many of the objectionable "tax-exempt" securities would thereby be withdrawn.

A Workable Plan

STRENUOUS objections have been made to this plan, chiefly by bankers and some economists and theorists. The most important and most rational of these objections is that to flood this country suddenly with fifteen billion dollars of additional currency might have a serious effect; it might give rise to inflation, cheaper money and higher prices. This, however, is avoidable by not going to the extreme at once. Let the government buy back small lots of the bonds at a time, to permit the country to digest the extra currency. Until the Federal Reserve currency has all been replaced there would be no increase anyway. If this released money turns out to benefit the industries, as it surely would, the government could buy another lot of the bonds. The plan is a very flexible one and could be introduced gradually. No possible danger can be apprehended from the fact that for once the country would have sufficient money for its business needs.

Another objection, which is mere "bluffing," is that such currency would be so-called "fiat money" or "printing-press money," the present German mark being cited as an alarming example. It is evident that such currency is no more "fiat" or "printing-press money" than are the Liberty bonds themselves! As a matter of fact, the security of our Liberty bonds would be twice as great with the cost of the redemption plus interest cut in half, as it certainly would be by this plan. Even today these bonds are often used and accepted as currency in paying large bills, so that merely to replace these pieces of printed paper by a larger number of smaller pieces of green paper, more convenient to handle, and releasing them from the troublesome "accrued interest" calculations, would not impair their value in the least, nor lower them to the class of the debased German printing-press money.

Another objection made by some is that such an issue of new currency would reduce the prevailing rate of interest. This, of course, the bankers seriously object to, their profits increase as rates of interest rise, and unfortunately it is the bankers' point of view which largely controls our government financiering. But the people and the industries gain greatly by lower rates of interest; why should the many creative institutions be made to suffer for the benefit of the relatively few financial institutions?

The Taxpayer Asks, "Why?"

ANOTHER objection is that the Federal Reserve would lose its most profitable function of *printing currency which is theoretically sixty per cent "fiat," in that each dollar note may be backed by only forty cents' worth of gold, the rest being backed only by "somebody's" credit, not even the credit of the government!* A large part, if not most, of the paper currency now in the hands of the people is this sixty per cent fiat currency.

When the Federal Reserve gets six dollars a hundred interest, two dollars and forty cents of this is six per cent legitimate interest on the gold involved and three dollars and sixty cents of it is interest on mere numbers printed on a small piece of paper. During one year it is reported to have in this way made more than one hundred per cent interest on its invested capital.

Why should the people be made to pay such enormous profits to a few bankers, when the richest government in the world could replace this paper currency, with another having the government's credit behind it, and charge the people no 3.6 per cent on mere values printed on pieces of paper.

Those who now borrow from the Federal Reserve could then borrow from the banks as they did in former days. Naturally the Federal Reserve will object strenuously to the above plan, but why should not the people and the taxpayers be considered also?

The above plan has been much discussed with bankers, economists and theorists, and the objections given above are believed to include all that seem important. It is believed, however, that the public and the taxpayers are not yet familiar with it. The time has come when the people and especially the taxpayers are beginning to think about such things themselves and "want to know why" it will not benefit them; they will not much longer be silenced by the usual reply of bankers and economists, "Shoemaker, stick to your last."

More Crutches or Lighter Burdens

By WHIDDEN GRAHAM

IN HIS message, accompanying his veto of the Texas Seed Bill, February 16, 1887, President Grover Cleveland embodied the principles of Jeffersonian democracy in these few words:

"Though the people support the Government, the Government should not support the people."

The American people have traveled far, since this simple declaration of the relation of government and citizen, in the direction of having the national government wholly or partly support the people, either through finding them jobs in some new bureau, commission or other regulatory activity, or by giving aid and financial assistance to productive enterprises. The powers of Congress have been widened and extended beyond anything that the President in 1887 could have dreamed. Despite his warning against the communism of taxing the people for the benefit of special interests, the system of "encouraging home industry" that he denounced is still in full swing, and the feeble protest of the unorganized consumers is unheeded. On every hand there are "blocs," groups, societies, associations, movements; all aiming to secure larger appropriations for some pet project.

Is anything awry? Congress must make a law to fix it. Create a new bureau to investigate and regulate, and if that doesn't help, appoint another commission, to find out why the first law was a failure. More parasites, officeholders, and tax eaters, burdening production and trade. Ever higher and higher go the taxes, taking toll of industry and limiting the general purchasing power. If the states refuse to protect their citizens, shift the job to Uncle Sam. He has all the money there is, and his borrowing powers are unlimited.

No longer is it fashionable to talk of economy and retrenchment; of self-reliance and sturdy individualism. Every theorist and faddist who has even the smallest following can get the ear of Congress. Do something for the manufacturers. And there is the highest tariff law in history. Something for the farmers. Straightway there are Land Banks and Farm Loan systems, inspired by the brilliant idea of getting the farmer out of debt by lending him more money. Then comes the business "bloc," the "bankers' bloc," and all other "blocs" to tell Congress what they want done. More than one hundred and fifty national organizations, all working for some special legislative scheme, have propaganda offices in Washington. The newspapers are flooded with reams of publicity stuff, showing that the downfall of the republic can be averted only by the enactment of House Bill 0778, to provide suitable props for leaners.

Government is being urged to a greater extent than ever before to support the people. Rising taxes are reflected in higher prices, higher rents, higher freight rates; from which relief is sought through government action that means still more taxes. Welfare legislation; uplift laws, degrees of paternalism ranging from strict regulation of private industry to government ownership and operation.

The manufacturers who are now denouncing the folly of proposed special legislation for the farmers are the same men whose agents a year ago filled Washington hotel lobbies, while working for favors to their industry. They got theirs, so it's time to let up on this special legislation business. The more government tries to do for the people, the more dependent they become. Keep the baby in the cradle and it will have weak legs. Chuck off some of the useless burdens that the people have to carry, and they won't need so many crutches.

Militarism Dead for Anglo-Saxons

WHEN the nations gathered at Paris after the war, there were three types of civilization represented: the Continental type, the Republican type and the reawakened Asiatic type. In my judgment the destiny of the world depended on which camp Great Britain should march into. For the moment, at least, she marched into the Continental camp and became bound up with a peace which forbade the resuscitation of Europe, which kept alive hates and fears that were the source of armies and navies, which looked back rather than forward.

But it was one thing to march into the camp; it is quite another thing to stay there. That, in my belief, the British character and genius will not allow. It would be impossible at the present time for any statesman in the world to create a war fever in the British Isles. We are not a timid people; we are a martial people. Lord Birkenhead has said so! And we still love glittering prizes; but we know that glittering prizes do not come that way. We are persuaded now that war is not only radically inhuman, but that it is unjust and it is futile.

Whether we like it or not, we now happen to have a Prime Minister who, during the war, was ready to go to jail for his conviction that all war is wrong. I mention the fact simply as a phenomenon of striking significance. I am not saying what I think of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's politics, but that is certainly a very curious thing. I do not think it is the sort of thing likely to happen anywhere else in the world. It is one of those quaint things that Britishers do. We can seldom explain why we do such things, but we have a very sure instinct for common sense, and a very deep love for what is just and right.

Thanks to our island security, we have developed this kind of temper; and we are at this moment presenting to the world this phenomenon: within five years of the close of the bitterest and most deadly war in history, we put, I believe, into Parliament some twenty-odd members who only five years ago were put in jail. What it all means is a radical change of mind. The cause of peace is growing in power. Militarism is dead in the soul and conscience of humanity, and particularly of the Anglo-Saxon section of humanity. We are seeing that the thing is manifestly absurd and ought to be outlawed. It is going to take a while. We must have an organization and the method is the League of Nations. It is a question of time, but victory will be on the side of international understanding.

Excerpt from a recent address in Edinburgh, Scotland, under the auspices of the League of Nations Union, presided over by Lord Sands and attended by more than 1,000 enthusiastic people.

When Congress Chose John Adams President

Just a Century Ago the People Failed to Elect; Jackson's Fight

By J. V. NASH

COMPARATIVELY FEW, perhaps, among the general public realize that under certain conditions the House of Representatives is empowered by the Constitution to elect the President of the United States, much in the same manner that the national executive is elected in France. True, the circumstances which would take the election out of the electoral college and throw it into the House are unusual, but at least once in our history such circumstances have actually come to pass.

That was in the election of 1824, which, curiously enough, happens to be just one hundred years ago. John Quincy Adams, the last citizen of Massachusetts to occupy the White House until the inauguration of President Coolidge, was proclaimed President of the United States, although in the abortive regular election Andrew Jackson had received the highest number of votes, both popular and electoral.

John Quincy Adams, the only President who ever held office by the grace of the House of Representatives, is a unique figure in American history, not only because of his election by the House, but by reason of the fact that he is the only son of a President who has ever succeeded to that high office. Again, he is the only President who, after his retirement from the White House, was elected to Congress and represented his state as a legislator in the national Capitol.

Although he became United States Minister to Holland, by appointment of President George Washington, there are men and women still living today who remember John Quincy Adams in the flesh. Chauncey Depew and Dr. C. W. Eliot, of Harvard, were boys of fourteen, and John D. Rockefeller was nine, when the earthly life of John Quincy Adams drew to its close.

"The Era of Good Feeling"

IN 1816 James Monroe became President and served two terms. John Quincy Adams, who was at the time Minister to England, was called home to assume the position of Secretary of State, the duties of which office he discharged with signal success during the eight years of President Monroe's administration.

It was while Secretary of State, in the last year of President Monroe's administration, that John Quincy Adams promulgated the Monroe Doctrine. The purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, briefly stated, was to protect the Spanish-American republics, which had but recently gained their freedom from Spain, against any attempt on the part of Spain or other European kingdoms to deprive them of their independence. In a broader sense, the nations of the Old World were given to understand that the United States would not tolerate any future aggression by European monarchism upon any part of the western hemisphere—that the American continent would henceforth manage its own affairs.

The closing years of Monroe's administration had been marked by a very extraordinary "era of good feeling," in which, as never before or since, factional politics were forgotten and a spirit of peace and brotherhood was abroad in the land. The fiftieth anniversary of independence was just coming into view, and the farewell visit of Lafayette to America had rekindled the memories of the Revolution.

All the Presidents, up to and including Monroe, had taken an active part, as grown men, in the winning of independence. With the retirement of Monroe, a younger generation was to take control of the nation's destinies.

In 1824 there were no great political issues, and interest in the Presidential election centered chiefly in the personalities of the candidates.

Five candidates definitely entered in the race for the Presidency, three prominent Cabinet members, an able Congressman, and a popular military man. They were:

John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State.
John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War.
William Henry Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury.
Henry Clay, Speaker of the House.
General Andrew Jackson.

A Campaign Without Parties

A STRANGE feature of this campaign was that for the only time in our history, if we except the first Presidential election when Washington was a candidate, there were no rival parties in the field. All of these candidates were of one party, or rather, of none. It was a purely personal contest among a number of men, all of whom stood on practically the same platform.

Before the election, however, Calhoun, finding that the states which were his strongholds were going "Jackson mad," threw his support to Jackson for the Presidency, in return for Jackson's endorsement of his (Calhoun's) candidacy for the Vice-Presidency.

Jackson, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, had started his campaign for the Presidency shortly after his return from the governorship of Florida in 1821, by an attack on the old Congressional caucus method of nominating Presidential candidates. Tennessee, which was Jackson's home state, had in 1822 defied this time-honored system by formally placing Jackson in nomination for the Presidency.

It was at this time a tradition that the Secretary of State in the outgoing administration should be a candidate for the Presidency. John Quincy Adams naturally, therefore, had the support of many friends of the administration. Although he was not originally opposed to the Congressional caucus, he now issued a statement that he would not accept a nomination from that source. However, on February 14, 1824, a caucus was held, which nominated W. H. Crawford, of Georgia, for the Presidency. This was the last Congressional caucus ever held, and the abolition of the caucus led to the adoption of the system of national party nominating conventions, which has existed ever since.

Shortly before the election, Crawford suffered a stroke of paralysis which left him so helpless that he could no longer even sign his name. Extraordinary as it may seem, his political friends endeavored to conceal his condition and insisted upon keeping him in the race.

At last the day of the election arrived. When the electoral votes were counted, the result was as follows:

Jackson	99
Adams	84
Crawford	41
Clay	37

Calhoun was elected Vice-President by a comfortable vote of 182.

It is, of course, evident that Jackson had by far the largest number of electoral votes. Adams, however, had no reason to complain of his showing. As one historian says, it was "a remarkable vote, considering his ungracious manner, his gift for making enemies, and refusal to do anything to promote his election." *But no one of the four had a majority of the votes cast,* as required by the Constitution, so the election was thrown into the House of Representatives.

Now another interesting situation developed. The House was restricted in its choice to the three candidates having the largest number of votes. Henry Clay, standing fourth in the list, was thus automatically eliminated by only four votes.

It was now a three-cornered contest, and the key to the situation rested with Clay. As Speaker of the House of Representatives, his influence would decide the election. Himself debarred from a candidacy to the high post which he eagerly coveted, he had the bitter pleasure of making a selection among his rivals.

Crawford's candidacy, of course, Clay could not take seriously, the election of a paralytic as President being unthinkable. He must choose between Jackson and Adams. If Adams had a gift for making enemies, Jackson, with his violent temper, had a similar unfortunate gift, although his popularity with the masses was immense. He had already antagonized Clay, and although the latter was not particularly friendly to Adams, he believed that he could get along better with him than with Jackson.

The Beginning of Factional Politics

SO CLAY threw his strength to Adams, and Adams was elected, with the states voting as follows:

For Adams	13
For Jackson	7
For Crawford	4

The cleavage of the states was extremely irregular. In the Adams territory we find New England, New York, the Ohio Valley except Indiana, also Maryland, Missouri, and Louisiana. The Jackson territory included Pennsylvania, New Jersey, South Carolina, Tennessee, and the cotton states of the Southwest. Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia and Delaware went with poor Crawford to the last ditch.

We have said that for some time before the election of 1824 there were no political parties and that an era of good feeling prevailed. The election of Adams, however, was the signal for the beginning of a period of the most violent factional politics and an era of very ill-tempered feeling.

Jackson, as we have already noticed, had received the largest number of electoral votes and also a plurality of the popular vote in the regular election. He and his followers did not acquiesce with good grace in the election of Adams. Although the House was free under the Constitution to elect any one of the three leading candidates, it was insisted by the Jackson followers that the general was "morally entitled" to the election, and that the choice of Adams had been brought about by a corrupt bargain between the latter and Henry Clay.

Their fury was fanned into white heat when, shortly after the election, President Adams appointed Henry Clay Secretary of State. The Jackson partisans accepted this as conclusive proof of the corruption at which they had already hinted. It was charged that Adams had sold the post of Secretary of State to Clay in return for his support.

A Glimpse of Growing America

IT IS impossible to say just how far Jackson really believed in Adams' corruption. At any rate, the charge against Adams has never been taken seriously by the historians, for whatever else Adams may have been, he was a man of singularly scrupulous personal honor, and his appointment of Clay is quite justified by precedents before and examples since.

John Quincy Adams was 58 years of age when he entered the White House. A paragraph from his inaugural address gives us an interesting glimpse of conditions in the nation as they appeared to the President-Elect just one hundred years ago:

"In the compass of thirty-six years since this great national covenant was instituted . . . . a population of four millions has multiplied to twelve. A territory bounded by the Mississippi has been extended from sea to sea. New states have been admitted to the Union in numbers nearly equal to those of the first confederation. Treaties of peace, amity, and commerce have been concluded with the principal dominions of the earth. The people of other nations, inhabitants of regions acquired not by conquest but by compact, have been united with us in the participation of our rights and duties, of our burdens and blessings. Forests have fallen by the axe of our woodsmen; the soil has been made to teem by the tillage of our farmers; our commerce has whitened every ocean. The dominion of man over physical nature has been extended by the invention of our artists. Liberty and law have marched hand-in-hand. All the purposes of human association have been accomplished as effectively as under any other government on the globe, and at a cost little exceeding in a whole generation the expenditures of other nations in a single year."

Adams made no greater effort to retain the Presidency than he did to get it. The modern Democratic party was now forming around Jackson as its leader, and in the election of 1828 the old soldier and frontiersman was swept into office, and Adams stepped out, a one-term President, seemingly without regret.

Old Beecher Church—Brooklyn's Landmark

Concluded from page 6

for many years. The installation of the pastor-elect was notable because of the catholic composition of the council, which contained distinguished representatives of six denominations—Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Reformed. When Dr. Lyman Abbott entered the pulpit of Plymouth Church, new interest in its doctrines was aroused. Dr. Abbott taught the new theology in language beautiful and persuasive. His sermons, filled with strange and startling thoughts, were earnest, soul-to-soul talks with his congregation. He was broader in his theology than Beecher ever was, while still preserving Beecher's general attitude toward divergent beliefs. He continued as pastor of Plymouth Church until 1899, when he resigned to take up his work as editor of *The Outlook,* the successor to the *Christian Union* that had been founded by Mr. Beecher. He died in 1922, in his eighty-seventh year.

With the retirement of Dr. Abbott, it seemed again a serious problem to find a successor worthy to occupy the pulpit of Plymouth Church. The selection of the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, however, has shown that the life of the great old meeting house does not depend upon any one man, no matter what his merits may be. It has often been said that it would be difficult to find three men more different from one another than the three who have successively occupied Plymouth's pulpit, and still the general tenor of the life of the church has not altered.

When Dr. Hillis assumed the pastorate, his voice rang strong and clear with the new revelations which seemed to be ushered in with the dawn of the twentieth century. He was found to be an orator whose arguments were so original, whose ideas were so clearly defined and so well set forth, and with a delivery so masterly, that it was a pleasure to listen to him.

Under Dr. Hillis, theological matters have been more or less subordinated to general aggressive church work. The effect upon the church itself and its membership has been to make it exceedingly liberal.

Plymouth Church has been greatly beautified under the pastorate of Dr. Hillis. Three series of windows were installed, depicting the history of Puritanism and its influence upon the institutions and people of the United States. The upper windows portray, among others, the following scenes:

Political liberty. John Hampden and John Pym, appealing for the Bill of Rights before Charles I.

The signing of the Compact of the *Mayflower.*

The landing of the Pilgrims.

The lower windows:

Roger Williams and personal liberty. Rhode Island.

The Quakers' gospel of the inner light, and the peace movement in Pennsylvania.

The overflow of Puritanism upon the great West.

Opposite the pulpit:

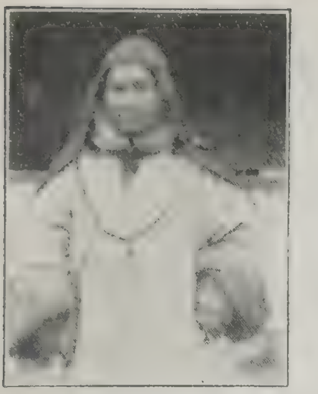
Abraham Lincoln writing the Emancipation Proclamation.

Henry Ward Beecher raising the flag at Fort Sumter.

Harriet Beecher Stowe writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

At the unveiling of the windows, Dr. Hillis, in his sermon on "The Influence of Puritanism upon the People and Institutions of the Republic," said:

"In the faith, therefore, that the God of our Pilgrim Fathers is our God, and shall be the God of our children after us; in this old meeting house, consecrated to democracy, and standing for absolute independency of the church; where there are no orders, no classes and no ranks, where we neither look up nor down, but look out, upon all our brethren, because we are all in the image of God; here where a thousand pleas have been made for the slave, for the poor, for liberty, for loyalty, for equality, opportunity, intelligence and integrity, we are come to celebrate the guiding hand of God in our history, to swear fidelity to the great convictions of our fathers, and to commemorate the history and influence of Puritanism upon the people and institutions of the Republic."



Buddhist priest.

When a Man Dies in China

They Dress in White, Get Out Their Etiquette and Make Quite a Social Event of It

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

Taoist priest.

LIEU TSOONG-TUH lay dying. Several times they had thought him dead, but pins plunged into the soles of his feet had brought a wince and a slight jerking of the otherwise quiet flesh. Thus they knew that the old man still clung to life; knew that the vital spark had not yet flown—though they did not call it that, for "vital spark" is not a familiar word to the Chinese.

Near the deathbed stood the ten sons of the dying man, stalwart, manly fellows. The gods had been good to Lieu.

Outside the home of Lieu Tsoong-tuh weird sounds were to be heard and weirder sights to be seen. Prolonged wails recalled to the foreigner the cry of the timber wolf in the dead of the night on the western plains. Fantastic shapes flitted about, fearsome to behold. Drums and Chinese gongs were beaten, great bunches of red firecrackers were being exploded, and everywhere the noise increased in volume as night approached. Within the house, beside the k'ang on which the old man lay, the watchers heard and were comforted, for with all that din and noise, the flitting soul of Lieu would find protection from the evil spirits who lay in wait for its passing, to pounce upon it and torture it for all eternity. It would be a venturesome spirit indeed that would brave the sights and sounds that made Lieu's last hours tranquil.

Funeral procession.

Three weeks ago—or was it four?—the eldest son had brought home a wonderful coffin, long enough for the tall, gaunt form of Lieu Tsoong-tuh and wide enough to accommodate certain treasures close to his body—the bowl of white jade which the old Empress Dowager had presented him for a service done long ago. Lieu had been a man of considerable power and influence in his day. More than two hundred catties that coffin weighed. It was made of pieces of selected, very heavy hardwood, the whole covered with a beautiful lacquer. At the head was a panel, red lacquered, with the characters which meant "Long Life" inlaid in gold.

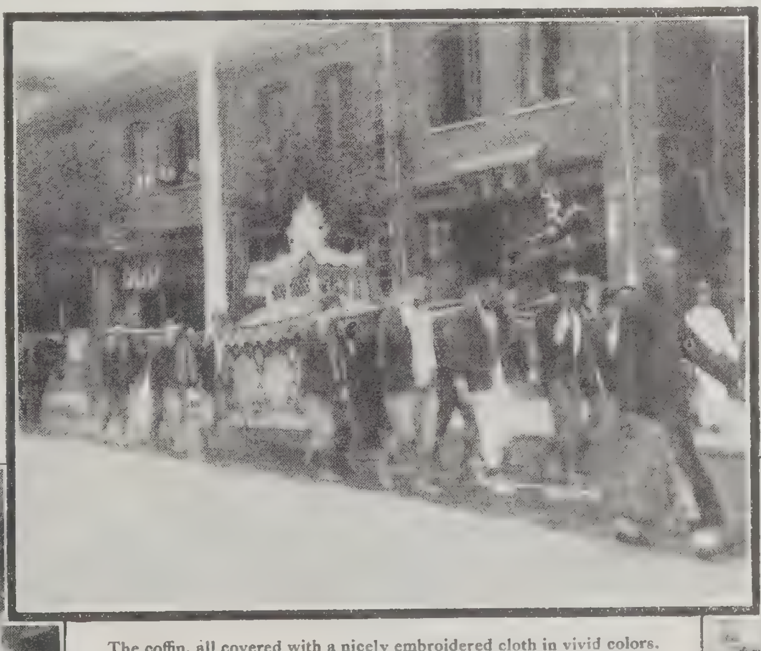
To Lieu and his family there was nothing gruesome in this bringing home a coffin in which he was to be buried when the gods willed it so. It is a mark of filial devotion to bring a coffin into the house, if a parent is ill, or very aged. What the sons of Lieu had done for their father, every Chinese son will do for his parent. The rich son will spend more money and more time in carrying out the ceremonies for the dead which are approved by centuries of usage in China, and the poor will frequently mortgage their future for years to give their parents proper burial. This is often done as much for the protection it will afford the doers, as for any love they may bear the deceased; self-protection because it is believed that the spirit of the deceased can return to harm those who neglect the proper rites. In China—as everyone knows—spirits of men who die without proper funeral care become wandering spirits, going about doing mischief.

When Lieu is dead, the diviner will be called in. With the help of his books and his abacus he will reckon out the day and the hour on which the spirit will leave old Lieu's body as a visible vapor. If he is a good diviner and knows his business properly, he will be able to tell the form and color the spirit will take on when it leaves the body, and even in which direction it will make its way to eternal rest in heaven.

Images at head of funeral procession, to scare away devils.

Not that the family of Lieu want to be on hand to witness the phenomenon occur—mercy, no; that would be very bad joss—for to catch a glimpse of a departing spirit would foreshadow the witnesses' deaths within a few moons. But if one knows when the spirit is to take its flight, one can go into another part of the house and escape baleful influences. There is no need to tempt death! The diviner will also choose a lucky day for the burial of old Lieu, and he will also attend that the burial spot chosen for Lieu shall be proper.

Before the day of the burial, which may not be for two or more months after the heart of Lieu has ceased to beat, Taoist priests will go to his house and chant prayers to open the way to heaven for the old man's spirit to pass. They will bring pictures of gods and hang them up in the room where the body lies. In the presence of these gods they will extol the dead and pray for his immediate entrance into the Western Heavens. In some other part of the house, or possibly in a temple, and at that same hour, the Buddhist priests will chant prayers for the repose of Lieu's soul. Then comes a day when the Lama priests will be called in to do their part. Thus will the soul of Lieu Tsoong-tuh be escorted across the ferry.



The coffin, all covered with a nicely embroidered cloth in vivid colors.

Some families have the Buddhist priests chant for seven days; then each recurring seventh day until seven times seven; after that again on the hundredth day and after that not until the first anniversary of his death.

Every day during the first year after Lieu's death, food will be placed before his tablet—and the tablet will stand in the middle room of the house beside the household gods. After the first anniversary of Lieu's death has passed, food will be offered only at the different feasts of the year. At the feast of Ching Ming every spring the family will not only present food before the tablet of old Lieu, but they will burn paper money there and afterward will go to his grave and burn gold, silver and white paper money. At the ceremonial of the Ghosts' Feast, which is the fifteenth day of the seventh month, food will be presented and incense and paper money will be burned and on that day also a paper boat will be burned to take the soul across the river, and each year on the first day of the tenth month, when it is thought that the dead will need his winter clothing, the family of Lieu, his widow, his two secondary widows, and his three concubines, his ten sons and all his daughters-in-law, and the grandchildren, will prepare large rolls of paper (imitation rolls of cloth)—well wrapped in paper prepared for the purpose. Inside these rolls of imitation cloth they will place a liberal amount of paper money, and money will be placed on the k'ang in the house, beside which will have already been placed a small table on which is food and wine. Very solemnly will old Lieu, beloved of his family, be invited to come across the river dividing life from death, and partake of this food and drink. At sundown the rolls of paper cloth and the money wrapped therein will be taken out into the courtyard and burned before the door of the house.

However, proper precautions will be taken to guard this wealth from getting into the hands of the wandering spirits, for, before the match is applied, three sheets of paper money will be placed at the side of the package intended for Lieu to attract the attention of the wandering spirits, who will steal it and go away, leaving Lieu's money to be delivered to him as it is burning.

In what we are pleased to call the civilized countries, which means "homeside" wherever that may be, the widow will wear mourning of the deepest black. In China the widows wear a sort of coarse white calico, and a wide band of the same material will be wound about their heads.

According to Mrs. Annie Cormack, an authority on things Chinese, the burning of paper articles for the use of the dead began in the T'ang dynasty, about 739 A. D. It was at that time also, that mock money was first burned at the imperial sacrifices. In more ancient times real money was placed in the coffins of the dead, but as graves were too frequently rifled by bad characters, that practice gradually died out.

Because of his wealth, and the position he has held all his life in both the financial and social world, and because of the friendship of the old Empress Dowager which was his in less troubled days, Lieu's funeral procession will be a gorgeous display of things garish and weird to Western eyes. His sedan chair, borne on a special carrier, will be carried in front of the catafalque. His carriage and motor car will also be in front, and in one of these old Lieu's soul will be secreted. The catafalque in which the dead man will ride will have forty-eight bearers to carry it. His sons will march barefooted, just preceding him in the long line. Little coolies will carry a screen about them that the gaping public may not witness their sorrow. The eldest son will carry in his hand a three-tailed banner on which will be embroidered the name of his father. There will be many banners in that procession, provided by friends, and some of these banners, gorgeous of color and embroidered in gold, will bear this inscription, "LingKwei Hsi T'ien," meaning "The Soul Returns to the Western Heaven." Small paper shrines and small paper tablets, all bearing the name of the dead man, will follow, all to be burned at the grave, along with other paper articles, including wreaths of paper flowers. In old Lieu's favorite sedan chair will be placed a large picture of the deceased, and in front of that picture and facing it will be a small mirror, the same that Lieu used to look into as he rode or was carried along the streets. This is a favorite pastime with Chinese of high estate, and strikes the "foreign devil" most pleasantly, to see pompous, silk-gowned Chinese of high rank being carried along the main thoroughfare, the while they are peering at their reflection in a small mirror which is as much a part of the sedan chairs as are the coolies who carry them.

Funeral decorations at the door of a dead man's home.

There will be a band, maybe two of them, and the chances are that before the procession has been long on the way, the old familiar tune of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" will be heard. That tune has a swing about it that appeals to the Celestial, and beside it is American and therefore must be proper.

Death is very ceremonial in China.

Government by Espionage—How It Is Done

Senators Find Out How Secret Service Agents Do Detective Stunts

(From Senate Committee Report No. 1.)

INVESTIGATION of the Attorney-General, Friday, March 14, 1924. United States Senate, Special Committee on Investigation of the Attorney-General, Washington, D. C.

Testimony of Gaston B. Means, investigator, New York City.

The witness was duly sworn by the chairman.

The Chairman. The witness has been sworn, Senator Wheeler, and you may proceed.

Senator Wheeler. What line of business do you follow?

Mr. Means. Oh, I am an investigator.

Senator Wheeler. How long have you been engaged as an investigator?

Mr. Means. Well, I started with Mr. J. W. Cannon, virtually. He used to send me out to find out what his competitors were doing.

Senator Wheeler. Mr. Means, since that time what particular firms or corporations have you been investigating for?

Mr. Means. Starting with the biggest one and coming on down, do you mean?

Senator Wheeler. Yes.

Mr. Means. The biggest man I ever did any investigating work for was Frick.

Senator Wheeler. Do you mean Henry C. Frick?

Mr. Means. Yes.

Senator Wheeler. When did you do investigating work for him?

Mr. Means. Oh, in 1915 or 1916, I guess.

Senator Wheeler. What was the nature of that work; just briefly?

Mr. Means. Something about some—he wanted to get hold of some coke fields up there in Pennsylvania.

Senator Wheeler. Since that time you have been investigating for whom, what corporations and concerns?

Mr. Means. For the German Government, the Mexican Government, the English Government, the United States Government, and individuals.

Senator Wheeler. You were employed prior to the entry of the United States Government into the war by the German Government, were you not?

Mr. Means. Yes, sir. I first became employed by the German Government—well, when I went to New York City I was more or less familiar with the cotton-mill business, and when I went there I commenced writing for the *Journal of Commerce* and the *Journal and Bulletin* on textile questions. That attracted the attention of the German secret service commercial agents in this country. Along with my work for Mr. Cannon I began investigating for them and finding out the line of goods that the English merchants were shipping into the United States, to enable the Germans to duplicate that piece of goods and try to undersell the English manufacturer. I came in contact with all the buyers that went to Europe for the big wholesale jobbing houses.

Senator Wheeler. Now, Mr. Means, did you ever work for J. Pierpont Morgan—for the house of Morgan?

Mr. Means. Well, the Burns agency represents J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, and I have been investigating under Mr. Burns for them, I suppose, at different times.

Senator Wheeler. Yes; for whom were you working?

Mr. Means. Well, at the time I have reference to specifically, the President of the United States.

Senator Wheeler. And by the President of the United States you mean whom?

Mr. Means. President Harding.

Senator Wheeler. For whom?

Mr. Means. President Harding. Jess Smith wanted to catch Secretary Mellon, and we caught him.

Senator Wheeler. How is that?

Secretary Mellon Gets It

Mr. Means. They wanted us to investigate Secretary Mellon, the President wanted the information in regard to him—to catch him—and we caught him.

Senator Wheeler. Who wanted you to?

Mr. Means. The President wanted the information in regard to him, and I gave Captain Scaife thousands of dollars to help him catch him.

Senator Ashurst. Who is Captain Scaife; is he in the room?

Mr. Means. Yes, sir.

Senator Ashurst. Identify him.

Mr. Means. There he is [indicating].

Captain Scaife. Here I am, Senator.

Senator Wheeler. But, Mr. Means, by whom were you paid when you were doing the investigating for President Harding?

Mr. Means. I was paid by Jess Smith and Mr. Underwood.

Senator Wheeler. And do you know who Mr. Underwood represented?

Mr. Means. I know that he represented the President.

Senator Wheeler. You know that he represented the President?

Mr. Means. Yes, sir.

Senator Wheeler. How do you know that?

Mr. Means. Because of the letter.

Senator Wheeler. Of the letter?

Mr. Means. A letter to Mr. Jess Smith, signed by the President.

Senator Wheeler. What was that letter, and what was the date of it, if you know?

Mr. Means. That letter simply said that the President wanted to have certain confidential undercover investigations made, and that he wanted Mr. Jess Smith to handle them, and with Mr. Gaston B. Means and Mr. Underwood. When I was suspended, the way Mr. Jess Smith told me, Mr. Gutzom Borglum, the sculptor, had written a letter to the President and told him that he knew me personally, and I was a thorough investigator, and Mr. Smith always told me that it was on the strength of that recommendation that the President had selected me to conduct these undercover investigations for him.

Senator Wheeler. And what undercover investigation did you make for the President of the United States in New York? Just briefly. I will get back to it in detail after a while, but just briefly, what was it?

Mr. Means. Well, the prime investigation was leading up from the information we had in Washington concerning an arrangement that the Secretary of the Treasury Mellon had gone into to furnish certain permits for certain purposes, and we didn't catch him that time. He slipped through our fingers. And then I went to New York City to catch the La Montagnes.

Senator Wheeler. Now, Mr. Means, who paid you for those investigations that you say were made by President Harding?

Senator Caraway Gets It

Mr. Means. Well, Mr. Jess Smith, and sometimes Mr. Underwood. You see, I was paying Captain Scaife so much there, and then I had Miss Laura Jacobson, whom I assigned to investigate Senator Caraway.

Senator Wheeler. Who is that?

Mr. Means. Miss Laura Jacobson, whom I sent for from Arkansas, to investigate Senator Caraway.

Senator Wheeler. Well, let me ask you, at whose direction did you investigate Senator Caraway?

Mr. Means. I investigated him through Mr. Jess Smith's direction.

Senator Wheeler. You investigated him through Mr. Jess Smith's direction?

Mr. Means. Yes; hired Miss Laura Jacobson to do that for me. I brought her up from Arkansas.

Senator Wheeler. Was that at the time that Mr. Caraway was making some attacks in the Senate on Attorney-General Daugherty?

Mr. Means. No. He had made some attacks on President Harding, too, prior to that, and he had made attacks on the Attorney-General, too.

La Follette Next

Senator Wheeler. Now, Mr. Means, you also investigated Senator La Follette, did you not?

Mr. Means. Yes.

Senator Wheeler. And you went through his offices here, did you not, in the Capitol?

Mr. Means. No; I did not.

Senator Wheeler. You had somebody do it?

Mr. Means. I saw that it was done.

Senator Ashurst. You did what?

Mr. Means. Well, I saw that it was done.

Senator Ashurst. Well, you saw that Senator Caraway's office was gone through?

Mr. Means. No, sir; I did not.

Senator Ashurst. Who did?

Mr. Means. We didn't go through Caraway that way at all, Senator.

Senator Wheeler. You have never gone through my offices yet, have you?

Mr. Means. If somebody will assign me to it, I will do it, though.

Senator Wheeler. Senator Moses suggests to me that I can save time by asking you what Senators you have not investigated.

Mr. Means. Oh, there are lots of them I haven't. They are a pretty clean body. You don't find much on them, either. You don't find very much.

Senator Wheeler. Now, Mr. Means, coming back to Senator La Follette, you investigated him at the instance of whom?

Mr. Means. I investigated him in April, right after he introduced his resolution.

Senator Wheeler. What resolution?

Mr. Means. To investigate Teapot Dome.

Senator Wheeler. You went through his office then, as I understand it, for the purpose of ascertaining what information he had relating to the Teapot oil scandal; is that correct?

Mr. Means. Anything he had where he could be stopped in what he was doing.

Senator Ashurst. Pardon me, who gave you the orders to do that?

Mr. Means. In——

Senator Ashurst. No; who gave you the orders?

Investigate Bishops—Anybody

Mr. Means. I got those from Mr. Jess Smith and Mr. Underwood. I didn't—investigation with me is—the man is a number; I never ask who he is. It doesn't make any difference. I would just as soon investigate a tramp as anybody else. It doesn't make any difference to me. I never ask who he is or what position he occupies. I designate the number and go ahead and get the facts if I can, and I get nothing but the facts, and report what I find.

Senator Ashurst. Nobody has asserted or supposed anything to the contrary.

Mr. Means. I mean by that it doesn't mean anything about investigating a Senator. Thousands of people have been investigated. Bishops have been investigated without knowing it. And clergymen.

The Chairman. When did this terrific spy system start in the United States; by what official authority, if you know?

Mr. Means. I have been investigating since I was twenty-one. It had been going on prior to that time. I never saw a candidate that loomed up, any little candidate for town marshal, that they didn't go out and make inquiry about him. One crowd makes it confidentially, and the other crowd——

The Chairman. What kind of crowds is it that make this kind of inquiries, financial crowds, big fellows?

Mr. Means. I don't work for the church crowd because they haven't got any money. *The financial crowd only finance and get investigations.*

The Chairman. You mean the financial interests investigate every one who is a candidate for office to get something on him so they can control him, is that the idea?

Mr. Means. Well, yes; that would be my interpretation; yes, they would want to find out what he is up to.

The Chairman. And that gang then that is behind those investigations of that nature is the same gang that I have denominated at the Nonpartisan League of Wall Street, is that the crowd?

Mr. Means. I think that President Wilson gave them the best designation: "Invisible Government."

The Chairman. Well, that is the same gang.

Mr. Means. That is the best interpretation of them.

Senator Wheeler. Now, what is the last we were on?

(Thereupon the reporter read the last question asked by Senator Wheeler, and the answer, as follows):

Senator Wheeler. You went through his office then, as I understand it, for the purpose of ascertaining what information he had relating to the Teapot oil scandal; is that correct?

Mr. Means. Anything he had where he could be stopped in what he was doing.

Senator Wheeler. That is, to find out anything about him so that he could be stopped in the investigation of the Teapot oil leases? Is that correct? You can answer that yes or no, and then explain.

Mr. Means. Well, how it was going to be used I don't know, except this way, I would interpret it. If you found something damaging on a man you would quietly get word to him through some of his friends, or otherwise, that he had better put the soft pedal on the situation. That is the way the information is generally used when you find it.

Senator Wheeler. In order to deter him in going ahead with his work in the Senate, is that correct?

Mr. Means. Work in the Senate or anywhere else, before his constituents, wherever he was, stop him—it doesn't make any difference. Use it again afterward if he attempted to do anything else.

How It Is Done

Senator Wheeler. And when you spoke about having somebody go through Senator La Follette's office, what do you mean by going through his office?

Mr. Means. Oh, search his—find out all the mail that comes in, all the papers, anything that he has got lying around. Find out in his home. Just like you would take—the same principle that you pursue, Senator, when you make a criminal investigation. There is a servant working in this house. If she is a colored servant, go and get a colored detective woman to take her out; have this colored detective woman to entertain her, find out the exact plan of the house, everything they discuss at the table, the family, write it down, make a report. And any information you find that is—report what you find even, and then if it is damaging, why of course, it is used. If it is fine, why you can not use it. It does no damage.

Senator Bruce Gets It Next

Senator Wheeler. Now you also investigated another Senator, did you not, from Maryland?

Mr. Means. Yes; I did. That was just—yes; call it an investigation if you want to designate that.

Senator Wheeler. Who was that?

Mr. Means. Bruce.

Senator Wheeler. When did you do that?

Mr. Means. Oh, that was——

Senator Wheeler. Right after election?

Mr. Means. Yes; right after election. I made inquiries about him; not what you call a regular investigation.

Senator Wheeler. For whom did you make those? Who directed you to make that investigation?

Mr. Means. I don't——Jess Smith or some of them. I knew what they were interested in.

Senator Wheeler. Yes?

Mr. Means. I knew the kind of information that people wanted.

Senator Wheeler. What kind of information was that they wanted?

Mr. Means. Well, if you were running for United States Senator out in Montana, and somebody hired you, and you had stolen a chicken, and I heard of it, and I was working for the crowd on the opposite side, I would try to ascertain all those facts, and let them spring it on you in some speech some night.

Senator Jones of Washington. I understand this was after the election, you say?

Mr. Means. That was after the election. That was general information. The Senator is referring to the fact that I had heard that Senator Bruce was campaigning——

Senator Jones of Washington. I would suggest that he not state what he had heard about it.

Senator Wheeler. No; I am not interested in what you heard.

Senator Jones of Washington. No.

(Concluded on page 14)

The Art of Pitching—The Hub of Baseball

How Major League Pitchers Use Their "Stuff"

By PAUL MACDONALD

Any ball that is pitched wrong may provide the break in a baseball game. Any ball pitched wrong may even definitely decide the result of the game. In the major leagues a pitcher who works through a game pitches an average of 130 balls. This means that the pitcher has 130 chances to make a mistake. The average number of chances that a first baseman gets is fourteen; the infielders rarely get as many as ten chances and the outfielders rarely have five or more, so a pitcher has at least nine times as many chances to go wrong as a first baseman, more than thirteen times as many as his infielders and twenty-six times as many as his outfielders.

BASEBALL hinges chiefly upon pitching. Every angle of play is principally related to pitching. It is the hub of the game, the axis, the stem, the life of it. Pitching is the answer to the query of the intelligentsia: "What has baseball got that demands thinking?"

Pitching is understood by few, misunderstood by many, ignored by an astounding majority. It is the chief cause of managerial woe and heartache. It is an art that has not been mastered by twelve men in more than fifty years.

In the last two years pitching has been much discussed. Managers, players, spectators, enthusiasts, have all spent considerable time talking about it. We have heard frequently, and from men whose word must be respected, that pitching has gone back a long way and that this day does not look upon really good pitchers. The new generation of ball players has lost the art. So they claim, these men of experience who should know.

There is no way of proving whether pitching has greatly deteriorated any more than there is a definite method of proving whether the pitching in the National League is superior to that in the American or vice versa. The fact that hitting increased in the last three years is not so much the fault of the pitchers as of the lively ball, for surely twenty pitchers who delivered well in one year could not all collapse at the same time in the following year. It is possible, of course, but extremely doubtful.

Managers who make the claim regarding the deterioration of the business of flinging, probably base their conclusion upon the youngsters coming up. They are not of the same quality as were the fixed stars of the present day when they broke in before the day of the lively ball. They lack the thoroughness, the eagerness and the concentration that was shown by pitchers formerly.

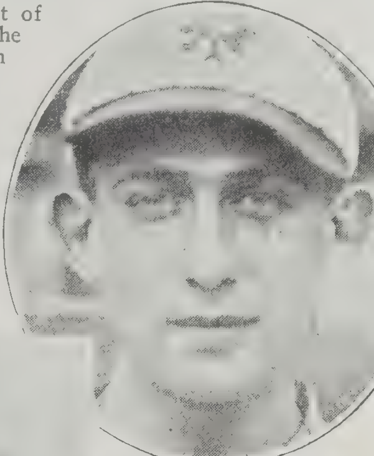
We cannot share the pessimistic opinion regarding pitching. We believe there are many good pitchers but that these pitchers must adjust themselves to a new style of pitching. This most of the experienced twirlers are doing. It takes time to make an adjustment that covers such a complete range of baseball territory, and therefore the results will be achieved gradually.

However, the lively ball and its attending troubles have made pitching more interesting, if anything. It has made the battle of wits between the batsman and the pitcher more acute and has strained the resources of the twirler. It has added worries and problems to the man on the pitching hill, and his struggle to overcome the new difficulties has carried its fascination.

Pitching always was and always will be fascinating to the student of baseball. Here lies the strategy of the game. The pitcher bears the same relation to baseball that the quarterback bears to football except that the pitcher must depend chiefly upon himself while the quarterback can swing ten men in any direction where he wants to launch the attack. Baseball is much more dependent upon the individual, which gives baseball its great edge in popularity over football, but that is all another story and quite a long one.

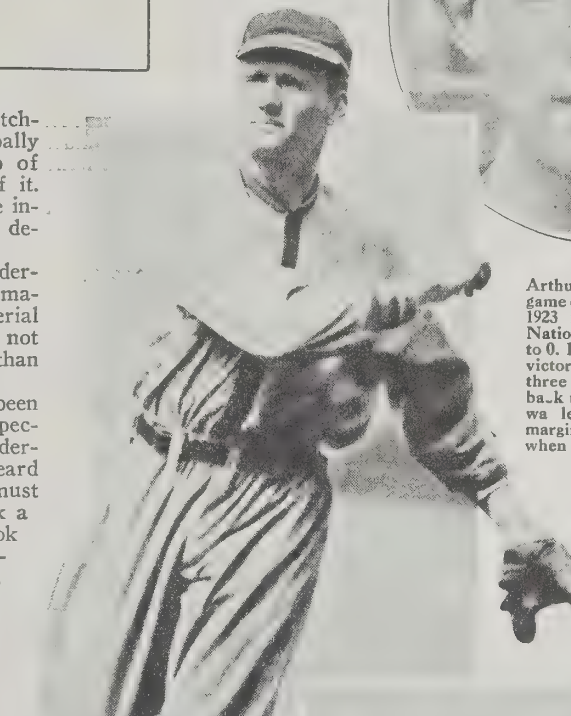
Men recognized as great pitchers will frankly confess that they are constantly learning new things about pitching. They will continue learning as long as new players enter the game. Each player presents a separate and distinct problem to the pitcher. No two men were created exactly alike and no two men bat exactly alike; each has his individual traits; each goes to the plate to hide something from the pitcher.

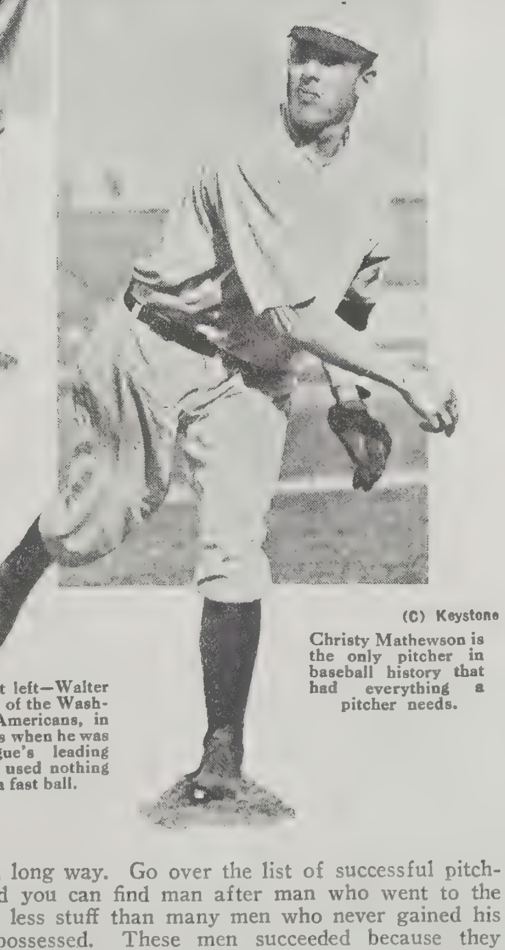
To the average man pitching means the possession of what the profession and its followers refer to as "stuff." Nearly all those who read this know what "stuff" means —a sizzling fast ball, a quick-breaking, deceptive curve, a slow ball that moves so slowly that the batsman can almost count the seams, a change of pace, control. That is "stuff" in a pitching sense. But more than that is required, for a pitcher may have all these things and still cannot become an outstanding star. Pitching, briefly, consists in giving the batter what he does not want at a time when he does not want it. To do this a pitcher must necessarily have control and he must have a fair amount of stuff, but some of the greatest pitchers in history have got along with little stuff. A pitcher using what he has at the proper time will go a long, long way. Go over the list of successful pitchers and you can find man after man who went to the top on less stuff than many men who never gained his level possessed. These men succeeded because they pitched intelligently, because they put much thought behind each pitched ball. They are far greater than the men who try to fool the batsman by the amount of stuff they have on the ball.



(C) U. & U.

Arthur Nehf won the third game of the world series of 1923 for the New York Nationals by a score of 1 to 0. He accomplished the victory by pitching ninety-three curve balls. Sent back in the sixth game, he was leading by a three-run margin in the eighth inning when his arm suddenly "went dead."





(C) Keystone

Christy Mathewson is the only pitcher in baseball history that had everything a pitcher needs.

Above at left—Walter Johnson of the Washington Americans, in the years when he was the league's leading pitcher, used nothing but a fast ball.

In the year that Jim Bagby was the chief factor in Cleveland, winning a pennant and world's championship (it was 1920, in case you should ask) he won thirty-one games, and that year Jim Bagby was supposed to have less stuff than half the pitchers working in the American League, but Bagby knew how to pitch. He won because he always gave the batsman the kind of ball he was not expecting Bagby to pitch. That is real pitching.

When "Wee Willie" Keeler gave his immortal advice to batsmen, "Hit 'em where they hain't,' a great pitching contemporary might have added, "Pitch 'em where they hain't lookin' for 'em."

We have seen reputed fast ball pitchers go through nine innings without throwing a fast ball, famous curve ball pitchers go the same distance without once resorting to a curve and noted spit ballers go the route without once moistening the ball. And each won his game. Why? Because every batter who faced him was constantly looking for the ball the pitcher was noted for and the pitcher never threw it.

Christy Mathewson is unquestionably the greatest pitcher of modern times. Mathewson will remain a pitcher's pitcher just as Velasquez was a painter's painter. Mathewson was a model for all pitchers. In him one found the composite of all that makes pitching. Future generations will undoubtedly refer to Mathewson as the greatest of all time, the perfect pitcher.

National Leaguers who batted against Mathewson when he was in his prime have told us that he had the fastest fast ball of any pitcher in the National League, and the best slow ball. He certainly had the greatest curve ball ever known to the National, for his famous fade-away delivery comes under the heading of curve ball pitching. Mathewson had control. But, above all else, Mathewson knew the batsmen, studied them and centered his pitching on the individual. He made them go after what they did not want to go after, gave them the kind of ball they did not like when they did not want it. He was, above all, in his pitching ability, intelligent.

The fade-away still lives in the memory of baseball, but Mathewson rarely used it. The mere fact that he had it was enough. This knowledge put the batsmen under a mental hazard. Any time Mathewson was in a hole the batsman expected the fade-away. Mathewson did not have to use it often for this reason. In many games he did not use it at all, rarely more than three or four times, never more than ten. He once said that if he pitched a dozen fade-aways in one game he would ruin his arm.

There are good pitchers who would have been great pitchers with any two of Mathewson's several deliveries. Grover Cleveland Alexander, the best pitcher in the National League, immediately following the reign of Mathewson, used but two kinds of delivery, a fast ball and a curve. Ed. Walsh rose to the heights with little more than his famous spit ball. Walter Johnson never had a thing but a fast ball when he was the reigning hurler of the American League. But Mathewson has everything. His fade-away alone would have given lasting fame to another pitcher. He threw it as a left-hander throws a curve. It traveled toward the plate, appearing to the batsman like a "straight" fast one, and just as the batter was set to swing, the ball would break, sweeping out or in (all depending upon whether the batsman stood on the right or left hand side of the plate). The fade-away not infrequently carried a break of three feet, which is a record break for a curve ball.

Mathewson was hit hard in many games, but that was not against his wishes. Many of our leading pitchers work the same way. They bear down only when the occasion demands it. A pitcher with a good fielding team behind him plans to make the batsman hit, for the percentage is then all with the fielding team. Whenever the opposing team threatens to score, the pitcher bears down. Some pitchers bear down through an entire game when the score does not demand it, but they last only a short time.

Pitching style has a great deal to do with what a man pitches. One of the most desirable deliveries is a slow ball. It comes in handy. A change of pace is possible only with a slow ball and some pitchers have become stars simply through an excellent change of pace. But a side-arm pitcher finds it almost impossible to throw a slow ball and few side-arm pitchers carry a change of pace. Those that have it are not highly successful. Alexander, who gained fame with a curve ball and a fast one, was strictly a side-arm pitcher.

To make the batsman go after the ball you want him to try to hit is one of the most difficult things with which a pitcher has to contend. Batsmen are patient fellows all too often, and pitchers are not extremely fond of the patient type at bat; they prefer those anxious to hit. The fellow who is just prancing for a chance to get a crack at the ball is the fellow the pitcher glories in having at bat.

With the home team a few runs behind in what the American people recognize as the lucky seventh, we have seen thousands go into wild enthusiasm as the umpire called "Ball one," and then "Ball two." From grandstand and bleachers came the great battlecry of the rooter, "Can't get 'em over," over and over again. And then—the batter, having a toe hold, swings on the next one, a ball pitched in the groove, and hits a dinky roller which results in an easy out at first while the crowd sighs and slumps into gloom.

There is at least one pitcher who purposely pitches two and even three balls, sometimes wide, to make the batter hit the ball he wants him to hit. Risky business, you say. Not so risky for a pitcher with absolute control and confidence. Give this pitcher a batter that is anxious to hit and he never pitches any other way. He is willing to let the batter go after a few bad balls. If he hits them he will no more than foul them off and the pitcher has the advantage anyway. If he does not

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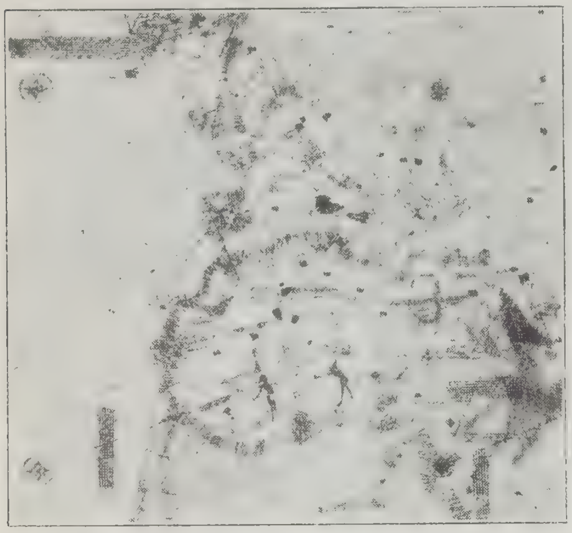
New Light on Christopher Columbus

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

IN APRIL of this year, 1924, M. de la Roncière, a librarian in the National Library of Paris, came upon a map there which bears conclusive evidence that it was inspired by Columbus. This map represents the Cape of Good Hope discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1488 and contains nothing of the new world. The map must have been produced in the interval between 1488 and 1492.

The evidence that the map directly emanates from Columbus, if it was not actually drawn by him, is found in a number of descriptive notes which appear upon it. Here we have repeated, word for word, long Latin phrases which Columbus himself placed upon the margins of a copy of an old geographical work that he had. This work is called "The Image of the World," or "Imago Mundi," by Peter D'Ailly.

Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the great admiral-discoverer, was an enthusiastic book-lover and collector. At Seville he founded a library in which were placed many books collected by him and a number which had belonged to his father. These volumes which belonged to Christopher Columbus have autograph marginal notes which are characteristic of his mind.



The original map is about two feet by three feet, with the smaller map of the whole world attached at the left side. The form is that of a portulan or seaman's map. The description of the Antilles is so faint that it is necessary to ink over these lines which are added in the upper left-hand corner. The names on the coast are only occasionally legible in the reduced chart. However, several of the desert routes indicate knowledge which was not reflected on most maps until much later.

One of these notes in Latin reads as follows: *"Celum est figure sperice. Ymago seu mapemundi, licet figuretur in plano, tamen debet imaginari in sperico."* "The heaven is in the form of a sphere. And the representation of the world may be depicted in a plane but it should be thought of as a sphere."

This note, in these words, appears also as one of the descriptions on the newly discovered map, and is thought to identify it "as with the signature of Christopher Columbus."

Other peculiarities such as spelling Asia as "Assia," were parts of Columbus' habit and are also found on this map.

Several points of interest are to be noted in connection with the map. First, Christopher himself and his brother Bartholomew were cartographers, professional makers of maps. The map is thought to be from the hand of one or the other of them.

In the second place the map gives the Italian name as well as the Latin of the Cape Verde Islands, "Cavo Verde," and states that their discoverer was a Genoan, by name, Antonio de Noli. This is valuable direct internal evidence connecting Christopher with Genoa and testifies to his Italian origin. Elsewhere in his writings now published Christopher refers to these as the islands of Antonio.

Thirdly, one descriptive note which is only faintly visible refers to silver as being found in the sands of the "island of the seven cities," the fabled Antilles which appeared on many early maps and to which Columbus elsewhere makes reference. M. de la Roncière concludes that this was the island and the silver which Columbus sought. However, other documents show that Columbus sought the mainland of Asia and the island of Cipangu or Japan which he believed contained gold, silver and pearls.

The island of Iceland and even an indication of Greenland appear upon the map. This may possibly be regarded as confirming direct acquaintance of Columbus with Iceland, particularly as a rather long note is given in the map on the subject, referring to the snow and ice.

The study of the various long notes on the map will doubtless give further confirmation of the Columbus connection.

After more than four hundred years the first map, directly and quite indisputably connected with Columbus, accidentally comes to light.

Less than a year ago the British Museum acquired an Italian world map of 1506, the first printed map depicting the new world.

About twenty years ago the great Waldseemüller map of 1507, the first with the name America upon it, was discovered in a collection in Germany.

All of these are priceless documents, ranking well among the most valuable documents of the world. The possibility of discovery of such documents constitutes one of the greatest charms of the study of history. The unsolved historical problems, even about Columbus himself—Where was he born? Where do his ashes rest? Where are his maps?—constitute a challenge that leads men to devote their lives to the solution.

Government by Espionage—How It Is Done

Concluded from page 2

Senator Wheeler. I am interested in the fact that you made an investigation of different Senators.

Mr. Means. Yes.

Senator Wheeler. And among those that you made was one of Senator Bruce of Maryland?

Mr. Means. No; I wouldn't say that I exactly made an investigation of Senator Bruce of Maryland, Senator.

Senator Ashurst. Well, you were asked to make an investigation of Senator Bruce?

Mr. Means. Yes.

Senator Ashurst. You were asked to make an investigation?

Mr. Means. Yes.

Senator Wheeler. Now, by whom were you asked?

Senator Ashurst. Yes; by whom?

Mr. Means. I don't recall whether that was Jess Smith, Underwood, somebody up in the Department of Justice, some politician, or who it was.

Senator Wheeler. Now there is only one general question that I want to ask you, and that is with reference to another specific case. I am not going into the details of it at this time, but will on the next examination of you. And that is with reference——

Last of All, the Investigator Himself Gets It

Mr. Means (interposing). I will tell you how you can find out about all these statements, something you can investigate. They have got my telephone wires tapped. I run three bells on my telephones to be able to tell when they tap them. I can tell in a moment when they tap them, and then I use two telephones. And I know what the average investigator is going to do. He is going to sit down and he is going to listen to the telephone they have assigned him to watch and to tap, and I will get my father-in-law to call up on one, and me on the other, and they can not listen on the two phones at the same time. When I put three bells on a telephone—electric current won't ring more than three bells; now the moment they tap in and ring in the fourth bell one of your bells will keep quiet; then you can depend on the fact that your telephone is tapped; I have tapped them myself. I know how to tap, and how to keep from being tapped. But it is going pretty far when they tap a man's wire and keep him from talking to his counsel.

Our Individualism Its Strength and Danger

Concluded from page 2

The new individualism must have a new vision of

"The things that the individual
Must sacrifice for the good of all."

The new individualism must not rob. It must retain all the benefits which make individualism one of the outstanding characteristics of the American people. It must recognize the divine dignity of the individual spirit. It must retain for every person his right of choice in belief and action. It must retain the stimulation of a hard, close race—"the game." It must retain the satisfaction of a victory. It must allow the earned reward of success founded on ability, training and endeavor.

But the new individualism must recognize individual worth for service—not for self-gratification. "A man should know himself for a necessary actor. It is not for him to account himself cheap and superfluous, or to linger by the wayside for opportunities. Did he not come into being because something must be done which he and no other is and does?" said Emerson. Each individual clothed with the dignity and the opportunity of the highest development for his own mission of service to society—this shall be the keynote of the new individualism. Its emphasis shall be on individual duties rather than on individual rights.

This *new individualism* belongs to men of a developing order higher than the old individualism. The old individualism is founded on the animal biological struggle for existence. It becomes more than the animal struggle for existence, however, for seldom is the American survivor sated. He still wants more, and ever more for his own gratification—for his own development. The old individualism is fierce, ruthless, deadening.

The *new individualism* must be more and more a matter of the spirit. It must have a new and more spiritual conception of the relation of the individual to the family and to the state.

There must be a new assumption on the part of every citizen of individual responsibility toward the laws and institutions of the government that alone grants us our liberty. In the old individualism most men saw chiefly their own rights, and they got them, if necessary, by the power of individual might. In this new individualism men must be made to see that every other citizen has equal rights with themselves, guaranteed mutually between themselves. So this new individualism puts personal citizenship duties toward every other citizen's rights side by side with personal citizenship rights. I have no rights, if you do not do your duty faithfully to your guaranty. You, in turn, have no rights, if I do not do my duty faithfully to my guaranty. We must thus have crystallized a stern public opinion, setting itself like flint against transgression of the law.

"If we fail," said Roosevelt, "the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations."

I believe enough in the existence of genuine spiritual life in our people to think that America will catch the spiritual vision of the *new individualism* and that she will not lose sight of that vision.

The Art of Pitching—The Hub of Baseball

Concluded from page 13

go after them, and chances are that he will not, the pitcher forces the batsman to get set. When he knows the batsman will swing, he feeds him the kind of ball the batsman most dislikes, the kind that he finds next to impossible to hit. The pitcher was simply preparing the situation where the batter would be forced by circumstances to go after the pitched ball, for the circumstances pointed to the pitcher having lost control and grooving one to get out of a hole. That is what the pitcher wants the batter to think. He wants to make him believe that he is sending up what the profession refers to as a "cripple." Every batter likes to hit "cripples." But the "cripple" of this pitcher is the most effective strike ball he can serve the particular batter on whom he is operating. All great pitchers are men who can pitch strikes when they have to.

The advantage is not always with the pitcher. Pitching records will show that the advantage is more often with the batsmen. As the intelligent pitcher studies every batsman closely, so every intelligent batsman gives the same amount of attention to the pitcher. The batter has his peculiar habits, individual traits at the plate, but the pitcher has his also, in the box. It is a two-way affair at all times.

Nearly every pitcher has some telltale sign. It is the duty of the batter to discover what this is. Certain pitchers have certain peculiar motions when pitching certain kinds of balls. A pitcher whose hand will be loose when he is about to throw a curve ball will suddenly tighten and grip hard the ball when he has a fast one to serve. The hands, the forearm, the fingers (when visible), the leg, foot, shoulder, the elbow and even the head can tip off what the pitcher has decided upon for the next delivery. Discovery of these individual movements and the interpretation of them has defeated many pitchers who otherwise could not be solved. In pitching, deception is the great thing.

You have seen certain pitchers break loose one season and pitch wonderful ball. Frequently a recruit will come in and be a sensational pitcher in his first season. Then, in his second year, this same pitcher will fail consistently. The reason is simple enough: In his first year the pitcher had a certain delivery that made him successful. As clubs went against him time and again and batters studied him more and more and experimented against him, they finally discovered how they could overcome the thing that puzzled them. Maybe it was by a certain position at the plate, maybe by changing the style of hitting; for you can rest assured that as soon as a new pitcher starts winning consistently the batsmen will begin their experiments.

Two of the leading pitchers in the American League were the two Urbans—Faber, of Chicago, and Shocker, of St. Louis, each an excellent pitcher, with plenty of stuff and unusual pitching intelligence. Faber would have won many more games in recent years if certain batsmen had not discovered that he did not like to be crammed. To cram Faber the batsmen hugged the plate. With the batter on the plate Faber was forced to change his delivery and lose effectiveness, or enough to beat him in close games. To beat Shocker the batter got as near him as possible, toeing the front boundary of the batters' box. This position forced Shocker to deliver lower and the result was a lack of control. So, against Faber, you can see batters who prefer to be as far as possible removed from the plate, crowding it and against Shocker batters who usually stand far back in the box will be running up on the pitcher.

It is difficult for a pitcher to conceal his weakness from a club just as it is hard for a batter to conceal his weakness from an intelligent pitcher. A ball club may be generally regarded as stupid (and certain ball clubs in the major leagues are known to be strictly "dumb") but every club, no matter how lacking in intelligence generally speaking, will have at least one intelligent and observing player who will make the observations for the entire squad. His findings immediately are made the foundation upon which the club builds its attack.

Pitching is far from a lost art. The difficulty is that too many pitchers do not give the time, the thought, the energy and concentration necessary to success in pitching. With the vast majority of us in any line the easiest method is always the best. The easiest method is generally just the easiest and nothing more. There is no position in baseball where so much thought is demanded as in pitching.

Charlie Chaplin once told us that nobody likes to work. None of us, he added, would work if it was not work that kept us from starving to death. So, there is that excuse for the pitcher. Many youngsters dislike the idea of spending hours and hours working on a certain delivery, more hours in learning how to control it and then spend all the time possible during the playing season studying batsmen and discovering how to overcome them. We believe that the pitchers entering the major leagues now do not give the deep thought to the job that the stars of the yesteryears gave. They are not thorough in their deliveries, meaning that they have not mastered them thoroughly. They try to accumulate a variety before they have thoroughly mastered one. They have a dab of this and a dab of that but a sound whole of nothing. In one of the crafts a boy, wishing to learn, must serve as an apprentice for years, master thoroughly all the details, get a solid foundation and achieve a thorough working knowledge before he can appear as a craftsman, and pitching certainly is an intricate craft. Baseball needs, we feel, an apprentice school where ambitious young men will be thoroughly schooled for a few years before starting out. Many pitchers spend more than half their careers acquiring the knowledge that they should possess before coming to the major leagues.

Pitching is the most essential part of baseball. Good pitching can make a poor team win, poor pitching can make a good team lose. And, as long as baseball is played, the pitcher will hold the whip hand when the teams take the field.

Peonies and Pioneers Make Faribault Famous

Riot of Gorgeous Color Greets June Visitor

By LOUISE W. MEARS

Peony Marie Crousse.

TRULY many towns, like many people, are quite unaware of their personal charm. It falls to someone, a friend or a stranger, to bring to notice their attractiveness and proclaim that which modesty or indifference has withheld. A traveler coming to Faribault, Minnesota, in June when the peonies are in bloom, exclaims, "Why hasn't everybody heard of Faribault peonies? Why not *Faribault peonies,* and why always Pasadena posies and Miami magnolias?"

How many people, even in Minnesota, know of Faribault as the home of the Brand peony, that captures the prizes at the flower shows, that is shipped to distant parts of the world, and commands for a single root a price sometimes written in three figures. Will the fame of the tulips of Holland not be repeated here? The glory and the fragrance of the red, pink and white peony fields in June offer a theme worthy of elaborate publicity.

The peony is the epitome of Minnesota, and particularly Faribault, skies and soil. Its beauty is not the product of irrigation on the reclaimed desert, or of the imported fertilizer on sterile soil. Its glory flaunts the song, "I am a product of all I survey. My right there is none can dispute. I am a child of cold winters and cool summers. My blood is red."

In the muck, where water-loving willows mingle with the flowers, the iris thrives in a hundred varieties. You would not marvel at the statement that a hundred varieties of iris may be seen at the Royal Kew Botanical Gardens, perhaps, but are you ready to yield your credulity to the *Faribault* nursery?

Faribault is an old town. But its history still lies near the surface, like outcrops of gold in the mountains, and seems fairly to beckon and plead for a historian. The oldest house still stands, erected by Alexander Faribault, the founder of the town, in 1853. Born of French parentage in Prairie du Chien, he established a trading post at the foot of Cannon Lake in 1826. Edward Eggleston, of Hoosier schoolmaster fame, was in Faribault as early as 1855 taking pictures, and here secured the tragedy for his novel, "The Mystery of Metropolisville."

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway reached Faribault in 1865. Then came the Chicago Great Western, followed by the Burlington and Rock Island railways. Faribault was the home of the railroad contractors, the Grant brothers, who are credited with having built more miles of railway than any other firm or individual in the United States (1901).

A cathedral of surpassing beauty, built of limestone from Faribault quarries, speaks of that epoch in church history when the young Bishop Whipple chose Faribault as the See City, in 1860. The inscription on the bell tower reads:

"This tower is the thanksgiving of many people for Henry Benjamin Whipple, first bishop of Minnesota, and is the symbol before men of the supreme value of a righteous man."

The biography of Bishop Whipple is the missionary history of the Northwest, recorded in landmarks of Episcopal schools, Indian chapels and missions. He loved the Indians with an intense love. When the government gathered all the Chippewas at White Earth, Minnesota, his visits to them in the summer were among the happiest occasions in his life and theirs.

Here are further evidences of historical interest in Faribault—an active French community, an Irish settlement, German pioneers in predominating numbers, each nationality unified by a church center and a parochial school. French and German may be heard on the streets and in the pulpit. These facts are somewhat remarkable, since Faribault is smaller than the average American city where national groups have survived the unifying influences. The hills and dales, and the Cannon and Straight rivers flowing through the town, provide commanding locations for institutions and sheltered sites for modest cottages. And Faribault is veritably a home for institutions. On the high land, east of the Straight River, are the state institutions for the blind, the deaf and the feeble-minded, where the afflicted may have at least all that nature has to offer in healthful, beautiful surroundings.

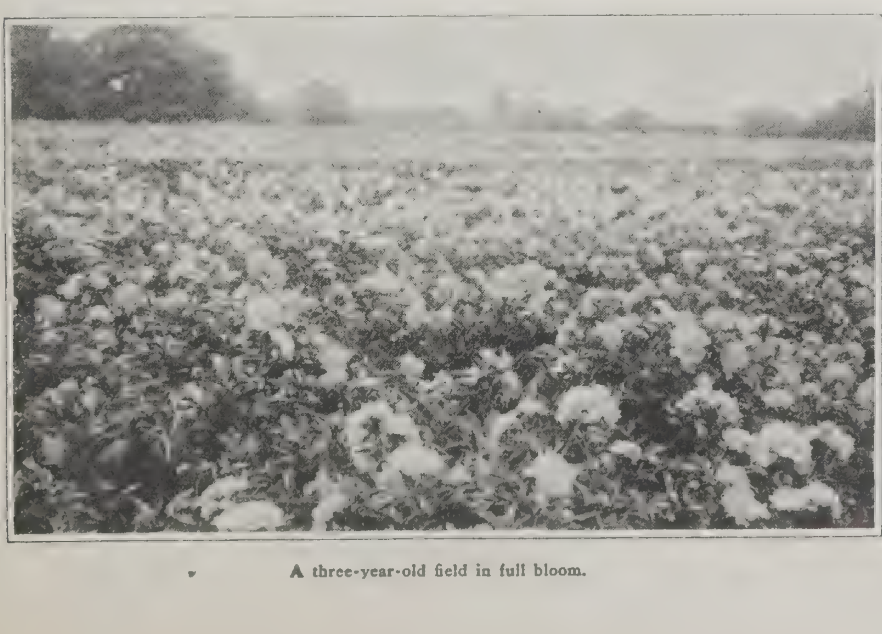
Partial view of the Brand Peony Farms taken from the air.

In the hardwood forests that crown the bluffs are located Shattuck Military Academy, St. James Preparatory School for Shattuck, Seabury Divinity School, and St. Mary's School for Girls, all institutions either founded or fostered by the noted Episcopal Bishop Whipple. With this background of religious history, there now has sprung up a summer school for religious workers, now in its second year, where a study of "Religious Drama and Pageantry" closes with an outdoor pageant.

In spite of its varied institutions and nationalities. Faribault, a thriving little city of 11,000, is far from being the scene of confusion. The peacefulness of the landscape in June suggests a pastoral painting rather than a market scene. Business does not flaunt itself upon glaring billboards. It does not need to, for it is in the hands of pioneers whose names guarantee their product. There is a well-established, prosperous shoe factory, a woolen mill, creamery and cannery, flour mill and furniture factory. St. Paul is fifty-two miles away to the north.

And within walking distance of the town ten charming lakes may be reached, lying in pockets between the rounded glacial hills, where the fishermen are the townspeople and where neighbors get together. If fishing were good for nothing else than to keep alive the old-fashioned state of mind, now popularly known as the community spirit, it would still be worth while to re-stock the waters. But the fish are very good to eat and furnish a pretext for many hours of sitting in a boat or leaning expectantly over a bridge-railing. Industrial unrest and labor troubles are not easily fostered in a community where every man at his own pleasure may fish in a silver lake, and grub in his own vegetable garden, and cultivate his own peony bush if it be his heart's desire.

Although the peony has rivals in our Southern states and in California, it is *the* flower for the northern part of the United States and the southern part of Canada. Here it is unequaled for furnishing masses of color for landscape effects. No flower excels it for interior decoration. It is also unequaled as a cut flower when beauty of the individual bloom is the chief consideration.



A three-year-old field in full bloom.

Three-year-old field of the famous French peony, Mons Jules Elie.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

John Bryan, of Riverside, Ohio, swore that the great trees which forested his estate of 500 acres should never fall the victim of man's greed for money. To make certain of this he had his trees heavily rifted with spikes that would bring grief to the best steel saw.

Of the 54,421,832 citizens entitled to the vote in 1920, only 26,786,753 voted.

Out of every consumer dollar paid for meat in successful retail markets, seventy-six cents goes to the packer or wholesaler; nineteen cents goes for dealer's expenses; and five cents represents the dealer's profit.

Izaak Walton's cottage at Shallowford, near Stafford, England, has been restored and is now open to the public.

Fridtjof Nansen gives it as his opinion that the inhabited parts of the Greenland coast by right belong to neither Norway nor Denmark, but to the Eskimos, and that their well-being should be the first consideration. He declares that perhaps it would be best for foreigners to stay away and let the Eskimos live in peace.

An excellent and valuable pulpwood is being made from the ailanthus tree, known to the Chinese as the "tree of heaven," and imported from China into Pennsylvania and New York, where it is rapidly becoming a weed.

Auctioning off an army base at Port Newark, New Jersey, recently, the government could only get one bid—$3,500,000—from a man who declined to make known his name.

In the recent Italian election Mussolini polled 4,600,000 votes to 2,500,000 votes recorded for all other groups combined, and 379 Fascisti have been elected to the Italian Chamber against 160 members of non-Fascisti parties.

In the rural sections of America—notably the East and South—the average age of the physicians ranges from fifty years upward, while almost no young men are coming in to take the places of those who are passing away.

"Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government, and to entertain a brotherly affection and love one for another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large."—Part of Washington's prayer for the United States.

The vagrant children in Moscow and its suburbs number about fifty thousand, according to the *Pravda*.

A memorial window designed especially in honor of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, will soon be placed in a wall on the sunny side of "The Little Church Around the Corner" in New York City.

In 1922 forest fires destroyed the equivalent of a ten-mile strip extending from New York City to Denver.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

BINDERS

Readers who desire to save their copies of The Dearborn Independent can now obtain a specially constructed cloth covered post binder. This binder is very practical, holds 52 issues and permits immediate reference to or removal of any copy without disturbing any other issues. Price $2 each delivered. Remittance must accompany orders.

Iceland has decided to return to the primitive life. In an effort to improve the value of the Icelandic crown it has decided to prohibit the importation of ready-made clothing, shoes, bread, butter, margarine, cheese, salt, fruits, leather and in fact nearly everything manufactured by civilized man.

The blue whale sometimes attains ninety feet in length and 140,000 pounds in weight.

Roman messengers, speeding to the ends of the empire, changed tired horses for fresh at relay stations on the roads to Britain, Gaul, Germania, and Spain. These stations were called "posta," from which term we get "postal," "postage" and "post office."

The poet laureate of England gets a yearly salary of $360.

The new Russian Soviet Navy flag has a red field with a white circle in the center, from which radiate eight white rays, two perpendicular, two horizontal, four diagonal. Inside the circle is a large five-pointed red star upon which is emblazoned a hammer and sickle in white.

Lunch is served every Friday noon at 44 John Street, New York City, the oldest Methodist church in America, for the convenience of the 800 business men and women who attend the noonday service.

The Japanese Government has appropriated $1,000,000 "to establish a system of peasant proprietors," according to the newspaper *Hochi*. It is proposed to loan this money in parcels of $2,000 to farmers on a thirty years' amortization basis.

A Czech engineer has invented a glass that may be blown into a hollow sphere and kicked about like a football, molded into a tumbler, heated to the point where pieces of paper in the tumbler are charred, plunged into cold water and still not break.

Our annual freight bill on lumber is $250,000,000.

The Eskimos prefer the wolverine fur, which is said to be the only fur that will not frost when breathed upon.

The Kingdom of the Netherlands, one time lenders to the whole world, recently concluded negotiations with an American banking syndicate for a $40,000,000 loan—its first external borrowing on a dollar basis.

When the water temperature is below thirty-two degrees, sodium sulphate is surrendered in large quantities on Great Salt Lake. A harvesting, desiccating, and refining plant has been established and the company operating keeps in touch with the weather bureau which governs the output according to information received.

The R. N. W. M. P., heretofore known as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, are now known as the R. C. M. P.—Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

"The Latin-American jingo is he who tries to stampede the people of the Southern Republics with horrendous tales of imperialistic design on the part of the United States. Those of us who have investigated the subject are supremely confident that the United States entertains no such design, but that paz, commercio, y amistad (peace, commerce and amity), are the guiding stars of this country in its relationships with ours."—*Señor Manuel Giron,* former official of Guatemala.

Alois Lang, of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, who ranks among the foremost of America's wood carvers, is working on a block of oak taken from the timbers of York Cathedral in England, which was built 900 years ago. He is making beautiful panels to be placed in the sanctuary and chancel of St. Paul's Cathedral in Los Angeles. Records in England show that the oak timbers were given by William the Conqueror to Bishop Walkelin during whose episcopate the edifice was erected.

More than a quarter of a million letters are expected to be carried each trip on the weekly Spain-Argentina air line service to be inaugurated soon. Each trip will average three or three and a half days as against a fortnight by water.

Within a year the dry navy will be augmented by twenty destroyers, two mine sweepers, 223 seventy-five-foot cabin boats capable of eighteen knots an hour and one hundred thirty-six-foot speed boats.

A newspaper 144 years old has been found among some possessions inherited from his ancestors by an Orange County, New York; man. The paper is the New York *Packet and Advertiser* bearing the date of October 14, 1779. It was printed in Fishkill, New York, during the Revolutionary War.

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How the World Was Mapped

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

Inadequate Salaries of Federal Judges

The Spanish Mussolini's Stormy Path

How "Belgian Hare" Swindle Is Worked

"My Old Kentucky Home" and Its Writer

How Ancients Essayed the Art of Flying

Calvin Coolidge—a Character Sketch

By A. R. PINCI

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Inadequate Salaries of Our Federal Judges

The American Eagle and Its Chicken-Coop Accommodations

By E. L. M'COLGIN

> "Render the judiciary respectable by every possible means, to wit: firm tenure in office, competent salaries, and reductions of their numbers.
>
> "Men of high learning and abilities are few in every country; and by taking in those who are not so, the able parts of the body have their hands tied by the unable.
>
> "This branch of the government will have the weight of the conflict on their hands because they will be the last appeal to reason." —*Thomas Jefferson*

IT IS singular that those who always express concern about the present or future quality of the federal bench, should ignore such a common-sense requisite as the *competent salaries* insisted upon by Jefferson.

The United States is the stingiest employer of incorruptible judicial talent, although we boast of being the richest nation.

However, the situation arising out of this unworthy parsimony involves more than our pride and self-respect. It involves nothing less than the continued possibility of obtaining men big enough for these very responsible posts.

The proposal now before Congress to pay federal district judges the same as the state judges in their respective districts with a minimum of thirteen thousand dollars, and also suitable adjustments of the circuit judges' pay, suggests the value of a comparison of our judicial salaries with those of the British Empire.

A Few Comparisons

OUR legal and judicial institutions are derived from England, but we have not safeguarded the position of Judges as the British Commonwealth has done it.

(a) The six Lords of Appeal in Ordinary of the House of Lords each receive six thousand pounds a year, about $30,000. The Master of the Rolls who heads the Court of Appeals receives the same amount and the five Lord Justices of this court each receive five thousand pounds, or about $25,000. These two courts correspond to our Supreme Court.

The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court is paid $15,000 and the Associate Justices each receive $14,500.

The comparatively low salaries of the Supreme Court are not all of its enforced economy. The justices are not even provided with chambers in which to ponder briefs and prepare their opinions. This momentous work has to be done in their private houses.

(b) The British High Court of Justice corresponds to our Federal Circuit Court of Appeals. It is presided over by the Lord High Chancellor, who receives six thousand pounds a year for this service and also four thousand pounds for sitting on the Woolsack as the Speaker of the House of Lords, or about $50,000 in all. The six Justices of this Court each receive five thousand pounds a year, or about $25,000.

While the term of English judges is for life, the Lord High Chancellor goes out with his political party and is pensioned five thousand pounds ($25,000) a year for life as compensation for certain restrictions which his having held official office has placed upon his private law practice.

The Circuit Judges of our Federal Courts of Appeals, whose decisions are final in many causes, each receive $8,500 a year.

(c) The Kings Bench Division is the parallel of our Federal District Courts. The justices each receive five thousand pounds a year and their work is directed by the Lord Chief Justice of the court, who is paid eight thousand pounds (about $25,000 and $40,000 respectively).

The district judges of our Federal courts each receive $7,500 a year. A controlling reason for Congress fixing at this figure the salaries of these judges, who make up the bulk of the federal judiciary, was the unwillingness of some Congressman to pay any federal employe more than they themselves receive.

In the debates upon the last increase a member declared amid applause: "It is preposterous, this idea of running up the salary of a federal judge to ten thousand dollars when members of Congress and Senators, who have succeeded Webster and Clay, receive only $7,500."

What Webster Thought

WEBSTER had a higher opinion of the federal courts when he summed up his famous speech by exclaiming: "Here is a law (the Constitution) which is declared to be supreme and here is a power established which is to interpret that law."

The Scotch and Scotch-Irish are esteemed as frugal people, yet they pay their judges much more than ours receive.

The Lord Justice General of Scotland is paid five thousand pounds and his three Associate Justices of the Inner House each receive thirty-six hundred pounds a year. The Lord Justice Clerk of the Second Division is paid forty-eight hundred pounds and the three justices each thirty-six hundred pounds. The five Justices of the Outer House each receive thirty-six hundred pounds. These correspond to our Supreme, Circuit and District Federal Courts, respectively.

Ulster or Northern Ireland pays her Lord Chief Justice five thousand pounds, two Associate Justices four thousand pounds and two others thirty-five hundred pounds each.

The Dominion of Canada pays its judges of the rank of our District Federal judges $9,000 a year, twenty per cent more than the Yankees, although Canada is not as wealthy as the States.

The judges of India who correspond to our District Federal judges, are paid forty-eight thousand rupees a year, roughly $24,000.

The Malay States and the Straits Settlements pay them $14,400.

Bryce's Picture of the Judiciary

AUSTRALIA pays its Chief Justice $17,500 and his associates $15.000 each. The judges akin to our Circuit and District Federal judges receive from $13,000 in New South Wales to $8,500 in Western Australia.

The Dominion of New Zealand pays $10,000.

South Africa pays its Judges of Appeal $16,250 each. Its judges who render the service of our District Federal Judges are paid $11,250 each and their presiding judges in the Cape of Good Hope and the Eastern Districts each receive $12,500 and in the Transvaal $15,000.

The American Bar Association is going to visit London this summer. It is not likely that many federal judges will be able to afford this pilgrimage to the shrines of Blackstone and Coke. While the American lawyers are being officially received in Westminster Hall, the ancient seat of British judicature, they will doubtless recall James Bryce's picture of the judiciary with whom they are becoming acquainted:

> "For some centuries Englishmen have associated the ideas of power, dignity and intellectual eminence with the judicial office; while a tradition shorter, no doubt, but still of respectable length, has made them regard it as incorruptible. The judges are among the great permanent officials of the state. They enjoy large incomes and great social respect.
>
> "When they traverse the country on their circuits they are received by the High Sheriffs of each county with the ceremonious pomp of the Middle Ages and followed hither and thither by admiring crowds. Even the bar treats them with more respect than is commonly shown by the clergy to the bishops."

While no one desires to overindulge our federal judges, it is unworthy of this republic that while on circuit they have to live in cheap hotels or rooming houses, since neither their salaries nor travel allowance enable them to obtain first-class accommodations, with luxury omitted. The American eagle has to use a chicken coop.

The Duties of a Federal Judge

FEDERAL Judges in New York State are showing a tendency to quit Uncle Sam and accept places upon the state bench, since it is impossible for many of them to live properly in the metropolis upon their pay.

New York pays its so-called Supreme Court judges who correspond to circuit or common pleas judges elsewhere $17,500 in New York City and $14,000 up-state, with a fourteen-year term.

The Cook County or Chicago circuit judges are paid $12,000 and the Vice Chancellors in New Jersey also receive the same. Common Pleas judges in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are paid $11,000, and $12,000 in Dauphin County, where Commonwealth causes are also tried. In counties from 140,000 to 500,000 population the pay is from $8,000 to $8,500.

Justice Day, of the Supreme Court, who recently died, was the size of man the federal courts need. He was a notable district judge, and also a Spanish War peace commissioner. His father had been chief justice of Ohio and his son had also gone on the bench. However, this son has deemed it expedient to leave the bench to give his family the benefit of the excellent income he at once commanded at the bar.

Our Federal judges have jurisdiction in bankruptcy and this often involves their supervision of the reorganization of railroad systems and great industries where hundreds of millions of dollars are involved. They handle patent causes dealing with the basic features of our industrial system, and also income tax causes of national significance. The public lands and resources are protected by these courts. They try admiralty or maritime causes and also diplomatic and consular questions where momentous decisions as to international relations are made.

The above work is in addition to their criminal jurisdiction where they punish mail and bank robbers, counterfeiters, smugglers, box car thieves, narcotic drug vendors, white slavers, bootleggers and many other offenders.

A federal judge dealing with a great commercial cause can frequently detect long before anyone else opportunities for speculation that would make him or his friends millionaires. While we have never had a Supreme Court justice accused of corruption and but one lower judge impeached, the poorest man in the street will recognize the vital necessity of having none but judges who are at once remarkably keen and able as well as incapable of even considering misuse of their high, but poorly paid office.

The lawyers who try these million-dollar causes before the district federal courts are frequently awarded fees of twenty-five, fifty or one hundred thousand dollars or more by judges who have toiled on the bench and in their chambers for sometimes more than a year, that a proper decision might be reached.

It is not generally known that President Harding encountered all sorts of difficulties in obtaining men to fill the twenty-four new district judgeships created to cope with the volume of new business thrust upon the federal courts. It is said by well-informed men that he was unable to get in every case men who measured up to the past standards.

One could also mention several distinguished federal judges who have resigned and been succeeded by mediocre men. One can't blame the Presidents for these appointments. A great, rich country can't expect brilliant men to undergo mean living to serve it. Of course in remote sections fairly good men welcome the appointments, but in decreasing numbers there.

"Tried Before the Judge"

THE specious argument: "We have always had many candidates for the vacancies," ignores the high traditions and tremendous responsibilities of the posts, some of them want to put on the same patronage level as postmasterships. The life tenure doubtless makes the jobs seem a snug harbor to the political lawyer without a clientele, but from such afflictions, Good Lord, deliver the Nation!

It is especially important that the district federal judges be the finest type of trial magistrates. Very few can afford to appeal causes from the trial court and unless they are handled competently there, wrongs will go unredressed.

The district Federal judges are about the only trial judges in America who really try causes. State constitutions, legislatures and bar associations have made their judges mere *umpires* who try to see that the opposing lawyers observe the rules. His Honor is governed by the maxim "Observe the practice of the oyster and be dumb." In State courts cases are "tried before the judge"; in Federal courts the judges try the case.

The judges, and not the lawyers, rule the Federal courts. Federal courts are not easily "jockied." Very rarely is there even the suspicion of a Federal judge doing "favors" for political or other reasons.

It is common talk in the underworld that a rogue need not waste money upon high-priced, unscrupulous lawyers if he is going to be tried before such Federal judges as Judge Anderson, of Indianapolis, or Judge Killits, of Toledo, or several others.

Men acquainted with our best district federal courts are replete with stories of how their judges have prevented lawyers from fleecing clients or imposing upon the court and jury. Perjury, jury fixing and political influence are all perilous matters in these courts, which is the reason for the unpopularity of these courts with lawyers who have been accustomed to regarding courts as appendages to the practice of law instead of public instruments of Justice.

It is notorious that before Judge Killits had been sent to Fort Worth, the Texas legal machinery had not punished those responsible for the oil stock frauds.

The Attitude af the Alien

ONE of the scandals associated with the misadventures of Governor McCray, of Indiana, was the failure of the state courts to convict him, leaving it to the federal court, as Judge Anderson remarked in passing sentence. The officers of the Dollings companies of Ohio, who sold seventy-five millions of worthless stocks, had to be fittingly punished in the Federal courts. It is but natural that a certain type of lawyer dislikes good federal judges.

The earlier immigration to this country brought people acquainted with the only incorruptible judiciary in the world aside from our own. Not so the bulk of the thirty millions of recent arrivals, most of whom are still unassimilated.

The bench of Spain and Portugal, Italy, Austria, the Balkans and Russia, on the authority of Lord Bryce, has always been more or less open to corruption. This has bred into our latter-day immigration the notion that all judges can be reached. Some elected state and city judges have unfortunately tended to confirm this Old-World viewpoint. *Federal judges say that the most persistent attempts to influence them come from this class.*

The Spanish Mussolini and His Troubles

How General Primo de Rivera Finds His Path Different and More Difficult Than That of His Brother Dictator in Italy

By H. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

THE way of the dictator is hard. It is so chiefly because there is, for the man who travels that way, no turning back. Unless he is big enough, when the work he has set himself to do has been done, to retire, like Cincinnatus, to his farm, he must go on buttressing up his citadel of power with ever more pronounced acts of autocracy. Moreover, when the first work of joyful pulling down is over, there comes the inevitable demand for a building up. For the first few weeks and months, the people rejoice in the activity and change they see all around them, and are willing to take promissory notes for future reforms and betterment. Later on, they may be willing to renew these notes—more than once. But sooner or later, they grow tired of so much hope deferred; elements of opposition, silenced at first, begin to be heard; and, to change the simile, in spite of all the efforts of the dictator to add to the height and strength of the dam, the water rises steadily behind it.

A Man of Seventy-two Titles

THE trouble with General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator, that patient, painstaking grandee of Spain, the man of seventy-two titles and many more decorations, is that he is not really of the stuff that dictators are made of. True, he is robust and insistent, and accustomed to be obeyed. But he lacks entirely that originality, that personal magnetism, that imperious determination to have his own way in his own way, which caused Mr. Mussolini's meteoric rise to power and enables him to retain that power far beyond the term allotted to him by some of the most astute observers in Europe.

The fact is that the Spanish dictator is an imitation. He makes no effort to conceal it. On the contrary, he rather glories in it. His great hero is Mussolini. And so when, a short time ago, a Portuguese writer, Homen Cristo, wrote a book entitled "Mussolini: The Builder of the Future," he conceived the brilliant idea of inviting General Primo de Rivera to write a preface to it. The general complied with alacrity, and in true Spanish style unfolded his worship. He admires Mussolini as "a master of energy and patriotism," and pays tribute to him as a true democrat. He tells of how, on his recent visit with the king and queen of Spain to Rome, his eyes sought out the eyes of Mussolini on the station platform, and of how, on his departure, he realized that, as far as the Italian dictator and all his greatness were concerned, the half had not been told him. The king of Spain presented General Primo de Rivera to the king of Italy with the words, "Here is my Mussolini!" Did the general resent the suggestion of a second place? Nothing was further from his thought, and his parting from Benito Mussolini was, in his own words, not a mere matter of handshaking, but of heart-to-heart embrace.

Solving the Moroccan Problem

THE Spanish dictator has never been ashamed to have it said that he was something of a copyist. His great trouble is that there is a limit, quickly reached, to the effectiveness of imitative tactics. The Italian people are not the Spanish people, neither are the Italian problems Spanish problems. General Primo de Rivera might establish military control throughout the country, as did Mr. Mussolini, might purge the government offices and government railways of superfluous officials, might insist on work being done for salaries paid, might deal drastically with the Socialists, might muzzle the press—in all these matters Mussolini had shown the way. But when it came to a distinctly Spanish question, such as the solving of the Moroccan problem, for instance, the rock upon which so many Spanish statesmen have come to grief, there was for him no word of helpfulness out of Rome. The greatest of all the problems laid upon him for solution, General Primo de Rivera has to solve alone.

At first, of course, it was all very simple. The solution of the Moroccan problem was to be one of the first acts of the new directory. The Spanish people might depend upon it that it would be done. There would be no more vast expenditures, no more troop trains, no more disasters. The Spanish people joyfully acquiesced. Morocco had been with them so long, and opinion upon it had been so divided, that they welcomed anyone who told them, with an air of confidence, that the problem was about to be solved.

For a time, they really believed that it was being solved. There was no word from Morocco. The scare headlines were conspicuous in the papers by their absence, and at first the readers of these papers did not notice that many other accustomed things were equally conspicuous for the same reason. After a time, however, they began to realize that the Moroccan problem, like many other problems, was being solved by a system of press censorship. Strange rumors of the most disturbing kind began to find currency. Vague stories of disaster in Morocco every now and again filled the air. Then came the foreign newspapers. The suppression of all authentic information had opened the door wide for the exploitation in the foreign press of all manner of exaggerations. And Madrid woke up one morning to find the atmosphere charged with disaster, and men excitedly discussing the stories which had reached the capital through foreign newspapers of nothing less than a debacle at Melilla.

(C) Keystone

King Alfonso of Spain and his self-elected premier, Primo de Rivera, are seen in an amiable discussion on the palace grounds in Madrid. Both men seem to be well satisfied with the way things are running, and we wouldn't be surprised if the king is secretly delighted that he was allowed to keep his head and throne.

Hastily the dictator, realizing his blunder, sought to remedy it. The directory issued a calming statement in regard to Morocco, the long and the short of which was that, while there was no really serious disaster, Morocco was still the same old Morocco, the same old bottomless pit for Spanish treasure and Spanish manhood that it always had been in the corrupt days before the advent of the directory.

A Reversal of Public Sentiment

AND so the Spanish Mussolini, in dealing with the first great problem in the solution of which he could expect no help from Rome, had failed rather ignominiously. Hitherto he had been successful, and nothing had succeeded like success. Now he had failed, and it quickly became apparent that the movement was to be reversed. Those who had suffered most from the rigors of suppression, began to take heart of grace.

Today, this movement is in full swing. There is, for instance, that incorrigible cartoonist, Luis Bagaria, with his uncanny ability always to keep well within the law even of an autocratic directory. Day after day, there appear in *El Sol* the most elusive, yet unmistakable cartoons. Not a word is said of disrespect to the powers that be. Not a single explanation is offered. Every cartoon appears under the protection of that ancient saying, "Where the cap fits, there let it rest."

The trouble is, of course, that, in spite of their early appreciation of the vigor of his methods, the Spanish people are more and more siding with the Luis Bagarias against the dictator. Deprived of so many things, so much wonderful political writing, which previously constituted the sole interest of the Spanish press, they look eagerly forward from day to day to this unequal contest between the rapier-like thrust of Bagaria and the bludgeon defense of De Rivera. Thus, some little while ago, the writer, Don Jacinto Benavente, announced in the course of an article, somewhat sententiously, that the blame always rests with the governed and not with the governing. Immediately Bagaria seized upon the idea, and next morning all Madrid was laughing consumedly, if silently, over the picture of the much enduring Spanish people in the form of a workman questioning Benavente on the matter. "But, Don Jacinto, I don't understand," he remarks wretchedly, "if the people get the government they deserve, what was the use of the revolution?" So, without uttering a word, does Bagaria "speak disrespectfully of dignitaries."

Astute King Alfonso

AND then, of course, there is the king. Again and again in his long reign Alfonso has shown himself endowed with a peculiarly sound political sense. Ministries have come and gone—their memories strew the records of his reign, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. But the king has advanced literally from strength to strength in favor of his people. He has a way with him, a way of making friends out of enemies and good Royalists out of stout Republicans which has repeatedly upset the calculations of such students of contemporary history as were inclined to leave him out of account. He makes his decisions quickly and acts decisively.

And so when General Primo de Rivera, in the early days of last September, carried out his *coup d'état*, and seized the reins of government, Alfonso hurried to Madrid. And lo, when the king descended from the royal train, he was clad in the uniform of a Spanish general. All the opponents of De Rivera and of the military junta behind him threw up their hands. De Rivera had obviously won. Like his brother in Italy, Alfonso accepted the situation, and hailed his Mussolini because he saw that, for the time being, it was the will of the people.

But Alfonso is keeping a close watch on the will of the people, and the struggle between Bagaria and his Mussolini does not escape him. His ears are quick to hear "the silent applause," and his eyes quick to know the ways of the political winds. And Spain, as it has done so frequently in the past, is beginning to turn to him, to look for him to act in his own peculiar way. How does he really view the somewhat blundering stride with which his Mussolini is marching forward to ever more drastic re-insurances of power? How is he viewing the wholesale silencing of recalcitrant college professors? What does he think of the banishment of Don Miguel Unanumo, the venerable president of Salamanca University, to the Canary Islands, and so on?

His Majesty Signs His Name

WELL, there is a story going the rounds of Madrid today which is here very much to the point. It is to the effect that one day General Primo de Rivera appeared before Alfonso with a lengthy list of people who were under suspicion of not being too well disposed toward the directory. General de Rivera advised their banishment. Would His Majesty look through the list and give him his views on the matter? Well, His Majesty did. After some moments of grim scrutiny—so the story goes—he turned to his Mussolini and remarked calmly, "General, you have omitted one name and I am going to add it." He wrote rapidly and handed the list back to the general. There was a moment's terrible silence, and then a sound of hastily torn paper, and the general, in some confusion, was taking his leave. The story has it that the name which the king had added was—Alfonso.

It is just here, of course, where the Spanish Mussolini has a more difficult task than his Italian brother. Alfonso is a power to be reckoned with, whereas Emmanuel is not, or at any rate he is not a power to anything like the same extent. When Bagaria and Morocco have done their work, the sword of Alfonso thrown into the scale may well turn the balance, and the seat of the Spanish Mussolini may know him again no more.

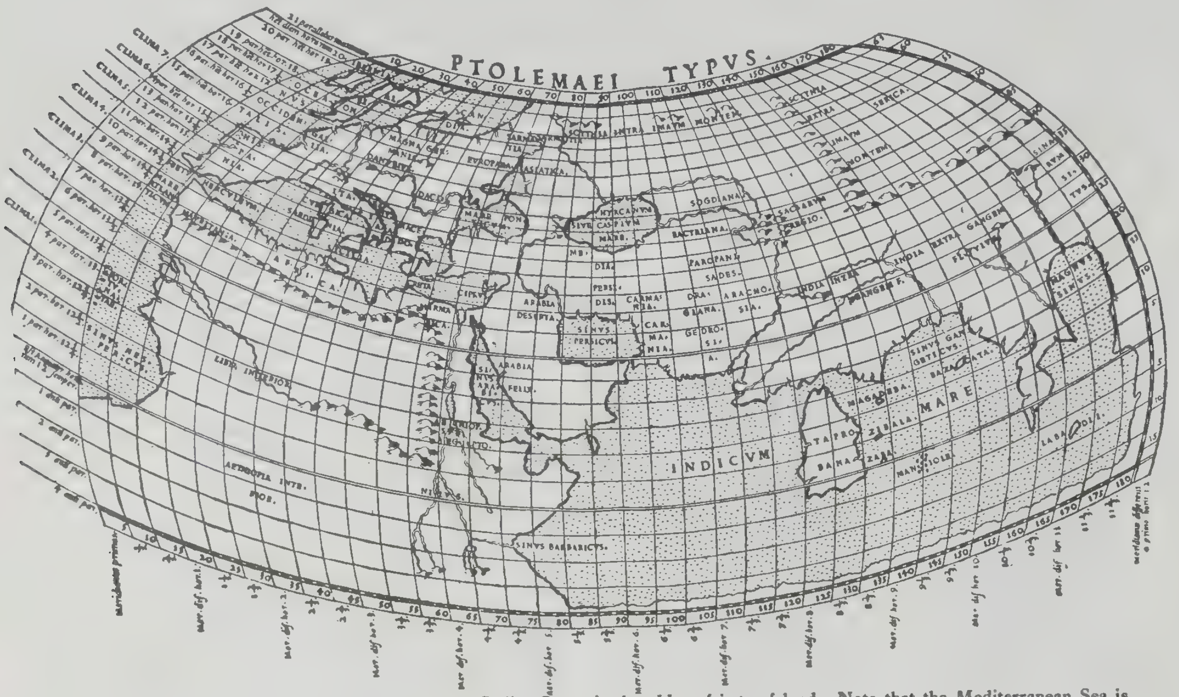
The Evolution of the Map of the World

Errors in Early Maps Lead to the Discovery of America

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE earth as seen from any high elevation appears to be a flat, circular disk. So we know it to be today and so it seemed to primitive man five thousand years ago. In the earliest representations, the earth appears as such a circular disk and this form continued to appear until about 1000 A. D.

The first known map maker in history is the Greek writer, Anaximander, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian Era. He also introduced the sundial into Greece. Probably Anaximander had his knowledge of both maps and sundials from Babylonia. The map has always been a powerful incentive to discovery, for the unknown places on the maps stand as a constant challenge. And so it was in Greece that exploration and discovery were stimulated by Anaximander's work.



Ptolemy's map of the world, 150 A. D. Note that the Indian Ocean is closed by a fringe of land. Note that the Mediterranean Sea is sixty-five degrees east to west, whereas it really is only forty-two degrees wide.

The colonization efforts of the Greeks and the trading expeditions of the Phoenicians during many centuries before our era greatly increased the knowledge of the world. The most amazing voyage of the early period was made about 500 B. C. by Hanno, a Carthaginian. With sixty vessels carrying 30,000 persons, Hanno sailed from Carthage along the Mediterranean coasts and through the Strait of Gibraltar and southward along the coast of Africa. Here colonies were established.

A century later another Greek, Pytheas of Massilia, again sailed through the "Pillars of Hercules," as the Strait was called, and turned northward to find England. From this time (340 B. C.), England and Ireland appear upon the world map. Phoenician sailors during these centuries were exploring the Indian Ocean and extending the knowledge of the world toward the East.

In Babylon and in Greece other curious individuals began to study the movements of the stars. Who would suspect that to know where you are upon the earth you really must look into the heavens? Such is, in fact, the case, and latitude and longitude upon the earth are determined even today by observations of the heavenly bodies.

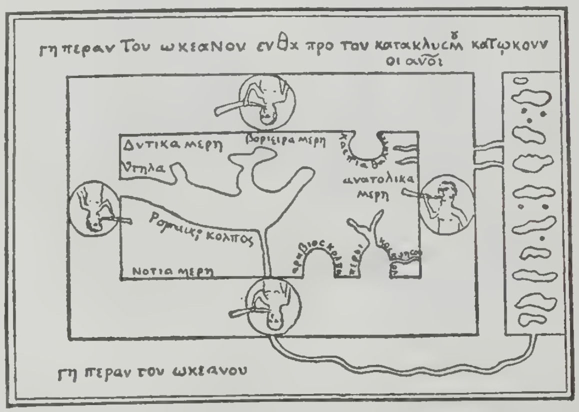
These early astronomers soon arrived at the notion that the earth is a sphere and not flat. By the use of the sundial and by using instruments for measuring angles, quite correct latitudes were early determined. The observation of the North Pole Star gives very easily the latitude of the place of the observer. The first strictly scientific geographer, Eratosthenes, c. 300 B. C., introduced latitudes and longitudes upon the map and also a system of zones. Moreover, Eratosthenes made the first serious attempt to measure the circumference of the earth and arrived at about 28,000 miles instead of 25,000 miles, a remarkably accurate measurement.

Eratosthenes learned that at the time of the summer solstice a deep well in Assouan, in Egypt, was lighted to the bottom of the well. By observing the altitude of the sun at the same time this gave the difference (1/50 of complete circle) in latitude between Alexandria, where Eratosthenes taught, and Assouan.

A thousand years later, or about 800 A. D., a group of Arabic astronomers and geographers made another attempt to measure the circumference by using the flat desert distances, but without attaining greater accuracy. After the French Revolution the ablest French astronomers measured the circumference, the meter being taken as one ten-millionth part of the quadrant of the earth, which is taken as 40,000,000 meters in circumference. However, later work has shown that this measurement was also slightly in error.

The Roman Empire contributed much to a more accurate knowledge of the world. The Romans were enthusiastic builders of paved roads, many of which are in fine condition today. This knowledge of the earth, which these roads and the Roman rule made possible, is reflected in the earliest map of the world which has come down to modern times—Ptolemy's map of the world, made about 150 A. D. This map continued in active use right up to the time of Columbus. Ptolemy's geography became the standard textbook on this subject and after the invention of printing this geography was often reprinted.

Ptolemy's map of the world was a most excellent representation of the discoveries which had been made to his day. The most northerly land is the famous and mythical island of Thule. Farthest to the west are the Fortunate Isles, now known as the Canaries, and from these Ptolemy's longitudes are measured, as this made all longitude of the known world east longitude. Probably the fact that the Mediterranean Sea has its width, the narrow part, running north and south accounts for our word "latitude" when one would naturally expect the word "longitude" to represent the length of the map, up and down. Ptolemy placed north at the top, which was not done by later Arabic geographers.



Sixth century A. D. rectangular map by Kosmos Indikoplenstas. World floating on water.

One fundamental error made by Ptolemy continued to influence later maps until long after the discovery of America and even contributed, probably, to the discovery of America. Ptolemy made the Mediterranean Sea too wide by twenty degrees and made the distance east and west across Europe and Asia together as much as forty degrees too wide. In consequence, since there are only a total of 360 degrees in the sphere, the distance from the Fortunate Isles to Asia was made narrower. Columbus expected to find Asia and even toward his death Columbus labored under the influence of the idea that he had touched a part of Asia. The fact that the distance to Asia appeared shorter than it really was, undoubtedly assisted to encourage Columbus to undertake his memorable voyage.

The second fundamental error made by Ptolemy is the representation of the Indian Ocean as a closed sea, closed both on the east and on the west by a body of land. In this land boundary on the south and on the east Ptolemy's map of the world differs from most maps in the period up to the time of Columbus. On these later maps and on Arabic maps the land surface is represented as floating upon a circular disk of water which entirely surrounds the land. During the Dark Ages and the early Middle Ages up to about 1300 A. D. the maps made in the church schools were quite crude affairs.

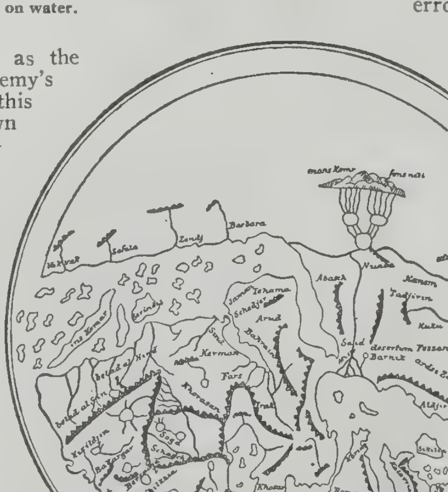
The Arabs were for many centuries the most highly civilized people of the world. In astronomy, in geography and in mathematics the Arabs led the world from about 800 A. D. until 1400 A. D. Arabic travelers covered the whole known world, penetrating to India and to China and returning home to write extended accounts of their travels. However, in the making of maps the Arabs did not display great ability, retaining the circular form and often using geometrical lines instead of true delineations. Nevertheless their accurate accounts of travel were later used by the Europeans who came into contact with the Arabic scientists in Moorish Spain and in the East during the period of the Crusades, 1100 to 1300 A. D. One of these Arabic maps is shown above, wherein the south is placed at the top, as was the Arabic custom. Possibly the Arabs became more diligent students of astronomy and geography because their religion required that in praying they should face toward Mecca. The Arabs invented or revived the use of many fine astronomical and geographical instruments, and Damascus was as famous for such instruments of peace as it was for swords and knives.

The twelfth century was one of great intellectual activity in Europe, as shown by the founding of the universities where thousands of students gathered from all over Europe. This intellectual interest was partly stimulated by the Crusades, which gave thousands of Europeans their first definite notions of other lands; travel was a strong educational force then, as it is today.

The European students came into contact with Arabic learning in Toledo and Seville in Spain and through the Arabs European navigators first learned of the compass, the magnetic needle. This application of the magnetic needle to the compass, probably originally made by the Chinese, exerted a powerful influence upon discovery and upon the making of maps. With the compass it became possible to determine more accurately directions and thus distances upon the maps. At first this discovery influenced more particularly the portulans or sea-charts used by navigators. Upon such maps of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are found the most accurate representation of distances on the Mediterranean Sea. These maps do not give latitude and longitude but only radiating lines, "rose of the winds," indicating wind directions.

The terror of the deep, of the uncharted oceans, was largely dispelled by the compass. With its aid long voyages out of sight of land became possible, as direction could be kept in the daylight by the compass as well as by the stars at night.

In the discoveries which followed the appearance of the compass, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Italians and the Arabs all played important parts. One Portuguese prince, Henry the Navigator, established about 1420 a school of navigators and began systematic exploration of the west coast of Africa. Prince Henry died in 1460 but it was the continued influence of the voyages made under his direction which made it possible for Bartholomew Diaz in 1489 to round the Cape of Good Hope, demonstrating beyond possibility of doubt Ptolemy's error in making the Indian Ocean a closed sea. A little later, but after Columbus, Vasco da Gama completed the long desired passage from Europe to India by the Cape of Good Hope. These African explorations of Prince Henry and the Portuguese played no small part in bringing about conditions which made possible the enterprise of Christopher Columbus.

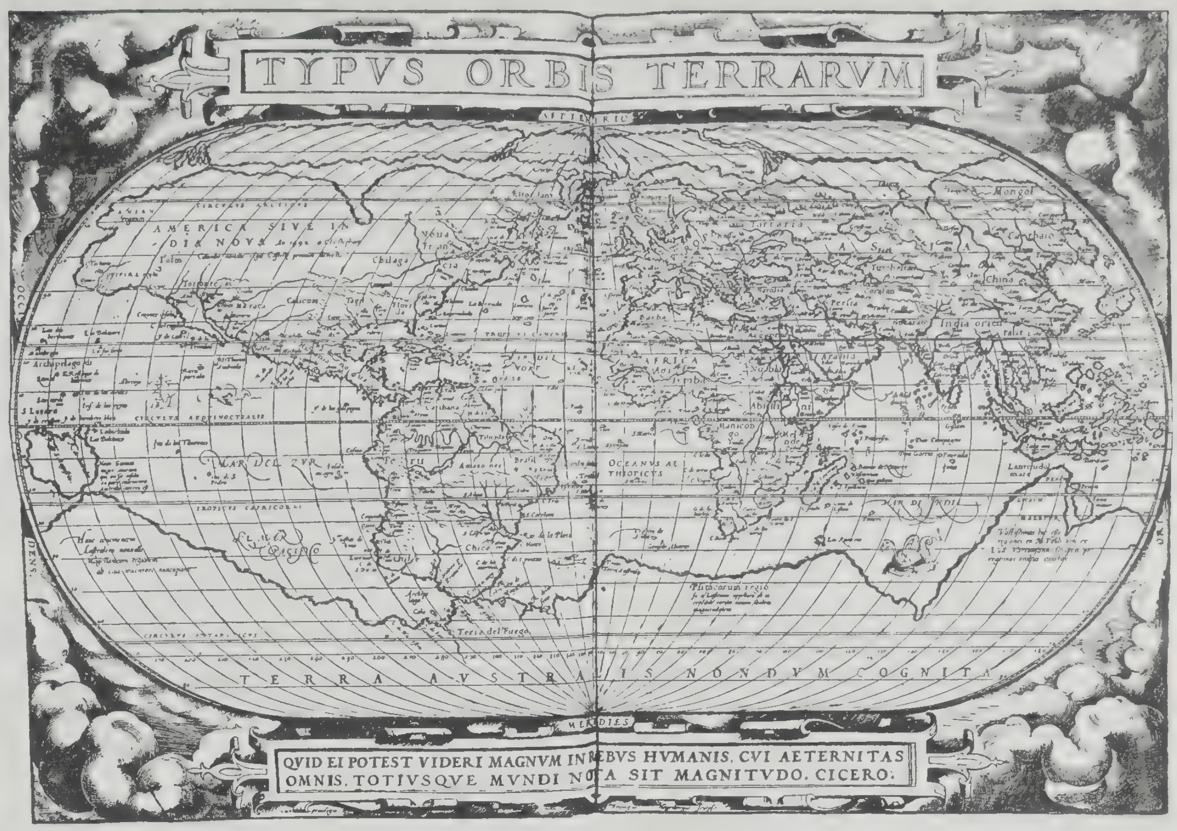


Arabic map of the world, 1154 A. D. South is at the top of the map; the sources of the River Nile are indicated. By turning the map around the outlines of Europe can easily be recognized.

The two geographers whose maps fall in the period immediately preceding Columbus are the Italian Toscanelli and the German Martin Behaim. The globe of the latter was made in the year 1492. On this globe and in the map of Toscanelli the distance from Europe across Asia, from west to east, covers 230 degrees, leaving only 130 degrees or even 125 degrees between Europe and Asia, from east toward the west across the Atlantic Ocean. In this ocean was placed Cypangu or Japan and a more or less mythical island, Antilia. These islands were regarded by Columbus as possible resting places on his projected voyage across the Atlantic.

On the memorable voyage starting August 3, 1492, Columbus had with him a map made by the Italian astronomer, Toscanelli, and undoubtedly also a map made by Columbus himself. It is reported that in the early days of his struggle to achieve recognition Columbus supported himself by making globes and maps. Be that as it may, Columbus in his days of prosperity refers more than once to maps which he himself made. Just before the great voyage Columbus said: "I intend to make a new sailing chart in which shall be depicted the entire sea and lands of the ocean, in their proper places and under their own rhumb. Also, a book containing the same, painted, with the equinoctial latitude and the western longitude." For many years after the invention of printing it was customary to decorate the printed maps with ornamental figures, colored by hand, and the maps themselves were often colored. The older sea-maps are frequently highly illuminated with gold as well as other colors. Bartholomew Columbus was more able in constructing both maps and globes than his brother Christopher, according to contemporary historians, and before 1492 Bartholomew settled in Portugal as a professional cartographer. Unfortunately no map by the great admiral or by his brother Bartholomew has been preserved. However, one map of 1513 has long been known as the admiral's map, because an inscription on the map has been interpreted by some historians to imply that Columbus had a part in the making of the map.

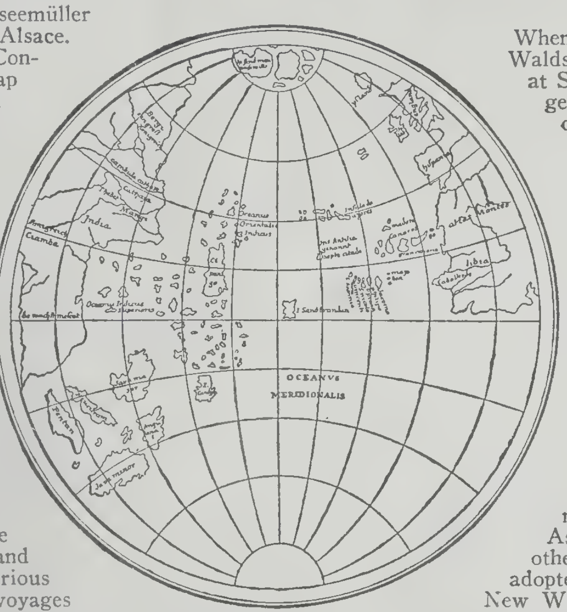
With the discovery of the New World one might expect a veritable revolution in the world map. However, such was not the case. The maps made directly after the discovery commonly represented the region of North America as containing several small islands in the open sea. Other early maps represented North America as an integral part of Asia. The passage from Europe to Asia across a northern waterway long appeared on the maps and for quite as long a period was ardently sought by Europeans, desirous of an easier way to the spices and the silks of the East than the way around Africa. Columbus himself apparently never touched the mainland of North America but only the great continental land of South America.


TYPVS ORBIS TERRARVM
QVID EI POTEST VIDERI MAGNVM IN REBVS HVMANIS, CVI AETERNITAS OMNIS, TOTIVSQVE MVNDI NOTA SIT MAGNITVDO. CICERO.
TERRA AVSTRALIS NONDVM COGNITA

Famous Dutch map of the world, by Ortelius, Amsterdam, 1570. The longitudes are still greatly in error. Note the extreme width of Northern North America. A northwest passage is indicated.

The earliest map including the New World was made by a Spanish pilot, Juan de la Cosa, in the year 1500 and is preserved in Spain. The earliest printed map including the New World came to light less than one year ago and was acquired by the British Museum. This map was made by an Italian cosmographer, Giovanni Matteo Contarini, and was printed by a famous Florentine engraver, Roselli. The year of publication, 1506, precedes by one year the first map to contain the name America, that made by Waldseemüller in the village of St. Dié in Alsace. The newly found map by Contarini, the Waldseemüller map which christened America, and the map of 1508 by Ruysch, all represent small islands in place of continental North America and all represent Asia from fifty to seventy or more degrees nearer America than it really is.

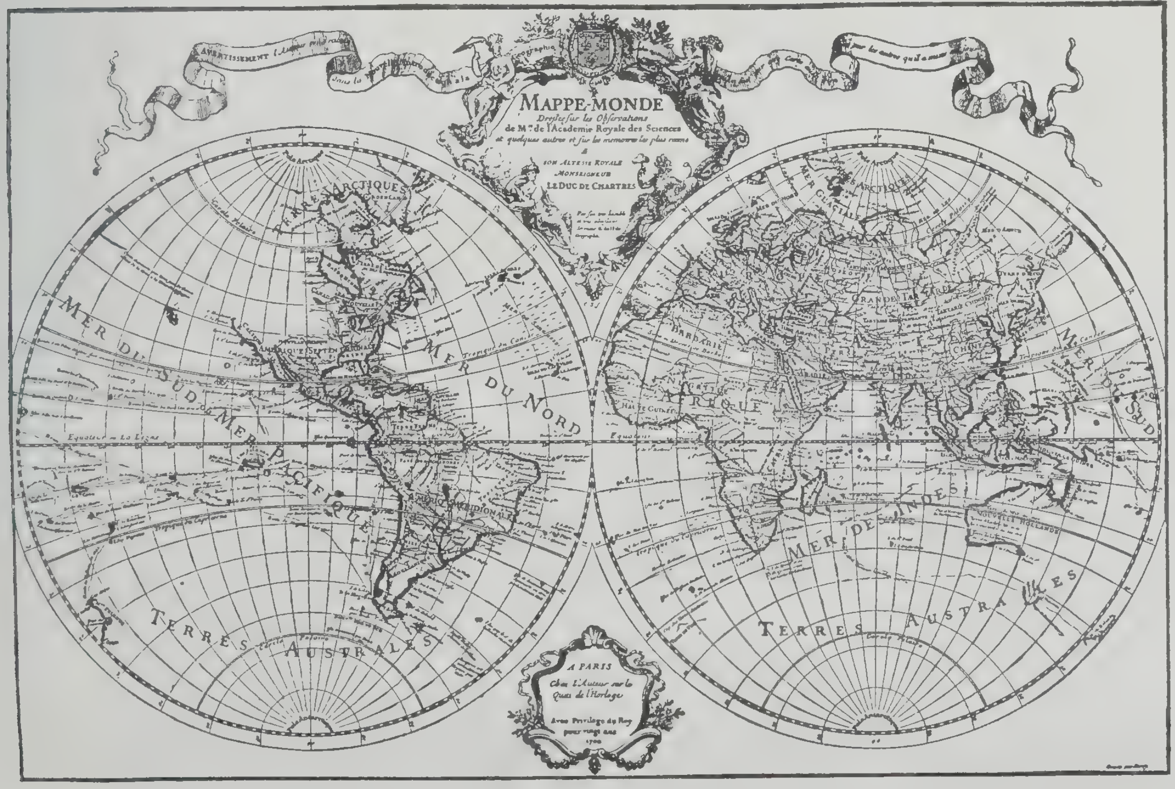
With Columbus is associated the name of that other Italian navigator whose fame was also achieved in the service of Spain, Amerigo Vespucci. His voyages to America are a subject of controversy but in any event his ability as an advertiser is not subject to the slightest dispute. Amerigo's picturesque accounts of the New World read like fiction and scholars disagree in their various estimates of the story of his voyages only as to the amount of fiction contained therein. Certain it is, however, that Vespucci made two voyages to the New World and it is probable that he was on the first Spanish ship to touch the mainland of North America. His fame as a geographer and cartographer in his own day is beyond dispute. From 1508 until his death, on February 22, 1512, Amerigo Vespucci was pilot major of Spain examining and instructing pilots in the use of the quadrant and the astrolabe, the chief nautical instruments of his day. In addition Vespucci was charged with the task of preparing a correct map of the new lands, "to be called the Royal Chart by which all pilots shall direct and govern themselves."



The Martin Behaim globe of 1492, the discovery year. Note that the distance east and west from Spain (Hispania) to Japan (Cypangu) is about eighty-five degrees; it is nearer to 200 degrees in fact.

When in 1507 Professor Martin Waldseemüller of the little college at St. Dié was preparing a small geographical work to include a discussion of the New World, Vespucci's story had made such an impression upon him, that he said, "But now a fourth part (of the world) has been discovered by Americus Vespucius . . . . wherefore I do not see what is to hinder us from calling it Amerige, or America . . . .after its discoverer." More than this, Waldseemüller and his associates prepared maps and globes depicting the New World. Upon these the name America was placed, and this name harmonized so well with Asia, Africa and Europa that other map makers approved and adopted the word America for the New World.

One copy of the first edition of the book which named America has survived and is the proud possession of the New York Public Library. One and only one copy of the 1507 map with the name America upon it has survived and was found in 1901 in the library of Prince Waldburg-Wolfegg in Würtemburg. One and only one copy of the globe made in 1507 to accompany the plane map has been preserved and is found in Vienna in the collection of Prince Liechenstein.



The De L'Iisle map of the world, Paris, 1700. Based upon the observations of several scientific expeditions. The longitudes are approximately correct and make a tremendous advance over preceding maps.

The Spanish and Portuguese navigators continued for some years to devote their energies to the southern hemisphere where there was gold. On Tuesday, September 20, 1519, Magellan sailed away to the west on the first circumnavigation of the globe. On October 21, 1520, Magellan entered the strait which still bears his name, and through this strait his fleet sailed on and on to cross the Pacific. After a series of disasters including the death of Magellan in a battle with the natives of the Philippines, the one surviving ship reached South Africa on May 9, 1522, and passed the Cape of Good Hope about a week later. On the seventh of September, 1522, eighteen of the original crews, totaling nearly three hundred, anchored near the mole of Seville, having completed the voyage which established forever the earth as a sphere. Incidentally these mariners discovered that they had lost a day in their voyage around the world.

The English and the French voyages of discovery followed close upon the Spanish and Portuguese, but their efforts were directed to the northern hemisphere. Long before Columbus it is now known that Scandinavian seamen reached first Labrador and then North America. But so far as any knowledge which was reflected upon maps is concerned, the northeast coast of America became known through the voyages of another Italian, John Cabot (or Caboto), who sailed in the service of Henry VII of England. Whether Cabot reached the St. Lawrence in 1497 is open to question, but quite probably in the second voyage, that of 1498-1499, Cabot sailed along the coast of North America from Florida to Maine. Sebastian Cabot, his son who accompanied him, was a navigator, cosmographer and cartographer. Only one of Cabot's maps made at Paris in 1544 has survived and is preserved in Paris. The important place of maps in discovery is well attested by the fact that Columbus, Vespucci, and the Cabots were all professional cartographers as well as navigators.

The recognition of the continent of North America as such was due in the first place to Verrazzano, yet another son of Italy. His voyage was made in 1524, exactly four hundred years ago, in the service of Francis I, of France. The French continued these explorations with native sons of France. In 1533 Jacques Cartier entered the St. Lawrence, marking the beginning of two hundred years of glorious French activity in the St. Lawrence Basin and the Mississippi Valley.

The discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa on September 25, 1513, marks the beginning of our knowledge of the west coast of North America. Ferdinand Cortez in 1533 discovered the Gulf of California, which appeared as a gulf upon the early maps. However, beginning in 1622 cartographers began to represent California as an island, and so it appeared upon many maps well into the eighteenth century. Alaska and the northwest coast waited for the Englishman, Captain James Cook, and his voyages of discovery in the time of the Revolutionary War. Bering sailed in 1728 through the strait which bears his name. However, long before (1566) map makers separated America from Asia by the "Straits of Anian," but the geographical basis for this is not known. The coast lines of Alaska were not known until after the voyages of James Cook.

During the period of the great discoveries the scientists of the world were actively engaged in producing more refined instruments of observation, astronomical and geographical, and finer instruments for measurement of angles and distances. The problem of accurate determination of longitude, essential for correct maps, was then unsolved and also the correct determination of the circumference of the earth. However, about 1600 the telescope was invented, probably by a Dutchman, and in 1610 Galileo Galilei announced the discovery of the moons of Jupiter. This would appear to have little to do with the earth but the moons of Jupiter have frequent eclipses and these make possible through observation of the difference in time of their occurrence the determination of difference in longitude between the places of observation. Accurate clocks or chronometers are also essential for rapid determination of longitude and these were constructed during the eighteenth century. Mechanics as well as pure scientists had a real part in solving the problems of longitude.

Not until 1700 A. D. was a fairly correct and generally accepted map of the world achieved with the old

(Concluded on page 14)

The Man Who Ate the Popomack—A Review

A Fierce Plot Fiercely Acted; Two Other Productions

By PETER SCHUYLER

IT REMAINED for Manhattan's latest cult of Free Theater experimenters, the Cherry Lane Players, with a sense of humor altogether unexpected in so serious-minded a body, to produce a play written around a stench. Mayhap, with a cynical eye and perhaps at the instigation of adherents to opposing political parties, "The Man Who Ate the Popomack" (pronounced, if you care to know, "pope-o-mack") was staged to prepare Manhattan for the forthcoming Democratic National Convention.

As may be easily deduced, the piece came over here—in the steerage no doubt—from the other side. It was written by an Englishman, W. J. Turner, and enjoyed some measure of success in London, where the fog covers a multitude of things. American drama-making genius has not yet developed to the fine state where it looks to its nose for inspiration; its progress has been arrested, as the experts on mental defectives say, by the infernal triangle and the A. H. Woods bedroom farces. Manhattan is no stranger to theater rancidity. But it has never before had the privilege of witnessing a performance which had to do with human limburger. Thus, in a sense, the Cherry Lane Players have the right to be called unusual and novel. They are Manhattan's freshest Christopher Columbuses. They have discovered a new world in which to disport themselves and entertain their admirers.

The admirers, however, are at a distinct disadvantage. The Cherry Lane Players are hard to find. Taxicab drivers as a rule know all the outlandish places. They may not be able to locate the simplest street address but they are up-to-the-minute when it comes to weird entertainment locations. No bootleg establishment, no matter how carefully disguised, can long escape their eagle eyes, yet Cherry Lane proved a problem to half a dozen postgraduate taxi brigands, to say nothing of a telephone operator, forty-two street gamins, a policeman, and numberless innocent passers-by, who were unavailingly implored for its location.

The taximeter on the cab was just about to give up the ghost in despair when the chauffeur found out that the place he was looking for was in the center of the very block around which he had been cruising for the better part of an hour. Cherry Lane is a euphemism, for it is only a Greenwich Village alley in spite of its rural connotation.

Some time in the dim past, when Manhattan was in its incipient gianthood, there may have been cherry trees in the old-fashioned gardens which fringed the village. The children of those days may have raided the orchards for luscious ox-eyed cherries. All that is over. The only cherries in Greenwich Village now are the aniline-dyed ones in surrepetitious cocktails and the riding, which is not infrequent, is done by husky gentlemen wearing Internal Revenue Service badges.

A Malodorous Story

MARINERS on the bounding main of the Free Theater put into strange ports, and the temples of the new art of the stage have histories as strange as the productions that are given in them. The Provincetown Theater was originally a barn or a garage. The Neighborhood Playhouse, in the vitals of the Grand Street ghetto, is part of a settlement-house project. But the Cherry Lane Players, with the same spirit of novelty which characterizes their present offering, put into the most bizarre harbor of all. What is now the home of "The Man Who Ate the Popomack" was formerly a sawmill. With a good deal of ingenuity it has been made into a playhouse approaching comfort. True, the space between the rows of seats offers no allurement to long-legged persons, and the walls are covered with the usual Greenwich Village wild decoration. But the seats are seats, not penitential benches like those in the Provincetown Playhouse where the new god of the drama, Eugene O'Neill, is worshipped so adoringly. And the stage settings of "The Man Who Ate the Popomack" are very well done. They exhibit none of the "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" artistry of Manhattan's theatrical experiment stations.

The story of the play, which is supposed to be a satire, concerns a youth who is engaged to marry the daughter of an English-Jewish knight. He is egged on—one might say rotten-egged on—by his prospective father-in-law to eat of a Chinese fruit called the popomack which only appears every century or two and looks like an innocent Hubbard squash. Its meat is so entrancing to the palate that, once it is tasted, the eater becomes a popomaniac and cannot rest easy unless he has popomack for breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper. Surely there is nothing wrong in that.

But the danger lies in the fact that the popomack smells so horribly that it cannot be served in company without endangering the nasal peace and comfort of everyone for miles around. It outbarrens Barren Island. It out-fertilizers the Jersey bone-dust plants. It out-stenches the Grand Central Zone slaughtering house. It is the *ne plus ultra* of malodorousness. But if one can hold the nose long enough to get the first bite he no longer senses the odor. He can eat the popomack without smelling it, though everyone else runs from its presence.

But the popomack is a vengeful fruit. It resents being eaten and it takes out its wrath by transferring its odor to the person who has eaten it. The man who eats the popomack becomes redolent of the sewer.

That is what happened to the Honorable Rupert Clavelly. He bit the popomack and the popomack bit back. The net result was that Rupert's intended bride jilted him, and her parents, all his friends, and the neighbors avoided him like a pest. To get even, he sent a sailor out to round up another popomack and invited his betrothed, her English-Jewish knight father, and the rest of the cast to dinner and served them popomack disguised as crabmeat cocktail, or some such appetizer. Naturally with the Honorable Rupert in the room they could not smell the popomack, so they devoured it. When Rupert told them what he had done they were panic-stricken. His beautiful loved one gave him such a tongue lashing he never got over it. He thought if she became as aromatic as himself everything would be happy and she would marry him anyway. She indignantly declined, doubtless on the theory that one stench in the house was enough.

A Play of All-English Cast

IN ANY event it was only in a dream that all this happened. But when Rupert awoke he ended it all by shooting his brains out in front of a picture that, for some unexplained reason, was the cause of it all.

There is a yarn going about to the effect that two well-known Broadway producers went down to see the play after making a wager as to which of them could stand the odor of the popomack longest. At the end of an hour one theatrical magnate emerged, gasping for breath. Ten minutes later the popomack was seen sneaking out the stage door of the Cherry Lane Playhouse and dashing for the East River garbage dumps.

Quite—and happily—unlike the English importation at Cherry Lane, is the revue which André Charlot, a London producer, has put on at the Selwyn Theater. It is given by an all-English cast, including the chorus, and is an unusually diverting and amusing entertainment. There is no nakedness—at least as Manhattan understands that word—and while in one or two places the comedy is a trifle near the rind it is not done with the brash aggressiveness of our native dirt dispensers. Neither does it characterize any large proportion of the program. It is just the dash of spice—so-called—without which English music hall humor cannot be properly flavored. Most of the laughter, which is spontaneous and wholesome, is created by the burlesques of Beatrice Lille, a low comedy artist who really deserves that description. Miss Lille not only has a sure grasp of grotesque comedy methods but she is never obviously aware of the fact that she is funny. Like a true Briton she has a respect for tradition and at least once indulges in the absolute essential of the English comic's make-up, a luminous, red-nose paint. Her take-off on a British patriotic song, with a marching chorus representing His Majesty's colonies, is uproariously received and her rendition of the song, "There's Life in the Old Girl Yet," halted the stage proceedings. One line of the lyric, wherein she describes herself as "Gladstone's pet" was greeted with a howl of laughter. Gertrude Lawrence, who shares with Miss Lille the feminine position of prominence, is a refreshing treat. She has beauty and delicacy, and a sweet, if slender, voice. She cannot dance—no one in the company can for that matter—but it is a deficiency which is more than made up for by her personal loveliness and her indubitable charm.

The male star of the company when it first opened in Manhattan was Jack Buchanan, probably the most graceful, talented and capable big man the modern musical comedy stage has produced. He has the size and masculine vigor of a champion heavy weight prize-fighter, he is an intelligible and intelligent actor, a fine comedian, yet he dances like a sprite. He was an enormous success in Manhattan but engagements, contracted prior to the coming of the Charlot company to this country, forced him to return to London. His place on the program has been given to Nelson Keys, an actor of established reputation who has an impossible job trying to fill the Buchanan shoes.

The chorus ladies are a startling contrast to our home-grown product. They are a buxom, healthy-looking lot without a trace of "anemia." One of the best offerings on the program is a satirical number, "Incredible Happenings." Unfortunately for its effectiveness, the same idea was used in one of Manhattan's most noisome stenches, "Artists and Models." A note in the program at the Selwyn runs, *"Mr. Charlot produced this sketch in London. Since then it has been staged by American producers without permission of Mr. Charlot."* Up to this writing the Shuberts, who are responsible for "Artists and Models," have not taken Mr. Charlot to court for libel.

In contrast to both these presentations it is pleasant to note that "The Show-Off," a comedy written by a native American about American people and built around a character which is a too common American type, is an unmistakable hit. The author, George Kelly, is a Philadelphian and was for a long time a vaudeville actor and writer. Two seasons ago, a play of his, "The Torchbearers," a biting satire on the little playhouse groups," brought him to the attention of those who study the theater in the hope of finding talent which is real and indigenous. He had no friends among the log rollers who write dramatic criticisms and their astonishment that someone outside their clique had actually written a success was hilarious. This second play of Mr. Kelly's confirms their worst fears. He shows signs of being a real playwright with an uncommon lot of ideas around which to construct his comedies and a sense of cleanly fun which is unique in these times. Under the circumstances it is not peculiar that the critical wiseacres have fallen over their typewriters dishing out extravagant praises on "The Show-Off." Neither is it peculiar that the play, good as it is, is not nearly so clever nor consistent nor worthy as "The Torchbearers."

Aubrey Piper, the show-off, is a clerk in the freight department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, earning the customary salary attached to that job. But if Aubrey is tied to a desk, his imagination is not. That faculty soars like the eagle. To hear him one would come to the immediate and logical conclusion that the president of the Penn system was his office boy. He is a most egregious and conscientious liar, a good deal of a rotter, and a lot of a cheat. But Amy Fisher, who loves him, is blind to all that. Aubrey hypnotizes her by his indestructible imperturbability. Nothing feazes him. Caught in lie after lie he laughs or bluffs his way out. Her mother hates the sight of him, her father agrees with her mother on that point, her brother laughs at him and isn't fooled by his pretensions, and her married sister has penetrated his bluff to its uttermost depths. Still Aubrey goes on his merry way. He talks in millions, he blows his own horn continually and continuously, and he marries Amy.

Bartels' Interpretation of Aubrey

IT ISN'T long before the poor girl discovers that he is a magnificent conversationalist but a poor provider. They get in debt and get out again by going into deeper debt in another flat. Amy still loves him but she begins to analyze his actions more judicially and to the conclusion that she loves him in spite of his faults not because of them. The death of old man Fisher happens luckily for Aubrey as he has about reached the limit with his landlord and he actually manages to get himself and his wife invited home to live. Mrs. Fisher rages and storms but Aubrey, as always, gets his way. Amy's brother, who has weighed Aubrey and found him short-weight, and is an embryo inventor, sells a patent for a huge sum of money. But it is Aubrey, unknown to the young inventor, who has gone to the purchasers of the patent and representing himself as a lawyer, has bluffed them out of twice as much as young Fisher was willing to accept for his device. The final curtain falls with Aubrey declaring himself in as a partner and Mrs. Fisher throwing up her hands in despair at the prospect of having to put up with a son-in-law more obnoxious in success than he ever was in failure.

Fortunately even for the monetary success of the comedy, an unknown actor, Louis John Bartels, was selected to impersonate Aubrey. Mr. Bartels, like Mr. Kelly, had his ability buried for a long time in the grime of contemporary vaudeville. In fact, he played the part in the many-shows-a-day varieties when "The Show-Off" was a one-act sketch. It is due to an undefined quality of attractiveness in Mr. Bartels' faker that it is possible to swallow the last act switch from reality to pathos. The lines and the things Aubrey does make the character completely despicable. But it is impossible to hate Mr. Bartels' Aubrey. Under all the meanness of the character there shines the saving factor of the actor's personality, and instead of an utterly reprehensible blackguard Mr. Aubrey Piper, as lightened by Mr. Bartels is only a pleasant sort of good-humored rogue in whom there is little harm and perhaps a bit of good.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHERE the notion began in American thought that the Government is a great Christmas tree whose function is to shower gifts upon the people, would not be easy to define. But that it is not American in origin, and that it was first adopted by politicians at the behest of alien constituencies, is very clear. The first surrender of our American ideal of self-help in favor of an alien ideal of government aid, was made in the interest of political selfishness of the cheapest kind. That is, a bargain was struck between self-seeking officeholders and self-seeking citizen groups, on this principle—"You help our selfish schemes and we will help yours."

There is all the difference between the practical self-reliance of Benjamin Franklin which laid so well and true the foundations of our active life, and the method of "practical politics" which fosters the idea of government as an inexhaustible fount of unearned favor, as there is between day and night.

There is as much difference between the philosophical self-reliance of Emerson which put iron into American thought, and the flabby popular social philosophy of the time that the government is a great benefactor to be seized and wrung for endless benefits, as there is between the civilization that reared an Emerson and that which reared a Trotsky.

THE bad habit of relying on Government for aid was first fixed among industries and then began among individuals. Yet the best businesses grew without special government aid, and so will the best citizenship. The genius of the American people is Self-Reliance. Diminish that and you diminish their government. The old principles that made us great—self-direction and self-help—are still contemporary and valid. Youth never had so great an opportunity as today. Where there was one opportunity fifty years ago, there are hundreds now. There are a thousand times more per capita opportunity than in colonial times. We have always created more niches than we could fill—that is the genius of our Nation. Never was there less need of Government help, never more doors for self-help, than now.

Not only is the whole movement toward dependence on government basically wrong as to fact, but it also destroys every possibility of the very good it seeks. First, this idea is wrong in fact, because when Government is explored, it is found to have nothing to give except what is given to it. Second, this idea is destructive of the very good it seeks because it shuts off the source of whatever wealth or power the government might have for collective use. When, for example, the government of Russia was seized, what was found? Nothing. The millennium did not come. Instead, disorder entered, and what measure of benefit there was in the old order was dissipated. With all the supposed source of blessing in their hands, the inaugurators of the new system found there were no blessings to dispense, no, not even the common blessing of bread.

The mischief which is done by this alien idea is twofold. It works through political selfishness to deflect government from its legitimate duties. Our legislative channels are choked with proposals to give gratuities in every direction, to organize a paternalism that leaves no corner of life free from the patronage of government agencies, to benefit class as against class, and interest as against interest, without end. Legislators have in large measure begun to think that their function, as members of government, is to serve as nursemaids to the people instead of clearing the field of action that the people may do things for themselves. Lawmaking bodies have an impression that this is the activity which makes them most popular with the masses. They think that in this they truly represent the people's desires. Thus, we see one aspect of the mischief of making Government a glorified grab bag for a Lazarus nation, which waits for the crumbs or cakes of favor to be thrown at them.

The other mischief is that it prevents the Americanization of those vast multitudes who have come hither to seek a new life. Instead of being initiated at once into the true American ideal of self-help, these multitudes are kept in the European attitude of waiting to have things done for them. In exchange for their votes they are offered the various forms of so-called "aid" which but render them habitually dependent and turn their eyes to the government as the source whence comes their help, instead of to themselves, their own energy, and the opportunities which American life has never ceased to offer.

It is well worth our considering that these very multitudes have come hither from lands where paternalism has gone to seed. The best of them came, and are still coming, because, consciously or not, they loathed the incubator type of life to which they were doomed. The British Government is just waking up to the very important fact that the "dole," instead of satisfying the people who form the backbone of the nation, is really disgusting them. They are making their way as fast as possible out of a country where they must subsist on government favors, to enter Canada and the United States where they believe that the spirit of self-help still has an opportunity. And what kind of people are being reared in their places? Largely those who would be contented with the "dole" to the end of time.

The irony of this system is that the government which adopts it, must continue to do more and more; and as the demand for more increases, the ability to do anything decreases. For there is nothing in government that does not come from the people; and a people in whom the spirit of self-help is killed contribute less and less to that which they desire, until in the end both people and government fall into a common helplessness. When Russia performed that amazing right-about-face, and abandoned official communism for a partial return to private enterprise, it simply testified to *the indispensability of self-help to any people.*

We are so enamored of progress in this country that we forget the truth that principles never grow old, that the principles which made us great and strong and fair are just as valid today as they were in colonial times. Principles are not like methods of manufacture and transportation, to be discarded with each generation. The Ten Commandments represent a foundation from which no amount of progress has moved the race away, and the Sermon on the Mount represents a principle along which the race has yet to progress. In attaining the one, we do not discard the other. We need very much these days the plain knowledge that progress is never away from principle, that progress is always *within* principle.

We often say "we must go back to the old principles," and the very expression "go back" grates upon this generation. Its instinct is right in that. For after all, it is not a going back at all, but a switching over.

The principles which made America are not ancient but contemporaneous.

Two parallel roads lead into the future: that of exterior, artificial "aid" which Europe has followed, a road now so boggy that all the nations are wallowing in helplessness; and the road of self-help which America has followed, and from which so many forces now seek to persuade us. This road of ours grows wider, solider, more inviting with the march of history.

In spite of all the noise that is made by the advocates of the other road we have not felt the American road as yet. America is still the sphere of the conquering and upbuilding power of self-direction and self-help.

The only danger is that the youth now coming up may be deluded for a time to think that their future depends on government aid. Their future lies with themselves. Where there was one opening for energy in colonial times, there are hundreds of thousands now, each opening leading to possibilities above the average. There is more opportunity in the country today—let us say a thousand times more *per capita* opportunity—than there was fifty years ago.

Let our young men learn that. Nothing could be more false than that all the niches are filled. The genius of our nation is always to create more niches than we could ever fill, and even the millions of immigrants that have come have not been sufficient to fill them. And still the creation goes on. No one can fill one's niche but oneself. He finds it and succeeds in it by the courageous spirit of self-reliance and the achieving spirit of self-help.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both old and new address.
3. Write clearly.

What Muscle Shoals Really Means

THE Muscle Shoals controversy means more than water-power and fertilizer, more than the opening of the South's new era; it means that two Systems of Business are colliding head on! The contest is Production *versus* Profits. Service and Spoils confront each other.

If nothing else comes of this controversy, this at least has been achieved—the system of exploitation has been drawn out from its cover into public view. All its American and foreign tentacles have been disclosed. Its pressure methods have been studied in all sections of the country and in all lines of business. For the first time in our economic history the interests which commonly sharpen their teeth on each other have ceased their private fights and have joined in single pack for a combined terrific assault on one lone offer for Muscle Shoals. Never before has such concentrated opposition been piled up against a single object.

Is it because the interests themselves want Muscle Shoals so badly? No. When the war stopped and the Government found unfinished Muscle Shoals on its hands, the Government sent out men and messages to these very interests asking bids for the completion and operation of the works. One after another all possible users of Muscle Shoals were approached. And with one accord they declared that Muscle Shoals wasn't worth a nickel, that as for themselves they would never invest a penny in it.

Whether this was a concerted movement to destroy any idea that Muscle Shoals had value, is not for us to say. Whether its purpose was to enable some member of the trust to get it for nothing, is not here alleged. But the fact is that the interests when approached joined with one voice in depreciating the value of this Government property.

By some chance, and last of all, Henry Ford was proposed as a possible user, and the Government requested him to examine the proposition. In response, he made the first and only businesslike offer the Government has received, an offer backed by millions of his own funds, an offer involving the completion of the great works to high productive capacity, an offer involving a limited income fixed by law, and, last of all, an offer involving the return of the entire developed property to the government at the expiration of the contract period, or at any time it might be needed for war purposes.

What this meant, although it cannot all be stated in the cold language of contracts, is that a demonstration was to be made of how cheaply power could be produced for employment and productive purposes. The ratio developed by the Ford Motor Company is one workman per horsepower—a job for every unit of power developed. If a million horsepower is developed at the Shoals, it means a million jobs. It meant also the liberation of the farmer from the present heavy burdens of the fertilizer trust. More than that, it meant a great source of munitions, a military resource *American controlled* and of the first importance.

This is the proposition which the concentrated forces of the exploiting interests are opposing. This is the offer which many newspapers and magazines are now attacking *after having endorsed it.* The pressure came late upon the newspapers; apparently it was applied in other quarters first; but within three months there have been concerted and wholesale desertions of their former position by the press.

Why? Is there a better or more promising offer in sight? No. With the Ford offer refused, there will never be any other offer heard of. Why, then? Is it personal opposition to Mr. Henry Ford? As to that, strangely enough, the real opposition is not against Mr. Ford personally. It is against his system of service in business. If he were less likely to make Muscle Shoals a demonstration of how cheaply the necessaries of life could be made, there would be less opposition to his offer. The great fear is that he will actually accomplish what his offer proposes!

If Henry Ford had agreed to do business along the old lines, charging the power-users all the traffic would bear, charging farmers all they could pay, squeezing out every cent of personal profits that could be had—if he had agreed to do business along the lines his opponents follow, boosting prices and profits, *Muscle Shoals would have been handed to him long ago, with the blessing of every exploiter in the land.* But the power trust knew that he would demonstrate that power costs little to produce and less to transmit. The fertilizer trust knew that he would demonstrate what a wholesale system of robbery has been practiced against the American farmer. In fact, the Ford system of doing business would be the Judgment Day for the Old System, and the Old System has gathered itself in bristling alliance to save its life.

This is the meaning of the opposition. Two opposed systems are colliding head on.

What temporarily becomes of Muscle Shoals may be a secondary matter. But the Ford offer has already done this for the nation: It has given millions of dollars of value to a property that the interests said "wasn't worth a nickel." It has given the System of Selfishness in business its death warning. That system knows it too. No other meaning can be attached to this unparalleled concentration of hostility to the only offer which the government has thought it worth while to consider.

The Ten Elders of Gotham

RECENTLY unveiled in the Hall of Fame at New York University, the busts of ten persons were set forth as the metropolis' ideals of ability and Americanism. They were all persons of the old stock. Even in New York, it seems, no other selection could be made. Three of the immortals are natives of the state of New York, three of Massachusetts, two of Southern states, and two of the West.

Statesmanship is represented by John Adams (Massachusetts), Andrew Jackson (Carolina, but whether North or South is in dispute; he was born on the border), and Thomas Jefferson (Virginia), Adams the diplomat; Jefferson the philosopher of democracy; Jackson the practitioner of democracy, and glorious fighter for it.

Religion is represented by Phillips Brooks (Massachusetts), the famous preacher of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston; greater in his character than in his intellect, yet towering high in both.

Science is accounted for in three men who were more useful than they were famous. James Buchanan Eads (born in Indiana) is scarcely a notable name today, yet he was one of the first great engineers in America, supplying the United States Government with a fleet of iron-clads for the Mississippi in 100 days, and spanning that river with an arch bridge. Joseph Henry (born in New York State) was the inventor of the electro-magnet, a contribution so notable in its time that it led him to posts of responsibility at Princeton and in the Smithsonian Institution. William Thomas Green Morton (dentist, born in Massachusetts) was honored as the discoverer of what is now called ether, and its use in surgical operations. The discovery of anesthetic seems to have been made at about the same time by at least one other than Dr. Morton: Dr. Jackson, perhaps, had the priority in time; but Morton's application of anesthetics to surgery is beyond question, and for this New York honored him. Thus in Science were engineering and medicine (or chemistry) recognized.

Literature—Mark Twain (Missouri) whose universal tribute is a reminiscent smile.

Commerce—Peter Cooper (New York) coachmaker, ironmonger, first metal fireproofer, patron of telegraphs and canals, and, in Cooper Union, patron of public intelligence.

And last of all, impossible of classification, because so rich and various, Alice Freeman Palmer (New York). To describe her as an educator were to exalt but one part of a service so rich and a personality so enduring, that analysis loses its keenness in admiration. So in Mrs. Palmer it shall be said that New York paid tribute to *Womanhood.*

In this selection the real New York is seen.

The Bonus

THE President's veto of the bonus bill has been overruled, but his arguments have not.

Although the bonus bill is now a law, the bonus itself will prove disappointing to those who receive it (and who in the end will have to pay for it) while it will exactly double the war debt that now rests on every family in the United States. The estimated cost of two and a quarter billions of dollars does not include the millions which will be required to administer the new law, nor the other millions which will be required to pay interest on the money that will have to be borrowed to fulfil the terms of the law.

Altogether the bonus controversy has been an unlovely one. There was every urge of duty resting upon the Nation to bind up the wounds and make good the disabilities incurred through the war. Nor was it unforeseen that the Government would owe it to every soldier to give him every protection that human wisdom could afford. This latter was done before a soldier had left home shores for overseas. As the President pointed out in his veto message, a greater sum than that involved in the new bonus law is now outstanding in government war risk life insurance, and $500,000,000 has already been paid in cash under these forms of Government insurance policies. This was the manner in which the Government undertook to provide for the pension problem beforehand—the most enlightened and generous plan adopted by any nation. This provision has been practically lost sight of in discussion of the new proposal.

What's done, in this case, is not done. The doing of it stretches through the two decades next ensuing, which will be a most precarious period for all the nations of the world. There are twenty years for this matter to weigh upon the national finances, at a heavy annual rate. The Nation will go through with it, of course, but at the cost of retarding or leaving undone many things now necessary to do if national energies are to be liberated to meet the heavy demands that are coming upon all peoples. In which release of energies the younger men—the ex-service men, of course—would benefit most.

No one begrudges the soldiers the very, very little each of them will get out of it. Indeed, that is the most pitiable aspect of the whole business—such heavy national drain for so little proportionate benefit. The tragedy of all such action is that the reputed beneficiaries are never the chief beneficiaries at all. But this is a generation in which the fallacy has become ingrained that the Government can do anything in a money way. The truth that those who take out of the Government with one hand must put back into the Government with the other hand, or both they and the Government will fall into the ditch, has not yet been written on the national mind. Combined with the debts incurred by state bonuses, the interest that will have to be paid on the total bonus borrowings of our people will be double that of the principal paid to the soldiers. And the three million young soldiers will be the longest bearers of this unnecessary burden.

Incidentally, the prestige of Congress as the business administrator of the people, suffers another blow. Whatever was right to be done in this matter has been done in the wrong way. Whatever is wrong has been done in a most harmful way. The result is going to be dissatisfaction and still heavier demands from the very men whom Congress thought to please and completely satisfy. The way now stands open for the next Congress to go a little further.

The whole issue is a clash between two true principles whose relation to each other has not yet been determined. As the President says, the whole theory of paying citizens to defend their country is untenable. Defense is a duty inseparable from citizenship. Mercenary troops can be hired, but not citizens. That is absolutely true principle. On the other hand, the nation thus defended is so deeply obligated by the service of defense that it cannot rest as if nothing had occurred. It must do something. But to hand out a $50 bonus, or the like, is too much like tipping a waiter. It is absolutely true principle that such service cannot be paid for. And yet as far as material succor is needed to equalize the personal losses caused by war, it is clearly the nation's duty to provide it. But in a great national way, not in a hand-out.

The bonus controversy shows how far both sides fell below the plane of principle. It is one of the most vivid triumphs of the materialistic spirit since the war. And it is not the fault of the ex-service men. It is the fault of the leadership and general citizenship of the country.

Advertising Traps for the Unwary Investor

How the "Belgian Hare" Swindle and Other "Buy-Back" Schemes Are Aimed at Fleecing Farming Communities

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

IT IS now more than ten years ago that a man, who since has had many imitators, developed a subtle scheme. It may have been suggested to him by the comic story of "Pigs is Pigs." Its momentary lure lay in an appeal to the imagination. He offered to sell anybody a pair of Belgian hares, and since these bred very rapidly, and would be of value as food or for the production of fur, he pledged himself to buy all the offspring raised by the purchasers of the original pair at liberal prices. In other words, you bought from him a pair of blooded hares for $22, and then sold back to him, during the course of a year or so, twenty-one pairs of their progeny, for which he paid you from $7 to $25 a pair, according to their pedigree or condition.

This scheme became known as the "Belgian Hare" swindle, although hares were rarely shipped, the animals sent being often ordinary rabbits. The Post Office Department has for years tried to stamp out this imposture. The United States Department of Agriculture, in Farmers' Bulletin No. 1090, warned rabbit breeders against these so-called "buy-back" concerns. Some of the exponents of this scheme have been prosecuted, fined or sent to prison. But it has been elaborated upon, and today even the United States Government finds it a matter of great difficulty in stopping the fraud and punishing its perpetrators.

The reason for this is that in New York legal circles there has developed a class of men who make a business of instructing their clients how to evade the law. A noted United States Postal Inspector, who has spent years in running down such frauds, told me the other day that the swindlers, when driven into a corner, resort to such law firms, which tell them: *"Keep on doing business. Leave the rest to us. We'll fix it so you won't have to pay back the money."*

How Business Is Carried On

AT FIRST glance it would seem that the Belgian hare scheme could make easy money for everybody. But that is pure illusion. It has never been done. Advertising expenses and the costs of shipping the live animals over many hundreds of miles would inevitably eat up all the profits. Besides, the men who work this game do not intend to buy back the offspring of the animals they sell. Sometimes they accept the money and even neglect to send the "hares." Complaints are merely turned over to their lawyers, who take care of their clients as they promised.

It is remarkable, however, that journals and magazines of wide circulation, possessed of expert advertising managers, and which boast of the volume and integrity of their advertising, are willing to print the advertisements which defraud their own readers. This practice might be condoned if the fraud had not been so widely exposed over a long term of years. The swindle could not be worked were it not for these publications. As it is, groups of men are still engaged in fleecing farming communities throughout the length and breadth of the United States and Canada with "advertising traps" of this character.

Readers may perhaps be familiar with the advertisement shown on this page, taken from the columns of the *Red Book Magazine,* of Chicago.

The so-called Standard Food and Fur Association, Inc., which is no association at all, was originated in New York City in 1919, by a certain Nathan D. Hecht (his name is Yiddish for "Pike," a predatory fish). Hecht had only adopted the plans of a George C. Booth, who had operated a similar business under the title of the United Food and Fur Association. Booth was later put out of business through a prosecution for fraudulent use of the mails. Hecht operated the scheme until 1922, when the game began to get too hot for him, and he sold out to a group of other men.

The person answering the above advertisement received a booklet entitled "Dollars in Hares." It professed to describe the phenomenal profits that could be made by raising rabbits, and confided to the reader that the Standard Food and Fur Association, Inc., considered itself to be "the world's distributor of domestic hares." It offered to buy all the purchaser of an initial pair could raise at from $7 to $25 a pair, and asserted that it was possible for a "good doe to raise forty-two young, or twenty-one pairs in a year," adding, however, that this feat could be accomplished only by an experienced breeder.

More Than 1,300 Per Cent Profit Promised

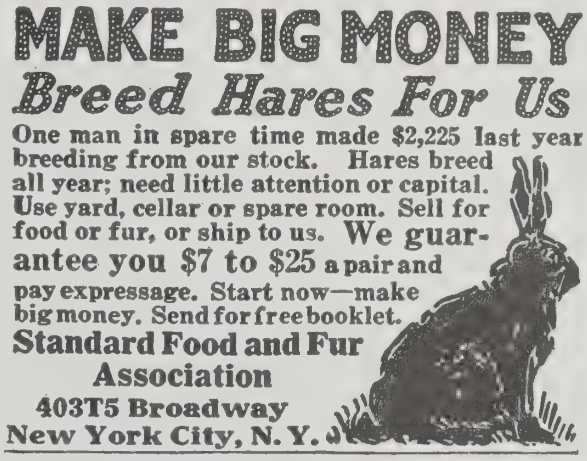
HOWEVER, according to the booklet, it would be not at all difficult for an ordinary person to raise four litters of six each in a year, making twenty-four youngsters, or twelve pairs. At $25 a pair, the gross income from a good doe breeding at this rate would be $300. According to its "buy-back" agreement, the concern guaranteed to pay the express charges. In its contract it stated that it obligated itself to buy back the rabbits "when six to eight months old, according to breed purchased from us, and to be in good health, smooth-coated and in good condition." How these stipulations were used as loopholes for evasion will be seen later.

The "association," however, stated that it was a simple contract, with no requirements that could not be met easily, adding: "We live up to the contract in every respect. We must because we are an old established concern, financially responsible, and can only remain in business by treating our customers fairly."

The persons who began to do business with the Standard Food and Fur Association soon discovered to their cost that the ideal theory, as outlined, of selling back rabbits raised from an original pair, did not work out in actuality. The tricksters had arranged beforehand an elaborate system of evading obligations. When a breeder attempted to ship back the rabbits he had raised, the concern's officials instructed him to prepay the express charges, promising to refund the cost of shipment. Later, for a variety of reasons, the Standard Food and Fur Association refused to reimburse the shipper.

In many instances the concern refused to live up to its guaranty to buy back the rabbits, alleging that the animals were under weight, or that they were dirty, or were not of the original stock that had been sold.

Complaints soon began to pour in, not only to the periodicals that had printed the advertisements, but to the Post Office Department. Postal inspectors were set to work, and they soon accumulated enough evidence against the concern to fill several huge volumes. Lawyers for the Belgian hare people professed that their clients were trying to live up to their obligations, that shipments were unavoidably delayed, that stock had been lost in transit through the negligence of express companies, and that checks had been lost in the mails. All this, according to the inspectors, appeared merely a subterfuge to gain time, and meanwhile, thanks to numerous advertising running at high cost in the magazines, the concern was doing a rushing business.



MAKE BIG MONEY

Breed Hares For Us

One man in spare time made $2,225 last year breeding from our stock. Hares breed all year; need little attention or capital. Use yard, cellar or spare room. Sell for food or fur, or ship to us. We guarantee you $7 to $25 a pair and pay expressage. Start now—make big money. Send for free booklet.

Standard Food and Fur Association
403T5 Broadway
New York City, N. Y.

The type of advertisement which appeals to the imagination and promises easy money.

Complaints Roll In

BUT protests against the company's methods soon assumed the force of an avalanche. One man from Arkansas wrote that he had paid the company $22 for a pair of rabbits after he had read their advertisement, and after the officers of the association had written continuously, even urging him to borrow money with which to get them. In his complaint he says: "On December 23, I wrote to them that I had four pairs of rabbits to ship, all of the same litter, and to please send me shipping instructions. I waited almost two weeks and got no reply. So I wrote again, and after waiting two weeks longer without result, I thought it strange—they had always before been so prompt in answering me. I was determined to get a reply, so I sent a registered letter and got an answer almost immediately. They told me to ship my rabbits and pay expressage, as they had no funds at the shipping point to pay the costs, and as I had the contract, I supposed, of course, that they would refund the money.

"I shipped them in two lots. The first lot consisted of two (2) does and two (2) bucks. They said they had received all O. K., and that I was to send my contract back and get a renewal before I could get my check. I had a true copy of the contract made and then sent the original to them and kept the copy. *In answer they told me I had shipped Flemish Giants instead of Black Siberians and that they were under weight.* Now I have proof that I have never had or owned another kind of hare except the ones purchased from the company, and their young, so if I shipped them Flemish Giants, they misrepresented them to me as Black Siberians."

Another complainant from Canada wrote: "In the *Country Gentleman* there appeared an advertisement before the New Year from the Standard Food and Fur Association, Inc., 409 Broadway, New York City, entitled 'Money in Hares,' so I answered the advertisement, and finally sent an order for $62.10. After receiving it, an order card was forwarded to me stating that the stock would follow as quickly as possible. So I waited patiently thirty-six days and receiving no letter or stock, I wrote them again, and by return mail they said, in substance, that it would pay me to wait until they filled this order, but if not, that is if I could not wait, they would return me the money; so I wrote them to return the money and I would order later in the summer. I have not had a letter since from them of any kind. Are they a reputable concern, or am I stung?"

A man from Pennsylvania sent in $92 to prepay an order, and his complaint continues: "After waiting five months for delivery, on September 17, I submitted a letter to the Standard Food and Fur Association, cancelling the order. On September 25 I received a crate in which were three rabbits shipped via the American Express Company, the express bill on the end of the crate being dated September 20—please note that five days were taken to express live stock two hundred miles—and was marked 'Four (4) live rabbits.' On September 26, I received a letter written under the date of September 24, from the Standard Food and Fur Association, advising me 'that we have this day forwarded you an exceptionally fine consignment of Imported Spotted Giants, and so forth." On September 27, I received from the same concern a letter stating: 'We have this day forwarded you three does and one buck of French Argent de Champagne via the American Railway Express Company. Both letters were signed by the secretary, but his signature was undecipherable, so that his name remains a mystery."

Rural Paper Exposes Graft

NOTABLE among the farming publications that have exposed the Belgian hare swindle is the *Rural New Yorker,* which has been in existence for close onto a quarter of a century. The *Rural New Yorker* refused the advertising in 1919, and from the first denounced the scheme as a fake and a fraud. "There is no such 'association,'" it warned its readers. "This is only a trade name assumed by Mr. Hecht, who also trades under the name of the Big Four Syndicate. We regard this plan of selling pet stock on a contract of this kind, providing to 'buy back' the surplus stock as an undesirable one from any point of view, except that of Mr. Hecht. These dealers do not expect to buy back any considerable portion of the offspring of the stock which they sell. The Department of Agriculture Bulletin expresses our sentiments regarding these schemes exactly. Two individuals working this scheme have been prosecuted by the Federal authorities. One of them went to jail and the other got off with a fine. We have many complaints from those having dealings with this concern. We can get no satisfaction for country people from the Standard Food and Fur Association. Of late our letters are turned over to a firm of attorneys for reply. The concern sends out more checks (according to their own claims) that are never received than any other concern on record!" This publication is unsparing in its denunciation of farm papers that ran advertisements of the Belgian hare fraud "and are now screeching at the shackled thieves, with a part of the plunder in their own pockets."

Obstructing Justice

SO EXTENSIVE had been the advertising, and the complaints of defrauded persons had come from such widely distant parts of the country, that great difficulty was experienced in completing the case against the backers of the scheme. Much evidence was obtained from express companies upon whom the culprits tried to throw the blame when they failed to deliver their animals to those who had bought them. Finally Assistant United States Attorney Charles J. Marasco laid the matter before a Federal Grand Jury, which returned indictments for using the mails in a scheme to defraud against Nathan D. Hecht, James Vavaro, Vincent Lumia, Thomas Vavaro and Thomas Laines. The five men were arrested and held under rather heavy bail, but they took their arrests with much unconcern, and showed very little apprehension about the outcome of the case. They were evidently banking upon the assurances of their counsel and the necessary delays which would ensue before they could be brought to trial. One of the men, Hecht, engaged a former Assistant United States Attorney to take charge of his defense.

Owing to the conditions indicated in the beginning of this article, it has become increasingly difficult to convict men engaged in fraudulent pursuits in New York City. If sufficient adjournments and postponements can be arranged by influential counsel, many such men altogether escape punishment for their misdeeds. In this instance considerable delay has already occurred in the prosecution of these men through the resignation from the District Attorney's Office of Mr. Marasco, who originally handled the case. It has now been transferred to the hands of Assistant United States Attorney D. J. Gillette, who has assured me that the case is actually awaiting trial.

Calvin Coolidge, Our Plain American President

A New Focus on the Background of a Press-Shy Executive

By A. R. PINCI

> CALVIN COOLIDGE is a very plain American, distinguishable for being the best type of Caucasian autochthon, running true to form through the intervening three centuries. Engrave his features on a woodcut of the John Winthrop vintage and you have a perfect likeness of a Shawmut citizen just as, depicted in the latest formal garb, you have in him an easily recognizable type of the self-centered, studious gentleman of New or Old England.

AS WAS to be expected, the advent of Calvin Coolidge to the Presidency of the United States at a time when the country had seemingly forgotten him at once led to the universal American query: Who and what is Coolidge?

Is there a stranger in our midst? Is Calvin Coolidge the "mystery" the country has taken for granted, or has his very Yankee plainness mystified against the background of an extravagant era?

Millions of words in biographical form have been turned out lately, with the result that while a great deal has been written about him, the real Coolidge is quite unknown. Too many "biographers" discovered him *after* he became President, as was the case with Woodrow Wilson.

For the first time since 1857 (Arthur being considered a New Yorker) New England has a President of its own, flesh of its flesh, bone of its bone. New England's neglect as a source of Presidential timber has not been so conspicuous nationally because that territory has been otherwise ably represented in Washington; so much so that other parts of the country frequently chafed under what they termed New England's legislative dominance. By having a President of its own once more, especially at a time when a rough-riding West was grooming spokesmen of its own, is a political advantage which New England does not purpose to relinquish without a struggle. Moreover, New England's representation at Washington now consists chiefly of elder statesmen, whose glory must sooner or later fall upon younger shoulders.

Reserve, Not Self-Effacement

AND now it is time to introduce Calvin Coolidge himself, the portrait being a soft-focus one obtained as the result of personal acquaintanceship with him from the time he was governor of Massachusetts.

Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, Calvin Coolidge is a mystery because he is not a mystery!

He is the sort of mystery of which national politics has too few, and the second prominent one to appear on our Presidential horizon within a few years, the other having been Woodrow Wilson. This similarity, which ought to go a long way toward a better understanding of President Coolidge, is not without a source of danger which deserves to be isolated, identified and labeled.

It is the danger of "being interpreted."

Many of us now realize what disastrous consequences being "interpreted" by unauthorized, immature, selfish and gratuitous interpreters brought upon Woodrow Wilson. It would indeed be a pity if an identical performance were undertaken with President Coolidge as its object.

Being the target of so much unofficious interpretation and the object of so much unilateral inspiration is, to a man of his nature, who is not easily irritated or fascinated, unpleasant, and all the more apt to defeat its purpose. I believe I have heard at first hand every shade of appraisal of Calvin Coolidge, as of Woodrow Wilson, and nearly all of it was, or is, worthless.

Of late one has heard much that Calvin Coolidge is self-effacing. Many like him for that who would dislike him if he possessed a more embattled ego. However, too much credibility has attached to this self-effacing quality. It exists, but with a distinction. It is the Yankee way to be self-effacing, if uncommunicativeness, reserve, steadfastness, conservatism, steadiness and self-reliance mean self-effacement, but it is not the Yankee way to be self-obliterating. It would not be surprising if most of those who bank upon Coolidge's self-effacement are not mistaking it for self-obliteration. The most difficult thing, the most futile thing, for one who has known him a bit, is to imagine Calvin Coolidge obliterating himself. Very likely he could not do it; he would not know how. Even his phlegmatic father, a faithful disciple of unobtrusiveness, would protest.

While relegated to that peculiar political and official obscurity which goes with the vice-presidency, Mr. Coolidge was not seriously considered as "good copy." He was waited on by the few major writers who dropped in to pay their respects and keep alive acquaintanceship; the rank and file of Capitol correspondents and reporters looked him up as routine necessity. Unlike his predecessor, Thomas R. Marshall, who managed to rise above engulfing neglect with occasional epigrammatic witticisms, sometimes satirical at the expense of the august membership of the Senate, the bas-relief press attention paid to Calvin Coolidge was due, more than anything else, to his biweekly visits to attend Cabinet meetings, for whom a place had been especially provided by President Harding.

Under the circumstances it is difficult to understand how word suddenly went out of Washington that Coolidge "is good copy." This presupposes sudden conversion, as it were. But it is apologetic. The fact of the matter is that Coolidge was good copy, as is nearly every American citizen in high public office, but no one bothered to regard him as such. Even the "law-and-order" message of 1919 gave him but meteoric fame, from the standpoint of good copy. Now, on the other hand, he is good copy by necessity, which accounts for the alibis.

Calvin Coolidge is press-shy.

Press-shyness does not, contrary to general belief, prevent publicity. Frequently it distorts the object of it. As far as the President of the United States is concerned, prolificness pounces upon the occult environment that surrounds it. Things will be printed about the President anyhow, even if they have to write about his cat, his shoe laces and his bed hour.

Thus one of the dangers that "Be-Brief" Coolidge faces is that of being not understood, as two or three of his predecessors have been, officially, politically, and otherwise. Those few who come in contact with Presidents, in the making rather than after, usually discover some elusive or unknown quality, idiosyncrasy, trait, whim, predilection, symbol or weakness which under certain conditions can be more eloquent about the President than tomes of official speeches and reams of routine explanations. It is the word painting in comparison to the snapshot—and famous men are always remembered through or from their paintings and not their snapshots—while the frame is as important as the picture.

By now the country realizes that Calvin Coolidge philosophizes even in his state papers. Rarely does he make a drastic declaration. He is very careful. The keynote of his sayings is that he wishes to be understood without explaining too much. When definitiveness lacks it is because he cannot say more; he leaves unfinished what is obviously unfinished in his own mind.

He does not prose or battologize. A word from him goes a long way. But because it is one word it does not mean that he is taciturn or supercilious. He finds one word ample, and so far as he is concerned it must do the work that another man does in ten or a hundred. Yet he is gracious and not forgetful, even though he seldom takes the initiative. Once his heart or his door is open to one he deems it unnecessary to renew invitations.

On the other hand, he is even stricter than was Woodrow Wilson with respect to the possible needless capitalization of the "President's acquaintance," or some such relationship. Here is an example, which bears reproducing because its motif has not been discovered by the press.

Three days after he became President, Calvin Coolidge wrote a little letter to James Lucey, cobbler and long-time friend at Northampton, where C. C. laid the foundations of the career which led to the White House.

"Not often do I see you or write to you, but if it were not for you I should not be here, and I want to tell you how much I love you. Do not work too hard. Try to enjoy yourself in your well-deserved leisure of age." Then the superscription: "To James Lucey, Northampton, Mass.—Jim Lucey, who would rather be called a good shoemaker than the President's cobbler, friend and philosopher."

That is a simple letter with a pregnant postscript. It fails to carry an open-arm invitation because welcome is implied; at the same time it has the earmarks of a hint.

Calvin Coolidge is a very plain American, distinguishable for being the best type of Caucasian autochthon, running true to form through the intervening three centuries. Engrave his features on a woodcut of the John Winthrop vintage and you have a perfect likeness of a Shawmut citizen, just as, depicted in the latest formal garb, you have in him an easily recognizable type of the self-centered studious gentlemen of New or Old England.

Always Concentrating

YOU meet his like, therefore, in everyday life. He is not the man you take to on first acquaintance for the common purpose of passing the time, but sitting beside you in the commuter's car you would not hesitate an instant to engage him in conversation—serious conversation, that is—from crops to babies, from labor to government, with the assurance that his are willing ears. If, to illustrate your point, a "that reminds me" story could be intelligently and wittily applied, he would not frown away a smile.

His features are so immobile sometimes as to impart to them a forbidding aura, but this is not intentional. It is the index, most likely, to his self-centered habit. He is always concentrating. But his good humor is unmistakable, or, rather, his capacity for it. It may be difficult to get him to expose it on first acquaintance; after that it is easy sailing, always, be it understood, for a good cause. He lacks that expansiveness that is boisterous, that extra measure of chumminess which men of another type exude so freely. In other words, quantity lacks; quality is as good.

So much so that the Vice-Presidency, which is an ornamental job, which alone would be enough to transmute a fastidious man into an imperious one, socially speaking, never affected those native characteristics which, in the capital's near-heraldic environment, might be banned by the latest book on etiquette. For Calvin Coolidge is, and remains, Calvin Coolidge, first and last.

A few weeks before he became President, I was entering the New Willard Hotel, where he resided and where I stopped, almost at his heels. Mr. Coolidge went ahead, and pushed the swinging door; Edward T. Clark, his private secretary, followed, and I was about to do the same thing when the door jerked and then was swung on its axis so fast that Mr. Clark was obliged to make the round trip while I remained outside.

Vice-President Coolidge emerged.

"Someone has dropped a fortune in pearls," he said to me, "if they are real. But I don't suppose they are or they wouldn't have been left here."

Half a hundred or so loose pearls were strewn on the pavement, between the crevices of a rubber mat, no doubt units from a broken string abandoned by some woman in the tea-drinking crowd below. But nevertheless he picked up one, looked at it, passed it to Mr. Clark, and then went his way.

I can imagine Calvin Coolidge having done the same thing thousands of times in his younger days, picking up a pretty stone, examining a new insect, stooping for any of a score of reasons which curiosity prompts or interest induces. I know, however, of many an official, not even famous or noted, who would have thought of picking up an imitation pearl at so public a place as he would have thought of cutting off his nose, but Calvin Coolidge's doctrine is not that kind. Curiosity is a human attribute; why shouldn't a Vice-President, or a President, be curious?

In fact, he has taken this spirit of naturalness into the Presidency. Returning from a walk taken a lovely May afternoon, he conceived the idea of sitting out on the north portico, where he remained until eating time—"supper," he calls it, Yankee fashion, and not "dinner," Washington fashion. The north portico is practically a public walk, even though few use it at twilight, but to him the porch of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is no different from the front porches of Plymouth or Northampton. Other Presidents have communed with nature and history from the recess of the south portico, sequestered from plebeian gaze, but Calvin Coolidge amazed White House attachés by living an hour on the live side of the house.

"Do the Day's Work"

THERE is nothing humble about him, either. He is only intensely modest, and this modesty is often mistaken for humbleness. All of his humbleness is between himself and his God, after which he stands pat, for no man can make him bend. His modesty makes him very circumspect, and often it will cause him to yield or compromise where nothing else could. For it should be said that, among many public men, humbleness makes for pride, whereas modesty never does, a distinction with a difference.

If it were true that Mr. Coolidge is cold and ascetic he would have given proof of it long since. He is neither. There is a decided spiritual or psychic resemblance between Coolidge and Wilson. A phrenologist might discover a finer degree of resemblance. Party politics twained them, of course, but in the fundamentals of government they were almost at one. If Wilson had been president of Amherst College, or if Coolidge were a graduate of Princeton University, they would have remained indivisible.

Coolidge mirrors several Wilsonian characteristics. He lacks Wilson's idealism, however, and in its place is encompassed that homely philosophy, and capacity for philosophizing, so individualistically Lincolnian. There is a general misconception that idealism and philosophy mean spinelessness, if not actually pusillanimity, but two of the most pacific Presidents we have had were more aggressive fighters than many a field general. If occasion warrants, Calvin Coolidge will demonstrate to whomsoever it concerns that he can and will fight, too.

President Coolidge is not athletically inclined. The nearest to it is a hippic habit of old Plymouth and Northampton days—the use of Shanks' mare. He likes to walk. He inaugurated his first mornings in Washington as President by sunrise jaunts. He likes this sort of leg work. It has given him the best experience on how to stand on his own feet.

Nor is that all. It is said that Amherst College will not graduate a man unable to swim more than two hundred yards. At some time in life, once or many times, men are on the water or in hot water, which is not the same thing, and knowing how to swim is essential to self-preservation. There is no deeper or hotter water than the Presidency, so watch Coolidge swim.

I believe that if before executive office hours he could matutinally doctor a tree or remove a stump or harness a pair of horses or rake a ton of hay or make a runway, he would be very happy. Overalls—I am not sure of a pipe, but I am of a thin, long, elephantine cigar—and the necessary tools, and you have Calvin Coolidge ready for any job, from the strictly amateurish to the very threshold of finished trades-union work. The simile is all the more applicable because of the manner in which he was sworn in as President of the United States, in a typical New England farmhouse, by the light of a kerosene lamp, at 2:43 o'clock in the morning, that is, very nearly the rising hour of many country folk.

As the days will pass it will be found that President Coolidge's policy will be consistent with his homely, simple and modest doctrine: "Do the day's work."

Four words, those, which certainly beat the traditional three in making the world go round—and make it better.

Calvin Coolidge, in conclusion, is the foe of staginess, ostentatiousness, extravagance. If his example is worth anything to the nation, we are in for an era of the simple life—much simpler than that preached by Theodore Roosevelt. Let's not forget that although he was Vice-President, fate found him, when about to elevate him, back in his paternal home engaged in primitive labors doing his ancient "day's work."

No wonder he was lost sight of, no wonder he was not good copy! His name was little known to society editors, which nowadays make Washingtonians "famous."

Not even the village paper had made much of the fact that Cal Coolidge, late of here, now of Washington, D. C., "is spending a few days with his father and will be in our midst during the hay season."

Monument to Judge John Rowan.

"The Old Kentucky Home"

Federal Hill—Background of Famous Song

By BENJAMIN OGDEN WILKINS

OF ALL the songs that have been written and sung in this country, surely none has ever been more popular year after year or sung less impartially or with more feeling at gatherings of Americans in all states of the Union, than "My Old Kentucky Home."

While Pittsburgh claims the honor of being the home of the poet and song writer, Stephen Collins Foster, there is a little spot named Federal Hill, near Bardstown, Kentucky, which is memorialized through his famous verses, and which served several generations ago as the inspiration for the refrain which still throbs with life.

A thoughtful man, and full of sympathy for all those about him, Foster sat on the front steps of the old house one evening and heard the Negro slaves singing in a group as they swung down the road, returning from the fields at dusk. Words for a song came to him. They echoed through his thoughts—"Weep no more, my ladies—for we'll sing one song of my old Kentucky home." They were written down, combined with more lines to include several stanzas, and the completed poem with its melody has since become familiar to millions.

It is truly said that Kentuckians, no matter in what part of the world they happen to be, and no matter what differences of opinion separate them, may be brought together, hats off, eyes dim and hands outstretched, if someone starts singing "My Old Kentucky Home." All else melts with the melody of this song, except the feeling that they are brothers—from Kentucky. And it is a fact that Americans generally, without regard to the spot they hail from or the place where they happen to be at the moment, feel the glow of fellowship and are brought closer together at the sound of this song. This old song of home and the Southland is probably the best known of all our songs the country over.

The building of the homestead at Federal Hill was begun at the very end of the eighteenth century by Judge John Rowan, United States Senator from Kentucky and one of the great lawyers of the early western period. He lived in it until his death fifty years later. On July fourth last, nearly a century having elapsed since the old judge's death, the estate was sold by a descendant, Mrs. Madge Rowan Frost, to be held in the custodianship of the state of Kentucky. It is forever to be a shrine representing Home—the American Home—a definite spot which home-builders may look upon and think of all that particular house has meant in the past and still stands for in the hearts of Americans.

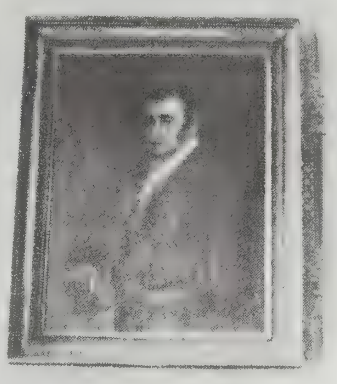
In 1852, Foster, a nephew of the old judge, was a guest at Federal Hill. During this visit, the song was composed. It was sung for the first time in the reception room at the left of the main entrance to the building. Over the mantel in that room now hangs a portrait of the poet, copied from an original which is in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The house and grounds of Federal Hill are full of reminders of the most stirring times in all American history. Statesmen met here to discuss and decide on what the policy of the nation was to be at some of the most critical periods in its development. In the large dining-room at the right of the entrance-way are six gold goblets and a great gold tankard, used by the hospitable judge when entertaining Henry Clay and others. Ambassadors and many celebrated foreigners, including a French prince, made the Rowan home their mecca when visiting America.

The French prince was young Louis Philip, who taught school in Bardstown during the winter of 1796-97, and who frequently visited the Rowan household. Upon his return to France, he sent three pieces of handsomely worked furniture to his esteemed American host.

General Lafayette, too, visited the old judge for three days in 1825. He expressed his appreciation of the hospitality by sending back a French set of twelve chairs and a massive table. These still occupy the dining-room in the old house, and it is a man's job to lift one corner of the largest piece even half an inch above the floor, though it still rolls easily on its venerable casters as lightly as a modern baby carriage.

At the back of the house, near the rear porch, stands an old Chinese ailanthus, or "heaven tree." Its age is a matter of doubt, but the species has the odd knack of allowing its boughs to break off and drop to the ground when they become too heavy. However, these cast-off limbs do not wither and die like those of the ordinary tree would do. Instead, they take root and thrive, spreading out their own foliage and increasing the shade beneath the group. Though maintaining independent growth indefinitely, they never lose the appearance of branches, and do not grow upright like the limb of the parent tree. Instead, they retain their horizontal position on the ground, while the leafing end curves gradually upward from the soil. This tree and its peculiarities add to the fascination of the estate as a whole, but it will have to be cut down, for it has another habit that is not good for the old homestead. The roots, thrust in the crevices of all masonry within hundreds of feet of its trunk, are damaging the foundations of the buildings which it can reach.

Just beside the old heaven tree runs a walk which leads to the burying-ground of the Rowan family. In this little cemetery there are the remains of many kin who died abroad at different times while traveling—brought back from Europe and even more distant points. Resting with their own people at the far end of the old walk, these Rowans lie in the shadow of their own trees, where their own folks may reach their graves and keep them covered with flowers which abound about the old homestead.



Above, right—Portrait of Judge John Rowan, who built "The Old Kentucky Home," and who lived there, as did his descendants for several generations. The Judge was a contemporary and warm friend of Henry Clay. Below—Front of "The Old Kentucky Home," Federal Hill, Bardstown, Kentucky.

The times of old Judge John Rowan and his son were the times of duelling. Neither was of a quarrelsome disposition, and only on the greatest provocation could they be drawn into a personal argument leading to the use of deadly weapons. This fact may seem still stranger when it is realized that both the father and son were expert shots, and to meet them on "the field of honor" was considered certain death for the adversary.

Nevertheless, the founder of the estate at Federal Hill was drawn into four arguments of the kind then thought not to be settled except by duelling; and each time his opponent fell mortally wounded.

The fourth and last duel of the old judge was the only one in which he did not kill his opponent at the first shot. In this one, he was so reluctant to take his adversary's life that he shot over the man's head after the other had missed his mark. Then John Rowan asked if satisfaction had not been secured so that they might renew a friendly acquaintanceship. The opponent refused, though Rowan assured him that the next shot would kill. A few minutes later the judge watched the seconds carry his challenger dead from the field.

The founder of "The Old Kentucky Home" disliked the principle of settling arguments by bloodshed so heartily, that he wrote as follows in his will:

"My duelling pistols to my son John during his life, and at his death to his oldest son—they are never to be used, by either, but when their honor imperiously demands it, and in that case I know they will be held steadily."

Oddly enough, the son John was drawn into four duels, as his father had been. Three of his opponents he killed, but the fourth and last battle is to be remembered best because of the fact that the man opposing a Rowan left the field alive.

When young John, only a few days before his wedding, learned he had made an enemy of a man who demanded satisfaction with pistols, he went to see if he could not explain matters—even to apologize for a fancied wrong if he found that such was at the bottom of the grievance. But the enemy was not to be placated and a challenge followed.

Young Rowan warned the opponent that if a duel were insisted on the man who faced him would meet death. Then he reminded the headstrong enemy of the three men who had been killed in his three duels. But the fight was insisted on, and the judge saw no way to withdraw with honor, and so accepted.

On the evening before the meeting was to take place, the young woman who was betrothed to the head of the Rowan house heard of the approaching fight. She sent word that if he killed his challenger she would not marry him. The predicament was more grave in those days than we can now imagine. Rowan spent a thoughtful night, and, upon meeting his adversary in the morning, announced to him that a mortal wound would not be inflicted—but that the aggressor would be maimed for life. True to the prediction, with expert marksmanship, the man was shot through the hip, his thigh so shattered as to leave him extremely lame during the rest of his days.

And yet that is not quite the end of the story of the fourth and last duel in which the second John Rowan of Federal Hill took part. Years after, while the two men happened to be traveling on the same Kentucky river steamboat, the lame man fell overboard into the swift current. Though the ship's rail was lined with men going down the river on business, and many saw the accident, none was so quick to jump into the water as Rowan. When the drowning man had been brought back to the boat and revived, he looked into the face of his rescuer and announced to the passengers gathered about that this was the second time the judge had saved his life. Expressing his gratitude, he told them about the duel of years before.

But the fascinating history of "The Old Kentucky Home," its people, and its associations might be continued, like the Arabian Nights, through a thousand and one stories—and then its wealth of interest would not be exhausted. Colonel Ben La Bree, himself a prominent Kentuckian, and who has much to recommend him as a man of distinction, has been given permanent charge of the estate as curator since its acquisition by the state of Kentucky. Colonel La Bree knows much of the lore associated with the homestead. His intimate knowledge of the times when this country was young and the part the venerable house and its occupants played in the nation's building and maintenance through various periods of stress, proves his right to be known as a historian—particularly of the period during the War Between the States.

But, though there is much of absorbing interest concerning the house on Federal Hill, it is most unlikely that it would now be set aside as the objective for a nation's pilgrims—except for the fact that a humble man, a poet, a verse writer, a strummer on twanging strings, Stephen Collins Foster, there visited his uncle, and there wrote an enduring song—"My Old Kentucky Home."

Federal Hill, as seen from Bardstown, Kentucky. The Rowan homestead ("The Old Kentucky Home") nestles behind the trees seen in the left background.

The Lure of Flying Throughout the Centuries

Darius Greens of Old Met Opposition and Courted Death

By WILLIAM KNIGHT

TO FLY has always been the fondest dream of the human mind. We consider ourselves today as the inventors of the flying machine and we probably are the first men who have actually and definitely conquered the domain of the air. However, we cannot be so sure about that, because as far back as 400 B. C. a contemporary of Plato, Archita of Taranto, to whom is attributed the invention of the pulley, the screw and the kite, invented and built a mechanical bird that could fly. In most ancient history, in religions, legends and in ancient sculptures, we find the expression of the same nostalgic desire of man to rise above the earth, and one of the highest accomplishments attributed to divinity and to legendary heroes of the past was their ability to fly. An old tradition existing in the Caroline Islands, and not an isolated one by any means, mentions the feat of Oulefat the son of a celestial spirit who built a fire and "with the help of a large bag held upon this fire and filled up with smoke" was able to leave the ground and join his father. Up to the time of Greece we find the gods of ancient history represented as winged men and animals. The Oriental races, especially, were very much taken with this symbolism and we still find in the Oriental decorative art monstrous winged beings reminiscent of their oldest legends. The Greeks, who had a finer sense of proportion and a keen appreciation for esthetic beauty, could not conceive and reproduce the flying monstrosities symbolized by Oriental artists, but nevertheless they clung to the idea of flight and we find in the Greek art the flying horses of Athens and Hermes and the foot-winged Mercury. Later on, the same symbolism was perpetrated by the Hebrews and the Christians, up to the present time when we have transformed the myth into science and the symbol into a reality.

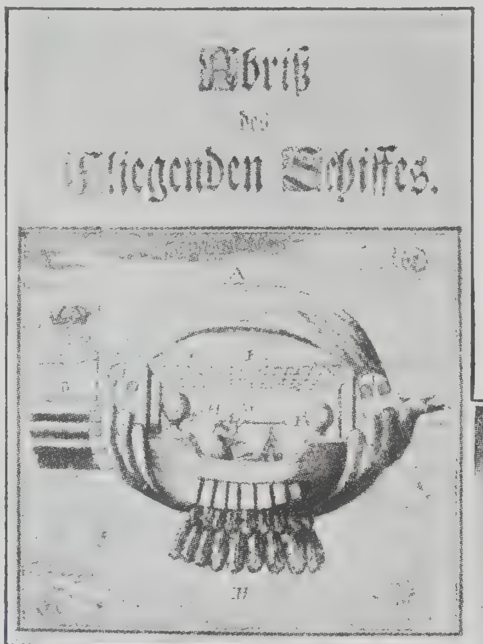
Aristophanes, the great Greek comedian, 400 B. C., in two comedies in which he satirizes Socrates, "The Clouds" and "The Birds," ridicules the attempts made by his contemporaries to fly. Aristotle and Plato in the third and fourth centuries B. C., respectively, mention flying as a practical possibility and furthermore, in his book on the "History of Flight of Animals," Aristotle explains the interaction of the wings and tails of birds and in this respect he can be considered as the great-grandfather of the mechanics of flight. Later on, 55 A. D., the satirist, Juvenal, and the historian, Eusebius, 265-340, A. D., both mentioned in their works a man named Teodato Eretico who crashed to the ground while flying (see Third Satire, Juvenal, and Eusebius' "Ecclesiastic History" Vol. 5, Chapter 12).

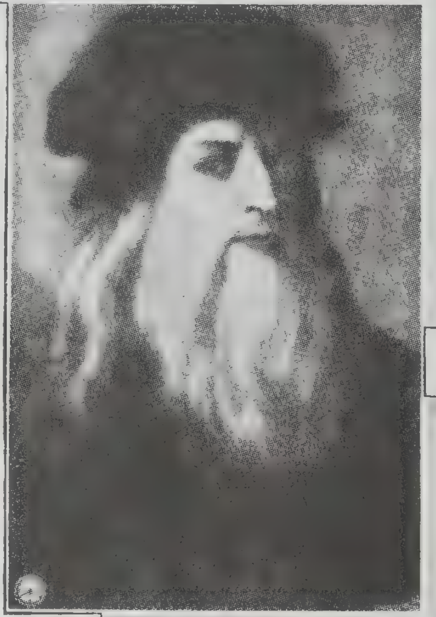
Pliny the elder, 70 A. D. and Gallienus, a Roman Emperor, 260 A. D., have both contributed very interesting studies on flight, especially Gallienus, who first noticed that a surface displaced through the air at a certain angle gives rise to a force opposite to the gravitational force that he calls "psychic tension," can be considered with Aristotle as one of the foreseers of the mechanical laws of flight.

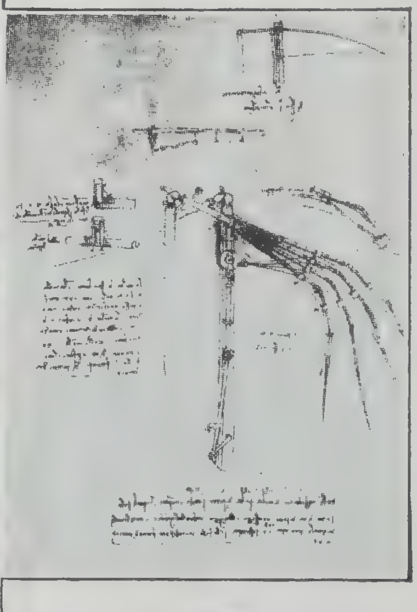
All through the first one thousand years of the Christian Era in the works of poets, scientists and philosophers and in the writings of ecclesiastic historians such as St. Ambrose, St. Maximus of Turin and Teodorito, Archbishop of Ciro, we find flying mentioned as either a possibility or as an accomplished fact. We have no proof, however, that the flights mentioned by ancient writers were really accomplished, and furthermore it is not mentioned by them how this was done. It is only at the beginning of the second thousand years of the Christian Era that we begin to have more accurate details of the feats of the early conquerors of the air.

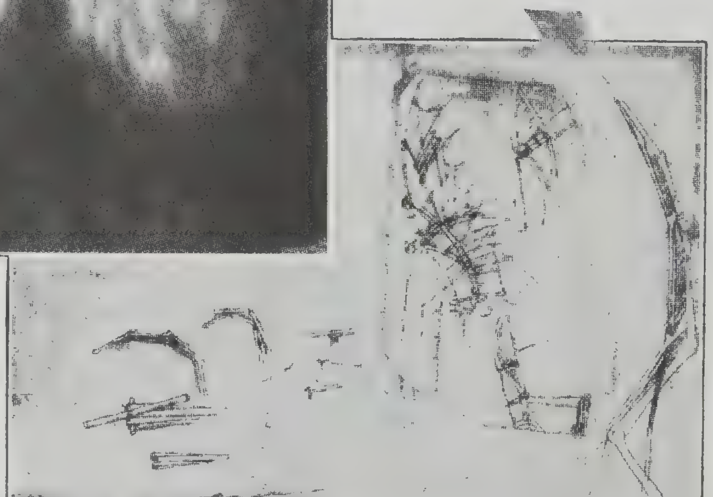
We hear of an Oliver Malmesbury in England, who in the year 1050 attached a pair of wings to his arms and legs, threw himself from a tower and after gliding over a length of 400 feet, fell down and broke his legs. He is probably the first man glider in history. The second attempt at gliding was made by an Italian named Danti, a native of Perugia who, in 1499 on the occasion of the festivities attending the marriage of the ruler of that city, flew from a tower of the Baglioni Castle over the main square of that city. From the description of that flight which is given by Alessi, the historian of Perugia in his book, "Perugia Augusta," we learn that he accomplished a successful glide over a length of seven hundred feet, when the left wing of his glider broke down and he crashed to the roof of a house. Later he made several other experimental flights over the river Trasimeno, but Alessi states, "he could never learn how to land at a safe speed."

A mathematician, Professor J. Muller, a Bavarian, one of the collaborators to the astronomic reform upon which the Gregorian calendar is now based, was another early contributor to the progress of flight. Two models of flying machines built by him in 1460 are worthy of mention. One is a mechanical fly and the other a mechanical eagle. The eagle was moved by an internal clock-mechanism and a test of this model was made in the presence of Emperor Frederick, when it flew two thousand five hundred feet on a straight line. It is not stated in the chronicles of that time whether the flight of this mechanical bird was accomplished with fixed or flopping wings. However, in a book written by Degen, an Austrian watchmaker (Vienna, 1816), Professor Muller's mechanical eagle is mentioned again and the statement is made that it flew attached to a string like a kite.









Above, left—Reproduction of a print published in Vienna, 1709, on the occasion of the first dirigible flight attempted by B. L. de Gusmao. Above, center—Leonardo da Vinci, 1460. Above, right and below—Drawings by Leonardo da Vinci.

Of all forerunners of the art of flying, the one who had a clearer vision than anyone else of the airplane of present days is Leonardo da Vinci. This exceptional man, who was a genius in various fields of arts and sciences, made a study of the flight of birds with a view of establishing the relation existing between the various positions taken by the bird in the air and the corresponding displacements of the center of pressure with relation to the center of gravity. He really established the fundamental mechanical principles of lateral and longitudinal stability of aircraft and when we compare the calculations made by him in 1500, which are collected in the Ambrosian Library in Milan, with the complete theory on the stability of aircraft evolved only a few years ago, we find that he had a clearer conception of the mechanics of aviation than many pilots and aircraft manufacturers of the present day. Besides being the first designer of an airplane (and we find a few very interesting sketches of airplane wings and other parts in his manuscripts) he has been the first man to conceive the idea of a helicopter. As he saw it, the helicopter in order to rise from the ground vertically must be subject to an initial movement of rotation on the ground around a vertical axis and he designed for this purpose a gigantic vertical shaft carrying on its surface some sort of rudimentary screw thread and acting like a screw which was intended to impress upon the helicopter a rotary motion around the axis of the vertical shaft and a linear upward motion in a vertical direction.

About two hundred years later another gigantic step in aeronautics was made by a Jesuit named Lana, a native of the city of Brescia in Italy. A distinguished physicist, Lana was also an inventor and an educator. Credit is due him for the first microscopes used and the elements of an educational method for teaching the blind, the dumb and the deaf how to write. We find in an interesting book by Lana himself, "Podromo," a description of a dirigible which is probably the first attempt made to solve the problem of aerial navigation by the lighter-than-air method. The remarkable part about this project is that the principle upon which it is based is the same upon which is based the latest type of dirigible that has been so far designed—the Garuffo type, which consists of a metallic bag the buoyancy of which is controlled by a more or less perfect vacuum produced inside it by extracting the air therefrom. Lana's dirigible consisted of four spheres rigidly connected together. Each sphere is fourteen feet in diameter and is made of copper foil of such a thickness as to weigh three ounces a square foot. After extracting the air from the spheres, Lana claimed that the spheres would rise in the air, due to the fact that the weight of the air thus extracted would exceed the weight of the spheres themselves. The combined buoyancy of the four spheres, it was anticipated by the inventor, would be sufficient to supply the necessary lifting power to carry up in the air one or more men, depending upon the dimensions of the spheres. The propulsion in any direction was to be effected with sails similar to those in a sailing vessel.

More than three hundred years ago Lana wrote: "No city will be safe in the future against attacks from the air. A machine of this type can destroy fortresses, cities and sailing vessels with explosives and incendiary bombs and can do this without running any danger of being attacked from the ground at the great altitudes from which it can operate." Lana could never build his dirigible on account of the veto imposed by the Inquisition Tribunal, which would not allow such a construction; furthermore they put him on trial for black magic and he barely escaped death. One hundred and fifty years later, in 1848, three French scientists, Marey, Monge and Dupuis Delcourt, took up the experiments on spheres suggested by Lana in 1700, but the results obtained were not satisfactory and therefore were abandoned.

The first aeronautical patent was issued by King John V of Portugal to a Brazilian surgeon named Gusmao, and it was dated April 19, 1709. Gusmao's invention and how he succeeded in making a successful flight in his machine in the presence of the king and court of Portugal has always remained a deep mystery. Here again we find that the all-powerful Inquisitional Tribunal put the inventor in jail in spite of the protection of the king enjoyed by him, destroyed the machine and burned the manuscripts in which the details of the invention were given. From the accounts of the only flight made by Gusmao it seems that his machine was the first balloon ever built and probably hydrogen was used for the first time. At any rate, it is certain that he was able to control the descent of his machine at will and succeeded in making a perfect landing on a predetermined spot. Many writers of that time believed that the flight made by Gusmao was due to sorcery and the unfortunate inventor had to leave the country and hide for the rest of his life in Spain.

Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, aeronautics has been more or less in the formative stage and the many attempts made to produce flying machines were not followed by sustained efforts for solving the many problems involved in construction and operation. Newton made a study of the resistance of the air. Rousseau, Buffon, Wilson, Franklin and a score of other scientists and writers prepared the ground for the Montgolfier brothers to build the first balloon of which we have complete records. On June 5, 1783, the first free flight of the Montgolfier balloon was made and a few days later another record was established when the first parachute jump was made by one of the Montgolfier brothers.

The same year that the Montgolfier balloon made its appearance, a plan for a two hundred and eighty thousand cubic feet dirigible operated by a motor was presented by Lieutenant Mesnier of the French Army to the French Academy of Sciences. This dirigible was never built because of the expense. The first scientific project for a dirigible and the theory on the stability of dirigibles and elongated form of the gas bag is due to Mesnier. He was also first to introduce the air ballonets and the aerial propeller.

From this point on we find aeronautics progressing by leaps and bounds, and today most of the problems that for centuries have attracted the attention of scientists and inventors have been solved.

British Monied Man Attacks Money Monopoly

Arthur Kitson Wages a Life-Long Fight for Currency Reform

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

THE moneyless condition of money reformers is a cynical and somewhat overworked pleasantry. It has been alleged that the only person who ever devised a feasible plan for discharging the national debt had less than a twenty-five cent piece himself.

An exception to the penniless status of the average money theorist is found in the case of Hon. Arthur Kitson, inventor, manufacturer, and economist of London. Kitson's singleness of purpose and rare devotion to "The Great Idea—the progress and freedom of the race"—are attested by the fact that he refused a Knighthood which was offered to him in 1910. Like Gladstone he declined differentiation with the rank and file of common humanity.

Born in England, April 6, 1862, after graduating at King's College, London, he was offered, in his twentieth year, a position by the Russian Director of Railways but declined the offer and sailed for America. He spent some months at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, as professor of mathematics and science and then went to the Baldwin Locomotive Works where he studied the construction and running of locomotives for two years. In 1890 he founded and became general manager of the Kitson Hydro-Carbon Lighting Company which exploited his own inventions in gas lighting. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica the first successful incandescent oil lamp was constructed by Mr. Kitson in 1885. It is estimated that there are upwards of six million Kitson lamps in use at the present time. Proof of their efficiency is shown by the fact that the Kitson system was adopted by the Trinity House authorities for British lighthouses; the lighthouse keepers of Great Britain call the Kitson lamp the "Mariners' Friend."

Confronted with the tragic problem of involuntary idleness as brought home to the American people in the Panic of 1893, Mr. Kitson's keen mind saw that "if society does not solve the unemployed problem, the unemployed will dis-solve society." Mr. Kitson approached this problem in the spirit of John Morley who said, "The spectacle of a man who wants work and is unable to get it is a greater tragedy than any Hamlet, than any Oedipus."

On returning to England in 1900 he continued the same work, always as an unsalaried and uncompensated prophet, sacrificing upwards of sixty thousand dollars in the work of educating the public. His activities culminated in 1908 in the organization of the Banking and Currency Reform League and the starting of the magazine, the *Open Review,* the mission of which was to prove that the British banking and currency system was the main cause of the industrial and social ills of the past century.

It is the proud boast of the people of Great Britain that they have a country where, "girt by friend or foe, a man may speak the thing he will." Accepting this as no platonic platitude but the living spirit of the nation, Mr. Kitson employed sandwich-men to parade Threadneedle and Lombard streets, where the great London banks are situated, carrying their banners even to the doors of the Bank of England, advertising the *Open Review* in which the bank's monopoly was denounced and its abolition demanded.

Editors Coerced by Bankers

THE war brought the currency question to the front and Mr. Kitson, in the columns of the London *Times* and *Land and Water* had an opportunity to address the nation on this momentous question. He foresaw and deprecated the deflation policy adopted by the Coalition government at the close of the war. But the *powers that be* not only determined to deflate but they also resolved to prevent, as far as possible, any discussion of their policy. In a recent letter on this subject Mr. Kitson says:

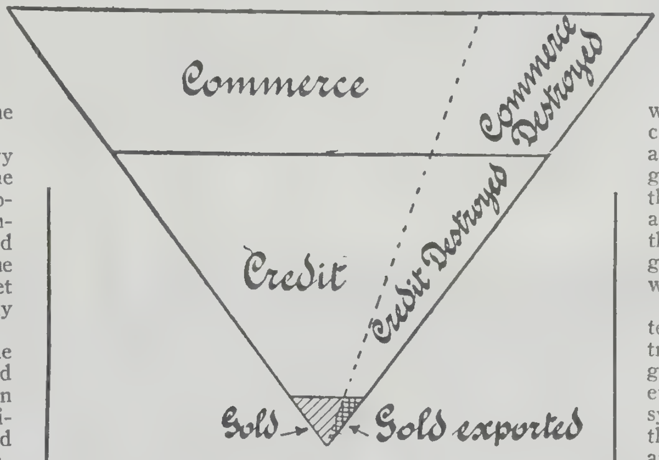
"The order to suppress discussion of the currency question in our journals seems to have been given about two years ago. The editor of a journal that published a number of my essays lost his position owing to the pressure that was brought to bear on the proprietor by the bankers . . . . About two years ago I was invited to a meeting of the Industrial League at the Guildhall, London. and a prominent member wrote to a friend of mine that as my name was practically to the bankers what a red rag is to a bull, he considered it was inadvisable that I should be allowed to speak, because the Industrial League depended on the bankers for its support. The invitation was canceled. I could give other illustrations of the intolerance shown by the money-lenders toward any open discussion of the money question. Of course I am allowed to speak occasionally at clubs controlled by men not directly connected with financial institutions."

This tallies with the experience of Wendell Phillips who could not get a line in the Boston papers on the money issue while he was given ample space on any other subject.

"There is reason to believe that governments are not, and have never been, particularly eager to find a remedy for poverty and unemployment. Had they been really in earnest, one would have expected that every possible avenue which promised salvation would have been explored and that substantial rewards would have been offered to the discoverer of the great secret. If it pays private firms to offer prizes for inventions for overcoming certain technical difficulties encountered in their businesses, surely it would pay any government to discover a panacea for the evils of trade depression."

"In all countries we find the same conditions of general unrest, dissatisfaction, and desire for better conditions, due to the failure of their economic methods to achieve the desired ends. Orthodox political economy has broken down and has had to acknowledge its failure. And as all our statesmen, professors, and writers on finance know little or nothing outside the orthodox books, they are all equally at sea and powerless to save humanity. All industrial nations are experiencing the same difficulties, for the reason that all are modeled on the same general principles."

"These principles have created what may be termed the pyramidal form of economic control. At the apex sits Finance, securely entrenched, dictating to Industry its commands—commands which on the whole are impossible of fulfillment. Industry is ordered to breathe into the inanimate the breath of life and make it a living soul, to make fruitful a thing which, as Aristotle told us ages ago, is by its very nature essentially barren. Finance hands over to Industry a sum of money and says: 'Take this and increase it. Make it grow. You cannot labor, you cannot produce, you cannot even trade without it, thanks to the world's money laws. Here is one billion pounds. I lend it to you on condition that you return me for its use one-twentieth part of it every year, and the whole of it *in addition to the interest* whenever I choose to call in the loan.'"



The relations of finance to trade and industry is graphically shown by the inverted pyramid. The shaded portion at the base of the triangle represents *legal tender*—gold, treasury notes, silver, and so forth. Upon this unstable and insignificant basis rests *bank credit,* and upon this we are forced to build our *trade, commerce* and *industries.*

"Now, by reducing the volume of legal tender, whether by exporting gold or destroying treasury notes, the volume of credit is reduced in the ratio of credit to legal tender. No banker will issue more than a certain proportion of credit to legal tender. Suppose this proportion is ten to one. Then, if the banker holds one million pounds in gold or treasury notes, he may issue ten million pounds of credit. If for any reason he has to reduce his cash reserves to, say, 750,000 pounds, he must call in twenty-five per cent of his loans—that is, 2,500,000 pounds. And this reduction of loans is, inevitably, the cause of business failures, decreased trade, and unemployment.

"Some years ago a gang of New York speculators withdrew eleven million pounds of gold from the Bank of England within the space of a few weeks. The result was, according to the *Bankers Magazine,* a doubling of our bank rate, and the fall in the prices of 325 of our premier securities of a sum equivalent to 115,509,000 pounds. Is it any wonder that the movements of gold were watched in pre-war days with such feverish anxiety? And it is this stupidly suicidal system which the government officials and the Sound Currency League are endeavoring to restore . . . ."

"If Industry had ever possessed one fraction of the intelligence proportional to its physical strength it would long since have made reply in some such terms as these: 'I am incapable of performing miracles. I cannot put your money in the ground and make it blossom and bring forth harvests of coins or bank notes. If you give me seeds or plants containing the germs of life, I can plant them and raise crops and return you far more plants and seeds than those you gave me. But when you lend me one billion pounds and ask me to pay you fifty million pounds per annum, I can only do this for a period of twenty years. By that time I shall have returned all you gave me, and as you alone control the issue, and since I have no power of getting more without your consent and help, you are asking me to do the impossible.'"

"'Further, this credit, which you alone control, on what is it really based? Evidently upon my work and upon my achievements. But for me and my energies, where would you be? The credit of which special laws have given you the control is the credit of the whole nation, and due to its productive capacity. You have done nothing to create or increase it. All you do is to hold on and profit by my labors. Yet you presume to dictate to *me,* to limit *my* power, to embarrass and torture *me* with your foolish restrictions, and to cause endless friction, contention, and disorganization between my associates, capital and labor.'"

"We have exalted the world's financiers above the nations themselves. For while the former can use their own credit as currency and charge for its use, governments are compelled to borrow the credit of certain of their own subjects, and pay for the loan. A private corporation like the Bank of England can issue 18,450,000 pounds of unsecured paper currency, can loan it and draw interest charges, and yet its creator—the nation—cannot issue a single five-pound note, but must hypothecate the national credit and pay interest whenever it needs more money than its chancellor happens to have collected. Isn't it humiliating? If the national credit will buy gold why is it not good enough for currency purposes? Can the stream rise higher than its source? In the realm of finance all our axioms seem to be fallacies. Since we mortgage the national credit and buy the individual's at his own price, a part must be greater than the whole."

"The usury system is the enemy of civilization, and is the disease germ of every economic system now existing. No system can function satisfactorily or beneficially for all or for the majority of the members of any community that is based upon this principle. One has only to calculate what the interest charges of any sum of money aggregate over an extended period of time to realize what an impossible system it is."

"Not long since an American humorist wrote to John D. Rockefeller suggesting a scheme by which he could enrich posterity. He proposed that Mr. Rockefeller should set aside one-half of his wealth on interest at five per cent, and leave instructions that the interest should be re-invested for a period of 500 years. By that time the income from usury would have become so vast that every United States citizen could draw an income of a million dollars per annum, supposing that the population by that time had grown to ten times the present population. The truth is that *usury can flourish only over a limited period of time,* and only to the extent of a certain small proportion of the capital created. It is very similar to a system of gambling. For every one who gains, there are scores who must be losers."

"A thoroughly scientific industrial and financial system would be one in which the amount of money distributed was sufficient to enable the public to buy all the goods the country is capable of producing. Now, it is evident to the least intelligent that our present financial system is based upon no rational theory connected with the national well-being. It exists merely because of greed and cupidity on the one hand, and superstition and dense ignorance on the other."

Dividends Come First

"GOVERNMENTS have handed over the supremely important power of manufacturing and controlling the currency to private companies; so that today it is a rigid monopoly, controlled in England by about ten banking institutions. And the directors of these joint stock companies are given power over the lives and fortunes of the whole of our people. Years ago Walter Bagehote said that upon the wisdom of the directors of the Bank of England it depended whether England remained solvent or became bankrupt. And considering that the first duty of these directors is to provide dividends for their shareholders, can we wonder that British trade is so uncertain and that unemployment is chronic at all times save during the tragic years of warfare?"

"The world's greatest and most dangerous monopoly is the monopoly of currency. During the silver controversy in America, Senator Depew, in a speech in the Senate, said there were fifty men in the United States who could close every factory, stop every wheel on every railway, shut up every telegraph office, lay up every steamship, close every mine, in short, paralyze the entire industrial system of America. 'They can do this' he added, 'because of their control of the money supplies through the banking system.' The same power is concentrated in just as few hands in England. *The control of money gives to a few men the power to build up or destroy whole nations."*

In an address on The Science of Plenty which Mr. Kitson delivered in Manchester, England, February 4 last and which was fairly reported in the *Manchester Guardian* he spoke, in part, as follows:

"Under the teachings of what our forefathers called the 'Dismal Science' the public were warned by the Rev. T. R. Malthus that Nature had perpetrated a terrible blunder by making human fecundity tend to outrun the means of subsistence, and that poverty and starvation were ordained by an all-wise Providence as a rightful check on population. 'A man who is born into a world already occupied,' wrote this Reverend economist, 'his family unable to support him and society not requiring his labor, such a man, I say, has not the least right to claim any nourishment whatever; he is really one too many on the earth. At the great banquet of Nature there is no plate laid for him. Nature commands him to take himself away and she will not be slow to put her order into execution.'

"This was the gospel of despair, of scarcity, upon which economics was built, and which is still taught in our schools and colleges today. It was the national creed at the time Karl Marx wrote his famous work 'Capital,' a time when the bulk of wealth was actually created by human labor, a situation which furnished Marx and his followers with their doctrine of labor's claim to all wealth. Few people seem to realize that the economic conditions brought about by inventions and scientific discoveries, during the past fifty years especially, have brought the world to a point where the political economy of Adam Smith and his followers is no longer applicable or even intelligible."

The Walloon Tercentenary Celebration

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

TRACING backward three centuries, accepting the belief that New York was first settled in 1624 by Walloons, as French and Belgian Huguenots were called, the Huguenot-Walloon New Netherland tercentenary celebration is drawing near its close.

The international significance of the observance is testified by the fact that President Coolidge, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands; Albert, King of the Belgians, and President Millerand, of the French Republic are honorary chairmen of the series of events.

Like their prototypes the Pilgrim Fathers, who in 1620 came to New England, the Walloons, numbering some thirty-two families, set sail from Holland in 1624. They had been neighbors of the Pilgrims in Leyden and sought freedom of religious worship. Walloon as a name was applied to residents of the French departments of Nord, Aisne, Ardenne and Calais and the Belgian provinces of Hainaut, Namur, Liege, Brabant and Luxemburg. They claim to have been the Belgae of Caesar's time and differed from their French neighbors to the south. The name "Walloons," as given them, signified strangers. They journeyed to Holland as exiles and there, at a later time, came into touch with the Pilgrims.

In 1609, the same year Hendrick Hudson discovered New Netherland, the Pilgrims, driven from England, were in contact at Leyden with Jesse de Forest's colony of Walloons. The latter had hoped to settle in Virginia but failed to get authority to emigrate. De Forest and fifty-six heads of families petitioned the British Ambassador at The Hague, July 21, 1621, in the name of two hundred and twenty-seven men, women and children, all of the reformed religion, who desired to settle in Virginia under certain stipulated conditions.

De Forest inquired whether it would please his British majesty to undertake their defense and protection and maintain them in their religion. The colonists offered to provide one ship if the king would furnish another and asked a tract of land sixteen miles in diameter where they could build a city, erect fortifications and elect a governor and magistrates.

The British state secretary referred De Forest's petition to the king. It was in the form of a round robin, to the Virginia Company. The latter offered to permit the Walloons and Huguenots to go to Virginia, but without any help from the company, because of the expense. It was further provided that the colonists should be distributed among the various communities in English possessions in America. De Forest and his associates declined to accept the conditions and the original request was repeated to the Dutch Government.

The proposal was given the newly formed West India Company and De Forest made another appeal on August 26, 1622. The day following "the said Jesse de Forest" was authorized to enroll for the colonies "all families having the qualifications requisite for being of use and service to the country, the same to be transported to the West Indies," the generic term then applied to all the New World.

Following this permission De Forest and ten heads of families, for some unknown reason, sailed on the ship *Pigeon* for the "Wild Coast" as Guiana was known, where a settlement was to be procured. De Forest died in Guiana of fever, October 22, 1624, and the others returned to Holland, some later going to the settlements called New Netherlands, which followed Hudson's discoveries in the region of what is now New York.

History relates that the *Niew Nederland* in the spring of 1624 was equipped for the voyage to New Netherland. It was a craft of 260 tons, or as they termed dimensions then, 30 "lasts." Cornelius Jacobsz May, of Hoorn, was skipper of the craft and arrived in the Hudson River. No list of the members of the thirty families on board has been preserved nor were records of the first fifteen years of New Amsterdam kept, but records later list many of the families which were on the "round robin" in the De Forest petition. These include La Montagne, Cornille, Campion, Catoir, Damont, De Carpentier, De Croy, De Crenne, Du Four, De La Mot, Du Pon, De Trou, Gaspar, Ghiselin, Gille, Lambert, Le Roy, Le Rou, Maton and Maryin.

In the rules and regulations prepared for the government of the new colony, the Assembly of Nineteen of the Dutch West India Company, at a morning session, March 28, 1624, is reference to "provisional conditions on which respective colonists were sent to New Netherland in the service of the West India Company to take their abode on the River of Prince Maurice (the Hudson River) or at such other places as shall be assigned to them by the Commander and his Council." The colonists were enrolled the next day and one of their articles of provisions follows:

"Within their territory they shall only worship according to the true Reformed Religion, as it is done within this country (Holland) at present, and by a good Christian life they shall try to attract the Indians and other blind persons to the knowledge of God and His Word without, however, committing any religious persecution, but freedom of conscience shall be left to every one, but if any one of them, or if any one within their territory shall intentionally curse or speak blasphemy against the name of God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ, he shall be punished by the Commander and his Council according to circumstances."

It is believed the *Niew Nederland* was accompanied by another vessel; possibly a third one was in the fleet. The colonists were deeply religious and had prayers and singing on board ship morning and evening and at mealtime. The *Classis of Amsterdam* had provided a "comforter of the sick," or lay chaplain, Jansen Krol, and, according to tradition, four couples were wed on the trip across the Atlantic. Sarah Rapalje was the first white girl born in the colony, her birth taking place in 1625.

Following their arrival at New Netherland, some of the Walloon colonists were sent to the Delaware River, others to Connecticut, others were left on Manhattan Island but the greater number were taken up the Hudson River and settled at Fort Orange.

By tens of thousands the French Huguenots came over and, like the history of the Pilgrim, lost from the period from 1690 to 1850, the traditions of the Walloons were forgotten for a long time, despite their early settlements of homes in the Middle States.

The Huguenot-Walloon celebration is a forerunner of the big Dutch celebration two years hence of the colonization of Manhattan Island by emigrants from Holland. It is a matter of history that in 1626 Governor Peter Minuit bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians. The new province of the Dutch Republic was named "Terra Nova Belgica" or New Netherland.

"Dark as night,
Here, amid cliffs and woods, with headlong might
The black stream whirls, through ferns and drooping sedge,
'Neath twisted roots, moss-brown, and weedy ledge,
Gushing;—aloft, from yonder birch-clad height
Leaps into air a cataract, snow-white;
Falling to gulfs obscure. The mountain ridge,
Like a gray warder, guardian of the scene,
Above the cloven gorge gloomily towers."
—Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Why Booze Propaganda in Some City Dailies Is Wasted

By W. C. POOLE

THE city dailies which carried whisky advertisements until the postal laws compelled them to clean up or clean out of the United States mails are now the sole sources of aid and encouragement to the outlawed Booze business.

A very few big city dailies are not unlike a certain big German gun which fired a shot each day into Paris from a very long distance. The shot created a sensation and stirred the Allies to greater zeal—but it did nothing toward winning the war, which was eventually won by the greater number of smaller guns and shells and soldiers of the Allies, and the big gun increased the loathing for the nation which would use it against harmless, unarmed non-combatants.

Ninety per cent of our big city dailies are loyal in upholding the laws and Constitution of our country.

However, the great safeguard of prohibition has been, and still is, some thirteen thousand country weeklies that go back into the millions of homes on farms and in country towns that never trouble themselves about city dailies and seldom read them or think about them. Unless one has been a country minister or doctor he cannot fully appreciate the facts that country homes are not even slightly affected by propaganda in city dailies, which is quickly exposed by the county weekly, the farmers weekly or monthly, the church weekly, the day school teacher, the Sunday school teacher, and that other man who is never very far off—the country preacher. Against such a bulwark booze propaganda may make itself ridiculous but never victorious.

But there is another still greater influence for prohibition and law. Practically every journal for women, of which there are many, with more than a million subscribers each, demands prohibition and law enforcement. The city daily is out-of-date and probably in the fire in a few hours after issue, while I have actually gone into many homes and found their monthly journals carefully preserved and referred to for a full year after publication.

But there is another class of still greater influence, and that is the big weeklies for business men. They are read by millions. I hesitate to mention by name any of these publications but the circulation of the various classes may be approximately stated as follows:

The home monthlies, over ten million circulation; the business weeklies, ten million; the farm weeklies and monthlies, twenty million; the county weeklies, twenty million; the various church weeklies, five million; the monthly magazines, ten million.

Some of these estimates may not be strictly correct, but they are the best to be had at this moment. Even with these facts, it is easy to understand why Congressmen and Senators go down to Washington and cast three or more Dry votes for every Wet vote. It is hard to understand why a few city dailies are so partial to city slums that they seem to cater to them.

The Evolution of the Map of the World

Concluded from page 5

astronomical observations of French scientists combined with measurements of a degree on the earth's surface enabled Guillaume De L'Isle to bring out his world map of 1700 in which not only the Mediterranean Sea is given its proper width, but also in which the attendant errors in the longitudes of North and South America are largely corrected. This marks the beginning of the period of modern maps. Although for nearly a century other European map makers continued to sell the old and incorrect maps, nevertheless the scientists and students widely recognized that accuracy was found only in the French maps based upon astronomical observations.

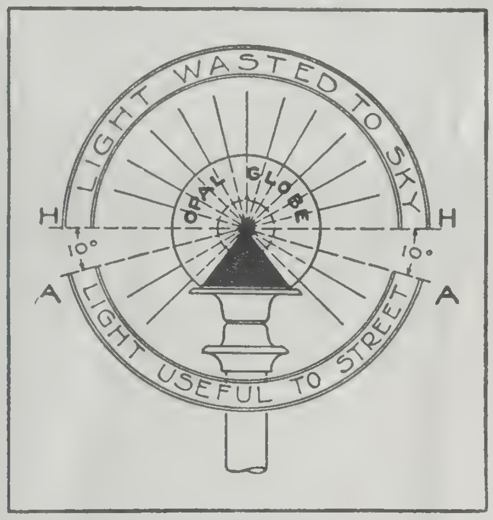
The map of the world which we have today stands as a monument to the explorers, of all ages and of many lands who in many instances gave their lives to the advancement of our knowledge of the world; the map is a monument to astronomers and to mathematicians of all the ages who devoted years of study and of labor to searching the heavens and to the problem of representing upon a plane surface the configurations upon the spherical earth; the map is a monument to geographers and cartographers who combined the achievements of the discoverers with the achievements of the astronomers and mathematicians in a picture which we all can read; and, finally, the map of the world is a monument to the printers who through centuries have studied the art of reproducing the written word and drawings to make intellectual products available to wide circles of readers.

International Science Briefs

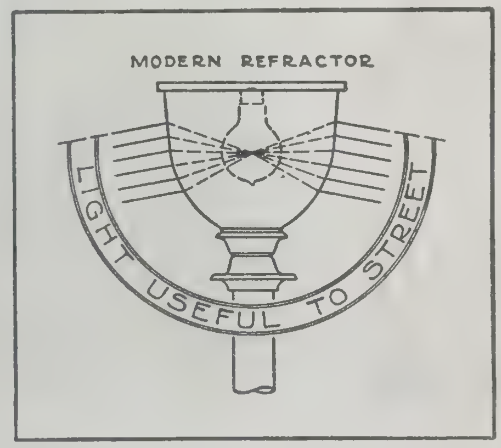
By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Scientific Street Illumination

RECENTLY attention was emphatically directed to the importance of scientific street illumination through a lecture entitled, "Street Illumination for Cities and Towns," delivered by Hans J. Meyer, one of America's foremost authorities on this subject. The invention of the arc lamp and the electric light gave rise to that branch of engineering which is known as "illuminating engineering." Scientific street illumination, however, is of very recent origin. We are undoubtedly correct in stating that this definite branch of science had its origin in the Milwaukee office of Vaughn, Meyer & Sweet (consulting engineers) in the year 1912. The preliminary scientific investigations of the fundamental principles of street lighting are due to Arthur J. Sweet, who, in 1912, began this work for his concern. During the summer of 1914, John N. Cadby, of the Wisconsin Railroad Commission, and Professor Edward Bennett, of the University of Wisconsin, cooperated with the engineering firm of Vaughn, Meyer & Sweet in further developments and investigations of this important subject.



An unscientific device for the distribution of light. The light rays pass radially outward from the light source with the result that a large percentage is wasted to the sky and only a comparatively small street area is illuminated.



A scientifically designed modern refractor which redirects the light rays to the street surface, distributing the rays more uniformly over a much larger street area and assists in the reduction of the wasteful and disagreeable blinding effect of glare.

Hans J. Meyer, who is at the present time a practicing consulting engineer in the city of Minneapolis, continued this pioneer work with exceptional vigor, in the face of powerful opposition from some manufacturing concerns who have failed to realize that, in the long run, the best interests of the controlling stockholders are bound inseparably with the highest and most honest public service. The faithful professional work performed by H. J. Meyer in scientifically safeguarding the public interest, is a noteworthy example of the high value of the recommendations of a fearless, honest, and able engineer, concerning all matters which pertain to our practical daily life and common welfare.

Civic street lighting was first attempted by the city of Paris in the year 1558 when the citizens were ordered to place lighted candle lanterns in front of their residences. Later (in 1766) pitch or resin bowls were substituted for candle lanterns. London first introduced illuminating gas for street lighting in the year 1809. Mr. Meyer has called attention to the fact that about one hundred years ago many European cities were opposed to street lighting on theological, juridical, medical, moral, and economic grounds. At the present time the basis of opposition rests upon economic grounds. This modern objection is entirely untenable because adequate street lighting will pay for itself by decreasing accidents and burglary, and increasing the general public security. What municipalities and towns should guard against is improper and wasteful systems of street lighting.

Much opposition to adequate street lighting is due to lack of definite information concerning the relative cost factors and expenditures in municipal departments. The following data was given by Meyer in his lecture:

"Cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants spend on an average $5.25 for safety and protection including street lighting. The average per capita cost a year for street lighting in 747 cities, recently investigated, was seventy-one cents. The poorly lighted villages spend two cents a linear foot of street a year, while San Francisco, in its 'Path of Gold,' spends five dollars. Five cents a foot is a fair average figure for the cities of the United States."

The three cardinal principles which should be observed in the design of street lighting are, according to Meyer: First, efficient generation of light; second, efficient utilization of light; and third, keeping the eye in an efficient condition for seeing. The efficient generation of light is possible through the use of such devices as the magnetic arc and the gas-filled tungsten lamp. In discussing the second requirement, Meyer pointed out that this problem involves primarily the proper distribution and the redirection, to the street surface, of the generated light rays. The most important factor, however, is keeping the eye in an efficient condition for seeing. This requires that the blinding effect of glare be minimized by placing the lamp high above the street surface.

About fifty per cent of the light from an ordinary electric bulb is emitted above the horizon. This percentage, therefore, represents wasted light as far as the street surface is concerned. Moreover, the light rays which actually pass in a downward direction are, by no means, distributed in a manner which insures their maximum usefulness. Directly under such a lamp the illumination is comparatively bright. The radius of this relatively bright illumination is about twice that of the mounting height of the lamp. Beyond this zone the illumination decreases rapidly to a very low value. This faulty condition is not corrected by equipping the lamp with a white or opal globe because such a device does not redirect the radially emitted light rays. The only valuable effect of this type of globe is the reduction of the intense brilliancy of the light which diminishes the ocular discomfort. In fact, such a globe is only useful as a protection for the lamp while enhancing the general appearance of the light unit.

HANS J. MEYER,

Prominent conservation engineer, administrative engineer for the state of Minnesota during the period of the World War, consulting electrical and mechanical engineer, and one of America's foremost authorities on scientific street illumination.

In concluding his important discussion Meyer summarized the essential factors in scientific street lighting as follows:

1. Light must be efficiently generated by the use of economic lighting units.

2. The wasting of light to the sky must be prevented by the use of such devices as the prismatic refractor which redirects the light to the street surface.

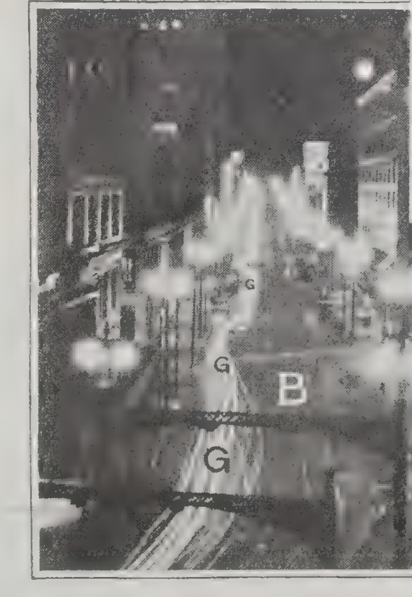
This is an actual night photograph of an improperly lighted street in one of our principal cities. Each lighting unit consists of a five-light cluster equipped with opal globes which do not redirect the light rays to the street. The mounting height is twelve feet. Note the poor illumination along the street surface at *A*. The intensely lighted strip at the left, marked *G*, is due to the light projected from automobile headlights.

3. The blinding effect of glare must be reduced to a minimum.

4. Wherever conditions permit, a mounting height of from twenty-eight to thirty-two feet should be used.

5. Uniform lighting must be provided by establishing a proper relation between the mounting height and the distance between the light supports.

6. The light intensity should be graded in conformity with the requirements of each particular district.



An example of a scientifically illuminated street in one of our best lighted cities. The light rays are redirected to the street surface by means of modern bowl refractors. The mounting height is thirty feet. Compare the lighting at *B* with that at *A* in the improperly lighted street. Also note the relative illumination on the sidewalks in both cases. The zigzag light striations *G*, in this case also, are due to the light transmitted from automobile headlights.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

In 1857 it required 274 hours of labor to grow a bushel of corn, including the preparation of the ground, the sowing, care and harvesting. It can now be done in about twelve minutes of labor.

The Egyptians made glass long before the birth of Christ.

The Rothschilds family of Vienna, international bankers, were taxed $72,000 for the forty-seven servants kept.

Norway is celebrating the 900th anniversary of the coming of Christianity to that country.

The first bathtub in America was exhibited by Adam Thompson at Cincinnati in 1842. It was supplied with water from a tank in the attic and was strongly denounced as injurious to health.

"Let's clean house! Weed out the rubbish and litter that are clogging Judaism and making much of the criticism we receive justified." *The Jewish Voice.*

"White Australia" is the form that land's immigration philosophy takes. "Nobody has got into Australia whom we have wanted to keep out," says ex-Premier Hughes. "It was Australia and California that saw to it that the League of Nations Assembly did not go on record as favoring world racial equality."

A gold coin from the United States labelled *"Christian Idol From America"* is part of a collection of idols from many lands possessed by a man in India.

Light travels 186,000 miles per second and radio waves 165,000 miles per second.

Vast tracts of potential rubber-growing lands have been found in the Philippine Islands. Ninety per cent of the world's supply of rubber is produced by British colonial and other foreign producers.

To test the theory that "any bright criminal could prove himself insane and thus escape punishment for his crimes," a Des Moines, Iowa, newspaper reporter played the part of the insane man, was officially adjudged insane by the sanity commission, which remanded him to the state hospital at Clarinda, all in such fine order that the young reporter had difficulty in extricating himself.

More than 20,000 houses have been built in Yokahama, Japan, since the earthquake.

The state of Michigan a year ago placed 65 imported Norwegian reindeer in a northern part of the state in a country similar to their native habitation. Only seven of the herd are left. Lack of calcium composition in the Michigan moss is said to cause paralysis of the hind quarters, resulting in death.

Records found in the tomb of Tutankhamen indicate that there really was a Helen of Troy and there was a Trojan War and that the historical records of Greece on this subject were based on fact and not the imagination of a roving Greek minstrel.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Small bladed knives were used in the olden days to repoint the long quills used for pens, hence the name penknife.

The Chinese have long employed tame cormorants to catch fish. These birds are prevented from swallowing their captures by a strap placed about the throat.

The British Sovereign is still officially described as King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, although the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland came to an end with the establishment of the Irish Free State.

Rudyard Kipling is living the quiet life of a farmer in Sussex. His farmer neighbors discount his literary activities, but give him full credit for his knowledge of farming.

Scores of persons were overcome by automobile exhaust fumes in the twin Liberty tunnels at Pittsburgh recently when traffic was tied up and hundreds of cars with engines running were stopped. Airshafts proved insufficient, and more than twenty persons were sent to hospitals.

A persimmon that will not pucker the mouth has been found in Japan.

Child & Company, the oldest private bank in England, founded about 1560, is to be absorbed by Glyn, Mills & Company.

It is said that fifty per cent of the Hungarian national wealth is in the hands of the Jews.

It is said that there has been an increase of only $400 per year in the maximum salary of postal clerks in forty years, while the cost of living has doubled and trebled in that time.

Figures issued from Hollywood last summer indicate that the films which paid the best during July were the most wholesome pictures ever made.

According to a Czecho-Slovakian superstition. if when a traveler sets out on a journey, you stock him with round cookies, he will surely return.

Forty-six cities of the United States show one hundred per cent boost in rentals during the last ten years.

"If I had my way I would put a cradle beside the flag on Empire Day and when the girls of the schools came to salute the flag I would make every girl salute the cradle."—*Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, Bishop of Exeter.*

In three years the item of pilferage cost the American railroads eighteen million dollars.

A delegation representing the Chinese Association of Tokio recently called on Foreign Minister Matsui and presented a memorial protesting against Japanese exclusion of Chinese, declaring that the Chinese expect the same consideration from Japan that Japan is seeking from the United States.

Lord Olivier, Secretary of State for India, says that when officials are regarded as seeming unsympathetic to native people, it is found that the missionaries are able to attain a perfect sympathy and understanding.

The centenary of the Monkland and Kirkintilloch Railway, the first public railway in Scotland, is due this year. The railway was authorized in 1824, opened in 1826, and amalgamated with the North British Railway in 1865.

An observer in the book-repair workroom of a Philadelphia library noticed that of books published in volumes, Volume I invariably had to be repaired but Volumes II and III needed only a little attention and that after long periods.

Guatemala grass introduced from Central America and Mexico is now being used on a large scale by dairymen in Southern Florida.

Astoria, Oregon, is being rebuilt along lines of rat-proof construction.

A college student at Williams College in 1842 wrote this in his diary: "Today we pursued no studies, but rather made merry with a girl school which came in a body for dancing, and frolicking of all sorts. And till late at night we barn danced and polka'd, and such was the attraction that we thought no more of books and learning but contended ourselves with singing and dancing of all sorts. These females are a queer lot, but they are fine after books and Greek authors."

Archeologists excavating in Old Mexico have discovered fragments of human skeletons, pottery, and so on, which they are convinced belong to a race and civilization antedating the race which antedated the Toltecs.

The golden plover with less than two ounces of fuel in the shape of body fat forces itself at a high rate of speed over hundreds of miles. If a 1,000-pound airplane could operate on the same ratio, it would do a 20-mile flight on a single pint of fuel.

George Bernard Shaw says he is a Communist. "My wants," he said, "are very few—a nice little flat in the West End of London, a pleasant country house not too far from London, a couple of motor cars, £2000 or £3000 pocket money, and there is no more contented man in England than Bernard Shaw."

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JUN 9 1924

Do Advertisers Kill New York Papers?

Captive Gorilla Grants an Interview

Demolishing U. S. Immigration Gates

When Uncle Joe Cannon Heard Lincoln

Two States Were Sold for a Song

Where Would Jefferson Stand Today?

What the Northwest Farmer Thinks

England's Quaint and Placid Byways

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Are Advertisers Killing New York Newspapers?

Is Munsey, in Journalistic Deals, Backed by Department Stores?

By HENRY M. WHITE

ON THE bulletin board of the New York Newspaper Club is pasted a bit of verse:

Some of the members laugh as they pause and scan the doggerel.

THE ITINERANT REPORTER

Say boss, can you give me a job?
I'm fairly good, I guess.
One time I worked with Munsey
On the New York *Press*.

Oh yes, I've had experience,
And many's the yarn I've spun.
I also worked with Munsey
On the New York *Sun*.

I won't say that I was a star
Nor wore any royal robe;
But I did have a job with Munsey
On the New York *Globe*.

You say the staff is full up—
Well, I'll be hittin' the trail.
But remember, I worked with Munsey
On the New York *Mail*.

I then joined up with the *Herald*
And that was a terrible jam,
And, let's see—I worked with Munsey
On the New York *Telegram*.

There is another small paragraph there, clipped from some publication or other:

"It is understood that Frank A. Munsey intends combining the *Literary Digest* and the *Police Gazette* and retaining the best features of each."

This wins a laugh, too—from some of the members. Newspaper men, naturally enough, have a sense of humor, especially when they are young, and what passes for the romance of the game is still in their blood.

What's the Low-Down?

BUT there are two groups among the newspaper club's membership of 1,000 from whom come not even smiles over the witticisms. One group is made up of a couple of score writers who find themselves jobless because of the recent sale of the *Herald* to the *Tribune* by the aforementioned Frank A. Munsey. The other group includes the more mature news writers of the city—the men who have passed forty and have given perhaps twenty of their years to the half-altruistic, half-hypocritical service of providing "information" to New York's millions. These men want to know:

"What's back of Munsey's buying and eliminating and merging newspapers? Why is he doing it? What's the low-down? What's going to happen to the journalistic field of New York if this tendency goes any further?"

(Newspaper men who are worth their salt always wonder what is the "low-down" behind anything that comes under their attention. Their training teaches them that rarely is there 100 per cent of actual honesty in business—or politics or various other public movements—and that things are not usually just as they appear on the surface.)

Little wonder, then, that they queried each other as to what might be concealed behind the Munsey manipulation of daily papers that had been going on for a number of years and had recently reached a peak of activity.

Perhaps there ought to be given right here a little chronology of Frank A. Munsey's connection with New York City journalism. New York journalists know it but one cannot expect that the whole country is familiar with it.

Journalistic Gymnastics

MUNSEY, a down-east Yankee of the "hoss-tradin'" type, who had originated in Maine and had made considerable money out of cheap fiction publications, bought the New York *Evening Star* in 1890. It was a rather fair paper. But it's gone; it died within a decade. In 1901 he bought another, the *Daily News*, which was then an evening gazette. That passed away on his hands within three years.

In 1912 he ventured into the morning newspaper field. He purchased the *Press*, which was just managing to get along financially because it was the one outright Republican organ in the Democratic metropolis. As soon as he laid hands on it the *Press* hit the toboggan. People began to forget that there ever existed such a sheet. There is a classic newspaper story of a *Press* reporter who wandered into a lunch room and, seeing a bundle of papers behind the counter, inquired: "Have you got a *Press* there, chef?" The cook's reply was: "No, we don't often see them Brooklyn sheets uptown here, boss."

So the *Press* died—at least it "died a Munsey death"—in 1916. In that year the publisher purchased the historic old *Sun*, with its less artistic but richer young sister, the *Evening Sun*, and merged the *Press* with the morning *Sun*, made famous by Charles A. Dana.

It was then that the pet Munsey expression, "retaining the best features of each," came into being. That's what he was going to do, he said—but we old-timers can't recall any particular feature the *Press* had (after Munsey had played with it for a time) that was worth retaining. And what features the old *Sun* had soon faded away.

The question was raised: "What is Munsey trying to do?"

For a brief period the title of the combined papers was "The *Sun* and the New York *Press*," but the latter half of the appellation vanished before many weeks had elapsed. And thus passed away another New York journalistic landmark.

Munsey's next move astounded not only newspaper circles, but the city at large. In 1920 he bought the properties of the deceased and picturesque James Gordon Bennett, the New York *Herald* and the *Evening Telegram*, and consolidated the *Herald* with the *Sun*, the title now becoming: "The *Sun* and the New York *Herald*."

"Why?" queried the newspaper men again. There was no satisfactory answer. It was announced once more that Munsey would "retain the best features of each." The journalists inquired: "Which of the two is Frank the Paper Killer going to strike dead?"

They did not have long to wait. It was the journal founded by Dana, the *Sun*, which perished. The *Herald*, of the consolidated papers, survived, and the name the *Sun* was given to the sheet which theretofore had been known as the *Evening Sun*. There was another notch in the big stick of the paper killer. Incidentally, there was sudden unemployment for a number of men who had labored loyally and long for the two famous papers, the *Sun* and the *Herald*. But of course that's the tragedy of all consolidations.

"Buy 'em and kill 'em" continued to be the motto of Munsey. In June, 1923, he purchased another evening paper, the *Globe*, and merged that with the *Sun*, announcing, as usual, that he would "retain the best features of each." Title: *"The Sun and The Globe."* Some *Globe* men, some *Sun* men, lost their jobs. Shortly the name of the *Globe* disappeared from the masthead. Another historic gazette gone, for no less a personage than Noah Webster started the *Globe*, way back in 1793.

But historic associations meant nothing to the man from Maine. As one of the irreverent scribes expressed it: "That bird would probably merge the Statue of Liberty and Bunker Hill Monument—and retain the best features of each."

In January of this year, Munsey bought the *Evening Mail* and merged that with his *Evening Telegram*. Before long, it is expected, the name *Mail* will disappear.

Then—biggest shock of all his maneuverings—in March he sold the *Herald* to Ogden Reid, and the famous old Bennett paper was consolidated with the *Tribune*, which Horace Greeley founded.

The name *Herald* still is alive—since the title is *New York Herald-New York Tribune*—but no one knows what the future may bring forth.

How Advertisers May Save

THE old question "Why?" was reiterated. "Why kill the *Press*, the *Sun*, the *Globe*, the *Mail*, and virtually kill the *Herald?*" In his purchasing transactions, Munsey had apparently handed forth great sums—in no case less than a single million of dollars and in other cases this sum multiplied several times. "Why put out all that money for the sake of obliterating newspapers?"

Finally there gained currency a suggestion that may be the correct answer to the Munsey activities:

"Is it really Frank A. Munsey who is doing this? Or is it the big advertisers—the department stores—the Saks and Macys and Gimbels and Sterns and Altmans and Simonses and Giddings and the like?

"Is it Munsey's money that is being spent that these old-established broadcasters of news may be led to the slaughter? Or is it the money of the farseeing merchandisers of a race that is always farseeing where money is concerned?

"Is this cold Maine Yankee indulging a peculiar passion, or are the Semites of the Shops, under cover of his odd personality, wiping out of existence one paper after another, so they will be obliged to advertise in fewer and fewer, and thus will save, eventually, enormous sums?"

There was a widely circulated report, when Munsey bought the *Mail*, that it was not his own money which was spent for it, but "department-store money." Then there began to develop the idea that possibly this same financial backing was behind his other purchases.

The *Mail* was the weak sister of the evening newspaper field in New York. But the situation was this: A certain number of persons read it every day—one hundred and some odd thousands, maybe. The advertisers wanted to reach these, of course, with their bargain-offerings and the like. They were obliged to advertise in it, even though they felt that to a certain extent this was a waste of money.

How, then, avoid this expense? The answer was elementary: kill off the paper. But how could that be done? Very simple, also: buy it and close it up. But that wouldn't look well if done by a lot of department stores, would it? No! But that phase could be avoided.

Going back a step, the *Globe* was not so strongly entrenched either, although it had more readers than the *Mail*. The big advertisers were in the same situation with regard to Noah Webster's original paper. They were glad to see that out of the way.

Going still further back, the old *Herald*, as it was at the time of Bennett's death, was rather a weakling. So was the old morning *Sun*. So, in the beginning, was the *Press*. There were no tears of regret shed by the big advertisers who put forth many thousands of dollars a day for newspaper space, when any of these institutions passed out.

"Is it not possible, even probable, that the advertisers had a big hand in the executions?" the thoughtful newspaper men are inquiring.

It is obvious that the advertisers save great sums every time a paper goes out of existence. The fewer advertisements they have to put out, the less their expenditures in that direction, naturally. The surviving papers may increase their rates, of course, but the increase by no means brings the total up to what it was previously.

There is no way for a working newspaper man to learn just what the truth is in this whole matter. Munsey—apart from statements which he invariably issues whenever he puts over a newspaper deal—is a silent man. The department store people, presuming they actually had a share in these transactions, naturally, wouldn't talk about it—but it has come to seem rather plausible to the writing boys.

Munsey's last statement, printed when he sold the *Herald* to the *Tribune*, said:

"My work of amalgamating newspapers*** in New York has been as sound a piece of economics as the amalgamation of competing lines of railroads or banks or manufactures ***"

Not a Helpful Thing

POSSIBLY it has been sound economics—for Munsey finances and for the big advertisers. But it hasn't been a sound or helpful thing for the New York public, at least in my opinion and in that of many another journalist who has given half a lifetime to newspaper work. (I might explain—lest I be suspected of possible bitterness—that I never worked for Munsey and never was affected by any of his deals.)

Any narrowing or shutting-off of the streams from which flow information to the people is dangerous, I contend. The fewer the flowing streams, the less, in both volume and variety, will be the information that reaches the people. And (though this, of course, is merely a personal view) there never has been a time when the people needed, more than they do now, all the information they could get about what is going on in business, in politics, in civics, in the really important things of life.

It does not seem to me that the New York public ever got as much real information as it should have had, even before this killing off of its newspapers. And it does not seem to me that there is an entirely independent newspaper in the city of New York today.

The *World* is possibly the nearest approach to an independent that we have. Occasionally it picks up some worthy cause, makes a crusade of it, and carries on to a worth-while victory. But on the other hand, it picks up unworthy causes and persists, just as vehemently, in exploiting these. It has been waging, for years, a silly semi-personal fight against the city administration as represented by Hylan, the mayor, and Enright, the police commissioner, who, as a matter of fact, are pretty good officials and have kept the city as clean and safe as a place like New York can be kept. The *World* is controlled by the Pulitzer family, sons of the really great journalist, Joseph Pulitzer, who built it up from almost nothing and who died, blind, at the peak of his success.

The *Times*, owned by Adolph Ochs, once a newsboy in Chattanooga, is the bulkiest of our papers, and attempts more seriously than any of the others to present news from all over the globe. But the *Times* has a "play-it-safe" policy. It generally remains neutral on a big issue until it sees which side has the better chance of winning, and then hops to that side. Also it is very deferential to Wall Street and the big money-powers down there. You don't find any crusades or aggressive movements in the *Times*.

The *American*, one of the country-wide string operated by William Randolph Hearst, is fearless enough, but most of its space and energy is devoted to the personal concerns—political and business—of "W. R." himself. Hearst's friends (according to his papers) are invariably all right; his foes are invariably all wrong.

A Wonderful Opportunity

THE *Tribune* (now the *Herald-Tribune*) in recent years has been an easy-going, undetermined sort of paper. Sometimes it has tried to do things, but it has always gone at them half-heartedly and never has got anywhere to speak of. The only thing in which it has been entirely steadfast has been its support of all Republican administrations, right or wrong. Nothing striking has been accomplished by the amalgamation. The result is a paper that is neither the old *Herald* nor the old *Tribune*.

The *Daily News* is our paper of greatest circulation. This is a little tabloid form of journal, composed largely of photographs, and exploiting crime, scandal and sports. Yet it has the astonishing circulation of nearly 750,000, as against about 400,000 for its nearest circulation-rival, the *World*. Again to quote an irreverent reporter: "That's the tip-off on the intelligence of New York City, when so many people read that rag." However, maybe the answer is that New Yorkers don't have, or don't like to use, much intelligence. Not much is called into play by the reading of the *Daily News*. It is owned by the Patterson-McCormick interests which also possess the Chicago *Tribune*. It has no especial policy—certainly no constructive policy. A rather narrow little group—isn't it?—to supply the morning needs of nearly 6,000,-

(Concluded on page 6)

An Interview With a Gorilla

Being an interview with the only gorilla in captivity, a gentleman of temperament who has quickly adopted the ways of civilization, and who scientists believe proves the theory of evolution.

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

JOHN DANIEL II

Photos, General Photographic Service.

"NOW go to sleep—that's a pretty boy."

A woman stood by the side of a big four-poster bed, and with crooning words tried to urge sleep on—no, not a child—but a gorilla. It was probably the strangest sight to be found in all the United States. A beautiful hotel bedroom, furnished in the fashion that would attract the most feminine of fancies, and there by the mahogany bed a woman standing looking down on the tired, restless form of one of the fiercest beasts that ever roamed the jungles of the far-away places of the earth—a gorilla.

The woman was Miss Alyce Cunningham, of London, and the thing that impresses you at once is that she is in no sense a seeker of notoriety—in no sense an "animal trainer," but just a cultured woman who is busy conducting one of the most interesting experiments of modern times, one that scientists all over the world have watched with great interest, for she has taken a beast that has never been known to live in captivity, a beast long considered closely related to man—and she is watching the effect of civilization on the jungle-born mind.

John Daniel II is really a study in environment.

"The history of John Daniel really goes back several years, to the day when I found the first John Daniel." Miss Cunningham left her place at the foot of the bed and found a chair. The gorilla on the bed had settled himself comfortably, but he was not asleep. Far from it. His large dark eyes were watching us, brooding eyes that seemed to read our very thoughts. One hand was raised to his forehead, as if shading off the light, while the other was clasped about his ankle.

"The first John Daniel," Miss Cunningham went on, "was in a London department store when I met him. He was in a big cage, and was advertised as the only gorilla in captivity, 'a special treat for the children.' He was about the most unhappy beast I had ever seen, and I felt sorry for him at once. But just the same I took occasion to remark that it seemed a shame to advertise the gorilla as the only one in captivity. I felt sure that I had seen many in the zoos of the large cities of Europe. I discovered, however, that I was wrong. I had seen chimpanzees, orang-outangs, and baboons—not gorillas, for gorillas lived but a short time in captivity—pining away when caged.

"The more I thought about that gorilla, the more it seemed to me that it would be rarely interesting to own the beast—and finally my nephew, Mr. Penny, and I decided that we would buy the gorilla, and see if we could keep him alive. The department store people thought we were crazy, but were quite willing to sell. So we took the gorilla home, and named him John Daniel.

"Almost from the very minute that gorilla was brought into my home it was possible to observe the effect of close contact with humans on his mental and physical condition. He lost the melancholy air he had worn, he showed great interest in people, ate well, and thrived physically. In six months we opened the cage, and began to treat him as you would treat a child of about the same age. His intellect was remarkably keen, and his actions those of a child. I was persuaded to bring him to this country so that he might be exhibited publicly. I left him in the United States while I returned to England on business, and he actually died of a broken heart.

"The next gorilla I owned was Chula. I had become so interested in gorillas that with my brother I went to the French Gaboon, a division of the French Congo, and obtained my second gorilla. Chula never appeared to be normal, and he died shortly. An examination showed that he had suffered from an abscess on the brain. Of course, I am not sure of this fact, but I have always felt that in capturing Chula the natives had struck him on the head, and the abscess was the result.

"My third gorilla is that fellow on the bed. I've had him about ten months, and I should judge that he is between three and three and a half years old. He is by far the brightest of the three, and he has accustomed himself to civilization very quickly."

By this time John Daniel was asleep. He had rolled over during Miss Cunningham's description, and was quiet. Once he whimpered. Perhaps he was dreaming of other days when his bed was a heap of leaves, and when he had not known the luxury of gayly colored blankets, taxicabs, and chicken à la king, which is his favorite dish.

John Daniel II was about three years old when he was captured by the natives. That is the age when it is possible to take a young gorilla. Before that time they are kept under close surveillance by the mother, practically never out of her sight. By the time the young animal is between two or three, however, the mother usually has a younger baby to take her attention so that when the family is on the march the three-year-old may lag behind unnoticed. It is then that the waiting natives effect a capture. A heavy cloth is thrown over the gorilla's head, and while the beast is wondering what it is all about, the natives pick it up and run like mad. That was the way John was captured.

The first few months were naturally spent in a cage, but John very quickly demonstrated the fact that he understood that Miss Cunningham wished him to be a gentleman. When he was first allowed his freedom he naturally took advantage of his liberty and misbehaved—but he soon learned that humans were not meant to be bitten by gorillas, and that if gorillas did not attempt to smash up a room they were allowed greater privileges.

"Of course, when he's naughty I have to give him a taste of the rattan," Miss Cunningham said, "or I lock him in his cage. He always knows when he has misbehaved, and as a general rule I can scold him, and make him understand. He acts like a child when scolded, ashamed, and very anxious to show that he is sorry. Of late he has thought out a rather strange method of showing this sorrow; he puts both his hands on my shoe and bows his head till it touches his hands. Shoes really play an important part in John's life; they fascinate him. On numerous occasions when I have had a visitor whom John really likes he has gone over to them, unlaced or unbuttoned their shoes, and then taken the shoe off. I don't know why he should think of such a trick. It certainly shows an originality of thought."

Compared with his native jungle life John's whole existence is decidedly original. Morning finds him waking up in his cage, which is not really a cage, being more like the "kiddie-coops" one sees in the modern nursery. He is placed in this "cage" when Miss Cunningham is ready for bed for the simple reason that he is apt to roam in the night, and might accidentally do harm to himself or his mistress. The "cage" is equipped with a hammock, and there are blankets so that if John feels cool he can cover himself.

"Of course, I have always slept with my windows open," Miss Cunningham explained, "and I decided that if it was good for me to get the cold night air it would also be good for John. I really am doing almost everything that zoologists have told me not to do, but John thrives under the treatment. I was told that a gorilla would not live in any climate that was not tropical. However, my idea was that if John could be warm when he wanted to, he would be hardened by the cold air. When he feels cool he has sense enough to put on his blankets. As a matter of fact he has played in the snow, and really enjoyed himself. He had never seen snow until the day I took him out, but he played with it just as a child does."

So much for John's night of fresh air and warm blankets. When Miss Cunningham rises, John becomes decidedly active. In the morning his animal spirits are at their highest peak. He scampers about the rooms and it needs the constant attention of Miss Cunningham and her two companions to keep him out of mischief. These two companions are her nephew, Mr. Penny, and an English friend, Mrs. Baines. Mr. Penny and Mrs. Baines volunteered to become members of the party, knowing that it was necessary for John to be watched every minute of the day, and also knowing by experience that it was impossible to hire a "nurse" for him. On several occasions Miss Cunningham has tried to engage a man who would relieve her of some of the care of John Daniel, but John Daniel immediately showed such resentment that the "nurse" had to be discharged. As a whole he dislikes men, Mr. Penny being one of the few he favors with his personal regard. This is probably due to the fact that he remembers that he was captured by men, and held captive by them until Miss Cunningham arrived in Africa to start his civilization. Women, all women, are favored with his affection, and he is fond of children. As with a human he has his personal likes and dislikes, and if after a close scrutiny he decides that he really likes a woman or a child he offers them his closest attention, sitting on their lap, or the arm of the chair, touching their faces, putting his arm about them, and sometimes attempting to offer a kiss.

Like a normal child, John has his bath every morning. He watches the preparation of the water with grave interest, and then when it is ready he jumps in unassisted. He is very fond of water, and it is often with difficulty that he is persuaded to leave the tub and be dried and combed. His coat, of course, does not resemble the coat of a gorilla in the jungle, it is much finer, and has a satin sheen that has been arrived at because of much grooming.

Since his arrival at the Hotel McAlpin, John Daniel has paid a great deal of attention to the section of the city that can be seen from his hotel window. He loves to look out of the window, and whenever he is taken to a strange room he immediately makes for the window to get the new view.

"No, John has no idea of speech," Miss Cunningham said when asked if the gorilla had shown any inclination in that direction. "He has a series of sounds. He chuckles when he is tickled, and he has a whine, or a low wail, to use when he is feeling ill, or his feelings have been hurt. When he is angry he growls, a low threatening note. He has another note, higher, and approaching the chuckle, which means that he approves, and when he is bored he yawns to show that the time, the place, and the company are not at all interesting. Perhaps the most characteristic sound of all is the one he utters when he sits up and slaps himself on the chest with both hands. Personally I feel that when he does

(*Concluded on page 14*)

John Daniel II and Miss Alyce Cunningham. Note the gorilla's hands, feet and intelligent expression as he watches the preparations of the photographer.

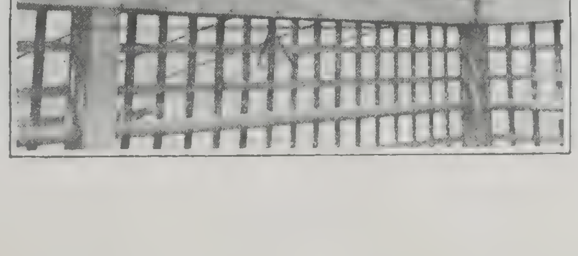
John Daniel II still retains some of his jungle spirits. The trellis of the hotel roof garden looked inviting—so he climbed.

Photo by International Newsreel

Crashing Through the U. S. Immigration Gates

More Than 20,000 Orientals Pass "Legally" Into the United States During Each Year; How Is It Done? Here's the Answer

By HARRY H. DUNN

Photo by International Newsreel

> TEN THOUSAND CHINESE and more than 9,000 Japanese enter this country every year, in spite of the Chinese Exclusion Act on the one hand and the so-called "Gentleman's Agreement" with Japan on the other. In the nine months of the present fiscal year, beginning July 1, 1923, and ending March 31, 1924, exactly 5,035 Chinese came into the United States through the one port of San Francisco alone. In the twelve months of the calendar year, 1923, there came through all American ports, 8,941 Japanese. In some years since the "Gentleman's Agreement" was signed, as high as 12,000 Japanese have entered this country legally. These figures do not take into account the Orientals smuggled into the country, but only those legally passed through our immigration stations.
>
> In the face of American attempts to keep out these Asiatics, how do they get in? This story is the answer to that question.

ASIATIC exclusion laws do not exclude Asiatics from America. Without reference to proposed changes in the immigration laws, or to percentages of previous years, quotas or classes, there is a very interesting lesson for all Americans in the manner in which Chinese and Japanese pass through the loopholes of the law into this country. Every year there enters through the various ports of the United States—largely on the Pacific Coast—a number of adult men and women of these two nationalities equivalent to the population of the average American city. They come in openly and boldly, within the law, and this known number does not take any account of those smuggled in along the Mexican and Canadian borders, or landed from small vessels at lonely spots along the Washington, Oregon and California shore.

The Chinese coming in are almost entirely men. The great majority of the Chinese women under forty years of age in this country were born here. The Japanese coming in are largely women, brought here as "Kankadon Brides," or by other less honest means, with the *avowed* purpose of increasing the native-born Japanese population of this country. Combined, the immigrants from both countries, who pass through our law, total more than 20,000 a year. Strange as it may seem, they are almost evenly divided as to numbers. Immigration officials estimate that 10.000 Chinese enter the United States each year, most of them remaining here permanently. Through the immigration station at Angel Island, on San Francisco Bay, in the nine months of the fiscal year of 1923-24 which ended with March 31, this year, 5,035 Chinese passed in. In the calendar year of 1923, Japanese to the number of 8,941 came to this country with passports from the Tokio government, and were admitted. Rather more than 6.000 of these were women.

What is of interest to Americans is how 20,000 supposedly excluded Asiatics can enter this country every year, and remain here, within the law.

The treaty of 1882 between the United States and China prohibits the migration to the United States of all Chinese except government representatives, travelers, teachers, students and merchants, with their wives and children. The obvious intent of this treaty was and is to prevent the coming to America of Chinese laborers. Those Chinese who fall into the privileged classes, first must get a certificate from the Chinese Department of State, declaring them to belong to one of these classes, and to be of such character as to entitle them to the courtesies of a friendly nation. Thereafter, this certificate must be viséed by the United States consul located at a point in China nearest to the home of the would-be visitor to this country. Even then, so equipped with certificate and consular visé, the Chinese may be held up and turned back at any American immigration station, if the officials of that station hold that the Chinese is not of good character, has a contagious disease, or is traveling under false description, name or business. A great many Chinese, probably one-third of those who try thus legally to enter this country, are turned back from our immigration stations.

With the Japanese, conditions are somewhat different. Under the mysterious and almost secret "Gentleman's Agreement," the contents of which were revealed to the people of the United States for the first time during the recent debates on the new immigration bill in the national Congress, any Japanese provided with a passport from the Japanese Government is admitted to this country, unless he is afflicted with a contagious disease, or is "known to be of bad moral character." The "Gentleman's Agreement" binds the Japanese Government to issue passports only to certain classes and to persons of good character within those classes, while, without saying so in so many words, it also binds the United States to admit all Japanese equipped with such passports. There is no check on these passports through the offices of American consuls in Japan, as there is on the Chinese.

The working of this agreement has been such that whereas in 1880 there were no Japanese in California, today there are 120 000, or more, this number steadily increasing through their high birth rate and the addition of those admitted to the country through this compact.

In the first year that the "Gentleman's Agreement" was in force, 2,432 Japanese entered in the United States.

In 1923, more than four times as many came in, or 8.941, while there were years in between in which from 9,000 to 12,000 Japanese were admitted.

In Hawaii there are four times as many Japanese as there are Chinese, Hawaiians, Portuguese or white people.

In 1923, approximately 4.400 "Kankadon Brides"—Japanese women married either to Japanese who returned to Japan from the United States to get them, or married to Japanese in the United States by "proxy" weddings in Japan—entered the United States through the ports of the three Pacific Coast states. In one week of April, 1924, two trans-Pacific steamers brought 704 Japanese, largely women, to San Francisco alone, while a third steamer two days later, added 207 more to this number.

Japanese men come to the United States, get a foothold in business of one kind or another, such as the grocery trade, there being 500 Japanese grocers in Los Angeles alone, or the vegetable trade, in which 1,100 Japanese are engaged in the same city, with the definite plan of remaining here. As soon as they become fixed as residents of this country, they return to Japan to bring back a wife. This they are allowed to do under the "Gentleman's Agreement." This means a Japanese family on American soil, with the virtual certainty of a large brood of American-born Japanese children, who are American citizens. If a Japanese dies in America before he has time to return to Japan for a wife, his registration certificate is passed on to another Japanese who is smuggled in from the Mexican or Canadian borders. Oftentimes one certificate will serve for several Japanese, who, as they become residents of this country, take turns in going back to Japan to obtain wives. The Japanese woman whose husband dies in this country is never allowed to remain a widow. She is married again just as quickly as an accommodating Japanese man can be found. Difficulty of identification of the individual Japanese is the foundation of all these forms of trickery.

In giving passports, the Japanese Government is very particular that only healthy male Japanese receive them. Since, under the "Gentleman's Agreement," laborers cannot be given these passports, such laborers are always classified as "merchants," "students," or "capitalists," the latter being provided with two or three thousand dollars in American money, which is immediately returned to the lender, as soon as the immigrant passes through the American gate. An immigration official, well known to the writer, estimates that, during the past year, no less than 2,000 Japanese have entered this country as "merchants," claiming connection with small firms, the majority of which barely support one man, far from several. Beyond these conditions, it is almost impossible for the immigration authorities to question a passport, regularly made out by the government of a friendly nation, which has made a "Gentleman's Agreement" not to send any laborers or any undesirable characters into the United States.

With the Chinese, there is no "Gentleman's Agreement," yet an even larger number of them are permitted to come in, or at least, get in, than of the Japanese. During the nine months mentioned—from July 1, 1923, to March 31, 1924, Chinese in the following numbers and classes were admitted to the United States through the port of San Francisco alone:

United States citizens, naturalized before the passage of the Exclusion Act	1,841
*Wives of United States citizens	182
Returning laborers	252
Returning merchants	539
Other merchants	62
Members of merchants' families	564
Students	167
Travelers	9
Teachers	13
Officials	107
Miscellaneous	25
Transit in bond to Cuba, all laborers	1,274
Total	5,035

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*Note the small number of Chinese women coming compared with the Japanese women entering the United States in 1923.

Three-fourths of all the aliens who come into the United States through San Francisco are Orientals, either Chinese or Japanese, and the same figures hold approximately true for Seattle, while at Portland the percentage is about sixty, and at San Pedro, the port for Los Angeles, about one-half are Orientals.

While the Chinese has no agreement between his government and that of the United States with which to cut a hole through American laws, and though the immigration officials at any port may turn him back with a definite "No," the Chinese immigrant who reaches any

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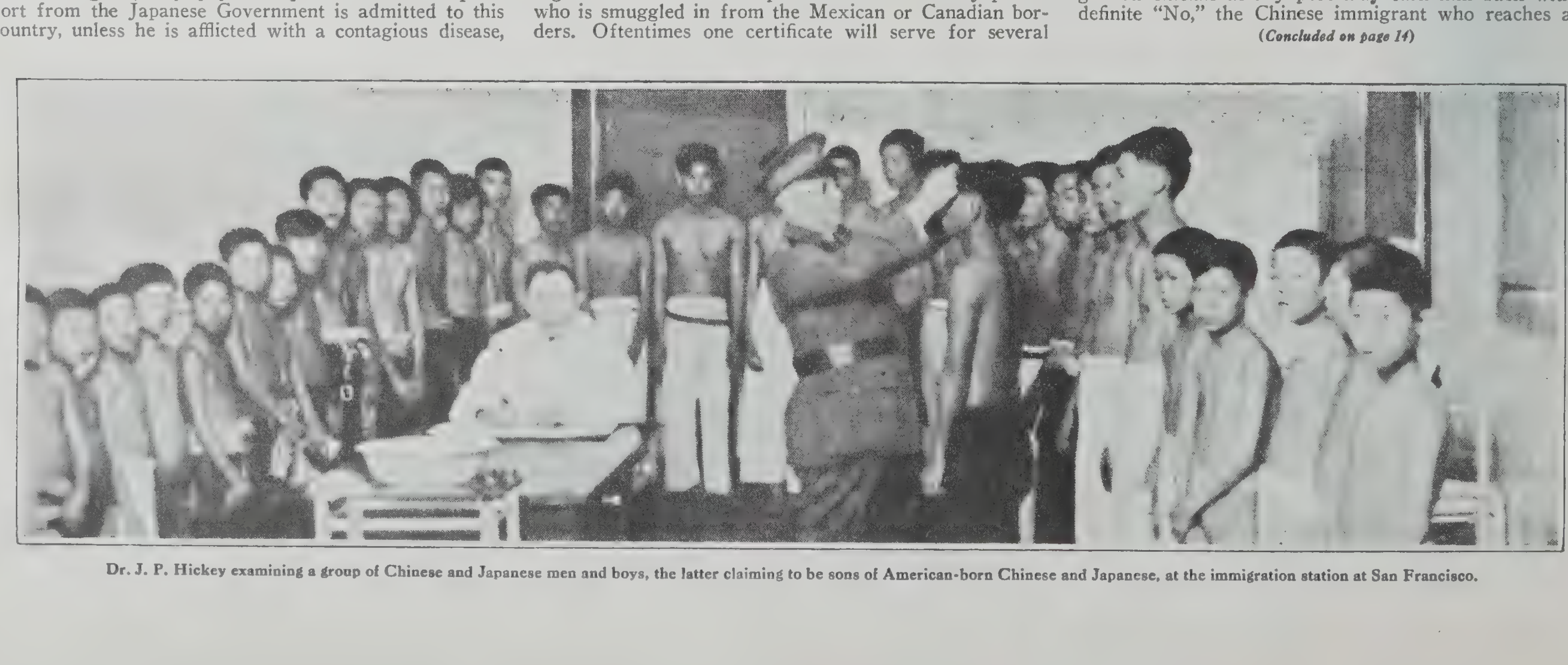


Dr. J. P. Hickey examining a group of Chinese and Japanese men and boys, the latter claiming to be sons of American-born Chinese and Japanese, at the immigration station at San Francisco.

Peter Cooper in "Coin and Paper Currency"

MR. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury, was determined that no paper should be issued, without promise to pay gold and silver on demand. Mr. Silas M. Stilwell, who was the confidential adviser of Mr. Chase, labored for many days to show how interest could be used as a floating power for Treasury Notes with the Legal Tender principle as a forcing power, which would float an amount of Treasury Notes that would meet all the expenses of the war. Mr. Chase remained unconvinced and Mr. Stilwell informed me that he had but just got to his home in New York when he received a telegram, begging him to come immediately back to Washington as Mr. Chase had learned that the banks had all failed to pay specie as they had promised. On the urgent request of Mr. Chase, Mr. Stilwell wrote out his plan for the issue of Treasury notes on the principle Jefferson had declared was the only one on which the government could rely for loans. Jefferson's exact words were: "Treasury Notes, bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, is the only fund on which the government can rely for loans and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose.". . . . . "Bank paper must be suppressed and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it properly belongs."

Mr. Chase was compelled by the overwhelming powers of a terrible war finally to consent to adopt the plan written out by Mr. Stilwell and he says: "I was forced to cut up small pieces of paper to circulate as money, based on the credit of the people whose property it was intended to represent." That paper .was real fiat money, with the stamp of the government on it, declaring its first issues as a full Legal Tender in payment of all debts, public and private; and at the option of its owner convertible into a bond, bearing five and six per cent for the amount so converted. There has been no day since when that money was not worth as much as gold."

On the threshold of a great civil war, which threatened the very existence of the nation, the capitalists of this country and of foreign countries were unwilling, or unable, to supply the wants of the government for money on a specie basis. THEY OFFERED THEIR CREDIT ONLY, WITHOUT SPECIE REDEMPTION. It was then that Secretary Chase recognized the fact that the credit of a government, such as ours, was worth more than that of all the banks of the country united to that of all the capitalists in Europe. Mr. Chase "cut up the credit of the country into small pieces of paper" and more than two billions of legal tender found its way into the hands of the people.

When Franklin was brought before the British Parliament and questioned as to the cause of the wonderful prosperity of the Colonies he plainly stated that the cause was the convenience they found in exchanging their various forms of labor by the paper money which had been adopted; and that this paper money was not only used in the payment of taxes but in addition it had been declared legal tender. It rose two and three per cent above the par of gold and silver as everybody preferred its use. One of its advantages was its security against theft as it could be easily carried and hidden, on account of its having no bulk, as all kinds of specie have. After Franklin had explained this to the British Government as the real cause of prosperity, Parliament immediately passed laws forbidding the payment of taxes in that money. This produced such great inconvenience and misery among the people that it was the principal cause of the Revolution. A far greater reason for a general uprising than the Tea and Stamp Act was the taking away of the paper money.

Marie Corelli's Shattered Romance

A WRITER in *The Scotsman* discloses an incident and a romance in the early life of Marie Corelli. They were related by a parish schoolmaster near Oban.

Professor Blackie, Dr. Mackay, Hill Burton, the historian, and Dr. Stewart, Nether Lochaber, were members of a literary coterie with whom the schoolmaster was *persona grata.* At a luncheon at Dr. Mackay's house, Minnie Mackay (Marie Corelli, and the adopted daughter of Dr. Mackay), then a pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen, recited some poetry of her own composition, with which the company, especially Professor Blackie, were delighted. The professor turned to her and said it was a great shame that a pretty Highland girl should not know Gaelic, and gallantly offered to give her lessons free.

"Yes, that will be very nice," said Dr. Mackay jocularly, "but Minnie is a proud and independent girl and will wish to do something for you in return. She will teach you how to write poetry."

It was an awkward moment, for Blackie was quite proud of his poetic talents. His face flushed, his brows knit, and Hill Burton's tact alone saved the situation.

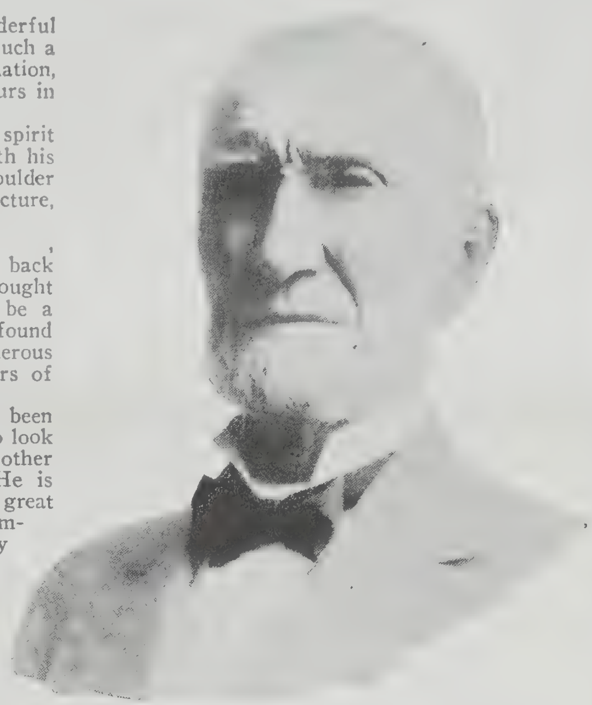
About the same time Minnie Mackay formed an attachment for a young man not quite in the same social circle, and late on a Saturday night they arrived at the schoolmaster's house to "put in the cries" for the wedding.

But, alas! he was away from home, a precious week was lost, and Dr. Mackay got scent of what was in the wind. Minnie was whisked off; and on the same steamer by which she left was the delinquent schoolmaster, whose absence had caused her romance to be nipped in the bud. She wrote a farewell lyric on the flyleaf of the book she was reading, and intrusted it to him for her lover. It reached him, and some years after he married.

Uncle Joe Cannon's Memories

Went to Hear Lincoln—Douglas Debate

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



(C) Press Illustrating Service

A new photograph of UNCLE JOE CANNON without the cigar.

"UNCLE JOE, it must be a wonderful thing for you to know that after such a long period of service for your nation, you retire with the affection of the people yours in a very real sense!"

Uncle Joe, aged eighty-four but with the spirit of youth still strong in him, startled me with his answer. He threw his arm around my shoulder as we sat in the pew of a church, after my lecture, and said:

"Why are you handing me that bunk?"

To say the least, Uncle Joe didn't come back with the answer that I expected. At first I thought from that answer that he was getting to be a cynic in his old age. But I was mistaken. I found that he had mellowed to a sweet-spirited, generous old man, who is basking in the sunset years of life with a great peace on his soul.

Uncle Joe, more than any man who has been in public life during this generation, seems to look more like our symbolic Uncle Sam than any other public servant. He is tall and slender. He is genuinely American to the core, raised in the great Illinois and Indiana country, with a career similar to that of Lincoln, influenced largely by the spirit of Lincoln.

I went to Danville to lecture for the First Methodist Church and the pastor informed me that Uncle Joe has been attending church regularly since he came back from Washington and that he is a reverent worshiper. He also informed me that the former long-time Speaker of the House of Representatives would likely attend my lecture.

He was there, a very attentive and appreciative listener, and after the lecture, for an hour, gave me a most fascinating interview. I had spoken of Lincoln in my lecture and this started Uncle Joe's memory wheels.

"I remember Lincoln as though it were yesterday," he said. as he sat with his arm across my shoulder. "They were holding one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates which have since become famous in history. I wanted to hear that debate more than anything that I ever remember wanting in my life.

"I was a young lawyer, just starting in to practice, and I was so poor that I didn't eat very often. The debate was held at Charleston and I was practicing in Shelbyville. I wanted to hear how those two brilliant fellows handled a debate, for Lincoln was already attracting great attention. He was even then becoming a tradition.

"I went down to the depot to see the crowd off that was going from Shelbyville to Charleston. I must have had a wistful look in my eyes, for a well-known lawyer in the town who did the railroad's work came up to me and said, 'See here, Cannon, aren't you going over to hear the debate?'

"'No!' I replied.

"'Why not?' he queried.

"'Because it's too far to walk.' I said with a lump in my throat.

"'You bet your life you are going to hear that debate. Come on with me. I'll get you a pass.'"

Then Uncle Joe added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "And that rascal of a lawyer was a big Democrat at that."

Uncle Joe had as hard a time as Lincoln in his early law practicing days and he finally decided that he could never make much of a living in Shelbyville and resolved to move to Tuscola, Illinois, in Douglas County, which was a distance of about seventy miles. There was just one problem in the way of moving; he had no money. He smiled as he told me this.

"So I just gathered up my entire belongings, put them into a bag, and walked that seventy miles to Tuscola to start my practice all over again."

"Tell me about your first political campaign," I suggested.

He was in a reminiscent mood and chuckled as he started off on this story of his first political campaign; this old political warrior who has passed through more heated political scraps, perhaps, than any other man in American public life.

"I spent just five dollars in that campaign. That was all I had."

"What were you running for?" I asked him.

"Prosecuting attorney. A Methodist preacher urged me to make the run. He said they needed me to look after things in the office. They had had a bad run of officials and this Methodist preacher urged me to get into politics. That was my first thought of a political career.

"I told him that I didn't have any money to conduct a campaign.

"He proposed: 'I've got an old horse that we can drive but I have no buggy.'

"'That's all right,' said I, 'I have an old buggy that we can hitch your mare to, but how will we live while we're campaigning through the country?'

"'We'll live off the people,' calmly replied this Methodist preacher. He knew the tricks, you see," and Uncle Joe chuckled.

"We worked it all right, and for ten weeks we went about the country campaigning. Sometimes a Republican would take us home and sometimes a Democrat would entertain us, but that campaign just cost me five dollars and I was elected hands down."

Uncle Joe told me about being raised in a Quaker church. In that church in the old days when a man married a girl outside the church he was supposed to apologize to the church and tell them that he was sorry, before he would be permitted to continue as a member. Uncle Joe married a girl who was not a Quaker.

A committee from his church waited to receive his apology. They had their say, and then waited for Uncle Joe to tell them that he was sorry he had married.

"I told them that if they would come around in two years I might be willing to say that I was sorry, but having only been married two weeks, I didn't feel a bit sorry." He laughed aloud at this memory of youth.

In speaking of Roosevelt, Uncle Joe commented. "Roosevelt was a brave man, a very brave man. Of course he flew a kite once. but he was a brave man. I liked him and worked with him—except that time when he flew his kite and then I was not with him."

I talked with an intimate friend of the family and he told me a most beautiful story of a recent incident that happened in Uncle Joe's home.

An old, lifelong friend was visiting in the home. Just before dinner she said to Uncle Joe. "Mr. Cannon, would you think it amiss if a lifelong friend asked for permission to say divine grace in your home at this meal?"

"No! no! Certainly not!" and Uncle Joe bowed his head. When it was over, the tears rolled down this old warrior's face and he turned with a fervent: "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you so much!"

His is a peaceful sunset to half a century of service to his nation. He is spending the last beautiful years of his life where he has lived most of his days, down in the Lincoln land. In Danville he passes every day the fine post office building. All over his little city he sees the monuments of his political genius. Uncle Joe was always a great one to get things for his constituency. He bore that reputation and his constituency is still grateful to him, so these latter days he is basking in that fraternal affection in which his home town holds him.

Uncle Joe has made Danville stand out on the map. In this case, one man has made a town famous the country over. Danville admits this, for it has no other claim to fame. It is a little, sleepy town on the Wabash. It is quiet and uninteresting to an outsider, save for the fact that that interesting and dramatic figure still lives there.

"Smoking? No, I don't smoke much any more. I never did smoke a lot. I just kept that old stogy in my mouth. It got to be a sort of a trademark. I used to light a hundred matches to one cigar. I never did smoke much and little now. I still chew at an old cigar, but that's all."

Everybody in Danville is proud of Uncle Joe and Uncle Joe is proud of Danville, while the nation looks on with beneficent love, as the sun sets and the evening shadows gather around this old giant's head.

When Grafters "Bought" Two Great States

Most Picturesque Public Scandal in This Country and No One Punished

By AARON HARDY ULM

> The biggest public scandal in our history?
>
> No; it isn't that having to do with oil leases, nor any other current or recent event.
>
> It began almost with the organization of government. The last official record relating to it was written more than seventy-five years later, within the memory of men still active.
>
> Involved in it were some of the biggest public figures in the country, several of whom are ranked by history with the great. The scandal had to do with an attempt to procure by bribery and fraud an area of land now comprising the territory of two big states.

ONCE, when turning the leaves of an old record book in the archives of the state of Georgia, the writer came upon several pages whose original entries were run through with heavy lines of ink.

Clearly, the marring was no wanton act. The lines drawn through the original writing were solemnly certificated on the margins.

Search was made for the explanation. This led to an examination of the original records relating to one of the most dramatic incidents in American history—an incident involving shame, disgrace, even tragedy, together with extraordinary displays of public and private honor, even heroism.

This incident is known to history, which now passes it by with only casual notice, as the Yazoo Fraud, the word "Yazoo" coming from the river which flows along the northern border of the state of Mississippi into the Mississippi River.

The incident occupied a leading place in public discussion for nearly a quarter of a century. It led to important legislative reforms. One is the requirement, now made by most state constitutions, that every intent and purpose of a legislative act shall be mentioned in its caption. The Federal Constitution does not require this, with the result that much vague and harmful legislation has slipped through Congress in the form of riders or jokers.

Real Estate Dealers on a Large Scale

THE sequel to the Yazoo Fraud accounts largely for the infrequency of similar scandals since its time. Nothing was ever so clearly demonstrated as the fact that those who attempt such things have little chance of escaping terrible public wrath. The good effect might have been greater but for the fact that in the end the fraud was held to have been "legal" and those who had lost money risked upon it were indemnified—a curious case of an atrociously corrupt proceeding being upheld by the highest court in the land and by Congress.

The Yazoo Fraud was a product of the land speculation craze which swept the country following the Revolutionary War and has never quite subsided.

Land speculators, among whom were men like George Washington, dealt in areas beyond the wildest dreams of present-day realtors. Land was plentiful and cheap. Sections now thickly settled were then occupied only by scattered bands of Indians and buffalo. Most of the unsettled land was owned originally by the states. There was no fixed policy governing the handling of these big unsettled areas. Tens of thousands of acres were sold to individuals for from one to a few cents an acre. George Washington himself acquired in what is now Ohio a tract that today is worth a hundred million dollars or more. His heirs lost it through failure to keep up the tax payments!

When the Revolution closed, the boundaries of the state of Georgia extended to the Mississippi, including areas now in the states of Alabama and Mississippi. The hundred thousand square miles or more beyond the Chattahoochee and Alabama rivers were almost wholly unsettled, and this area was known as Georgia's western territory.

An adventurer known as Major Thomas Washington (his real name was Walsh) conceived the idea of bringing that vast area within the bounds of a private land-selling operation. But Walsh soon passed out of the picture, being hanged for counterfeiting at Charleston, South Carolina.

The scheme which he initiated was taken up by persons of greater respectability, among them being the great Patrick Henry, of Virginia, "peculiarly the judge of the value and quality of land" as well as of freedom. But Patrick Henry seems to have dropped out before the movement took on aspects of gross corruption.

35,000,000 Acres—$200,000

ORIGINALLY four land companies were formed with the view of developing the area. These companies—so far as indicated, by honorable means—induced the Georgia legislature in 1789 to make contracts engaging to sell to them tracts of land aggregating about 35,000,000 acres for approximately $200,000—a very large sum of money in those days.

Nothing came of this venture, except rather grandiose negotiations. Three of the companies appear to have made no attempt to go forward with the deal. The third one, managed largely by a Dr. James O'Fallon, who became a brother-in-law of the famous George Rogers Clark, pursued a course of high intrigue in an effort to make good on the venture.

This intrigue went so far as to contemplate the establishment of a corporation-managed independent state conducted somewhat as areas were then governed by British trading companies. An army, which was to be commanded by George Rogers Clark, was organized—on paper. The Spanish governor of the then Spanish-owned Louisiana Territory was approached with a proposal that this state be made a dependency of Spain.

This was done because Spain, which still possessed Florida as well as the Louisiana Territory, claimed the territory.

The Spanish governor doubted the advisability of "taking a foreign state to board" and evidently did not give high approval to the proposal when submitting it to Madrid for consideration.

Spain's claims clouded the titles which Georgia contracted to sell. South Carolina also claimed the area as a part of that state's original grant. The Federal Government likewise claimed it as a national possession. Largely because of these conflicting claims, the first attempt to exploit the area failed.

There was another cause: George Washington's firm opposition to the undertaking.

When news of the sale reached the Federal capital, then at Philadelphia, Washington, who was serving his first term as President, denounced it as "of exceeding magnitude which might in its consequences seriously affect the peace and welfare of the United States." He did not hesitate to say that if necessary he would use Federal troops in protecting the rights of the Indians, whose claims to much of the area antedated all others.

The buying companies failing to make payments within the time allowed for them, the contracts expired by default.

The scheme was renewed in 1795. In its new form it was promoted largely by persons who had no hand in the first venture, although many who participated in the first shared in the second.

Involved in the second scheme were several persons of high prestige.

The chief leader was James Gunn, United States Senator from Georgia. His position enabled him to keep informed as to steps taken to clear Georgia's title to the area. These consisted chiefly of a treaty arrangement with Spain whereby that country surrendered its claims. South Carolina did likewise.

A Judge Buys a Million Acres

GUNN anticipated these developments by quietly organizing a private movement aimed at acquiring and exploiting for profit the large territory. He got many members of Congress to take shares in the venture. James Wilson, a justice on the United States Supreme Court, accepted shares approximating about one million acres of land. Other men of national prominence, among them Albert Gallatin, A. J. Dallas, John Sevier, Jared Ingersoll, Robert Morris and Wade Hampton, accepted shares in the enterprise.

Three land companies were formed. In December, 1795, the Georgia legislature enacted a bill providing for the sale to these companies of practically all the area now within the states of Alabama and Mississippi. The sale price was $500,000, or approximately one and a half cents an acre.

The enactment was in the form of a rider put upon a harmless-looking measure pretending "to provide releif" for the state's veterans of the Revolution. In its caption there was no mention of land, nor of the sale of public property. General George Matthews, perhaps an honest but evidently a stupid man, was governor and vetoed the measure.

His was the first use in Georgia, and one of the first in the country, of the veto power. This feature of government had been taken from the British Constitution. The veto already was obsolete in Great Britain.

A mighty furor was raised concerning Matthews' "tyrannical" act. He even was threatened with impeachment, for arraying his will against that of the people's legislative representatives. In the rumpus, the inner facts in the bill which he had vetoed were ignored.

In January, 1796, the legislature again passed the bill, in slightly modified form. Governor Matthews then approved it.

When news of the bill's contents reached the national capital, President Washington again denounced the undertaking.

The venture, however, probably would have gone through as planned but for the intrepid opposition of a single man. This was James Jackson, junior United States Senator from Georgia.

Jackson was a quaint individual. An aristocrat, well-to-do, he migrated to Georgia when a youth, joined the Revolution and rose to a general's command while still in his twenties. Immediately after the war he was elected by the legislature as governor of the state. He refused the office on the ground that no one so young as he should be intrusted with so great a responsibility—the only case of a renunciation of the kind of which this writer is aware. Later he went to the United States House of Representatives and then to the Senate.

When he learned of the legislative act selling for a pittance a small empire, he did another extraordinary act, in-so-far as the writer knows an act without precedent before or since in the history of this country. He resigned from the United States Senate and announced himself as a candidate for the Georgia legislature on a platform demanding that the act of sale be revoked as of fraudulent character.

Jackson's Fight to Undo the Fraud

A MAGNIFICENT gesture of that kind was needed, for the reason that leadership in Georgia, as well as in large measure elsewhere, had been corrupted by the agencies which brought about the sale.

The schemers had silenced virtually everyone of influence who could be reached—and it seems that most of them in Georgia had been reached. Later it was demonstrated that every member but one who voted for the bill had been bribed—most of them with portions of the land which they sold. But of that more will be put forth in another article. Prominent lawyers, business men, editors and politicians out of office likewise had been silenced. Jackson himself was offered a bribe, but refused it.

Casting caution to the winds he assumed leadership of the fight to undo the fraud. Most people of his class were on the other side; he directed his appeal to the masses. He didn't hesitate to make his attack personal, with the result that he was involved in several duels. Dueling appears to have been his favorite sport. During his life he engaged in more than a score of affairs of honor, and in the last one, which grew out of a quarrel having to do with his opposition to the Yazoo affair, he received wounds from which he died.

Incidentally, this country's public life has known few more picturesque figures than that of James Jackson, the heroic Georgian. Yet for some reason no biography of him has ever been written. General histories mention him only casually, in connection usually with nothing more than the Yazoo Fraud which is mentioned only a little less casually.

He won the great fight of his life, as shown by those lines drawn through many pages of old official records in the governor's and secretary of state's offices in Atlanta.

He caused every state record having to do with the achievement of the fraud to be obliterated or destroyed.

The records, however, still disclose the bizarre and disgraceful facts which he chiefly caused to be exposed. These are reminiscent of some current happenings, and may throw some light on the probable outcome of these happenings. In another article the main ones will be reviewed.

This is the first of two articles, the second will appear in an early issue.

Are Advertisers Killing New York Newspapers?

Concluded from page 2

000 persons. Somehow, only the morning papers are regarded here as of any particular informative value.

In the afternoon field we have the *Sun* and the *Telegram-Mail* (Munsey's), the *Journal* (Hearst's), the *World* (Pulitzer's) and the *Post*, a rather dull, semi-financial organ owned by Cyrus W. Curtis, of Philadelphia, who likewise possesses the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Ladies Home Journal*, and the Philadelphia *Ledger*.

Not an imposing array—is it?—that of the newspapers of New York. And certainly it is one that should not be narrowed further.

On the contrary, it should be broadened. There is a wonderful opportunity, it seems to me, for an independent, fearless, daring, more-or-less truthful newspaper in New York today. I say "more-or-less truthful" because it is always a disputed question among journalists as to the possibilities of success that an entirely truthful newspaper might have. We are all pretty generally agreed that there exists no such thing today.

There seems to be no particular hope of any new and serious contender in the metropolitan journalistic field. It has been announced that an individual from Boston intends starting a new evening paper here, but that seems doubtful. The paper he operates in Boston is a sensational scandal-sheet, and a mate to it in New York would be of no benefit at all.

For fearless, independent utterances, shall New York be obliged to go back to the old days of pamphleteering such as England knew in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? That would be an interesting experience, at all events. If an individual felt that he had something to say to his fellow-citizens, he might buckle down to his typewriter, pour forth his soul, and then distribute his ideas in the form of leaflets. Then the next citizen, who disagreed with those ideas, might seat himself and pound out a reply.

This would be a relief, anyhow, from the mess of stuff we are getting about bobbed-haired bandits, society divorcees, defaulting cashiers, and what not. And —who knows?—maybe this queer big city has another Dean Swift concealed somewhere in its midst. Swift, you will recall, was one of the most adept of the old British pamphleteers.

But maybe Munsey would merge a couple of these pamphlets and "retain the best features of each!"

Mr. Ford's Page

ABROAD the label "American" is so misleading, covering any and every form of enterprise and men of every racial extraction, that foreign peoples are excusable if they form a false impression of what "American" means. But there is no excuse for us: it is our first duty to define Americanism and, if it be worth it, protect and extend it.

Americanism has no obtrusive racial tests except where racial facts tend surely to antagonize, or refuse to yield to, the American Idea. For Americanism is an Idea. The Idea was established on this soil to serve as a center for believers from all the world. Time was when those only came to our shores who came for the service of the great Idea. They were Americans in spirit. They were of that human composition which forms the best soil for the seeds of political freedom, religious liberty, equal rights and fair opportunity.

As the nation which was built around this idea took its place among the powers of the world, it began to attract quite other classes: not those who came to share and sacrifice for the Idea, but those who came to share its wealth. Among them were those who cared only for the wealth, and who thought of the idea, if at all, only with a desire to change or destroy it.

This is the one point at which race consciousness arises in America. When it becomes apparent that there are human compositions which are not soil for the seeds of liberty, the spiritual America immediately recognizes an alien and an enemy.

It is just at that point the edict is born: America is made, not to be remade or unmade, but to go on being made according to the original pattern of a land and a government for all peoples capable of receiving liberty.

It is only at this point that any American law is laid down. And even this was not done until the strength of alienism (not racial but spiritual) began to be felt destructively in our life.

The difficulty seems to have arisen through our later immigration coming to a source of wealth instead of to an Idea. What has been preached abroad to attract immigrants these last twenty-five years has not been liberty but license, not high citizenship but high wages. Our best people from overseas came for citizenship first, and it was their character which helped to develop the country industrially and pay high wages.

It was once true that immigrants to America were the "extract of the peoples," the best and most enterprising individuals and families, not rich but honest, not greedy but ambitious, not highly skilled but industrious—these in their hundreds of thousands were born candidates for Americanism. They were adventurous offspring of the same spirit that brought the first Americans over—the first seekers after conditions which would preserve and secure mankind's inalienable rights.

Is it true any longer? In individual instances, undoubtedly so, but in the mass—no. For many years the hosts that came to America have been recruited by those who profit in the transportation of great numbers, and by poverty-stricken governments who were glad to finance the departure of those classes of the population from which the largest number of incompetents and public charges came.

Those were great days when the people came with a desire to share America's mind and life. But duller days have followed: the American idea is hardly heard of among the vast foreign masses. If heard of, it is too often condemned. Everywhere keen minds are busy teaching newcomers that their main business here is to change Americanism into a species of Europeanism, and to undermine those very prosperity-making and prosperity-keeping institutions whose disappearance would destroy the very things in which these later newcomers are most interested.

NATIONS are great as they are prosperous, and prosperous as they are industrious and just. At bottom, prosperity depends on the national Idea. When that is uncertain, all else wavers. In those decades and generations when Americans never questioned the American Idea, the foundations of our prosperity were laid. In these decades when many influences would weaken the American Idea, prosperity has met most of its enemies. An attack on prosperity attacks the nation, and this is never so strongly effected as by an attack on the national Idea. One safeguard of prosperity, then, is learn What America is, Why it is, and whether we desire the American Idea to continue and expand in the world. That alone makes an American, and is the root of American security and prosperity.

There are many who find it easy to denounce the intention of newcomers to change the American idea. There are many to swear that it shall not be done. But it would be more useful just now if some one would show us just how far we have been swerved from that Idea which alone made our nation possible.

What we need just now is common sense enough to see that if newcomers have changed the ideas of Americans, the fault is not with the newcomers but with the Americans. If we have been changed in any way for the worse, there is no one to blame but ourselves. If moral Americanism has proved to be weaker than moral Europeanism, then to the victor belong the spoils. But contradiction arises when we say that moral Americanism is stronger and more enduring than the other, and yet complain that the other is bearing off the victory.

If there is any complaint to be made it should not be directed anywhere but at ourselves. To speak of even our vast immigration as an excuse for the changing countenance of the country is simply to conceal from ourselves our own neglect of duty. Why, the American principle is so little spoken of today that when someone goes back to foundation truths he is received as a new oracle. The principles of the first patterners of the American system are as fresh and as sparkling as if they were newly formed yesterday. Amid all the writing now done on efficiency and freedom in politics none is more modern than Jefferson, while on success topics and business philosophy, there is none to compare with the soundness and vitality of Benjamin Franklin.

There is need of a new knowledge of the foundations of our national life, for it is still a thrilling national life in spite of the fact that we have wasted the last few years considering what we call modern ideas, which prove upon examination to be ancient fallacies. Our fathers definitely met, disproved and discarded those same ideas, and had to do so, to clear room for this new nation. If every generation must do over again the work of preceding generations, progress will be slow. Progress in America has been rapid because we have had three or four generations that kept the good and forgot the bad of their predecessors. Whether we are now undergoing a throw-back need not be discussed. It may be said emphatically, however, that we need not hesitate in our progress unless we wish to.

But it may be suggestive to students of our life to note that hesitancy in our progress comes just at the time when there is less than usual definiteness about the general conception of what Americanism means. In a special sense does American prosperity depend upon the Americanism of our psychology. The shining characteristic of American psychology is its release of human energy, through the agencies of hope, security, freedom and equality of rights. What Americanism has done is to liberate what is progressive in man. What the new libertarianism wants to do now is to liberate or license all that is retrogressive and evil in man. Well, at that point the American type of liberty stops, and we might as well be very staunch in our assertion of the fact.

It would be sheer gain if we interested Americans in the principles of American life. In the things that can be taught to the mind, many aliens are better instructed than the average American. But that does not necessarily make the American. However, lack of it may tend to unmake an American. And perhaps that is where most of the trouble has crept in—Americans do not know the what, the why and the wherefore of this great human experience, this great human trust, created for and given to them. But of whatever race, the man who does know these things and approves them and pledges his honor to them, he is an American.

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Business Is Good

BUSINESS is good. If it is possible for anything to be too good, perhaps it has been true of business. There has been such constant pressure on production, such large areas of need to be filled, that the country has been going at a greater pace than it has recognized. All records have been exceeded. We have gone further in advance of our most busy and prosperous periods than we can realize. A considerable falling off in immediate pressure could occur and still leave conditions in the country much better than they have been at any time since the war. The main danger is, as always, psychological. That means, the creation of fear and uncertainty. People are always slow to learn that breathing spells in business are perfectly natural, that the progress is always upward even though the actual climbing may halt for a moment.

So that while business is undoubtedly good, so good that nothing natural can stop it, it is folly to assume that every ounce of pressure must be kept on every moment to maintain sound conditions in business. Not at all. It is as necessary intelligently to interpret slight breathing spells, as it is to interpret forward movements. It is absolute misinterpretation to call a "breather" a slump or the forewarning of slackness. The basis of our business is sound, and the basis remains.

The Straw Vote Fallacy

THE attempt to measure popular opinion by the straw vote has proved to be not only a failure, but even a deception. It has been a pretense of securing valuable data, while very obviously the advertising value was mostly in view.

A recent case was the popular vote on the Mellon tax plan and the bonus measure. Of fifteen million ballots distributed, some two millions were returned, nearly all *favoring the Mellon scheme* and *opposing adjusted compensation.* Upon this result the magazine justified its position on both issues, which accorded with the vote cast. In the case of the ballot on the Mellon plan it was difficult for a straw voter to vote "No" to the Mellon plan without seeming to vote "No" to all proposals of tax reduction. But apparently there was an alternative to the Mellon plan, as Congress speedily found.

The bonus proposition which was "strawed under" comes galloping out ahead, making any sort of adequate tax reduction next to impossible.

So much for the value of one "popular vote."

Sense or Censor

PROBABLY most of what the objectors have to say about censorship has a grain of truth in it. Seldom does any course, taken to prevent an evil, itself escape evil. That may have been the meaning behind the saying of Christ, "Resist not evil"—the act of resistance to evil is almost certain to involve some form of it. And, as we are accustomed to say, two wrongs do not make a right.

Nevertheless in this practical world, censorship has become somewhat established. The Government censors conduct. The chemists censor adulterants and poisons. Legitimate business censors fakes. Traffic laws censor certain careless tendencies on the part of motorists. Parents censor the greed and temper of children. And as to "art," scarcely a day passes that the newspapers carry no account of some "art" party being broken up for reasons of public policy.

As to the theater, there are still young men who seek information concerning the plays to which they may invite young ladies—a sort of private censorship known in colleges, schools and many business offices.

The present proposal of censorship is with regard to the movies, and the great outcry against it centers there. The propaganda against is greater than the propaganda for, which fact in itself is significant. Opponents threaten the country with many dire results if censorship should ever be established in the sacred domain of films. But it is already established there. Every time a producer or director turns down decency in favor of pruriency, a censorship is exercised—against the decency. The mere fact of turning the face of censorship the other way would make no difference at all in the principle, while it certainly would make a difference in the results.

The whole value of censorship is in the presumption that it would lead producers to do their own censoring first. By the time the public pays its millions of admissions to see a picture and form its own opinion, the producer's purpose is served: the admissions have been paid. That is what he wants. And it would satisfy him most abundantly if that sort of thing could go on forever. It is the judgment that may be rendered without the previous expenditure that rouses his objections most.

The statement is made by the publicity men of the movies that pictures have taken a turn for the better. Maybe so. But what do they mean by "better"? As one observer puts it, the damage done by the movies is not the *demoralizing* but the *dementalizing* of its patrons. You park your mind outside with your car, and bring to the screen your eyes and your emotions. Have the movies grown better on the score of mentality? We mean the neighborhood movies, the nightly pabulum of the plain people. That some of the great pictures are enduring achievements, all will agree. These, however, are not included in the term "movies," as commonly understood.

And can censorship stop the trivializing of the pictures?

Probably not, as long as our greatest strings of newspaper, magazine and picture producers insist on treating the public as a child with a twelve-year-old mind.

Censorship could doubtless purify the movies. Could it give them mental maturity?

Freight Trains to Sea

IT REQUIRED the exigencies of war to make the English recognize the value of the American practice of taking freight trains to sea.

Now the English war train ferries have been made available for ordinary traffic. They are unwilling to discard an innovation that is an improvement. Thus it is now possible to send a carload of English goods intact to Constantinople.

Americans have long appreciated the advantages of the great ferries that transport freight cars between Key West and Havana and across the Great Lakes, and also all of the passenger and freight trains across the Mississippi at New Orleans and Vicksburg and the Overland Route across the Sacramento River. But Britain, the greatest maritime nation, was slow to realize the advantage of ferrying its freight cars over to the Continent.

During the war, doubtless inspired by their record of success in America, car ferries were established between the English warport of Richborough and Calais and Dunkirk and also between Southampton and Dieppe.

The peace-time car ferry route has been established between Harwich, northeast of London, where the Midland industrial region can also use it, and Zebrugge on the Belgian coast where lines diverge to France, Germany and Holland. The transfer slip cradles and the boats of the war routes have been used.

It is eighty-four miles between Harwich and Zebrugge and the ferries, each carrying fifty-four of the little twelve-ton European freight cars, make the trip in nine or ten hours.

Future car ferries from Hull to Scandinavia are now being discussed and enthusiasts speak of the time when the links between England and India will be built and that long route open. The Cape to Cairo route will also be open by that time.

Although the airplane will carry much of the mails and passengers of the future, the law of gravity will always operate to make the freight train a necessity. Where there is but a short water carry, it is good business to eliminate the cost of transfer from car to boat and again to car through a train ferry which preserves the low cost of water transportation without breaking bulk.

Coolidge and the Clowns

WHEN President Coolidge went to the circus he found the very clowns acting as agents of wet propaganda. The jokes against the Constitution, in its relation to liquor, were very funny, and the unthinking crowd roared. But the President of the United States sat with unmoved features. What a spectacle it would have been for a President of the United States to jeer the Constitution! But why more of a spectacle than that of citizens doing the same thing? Imagine a picture in the Berlin newspapers—"American citizens laughing at their own Constitution!" Imagine the inhabitants of Spain studying the photograph of an arena wherein a pantalooned clown was throwing multitudes into hysterics with attacks on the law! The Spaniard would thank God he lived in a land of peaceful bullfights.

There is a reason for President Coolidge not laughing.

He probably knows what intelligent citizens generally should know,

Namely,

That on the stage,

And on the Movie Screen,

As well as in the pages of the newspaper,

Propaganda for the "wets" is organized—not for the joke of it, but for the subtle, undermining effect of it.

But it is sad to see it invade that children's paradise, the Circus.

Political Buncombe

IN THE clip-sheet of one of the national political committees is found the following:

"In one of Professor Irving Fisher's latest computations the purchasing power of the average man's dollar is rated at 68.6 cents, compared with a pre-war value of 100 cents. According to Professor Fisher the dollar was worth 3.9 cents less in the week of April 25, 1924, than it was on January 1, 1922.

"During the first quarter of 1924 the dollar was worth an average of 68.4 cents, according to Professor Fisher's calculations. The dollar's average value for 1923 he fixes at 63.4 cents."

The statements are doubtless accurate as far as they go, but they do not tell the whole truth. If the returns from production and labor will buy as much at a given time as at any time before, the amount which the dollar will buy does not matter. If the wage level of 1924 is increased in the same proportion as the price level, there is no loss to the laborer. The real comparison is between the production required to secure the dollar and the commodity needed to buy the dollar.

Briefly, it is not what a dollar will buy, but what will buy a dollar.

A New Fifty-Cent Piece

A NEW coin, a fifty-cent piece, is now ready for distribution. It was struck by the United States Mint in Philadelphia in commemoration of the Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary. The obverse bears the profiles of Admiral Coligny and William the Silent, two leaders of the Huguenot cause; the reverse pictures the ship *Niew Nederland,* in which the Walloon colonists came to America.

The first of the coins was presented to President Coolidge in the presence of a distinguished group, including Ambassador Jusserand, of France, Ambassador de Graeff, of Holland, and Ambassador de Cartier, of Belgium. In acknowledging the gift, President Coolidge declared that the observance of historical anniversaries preserved the spirit of the spiritual pioneers who gave its first character to the spirit of America. He paid special tribute to the settlers from Belgium, France and the Netherlands because of their willingness to suffer for freedom of conscience.

Another Veto

ACCOMPANYING eighty-odd bills returned to the New York legislature by Governor Smith, unapproved, was the following terse message:

"The following bills are not approved, because they are either duplicates, or unnecessary, or defectively drawn, or are embraced in or in conflict with bills already signed, or are unconstitutional, or are for purposes which can suitably be accomplished under general laws, or should be provided for, if at all, by amendment to the general law, or are objectionable or inadvisable by reason of proposed changes."

How many useless and costly statutes this judgment could kill if turned loose on the statute books and legislatures of the world.

If Thomas Jefferson Were Alive Today

Where Would the Author of the Declaration of Independence Stand on Subjects Which Now Confront Our Nation?

By FRED L. HOLMES

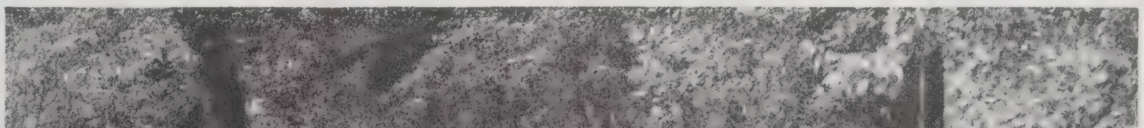
The famous Karl Bitter monument of Thomas Jefferson, which was unveiled at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, 1915.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, like other statesmen whose philosophy and sagacity have molded the life of the nation, has his opinions often cited by later generations. Where would Jefferson stand on the important issues of today? Nationalists and internationalists; pacifists and militarists; wets and prohibitionists have claimed him.

Fortunately Jefferson held views on all these subjects, which he was not timid to express. He was an astute political philosopher who visioned problems generations ahead. He saw fundamental truths. No American has left such a mass of public and private writings as a legacy to posterity. His papers and correspondence have twice been published and his views on economic questions have been issued in an encyclopedia.

So often was he consulted by leaders after he left the Presidential chair, that he was known to the nation as the "Sage of Monticello." There is scarcely a subject within the circle of public inquiry which did not draw from him some definite expression of his ideas. The list ranged from astronomy and the science of government to the cause of weather disturbances and the care of infants. And on each he gave an opinion with a conviction of certainty. Many of the principles he enunciated are as applicable to present-day conditions and controversies as when he stated them.

Jefferson esteemed his achievements in shaping the future thought and conduct of a nation above the chronicle of his official office tenure. For sixty-one years he held public positions. This rôle was discarded when he came to write his epitaph. He directed that there be inscribed upon his monument the fact that he had written the Declaration of Independence, that he had been the author of the Virginia statute of Religious Liberty and had founded the University of Virginia. Ignoring the foothills of honor, he "saw only the mountain peaks of service."



Down the shady walk at the University of Virginia but a few miles from Monticello, Jefferson's plantation home.

What would such a leader say of the morale of men in bartering for appointive office, the debauchery of public trust, which a nation has witnessed within the past few years?

"It is not for an individual to choose his post," Jefferson wrote to President Washington. "You are to marshal us as may be best for the public good."

Then, again, as if he foresaw the recent oil scandal:

"I love to see honest and honorable men at the helm, men who will not bend their politics to their purses, nor pursue measures by which they may profit, and then profit by their measures.

"Whenever a man has cast a longing eye on offices, a rottenness begins in his conduct.

"Talents and science are sufficient motives with me in appointments to which they are fitted. They should be called to that charge without regard to wealth, birth or other accidental conditions of circumstance."

He was opposed to war; antagonistic to a large standing army; favored the training of the college youths in military science and believed that the patriotism of a nation could be depended upon to defend the country in case of an attack or invasion.

"I abhor war and view it as the greatest scourge of mankind," he wrote.

"The evils of war are great in their endurance, and have a long reckoning for ages to come."

As to a standing army he declared:

"The spirit of this country is adverse to a large military force." . . . . "One of my favorite ideas is never to keep an unnecessary soldier."

He believed, however, in compulsory militia service:

"We must train and classify the whole of our male citizens, and make military instruction a part of collegiate education. We can never be safe until this is done."

"For a people who are free, and who mean to remain so, a well-organized and armed militia is their best security."

It was his opinion that the people would rally and produce an army for their defense if needed.

"I am satisfied the good sense of the people is the strongest army our government can ever have, and that it will not fail them."

"Wars and contentions indeed fill the pages of history with more matter. But more blessed is that nation whose silent course of happiness furnishes nothing for history to say. This is what I ambition for my own country."

It must be remembered that all through colonial history the colonists were embroiled in wars, which started in the mother countries. When the independent nation was formed, the political leaders became averse to alliances with Europe. That was Washington's view. It was Jefferson's as expressed many times.

Undoubtedly he would be opposed to the League of Nations.

He said: "Determined as we are to avoid, if possible, a wasting of the energies of our people in war and destruction, we shall avoid implicating ourselves with the powers of Europe, even in pursuit of principles we mean to pursue. They have so many other interests different from ours, that we must avoid being entangled in them. We believe we can enforce these principles, as to ourselves, by peaceable means, now that we are likely to have our councils detached from foreign views."

Moreover, Jefferson was a nationalist.

Was this advice to John Taylor in 1798 meant to apply to conditions today?

"Better keep together as we are, hands off from Europe as soon as we can and from all attachments to any portions of it."

He believed that the interests of the United States should be confined to the western continent. As early as 1823 he wrote to President Monroe favoring the annexation of Cuba, but by the same argument he would have been opposed to the annexation of the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. He said: "Cuba can be defended by us without a navy, and this develops the principle which ought to limit our views. Nothing should ever be accepted which would require a navy to defend it."

More explicitly he summed up his nationalism in a letter to President Monroe:

"Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own. She should therefore have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe."

Were Jefferson alive today he would be a leader for many reforms. Many of the election changes which he favored are still being advocated.

He believed that "short elections will keep Congress right."

He advocated a direct vote for President:

"Have no (Presidential) electors, but let the people vote directly, and the ticket which has a plurality of the votes in any state to be considered as receiving thereby the vote of the state."

His forty years of experience with popular assemblies, he said, taught him that reforms must come gradually; that one must give the people "time for every step you take. If too hard pushed they balk, and the machine retrogrades."

He would oppose the present-day advocates of the "let-well-enough-alone" policy:

"The idea that institutions established for the use of the nation cannot be touched nor modified, even to make them answer their end, is most absurd against the nation itself."

Using a more homely expression on the adequacy of reforms, he added: "The hole and the patch should be commensurate."

He opposed neopotism. He argued that "the public will never be made on the ground of merit alone uninfluenced by the family views, nor can they ever see with approbation offices divided as family property."

He was opposed to candidates for office expending money to aid in their election.

Because it has been revealed that millions are now spent every four years in the nomination and election of the President, this is still a problem of prime importance. Jefferson asked the insertion of a provision in the Virginia constitution that "no person shall be capable of acting in any office, civil, military or ecclesiastical, who had so expended money."

Nor was he in favor of the appointment of women to office and when Gallatin planned such a policy he sent him this curt note:

"T. J. to Mr. Gallatin: The appointment of a woman to office is an innovation for which the public is not prepared, nor am I."

More than a century has made such a change in the status of women that his objections would probably now be withdrawn.

The idleness of wealthy sons he could not countenance. His philosophy was that:

"An industrious farmer occupies a more dignified place in the scale of beings, whether moral or political, than a lazy lounger, valuing himself on his family, too proud to work, and drawing out a miserable existence, by eating on that surplus of other men's labor, which is the sacred fund of the helpless poor."

When fortunes of individuals became "swollen" he believed in specific legislation that would distribute them:

"If the overgrown wealth of an individual be deemed dangerous to the state, the best corrective is the law of equal inheritance to all in equal degree; and the better, as this enforces a law of nature, while extra taxation violates it."

The daily warnings of Wall Street's pessimists would not have disturbed him: "Do not be frightened into the surrender of true principles by the alarms of the timid or the croakings of wealth against the ascendancy of the people." "Enough wealthy men will find their way into the legislature to protect themselves."

He visioned an aristocracy built on education instead of wealth: "Whenever the people are well-informed, they can be trusted with their own government."

General prosperity was to be desired and he would not have the government interfere too much with industries. He would have advocated legislation to help the farmer.

"A prosperity built on the basis of agriculture is that which is most desirable to us, because to the efforts of labor it adds the efforts of a greater proportion of soil."

"Agriculture, manufacture, commerce and navigation, the four pillars of our prosperity, are the most thriving when left most free to individual enterprise."

The rights of labor and capital he would preserve:

"The first foundations of the social compact would be broken up, were we definitely to refuse to the members the protection of their persons and property, while in their lawful pursuits."

Sentiments expressed by him show opposition to ship subsidy; advocacy of enforced economy in government, and a favoritism to building roads. He would have fought the rule of wealth as an evil in government.

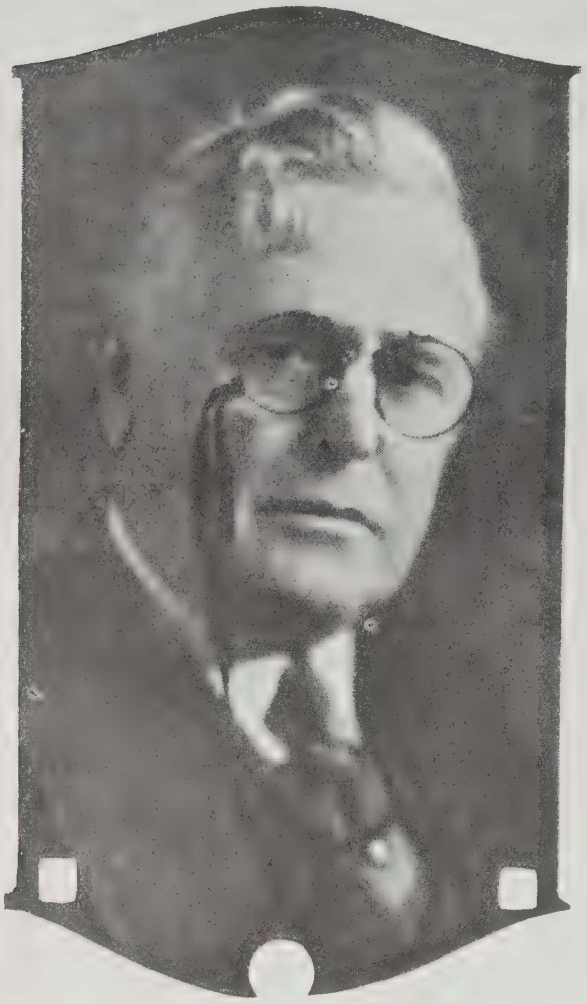
"It is essentially interesting to us to have shipping and seamen enough to carry our surplus products to market; but beyond that I do not think we are bound

(Concluded on page 15)

Strange Story of W. Clark Noble, Sculpto

American Master Who Never Studied Abroad

By GEORGE H. DACY



W. CLARK NOBLE,

One of the world's best sculptors who has developed great artistic proficiency without any foreign training.

VICTOR in ninety-eight per cent of all the national and international competitions he has entered, a bred-and-trained-in-America sculptor who is also an experienced architect, a talented wood-carver, an inventor of remarkable portrait miniature processes, a champion athlete, a professional modeler and an expert anatomist—these are a few of the qualifications of W. Clark Noble, who ranks as one of the world's best sculptors.

Clark Noble, who now lives in Washington and maintains there one of the finest studios in the United States, is a complete contradiction of the traditional idea of what the professional sculptor should be and look like. Meet him anywhere on the street and talk with him, and you will think he is a dynamic and forceful captain of industry. Sturdy, stocky, overflowing with energy, and extremely loyal to his likes and dislikes, he is the exact antithesis of that long-haired, dreamy-looking, flowing-necktied individual whose picture we conjure whenever we attempt to visualize the word "artist."

Mr. Noble's rise to fame has been meteoric. His training is a direct violation of all the traditions which long have governed the American art world. He has never been the pupil of foreign masters. He is wholly an American-educated sculptor. Notwithstanding, his works have won innumerable awards in competition with the best sculptors of the United States and Europe. The foreign masters of the day recognize Noble's greatness and genius. They are unanimous in proclaiming him one of the best sculptors of the present period.

The crowning event in the life of this New World artist is to be the erection of a great memorial to American womanhood which will probably be built in Washington. This monumental structure has been his cherished dream for forty years. He has personally expended more than $40,000 in the designing of plans and in the construction and rejection of models. All his spare time during the last four decades has been devoted to the development and perfection of this magnificent tribute to womanhood.

The memorial will cost $5,000,000, and will be five years in building. It is to be 168 feet high and 300 feet wide. It will be built in the form of an arch standing upon an elliptical base and broken by flights of steps. The arch itself and the multitudinous stairways leading to it are to be of marble. On either side of the massive arch there will be a bronze panel thirty-eight feet high ornamented by groups of figures in low and high relief. The interior of the arch will be dedicated as a hall of memorials and records representing the achievements of American womanhood.

Clark Noble's contributions to the world of American art have been erected in the Eastern States, in the Vatican at Rome, and in other parts of Europe. His bronze relief of Phillips Brooks in the Church of the Incarnation, New York City, is one of the largest and most remarkable examples of ecclesiastical portrait-sculpture in America, being seven feet in height. His statue of Robert Burns, valued at $40,000, is another masterpiece, as are also remarkable busts of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Henry Cabot Lodge; three specimens of his work that are displayed in the Vatican; the sailors and soldiers monument at Newport, Rhode Island; statue of General Porter in Van Courtland Park, New York City; challenge statue, Antietam; colossal statues of Napoleon, Jefferson, and "Mad" Anthony Wayne; ideal statue for the Maine state capitol; statue of "Knowledge" for the Augusta public library; bas-relief of General Joseph Wheeler; ideal figure of the "Anglo-American"; monument of Belle Archer; ideal group, "The Morning Tide"; statue of Harriet Beecher Stowe; $5,000 Jefferson loving cup, and many other bronzes, memorials and portrait sculpture of public men.

Mr. Noble is outstanding among American sculptors inasmuch as he never uses living models. All his statues are his own creations. He has devoted years of earnest study to the science of anatomy. He has spent two years in exclusive dissecting activities in medical schools and private places of research so that he knows every crook and curve, angle and arch of the human body, how it is put together and how each muscle functions. Clark Noble is probably the most expert anatomist among modern artists. His thorough anatomical knowledge enables him to mold human figures which are ideal both from the viewpoint of art and from that of medical science.

If, as a result of some trick of fate, Clark Noble had to abandon his work tomorrow, there are at least a half-dozen other trades and professions with which he is familiar that would yield him attractive incomes. A little more study and he could pass the medical examinations in any state. He is an expert draftsman and architect. He is a talented worker in wood, plaster, marble or bronze. He is also a skilled modeler. He has invented at least two important sculpture processes. He could even qualify as an athletic coach, as for many years he has ranked among the leading boxers and fencers of America.

Clark Noble is a thorough American. His early ancestors came to the New World in the *Mayflower*, one of his forbears being an intimate friend of Miles Standish. Matthew Noble, a famous English artist, who painted some remarkably fine pictures of Oliver Cromwell and the Earl of Derby, is one of his progenitors.

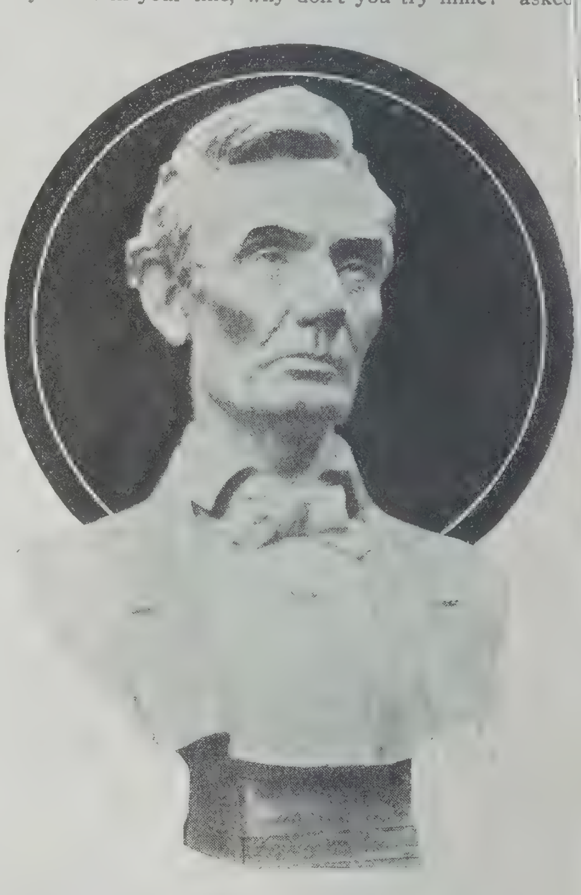
The father of Mr. Noble was a courageous sea captain who lost his life when his ship sank in a violent storm. Young Noble at that time was only ten months old. A grandfather, who lived at Gardener, Maine, took charge of the orphan. Clark first displayed evidences of artistic talent at the age of six years when he began to model tiny animals and figures of men from clay which he dug from a hill at one end of his grandparent's farm.

Two years later, the youngster somehow or other got hold of a book about the life of Thorwaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor. The boy read the book again and again. There and then he determined to become a sculptor like the famous Dane. During the succeeding six years, young Noble went to school, and then he started to work in the Maine mills. After he had saved sufficient money to pay his expenses for several months, the boy went to Boston where he secured employment in an architectural and modeling establishment. He worked so industriously and studied so diligently that at the age of seventeen he was foreman over eighty men.

About that time the National Modeler's Union was organized. One day a big Swede, who could speak o in broken English, visited the workshop and inquired the foreman. When Noble appeared, the foreigner tr to force him to join the union. The youthful mode refused, and in the altercation which ensued became enraged that he knocked down the labor-organizer. a consequence, Noble lost his position. No similar esta lishment in Boston would employ him until he made h peace with the union labor authorities.

In desperation, the young man finally went to Ne York City where he found conditions the same as tho that existed in Boston—he must become a union ma if he wanted to work at commercial sculpture. He the visited Philadelphia and Baltimore in quest of work, an ultimately went as far west as Chicago. There wer plenty of jobs open, but in each case he was required t join the union.

Defeated and discouraged, Clark Noble returned t Boston and by chance stopped at a gymnasium where h previously had boxed with the physical director. Clar confided his troubles to this friend. "If you can't ge any work in your line, why don't you try mine?" aske the physical culturist. "I know a chap who is organizing a troupe of professional athletes to make a vaudeville tour of the country. Say the word and I'll get you a job with that crew, as they need another boxer of your weight and ability."



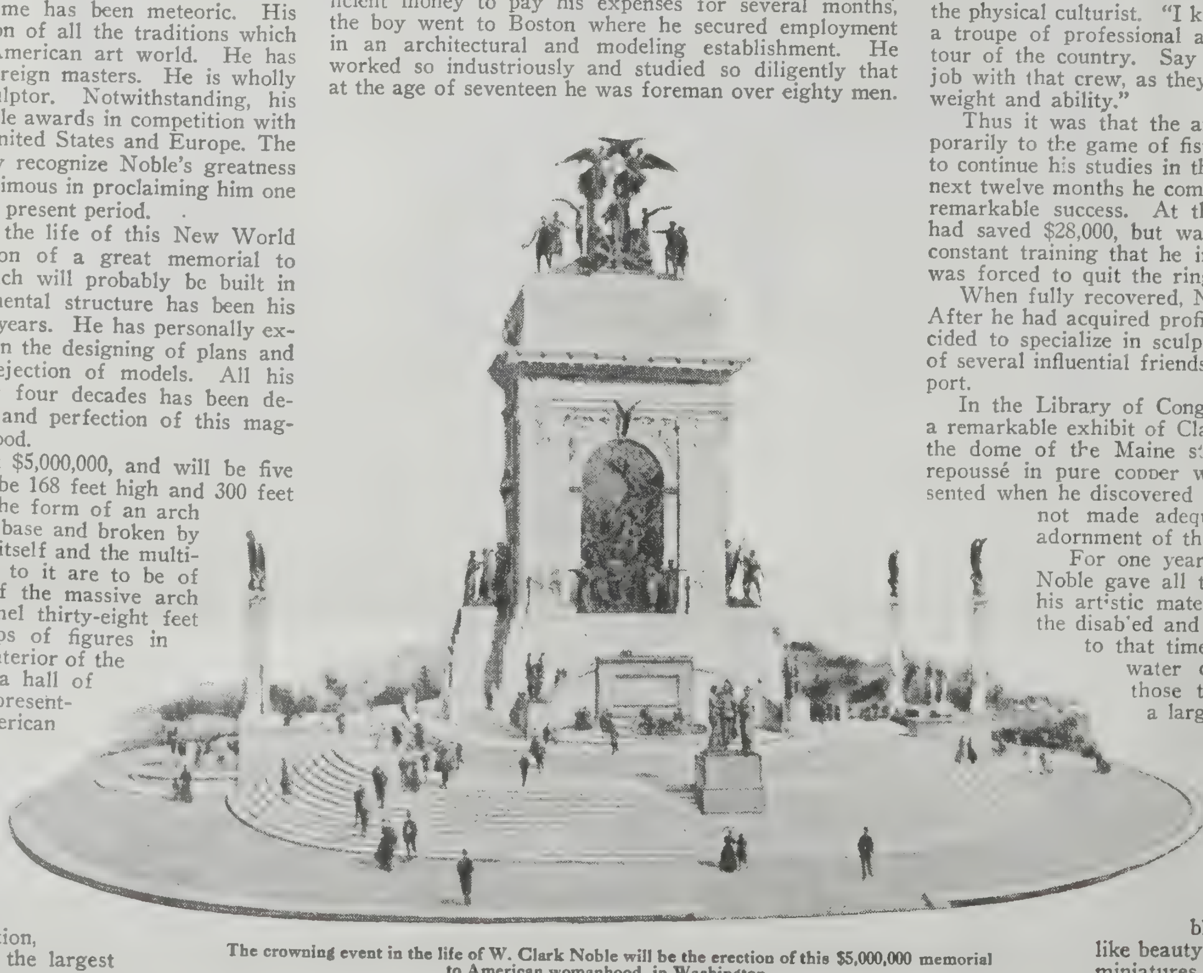
Noble's bust of Abraham Lincoln is another masterpiece.

Thus it was that the ambitious student turned temporarily to the game of fisticuffs to earn enough money to continue his studies in the sculptor's art. During the next twelve months he competed against all comers with remarkable success. At the end of the year, the boy had saved $28,000, but was so weakened physically by constant training that he incurred a serious illness and was forced to quit the ring.

When fully recovered, Noble resumed his art studies. After he had acquired proficiency in architecture, he decided to specialize in sculpture, and with the assistance of several influential friends he opened a school at Newport.

In the Library of Congress at Washington there is a remarkable exhibit of Clark Noble's work. Crowning the dome of the Maine statehouse is a gift statue, a repoussé in pure copper worth $35,000 which he presented when he discovered that the state legislators had not made adequate appropriations for the adornment of their capitol.

For one year after the World War, Mr. Noble gave all the income from the sale of his artistic material to a special fund to aid the disabled and wounded soldiers. Previous to that time, he had painted in oil and water color as a hobby. During those twelve months, he produced a large number of marine pictures which were sold by auction at high prices. Many thousands of dollars flowed into the war veteran fund coffers as a result of this novel form of contribution from one of America's foremost sculptors. Mr. Noble is also noted for the life-like beauty and accuracy of his portrait miniatures in porcelain.



The crowning event in the life of W. Clark Noble will be the erection of this $5,000,000 memorial to American womanhood, in Washington.

What the Northwest Farmer Thinks of His Job

Favors Diversified Farming and Better Equipment

By MALCOLM C. CUTTING

IF YOU ask the farmers of the Northwest what in their own honest opinion are the main requirements for the restoration of prosperity in their section, they will tell you, first, diversified farming and co-operative marketing. Then they will recite, in order, labor-saving machinery and equipment, purebred sires for their herds and flocks, the planting of corn, and the seeding of alfalfa, clover and other legumes. Only ten per cent of them will bridle up and say that this idea of self-help is all bunk, and that the only way the farmers of the Northwest can make a profit is for the government to raise the level of farm prices.

It all started from a paragraph or two in Mr. Henry Ford's book, "My Life and Work," wherein Mr. Ford stated that farming is unprofitable largely because of the waste of energy, lack of proper equipment, and inefficiency of method on our American farms.

Mr. Dan A. Wallace, editor of *The Farmer* (St. Paul)—and, by the way, a brother of the Secretary of Agriculture—quoted passages from Mr. Ford's book and asked his readers what they thought of Mr. Ford's opinion, assigning as a subject for discussion, "How the Farming Methods of My Community Can Be Improved." The response was 275 letters from farmers in six states—letters that were thoughtfully considered and carefully prepared—and the consensus of opinion of these farmers was substantially as given in the first paragraph above.

After studying and analyzing these letters, as the writer was privileged to do, one must commend in unmeasured terms these Northwestern farmers for their honest insight into their business, their sane outlook upon its future, and their courage in "carrying on." Burdened with economic conditions for which they were not responsible and over which they have no control, they yet see that their main hope of salvation lies in their own efforts toward the attainment of greater economy and efficiency in their own practices and methods.

Once in every month the Chamber of Commerce of the United States publishes in its official organ a "business map" of the United States, to visualize in graphic form the conditions of business as they exist in various portions of this fair land of ours. Where the map is white, business conditions are said to be "good"; where it is lightly shaded, they are said to be "fair"; and where it is black, they are described as being "slow."

In the March map of this character, there were two small portions and one large portion of the United States placed under the black shroud. The large portion encompassed a small strip of Western Minnesota, all of North Dakota, the northern and western parts of South Dakota, the great plains region of Montana, and the northeastern portion of Wyoming. It happens that this black area comprises almost exactly the entire spring-wheat-growing region of the United States.

A Natural Grain Country

PEOPLE are likely to wonder, outside of the Northwest, why it is that our famous "Hard Northern Spring Wheat" has descended to such grievous depths of economic depression. What is the reason?

It can be very easily and briefly explained.

In the first place, the yield of spring wheat is always normally less than that of winter wheat. The latter is seeded in the autumn, it gets a start in early spring, it has the benefit of all winter and spring moisture, and it matures and is harvested before rust or the withering heat of late summer can injure it seriously.

Spring wheat, on the other hand, is not seeded until the ground is dry enough to work in the spring; it has to undergo all the vicissitudes of rust and drought and grasshoppers and hail during the summer months; and it is not harvested until all of the great crop of winter wheat has been shoved onto the market and the price is "broke." So, besides a smaller yield due to natural conditions, spring wheat has to offer itself on the tag end of a glutted market. Add this to the prevailing low prices for all wheat, and you will understand why the spring-wheat farmers of the Northwest are economically and mentally depressed.

Why do they grow spring wheat at all, then, you ask; why don't they grow something else? Because the Northwestern prairies from the Red River Valley to the Rocky Mountains are (or were) a natural grain country, and because it is not so easy to grow some other crops in the drier portions to the westward and the colder portions to the north.

The farmers of the Northwest were headed in the right direction—they were going rapidly into diversified farming before the war, until the government called upon them to produce wheat, *and nothing but wheat*, to save the world for democracy. Then, when the war was over, the price of wheat went down, while the cost of production remained up; with the agricultural consequences which the world knows.

Diversified farming means the raising of *livestock*—dairy cattle, beef cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry—and the growing of *feed crops* for this livestock, in addition to *cash crops* such as wheat or potatoes. The principal feed crops needed in the Northwest, in addition to the grain now so largely grown, are corn and tame grass crops for hay and pasture.

But it is not so easy to grow corn in the northern parts of this section as it is farther south, and it is not so easy to get a catch of alfalfa or clover or any other grass crop in the western parts of this section as it is where moisture is more abundant. They can be grown, and they are being grown, everywhere; but it takes more care and better farming to establish them than in some other sections. That is why the farmers of the Northwest deserve credit for their determination once more to turn over their system of farming.

In the discussion, "How the Farming Methods of My Community Can Be Improved," 275 letters were received by *The Farmer*. Of these, 169 came from Minnesota, forty-one from North Dakota, thirty-three from South Dakota, nineteen from Wisconsin, eleven from Montana, and two from Iowa. As stated before, the inspiration for these letters was the comment of Mr. Ford on the inefficiency of average farming methods, quoted from Mr. Ford's "My Life and Work" (Doubleday, Page & Company).

What did these farmers think of Mr. Ford's criticism of their methods—did they disagree with him? They did not. Of the entire 275, only twenty-eight rose up in wrath and said that Mr. Ford did not know what he was talking about. These were the ten per cent who ascribed all of their difficulties to economic conditions, and to robbery by "big business," and to desertion by the government—without ever a thought of the remotest responsibility attaching to themselves.

On the other hand, forty-three of these writers, or sixteen per cent, agreed partly with Mr. Ford, saying that his criticism of equipment and methods was just, but that the meager returns from farming permitted only the most gradual, if any, improvement. And the real surprise came when sixty-six of these writers, or twenty-four per cent, stated emphatically that Mr. Ford was exactly right, without any reservations whatsoever. Furthermore, the remaining 138 writers, or fifty per cent, while sticking strictly to their assigned subject of farming improvement, indicated by the tenor of their letters that they agreed with Mr. Ford, too.

So of these 275 representative farmers from six Northwestern states, *we have ninety per cent admitting that they can do much themselves to increase the profits from their industry, and we have only ten per cent who repudiate any such suggestion and place the entire blame for their condition on "business" and the government.*

Now for the improvement of farming methods in the Northwest which ninety per cent of these farmers propose. As stated in the first paragraph of this article, the most nearly unanimous vote was for diversified farming, 219 of the 275 writers specifically advocating this system or indicating by their letters that they practice it and approve it. Of the various kinds of livestock mentioned in connection with diversified farming, the preference seemed to descend in the following order: dairy cows, hogs, sheep and beef cattle. Most of the writers, too, advocated poultry as the payers of grocery bills, and fifty-five of them specifically recommended very much more careful attention to poultry as real money-makers on the farm.

So far as the preference in livestock was expressed, a little extraneous comment may be of value. Minnesota and Wisconsin are great dairying states, and the dairy cow has brought prosperity to thousands of farmers. Knowing this, the farmers in the grain-raising sections farther west, when they begin to diversify, look immediately to the dairy cow.

Because of the excellent returns from dairy products during this period of agricultural depression, as compared to the unsatisfactory market for hogs and beef cattle, farmers all over America have been expanding the dairy business. Only recently the United States Department of Agriculture issued a guarded warning against a possible overproduction of dairy products. This did not mean that dairying should be curtailed, but only that farmers who are so situated that they can handle other kinds of livestock to advantage, and perhaps to better advantage, should give them at this time equal consideration with the dairy cow.

What Diversified Farming Means

HOGS were given second preference by our Northwestern advocates of diversification, not as a major project, but as economical supplements to the dairy industry. In that they were exactly right. Hogs are almost essential to the dairy farm, to utilize the skim milk that is left on the farm when the cream is separated and sold to the creamery.

In the corn belt, on the other hand, where hogs are a major project, there has been great dissatisfaction with hog prices because of the unfavorable ratio between the prices of hogs and corn. As a result there has been an enormous liquidation of hogs this season, and the Department of Agriculture suggests that the peak of overproduction of hogs now probably is past. With an indicated increase in the acreage of corn, and with large liquidation of the hog supplies, it would seem to be a good time to stay in the hog business, particularly on the dairy farm.

A similar situation prevails in the beef-cattle industry, which our Northwestern writers barely mentioned. When the war ended, the export demand for beef dropped suddenly, and farmers were left with over-expanded herds of beef cattle in the face of a falling market. Liquidation followed rapidly, but the price for beef has remained low. It has seemed for some time that a shortage of beef cattle must soon be apparent, though no such shortage has been indicated by the market price. It would be well for farmers to watch the beef market attentively from now on, because some of these days a herd of beef breeding stock, or a bunch of feeders, is going to be a valuable adjunct to the farm.

Dairy cows, hogs, sheep, beef cattle—the order of preference as given by these farmers is probably right for the Northwestern farm. But the relative unimportance of sheep in this list is somewhat disappointing. Northwestern farmers are rapidly increasing their flax acreage; they might well give more consideration to sheep.

As far as poultry is concerned, there has been an enormous expansion of production during the past two or three years, which expansion is still going on; but so far increased consumption has kept pace with the increased supply. Whether the market be high or low, every farmer should have a flock of poultry on his farm, to contribute to the home food supply, to help utilize waste products, and to reduce the monthly store bills that sometimes are hard to pay.

Returning from this little excursion into livestock production as a phase of diversified farming, and considering again the various means by which our farmer writers propose to improve their methods, we find that the second largest vote was tallied for co-operative marketing. This is not at all surprising in the Northwest, because in that section the farmers have had a lot of co-operative experience, and just at present they are busily engaged in organizing some of the largest co-operatives in the country.

Just recently a potato campaign was concluded in Minnesota, in which 12,000 growers signed up 160,000 acres of potatoes, or more than fifty per cent of the crop, to be sold through the Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange. At the present time the poultry products of that state are being organized in the same way. The dairymen of the state are already organized in the Minnesota Co-operative Creameries Association, including 450 local creameries with 75,000 farmer patrons, and in the Twin City Milk Producers' Association, including 5,000 dairymen supplying market milk to St. Paul and Minneapolis. Over in Wisconsin they have the Wisconsin Cheese Producers' Federation. In the Dakotas they are now organizing the potato crop, and a considerable portion of the wheat crop of the spring-wheat states is now organized in the American Wheat Growers Associated. The farmers of the Northwest know something about co-operative marketing, and they are determined to develop it through their very own self-controlled and self-governed marketing agencies.

Labor Saving and Legumes

NEXT in total vote came the use of labor-saving machinery and equipment. The labor problem is one that is seriously disturbing farmers these days. High wages for labor in the cities have attracted the workers from the farms. Thus the Northwestern farmer is left with little or no help, and the need of labor-saving machinery and equipment is painfully apparent to him. He is purchasing it, too, as his means enable him, rather than pay the wages which farm workers demand.

Of the total vote on labor-saving machinery and equipment, it is interesting to note that ninety-nine farmers advocated the purchase of such equipment as rapidly as financial means would permit, while ten farmers averred that there is too much machinery on farms now! Where the tractor was specifically mentioned, twenty-eight were favorable and five were opposed. A considerable number also spoke favorably of the motor truck.

Purebred sires for all herds and flocks followed closely in order of precedence. It is commonly said that "the sire is half the herd," and farmers who start with purebred sires are taking the first step toward profitable livestock production. In dairy cattle it means larger milk production, and in meat animals it means more economical gains and better quality. There is always a market for quality, for every product that comes from the farm. The curse of livestock production on too many farms is the perpetuation of inferiority by the use of scrub sires. With the purebred sire, even on scrub stock, there is constant improvement.

Following in order of total vote came corn and legumes as essential items in a proper system of diversified farming for the Northwest. In Southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and South Dakota, corn is a staple crop and the vote from these sections was not recorded. In Northern Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, hardy varieties of corn are just winning their way, and the advocacy of this crop by farmers is a matter of some concern.

Corn is not only the very best and most abundant feed crop that can be grown, but as a cultivated crop it serves an equally valuable purpose in cleaning the land of weeds. In the drier West, too, corn can be planted to serve the purpose of summer fallow, conserving moisture for a succeeding crop of grain, without losing a year's use of the land. To the grain farmer of the Northwest, corn is the straight path that leads to economic salvation, if he has good livestock to utilize the corn.

Of almost equal importance to this section as a feed crop are the legumes—alfalfa, common clover, sweet clover, and possibly soy beans. These leguminous crops are very high in nutritive value, particularly protein, and they have the added value of improving the fertility of the soil by taking nitrogen from the air and storing it in the roots of the plants. Where alfalfa will not grow, sweet clover usually will make a stand; and these two crops alone will solve most of the hay problem.

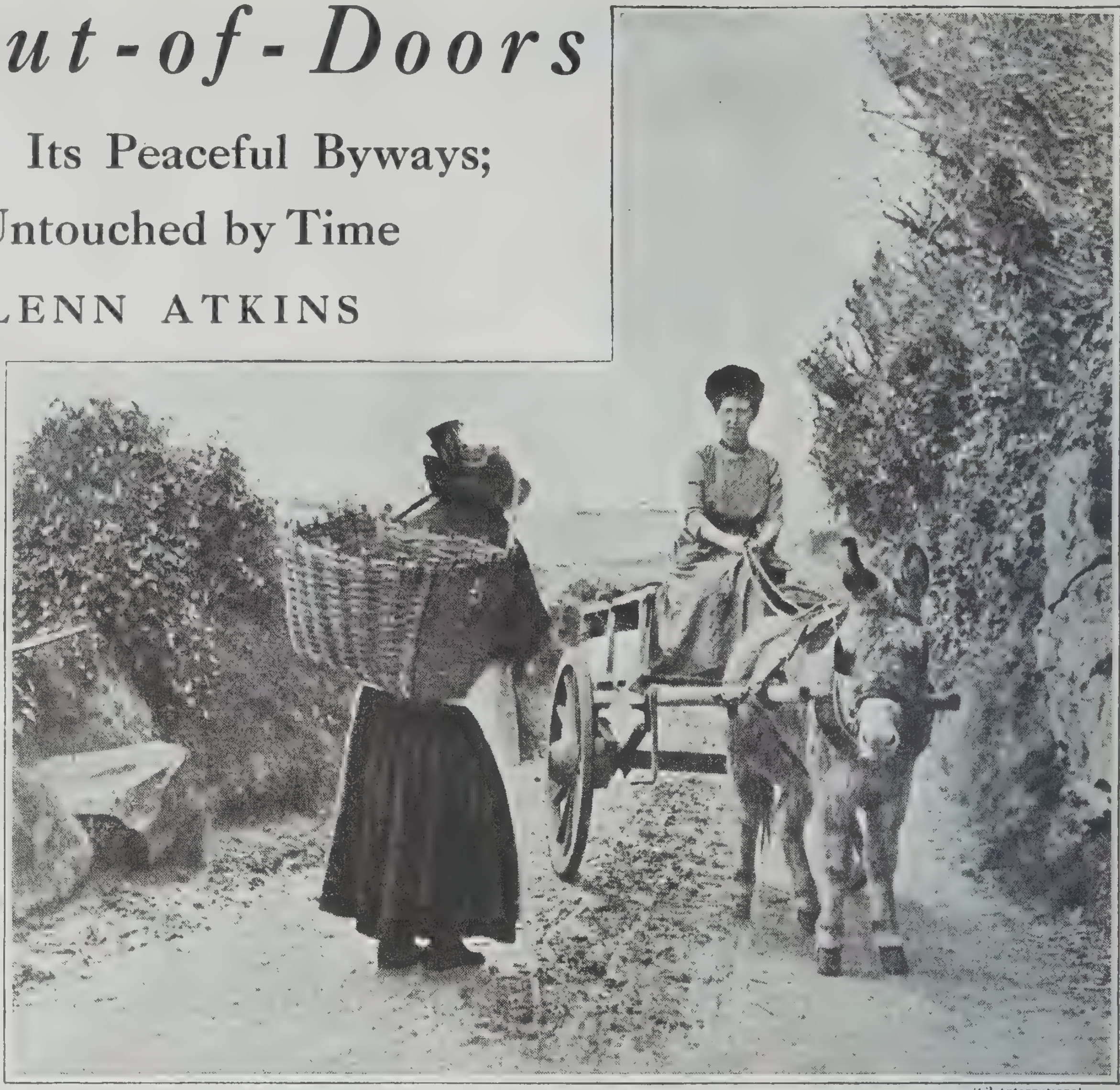
One could go on and discuss in detail the other items of improved practices recorded in this farmer vote, but it is not necessary here. Better care and repair of expensive buildings and machinery; a silo to utilize the corn crop economically; more careful attention to poultry, too often a neglected side line on the farm; better buildings; cow testing for production; the home garden; weed eradication; rotation of crops; the keeping of farm accounts; better feeding of livestock—all of these were advocated, in the order given.

This is the first of two articles, the second will appear in an early issue.

England Out-of-Doors

Some Impressions of Its Peaceful Byways; Quaint Villages Untouched by Time

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS



(C) International

Picturesque scene on the Cornwall coast. On the road to Penzance from the little Cornish fishing village of Mousehole. Mousehole, a quaint, picturesque coast town, nestling at the foot of the famous Cornwall Hills, was a flourishing port when London was but a booming town. The old lady in the foreground of this excellent photograph is carrying what is known as a "camel," an old-style fish-basket which is now seldom seen.

YOU may take tea with England behind the garden gate; you may walk London streets with the shades of Dickens and Samuel Johnson; you may see English affairs through the eyes of her newspaper men, but you have never known England till you have followed, from farmstead to farmstead, the footpaths which thread her fields. You cannot see rural England from the highroads; there are too many head-high walls along the main traveled roads which lead from city to city, too many untrimmed hedges along the lesser winding roads—lanes they call them often enough—which lead from village to village. But always behind the wall or the hedgerow is a footpath known only to the countryside, though you may get maps, if you want, which show them all, and spend a summer "tramping" them and never touch a highroad save to cross it.

One comes nearer the heart of England by such ways as these than by any other road, yet always with a qualification. English footpaths follow tremendously old rights of way; they run, also, through history and literature. I played golf last summer on a course which had been a park since Anglo-Saxon times, its turf untouched these thousand years by a plow. The old Dover Road which Chaucer's pilgrims took to Canterbury ran one side of it; a road which the Romans used when their legions came over from Rome ran the other. There is enough history above ground or underground in any English countryside to keep a local historian busy without going beyond the sight of his parish church spire. This makes it hard enough to get at the heart of England; there is too much you never see. But the other difficulty goes deeper. The roots of any long and unified national life are always in vitalities of tradition and old manners of life, and unless you have lived, as few of us have, all your life where your great-grandfather spent his life you never know the old customs, old words and old lore that combine to create what is always most distinctive and persistent in the life of any people; you walk past it and vaguely feel that it must be there if you could stop a hundred years and feel it out.

Rural England is, to begin with, something over forty "counties" as crooked as Virginia counties and as hard to count as sheep. Boundaries twist and intertwine till you count them twice even when entirely sober. Each county has history enough to do a nation, and the very names on the guideposts tell you of Angle or Saxon, Dane or Norman. A more specious map breaks the counties into parishes and an ordinance map, the best map to walk by, breaks the parishes into farmsteads and bench levels, and waters and watersheds, and a maze of winding roads and a net of footpaths, and lays England before you dissected to the last branching nerve. There are strange contrasts in density of population. You are never, anywhere, fifty miles from a city, ten miles from a market town or five miles from a village. But not a little of rural England seems strangely empty for all that.

There is an excess of "park land." Anything less than forty acres around the kind of a house an American builds on a hundred-foot-front lot on a boulevard smothers an Englishman and he begins to breathe freely only when he has managed a hundred acres or so. The great parks about the great houses run easily to eight hundred or a thousand acres and the total of such land uses is in proportion enormous. They are not economically valueless; they are richly wooded with a noble growth of timber, largely oak, and constitute the forest reserve of England. They are a bank reserve as well. When a dissolute baron uses up everything else, he begins to cut down his park oak. They also, in their more open spaces, make good sheep pasture.

English trees generally are lower than American, with a wider spread of branches just too high for the cattle or the deer—for often enough deer feed beneath their dappled shade—to browse them. They are scattered rather than massed and save on the treeless moors, of which more presently, they fill the foregrounds of every English landscape with their living green and the backgrounds with their unbroken sky line.

But since the houses are much hidden away thereby, outdoor England is often enough strangely lonely.

France farms largely from village centers. French land holdings are too small to waste on building and farmyards, so the houses are built at the center of the commune on an untidy winding street with the barnyard in front and whatever is clean and sweet behind, and the little fenceless fields about the village leave not a "turning row" between the holdings. I am writing now of Northern France. Brittany is different, as those members of the A. E. F. who bivouacked in the mud-walled little fields about Brest know to their sorrow.

England is a land of both villages and farmsteads. The villages are everywhere and from the outside they are often a bit disappointing. They are always clean but they are excessively brick. Little brick houses and little brick shops flush with brick sidewalks along narrow, hard paved, crooked streets. On the edge of the village larger houses showing upper stories behind a screen of green and more brick wall, a bit of common, maybe, and always an old church or two with its burying-ground quiet and yew-tree shaded, but for open, gracious beauty the best New England villages, with their old arched elms, their white Georgian houses and their white or red brick meeting houses, with an old town hall, the village memorial library and often enough the academy, need ask no odds of most English villages outdoors.

English fields are small and irregular. They are generally hedge-fenced, though wire is coming in, and the hedgerows are a thick and heavy growth too largely untrimmed. They are commonly hawthorn with a bit of hazel, and in May they are masses of white and odorous bloom. Blackberries a-plenty take shelter beneath them. I do not know the proportion of pasture to plow land but it is large, and English grass land is good pasture—the rains see to that.

The plow lands are planted to "roots"—turnips and beets largely used for cattle feed—beans for humans and for horses, oats, barley and wheat. The small grains grow astonishingly. Wheat stands level and full-headed. The tops of a well-headed field seem solid enough to walk on. We cannot touch their average yield an acre, even on our best new wheat lands. I discussed this last summer with a thoughtful farmer who thought perhaps the slow ripening of the wheat explained the big, well-filled heads. Ohio wheat heads out full and ripens in less than a month beneath a hot sun and always with the chance of drought.

English wheat is as leisurely in its habits as the farmer who plants it. It will never do to cut, even in the south, before mid-August and it is sure of plenty of rain—if anything, too much. English harvests often are slow because the grain is so badly down, but they get it cut, every straw of it.

All the culture of the soil is carefully done. The plowman's furrows are straight as a string and wonderfully even. In general and in a sentence, outdoor England has every mark in its care of a land long lived in, greatly loved and farmed out of a deeply rooted experience. There is market gardening a-plenty near the larger towns. For all the hedgerows and parks there is a careful use of corners and little strips of land for potatoes and cabbage, but there is no such complete use of every inch as in pre-war Germany or Belgium. An English strawberry is a bit watery but fragrant and sweet. There are plenty of apples and cherries, plums and pears, but the peach matures only under glass or on the south side of a brick wall where the tree is, as it were, crucified against the wall. Peaches are sheer luxury in England, and cost from a shilling apiece up. They get a certain compensation in gooseberries. I had, as a boy, an English story book in which the unpardonable sin of wayward English small boyhood was stealing gooseberries. That seemed to me a waste of original sin. The only gooseberries I knew were the Southern Ohio variety, hard as bullets when green, squashy when ripe and sour as my elderly schoolmistress. Why any boy with a talent for wrongdoing should steal gooseberries I couldn't imagine. But the English gooseberry is big and succulent, sweetly acid like a well-spent life, and worth stealing. Curiously enough, transplanted to our climate, it degenerates into the sour prickliness of our gardens. But an American gooseberry pie, given sugar enough, will run neck to neck with the ubiquitous English gooseberry tart for all that.

One misses Indian corn; you must go to North Italy to find that. There are few insect pests. Nor do they fight the gypsy moth and the brown-tailed and the many foes of green things we wage war against. But the rose grower has his thrips.

There are always birds and English birds were always looking like something they ought to be and were not and drove me—who used to know even the fine distinctions of our American warblers—to despair. The climate is kind to them and they love a land whose poets have woven their singing into the texture of the poet's song. The English robin is smaller than the American, with a friendly way and a reedy note and a rose-red breast. The thrushes are plainly kin to the American thrush, the sparrow holds his own as everywhere, the skylark sings out a rapture of aspiring but baffled flight from the sky he is forever seeking and missing and the nightingale is the poetry of song and a prosaic fact. The hedgerows are sociable with birds whom an English naturalist would name for you in a moment—but I can't. I do think the year through there are as many birds in America as in England and as brave singers, but our cold winters and hot summers make them briefer visitors. I heard nothing to match the unearthly call of the veery, or the liquid whistling note of the white-throated sparrow in our northern woods, nor saw anything so brave and swaggering as our Kentucky cardinal, but I have never been in England at the best bird time.

Climate is a master fashioner of habit, and outdoor England reflects in constant and countless ways the English climate. English houses are more or less heated by coal grates, but the tight little island itself is heated by hot water. London is north of the southern tip of Hudson's Bay and Liverpool is north of Newfoundland. A materialist who was minded to maintain that we owe English history and English civilization to the Gulf Stream could make a good case.

The sun is much acclaimed over there—when he shines—but his influence is more or less negligible. He is an adornment of the sky and a brightener of the land rather than a dependable sort of warmth. It can be hot in England—honestly hot—but the Gulf Stream is the real source of heat and fog as well. It can be dry—I've seen the grass on the lawns as brown as my blotting pad—but two weeks of dry weather is a drouth. An even temperature and unfailing rains give a wealth of pasture and foliage, make all green growth juicy and, through ages of green growth taken back into Mother Earth again, give a wealth of humus to English soil and green and rounded contours to all the hills. Snow is little known nor lies long south of London, and twenty degrees Fahrenheit is bitter cold. The mists are never quite cleared away; even a brilliant day has the softness of mist wraiths suffused with light and a perfectly cloudless sky is rare enough. There is always a soft breath of cloud even in midsummer which shifts and darkens and dissolves in rain. The rain is a matter of course, but the English of the island dress for it and carry able-bodied umbrellas and never forget their mackintoshes, and flourish as do their pastures.

This matter of climate goes deep. It "damps," as a musician would say, nervous energy. There is said to be less electricity in the air and far less in life than in America. But it contributes constancy and staying power and shapes, through its evenness, the outdoor habits of the race. I suppose there are five days the year through in England when one can be comfortable outdoors to two in America. At any rate, somewhere west of this Gulf Stream coming home the very sky changes and, if the weather be fair, a certain brilliancy in light and air comes out to meet and tell you that you have left to the east and north a little island which lives out of borrowed warmth, water carried, and are steaming into a climate where the sun really counts for something.

Outdoor England is rarely level, generally gently rolling and rising in the downs and the moors to upland openness. The "downs" are really "ups"—treeless, wide-bosomed hills three to six hundred feet high, where the Southdown sheep feed, edging the eastern south coast and breaking where they meet salt water into Chalk Cliffs along which you steam for hours as you come up the Channel. The moors belong to the north; really vast and open, billowy highlands, a thousand feet above sea level, treeless, poor pasture, sparsely populated and bleak; and to Devonshire with memories there of John Ridd and Lorna Doone. The moors are much covered by big ferns but also by heather, white and purple, and gorse. The gorse blooms yellow as our goldenrod and the heather is so solid in its flowering that the purple of it lies across the moors a rich shadow. A Devonshire moor in September, high and lonely, with only scattered sheep for company and a sheep track for a road and a light-filled sky above you and the gold and purple of gorse and heather at your feet and a "tea" of Devonshire clotted cream and bread and butter and jam and pound cake at the end of the afternoon tramp, is something for which to go far. You are never thereafter quite content, as those who have found in old stories some open door into fairyland, come back with haunting memories which make them strange to their friends and their world.

But my pen protests, for there are English villages seemingly untouched by time; the tides of the years have found another channel for their driving current or else flowed so gently through these Old World little streets as only to have enriched them with the suggestion of an immemorial and tranquil order, ripening through the years.

Here old timbered fronts reach over the pavements to touch and greet one another. Worn brass knockers and doorknobs, polished till they shine, are witness of a kindly hospitality and the touch of vanished hands. The village inn is stone-flagged, with darkened oak timbers showing honest craftsmanship, and the churchyard is packed with old gravestones whose names the mosses and the years have softened into something impersonal and universal—traceries of vague forms of names and dates and birth and death, the record and lowly fortune of humanity. Here are thatched roofs and roses and hollyhocks, the English village of your dreams not yet subdued to sanitary tenements and progress.

International

Quaint old clock is one of the sights in Surrey, old England.

You are never anywhere quite out of sight of a church tower or spire—towers in Norfolk and the north generally, spires in Warwickshire and the south. This is only an impression—but reasonably dependable. There is, in all these northern churches, the suggestion of a beleaguered land where the Dane might come in from the seas, or the Scotsman from the lowlands, and the church become the last stronghold of a harried countryside, "half fortress and half church of God." But the spires of Warwickshire are grace and aspiration lifted above a tranquil land to a serene sky. Nor would I forget the lovely towers of Lincoln whose fortress strength is lightened and adorned with a grace of building which, touched but not wholly subdued by the pointed arches and vaulted ceilings and rich tracery of medieval French architecture, is so characteristic of the best old English.

The English parish church is a study in itself—a monument to the devotion and faith of the centuries, resting sometimes on Saxon foundations and adding to Norman towers and round arches changing forms of beauty or of need, the whole mellowed by the years and enriched in painted windows and memorial tablets and oak beaming with a Crusader's tomb or a poet's grave and the memories of a great race made manifest in proud and simple ways. You find them everywhere: sometimes on the edge of a park, sometimes down a village lane, sometimes where the roads cross, and once—as I remember in the Isle of Wight—where only the footpaths meet. The "chapels" make a poor showing beside them and testify to that, for there is abundant witness that it's hard to be a non-conformist in England. But the free churches are vigorous for all that, though they belong mostly to the cities and large towns. In rural England the squire and the vicar are a hard combination to hold out against.

English farm buildings—houses and barns—may well be the envy of an American farmer—old, spacious and gracious. They are brick or stone built, bearing witness in the very irregularity of their lines to a slow growth which has achieved something better than an architect's plans. At the best they are good enough for anybody. I remember really noble farmhouses on the Isle of Wight, wide-chimneyed and covered with the Virginia creeper, which flourishes in the soft English climate, the creepers themselves ruby red in early September, till they shone in the sunshine like a jewel. The barns are almost always stone or brick with cobble-paved barnyards and low brick and stone walls about the cobbled courts and their timbers silver weathered oak. Of course they are not all so good as this, but the average is high. Farm labor is housed in cottages which are anything from plaster walls and thatched roofs to square, bare brick and slate. Doubtless the older are damp and unsanitary, but they make the best kodak shots.

Law's Delay in Cronkhite Case

AS THIS is written, Rolland Pothier, in jail at Tacoma, Washington, awaits the decision of the District Federal Court as to whether that court shall assume jurisdiction, and proceed to try him upon the charge of having fired the shot which killed Major Alexander P. Cronkhite.

Captain Robert Rosenbluth, charged jointly with Sergeant Pothier for the killing of Major Cronkhite, is at liberty on $20,000 bail, provided for by Eastern friends and racial societies.

Five years and eight months, almost to a day, had elapsed on April 22, 1924, the day of Pothier's arrival at Tacoma, since October 25, 1918, when young Major Cronkhite was shot on the Camp Lewis military reservation.

Two years had elapsed since a Pierce County grand jury, the county in which Camp Lewis is located, after an expenditure of some $62,000, returned an indictment against Pothier and Rosenbluth.

As you read this the trial ought to be under way, or at least about ready to begin. A jury of their peers should be listening to the evidence which will decide whether, in their minds, Major Cronkhite died accidentally from his own hand (as was set up by the defense) or from a revolver in the hands of Pothier or Rosenbluth.

Five years and eight months would seem to be sufficient time in which to get the facts before a jury.

If the case goes to trial here there will be no difficulty in securing a fair and impartial jury to try the accused men. There is little or no racial feeling in this Northwest country except against Asiatics, and the truth is that more has been printed about the Cronkhite case in New York City than in Tacoma.

Rolland Pothier found friends awaiting him upon his arrival here, friends who had entertained him in their homes prior to that eventful October day which changed the course of his life, friends who find it hard to believe in his guilt.

The Tacoma Post of the American Legion has secured gratis for Pothier's defense Attorney Maurice Langhorne, who is rated as one of the best, if not the best, criminal lawyers in the state of Washington. This sets at rest any doubt that Pothier's defense, although he is a poor man, will be properly conducted.

Friends here say that Pothier shows greatly the effects of the long strain he has been under. People here knew him as a good-natured, friendly and even-tempered doughboy, about to set sail for France.

He was a good fellow, genial and well liked, a favorite at dinner and cruising parties because of a splendid bass voice, and therefore much sought after as an entertainer.

But October 25, 1918, changed all that for Pothier. On that day, Major Alexander P. Cronkhite, supervising the target practice of a company commanded by Captain Robert Rosenbluth, was found dead in a little frequented part of Camp Lewis. Pothier and Rosenbluth, who reported the death of Major Cronkhite, were the only members of the company actually present at the time of the killing.

Both were kept under surveillance until a military inquiry at the camp pronounced the death accidental. This decision of the military court, however, was not satisfactory to Major General Adelbert Cronkhite, father of the young officer, and upon his return from the battlefields of the World War, he set in motion machinery which finally resulted in an indictment by the Pierce County grand jury.

This indictment is said to have been based partly upon a confession made by Pothier in which he stated that he had fired the fatal shot at the instigation of Rosenbluth. Since that time there have been reports, never substantiated, and about which Pothier now refuses to talk, that he had repudiated this confession.

The case, from this time forward, has been amply reported in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Pothier feels that fate has been relentless in its pursuit. He is morose and asked for but one of his old Tacoma friends.

When asked about Rosenbluth he is quoted as saying:

"I don't know anything about him. I don't see him or talk to him. I tell you I don't know anything about him."

"Do you feel he is double-crossing you?"

"I don't know—maybe."

Rosenbluth, when arrested, stated that he was ready to return to Tacoma. He immediately secured his $20,000 bail and was set at liberty. And in the interval, while the decision on jurisdiction is awaited, the campaign which has been waged from the time Rosenbluth was first accused, to make the charge appear as racial persecution, goes energetically on.

Pleading poverty on the part of the defendant, attorneys Louis Marshall and Jonah J. Goldstein, of New York, requested United States District Attorney Thomas P. Revelle, district of Western Washington, to provide funds for the payment of expenses of the witnesses for the trial.

Failing in this attempt, and learning from the district attorney that such a request was impossible of fulfillment, Rosenbluth's attorneys, through Emanuel Celler, representative in Congress from the state of New York, have appealed to the new attorney-general, Mr. Harlan F. Stone, to overrule the decision of his subordinate and pay the expenses of the witnesses summoned in Rosenbluth's behalf.

The Celler letter, a palpable attempt to override the district attorney who will have direct charge of the case if it comes to trial in the Federal court here is in line with the efforts that have been put forth from the very first to have the charges against Rosenbluth appear as racial persecution. Rosenbluth is a Jew. Pothier is of French-Canadian origin. No prejudice against Pothier has ever been alleged.

Pothier, who has been working as a railway brakeman most of the time in the past two years, and who leaves a wife and family without means of support, while he awaits trial or release, has not appealed to the Federal Government to bring to the stand witnesses in his defense.

Pothier and Rosenbluth were the only two men who saw the death of Major Cronkhite. They are the only two men in the world who can actually tell how the major died, and Pothier and his attorneys are very probably of the opinion that it is upon the statements to be made by these two participants or eye-witnesses that the question of guilt or innocence rests, and not upon witnesses who may be relied upon to testify that one of the accused is being persecuted because of racial prejudice. While such testimony is admissible in certain periodicals, there is no court in the land which would allow it to be introduced. In the language of the lawyers, it would be "incompetent and irrelevant."

In addition to the services of the New York attorneys, there has been retained to assist in the defense of Captain Rosenbluth Attorney L. L. Thompson, of Tacoma, until recently attorney-general of the state of Washington—a man whose honesty, integrity and ability cannot be questioned.

The question of jurisdiction which must be decided by Federal Judge Cushman is whether Camp Lewis was the property of the Federal Government or of citizens of Pierce County at the time of the shooting of Major Cronkhite. If Camp Lewis was Federal property, then the Federal courts would have jurisdiction; if private property, the state courts would be the proper place in which to try the case.

Citizens of Pierce County would be greatly surprised to learn that the government did not own Camp Lewis, for even before war was declared funds had been raised by public subscription to buy and donate land for the very purpose for which it was being used at the time of the Cronkhite killing.

Neither does it seem that the American public will be satisfied that justice has been done until Pothier and Rosenbluth have been tried and the facts brought out in open court. Pothier's own attitude is now that of a man who "wants it over with." If innocent, these men are entitled to the vindication which will come from acquittal; if guilty, the law should, of course, be invoked and the penalty paid.

The government attorneys have no other objective than to bring out the facts and try their meaning. The local attorneys for the defense are men of high repute and seek no ends but justice. As fair a jury as the nation can provide will hear the testimony and weigh the evidence. And the people generally will agree that it is only right that men indicted for crime should be tried.

That, in fact, is the great public issue involved: A certain group in the United States privately decreed that a man indicted for murder should not be tried.

Crashing Through the U. S. Immigration Gates

Concluded from page 4

immigration station in any port in this country refuses to accept the negative of the official on duty there. On the contrary, the immigrant merely sits down to live at the immigration station, his lodging paid by the steamship company which brought him over, until his lawyer has exhausted every resource of the local courts, the Federal courts, the state department, and finally, appeals to friends of the immigration officials. He has nothing to do all day but eat, smoke, loaf and play Mah Jong. In the language of the street, "he should worry" about immigration treaties or agreements of any kind.

Recently, at Angel Island, nearly 700 Chinese were kept for more than five months under conditions similar to these. Meanwhile, the steamship company which brought them over went out of business, and still owes the world's good-hearted Uncle Samuel this huge board bill.

When the Chinese, provided with his certificate, viséd by an American consul in China, arrives at an immigration station, let us say, Angel Island, because that is the gateway most of them choose, he is examined by a board of inquiry, which seeks to learn all about his antecedents and his qualifications for entry. The attorney for the Chinese may not be present at this inquiry, which is secret, but the Chinese may have a friend with him, and he may call any number of witnesses. That collusion between immigration officials and Chinese seeking entry may be averted, no one knows which official is to examine each Chinese until the immigrant is brought into the room. The questions which can be asked a man about his ancestors, his position in life, his financial condition and his family are limited, however, and the majority of the Chinese are provided with the proper answer to each question before they ever leave China. In the old days, when the immigration station was on the main waterfront of San Francisco, a Chinese who had safely passed through the questioning would stand outside the building and shout up to the other and waiting Chinese the questions which had been asked him, and the answers which had carried him past the examiner in safety. Now, however, the station is isolated from the city, and no one is allowed to see the incoming Chinese until he has been either passed on into the country or held at the station. Some interesting stories are told of the careers of Chinese who have entered the United States under the guise of "merchants." One store in San Francisco, which does a gross business of $5,000 a year, has, if immigration records are to be believed, 127 partners, that number of Chinese having claimed to be part owners in the little shop in order to establish themselves as bona fide merchants. Needless to say, once in this country, they merely spend a few days at the store, and then disappear into the laundries, the fishing industry, the vegetable fields, or some other work to which the Chinese laborer is accustomed. One man who was permitted to come into this country on his representation that he was a merchant, was found later working over an ironing board in a laundry. The immigration agent who found him, took him in, but at the hearing, the Chinese "merchant" testified that he merely had stopped in at the laundry to wash and iron some of his own clothing. The inspector testified that, at the time of the arrest, this Chinese was ironing a piece of lady's underwear, yet, because the officer had failed to bring along the bit of lingerie as evidence, the Chinese was released to continue his career at merchandising across an ironing board.

"Kankadon Brides," with their "husbands" in the background, on board a trans-Pacific liner entering San Francisco harbor. They are within the law.

A Chinese born in the United States, or who was in the United States prior to the passage of the Exclusion Act, is entitled to return to China, and to travel back and forth between the two countries as frequently as he desires. If he marries while in China, he may either bring his wife with him, or leave her there. In case there are children, the entire family may be brought to this country at any time. In other words, any Chinese man, woman or child, in China, who can prove that he or she is a son or daughter of a Chinese born in America, or of a Chinese who was a resident in the United States prior to 1882, may come to the United States whenever he or she wishes. If the father was born in the United States, the children are all American citizens, as well. This condition opens the gate for the entry of large numbers of Chinese to this country.

As a matter of record, a large part of the Chinese who come into the United States through San Francisco bring proof that their father was born on this side of the Pacific. How much of this "proof" is false, it is impossible to ascertain.

An Interview With a Gorilla

Concluded from page 3

this he is telling himself to "buck up." In the jungle the gorillas drum on their chests and cry to denote anger or challenge—and John has apparently adapted an inherent action to his present state of being."

John's comprehension is far greater than his powers of speech. He seems to sense the thoughts of humans with swiftness and clearness, particularly those persons who are constantly about him. He knows such words as "milk" and "orange," but Miss Cunningham feels that he senses what she means rather than actually understands the word. This belief of Miss Cunningham's is hardly borne out by John's actions, for about this time John stirred restlessly in his sleep, and showed that he was awake. "Go back to sleep, pretty boy," Miss Cunningham said softly, and John stretched out both arms toward his mistress.

"Pretty boy" is the name that John likes best. He is extremely fond of praise, and likes to think up a new trick, or a variation of an old one, so that Miss Cunningham will say, "Very funny, John, very clever." Then he will chuckle.

John Daniel, like the average human, gives a considerable amount of thought to his food. Back in his jungle days he was rather limited to uncooked dishes, but since he has grown accustomed to traveling across the world in Pullman cars and living in hotel suites he has developed an appetite for the most choice dishes. Chicken à la king is the dish he likes best of all, his next "favorite food" being a chicken leg. He is fond of oranges, and eats about a dozen in the course of the day. He is also partial to bananas, but they must be green. He has tasted meat, but does not care for it. Fish of any kind pleases his taste. Vegetables of all sorts are also on his diet list. He drinks milk, but not cow's milk, his brand being prepared from a milk powder. The reason for this is that at the beginning a famous physician decided that John was very subject to tuberculosis, and that he might contract it from cow's milk.

"In his diet, as in many other ways, I treat John as you would treat a child of approximately the same age," Miss Cunningham explained. "In some ways he is more keen than a child of five, in other ways he is backward. Considering the fact that he was running about the jungle a year ago, I feel that his adoption of civilization has been most rapid. I remember the first time I ever let him see himself in a mirror. He growled, and went looking for the other monkey. Then he seemed to sense that he was looking at himself and immediately he accepted the looking glass just as a human being accepts it—something in which to see one's own reflection. John knows his own photographs when he sees them, even when they are in a magazine, and he has no objection to posing. It seems to flatter him.

"I think one of the most interesting events of his career was when he began to walk about the house. He was unsteady at first, clumsy, and felt that he needed the aid of every piece of furniture. Now he walks on the flat of his foot, and while he uses his hands it doesn't seem that he needs the extra aid. When he is in a great hurry he uses the knuckles of his hands to help his progress over the floor. You would expect him to use the tips of his fingers, or the flat of his hand, but he keeps the hand tightly clenched."

It was about this time that Mrs. Baines and Mr. Penny, who had been dining downstairs in the hotel, returned to the suite, and shortly after the young woman who is making a statue of John Daniel also entered. The two women went to the bedside and spoke to the wide-awake John before joining the general conversation. John seemed to respond to their interest, even though he did not make a sound, or move from his comfortable place on the blankets. A minute or two later, however, he sat up, and assumed a pose that was at once suggestive of the figure in Robin's famous statue, "The Thinker." He watched us all with his great brooding eyes. It was very evident that he was thinking deeply, also it was evident that Miss Cunningham was trying to ignore him, hoping that if he was not noticed he would go back to sleep.

But John Daniel II was not going back to sleep. Not at all. His keen mind was devising a plan, and with a sudden activity he put this plan into being. He lifted his left arm, and began to rub a spot on his left side with his right hand. He whimpered.

For a minute this kept on. Then, with a quickness that every mother has used when going to the bedside of her child, Miss Cunningham crossed the room. John Daniel's eyes fairly danced.

"Yes—I know all about the naughty chair, how it bumped into the pretty boy, but you ought to go to sleep," Miss Cunningham told the gorilla, as she sat on the bed beside him.

John Daniel stopped whimpering, though he still patted his side. He put his left hand on Miss Cunningham's shoulder, and then looked about the room with a decided sense of pleasure. He had attained his wish, brought his mistress to his side, and firmly established himself as the center of all interest.

And all because he remembered that weeks before he had bumped into a chair while he was playing, and had really hurt his side.

Children have used that same trick of memory to attract attention to themselves ever since there have been children.

Presently John moved closer to Miss Cunningham. His imaginary hurt was quite forgotten—and once more his eyes wandered over the company.

He was thinking—but we knew not what.

Of the days that had passed? Of his jungle life? Probably not, for John so enjoys his present mode of living that when he was taken into the country to see what effect trees and flowers would have on him, he was frankly bored.

Was he thinking of the future? Possibly, for it was the subject on which we talked, and Miss Cunningham feels sure that John has a sense of understanding that is more than remarkable.

John Daniel II stands about three feet high, and weighs almost eighty pounds. His strength is tremendous, though he does not appreciate that fact. One of his forms of exercise is to grasp the mantel of the fireplace with one hand, and with the other, while swinging, lift a chair from the floor, holding it at arm's length. Quite a feat.

John is growing rapidly. In another couple of years his inherent strength will have become so great that it will not be safe for him to be at liberty. He may never mean to do harm, but his grip, his weight, will make it impossible for him to live in close contact with human creatures.

What will happen then? That is the question. If he is placed in a zoo he will surely die, for the gorilla is so temperamentally constituted that he must have companionship. The lack of this companionship, so scientists firmly believe, is the reason why no gorilla has lived in captivity up to this time. It was this lack of companionship that killed the first John Daniel.

"What I hope can be done," said Miss Cunningham, "is that a preserve can be built where John Daniel will be able to spend the rest of his life. A friend of mine, Mr. T. Alexander Barns, is at present in Africa, and one of the objects of his expedition is to try and capture a female gorilla who will be a mate to John. In the preserve Mr. and Mrs. John could live together and raise a family. It would be a great scientific study to watch the adult life of a gorilla. Remember John will not be full-grown until he is about eighteen or twenty."

Carl E. Akeley, who is probably the greatest authority on gorillas in the world, and who, of course, is vastly interested in Miss Cunningham's experiment, has pointed out in his recent book that the muscle of a gorilla is much more effective pound for pound than the muscle of a man. Also, Mr. Akeley points out, the gorilla in his natural state has far more mentality than the native man of the jungle.

On Mr. Akeley's most recent trip to the Congo one of his party shot an adult male gorilla. The physical proportions are interesting. To begin with, the beast weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. It was five feet seven and one-half inches tall, had a chest measurement of sixty-two inches, a reach of ninety-seven inches, the upper arm measured eighteen inches, and the calf of the leg fifteen and three-fourths inches. Contrast these figures with the measurements of a big man! When you consider how John will grow it can be readily understood that long before he attains his full maturity he must be banished from a hotel suite.

But in the meantime John Daniel is content to live his abnormal life, undoubtedly one of the most interesting visitors that this country has ever known—a scientific study that is without parallel in the world, for he is closer to man than any other beast—and of a higher grade of intelligence than many men now living.

"Now you must go to sleep, pretty boy," Miss Cunningham told him, and he allowed her to lay him down. But he did not sleep at once. The big eyes kept watch in the room, until finally he threw one hand over his head, while the other grasped an ankle. Then he rolled over.

Like a tired child John Daniel had been fighting sleep. But sleep had conquered.

Do the Scottish People Want Home Rule?

Some Reasons for Restoration of Edinburgh Parliament

By THOMAS C. TAYLOR

ARE the Clans to don the kilt and draw the claymore, and raise again the Lion Rampant, and once more put the Sassenach "over the Border"? Probably not, despite the fire and fury of the Scottish members when the Scottish Home Rule Bill was blocked in the House of Commons the other day.

There are two definite movements toward local self-government in Scotland at the present time. While the objective of these is similar in so far as the broad purpose is to have fuller administration of Scottish affairs placed in Scottish hands, there the similarity ends. One movement represents considered, responsible opinion which aims at the furtherance of industrial development and the common-sense utilization of Scottish resources, together with a more adequate safeguarding of cherished features of the national life and character.

Of the other movement, behind which has assembled a motley array of discontented elements, it must be said that as now sponsored and engineered it is merely an attempt to set up Scotland as a Socialist state.

In neither movement is there any such enmity toward England as would justify mention.

One need not hark back to the circumstances of the union of the Scottish and English Crowns in seeking for the causes of the present-day demand for Scottish Home Rule. Scotland has advanced and prospered as part of the United Kingdom, and has contributed in no small measure to the general strength of the whole and of the Empire of which the United Kingdom is the heart. Indeed, having regard to the long list of Scots who have risen to leadership in the political, social and commercial affairs of the United Kingdom, one can appreciate the joyful pean of an ousted Englishman who, writing from abroad, voices profound and unlimited gratitude that there is a prospect of the Scots now devoting their attention to governing themselves rather than governing England: "Scotties in government; Scotch executives in business; Scotch bosses in the factories! What about Home Rule *for England?*"

The efficiency resulting from the Scot's love of learning and reverence for culture, his willingness to make the utmost sacrifices for education, have certainly left an indelible impress upon the affairs of Great Britain; and, with it all, there has ever been kept keenly alive in Scotland the purpose to preserve unimpaired and unsullied the ancient founts of character and ideal. The land, then in the direst poverty, which, in face of an English offer of £30,000, kept secret the hiding-places of Bonnie Prince Charlie, is still in being. The country which produced David Livingstone is not yet barren of the type. There is a Scotland which would offer the Crown to a Barrie and ignore a Barnato. And it is to *that* Scotland one must look for the forces behind one of the movements for Scottish Home Rule.

Hindrances to Local Development

THAT there are flaws in the union arrangement, not necessarily involving separation from England as a remedy, has been borne in upon Scotland repeatedly, particularly during the past quarter of a century. It is doubtful if the union ever sustained a heavier jolt than it received, for example, at the time of the famous decision of the House of Lords in the dispute over the union of Scottish churches about twenty-five years ago.

The two great Scottish churches which decided to unite for more effective effort represented a very large section of Scotland's population, and the matter involved was one upon which, above all others, the Scot has always claimed freedom: a matter affecting his religion. Apart from the merits of the case, Scotland has by no means forgotten that by virtue of its loss of identity in the union the decision in this important matter came from a group of law lords predominantly English and regarded as unqualified to deal with a question so vitally, deeply and purely Scottish.

There have been minor jolts since then. There was grave dissatisfaction in Scotland, after the war, in the matter of the disposal of the National Relief Fund, to mention one instance only. The feeling that a "fair share of what was going," and adequate consideration of Scottish affairs, could not be obtained from London, has grown. The Scottish secretaryship was accorded a minor status, and the Scots girded at that, justifiably. In short, there slowly crystallized in the Scottish mind a conviction that the members of the partnership arrangement who yelled loudest obtained most, and the Scot did not see why he should have to yell for "his just due."

Responsible opinion in Scotland has been insistent that more informed and prompt attention should be paid to Scottish affairs and requirements. She has desired to retain and employ her people, and has pointed to undeveloped resources, power potentialities, road and other transport necessities; she has seen the best of her population shipped off to lands where there was opportunity and a living, while her own claims took a humble place in the long line awaiting disposal by an overburdened Parliament in London; and to all protests and appeals there came the reply that she already possessed a local government act under which her local requirements could be met. Despite the alleged efficiency of that local government act, however, Scotland has found that if she is to develop there is toll to be paid: and paid in London.

Schemes for local development, requiring provisional orders, are the prey of a ring of law specialists, through which ring requests for Parliamentary action must pass. There is some ground for the bitter comment often heard in Scotland that at every turn in her path of progress she has found herself up against a tangle of regulations and laws devised by lawyers for the benefit of lawyers.

To find that authority for a small local scheme designed to meet public necessities and confer public benefit could not be obtained without the initial expense of about $10,000 in fees to Parliamentary law-agents in London, with the risk of the scheme being rejected in London at the behest of the wire-pullers of big interests without regard for Scottish needs, has been the lot of many a Scottish venture. And every experience of that nature has turned the attention and the thoughts of still more responsible Scots to that ancient pile of buildings under the shadow of St. Giles in Edinburgh—Scotland's Parliament House, rich in national memories, and in an excellent state of repair; in fact, ready for use always, in its original capacity.

To the patriotic and cultural impulses animating the Home Rule movement which has attracted the best in Scotland, there must be added the stimulus born of experiences such as have been referred to in the foregoing. This particular movement has no interest in separation from England. It would preserve those things which have contributed to the upbuilding of Scottish character, and it would insure that affairs essentially Scottish be dealt with in Scotland by the Scottish people; but as for separation from England, one does not find in the movement any admission of such a necessity.

The second movement for Scottish Home Rule is of more forceful character. It is a growth of the large industrial areas. Behind it are masses who are really not Scottish; who represent the antithesis of what the Scot has become; and who have no knowledge of or interest in the culture and development of Scotland. Few of them are Scots of the second generation. To the leaders of those masses there has been presented the idea that now is the time to capture Scotland. Not for the Scottish people or the culture and progress of Scotland is the capture to be made, but for the application of an "ism." It is not a new movement, this second and more dangerous of the "drives" for self-government in Scotland; but it dates no farther back than a dozen years ago, and it has been very active indeed in its operations. Notwithstanding repeated efforts, it has failed to "absorb" the other movement, and has poured scorn upon it in consequence. It has assembled under a common banner the patriots of the "irreconcilable" type—a hardy remnant; the enthusiasts of various persuasions, each convinced that in the new state his view would prevail; the Laborist, who, with Scotland so largely Laborist in Parliamentary representation, sees no reason why Scotland should not be a Labor state; the Socialist, who, like all the others, has his own vision—a Socialist state; and the Bolshevik Communist, who represents the fact that Russia still regards Scotland's industrial masses as more Bolshevik than their parliamentary representatives, and is backing her opinion with money.

Within recent years there have been abundant evidences that thoughtful observers of Scottish affairs have viewed with alarm the departure of tens of thousands of Scots who would not tolerate the miserable conditions resulting from the effects of the war; who shook themselves free of the demoralization of a "dole" paid to intelligent and straight-thinking men who were fit to work and desired no more than the independence of living by their own efforts.

Changing Complexion of Scottish Labor

WITH even greater alarm there has been viewed the influx of people to take the places of emigrant Scots. As a member for some years of an industrial committee charged by the Ministry of Labor with the administration of "unemployment benefit" in a large Scottish area, the writer has first-hand experience of the amazing change in the character of applicants. The sturdy Scot who in the early days appeared as an applicant, shamefaced, driven by dire necessity, and openly cursing that necessity, was replaced in the later years by an applicant of different type, not anxious for work and resorting to all kinds of contemptible subterfuges to obtain the "dole"; for the Scot had "dropped into a job" of any kind at the very earliest opportunity, or had cleared out to other lands.

This change in the composition of Scotland's industrial population, important as it is, is not likely to prove the determining factor in any rearrangement which may be made of the country's relationship with England. The land is still sufficiently Scottish and the character of the general body of the people sufficiently true to type to warrant the belief that the Scot, in this matter of Home Rule for Socialism or kindred "isms," will do as he has always done when an ugly head popped up—hit it! He must first, of course, be stirred to an active interest in the matter.

It must be admitted, on the facts, that the possibility of a Labor administration in Scotland cannot be ruled out, should there be a change. Labor's showing at Westminster has created in Scotland a great and favorable impression. The view may be hazarded that since it came into its place of "power, with permission," at St. Stephen's, Labor has disappointed only the utter extremists and has gained greatly in the esteem of moderate Liberal electors.

Scotland's grievances, however, are capable of effective remedy. The demonstration which reduced the British House of Commons to hopeless disorder recently will have had valuable results if it arouses the British legislative body, as a whole, to the possibility of an independent Labor state to northward. The preservation of powerful and influential vested interests around Westminster may be regarded as too great a price to pay for that; and it is now certain that the claims of Scottish business will have more consideration in the House of Commons, and the remedies may not come too late.

It is worthy of note that one single street of Lower Manhattan can show more degradation and squalor than can be found in the whole of the largest of Scotland's industrial centers at this day. The Scot has decided, for the time being, that the blight that has fallen upon him must be wiped out at any cost, and Labor has the contract. Meantime, he pays his debts, even if he "kicks" at the exactions of English Parliamentary law agents and threatens to have Home Rule.

If Thomas Jefferson Were Alive Today

Concluded from page 9

His call for economy was a trumpet note:

"We must push Congress to the utmost in economizing."

"If we can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people, under the pretense of taking care of them, they must become happy."

"A rigid economy of the public contributions, and absolute interdiction of all useless expenses, will go far toward keeping the government honest and unoppressive."

"The multiplication of public offices increase the expense beyond income, growth and entailment of a public debt, are indications soliciting the employment of the pruning knife."

Luxury taxes he favored. "The revenue on the consumption of foreign articles is paid cheerfully by those who can afford to add foreign luxuries to domestic comforts."

He took a decided stand against lynching. "It is more dangerous that even a guilty person should be punished without the forms of law, than that he should escape."

Good roads and other avenues of communication were desired. "I experience great satisfaction at seeing my country proceed to facilitate the intercommunications of its several parts, by opening rivers, canals and roads. How much more rational is this disposal of the public money than of waging war."

While he would favor these reforms, he would be outspoken against the growing influence of wealth in the affairs of government.

"What a cruel reflection that a rich country cannot long be a free one," he once declared.

"I hope we shall crush in its birth the aristocracy of our moneyed corporations, which dare already to challenge our government to a trial of strength and bid defiance to the laws of our country."

Opposition to centralization in government he often raised.

"It is not by the consolidation, or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected. Were not this great country already divided into states, that division must be made, that each might do for itself what concerns itself directly, and what it can so much better do than a distant authority. Every state is again divided into counties, each to take care of what lies within its local bounds; each county again into townships or wards, to manage minuter details; and every ward into farms to be governed by its individual proprietor. It is by this partition of cares, descending by gradation from general to particular, that the mass of human affairs may be best managed, for the good and prosperity of all."

The principles of government economy, which he advocated, made him an advocate of debt extinction.

"I place economy among the first and most important of republican virtues, and public debt as the greatest of dangers to be feared," he said.

"If we run into such debts as that, we must be taxed in our meat and in our drink, in our necessities and in our comforts, in our labors and our amusements, for our callings and our creeds, as the people of England are; our people, like them, must come to labor sixteen hours in the twenty-four, give the earnings of fifteen of these to the government for their debts and daily expenses."

Thomas Jefferson died nearly a century ago, but the doctrines he advocated make him live in this age.

He has asked to be remembered for three primary acts.

Not one concerned anything which the world had done for him. Each was a distinct service to mankind.

First on the list he placed his authorship of the Declaration of Independence. This document was written by him in eighteen days. Because he was not an orator, but was possessed of a voice that became husky when he spoke above an ordinary conversation, the defense of it was left to John Adams.

Next in importance, Jefferson placed his work for religious freedom.

Because of his faith in democracy he favored public education. No statesman of his rank in his day had such confidence in the people. John Adams had desired a representation "for the rich and well-born" and Roger Sherman had said that "the people immediately should have as little to do as may be about government." Hamilton, a member of Washington's Cabinet with Jefferson, had referred to the people as a "great beast."

Educational advancement was to be the last and greatest achievement of Jefferson's career.

The founding of the University of Virginia was authorized by the legislature in 1818 and the institution was located at Charlottesville, but a short distance from Monticello. Jefferson drew the plans, mapped out the courses of study, and watched the erection of its buildings from the porch of his plantation residence.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

An aerial camera has been developed that can photograph salient topographical features of land although the plane is completely out of sight of the ground.

The old German stork, with his black wings, white breast and red bill—the colors of the old German empire—is reported to be disappearing. They returned in numbers from Egypt to Germany each year, but since the war their numbers have decreased.

Fish are being studied as a possible source of insulin supply. Scientists hope that aquatic specimens may afford purer brand of the famed diabetes cure than is now obtained from mammals.

The people of the United States saved during 1923 more than they earned during 1890.

The total levies of general property taxes over the United States have increased 160 per cent in the ten-year period extending from 1912 to 1922.

The United States Department of Agriculture has produced a motion picture of the hidden foes in seed potatoes.

The commission formed by the federal central executive committee to commemorate the memory of Nikolai Lenin has forbidden the use of the former premier's portrait on jewelry, candy boxes, or other advertising forms.

Mine fields have been discovered in the Eastern Baltic off Finland. They are of Russian origin, dating from the World War.

Rollin Lynde Hart, writing in the *World's Work,* has this to say on the migration of the Negro north: "His children put on shoes. Instead of going to school three months in the year, they go nine months, and to a much better school. Besides, there is 'freedom'—a wretched enough substitute for actual freedom, but nevertheless exhilarating . . . . Now they think principally of their less fortunate brethren. To bring them north, to teach them, to civilize and uplift them, is their ambition."

The record price of $8,925 was recently paid in London for a set of colored prints representing Wheatley's thirteen "Cries of London." Last year a set realized $9,900 in New York.

In the absolute absence of light a cat could not see at all, no more than human beings, but her whiskers would enable her to feel her way about, while we use our hands in such circumstances.

Sir David Gill, noted Scottish astronomer, compared measuring the stars to measuring a three-penny bit two miles off. "Who but a Scotsman would care about a three-penny bit two miles away?" observed his chairman.

"Nations are only united as a rule when they are in conflict with other nations. If there is no foreign danger the natural pugnacity of peoples is excited by the mismanagement of their own internal affairs."—*The Irish Statesman.*

"The great weight of scientific opinion today is that alcohol is alcohol either in whisky or beer; and that the amount of alcohol consumed is actually greater where beer is the popular beverage than where it is not."—*British Columbia Prohibition Association.*

According to Stanley Baldwin, ex-Premier of Great Britain, the Englishman does not worry. Other nations, he declared. worry without grumbling: the Englishman grumbles without worrying.

An official report shows that there was one American visitor to Shakespeare's birthplace last year, to four British.

To a spectator on our nearest star, the sun and earth would represent a close double star, so comparatively near are the sun and the earth.

The imam of the mosque at Woking in London, addressing a meeting of Muslins, said: "You will become once again rulers of the world if you act according to the advice of the Holy Prophet, and 'trust in God, but tie your camel.'"

The "village smithy" in Saint Mary Cray, Kent, England, is being demolished to make way for a new broad street. The buildings are five hundred years old.

Among prominent New Yorkers who were born on farms are Judge Elbert H. Gary, Mayor Hylan, Police Commissioner Enright and Chauncey M. Depew.

Youngstown, Ohio, has moved its public library to the Public Square. It was a move of only four blocks but the theory is that the nearer the books, the more people will use them; besides, the "per-circulation" cost of operating the library soars and its social usefulness goes down.

In less than a year from the time insulin came into use for combating diabetes a prominent life insurance company is able to report a small, but probably significant, decline of 6.4 per cent in the death rate from that disease among its industrial policy holders.

More than twenty-five thousand women have been fined or sentenced to imprisonment for violating the National Prohibition law.

Natives of Central Africa in Kenya Colony clear farms by means of the hatchet and fire. This has destroyed much forest land as the farmer only uses his cleared patch twice before moving on to another forest. Forest officers are training the natives in the conservation of timber.

Magnets are used to clean clover seed at Cambridge, England. Magnetic powder is mixed with the dodder and seed and the metal sticks to the dodder which is lifted away from the clean seed.

Termites, white ants, of the tropics have an insatiable appetite for wooden structures, furniture, stores and fences. Railroads, in districts infested by termites, use metal or concrete ties to withstand the attacks of the insects.

American marines in Haiti are making intensive use of airplanes in carrying medicine, supplies, animals and mail to points difficult of access by highway and the sea.

Ten of the eleven state legislatures meeting this year have passed more than 4,000 new state laws.

The Liberty Bell has been placed on wheels to facilitate its quick removal from Independence Hall in case of fire.

As indication that they are not merely "immigrant, itinerant laborers, a nonassimilable unsocial lot," Japanese in the United States may establish the "First Japanese University of America," which is to be co-educational and located in San Francisco.

The German Government discourages radio to a great extent. Listeners-in must have a license for which they pay six dollars a year. Sets can serve but one wave length and it is forbidden to tune in on foreign broadcasting stations. No one may build his own and no one under twenty-one may have a set.

The United States Department of Commerce is about to issue a "glossary of business English for Americans advertising in England."

The painting, "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough, is now in the possession of Mr. H. E. Huntington, of San Marino, California. The picture is said to have originated as a result of a dispute with Sir Joshua Reynolds as to the value of making blue the predominant color in a portrait.

More than one million boys and girls attend the Sunday schools of Canada.

The otheograph is a device for recording the vertical and horizontal thrust of each wheel of a railway coach moving over the track.

Poetry making in Russia is said to be unionized under the Soviet régime.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson has sailed for Australia where he expects to explore by airplane the "Never-Never Land" in the barren interior of that continent. He expects to find rich resources in the Great Australian Desert with a possibility of discovering a place fit for human habitation.

On May 4, 1888, the first commercially successful overhead trolley car appeared in this country. It was in Richmond, Virginia.

A school of European travel and university study is to be opened for college students in 1924-25 in connection with the main foreign universities and educational centers. Students will travel from one university to another, as did the medieval students, observing and studying at the same time.

The River Shannon is the longest and largest river in the Irish Free State. It is navigable for thirty-five miles for all classes of ocean-going vessels.

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How Worthless Securities Are Sold
Indian Squaw's Heroic Winter Vigil
Big Bills for Political Campaigns
Historic Building in Old New York
Jewish Community and Fire Rates
Northwest Farmers and Their Work
Are the Big Ranches Disappearing?
Grafters Who Purchased Two States
The Father of International Law
Stormy Voyage of British Labor
How Sound Waves Are Photographed

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Are You a "Mooch"?—Here Is Your Number

How Did They Sell You That Stock? You Can Pretty Nearly Judge by the Sales Method Used on You Whether the Stock Is Good

NORMAN E. BECK, Chief of the Division of Securities of the state of Ohio, better known as the blue-sky law enforcement officer, has struck terror among those who have been exploiting the public through the sale of worthless securities.

More than twenty-seven hundred licenses to sell securities in Ohio were revoked in 1923 by Beck, as compared with the largest previous yearly record of two hundred and seventy-three revocations. This effective enforcement of the Ohio blue-sky law did not come a day too soon.

Since the Armistice, Ohio victims of worthless security schemes have easily lost more than enough to liquidate the state and county debts, which were $30,143,000 and $95,385,000, respectively, in 1922. The entire harvest of the stock jobbers in these fat years would doubtless also have paid off a large proportion of the various municipal debts of $544,910,000.

The R. L. Dollings companies alone are said to have sold more than thirty million dollars' worth of securities in Ohio before they failed. This promotion included the funding of twenty-six subsidiaries through the sale of stock to the amount of *seventy-five million dollars* to more than *eighty thousand persons.*

Ohio Is the Favorite Field

THE failure of the Cleveland Discount Company, claimed to be the second biggest mortgage concern in the world, with resources of forty-two million dollars and eighteen thousand stockholders, precipitated much of the trouble for other dubious stock-selling ventures in Ohio. The public appetite for blue-sky securities palled after that. It was the turn of the market.

Ohioans also lost a tremendous amount in the L. R. Steel chain store group that failed in 1923. It represented about twenty million dollars.

However, the worst of the whole business, and the losses through them aggregated more than the several large bubbles, were the numerous one, two and three million dollar concerns who employed high-pressure stock-selling organizations to market their issues, although they were palpably weak sisters.

Beck once asked an officer of perhaps the largest rapid-fire stock-selling outfit in the country if he could point with pride to any concern they had served which was a real success. The man could not recall a single flourishing client.

Ohio has long been the favorite field of good, bad and indifferent stock salesmen because of its general prosperity and the surplus funds in the hands of every class of its people. Honest brokers say that Ohio absorbs more of their stocks and bonds for permanent investment than any other state. The crooks claimed it as their oyster.

The first millionaire west of the Alleghenies was a Longworth, of Cincinnati. The enterprise of Ohio people has been matched by their thrift. Ohio's first settlers came from New England and Pennsylvania, and later many industrious, frugal Germans came from overseas.

The interest of the rest of the country in Beck's good work should be heightened by the unpleasant fact that his house-cleaning has caused the pests that have been robbing Ohio people to flee to less vigilant communities. What Ohio has done should enable other regions to rid themselves of promiscuous thievery in the guise of stock selling.

California with its reputation for tolerant treatment of newcomers,its optimism and the known presence there of hundreds of thousands of retired mid-westerners with money, seems to have attracted more of the gentry Beck has forced out of Ohio than any other state. However, the rest of the country has also acquired its share of these hard-faced, fast-working adventurers.

Norman E. Beck, the blue-sky law policeman of Ohio, is a husky young man whose good nature does not obscure his force and energy. It is hard for shady characters to circumvent such a man. Beck is not a lawyer. The country is learning that the way to obtain results in public administration is to get men of action instead of old-fashioned lawyer-bureaucrats.

Nothing else that Governor Donahey has done is more creditable than his unflinching support of Beck in this very real enforcement of the blue-sky law. It is easy to envisage the hiatus Beck has caused among operators who imagined they had influence, but not one of them has been saved in that time-honored manner. Here is an illustration of the value in dollars and cents of an honest governor who can't be influenced by lobbying.

The crux of the whole problem of protecting people from the depredations of the fake stock operators is the elimination of the crooked, high-pressure salesmen who are adepts at seeking out and swindling people. Large blocks of promotion stocks simply cannot be marketed without the use of crews of these cunning parasites.

A high percentage of these high-pressure, one-call salesmen who maintain the structure of the worthless stock game are young Jews.

Beck has found the new amendment to the Ohio law requiring security salesmen to furnish a bond before obtaining a license the most effective weapon against the tricky salesman. Violation of the law is punishable as a felony.

The bond enables a recovery to be made where the salesman has misrepresented the proposition. Since deceit is the essence of the efforts of most of them, the value of the bond will be recognized at once. Few of them can qualify. Beck has the last word upon licensing them anyway.

Upon entering a banker's office one day Beck met a high-pressure stock salesman whom he recognized. Upon asking the banker about him he found the fellow was then going under an alias.

The managers of blue-sky stock-selling campaigns no longer have to train their high-pressure, one-call selling talent. There is always a floating supply of them in Chicago and New York that can be mobilized on short notice. Chicago is their principal rendezvous, since, like the yeggs, highwaymen and other criminals, they find the central location of "Chi" advantageous.

NORMAN E. BECK

Chief of the Division of Securities, State of Ohio

When producing business, these salesmen often have exorbitantly excessive incomes, for they obtain a ten or twelve per cent commission, plus all of the profitable cheating of their employer and their customers that they can do. However, it is "easy come, easy go," and they waste their earnings. Lack of funds sharpens their wits to invent methods that will infallibly pry money out of their "prospects."

How the Prospect Is "Worked"

LIKE other underworld characters, these high-pressure, one-call salesmen have coined a vocabulary of their own.

The easy victim of the high-pressure salesman is termed a "mooch."

Canvassing new prospects on a new deal is a "cold turkey" drive.

"Bird-dogs" are given a split of commissions for informing these salesmen of good prospects.

All sorts of knowing people are brought into this sort of connivance with these plunderers of unsuspecting people.

Beck has detected these high-pressure salesmen employing misrepresentations that will amaze honest people. The entire Chinese colony of one city was sold worthless stock upon the declaration that the gaudy certificates entitled their holders to full citizenship privileges.

Commissioner Beck says it is remarkable how often fake stock certificates are boldly headed with an American eagle or other device suggestive of the national arms to lend color to these lies about their official powers. As Dr. Samuel Johnson once said: patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Small foreign shopkeepers by the thousands have been persuaded that stock certificates carry with them night watchman protection, insurance, exemption from taxation and municipal regulations.

A hot-blooded Italian trader who thirsted for the gore of someone was informed by one of these salesmen that the stock certificate would authorize him to use deadly weapons upon annoying people without molestation by the district attorney. This resulted in the deluded man committing a murder.

Perhaps the outstanding entity in the marketing of securities through the high-pressure, one-call system is the H. W. Dubiskie Company of Chicago whose Ohio license has been canceled by Beck. Dubiskie was formerly associated with Seargant, the genius who hit upon the scheme of training men to sell stocks by the one-call plan.

An interesting adjunct to Dubiskie's staff is his general counsel, Ex-Governor Adolph Olson Eberhart, of Minnesota. Think of the reaction of a naive prospect to the arguments of a stock salesman who can buttress his arguments by frequently referring to "The Governor."

The Dubiskie concern marketed a large issue of Davis Sewing Machine stock before its failure. Beck can recall but one Ohio client of Dubiskie's that is operating and it is not paying the promised dividends.

Bankers who have overloaned to sagging concerns frequently suggest to their borrowers that they make a public offering of stocks or bonds through the high-pressure selling campaign channel. Thus the bank loans are paid up, but the poor and ignorant portion of the public hold the bag.

"Reloaders" and "Rehashers"

BECK has sometimes found that local personages whose names would impress credulous people will go upon the directorates of companies selling stocks of dubious value. Investigation shows they have made but a nominal investment and for some reason known to themselves are lending their prestige to a confidence game.

Purchasers of stocks from these organizations later receive dignified communications announcing that they have been voted "rights" to buy a very limited amount of an additional issue of the securities of the company. Later a salesman calls and asks the stockholder to sign a document surrendering his rights because of the keen public demand for the new issue.

The rest of the transaction, known as a "reload," is usually easy since the "mooch" doesn't want someone else to profit from his opportunity to get in on the ground floor.

Dividend checks are often delivered by salesmen who utilize the feeling of confidence to "reload" the "mooch."

A "rehasher" follows up the successful reloader. He bursts in upon the "mooch" with the announcement that "I have good news; the office made a mistake, you are entitled to subscribe to more of the new stock."

Purchasers are often assured they can get their money out of their stock whenever they want it. Since these issues usually pay fantastic dividends as long as stock can be sold regardless of whether or not they are earned, this enables the salesmen to point out that after making the initial down payment the buyer can hoist himself by his bootstraps by meeting the later payments with dividend checks. Salesmen frequently claim the stock will soon sell at a tremendous advance in price and they gravely take written resale orders at fifty points advance so the customers can take their profits.

When the stocks sold to the "mooches" happen to have more or less of an intrinsic value, seldom anywhere near par, the salesmen usually trick their holders out of them.

Beck has discovered salesmen calling such shareholders over the phone, posing as the president of the issuing company. The stockholder is informed that the company is headed for disaster and the president, because of his personal interest in a few stockholders, is warning them in time to unload before the bad news is made public. The salesman then hustles around and trades the stockholder perfectly worthless stocks for holdings that may have some value.

Another private graft of these salesmen is to take good securities from customers at an agreed price in exchange for their dubious offerings. They sell these listed securities they have thus obtained at the usually higher New York Stock Exchange quotation, turn in the bargained price to their employers and pocket the difference.

The sales managers of these high-pressure stock-selling campaign crews have to wink at these peccadillos of their producers.

While the payment of unearned dividends out of capital is illegal, it is usually done by companies selling this type of securities as long as they can continue to market stock.

The American Finance Company of Ohio is charged with paying $140,009.30 in dividends in fifteen months when its operating loss was $49,440.31. The Dollings companies are alleged to have paid out $377,428 of unearned dividends.

Beck cannot recall a concern that has issued million-dollar and upward lots of stock that have transformed themselves from either moribund or untried ventures to profitable going concerns by the process. The only ones that continued were companies that were the result of years of steady growth under good management, who sold their stocks or bonds in a respectable manner and others who were consolidations of well-seasoned, profitable undertakings. However, age is not a guaranty. High-pressure outfits often seek out old, sickly concerns and market stock upon their glorious pasts.

The new or weak concerns that obtain large sums

(Concluded on page 14)

Angelique of Gitche Gamme Isle

Heroic Winter Vigil of a Squaw on Lake Superior Rock—A True Indian Tale

By MERTON S. RICE

A bit of Gitche Gamme in the rock frame of Isle Royale.

LYING well toward the north shore of the beautiful waters of Lake Superior may be found the most fascinating and beautiful island, and group of islands, that grace any inland sea. Great towering rocks they are, that thrust up out of the cold depths of crystal waters, and hold aloft the green plumes of waning forests.

Gitche Gamme is fascinating everywhere, but nowhere does it seem so perfectly to combine all its wonders and glories as in the rocky fastnesses of Isle Royale. For long years the legends of the Indians have woven its history with strange stories that thrill all hearts to heroism.

Indian stories of great copper nuggets, from whose glistening sides they had hammered out spearheads and arrow-points, lured the earliest arriving white men to seek the source of this metal, and to make partially successful mining ventures, of which today the abandoned marks remain.

But nowhere in all the adventures in search of treasure is there a more thrilling tale than that of an Indian woman who lived in the earliest days of our knowledge of Isle Royale.

Angelique was the impure Indian name she bore, though her blood was unmixed. She was a child of the great north forest. There are still those living who remember the remarkable tests of strength she endured. In the early fifties and sixties the measure of human prowess in the woods was the ability to carry a pack. How far and how fast can you carry a hundred pounds on your back? The athletic contest of those days was a pack-carrying match up a steep hill. That a woman should qualify for such a match was somewhat distasteful to the big hard-shouldered men who thought they alone could bear the real burden of the trail.

At Marquette one day Angelique, with a pack of one hundred pounds of salt pork, easily outdistanced all competitors in a race up a steep hill. The chagrined men offered many excuses and explanations, all of which were accepted by the silent Indian woman, who only answered by suggesting that they start again, and this time carry two hundred pounds. There was no escape. Only one man succeeded in even arriving at the hill's crest, and he staggered into a faint there, while the powerful Angelique, far in the lead, went easily to her victory.

It was this wonderful physique and the native Indian instinct which fitted her to be the chief actor in what is doubtless the most outstanding story of endurance the big north lake country has produced.

Angelique married a Frenchman named Charles Mott. For a little time they lived the ordinary rough, healthy, outdoor life of woodsmen. In 1845, life, for them, was almost suddenly transformed into a grim romance, of which the world knows all too little, and out of which only genuine heroism could ever emerge.

The little schooner *Algonquin*, bearing some eastern men, lured into the north wilds by reports of rich copper properties, stopped at La Pointe and persuaded the two Motts to go with them. When the party landed on Isle Royale, the Indian woman wandered far along the shore, and found a large copper mass in the water. This at once led to the proposed plan for the two hardy folk of the woods to stake out the ground, and locate it for the speculators. The bargain was struck, Mr. Mott to receive $25.00 and Angelique Mott to receive $5.00 a month.

The schooner returned to the Sault with all on board, to arrange for provisions and preparation for a camp. Plans were made for provisioning the party from La Pointe. But all the available provisions were a half-barrel of flour (borrowed from the Mission), six pounds of poor butter, and a few beans. Upon the sure promise of a full supply of provisions in the immediate future, and that in three months a ship would call and return them to their home for the winter, the couple returned to the islands, and took up their quarters on what is now called Mott Island, one of the most beautiful gems of all the lovely cluster of islands along the main isle shore.

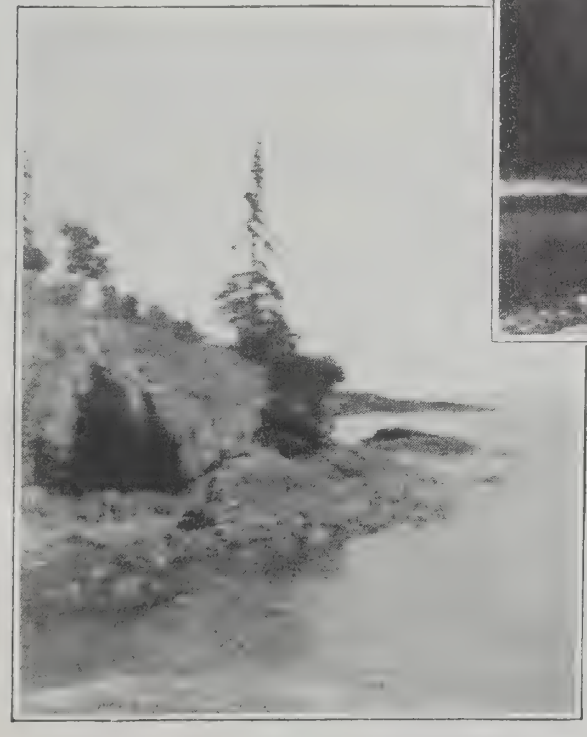
It was the first day of July, 1845, when that couple began their lonely vigil. They had a birch bark canoe and a small fish net. It was not difficult to obtain fish for food, while they waited the coming of their provisions. Everything they had brought with them had been consumed, when toward summer's end the storm-swept lake destroyed their canoe, and their little fish net was broken and useless.

The long-awaited boat still failed to come, and winter was in the offing. Winter does come in that region, and it is a long winter, and a hard one always. When best provisions are laid in, and every crack in the cabin is chinked, and well-gathered fuel is piled in easy reach, winter is still a hard challenge to endurance, and a lonesome battle with short days and long weary nights. Winter came in 1845 with every fierce meaning it could bring. Two forgotten humans met it with nothing but bravery and native instinct to fortify them for the fight. Everything they had brought to eat was gone before winter came and the cold whips of desperation cut their bodies, ill-fed on bark of trees, tender buds of young shrubs, and bitter native berries.

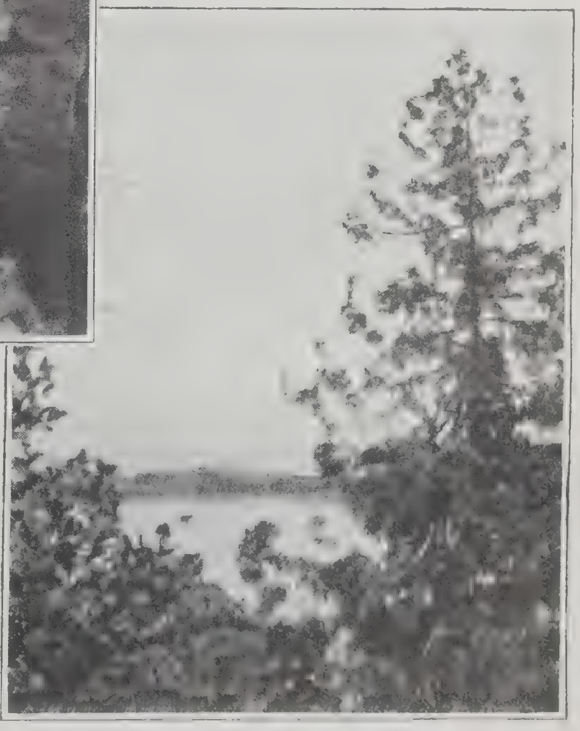
It required but a few weeks of such rigid testing to break the frailer body of the man, and Angelique Mott watched the slow collapse of her companion. Mott fell into a desperate fever which burned out his reason, as it more slowly burned away his life. The pitiful account which has been preserved as recorded by the tried woman is a story of suffering scarce equaled anywhere. She has written, as in a dreaded record, for fear it might not be understood, how her husband in the mad delirium of starvation's fever, seized the butcher knife and sharpened it, fixing his blazing eyes upon her as he talked of killing the sheep he must have for food. All day and all night, that powerful, but also starving woman sat watching that starving, desperate, fever-blasted and armed man, expecting him to spring upon her at any moment. At last she disarmed him, and in the exhaustion of his departing delirium he sank into a helplessness, and on into the stupor of death. Angelique has recorded, in her diary of the hard vigil, that in desperation she sought to dig holes about their log hut seeking food like a wild beast. But finding no roots she helplessly watched death relieve her husband at last, so gently that she did not know the moment of his going.

Then a new horror faced her. She had no way to bury him. The ground was frozen had she been able to find enough ground in which to dig a grave. But the solid rock formation of the islands made burial impossible. She could not stay in the cabin with the dead body. She set about the building of another hut in which she could find shelter. It was a difficult task, multiplied in difficulty by her weakness, but made possible by her desperation. She has written this for us to treasure: "Oh that fire! You don't know what company it was. It seemed alive, just like a person. It could almost talk, and many a time but for its bright and cheerful blaze that put some spirit into me, I think I would have died."

The weather-beaten shore of Mott Island, Isle Royale.



Nature plants her trees as close to the storm-washed edge of the rocks as they can stand.



From the northwest end of Mott Island, looking across a protected harbor to the wild sweep of Gitche Gamme.

The cold was terrible and the snow very deep. She did not fear the Mackee Monedo, for she had learned in a little Christian Mission to set her soul above the Indian superstitions. As starvation drove her farther and farther, she declared she had but one dread as within the range of her possible conduct. Yonder in that cabin lay the body of her beloved dead, and she remembered the cruel thoughts the delirium had driven into his soul, and prayed constantly that she might be saved from falling victim to them.

One morning in the snow before her door she found fresh tracks of rabbits. She tore from her head some strands of hair, and plaiting them she eagerly set them for a snare. The thought of actual food seemed to set her almost quenched life aflame again. That very day she was thrilled to find a rabbit caught in her snare. So ragingly hungry was she, she tore the skin from its warm flesh and ate it raw. It was a long week more before she caught another. So it continued, and though she had torn more than half the hair from her head to make more snares, never did she catch two rabbits at any one time. Days seemed like weeks. She could not sleep, and if she remained still, her spent muscles seemed to refuse to respond. So like a restless beast she walked to and fro in her prison. It was easier to walk than to do anything else. She walked, walked, walked. One day early in March a broken Indian canoe was tossed up on the shore, with which she busied herself in hope of making from some fragments of a clinging sail a rough fish net. As spring drew near the mullet began to swarm up the little streams to spawn, and thus offered a supply of food.

Early one morning in May, after she had had unusual success, and was cooking some fish, she was startled almost to a faint by the sharp report of a rifle. She left her coveted meal and started to run for the shore. Her knees gave way and she fell heavily. Another shot was heard, and she eagerly sprang again to her feet. A boat had arrived. The man who had abandoned them so many months before stood before her. "Where is Charlie?" The emaciated yet wonderful woman, pointing to the little hut, said, "Asleep." After endeavoring to explain their failure to relieve them, the body of the sacrificed man was buried as tenderly as the rough conditions would allow, and the most lonely vigil ever kept beside Gitche Gamme ended.

Angelique Mott died at Sault Ste. Marie in 1874, having written her name in the enduring terms, hardship and privation, and having left footprints of heroism on Isle Royale that will last as long as Indian tales are told around the fires.

A Half-Billion Dollars for Politics!

Campaigns and Elections Will Cost That Much This Year; Laws Have Failed to Curb Political Spending Evil: Earlv Beginnings

By ROBERT KENTON

FOR nearly a score of years the people of this country have wrestled sternly and perpetually with a problem that is as unsolved today as in the beginning. Commissions and committees have investigated it regularly. Almost innumerable statutes aiming at its solution have been enacted. Occasionally public opinion has risen wrathfully on account of some atrocious evidence of evil flowing from the problem and caused guilty public figures to be relegated in disgrace.

The problem is that having to do with "big spending" in or on political campaigns.

In 1920, the last Presidential election year, there was spent directly on politics in this country not less than $100,000,000. That is a moderate estimate. It does not include the public costs of the elections, which amounted to around $25,000,000 additional, indirect expenditures on candidates and campaigns, lost time, and energy deflected from other pursuits on account of thousands of persons dropping business wholly or partly to "whoop it up" for favorite candidates.

The expenditures on politics during this year will be much larger, unless the trend of the times is reversed—and of that there is no indication, for the cost of campaigning has been mounting with leaps and bounds for thirty years or more, mounting out of all proportion to other increased costs, such as that of living.

Including all costs it would not be wide of the mark to estimate the total outlay that will be made on politics in these free United States during this enlightened year of 1924 at not less than *a half-billion dollars!* It will be limited only by what those who wish to may be willing to spend, or rather by what the directors of most of the spending will be able to procure. And these directors—they now comprise a rather definite class of specialists in politics—are counting on its being a "good" year. For the material stakes were never before so large. Increase in the activities and prerogatives of government has been so tremendous during recent years that where only one person would have a tangible money interest in the issues of politics, five hundred persons now can visualize the results of elections in terms of dollars. And there is some indication that public opinion has about reached the conclusion that there is no way by which the evil can be curbed and is now more indifferent toward it than at any other recent time.

It is by no means a new problem. Since the advent of voting, efforts regularly have been made to use the force of sheer money in controlling or influencing elections.

Some "Offenders" of the Past

GEORGE WASHINGTON, for example, was not above distributing money, or what was tantamount, rather freely on campaigns or elections in which he was interested. In 1757, for instance, the then young Virginia leader recorded the fact that he had supplied a local electorate with "one hogshead and one barrel of punch, thirty-five gallons of wine and forty-three gallons of cider." It was the social custom for candidates to be generous. No corruptive intent accompanied it but its omission would have marked a candidate as lacking in the amenities.

During the following year there occurred in England the historic "spendthrift election" at Northampton when three noble lords, disputing as to who should occupy a single seat in Parliament, expended more than $2,500,000—at present values about $15,000,000. Two of the contestants, who were among the wealthiest men of the day, spent all they possessed. At that time and for long afterward reckless spending on elections reached stupendous heights in England. Even a man as virtuous as the great Wilberforce found it necessary to spend hugely on campaigns to remain in public life. One election to Parliament cost him nearly $100,000. The evil grew so atrocious in Great Britain that it became necessary to curb it with stern measures. The result is that in that country campaign spending now is regulated better than in any other. The way in which it is done will be told later.

Big spending on politics is a relatively modern phenomenon in America. The committee which directed Abraham Lincoln's first race for the Presidency spent less than $1,000, though the one which directed Lincoln's second race, in 1864, expended about $200,000. Lincoln himself spent almost nothing on his own campaigns. However, he was not opposed to using even his own funds; for it is of record that he personally paid the expenses of one impecunious delegate to the convention which nominated him the first time.

Before the last part of the last century, political spending in this country was almost entirely of local character. There were no huge national campaign funds and only occasionally big contributors. Money spent was used for more clearly corrupt purposes than that for which the bulk of political money is used in these days. It was employed chiefly in buying votes, at so much a vote, in stuffing election boxes with ballots cast by repeaters, in "colonizing" fraudulent voters—that is, by moving them from one state or community into another—in surrounding voting places with toughs to terrorize honest voters, and, to some extent, in subsidizing corrupt newspapers. Only a very small portion of the funds now spent on campaigns and elections goes for crass corruptions of this kind. In truth, most of it now is spent "legitimately," that is, technically within the law, though some and on the whole large sums in the aggregate still go for outright corruption.

The most enlightened political managers now agree that much better results can be procured from the spending of political funds on such items as posters, circulars, letters, spellbinding, active salaried workers, brass bands, newspaper advertising than in buying voters or editors or other individuals.

This kind of costly "legitimate" campaigning first came into vogue nationally during the eighties of the last century. Grant's race in 1868 was the first Presidential campaign that was heavily financed, but it is doubtful if the Republican National Committee spent on Grant as much as a half-million dollars. Some students credit Samuel J. Tilden with having first applied business methods to spending campaign funds. In his campaign for the Presidency in 1872 the first funds were raised by the "popular" methods now heard of so much during every Presidential year. But the Cleveland campaign of 1884 was the first to be financed in the "big business" way which since has been the rule with Presidential contests. A dozen men, including William C. Whitney, Oliver H. Payne, Levi P. Morton and William L. Scott, are supposed to have contributed not less than $1,000,000 to Cleveland's first campaign fund. Scott alone gave $250,000, which for many years was the largest single campaign contribution of record in this country. The first to exceed that was made by Thomas F. Ryan to the Parker fund in 1904. It amounted to $450,000. He testified later that $350,000 of this was given after it became certain that Parker could not win.

Ryan is one of the most royal givers to campaign funds in the country. In practically every Presidential fight of the last thirty years he gave $10,000 or more to the Democratic National Committee. In 1912 he gave "thirty thousand-odd dollars" to the Underwood pre-convention campaign fund.

Mark Hanna was the man who gave the Napoleonic touch to the raising of campaign funds. It is generally believed that he raised and expended more than $10,000,000 in electing McKinley in 1896. That was before the day of "campaign statements." The man who was treasurer of the Republican National Committee at that time stated in after years that only about $3,500,000 passed through his hands. It was in the same campaign that William Jennings Bryan caused the "dollar campaign fund" to be adopted. While the largest number of persons who, up to that time, had ever contributed to a campaign chest made gifts to it, the Bryan fund amounted to only five or six hundred thousand dollars.

Since 1896 both national committees of the big parties have put forth almost as much effort to increase the number of contributors as to increase the size of funds used in Presidential campaigns. However, neither one of them has depended on the small contributors for its "real" money. In fact, they have found that it costs nearly as much to receive, acknowledge and keep record of the dollar contribution as it is worth. But campaigning for contributions is one of the best ways of campaigning for votes. For by some odd psychology whenever one gives something, no matter how meager, to a campaign fund that person may be depended on to work hard for the success of the ticket thus "invested" in.

The largest number of contributors to any campaign fund probably was of those who gave to the Wilson fund in 1916. They numbered around 150,000 persons. The total fund amounted to $2,400,000; and, despite the large number of contributors to it, around seventy-five per cent of the total came from fewer than 500 big givers. In fact, fewer than a hundred men gave around $1,000,000 to the Wilson fund in 1916.

The largest campaign fund that has ever been reported was spent on behalf of Harding in 1920. Including the deficit, which later was paid off, this fund amounted to $9,700,700. The Democratic National Committee expended about $2,500,000.

While the funds raised by the national committees attract most attention, they constitute only a small percentage of the money spent on politics during a Presidential election year. These are the funds used only by the big committees in financing the campaign for only two offices, the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

The voters this year, for example, will pass on contestants for not fewer than 10,000 offices. Virtually every one of these races will involve the spending of money, sometimes by party committees—of which there are many hundreds—sometimes only by the candidates, and usually by both. Then there are the friends of candidates who spend money independently, and organizations which are not political that do the same, often on a big scale.

Expenditures Increase as Laws Multiply

THEN the regular campaign is preceded in most instances by primary contests, in which the candidates are even more numerous, and, in many instances, the spending even more stupendous. In 1920 one man spent $750,000 of his own money on the pre-convention race of a candidate for the Presidency who lost in the convention. Another man spent about $200,000 on another futile primary fight. Two pre-convention Presidential candidacies cost more than $1,000,000 each in 1920.

Yet there are laws—stacks of them, in fact—limiting and regulating the spending of money in campaigns, primary as well as regular. Every state has them. Congress endeavored to limit the amount any candidate for a seat in the national legislature might expend in getting or trying to get the job. At least one-half of the force of this act was annulled by the Supreme Court when, in the Newberry case, it was held that Congress cannot legislate primary elections. Whether it still holds as to regular elections is doubtful. Even if it does, the law scarcely is worth the paper on which it is written. It provides no penalty for its violation. Moreover, it contains loopholes through which can pass virtually any sum of money anyone wishes to spend in a campaign. For the limit does not apply to "necessary personal expenses, incurred for himself alone, for travel and subsistence, stationery and postage, writing or printing (except in newspapers) and distributing letters, circulars and posters and for telegraph and telephone service." Incident to one or more of these exceptions a candidate may spend all the money he pleases on anything except newspaper advertising.

The law only requires the national committees to report the sources and the recipients of funds received by them but places no limit on what they may raise or how. When embarrassed by the law, the committee's managers need only hint to some good giver that he spend the money himself or through some other agency for all requirements as to making a report to be avoided. This ruse can be used, too, when it is desired that funds be spent in ways which the managers would not like to report.

In fact, practically all of our corrupt practices acts hold candidates and committees responsible only for funds spent "with their knowledge and consent," and only vaguely if at all do they make it an offense for others to spend funds without a beneficiary's knowledge and consent.

By reason of this provision practically all laws governing the giving and spending of campaign funds can be evaded more or less legally by any not too scrupulously ethical candidate or campaign manager.

The truth is that laws bearing on the subject have not curbed in the slightest the spending of money in campaigns. They have had some influence in changing the character of the spending, and perhaps have caused some who would give hugely with hungry eyes fixed on ends to be gained to refrain from using this route to political pull. On the whole, the laws have increased rather than reduced the volume of money spent in politics in this country. This is evidenced by the fact that the spending has increased as the laws have been multiplied.

The "Teeth" in the English Law

WHY have the British solved the problem and managed to regulate the evil fairly well?

Chiefly because their corrupt practices acts have "teeth" in them and are enforced. There are virtually no loopholes through which committees and candidates can escape. The party managers still have considerable leeway there in both receiving and disposing of contributions. But candidates are held to rigid accounting. Whenever a person announces for Parliament he must formally name an agent. Everyone who spends money on behalf of the candidate must make report to the agent. Thus the candidate is held responsible for all funds spent in his or her behalf. Questions having to do with the laws are handled exclusively by the courts. If a candidate is found to have violated the law, either personally or through his agent, he automatically becomes disqualified for the office sought.

Attempts have been made in this country to get rid of the campaign fund evil by having the expenses of campaigns paid from public treasuries. These have been even worse failures than the acts putting limits on spending by candidates and their managers. And these latter acts have been failures for the reason that usually they are filled with loopholes, and also because no general attempt ever has been made to apply what force they do contain. Only in the cases brought prominently before the public does anyone ever take serious notice of money spent in campaigns, either as to its source or its objective.

Recently, for instance, a Senate investigating committee sent for officials of the national committees of the big parties for the purpose of inquiring about contributions made in the last Presidential campaign.

Under the law, the information desired should have been and probably was on file in a public office almost within sight of the room where the investigators were sitting.

Disclosures as to certain contributions made quite a sensation. Yet those contributions had been of public record for from two to four years and nobody had paid the slightest attention to them.

Why do some persons of large means make large contributions to political campaign funds? Some no doubt do so out of unselfish impulse. The largest contributor to both of the Wilson campaign funds has rarely been heard of in connection with the government. He was a wealthy business man who became attached to Wilson while serving on the board of trustees of Princeton University when Wilson was president of that institution.

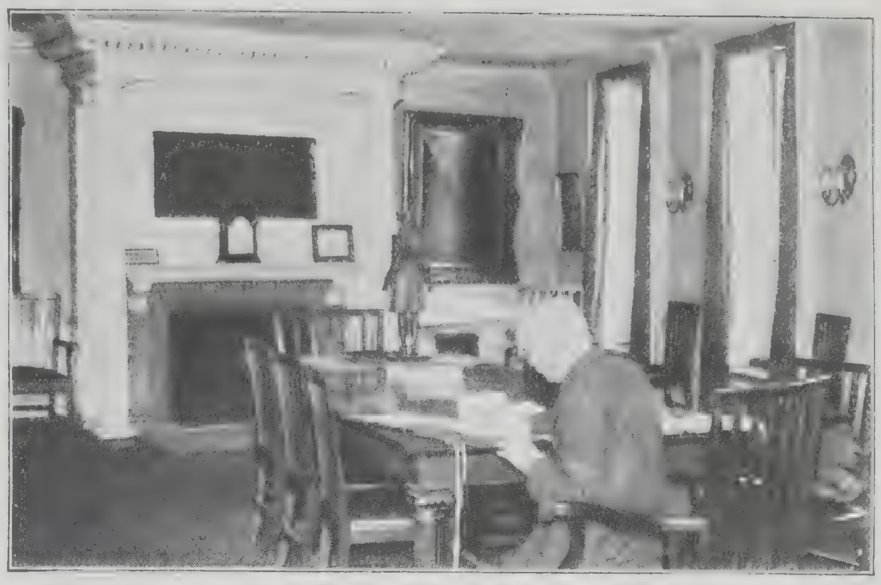
You usually will find, however, that "big givers" are remembered in some way by the parties to whose war chests they contribute. For example, *you won't find many men holding high places in the diplomatic service whose names do not occupy prominent place in lists of big givers.*

While the law forbids corporations to contribute to national campaign funds, any official of a corporation can do so. Both Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Doheny of oil fame were among the biggest contributors to the national campaign funds of recent years.

Fraunces Tavern

Historic Building in Old New York

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY



"Long Room," Fraunces Tavern, in which General Washington took leave of his officers—now used as a writing room.

FRAUNCES TAVERN, at Pearl and Broad streets, New York City, has been for more than two hundred years an historic edifice. Today, but little altered from its original design, within the sound of the chimes of Trinity Church and the roar of the Stock Exchange, it still stands, a monument to the days of the American Revolution.

In the year 1686 the city council granted to Colonel Stephanus Van Cortlandt, three times mayor of New York, a "water lot" which was then known as the Strand. The rent was "one peppercorn to be paid every twenty-fifth of March—if demanded." On April 11, 1700, Mayor Van Cortlandt gave this lot, on which Fraunces Tavern now stands, to the husband of his daughter, Anne—Etienne de Lancey. It was not until 1719, however, that the new owner decided to build. The minutes of the Common Council of New York, under date of April 14 of that year, contained the notation:

> "Mr. de Lancey applies for a small strip of land to make his lot more regular in shape, as he is going to build a large, brick house."

The house was built, and the gracious and popular Mrs. de Lancey gave many receptions and entertainments there, to the delight of those who were fortunate enough to be favored with her invitations.

In 1730 De Lancey decided to build a new and larger house on Broadway, which had then become the center of fashion, and upon its completion the brick house on Pearl street was used for public gatherings. An old poster, dated 1737, of Henry Holt, a dancing master who had leased the place, announces that "a ball will be given in Mr. de Lancey's house."

Pantomimes were given in Holt's "Long Room," as it was called, in 1739, one of the first being "The Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouch, or the Spaniard Trick'd."

As time went on the property passed into several hands, and in 1762 it was purchased by Samuel Fraunces, a West Indian, known to his friends as "Black Sam." He had been an innkeeper since 1755 and early in 1763 opened his new place, calling it "The Queen's Head Tavern." His first advertisement of the new inn appeared in the New York *Gazette* of April 4, 1763.

The tavern was named by Fraunces after Queen Charlotte, the young wife of George III who, it is said, was made queen of England because of an essay she had written on "The Horrors of War" and sent to Frederick the Great, then King of Prussia.

In those early days the tavern was the resort of patriots of all stations of society, and also of the liberals. The Social Club, one of the best known organizations of the day, composed of both liberals and patriots, met there every Saturday afternoon, until December, 1775, when its activities came to a sudden end.

Henry Russell Drowne, in his "Sketch of Fraunces Tavern," enumerates a number of important events which occurred at the tavern during the revolutionary days:

"On April 22, 1774, the Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee met at Fraunces Tavern, and the result of the meeting was that an attack was made upon the ship *London* which had just arrived at the East India Company's wharf near by, and the tea chests in the cargo were broken open and the contents thrown overboard, for which "tea party" New York has received little credit.

"As the troubles between king and colonies became more and more serious and demonstrative, Fraunces Tavern was the headquarters of opposition to the crown and the favorite meeting place of the active patriots of those days.

"On May 14, 1774, in consequence of the news from England that the port of Boston was to be closed on June first, a meeting of the merchants assembled there to consider the question of uniting with the other colonies in a call for a congress of colonies. The attendance proved so great that an adjournment was made to the Merchants Coffee House, where a committee of correspondence, consisting of fifty merchants, was appointed. On May 23 they issued the famous letter in which the idea of a union of the colonies was first expressed, which resulted in the First Continental Congress.

"On August 25, 1774, the Massachusetts delegates to the Continental Congress were entertained by the New York delegates in the Chamber of the Royal Exchange, which was followed by a banquet in the 'Long Room' at Fraunces Tavern. This is referred to in the diary of John Adams as 'the most splendid dinner I ever saw; a profusion of rich dishes, etc.'

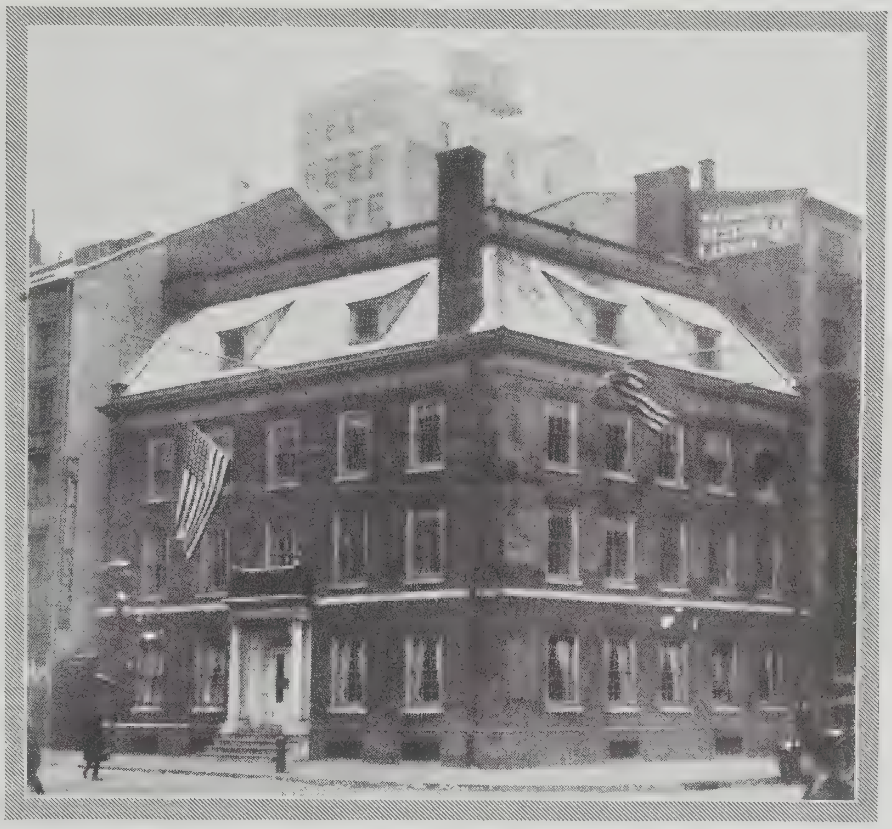
"On May 6, 1775, John Adams and the Massachusetts delegates to the Second Continental Congress stopped there overnight on their way to Philadelphia, when they were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

"On August 23, 1775, the building was struck by a shot from the British man-of-war *Asia,* and Philip Freneau made the occasion memorable in these lines:

"'Scarce a broadside
was ended 'till another began again—
By Jove! it was nothing but Fire away Flannigan.
Some thought him saluting his Sally's and Nancy's,
Till he drove a round shot through the roof of
Sam Francis.'"

A year later, the supply of lead running short, the window and sash weights of the tavern were taken and melted into bullets which were used to good account against the Tories.

During the occupation of the British, Fraunces Tavern was the scene of many orgies and meetings of the Tories to plot against the Colonists. One early writer speaks of the place as "The tavern near the ferry at which for seven years the officers of the British army, including poor John André, had glorified and drunk deep."



Fraunces Tavern, New York City.

At length, however, the patriots came into their own again, and Samuel Fraunces, who had joined the Colonial army to fight under General Putnam, once more took possession of the tavern. On November 25, 1783, Evacuation Day was celebrated there, and it was christened "Fraunces Tavern." The old sign, upon which was shown the head of Queen Charlotte, was thrown upon the rubbish heap.

At this dinner thirteen toasts were drunk, the first of which was: "The United States of America," and the last: "May the remembrance of this day be a lesson to princes."

Nine days later, on December 4, 1783, there occurred in the "Long Room" of Fraunces Tavern the most memorable scene it ever witnessed; that of Washington's farewell to his officers. One of those present has dramatically described it:

"The time now drew near when the Commander-in-Chief intended to leave this part of the country for his beloved retreat at Mount Vernon.

"On Tuesday, the 4th of December, it was made known to the officers then in New York that General Washington intended to commence his journey on that day. At twelve o'clock the officers repaired to Fraunces Tavern in Pearl street, where General Washington had appointed to meet them and to take his final leave of them. We had assembled but a few minutes when His Excellency entered the room. His emotions, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present.

"After partaking of a slight refreshment, in almost breathless silence the General filled his glass and turning to the officers, he said:

"'With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former days have been glorious and honorable.'

"Afterward, General Washington said:

"'I cannot come to each of you, but I shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"General Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief who, suffused in tears, was incapable of utterance, and grasped his hand. Then they embraced each other in silence.

"In the same affectionate manner, every officer in the room marched up to, kissed, and parted with his General-in-Chief.

"Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed and I hope may never be called upon to witness again. Indeed, it was too affecting to be of long continuance, for tears of deep sensibility filled every eye and the heart seemed so full that it was ready to burst from its wonted abode.

"A line of infantry was formed from the tavern to the ferry, and the General, with his officers following him, walked silently to the water. He stood up in the barge, taking off his hat and waving farewell. And his comrades remained bareheaded on the shore until their leader's boat was out of view."

In 1785 Samuel Fraunces sold the Tavern and retired to a farm in New Jersey, but in 1789 he became steward to President Washington at what was then the "White House," at No. 3 Cherry Street, New York City.

The story is told that one day Fraunces placed before the President a shad from the first catch of the season. Washington inquired the price, to which Fraunces replied, "Three dollars." Washington threw up his hands in horror. "Take it away," he commanded. "It shall never be said that the President of the United States indulges in luxuries so expensive as this."

On December 4, 1883, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's Farewell was celebrated in the "Long Room" at Fraunces Tavern, on which occasion the Society of the Sons of the Revolution was formally organized.

Fraunces Tavern has since passed into the possession of this society, and the building which had withstood so well the ravages of time and war has been restored as near like the original as possible. Mr. Drowne, in speaking of the restoration, says:

"The Broad street side had been made of yellow Dutch brick from Amsterdam and the Pearl street side of red English brick. Properly to replace and restore these two sides was a very serious problem, for no similar yellow brick could be found in this country, and it was only by good luck that it was ascertained that similar seventeenth century brick were being made near Rotterdam, and some fourteen thousand of them were imported in a great hurry from Holland, packed in cases, so as not to delay the work.

"As regards the red bricks, they were obtained from old houses being torn down in Baltimore, and were fortunately accessible just at that time.

"The original timbers were retained above and below the 'Long Room,' and every brick and piece of lumber was left in place. In the replacement, the ground floor and roof were made of steel and concrete, and the intermediate floors filled with ashes, to make the structure as nearly fireproof as possible. The fireplaces were restored so that the present appearance is practically the same as it was in the revolutionary period. The interior woodwork was modeled after that of the Philipse Manor House, now the Yonkers City Hall. The roof design was also adapted from this building, which had been built practically at about the same period by the same people, so that now the tavern can be revisited by the shades of the soldiers concerned in the 'great scene' that took place there on December 4, 1783."

Fire Rates Raised on the New York Kehillah

Unable to Bear Further Losses Through Incendiarism, Insurance Companies Advance Toll on Jewish Community

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

IN THE last ten years, the losses from fires in New York City have increased nearly 400 per cent. The estimated fire loss for the year 1922 is placed at $28,790,500. In 1913, the estimated loss was $7,467,997. John Kenlon, chief of the fire department, has exhausted speech in vain in warning of the constant increase in incendiarism. Arson rings and professional fire bugs boldly continue to widen the scope of their operations. This condition, according to the testimony of leading insurance experts, is due to the fact that the greater part of the fires in New York are in the clothing industry and its kindred trades. In these industries, more than in any other, the popular demand for certain styles of goods sway the trade. Manufacturers may make a fortune in a single season—or lose one. When the clothing contractor finds himself burdened with a certain line of goods that has proved to be unpopular and therefore unsalable, only too often that stock goes up in smoke.

Fire insurance companies in New York have for years vainly struggled against these conditions. The time came when they could no longer afford to pay the increasingly heavy insurance losses and survive. They found it necessary to protect themselves against those elements in the population which were shown annually to present the largest percentage of fire insurance claims. This step, long contemplated, has been taken. It was inevitable.

The New York Fire Insurance Exchange is the official insurance rating organization for the fire insurance companies of the city. Some mutual companies that do not belong to it nevertheless adopt the same rates that are decided upon by the exchange. Representatives of between ninety and one hundred insurance companies met in the rooms of the exchange, at 123 William street, on February 13, and at the conclusion of their meeting they announced that an increase of fifty cents on each $100 of insurance had been placed on policies covering risks in seven separate districts of New York City. The new rate applies only to the *upper East Side*, the *lower East Side, Williamsburg, Brownsville, Coney Island* and *East New York*. It was said at the exchange that these districts were not considered good risks and that underwriters did not care to write policies covering property in those parts of the city at the prevailing minimum rates.

The Districts Defined

IN THE official circular issued by the exchange, the seven districts discriminated against were delimited by giving their street boundaries. It was stated that outline maps of the territories described would be furnished to members as soon as practicable. It will be found that the seven districts as outlined by the exchange comprise the specific districts of the New York Kehillah, as officially determined by the Jewish Communal Register of New York City, bearing the dates 1917-1918, and edited and published by the Kehillah (Jewish Community) of New York City, at 356 Second avenue. On page eighty-three of the Communal Register, it is stated:

> "The city was divided into fifteen districts, each having approximately 100,000 Jews, and each district was further subdivided into neighborhoods of approximately 15,000 Jews. The following table, together with the accompanying map, show these divisions and their estimated population."

In quoting the official circular of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange, the districts as outlined by the Jewish Communal Register will be interpolated for purposes of comparison.

Circular No. 2407
NEW YORK FIRE INSURANCE EXCHANGE
(New York City Division, New York Fire Insurance Rating Organization)
123 William street.
New York, February 13, 1924.

SPECIAL RATES IN SPECIAL DISTRICTS DUE TO CONGESTED CONDITIONS.

At the regular monthly meeting of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange (New York City division, the New York fire insurance rating organization) held Wednesday, February 13, 1924, the following action was taken:

Voted, that on and after this date, in the territories outlined below, members be required to make at their counters an addition of fifty cents to the regular minimum rates for household furniture in brick apartment houses, frame apartment houses, brick stores-and-dwellings and frame stores-and-dwellings, and for stocks and other contents in risks of these classes; and also to the final card rates for contents of all specifically rated risks of these classes which are rated on either the general or the comprehensive schedule of the exchange (New York City division of the New York fire insurance rating organization).

The outlines of the special districts involved are as follows, the line in all cases going through the middle of the street named:

1. *Lower East Side District.*

Starting from the East River, following the line formed by James Slip, New Chambers street, Center street (to Duane), to Lafayette street, to Astor Place, to Third avenue, to East Fourteenth street, through East Fourteenth street to the East River and around the shore front to the Brooklyn Bridge, to the point of beginning.

(This comprises the Great Ghetto of New York. It includes District VIII, and District IX, of the New York Kehillah, as delimited in the Jewish Communal Register.)

2. *Upper East Side or Harlem District.*

Starting at the East River and East 96th street, west to Lexington avenue, north to East 97th street, west to Fifth avenue, north to East 120th street, east to 3rd avenue, north to the Harlem River.

(This is District IV of the New York Kehillah, as outlined in the Jewish Communal Register.)

3. *Bronx District No. 1.*

Starting at Webster avenue and East 168th street, north on Webster avenue to 174th street, east to Park avenue, north to East 175th street, east to Fulton avenue, south to East 170th street, west to 3rd avenue, south to East 168th street, west to Webster avenue, to point of beginning.

(This is District II, of the New York Kehillah, as outlined in the Jewish Communal Register.)

4. *Bronx District No. 2.*

Starting at Westchester and Jackson avenues, northeast on Westchester avenue to Tinton avenue, north to East 163rd street, east to Prospect avenue, north to Boston road, northeast to East 173rd street, east to Hoe avenue, south to Freeman street, southwest to Southern boulevard, southeast to Westchester avenue, southwest to Prospect avenue, southeast to East 149th street, west to Tinton avenue, northeast to 151st street, west to Jackson avenue, north to Westchester avenue, the point of beginning.

(This is District I of the New York Kehillah, as described in the Jewish Communal Register.)

5. *Williamsburg District.*

Starting from Broadway and Lorimer street, southwest on Lorimer street to Nostrand avenue, south to Myrtle avenue, east on Myrtle avenue to Lewis avenue, north on Lewis avenue to Broadway, southeast on Broadway to Belvidere street, through Belvidere street to Bushwick avenue, north to Flushing avenue, east to White street, north on White street to McKibben street, west to Bushwick avenue, north to Meserole street; west to Union avenue, north to Grand street, west to Driggs avenue, north to Metropolitan avenue, west to Berry street, south to South Fifth street, east to Union avenue, south to Broadway, southeast to Lorimer street, the point of beginning.

(This comprises District X and District XI of the New York Kehillah, according to the Jewish Communal Register.)

6. *Brownsville and East New York District.*

Starting at Atlantic avenue and Ralph avenue, south on Ralph avenue to East 98th street, southeast to Hegeman avenue, east to Van Sinderen avenue, south to Lorraine avenue, east to Wyona street, north to New Lots avenue, east to Essex street, north to Dumont avenue, west to Schenck avenue, north to Sutter avenue, west to Van Sinderen avenue, north to Atlantic avenue, west to Ralph avenue, the point of beginning.

(This comprises District XIII and District XIV of the New York Kehillah, according to the Jewish Communal Register.)

7. *Coney Island District.*

Starting at Ocean Parkway and Sheepshead Bay road, north along Ocean Parkway to Canal avenue, west on Canal avenue to West 37th street to Surf avenue, east on Surf avenue to West 17th street, north to Neptune avenue, east along Neptune avenue to Sheepshead Bay road, east along Sheepshead Bay road to Ocean Parkway, the point of beginning.

(This comprises District XV of the New York Kehillah. Far Rockaway and Coney Island lost their vogue as summer recreation and amusement centers since they became centers of Jewish population.)

250 Per cent Increase in Rates

THE extent to which the fire underwriters of New York have been driven to protect themselves may be gauged by the importance of the increase of fifty cents on every $100 of insurance in the areas described, a step which stands without parallel in the insurance annals of the city. The calculation of insurance rates is a complicated affair. We are now dealing only with base rates. The base rate on which an ordinary person pays a fire insurance premium in New York is twenty cents per $100 of insurance. To the base rate is added the physical hazard of a building, calculated on the safety of walls, the elevation of floors, and other conditions.

One of the officials of the exchange informed me that in the districts named, for a long time the majority of the insurance companies had refused to write any risks whatever. "Three or four companies," he said, "consented to write insurance in those areas, but at advanced rates of as much as one to two per cent. In other words, they charged from $1.20 to $2.20 on each $100 of insurance. The fire insurance companies of New York operate under the supervision of the New York State Insurance Department, and a ruling was had, which decided that there would be no discrimination if a uniform rate were adopted by all companies. Therefore the advance of fifty cents per $100 was determined upon. By adding fifty cents to the base rate, the persons in the delimited areas pay a rate of seventy cents per $100 of insurance, as against twenty cents paid in other sections of the city, or an increase of 250 per cent (two hundred and fifty per cent increase).

"It was found necessary to take this action primarily because of the great fire losses sustained in the clothing industry. In the territory covered by the exchange, there are 90,000 specifically rated risks. Now every month there is an average loss of $100,000 in the business of men's and women's apparel. In speaking of this trade, I am referring to the manufacturing end, to the apparel contractors, and not to the jobbers or retailers. One of these contractors puts out a line of samples and lays in a stock of goods. He may make a fortune, or he may go broke. Rather than suffer a loss, he is tempted to set fire to his stock.

"The handling of embroideries and laces is another risky trade, due to the fact that fashions change so quickly in that line. It also explains the large percentage of fire loss in that trade."

In the annual report of the fire department of the City of New York for the year ended 1921, Thomas P. Brophy, chief of the Bureau of Fire Investigation, reported 16,350 fires, an increase for the year of 1,712. Of these fires, 5,248 occurred in tenement houses. The arrests for arson totaled sixty-seven, and forty-seven persons were convicted of incendiarism. There were seventy-three incendiary fires and 313 fires of a suspicious character.

"The increase in incendiary fires," reported Mr. Brophy, "amounted to twenty-five per cent, while the number of arrests in connection therewith increased sixty-seven per cent. In fires in buildings, the increases were shown principally in business buildings. *The explanation for this is that during the year abnormal economic conditions prevailed. Manufacturers, jobbers and retailers found themselves caught with high-priced merchandise not readily salable. The bureau on numerous occasions acted in cases of suspected incendiaries, and while unable to proceed in a criminal action for want of evidence,* **was able to render aid in civil actions, and made it unprofitable for the commercial incendiary.**

"The substantial increase in so-called business fires made it necessary to give greater attention to fires of this type. The situation is serious, and is further aggravated by inadequacy of the force of the Bureau of Fire Investigation. In an effort to meet these conditions, investigators of the bureau have been working overtime, and a platoon system has been inaugurated which is designed to permit quicker investigation of fires. Under this arrangement, men trained in handling business fires are on the scene to observe conditions immediately on arrival of the firemen. This permits them to obtain first-hand information."

Methods of the "Fire Bugs"

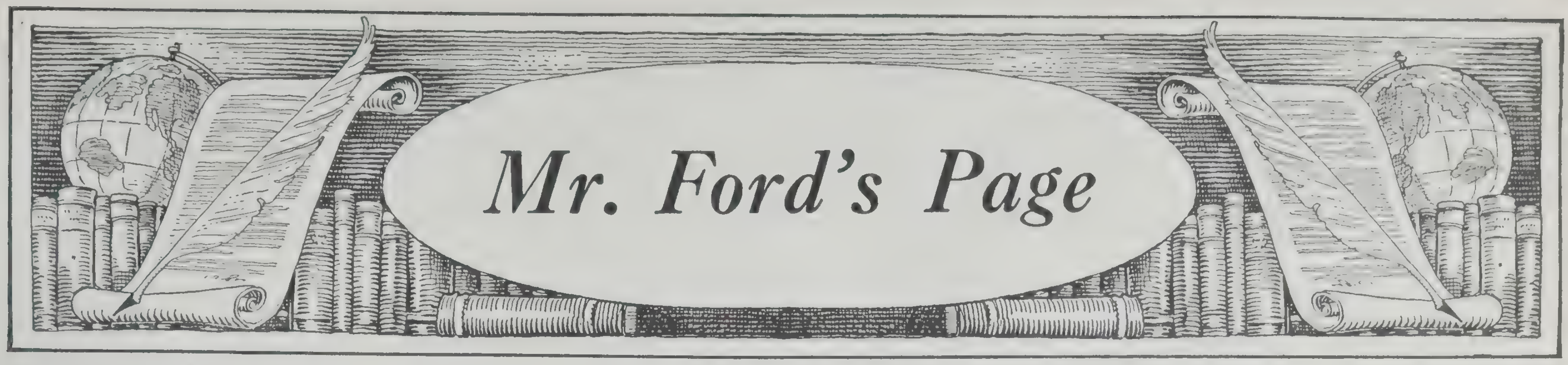
JOHN KENLON, chief of the department, in his report for 1920, stated: *"Business depression during the last half of the year 1920 seems to have played a very important part in sending up the fire loss.* We have had a very great increase in what are known as trade fires, namely:

Class of Business	Increase
Clothing (women's)	229%
Cloaks and suits	117%
Clothing (men's)	89%
Woolen and worsted goods	360%
Clothing (children's)	133%
Shirts	385%
Furnishings (women's and children's)	229%
Embroideries and laces	400%

The Bureau of Fire Investigation in 1919 reported: "One of the principal achievements of the bureau was the conviction of Benjamin Fleischer, who had organized and headed an expert band of fire bugs, and who was sentenced to not more than twenty years' imprisonment. Fleischer had been under suspicion by the bureau for several years, and under almost constant investigation. He specialized in commercial fires, principally paint stores, charging as high as $1,000 for setting a fire. The band had set fires in New Jersey, Connecticut and Northern New York. The scheme of the band was to have a merchant increase his stock on credit, and then double his insurance. Most of the stock would then be shipped to an auction room and sold, the fire bugs sharing in the proceeds. Next the depleted stock of goods would be set on fire by means of a 'time plant' to provide escape and alibis for the incendiaries."

Another conviction obtained by the Bureau of Fire Investigation was that of Hyman Stehr, a dry-goods merchant of 136 Attorney street, Manhattan. He was sentenced to not more than twenty years in Sing Sing Prison.

An incendiary fire had occurred in a dry-goods store in Brooklyn. When Isaac Stern, who occupied the store in partnership with Stehr, returned, he at first professed ignorance as to the origin of the fire. Later he admitted that he had left the store on the day of the fire with Israel Kessler, a professional fire bug. In a subsequent confession, Stern stated that he and Stehr had engaged Kessler to set the fire in the store for a fixed consideration. Kessler was caught, pleaded guilty to arson and was sent to Sing Sing. The conviction of Kessler and Stehr, one the active incendiary and the other the schemer or passive accomplice, resulted in the breaking up of one of the most dangerous gangs of fire bugs that had ever worked in New York City, and the subsequent suicide of another leader to escape prosecution.



Mr. Ford's Page

NO ONE can say, with the facts before him, that individual opportunity has dwindled in America. As was recently said on this page, the genius of our nation is to create opportunity, and we have always created more opportunity than we could fill. Although we opened for generations our gates to the whole world, and people from all lands flowed here in millions, yet there never came a decrease in opportunity.

These statements meet with dispute because something has occurred in this country. What is it that has occurred? Well, some people say that this has occurred—opportunity has become greatly diminished. There is a regular system of propaganda to that effect. Union leaders formerly preached that, though not so much now because too many union men have found for themselves that opportunity is just as plentiful as it ever was.

Nevertheless something has occurred to question the assertion that the United States is still solvent and wealthy in opportunity. The entire shift of emphasis from what is called individualism (a form of freedom) to what is called socialism (a form of servitude) is based on the assumption that all the sources are tapped now, all the opportunities taken, all the claims staked. So they call for a division on the present basis, which they would never do unless they believed that the present basis included the entire possible range of opportunity. They say, in fact, "We have reached the limit of things; as there are more people than there are opportunities, you who have the opportunities will have to divide."

This demand would represent a human duty if it were based on facts. If this earth has become something like a desert island on which we all are castaways, having so little of the necessities of life between us that regulation and division become necessary to prevent cannibalism, then the demand is right. But who would claim this, after looking at the earth? As well might a wandering group come up the road and claim equal interests on a well-tilled farm on the ground that the rest of the land was not cleared! The answer would be, "Go and clear your own farm; there's lots of land."

That is what has occurred in this country, not a decrease of opportunity, but a decrease of belief in opportunity, and consequently a decrease in the search for it. And the decrease has come mostly among those who incline to think of life as routine and not as adventure.

WITH continually more people and more jobs, there must be more opportunity in the world. If all claims had been staked, all sources taken, it might be time for a division on the present basis, but the world is still open territory to the progressive mind. Pioneers always see wide territory to occupy; plodders see only the dull round to be trodden. According to men's caliber they see or fail to see the continuance and increase of opportunity. Much depends, also, on people knowing what opportunity means; it doesn't mean a silver platter, it oftener means a spade. Self-help means something sterner than "help yourself"—reach over and take it. The Gospel of Plentiful Opportunity and the Gospel of Conquering Work are still true and dependable to any man who tries them.

There are always these two kinds of people in the world—those who pioneer and those who plod. The plodders always attack the pioneers, always say that the pioneers have gobbled up all the opportunity, when, as a plain matter of fact, the plodders would have nowhere to plod had not the pioneers first found the place. *The finders of opportunity are always finding it for someone else.*

Take a moment, this moment, to think about your work in the world. Did you make your place, or did someone make it for you? Did you start the work you are in, or did someone else? Have you ever found or made an opportunity for yourself, or are you the beneficiary of opportunity which others have made or found? And these others who found or made the opportunity—was it "luck," or "greed," or "selfishness" that led them to it, or was it alertness, industry and brains?

The chances are that the very job you are filling today was not known in the world twenty-five years ago. As an opportunity it has been as recently created as that. Yet twenty-five years ago men were preaching that all the opportunities had been discovered and must be divided up! Think of the immense number of new avenues of activity, new doors of achievement that have been opened in the last quarter century! Well, it has always been like that, and always will be. Men bewailed the disappearance of opportunity, and opportunities kept opening like volcanoes under their feet.

It would do no good to seize the opportunities that now exist, because others would be found immediately. The creative spirit cannot be caged. It is the true servant of the world. And life is so arranged that no benefit can be privately retained. No matter how rich a man may become in money, it is simply impossible for him to gather riches without distributing hundreds, yes and thousands of times as much as he is able to gather for himself. Opportunity simply cannot be fenced in nor in any way prohibited from exercising its benefits on all and sundry.

Perhaps a key to the difficulty is the wrong notion which many people have of opportunity. They think it is something that is nicely wrapped up and laid on their plate, something handed to them already finished. That kind of opportunity never existed—never! Opportunity is like every other valuable thing, obstructively present everywhere but waiting to be developed. The world teems with mineral wealth, but it must be digged for. The world teems with all the ideas that shall make and remake the future, from generation to generation, but they must be reached for.

There has been generated a temper of mind in our days which gives the lie to both these gospels: the gospel of the plentifulness of opportunity, and the gospel of the inevitable success of well-directed work. Those who do not believe in opportunity will still find places within the opportunities that others have created; those who cannot direct their work successfully will always find it possible to be directed by others. It only matters what class a man belongs in, and whether he has intelligence enough to find and recognize his place. He is a fool and a victim of fools, however, when he succumbs to the false gospel of No More Opportunity and the vicious gospel of Work Does No Good.

Because of the vast influx of minds that have been accustomed to the idea of government help instead of self-help, these two Gospels of America—the Gospel of Free Opportunity and the Gospel of Conquering Work—have been somewhat lost sight of. American-mindedness has given away somewhat to foreign-mindedness. But when we get back on those two main foundations, we shall be right again.

Self-help (the false brand) has come to mean something like "help yourself" at a well-filled table—just reaching out and taking it. Opportunity, because it does not lie about in clumps, like posies waiting to be plucked, is said not to exist. Self-help is said to be a delusion because it means something rather more severe than the colloquial "help yourself"—reaching out and taking it. "Self-help" is something stiffer, it may mean digging.

The self-helped man has a hard job. He has to think: there is no work harder than thinking: the majority question that statement because they do not think. He has to deny himself present desires to reach future goals: people want what they want when they want it; therefore they regard all self-discipline as hardship. He has to lay deep foundations for future growth: but people want shade-trees the first season and giant oaks in a single summer: they forget that as high as the branches spread in the air, so deep must the roots spread in the earth.

Self-help means alertness: people don't like to keep alert, they want someone to do it for them; they like to doze along in comfort. Alertness is part of the price, and those who prefer undisturbedness to alertness, can get it. Most of them do get it.

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Tax Cut

A TAX bill has at last been agreed upon and signed by the President. It apparently is not the bill that either party wanted, it is the kind of bill that Mr. Mellon said was impossible and that the President himself half threatened not to approve, but nevertheless here it is—signed, sealed, delivered and in immediate effect. When the Mellon plan was first proposed, national finance was in some sort of understandable condition. But since that time all sorts of liberties have been taken with the public treasury so that for a time it looked as if instead of lowered tax-rates we should have higher rates than ever. It is by no means certain yet at just which end of the horn the nation will emerge, but the public will justify almost any financial maneuvering that gives them a taste of lower taxes.

The effect on business, as the President says, is bound to be good. It is impossible to calculate the cost to the nation of the bickering which delayed prompt action on this question after the country had been led to expect it immediately. But a revival will come with the lifting of unbusinesslike burdens from business. We have not yet learned in this country that it is business that is taxed, namely, the efforts and energies of men, instead of things.

But the effect upon plain citizens will also be very good, for it gives all payers of income tax, especially those who pay on the installment plan, as most do, an opportunity to cut their own taxes. Those who paid the first quarter will now have the pleasure of cutting in half their second quarterly payment and the following two installments by one-fourth each. This is a form of tax reduction which citizens do not often enjoy, and it will serve to teach as by an object lesson that the benefits as well as the burdens of government find their last contact with the plain citizen.

The removal of various surcharges on communication, beverages, commercial paper, and so forth, will also be welcome as the lifting of national annoyance from the daily routine of millions of people.

Altogether the tax is a move in the right direction and no one will be criticized for it. Due to the political manipulation in Congress, no one will receive partisan credit for it. The record will probably stand that Congress, in obedience to the will of the people, lowered taxes that had remained unnecessarily high for an unnecessarily long time after the war.

Japan's Note

DIPLOMACY is on the downgrade, if the note from the Japanese Government may be taken as evidence. The note neither states a basic principle nor makes correct use of the historic instances in which a principle is assumed. Besides, it exhibits the Japanese Government to have agreed at every turn with the position which the American Government had taken on Japanese exclusion.

The first point which the note makes is that exclusion on racial grounds is inconsistent with the United States' record in abolishing in 1912 the commercial treaty with Russia because of Russia's refusal to change her official attitude toward the Jews. It had become the practice of hosts of Russian Jews to repair to America, take citizenship in the United States under our lax laws, then hasten back to Russia and demand as American citizens what the Russian Government was not ready to give them as members of an anti-Russian group. It was the beginning of that immoral practice, now so common, of untrustworthy alien elements parading the world as American citizens and bringing the American name everywhere into disrepute. Russia refused to agree that American citizenship changed the principles of the Jew. Jews in the United States demanded that our Government punish Russia. Our Government investigated the Jewish Question in Russia, and invariably the official reports indicated that the Russian Government was doing its best with a most difficult question. James G. Blaine complained that Jews were turning the hospitality of the United States into a burden.

American common sense stood firm against the Jewish propaganda in this country until William Howard Taft became President. As a lawyer and a statesman he saw the preposterous character of the Jewish demands and withstood them, until by a large expenditure of money and a wholesale propagandizing of American public opinion by false information, the Jewish power in the United States succeeded in moving our government to break a treaty with a friendly nation—a nation whose confidence and aid was to be so sorely needed in the war which broke out two years later. The whole story may be read at pages 197-209 in "Jewish Activities in the United States," which is Volume Two of "The International Jew Series," issued by the Dearborn Publishing Company.

This is now recognized as one of the big mistakes our government committed under Jewish pressure, a further push of the Russian people into the maw of the monster Bolshevism, and the Japanese foreign office shows poor understanding of the situation in citing it as an argument in the present matter.

A second point made in the Japanese note is based upon the assimilability of the Japanese in the United States. While not saying so directly, the note allows it to be understood that the Japanese might be found to be perfectly assimilable, and that American judgment on the matter cannot be accepted because the period of Japanese immigration into the United States has been too short and the attitude of the American people toward the Japanese not sufficiently genial to be conducive to assimilation. The Jew openly declares that he will not be assimilated by America, it is one of his two or three cardinal principles: the Japanese Government is not so frank, but puts the burden of action and proof on the Americans.

Assimilation has two sides. Even the Japanese Government will agree that assimilation depends somewhat on the willingness of the larger group to assimilate. That this willingness with regard to the Japanese is not present in large sections of the American people is a fact that has profound bearing on the matter. Whether the Japs are willing to be assimilated and their government willing to have them assimilated, there is plenty of room to doubt; but there can be no doubt whatever as to the attitude of the Americans who would have to do the principal part of the work, namely, the actual assimilation. There are theorists, of course, who hold that the United States can assimilate anything and everything; they are, however, the people who move out of their neighborhoods when Jews or Negroes become too thick. They leave the actual work of assimilation to someone else. Well, that work has been passed around so much in this country that now a definite public opinion is forming with respect to it. Certainly this part of the Japanese note is neither outspoken nor convincing.

The third point deals with the "Gentleman's Agreement." This agreement did no honor to either nation. It was a backstairs arrangement which did not change the attitude of our Government in the least, nor yet the status of the Japanese. In that agreement the Japanese Government recognized and accepted (as in the present note it recognizes and accepts) the principle of exclusion as conceived in the United States. It is to the *publicity* of the matter that Japan objects. At best the agreement was a makeshift of a peculiarly shifty type, typically Oriental in its evasion of facts, and more degrading to Japan than any straightforward exclusion act could be. Its utter lack of basis in principle is shown by Japan's offer in the present note to limit Japanese immigration downward to quite inconsiderable figures. If this is not acceptance in principle of the exclusion tenet which the United States asserts in fact, only the diplomatic mind can say what else it is.

The Japanese Government has missed a rare opportunity to make a genuine contribution to the principles on which rest international relationships. Argument based upon two errors and a quibble is not commendable in any government. There is a right and a wrong in this question, and we are not prepared to say that the United States has found the absolute right of it, though it goes almost without saying that Japan certainly has not. This note will not increase Japanese prestige in the world, but will rather shadow it for a time.

Women's Clubs Again

NOT long ago THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT issued a warning to members of women's organizations that attempts were being made to use them for purposes which they did not fully understand, and which, if they did understand, they would repudiate. In connection with these articles, American women should read the *Atlantic Monthly* for June in which George Madden Martin, the well-known authoress, writes on "American Women and Paternalism." It is replete with truth and wisdom. It distinguishes between means and ends. The danger in women's compulsion upon the Government is not in what they seek, but in the machinery they have been led to demand as an indispensable part of their object. But it is upon the average woman's lack of information that the article deals most luminously. We quote briefly:

"To instance: The General Federation of Women's Clubs is, at this moment of writing, behind the Sterling-Reed Bill. Yet of sixty individual members of clubs within the Federation, recently asked for their opinion on this measure with its proposed Federal assumption of what, up to now, in our national history, has been the duties of the States, fifty-three, by their own statements, never have heard of it.

"Herd instinct is as common to women as it is to men. The American woman not only is as gregarious as the American man—as is evidenced by her nationwide passion for group organization—but she, within her clubs and federations, is even more ready than, say, the male rotarian, optimist, booster, and so on, to accept leadership unquestioningly . . . .

"Relying upon our leaders, the mass of us organized women too often know little or nothing about the measures which we from time to time endorse. And as a woman's club member of thirty-one years' standing myself, I hold I've a right to an opinion.

" 'George,' in the person of the accredited male, has 'done it' for women through so many centuries that George today, as personified by our accredited women-leaders, is a change only in sex and personality. And often the immediate George, in the person of a local woman-chairman, who presents a measure or a cause to her club, is speaking at the instance of still another George, in the shape of a central or national board; or, again, at the request of some other organization . . . .

"Obediently and pliantly we women within our organizations thus endorse, apparently unaware that no thinking creature has a right to an opinion on any subject touching the public weal unless it rests on the best information to be had on the subject.

"Conceding to these accredited woman-leaders of ours this full understanding and consequent right to an opinion, why is it that they knock so constantly, and in our names, at Uncle Sam's door?"

Hysterics

DETROIT recently had a flurry over the "Peace Special." The things that should have been said about it were not said, because both friends and foes are too mealy-mouthed. But even when pacifists see fit to embark from the very lands that threaten war, to preach pacifism in this land which never threatens war, and even if their main purpose is not the one advertised, they have a right to speak. Free speech is for fools as well as for philosophers. There is less freedom of speech in America than anywhere else, because only the half-baked radicals avail themselves of it. Our best people do not avail themselves of this freedom. This nation will never know what free speech is until the Americans begin to speak.

By far the wisest and most charitable utterance in Detroit concerning the "Peace Special" was made by Gaius Glenn Atkins, D. D. Speaking of the peace party of women, he said:

"As to disarmament they are ahead of any safe public policy. Nations will not and ought not to disarm until we have an organized control of international relationships not now in sight. Even then the new machinery will have to show its power to take the place of armament in safeguarding national security before the nations will trust it. Here is an ideal toward which we may work but to press that ideal too soon or too hard is to challenge a sound instinct of national safety.

"The pledge to take no part in any future war is a matter for the conscience of the individual who has fully counted the cost of taking it. I myself would not take such a pledge nor advise another to take it. It limits future freedom of action in ways those who take it might bitterly regret, not for fear of punishment, but because they might have a new vision of duty. There are certain lines of duty that must be left open to the future."

The difficulty seems to be hysterics on both sides. And hysterics is one of the stigmata of Bolshevist reactions both negative and positive.

What the Northwest Farmer Thinks of His Job

Farming Can Be Made Profitable If Proper Methods Are Followed—PART II

THOSE who have read the foregoing part of this article, in the last number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, will remember that the Northwestern farmer has had an unusual chance to express himself on the conditions within his industry.

What we want to know is the individual farmer's opinion of his own business, as he sees it conducted by himself and his neighbors in his own community; and that interesting secret these quoted excerpts will reveal. Let us confine ourselves to the spring-wheat states of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana, although Minnesota is mainly a diversified-farming state, growing spring wheat as the principal crop only on its western border.

The letter which was selected as the best of all those submitted was written by a dairyman of Anoka County, in the central part of Minnesota, a man of public spirit, good education and keen mind. Among the methods of improvement he urged for his community were better dairying and co-operative marketing, and this is the way, in part, he expressed himself on these questions:

"We *do* agree with the statement that lack of knowledge is responsible for a large share of our troubles. We have had occasion to canvass our neighbors for such organizations as the new co-operative potato exchange and our cow-testing association, and it is astounding to discover how careless a large proportion of farmers are on matters that directly affect their own business, such as co-operative marketing, proper rations for dairy cows, and so forth.

"A very large majority of our farmers have been keeping scrub cattle for dairy purposes; feeding them as scrub cattle usually are fed; depending on clover and timothy, and creek or slough hay, for hay; and raising potatoes as a cash crop. Scrub cattle do not pay; potatoes have been a fizzle in yield, quality and price for four years; and clover will no longer grow to any extent.

"Our soil is light, the farms are small, and good dairy cattle and alfalfa hay offer us the only way out. And yet, last year only seventeen farmers in the entire county could be persuaded to take interest enough in improving their herds to join our cow-testing association.

"The county agent has been preaching alfalfa for ten years, and the state has an experimental farm here on which it has been proved conclusively that alfalfa will do well. In spite of all this, not one per cent of our farm land is in alfalfa today . . . .

"The man in the city, who has no more education and ambition to learn new methods than a large proportion of the farmers, is barely making a scanty living; and the farmer of the future, who is too lazy or too indifferent to get a fair education and follow up-to-date methods, will be fortunate to eke out an existence on the farm."

The letter which was selected as second best came from a farmer in Big Stone County, in the lower Red River Valley, on the Minnesota side. This man is a renter—evidently with a mighty good type of landlord—and he is getting ahead with diversified farming where nearly everyone else has been going behind with wheat. This is the personal experience he recounted to support his advocacy of the diversified-farming plan:

"Being born and raised in Iowa, I lived there until February, 1921. Having farmed four years there for myself, the year of 1920 came, and with it the scramble for high rent, and places were scarce at that. I lost out, as I would not pay the high rent. My brother also failed to rent a place, so we got together and decided to move to Minnesota and farm in partnership. We landed in Big Stone County, February, 1921.

"We had six head of horses, seven head of registered Shorthorn cattle, eight brood sows, about one-half line of farm machinery, household goods, and a little cash. We moved on a half-section of land. Being scared of wheat, we followed the Iowa style of diversified farming, and this is what it has done for me:

"I own a half interest in all our stock and equipment. We have today sixty head of cattle, forty being registered Shorthorns. With our autumn pigs and brood sows, we have more than one hundred head of hogs, twenty-six head of sheep, ten head of horses. To our farm machinery we have added about $3,000 more, including a tractor, separator and corn picker, with other small implements.

Sound System Successful

"OUR personal property is all paid for, we have no mortgage and owe no notes. When we buy, we pay cash, and I still have the same amount of cash I had when I landed here.

"We are living on a 450-acre farm now. We plant 150 acres to corn, 150 acres to small grain, and 150 acres to alfalfa and sweet clover for pasture and hay. We have a fine set of buildings, and everything is arranged to be fairly handy. Two hundred and forty acres of the land is fenced and cross-fenced.

"Of course, this is not a big thing. It is just what many others could have done, had they followed the diversified plan; but it is a great satisfaction to a man when he sees his next-door neighbor losing out raising wheat.

"That Henry Ford statement about farming being a wonderfully profitable work, or so many people couldn't hang on, I think is right. Not that I think the prices are fifty-fifty, when it comes to the poor prices you have to sell for and the high prices you have to pay when you buy. But if the people would try the diversified-farming plan and co-operate all they could, that would help greatly, and I hope that in the course of a short time there will be some change."

> Henry Ford in the book, "My Life and Work," devoted a few paragraphs to a discussion of the farming industry, and offered his opinion that farming is unprofitable largely because of the waste of energy, lack of proper equipment, and inefficiency of method on the average American farm. *The Farmer*, of St. Paul, Minn., quoted those passages from Mr. Ford's book and asked its readers for their opinion, assigning to them as a subject for discussion, "How the Farming Methods of My Community Can Be Improved."
>
> The response to this invitation was 275 letters from farmers in six states: Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Montana and Iowa, in order of number of letters received. The classification of the opinions expressed in the letters was given in an article printed in last week's issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Similar sentiments were expressed by another farmer in Polk County, Minnesota, in the northern part of the Red River Valley, when he wrote:

"The farming methods of my community can be improved by diversified farming. If, instead of trying to raise grain on the same land that has never seen a forkful of manure or a legume plant from ten to fifteen years, the farmer would seed sweet clover and pasture it for a few years, he would soon be able to raise grain and corn.

"If, instead of raising so much wheat, the farmer would raise just a few acres on soil that has been renewed with the raising of sweet clover or other legumes, he could raise as much wheat on those few acres as he could on a piece of old, worn-out land of about four times the size and at much less expense.

"It has been proved year after year that corn can be successfully raised in the Northwest. There is no grain better for stock, either in the form of fodder or ensilage.

"We can't depend on our city people to consume our surplus supply of wheat, nor should we depend upon the lawmakers to make us prosperous; but get busy ourselves, as the farmer must use brain as well as muscle."

A Farmer Who Disagreed

SHOWING its absolute fairness in the consideration of these letters, third place was given to a man who disagreed entirely with Mr. Ford—one of the ten per cent—and who made out the strongest case on that side of the question. This man also lives in the Red River Valley, but on the other side of the river, in Cass County, North Dakota. He is mainly a wheat farmer, diversifying with other crops and to a very limited extent with livestock—milking a few cows, mainly for home use, and raising a few turkeys. After showing in a really convincing way that he and most of the other farmers in his community do utilize their energy to advantage, and do use modern labor-saving machinery and equipment, and do farm as efficiently as possible in their own kind of farming, he concluded his letter with the following statement of his own results last year:

"I will take my own case and tell what my books show for last year. My 480 acres were cropped as follows: summer fallow, seventy-four acres; wheat, 125 acres; flax, fifty acres; oats for feed, fifty acres; winter rye, forty acres; corn for feed, thirty-five acres; potatoes, twenty acres; hay meadow, fifty-six acres; pasture, twenty acres; trees and buildings, ten acres. From these acreages I received the following returns:

125 acres wheat, 15 bushels an acre, 1,875 bushels; kept 375 bushels for seed; sold 1,500 bushels No. 1 Dark Northern at 98 cents a bushel—$1,470.

50 acres flax, 7 bushels an acre, 350 bushels; kept 50 bushels for seed; sold 300 bushels at $2.20 a bushel—$660.

40 acres winter rye, 15 bushels an acre, 600 bushels; sold at 46 cents a bushel—$276.

20 acres potatoes, 50 bushels clean, marketable potatoes an acre; in addition kept 600 bushels for seed and cow feed; sold 1,000 bushels at 21 cents a bushel—$210.

Sold 609 pounds of No. 1 dressed turkeys at 22 cents a pound—$134.

Sold all the cream we could spare—$150.

"I will now submit an itemized statement of expenditures and receipts to show just how we came out on the year's operations:

EXPENDITURES

Two hired men for 8 months	$ 800.00
One hired girl for 8 months	280.00
Two men shocking wheat 4¼ days at $3	25.50
Two men shocking rye 2 days	12.00
Two men shocking flax 2½ days	15.00
Two men shocking oats 2 days	12.00
One man shocking 35 acres corn at 85 cents an acre	29.75
Two men picking potatoes (1,600 bu.) at 5 cents a bushel	80.00
Threshing 1,875 bu. wheat at 20 cents a bu.	375.00
Threshing 600 bu. rye at 20 cents a bu.	120.00
Threshing 350 bu. flax at 30 cents a bu.	105.00
Threshing 1,000 bu. oats at 10 cents a bu.	100.00
1923 taxes	555.00
Groceries for the year	425.00
Gasoline, kerosene and wagon grease	95.00
Fuels, such as coal and wood	175.00
Hired help for the winter	120.00
Total expenditures	$3,324.25

RECEIPTS

Spring wheat sold	$1,470.00
Winter rye sold	276.00
Flax sold	660.00
Potatoes sold	210.00
Turkeys sold	134.00
Cream sold	150.00
Total receipts	$2,900.00

FINAL BALANCE

Total expenditures	$3,324.25
Total receipts	2,900.00
The year's loss	$ 424.25

"This statement is made from the 1923 season. The farm as it stands with stock and machinery should be worth $50,000. Evidently it is a mighty poor investment.

"I cannot see how the methods of farming can be improved in this community so as to enable the farmer to pay taxes and overhead expenses and a small interest on his investment. Labor and taxes are too high and farm products too low in proportion."

Just to show that opinions may differ, even among neighbors, here is a letter from another farmer in the same county, with an entirely different point of view:

"The farmers of my community, and of the entire Northwest, are facing the greatest financial crisis of the generation. Thousands have gone bankrupt and a large percentage are in a precarious position. Politicians and farm experts have suggested various remedies, but I believe the farmers must work out their own problems, or secure the services of competent men familiar with the conditions in the particular section.

"We must diversify. By diversification I do not mean to discontinue entirely the production of wheat and other allied cereals. If each farmer would gradually increase the acreage of corn, sweet clover, alfalfa, millet, buckwheat, soy beans, and similar crops, he would secure a larger net return and materially enrich the soil.

"In connection with these crops there should follow a gradual increase in the number of livestock to consume the added roughage and low-priced grains. By selling a few scrubs and purchasing a purebred heifer or sow, and with the use of purebred sires, in a few years a man can have a high-producing dairy herd, or a uniform herd of beef cattle and hogs that will market profitably.

"There are many minor causes of failure among the farmers, especially the tenant or renter class. One of these is lack of co-operation between tenant and landlord, causing discouragement and lack of interest on the part of the renter. A remedy for this is a contract for a number of years on the 'fifty-fifty' basis. This gives the renter an added incentive and a chance to forge ahead."

From Grand Forks County, in the northern part of the Red River Valley, on the North Dakota side, came this little history of agriculture—and its aftermath:

"Half a century ago the land in this community was of the richest quality for farming purposes; but because of the one-crop farming, all the nurture for that crop has been subtracted from the soil, without any being added. This land, to be made profitable once more, needs a complete diversification.

"This backward trend of the land has been going on for the last ten or fifteen years, but still the farmers have been unable to get out of the old rut of small-grain farming to begin diversification on a larger scale by raising feed and selling it indirectly in the form of livestock.

"The most profitable change in this community will be in livestock. There are a few farmers in this neighborhood who have begun a slow change into livestock, and those are the farmers who are making the greatest headway toward prosperity."

Traveling to the extreme southwestern part of the state—where it is pretty dry, and where official statistics prove that the chances for a paying wheat crop are less than in any other section of North Dakota—we have this very frank and honest and enlightening statement from Hettinger County:

Misplacing the Blame

"THIS community commenced to be settled in 1906 by people who filed on homesteads. The first few years a good crop was raised, consisting of wheat, flax, oats and barley. Since then most of the farmers have raised small grain, that is, have been seeding wheat year after year. Now most of us are down to bankruptcy and are putting the blame on the country, the bankers, and loan sharks, and are demanding that the government set the price on farm products, make cheap loans, and so forth.

"In my opinion, we have no complaint to offer, and no charges to make, except against ourselves, because a man with common sense can clearly see that this method of farming will break anyone sooner or later.

"I know from experience, which was costly, as a wheat farmer for fifteen years, that if I had not changed my farming methods five years ago I would not have a home now. Diversified farming helped me out, so now I have a comfortable home, with running water in the kitchen, in the hog pasture, and in the barn, all of which is supplied from my well by windmill.

"Diversified farming pays, and the land value will rise. Let the government alone, and also the bankers. They are not always working for their health, and are

(Concluded on page 14)

A current misconception is the one which has to do with the "disappearing" ranch.

The Disappearing Ranch

By MAX BENTLEY

"SINCE my boyhood," stated a distinguished Eastern visitor to Texas, in an interview, "I have associated the name Texas with the great outdoors, and particularly I have thought of it as the home of the large ranch over which one might ride a whole day without trespassing on another ranch.

"I find Texas filled with large cities, the highways crowded with high-power automobiles, and the countryside occupied by farms no larger than those of my own state. I have not seen one cowboy nor one horse. I am free to say—but I say it with regret because no one likes to surrender the tender illusions of boyhood—that Texas has disappointed me greatly, since the ranch has made way before the farm.

"Its passing makes me feel positively dejected. It was so truly an American institution, so uniquely an expression of a never-to-be-forgotten era in American history. Had I the ordering of our country's affairs, I would ordain that a few ranches be left—very large ones—if for nothing else, as a landmark, as a sentimental link, a sort of monument, between the industrial and artificial America which we occupy today and the most solid, the most natural, the most happy era of our development as a nation.

"I ask myself: Where is an increasingly urban people going to get its meat of the future? Is not Texas large enough to have reached a satisfactory stage of development without sacrificing the one great institution which set her apart as distinctive among the states of the Union?"

Since this Easterner is an average man, it may be assumed that many thousands may be entertaining the same opinion concerning the "disappearing" ranch.

What this man said has a curiously familiar ring. "Passing institutions" seems to be a touchstone of current sentimental thought, and among these current misconceptions is the one which has to do with the "disappearing" ranch. The two articles of this series are designed to correct that misconception. They were written after a visit to the largest ranch on this continent.

To the extent that he identified the American ranch as a landmark and an American institution, the Easterner stated a fact which cannot be denied. It may be said that the beginnings of ranching were given to us by the Spaniards, but its evolution has been ours. In the development of our national life there have been—for want of a better word—things which have come to express that life through its successive stages.

Where does the American ranch fit in? It came into our national life in the period beginning at the end of the covered wagon era. When the automobile came along it had survived firmly as an institution. It irresistibly obtrudes as the one great corner stone of that time. Moreover, while the blunderbuss is no more; while the Indian has passed from the scene and the covered wagon is passing as the frontier shrinks, the ranch remains. It is *not* disappearing.

Ranch! There is magic in the very word—so potent as to have given the ranch a literature of its own. The Anglo-Saxon has ever pushed onward. The frontier has ever represented his pot of gold at the rainbow's end. The ranch has pushed on with him, likewise seeking the frontier. It has been the last American institution (or at least one of the last) to bow before expansion. But bowing, it has not stepped aside. It has merely accommodated itself to a general changing order. It *is* a corner stone and has so remained, changed, it is true, but still with us. May it ever be so!

As a frontier industry ranching has had its place in the economy of the pioneer peoples of both the United States and Mexico. In this country, as emigration moved westward, the ranch was out in front, carrying the torch, lighting the way for the farmer pushing out from the Atlantic seaboard. It preceded him to Texas. There it met and blended with Mexican ranching, and, after the Civil War, pushed northward across the Staked Plains out of Texas, until it occupied most of the plains area to the Canadian line.

The northward movement was accomplished swiftly. Westward it encountered another ranching era that had developed around the Spanish settlements in California and New Mexico. It spread northward and eastward until it claimed even the mountain peaks on the eastern slope of the Rockies. As the line of exploration moved westward and southward, the ranch gradually returned to its natural home—the border land—and there, along what now, generally speaking, constitutes the rim of the nation, one will still find it, vast as of old, but operated in a manner that would open the eyes of the old-time cowman, could he but return.

Increase in the population and the fertility of the Middle Western plains forced the cowman to draw in his horns; but his retreat has not, as so many assume, marked the passing of ranching as an industry. He has merely yielded to the farmer that which is naturally the farmer's, and retired his herds to lands unsuited to agriculture. The very causes that make them of little value to the farmer, such as infrequent rains and hardness of soil, have been of distinct value to the cowman. Cattle suffer from continued dampness, and rank and dangerous plants flourish in soft soil. Animal diseases and parasites are more difficult to control in a humid climate, while the thick, tough grasses of rainy growth are neither nourishing nor palatable.

From a national point of view, there has never been conflict between the cowman and farmer. There is room enough for both. The land area of the United States is, roughly, two billion acres, of which 745 million acres, or thirty-seven per cent, is range land and unimproved pasture; and forty million acres, or two per cent, is desert not yet grazed. We have 600 million acres of forest and woodland of which two-thirds is suited to grazing—so that when you think of the ranch as "disappearing," think also of 1,145 million acres of grazing land in the United States, comprising nearly sixty per cent of the land area of the country. Contrast this total with the area in farms, 478 million acres, twenty-five per cent. *Are* we an outdoor people? Cities, towns and populated areas immediately contiguous to them use only two per cent of our land area.

The ranch house was built on a hill and its Moorish-Spanish facade dominates the flat flower-carpeted landscape for miles around.

Speak of the ranch and the map of Texas pops into the mind. Why not? They go together. Freedom and bigness apply equally to the one as to the other. Texas is this big: It claims everything between the twenty-sixth and thirty-seventh parallels and between the ninety-fourth and one hundred and seventh meridians. From western to eastern boundaries is 900 miles. Brownsville, the farthest southern town, is 1,000 miles by train from Texline, the farthest northern town. Texas is so big that nobody laughed when the worthy Brownsville citizen returned earlier than expected from a sojourn in the city of Dallas, in North Texas, with the bitter explanation that "I never could stand those Yankees, anyway."

By reason of its size, the extent of its semi-arid territory suited to ranching and not to farming, and its nearness to Mexico, Texas has ever been the cowman's natural habitat. He has had elbow room. Texas is so comparatively new as a state that land is still cheap. While it is the leading agricultural state of the Union in the value of its farm products, seventy-four per cent of its total land area of 168 million acres is devoted to ranching, while only nineteen per cent is in farms.

Before the introduction of the barbed-wire fence, during the free grass and leased range eras, every range animal that wore horns—steer, bull or yearling—was a cow. He, the cow, was an unlovely creature, but his owner canonized him. Since he was sold per age and not per pound, his weight was a matter of small concern. If he could grow horns of goodly sweep he was a fine cow; if they attained a sweep of seven or eight feet, he was, as I have said, canonized. A short time ago I attended a convention in a Western Texas cow town. The governor of the state headed the grand street parade. The fact that the executive rode in a luxurious limousine was given only casual attention. What drew the wild huzzas from the crowd was a set of spreading cow horns fastened on the front of the machine. The owner of the horns keeps them in a dark, hidden retreat, exhibiting them only on state occasions before an audience which—he knows in advance—will be properly appreciative.

It is a long cry from the generic cow to the purebred stock raised on the twentieth century ranch. Even so celebrated a cowman as the late Captain Richard King, of Texas, did not fully grasp the possibilities waiting on the raising of high-grade animals. When he died, in 1885, he left a ranch of 300,000 acres over which roamed 50,000 head of cattle; but his stock was haphazard, longhorn-bred. Captain King's ranch (a series of loosely connected ranches is what he had) lay in the southwestern portion of Texas, in the territory over which the United States and Mexico went to war. He never believed in nor practiced the free-grass theory, but inclosed his large holdings in wooden fences. He bought outright neighboring ranches from the holders of governmental grants, and thus held title securely through the transition from free grass to leased range, and on to the fee simple era. As a result of his foresight, the King ranch, instead of being cut to bits as were the early ranches on the Staked Plains, has passed intact to his heirs, and today, instead of comprising the original 300,000 acres, occupies a ducal domain of more than one million acres. It is not merely the largest ranch on this continent; it covers one-half of one per cent of the area of Texas!

The King ranch lies in a pleasant land, the valley of the Rio Grande, broad and level. Eastward it runs to the Gulf of Mexico. Westward the Rio Grande divides it from Mexico, but the division is ethnogenic only. There has not been merely a blend of traits of two peoples; the Mexican has actually effected a successful invasion.

The Mexican invasion has not been confined to temperament and habits. It has extended into the realm of the biological. Fifty years ago the Rio Grande valley was treeless; today its wooded area is more extensive than the prairie. Its arid climate has reduced tree growth to shrubs, but the pigmy Mexican forest, led by the Sonoran mesquite, has resolutely pushed on, flourishing on alien soil where the great Atlantic forest, approaching it from the north and east, has faltered and broken on the dry Texas plain.

It was in this background that Captain Richard King, commencing as a youth, laid the understructure for what has come to be the largest ranch in America. What the King ranch looks like, what has been accomplished there on an unheard-of scale by those who succeeded him to its control, and the future of ranching as seen by the present general manager of the King properties, will be taken up in the concluding article of this series.

Grafters Buy Two States

Corrupt Deal Annulled But the Courts Upheld It and Claimants Were Indemnified—PART II

By AARON HARDY ULM

IT IS a curious side light on the history of this country that few persons guilty of political corruption ever have been sent to prison. Though in few countries has so much corruption been exposed—not necessarily because there has been more of it in the United States but perhaps on account of energetic facilities of exposure—one has to search widely for cases that ended in the application of legal punishment. A few officeholders have been impeached and officially disgraced, an occasional municipal boss, like Tweed, of New York, and Abe Ruef, of San Francisco, have been imprisoned. But the record of the past indicates that the political corruptionist, no matter how atrocious or well exposed his crimes, runs mighty little risk of being required to make the sort of atonement that is called by the laws.

These conclusions apply to the first, and still in many respects the greatest, single case of public corruption recorded in our annals, that known as the Yazoo Fraud and partly told of in a former article.

Insofar as the writer can discover, not one of the guilty persons was so much as brought to trial; not one spent a day in jail, and not one was so much as forced to surrender money procured by means of criminal acts connected with the fraud. History even makes no marks against the names of several very prominent persons who were involved in the crimes.

Were Bought Like Cattle

YET many of the most culpable ones were punished, and severely. This punishment was applied, however, by the lash of public opinion, with the exception of perhaps one case in which mob law was applied tragically.

Yet old records still in existence supply data showing the commission of most arrant crimes by numerous persons.

One reliable author who wrote of the events not long after they occurred described as follows the scenes attending the corrupting of a legislative body by bold schemers:

"In the lobbies of the House and Senate alternately were to be seen a judge of the United States Supreme Court, from Pennsylvania, with $25,000 in his hands, it was said, for cash payments; a judge of the district court of the United States, from Georgia, passing off shares of land to members for their votes, and a Senator from Georgia . . . . bullying and in turn cajoling the numerous understrappers in speculation. There was also to be seen a judge of the Superior Courts and other eminent Georgians . . . . South Carolina also was represented by one who was regarded as the prince of speculators . . . ."

Affidavits made later showed that legislative members had been bought like cattle, cash prices ranging from $600 to $12,000. A few even were paid in human flesh, some receiving only one and others "eight or ten" Negro slaves in return for votes. Most of them, however, accepted shares in the companies for which the bribes were paid.

But when it became generally known that nearly 50,000,000 acres of rich public land had been thus purchased for a pittance, an expression of terrific public wrath went up. This came, however, chiefly from the masses; the rich and powerful, with few exceptions, took the side of the grafters.

"You will break down confidence in the new government," said they to those who denounced the proceedings.

Thus the masses backed up the indomitable James Jackson, who resigned from the United States Senate and returned to Georgia for the purpose of warring on those who were responsible for the corrupt deal. He was elected to the legislature from his home county, Chatham.

A Curio of Legislation

HE DECLARED that the sale was fraudulent, and caused the succeeding legislature to cancel it. The repeal bill directed that all record of the sales act be stricken from the legislature's journal. The measure is a curio of legislation because of the provisions made therein for disposing of the original bill authorizing the sale of the vast area of public land. This part is well worth reproducing, as follows:

> "A fire shall be made in front of the State House door and a line be formed by the members of both branches around same. The secretary of state (or his deputy) with the committee shall then produce the enrolled bill and usurped act from among the archives of the state, and deliver the same to the president of the Senate, who shall examine same, and shall then deliver the same to the speaker of the House of Representatives for like examination; and the speaker shall then deliver them to the clerk of the House of Representatives, who shall read aloud the title of the same, and then shall deliver them to the messenger of the House, who shall then pronounce:—'God save the State! And long preserve her rights! And may every attempt to injure them perish as these corrupt acts now do!'"

Then, the bill provided, the documents were to be cast into the flames.

Tradition says that the ceremonial was made more picturesque by the blaze being started by "fire from heaven" drawn through a sun glass. This, however, is believed to be mere legend.

With such ceremony, Georgia made official renunciation of an act which for picturesque if not far-reaching corruption exceeds any other of the kind which has occurred in this country.

But the burning of the fraudulent acts and the purging of the records did not bring an end to the speculators' operations.

Even while James Jackson was causing the corrupt sale to be declared null and void, the promoters of the scheme were busy in other sections of the country selling shares of stock in their companies. These shares were based on acreage, which were sold in big lots at prices far beyond what had been paid to the state of Georgia. A fever of speculation in the shares, like those produced in Europe long before by the South Sea bubble, raged in many parts of the country.

"On this ocean of speculation," says one writer, "great multitudes of sober, industrious people launched the earnings of their lives."

The companies' activities were particularly prominent in New England. Bostonians alone invested more than two million dollars in them.

The promoters contended that, whether fraudulently or legitimately procured, they had a legal deed to the property; and this view was upheld many years later by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Later controversy having to do with the affair centered almost wholly at the national capital.

For a few years later, the Federal Government took over the territory involved, paying the state of Georgia $1,500,000 for it. It was opened to settlement, which led to the organization of the states of Alabama and Mississippi.

The claimants under the grant which Georgia had annulled pressed on Congress demands for indemnification.

These were opposed by James Jackson, who, following a term as governor of Georgia, returned to the United States Senate, and by John Randolph, who equaled Jackson in violent denunciations of the operations.

The subject was an unending one of agitation for nearly a score of years and was the source of frequent scandal at the national capital, where perpetual lobbies were maintained for many years by the claimants. Money was spent so freely at the national capital that Randolph on occasion exclaimed:

"They buy and sell corruption in the gross, and a few millions, more or less, is hardly felt in the account."

Nobody Legally Punished

SO LONG as Randolph and Jackson were on the job, nothing was done. But they ultimately passed out.

The controversy was taken into the Supreme Court. There Chief Justice Marshall, in a notable decision, upheld the legality of the claims.

In that decision it was held that one legislature cannot break a contract duly made by a predecessor, even though it be shown that corrupt influences controlled the first legislature when entering into the contract.

Congress then appropriated the sum of $5,000,000 to pay the claims, which had grown out of the original $500,000 paid to Georgia.

This occurred in 1814, eighteen years after the final sales act was passed by the Georgia legislature. At that time practically all of the original participants in the affair had dropped out of the scene.

It was not until 1864 that the last of the claims arising from the Yazoo Fraud was disposed of by the United States Court of Claims.

The incident had considerable effect on government and the public's attitude thereto in Georgia, and some on government throughout the country.

Since then the government of the state wherein the affair developed has been singularly free of gross corruption, barring, of course, the carpet-bag régime following the Civil War.

It was productive of several rigid requirements, now embodied in most state constitutions, governing the passage of legislation. The most important is the one invalidating anything in an act that is not mentioned in the act's caption. This prevents the enactment of important legislation under the pretense of enacting something entirely different.

The Georgia legislature, incensed by the fact that the fraud had been maneuvered largely by one of its Senators, petitioned Congress to submit to the states an amendment to the Federal Constitution giving the states the power to recall United States Senators at will. Nothing came of this, but it probably was the first attempt made in this country to employ the principle of the recall. The provision, however, was made a part of the constitution of the Confederate States.

But in all this outbreak of indignation, nobody ever was legally punished for any act connected with the affair. Even James Gunn, the Senator who promoted it, died safely and securely in office.

This, however, is not peculiar to that scandal; it appertains to virtually all of like kind which have occurred in this country.

Buncoed by Words— A Plain Man's Reaction

By A. J. TAYLOR

THE word, "deflation," is applied to conceal a disagreeable fact, as are other words such as "democracy," "self-determination," and other post-Versailles words and phrases. We have been unable to locate the word in an earlier period than our own. In Cleveland's time the people were satisfied with "hard times" as a sufficient explanation or sedative. In Roosevelt's time, for some reason, a similar condition did not last long enough to attain the dignity of a term. There is much in a name. It is found preferable to "make" money or profits, rather than to "take" them. P. T. Barnum's statement that the American people like to be humbugged seems to be the only explanation that a searcher after the origin of words can find.

The object of *deflation* is to collect high value dollars on promises made when the value of the dollar was low. To the ordinary person, who does not own promissory notes or bonds, the high or low value of the dollar is of little importance except as he comes in contact with the other class, who own these promises to pay. Ordinarily as the value of the dollar declines, the price that he has to pay for everything rises. After some time and much effort, he secures what is termed *higher pay*. Getting *higher pay* really means that he gets enough, or nearly enough, of the cheaper dollars to balance their depreciation. When the dollar is on the upgrade his wages are at once reduced (in their buying power), without any effort on his part. After some time and much effort the price he has to pay for everything may come down. This state of affairs is termed normalcy, and is deemed to be very desirable, as it leaves the deflators with practically all that we have produced. Our search has thus brought us in contact with two other terms used by our present-day Barnums, *high wages* and *normalcy*.

But the fly in the cream is that the owners of the promissory notes are the same International Financiers who also have all the money. The problem that confronts us is, how shall we pay the International Financier for his promissory notes when he already has all of our money, secured by the ordinary processes of normalcy.

The method of increasing the value of the dollar is also elementary, and always successful. By merely withdrawing the people's money from circulation, an increased demand for the dollar is created, and the value of the dollar rises. This is termed by our Barnums *"restricting credit."*

While the process of deflation is simple, it unfortunately arouses more or less protest. The highest financial authorities have, so far, discovered no process whereby they can extract the contents of my purse without opposition. Of course my dissatisfaction must be moderate. The deflators have defended themselves by terming my natural lamentations *"agitation,"* which is quite true in one sense of the word, or if my protests promise to be in the least effective they have the word *"sedition."*

While it is an open question as to why we owe the International Financiers billions of dollars because they won the war for us, I readily concede that the Germans owe them many billions of dollars because they lost the war. And is it not fitting that our gallant and patriotic International Financiers, who made such supreme sacrifices, should receive these reparations? But it appears that I also am paying reparations to them, and by lowering the mark and raising the dollar, these joint reparations are to be doubled.

Conceding that it is good form to hand the contents of my purse to the financial interest, the fact remains that they were already in possession before deciding on deflation. And they will continue, under the ordinary processes of normalcy, to take everything that I may produce in the future. So why the apparent absurdity of saying that in addition to owing them all that I have, or may have in the future, I owe it twice over?

For some reason I am more concerned in the welfare of our deflators than in my own. I have occasional misgivings as to the fate of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and the sad plight of its unfortunate owner. If the International Financiers demand more dollars than there are, let us make it our first object to see that they get them. It is amazing, nay, even criminal, that one should let his own petty problems interfere with the gigantic task of our deflators who are trying to extract more dollars from the people than exist at present. Certainly my own petty concerns shall not interfere. All I ask in return for my loyal support and personal loss is to be humbugged.

And we may trust our friends to attend to that.

Mending Fences

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

One of the most prominent of the Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination in 1880 was John Sherman, then Secretary of the Treasury and many years later the Secretary of State for a short time in the McKinley Administration. A few months before the Republican national convention he went to his farm at Mansfield, Ohio.

A newspaper man arrived one day while Sherman and his brother-in-law, Colonel Moulton, were replacing the fallen rails of a fence and otherwise repairing it. As Sherman was on the other side of the field, the reporter approached the brother-in-law and asked him what the candidate was doing.

"Why," Colonel Moulton confided in an effort to avoid a direct reply to the political feeler which the query evidently was, "you can see for yourself that he's mending his fences."

Story of Grotius, Father of International Law

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON

THE awakening of Europe, for reasons which scholars have not found it difficult to explain, hovers around the period of Columbus' discovery of America. His sailing westward across three thousand miles of ocean marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the world and likewise formed the date of renewed progress in practically every field of the world's endeavor. But other voyages had to be made, and until the globe was circumnavigated Columbus' theory of the earth being a sphere rather than flat remained to be proved.

When once this was established, and the whole coast line of America had been explored, there entered into all Western Europe, and into every department of activity—social, religious, literary and artistic—a new energy and outlook. The old Europe was passing away and the new Europe was shaping itself for the new responsibilities which Columbus and contemporary explorers had thrust upon it. Men were compelled to think along new lines and in new channels.

In considerably less than a century after the discovery of the western continent, we find that England, Holland, France, Spain and Portugal were involved in bitter disputes over questions of boundary lines in the New World, and these were likely to embroil these countries in a state of constant warfare unless some way were found to reconcile contentions over new territory and over the material wealth which this territory seemed certain to supply. Many writers of an earlier period and of that period had dealt with the subject of international law and there were fair foundations for a more comprehensive work on the subject.

Three centuries ago the world was without a complete work treating of all subjects bearing upon international law. It was Hugo Grotius, who, in June, 1624, completed his *"De Jure Belli Ac Pacis,"* a work which stands today as the greatest reference book on this subject. It has made the name of its author a household word throughout the civilized world and has entitled him to be known as "the Father of International Law."

A Precocious Boy

GROTIUS was no doubt induced to undertake this work by what had occurred during the Thirty Years' War. Sir Thomas Barclay has said on this subject: "In the north of Europe, again, out of the active commercial intercourse among the Baltic and North Sea communities, grew rules of the sea in the same common interest. It was the Thirty Years' War, with its revolting cruelty, which brought out the contrast between the more humane practice of war as an art in Italy and the mere bludgeonry which prevailed in the brutal struggle which disgraced the first half of the seventeenth century. The brutality of the struggle drew attention to the need of formulating rules for the protection in time of war of non-combatants and the innocent subjects of absolute sovereigns.

The life of Grotius was a fascinating one, filled as it was from childhood with an admixture of achievement and adventure. He was born at Delft, Holland, on Easter Day, 1583, and had he remained in Holland he would have been known to the world as Huig van Groot. He came of a family of distinction, the ancestor of which was a Frenchman who had moved to Holland a century before the great Grotius was born. The French name of this family was De Cornet. The father of Grotius was a lawyer of distinction; he served four terms as burgomaster of Leyden, and was one of the curators of the university in that city. There is no record of any boy being more precocious than Hugo Grotius, for at nine he was able to write Latin verses and at twelve he was ready to enter the university. At fifteen he edited an encyclopedia. A little later, through Count Justin, of Nassau, he met J. van Olden Barneveldt, with whose life his career became strongly linked until Barneveldt was put to death.

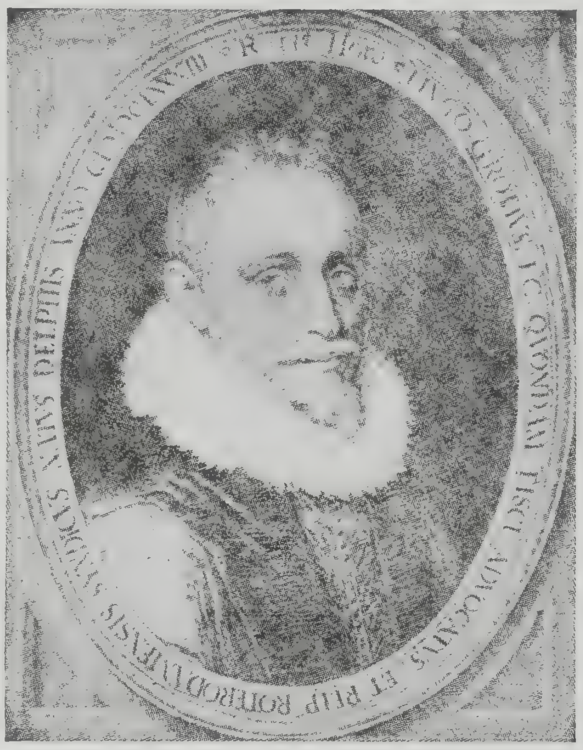
When he had reached sufficient age, Grotius entered the practice of law. In this he achieved success, but his strongest inclination was toward literature. His first original work took dramatic form and was written in Latin. He wrote *"Christus Patiens"*; *"Sophomphaneas,"* which was the story of Joseph and his brethren, and *"Adamus Exul,"* a book said to have given many suggestions to John Milton. We find all of these works translated into the English language.

In 1603 it was thought advisable that the United Provinces should preserve an account of the Dutch struggles against Spain and the plan was finally devised to have Grotius act as historiographer. At this time he was only about twenty years of age. Soon afterward he became advocate-general of the fisc for the provinces of both Zeeland and Holland. His marriage to Marie Reigersberg occurred in 1608. This lady proved no ordinary wife, as we shall presently see.

The next decade was destined to be a period of great activity and varied experiences in the life of Grotius. Even before his marriage he was engaged in the writing of a treatise—*"De Jure Paedae"*—which he never published and the fact that the manuscript had been prepared was unknown until 1868 when it was brought to light. It appears that Grotius, on completing the manuscript, was dissatisfied with its literary style and put it aside. It contains the groundwork of his world-famous book, which, as already noted, was not written until two decades later. The earlier work clearly shows that from his youth Grotius had conceived the idea of a work of international scope, written along such broad lines that it would endure and never be supplanted as the basic effort upon the subjects of which it treated.

Grotius, after his marriage, turned his attention to the subject of the East Indian trade. Spain and Holland were at war over the matter, and both nations at nearly the same time had become interested in the subject of peace negotiations. The Dutch refused to relinquish the right they claimed to this commerce, while Spain would not sanction its continuance. The position of the French and English ambassadors was that trade in the Indies was permitted by the law of nature and was not a matter for treaty. The whole summer of that year brought Spain and Holland no nearer together. In the meantime Grotius had written his *"Mare Liberum,"* and his *"History of Old Holland"* soon followed.

> On April 13, 1613, Casaubon, perhaps the greatest Continental scholar of his time, wrote of Grotius to Daniel Heinsius: "I am very well and cannot express my great pleasure in the conversation of so great a man as Grotius. Oh, that wonderful man! I knew him before, but fully to comprehend his excellency and his divine genius, one must see and hear him. His countenance speaks honesty and his speech reveals the profoundest learning. It is not only upon me that he made this impression; all the pious and learned to whom he has been here introduced have felt the same way toward him; the king especially so."



HUGO GROTIUS

A dispute then arose between England and Holland over the rights of walrus hunting in Greenland, and Grotius was sent by his country to England to discuss the question and to accomplish whatever he might. England at that time was stronger on the sea than were the low countries, and consequently no restitution was made and the subject remained open.

Imprisoned by Prince Maurice

WHEN Grotius was but thirty years of age he was made pensionary of the city of Rotterdam, and this brought him closely in contact with Prince Maurice.

About the time that he returned from England the theological parties in Holland were at the breaking point and it was apparent that unless conciliatory measures were used force would have to be applied to prevent internal disturbances. The matter which caused the great division was the orthodox Calvinists dividing themselves into one group and the Remonstrants, holding other views, into another. Grotius did his best to find some common ground upon which these two groups might be brought to agreement. He probably did not realize the depth to which a nation can be stirred over theological questions nor the hatred which in those days of religious intolerance would come to sway the minds of men, and especially kings and princes. Prince Maurice, in his earlier activities, had advanced the interests of Grotius to such an extent as to engender the deepest jealousy against him. These enemies were not slow, when Grotius could not heal the breech between the two factions, and had joined the Remonstrants and sided with Barneveldt, in carrying tales to Prince Maurice. This brought about an estrangement between them which was never healed. In the meantime this religious controversy was separating families, rendering orderly government practically impossible, and giving every indication that a religious war was at hand.

Grotius continued his efforts toward peace, and with a delegation went to Utrecht, but with results disastrous to himself. During the secret council there Prince Maurice, now stadtholder, appeared, and was to Grotius an unwelcome guest. After taking part in these deliberations, the prince a few days later took military possession of the town and from that moment Grotius' life was in danger.

On August 29, 1618, he was arrested, placed under heavy guard and every effort was made to prevent his escape. Both Barneveldt and Counsellor Hoogerbeets had been arrested in the same way. This was all part of a prearranged plan of Prince Maurice to destroy entirely the influence of those who had opposed him. The Prince's greatest anger was displayed in his treatment of Barneveldt, then an old man, who soon after his arrest was beheaded without trial. A short time later word was conveyed to Grotius of his fate. He was to be imprisoned for life and all of his property confiscated! The place of imprisonment was to be in the fortress of Louvestein, near Gorcum, to which place he was conveyed on June 5, 1619.

Grotius was then only thirty-six years of age, and there was nothing before him but lifelong captivity. The journey to his prison was made at night. To make his sentence as humiliating and as heart-rending as possible, permission was refused his wife to accompany him. Even his brother was denied the same privilege, and Grotius made the journey without a friend in the party other than Hoogerbeets, his associate, whose sentence was the same as his own.

The fortress of Louvestein is situated at a point where the Meuse and Waal meet, and is said to have been constructed by the Normans in the year A. D. 836. Grotius was kept here for some time alone, but finally the states-general granted permission to Madame Grotius to take up her residence in Louvestein and finally to join her husband in the prison.

His Remarkable Escape

THE town of Gorcum is situated nearly two miles down the Waal and at the time when Grotius was imprisoned there one of its leading citizens was Adrian Daatselaer, a ribbon and thread merchant, and between his wife and the wife of Grotius grew an intimate friendship. By arrangement, books from Daatselaer's library were brought to the prison, being conveyed in a large chest. At first the commander of the prison opened this each time that it was brought into Grotius' quarters.

Madame Grotius finally observed that vigilance in this regard had been permitted to relax. To the mind of this keen-witted woman there came, almost as a vision, a possible way for effecting her husband's escape. Grotius was to be locked in the chest in place of the books and carried to freedom, if the plan worked, by the very men whose duty it was to detain him. Madame Grotius' scheme was contrived with the utmost care.

It was found by actually placing Grotius in the chest that the plan was feasible. To test whether he could breathe while so inclosed, he actually remained in the chest while an hourglass ran out twice. If the journey could be made to Gorcum in less than this time the plan might work! The next step was to prepare a few good friends at Gorcum for the reception of such an unexpected guest. Madame Grotius began with Madame Daatselaer and found in her a safe ally. Elsje van Houeening, a girl of twenty, had become the maidservant of Grotius' family and was quartered with them in the prison, but permitted to go and come as she chose. Her mistress gave her the details of the scheme, brought to her attention the hazards that surrounded it, and found in her a trustworthy, willing, and courageous assistant. Madame Grotius' next step was to obtain permission to remove the chest from the prison and in place of consulting Lieutenant Deventer, gained the consent of his wife.

At dawn on Monday, March 22, 1621, Grotius prayed for an hour that God might bless his attempt to escape. A couple of hours later he entered the chest clothed only in scanty apparel, and wedged in so tightly that he could scarcely stir. His wife adjusted the lid and, turning the key, gave instructions that the chest should be removed and sent on its way accompanied by Elsje van Houeening.

There were many anxious moments before the box reached the home of the Daatselaers, and after remaining there a short time Grotius made his way to Antwerp and was concealed in the house of a friend until he could finally journey safely to Paris. This he undertook on April 3. The following October he was joined by his wife and not long afterward Louis XIII conferred a pension upon him.

About two years later he began the preparation of his great work on international law which, as we have seen, he finished the next year, and which was published in the month of March, 1625. It has always been a source of astonishment to his biographers that a work requiring such immense reading should have been completed, in the style in which it was, in so short a space of time. Grotius is said never to have received any profit from his book, but it brought such wide reputation—a reputation such as no other legal treatise has ever enjoyed—that he was compensated for his masterly effort far beyond material reward.

One of the great hopes of Grotius' life had been that the success of his writing would mean his being recalled to Holland and being re-established in the service of his native country, but the same influences which had caused his downfall and his imprisonment rendered his efforts in this direction futile, and he was compelled, by reason of his modest circumstances, to seek an outlet for his skill and learning.

This finally came from Sweden in the form of an invitation to become the ambassador of that country to France. This position he filled for some time with distinction, despite the efforts of Richelieu who especially disliked him. In 1645, at his own request, Grotius was recalled and was received with honors at Stockholm. He was not happy there and soon sought and obtained permission to leave for France. A storm drove the ship, in which he was sailing, upon the coast near Dantzig. He was then ill, and died on August 29 of the same year.

British Labor's Rough Passage in Political Sea

Ramsay MacDonald's Skill as Pilot Severely Taxed to Avoid Disaster

By W. P. CROZIER

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S Labor government, with the backers of Free Trade behind it, may come through safely, but no one believes that its life will be prolonged. There are some who think that both the Conservative and the Liberal parties deliberately put Labor in office that it might suffer shipwreck, after having first presented to the country and to its own supporters a spectacle of weakness and indecision which would result in its overthrow by a resentful electorate when the next appeal to the country is made. Politics is largely tactics. The tacticians had certainly some such hopes in mind and at the moment they have ground for satisfaction.

It was inevitable that when the Labor party accepted office, although in a minority in the House of Commons, it should gravely disappoint the expectations it had raised. On the platform the Labor party had presented itself as something different from and better than both of the older parties. To Labor a Liberal was no better than a Tory; indeed he was considerably worse because he represented himself to be as good an idealist as a Labor man. Labor intended to change the face of society, to institute the public ownership of the public services to begin with (like the mines and railways) and all other industries afterward, to enforce a levy on all capital and to abolish unemployment. Labor proclaimed that it alone had an immediate and decisive remedy for the ills from which the masses of the people suffer.

Steering a Middle Course

LABOR in office speedily proved to be different from Labor on the platform. In composition the ministry was found to bear an uncommon resemblance in many respects to our conventional middle-class governments. It includes peers like Lord Chelmsford, who had always been supposed to be a Tory; Lord Arnold, who used to be a wealthy stockbroker in Manchester, and Lord Haldane, who is a convinced Imperialist and was suspect even of the bulk of the Liberal party because he was one of the leaders of the Liberal Imperialist revolt against that good Liberal Campbell-Bannerman at the time of the Boer War. Then it appeared that in spite of the protests of Tom Johnston and the Glasgow Socialists, all these Labor ministers intended to take their full salaries as ministers of the Crown. There is no reason, from the Liberal and Tory point of view, why they should not but it is felt to be difficult, all the same, for Labor ministers to pose on every platform as the peculiar champions of the poor and downtrodden against the older parties and then to draw their £5,000 a year. Similarly, although it is right and proper that Labor ministers should attend the king's levees at court in full dress, thereby demonstrating that they are a national and constitutional party, it is conceivable that many of their supporters in the slums are asking whether it was equally necessary that they should dress their sons up in a court "rig-out" and send them, too, to the levees. The upshot is that in the next electoral campaign Labor will find it difficult to maintain the old pose of superiority over Liberals and Tories whereby they suggested that they were the spiritual inheritors of apostolic poverty and holiness while all their opponents were capitalistic oppressors arrayed in purple and fine linen.

Labor—regarded as an unruly elephant between the two tame animals—began quite well. It recognized what it could and could not do. Socialistic schemes and the levy on capital disappeared from its immediate program. Tactically, this was a score for Labor's opponents. Labor's battle cry had been that by these measures it would abolish poverty and that it would have no truck with its opponents, and here it was to be seen accepting the support and co-operation of the Liberals and jettisoning the very policy by which alone it had declared the country could be saved. It was exposed to the gibes of the ex-Premier Baldwin, who challenged it in the House: "You would not have my remedy for unemployment, which was Protection. You said you had a remedy of your own—produce it now!"

Labor, of course, between the two tame elephants, can produce no bold and characteristic measure of its own. It can, however, carry out a number of useful improvements in social policy—things which will make brighter the lot of the working classes, and that it has been doing. But at any drastic step it is liable to be pulled up sharp, with a consequent loss of prestige and popularity. Its inexperience is a great weakness to it, especially when it is pushed by its Left wing, the Glasgow Socialists, into extreme proposals of which it cannot foresee the consequences. The older parties have always at their disposal wary and astute advisers. They take their time in framing their proposals, that, when made public, they may be water-tight. Labor sometimes rushes in impetuously, not seeing whither it is being led, and the result is catastrophe. Of this the question of the eviction of the unemployed from their homes has just furnished a striking illustration.

Mr. Wheatley, who is regarded as the leader of the Glasgow men, introduced a bill whose first clause laid it down that a man who could not pay his rent because he was unemployed should not be liable to eviction by his landlord from his house. This meant that the landlords were to be singled out from all other classes; they were to go without their rent; they were to support the unemployed in a way no other class was asked to do. Of course the clause could not stand. There was an immediate outcry and behold! in the very speech in which Mr. Wheatley introduced this measure he announced that it was not intended that the landlords should foot the bill. But who, then, was to pay the rent? Mr. Wheatley did not know and could not say. The government did not know because the government had not considered the question. It is now admitted that the bill had been drawn up in haste and without any thought of its implications. This question of evictions for nonpayment of rent is largely a Glasgow matter and, so far as can be discovered, Mr. Wheatley and his Glasgow friends had hurriedly drawn up a clause prohibiting evictions and thought no more about the matter. Probably the unfortunate prime minister, who is worked to death with foreign policy, had never seen the clause at all.

But the government now had to decide upon a policy. J. R. Clynes, a trade union leader without much grip or drive, announced that the landlord's rent would be provided out of the poor rates. (In some districts in England the Poor Law Guardians already make an allowance to the destitute for the payment of rent.) The Glasgow Socialists were furious, for this meant that heavy expense would fall on the actual district where the unemployment was. They revolted and Mr. Clynes, finding his position precarious, surrendered and declared that the money would be found out of state taxes; the state treasury would reimburse the Poor Law Guardians. But there was yet a fourth change of front, for when the government, after some days, came to explain its intentions to the House of Commons, it failed to make clear who would find the money for the landlord or even that the unemployed tenant would be adequately protected; it only said that before a man was evicted he must have had an adequate opportunity of appealing to the Poor Law for assistance. On this a majority of the House of Commons threw out the bill. The whole episode is a remarkable evidence of the inexperience and thoughtlessness of a party new to office. The meaning of the original clause has never been thrashed out. The government and its advisers had never realized how serious a thing it was either to deprive the landlord class of the rents to which it was justly entitled, or to lay it down that the landlord class should be guaranteed its rents from the local rates or national taxation. These are very important questions of principle and they cannot be dealt with casually by any government. The Labor party, in a word, has to learn its lesson. On a long view, it will probably have cause to be grateful for its harassing period of office. This spell of authority is likely to be short, but when it comes again to power it will be much better equipped to grapple with the older parties.

The Armament Difficulty

THE problem which, apart from the rents question, has given the Labor government most trouble, is that of armaments. The majority of the Labor party members are strong pacifists. Some of them are conscientious objectors, and they have almost all assailed the Liberal and Conservative governments of the past for keeping up the armaments of the country. Now they themselves are responsible for the country's defenses and they find themselves embarrassed. The Under-Secretary for the Air has combined his defense of the expenditure on air defenses with the bluntest pacifist doctrine. There is no harm in that, but the defense of the government's decision to build five new cruisers has been remarkable. It was defended on the ground that the building of the cruisers would relieve unemployment in the dockyards. A member for a constituency famous for its chemical works at once suggested that poison gas ought to be manufactured to relieve the unemployment in his district. The Labor government, which has bitterly denounced armaments as unproductive expenditure calculated to cause bad blood and national competition and ultimately war, can justify its action in building more warships on almost any ground except the relief of unemployment, but certainly not on that.

In spite, however, of some weaknesses and inconsistencies, practically no one desires the fall of the Labor government and the confusion of a fresh election, which might simply repeat the verdict of the last one. For one thing, there is a strong desire that Mr. MacDonald should have time to try his hand at solving the terrible European problem, whether we call it by the name of reparations or French security or something else. Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Baldwin have all tried their hand at it and all have failed. Most Liberals, certainly, will heartily support MacDonald in his attempt both to maintain friendship with France and to settle the quarrel which, if it is not settled, will involve Europe in a new war. The triumph of the Left Bloc parties in the French elections, and the consequent resignation of Premier Poincare may further the British Premier's aspirations in this direction.

Another Serious Danger

MOST Liberals also, and many Conservatives, believe that there is much useful work at home in the bettering of Labor conditions that this government can do if it will be content to remember that it is a minority government and to march prudently. The danger is that the Socialists of the Left will drive the government into such extreme measures (like that relating to the unemployed tenants) that the other two parties will put them out of office.

The government has another serious danger to face and that is the growing epidemic of strikes. There is no doubt that in various industries the workers thought that under a Labor government their opportunity had come. Strikes have been called and the strikers have done well; the employers have given way substantially. That led to other strikes and in many instances the strikers have it in their power to "hold up" the public—railways, trams and so forth—and by that means obtain what they demand. Consequently they are better paid than the more skilled men who, like the engineers, can be paid only according to the earnings of their industry, and as a consequence the engineers and other skilled artisans are furiously discontented. Thus the Labor government is threatened on every hand—by the ardent Socialists who are at loggerheads with the moderate Trade Unionists, by the Conservatives, by part of the Liberals, and by the industrial unrest. Their best friends think that this experimental period of office is a most useful training period and they hope that it will last long. They hope so but they do not think so.

Tag, Your It, Mr. Taxpayer

"IF YOUR town goes broke, as so many of them in Ohio are going just now, use the ever-popular method of a drive for funds." This is the advice of Franklin, Ohio, a village just north of Middletown in the southwestern part of the state, and known as the home of the Miami Valley Chautauqua.

Franklin, like other cities and large villages, suffered from the bond malady; it required most of her income for the redemption of maturing bonds and interest.

Early in April there was about $50 in the treasury to meet expenses for the next six months and to pay outstanding bills for $1,400, and by no possible means of computation could the city officials see a way to make $50 into a hundred times that much.

Many had foreseen this crisis in the finances of the town and had been discussing means of meeting it, but no method to raise the money legally could be devised, so some one hit upon the idea of a mass meeting of citizens to talk over the matter.

Arthur Bryant, city solicitor, explained the situation in detail, blaming the state tax laws, damage done by the flood of 1913, and the constitution adopted in 1912. He also stressed the fact that bonds had been issued in previous years without provision being made to pay them when due, compelling Franklin to pay for horses used for many years or long since dead.

A suggestion was made that a campaign for funds, $5,000 being required, be carried on, similar to a drive for Red Cross or Community Chest. The suggestion was heartily approved, and S. S. Tibbals was made chairman of the committee to conduct the drive.

It was completed early in May and $6,000, payable in monthly installments, was obtained.

So today Franklin has its police department, its fire department, and its electric lighting.

And the people who were taxed once to pay for these submitted to another voluntary tax rather than do without them.

What the Northwest Farmer Thinks of His Job

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taking some heavy losses from the bankrupt wheat farmers."

Turning now to South Dakota, we have a very wise and very bright exposition of the virtues of diversified farming from a farmer's wife in McCook County—and let me tell you that farm women in the Northwest know just as much about farming as their husbands do. Many of them practice it, too. Here is what this correspondent wrote:

"To be a prosperous farmer, one must practice diversified farming; grow a year-round supply of food for the family; then grow plenty of feed for livestock, and have good livestock to eat it; and if possible have something to sell every week of the year. This is just good business, or in other words, just 'good common sense.'

"If we do this, we can pay off our debts, and pay cash for the things we buy, and have money in the bank. If we do this, hard times cannot cripple us, or lead us into bankruptcy. The farmer who buys all his living, and the farmer who has something to sell only once or twice a year, will be hard up, 'hurt' or 'sore' about nine-tenths of the time, and will never be a successful farmer.

"Our successful farmers—the ones who stay in business—are the ones who first look after the home-grown food supply. These are the farmers who will have a bank account. The farmer who doesn't look after it will have a store account.

"It makes no difference where we farm, we are not safe unless we grow enough crops and manage the farm so our work is distributed throughout the entire year. If we have something to sell every week, we will be boosters for ourselves. We can keep out of discouraging debt; we can look anybody in the eye; we'll think more of ourselves; we'll be regular folks with a factory running every day in the week."

This, too, from Grant County, South Dakota, supports the diversified-farming plan—and tells of some very common failings of farmers all over the Northwest:

"Our community, at large, is very inefficient in proper handling of hogs. We have only a few hog houses, and only one or two of these are modern in any respect. We must have better equipment for hogs, as they are the main source of the up-to-date farmer's income here.

"We need more producing dairy cows and the elimination of the 'boarder' type cow that does not pay a profit. We need a cow-testing association in order to weed out our non-producers, and keep and buy only those that will produce a profit for us.

"As a community we need more co-operation. We need more community organizations to get the farmers together, not only socially, but to discuss the various phases of farming, the marketing of our products and care of our livestock. We need more co-operation with our county agent, county club leader, and the extension department of our state agricultural college. The sooner farmers will make use of these departments of agriculture, the sooner they will be headed toward more efficient farming methods.

"We need standardization of farm produce. We must grade our products and, if we have No. 1 grade, demand a No. 1 price for it, in place of a flat rate paid for all grades. To do this we must become more efficient in handling our produce, and there must be enough of us producing high-quality produce to demand No. 1 prices.

"There are a few farmers, who have not started diversified farming to any great extent, who still believe wheat is their only salvation. The past several years have proved to me that wheat farming is a thing of the past in this section. The corn crop is the one crop that is most dependable now.

"We must rotate our crops and put in more clover and alfalfa. In our community sweet clover leads as a land-builder and also as a cash seed crop. There are but few farmers who plan a rotation program, which should be done to rebuild our soil for greater production.

"More farmers need to quit burning their straw piles, and allow them to rot and haul them back on the land again. These farmers are taking everything off the land and putting nothing back. In this way they run the land down, and wonder why it won't produce."

Credit for Stock-Buying

REAL suggestions on credit, good farming and taxes are contained in the following letter from a farmer's wife in Potter County, out by the Missouri River, South Dakota:

"I do not believe there would be nearly so many farmers going bankrupt and broke if credit would be given so they might buy livestock and other things that would grow into money, instead of things that keep decreasing in value. Farming is just like any other business; if one is going to make a success of it, he has to stay on the job, and use his eyes and brains, and work hard.

"It is the farmers who are not loafing on their jobs, the farmers who do general farming, have eggs and cream checks to pay for their living expenses—leaving the proceeds of cattle, grain and hogs for improvements, for paying taxes, and buying labor-saving equipment for themselves and their families—who are holding their own and enjoying life these hard times.

"It is the opposite kind of farmers who are worrying their heads off about interest and debts, or complaining about not having any 'luck' and the banks not loaning them any money.

"This county could do with less taxes, if they would encourage honest, conscientious men and women to run for office, and insist on having that kind, instead of so many irresponsible, lazy ones who are looking for a snap. We should also discourage those who have other business and run their offices by hiring deputies to do their work. I do not believe it is improvements in the county that are bringing taxes up so high, so much as the waste and graft that go along with them."

Our last port of call is Montana, from which state one letter will be quoted. It came from Richland County, in the extreme eastern part of the state, and one of the best sections in Montana. After beginning his letter with the statement, "We own a 680-acre farm, and by this I mean it belongs to us," this writer goes on to say:

"I think the greatest room for improvement among farmers around here is in more co-operation in the buying of better livestock sires and also in some labor-saving machinery. I own a corn binder, header, silage cutter, and threshing machine in partnership with different ones of my neighbors.

"While I am a believer in diversified farming, I don't believe in any one farm trying to raise everything there is. Better confine ourselves to a few things, and do a better job of that.

"I think Henry Ford is right about our marketing. We are still in the primer when it comes to marketing our crops.

"While our farm the last few years is not paying us for our work and interest on our investment, we have had no trouble in keeping out of debt, and last year we bought a new 'buzz-wagon,' and this winter we bought a brand new radio set which makes lots of entertainment for us these long winter evenings.

"We have overcome the greater portion of the difficulties and problems which we had to solve at the time of making settlement in this country, although it will cost us our homes and fourteen years of hard labor if we have to move away, which most of the farmers are doing at this time. The other fellow will get the benefit of our experience.

"If we ever hope to improve our farming methods and living conditions out here, we must have a high tariff on our wheat, so as to shut out competition. We must adopt a marketing system that is more direct and simplified, so as to cut down handling charges. We must have an export corporation to handle the surplus and advance the price of wheat, so that its buying power will be on an equal basis with the commodities which we have to buy. The Federal Land Bank should take over at a cheaper rate of interest the securities now held by the loan companies against the wheat growers. We need loans with the privilege of paying all or any part at any time.

"We can't all raise stock on a large scale."

Are You a "Mooch"?—Here Is Your Number

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through high-pressure stock-selling campaigns always spend their new capital recklessly and soon find themselves in straits, even if they had good intentions. They have to pay a ruinous price for such capital in the way of dividends and underwriter's discounts. While Ohio laws limit the promoter's commissions to fifteen per cent, this can usually be evaded without detection.

Even when the management of a company markets its own securities through its own high-pressure staff and starts out with good intentions and high ambitions, extravagance always seems to bring their house down in ruins.

Josiah Kirby and his Cleveland Discount Company is a case in point. This man came to Cleveland in 1912 with $5.25 and ten years later had the second largest mortgage company in the world. He was a wonderful salesman whose ability did not seem to extend into the loaning field.

Kirby did not employ the extreme type that has been dwelt upon. He picked men of good standing such as hustling clergymen, bank tellers, and so on, paid them well and treated them royally. He is said to have given his selling staff fifty motor cars in one season. A special train party to California was another expense item.

Kirby once gave his men an exhibition of super-salesmanship. He asked those at a salesmen's convention to repeat the worst things they had heard about the company or its head. One man reluctantly repeated the caustic remarks of a Cleveland business man. Kirby adjourned the meeting for a couple of hours, went out and called upon the man and returned to the next session with a check for ten thousand dollars for stock in the company. He put over six million dollars in a fine twenty-story building. At that, Kirby is far from being the worst type of promoter.

Punishment of fake stock promoters after the public has been fleeced and the money dissipated always impresses one as a sort of bootless performance, although well merited. The president and secretary of the Dollings company have been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for using the mails to defraud. The directors of the American Finance Company are being sued for nine hundred thousand dollars, since many of them are men of means. The Hawkins Mortgage Company is being considered by Federal authorities.

However, the proper protection of the public requires that exploitation be stopped at the source before the public's money is obtained. Beck has shown that without these squads of high-pressure salesmen the present traffic cannot flourish.

The faulty attitude of almost everyone toward profiting through interest instead of productive effort is at the bottom of the whole system that impels everyone to take risks in stock and bond selling. Take the chattel mortgage and so-called finance companies which offer stock paying high dividends. Beck is of the opinion that it is almost impossible for one of these companies to fail if honestly and fairly well managed, since they take such a heavy toll from their customers. On the other hand, the excessive interest charged borrowers makes these companies a social nuisance. They impose an unfair burden upon people who are tempted to borrow instead of working and saving.

When the world learns that interest is something that destroys, these temptations will cease to exist.

Gobel Was Creator of Hot-Dog Habit

ADOLPH GOBEL, who died in Brooklyn the other day, would doubtless have been immortalized by Brillat Savarin if the famous Frenchman who wrote so wittily of the table had known him. For Gobel was the leading personage in creating the great American "hot-dog" habit.

The hot-dog business, be it said, is no slight item in the public service of food. It takes rank on its own account. Gobel's concern alone was said to be turning out more than one hundred and fifty tons of frankfurters every week, as well as other products and additional capacity was being provided.

The importance of Gobel's plant was that from the beginning its frankfurters set the pace for high quality and popularity. All the art and science available in the packing business were concentrated upon this small specialty by the astute Gobel. The patron of the sidewalk stand was given the same perfection as the diner in the Ritz. It paid well because the custom of the general public is always more profitable than of the so-called luxury class.

It is said that more than thirty thousand hot dogs are served at the Polo Grounds on a Sunday or holiday. During a six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden more than sixty thousand hot dogs were sold to the audience. A concessionaire at Coney Island serves more than two tons of hot dogs every Sunday. Suburban dealers who specialize in the automobile trade often sell upward of fifteen hundred daily during the week-end and on holidays with satisfactory week-day demand.

This extraordinary demand for hot dogs has become national. They are the mainstay of more and more quick service lunch rooms and concessionaires at outing and amusement places. Mr. Gobel started something by giving the public a quality product in highly appetizing form.

At ten cents each there is a handsome profit in hot-dog stands doing a volume business. It is said that thanks to the standard set by Gobel only those serving the best can retain a good, steady trade. The generous serving of mustard, almost costless per portion, is an important element in pleasing the patron and causing him to ask for more hot dogs.

This German immigrant, Gobel, who came to America forty-four years ago at the age of sixteen, well deserved the fortune and good name that came to him in the packing industry and provision trade. He put the manufacture of what was regarded as a negligible item on such a high basis that the American public became his patron. While others imitated him, the name of the master was respected by everyone. His success is evidence that it pays manufacturers and business men to treat the public right, no matter how small or unimportant the thing may seem to be.

Jews Oppose Bible in Public Schools

THE supreme court of the sovereign state of California, having decided that the Bible is a fit book to be placed in the libraries of the public schools, the Jews of that state, led by Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, of Temple Sinai, Oakland, have started widespread opposition to the keeping of the Book of books where American children in American public schools may have the opportunity of reading it. The supreme court decision came up from the superior court of Fresno County, on appeal, in a suit in which the trustees of a school district were served with a restraining order forbidding the placing of twelve copies of the Bible in a high school library.

The supreme court, in its decision, declares the King James Version of the Bible to be non-sectarian, and adds:

"We do not assume to decide the comparative merits of the King James or the Douay versions of the Bible, but both are eligible to a place on the shelves of our public school libraries for reference purposes, as well as copies of the Talmud, Koran, and the teachings of Confucius."

This means that public libraries, as well as school libraries, now may keep the Bible as a reference work, along with the Jewish Talmud, the Mohammedan Koran and the Books of Confucius. This seems to be satisfactory to the Mohammedans and to the Chinese, but the Jews refuse to allow even the supreme court to permit American school children to read the Christian version of the Bible. Rabbi Coffee issued his protest against the decision of the supreme court from the pulpit of his synagogue.

In the face of Rabbi Coffee's rush to ostracize the Bible from the public schools, it will be noted that the supreme court decision is not concerned with the *teaching* of the Bible, but solely with its use as a reference book; that the Talmud (the Jewish Holy Book) is given as full rights in the school library as the Bible, and that the King James Version is indicated simply because it is the one most widely in use, most commonly read and most easily obtainable. These points in the decision take away all basis for the rabbi's protest, and leave him merely demanding that the Christian Bible be excluded entirely from the schools.

This Jewish effort to prevent Christian children from coming into contact with their own Bible in the schools of a Christian nation, brought an answer from several ministers.

International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Photographing Sound Waves

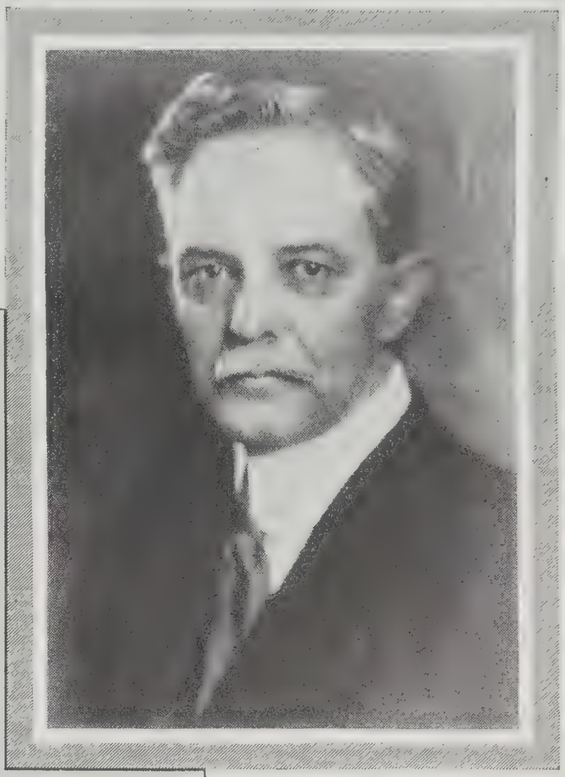
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER (1788-1860) in his great work, "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*" (1819), discussed the manner in which the *will* expresses itself. For Schopenhauer the most sublime expression of the *will* is found in art. Of all the arts, music is the most expressive of the nature of the *will*. In music the *will* truly manifests itself as the mysterious cosmic traveler who wanders forth, strives, struggles passionately, changes, and returns only once more to begin its eternal onward motion. The symphony of life is composed about the *will* as the *keynote* or *tonic* and to that it returns in the great climax, death, the sublime awakening. Schopenhauer regards the *will* as the very essence of the *soul* and music is its most perfect expression. In music we hear the eternal striving and restlessness of the soul and in its onward surge Schopenhauer finds the answer to the question—*What art Thou?*

Science deals with that which is determinate and describable in terms of those specific uniformities which we call natural laws. The capricious, restless movement of the *spirit of music* is expressive of *creative freedom*. Can science subject this unfettered activity to mathematical scrutiny and make it an object of precise physical observation? In a measure this can be accomplished insofar as the physical results of this free expression permit. The vehicle of this creative and free expression is matter, deterministically responsive to all the moods of the untrammeled spirit of music. The material phase of music is subject to physical law and mathematical interpretation. Through the law-ordained vibrations of material particles capricious music appears in precise mathematical garments. The writer recalls with exceptional pleasure the reading of H. L. F. Von Helmholtz' wonderful work "Sensations of Tone," first published in 1863. Helmholtz reflects the thoughts of Schopenhauer in his statement: "Music alone finds an infinitely rich but totally shapeless plastic material in the tones of the human voice and artificial musical instruments, which must be shaped on purely artistic principles, unfettered by any reference to utility as in architecture, or in the imitation of nature as in painting, or the existing symbolical meaning of sounds as in poetry."

In his remarkable presidential address entitled "Mathematicians and Music," Dr. R. C. Archibald, professor of mathematics at Brown University, discussed the contributions of ancient and modern mathematicians to the science of music. This highly important contribution was published in the January number (1924) of the *American Mathematical Monthly*. In this article Professor Archibald analyzes the nature of the mathematical theories of music advanced by such great men of antiquity as Pythagoras, Euclid, Aristotle, and Aristoxenus. Archibald states that Aristoxenus was the most noted of all the musical theorists of antiquity. He is accredited with the writing of four hundred fifty-three works on the theory of music.

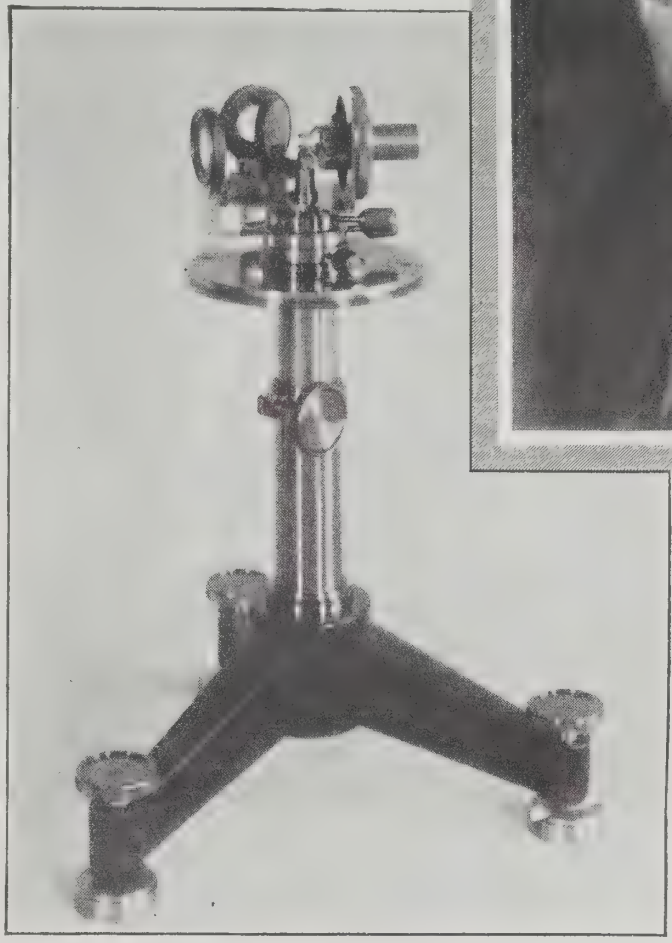
American science has made particularly noteworthy contributions to the study of musical sounds and the tone qualities of musical instruments. In a very large measure the credit for this highly important work is due to Dr. Dayton C. Miller, professor of physics, Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio. Although Dr. Miller is recognized as one of the world's most eminent authorities on this subject his other scientific achievements are of such exceptional importance that his position in modern science is uniquely established independently of this particular contribution. Professor Miller's careful interferometer investigations are of extraordinary significance at this time because of their bearing upon Einstein's theory of relativity. Personally, Dr. Miller eminently represents those characteristics of modesty, sincerity, and perserverance in the fearless search for truth which we associate with the highest type of the scientific idealist. He is the author of "The Science of Musical Sounds," and many other notable works on this subject.

The Phonodeik, invented by Professor Miller, is an instrument which photographically records sound waves. It is responsive to ten thousand complete vibrations a second. A motion of one-thousandth of an inch is magnified twenty-five hundred times on the photographic record by means of a minute rotating mirror whose rotation is proportional to the motion imparted by the sound waves to a highly sensitive receiving glass diaphragm. The sound waves are then visible upon an exhibition screen.

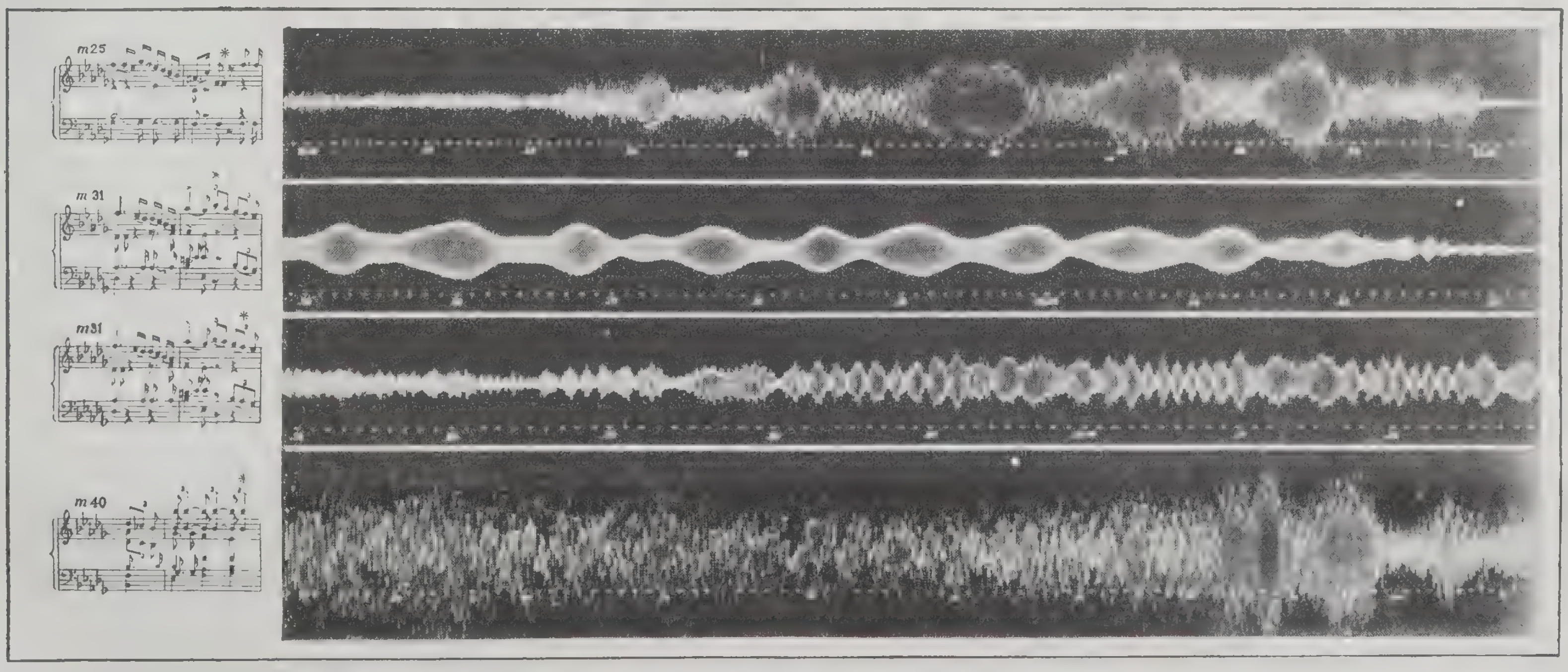


DR. DAYTON C. MILLER,

Professor of physics, Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio; one of the world's foremost authorities on the subject of sound.



The Miller Phonodeik was invented by Dr. Dayton C. Miller for the purpose of photographing sound waves.



These photographs, made by the Miller Phonodeik, represent small portions of the sound waves created by a phonograph when it reproduces the immortal "Sextette" from Donizetti's soul-stirring composition "Lucia di Lammermoor," as sung by six famous singers with orchestral accompaniment. The parts of the music recorded in the photographs are indicated by asterisks over the excerpts from the score. The small distances between the dots correspond to time periods of one-hundredth of a second. On this basis one thousand feet are required to record the entire selection. Caruso's singing of the syllable "*chi*" created the wider portions of the upper picture. Tetrazzini's slight *tremolo* of high B-flat is depicted in the second photograph. Amato, the baritone, together with soprano voices, singing softly, are shown in the third illustration. Six solo voices singing loudly produced the fourth record.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Tradesmen's employes in Japan wear their employers' trade-mark on the backs of their coats.

The redbirds and bluebirds of Bermuda are so thick that it is necessary for those playing golf to shoo the birds off the green before putting.

Deep-water sailing ships in the old days were often beached to have their hulls cleaned of barnacles and weeds. This was called careening. It was done by scraping and burning; the fires kindled underneath a ship for this purpose were called breaming fires.

Although man has used the eagle as the symbol of strength, there are many species of seabirds that can play with a tempest that would drive the eagle to earth. Vultures in height and swallows in endurance exceed the eagle and comparing bulk for bulk the humming bird is a much more wonderful flyer.

About 312 B. C., Caesar Appius Claudius built the Appian Way. This great three hundred and fifty mile thoroughfare stretches out almost in a direct line from the walls of Rome in a southerly direction to Brundusium. Today, as in the days of ancient Rome, heavy oxen draw great loads of produce along this ancient road.

Among those elected to the new French Chamber is an Alsatian Communist who does not know a word of French and who proposes to speak in German from the tribune of the French Chamber. He was a sergeant in the Prussian artillery but in November, 1919, he publicly accepted French nationality.

The bald eagle of Alaska has a price of one dollar on its head, but fur farmers are confronted by the golden eagle which is not specified in the Bounty Act. The golden eagles will, it is feared, do much destruction among the foxes raised there.

A clock which was twenty-one years old when George Washington was born is still keeping perfect time in Omaha, and besides recording the hours, gives the days of the month, the phases of the moon, and the rise and fall of the tides. It is of the grandfather type.

A campaign is on foot at the Fort Apache Indian Reservation in Arizona to improve the living conditions of the Apache. Of all the American Indians he is the most primitive. It is probable that a number of modern houses will be erected in the coming summer.

Rare and beautiful jewels and other Hawaiian relics, which belonged to the late Queen Lydia Liliuokalani, are to be sold by public auction in Honolulu.

Live fish and shellfish, similar to those inhabiting the lakes of Palestine, have been found by artesian well borers at depths of 200 feet and 300 feet beneath the burning sands of the Sahara Desert.

One of the richest and finest of brown paints is manufactured from mummies. The paint is made by grinding the bones of the mummies with the bitumen with which they were embalmed.

Rabbits cost Australia $125,000,000 a year by eating pasturage which otherwise would feed 30,000,000 sheep.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

In 1670 a Dutch writer said that tea was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay water, and another remarked that "the progress of this famous plant had been something like the progress of truth—suspected at first, but very palatable to those who have the courage to taste it."

On the village green at Tilford, where Mr. Snowden, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer lives, there is a tree called the King's Oak, which is mentioned as a landmark in the royal charter establishing Waverley Abbey in 1129.

The late Marie Corelli on being asked why she never married said: "There is no need, for I have three pets at home which answer the same purpose as a husband—a dog which growls every morning, a parrot which swears all the afternoon, and a cat which comes home late at night."

The fourth centenary of the introduction of cocoa into Europe is being celebrated in June.

In the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, and the New Hebrides, cannibalism is still practised in the uplands of the interior.

The walls of Babylon resisted "the gnawing tooth of time" and the battering rams of Cyrus, because the mortar used was mixed with bitumen. This bitumen is the "slime" mentioned in the Bible as being used for the Tower of Babel.

Forty wood mice, eight young grouse, and an owl were found fast on a roadbed in British Columbia one morning by workmen repairing the roadway. The wild creatures had been trapped in the oiled surface which the sun had warmed to a consistency of very thick molasses.

Confucius lies buried in a graveyard in Chufu, Shantung, his home. There his descendants, the clan of K'ung, still live. The head of the clan, Duke K'ung, as well as the water-carriers in the streets, if they be of the K'ung family, are equally entitled after death to lie within the red walls inclosing the burial-place of the great philosopher.

There is excellent trout fishing in India in the upper reaches of the highland rivers. There are also trout in Ceylon, in the Nilgiris of Southern India, in the foothills of the Punjab and in Kashmir.

In Latvia motion pictures may not be viewed by children under eighteen years of age unless there is a special picture show for children.

Smokestacks from old battleships are being used in Philadelphia for garages.

"It would be a great disgrace to us if, when our language is spreading over the world, we did not do our best to make it as convenient a means as possible for the expression and interchange of ideas. A living language is a growing language, and its growth and development are determined by those who use it in the necessary channels of life."
—*Dr. Robert Bridges.*

Thousands of radio fans heard the notes of the English nightingale radiocast from the depths of a Surrey wood recently. The birds were tempted to sing at the right moment by notes sounded on a cello by a musician seated in the wood. A sensitive microphone and amplifier transmitted the notes to the London station where it was radiocast.

The meeting of Charles H. and Mrs. Ellis, of Westwood, Massachusetts, with Postmaster-General New, at Washington recently, celebrated an unusual centennial anniversary. Mr. Ellis has been postmaster at Westwood forty-four years, his father and grandfather having preceded him in the same office, now in the family for an unbroken period of 100 years.

The old Mansion House at Greenville, South Carolina, is being razed to make room for a new million-dollar twelve-story hotel. It is a landmark of the last century and was the scene, in the seventies, of a great celebration when Wade Hampton was finally elected governor of South Carolina, ending "carpet-bag" rule in that state.

Scientists place the possible posterity of a female fly at nearly four and a half septillions, and if all lived to adult age, there would be no room for any other animate creation. Luckily flies die young.

Sixty varieties of mosquito are bred in New York. They thrive best in old cans and receptacles where water will remain until stagnant. The season is near.

Through the initiative of Sir James Barrie and other prominent men in the world of art and literature, there has been completed at Marlow-on-Thames a beautiful fountain in memory of Charles Frohman. It was at Marlow where he used to spend his holidays.

Sir Gilbert Parker addressing the Royal Society of Literature said: "There is only one test for a novel: First, a well-constructed story, dealing sincerely with human life and character; further it should reveal insight, and should be sane and healthy."

During the months of February and March the total Jewish emigrants from Palestine was not far short of that of the immigrants—611 as against 760—and out of these 611 no fewer than 529 had but recently gone to the Holy Land.

The Westminster coroner recently said: "Ladies who kiss Pekingese and other dogs on the nose and mouth, should know that they are liable to acquire the horrible hydatic cyst (a malignant growth), generally with fatal results."

The original of the "Drumtochty" of Ian Maclaren is the village of Harrietfield, three miles from the town of Crieff in Perthshire.

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The Wet World Abroad—A Brief Review

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The Ricsha Man of China

Phantom of the Blue Grass

Out of the Limelight

When Civilization Tottered

Superlatives in American Sport

Police Chief Discusses Crime

The Old South in a New Role

Poison Gases Turned to Peaceful Use

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Wet World Abroad—A Brief Review

England Drinks Less; Italy Restricts Sale; Five Million Take Dry Stand in Austria; Everywhere It's a Live Issue

By A. R. PINCI

ONE of the favorite protests of the anti-prohibition element of the United States is that abroad—generally meaning Europe—there is no drunkenness and no so-called narcotic problem, because the people are free to drink their favorite beverages as and when they please. This freedom is supposed to be the sure preventive of abnormal appetites of an alcoholic nature.

As a matter of fact, moderate drinking, as it was known in the United States relatively few years ago, is on the wane in Europe. The middle classes are drinking less than ever, voluntarily or because of the prohibitive costs of genuine light wines and beers, notwithstanding that statistically the consumption of such beverages tells some contradictory tales.

Let's see just what is being done by the world in the way of temperance, which is the first step to prohibition, and prohibition itself.

Britain has been drinking less whisky, according to the latest report of the commissioner of customs and excise, than in any year since the war, with the exception of 1918-1919 when production was curtailed.

Poland has moved toward prohibition by the organization of a governmental commission to restrict the liquor traffic, under the general direction of the ministry of health.

Switzerland Has "Local Option"

SWITZERLAND has witnessed the success of a movement—duly approved by the requisite number of voters' signatures—the effect of which is to empower any Swiss canton or commune to prohibit within its territory the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic and distilled liquors.

Austria, by means of fraternal organizations, like the Good Templars and the League of the Cross, has recruited nearly 5,000,000 persons favoring prohibition. President Hainisch, of Austria, is chairman of one or two prohibition organizations.

Italy is beginning to stir after the repeated warnings from the national department of health against alcohol. One of the first acts of the Fascist government was to plan for the restriction of wine and liquor selling establishments—by street blocks and districts—and increase the taxes upon all such beverages. This decision is said to be the cause of some sabotage on the part of a well-organized and well-financed minority whose handiwork, according to latest advices from Italy, is perceivable in internal politics there.

Norway is having a great deal of trouble with prohibition. Prohibition is the major sentiment of the Norwegian population, but foreign countries, with booze to sell, have been endeavoring to coerce that kingdom into buying it, under the operation of tariff and reciprocity treaties.

Sweden held in August, 1922, a referendum regarding an extension of laws, with a view of jumping to total prohibition the somewhat severe regulatory laws on liquor sales, but found, as in the case of Norway, that foreign interference might retard the good work. The measure was lost by a two per cent majority.

Turkey, held up to scorn and diatribe by all those who profess to find un-Christian some conduct for which neighboring Christians are responsible, has a prohibition law which provides that offenders occupying government positions shall forfeit their offices; manufacture, importation and sale of spirituous beverages will mean fines and imprisonment, without appeal from said decisions.

Even South America Is Awake

ICELAND and Finland, economically subjected to wine-exporting nations like Spain and Portugal and France, have been disturbed, with the government endeavoring to compromise under the terms laid down by foreign governments to save the local export fish market, while the prohibition forces are taking the opposing view.

Czecho-Slovakia is booming prohibition. A petition in favor of it was signed in the city of Prague by 750,000 persons, and a semi-official cast is given to the movement by President Masaryk being honorary head.

Russia, whose chaotic conditions can not be properly assayed, found that much vile booze was being surreptitiously made and sold, and according to late advices the limited manufacture of vodka may be (or has just been) authorized, the income from its sale to be devoted to building up the schools. This, of course, seems like robbing Peter to pay Paul, but Russia for the time being faces problems whose solution measures can not be safely assessed from our standpoint.

Germany is said to be wetter, but the beer being sold there, according to experts, is of generally inferior quality, as compared to before the war, so that one increase offsets the other; in addition, much of this consumption, charged, of course, to German statistics, is due to the constant influx of foreigners—Italian, British, French, Swiss, and others—whose drink bills make up a fair total from which the German population must be absolved.

Jumping to South America—and that continent has been advertised as being prohibition-proof, even if the rest of the world is as dry as alkali itself—one finds that Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay, are anything but anti-prohibition advocates. On the authority of Miss Anna Adams Gordon, who visited there as president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, prohibition is "a live issue" there. "Until making this survey of five republics," she observed, "we had not adequately realized how energetically and intelligently leaders in educational, government, church and social reform circles were pushing anti-alcohol propaganda."

According to Dr. Reinhard Strecker, president of the Central Committee for Prohibition in Germany, "the anti-alcoholic movement has developed into a world-wide war against the drinking habit. It had its origin in the military World War, and is one of its few beneficial results that may weigh something against the untold miseries with which it afflicted all mankind."

It may be remembered that when Lady Astor had an amusing tilt with Premier Lloyd George in the House of Commons, the subject under discussion was the matter of housing. The Prime Minister was bragging about the fact that England was doing more toward housing than the United States. "What," he asked, "has America done?"

"Gone dry," retorted Lady Astor.

One-third of Italy's alleged emigration problem can be wiped off overnight by reducing the national wine production and growing more vital foodstuffs. Italy can not hope to consume, not to say drink up, all the wine and special drinks it manufactures. The same must be said of France. In the same category belong Spain and Portugal.

Economic Considerations in Europe

WITH these four wine-producing countries turning out more stuff every year than the world can or cares to absorb, the result of this economic stalemate is evident. France and Italy, especially, have by means of official and diplomatic pressure endeavored to induce the United States to modify its prohibition laws to the extent of permitting a higher alcoholic content than the law now in operation. As the American Government failed to heed the hint, other markets had to be sought. Italy has not figured very prominently in these exports of late, but France, Spain, and Portugal, unable to coerce the United States into a modification of laws to admit the entry of their beverages, did not hesitate to bring pressure upon weaker nations—or nations economically subjected to them—for preferential treatment. England, exporting less liquor, has boosted the price. England has been sending about forty per cent less drink by volume to the United States, but the price went up during the same time 200 per cent! The advantage is all on England's side.

The so-called wine year of France has shown that the 1922 harvest has been the largest in nearly fifty years, falling short by a few million hectoliters of the record of 83,000,000 hectoliters in 1875. French production, therefore, has been about 2,000,000,000 gallons, including the Algerian and Tunisian wine yields.

Spain and Portugal, which have been noted for their exports of port and sherry wines—in reality strong table wines that fail by little of being "high-kick" drinks—in effect if not by scientific alcohol content—have been endeavoring to ease the market for these wines by customs reprisals threats. The Spanish dictum has been that the prohibition laws of certain Nordic nations be altered to admit of importation and consumption of Spanish wines "below twenty-one per cent of alcohol."

Sweden barely prevented a total prohibition law, according to the popular vote of last summer, but as the majority is increasing on the side of the prohibition forces, it is wondered how long the present law will stand. It has been announced that fifty-seven per cent of the women favored prohibition of the manufacture and sale of beverages containing more than two and one-quarter per cent of alcohol, while sixty per cent of the men were against the proposal—a margin that is too unsafe to give the drinking element much hope.

A Question of Wine or Food

IT IS obvious that the true intent of part of Europe in regard to prohibition is obstructed in various ways, which, of course, leads to the presumption that if obstruction on the one hand, and economic compulsion on the other, ceased to operate, the true index of average European prohibition idea would weigh heavily on the latter side.

It is not easy to change countries that for centuries have almost exclusively been devoting themselves to grape-growing and wine-making to substitute production, but there is no doubt that those countries, having failed to keep pace with the constantly increasing divergence between raising of foodstuffs to keep up with the requirements of the population, instead of catering to their drink desires, are now expiating their economic fallacies.

Europeans, especially in the latter countries, declare that their wine production is not regarded for beverage purposes for the population producing it, but that most of it is intended for export, which, in turn, would compensate for other and more vital imports. If this were so, economists of those nations should have prepared for the change, which has not been as sudden as the advent of American prohibition makes it seem.

In the view of the very temperate, officially speaking, Fascist authorities in Italy, the present lopsided situation leads to many interrelated evils, the chief of which is that too much wine in the country means too many retail selling emporiums in the cities and towns, with consequent absorption of drinkables that is regarded as excessive. Less wine would mean more country soil to till for more utilitarian purposes, fewer men (and women) in urban centers, and a general improvement all around.

Where Has the "Good" Wine Gone?

YET the middle classes—the bone and sinew of those nations—drink very little, and diminishingly so. The number of non-drinkers in Latin European nations was never inconsiderable, among those classes. It was always considerable in the Nordic countries. These have outrightly leaned to prohibition, more or less, actual, conditional or future. The Latin countries made little headway in this direction, but the white-collared class is drinking less than ever. The very rich drink their own products and much imported sparkling wine, and the laboring classes can not, of course, by themselves drink up all that is produced in their countries.

To add to the mystery, it is virtually impossible to go into commercial retail shops in any of those countries and obtain pure fermented grape juice, the true wine of former times. There are "cobwebby" bottles, fancy labels, mysterious names, crests and medals—but the wine is generally impossible. In the vulgar shops the fancy trappings are dispensed with, but the wine is no better.

The popular satirical criticism of these wines, from Algeciras to Brindisi, is that it is "made with a stick." Every cartoon and verbal lampoon attests to that. You can go into any of those shops and the average cheerful drinker, after clucking his wine-bathed tongue between cheeks, will laugh to his friends or the waiter or mine host as he remarks that the "taste of the stick" is not bad.

Unless one knows the ropes, or is a favorite customer, or has his supply from the vineyard direct—and the vineyard "salts" its wine by brining it financially—good, "sincere wine," as the Europeans call it, is not easy to get. But where does it go?—hundreds of millions of gallons of it, allowing for depreciation, loss, distillation, export—what becomes of them, if it can not be bought locally?

That's what every European wants to know.

And that is why Latin Europe's better classes are giving up wine. It is a problem to get it good, it is too expensive at present for the average purse. Rather than drink doubtful wine they drink pure water.

Another phase of this European drink problem, which varies with nations, is the bond between alcohol and the state's income. Alcohol, regardless of its beverage cover, is a tax source from the moment it leaves the earth in vegetable form to the moment it is drunk. Every step is a tax. Even the bottle or flask label bears a revenue stamp. To say that the governments, local or national, do not face a fiscal problem in regard to temperance or prohibition is to ignore the very fabric of those governments.

Prohibition and the Drug Habit

IT IS a matter of courage, especially in currency-depreciated countries, to smile officially in favor of the prohibition movement. None admits that it will not be a self-compensating boon in the future, but the problem is with the present.

American anti-prohibition propaganda has it that the growing narcotic habit in the United States is due to the Volstead Act as well as the Eighteenth Amendment. But "stupefying drugs," as the Europeans call them, are being widely used there. The cocaine and heroin traffic in some places—and especially cities—is unbelievable. Jewellers there feature tiny vanity cases for women, and imitation watch lockets for men, for the handy concealment of drugs. Aged men about town say that in certain fashionable places it looks as if the snuff-age had returned—with the constant scenes of inhalations from "thumb-and-index" fingers dipping into these variegated receptacles.

One is not aware that Nordic prohibition countries are actually in the throes of the drug habit. At least, medical authorities have failed to sound the alarm, but the habit is insidiously growing in those countries where prohibition, judging by appearances, would seem impossible. If dry America leads to drugs, who will explain why wet Europe is experiencing the same trouble?

The Ricsha Man of China

He Sees in Every Newcomer an Easy Mark

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

DIRTY, ignorant, naive, and with it all more or less picturesque is the ricsha coolie of China. He is the most popular means of transporting a person from one place to another to be found in the "Middle Kingdom." We could not get along without him, and we can't always get along with him. He is a product of the Orient; please God he may never invade the Occident.

The ricsha coolie is a peculiar chap, holding a philosophy of life all his own. When the day is dark and rainy, and the mud is as slippery as soft soap and as sticky as glue and you need him, often he is not to be found. There comes a day when the air is balmy and spring-like, and the sun shines, and the out-of-door world beckons you for a long walk, and there he is at your side the minute you step outside your own gate. He is at your side and he stays there, trotting along block after block, calling softly, "Ricsha, missie?" as though it were a secret between you and him, until after a time, in sheer desperation, you nod and climb up into his ricsha and wave your hand in the general direction you want to go.

The ricsha coolie has an uncanny sixth sense; he knows at a glance whether he can bully you into paying him too much, or whether you are going to hold him down to the last copper he can justly claim. He has much more respect for you if you do not overpay him. He knows, too, whether you are going to be afraid of him if he does bully you, or if you will be apt to wrap your walking stick around his ears if he tries it.

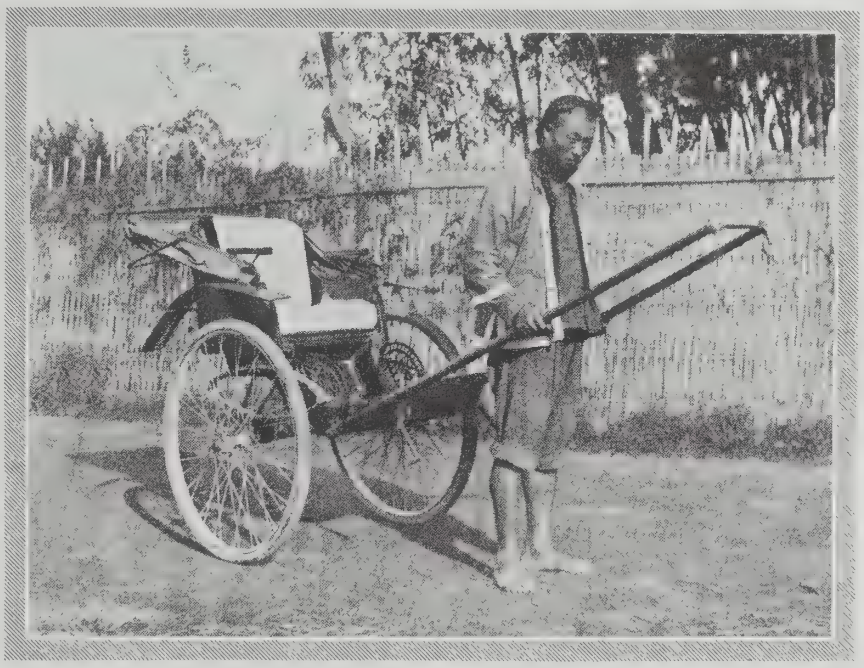
It is said the ricsha coolie originated in Japan; when or where or why I have never been able to discover. The Japanese ricsha coolie is admittedly mentally superior to his Chinese brother, and I am willing to concede that he is far more cunning and crafty and smooth than any Chinese coolie I ever met. One worked a nice little scheme on me and did it so cleverly that I didn't wake up to what had happened till twenty-four hours afterward, and by that time I was halfway across the Inland Sea, one of the beauty spots of the world, and too filled with the wonder and beauty of it to resent the trick. But had a Chinese ricsha coolie tried to work the same game, anyone would have known instantly that something was up, because he would have given it away in the homely honesty of his dirty face.

I had my first ricsha ride in Kobe. I wanted to go to the art section of the Satsuma works, where I could see the native artists decorating the pottery in all its different stages, from the first inlay of color and gold to the last touching up before the final firing. The card which was to introduce me to the master had implicit directions as to how to get there written in both Japanese and English. At the Imperial Hotel they had recommended this particular ricsha coolie as being very bright and absolutely trustworthy. The coolie knew—knew very well, he declared in good English—the place to which I wanted to go, and would take me there and back for a certain number of sen. The bargain was made, I altogether unsuspecting that he was charging me exactly four times the regular fare.

According to the directions, the factory was on the edge of a small forest, surrounded on three sides by wooded hills, and near by a waterfall. This waterfall was one of the beauty spots of Kobe, and close to it stood one of the famous shrines of Japan.

Up one street and down another the swift-footed Mercury flew, occasionally turning his head to grin at me in a reassuring manner. Suddenly, and with a great flourish, the ricsha stopped in front of a stuffy little shop on one of the most crowded streets. There was no waterfall. There was no forest in sight. I saw no shrine. I pointed to the card with its pictured factory, and shook my head. "This is not the place," I said determinedly. The ricsha coolie suddenly could understand no English. I tried to express my thoughts by means of pantomime. I motioned to him to go and find the woods, the waterfall, and the shrine, and incidentally the Satsuma art department. Then with a trusting smile he reached for my hand to help me out of the ricsha. I sat fast. Then he rushed into the shop and brought out a small piece of Satsuma ware. There was no discounting the fact that it was Satsuma, and I was won.

Bowing with the grace of a Lord Chesterfield, and with a deep sweep of his dirty straw hat, I was invited to remove my aged and honorable self from the ricsha and ascend a flight of very unstable-looking stairs to where the "factory" presumably was located. Suddenly my chauffeur had regained his command of broken but understandable English. Into a stuffy little room I was ushered, and shown lacquered wares when it was Satsuma my soul yearned for. I protested and was given to understand that if I would but look about the humble shop and see their wares I would be taken to the Satsuma factory near the waterfall, hard by the cool, green forest. I was persuaded. Also I bought some of the lacquer ware, paying far too much for it.



China's ubiquitous ricsha, drawn by coolie power, ready for a "fare."

On three different occasions was this performance repeated. I bought kimonos, fans—silly toys from as many different shops. I did not want them then, and I wanted them less on the morrow. Finally I grew so exasperated that I demanded to be taken back to the hotel and was taken instead to the Satsuma art studios. Thinking it all over now, in the light of much I have learned of the Oriental since then, I can see that it was all a game, and I was "it." I was accorded the same experience extended to other tourists provided they are silly enough to submit to it. I was taken where I did not want to go, and I bought what I did not particularly want to buy. There must be a reason, and that reason undoubtedly lay in the amount of cumsha (graft or tip; call it what you will) which the ricsha coolie received from purchases made by every unsuspecting tourist he was able to land.

Picturesque Chinese conveyance that delights the youthful rider.

You think you are going to feel very silly when you climb into the overgrown baby carriages which are ricshas in the Orient, and you do feel that way for a minute; and then you forget that you have not been riding in ricshas for years, and you settle back with the air of a grande dame, lacking only the lorgnette to make the illusion complete. Some one, I have forgotten the name at this minute, has said that when she entered her first ricsha and let the coolie close her in with the black curtain, she almost imagined she was a corpse at the head of a funeral procession, and that all that was lacking was the wreath.

Chinese ricsha coolie.

The Japanese ricsha coolie is a plutocrat compared with his Chinese brother. He dresses better, for one thing. The Chinese coolie is in rags and barefoot in winter, and in summer he wears practically nothing—a little cloth draped about his middle and flapping about his bare legs is all he craves. In winter, in rags through which one sees his bare brown skin, he is a pitiful sight. Over-compassionate foreign women sometimes give whole new outfits, including shoes and stockings, cap and mittens, to some ricsha coolie who has excited their sympathy, and much has been their surprise to find the same coolie in rags the very next day, his bare feet blue on the cold pavements. The chances are that he has sold the good warm clothing for a few coppers, and that he has spent his new-found wealth in some game of chance. Sometimes he puts away the newly acquired clothes against a day when there shall be a funeral or a wedding in the family, and he may want to dress up, or when he, as the corpse, would do honor to his family by being well clad.

He is perspicacious, is the ricsha coolie of China. He knows a newcomer to the Orient and delights to get him for a fare, because when it comes to pay, the newcomer is usually an "easy mark." He has given you good service, you think, and you feel that perhaps the sum set by the older resident as sufficient to pay him is too little recompense for the distance he has trotted with you, and so, instead of paying him ten cents and two coppers, you pay him twenty cents and four coppers; and right there you have started something! He talks and he talks loud and fast. It is all Greek to you, but you sense that he is terribly excited and that he is jumping about threateningly. He sees the look of growing fear in your eyes and he bellows the louder. He knows that he has been overpaid, but he reasons thus: "One piecie fool missie pay too much. Could pay more. Have got coppers. Can do," and he yells and yells till a crowd of other Chinese coolies gather about you and you give him all the coppers in your purse and make a rush for the sheltering door of your pension. He subsides in his rumpus only when he is quite satisfied that the last copper in your purse has crossed his own dirty palm, and that it would be futile to yell any longer. Sometimes if he does not feel quite assured, when you run for the door, he also runs, yelling constantly for more coppers. He beats upon your door if you have been fortunate enough to close it in his face until you get a new appreciation of that day in Gaza when Sampson found his revenge.

Pay him too much and he will make scarcely less commotion than when he is paid too little; but pay him the exact amount which should be his, and he will tip his hat, if he has one, or pull his forelock and grin as he says "Missie," which is his way of saying "Thank you very kindly."

The ricsha coolie is an eternal question mark to me. Let him tell the story and he knows every nook and corner of the city. Down by the Bund in Shanghai you may pick up a stray ricsha coolie, as I did one day, and give him a number out in the French Concession to which you want to go. "Savey?" you question him, and he will grin and say "Can do, Missie." Reassured you climb into his ricsha and ride for what seems like an unusually long time and suddenly you look about you and discover you are in a part of the city you never saw before. Gently you tap him on the shoulder with your walking stick, and repeat "Avenue Joffre, coolie. Savey?" "Yes, can do," comes back the reply, accompanied by a cheerful smile, and shortly afterward, by his aimless wanderings, you realize that both you and the coolie are lost. You hail a native policeman and explain the situation in your best pigeon English. You tell him you want to go to Avenue Joffre, and will he please direct the coolie, who is apparently lost. After several minutes of explanation on your part, the arm of the law will point to both ears, one after another, and shake his head. He has not known whether you were complaining about the weather or complimenting him on his nifty appearance. He does not savey and he does not care. Let the foreign devil stay at home if she does not want to get lost in Shanghai.

You accost one native policeman after another, but all have ears to which they point with the utmost indifference to your growing uneasiness. Then from a distance comes the red-turbaned head of a Sikh police-

(*Concluded on page 12*)

James Lane Allen—Phantom of the Blue Grass

Visit to the Home of True Interpreter of Old Kentucky

By HARRY E. BARNET

YOU have some queer adventures when you poke around in the youthful haunts of living southern writers, and among scenes and characters of their stories. But nowhere do you get the feeling that comes when you vagabond it in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky—the home country of James Lane Allen. Because:

It is an emphatic literary shrine. The region grows lush with romantic facts. Born into them—absorbing their atmosphere—Mr. Allen has turned these facts into famous tales. So that when you read his stories, you not only wander for the time in the whimsical gardens of Blue Grass history, but you also ramble in its figurative weed patches.

"I have always worked in the spirit of the region of the Blue Grass," Mr. Allen says. "Always avoided the 'spot,' and tried to capture the spirit, which is all spots."

Throughout the year, you find, in the Blue Grass region, men and women from all parts of the world who go there for no other purpose than to search the scenes of Mr. Allen's stories; "literary pilgrims," they're dubbed in the region. But no general description exhausts the varieties of them. They run the gamut of human types—from hard-headed business men to young girls, whose sketchy apparel and appearance belies their seriousness. But their number is great—growing greater each year.

One of the "pilgrim" rites is to re-read favorite stories in their native settings. To do this, hundreds bring their pet volumes. Other hundreds fall back upon Lexington's public library, and they keep its bountiful supply of Mr. Allen's books constantly on the move. Copies of "Blue Grass Region of Kentucky" come in for the hardest wear.

Now the Blue Grass region is very old, and like old regions elsewhere in the United States it is changing from ways of yesterday to ways of today. But the shift is slower in the Blue Grass. On that account, the "pilgrims" find local color aplenty.

She was a "pilgrim" from New Orleans, en route to the James Lane Allen country. When the train pulled out of the station at Danville, she seated herself upon the platform of the observation car, and intently studied the passing landscape from that position.

"Thea's a hemp field," she soon exclaimed.

"How do you know it is?" asked her companion—an elderly woman. "In all yo' life you nevah saw a hemp field."

"I know it from Mr. Allen's description of one," she replied. "It's the fall of the yeah, and the field is exactly as he describes a hemp field. The stalks cut, and bunched, standing upright, like Indian tepees—"

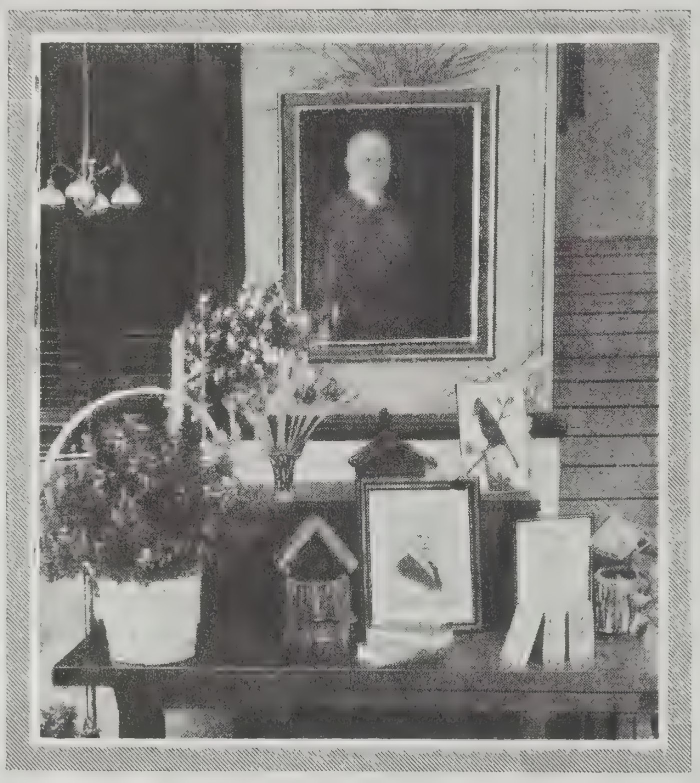
James Lane Allen is an overcast element in all of this literary conspicuity of the Blue Grass region. There is where the odd feeling originates. His personality is not clear-cut. Rather, he is a spirit—stately, in keeping with the peculiar quaintness of his country—a stately spirit, let into the Blue Grass region to absorb the substance of its romance. Led, then, elsewhere to work out the record.

The record dominates in the Blue Grass region. There it is the vivid thing. When you look about his old stamping grounds to scrape up acquaintance with the juvenile James Lane Allen, and with the younger, human, and mature Mr. Allen, your most insistent sensation is that of traipsing in the trail of a phantom.

A sensation is best explained in a comparison. Irvin S. Cobb is issue of the "Purchase"—that part of Kentucky in the whereabouts of the ingathering of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Tennessee rivers. History of the "Purchase," and that of the Blue Grass are comparable—a texture of romantic facts in each case, that is to say. Mr. Cobb uses these facts as Mr. Allen uses the facts of his country. And both Mr. Cobb and Mr. Allen live in New York City.

But talk in Paducah—his home town—and throughout the "Purchase" constantly bubbles of Mr. Cobb. There he dominates. In his own country, he is a vivid personality. He frequently goes "back home," and keeps it vivid. The record he has made takes a back seat. It is Cobb, the person, that comes to the front. Mr. Cobb's birthplace, for instance, is marked by a bronze plate. And yet in spite of the memorial flavor of the bronze plate, it is as if Mr. Cobb were just around the corner, and for a moment or two before you meet him face to face, the grown-up, lively lads of Paducah "give you a line on him." You hear of the girls to whom he was attentive. Particularly, about "Irv's" tremendous appetite; fishing trips; hunting expeditions; miscellaneous doings of young fellows in unusual environment. You meet with men and women who are characters in his stories. Moreover, you have pointed out to you descendants of dogs and horses, even cows he knew and wove into his stories. The younger generations of these animals carry themselves with an air as if to say, "Well, by gum, look who our great-great-gran'-pappies-and-mammies were!"

Although physically he isn't there, Irvin S. Cobb lives in his own country—jovially. You have the idea.



Audubon Day is celebrated in Lexington schools, and its public library. James Lane Allen is remembered because of his writings about Kentucky birds. A corner in Lexington's public library, on Audubon Day, showing oil painting of Mr. Allen that is a permanent feature of the library.

At no time in the Blue Grass region do you get the notion that James Lane Allen is just around the corner. No one prepares you to meet him face to face. If you want to "get a line on him," you have to scratch gravel—and do a good job of scratching.

His birthplace, as an illustration, is matter for argument. Some say it is one place; others say it's another place.

For THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Mr. Allen settled the question.

"I was born, upon the word of my mother, in a house which burned down before I was old enough to remember it," he stated in a letter.

"Another house was built upon the spot," the letter continued, "and this house was known as the Poindexter Place (Parker's Mill Road).

"The family moved across the country to the house where I spent childhood and youth—the five-room brick house bequeathed to us children by my grandfather, to guarantee a roof over our heads until we were grown," he added. "A very fine house for Kentucky, built far back in pioneer times in the wilderness—and a very fine house for its time. Wide porches surrounding it doubled its capacity—on the Headley estate, I think."

In his own country, you hear about "A Kentucky Cardinal" or "Aftermath"—his word, in other words; seldom about the man. You don't, for example, hear the like of this in the Blue Grass region: "Jim Allen! Why, he was a whale of a fox hunter when he was around here, and he did a lot of flying around with the girls in this town—"

Nor do you hear about the times when he "whooped 'em up" in one way and another with the boys, nor about his skill as a poker player. Sooner or later, in Paducah, talk about "Irv" Cobb runs to these topics. Mint juleps and toddies—themselves a bit of Blue Grass romance—are never mentioned.

Yet James Lane Allen knew what then was going on, and what now is going on.

"The difference between young men in my day, and young men now," he recently observed, "is that when I was a young man, the boys went out and had a good time. They could drink and have a good time, and be red-blooded men, and yet know when to stop. Now they go out and get drunk, and they are gentlemen no longer."

Mr. Allen is a bachelor. If he had any youthful love affairs, he kept them jolly well under cover. You hear the merest whisper of a lone romance. And what you hear about it is less luminous than a beam from the young moon.

Of course, James Lane Allen has a lot of sentiment in his make-up. Otherwise, he never could have made the Blue Grass region a literary shrine. In his youth, you're told, he was very fond of dreamy, romantic piano music.

Then girls didn't always meet you at the door with their hats on—"To-the-dance, kid!" stuff simply wasn't. When you called upon a girl, there was a bit of dignity about the affair. In her own home, the girl played dreamy, romantic piano music. You listened to it . . . ."

Well, as far as you can find out in the Blue Grass region, James Lane Allen had no regular music lessons. But he learned to pick out his own piano music—a Schumann slumber song, for instance.

James Lane Allen, however, wasn't a stick in back yonder days.

"Years ago," you hear in Lexington, "Allen and I were on our way from New York to Boston. We took one of the Fall River boats during a time of a Grand Army reunion in Boston. The boat was so crowded that neither one of us could get a berth, and we sat up all night. There must have been 15,000 old Union soldiers on board.

"Allen and I were standing on the upper deck, and down below a band was playing. They played all sorts of battle airs. I dropped a note down to the leader, asking him to play 'Dixie.'

"In those days, 'Dixie' wasn't much thought of, you know. After a while, the band struck up the tune. Allen and I both pulled off our hats, and yelled. We were the only two on board who did yell.

"Allen turned to me.

"'Let's yell again!' he said. 'What do you say?'

"I said, 'All right!'

"We did yell. With the same result. And you don't know how lonesome we felt."

Lexington preface to a glimpse at Mr. Allen's temper is this: "We used to play croquet together, and both of us would get so mad! Very often we would throw down our mallets, and leave the ground. I would go one way, and he would go another, he would be so mad."

James Lane Allen had animal friends. Tip, a tremendous yellow dog, was one of them. For about two hours after breakfast each morning, with "Tip" at his heels, Mr. Allen walked in a stretch of woodland that since has been cut down and replaced with Lexington homes.

"Tip is a gentleman," Mr. Allen observed. "I never like to walk with men when I'm working out my plots, because they interrupt my thoughts. But Tip never presumes. If I say anything aloud, he responds with a simple wag of his tail."

There were, too, an old cow, and a flock of chickens. Mr. Allen was fond of them. But you don't, as in Paducah, have descendants of dog, cow or chickens pointed out to you . . . .

If it were possible to point out the offspring of Blue Grass birds, however, there'd be a different tale to tell. Mr. Allen knew generations of them—because his mother, it is said, always talked to him about the birds of his home country, which is why he put so many of them into his stories. He studied the birds of the Blue Grass region.

Lastly, Mr. Allen taught school. This period of his life is summed in comment of a few of his former pupils: "He was strict as the very devil." One, who now is a sedate father, added: "He gave me the darndest lickin' I ever got when I was a boy, and going to school to him. It happened in a building that stood where the building you see over yonder now stands."

But why this sensation of chasing a phantom Mr. Allen in the country he turned into a literary shrine? Here is the reason: Mr. Allen knew what he wanted to do, and he stayed with it until he did it. "He's admired," is the Lexington statement, "because he got right down to work. He deserves what he got, because he worked for it."

There you have the highest spot. It is surrounded by several other high spots. One of them is his unusual character. He is finely attuned to harmony and beauty. There was aplenty of the natural sort of both in the Blue Grass region when

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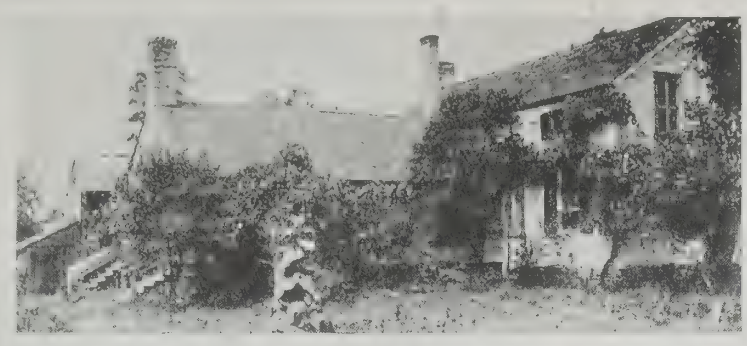
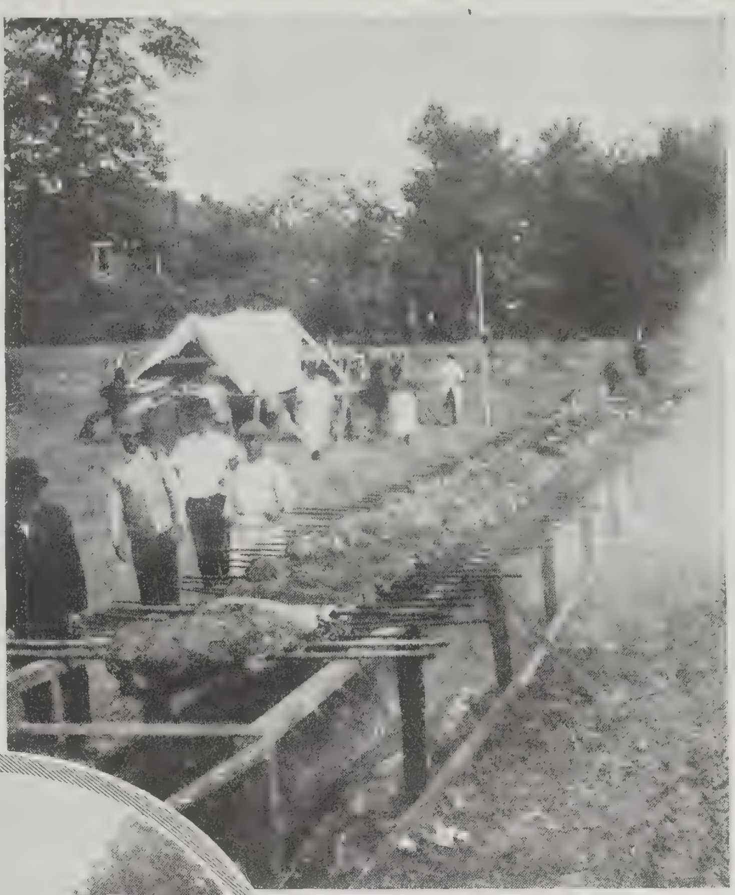
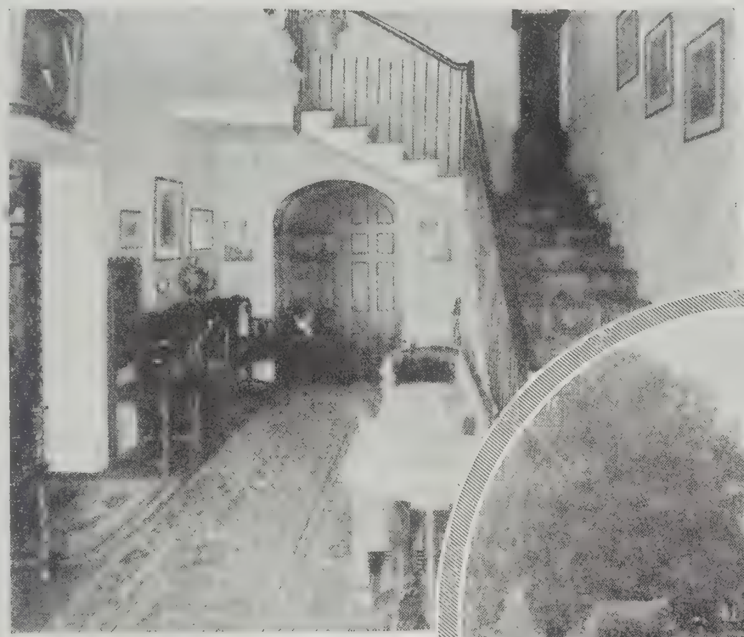


"Allen house" on Parker's Mill Road, which was built on the site of the house in which James Lane Allen was born. The first house was burned down.

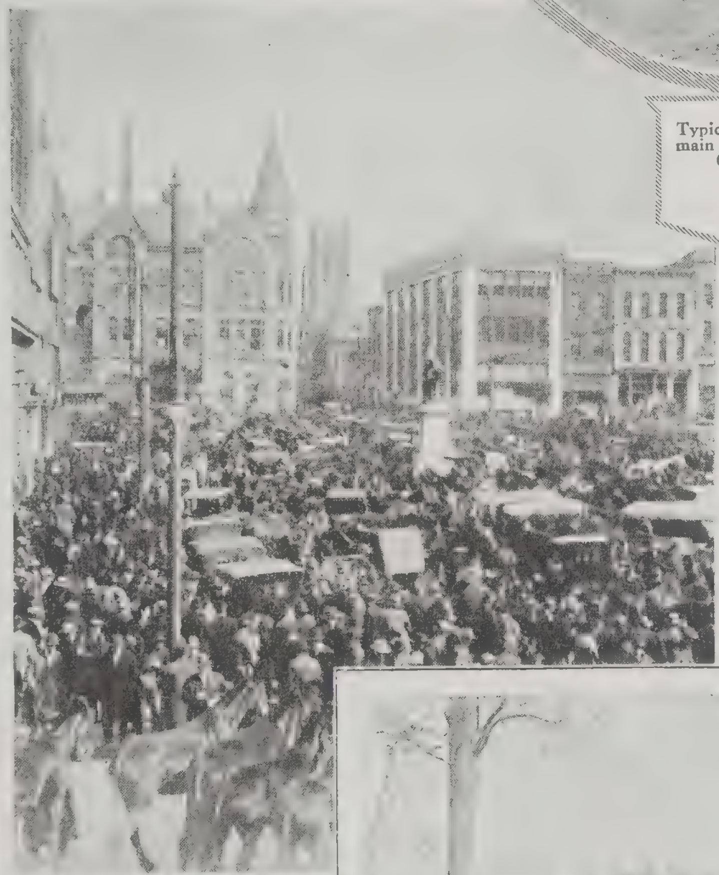


Barbecue day—Preparing the meats. One of the momentous days in the lives of the people of the Blue Grass region.

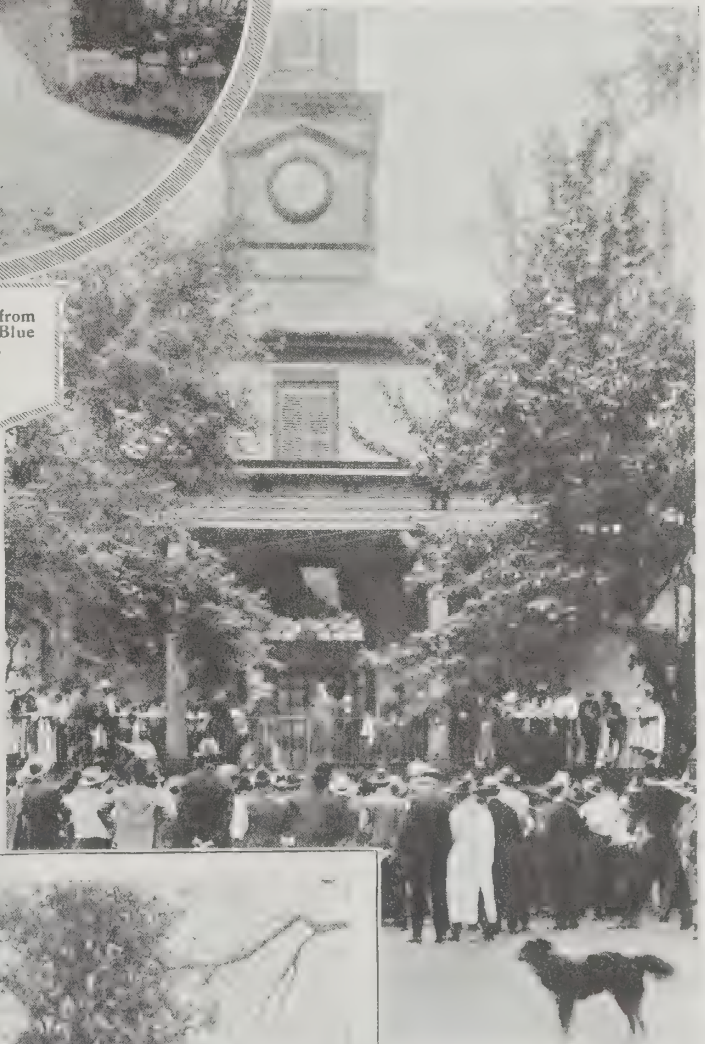


Interior of old Blue Grass home. One of the fine old Kentucky homes, built far back in pioneer times in the wilderness.

Typical entrance from main road to a Blue Grass home.



Busy day in "Cheapside," Lexington, Kentucky, where for generations people have met and traded most everything pertaining to home life. "King" Solomon was auctioned to the Negro woman on "Cheapside."



"Court day" in the Blue Grass, mentioned by Mr. Allen. An occasion on which the square in front of the judicial building was thronged with interested citizens from near and far.

Hemp, harvested, and stacked in "tepees," with a big "council house" in the foreground.

James Lane Allen

Concluded from page 4

he was a youth. He had the advantage of being born into the brilliancy of it.

But he voluntarily kept away from the distractions of the brilliancy. Mr. Allen wanted to write of the Blue Grass region. Writing is a one-man game. Therefore, he organized himself in orderly fashion. Then he developed his sources of raw material.

"They were of all sorts," you're told in Lexington.

Your attention is focused to excerpts from a letter, written at the time his picture was unveiled in the Lexington public library:

"He had but to walk anywhere out-of-doors to find his feet were in the warm footsteps of heroes. Every peaceful town he visited had been a perilous camp, fearing for the night . . . . he could not wade across a stream that had not been a crossing for progress, for some adventure of life or death . . . . the whole land was an imperishable gift to him for their victories and virtues.

"Hardly had the wilderness been won by physical hardihood as a foothold of physical safety before the people turned their eyes and their affections back toward the older settlements, and with incredible efforts began to draw over the mountains to themselves the gentler elements of civilization, the symbols of the imperishable elements of the human spirit; respect for religion, respect for learning, respect for law, respect for fireside and country—from every quarter reinforcing for themselves the solidarity of enlightened American citizenship. . . .

"The first movement had been a conquest of the land for civilization; the second had been a conquest of the land by civilization. And throughout both of these movements, wherever the hand of man strove, the hand of woman strove; to whatever advance his foot reached, to that advance her foot reached; all that he dared, she dared; all that he endured, she endured; she never his equal, he never her equal; each the other's superior as nature meant, and always means."

War between the states "compacted" the two conquests of the land—for and by civilization. It "pressed out of them a significance fresh and wonderful, a virtue that had just been added to the massed strength of the nation . . . . work of the dead in a legended land" was perpetuated. The idea of doing this "communicated itself from mind to mind as a spark from tinder to tinder, until it became one living flame—the fire of a whole people."

That's the Blue Grass region. James Lane Allen mined it—thoroughly. "You could find him, most of the time, browsing around among the old journals and papers in the library—reading everything he could find about his country," sums up a world of hard work in a sentence.

Then Mr. Allen had trouble with his eyes. But he had a great deal of fiction read to him. At times, fiction read only for its language; again, for plot; at other times, fiction read only to become acquainted with what writers were doing.

"When he set out to write about the Blue Grass region, he was well prepared," you're told in Lexington.

"He wouldn't accept invitations to run around—he wouldn't go anywhere that the rest of the young folks went. He said he couldn't afford to be distracted, and he said if he accepted one invitation he would have to accept a great many. So he declined them all. He had a few close friends, of course—but he was reserved.

"And he did careful work. I don't believe that there ever was one word that he didn't study about. He was very careful about the shadings and meanings of words. He wouldn't use one word that didn't mean exactly what he wanted it to mean."

In other words, James Lane Allen attended strictly to business. He made little impression in his own country. People there didn't know him—they didn't understand his spirit. And they don't know the human Mr. Allen today. He left Lexington along in the late 1880's, and he doesn't visit the city.

Mr. Allen's birthday is celebrated in the Lexington schools, and the school children of the city are devoted to him. "The Kentucky Warbler" was written with them in view. "My happiness in the story," Mr. Allen says, "was largely dependent upon how my beloved school children in Lexington would receive it."

He added: "It would be impossible for me to give you, the teachers and the school children, any idea of the happiness that has flowed into me from this observance of my birthday. What can I do for you all? I can only hope that I may give back to you all, in work that I may yet do, the impress and the echo of your good and gracious deeds."

Mr. Allen in human form, however, is unknown to these school children!

Perhaps all of this phantomness is to the liking of Mr. Allen. He has often said that present-day writers have been advertised until they are better known than their writings.

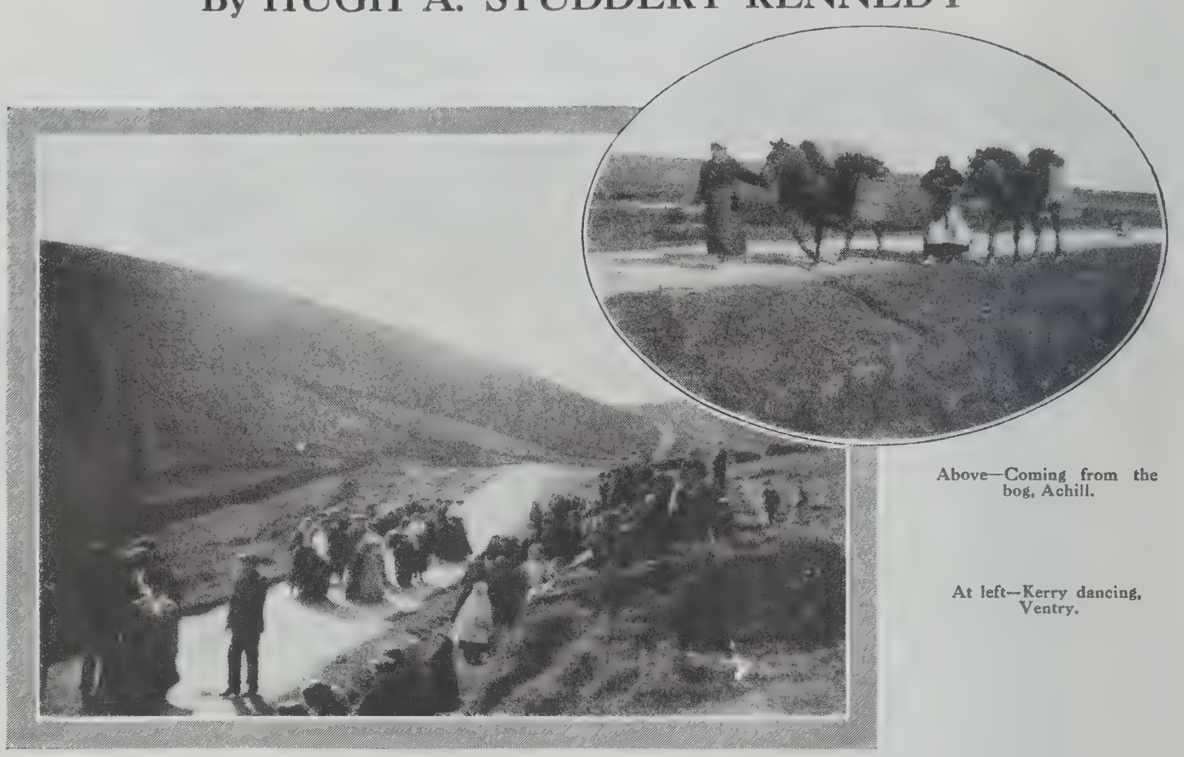
"There has been no commercial annex to my literary life, and sometimes I think I have erred in not advertising," he says.

"When I was beginning to write, a critic and an author were sometimes brought together for lunch by a friend, but I never knew anything like the publicity methods of today."

Out of the Limelight

A Strange Experience for the 'Disthressful Country'

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY



Above—Coming from the bog, Achill.

At left—Kerry dancing, Ventry.

A WRITER of considerable reputation sent me, the other day, an article on Ireland—with a bitter complaint. He did not submit the article, he said, with any hope that I would accept it: indeed, he felt quite satisfied that, in point of length, it was too long for our requirements and in point of matter too leisurely. He sent it to me merely because he was puzzled. Every editor to whom he had submitted the article had rejected it, courteously, kindly, but none the less quite definitely, rejected it.

Why?

He was not used to rejections. Was he not a favored contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post?* Had not the *Saturday Evening Post,* time and again, ordered articles from him, and, as is the commendable custom of that journal, paid for them immediately on acceptance? And yet this article of his which, as he recalled, he had described to me, while it was yet in embryo, as a "sure-fire success," had been repeatedly rejected.

Again he asked, Why?

Well, my curiosity was aroused. It was early in the day. I had not as yet even looked the way of the pile of articles in the tray marked *"unread."* I determined, therefore, to read this effort of my friend and try to discover the answer to his insistent questioning. But there was no need for me to read it. The moment I saw the title I knew the reason. I will not reveal the title. The article may yet appear. My friend is a well-known writer. The subject is sufficient. It was an article on Ireland!

My friends tell me I have a "strong journalistic sense," whatever exactly that may be. I suppose I have. Anyway, in this case I seemed to sense the reason for my friend's sorry fortune at once. His article was on Ireland, and the American public, tragic as it is to have to admit it, is tired of Ireland.

Now, let me not be mistaken. The American public is a large-hearted public. It is full of sympathy and kindness, but it knows when it is well off. Its attitude toward Ireland may be summed up in the words, "For heaven's sake, don't start anything!" It was so inexpressibly hopeful when Ireland finally got home rule, and so inexpressibly thankful when the great "rivolution" was finally over, and, with dramatic suddenness, Ireland dropped out of the news.

Some time ago, I wrote something like this to a friend in Ireland—for I have many friends in Ireland, and know and love the country well, from Cape Clear to the Giants' Causeway, and from Achill Head to Dublin Bay—and he replied, not so much in anger as in doubt. He should have thought, he said, that just the reverse was the case. Never before had he received so many letters from friends in America asking for news of Ireland. How was Ireland making out? What of Mr. Cosgrave? What of the senate? What of the boundary commission? What of De Valera and all his host?

Well, that was just it, of course. So decidedly had Ireland dropped out of the news that there was none to be had. And those who felt themselves still bound by ties inseverable to the little island of the sea, must needs write to friends over there and get their news first-hand.

And, well, that is the way with me. Heaven knows I do not want to start anything. Heaven knows I want to let the sleeping dog lie. But I want to know whether they still join hands in the Kerry dance, in the early morning, on the road to the fair "in the town beyant," and whether they still bring home the turf from the bogs of Achill.

Of course, I know they still do. For, indeed, I know Ireland, and have gone through many of her troubles with her; and I know how soon those troubles can vanish like the soft gray mist that comes down from her hills before the rising sun. Laughter is never far away, even when "'tis nothing but trouble sure-ly."

But there is a kind of news about Ireland that the American public, warm of heart and eager to appreciate, will always welcome, and it is the kind of news that is beginning to come through about Ireland. It tells of success, of progress, of a quiet settling down to work; of art and music and drama, driven to cover by the blackness of the black fight, coming out once again into the open. It tells of bridges being rebuilt, of railways being relaid, of "creameries"—oh, sign of settlement indeed!—being restored. It tells of "outside cyars" and "inside cyars," the cars of Saxon speech, taking the road again; of much gossip at the four corners of a market morning; of all the joy of the talk there is to it; in a word, of Ireland rapidly coming to be herself again.

Just the other day, I had a letter from Ireland, and there, in the right-hand top corner of the envelope, were two real Irish stamps. The penny one was a beautiful purple, with a little map of Ireland set like a cameo in the center; the halfpenny one, a wonderful emerald green, with a drawn sword set across a sheet of flame. There is no accounting for feelings, but those two stamps made me feel, more than any other one thing had ever done, that Ireland was indeed coming to be "a nation once again." I am glad she is out of the limelight—for the present.

The Deserted Village

MANY admirers of Oliver Goldsmith have wondered what prototype he had in view when he spoke of "Sweet Auburn," around which is written "The Deserted Village," perhaps the greatest, certainly the best known of his poems. Although critics differ as to the precise spot Goldsmith had in mind when he penned his immortal lines, it is generally conceded that in its composition his mind went back to the scenes of his childhood in the little village of Lishoy, in Ireland, the characteristics of which coincide to a great extent with the Auburn of the poet's imagination.

The village of Lishoy is about seven miles from the town of Athlone. Here may be seen the ruins of the Goldsmith house, of which there stands but the bare walls of the ground story, with a tall, gaunt chimney rearing its head at one end.

Judging from its remains, this house must have been a fairly commodious one for a minister in Ireland at that period. It is approached by a broad avenue of fine old trees, with the green turf like velvet underfoot. Of the scenes which Goldsmith depicts in "The Deserted Village" very few remain. The "busy mill" is still in existence, but has been idle for many years, typical of other industries that have decayed in the Green Isle, but close by is the "glassy brook," the waters of which turned the wheel in the days of prosperity. The building is now roofless, and its site overgrown with weeds. About a mile or so away the "decent church" still surmounts the hill. It was in this building that Oliver as a boy listened to the parson whom he afterward immortalized as the Vicar of Wakefield.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS commonly observed that human nature has a tendency to wait upon adversity before it turns seriously to the work of thinking. The reaction from riotous expansion in any field is always a return to rational thinking. It may be a question whether the quality of thought induced by adversity is the best; there are many reasons for believing that it is not; but it seems to be the only way to start any kind of thinking.

The inefficiency of this human habit is very costly. Perhaps this can best be seen by the remedies which have been imposed after periods of economic disillusionment. In the height of what is called "prosperity" (though it may often be a most abnormal overstimulation) the economic world goes thoughtlessly along like the Prodigal who had just received his share of his father's estate. The last moment anyone would expect to give or to hear wise and cautious counsel is during these so-called periods of prosperity. The man would be thought hopelessly pedantic who should stop in the midst of business and ask what it was actually doing to the situation in general.

> *CONSERVATIVES as a class are obstructions to progress, so are radicals: for class conservatives will not improve the economic system, and class radicals cannot. Fighting each other as classes for a material prize, both are anti-social. The management of affairs will continue for some time to come, maybe until the terms "conservative" and "radical" are merged, in the hands of those able to administer them. Broadly speaking, in conservative hands. This imposes a responsibility and a heavy duty on them as social engineers. They must at once forget everything but their social trusteeship and set to work to render the economic machine as little hurtful and as much helpful to all sorts of conditions of men as it is possible to make it. The new conservatism now becomes responsible for progress, for increase of economic justice and stability.*

Our attitude toward economic aspects of life is so unscientific that business in general is like that multitude around the fabled pool whose waters when stirred by an angel had healing power: the only question was to get in while the getting in was good. Stopping to discuss the fluctuations of the water, or to propose plans by which the angelic rippling might be longer sustained, would be counted foolish. It is like that in business. We think of "good times" as haphazard, which now drop down upon humanity, and now fly away. The only question while they are here is how to get out of them all that we can, for there has come a fear, almost a certainty, that however sound "good times" may be, they cannot last.

So that is our first loss: the very best time to study our economic machinery is lost because the majority are so interested in getting the utmost out of the machine that they will give no time to improving it as it runs. The only time we stop and seriously look at our economic machinery is when it breaks down. The very best time to study it is when it is running, as we believe, smoothly and at top-notch efficiency. A bad machine broken down is not much worse than a good machine broken down: the best way to get a line on them is to watch them when they are working at supposedly highest precision.

And that is what we refuse to do. Even our economic observers watch the progress of business mainly to foretell symptoms of breakdown. It is now an established business to keep a lookout for signs of hesitation or collapse so that those who pay for the lookout might run for cover first. But no one pays for, indeed most resent, service that looks toward prevention of breakdown by attention to the system while it is working full speed.

We are losing a great opportunity when we regard business periods as we regard epidemics, which come and go. Medical science chooses to follow a line that makes public health continuous; only the scientific habit of mind can lead us into the desire to make public prosperity continuous.

To that very serious loss is added another, namely, the popular attempts to curb the imperfect economic machine by parliamentary statutes. When the broken machine is partially patched up after a "slump" or a "panic" and is ready for another attempt at producing general prosperity, it suddenly discovers that it will not be permitted to run even as well as it did the last time. Its breakdown has roused so much feeling against it that it has been castigated by laws which hamper it here and there, and make it much less efficient than it was before.

Now what does this mean if not that the public in its political capacity is just as unscientific as is the same public in its commercial capacity? Just as futile. In some distant future our attitudes will seem most grotesque. We penalize a system that doesn't run very well by forbidding it to run as well as it can. To the High Natural Law that made the system break because it was imperfect, we add the human law which decrees that it shall be still more imperfect. The laws in restraint of economic progress have been enacted with a view to curbing the element of human selfishness which is mixed in all gainful activity, but as no laws can do this the net result has been the binding of business in restrictive chains.

It is to be noted that both of these serious losses befall us because of a rooted refusal to consider economic questions when the sun is shining and when everything is going fairly well. When the machinery runs down because of our ignorance of all the natural laws which regulate economic health, there is plenty of discussion then. But the spill has occurred; the break has been made; loss is inevitable; and the longer or shorter period of recovery and repair must be lived through.

These uncalendared seasons of prosperity and adversity grow two types of thinking, the conservative type appearing with prosperity and the radical type with adversity. This is, of course, a broad statement and susceptible of modification, but it will stand for the present. Both these types probably are essential for emphasis, but undeniably neither of them, acting alone, achieves much for progress. The radicals are right in saying that the conservatives make no progress, and the conservatives are probably right in saying that the professional radicals couldn't manage any of the things whose management they criticize.

But this cannot be denied by either: —the responsibility always rests upon those in charge, and they happen to be labeled "conservative," that is, the men whose responsibility for action forbids them to be as irresponsible in speech as some radicals are. But just now, at any rate, and probably for a long period ahead until such distinctions as "conservative" and "radical" cease, the conservatives will be in charge of the economic machinery through sheer right of being able to make it work as well as it does.

With that point of fact agreed upon, what follows? Simply this: it devolves upon the "conservatives" to regard themselves as trustees of power in behalf of all the people. They have been pretty good trustees with regard to themselves. They have introduced certain improvements in the system for the benefit of banks and business men. They have shown their ability to make our crazy-quilt economics yield more square meals and more independence and more homes for more people than has been done anywhere else in the world.

It is clearly up to them now, as trustees, to show what they can do further in the way of making our system fool-proof and malice-proof and greed-proof for the benefit of every last worker in the land. It is a mere matter of social engineering. It may have the effect of reducing "personal fortunes," but it will not have the effect of reducing working capital. What right has a "personal fortune" to be anything but working capital? The time is here, in a special way, when the commanding law is—"to whom much is given, of him shall be much required."

This is not said as a warning that if conservatives would save themselves they must do something. The salvation of conservatism is neither here nor there. No one is more conservative than decent radicals in power with responsibility. There will always be conservatism, just as there will always be seedtime and harvest. No; this is said, rather, because in conservatism is the experience and the ability to improve the economic machinery with a view to making it the producer of universal opportunity and benefit. Such is the original idea of economics, and the original idea of any system can always be developed.

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Japan's Reaction

OUR Government's reply to the Tokio note has not yet been made public, but time enough has elapsed to show that the Japanese exclusion legislation enacted by Congress has a deeper effect than forbidding Japanese to enter the United States except under certain conditions. It has defined more sharply than even a war could do Japan's status in the world. It has uncovered the real impotency of the Japanese situation.

All the world not long since was voicing propaganda to the effect that Japan was the rising power of the earth. There was a strong movement to rouse in the minds of the people of the United States a fear that Japan would attack and overrun us. The Japanese menace was the boo-man of certain interests.

How different now! By a vote and the signing of a name Japan is relegated to the Orient whence she came. There is grumbling throughout the Island Empire and threats that the American decision never shall be observed. But for all that, Japan can do nothing save submit. A Government has fallen because of the fall in Japanese prestige in America. Bitter humiliation is expressed everywhere throughout Japan. But after all, to what is it chargeable, save to the inability of the touted greatness of Japan to make good? It is Japanese boasts that have failed, not American promises.

An International Disease

A MAN may be an ardent advocate for peace and yet, through force of circumstances, be actively connected with a department that holds itself in readiness for war. This is exemplified in the case of W. Leach, the British Under-Secretary for Air, who, according to the Parliamentary correspondent of the *North Mail*, Newcastle, recently said, in introducing his estimates for the Air Force: "I do not believe in war, and I hope that no more of the splendid young men in my department will be asked to slay or be slain." Mr. Leach, it is said, uttered these words with a quiet simplicity that quite disarmed his critics.

"I hold that the whole business (of war) is a wicked waste of the national substance, but I know that it is forced upon the world by the disease of international fear."

As the *North Mail* puts it, Mr. Leach's attitude may be summed up in the Cromwellian motto, "Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry."

The motto of the old Volunteer force of Britain is also akin to this: it is "Defense not Defiance."

President Coolidge took the same stand when he said: "We maintain a military force for our defense, but our offensive lies in the justice of our cause."

Within this attitude there is ample room to cultivate those international understandings between equals, which lead to established peace.

Bishop Brown

THE trial of Bishop Brown, of Galion, Ohio, at Cleveland recently, and the verdict against him, prove nothing, except that the least influential of the modern heretics makes a simpler target than those who have New York backing. Bishop Brown does not believe in the episcopal form of church government in the first place, nor does he accept the literal statement of many of the church's doctrines. He expresses a shrewd suspicion that the bishops who comprised the trial court do not accept these doctrines any more literally than he himself does, and he is probably right. The sin does not seem to be refusal to hold the doctrine, but to say so. One may be, it seems, a very acceptable bishop in the sense of being general manager of a diocese, without believing that his consecration as a bishop really makes any difference as to spiritual authority. But publicly to deny that episcopal consecration makes a difference, is another thing.

The general public, which is not so much disturbed over these matters as certain ecclesiastical authorities seem to imagine, is interested in two or three questions:

How long can bishops endure the charge of their equals that they are all intellectually heretical and therefore in like case with those whom they charge and try and cast out?

How long can a church endure the secret and unacknowledged process of sliding from its positive doctrinal foundations to no foundation at all except a hazy sort of organizational good fellowship, without its membership demanding who gave authority for this process to be commenced?

In short, how long can a pretense be made of trying men and keeping in the background the matters concerning which they are tried?

It may confidently be said that had Bishop Brown been more of a scholar, more in accord with the economic views of the ruling powers of his church, there had been more of a fight put up in his defense, if indeed he had ever been permitted to come to trial.

What impresses the outside world is the inconclusiveness of these ecclesiastical events.

Britain's Drink Bill

THE amount spent by Britain in liquor during the year 1923, was $1,537,500,000. This is $2,500,000 more than the interest on the national debt, considerably more than the gross annual assessable value of lands, houses, and other property; almost twice as much as the capital invested in the coal industry; more than twice the amount of taxes collected in 1922-23; nearly three times the estimated expenditure on Imperial defense; nearly four times the amount spent on education; and more than six times the sum spent on the relief of the poor.

Taking the consumption of beer alone, the Englishman's fondness for his beer is amply demonstrated by the fact that the nation drank 30,000,000 more gallons of the product of the brewery than it did of the milk of the cow, while the value of the beer consumed exceeded that of milk by $400,000,000.

These are startling figures, and the total expenditure in liquor represents the sum of $35.50 a head of the population. It has been repeatedly asserted that the solution of much of the economic trouble that afflicts Britain lies in the settlement of the drink question. There appears to be truth in that view.

Mr. Kirkwood, one of the Socialist M. P's for Glasgow, declared in the House of Commons the other day that bad housing conditions was the cause of driving thousands of the population to drink, but, on the other hand, it is contended that to a large extent these conditions are due to excessive fondness for liquor. In its program of domestic politics, the British Labor government has no greater problem to contend with than the liquor question.

Wall Street Wants It

"CONTRARY to the belief of many politicians, of all demagogues and of some newspapers," says the *Wall Street Journal*, "Wall Street would welcome legislation for publicity of campaign contributions on the lines of Senator Borah's proposal. This is because Wall Street has learned a great deal in the past twenty years, having been itself the purchaser of more political gold bricks than any other part of the country. It has come to see that the politician has little to sell and still less in the way of political favor to offer with any guarantee of delivery. Everything that is decent in Wall Street is on the side of publicity . . . . Wall Street is beginning to understand that politicians are not worth buying. . . ."

Maybe it was the politicians who seduced Wall Street in the first place. And certainly there is a rather sizable record to support the general opinion that sufficient deliveries have been made in the past to square the expenditures. The practice was not challenged until the people obtained knowledge of what was going on. But in recent years investigations have quite regularly disclosed the sources of campaign contributions, so that publicity has been had without special legislative enactment. Moreover, the custom which many large firms have followed of contributing to both parties, must have diluted the compulsion to favoritism. So that, when all is said and done, it is plain business common sense for Wall Street to agree to give up a game that is out of date. It was a crude game anyway, and more refined methods have been adopted in its stead.

Congress

CONGRESS has resigned after an exciting session. The biggest piece of work finished to its credit is the Immigration Bill, while its most spectacular work was the investigation of the Teapot Dome and liquor scandals. Although it passed the Soldiers' Bonus Bill, it adjourned without making any provision for the cash. The President's program was frustrated at several points, his recommendations unheeded and his vetoes, with the exception of the last one, overruled. The President's wisdom was therefore compelled to show itself in administrative affairs, leaving the public to judge whether Congress would have been well-advised to accept his counsel in legislative matters. Altogether, the session was a striking example of the power of a "Presidential year" to upset normal judgment and activity. We had supposed that Congress was at Washington to do its proper work, and not to serve as a pre-convention assemblage for the purpose of fighting campaign preliminaries. The political motive, however, was plainly evident on both sides, and it is just as well for the country that adjournment is taken until the Presidential campaign is settled.

Sunday or Monday?

THE powers at Moscow, being of the same breed as those who staged the so-called French Revolution, which was anything but nationally French, are committing the same absurdities. One of the purposes of the French disorders was to dechristianize France, and the same purpose obtains with regard to Russia. Precisely the same methods are used as failed in France. Recent dispatches say that the effort to blot Sunday out of the calendar by making Monday the rest day, has failed, and the proposal is now made to change the calendar, making a ten-day week instead of a seven-day week. All this was attempted in France, and failed.

The speeches made in Moscow are identical with those made in the dishonored churches of Paris when Joachim Ceyrat stood in the pulpit of the Church of St. Sulpice and cried: "Here am I in this pulpit, from which lies have so long been told to the sovereign people, making them believe that there is a God who sees all their actions. If this God exists, let Him thunder, and may one of His thunderbolts crush me!" Then, after a dramatic pause—"He does not thunder, so His existence is a chimera."

Anacharsis Clootz himself might have been in Moscow in 1924 rather than in Paris in 1792, when he took to himself the title of "Personal Enemy of Jesus Christ" and wrote: "Religion is a social disease which cannot be too quickly cured. A religious man is a depraved animal; he resembles those beasts that are only kept to be shorn and roasted for the benefit of merchants and butchers. The People is the Sovereign and God of the world; France is the center of the People-God; only fools can believe in any other God, in a Supreme Being."

It is no wonder that the plain people of Russia have seen in this murderous madness the sign of Antichrist and have regarded the Protocols as the Constitution of Satan. The Prophet Daniel in Babylon had a vision of a power which should come upon the earth in the latter days, whose character he personified and described thus:

> "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws."

Why is it that powers able to shake the earth are unable to change the seven-day week?

Four Hundred Per Cent

OWOSSO, a thriving Michigan city, issued, in 1894, bonds to the amount of $20,000, without creating a sinking fund to care for them. The bonds were to be refunded at maturity, which occurs on July 1 of this year.

The town, having paid five per cent interest for thirty years, or 150 per cent of the original loan, finds it necessary to take care of the loan by another bond issue, this time for twenty years at five per cent.

Thus for a loan of $20,000 contracted thirty years ago, Owosso has paid $30,000 in interest, still owes the debt, and now contracts to pay $30,000 more in interest and the principal or $80,000, four times the amount of the original principal.

Under the plan heretofore explained in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the loan would have been repaid in twenty-five years at a cost of $800 a year, as against an annual interest cost of $1,000 for thirty years which did not reduce the principal a cent, and no refunding would be necessary.

Owosso, when the bonds are finally retired, will have wasted $60,000 because of the delegation to private banks of the right to issue currency.

When Civilization Tottered at Winnipeg

A Big City Without a Government Reverts to Primeval Life

By F. J. CLIFFORD

A WARM spring wind was blowing from the level prairies that stretch endlessly away from the city of Winnipeg, and its two hundred thousand people. It dried and hardened the black roads that mark off the surrounding country into a giant checkerboard. The bright May sun brought relief from the long winter-bound months only recently departed. The big city throbbed with steady pulse and a healthy commerce. Any observer would have viewed it with a glow of approval. But no one, not even the people who dwelt there, would have thought it possible for things to occur that did really occur on May 15, 1919.

There was no indication of impending calamity. The city was typical of any big metropolis on a busy day, all its arteries, nerves and sinews were functioning perfectly. But for all that, a menace was stealing into its very vitals, and as the hands of the clock in the old city hall crossed the hour of eleven, this menace became known in diverse ways.

Street cars unexpectedly left their regular routes and were returned to the barns, or abandoned when near the homes of the crews who were operating them.

Garbage haulers left refuse cans unemptied as they turned their horses homeward.

Grocery clerks laid aside their aprons and stepped swiftly away in spite of the protests of wondering customers.

Postal clerks, some on the eve of pensioned retirement, left their windows and the waiting people there.

Even the policemen, disregarding their sworn duty, abandoned the city to the mercy of human jackals that are always an ever-present menace.

Drivers of milk wagons, drivers of bread wagons, garage mechanics, plumbers, electricians, firemen, grave diggers, and that profession seldom spoken of, handlers of the dead, joined the army of striking workers—for that is what it was, a general strike, a movement boring into the foundation, the well-being of the city.

To get at the reason, the active cause of this wholesale walkout, we must go farther westward, some eight hundred forty miles to the city of Calgary, located where the giant toes of the snow-capped Rockies find their footing on the broad prairies. There, on March 12, 1919, in an obscure building, a meeting was held, a quiet gathering of people made up of Canadians, Scotch, English, Welsh and Russian, a strange mixture of idealistic dreamers, sympathizers and crafty agitators.

Not much is known concerning the minutes of the meeting, just enough to disclose its object; when a resolution was moved by Mr. Cavanaugh, of Vancouver, and seconded by Helen Armstrong, of Winnipeg, to wit:

Be it resolved that this conference place itself on record as being in full accord and sympathy and purpose of the Russian Bolshevik and German Spartacist revolutions.

—Further—

Be it resolved that this conference declare itself in full acceptance of the principles of proletarian dictatorship, as being absolute and efficient for the transformation of capitalistic private property into communal wealth.

After this meeting, rumor had it that a great strike was to be called in Calgary. This persisted for some time; then the location suddenly changed to Winnipeg. There a local strike had been brewing at the Vulcan Iron Works for some time.

About the first of April there appeared among the employes of the iron works a number of strangers. They were full of sympathy and friendly advice, which was given freely to any of the workers who would listen. It was not long till there came the announcement that a mass meeting would be held to vote on the calling of a general strike. A big crowd assembled and the vote was taken. The unemployed being in the majority, and practically all voting in favor of a general walkout, the measure was carried by a safe margin. So a general strike, involving all the employed of Winnipeg, was to take place at the hour of eleven, May 15, 1919, unless the Vulcan Iron Works acceded to the strikers' demands.

A Distressed Citizenry

THE public at large paid little attention to the threatened walkout, some predicting that the owners of the iron works would give in, while others were of the opinion that the strike would never materialize, or if it did, it would die after a few sporadic demonstrations.

So when things began to occur, on the date mentioned, the average citizen looked on it as a kind of joke, hugely interesting. Even when the majority of people had to walk home at the close of the day, it was done with considerable joking at one another's expense (of shoe leather and "Shanks' mare"). But when morning broke and there was no milk for the baby, none for the family breakfast, a bit of seriousness crept into the situation. In spite of it all, they trudged cheerfully to the center of activities. It had turned hot and sultry, a thing quite common in the low, flat country around Winnipeg.

In the down-town section there was not a single newspaper to be had. The ponderous presses of the Winnipeg *Free Press* and other papers were silent. The pressmen had walked out the night before. Instead of terse editorials illuminating the situation, loose rumors were flung about by word of mouth. One had it that Eaton's, a large retail and mail-order store, was to be dynamited that afternoon for announcing that

"Any employe of this establishment joining the strikers will never be taken back."

Though thousands gathered near the place, the contemplated stunt was not pulled off, nor was it done when the threat was repeated many times later.

There was one rumor that the people employed in the upper stories of buildings found quite true. They were told that the strike committee had ordered the water pressure reduced so that the wealthy could have water only in the lower story of their big houses, thereby giving them no more than the poor man in his cottage. One can imagine the trouble this caused to people of tenements and apartments, besides increasing the fire hazard.

During the forenoon sanitary inspectors appeared before the strike to ask permission to go to Weston, a small suburb of Winnipeg, where their help was needed to cope with an epidemic of scarlet fever. They waited the day through, but receiving no answer, proceeded with the work the next morning, in spite of ugly threats by the strikers.

Out at the dairies, thousands of gallons of precious milk was being dumped into the sewer, while numberless sick people and little children suffered greatly through lack of it. Those who had cars drove to the dairies and got what they needed for themselves and friends living close by. They could handle only small amounts, as ice was difficult to procure.

Winnipeg Under the Soviet Rule

IN VICTORIA PARK, a great demonstration was being held. Strikers, drunk with newly acquired power, cavorted about as they congratulated one another. On the speaker's platform stood the Rev. Mr. William Ivens. With hands uplifted, his face alight with the glory of a conqueror, he shouted:

"Winnipeg—is now under—Soviet rule."

It must have been, for the electric lights ceased to burn that night. The streets of the metropolis, including Main, two hundred feet in width, were without a light. People scurried to their homes for the protection of bolted doors and windows.

The big city seemed strangely menacing as darkness enveloped it in shadowy folds. Where some treacherous animal in human form might be lurking, no one could tell.

Another day dawned with the sun blazing hot. Mothers, housekeepers, cooks in general, were at their wit's end in endeavoring to put a palatable meal on the table.

On this day, the seventeenth, the *Free Press* came out with a half sheet, made up by a few of the faithful ones. Across the top appeared the following discouraging headlines:

"City Reverts to Almost Primeval Life as Strike Spreads."

This issue of the *Free Press* displayed a strong undertone of uncertainty, inclining somewhat to an appeal to the autocratic strike committee for relief from the deplorable situation. But that aggregation was becoming equally concerned over the course affairs were taking, especially the food problem. Panic-stricken food hoarders had rushed the grocery shops with the usual result, that some people had more supplies than they needed while others did not have enough. Numbers of people, both rich and poor, had requested the strike committee to establish depots where bread, milk and ice could be had. This question was taken up at great length during their meetings, but nothing of a practicable nature was accomplished. They busied themselves instead with ordering trained men from responsible positions and placing them in the pick-and-shovel brigade. Then some horny-handed son of toil was placed in the position just vacated, with the result of blistered hands at one end of the deal and confused heads at the other.

At this time the telephone employes walked out. Some of their instruments were later found in a damaged condition. Just who was guilty never became known. This walkout, coupled with that of the firemen, caused great apprehension over the fire situation. However, volunteers were found to man the fire halls. Poor fellows, they were much like a young bear whose troubles are all ahead of him. A gang of women in a Red neighborhood rushed one of the halls and cleaned it completely of the new men. Consequently it was locked up by the chief and that particular section left without fire protection.

Reports of fires began to come in with alarming rapidity. Most of them were false. Many others were found to be burning grass, apparently of incendiary origin. At one place the crew had been called for the third time. Arriving at the spot, one of them said to the waiting spectators:

"We have put this fire out completely two different times. It is going to be up to you people to put it out now." With that the firemen drove away. Needless to say, the fire was put out, as there was a healthy chance of having some homes destroyed.

The putting out of the fires, small though they were, was an ornery job. The jeering hoots and howls of people from dooryards and windows were most disconcerting to the inexperienced firemen. Insults were flung their way by policemen, some in uniform. More trouble awaited them on their return to the station, for the engine and ladder trucks had to be backed into place. This was a simple matter for the experienced drivers, but for those who had seldom held a pair of reins, it assumed colossal proportions. The horses, sensing the green driver, often became unmanageable. Add to this an indiscriminate mob of men, women and children, yowling forth their sarcastic comments, punctuated with aged eggs and musty vegetables, and anyone can appreciate the volunteer fire laddies' situation.

May eighteenth was ushered in and found conditions growing steadily worse. Gasoline at the pumps was exhausted. There was plenty at the main supply stations, but each car had to line up and take its turn. Sometimes the line extended for blocks. Before getting to the tanks, each driver was compelled to pay for eight gallons. If his car would hold that amount, all well and good, but if he could only take on, say, four gallons, then he was out the price of the balance.

Many drivers of automobiles were generous in allowing people to ride with them, but it was usually the small cars that carried the full load. The large, expensive ones seldom had more than two or three passengers. None of them could have been blamed if they had refused to carry anyone, for many cases were reported of owners having the back upholstery of their cars cut and slashed by the pedestrians they had befriended with a ride.

Numerous instances were related by drivers who, when requesting pay for hauling some walker into town, were met with the indignant reply:

"You have no right to charge me for riding in this car; it is partly mine. Remember—Winnipeg is under Soviet Rule."

On the nineteenth, the big city was plunged into complete isolation when the telegraph operators quit their instruments. The ticket agents followed suit. This seemed to stir up the wildest of rumors. One was to the effect that the principal cities of Canada were under Bolshevik control, and a bloody revolution was sweeping the United States. A great many of the citizens, other than strikers, believed this. Not only that, but they looked to the strike committee for a way out of the rapidly developing chaos. Many of them went so far as to display "protection" cards, that had been issued them by the committee. It gave the bearer permission to go wherever his duty called him and at any time of the day.

One or two milk wagons appeared with "protection" cards on them which read as follows:

> **"This Vehicle Is Hereby Permitted to Carry Milk to the——————Hospital.**
>
> **By Order of the Strike Committee."**

It is conceded by many residents of Winnipeg that the above acts, taken with the refusal of the International Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen to join the strike, proved its undoing. The local trainmen's union had voted to walk out, but the International Brotherhood denied them the privilege.

Driven to desperation by the last described acts and failure of the strike committee to handle the situation, a number of courageous citizens held a meeting. They organized what became known as "The Committee of a Thousand." It assumed the right to institute reforms in the welfare of the community.

One of their first acts was the establishment of depots in schoolhouses, churches, any place from which they could distribute bread, milk and ice. Supplies were brought to them, heavily guarded by volunteer deputies.

The next thing on the program was the placing of guards at the fire signaling boxes, to stop the sending of so many false alarms. The mail boxes were being constantly meddled with, so over each of them were placed two guards. One would have been sufficient, but the threats and occasional brickbats of strikers or some of their henchmen, especially in the long hours of the lightless nights, was more than the nerves of a single individual could stand. This doubling up caused a heavy drain on the number of citizens who volunteered for the service, so that none was left to answer riot calls. By making intensive drives and the use of all kinds of arguments, a sufficient number of men were induced to sign for military duty when called upon. Great was their surprise when they were immediately rushed to the barracks, hustled into uniforms, a rifle thrust into their hands, and then detailed for guard duty at some beleaguered point.

A Step Toward the Return of Law and Order

THIS action on the part of the Committee of a Thousand had a wholesome effect. Worried people began to breathe easier. The *Free Press* came out on the twenty-second with half a sheet. In it was the following comment:

> "It is quite apparent in a city like Winnipeg, a general strike involving all the activities and utilities—pushed to its logical conclusion—will destroy the community in a brief space of time.
>
> "To make it effective, there would be the inconceivable state of affairs of people condemning themselves to starvation, to thirst, to all the essentials of life. It is impossible to believe that any community of civilized men will thus commit suicide.
>
> "These gentry really dream of taking over the wholesale houses and smaller places of business and doling out food and other necessaries of life to their adherents, thus compelling the rest of the community to get down on their knees for the right to live."

At this juncture, the strike committee gave the waiters permission to resume their duties at specified eating houses; but when so ordered, they were to serve food only to people who could show "protection" or union cards.

The Committee of a Thousand warned all the people to stay off the streets after nightfall. If anyone did

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Superlatives in the Field of American Sports

When Can a Star Be Called Best; What Qualities Must He Have?

By PAUL MACDONALD

AMERICANS have a weakness for superlatives. A foreign critic once called this the land of the "est." With us, he said, it would never do to call anything fine for it had always to be the finest. Nor did we refer to anyone as simply great but always as the greatest. Nothing was apparently simply big but always the biggest. No occasion could be grand; it must be the grandest.

No subject is free from the superlative adjective in discussion but some subjects produce more superlatives than others. One of them is sport. Now, nearly everyone is interested in some form of sport or other. We all have our idols in sport whether these idols are baseball players, football players, track leaders, tennis, golf, boxing champions or oarsmen. And we like to extol their athletic abilities. To emphasize properly their greatness we resort to superlatives. It seems to be one of our national faults.

So many superlatives have been used in describing games and individual participants that we were prompted to review the list of popular sports, their leaders and leading contenders and their principal performances and try to discover a perfect performer or a perfect play.

Baseball generally gives Tyrus Raymond Cobb credit for being the greatest player of all time. Some prefer Honus Wagner for this honor. In a voting contest Cobb would undoubtedly win.

Judging ball players purely on records, Cobb is the supreme player of all time. In batting there are five men whose records stand above the field. They are Cobb, Wagner, Adrian C. Anson, Napoleon Lajoie and Sam Crawford. Cobb's record is the best by a comfortable margin and not another man is close to his lifetime batting average of better than .370. In the matter of base-running he is the best of all time and his record backs up the assertion.

Baseball's Best Players

COBB revolutionized baseball more than fifteen years ago. He introduced so many new ideas that others, following his example in fielding, batting and running bases, changed the entire style of attack in baseball and the defense had to change to meet the new ideas and to overcome the advantages that the Cobb methods created.

Never was there the equal of Cobb as a base-runner, nor did he ever have an equal as a scientific batsman, but several men in baseball were better natural hitters than Cobb and far harder hitters. Cobb got comparatively little distance to his drives. He would not hit a ball as far as Crawford, one of the great sluggers of baseball and Cobb's teammate while Cobb was climbing to glory. Nor could he hit as hard as Anson, or Lajoie, or Wagner, or Ruth, or Heilmann, or Hornsby, the last three the leading sluggers of this day in baseball. They are all harder hitters than Cobb ever was.

Cobb's weakness came in fielding. He was an excellent fielder, one of the best in the game, but compared to his batting and base-running his fielding was weak. He never could equal the fielding of Tris Speaker, his American League rival. Speaker was nearer perfect than any outfielder of the last fifteen years, although he could not hit with Cobb nor was he in Cobb's class as a base-runner. The weakest part of Cobb's fielding was his throwing. During the spectacular seasons of his career he was always handicapped by a weak throwing arm.

Wagner was a better fielder than Cobb and an all-round fielder. Wagner could play any position. He started in the outfield and later transferred his activities to the infield. Nobody ever compared with him as a shortstop. He was best known at that position. He was broad, deep and powerful, a remarkable physique. He was extremely bow-legged but he could cover a great deal of territory and reach balls that would get by any other infielder. Wagner smothered a baseball in fielding. When he grabbed it Wagner apparently wanted to crush it, or tried to. It looked that way. He was one of the best batsmen of all time, although not so good as Cobb. He was one of the best base-runners of all time and here, too, he was not so good as Cobb. Physically Wagner was a better fielder than Cobb, physically and mechanically. But here is where Cobb outclassed Wagner, as well as all players before him: He carried the keenest mentality the game has known. He was the quickest thinker of all time. He was not the fastest man in baseball, although he was as fast as any, but he did have perfect co-ordination. His mind worked in perfect harmony with the limbs. His body responded on the instant to the command of the brain. He caught his full stride with the second step. No batsman ever broke from the plate as quickly as Cobb, none ever started as quickly. He was generally two plays ahead of his opponents and ahead of his own teammates as well. Wagner lacked this mentality. Wagner lacked the temperament of Cobb, the imagination, the inspiration, the trigger-like action. No player ever rose as high above the mechanical as Cobb, and Wagner was mechanically near-perfect although he lacked grace. He always appeared awkward although he covered more ground than any man in the game.

For grace, no infielder ever compared with Lajoie. He was a great fielder and a wonderful batsman. Lajoie made every chance look easy, no matter how difficult. He was form personified. He fielded as Willie Hoppe plays billiards. But still, Lajoie was never more than an average base-runner and he lacked the competitive spirit that was so pronounced and predominating in Cobb. Wagner, too, lacked this spirit. You liked to watch Lajoie for the same reason that you like to watch any perfect piece of mechanism but his play never inspired or thrilled you as Cobb's. There was nothing magnetic about either Wagner or Lajoie and there was about Cobb.

George Sisler, had he been saved from the calamity which interrupted his career, might have equaled Cobb's record in batting, but Sisler was the only player since the day of Cobb who gave such promise. Like Cobb, he was a scientific batsman, but he could never compare with Cobb as a base-runner. His fielding was good but he did not play the best first base of all time. In fact, when Sisler reached his top form there were a few first basemen probably as good in fielding as Sisler.

Frank Frisch, of the New York Nationals, is probably the best player today. Frisch is a great fielder and while not the best batsman in his league is still one of the very best. He is a good base-runner, although not so good as Cobb, and he lacks the keen mentality that Cobb had. Frisch is still a young player and he may improve over his present form. He is the only major league player today who slides hands first.

Among the pitchers, and pitchers always deserve a separate classification, there is one that came near being a perfect pitcher and that is Christy Mathewson. He had everything a pitcher needs but he also made mistakes and perfection does not make allowances for mistakes. But there has never been another pitcher as good as Mathewson and there does not promise to develop one as good in the near future. Mathewson was a complete pitcher. Grover Cleveland Alexander, one of the leading pitchers of modern baseball history, used a curve and fast ball and control to gain his place near the top. He never had the assortment nor variety that was Mathewson's. Ed. Walsh, one of the leading pitchers in the American League, depended chiefly upon a spit ball and control while Walter Johnson, one of the great pitchers of all time, depended solely upon a fast ball and control. Analyze all the winning pitchers of all time and none will be found who equaled Mathewson either in amount of pitching stuff or ability to use it at the right time.

So there you have the leading players in baseball. The game produced many other stars but we have mentioned the men considered at the head of the profession and, as you observed, none of them is without flaw. Not one of them is perfectly balanced. In all there is some angle of play that could have been improved.

You often read in the newspapers where a pitcher pitched "a perfect game." This refers to a no-hit game. But a perfect game has never been pitched and probably never will be. To pitch a perfect game a pitcher would have to retire twenty-seven batsmen in succession, each on three strikes and pitch no more than seventy-one balls. In other words, he would have to pitch nothing but strikes for nine innings. Only that can be a perfect game in the full sense of the word and it has never been done.

A year or so ago one of the leading sporting publications set out to discover the name of the greatest football player of all time. This has long been a subject of argument. It had never been definitely decided just who was the best player ever produced on the gridiron, although more than a score of football leaders had been designated as the greatest of all time. The publication in question wrote letters to all the leading college coaches, to the leading officials, to players and to other men closely identified with the game.

The answers varied. A score of players were named. William (Willie) Heston, who used to play halfback for the University of Michigan, led in the votes. A close second to Heston was Hinkey, known as "The Shadowy End" when he played one of the wing positions for Yale. Close behind them in the voting came Jim Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian, who played in the backfield of the famous Carlisle Indian School team.

Months were required to collect the votes and when they were gathered the answer to the question: "Who was football's greatest player?" was as far removed as ever.

What Constitutes "Best" in Football

FOOTBALL has produced many splendid players. Each season finds between thirty and fifty men who rise above their fellows, whose names are frequently printed in the newspapers and who are recognized stars. We read that this or that player is the greatest ever produced, in fact, any football season finds a dozen or more players who are called the greatest.

There have been many good football players and a few great ones but no one knows, as has been proved, who really was the greatest. Football teams rarely play more than eight games each year and even when a man plays a full schedule it is impossible to get a definite line on his ability, in comparison to others. No player engages in more than four or five big games, that is, games that are considered big ones by his team. The number is generally under five, rarely more than three. So the average player is tested in three games in one year and that is not enough properly to place him in the ranking lists.

A famous baseball manager once told us that football could never compare with baseball because it lacked batting, pitching and fielding averages, rather the equivalent of these averages. The record books make baseball the popular game that it is, according to this manager. They give people an opportunity to gauge the ability of a player and compare him. Football, offering no such sound basis for comparison, can never touch baseball's popularity for the value of a football player remains but a matter of opinion and this is mostly hazy. There is nothing definite about football, nothing clear about comparative values.

According to the vote referred to, William Heston, of Michigan, is regarded by most of the leading experts as the best football player of all time. But, the coaches of today and the students of the modern game will assail this opinion with some sound arguments. Heston made his reputation more than twenty years ago, in the days of mass formation and the smashing attack against the line. Heston was of remarkable physique, "built for the game of his day." He had weight, power, and he was one of the fastest men playing football. He was, without doubt, the best back of his time. No man ever started faster nor has any player ever hit a line harder or turned more quickly into an opening. Heston, playing football today, would probably be the best line smasher in the game, but (and here the disciples of the modern school of football would score their points) what could Heston do in the kicking game, in throwing forward passes or in receiving passes?

Football teams rarely kicked when Heston played. The kick was not the important part of the game that it is today. Now, the kick is the most important thing in football but in those days it was line smashing and Heston could do that. It is open play today and the most valuable man in the backfield is the chap who can kick, pass and run. The player with this three-ply talent is referred to as a "triple-threat" man. This means that with the player in punt formation he has the defensive team fairly at his mercy for he is certain to do one of three things, but which one? He may kick, forward pass or run. The defense has to be distributed to take care of one of three methods of advancing the ball which means that the defense will not be concentrated for any of the three things which the player in punt formation will do, providing the ball is passed to him. Often it is not passed to him, which does not reduce his value, for the defense will be spread to take care of his threat and this will enable one of the other backs to take the passed ball and find the defense less effective.

Today's Requirements

SO, TO be of the best value to his team, the back must be able to run, kick and pass. Heston could run but if he could neither kick nor pass, and there is no reason to believe that he could do either of these, he would not fit into the modern style of play as well as a number of backs of recent years who lack the high reputation that Heston carries. It is impossible to say that Heston is the greatest of all time. The nearest statement to anything definite would be to call Heston the best back of his time. To bring him into the modern game would leave many questions unanswered. Some of them we have cited and others would relate to blocking, which was not the developed art in Heston's time that it is today. Also, interference, tackling and guarding against forward passes in the secondary defense zone.

Thorpe was also the best back of his time. Thorpe fitted into the modern game. Thorpe could kick. We saw Thorpe play one game on a field covered with thick mud. Standing twelve yards back of center, which is quite a distance back for a punter, Thorpe called for the ball. The pass was high. Thorpe reached up with one hand, picked the ball out of the air and threw it down. He did not drop it as punters do, but threw it. His foot connected and as the ball started on its flight a thick coating of mud was scattered through the air. The ball landed forty-five yards from the scrimmage line, traveling a total distance of fifty-seven yards.

The noted Indian could forward pass and receive passes. He could go through a line or around the end. He went off tackle. He hit hard. He was a splendid broken field runner, elusive and fast but also powerful.

With all his speed Thorpe was never the equal of Heston in going through thick defenses. Thorpe needed several steps before he hit the line of scrimmage and he usually took a position much farther back than the average player. He needed the extra steps to gather speed so that he would reach full momentum when he hit the line. Heston was at top speed with the second step and he stood close to the line.

If Heston played today and could neither pass nor punt, the defensive team would not have a difficult problem. They would concentrate the defense on Heston whenever it would be evident that he would take the ball. Heston would probably be the best line smasher in the game today but that would still leave much to be desired in him. Thorpe could hit a line and kick and pass besides and do remarkably well but Thorpe also left some things to be desired. Thorpe's defensive play was not of the same excellence as his offensive work and Thorpe lacked the fighting temperament. He was indifferent. Only at times would Thorpe rise to his full ability. The lust of battle was lacking in him. He did not have the competitive spirit of Heston. Thorpe had courage and stamina and many other qualities but a few of the most desirable were missing.

Hinkey was undoubtedly a great end. The most remarkable thing about Hinkey was that he played in the day when weight was paramount. He was a star in the days of beef and power and he never weighed as much as 150 pounds while he played for Yale.

Probably, if he played today, Hinkey would be just as fine an end as he was in those days at Yale, but this is questionable, for the end play has seen some astounding changes and an end today must do many times as many things as an end did in Hinkey's time. The outstanding ends of recent years have been big, rangy, powerful and fast men. Muller, of California, Hanny, of Indiana, Kirk, of Michigan, Tebell, of Wisconsin, and others, were all big men. One of their duties was to catch forward passes and size and weight is of immense value in this angle of end play. Hinkey never dreamed

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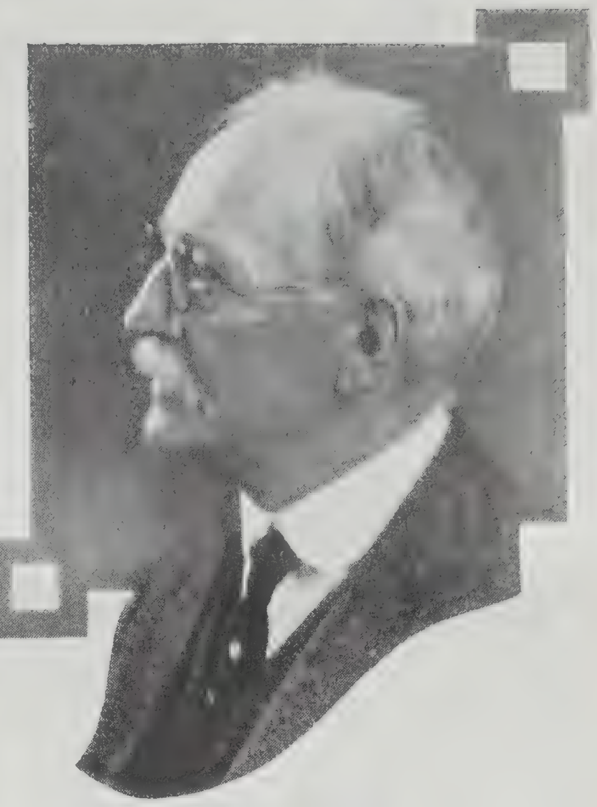
His Father's Son, and Worthy of the Name

The Mastery of Reproducing Nature on Canvas and the Art of Saying Beautiful Things in Pigment Have Been Handed Down Like Precious Legacies in the Inness Family

By GEORGE H. DACY



GEORGE INNESS, Junior, N. A.

DESPITE that he is more than seventy years old. George Inness, Junior, N. A., pays no attention whatsoever to union hours as he reproduces the beauties of nature on canvas and creates landscapes which rank among the best ever exhibited in America.

Every morning, except Sunday, by nine o'clock. you will find Mr. Inness at his easel where he paints brilliantly and industriously until six that evening with a half hour off at noon for lunch. After dinner in the evening, Mr. Inness returns to his studio where for hours at a time, he sits smoking before his paintings, studying the themes. the lights, the shadings and color blends of his pictures; planning on the improvements he will make on the morrow; searching for any flaws or defects which may mar the completed effect of the landscapes.

The laity have long been contented to visualize the successful artist as a person who works inspired under the spell of muse—a man of great talent whose hands, as they produce marvelous scenes in oils and watercolors or pastels, are regulated by some unfathomable power called genius. All of which, according to Mr. Inness who has climbed far up the ladder of artistic achievement. is pure buncombe as he claims that hard work is the one and only recipe by which to forge ahead in the field of landscape painting. Mr. Inness works a dozen hours a day six days in the week and when he is resting on Sunday, he is unconsciously thinking about the unfinished canvases in his studio.

The Mission of the Painter

"THERE is nothing to this inspired art. A successful artist must have a pronounced tendency toward art and must have his ability developed. After that all that is necessary is constant toil and grind and incessant attention to duty.

"Let us believe in art, not as something to gratify curiosity or suit commercial ends, but something to be loved and cherished because it is the handmaid of the spiritual life of this age."

George Inness, Junior, whose father ranked as America's greatest landscape painter, has been painting professionally for fifty-five years and abiding rigidly by his hard-work schedule. His ideal of an original style in art is tersely expressed best in his own words: "I will put the pigment on canvas as a suggestion of the effect I desire to attain and leave it to your mind to form the completed picture."

The Inness, Junior, landscapes with their marvelous green colorings, their matchless cloud effects and remarkable tones of light are but suggestions. The longer you look upon them, the better you like them and the more of the pictures you visualize. Mr. Inness says that art in its purest form is merely the suggestion that awakens the spiritual impulses of men and quickens their emotions. George Inness never paints from nature. His only models are the fancies of his subconscious mind.

"If I, with my painting. can accomplish what a musician possessed of feeling and expression can do with his instrument. then I am an artist," said Mr. Inness. "Merely to play a piano does not indicate that the performer is a musician. He may be skilled in technique, he may execute with accuracy all the notes of the composition, but unless he awakens in the mind of the auditor some feeling of exaltation and spiritual emotion, he is merely a piano player and not an artist. What I have tried to do with my painting is to lift the minds of men to higher things, to give them better thoughts. to encourage them to go out into the fields and woods and study nature in her varying moods—if I can give them a new vision of life through my use of canvas and pigments, I am satisfied.

"If I have any skill," continued Mr. Inness, "and if I have disguised that skill so that the artist is forgotten in the contemplation of the painting, and if it arouses the emotions instead of recalling thought of me to the spectator, I have succeeded in doing what I have worked so hard to perfect in my pictures. A modern landscape artist must be a consummate craftsman. He must paint in such a manner that his craftsmanship is entirely disguised and the suggestion in his picture is emphasized as the important feature."

An Inherited Talent

THE Inness pictures adhere to truth in art yet they refuse to acknowledge any allegiance to hidebound conventions. The mode of the pictures is George Inness' personal conception. They are not at all like the works of modernists. They do not have to be studied diligently to be understood. They teem with suggestion and convey their own inspiration. The picture may be nothing more than a bit of woodland, trees and a trickling brook backed up by a glorious morning sun. Another may be a hillside swept by a crisp wind, with the sunlight dimmed by scuddering clouds. The pictures are not photographic—Mr. Inness scoffs at the idea that an expert artist is anything like a camera—but they thrill the spectator with inspiration and appeal to his better emotions.

A fundamental law of heredity is: "Like begets like." Mayhap, George Inness, Junior, his father's son, owes some of his sterling ability to the operation of this mandate of being which is as old as man. On the other hand, however, the success of the son is outstanding insomuch as many of the sons of famous fathers have not even approximated the duplication of their sire's achievements. The remarkable record of George Inness, Junior, is unique in the world of international art for he is one son endowed with the master-art of his father who has capitalized his opportunities to the maximum.

George Inness, Senior, was the fifth of a family of thirteen children. When fourteen years old, he left school and worked as a clerk in his father's grocery. Young Inness' bent for drawing soon developed so strongly, to the neglect of his duties as a grocer's apprentice, that he was allowed to study pencil drawing under an old instructor. Despite delicate health, he slowly mastered the engraver's art and subsequently learned about the rudiments of landscape painting. Hard work and constant application to painting were the slogans which he followed. Ultimately, he developed into one of the greatest landscape painters America has produced.

His work is notable for its subtle charm and great delicacy of color. "All his pictures are tone-symphonies, broadly painted, deeply harmonized and in perfect concord. The history of art holds Inness in honor as one of the most delicate and versatile landscape artists of the New World."

One art critic has appropriately described the devotion of son for father—the love of George Inness, Junior, for his famous forebear, in these words: "This reverential attitude toward George Inness. the artist-father. by George Inness, the artist-son, is one of the most impressive characteristics of the latter. Having once heard him speak of his father and his father's work, we ever after associate the two in thought.

"In this expression of veneration of son for father. and of admiration of artist for artist, and the untiring perseverance in following his father's methods and instruction, we find the reason for the greatness of George Inness, Junior. Through his infinite faith in the creed of his father—that one must seek with reverent approach the secrets of creation in the workshop of the Creator—and his never-deviating pursuit of the trails blazed by that father, he is perpetuating and supplementing the work of one of this country's greatest out-of-door artists.

A Remarkable Triptych

"SCHOOLS have come and gone: method has succeeded method; artists have appeared and disappeared, but Inness has unswervingly followed Inness in his efforts to paint the truth as it has been revealed to him by nature, at whose shrine he has worshiped. Nature from whom he has learned to produce the marvelous effects of light, atmosphere and color which are his rich contributions to American art. These effects are due not to the technic of text but to the technic of touch; not due to paint but to the absence of paint; not due to color but to the suggestion of color. The effects which make all his creations not a familiar scene made up of familiar objects, but a remembered environment; an environment not of place but of feeling. We are not looking upon a tree, a stream, a valley or a hillside; we are feeling the great outdoors; we are tensed by the gathering of storm clouds, we feel the freshness of the shower that has passed, we are enveloped by the afterglow of the sun that has set. This is Inness—not Inness the son, but Inness the father and son."

Latterly, Innes the son presented a remarkable triptych to a little church at Tarpon Springs, Florida, where he has his winter home and near where his father before him lived for many years at Camp Comfort, his beautiful lodge on the tropical Ancloute River. The triptych done in three panels is based on the beautiful imagery of the twenty-third psalm and is something entirely new and different in church decoration. Art critics from all parts of the country have made the long trip to Florida's western coast to view and study the masterpiece.

"And beside still waters, he leadeth me, in green pastures." Visualize, if you can, what these words mean and you will have some slight idea of the three panels which Mr. Inness has painted. The pictures showing wonderful blends of color and sky and cloud effects are rich in suggestion and show a shepherd leading his flock out of the darkness and into the light. Critics estimate that this trio of pictures is worth at least $75,000, yet Mr. Inness gave them to the little village church.

Foreign Training Unnecessary

IN THE rear of the church are three other panels depictive of the promise of the rainbow, the realization of light, the crops that resulted from the favorable season and the bounty of the Lord. It is a strange story that these gift pictures tell. Some years ago, the tiny church that stood originally on the site burned to the ground.

A wealthy resident gave money to build a new church but instead of employing an architect, she hired a plumber to plan the new edifice. Deeming windows as the most important equipment in a church, the plumber provided three large windows in the front, three others in the rear and a half-dozen on the exposed side of the structure.

The result was that the glare was so intense that the pastor, when preaching, could not see his parishioners while the churchgoers could not see the minister. A severe windstorm came along and blew the windows into smithereens. The church funds were exhausted. Mrs. Inness then volunteered to get her husband to paint appropriate panels to replace the windows. That is the "how come" of the triptych—and the trio of panels in the rear of the church at Tarpon Springs—paintings which are worth twenty times as much as the edifice which protects them.

Mr. Inness believes that a great artist can be trained and educated in America, at present, without any need for foreign study. He says that art is in decadence abroad; that the over-sea countries have produced no really famous artists during the last half century; that they are living on venerable but tottering reputations. He advises young artists to master their drawing before they begin to paint. "Too many teachers at present slight drawing in order to push their pupils ahead in the actual work of dabbling with pigments. It is entirely wrong. To climb a ladder you must start at the bottom, not at the top. To acquire skill in painting, the amateur must first of all develop adeptness with the drawing pencil."

The Critic and the Fly

GEORGE INNESS, Junior, overflows with dry humor which makes a visit to his delightful tropical home a joy to the transient scribe. One of the best of several stories which he tells fluently is the following: "It was during an art exhibition where all the great landscape painters of the world had pictures on display. An art critic was describing at length the merits and defects of the different pictures. When he came to mine he said, 'As you see, all these other pictures are very fine but here is one that is different. The trees do not look as though they will stand up; the grass does not appear to have roots; the clouds are mere splotches of color, and, trying to make it realistic, the artist has even undertaken to paint a fly onto the landscape. It is really but a daub which looks stiff and unnatural.' And about that time, the fly becoming tired of such chatter, flew away."

The Wages of Million Go to Pay Bond Buyers

Cities and States in Frenzy of Borrowing

THE market for state and municipal bonds in America has been going strong for the last eleven years. During the same period conditions have been growing harder for the small taxpayer; his rate is up and he sees a larger per cent of his tax dollar go into the pockets of the coupon clipper.

Interest on the aggregate of these bonds in the year 1923 would have paid the cost of a highway, paved with brick or asphalt with a nine-inch concrete foundation, from New York City to San Francisco, over the northern route, and from San Francisco through California and east to Palm Beach, Florida, on the southern route, at a price of $35,000 a mile. In addition, the surplus could have been made available for industrial uses and the income used to pay the wages of a thousand men to keep the roads in repair.

The total of state and municipal bonds issued from 1913 to 1923 inclusive is $7,804.378.855.

Causes for the unprecedented bond issues in every state and nearly every city may be many—civic pride, duty to the soldiers, public necessity, and so forth, but underneath the desire of cities to be a step in advance of progress was the propaganda of those privately benefited. The decade just ending has been a field day for tax spenders and tax evaders—that patriotic class of citizenship which demands public improvements at the other fellow's expense.

In 1922, the aggregate of bonds issued by cities and states exceeded by $225,000.000 the total Federal debt before the war. In 1921, when the frenzy reached its zenith, the issues exceeded this government debt by $355,000,000. To give an idea of the increase from year to year for the period covered, the following figures are cited:

1913	$ 408,477,702
1914	445,905,610
1915	492,590,141
1916	497,403,751
1917	444,932,848
1918	262,818,844
1919	770,195,248
1920	733,663,986
1921	1,383,368,900
1922	1,253,862,437
1923	1,111,159,388

During the war years of 1917 and 1918 the issues were greatly reduced because of the rule that only work necessary to the prosecution of the war should be done and no other public improvements attempted unless of an emergency nature. But immediately following the Armistice and the lifting of Federal restrictions, lost time was rapidly made up.

The states' debts total more than $1,125,000,000 of which almost $600,000,000 has been created since 1917.

What was the money used for? The largest percentage, of course, has gone toward the construction of good roads. The demand of the public, especially that part of it owning automobiles, has been for more and better roads, preferably paved highways. The states have been in competition, due to some extent to the proposal of the Federal Government to match dollar for dollar up to a certain amount in promoting great highway projects. The expenditures of the states for these roads is more than $400,000,000.

How Debts Are Incurred

IT IS a question whether a wise policy has been pursued. There is no such thing as a permanent road; highways costing from $20.000 to $60,000 a mile have been laid where intelligent investigation would have shown them unnecessary. A road properly drained and rolled would answer the purpose in at least half of the cases and the cost would have ranged from a few hundred dollars to $4,000 a mile, depending on the locality. Traffic on a great majority of the roads does not warrant $35,000-a-mile paving.

Upkeep of a paved road is one of the permanent items in a state budget. The amount is not small and the taxpayers either directly or indirectly are being called upon for ever-increasing sums.

About ten years ago, when the paved road craze first hit one of the Southern Ohio counties, a small stretch of one of the main traffic highways was improved. The upkeep cost has totaled $55,000 a mile and the public, while repairs were being made, has been deprived of the use of large sections of it at intervals.

Roads paved three and four years ago are crumbling in many cases. In other instances they hold up fairly well.

There is no argument against paved roads for heavy traffic, but a careful investigation would show them unnecessary in hundreds of cases.

It is a practice in many states to issue bonds to pay for roads—bonds maturing in from twenty to fifty years. Long before the first bond comes due, the road improved needs repairs; and interest charges must be met. Before the debt is paid, the road has been rebuilt.

Take a most conservative example: A stretch of road six miles long is to be paved for $200.000. Bonds for twenty years at four per cent are issued, the first batch of $20,000 maturing in ten years. By the time the bonds are paid the road will have cost $316,000. But if there is any part of the original work left at the end of twenty years, it will be surprising. The chances are, judging from some present-day roads, that the upkeep will be close to half a million dollars in addition.

Ohio's road maintenance bill exceeds $5,000,000 a year.

After the war many states, in fact all of them, were eager to show their appreciation of the boys who took the great chance. Many of them acted on the impulse and voted a bonus. The states' debt, due to the bonus, is $207,000,000.

Lack of a plan of amortization was the cause of $118,000,000 of the liability in 1922. Officials evidently have found more pleasure in spending money than in paying debts. The easiest way for a debt to be paid is to issue bonds to pay it. Why should they worry? Let their successors do that.

Less than $17,000,000 of the outstanding bonds represents investments in educational institutions.

In South Dakota, the per capita debt exceeds seventy-four dollars, but the bonds have been issued to advance funds to farmers.

A Scramble to Spend Money

MICHIGAN had no state debt in 1917; in 1922 bonds issued totaled $61,550,000 with $83,500,000 authorized. Road bonds totaled $28,050,000 and the soldier bonus $30,000,000. These figures, however, do not represent the real costs. When the soldiers' bonus, for example, is finally paid, it will have cost Michigan $87,000,000—that is, $30,000,000 for the soldiers, $57,000,000 for the bond buyers.

In Ohio it was necessary to amend the constitution to bond the state for $25,000,000 to pay a bonus, for the charter of 1913 forbids a state debt.

New York, Massachusetts, California and Pennsylvania are responsible for nearly half the debt of all the states. Kentucky, Nebraska, Kansas and Wisconsin are blessed—they have no state debt.

"The spirit of the times" may be actuated by a very clever propaganda of those who seek a market for idle money and tax-exempt securities. And the spirit of the cities in the last decade has been one of keen rivalry and almost wanton extravagance.

More than eighty years ago it was common practice for cities to bond themselves and turn the money over to private corporations in development schemes, such as building canals, roads, boats, railroads. The situation became such, the debts so heavy, that many of them were repudiated. There is not a city in America today, however, that will repudiate a debt.

Cities in other states should study the situation in Ohio. There the crisis has been reached with half of every tax dollar going into the sinking fund. Municipalities are on short rations. School boards have been forced to reduce the length of the term. Firemen and police have been laid off. Special taxes have been levied by officials when voters refused to sanction increases at the polls. Improvements in many towns have been abandoned. Street lighting in one city was assessed against the individuals. Another city has been forced to increase its water and gas rates.

The municipal bond has proved a gold brick for the taxpayer and a gold mine for the bond buyer.

The lamented President Harding sounded a warning of the debt situation in his last message to Congress in these words:

"In the efforts which have been directed to reducing public expenditures I have been much concerned in the apparent state, county and municipal indebtedness, and I am fearful lest this condition may be in part attributable to the expenditures made by the government pursuant to its Federal aid laws, as many of these laws require state contributions as a requisite to the extension of Federal aid."

The greatest monument to him would be to heed this warning, but it is apparent that his advice, insofar as municipal borrowing was concerned, was not popular. Cities and states continued during 1923 their mad scramble to spend money but not with the same impetuosity exhibited in 1922. The total issues for the year just ended are $142,703,049 less than in the year preceding.

Federal statistics recently issued show that the total revenues of all the states, cities, townships, schools, and other subdivisions for 1922, together with revenues for the national government for 1923 totaled $7.433,081.000 or an average of $68.37 a person. The interest bill was almost a fourth of the total or a little more than sixteen dollars for every person in the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia.

Here is something to think over:

The interest for 1923 on the Federal debt was $1,100.000,000.

The interest for the same period on state and municipal bonds, most of which were issued in the last eleven years, was at least $500,000,000.

In other words it required the wages of a million men at thirty dollars a week for a year to meet the interest bill of 1923.

The Ricsha Man of China

Concluded from page 3

man and you prod your coolie in his direction. Many times he speaks some English, this handsome Indian who is a British subject, but sometimes he does not, and if it so happens that he does not, then you get into a panic, especially if the dusk is coming on apace, and you conjure up visions of being dragged to some opium joint, a la movie, or of being held for ransom and being written up in the China *Press*. You wonder what they will say back home, and if you will live through it all. But in the offing you see a ricsha with a man in it who looks like an Englishman, and is one, and your troubles are ended, for he knows his Shanghai. He directs your coolie to follow him, and lo and behold, in a surprisingly short time you are out of the maze of little crooked streets and onto broad Avenue Joffre, and shortly are delivered at your own door before any one there has thought to wonder why you are so late.

The most maddening part of it all is that your coolie will hold out his hand for more pay, when you have paid him a-plenty, and that he will blame you for the long trip when he himself alone is to blame for making it so long. But you pay him!

I had been in Shanghai four days and had not yet learned the way of the land, or the way of the ricsha coolie, and that night at midnight I was leaving for Wuhu on the *Poyang*. Wuhu is an outport in the interior, up the Yangtze River. The dock was a short half-mile from the hotel and all the heavy baggage had been sent down early in the evening. There were four of us to take the boat together, but because of a temporary jam at the hotel door as we passed through, the other three got away before my coolie, and we were separated. I never knew what, if any, difficulty the others had in making the boat, but I never shall forget my own. It was raining. There was the usual confusion at the dock, and I peered out from behind the black curtain to see what it was all about, only to find that my coolie had pulled the ricsha up alongside the *Kwanglee*, bound for Hongkong. My traveling bag was being wrestled from the tight grip in which I held it, and my umbrella was being opened and an attempt being made to thrust it into my hand. "Hongkong! No can do!" I cried in my recently acquired pigeon English, "Must catchee *Poyang*." He stolidly shook his head, "No can do," he assured me and pulled me by the arm along toward the *Kwanglee* gangplank. It did no good to appeal to the dock policemen, for they did not understand the language I tried to speak, and were not interested anyway. They pointed in the direction the coolie was trying to urge me, via the tight-grip-on-the-elbow method. I had almost come to the conclusion that to Hongkong I would have to go when the huge form of a Sikh policeman hove in sight. He understood English, and I poured my immediate troubles into his receptive ear. He batted my coolie over the head with his stick (and the impact of ivory, flesh, and hardwood was music in my ears) and put me in my ricsha again; and walked beside the sour-visaged coolie as he directed him to the *Poyang* slip.

Usually, however, despite his unwillingness to risk losing a fare by admitting that he does not know how to get to any particular place, the ricsha coolie is an agreeable creature. He will jog along for hours, singing to himself much of the way. You fear he must be half dead and ready to drop in his tracks, but let another ricsha come up behind him and attempt to pass, and unless he is really completely exhausted (and this rarely happens) he will speed up, for no ricsha man will be passed by another if he can help it. And neither does he want nor propose to let a motor car cut in ahead of him. He will take great chances with the safety of both ricsha and fare rather than let a motor car wind on through a busy street and crowd him to one side.

There is no escaping the fact that though the "foreign devil" pays him more for his services than his own countryman, the ricsha coolie holds all alien races in ill-concealed contempt. In this he is not unlike the rest of his race. Wealthy Chinese and those of high estate have little use, generally speaking, for the foreigner, and the ricsha coolie has even less, and of them all, it is the American he holds in greatest contempt. Yet it is the American who treats him best, and pays him most generously. The Chinese themselves are most cruel to the coolie class. It is no uncommon sight to see a prosperous-looking Chinese kick the coolie who is drawing his ricsha, apparently for no reason. Even the Britisher is inclined to box a coolie's ears for the least mishap, and yet the ricsha coolie would rather draw a Britisher than an American any day.

While it is generally believed in America, that the queue is a thing of the past in China—absolutely taboo by governmental edict—there are a great many yet to be seen in Chinese cities, and even more in the country districts. Usually they are worn by the coolie classes. My own ricsha coolie wears one that comes to the bend at the back of his knees, though I usually make him wear it in a knot at the nape of his neck. He believes that when he dies he will be pulled up into heaven by his queue, and he has no mind to miss heaven just because he was foolish enough to cut his queue to please a few foreign devils here below.

Of course the ricsha coolie is overworked, and he is underfed, as are millions of other Chinese of the poorer classes in this land of great though hoarded wealth. There is but one thing to be expected from years of overwork, under feeding, and insufficient clothing in winter: One never sees an old ricsha coolie, and rarely a middle-aged one. He runs his miles, burns up his body and pants his life out in a very few years. In all China there is, perhaps, no more exasperating class of people than the ricsha coolies, but we couldn't get along without them.

The Case of the Cop Versus Crime

AUGUST VOLLMER, the psychological police chief who made an international reputation as head of the police department at Berkeley, California, was loaned to Los Angeles, the largest city of the Pacific Slope, nearly a year ago. He put on a drive against crime, with the result that, in the last four months of 1923, there were 223 arrests for robbery, 477 for burglary, and 358 for automobile thefts, as compared with 34 for robbery, 127 for burglary and 134 for automobile thefts and all other forms of grand larceny combined, in the same period of 1922, before Chief Vollmer went to the rescue of Los Angeles.

This official is probably the foremost authority in this country on the prevention of crime and the apprehension of criminals. This story tells how he does it.

By AUGUST VOLLMER

Chief of Police of Los Angeles, and former President of the International Association of Chiefs of Police.

(In an Interview)

AUGUST VOLLMER,

The "psychological police chief," who has brought to a sudden end the reign of crime in Los Angeles, and who now demands that all policemen be educated men, of high mental, moral and physical attainments.

I am more interested in preventing crime than in detecting it. After all is said and done, it does not bring a murdered man to life to spend all your efforts in a police department to hunt down the murderers. Yet I believe in the most advanced methods of apprehending criminals. I also believe in patient, scientific and intelligent methods of checking crime at the source, as well as discouraging it by efficient police activity and protection. I believe in the combination of hard-headed, practical methods of catching crooks with the humanitarian viewpoint toward crime adopted by criminologists, and the psychological study of crimes as they are committed in actual day-to-day cases.

The starting point of most crimes is in the homes of the criminals. Lack of proper home environment for children, for boys and girls, and for young men and women is responsible for a large part of our crime today. Girls go wrong for the same reason that boys do. More than the mere desire for better clothes, a good time, or any other material reason, is required to make a boy or girl enter a life of wrongdoing if they have been reared in the proper home surroundings. The criminal class is kept alive by jails as much as by any other one factor. Once a man has committed a crime, he is very apt to be converted into what is known as a "professional criminal" through the present methods of jailing him and keeping him in jail with other older, more experienced and more hardened evildoers.

Our jail system and conditions should be completely changed, not only that we may save the beginner in wrongdoing from himself and from the example of men and women who have advanced further along the criminal path, but that we may demonstrate that our civilization is not cruel and barbaric and revengeful, but that it stands for something finer and nobler than a mere policy of avenging crime, even when it is necessary to punish a human being. I believe that the prison farm idea is the correct plan. An enduring feeling of resentment against society, against law, against his fellow men is given to the prisoner by placing him in a cell, shutting him away from the world, under the influence of other criminals. We seem still to be living in an age where "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Penitentiaries are still necessary, and will be needed for a long time, for purposes of confining and controlling the hardened offender, for there always will be a criminal class, and there always will be vice, at least to some extent.

It is my belief, confirmed by years of study and experience, that ninety per cent of all criminals are not right mentally. Probably they are not insane, but somewhere in the involved channels of the brain, the impulses to do right have not been able to overcome the impulses to do wrong. The problem of our civilization is to take these unfortunates in hand as soon as possible and give them the environment, medical treatment and mental and moral training which will change their outlook on life to normalcy, instead of clapping them in jail, and then forgetting that they ever existed. Sufficient illustration of my view on this question is the fact that the recognized medical test to determine the sanity or insanity of a human being is whether that person's mind clearly distinguishes and differentiates right from wrong and truth from falsehood.

The police department, as conditions are today, is the main defense of the public against the criminal, yet, despite the importance, intricacy and difficulty of the police problem in all large cities, no scientific study has been made of the subject by officials, schools, or the people at large. As a result of this, police departments have fallen behind in the progress of civilization. In many of the large cities of America, these departments are incapable of performing, in a satisfactory manner, the duties assigned to them. Throughout this country, desperate criminals are at work without fear of arrest, or of conviction if arrested; vice and crime are extremely widespread and obnoxious, while defective control of traffic permits great loss of life and retards the industrial growth of many communities. Executives of police departments realize this condition of affairs, but are balked by the knowledge that any effort to remedy existing evils will fail unless higher ideals and better methods are inaugurated all over the United States.

The "accident board," by which automobile accidents and their causes are made clear to the courts, introduced by Chief of Police Vollmer at Berkeley, California, and shown in use at San Francisco.

The first step in any plan to make our police departments more competent to control crime is the keeping out—rather than the removal after they get in—of undesirable, incompetent, and mentally or physically unfitted persons from the police force. Preventive measures are vastly cheaper, and hundreds of times more effective, both when dealing with crime and when organizing and maintaining a department to combat crime, than the installation of complicated machinery and systems for the correction of personal defects once they have been acquired and have become established. An unfit or an incompetent policeman weakens the moral fiber of his associates and at the same time destroys the confidence of the public in the department. The protective organization suffers, and society always pays the bill when the policemen of a community are dishonest, brutal, stupid, and physically or temperamentally unsuited for their work.

The unnecessary exercise of police powers, arbitrariness, harshness and cruelty actually produce crime, anarchy and kindred social and political ills. Records show that even mentally unstable men have been appointed as policemen, and their instability has not been recognized by commanding officers until these men had killed some innocent person, or committed some heinous offense against the society they were employed to protect. Mental tests, properly applied to men seeking to enter police work, would aid in the elimination of the unfit, the barring of the mentally incompetent, and would classify the applicants according to their various and varied mental capacities and assist the head of the department in choosing from the group men desirable for responsible positions. No mental measuring method, however, is perfect, yet the results obtained in the army, and in educational and industrial institutions, justifies the use of mental tests to determine whether applicants are endowed with sufficient mentality to discharge their duties adequately and intelligently.

Another factor which should be seriously considered in the selection of men to serve as policemen is education. A man's training for police service begins usually after he has been appointed to the force. This is wrong and should be changed. An effort should be made to induce universities and colleges to offer preparatory courses for police service, and to qualify men for positions in the police departments of our cities. The average policeman gets his education from the great teacher, Experience, but by the time he gets it, valuable time has been wasted, and considerable damage done to the community.

Statistics collected by men since I took charge of the police department of Los Angeles show that in 1923, of 294 men whose connection with that department was severed for any cause, 115 were dismissed or quit under pressure, and that the aggregate cost of these "service terminations" to the city was $183,260, of which at least $100,000 might have been saved if the proper requirements for entrance to the police force had been maintained when these men were appointed. Forty service terminations in 1924 are estimated to have cost the city of Los Angeles $19,160.

I am certain that the police department of virtually every city in the United States could be vastly improved, the prevention of crime made more widespread, and the protection of society established much more securely, by the strict observance of the following rules with regard to the police department in each city:

> Establishment and maintenance of higher standards of educational, mental, moral and physical requirements for applicants.
>
> Observation of all recruits by a medico-psychologist during their training period.
>
> Withholding of police authority from the policeman until he has proved by his conduct and his knowledge that he is fitted to discharge the duties of his position.
>
> Petitioning of our universities and colleges to provide preparatory and promotional courses for policemen.
>
> Creation of a division of construction and maintenance in every police department, and the placing in charge thereof of a competent engineer.
>
> Creation of a crime-prevention division and the appointment of a trained criminologist to conduct the activities of the division.
>
> Establishment of a merit system in each police department.
>
> Crediting of police ratings of candidates for promotion on the basis of 50 per cent in civil-service examinations, such ratings to be subject to review by examination boards.

Education of the public and securing its friendship for and co-operation with the police department is the most efficient way to *stop* crime. Education of our youth, and proper home training and environment for them is the surest way to *prevent* crime. Ninety-five per cent of criminals are made before they are ninteen years old. The time to prevent crime is in childhood. Ninety-five per cent of the criminals in this country today were in trouble of some kind in school, and usually did not complete their school lives.

Here in Los Angeles, we have a special detail of police who work on juvenile cases, not for the purpose of clapping boy and girl offenders in jail, or taking them to the juvenile court at the first opportunity, but to look into the home lives of these unruly boys and girls, and to attempt to determine the causes of their trouble at home and their friction at school. In this, the school department co-operates with the police department to good result. If home conditions of boys and girls who have been suspended or are not amenable to school rules are not proper, the authorities take up the matter with the parents. The main idea is to gain the confidence of the boys and girls in question, to study them, and to attempt to find a solution for their problems, as well as to inspire each boy and girl with confidence in himself or herself, and with a desire to do what is right. I believe this method will prove the greatest crime-reducer ever offered, and that it will, in addition, furnish a distinct and valuable contribution to the general strengthening of the moral fiber of the city in which it is carried on, and eventually of the entire nation.

One of our first steps has been to stop the prevalent practice of putting decent citizens into jail for minor offenses, such, for example, as speeding. In the jails these men came into contact often with the dregs of humanity, and with contagious diseases as well. The law is not intended to punish decent citizens for minor offenses. Speeders are not being jailed, but fined, and every consideration is shown citizens, not of the criminal class, where only minor infractions of the laws are involved. This policy is building up good will for the police department and co-operation for the police among the law-abiding residents of Los Angeles.

In this connection I may say that the traffic problem is not rightfully a police problem at all, but one which should be handled by an engineering department.

The Old South Assumes a New Aspect

By G. W. BARRINGTON

NORTHERNERS, generally, are imbued with the idea that their brethren in the Sunny Southland are made of clay which never has hardened—in a word, that they lack the fire of ambition which steams the boilers of energy.

What Northerner, smugly wrapped in his own conceit, has not nodded sage approval while some philosopher explained just why his section is more prosperous and progressive than the region lying "south of 36," as the late Emerson Hough would say it?

It's the climate, you know. No prod to stir a fellow to action. Fruits and vegetables sprouting spontaneously, hogs multiplying in the wood, cattle grazing contentedly on luxuriant perennial grasses, little fuel needed!—A fair picture, but a false.

Comparatively impoverished the southern states certainly are, but not because the Southerner works fewer hours or earns less, but because he spends the greater part of his earnings outside the borders of his own commonwealth.

For instance, Texas produces more cotton than any other state, and more than is grown in any equal area in the world, yet the cotton goods used in the Texan's family costs from fifty to a hundred per cent more than similar goods made and sold North. Texas plants cotton, chops cotton, cultivates cotton, gathers cotton, gins cotton, then *buys cotton* which has been spun, woven and manufactured into the finished article in far-off New England, with from two to five long and short hauls piled up on the price tag before it reaches the cross-road store.

Cotton, while the chief reliance, is not the only article which Texas sells cheaply and buys dearly after it has been hauled about the country at the mercy of the Esch-Cummins Act.

Sulphur mined here, and worth a fraction of a cent on the dump, is made into matches by a firm in Battle Creek.

Common salt is shipped to Pier No. 3, Chicago, to be packaged, labeled, wholesaled, jobbed, and finally retailed to Texans at ten times the price that Texas received for it.

Wool, hides, fuller's earth, paint pigments, even sweet potatoes and molasses leave here in bulk, and return in glittering containers with attractive labels attached, or made into clothing and shoes.

Industrial Transformation

WHEN a lusty son of the South is born, nursie greases his nostrils with "olive oil" pressed from cottonseed, but bottled in Illinois, and washes his blinking eyes with a solution of boric acid drawn from an Arizona desert by twenty mule teams, but refined and enhanced in price a few hundred per cent by a house somewhere east of Philadelphia.

His bottles, brushes, powders, scents, soaps, his teething ring, crib and coverlet, come from beyond the state line, and the only native product offered for his approval may be supplanted later on by a rubber nipple from the Atlantic seaboard, through which flows Grow 'Em's Marvelous Baby Food, distributed under a Cleveland trade-mark.

And as that babe begins life, so he ends it, taking his last long ride swathed in a New England shroud, resting in a Wisconsin casket, reposing in a Detroit hearse.

During the interval between birth and death, he rarely eats or wears or touches anything wholly produced in his native state, and throughout life sees all about him out-state products such as carpets, tapestries, linens, hardware, tinware, structural and other iron, plumbing and gas pipe and fixtures, electric devices, pottery, crockery, cutlery, wire-work, implements, arms, canned vegetables, fruits, toilet accessories, perfumes, condiments, potted meats, stoves, paint, glass, autos, airplanes, locomotives, rails, rolling stock, tiling, lead products, street cars, eye-glasses, clocks, jewelry, steam shovels, scissors, calf-weaners, rubber goods, thermos bottles, toothpicks, thimbles, thread, buttons, pins, needles, earbobs, rock crushers, road graders, pool balls, checker men, crowbars, hair nets, jackknives, wallets, printing presses, axle-grease, wall paper, mirrors, brass-work, and tens of thousands of other articles which cause the Southerner to spend a busy life keeping the golden flood moving outward from his state line to keep the current of necessities flowing in.

Consider that in all that list, and outside it, but a very small percentage of articles may be found which could not be produced ready for use, right in Dixieland.

But just wait a while.

Textile factories are springing up here and there, and creameries, sugar refineries, canneries, oil mills and sirup standardizing plants are commencing the fight which every industry must make in a new field.

Industrial bodies, commercial clubs, farmers' co-operative associations, even the labor unions are having their eyes opened to the fact that the section has been paying useless tribute to the North.

Naturally, the textile industry has come in for first attention under the new order, because the raw product is of first importance here.

Not long ago every spool of thread, every yard of goods used here was made elsewhere; now the southern Atlantic seaboard has more spindles than any other section, and the great Southwest is installing them by regiments.

At first the industry toddled uncertainly, principally because the pioneers, through mistaken economy, installed second-hand equipment, discarded by the northern mills.

Every mill now in process of assembly is modern in every respect, and the men back of it have learned to import expert management from other sections. As a consequence, the industry in this section is fully up to standard, and walks alone.

True, much of the capital employed so far has come from the North, but, excepting dividends so diverted, that will have little influence on results. The great, outstanding fact remains that soon the Southerner will wear clothing grown and made for Southerners, by Southerners, and in the South, which means simply that the entire price of it will remain among those who wholly created it.

No man who loves America will preach sectionalism, or listen to it without protest. The Southerner does not envy the Northerner his dollars, but he needs a few of them in his business, and is out for them; that is his right.

Why has the awakening not come sooner?

First: Because the Civil War closed upon a South which had given its last ounce of energy, its every shilling and pence, to a cause which proved hopeless, and defeat enshrouded the section in a mantle of drear pessimism which it could not easily discard. Four years brought more devastation and discouragement to the region than six decades of groping toward the dawn could eradicate.

Second: As one of the consequences of that struggle, the South isolated herself politically, slumbering in her traditions and imbued with a certain smug Bourbonism which learned nothing, forgot nothing, and consequently taught nothing. She profited nothing when the party she sustained attained power, because its leaders well knew that, no matter how often slighted, she would not desert; she offered no prolific field for proselyting by the opposing party, because it realized the hopelessness of attempting to propitiate her. As a consequence, both parties distributed their gifts of patronage and favorable legislation in those sections where the proletariat has a habit of rising to its haunches and howling avidly when feeding time comes. The South could be depended upon to hew wood and carry water, and never ask for a seat at the banquet.

Third: The original southern colonist was not an industrialist by nature, but a country gentleman reared for generations to a plantation life. When he accumulated unneeded money, it appealed to him, not as cash to be invested in a factory or commercial enterprise, but as the means of opening another field for planting. Enterprise he certainly had, and has, but heretofore he harnessed it to but one task—crop raising.

Has Glimpsed Her Destiny

THE South, in conversation with an outlander, seeks no advice, tolerates no suggestion for improvement, for the South will not admit that there is one little bit of a fraction of an atom of anything wrong with her, in any respect, or in comparison with any people or section or class. It is this complacent self-satisfaction, which, more than any other one thing, has throttled her progress. But—

That was the Old South, bless her, just as she lay a-dream in blissful self-content.

The New South has glimpsed her destiny, and is adjusting herself to its attainment. As she clung to the old way with pride, she will take to the new with vigor eager to prove that her former isolation was not endured because her people were incapable of applying their energy in a profitable way, but because they were proud to be Southerners with all of the Southerner's freedom from mercenary instincts and capitalistic tendencies.

Sentiment still lives here; respect for traditions survives, but standing alongside is a fixed determination to show the inquisitive-minded gentleman from Missouri, and others, that the South can and will accomplish what she undertakes.

When Civilization Tottered at Winnipeg

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venture out, and when accosted by a guard, failed to give good and sufficient reason for so doing, it was the hoose-gow for them.

There was little incentive to be out during the daytime, except for the obtaining of food supplies. Business men tramped to their offices, but in the absence of any mail soon departed with a look of "what's the use" on their troubled faces, for no mail had been left at Winnipeg since the strike began. It was dumped off at the stations outside the city. This is better explained by the following editorial as it appeared in the *Free Press* of May twenty-third:

> "What have you done with the people's mail?
>
> "No mail has come to this city for a week. Mail coming to this city from the East, is dumped off at Fort William. That from the West is unloaded at Moose-Jaw. From the South, it is thrown off at Emerson.
>
> "Ability to transmit and distribute mail is one of the primary tests of government. Judged by the foregoing—this government is a complete wreck.
>
> "If the government is unable to deliver, then the citizens will have to undertake the task. Meanwhile—in behalf of an outraged city—we demand, first from the government an explanation. Then without further delay—the mails."

During this time, the Winnipeg *Free Press*, had at great expense and an equal amount of secrecy, brought in a radio sending and receiving set. On the twenty-third there crackled to the outside world from its lofty antenna a true statement of affairs within the city. Back there came from the powerful sending stations of Canada and the United States a message that all was well throughout the broad land.

With renewed vigor, the Committee of a Thousand instituted more rigorous methods. Automobiles were commandeered. Places were assigned them near the city hall. There they waited hour after hour, day after day. Occasionally a riot call came in which they would answer in a wild ride with a load of riflemen; then back to their stations where the weary vigil would be resumed.

Conditions had improved rapidly by the twenty-fourth. They were reflected in the following comment of the newspaper of that date:

> "The public undoubtedly feels that matters reached the pass they did in this city because the constituted authorities did not challenge the spirit of rebellion the minute it showed itself.
>
> "The Dominion Government is now taking account in keeping with its duty, but for a whole week, it displayed a shocking appearance of backwardness. It must be admitted that when on Thursday of last week the mail for Winnipeg was stopped, that fact was immediately reported to Ottawa.
>
> "Did not the postmaster general recognize this stopping of His Majesty's mails as an act of war against the sovereignty of the Canadian Government? If they did so recognize it—then why did they lie down under the affront?
>
> "The fact remains that the post office department got cold feet and allowed the Winnipeg mail to be left off at ports east, west and south. It closed the Winnipeg post office, thereby giving the enemy visible and striking encouragement.
>
> "The people are disgusted with the city council. The strike committee claim them as a consulting party. The fact is—the city council truckled to the Soviet committee in an abject and humiliating manner.
>
> "There is nothing like the police force outside of opera bouffe. Their real allegiance for the last ten days has been to the strike committee, who still boast of permission in allowing it to remain under nominal direction of the chief magistrate."

Sporadic Demonstrations

CONDITIONS in the city dragged along, punctuated now and then by sporadic demonstrations of all kinds, each side holding what advantage it had, or thought it had, until July first, a day the Canadians observe much the same as we do the Fourth of July.

During this time the Committee of a Thousand, working with the aid of the mounted police department, had located a number of chief agitators. On the day mentioned, a plain clothes detective made the rounds of the waiting automobile drivers who were still maintaining their vigil near the city hall. He asked in what shape the cars were. One of them, Robert Howden, gave a typical answer indicating an equally typical condition, when he replied:

"Rotten, but ready to go."

Instructing each one to be armed with a pistol, he gave them cards bearing the letters, H. M. S. (His Majesty's Service) which they were to place in a conspicuous place on their cars. He also gave them to understand that they were to meet returning soldiers at the depot.

When train time came, however, each driver found his car occupied with two or three city police and a special constable, who directed them away from the railway station and to a house on Emerson street, where General Ketchen boarded one of the cars. It became known then that they were after twelve of the strike ringleaders.

Through the dark streets they made their way, swiftly and as silently as their neglected cars could be run.

The first victim was routed out of bed, handcuffed and hustled into a waiting car, before his sleep-heavy eyes were fully open. The next, a minister of the Gospel, protested most indignantly as he was pushed into another of the chugging autos. Then came several foreign-looking men, who fought viciously as the steel rings were snapped onto their wrists. Eleven in all were gathered up and taken to Mt. Royal Prison.

Little is known of the deported Russian Jews. They were apparently sent to Winnipeg for a definite purpose. At the time of their arrival, the banks of Winnipeg reported the opening of three or four accounts, approximately two thousand dollars each, all made in United States currency.

The other Jew had been a resident of Winnipeg for several years. Little is known of him except that he promulgated many Socialistic doctrines.

The remainder of them, Scotch, Welsh and English, were just average men that one might meet in any civilized community. Being possessed of radical views and idealistic natures, they really believed that a modern utopia could be established in Canada, under Soviet rule. How these men could expect any kind of practical results from the line of procedure they followed is beyond all human understanding. Though they reduced the city to almost primeval life—hammered at her civilization until it tottered and rocked on its foundation—their efforts came to naught.

Poison Gases Turned to Peaceful Use

Medical Science Discovers Cure for Many Common Ailments

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

A PEACEFUL use for poison gas has been found by two American medical officers. Assuming that a discovery, which they announced recently, stands up as well in general practice as it has in hundreds of tests made at the Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, the medical treatment of colds, bronchitis, and similar ailments will be revolutionized and eventually four out of every ten human beings will benefit by the relief from the suffering of common colds alone. In the treatment of such havoc-working diseases as influenza, pneumonia, cerebro-spinal meningitis, diphtheria, it is hoped that the high death rates will be reduced to a negligible figure, the fatigue and heart-strain consequent on present treatment made unnecessary, and the germs of the disease killed within a few hours.

Results that justify these expectations have been announced by Brigadier General Amos A. Fries, head of the United States Army Chemical Warfare Service, Dr. Edward B. Vedder, Lieutenant Colonel, and Dr. Harold P. Sawyer, Captain, both of the Army Medical Corps. Colonel Vedder and Captain Sawyer have been making a long series of experiments with chlorine gas at the Edgewood Arsenal. According to their announcement even whooping cough, which is now checked only by a treatment that in the most favorable cases requires six weeks, has been absolutely cured in two hours. The physicians make their statement with reference to this disease with reservations, however, owing to the fact that they have experimented with relatively few cases.

The Results of 930 Tests

PEACEFUL uses for poison gases have been suggested and prophesied before, one familiar idea being the use of such gases for the elimination of insect pests. It is interesting to note that the experiments in this direction have gone hand in hand with research undertaken to find a peace-time use for such high explosives as trinitrotoluol, familiarly known as "T.N.T.," which was considered so fixed in its chemical constituents that much of it was dumped into the ocean after the war. For more than a year, however, ammonium nitrate accompanying T.N.T. has been recovered (in some instances disastrously) for use as a fertilizer constituent. Apparently poison gas is now to follow high explosives into the list of aids to civilization.

Brigadier General Fries made the first public announcement of the new discoveries recently in an address at Philadelphia, which was followed by publication through the American Medical Association of the official report of the two investigators already named. He told how 930 cases of colds, influenza, pneumonia, laryngitis, pharyngitis and other diseases of the nose, throat and lungs were treated after a series of laboratory experiments which determined the efficiency of the poison gas in killing the germs of these maladies. Of that number, according to General Fries, seventy-two and a half per cent were absolutely cured, there was marked improvement in twenty-four and a half per cent of the cases with gradual cure, and in three per cent, where cures were not effected, there were no ill effects from the gas.

"We have been trying to sterilize the lungs of human beings for two or three years," said General Fries, "ever since the end of the war, by introducing a disinfectant to make them free of the germs that cause disease. The tests have proved that chlorine gas, introduced into a room that measures ten feet square, cured a cold in one hour when the poison vapor was introduced continuously in the proportion of one part of chlorine to 133,000 parts of air. The experimenters went before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington to ask for money to continue their work. They told the committee, headed by Representative Madden, of the results they had obtained, and the committee members expressed a desire to undergo the treatment. As a result, the committeemen were placed in a room for two hours and chlorine gas was introduced in the proportion indicated, and four members who had been suffering from colds admitted that they had been freed.

No Evil Effects From Gas

"CHLORINE in the atmosphere settles on the mucous membranes of the throat, and if there are any germs there, it kills them. It won't kill the tuberculosis germ because the bacillus is deep in the lungs, and the gas can't reach it. But if we could get mustard gas into a tubercular person, into the depths of the lungs, without any other ill effects, we could cure tuberculosis. We are now working out that problem, but what success we will have I cannot predict. Chlorine was the least poisonous of the war gases. It has died out for that reason, and because it turns to vapor too readily to be effective in war. Some of the war gases are not gases at all, but liquids and solids. Tear gas is a solid, which must be burned to give off the vapor which brings the tears to one's eyes.

"In the factories where chlorine and other war gases were distilled, the manufacturers wrote us there were no ill effects noticeable. Letters to members of the medical profession concerning veterans under their treatment showed the same results. When you recovered from gassing you were just as well as when you recovered from bronchitis or pneumonia. There may have been left some little disturbed condition, the system may have been weakened, but once over the gas you were over it. The same we found to be true of mustard gas burns. Dr. Francine, of the University of Pennsylvania, was authority for the statement that not only are there no after effects but a man who recovers from gas poisoning, if he ever contracts tuberculosis, contracts it less seriously and will overcome it more rapidly than a man who was not gassed."

General Fries has incidentally exposed some of the war-time propaganda about the awfulness of poison gas. He points out that the one thing accomplished by gas from the military point of view was to break down vitality. "Only two out of every hundred men who were gassed in the war died," he added, "while fifteen out of every hundred struck by bullets died. If gas had been as deadly as it was made out to be we would have buried at least 15,000 more of our American soldiers in the Argonne Forest. Poison gas was used in the Civil War, but the chemical composition of the gas in question is not now known. At the siege of Charleston, in 1863, there was a gun named the 'Swamp Angel' which fired a shell containing poison gas. Its effects were ghastly."

The direct experiments on human beings with chlorine were not attempted until after Doctors Vedder and Sawyer had made many experiments with germs in their laboratories. In the first of these the work was undertaken to determine how much chlorine was required in the air to kill certain bacteria. These showed, it is reported, that a concentration of 0.021 milligrams of chlorine per liter—less than ten parts to a million—was equivalent with sufficient time exposure. The more delicate organisms, such as the meningococcus and the catarrhal germs, were killed after an hour's exposure. It was then determined experimentally the limits within which chlorine may be safely inhaled by human beings. The odor was perceived when the concentration reached 0.01 milligrams per liter. Irritation of the throat was caused with three minutes of a 0.048 concentration, and it was estimated that the dose of 3.00 milligrams would require thirty minutes to kill. Experiments then were started on human beings, with careful watch of the time required to kill the germs.

"Chlorine has been used on several occasions to prevent certain infections," says the report of the two investigating physicians. "Kuster states that in 1915 inhalations of chlorine were used successfully to clear up meningococcus and diphtheria carriers. Hale used chlorine in unknown concentration at the University of Arkansas during the influenza epidemic, and believed that students who took this treatment suffered less from influenza than others. Employes in plants producing or using chlorine have always believed themselves to be relatively free from respiratory diseases. This was brought to our attention because, during the war, when the chlorine plant at Edgewood Arsenal was producing to full capacity, the great influenza epidemic struck the post, and the hospital was filled to overflowing. It is stated that no cases were recorded during the epidemic among the operatives of the chlorine plant, although every other organization on the arsenal had its full quota of cases. We therefore determined to investigate the value of chlorine as a therapeutic agent.

How Treatments Are Given

"TO TEST the actual effect of inhalation of chlorine on patients, we constructed an air-tight chamber thirteen by thirteen by ten feet, in which five or six persons could sit comfortably, and through which 42,000 liters of gas air mixture could be passed each minute, with an even distribution in the chamber. In this chamber were treated all persons who applied, persons who were suffering from infections which we thought might be amenable to this treatment. In this work a concentration of approximately 0.015 milligrams per liter of chlorine was used, as some persons found that .02 caused slight irritation of the throat. Most of the patients received a single treatment of one hour. While the majority of patients were cured or improved by one treatment, many required several treatments.

"The results obtained were very gratifying both to our patients and to ourselves. There seems to be little doubt that such chlorine treatment will completely abort a cold when taken sufficiently early, and in well developed cases it affords great relief. Acute bronchitis is practically always relieved. There is more difficulty in treating head colds, because the swellings of the mucous membranes stop the air passages and prevent free access to the chlorine. In a number of our later cases, the nose was first treated with epinephrin, to shrink the membranes and obviate this difficulty.

"Our cases of influenza are too few to afford a basis for positive statements. Influenza is difficult to diagnose in the absence of an epidemic, and patients who were ill in bed could not come to our chamber; but we are inclined to believe that chlorine will be as effective in the treatment of influenza as it is in the case of the common cold. Now that we have a portable apparatus that can be used in the sick room, it is at least worthy of a further trial in view of the fact that there is no specific treatment for this disease.

"Similarly, our cases of whooping cough are too few. Our gassing chamber was constructed just in time to treat a few cases toward the end of an epidemic that had already affected most of the susceptible children in this locality, and no further cases have been available. But the results were so pronounced in the cases we did treat that we are of the opinion that it is distinctly curative in this disease. Children who had had numerous daily paroxysms followed by vomiting, and were losing weight, after one or two treatments ceased to vomit, and the paroxysms were greatly reduced in numbers and force. Two of our cases were in adults and were undoubtedly cured, as the paroxysmal coughing ceased entirely following several treatments. The bacillus is an exceedingly delicate organism living on the surface of the bronchial mucosa, and there is every reason to suppose that it may be eradicated by inhalation of chlorine.

"It is hard to overestimate the value of such a treatment. Common colds are the cause of much suffering and disability. In the statistical bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of November, 1923, it is stated that in a group of 6,700 clerical employes, colds occurred at a rate of 420.7 a thousand for the year, with a loss of 6,233 days. It is unnecessary to dwell on the disastrous effects of influenza, and it is well known that the best treatment for whooping cough up to the present time is six weeks.

"It also seems probable that inhalation of chlorine will prove useful in many other conditions that we have had no opportunity to treat. This treatment may be used to free meningococcus carriers of their organisms. No local treatment has proved effective for this purpose. It might conceivably be generally used to prevent the development of further cases in a barracks or crowded camp. Such a sterilizing treatment might be of value prior to operations on the nose and throat."

The chlorine is measured with minute accuracy into the room. As indicated by the two investigators, a portable machine for mixing the gas with the atmosphere has been devised and is now available for physicians. It is necessary only to measure the cubic contents of the room first and to gauge the release of gas accordingly. In the meantime, experiments are being continued at the arsenal laboratory.

Superlatives in the Field of American Sports

Concluded from page 10

of the forward pass when he played. Maybe he would be able to take passes if he played today, and again, he might fail in this respect. As we say, end play has changed greatly and it is impossible to estimate Hinkey's possible value in the modern game.

So, reviewing these three leaders, Heston, Thorpe and Hinkey, the job of selecting the greatest player of all time remains as impossible as ever. All three were great players, undoubtedly, but not one of them was perfect and of the three only Thorpe can be selected as a player who would be an outstanding star today with any degree of assurance. Since Thorpe's football career ended, and this was only a comparatively few years ago, several players have appeared to challenge his right to first place. Among these may be mentioned the late George Gipp, of Notre Dame, and Kaw, of Cornell. Season after season will produce others, for football today is played in all parts of the country and many crack players are developed each year. The game expands. Coaches keep on improving play and adding duties to players that the old stars never dreamed of.

Probably the best three tennis players that America has produced are Maurice McLoughlin, William Johnston and William T. Tilden. One of the three, Tilden, is considered the greatest tennis player ever developed.

Tilden comes nearer perfection than any man that has played. No one ever carried such an assortment of strokes. He has and uses almost every stroke known. And none can rise to the occasion as Tilden does. We would expect Tilden, considering his physique, ability and temperament, to be perfection, but he is not. A combination of the playing spirit of Johnston and Tilden would make a perfect tennis player. Johnston ranks below Tilden because he has neither the variety of strokes that Tilden carries, nor the ability, nor physique, to use all the strokes that Tilden employs, but from the moment he starts a game until he finishes Johnston uses everything he has and tries with every ounce. He is aggressive, driving, consistent. He keeps pounding away, throwing everything he has into the battle. His is the ideal type for competition.

The Dramatics of Tilden

TILDEN is dramatic. He has a strong love for the dramatic. Tilden goes along, losing points, permitting his opponent to come close, challenging, and then Tilden spurts, arises to his best form, meets the occasion and wins in a thrilling climax. Tilden always finds himself in time to finish in the lead. He loves a spectacular climax to his matches and therefore he wastes opportunities to bring about a situation that will enable him to give his audience a thrill at the conclusion of the match. Perfection does not permit of wasted opportunities. Tilden, playing his game as Johnston does, could be called a perfect tennis player but Tilden does not do that. In tennis, as in other sports, the leaders of the game are not without flaws. They can be called great but certainly not perfect.

McLoughlin was a powerful player. McLoughlin had a great deal of drive. He achieved his success by the wallop, for his game was to smash a tennis ball so hard that it could not be returned. He was, perhaps, the most spectacular player of all time and his method caused general adoption over the entire country.

All of which is meant to illustrate that the perfect performer is unknown to sport and that it is difficult rightfully to apply the superlative adjective when discussing sports.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Alexander Billmyer, former Congressman from Pennsylvania, who died recently at his home in Washingtonville, Pennsylvania, was so filled with remorse at having shot a fine deer twenty years ago that he started a park in which he kept many wild animals, deer and elk being the principal attractions.

Seaweed is cultivated for human consumption in Japan.

The word "fortnight" is a contraction of "fourteen nights."

Theodore Morse, the man who wrote "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" "Blue Bell," "Goodbye, Dolly Gray," and other one-time popular melodies, died recently at the age of fifty-three.

Noiseless airplanes have proved successful in their first tryout at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. Equipped with the new silencers the machines lose less than three per cent of their power.

A slot machine for changing dimes, quarters and half dollars has been adopted by the New York City street car company to displace the twelve hundred persons now occupied in changing money at the entrances to New York's subways. Bad coins are held and no change dropped.

The United States Senate has passed a bill authorizing an appropriation of $7,500 to defray the expenses of Frank L. Greene, Senator from Vermont, who was the victim of a shooting affair between bootleggers and revenue officers in one of the prominent streets of the capital city some time ago.

Russian authorities on Bering Island, where the American round-the-world aviators rode out in a severe snowstorm, objected to the Americans taking refuge in Russian territory, because of America's failure to recognize the Soviet.

Isle Saint Louis, in the Seine, refuses to be united governmentally to the fourth arrondissement, of which Paris is a part. The island, which was the first part of Paris to be settled, threatens to appeal to the League of Nations to preserve its independence.

Forty ostriches, with their Italian jockeys, go to Berlin for ostrich races and handicap events with horses.

The American potato bug has invaded France, and Germany has begun guarding her frontiers against a possible invasion of her territory. The pest was first introduced into France in the region of Bordeaux by a shipment of potatoes to the A. E. F. during the war.

Captain William Rule, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Journal and Tribune,* believed to be America's oldest active editorial writer, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday at his desk recently.

The first post office in the United States was established in Boston two hundred eighty-five years ago.

A storage battery on charge gives off hydrogen gas, and this gas, when mixed with the oxygen, forms an explosive. For this reason one should keep one's face and lighted matches away from the vent of a battery while it is on charge. Use electric flashlight.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The city council of Greenfield, Indiana, has appropriated $10,000 to be expended on a James Whitcomb Riley memorial park, a forty-acre tract on Brandywine Creek, near Greenfield, the birthplace of the Indiana poet.

"You've got to educate the American people to what you want to give them. Our forefathers used to have ballyhoos in front of the theater to get the public in. Today methods have changed, but the principle is the same . . . . I don't care anything about the traditional theories of stage production. All I ask is that it (the production) will give me a kick that I think will kick back to the public—but it must be a hell of a big kick."—*Morris Gest,* touted alien purveyor of entertainment to American Boob Gentiles.

The West Coast, and especially California, is producing eggs during the entire year, and fresh eggs can be shipped and be in the hands of the consumer ten days from the time they are laid. This ten-day egg is superior to the storage egg, such as is usually sold from Christmas until March.

A rifle which bore the name Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe), and the date 1701, was sold for more than $1,000 at a London auction.

The endowment of the Smithsonian Institution now amounts to approximately $1,200,000. This principal sum is deposited in the United States Treasury and bears interest at six per cent.

In Northern Germany fossil sea urchins are known as toadstones. Superstition ascribes medicinal virtues to them.

Practically no taxes in China. The Chinese national debt amounts to about five American dollars per capita while that of Great Britain is three hundred and thirty times as large.

Of India's 155,000,000 women, only two per cent can read.

At the January meeting of the Executive Committee of the Third International, two and a quarter million dollars ($2,250,000) was voted for propaganda in America in 1924. Two questions: Where do they get it? With whom do they spend it?

"In this discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb we find that even in utilitarian objects therein, where art is not a necessity, refinement has always the first consideration."—*Howard Carter.*

Hawaii has the highest mountains of any islands in the world. Two peaks rise nearly 14,000 feet into perpetual ice and snow.

In this present year of 1924, some 280,000,000 white people are directly or indirectly controlling the destinies of more than 900,000,000 yellows, browns and blacks.

Sixty per cent of the world's whale fishing is done by Norwegians, and the Christiania correspondent of the London *Morning Post* estimates the yield this season at 70,000,000 crowns. Nearly the entire output was sold to America.

The Swedish Match Corporation becomes the largest industrial concern in Scandinavia, its capital stock amounting to about $48,000,000.

A plan to use poison gas in warfare was submitted in March, 1812, to the British Prince Regent but was not adopted. It consisted of fireships carrying masses of burning sulphur and charcoal driven against the enemy by the wind.

Inside the case of a nickel watch picked up on the beach of Colwyn Bay, England, there has been found a slip of paper containing the following in indelible pencil: "Thomas Spanswick, on the Lusitania, torpedoed."

Crews of ten German trawlers fishing off Aberdeen struck work because they were paid in German money.

The British national debt, if piled up in one-pound treasury notes, would reach an altitude of 4,835 miles.

"The Hillocks," Ramsay MacDonald's house at Lossiemouth, stands on a patch of ground covered with whins and broom, but these bushes, with their golden bloom, are rapidly disappearing owing to visitors carrying them off as mementos.

In gold production Canada is exceeded only by the Transvaal and the United States.

The blood orange is obtained by grafting the sweet orange onto the stem of the pomegranate

The supply of white cedar of Japan is controlled by the Imperial family and is considered practically sacred. All of the wood eighteen inches and up in diameter is reserved for the building of temples. A Japanese paid $1,100 in gold in America for a choice beam of white cedar eighteen inches square, twenty feet long, with perfect diagonal grain.

The new ruler of the German Communists is a Vienna Jewess named Ruth Fischer. She succeeds the late Rosa Luxemburg and is an associate of Bela Kun (or Cohen) the leader of the Red Terror in Hungary.

Of the 76,000 ounces of heroin now used annually in New York City alone, only fifty-eight ounces are prescribed by physicians.

More than 30,500 miles of Federal aid roads have now been completed.

White strawberries have been produced and ripened at Johns Hopkins University.

The Braille Press of Los Angeles is issuing a complete Bible for the blind.

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American Women and Their Leaders

Chance of Getting Message to Mars

Stock-Selling Methods of Dynamiter

The Big Ranch as It Is at Present

How Canada Welcomes Immigrants

Universities and Specialization

Romance of Lost New England City

A Church Congress of the Nations

Scientific Solution of Sound Secrets

The Zionist Movement as It Really Is

Genius in Relation to Hard Work

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Do Women Know How Leaders Commit Them?

Woman Writer Gives Splendid Discussion of a Very "Touchy" Matter

The *Atlantic Monthly* in its June issue printed an article entitled, "American Women and Paternalism," by George Madden Martin, permission to reprint which has been given. It is an article worth reading in its entirety in the *Atlantic*. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is interested in women's organizations to the extent of helping them avoid the pitfalls into which certain policies are sure to fling them. Unfortunately, our efforts have thus far proved unpopular with the professional type of women's leader, but we have no doubt of the efficacy of reason with the rank and file of American womanhood.

IS THE American woman, judged by what she has done with the vote and by what she is endeavoring to do with it, paternalistic by nature and habit? Is it that she sees in the central government what the primitive woman saw in her lord and master? That she seeks her legislative ends through the Federal arm as she from the beginning of the race has sought her personal ends through the strong arm of the individual man, and its power to defend, ensure and enforce?. . . .

It seems to me, when I consider what we women here in the United States have done with the vote in the first three years of our enfranchisement, and are planning to do, that Uncle Sam in the minds of the American woman today, stands in her political world as the Southern father stood in his household; as the strong arm of her lord and master stood to the earlier woman; that is, as the agent or instrument, the authority or vested power, through which the individual, or the individual group, shall and must move to obtain its ends.

Keeping in our minds, then, the question, "Is the American woman paternalistic?" suppose we take as our measure of values the following premises left us by two of the forefathers.

Washington says:—

> If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected in the way which the Constitution designates.
>
> But let there be no change by usurpation, for this, though it may in one instance be the instrument of good, is the ordinary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.

Lincoln says:—

> It is my duty and my oath to maintain inviolate the rights of the States, to order and control, under the Constitution, their own affairs by their own judgment exclusively. Such maintenance is for the preservation of that balance of power on which our institutions rest.

With these premises in mind, suppose we look at what the women here in the United States have done with the vote through national legislation, from November, 1920, to December, 1923; and what, through national legislation, they are endeavoring to do.

One of woman's own organs, the *Woman Citizen*, says:—

> When one speaks of woman's national legislative work, one means that Washington group representing fourteen national organizations which make up the *Women's Joint Congressional Committee.*
>
> And since we want to realize who are the women seeking to influence government, it may be a good thing to line them up here:—

American Association of University Women
American Home Economics Association
General Federation of Women's Clubs
Girls' Friendly Society in America
National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations
National Consumers' League
National Council of Jewish Women
National Council of Women
National Federation of Business and Professional Women
National League of Women Voters
National Women's Christian Temperance Union
National Woman's Trade Union League
National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association
Service Star League

Besides the fourteen groups here named, there is the National Woman's Party, which also is exerting political influence in Washington. The activities of that group are not touched on in this article, however, discussion of them calling for a separate consideration.

It is the first-named fourteen groups which, representing some millions of women and concentrated in this Women's Joint Congressional Committee, put their strength behind and won—or aided in winning—the following measures:—

The Sheppard-Towner law. "A measure for women, won by women," designed to secure through combined Federal and State aid the protection of mothers and new-born babies.

The Cable law. "A measure of straight feminism," establishing through Federal control the right of a married woman to citizenship independent of her husband.

They also:—

Made permanent: The Woman's Bureau of The United States Department of Labor.

Helped to secure: The bill for the reclassification of the Federal Civil Service.

Gave assistance in passing: The Voight bill to prevent the shipment of "filled milk" in interstate commerce.

Exerted pressure to get: A Federal Coal Commission appointed.

Measures asked for by women, but not yet won, are:—

The continuance of the Inter-departmental Social Hygiene Board by its transference to the Department of Justice.

A Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution.

The Fess Amendment to increase appropriations for training in home economics.

A uniform divorce law.

The Sterling-Towner, or Sterling-Reed Bill, as it is now called. A measure asking for a Federal Department of Education, with a secretary in the Cabinet, and one hundred million dollars annually to be distributed; fifteen millions for the maintaining of the department, and eighty-five millions for distribution among the states under the observation of this secretary.

Here then are the things which the women of the United States have done with the vote through national legislation, and are trying to do. Excellent measures in themselves, every one of them, no doubt, but in their nature paternalistic. All tending toward a centering of the governing power, which in turn means excessive government regulation and a piling up of the bureaucratic system. Yet the millions of women who—through these organizations and this Women's Joint Congressional Committee—are behind these measures are convinced as to their excellence, and conscientious in their endorsements. Of this I am sure.

They are convinced, and they are conscientious, that is to say, *so far as the individual women who make up these organizations know anything about these measures.*

To instance: The General Federation of Women's Clubs is, at this moment of writing, behind the Sterling-Reed Bill. Yet of sixty individual members of clubs within the Federation, recently asked for their opinions on this measure with its proposed Federal assumption of what up to now in our national history has been the duties of the states, fifty-three, by their own statements, never have heard of it.

Herd instinct is as common to women as it is to men. The American woman not only is as gregarious as the American man,—as is evidenced by her nation-wide passion for group organization,—but she, within her clubs and federations, is even more ready than, say, the male rotarian, optimist, booster, and so on, to accept leadership unquestioningly. In this, it may be, she is but running true to her centuries of inclusion within the group which functioned through its vested head. Whatever the explanation, it is my experience that "isolation through intellectual withdrawal" is rarer among American women than among American men.

Relying upon our leaders, the mass of us organized women too often know little or nothing about the measures which we from time to time endorse. And as a woman's club member of thirty-one years' standing myself, I hold I've a right to an opinion.

"George," in the person of the accredited male, has "done it" for women through so many centuries that George today, as personified by our accredited women-leaders, is a change only in sex and personality. And often the immediate George, in the person of a local woman-chairman who presents a measure or a cause to her club, is speaking at the instance of still another George, in the shape of a central or national board; or again, at the request of some other organization.

Mrs. B——, the local chairman of our own or any club, arises on the appointed day. Her proposed interpolation into the business or the program for the day has been arranged for, expedition through well-oiled machinery having come to be more and more necessary in club routine.

Mrs. B——, who is an experienced parliamentarian, is also a specific thinker, concerned not with general principles as a rule, but with concrete business. She has assembled her case with efficiency—which is to say, she has assembled for her use all those points supplied her by the sponsor back of this measure or cause, which are favorable to it. This does not mean that this measure or cause is fundamentally vital or even dear to Mrs. B—— or, at any rate, dear to her prior to the day before yesterday when as chairman of, say, general legislation, or child welfare, or forest conservation, or what not, she in the routine of her official business became the spokeswoman for it. Nor does it mean that Mrs. B—— lacks in conscientiousness. It means, on the contrary, that she, in accordance with her ideas of a departmental chairman's duty and loyalty, is doing her best for the measure. And in accordance with her ideas of a chairman's routine duty and efficiency, she is getting her measure successfully across and out of the way, with as little loss of the club's precious time as may be.

The chairman, having thus done her part, sits down, and the presiding officer glances at the watch upon her desk. It is nearing five o'clock, which is the hour for adjournment and home.

"All who are in favor of this club going on record as endorsing this bill now before the legislature of our state,—or the House, or the Senate, at Washington,—will please say *Aye.*—The *ayes* have it."

Nor is this an exaggerated illustration of the methods by which false impressions are often conveyed by committees who, seeking to influence legislation, claim they voice the demands of the millions of women within the various organizations.

These herd habits among organized women were grave enough prior to 1920. But with woman now an enfranchised citizen, such group movements, under leadership, and free of the individual responsibility, assume graver possibilities for mischief. "Boomerangs" suggest themselves to the mind; also "edged tools"; and again, "Fools rush in" and so forth.

Obediently and pliantly we women within our organizations thus endorse, apparently unaware that no thinking creature has a right to an opinion on any subject touching the public weal unless it rests upon the best information to be had on the subject by the individual.

Conceding to these accredited women leaders of ours this full understanding and consequent right to an opinion, why is it that they knock so constantly, and in our names, at Uncle Sam's door?

Johnny, symbol for the state machine, say, is wasting the forests of his state, even as Johnny, the small son of some woman among us, in his day wasted the contents of the cookie-jar. Johnny's mother, had she appealed to Johnny's father to punish the son for a transgression coming within her jurisdiction, would have been acknowledging her own incompetency. And these women leaders of ours are acknowledging themselves, and us, to be poor citizen-housekeepers within our individual states, when they cry in the name of the women of the state, "Uncle Sam, make us a law, a Federal law, requiring—yes, compelling our Johnny, who is wasting the forests here in our state, to behave."

Why Uncle Sam, and why a Federal law? When it is clearly our duty as responsible parts now of our local governments, to make our own state behave—our duty to remember, if indeed we've ever grasped, that in respect to our Federal Government "an irreducible minimum of compulsion is the very essence of good government." . . . .

We reach another point here. Woman throughout her long past, with her narrowly centered activities, has not concerned herself with the sources whence her needs are supplied. From her place beside the newborn, the suffering, and the old, she has looked to man:—

"Bring the herb, the exorcist, the physician, the leech, the surgeon."

So woman here in the United States today, with her thoughts centered upon the innumerable children who through illiteracy are deprived of their chance in life, looks to Uncle Sam.

"I want better schools and more of them. I want higher pay for teachers. I want longer school terms. I want equipment, and plenty of it. I want illiteracy wiped out, and wiped out quick, and you to pay for these."

An uncle of mine, back in those same days when I was a child and greenbacks were the legal tender, one day brought me a newly minted silver half-dollar. I plied him with questions.

"Where did you get it?"

"From Uncle Sam."

I grasped this: "Where did he get it?"

"From his mint, where his money's made."

Whereupon I saw Uncle Sam's mint pouring out silver half-dollars as a certain old water-mill known to me poured out cornmeal, and Uncle Sam filling and refilling his pockets at need.

It almost would seem that the American woman in her turn thinks of Uncle Sam's money as inexhaustibly at hand. That she does not grasp, for example, that our Federal Government, in order to give one hundred million dollars to the states every year for education, as she is urging that it shall, must take these same hundred millions out of the pockets of the people in these states. She, on the contrary, appears to think that the states in such event will be the recipients of bounty—beneficiaries who get something for nothing.

The American woman has been accused of lacking the laboratory—the scientific—spirit: this in the business of the home, as in other affairs which are her own. The spirit, that is, which experiments in the small, and having reached a better and closer knowledge through observation, trial, and reasoning, offers the conclusions to the world.

Woman in the United States, as represented by these fourteen organizations, is putting her strength—at the moment these words are being written—behind a uniform divorce law. Within the scope of such a law, the antipodes, as it were, are to be brought together, which is to say, South Carolina and Nevada. There is more here perhaps than at first appears.

South Carolina, to take her case first, never has recognized divorce, and may have her ideas about this. It is possible even that the women within these fourteen organizations will be up against a bit of psychology here themselves—state psychology. South Carolina—or so those who know her at all suspect—sees in this stand of hers, maintained through a hundred and thirty-odd years, not alone the isolation of the higher virtue but—and here we reach the crux—a social withdrawal, a class distinction, a group elegance. Were she less well-bred, were she not the scion of a genuine aristocracy, she

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When Mars Calls on Mother Earth

Rare Opportunity to Solve Existence of Life on Planet

By CAPT. T. J. J. SEE, U. S. N.

Professor of Mathematics and Director of the United States Naval Observatory, Mare Island, California.

(In an Interview)

ON AUGUST 22, this year, one of the most interesting of the planets will pay a brief visit to Mother Earth. That is to say, Mars, the red planet, and the Earth, the green planet, will approach within approximately 35,000,000 miles of each other. The exact figures are 34,475,847 and a fraction miles, not a very friendly call, as earthly distances are measured, but rather close proximity when the tremendous stretches of sidereal space are brought into consideration. Mars has been known to observers of the heavens for many centuries, but this passage of the planet so close to the Earth is of especial interest because it may give an opportunity for the determination of the answer to the question, is there life on Mars?

The problem of the existence of life on the planets other than the Earth is of the greatest interest, not only to astronomers, but to all thinking men. The Earth being a planet and teeming with life of all descriptions, should we consider life as a general phenomenon of nature, observed everywhere on this planet, and yet refuse to grant that this same natural phenomenon may appear upon other "worlds," possibly in different forms from the life we know on Earth, but nevertheless life? The great development which has been made in modern science finds such a one-sided philosophy unsuited to the knowledge we already possess of the other planets and of the conditions necessary to produce and maintain life as we know it. But, to support the belief that life may exist on other worlds than ours, and to refute the apparently preposterous idea that life has been granted to our own tiny world alone of all the millions of worlds in the universe, we must bring out the reasons that life may be assumed to exist on Mars—and, while we are on this subject, on Venus as well, since these two planets are most like the Earth of all the bodies of the solar system.

Mars is approximately one-half the size of the Earth, being some 4,200 miles in diameter, as compared with our 7,963 miles. The Earth makes one rotation on its axis in twenty-four mean solar hours, or 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4.06 seconds, sidereal rotation. Mars rotates on its axis in 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22.67 seconds. The Martian day is thus longer than ours, yet only some 41 minutes longer, and the evidence is that the Martian day is only slightly different from the terrestrial day. The obliquity (slant) of the Earth's equator to the ecliptic is 23.5 degrees; that of Mars' equator, in respect to its orbit, is approximately twenty-four degrees, almost the same as that of the Earth. For this reason, the change of seasons on the Earth and on Mars is virtually the same.

The year, that is to say, the period of revolution around the sun, of Mars, on the other hand, is nearly twice the length of the earthly year, being 687 days. For this reason, the seasons there are practically double those on Earth, and these Martian seasons, therefore, change with slowness nearly twice that of those to which we are accustomed. Vegetation upon Mars, supposing that there is any, would have twice the time in spring and summer in which to grow, and twice the time to lie dormant in autumn and winter, that it has on the Earth. But the most remarkable discovery about Mars, and one of the most wonderful scientific discoveries of all time, is that the planet has an atmosphere. Through the most powerful of telescopes we can see, and already have photographed, *clouds floating in the Martian atmosphere.* This discovery is due to the work of Dr. Percival Lowell and his associates at the Lowell Observatory, in Arizona. These men have been studying Mars carefully, night after night, for more than thirty years. The amount of work they have done and the number of records and reports they have made are almost beyond comprehension for accuracy, detail and scientific value.

To understand conditions as we know them on Mars, it is necessary to refer to the group of photographs of that planet shown herewith. These figures are from original photographs taken at the Lowell Observatory, and the upper row of images, made in 1907, show in most beautiful and distinct form the south polar cap and the so-called "continents." These pictures were made by a photographic process which is very rapid considering the tremendous distances involved. Many photographs are taken, each in a fraction of a second, and among these, the image of the planet when best seen comes out on the film, just as it does on the retina of the human eye when the latter is applied to the telescope. The advantages of the photograph in astronomy are threefold: it eliminates the doubt as to accuracy which accompanies drawings, it forms a durable record, and it preserves details which might be overlooked by the eye of the observer.

Captain T. J. J. See, U. S. N., Professor of Mathematics and Director of the United States Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California. Professor See is shown taking an observation for correction of time.

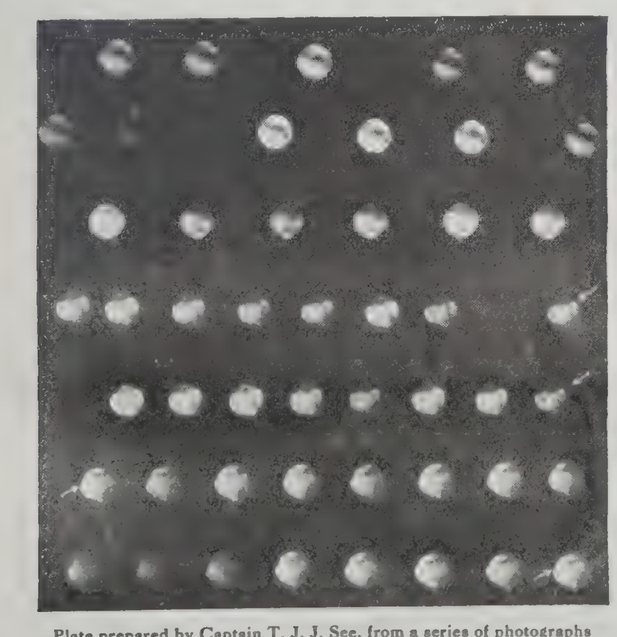


Plate prepared by Captain T. J. J. See, from a series of photographs of Mars. These are of especial interest because they show clearly the clouds hovering around the planet, proving that Mars has an atmosphere not unlike that of the Earth, and, therefore, capable of supporting animal life.

On the next lower row of images—the third from the top of the plate—are the photographs taken in 1916, and showing the north polar cap, just as the upper rows showed the south polar cap. Observation through many years has shown that these polar caps decrease in area with the advancement of the summer season on Mars. This means that these caps are composed of snow and that the melting of the snow decreases the cap, just as it does with the polar caps of the Earth. It follows from this that the seasonal effects upon Mars are very similar to those upon our planet.

The two lower sets of images, made at different dates in 1920, show the polar caps less distinctly, but are of even greater value scientifically, because they show actual clouds floating in the atmosphere of Mars. Parts of the surface of Mars, known to be dark, are shown as whitish areas in these photographs. This whitish color is due to the clouds in the Martian atmosphere, showing white, by reflection of the sun's light, just exactly as clouds do in the atmosphere of the Earth. At the time these photos were made, Mars was, perhaps, forty million miles from the Earth. Is it not a marvelous triumph of modern science that these clouds actually have been photographed as they hover in the atmosphere above the surface of this strange and vividly colored planet which is so soon to pass closer to the Earth than it ever has passed since men have been keeping records of the movements of the heavenly bodies!

From what is shown by these photographs, it follows in logical sequence that Mars has an atmosphere, and that it also has seasonal conditions not unlike those of the Earth, both atmosphere and seasons being suitable for the production and maintenance of life. The atmosphere is rare, like that in the Himalaya Mountains of Asia, or in the Andes of South America. This much is perfectly certain, and not speculative. Therefore, we may be sure that if certain animals on our own earth, such as man, the llama of South America, the Andean condor, the yak of Asia, and other creatures accustomed to living in the rarefied atmosphere of high altitudes on this globe, were to be transported to Mars, and landed there without injury, they could breathe the Martian atmosphere, and could live there very comfortably, provided vegetation exists on that planet.

It is, therefore, completely probable—indeed, I may say, certain—that Mars is teeming with some forms of life, perhaps many and widely varied forms, possibly forms of which we have no conception. We cannot say that this Martian life is similar to those forms of life which we know on Earth, except that the forms of life on Mars have bodies animated and controlled by nervous systems. Sense and power of locomotion similar to that possessed by the forms of life on Earth are likewise possessed by the forms of life on Mars. All elements on that planet are favorable for life, just as they are on the Earth. Friends not infrequently ask me:

"Do you think any of the planets are inhabited?"

And I reply:

"Yes, at least one—the Earth."

Now I can say:

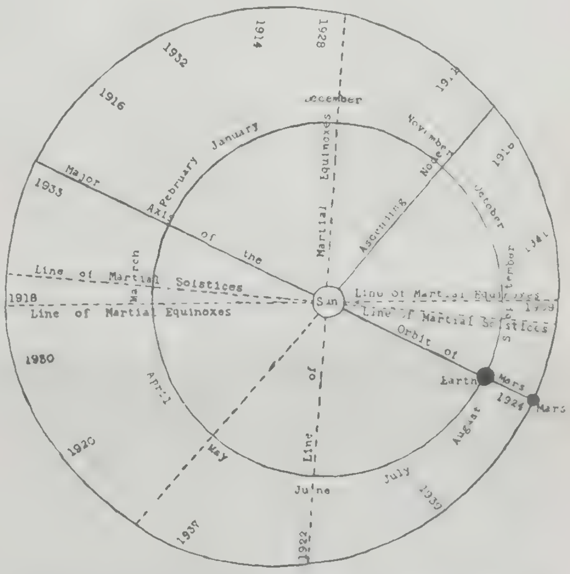
"At least two—the Earth and Mars!"

But the Earth has a twin sister, also a planet, called Venus, just about the same size as the globe on which you and I live. Venus has an abundant atmosphere, a cloud-covered surface, and seasons not so very different from those on the Earth, because the clouds in the atmosphere reduce the sun's heat, which is greater on Venus than on our world, so that only part of that heat reaches the surface of the planet. All evidence at hand indicates with comparative certainty that the surface of Venus has about the same temperature and moisture as the tropical sections of the Earth. Therefore, Venus is just as likely to be filled to overflowing with life as Brazil, Central Africa, or India.

The best observations by the most skilled astronomers and the most careful and capable calculators indicate that the day on Venus has a length of twenty-three hours and twenty-one minutes, or thirty-five minutes less than our terrestrial day, just as the Martian day is forty-one minutes longer than the Earth's day. But the year on Venus is only 225 days long, compared with 365 days on Earth, and 687 days on Mars. But the atmosphere of Venus is so filled with clouds which reduce the amount of heat reaching the surface of the planet from the sun, and the obliquity of the equator of Venus is so small, that it will be seen readily that the seasonal changes on Venus are very slight. As a result of these conditions, the climate there is very like that of equatorial Africa or Central Brazil.

In my opinion it is virtually certain that Venus is habitable, and by a range of life more varied in form and far wider in character than could exist on Mars. Almost any form of life that we know on Earth—unless it be the polar bear and the walrus—could survive and flourish on Venus. Why should not Venus be inhabited? If we hold that the Earth alone, among all the billions of habitable worlds in sidereal space, is inhabited, it seems to me that our belief is untenable. Modern scientific discoveries do not warrant any such conclusion. All the fixed stars are suns, like our sun, but often larger, some of them many times as large, and most of these fixed stars—which number about one billion—have planetary systems around them, just as our sun has its own system, with Neptune, Jupiter, Mars,

(Concluded on page 14)



Orbits of Mars and the Earth, showing the respective positions of these two planets with regard to each other and to the sun for every year from 1909 to 1941, and for every month in the year. Mars and the Earth are shown in the relative position to each other and to the sun, in which they will be on August 22, 1924, when astronomers expect to learn definitely whether there is life on the red planet.

The ranch is a corner stone among American institutions. Bowing before expansion, it has not stepped aside.

The Disappearing Ranch

PART II

By MAX BENTLEY

WHEN Noah Webster in his old blue-backed dictionary defined a valley as "a basin between two ridges," he did not have in mind any particular valley. What a concession it must have been from his positive and mathematical mind to add, in general terms, that "valleys usually are fertile"! The modern unabridged dictionary avoids irrelevant comment, so, when you go traveling through its pages, while you are informed you are generally uninspired.

This writer went traveling the other day, not through the pages of the dictionary, but through the pigmy mesquite forest and shifting sandhills of lower Texas. He was looking for a valley—and a ranch. There was a certain definiteness in that jaunt of his. He wanted to prove to his own satisfaction (before he broadcast it) that a rather positive statement he had recently made was fully true. That statement was that if, as alleged, our good old-time American institutions are gradually succumbing to so-called progress, there is at least one, of whose "disappearance" much is heard, which remains—aye, grows greater—and the tradition of it is still intact. That institution is the Ranch. To prove his statement, he was bound for the Santa Gertrudis Ranch, established by the late Captain Richard King and held intact by his widow today; a ranch of one million acres, the largest in America.

To find it, he rode a day and a night, through miles of scrub brush, across leagues of grazing land in appearance still as primitive, as one sees it from the train, as the first home of our fathers. In that wild country men still think in the raw and live out their lives as the *haciendados* lived before them. Like the Australian brush dweller, they might be "ten thousand miles from anywhere." The wind still swoops down to suck up whole sandhills and blow them over the universe, including the railroad track. The traditional section house with its clean-swept yard still serves as flag station; and here and there a small station house and water tank still rise out of the mesquite and sand. Tawny cowboys who speak softly in an alien tongue and wear tall *sombreros* still lope up on their "paint" ponies, and lounge in the saddle while the engine "takes water." They pose, these guileless men, with an exaggerated nonchalance, but with furtive eyes, on the row of Pullman cars against whose windows faces are timidly (and perhaps quakingly!) pressed: the faces of women folk come down from Nebraska to help their men raise cabbage on forty-acre irrigated farms in the alluvial belt lying immediately next to the Rio Grande, south of the big ranch country.

It is like rushing through a book to reach the climax. Everything north of the ranch country of the Rio Grande Valley is simply scenery; purposely made monotonous, one almost believes, to accentuate the contrast. From any base—from, say, the Texas city of Houston to the town of Kingsville, where the King ranch "heads up"—the traveler sees and hears nothing that does not remind him of home. The same sort of big towns and little towns, the same smoothly efficient train service, the same rubber-stamp conversation in the smoking room: the Ruhr, Coolidge and the nomination, and yes, Volsteadism. It is slightly tiring.

Below the twenty-ninth parallel the ranch country begins; that is to say, the King ranch country begins. Thence southward it is transplanted Mexico . . . .

The train whistles for Kingsville before it is day. You roll over in your berth, raise the shade to peer out, and clutch mechanically at the covers as a black hand touches your shoulder.

"Boss," an unctuous voice says, "dis am Kingsville."

And so it is, although it might as well be Timbuctoo. There is nothing to see. The morning fog has crept in from the Gulf of Mexico. An atmosphere of mystery is about. Distance is obliterated, perspective has vanished. The early morning sounds through the fog are detached and solemn, like "the disembodied voices of the night." You alight and stand around in a state of helplessness.

A voice murmurs your name, off to the left. You answer in a positive panic.

"Where are you?"

"*Aqui, Señor.*"

It is a *mozo,* from the ranch. He has been sent to meet you. He thinks you are somebody—he has called you *Señor.* But it doesn't matter. If he had tartly said "*Donde, hombre!*" you would have groped your way gratefully to him. Confidently he leads you past the hotel to a big blue automobile with motor still throbbing. He opens the door deferentially, carefully deposits your suit cases beside you, bestows on you a flashing smile apropos of nothing (unless he is reassuring you) and takes his place at the wheel. The mist is thinning, stringing out in fantastic wisps that linger close to the ground. Then it vanishes altogether. The sun—large, round, and red—pops up suddenly over the sand hills. The *mozo* leans on the wheel, the car backs and whirls with a suddenness suggestive of an ambitious young broncho. You are on your way to the King ranch.

You arrive in ten minutes. The hundred-thousand-dollar ranch house is only three miles from the town. It was built on a hill and its Moorish-Spanish façade dominates the flat, flower-carpeted landscape for miles around. White and red, turreted, massive, blazing in the sunlight, it suggests something more than wealth. You get the idea of permanence, power. It seems to say: "Time has come and gone and come again, familiar scenes are changing, but here am I. Here will I be when *you* are gone."

A stocky man of nearly seventy, with a shock of curly iron-gray hair, stands on the broad veranda. This is Robert J. Kleberg, son-in-law of the late Captain King and general manager of the ranch. He greets you with a brief wave of the hand, and escorts you to the office in a sunny corner of the mansion. Lemonade is brought by a soft-stepping *mozo.* A brief rest, and you are taken through the house.

"Wrastlin' calves" on the range. A football scrimmage is not a bit more strenuous than tackling, throwing and branding a lusty young calf. There are 100,000 head of cattle on the King ranch, with an annual calf crop of 50,000—all fine stock.

There are long, cool, high rooms with beamed ceilings. Rugs of bearskin and spotted mountain lion (the animals were killed on the place) cover the floors of hallways and *salas.* Hanging on pillars in the main hall are mounted deer heads—lordly heads, with spreading horns: eight, nine, ten prongs. Yes, there is some wild life left on the ranch; some hundreds of deer, wild hogs, mountain lion, wolves, and the largest drove of wild turkey in Texas. The non-predatory species are rigorously protected; the ranch has its own wardens. Ducks? Oh, some hundreds of thousands. Might a careful hunter shoot a few—in season? "Perhaps," with a wave of the hand. "Once in a while we allow a little shooting—in season."

There is a *patio,* of course, on which every room opens. There is a splashing fountain making murmuring music, and exotic flowers. The *patio* seems to be splashed with colors; otherwise it would be a place to retire for meditation. There is an interior stairway (here the architectural scheme departs radically from the traditional Mexican). It is wide, with dark shining banisters, leading on a grand sweeping curve to sleeping rooms; and above the sleeping rooms, a square and squat tower. The tower draws you impellingly, and you are told that in times of border banditry, indeed in the recent days of the war, it was an observatory equipped with field glasses and searchlight—for business purposes. If there *were* German spies in our midst, assuredly they did not overlook such an important food base as the King ranch. The twin cannon posted on the sloping lawn begin to acquire significance. A rattlesnake could not approach Santa Gertrudis headquarters without being seen.

A brief rest, then a ride over a bit of the ranch. Only a tiny bit, just a thirty-mile drive, every foot of it King property. Mr. Kleberg casually remarks that six hundred miles of barbed-wire fence was required to inclose the ranch. He cannot offhand state the exact acreage under fence (grimly refers you to the tax collector), but the upper ranch runs sixty miles east and west by thirty miles north and south, and the lower ranch about the same.

The King ranch lies in seven Texas counties, and occupies seventy-five miles of coast line. The guest can depart from the ranch house in one of Mr. Kleberg's thirty automobiles, and, without leaving the property, drive plump into the Gulf of Mexico. His drive will be over a continuous bed of flowers, calling attention to which Mr. Kleberg will observe that "our stock sleep on a 'flow'ry bed of ease.'" If the start is made from the lower ranch there is not a creek to cross, and not a bridge. No river traverses it. It seldom rains. Yet there are fields of cotton and forage grasses. That brings up the question of water.

Deep wells, Mr. Kleberg explains, could not exist without sub-surface water. Early settlers in the country drilled into salt water, and quit. The head of the King ranch went deeper until he found an exhaustless flow of artesian water. He has never drilled a dry hole. With this supply, banked in a series of great earthen reservoirs, the stock are watered, the numerous farms within the ranch—self-functioning units—are irrigated, and citrus fruits and Australian eucalyptus trees are cultivated. There are thirty ranch houses for pasture foremen and their families, and each has its grove of bearing orange and lemon trees.

The ranch master described the drought of 1893: the cattle wandering over the prairie perishing, how "their lowing wrung my heart," and how, when the collapse of the whole enterprise seemed near, the first water well gushed over the top of the derrick.

"It flowed 200 gallons a minute," he said. "Every drop meant life. I just went over to a tree and cried. It meant a lot. It meant that we would hear the whistle of the locomotive. It meant cotton and forage crops, and a cotton mill, and a town, and good schools. They have all come. We have had the railroad since 1904. We have 10 000 acres planted in cotton and forage, and 2,000 acres in Rhodes grass. The cotton mill offers steady employment. We made a town at Kingsville. There are four schools on the place; our Mexican children are getting an education. Large parcels of fertile land have been cut into farms and sold on easy terms. The country is settling. Progress has come to us down here and we have gone out to meet it."

"Captain King would not know his place if he returned," I ventured.

"The only object he would recognize would be his wife," Mr. Kleberg answered. "Captain King thought ahead of his time, but even in his day the cattle business, and especially down here, was more of a haphazard and precarious occupation from day to day than a stable industry. Before the packers and railroads came cattle were driven far distances, to Kansas and Missouri and Illinois, in search of markets, usually in small bunches. The packers brought us cold storage houses and refrigerator cars. What was more to the point to the cowman, they brought a market to his doors."

"What was the beginning of pure-blood breeding?"

"The fencing of the range saw the beginning of the movement to improve the blood of the herds. When I assumed the management of the Santa Gertrudis Ranch I realized that the old-time scrubby longhorn cow must go. I brought in the shorthorn, and the white face, and bred them extensively. In later years we have experi-

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Dynamiters' Intensive Stock-Selling Methods

How Shock Troops of Doubtful Security Campaigns Are Trained

By JOHN M. ROBERTSON

WHENCE do the high-pressure, one-call stock salesmen, the shock troops of doubtful security sales campaigns, come? How are they recruited and drilled?

These questions have arisen from the publication of the recent article about Securities Commissioner Beck, of Ohio, driving from that state in the last eighteen months practically all of the ten thousand dubious salesmen who operate in that state.

The high-pressure stock salesman's importance inheres in the essential part he takes in the quick marketing of large issues of promotion securities.

Chicago is the metropolis of this class and of the promoters who train and employ them. The rendezvous of principals and agents in the traffic is a flashy loop district hotel.

High-pressure selling talent gravitates to Chicago after the conclusion of field engagements for two reasons: Salesmen are more certain of obtaining another job in Chicago than anywhere else and, also, promoters there follow the amiable custom of advancing known producers funds with which to keep body and soul together while waiting for something to turn up.

The successful "dynamiter," as these salesmen have come to be termed, can earn from two hundred to a thousand dollars a week when handling a good selling issue of stock, but being free-and-easy spenders they often need financial assistance between engagements.

Several months ago an American promoter was engaged to market several million dollars of stocks for a Canadian undertaking. Through the Chicago plan he was able almost instantly to dispatch one hundred and fifty dynamiters to the unfortunate community selected to hold the bag.

High-pressure salesmen under such conditions are always sent out into the field with a one-way ticket and no expense money. They have to produce instantly if they are to live. Captain John Smith's idea of permitting only those Virginians who worked to eat is applied with a vengeance, and sometimes with interesting results.

There is the case of a Chicago dynamiter who was shipped into Western Ontario by his American chief. He was then given a one-way trolley ticket to a village. He entered his field penniless, but with the dauntless spirit of his kind. However, the community had been combed by several other high-pressure workers and terrific sales resistance was encountered.

When "Opportunity" Knocked

THIS salesman was peddling stock in a marketing concern that proposed to take all its farmer members' production at a premium above the general market. Needless to say, the only beneficiaries of this scheme were the promoters and their salesmen.

Our salesman canvassed all day without closing anyone. About nine o'clock at night he knocked at the door of a farmhouse. It required quite a racket to awaken the householder who finally thrust his head out of an upstairs window and inquired who was without. True to his school of salesmanship, the dynamiter replied: "I am opportunity."

The unsuspecting farmer put his caller up for the night and in the morning he listened too long to the canvass that was given him with zeal plus desperation. The farmer consented to sign a note for a number of shares, but had no cash with which to make the twenty-five per cent down payment. Incidentally, the down payment never reaches the treasury of the issuing company. The salesmen and their employing promoters are always taken care of first.

The salesman was puzzled; he had to have some cash on which to exist while outwitting other subjects of King George. Finally, as a gesture of accommodation, he accepted the worst span of horses the farmer had in lieu of money and rode into town on one of the nags, leading the other. He sold the steeds to the first horse trader he met and then stopped worrying about expense money. He was living off the country.

How Salesmen Are Trained

HIGH-PRESSURE stock salesmen are recruited through classes in inspirational selling conducted by those who organize big campaigns, and many of the salesmen thus produced are Jews. The latter are especially useful in foraging among the foreign colonies.

The training in inspirational selling which produces the high-pressure one-call talent is a blend of the most quickly productive elements of pre-war campaigns for public buildings and kindred purposes, of certain strong-arm tactics perfected during war drives and, lastly, of intensive specialty selling methods. Every quick selling and closing plan that has a "kick" in it is drawn upon by the faculties of these "schools."

The stock-selling outfit that desires to recruit sales material through this channel advertises for students, offering a free course under a highly touted "sales authority." The tremendous potential earnings are stressed in the advertising which leading newspapers are always willing to carry.

The students are placed under the spell of the chief lecturer and his aides, who first sell these credulous souls the promoter's organization and its present proposition and then convert them into zealots. The more destitute of culture and finance the students are, the better. They don't hesitate about anything they are instructed to say and do.

All the arts of the mob leader are used upon these newcomers. Old war-period songs are revamped to laud the selling organization, its boss and the proposition that is to be marketed. Former song leaders in great war drives are paid high salaries to get these enthusiasts so intoxicated with the spirit of the thing that they abandon restraint and discretion once they get into the field.

The supreme object of the training is to fit the graduates to sell their prospects on the first call. Toward the end of the course when the best material has been selected and the rest weeded out, the class is given a tryout in the field. Money and jewelry prizes and banquets, where much apple sauce is dispensed by the principals, make the outlook seem rosy to the newcomers.

Women are said to respond more completely to inspirational selling school methods than men. They are said often to become veritable magicians, beating down the resistance of their prospects with an ardor that mere man cannot equal.

After his second or third high-pressure campaign our inspirational salesman is usually disillusioned and fairly launched upon the primrose path. He soon becomes a hardened dynamiter clamoring for opportunities to gather in the commissions. Six or seven years is the average term that elapses before the inspirational salesmen and dynamiter becomes burned out and eliminated from the whole field.

There are other significant aspects of the present hectic marketing of more or less good securities to people who are in the main utterly incapable of evaluating them.

Utilizing High-Pressure Methods

THE wealth of the United States is estimated to have increased from one hundred and twenty-five billion to three hundred and twenty-five billion during the last fifteen years.

The annual surplus this enormous national increment has put in the hands of the more fortunate classes of our population has given the high-grade brokers dealing in gilt-edge securities such a volume of business they have in many instances become stall fed.

There are sufficient customers for all the tax-exempt and otherwise attractive and safe investments these houses have to offer, and it is unnecessary for them to deal in the marketing of less seasoned securities or the issues of new companies.

One such broker says that the able, industrious men in his line accumulate fortunes so quickly they never have to exert their full powers once they have got into the current.

It has been suggested that one of the next steps in finance should be that honest men of vision and discriminating ability pre-empt the high-pressure field, discard the bad features and utilize the germ of productivity and service it indubitably possesses. Modern industry in many lines employs intensively schooled salesmen who are ethical and useful in quickly introducing things that make for better living. Their quick methods actually reduce the cost of an article, and the cost of selling is an important element in every price.

This suggestion is borne out by the record of a man who formerly conducted welfare organization building campaigns. He was unwilling to return to this field after leading various war drives. He is now financing local hotel companies, using legitimately many of the expedients that high-pressure stock people employ illegitimately.

A compelling reason for many new industrialists employing unscrupulous high-pressure stock-selling campaign promoters is the Federal tax laws which penalize investments by people of means. These laws have diverted surplus funds into tax-exempt bonds.

Formerly the well-to-do business men often joined in financing new or reorganized concerns. These same people now find that if they put their surplus funds into a new venture and it turns out as well as they have a right to hope, their total taxable income may be so swelled that the surtaxes will reduce it lower than if they had done nothing at all, and in the meantime they have risked losing their investment.

This condition has at the same time deprived the new commercial and industrial operators who need capital of the co-operation of big-caliber men who would join their directorates if they made substantial investments.

Country Needs Penal Laws

MANY enterprising men who are endeavoring to develop valuable new processes or products are forced in desperation to turn to the high-binder organizations that have been mentioned. These involuntary clients must pay heavy underwriting discounts, give stock bonuses and promise investors unreasonable dividends at the outset. This heroic treatment usually kills the patient.

In a large western center a hustling man with a clean record has had to import what he terms thirty "taxicab drivers" to place the stock of a new industry which he will, in all probability, operate in a creditable fashion.

Because of Federal taxation, the normal local investment machinery no longer functions for the use of such an able citizen. He says his only alternative to hiring his own crew of dynamiters was to accept offers of New York curb brokers to take his stock at seventy per cent of par. They would then ride it up on their markets until they could dump it on the public at say one hundred and fifty per cent of par. Then it would be allowed to sag to a nominal price until the industry had established a dividend record, a matter of several years at least.

Since such procedure would discredit the company if it sought additional financing in respectable quarters, the dynamite method was selected as the lesser evil.

The country needs rigidly enforced penal laws and bonding requirements that will eliminate the reckless dynamiter and the dishonest promoter who puts him into the field. It equally requires more certain detection and punishment of the fake business concerns that conspire with these selling agencies to place worthless stocks.

However, the nation needs no less badly, if new businesses are to be established by new, worth-while men, Federal taxation measures that will not penalize enterprise and make impossible the normal opportunity sought by the small investor.

The Evolution of Art

THE evolution of art is not, as might be supposed, coincident with the advance of the human race. The Egyptians were erecting magnificent temples and palaces, carving sphinxes and covering the walls of their buildings with brilliant examples of decorative art long before Moses led the Israelites across the Red Sea, and the ancient peoples of Mexico were constructing massive monuments of architecture covered with ornate embellishment while the northern tribes of the Eastern Hemisphere were painting their bodies with the juices of plants, and living in caves and rude huts made of mud and wattles.

The growth of the fine arts of the Old World can be readily traced from the ancient remains which have been disclosed from time to time, and the splendid specimens which have come down to us and are now preserved in art galleries and museums.

To the Egyptians the arch was unknown. This accounts for the massive monoliths they employed horizontally, supported by columns of colossal proportions. The amount of material they used, in proportion to the accommodation provided, was very great, and the great wall surfaces were lavishly decorated with paintings in the most brilliant colors, some of which remain as full of luster today as when they were put on. Sacrificial scenes and royal processions were favorite subjects, and the winged globe, the lotus flower, and the papyrus plant were favorite symbols in the scheme of decoration. The Egyptians did very little carving on their wall surfaces, but this was taken up by the Persians and Assyrians who borrowed their designs from the Egyptians and reproduced them in stone.

The ruins of Persepolis and Nineveh furnish numerous examples of the high standard to which this Eastern art attained, and when the conquering Alexander came with his armies, he failed not to carry off art treasures from this part of the then known world and induce the artists of Greece to imitate them and develop them. The spiral or volute, which is one of the most beautiful features of the Greek Ionic style of architecture, is perfected from the Persian and Assyrian capitals of the same nature. In the field of art and architecture the ancient Greeks rendered more beautiful every idea that they borrowed, giving it new life and significance. The work of their sculptors—as witness the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens—has, throughout the centuries, served as models to those who followed, and their mural paintings had a refinement and beauty that moderns are still trying to imitate.

But the day of Roman power and influence came, and with it a desire to emulate the Greeks in everything pertaining to the fine arts. Grecian architects and sculptors were brought to Rome by the conquering emperors, and palaces, triumphal arches and temples arose which outshone in their splendor anything that had gone before. In the love of display that at a later period overtook the Romans, they departed from the chaste beauty of outline and form which they had learned from the Greeks, and when the seat of the Western Empire was fixed at Constantinople there was evolved from the five orders of architecture peculiar to Rome that more ornate and much less beautiful style called the Byzantine, of which the converted mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople is a good specimen.

Modifications of this Byzantine or Romanesque style spread over Europe and gradually developed into what became known as the Gothic style, which is essentially Eastern in its origin, although its conception is not due to the Byzantine influences alone, but to the splendid architecture of the Moorish conquerors of Spain, from which it undoubtedly got the idea of the pointed arch.

Then came the great European revival of art in the fourteenth century known as the Renaissance. This was mainly due to the advent of the Turk in Europe and the conquest of Constantinople. Architects, painters and sculptors fled to the West, and Rome again became the art center of the world. But Florence, the home of Dante and Giotto, and later of Raphael, had already attained fame by the work of its writers, its artists, and its handicraftsmen.

The building of St. Peter's at Rome gave the opportunity that was wanted as an outlet for the talents of the sculptors and painters of the Renaissance period. Here Michelangelo and his younger craftsman Raphael carried out those magnificent works which are yet the admiration of the world.

Then there was the Spanish school which produced a Velasques and a Murillo, and the Dutch and Flemish schools, with the Van Eycks, Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, Teniers and Van Dyck. So it continued until modern ideals were adopted.

Canada Extends Royal Welcome to Immigrants

Her Ellis Island Resembles the Reception Room of Princes

By E. L. CHICANOT

CANADA is always aware when it is open season for immigrants in the United States. Canada always knows about it because every day the heartrending particulars of some harrowing episode are telegraphed to Canadian newspapers.

Whatever be the truth of it all (many otherwise quite intelligent people regard these accounts as truth because they are newspaper stories) the impression is created in the Canadian mind that Ellis Island is a particularly hideous form of confinement and torture to which immigrants voluntarily subject themselves, much as the early Christians did, in expectation of a commensurate reward. In his comparative viewpoint the Canadian looks upon the operation of Ellis Island as a sort of Spanish Inquisition conducted in a black hole of Calcutta and marvels that the United States can be so callous and yet have more and more immigrants continuously coming up for punishment. To anyone familiar with the processes of Canadian immigration it is astonishing that any nation, no matter how great, can get away with it. In Canada a cross look to a newcomer is regarded as rankly unpatriotic.

Canada spends a great deal of money in advertising and other ways to secure immigrants and once they have been prevailed upon to embark and have set foot upon Canadian soil it becomes her doubly difficult task to hold them. The immigrant is her hope of future nationhood and consequently her Ellis Island is more like the reception room of a royal prince just coming into his kingdom.

Above—Mr. George Robb, of Auchtermuchty, with his wife and six children, photographed on board the Canadian Pacific liner *Metagama* at Glasgow en route for Canada. This family party is proceeding to Braeside, Saskatchewan.

Some of the party of domestics who sailed for Canada on Friday, March 21—photographed on board the Canadian Pacific liner *Metagama*.

Below—Two boys and a buoy.

Owing to the fact that the St. Lawrence freezes up solidly for several months of the year, Canada's Ellis Island is divided into two parts, or rather there are two complete Ellis Islands. That for winter use is at St. John, New Brunswick, and that for the summer at Quebec. This situation results in the necessity of maintaining two complete sets of immigration buildings and the seasonal transfer of all immigration machinery, including government officials, steamship and railroad staffs, and the various altruistic camp followers bent on completing the newcomer's assurance of welcome. All connected with port immigration affairs—and they constitute a goodly army — possess two homes or none at all, being merely seasonal campers. This makes their uniformly urban attitude toward their work the more remarkable. In the fiscal year 1923-24 Canada received 148,560 immigrants, an increase of 104 per cent over the previous year. British immigration increased in the year by 104 per cent, and Continental by 237 per cent. It is very clear that the period of post-war depression is passed, that the Dominion is benefiting to some extent from the United States quota law, and that altogether a new era has dawned for Canadian transatlantic immigration.

St. John concluded the busiest season in the movement of people it has experienced since the war and at the present time a hectic activity prevails at Quebec. People from all parts of Europe are coming in large numbers and Canada hopes to hold them permanently. With all this great anxiety to secure immigrants and exceeding joy when they are gathered into the fold, it must not be imagined that Canada does not take certain precautions against her future at the hands of these people. Nor is she governed by sportive instincts to give preference to those who can fight their way to the front or who travel on boats which cover the ocean more speedily. Restrictions of various orders have been in force since the conclusion of the war, and even now, when what is considered an open door prevails, health, morality and a reasonable assurance against unemployment and becoming a public charge are necessary qualifications. The investigation and examination is throughout very thorough but is conducted in such a way that so far from resenting it the immigrant is rather inclined to congratulate himself on his good fortune in being chosen for admission to such a select country. The entire treatment which features his admission supports this.

An immigrant is practically assured of entry before he arrives. The examination of really outstanding importance, which is the medical, is performed on European soil before the immigrant embarks for America and he is subjected to another on board the vessel by the ship's doctor who makes his report to the immigration officer. The final medical examination is very brief and the percentage of rejections is remarkably low. Those unfortunates who have contracted diseases on the voyage, and have been detected by the ship's doctor, never leave the ship, and are transported both ways at the expense of the steamship company. Where a steamship company has brought out an immigrant who, in the first place, should have been refused on medical grounds, it is subject to a fine by the government.

The examination room is arranged for expedition and to subject the immigrant to the least possible delay and discomfort. He enters the room at one end and in the space of a few minutes is at the other end an accepted citizen of Canada. Several long, wire-inclosed passageways run the length of the hall and the immigrants file past the inspectors. The examinations, medical and civil, occupy merely about one minute each, and about three hundred and seventy-five immigrants can be handled in the course of an hour. Having reached the other end of the room all worry about his getting into Canada ceases and the immigrant has but to make his preparations to reach the particular part of the Dominion he has decided shall have the benefit of his presence. He descends to the waiting room below.

The next thing is to make provision for the railway journey, rather an awing experience to the immigrant with the formidable yards of ticket instead of the familiar square inch of pasteboard. Booths of the different railways are located in the same room and, furnished with their tickets, the travelers pass on to another part of the same building where the baggage from the steamer's hold has been arranged under initial letters so that it is located without any difficulty. There are numerous customs officers, to each of whom is attached a

(*Concluded on page 10*)

Future Canadian citizens being taken care of in the ship's nursery, en route to the land of promise.

Mr. Ford's Page

EVERYTHING about life seems to be imperfect, save life itself. When we busy our minds with the spectacle of mankind as it makes its progress through colossal blunders, we wonder why human society did not become bankrupt and extinct ages ago. Everything for which it has depended on itself has been grotesquely done, has been filled with moral, economic and physical imperfection; the law of deterioration has been most evident; and yet society has survived. The answer, of course, is life. You cannot hold back life. It pushes up through every system. It adapts itself to every circumstance. It is a river, the streams whereof cannot be holden.

The story of the persistence of life is History. That is why the thing we call History is not that. We think, for example, that the recent political convention made history; indeed, wise men are already saying so. The fact is to be stated in just the opposite way: it was the pressure of life that made the convention. And perhaps it may be true that life made something more important than the convention, because it may have sought a channel there and, being refused, may have left the convention high and dry.

We say that there are two tempers in the world directing the progress of things. We call these tempers Conservatism and Radicalism, if we are in a balanced judicial mood; though we name them Reactionism and Anarchy when we happen to be speaking in the partisan spirit of opposition. Whatever their names, we must correct the opinion that either of these tempers ever directs life; it is life that calls upon the one or the other as it may need them. It is not the weather vane which points out to the winds the path they shall take; it is the winds that indicate on the vane the way they are going.

It is so with parties and social tempers. The shuttle of life moves back and forth; the pendulum of destiny swings right and swings left; but neither the shuttle nor the pendulum is primary; there is something behind and beneath them. So, in a period when radicalism seems to come to the fore, the event is hailed by shortsighted men as indicating a victory of radicalism over conservatism. And when, as at the present time, conservatism seems to be moving up to the helm again, little minds hail it as a victory over radicalism. What either movement means is that life, which at one pole is conservative and at the other progressive, is using now this element and now that for its purpose. Neither conquers; each falls into step as life orders.

THE trend, not only of politics but of life in general, is strongly toward conservatism. The term, like its opposite, has been long used to indicate something that it was not. But as a climate of the mind, a deposit of experience, a mark of sober wisdom, conservatism has a very large place even in the midst of radicalism. The progressive spirit of life is always getting what it wants, and it is always tucking its gains into the safekeeping of conservatism. Our conservative nature digests and makes our own what our radical nature has conquered. But neither conservatism nor radicalism is supreme, one never vanquishes the other; both are hands used by Life. Life uses radicalism now for a little; and now it uses conservatism for a little. Between them they measure the course of the weaver's shuttle, the great weaver, Destiny.

The origin of parties is not in political problems but in human temperament. Perhaps temperament is not the best word, maybe it is not the most inclusive explanation, but it belongs somewhere in the summing up. There are born conservatives and born radicals. Of two famous brothers in this country, one became the staunchest defender of orthodox religion, the other went farthest afield in liberal religion, and one could no more be the other than he could change the color of his skin. Temperament. Two great armies, one striking out in all directions, a great scouting column feeling out all sorts of future follies and wisdom; the other taking care of the lines of communication, and keeping supper ready for the home-returning scouts.

Sometimes to temperament we must add age. If all the men who have been radical in their youth had retained their radical connections, the world would be overwhelmed with radicalism today. But years usually bring balance. A young man soon learns that radicalism must be brought down to earth, that you can't raise livings by making mystic passes with the hands or repeating socialistic creeds. The young man marries, becomes an ancestor, gets a view of the continuity of the generations, stakes out a claim in the earth, and gradually begins to sense the relation of cause to effect. He may remain a radical in principle, but he becomes conservative in action. Hence the saying, "Old men for counsel, young men for war." It's a saying which is not in very good repute these days, but it contains a principle.

Conservatism undergoes the same kind of change. We are not speaking now of the conservatism which would be more accurately named selfishness, nor of the radicalism which should be called jealous destructionism. These things are abhorrent both to real conservatives and radicals. What we mean by conservatism is the temper in which sober caution is predominant. What we mean by radicalism is the temper in which enthusiastic social and moral adventurousness is predominant. The radicalism or conservatism which undergoes a change is that which is born of low emotions of personal antagonism. It is appalling how some classes of men hate other classes of men; how some monied men hate working men, how some working men hate men of means. It need only be said that both these classes exclude themselves from the world's work by their very hatred. They are only among the minor issues with which true conservatism and true radicalism have to deal. They are not forces at all, but fevers.

The balance—contrary to what the orators say—is always in favor of conservatism. Go into the most wild-eyed radical group; the manager of it is always a conservative-minded person. The wild-eyed ones may do the shouting, but the other gives the orders. Just as the old-time saloon-keeper insisted on sober bartenders, so do radical groups insist that their leaders be long-headed conservatives. All the great causes go forward by conservatives. Abolitionists were a hot-headed group; but it was under Lincoln, who was not an abolitionist, that slavery passed away. For seventy-five years the zealots of temperance flamed through the land; but prohibition was finally put over by masses of people who never attended a temperance lecture. The great so-called radical departures that go over and stay over are put over by conservatives. Since conservatives have come to the front in Russia, the radicals are getting bread every day.

These are specimens of the facts which must be understood if the return of our people to public support of the conservative type of mind is to be understood. The most progressive nation in the world has never elected a professional radical, and never will. It has elected men like Roosevelt, for example, who talked in a way to please the radicals, but whose administration was always marked by a true conservatism. Andrew Jackson was not a radical, but a conservative, and he was against a class of conservatives so radical that they imagined they could make the United States an adjunct of a private banking system. All the way down, from Washington to Coolidge, whether Republican or Democrat, the conservative type is the type in which our people have put their faith. That is a tremendous score in favor of the statement that the balance always turns toward conservatism.

It remains for a future page to make clear just what kind of conservatism has come to the country today. To clinch the case for the predominance of the appeal of true conservatism, however, it is only necessary to observe that all men become conservative when they get what they want. Bismarck was execrated by European radicals for half a century because he suppressed one newspaper; when these same radicals came into power they suppressed five hundred. That simply shows human nature. But when men's just rights in opportunity and reward are recognized, this recognition and justice bring social peace and stability—the fruits of a wise conservatism. So well do revolutionists understand this that they counsel an insane spirit of destructive dissatisfaction even when all social claims are met. The fact that there is so immediate a bond between justice and conservatism, one as cause the other as effect, is no small matter.

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It Came—To Pass

THE most colorless Republican Convention ever held, the least profitable to the national mind, the most provocative of criticism of the whole convention system even among the upholders of that system, has taken its place in the list of things that have come to pass. It was unmarked by a single notable speech, a single ringing ideal, a single recognition of the basic ills and basic needs of the nation. There was not a single contribution to practical politics, nor the most distant glimmer of political science.

Only once was there promise of life being injected into the mass, and that was when the Wisconsin men menaced the proceedings with the threat of an Idea. But that hope failed; the LaFollette men played even smaller politics than did the regulars. The Wisconsin men dealt in peanuts and spent their force in plastering puerile personalities with piffling praise. The ideas of Senator LaFollette deserved better presentation than that. The country deserved better than that from the pretended devotees of national righteousness. The party deserved better than that from men who verbally espoused the purification of politics. It was not the strength of regular reactionism, but the utter weakness of Wisconsin progressivism which accounts for the failure of the Convention's one opportunity to rise above mediocrity. The only character the Convention attained was the substitution of courtesy for steam-roller methods in the treatment of insurgency or progressivism; and politeness on that score was easily possible and perfectly harmless, because of insurgency's total lack of moral force.

The Platform which was adopted is a relic of dead things that once had a meaning. It might have been written by any party any time within the last fifty years. It deals entirely in superficial matters, assumes that everything must be right when the Republican party has control, shamelessly attributes to Republican wisdom changes that occurred when no party or statesman had a least lucid thought as to what should best be done; in brief, it is a platform which was made to be as nearly without length, breadth, depth, corners or substance as it was possible to achieve. It is neither a program of action nor a statement of fundamental principles, and not the most addled partisan would consider it a bid for votes. It belies its very name, and its sole function seems to have been the fulfilling of another ceremonial requirement of Convention.

The Ticket is, of course, what it was foreknown to be—Calvin Coolidge. Politicians within the Republican party had not intended it so ten months ago, but so it is. To state the verities of the situation, the Convention was Coolidge and the Platform is Coolidge. It is certain the campaign will be Coolidge. Coolidge is a big enough factor to shut out the embarrassing fact of Washington investigations and the nauseating blatancy of a meaningless Platform. The party and the politicians may well thank heaven for Coolidge; without him, the June convention skies would have been cloudy enough.

Never was the Vice-Presidency more unanimously refused by more men, and perhaps never was the country better served by such refusals. The real depths to which organized politics have fallen may be gauged by looking over the list of candidates proposed for the secondary office. From this remark Senator Borah may be excepted. Some of them would have been a distinct liability, others would have been mere nonentities; whether the final choice will be an asset remains to be seen. The banker with a military title does not exactly represent the plain people of the country.

The country will frankly recognize the fact that Conservatism is in the saddle. Coolidge is conservative; Dawes is conservative; the organization which Coolidge has gathered round him is conservative.

Once upon a time that would have been a damning thing to say. But Coolidge conservatism is a type that rises above partisan and class interests. The most radical thinker wants a conservative manager of his affairs. Coolidge is that kind of manager. The country is full of radically progressive talk, but it is more at home on the hustings than at the administrative desk. We learned long ago that our best speechmakers were our worst working officials, and that our most lavish promisers were our poorest performers.

Conservatism at this hour means the sober application of knowledge and experience to public problems from the standpoint of public service. It used to mean the application of public power for private or class benefit. The same principles of service which have been observed in behalf of privilege can be just as well observed in behalf of all the people. There is a type of mind which conserves, manages well, makes ends meet, administers and develops. It is only wisdom to enlist this type of mind in the service of the nation. In the past it has erred through having a wrong motive. Now it has a new motive. It has become enlightened and has acquired a strong sense of social responsibility—that is, it has in such men as Calvin Coolidge. It is the New Conservatism, and it seems to be having a chance to show what it can do for the nation as a whole. Coolidge is not the nominee of the Republican Convention alone. He is the nominee of the people.

Signor Nitti Says

OF ALL the European nations only Norway and Sweden are honestly keen on peace, according to former Premier Nitti, of Italy, who has gone into voluntary exile to escape the persecutions and annoyances of Mussolini and the Fascisti. "The big Powers are drifting toward war unless they change their policy soon," he declares.

The value of any opinion by Signor Nitti may be gauged by his statement that the United States is showing a more sincere attitude toward peace than formerly!—and he hopes before long to go to the United States and appeal to the people of the country for their help against future war. What does he mean—"than formerly"? Is it possible for any man to impugn the American attitude toward peace at any time?

Recent American observers abroad have reported an absolute desire for peace among the people of every nation, but this is combined with a situation which renders war almost certain. They disagree with Signor Nitti on all important points. While America would cordially receive the former premier of Italy, it may be courteously suggested that peace propaganda is best disseminated where all the wars are made—and that is not in the United States of America.

They Are Through!

WELL, the commencement orators are through, and the world is as ignorant as ever. The liberals have yelled for academic liberty (although they are the only one who have it!); the idealists have denounced our materialism (in buildings made of the finest materials, to which they rode in motor cars the products of "materialistic industry"); pacifists have demanded that the United States wipe its hands which drip with blood and stop the horrific work of stuffing young men into cannon's mouth (although this is the only nation that doesn't do it, and nearly the only one pacific enough to endure the pacifist); the Fundamentalist has insisted on his tenets without the suavity or the learning of the Modernist, and the Modernist has had his cultured sneer at the Fundamentalist without any of the latter's martyr-like sincerity; old orators have counseled caution, and young orators have counseled iconoclasm; normal men have said that the best way through life is to find one's work and do it, find one's faith and live it, find one's soul and mold it; psychopathological literary "artists" have yowled about Youth and Sex and "living your life according to your own ideas"; feminists have proclaimed the Coming Age of Women. A babel of voices has been raised on every conceivable theme from every conceivable angle, and the Next Generation has listened courteously—it was the necessary prelude to receiving a diploma and release.

Perhaps by now we know the secret reason for the destruction of Alexandria's library; it was filled with Commencement Orations.

Laying One Brick Instead of Two

WHAT has come to be known as the "Ca' canny" policy of the British Labor men is turning out to be one of those "chickens that come home to roost," as far as the new housing scheme of the Labor Government is concerned. The report of the National House Building Committee embodies the "Ca' canny" policy in its conclusions, and the cost of building is based on the assumption that a bricklayer will lay only 300 bricks a day, whereas before the war 600 bricks a day was considered a very easy minimum.

The policy of under-production—the laying of one brick where two could be laid—has taken a powerful hold of labor leaders not only in Britain but in other countries of Europe, and it is largely responsible for the deplorable amount of unemployment that exists in England and Scotland today. So high is the cost of building as compared with the pre-war period, that practically all speculative building has stopped. Hence the accentuation of the housing problem.

House building is no longer a sound investment, neither is the purchase of house property. People of moderate means, who would solve the housing problem by getting homes erected for themselves, are deterred by two things—the high cost of building, and the high taxes on property. The laying of one brick where two were formerly laid, and the driving of one nail where formerly two were driven, is to be blamed for this.

But the fallacy that there will be more jobs to go round if workmen pursue the "Ca' canny" idea has taken such a strong hold of British labor, that it is hard to eliminate. It has engendered an unwholesome state of mind that is responsible for much of the misery that prevails. It is the principal obstacle that faces the Ramsay MacDonald Government in its sincere efforts to find a solution for the housing problem. It is a policy which has been persistently preached by labor leaders who are now experiencing its poisonous effects. Until the British workman learns to give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay difficulty will be piled on difficulty, and walls of difficulty will continue to arise.

Reds Finance by Robbery

IN DEALING with the business of bank robbery, American police authorities may do well to consider the experience of Russia. Previous to the revolution in that country, *Red propaganda financed itself by robbery.* The party adopted a regular policy of what was called "expropriation," that is, they violently confiscated wealth for their political purpose. They did not call it robbery; it was war against society. Express trains were held up, government funds were stolen, banks were robbed, and when very rarely the robbers were captured the loot was never found. The most expert criminals in the world, most of whom are now officials of Soviet Russia, were engaged in this work of foraging on society *for the purpose of recruiting the revolutionary treasury.*

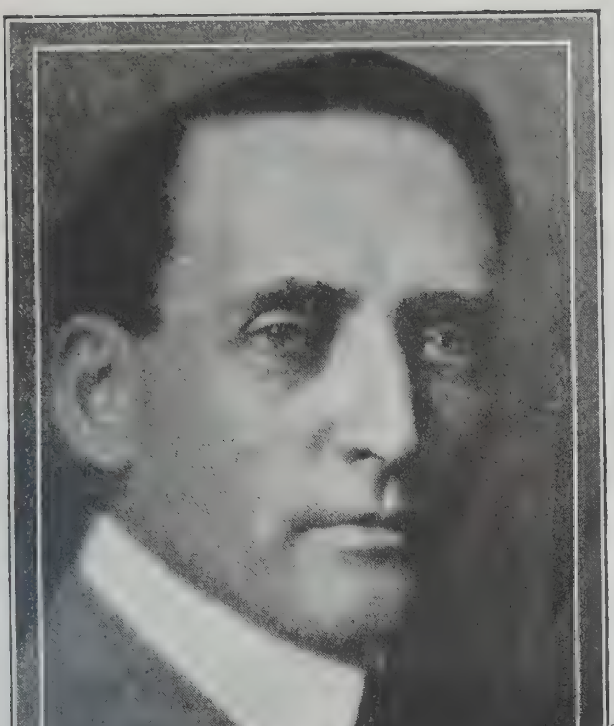
It must be admitted that robbery in the United States long ago passed the status of a "crime wave." It has attained the efficiency and regularity of an established business. Bank and train and government robberies are pulled off with a precision that bewilders the police. The police, following the old categories, assume that they are dealing with plain, everyday thieves, criminals who steal for themselves, and this assumption has left them up in the air. Millions of dollars are stolen outright, billions are obtained by swindling—and the police assume that it is all done by the type of thieves and confidence men who operated before this country was made a missionary diocese of the world revolution.

Perhaps it would be well to widen police perspective to include the possibility of this wide program of skillful robbery being part of the operations of the Treasury Department of the World Revolution. It is known, by bold and boastful confession of the present rulers of Russia, that this was the way they operated in that country. As most of the criminals now operating in the United States have close affiliations with the type that rules Russia, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the operation may have been transferred to this more fruitful land.

At any rate, there is a system, a foreknowledge, a practiced performance in the series of bank and train robberies in the United States that indicates a most highly organized element *continuously* at work. The old-time robber worked when he needed money. These new operators work all the time. Their work has all the earmarks of a program.

University Molds Men and Women for Its Own State

By HARRY H. DUNN



DR. ARTHUR GRISWOLD CRANE,

President of the University of Wyoming.

THE state universities in that part of the Union lying west of the Mississippi River have taken over the work of pioneering in higher education, first done east of that stream by the private and endowed institutions which in most cases preceded the state institutions. This condition is due largely to the fact that men of great wealth in the West fifty years ago did not seek to leave educational memorials to themselves, and to the further fact that men of wealth sufficient to endow colleges and universities were few in number in any state except the three bordering on the Pacific. The result is that the state universities from the Mississippi to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Mexican line have had thrust upon them the burden not only of giving general education to all the qualified boys and girls of their respective states, but of giving the great majority of these boys and girls their special education as well. This is true from the University of California, with its more than 10,000 young men and women on the campus, to the University of Nevada, with approximately 1,000 students.

One of these western universities, however, has gone a bit further along the line of specialization for the benefit of its own state, and probably is doing more to provide, for the future, men and women whose training has been with the particular view to preparing them for life in that state, than any other similar state institution in the country. This is the University of Wyoming, which, from an elevation of nearly a mile and a half, at Laramie, holds the educational range of this state of great distances and vast prospects, just as Laramie once mastered the range filled with Indians and buffalo and tremendous herds of cattle. It is one of the few really "free" state universities where the higher branches of education are provided at probably the lowest cost to the student of any similar institution in this country.

In the words of Dr. Arthur Griswold Crane, president of the University of Wyoming, this university "is a part of the free public educational system of the state; it aims to complete the general educational work begun in the primary schools and carried forward through the grammar and high schools in the various communities throughout the state. To do this, it is organized to offer work along the lines of study most in demand by the people of this state. While the underlying principles taught are not limited to the boundaries of any one state or nation, great stress is laid upon their application to the farms, ranches and homes of Wyoming. Especially is this true in our large and growing college of agriculture, one of the most important of the several colleges which go to make up this university. Our soil and climate cause many problems that are peculiar to this state. Not one of the states, not even those that border on Wyoming, has conditions closely identical with those of this state, and the same is true of social and economic conditions. Even the rules of cookery must be adjusted to suit our high altitude and arid atmosphere, and in household decoration, new combinations of line and color have to be made in this region of thin air, bright sunlight and great open spaces."

When Dr. Crane came, recently, to take the helm of this growing university, he was met some distance out of Laramie by a band of students, all dressed in the garb of the cowboys and cowgirls of the great ranges of twenty-five years ago, and by them transferred from his automobile into an old-time stagecoach, in which, surrounded by this mounted band of armed "terrors of the plains," he was hauled in state to the campus. Probably no other university president ever was given such a welcome, typical of a state which waited twenty-two years as a territory before statehood was conferred in 1890, and built such a university as this for its children in less than forty years.

Science Hall, University of Wyoming. This university pays especial attention to the practical results of scientific study. In its botanical department it has the largest collection of Rocky Mountain flora in the world, more than 100,000 specimens.

The history of the plan for a university in this state of the bison and the bald eagle, dates from the act of Congress passed February 18, 1881, entitled, "An Act to Grant Lands to Dakota, Montana, Arizona, Idaho and Wyoming for University Purposes," but it was not until 1886 that the governor of the then territory was authorized by the territorial legislature to appoint a commission to make the selection of 46,080 acres of government lands given to Wyoming by the national government as the foundation stone for its university. F. O. Sawin was appointed as this commission of one, and he selected 45,291 acres, which later was increased to 46,091.34 acres, the revenue from the leasing of which lands now furnishes some of the funds on which this university is operated. Action for the organization of the university was taken by the ninth territorial legislature in 1886, and the first session of the institution began in the autumn of 1887, in the Liberal Arts Building, which, begun in 1887, was not completed until statehood came three years later.

Under the state constitution, this university is to be forever "equally open to students of both sexes, irrespective of race or color." In addition to other income from its lands, from Federal aid, and from a small fraction of the state taxes, the University of Wyoming now receives nine per cent of all the moneys received as Federal oil royalties by the state. So well have these funds been administered for thirty-six years, that there are now seventeen buildings, valued at considerably more than two million dollars, not including the property on the experimental farms. The cost of an education here is probably the lowest of that of any state university in this country and plans have been completed, with the financing, for the expansion of the university to meet the demands of the young men and young women of Wyoming for the next twenty-five years. If the university's present share of the royalties on oil is undisturbed, it will have, within the next decade, one of the finest educational plants—from the point of view of material equipment—in America.

With all this advancement in a state where the population is less than two to the square mile, and where university graduates are confronted with engineering, irrigation and agricultural problems for hundreds of thousands of acres, tuition in all departments of the university is absolutely free. There is a matriculation fee of two dollars, paid only once during the student's entire stay at the university; an incidental fee of three dollars each term; a membership fee of four dollars a term for the Associated Students of the University of Wyoming, which has control over all student activities—and that is the end of the fees. Dormitories on the campus and under the supervision of the dean of women provide rooms for women students at rates from $1 to $3.25 a week. Growing out of the military program of the university during the World War, a commodious dining hall was erected, which is now known as the University Commons. It serves as a dining room for both men and women, and, since the object is not income but service at cost, students are given three meals a day at six dollars a week.

This is education in 1923 at the costs of 1900, and education especially selected and given with the end in

(*Concluded on page 14*)

At right—"Old Main," the first building erected on the campus of the University of Wyoming, in 1887, and still in use, though there are now sixteen other buildings on the campus.

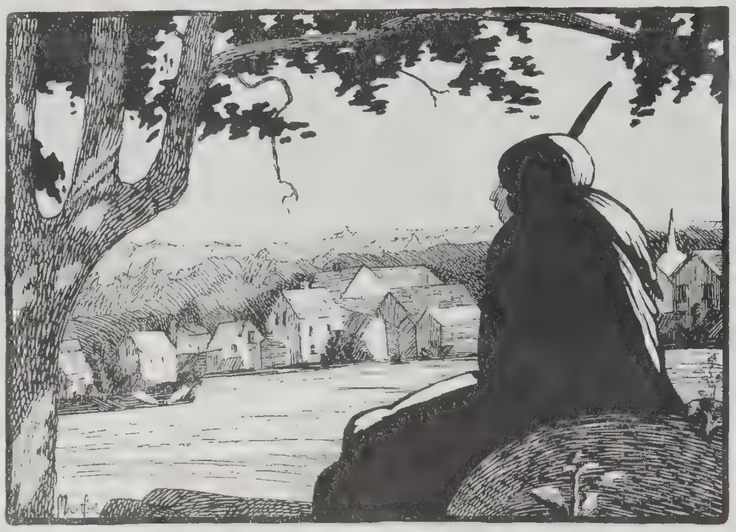
The natural electric fan, visible from the campus, which keeps the University of Wyoming campus cool in the hottest summer. This photo was taken in July. The peak is 12,000 feet high and the lake 10,500 feet above sea level.

Educational Hall, one of the newest of the sixteen buildings on the campus of the University of Wyoming.

Damariscotta—The Lost City of Bashaba

Quaint Old Village Occupies Site of Place Which Made History

By MRS. E. L. MOUNTFORT

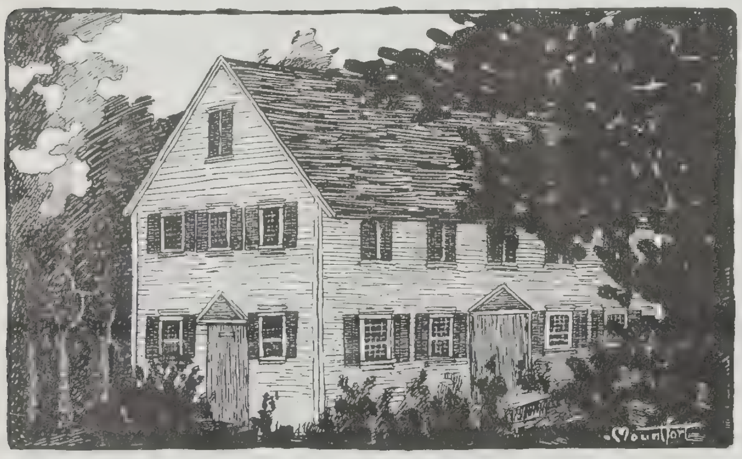


A prospect of the modern Damariscotta.

ON THE banks of the tide river, Damariscotta, which empties into one of the nicks in the serrated coast of Maine, there's a little village of just a few hundred souls, called by the same name, after Damarine, one-time Indian Sachem of Sagadahock (the English called him "Robin Hood"). The authentic history of Damariscotta dates back far enough, for the ancestors of some of these villagers, in 1622, gave of their surplus to Governor Winslow of Plymouth Plantation, when he came, in search of food to save his starving colonists, but ever the story persists of that lost city of Bashaba, chief of the Wawennocks, and some have placed it where this little village now is.

One, David Ingram, of some imagination, and searching adventure, shipped with a slave trader, John Hawkins, in 1568. They were attacked by Spaniards in the harbor of John d'Ulloa, and lost their vessels, but some ninety-six of them straggled ashore on the Gulf Coast, at about where Tampico, Mexico, is today. John Hawkins parceled out what remained of the ship's stores as best he could, giving to each man about five yards of cloth, but there was neither food nor firearms remaining. Only the most resourceful lived at all for very long, but of those who did survive, Ingram made his way, at last, after many privations and much suffering, up to Maine, to the land of the mighty Chief Bashaba of the Wawennocks, and to his capital, Arembec, the fabled lost city of Norumbega, on a mighty river, known then as the River of the Norumbega or Panawanskek.

Anyhow, Dave was an interesting story-teller, whether his hardships and privations getting there had affected his mind or not, for he credited the Indian kings with wearing rubies four inches by two, evidently a sort of talisman, for if dispossessed of them, it seemed, they shortly lost their kingdoms. He also said they were resplendent in gold and silver bracelets and strings of pearls.

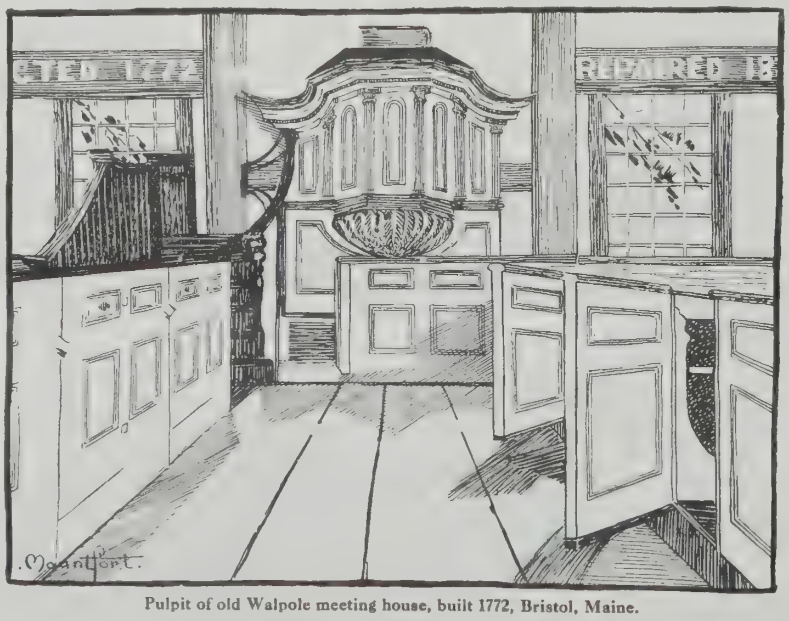


Old Walpole meeting house, built 1772. Shingles are the original ones.

Bashaba's palace (according to the tale) stood on twelve pillars of polished silver, the entrance being of crystal inlaid with precious stones. Everywhere were rugs of choicest furs. All the roofs were of silver or of copper and each house contained a bucket of real pearls sitting by the fireside. Bashaba gave to Ingram a house and a squaw in charge to cook his meals, 'tis said.

These tales of Ingram's induced the King of France to make Roberval the Lord of Norumbega, as well as the Viceroy of Canada.

Certain it is that, not very far above the present village of Damariscotta, on the river of the same name, are the much famed oyster shell mounds, relics of feasts of the long, long ago. One mound, 400 feet by 30 feet, is far the largest yet discovered anywhere. These shell mounds would seem to indicate a meeting place for powwows and attendant feasts, many of them, but their origin is so ancient that none of the Indians living at the time of their first discovery had any knowledge, not even hearsay, as to how they came to be there. Perhaps oysters abounded thereabouts in Bashaba's time, and maybe the river's course has since changed; certainly no live oysters are ever found thereabouts now.



Pulpit of old Walpole meeting house, built 1772, Bristol, Maine.

But, alas, to the east and north of the Wawennocks dwelt the Tarrantines, fiercely warlike. By treachery, at length, they secured an opportunity to surprise Chief Bashaba of the Wawennocks, sacked Arembec, his gorgeous capital, and made captives of his women, putting all his braves to death. Pestilence and desolation followed. No doubt Dave Ingram was safely back in Europe before this happened.

Somewhat southward of Damariscotta, Monseag and Sheepscot bays form a peninsula, on which is now the town of Woolwich. This was once bought from the Indians for a hogshead of corn and thirty pumpkins. Here James Phipps and his wife lived and raised their twenty-three boys and three girls. William, one of the youngest, was later royal governor of Massachusetts. Captain Phipps raised a Spanish ship at Hispaniola and brought it back to England with treasure to the amount of about $1,500,000 for which service he was knighted, the first American-born citizen to receive this honor.

It was Sagamore Samoset, of Pemaquid, who greeted, Governor Bradford on his arrival at Plymouth, with the words, "Welcome Englishmen," for Sir Ferdinando Gorges, at one time feudal lord of Maine, had sent Captain Thomas Derner to make peace with the Indians in 1619, and to restore Samoset to his Indian friends.

Records show that General Weymouth left Ratcliff, England, March 5, 1605, in the *Archangel*, under patronage of Lord Arundel. On May 17 he made a landing at a place which he called St. George, now known as Monhegan Island. On May 19 he entered Pentacost Harbor, now Boothbay Harbor, not far away from the village of Damariscotta. The versatile Captain John Smith, in 1614, attempted an attack off Monhegan Island, but later decided it was wiser to move on.

It is recorded that, on July 15, 1625, one John Brown, of New Harbor, some ten or fifteen miles to the south of Damariscotta, bought from Sagamores John Somerset and Unnogoit, all of the now towns of Bristol and Damariscotta, for the sum of fifty beaver skins.

Muscongus, or Loud's Island, a short distance down the coast, casts no vote nor does it pay any taxes. Its last vote was cast at the time of Lincoln's election—and was thrown out. Civil War times' necessity drafted nine out of the forty-five men on the island, which seemed to the islanders an injustice, and they refused to comply. A sheriff from the mainland, who stuttered, was sent to serve the papers. The wife of one of the men drafted was digging potatoes when the would-be process-server approached and stated his business. Furious, the lady started throwing potatoes at him, and so strong was her arm and so straight her aim that he immediately fled in confusion before her, telling his waiting friends on the mainland: "G-g-g-give her three b-b-b-b-b-b-b-b-bushels of potatoes and s-s-s-s-s-she'll take Richmond."

At first, in those earliest days, the pioneers had all that they could do just to clear ground sufficient to raise food enough for themselves and their families and for the beasts, besides building the houses and barns for shelter and cutting wood for fuel. They had also to raise sheep to provide wool, and this the women made into clothing.

But as soon as they had been here long enough to get a toe hold they saw the need of what would today be termed community interest. So, different householders along the Damariscotta River got their heads together and decided to build a church; but, they were shrewd old fellows, our forefathers, for they didn't just permit each man to give what he wished. No, indeed! Instead, a committee was chosen to levy upon each head of a family his proportionate share. This, however, did not have to be paid in money, for money was scarce then, and, strange to relate, it didn't mean so much at that; for one could neither eat nor wear it, and there were practically no stores! So the days' works were portioned out, as well as the materials required. Each window in the little church cost a cow—and there are thirty of them —quite a little drove! The old church still stands, just as it was built in 1772, with its huge wrought-iron hinges and hand-hammered nails, its hewn boards and hand-made shingles, though a few necessary repairs were made after it had been standing for a hundred years.

A tithing man with a long, long stick, took up his position in the rear, and woe betide any luckless individual who chanced to fall asleep, for the tither promptly rapped the nodding head smartly from the rear. Those sermons were all-day affairs. You took your luncheon with you in the morning and made a day of it. Likewise, you were supposed to be among those present unless you were really sick and could not go. But religion has languished, in Maine, as elsewhere, and now that old church is open only for services during August, when summer people, prompted by curiosity or otherwise, commune from the same silver service that was brought over from England before the Revolution.

They called it the Walpole Meeting House, a good old British name, and that county now bears a name as typically English—Bristol (incorporated June 18, 1765), though it was once a part of Pemaquid. This church was not denominational, and a preacher was secured, of whatever faith, as often as possible, and he was appreciated when they got him, too.

Some there be today, who sit in the same identical pews, in that old church, of a summer Sunday morning, that were first occupied by their ancestors when the church was built. And some of the deacons of today have had ancestor deacons ever since 'twas first decided to have a meeting house, in this, the first portion of New England to be settled by English-speaking people.

In 1620 there were 1,500 white people in Maine, and Pemaquid was then the busiest place on the coast, larger than Quebec, having eighty-four families or about five hundred souls.

The first Christmas observance recorded in New England, if not in the United States or even on the North American continent, occurred at the Isle of the Holy Cross, at the mouth of the St. Croix River, sixteen miles below Calais, by Frenchmen under De Monts and Champlain, in 1604. Champlain, at that time, suggested a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. St. Croix remained French until the cessation of Canada to the English in 1763.

Canada Extends Royal Welcome to Immigrants

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railway baggage man, and it is a matter of only a minute or two until the luggage is examined and checked and the immigrant's worry on this score ceases. It will be found on the platform at his destination.

There is only one thing more to be done before the arrival of the train and that is stock up with food for the journey. Formerly this was the only irritating feature of the immigration sheds. The store is operated by the government which sells everything to the immigrant at cost, and the immigrant who may have a large family and be traveling to the other end of the country is assured of good food for the entire journey at the lowest possible rates. The immigrant has been at the sheds scarce an hour and already he has been accepted for Canadian citizenship and is ready to proceed on his railway journey.

When the boat was yet coming up the river, special trains were pulling in at the triple track at the opposite side of the shed to the landing wharf, and as he stepped off the boat into the shed, so the immigrant steps out of the shed into the train. Altogether he is seldom more than from two to three hours at the terminals, and at the end of that time the special trains are speeding westward to distribute their human content into every part of the Dominion. Canada's Ellis Island is once more deserted and immediately makes preparations for the reception of the next immigrant boat.

This is Canada's Ellis Island. Trainloads of people from practically every country in Europe leave it every day, full of confidence and hope. Potentially they are good citizens already. The cause of any subsequent seepage must be sought in the economic conditions which lie beyond.

Political Zion Without the Rose-Colored Glasses

Not a Beautiful Romance But Something Very Different;

Jews Are Not Unanimous; Arabs Indignant

By C. R. ASHBEE

In an article in the English Review for February, C. R. Ashbee makes these observations under the title "Political Zionism Without the Rose-Colored Glasses."

MR. BENTWICH ends his article with the words "Out of the romance of Herzl's mind had come reality, and out of the reality of his work a beautiful romance had been created—the workings of which we see in Palestine today, twenty years after."

One who is familiar with this romance, who has watched closely its operations, may be pardoned for saying that it is a "beautiful romance" only to those who, like Mr. Bentwich and his friends, wear the rose-colored glasses, or are playing the leading rôles. To the vast majority of the population, or to the greater part of the Englishmen who are not Jews, it is not a beautiful romance at all but something very different.

When I quoted these words of the "Philo-Zionist" to a hard-worked official I got the reply, "Romance! Yes, if you call a Zionist Administration camouflaged as a British Mandate, Romance. I call it d..........d injustice." I do not share this view, but I propose to examine the reasons for this exceeding bitterness of the Arab and the Englishman, and to ask what is it lies at the root of the Zionist claim—what is it makes either side think as they do, the practical men on the one hand, and on the other the romanticists.

It is to be premised, however, that there are a few British officials—I have met some—who, so to speak, "go the whole hog" in political Zionism: they are those who believe in the direct fulfilment of the Prophetic Books, and who will quote to you the last five verses of the ninth chapter of Amos. Such men also are romanticists, but, though one may admire their enthusiasm and sympathize with their early biblical training, one does not go to them for a balanced judgment on a complex racial and political problem such as has been created in Palestine by the Balfour Declaration. Mr. Herbert Bentwich, indeed, tells us of those Evangelical Christians who rallied to Herzl's support, but he appears insufficiently to realize that they are not the force they were fifty years ago. . . .

Preferential Treatment

BUT there is a straight issue, a question of right and wrong, with which the Christian who champions the Zionist cause in Palestine is faced. It is this. The Jews may or may not return to Palestine, they may or may not succeed in establishing their purely Jewish state, what are believed to be the predictions of Jewish seers and singers in the days before Christ may or may not be fulfilled, but under no consideration whatever are Englishmen justified in committing wrong in order to accelerate what they believe to be the fulfilment of prophecy or the act of God. . . .

And if it be the old Hebraic Puritanism that is at the back of our Christian support, what is it that is at the back of Zionism itself? A conviction—we see it in Herzl, we see it in Mr. Herbert Bentwich, in Mr. Norman Bentwich, yes, even in Sir Herbert Samuel—that the Jews are the Chosen People, that their God is a God apart. It is all very well to put up fine phrases and use picturesque language about a National Home, or add a clause for the safeguarding of the rights of other nationalities—"self-determination" and so forth. When it comes to the real issue the convinced and conscientious Jew demands and insists upon preferential treatment. This, in the light of his own philosophy of religious exclusiveness, he is justified in demanding; and this in Palestine under Zionist control he gets.

When a few months ago I was in the United States of America I was asked to meet a group of influential Jews; some were doubtful, some extreme Zionists. I was asked to give an example of preferential treatment to Jews and consequent injustice to non-Jews. I said I would do this provided my friends present would each say whether the case cited was injustice or not. They agreed, so I recounted the episode of the Jaffa port concession—its refusal to a non-Jewish group because it was to be reserved for a Jewish group later. The people of Jaffa who were non-Jews thought it a gross injustice that concessions, while accorded to Jews, should be withheld from non-Jews. All my Jewish friends agreed but one, he, carrying the argument of political Zionism *à outrance*, said Sir Herbert Samuel was quite right to withhold the concession, because, under the terms of the Mandate, Palestine is eventually to become a Jewish State, and therefore it is Jews, and Jews only, that should have that or any concession. Sir Herbert Samuel, when this sense of injustice had been pointed out to him, though doubtless genuinely anxious not to be unjust to non-Jews, pleaded that his hands were tied by the Mandate. Other cases could be given. And that brings us to the root difficulty. The Mandate itself is based upon injustice.

Once again let us clear away the cobwebs, let us be honest with ourselves. My American extremist was quite honest; he was out after an idea. I have been engaged most of my life in some idealistic enterprise or other, and I have been proud to number Jews among my most enthusiastic, farsighted and single-hearted supporters. We have always believed in the soundness of these enterprises, but they were sound only in so far as they were not urged in a spirit of exclusiveness. It is when an idea takes the form of private property in the Deity, "My God is my God and nobody else's," that it becomes dangerous.

The Case for the Arab

AND there lies the danger of political Zionism. It is a danger both to the world and to Jewry, and Mr. Bentwich and his friends have to be fought—kindly, affectionately, but none the less firmly fought—because what they stand for is fundamentally unrighteous. Listen to Mr. Norman Bentwich, the present Attorney-General and maker of the laws in Palestine: "The harmony of Hebraic and Hellenic ideas . . . . may be achieved in the future by a self-conscious Jewish people which will imbibe those elements of outside thought that are ennobling, *but will transmute them by the dominating Hebrew spirit.*" The italics are mine. Herzl's plea for the Jews of the Ghetto is a very different thing from this—the dominating Hebrew spirit. By all means let us clean up the Ghettos of the world, but let us not do it by the dispossession or domination of other peoples, and still less upon the faulty hypothesis that the country we propose to take from them is ours by right, or in virtue of promises made by God—promise of which the sublime symbolism may stimulate us to great deeds, but in the literal fulfilment of which the majority of us no longer believe . . . .

It is characteristic of the "Philo-Zionist" and his glasses of rose that he is unable to see that the Arab has a case. He does not know, or will not face the fact, that eighty-five per cent of the population of Palestine are not Jews, and that the Arabs, so-called, the peasantry of the country, are the descendants of those original inhabitants whom the Jews never succeeded in absorbing, and by whom they were ultimately expelled. The "Philo-Zionist" will not face history, and the answer to him, from the Arab point of view, is best summed up in the words of the Moslem Sheikh in Jerusalem, who, when the Balfour Declaration, sublimely ignoring 1,000 years of history, was first read to him, said, "Give Palestine to the Jews? Certainly. Why not? Give us Spain, and we will give you Palestine. We have as much right to the one as you to the other."

Into Pools and Ditches

IN ADDITION to its dead religion, and its unsound history, the romance has its spurious economics. Perhaps Mr. Bentwich will allow me to recount the parable of the Palestine gardeners—Mr. Norman Bentwich is acquainted with those gardeners—who worked for me when I was engaged on the Jerusalem park system. I was asked to employ Zionist labor, and delighted to do so, making one only condition that my labor must be drawn as equally as possible from all denominations. Then it leaked out that the wages of the Jews were being supplemented by some Jewish organization. The Christian and Moslem employes on my staff resented this, to them, false application of the Parable of the Vineyard. Nay, more, they objected that not only did the Jewish gardeners decline to work on an equal footing with the non-Jewish workers, they all wanted to be foremen. Protests were entered against preferential treatment, and the answer was returned by those in authority, and who were dispensing the Jewish dole: "Our people have a higher standard of life, and you cannot expect them to work for the same wage." The Jews did not see it as parasitism. What happened? What was bound to happen? For a while we tried vainly to pay strictly according to merit, but in the end the subsidized Zionist workers had to go, and gave place to others, non-Jews, who were not moved by the Herzl-Bentwich romance . . . .

The politics of Zionism have got to be spewed out; the exclusiveness and nepotism have got to be strictly barred off; the finance and exploitation—oil, potash, and so forth—have to be given their place, like the power-houses and factories of great cities.

Many of us, Englishmen and Jews alike, when we first went out to the East, went with the hope of doing the straight thing to all, whether Arab or Jew. It has been that "dark lanthorn of the spirit" which the political Zionist holds that has lost us our road, and led us into pools and ditches. For I, as many another Englishman who has served in Palestine, know how difficult it is now to get things done that were easy before, when we were trusted and known to be acting fairly to all. We are "sounding for Christendom in a dirty pond."

And the way out? How to regain that confidence of the people which we have lost? There are only two alternatives: either evacuation—we must leave the country to work out its own destinies, that self-determination which we promised when we came recruiting for the Arab army; or a straightforward British Government, administered not by a Jew, nor a Moslem, nor anyone with a sectarian bias, but an Englishman—in the equal interests of all. It would be perfectly possible for the British Government or the League of Nations now to say: "When we initiated this policy of the 'national home' we thought, nay, we hoped and believed, three things: first, that the Jews themselves would be unanimous in their support of it; secondly, that it would not be unwillingly accepted by the people of Palestine; thirdly, that no burden would fall upon the British taxpayer. We now find, first, that the Jews are by no means unanimous, and, indeed, often actively hostile; secondly, that the overwhelming majority of the people of Palestine repudiate it; and, thirdly, that it can only be established by force of arms and at heavy cost to the British taxpayer."

Arabs Bitter Against Jews, Says Observer

STORIES of antagonism between Jew and Arab in Palestine have been slow in reaching the United States. Enthusiastic Zionist leaders have returned from the Holy Land with glowing pictures of how the desert is being reclaimed and developed by Jewish initiative and enterprise so that it again "blossoms as the rose." Racial and commercial rivalries have for the most part either been denied or ignored. But an American observer, Professor Russell Galt, of the American University at Cairo, sees in the "blatant return of the political Zionist, who is without any religious motive whatsoever, in his loud pronouncements that he is going to take the land and put the Arab out, with his grasping Jewish habits given fuller rein by British guns, a national miscarriage of common justice that no man who calls himself a Christian can tolerate."

Professor Galt points out that the contradictory promises of the British Government during the war—independence of Arab countries to King Hussein of Mecca and approval of a Jewish national home in Palestine to Jewish financiers—have brought trouble and disaster. The Moslem and Christian Arabs number ninety-three per cent of the population and have united to prevent the Jews, who comprise seven per cent of the population, from putting them out of their land and their homes, for such, he believes, is the purpose of the political Zionist. In Palestine one witnesses the unusual sight of Moslems and Christians united against the Jew. Riot, murder and anarchy have resulted.

The protest of two Arab students at the university in Cairo who were Professor Galt's guides in Palestine is typical of the feeling of the Arabs. They inquired: "What right has the Jewish minority of seven per cent to put us out of our land and our homes and rule us, when as a matter of historical fact we Arabs have held our Palestine longer than the Jew ever did?"

Methodists Convene a Real Congress of Nations

Pass Resolutions Regarding Peace, Union and Prohibition Laws

By ALBERT SYDNEY GREGG

High Spots

Decided to call a world church council to oppose war.

Voted to unite with the Methodist church, South.

Provided for ordination of women preachers.

Eliminated specific prohibitions against popular amusements.

Simplified "confession" for uniting with the church.

Limited bishops to eight years in one area, and district superintendents to six years in one district.

Commended the Goodwill System for doing missionary work among foreign language people.

Asked Congress for an amendment to the Federal Constitution to prevent child labor.

Urged Congress to centralize prohibition enforcement, provide for selection of agents under civil service, and to deport alien bootleggers.

Appointed a committee to oppose adoption of plank by Republican and Democratic conventions that would weaken prohibition.

Retired five bishops and elected five new bishops.

FOR twenty-nine days—May 1-29—the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was in session in the Municipal Auditorium, Springfield, Massachusetts. It was a real congress of nations, composed of 858 delegates equally divided between ministers and laymen, forty-four of the latter being women. Turbaned Hindus mingled with Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Germans, Liberians, Italians, Mexicans, Negroes and Anglo-Saxons.

All classes were represented. Millionaires and clerks, judges, ex-governors, Federal officials, lawyers, merchants, doctors, professors, editors, lecturers, Negro letter carriers, and pastors of all sorts of churches big and little, orthodox and liberal, met on a common level.

While the conference was vociferously radical in speech at times, it was conservative in action and persistently refused to vote precipitately on any question. Practically every proposition presented was sent to a committee.

The "war question" came before the conference in the form of a report from the committee on the state of the church. This committee had voted two to one in favor of a strong anti-war declaration which closed with this sentence: "We as an organization separate ourselves from war, and take no part in its promotion."

An emotional upheaval resulted in which the ultra-pacifists almost forced the conference into a position that would have "thrown the Stars and Stripes out of every Methodist church." A minority anti-pacifist report proposed to amend the resolution by adding the clause . . . . "unless indisputably in self-defense, or in defense of humanity."

Telegraphic protests against extreme pacifism began to pour in upon the delegates, with the result that the entire matter was referred to a special committee of fifteen. After several days' deliberation, this committee presented a comprehensive, statesmanlike document which was aptly characterized by the Springfield *Republican* as a "plan let down out of heaven."

Among other things this resolution declared: "We shall launch an aggressive campaign to teach the nature, causes and consequences of war. The glorification of war must end. We set ourselves to create the conditions of peace. Selfish nationalism, economic imperialism, and militarism must cease. We demand that the principle of the conscription of wealth and labor must be the counterpart of any future conscription of human life.

"We urge the President to summon another conference of the nations for a more drastic reduction of armaments. We demand the immediate entrance of the United States into the Permanent Court of International Justice. The participation of the United States in the League of Nations will receive our active support. We shall elect men to office to secure these ends. The ballot and other direct processes of democracy must now be employed in securing a warless world . . . .

"We therefore propose that our church now assume its responsibility by appointing at this general conference a commission of twenty-five members, to be composed of five bishops, ten ministers and ten laymen, authorized to call a conference of the religious forces of the world to consider the best plans and methods for making the impact of Christendom against the evils we deplore."

The foregoing plan was adopted unanimously with very little discussion.

Early in the session a challenge to the leadership of the "elder statesmen" relative to peace and other matters was made in very positive terms by three eloquent young men who appeared before the conference as spokesmen of the National Student Conference held in Louisville, Kentucky, on April 18-20. The three speakers were Walter Mueller, of Garrett Biblical Institute; Stanley High, Boston University; and R. D. Ware, of Vanderbilt University.

Voice of the Young People

THIS student conference, by the way, had a very significant relation to the general conference.

It was composed of five hundred students from more than one hundred colleges and universities, who had met at their own initiative and expense to consider important questions affecting Methodism and the Christian church in general. The speakers said there was no sidestepping of vital issues. The young people had honestly undertaken to make the facts of life conform to the idealism of Christianity, in place of adapting idealism to facts. They discussed peace, harmony in the industries, the race question, prohibition, divorce, and a United Methodism. They did not apologize for their youth, or their uncompromising views. They were supremely interested in building a new world order, and were loyal to the church as a mechanism to accomplish that purpose.

To use a pungent expression of one of the speakers: "The young people of Methodism are asking that the ideals of Christ be given a chance."

Prolonged applause was evoked when the three earnest young men urged that the church do something to make another war impossible.

It was a new note in a Methodist general conference —the voice of Youth and of Tomorrow, summoning the fathers of the church to a renewed and more practical attack on the evils that destroy mankind. And it is worthy of note that the "elder statesmen" accepted the challenge by taking an advanced position all along the line.

Next in significance to the "war resolution" was the acceptance of the plan to reunite the Methodist churches of the North and South. Eighty years ago the church split over slavery. Various attempts have been made to bring the two sections together, but without success. A commission created by the general conference four years ago met with a similar commission appointed by the general conference of the Southern church, and worked out a simple plan for reunion. It is little more than a confederation, but it is a start in the right direction. Bishop W. F. McDowell, chairman of the commission, expressed it thus:

Recognition for Women

"WE HAVE been trying to get together upon a basis of arguing apart and occasionally praying together. We are trying to get together first. We propose to unite by sharing our common tasks at home and abroad . . . . We are willing to take that church as it is; that church is willing to take us as we are. With a minimum change at the start, and the making of changes as we go along, we will soon find that we are together."

The unification plan was adopted by a vote of 802 to 13. Later some of the thirteen protested that they had not been given an opportunity to speak in opposition, and they were authorized to print their remarks in the *Daily Christian Advocate,* official organ of the conference.

The next step will be for the bishops of the Southern church to call a special session of their general conference to act on the plan. If the Southern church acts favorably, the unification plan will be passed on down to the annual conferences of both denominations. After a majority of the annual conferences have ratified the action of their respective general conferences, the final step will be to elect a new general conference to complete the details of the reunion, and choose a new name for reunited Methodism.

Unification, once consummated, would unite about 8,000,000 Methodists in one denomination.

Miss M. Madeline Southard, a woman preacher from Winfield, Kansas, in a stirring speech, demanded a place for women on the general boards of the church. She declared that the failure of the conference to do so in the past was a "hangover from paganism." After the usual exciting debate, her proposition was referred to a committee where it was nicely buried.

While the women did not make much apparent gain in obtaining "official recognition," they did get something worth while after all. The conference voted to give orders to women local preachers, so they can administer the sacraments and officiate at weddings.

During the debate over ordination, sage and sympathetic advice was given to the delegates by Dr. J. R. Chitambar, principal of the Christian College, Lucknow, India.

"Get the women to help," he suggested, "but on ordination go slow. If this conference authorizes the ordination of women preachers, such action will cause complications in our country, for in India the women have not yet begun to wear the breeches."

The conference adopted the report of the commission, which grants orders to women as local preachers, but does not authorize or require them to join an annual conference.

Questions of doctrine and creed did not cause a great deal of discussion. The fundamentalists were on the job early, ready for a fight, but there was no opportunity. The episcopal address, presented by Bishop Joseph F. Berry, contained a statement of doctrinal views that "took the wind" out of the fundamentalists, and the conference had peace on that score.

What is known as the "doctrinal test" was eliminated as a condition of admission into church membership. Hitherto every applicant has been required to answer this question: "Do you believe in the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal church, as set forth in the book of discipline?" The new questions are based on a confession of faith in Jesus Christ, without any theological definitions whatever.

A "twenty-year war" against the specific ban in the discipline against popular amusements reached a climax in this conference, and resulted in a very important modification in the law of the church on that subject. Theater-going, dancing, games of chance, and so forth, are no longer specifically prohibited, but Methodists are required to avoid diversions "which cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." There was no debate. The report adopted included a "solemn warning and entreaty, particularly against attendance upon immoral and questionable theatrical and motion picture performances."

Dr. George Elliott, who presented the report, said in explanation:

"We are not beating a retreat. We are going forward. Religion must appeal to the conscience, and it is the conscience that must be considered. This new law goes back to Wesley, Paul and Jesus Christ, and forward to a time when law shall be no more because it is written in the hearts of men.

"Preachers will now stand in their pulpits not with a policeman's club, but with a shepherd's crook in their hands."

The race question was raised in several ways. One proposition opposed the exclusion of Japanese, another demanded equality of ratio in the admission of aliens, and another consisted of a protest to President Coolidge and Congress against lynching, and demanding Federal legislation on that subject.

For months before the general conference met, there was much discussion about the "revolt" against autocracy among the pastors, and on this issue a larger number of pastors than usual were elected delegates. This hostility found expression in the action limiting bishops to eight years in an area, and restricting district superintendents to a term of six years. A plan was considered to have district superintendents elected by the annual conferences in place of being appointed by the bishops, but such a change was declared to be unconstitutional. The conference was asked to decide whether it had the power to place a time limit on the life tenure of a bishop, but the proposition was tabled. While no action was taken, it appeared to be the sentiment that any attempt to limit the official life of a bishop would tend to "do away with the episcopacy," which is forbidden in the third restrictive rule of the church.

In setting up plans for dealing with foreign language peoples special mention was made of the Goodwill Industries headed by Dr. E. J. Helms, of Boston. The Goodwill system is in operation in twenty-seven cities, and creates jobs for the very poor and the handicapped by gathering up cast-off clothing, furniture and shoes, remaking this material and selling it at nominal prices. Last year the Goodwill Industries paid out more than $1,250,000 in wages. The plan is to extend this system all over the country. Religious activities are carried on in connection with the industries.

No divorce, except for adultery, is regarded as lawful by Methodists, and no Methodist minister may solemnize marriage in any case where there is a divorced wife or husband living; but this rule does not apply to the innocent party to a divorce for the cause of adultery, or to divorced parties seeking to be reunited in marriage. Several fierce attempts were made to modify this rule so desertion and other grounds would be recognized, but the conference refused to make any change, although the votes were very close.

Against Child Labor

A RESOLUTION was adopted asking Congress to submit an amendment to the Federal Constitution that would enable the courts to prevent child labor. Congress was also called upon to centralize prohibition enforcement in one bureau, provide for the selection of agents under civil service rules, and deport aliens who persist in violating prohibition laws. (Since this was written Congress has taken such a step with reference to prohibition enforcement, though not as a result of the action of the general conference.)

A committee was created to appear before the committee on platform of the Republican and Democratic conventions and oppose the adoption of any plank that would weaken the Volstead Act.

The commission on courses of study for ministers, headed by Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, reported *that only twenty per cent of the regular pastors of Methodism have had both college and seminary training, and that only eighteen per cent have even completed a high school course.* Thus eighty per cent of the men in Methodist pulpits got into the ministry by way of "brush college." They took a four-year course provided for under the regulations of the church, while engaged in active church work, as pastors. Bishop Hughes thinks this situation is "getting no better fast," and while he urges candidates for the ministry to get a college and seminary training, he realizes that the bulk of the preachers will continue to "grab their education on the run, 'brush college' fashion." For that reason he places great emphasis on the importance of improving the conference courses of study, and urges that every possible provision be made to aid the students in obtaining the necessary mental preparation.

Five retirements among the bishops created five vacancies which were filled by the election of Dr. Wallace E. Brown, pastor of University Church, Syracuse, New York; Dr. Titus Lowe, secretary of the board of Foreign Missions, New York; Rev. Dr. George R. Grose, president of DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana; Rev. Dr. Brenton T. Badley, of Calcutta, India, executive secretary of the centenary mission in India; and Rev. George A. Miller, superintendent of the Central American Mission, Panama City, Panama. All the newly elected bishops have been sent to fields outside of the United States.

In the general shake-up fourteen bishops were shifted to new scenes of action.

Solving Scientific Secrets

Finest Sound Laboratory in the World; Owner Is One of America's Foremost Cryptologists

By GEORGE H. DACY

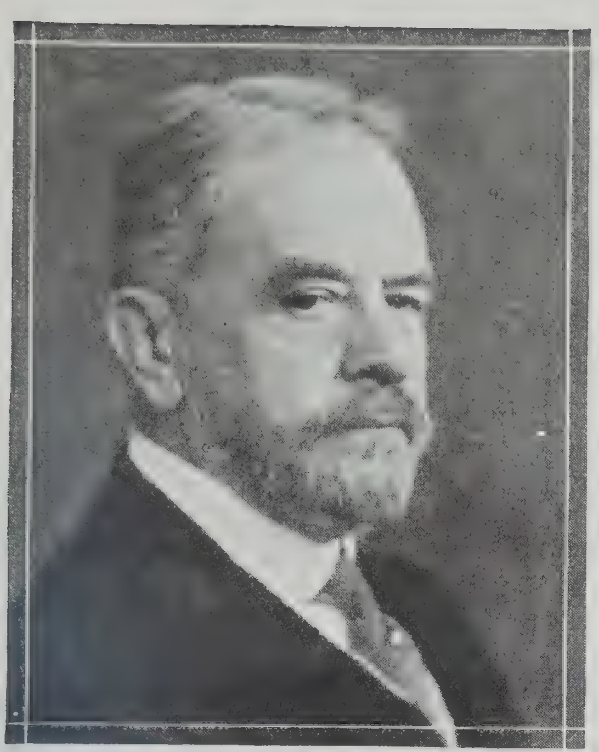


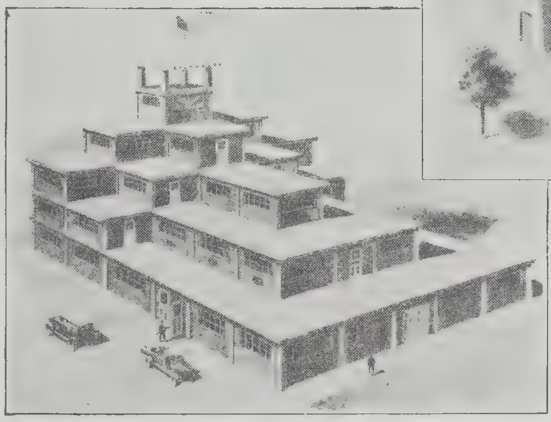
Photo Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago.

COLONEL FABYAN.

DOWN in the pastoral and peaceful Fox River Valley region of Northern Illinois reside two famous Americans; the one, Sydney Smith, the author of the "Andy Gump" comics, puts the laugh into Sunday reading in all sections of the country; the other, Colonel George Fabyan, outstanding international cryptologist and amateur scientist who has endowed and maintains the largest and finest sound laboratory in existence, specializes in the successful solution of scientific secrets which previously have evaded the investigations of our leading universities and private and public research.

"Syd" Smith, or "Andy Gump," as he is familiarly known wherever cartoons are perused, courts publicity, for it is the matchless dynamo which functions the daily activities of the man who tells jokes with his sketching pencils. Colonel Fabyan, on the other hand, shuns publicity.

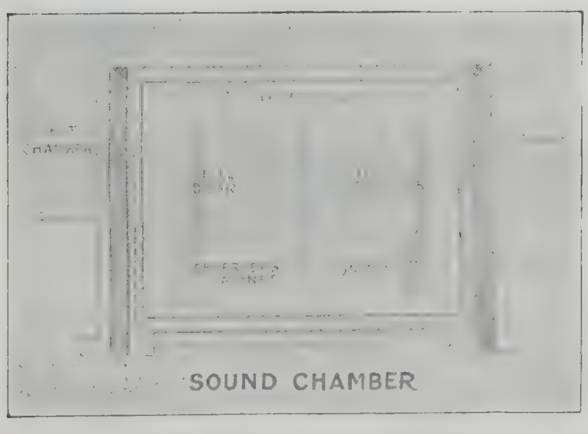
When I visited Colonel Fabyan at his 550-acre estate near Geneva, Illinois, I found him about as communicative as the Sphinx of Egypt until I assured him that I would prepare a very conservative article about the remarkable doings, the remarkable equipment, the remarkable buildings at Riverbank Estate and their remarkable owner. A large man in both stature and mentality, Colonel Fabyan is rugged and robust despite his advanced years. He is still active in the cotton mills industry and is devoting his entire fortune to the commendable work of sleuthing out medical and physical riddles which heretofore have been scientific enigmas.



General view of building showing construction.

Colonel George Fabyan is a self-tutored cryptologist, an expert in the ciphering and deciphering of codes. During the World War, he maintained the only training school for the military intelligence service of the United States Signal Corps in secret code nomenclature at his Illinois farm. At one period, the student officers totaled more than 200, and Colonel Fabyan had to charter a hotel in a neighboring city for their accommodation. An acquaintance well qualified to know told me that the patriotic colonel spent approximately one-quarter of a million dollars in his military research and schooling activities designed to aid Uncle Sam.

The study of codes and secret ciphers has long been a hobby with Colonel Fabyan. He has made a profound investigation of codes and ciphers dating as far back as 2000 B. C. He ranks as one of the leaders in this curious research. During the war, he not only assisted the United States Government in this cryptographical work but also aided the Allies. Decorations such as the Legion of Honor and the Order of the Rising Sun have been conferred on the colonel, while he also treasures rare testimonials from our war leaders at Washington.



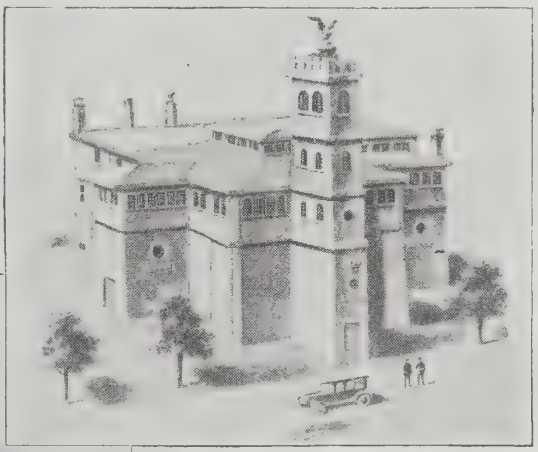
Plan of the wonderful sound chamber.

On a ten-acre field on the Fabyan estate, the first demonstration trenches in America were dug by British officers and soldiers and used for the training of the Americans. Simultaneously, the dozen laboratories owned by Colonel Fabyan devoted their efforts to the problems of high explosives and other military munitions. Colonel Fabyan paid the bills.

If you are familiar with the abodes of the aboriginal cliff dwellers or the adobe villages of some of our southwestern tribes of Indians, you will have some understanding of what the largest laboratory building at Riverbank looks like. The structure is built in terrace form. The roof of a portion of the first story forms a terrace for the second floor. At any time, when additional space is needed, all that is necessary is to add the extra walls and roof. The building has been most carefully planned. Every nook and corner is devoted to specific purposes. There is neither waste nor idle space. Even the tower rooms and turrets are designed to serve their special uses.

The acoustical laboratory was built for the use of the late Professor Wallace C. Sabine, of Harvard University. Professor Sabine, one of the leading sound experts of all time, was an intimate friend of Colonel Fabyan. The latter built the curious research workhouse and financed a marvelous program of sound investigations mapped out by the professor.

The sound laboratory contains a building within a building, the inside sanctum being wholly insulated from errors and sound intrusions introduced from the outside, and is supported by special walls and foundations. In this novel scientific chamber, the sound, reflective, and absorptive properties of many kinds of material have been tested. The acoustical secrets of cement, plaster, stucco, brick, concrete, lath and other building materials have been ferreted out. All sounds produced in the inside chamber can be studied and analyzed as they pass through special panels fitted with test materials to the exterior rooms.



Front view of laboratory.

Talk, or just barely whisper, in this steel-doored chamber and a perfect flood of confusing echoes comes pouring back at you from all directions. The babel and pandemonium which result when you speak, sing, or whistle amaze and startle you. There is no chance for any of the sound waves to escape. It takes from ten to fifteen seconds for an average sound to be absorbed by the four walls, ceiling and floor of the chamber.

In one corner there is an extensive collection of seventy-three organ pipes that range in size and tone from small, shrill-noted ones to large, bass ones that give forth great volumes of sound. In the center of the room is an observation cabinet which resembles an old-fashioned Turkish bath box. The head of the observer is all that is visible, the rest of his body being within the box to eliminate the sound absorptive effects of his clothing during the progress of the experiments. Special steel sound reflectors are used to impinge the sound waves from the organ pipes upon the test panels when their steel doors are opened. The observer can operate the different organ pipes by a special switchboard arrangement, and uses a stop watch contrivance in recording the sound absorptive properties of the different materials tested.

Colonel Fabyan's scientists, as a result of extensive investigations in the sound chamber, have perfected a plaster and wall finishing material which breaks up objectionable sound waves and absorbs them so that reflection is reduced to a minimum. Attractive wall paints have also been developed that can be used for the decoration of this plaster without in any way impairing its remarkable acoustical qualities. Every architect or builder who has seen the experimental rooms at Riverbank—one room is built, plastered and decorated in the ordinary way while the other is equipped with the sound absorptive plaster—have immediately been converted to the use of the new finishing and decorative materials. The commercial laboratory in the community high school at Geneva has been soundproofed with the new materials and despite that twenty-four typewriters are in operation simultaneously in the room, the sound absorption is so perfect that the noise is hardly apparent.

In addition to investigating all the intricacies of sound mechanics, the Fabyan forces are also studying the functions of human hearing and the peculiarities of man's ears under many conditions.

"You probably believe that your ears are necessary that you may hear," Colonel Fabyan remarked as he motioned me into a seat before a laboratory desk. I put my index fingers in my ears as the colonel ordered, so that I could not hear anything he said. Colonel Fabyan then shouted to an assistant on the fourth floor of the building to speak into a microphone transmitter. He handed me an ordinary telephone receiver that had a steel piece fastened to the ear cap. The colonel pressed the receiver against certain bones at the base of my skull and against my teeth and I could understand all that the assistant was saying, despite the fact that my ears were not functioning as usual.

Some time or other, you have probably been present in a church, auditorium or hall where the acoustics were so bad that either you could not hear or else your ears were flooded with echoes and reechoes of the speaker's voice. The Riverbank experts have perfected testing methods by which they can fortify a building against any such auditory defects. From the building plans, they make plaster of Paris models of the building, test its acoustics, and eliminate all features which favor sound reflection.

Medical experts are surveying and experimenting with human ears under the personal supervision of Colonel Fabyan. Investigations of the auditory nerves and the spinal column such as never were attempted before in the history of medical research are now in progress. In the osteology laboratory of this remarkable philanthropic project, interesting specimens of cleverly mounted skulls, skeletons and spinal columns of human beings and many animals are on display. Even the successful treatment of cancer by radium is being investigated. I saw one patient undergo diagnosis and treatment. There is a possibility that his very critical case may even be cured notwithstanding the fact that his jawbones are now temporarily paralyzed.

They have extraordinary devices at Riverbank which take pictures of sound waves in action. A most unusual combination, piano and pipe organ, is an outstanding feature among the sound experiment equipment. If you are a musician and play a few notes, the sweet chords of a well-tuned piano greet your ear. Then Colonel Fabyan will turn a control lever and when you play on the same keyboard as before, the reverberating, long tenure tones of a pipe organ fill the room. The instrument is an electrical contrivance. The organ notes originate from the free vibration of piano strings actuated by electro-magnets governed by electrical currents of alternating frequency. Electro-magnetically operated

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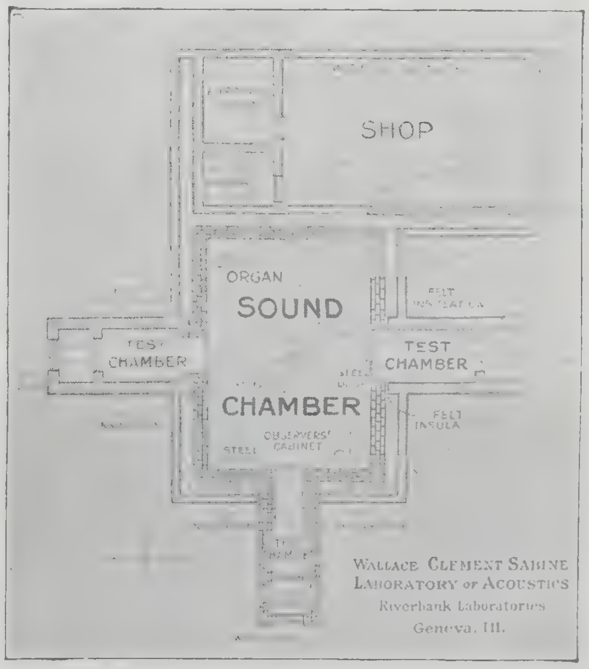

General plan showing layout of chambers.

University Molds Men and Women for Its Own State

Concluded from page 9

view of molding the mental equipment of men and women for the best development of the state which provides them with that virtually free training. This, of course, is the basis on which all state universities should operate, but many of them are growing as rapidly as possible away from the idea that they owe anything to their own state, and into the idea that they are competing with other state universities in a race to attain the greatest attendance possible, regardless of the source of the students which make up that campus roll.

Attendance at the University of Wyoming for the school year 1922-23 was 2.277, of whom 838 were in the correspondence study division (extension department), leaving 1,439 regularly in residence. As in most of the better state universities of the West, students from outside the state are received and given the same treatment that is given those from Wyoming, but their coming is not specially encouraged. The reasons for this are not selfish, but really altruistic, since, if all students in any state desiring to go to a state university were limited to their own state's university, that state would very soon develop an institution of higher education adequate to the needs of its population. This step is one some states have been slow in taking, since surrounding states are well equipped in this particular and are unable to prevent students from states less liberal in their attitude toward education from coming to them. As a measure of self-protection, some state universities, notably those of Arizona and Nevada, have limited their attendance to a certain number, and, within that number, are giving preference to *bona fide* residents of their own states. This matter of "foreign" students is becoming a serious problem to every state university west of the Mississippi River, and even the University of California, with its 2,500-acre campus and $9,000,000 annual budget, is planning to double the fees to be charged to students from states other than its own.

This year will see the completion at the University of Wyoming of a library building costing $150,000, and housing 50,000 volumes, said to be one of the best and most comprehensive state university libraries in this country. The university also points with pride to a collection of plants of the central Rocky Mountains consisting of more than 100,000 specimens, growing at the rate of about 5,000 specimens a year. It is the largest collection of flowering plants of the West in the world, and is largely the work of Dr. Aven Nelson, president emeritus of the university, to whose efforts the discovery of more than 750 new species of plants in this region was due. He is now head of the botanical department of the university, and curator of this great collection, whose value to the agriculture and cattle-raising industries of Wyoming, as well as to the science of botany, hardly can be estimated.

The university lies on the sky line of the continent, on the wide-spreading Laramie Plains, a mile and a half above sea level, circled by snowy peaks, whose skirts are jeweled with sapphire lakes. The purple palisades of the Medicine Bows raise their silver spires to the westward; th mountains of Colorado, red in the clear sunshine, bound the horizon on the south, while to the east and north the Laramie mountain range curves in a bewildering forest of pinnacles. The history of the university is parallel with that of the pioneer in the great West, and, as the state develops, it is the plan of the government and the university to develop men and women to carry on that history from better to best. As Dr. June E. Downey, professor of psychology at the university, said: "Instead of harvesting memories, or living in histories, the eyes of the University of Wyoming rest steadfastly on the future. Yet it has its traditions. In the town that nestles at its feet (Laramie) convened the first woman jury in the world; here Bill Nye presided over the destinies of his famous 'Boomerang'; the Overland Trail skirts its borders, and a few miles away, a pyramid of granite on the highest point on the Rockies commemorates the great triumph in engineering science that linked the Atlantic Coast with the golden slopes of the Pacific Ocean."

The national intercollegiate debating championship went to the University of Wyoming speakers in 1922-23, after a record of thirteen consecutive victories, in a schedule which called for debates on both sides of three different questions with many of the best debating teams in the universities of Nebraska, Montana, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. This record is looked upon with greater pride by the students of this one of our younger state universities than a long line of football or track victories, though athletics in all forms are provided for and encouraged at the Wyoming university.

The sons and daughters of Wyoming are given forty-eight weeks of instruction at the university of their state, divided into autumn, winter and spring terms of twelve weeks each, which make up the school year, and an intra-session of twelve weeks, following the spring term, which the regular students may attend or not, just as they choose. There is also a summer school of six weeks. The university is divided into seven departments—the college of liberal arts, including the divisions of letters and sciences, premedical curriculum, commerce, and music; the state college of agriculture, including agriculture and home economics; the college of engineering, which covers civil and irrigation, mechanical and electrical, mining, and vocational engineering; the college of education, which includes the state normal school and the teachers' college; the college of law; the college of military science and tactics; and the correspondence study division, commonly known in other state universities as the "extension division."

One of the features which has proved particularly effective in binding the students and the graduates of this university to their state, and in setting the graduates along lines of life work in the development of that state, is the teaching of Wyoming history by counties. That is to say, every boy and girl who goes to the University of Wyoming knows the history of that particular bit of the state from which he came as well or better than the student in the average state university knows the history of the United States. Another factor in this same and rather unusual work for a state university has been the special development among the students of general knowledge of all sections of Wyoming, including the industries already established and those possible of establishment, soils and crops, and, last but not least, the immediate and future needs of the state.

Solving Scientific Secrets

Concluded from page 13

hammers cause the staccato notes of the piano as reproduced on the scientific musical instrument. This device is almost matchless in its sweet blend of notes and purity of tone. The piano strings and chimes are located in a tower at the top of the building, being worked by many electro-magnets under the control of keys and stops in the auditorium below. It is notable that this auditorium is used for the round table conferences of the Riverbank scientists. Regularly, they get together with Colonel Fabyan for informal discussions or they listen to lectures by men who come to Riverbank from all parts of the world.

Spirits walk and ghosts talk if the astounding psychic experiments under progress at the Fabyan estate are any criterion. The results obtained have been so startling that Colonel Fabyan will not allow them to be published until the tests have been repeated and the conclusions searchingly verified. The laity and medical and scientific worlds will be filled with amazement when these data are finally presented to the public for discussion and dissection.

The most extensive collection of tuning forks in the world has been assembled at Riverbank and is used in the sound experimentation. The transmission, reflection and absorption of sound are being studied more comprehensively than in any other scientific laboratory of this nature. One snub-pronged tuning fork has been coddled and polished to the point where it now will make 16,000 vibrations a second, an almost incredible record of backward and forward movement. New theories of the chord and tuning fork are being developed.

A huge bronze bell thirty inches in diameter was indulging in a novel foot bath in a mammoth vessel containing 1,200 pounds of mercury. Laconically, Colonel Fabyan replied to my inquiry about it, "Merely a study in maintained vibration."

A monorail car operated by a gyroscope stood discarded near by. It was one of a number of sets of apparatus which looked as though they were out of commission. All of which led me to inquire about what was done with the equipment when the investigations were completed.

"We have to junk such stuff, as a rule," responded Colonel Fabyan. "It is unusual where the devices and apparatus used in one series of tests can be recruited for experimental service a second time. We have several roomfuls of such scientific scrap on hand at present. Our mechanics convert some of the stuff into tools and implements which we sell to the surrounding farmers. The balance is sold to the itinerant junk dealers."

There are thirty-five buildings on the Fabyan estate, as all the scientific workers live in special houses and bungalows under an ideal colony system. A great windmill supplies power to operate a gristmill where the wheat grown on the farm is converted into flour for the use of the investigators. The pork and mutton products are home grown while beef is purchased. It is a happy fraternity and family of technical workers that serve Colonel Fabyan. They are recruited from every prominent university and scientific institution in the country. Many of them come to Riverbank during their sabbatical years and like the life and activities so well that they remain even after their university leave has expired.

Do Women Know How Leaders Commit Them?

Concluded from page 2

might be heard to thank God that she, as regards divorce, is not as the other states. Whereas Nevada, who sponsors Reno as her own, sees in divorce an asset, a commodity with a market value; promotes divorce as a source of revenue. Or so the rest of us are led to believe.

Have the women who speak through these fourteen organizations, and who would impose a uniform law on these two states that represent the extremes of opinion upon divorce—have these women, then, a law to offer the forty-eight states? And have they reason to believe that it is a good law—a law that has been tried out?

Back in the patriarchal 70's, a boy, one Billy W—— lived two doors from my home. He lived to experiment. His workshop, which was a bench in the corner of his father's stable, was as famous in our neighborhood as the Little Scorpions' Club is in the nation today. He was borne out on a plank and to the hospital on one occasion, a scalded victim of experiment as centered in a miniature engine and boiler. Still another time he blew himself through the roof, rafters and window-sashes along with him. But—and mark you this, dear ladies—he experimented in his own family stable, not in mine, nor in his other neighbors'. It was himself he blew up, not us.

Why not draft a model divorce-law; then persuade some one state—New York State has a proverbially bad law—to try it out. How long did the laboratories labor to find, say, the diphtheria serum? And M. and Mme. Curie to discover radium? A good divorce law having been proved, offer it to the remaining forty-seven states.

We have a precedent in procedure if we care for one—a case in point. Some years ago the American Bankers' Association recognized the desirability of uniform laws with reference to negotiable instruments, to do away with the confusion caused by the different laws in the different states. And after careful consideration they drafted a law known as the Negotiable Instruments Act, which then was presented to the legislatures of the different states by the local bankers, and adopted in its entirety by all, or practically all, thus giving the uniform legislation desired.

The duty of the father is to protect against outside aggression. Also of the Federal Government—"protection" by the government meaning to secure to the states and to the individual the rights reserved to each under the Constitution. If the government goes beyond this, it becomes not a protector but an aggressor. In government regulations of commerce, labor, railroads, press, government relief of the poor, government systems of education, there is danger.

"The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activities and powers of individuals and bodies, government substitutes its own activities for them; when, instead of informing, advising, and upon occasion denouncing, it makes them work in fetters or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a state is, in the long run, the worth of the individuals composing it."

Is it that we women here in the United States need to look at things, for a bit, in the large? That we need to realize that our present weakness as citizens lies in the ignorance of our wider ignorance? That we need to lift our eyes from the particular wrong to the especial group, and, sweeping the horizon of the whole, see that there is no graver question in modern popular government than "What shall government do for its citizens?" and "How far shall government interfere with the actions of its citizens?"

When Mars Calls on Mother Earth

Concluded from page 3

Venus, Saturn, the Earth, and so on, swinging in endless and mighty rotation around it. This is absolutely certain.

These planets, which roll in rhythmic order around the millions upon millions of fixed stars, are habitable, judging them by the conditions which prevail upon the Earth and considering their comparative distances from their own "suns." Being habitable, they are inhabited, and, I believe, inhabited by creatures comparable with human beings. If we deny this, if we hold that all the billions upon billions of the worlds of space are uninhabited, we come to the obviously absurd conclusion that life on this earth is an accident, nay, more, a mistake, existing in violation of the order of nature, and without fellow in the universe. Such a conclusion is absolutely unjustifiable; it cannot be held without doing violence to the common sense of mankind. We cannot but observe that on this Earth life flourishes wherever the development of life is possible. Therefore, by whatever process life arose upon the Earth, by that same process it would arise upon the other similarly habitable worlds of space. Thus life becomes and is a general phenomenon of the universe.

General Dow—Father of the First Prohibition Law

GENERAL NEAL DOW was the father of the first prohibitory law enacted in the United States for the overthrow of King Alcohol. It was passed by the Maine Legislature in 1855, but was practically dormant for many years. After the Civil War, the Woman's Crusade of Maine, the Royal Templars, the W. C. T. U. and other temperance societies began to organize.

The most noted temperance orator was John B. Gough, while Luther Benson, the Hoosier orator of Indiana, Francis Murphy, and Miss Frances Willard of W. C. T. U. fame, were most effective speakers. Signing the pledge to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors was the most effective method employed in connection with this campaign. Then came the idea that the liquor habit was a disease and should be treated medically.

Out of this idea was born the Keeley Gold Cure and other similar cures which saved thousands of men.

In 1894 the writer, having studied the results of the Gold Cure and having interviewed many men who had benefited thereby, wrote to General Neal Dow for his opinion of the value of the Gold Cure in solving the mighty problem.

The following is General Neal Dow's letter. It was regarded as forcible and characteristic at the time, and strangely enough, in view of our national Prohibition law in 1924, his opinion is as potent today as when written thirty years ago:

> Portland, Maine
> June 26, 1894
>
> Dear Sir:
>
> I have no doubt that the Gold Cure is a very good thing, but can have little or no influence in diminishing intemperance.
>
> It is like the men who with stretchers carry the dead and wounded from the field of battle. The shot and shell and canister keep them always busy.
>
> Nothing but annihilation of the liquor traffic can relieve society from the dreadful curse of the saloon.
>
> Respectfully,
> Neal Dow.

Although it appears to be difficult to enforce the law, another vote by the people would undoubtedly sustain it on our statute books.

Hard Work Equivalent of Genius

Great Men Who Did Things Thoroughly

By VICTOR MITCHELL

HOW often do we hear it said that so-and-so is "a great genius," meaning that the individual referred to is a man whose ability is as far above the average as a lofty mountain peak is above the nethermost working of a coal mine. But what is genius? Dr. Samuel Johnson—as well as many others since his day—denied that genius was born with certain men or inherited by them like a title or a big fortune. "People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies," he wrote, "for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which by great application grew to be called by the generality of mankind, a particular genius."

Other writers, while admitting that dogged application is necessary to success in all kinds of work, maintain that all the application in the world will not make a man an eminent artist, poet, musician, or mechanic, unless he has a natural gift for some of these pursuits. It is said, for example, that if a child, almost as soon as its little fingers can grasp a pencil, tries to draw surrounding objects, an artistic genius is there, and should not be neglected. But how many children are there, especially boys, who as soon as their fingers can clutch a pencil, a piece of chalk, or a burnt stick, do not wish to cover every available surface—walls, furniture, floor—with crude attempts at the delineation of familiar objects? One might as well say that when a small boy beats a toy drum or blows a tin trumpet, he is a great musician in embryo; that when he gets hold of a superannuated clock and pulls it to pieces, he will turn out a skilful mechanic, or that when he gathers together a few wooden blocks and builds a miniature house with them, he will develop into a great architect. Every little boy does these things, for it is as natural for him to deface the walls and furniture, to make strident noises, and to pile things up, as it is for a duckling to make for the nearest pond, or a chicken to scratch in the litter in search of food.

Dickens and His Methods

THERE is no doubt, however, that when a child comes to the age of reason, any natural aptitude it may display in the direction of any particular employment should be carefully noted and encouraged. The successful development of such definite tendencies is true education, and the training which turns a child aside from its marked vocational inclinations is altogether false. If such manifestations were noted and acted upon, we should not so often see the round plug in the square hole, and the world would contain more of those much-to-be-envied men whose occupation is their pleasure—whose heart is in their work.

Someone has defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," and experience shows that hard work and successful achievement are inseparable. This is fully borne out by the lives of great men. The world's greatest scientists have devoted many years of research to the subjects which brought them fame; great inventors have worked many years in developing the germ of their discovery, and literary men have attained eminence only after years of toil. Perhaps there is no greater popular fallacy than that words flow from the pens of famous writers just as a clear and limpid stream pursues its placid way among green pastures and flowery meads; that writers, with a fit of inspiration on them, sit down and perform prodigious miracles with fountain pens, with the facility of a stage magician.

I have before me a facsimile of the manuscript of Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Anyone who has seen the manuscript of this, or of any other of Dickens' masterpieces, has learned at a glance from the blottings and interlinings, and from the deletions and substitutions, that their composition was a work of infinite toil. At a banquet given to Dickens not many years before his death, he said that all he could claim in establishing the relations which existed between himself and his readers was constant fidelity to hard work, and remarked that his literary fellows knew very well how true it is in all art, that what seems the easiest done is often the most difficult to do, and the smallest truth may be the outcome of the greatest pains.

Laying Good Foundations

"WHEN I was painting a portrait of Dickens," said Mr. Frith, the distinguished artist, "it was arranged that I should sit in his room while he was at work. He was a most painstaking, industrious, and methodical man, and nothing would divert him from the regularity of his habits. I was there for hours, and he wrote, as it seemed to me, almost with anguish. I looked in his face, and watched the anxiety and the care. I saw the blotting and the rewriting of his work, and was astonished to find how much he owed to his indomitable perseverance."

It has been advanced in opposition to this essential characteristic of hard work in literary composition that Sir Walter Scott, unlike Dickens, wielded an extremely facile pen; that some of his books were written as fast as his quill could fly; but this facility was only acquired through years of preparation, and after Scott had been thoroughly permeated with his subject. He was forty-three years of age when "Waverley," the first of his long series of novels, was published, and for many years previously he had steeped his soul in that romantic lore of which he made such brilliant use. Nothing could exceed his care when getting up a subject. He studied it from every angle, and no detail was too trivial for use in the building up of the whole. It is recorded that in writing "Rokeby" he went in search of "a good robbers' cave, and an old church of the right sort," and did not give up until he found what he wanted. A friend who accompanied him observed that he noted down even the peculiar little wild flowers and plants that grew on the side of the crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and suggested that daisies, violets and primroses would be as poetical as any of the specimens he was examining. But Scott replied that in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit, apparently, an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas whoever trusted to imagination would find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favorite images; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of anyone but the patient worshipers of the truth.

Before he wrote "Lalla Rookh," Moore spent nearly eighteen months in the reading of Greek and Persian works. The result was that it exhibited such fidelity to Oriental manners, customs, and scenery, that its popularity, even in the East, was extraordinary and the people found it difficult to believe that it was written during the depth of winter in a secluded habitation in the wilds of Derbyshire, England, which was the farthest the poet traveled to secure his "local color." Moore's songs were also the product of much labor. On one occasion he wrote to a friend: "You will hardly believe that the two lines which I had, with many hours of thought, proposed to insert in the vacant places, displeased me so much when I read them yesterday, that I am still at work for better. Such is the easy pastime of poetry!"

Byron once declared that Sheridan had written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce and delivered the best speech ever known. Sheridan, in the eyes of his friends, was a brilliant wit and writer, producing bonmot, speech, or play without effort; but when Moore published Sheridan's manuscripts after his death, it was discovered that all was the product of toil and elaboration. The vein of wit which Sheridan had been going over in the morning, he would wait patiently to introduce in such a manner that it appeared an inspiration; and his speeches were often written several times over, and committed to memory.

Energy Rather Than Talent

THE industry and application of Lord Macaulay, whose writings are so vivid, was untiring. He would spend hours at a time in the library of the British Museum hunting up what many would think an unimportant fact. Those who study his works and note with admiration the brilliancy of his style, little know with what labor they were produced. His thrilling narrative of the Monmouth rebellion and the Battle of Sedgemoor was written in a cottage on the Somerset marshes, in which he spent weeks, so that no detail to be gained on the spot might be wanting in his description. To this painstaking quality, more than any other, he was indebted for his fame. Edward Bulwer Lytton—himself an indefatigable worker—once said: "What men want is not talent; it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor." It was also declared by Lord Chesterfield that "the power of applying one's attention, steady and undissipated to a single object, is the sure mark of superior genius."

Dr. Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby, once wrote as the result of his experience: "The difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy"; and his successor, Dr. Temple, said: "Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that genius dispenses with labor. What genius does is to inspire the soul with a power to persevere in the labor that is needed; but the greatest geniuses in every art invariably labor at their art far more than all others, because their genius shows them the value of such patient labor, and aids them to persist in it."

If we accept the testimony of these eminent thinkers, it would appear that the secret of success lies in having a definite object, pursuing it patiently and persistently, and bringing to bear upon it every atom of intellect with which man is endowed. The triumphant issue of such efforts is what the world calls genius.

The Disappearing Ranch

Concluded from page 4

mented successfully with the Brahma. We have found that the Herefords have certain constitutional defects unfitting them for range conditions in a hot country. Extreme drought hurts them. They are indolent. Their hair is long, especially in winter, and does not shed before the arrival of warm weather. They are not accustomed to long-distance traveling. The Brahma has none of these defects. While the white face needs shade, the Brahma will lie in the sun to sleep. In the beginning a beast of burden, he stands up well under long travel. With these facts in mind, we have crossed the Brahma and white face, and the combination has made an ideal animal; heavier, stouter, and easier to handle.

"We extended our experimentation to horses and sheep. We have imported Arabian stallions. We are breeding the Togenburg Swiss goat, and if ever the American family overcomes its prejudice to goat milk, we will have an important contribution to make to the dairying industry."

Some Ranching Hazards

MR. KLEBERG discussed the hazards of ranching on a large scale. Some seasons are good and some are bad. It is necessary on the King ranch to farm 10,000 acres for reserve feed, and at peak times to employ 2,000 persons to conduct the business of stock, farms, and dairy. A drought that kills the grass is a very serious matter, since there are 100,000 head of cattle on the King ranch, with an annual calf crop of 50,000—all fine stock.

"In 1918," the ranch master said, "we had a disastrous drought, and our man power gone to the war. It was so bad that I sent crews of Mexicans through the pastures at night, with torches, burning the thorns from the Mexican cactus plant that the stock might eat both pad and water-bearing fruit. It was heart-breaking to see the stock strung out in long processions, following the torch bearers from plant to plant, lowing piteously the while. It was a time when the country needed meat as never before, and Nature appeared to pick that time to deal her heaviest blows. But we weathered it.

"For many years the Mexican fever tick has been a serious menace. Quarantines have been imposed from time to time by many states against Texas stock. The first dipping vat ever built in the world was built on this ranch, in 1889, even before the Federal government recognized that there was a tick menace. We had discovered it and called the government's attention to it. When you consider the number of cattle on the ranch and the fact that we have them dipped every eighteen days, you will appreciate our difficulties. I am glad to say that we now are—from end to end—entirely free of the tick. The small herd of 2,000 white face yearlings which you saw have been dipped twenty times. But it was worth it. Keeping them free of the tick, we put 500 pounds of weight on a one-year-old.

Bells of the Past

"SUCCESSFUL ranching requires large capital and large land holdings, with a railroad near. Captain King and his associates realized that when they financed the building of two railroads into this country. The day of haphazard stock raising is gone. Inclosure of the range in fence brought about the disappearance of the longhorn. The ranch which does not now improve the blood of the herds will never succeed—a scrub cow eats as much grass as a thoroughbred. The ranch must meet the changing order and accommodate its steps to progress. That done, the future of the ranching industry is secure. It will remain secure as long as the human family eats meat and uses leather."

The booming of a bell on the tower summoned us to the departing guest's farewell meal. We gathered in the great dining hall. There were a dozen of us, with plates laid for twice the number. That is a custom in the cow country. At the head of the long table sat the owner of the ranch, the venerable Mrs. King; at the foot, her son-in-law; and along the sides, his wife, sons, daughters, and guests. At a smaller table a nurse was attending to the wants of the younger generation, the sturdy and noisy grandchildren. The atmosphere was informal; the young ladies wore boots, khaki trousers and loose shirts, with knotted red handkerchiefs about their necks.

The meal was served by *mozos* pattering in and out in their loose slippers. The low-voiced orders from master to man were given in the Spanish tongue. Musical Spanish phrases fell thick and fast. In the food was an intriguing touch of garlic. If the viands were Mexican in flavor, it was but a contribution to an effect already overwhelmingly Spanish. The mansion itself, the roofless *portales* surrounding the *patio*, the dome-shaped turrets, the tower, the antiphonal chant of the bell—

"Bells of the past, whose long-forgotten music
    Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the present
    With color of romance"—

It *was* romance. Mrs. King retired to a sunny veranda. Pillow-banked and shaded under a gaudy Mexican blanket strung between two columns, she gazed out over the broad acres that are hers only. What she saw was a herd of sleek Brahma steers, with nubs for horns, browsing over a meadow of Bermuda grass. They filled the picture which, thirty-five years ago, from that very same hillside, had been occupied by a certain lank, stringy, rangy animal grown not to meat but to horn. It was progress, too. As Mr. Kleberg had said, the cowman who goes out to meet the changing order need not fear the future. His business is secure, and will remain so as long as the human family eats meat and uses leather.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The Wulsen expedition sent out by the National Geographical Society to the northwestern region of China reports finding a blond, curly-haired Chinese people.

"The truth I take to be that the mass of the people in both France and Germany are sick of the wrangling of their rulers and the consequent perpetuation of international friction. If only they can have real peace, they will consent to pay something and risk something for it."—*Truth.*

Owing to the flight of foreign residents from Constantinople, many houses are deserted, and a plague of rats swarms everywhere.

Last year nearly 700 persons were killed in London street accidents, while there were 72,000 non-fatal accidents.

Part of the ceremony connected with the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh was the surrendering of the keys of the city to James Brown, the Labor Lord High Commissioner. The last time that a commoner received them was when Oliver Cromwell demanded that they be handed over or he would "blow up the gates with gunpowder, having no regard for anything but the glory of God."

Beda Hallberg, of Sweden, was the originator of the idea of Mayflower Day as a special day set apart for the sale in town or country of a particular flower, in aid of a definite philanthropic object.

An ivory elephant, with gold-tipped toenails and real ruby eyes, was stolen from the East African section of the British Empire Exhibition.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that he adopted the name "Holmes" as the name of his detective hero simply because it was commonplace; and that "Sherlock" was the surname of a man against whom he once scored thirty runs at cricket.

As a result of his observations, Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ontario, has proved that birds return to the same haunt year after year, that kindness will overcome the fear of the feathered folk, and that geese travel over the same route in migration at a speed of about sixty miles an hour.

Sir Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake" at Cambusmore, near Callander in Perthshire.

Canada leads the world in the per capita consumption of electric energy.

The Dutch are radiocasting in English from a recently opened radio station.

Automobile tourists in Southern California are warned not to yield to the lure of the beautiful white yucca blooms of the desert, either on private or public lands. The yucca is protected by law from extermination.

Without work, bees and other similar insects die, according to a German entomologist. A bee must have companionship or he will die within five days no matter how much honey he may have on hand, he states.

The dimensions of European armies, excluding colonial armies, are as follows: France, 732,000, Great Britain, 157,000 and Soviet Russia, 1,000,000.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The real home of the old-fashioned lilac is the mountains and valleys of Bulgaria.

Missionaries motoring through Tondo, a district of Manila, were shocked to see the word "dammit" on signboards. It was then explained that the word meant clothing in the Tagalog dialect.

In 1920 there were but 15,000 radio receivers in the country. Now there are 5.000,000, and with loudspeakers and extra headsets probably 10,000,000 people listen in every day.

"We are leaning too much on the government. If our forefathers did not make enough money, they worked harder, and did not run to the government for a bonus. The American stock is changing."—*Senator Reed,* of Pennsylvania.

"Death Valley Scottie," famous character in the old-time gold camps, is prospecting near Barkerville, British Columbia, where he claims he knows there is gold. having found it in quantities in 1874 in that district. On a recent trip to Quesnel he brought back some gold on the running board of his car in the form of a gold-bridge in the head of a skeleton he found on the Little Cottonwood.

More than $1,000,000 each year is realized annually from fragments of school lands which have escaped sale in the Chicago school district. This amount is paid in lease rental by owners of the Tribune Building, the Majestic Theater Building, the Rand McNally Building, the Crilly Building, the North American Building, and others.

A hitherto unknown Mozart symphony, No. 221, in C major, has been found in the Benedictine convent of Lambach, Austria.

In his book, "To the Alps of Chinese Tibet," Professor J. W. Gregory says: "The Mongolians occupy most of Eastern Asia, and before the time of Columbus held the whole of America; for the Red Indians and other aboriginal tribes of America are Mongolian by race."

Among the wonders of the moon are mountains 24,000 feet in height, and the craters of volcanoes 21,000 feet in depth.

Archimedes was the first to employ "death rays" in time of war. He burned the Roman galleys in the siege of Syracuse by the concentration of rays projected by sun mirrors in the third century B. C.

Dry agents in Sacramento, California, recently found in a bootlegging establishment six tiny black kittens mothered by a proud Rhode Island hen.

The bobbed-hair craze has given the silk industry in Switzerland a hard blow. The American girl now wears fewer hair ribbons.

Linens valued at $171,743, and manufactured in the Irish Free State, were bought for the United States liner *Leviathan.* The contractors found that the type of linens tough enough to withstand the steam laundries of New York and Southampton was not available in America.

Three emeralds of considerable value and four twenty-two-caliber cartridge shells have been found in the gizzard of a hen bought in the market at Minneapolis.

A painting of the wife of David Garrick which was twice sold in New York City at less than $100, has been identified as a Gainsborough, worth $20,000.

"The greatest force for amity between the East and West today is the intellectual bond resulting from the admission to American colleges of students from the Orient."—*Dr. Saoke Sze,* Chinese Minister to the United States.

For 3,000 years there has been no change in the life and customs of the fair-skinned Berber hill tribes of North Africa. Their cave dwellings are the same as the homes of their ancestors of paleolithic times.

The Ti leaf was at one time an essential article in the Hawaiian household economy. It was used both for conveying food and in cooking it, and also as a cover when food was placed in underground ovens for roasting.

Polygamy is being stopped in "Darkest Africa," the women refusing to share their husbands with other women; but divorce still exists, for men only.

The city of Lima, Peru, has an earthquake about once a week, but in ten years there has been no loss of life or property. Slight jars and heavy rumblings are the chief characteristics.

You can smell the town of Grasse in France miles away, for here a large proportion of the world's supply of scent is made from the violet, the jasmine and mimosa.

An estimate of cotton grown in new fields of the British Empire during 1923 gives 178 200 bales of 400 pounds each, representing a value of $27,515,000.

It is expected that if the British Labor Government be in power, Premier Ramsay MacDonald will attend the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva in September, and there make an exposé of British international policy.

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, Director of Science Service, says that the physician through chemical knowledge is growing more and more able to restore natural substances into the body, instead of giving doses of foreign substances.

Impregnable bank vaults are now built by the use of alloy and special steels impervious to attack by the oxyacetylene torch.

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His Testimony Before Royal Grain Inquiry Commission at Winnipeg

Aaron Sapiro is one of the luckiest men in the United States, but he runs true to racial form by crying "persecution" whenever his plan is challenged.

It is not because Aaron Sapiro is a Jew that his system of co-operation is being analyzed in The Dearborn Independent for the benefit of American farmers—although it is rather amazing, when you come to think of it, that four Jews suddenly bob up in the United States announcing themselves as saviors of the farmer! If they were four Chinese or four Armenians or four Hindoos it would be just as amazing.

When one of them, unknown before, appeared as chief of everything during the war, when another comes into view as chief of the Government department which says which groups of farmers shall and which shall not benefit by government loans, when another happens to be the chief merchant for all the country towns of the United States, and another the organizer of American farmers into a system that is splitting the co-operative movement and aims at a World Trust of food producers—*when all the key men of this movement are Jews*—it is a fact of sufficient interest, and it may be of sufficient importance, to attract attention.

If four Jews have conceived a plan more beneficial to everybody concerned than all the other farm leaders have been able to do, that is an important matter. Quite regardless of its racial origin, every system must be measured by its merits.

Aaron Sapiro cannot hide behind his "persecution" cry when it comes to a discussion of

(a) the merits of his plan and

(b) the history of its operation wherever it has been adopted. Jewish or Gentile, it must stand or fall on these points.

The amazing fact that the world-wide organization of the farmer is purely a Jewish idea gains further interest from the Twelfth Protocol which states:

> "Our calculations reach out especially into the country districts. There, we must necessarily arouse those interests and ambitions which we can always turn against the city . . . . It will be necessary for us before we have attained full power to so arrange matters that, from time to time, the cities shall come under the influence of opinion in the country districts, that is, of the majority prearranged by our agents."

Of course, there may be nothing in all this. In which case the Jewish interests involved will not object to its being mentioned because they will have no difficulty in explaining it satisfactorily to Americans.

In fairness to Aaron Sapiro, we shall let him speak for himself. The testimony quoted here was given before the Royal Grain Inquiry Commission, sitting at Winnipeg, Canada. Sapiro had gone to Canada to put over his plan of co-operation among the wheat growers of the Canadian Northwest. He made numerous speeches in which he sometimes expressed himself extravagantly—he is a master on the platform. This examination by the Royal Commission is preferred to the speeches for reasons of greater presumed accuracy of statement.

The Chairman: Call Mr. Sapiro.

Mr. Aaron Sapiro called, sworn and examined.

The Chairman: Are you of Chicago, Mr. Sapiro? What is your address?

Witness: 3400 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Q. By Mr. Woods: Mr. Sapiro, we have had the opportunity of reading, some of us of hearing, your general statements on the subject of co-operative marketing; and it may be assumed therefore, that we are familiar, generally speaking, with the way in which you have presented the matter from the platform. Consequently, our time being valuable, you will understand me if I limit myself to inquiring from you as to certain of the matters that the plan raises that have suggested themselves to me, for the information of the commission. I suppose you are familiar with the general nature of what this commission is investigating.

A. Just very generally.

Q. The order-in-council of the Federal Government appointing the commission to investigate very broadly and generally all matters connected with the western wheat crop, one of which is the marketing of the crop; and inasmuch as the plan of co-operative marketing that we have heard of from you, among others, is of considerable interest in that regard, we have asked you to come and give us an explanation of some of the matters that have occurred to us . . . . Now you are generally familiar, I suppose, with the present marketing system of Western Canada grain?

A. Oh, it pretty nearly parallels the experience we have had in the United States. I know that fairly well.

Q. There is, first, the gathering in of the crop in bulk, through a country elevator system?. . . . After the crop is gathered in through the country elevator system, it is transported by the railway system to a central market. A. I know your system.

Q. The elements of it being, first, the gathering in; the second place, the grading in that central market, or classification of it, and the disposal of it by agents of the producer at that central market; the third being the storing of it at the terminal elevators where it is to be shipped; and the fourth being the exporting of it to the seaboard and from there to its market. It is quite clear that these various steps in the marketing of the product all entail certain expense. That is right? A. No question about it.

No Saving in Handling

Q. No question about that. We cannot do things for nothing. No, what I would like to get from you, as tersely as you can put it, is what one or more of those elements, if any, does the co-operative marketing plan, as suggested by yourself and those who are advocating it, look to eliminate? That is, the expense of what portion of any one or more of them does that plan look to eliminate?

A. Now, I should like to ask for the privilege of answering that particular question in my way, because this whole subject of co-operative marketing is a controversial subject. Great groups of persons are in conflict on it, because it directly affects the pocketbook interests of different groups.

The Chairman: Yes, go on.

Witness: Now, that question that you asked is really one of the things that are put out in controversy—not, of course, by you—but by others—in order to cloak the real purpose of co-operative marketing. *We have no interest whatsoever in suggesting that there will be even a tiny saving in expense in the physical handling of grain* . . . . But the people who advocate co-operative marketing never come out and state that the purpose of the co-operative marketing movement is either to change or to eliminate any of the factors in the so-called physical handling of wheat. Our purpose is totally different.

Q. So then, I may take it then that the essence, if I may put it that way, the pith and substance of the pool conception is the holding of the crop by a pool or trustees for a pool, so that the crop may be fed to the market as the market will absorb it, to the best advantage of the producer from a monetary standpoint?

A. I think generally that is the correct idea, but I would like to phrase it this way; there are two different viewpoints toward the grain industry. With one viewpoint we keep our eye on what the producers are receiving. With the other viewpoint we simply keep our eye on what the Trade is getting . . . . Now in the United States that was recognized a great many years ago, and so our farmers at that time started in to organize the co-operative elevators, as they called them, on the Rochdale plan. Those elevators were organized exactly like the individual elevators were organized at the start in the entire Dominion of Canada.

Q. Based on the Rochdale system; that came from the co-operative.

A. Unfortunately based on the consumer co-operative system instead of being based on the producer co-operative system. They did one or two good things. They stopped frauds as to grades, and gave local selling points where the farmers had no local selling points before. They did those two good functions, but they were unable to do anything, when you come right down to it, toward the primary problem of raising the price level of grains; because all they did was to afford a place where a farmer would bring in his wheat and sell it to the local elevator at the current market price. Then the local elevator, in order not to take a loss, would resell it as fast as it could; so that your local elevator simply became a sort of a local commission house; it had nothing to do with controlling the flow of the supply of that grain, and therefore had no effect in raising the market.

(Witness enters into lengthy history of pools, grading, minimum contracts, and so forth.)

Q. Our time is limited, and I have to allow other parties to examine you. I do not want to take up more time in examining you than is absolutely necessary.

A. I understand that, Mr. Woods, but I would not answer any questions without the privilege of likewise explaining the background of the movement, because I have been warned in the public prints of the type of question that is lying for me, and I want my background laid, if I may.

Laying a Background

Q. You need not worry about the type of question.

The Chairman: I think we had better go on for a while.

Mr. Pitblado: I do not want any speechifying here this morning.

Witness: I understand Mr. Pitblado objects to speechifying, but I do insist on the background being laid if I am to answer any questions.

The Chairman: Go on, lay your background.

(Witness continues as before.)

By Mr. Woods:

Q. The question that I asked is whether the pith and substance of the pool idea, as suggested by you and those who think with you, is or is not—whether I am properly expressing it by saying that it is a feeding of the market by that pool through its trustees with the purpose of keeping up the price of the grain to the producer.

A. Put it in another way. It is for the purpose of keeping in the hands of the producers, instead of putting in the hands of the Trade, the control of the flow of grain as to quantity and to value.

Q. Well, then, that is another way of putting the same thing. Now you do look, as I would take it, from what you stated, so far as the marketing of the Western Canada grain crop is concerned, to an initial advance to the producing member of the pool when he delivers his grain.

A. You mean what you call an advance payment? Yes.

Q. And you have to have money to make an advance payment. A. May I just interrupt? You don't mean when you are starting a pool. You mean when you are starting the handling of wheat under the pool; because they are *two distinct financial problems.*

Q. Now, then, you look to giving the producer of that grain a certain amount. Where does that money come from or where is it contemplated to come from?

A. If the price of wheat is very high, then the percentage that is paid as an advance payment is low. If the price of wheat is low, then the percentage that is paid to the farmer as an advance payment could range anywhere between seventy-five and eighty-five per cent. Now we get the money in the United States—and in a minute I will state where it is contemplated to get it here—first from local bankers, if the local banks have funds on hand with which to do it. That is not the case in most instances, because *the banks in the producing sections are not the heavily capitalized banks in the United States.* Where we cannot get enough money there, we go to New York banks or Chicago banks or banks in Boston or Philadelphia.

Q. All right; I just want it generally, you get your money from banks.

A. And borrow generally from them. *We go to two government institutions, one of which is the War Finance Corporation, which is still empowered to lend money to the Growers' Co-operative Association; or we go to the New Intermediate Credit Banks, which have been set up under the Federal Farm Bureau of the United States in different districts*, and which likewise are entitled to advance money to co-operative local associations.

Q. Now will you come to the point where you expect or look to get money in Canada? A. In Canada your banking system is different from ours. From a good local banking system, we would expect the Canadian banks to advance these pools so much a bushel on the wheat delivered at approved elevators either at country points or at terminal points. If the Canadian banks are not prepared to do that, American banks are prepared to do so.

Q. What I am getting at is that the money that comes from this initial payment is to be provided in Canada by banks who lend on the security of the grain on a certain margin. That is the way? A. Yes.

Q. How are they going to keep their margins good if the wheat drops?

Making Good the Margin

A. That is always the question asked by every banker to whom this is first presented. You see these are not holding associations; they are selling associations. The attempt is never to hold the crop so as to get the top price. The attempt is to sell the crop slowly so as to get the average season's price without breaking the price in the autumn. Now we are making sales all the time. Take, for instance, as we are doing in the United States with cotton, which is an exact parallel. We make sales, and we get in a certain amount of money—about the loan value. We pay off a pro rata of the loan as it is sold. The balance of the money we keep in the treasury, so that we constantly have on hand additional cash as additional collateral to the loan already made. So, as the thing goes, we are increasing the margin for the banks and not taking a chance on the margin going below the so-called sale value.

Q. The time the grain is coming on the market and the initial advances have to be made, is not the proper time from the standpoint of the producer to sell the grain? A. Always do some selling. They always sell all the time. It is simply a question of how much you are selling.

Q. Then it is quite obvious that you have to have money to make that advance? A. Surely.

Q. You have to take it on the security of the grain unless you have some government behind you? A. Certainly.

Q. But it still stands that the amount which you have to sell, either at the instance of the banks, because the margin has dropped, or otherwise, depends upon whether the price of wheat goes on falling or not?

A. You mean that you might sometimes have to sell a good deal more in order to meet conditions? Of course.

Q. Now I think that is candid. We will say that this pool is handling—which is not out of the way—a hundred million bushels of grain, and we will say that wheat drops from these accidental circumstances two cents a bushel, basis 1 Northern. That is a good big drop, I grant you. A. Yes.

Q. That is a good big drop, but at the same time—

A. That would not affect your collateral. A drop of that amount would not affect it.

Q. But it matters not for my purpose whether the bank or financial institution takes a certain risk down to a certain margin or not; there theoretically may come a time below which—A. Theoretically there may come a time—let us put it this way—when the market price will go down from a dollar to eighty cents, or will go from a dollar to seventy cents. The chance is not likely, but for the purpose of your question, which I anticipated, let us assume these facts.

Q. It does go below the safety point, to a point where the financial institution, whatever financial institution it is, says to you, "Make good your margin." A. The question is, where will you get your money, and what will happen to the bank?

Q. No: pardon me; I would rather put my question. The question is, I gather from you, that you have to then sell your grain in order to make good your margin?

A. You would not be able to do it even by selling your grain, if it went down to seventy cents, and if you were then to dump a hundred million bushels on the market it would send it down further, and you would not be able to get eighty cents out of a seventy cent market, so both your producer and the bank would lose. In that event they would lose.

Q. So what I am getting at is this. To be quite safe, to implement their tacit undertaking with the producer, namely to hold his grain for the best market—

A. I must stop that. It is not the purpose of the pool, and I was very emphatic in saying that the purpose of the pool is not to hold wheat for the top market or for the best market.

Q. Well, put it for the average market.

A. It is not to hold grain at all. It is to do orderly marketing of grain by constant selling, but without dumping at the seasons when the market is already overloaded.

Q. At all events, it is a tacit understanding that it won't be put on at a time when the market is at its lowest ebb and is falling?

A. Oh no; we don't pretend to be prophets. We do not pretend to know what is the lowest ebb. We sell on all markets, even falling markets, but we do not sell a half or three-fourths of the grain on a falling market.

Q. You would have to make your initial advance to the farmer at such a point that there would unquestionably be no chance whatever of the margin having to be called on. That is a proper synopsis of your statement.

A. I would say, no reasonable chance. That is the very method we have used in the United States.

Q. And which has proved successful?

A. *No bank has lost money.*

Q. The Chairman: You say no bank has ever lost money in the United States?

Witness: Not on these commodity co-operatives. None that I know of. And I represent the majority of them.

By Mr. Woods:

Q. The next fundamental thing I had in my mind in thinking over this matter, as being a thing I would like to hear from you, is this: Having regard to what I have described as the pith and essence of the pool idea, that is, the keeping of the price up, at all events an average fair even price all over, and getting a higher price for the product, is it or is it not necessary and essential to the full accomplishment of that purpose that there be not merely a pool in Canada, but also that allied to the pool in Canada there be a pool in the other wheat producing countries that might compete with Canadian wheat?

A. I will explain that in this way: If there were a pool formed in any one of the provinces of Canada it would have some good effect on the market. If there were a pool formed in each of the three provinces, and if those three pools were to get together and form a dominion pool, it would have a larger effect in stopping dumping and in helping to give the basic price a chance to raise itself. If, in addition to that, the pool in Canada were to unite with a similar pool in Australia and New Zealand, and were ultimately to unite with a similar pool in the United States, it would have a still greater measure of success in helping the basic price of wheat to be raised to a reasonable level. In each one of these instances they would have a measure of success dependent upon the field in which they operated.

Q. Then it would be necessary to the complete success of the pool idea, a fully organized marketing system, that the pool should be allied with pools in the other countries that produce grain in competition with or that might compete with Canadian grain?

A. No. I would not say that at all, unless what you mean by "complete success" is a condition where the farmers actually name the price for wheat—which I do not contemplate at all.

Q. You do not then contemplate the complete joining up of these pools?

A. Not under our present human conditions. I think we will be able to get three or four countries together in the period of a few years.

Q. That is in an international pool? A. Yes.

Q. What three or four countries?

A. I think it would be possible to get Australia, to get the Canadian crops, and to get the better crops in the United States, and perhaps the Argentine.

Q. You think that that would be a possible thing, to have those controlled by one selling organization?

A. No, just simply the export surplus of each one of those four countries to move through a common channel at Liverpool and on the Continent.

Q. And be sold by one selling organization? A. Yes.

By the Chairman:

Q. When you say, "a few years," would you give us an idea of what you mean by that?

A. I do not want to be a prophet. In Australia they already have made a start. In the United States it will probably take a bit longer on account of the confusion caused by the McNary-Haugan Bill. It will take us in the United States, I would say, at least five years to complete a co-operative pooling of grain there. In the Argentine it all depends on whether or not there is government action, because some of the men who have been in my office were intending to go back and urge the Argentine Government to create wholesale government pool. That might be done in a year and might take two years. I should think it would take a period—it may be done in one year, to united Australia and Canada. It would take from two to five years to get these four countries together.

By Mr. Woods:

Q. I find in the Winnipeg paper of the twenty-second of February, an account of the debate or speech that you made in Saskatoon. I want to see if you are properly quoted, because it is because of my reading this that I am asking you this question. It says: "Mr. Sapiro said that pools can hardly operate in Manitoba and Alberta unless Saskatchewan comes in"?

A. Well they can operate but they cannot be enormously effective in Canada without Saskatchewan. Saskatchewan is the heart of the wheat problem in Canada.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

"Over the Hills to Tut's Tomb"

A Visit to the Valley of the Kings

By LEONORA RAINES

DON'T think that you can roam along the desert, find the Valley of the Kings, pick out the tombs, and wander into that of Tutankhamen. You might as well attempt to have a chat with President Coolidge when he is holding an important Cabinet meeting. The priceless hole is guarded by soldiers and the door is not ajar.

To begin at the beginning: If you have permission from the Cairo Minister of Public Works, and Mr. Howard Carter—who is a temperamental sort of a person—does not postpone the date set for your visit, and if no accident has happened in the "hole," you may count on getting in. The men in the tomb can work only a few months of the year on account of the excessive heat of the desert, and during their season there must be few interruptions.

We leave Luxor early because a visit to the valley takes the entire day. The weather is good, for January has passed. It may be windy and cool, but the sun is shining, and that gives life to the scene and animation to the excursion. Blithely we step into the boat which is to convey us across the Nile, for the ancient city of Thebes, once the stamping ground of the Pharoahs, is on the other side. We take seats and the Arabs grasp the oars, shove off the mud-banks, and we begin to cross the current of the river.

Listen to our sailors! They strike up a song that is neither musical nor beautiful; only unusual. One man gasps out a note in a minor key, and the other answers—an eternal repetition that calls for an eternal response. Each tug at the oars brings the sound, and the men take their tempo from their oars. They are saffron-hued humans, bare of foot and leg. Their galabeiha, which is clean, is in ribbons. But their faces are innocent and their smiles infectious.

As we near the banks, tiny Africans who await their clients come dabbling out. The babies—they seem to be but a few years old—are in crafts made of tin boxes. The youngsters paddle with their hands, occasionally halting to bail out water. They're naked, the little fellows, and their ebony bodies so thin that the poor baby ribs may be counted.

No fear of drowning, for the water is shallow. The boys come nearer us, grin at the passengers, hold up faces with lips spread, displaying white snaggled teeth. The grin is for a gift, of course.

"Bakchich, leddies, bakchich."

"Leddies," is the only word they know outside their Nubian patois, but the word earns them a living. Each child catches a rain of piasters, and they paddle back happy, jubilant of their success. They run to shore to assist at our landing, wet, naked bodies, grin and all, for the piasters have made them our slaves for life.

Having rowed the boat as near shore as they can, our sailors roll up their clothes, fold their galabeiha about the waist, and make a seat of their hands.

"Leddies fust," they call, proud of their English.

The first lady hops on. Feminine charges deposited on the shore, the sailors motion to our men. The Arabs make a wry face as the heavier burdens fall against their arms, but manage to get through, landing all passengers. We hurry across the sands where carriages, camels and donkeys wait ready for customers. As part of the road is rocky and the reflection of the sun strong, we take a surrey with a fringed top—a turnout that would merit a laugh were it not for the Arabian steeds that pull it.

For a distance we skirt the river. Gorgeous flowers abound everywhere—bursts of poinsettias, splashes of bougainvillea, touches of acacia, fields of poppies. We go through farm lands where the fellah stoops amid his grain or lies at full length in the sun, his turban undone and doubled over his face. Women work there too, without a veil, for the peasantry has been the first to discard the face muffle. Other women, up to their knees in water, are washing clothes in the Nile.

The water wheel which brings up the water to irrigate fields just as it did thousands of years ago, is still to be seen. The small boy who attends his gamoose and sees that the plodding creature doesn't fall asleep at her job, glances a moment at the travelers in their cloud of dust, and lapses into dreams again.

It is Monday, market day, and scores of natives are on their way to town. It is like a crowd that might be passing into Noah's Ark. The entire procession seems biblical, even to the faces of the people, for to judge from old frescoes and carvings, these are just the same as they were in the days of another age. We see Jacobs and Isaacs, many, some on camel and on donkey, some afoot, toiling along with staves in hand. There are Ruths. There are sweet-faced young women on donkeys, infants in their arms, men walking alongside—for all the world like representations of the Holy Family and its flight into Egypt.

The entrance to the Tomb of King Tutankhamen.

There is something uniquely appealing about the crowd, and uniquely sad. The people are of one type and one sympathy, but we feel that they have been the oppressed of the earth and that they know it without resenting it. Some of the women carry great burdens on their heads. They move along superbly erect, with a grace which is achieved only by carrying weights on the head and balancing children on the shoulders.

As we turn into the Lybian Desert, the Nile, highway of Egypt, fades out of sight. Then the solemnity of the Valley of the Kings is upon us. Mountains of sand dunes that look like dead waves lie around as far as the eye can see. Miles in advance are cliffs that suggest the Palisades of the Hudson. The Egyptian Palisades are yellow. Above is the blue sky, fading into violet. Kites which have pursued us from Luxor and pierced the air with their cry, have left us to accompany other travelers bringing up the rear.

Now that we have left the glutton vultures behind, there seems nothing living about. The horses have slowed down. Silence has fallen, for not only the spell of the desert is there, but the epoch when the mighty Pharoahs lived their prehistoric lives. A ghostly uncanniness is in the air.

The Valley of the Kings at last. No one speaks. We feel that we are in a great cemetery, each pile of sand a grave, each cliff a monument.

The tomb of Tutankhamen is not so deep nor difficult to move about in as are others in the vicinity, nor are the walls so highly decorated. But the colors are alive and full of charm—preserved, it is said, by the identical temperature of the atmosphere century in and century out. There is one large chamber and one alcove, the latter evidently built to fit the sarcophagus.

The blue, incrusted, gold-mounted outer-casket is uncovered for us to view. It is as though the body had been placed there the day before, and was awaiting the final rites. Features of all the kings are accentuated in the head-plates, and this one is no exception. The great inlaid blue eyes, staring at the roof of the mortuary chapel, give one a shock.

The mummies of the two serfs, killed the day of Tutankhamen's death to be ready to meet and wait on him at resurrection, were in the next room, but have been removed; likewise the interior organs of the king's body, preserved in their own receptacles. These in due time will be placed in the Museum at Cairo.

The place is bare save for the sarcophagus, but the dismantling and opening of this has been left till the last. The rock surface of the rooms was covered by the ancients with very thick plaster, and this was indented to mark the colored pictures. There is an elegance in the roof and walls just as there is an elegance in the sarcophagus. It sets one marveling at the development and refinement of an age that lies dimly toward the world's beginning.

"Enemy Citizen" Worse Than "Enemy Alien"

What Must Be Built Into a Man Before He Becomes an American?

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.

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THERE seems to be a question in the minds of some persons as to the real meaning of "Americanization." Is it the legitimate word for a legitimate process? This paper attempts to answer the question, reducing the matter to its simplest terms.

We have admitted to the United States in the past forty years too many aliens of races not easily assimilated to American life. The nation is late in recognizing this fact. Our gates should now be closed. I emphatically urge this point. This is absolutely necessary if the fundamental character of our nation is to survive.

But when this is said, *there remains no excuse for the conclusion that there are so many aliens here already that they cannot be assimilated*, and that, in consequence, we must sit supinely by to await the tragedy which has befallen every government of unassimilated peoples. Since there is a great mass of unassimilated aliens in our midst, what is the legitimate process for hastening their assimilation?

What Americanization Is

AN AMERICAN is a person who is psychically alert and responsive to the life, ideals and interests of the American nation, rather than to the nation of his foreign ancestral past.

Americanization is the act, process or result of becoming an American. The condition of being an American is primarily a psychic condition, and is much more emotional than intellectual. It is not simply a physical or biological condition. Since being an American is primarily a psychic fact, the intellectual and emotional condition of a person in America is capable of change. The process of change, as it increases toward America, is the process of Americanization.

In countries which almost entirely breed their own inhabitants, as do England, Holland, Germany, France, Japan, and so forth, practically all residents are citizens who primarily react naturally toward their own nation. The case is different in America which has imported so large a per cent of its inhabitants.

The Americanization process often is not rapid. Any person familiar with aliens as intimate friends, or even as close acquaintances, knows many worthy men and women who have here encountered such conditions that America has not yet even begun to take the place of the Old Country in their emotional life. "What!" you say, "Not love America?" No, not yet—as a substitute for their motherland.

There exists in America today a body of largely unanalyzed powerful emotionalism, of dominant and compelling thought, and of dynamic idealism which constitutes our "Americanisms." Together as a whole these make up the "character" of our nation. These characteristic Americanisms distinguish us from all other nations. They are the product of our physical environment, of the peoples who founded our nation, of our history, and of our ideals which half lead and half drive us forward.

We must realize that Americanisms are not something an immigrant acquires in his homeland at the time he purchases his ticket to America. Neither are they bestowed on him by our courts when he renounces allegiance to a foreign government and receives his naturalization papers as an American citizen. One's Americanisms are beyond purchase, gift or will, and are not necessarily a birthright. Yet it is possible for a foreign-born American resident not only to acquire this asset of Americanisms, but to acquire it quickly. Many a person of foreign birth received such unjust treatment and found himself bound by such hard and cruel conditions of life in his motherland, and has been so fortunate in America, that he becomes almost at once an American. But this is not usual.

This matter of becoming an American is not simple. It is a very complex thing for the foreign-born, and has often been delayed until after three or more generations of American birth. We must be reasonable about it, because we deal with facts, stubborn facts, and most stubborn, since we deal much more largely with human emotions than with ideas to be learned or truths to be accepted. Many foreign-born parents and grandparents in America idealize their motherland, and pass on to their descendants vivid emotion-stirring tales of the old nest in Europe. I recall the statement of a superior woman whose parents were married before leaving Scotland for America where their children were all born. She said, after visiting the Scotch home of her ancestors, "I was greatly disappointed. It was not nearly so Scotch as my own childhood home where father and mother saturated our lives with tales and experiences of old Scotland."

I know of localities today wherein for four generations American citizens have been born, but are un-Americanized. Because of the culture of their home area there has been a continuity of Old Country influence practically unbroken by American influences. In the midst of an extensive nest filled with people of their own race, where they intermarry, and chiefly and preferably speak the mother tongue, and where their rural life is quite sufficient unto itself, they have remained un-American. Let us recall that some of our Colonial ancestors had been in America for one hundred and fifty years at the time of the Revolutionary War, yet the feeling for Great Britain was so strong with some of them that scores of American families were permanently split—many persons still swayed by Tory emotions left their kinsmen in the "States" after freedom was gained, and took up permanent residence in British possessions. Not a few thus went to Canada.

No. This thing called "Americanisms," or any other set of nationalisms, is not like a garment to be put off or on as we use our coats. It is a condition within the soul of a man. *But Americanisms may be attained.* Once attained, they are decidedly enduring. The point to be remembered is that the attainment of Americanisms may be very slow or it may be more rapid.

The Americanization process is that of assimilation. Assimilation is the psychic incorporation of the various peoples here into the then existing character of the nation. One is completely assimilated only when he is emotionally dead to all his foreign ancestral past and is emotionally responsive solely and wholly to America.

Because our Americanisms are the natural characteristics of our nation, if from now on we are wise and determined in guarding our gates, they have a far better chance to survive and to continue to characterize us than have the characteristics of any other group of people which has come to America. The natural character of our newer immigrants will be changed to an extent, and changed more than they can change the character of our nation. As always, there will be the natural struggle of the strong characteristics of our newer peoples to survive. Certain worthy characteristics and valuable contributions of each will survive. There will be artificial assistance given to help the survival of certain strong characteristics, and, similarly, there will be artificial pressure brought to weaken and destroy undesirable characteristics. But there is no reason now to doubt that the American nation of today will continue to contribute to the Americanisms of succeeding generations much more than will all the other groups now here. The contribution of any one group will be small indeed as compared with the aggregate of the national body and of the contributions of the other separate groups.

No group of aliens here has good reason to think it can run away with this nation, and there is no reason for believing that all of them put together can run away with it. Should they all try it, they would shortly find they were going in half a hundred different directions. Already we see our nation has a character so dominant that civilized nations can pretty accurately foretell what course she will pursue in any developing crisis. Is it not wise, then, for us all to unite in hastening the inevitable process of assimilation toward America's dominant character? It can be done. As has been said, the process will be slow, or more rapid; its rate of progress depends on us.

Because the matter is something definite and specific, the various factors which contribute to, or detract from, which hasten or retard the process of assimilation, may be determined with very gratifying definiteness. Consequently, it is possible to develop a *modus operandi*, that is, a technique, a method, a program, a trained personnel and organizations to hasten the assimilation process. This is what we mean by Americanization in its active sense, as the word is commonly used today. We are not attempting to do something to a man irrespective of his will, but to hasten a process that takes place in his own soul. And let it be emphatically stated that it is of imminent importance to America whether the assimilation of her aliens takes place with reasonable quickness, or is a slower process delayed for generations.

What the Americanization Problem Is

THE Americanization problem is one of building a nation out of the numerous and varied racial and cultural elements in America. The efforts to build nations have long been continued in different parts of the earth. As the pages of history are turned back, one sees three main types of reactions and results of the many efforts at nationalization:

First, they have had the driving force or prophecy, as in America at her best periods, when it would almost seem that our nation possessed superhuman qualities for widespread betterment and contentment among the foreign peoples here, and, consequently, for their assimilation.

Second, they have had the deadening effect of hopelessness when the morale of a resident people is broken by the irresistible, unsympathetic and heedless nationalizing forces in whose grip they are. The Jews in old Russia well illustrate this condition.

Third, they have had the inflammable effect of lawless and indiscriminate destruction, or of more ordered revolution, when spirited men in desperation have lost faith in the moral purpose and the integrity of those controlling the nation and shaping its policies. Illustrations here are quite innumerable. We have only to look at the face of recent history in old Russia with her Finns, in old Germany with her Poles, in old Austria-Hungary with her various Slavs, in Great Britain with her Irish, and in Korea under Japan, to know that men have never been nationalized at heart by force.

It need not be expected that America's effort at nation building will result in the deadening inaction of hopelessness. Hopeless men have seldom come to America. Most of us have noted that some of the peoples most repressed and submissive in Europe, in America quickly fill up with American ozone and expand to the bumptious extreme. Whether America's effort at nationalization is to result in the most desirable dynamic drive for the betterment of our nation as a unit, or is to result in lawlessness, in the destruction of that genuine happiness without which a nation must deteriorate, all depends on the spirit in which we attack the problem and the amount of intelligence we put into its solution. Just so far as our spirit of nation-building compels aliens to think in terms of oppression here or in Europe, or of racial persecution by the European governments from which they fled to come to America, just so far will it fail.

What, then, is the normal process of assimilation? Let us look at its most important contributing factors.

The most important factor in assimilation is *the desire for assimilation.* The assimilation of a person against his will is an impossibility. Past and contemporary history brings us no surer truth than this.

America has been fortunate in this respect. Most of the peoples who came to her in the earlier immigrations came determined to become American citizens. They deliberately planned to burn their bridges of historic and hereditary emotions behind them. Assimilation is immeasurably rapid when one's chiefest desire is to be considered at the earliest possible moment a typical American. When to this desire on the part of the alien there are added sincere good will and positive help by those already American, the assimilation process may become very rapid indeed.

Ignorance of Racial Values

IN THE deluge of the newer immigration many persons have come to America primarily for material gain, rather than because they wished to be Americans. We even have now in our midst those who deliberately and wilfully resist assimilation. America today has no place for such people. We have difficulties enough without them.

The first Americanization problem is twofold. First, to reach the wills of the great mass of the unassimilated in America and make them desire assimilation. And, second, much the more difficult, and upon which the first depends, to reach the wills of those already American and make them alert and active in sincere good fellowship toward the assimilation of the unassimilated. Only by these methods will true assimilation be possible. Of course, we might use force; an alien may be compelled to take out his first papers, and there are cases known of persons who, in order to continue to draw their salaries, were virtually forced to take their second papers. Such a procedure is woefully stupid, for what does it matter though one does forswear allegiance to the land of his birth and swears allegiance to the land of his salary, if he is still at heart an "alien"? An *enemy citizen* is many times more dangerous in our midst than is an enemy alien.

There is nothing unscientific about a deliberate attempt to educate the unassimilated toward America, and a deliberate attempt to educate the American in regard to the unassimilated. Anthropological knowledge of peoples is necessary in both cases: first, to acquaint the aliens here with the dominant character of the American people; and, second, to acquaint the average provincial American with the characteristics of the alien peoples in our midst. We are coming to realize today as never before that *one of the most fundamental and permanent facts of human life is race. The American is very ignorant of racial values. A weak sentimentalism keeps many Americans from scientifically evaluating the so-called races of man.* There is practically no limit to the extent to which such anthropological knowledge may be pursued. We have many Slavs in America. To venture out into any attempt to understand the soul of the Slav carries an American into far fields of scientific interest. If the non-Slavic setters-up of the new Slavic nations in Europe had made more such anthropological excursions, one might have looked with greater hope on the future of Europe.

The second factor in assimilation is *a common language.* There is no strong homogeneous nationalistic group which does not possess a universal means of intercommunication—a common language. It is no wonder that certain primitive peoples say that a man's talk is his life-force: "Live men have words; dead men have lost their words—they are dead."

In Bulgaria, under four hundred years of Turkish rule, Bulgarian literature was destroyed and the language was kept alive only by the women in the homes, a handful of monks, and the brigands in the mountains. But the very power of the force spent to uproot the language made it survive to blossom out as the strongest factor in the nationalistic revival of Bulgaria in the nineteenth century. It has seemed practically impossible to destroy by force a native language, but it is possible to help a people desire and acquire a new language.

The English language is one of the most important factors of assimilation in America. I wish we could say with national distinction the "American language." Many an alien in America logically says he wishes to learn the American language. But, though there are more than sixty languages and dialects spoken in America among our modern peoples, the language spoken by the majority is English.

And, since it was the natural linguistic survivor during those formative days when our national character was being shaped, it will continue to be our language in the generations to come as that character grows and ripens.

The English spoken language is decidedly memorable. Its sledge hammer blows delivered in short Anglo-Saxon words, or as longer words with stressed syllables of harsh consonantal sounds, seem to have an advantage all over the world today. Its harsh brutality makes it easy to remember—actually difficult to forget. Such a hold does its vigor have on the young, even the foreign-born, children of our immigrants that their mother tongue often becomes a thing disused, disclaimed and despised. The immigrants who learn in the streets or school the

(Concluded on page 15)

A Red Ring Around Germany

The Most Expensive Country in Europe; Bavaria Has No Love for Foreigners

By H. H. ALLEN

—Munich, Germany

"CAN I travel in Germany this summer—or would it be wiser not to?" This is a question which the hundreds of thousands of American tourists who go abroad each year are asking. And having read columns of contradictory reports about the convulsions and putsches of the Reich, the adventurous American traveler is naturally curious to go over and take a squint at things for himself.

Well, the answer is: "You can travel in Germany this summer—but it would be wiser not to."

In the first place, Germany is the most expensive country on the Continent. During the time when the mark was tumbling daily and living in the Reich was phenomenally cheap for the man with stable currency, the German "hoteliers" fell into the astute habit of squeezing all they could out of the unwary foreign traveler. Now that the money is stable and prices are high, they can't quite get rid of the habit.

The result has been that foreigners living in Germany have fled pell-mell from the country. Italy, Switzerland, and France gladly received the tourists, especially Americans, whom Germany was unpolitic enough to alienate.

To aggravate the matter still further, the state demands enormous taxes from foreigners. In Berlin the municipal tax is fifty per cent of the hotel rate. In some smaller cities, especially summer resorts like Weimar and Eisenach, the rate goes as high as seventy-five per cent. By the time you have paid two or three dollars for a bare little room, plus fifty to seventy-five per cent for city taxes, plus thirty per cent for national tax, plus twenty-five per cent for "service," plus fifteen per cent for light and heat, you can readily see that traveling in Germany is a matter ot paying luxury prices without getting any luxuries.

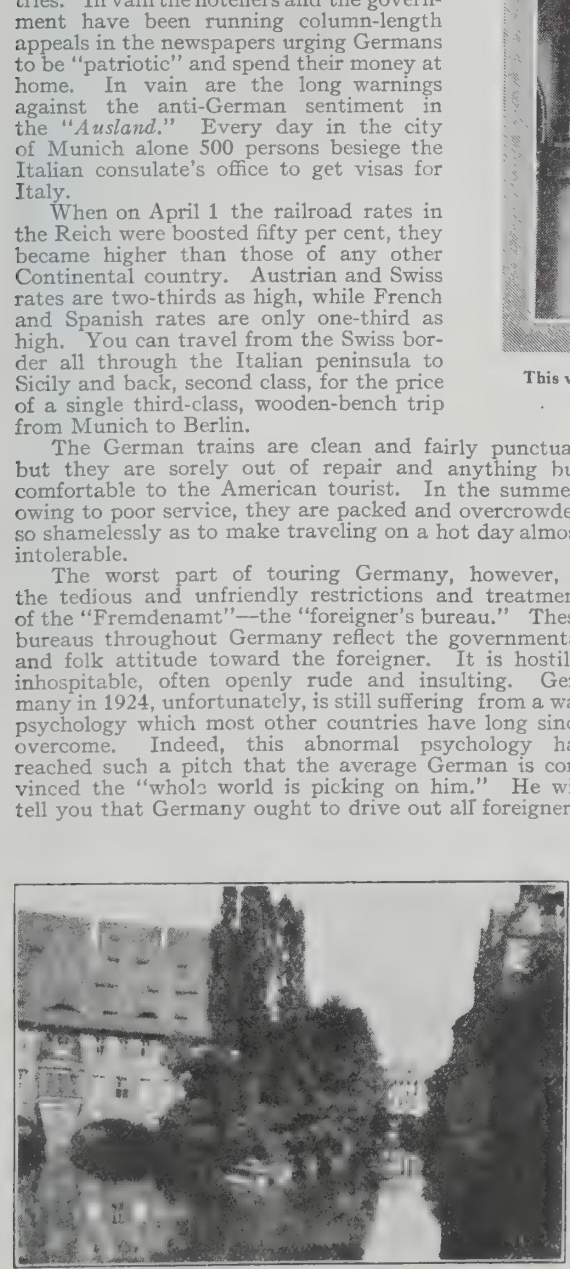
Meanwhile, in Italy, Austria, Switzerland, and France, hotel and pension prices are so far below the German current rates that there has been a swift exodus of German vacationists into those countries. In vain the hoteliers and the government have been running column-length appeals in the newspapers urging Germans to be "patriotic" and spend their money at home. In vain are the long warnings against the anti-German sentiment in the "*Ausland.*" Every day in the city of Munich alone 500 persons besiege the Italian consulate's office to get visas for Italy.

When on April 1 the railroad rates in the Reich were boosted fifty per cent, they became higher than those of any other Continental country. Austrian and Swiss rates are two-thirds as high, while French and Spanish rates are only one-third as high. You can travel from the Swiss border all through the Italian peninsula to Sicily and back, second class, for the price of a single third-class, wooden-bench trip from Munich to Berlin.

The German trains are clean and fairly punctual, but they are sorely out of repair and anything but comfortable to the American tourist. In the summer, owing to poor service, they are packed and overcrowded so shamelessly as to make traveling on a hot day almost intolerable.

The worst part of touring Germany, however, is the tedious and unfriendly restrictions and treatment of the "Fremdenamt"—the "foreigner's bureau." These bureaus throughout Germany reflect the governmental and folk attitude toward the foreigner. It is hostile, inhospitable, often openly rude and insulting. Germany in 1924, unfortunately, is still suffering from a war psychology which most other countries have long since overcome. Indeed, this abnormal psychology has reached such a pitch that the average German is convinced the "whole world is picking on him." He will tell you that Germany ought to drive out all foreigners, shut itself up from the rest of the cruel world, and remain aloof, pure, proud, and independent.

It is Germany's great tragedy that its people cannot understand that a nation squatting in the middle of Europe, surrounded by 150 other millions of people who are just as human and just as good, cannot today play a prolonged game of political solitaire.



Nuremberg possesses many ancient buildings, some of which are glimpsed in this peaceful scene.

As soon as you reach any German town or city, you must report to the police in person. Usually you have to wait several hours in a stuffy little hall, where petty, insolent bureaucrats, with a top-sergeant's voice and manners, quiz you in none too friendly fashion. You are seldom allowed to remain in any city more than a week or two, unless you wade through oceans of red tape and have the most pressing of reasons. When you leave the city you again have to report to the police for "Abmeldung." Both "Abmeldung" and "Anmeldung" leave your pocketbook considerably thinner. And the minute you hit the next town, you have to go through the process all over again.

Among the simple people the hostility against foreigners arises from the belief that they are "buying out the country for nothing." Every time a boat lands in Hamburg or Bremen the people on the street say: "Here comes another load of rich Americans to buy us out cheap." They will tell you that England sent over all her unemployed to buy clothing and food in Germany, and that Dutchmen and Czechs swarmed city-wise into Germany to buy up "half a dozen sewing machines' or "five pianos at a time."

This view of Munich shows one of the busiest parts of the city with some of its public buildings.

That these reports are stupid and false is obvious the minute one examines the export restrictions and taxes, which are so formulated in Germany as to make sure that the foreigner cannot leave the country with anything valuable. The amount of money, the amount of baggage, and the amount of clothing one takes in and out of Germany are so regulated that invariably the foreigner leaves with considerably less than he brought in.

Furthermore, it has never apparently occurred to the Germans that, even when the mark was low, nobody but an imbecile would pay from $500 to $1,000 to travel to and from Hamburg to save a few dollars on a pair of shoes, or a vase, or an overcoat he might possibly smuggle out. They were too shortsighted to see that foreigners who left their stable currencies in the country were leaving a reserve which eventually enabled Germany to stabilize her mark.

But now the mark is stable and the stores have tagged on super-American prices. Has the attitude toward the foreigner changed? Not an iota. The dull-witted German masses still work on the theory that every stranger who crosses the borders must necessarily be trying to "buy us out cheap"—although in the next breath they will tell you that Germany is the most expensive country in the world. How the foreigner can buy cheaply where the German cannot; or why the foreigner should buy articles in Germany when he can secure them in better quality for less money in his own country—without being insulted into the bargain—are questions that have never entered the German's head.

Most of this sentiment, in fact, is being cooked and served to the German people by the fiery nationalists who realize that the world will not tolerate the pre-war Germany they wish to restore. By stirring up intense sentiment against the foreigner and urging the German to disregard and scorn the opinion of the rest of the world, the nationalists hope to oil their way back into power. The youth of Germany, in particular, is being trained by nationalistic leaders to believe that the world outside the Reich is cruel and wicked and wrong, and that anybody who doesn't belong to the "clan" should be scorned and driven out of the country. This is what they mean by the "Reinigung"—cleansing—of the "Deutsches Volk."

Bavaria has some beautiful cities, such as Rothenburg, of which this picture is highly characteristic in its quaint artistry.

In nationalistic Bavaria, the perfervid stronghold of the deified Ludendorff and Hitler, the anti-foreign sentiment is strongest, and police restrictions most cumbersome and stupid. Bavaria has some beautiful cities, such as Nuremberg, Rothenburg, and Munich, and its Alpine scenery is among the loveliest mountain landscape in the world. But you want to mark it off on your map with a big red circle as a perfectly fine place to avoid!

At least, Bavaria isn't altogether safe today for the foreign tourist, and won't be for several years until its outlook becomes a little broader and infinitely more sane. That this will sooner or later happen is inevitable. The Bavarians seem temporarily to have forgoten that, unlike the rest of Germany, their state is not industrial and depends for the larger share of its income on tourist trade, much like Switzerland and parts of Italy. When, during the next two or three years, the Bavarian nationalist discovers how essential to his daily bread the foreign traveler really is, his patriotic ardor is scheduled for an abrupt cooling.

Not only does one require a special visa to enter Bavaria, but here the fees for spending a few days in any city or town are most exorbitant. While it is true that a large number of Americans came to Bavaria to see the Oberammergau Passion Play in 1922 and the Wagner Festival in 1923—a fact which the Bavarian never fails to quote as evidence of the "buying-us-out" theory—it is also true that Americans always toured Bavaria in large numbers even before the war.

In Munich alone before the war there was an American colony of artists, students, and bonvivants numbering about 8,000. In 1923 there were scarcely 150 Americans living in Munich, and these were held by business duties. Still they were pointed out noisily by the "Muenchner" as examples of the heartless greed and covetousness of the American people who were supposed to be "flooding all Germany and living like millionaires on nothing."

So keen is this benighted hostility to the "Sau-Auslaender"—foreign swine—that travelers are frequently insulted and even attacked on the streets of Munich for speaking in a foreign tongue. A delegation of Italian students who toured Germany with an eye toward relief of their northern fellow-students were pelted with stones at the Munich station because somebody "thought they were talking French." An American professor who came to Munich with $5,000 for relief was called a "Sau-Auslaender" and insulted because he spoke with a foreign accent. An English journalist at the Hitler trial was asked by a German colonel what he "meant by talking English in my presence."

As a result, what was once a gay, free, cosmopolitan city has now become a provincial town, narrow-minded, complacent, shortsighted, and ignorant. Oswald Spengler, the celebrated German author of "The Decline of the Occident," summed up the situation patly when he declared that the nation had fallen into the great danger of "being too much concerned with its own church tower." "By one stroke," he added significantly, "we have become a province. We no longer know what is going on in America, or China, or England. Worse, we don't even care to know. It is a dangerous sign that Germany has become hostile to foreigners."

An American journalist recently told a German passport official that practically all other countries were gradually lowering the barriers and welcoming foreigners, in the hope of re-establishing a sense of trust in Europe. When would Germany follow suit? Here is his reply:

"That letting-down-the-barrier stuff may be all right for other countries. They need foreigners. We don't. We don't want them here. We're going to keep our fees as high as we can. Last year we were 'verlottert'—dumped—with 'Sau-Auslaender.' This year we've got to keep Germany clean."

And before you decide to go to Germany, you want to think over his words.

The Soldiers' Home—Where Lincoln Stayed

When the Sergeant Called the President an "Old Fool"

By STEPHEN POOLE

SITUATED about three miles from the business district, in the residential section of Northwest Washington, is the United States Soldiers' Home—one of the beauty spots of Washington. It was at this home that Abraham Lincoln wrote the second draft of the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation. Of the countless thousands of tourists who annually visit the nation's Capitol, only a small percentage visit the Soldiers' Home.

The home is for soldiers of the Regular Army, and was established in the District of Columbia, March 3, 1851.

General U. S. Grant, in his Memoirs, gives an interesting note in which he says:

"It had been a favorite idea with General Scott for a great many years before the Mexican War to have established in the United States a soldiers' home, patterned after something abroad, particularly, I believe, in France. He recommended this uniformly, or at least frequently, in his annual reports to the Secretary of War, but never got any hearing. Now, as he had conquered the state, he made assessments upon the different large towns and cities occupied by our troops, in proportion to their capacity to pay, and appointed officers to receive the money. In addition to the sum thus realized he had derived, through capture at Cerro Gordo, sales of captured government tobacco, and so forth, sums which swelled the fund to a total of about $220,000. Portions of this fund were distributed among the rank and file, given to the wounded in hospital, or applied in other ways, leaving a balance of some $118,000 remaining unapplied at the close of the war. After the war was over and the troops all home, General Scott applied to have this money, which had never been turned into the Treasury of the United States, expended in establishing such homes as he had previously recommended."

(C) Harris & Ewing

Anderson Cottage, U. S. Soldiers' Home, where Lincoln resided during part of his stay at the home.

The organic Act of Congress, creating the Soldiers' Home, appropriated for its support the sum of $118,791.19, which was probably the residue of the tribute levied by General Scott. This Act also appropriated $54,136.00, which was the unexpended balance of an appropriation made for the benefit of discharged soldiers who were disabled by wounds. The Act further provided as a perpetual revenue for the home all stoppages or fines adjudged against soldiers by sentence of court-martial, over and above any amount that might be due for reimbursement of the government; all forfeitures on account of desertion; all moneys belonging to the estates of deceased soldiers, and unclaimed for three years (the latter to be repaid to legal heirs on demand); and that twenty-five cents a month be deducted from the pay of soldiers in the army. In 1859 this amount was reduced to twelve and one-half cents a month, and was finally repealed by Act of Congress approved May 11, 1908.

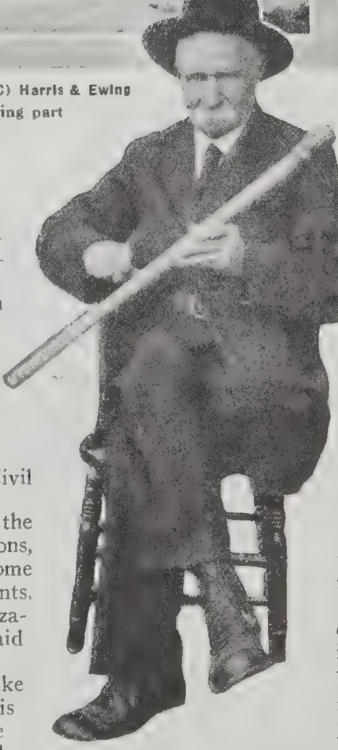
The home is equipped with handsome buildings, with all modern improvements. The spacious grounds are traversed with beautiful drives, many of which command excellent views of the city, the Potomac River and the surrounding country.

The grounds consist of about 501 acres. To this, in 1872, was added the adjoining estate of "Harewood," containing 191 acres. About 150 acres of the estate are used in the cultivation of farm products, the larger part of which are consumed by the needs of the home. The total cost of the land amounted to $326,193.34, and the buildings have cost upward of $5,000,000.

To those who have wondered what became of the soldier who served the better part of his life in the Regular Army, and was then retired upon pay that would probably not take care of him in his old age, the answer is—the Soldiers' Home. Here he is assured a home of all modern comforts and conveniences, the best of medical care, and ample protection against all the uncertainties of civilian life. Beneficiaries of the home are supplied with uniforms, subsistence and medical attention.

The benefits of the home are not extended to any soldier in the regular or volunteer service who was convicted of crimes of a civil nature after his admission into the service of the United States; neither will a deserter, mutineer, or an habitual drunkard be received, without such evidence of subsequent service, good conduct, and reformation of character, as is satisfactory to the commissioners. The home has a maximum capacity for 2,000 beneficiaries. However, there are at present only 1,386 beneficiaries on the roll. This number is classified as follows: Served in Mexican War, 1846-1848, 1; served in Civil War, 171; served in Indian wars, 308; served in Spanish-American War and Philippine Insurrection, 660; served in China during Boxer uprising, 1900, 17; served in World War, 115; without war service, 94. Ages run from 92 years for Mexican War service, to 47 years for veterans of the World War. The average age of Civil War veterans is 79.

A great many of the beneficiaries of the home are distributed in other institutions, when their state of health requires. Some are in institutions for tubercular patients, and some few are cared for at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. All expenses are paid from the funds of the home.



E. A. Buck, U. S. Soldiers' Home, who carves the Lord's Prayer on a walking stick.

"All play and no work" does not make Jack "a dull boy," in this instance. It is generally conceded that the men have labored long enough. They have served their country well. However, there are many things to occupy their time. Among the various amusements provided the members of the home during the past year were the gymnasium and facilities for playing pool, billiards, chess, checkers, and shuffleboard. The motion pictures, however, continue to afford the members the most-liked form of recreation. Particular care has been used in the selection of the reels and shows provided. The home also has its own band which, during the summer months, gives six outside band concerts each week. During the winter months five concerts are given weekly. A chapel with a seating capacity of approximately 150 is attached to the home, and is used by all denominations. Two chaplains are provided, one Protestant and one Catholic. All members who die in the home are buried with military honors in the national cemetery which is really a part of the estate, and just across from the administration buildings. This cemetery was used for the first burials of soldiers who died in the hospitals and on the battlefields around Washington during the Civil War, and was continued to be so used until interments were authorized to be made at Arlington. The only vault in the cemetery is rather a pretentious one, and is that of Major-General John A. Logan.

The library contains more than 15,000 volumes of well-classified books and more than 100 periodicals.

At the Soldiers' Home every battle engaged in by the American Army since the Mexican War is refought. Which is the greatest fight in our national history depends entirely upon which veteran you are talking with. However, veterans of all wars have a decided respect for Gettysburg.

There is a period in the history of the home when Abraham Lincoln made it his summer White House. If you approach a group of veterans and inquire as to which building Lincoln occupied, one will probably point out the governor's quarters, while another will point out the Anderson Cottage.

The artist, F. B. Carpenter, who painted the "Proclamation of Emancipation" which was purchased by Congress for $25,000, in his book, "Six Months at the White House," speaking of a conversation with Lincoln, said that the President, after writing the Proclamation, had waited until he heard of a Union victory before making it public. Carpenter quotes Lincoln as saying: "Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday, called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

This clearly shows that Lincoln was staying at the Soldiers' Home in 1862 and that he did some work there on that famous document. An examination of records, with a view of ascertaining just which buildings at the home were occupied by certain officers, indicates that Lincoln was living in the governor's quarters at that time. Also, certain alterations in the building tend to prove that he was.

There is very little doubt that he was occupying rooms in the Anderson Cottage in 1864. In fact, there is but little doubt that each summer while he was in the Presidency he had his summer White House at the Soldiers' Home. It is certain he did not occupy the Anderson Cottage in 1861, as that was occupied by the deputy and acting governor of the Soldiers' Home, Major T. L. Alexander. Lincoln probably used the governor's quarters during that summer. President Buchanan established the precedent of making the home the summer White House. He lived there during the summer of 1857. Others following Lincoln did likewise, the last being, perhaps, President Arthur.

Further evidence of the fact that Lincoln resided there during the summer of 1862 is found in the book by David Homer Bates, "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office." Mr. Bates was an operator in the telegraph office of the War Department and knew Lincoln well. He says that on November 9, 1862, the President sent the following telegram to Mrs. Lincoln, who was visiting friends in Boston:

> "Mrs. Cuthbert and Aunt Mary want to move to the White House because it has grown so cold at the Soldiers' Home. Shall they?"

Mrs. Pomeroy, the famous Civil War nurse, in her diary (as related in "War Reminiscences," by Anna L. Boyden) says:

> "On Tuesday last I had a pleasant ride with some Washington friends. We went first to the Soldiers' Home . . . . We rode around the President's country seat, which is one of the five houses . . . ."

An interesting story concerning Lincoln has recently come to the knowledge of the writer, and is corroborative evidence of his residence at the home during the summer of 1861: The President went to and fro between the Soldiers' Home and the White House in a barouche, escorted by a troop of cavalry; that it was his custom to go down the Seventh Street Road, which crossed

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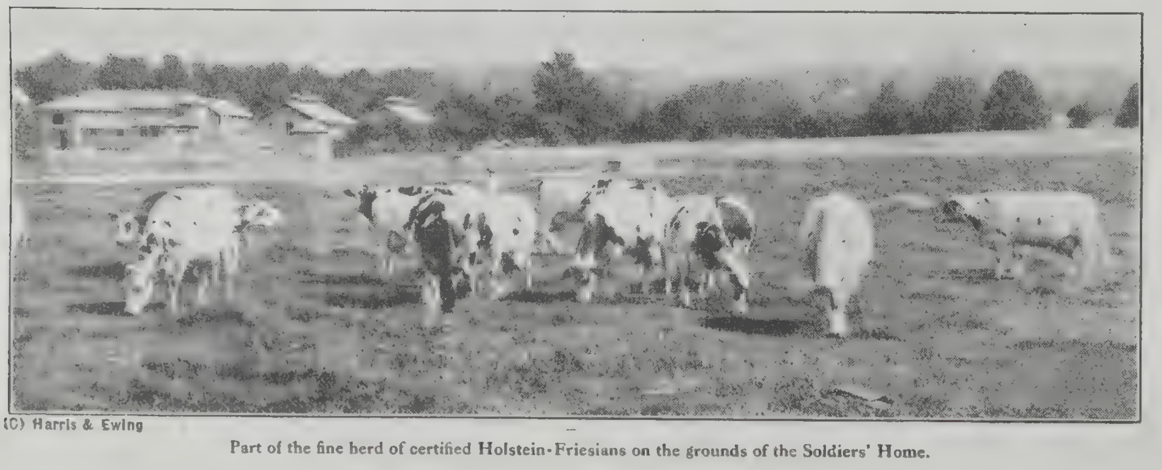

(C) Harris & Ewing

Part of the fine herd of certified Holstein-Friesians on the grounds of the Soldiers' Home.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHAT does the return of the American people to the paths of conservatism signify? It is not a repentance for some failure of radical extravagance. It is not psychical weariness induced by long dalliance with strange and alien ideas. It is not the sag back of an unprogressive people who have seen the promised land of revolutionary dreams but have not energy enough to enter in. The American people have returned to conservatism because it is the normal habit of their life.

Indeed, they have never left a true and normal conservatism. Not once in the story of their development is recorded an event which indicates that a radicalism foreign to their nature seized them and led them to overt action against the progressive continuity of their career. Even the American Revolution was undertaken for the enforcement of one of the most conservative Anglo-Saxon principles. There has never been a moment of the least danger of the American people going Bolshevik or revolting, because there is in this country no one for the people to revolt against but themselves. There have been moments when it was feared that some sort of a revolt might be started, but not by the American people. Aliens are present among us who would gladly upset our American liberty if they could, but that is a thing by itself, it is not native to the people.

THE people of the United States are returning to conservatism. After spending some years in hospitably listening to alien proposals, and thoroughly understanding what those proposals mean, they are more than ever convinced that their own American Idea is the only thing for America. The return to conservatism means that the people have satisfied themselves that they are on the right track. They believe that they will reach the desired social and economic goal by progressing along the tested and proved path rather than by turning again into the wilderness. No alien idea thus far offered has proved successful on its own soil. But the American Idea works out, not only in America, but wherever it may be transplanted. This is proof that our people have discovered and applied a universal principle.

In no country has there been achieved so large a degree of public opinion as in this country of ours. Public opinion is exceptionally developed and coherent here because underlying it is the element of public conviction. National thinking is deeply controlled by national believing. It is the beliefs of America that have proved her anchor. There are, in other parts of the world, national tempers which are predominantly cynical, or suspicious, or derisive; the big quality in our national temper is our insistent believing. That always indicates normality.

Now, it is just because our nation has this quality that it is able to extend hospitality to alien forms of thinking. Certainly there is no political philosophy, no social idealism, no religious cultism in the whole world which will deny the mental hospitality of America. About all that we have been doing the last several decades is extending that hospitality. And because we listened, but most of all because we actually understood, every form of alien idea has been encouraged to rise and shout that it had captured the mind of America!

They did not know that it was our capacity to understand them that was really their undoing.

What has occurred, and what is described as the return of the American people to conservatism, is this: the American mind, having extended hospitality to the utmost, and seeing that hospitality misunderstood and misinterpreted, is beginning to assert itself. The host of this great national house is speaking last.

This is the meaning behind the recent immigration legislation. One says this the more readily since to say it does not imply that the legislation was wholly wise. But there has come in this country a resurgence of the American idea, which the abusers of our mental hospitality had thought was overthrown, or about to be. It was not overthrown nor even seriously menaced, but it occurred to our nation just to make this fact clear in some unmistakable act. There is doubtless a better way of doing this than by shutting our gates to the peoples of the world, but that act at least is unmistakable, it is like a man decisively closing his doors to the ill-mannered ones who have taken advantage of his friendly and helpful hospitality.

It is an act which will have an awakening effect and is having one now. The reactions of the shut in and the shut out elements, as already developed, are worthy of being observed.

It requires only time to bring clearly to the minds of all immigrants that they came to this country because it was the kind of country the American idea had made it. They did not come to save the country from the consequences of the American idea, but to participate in the benefits which that idea has created. So that any claim that they had a hand in the creation of the American idea is to be mistaken by the matter of some centuries. A certain stock of people won a certain standard of life and liberty, and willingly shared it with others. The others do honor to themselves by showing an ability to appreciate that standard; they dishonor themselves otherwise.

It is gladly agreed that the material assistance, which all races who are capable of creative industry have rendered in the material development of the country as the necessary physical support of the ideal structure, is considerable. They have come from every quarter of the world, pioneers of their people, seekers of the benefits of America for their children. Prior to a few years ago, they came with the laudable purpose to "get in on" America for themselves and their families. They were glad to be here. They were glad to learn how to let America come into their minds. But they did not bring the American ideal here and plant it; it was here and planted before they came.

What they brought was an industrious spirit, a willing hand, a thrifty habit, a desire to build new family foundations in the land of promise. They have been rewarded for their contribution beyond their highest dreams. But they did not come to change America; they came to share it. Only men who seek their votes will falsely flatter them by saying that America is a kind of political stew made of the ideas of all nations. Those who came from abroad did not come to set up their old political ideas here, but to claim the shelter of the ideas already established here. To be sure they brought their customs, their traditions, their natural love for their native hills and rivers—and that is to their honor—but, freed from the false flattery, they would be the first to deny that they came here for any other purpose than to share Americanism. And we, on the other hand, can testify that Americanism is never so unworthy and weak as when it is found in a solution of foreign political ideas.

A large element in what we style the return to conservatism is this renewed consciousness of our American idea, and the responsibility which we have to keep it pure for the benefit of the world. We have listened so long to the alien idea, newly brought over, by later propagandist not by bona fide immigrants, that we have come back with a start to a consciousness of the hour which the clock of the world's destiny has struck.

The blame for whatever time we have lost falls only on ourselves. After all, no one can injure the American idea except Americans. The embargo that needs to be put on is against our own tendency to grow careless, to suppose that because we were born in the United States we are therefore fully equipped Americans.

Every generation has to be Americanized, taught that the nation represents a crusade for liberty, taught that our very existence is such a challenge to the powers of darkness everywhere that we are beset on every hand by unsuspected enemies. And our protection against these enemies is not to go gunning for them, but to keep the light of Americanism bright, for its very rays are potent to destroy all subversive forces that come within its range.

We are witnessing today the sobering of national thought as the result of national reflection. Alien ideas which sought to allure us have been failures in their native haunts. The American idea is a success for humanity.

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Is Indianapolis Wise in This?

NOT content with having a comparatively small bonded indebtedness, the city of Indianapolis has just issued $280,000 of four and three-quarter per cent bonds upon which the total interest charge will be $206,150, which is 73.6 per cent of the principal.

They are so-called serial bonds. In 1926 ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds will be paid off and the same sum annually thereafter until 1953, when the whole issue will have been liquidated.

By levying a direct tax of less than ninety cents per capita Indianapolis could have got this money without paying one cent in interest. The population of Indianapolis in 1920 was 314,194.

The assessed valuation of Indianapolis is $618,-444,460 and aside from this bond issue the bonded debt was but $6,579,500, which is but slightly in excess of one per cent of the assessed valuation.

The taxation necessary to carry this debt is proportionately so much less than that of the average city that the city of Indianapolis would be justified in raising such sums as $280,000 by direct levy rather than wasting $206,150 in interest upon such a loan.

The eighty-nine cents it would have cost each citizen to raise this loan will cost $1.54 by the present method.

Stands by Agent

THE indignant refusal of Premier MacDonald, of England, to recall H. A. C. Cummins, diplomatic agent in Mexico, upon the request of the Mexican Government, cannot be fully understood without taking into account the difference of custom in cases of this sort between England and America.

The United States has always held that when a diplomat becomes *persona non grata* his government should recall him upon receiving a hint to that effect and has acted accordingly where its representatives were no longer welcome.

However, England has always denied that any government had the right to ask for the recall of its diplomats. Lord Palmerston, the pugnacious prime minister who probably raised England's foreign standing to its highest, established so many precedents of this sort MacDonald would have been thought lacking in spirit if he had not challenged Mexico.

For a time, in 1856, it was felt the United States and England might come into a collision as a result of Washington asking that the English minister, Crampton, and the English consuls in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, be recalled for their activities in recruiting for the English foreign legion for Crimean war service.

Crampton was popular at Washington and the Cabinet was not enthusiastic about sending him home.

The English Government refused to recall Crampton and the London *Times* and *Post* demanded that our minister, Dallas, be given his passports if Washington expelled Crampton after London had refused to recall him.

The English business men and the liberal organizations were opposed to trouble and in spite of the uproar Palmerston informed Parliament that the Cabinet would "not terminate their present friendly relations with Mr. Dallas."

Lord Salisbury refused to admit the right of the United States to demand the recall of Lord Sackville when Cleveland asked for it. However, like Crampton, Lord Sackville was finally given his passports. It will be recalled that Sackville was inveigled into expressing his opinion of the Presidential candidates and although it was favorable to Cleveland, the anti-British could only be placated by action.

As to Mexico, England has been preoccupied with so many more serious problems that she has deferred recognition. The Mexicans have misinterpreted the situation and the warm weather was conducive to everyone losing his temper. It will all blow over.

Milk Cars

THERE are indications that the milk can will be discarded for a more economical container for large milk shipments to the big cities.

A number of special milk cars equipped with two glass lined steel tanks each holding three thousand gallons of milk, and with suitable pumping and agitating machinery, have recently been put into service. More of them are expected to be used.

It does seem inefficient to pile cars full of heavy cans which are wasteful of space and then go through the slow, expensive process of unloading them by hand, emptying and washing them, reloading them on to trucks and finally unloading them in the shipping districts. The milk can is a relic of the days when the fresh milk supply of even the bigger cities was a much simpler matter.

Nowadays the great seaboard cities reach as far as Wisconsin, Ontario and Quebec for fresh milk. The old cheese belt of up-state New York now sends its milk production to New York City.

Handling the fast trains carrying these milk supplies has become an important transportation problem. The trains of cars filled with empty cans have to be rushed back to production centers just as quickly as they were dispatched to the markets. One railroad has just developed a three-cylinder locomotive that has hauled trains of forty milk cars over the Alleghenies at an average speed of fifty-five miles an hour.

Jewish Chautauqua

IF THE Mormons, the Mennonites, the Methodists or the Masons were using our universities this summer for special lecture courses, the fact would attract attention, and the attention would not be resented. The Jews have been using our universities every summer for quite a while, giving lecture courses on Jewish subjects, all of which may be described under the general head of pro-Jewish propaganda. The lectures are delivered under the auspices of the Jewish Chautauqua Society, which commands large sums of money for this purpose.

The universities, colleges and summer schools to be favored this summer by the various rabbis engaged in this work (all the lecturers are Jewish rabbis) are as follows: The University of Arkansas, the University of Colorado, Clark University, the University of Illinois, the University of Iowa, the University of Louisiana; Farmington, Maine, State Normal School; Minnesota State Teachers' College, the University of Minnesota, the University of Nebraska, the University of North Carolina, the University of the South, the State College of Pennsylvania, the University of Missouri.

In some of the colleges, class credits are given for the courses. In the University of Virginia alone, thirty Jewish lectures will be given during the summer season.

There is no objection to any serious and respectable group being permitted to present its subject, be that group Greek or Barbarian, Christian or Jew, but this freedom of utterance must be dealt out with an even hand. If there is a Jewish Question which draws rabbis out to lecture all summer, is there not a danger of request being made to present that side of the matter which the rabbis may overlook? Take the subjects—"Civilization—What the Jew has Contributed to it," or "The Jew's Place in History"—which are to be discussed at most of the above institutions, is there any doubt that there will be striking omissions, which the scientific method would not permit?

As well read world news through the dispatches of the Jewish Telegraph Agency, as hope for historical perspective from the rabbinical lecturers who will appear in our educational institutions this summer.

Enforcing—What?

LAWS are not and cannot be enforced. Only the penalties attached to laws can be enforced. The notion of law enforcement as distinct from penalty enforcement has led to confusion in the nation.

What is a law? It is the common thought and practice plus government sanction: that is, the people have recognized their native rules of conduct as the accepted rules, and have formally laid them down in statutes. Thus it is idle to say that laws are imposed on people from above or from any source but themselves. The notion of our government being able to make laws which the people do not want is a ridiculous bugaboo which has no reality.

In a polyglot country like the United States it is sometimes made to appear that law is in contravention to the views and desires of great blocks of the population. Doubtless that is true. If American law represented the desires of some blocks of our population, it would be very different; just as American morals would be different if our moral standards were those of some of our newer citizens. But insofar as the American standard of conduct is concerned, that conduct which American native character may be depended on to approve, it is true that our laws proceed from our people, and have their sanction.

Attempts to establish the contrary view are based on the desire to drive a line between Government and People by representing the former as the master of the latter, which, of course, it is not and in this land can never be. Our Government, good or bad, is ourselves; and in its Government the Nation may behold itself as in a mirror.

Now, observance of the law is a foregone conclusion since the principles of the law were honored or observed before they were written on the statute books. The Government has no duty to go about enforcing obedience to law. Its duty in this respect is to enforce the penalties of disobedience to the law. And this it must do unless it is to take sides with the lawless minority against the law-abiding majority. In cases where the lawless minority and the enforcing officials have the same tastes with regard to the forbidden thing, the people have the sorry spectacle of their representatives and their enemies forming an alliance. There is more than enough of that condition present in the land today.

A pertinent application of this principle may be made to the prohibition situation. No one has inquired of the law officers if they think that obedience to the Prohibition law can be enforced. That is none of their business. They were not invited to advise the Nation as to what laws should or should not be made. Their business, according to their oath, is solely to see that disobedience to the law is punished as the statutes provide. That is all.

Nothing indicates the twisted view of law which has sinuously made its way into the public mind than the whines of public officials to the effect that this or that law cannot be enforced—the law in question usually being one that is displeasing to the riotous and sporty element. Such whines should be rebuked by every mayor and governor. Nobody asks a law officer to enforce obedience to law, but only to enforce the penalties of the law on those who disobey.

From Rico to Hawaii

THE plantations of the Hawaiian Islands will probably be manned by American citizens from Porto Rico instead of Japanese, as a result of the new immigration bill.

With a population of 1,300,000, Porto Rico has a surplus of at least 400,000 people.

The proposal has been made that army transports carry the surplus Porto Rico labor to the Hawaiian Islands either free or at a nominal fare. There were 5,602 Porto Ricans in the Hawaiian Islands in 1920. The climate and products of Hawaii are quite similar to those of Porto Rico, the natives of Porto Rico being accustomed to raising apples, coffee, sugar cane, pineapples and other products which are common to the two territories.

The Porto Ricans in Hawaii have shown a tendency to remain in agricultural work while all other classes of imported labor including the Filipino drift to the cities.

The Porto Ricans are unusual in that they are the only people the United States has annexed who have joyously assumed their new relationship. They make excellent soldiers under American training and standards of living. Two regiments in the Regular Army are made up of Porto Ricans. One is stationed in Porto Rico and the other in the Canal Zone.

The War Department asserts that inasmuch as the Hawaiian Islands were acquired as a military outpost, more attention should be given to the character of the population.

The Trial of Bishop Brown

Called "Modernist," But Behind the Times

By REV. FRANK S. BALLENTINE

BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN

Excerpts From the Charge

Formal Presentment of Bishop Brown to the House of Bishops by Bishops Hall, Francis and Gravatt.

To the Right Reverend, The Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America:

We, Arthur C. A. Hall, bishop in and for said Church, having jurisdiction in the diocese of Vermont, Joseph M. Francis, bishop in and for said Church, having jurisdiction in the diocese of Indianapolis, and William L. Gravatt, bishop in and for said Church, having jurisdiction in the diocese of West Virginia, on their oaths present:

That on to-wit the eleventh day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred twenty and on divers days and times thereafter, to-wit from thence hitherto, at the City of Galion, in the state and diocese of Ohio, and at the city of Chicago, in the diocese of Chicago and state of Illinois, and at divers other places within the United States of America, William Montgomery Brown, who was then and there a bishop in said Church, and formerly bishop of the diocese of Arkansas, but being at the time of the happening of the events herein set forth, without jurisdiction, having theretofore resigned the same, did hold and teach, publicly and advisedly certain doctrine contrary to that held by said Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in manner following:

Said William Montgomery Brown, having theretofore written a certain book entitled "Communism and Christianism," . . . .

In which book, as originally written, and also as added to and amended, he, the said William Brown, did publicly set forth and teach certain doctrine, in words and figures as follows (reference being made to the words and page numbers of the eighth edition thereof, published on or about the fifteenth day of April A. D. 1923) namely:

On page 22: "Within the social realm, humanity is my new divinity, and your (meaning thereby members of said Protestant Episcopal Church) divinity (my old one) is a symbol of it, or else, as I think, he is at best a fiction and at worst a superstition." . . . .

On page 51: "Orthodox Christians say that Jesus founded their sectarian churches, though each sect insists that he had to do with only one church, theirs. I doubt that he lived."

On page 61: "Do you not now see with me that the christ of the world is not a conscious, personal god, but an unconscious, impersonal machine? It is to the machine of man, not a lamb of god, to which we may hopefully look for the taking away of the sins of the world." . . . .

On page 81: "Gods in the skies (Jesus, Jehovah, Allah, Buddha) are all right as subjective symbols of human potentialities and attributes and of natural laws, even as the Stars and Stripes on a pole, Uncle Sam in the capitol and Santa Claus in a sleigh are all right as such symbols; but such gods are all wrong, if regarded as objective realities existing independently of those who created them as divinities and placed them in celestial habitations."

On page 82: "So far I have not found it necessary to renounce the Christian God or any of the things which go with him and I have no idea of doing this, any more than I have of renouncing the American Uncle Sam and the things which go with him, but I place the Brother Jesus of the Christian religion and the Uncle Sam of the American politics on the same footing with each other and with others of their kind as subjective realities. I could be a Jew and an Englishman as conscientiously as a Christian and an American." . . . .

On page 91: "'The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world' is the sign of the zodiac, Aries (sheep, ram) through which the sun passes towards the end of March, when all the saviour-gods annually died and rose again." . . .

On page 106: "There is no rational doubt about the fictitious character of the divine Jesus." . . . .

On page 154: "From the viewpoint of the self-styled one hundred per cent Christians, I am a betrayer of Brother Jesus, because I do not believe that he ever had any existence as a god and that, if he was at any time a man, the world does not now and never can know of one thing that he did or of one word that he said." . . . .

All of said doctrine as contained in each passage above set out being contrary to that held by said Protestant Episcopal Church, as contained in the Book of Common Prayer and especially in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds.

(*Signed*)
Arthur C. A. Hall,
Bishop of Vermont.
Joseph M. Francis,
Bishop of Indianapolis.
William L. Gravatt,
Bishop of West Virginia.

Charles Lemuel Dibble,
Church Advocate.

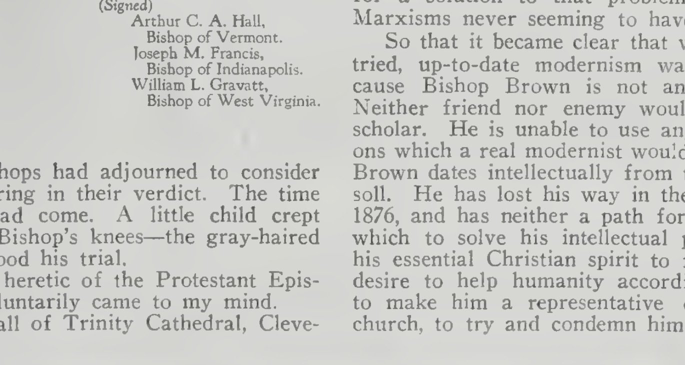
THE seven trial bishops had adjourned to consider the evidence and bring in their verdict. The time for their return had come. A little child crept from the crowd to the Bishop's knees—the gray-haired Bishop who had just stood his trial.

"So that is the arch heretic of the Protestant Episcopal espiscopate!" involuntarily came to my mind.

The scene was the hall of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland. It was late in the afternoon and Bishop William Montgomery Brown was in the midst of his apologia. It was the story of his life he was telling, and the story of his mind as well.

He had been brought up in such ignorance, he told us, that when he was twenty-one years of age, he could not spell his own name correctly. A wealthy woman of Cleveland had taken him up and educated him for the ministry of the Episcopal Church. He had been a missionary at Galion, Ohio, his present home, and had been made an archdeacon. He wrote a book, "The Church for Americans," which had attained so great a success as a presentation of the orthodox Episcopal position, that much attention had been attracted to him, resulting in his exaltation to the Bishopric of Arkansas. (He told the writer privately that in those days his mission work was so easy that he "could make an Episcopalian out of a gatepost.") In this way he rambled on through his story, stopping here and there for humor and anecdote.

When he wrote his book, he said, he was as orthodox as any of the Bishops then trying him, as orthodox as the most orthodox of them could wish him to be, so orthodox that he had been invited to lecture at Kenyon College, at Gambier, in the Episcopal school of theology. He was going along happily in his work for the church when something happened.



Bishop Brown's beautiful and picturesque home at Galion, Ohio.

A physician called his attention to Darwin's book on the origin of species. He had preached against the Darwinian theory of evolution, but had never read Darwin's book. His opinion of it was formed at second hand, even at third hand. He was thoroughly converted to Darwin's theory. It had the effect of a revelation upon his mind. Then when the Great War broke, he was introduced to the work of Marx, and came to complete agreement with the Marxian position, and became a communist. So that his religion today may be described as Darwinian Marxism, which, as Benjamin Kidd showed in his "Science of Power," is a thoroughly German production.

Upon this change in his mind, Bishop Brown wrote his "Christianism and Communism," upon excerpts of which he was tried for heresy. The Bishop claimed that these excerpts did not correctly represent his position, but it is doubtful if any candid reader would say that they seriously misrepresented it. Doubtless, however, it is part of the fact of the matter that it is not alone the book but the Bishop's attitude and associations for years that formed the principal basis for the case.

One impression which grew with the hours was that the Bishop's science was almost as archaic as he represented the trial court's theology to be. He still glows over Darwin as the revelator of a new world, but seems to be unaware that Darwin has been seriously superseded in the scientific world itself. Marx's recognition of the social problem seems to answer in Bishop Brown's mind for a solution to that problem, the fatal defects of Marxisms never seeming to have touched him at all.

So that it became clear that whatever else was being tried, up-to-date modernism was not that thing. Because Bishop Brown is not an up-to-date modernist. Neither friend nor enemy would describe him as a scholar. He is unable to use any of the modern weapons which a real modernist would have wielded. Bishop Brown dates intellectually from the days of Bob Ingersoll. He has lost his way in the incipient liberalism of 1876, and has neither a path forward nor backward by which to solve his intellectual problem. He had only his essential Christian spirit to fall back upon, and his desire to help humanity according to his lights. But to make him a representative of modernism in the church, to try and condemn him as if modernism were being tried and condemned, was grotesque. The real modernists do not reckon Bishop Brown as one of themselves. They are one with the conservatives in this.

All this was brought out more clearly under cross-examination by his own attorney. In answer to questions, Bishop Brown told the bishops who were trying him that his introduction to the idea of evolution reorganized all his ideas.

"I made an examination of everything under the heavens," he said. "I lost faith in the supernatural. I saw flagrant misconceptions in the popular idea of the Scriptures. Observing my experience as a preacher, I saw that I never preached on miracles without treating them as parables. Then I brought my psychology to bear on the question. Why not consider heaven a state upon earth? According to the Bible, heaven is up, hell is down. But according to the science of astronomy today, there is no up and there is no down. In other words, what is up now, in twelve hours from now will be down."

Referring to the new revelation which he says Darwin and Marx brought to him, he said: "This new thing coming into the world is the actual living God. I might say with Omar: 'I myself am God.' The truth is great, but liberty to seek the truth is greater still."

He even said: "No supernaturalistic representation is denied by me. But I interpret it symbolically."

He says that he still believes in the Book of Common Prayer from cover to cover, and believes in the Bible in the same way, but reserves the right to interpret both spiritually, by which he means symbolically, with no essential literal connection. He said he assented to every article of the Christian faith as contained in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, but again claimed the right to interpret them spiritually or symbolically. In his book on "Christianism and Communism" he said, he "had no purpose of attacking religion."

Bishop Brown told how he had written to all the Bishops of the Church, when he found himself slipping away from the orthodox position, asking them to give him their counsel, but the result was that he became more and more convinced of the total bankruptcy of his former views.

In contravention of all this, the church advocate made his closing argument on straight statements of the facts as seen from the church point of view. Bishop Brown had denied God as an objective reality, and this contravened the first article in the Apostles' Creed, he said. Furthermore, Bishop Brown's explanations of his belief in the creeds evacuated those creeds of their meaning—first he made them mean something other than they patently mean, and then accepted them: which is contrary to the principle that no explanation is valid that destroys the whole meaning of that which is explained.

The church advocate insisted, however, that the Episcopal Church believes in a progressive revelation. He said the issue was not between Modernism and Fundamentalism. The Scriptures are a record of humanity's increasing receptivity of inspiration. Even the great university of Lausanne, he said, presided over by the renowned Cardinal Mercier, sustains and supports the doctrine of evolution and reconciles it with Catholic teaching.

The church advocate even admitted that it is permissible to deny the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, "but you must admit that Jesus was truly born."

I myself am firmly convinced that Bishop Brown is theoretically and intellectually very far from the right road. He has run wild with scraps of ideas and snatches of science. He was much more logical and convincing when writing on "The Church for Americans" than in any of his so-called "heretical" works. But that does not in any way change the essential factors of the trial.

I noted that the prosecuting attorney for the church never once by word or inference suggested the person of Jesus as the standard and norm of doctrine and life. It was the Prayer Book. It was the Apostles' Creed. It was the Nicene Creed. It was abstractions. It was theories. It was interpretations and inferences. The concrete, real Jesus he never referred to. Nothing seemed farther from the church advocate's mind.

Bishop Brown is, in my opinion, theoretically wrong But is this the way to deal with a man who is seeking light? "Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye, but not to disputations about doubts." St. Paul, a considerable authority, said that. Even the apostles did not assume to dictate opinions, for it was St. Paul again who said to the Corinthian church (which heaven knows had moral and intellectual heretics enough): "Not that we have dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy."

How does such a scene come to be possible?

Bishop Manning, at the height of the furor concerning Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, said in his own office that his advisors counseled him that he could not successfully prosecute Dr. Grant. Nor could he.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Paraguayan women in the market place at Asuncion.

Where East Is West

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

An Oriental method of burden-bearing inherited by the women of Brazil from the Moors of old Portugal.

The Moorish custom of carrying burdens atop the head persists in Panama and Brazil.

THE Moor planted in Spain his persistent essence of the Near Orient, and the Spaniard carried it onward into the New World. It is indelibly marked in cast of countenance, in walls and gardens, in philosophies of life, and in the whole social structure of Latin America.

Throughout the Spanish world, to begin with external and material evidences, the prevailing type of architecture is Moorish—low walls flush with a narrow street; massive guardian doors and windows jealously iron-barred; within, hidden from the life that passes except for perhaps a tantalizing glimpse, a patio open to the sky and sighing with the music of fountains and of green leaves. The archways that edge these patios and shield the walks confronting public squares suggest Arabian bazaars.

But the parallel of streets and houses does not end with Arabia. The Oriental world is much alike, whether east or west, and the narrow streets and blank walls of a Moorish city have their counterpart in China. There the retirement of a dwelling house within itself is even more pronounced. The iron-latticed windows—the *miradores* through which the woman of a Moorish-American household may look upon the somewhat forbidden world without—are suggested only in the gateman's niche, and the patio is a paved and flower-potted courtyard securely screened from prying eyes by the "devil wall" that is set before the door to keep out evil Chinese spirits capable of moving only in a straight line.

The wall that turns its side of rudeness and strength upon the outside world reflects, of course, an insecurity in the social order. It belongs to a period of medieval stress. But there are other things it mirrors as well, and chief of these is an attitude toward women. The harem is traditional among both Moors and Chinese, although the latter have foresworn it along with their dynastic past. And there is no harem without walls to shield and keep its treasures for the master's eye.

To escape from her walls has been the difficult task of the Latin-American woman. And curiously she is a short step behind the woman of China in suffrage emancipation, though the barriers of both are most peculiarly alike.

The Spaniard's attitude toward the other sex—and it is as true of South America today as of Spain—is a compounding of Gallic chivalry and Oriental contempt. The evidences are in all phases of Spanish-American life, just as they lie in the philosophies and moralities of Arab and Chinese. Proverbial literature is full of them, and the sayings of Spain and China are strikingly similar. Both are extravagant in praise of woman's charm each damns her frailties in acid ink.

One signal difference is the Spaniard's estimate of his mate's mentality. He appears to be fully conscious of her intellectual qualities, although he may be silent about them; and there is many a distinguished foreign observer of both Spain and Spanish America who has called the women superior in this respect to the men.

In China woman's mental potentiality is as great, though she has had less opportunity for development. Chinese literature, which is man-made, has not, however, confessed this.

Gentlemen of China and of South America have not been much accustomed to appearing in public with the women of their households, although in this the yeast of feminine emancipation has done some slight leavening. In general, one's wife, in China, is still relegated to the "inner chamber," and it is the professional entertainer, the "singsong" girl, who lightens the idle hours of tea houses and places of public amusement. In South America, likewise, the wife of Don Fulano languishes at home while he ranges at large to his men's dinners and to his various romancings. Just as it is a breach of etiquette to inquire after a Chinese gentleman's wife, so is it a false step for South American gentry to speak to the wife of an acquaintance should she be encountered unescorted in a public thoroughfare. Either custom hints of Oriental distrust, and the conviction that rigid conventions are necessary to safeguard weak woman from a predatory world.

In both China and Spanish America the restricted position of woman results in a matrimonial code iron-bound with convention. Courtship and marriage become family and clan affairs, rather than the business of individuals. The responsibility, financial and social, inhering in a daughter, creates the urgency of marrying her off at the most adventitious moment. This pressure, whatever else it engenders, leaves little room for old maids, who are not numerous either in the Spanish world or in the Orient. A spinster is a cull in the matrimonial market, and there is little other refuge for her than the veil.

Still another common urge, working constantly against the state of celibacy, is philoprogenitiveness.

Curiously, these races so adept in parenthood evidence alike the weakness of spoiling their children. The autocratic family ruler in neither Spanish America nor China is capable of leashing his own indulgence or the resulting arrogance and wilfulness of his children. They have no proper discipline, and, indeed, Chinese children, in spite of the Confucian teachings of filial piety and reverence for age, are by no means taught to obey their parents. As a rule their notion of prompt obedience is of the haziest character.

As for the aboriginal inhabitants in the Andes region of South America there is in their children quite another resemblance to the Orient. They make no such infant outcry as their white fellows, but exhibit, apparently from birth, the stoicism toward pricks and pangs of life that is inherent in the Oriental mind.

In their general effect the bronzed, crop-haired urchins of the Andes, with their sloe eyes and the Mongolian slant of their cheeks, are a striking reminder of the East. In no more dramatic situation is this true than in the schools, from the classrooms of which can be heard the ululation of a continuous chorus of study aloud, just as in the schools of Old China. The simile can be carried even further, for there is an emphasis upon memory training, through committing to mind fixed answers to formal textbook questions—a system not wholly alien to that of the old learning in China, which consisted very largely of memorizing the classics.

But the striking parallels that exist between one-half the New World and most of the Old end, by no means, with the women and children. One who knows the Orient is more than likely to be instantly aware, upon landing in Peru, of a certain familiarity in his surroundings. Reminiscences and suggestions of the East will crowd upon him in the Narrow thoroughfares, emerging from the sounds, the smells, the very walls, and above all else from the Mongolian tint and contour of indigenous faces. These first impressions will multiply rapidly. They may well become an obsession.

To make a record of some of these coincidences is not, it must be understood, to offer a new ethnological theory. There has been enough

Left—This ferry boat at Havana would be at home among the Sampans of Shanghai.

Asia and America in a Bolivian village.

Santiago, Chile, except for its straight streets, resembles an Oriental city. With its flat roofs, low buildings, and arched facades, it is reminiscent of Granada, the last stronghold of the Moor in Spain.

At right—An Oriental avocation upon the streets of Lima, Peru.

controversy of that kind over the origin of the American Indian, an argument centering about the popularized assumption that the Red Man came from Asia or the Pacific Islands, either by way of the Bering Strait and Alaska or upon ships driven by storms and ocean currents over the long sea routes.

The proponents of this theory refer to such historical records as Indian hieroglyphics that resemble the Chinese, ancient Mongolian implements and coins found in the Pacific Northwest, and early visits by Oriental mariners to points on the western coast of the Americas. They speak of the striking likeness of the old Mexican religion to early Buddhism, and of certain resemblances between religious practices of the Incas and those of Asia. There was a belief in transmigration of souls, for example; and the monastic system in Mexico, the religious festivals in both Americas, the worship of household gods, the burning of incense and the chanting of prayers—all these were similar to the theological forms of China.

Likenesses were to be found as well in customs political, martial, industrial and architectural. The rope bridges in old Peru were made of twisted willow branches, almost exactly like the twisted bamboo bridges in various parts of China. Throughout the four thousand years of Chinese history, the emperor plowed a furrow annually, with a yellow share, in deference to the empire's fundamental occupation of agriculture, and in Peru the same ceremony was performed with a plow of gold by the reigning Inca. There were like parallels in the use of charms and amulets, in the practice of cremation, in preservation of the ashes of the dead in urns, and in the idea that an eclipse was produced by a celestial dragon swallowing the sun or moon.

The Incas kept their records by means of knots tied in strings of various colors and shapes, called *quipus*. And in the Chinese histories it is set down that a similar primitive system was in use before the invention of writing. The counting frame of the Peruvians is said to have been little different from the Chinese abacus that has not yet ended its usefulness. The *chasquis*, those swift postmen of the Incas, who carried not only messages but parcels—delicacies of the coastal gardens being transported to royal tables over the long mountain leagues before their bloom found time to wither—had their prototypes in ancient China.

Then there was the matter of ears. In old Peru, as in China, good fortune was in direct proportion to the size of these appendages. It was the grotesque belief of Cathay that one whose ears were long enough to reach his shoulders would attain to the highest felicity. And there was the legendary example of the great Liu Pei, whose attainment of such an auditory dimension enabled him to found a dynasty. Part of the ceremony of admitting young Peruvian nobles to the Inca chivalry was the piercing of their ears with a golden bodkin, which was allowed to remain there until an opening had been made large enough to accommodate the enormous pendants that were peculiar to their order. In the case of the sovereign Inca these ornaments were so large as to distend the cartilage of the ear until it reached nearly to the shoulder, producing what seemed to the European eye a monstrous deformity, but a thing of beauty and fashion in the regard of the Peruvians. "The larger the hole," comments one of the Spanish conquerors, "the more of a gentleman."

These and other things establish a suggestive, if not a conclusive, relationship between ancient Peru and the East. To quote Prescott, the historian: "The subjects of the Incas, in their patient and tranquil devotion to their native soil, bore greater resemblance to the Oriental nations, as the Hindoos and the Chinese, than they bore to the members of the great Anglo-Saxon family."

Whatever question there may be as to the Far Eastern orientalism that exhibits itself in South America today—by coincidence, if for no other reason—there can be no argument as to the secondary influence from Western Asia. The Spaniard, for seven centuries, went to school to the Moor, and the entire Spanish world still wears the Oriental mantle of Moorish custom and thought.

It is interesting rather than extraordinary, therefore, that the social order in South America should be in so many points similar to that of the Far East. The clan spirit of the Orient—to continue with these parallels—is well marked in the Spanish-American, though it is not developed to the Chinese extreme, which results sometimes in an entire village or provincial district claiming a single name and one family hierarchy. Family solidarity, nevertheless, is strong in those of Spanish blood, and just as the sons cling to their father's house in China, so does young Don Fulano de Tal bring home his bride to join the company of his mother and probably her numerous brood of daughters and daughters-in-law. There is often what seems like a small village housed under some old Spanish-American roof, though time and change do what they can to disrupt this feudal grouping.

An Oriental corner in Paraguay.

Such a form of family life has an inevitable effect upon the whole social structure. Charity begins and ends mainly within the consanguinous circle, and public spirit is shackled close to its near and exacting demands. This is one of the serious difficulties of modern China, which is still saddled with nepotism and interprets public weal too much in terms of its cousins, its uncles and its aunts. Spanish America possesses the wider background of Europe for its political adventures, but the clan spirit no doubt has a great deal to do with its many inauspicious experiments in the realm of democracy.

The seclusion of the harem and the promiscuity of life in the large family group suggest a singular incongruity. In spite of the barriers that hide the home in both China and South America there is a degree of publicity in the business of living that would be intolerable to the Anglo-Saxon, who must be sometimes alone. This is doubtless the outcome of a swarming, compressed family circle. Both peoples seem calloused to close and constant personal contact.

Akin to this characteristic, and growing out of it, perhaps, is an insensitiveness to noise. The nerves of the Anglo-Saxon have often been explained on the score of climate, but the obtuseness of a northern Chinese to racket and din is as great as that of his fellow countrymen in the mellower South; there is no more irritating climate than that of Spain and many of the harsher altitudes of the Andes, yet neither Spaniard nor Spanish-American is stirred from the serene placidity by the uproars of his private and public life. No single manifestation of the Latin's fondness for noise touches the visitor so poignantly as the unused mufflers of the automobiles. This seems a trait as persistent and characteristic as the loud and unceasing chantey of a laboring coolie. The cries of the street vendors of the Spanish world, less objectionable from the point of view of cacophony, because of their melody, are remindful of the guild songs of China.

Although the Chinese are not popularly understood to possess the quick, hot blood of the Latins, they nevertheless have a national proclivity for choler. Sudden and prolonged outbursts of rage manifest themselves in a process called "telling the street." In the course of these noisy demonstrations unbelievable verbal filth and profanity are hurled forth, generally in damnation of the offender's ancestry. This persistent and smouldering anger, like that of a turkey gobbler, has something of a parallel in the Spanish *rabia*, which manifests itself not so much in profanity, although there is plenty of that in the Iberian idiom, but in sudden acts of violence—the traditional flash and play of an angry blade.

Probably all this is the result, in either case, of a certain Oriental pride to which the thought of compromise is intolerable. In China it is so well defined as to have a definite term. It is known there as "face." Life is insupportable to the Chinese who has received either a real or an imaginary affront. His riper philosophies, however, have conspired to relieve him of some of the harsher consequences of wounded pride. He rarely comes to blows, or to any form of corporeal reprisal. Sometimes his "face" is saved merely by the process of hurling profane imprecations upon his traducer. It makes no difference to him that at the same time he advertises the offense against himself, for this act of reviling, according to the Chinese convention, saves his honor.

"Face," the combination of pride, self-will and touchiness, has made the man of both Chinese and Spanish origin a poor loser. Unwillingness to yield a point has necessitated the Chinese system of the go-between without which business and personal adjustments would be difficult if not impossible. In the Spanish world the mortification of defeat or of personal derogation has engendered acts of violence that have come to be excused on the ground that such matters are beyond human control.

"Face," has made the Chinese backward in competitive sports, and it is to be suspected that the same influence, combined with other things as fundamentally Oriental, has kept the Spaniard out of them as well. Neither one is constitutionally apt in physical exercise, which is only of recent years being taken up by the younger and more progressive.

Not until a short time ago did the frequent spectacle of a Chinese team of players retiring from the field when the game was going against them cease to call attention to the influence of "face" in sports. In politics it still manifests itself in the unwillingness of the losing party to accept defeat, and this is a trait that has kept South American politics boiling with revolutions during the hundred years that have intervened since the beginning of the Latin republics.

In fine distinction to the rough edges of deportment that are made inevitable by the system of "face," and as a necessary foil to it as well, is the elaborate code of conventional forms governing personal conduct. The Confucian rules of ceremony are three hundred in number, and the rules of behavior three thousand. They are rigid and cover every possible contingency. And scarcely less formal are the conventional courtesies that govern the genteel in South America.

But, as is always the case with elaborated conventions, there is a deep stratum of insincerity beneath the polished veneer of manners in both the

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Cleveland and the Republican Elephant

A True "Close Up" of the Cleveland Convention With the Ballyhoo Cut Out

By A. R. PINCI

THE most peculiar feature about the recent Republican National Convention is that half a mile or so away from the Public Auditorium no one could have suspected that an organization ordained to nominate a candidate for President of the United States was in the midst of Cleveland. Crowds were conspicuous by their absence, and very few souvenir, banner and emblem vendors were about. The old-time street fakers, which until a few years ago were part and parcel of any visitors' army that descended upon a town, evidently remained behind, either in New York or Chicago or playing the last few remaining rural centers.

East Sixth street, from Lakeside avenue to Superior avenue, was animated, to be sure, but most of the liveliness was contributed by lusty-lunged newsboys crying their latest edition, and it was easy to guess that business was not booming for them. In fact, it was not easy to sell a newspaper announcing Calvin Coolidge's nomination six months after every visitor there, with the possible exception of two states, virtually found it in the Christmas stocking.

Of course, the identity of the successful nominee for the Vice-Presidency did puzzle veteran observers and indubitably was the only promising topic of discussion, but by the time that the nomination was to be effected, the tail end of the convention was in sight and discounted, and nine out of every ten visitors were thinking in terms of trains and home—incidentally, also, of food, through bad parliamentary tactics.

No wonder the convention was stale! The newspapers referred to it as cut-and-dried, which is not exactly the description, because *sub rosa* it was remaking Republican partisan history, but it was stale because it was badly timed, both as to date and hours. Punctuality is a word unknown to convention managers, evidently, and that is fatal. Convention managers are there on business, either paid for their trouble or otherwise free of worries about the cost of indefinitely visiting a more or less strange town, while delegates and their groups are almost in the same boat, but that is not true of the army of casuals who alone can be depended on to make such affairs a huge success. I doubt very much if Cleveland realized more than a small percentage of returns from visitors, and while big cities vie with each other to win the honor of extending hospitality from a sense of pride, still the eye to business is open, and justly so.

There is no more superstitious individual than the politician, but when he is multiplied by several hundred in a single gathering it means as solid a block of superstition as may exist this side of the Middle Ages. Friday the thirteenth is alleged to be a hoodoo day, the first of the excluded ones. Woodrow Wilson, twelve years ago, was warned against the day, but he laughed the advice aside, repeatedly, but there are many, countless many, who think of him, shake their heads wisely, eloquently, and clinch their belief more seriously than ever.

A Few Snapshots

NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding, the Republican convention was held during a week that included that fearful day, which to all intents and purposes had either to be anticipated or jumped over. No self-respecting political convention would dare transact any major business on that day, even though Saturday was sure to be reached.

Whatever attention an arranged pugilistic encounter did not attract was chiefly directed to the antics of an aviator who elongated more necks that day than any of the convention potentates. Fireworks were planned as an added attraction, but the rain and thunder beat the pyrotechnics to it. We, inside the auditorium, did not know which was which, as it was difficult to attune one's ear to the diverse sounds in the midst of the hubbub about us. What with the organ, the band, the speakers, and Chairman Mondell's gavel beating an occasional tempoless tattoo upon a wheezy board, powder and lightning were about alike.

So much for the circumstances that through thoughtlessness or carelessness or self-assurance made up much of the cut-and-dried atmosphere from the Clevelanders' standpoint.

The city was delightfully dry, in a prohibition sense. I won't say that drinks of more than the lawful content were not imbibed, but whoever did so did it discreetly. There were no alcoholic breaths. There was none of that semi-idiotic hilariousness that a spurious Bacchus inspires. Apparently Cleveland made good on prohibition, as far as many of us could judge.

But regarding weather it was not so good. Much of the time we had what I shall term umbrella-dry weather; the kind that is rainless if one is armed with an umbrella or cravenette—the kind that is deluging when portable watersheds are left behind. A little sunshine peeking in at the window at rising hour, just enough to tempt one with the gayest raiment, but whose immediate disappearance shortly afterward the weather man explains with a wonderful unintelligible explanation about areas of low pressure, when the reader's blood is at high pressure.

But why worry? In the auditorium they tried to make us forget that there was no sunshine. The spectrum was defied in every way. Color harmonics of all degrees were played. At the far end, purple was the most frequent shade; at our end, the platform end, blue was the persisting shade.

At that, blue was not out of place. Scarcely a person on the speaker's platform smiled. Instead of its being a political festival it seemed, judging by some expressions, something contrariwise. Of course, the occasion must needs be solemn by its very nature, but cheerfully so.

And now for a few snapshots.

Whenever Chairman Mondell stepped forward, whether he rapped or stood in readiness to do so, there was not that reaction of silence which denotes, more than anything else, the degree of an assemblage's attentiveness. Even after order was a reality the great majority was interested in an oft-repeated pantomime that was played for the first time at a national convention, but certainly not the last. As each succeeding speaker appeared, he had to be guided by Master-of-Ceremonies Campbell, who saw to it that the proper distance from the two radio microphones was maintained. One individual evidently did not understand why he was gently pushed this way and that, a step back, three inches sidewise, and so on. Now he'll *never* forget.

In a corner, near the railing, C. Bascom Slemp, the President's secretary, sat most of the time by himself.

In the row fronting him Frank W. Stearns, Mr. Coolidge's friend and observer, sat alone most of the time, too.

William M. Butler, new chairman of the National Republican Committee, likewise a White House familiar, lorded it alone.

Occasionally some brave one approached, sat down for an instant, or positions were temporarily changed, but on the whole the trio maintained a silent, unsmiling, noncommittal attitude. Of course, most of their work was done before and between sessions, but there is no doubt that some of their frigidity influenced bystanders, for the sort of goodfellowship so conspicuous at political gatherings of any magnitude was absent. Of course, it was impersonal, this sense of isolation or separateness, but it left old-timers accustomed to a different sort of behind-the-scenes bonhomie disconcerted, to put it mildly. One, a Roosevelt survivor, was flabbergasted, he confided.

The unseen organist, concealed beneath the platform, played some excellent compositions, while the band, shelved in a corner above the stage, bunched so close together that one wondered how the players could draw in enough air to suffice for all the trombones, cornets, and horns, was untiring in its efforts, but whether singly or together, the net effect of the music was negative. Only once did it stir enthusiasm, in the larger sense, and that was during the overrated episode anent Wisconsin's delegates' refusal to rise when the crowd wanted to make the Coolidge endorsement unanimous.

With the idea of making the incident much more dramatic in some respects than it was, and much more offensive if not "insulting," which it was not, except in the imagination of a few hoodlums, a scene was staged where the Wisconsin delegation sat which actually was more of a burlesque than a farce. Naturally, since the convention was one to ratify the President, his name was uppermost; so much so that it was dubbed a Coolidge affair through and through.

In reality it was not a question of whether the delegates aforementioned were committed to any one candidate, popular or unpopular, but it was a question of whether the fractional minority had a right to be heard at all. The hisses were decidedly out of place, because convictions are convictions, and from them must develop progress. For a thousand victors to endeavor to dismay a handful of lonely crusaders the result was not worth while, for after all the latter held their own to the last. The impromptu parade, the brandishing of state standards, the mingled voices of contending sides, was very interesting in a way, and compared by an old man to Senator Teller's break with his fellow politicians over the free silver question some three decades ago. The excitement, which showed signs of abatement several times, was artificially renewed and lasted twenty minutes. Meanwhile the Wisconsin delegation enjoyed the affair heartily. With all of their standpattism they were marvelously good-natured, and submitted to being kodaked, photographed and movied.

Some Tactical Blunders

IT WAS not until it became obvious to the platform bosses that the whole thing was developing into an absurd test of endurance that *the band began to play the Star Spangled Banner*—not by mere chance.

Practically every one in the auditorium was already standing, and only a few therefore rose for the occasion. The delegates from Wisconsin rose, too, not without remarking on the misuse of the national anthem to compel a trick victory.

On second thought it dawned upon many of the participants that the whole affair had been overdone and that they played into the minority's hands. Wisconsin received columns of advertisement that otherwise could have been measured in lines.

The next sport was that of guessing the Vice-Presidential nominee. It was a favorite pastime all through Wednesday night and Thursday morning. Everything was a formality. The only sustained interest was that awakened by Dr. M. L. Burton, president of the University of Michigan, once neighbor of Calvin Coolidge at Northampton, who was designated by the latter to make the nominating speech.

From where I sat, with William Allen White, the sage of Emporia, on my right, Dr. Burton's profile was clear as a silhouette. In it I noted a decided resemblance to the President's, even to the color of the hair. Mr. Coolidge's thatch is sparse, and therefore it seems paler than Dr. Burton's, who carefully combed his down until it shone underneath the spotlights.

How long Dr. Burton's speech would have been in its entirety only a few know, since it was shortened by mutual consent before its delivery, but unfortunately it was too long by half. White, of Emporia, and McClatchy, of Sacramento, agreed that the speaker was overenthusiastic in behalf of a subject who already monopolized about all of the enthusiasm the convention was capable of demonstrating.

To show upon what slender threads success and enthusiasm may depend or change, I need only say that toward the end of the Burton speech too many individuals were looking at their watches to see how soon it was to lunch hour; some did not even need to look. As he recited excerpts from past Coolidge views, which he must have memorized, the effect of spontaneity was suddenly lost. It may have come natural to Dr. Burton to know by heart everything he quoted from Coolidge, but to a less scholastic audience, which was becoming hungry, the interpretations he advanced anent the quotations were not appreciated to the full.

That was the first tactical error of the managers. To convene at eleven o'clock, to call the convention to order half an hour late and dawdle in doing so, were blunders. There is no reason why the convention should not have been called to order promptly at ten o'clock, if not earlier.

Calvin Coolidge was formally nominated at a quarter of two in the afternoon. The average lunch hour was over, but the convention should have recessed then. Instead, after a motion was seconded and adopted that all speeches seconding the nomination be limited to five minutes, the talking began. Talk was talk now. Gallery seats were slowly emptying.

Cutting It Short

THEN came the alleged five-minute speeches. The majority of listeners had stop-watch faces by this time and it were a blind speaker who could not perceive the timing proclivities of the audience. The two or three who made their speeches short and sweet—no one cared what they said—were applauded for their brevity.

"When do we eat?"

That, or variations of that question, began to be overheard. Shuffling of feet, nervous fanning, irrational conversation, plaintive and expectant glances toward Chairman Mondell, apparently oblivious to the growing distraction, followed. Hunger—or if not hunger, the reprehensible habit of eating at midday—began to interfere with politics.

A lusty "seconder" mounted the platform. A little applause, which was the result of nervousness, and hope against hope. At long-winded gatherings of this sort auditors soon learn from certain cadences of the voice when a natural finish is reached. But unfortunately few speakers realize that it is stopping time. The bland, encouraging expressions are not what the speaker believes—but what he does not in most cases suspect. A bid to stop he translates as the urge to go on.

That happened several times Thursday afternoon. Even the sporadic cries from various parts of the auditorium, some almost peremptory orders of "enough" and "cut it short" did not faze the leather-lunged seconders. One calmly sat on the railing waiting for the restlessness to subside, and when it did he stepped back in the proper position before the radio transmitters and talked anew. Finally Mr. Mondell was compelled to take cognizance of the hubbub and invited the speaker out.

When the recess was announced the harm had been done. Had the Vice-Presidency been a foregone conclusion, as was the Presidency, few spectators would have returned. Finding something good to eat at the off hour of three to four was doubted, and then there was the contingency of going dinnerless if one wished to witness the complete balloting for second place.

Why the rush? A President is chosen once in four years and may last eight. A ratio of one day a year would not be too much to ask, with due regard to the needs of delegates, who have to put up with hotel life, limited comforts and the like. What the majority of delegates wish to do of their own free will is something else, but from the standpoint of parliamentary procedure conventions are still too crude. There is too much steam-rollering from somewhere behind the lines.

There is too much bathos disguised as pathos; there is too much ballyhooing disguised as politics. There ought to be some parliamentary restrictions against these deviations from the business at hand. There is no necessity to invent martyrdoms, to confabulate about exaggerations, to quicken dying enthusiasm—or murdered enthusiasm—by trick use of the American flag, like a George M. Cohan comedy.

During the convention I heard the name of Theodore Roosevelt, as President, once only, and the applause was genuine; the genuineness was attested to by its volume, quickness and natural end. Why William H. Taft's name was heard in silence I shall not attempt to say. A flurry was occasioned at the mention of Lincoln, whereas a great deal of obviously milling applause followed the uttering of Harding's name. But what I should like to know is just what would have responded, in the way of applause, had Woodrow Wilson's name been mentioned by any one in connection with the war. There may be many answers to that—but most likely there would be one only.

But now it's all over, as far as that convention is concerned.

Cleveland did nobly, generously, conservatively.

In the end, however, will the little Cleveland girl who passed by the entrance "Q," reserved for us of the press, during a moment when the loudspeakers overhead were silent, ask again of her guardian:

"Mummy, when will Station G. O. P. broadcast?"

Pageantry or Firecrackers?

A Picturesque Way of Celebrating the Fourth

Group of pageant characters.

Group of characters in Fourth of July pageant.

Group in one of Miss Burr's masques.

By BYRON SHORT

HUNDREDS of persons gather on a college campus and powerful electric searchlights, placed in the upper windows of one of the old ivy-covered stone buildings, brilliantly illuminate the open space between the bleachers and a huge platform extending across one part of the circle. The pageant characters in their spectacular costumes are not professionals, but are chosen from the townspeople, faculty and college students.

In place of an announcer such as is found in a circus, a college student stands at one of the upper windows of the old stone building, a megaphone in one hand and a printed booklet in the other.

Everything is in readiness for the presentation of the second of a trilogy of Fourth of July pageants depicting the history of our country from the time of its discovery to the present. The director blows her whistle; the orchestra plays the prelude; the characters in their varied costumes take their places in the procession.

Such community plays are given each Independence Day on the campus of the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas. They are presented under the able direction of their author, Miss Osceola Burr, supervisor and director of pageantry at the college.

The first pageant of the trilogy was entitled "The Birth of Freedom"; the second, "The Symbol of Union" (The Story of the Great West); while the third pageant, which is to be produced July 4, 1925, will portray the history of our country from the close of the Civil War until the end of the World War.

The first of these Independence Day pageants was produced on the evening of July 4, 1922. There was such a demand for its repetition that it was reproduced on the evening of the following Fourth of July, 1923. Including the orchestra and chorus there were about 250 participants, all local. The pageant story was told by pantomime, singing and speaking. Each episode was preceded by the reading by the prolocutor of a portion of the pageant story, copies of which were in the hands of the spectators. The finale included the singing of patriotic songs by the pageant characters (grouped together on the immense platform), the chorus and the entire audience.

This pageant pictured "The Birth of Freedom" in the world, beginning with its origin among the Puritan men of Old England, where they were persecuted. The succeeding episodes followed this spirit of freedom down through the years, with scenes of Columbus, the Pilgrims, the Indians, and the social life of the colonies as shown by the "Minuet" and George and Martha Washington; leading up to the Revolutionary War, which was portrayed by such scenes as "The Continental Soldiers," "Betsy Ross and the traditional First Flag," "The Spirit of '76" and "Lafayette coming to the assistance of Washington." At the close of the Revolutionary scenes took place the presentation of Uncle Sam to the world by John Bull.

From the symbolic presentation of "Death" and "Martyrs" at the beginning to the closing patriotic songs, the attention of the audience was held by the beautiful and impressive portrayal of our country's history.

The Fourth of July Pageant for 1924 includes the epoch from the end of the Revolutionary War to the end of the Civil War. It shows the change in the meaning of the words "the Far West," as our civilization gradually spread westward. The pageant shows how at first "the Far West" meant west of the Alleghenies; then Ohio, then Missouri and then Kansas, each in turn; and finally how it came to mean the western shores of our continent.

The author has chosen for her sub-themes two of the ideas modern history is trying to instill in the minds of the younger generation; (1) the amiable attitude of England toward the United States from the time we became a nation; and (2) the fact that the Civil War was a tragic mistake rather than a necessity.

Although still a young woman, Miss Burr is one of the pioneers in the field of pageantry. She has had considerable experience in this line of work, having produced in all seventy-five pageants. About one-third of these were given during the World War for the purpose of arousing patriotic interest.

The pageants which she has written and directed in the last ten years cover a wide range, including, besides those of a patriotic nature, masques such as "The Spirit of Play," and religious pageants, such as "The Law of Service." The latter was produced last Christmas at the college and its presentation marks the establishment of an annual Christmas pageant production as a college tradition.

Recently Miss Burr wrote and directed a pageant entitled "The Awakening of the West" for the Kansas State Farm Bureau. The theme of this production, which required 2,000 participants, was the development of agriculture.

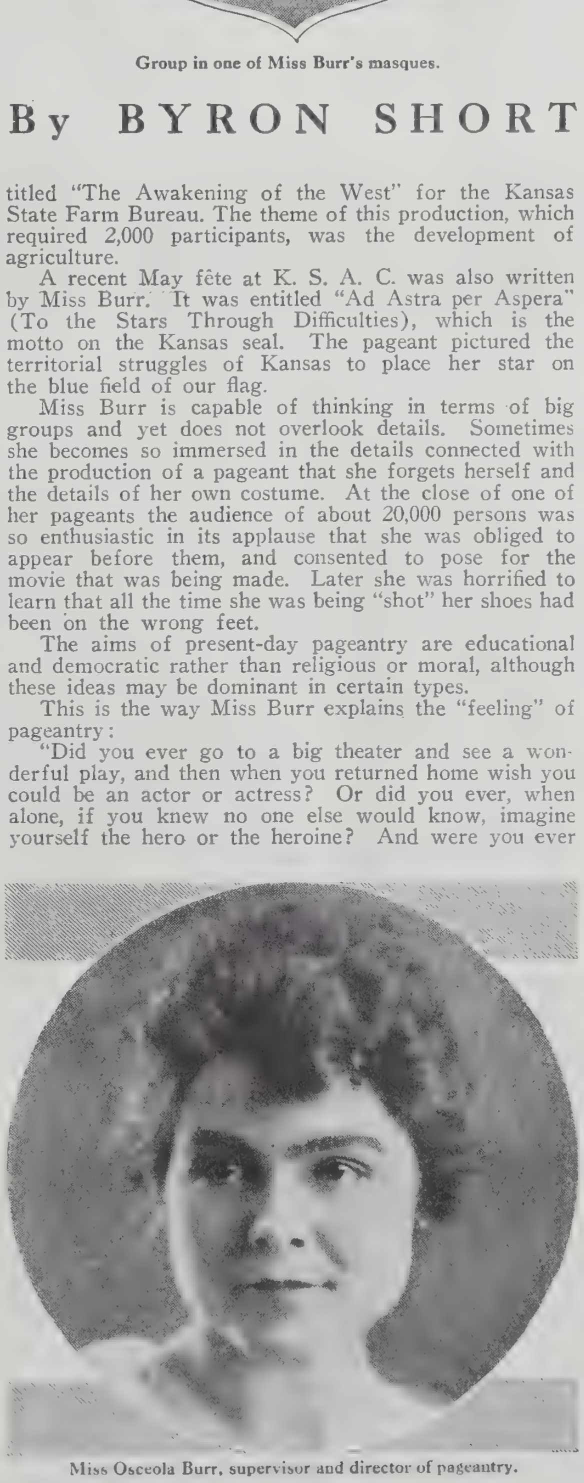
A recent May fête at K. S. A. C. was also written by Miss Burr. It was entitled "Ad Astra per Aspera" (To the Stars Through Difficulties), which is the motto on the Kansas seal. The pageant pictured the territorial struggles of Kansas to place her star on the blue field of our flag.

Miss Burr is capable of thinking in terms of big groups and yet does not overlook details. Sometimes she becomes so immersed in the details connected with the production of a pageant that she forgets herself and the details of her own costume. At the close of one of her pageants the audience of about 20,000 persons was so enthusiastic in its applause that she was obliged to appear before them, and consented to pose for the movie that was being made. Later she was horrified to learn that all the time she was being "shot" her shoes had been on the wrong feet.

The aims of present-day pageantry are educational and democratic rather than religious or moral, although these ideas may be dominant in certain types.

This is the way Miss Burr explains the "feeling" of pageantry:

"Did you ever go to a big theater and see a wonderful play, and then when you returned home wish you could be an actor or actress? Or did you ever, when alone, if you knew no one else would know, imagine yourself the hero or the heroine? And were you ever disappointed when you 'came to' after such an experience, because in your community really big plays were not produced? Yes, of course, you have done so. It is human nature to want to play a part.


Miss Osceola Burr, supervisor and director of pageantry.

"The last few years have seen the modern drama become so professional and commercialized that only those who follow the profession of acting are privileged to have the thrill that comes from creating and contributing to dramatic art. More recently, there has been a noticeable change, and dramatic expression is coming back to the people, where it originated. Home talent plays are contributing greatly to the fund of knowledge and dramatic experience of local communities. Drama, however, from a community standpoint, is scarcely big enough in its scope to include all the people, as drama is a form of expression in which many are called but few are chosen.

"With the development of community consciousness, and with the growing desire and demand for individual and community expression, there has been revived a type of dramatic expression that meets the recreational needs of all the people, a type that is democratic. This is community pageantry.

"Pageantry is primarily democratic—it is of, for and by the people. It is of vital importance to the entire community; it uses many persons and has no star performer; its actors are amateurs rather than professionals; and it shows its story rather than tells it."

One of the advantages of having no "star performers" is that the pageant can be produced even though several of the pageant characters may be unable to appear for its presentation. If necessary, "last-minute" substitutions can easily be made, since it is the costume and not the acting or spoken words which is of greatest importance. Two members of the group of "flame dancers" in "The Awakening of the West" became quite ill just before the performance, but the audience never realized their absence.

Although the actors are amateur, they often feel more genuine emotion when "acting the part" than would a professional. Especially is this true of the pageant character who happens to be a descendant of the historical personage whom he is representing, as was the college professor who played the part of William Penn in "The Birth of Freedom."

As an example of the community interest aroused, a small boy came to Miss Burr on the afternoon of the Fourth and asked if he too could "be in" the pageant. He might have spoiled the action of an entire group, but she wisely procured for him an Indian suit and told him to do just like the other children of the Indian group. The audience never knew of the "last minute" addition to the list of pageant characters.

A college professor or the most prominent citizen of the town is no more important than a college student or a child in a pageant picture. All participants are of equal value. The person "who wants to run things" learns to obey the commands of the director and to do just like the rest of his group.

Illustrating this community co-operation, the pageant committee for "The Symbol of Union" included persons from both the town and college. On it were representatives from the college departments of building and repair, electrical engineering, applied arts, clothing, history, journalism, and from the college class in pageantry organization; together with representatives from the Manhattan Chamber of Commerce and the Ministerial Association.

It has been said that, "the Hebrews gave to the world religion; Greece gave art; Rome gave law; Germany gave science; England gave literature; and America gave commercialism." Also, that "America would rather buy art than make it." But if the growth and demand for pageantry throughout the United States continues, it is possible that this will also become a national characteristic. Just as the Passion Play is synonymous with the name of the German town, Oberammergau, so pageants of a certain type might become definitely associated with various localities of our country.

"The old Fourth of July is passing away," said Miss Burr. "The noise, the confusion, the destruction, that went with the celebration of the old Fourth, is now frowned upon; and we are coming to realize that the expression of patriotism cannot be exploded by a firecracker. Many other communities, like Manhattan, Kansas, are finding through pageantry a worthy and safe way to express individual and community patriotism; the kind that makes so profound an impression that it is remembered longer than a single day."

The Soldiers' Home—Where Lincoln Stayed

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Barracks, U. S. Soldiers' Home, Sheridan Building.

Fourteenth street, to Fourteenth street, and to follow the latter into the city. One morning when the President was on his way from the home to the White House when he reached Fourteenth street he encountered an Infantry Regiment on the march. A number of regiments had been ordered into the city and the President was very much interested in their arrival. He stepped out of the barouche, not by opening the door, but by stepping over the door, and approaching a sergeant, said to him: "What is this?" The sergeant replied, "It is a regiment, you old fool!" This amused Lincoln very much. He made no reply, but returned, got into the carriage and proceeded to the White House. It is said that the President repeated the story several times during that day.

There are a great many interesting characters at the Soldiers' Home. For instance, there is E. A. Buck—who carves the Lord's Prayer on walking sticks. He has made and sold more than $2,000 worth of canes.

An outstanding character is George Campbell, the symbolic Uncle Sam, who always takes a conspicuous part in the many patriotic demonstrations in the nation's capital. Campbell was a drummer boy during the Civil War, and tells the following story of Lincoln: One morning the President called at the Mt. Pleasant Hospital in Washington, where Campbell was stationed, and was struck with the perfect time in which the drummer boys rolled out reveille. The President called the boys over and shook hands with each of them. Campbell settles the point as to which side of his head the President parted his hair. He says that it was parted on this particular morning on the left side. After the Civil War Campbell graduated from the medical college and practiced many years.

The home is equipped with a thoroughly modern hospital, and has ample facilities for the proper care and treatment of its sick. The physio-therapy building is considered one of the most complete of its kind in the country. The hospital has recently been enlarged and now has room for 500 patients.

The home is administered by a board of commissioners, of which Major-General Tasker H. Bliss, retired, governor of the home, is president, and the surgeon-general, the quartermaster general, chief of engineers, the adjutant-general of the army and the judge-advocate-general are members. Under the administration of the present governor (General Bliss) a great many improvements have been made.

The home experienced an unfortunate investment in the early days of its history. Just before the Civil War the board of commissioners invested its funds in the bonds of the state of Virginia. When the war came on this proved to be a very bad investment, and left the home in a state of temporary financial embarrassment. Congress later provided that such funds as were not needed in the current administration of the home should be left in the Treasury of the United States and that the Treasury should pay the home interest at the rate of three per cent on such sum. There is now in the Treasury of the United States, bearing three per cent interest, an amount approximating $3,000,000. The home can make no single expenditure in excess of $5,000, without the approval of the Secretary of War. Annually the home is inspected by the Inspector-General of the United States Army, and always measures up to the rigid exactions of the army.

Any account of the Soldiers' Home without reference to the dairy and the herd of Holstein cattle would be incomplete. The herd consists of 100 cows, 27 heifers, 4 bulls, and 85 calves. The Department of Agriculture tests it annually for tuberculosis and it has suffered no reaction for more than nine years. Every animal in the herd is registered, and out of the 100 cows in the herd 75 have received the advanced registration certificate of the Holstein-Friesian Association, the remaining 25 are now on test for yearly records.

The milk is used for the mess of the home, hospital and dairy; sold to officers and employes; fed to calves and used to produce cream and butter. The sale of stock from the herd is a source of revenue to the home. The calves command a price from $100 to $1,000 and the herd produces from seventy-five to eighty calves a year.

The herd is under the care of Dr. W. B. McGrath, who was born on the estate. He has had charge of the dairy for eighteen years. His father established the herd and had charge of it for thirty-five years.

Where East Is West

Concluded from page 10

Chinese and the Spanish worlds. The formal old mandarin, riding abroad on his donkey, says to an acquaintance who fares forth afoot: "I will get off and you shall mount." This, of course, means no more than "How do you do?" The Spanish-American, inheriting the phrase from his Iberian ancestors, says to a guest: "My house is yours." In either case an acceptance of the formulas at face value would be a profound shock to all concerned.

Fine phrases, however, are essentially Oriental. They come to the Spaniard from the Moor, and Chinese literature—even the colloquial speech—is filled with the verbal treasures of four thousand years. Rotund and mellifluous language rolls from the presses of the South-American newspapers, in Spanish phrase thick with adjectives and oily with personal enhancement.

Beneath such extravagance, of course, there is abundant room for those sly evils, guile and inaccuracy. The former is admired, in fact, by both peoples, and practiced with assiduity. In business it is a magnification of what used to be known as "Yankee shrewdness." There is one great Sinologue who, while confessing his general confidence in the business integrity of the Chinese, nevertheless sees in them a lamentable capacity for "duplicity, insincerity and obsequious accommodation to favorable circumstance." These are qualities that do not amount to a monopoly in any nation, but there are those who will be able to verify them easily in both Asia and South America.

The Moor seems to have passed on to his American heirs a good deal of his habitual disregard of accuracy. This, of course, is not so much a matter of wilful error as it is a deficient appreciation of the importance of facts. Most Orientals, if they do not know the answer to a question, will make up one. They are too polite to say, "I don't know." With the Chinese, this amounts almost to a talent. A coolie, answering the question of how far it is to a given point, is as likely to say "Far," or "Near," as anything else. Pressed for details, by some such further inquiry as "Ten miles?" he will give his smiling assent, whether he knows it to be twenty or forty. It is evident to him from the question that you wish it to be ten, and he would not for the world offend by making the distance appear otherwise.

"Straightforwardness without the rules of propriety becomes rudeness." This is the Chinese phrasing of another trait shared in common with the South American. It is the quality of indirection, of accomplishing matters of business, particularly, by flank rather than frontal attack. Commercial representatives have come to understand this well, and there are many droll stories of the intricate and circuitous rules of approach. Sometimes these are social, and have to do with a week-end, a dinner or a glass of vermouth; in fact it has often been said that an office in South America is more of a mailing address than a place for doing business.

To some degree this is a reflection of the general quality of mistrust manifesting itself in men of Oriental persuasion, not only toward their women but toward each other. The indirect method of business allows the opportunity of examining and perhaps of establishing the trustworthiness of the persons concerned.

A British diplomat is quoted as saying that "no South American will put his faith in another South American." This is a harsh judgment, and, perhaps more than is the case with other such generalities, is to be taken at a discount. Nevertheless, it can be adduced that in the industrial and commercial life of the continent there is a reluctance toward the formation of mutual stock companies in which South American capital alone is interested. Most of the railroad building, the development of natural resources, and the establishment of energetic commercial and industrial enterprises, has been by foreigners, and there is a lamentable record of failure among purely native companies, usually accompanied by a breath or a whole breeze of scandal.

Precisely the same tendency is to be noted in China, although both continents, in these latter days, show a trend toward emancipation from it. Young China seems to be catching from the Anglo-Saxon his spirit of coöperation. Perhaps the best evidence lies in the somewhat exaggerated penchant of Chinese students toward organizing strikes and boycotts for the promotion of their variously advanced ideals of democracy. And in the university strikes of the Argentine there is an approximate parallel.

More of the spirit of *mañana* than it deserves no doubt has been attributed to Spanish America. Yet that continent has a liberal inheritance of the "do it tomorrow" philosophy, particularly in the sedate and somewhat old-fashioned region of the Andean ridge. Time, to the Oriental, is of no great account. And in the sleepier of the American republics the Yankee is likely to be admonished: "Don't hurry. Some one will think you are busy."

Things are not likely to get done until tomorrow in either China or South America. Neither social nor business engagements are made to be kept—punctually. This negligent conception of the value of time can scarcely be understood by the Anglo-Saxon. To him eternity is no more than a period of years; but the Oriental mind is able to conceive of it in larger terms, by saying that when the Himalaya Mountains have been ground to powder by allowing a gauze veil to float against them once in a thousand years, eternity then will only have just begun. Upon such a premise, why worry about being an hour late for an appointment, a day late with a promised achievement?

No matter what the pressure of affairs, the Chinese has time for his tea, and the South American for his meals or his *maté*. This latter is by no means universally used, but it has long been almost as much of a national beverage in Argentina and Uruguay as tea proper in China, and there are devotees even in the high Andes and along the western slopes. Around the use of both there has grown an exacting ceremony. Both are social integers of vast significance. Over the *maté* bowl, as over the teacup, take place discussions lasting for hours or for days, around and about a subject that would be disposed of by an Anglo-Saxon in as many minutes.

Just as time is of little account, so is life cheap. The economic position of the Indian is that of the Chinese coolie. Both are enmeshed in a bitter struggle for life, and both are tinged with a stoicism and a fatalism that drift over imperceptibly into the more fortunate classes. The aborigine, even the peon with a liberal mixture of European blood, works stolidly and doggedly, with an almost cheerful acquiescence in toil as a necessary part of his destiny. And so it is also with the Chinese laborer, at home and abroad. "It is the will of heaven," sighs the Chinese; "It is written," laments the Moor.

The filth of the beggars suggests another parallel. To neither China nor South America is the bathtub overfamiliar. Chinese mistrust the use of water in any other way than when poured, at a boiling temperature, upon tea leaves, and the aversion of the Andean Indian to its use upon his body is just as acute. But men of Cathay have no such fundamental obtuseness to dirt as the Indian, who more nearly resembles, in this respect, the Arab or the Moor.

The pariah dogs of Cathay have their pitiful counterparts in Peru—both victims of a certain callousness to the sufferings of beasts. The Argentine's cruelty to animals has frequently been a subject of comment, and even the Chinese, despite his Buddhist law of gentle kindness to all living things, appears to have as little heart for dumb creatures as for the miseries of his own kind.

The number of minor similitudes linking South America with the East might be multiplied, through the requisite ingenuity and observation. Reference might be made to the propensity for gambling, powerful alike in both Don and Chinee; or to the occasional long finger nail, symbol of aversion to and fortunate exemption from manual toil, which is to be seen in South America as well as in China, if the tales of intimate travelers are to be believed. There is many a small likeness, too, in such matters as the religious processions, the scent of garlic, the atmosphere of village streets, and the terraced gardens and farms; in "squeeze," which is Chinese for graft, and in the rarity of the fixed price for retailed commodities; but since no point is to be proved, the collection of such data, valuable, if at all, only as amusing coincidence, should be brought to an end before it reaches any such proportion as to arouse retort from Spanish America's ethnological cavaliers.

Mr. Sapiro Speaks for Himself on Witness Stand

Concluded from page 3

If you had been asking me this specific question, I would have said, "That means, to their full extent, so as to give full measure of service."

Q. You think they would still be able to operate? You think they would be able to operate in Manitoba and Alberta, or Alberta alone? A. Yes. They will do some good.

Q. They would do some good? It would be better for the farmers then? A. Than individual dumping.

Q. Don't let us call names to any of these things.

A. That is not an abusive name. That is always used in the trade.

Q. It implies an idea I want to get away from. Under the present contract market system even a pool in Alberta, without the co-operation of other pools, would be better for the farmer than the present contract system? A. Than the present contract system. Yes. That is correct.

Q. Have you given thought or attention to the question whether the idea of the five years' contract plan is a necessary and essential ingredient of the pool plan?

A. Yes. I have given quite a bit of thought to that.

Q. Is it, or is it not?

A. Without a long term contract there is not a chance for a pool making good.

Q. So, it is a necessary element?

A. I might give one illustration there. It will probably show you, in answer to your first series of questions, just how the facts are. We have often discussed with the bankers the possibility of a market falling through overnight by some extraordinary chance which no one foresees. In that event, their collateral would be in jeopardy. They would have to take over or sell that collateral and the association would owe them a great deal of money. *The only way then for the association to pay back the money to these bankers would be in the fact that they had three or four years more to operate under their contract* with the farmer and in that way, if there be a loss in any way from some calamity, you still have those other years in which you can make that up. The bankers in the United States feel that that one factor alone is enough to take care of the particular chances you were asking about at the start of this hearing. . . .

Q. It is not a *voluntary* pool under which the farmer *binds himself* under *contract?*

A. Yes, voluntary refers to the farmer being willing to bind himself by his own will.

Q. Will you tell me what you have in your mind as *the force that is going to make the farmer hold to his contract*, if it is not his own sense of duty to his fellows and his desire to stand with his own people and do what he would do if he had not signed a contract? A. Now here is what I would say first of all: We have found in the co-operative Market Association that whenever an association is formed it takes the place of someone already in the trade. Therefore, those men who are already in the trade and who are bound to have both their business and profits reduced, fight co-operative. Therefore they do all kinds of things to induce the farmers not to deal with the co-operative . . . .

Q. You quite understand you are not answering my question. I simply wish to know what you regard as the sanction, *the force, behind the contract? How are you going to enforce it* against a person who is disinclined to continue?

A. We rely upon *the co-operative spirit* for procuring the signature to the contract. When once the contract is secured, we rely upon *the contractural terms* and if a man is induced to break his contract we proceed exactly as you would under any contract. *We go into the courts and procure enforcement* of those contracts.

Q. You go to the courts of the land to make this person—

A. Who has breached his contract. We make him keep the contract.

Q. Do you look to suing him for breach of contract, or do you look to suing him for specific performance of his contract? A. The United States have courts of different jurisdiction—

Q. You know enough about Canadian law to answer that question. A. Yes. Just a minute—

Q. What would you do here if you were up there in Saskatchewan?

A. We provide in that contract for both remedies. We provide for liquidated damages at so much a bushel on all wheat which has already been delivered outside. In addition to that, we ask for equitable relief in the line of specific performance of all unexecuted parts of the contract. *That is put in the contract.* The man agrees to that particular kind of relief and there has been as yet no decision in Canada which makes any of us feel that we cannot get the same remedies applied here that we have secured in the United States.

Q. Then the parties would get the real damages, would they not? A. I hate to disagree with a fellow lawyer, but in this case you cannot prove the real damages, because the association has not agreed to buy at a specific price.

By the Chairman:

Q. The difficulty would appear to be this, from a practical point of view. You take any given district this year, let us assume for the sake of argument that unfortunately the pool farmers receive less for their grain than the other farmers do; you know the effect of that? A. You mean a lot of men might break the contract?

Q. Now take any given area that fifty per cent were in the pool and fifty per cent were out of the pool. Suppose it happens that those in the pools get a less return, that is discouraging, isn't it? A. Yes.

Q. The next year a great many might be induced to say, "This pool is no good. I am not going to live up to my contract." They start selling their wheat outside of the pool. Now, are you going to get after each and every one of those farmers? A. Well, that is a question of policy. As a rule, your breaches are very few, because, as a rule, farmers regard these contracts as fairly sacred. They know it is their only chance. In some instances, one I have known, in the tobacco companies, they went around and they offered to the farmers who would settle outside the pool, perfectly enormous premiums on their tobacco, and in some instances they offered those farmers ten to twelve cents a pound over and above what we are trading tobacco for. . . . There were several hundred men out of about 90,000 who did break their contract . . . . *In those cases we sue, and we would sue in those cases, even if it ran into the hundreds of suits. As a matter of fact, in that territory, in that tobacco association, we have 400 suits filed against men of that type, but that is about 400 out of 97,000 members.* . . . If for any cause we were to get to the point where the vast majority of them did not want to co-operate, did not want to continue, then in that case we recommend dissolution of the co-operative.

This is the first of two articles on this subject. The second will appear in an early issue.

The Trial of Bishop Brown

Concluded from page 9

Bishop Brown could not have been successfully prosecuted in the diocese of New York. Dr. Grant has made as fundamental a challenge of the Christian doctrine as Bishop Brown could possibly make. Bishop Brown is at the same stage of development as Dr. Grant. Neither is an advanced mind; not even an up-to-date mind. All of us know what Bishop Brown means, for example, when he says he cannot believe in an objective God: he means a Being who sits in the form of a man somewhere in the skies. Inability to believe in this is sometimes expressed as repugnance to the idea of a "personal God." People commonly say that they do not believe in a "personal God," when they really mean a God in bodily form. Personality, many think, is too narrow a term to apply to Deity, since it is applied to humanity. The question might as well be put, whether it is not too great a term to apply to man. For what is greater than personality? What could Deity have that is greater than personality? What is personality but the combination of will, purpose, intelligence, direction, power? To deny these to Deity is to make Him lower than humanity. People deny personality to the Godhead because they imagine it is too little; did they but know what personality is, they would see how godlike it is wherever it exists.

What about Bishop Brown's alleged Marxism or communism? Does the New Testament teach communism? I must confess that I once thought it did. Indeed, a great deal of time is spent even today disposing of certain passages in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. Strangely enough, it was an article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT which called my mind back again to the matter, though at first I was inclined to pooh-pooh the position that the New Testament did *not* teach communism. But I went back again to the Greek and studied the matter more closely, and to my great enlightenment I found, even as the article had contended, that Acts 4:32 ought really to read: "The whole body of believers was in complete accord, and not one of them said any of his possessions was his own singly and alone, but everything was for the common good."

That doesn't do away with what we call private ownership, but it does deny the right of any Christian man to hold or use his possessions for selfish or anti-social purposes. It is for the common good. Marxism, of course, has no resemblance to this high social-mindedness. Marxism is just another kind of materialistic slavery—the very thing from which the Gospel represents the first Christians as emancipating themselves.

It is easy to see that Bishop Brown, in spirit, means just what Acts means; but the first terminology he found to express it was Marxian—hence the misunderstanding.

Bishop Brown himself practices private ownership, but also holds property for the common good. He has turned part of his homestead into a hospital for the community and whatever church councils may say as to heresy of his opinions, his townsmen declare that the evil has never touched his heart.

It is very clear from utterances of our so-called "heretics" and "heresy hunters" that part of their difficulties is a mere matter of terms, and part is a mere matter of temper.

Sir Walter Scott in His "Malachi Margrowther's" Letters

I assume, without hazard of contradiction, that banks have existed in Scotland for nearly one hundred and twenty years; that they have flourished and the country has flourished with them; and that, during the last twenty years particularly, the notes, and especially the small notes, which the banks distribute, supply all the demand for a medium of currency. This system has so completely expelled gold from Scotland, that you never by any chance espy a guinea there, except in the purse of an accidental stranger, or in the coffers of the banks themselves. But the facilities which this paper currency has afforded to the industrious and enterprising agriculturists and manufacturers, as well as to the trustees of the public, in executing national works, have converted Scotland from a poor, miserable, barren country into one where, if nature has done less, art and industry have done more than, perhaps, in any other country in Europe, England not excepted.

"Enemy Citizen" Worse Than "Enemy Alien"

Concluded from page 4

use and meaning of such phrases as "play the game," "buck up," "a square deal," "be a good fellow," "put it over," "cut it out," and so forth, are bound to have their motives and emotions molded toward fundamental Americanisms. The constant use of fresh, virile language helps to make vigorous, alert, resourceful citizens of repressed subjects.

It is of vital importance that we teach adults in America to understand and use one common language. We should not wish them to remain deaf and dumb, or "dead," in the midst of the common language-life of our nation. A nation which is ruled by the votes of its citizens, and has so large a per cent of adult illiteracy as has ours, has no reason to be sitting down on the job. Rather, why not attempt to formulate and use the best methods of bringing a new language as quickly as possible to the alien adult, always sensitive and conscious, and usually fatigued? This is a field of education worthy of the best efforts of capable educators. It is one of the fields of Americanization.

A third factor in assimilation is *a common citizenship.* One cannot be completely Americanized unless he is an American citizen. One of the most important causes of America's past success in assimilating her vast numbers of immigrants is citizenship with its duties and privileges. Every man now coming to the United States knows that in time he may become a part of this young, successful nation to which he has come. And though voters are herded in places at times, an immigrant citizen or prospective citizen is much more likely to be alert and responsive to the best conditions in America than an alien would be in a country which he had adopted but which would not reciprocate.

A common education is one of the most important factors in assimilation. The children of the foreign-born are molded in the public schools, but when it is remembered that our child labor problem is largely a problem of the child of the foreign-born, that more than ninety per cent of the children of our foreign-born population leave school at the age of fourteen years and that many thousands have only imperfect schooling before that age, we realize that the public schools alone cannot solve the problem. Moreover, the whole question of the constructive education of the adult, beyond the matter of language study, is an open and most important one.

Educational Facilities Wanted

A MATURE and intelligent alien said to me, "I have been twelve years in America, and in that time I have never come in contact with a person or any agency who consciously tried to teach me anything. All I have learned has come to me by my own reading." Another, a graduate of an agricultural college in his native country, said: "America is a queer country. There is no chance for a man to learn anything here. At home we have clubs, forums, and debates. Here there is nothing to do but earn money."

Probably in no other nation are its people so largely molded into form by the public press as in America. So one of the most vital needs of our nation is a press genuinely "free" from dictation and control by propagandists of un-American interests. A race is being run in America between certain destructive forces and certain constructive forces, both striving to educate the alien. This race seems to be a comedy to some, but it requires no particular gift of higher intelligence to realize that it may be a national tragedy, if the aliens are not reached and commonly educated to the best constructive thought and emotionalism of America.

The fact is that America is essentially Christian. Americans have had so many things "in common" in their religious life, or, to put it another way, so very few things not in common, that the disadvantages of diverse religions within a single nation are difficult for us to conceive. The religionist finds scant cause for belief in serious friction in America even in closest scrutiny of her present horizon. The protracted persecutions and deadly wars of Europe within the so-called Christian faiths, and between Christianity and Mohammedanism, help us to see more clearly the assimilating factor of our common religion. Personally, I am confident that America has in her common religious life an important factor contributing to the assimilation of her aliens.

Americanization in the minds of the many of us who are American enough to profess to believe in it means assimilation.

But Assimilation does not necessarily require thousands of years or even many generations. Those who say it does have *confused assimilation with amalgamation.* As has been seen, assimilation is psychic. Amalgamation is physical, is purely biological, is a matter of interbreeding—or, as we say, a matter of intermarriage. Amalgamation between peoples begins with the first generation of children born to parents of dissimilar races or ethnic groups. It is completed only when the members of any generation of such interbreeding peoples have become physically stable, and any one offspring of that generation is typical of the whole group. Assimilation in America may be very rapid; amalgamation in America must be very slow, and, further, is not necessary for Americanization—though, in the far distant future, it seems inevitable for all assimilated persons.

Assimilation, we repeat, is not necessarily a matter of many generations. It may be very slow; it may be relatively rapid. There are factors determining its rate of progress. They are at the service of our nation, and we shall be stupid if we do not make wise use of them.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Russia has again gone into the egg business. Before the war eggs were among the most important of Russia's exports, the 1913 exports amounting to 3,484 milliards of eggs, or sixty-four per cent of the world export.

In Rock Island County, Illinois, where the Indian took his last stand east of the Mississippi, a memorial park is to be established. The park will cover part of the scene of the Black Hawk wars.

Probably the most curious restaurant in the world is in Buenos Aires. The equipment consists of one large pot about a yard in diameter, and one large fork with which the customers, for the sum of five cents, are allowed a chance of fishing out a chunk of meat.

The black bass guards its young after hatching, and is the only fish distributed by the New York conservation commission known to do this.

The British authorities are arranging a fake art exhibition with the object of warning American and other tourists of the difference between genuine works of art and fake copies.

The famous Derby race was founded in the eighteenth century by the Earl of Derby, and after 130 years' effort on the part of his descendants, it has at last been won by the present earl.

The central incinerator of the city of London, England, is to be harnessed to a power station, which will generate electricity for the lighting system and the running of tube railway and surface cars.

The discoverer of the possibilities of gas for illuminating purposes was Philippe L. Lebon, a French engineer of the revolutionary era, who was murdered in 1804, presumably by burglars who had entered his house at Versailles.

Ceylon is very nearly the size of Ireland. It is a separate political entity, possessing its own constitution, legislative council, and governor. It is expected that the total value of its merchandise trade for 1923 will be upward of $20,000,000.

The native population of South Africa, which already outnumbers the whites by three to one, is growing at a much more rapid proportionate rate.

Tourists spent $136,000,000 in Canada last year.

The common shrew is smaller than the house mouse, and is one of the fiercest and most indomitable of creatures. The lion is a cowardly skulking brute beside this wee atom of fur and vitality that is called the common shrew.

On a small field of about two acres, there was recently made the largest find of sapphires ever recorded in Ceylon, the gems including yellow, gold, purple and blue stones of 20 to 700 carats, some of them weighing as much as half a pound.

The largest and most nearly complete library of strictly educational literature in America is maintained by the United States Bureau of Education at Washington.

In Quebec, Canada's oldest city, taxicabs have just made their first appearance, taking the place of the quaint horse vehicle called the caloche, so familiar to tourists.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The *Lion,* which was Admiral-of-the-Fleet Lord Beatty's flagship during the war, is in the hands of the shipbreakers at Jarrow-on-Tyne.

"Liberty is far more easily destroyed by those who abuse it than by those who oppose it."—*Ramsay MacDonald.*

The consumption of wine reached such a high point about a thousand years before the Christian Era that Lycurgus, King of Thrace, passed a Prohibition Act, the thoroughness of which cannot be questioned. A strict abstainer himself, he forbade the use of wine to his subjects, and rooted up all the vines within his dominion.

Russia has purchased between $35,000,000 and $40,000,000 worth of cotton in the United States since the first of the year.

Gaston Doumergue, the new president of France, is a Calvinist, which is similar to being a Presbyterian in the United States.

The collection of eleven hundred or so of the original certificates of marriages celebrated by John Linton, the Gretna Green blacksmith, between 1825-1854, each signed by the contracting parties, has been sold in London to a private collector for $1,400.

All men and women alike in Great Britain who attain the age of twenty-one are now entitled to the parliamentary vote.

Forty-two per cent of the telephone equipment in South America is in Argentina, and the total line length represents fifty-one per cent of South America's total.

Large stone slabs which formed the core of the Roman roads in England were in medieval times frequently carried off for building purposes. The using of these ancient roads as quarries accounts for their disappearance in many districts.

Three natural rock bridges of great size and beauty, occurring within a few miles of one another, near the head of the White Canyon, are included in the National Monument in San Juan County, Utah.

Jews immigrating from Russia and other parts into Constantinople are alleged to be buying up at low prices banks, building land, and blocks of dwellings whose former owners have had to leave the country.

The house of Nance Tinnock, who frequently acted as hostess to Robert Burns, has been opened at Mauchline, Scotland, as a home for the aged poor.

A silver penny of the days of Edward I (1272-1307) was found recently on the top of Large Law, a hill in Scotland.

During the past three months of this year the police have discovered in the province of Saratov, Russia, more than 5,000 secret stills and 3,500 gallons of homemade spirits.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh and Richard Doyle, the famous *Punch* artist. was his uncle.

The house formerly occupied by Keats, the poet, in Hampstead, is to be taken over and maintained by the local borough council.

Sliced raw potatoes delight the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus. Monkeys have also a weakness for potatoes, but they must be well cooked and "floury."

The honorary secretary of the British War Graves Department says that the original wooden crosses from the war graves of France and Flanders can be claimed at the cemeteries by relatives of the fallen men, when permanent headstones are erected.

John Edward Brown, president of "Brown College," bought the city of Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, recently. Brown College is a "pay-by-work" school and Mr. Brown has ruled that every form of modern jazz must go. That means jazz in dancing, in music, in literature and in dress.

Thursday is the weekly school holiday in France.

There are approximately 52,000 post offices in the United States, or one to every fifty-eight square miles. In most foreign countries there is a post office to every two or three square miles.

The United States has no national flower.

Wet leather, dried by heat, is practically worthless, according to tests made by the United States Bureau of Chemistry.

Every native American Indian in this country becomes a citizen of the United States, under the new Indian citizenship act recently signed by the President. The granting of citizenship does not remove the restrictions on Indian lands under government guardianship, the Supreme Court having held that wardship is not inconsistent with citizenship.

A kauri tree has recently been discovered in the New Zealand bush which rises to a height of seventy-five feet to the first branch and measures twenty-two feet in diameter or about sixty-six feet in girth. It is estimated to contain more than 195,000 superficial feet of timber.

One of the most remarkable literary finds of recent years has taken place in London. A casual book collector was turning over some dust-laden bundles in a small bookshop when he stumbled upon a portfolio of letters, notes, and prints, relating to Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

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Baseball, Both in Theory and Practice

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Imagine "Helmaria" Dawes Running Senate!

T. R. Tried It Once, But the Icy Courtesy Froze Him Up

By A. R. PINCI

NINE hundred twenty-five one thousandths of the fame attaching to General Charles Gates Dawes is very recent, dating back little more than three years. As a result of certain exclamatory punctuations accompanying his testimony before a committee of the House of Representatives investigating the conduct of the war, he was widely advertised thereafter as "Hell and Maria" Dawes. Then, for the sake of brevity and perhaps also of good taste, he was nicknamed Helen Maria, like some foreign potentate who boasts a dozen or so feminine monickers.

One of the first things he did after his nomination as Republican candidate for Vice-President was to correct the biographers by pointing out that what he said was "Hell Maria," and that he used an expression not at all his own, but which was commonly used in many sections of Southern Ohio. According to one newspaper correspondent, he characterized "Hell Maria" a "d——d good expression," made doubly so by certain war circumstances which he wished to portray orally. Hell and damn are two perfectly good words and he uses them not unnecessarily but convincingly. If an enterprising reporter quizzed him about it, I am sure General Dawes would deny that preachers are the only individuals entitled to the free use of those vocables. General Dawes is the kind of man who will use anything that is useful.

There was talk, within fifty hours after his nomination, that he would become the brilliant crusader of the campaign; that the teamwork with President Coolidge would be so apportioned that the latter would make occasional speeches of the front porch sort, ably followed by others to cold but dependable "Mikes," the inert metal microphones that surpass anything heretofore known as messengers, whereas General Dawes would helenmaria the country to the best of his elocutional ability, plus the aid of a pipe which cannot long stand the onslaughts of combined puffing, biting and skywriting. (Dawes' pipes are bought by the gross.)

Dawes Pipe and Coolidge Stogie

GENERAL DAWES is a new type of sky-writer. When he takes his fumant pipe in hand, and in the course of remarks gesticulates to and fro, he does on a small scale what aviators do on a big scale and many careless chauffeurs—so avers the police—do with their motors on a medium scale. The Dawes pipe is a fitting companion to the elongated, elephantiac cigars that Calvin Coolidge predilects. The two together, by dint of their respective brands of silence, can add to their impenetrability of thought by their combined stogie-pipe smoke screen.

But those who hold the growing expectancy that Charles G. Dawes will be a sort of talkative Johnny-on-the-spot of the Republican team will be disappointed. Dawes is not going to be a political pooh-bah to be called on for entertainment whenever a political assemblage wants to hear words and nothing but words. Helmariaing is the sole elocutionary extravagance indulged in by him. Otherwise he is like the Vermonter who is making silence famous. If any one entertains the hope, which certain newspapers have fanned, that Dawes will spill the beans, that he will let the cat out of the bag, that he will tell tales out of school, I venture right here and now to blast it. He is one of the most "untalkingest" men that ever crossed Washington streets, and despite appearances and reports to the contrary, this city is criss-crossed by many such.

Helmaria's side of Dawes made him a public figure in a popular sense, but his fame has been added to as the result of the committee bearing his name which in about a hundred days sought to suggest a satisfactory solution of the German reparations question. What was undertaken between last January and April is universally known as the "Dawes report." Unfortunately, this report was hastily acclaimed as the ultimate panacea and the impression gained in many respects that he, and his coworkers, had wrought an economic miracle; that if it failed it would be due to the Germans denying its authenticity. In endeavoring to rally public opinion behind it an erroneous conception followed, as it was not made clear that the principles it embodied might differ from practicableness. Dawes, the super-economist, by helmariaing and smoking enough, has been said to have achieved the reparations settlement victory which so far eluded all the statesmen and "experts" assembled to adjust it.

As a matter of fact, General Dawes made a survey and nothing more. He reported a plan, but all plans have probabilities as well as possibilities, as well as their antonyms, and like a good soldier he did his duty. He was not requested to bring to book the various dissenters nor to enforce compliance with his findings.

Points of Order, or Order, Which?

THE Dawes nomination has disturbed Washington more than a little, and the disturbance has been in connection with his term as president of the Senate of the United States, which job is supposed to be the one to have made the Vice-Presidency so "unattractive" as public office. It is not a voiceless job, because the Chair must be constantly on the alert for parliamentary technicalities, and it is not a listless office because there is an immense amount of listening to be done, as well as a little listing on the side. The listing, by the way, means taking mental notice of those who talk too much.

As of today, it is decidedly difficult to conceive how General Dawes will fit in the Senate as its chief officer. As I see it, he will fidget about as much as a healthy two-year-old strapped down to his high chair, with this difference, that the baby can yell to his heart's content, whereas Vice-President Dawes will be obliged to clench his teeth, stifle a cry and still his hands.

Taking the Senate as a venerable, circumlocutory, periphrastic, aeropagitic, cunctative body, and taking Charles Gates Dawes as an impatient, unprocrastinating, direct, mercurial individual, once they are face to face, what is likely to happen?

Will this be the sort of report to be read in the *Congressional Record*, page 333, December 22, 1925:

Mr. Shouter. Mr. President—

The President. Does the Senator from the District of Columbia yield to the Senator from Hollerwood?

Mr. Skoopis. I do for a question.

Mr. Shouter. Mr. President, the Pawpaw tribe in the South Sea Islands are being discriminated against because the cocoanut tariff rates—

Mr. Skoopis. Mr. President, I did not yield for a speech. If now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their typewriter—

Mr. Zuzzlerly. Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry.

The President. The gentleman will state it.

Mr. Zuzzlerly. Under Rule MMMDCCXXXIII, Section 432, a distinction is drawn between typewriters, and I beg to call the Chair's attention to the fact that the machine follows, and does not precede, the queen of the species that presides over it or in front of it. Now, according to Fore's precedents—

Mr. Skoopis. Mr. President, a point of order.

The President. The Chair wishes to remind the Senate that so many inquiries, so many parliamentary tactics, and so many points of order serve to create nothing but disorder. (Bang!) The Chair prefers fewer points of order and more order. (Bang bang—brscrck!) It is now five o'clock and after sitting since noon we have not accomplished three words of legislation! The Chair sees a taxpayer in the gallery who is asleep. It is contrary to the rules, but the Chair rules he must not be disturbed. It shows he is healthy and his conscience is clear. When the rules interfere with business, drop the rules; when the road is too long from here to there take a crosscut. The Chair is obliged to warn Senators that rules which consume time and get us nowhere will hereafter be disregarded. Helmaria, proceed.

Mr. Brawdge. Mmmm— (but he faints).

Or will it be something like this?

Scene: Marietta, Ohio. Time: June, 1926.

"Charles, it can't be you!" exclaims his sister, Mrs. Beach. After a pause: "How you have changed! And where is your pipe?"

"Gave up smoking long ago."

"Why?"

"The Senate wouldn't let me."

"Charles," Mrs. Beach would cry in amazement, "do you mean to tell me that you let that Senate tell you what to do?"

Two Masters Impossible

"NHUH, it can't be helped, sister. If you were Vice-President a few minutes you'd know that what they have done to me is nothing. I think they have been very kind with their parliamentary rulings. It's a wonder that one of these days some Senator doesn't send a dozen persons to the gallows in the District jail. I learned to let them alone now—and as for the rules—"

"Couldn't you helmaria them?"

"No. They helmariaed me."

That is the chief topic of conversation these early campaign days. Those who know the Senate bet on the Senate; those who know Dawes bet on him. But be that as it may, the fact is that one or the other must be toned down, because there cannot be two minds, two masters, two goals. Whether one's helmarias will vanquish the other's points of order, or the other way about, is the latest exquisite gossip. That a *modus operandi* will be found, by which one will retain his ejaculatory term and the other its hoary technicalities is not considered.

In a way it may be said that what the Senate really fears is a master mind in the chair. Of course, rules and procedure cannot be changed without the Senate's consent, but it is admittedly true that a forceful executive officer who is not averse to a little publicity and a little criticism—in this respect Helmaria Dawes is *it*—would have no trouble in influencing a change. Now, the Senate, or a good part of the Senate, appreciates this contingency, and for that reason a few of those supposed remnants of the old oligarchy are assuming the defensive. The Senate is smarting sufficiently, generally speaking, from the criticism to which it has been subjected more or less regularly for a few years, since the old bosses passed to the beyond. A presiding officer with punch, pep and a following, who takes the job because he wants it, which he regards as something more than a niche in a living statuary political museum, can exercise a great deal of freedom and that freedom is there for him to take it.

Predictions are always of doubtful value, but it would not be surprising if with a Dawes at the head of it the Senate did not decide to give the Vice-President a voice in the chamber. It is immaterial that the Constitution deprives him of a vote, since he is entitled to it in case of a tie; a tie vote is the kind that would appeal to Charles G. because of the excitement this division would involve.

In the event of Republican victory and his transition to the executive dais Mr. Dawes faces two possibilities: that of patiently sitting as a neutral listener without voice (except to groan inwardly) or to retire to the privacy of the sumptuous but nevertheless glacial office provided for him.

Which of these alternatives will the hardy, vigorous, irresistible Dawes choose?

The general will want to be something more than an innocent bystander, even though he has the privilege of doing it sitting down in a chair, which, if made to measure, was intended for a Vice-President a yard wide at his hips. Why the Vice-Presidential chair is not like the Presidential chair, as to size, height and contour is one of those mysteries that will remain unsolved.

Of course, Senators address the Chair, and Vice-Presidents refer to themselves, for Senate purposes, as the Chair, but I doubt that General Dawes will want to be known hereafter as the Chair. Chairs are made to sit on and General Dawes isn't to be sat on. If so, the precocious sitter will know it. He is going to be Dawes, all Dawes and nothing but Dawes.

A Problem in Efficient Production

AFTER all, much of the negativeness of the office in question has been a state of mind. It began with the nomination and ended with the next. It has been a political exile, and during this interim of indifference and stay-putness the legislative branch has proceeded to ostracize the Vice-President to the point where nothing but his Chair remained. Now the tendency is the other way, and as already indicated, the Senate is somewhat disconcerted.

True, Theodore Roosevelt did endeavor, upon sitting in the Chair the very first time, to *hasten* the Senate into action and speed, but was promptly checkmated, and not without admonition, whereupon the aggressive future President calmed down. But those were other days. T. R. had been made Vice-President to shelve him politically, and the Senate's snub was intended to clinch the plan. There were bosses in the Senate then, and William McKinley was not a boss. Today there are no bosses in the alleged august chamber.

What Roosevelt could not engineer Dawes might.

It must not be assumed that Helmaria Dawes is revolutionary. Anything but. He is a most conservative, self-centered individual. He differs from most conservatives in this—that he has the courage of his convictions together with a penchant for driving them through. He differs from Calvin Coolidge to the extent that the latter is willing to wait until the Senate's will is done, while he is apt to grease the skids.

None is so jealous of the dignity and traditions of the United States Senate as Charles G. Dawes. He would be the last man to dim its glory or obstruct its basic deliberative duties. As president of an important Chicago trust company he appreciates the necessity for caution. So the problem of Dawes and the Senate dwindles to whether he can and will devise a formula by which fewer "Mr. Presidents" may be indulged in and more work done in a given time.

It is not generally known that Charles G. is a musician. He writes music. He believes in his own compositions, says so, and the fact that Kreisler played one was not an honor; it was a confirmation of his judgment. In other words, Kreisler didn't do him a favor by playing it any more than Dawes did him a favor by composing it. Dawes believes in his music as he does in his banking and his hobbies.

General Dawes is a man whose economic station in life has been kindliest, but life has not been without poignant sorrow. Traces of it are discernible; the practiced eye can not fail to perceive them. Nearly twelve years ago Rufus Fearing, his only son, then twenty-one years of age, was accidentally drowned at Lake Geneva, northwest of Chicago. General Dawes had sat up the night preceding the funeral to prepare a biographical sketch of his son, which he intended to read in place of the eulogy, but the task proved too much for him. He broke down and the officiating clergyman finished reading it.

His Public Life a Record of Action

HE IS the guardian of two children, Dana, twelve, and Virginia, ten, whom he and Mrs. Dawes adopted, and the trio is the source of his most cheerful hours. His pipe comes next. Then comes his business. Then his music. Then his story about a forefather of his who assisted Paul Revere in his ride.

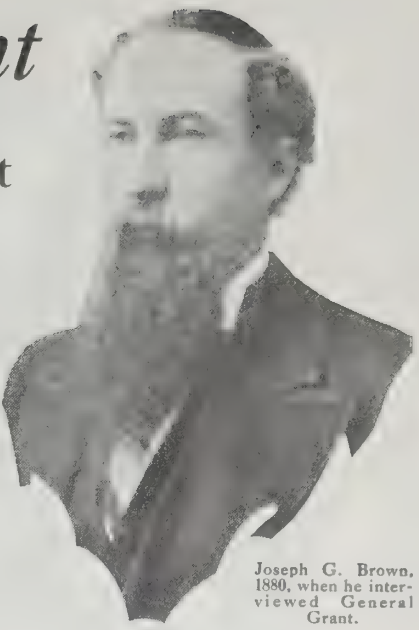
But the word in Washington today is that Helmaria Dawes is an eat-'em-alive fellow, notwithstanding his quiet demeanor during the time he was chief of the budget. He got the budget going in one year, got authority from President Harding to corral all bureau chiefs and chieflets to talk economy to them, demonstrating some of his views objectively, as in the case of the brooms (he brandished one as an example of governmental extravagance and purchasing inefficiency).

Hence Washington is in a state of expectancy. That is, it is, so far as concerns those who take for granted his arrival in Washington in the new rôle next March. Of course, there is another side to General Dawes as Vice-President, and that is both political and international. But that is another story that will have to be told later.

An Interview With General Grant

Veteran Newspaper Man Recalls Event of Historic Interest

Joseph Granville Brown, born near Nashville, Tennessee, raised in Tuscumbia, Alabama, printer, reporter, editor; 1871-1879 engaged on editorial staff of Louisville *Courier-Journal*, under immediate direction of Henry Watterson; 1880-1884 held similar position on Denver *Tribune* (Ottomar H. Rothacker, editor; Thomas F. Dawson, associate editor; Eugene Field, humorist and managing editor). For the past seven years attendant in the newspaper rooms of the Denver Public Library, after holding various public appointments.



Joseph G. Brown, 1880, when he interviewed General Grant.

By FRANCES HIGGINS

THE time is July, 1880. The Republicans had held their national convention in Chicago a month previously, nominated General Garfield, rejected their silent, unblushing, third-term candidate in spite of Conkling's oratorical eclat, in spite of the solidarity of the 312 delegates who stood faithful to the last ballot.

Bitterness and disappointment reign in the ranks of the party to an unprecedented degree; while, to add to the tenseness of the situation, General Grant has accepted his defeat with characteristic taciturnity. Not a word of comment, not a single enlightening interview!

To what extent does he share the feeling of bitterness and disappointment? Will he support General Garfield in the approaching campaign? Will he, perhaps, leave the party whose successful candidate he has been through two former elections?

These are the questions foremost in the minds of the people and the politicians. These are the questions that a whole army of reporters and correspondents had sought to have answered, as they literally besieged the General at hotels and aboard trains.

Thus far he has successfully evaded all, notwithstanding a few faked interviews to prove the contrary. He is taking a much-needed vacation, a rest from political cares and disappointments. He is making a tour of the West and the Southwest. Kansas City reports a hearty reception (and patriotic celebration July 4) for the ex-President, the hero of war and travel, but not a word as to the intensely interesting political situation; likewise Santa Fe, where he makes an even more extended stay.

Now the defeated candidate, whom the world has come to believe a sulking Achilles as well as a wandering Ulysses, is bound for Colorado. In the office of the Denver *Tribune,* owner and staff are conferring. As the leading daily of the city and of the West, the journal has a reputation to maintain. Shall it now attempt the impossible; seek an interview which the Eastern papers have failed to secure? That is the question.

"Why not send Joe Brown?" some one suggests.

Joseph G. Brown, reporter, but lately arrived from Louisville, is summoned before the conference. Well may the *Tribune* look with pride on its recent acquisition! He is no cub, but a graduate of Mr. Watterson's hard school, boasting seven years' experience on the *Courier-Journal*, as Mr. Rothacker knew when he stole him. He hears the dilemma of his superiors.

"I'll go and I'll interview him," he announces to the infinite relief of all concerned.

Just like that, he is off to the southern part of the state to intercept the General and his party, comprised of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Frederick Grant and daughter, Julia, Colonel W. W. Smith, General Pope, Major Dunn and others. Colorado's reception committee—Governor Pitkin, ex-governors Routt and Hunt—has boarded the General's train at Pueblo.

Joe Brown meets the special on a siding twenty miles north of the town. He makes the necessary arrangements with the conductors and climbs aboard. Governor Pitkin politely hears his request and introduces him to General Grant.

The General sits in a reclining chair beside the open car window, puffing away at a huge Havana, looking out upon the sand and cactus waste, and the desolation wrought by a recent mountain cloudburst. He acknowledges the introduction, but instantly turns away. Very modestly the reporter stands before him to all appearances as calm, as unperturbed as he.

A mental note of the details of the General's costume is made for the *Tribune* readers Sunday morning. His plain cloth suit and broad-brimmed black hat, slightly turned down front and rear, remind one of Dom Pedro of Brazil, or of a plain old farmer in his Sunday best. The sprig of honeysuckle and the red rose of his *boutonnicre* bring a smile into the interviewer's eyes, a smile which he checks instantly.

The newspaper man, too, is being observed. No, it is not the silent General who is watching him, but pretty Miss Julia who occupies the chair beside his. Joe Brown faces the twinkle in her eyes, but turns again to his intended victim who seems to be concentrating on the cactus. At last, with an almost imperceptible nod of his head, Joe signals her to join the ladies of the party at the opposite end of the car. The request is complied with.

Joe stands until the General invites him to take the vacant chair with a wave of his hand. As the interviewer sits down he notes the manner in which the General holds the stump of his huge cigar between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"What is it you want?" the General asks, breaking the silence.

"Your impressions of Colorado, your views on the current political situation, and anything of general interest that may develop," Joe answers briefly and brazenly.

"Your paper?"

"The Denver *Tribune.*"

"Republican?"

"Yes."

"You are welcome to print anything I may tell you," General Grant announces with a twinkle in his eyes, taking a puff at the cigar, and looking out of the window once more.

"Anything I may tell you," Joe repeats to himself. Is it sarcasm? Does he intend to say nothing at all? for he had been congratulating himself that the General was more cordial than his reputation. But what now? The great man still looks out of the window. It is plainly left to the reporter to lead the way. Intrepidly he makes another start.

"What are your impressions of Colorado as far as you have gone? When will you visit Denver? Do you weary of travel? How does such a scene impress you?" —indicating the sand and cactus waste outside.

The General answers slowly, but cordially enough, between puffs. Thus encouraged, Joe Brown approaches the all-important question which has proved the Waterloo of many a more famous correspondent since the eventful day of June 8. His voice is calm and steady, but so small is his grain of faith that he does not even bother to take out his notebook and pencil.

"I can say without hesitation," comes the answer, "that I will give General Garfield my most earnest and hearty support. I am a Republican. There is no reason why any Republican should hesitate to define his position, or not vote for Garfield. I know him to be a man of talent, thoroughly accomplished, and an upright man. I have nothing against General Hancock. But Garfield is the man for the office."

Joseph G. Brown, 1924, attendant newspaper rooms Denver Public Library.

Yes, it is General Grant, the silent, evasive, defeated candidate, who is speaking. He continues:

"A certain correspondent has reported a faked conversation in which he indicates that Conkling and Logan deceived me. I never saw the correspondent (or any other until now) and I can frankly say of all men they are the last I could find fault with, and I feel today more proud of the support of the 312 who stood by me in the convention than if the victory had been mine."

Joe Brown is delighted. He plans his return to Denver in triumph to publish his "scoop" on the front page of the Sunday *Tribune,* where it has rested in state on the file these forty years and more, near neighbor to articles on Dr. Tanner's long fast and De Lesseps' canal scheme. These are the headlines:

OUR GUEST

General Grant Arrives at Western Saratoga. He Is Received by Governors and Welcomed by Populace. Interview With the General by a Tribune Reporter

Meanwhile, his principal work done, Joe Brown steers the conversation into a more personal channel. *Tribune* owner, staff and readers may not care so much about this phase of the interview, however. It was a question which had haunted Joe for years, ever since the stirring day at Fort Donelson when, a member of the Twenty-seventh Alabama, he had raised his double-barrel shotgun and taken aim at the man who now sat beside him, and his boys in blue, making their first attack on the half-finished rebel entrenchments.

"General," he inquires of his former enemy, "have you ever met and talked with any of the private rebel soldiers—the men behind the guns—who actually fought against you in any of the battles in which you were the commander on the field?"

This has reference to the siege of Fort Donelson, the General's first great battle, and the later engagement at Champion Hill, Mississippi, or Baker's Creek, as Joe and his comrades in gray well knew.

"Well, no, I think not," the General replies slowly, thoughtfully. "I'm positive I have had no such talk with men of the rebel rank and file, but I have had more or less communication with representative men of the South and of officer rank in the Southern army."

"The question was asked, General, merely as one of personal curiosity, that I might form some idea of how you felt toward the individual soldier, as well as toward the enemy army as a whole."

Joe was thinking of the General's advice to the Southern soldiers at the time of their final surrender; of his generous return of the horses for the tending of the crops of '65.

The General senses it somehow, quickly removes his cigar and turns benignly toward his interviewer with a twinkle in his eyes denoting that he has been touched on a subject very near his heart.

"I am glad to answer that question," he says, "and what I have to say you are welcome to print. It is what I have thought and felt all the time. I may have spoken the same to others, but I have never before made it a matter for publication.

"My feeling toward the people of the South was that of affection and sympathy. Before, during, and after the war that feeling has never altered, but rather intensified. Through all my campaigns and in every battle I realized more and more that I was contending against a misinformed and misguided people—every individual soldier of them fighting unwittingly against his own interests, against his own person and his own home, as well as against the government that designed his protection and his promotion in the affairs of life.

"Hence in every battle I felt that I was performing but a paternal duty as a soldier and a patriot. In every battle there was constantly with me the consciousness that I was not fighting the Southern soldiers or the Southern people. I was all the more inspired and urged by the conviction that I was indeed fighting *for* them.

"Now, Mr. Brown, you can see by the many kinds of results of the failure of the Southern Confederacy by the success of the Northern arms, that my convictions were correct and my expectations concerning the fortunes and personal welfare of the Southern soldiers have been realized in this brief space of fifteen years since the last gun of the war was fired. Whatever the Southern soldier imagined or was taught to be the 'rights' for which he fought, the bare fact remained that he was fighting for no greater boon than the perpetuation of Negro slavery in the South.

"What would have been the fortunes and position of the Southern soldiers and the poor people of the South in general if they had won the war? Negro slavery would have dominated and crushed the spirit of human endeavor in the way of independent enterprise.

"Subject to an oligarchy of slave-owning rulers, the poor white man of the South, in competition with slave labor, would have continued to eke out a bare living from the soil and the provincial workshop, with none of the advantages of the great industrial enterprises that are now building up and in progress there.

"One of the best illustrations of the great benefits to Southern people of 'Victory out of their defeat' is that of the improvement and financial success of many who have availed themselves of opportunity in all parts of the land. Look, for example, at the number of young men of the South who have gone to New York and other large cities and made fortunes within the past ten years.

"Others have risen to positions of prominence in the professions and in official life in many parts of the country, while in their native states young men of the South are advancing in all kinds of industry and business pursuits. All such wholesome changes in the status of the Southern people were contemplated in my vision of the final result, while fighting first of all for the preservation of the Union; and now I can realize that all that was happily prophetic in that vision is coming to pass."

The General's eyes are twinkling as they rest on Joe Brown. The interviewer understands that he has been included with the rest of his comrades in the vision, he who had once lifted his gun and taken aim against him, but had long since left his Alabama home for a journalist's career in Louisville and the Far West.

With the General's closing words the train pulls into Colorado Springs. The commotion ends the historic interview.

Shameful Story: Rhode Island Senate Forced to Flee

Unparalleled Tale of Political Terrorism and Physical Violence at Providence, R. I.

By WILLIAM ROBINSON

WHILE the rest of the country has been absorbed with oil investigations, national conventions, the graduations of the young folk and other affairs that have taken their whole attention, the state of Rhode Island, tiniest of all the forty-eight states in the Union—and probably the wickedest—has had her entire attention focused on what was going on within her own borders.

A struggle that to many is just as serious as that which faced Russia during the World War, and to some as that which faced this country in the days just before the American Revolution, has been waged within the borders of this state for more than a year and a half.

Recently the nation and the world have been treated to the spectacle of the longest filibuster in the legislative history of this country, which ended when poison gas was planted in the chamber of the Rhode Island senate, after the senators of both parties had grappled for nearly fifty hours without a single recess. Several senators were overcome by the poisonous fumes. Gunmen, blacklegs and hurly-burlies intimidated and threatened duly elected representatives of the people, until they were forced, after recovering from the noxious fumes of bromine gas and the threats of thugs and gunmen, to flee the state and take refuge across the borders of their own state in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, where they "holed up" under the protection of strong arm men of their own, lest they be kidnapped and brought back by their political opponents, who, they allege, were responsible for the conditions that made them flee. Members of the senate have called for "Bloodshed" and the lieutenant governor himself has threatened: "By God, We'll Kill Them."

And this is politics, "as she is spoke" in Rhode Island.

In the political crisis that faces Rhode Island, every human emotion has a part. Hatred, loyalty, devotion to duty and principle, religion—everything except common sense.

For years Rhode Island suffered from boss rule. It was the most conservative—reactionary, if you like—state in the Union. Its statute books still carry the property qualification clause for voting. Its constitution has not been revised in nearly three generations. Rhode Island has successfully held out against a forty-eight-hour law. In Rhode Island the city of Providence, with a population of nearly 300,000, has but one senator in the general assembly, while the town of East Greenwich, with approximately 300 voters, also has a senator, who is endowed with all the powers of the senator from Providence.

And now Rhode Island is engaged in a fight for constitutional reform—or at least that is what the Democrats declare. But what a fight! Gunmen and thugs have been employed to take stations on the floor of the senate chamber. One session opened with a free-for-all fist fight, in which members of the senate, spectators (both male and female) and officers were mixed up in a fighting, cursing, screeching ball of humanity.

Finally, the day the Republican majority in the senate fled from the chamber and the day the poison gas was used, a surging mob of blood-mad citizens threatened to break down the doors behind which the majority members had taken refuge, and, backed by alleged authority vested in them by the lieutenant governor, to drag the gas-poisoned and weary majority members back to their seats in the chamber. Guarding the weary and prostrated Republicans were a dozen deputy sheriffs and nearly a score of Providence policemen. They stood between the majority of the senators and the mob—guns and clubs drawn, and ready for action. It required but a spark to start a conflagration that would have burned into the legislative annals of America one of the most disgraceful chapters ever written in the history of any country. But that spark, fortunately, was not furnished.

A Rotten Racial and Religious Division

WHAT is this all about? How is it possible for a minority to thwart the will of a majority and drive them from the legislative halls where, according to the fundamental principles of American government, they should hold a controlling hand?

On the surface, as stated above, it is supposedly a fight for constitutional reform, though in truth the causes are much deeper rooted. It bids fair to become a struggle in which the Protestant community, at least partially represented by the Ku Klux Klan, will be pitted against the Catholic vote of the state, represented by the Irish and French Canadians, who form a formidable voting block.

A year ago last autumn Rhode Island went Democratic, due very largely to the effects of a great textile strike, supplemented by the fact that the Republican vote did not come out, being complacent and almost indifferent after years of supreme power in the state government. The Democratic minority seized its opportunity, and after a whirlwind campaign carried practically every office on the state ticket. They elected the heads of their ticket, William S. Flynn, governor, and Felix A. Toupin, an unheard-of French-Canadian, lieutenant governor.

During their campaign they made numerous and sundry campaign pledges, without qualifying them with the eternal "if," which in their case was "if we have a majority in the general assembly." One of these promises was that a constitutional convention referendum bill would be passed to determine whether the archaic Rhode Island constitution, unrevised since 1843, should be revised in 1925 to meet the changed conditions of the twentieth century.

Are such things possible in the United States?

Here is a great state, once the home of tolerance and liberty, now ruled by a mob.

The names Democrat and Republican have no meaning in a contest like this, for it is not a political contest—it is religious, racial and class battle all in one.

This story is published in the hope that people everywhere in the United States will take note of the elements which are fermenting in American society.

The shame of Rhode Island is an object lesson to all the states.

In 1923 the Democrats, in the minority in both house and senate, made a valiant effort to jam some of their political measures through. They failed, after a filibuster in the senate which lasted approximately five months. But 1924 was still ahead of them before they again faced their constituents on the political stump (for Rhode Island holds elections biennially)—and they had learned a lot in 1923.

Among other things, they had learned that under the Rhode Island constitution, the party in the senate to which the lieutenant governor belongs holds the key to the whole destinies, at least in a legislative sense, of that body. Though he is not a member of the body over which he presides, the lieutenant governor of Rhode Island is the presiding officer of the state senate, and in case of a tie, he holds the deciding vote. Early in 1923 Lieutenant Governor Toupin, who had served a single term in the Rhode Island house, and who gleaned a living from dabbling in insurance and real estate (this being his entire political background) followed the joint rule book and entertained an appeal taken by a Republican senator from one of his decisions. On the vote that followed the appeal was sustained by the Republican majority. That taught Lieutenant Governor Toupin a lesson. From that day to this, rule book or no rule book, parliamentary precedent or no parliamentary precedent, he has never entertained an appeal from any Republican senator who dared to question one of his decisions. He had tasted power, and the taste was sweet.

He quickly learned, also, that though the Democrats were in the minority in numbers, in his position they held the only key to the legislative power of the senate. Many people have been puzzled as to how it is possible for a minority in a legislative body to throttle a majority. In the case of the Rhode Island senate, with Lieutenant Governor Felix Toupin in the presiding officer's chair, it is a very simple matter. It works in this fashion:

A Republican senator addresses the chair, is recognized, and proceeds to make a motion. Two or three other Republicans may be on their feet calling for recognition for the purpose of seconding it. The lieutenant governor proceeds calmly to ignore all Republican members, calls upon a Democrat, who makes a counter motion, which kills that made by the Republican senator.

That is absolutely all there is to it. The Republicans may protest, it does no good. They are informed by the lieutenant governor that the rules say he shall recognize the senator whom he sees first, and he never fails to see a Democrat. Several times Republican senators have been recognized, and they have begun their motion in this fashion:

"Mr. President, I am going to make a motion, and I respectfully call to the attention of the presiding officer that Senator Sanderson or Johnston is also on his feet, waiting to call for recognition in order to second the motion that I am about to make."

But it never works.

However, to return to the events that have led up to the conditions that exist in the Rhode Island senate today:

The senate convened on January 1, 1924. At the outset the Democrats served notice publicly that they would not allow a single act to come before the Rhode Island senate until the Republican majority agreed to *pass* (not merely to vote upon) the Quinn bill which provided for a constitutional convention referendum.

A State Absolutely Cut Off From Supplies

MEANWHILE the Republicans had agreed that the property qualification clause for voting, which provides that one must own one hundred and thirty-two dollars ($132.00) worth of property to vote in Rhode Island, should be abolished. They agreed also that the representation in the senate should be redistricted, as it was manifestly unfair that the city of Providence should have but one senator, while the small country towns numbering their population in hundreds should also have one representative in the senate.

But a constitutional convention was a horse of another color. "The constitution itself provides how that document shall be amended," said the Republicans. "We do not favor a constitutional convention. We don't believe our constituents do, either. Bring out your bill. Let us all vote upon it. If a majority vote against it, you have done your part. We will take the responsibility for our votes, and then you folks go before the people during the next campaign and tell them that we killed it. Meanwhile bring out some of the state's business and let's get on with it. We'll settle our differences during the next campaign, but don't let us make a political stump out of the senate chamber."

"Nothing doing," said the minority. "We hold the whip hand in the political loyalty of our presiding officer. You can't get a thing before this senate except with his permission, and he is instructed not to allow the Republicans to bring out a single bill until our constitutional convention bill has been passed by you fellows, whether you agree with it or not. We filibustered for five months last year. With Felix Toupin's help we'll filibuster for twelve months this year, if necessary.

And now it looks as though they really mean to do it. As yet not a single important act or resolve has passed the senate. Buried deep in the calendar is the annual appropriation bill, which provides the finances for running the machinery of the state. It carries some 400 items totaling approximately $5,000,000.

The money is in the state treasury, but *since March 1 the state employes have been going without their pay.* The state institutions have had no money from the state on which to keep going and pay their bills. There have been institutions that would have closed had it not been for public-spirited citizens who advanced them money until such time as the appropriation bill is passed. The wards of the state—the orphans, feeble-minded, insane, the poor, the disabled soldiers—have faced circumstances which meant life or death to them. The situation created a tremendous amount of public feeling, and it has cost the state a lot of valuable employes, who cannot be replaced for a long time. Yet men with families could not work for nothing.

The Democrats were finally forced to recognize this crisis, though much against their will. They stated that they were willing to pass temporary appropriation bills covering one month each and based on the expenditures provided for in the regular appropriation bill of last year. But here again a snag was encountered, for the Republicans refused to consider the temporary appropriation bills, pointing out that the regular appropriation bill covering the whole year was on the calendar and available, and they offered to call this out and pass it, and then go on with the filibuster.

For two months the fight has waged for the most part around the emergency appropriation bills, though when the "show down"—or what was thought would be the "show down"—came, the struggle again centered around the constitutional convention bill.

Meanwhile, for weeks on end, the Democrats have filibustered day after day. They have read books hour after hour: treatises on dentistry, inductive logic, constitutional

Gas, Assaults and Thugs Menace Personal Safety

Scandalous Scenes Which Raise the Question "Is Our Government Disintegrating?"

government, the classics—anything that would take up time. They have indulged in shocking personalities, calling their fellow members everything from "cock-eyed liar" to "ignominious curs," "scoundrels" and "hypocrites," and never once has the presiding officer interfered, as long as it was a Democrat who was indulging in an orgy of personal abuse.

Toward the middle of March Lieutenant Governor Toupin arbitrarily barred the reporters from two Providence newspapers from the senate chamber, because their reports of the previous day's session did not suit him. He announced that *unless they were willing to submit their reports to him for censorship they would henceforth be forbidden their seats at the press table.* Despite the fact that the secretary of state's record and the account in another newspaper coincided exactly with the report that the lieutenant governor had taken exception to, the reporters from the Providence *Journal* and the *Evening Bulletin* were barred thereafter, because they could not submit to such arbitrary rulings and keep their self-respect.

He Stood Up Defiantly for Ten Hours

AND so the fight wore on, month after month, becoming more and more bitter. On May 9 a crisis was reached. It happens that a president pro tempore of the senate is elected each year. At the present time he is Senator Arthur A. Sherman, of Portsmouth, Republican floor leader. He is supposed to preside over the senate in the absence or illness or in case of the resignation of the lieutenant governor. On May 9 with all but two or three of the senators in their seats, the lieutenant governor arbitrarily declared the senate in recess, a thing he has no right to do, under the joint rules. The Republican senators questioned the recess. They said they were present and ready to do business, and they called upon the lieutenant governor to proceed with the session. This the lieutenant governor refused to do.

At this juncture Senator Sherman arose and called the attention of the lieutenant governor to the fact that he (Sherman) was temporary president of the senate, and he stated that unless the presiding officer proceeded to call the senate to order, he, as temporary chairman, would do so. The lieutenant governor ordered Senator Sherman to take his seat. Once before, in 1923, he had issued the same order to the same man, with the qualification that the senate would remain in recess until the senator did take his seat. For nine hours and forty minutes Sherman stood silent on the floor of the senate, and for nine hours and forty minutes the lieutenant governor sat stubbornly in his chair. So this time he did not qualify his order.

After repeated attempts to force the lieutenant governor to call the senate to order, the Republican leader finally walked to the desk of the senate clerk, called the senate to order himself, while the lieutenant governor pounded wildly with his gavel, and, under the very eyes of the lieutenant governor, the senate proceeded to adjourn and a majority of the senators walked from the chamber, leaving less than a quorum present. Secretary of State Ernest L. Sprague, also Republican, and reading clerk, Judge James E. Dooley, another Republican, went with them.

Left flat, the Democratic minority went into caucus for a time. Then, there being no majority member present to question the presence of a quorum, they proceeded to get down to business. The Quinn constitutional convention bill was locked up in the secretary of state's safe, so they drew a new bill, identical with the original, and proceeded to pass that. They also proceeded to pass an emergency appropriation bill, confirm forty-eight appointments of the Democratic governor, and then pass the Lavendar forty-eight-hour bill, the only bill they could get at. They reached this by breaking open a desk in a committee room. This bill was straightway taken to the governor, who, when he heard of the rump session of the senate, went at once to his office in the state house, and before midnight he had signed the bill. After they had done all they could, the minority proceeded to adjourn, without the question of a quorum having been raised. However, the secretary of state's records showed that they had adjourned in the afternoon. Then came a fight over approval of the records. That fight hasn't been settled yet. After the rump session which accomplished nothing really, things limped along for more than a month, both sides striving to make political hay out of the stubbornness of their opponents.

Things were coming to a head, however, much more quickly than was apparent.

Finally came "Friday the Thirteenth" of June. On that day a filibuster started which lasted for twenty-three hours, at the end of which time, according to a majority of the spectators and observers, the lieutenant governor seized upon an opportunity to "quit." Although there were some thirty-odd members present in the chamber, the lieutenant governor suddenly announced that until Senator Jesse H. Hopkins, of Coventry, who had just left the chamber, returned to it, the senate would be in recess. Republican Floor Leader Sherman stated that inasmuch as twenty members constituted a quorum, and there were more than thirty present, he failed to see why the presence of Senator Hopkins was necessary. The lieutenant governor replied in terms which amounted to the popular expression: "You heard what I said."

Thereupon the Republican leader took the reins as he had on May 9, and the senate adjourned under the eyes of the lieutenant governor for a second time. This time, however, the Democrats did not hold a rump session. Instead they announced that, when the senate convened the following Tuesday, June 17, they would continue the filibuster.

That is exactly what they did, though not quite as they expected. When two o'clock came on Tuesday, the hour at which the senate is supposed to convene, the Republicans were all on hand and filed into the chamber. It had been the custom of the lieutenant governor to delay calling the senate to order anywhere from one to two hours. The Republicans, however, had decided that this was not to be, at least for once, and after waiting for five minutes for the lieutenant governor, Senator Sherman mounted the rostrum, picked up the presiding officer's gavel, and called the senate to order. A huge crowd was on hand, and they were breathless with excitement. As the clerk began to call the roll, Senator Robert E. Quinn, one of the Democratic leaders, leaped to his feet and shouted that he would not permit the clerk to call the roll. The clerk continued to do so, however, whereupon Senator Quinn leaped bodily upon the reading clerk and bore him to the floor. Immediately the senate was in a turmoil. The vast crowd surged over the senate chamber, striking, cursing, yelling, fighting and scratching. In vain did the temporary chairman call for order. The senate was a madhouse. The battle had been going several minutes, when lieutenant governor Toupin scuttled into the chamber, and the Republican leader surrendered the gavel to him with a formal bow. Cheers for Toupin reverberated throughout the chamber, and it was nearly half an hour before the last of the battlers were separated, and a semblance of order was restored.

Senators Stricken With Poison Gas

THEN the filibuster started. The Democratic members when weary were allowed to go to their rooms in downtown hotels or to their homes. All that was needed was for the Democrats to have the presiding officer in the chair and one member of the party holding forth upon the senate floor. Hour after hour the Republicans sat mute before the torrents of personal abuse that were launched upon them by the Democratic senators. From Tuesday at one o'clock in the afternoon until Friday morning the Republicans sat in the senate chamber without a recess.

Then came the poison gas. It was bromine, according to the analyses of chemists. Some one wrapped a test tube filled with bromine in a newspaper, the tube being sealed with paraffin wax and wrapped in cotton batting. This package was dropped on the floor and then stepped upon, so that the fumes were loosed upon the chamber. For more than an hour the senators and spectators were conscious of an irritating odor, but no one thought of such a thing as poison gas.

At last it became so unbearable that, without calling for a recess or making any other sort of provision for halting the senate proceedings, Lieutenant Governor Toupin got up and left the chamber. *Just prior to this his barber had shaved him as he still sat in the presiding officer's chair.*

Immediately there was a rush for the lounge and the lavatories. Senators Sherman and Sanderson, Republican leaders, were violently ill and lapsed into unconsciousness. Senator Powers, Democrat, was also ill. Senators Cole and Sharpe, both Republicans, collapsed in committee rooms. The lieutenant governor was ill, but he sat before an open window, swathed in cold towels, and then he threw himself on a couch and fell into a deep sleep, the first he had had in more than sixty hours.

But Democratic senators, as soon as the chamber was cleared of the fumes, and their source had been discovered and removed, saw the strength of their position, and they awakened the weary Toupin and demanded that he call the sick and fatigued Republicans back to the chamber to continue with the session, which had developed into a contest in physical endurance between the Democratic lieutenant governor and members of the Republican majority. The lieutenant governor at once responded to the call of his party, returned to the rostrum and called the senate to order.

Meanwhile the Democratic governor, William S. Flynn, had been notified of what had taken place in the senate chamber. He rushed from the executive offices, made a cursory examination of the situation and declared to newspaper men that this was a foul plot to suffocate, if not to assassinate the lieutenant governor, and he declared he was going to get to the bottom of the plot. He turned the case over to the attorney-general's department, where an investigation is now being carried on. The fact that four Republican senators had been so severely stricken that they were carried to the hospital, while but one Democrat had been affected, did not detract from the accusations that it was a Republican plot.

When the lieutenant governor called the senate to order the Republicans were absent. They were in the committee rooms, recuperating from the effects of the gas. They quickly sensed the situation, and sent back word that they were in no physical condition to return. The lieutenant governor called the sheriffs and ordered them to return the Republican members to their seats. The sheriffs reported that they had delivered the lieutenant governor's order, but the Republican members were in no condition to return. The lieutenant governor flew into a rage, ordered the sheriffs to obey his orders, and immediately swore in ten men, some of them well known "roughnecks," alleged to have police records, and commanded them to "break down the doors" and bring the Republicans back to the chamber.

Gunmen Called Into Service

AT ONCE the crowd surged into the halls. The ten "deputies" lined themselves outside the doors of the committee rooms. In the doorways stood the deputy sheriffs, silent and watchful. Inside were the Republicans, and in front of them sixteen policemen with clubs drawn and revolvers handy. One overt move on the part of the Democratic henchmen would have resulted in bloodshed. Fortunately that move was not made. A doctor sent a certificate to the lieutenant governor, stating that the Republican members were in no physical condition to return to the chamber. Then the minority members recessed "for fifteen minutes," and immediately went into conference, while the horde of spectators milled about in the corridors and uttered all kinds of dire threats, stimulated, of course, by the excitement of the morning.

Then the Republican senators, on a warrant issued by the lieutenant governor, were placed under arrest by the high sheriff. Under guard they left the building, and the next that was heard of them was that they were outside the state.

And all this came just when the Democrats had sent emissaries to the Republicans seeking a compromise. The governor had been in his office through the night. He and leading Democrats had been in conference, and the editor of a Democratic newspaper acted as emissary in the matter of the compromise proposal. The writer of this article heard the proposition made, and grounds upon which the two parties could meet had been established. Then came the poison gas, and all thought of compromise was ended. The Democrats blamed the Republicans and the Republicans blamed the Democrats. It is probable, however, that the planting of the gas was the act of a fanatic, and neither party as a whole was responsible.

As Friday, the twentieth of June, wore along a conference was arranged. It resulted in nothing, however, except a declaration from Senator Quinn, one of the most belligerent of the Democrats, that "if there must be bloodshed, let there be bloodshed," and a statement by the lieutenant governor, made before a large group of people, that "By God, the next time we get them there we'll kill them!"

The night of Sunday, June 22, found the Republican members of the senate still outside the state, some of them in Massachusetts and others in Connecticut. The Republicans uncovered what they declared was a plot to kidnap sufficient of the majority members to make a quorum, with the result that the Republican forces got busy and by daylight had all of the Republicans corraled in the Hotel Bartlett at Rutland, Massachusetts, under armed guards, where, at this writing, they still are and where they propose to stay until the governor and lieutenant governor will guarantee their personal safety as they attend the sessions of the senate.

This, then, is the situation that faces Rhode Island today. The outlook is that before the battle is over—this political battle that is almost without precedent in the political annals of any state in the Union—troops will be called out and the state government will function only under the muzzles of loaded rifles of the National Guard.

Mr. Sapiro Speaks for Himself on Witness Stand

His Testimony Before Royal Grain Inquiry Commission—PART II

(*Concluded from last week*)

By Mr. Pitblado:

Q. Now, speaking of these contracts, these five-year contracts, as I understand you, they are really an essential in order that the pool may properly operate?

A. Yes. I would not ever advise—

Q. Now, you can answer a lot of my questions by just yes or no. A. I would never advise the formation of a co-operative market association without a contract.

Q. Now, that is yes, then. Just answer me yes, because I am not going to mislead you. Now, the contract is an essential feature and is intended to be what it says?

A. Absolutely.

Q. You have seen the contract that the Alberta pools—I will call it that name. That is not its legal title—that the Alberta pool has with the farmers?

A. Yes.

Q. It is your contract? A. No.

Q. Well, you approve of it. It is in the long term form. A. It has the long term arrangement in it.

Q. And it had the penalty that you were speaking of to Mr. Woods? A. We don't call it penalty. It is liquidated damages, I don't like you to call it penalty.

Q. You have the remedies, let me put it that way, that are in this contract. A. Correct.

Q. Among other things, *the pool can go on the farmer's place and take his crop?* A. No, we don't put that in our contracts.

Q. Is that a good feature? A. I don't think so.

Q. Well, *it is here,* anyway. You don't think that is a good feature? A. No. We have never used it.

Q. I want to get what is good and what is not good in the Alberta pool. A. I don't say it is not good. We have never used it. It was the contribution of the Alberta pool. It is probably wise there, but I would not use it in the United States and I would not have suggested it here.

Q. I understand you are an expert on the co-operative plan? You have been working at it for years.

A. I am supposed to be. Yes.

Q. Now, that is in this contract and I want to get your views? A. Mr. Chairman, may I—

Q. Will you please answer my question.

A. Don't raise your voice to me. I will not allow even another attorney to bully me. If you raise your voice, I will not answer.

The Chairman: Let us start again more quietly.

By Mr. Pitblado:

Q. Now, let us get back to where we were. You said you did not use that in the United States. A. No.

Q. I may take it that was put in by counsel for the pool without your approval. A. I would not say that. I would say I would not have put it in, but the counsel put it there and I believe he knows more about the conditions in Alberta than I do and I accept his judgment.

Q. What different conditions would there be in Alberta than in the United States? A. He may know that. I don't.

Q. You don't know of any? A. I don't, but he might.

Q. You know of no difference in Alberta than in the other states of the Union. A. No. I might say I know another case in the United States where that is done, where that is in the contract, and I don't say those attorneys were wrong. With the Raisin Association they made their contracts—

Q. Now, just a minute—A. I demand the right to answer in my own way. I don't say the stand they took is wrong, but I don't do it in my contract.

Q. Now, Mr. Sapiro, you are a lawyer, I didn't ask you anything about a raisin contract, I was asking you about the Alberta pool. A. And I am answering so that you will get a full book of my mind, and not merely the thing you want me to say.

Q. Have you ever acted as counsel at court?

A. Slightly.

Q. Then, you will know this, that I am going to try to get answers to my questions from you. A. You will get them if you will be a little more polite.

Q. I am going to try to get answers and I don't want speeches. Now, come back to this: do you approve or not of that clause that is in the Alberta pool contract? A. I approve of it, on the judgment of the Alberta counsel.

Q. So, you do approve of it: Sapiro approves?

A. No. I never refer to myself in the third person. I approve of the judgment of the Alberta counsel.

Q. You know the other clause. That is the one about liquidated damages, in this contract. You told Mr. Woods about the clause about liquidated damages. You know of that clause which is in here? A. I think it is in there.

Q. And you approve of that one? A. Yes.

Q. Your system is a new one. When I say new, I mean new in Canada. It is a new marketing system and not the old Exchange system. A. I would not say that. It is new, as far as control of the farmer is concerned, but it used anything available for sale purposes, including the Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

Q. Is it part of your plan to use the Winnipeg Grain Exchange? A. If ever they get to the point where they had 100 per cent of the farmers, or thereabouts, signed up in the three provinces, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange would disappear. Up to that time there is no question but that the Winnipeg Grain Exchange will be there. As long as it is there and as long as any of its members, or the Exchange as such, can perform any sort of function which seems helpful or profitable to the pool, the pool should use it for that purpose.

Q. I am quoting again from your speech, "A wheat pool does not need an exchange." A. It does not.

Q. And you did say that in Winnipeg here?

A. Correct. But you work with the weapons of the devil, if they are the only weapons you can find.

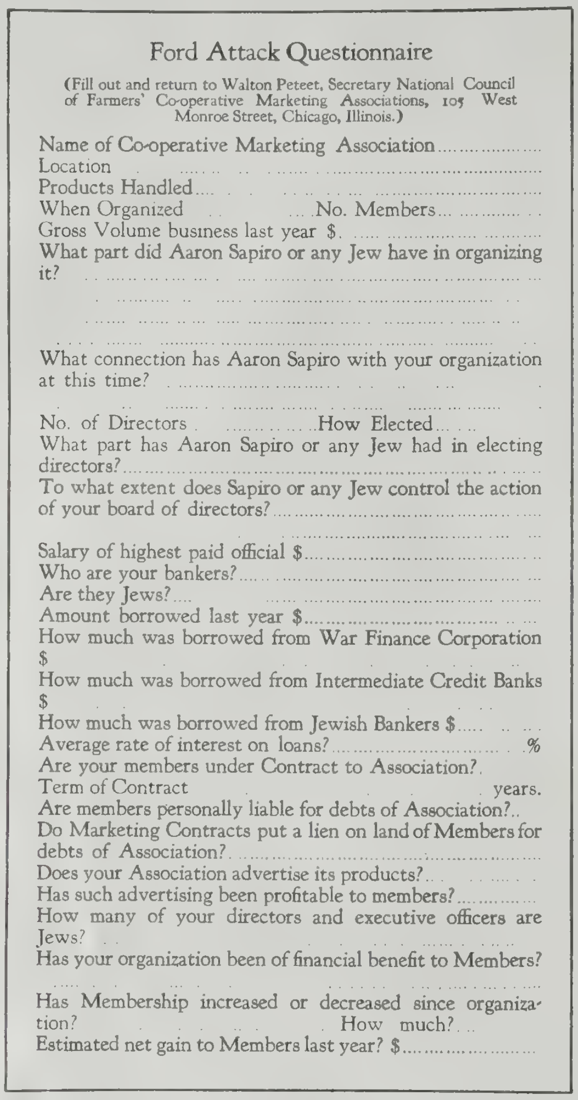
Q. Now your methods of financing. I am just going to ask one question about it. Advances are made to the farmers? A. Advance payments.

Q. The pool managers decide how much the advance payment is to be? A. No. They usually do that by conference with the banks and the bankers are the ones who decide, usually.

Q. So then, it is the banks that decide?

A. Yes.

Q. And the pool then is limited in the advance it can make to the farmers by the view of the bankers with whom the pool is doing the business? A. Naturally. The banker is an expert on collateral and we follow his advice as much as we can.



Ford Attack Questionnaire

(Fill out and return to Walton Peteet, Secretary National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois.)

Name of Co-operative Marketing Association..................
Location ....
Products Handled..................
When Organized ....No. Members..................
Gross Volume business last year $..................
What part did Aaron Sapiro or any Jew have in organizing it? ....
What connection has Aaron Sapiro with your organization at this time? ....
No. of Directors ....How Elected..................
What part has Aaron Sapiro or any Jew had in electing directors?..................
To what extent does Sapiro or any Jew control the action of your board of directors?..................
Salary of highest paid official $..................
Who are your bankers?..................
Are they Jews?..................
Amount borrowed last year $..................
How much was borrowed from War Finance Corporation $..................
How much was borrowed from Intermediate Credit Banks $..................
How much was borrowed from Jewish Bankers $..................
Average rate of interest on loans?..................%
Are your members under Contract to Association?..................
Term of Contract .... years.
Are members personally liable for debts of Association?..................
Do Marketing Contracts put a lien on land of Members for debts of Association?..................
Does your Association advertise its products?..................
Has such advertising been profitable to members?..................
How many of your directors and executive officers are Jews? ....
Has your organization been of financial benefit to Members? ....
Has Membership increased or decreased since organization? .... How much?..................
Estimated net gain to Members last year? $..................

Walton Peteet, secretary of a Sapiro organization, sends out this sheet of questions. It is the Jewish angle that troubles him most, apparently. The Farmer's Union that sent in the above copy answered, "he can't get his strangle hold on us," to the question, "To what extent does Sapiro or any Jew control the action of your board of directors.

Q. You can give yes or no to me in these questions.

A. I don't want to get misquoted and I am going to take care about it.

Q. And the allowances are being made on security of the wheat? A. Sometimes. They vary that. Sometimes the banker advances on open account on the statement of the association, but in my judgment, that is poor banking practice and we don't advocate it, generally.

Q. I am not speaking of what is good banking practice. The plan is for the banks to advance on the security of the wheat? A. Yes.

Q. And Mr. Woods brought out with you the point that in working out this financing the bank might at a certain time come to you and say, "We must have the margin increased that we have here"? A. Yes.

Q. And in that event that might mean selling some wheat? A. Yes.

Q. Even although the pool managers thought it wise to hold it? A. Yes. They would be, to that extent—I don't want to use an improper word, I don't want to say at the mercy of the bank, but they would be at the advice or instruction of the bank. A. I would even accept your phrase, "At the mercy of the bank." The farmer is taking his chances of being at the mercy of the bank or at the mercy of the speculator. I don't object to your language. I am perfectly willing to accept it.

Q. I am only asking you about your plan. I am not going to abuse what you say here. A. I am going to see that—

Q. You are unduly suspicious. A. Well, you have kept my record so very nicely of those speeches, you put me on my guard. I feel that I have to watch out, and I naturally feel flattered—

Q. We don't worry very much whether you feel flattered or not, but we do want to get the facts from you. I want to get your plan of financing. Now, your plan works out along that line and you did say this to Mr. Woods, I want to see that I get you correctly, that you have at times to go to the banks and make your financial arrangements. A. We always do.

Q. And you said this, that sometimes the banker might hold control, and you have to borrow on the best terms you can? A. Yes, we do.

Q. You mentioned to Mr. Woods the fact that as the pool sells they get back, of course, on the price more than they have advanced to the farmer. According to the plan, *when is the time that the pools distribute to the farmers for last year's crop?*

A. *There is no fixed time.* You get your money there, but you have no specified time. You might sell all that you have, all some one particular grade of grain, then you distribute that because there is no longer any indebtedness against that.

Q. Then I was going to ask you this: What is the plan, when say for the crop grown in 1923, that the Alberta pool is handling now, *when may the farmer who has his wheat in the pool expect to get his complete and last payment for his wheat?*

A. I am a lawyer, not a prophet; I don't attempt to answer that.

Q. You object to answer it? A. I can't tell; I don't know their final sales.

Q. *Take with your practice with other pools,* isn't it expected that this year's crop will be closed out, completely paid for, probably within a year?

A. No; what we always hope to do is to have the majority of the crop sold within the year, but not necessarily. *We frequently have what we call "carry-overs"* in the Co-operatives.

Q. I want to get at, if you can tell from the practice in the States, when the Alberta farmers who went into the pool for this 1923 crop expect to get the major portion of their payments completed?

A. I don't know their sales and I can't answer that, except I have a conviction that what they will get will be in good time and in good amount, and that the Alberta pool has been handled wisely and well.

Q. You are giving us some convictions; I am asking, on the pool plan, is it contemplated that within a year the bulk of the payments will come back to them?

A. *The bulk of the payments shall come within a year, not necessarily the bulk of the payments should go to the growers, but the bulk of the payments should be received by the pool. Then the question of the distribution by the pool to the growers will depend on whether or not the bankers plus the pool think the distribution is safe as against the carry-over.*

Q. But some farmers are anxious to know, with nothing in the contract, when they may expect to get their payments from the pool on their wheat?

A. It is common propaganda to suggest to the farmers that the association will hold the wheat for five years.

Q. You need not answer that, because I have never heard about that.

A. I am surprised that with all you have heard, you have not heard of that. What we say is this: every director sitting on the pool board has his wheat in the same pool as every member, and being human he usually wants to get his money as quickly as he can, and he can't get that money quickly without getting it quickly likewise for every other member of the pool. So that the pool practice and the experience universally is that they get the bulk of the sales in that year, and get the payments as soon as it is wise to give them both to themselves and to their fellow members.

By Mr. Commissioner Scott:

Q. Your suggestion is to move the crop gradually, Mr. Sapiro, I understand? A. Not necessarily. You may have to do a lot of selling at the autumn period; for instance, if you feel that there is a position in Europe which would justify faster sales you would do it. Supposing speculative groups decided that the market was going up, and they would not sell. Well, the pool might want to sell at that time. In short, there is no attempt to prescribe either the speed or the volume or the regularity of sales. What we say is that there would be a group of men who could study the market as the dealers are doing now, and who could act for the farmers with commercial wisdom with the large volume of wheat they will have in their hands.

By Mr. Pitblado:

Q. Now I am coming on to this world pool idea. You have in some of your speeches pointed out to your hearers your view of what I might call this international pool. I do not want to call it a "world pool" by indicating that all the countries are in. You pointed out, for instance, I think, this at Edmonton:—August 23: Speaking of the Old Country dealers: "They make their price, looking at wheat as a world commodity." That is the correct view, is it not, today?

Dr. Magill: I want to get the right idea and see the commission gets the right idea of the pool idea. Then you went on to say in your speech at Saskatoon that you "hoped Australia would join the pool with her surplus wheat as well as New Zealand." That is correct, is it not? A. Yes.

Q. That "Argentina is in it"? A. No, I did not say that.

Q. Well, that is the way it is printed. "Argentina is in it. There were two representatives of Argentina at my office to get all the contracts and opinions as to whether or not they should have a compulsory pool or a voluntary contract pool." A. That is correct.

Q. You mean they were working on it?

A. No, that there are people from Argentina who were interested in it. They do not know yet whether they are going to realize a form of pool by government fiat, or have a voluntary pool.

Q. "That is the expectation of the American leaders as well as the best Canadian leaders, that we will form pools in each of the great wheat producing coun-

(Concluded on page 14)

Mr. Ford's Page

THE new conservatism, as we shall call it, is upon us as a temper of national thought. The people are thoroughly convinced that the professional extremists have no program of progress, and no ability to develop it if they had one. Extreme conservatives and extreme radicals alike are keenly sensing a great decrease of interest on the part of the public. The people have listened to everybody, given everyone his chance, ventured out here and there upon more or less tentative radical departures, but now have made up their mind what they want to do, and what they are going to have.

In this country, for a long time to come, they are going to give the management of their affairs to men who have the soberness of conservatism, the responsiveness of progressivism and the human sensitiveness of the socialism of forty years ago. The new conservatism is the old brains, the old business experience, the old wisdom, focused on the public service and the general good. All that was formerly devoted to the service of finance, imperialism, industry, control of government, is to be devoted to the service of the people as the best way of establishing decent finance, useful industry and stable government.

THERE is nothing ever wrong with ability, ambition, achievement; but they can easily be wronged by being used to bad ends. In this country we are through condemning these qualities; we are seeking to harness them to useful ends. To be good is not enough; a man must be good for something; unfortunately we have often mistaken weakness for goodness, because it is harmless and brainless. Even goodness is not good unless it is good for something. We are proving that ability and ambition have better outlets in service. The most radical and the most conservative thing we know is Service—not a thin idealistic cobweb of sentiment, but an actual delivery of the goods. Service is not a word; it is a work. No longer do party platforms answer the demand for service; only party performance can do that.

This does not mean that the leopard has changed his spots. It would be very suspicious if it did. It does not mean that the old gang has had a change of heart. Such a profession would indicate a new phase of the old game. It means that while the old conservatism was engaged in building up its own interests, putting finance above everything else, making industry subordinate to dividends, reducing even the government to a small outside department of their business—and while the old radicalism was favoring the destruction of everything the old conservatism had built up, and denouncing every form of successful service as contaminated by "capitalism," and every successful man or even constructive man as an enemy of the people—it means that while these two parties were blindly milling at each other, both of them wrong, and each of them incited to greater wrong by its failure to analyze the other, there was growing up another generation, yes, two generations, which could sit as judge upon the question and hear both sides.

It is not too much to say that, in this country, *two generations* have considered the general economic points at issue. And out of these two generations have come some pretty clear basic ideas which have taken possession of that type of mind which in other generations might have become the best recruit of conservatism. These men have seen that the constructive principles of life are the ones that play fair with all sorts and conditions of men, and because they come of a constructive generation they naturally adopt constructive principles.

The best type of socialist (that is, the type of mind that has a sense of social responsibility and solidarity, as distinct from the crass selfist) and the best type of old-time conservative (who was not always a crass selfist but who saw the thing bigger than the man, the business bigger than the human beings involved) have both come to see that the truth lay between them, and can be brought to the surface only by a genuine spirit of service.

That expression, "spirit of service," sounds idealistic, like some high spiritual essence impossible to attain. The spirit of service is just a knowledge that no man can survive, no industry can survive, no government can survive, no system of civilization can survive which does not continually *give service* to the greatest possible number. The only interest anyone has in anything is the service one gets from it or gives to it. As normal creative individuals we are satisfied only with the service we render in our work; as members of civilization or government we are satisfied only with the measure of service they render us. How long would reading last, or religion, or farming, or anything else, if men were not thereby enabled to render and receive back again, service? So, there is nothing highfaluting about service.

Now, that is all that there is to the new conservatism; what the old radicalism could not do because it was not hitched to constructive purposes, what the old conservatism could not accomplish because it would not enlarge its principles of action, the new conservatism can and will do because it has joined the halves of principle which these two opposing groups possessed. Taking the best of each and being free of the animosities of class jealousies, the new group profits by the experiences and outlooks of both.

One thing is certain: both the old conservatism and the old radicalism are dead. They disappeared because each of them in its own way violated the law of service.

What will the new conservatism do in government? In the first place, it will get rid of the element of deceit. It will not talk to the ears of the people while working for the plans of the selfists. It will rid government of men who use it for special instead of general benefit. It will study legislation which touches business from an economic standpoint instead of the point of view of dividends to "friendly" interests.

The new conservatism in government will not promise that anyone can live without work or that all shall have castles, nor will it estimate the man who does better than his fellows as a menace. It has too much common sense for any of these things. But it will see that the groups that encourage waste, inefficiency, limitation of production, limitation of wages, limitation of opportunity, limitation of development in industrial processes, limitation of competition, or any other system founded on class selfishness, is a danger to the whole country. This applies equally to the man who withholds a day's work under union rules and the man who evades competition under tariff protection. They are both doing their bit to hurt the general welfare.

The new conservatism will understand that legislation of itself can bring no good economic condition into existence, but can only clear the way for it to come. The people are no longer fooled by the promise that a law made at Washington can bring prosperity to Nebraska. All that the law can do is to give legal standing and recognition to the people's conviction that fair play ought to rule equally everywhere. Much of our legislation is frankly class legislation, and not all "upper class" legislation either. This kind of legislation cuts across the path of natural law and creates artificial conditions. This the new conservatism will avoid. Whether it will be courageous enough to delegislate on myriad matters, take off the books the countless statutes that antagonize the natural and economic law, remains to be seen.

This new conservatism need not as yet be called Republican or Democrat. Which party will become its better vehicle remains to be seen. To become the channel of the new conservatism does not require a victory at the polls. Whichever party may win, the new conservatism will still control the country, if not within the winning party, then outside it. It is not always the Administration that rules. It is an Idea that rules, when there is one.

But it begins to appear that the Republican party, as a party and as a temper of mind, has gone farthest along the direction herein described. It may have its chance, and if it lives up to its opportunity in the new conservatism, its party life will be prolonged. If not, it will die the death of the old conservatism of which it was the vehicle, and of which shreds still cling to it. Democrats can best serve their party and the country by seeing to it that where Republicans fail to act upon the new idea, the Democrats shall fill up the lack.

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Cleaning Out

RUMORS of dissension in President Coolidge's political entourage will be received with the greatest equanimity. Eliminating Mr. Wilbur and Mr. Stone from the count as being untried men as yet, the President has not been a conspicuous winner in picking men. His appointment of Mr. Slemp was the occasion of much surprise, but, at the time, the country was willing to allow a President to go any length in choosing the men with whom he was to work. Now that rumor declares Mr. Slemp is to go, there will be no general dissatisfaction and no curious inquiries as to the reason.

Mr. Coolidge's troubles are going to be with men. Some of the men he inherited. These ought to get out now, but failing that they should be put out before next March 4. The Cabinet would not be weakened if the present Secretary of War should betake himself out of office. There was no reason why John Weeks should ever have been given the war portfolio, and during his incumbency there have developed several reasons why he should not retain it. Some assurance should be given that, at all events, he will not remain over March 4. There are other Cabinet changes which ought to occur, but doubtless they will be taken care of in due course.

With Mr. Coolidge cleaning house, as it seems, the country should do likewise. In the presence of a Presidential contest the people should not forget that certain Senators are up for re-election this autumn, certain obstructionist Senators, whose careers have been long enough to classify them as hobby-riders without administrative ability or any of the qualities of statesmanship. A President should be given a House and Senate intelligent and patriotic enough to work with him. It is a drawn battle, no progress made, when the legislative branch and the Executive pull in different directions.

Maughan Does It

MARVELS crowd one another so rapidly these days that the sense of wonder is being numbed in men. It is easier to catalog the marvels of the last 500 years, than to give a list of the epoch-making discoveries of the last two years. Latest to come, though long implied in other achievements, is the flight across the United States from dawn to dusk. New York to San Francisco in less than one day—from 3 a. m. to 9 p. m. by sun time, or in twelve minutes less than twenty-two hours by Eastern time. That is the time on the way, but from Atlantic to Pacific Coast the time actually spent in flying was eighteen hours and twenty minutes. One man, one plane, one trip—the first transcontinental day. Thus the impossible of yesterday becomes the accomplishment of today, which tomorrow will be already stale. Lieutenant Maughan has cut a notch in the tall stick of aerial progress, but not the last nor highest notch by any means.

Treasury Serves Money Brokers

THE more the fiscal operations of the United States Treasury are studied, the more convincing appears the evidence that such operations are conducted in the interest of high finance rather than to the profit of the people.

To many who believe that the rise and fall in price of government bonds on the market is governed by fluctuations in their value, it would be enlightening to note that professional financiers hold no such mistaken idea. To them it is purely a game of chance, and business conditions afford them the opportunity which they use to make the most of the speculation.

C. Frederick Childs, in the *Central Western Banker* for June, succinctly states this theory of the relation of United States bonds to general business activity, illustrating the point that the Treasury is conducting its financing in a manner to permit high finance greatest opportunity to profit. He says:

> "The recent tendency of the market for all government securities has been due to the timidity of capital and lack of confidence respecting general political maneuvers. Capital recoils from venturing into enterprises which are sensitive to Congressional interference. The advance has also been helped by the reluctance of bondholders to sell and pay taxes on their profit, or reinvest the proceeds in other classes of securities."

The explanation thus made appears to cover up the real cause which seems to be indicated, it may be unintentionally, in what follows:

> "When industry slows down capital seeks a safe harbor until it may again be permitted to work unmolested and unafraid in business undertakings. Consequently idle money is temporarily invested in the safest of all securities—government loans. There is seldom an exception to this natural course of procedure. Government bonds, being in a class by themselves, move in an opposite direction to stocks and corporation bonds. As a general axiom: *Sell long-term bonds and buy short-term notes when money rates are low and prevailing prices high, and conversely, when money rates are relatively high and prices are low, buy long-term bonds and sell short-term notes.* That theoretical principle responds to every test and invariably proves true and profitable in practice. *The gamble consists in deciding when to act.* Similarly, when price levels on the stock market advance, reflecting business prosperity, *funds are withdrawn from government securities and reinvested in industry.*"

In the light of the continued issue of Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness, on short time and at unnecessarily high rates of interest, could it be plainer that the financing operations of the Treasury have been intended to provide a safe harbor for high finance when money is easy? The Treasury issues, now aggregating more than four billions of dollars, are absorbed by the speculators of the East where idle funds concentrate.

If agriculture, industry or commerce were thus tenderly cared for in the times of their depression, it would be denounced as class protection, and justly. When money brokers should be invited to use the United States Treasury as a storm shelter, it is also class protection. There might be a shadow of excuse for this situation if the Treasury had taken the opportunity to reduce the interest rate, but it invariably has placed its short-term notes at rates above the general offering for commercial paper of the same nature.

What is wanted is an administration of the Treasury always watchful for the interests of the whole people, not one so keenly alive to the desires of high finance.

As an instance of the program, the June offering of $150,000,000 in notes maturing in six months might as well have been carried to a term insuring their payment at maturity, at a lower rate of interest, when the chances are for their renewal at an even higher rate than now. The business man who would finance himself as the United States Treasury finances itself would be deemed crazy, but he does not exist.

Street Cars Continue to Vanish

THE traveler in interior America is always running across the abandoned tracks of local street railways in towns of from five to twenty thousand population. Adrian, Michigan, with the fifth oldest street railway in the country, is the latest to abandon that form of service.

Sometimes the tracks in the main street are still used by an interurban line that passes through; but usually the rails have been left in the street because it was cheaper to do that than to take them up and repair the paving.

Spurs of unused steam railroads sometimes appear. But usually there appears nearby a busy motor highway.

We progress by change. New and better transportation has been made available to all classes and they do not mourn the passing of cars on which people never rode with comfort nor with a large degree of service. The Toonerville Trolley will soon be only a tradition.

The New York Convention

AT THIS writing the Democratic Convention has been sitting for seven days and the end is not yet in sight. Its record is one which the stay-at-home portion of the party finds it difficult to defend. It was a mistake to call the Democratic Convention in New York City. Party managers were aware that the Convention was desired solely to bring the pressure of New York's East Side to bear for one candidate's interests and against another's. The result has been an outrageous use of the most vicious political implements, a purposeful resort to the most violent of passions, and a shameless attempt to subvert a political party that bears its name openly to a party that in this country dare not name itself.

For whole days together the Convention was little more than a religious riot. The religious element was deliberately injected by the New York group, who appealed to the prejudices centering in New York as against the opinions of other parts of the country. Much as Americans were desirous of divorcing the candidacy of Al Smith from his religious affiliations, they were not permitted to do so; and much as the Smith supporters desired to accustom the nation to presidential aspirations on the part of a Catholic, they failed to prevent bitter entanglement of that candidacy with questions of religion, which they themselves aroused, and which had no business in a political convention.

Denunciation of the Convention as a whole, however, would not be fair. Against the almost overwhelming torrents of prejudice and passion, Americans in Madison Square Garden had the strength to keep their feet and stand for the principles of Democracy as against those represented by Tammany—and these Americans were a majority. As a result New York was beaten on its own soil, but only after the New York element had resorted to tactics which will stain crimson the Convention record for many a year to come. Enough has transpired to warrant Democrats in taking stock of their partisan affairs. If the temper which was in evidence in the noise and strategy of the first seven days is representative of the controlling element of the party, the future does not look very promising.

Although the newspapers have not told and dare not tell the whole truth nor give clear descriptions of the positions and parties involved, the total impression which the Convention has made on the country has led people to ask, "Is the Democratic party made up of that heterogeneous mass? When we vote for Democrats do we vote for the same kind of prejudiced contention that made the New York Convention a nightmare?" This is certain to constitute an added burden in the coming campaign. How much of a chance the Democrats ever had of winning the coming election need not be speculated upon, but they certainly had every chance to make a telling campaign. That chance has largely been lost by the selfishness of certain influences who wanted to twist the Democratic party for their own uses. They were prevented, it is true, but the work of preventing them revealed the party in such a light as seriously to compromise its appearance in the coming campaign.

Two points are worthy of praise and attention. One is the courageous stand of William Jennings Bryan in the face of a howling mob as he pleaded for tolerance from intolerant New Yorkers who demand every tolerance for themselves and refuse any tolerance to others. Mr. Bryan truly threw it in their teeth that this noisy element calling for tolerance was never heard when the Democratic party was advancing toward any great moral reform. Against the phalanx of wet interests allied with religious intolerance and managed by the most unscrupulous forms of Tammanyism, this Nestor of Democracy spoke words which are full of truth and significance. His was an attempt on the part of a Democrat to save the party from those who wished to use it only as a stepping-stone. And though he helped secure an apparent victory, it was such a victory as discloses the terrible condition of the camp.

Another point worthy of commendation is the plank in the platform which calls for a non-political expression of the American people on the question of entering the League of Nations. A vote taken on the League alone, with no entangling and befogging candidacies or any form of partisan interest, is proposed. In such a plank the American mind in Democracy shows its breadth and quality. It is a proposal in which every American citizen can join. It is the presence of statesmanly views like this that renders so sad the rest of the Convention spectacle.

America's Wild Animals Preserved in Stone

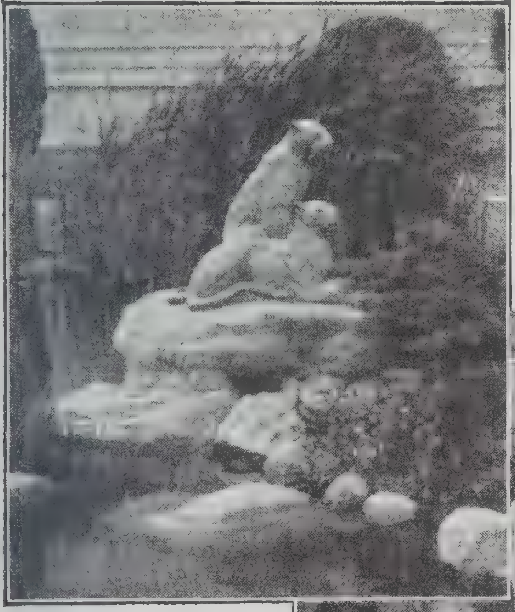
Transcontinental Traveler to See Creatures in Their Native Habitat

By ROBERT MORGAN

THE transcontinental motorist, following any one of the paved highways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or the traveler on any railroad running across the United States, will rub his eyes with amazement when he sees on the plains of Nebraska or Wyoming groups of pronghorned antelope and herds of bison; in the slopes of the Rockies droves of elk, and on the crest of the Sierra Nevada pairs of grizzly bears and mountain lions peering at him from behind the boles of gigantic pines, or apparently crouched to leap upon him from some overhanging crag. All these wild animals will be in stone, and all of them will be there for the traveler of the future to see, just as the cross-continent wanderer of half a century or more ago saw them alive, if a plan now being given wide support by the governments of several of the western states, as well as the highway associations of that section is carried out.

The project, which was originated by Paul J. Fair, builder of educational exhibits for the United States Forest Service at San Francisco, is to preserve for all time all the larger mammals of the country in the form of bronze, marble or concrete—preferably concrete—statues, life-size and true to life in every detail. Bronze is suggested for the bison and the grizzly, as well as for the darker phases of the mountain lion and the elk and deer, but it is probable that colored concrete will be used for all. Experiments in the permanent coloring of concrete are now being carried on by Mr. Fair and others for this purpose.

All these animals are either extinct, as is the "silvertip" of California, or rapidly passing to extinction. Mounted specimens in the museums will last only fifty years at the most, despite the best efforts of the taxidermist, and living animals kept in zoos, or even on the great ranches of the West, do not reproduce themselves in sufficient numbers to insure that within the next twenty-five years all will not be extinct. Deer alone seem to have been able to survive the domination of man, and they are able to maintain their numbers only at the expense of the mountain lion, which is hunted down and slain by men employed by the state governments of California, Oregon and other western states. Motion pictures and still photographs will preserve to some extent the appearance and actions of these animals, but such reproductions deteriorate, the negatives become lost, and their exhibition is not general, but confined, for the most part, to those who are interested in wild animal and bird life.



Above—Mountain lions, carved in granite, and set in natural positions in front of a museum in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

At right—The Mountain Lion (puma) at home, from a mounted habitat group in the California Academy of Sciences at San Francisco. These mounted animals will endure about fifty years, when they begin to disintegrate, despite the best preservative methods of the modern taxidermist. It is proposed to replace them, in the mountains and on the plains of the West, with life-sized statues of the animals.

Above—PAUL J. FAIR, superintendent of educational exhibits for the United States Forest Service at San Francisco, and himself a wild-animal sculptor of ability, who originated the idea of preserving the larger animals of America in the form of statues to be set permanently along the highways of the United States.

Mr. Fair and other sculptors favor colored concrete as the best medium for the statues, although bronze, marble, granite and other materials have been suggested. It is estimated that the molding and placing of the figures will take about two years.

In order, then, to keep before all the people all the time the main features of the splendid wild life which once filled the mountains and valleys, the plains and the hills, of the West, it is proposed to set up statues of these animals, life-sized and in natural poses, painted in natural colors, in the sections they once inhabited. The idea has been taken up by the states by natural history societies, educational authorities, and sportsmen throughout the West, and the highway associations, as well as the motorists' organizations, have agreed to assist in establishing this zoological garden in stone and bronze extending halfway across the nation.

At the points where the transcontinental highways enter each western state, it is proposed to erect a lifelike figure of the animal most abundant in that state. Thus, where the Victory, Lincoln and other highways enter California from the east, a life-sized silvertip grizzly will stand, erect beside the road, turning over a concrete log, in search of small animals, reaching eight feet high, to leave its mark on the bark of a huge pine, or in some similar true-to-life position. At each road the grizzly, or the pair of them, if two are decided on, will be in different positions from those at the entrance of the other roads into the state.

Where the transcontinental highways enter Oregon, it is proposed to set up the black and brown bears in natural positions, and amid the surroundings in which they once flourished. Along the Columbia Highway, in Washington, it is planned to have mountain lions, singly and in pairs, since these large cats were, and still are, more abundant in that state than in any other, with the possible exception of Colorado. Along the borders of Montana, the elk will guard the highways, as in the days of half a century or more ago, he followed the trails. Wyoming still has grizzlies, of different type from the silvertip of California, and these will be reproduced in enduring bronze at the points on which the highways enter that state. For Colorado, like Washington, the mountain lion seems to be the appropriate animal, while the buffalo and the antelope will divide honors in Nebraska and Kansas.

Farther south, Arizona and New Mexico will have the jaguar—the great spotted cat still abundant in Mexico and Central and South America—and the mountain lion, while the smaller coyote will replace the gray wolf of the northern tier of states. Texas authorities prefer the buffalo, but the antelope has many supporters for the place of honor at the entrance of the main highways into the Lone Star State.

In the interior of the various states, it is planned to place statues of the animals which once roamed the various sections of that state, in natural positions along the highways. In the Sacramento River Valley, in California, for example, the elk, the bear and the mountain lion will be reproduced; in the Sierras will be the grizzly, the mountain lion, and the gray wolf; in the lower mountains, the coast ranges, will be the black and brown bear, the mountain lion, and, along the coast, the bear and the seal and sea lion, the latter in lifelike groups on coastal rocks and reefs.

Southward, the same mammals—with the exception of the elk and the seals—were once plentiful in the mountains, and to them are added the mountain sheep, the beautiful bighorn, now protected by law, with a few remaining in small herds in the desert mountains. Where the highways pass through cliff-walled canyons, it is proposed to place the animals on the crags and ledges, at such distance that they will appear most lifelike. To some extent this has been done in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and in some other large parks of the West, and the result has been a presentation of some animals, especially the mountain lion and the grizzly bear, in a most lifelike manner.

The method of construction of these figures for this nation-wide zoo is comparatively simple, after the models are made, according to Mr. Fair, who has calculated that about seven poses will be required for each animal. In his work for the Forest Service, he has made motion pictures of a number of the animals in the mountains and forests, and has other films made in zoological gardens and parks. From these the models for the animals can be made, and a number of large casts, either in bronze or concrete, made from each of the models. By scattering the several casts made from each model through widely separated parts of the country, the same animal in the same position will not be seen twice by any motorist or railroad traveler.

Contrary to general opinion, Mr. Fair, and other sculptors who have given time and consideration to the subject, believe that concrete, painted to represent the exact colors of the animal the statue represents, is better, more enduring, and can be made more true to life in every detail, than either bronze, marble or granite. He believes the concrete to be more plastic, and, if made waterproof, will require repainting only about once every five years. With it, too, the variations in the pelage of animals—such as that between the mountain lion of Washington and the same animal in New Mexico or Arizona—can be shown more realistically. With bronze, for example, the difference in color between the grizzly, the brown and the black bear cannot be indicated in color, but solely by the size, and the shape of the head, differences not readily apparent to the person untrained in natural history. With concrete, however, the color differences can be shown, even down to the shades of color of the eyes. Concrete also is approximately fifty per cent cheaper as a material for these stone zoological gardens than either the cast bronze or the carved marble or granite.

It is proposed to defray the costs of the statues of all these mammals by the sale of small bronze and silver replicas of them in the various states, and by funds subscribed by highway associations, and motorists' organizations, without calling upon any of the state governments for contributions. This plan has been adopted in Nevada for a similar purpose, to pay for the erection of a heroic statue of Mark Twain, on the summit of the Comstock Lode, where the famous humorist did his first writing. It also is being used to raise funds to cover the cost of a statue to Luther Burbank, to stand in the center of Burbank Memorial Park, at Santa Rosa, California, the home of the plant wizard. Both projects are proceeding successfully, and the models for both statues have been completed. It is believed that the idea of preserving the wild animals of North America for future generations would have an even wider appeal than either of the other statues.

An interesting technical feature is involved in the construction of the concrete statues of the animals in experiments now being carried on by Mr. Fair and others, looking to the coloring of the concrete before it is cast, so that painting, other than the possible darkening of certain sections, such as the back of the northern mountain lion, and the whitening of the tips of the hair masses on the silvertip grizzly, would not be necessary. The difficulty so far encountered is in the successful diffusion of the coloring matter throughout the concrete, but with the use of waterproof concrete and a special stone paint, also waterproof, recently invented by a woman in San Francisco, it is believed that this can be overcome, and the sculptured animal made of the same color throughout.

Models of a number of the animals, notably the grizzly, the mountain lion, the coyote and the antelope, have been made by Mr. Fair and other sculptors. Maps and photographs have been obtained from the California State Automobile Association, and other similar motorists' organizations throughout the West, so that locations for the first chain of animals have been made.

It is estimated that about two years will be required to mold, cast and set up these figures, and that approximately 200 of them will be required at the intersections of the interstate highways with the state boundaries alone, while as many more will be erected within the states.

Submitting to the Law

THE Continental Congress of 1776 met in Independence Hall in Philadelphia daily for five weeks, and was unable to adopt a single sentence of the Declaration of Independence, until Benjamin Franklin arose and, addressing George Washington in the chair, spoke as follows:

"In this situation of this assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings?

"I have lived, sir, a long time: and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it possible that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests, our project will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war, conquest.

"I therefore beg leave to move:

"That hereafter prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business, and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service."

Thus spiritual law and history entered American politics and the Declaration of Independence was soon adopted.—*Enos Eli Sutherland*, in "Spiritual History and Destiny: Kentucky."

The German Rentenmark—How Was It Done?

Money Based on Real Wealth Gives International Finance a Scare

By WALTER M. WOLFF

SOMETHING has been done in Germany that financiers said could not be done. Without any great effort or ballyhoo Germany has established in the Rentenmark a monetary system *backed by the wealth of the nation* and apparently *independent of the gold standard.*

How was this new money actually established? What are its prospects of achieving the ultimate purpose for which it was created? Will it remain stable and avoid all the pitfalls of fluctuation?

To begin with, we shall endeavor to dispel a few erroneous notions still prevailing with regard to the German money situation. There are no gold marks in the German Republic today; the Rentenmark is the equivalent of a trillion paper marks which are still the legal tender of the land. Germany has three mediums of exchange at the present time: (a) the so-called but fictitious "gold" mark, (b) the Rentenmark, and (c) the paper mark.

Theoretically, all three are based on the gold standard: that is, on the old pre-war, gold-backed mark; *actually* they are all based, ultimately, on paper and nothing else.

Gold Mark a Myth

WHENEVER, therefore, a German speaks in terms of gold marks he means Rentenmarks or paper marks. The ratio between the merry trio might be stated thus: A trillion paper marks are equal to one Rentenmark which is the accepted equivalent of one "gold" mark which doesn't exist. We may assume, then, that one trillion paper marks are "just as good" as one Rentenmark which, in turn, is equally as good as one gold mark (which we have just said does not exist in Germany).

And why not? If everybody says so and *believes* it, it surely must be so. A wonderful thing, this gift of imagination!

Not by any law of supply and demand but by a decree of the Reichsbank one of these new "gold" marks (paper certificates) was declared to be the equivalent of one trillion paper marks printed during the years of inflation. Its face value was declared, for the sake of convenience, to be 23.8 American cents, the value of the pre-war gold mark. Every German "gold" mark note read: Twenty-one marks equals *five dollars;* eight marks, forty pfennigs equals *two dollars;* four marks, twenty pfennigs equals *one dollar*, and so on. The idea was perfectly legitimate and acceptable with the sole exception that few persons ever succeeded in cashing *one* of these "gold" notes for *one* real, honest-to-goodness American dollar; whoever took the stuff at face value was considered to be either a philanthropist or a fool. So much for the "gold" mark. Our main purpose is to comment upon its "better half," the Rentenmark, and we shall confine our attentions to it exclusively from now on.

Abroad, and to a large extent in Germany, there has prevailed a misconception of the financial reform undertaken in the Reich. It was generally supposed that a new currency was being introduced to displace the old paper mark—that it should begin immediately to retire the old scrap from circulation. Paper marks had become so thoroughly discredited that only proposals which promised their speedy removal could have commanded any sympathy and support of public opinion. No one believed that a brand new currency could be established overnight, so to say, but it was thought that the Rentenmark might first assume the position of a parallel currency, and by gradually increasing the scope and importance of its function as a medium of exchange it would be ultimately adopted for all business transactions. The paper mark should disappear gradually and unobtrusively. However, the chief purpose of the Rentenmark was to give the German Government the long-desired opportunity of balancing its budget and stopping the printing of paper marks to meet current deficits. But the Rentenmark can never entirely abolish the old paper mark because the paper mark must remain for the calculable future, at any rate, the basis of the German monetary system. This statement should be borne very clearly in mind. The German "gold" currency or "gold-backed" currency—be it called Rentenmark or Festmark or *wertbestaendig* or what not—is a myth so long as the latter cannot be liquidated or redeemed at least to a certain extent in gold.

Rentenmarks Based on Rentenbonds

THE idea of the Rentenmark owes its origin to the finance minister of the Stresemann Cabinet, Hilferding. On October 20, 1923, the Renten Bank was founded and began business on the fifteenth of November.

The new institution started out with capital of 2,400 million Rentenmarks *subscribed wholly from private sources*—one half by agriculture and one half by trade, commerce and industry.

The capital was paid in by means of a gold mortgage on agricultural real estate amounting to four per cent of its value, and calling for payment of six per cent interest. Industry and trade paid in their share of the capital either with a similar mortgage on their real estate or by promissory note, the mortgage or promissory notes reading in gold marks. Of course, the gold mark does not exist in Germany as a medium of exchange as has already been mentioned but it is assumed or universally understood that it does exist as a *standard of value* and as *an accounting device* for insuring an equality in the gold value between the debt when contracted and its payment when due.

The above mentioned obligations were divided into Rentenbonds in denominations of 500 gold marks or more and pay five per cent interest. On the basis of these bonds the Rentenmarks were issued. By law Rentenmarks may not be issued unless for every 500 of such Rentenmarks there is as reserve in the Renten Bank a 500 gold mark Rentenbond. The Rentenmarks are redeemable in that every holder of 500 Rentenmarks may demand in exchange one of the gold mark five per cent Rentenbonds. Rentenbonds, however, have no definite date of maturity and the Renten Bank at no time can call in the principal of the mortgage. Rentenbonds may also be repurchased from investors by the bank at its option five years after the bond is issued. It will be observed that the Rentenmark involves no obligation on the part of the government for redemption; nor is the Rentenmark stated by law to have a definite gold value. It has, nevertheless, been issued on a parity with the gold mark and is expected to maintain that equivalence since it is secured mark for mark by a gold mark obligation.

The plans developed about as follows: On November 15, 1923, a sum of 1 200 millions of Rentenmarks was placed at the government's disposal and on that day the issue of paper money for the purpose of discounting the treasury bills of the government apparently ceased. Of these 1,200 millions, 300 millions were to be used to repay the government's floating indebtedness and the remaining 900 millions (which run for two years at six per cent interest) were to be used to meet the deficits of the budget until the government was able to place that tax system upon a gold basis and was provided with sufficient receipts from these sources to meet its outlays. The other 1,200 millions of Rentenmarks were placed at the disposal of the nation's commercial and industrial interests.

The sponsors of the Rentenmark hoped to bring about several badly needed, noteworthy improvements through the establishment of the new monetary "bridge." Chief among these were the following:

1. Furnishing the community with a stable medium of exchange.
2. Establishing a money that could be laid away or saved.
3. Permitting the moving of the crops.
4. Retiring the paper mark from circulation.
5. Meeting the deficit in the national budget until it could be balanced by income from taxation.

Security, Public Faith and Confidence

IT MAY be said in all good faith that *to date* the Rentenmark, in bringing about the foregoing improvements, has had unusual success from the start. *Several attempts have already been made, to be sure, to undermine its stability* but it has weathered all storms and remained undefiled *thus far.*

And why "thus far"? Is there any imminent danger of an ill wind damaging the good reputation of the Rentenmark? Is its life really in jeopardy? We shall touch upon these questions more or less in the light of recent developments within the fatherland.

We will remember that the state has assumed no obligation of redemption and the Renten Bank is not obliged to redeem the Rentenmark except with a Rentenbond. But this bond has no definite state of maturity. The purchaser, if his interest is not paid, cannot foreclose on a specific piece of land or sue the Renten Bank for his principal; and the Renten Bank at no time has the power to call upon the mortgagor for the payment of the principal of the mortgage. It can only foreclose on a specific piece of land if the mortgagor does not pay his interest. The holder of the Rentenmarks, it is true, can demand and obtain a Rentenbond but as the holder of a Rentenbond he has a legal right only to his interest. He can regain his principal only by selling his Rentenbond on the bond market (which buys only at a considerable discount on account of the severe tightness of the German money market today).

What, then, becomes of the security of the combined German real estate which has been the greatest advertising feature of the new currency? It is the security of receiving an annuity, merely, and of selling it as an ordinary annuity on the open market. If the provisions of the law are faithfully observed by the government, and the private property system continues to prevail in Germany, there is no reason why the holders of the Rentenbonds should not receive their interest regularly and look forward to the liquidation of the Rentenbonds at par by voluntary act of the Renten Bank within the estimable future. But if anything happens to prevent such liquidation the bond holders have no right to foreclose on the land and can look forward to no definite date in the future on which they are legally entitled to payment.

The chief security behind the Rentenmark or any other monetary unit (whatever its name may be) which Germany may introduce in the future is nothing else than *pure public faith and confidence.* Faith and confidence, in turn, must emanate from an honest, promise-fulfilling government and must be kept absolutely clear of the wily intrigues of the private money lenders and other financial and industrial parasites whose sole mission on earth seems to be centered in squeezing out the nation's profits at the expense of the masses. Therefore, despite all its collateral security and good advantages, the moment the *confidence* in the new currency has been sufficiently shaken or Dame Rumor succeeds in turning the heads of the people and the speculators alike—the Rentenmark is through! But so long as this balm of faith persists and rumors to the contrary die a natural death, the Rentenmark may continue to prosper for a very long period without actual gold security: that is, redeemable gold security.

The gravest rumor which has persisted to this day, and one which may possibly have several grains of truth in it, is the story that the Reichsbank, having exhausted its entire quota or loan of Rentenmarks, had again resorted to the printing, temporarily, of additional paper marks or money having almost no material or physical security whatever. *Money lenders are asking and getting as high as 120 per cent and more a year on loans in Germany today on account of the acute shortage of money.* If the Reichsbank does not clamp down the lid very tightly on promiscuous credit extension; if it seeks to relieve the tightness on the money market through the promulgation of a second inflation, however mild—good-by Rentenmark! Granting, however, that nothing untoward happens along the lines aforementioned, the present Rentenmark should some day develop into the true gold mark—the kind of gold mark which in 1914, even though of paper (gold certificate), represented a goodly bit of the actual metal or the equivalent deposited in the vaults of the Reichsbank.

Stability Dependent on Many Factors

THE fact that Germany's exports during recent months, while by no means in excess over imports, have constantly increased, is also an important item contributing to the continued stability of the Rentenmark. If, then, a more favorable trade balance can be established and maintained, and the national budget may look forward to a surplus within the calculable future; if gold can be introduced into the country in ever-increasing amounts—then the Rentenmark may be considered as resting on a firm foundation. Nevertheless, there are so many factors which bear upon the future welfare of Germany and directly or indirectly upon the Rentenmark, such as internal political discord, trend of foreign policy, disposition of France and the Allies toward Germany, and so on *ad infinitum*, that unforeseen difficulties may drop out of a clear sky at any moment to change the entire aspect of the situation.

The statement has often been made in financial circles and elsewhere that neither the Renten nor any other mark currency can be made absolutely stable except when backed by actual gold, the most decisive factor in bringing about the fall of the present Rentenmark being the non-liquid condition of the securities upon which it was issued. So long as gold is the monetary standard of the world (so this cult goes on to say)—and so long as little or no gold appears in Germany it is very doubtful if any so-called "gold mark" issues could be stabilized at par even though the marks were backed by first-class mortgages on property and industries against which no other liens existed: for the reason that foreclosure, the last refuge of the mortgage holder, would yield nothing more than the property or industry itself, which would be as much of a white elephant on the hands of the mortgagee as on the hands of the mortgagor. Attachment and sale would only leave the mortgagee with a handful of unredeemable paper.

How Long Will It Last?

ASSUME that a man holding a heavy mortgage wished to liquidate or was forced to foreclose, the argument states further. There being practically no gold in the country he could not hope to sell or transfer his mortgage for anything but paper as worthless as the mortgage itself, nor to obtain in the case of an attachment and sale anything more valuable than his mortgage which had become worthless. Apropos of the foregoing, the following statement was recently made to the writer which "says a mouthful":

"The war with its aftermath of economic ills has been a liberal education to the masses in matters of public finances and people have learned that running a government is in practice nothing more nor less than running a great business. The German people and those of other nations as well have learned that a promise to pay, or to do anything else for that matter, is not 100 per cent certain of fulfillment simply because a government makes it; and certainly not a promise to pay when the government that makes it is not being run on sound business principles."

In conclusion we may say, then, that the Rentenmark at best is strictly a fiduciary medium of exchange. The most interesting feature about it is not, perhaps, so much "How was it done?" but "How long will it last?" The Rentenmark will last: that is, the bridge across the paper sea to the golden gates (if we may say so, figuratively) will be strong enough to withstand the current vicissitudes in Germany just so long as Germany plays the game straight; just so long as Germany is left untampered with by foreign intervention and red tape; just so long as common sense and business ethics hold free reign. Petty politics and Old Man Privilege must be met with a curt and emphatic "Hands Off!"

Here Is the Testimony: You Be the Jury

A Little Difference of Opinion on What We Said and What He Said

On April 26 THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT printed the following editorial:

WHAT OF THAT "SURPLUS"?

THE Treasury Department announces the offering of $400,000,000 certificates of indebtedness, running for one year at four per cent. This amount, in addition to collections on March 15, is announced to be necessary to meet interest and maturities on the public debt for the March account. It is further announced that additional financing will be necessary in June.

To those who have accepted the statements of the department that the revenues have so far overbalanced requirements as to leave a surplus of more than $300,000,000 for the current fiscal year, the announcement must cause surprise. We have been told that the public indebtedness was reduced to the amount of practically a billion dollars during the year, and while it is generally understood that this means simply that present available funds are merely offset against the aggregate debt, the showing was creditable. But as the new offering is made with the expectation of using also such funds as are available, it will be seen that when disbursed the total indebtedness will not have been reduced at all.

The people are entitled to accurate knowledge of the condition of the national finances at all times. This new issue will pass the three billion mark in short-term securities issued since the advent of the present administration, not including savings certificates which do not represent an indebtedness of full face value until maturity. As to how many of these are outstanding, it is doubtful whether even the department has positive knowledge.

On May 9 THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT received a letter from the Hon. Joseph W. Fordney whose name is widely known in connection with the tariff legislation of this nation. The letter follows:

May 8, 1924.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Gentlemen:

I read your paper and while we do not always agree, most times we do. In your issue of April 26 you printed an article, "What of That Surplus." I thought you were wrong and had made a mistake which would mislead a lot of your readers. Consequently I wrote to Mr. Mellon to set us right. He did so under date of April 29, which letter I found on my desk when I reached home last night. I know you want to be right and it seems to me you should publish Mr. Mellon's letter, with an acknowledgment of your error. The correspondence could be published elsewhere, but I have always thought that an open confession made one stronger with his friends. I trust you take the same view of the matter.

With kind personal regards, I am

J. W. FORDNEY.

This assumption of error is somewhat premature inasmuch as the accompanying copy of a letter from Secretary Mellon does not answer the question of the editorial nor dull its point.

The Secretary of the Treasury Writes

April 29, 1924.

My dear Mr. Fordney:

I have your clipping from THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. This editorial shows a fundamental misunderstanding of government finance. On each quarterly tax payment date only sufficient money is borrowed to meet current obligations and to carry the Treasury over until the next quarterly tax date. Automatically any surplus moneys in the Treasury go to the reduction of debt, and on the particular date, March 15 last, the Treasury paid off $550,000,000 of maturing certificates and issued $400,000,000 of new certificates, a reduction in debt on that particular day of $150,000,000.

The total amount of certificates outstanding is the criterion, and not the amount of such short term certificates that may have been issued during a period of years, since the certificates have a maturity of not more than a year. During the current fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1923, to April 26, 1924, there have been issued $1,735,827,000 of certificates of indebtedness, and paid off $2,015,071,500.

The intimation that the Treasury does not give the people accurate knowledge of the condition of national finances at all times is wholly false. Each month there is published a statement of the public debt of the United States, a copy of which as of February 29, 1924, is herewith inclosed. This shows every obligation of the United States outstanding. Daily there is published a statement showing current assets and liabilities, analysis of receipts and expenditures, and an analysis of the public debt receipts and expenditures. I believe that no other country in the world gives such complete and current information as is given by the Treasury.

Very truly yours,
A. W. MELLON,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Joseph W. Fordney,
Saginaw, Michigan.

Do figures frighten you?

If so, you miss a good deal of information and put yourself at the mercy of all kinds of loose statements.

However, there is more than figures on this page. There is a little argument between the Secretary of the Treasury, Joseph W. Fordney, the nationally known tariff advocate, and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

All three have their say here—

But the figures decide.

Read them, and in any case, you will learn something about your country's purse.

It now remains to see which party is deluded in this matter. Out of regard for the present numerous troubles of the Secretary of the Treasury we shall not deal with his expressions, "fundamental misunderstanding" and "wholly false." We shall deal exclusively with the figures published by his department.

Four questions are involved: Has the amount of revenue received by the government been sufficient to

(a) meet the needs of the Treasury Department?
(b) pay all current expenses of the government?
(c) pay all interest on the public debt?
And—
(d) reduce the public debt approximately a billion dollars during the fiscal year 1924 as claimed?

Turn to the daily statement referred to by Secretary Mellon.

April 30, 1923, page 1—Balance today	$393,122,954.43
April 30, 1924, page 1—Balance today	$331,725,401.58

The balance in the Treasury on that date in 1924 was $61,397,552.85 less than it was the same date in 1923.

Is a "Balance" a "Surplus"?

NOW a *balance* is not the same thing as a *surplus*, and it is decidedly misleading to talk or write as if it were. The Treasury of the United States should have some *balance* all the time. When it does not, it is in very bad shape. If the daily balance should at any time show say, $300,000,000 more than the fair, average balance which the Treasury ought always to have, it might then be permissible to talk about a "surplus." But as between the above dates, not only did no *surplus* appear but the *balance* actually decreased. On April 30, 1924, the Treasurer could have checked out $300,000,000 more than he did, if what he had on hand was *surplus*, and reduced the public debt by that greater amount. But he did not, and doubtless he followed good policy in not doing it. Had he done so, he would have had more than $31,000,000 left—and would he have described that as balance or surplus? As *balance*, certainly.

Now, turn to page four of those daily statements under the heading "Preliminary Statement of the Pubic Debt," with the subtitle, "Bonds."

April 30, 1923—Total bonds	$16,636,329,080.00
April 30, 1924—Total bonds	$16,154,393,990.00

On the face of it there would seem to be a reduction of the nation's bonded indebtedness in one year amounting to $481,935,090.00.

"On the face of it." But a man who had doubled his debt to Peter to wipe out his debt to Paul would hardly be credited with having decreased his indebtedness. Drop down to the tabulation under "bonds" and you come to the sub-title, "Notes."

Treasury Notes outstanding April 30, 1923	$3,522,470,600.00
Treasury Notes outstanding April 30, 1924	$4,046,398,000.00

Here we have an *increase* of $523,927,400 in this form of debt in one year.

That is, the increase in Treasury Notes was greater than the decrease in Treasury Bonds, which leaves the debt greater than it was the year before.

Furthermore, *these Treasury Notes bear a higher rate of interest than did the Liberty Bonds which they retired.* Here is the list:

Series	A—1924,	maturing	June 15, 1924, 5¾%
"	B "	"	September 15, 1924, 5½%
"	A—1925,	"	March 15, 1925, 4¾%
"	B "	"	December 15, 1925, 4⅜%
"	C "	"	June 15, 1925, 4½%
"	A—1926,	"	March 15, 1926, 4¾%
"	B "	"	September 15, 1926, 4¼%
"	A—1927,	"	December 15, 1927, 4½%
"	B "	"	March 15, 1927, 4¾%

Here we have the spectacle of our Treasury Department retiring lower interest-bearing debts by taking on higher interest-bearing debts, and that at a time when our investment bankers appear to be swamped with money and credit! It is not what would be precisely judged as expert or economical refinancing.

Now look at the Treasury War Savings Certificates, all of which are *debts* that the government must pay:

War Savings Certificates, April 30, 1923	$326,264,685.41
War Savings Certificates, April 30, 1924	$402,994,741.20

These figures show an increase in this form of debt for the year amounting to $76,730,055.79.

In these two items alone (Treasury Notes and War Savings Certificates) we have an increased indebtedness of $600,657,455 to set off against the boasted decrease in bonded indebtedness of $481,935,090—which leaves $118,722,365 on the wrong side of the ledger.

Now, with these facts in mind, where do we look for the "surplus"? It is true that the total bonded indebtedness of the United States at the date given for 1924 is less than it was in 1923, but what makes it less? The figures are as follows:

Total interest-bearing debt April 30, 1923	$22,327,078,565.41
Total interest-bearing debt April 30, 1924	$21,353,363,231.29

The decrease amounts to $973,715,334. Or taking the figures of the gross debt, that bearing interest and that bearing no interest, the reduction seems to be $1,031,177,306.49.

At the end of April, 1924, the figures still stood:

Total gross debt	$21,614,442,829.25

The question of the editorial still remains: "What about that surplus?"

Secretary Mellon makes a statement in his letter which deserves attention on the score of accuracy. In correcting what he calls "a fundamental misunderstanding of government finance" he says:

> "On each quarterly tax payment date only sufficient money is borrowed to carry the Treasury over until the next quarterly tax date."

Does the Secretary fail to remember the September call for four hundred millions which was subscribed to eight hundred millions, and he accepted it all—twice as much as he said he needed?

Observe again the table of Treasury Notes given above. Note the date of their issue and the date of their maturity and see if it is a fact that the Treasury refinances itself only for quarterly tax payment periods A sum of $2,830,700,900 extends into the years 1925, 1926 and 1927. Perhaps the Secretary meant that he does hand-to-mouth borrowing as well as long-distance borrowing. Whatever it may be called, it is all his own policy, for he is now in his fourth year of office.

One will search the daily statement of the United States Treasury submitted in this controversy, and not find the remotest clue to an answer to the question: If the gross debt was reduced $1,031,177,306 in a year, where did the money come from with which the reduction was made?

It did not come from the ordinary receipts of the government as this record shows (page 2, report of April 30, 1924):

Excess or ordinary receipts over total expenditures chargeable against ordinary receipts	$257,518,616.61

Does the Secretary Make Out His Case?

CERTAINLY, the clue isn't there. The sum isn't sufficient to account for anything.

On June 15, 1924, the sum of $311,088,600 is *due and payable* on Treasury Notes, Series A-1924.

On June 16, 1924, the sum of $135,128,500 is *due and payable* on Treasury Certificates, Series TJ-1924.

Here is nearly another half-billion dollars due—since the boast of a "surplus" was made—and was there a surplus to meet it? No. The Treasury borrowed $150,000,000 *for six months* at a higher rate of interest than was charged for commercial paper at New York.

The search through this report for the source of the alleged reduction of the public debt ends in failure.

There is one more possible source: maybe it was in economy that this money was saved. There was an increase of $55,019,751 in receipts and a decrease of $64,822,891 in expenditures, which together make $119,842,642—but even that is insufficient to account for the claimed reduction. And as to the "economy" involved, the reports of the condition of our Navy, the inefficiency caused in several quarters by inadequate appropriations, effectually quash that hope.

The fact is, Secretary Mellon's letter does not answer the question, nor does it turn the point of the editorial.

We shall wait to see what further "financing" the Treasury may have to do to get through the year, and then the story will be more complete. In the meantime, this fuller statement of the elements involved clearly shows that instead of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT being wrong, it was altogether too charitable. The paper may have had an erroneous idea of the financial policy of the Treasury Department, but only because it assumed that that policy was such as sound business men usually adopt.

One thing is certain, you cannot reduce debt by refunding it at higher interest rates.

And the debts you retire by such refunding are not "paid."

And the money you may have on hand by such methods is not "surplus."

"Just Prospectin'"—

Romantic Calling Whose Followers Are Fast Disappearing From Western Life

By JOHN ANSON FORD

Sam Dean and his faithful burro "Red." I asked Mr. Dean where he was bound for and with just a touch of pathos in his voice he answered, "Oh, driftin' north."

ROAMING the western hills from British Columbia to Mexico are members of a strange, romantic fraternity. They are distinctive of the present generation and the one which has just passed, and their like will never come again. No formal bonds or insignia mark their numbers, but in their hearts are the springs of brotherhood. Generous, courageous, carefree, they follow lonely trails which bring them little else besides a meager living, and a quaint philosophy. They are the old prospectors of the West.

Now and again their patient search is partially rewarded, and with their gold they descend to the towns to replenish their simple stores and renew their touch with civilization. But they never linger long, for the lure of the hills is upon them. For them life consists not so much in finding, as searching.

Not only do these men form one of the most picturesque elements in the life of the West, but they are of special interest because of the great wealth they have laid bare for others. They are the men whose wanderings among the mountains have revealed outcroppings of wonderful veins, which in turn have been developed with the aid of skill and capital. Rare indeed is the prospector who has retained more than a small share of any truly big strike.

Now that the motor car is penetrating into the primeval fastnesses there are more opportunities of coming in contact with these lone adventurers than there were a few years ago. Two summers ago, for example, an early spring day found us motoring over the rocky trail which leads from Las Vegas, Nevada, to St. George, Utah. It is the same route that the Mormons traveled in their march beyond Salt Lake so many years ago, and time seemed to have improved that track but little. But we forgot the road in the grandeur of the scene which we were entering. The rugged hills and gorges all about us looked as though they had emerged from some vast furnace and were still glowing red with the heat to which they had been subjected. The canyon through which our ribbon of a trail led had been rightly named "The Valley of Fire."

Shortly after we entered the portal of this weird valley we spied, far down the road, a slowly moving object behind which rose a languid cloud of dust. As we drew nearer we saw that there were two separate objects—a man and a burro. In a few minutes more we had drawn up by the side of the road opposite the dust-covered traveler and his heavily-laden beast.

"Jest prospectin'," he drawled. "Bound fer them hills off to the right." He waved his hand in the direction of a low range of mountains whose base was shrouded in blue haze. "There's springs in that range and I reckon there's real dirt there too. That's what I gather."

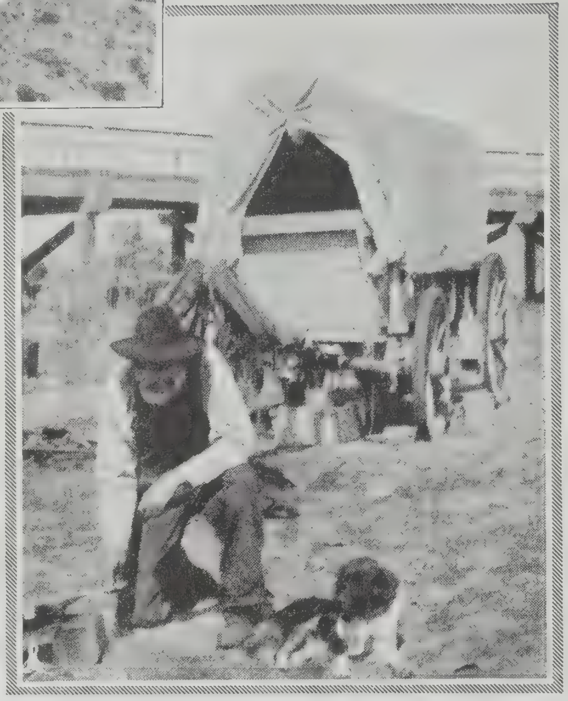
He seemed to think this explanation was adequate and forthwith changed the subject, evidently not desiring to be questioned too closely about the goal he was headed for.

"By the way," he went on, "I see you have a camera. Would you mind taking a picture of Bess?"—pointing to the little burro whose ears came to attention at the sound of her name and scarcely reached above the sagebrush.

At once it was apparent that there was a close bond of affection between these two. "I'm all broke up," the prospector said simply, "You see, I lost Molly a few days back. Finest little animal you ever saw. Just a mate for Bess, here. We three have traveled hundreds of miles in this God-forsaken country. Bess and Molly meant everything to me." And with that his voice faded away into a quaver.

So I got out my camera and tripod and photographed the bereaved Bess and her sad master. The annals of the early West are rich with examples of such affection between man and beast. Weeks and months of companionship in the lonely hills many times have fostered an affection and loyalty which have resulted in a ready sacrifice of life itself for the sake of a comrade. There is something in the solitudes of the vast open spaces which gives these wanderers a finer perspective. Life for these hardy men becomes far more precious than wealth—which may account for the prospector's contentment with but little of this world's goods.

But one should not suppose that these men are without friends just because they live a lonely life. There is Dad Fairbanks, for example, whose name is almost a household word in a region extending hundreds of miles up and down Southeastern California and into Arizona and Nevada.



James D. Roberts, hale and hearty at 75, on his way to a claim in Mexico, with his covered wagon.

Everybody respects "Dad," as he is affectionately called. His tall sinewy frame and swinging gait is known at every desert railway station, Indian trading post, desert mine and water hole throughout that most mysterious and forbidding region—Death Valley. Long before the Tonapah and Tidewater Railway tapped the region lying to the west of this awesome country, "Dad" had prospected its mesas and canyons. Many a time he has felt the thrill which only prospectors know when they believe they have struck it rich. Dad's eyes have been keen, and he has more than ordinary knowledge of geology so that when he has set up his four "monuments" to mark the four corners of his claim he usually has known what he was about.

For some years now he has retired from active prospecting and lives at the desert station of Shoshone where he has maintained a general store and an outfitting depot. Here many a miner has been grubstaked and gone off into the desert for weeks and months in search of his fortune. But even in recent years Fairbanks has found advancing age no serious deterrent to roaming the hills. Not so many months ago he disposed of a claim containing valuable filtering clay for a consideration said to be $30,000.

There are many who have not been as wise and fortunate as Dad Fairbanks. "Shorty" Harris spent his life on the desert and on more than one occasion he had vast wealth within his grasp. He was, in fact, the discoverer of the famous Bullfrog ore and so named it because of the peculiar hue of the precious stuff. And yet "Shorty" received but a pittance compared with the riches he uncovered for others.

Not long ago, while motoring southward from the romantic town of Monterey, California, I suddenly drew up beside the road as I caught a glimpse of a covered wagon half hidden by mesquite in a dry wash. Turning the car about I made my way through the chaparral to as pretty a camp site as any prospector could wish.

In the center of a little clearing were the smoldering embers of a campfire. At one side stood the weather-beaten wagon, its bowed canvas top for all the world like a bit of '49 history. And best of all there appeared in the puckered opening of the wagon the kindly bearded face of a real prospector. James D. Roberts is his name, but folks who know him call him Jim. Powerful of frame and standing six feet three in his stocking feet, his erect carriage and alert eye belie his seventy-five years.

We talked long there by the smoldering fire, made friends with his dog, and learned something of the dreams which were still leading this man on and on. It was the old story. The big kindly man supposed that it was the lure of gold—this time it was a claim in Mexico which he was headed for—but what really kept him prospecting was the free, open life which results from answering the call of the great out-of-doors. There is a charming open-heartedness and friendliness about these men who have long since learned to banish sham and formality.

"Do you know," Roberts confided, "I figger I've about lived my life even though I'm still pretty hale and hearty. But I guess—I guess—I'm just looking for a nice quiet place, now, where I can lay down when the end comes."

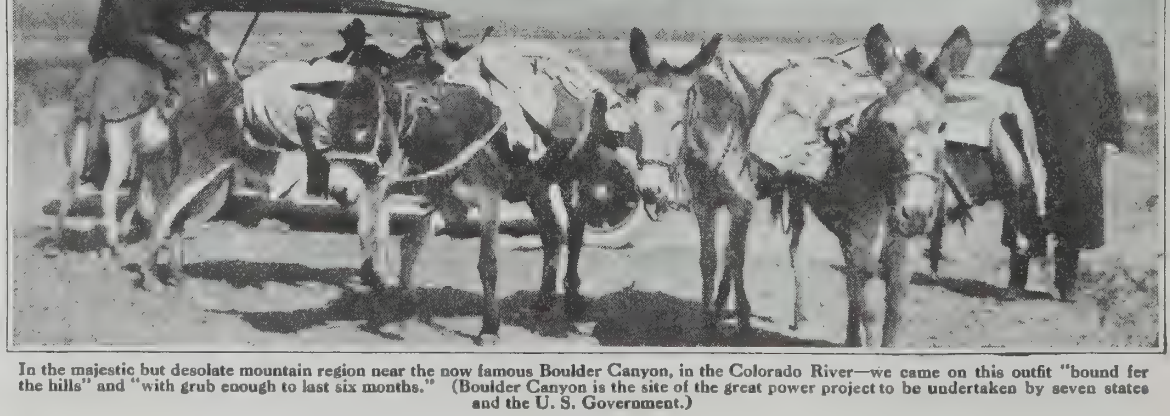
He looked off toward the hills and I thought there was a mist in his eyes. His hand reached down and patted the head of mild-eyed Prince who had come close up beside his master. "And by the way," Roberts continued, "would you mind sending me a couple of pictures for, for, my daughter. I reckon it would do her heart good to hear from her old dad."

There it was, the undying spark of tender sentiment concealed beneath a rough exterior. One finds it in all these men who have lived without illusions, excepting, perhaps, that of the pot of gold.

But there is also a very practical side to these prospectors. They are the ones who have really "opened up the country." Next to the Indians who once roamed all the West, but have long since been confined to their several reservations, there have been no men who have known the West like the prospectors. Many a delightful glade which now is a popular resort was originally made known to civilization through the wanderings of these men. The history of countless mines which have yielded millions has its beginnings in the discovery by those who have literally combed whole mountain ranges in search of golden outcroppings.

To be sure, they are often unlettered, and their knowledge has been limited to an interpretation of certain surface signs. The experienced mining engineer representing some large development corporation has been the one on whom they have been dependent for selling their claims.

Oftentimes these followers of the endless trail have



In the majestic but desolate mountain region near the now famous Boulder Canyon, in the Colorado River—we came on this outfit "bound fer the hills" and "with grub enough to last six months." (Boulder Canyon is the site of the great power project to be undertaken by seven states and the U. S. Government.)

little more than enough to pay the necessary government fees when they discover an outcropping that looks promising. They know nothing about scientific big scale mining. The sinking of great shafts with attendant exploration in various directions, according to the conditions revealed underground, is in most cases far beyond their understanding. When these prospectors make a real find they are almost always forced to sell it for what some developing company will offer them—and usually the company knows much more accurately than they what the claim will yield.

There are exceptions, of course. In and near Death Valley there are wonderful deposits of talc, borax, and so forth. If the full history of the valley is ever written it will tell of more than one seasoned old prospector—often a Scotsman—who has held onto this claim or that until he has obtained the $50,000 or $100,000 he has demanded. "Borax" Smith, made famous by the Twenty Mule Team product, is one of the men who realized large returns on a rich find, but this was partly because of his ability as a business organizer.

A pair of old prospectors photographed near the south end of Death Valley. The picture might well be called "Recollections of '49."

The procedure which was followed in the old days, and to a certain extent still obtains when a prospector discovers real unclaimed wealth in the earth, is as follows: First of all he stakes out his claim, perhaps 1,500 feet long and 600 feet wide. Its boundaries he marks with four piles of stones, one on each corner. He then prepares an ancient tin can or other receptacle, putting in it a simple statement that this is his claim. This is placed within one of the "straddle bugs" as the stone piles are sometimes called. If the claim is located in a wooded region its four corners may be marked by blazing as many trees and writing the proper notice on the smooth exposed portion of the trunk.

It then becomes necessary to have the claim surveyed by a government mining surveyor. The prospector is then in a position to file a certified copy of his claim's location containing a detailed description of it. Woe unto the man who jumps a claim. It is a game which many tried in the earlier days, but few survived to enjoy the fruits of such trickery.

Not infrequently one finds a prospector who has abandoned even the illusion that some day he will find and acquire great wealth. A few weeks ago, not far from Porterville, California, we came upon such a traveler. He was a small man, not much taller than his faithful burro whom he called "Red," and his name was Sam Dean. Dusty with many miles of travel, both man and beast had taken on the hue of the desert and only a discerning eye could detect these two in the distance. I should like to have examined the contents of his boxes and duffle bag on the back of "Red," but contented myself with a friendly chat, and he volunteered no information as to what success he had had in his gold hunting.

I think, however, that Sam's pot of gold and his rainbow had long since vanished and he was "jest livin'" along life's quiet pathway. He had tramped all the way from Missouri, he said, and aside from an opportunity to get a good bath, his chief desire was to find a good camp ground each night where he and the knowing little burro could rest and push on for another day's tramp. Sam's attitude was quite similar to that of another of his fraternity whom a friend of mine met high up in the mountains east of Lake Tahoe.

"Where are you going, Dad?" my friend asked as the two drew up to the side of the road.

"Why, I'm goin'—I'm goin'—well, I'll be dinged if I know where I'm headed fer. I'm jest prospectin' fer gold!"

But Sam had a place he called home, and though he had not been there for years he thought of it fondly and with tender sentiment. His daughter was there, he said—in the little town of Agatha, Idaho, and "would you please send her a picture of me and Red." The rest of his remark was almost identical with that of Jim Roberts—"I think she would like to hear from her old dad." Needless to say, the request was gladly complied with.

Perhaps, after all, Sam hopes to find his fortune some day. Back in the minds of these men always linger the stories of such as "Lucky" Baldwin whose rare good luck and equally good nerve laid the foundation for a fortune of many millions, which have multiplied since his death to one of the greatest estates in the West.

The dramatic good fortune of L. G. Beloud, of Grass Valley, California, is another bit of western history which keeps alive the spark of hope. Beloud, it seems, had had considerable experience as a prospector and finally determined to make a careful investigation of certain regions which his government maps showed as still unclaimed. Taking his horse and buggy he and a friend set out one day for the land in question, plowing through much mud and water en route, as there had been a heavy rain but a short time before. In fact, the roads were so bad that there was some thought of giving up the journey but finally the two decided to push on and in due time reached their goal. How little they knew then all that depended on that decision.

Tying the horse to a sapling they set out on foot to explore farther. They had not gone far when they were surprised to come upon a cabin on land which the government maps showed to be unclaimed and unoccupied. Soon afterward they heard a noise in the vicinity of the tethered horse, and they rushed back in some anxiety to see if they had lost their means of conveyance. However, they found it unharmed and likewise the horse, which had been startled by some moving object. The animal had tugged at the sapling so hard that finally he uprooted it. It was still tied to the end of the hitching strap. On observing this Beloud went to the spot where the little tree had stood and was startled to find exposed in that hole in the earth a large mass of unmistakably rich gold-bearing quartz.

No words can describe the intense excitement of that moment. It meant that the dream of years had come true. At last the endless struggle, the repeated bitter disappointments which prospectors know only too well, had borne fruit. It was no mere pocket that Beloud had hit upon by the strange accident; it was a vast and rich deposit. With suppressed excitement he paced off his dimensions and erected his four monuments, after which he wrote out his claim and tacked it to a tree. He had suddenly acquired a plot of land worth more than the site of New York's Flatiron Building.

Such happenings can be duplicated scores of times. It is stories like this which make the game so fascinating. But in a few years more the old prospectors will be gone. Their ranks are receiving no new recruits, for the highly trained mining engineer is making exploration more and more systematic, and at the same time big finds on the surface are becoming more rare.

So when the motorist, on some remote highway, or the sportsman in some mountain solitude, comes upon a plodding prospector let him touch his hat to a picturesque element in our western life which is fast passing away—a fraternity which has played life's game with a free hand and a generous heart; while "jest prospectin'."

Imaginary Interviews: Calvin Coolidge

WHEN the interviewer stepped in for a chat with the shadow of Calvin Coolidge, which at the moment was sitting immobile, almost rigid, at the executive desk, memory set on either side two other Coolidges, namely, the governor of Massachusetts and the Vice-President. The three images were grouped as if in a triptych. They were absolutely alike.

Only his hairdresser could have sworn to a difference. Today Calvin Coolidge has seventeen hairs less than in 1920. But kindly nature compensated by auburning somewhat its former sandiness. It was no easy job for Mother Nature to abstract hairs from Calvin Coolidge, at that. To decrease his hirsuteness by seventeen strands it was necessary to elect him Vice-President, whereupon the seventeen hairs were lost by abrasion against the headrest of his Senate chair. And it happened when he was "not looking" because his eyes were closed.

That is the story of Calvin Coolidge's seventeen hairs.

Whenever Mr. Coolidge as Vice-President closed his eyes in the august Senate Chamber it was to think of himself as the author of the shortest speech made at any time anywhere. The interviewer has President George D. Olds, of Amherst, as authority for it. One day, in the lower house of the Massachusetts legislature, after a garrulous member haplessly paused at the beginning of a sentence which, like all his other sentences, began with "It is—" Mr. Coolidge took advantage of the pause, was recognized, and said:

"Mr. Speaker, it isn't." Whereupon Calvin Coolidge sat down.

The interviewer was ready to ask his first question but a stream of callers interrupted. Frank Stearns, Senator Borah, Nicky Longworth, Mary—either Garden or Pickford—and some others. Jingles, the cat, was not around, but that was the day the cat had run away, thus proving that there is one creature in Washington that is unimpressed by the White House. And then it is said that cats are politicians!

"I give you three guesses," said the shadow of Calvin Coolidge when the last caller had withdrawn.

"You were thinking about Northampton, and wondering whether that loose clapboard in the old double house was ever nailed down."

"No. But you are right—there was a loose board up there. However, I was thinking of Jim Lucey." Jim Lucey is the President's cobbler, but above all he is, and has been for many years, Coolidge's philosopher.

"By the way, how is your cousin, Almon W. Coolidge."

"What—have you heard about him too? Is there anything you interviewers fail to trace? First thing I know some reporter will find that I am a direct descendant of William the Conqueror."

"It's a good guess," the interviewer said to the Presidential shadow. "Let's see—Almon W. is a descendant of Obadiah Coolidge, brother of John, of whom you are a direct descendant. Anteceding them was Josiah."

"Don't forget Jonas Coolidge," grinned the shadow.

"Now the Coolidges to whom you belong advise me that they have traced their ancestry back to 1427."

"Which is before the time of Columbus," interrupted the shadow, "and Columbus very courteously and foresightedly discovered what was to be the United States for the family's especial benefit. This is a campaign year; it is just as well for somebody to seize upon some sort of a conspiracy. Columbus and Coolidge—isn't that a good one?"

"I fear not," said the interviewer. "They are after you on another score, that you abbreviate your first name to Cal as a bid for the California vote. Then, too, there is another secret. If that ever gets out—"

The shadow stiffened. "A secret?"

The interviewer lowered his voice. "Yes. You remember the box of cigarets you won at the Devon horse show two or three years ago? A whole hundred of them."

"That was the first time I ever won anything," said the shadow of President Coolidge. "It cost me a quarter to take the chance. I was afraid my quarter was gone."

"But it was not the first time that luck was with you," the interviewer said. "Down at Betterton, on upper Chesapeake Bay, they call you Fisherman Cal and the way you hauled in fish there is one of the favorite bedtime stories in the shanties."

"That wasn't so much," said the Coolidge shadow. "The fish were plentiful and hungry, that's all."

"Hungry? I should think so. Fishermen told me that it made no difference whether you baited the hook or not. When you didn't the poor fish swallowed your hook bare. Now that *is* fishing."

"There is just as much of it going on right here in this town," said the master of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, in a confidential whisper. "Have you counted the unbaited hooks that are dangling everywhere?"

"A few have been seen, but they won't catch anything. Politics has rusted them. What I wish to know now is what has become of the knitting bag which you once carried into the Cabinet room with you."

For Calvin Coolidge, in his Vice-Presidential days, liked to carry the bathycolpian Boston bag.

His shadow laughed. He remembered the day that he carried a bag full of mail which people insisted upon writing to him to his hotel and which he carried in bulk to his office for attention. "It is not the most aristocratic or artistic carrier," said the shadow, "but its very plainness is its best recommendation. I have always driven toward efficiency by the road of plainness."

"What to you has seemed the most amazing thing since you became President?"

"That I have not been invited to a maple sap drawing contest," was the prompt answer of Coolidge's shadow. "You heard, of course, that I could get more sap out of a maple tree than any other boy, and my father is an authority that never boasts if he can help it. But he did say that of me. Really, I am a bit disappointed that I have not been solicited to defend that title. Not that I should have gone, but it would be nice to have it remembered.

"You see," continued the Presidential shadow, reminiscing, "a tree of ordinary size will yield from fifteen to thirty gallons of sap a year, and that means from two to four pounds of sugar. But to get twenty-five or thirty gallons was a big job. I had to be on the jump to get more than the average. And the wars I had with the borers, those black and yellow longicorn beetles whose larva kills the sugar maple by boring under the bark."

"Did you ever stumble and spill the sirup?"

"I don't think so. I don't remember."

"What is your favorite sport now?"

"Indoors is to listen and think; outdoors is to look and think."

"Do you do any more window shopping?"

The shadow nodded negatively. "If a day only had 240 hours!"

"If it had," the interviewer laughed, "the Presidency would last forty years."

"Then it is better to let it remain as it is." The Coolidge jaws snapped, and though they belonged to his shadow one heard the click.

"They call you a man of mystery. Won't you say something about yourself as you consider that self?"

"Anything I said would not avail," the shadow murmured. "Come and see me again."

Reduce Divorce at the Source

Why Should Love Be Blind? Why Not Give It Sight?

By WINTHROP BLAKE

> About 150,000 divorces are granted annually in the United States.
>
> Our neighbor, Canada, has granted only 505 in the last year.
>
> In this country any circuit judge can issue a divorce. It requires only a little more effort than to get a marriage license. But in British lands each divorce means a separate Act of Parliament, which is equivalent to an Act of Congress.

CONSIDER Chicago. Since 1913 the ratio of divorces to marriages has doubled. In 1922 there was one divorce to each 5.2 marriages; but in 1923 the latter slumped to 4.7.

Consider Indiana. It is a typical state in many ways, but not matrimonially. It has a record of 5.4 marriages to each divorce whereas the national rate is 7.6 marriages to each dissolution of "the tie that binds."

"Divorce," declared Gladstone, the eminent Englishman, "perhaps constitutes the greatest menace to American institutions."

A certain patient statistician averred not long ago that if the present rate of increase is not checked, the number of divorces will *equal* the number of marriages within ten years. I think he overstated the danger; perhaps twenty-five years would be a better guess as the time when this equality may be reached.

Some of the reasons for the present divorce epidemic in the "Windy City" have been given by the judges there. Concisely, they are: too much jazz and liquor; ultra-sophistication of the modern generation; poor cooking and makeshift delicatessen dinners; failure of the contracting parties to regard solemnly the bonds of matrimony; tendency of young married couples to live with the husband's or wife's parents and thus become readily susceptible to the in-law influence.

"They," asserts one of Chicago's judges, "get a civil marriage now at the courthouse with as little ceremony as taking out a dog license. What is needed is more religion in the home."

His theory is that of "too much haste makes waste." A quick tying may result in a speedy untying. Though he says "more religion," I am sure he would have all couples proceed cautiously.

Most of the Chicago judges agree that economic marriages are successful. They affirm that working husbands and wives rarely seek dissolution of "the tie that binds."

A prolific source of divorce, not named by the Chicago judges, however, is the union of children.

In 1920 there were 1,600 boys and 12,000 girls, fifteen years of age, listed as wedded here in our civilized country. The married boys of sixteen numbered 3,222, those of seventeen, 7,690 and those of eighteen, 24,644. The girls married at sixteen numbered 41,620, at seventeen, 90,930 and those at eighteen were 186,645, a veritable host. Some of the states actually permit the marriage of girls only twelve years old.

Soon after the ceremony many of these children find that they have made a truly tragic mistake; they quarrel, separate and obtain a divorce, often with a suicide or homicide accompaniment. Child marriage is usually a necessity, an aftermath of the parents' failure in training or supervision or in both. It is plain that parents and teachers should discipline children to avoid emotional excesses.

There are two principal reasons that may account for the truly alarming divorce epidemic. Reason 1: "Love is blind" and getting blinder still every year. Reason 2: We are immoral, and rapidly growing more so. We cannot place the responsibility for this deplorable situation upon the war; we have made the war a catch-all for most of our present ills; this situation existed, as the Gladstone comment points out, before the twentieth century had even dawned. So the war must be absolved from major blame, though it did cause a further lowering of morals.

"Love is blind," runs the ancient maxim. I do not believe it. The cases to which we apply this saying as an alibi or explanation are usually examples of *infatuation,* and infatuation is invariably unseeing. Why? Well, it is passion; and passion makes the subject almost unable to sleep or reason.

The worst causative of divorce, I maintain, is infatuation. Reduce divorce at the source by lessening the possibility of the prenuptial infatuation; for back of most separations lies the passion that has cooled. I think it may be said with a great deal of veracity that true love does not cool, or, if it does, not with the marked suddenness and inevitability that characterizes this illusory, corporeal, common love.

Of every ten couples that wed, only one is able to furnish their home without having debt as a menace to their romance. Another of the ten couples will rent furnished rooms. Eight out of every ten couples, beginning their enlarged living, will furnish their homes wholly or partly on credit; this means the partial payment plan, so much down and so much each month, almost without limit.

An expert in economics has investigated this problem in an effort to determine how extensive the financial foundation of matrimony must be to keep it away from divorce courts. He says that forty per cent of the yearly salary of a young married man is necessary to furnish a home comfortably in the average American city. For a man earning $150 a month, $720 would be the required financial nest egg; if he were a $200 man, he would need close to a thousand dollars, $960, to be exact. The expert points out that two peak loads come to married life, that of furnishing the home at the start, and then, approximately twenty years later, when the children have their hearts set on a college education.

I said that infatuation is a serious factor. Money is also a serious factor that should not be disregarded. The question of money should be discussed most thoroughly before marriage; it certainly will be afterward. The bride should know before the ceremony whether she will be put to the necessity of raiding her husband's pockets or of cringing at his feet whenever she wants a little sum for groceries or a new pair of stockings. If scrimping and saving must be done, she should be fully aware of this fact. It does seem that husbands and wives should be business, home and love partners; if they are, the bogey of divorce will be too ashamed to show itself.

Frankness is a fine recipe. We preach it, but we do not practice it. Instead, there is much deception by both parties during the courtship. For many brides and for many grooms "the day after" is the day of disillusionment.

Last-chance marriages and those of youth with age are heavily handicapped from the beginning; divorce is the probable sequel. I have before me the story of a woman, eighty-seven, suing for separation from a man of forty-seven. She charges cruelty and that he married her for her money. After failing to force her into an asylum, he mistreated her. The judge took the case under advisement, but he lectured the woman severely because she was old enough to forget matrimony.

Biologically, a woman ages much faster than a man. For this reason the man should be older in years at the start of the conjugal life. If the bride is five years older than the groom, she will be comparatively ten years older when she reaches the middle-age period. The way to reduce divorce from the age discrepancy is to have the discrepancy, or margin of years, masculine instead of feminine.

Mr. Sapiro Tells His Story on the Witness Stand

Concluded from page 6

tries and that within three years from that date there will be a pool at Liverpool selling the wheat of Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, and the Argentine." A. And that is within the region of possibility.

Q. Then you went on to say this a little later on: "I tell you that the thing is as good as done, and that the growers of the world will name the price of the wheat instead of it being named by the gamblers of the world. (Loud cheers and applause.)" A. I think that is true.

Q. This is the international pool or world pool you have in mind? A. Yes—which I consider inevitable over a term of years.

Q. Then you would have some other countries you have not mentioned there? A. Yes, there are some.

Q. India? A. *Russia, Roumania, Serbia.*

Q. All these wheat-producing countries?

A. Yes.

Q. Of course would be, while these other pools were forming, competing? A. Necessarily. You may not know it, *but one of the best-organized countries in the whole world on co-operative marketing is Russia.*

By Mr. Pitblado:

Q. At any rate you did not mention those countries.

A. Because I was afraid it might not be popular with you people to speak of Russia, but now, since England has recognized Russia and since commercial relations can be made, it is fairly likely that something can be done with reference to Russian surplus wheat.

Q. Well, we have got that idea. Now, coming back, you have seen this world's pool idea discussed at different times? A. Yes.

Q. (Reading from Professor Taylor, of Stanford University.) "It has been suggested that when the wheat growers of the United States form a pool, this action will be confirmed by the formation of smaller associations in Canada, Argentina, and Australia, the joint efforts of which would effectively raise world wheat prices. Such a suggestion is sheer fantasy. If Europe were economically strong enough to pay hold-up prices for wheat, she would be politically strong enough to repel the hold-up; if she were too weak politically to repel the hold-up, she would be economically too weak to pay hold-up prices."

A. All of which is a tragic sort of article. I think it was more than contemptible for any writer to start in to write the word "hold-up," as applied to the efforts of a group of growers, either in this country or any other country, in their attempt to try to get a fair price for their product. I want to get that in the record, since you have got Dr. Taylor's abusive words.

Q. You have used some abusive words, yourself?

A. Oh, yes. I am fairly good at that. We fellows that get abuse have got to learn to give back some of it.

Q. How are you going to prevent increased production in Canada, or in the other wheat producing countries? A. The question is this: if we can make wheat through this organization worth, say, $1.30 a bushel to the farmer, instead of eighty cents, will that not increase production and hurt him in the end?

Q. I did not put it that way, I am putting my question this way. I say, how are you going to prevent increased production? A. All right. In the first place, you have had perfectly enormous increased production without a spur of such unusually good prices. In the second place, I am dealing with a state of facts as they are. The farmer is not making any money; he is having his hardships and is trying to create a system under which he may make something. If by making money he still undergoes other hazards, I would rather have him face the hazards of prosperity than the hazards of poverty. If he has a little money to fight with, he may be able to achieve something. Now, as to the increased production: in the first place, it is possible that increased production would follow a very much higher price level on wheat. It did that in the United States. It is also possible that the consumption of wheat can be increased and can be increased materially. At a conference held in Chicago it was assumed that under proper advertisement and proper conditions they ought to be able to increase the use of wheat products in the United States by 200 million bushels a year. If they would raise their per capita consumption of wheat flour in the United States to the per capita consumption of wheat flour in France, they would increase it by more than 200 million bushels a year. So it is possible that if you did get this increased production, you could get likewise increased consumption. Secondly—

Q. Now, just one minute. A. No, I am going to give you a thorough answer to this. Pardon me, Mr. Chairman.

The Chairman: We, ourselves, are anxious to be informed of certain things and we would like you to continue.

Witness: Secondly, if you do get this increased production, there is nothing in the so-called idea of a crop pool which would prevent carry-over, and wheat can be carried over from season to season and meet the times when you do not get completely normal production. Thus far, every bushel of wheat in the world has been eaten at some time. Now, if over-production followed over-production, then the method of handling would be as follows: to form within your association two separate contracts; to take the normal acreage of each man and say this is your normal production of wheat, or your normal acreage. That will be put in the primary pool. Any wheat which you deliver above that, and you may deliver just as much as you wish, will be put in a secondary pool. Then, in that way, you will sell your primary pool first at whatever the market should warrant. Your second pool you would simply have to dump or carry from time to time, and give them long value, instead of selling value. That, automatically, would discourage over-planting.

By Commissioner MacGibbon:

Q. How would you prevent the grain tied up with the secondary pool from influencing the price? A. By simply not letting it out. If the world can only consume a certain amount of wheat, you cannot make them consume more by putting it on the market. If there is a limit of three billion bushels, or whatever the point might be, they won't eat three billion eight hundred million bushels, except by advertising or otherwise you induce them to do it.

Q. That is the answer, and you make a speech of it. A. Well, that is my privilege.

Q. You think that is quite legitimate, of course?

A. Absolutely legitimate. I want to say here, since you have asked if that was legitimate, I want to say it is fully as legitimate as to subject a witness to cross-examination where the witness was never even given a chance to put in a primary case. I did not object when I was subjected to it this morning, and I don't want to object now, but I don't want counsel to suggest that I am doing illegitimate things, because I anticipate propaganda purposes in his questions.

The Chairman: Mr. Sapiro, you have come a long way to be here and, what is more, you are not a British subject and you are not subject to our jurisdiction, and we feel grateful to you for being here. When we were first asked to bring you here, we said Mr. Sapiro happens to be in Manitoba, a stranger traveling among us, we will not abuse our jurisdiction by subpoenaing him. We will let him come, if he wants to come, but if he wants to come, he must come like any other witness and submit to being examined and cross-examined . . . . We are not here, however, as a mere vehicle for getting things into the newspapers. The newspapers are quite entitled to take a fair report of whatever evidence is given. We are here as a body appointed by the federal government and by the various provincial governments in order to investigate certain matters, one of which is the marketing of wheat and the different systems whereby wheat is or may be marketed. We are here for our own information. We have to write a report, a serious report to the federal government and the provincial governments on matters concerning which you are giving evidence today. Now, this is mainly the newspapers that are being spoken to. We want information for ourselves, for the purpose of our study. This has, no doubt, been of interest to the newspapers. Well and good, let them take it, so long as they make fair reports. So far, I think you have been granted every opportunity. It is quite true that, not having been examined by your counsel over the subject of marketing, the cross-examination must come more or less as a surprise.

Witness: I don't object.

The Chairman: As long as you don't object, that difficulty is removed. Now, on the other hand, Mr. Sapiro, every time you are confronted with a difficulty, and every scheme that anybody has ever propounded yet contains a difficulty, you must not flare up and take the attitude that those who propose the difficulty are necessarily hostile to your case. For instance, Mr. Woods, who has no interest in the Grain Exchange or any other corporation, asked you a few questions and you immediately said you were surprised to see counsel for this commission arguing against farmers.

Witness: If Mr. Woods is not antagonistic, I would withdraw the remark. I don't want to be unjust.

The Chairman: Is there anyone else who desires to question Mr. Sapiro? If not then we are very much obliged to you Mr. Sapiro and we have derived a great deal of benefit from your presence here today and you are now at liberty.

Baseball—How It Works in Theory and Practice

Individual Intelligence of Greatest Value in National Sport

By PAUL MACDONALD

THE value of strategy in baseball is problematical. Individual strategy is invariably a keen asset, team strategy lacks this percentage.

Baseball is a game of the individual; football a game of a group of individuals with the success of each depending upon the perfect co-operation of the other individuals.

The ideas of team play in baseball have, in many instances, found their incentive in football.

Team play cannot be applied to baseball as it can to football because in baseball we have units working as units and in football units working as a whole.

Ball games are won by bats and arms and individual intelligence. Team work is secondary to individual effort.

Strategy often fails in baseball because the situation for which the strategy is planned changes in the flick of an eyelash.

One player may "outsmart" another or one may "outsmart" a group in baseball but one group rarely "outsmarts" another group because the strategy planned for various situations is spoiled by the change in the situation and is therefore only a hindrance, resulting in confusion.

Individual intelligence in baseball is probably the most desired quality. If the majority of players on a team are intelligent that team will provide strategy without having set plays.

Team strategy in baseball is like an overabundance of signals. It is more likely than not to rattle even the intelligent player in close situations.

* * *

The leading intellects of baseball do not make the best managers, always. There is this about a great star—he performed certain feats and he expects his players to perform the same feats. He does not seem able to realize that he would never have achieved his place in baseball if he had not been able to do things that other players could not do. Having been a leading star is frequently a serious handicap to a manager. If all players were capable of doing the things that other players do there would be no stars.

* * *

Styles change in baseball. But they also change in swimming, football, basketball, polo, tennis and other sports. The system of play changes in all sports as the plan of living, the plan of architectural construction, plumbing, shipbuilding, automobile manufacturing, glass making, literature, painting, music, dancing, lace making, cooking spaghetti and preparing chicken salad. All things change as generation follows generation. Do not become annoyed at the gentlemen who sit at your side and sigh for the good old days, the days of Delahanty and Rusie, Anson and Radbourne, for you some day will be sitting in probably the same spot sighing for the good old days of Mathewson and Brown, Wagner and Lajoie, Speaker and Collins, Cobb and Ruth. And the generation that hears your sighs will be annoyed as you are today and will continue watching ball games with the same interest that you show today.

* * *

A curve ball is originally a fast ball or a slow ball. It remains a fast ball or a slow ball until within two feet of the plate, or nearer. Then it begins breaking. All deliveries are the same nearly the entire route from pitchers box to the plate.

* * *

If you fool a batsman on a certain kind of delivery you will weaken him on all deliveries. If a batter has a distinct weakness and you discover that weakness and begin pitching to it, the batter begins looking for that delivery. His mind will be set on facing it and he is thrown off his batting stride for anything else you may serve him. He is constantly looking for the ball that he is least able to hit. We have seen reputed fast ball pitchers shut out a team by pitching nothing but slow balls for every batter spent his entire time at the plate looking for the fast one. We once saw Ed. Walsh strike out Ty Cobb four times in one game using nothing but fast balls but faking the spit ball each time. Cobb kept looking for the spit ball.

* * *

The average pitcher and catcher, whether in the major leagues or the minors, pitches and catches on a certain set plan. The intelligent batsman by making careful mental note of what is being served him can come near guessing sooner or later just what the pitcher intends to deliver and set himself accordingly. If the system works on the batsman the first time, or the first and second time, it is almost certain to be repeated. The pitching repertoire is followed in strict order.

* * *

Simplified batting practice in the major leagues is of doubted value. During the time allotted for this exercise the pitcher informs the batsman what he is about to throw, fast fall, curve or slow ball. The batsman gets set accordingly. Then, when the game starts, the opposing pitcher will refuse to tell the batter what he intends to serve him and, more than that, will probably pitch in an entirely different style, adding to the general confusion of the batter. It seems to us that he would be better equipped to face the opposing pitcher if he had been forced to guess the delivery of his own pitching team-mate during practice.

* * *

A team of young players often shows the dash and fire of youth and the ambition that is found in youth. It is a hustling team and soars high while things break smoothly, for youth on an even course goes dashing forward. But when reverses set in there is a collapse in morale for youth becomes panicky in the face of adversity where the mature player, with the benefit of experience, views the catastrophe of the moment philosophically. A veteran masters these breaks while a youngster is mastered by them. The point is illustrated by the Philadelphia Athletics of 1923.

* * *

Personal initiative counts in baseball more than in the majority of human endeavors. Baseball being more a game of individual units than most games offers success to the individual with initiative. No player ever became a star without it.

* * *

It is bad policy to put a player under orders at bat when those orders refer to a certain pitched ball. A manager often tells the batsman to hit the first good one that comes over the plate. The batsman is handicapped by the order. He is afraid to let a good one get by and he frequently discovers too late that the ball is a good one. When this discovery comes late he will be off stride and only extreme luck can enable him to hit the ball fairly and safely. The first good one pitched to a batsman is more likely than not the kind of ball he is least likely to hit, particularly if he is batting against a capable pitcher. The batsman knows better than anyone else how the pitcher is pitching to him and is therefore better able to decide on the time to offer at a pitched ball. The pinch batsman told to hit the first good one that comes over rarely fills the order, for not having looked at a pitched ball all day his eye is unaccustomed to the ball and he is severely handicapped.

* * *

Applying the term "yellow" to a player is rarely anything but unjust. Few players lack courage. Often the player who makes a mistake in a crisis is a player of extremely nervous temperament. He lacks neither physical nor moral courage. Some of the gamest men in baseball have been accused of lacking heart and their mistakes have frequently been caused by their over-anxiety to establish their courage. The most valuable players frequently make mistakes in a crisis. They have nerve but also nerves and the nerves crash at times. A player with nerve but no nerves while never breaking in any situation is never the man who contributes the scintillating plays to the baseball drama. The players that perform the brilliant feats are invariably the players with nerves.

* * *

Catchers are often discredited because base runners steal. When the men on the bases run wild the catcher is certain to draw the blame. But, did it ever occur to you why those same base runners attempt to run wild only on certain days against the same catcher? If you have noticed this reflect upon the matter before blaming the catcher. Base runners judge their chances of advancing by the motion of the pitcher. Some pitchers with a slow or extra long windup are an open invitation to the base runner to attempt to advance. Whenever you see base runners going down inning after inning, watch the pitcher. Even some veteran pitchers have still to learn the trick of keeping runners hugging the bases. Some pitchers pay little attention to the base runner and concentrate their attention on the batsman and they use the same long or slow windup with men on bases that they use when bases are empty. That the pitcher is mainly to blame for stolen bases has been acknowledged by the chiefs of baseball and in the official scores the stolen bases are charged to the pitchers.

* * *

It is not always bad fielding that causes an infielder to look bad at times when taking a throw from the catcher. Some catchers throw a light ball while others throw an extremely heavy ball. It all depends on the manner in which the catcher releases the ball. Balls thrown by certain catchers crash into an infielder's glove like a sixteen-pound shot while balls thrown by other catchers come to the fielders as light as tennis balls in comparison.

* * *

Theory in baseball is worth only as much as the physical ability of the men entrusted with the theory to practice it. A manager may have a theory on a certain play but if the players on whom he depends to execute the theory are not all physically capable of carrying it out the theory fails absolutely. If three players are required to carry out a theory and one lacks the physical ability that the execution demands then the theory is worthless. Ofttimes managers either overestimate the physical ability of their players or underestimate the physical demands of the theory.

* * *

Great ball clubs win close games. Teams that cannot win the close ones cannot win pennants. To lose close games has its psychological effect. Players, by losing, become impressed with the lack of punch and the confidence is lacking in games that follow. By losing close ones they will lose games that are not close because of lack of confidence. Find a team that is on top in close games, rather in the majority of them, and you have a team that will be on top or close to the league leadership.

* * *

Teams that win pennants are generally teams that can beat the pick of the league. If they can beat good teams they can beat weak ones. But there are always six other teams to beat a weak one if a good team cannot and by beating the other good teams one team can gain leadership. A team can climb into second place by beating six other clubs but if it cannot defeat the team in the lead it cannot hope to win the pennant for the league leader will manage to keep it out of first place.

* * *

No player is without weakness but what separates the rank from the file in baseball is that some players have less weaknesses than others. The reason there are not more stars in baseball is that players of the file either try to forget their weaknesses or try to hide them. The minority in the rank recognized their weaknesses and instead of trying to hide them and gloss them over set about to eradicate them. The way to get rid of a weed is to pull it out by the roots; by simply cutting it you remove it from sight for the time being but it is bound to crop out again. So with playing faults.

* * *

Inferior ball clubs are always the hardest teams to beat. A good team opposing a weak team under-estimates it, becomes careless and does not play the tight baseball that it produces when opposing a team of recognized strength and ability. The weak team with nothing to lose and much to gain has a mental freedom that the leading teams lack and is likely, because of the absence of mental hazards, to do a great deal better.

* * *

Ball games are not won on batting averages. How many times have you seen a player with a dazzling batting average passed in a pinch to bring up a player whose batting average is not half so high as the man intentionally walked and deliver the hit that in all probability the man with the dazzling average would not have produced in this situation? A batsman whose average is .037 is of immensely greater value in a pinch if he gets a single with second and third occupied than the man whose average is .398 and who fails to hit in this situation. Any manager would much prefer a .197 batter to a .397 batter if the player batting .197 could produce his hits when needed, few hits that he gets. We have seen teams lead major leagues in batting and finish no better than fifth for while they had the batting strength they could not win half their ball games. Too much stress has been put upon batting averages; their value has been too highly estimated.

* * *

Players often are misjudged by what they do in one series. Every player finds his off week, when everything seems to break wrong for him. He is in a batting slump, his fielding is bad and he is generally out of luck. Often a lasting opinion of the player is formed on that series. Again, a player may play "a mile above his stride" in one series and he is hailed as a marvel. It may be the only series in which he does fine work through an entire season. We remember last year that a mediocre shortstop performed brilliantly through one series in the East and the newspapers of that city acclaimed him the greatest shortstop in the leagues. He was—in that series. It is what a player averages the year around that places him in the ranking.

* * *

One delivery can beat a ball club. The same delivery may not beat another club. Certain pitchers have been kept solely because of their ability to beat a certain club. That club was helpless against the certain delivery the pitcher used but this same delivery was easy for six other teams in the league. Just as individual players always find it difficult to hit certain pitchers while other pitchers, of much higher standing, prove comparatively easy for them.

* * *

Grover Cleveland Alexander last year proved that control is not a lost trick. Alexander, thirty-seven years old and pitching for the Chicago Nationals, his thirteenth season in the major leagues, walked twenty-six batters in 305 innings, an unusual record. In twenty-one of his games last year Alexander did not walk a batsman.

Alexander is one of the outstanding pitchers of baseball. He has depended upon a fast ball, a curve, control and knowledge of the weaknesses of batters. Years ago this same Alexander was cast adrift by the Indianapolis club of the American Association because "he has no control and will never develop it."

BRIEFLY TOLD

Elephants play football in the jungles of Africa, forming the ball out of earth taken from an anthill.

The tenth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal to commerce will occur on August 15. The net operating profit of the Panama Canal last year was $13,299,292. The tonnage passing through this canal is greater than that passing through the Suez Canal.

A twenty-one-year-old inmate of the Nazareth Institute for the Blind, in Montreal, is the recipient of a traveling scholarship from the Province of Quebec, won in a musical contest, which will enable him to continue his musical studies in Europe. The cash value of the scholarship is $3,000.

A Boer farmer in 1863 took a number of young wild ostrich chickens, tamed them and to the surprise of many successfully reared them as he would have reared cattle. Others followed his example and they are now reared in inclosures, a couple of acres to a bird, and fed like fine stock on alfalfa or lucerne, a rich clover, easily cultivated.

Mrs. Soledad C. Chacon, secretary of state of the state of New Mexico, acted as governor of that state during the Democratic Convention when Governor Hinkle was in New York City. This is believed to be the first instance where a woman has acted as chief executive of a state in the United States. Mrs. Chacon is a direct descendant of the early Spanish Conquistadores.

On June 18 Winnipeg celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation. From a small, struggling frontier town of the seventies, Winnipeg has forged ahead, and it is now the third largest city in the Dominion.

Nearly six billions of dollars are reported as invested in electric railways. This approximates one-third of the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation of the steam roads and is two per cent of the national wealth of the United States.

Fifty-one per cent of all main railroad track (whether single or double) in the United States is not equipped with block signals of any kind.

William W. Delaney, for thirty-four years a writer and collector of "popular American songs," the sentimental ballads of home and mother, the lyrical narratives of outcasts, is going out of business. The old Park Row shop, lighted by a single gas jet, will be closed. Harvard College and the Grosvenor Library of Buffalo are buying his last stock of sheet music, about fifteen hundred songs.

One hundred thousand aliens in excess of the quotas allowed by law were smuggled into the United States last year.

There is 800,000 horse power available in the water resources of Esthonia.

Eight thousand pounds of earth containing specimens of the larvae or grubs of *Prosena,* a dexiid fly which in this stage feeds on the larvae of the destructive Japanese beetle, has been received in this country from Japan. They will be distributed about Philadelphia and Camden, the districts of greatest infestation.

Flowers picked in the morning in Holland are on sale in Berlin soon after noon every day, the blossoms being brought there by airplane.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Within a few hours of the time the big dam on the headwaters of the Yukon River went into operation the waters rose more than a foot. The dam will conserve flood waters and assist lake and river navigation when water is low.

Because of the lack of accommodation during the social season in London, a party of Gothenburg students have chartered a ship in which they will live while visiting England. The vessel is to lie off Greenwich in the Thames.

The Chinese business man operating a small shop is the best shopkeeper in the world. But in large enterprises, which require more than personal or family attention, difficulties rapidly develop.

Of the three great modern beverages—chocolate, coffee and tea—chocolate was the first to reach western countries. Tea followed in 1588, and coffee in the following century. Cortez found cocoa in Mexico in 1519, where its use by the natives dated from time immemorial. The people of Abyssinia have used coffee from the remotest times and, according to Chinese traditions, tea was drunk in that country three thousand years B. C.

The last survivors of the white rhinoceros are being wantonly killed off by man. Only a hundred or so still survive in French, Belgian and British Congo.

A Greenwood, Indiana, woman, Mrs. Grace Porterfield Polk, is organizing grandmothers into clubs. The membership is confined to grandmothers of at least seventy years of age.

The Arabian "khabis" consists of fine selected dates coated with a mixture of honey and butter. It is one of the oldest dishes of which any record can be found and is a favorite confection among the Orientals to whom the date is a staple food.

A factory has been established at Johannesburg, South Africa, to use locusts in the manufacture of concentrated cattle and poultry feeds. The raw material is almost inexhaustible and a large output is anticipated.

The pioneer fathers were the first manufacturers in America. They made leather, sugar, malt, potash and soap. They were the first to press oil from seeds, the first to use dye for coloring their homespun, and the first to use the process of salting, smoking and drying for preserving food. Our present industries have grown out of the pioneer methods.

In Java begonias grow like weeds beside every mountain stream.

Fercalbo, a new road material used in South Africa, consists of iron stone conglomerate, impure limestone, consisting of a mixture of calcium carbonate and silicon dioxide, or in ordinary parlance, sand, and a small part of dark-colored carbonaceous gravel. When further mixed with broken metal and laid on a road it will last indefinitely.

Among sailors there is an old superstition against changing the name of a ship—because it is believed to bring the vessel bad luck.

An eight-cent air mail stamp will carry an ounce letter anywhere within the three zones provided for by the United States air service. These zones are between New York and Chicago; Chicago and Cheyenne and between Cheyenne and San Francisco. Air mail postage will be honored for travel by train off the beaten air path.

The Canadian Government has passed a law prohibiting all trapping south of the Canadian Pacific main line, except such predatory animals as wolves and skunks which cause havoc among farm stock.

"A people too self-indulgent for political earnestness may relapse into a shallow acceptance of politics as the fated domain of sordid and hypocritical craft. From this temper all possibility of significant choices is fled."—*William Ernest Hocking,* in the *Yale Review.*

"Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is."—*Lowell.*

The Austrian Government has decided to abolish passport visas and substitute for them stamps which can be bought at tourist agencies, according to reports.

"Remember especially that sarcasm or biting witticism at the expense of a subordinate, especially if he is an enlisted man and thus incapable of retaliation, is unmanly and fatal to one's standing as an officer . . . . It is a safe rule in dealing with a man under you to put yourself, by imagination, in his place."—*Curtis D. Wilbur,* Secretary of the Navy, to the graduates at the Annapolis Naval Academy.

Lhassa, the Forbidden City, has succumbed to the inevitable. Commodities are to be displaced as mediums of exchange in Tibet and power-driven machinery set up in Lhassa itself will include equipment for minting coins to be used as money.

John C. Coolidge, the President's father, refused an invitation to the Republican Convention in Cleveland because his potatoes were not in. His oats and wheat and grass seed were planted and he was harrowing when interviewed.

Shanghai has a symphony orchestra of about fifty pieces, playing on Sunday afternoons during the summer at Jessfield Park and Hongkew Park. It is purely a "volunteer" organization made up of various nationalities. Its programs are excellent and its recitals are well attended.

The oldest bottle of wine in the world, so far as is now known, is in the possession of a London wine expert. It is a bottle of Bavarian hock, which bears on its label the date 1540.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Should U. S. Have Department of Education?

Can You Think Correctly on This Question Unless You Have these Facts?

By AARON HARDY ULM

A MAN of affairs called at the Bureau of Education in Washington recently and, as if asking for a pamphlet, said:

"I want to get the names and addresses of all the school children in the United States."

The official addressed steadied himself and inquired: "What do you want with them?"

"An organization with which I am connected wishes to mail a booklet to each child in the country attending school."

"A rather big undertaking," the official replied.

"We are ready to go through with it," the visitor retorted confidently, "even though it costs several thousand dollars."

"You had better be prepared to spend a million or more," said the official as he scribbled a few figures on a scratch pad. "At a penny apiece the postage alone will cost you more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There are now enrolled in the public schools of all the country nearly twenty-four million persons, with more than two or three million in private schools."

The caller didn't wait to learn that the bureau possessed no such list as he had thought he wanted.

He, like many others, had little notion of the immensity of school life in this country.

Our school population alone, pupils actually enrolled in elementary and secondary schools, is greater than the aggregate population of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands and Switzerland, with the peoples of which countries we are so often compared—unfavorably to ourselves—as to literacy.

Aside from numbers, the business of educating these millions of school children involves more complexities than adhere to a like undertaking in any other country. They are scattered over a larger and more diverse area than are the children of any other country, except China and Russia. The educational system of no other country is confused by anything like the difficulties set up in ours by large immigrant and Negro populations.

The schools of no other country evolved from such a variety of beginnings. Those of most other countries were created and developed by central governments; ours grew from small-community beginnings. The schools of no other country are so enwrapped with local tradition, local viewpoint, local need, even local pride.

The common schools of this country, as shall be shown later, are still predominantly community institutions, locally supported, administered and conducted.

They comprise an incomparably bigger and more complex and delicate institution than when the Federal Government was set up to look after the national affairs of three million homogeneous people in only thirteen states.

Yet the school then was considered too intimate and delicate a matter to be intrusted in any way to the Federal Government. This statement is based on inference, for there is almost no record except the fact that the Constitution of the United States makes no reference to schools or education. James Madison proposed in the convention which framed it that the general government be authorized to "establish seminaries of learning for the promotion of literature and the arts and sciences." Apparently the proposal was not discussed nor voted on. It is doubtful if any group of men, as individuals, ever had greater fervor for education than did that which wrote the Constitution. The inference, therefore, is that they were all but unanimous in the belief that it would not be safe for the Federal Government to have any power whatever over either the schools or the churches; for God, too, was omitted from the Constitution.

The omission of schools from the Constitution was emphasized by the Tenth Amendment, reserving to the states and the people all powers not positively granted the Federal Government. *Thus all authorities hold that the Federal Government has no constitutional right to exercise any power whatever over education in the states.*

Although the Federal Government was denied all authority in the premises, the growth of schools and the spread of education in this country is among the marvelous developments of the age.

Is It True That We Are So Illiterate?

THIS development has been most rapid during the last seventy-five years. In 1870 all the country was spending less than $70,000,000 a year on common schools. In 1922 a total of $1,580,000,000 of public funds was spent on the schools. The figure does not include the cost of large debts incurred on account of the schools.

Expenditures on schools *increased two and a half times* between 1915 and 1922. They increased more than thirty per cent during the two years preceding the last for which figures are available. During these same two years enrollments of pupils increased by nearly two millions. Within less than a quarter of a century annual enrollments have grown from about one-third to more than two-thirds of the total population of school age.

There has been like growth in the value of school property, in the length of school terms and average attendance, in the employment of trained teachers; in fact, in everything having to do with the schools.

This development is reflected in census figures on illiteracy. In 1870 twenty of every hundred Americans more than ten years old could not write. In 1920 only six in each hundred were illiterate. This is a drop from twenty to six per cent in less than one lifetime.

Current figures for illiteracy seem large;—*IF* you gulp them down without examination, as many propagandists would have you do. *Illiteracy figures of today are not figures of today's illiteracy.* They reflect schools of twenty, fifty, even seventy years ago. The illiteracy allowed to accumulate then cannot be corrected now. The bulk of our illiterates are persons beyond school age. It is not the schools of the present but the schools of the past that are to be charged with them. *Of the persons who certainly should be in school now, that is, those ten to sixteen years of age, only 2.3 per cent are illiterate.* These include the Negroes and the foreign-born.

For native whites of school age—that is, those who will run the country a generation hence—*we probably have the best literacy record on earth.* In 1920 only a little more than one per cent of those ten to sixteen years old were illiterate. Of native children, ten to sixteen years old, of foreign or mixed parentage there was *practically no illiteracy in 1920.*

Our record of literacy for those of the population that the common schools still may reach is not quite so good *statistically* as that of a few other countries. *But our statistics are probably more accurate than those of others, which in the main estimate illiteracy from such data as applications for marriage licenses and examinations of army recruits, while ours is based on house-to-house canvasses.*

The figures of the last census, together with educational progress now being made, show clearly that mere illiteracy among native-born whites of school age is no longer a gigantic problem. Since there are compulsory education laws now in all states, the next census undoubtedly will show a reduction to *nil.*

This progress is due principally to the initiative and enterprise of *local communities working independently* and in great part unassisted. *While every state government has a school department, there is not a single state-managed or state-supported school system in the country. The majority of the schools are and always have been in administrative units of less than even county size.*

But, as shall be shown in a later article, the states have helped—and in some cases hurt by helping too much or in the wrong way.

The Federal Government, too, has helped in spite of the fact that the Constitution does not mention the subject.

The U. S. Has Always Befriended Schools

GENERAL government aid to education antedates the Constitution. For it was in 1785 that the Continental Congress made the first general government move on behalf of education. That move was probably the most statesmanlike ever put forth anywhere on behalf of free schools. It was put forth in the form of an ordinance reserving portions of the government's public lands for schools in new communities and new states. At first one land lot in each township was so reserved from sale. Later two land lots were reserved as community school endowments. Later, millions of acres of salt and swamp lands were added.

These were not "gifts" any more than streets laid down in a new suburban division by real estate promoters are gifts to the residents who later use them. In fact, the land-lot reservations were made in great part for the purpose of rendering adjoining lands more salable. There were other like reservations for religion and specifically for churches. Hence these reservations, if used as precedents, will have to be regarded as just as sound precedents for Federal appropriations to churches as to schools.

If these school reservations had been treated as endowments, as it was intended that they should be, they would constitute today the greatest endowment to education that the world has known.

Lands reserved for elementary schools aggregated more than 150,000,000 acres, now worth billions of dollars. Some of the states also reserved millions of acres of their own lands for the same purpose.

While these reservations did much for schools, the lands in the main were sold for pittances and the funds thus derived were in great part wasted. Some of the states still have "permanent school funds" thus derived, but most of these endowments are statistical fictions only.

The Federal Government attached no "strings" to the lands it reserved for free schools. In one case an accounting to Washington was provided for, but this was quickly abandoned.

No "strings" were tied to many million acres of land reserved for higher education in the states. The Morrill Act of 1862, giving lands and now a specific appropriation to the land-grant colleges, has required from the beginning an accounting but nothing more. Federal-aid acts of recent years have gone further; they retain in Washington the right to pass on plans for the spending of the funds provided and to withhold funds when the plans don't suit those in power there, as sometimes has been done.

The Federal Government has provided other "aids" for education in the states, such as the per centum grants of funds derived from sales of public lands and revenues from Federal-owned forest and mineral lands in the states. It once also distributed $37,000,000 of unneeded Treasury funds among the states, many of which dedicated their shares to education. Then there are recently provided "aids," such as those administered by the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Direct and indirect "aids" to schools in the states do not comprise all that the Federal Government has done for education. Numerous and varied other educational enterprises have been carried on independently of the states. Among these are the Indian schools, the schools for natives in Alaska, the public schools of the District of Columbia, Howard University for Negroes, the army, navy and coast guard academies, together with only general educational institutions, like the Smithsonian, the Library of Congress and several research bureaus. The most pertinent of the last is the Bureau of Education, whose relation to the schools of the states has been confined wholly to collecting and distributing information, a work that has been of much value.

All told, the Federal Government's educational enterprises number not less than twenty-five. They are operated by four departments and several independent bureaus.

It has long been urged that they be co-ordinated into a single whole. The most thorough study made of this was by the Congressional Committee on Reorganization of the Government which recently reported.

This committee recommended that there be created a Department of Education and Welfare. But it could find reason for recommending only five of the units through which the government now engages in educational activity for inclusion in this department. These are the Bureau of Education, Howard University, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the District of Columbia school for the deaf, and the educational as well as all other work of the Veterans' Bureau.

The only other outstanding proposal in this direction is the one contained in the Sterling-Reed or National Education Bill, for which there has been much agitation.

As far as co-ordinating present educational activities, this bill would do—nothing. It provides merely for the expansion of the Bureau of Education into a department. The inclusion of other present activities would be left to the future "as Congress may determine." The only other present activity which the bill's proponents specifically suggest for inclusion is the Vocational Board.

Objections Sixty Years Ago Are Good Today

THE question of a Federal department of education is an old one. Presidents Jefferson and Madison recommended that the Constitution be amended to permit the establishment of one. They wanted to list education as an "internal improvement" of the kind which they claimed could not be appropriated for by Congress. President Grant later urged the establishment of such a department. Meantime, one was established and quickly disestablished.

In 1866 Congress set up a Department of Education, headed by a commissioner who, as with the then commissioner of agriculture, had no seat in the Cabinet. Two years later it was abolished and the present Bureau of Education set up in its place.

The creation of the department in 1866 was largely due to agitation for a research bureau by teachers and school superintendents who only a few years before had organized on national lines. The passage of the act creating it was due in most part to the eloquence and parliamentary skill of James A. Garfield, then a leader in the House of Representatives. Garfield made a masterful oration in support of the bill but his words were devoted mostly to the importance of education.

One needs only to read the debates on the subject to see that the chief thought behind those members of Congress who led the fight for the bill was not the value and importance of education *per se.* It was the value and importance of education, *in certain sections of the country,* being guided so as *to comport with the political opinions of those then in national power.*

Said Jehu Baker, of Illinois, one of the bill's proponents:

> "It is clear to my mind that to some extent and in some sense we should have in this republic a system of national education. That is required for great political considerations."

Said Senator Sumner:

> "Through the agency and under the influence of the national government *education is to be promoted in the rebel states.* To this end we need some central agency."

Said Ignatius Donnelly (in specific support of a department of education):

> "We find, if the reports that are published in the newspapers are to be believed, that a large number of these men (Southern Negroes) just snatched from slavery are voting on the side of the very men who made rebellion against the government . . . in one state 30,000 have so voted . . . We cannot send suffrage to these people unless we send education to accompany it."

Said Representative S. W. Moulton of Illinois:

> "We want all these school systems all over the country brought under one head, so that they may be nationalized, vitalized and made uniform and harmonious as far as possible."

While the department had power only to collect and distribute information, its sponsors declared that this was only a temporary arrangement.

Even as thus circumscribed, Congress quickly was sickened by the thought of what a department of education might lead to. The Freedmen's Bureau, with which the Department of Education was rated as a twin undertaking, soon provided a good illustration of the danger lying in the venture.

Elihu B. Washburne, a leader in Congress at that time, declared:

> "This department was established when we were in the mood for establishing everything, and making appropriations for everything."

Fernando Wood, of New York, claimed:

> "This department is likely to fall into improper hands and so be used for improper political purposes."

Abner C. Harding said:

> "I am jealous of national establishments for

(Concluded on page 14)

China, a Land of Gods

Great Influence of Kitchen Deity

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

CHINA is a land of gods, and yet its people are not a religious people judged by the religious standards set by the western world. True, the Chinese worship their gods. Each household, no matter how poor and lowly it may be, has its own household gods, worshipped by each member of that family; but this devotion is an outward one, born of a fear to do otherwise. Deep within the Chinese heart there seems to be no love, and no reverence for the object worshipped. True, there is a great deal of sacrificing done to the gods throughout the land, but it is not due to the same reverence the Christian has for his God.

One illustration of these sacrifices is to be found on an island called the Holy Island, off the coast and south of Ningpo, where live a half-dozen monks of a so-called religious order, who have allowed themselves to be sealed within cells barely large enough to permit of their standing in a stooped position, and of sitting down in a cramped one. They can never again stand erect, and never again lie down to sleep. Their only connection with the outside world comes through a two-foot opening in their bricked-in cells, through which their coarse food is served.

When they die a mason will close that opening and they will be buried in the little cell that has witnessed their living death for years. One of these monks has been a captive there for more than twenty years, and yet, so it is told, his living sacrifice is not an example of devotion to any god, but a vow fulfilled if the gods would protect him from a fate he feared.

Every temple has its gods, not one or two, but is filled with them—big gods, little gods, bad gods and good ones, good looking gods, tolerably good looking gods, and ugly gods; and each family either chooses or inherits a collection of its own.

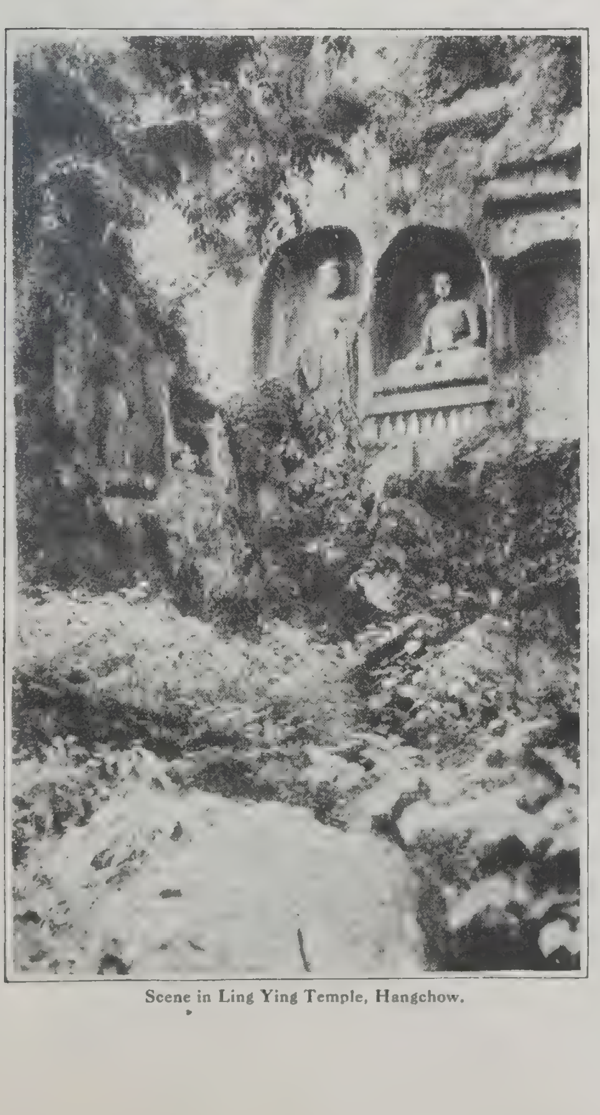
But among the innumerable gods worshipped throughout the land, none is better known or more feared than the kitchen god. His worship is universal.

The kitchen god is a flimsy paper deity whose temple is a niche in the brick cooking range of the Chinese home. Also, whether you know it or not, usually one is to be found in the home of the "foreign devil" residing for a time in the Orient. The Chinese cook is very rare indeed who will stay in a kitchen where this deity is denied a place.

About sixty millions of these flimsy kitchen gods are made each year in China, and a month after the Chinese New Year has passed it would be next to impossible to buy one for love or money.

The kitchen god, as has been said, is a printed god on the cheapest and flimsiest of Chinese paper. He is printed in the most vivid colors, green, red, yellow, and sometimes a touch of gilt here and there. The touch of gilt makes him cost a bit more, sometimes as much as five coppers. Ordinarily he costs less than half a cent, American money.

He is worshipped twice monthly, at the new and at the full moon, and in addition he is thanked by a feast on the fourth, fourteenth and twenty-fourth of the sixth moon, and on the twenty-fourth of the eighth moon.



Scene in Ling Ying Temple, Hangchow.

"Every empire has an emperor and every family has a ruler," is an oft-quoted Chinese proverb, the ruler of the family being the kitchen god whose duties are manifold. He knows intimately the faults of the family, and he takes account of their sins. He stands between the family and the Pearly Emperor, and is, therefore, an object to be feared and honored.

On the twenty-fourth of the twelfth moon, which is but one week before the China New Year, the kitchen god ascends to heaven to report to Shang Ti, the Pearly Emperor, everything he has seen during the year. He returns home again on China's New Year's eve, but when he returns he is reborn—by the simple process of spending a few coppers for a new piece of paper, on which is printed a new god whose likeness is akin to that of the old god, who was burned.

(C) MacTavish & Co. Ltd., Shanghai

Stone figures at Ya Fei's tomb.

The ascension of the god to the Pearly Kingdom is accomplished by placing his picture in a little bamboo lamp stand, which has been covered by red paper to represent a sedan chair. Into this creation some watermelon seeds are usually placed, that the god may have sufficient to eat on his long journey. Then the whole is taken into the courtyard, if the family is one of means, or into the street outside the door of the mud hut if the family is poor, and set on fire. But before the match is applied an unholy liberty is taken with his godship, for his mouth is smeared with a thick sirup, so that he will be able to tell only sweet things of the family whose guest he has been for the last twelve months, and tell none of the bad things that may have transpired within that time in the household of which he was the ruler.

The match applied, the god burns rapidly, and in the curling smoke that rises he will ascend direct to heaven. Naturally the supreme ruler of the Pearly Kingdom will be influenced in his disposition of favors by the report made by the kitchen god of the hospitality and kindness that has been shown his humble satellite during his stay below.

As the kitchen god is burned and started heavenward, some male member of the family, preferably its head, will chant a verse, which, roughly translated, runs something like this:

> "Come, god of the kitchen, whose name is Chang,
> Now here is your pudding and here is your t'ang (sirup);
> When you get up to heaven it will make us all glad
> If you tell what is good and omit what is bad."

But sometimes, and generally with reason, it must be surmised, the family may fear that a bit of sirup may not sufficiently seal the old god's lips, and in such case it is nothing unusual to see a little opium being smeared over the sirup before the match is applied, so that he may be too drowsy by the time he has reached his journey's end to talk and tell what he knows. Sometimes a little wine is poured on his head, to insure his being so drunk by the time he has reached the Pearly Kingdom, that he will be turned out and not allowed to speak.

Despite the fact that he has been worshipped and kowtowed to twice each month, and despite the fact of several special feasts having been prepared in his honor, and for his pleasure during the year, there is nothing in the manner of his departure that would indicate love for him in the household he is leaving. It is fear and fear only.

The kitchen god takes seven days to get to heaven and return, and in that time, if the household is so minded, it may cut up high jinks with impunity, for there will be no one to report unfavorably. At the end of the seventh day a new kitchen god is installed and a new round of feasting and worship begins.

(C) MacTavish & Co. Ltd., Shanghai.

Idols in Bubbling Well Road Temple.

Another of the greatly feared gods in China is the fire god, a creature represented by fiery red hair and whiskers, who holds a red crow in the palm of his right hand. It is this crow that does the mischief, committing arson on its flights away from the godly palm. Incidentally, only while the bird is safely anchored in the palm of the fire god's hand, is anyone assured of respite from fire. If no one has ever seen the bird leave that palm, it is a matter of small moment—there have been fires, have there not? Then why argue!

When an idol is made, the creator of it cuts a small trapdoor in its back. Into this cavity are placed, at the proper time, all the "vital organs" without which the god may not be worshipped. But no idol or god is supposed to be completely finished until after it has been set up in the place which shall afterward be its home. Once there, on a lucky day and in the presence of the entire family, if it is for a private family, or of leading representatives of the guild or temple if it is to be publicly worshipped, the idol-maker inducts the spirit of the god into the body he is to operate. This is a far more simple operation than the Occidental mind might conceive. The "vital organs," made of silver and conveniently strung together on a silver chain, are placed in the god's body through the trapdoor. Before the door is sealed there is imprisoned with the silver "organs" a small insect, bird or reptile. and the door is quickly sealed so that the life within cannot escape. and in this way the idol-maker secures the "spirit" within his god.

But even this does not complete the god. The finishing touch is when the idol-maker "lets in the light," which he does when he dips his brush in black or red ink and touches the pupils of the god's eyes, these pupils having been left blank up to this time.

Images made for the very wealthy Chinese often having "vital organs" made of jewels, jade and other precious stones. That is why plunderers in a city so often break open the household gods, that they may get at their interiors and pillage them.

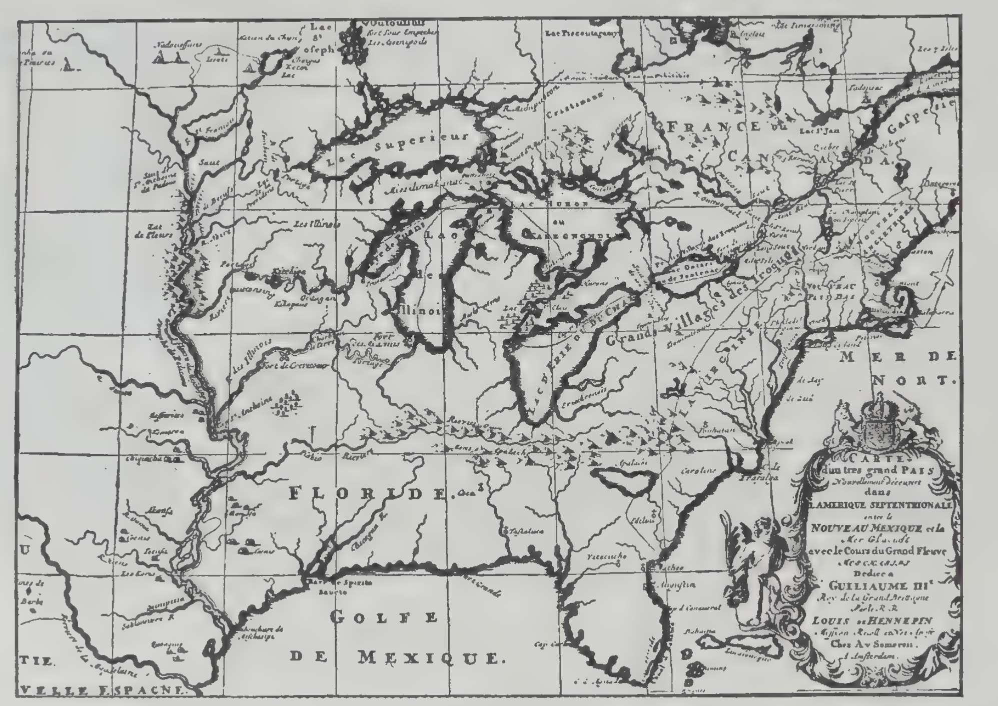
At the time of the Boxer Rebellion, after the fall of Pekin, it is told, when soldiers were sacking the city, a group of soldiers were destroying three ten-foot high clay images. But after these images were in ruins on the ground, and when the soldiers were pawing amid the ruins, hunting for the massive silver "innards" they expected to find, they discovered that the idol-maker had cheated, and had put into these images only half-inch silver lungs, liver, heart and kidneys, and their disgust knew no bounds. "No wonder they could not protect themselves from us," said one. "How could they have courage with so small livers?" The Chinese believe that the liver is the seat of courage.

The Chinese take their gods very seriously. Gods before now have been haled into the Shanghai courts for complicity in crime. A story is told of a clay image that was suspected of aiding and abetting a dishonest priest in some evildoing. The idol was ordered by the court to kneel down. Upon its inability to do so (which was taken as a refusal to comply with the court's order), the court sentenced him to be punished by 500 strokes of a bamboo beater. When the punishment was ended the idol was a heap of powdered clay upon the floor.

Upon another occasion—this happened in Wuhu—the dragon king, held responsible for rainfall, was impervious to prayers, requests, demands and threats for rain. Finally the drought became so bad that it was decided that the idol should be taken out into a field and set up, that he might feel the broiling hot sun on his head. There he was left all day to meditate. When nightfall came he was carried back into the temple and told that unless rain fell that night, he would be taken out under the burning sun the following day.

That night there was a thunderstorm, and doubting Thomases returned to their idol to worship.

How the Great Lakes Were Placed on the Map


Lac Superieur
FRANCE
CANADA
FLORIDE
GOLFE DE MEXIQUE.
MER DE NORT.
CARTE d'un tres grand PAYS Nouvellement decouvert dans L'AMERIQUE SEPTENTRIONALE entre le NOUVEAU MEXIQUE et la Mer Glacial avec le Cours du Grand Fleuve MESCHASIPI
LOUIS de HENNEPIN
VELLE ESPAGNE

Father Louis Hennepin's map of the Great Lakes. Printed at Amsterdam in 1690. The Lakes were still greatly distorted.

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE Great Lakes with the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi River with its tributaries make the interior of North America the greatest industrial center of the world. The thrilling story of the step-by-step discovery of the Great Lakes is largely one of French achievement. The representation of the St. Lawrence with the Great Lakes upon the map was accomplished only by the united efforts of explorers, priests and traders over a period of two hundred years. Many of the priests combined a passion for discovery with a passion for souls. But it must also be recorded that the rivalry between the Jesuits and the Sulpitians and the Recollets frequently contributed no little to the zeal of the wearers of the black robe.

Centuries before Columbus, the Norsemen fished off the coasts of Labrador and entered the St. Lawrence only to have the memory of their visits lost for centuries, and with no part in the rediscovery of the region. Following closely upon Columbus the English represented by John Cabot reached Labrador and Newfoundland and before 1500 the eastern coast of the United States. Cabot mentions the codfish of the region where he first landed. Probably from 1500 on, the coasts of Newfoundland saw many fishing expeditions by Breton and English mariners. Canada, upon the early maps, was designated as the land of the codfish. The fish played their part in making the country known and the beaver furnished the inspiration for many of the later expeditions.

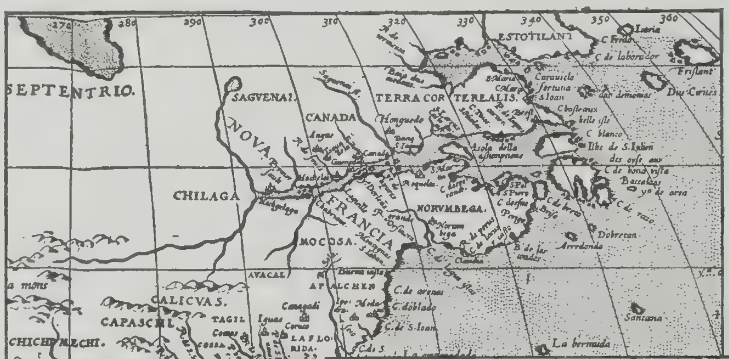
The navigator, Gaspar Corte-Real, began in 1500 the explorations by the Portuguese of the Newfoundland region. From Greenland and Newfoundland on his second voyage Gaspar Corte-Real sent back two of his ships, but he himself continued the exploration and never returned; "his brother Miguel, a year afterward, met a similar fate," so records a Portuguese map of 1520, referring to the rescue expedition by Miguel Corte-Real in 1502. The Portuguese discoveries in the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are duly recorded upon a map with Portuguese inscriptions made by one Pedro Reinel in 1505 or 1506. The voyage by Joano Alvares Faguendas before 1521 marks the end of Portuguese activity, but for a long time Terra Corte-Real appears on the maps and even today such names as Cape Race (Raso), Cape Spear (Espera) Bonavista, and Conception Bay bear witness to the early Portuguese ventures.

Verrazzano in 1524 arrived in the service of the French in the St. Lawrence region. Ten years later Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor, entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence through the northern strait of Belle Isle and sailed as far west as the northern end of Anticosti Island. Here a broad expanse of water opened to the west and here Cartier hoped was found, at last, the water route to the Pacific Ocean, then known as the Sea of the South. His ships were not equipped for a winter stay and reluctantly Cartier turned back to France, taking two young Hurons back with him.

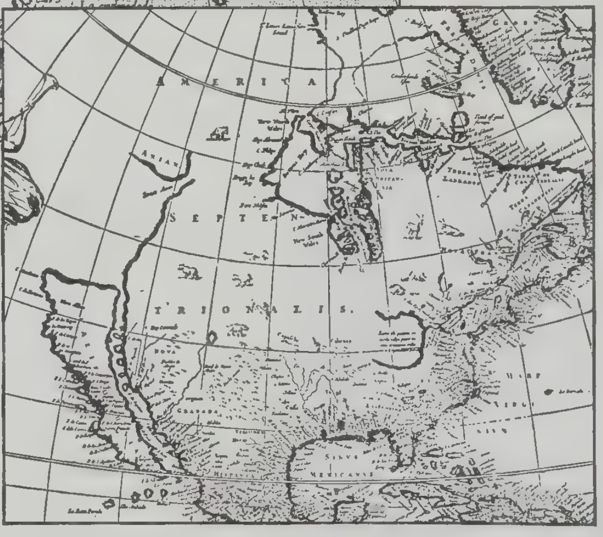
On May 19, 1535, three ships again sailed out from St. Malo, under Cartier and after a rough voyage entered on August 10, the holy day of St. Lawrence, a small bay (Pillage Bay) to which the Frenchman gave the name Baye Sainct Laurens. This name made an appeal to cartographers and was applied to the large bay, first, and then also to the river itself.

The two Indians, Targnoagny and Domagaya, whom Cartier had taken with him, were thoroughly familiar with the river and directed the course of the vessels to the region of Quebec. From the Indian accounts Cartier regarded the northern country as divided into three kingdoms: Saguenay, Canada (vicinity of Quebec) and Hochelaga (Montreal). Canada, in the Huron-Iroquois language, signifies "town," and to Cartier signified the chief town of the region of Quebec. On the seventh day of September, 1535, the Frenchmen landed below Quebec with their Indian interpreters, now at home. The returned Indians were feasted and fêted and the Europeans were welcomed as friends. The chief of these Indians, Donnacona, made long and possibly tedious speeches of welcome, a custom of the Hurons as well as of later natives of the lake region. The beauty of the Quebec scenery, with the fine forests of oak and elm, chestnut, cedar and hawthorn, appealed to the French. Here two of the ships were put in dock for the winter and the *Emerillon,* carrying two small boats, was designated for the further voyage up the river.

On the second day of October the two small boats, having left the *Emerillon,* arrived at the Indian village of Hochelaga. Within a circular stockade probably 800 feet in diameter were about fifty houses, ranged about a public square; the village accommodated approximately 1,500 Indians. The Indians welcomed the strange white men with feasting and with dancing. Yea, the Indians brought the halt and the lame, expecting that the touch of the white man would heal. Cartier, a devout and kindly soul, read to the wondering natives the beginning of the Gospel of St. John and the account of our Lord's Passion. The nearby mountain attracted the attention of the voyagers and to this Cartier gave the name Mont Royal. This is the name today and the city is named from it, Montreal. From the summit Cartier and his companions were the first white men to view the west which waited fully seventy-five years for other Frenchmen to penetrate. Unfortunately Cartier's two Indian interpreters had been moved to stay with their friends in Quebec, after having made every effort to prevent Cartier's further progress to the west. In consequence Cartier's communications with the natives of Hochelaga was largely by sign language, and not eminently successful. During the long hard winter, which these Frenchmen spent in the Quebec region, scurvy claimed twenty-five of the group. Many of the rest were saved only by the use of an Indian remedy, an infusion prepared from the bark and the leaves of the balsam fir.



Ortelius map of 1570. The River without any Great Lake.



Visscher's map of 1640. One Great Lake—incomplete.

Preparatory to the return voyage to France, Cartier seized the chief, Donnacona, and some five or six other leading Indians. Cartier wished to impress the King of France with chieftains, but this unfriendly act had no little to do with the failure of the following French sojourns under Cartier in Canada. In France these Indian chiefs were kindly treated, converted to Christianity, and it was probably in the faith that the poor Indians died. The contact with civilization was deadly for the adult Indian, accustomed to a vigorous outdoor life.

A printed account of Cartier's first voyage did not appear until 1556. It is included in the famous collection of Voyages by Ramusio, printed at Venice in Italian. Cartier's own account did not see the light until 1867. Of the second voyage a French account, "Bref Recit," appeared at Paris in 1545 and of this work only one copy survives, the fortunate possession of the British Museum.

Five years elapsed before the French could turn attention from internal troubles to the lands across the sea. Jean Francois de La Roque, Sieur de Roberval, was made lieutenant general, in charge of the expedition. However, the noble lord began his part of the enterprise with delay and ended it with disaster. On May 23, 1541, Cartier, with five ships, sailed once more to the St. Lawrence Gulf. Roberval sailed the following spring and in the harbor of St. John's in Newfoundland encountered Cartier, returning to France after a trying winter again near Quebec. The Indians had remembered the seizure of their chiefs and gave no friendly assistance to Cartier and none to Roberval. The third French attempt to winter in Canada was most disastrous, ending in the death by scurvy of more than fifty of Roberval's men. Little further was added by these two sojourns in Canada to the knowledge of the region beyond that learned by Cartier in the autumn of 1535.

In 1544 appeared a map by Sebastian Cabot upon which the St. Lawrence River appears without any trace of lake. In this form the St. Lawrence is commonly shown until the time of Champlain. However, Cartier had through the Indians acquired knowledge of a great lake somewhere in the west. In 1566 Laferi put a lake at the end of the St. Lawrence and Mercator, in 1569, added a lake upon the basis of Cartier's account, to one of the rivers tributary to the St. Lawrence. Cartier's grand nephew, writing in 1587, refers to a similar map by Hakluyt, as placing the lake entirely too far north. Cartier's own map with a lake is mentioned by this nephew, but the map itself has not been found.

Political and religious wars occupied the attention of the best minds of France for many years after the time of Cartier. The time was not propitious either for exploration or for colonization. However, the Edict of Nantes in 1598 made it possible for the Huguenots to live in some peace and made it possible for representatives of various faiths to devote themselves to the real interests of France. Colonization plans began about 1600 with a few Calvinistic leaders, but the expeditions were failures.

The successful revival of interest in the French discoveries was due to Samuel de Champlain who combined skill as a navigator with exceptional interest in scientific exploration. In addition Champlain had a truly modern vision of the desirability of publicity for great enterprise. The accounts of his voyages to the New World are so full of interesting and instructive detail, with illustrations and maps by Champlain himself, that they were read with the same enthusiasm that a century before had greeted the letters of Amerigo Vespucci. Champlain was a born geographer, able as a cartographer and interested in recording geographical peculiarities. Above all Champlain was a man of commanding appearance and of fine personality; a strong man in whom both Indian and white man had, with every reason, instinctive confidence.

Champlain first visited America in 1599 as captain of a Spanish ship, spending two years in the West Indies. Champlain's own account, decorated with colored drawings, is now in the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, Rhode Island. Commissioned by Henry the Fourth of France, Champlain began his Canadian enterprise on June 11, 1603, with the brief exploration of the Saguenay. About a month later the former site of Hochelaga was reached. By questioning the Indians Champlain learned of the great lake (Ontario) farther up the river, and of a fall "somewhat high" (Niagara), and . . . . another lake (Erie) some sixty leagues long . . . .; at the end they come to a strait (Detroit River) two leagues broad and it extends far into the interior. Here Detroit makes its first appearance in history. This French word "Detroit" for "strait" should be associated with the Indian word for "strait," "Quebec," for both represent the romantic as well as the commercial side of American history.

Early in 1604 Champlain published his report of the Canadian voyage under the title: *"Des Sauvages: ou Voyage de Samuel Champlain, de Brouage fait en la France Nouvelle, l'an mil six cents trois,"* "The Savages of, or Voyage of Samuel Champlain of Brouage, made to New France in the year 1603."

The winters of 1604, 1605 and 1606 were spent by Champlain associated with a fine group of noble Frenchmen in Nova Scotia. Here the first permanent colony not Spanish was founded in Northern America. Acadia appears as a colony and by Longfellow has been immortalized in Evangeline. The country was thoroughly explored and Champlain's descriptions of the coast of Maine and of New England were the first with correct geographical detail.

The lure of China and India continued with the French and with the English. That able navigator and romancer, Captain John Smith, was attempting the passage by Chesapeake Bay; Sir Francis Drake sought the passage by the north in 1578; during the time of Champlain's later activity in the Great Lakes region Henry Hudson for the Dutch was seeking the passage first (1609) by the river which bears his name and then (1610) by the northern strait and by the bay now Hudson's Bay.

Champlain in 1608 entered upon his life's work as founder of Canada, beginning in that year with the establishment of Quebec. The Hurons and Algonquins occupied much of Canada and with them Champlain had of necessity made alliance. This involved the enmity of the Iroquois to the south and their incessant warfare hindered the French and contributed to the final English domination. The first real encounter with the Iroquois took place in 1609 near Ticonderoga directly after the discovery of Lake Champlain. Here the unfortunate Iroquois first learned of the deadly weapons of the white man and with this knowledge began the Indian warfare, as we know it. Before that time, as pictured by Champlain, the Indians fought in solid ranks, but powder and ball soon taught them the necessity of new methods.

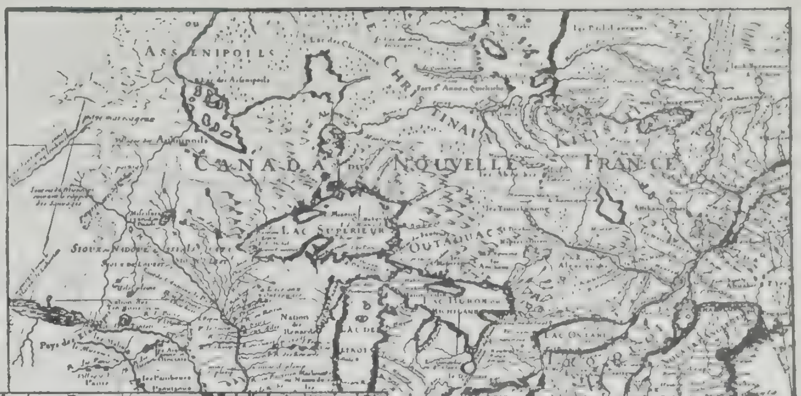
Except the winters of 1612 and 1616 each year saw Champlain prosecuting some new venture in Canada. Young Indians came to learn the white man's tongue and ways; young Frenchmen spent winters with the Indians learning the red man's tongue and his ways. Among these was Etienne Brulé who spent the winter of 1610 with the Hurons and whose name appears for many years in the annals of the Great Lakes.

The year 1615 marks an epoch in the history of New France, for in that year four members of the order of the Recollets began in Canada the priestly ministrations which have not ceased to the present day. Indeed the history of Canada from the advent of the Jesuits ten years later until the middle of the eighteenth century consists almost wholly of Jesuit Relations, the accounts sent by the Jesuits to the head of their order.

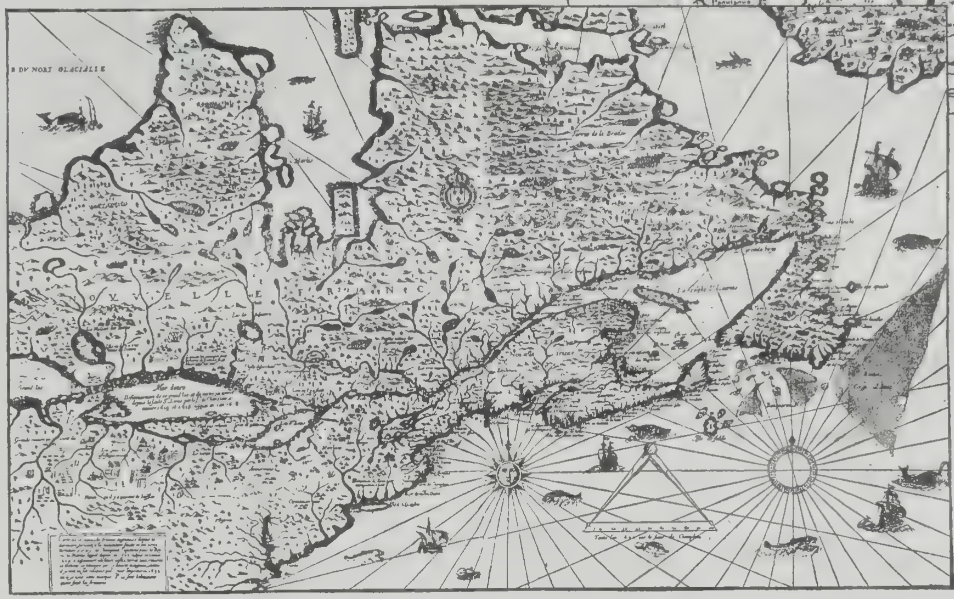
One of the Recollets, Joseph le Caron, spent the winter of 1615 with the Indians on Lake Huron; he shares probably with Etienne Brulé the distinction of being the first of the white men to gaze upon any of the Great Lakes. During this winter, full eighty years after Cartier had looked so longingly and so wonderingly toward the West, Champlain arrived at Lake Huron. In Champlain's *Voyages et découvertes,* printed in 1619, the author begins his description of the expedition of 1615, as follows: "The strong love which I have always cherished for the exploration of New France has made me desirous of extending more and more my travels over the country, in order, by means of its numerous rivers, lakes, and streams, to obtain at last a complete knowledge of it, and also to become acquainted with the inhabitants, with the view of bringing them to the knowledge of God." Returning from the *Mer Douce,* or Peaceful Sea, as Champlain called Lake Huron, the explorer turned south and arrived at the "lake of the Entouhonorons," the Indian word which is our "Ontario," and proceeded across Lake Ontario as far as Lake Oneida. During this long winter sojourn among the Indians Champlain returned again to Lake Huron and then the next spring by way of Nipissing back to Quebec. In spite of Champlain's great love of adventure, Lake Huron and Lake Ontario were the only two of the Great Lakes with which he had direct contact.

Champlain's long sojourns in Quebec were interrupted in 1629 by the capture of that stronghold by the English, which they held for three years. In 1633 Champlain returned to Quebec and in 1634 he sent one of the French interpreters, Jean Nicollet, on an exploration trip which placed Lake Michigan upon the map and made Lake Superior accessible. In October of 1635, not long after the return of Nicollet, Champlain had a stroke and passed away on Christmas Day. In his death passes from the North American theater of activity a man who combined the noble character of the flower of French chivalry with a real passion for learning and imparting geographical knowledge. Champlain united an intense desire for advancement of knowledge with the qualities of mind and body and soul necessary for success.

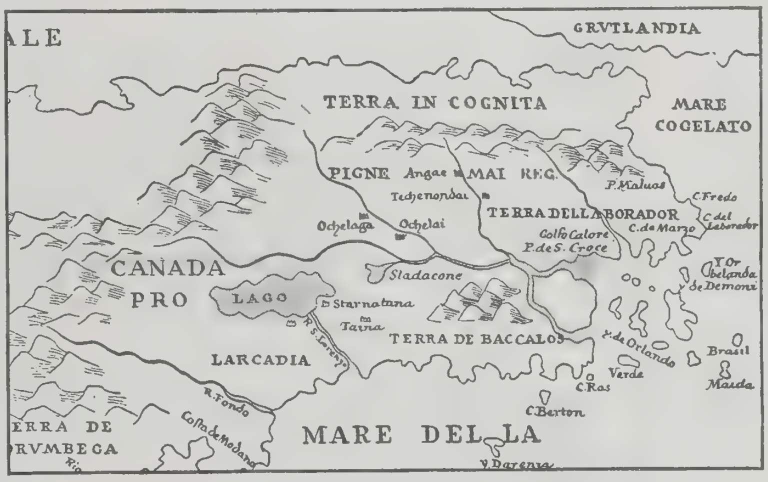
Before the death of Champlain the Jesuits were given exclusive rights to missions in Canada. In the following years their amazing courage and their full measure of devotion to the service of the Cross stands in sharp contrast to the fiendish cruelty of the Iroquois and their allies.



Correct map of 1701 by Delisle. First map with Detroit upon it.



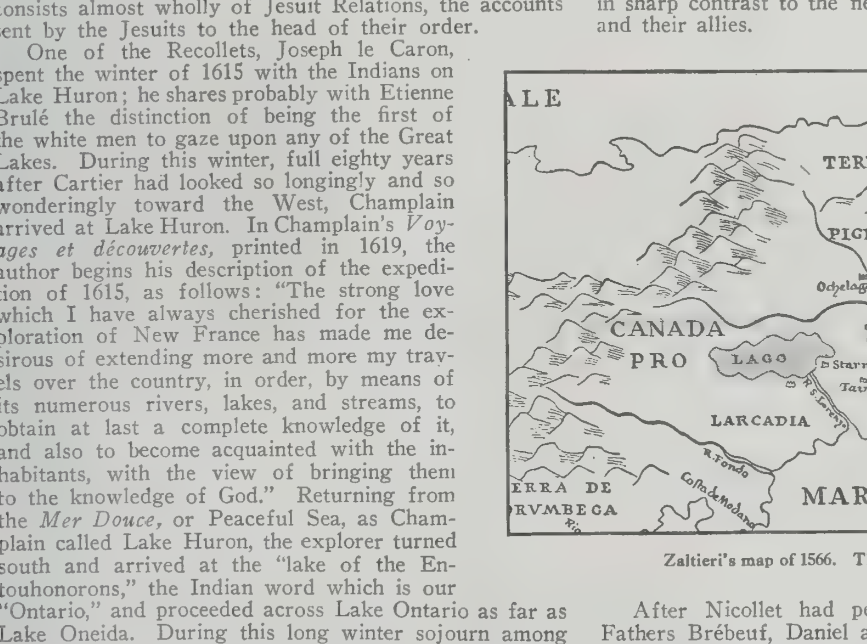
Map by the founder of Canada, Champlain. Three Great Lakes indicated, 1630.



Zaltieri's map of 1566. The river with one Great Lake.

After Nicollet had penetrated to Lake Michigan, Fathers Brébeuf, Daniel and Davos went again to the Hurons. In 1641, Fathers Raymbault and Joques were sent to found a mission at the Sault (Ste. Marie); "Father Raymbault hoped to reach China . . . . but God diverted his path to heaven," so runs the Jesuit Relations, telling of the death of Raymbault and incidentally of the definite discovery of Lake Superior. Possibly the interpreter Etienne Brulé had been here and also to Lake Erie in his winters among the Indians; however, the accounts by Brulé of both lakes were not sufficiently definite to place them upon the map.

The English meanwhile had arrived at Plymouth and in Virginia, and the Dutch were in New York as far as Albany. The English and Dutch were colonists first, and traders, explorers, and missionaries incidentally. This may well account for the greater permanence of their achievements. The whole interest of the English and Dutch residents was in America; with the early French, success implied return to France to enjoy the success.



Sanson, Royal Geographer, map of 1656. First to show Lake St. Clair. Two of the Great Lakes with open ends.

In 1650 and in 1656 two maps of the Great Lakes region were printed by the famous French geographer Sanson. These maps represent Lakes Ontario (called also Lake St. Louis), Erie, or Lake of the Cat, and Huron, or Karegnon, in approximately proper positions; Superieur, called Lacde Puans, left with open ends toward the west. The information for these surprisingly correct maps probably came through the Indians to the Jesuits and thus to Paris.

One of the most interesting and enterprising explorers appeared upon the Canadian horizon in 1651 in the person of Pierre Esprit Radisson of St. Malo, Cartier's home. Captured by the Iroquois in 1652, when 17 years old, Radisson lived more than a year with the Indians as an adopted son, learning their language and living their life. After his escape through Dutch aid Radisson returned to Canada to enlist his brother-in-law, Medart Chouart Groseilliers, an adventure-loving trader, in fur-trading enterprises to the Great West. Between 1556 and 1564 these two men penetrated Michigan and Minnesota and beyond the Mississippi River. Only recently (1885) Radisson's fine account was published; the manuscripts containing the account are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and in the British Museum, having existed two centuries and more, unused and unknown. Radisson gives a wealth of interesting details largely confirmed by Jesuit records. One winter of famine was spent by the two Frenchmen among the Hurons and the Sioux. Radisson relates that two visiting Indians, also starving, came with a dog: "That dogge was very leane . . . The dogge comes out . . . by good like (fortune). I take him and bring him a litle way. I stabbed him . . . broyled like a pigge and cutt in peeces . . . so every one of the family had his share." Even the beaver skins were boiled by the Indians of whom probably a third perished of starvation. Longfellow's Hiawatha does not exaggerate the winter tragedies of the Indians.

The fur and the copper kept the French interested largely in the northern route from Montreal by the Ottawa River. A wholesome respect for the Iroquois contributed to the same end. Not until 1653 is there definite record of any white man on the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of the Thousand Islands when Father Poncet, of the Jesuits, came down the river. A year later Pére Le Moyne was the first on record to ascend the St. Lawrence.

Trader and priest finally achieved French recognition of a great inland empire of the west. In spite of a group of noble leaders in France, in Quebec and on the frontier, the recognition came a little too late for permanent French colonies, but not too late for a continuation of French devotion unto death in the path of glory toward the rising sun. Colbert, French controller of finance, instituted the Company of the West; Courcelles as governor and Jean Baptiste Talon as intendant with large civil power were sent by Colbert in 1665 to seize the West. Their troops were adequate to disperse the Iroquois and for twenty years the St. Lawrence Valley lived in peace.

The Jesuits sent Marquette in 1668 to the station at Sault Ste. Marie and in 1669 to the mission at La Pointe, near the western end of Lake Superior, established by Allouez in 1665. In the year 1669 Louis Joliet, a Canadian born and bred, having been to the copper mines, returned to Montreal and was the first white man to make the trip by the Detroit River, by Lake Erie, by Lake Ontario and by the St. Lawrence. This grand circuit of the Great Lakes from the Sault to the St. Lawrence was thus completed by Joliet who, four years later, with Jacques Marquette made the first real exploration and scientific discovery of the Mississippi.

Near to the western end of Lake Ontario, Joliet encountered three Frenchmen seeking a way to the Ohio River. The Indian accounts of the Ohio and the Mississippi had begun to attract well-merited attention. Robert Cavelier de La Salle sold his estate near the Lachine Rapids and enlisted two Sulpitians, Dollier de Casson and Galinée, in an enterprise to find the great river which La Salle hoped led to the western sea. Joliet's account persuaded the priests that the route by Lake St. Clair would lead them to tribes to whom they desired to minister. La Salle left them and may have discovered the Ohio during his uncertain wander-

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Wheat Farmers Drop Two Millions a Year

Story of the Northwest Growers Record in Costly Marketing

By ROBERT MORGAN

IT COSTS money to know Aaron Sapiro. The American wheat farmers of four northwestern states are just beginning to find out at the middle of 1924 that it cost them approximately two million dollars annually in 1921, 1922 and 1923, to make the acquaintance of the clever gentleman from San Francisco. They have learned, too, that though they know Mr. Sapiro, and some other gentlemen quite well, Mr. Sapiro does not recognize them; indeed, he seems to have forgotten them entirely, having removed himself to greener pastures, and more unsuspecting agriculturists.

Below—Home of a prosperous wheat farmer in the state of Washington. It is on such homes and farms as this that the Sapiro-promoted co-operative marketing associations seek to fasten their grip by making *the lands of the farmer responsible for the debts of the association.*

The story of this disaster—in which an American industry lost at least six million dollars in three years, and probably much more—is the story of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, an organization designed, sponsored and put into operation by Aaron Sapiro. It is reported, and it has not been denied, that Mr. Sapiro received $7,000 for permitting the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana to use his California co-operative marketing plan in the formation of this association. It is further reported, on reliable evidence in the hands of independent wheat producers in the Northwest, that Mr. Sapiro received, in addition to the $7,000 mentioned, $1,000 each from Oregon, Idaho and Montana, for permitting them to use his California marketing plan in the organization of their local or state associations. All four of these states, after paying Mr. Sapiro for his counsel, merged their state associations into the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, which Mr. Sapiro had carefully prepared for them. As previously mentioned in this series, the plan of the Jewish ring which is exploiting the American farmer is to form first local, then state, then sectional, then national associations of the producers of each crop in the United States, eventually bringing the marketing of the world's production of each agricultural product into the control of a central organization of "big internationalists."

There is nothing to show that Mr. Sapiro ever received from any or all of these northwestern states a cent more than the $10,000 he is reported to have "accepted" for showing the farmers how to invoke three years of disappointment. But it would have paid the farmers of these states to have given Mr. Sapiro one hundred times ten thousand dollars to remain south of the northern boundary of California. One A. A. Elmore, president of the Washington Farmers' Union, and a radical whose schemes the more conservative members of the union had to thwart on a number of occasions, met Sapiro in Oregon, in 1919. With avidity Elmore seized upon Sapiro's plan, and, without consulting the Farmers' Union, made the San Francisco Jewish promoter the principal speaker at the January, 1920, convention of the union, in Spokane. The Farmers' Union is a sane, sound organization, which has accomplished a great deal of good for agriculturists of all classes in its state. It has repudiated Sapiro in every way; in fact, as an organization it has never supported him.

Out of this speech of Sapiro's at Spokane, grew the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated. Nominally, it was to consist of three similar state associations in Washington, Oregon and Idaho, each having no stock, taking no profits, with the associated as a sort of binder to co-relate and co-ordinate the activities of the state associations. Members of these state associations signed contracts binding them for seven years to deliver all their wheat to the association, to be sold when, where, to whom and at whatever price the association desired to sell it. In other words, the wheat producer signed away all right to, or title in, his crop for seven years, to an organization which he thought he controlled, but in which he soon learned he was a rank outsider. The association agreed only to pool the proceeds from all sales by grades and to pay the members the pooled average, less only the cost of operation. Montana came in later.

And, lest something in the way of money might get away from the association, and into the pockets of the farmers, a subsidiary corporation was outlined and formed "to own the necessary warehouses and elevators, while finances to pay growers a substantial amount on delivery of grain were provided by bank loans against warehouse receipts." I quote from Herman Steen, panegyrist for Sapiro and the Sapiro Plan.

Let us see what has happened to this Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, touted by the proponents of co-operative marketing on the Sapiro plan as the most successful grain-selling organization ever formed by co-operatives:

As I write these lines at the beginning of June, 1924, all of the four state associations are virtually out of business.

The Washington association being completely dead.

The Idaho association in the hands of a receiver.

The Montana association is defunct. The Oregon association is existing only in the persons of some of its officials, who are endeavoring to build from it a marketing organization of their own.

The Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, the holding association for the four state associations, is hanging on only because the law compels it to hang on until it can make a financial statement to the state government, a statement which it has not made to either government or growers at any time since it was organized.

Today, many of the members of these associations have not been paid for their 1921 wheat crop; more have not been paid for their 1922 crop, and if there is a single member of either the state or the northwest associations who has been paid for his 1923 crop, neither the farmers' unions of the states involved, the independent wheat buyers, the independent wheat growers, nor the writer have been able to find him.

These statements are the simple truth of the "success" of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, which Aaron Sapiro started in January, 1920, pocketed his fees, and left to its fate, as he has left every co-operative marketing association which he has formed. Ten thousand dollars a week is a fairly good salary; ten thousand dollars a year represents about double the annual income of the average American wheat farmer, yet Mr. Sapiro devoted seven days, actual working time, to the "organization" of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, and its four subsidiary state associations.

The average annual production of wheat in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana is approximately 100,000,000 bushels. The Northwest Wheat Growers Associated claims to have handled from thirteen to fifteen per cent of that crop. The independent buyers in the field believe, from the relative quantities of their own purchases, that the average handled by the association was fifteen per cent. This means that 15,000,000 bushels of wheat were turned over to this association by the farmers each year in 1921, 1922 and 1923. These figures cannot be verified, because the association has never made a statement, but they have been declared to be true by Aaron Sapiro and by Walter J. Robinson, the present head of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated. The 1920 crop sent only a comparatively small quantity into the association. Now read this, which is also the truth:

For the 1920 crop, the members of the association received $1.52½ a bushel, on the average, while the independent producers received $1.71 a bushel.

For the 1921, 1922 and 1923 crops, the independent growers received from ten to twelve cents more a bushel than did the Sapiro-plan co-operatives. But the latter still had to deduct twelve to fifteen cents a bushel operating costs.

The percentage of the 1920 crop handled through the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated is not known, but it is believed to have been approximately 6,000,000 bushels, possibly a little more. If it were 6,000,000 bushels, and if the farmer had received payment for all of it, as he did receive payment for most of it, he would have lost eighteen and one-half cents a bushel, or $1,083,000.

After the farmer in the Pacific Northwest had paid all the costs of preparing his land and planting and harvesting his wheat crop, he then had to pay approximately 30 cents a bushel for transportation, brokerage and warehouse charges, if he belonged to the Sapiro-promoted co-operative marketing association. The farmers outside the association paid only 15 cents a bushel for the same service. Photo shows the harvesting and threshing of wheat at one operation in the field with mules and horses as the motive power.

Giving the Sapiro co-operatives the benefit of their own claim that they handled fifteen per cent of the crops of the past three years, or 15,000,000 bushels a year, at ten cents a bushel less than the independents received, gross, for their crop the industry contributed $1,500,000 in dead loss to the management of the association. And, after this was sustained, the members of the association had to pay the expenses of the operation of their organization each year, at least half a million dollars more. A low and conservative estimate, based on the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated figures, shows that this Sapiro-Plan organization has caused a dead loss to its members of more than $2,000,000 a year for the past three years, to say nothing about 1920, and leaving out of all consideration the fact that the great majority of the growers have not received pay for one year's crop out of the three. The total loss to the American wheat producers of the Northwest, due to the appearance of Aaron Sapiro in Spokane in 1920, cannot be estimated, and never will be ascertained.

Of interest in connection with this, probably the most costly attempt to market a crop ever made in the world, is the following statement of the expense of handling the 1921 crop of wheat through the association. It is taken direct from a signed return by the association to one of its members. These are the charges taken out of the price received by the association for each bushel of wheat sold for its members:

Interest paid banks	$0.012
Interest paid to growers	.02
Shipping and storing	.016
Export charges	.014
Administration expense	.013
Office upkeep	.01
General reserve held out	.01
Special reserve to cover extra expenses	.022
Possible further payment on 1922 pool	.005
Total per bushel held out for handling costs only	$0.122

That is to say, twelve and one-fifth cents had to be taken out of the gross payment received by the association for every bushel of wheat, after that wheat had been sold at a price from ten to twelve cents below the net price received by the independent growers.

The total cost for handling the Idaho-Washington wheat crop for 1921, according to figures given by the association management to a member, was $850,000, which the members had to pay. The cost per bushel as shown in the above table, compares with seven cents a bushel, which the independent growers paid, and is nearly as much as the freight charges from common points in northwestern wheat territory to coast terminals. That is something else to think about, but the trouble with the farmer has been that he has figured the "operating costs" under the Sapiro plan too late to save his own money.

One of the large factors in the blinding of the farmer to the facts of the Sapiro brand of co-operative marketing, and in the concealment from him of its failures, has been the attitude of the press throughout the Northwest. One newspaper of Spokane, Washington, supported Sapiro and his followers throughout the organization period of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, refused to publish arguments against his system, made by farmers' unions, conservative bankers and farsighted wheat-growers, and when the inevitable crash came, persisted in its refusal to publish anything more than the bare statement that the local and state associations had suspended. This newspaper must share, with Sapiro and his representatives, the moral responsibility for the great loss that befell the wheat farmers of the Northwest. Other newspapers throughout the four states followed similar tactics, and the members of the defunct Sapiro associations, their eyes now wide open, claim that Jewish advertisers, and Jewish influence, were responsible for these newspapers failing in their obvious duty to the American people of their territory.

As in the case of the hay-growers, gangs of radicals, former agents of the Industrial Workers of the World, men notorious for their communistic tendencies, and

(Concluded on page 14)

Is Fair Trial by Jury Possible in America?

Question Becomes One of Autocracy as Opposed to Democracy

By C. C. DANIELS

AN EARNEST and systematic effort is being made to do away with trial by jury and substitute trial by judge.

Great pains are being taken to impress upon the general public and the legal profession the idea that those who compose the juries are wanting in intelligence sufficient to understand the evidence and apply the law to the facts, to enable them to render a just verdict on the issues submitted.

At almost every meeting of the various bar associations the work goes on by speech, personal intercourse and resolution to discredit trial by jury. The meetings of various chambers of commerce are utilized for the same purpose.

The wisdom of our forefathers, who wrested from autocracy and oppression the right of trial by jury, is held to scorn and the superior wisdom of the present day extolled with complacent persistency.

Back of this propaganda are influences that seek to change the fundamental basis of our civilization and to take from the average man all effective participation in the affairs of Government; to substitute for the composite judgment of twelve jurors, who are drawn from and return to the body of the people, the decision of one judge, who may be dependent for his place and power on the political influence of those who dictate nominations, elections and appointments.

Between the two systems runs the line that divides democracy and autocracy.

Most of those who denounce jurors and throw the weight of their influence against trial by jury and in favor of the autocratic one-man system of judge-dominated courts are conscientious and sincere and would resent any suggestion that they have lined themselves up against the fundamental principles of a free people and a democratic government.

Members of the legal profession especially resent the suggestion that their opinions on public questions are influenced or controlled by those who employ them. Yet it is not difficult to forecast the opinion and position of many lawyers on public questions if you know who are their clients. Of course there are many exceptions to this rule, but the exception proves the rule.

Those who assail the jury system most vigorously are often potential in selecting those who constitute the juries. The names of those who are placed in the jury box are carefully selected. They are supposed to be chosen with a view solely to securing men "good and true," competent and capable of weighing evidence, and, divesting themselves of prejudice, to render a just verdict based on the evidence without fear or favor.

The Process of Selection

HOW are the names selected that constitute the jury panel; who makes the selection; what are the influences dominating those who select the names that go in the jury box? Whether these influences are patriotic or sinister are factors of which the general public knows little, although the results may be far-reaching.

The selection of names for the jury list in the law courts of towns and small cities is generally conducted without favoritism or trickery, but in large cities the names can be juggled with less fear of detection. In cities like New York and Chicago, the restraining influence of public censure and the inspiring influence of public commendation do not make themselves felt to the same extent. The corrective power of stable, intelligent public sentiment is conspicuous for its absence, and "jury-fixers," special corporation agents, and other interested parties, can get in their work with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of publicity.

The first step toward securing just trial by jury is to select the names that go in the box from which the jury is drawn. If the names of the right kind of people are not selected, the right sort of jurors cannot be drawn. "The fountain can rise no higher than its source."

How are these names selected; who makes the selection and what are the influences that control?

The names that go in the jury box are selected by a jury commission, and in the naming of this commission "crooked business" sometimes gets in its most effective work. A careful scrutiny of the personnel of the men who compose the jury commission in many jurisdictions, and an analysis of their connections and employment would tend to make many litigants accept any compromise offered rather than put themselves at the mercy of jurors selected by such a "hand-picked" commission.

Some years ago I was in charge of important litigation in a western state for the Department of Justice in which property of large value was involved, and in the outcome of which the happiness and welfare of many of "the wards of the nation" would be seriously affected. Public interest had been aroused in the subject of the litigation and many people in one-half of the state were directly or indirectly financially interested in the outcome of the litigation, and it was apparent that to secure an impartial jury in that section of the state where the trial would be held was very difficult. Under these circumstances one of the attorneys on the force went before the judge and requested him to direct that the jury be drawn from a section of the state where the people had no financial interest in the outcome of the litigation. The judges indignantly rejected and resented the request.

One Who Is Unchallenged

THERE were pending in the same court, however, numerous suits against a railroad company that had back of it the most powerful political influences in that section. The suits were for damages by fire in the same part of the state where the court was sitting and where we were to try our government case. The officials of the railroad naturally desired a jury coming from a different part of the state, remote from that part financially interested. Thus both the railroad and the Government wanted the jury taken from the section remote from the scene of the fire. But the Government's request was refused. However, when the railroad, in its own interest, made identically the same request, it was immediately granted. We both got what we wanted! An impartial jury was impaneled to try the case that I had in charge. We were successful. The attorney against us expressed his opinion that we won because we were traveling on the same train with the railroad magnate and were pulled along by his engine.

Some time after this occurrence a federal district judge was appointed in that state; and a friend asked me what I thought of the appointment. I told him that in my judgment the jury commission in that jurisdiction was not entirely free from certain influences interested in litigation in the Federal courts; that if the newly appointed judge changed the jury commission and put on it men whom the community felt were under no obligation to any special interest, I would have one opinion of the judge; but if he retained the jury commission as then constituted, I should have a different opinion.

When a case comes on for trial before a jury, the juror may be questioned as to his connections, interests, opinions, prejudices and any fact or circumstance calculated to prevent him from rendering an impartial verdict. The grounds of challenge for cause are many, and a certain number of jurors may be challenged without cause.

The judge, however, who presides over the trial and is the "thirteenth juror" can be neither questioned nor challenged. He may be under disabilities that would make it perfectly proper and legal to challenge him for cause if he were a juror in the box. But counsel for the litigant cannot challenge the judge, although he may be perfectly satisfied that the case should not be tried before that judge.

The jury is an integral part of the court, and its duty requires the exercise of intelligence and integrity. A juror is answerable only to his conscience and his God for the verdict that he renders on the evidence submitted. The independence of the jury is proclaimed in our law. The jury is the sole judge of the fact, but must, of course, take the law from the court. If a juror invades the province of the court and assumes the right to determine the law as distinguished from the facts, he is liable to censure, and if he expresses want of respect for the court, the jail door stands open for him upon commitment for contempt.

Judge Versus Jury

IT IS no unusual thing, however, to hear a judge, who insists with all the power of the office he holds that no contempt shall be shown him in his official position, give expression to ridicule and abuse evidencing his contempt for the jury whose verdict is in conflict with his opinion or desire. *The judge has no more right in law or morals to show contempt for the jury than have jurors to show contempt for the judge.*

The difference is, however, that the judge may imprison the juror, but the juror has no power to imprison the judge for his expression of contempt for jurors. The jurors leave the court with the feeling of the small boy whose father asked him if he knew why he had whipped him, and the little fellow replied, "Yes, because you are bigger than I am."

The juror must understand the evidence, and it is his duty to "look and listen," to apply his every faculty to the trial of the case and in doing so to exercise common sense and utilize the practical experience of life.

It is the duty of the presiding judge to aid and assist the jurors in understanding the evidence and with courtesy and patience help to make plain and simple the facts as testified to by the witness and in his charge to draw clear the line between the issues of fact that lie exclusively in the domain of the jury and the law applicable to that case, by which the jury must be controlled in rendering a verdict.

Jurors who refuse to take the law from the court are incipient anarchists. The judge who attempts to dominate and control the jury takes his place with destroyers of the law, and he can have only himself to thank if he sees growing disrespect for law.

Most judges seek to aid the jury in understanding the facts and they accord to the jurors the same consideration and respect in the performance of the duty laid on the jury that they expect for themselves in the performance of the duty the law places on the judge.

Seldom is a judge other than courteous and helpful to the jury; only the arrogant and contemptuous few reflect upon the bench by showing contempt for that portion of the court represented by the jury.

Some years ago I witnessed a trial in which the jurors asked many questions of the witnesses and thereby made clear certain important evidence that the questions of the attorneys had failed to bring out. The able, patient and impartial judge who presided encouraged the jurors in their efforts to understand the evidence and he followed the lead of the jurors in bringing out evidence that the questions of the jurors suggested. The case went to an appellate court on appeal, and one of the appellate judges in his opinion severely criticized the trial judge for permitting the jurors to ask questions of the witnesses. The opinion of the appellate judge, however, contained what purported to be a statement of facts upon which the judgment of reversal was rendered, which was in conflict with the facts as disclosed by the record.

The Only Safeguard

OPINIONS of appellate courts in which the "facts" are so stated as to sustain the judgment of the appellate court by misstatement of the facts as disclosed by the whole record, or by drawing strained and distorted inferences to justify the judgment that it has been determined to render, gives one a greater respect for the untechnical jurors who give language its everyday meaning and are governed by common sense and old-fashioned honesty in rendering their verdict.

The highly trained, technical mind is of value, of great value, but its very refinement and tendency to hairsplitting often makes it an unsafe guide in the practical affairs of life. The specialist diagnoses with a view to finding the particular thing in which he specializes.

The technical lawyer—the "case" judge—often unconsciously loses sight of justice and common honesty in dealing in and applying precedents that are moldy with age, the reason for which has been forgotten in the dim and distant past. Thus often the administration of law becomes a game in which shrewdness and rules of practice count for more than justice and integrity.

Jurors jump these hurdles where they can and apply common sense to the evidence. They get away from the "whereas" and the "aforesaids" and the specially devised jargon that is so often used to conceal the "niger in the woodpile." They want to know what it all means and render a verdict based on fact and justice between man and man and not on technical precedents "hoary with age" that have come down unchanged and unimproved from the time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

After an experience of more than thirty years in the active practice of the law, with more than ten years spent day after day in the trial of jury cases in both criminal and civil cases, I am satisfied, from observation and experience, that trial by jury has not outlived its usefulness and should be retained, purified and strengthened.

With all the defects of the jury system, after running the gauntlet of subsidized and hand-picked jury commissioners, trickery, corruption; personal, racial and religious influence, trial by jury provides machinery that comes nearer doing justice than trial by judge, and is practically the only safeguard that the average man has against the power of money.

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Migration for Conscience' Sake

A CELEBRATION of importance to Canada and the United States alike recently took place in the little city of Belleville, Ontario, on the Bay of Quinte.

This was in commemoration of the arrival at Belleville one hundred and forty years ago of the loyalists who quitted the United States after the treaty of peace that terminated the Revolution. They effected what was termed the settlement of Upper Canada by the United Empire Loyalists. Upper Canada is now known as the Province of Ontario.

It was the pioneer, constructive spirit of the settlers of Belleville that wrought the present Dominion of Canada out of the then existing wilderness. More British than the British in their determination to establish a great colonial state in North America, these United Empire Loyalists finally aroused the languid mother country to co-operate in their efforts.

It is said that most of the present old families of Boston are really Salem people who replaced the large numbers of Bostonians who left with the British forces.

Business and Parades

THE striking American habit of parading upon Main Street is being forced into the discard by modern traffic and business conditions.

The Fifth Avenue Association no longer glories in having that thoroughfare used for the pageants of the metropolis. Exclusive establishments that have given the Avenue its vogue fear Park avenue and side streets will be preferred by the shopping public if parades are continually stopping things.

Other cities have gradually tightened the requirements for parades during business hours until one sees less and less of the old-time turnouts.

Handling the street traffic of the modern city has become as complicated a problem and as harassing a burden as dispatching railway traffic at the terminals. Parades demoralize all of this.

Furthermore, the hours of business in the central districts have become much shorter. Stores and office buildings are rented upon the basis of the traffic past their doors. Parades kill this profitable flow of patrons.

It is just as unfair to stifle downtown business and traffic for parades as it would be to force factories to close for parades and to have the railway terminals locked up until the bandwagon passed.

However, the new order of things, efficient though it may be, is less colorful and diverting than when the circus and minstrels and lodges of every sort paraded Main Street.

Siberia Rich in Potentialities

AMERICA, disgusted and repelled by the stupid and puerile propaganda of the Soviets, is perhaps too prone to overlook the potentialities of an empire that covers one-seventh of the world's surface.

Siberia is especially misunderstood because Keenan's classic book about the far northern convict settlements distorted our ideas of the climate and country in general. As a matter of fact, much of Siberia is as far south as Virginia and Kentucky. The principal interior cities and seaports have the same climate as our Great Lakes cities.

Continental United States without Alaska covers 2,811,520 square miles and we think it is a pretty big country. However, Siberia with its 5,493,629 square miles is almost twice as large and it does not have as much useless mountain and desert area as this country.

Siberia is a self-contained country as far as natural resources are concerned. With its fertile soil and temperate climate, Siberia will take care of future agricultural needs of humanity. It has the largest forests on earth, the American and Canadian forests being tiny in comparison.

There are immense hard coal deposits in Siberia and soft coal measures are distributed all over the whole country. The petroleum deposits are enormous, but the country has not been thoroughly explored for it. The iron fields of Siberia are of tremendous extent. Siberia has long been the world's source of platinum, and while producing gold, the possibilities have only been scratched.

No country on earth has such a system of giant rivers with navigable reaches longer than anything we know in America. While the nine-thousand-mile trans-Siberian railway makes the American and Canadian coast-to-coast routes seem quite short, the rivers provide a more striking comparison. Incidentally it will be easily possible to connect the headwaters of some of the rivers so vessels can proceed from the Mediterranean to the heart of Siberia.

The Ob River system has a navigable length of 16,869 miles and the Yenisei has a navigable length of 11,808 miles, including Lake Baikal which is as big as any of our Great Lakes. These two rivers have been joined, giving an east and west waterway from near the frontier of European Russia to the Chinese border, a distance of 3,650 miles. The Lena River is navigable for 6,864 miles. The Amur River, flowing from Central Siberia east to the Pacific, is navigable for 8,541 miles and has 20,000 miles of navigable tributaries.

Given a consistent government and effective leadership, the development of Siberia will be more resultful than any other land that remains to be pioneered.

Should Congressman's Pay Limit Scientist's?

THE last unexplored region of Uncle Sam's domain in North America and one of the few unknown places in the world has just been traversed by a party of United States Geological Survey experts. It is the northern marches of Alaska.

The exploring party, headed by Dr. Philip S. Smith, crossed the Elliott Mountain range in Northern Alaska last winter on snowshoes and dog sledges. They had to locate or discover passes across the range. It was virgin territory.

A letter written March 30 and brought back to civilization by an Eskimo states that in exploring the Colville River they discovered an hitherto unknown river two hundreds yards wide which flows westward and then turns northward.

The party plans to continue the river exploration, but it must reach the coast in time to catch the last ship out of the Arctic Ocean before the September freeze-up.

The party is exploring Naval Petroleum Reservation No. 4. The Arctic wild seems to be rich in petroleum. The party "went in" during the winter because much of the country they traversed is impassable swamp or muskeg, made unbearable by swarms of huge mosquitoes in the summer.

While the Geological Survey has discovered and charted much of the natural resources of the nation, and has also made the splendid topographic maps of much of the country, it is one of those services that are more or less starved by Congress because there is little political capital to be made out of interest in them.

While private industry has come to realize that exploration and research workers are its most valuable aids and is paying them accordingly, Congress is not disposed to pay any man of scientific attainments in excess of $7,500, the pay of a Congressman and thereby the dead line for almost every other government employe.

When Congress does grudgingly concede a salary in excess of $7,500, the receivers are usually the objects of surly and jealous treatment by Congressmen who resent anyone receiving more from the government than they do.

This is the age of the engineer and scientist and the path to national glory is for the United States Government to divert its spending to the support of such productive agencies.

Startling Facts About Silver Fox

THE silver fox business is facing deflation to the real pelt value of its product, something entirely different from the fantastic prices at which breeding stock is being sold.

Many reputable publications are declining high-pressure silver fox advertising as a result of examining the facts.

The claims that silver fox pelts can be sold for $1,000 each are demolished by the Bureau of Statistics of the Dominion of Canada which reports that the average price of silver fox pelts in 1919-1920 was $245.80; in 1920-1921, $152; in 1921-1922, $147 and in 1922-1923, $112.80.

A prominent American furrier has just stated that he believed the price for the very best pelts would not exceed $400 and that the average price would be about $150, running as low possibly, for defective skins, as fifty cents.

The high advertised values of silver fox pelts employed by those selling breeding stock to credulous people were established a generation or two ago when such pelts were natural rarities occasionally taken in the wilderness by fortunate trappers.

However, there are now more than 40,000 silver foxes in captivity in the United States and also a very large number in Canada. Standardization of feeding methods and disease prevention will increase this number steadily. Their pelts are becoming a staple product instead of a specialty. They are having to be marketed under the highly competitive conditions that volume production brings about. The official Canadian figures show the steady decline in prices, as numbers have increased.

The public should not be deceived by specious claims that the United States Government endorses the silver fox industry. The Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture officially disclaims that it endorses this or any other industry.

The Biological Survey also makes the following ominous statement that should arouse those who believe the high prices of silver foxes sold for breeding purposes can be maintained in the presence of the above prices of pelts and the 40,000 foxes in captivity in the United States alone:

"It must not be overlooked that the sole purpose of growing fur-bearing animals is to sell the pelts. The sale of breeding stock is only incidental. When the main purpose of raising fur-bearing animals is lost sight of, that is to produce salable pelts, the business loses its economic basis for existence."

Now that real values will have to be established on the basis of pelt sales the silver fox business may become stabilized, but not at frequently advertised prices.

The Decrease Did Not Continue

A YEAR ago, when the Treasury Department began its crusade against the so-called tax-exempt securities, the decreasing amount of income being derived from surtaxes was pointed out as evidence of excessive investment in such securities to the detriment of taxable income. It will be remembered the comparisons ended with the receipts on this account for 1921, the comparison beginning with 1918.

No mention was made that the totals included the years of idleness in industry, which must have accounted for a part, at least, of the decrease.

The utter worthlessness of the comparison is shown in a report of the Treasury Department, published July 7, announcing an enormous increase in income tax receipts for the calender year 1922. As was predicted by those who were not carried into the ranks of believers in everything emanating from official Washington, the result shown was such as to put a quietus on the argument attempted. Not only was the course of surtax receipts no longer downward, but there was as in other branches of the complicated rates, a large increase in totals.

It is to be hoped the tax-exempt bond bogey is banished forever. It was only a cover for other evasions of taxes.

No party ever won an election because of a platform built to suit everybody. Neither is abuse of opponents a means of attracting votes. A short, earnest declaration of vital principles, without verbose discussion, will carry more weight.

Terence V. Powderly is dead. Thirty years or more ago this announcement would have caused genuine sorrow among millions, but today few will remember the power he exerted. For Terence V. Powderly was once the most powerful labor leader in the world.

How Patrick Henry Helped Save the Northwest

Letter of Instruction Found in Draper Collection

By FRED L. HOLMES

PATRICK HENRY didn't die soon after he delivered that speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses about "give me liberty or give me death." Such a notion, prevalent though it may be, is untrue. Historians have been so busy retouching the coloring in the picture of his oratorical outburst, that his other dramatic achievements have been dimmed. Recently another epoch in the life of the fiery zealot for American liberty has been disclosed. One of his old letters was brought forth. The paper was a little yellowed, but the writing was as legible as if it were penned yesterday. It foreshadowed one more blow for freedom.

As governor of Virginia, during the Revolutionary War, Henry had given a memorandum of instruction to a Kentucky frontiersman. It was this authority which placed George Rogers Clark in the role of the most brilliant figure in the old Northwest during the fight for independence. Accomplishments under it wrested the basin above the Ohio River from the British by a dashing military campaign.

When it came to writing the terms of recognition and peace at Paris, in 1783, Franklin argued that possession counted nine-tenths. His logic couldn't be met. As a result, the sweep of country north of the Ohio River, divided later into the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, became part of the United States. George Rogers Clark made it possible.

Most of us know little about him. Some confuse him with the expedition made by his brother across the continent in 1804. But George has a niche of his own, and to the people who live in the old Northwest it should be an important one.

Louisville, Kentucky, claims him as its founder. That alone would be sufficient recognition for any man. But to him it was a mere milestone in his long and brilliant military adventure. Corn Island, in the Ohio River and the locality about the rumbling "falls," where Louisville stands, was the base of his strategic operations. From here he maneuvered the military campaign that brought results.

The people of Virginia had a selfish interest in the Ohio Valley. They claimed that the original grant from the King gave a slice of land extending to the Mississippi River. Many were already moving over the mountains and adventurous surveyors were platting and entering blocks of the fertile lands. Among them was Clark. So it came as no surprise that Virginia should place a monument to the "Conqueror of the Northwest" on its campus at Charlottesville. She was only honoring one of her wandering sons.

"Clark was born in 1752 just over the hill beyond Monticello," said a professor at the University of Virginia in explaining the appropriateness of the cenotaph. "The farms of Thomas Jefferson's and George Rogers Clark's fathers joined."

"Was Clark a playmate of Jefferson in boyhood?" was asked.

"That is doubtful. The Clarks moved away from the community when George was five years of age. They went to the headwaters of the York to live. George was given only meager schooling. For about nine months he was instructed by Donald Robertson, under whom James Madison, afterward President of the United States, studied at about the same time."

"Some of his letters on file in the Draper Collection at the State Historical Library of Wisconsin would indicate he was a bad speller," came the interruption.

"That is true," he rejoined with a smile. "Clark was never very careful about his letters. He was proficient in mathematics, however, and, like Washington, was a prominent surveyor in his time. It is a singular fact that many of the men of that period, who became surveyors of the empire west of the Alleghanies, also became the first men of the land. Surveying was then recognized as an important profession."

"Just why was the place of a pioneer surveyor so important in developing leadership?"

"All of the experiences of the frontiersmen and soldiers came to the surveyors," he responded. "They were the pathfinders into the unsettled country. They dealt with the Indians and came to know their trails, habits, hunting grounds, the route of rivers and where the best fishing was to be found. They experienced the hardships of flood and famine, learned the stealth of Indians and were taught the role of heroism which must be played when danger threatened. They found the easy ways into the new country, and when the time came to defend it against an enemy or wrench it from an intruder, they had the information upon which to base a successful campaign. The surveying experience of George Rogers Clark paved the way to his greatness. It gave him the knowledge of country and frontier experience by which he was enabled to conduct his military campaign."

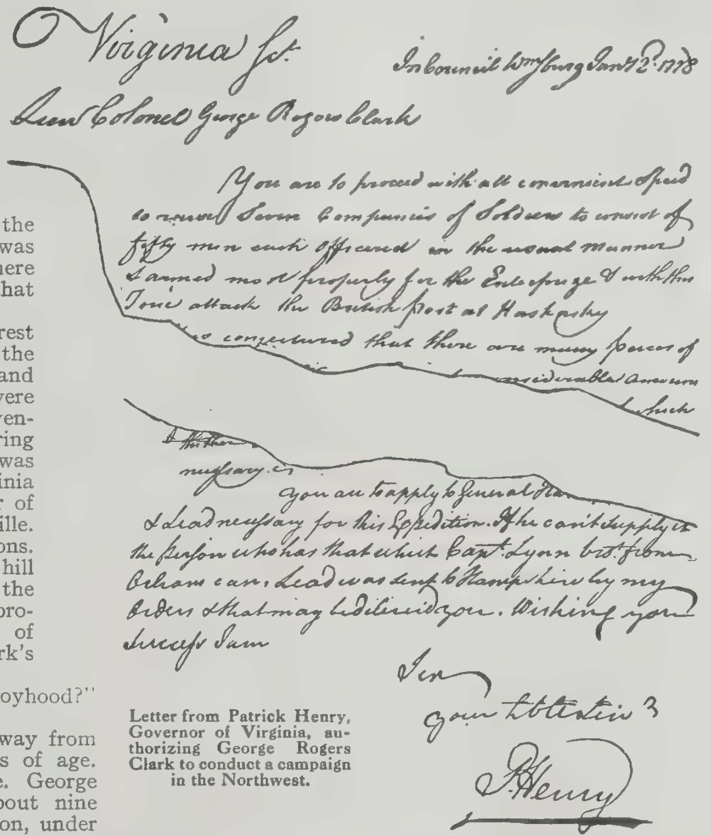
Clark went early into the Boone's Kentucky country to survey. He seems to have got around a great deal. He saw service in Lord Dunmore's war, but in 1775 returned to the West to resume his work.

"I have engaged," he wrote to his brother Jonathan from Stewart's Crossing, "as a deputy surveyor under Cap'n. Hancock Lee, for to lay out lands on ye Kentuck, for ye Ohio company, at ye rate of 80 pounds pr. year, and ye privilege of taking what land I want."

Clark was of powerful physique. He was full six feet in height, stout of frame and was possessed of "red hair, and a black, penetrating, sparkling eye." He was bold, courageous and resourceful. He liked to be achieving. His ambitions prompted him to use the settlements of Kentucky as a base from which to conquer the vast region to the north.

Between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the Alleghanies, was the seat of powerful, warlike Indian confederacies. With them the Kentuckians desired peace. Generations before the coming of Boone, the French had made a few settlements above the Ohio, which, with the defeat of the French, had been taken over by the British, by the treaty of 1763. Among them were Detroit, Mackinac, Vincennes, Kaskaskia and Cahokia. By far the most important of these was the British post at Detroit, numbering upward of 2,000 souls, with a garrisoned post of 300 men commanded by Lieutenant Governor Henry Hamilton. He was brave and bold as a soldier, but unscrupulous in methods for inciting the Indians. Backwoodsmen called him the "hair-buying general," claiming that he urged the savages to take scalps. The merit of this opprobrious epithet seems now a little doubtful.

After the breath of the American Revolution swept over the country, Hamilton summoned the Indians to Detroit and early in 1777 they began crossing the Ohio River to make war on the Kentucky settlements. The attack had been so continuous, that by the close of the year less than 600 remained. The British planned to hold this great fur-producing country.



Virginia Sct.

In Council Wmsburg Jany 2d 1778

Lieut Colonel George Rogers Clark

You are to proceed with all convenient Speed to raise Seven Companies of Soldiers to consist of fifty men each officered in the usual Manner & armed most properly for the Enterprize & with this Force attack the British post at Kaskasky

...s conjectured that there are many pieces of ... considerable amount ... such

... further ... necessary ...

You are to apply to General Han...

& Lead necessary for this Expedition. If he cant supply it the Person who has that which Capt. Lynn brot. from Orleans can. Lead was sent to Hampshire by my Orders & that may be delivered you. Wishing you Success I am

Sir

your hble Servt

P. Henry

Letter from Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, authorizing George Rogers Clark to conduct a campaign in the Northwest.

Confronted by this menace, Clark executed his first plan of leadership. He sent spies into the Illinois country and soon learned that the populations about the forts were not interested in the contest of the seaboard colonies for independence. Neither were they particularly friendly to the British, but were awed by the bravery of the Kentucky militiamen. These long-haired fighters were to be feared. With this information Clark felt they would not espouse the English cause. Foreseeing they might take no active part and that recruits could not be raised among them, Clark returned to Virginia. In August, 1777, he consulted with Patrick Henry, the governor of the colony, regarding a plan for capturing the British posts north of the Ohio. The adventurous Virginia patriot took Clark at his word. He endorsed his plan.

"Conqueror of the Northwest." Statue of George Rogers Clark on the campus of the University of Virginia, about two miles from Clark's birthplace.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

To cloak the real designs, the Virginia Legislature extended financial aid and authorized the raising of volunteers on the plea that the venture was designed for the protection of Kentuckians. They were being harassed by the Indians. Clark was lieutenant colonel, January 2, 1778. On that date, Patrick Henry gave him a letter of instruction, which has since been found in the collection of old manuscripts gathered seventy-five years ago by Lyman Draper for the purpose of writing the history of Clark and the period. Draper procrastinated in his labors until he became an old man, and the legacy of sixty-five volumes of original papers and manuscripts became the core of the great collection of the Wisconsin Historical Society, now annually studied by scores of scholars and historians.

Judged from this letter, Henry's soul was fired with enthusiasm. He authorized Clark to raise "seven companies each of fifty men" which were to act as a militia. Virginia gave him official encouragement. But the whole burden of making the expedition was laid on Clark's shoulders. He was to raise the men, command them, lead them were he wanted. The glory of his achievements belongs to him alone.

Difficulties were encountered in raising troops on the frontier. There was jealousy between the people of Pennsylvania and Virginia over the occupancy of the West. Discouragements were daily events. It was May before 150 had been mustered. Rough, unlettered, with no semblance of military uniforms, wearing the conventional dress of Indian moccasins, homespun or buckskin breeches and shirt; with a fringe of leather thongs down each outer seam of the legs, these frontier-soldiers presented an odd picture. About the waist was a leather girdle from which dangled a long knife. Over one hip was a well scraped and polished powderhorn and on the other a leather sack for carrying game or provisions. Some of the soldiers wore hats of felt, others caps of squirrel-skin. On each man's shoulder rested a heavy, clumsy flintlock rifle.

Flat boats were used on the way down the Ohio until "the falls" were reached, May 27, 1776. This was a portage that required unloading for both descending and ascending, and Clark picked the spot as ideal for a military base. Here, within sound of the chattering rapids visited by La Salle more than one hundred years before, a part of his company built a blockhouse and planted a crop of corn on an island. Later this settlement was moved to the mainland and became the site of Louisville, named for Louis, the King of France, who ultimately cast his influence with the fighting Americans.

The capture of Kaskaskia and Cahokia on the Mississippi River was desired first. The settlers about these forts were French and were expected to be lukewarm to the peril of the British. Descending the river to about the site of the present Paducah, Clark and his men struck across country some one hundred and twenty miles, guided by an American hunter who was familiar with the French settlements. Kaskaskia was reached on the evening of July 4.

One of those dances popular on the frontier was in progress. Some of the historians give the scene of Clark's coming a picturesque setting. It is claimed that Clark secured entrance to the place and had been watching the dancing a long time when his presence was detected by an Indian. He sounded the war-whoop too late. Clark's men had surrounded the place.

"Go on with the dance," ordered Clark as he stood at the hall entrance, his arms folded. The picture of this moment has since been given an idealistic portrayal by an eastern artist.

"Be pleased to remember, however, that you are now holding revelry under the banner of Virginia and not under that of Great Britain," he added.

"In fifteen minutes we were masters of the place, without the firing of a gun," wrote Clark in his official report.

At daylight the soldiers and people were disarmed.

(Concluded on page 14)

The Lure of the Trail

For Real Thrill and Adventure Leave Your Auto Behind and Take to the Mountain Paths

By GRACE E. EASTERDAY

Trees felled across the streams by the rangers are the bridges you find in Glacier Park.

A COOL, clear morning in the early part of July—a stillness so intense we were conscious of it—mountain peaks rising in calm sublimity against a cloudless sky; it was these that caught and held our attention, for it was to lose ourselves in their fastnesses that we had journeyed far.

Some years before we had been told of this place with trails leading through the mountains—trails leading on and on, ever through new scenes and amid a wilderness as primitive as though man had never set foot in it, yet trails so accessible that anyone could follow them afoot, and so convenient that always at the end of the day food, shelter and every convenience would be found.

Glacier Park is one of the newest of our national parks. It is noted for its many glaciers and beautiful lakes. The sheer, rugged type of its mountains, the peculiar Lewis Overthrust, where the oldest stratum of rock is found on top of the mountain and the newest stratum at the bottom, make it distinctive. It covers so large an area that it is not overrun by the tourist—a turn of the trail and you are alone amid a vast solitude. The hand of civilization has reached far but here nature itself has put up a barrier which makes intrusion difficult.

There are two entrances to the park; one on the east side at Glacier Park and the other on the west side at Belton. Automobile roads, smooth as boulevards, skirt the park with spurs running to Two Medicine Lake and Cut Bank, but if you would really know and see its grandeur you must take the trails, either horseback or afoot, which lead into the very heart of it. Nowhere are there trails which offer such complete variety as these and they are so arranged you may go in at one entrance and leave at the other without retracing your steps. Wading through icy streams, drenched to the skin by rain, crossing fields of snow, looking down from dizzy heights, the quiet of some sheltered valley, wild flowers in profusion, unexpected thrills, an awe that overwhelmed—such were our experiences as we followed along these trails. We covered one hundred and fifty miles and when we counted the pictures we had snapped along the way we had just one hundred and fifty—a picture for every mile.

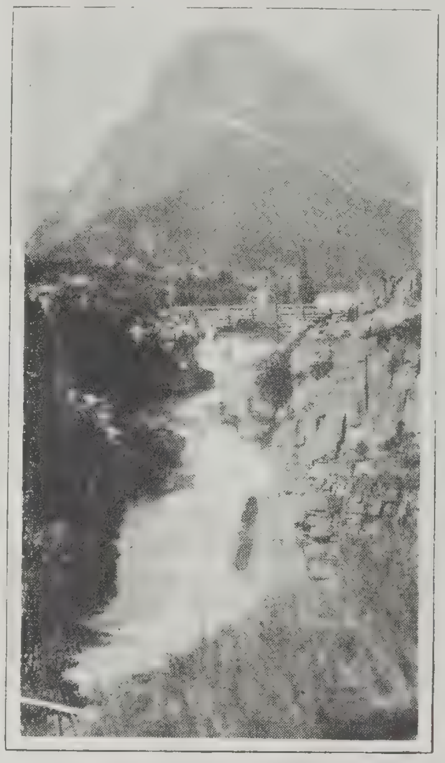
We entered at Glacier Park on the east side the tenth day of July and it was well we entered there instead of at Belton, the western entrance, for the seasons are late in these mountains and the trails to Sperry were not opened until several days later. We went by way of Two Medicine Lake, thence to Cut Bank, St. Mary's, Going-to-the-Sun, Many Glacier, Granite Park, back to Going-to-the-Sun over Logan Pass, then over Gunsight Pass and Lincoln Divide to Sperry. Except the Triple Divide trail, which was not open and which we hesitated to attempt after our experience in reaching Cut Bank over a trail not yet officially opened, we followed all the principal trails in the park, crossing the Continental Divide three times.

There were two of us and we went afoot without a guide or other company. We wanted to loiter on the way, to stop when the mood caught us, to enjoy each passing scene as fancy dictated. We were tired. We wanted to go some place where we could forget and relax, some place where we could shake off the fetters of our complex civilization and lose ourselves amid nature's wonders. We were tenderfeet, but there was strong within us the call of those mountain trails which led on and on. Clad in khaki and stout walking shoes, with sweaters and knapsacks holding a few toilet articles and other necessities, we were ready for our great adventure.

The trail to Two Medicine Lake led over Mt. Henry's barren summit, a mountain formed as though some giant had snatched up a bit of mother earth and tipped it at an angle. The ascent began abruptly and as abruptly timberline was passed, the last lone tree with branches flung in one direction stood in utter defiance of the elements, gnarled, weather-beaten and distorted—mute evidence of its own tenacity. To the right far below Lower Two Medicine Lake shimmered in the sunlight. Across from Mt. Henry's summit towered Rising Wolf, a mighty mass of rock, impressive, stupendous. Snow still lay on the trail, treacherous for the unwary foot as it sloped precipitously toward a deep chasm. As we began the descent into Two Medicine Valley we could see Two Medicine Lake stretched like a silver ribbon far below, the chalets nestled close to Rising Wolf's protecting massiveness. When the lake was reached, Mt. Rockwell, rising in stately symmetry from the water's edge, with fir and cedar trees spread along the shore in fringe-like effect, made a wonderful picture.

Before starting to Cut Bank the next morning we commented on the beauty of the lake and mountains to the girl in the hotel office. "Yes," she replied, "it is a beautiful spot but you would be surprised at the number of people who drive up here in the transportation cars and instead of enjoying the scenery write post cards to the folks back home until time to ride on to the next stop. And they think they are seeing the park."

To Cut Bank Chalets over a trail the ranger had not yet officially opened was an experience both thrilling and unique. We might have hesitated had we known what was before us but the trail led through such grandeur, the scenery was so varied, it will always stand preeminent among the trails we followed that summer. First we crossed a burned-over area where the gaunt, blackened stumps of trees told of the tragedy which had happened here; then a forest was entered. So dense was it, the sun's rays failed to penetrate. The snow was packed hard and the trail was followed by the blazed trees. Not a sound disturbed the silence. Suddenly emerging from the forest we looked down upon a scene so lovely it held us spellbound for a moment. Ages ago some mighty glacier had hollowed out a perfect cirque in the side of the mountains and at the foot of a sheer precipice was a lake with waters of deepest blue. Above, clinging to the side of the precipice, a bank of snow fed the lake below and extending back from the water's edge were many trees looking much like a tiny park. So entrancing was the sight we were loth to leave it, but the trail urged us on. Reaching Cut Bank Pass we found ourselves on a narrow spur of mountain. To our left and far below was the lake we had just passed while to our right hundreds of feet below was another lake sheltered at the foot of another mountain cirque, the ice floating on its surface blue as the sky above from the reflected blue of the water. The trail now led through a canyon-like valley which narrowed as it went on. The season was late. There had been heavy snows the winter before and they were disappearing fast before the summer's sun. Tiny rivulets, in their haste to join Cut Bank Creek, used the trail as the easiest way to reach their destination. On both sides water was falling from the tops of the mountains where away out of sight some huge bank of snow or glacier lay concealed, and as it tumbled to the depths below formed graceful slender waterfalls.



Grinnell Mountain and McDermott Falls.

As we drew closer to Cut Bank Chalets the streams grew deeper and wider and then we found what it meant to go over a trail not officially opened. Trees felled across the streams by the rangers are the bridges you find in this wilderness. The trees and brush felled by the winter's storms obstructed the paths but the spring freshets had washed away or covered the trees felled by the ranger the summer before and it was necessary to wade these streams to continue on the trip.

Imagine wading an icy-cold stream, the water up to the thighs in depth and rushing swiftly over smooth, slippery stones—water so cold it took the breath. By the aid of a fallen sapling the first stream was safely crossed. After the third stream was crossed in like manner the sound of gurgling water struck a chill to the very soul. We knew another stream would have to be waded through. In close succession five turbulent mountain streams were forded. There was one stream deeper and wider than the rest. Over this was felled a huge tree but its rounding surface offered no sure foothold so we crawled across. With knapsacks and camera it was no easy task.

Far in the distance a bit of roof could be seen through the trees. Surely it could never be reached by dark. We had a few matches but not even a piece of candle, which should always be included in the equipment when hiking through the mountains as it is the greatest help in lighting fires and saves matches. What wild animals would be lurking about after dark? It would be cold as soon as the sun went down and we had no blankets for protection. We began to feel that we were indeed in a predicament. However, the long twilight was in our favor and without any warning of their nearness we found ourselves almost beside the chalets about eight o'clock. The three young men who had preceded us that day over the same trail were lined up on the opposite side of Cut Bank Creek watching for us, wondering if we would reach our destination that night, and the kindly couple in charge of the chalets prepared a warm supper for us and dried our wet clothing during the night. For all the discomfort of the day before, we arose the next morning, fresh and rested, eager for the trail ahead. There was something about this wonderful, rugged mountain country that was gripping us fast.

The lure of the trail ahead! Have you ever felt it? If you haven't, go out and follow the mountain trails and your soul will be reborn. The omnipotence of some higher power overwhelms. Your insignificance in the

(C) Hileman, Kalispell, Mont.

East from Alpine Park.

scheme of things humbles. Cut Bank is a quiet, restful spot. It is used principally as an overnight stopping place by those who are on their way to Two Medicine Lake or the Triple Divide. Fishing parties come here, too, to angle for the gamy trout found in the clear pools.

St. Mary's Lake was crossed on a launch. Going-to-the-Sun mountain viewed from a distance, a patch of snow gleaming high up on its crevassed side, was a most impressive sight. It seemed to hold itself aloof as though something quite apart from the jumble of peaks surrounding it. There was a group of buildings at the foot of this mountain clustered on a point of high land jutting far out into the lake and from their balconies we could see the hanging valley with Little Chief, Citadel, Reynolds and Fusilade mountains encircling the lake as they rose from the water's edge, a marvelous array of scenery. Here was a bit of Switzerland in our own Rocky Mountains.

It was at Going-to-the-Sun we met the guide who was born in Nebraska but grew up among the mountains. He had visited the place of his birth some time before but the mountains drew him back. He couldn't enjoy a country "where you could see where you were going before you got there." The lure of the trail! It held him fast! Here, also, we saw the porcupines. Slow, deliberate, they were harmless appearing creatures as we caught a glimpse of them among the trees. The girl from Chicago wanted some evidence of their mode of defense and chose her hat as the most convenient weapon of attack. However, curiosity quickly turned to consternation as her hat moved hurriedly toward the thick underbrush firmly impaled on the bristling quills of the porcupine's back and she might have continued through the park minus hat had it not been for an alert guide. Nevertheless the handful of quills left clinging to the rescued hat were sufficient proof of their ability to protect themselves against their enemies.

Many years ago, so the Indians tell the story, the Sun Father sent Sour Spirit to the Piegans and Blackfeet to teach them all the useful arts and how to make bows and arrows with which to kill buffalo, deer and elk that they would be sure of plenty of food. After a long stay with these tribes he was called back to his father in the sun, but that his teachings might never be forgotten his image was placed high on the side of the mountain as a constant reminder of his work, and today the patch of perpetual snow which resembles an Indian head with a war bonnet on, may still be seen. Ever since the Indians have called it "The-mountain-with-the-face-of-Sour-Spirit-who-has-gone-back-to-the-Sun."

As we followed the trail to Piegan Pass we went through flower-decked meadows where yellow violets, yellow columbine and yellow dogtooth violets ran riot. There were flowers of other hues but yellow predominated at this season of the year. And wonder of it all, we didn't have to stop, look and listen as we walked along in their midst. In this quiet, secluded spot we could stop at will with never a thought of some on-rushing traffic. The grassy spot beside a mountain stream where we ate our lunch made our simple fare seem food fit for the gods, and water flowing from some glacial source which we drank was nectar indeed.

Falls on the way to Iceberg Lake.

Just before the pass was reached the trail led across the side of a shale-covered mountain, stretching as far as eye could see with not a shrub or tree to break the monotony of its course. We had to step to the side of this trail to let a horseback party pass. The trail was narrow with a steep descent on one side. There was barely room for horse and rider and ourselves clinging to the rocky side of the mountain. The last rider, as he passed us, wearied from his unaccustomed mode of travel, looked at us longingly and exclaimed, "I wish I were walking, too."

At Piegan Pass we found ourselves in the wildest sort of wind-swept country. We could see Blackfeet Glacier away in the distance dazzling in the sunlight. In front was the Garden Wall and on every side rugged, snow-capped, precipitous mountains. We were infinitesimal specks among this colossal handiwork of nature.

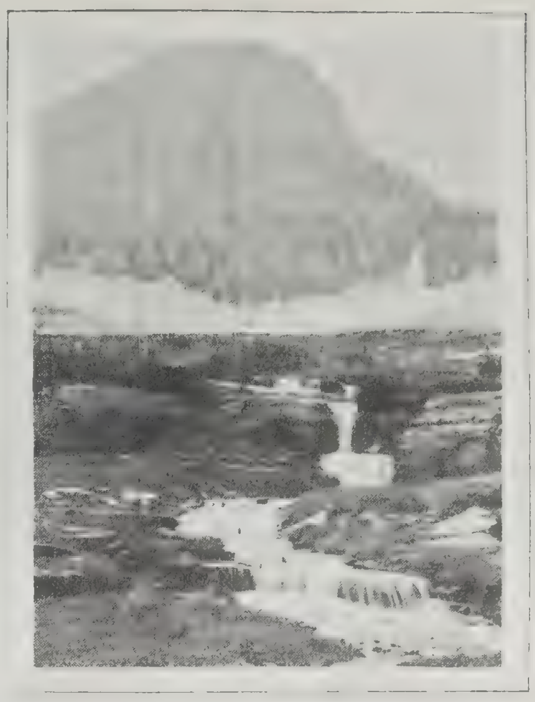
The reflections in Lake McDermott were wonderful. It was difficult to discover which was top and which was bottom of the pictures taken here, so perfect were the mirrored mountains on the water's surface. On the shore of Lake McDermott is the Many Glacier Hotel. Of Alpine architecture, it is built entirely of native stone and timber. Looking across Lake McDermott from the hotel you see the Continental Divide. There are found the Garden Wall, Gould and Grinnell mountains with an ever-changing panorama of sunlight and shadow to glorify them.

Iceberg Lake is a miniature polar sea transplanted for our enjoyment. Always filled with tiny floating icebergs formed by broken pieces of ice from the glacier at its head, it is a wonder spot to all who see it.

A trail leading up the precipitous side of a mountain, making numerous switch-backs in its ascent, forms part of the Swift Current trail. When the highest point is reached, look back and down over the Swift Current valley, Lake McDermott and the Sherburne Lakes and say the climb was not worth the effort! Winding about at a dizzy height the trail reaches Swift Current Pass where a view bursts into sight that thrills with a feeling of deepest awe. Heavens Peak, snow covered, stands out from the range of mountain peaks which stretches north as far as eye can see. It towers high above the green verdure of a deep, tree-filled valley as if it were a connecting link between the material and the spiritual.

Granite chalets are perched upon a rocky promontory overlooking the McDonald valley filled with magnificent timber and the Livingston Range beyond, while wild flowers blossom in undisturbed profusion in the meadows round about. In the afternoon there was a flurry of snow and as the clouds drifted away the setting sun was reflected in the east. It was as though two suns were setting in the heavens, slipping into oblivion behind the mountain ranges on either side of us.

The trail over Logan Pass followed close to the top of the Garden Wall for miles and we looked down into the broad, sweeping valley beyond which lay Lake McDonald. We quenched our thirst from the water flowing over the mountain top. We crossed a snow field of huge proportions undisturbed by sun and heat. A whistling marmot darted back and forth along the trail and we followed back some distance before he stayed from behind the shelter of the protecting rocks long enough for us to snap his picture. Then, with the click of the camera, he darted out of sight.



(C) Hileman, Kalispell, Mont.

Mount Reynolds and Cascades.

Gunsight trail loomed before us as the trail most difficult to make. Following sheer heights, paths covered by long stretches of snow, we dreaded, yet longed to make it. Perhaps because it was next to the last trail we were to follow, and the trails were not so strange to us by this time, it proved the most glorious trip of all. The trail led up the steep slopes of Mt. Jackson, whose rugged sheerness compelled our deepest admiration. The snow-filled path on the steep side of the mountain, leveled only sufficiently to provide a safe foothold, the rugged peaks on every side, Gunsight Lake stretching long and narrow hundreds of feet below. It was a fitting climax to an experience the like of which we had never had before.

Arriving at Gunsight Pass, Lake Ellen Wilson, one of the loveliest lakes in the park, could be seen in the distance far down at the foot of the winding trail. We skirted this lake, then climbed to Lincoln Divide, descending to Sperry on the opposite side of the mountain. The Sperry Chalets are on a small plateau with a rocky wall at the rear and a precipitous descent of some 3,000 feet in front which gives a wonderful view of valley and forest. The chalets were like a gem in an elaborate setting as we viewed them from the Divide and the forests beyond were a contrast to the mountainous country we were leaving.

That evening at Sperry we were sitting about after the evening meal, viewing the heights descended a few hours before. A heavy cloud lay back of the mountain tops and the setting sun shining upon it made it a dusky hue. A large white mountain goat strolled out on an upper ledge and stood silhouetted against the inky background, proud, erect, motionless. He stood there unaware of the watchful crowd below; then, his contemplations over, gracefully leaped to a grassy meadow below and browsed about in quiet content.

To Lake McDonald from Sperry the trail led down through a quiet, restful forest and we tarried on the way, loathe to leave the trails we had traveled these many days. Lake McDonald, the largest of all the lakes we had seen, is surrounded by heavy timber and mountains. Crossing the lake on a launch we arrived at Belton after a short walk through a lovely wood. It was the end of the trail.

We had felt the fatigue that follows a day of strenuous activity. Muscles long unused rebelled at the demands made upon them, but always after a restful night's sleep we had felt as fresh and fit as on the day we started. What we had done anyone with sufficient enthusiasm, perseverance and ordinary endurance can do without previous experience or preparation. We had sought rest and relaxation and had been rewarded by finding a grandeur unsurpassed, a repose of spirit beyond description.

That night as we waited at Belton for the train to carry us back to the heat and turmoil of the city, we watched a storm raging back in the mountains we had just left. A flash of lightning—a tree set afire—a red glare, then the rain quenching the blaze, a thin white pillar of smoke rose heavenward. Another flash! Another blaze flared up. Our train arrived and as we moved eastward the blaze far up in the mountains seemed like a signal beckoning us back to that land of wilderness where the trails lead on and on.

Seeing America first is a large order. The national parks set aside for our enjoyment are varied and impressive. They are every one worth seeing, but if you love the great outdoors, if the affairs of everyday life are weighing heavily, go out to Glacier Park and follow the trails. There you will find peace and contentment and a new inspiration in the lure of the trail ahead.

It is nature's great wonderland where mountain and lake and stately tree combine to delight the eye; where foaming waterfalls are born of the ice-clad mountain peaks to be swallowed up in the crystal sheets of shimmering splendor far below; where there is no disturbing influence to mar that feeling of tranquillity which is only found in such a sublime environment, and where new sources of pleasure unfold themselves at every step.

It is in a part of the great world such as this, where every treasure that nature can furnish is unfolded to the eye, that one realizes there is no need to go abroad in search of the sublime and the beautiful when such can be found without traveling beyond the bounds of the continent. There is no occasion to go to Switzerland, or the Austrian Tyrol, or the Windemere district of England, when scenes combining all their charm are to be so easily reached.

(C) Hileman, Kalispell, Mont

Many such scenes of grandeur and solitude are to be found in the glacier region.

Who's to Blame for the High Cost of Housing?

The Home Buyer Sometimes Finds It Hard to Make a Good Buy

By JOHN M. ROBERTSON

RESIDENTS of rapidly expanding industrial centers of the Middle West are paying heavily for greedy speculation in housing finance.

The result is a tendency toward the Murphy bed, the combined living room, bedroom and kitchenette, and the displacement of the front porch and the yard as characteristics of the American home.

In cities famous for good wages and steady employment, Cleveland and Detroit, for example, there is enforced substitution of tenancy in apartments for the old-time individual home ownership. And the American spirit does not flourish in tenements, regardless of the colorful names under which they are disguised.

Here are the outstanding reasons for so many people being forced to pay extortionate rentals and purchase prices for housing:

The toll exacted by shady financial discount companies dealing in "land contracts";

Inflation fostered by speculative mortgage-bond houses;

Commissions paid armies of high-tension salesmen whose extraction of money from the public through misrepresentation enables a whole chain of parasites to continue gouging the people.

Building material and labor costs cannot be blamed for the trouble. Propaganda which distorts the relations of these elements to high rents, serves only to shield the real culprits.

Fixing Rentals and Prices

UNDER present conditions it seems useless for big employers, who determine the wage scales in their respective districts, to try to help their people by raising wages. Their best efforts are immediately offset by house rents and sales prices being pegged a notch higher.

Tenants and home buyers are not the only ones who have been victimized by the practices of the house finance business.

Hundreds of thousands of persons in the opulent Middle West have lost at least half a billion dollars invested in the stocks of finance companies that discount land contracts and other installment pledges. The funds of these companies are often used to purchase the speculative paper or frozen assets of the promoters who have organized and dominate the finance companies. Without these wasteful and sometimes criminally managed companies it would be difficult for the structure of tenant and house buyer exploitation to stand.

Here is the way they take the home buyer down the line, and house rentals are based upon these figures:

The $7,500 five-room semi-bungalow, and upon an unpaved street, built upon a 35x110-foot lot is a favorite bait for the home buyer who responds to the cry, "Why Pay Rent?" These houses are also rented at from $75 a month up—usually *up*.

This "$7,500 house" represents these tangible assets: a $1.000 lot; a $3,600 house and the contractor's fair profit of $700—or $5,000 in all. It is sold on a basis of $800 down and $60 a month payments for fifteen or sixteen years.

Here is how the seller obtains more quick cash out of the sale and what it costs him although the house buyer foots the bill: First he gets $2,500 by placing a first mortgage upon the property since he holds title until the final installment is paid by the purchaser. The purchaser's signed agreement to pay $6,700, the difference between the sale price of $7.500 and the $800 cash down payment is known as a land contract. The seller takes this land contract to persons or companies who purchase them and sells it for thirty per cent less than its face value, sometimes more. Thirty per cent would mean wiping out $2.100 so far as the seller was concerned but the buyer would have to pay the full face value to the Shylock who bought the land contract. Then the contractor who usually has to take part of his pay in land contracts or second mortgages raises his normal profit to offset the risk of getting his money out of the paper payment.

A Cozy Four-Room Cottage—

THE purchaser will spend the first four or five years paying off the land contract discount figure before he begins to cover the intrinsic worth or resale value of the place. This penalty is avoided by the fortunate people who purchase their homes through the legitimate building and loan associations.

Then there are the garage houses, thousands of which are being unloaded on "home" buyers in the big cities. This is a 20x22-foot, one-story, four-room shell without a basement, sink, bath or toilet in the house. It rests upon concrete block corners with four-inch concrete veneer between them. The streets are merely cinderized roads.

These garage houses sell for $3,150 with a down payment of $250 and $30 monthly for eleven years and eight months. The building is hardly worth $1,200 and the "acreage" lot is high at $350.

Miles of duplex houses, a four-family brick veneer building, six rooms to a family, are being sold as "investments." They consist of a house costing about $13,500 erected on a $2,500 lot sold for about $25,000 with a $5.000 down payment and $200 a month. Here again one sees the cost of discounting land contracts.

Some promoters excuse their methods by claiming that larger down payments are required to merit fairer terms. As a matter of fact, they would be broken-hearted if present abuses were eliminated. They can thrive only upon the succession of discounts, commissions and inflation. The man with a larger down payment merely pays the ruling scale and gets rid of his money faster.

The capital of the finance companies that discount land contracts is obtained by selling eight to twelve per cent stock to the public through high-tension salesmen, the promotion expense usually being about thirty per cent.

Dividends are paid by these finance companies just as long as the public will buy more of their stocks. The dividends are frequently based upon the paper profits from the discounted land contracts purchased with their capital rather than actual earnings. Since no discrimination is employed in the quality of land contracts discounted and frequently the officers of the companies unload their own frozen assets or paper upon the company, it is not long before the capital is dried up and the stockholders are out of luck.

Sometimes a sagging finance company is "sold" to a new finance corporation dominated by the same crowd. They can well afford to pay the old stockholders a little for their discredited stock since it may be carried on the books of the new company at a higher value which establishes paper profits to cover up more skulduggery of the insiders. Sometimes the executives of these finance companies pay themselves huge bonuses for getting loans for the company, the clients usually being their personal house operations.

The stocks of the finance companies are sold upon the representation that their discounting is a form of banking and just as safe and profitable. One outfit has got hold of an old charter bearing the magic words, "trust company." It expects to sell its stock with less resistance from the sucker lists.

There are few or no prosecutions or even stockholders' suits arising out of the gutting of these discount companies. Ordinary stockholders do not have the means and experience to protect themselves. The other stockholders have usually participated in deals with the company that prevent them from appearing in court with clean hands.

Some people may wonder why there have not been drastic grand jury investigations of the dubious operations of these finance companies which are denounced by every reputable man who is acquainted with them. *It is illuminating to be informed that in one large city where a large number of these companies operate, practically every trial judge in the state courts is a director in some one of them.*

How the Mortgage-Bond Houses Work

THE financing of apartment houses, hotels and business structures, which requires the stiffest kinds of rentals to make them pay, is based upon the assistance of the flocks of new mortgage-bond houses which are very noisy advertisers of their wares.

The capital which these new mortgage-bond houses use in their business is usually raised by selling their stock to people through the use of high-pressure salesmen. These companies also employ the same type of salesmen to sell their "bonds" which are secured by real estate mortgage.

These new mortgage-bond houses generally loan sixty per cent of the appraised value of land and improvements. The best type of old mortgage houses limit themselves to fifty per cent and careful mortgage-bond buyers still insist upon honest adherence to this standard.

The appraisals of the new mortgage-bond houses are open to serious criticism although they seem to be getting by with it. They insist upon using the earning value of the properties based upon ninety to one hundred per cent occupancy instead of the sound basis of the concrete worth of the ground and structures.

This fast and loose method of making appraisals enables an apparently fifty per cent mortgage to be in reality seventy-five per cent of the honest-to-goodness value of the property. That these optimists have been winning out does not justify their practices. Banks scrutinize real estate loans more carefully than ever before, and reckoning is near.

The persons or companies making these appraisals are usually under the control of the mortgage-bond houses and naturally assent to suggestions.

Such mortgage-bond companies are simply betting upon good industrial conditions, population growth and present high rentals continuing forever. This might be all right for a plunging merchant buying goods, but it isn't fair to the buyers of these bonds. Mortgage companies have failed during past periods of depression and they will do so in the future.

These mortgage companies usually charge their borrowers a fifteen per cent discount of the face of the loan and seven per cent current interest for a ten-year term. The bonds begin to mature in the third year and are paid off under a serial plan until at the end of ten years but about sixty per cent remain unpaid.

A new mortgage is then placed for this amount upon a low-rate, long-term basis giving the factor of safety the high-tension salesmen claimed existed at the outset. During the interim things have been more or less risky.

The Federal Trade Commission has had some of these mortgage-bond houses upon the carpet for stressing safety and related features of their bonds whose existence the commission questions. Many of these bond houses advertise that their clients have not lost a cent. They fail to say they have not been in business long enough to establish a record of strength in lean as well as fat years. *One concern that has forty-nine millions outstanding has only had time to pay off eight hundred thousand dollars.* Some of these companies claim banks buy their bonds. Perhaps some poor bankers have bought a few of them, but if a bank examiner found any bank relying upon such investments he would order them sold at once and give the officers a reprimand they would be likely to remember.

After arranging a loan from a mortgage-bond house (which incidentally establishes a ratio of value for use in other dealings) the operator has to raise the balance of the money. This is often done through the sale of second mortgages or preferred stock in the building company, carrying at least eight per cent interest or dividends. The discounts and selling costs are much higher than the mortgage-bonds and the amounts of these issues frequently far exceed the equity remaining after the first mortgage.

Frequently the builder must quickly raise the cash for the land to give the mortgage-bond company a clear title so that money will roll in. The short-term money Shylocks will help him out—for a price. One apartment house builder recently paid a $46,000 bonus for a $220,000 one-year loan at seven per cent—or more than twenty-eight per cent in all!

The Contractor Protects Himself

CONTRACTORS, always in quest for work to keep their organizations busy, usually arrange to take half of their payment in second mortgages or preferred stocks. As insurance against losses upon this paper the contractor adds at least thirty per cent to his figures before computing his profit. He is speculating too.

Contractors who become loaded up with such paper sometimes trade it for an apartment house whose operator is not making good. They also sell preferred stock against it on the basis of the deposit of $120 of paper against $100 of the issued stocks upon which they realize perhaps seventy-five per cent of par after the high-tension salesmen and other expenses have been met.

These apartments are set down in any sort of neighborhoods, just so they are near transportation routes. Ability to pay is the sole requirement of tenants. A couple of business women who bought a "garage" house in the suburbs to get fresh air remarked it was nice to find a place where "walking was a recreation and not a business."

The tenants have to pay rents that will carry all of these imposts, the upkeep of the buildings, taxes and a dividend to the holding company. This is why a Murphy bedroom, a kitchenette and a bath in a second-rate apartment cost the tenant so much in rent that no start can be made toward owning a home. It also explains that present-day hotel room rates are high, not because of Prohibition, but to meet this sort of financing.

It is estimated the bond interest and taxes upon a mammoth hotel now under construction in a midwestern industrial center will average two dollars a room a day.

As the reader has probably assumed, the bulk of this kind of house finance business is in the hands of a certain race among whose characteristics is a native talent for computing interest. They instinctively prefer the exploitation of society to productive labor and constructive enterprise.

One of these operators, who controls a mortgage-bond house, a discount company and several realty corporations, got into quite a jam in selling bonds to the public.

One Promoter's Financial Gymnastics

THIS promoter secured the tentative permission of the state securities commission to put forth a $260 000 mortgage-bond issue based upon one of his companies having title in a certain apartment house.

Nine months passed, during which $175,000 of the bonds were sold to the public. The definitive papers not being filed, the state officials wired a peremptory demand for them. The promoter's lawyers busied themselves in preparing the documents and reported in consternation to their client that title to the property was vested in another of his companies than the one that had mortgaged it. It required hard work to adjust this situation. The buyers of the bonds had no protection at all during the interval.

True to form, the reckless promoter, after extricating himself, promptly sold the company that had really owned the property to the corporation that had sold the mortgage to his mortgage-bond company. He marked up a paper profit upon the transaction and paid dividends according to the custom of the trade.

The mortgage or mortgage-bond buyer who does not restrict himself to paper guaranteed by a reputable trust company whose capital bears the proper relation to its risks upon such commitments is taking a chance regardless of the advertisements and the high-pressure statements. Such a guaranty of bonds should not be confused with a trust company merely acting as trustee in a bond issue. The trusteeship does not bind the trust company to make poor bonds good, as is the case where it makes a specific guaranty. However, some bond salesmen confuse the relation and responsibilities of trust company trustees when dealing with inexperienced buyers. Other mortgage-bonds may be good "business men's" investments, but they are decidedly not gilt-edge.

Boy Police Protect City's Children

Six Hundred Receive Duty Badges; Will Eliminate Rougher Element

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

Two junior policemen hauling an offender to the office of the playground director.

FOLLOWING a period of several months' training, six hundred Chicago schoolboys have taken up their duties as junior playground police. At a public ceremony held recently they received their badges from municipal officers and took the oath of allegiance to their respective schools. The purpose of the junior police, according to Charles H. English, supervisor of playgrounds, who was responsible for the unique organization, is to give boys a project in citizenship to work out for themselves. The boys will not have the power of arrest, but they will be responsible for the protection of playground property and of boys and girls at play.

"In the sixty-one playgrounds adjacent to public schools and on school property in Chicago, there is no police protection," said Mr. English. "In any playground the problem of property damage, intimidation by the rougher element, and similar abuses, is always present. It is one of the annoyances that add to the difficulty of the playground director. Moreover, it is practically impossible to apprehend the culprits.

"The junior police were organized, in part, to eliminate this problem. Nine leaders were selected at each playground and organized into a police squad, with one outstanding leader as a sergeant. In this way we corralled the boys who know what is going on, and through whom we can influence the boy life of the neighborhood. Eleven picked officers of the junior R. O. T. C. are acting as officers of the junior police force, the major cadet of Lane High School being the chief of police. The city has been divided into districts, with an R. O. T. C. lieutenant in charge. The total force comprises 570 boys. All officers have gold-plated police stars and the patrolmen silver-plated ones."

Junior policemen receiving their badges or police "stars."

The junior playground police have two uses. In the first place, they help keep order in the playground: actual order, like stopping quarrels and nagging, keeping the boys in their turn in the various games, making them stick to the rules, stopping dangerous practices in play, and so on.

Their second duty is that of constructive service. This phase is not the ordinary conception of police duty, and herein the junior police go the police idea one better. The boys assume leadership in all activities as promoted on the playground. The playground director usually has a job putting over any projected event. Either the boys and girls show only slight interest in it, or they are so keen about it that the director finds it impossible to handle the mob that descends upon him.

Under the new order of things the director calls the school squad, outlines his plans, and the junior police act accordingly. They round up the boys and girls in the neighborhood to take part if necessary, and they are on hand to help keep an over-enthusiastic crowd within bounds. Thus the playground director has as his assistants at all times nine dependable, loyal, organized leaders, who police the grounds and aid in the organization and operation of all activities.

There is still a third objective in all this—civic training. Many of us will, no doubt, recall how, as boys, we felt a natural antagonism toward a "cop." We had nothing in common with him. He failed to get our boyish point of view and we couldn't see his. The result was that we were always against the officer and the law, and experienced a sort of unholy glee whenever we managed to get the best of him.

The junior playground police have been put on the other side of the fence. They are on the side of law and order. They get, through their own experience, a sympathetic understanding of the policeman's duty. They see the difficulty of law enforcement, the need for fair play, protection of the weak, and a due regard for property rights and the privileges of others. Thus the boys intrusted with police responsibilities will, it is believed, gain a respect for the law which they will carry over into adult life.

Of course, the transformation of a "gang" leader into a junior policeman is not accomplished all at once, nor without some strain on the boy himself. He cannot accept the responsibilities suddenly thrust upon him and perhaps the jeers of his old crowd, without some moral backing. He needs help at first, and he gets it. Gradually he gains confidence in himself, and the other boys learn to respect his authority and to co-operate with him.

They tell a story of Dan Spira who attended a school in one of the foreign districts of Chicago. Dan, they say, was a leader of a gang of little rowdies who delighted in nothing so much as to bully other children and generally rule the roost when the playground director wasn't looking. He gloried in his acquired "toughness" and was constantly being reported to the director.

The latter, however, had sensed Dan's leadership, so when the junior police plan was ready to be put into operation he called Dan into consultation. He explained to the boy just what the plan was, painted a picture of the honor that would come to the playground policeman, and wound up by offering Dan a place on the school squad.

Dan seemed a bit dubious.

"Aw, but how would these kids ever know I was a copper anyhow?" he asked.

"Why, you would wear one of these," answered the director, and held up a shiny new policeman's star.

Dan's eyes glistened and his chest swelled.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "I'm for it. Give me one."

A junior policeman showing his badge of authority to the leader of a "gang" and giving him a little good advice regarding his behavior.

The result was that when Dan had finished his period of training he was the best patrolman on the school squad and as strict about preserving order and fairness on the playground as he formerly had been lax in these respects. It is rumored that Dan had to settle with certain members of his former gang who insisted upon referring to him as a "sissy," and that after each such settlement the name of a new applicant for admittance to the school police squad appeared on the director's waiting list.

The junior policeman at all times receives the encouragement of his playground director and of his visiting officers. He is granted little special privileges. Competitive drills are held on an inter-playground plan. The junior policemen are also called out for public occasions, and thus the boy gets into the limelight. Finally, and not the least important consideration to the boy himself, he automatically becomes a member of the "Knot-Hole Club."

The Knot-Hole Club was established several years ago by the presidents of the two major league baseball clubs in Chicago. During the summer vacation several hundred boys and girls from the Chicago playgrounds are the invited guests each week of the National and American League clubs. To be a member of the Knot-Hole Club a boy or girl must have won special distinction for the week in some form of work on the playgrounds. This form of reward for special effort is doing away with medals, ribbons, and the like. The junior police are permanent members of the Knot-Hole Club. The others may change from week to week.

That there is a powerful appeal to the average boy in the distinction that goes with the title of patrolman or officer is indicated by the fact that at each of Chicago's sixty-one playgrounds there is a long waiting list. These boys form auxiliary squads, and for this reason the regulars look to their laurels, knowing that there are any number of other boys willing and anxious to take their places.

"We are finding," commented Supervisor English, "that the junior police are not only valuable in that capacity, but are the best of aids to our education system. They are the leaders. They are looked up to by the other boys and they form the best kind of a link between the school boy and the school system."

Mr. English, incidentally, is one of the noted recreation specialists of the country. In addition to developing the playground work at Chicago and in other large cities, he served during the war as executive director of the recreational activities of the government employes, under the organization known as the War Camp Community Service.

The Newspaper World

PRIOR to the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Continental Congress of America, which was first convened in Philadelphia in 1774, there were no newspapers, no printing presses, in general use. Printing by movable type had been invented, and a few copies of letter-size sheets had been printed, mainly for the ruling class in the Old World, but it remained for the New World to discover and develop printing and newspapers and the power of the press as it is known today.

Early after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, newspapers in the New World began to attract the attention of the Old World. The first newspaper published in the United States of America was *Publick Occurrences,* which made its adventurous appearance in Boston in 1690. Other newspapers had careers more or less dubious, until in 1841 the New York *Tribune* was established by Horace Greeley. The enduring success of the *Tribune* was followed in substantial order by many newspapers springing up all over the country.—*Enos Eli Sutherland,* in "Spiritual History and Destiny: Kentucky."

Should U. S. Have Department of Education?

Concluded from page 2

> purposes of this character, which may perhaps in the end accomplish control of public opinion. I would as soon vote for a bureau that should have supervision of the press of the country, or of the religion of the country, as I would for a bureau that should control education throughout the land."

Even Thaddeus Stevens, the arch-centralizer and uplifter of the time, turned against the proposal after making its first acceptance possible, and voted for the abolition of the department. He was quoted as saying that his vote for it was the only vote he had ever regretted.

Those who argued for the department referred freely, as proponents of a more far-reaching venture do now, to the allegedly poor showing of our schools in comparison with those of some European countries, *notably those of Prussia*, after whose schools those of most other "progressive" European countries were in great part modeled.

> "France, Prussia, Austria and Russia," said Ignatius Donnelly, "have made education an affair of the state. In Prussia the minister of education ranks next to the king. But the United States has allowed despotisms to build up their mighty systems of education while in this, its capital, not a department, not a bureau, not even a clerkship is to be found representing the greatest of all interests."

To which another member of Congress replied:

> "Under a monarchical government you will find in every communication from the throne to its agents some such declaration as this: 'Utilize public sentiment in favor of the throne by instilling in the minds of the masses uniform sentiments which shall sustain the throne.' "

The department was reduced to bureau status evidently as a declaration that the government had no intention of launching a national program of common school education, which many of the department's proponents unquestionably wished to be done.

The bureau has never had any power whatever over the schools of the states.

> "I have served under five commissioners of education," an official of the bureau tells the writer, "and not one of them favored Federal interference with the schools."

"What difference does it make whether we are a bureau or a department?" one of them asked. "What we do has value or lacks it regardless of whether it is done by a department or a bureau. All that we want are means for doing more and better work of the kind and only of the kind we now do. *Neither we nor anybody else in the Federal Government should be given the slightest power over the schools.* And as for Federal 'aid' in the form of money, you must not forget that education cannot be imposed from above; it must first be sought from below."

Thus the question now is succinctly as follows:

> 1—Should there be a Federal department of education?
>
> 2—Should the Federal Government make appropriations for the schools through such a department or otherwise?
>
> 3—Should the Federal Government in any event or under any conditions have any power of supervision or control over the public schools?

Many persons who oppose the last two propositions favor the establishment of a Federal department of education, under which would be co-ordinated as many as practicable of the educational activities now engaged in by the Federal Government, and perhaps the government's general welfare work as well. Outside of those activities now carried on through the Bureau of Education, which in addition to research work conducts the schools for natives in Alaska, few if any of the present educational undertakings would fit well into such a department. This department still would have most to do with the public schools. About the only ground, however, upon which it is opposed is that in all probability its establishment would be an entering wedge toward Federal aid and ultimately Federal control.

It would be a miracle if a department of education didn't quickly become a leader in putting forth propaganda for Federal aid and ultimately for Federal control of the schools, for only in that way could the department grow in political importance.

Most of the propaganda now for a Federal department of education has distinctly in view Federal aid. The Sterling-Reed Bill, for example, deals chiefly with Federal aid, providing an initial appropriation of $100,000,000 a year to be distributed by the proposed department of education.

While the bill disclaims that the Federal Government would demand in return for this money the right to supervise or control the schoools, *conditions precedent to obtaining the funds would entail a very pertinent degree of Federal supervision.* These conditions in themselves may not be objectionable, but if they can be imposed, any others which those in power might want to put forth could be attached in the form of "strings" to Federal funds. *These could go to the extent of prescribing books or anything else having to do with schools using Federal money. Any state could avoid the conditions by refusing the funds, as some have refused maternity-aid funds*, but it would be penalized to the extent of such money paid by it into the Federal Treasury for aid to schools in other states. For the money received from the Treasury would have to be first put into it by the citizens of all the states.

Yet a great deal of what the proponents of Federal aid say about educational conditions in the country as a whole is unquestionably true. This is particularly the case as to inequality of educational opportunity afforded the children of the country. The end ostensibly aimed at, which is the giving of all children an equal chance to secure a good elementary education, is agreed generally to be a good one.

Can this end be attained safely by throwing the power of the Federal Treasury behind the schools?

Is it being or can it be attained in any other way? These points will be covered in a succeeding article.

How Patrick Henry Helped Save the Northwest

Concluded from page 9

Before nightfall the inhabitants had taken the oath of allegiance to a republic, the life of which the soldiers of Washington were still fighting to preserve. Commander Rocheblave was sent back to Virginia in chains, because of his violent and insulting remarks. His slaves were sold for $2,500 and the money divided as booty among the soldiers, who received it as the first financial reward of the expedition. A small party of soldiers now went to Cahokia, which readily submitted.

Clark's next plans were to strike at Detroit. These were frustrated by many of his men refusing to renew their enlistments. Meantime, Governor Hamilton had become active. He was gathering Indians preparing to recapture the country for the British. After long delays Clark decided on a bold stroke. The attack was a surprise. After two hours of fighting the British sent out a flag of truce. This was refused. Hamilton and his entire garrison then surrendered. With the exception of the fort at Detroit, Clark with a few men had brought the Old Northwest under the allegiance of Virginia and to the Revolutionary cause. It was the boldest, the most romantic expedition in the history of the Old Northwest.

Many of the original documents about Clark's life were gathered among his relatives and friends by Draper before the Civil War for the purpose of writing several volumes. When he failed to do it, this information was utilized by Theodore Roosevelt in the preparation of his several volumes on the "Winning of the West." Later the scholarly historian, Rueben Gold Thwaites, used them in the writing of his book, "How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest."

"Although Clark was of great service to Kentucky and Virginia, in keeping in order Indians and French along the Ohio frontier during the remainder of the Revolutionary War," declares Mr. Thwaites in appraising Clark's service, "his reputation and consequently his power had reached its climax with the capture of Vincennes.

Through the remainder of his life, Clark was a close friend of Thomas Jefferson.

There is a story that when commissioners sought Clark in his old age, bearing a richly ornamented sword voted by the state of Virginia, he received it with rage.

"When Virginia needed a sword, I gave her one," he shouted in anger. "She sends me now a toy. I want bread."

At the home of his sister near Louisville, he died in 1818 and was buried at Cave Hill cemetery. Kentucky counts him among her immortals.

How the Great Lakes Were Placed on the Map

Concluded from page 5

ings of the next year. Dollier and Galinée wintered on Lake Erie and went on toward the Detroit River. However, one night a storm destroyed the canoe containing their sacred symbols and their powder, making it seem imperative for them to return. This the two Sulpitians did by way of the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair to the Sault and by Ottawa to Montreal. Young Galinée had been taken along partly because of his ability as a cartographer. His map of 1669 strangely merges Lakes Michigan and Huron, but Lakes Erie and Ontario are correctly given.

Joliet after his return from the Mississippi made a map of the five Great Lakes which is only the first of a series made by him. Joliet designates Lake Michigan as Lac des Illinois or Missihiganin. With Joliet and Marquette the southern extremity of Lake Michigan was correctly outlined and the Jesuits two years before completed the mapping of Lake Superior. This completed in large outlines the topographical knowledge with possible exception of the southern shore of Lake Erie.

Duluth (Du Lhut) was sent in 1686 to establish a fort near the entrance to Lake Huron; Fort St. Joseph appears on many maps well into the eighteenth century near the present Port Huron. Detroit was founded by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac on July 26 in the year 1701. Detroit appears upon printed maps first in 1703, upon the map of Canada and the map of Louisiana made by the able French cartographer, Guilliaume Delisle. After Joliet and Marquette had reached the Mississippi La Salle sailed down the great river to the Gulf and began French interest in Louisiana, uniting French interest in the Gulf of Mexico and in Canada by the claim to the whole Mississippi Valley. However valid the French claim by discovery and exploration, the English colonies could not be confined to a narrow strip on the seaboard. The English outnumbered the French in America in the early eighteenth century twenty to one and the final fall of French rule (which came in 1763) was inevitable.

A phantom dream led Columbus across the unknown ocean, in search of Asia, to a far greater and richer land of promise. The same dream of Asia animated Cartier, Champlain and La Salle in the succeeding centuries. But the error pursued honestly by courageous and noble souls, able to utilize even their mistakes for the benefit of mankind, led to a truth far finer than their dreams.

Wheat Farmers Drop Two Millions a Year

Concluded from page 6

other so-called "modernists," were used to sign up the farmers on the seven-year contract. So far as the writer knows, this is the first time that the Sapiro plan has gone beyond five years as the term of its contracts. This step denotes an extension of the effort to see just how much the American farmer will endure.

Within the history of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated is an interesting little chapter regarding the subsidiary corporation which Mr. Sapiro announced would "own the necessary warehouses and elevators." In 1914 one C. W. Nelson persuaded the farmers to go into debt for a number of so-called co-operative elevators—that is, the Sapiro type of co-operation. Because of several other reasons over which the farmer had no control, this scheme was soon on the rocks, but not before a number of elevators had been built, along with warehouses, in the name of the Tri-State Terminal Company. This was the organization which Sapiro planned to wish onto the farmers in the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated.

Such a deal was a little too strong for the farmers' unions, however, and, led by a sterling old American gentleman of Walla Walla, a former state senator who was also prominent in farm activities, they forced Sapiro and his lieutenants to back out of the Nelson deal. It might be added that a certain Gentile bank in Portland is still "holding the sack" to the extent of some hundreds of thousands of dollars on the Tri-State Terminal Company. This is the only chapter in the history of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, or in that of any of its branches, in which the farmer was not a loser.

Incidental to the inception, rise and fall of the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, was the Sapiro-born scheme of "gold wheat bonds," literally acceptances, by which the association planned to tie up the farmer still more completely. These were scotched by the farmers unions, and by some of the farmers in the association who had even then begun to see that certain fallacies lurked in the business.

Salaries of five to fifteen thousand dollars yearly were paid to at least fifteen men at various strategic points in the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated. In Idaho, the state association went into the warehousing business by the purchase on time payments of a number of warehouses. This state association is now bankrupt, the grain supposed to have been in its warehouses has disappeared, the trustee has been unable to find any assets, and cannot learn what became of the grain which the farmers delivered to these warehouses, and which the association never reported as sold. Some farmers lost their entire wheat crop for three years, no accounting ever has been made, and the members have just learned that they will have to complete the payments on the warehouses, or lose their farms.

The Washington state association, with headquarters in Spokane, has voted to disband, but, like the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated, is compelled by law to render a financial statement and accounting before being permitted to liquidate. This branch has issued a statement to the farmers in which it admits that it cannot pay for either the 1922 or 1923 wheat crop, but hopes to pay something on both by the end of 1924.

The Oregon state association is in the same condition, except that it is being kept alive by several men, in an effort to turn it into *a private marketing organization, disguised as a co-operative selling association,* based on the lists of credulous farmers remaining from the membership campaign for the Sapiro-Plan state association.

In Montana the story is the same; there is no need to repeat it.

Throughout these four northwestern states, there is no evidence to show that the Sapiro-Plan co-operative associations ever received for their wheat a gross price any higher than that received by legitimate co-operatives or unattached farmers. It has been proved that the wheat which the Sapiro-Plan associations exported was sold at a lower price than that paid to the independent exporters. The greater part of the wheat turned into the Sapiro co-operative associations by the farmers was sold. Oh, yes, it was sold all right! But the farmer was not paid for it.

Most of the wheat sold by these associations was merely peddled from one to another of the coast mills in the Northwest. These mills soon adopted a system of discounts, some of them quite heavy, as a protection against the "fixed price" of the associations, and *the managements of the Sapiro-Plan associations accepted the discounts.* Not once was a private member of one of these associations consulted as to when or where he wanted to sell his wheat, or what price he wanted for it. Managers of mills in Idaho, Washington and Oregon admitted to me that they had at all times bought wheat more cheaply, and on better terms, from the sales managers of the Sapiro-Plan co-operative associations, both state and regional, than they could buy the same grades of wheat, on the same dates and in the same places, from the independent growers.

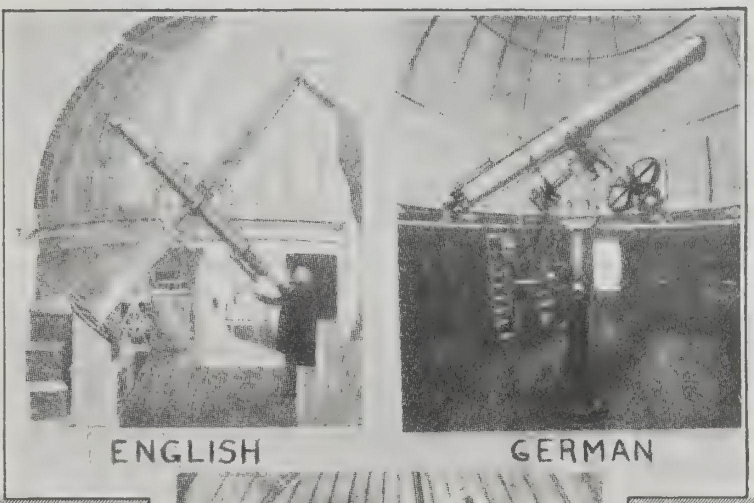
In Idaho, the independent buyers who went in to try to save the farmer by straightening out the state association on a business basis, found that fictitious charges had accounted for much of the wheat. Losses when wheat went down, and losses from management, were absorbed by fictitious interest and terminal charges. These independent wheat dealers learned, while they were on this investigating board, and the receiver has since learned, that one experienced wheat dealer could have operated this association at one-third the cost which the Sapiro management incurred.

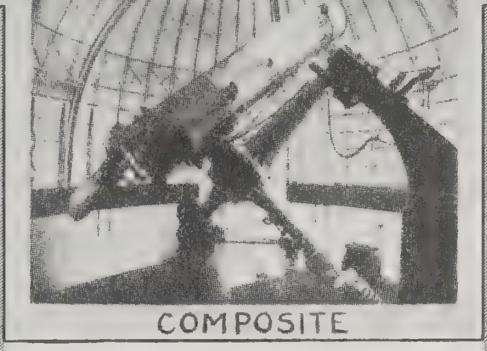
International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL
President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Evolution of the Modern Telescope

THE modern telescope and interferometer have been instrumental in revealing to us the stupendous vastness of the physical universe. Antares, the giant red star, is the largest now known. Its distance from the earth is so enormous that if we were to travel at the rate of one hundred million miles a year the journey to Antares would require twenty-one million years. At this same rate of speed we would consume ten million five hundred and fifty thousand years in making an excursion to Betelgeuse, the other red star whose diameter, as determined by the interferometer measurements at the Mount Wilson Observatory, is approximately two hundred and forty-two million miles. The diameter of Antares is about three hundred and eighty-two million miles. The nearest known star, *Alpha Centauri*, is twenty-five and six-tenths trillions of miles distant from the earth. When we compare these colossal magnitudes with the earth's diameter of about eight thousand miles we begin to realize the almost zero dimensions of our little planet when compared with the great macrocosm. The modern astronomer has introduced large units of length to cope more readily with the great distances which are inevitable in his observations. The mean distance of the earth to the sun, that is, ninety-two million nine hundred thousand miles, is known as the astronomical unit. There is a still greater unit called the *parsec* which is equal to about nineteen trillion miles. In terms of this unit, *Alpha Centauri* is at a distance of about one and three-tenths *parsecs* from the earth.



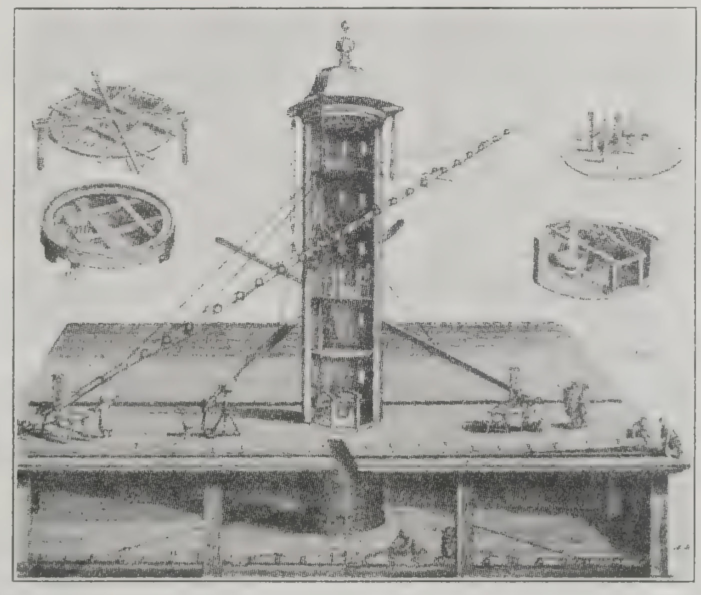


The three principal methods of mounting telescopes, known as the English, German, and Composite, are shown in this illustration.

The Hooker reflecting telescope, Mount Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California. It is the largest reflector in the world. Its clear aperture is 100⅜ inches and it has a primary focal length of 507.5 inches. The complete tube weighs 35 tons and the total weight of all its moving parts is 100 tons. The parts are constructed of structural and cast steel some of which weigh ten tons. The mirror is 101.2 inches in diameter, has a thickness of 12¾ inches, and weighs 9,000 pounds. Mount Wilson has an elevation of about 6,000 feet above sea level.

The 150-foot tower telescope of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory. The lens which is used has an aperture of twelve inches and a focal length of 150 feet. This telescope is used with a 75-foot (focal length) spectograph.

Interstellar distances, and astronomical distances in general, are by-products of the range of modern astronomical instruments. Astronomy, however, is one of the most ancient of all the sciences. We know that the ancient Eygptians and Babylonians studied astronomy. The Egyptians applied their knowledge of this science in the establishment of a year consisting of twelve months of thirty days each. An auxiliary month of five days was added to complete the calendar year of three hundred and sixty-five days. The sun was thought, by Anaxagoras, to be composed of burning iron. In the third century B. C., Aristarchus taught that the sun is the center of our solar system, thus antedating Copernicus by more than seventeen centuries. Copernicus (or Koppernigk, in Polish) was born in Thorn, Poland, Feb. 19, 1473, and died at Frauenburg, Prussia, May 24, 1543.



The observatory of Hevelius (about the year 1680) showing three giant telescopes suspended from a rotary tower.

It is difficult for us to realize that in the time of Copernicus the telescope was unknown. Tycho de Brahe (1546-1601), the illustrious Swedish astronomer and the teacher of the famous Kepler, used graduated quadrants for transit observations. (Tycho Brahe was not a Dane, as is usually supposed. He was born in Knudstrup, near Lund, in Sweden, December 14, 1546.)

The telescope was invented a few years after the death of Brahe by the Dutch spectacle-maker, Jansen. Galilei was the first to use a telescope, in the year 1609, for astronomical observations. His type of telescope, known as the Galilean, consisted of two spectacle lenses inserted into the ends of an organ-pipe made of lead. The first Galilean telescope had a magnifying power of three diameters. A later type had the magnifying power of thirty diameters. By this telescope Galilei discovered the mountains of the moon and the satellites of Jupiter.

Essentially a telescope is a tube provided with various combinations of lenses or reflectors arranged in such a manner that the light proceeding from the observed object is gathered and then concentrated at the focus in a small but brilliantly illuminated image. This is the first function of a telescope. The second function of a telescope is to magnify the image thus produced by means of a microscope, known generally as an eyepiece. It is evident that telescopes may be divided into two great classes, the *refracting* and the *reflecting*, the type being determined by ascertaining which of these two methods is used in transmitting the image to the observer.

An Italian Jesuit, Father Zucchi (1616–1652), was the first to employ an eye lens for the purpose of viewing the image produced by a concave mirror. James Gregory (1638–1675), the Scottish mathematician, in the year 1661 invented the first reflecting telescope. In the year 1611 Kepler, in his "*Catoptrics*," suggested the use of two double convex lenses in the Galilean telescope. Father Scheiner, in 1630, constructed a telescope using the principle suggested by Kepler. Sir Isaac Newton developed the Gregorian principle into the Newtonian reflector.

Cassegrain, in 1672, invented a form of reflecting telescope which is very popular at the present time. Fundamentally the Cassegrainian reflector is the same as the Newtonian. Cassegrain substituted a convex reflector for the Newtonian diagonal reflector.

Giant telescopes were introduced about the year 1680. Some of these telescopes were 210 feet long. The Hevelius giant aerial telescopes were suspended from the roof of a tower which could be rotated by a gearing mechanism. We are indebted to *Nature* for the illustration of the Hevelius aerial telescopes and also for the photograph showing the methods used in mounting telescopes.

When we compare the Hevelius telescope with the Hooker at Mount Wilson, the remarkable development of this instrument is strikingly apparent. The largest telescopes in the world are the Yerkes refractor, at Chicago University, and the Hooker reflector, at Mount Wilson.

And the end is not yet. There is no doubt that despite the strides that have been made in the elimination of the immense space that divides us from the heavenly bodies, there are still greater discoveries pending.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Twenty-five thousand sea lions along the coast of British Columbia have been killed by the Dominion authorities. The sea lions destroy large amounts of salmon and other edible fish. Experiments are being made to see if the skins can be utilized for any profitable commercial purpose.

The two main forms of sport popular in Austria are mountaineering and football.

The Japanese Government has decided to pay all the traveling expenses of Japanese natives who emigrate to Brazil, and to make a grant to each of two hundred yen or one hundred dollars.

Remnants of the ice age are particularly interesting in the Rocky Mountain National Park, where huge valleys have been plowed out through countless ages, possibly five million years ago. Glaciers transformed what was a single mountain mass into three peaks, Long's, Meeker and Lady Washington, with Long's rising to an elevation of 14,255 feet, or nearly three miles above sea level.

Germany is buying American mules to replace oxen in agricultural work.

The fish crop of the world costs the consumer a billion dollars yearly, of which seven hundred eighty million goes to those who harvest the crop.

"If the people of other lands are unwilling to become subject to you, improve your culture, perfect your institutions, and thus win their hearts and judgment."—*Confucius.*

The Department of Agriculture says that the United States can support a population of 300,000,000 with no greater demand upon outside food sources than that which exists today.

One hundred years have elapsed since the song "Silent Night, Holy Night," now sung as a Christmas carol throughout the world, was composed in the little village of Oberndorf, near Salzburg, Austria. In commemoration of the event a monument is to be erected in Oberndorf.

American investments in the Philippines increased slightly during the year 1923 compared with 1922, and the Chinese more than doubled theirs.

Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, who resided for several months recently at Ann Arbor, Michigan, is, as far as can be ascertained, the first poet laureate to visit the United States.

A banker named Jenkins had a manufactory of "antiquities" in Rome in the late eighteenth century. He supplied foreign visitors with intaglios and cameos made by his own workmen, whom he kept in a part of the ruins of the Coliseum.

It was formerly the custom in France when the president spoke at public banquets for the audience to remain standing during the speeches. This has been abolished by the new president, M. Doumergue.

The building of the Great Wall of China was begun 214 B.C. Its length is 1,400 miles and the height varies from 15 to 30 feet.

The world's railroads, if placed in a single line, would reach to the moon and back and encircle the globe nearly eleven times.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. I, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

When questioned in the House of Commons, Premier Ramsay MacDonald has again refused to make the charge that in modernizing the fleet, the United States was defeating the purposes of the Naval Treaty.

Great Britain has finished the fiscal year with a surplus of nearly $250,000,000, and her unemployed are decreasing in number.

According to the *Bookman,* there does not seem to be any preventive which will save books, many of them unique copies, from destruction once the bookworm, unnoticed, starts its deadly work.

The first air voyage ever made across the Pacific Ocean was that completed on May 17, when three airplanes of the United States Army Service landed in Kashiwabara Bay, Paramushir Island, Japan.

"Home brewing" in France of an imitation of the forbidden absinthe, made from an aniseed base, is causing much trouble to the authorities.

Human hair exports from Hongkong during 1923 amounted to approximately 99 tons. The principal markets were in Japan, France and the United States.

Christian Leden, the Norwegian explorer, says that the theory of a relationship between Eskimos and American Indians is confirmed by the kinship between the music of the Eskimos and that of the primitive peoples along the entire American coast.

It is estimated that in the cotton mills in China 40 per cent of the workers are women, 40 per cent are children, and only 20 per cent are men.

Forty or fifty big buildings divided into 20,000 rooms are being prepared by the Fascist government of Italy for the accommodation of part of the pilgrims to Rome during the Holy Year.

The French have always been accustomed to the "accolade," or kiss on both cheeks, but the fact that the new premier kisses his party leaders and all the members of his cabinet on the mouth has aroused public opinion.

There are glaciers on three of the highest mountains in Equatorial Africa—Mount Kilimanjaro, 19,321 feet high; Mount Ruwenzori, 16,800 feet and Mount Kenya, about 17,007 feet high. Ice caps 200 feet thick fill the ravines.

Iceland has been so isolated—from choice of the people—that records 1,400 years old can be read and understood readily by the present-day Icelanders. Through isolation and lack of association the native tongue has been handed down with very few changes.

Members of the Apache, Kiowa and Comanche Indian tribes of Oklahoma are to receive one hundred dollars, in two payments, one in the autumn, to assist them through the winter, and the other in the spring, to help them plant their crops. The tribal funds on deposit in the United States Treasury are derived principally from the sale of surplus land.

A common tern banded as a nestling on the coast of Maine was recovered four years later in the delta of the Niger River, on the west coast of Africa.

California has made the study of the United States Constitution compulsory in all its public schools.

The Samoan native government is based on a patriarchal communism. The head of the families has absolute jurisdiction over his group.

Two-thirds of the aggregate population of the ten leading cities of the United States is of foreign stock. Approximately one-fifth of the population of Chicago and New York and only about a third of the population of Boston are of native white ancestry.

In Japan nothing is easier than divorce, which takes place by the mutual consent of the man and woman. Even though the law gives every wife the right to oppose her husband's divorce suit her consent is easily secured. The only formalities required consist of informing the magistrate that such a step is contemplated.

It costs from fifty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to drill an oil well, and by no means is every well an oil producer.

An astronomer of Carmel, California, has invented a camera that works eight times faster than the swiftest known camera of today and can take pictures by starlight alone. In good moonlight a one-second exposure with this camera lens will give as perfect detail as an half-hour exposure with present-day cameras.

When the herring fishing proved a comparative failure in the Shetland Islands the women turned to making hand-knit woolen goods which sell readily for high prices.

"If each country would but divert a tithe of the amount now spent upon armaments to educating people as to the enormously increased destructive power that science has put into the hands of men, the world would surely realize that, failing disarmament within a few years, civilization will go down in ruins on the outbreak of another great war."—*Commander Burney,* British M. P.

"There is one expression that continually comes to my mind whenever I think of the English language and compare it with others; it seems to me positively and expressly *masculine,* it is the language of a grown-up man and has very little childish or feminine about it."—*Professor Jespersen,* University of Copenhagen.

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Joseph Conrad Is Interviewed in His English Home

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Savings Banks in Their Relation to Depositors

Does Average Wage-Earner Get the Highest Return for His Money?

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

WHENEVER a banker, a financier or an industrial stock juggler tells the story of his life, he takes great pains to emphasize the importance of thrift to those who would attempt to emulate his success. Sometimes he depends on the local and national advertising of interested persons to define the word, but more often he takes care to give his own definition—which is to open a savings account in a bank. Now savings are handy things to have, but there are many different ways of handling them.

The type of savings that the financier has in mind is supposed to bear interest ranging in different parts of the country from three to four and a half per cent. It is urged on the man of small means because both income and principal are safe. When the banker says that such accounts are one of the first steps to wealth he is telling the truth, but not all of it. He knows that nobody ever got rich out of his own individual account; that the way to reap the profits is to get control of a large number of such accounts. The banker and the stock juggler and the financier have learned how to do that, and without the savings banks their operations would be so reduced that many of them might have to go to work.

The savings bank is a ticklish subject in any industrial country. It may be and is discussed, but always from the point of view that it is to the best interests of all concerned to have wage earners use the savings banks for their excess earnings. Any discussion that takes issue with that point of view is hardly likely to find favor or a fair hearing with banking experts; it is far more likely to be condemned as a sinister attempt to destroy the whole financial structure of the country and to bring ruin and disgrace on everybody.

The reasons for that attitude are quite clear. The savings banks represent the foundation of the existing financial system, and must be protected at all hazards. One way to protect them is to surround them with legend and tradition and then refuse to permit any analysis of what they do with the money of the wage earner and what they pay him for it, except from the point of view explained above. The same interests that will argue interminably with the man who demands a change in the monetary system therefore throw up their hands in horror when the savings banks—or for that matter any specific phase of the system—are questioned. As long as the attack is general it can be made so complex by argument and misrepresentation that it is not dangerous. But when it is directed at one point in the system, an awful calamity portends. If something is not done about it the people may get some real information on the mysteries of banking.

The only purpose of this article is to shed a little light. It is not intended to destroy the savings banks, or to undermine the growing and excellent habit of thrift. It is designed to encourage saving, but in such a way that the wage earner may get a higher and fairer return on his money than he is getting now from the savings banks, and get it without any more risk than he is taking now when he puts his money into such institutions. It is intended also to give the depositor in savings banks certain simple information that the banks do not advertise, which if generally known would enable the depositors to get from the banks all that they do advertise.

States Restrict Investments

JUST now most of the savings banks are advertising. They always do in times of prosperity, when the interest rate, for some peculiar reason, goes up. If the economic experts hired by the banks are correct in their widely circulated analyses of what happens during the peak of the business cycle, it would seem that the interest rate ought to go down. These experts have been explaining for years that bonds, mortgages, and similar "basic securities," issued for long terms and also known as "frozen investments" always go down in price during periods of prosperity, and become more valuable in periods of depression. The reasons they offer seem perfectly sound. In good times, they say, the industries and commerce need money and more money with which to finance all the orders. Expansion is the order of the day. New plants are built, everybody buys, and cash is essential. Therefore it commands a rising price, by operation of the law of supply and demand. The industries and the commercial houses are willing to pay more for cash than the fixed rates on bonds and mortgages; consequently the large owners of such frozen investments throw them on the market to get cash, and the prices are forced down.

But the largest owners of these basic securities are the savings banks, and the savings banks can't sell out as the individual investor does. They cannot sell out because in nearly every state it is against the law for them to invest their funds in the quickly convertible securities offered by industries and commercial houses during periods of prosperity. Most states protect the savings bank depositor, and also the industries, by restricting the investments that may be made by the savings bank. That institution, therefore, must be content with the six per cent yield of good, solid, substantial securities. But it must also keep a balance—a record of its assets and liabilities. It is perfectly plain that if the prices of bonds and mortgages go down, even though the interest return has not been changed, the total value of such holdings on the books of the banks must be reduced. Somehow that shrinkage must be made up.

Yet it is a fact that anyone may verify by reference to his newspaper, or the car cards in the trolleys, subways and railroad trains, that the interest rates paid by the savings banks are now rising—judging by the advertising. In some sections they have risen from three to four per cent, in others from three and a half to four and a half per cent, and in a few states savings banks or savings departments in commercial banks are promising to pay depositors 4.65 per cent on their savings. The bankers may have some mysterious method of earning more money while they are writing off losses; or it may be that they are not actually paying the rates they advertise. It may be also that it is far more necessary for them to get plenty of the cheap money of the workingman just now than at any other time.

Any bank clerk can point out the "fallacy" in that argument. He will remind the depositor that the savings bank can't use its funds to get some of the big returns offered by industry. But he won't tell him what proportion of the bank's reserves is deposited in a commercial bank that is not subject to the same restrictions. He will not tell how many of the savings directors are also directors in these commercial banks. He will not suggest that a market must be maintained for the basic securities that big investors are selling right and left, and that the way to maintain it is to add to the twenty million American wage earners now depositing their surplus earnings in the savings banks. Thus the big investors will be able to unload their frozen investments and put their money into securities showing a higher yield.

The Drawing of Interest

NOW it goes without saying that savings ought to be protected. A few hundred dollars which is all he has in the world is far more important to the worker than a few hundred thousand to a millionaire with unlimited resources and credit. Therefore, since these basic securities are safer than the short time, high yield investments now obtainable, it might be argued that it is a good thing to get the worker to put his money into them—if the banks paid what they advertised. But the fact is—and any depositor can verify it for himself by asking a few simple questions of the cashier or teller—that the banks are not paying the higher rates of interest; at least they are not paying the full amounts they promise to pay.

The amount they are failing to deliver is ridiculously small in the case of the average individual depositor. It cannot be stated definitely, but according to men who know it is commonly about one per cent, and not infrequently more. In other words, a bank advertising four per cent actually pays about three per cent to the depositor. The method by which that is accomplished will be shown later. In the meantime, that the depositor may get the proper light on what it means to the bank, let us consider the difference in the aggregate; the amount saved by all the savings banks when they fail to pay the interest rate they advertise to all their depositors.

The report of the Controller of the Currency of the United States for 1922 points the way to that analysis. It shows that as of July 31 in that year there was a grand total of more than thirteen billion dollars held in savings. That amount, however, included postal savings, school savings, building and loan associations and a lot of other forms. Some of these are in the same boat as the savings banks. Others earn and pay interest ranging from seven to ten per cent, particularly the strictly mutual building and loan associations, of which more later. The great bulk of the figures given was shown to be in savings banks—mutual and stock companies—and in the savings departments of national and state commercial banks. All those institutions combined have upward of ten billion dollars of saved money in their keeping.

One per cent of ten billion dollars is one hundred million dollars. But perhaps the banks do not save that amount. Perhaps the actual reduction in interest payments below the advertised rate, as applicable to all depositors, is not more than one-tenth of one per cent. And that amounts to ten million dollars, which would buy and pay for a vast lineage of advertising urging workingmen and women to put their excess earnings into the savings banks. It is a neat sum. Thrown into the breach when the prices of bonds begin to fall it might be expected to have an appreciable effect in checking the decline. Deposited with commercial banks which are not restricted as to the uses they may make of it, which may turn it over a dozen times a year on quick loans at high interest rates, it ought to represent a snug and satisfactory accretion of power to the savings bank directors who are also directors of commercial banks, and of industries, and of commercial organizations.

Now, as to how the banks get away with it. All operate under two sets of laws, one made by the people or their elected representatives, the other set made by the bank directors or trustees. The people's laws have nothing to say about the rate of interest, except insofar as they restrict the bank to long-term, safe securities. They do not prescribe the rate of interest that the bank pays to its depositors, nor when nor how it shall be paid. Therefore the directors make and sometimes publish rules and regulations governing those items, and if the depositor takes enough trouble he can get a copy.

If he will collect them from all the savings banks and all the savings departments in almost any community he will find that each one has a system of its own. Some of the newly established departments in commercial banks which are doing the most advertising to attract depositors make a point of crediting interest once a month. Others credit it once every three months, others every six months, and some only once a year. But all have periods of varying length during which the money put into the bank by the wage earner draws no interest whatever, and similar periods operating when the money is to be withdrawn.

Let us take a concrete example. When the bank credits interest once a month it is either on the last day of one month or the first day of the next. In the rules and regulations it will be discovered that such credits are made only on deposits placed in the keeping of the bank or before the tenth day of the month, as a rule. Some banks may specify the fifth day. If the depositor attracted by the advertising and the promise of four and a half per cent interest happens to have a pay day after the fifth—say on the sixth of the month—he will get no interest whatever on his money during all the rest of that month. The bank gains a possible maximum of twenty-five days interest. When the fixed date is the tenth, it gains a possible twenty or twenty-one days. Multiply that by the number of new depositors who fail to get their money in before the dates fixed, and some idea will be gained of the free money furnished by workers to the savings banks and through them to the financiers to keep up the price of securities.

As a rule, however, it is only the banks which have just opened savings departments which credit interest once a month. When a long list of depositors has been established the bank generally finds that the rush of work makes it necessary to credit once in three months. The result of that is to extend the free money period. The process is exactly the same in principle as that followed by profiteering retailers of various kinds of merchandise. In normal times these retailers calculate the amount of mark-up necessary to show them a profit, reducing it to percentages. A pair of shoes costs the retailer say three dollars. He decides on a fifty per cent mark-up, selling them for $4.50. Along comes a boom. Sales increase. The manufacturer thinks he might as well get some extra profit. He increases the price to the retailer to four dollars. Now the retailer is selling more shoes than ever, and his costs of selling per pair are therefore less. But instead of giving the buyer a share in that reduced cost, he maintains his old percentage of mark-up and sells the shoes for six dollars.

Thus the savings bank, having gone to the three months credit period, rules that it will pay interest for deposits made before say the twentieth day of the first month in the quarter. Depositors reaching the bank after that date get nothing in the way of interest for two months and ten days. Similar rules are made in banks crediting interest every six months, and banks crediting interest once a year. If the thrifty saver keeps his deposits intact he will get the full advertised rate of interest during the second year. But often he must withdraw some of his funds to meet some emergency.

In that event the depositor—under the rules and regulations made by the bank—notifies the teller that he intends to withdraw and states the amount. On the date of the notification the bank credits interest due. The crediting may be left until two weeks later, when the depositor gets his money back, but in any event interest is paid only up to the date of notification. Thus the bank gains another two weeks of interest payment. Perhaps, three or four days after withdrawal, the depositor finds it possible to restore the money to his savings. If the date of his new deposit happens to be the twenty-first day of the first month in any quarter, in a bank crediting interest once in three months, the depositor loses interest for the full three months. During that period he has had the use of his money for three days, and the bank has had it during all the rest of the time.

Encouragement of Thrift

IT WILL be quite obvious to all readers why no individual ever got rich under such a system as that, unless he happened to be the man on the inside, controlling the earning power of the other man's money. It is also plain why the financiers find it necessary to urge wage earners to start savings bank accounts. Once in a while a rich man who is not too closely identified with the banking system goes into details about thrift. In nearly all states there are mutual building associations, created as a result of the demand from the buyers of homes. They are subject to much the same restrictions as the savings banks. But a depositor paying ten dollars a month into such an association often finds himself in possession of $2,000 at the expiration of eleven years, and sometimes in ten years. In that time he has paid from $1,200 to $1,320. His interest return will average from seven to ten per cent.

Suppose that he put $120 a year into a savings bank, in a lump sum, for ten years, and that his deposits were not subject to any of the interest trimming described above. At the tenth year, when the final four per cent had been credited, he would have $1,478.58.

What the worker needs—and what the banker does not tell him—is the financier's point of view. The savings depositor is indifferent about a few cents interest. But the five hundred dollars difference in ten-year earnings as between the savings bank and the building fund is relatively just as small an item to the banker. Dealing in millions, he thinks of $500 as pin money—or he would so think of it if he took the same attitude as the individual depositor. But instead the banker thinks of that $500 in terms of twenty million wage earners, and a lot more who may be encouraged to be thrifty on the bankers' terms. The individual depositor can do the same thing on a smaller scale, multiplying the few cents by the accumulations of ten years, and insisting not only on knowing definitely what he is getting, and when he is getting it, but on getting the highest return possible without risking his principal.

Half a Day With Joseph Conrad

A Homely Chat With the Sea Rover

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

... he that hesitates is lost. J. Conrad

HEYDAY! A mid-May day! The sun shining brightly; a balmy breeze; white clouds sailing across the blue! It made me feel right gay to get away from London bricks and mortar, and off into the lovely county of Kent, even though it was in a stuffy, dingy train. How fresh and refreshing the bright greenery of the fields and trees! Flowers everywhere! Nature seemed astir to meet and greet the coming in of summer:

"Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing!"

To many of us, Joseph Conrad among the company, Kent is not only the loveliest but the most interesting of English counties. It lacks the rude wildness of the North; its waters cannot compare with the lakes of Cumberland; but all else of beauty it does possess and rightly is it called the "Garden of England."

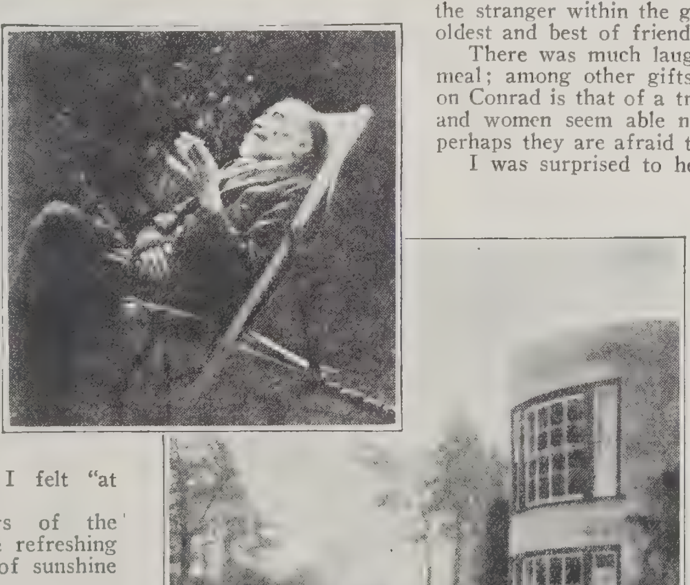
Soon the train pulled me out of the somewhat smug southern suburbs of London, and we speeded along, now between banks brilliant with flowers; now through shady woods full of green wonderment; then along high embankments with visions of rolling fields, white roads, village-church spires lifting above the trees, the curious cowls of the oast-houses wherein the hops are dried, comfortable country houses, new and ancient—a very pleasant prospect. Across the broad Medway, past Rochester with its gray Norman Castle and Cathedral and its abundant memories of Charles Dickens; through the adjoining dockyard town of Chatham, the center of much terrible business during the war; on again through the green lands with occasional glimpses of the sea, and so to Canterbury. There I was met by an automobile, kindly sent for me by Joseph Conrad, who was the magnet that had drawn me from town. Soon I was comfortably gliding past the ancient city walls; onto the New Dover Road; through the Old-World village of Bridge, and thus to Bishopsbourne, my destination.

Oswalds, Mr. Conrad's home, stands hard by the village church, which is chiefly known to fame because Richard Hooker, who is called upon his monument the "Judicious," or as we should say the sagacious, was for some time rector of this parish; known to fame by his "The Laws of Ecclesiasticall Politie," a book now more revered than read! We are carried back to medievalism—Kent is a county of multitudinous memories!—when we recall that among the relics once treasured here was a piece of the stone upon which the Archangel Gabriel alighted when he made his appearance to the Virgin Mary, to whom the church is dedicated.

I had scarcely time to note the homely face of the white house, the trim, pillared entry and the mass of creepers, when the door was opened and my host stood there with outstretched hand and a smile of welcome:

"Come in; so glad to see you!"

The hearty kindliness in his voice assured me that this was not a phrase of mere politeness; at once I felt "at home."



**The lower window is Mr. Conrad's writing room.
Insert—In friendly converse.**

The shadows of the roomy hall were refreshing after the blaze of sunshine without.

"Come into the study," he said, leading the way into a cool, white room, where there were books and pictures, a busy-looking writing-table at which sat his secretary, Miss Hallowes, who continued the cordial welcome; comfortable armchairs; a smaller table with the necessaries for making burnt offerings to Baccho. Through the broad bay window was a view of greenery; trim grass and tall trees, and in the background the park of the adjoining big house.

Joseph Conrad has the gift of hostliness; his keen eyes look at you kindly; at the same time you feel that if he were bored you'd soon be aware of the fact! So I felt happy that even to the end of my visit he was good to me. Neither a photograph nor a word-picture will do justice to his face; in the eyes there is the look which always pertains to the man who has seen many lands and sailed many seas; who has faced and fought with the rough side of life and who has won through to a haven of security and peace—as much peace as there can ever be for a master of imagination. You feel as you look at him and listen to him that his is a mind broadened by first-hand knowledge and that his fictions are built—as all great imaginative writings must be—upon facts gathered in experience.

I had brought with me a copy of some Sea Shanties, which I had recently heard sung at a London vaudeville house, and asked him what he thought of them. Truth to tell, they did not seem to interest him greatly.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but steamships have practically killed them, you know. You don't sit down and sing these things. I know them, yes, I know them, in their proper environment, helping the work of ships. I have heard them on dark, stormy nights. Halliard songs, capstan songs. One doesn't want to hear them sung to a piano in the drawing room. But steamers have beaten sails off the seas. I was up in the North Sea before and during the war—it was just empty, so to say, not a sail! And down at Deal, not long ago—the sea was empty. I can remember the anchorage in the Downs, an historic place, full of ships, sometimes held up there for days—waiting for the wind to change."

I told him how greatly envied he was to be, to have such a room as this to work in and so delightful an outlook. He laughed as I observed on the beauty of the great tree that seemed to stand guard over the house:

"I'm tired of it," he said, "I've got to know it too well."

It seemed strange to me, sitting in this quiet, so peaceful country-room in essentially English Kent, talking with a man who told me he prided himself on being really a man of Kent, and he born in far Poland! Just now and again, though very seldom, an intonation reminded me that English was not his native tongue—or did I imagine this because I *knew* it not to be so? It is amazing surely, probably unique, that one who is not English born or bred should be a master of English prose.

We did not talk much about books, as mere books; they have two interests for him I gathered, the depth of life in them and the artistry. With writers who say nothings in choice language, he will have no communion. With writers who have a tale to tell—fact or fiction—but know not how to tell it rightly he has no patience. And has not he himself set a goodly example of "how it should be done"? He is an epicure in style.

So we smoked and chatted; agreed and disagreed: I found that he was tolerant of opposing opinions, as is usually the way with really big men and seldom so with those who consider themselves important.

Then to luncheon, in another white room, where again there was the sense of quiet, complete and unostentatious comfort. Kind, genial, good-humored Mrs. Joseph Conrad, is as adept as her husband at making the stranger within the gates feel as though he was the oldest and best of friends.

There was much laughter and jolly talk during the meal; among other gifts that the gods have bestowed on Conrad is that of a true, hearty laugh. So few men and women seem able nowadays to laugh heartily, or perhaps they are afraid to do so. Why?

I was surprised to hear that he had no real liking for either dogs or cats:

"I don't dislike them; but I don't care for them to be about. They're always getting in the way! Horses! Ah, that's altogether different! I don't think we can ever be grateful enough to horses when we think of all they do for us and their love and loyalty."

He told me of the exciting visit which Mrs. Conrad, he and their boys had paid to Germany in July, 1914. First staying in Berlin; then on to Poland; while there war was declared. They were permitted to go on to Vienna, where they received cordial and effective assistance from Mr. Penfield, the American ambassador, and were able to proceed to Italy; thence by a Dutch liner from Genoa to the Thames and London and home. They were living then in a part of Kent not far from the seacoast, close by Romney Marsh, and told me of the preparations that were made to meet invasion should it come; how the farmers had been instructed to open the sluice gates and let in the sea over their fields, as the Dutch had done of old when fighting with Spain; and how they and others had received directions as to what they should do and where go should the enemy come. They did not come! Those bad days seem to all of us now like an evil dream.

After luncheon we sat on the porch at the back of the house, looking out at the garden basking in the sun. Trim yew hedges, and holly, closely-clipped; beds blazing with tall, many-colored tulips rising from masses of forget-me-nots; a splendid copper beech which has kept watch and ward over the house for many years; through an archway of roses a peep of the fruit garden, with mellow red-brick walls and a glory of blossom red and white, resplendent with promise of much fruit; and a busy gardener! All gardeners are not always busy; it must be very tempting to rest awhile, if not to slumber, when the sun is hot and the air still.

I hinted that there surely must be fairies hereabouts, and was grieved to be told in reply to my question:

"No; I don't believe in fairies. Why should I? Isn't the real world wonderful enough?"

We got to talking of poets and poetry, and I learned that he had no great admiration for most of the big names of today and yesterday; those he liked best being Walter de la Mare and William H. Davies. He told me also that he was not only being translated into French, well done, but also being largely read in English by young French writers. Some of them send over their books to him; much of their work very good, strikingly so in the case of Louis Roché by whose little volume "Temps Perdu" he had been greatly struck.

Pleasant chat made the time too short. I had been sitting in the shadow of greatness, but had *not* been chilled.

Perversity

THE Livestock Sanitary Comission of a southwestern state promulgated a regulation which provided that all cattle within a certain defined district should be dipped, a severe penalty being promised all owners who failed to respect the order.

Citizens protested at mass meetings; stock was hidden in the brush; vats were dynamited; ownership of scrawny, tick-infested yearlings was denied; armed insurrection was openly threatened or covertly encouraged.

The community chortled and jeered and shook its mane in bellicose triumph when the alarmed authorities cravenly rescinded the order.

Within a month custodians had to be appointed to prevent the unauthorized use of the vats! Those same scrawny yearlings found apprehensive owners who slipped by the guards at night to dip their vermin-swarmed doggies and scabby ewes.

If a vat fell into disrepair or the stock of lye-sodium-arsenate solution became depleted, hot anger surged through the neighborhood like a tidal wave at Apia.

Perversity!

The spirit which caused the passage of the Volstead Act to be recognized as a signal for a grand scramble for brush hootch, wool-alcohol-based lethals, and innocently-intended hair tonics, all suddenly supremely attractive to persons who never had tasted anything more potent than circus lemonade with the coloring matter omitted.

The spirit which prompts Milwaukee to return Berger and Nebraska to stomach Norris.

Independence! Personal liberty! The right to do wrong because you deny the right of anyone to stop you! The spirit which jaywalks and spits on the sidewalk and kills quail out of season and allows weeds to grow on the back lot and dances without daylight between and exceeds the speed limit and keeps cows in town and allows its dog to howl and goes fishing on Sunday and, while verbally nursing and coddling the dove of peace, raises war-talk over an immigration law, just because some ill-advised bigbody has lamely worded a missive asking it not to.

New York City's Democratic Garden Party

Religion and Politics Mix in the Struggle for Choice of Leader

By DR. EDGAR DE WITT JONES

This article presents a picture of the Democratic Convention as seen through the eyes of a Christian minister. Dr. Edgar De Witt Jones, a Detroit clergyman, was a chaplain at the convention. His view differs to some extent from that which has appeared in the average newspaper or magazine. Nevertheless it is distinctly interesting and enlightening, and his writing is distinguished by a style which is as graphic as it is direct.

"IT'S the greatest show on earth. Look!"

The excited gentleman on my left accompanied this ejaculation with a sweeping gesture, meant to include the whole of Madison Square Garden. At that particular moment my attention was centered on Franklin D. Roosevelt, who, having just nominated Governor Al Smith, had crumpled, exhausted, into a chair—a gallant figure that Roosevelt, by the way. Nevertheless, at the bidding of the excited one I looked.

The modern circus maximus was scintillating with light and color. The famous arena, so often the scene of spectacular events, was a swift-moving picture of cheering, shouting, singing, marching men and women. And above this, rising tier on tier, the flag-draped galleries filled with frenzied partisans—an army with banners, and equipped with myriad devices for making strident, hideous noises. Upon the high platform, the seat of the mighty, the throne of the keynoters, were massed shrieking, gyrating throngs, and flanking this platform on either side, the press section, the only calm area in the Garden, resembling two peaceful islands in a stormy sea. In a flag-festooned box, upon which the dazzling lights played incessantly, lo, Mrs. Al Smith, the Governor's wife, smiling, bowing right and left, her face flushed, the cynosure of ten thousand eyes, and drifting in above the din, undefeated and defiant, came the blare of bands playing "The Sidewalks of New York," the musical motif of every Smith demonstration. Thus, for one hour and fifteen minutes by the watch, Bedlam vied with Pandemonium!

The Greatest Show on Earth

MY EXCITED neighbor spoke accurately. A National Political Convention in the good old U. S. A. is the greatest show on earth. Furthermore, the 1924 Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden was a menagerie in which every species of animal known to the political world was represented. Vachel Lindsay should have been nominated as poet-laureate for the occasion. He is the only one of our poets who has a picturesque enough vocabulary to celebrate the meeting of the Democrats in New York. In one of his gay trombonings there is a passage which has more than a suggestion of the varied and diverse specimens represented in the big show at the Garden.

"Oh, the long horns from Texas,
The jay hawks from Kansas,
The plop-eyed bungaroo and giant giassicus,
The varmint, chipmunk, bugaboo,
The horned-toad, prairie-dog and ballyhoo,
From all the new-born states arow,
The fawn, prodactyl and thing-a-ma-jig,
The rakaboor, the hellangone,
The whangdoodle, batfowl and pig,
The coyote, wild-cat and grizzly in a glow,
In a miracle of health and speed, the whole breed abreast,
They leaped the Mississippi, blue border of the West,
From the Gulf to Canada, two thousand miles long:—
Against the town of Tubal Cain."

Yes, against "the town of Tubal Cain" and against also the Tammany Tiger, at first playful as a puppy, but soon snarling and showing his fangs, spitting viciously when backed into a corner or hard-pressed by the foe. It was the East versus the West, the wets versus the drys, the anti-Klans against the pro-Klans. And there were times in the scrimmage when these cleavages were not so easily discerned—times when the mob spirit obliterated lines, creedal and geographical.

The Democrats had not met in New York in National Convention since 1868, and the prediction seems warranted that another half-century will roll around before they go to Gotham again. Not that the Metropolis did not play the host to perfection. It did. It left nothing undone in the way of generous, lavish hospitality. From taxi driver to traffic officer, from bell hop to His Honor, the Mayor, courtesy prevailed. "Welcome" was everywhere. The one disturbing factor to the delegates from afar, and especially those from the South and West, was that Tammany Hall had carefully planned to stampede the Convention for its idol, Governor Alfred E. Smith. To this end Tammany summoned its cohorts by the thousands, trained them to the tiniest detail, then "crashed the gates," thronged the galleries and blocked the floors. In their ambition to name Smith for President at all hazards, his friends went too far, and by this token, some of the trouble of the most turbulent of conventions is accounted for.

I have been attending national political conventions since the Republicans met in Chicago in 1912, and religious conventions for a much longer period. I have been amazed at the politics which crop out in a church convention, and surprised at the spirit of religion as manifested at times in a political gathering. For instance, at New York, the only time that the convention was hushed and all talking ceased was when prayer was being offered. Whether the supplicant was priest, rabbi, or minister, the Garden was silent, and when the Lord's Prayer was recited, as was the case on a half-dozen occasions, thousands murmured in unison the familiar phrases.

The oratory of the Democrats at New York, with half a dozen exceptions, was dull, tedious and long-drawn-out. Of commonplace speeches, undistinguished in style and mediocre in thought, there were many.

Senator Pat Harrison's speech as temporary chairman made a hit with delegates and galleries. It was a good specimen of old-fashioned Southern oratory. The Senator coined some clever phrases, especially when he said that what the hour demanded was not a "Sphinx in the White House, but a Paul Revere, summoning the people to action." Yet there was a palpable crudeness in the intense partisanship of Harrison's address. He specialized too much in denunciations.

Senator Walsh, of Montana, is one of the ablest leaders in the country, and his conduct as presiding officer of the Convention was beyond praise. As permanent chairman, it might be said of Thomas J. Walsh what Adam Bede said of Moses, "He undertook a hard job and saw it through." The Senator is courageous. His mind works quickly and accurately, but he is not an orator. His speech, though abler in content than Senator Harrison's, lacked the brilliant delivery and popular appeal.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, in presenting the name of Alfred E. Smith, made a memorable speech. Mr. Roosevelt is a semi-invalid. He had to be assisted to the platform, and was obliged to use crutches. He was a gallant and appealing figure as he stood in the midst of that mighty throng, which was all set and primed for the most colorful and vociferous demonstration ever accorded a candidate. Roosevelt is tall and good-looking. His voice is pleasing; his accent cultured. He possesses charm of personality, and a Chesterfieldian grace. If Governor Smith had looked the country over (which he probably did) he could not have found a more magnetic orator to present his name to the Convention than Franklin D. Roosevelt.

On the whole, the women speakers excelled and outshone the men. Their speeches were brief for the most part, well prepared, and effectively delivered. The most eloquent was Mrs. Izetta Jewell Brown whose voice was clear and musical, and her speech, of some fifteen minutes in length, without a flaw. She seconded the nomination of John W. Davis, whom she described as "a man of the mountains." Some of her epigrams were particularly fine, as for instance when she said, "Mr. Davis is not so old as to be a man of yesterday; he is old enough to be a man of today, and he is young enough to be a man of tomorrow."

There were other orators. There was Bryan—but about him later.

Women's Display in Political Arena

WHAT about the women as politicians? Are political conventions bettered by the participation of the gentler sex? I think so. On the whole, the average woman delegate takes her duties more seriously than her husband, son, or brother. Not only so, but the women in the Democratic Convention out-averaged the men in intelligence, if appearances are a safe criterion. And as for loyalty, it is difficult to believe that the loyalty of the women supporters of William Gibbs McAdoo has been surpassed anywhere. They were indefatigable. Mrs. Antoinette Funk, fearing neither boss nor super-boss, marshalled the forces of her chieftain tirelessly until a hundred ballots had been taken. Mrs. Genevieve Clark Thompson, daughter of the late Champ Clark, piquant and possessed, was just as thoroughly anti-McAdoo, and also a fighter to the end. Yet, withal, there was something wholesome in the presence of the women delegates. And in those tense moments when passion ran at fever heat, I dare say it was the presence of the women that prevented many a physical encounter.

Through one hundred ballots, William G. McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith were the contending rivals—a new record, and one that will probably stand for a long time to come. If the former Secretary of the Treasury had kept clear of Mr. Doheny, his nomination would have been achieved on an early ballot. As it was, despite this handicap, he made a gallant fight against powerful opposition. As the balloting proceeded, McAdoo and Smith became something more than political rivals. They became symbols of two opposing groups, out of which emerged inevitably a religious issue. Had the convention been held elsewhere than in New York, it is improbable that this issue would have been so accentuated or intensified. Everybody knows that Governor Smith is a Catholic, and as far as that goes, even his opponents who have studied his political career would absolve him from favoritism on that score. Furthermore, the governor numbers among his warmest friends some outstanding Protestants, Franklin D. Roosevelt, for instance. On the other hand, Senator Phelan, who nominated McAdoo, is of the Catholic faith. And, in the interest of fairness, to go still further, one of the prominent Democrats who appeared before the Committee on Resolutions, asking that the Klan be not named, is also a Catholic. Yet, after these deductions and exceptions have been noted, the fact remains that the McAdoo-Smith conflict on the floor of the Convention, and especially in the galleries, was colored by the religious issue.

Throughout the Convention I tried to get the temper of the people first-hand, and mingled freely with delegates and spectators. I saw the McAdoo demonstration from a seat just back of the box in which Mrs. McAdoo and Miss Margaret Wilson were seated. I witnessed the Smith demonstration from a top seat in the top gallery, just about the best seat in the Garden for that purpose, too. I saw the great fight on religious liberty plank from the first floor where I was seated among the Alternates, and just across the aisle from the Georgia delegates. Inasmuch as the Georgians were under a constant raking fire from the anti-Klan faction, I studied them closely, and engaged three of them in conversation.

It was the general impression that the Georgia delegation was ninety-nine per cent pro-Klan, and I supposed that to be the case. The Georgians were the target for much good-natured chafing, and also for a good deal of bitter and occasionally vicious criticism. I know not how many times I heard these phrases hurled at that delegation, oftenest from the galleries and occasionally from the floor—"Where's your nightie, Georgia?" "Did you bring your pillow slips along?" "Where'd you hide your tar and feathers, Georgia?" The Georgians showed themselves to be good sports. They took the taunts good-naturedly. One of their number denounced the Klan from the platform and received a great ovation. His fellow delegates looked hurt and surprised, but they did not rebuke the deserter. They received him back into their midst without any demonstration whatsoever.

Mr. Bryan's Gleam of Oratory

I TALKED with one of the women in the Georgia delegation. She was a matronly looking soul, but there was a flash in her eye and a tightening of her lips in the more tense moments of the struggle. "Suppose," I inquired, "suppose the anti-Klan Resolution carried. What will happen to the Democratic party?" The Georgia woman lost no time in replying. "Kentucky will go Republican," she shot back at me, "Tennessee will go Republican. No longer will there be a solid South. We didn't raise this issue. New York raised it. It's a mistake, I tell you."

An ex-Congressman from a southern state whom I came to know fairly well, my seat-mate, by the way, through that long, eventful Saturday night and Sunday morning session, was even more pessimistic. Said he: "This looks like the end of the Democratic party. A fight on the religious issue will split us wide open. It will split us not only in the South but in other sections of the country." This ex-Congressman also informed me that there were between three and four hundred K. K. K.'s among the delegates. This gentleman, by the way, is not a novice in politics, and I am inclined to believe his estimate is approximately correct.

William Jennings Bryan was chosen to close the debate for the Majority's Report. The big crowd was not altogether favorable to his speaking, and order was restored with difficulty. Mr. Bryan looked old and worn and thin. But he put a marvelous amount of vigor into his twenty minutes' speech, and there were times when there was more than a flash of the irresistible Bryan of 1896. He pleaded for the acceptance of the Majority Report on the ground both of party and church unity; he held that the Catholic Church and the Jewish Faith needed no protection from the Democratic party. He affirmed earnestly that the Klan did not deserve the publicity it was receiving from the Convention, that the passage of the Minority Resolution would inject the religious issue into every Congressional election. Mr. Bryan was magnetic, eloquent and clever.

The vote was close, too close to be comfortable, or to satisfy either faction. The first figures given out gave the Majority Report the victory by one and one-half vote. Later this was increased to four, and finally to seven votes. The strong probability is that Mr. Bryan's speech saved the day for the Majority Report. If he did not make many votes for that side, he must have held scores of votes that would otherwise have gone to the Minority Resolution. Despite all that his enemies might say, Mr. Bryan was a power in the New York Convention.

A week of ballotings, and at last, on the one hundred and third ballot, John W. Davis, of West Virginia, wins the nomination. Quickly the choice is made for his running mate—Charles W. Bryan, of Nebraska, brother of the Commoner.

What of these candidates and the outlook for Democratic success?

John W. Davis is probably the most brilliant and distinguished of the younger leaders in his party. He is fifty-one years of age, highly educated, and at the forefront of the American bar. He is Wilsonian in appearance and qualities of mind—eloquent, scholarly, thoroughly likable. As member of Congress, solicitor general, and ambassador to Great Britain, he won distinction. He would grace the White House; he looks the part. The only fault found in him by his critics is that he is a Conservative, and identified with the banking house of J. P. Morgan. Immediately after learning of his nomination, Mr. Davis gave out a ringing statement in behalf of a liberal political program, and the

(Concluded on page 14)

Government Agency Pays Its Own Way

U. S. Consular Service Proves That Efficiency Spells Success

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG

WILBUR J. CARR,
Director of the Consular Service, Department of State, Washington, D.C.

FOUR hundred and nine consular offices of the United States, located in widely scattered foreign regions, returned a net profit of $2,100,000 to the American people on their operations in the last fiscal year, 1922-23. It cost Uncle Sam only $4,700,000 to maintain its consular service in that year, whereas the fees collected, mostly from foreigners, at those offices abroad, totaled $6,800,000 for the period.

This is such a remarkable showing, in these days of high taxes, that a periodical which publishes the facts must make sure of its authority—to guard against libel and to protect itself from charges of sensational journalism. Consequently, the source of this extraordinary piece of news is no less a personage than the Director of the Consular Service himself, a very quiet and unassuming official, who has filled that position for fifteen years, at the same salary—$4,500 a year—one Wilbur J. Carr.

Mr. Carr has been employed by Uncle Sam in the State Department for more than three decades. He was employed as a clerk in the Harrison Administration, on probation, having served in that branch of the government work under eight Presidents, namely, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge.

This official, who is the authority for the above profit and loss statement, being a diplomat, is not supposed to be quoted at all, and the quotation might even be denied later, but I shall then fall upon the mercy of the official stenographer who recorded Mr. Carr's statement—relating to the $2,100,000 profit in the consular service—at one of those rare meetings in Washington—a Congressional committee session.

How Candidates Are Chosen

A PROFIT, mind you, of over two million dollars—equal to fifty per cent annually—on the money outlay to support these four-hundred-odd consulates of Uncle Sam, overseas, employing a force of about three thousand workers in the wide, wide world from Aden on the Red Sea to Zurich in the Alps of Switzerland. A profit, not a loss, mind you again, from external revenues, gathered externally, in the process of which the average folk of America did not have to dig down into their jeans to produce it. Thus I quote Mr. Carr again, when I say that there is no other American Government service which can submit such a showing.

Along about 1906, the late Theodore Roosevelt, during his second term, somehow conceived the idea that consuls might be useful as well as ornamental. A great many foreign representatives of Uncle Sam in the nineteenth century, according to the late President Harrison, were sent abroad because they were not wanted at home.

Positions in our foreign service were not coveted much in those days. They were a sort of an afterthought—political jobs which deserving party workers would not take. Consequently, the flotsam and jetsam of an incoming administration, which could not crowd up to the pie-counter here at home, took the posts abroad, where they were out of the way at least for the time being. The consular personnel then changed with every change of administration. It was generally inexperienced and unfit. But Roosevelt, who was pretty handy with the "Big Stick," took a lively swat at that system, putting the consular service on the "merit system" basis, with Mr. Carr as the directing genius of the organization.

Quoting Mr. Carr again, as his remarks appeared in the extracts of the minutes of the aforesaid Congressional committee session, we get a slight glimpse of the revolution which has taken place in the methods of appointing consular officials now as compared to the days of the "spoils system." According to that gentleman, out of 100 candidates for appointment who took an examination recently only 12 qualified. It is about as hard to get into the consular service today as it was in Bible times for a "camel to pass through the eye of a needle."

The figures relating to examinations for entrance to the consular service, as just given, are quite illuminating, but there are others also which tell quite a tale. For instance, only 100 as already stated were designated (a Presidential selection of suitable candidates who may sit for the examinations) out of which only 12 were able to pass the test, physically, mentally, psychologically, or otherwise.

Many of the 100 who sought to qualify were perhaps smart enough in book knowledge, but a bad tooth, a bad eye, dull ears, lack of experience or breadth of vision, unbalanced judgment, or other disabilities caused them to fail. In addition to the 88 out of that 100 who failed, there were perhaps half a million hopefuls who for various reasons were not permitted to take the examination at all, even though they had applied in every language of the world, political as well as in the mother tongue. Indeed, I have seen a whole roomful of files, up and down the tall walls of the State Department, filled with thousands upon thousands of applications, from the halt, the lame, the blind, and the whole of the land, who have at some time or other offered their valuable services to Uncle Sam. But from that great mass of potential material, carefully culled out under the "merit system" of selection, the slender residue of 100 is chosen to take the entrance examination to the consular service.

Verily, under Mr. Carr's direction, during the past eighteen years, we have developed a consular personnel of supermen, almost, who pay for their own keep and besides produce an income of more than $2,000,000 a year—rubles, francs, Chinese taels, Indian rupees, florins, and pounds sterling, which those thrifty officials hoard up in their socks and send home to their Uncle Samuel.

There is a force of 2,773 under Mr. Carr's command. Of that number only 533 are officers of career, the others being vice-consuls not of career, consular agents, clerks, messengers, and others, with quite a number of women now entering the field abroad. In the London Consulate-General, which writes upward of 50,000 letters a year to Americans here at home, on every known subject, there is a staff of sixty workers; in Shanghai, Paris and Warsaw there are offices employing fifty each. Of all these people Mr. Carr keeps an efficiency record, noting their virtues or vices (it is claimed that they have now none of the latter) of each, which record he consults religiously before recommending promotions in the service. Even the wives of our consular officers, looked upon as diplomatic helpmates, have their strong or weak points recorded in the "personality morgue" of the American State Department. Indeed, a good wife is one-half of the equipment for the foreign representative of today.

The consular activities of the State Department carried on by mail, by cable, by radio, and by personal messengers, are extraordinarily numerous, although the American public knows little or hears little about them.

Mr. Carr is also on diplomatic etiquette, frequently being delegated by the President or the Secretary of State to represent the country on formal occasions. He knows precisely how many bows to make when he greets the Prince of Monaco or the President of a South American republic.

He also knows in what order to seat the guests, from the king down to the baronet, at a diplomatic dinner. Moreover, he can tell you what sort of regalia an American consul should appear in for special occasions in the South Sea Islands or in the palaces of the monarchs, if there are any left, in Europe. He has probably unwound more spools of diplomatic red tape in the last thirty-two years than any other American, with the possible exception of Adee, that veteran Assistant Secretary of State who has served Uncle Sam a few years longer.

Not long ago when Mr. Carr appeared before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, in behalf of his personnel, one of the Congressmen bluntly asked him what his salary was. Mr. Carr did not ask for a raise for himself, but he made a very eloquent and convincing plea for his staff which he pointed out was greatly underpaid, in spite of the fact that it was the only dividend-earning branch of the government.

The official in Washington who can show a statement not in the red today, with all this economy talk in the air, has got a decided advantage when he seeks a few extra dollars for his department. "Contented cows give good milk," Mr. Carr told the Congressmen, in so many words, not exactly quoted. "We want adequate pay for the men who comprise our field force. The consular service is now on a paying basis; the workers are entitled to their rewards," and he referred to the two odd million gold dollars sent each year by his thrifty crew.

President Coolidge, a man of few words, but a shrewd Yankee who can be fully trusted to get behind the government official who is providing the ways and means from foreign sources, summed up his support of Mr. Carr's program in the following sentence: "The Foreign Service of the United States needs to be reorganized and improved."

Personnel of Organization

THE consular field force of 533 career officers is classified as follows: Consuls-general 58; consuls-general-at-large 6; consuls 317; vice-consuls of career 135; consular assistants 11; interpreters and student interpreters 16. The salaries at present range from $1,500 to $12,000 per annum, with the majority averaging $2,500 yearly. Only 17 of the 533 get more than $6,000, while only two, the consuls-general at London and Paris, receive $12,000. The consular offices of the United States abroad comprise 48 consulates-general; 253 consulates; 18 vice-consulates; 88 consular agencies, and 2 combined diplomatic and consular stations.

A bill to reorganize the foreign service of the United States, providing for a higher salary scale and retirement on a pension, passed the lower house of Congress April 30, last. An identical bill is pending in the Senate, where favorable action is expected. It will require $250,000 more annually to operate the consular service if this bill becomes law—about 10 per cent of the net earnings of that branch of the government.

As the consular service is constituted today, the rewards are limited—salaries are barely sufficient to provide for decent living conditions abroad. Consuls are not allowed to engage in business or to practice a profession. Some of them are obliged to send their children back to the United States to be educated.

The new bill merges all diplomatic officers below the grade of minister and all consular officers of class 9 and upward into what will be termed Foreign Service Officers, with salaries ranging from a minimum of $3,000 to a maximum of $9,000, and an unclassified staff with incomes down to $1,500 as a minimum, providing almost exclusively for the Americanization of the service.

For administrative purposes, within the service itself, the term "consul, vice-consul, consul-general, or secretary of the embassy or legation" will be abolished. Such officers will instead be designated as Foreign Service Officers of class 1 or class 9, or to whatever of the various classes they belong. But abroad they will still be required to function as consuls or as secretaries to comply with international law. The advantage of this arrangement is the flexibility of the plan under which one of the highest paid officers, if necessary, can be detailed to one of the humblest consulates of the government, under stress of circumstances, without loss of grade or pay

This new bill creates a special fund to be known as "the Foreign Service retirement fund," five per cent of the basic salary of all Foreign Service officers eligible to retirement to be contributed to this fund. It provides for retirement of such officers at sixty-five, or sooner if disabled, but at least fifteen years of service must first have been rendered to the government. The annuities are to be paid to retired officers based on length of service and the annual average basic salary for the ten years next preceding the date of retirement.

A Wide Field of Usefulness

THE proposed measure also provides for a trip back to the United States, with the Foreign Service officer's whole family at government expense, once every three years. About thirty consular officers would be eligible immediately to retire under this rule, making it necessary to appropriate about half a million dollars for that purpose the first year. After that, it is calculated the "special retirement fund" would take care of annuities until about 1950, when, from then on, it would again be necessary for the taxpayers to contribute a small amount each year, 28 cents of each dollar paid out in annuities. However, on the present basis of earnings, these increased salaries plus any necessary outlay for old age pensions, are only a small part of the net profits of the present consular operations of the government.

The director of the Consular Service has shown his ability to select good men for his field force, from which he has also got exceptional results—witness the $2,100,000 net earnings last year—but he is not so sure that he can hold them, resignations recently of some of his best men—young men who were afraid to face old age without better prospects—being looked upon as a sign of discontent with the pay and the prospects of a foreign service career.

The work of consular officials is of a wide scope. They visa passports, certify invoices, perform notarial services, look after the estates of deceased American citizens who die abroad, issue bills of health to vessels departing for the United States, and promote American trade. The latter function is perhaps the most important one today, although the revenues arise from the former duties. The Department of Commerce has only a handful of men in the foreign field compared to the consular force.

Mr. Carr states that he transmits 20,000 trade reports monthly, received from consuls, to the Department of Commerce at Washington. In addition to that, hundreds of thousands of letters on commercial subjects pass through the State Department from consular channels to business men throughout the United States. Many of the first connections of American concerns in foreign lands are opened up through the good offices of an American consul, an official who is at the command of 110,000,000 Americans for any service within his consular district at any time. But few people here at home have a clear conception of the scope of a consul's reach and ramifications.

In view of the widely scattered personnel of the consular service, it is remarkable that it is conducted on such an efficient business basis—paying dividends, as it does at the rate of fifty cents on each dollar of capital outlay, yearly. It is also remarkable that a man can be found anywhere in the United States capable of organizing and directing such a large government enterprise on a business basis at a salary of $4.500 per annum, bringing the American consular service up from the worst in the world, operated at a loss, to the most efficient among the nations.

Potato Growers Beat Sapiro at His Own Game

$2,000,000 Crop Regained After Organization by "Cooperatives"

By ROBERT MORGAN

ERSKINE R. MYER.
Who saved situation for farmers.

OUT in Colorado, 2,000 farmers grow some 2,700,0000 bushels of potatoes, worth in the field somewhat more than $2,000,000. Aaron Sapiro, the firm of Weyl & Zuckerman, and T. W. Chamberlain, an attorney of New York, obtained, in 1922, control of this potato crop. In 1923, they lost this control and were compelled to make settlement with the farmers to the full value of the crop. Sapiro and Weyl & Zuckerman were ousted from all participation in the marketing of the Colorado potato crop; while the potato growers' association now has $60,000 to its credit in the bank, has arranged for financing its own crop this year, and control of the organization is entirely in the hands of the members.

This result—probably the greatest recorded by any state co-operative marketing association ever under Jewish control in this country—was accomplished by four men. These men were Erskine R. Myer, a young but prominent attorney of Denver; M. I. Chenoweth, W. D. Moore and J. P. McKelvey, directors of the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange. Two other members of the board of five directors, C. A. Finch and T. W. Lytle, supported Sapiro and his plan.

The history of the Sapiro misrule in Colorado starts in May, 1922, when the 2,000 potato growers of the state were organized into 21 local co-operative marketing associations, and soon welded into one state association, called the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange. Mr. Sapiro previously had obtained the passage of the Senate bill authorizing the organization of such associations, and both bill and plan were similar to the bills and plans presented by Sapiro in other states and previously described in these articles.

Each farmer paid $5 enrollment fee into the association. This enrollment money, through the watchfulness of some of the members of the associations, apparently went into the general funds. In other states the fee has been $10 and all of it went to the enrolling agents, W. S. Hill, of Greeley, Colorado, organized the local associations, but the merging of them into the state exchange was left for the master mind of Aaron Sapiro, and his New York attorney, Chamberlain.

Sapiro, who was then in New York, retained Mr. Myer, by wire, to act as local attorney for the state organization. As in all the other state associations, Sapiro employed himself as "supervising legal counsellor" at a salary supposed to be fixed by the directors, but which has resulted in the gentleman from San Francisco bringing a suit for about six thousand dollars against the potato growers, as fee for his services. Of this suit and the fee Sapiro has fixed for himself, more later.

Soon after the completion of the state exchange, the directors of that organization found themselves in an argument with Weyl & Zuckerman, independent potato buyers and distributors. This firm are the sales agents for Sapiro in whatever associations he can compel to employ them. The directors learned that the contract which the state exchange had with Weyl & Zuckerman was drawn to protect only the distributor, not the producer of the potatoes. These distributors had approximately two million dollars worth of potatoes spread all over the country; the producers were in complete ignorance as to the whereabouts of their potatoes, and were *receiving no money* in return for the delivery of their crop to Weyl & Zuckerman.

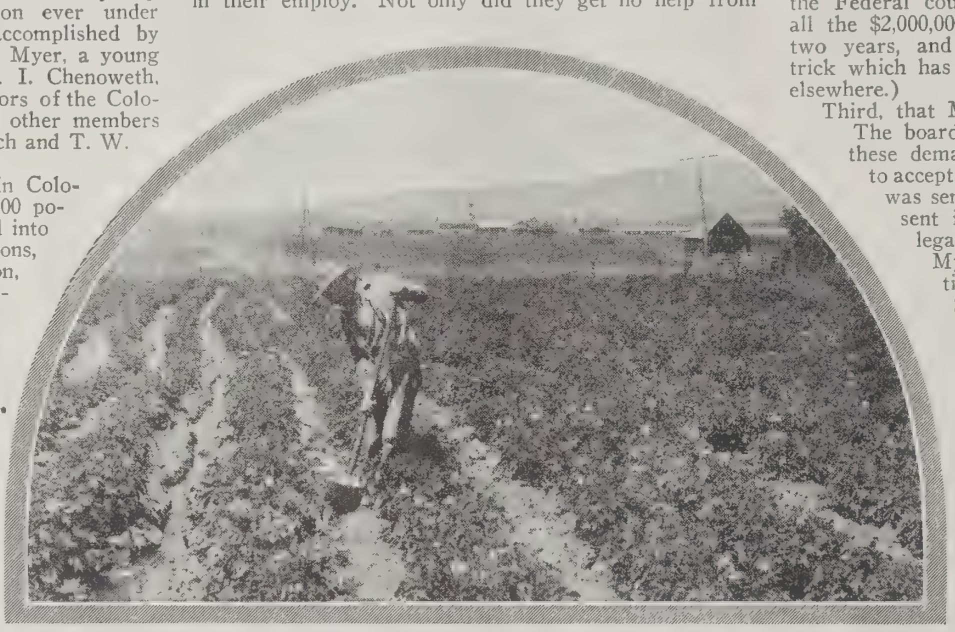
It is interesting to note at this juncture, that the Sapiro co-operative association had agreed to pay Weyl & Zuckerman a flat commission of $21.50 a car for selling these potatoes. Now, Weyl & Zuckerman also were handling potatoes from independent growers, for which they had paid cash. Which potatoes would Weyl & Zuckerman sell first, those in which they had their own money tied up, or those in which the time, money and labor of the farmers were involved? Beyond this, the actual profit to Weyl & Zuckerman on a carload of their own potatoes was approximately fifty dollars.

Weyl & Zuckerman had agreed, in their contract with the potato growers, to advance a total of $450,000 on the farmers' notes, with the farmers' farms pledged as security, at eight per cent interest. Eight per cent on $450.000 is $36,000.

But, when Weyl & Zuckerman had advanced about $75,000 to the potato growers, and after this firm had in its hands *all the bills of lading* for this $2,000,000 crop, they refused to advance any more money, or to pay the farmers for the potatoes now completely under control of the firm. Then Aaron Sapiro appeared again on the scene, leading by the hand Morrison Shaffroth, son of a former governor and former United States Senator, and, more important than all the rest, attorney for Weyl & Zuckerman. Sapiro tried to force Shaffroth into the position of attorney for the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange, the state organization, but the three sturdy directors already mentioned refused to accept Mr. Shaffroth, and he dropped back into his doubtless lucrative position as attorney for Weyl & Zuckerman.

It was then Erskine Myer's turn at bat and he went for Weyl & Zuckerman with the threat of a suit based on the possession of the bills of lading for the $2,000,000 potato crop, and the contract by which they had agreed to advance $450,000 to the potato growers. As soon as this young American made it clear that he meant business, Weyl & Zuckerman beat the usual Jewish retreat, sold off the potatoes, paid themselves for the job, and turned the balance over to the members of the association.

Meanwhile, the potato growers through their board of directors had telegraphed repeatedly to Aaron Sapiro, asking for his advice and assistance, since they were paying him for his services, and supposed that he was in their employ. Not only did they get no help from their "supervising legal counsellor," but they could not even get replies to their telegrams. This is the same condition in which virtually all the Sapiro-organized co-operative associations have found themselves, once they have contracted with the gentleman from San Francisco for his legal abilities and time. The association directors afterward learned, however, that every time they telegraphed to Sapiro, Weyl & Zuckerman also communicated with him, telling him a different story. Astounding as it may seem to the uninitiated, it appears that Jewish influence is stronger with Mr. Sapiro than are the claims of the clients who are paying him for his services.



Irrigating part of Colorado's annual potato crop of approximately 2,700,000 bushels of potatoes. This scene is on the Great Divide Community Colony at Hayden, Colorado.

Ten thousand dollars worth of potatoes on a farm near Greeley, Colorado.

In November, 1923, Mr. Sapiro appeared suddenly in Denver, accompanied by T. W. Chamberlain, an attorney of New York. In the Colorado city, Sapiro met with the executive committee, the directors, of the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange. Mr. Erskine R. Myer, who had been retained by Sapiro as the attorney for the exchange, under the impression that Mr. Myer was a Jew, was absent from the first session of this meeting. Sapiro appeared before the directors with a copy of the supplementary contract which had been drawn up when Mr. Myer forced a settlement from Weyl & Zuckerman, and tried to tear this contract to pieces, meanwhile attacking Mr. Myer.

In the afternoon, Mr. Myer appeared, and in his presence Sapiro calmed down, said nothing against the attorney, and was badly worsted in an argument with Mr. Myer on the merits of the supplementary contract. When the first opportunity offered, Chamberlain called Mr. Myer aside and said:

"It appears that you cannot get along with the 'Chief,' and it will be necessary for you to resign."

Mr. Myer replied:

"Very well, I will resign, if the board will accept my resignation, but I will not resign at the request of you or Sapiro, nor will I resign until both of you have left town."

With this, Mr. Myer returned to the room in which the board of directors was meeting, and notified that board that he would resign. Thereafter, he went before the board and laid down charges of fraud against Sapiro. The board thought so much of these charges that they refused to accept Mr. Myer's resignation. Sapiro, then, in a further effort to complete his control of the situation, which was threatened and eventually overthrown by the doughty Myer, demanded three things:

First, that M. I. Chenoweth, secretary, be appointed "nominal" secretary, and that an active secretary and financial manager be appointed.

Second, that the exchange sever all connection with Weyl & Zuckerman, and start suit against this firm in the Federal court. (This action would have tied up all the $2,000,000 due the potato growers for at least two years, and was a typical Jewish "co-operative" trick which has been worked before, in California and elsewhere.)

Third, that Mr. Myer be discharged immediately.

The board not only refused to accede to any of these demands, but adopted a resolution refusing to accept Mr. Myer's resignation, a copy of which was sent to Sapiro. Three weeks later, Sapiro sent in his own resignation as "supervising legal counsellor." To clear the slate, Mr. Myer resigned again, and both resignations were presented to the board. The Sapiro resignation was accepted immediately and the Myer resignation unconditionally rejected. But that was by no means all.

When this battle was over, the Colorado potato growers emerged—due to the tireless work of Myer, Chenoweth, Moore and McKelvey—with all the crop paid for, the advance from Weyl & Zuckerman included; with $60,000 in cash in the bank, and with the financing for this year arranged for. More important than this, they were rid of both Sapiro and his famous sales agency, Weyl & Zuckerman. The growers themselves will distribute and sell this year's crop, paying themselves the $21.50 a car which they paid to Weyl & Zuckerman at Sapiro's suggestion. That is to say, the $2,000,000 crop of 2.000 potato growers of Colorado is out of the hands of the Jewish ring, and the manner in which it was taken from their control is worthy of study and emulation by the members of the other Sapiro-Plan co-operative marketing associations of this country, for it can be applied to every other commodity produced by the Americans who are being exploited by this Jewish organization, from asparagus to wheat.

But Aaron Sapiro is still in the fight in Colorado. When he was in the first effort of organization of the potato growers, after the bill had been put through which enabled him to throw and hogtie the farmers, Sapiro said to the board of directors:

"I am doing all of this work for the benefit of the farmers of America in general and the farmers of Colorado in particular. Whatever your board fixes as my fee for this service will be satisfactory to me."

No sooner had the money for the potato crop been wrung from Weyl & Zuckerman, however, than bills from the Sapiro end of the affair began to come in. Chamberlain was on the ground floor with bills for "expenses." So long as these bills remained within reason, they were paid, but when one for $400 was presented, Mr. Myer objected, and asked for an itemized statement. The reply was that $5,000 and expenses had been agreed on as the fee. This was the first news that the directors or the potato growers had had that any fee at all had been agreed on, and the three directors who had helped Myer save the situation said so in no uncertain terms. Soon came a letter from Aaron himself, in which he said:

"I have heard that the board of directors has been informed that my fee for services to the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange is ten thousand dollars; this is unauthorized, as my fee is five thousand dollars."

Thus did Aaron Sapiro, after doing nothing for the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange except "sell" them the Sapiro Plan, and after ignoring their repeated demands for the legal services for which they were paying him, fix and collect his own fee of $5,000 for the services he had not rendered. More than this, he, through his henchman, Chamberlain, had collected, and was seeking to collect, additional expense moneys, bringing the total to be paid these two up to $6,000 or somewhat more. Truly, as the writer has said in previous articles, it costs money to know Aaron Sapiro.

The demand for an itemized bill which the potato

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Mr. Ford's Page

WHAT many have foreseen has occurred: the business mind has taken hold upon the political imagination of the country. In each major party the practical type of mind has been recognized; not merely the type that promises to be practical but the type that actually has had business practice. Time was when a man who had accumulated a few hundreds of dollars was under suspicion of having had something to do with the "interests." The so-called "interests" of the time was almost anyone who had a little working capital and was employing it usefully instead of throwing it broadcast in an empty and short-lived gesture of humane kindness.

It was perhaps inevitable in the years following the Civil War, when a new expansion of the American Idea was under way, that those who secured for themselves the first material rewards and used them selfishly, should be labeled as characteristic of a class. To possess anything at all was to be ranked with those who were somehow lacking in social-mindedness. From that idea grew most of the thunder which served politicians for fifty years.

THE affairs of the United States are big affairs. Bigness trains big men. Contests in this nation are no longer between men of little affairs and men of big affairs. The contest now is between men of big affairs, one type desiring to use big enterprises selfishly or for the interest of a few, the other type to use big business and big finance and everything else for the interest of the many. The division line may be roughly drawn in the words Finance and Industry. Both fields breed big men. Industrialists have rather outstripped the others because in industry the only idea which can win out is the constructive and serviceable idea. These are principles to keep in mind in the present political contest.

Only one good discovery was made during that period—only one, and that was discarded because the men who stumbled upon it were politicians instead of statesmen. Men can be traced all down the record who clearly saw that the money system of the United States, admirable as it was in its flexibility, sufficient as it was in the liberal use made of it, nonetheless lent itself to the manipulation of specially trained men who were not of the constructive type but the trading type of mind. After one has read the story of our political thought and has weeded out mere soap-box type of mind who railed against money simply because it was money, and against monied men for no other reason than that they knew how to obtain, control and use money, one still bears clearly in mind that there have been men who saw as statesmen the meaning of the money system to the nation.

And some of them saw so clearly that this question was not the way to political preferment, that they quickly dropped it! There is Mr. Bryan for example. He came before the public, won his first introduction to the world on the money question. Not only has he not followed it up, but from all indications he has even ceased to be interested in the subject. This is not a personal criticism of Mr. Bryan. He may have found himself beyond his mental depth. He may have felt he could not afford to sacrifice for an unpopular cause, or one whose triumph would come beyond his days. Whatever the reason, it was doubtless sufficient to himself. But the fact remains that he was the last great popular candidate to make the money question national in the philosophic sense. And now even he is silent on it.

But, the ways of the development of life are strange, and though no candidate dare bring up the money question any more, no campaign has been waged on anything else. Heretofore it has been assumed that the Republican candidate for the Presidency was the servant of the "interests" (whatever they were) and the Democratic candidate was the servant of the men who carried their dinners to work in a tin pail.

It was all a sort of survival of the old idea that life in this land is to be fought out between those whom we call the "poor" and those whom we call the "rich." Emerson had said that "man was born to be rich." And his saying came true in America for millions of common people. There was a time in this country when a man who had accumulated a little money liked to advertise it by ostentatious social display. Then the time came when the men who were doing the real tasks of the country had to secure money in sufficient amounts to finance the massive works which the needs of the country require—money ceased to be an ornament and became a commodity.

Just at that point, money which had been merely money before, became the symbol of two diverse forces in life. The first was money as Money. The second was money as Medium. The slogan of one was "Money is everything." The slogan of the other was "Money is a means."

To put it more bluntly: there arose the *financier* and the *industrialist*.

For many years in the United States the financier had the upper hand of the industrialist.

The manufacturer, maker of things, was counted as a grade or two lower than the financier, who gambled in the signs of things.

Laboring men formerly called their employers "capitalists" because they did not know that their employers had to climb up a step before they could get "capital" from the "capitalist."

How long the employers, the managers, the manufacturers of America bore the stigma of being "capitalist"! Until the time came when to have a hundred dollars or to be competent to manage a business almost threw you out of one political party into another.

That time is past. Emerson's saying has sunk down into the American mind. All of our people were born to prosperity, and now even the Democratic party can nominate a man who is not unacquainted with money in excess of two dollar bills and who has been connected with the management of business larger than a campaign picnic.

What does it mean? Well, first, it means that some people are going to ask, "What's the use of voting? The money crowd has got both candidates!"

Aside from the possibility that the money crowd did not like Mr. Coolidge at all, and may be very glad to have Mr. Davis as an acceptable alternative, there is this to consider: We are past the time when a man of affairs represents Money. Remember that Industry and Finance are two things. Twenty years ago the popular complaint was directed against "Big Business." We had no very big business then. What we meant was the financial group that lent money and kept their hands on business. We simply must distinguish between finance and business to understand the situation today. We must draw a line between speculative banking and industry; between money brokering and making commodities for the people's use.

If a man represents "Big Business" today, he represents jobs and wages and steady service.

But if he represents finance, that is quite another thing.

It may be that this is the campaign in which these distinctions are to be made plain.

There will be difficulties. People have been so accustomed to slogans that mean little or nothing, that they are impatient of looking into the elements of a situation. In one way, two men like Coolidge and Davis can be lumped off in one lot; both of them have been sober straight business men; neither has ever whooped on the soap box or promised to bring the millennium to Ward Eleven if he was elected alderman. And their nomination, proving as it does the recognition by both parties that we have become a nation of large affairs, may be just what is needed to enable the nation to draw the finer distinction, namely, that which exists between the servant of Big Business and the servant of Big Finance. One means the shop and the job, the other means the speculator and profiteer.

A second meaning of this nomination is that as a people we are about to learn that a man's being in this stream of tendency or that stream of tendency does not reflect on him as a man. Our national progress is determined by the stronger current as modified by the lesser current. The streams of tendency which they represent are made by the people themselves and will modify one another until the right direction is found.

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Polluting the Stream

NO MORE effective method for the undermining of religion and morals can be found than through the medium of the motion picture. Bad books are, and always have been, a great evil, but the motion picture film, if its mission is perverted, is an infinitely more powerful factor, for while in the book the reader has to form his own mental picture of the scenes in the story he reads, in the film there is nothing left to the imagination.

Put to a proper use, the motion picture would be a great power for good, but its prostitution is perhaps the greatest evil that could befall any country, for its influence is infinitely greater than the printed page, the platform or the pulpit; it exercises an attraction which none of these possesses, and, more's the pity, for every person that will attend a church or seek the cultivation of his intelligence at the lecture platform, there will be found a score who will flock to the "movies."

Healthful, wholesome pleasure is all to the good when kept within due bounds and enjoyed at the proper time, but the perversion of mind and heart, the insidious wearing away of moral stamina and will power that so frequently pass under this designation, is the poison that kills, the sinister influence that turns the fairest fruits into Dead Sea apples.

In a book recently prepared by Canon William Sheafe, D.D., of Brooklyn, there is presented a powerful indictment of the demoralizing effects of bad picture films. True, there is a state censorship of picture films, but this so far has proved neither adequate nor effective. Its principal weakness lies in the fact that the objectionable features are cut out of the films after they are made. What is wanted is that when the pictures are being filmed they shall be in conformity with the recognized standards of morality; those standards which are essential to the well-being of every Christian nation.

When exception is taken to an evil picture, at least two years must elapse before the picture can be suppressed in any state by ordinary legal process. As a matter of fact, court proceedings only aggravate the mischief that is being done, on account of the extra publicity given to the objectionable film, and people flock to see it in still greater crowds, many of them drawn by mere curiosity. Thus there is an aggravation instead of a mitigation of the evil; and so the matter goes on.

That there is need for new state and Federal laws to regulate the movies, there can be no manner of doubt. Urgent measures are required to put an end to a national menace, and the sooner such measures are drafted the better.

It appears that five or six producers, who are not actuated by the highest American ideals and principles, control the motion picture industry in this country. While we do not accuse these men of a wilful endeavor to pervert the moral standards of the nation, their culpability in exhibiting for profit scenes and phases of life transgressing the moral law cannot be questioned. The hectic character of some of these productions is most unwholesome, their effect is pestiferous, and youthful minds in particular are susceptible to their influences. More harm can be done by one evil film than by millions of bad books, because the effects are more vivid and much more lasting.

Why should not such an instrument, so potent in its effects, be turned to its legitimate uses by stripping it of its filthy trappings and clothing it in something that is clean and wholesome? "But," say the producers, "the public wants this sort of thing; if we did not cater to its tastes in this direction we might as well close all our picture houses." Then close them. Better to do this than that this hideous thing should continue. But there is no need for this if sane methods are pursued.

The people have the "movie" habit, and one does not hesitate to say that if the right kind of films are substituted for the garbage that so frequently passes muster, there would be no falling off in their patronage. Historical films, when properly studied and adequately staged, are always attractive, and picture stories from good books never fail to draw.

As already pointed out, this matter ought to be attended to at its source, for only in this way can the contamination of the stream be prevented.

The President's Son

THERE has been laid to rest beneath the green turf in the little cemetery at Plymouth, Vermont, the youngest son of the President of the United States.

Young Calvin Coolidge fought a brave fight against an insidious foe, which often baffles the best efforts of medical science, but was cut off at the bright dawn of his career.

Words are inadequate to express the sympathy which the whole nation feels for the bereaved parents, or to extol the manliness of the boy, but the President and Mrs. Coolidge must have felt the genuineness of the nation's mournful interest.

The President, with that sanity of spirit which he has inherited from his New England ancestors, wisely discouraged any ostentatious display of grief, an act of good taste generally appreciated.

What Is a Gentleman?

"MANNERS Make the Man" is an old and a true saying. There is a certain school building, it does not matter where, along the front of which is inscribed in letters of gold the words: "Religion and Good Manners." A very good motto, some people will say, and they let it go at that. But others may remark: "Are not religion and good manners one and the same thing; does not one embrace the other?" This latter thought is a very natural one, but the two do not always go together; for example, outwardly a man may have manners which according to worldly standards are above reproach, but inwardly he may be anything but religious.

On the other hand, a man may be religious in the very best sense of the term and yet have manners that would shock a South Sea Islander. Was it Dr. Samuel Johnson who was asked: "What is a gentleman?" "Why, sir," replied the great lexicographer, "a gentleman is a man who is gentle."

There is a power of meaning in this simple reply. To be gentle is to have consideration for others, to have consideration for others is to be unselfish, to be unselfish is to possess the spirit of self-sacrifice, to possess the spirit of self-sacrifice is to possess one of the noblest attributes of which mankind is capable.

Courtesy, it is often said, costs nothing; but this is not always true. Courtesy sometimes costs much; it sometimes requires the exercise of a large measure of self-control, and this self-control is not always forthcoming. The man who can exercise self-control under adverse circumstances is a hero; he is more, he is a gentleman.

One sometimes wonders whether a course in courtesy would not be a good thing for some of our public officials; whether the inculcation of the precept, *"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re"* (gently in manner, strongly in deed), would not be good policy. Even politicians and their followers might benefit by such a course. Consider, for example, what an immense influence it would exercise on political and all other conventions. There is no doubt that the greater the shouting the less the sense.

It is only when the stream is untroubled that the waters flow clearly, and in like manner it is only when self-control is exercised in the things of everyday life, that good sense and good fellowship are preserved.

It Is the Day of Men of Affairs

THE Democratic Convention did a stroke of business at the end, which only the inside managers could have foreseen. In a measure it redeemed itself from the immeasurably bad impression which certain prolonged exhibitions of bigotry had made upon the country. It may be that the whole convention will justify itself in futurity's view as having been the forum in which bigotry was fairly met and whipped. For certainly it was whipped. And as if to rub it in, a Bryan was added to the ticket.

The decency of the ticket finally nominated gave the first intimation that the coming election is to be more of a real contest than was expected. The ticket of Davis and Bryan is not to be despised. It is not the choice of the Democratic party as that party was represented at the Convention, but it does approximate the choice of that newer democracy which refuses any longer to regard the party as representative of economic failure. To have more than a dollar and a half once disqualified a man from being a good Democrat. Now they have nominated a man whose brain moves easily in big affairs of practical business importance. Mr. Bryan, they say, has accumulated a competence; but he has not done so in the realm of affairs; he is a good man, but he hasn't created any jobs for people, and he hasn't been actively connected with enterprises which are responsible for creating and protecting jobs. He has profited by his personal talent, personally exercised.

It is easy to understand how a man like Mr. Bryan, good as he is should fling the taunt of "Wall Street Servant" at Mr. Davis, good as he is. One represents the old democracy of a dollar and a half limit, the other the newer democracy of millions. The Democratic party can live only by showing that it contains as many managerial brains as the Republican party, and it can win only by showing that its managerial brains line up with Industry rather than Finance.

The wisdom of the Democratic Convention in its last hours rests in this: that instead of pitting a politician and a rhetorician against Coolidge and Dawes, it chose men who are somewhat trained and experienced in big affairs. The old taunt against Democracy is to that extent removed.

Walsh would have been a good man on the ticket. Unanimous in nothing else, the whole convention—Klan and Clan-na-gael—agreed that Walsh was a great chairman, and never greater than when he heard the still small voice of the minority and mistook it for the majority. The party owes Mr. Walsh more than it will ever understand (unless it reads the stenographic reports) for his ability to rise above the prejudice which at first confidently looked upon him as its ally.

So, the campaign is on. It is not going to be much of a campaign, by all accounts. But it will be more of one, because of Davis and Bryan, than it would otherwise have been. There will be more money spent, for one thing. The candidacy of La Follette is too young to be appraised. He of all the candidates represents politics—pure and simple politics. He is not a man of affairs. A useful man, without question. A man of valuable service to the nation in maintaining a degree of reality in senatorial affairs. But in the end, an expert in the realm of politics. It will be interesting to observe whether his political appeal will cause even so much as a flutter in the face of the other tickets' practical appeal. It seems to be the day of men of affairs.

Impotence of "Vox Populi"

CALIFORNIA, the state of more varieties of climate and favorite sons and other things than sister states can boast, assumes a negative importance in her limitations of the franchise. It is claimed the La Follette ticket cannot have a printed column on the official ballot, but that members of his party must write in the names of his electors in a blank column on the ticket.

No matter what Senator La Follette's position in the Presidential race may be, there is no sane reason for legal restrictions which prevent his supporters from indicating their choice with the same facility that other voters do.

Cumbersome laws for the preservation of the purity of the ballot go much further than necessary, and frequently infringe on the right of the voter to find his ticket ready for him when he visits the polls; but such a law as that reported from California might easily decide an election in favor of a man the people would repudiate.

Is Federal Control of Schools Desirable?

The Danger of Lobbying by Bureaucrats and Cliques

By AARON HARDY ULM

> Whether an American child attends good schools depends largely on the accident of birth—that is, on whether it lives in a community wealthy enough and enterprising enough to support good schools.
>
> There are many communities which lack the enterprise; some lack the means.
>
> While some states are poorer than others, not one, say persons who have studied the subject, is too poor to see that all of its children have opportunity to attend good schools.
>
> Unscientific state aid involves complications and dangers which would be much augmented by Federal aid. As a rule, the best schools are in those states which provide out of their treasuries the smallest proportions of money spent on schools.
>
> There is much that the states can do in equalizing educational opportunity, and in fact much progress in that direction is being made by them.
>
> This and other phases of the subject are discussed in this article dealing with facts bearing on the proposition that the Federal Government launch a program of national education.

THE two Smith brothers own farms and are rearing their children in adjoining communities in the same county of a certain state. One community is known as Overton and the other as Marshall district.

The little Smiths who live in Overton district attend good schools, taught by well-trained and well-paid teachers, conducted for long terms in excellent buildings.

Their cousins in Marshall district attend schools conducted in shanties, and are taught by poorly paid, untrained youths for only short terms.

Why should the children in Marshall district be denied good schools when those in Overton district have them?

This condition is confined to no section, not even to any state, though it is more prevalent in some than others.

There is considerable difference in the average of schools in different states. In 1920, for instance, Arizona spent an average of $136.56 for each pupil, while South Carolina spent only $19.99.

In New Jersey, the average length of the school term was 189 days; in Mississippi it was only 122 days—a difference of three school months a year. These variations between the schools in different states extend to all the particulars of education.

Yet there isn't a state without first-class schools, nor one without poor schools.

Variations in school facilities *within* the same state will sometimes run to greater extremes than between the averages of the different states.

In one county of Arkansas it was found that the school term averaged 168 days; in another, only 77 days.

In a single township in Pennsylvania seven one-teacher schools were conducted for only seven months in the year by teachers receiving only $45 a month each.

States Able to Provide Good Schools

IN NEW YORK State there are nearly 9,000 one-teacher schools.

These variations are due to many causes, the chief one being the highly localized character of the common schools. Some communities are more progressive than others, some financially abler.

Insofar as financial support goes, the fault is not with the state governments.

As a rule, though not uniformly, the best average schools are found where states give least financial aid to the schools. In Iowa, whose illiteracy rate is the lowest for the country, the state government in 1920 supplied only two-tenths of one per cent of all funds going to common schools. In Montana, whose schools by Ayers' rating rank highest for the country, the state government furnished only three-tenths of one per per cent of the funds. In most of those states whose schools rank the highest, the degree of local community support also is the highest.

Greatest progress has been made by all the schools since 1890. The percentage of school revenue derived from local taxation increased, for the country as a whole, from 68 to 83 between that year and 1920. This does not include county taxation.

In most of those states whose schools rank lowest the proportion of state support is highest. But in the South, where state support has been predominant, the percentage of local support has increased as the schools have improved.

No student of the subject, however, contends that the maintenance of schools or any other phase of education should be wholly a local community affair. While local initiative and enterprise account for most of the progress that has been made, excessive localization has produced many inequalities and caused much stagnation, such as typified by the average one-teacher school.

The district system enables a community to cut itself off and conduct its schools independently of and often partly at the expense of other communities.

Through Overton district, mentioned above, a railroad runs. Hence its school taxes are paid in great part by the corporation which owns the railroad. Marshall district, cut off from this special aid, has poor schools. The arrangement is patently unfair to Marshall district.

City schools generally are better than rural ones but city wealth is drawn from rural districts.

In one Colorado school district there is taxable wealth amounting to $26,445 a child; in another, the taxable wealth amounts to only $617 a child. In every state in the Union like differences between abilities of communities to support schools exist.

They also prevail as between the states. The taxable wealth behind each school child in New York State is several times that behind each one in Mississippi.

But, while certain *communities* are unable to support first-class schools, there is not a single state that is unable. Every state is able to see that every community presents an equal public school opportunity to every child. It is primarily a matter for the community, then for the state. It should not need to get so far as the nation.

In scarcely a case has state aid been provided scientifically or equitably. Usually state school taxes are distributed according to school population, with the result that communities that do not need it are helped as much and sometimes more than are those communities which do need help.

Connecticut was the first to provide state aid for the schools. In 1795 that state established a permanent school fund from which "to pay in full the wages of common school teachers and so relieve the towns and school societies almost entirely from local taxes."

"The school fund of Connecticut became a notorious example of a magnificent endowment creating educational disaster," says Professor Fletcher Harper Swift in a bulletin recently prepared for the U. S. Bureau of Education.

The communities which, as elsewhere in the country, had provided wholly for their schools, ceased to give local support, looked to the state for all funds which they freely wasted, and the schools deteriorated. Connecticut now provides out of its treasury only a small portion of the funds spent on schools in that state.

In some of the southern states the development of schools no doubt has been retarded by too much or misplaced state aid. In several of those states numerous communities still look to the state governments for all of their school funds. Thus local initiative is deadened, funds so easily procured are not always expended with care, and true progress is impeded.

For all the states still leave all important matters of school management to the counties or local communities.

A commission which recently inquired into the rural school problem in New York State said in its report:

"The state school department is too remote from local communities to supervise their activities."

Yet today some of these activities, notably those having to do with Federal-aid vocational education, are supervised in great part from as great a distance as Washington.

Regarding this form of present Federal aid to the schools, Lorraine Elizabeth Wooster in a report, as superintendent of the schools of Kansas, said:

"After Kansas contributes her funds to the Federal Government Kansas is then told what she must do, how she must do it, and when she must do it, to get any of this money back. She must agree to use this money within a certain time for certain purposes and under certain conditions, and must do certain things before any money is turned back to the state. For fear that Kansas does not comply in all Federal requirements, a number of inspectors and supervisors are sent to see if Kansas is meeting the requirements in every way. The Federal supervision and inspection furnishes positions for a number of men and is quite expensive. Kansas pays the bills."

Incomes and Expenditures

THE New York commission inveighed against the school district system now prevalent in that state and recommended the adoption of a more comprehensive administration and supervision. Yet the commission said:

> "It must be recognized that a county in most cases is too large for the administration and supervision of so intimate an institution as the school."

A state and most counties too large for handling the problem safely and yet many people demand supervision from Washington!

Yet there is much that the states can do, and no state is too poor to do it.

Expenditures for schools in all the United States averaged $2.76 a year in 1918 for each $1,000 of taxable property. A great many states exceeded this average. All but two of the "poor" states of the South spent less than the average on this basis. Kentucky and Tennessee alone of the southern states exceeded it.

But before you condemn the southern states remember this: Between 1890 and 1918 increase in school expenditures per pupil increased 195 per cent for the country as a whole; increases in all but three of the southern states exceeded this average for all. And greater increases have been made lately in those states than probably in any others, though many thoughtful Southerners doubt sincerely if education of the merely bookish kind is helpful to a great proportion of their large Negro populations.

One has but to note comparisons to see that there is little necessary relation between the distribution of national wealth and educational opportunity.

North Dakota, which in 1920 ranked *twelfth* in wealth and *thirty-fifth* in income, *ranked fifth in school expenditures* per child.

Utah, which ranked *twenty-first* in wealth and *thirty-fourth* in income, *ranked seventh in school expenditures* per child.

On the other hand, Delaware, which ranked *fifth* in per capita income, ranked *thirty-fifth* in expenditures per school child.

Numerous and even more extreme illustrations like the following might be given: In Grant County, Oklahoma, per capita wealth amounted to $9,022 and expenditures per school child to $71.79 a year. In Carter County, Oklahoma, wealth amounted to $3,284 a person yet $71.59 was being spent on schools when these statistics were formulated.

"The entire history of the subject shows that you cannot impose education on either individuals or communities," says a Bureau of Education specialist who has studied the problem for many years and made direct investigations in most of the states. "Either a person or a community must first want it and seek it before you can give it to them. Of course you can stimulate the want and the will to get it but you cannot do this—in fact, you may do the contrary—by forcing schools upon them or by showering them with money."

Maryland now provides special school aid for several of its "poor" counties. But this extra aid is not given until those counties do what they can for themselves. The state of Maine sets aside a special fund for equalizing educational opportunity. North Carolina is doing something of similar kind.

Those who advocate Federal aid claim that the end they have in view is the equalization of educational opportunity throughout the country.

Yet the Federal funds provided under their plan would be distributed substantially as funds are now distributed by those states which apply no equalizing plan to the process.

The $100,000,000 initial appropriation to the states would be divided in parts for different specific purposes; some for the eradication of illiteracy, some for "Americanization" of immigrants, some for the training of teachers, some for physical education, and some—one-half of all—for teachers' salaries and education in general.

In the end the states would share the total fund without regard to financial ability to provide themselves for their schools. New York State, for example, would receive nearly ten per cent of the entire fund; the aggregate of its allotments would be $9,021,282. Mississippi, with its greater need, would receive only $2,141,570. In the absence of Federal supervision, which the bill pretends to but does not disavow, the states would be free to distribute their allotments as they wish. Schools in rich cities might share them equally with poor rural communities.

Better Salaries Movement

ALTHOUGH one hundred million dollars is a large sum of money *it amounts to only about 7½ per cent of what is now being spent on the schools of the country* aside from the cost of carrying debts incurred on account of them.

> An educational expert connected with Harvard University figures it out that the Federal money which finally would reach the schools would amount to less than one dollar a child and less than forty dollars a teacher.

In return for this "help" the states would have to make positive engagements which amount to conceding to the Federal Government certain of their exclusive control of the schools. They would have to agree to maintain school terms of certain minimum length, to see that English is the basic language taught, to apply compulsory attendance laws; and also make annual reports to the Department of Education on how these funds, as well as equal sums put up by the states themselves, are expended.

In addition to the Department of Education there would be a National Council of Education made up of state school superintendents, twenty-five other educators and twenty-five miscellaneous persons appointed by the Secretary of Education. Thus the state's representatives in this council would comprise less than a majority; there would be plenty of room among the others for politicians, doctrinaires and exponents of cults.

This council very probably would soon become a propaganda organization for more Federal funds and more Federal authority over the schools.

Is this the best, or even a safe way, out of the nation's educational difficulties?

The bulk of the best educational opinion, such as that which comes from the universities and schools of education, is that it is not.

The prime supporter of the movement is the National Education Association, made up in most part of active teachers in the public schools. While it is the most representative of American educational organizations, only a comparatively small percentage of the teachers belong to it.

Many of them believe that Federal aid would bring them better pay, which in a majority of cases is highly deserved.

In fact, the present movement began as one for better salaries. It was started during the war by that branch of the teachers who affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

The first demand by a political party for a Federal Department of Education was when the Socialists put in their platform in 1908.

"Let this bill pass," says Representative Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, "and in twenty years the style of your schoolhouses will be dictated from Washington."

With several states laying down laws as to what kind of "science" shall be taught in schools receiving state aid, one easily can imagine how far the Federal Government, remote from the people and controlled in large part by bureaucrats and cliques able to maintain perpetual lobbies in Washington, would go in the end if given pretext for exercising any control over the teaching of the more than 30,000,000 minds in the making that are and henceforth always will be in the country.

Where Civil Service Reform Was Conceived and Drafted

By HARRY PENCE

The Pendleton house, Cincinnati, in a room of which the original Civil Service Reform Bill was drafted.

THE oldest and once the most exclusive residential suburb of Cincinnati was Mount Auburn. It is now included in the city and its social vogue has long since departed. On the brow of this mount, overlooking the congested business and factory districts, with a view of the Kentucky hills in the distance, stands the substantial, square-built Pendleton home. The view is about all that remains of its former magnificence.

This stately old brick house was the home of George H. Pendleton, who was born in 1825 in Cincinnati to which city his father, Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, had removed from Georgia a few years previously after service in the War of 1812.

The grandfather, Nathaniel Pendleton, was a Virginian who served throughout the Revolutionary War on the staff of General Nathaniel Greene, in whose honor he named his son, and was suggested for a post in the Cabinet of President Washington. It is said that Alexander Hamilton objected to his appointment but the two subsequently became such friends that Pendleton was Hamilton's second in the fatal duel with Aaron Burr in 1804.

He was also a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States.

Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, like his father, was a lawyer and in the year of his son's birth was elected to the Ohio state senate. He also served a term in the lower house of Congress. He was prominent in politics, an ardent Whig and it is related was delegated by the national chieftains of that party to be the companion and political guardian of William Henry Harrison during the campaign of 1840.

General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, was nominated in December, 1839, nearly a year before the election. He lived at North Bend, Ohio, on the river fifteen miles below Cincinnati, and was known to be outspoken and given to voluminous letter-writing. For fear that he might compromise party hopes by some indiscreet utterances, "Nat" Pendleton was imposed upon him as a friendly censor.

After a classical education which embraced some years of foreign travel and a course at Heidelberg, Germany, George H. Pendleton also studied law and took to politics, but as a Democrat instead of a Whig.

His father had been thirty-two years of age when he entered the state senate; the son was twenty-nine. Each served only one term. Four years elapsed before the father was elected to Congress; the son was nominated before his term in the legislature expired.

George H. Pendleton remained in the House of Representatives for eight years, through the Civil War, and although he was fearless in opposing some of the extreme measures of the Lincoln Administration, he was never suspected of disloyalty.

He was prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1860 and was the nominee for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with McClellan in 1864.

The reaction of the Civil War carried Pendleton into political eclipse from which he never entirely recovered, although his most distinguished service was rendered many years later. He was retired from Congress and in 1869 was defeated for governor of Ohio by Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward President of the United States.

When he was twenty-one years of age, George H. Pendleton married Alice, the daughter of Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," and a niece of Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

For many years the Pendleton family lived in Mount Auburn in the big brick house at the east end of Liberty street. It was called Liberty street because it was the original north corporation line beyond which city ordinances were without effect, city officials without authority and city taxes a matter of no concern.

The Pendleton house, however, is on the south side of the street, occupying ground that was a part of the earliest incorporated village.

A half a mile or so northwestward, but a comparatively close neighbor in those early days, is the house which was the residence of Judge Alphonso Taft and the birthplace of William Howard Taft, former President of the United States and present Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Other imposing residences dotted the hill, some of them more magnificent than the Pendleton home, but none of them favored with the same spacious outlook.

In 1879 George H. Pendleton was chosen United States Senator from Ohio, and although a member of the minority he took an active and influential part in national legislation. His chief success, one he had long hoped to achieve, was the final enactment of the Pendleton Civil Service Reform Act of 1883, by the provisions of which a merit system, based upon examinations, eliminated some of the grosser malpractices of the old spoils system.

It is said that Senator Pendleton worked out the details, made the earlier tentative draft and frequently discussed with friends and political associates the provisions of this law while living in this old house on the brow of Mount Auburn.

Forty years have passed and in that time there have been six changes in the national administration and six wholesale and general shake-ups in the civil service of the country, all more or less contrary to the spirit and many flagrantly contrary to the letter of the civil service law as it has subsequently been amended by Congress and modified by executive orders.

The Civil Service Reform Bill has not been an unqualified success, nor has it been a failure. Despite evasions by both parties it has been progressively, if not very appreciably, stiffened. Without it conditions would be much worse and the focalization of a healthy public interest upon the issue would result in greater betterments.

But for the labors of Senator George Hunt Pendleton, against obstacles which, till the very last of the long fight, seemed insurmountable, even such progress as has been made would have been impossible, for political observers are agreed that party rancor and party greed have increased with the decline of major differences between parties on issues of outstanding importance.

It is only natural that with the passing of differentiating characteristics or principles parties should concentrate the more keenly upon the struggle for place and preferment and that barriers to traffic in office should be resented by the "practical" stalwarts and wheel-horses of all parties.

When, however, the pendulum swings back—as eventually it must—the foundations laid will be found ready for a more formidable superstructure and belated honor be paid to the "father of civil service reform."

But this was not the only constructive work of Senator Pendleton. Always a student of government, he realized that although the framers of the Constitution, of whom his grandfather was one, had provided an elaborate system of checks and balances, designed principally against possible misuse of Federal power, they had not provided for a sufficient degree of co-operation between the executive departments and Congress.

In most parliamentary governments the executives of the government are also members of the legislative department or enjoy the privilege of appearing before the popular chamber of parliament to outline governmental policies and advocate or oppose legislation. In some countries only government initiated measures have, ordinarily, any chance of consideration and the ministry stands or falls upon their passage.

In this country there is a separation between the executive and legislative branches that has grown wider with the years. The President's messages, regular and special, are resented by the more partisan of the opposition if they can be construed as seeking to be coercive or threatening.

On the other hand, when Congress desires enlightenment on matters, full information about which is possessed by one of the departments, request or demand for the information is sometimes resented as imposing extra work on the department, as encroachment upon the prerogatives of the executive, as "matter which it would be contrary to public policy to make public" and sometimes friction and irritation is manifested on one side or both.

Then, when grievances accumulate to a certain, or rather an uncertain, point, one house or the other orders an investigation based on the presumption, implied or expressed, that there is something wrong.

The investigated resent the proceedings and usually seek to obstruct them. The investigators often attach exaggerated significance to comparatively unimportant revelations and discovery of the real truth is practically impossible when political partisanship animates either or both sides.

For the purposes of enlightened legislation Congress needs just such information as many of the departments and bureaus of departments have or can procure. A willing co-operation between them would result in much positive good and the elimination of much positive evil.

Just such co-operation George H. Pendleton sought to bring about when he was a Senator, as he had also endeavored to do when a member of the House fifteen years before. He introduced and made earnest arguments for a bill to provide for the regular and frequent appearance before both houses of the heads of the executive departments to give information and answer questions.

This bill was favorably reported in both houses, favorably discussed by the statesmen of the day, aroused little, if any, opposition and was simply not acted upon.

Its advocates maintained that under such a system gross departmental or bureaucratic abuses could not long continue and eventually justify more formidable investigations with sinister and revolting revelations. Disputed matters would be brought to issue quickly and settled. There would be fewer secret deals and less zeal for special favors.

Since Senator Pendleton's time others have tried to bring about the same or similar results. Some have even urged that Cabinet members be accorded seats and

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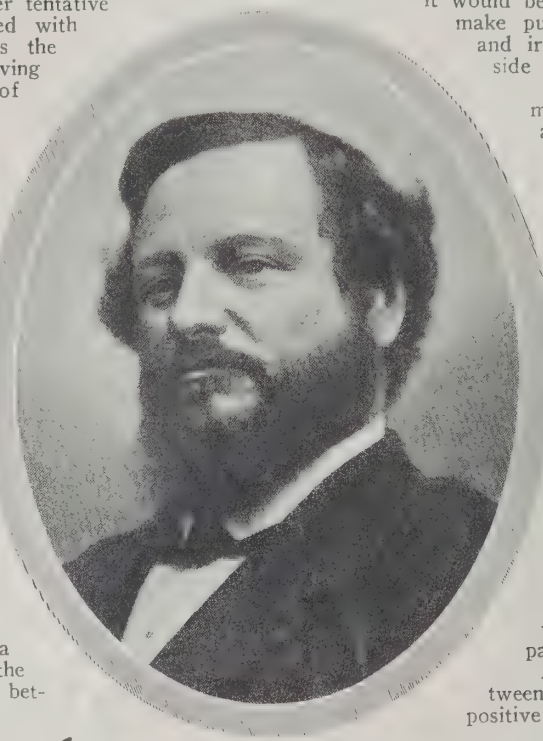


Geo. H. Pendleton

Where the Civil Service Reform Bill was formulated. This is a view from the house in which George H. Pendleton lived when he was formulating the Civil Service Reform Bill. From this point may be seen Eden Park, the Art Museum, Art Academy, Mount Adams, Passionist Fathers' Monastery, Rockwood Pottery, a section of the business district of Cincinnati, with a glimpse of the Kentucky hills in the distance.

British Communists Disappointed in MacDonald

Refusal of Loan to Soviet Russia Evokes Scorn and Fury:

Socialist Friends of Premier Apply Acid Test to Reds

By THOMAS C. TAYLOR

"The Accusation"

"You (the Communists) have had in your hands for seven years, in name of the 'proletariat,' a great country, self-sustaining in its resources, a great people utterly sick of bloodshed and on that account susceptible to the operations of any system which promised hope and peace, and the wealth of a great Empire. *What have you made of it all?* What have you done for the proletariat?

"Under the old regime, there were hundreds of thousands of peasant landholders in Russia. You took over the land. How many of the peasants now *own* land on which they expend their toil?

"Your records show that in the year 1922-1923 *you exported 8,000,000 bushels of grain.* How many millions of your starving proletariat *died for lack of grain that year?* Is it not the case, also, that in that year America by direct succor rescued from death nearly 11,000,000 of your people? And when these things were happening, were you not spending largely of the remaining resources of your land to carry your propaganda into foreign countries?

"Why have you failed to present to the world the greatest and most forceful argument in favor of Communism by showing the world the successful application of it in your own country? Many statements but no information come out of Russia. *Why have you killed freedom of thought?* Why do you find it necessary practically to intern and muzzle all foreign correspondents of independent mold?

"Your record shows *propaganda first* and your *proletariat last.* Has your work lowered or raised the life of your proletariat? Have you succeeded in your industrial theories, have you built or developed any means of transport or set up any facilities for the betterment of the condition of your people, out of the immense resources which were at your disposal when you took over, or out of the huge resources contained in Russia?

"Thus far you have proved only that you can seize and squander, that you can throttle liberty of thought and spirit. You allowed your land to lie in ruin and your people to die for lack of organization, but your propaganda organization remained always at full strength. Your *people* or your *propaganda*—which gave you the greater concern?

"In view of your record, why do you call yourselves Communists and expect the sympathy and help of a Socialist party?"

WHEN the Labor government of Great Britain, in its urgent search for means of reviving trade and relieving unemployment there, accorded recognition to the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic, occasion was taken in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to emphasize the points that such recognition, extravagantly welcomed as it was in Russia, implied no more than a willingness on the part of Britain's Laborists to talk matters over with Russia's rulers, and that not one of the questions outstanding between the respective nations was settled thereby.

It was suggested, also, that the Communists would be gravely disappointed with Ramsay MacDonald, the Socialist they had lauded in the days of his theoretic expansiveness and dialectic freedom, when they came to deal with him as Premier of Great Britain and custodian of the fortunes of the Labor party in that country.

Events have amply confirmed that view. A delegation of Soviet representatives has come out of the East in this Seventh Year of Utopia—Russia has had seven years of Communism now—and has encountered not MacDonald the Socialist but MacDonald the Premier, fashioned of the granite of the North. The clash has been interesting and instructive; not least to the delegation.

The indignation of the delegates, when they realized the position, was communicated in volume to Soviet headquarters, and appears to have raised quite a storm of wrath for Soviet Russia expected that recognition by a Laborist administration in Britain meant much more than a courteous welcome and the presentation of a troublesome list of outstanding questions While the delegation made it crudely clear, before they had been in Britain very long, that their hands were outstretched for money rather than in brotherhood, the suave greeting and the official handclasp have avowedly hurt them, as the flat refusal of a British loan has disappointed and enraged them.

A War of Interests

AS SOME indication of the fury and scorn which that refusal evoked in Russia, Britain has noted with interest, evidently, the publication by a Soviet paper of a cartoon in which appear three top-hatted roisterers arm-in-arm, the names under the respective figures being "The King of England," "MacDonald," "Jesus Christ."

Important points of the matters brought under discussion between the delegation and the British representatives have been made available, these affecting all the countries interested in the varied investments, amounting to more than 2,000,000,000 gold rubles, "expropriated" under Soviet rule. The British appear to have been seeking for some sign of willingness if not readiness on the part of the controllers of Russia to admit claims for the past and offer guaranties for the future. Such results as their search has yielded, it would seem have not been hailed with any enthusiasm by responsible British Laborists, who would not have been slow in sympathetic recognition of any change of the Soviet heart in that connection.

There was exceptionally plain speaking on the vital question of propaganda, the British regarding this phase of what they declare to be Soviet activity as ranking first in their relations with Russia. We are told that there was a formidable array of evidence against the rulers of Soviet Russia of persistent and relentless and costly efforts, continuing at the time of the delegation's visit, to force the Communist idea upon lands impinging upon Russian territory—a territory which touches more lands and more stages of social development than any other upon the earth. It is stated that the delegation was not slow to recognize the utter futility of denial in face of *the frank statement by Premier MacDonald that, in view of his personal knowledge of those activities—knowledge acquired, it may be accepted, in the days of his lesser responsibility, when the Soviet loved him—it was not only impossible to deny those activities but idle to expect him, of all people, to accept misleading "differentiations" between the Soviet government and the Third Internationale.* Guaranties were demanded that there be an immediate end of Soviet war in territories outside Russia upon existing systems of which the Soviet remains the declared enemy. Futile as they were, the denials are said to have been maintained even in the face of evidence revealing what the British believe to be Soviet propaganda directed against themselves in China, Afghanistan, India and South Africa and even extending to little Liberia.

MacDonald's Flat Refusal

THE most illuminating phase of the discussions emerged in the Soviet request for a loan. The reply was direct and unequivocal: a flat refusal. The request was persisted in. The delegation then learned that Britain blamed the Soviet, by confiscation and "expropriation"—if there be any difference—for destroying, as something inimical to their Communist ideal, an intricate and most valuable piece of international machinery, when they wiped out foreign investments in Russia; and in the British view had been convicted of using the parts of the smashed structure in lavish and costly efforts to wipe out all similar machinery in other countries. Had they changed their view sufficiently to safeguard now anything they might obtain from the system they hated? Had they anything to offer in the way of regrets and replacement in the matter of the structure destroyed? There was no satisfactory answer.

Premier MacDonald's friends are eloquent as to what they declare followed the failure of the delegation's fishing for a loan. The Scottish leader of the Labor party has sound defenses against such attacks as are stated to have been launched against him by the Soviet representatives in their disappointment. If Russia's delegates did not at once seek to undermine the Premier's position in his own "house," did not try to coerce him into acquiescence by attempts to influence members of his administration, did not seek the help of every Laborist of any note whom they regarded as extremist with a view to forcing the hand of the British Premier or "breaking" him, then their visit and their actions have indeed been fruitful of wrong impressions, and they have many misunderstandings to clear up with Mr. MacDonald's friends.

Their efforts in that connection evoked not only British Laborist wrath and condemnation of their "unscrupulous insolence," but also much satirical reference to the concurrent efforts of the great Soviet propaganda organization. "They have tried it all on us. Once again another gold field has been promptly discovered in Russia; once again dark hints of oil negotiations with foreign powers were in currency; once again they let loose rumors of war in Bessarabia. We have had it all before. The baits are stale. The rumors pass. If the Soviet desires to come out of its own accord as declaring that nothing shall stand in the way of its ends, *we* think they can neither break MacDonald nor carry on their propaganda under his nose and in the midst of his own party."

Russia's Valuable Resources

IT IS a natural development that a small but resentful group of Ramsay MacDonald's Socialist friends should seize upon the seven-year record of events in the world's center of applied "Communism," and, believing their leader to have been the object of an attack by the Soviet representatives, test the Communists by things done and left undone. The British Labor Party has had quite a lot of Soviet abuse, of late, and if some of the Britishers are inclined to hit back, they could hardly have adopted a more arresting method than by *testing Russia's Communists by the standards of Communism, as has been done.*

(See questions and accusations elsewhere on this page.)

British Labor's view apparently is that if the world is to be brought round to Communism, it will be by conversion wrought by the successful example of Communism in operation, and to that there is appended the opinion of some of Britain's Socialist party, that if Russia's wreckers and new rulers were ever real Communists they have certainly made an inglorious mess of a glorious opportunity. On both sides, instruction proceeds apace. If the quarrel develops, one may imagine a British Socialist expedition exploring Russia for evidences of official Communism.

An interested observer in touch with the delegation holds out greatest hopes of the Black Sea provinces of Russia, and records notable German success in getting at suitably situated natural resources of Soviet territory. The view is stated that in the southern provinces referred to, where experience of dealings with foreign peoples was so long and so widely established, and where the resources of Russia are so valuable and diverse, there would be immediate and very rapid trade development but for one fact—the people are afraid, not of the foreigner, but of a reaction from Moscow which would again deluge the land in blood, and which would have for its victims those who might respond best and most successfully to the influence of outside commercial relationships.

Meantime it is evident that the sheer force of facts is steadily shaping the future of a land destined to develop into one of the world's greatest markets, and one of the most important of those facts has just been made clear to the Soviet government by its experiences at the hands of Britain's Labor government.

Stirling Storied Castle at Gateway of Highlands

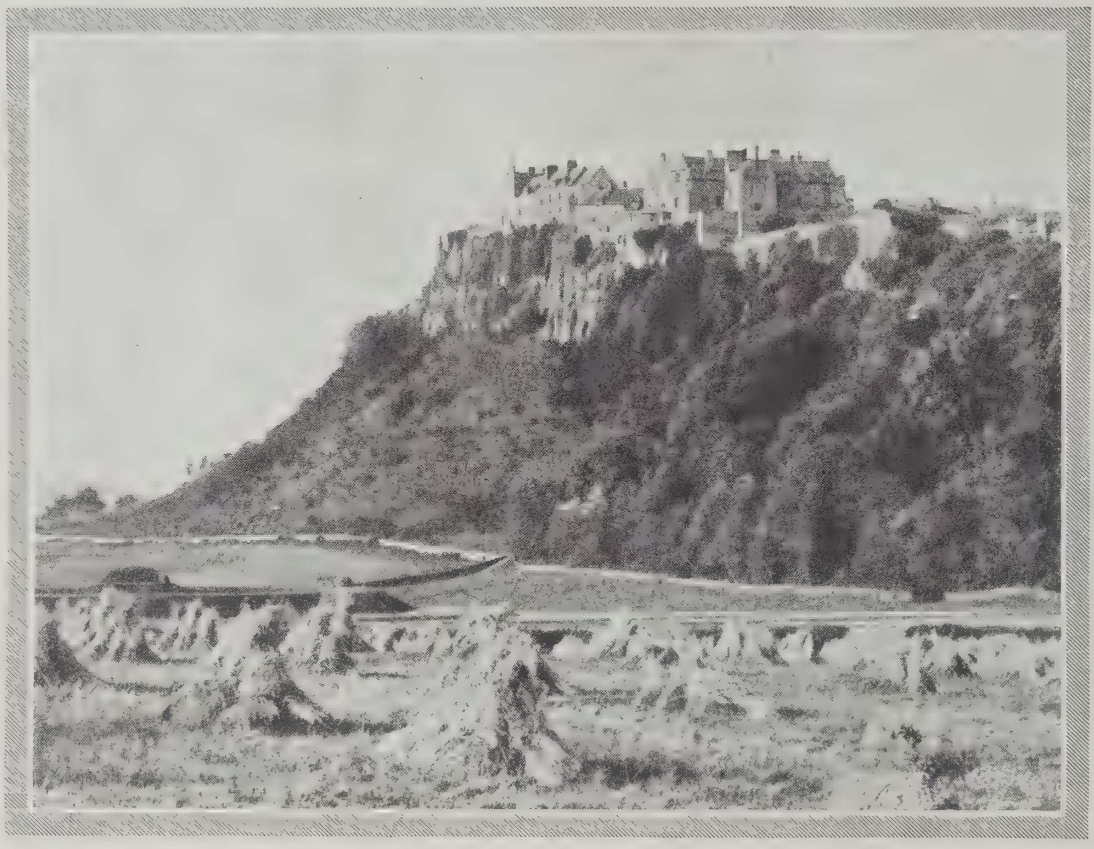
Grim Fortress Around Which Much Stirring History Is Written

By PAUL TYNER

This grim fortress surmounts a rocky height and commands enchanting prospects of Scotland's most picturesque scenery on all sides. Its history, filled with human thrills on every page, runs back a thousand years. Tardy recognition awarded in England to William Wallace, the national hero of Scotia, awakens vivid memories of his might and daring and as a valiant fighter for freedom. There is world-wide significance in Bannockburn to lovers of liberty, and the splendid struggle of Robert the Bruce with Edward the First of England through a whole generation of warfare.

SELDOM has the world witnessed a more dramatic reconciliation of history than that of the recent commemoration of Sir William Wallace, at Westminster Hall in London, where, six hundred years ago, he was condemned to death—a martyr to the cause of Scotland's freedom and independence. For parallels we have to go back to the erection of a statue of the Maid of Orleans on the very spot where she was burned nearly half a millennium earlier, and to the dedication in Rome of a statue of Giordano Bruno in the very square where he was doomed to the flames as a heretic.

Wallace's life and death is a story of long ago; but this late commemoration of his renown revives heroic memories, in its long-delayed English recognition of the grandest figure in the history of the sister Kingdom. On the floor where Wallace stood undaunted before the ancient judgment seat of the Kings of England, in the presence of judges who had been appointed not to try but to condemn him, a skilfully wrought and embellished brass tablet is now set to record his greatness.



Stirling Castle—West front viewed from the river. Comparison with the sheaves of oats in the foreground gives an idea of the height of the fortress.

King Edward I had spared no effort to capture Wallace, and the large rewards paid to his betrayers and captors are still a matter of official record. While he was being carried to London, special arrangements were made to rush his mock trial, and it appears that preparations for his execution were made simultaneously with those for his arraignment. He was crowned in mockery with a chaplet of laurel leaves. "It was unfair," said his judges, "that a man who had been outlawed should be permitted to defend himself!"

His plea that he had been born outside Edward's allegiance and had never entered it, was waived contemptuously aside. After being beheaded, portions of his mangled body were exposed to ignominy at various places—his head in London and the quarters in Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling and Perth. He was denied even a decent grave, the revenge of a ruthless monarch pursuing him even beyond death; but the whole soil of the nation he served and saved became his sepulcher and, at last, even the judgment of Edward has been reversed.

It seems strange that Wallace should have awaited English recognition of his true greatness so much longer than Joan of Arc or George Washington had to wait. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the sacrosanct character given to Edward by most English historians, and to the bias of blind worship of the canonized King in dealing with his Scottish enemy. The late Professor Goldwin Smith, in his "History of the United Kingdom," offered an estimate of Wallace which might have been that of a contemporary English chronicler. He speaks of Wallace as "an outcast from pity, a robber and a murderer; a man more cruel than the cruelty of Herod and more insane than the fury of Nero!"

But one great English historian, John Richard Green, although himself an admirer of Edward, has atoned for the words of his predecessors. "The instinct of the Scottish people," he wrote, "has guided them aright in choosing Wallace for the national hero. He was the first to assert freedom as a national birthright and, amidst the despair of nobles and priests, to call the people to arms."

Green was unquestionably right in calling Wallace the national hero of Scotland. He is its greatest and purest patriot. No nobler name can be associated with the historic hall in which he was doomed to death, the victim of a monarch whose military ambitions he had gallantly withstood. He represented the ideals which now have long united his own people and those who were then his people's enemies, in common service for mankind.

The indictment read on that fateful August 23, 1305, was indeed largely a *true* bill. When Edward I had conquered Scotland, Wallace had raised an army, had retaken Scottish castles and strongholds, had defeated an English force in the open field, had leagued with France and had ravaged the northern counties of England. On his ultimate defeat by Edward, commanding vastly superior forces, Wallace had refused the English king's terms of peace, continuing to uphold the banner of Scottish Independence. For these very things he is loved and honored by the people of Scotland. For these things, strangely enough, he was condemned six hundred years ago to die with the universal approval of a nation whose proud boast today is that it has done more than any other perhaps for that same cause of liberty.

In a large sense, Wallace made Bruce and Bannockburn possible. It was the spirit of Wallace that kindled the patriotism of Robert the Bruce into flaming action. His address to the troops on the eve of going into battle was an invocation of that spirit, and the Scots rose to the occasion and won the day by their splendid response to it.

As I walked across the Battlefield of Bannockburn today, I could not help feeling that this particular "decisive battle of history" has an importance for Americans, not less than for the Scots—an importance for lovers of liberty everywhere. It was no petty dynastic or territorial issue between neighboring kingdoms that was fought out under the shadow of Stirling Castle on that great day. In a sense, the whole future of the Anglo-Celtic peoples hung on the issue of the contest. It dramatized not merely a passing conflict between Saxon and Celt, but the universal human struggle which began with the dawn of history and has continued down to our own day with ever-increasing ardor, and which is likely to continue until liberty covers the earth as the waters cover the sea—a struggle for the freedom of the peoples against tyranny in any and every form.

Wallace, in truth, is own brother not only to the Bruce, of whom he was the immediate precursor in his own time and land, and who led his troops at Bannockburn, stirred and inspired by the magic of Wallace's name, but also to Cromwell, Hampden, Washington, Kosciusko, Garibaldi and Lincoln. Of Wallace it might be said that he embodied the spirit of freedom and of the irresistible power of right as against mere might.

I have seen many monuments in many lands, but no other impressed me so strongly as did that of Wallace when I first beheld it while motoring north from Glasgow to Aberdeen one brilliant day. Commandingly situated on a spur of the Gowan Hills, its towering height suggests something of the character of Wallace himself—a giant physically, mentally and morally. Rugged as his own Scottish hills, dauntlessly facing the day, this great granite tower fitly symbolizes the man.

From the northern road the Wallace Monument and Stirling Castle, crowning neighboring hills, mark the gateway to the Highlands. Stirling Castle, the frowning ramparts of which look down on the field of Bannockburn to the east and across to the Wallace Monument on the west, centers both historical and picturesque interest in an extraordinary way.

It is approached by an easy climb from the High Street of the ancient town of Stirling, along which I noted the contrast which the place presents between the old and the new. Side by side with motor busses, electric lights and modern public buildings, one finds structures that go back to the sixteenth century and even earlier periods. The farther one walks up this rocky slope toward the castle, the farther back one gets into the centuries. The church, even in its newer portions, is nearly 400 years old, while the western and older part has lasted half a thousand years.

The castle which crowns the rock is still older, in its history, at least. As to its actual fabric, although the original castle was a favorite royal residence from the time of King Alexander the First to the union of the crowns, it is by no means certain that any portion of Alexander's Castle now remains; for it has been more than once destroyed and rebuilt during the Wars of Independence. But there are walls still standing which go back to the time of Robert the High Steward of Scotland, grandson of the Bruce and crowned Robert II, the first of the "Stewart" line. The oldest parts of the building, within the outer walls, dates from the time of James II, who erected the Parliament House, while the palace was built in the reign of the third James and additions made to it by the fourth and fifth kings of the name, the palace having been finished in 1539.

At the head of the Castle Wynd a flight of steps leads up to the Castle Esplanade, a broad and nearly level terrace which affords ample space for a drill ground. At the most northern point, one comes upon a noble statue of King Robert the Bruce. The figure is about eleven feet in height and, standing on a pedestal still higher, represents the heroic Scot in the full armor of the period and in the act of sheathing his sword as he looks toward the field of his greatest victory.

The view from the Esplanade is one of the

Stirling Castle—Wing of the Parliament House. The Douglas Room where James V stabbed the Earl of Douglas is seen in the abutment on the right.

Stirling Town—Old Stirling Bridge, built on the scene of one of Wallace's great victories.

scenic glories of Scotland. The prospect, spreading away eastward and to the north, holds the many windings of the river as it twists its way through the lands of the Carse, forming those "Crooks of Forth," each of which, the old rhyme says, is "worth an earldom in the north." The eye is led past Alloa till it rests upon the broad waters of the Firth, and on a clear day catches a glimpse of Edinburgh.

The entire picture of water and woods and cultivated fields interspersed with towns and villages, mansion houses and farms, ruined abbeys and grim castles, is set between two ranges of hills. The range to the south of the river and the Firth of Forth looms shadowy against the horizon. But closer on the north are the beautiful Ochils, presenting their boldest rampart at the near western extremity in Dunmyat, but presenting a softer line all along their steep southern front. On the summit, inside this charming hill range, there is a perpetual play of light and shade as the winds drive the light clouds between it and the sun.

The outer gateway of the castle is guarded by a fosse about twenty feet deep and crossed by a drawbridge. Thence a passage through the archway gives admittance to the outer works of the castle. A second fosse and arched gateway once barred access to the inner works. This gateway is called "Queen Anne's Gateway," and shows her initials surmounted by a crown on the keystone of the arch. It is a reminder that a considerable addition to the outer defenses of the castle was made during the reign of Queen Anne. Walking along Queen Anne's Battery to its extremity, one gets a magnificent view to the southward. It is a view that has held travelers from far and near spellbound. At the right-hand side of the Gateway is the spur called the "French Battery," which was erected by the French engineers in the service of Mary of Lorraine during her regency. This battery commands the Gowan Hills and was effective in demolishing the fortifications erected there during the Rebellion of 1745.

Above—The Wallace Monument—One of the most imposing of the world's monuments. Erected to the popular hero of Scotland and champion of his country's freedom and independence, who has just been honored by a commemorative tablet in Westminster Hall, London, where six hundred years ago he was sentenced to be beheaded and quartered. Below—Stirling Town and Neighborhood—The Twin Churches in which several Scottish sovereigns are buried.

The palace must originally have been a building of great magnificence. It is one of the earliest examples of the Renaissance style in Scotland. In the center there is a small court called "The Lions' Den," a name which refers to the fact that lions and other wild animals were once kept here for the amusement of the sovereign. This "lions' den" is reached by a vaulted corridor which leads to the castle wall at a place called "The Ladies' Lookout," an old name carrying the mind back to the fair ladies of the Stewart courts who may have sunned themselves on this perch as they gazed over the far-stretching landscape.

The view from this point is indeed a superb one, embracing in its sweep the Gillies Hill and the Field of Bannockburn, with much else of historical and romantic interest.

Adjoining the palace is the Parliament Hall, a noble structure even at this day. Its interior is a spacious apartment 126 feet in length with a gallery all around it under a fine oaken ceiling. Many brilliant ceremonies were held here in the days of long ago, among them the Parliaments of 1545, 1571, 1578, 1645 and 1650. The best remembered of these assemblages is the Lennox Parliament of 1571, because it was illumined by a portentous remark of the "Infant Solomon," James VI.

The story goes that the boy king, then five years of age, was taken by his governor, the Earl of Mar, to the meeting and duly recited the speech which had been prepared for him. Then as he sat looking about him he espied a hole in the roof and inquired of his attendant what house they were in. On being told that it was the House of Parliament, he gravely said: "There's a hole in this Parliament!" And it was noted by those who had regard to the wisdom of babes that the deliberations of this Parliament came to naught, as the Regent Lennox was slain immediately thereafter.

The hall has long been occupied as a barracks. At the time of my visit it was garrisoned by the Princess Louise's regiment of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Facing the Parliament House, the Chapel Royal, in which the infant Queen Mary was crowned and in which her son Prince James was baptized, is still standing; but its glory has departed, the chapel being now used as an arsenal, a refreshment room for visitors with souvenir counter, and a storeroom. The buildings on the left side of the square are now used as officers' quarters and military offices.

The center of interest in this block is the Douglas Closet, where King James II, in 1452, murdered the Earl of Douglas by stabbing him in the throat, because of his refusal to disband a conspiracy of nobles. In commemoration of her visit to the castle in 1842, Queen Victoria ordered a stained glass window with the Douglas arms and the motto, *"Look siccar"* in the very window of the King's closet out of which, tradition affirms, the body of the murdered earl was thrown, being buried where it fell. It will be recalled, by the by, that Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise, soon afterward married the Marquis of Lorne (the late Duke of Argyll), a lineal descendant of the victim of the royal murderer.

Descending a flight of stone steps and passing through the Douglas Garden, one reaches the surrounding rampart with a walk on the inner side. Here scenic interest combines with historical in rare degree. There are two special points of view from the rampart. The nearer is called "Queen Victoria's Lookout" and her name, with that of Albert, Prince Consort, and the date of her visit, are carved on the top of the wall. A little farther on we come to "Queen Mary's Lookout," the point whence the martyred Scots Queen looked out on the grandest prospect in her demesne and was thrilled by scenes that marked momentous happenings in her romantic life. In a walk around the rampart, one gets magnificent views to the eastward, where stretch the Carse of the Forth and the long Ochils melting into cloud-like forms in the distance. Nearer still stands the historic Old Bridge of Stirling.

All to the west lies the fair and fertile Vale of Monteith, the waters of Forth and Teith uniting nearby. Many stately and historic mansions—Blair Drummond, Cardross, Buchanan, Sauchie, to name a few—adorn this beautiful valley.

Definite history associated with Stirling begins with the reign of Alexander I, who occupied the Scottish throne from 1107 until 1124, and who frequently resided at the castle.

The strong position of Stirling Castle near the head of the country's most important estuary, guarding the fords of the River Forth and keeping watch over the passes leading to the Highlands, made this castle the focus of military operations. Seven times in a half century, the ancient stronghold changed hands.

It is a great story, beginning with Edward's becoming arbiter of the claims of various contestants for the Scottish throne and his simultaneous demand that all the competitors should bind themselves to acknowledge his claim to be Lord Paramount of Scotland. In accordance with this compact, a "Southron," Norman Darcy, was

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Stirling Storied Castle at Gateway of Highlands

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placed in command of Stirling Castle. Judgment was given in November, 1292, in favor of the feeble John Balliol, who was crowned at Scone, after swearing fealty to the English monarch. The oppressive restrictions of his overlord, however, proved too much even for the new king, and he soon renounced his allegiance and opened negotiations with France, thus forming a friendship that developed into a close alliance to last until the reign of Queen Mary, and which is evident to this day in a strong cordiality of feeling between the Scottish and the French, in contrast to the cooler emotions with which the English and French regard one another.

Edward invaded Scotland with a powerful army "to punish his perfidious vassal."

It was at this juncture that William Wallace, the fighter with the six-foot sword, came to the fore. His rise inspired the Scots with new courage. They required a man of might to lead them in the place of a "Toom Tabard," or "empty jacket," as they called their English-made King. The moment came on an autumn day when Wallace posted a fearless band of patriots on the Abbey-Craig ready to swoop down on the troops of Warren and Cressingham. The English commander made a mistake in attempting to cross the Forth by Stirling Bridge, thus playing into the hands of Wallace, whose spearmen rushed down the steep hillside and caught the foe in a trap. After this defeat, Sir Marmaduke de Tuenge endeavored to hold Stirling Castle, but receiving no succor from the south was obliged to retire, leaving it to Wallace and his Scots.

Falkirk, the following year, avenged the Battle of the Bridge and Edward recaptured the castle and regarrisoned it with English troops.

All the Scottish fortresses were now in Edward's hands. His arch enemy, Wallace, had been put to death in London. But Scotland, though crushed, was by no means conquered. Just at this crisis Robert the Bruce rose to kindle the dying spark of patriotism into an unquenchable flame. After winning back all the other Scottish strongholds, except Berwick and Bothwell, from Edward's grasp, Stirling came into the Bruce's hands with the victory of Bannockburn, on June 24, 1314. This great battle, which established the freedom of Scotland, was fought under the shadow of Stirling Rock.

In 1449, the year of King James the Second's marriage, William, Earl Douglas, brother of one of the Burgundian knights whose feats of arms brought honor to the chivalry of Scotland, was believed to have plotted against the throne in conjunction with Ross and "Tiger Earl" of Crawford. Hoping to persuade his powerful subject to break up this conspiracy, the king invited him to come under a letter of safe conduct to the castle for a conference. On the second day of the visit, while they were seated alone at a table in the King's closet, the King, angered by the Earl's refusal to abandon the "band," stabbed him in the throat, exclaiming: "Then I will break it. Take that, false Earl!" As already narrated, courtiers rushed into the room, finished the Douglas with their swords and cast his corpse out of the window.

This crime was the beginning of three years' civil war. Stirling's aid exhibited the letter of safe conduct in public by dragging it at a horse's tail, through the principal streets. Then they plundered and burnt the town.

It was at Stirling Castle that James III entertained his favorite musicians, astrologers, architects and poets. From the towers he studied the stars, anxious to know what the future had in store. In the Battle of Sauchieburn, near Bannockburn, fought on June 11, 1488, the royal forces were routed by the rebels and King James, during the flight, was overtaken and slain. He was succeeded by his son, the rebel Duke of Rothesay, who mounted the throne as King James IV.

The reign of James IV was probably the gayest period in Stirling Castle's history. The king's genial nature often broke through the gloom of remorse for his disloyalty to his father and gave mirth and joy to a brilliant court.

A few days before the death of James V, his daughter Mary was born on December 15, 1542, at Linlithgow, her mother being the French Princess, Mary of Guise. So she was born a queen.

Mary's son had been crowned James VI of Scotland in Stirling July 29, 1567, when only thirteen months old—and a few days after his mother, then a helpless captive, had been forced to sign a deed of abdication. In this ceremony, the baby was anointed king by the Protestant Bishop of Orkney, the Protestant Earl of Athol holding the crown over the infant's head, Morton Home taking the oath for the King that he would maintain the Protestant religion—and *John Knox preaching the sermon!*

Sir Walter Scott saw in this ancient Castle reminder of deeds of daring and self-sacrifice and of the joyous days of chivalry. The scene of the sixth canto of "The Lady of the Lake" is laid in Stirling Castle. Well he knew the history as well as the romance of this "Gray bulwark of the North."

New York City's Democratic Garden Party

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next thing he did was to resign from the law firm of which he was a member. The likelihood is that before the campaign is over, the charges of conservatism against Mr. Davis will be dropped.

Governor Bryan, of Nebraska, is a plain man, plainer than his distinguished brother, and not nearly so strong a personality. Yet he has executive ability and is a friend of the farmers. His nomination was meant to be a concession to the agrarian West. Probably no two more unlike men were ever on a Presidential ticket than Davis and Bryan. Yet it may turn out that the selection of a Bryan on the Democratic ticket this year is good politics. W. J. B. was against Davis because of his Wall Street associations. He will support the ticket and brother Charlie, and he is already on record to that effect.

In the past the Democrats have fought in National Convention assembled, and afterward enjoyed a peace and unity which was altogether surprising. Witness Baltimore in 1912, and the campaign that followed. The question now is, can they repeat the unity and victory of that campaign. It seems doubtful at this present moment. Champ Clark and his disappointed followers presented not so great a problem as some of the defeated and disappointed candidates who fought long and courageously in the Garden. Now the religious issue has been raised, and it will be slow to down. Not until early autumn will it be possible to forecast with any degree of accuracy the fortunes of the Democrats at the poles. Just now victory seems remote, but hope springs eternal in the politician's breast, and since the candidates have been named, many a faint heart has taken fresh courage.

The religious issue was here before the Democrats convened in Madison Square Garden, but what happened there has intensified the issue. The fathers of our country were well aware of the perils of religious tyranny. They tried to prevent that issue in the new republic. Thomas Jefferson drew up his famous bill for religious freedom in 1779, and it became the law of Virginia in 1786. That bill, which in essence is embodied in the first Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, is a truly epochal document. It includes, among other affirmations, this eloquent clause—*"We, the General Assembly of Virginia, do enact that no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burthened in his body or goods, or shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief; but that all men shall be free to profess and by argument to maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities."*

These are eloquent words, words that deserve to be printed in capital letters, framed, and hung up in office, shop, store and schoolroom. These words deserve to be read and pondered by Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant. The ideals of Washington, of Jefferson and of Lincoln are on trial. They are being tested anew; they are being tried as by fire. Nor is it quite true to say that only part of the people are on trial. Every last mother's son and daughter of us needs a new birth of freedom and a baptism in the spirit of our fathers.

It would be erroneous, however, to regard the Democratic Convention at New York as only bitter loss or barren gain. It was magnificently alive physically—and that is something. Watching the play of passion and partisan zeal; observing that human vortex of loyalty to the various leaders; speculating on the staying powers of the delegates and convention guests, and marveling the while, a certain epigram of Wendell Phillips flashed into my mind. Said the agitator, "If the Alps piled in cold and silence be the symbol of despotism, we take the ocean as the symbol of a republic, pure only because it is in ceaseless motion."

Potato Growers Beat Sapiro at His Own Game

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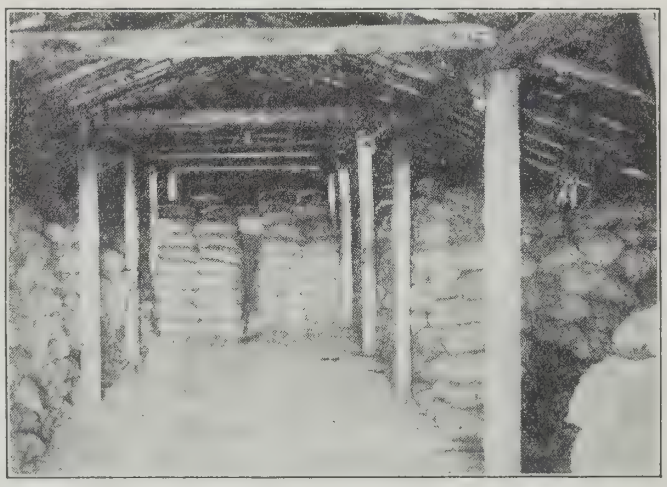
growers sent to Chamberlain was ignored for sixty days, when it was received at Denver. Thus matters rolled along until March 8, 1924, when suddenly there appeared a "statement" of account, not from Chamberlain or Sapiro, but from Sapiro, Hatfield, Levy & Hayes, the Sapiro firm which has its headquarters in San Francisco. This firm has been described previously in these columns. The potato growers had had no previous dealings with this company of lawyers, and supposed they had been negotiating at all times with Sapiro. They were informed, however, that they owed this money, some six thousand dollars, less whatever expense moneys had been paid, to Sapiro, Hatfield, Levy & Hayes—and to no one else.

Ten days later, on March 18, without further negotiation or correspondence, this firm filed suit in the California courts, seeking to take from the potato growers moneys which the potato growers had never agreed at any time to pay. The Sapiro firm immediately attached funds belonging to the potato growers, and supposed to be in the possession of Weyl & Zuckerman, in California. This attachment, however, brought out the fact that these moneys had been turned over to the potato growers. In some manner, the fine "co-operative" arrangement which exists between Aaron Sapiro and Weyl & Zuckerman, in the matter of taking money away from the farmer, failed to function this time, and the imposing legal firm of Sapiro, Hatfield, Levy & Hayes was for once left "holding the sack." Colorado potato growers say that Sapiro is afraid to bring the suit in the Colorado courts, for fear of the exposures which will follow, but eventually, since two states are involved, it probably will get into the Federal courts.

Meanwhile, the gentlemen who failed in their attempts to exploit the Colorado potato growers are working to regain what they have lost, but so long as Myer, Chenoweth, Moore and McKelvey are on the job, there is little hope for their success.



Eight thousand sacks of potatoes stored in one Colorado farmer's potato cellar. They were sold for $6,000, virtually all of which went to the farmer's bank account.

The Scene of Gray's Elegy

IT IS said that two things are threatening the church and churchyard of Stoke Poges, the scene which inspired what has been called "the finest poem in the English language," and which is the burial place of the poet himself. One of these is that the decay of generations, accentuated by the postponement of repairs, has caused the serious disintegration of the building, and the other is that the tentacles of Greater London are reaching out to grasp the historic structure.

It is recorded that when General Wolfe was moving up the St. Lawrence to capture Quebec he recited the lines of Gray's Elegy, and remarked that he would rather be the author of that poem than the capturer of the French stronghold. To him the line: "The path of glory leads but to the grave," proved indeed prophetic.

The quaint spire which surmounts the "ivy-mantled tower" has already been ordered removed, and the tower itself is considered so unsafe that measures have had to be taken to strengthen and protect it.

Stoke Poges, although it may soon be grasped in the greedy arms of London, is still a small country parish, and the immediate scene of Gray's immortal lines remains for the present a typical "country churchyard"; but the time seems not far off when all this will be changed.

Efforts have been made to preserve for all time the rural setting of the church, and an appeal has been made for assistance to carry out this project. "Much has been done," says the London *Times*, to secure for the church and churchyard in perpetuity a country framing. The chief danger-spot is the meadow of about thirteen acres outside the churchyard on the northeast, adorned with meadow elms of Thames Valley stature and dignity; and with the monument to Gray in the taste of his own century. A strip of three acres, including the monument, has been presented by two local residents and four acres beyond it have been bought, leaving about four acres more to be acquired.

It is also proposed to renew the fine old oak spire, and to repair the whole fabric of the church. The ashes of Gray rest with those of his mother in an oblong brick tomb of simple design—far removed from "the storied urn"—on the southeast side of the church. He often visited her at West End Farm, a mile away, which is now enlarged and modernized.

Stoke Poges is likewise connected with the family of William Penn. The founder of Pennsylvania died at Ruscombe, close to modern Twyford, and is buried at Gordans—neither of them far away—and the manor of Stoke was bought by his son, Thomas, in 1760.

Where Civil Service Reform Was Drafted

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right of debate in both houses, others have only desired willing, personal, direct and immediate information as requested. All have based their bills and resolutions upon those originally introduced by Senator Pendleton and when, in response to the realization of the need for this or similar means of bringing about the same result, some final legislation is enacted and put into effect, the benefits accruing from it will be due in a great measure to the almost forgotten Senator from Ohio.

Senator Pendleton's term ended in 1885 and that year President Cleveland appointed him minister to Germany. The Pendletons had been in Berlin but a short time when Mrs. Pendleton returned to visit their son in New York City. While driving in a park with the son's wife, the horses attached to their carriage became frightened and ran away. Both were thrown out and badly hurt, the elder Mrs. Pendleton dying almost immediately.

The bereavement was so great a shock to her husband that he fell ill, sought leave of absence from his post and, on November 24, 1889, died at Brussels, Belgium, on his way homeward.

Ty Cobb Has Highest Lifetime Batting Average

Has Overtaken Record After Record in the World of Baseball

By PAUL MACDONALD

TYRUS RAYMOND COBB is this year passing out of the major league picture. He is ending what the records will prove to have been the most useful career in the history of the game.

Cobb entered the major leagues in 1905 and since that time he has revolutionized the style of infield and outfield play, the style of batting and base-running. He has made of baseball a different game, and the changes that he compelled have made the sport more attractive for the spectator.

In baseball the outstanding records are held by Adrian C. Anson, Napoleon Lajoie, John P. Wagner and Tyrus Raymond Cobb. Of these the greatest is the record of Cobb.

This is the last year of regular play for him. He will get into the lineup occasionally in the next year or two and so it will still be several seasons before his record is complete.

There is nothing more for Cobb to conquer. When he completed the season of 1923 he had passed all existing records as far as lifetime averages are concerned and all that remains for him now is to better his own marks.

When Cobb's record is completed it will be found that he holds: The highest lifetime batting average of all time; largest number of hits; largest number of bases on hits; largest number of extra bases on hits; largest number of singles; largest number of three-baggers; largest number of runs; largest number of stolen bases.

Tris Speaker, manager of the Cleveland team, will hold the baseball record for two-baggers and George Herman Ruth will be the leader in home runs, but neither of these players will approach Cobb's lifetime record in total of hits, total of bases on hits, stolen bases, or his lifetime average.

Among Cobb's other accomplishments are: playing more games than any man the league has produced; leading the major leagues in batting for 12 seasons and leading the majors during nine consecutive seasons of these twelve; making the highest batting average recorded in a single season; batting above .300 for 18 consecutive seasons; holds at least three records jointly.

In three of his seasons he batted better than .400. Jesse Burkett did the same thing.

He batted above .400 in two consecutive seasons and Jesse Burkett did that.

He made 200 or more hits during eight different seasons. Willie Keeler did the same thing.

Cobb has overtaken record after record. Today he is supreme. And, on the baseball horizon, there appears no one who will probably challenge that record in the years to come. Anyway, it is certain not to be overhauled in the next fifteen years.

* * *

International polo has brought that game to the general attention of the public again this year. Few sports have as much money invested as polo and few sports are as little known to the average American as polo. And still it is one of the most picturesque, colorful and exciting games played in the United States.

Practice for the international matches were held at Aiken, South Carolina, this spring, and when this season was at its height there were stabled in the little town of Aiken, seated high in the pine-studded hills of South Carolina, more than one thousand polo ponies, representing a value of more than one million dollars.

Polo has spread rapidly and the game is now being played in every section of the country. It has recently been made a college sport and several of the leading colleges and universities in the East and on the West Coast are now represented by varsity polo fours.

Several of the polo clubs, particularly those in the Middle West, are trying to popularize the game. Some of the leading poloists believe that if the sport can be brought to the attention of the public it will soon secure a popular hold. That is possible, for the sport has the very qualities that the public demands in its sporting spectacles. The game will be watched by the general public but never played by the general public for, as we have suggested, it requires fortunes to play polo and more fortunes to keep up a polo establishment.

* * *

This year saw a strange shift in college rowing. Ed. Stephens, who coached the Portland, Oregon, Boat Club oarsmen, is coaching the Harvard crew, assisted by Sam Shaw who captained the Washington crew, 1923 winners of the Poughkeepsie regatta. And Ed. Leader, former coach of the Washington crew, coached Yale, with George Murphy, stroke of the 1922 Washington eight, as his assistant. The East was supposed to lead the country in rowing and now the East turns to the Pacific Coast to secure men to teach her oarsmen how to win.

* * *

It is an old theory in football that the captain of the team should play in the line and that a captain's leadership will be valuable only if he is one of the forward wall, for the line gives him the desired position from which to direct the attack and defense. But in recent years most of the captains have been members of the backfield, for the backfields produce the majority of stars and it is usually the star who is honored with the captaincy of his team.

This year will see a return to the line. Of 53 teams that picked captains for 1924 there were 14 that selected tackles, 7 that picked centers, 4 that elected guards and 8 that chose ends, while 6 named quarterbacks, and 14 decided on halfbacks or fullbacks, so the line wins, 33 to 20, in this list of schools which includes the most important football teams in the country.

* * *

The United States Lawn Tennis Association ruled last winter that amateur tennis players cannot write for the newspapers or magazines, nor can they write books.

This ruling was apparently a slap at William T. Tilden, the best player the game in America ever produced, and perhaps the best of all time in any country. Tilden and the governing body had an argument and it became broadly hinted that the association adopted the ruling to even matters to some extent with the player who had been syndicating tennis articles. Tilden replied that he was a newspaper writer before he gained a reputation as a tennis player and that he was a newspaperman first and a tennis player second. He was entitled to write.

We wonder what the United States Lawn Tennis Association would do about Bernard Darwin. He is one of the best golf writers today, an Englishman who discusses golf with a brilliant understanding of the game, an authority noted on both sides of the Atlantic. Darwin is also one of the best amateur golfers in England, and last winter he scored an impressive victory in the Oxford-Cambridge Golfing Society tournament, defeating the famous Cyril Tolley. No one on the other side has ever intimated that Darwin is not an amateur golfer. We wonder how the Lawn Tennis Association would interpret his case.

The rule should be applicable to certain cases but it is difficult to make a rule not applicable to all concerned. There are plenty of men in all sports, college football, professional baseball, boxing, amateur tennis, college basketball and track, whose names appear over articles not written by them. They simply sell the reputation they have established in the sport they follow. Some do write their own articles but they are desirable only for the name, not because of any cleverness in presenting their subject or any valuable information they can offer, for invariably the most efficient athletic performers are the dullest persons in the country when they set out to write down their knowledge, opinion or observations.

* * *

In recent years the cry has been raised that the trouble with modern pitching, or one of the troubles, is that the pitchers no longer can control the ball. There has been in the last few seasons an unusual amount of wild throwing by pitchers. Considering these facts, the record established by Grover Cleveland Alexander, the veteran pitching star of the Chicago Nationals, last year, is worthy of passing attention since it has been generally overlooked. Alexander, at this late stage of his career, issued but 30 passes in 305 innings or the equivalent of 34 games. He, therefore, averaged less than one pass a game.

The best record for control is held by Christopher Mathewson, probably the greatest pitcher that ever stepped on a mound. The peerless Matty in 1913 issued but 21 bases on balls in 306 innings, or an average of .061 per game. Mathewson made this record, the best ever established in baseball, late in his career.

Next to Mathewson comes "Babe" Adams of the Pittsburgh Nationals. He issued 18 bases on balls in 263 innings, or 29 full games. This gave him an average of .062 a game. There are a few marks pitchers can shoot at.

* * *

College letters came in for much discussion when Dr. John Wilce, director of athletics of Ohio State University, awarded the college letter to girl swimmers. This move of awarding the letter to girls brought serious objections, the contention being that it should go only to male athletes. The subject became one for general discussion in colleges and universities throughout the country.

The college letter is a comparatively recent institution. It had its start in the cap of the athlete's athletic uniform. Football captains used to exchange their caps after a game. Later on, the members of the varsity teams wore their caps on the campus as a mark of athletic achievement.

From cap to lettered sweater was a small step and speedily taken. Men that played in the big games of a varsity sport were allotted the lettered sweaters and they wore them proudly. Then colleges and universities adopted various minor sports and awarded letters nearly as large as those given to participants of major sports. This resulted in the first big row over letters, and the winners of letters in major sports refused longer to wear them because they had been cheapened by the award of letters in the minor sports. So the huge letter passed from view.

The result of the row was a rule, adopted by nearly all colleges and universities, forbidding the wearing of minor insignia. The law was enforced but they never restored the letter to its previous prominence.

Now that Ohio State University has awarded the letter to girl swimmers, the coed athletes in other institutions will undoubtedly be demanding similar recognition, which means that a new war in college athletics is dawning.

* * *

Ten Eyck, of Syracuse, is one of the country's leading rowing coaches. He knows a great deal about condition. He did much rowing himself and he knows what amount of strain the pulling of an oar puts upon the body and the nerves. In speaking of the four-mile intercollegiate race Ten Eyck said: "The four-mile race is not necessary but if a man can row one and one-half miles he can just as easily row four miles. If the man is in condition he will not notice the difference in distance."

There has been argument for years over the distance of this race. Many contended that it was at least one mile too long and that the effects of engaging in a rowing contest over that distance is damaging and lasting. Some years ago the distance was changed to three miles but it was returned to four.

* * *

Those who are beginners in any sport would do well to select some expert in the chosen field —one of the recognized leaders. Study this man carefully and note his style. Try to copy it. Get his form. Then you have a basis upon which you can build. After you have set this foundation you can develop your own characteristics of play. The thing is to get started correctly. A wrong beginning means that you have much to undo before you can become proficient. One of the leading racket coaches of the country once said: "It is far easier for a coach to take a person that has never tried to play than to take one that started wrong and has played a long time. The one without experience of any kind will become the much better player because the start will be correct. There will be no wrong training to undo."

* * *

Under the Olympic rules, Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt, born in Norway, cannot compete under American colors although she has lived in the United States for years. She must compete for her native land. This applies to several Finnish athletes who spent the last few years in the United States and who were to have competed under American colors at Paris.

If the Olympic committee rules were given strict interpretation and universally adopted then the national tennis championship of the United States would have been held for seven consecutive years by a Norwegian, and Jock Hutchinson's victory in the British open-golf tournament a few years back would be credited as a British instead of an American triumph. In fact, several championships claimed by the United States would be credited to foreign countries, for these titles were held by adopted performers and not home-breds.

* * *

Georges Carpentier, criticizing boxers and boxing, says there is too much tendency on the part of a large number of boxers to overwork. They believe the more work they do the better they will be in the ring. The same fault can also be charged against many tennis players, golfers and track athletes. In fact, men that believe the more work they do the more proficient they will become are numerous in every sport. To those we recommend the observations of Beals C. Wright, one of the most successful of tennis players. He said:

"The player should get a sufficient amount of competition, carefully mixed with relaxation. Relaxation is particularly important, for without much rest the player will find himself with nerves on edge and his condition stale when the test arrives."

A friend who had not seen Ty Cobb for six years met him at a ball game one day last season. "You have not changed a bit in six years," he commented. "How do you manage to keep up that terrible pace without growing a day older?"

And Cobb replied:

"I manage to get twelve hours rest every day. That is sufficient relaxation. I see that I build up all the tissues I tear down and get the nervous system back to normal."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

No less than 4,000 varieties of rice are produced in Japan.

A Boston woman with a broad social experience for some years has been inducing girls in a finishing school to observe these five rules in judging a man: See him in work—notice his attitude toward his associates. See him when things go wrong. See how he acts in a trying situation. Determine his attitude toward his mother. And remember—society manners are merely superficial.

Police headquarters in New York is cramped for suitable wall space to place the bronze tablets on which are engraved the names of policemen killed in performance of duty. A single panel served to record all such deaths in the history of the city up to 1912. Since then an additional panel has been filled and another one begun.

Uruguay can now successfully grow all vegetables and fruits of Europe.

Once annually a committee of Treasury officials solemnly carry bundles of bogus bills to the great macerators and incinerators of the Treasury. This is all counterfeit money. On this day all counterfeit moneys, plates, dies, paraphernalia and materials, seized in the last twelve months by the United States Secret Service and not retained for evidence in court cases, are destroyed.

In Northern Idaho and Montana the Forest Service has established a special forecast of lightning storms for the benefit of the fire fighters. These forecasts are proving eighty-five per cent accurate.

Greenland is the second largest island in the world, Australia being the largest. Greenland is nearly seven times larger than the British Isles.

Ninety-six out of every thousand babies born in the United States die during their first year, according to an authority. He states that by attainable methods this could be cut down to thirty-eight a thousand, a total annual saving of more than ninety-nine thousand American-born babies.

A magnificent gold buckle, about three inches in diameter, was turned up in the soil on the Nedrobo farm, on East Bukn Island near Stavanger, Norway. The buckle is in three sections; the upper surface is of gold, richly ornamented with a design in filigree of Norwegian workmanship; the example of goldsmith work of the Viking age which Norway possesses.

The average annual damage to livestock and game is estimated to be $50 for each coyote and bobcat and $1,000 for each wolf and mountain lion.

There is readily available some five million horse power of water power in Spain. One project proposes to harness immediately some 300,000 horse power by exploiting the sources of the Segura and Jucar rivers by means of dams and tanks.

Vaults, supposed to be of Egyptian origin, have been found near the site of Fez in Morocco, and are supposed to be vestiges of a town destroyed about the year 1000 B.C.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

There are 2,700,000 employes on the pay rolls of the Federal and local governments in the United States, and 700,000 former employes drawing pensions. Every group of twelve citizens having jobs is supporting one citizen in government capacity.

Australia is constructing irrigation works in the Murray River Valley that is expected to render two million acres available for irrigation and close settlement. Dried and canned fruits, oranges, long-staple cotton, and wine are at present the principal products.

Drs. Eddy, Kerr and Williams, of Columbia University, have succeeded in isolating a sufficient quantity of one of the vitamines, known as "Bios," or Vitamine D, to ascertain its chemical analysis, crystalline structure, and general physical properties.

The Department of Agriculture of Yenching University, China, has been making steady progress since its organization in 1921. Arrangements have been made for procuring livestock from some of America's finest breeding establishments, as well as farm machinery of the latest type.

A torpedo-shaped piece of cast steel, weighing 150 pounds, with two handles welded to its sides, is used by the Los Angeles police department to break into lottery dens and gambling clubs.

Since the war Germany has become a large exporter of felt hats instead of an importer.

A clause in the will of Alderman Abraham Davis, of West Hampstead, London, who left a gross estate of $259,720, says: "Should any of my children marry any person who is not born of parents of the Jewish faith then he or she is to forfeit any share in the will."

A peculiar fish has been caught off the coast of Iceland. It is three feet long, jet black, and has a peculiar rod-like process protruding from the center of the back. The skin is covered with very sharp conical spines.

The postal authorities at Moscow announce that the official name of what was formerly called Russia is now "Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics," which is abbreviated "Ussr." They also say that they will not deliver any letters addressed to "Petrograd" as the new name of the former capital is now "Leningrad."

Although the Filipino builder of today usually erects his house firmly on the ground, many of the natives still persist in making their homes high in trees.

The popping of a grain of popcorn is an explosion due to the expansion under pressure of moisture contained in the starch grains. The explosion ruptures the outer coat, turns the grain inside out and exposes the white part of the grain.

Siberian natives, thinking to cheat the purchasing agent of an ivory importing company, substituted the tusks of a prehistoric mastodon for the walrus ivory. However, the mastodon ivory was well preserved and was of more value than that of the walrus.

An inscription on a monument in Alabama reads, "In profound appreciation of the boll weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity this monument is erected by the citizens of Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama." The weevil proved a blessing in that it taught the farmers the prosperity that follows crop rotation.

A community organization of Davella, Martin County, Kentucky, has raised $27.50 of a necessary sum of $250 for the purchase of a radio receiving set, that the three hundred people living within a radius of three miles of Davella, which is without church services, may hear sermons delivered by ministers in other parts of the country.

Experiments carried on with artificial and colored lights have completely confirmed the theory that the seasonal blossoming and fruiting of plants is not due to temperature but to the length of day.

The production of gold in the Transvaal in May was the largest in any month in twelve years. Its value was about $16,713,000.

Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent anthropologist, after studying human skulls of the pre-Roman and other periods, declares that the British face is getting decidedly longer.

Blackfoot Indians in Canada are to have the first Bible written in their language.

Former Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, is on his way to the South Seas with the object of taking photographs of tree-climbing fish.

The crown jewels and precious objects in the old Seraglio Palace, Constantinople, are to come under the auctioneer's hammer instead of being preserved in a museum.

Hens need more fresh air in proportion to their weight than any other animal.

Brick-making, the most ancient of all the industries, is today one of the basic industries of the nation, and bricks are composed of exactly the same material and manufactured according to the same principles as the ancient product.

Shih Hwang-ti, Chinese "First Heavenly Emperor," was a modernist in his day, 259-210 B.C. In repudiation of antiquity, he ordered the classics to be burned. The scholars who rebelled, he put to death or condemned to labor on the fifteen-hundred-mile Great Wall.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Welding Together of the World's Peoples

America's Character-Forming Influence Is an Important Factor

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.

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THERE are tendencies today which point to a grave danger that the wave of the brotherhood-of-man ideal may sweep even thinking people into the ranks of unthinking sentimentalists. Probably most educated persons will agree that genuine, enduring brotherhood is the world goal; that in things of the spirit peoples must inevitably become more and more similar. The fruits of the spirit among men during all historic ages are the same, and between the great souls of the past and those of today brotherhood exists as a natural phenomenon. I believe that the trend of cosmic evolution will continue, and that the day of International Brotherhood will ultimately succeed. But cosmic evolution is orderly. We shall not jump from the child to the full-grown man.

Nationalism is a natural stage in the inevitable group struggle for existence, if the group persists under conditions favorable. Normal adult individuals in any group of people who have long interbred, long lived in the same environment and speak the same language, are in the grip of like memories, common daily experiences, and similar hopes. Such a people in time becomes the product of its hereditary, environmental, historical, and idealistic factors. During the early life of the group, certain reactions tend to become customary conduct. This conduct may be called the habitual or instinctive "trend" of the members of the group. If this conduct results in the decided well-being of the group, other of its primitive instinctive reactions will increasingly tend to be suppressed or directed toward the more beneficial conduct. This strengthens further the characteristic "trend" or "bent," until very definite customary reactions characterize the individuals of the group. Thus, in the long run, each distinctive group of people develops certain definite characteristics or a distinctive character.

In the development of mankind the more advanced groups of peoples become increasingly self-conscious of their own distinguishing emotions, thoughts, actions, and aspirations. As Fouilee, the Frenchman, says: "In the discussions of the race problem there is one factor of supreme importance which has been so far disregarded, to wit, the opinion or idea which a race has of itself and the influence excited by this idea. . . . Hence we have a certain self-consciousness in a race, imparting to each of its members a kind of racial personality; a tendency to affirm this personality more and more strongly."

This character of a people with the developing self-consciousness of their character constitutes the nationalisms of a people. Nationalisms are at base psychic. They are deep-rooted in the emotions of peoples. Those emotions which are crystallized out of the group experiences of the past are the most enduring among the less advanced peoples. Among each developing people there arise in time clearer and clearer hopes and aspirations which have the lure of great desires or the driving force of prophecies. These also become a part of the real character of each people.

At last, nationalisms are seen to constitute distinctive psychic group personalities expressing themselves first as emotions founded on memories of past experiences; then, developing very slowly, expressing themselves increasingly as intellectual hopes. Among the most enlightened peoples this community of hopes seems destined to become more dominant than their earlier community of memories.

Here is the hope of the future—not that we shall do away with the national spirit, but that nationalistic groups shall become increasingly intellectual, idealistic and directive of progress. The great hope of the future brotherhood of man will be possible of inception and survival only as the composing nationalistic groups are more and more intelligent, self-respecting, fair-minded and idealistic. The more developed along these lines each nation is as a unit, the greater will be the strength she can contribute toward hastening the arrival of the day of international federalism, and toward its success when once begun.

The Gospel of Service

THE doctrine of nationalism is thus advocated as a means, not as an end. The development of nationalisms as an end is the chief cause of the destructive imperialism of which history is so full. That end has shown the undesirable aspects of nationalism as "shadows fiercely underlined." But the doctrine of nationalism should mean the gospel ("good news," as the Greek uttered it) of service. If the doctrine of nationalism is founded solely on our rights, we are building for imperialism. If it is founded primarily on our duties, we are laying solid foundations for an international federalism of some future day—not for tomorrow, but for some farther, though certain, future.

We may say, then, that the function of the nationalistic group is to originate, develop, and perpetuate its unique personality and its nationalistic expressions as cultural contributions to the development of mankind. Mazzini said, "Every people has its special mission which will co-operate toward the fulfillment of the general mission of humanity. That mission constitutes its nationality."

The goal of universal likeness among peoples or nationalistic groups is a false goal. A people or a nationalistic group, in the same way as an individual, does best when most natural, when most itself.

Dr. Felix Adler, professor of Social Ethics, Columbia University, does not hesitate to say that varieties of types of civilization are not only desirable but that such is the "ethical aim toward which the efforts of the genuine lovers of progress should be bent." Again he says: "If humanity is ever to become a *corpus organicum spirituale*—and that is its aim—then a conception based on reciprocity of cultural influences, favorable to the greatest possible variety of types, and assuring to the different groups of mankind their integrity as distinct members, that they may make manifest the distinctive gifts with which Nature has endowed them, seems unavoidable."

Even the general secretary of the Interparliamentary Union, in outlining "the international parliament of the future, which is no doubt coming," said: "I do not see any ideal in international uniformity. On the contrary, national and racial diversity is in my opinion a condition of progress and life."

It is scarcely wise for a leader today to think of his nation as "a pet of the gods," yet what can better assist a group toward "the thrilling summons" of accomplishment than the conscious knowledge that it has a mission because it has developed a worthy distinctive genius?

Nations, like men, become weaklings when all struggle for self-expression ceases. As the most valuable man in his community is the *strong* man, the man who "stands for something," whose very goings and comings may be predicted by his community; so the most valuable nation in the era of new internationalism will be the strong nation whose characteristics are known, and whose attitude toward clear-cut international questions may be safely predicted.

There is always danger of being misunderstood when a nation or an individual emphasizes nationalisms. A people's nationalisms should be so conceived of by oneself, and be so presented to other persons, that they could not reasonably lead to the primitive conception that known existing nationalistic differences mean the inferiority of one group to another. Neither should emphasis of nationalisms lead to hurtful or even sentimental prejudices by one group against another. Instead, the emphasis of nationalisms should be constructively beneficial.

One of the most valuable results ought to be that of developing and maintaining an intelligent and deep appreciation of the strengths and weaknesses of one's own group, and so thereby assist toward its improvement. Those nationalisms which are strengths, and which are worthy, should be retained; unworthy or weak ones should be discarded at whatever cost. Such a course ought naturally to tend to prevent nationalisms from becoming dogmas or fetishes.

Lack of Political Self-Control

THERE is another important thought which should be added here. The genius of all peoples does not appear to be political. Some have failed utterly even to acquire the technique of political self-control and self-government as developing peoples. Some apparently lack proper capacity. Some lack proper opportunity. Some lack proper location or other material conditions. To illustrate: Scores of distinctive groups of peoples survive today whose political control is still on the lowly plane of "savagery." Others have developed into that higher plane called "barbarism." Still others are on the higher plane of so-called "civilization" whose individual members are subjects of surviving hereditary power. While above them all is that elevated plane of political self-control called "enlightenment" where the government is solely in the hands of its individual citizens.

Without a temporary breakdown of the world's morale, the technique of political control will not revert suddenly from this present highest plane of the citizen to that of the subject; nor from that of the subject to that of the barbarian; nor from that of the barbarian to that of the savage. Instead, the onrushing stream of development in political control is a mighty complex of forces carrying the cultural peoples faster than ever toward freer and fairer self-government "of, by, and for" themselves.

In this connection it should be recalled also that the greatest contributions which have been made to world civilization by various nationalistic groups have seldom been political. The Chinese contributed a great code of morals; the Roman, law; the German, master music; the Scandinavian, coast-free oceanic navigation; the Russian, a realistic and compassionate interpretation of life; the English, constitutional government; the American, the ideal of the widest realization of democracy—beginning in the ideal of government and developing to include all aspects of individual interrelations. Political genius which develops states is not necessarily the highest type of nationalistic genius. It is unwise for a nationalistic group to lose its unique cultural soul trying against unconquerable odds to develop impossible political genius.

As we have seen, nationalism is an historical product of a complex of conditions. A well-defined or isolated geographic area, or nest, maintaining a long-lived group, consisting of a homogeneous people, speaking a common language and having a common religion, offers the historical conditions most favorable to fullest development and expression of the nationalisms of the past. Today there must be added the conception of a controlling consciousness as to aspirations for future development.

The Jewish nationality is the world's classic and only example of a strong nationalistic personality persisting long without a home-nest. Three chief factors have had to do with this survival of Jewish nationalisms in scattered geographic areas. One is the innate belief of the Jewish people that they are a very distinctive and selected group—"God's chosen people"—thus favoring Jewish segregation even in the midst of a populous area controlled by another nation. Another is persecution, which compelled isolation quite equal to that secured in a separate political and geographic state. Another is the tremendous virility of Jewish religious beliefs which are as much nationalistic as religious, and so foster Jewish nationalisms. A recent study, published October, 1923, goes far to convince that even the Jews are no exception to the rule that a well-defined geographic nest is necessary. Says Nahum Slousch, "From the basin of the Don to the basin of the Dniester—traversing the Dnieper and spreading south to the littoral of the Black Sea and west to the Carpathians and the Danube—extends a homogeneous Jewish mass, united by traditions, analogous customs, and a common vernacular. *This compact nationality,* for it *behaves like an authentic nation* and not at all like unrelated colonies or communities, numbers about ten million individuals."

American Nationalisms

CHINA is our best illustration of a long-lived nation. Dr. Reinsch has said of China that of all nations she is most capable of living without any government whatever because "the Chinese do not think very much of the formal act of the government. They know that nothing can be accomplished permanently unless the people are convinced of its justice." They rely upon the strong feeling of equity which dwells among them out of their long memories of the past.

As to a homogeneous people, probably Norwegians constitute as pure an ethnic group as any in Europe today. While their nationalisms are purely Teutonic, they will not be mistaken for those of other Teutons, such as the Germans or even the Swedes. The English offer a splendid illustration of the amalgamated group having developed a strong nationalistic personality. One thousand years ago the Englishman had not yet come into existence. He is the amalgamated product in England of the early prehistoric peoples, the Iberian or Mediterranean men, the Celtic or Alpine men, and the Teutonic men, with the last arrivals in the year 1066, the Norman-French. The Englishman is the result. He is not an Iberian, a Celt, a Teuton, or a Norman-Frenchman. He is spoken of as the "Anglo-Saxon"—more correctly, the term "Teutono-Celt" should be used; or, better still, because he is more than that and is already "made," he is and should be called simply an "Englishman." Probably no group of people today possesses stronger and more distinctive nationalistic characteristics than does this Englishman.

There is scarcely a single strong nationalistic group that does not possess a natural universal means of intercommunication. That most strenuous new aspirant for nationalistic entity, Turkey, is now casting out "all traces of alien speech largely [Arabic and Persian] and is replacing them with old Turkish words to such an extent that the inhabitants of Constantinople are frequently unable to read government notices," writes Marcosson.

The potency of a nationalistic religion to batter down even the older instincts and ties of so-called race is well seen in the nine nationalistic branches of the Greek Orthodox church, most of which are among the extensive Slavic people.

While on the subject of nationalistic religion we may note that of all emotions which have stirred a man to give up his life in a great cause, two, religious zeal and love of country, are the most powerful. Often the two have been inseparable. The martyrs who have died for religious faith are not more numerous than the zealous martyrs who have died for love of country; probably, also, neither are they fewer. Moreover, as religion has furnished the inspiration for the expression of art, so love of country has been the inspiration for literary expression.

Coming now to the last point, that today the most elevated developing nationalisms feed on future aspirations, America is the classic illustration of a land possessing distinctive nationalisms which are based extensively on her hopes for the future.

By way of summary, the Japanese nation is undoubtedly the best all-round example among modern peoples of a nationalistic group living under all of the favorable conditions mentioned. They developed in a very separate geographic nest; they have long life with a corroborated history of 1,500 years and a traditional history of 10,000 years; they are a well-amalgamated people, having great powers of cultural assimilation; they possess a common indigenous language; have a strong nationalistic religion; and they have an intelligent, progressive long look ahead.

A word may be added as to American nationalisms.

During the decades from Washington to Coolidge, our nation, largely in undisturbed geographic isolation, has experienced a unique character-making life. Never before has a people so quickly developed such an extensive area of contiguous lands; never elsewhere has a population so quickly reached a hundred million souls; never before has a nation become so rich; never before have the citizens of a land so quickly attained so high a level of general material and cultured elevation; and never elsewhere have the ideals and opportunities of a nation drawn such multitudes of men from all the diverse peoples of the earth.

Such unique conditions necessarily mean that there has developed, in Washington's words, "an American character." It expresses itself in distinctive characteristics, or in American nationalism. Today there are certain difficulties in the way of maturing these nationalisms.

Long life, which is so essential if nationalisms are to

(*Concluded on page 15*)

He Is an Expert in Volcanoes and Earthquakes

Remarkable Work of an American Scientist in Hawaii

By JOHN ANSON FORD

OUT in the mid-Pacific is a strangely interesting man who, with his devoted wife, has been living on the top of a live volcano for the past twelve years. Kilauea, on the Island of Hawaii, is the unique site for this man's home—the volcano which in recent weeks "staged" an eruption more violent and spectacular than any that has taken place since 1790, when history tells us a large part of the Hawaiian army, which happened to be passing that way, was killed by flowing lava and flying red-hot boulders.

This man is Professor T. A. Jaggar, and the fact that he lives in a place which would cause most mortals to shudder with terror finds explanation in his firm belief that if men of science will persistently and constantly study the earth and its changes, there will be revealed facts about volcanoes and earthquakes which will be of incalculable value to mankind. Just as recent years have seen meteorology developed to the point where weather forecasting is a fairly accurate science, so the day will come, in Professor Jaggar's opinion, when man will know how to predict volcanic eruptions and earthquakes.

The great spectacle which has just taken place in our island possessions in the mid-Pacific only serves to call attention more forcefully to the pioneer work of this man and its value to all mankind. Unfortunately Professor Jaggar was not present during the whole of the eruption of Kilauea, being on a visit to the mainland of the United States; but he hastened home by the fastest steamer and completed his return by flying from Honolulu to Kilauea by airplane, a trip that ordinarily takes eighteen hours.

As yet Professor Jaggar is not prepared to give out his final conclusions regarding the significance of this eruption—which surely would have driven him from his crater-side home for a few hours at least, had he been home—but it is worthy of note that this scientist has repeatedly placed himself on record in recent years as believing that another explosive period might be expected at Kilauea. Thus, the recent spectacle is striking proof of sound reasoning and deduction, based not on superficial observation (there has been no such terrible violence for 134 years) but upon painstakingly gathered scientific data.

Professor Jaggar does not attempt to say how soon the forecasting of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions will become an accurate science but he has very definitely pointed out the way that such advance can be made.

In numerous scientific papers he has earnestly advocated establishing thoroughly equipped observatories in all parts of the world to observe and measure the changes in the earth which take place from day to day, year by year, and decade by decade. If men of medical science will spend years striving to isolate a disease germ, is it not reasonable to spend time and effort in analyzing the habits of Mother Earth? Mountains are gradually rising and falling, our great rivers are steadily altering their courses, the bed of the ocean is forever being transformed by unseen forces —and yet mankind has no comprehensive, continuously operating system for measuring these changes. Likewise, the observatories on Kilauea where Professor Jaggar is stationed and Vesuvius, are studied year in and year out by scientists.

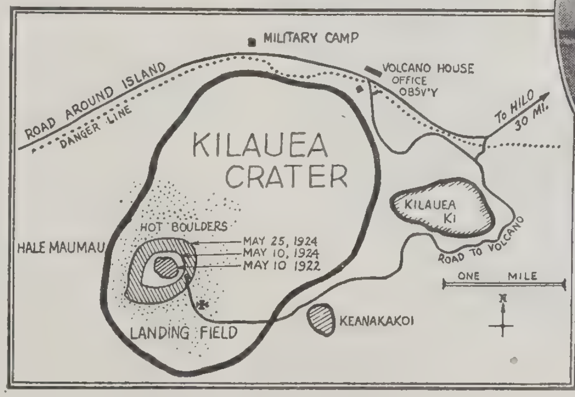
And yet what is taking place in and about the volcanoes of the earth, in the mountain ranges and on the ocean's bed, would be a very definite index, says Professor Jaggar, to future moods of nature. Things do not "just happen" in the realm of natural phenomena any more than in any other realm. Causes are constantly at work which eventually produce such catastrophies as that which has overtaken Japan. Man's problem, therefore, is to learn the changing aspects of Mother Earth so intimately that he will be able to predict, in some instances at least, the great upheavals which now prostrate cities and empires without warning.

I found this man who has made friends with volcanoes on the top of Kilauea, the ever-active crater which Hawaiians proudly claim is the world's most wonderful spectacle. His powerful frame was clad appropriately for the rough field work which occupies so much of his time. He wore puttees and a visored cap was pulled well down over his piercing eyes and iron-gray hair. His face was smooth shaven and tanned with much work in the out-of-doors.

At the moment he was supervising a drilling operation, which is a part of an investigation of temperatures in the top of Kilauea—a work which shows the practical side of the professor's mind. He believes that a way can be found to utilize the vast amount of heat which exists beneath the surface of this volcano. Once means have been found for generating steam with this heat, and harnessing it, enough electric power could be created to operate all of the machinery on the Island of Hawaii. This sort of thing is being done in certain parts of Italy, and while conditions are somewhat different in Hawaii, the professor believes that ways can be found to effect similar development. As a first step it is hoped to develop enough current to take care of a hotel not far away, as well as the Hawaii Volcano Observatory, of which Professor Jaggar is director, which is maintained by the United States Weather Bureau and a scientific association, jointly.

But this man's chief interest is in learning the moods and secrets of volcanoes and in studying earthquakes. At the earliest possible moment after the disaster in Japan Professor Jaggar hastened to that stricken land and made a most exhaustive study of conditions there. While the work of no observer or group of observers for a few weeks or months can be complete or conclusive, there is no question but that Dr. Jaggar compiled data concerning this upheaval which will prove invaluable to science.

This will give some idea of the volume of smoke that follows an explosion.



This map shows where rocks and ashes have been falling from the eruptions of Kilauea volcano. The danger line established by Boles is indicated by dots beginning just below the road around the island. Rings show the extensions of the firepit on May 10 and 25, and its comparative size since 1922. Cross marks spot where Truman Taylor of Pahala was killed by flying rocks.

The eight-ton boulder was thrown 3,000 feet from the bottom of the pit 1,200 feet, May 28, 1924. Kilauea Flying Field, Hawaii National Park.

It is particularly appropriate that at this time the world should learn something of the work and daily life of a man who is striving so earnestly to lay the foundations of a science which, if not new, is still possessed of a meager fund of knowledge. Geophysics is the best technical term to cover the broad field to which "the sage of Kilauea" is devoting himself but despite his fine technical training I suspect he would prefer to call it merely "the science of our changing earth." Since no man can become expert in so vast a realm of research, Professor Jaggar is specialized in volcanology, and he has very definite ideas about the methods that science should pursue in this and related fields.

He believes, for example, that occasional expeditions —such as he himself recently took to Japan—are far less satisfactory than constant year-round study. Before coming to Hawaii a dozen years ago he shared in many expeditions to volcanic regions but he declares frankly that in the time that he has been living on top of Kilauea he has gathered far more knowledge than was furnished him by all his earlier expeditions or by a vast amount of research in books.

All of which explains why he and Mrs. Jaggar are content to live in a most picturesque rustic abode on the very rim of Kilauea's outer crater. The latter is a great black scar-like depression in the earth's surface, some three miles in diameter and several hundred feet deep. The floor of the crater is covered with lava, the accumulation of countless eruptions, some of which Professor Jaggar has observed at close range. In the middle distance of the strange panorama that stretches before the Jaggar veranda is Halemaumau, or "House of Everlasting Fire." This is the inner crater, a thousand feet or more across and at all times containing boiling, seething lava. The level of its molten contents is constantly changing, sometimes being the same as the floor of the outer crater in the midst of which it is located, and sometimes falling six and seven hundred feet lower.

Adding an awe-inspiring grandeur to the scene are clouds of smoke, and sulphurous steam which issue from a hundred vents in the crater floor and from Halemaumau in such volume that at times that inner crater itself is wholly concealed from view. At night the spectacle becomes almost overwhelming in its terrifying grandeur. Like a great fever spot in the low hanging clouds is the reflection of the boiling lava in the inner crater. This glow becomes very intense at times, shedding a faint weird reflection on the surrounding landscape and turning into sharply cut silhouettes all objects which come between the spectator and the "House of Everlasting Fire."

It is amid such surroundings that Professor Jaggar has worked, ably assisted by his wife, who has shared in many of his adventures. They have done something which has seldom if ever been done before. They have undertaken to establish a minute-to-minute, decade-to-decade observation of two volcanoes (Kilauea and its giant neighbor, Mauna Loa) with the aid of an adequately equipped observatory. The results have more than justified the scientist's hopes, for always the investigators are coming on new and unexpected conditions, whether they are surveying glowing lava pools and blowing cones or measuring the width and depth of lava flows and their hardening margins. At times they have seen nature move, as it were, by leaps and bounds. On more than one occasion they have seen the column of lava in the inner crater sink several hundred feet in a few hours, a change that was accompanied by a crashing of walls, over-toppling of crags, and a roar of escaping gases such as only Milton or Dante could adequately describe.

At another time, while surveying the tidal motion of certain lava lakes and making observations with a transit *every twenty minutes for a month* there suddenly burst up through the cracks, one night, a wonderful geyser of liquid lava, a few feet from where the party was located. It welled up like an artesian well or an oil gusher, bright orange and dome-shaped, burning hydrogen and carbon gas and sulphur and standing 20 feet high.

In March, 1921, when the inner crater was all but lifeless and covered with a dull crust 50 feet below the surrounding level, the whole mass began to lift suddenly during the night and by six o'clock the next morning was flooding the surrounding region, sending out lava rivers a mile in length. Then as the hours passed these scientists saw this overflow form into huge caldrons containing fiery fountains by the hundreds, jets of brownish fumes, numerous small tornadoes, and boiling pots that threw masses of hot lava hundreds of feet.

Mauna Loa is the snow-capped peak which travelers approaching the island in clear weather can see from long distances out at sea. It is the big sister of Kilauea, volcanically speaking, twenty miles away as the crow flies, and is in eruption at intervals of a few years. Recent observation seems to indicate that it "operates" on a nine-year cycle. This volcano rises to a height of almost 14 000 feet. To reach its summit involves a two-day journey by pack train. More than once Professor Jaggar and other members of the observatory staff have made hurried trips to the top of Mauna Loa to observe at close range disturbances which were taking place there. Sometimes it has been a faint wisp of smoke in the distance, sometimes the records of the seismograph which have told the scientists that the subterranean forces were rousing themselves. One such disturbance occurred in September, 1919. There was a sudden gush of flame and fiery spume away up on the great flat mountain. This was followed by two days of quiet during which the pack train at the observatory was put in readiness. At midnight on the third day the watchers at Kilauea saw a dull distant glow far below the first break in the mountain side.

For these intrepid searchers for truth that glow was a determining piece of evidence. Off they started *toward* the scene of upheaval. These men in the observatory are not given to self-pity or self-praise and from all I could gather they considered this expedition merely a part of "the day's work." But to me it is comparable to cleaning out a nest of German sharpshooters on the western front. Without heroic devotion to the cause it would be hard to start toward a volcano when it begins to discharge. But it will be recalled that that is precisely what Pliny did at Vesuvius and these men out there in Hawaii fared forth in the same spirit.

For two days they rode and hiked across fearful, trackless country, attaining higher elevation as they went. Much of the region was strewn with Hawaiian "aa," or clinkery lava—hard as glass and jagged as the clinkers that come from the household furnace. But the long hours of painful progress were finally rewarded when the party came to a great rift in the earth. Here there came into view fountains of indescribable mag-

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To Save an Industry From Sapiro Hands

A $3,000,000 Crop Is Being Kept Out of the Hands of Exploiters

By ROBERT MORGAN

Nearly 40,000 persons make their living during the greater part of the year in the Oregon hop industry, earning from three to thirteen dollars a day. Here is a group of hop-pickers, with the standing vines in the background, the cut vines in front, and their baskets of hops at hand.

WHEN the American people read in many of the newspapers and other publications of this country the effusive contributions of the publicity directors and press agents of those who are seeking control and domination of the American farmer, they must notice that there are some crops over which these "benefactors" of the farmer have failed to gain mastery. Among these crops are some of the largest in production as well as greatest in profit to the farmer of this country. Virtually all of these have escaped from Jewish control only after they have been exploited to some extent, and only after the producers themselves have put up a fight, often hard and bitter, but a fight which has been won by these farmers, and can be won by others.

The potato growers of Colorado are now going through such a battle; so are some of the grain growers of different states; the prune and apricot producers of California, as has been told in previous articles in this series, are now in the midst of such a fight. These contests are never recorded by the hired writers of the organization; indeed, in most cases the crops involved and the result of the fight which the American farmer has made to keep that which belongs to him are never mentioned.

Reading the productions of these panegyrists, one would believe that the Jewish ring never has had a failure; that the American farmer always has submitted to being "developed" and "improved" by these non-farming, agricultural "leaders"; and that everything is as merry as the proverbial marriage bell.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Every American farmer, fruit-grower, cattle-raiser, dairyman, or other producer who is a member of one of the co-operative marketing associations devised, controlled and operated by the Sapiro Jewish co-operative ring, is losing or has lost money which rightfully belongs to him. Every such farmer can learn a profitable lesson from the experience of those agricultural groups which have fought themselves free of this octopus. And the members of every such co-operative association may learn, if they will, from the experiences of the few who have won, how the many may be protected and saved.

The first industry of the state of Oregon is the production of lumber; the first in agriculture there is the growing of hops.

There are many uses for the product of the hop vine besides the making of beer. It is the principal component of yeast; it is beginning to be widely used in medicine; it furnishes the basis for several soft drinks, and it is involved in a number of the industries as well as one or two of the arts.

In Oregon, there are 13,000 acres of hops, producing 60,000 bales, or about 12,000,000 pounds, worth thirty cents a pound, a year. Approximately 40,000 workers are dependent upon this industry for a livelihood, and they earn from three dollars to thirteen dollars a day in the hop yards and drying kilns.

The average annual value of the Oregon hop crop for the past five years has been ten million pounds, selling for $3.000,000; this year it will exceed 12.000,000 pounds, selling for $3,600,000, or better.

This production and value formed a juicy financial plum which the exploiting ring could not long overlook. Agents of the organization, spreading laudatory propaganda of the alleged successes of the *"California Marketing Plan,"* the name under which the *Sapiro Plan,* previously described in these columns, operates, advanced on the hop-growers of the Williamette Valley and other similar sections of Oregon. The smaller growers, seeing what the prune-growers, the potato-growers and others once thought they saw in the "California Plan," rushed to join the new co-operative marketing associations. Quietly, even secretly in some instances, the promoters of these associations worked among the hop-growers, until they had signed up nearly eighty per cent of the number of individual growers. The remaining twenty per cent of the growers, *among them the largest hop-producers in the New World,* acted more slowly. This twenty per cent of the growers produce nearly ninety per cent of the hops grown in Oregon; the eighty per cent of growers who joined the association produce the other ten per cent. The twenty per cent who hesitated about joining the new scheme own and operate some eighty per cent of the acreage planted to hops; the 80 per cent of growers who were misled into the "California Plan," own or rent and operate, only about twenty per cent of the acreage. This is important to remember.

The bouquet which the Jewish farm exploiters tried to pluck and failed. The hop of commerce is the blossom of a perennial vine, and the valuable part of that blossom is the pollen, called "lupulin."

The owner of the largest hop yard in the world, located at Independence, Oregon, lives in San Francisco. He obtained accurate, inside information of the real results achieved by the Jewish ring in the exploitation of the prune and apricot growers. He investigated the poultry-men's associations, now beginning to wabble about after a few years under the Sapiro Plan. He probably learned, as the writer has learned, that it is only a question of time until the tribute which every hen in California pays to the Sapiro farm-exploitation organization breaks the hen's back and empties her owner's purse.

Other owners of large and productive hop yards likewise investigated—and stayed out of the co-operative scheme. For a few months—until the crop was ready for the market—the hop associations seemed prosperous. Then, for some reason, altogether aside from the depression of the war-period—which the independent producers likewise had to endure—things began to happen to the hop-growers' associations. The members discovered that their product was not being distributed so well, was not selling so rapidly, and was not bringing so good returns, as the product of the independent growers. As in the case of the prune-growers, the strawberry-growers, and a number of others, the Sapiro system of overhead began to eat up the profits.

And yet, to this day, there are hop-growers in Oregon who do not know that they were led into these associations by representatives of the Jewish ring. Some of these agents of the "California Plan" were Jews, but most of them were "Gentile fronts," of the same sort as those who are now endeavoring to saddle the scheme on all the other agricultural industries of this country.

The Oregon hop-growers who went into these associations, however, were very well able to get out of them. Oregon is settled largely by early American, British, Irish, Scotch and German stock. Men whose fathers hewed with axes a productive state from the fir forests of Oregon are not of the blood which stands idle while an alien group feeds upon it. They observed; they asked questions; and by this sort of active intellectual "co-operation" between Americans, the truth about the *"California Plan"* came out. It was the old story of control for purposes of exploitation only, and the members of the new co-operative associations fell away from them more rapidly than they rose to the bait when it was offered two years previously by the agents of the Sapiro scheme.

Today, the Sapiro Plan (call it the "California Marketing Plan," if you like) is as dead in Oregon as it would be in the Santa Clara Valley of California, if the Californians could free themselves of its grip. The hop-growers, seeing the predicament of the Sapiro "co-operatives" went still further in the real American spirit and method of co-operation, and bought the crops of the Sapiro co-operatives, *at a better price than the managers of the co-operative associations were getting for their members' hops.*

If this were not pitiful, it would be laughable. Here were Americans producing millions of pounds of the leading farm crop of a great state, owning their own lands and homes, creating wealth by their own labor, yet paying tribute to a ring of professional aliens, and compelled by the operations of these exploiters, to dispose of their crops at less than the market price, so that other Americans, working independently, could distribute those crops for the men who were bound up in the co-operative associations!

In spite of these conditions, the Oregon co-operatives stayed with the Sapiro scheme for nearly three years. How much the exploiters of the hop-growers obtained, no one knows; probably the hop-growers do not themselves know, accurately, but the amount must have approximated the more than $2,000,000 which the prune-growers lost in a little more than two years, as previously described in these articles. In this catastrophe, some fifty hop-growers were put entirely out of business; the remainder, several hundred in number, survived, solely because real Americans stood by them when their "friends" at the head of the Sapiro co-operative associations proved themselves either incompetent or unwilling—in either case unable—to handle the business of the associations in a successful manner.

Here then, in the warm interior valleys of Oregon, was staged a fair test of the value of the co-operative plan in American agriculture. The independent growers were not hostile to co-operation;

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A hop-drying plant, with the wagon loads of sacks of hops coming in, each sack containing nine bushels of newly-picked blossoms.

On Sunday Observance

This report of M. Wayne Womer, Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, is not a Michigan item alone, but offers a picture that is common. Sunday is religion's gift to the worker. He will be first to suffer when it goes.

THE Sunday law in Michigan is not so bad if it were enforced. It has its shortcomings to be sure, but no law would be of value unless enforced. *Law is but the expression of a people's morals* and without a live public conscience the most perfect law would be a dead letter.

The Michigan Sunday law may be dead but not forgotten, from the fact that the Supreme Court of the state has handed down decisions this year sustaining the law as in the case of the appeal of one Karl Kramer, convicted bootlegger whose appeal was based on the fact that he was arrested on Sunday. The court, in rendering its decision, upheld the Sunday law claiming that it had not been violated and sustained Kramer's conviction. Yet *the only parts of the Sunday statute that are not violated* are those sections referring to prize fights and open barber shops.

There are two things that should be said about this law. *First,* there is what is known as the Home Rule Act whereby cities and towns of 3,000 or more population may define by ordinance what shall or shall not be done on Sunday.

Second, Special legislation; for instance, commercialized Sunday baseball is *legal in Detroit,* but *illegal anywhere else* in the state.

People everywhere are asking why conditions are as they are. The law as it is modified by the Home Rule Act, almost entirely unenforced and unenforceable, presents a condition that makes it impossible for better Sunday observance.

Courts Not in Sympathy

THE courts are not in sympathy with its enforcement and experience has proved all efforts futile. Police commissioners, mayors, prosecuting attorneys, have a state of mind that might be defined as quiescent. Our chief executive, the governor, when visited by a delegation of ministers protesting against the building of highways on Sunday, said, "I consider the building of the highways of Michigan on Sunday as necessary as the operation of a hospital."

Finally, to which should be added, the root of all the trouble, the dead conscience of the people which is illustrated by a recent telephone message. "No," said the pastor, "our officials believe it would be unwise to have a representative come at this time. The people of the community are building their homes on Sunday and something might be said that would give personal offense."

We have sought to ascertain conditions rather than to change them.

The State Fair. We protested to the governor the opening of the gates of the State Fair on Sunday upon the grounds that the fair was under the Department of Agriculture and supported from the State Treasury and in so doing the state thereby violated one of its own laws. The governor referred it to the manager and no action was taken.

However, we have been more successful with the County Fairs. After addressing the County Fair Association of the state, we were given assurance from both the chair and the floor that the County Fairs would remain closed on Sunday.

Street Carnivals. We protested against the Street Carnivals, seventy of which were upon the streets of Detroit last year, and without exception left a trail of vice and crime in their wake. Mayor Martin assured us of his entire sympathy in the matter and personally believes that they should not be permitted to open on Sunday and that he would so recommend to the council.

Helpful and Wholesome

BAN on Motion Pictures. The Alliance protested against the exhibiting of Mabel Normand pictures in the state. The pictures were advertised for Sunday and in the advertisement they sought to capitalize the unfortunate situation of this twice unfortunate motion picture star. Some people called us foolish and others denounced us but when the motion picture theater owners' association met to consider the protest they voted 100 per cent in favor of it. The ban was kept on for three months until after every state in the Union had lifted it and every censor board had removed it and even then the association refused to consider its removal until the Alliance had given its consent. The courts having failed to find Miss Normand guilty or implicate her in the guilt of the shooting, we gave our consent upon condition that if Miss Normand was found guilty or implicated in the guilt the ban was to be restored.

Out of this incident came a helpful and wholesome thing. The Motion Picture Association sent a letter to all the producers of the country that in the future a character clause would be required in the contract of all stars and when they sidestepped the bounds of decency and right-doing, their contracts would be automatically canceled.

In the light of all facts, it is plain that the district attorney and the judges at Detroit acted in harmony with the district attorney and judges of other states as our telegrams from the district attorney revealed. In the words of the old song, "They were all doing the same," that is, acting in accord with the ruling handed down from the Attorney-General at Washington. We are anxiously waiting to see what the ruling of the new Attorney-General will be upon this matter.

In conclusion: we have sought in every way to quicken the public conscience upon the matter of Sunday observance.

Manhattan's Sphinx—A Sketch

Murphy a Man of Deeds, Not Words

By PETER SCHUYLER

CHARLES FRANCIS MURPHY, fourth of the line of kings of Tammany Hall, was one of the real men of mystery of Manhattan, a veritable descendant of the Sphinx. A political harmonizer whose gifts amounted to genius, he was hated by his enemies and loved by his friends.

Of all the newspapers which for years had made their battle cry, "Murphy Must Go," there was not one which had the courage to say about him dead what it had printed about him alive.

On one occasion when Murphy was being badgered for a reply to a vitriolic onslaught made upon him, he spoke the whole philosophy of his public career. "No man has the right to be called a leader who is unwilling to take abuse," he said. Not a bad statement for a man who mounted from a crosstown horse car to the throne of "the largest Jewish city in the world." He never answered attacks. He did not even ignore them. For him they were automatically non-existent.

He did not laugh at his opponents when he had beaten them, as he generally did beat them. He did not crow—publicly at least—in victory. He took what came in the spirit which gave him his first nickname —"Sport." That may have been why the reformers hated him. He trounced them soundly and was on one or two occasions castigated by them just as severely. To the very end of his life he "out-gamed" his foes and took his medicine with far fewer grimaces than the politicians who continually yowled for his head.

If Murphy was the Riddle of Manhattan to the uplifters, who never guessed the reason of success, obvious as it was, he was just as insoluble a puzzle to his intimates. He never talked for publicity purposes, and he froze obnoxious and unfriendly questioners. But counselors, friends, petitioners, supporters, and "Plain People of No Account" always found that he heard clearly and acted promptly, especially the "Plain People of No Account"; for in listening to them and attending to their difficulties lay the real secret of Murphy's power.

Profiting by Experience

MURPHY came from the people and he never forgot it for long. There was a time when the council chamber of Tammany Hall was moved from Fourteenth street, hard by the old Bowery, to an upper room in Delmonico's restaurant at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth street. That is the period sneeringly referred to by the dead man's journalistic antagonists as the occasion when "Murphy hired a good tailor and mixed with the social game." Whatever idea caused the shift of Manhattan's throne room, whether it was the urge for a wider sartorial horizon or a craving for a larger acquaintance among Manhattan's best people, no one will ever know.

Murphy may have grown tired of pants that bagged at the knees and intimates who talked out of the side of their mouths, when he moved from the schooner of beer section to the iced champagne quarter of the city. Perhaps he wanted to find out what was the difference between the gang downtown and the gang uptown. Perhaps he was moved by a sense of cynical curiosity to find out whether the people on the Avenue who came down hat in hand for a favor to his bare business office near the old Bowery would be any different if he went where they could find him in surroundings more in keeping with their usual environment. At any rate, his stay on Fifth Avenue was brief, and he returned to the Wigwam where he stayed till he died. It is safe to say, however, that what he went after at Delmonico's he got, whether it was an enlarged social perspective, the address of a tailor, or just knowledge.

A few years ago a supreme court justice was up for re-election. Murphy refused to ratify his nomination, and the judge was put back onto the bench by a huge shove from the voters and Murphy's man was lost among the ballots. A short time afterward Alfred Talley, who had made a fine record as an assistant district attorney, was urged for a place on the judiciary ticket Murphy, at least it has been so stated, refused to endorse him. As soon as it became known that the Tammany boss had turned his thumb down on the Talley boom he was savagely attacked. Lawyers without regard to party affiliations swarmed to Talley whose integrity was such that it had won him unqualified respect. Murphy was wiser than he had been at the time of his refusal to endorse the supreme court judge. He had been taught a lesson and remembered it. Talley was placed on the ticket and elected with the full support of Murphy.

Never Lost Touch With People

MURPHY never lost intimate contact with the people from which he had sprung; for whom he had an open ear and a willing hand. He had served a hard and vigorous apprenticeship in an East River shipyard when a boy. Never quarrelsome, he could always take care of himself. He was an excellent ball player as a youth, and was the manager of a successful amateur club for which he was catcher. Under these circumstances he became well acquainted with the residents of the district in which he lived. He proved to them that he was "a good sport," and when he laid down the hammer of a shipyard worker to take up the reins of the crosstown horse car his circle of acquaintanceship broadened. He accumulated five hundred dollars during his three years of service as the pilot of the street car, a fact which was stressed in his newspaper biographies.

One of the outstanding features of Murphy's life is that no one "got anything on him." The attempt to do so was unremitting—and futile. During his long control of Tammany, Murphy had political intimates with whom he later disagreed, and who swore an undying vendetta against him. The breach in many cases was never closed. The enemies so made were men of influence and good haters. They never lost an opportunity to bury the knife in "The Chief," and their animosity was so intense that they would have stopped at nothing if they could have destroyed him.

If Murphy had been dishonest they would have known it. Solo crooks are impossible in the political world.

His foes were in the habit of saying: "Wait till he dies and see the millions he leaves." Murphy died, and his will disposed of wealth to the extent of less than half a million dollars. To most persons that is a great sum; but for a man accustomed to handing out patronage which in the long years of his political control of Manhattan amounted to billions, able without the exercise of any obliquity to use for his financial betterment knowledge which came to him in the course of his activities as one in close touch with city affairs, Murphy's fortune is puny. But it is the best answer to his critics.

What the Policeman Said

HE IS said to have been open-handed in his charities. Like every other phase of his life, that also is shrouded in silence. If he gave, he said nothing about it. But up the steps of the unpretentious brownstone house where he lived when in the city there poured after his death a throng of "people of no account," to pay their respects to the man who had never failed them. There were also women and men of social and political prestige, lawyers and judges and clergymen of all creeds; but they were outnumbered a hundred to one by those who were none of these things, the people whom Murphy had never forgotten and for whom he had done something.

They were in most instances what are described as "the poor." They went in genuine sorrow to look for the last time on a man of impenetrable mystery who had listened with inscrutable face but open ears for a lifetime to their tragedies, their troubles; the problems which swamped them and frightened and perplexed them. Murphy had stood between them and misery of some sort or other. While they came away from his office no wiser about what he intended to do for them than they were when they entered it, they found out later that the thing they wanted done had been done.

There is in Manhattan a policeman with whom Murphy in the almost forgotten time when he was nothing politically, used to walk on his beat. Long into the night the policeman and his dumb young companion used to ramble together, the policeman talking, the young man listening. Murphy went up the ladder of success rapidly. The policeman remained, just a policeman. He might have been made an inspector, but Murphy never made him anything. For twenty years they did not meet or speak to each other directly. But the policeman in the course of his duty ran across many people who were in distress. He did what he could to relieve them. But some of the difficulties even a Manhattan "cop" could not straighten out. They needed a more powerful hand. So the policeman would say to the troubled one: "Go down to Fourteenth street and see Murphy." "But I don't know him and they won't let me in to see him," would be the answer. "Tell them I sent you and they'll let you in. When you get in tell Murphy I sent you and tell him what you have told me."

What Murphy Accomplished

THE ORDER was obeyed and the policeman's name was the password. Frightened to death at the changeless face of the leader of Tammany Hall the story of distress would be stammered forth. Murphy would listen without a word. He might nod. He might not. Then the petitioner would withdraw, sweating from every pore and quite sure "the boss" was everything bad that had been said about him. But next day the trouble would be over, the want appeased, the appeal answered, and all because of an inarticulate friendship between Murphy and a youthful companion with whom he had not spoken a word in a score of years. It was that sort of thing which made Murphy's control on a gigantic political machine something which neither attack from without nor dissension from within could shake.

He had the faults of all professional politicians; but he had virtues which most of them lacked and of which political reformers as a class are singularly devoid. He took care of his people.

No one who knew the man and knows Tammany Hall would try to make a halo for Murphy's picture. Murphy would not have stood for it himself; but to say that he did nothing good in his political life is altogether false. He took Tammany Hall when it reeked with the thievery of Tweed, the viciousness of Kelly, and the brutal contempt for decency of Croker, and he made it as respectable as a political machine can be. When he ran a saloon no woman ever crossed its door. Little by little he cleaned up Manhattan of thieving, flagrant immorality and widespread gambling. He picked men of character and integrity for public office when he could get them. He left Tammany Hall far, far better than he found it. To do that is an achievement which only those who know its history can properly estimate. "The plain people of no importance" will miss him.

The Wonder Voyage From Marseilles to Malta

By HAL WALKER

Marseilles—Church of Notre Dame de la Garde.

SAILING to the oldest of known waters to see with one's own eyes the sea itself where sailors braved the storms in cockleshell boats long before the Christian Era, the lands adjoining, tales of which have come down to us in the writings of ancient Greeks, and even the Holy City itself, Bethlehem and the Mount of Olives, is apt to give a thrill even to the experienced traveler.

Half-forgotten school history and later reading crowd into the mind in fragments in sailing out of the harbor of Marseilles on one of the liners of the French *Messageries Maritimes* line, past the Chateau d'If, which brings remembrances of the Count of Monte Cristo. Piercing the sky line, the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde seems to be giving benediction and safe passage to those who go down to the sea in ships, even more strikingly than does the Statue of Liberty welcome immigrants to the promised land in New York Harbor.

There are several ways of going from Western Europe to the Levant: the journey can be made either by rail or water, but it is generally agreed that the most comfortable trip and the most interesting is that by water. Most persons are averse to getting out in the middle of the night when crossing frontiers by train to have a baggage examination, and this happens often on the rail trip from Paris to Constantinople, for instance. The water route is cleaner and does away with that sort of vexation.

Leaving Marseilles, which was founded by the Phoenicians, supplanted in 600 B.C. by a colony of Greeks from Asia Minor who gave the port the name of Massalia and a shipping impetus it still retains, the traveler visits Naples, Valetta (Malta), Piraeus (Athens), Smyrna, Constantinople, Rhodes, Cyprus and Beyrouth. Inland from the leading port of Syria, the wanderer sees Damascus of his dreams, Aleppo, important desert towns, Baalbek in ruins, and then by train to Jerusalem, Port Said and back to Marseilles by direct steamer in five days. Of course from Jerusalem a trip can easily be made direct to Cairo and the Nile. With all the calls made by the outward-bound steamer, Beyrouth is reached in less than two weeks, with the advantage of being in a different port and country every other day of the voyage.

Malta—Harbor of Valetta.

In discussing steamship lanes, it might be of interest to readers at home to explain the manner in which the French steamship companies divide the world. There is no competition among the principal lines; their whole competitive effort is directed against foreign companies which, perhaps, is the secret of their success.

The *Messageries Maritimes,* which is the oldest French company, works wholly eastward from Marseilles, to the Eastern Mediterranean, through the Orient, Australia and the east coast of Africa, including the islands of Madagascar and Reunion which are French possessions.

The *Compagnie General Transatlantique,* better known as the French Line in America, runs its de luxe service from Havre to New York, lesser lines to Mexico, Central America, Cuba and New Orleans, and operates to North Africa and the African west coast from Marseilles.

The Fabre Line from Marseilles has its main service to New York by way of Italy, North Africa, Portugal and the Azores, while a fourth takes the Argentine and Brazil from Bordeaux.

I had the good fortune on my first trip to the Near East to be attached to an official French mission of both business and professional men. In this way I had a greater opportunity of sight-seeing en route and, after arrival in Syria, also a better chance of studying industry, than would be possible for the usual tourist in a much longer time. The mission was bound for Syria to study commerce, production and industry and the progress made since France took the mandate from the League of Nations and placed General Gouraud as High Commissioner in Syria and Lebanon.

At every port agents of the steamship company supplied motor cars for the visit there, and the French consul aided in giving us the most possible information and sight-seeing in the shortest time. We did not have to bother with professional guides and so got along much faster and more efficiently.

Leaving Marseilles at four o'clock in the afternoon on the liner *Pierre Loti,* just as the city became a haze astern we ran into a fierce rain which lasted for an hour or more. This was the only rain we saw during six weeks in the East and until we were approaching Marseilles on our return, only a few hours from port. There was continued sunshine and never a blow at sea; in fact the sea for the greater part of the trip, both going and returning, did not have a ripple on its surface. For most of the daylight hours the following morning we were coasting along the island of Corsica, the ship being out of her course and well inshore so that members of the mission could get a good view of Bastia and other towns along the coast, as well as the cultivation of the hillsides.

Thirty-six hours from Marseilles and we approached Naples with Vesuvius smoking in the background. Everyone at home who goes to Europe, I suppose, goes to Naples; it is one of the places one doesn't miss, any more than London, Paris, Rome or Venice. On my first visit to Naples the youngsters in the streets were all beggars, and strangers were their victims, so when they failed to get pennies for the asking they inflicted punishment by a barrage of overripe fruit.

Naples on this second occasion behaved better, probably because we were all in motors and the beggars did not have a chance. We spent several hours touring, with visits to the principal churches and museums, and in the afternoon went to Pompeii which is ever interesting no matter how many times one returns. These homes, overwhelmed so many centuries ago, and bodies of the victims in perfect preservation as they were suffocated by the hot ashes, hands covering eyes and mouth, give a graphic picture of the forces of nature holding sway and serve to emphasize what a puny thing is man.

Just as the shadows of evening were falling we steamed out of Naples, one of the most beautiful of all world harbors, the rays of the setting sun bringing the stone houses and red roofs of the city into strong relief, while farther afield under the trees of the hillsides nestled other tiny houses, doll-like in size in the distance compared with the nearer ones of Naples itself. And over all was Vesuvius brooding and slowly smoking like a giant at rest.

Past Stromboli we steamed in the night and in the early morning were approaching the Straits of Messina, that little body of water between Italy and Sicily which, according to the Greeks of old, had the two monsters, Scylla and Charybdis. The former was on the Italian side and reached out with huge claws to drag sailors from the decks of their ships, while Charybdis sucked whole ships and their crews into her waters.

The Straits of Messina, with the city of that name on the Sicilian and Reggio on the Italian side, never have the same appearance twice. Either very early in the morning, as on this occasion, or late at night I find the passage the most beautiful. We arrived shortly after daylight before the sun had really touched the waters, although it was shining on the hills. The Straits were crowded with fishermen placing their nets, brown men and brown nets in light blue boats on a sea darker blue, and they were singing as they worked.

Passing the Straits after midnight, when the ferry has stopped running and the fishermen are at rest, there is nothing except dark blue water underfoot, a lighthouse or two, and on both sides, as the land rises, thousands upon thousands of electric lights in the streets of both cities covering the hillsides. Then about midday, when coming through from the north, the sun makes a sheet of gold on this narrow strip of water. While away off, the land on each side slopes down to meet this sheet of gold; beyond there is nothing, and the scene creates the impression that beyond the golden sheen there is only an abyss, a void into which the ship must plunge.

As the towns of the Straits fade astern, Mount Etna makes its presence known by lazy smoke pouring from her craters, more beautiful in the winter when mantled in white with clouds of steam rising from the melting snow near her summit. In summer Etna is bald and rugged, defects which the snow hides mercifully.

Skirting the coast of Sicily and passing in sight of the prosperous town of Syracuse, then out into wider waters, calm and peaceful, Malta loomed a speck on the horizon dead ahead late in the afternoon. Two hours before sunset the *Pierre Loti* came to anchor in the perfect harbor of Valetta on the northeast coast. Malta is the stepping-stone of British dominion of the seas between Gibraltar and Aden, as a fortified spot, and it is here that the British East Mediterranean fleet is based. The ancient fortifications were constructed by the Knights of St. John, but the British have done something themselves in the way of fortification which leaves the works of the Knights of Malta in the discard.

The harbor is deep and well protected from the storms, and vessels tie up with stern lines to the quay and an anchor in the stream. Boatmen abound and take travelers ashore to the customs landing for two pence. There is a British sergeant always on duty at the landing stage and seldom is an attempt made by the boatmen to overcharge. This is one of the things the British do very well in their far places; they publish a fair tariff for boatmen, porters, ricksha coolies, post notices of the prices and warn strangers not to pay more.

Valetta, except for her ancient walls, is as English as London itself. English is spoken everywhere; the shops are full of English goods and the bars of Scotch whisky and stout, while there are tennis courts, polo fields and a race track for amateur sports.

It is quite a climb from the waterfront to the park overlooking the harbor, and so a huge elevator has been installed for those who are pedestrians, the price of the ascent being two pence, which seems to be the regular charge for any small service.

More to make Valetta remembered rather than its elevator, on the quay-side are numberless goats which wander or are driven through its streets, thronged with traffic at the very hours when the goats are there. Goats supply the milk for the population and at nearly every door there is a miniature stanchion to which the milkman tethers his goat while he milks the amount demanded by the customer into a dish supplied by the latter.

This is the first of several articles describing this voyage. Further laps of the journey will appear in early issues.

Naples—The Bay and Vesuvius.

Social Credit as Defined by Major C. H. Douglas

English Publicist Says a False Psychology Threatens Civilization

By WILLIAM WILSON

SHORTLY after the cessation of the Great War, when everybody in England was optimistic and busy, Major C. H. Douglas wrote a book. It was not a popular work by any means. It was dry. It was technical. And it involved new and unpleasant ideas. It actually said, for instance, that industrial affairs would shortly show signs of breakdown, and that warfare had not been swept off the earth so surely as newspapers reported.

This book remained alive, not because it was popular, but because the things it foretold became facts as the months passed. At the present time the Douglas book has grown into a library, and the Douglas idea is discussed in every industrial country.

This article offers, in a very rough form, some of the lines of thought given in Major Douglas's newest book, "Social Credit."

There are two ways in which a question can be viewed: the moral way, that dealing with right and wrong; and the mechanical or scientific way, that dealing with cause and effect. Doubtless each of these methods of thought has its place in the nature of things, but should they by evil chance become mixed up in a single line of argument, then confusion will surely result.

The ideas behind present-day economic and financial problems are suffering from just this confusion, resulting from half-moral and half-scientific judgment. Moralists the world over are frantically preaching "a change of heart" to masses of innocent and despairing people who are being made the scapegoats for *faults that lie in the very machinery of economics*, and which can be remedied only by the people controlling that machinery.

To allege that a change of heart is the sole remedy for the evils threatening the world is not only a gross injustice to millions of individuals, but is also a wide stretch from points of fact. Indeed, were it possible to transform the peoples of all communities into saints overnight, there would yet remain faults in that abstract, cold, relentless machinery of distribution—money—that would have to be corrected before further industrial progress would be possible.

Let us, then, waive morals for a spell, and come down to hard facts.

It is a fact that, the world over, goods and services can be produced and delivered up to an amount far in excess of the world's desire to consume: *there is no real shortage of anything.*

It is a fact that, under favorable circumstances, 25 per cent of the world's population working seven hours a day could make and deliver everything that might be demanded, even including luxuries.

It is a fact that the introduction of a horsepower-hour of energy into the production process could, under circumstances ordinarily favorable, displace at least ten man-hours.

It is a fact that the amount of mechanical energy at present available is only a small fraction of what it could very rapidly be if effort were directed toward that object.

It is a fact that unemployment is a permanent, though a fluctuating, factor in every nation's economics. *And it is a fact that never during the past 50 years has any industrial country been in a position to be able to buy its output with the money its individual members have received in wages, salaries, profits, and dividends; every community, in short, has been forced constantly to find export markets for a "surplus."*

Strangely, these two sets of indisputable facts are as oil and water—they will not combine. If closely considered, the reason for this will be found to rest in certain moral considerations that have intruded into a purely scientific process.

The Machinery of Distribution

IF WE are to be led by "right-and-wrong" arguments, if we are to accept as final the psychology of "rewards and punishments" that permeates the whole fabric of life today, then employment must necessarily be our sole aim, since we are taught that idleness is sinful, and that if we do not work neither shall we eat.

And if work is to be our object, then our highly efficient productive processes must be considered to be essentially harmful, since they tend to create leisure. Conversely, wastefulness, "ca' canny" and war preparation might well be upheld insofar as they keep men busy.

If, on the contrary, we decide to take a scientific attitude, we must be prepared to disregard any moral conceptions inherent in employment, and to search for an efficient means, other than work, of distributing the stupendous quantity of goods that the most up-to-date processes can produce.

This leads us to a consideration of the machinery of distribution—money.

There is no wrong in money as money: it is as necessary to efficient distribution as are tickets to railway traveling. It is the policy underlying the issue and control of money that is at fault.

One obvious result of this policy is that of subordinating the individual to the group. This tendency can be recognized in every stratum of society and industry. And it is safe to say that as a rule the individual sacrifices more to his group than he receives in return.

"Pre-war Germany was always exhibited as being reactionary, feudal, and militaristic to an extent unequaled by any other great power. Post-war Russia is supposed, by large masses of discontented workers, to be the antithesis of all this. But the similarity of the two is daily becoming more apparent, and it is notorious that the leaders of pre-war Germany are flocking to post-war Russia in increasing numbers, in the lively hope of the fulfillment of the ideals which were frustrated by the Great War. The latest pronouncements on industrial affairs by Russian statesmen are indistinguishable from those of American, German, or British bankers (which statement is not intended as undiluted praise) . . . .

"No consideration of this subject would be complete without recognizing the bearing upon it of what is known as the Jewish Question; a question rendered doubly difficult by the conspiracy of silence which surrounds it. At the moment it can only be pointed out that the theory of rewards and punishments is Mosaic in origin; that finance and law derive their main inspiration from the same source, and that countries such as pre-war Germany and post-war Russia, which exhibit the logical consequences of unchecked collectivism, have done so under the direct influence of Jewish Leaders. . . . The Jews are the protagonists of collectivism in all its forms, whether it is camouflaged under the name of Socialism, Fabianism, or 'big business,' and the opponents of collectivism must look to the Jews for an answer to an indictment of the theory itself."

A notable fact in regard to this group-forming tendency is that responsibilities dear to the honor of individuals tend to lose their significance with a group. The actions of groups affect individuals precisely as do the actions of individuals. An obnoxious feature of the exaltation of the group above the individual is that it lends itself to subtle arguments around certain abstract and ill-defined words such as justice, freedom, equality, democracy, arguments that, while creating a mental excitement toward so-called "ideals," actually blind their adherents to the enslavement into which the group-idea is forcing them.

Prices and Increased Production

THE "right to strike" is a high-sounding group-phrase which, to the individual, means practically "the right to starve."

"Where one party to a controversy can only obtain the means of subsistence by 'working,' while the other party can continue, if not indefinitely, for a very long time, by drawing checks on institutions which, if necessary, can create their own deposits, the right to refrain from working merely amounts to a right to commit suicide."

Another feature inherent in the financial policy of the invisible government is that of giving a wrong conception to the word "value."

"In the nature of things, the value of an article should reside in its serviceability toward a given end. The value of a boat, for instance, should consist in its ability to support on water some person needing or desiring such support."

But the orthodox financial conception of the boat's value rests mainly on the ability of the person desiring to use the boat to pay money to the boat-owner. The more urgent the travelers' needs and the fewer the boats, the higher will the value of each boat become.

Thus it arises that scarcity creates value. And, as "business" deals in values, it is logical to find that it has a great interest in scarcities.

The impression of scarcity can be maintained in two ways: by holding back supply, or by stimulating demand. Each of these scarcity-producers is worked efficiently.

Supply is restricted in a hundred subtle ways. Machinery is run at short capacity; workmen shirk; strikes and lockouts are on the increase; waste of potentiality can be found everywhere, and culminates at intervals in the wholesale destruction of warfare.

Demand, on the other hand, is kept at a maximum by advertisement.

"There are few people who would claim that the money systems of the world are perfect, and the number of such persons is decreasing daily. But when asked to define the various defects in the money system, it is quite remarkable to notice with what monotonous regularity these ideas of 'justice' and 'value' are paraded.

"It is claimed that money is defective because it is not an accurate measure of value, or that it results in an unjust 'reward' for labor, but when such critics are asked to suggest a method by which the relative value of a sunset, and say, the Venus di Milo, might be assessed, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, what is the 'just' return for a given amount or variety of labor, their answers are not usually very helpful from a practical point of view."

"It must be recognized that the great elementary human emotions, desire and fear, are employed with great skill by the Invisible Government, in the guise of rewards and punishments. . . .

"A system of world organization which is based on the deception of the general public. . . (which might perhaps have been excusable in the past) has now become both undesirable and actively and practically vicious. . . . .

"We have reached a point at which we are within sight of a considerable release of human energy from the mechanical drudgery of existence by toil. . . . So far from the mere sustenance of life. . . . being the prime object of human endeavor, it should now be possible to relegate it to the position of a semi-automatic process."

Certain fanatics have suggested changes that would, if applied, certainly spell calamity to mankind. The few in power are taking advantage of these erroneous arguments to lead the masses to believe that any change whatever will prove disastrous.

This is serious, because, in the most practical sense, our economic machinery *must* be subjected to an improvement of some sort in the interest of civilization. The change will come whether we prepare for it or not.

The fact that a few people are very rich while a great many are extremely poor leads many writers to blame riches for the scourge of poverty. Here is a huge error. *The big point is not that the power to purchase is badly distributed—but that it is collectively insufficient.*

Another gross misconception rests in the belief that bank loans are granted from a fund of bank deposits. This is absolutely antagonistic to facts. On the contrary, deposits are created by the circulation of bank loans. Probably fifteen-sixteenths of the immediate available purchasing power in the world arises out of bank loans or their equivalent.

The only limit to the issuing of new money in the form of loans is that arising in shaken public confidence as a result of inflated prices. When this strain on confidence nears breaking point a halt is called. Loans are called in; purchasing power is destroyed; a slump ensues.

The public would have less cause for complaint were it assured that, at boom times at least, there would be enough money in circulation with which to absorb the goods available. But, since every penny of new issue ultimately gets hitched to the price figures, even this scant consolation is denied them. Hard experience has taught that *inflation means prices that are too high*, while *deflation means pay that is too low.* "Heads I win; tails you lose," says High Finance.

"It is fair to say that almost any explanation which is *not* a full and accurate explanation of the working of the financial system has the curious result of playing directly into the hands of the upholders of that system."

Thus, when the Labor-Socialist emphasizes the contrast between rich and poor, supporting increased taxation, death duties, levies on capital, and so forth, he is acting directly, albeit unwittingly, in support of the tenets of High Finance.

"There is probably not a 'leveling-down' movement of any description anywhere, which is unsupported from Lombard Street, Wall Street, and Frankfort."

The final factor in the urgency to improvement rests in the degree of the financial control of prices. It is clear (as with Germany and Russia) that banking institutions can, if they so desire, force prices up to any level by the issue of new money; and, *theoretically*, by the restriction of credits, they can reduce prices to any degree. Actually, however, the power to reduce prices is limited, because the willing seller disappears directly prices have dropped to the level of fixed charges.

It is apparent, then, that *High Finance is incapable of reducing prices below overhead cost*, and since overhead costs are steadily increasing in relation to labor cost, it follows that the minimum level of general prices must rise constantly.

That this is true may be recognized in the fact that although rapid progress has been made in efficiency processes since 1914, although the world's potentiality to produce and deliver goods has advanced, at a low estimate, 50% to 100%—*yet, except in the case of certain well-defined commodities, not a single country can boast of lower prices as a result.*

Now, when the minimum price-level passes a certain point, deadlock ensues merely because every party to the contract becomes a loser. The mining industry in England has arrived at its logical financial destination; so has housing, and transport is not far behind. The price of coal in England is prohibitive—thus *the consumer loses*; the wages of English miners are too low for decent living—thus *the workman loses;* the profits of English mine-owners are practically non-existent—thus *the capitalist loses.*

Money for Consumption

NATIONS are running rapidly to the same impasse. If all budgets are to "balance," and all trade balances are to be "favorable," it means (quite apart from the fact that the assumption is an impossibility) that nations, like individuals, are all playing a losing game.

"The consumer cannot possibly obtain the advantage of improved process in the form of correspondingly lower prices, nor can he expect stable prices under stationary processes of production, nor can he obtain any control over the program of production—unless he is provided with a supply of purchasing power which is not included in the price of goods produced. . . . . There is only *one source* from which it (such a supply of purchasing power) can be derived, and that is *the same source which enables a bank to lend more money than it originally received*—**the general credit (The Credit of the Community).**"

At present, financial institutions issue money for production only. And this money is only passed on to consumers through production—labor. But, since the prices of goods or services produced by the average man are far in advance of his wages figure, it is evident that there must always be an unconsumable surplus of goods in each community. True, this surplus can be bought with fresh bank loans; or it can be wasted in a score of ways: or it can be loaded on to unwilling neighboring states in the form of exports—or gas bombs.

The gap existing between productive efficiency and distributive ability is so wide that peaceful methods of alleviation are becoming more and more impracticable.

Organized destruction—war—is becoming *actually necessary* to the upkeep of the machine to which Finance would tie mankind.

To solve the problem it will be necessary to inaugurate a system controlling and distributing purchasing power at a rate sufficiently rapid to allow of the consumption of the maximum output of industry. This can only be effected by the issue of money *for consumption*—money that will not be added to prices, and the sole function of which will be the delivery of goods to individuals.

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Why Bootlegging Flourishes

IF THERE were no buyers of liquor the bootleggers would soon be out of business, and those who encourage the illicit traffic by their patronage are as morally guilty of breaking the law as the bootleggers themselves.

It has long been an axiom that in the case of theft the receiver of the stolen goods is held to be equally guilty with the thief himself, and frequently his punishment is just as severe, in some cases even more so.

It is therefore a cause for national humiliation to find that those who are considered "respectable citizens" aid and abet this pernicious and unlawful traffic in bootlegging whisky, making regular purchases from underground sources.

How can these men free themselves from the charge of being instigators of crime? How can they square such conduct with the ethics of Christianity? Is it not high time that the citizen who violates the law of the land and outrages common decency in this fashion should examine his conscience; should ask himself if he is playing the game?

We are quite well aware that there are those who abide by the theory that if a law with which they do not agree is put on the statute book they are at liberty not only to ignore it but to break it to their heart's content. Just imagine, however, what it would mean to this country, or any other country, were any very large section of the population to adopt this code. Nothing could follow but administrative chaos and lawlessness, and to this twofold abyss those who in their folly wilfully set the liquor laws at naught are driving the nation.

It is essential to the proper government of any country that the laws should be obeyed. If the people think that they are not good laws, they have their remedy at the polls, but while these laws are allowed to remain and are considered necessary by the majority for good government, it is the duty of every citizen to obey them.

Bootlegging flourishes upon what it feeds; it is fostered and nourished by the people who accord it support, not from any altruistic or generous motive, but merely for their own self-gratification.

This is selfishness, and selfishness is one of the characteristics that men most despise, for it lies at the root of much of the misery in the world. Let a more generous spirit prevail, and let the good of the whole be considered—not the indulgence of the few.

Not Americans Alone

AMERICANS with their undeniably splendid record are so accustomed to regard themselves as foremost in every field of research that the recent medical discoveries of a Canadian and an Australian will serve to remind us that our cousins have the same spirit of scientific adventure.

The discovery of insulin as a treatment for diabetes has made young Dr. Banting, of Toronto, an international figure.

Now comes our own Dr. William J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, back from Australasia with what he terms the "astonishing" discoveries of Dr. John Hunter, the twenty-seven-year-old professor of anatomy in the University of Sydney, Australia. Dr. Mayo was in Auckland, New Zealand, attending a convention of the Australasian branch of the British Medical Association.

"Among the discoveries of Dr. Hunter is a treatment for spastic paraplegia, an affliction common among World War veterans, caused by injury to the brain," Dr. Mayo declared.

"Another is Little's disease, found in certain forms among children who cannot control their movements. A third is for certain Parkinsonian syndromes, allied to shaking palsy."

These diseases have hitherto been considered incurable.

While Sydney has been attracting much attention of late by beginning the construction of the largest arch bridge in the world across its world-famous harbor, Dr. Hunter has performed these notable services for mankind and given his institution worldwide prestige.

Incidentally, Dr. Mayo makes a much better special ambassador to Australasia than the average politician who goes abroad to wave the Stars and Stripes at conferences. Such unofficial missions as Dr. Mayo has just concluded are of the utmost value to all English-speaking countries.

Advertising

THERE is at present in session in London, England, the twentieth annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. A goodly proportion of those attending the convention are Americans, and American methods in publicity are engaging the attention and attracting the admiration of the advertising men on the other side of the ocean.

Not only are the business men keenly interested in all that is going forward at these meetings, but so also are the press and pulpit. The ethics and uses of advertising have been made the subject of addresses delivered in Westminster Abbey, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster, and other churches.

In the Abbey, the Bishop of Durham, who was the speaker, dwelt on the great influence of advertising on modern life, and in the cathedral the convention's slogan, "Truth in Advertising," formed the subject of the discourse. There was no harm, this speaker declared, even in advertising a particular kind of religion, so long as the advertisers were sure that it came up to the sample.

It has often been said that a good thing will "sell itself," and that advertising is more or less a superfluity; but the fallacy of this has been amply proved time and again. "A violet by a mossy stone" is a good thing, a sweet and wholesome thing, but its presence might remain unknown and the passer-by be deprived of the pleasure of its contemplation, were it not for the clustering bees who act as advertising agents and proclaim its presence to the world.

Let advertising flourish, so long as it is giving publicity to that which is good, for in so doing it will be helping to create a force which will combat that which is false, and right that which is wrong.

To Nature-Loving America

IT DOES seem a curious contradiction that a nature-loving country like America should so long remain indifferent toward one of the greatest potential sources of wealth in the land. That our people enjoy the woods and country is amply evidenced by the vastly increasing numbers who spend their hours and days of recreation in traveling into the heart of the hills and woods; evidenced, too, in the large circulation of literature and magazines dealing with wild life, such as hunting and fishing in field and stream.

How these lovers of nature can complacently view their favorite haunts ruthlessly destroyed by forest fires and the woodman's axe with never a protest is a situation difficult to comprehend or explain. Each year this occurs in all sections of the country. Our people simply crowd the more in the remaining forest places, and are unbelievably unresponsive to the call for adequate forest protection.

What a boon it would be if the great army of nature lovers would awake before too late and respond to the call of the rapidly diminishing forests. Other and older countries have long since faced and taken measures to solve this problem. How long will America remain half-hearted? When minerals, coal or oil are taken from the earth, they cannot be replaced; but it is within our power in the case of forests to "eat our cake and have it," if we act judiciously.

Doesn't it seem stupid that we should place so much emphasis on money; that we should so complacently put out our gold to earn interest, yet allow actual tangible wealth such as forests, ready and waiting to earn for us an interest far exceeding stocks, bonds or banks, to become depleted and laid waste, with only here and there feeble attempts to rescue and conserve the goose that lays the golden egg?

As Cicero would exclaim: How long, oh America, before we shall have an intelligent, concerted forestry program, backed by an enlightened public opinion?

Main Street's Contribution

THE brilliant career of Lindon Wallace Bates, the American engineer who recently died in Paris, again demonstrates that Main Street often breeds the biggest caliber men.

Born in the little town of Marshfield, Vermont, Mr. Bates became an international authority upon waterways.

He invented an improved dredge which he used with remarkable success in the Kaw and Missouri rivers about Kansas City and later in the construction of the Chicago Drainage Canal and the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

However, Mr. Bates' outstanding achievement in his native country was in raising the entire city of Galveston high above its former level to prevent ocean waves during hurricanes from flooding the city.

He was frequently consulted by European governments and handled the deepening of the River Scheldt that made Antwerp a port for ocean liners. He also deepened the mouths of the Volga and Danube and constructed Black Sea ports upon them.

Subsequently, at the invitation of the Australian Government, Mr. Bates designed the Brisbane harbor improvements, and made plans for eight other ports and also extensive plans for the regulation of a number of Australian rivers.

This man's career serves to call attention to the fact that it is the engineer and not the politician who is responsible for the forward strides of the world.

Salvaging Hidden Wealth

IN THE rivers of the Lake States there lies today millions of dollars' worth of wealth in the form of pine logs which became waterlogged and sank during the drives of fifty years ago. These timbers when reclaimed from the river bottoms are virtually as good lumber as the day they were cut from the living tree. The lumber is slightly brittle but its value is reduced very little. When the drives were on in the old days the lumberjacks and rivermen worked feverishly to keep the logs together that they might take advantage of the freshet water which was stored by means of a series of log dams in all the larger rivers and their tributaries throughout the pineries of the Lake States. Logs were banked on the river during the winter and in the spring break-up they went tearing down to the mills far below on the main streams. During periods of extremely high water many of these logs became hidden from view in quiet backwaters and bayous. Becoming waterlogged they sank to the bottom where they have been preserved throughout the long years. This timber is the property of several lumber companies, many of which have gone out of existence years ago. Each log, however, bears the stamp of the company which cut it and under the law it remains that company's property. An attempt to salvage these timbers would be, in the eyes of the law, theft, unless undertaken by the owners or their heirs, many of whom have died. It has been estimated that in the Menominee River alone there is more than 100,000,000 feet of lumber worth about $25 a thousand feet today. The Muskegon, Manistee and Au Sable rivers in Michigan, the Chippewa in Wisconsin and many of the larger streams in Northern Minnesota have these golden hoards in their beds awaiting the inevitable day when the laws will permit the exploitation and utilization of their hidden treasures. In the meantime the timbers will keep indefinitely.

Will Science Dethrone Gold?

NEWSPAPER dispatches announce that a method of extracting gold from quicksilver by breaking up the quicksilver atom has been perfected by a European scientist, Professor Adolph Miethe, who is reported as affirming that he has "extracted weighable quantities" of pure gold by means of experiments.

A few years ago such a claim would have been ridiculed and the professor dismissed as a charlatan attempting to revive the old medieval quest for "the philosopher's stone." But experiments with radium in recent years have caused a widespread revision of long accepted beliefs with regard to the immutability of the so-called elements, and have brought the artificial production of gold well within the realm of possibility. It is already a demonstrated fact that lead (Pb), an element just as distinct as gold (Au), may be produced *de novo* from the decomposition of radium.

If and when gold is produced in quantity by scientific process, the economic idol known as the gold standard will speedily topple over. Already, as John Maynard Keynes declares, the gold standard is "as dead as mutton." To science may fall the honor of digging its grave.

He Is an Expert in Volcanoes and Earthquakes

Concluded from page 3

nificence which flung light, glowing pumice as much as four hundred feet into the air. Approaching close to this spectacle the men found that this burst of molten material came from a crack in the earth half a mile long. From it issued a molten, incandescent stream that spread out over the surrounding plain as far as the eye could see.

The party made camp close by this scene of weird grandeur and spent several days investigating the phenomenon. I would not imply that they heedlessly risked their lives but nevertheless it was a task the unforeseen peril of which no one could measure. Even Professor Jaggar himself who is never given to extravagant statements admitted that it was a "critical adventure."

In due time it was discovered that this mighty "spring of fire" near which the party camped was the source of a stream which flowed down the mountain side through a forest, setting fire to houses, destroying crops and finally plunging into the ocean, which it set to seething and boiling. This spectacle lasted six weeks, during which strange deep-sea fish were killed and rose to the surface, tidal waves swept high up on shore and columns of steam shot up from the sea high into the air.

Among the things noted by these scientists was the fact that the eruption of Mauna Loa was markedly different from any "performance" of Kilauea's, particularly in the frothiness of the lava and the great gas jets which indicated enormous pressure beneath the surface of the earth. But the color of the lava, the composition of the gases and what might be called the "mechanism" of the eruption was essentially the same.

As a result of his previous years of intimate study of these two volcanoes Professor Jaggar predicted that marked changes would be manifest when he returned to Kilauea. In this he was not mistaken, for on his return he found this volcano had greatly increased its flow during the early stages of Mauna Loa's eruption and then, when the underground pressure had been relieved, the lava in Halemaumau sank 400 feet in an hour and within four hours had dropped a total of 600 feet!

There are many other thrilling experiences of which I might write but perhaps enough has been cited to indicate the character of Professor Jaggar's work. Its real significance lies in the mass of scientific data which he has accumulated. Men who know what is being done at Kilauea declare that the professor's dozen years of work on the Island of Hawaii "have revealed more about the 'domestic life' and inner workings of a volcano than was learned in the previous nineteen hundred years of the Christian Era."

While the greater part of the accumulated scientific data would be no more interesting to a layman than a lawyer's library or an astronomer's calculations, the point to remember is that here for the first time in the world's history a continuous record has been kept of the rise and fall of lava, the number of earthquakes, the intensity of the tremors, the chemical composition of the lava and the escaping gases, and many other facts which constitute a foundation upon which future investigation can be based. Incidentally, these Record Books of the Observatory at Kilauea are 20-quarto volumes, supplemented by a great number of maps, special blanks, notes on special expeditions and hundreds of priceless photographs. The Record Books are typewritten and in duplicate—a wise precaution against destruction.

Above—Professor T. A. Jaggar pointing out a special feature of his especially equipped automobile, at the summit of Kilauea not far from the active crater. Below—A river of incandescent lava flowing down the side of Mauna Loa during an eruption which the scientist studied at close range.

Never before has there been such systematic experimental work in the vicinity of a volcano, with the possible exception of Vesuvius. Lava lakes have been sounded again and again and again, the work being done with steel pipes. Similarly, temperature measurements have been carried out with fusible cones and optical and electrical pyrometers. Gases have been collected with especially devised pumping apparatus and with vacuum tubes and flames have been photographed with the spectroscope for the purpose of analyzing their composition. In a very real sense this scientist and his associates have learned to know all about the moods of a volcano.

I know with what intense devotion to his chosen field Professor Jaggar conducted his study in stricken Japan. This is not his first visit to that much shaken country. Several years ago he was sent by the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association to observe conditions incident to the explosive eruptions of Sakurajima, to consult with Dr. Omori, the Japanese volcanologist, and especially to take notes on the methods of observation and prediction used by that scientist a few years ago, by reason of which a whole city full of people was moved away from the volcano in time to prevent any loss of life. One of the questions which Professor Jaggar sought to answer amid the ruins of Japan is "what warnings preceded the terrible upheaval and what facilities, if any, could have been provided by modern science accurately to record those warnings and so to have helped Japan escape its present fate."

Some three years ago in a notable address, Mr. Lorrin A. Thurston, dean of publishers in Hawaii and a director of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, declared that more lives and property have been destroyed in the last hundred years by earthquakes and volcanoes than by storms and shipwrecks combined, and hundreds of millions of public and private funds have been spent to predict the one and prevent the other. With hundreds of active volcanoes all over the world only Japan and the United States have devoted any sum worthy of notice to this great field of scientific study and even the United States has confined itself to use of this Hawaiian observatory which it does not own, he said.

If Mr. Thurston's words were true three years ago, how much more pointed are they today? In pity and sympathy we pour out our aid to a stricken people but we all know that we are utterly helpless to prevent another such disaster. Nevertheless, I have tried to show that among all of those who have rushed to Japan for one reason or another since it was overwhelmed by Nature in a ruthless mood. there is one man, Professor T. A. Jaggar, who believes that eventually ways will be found to predict upheavals. He has tried through years of research and toil to show mankind the path that leads to a better understanding of our changing earth. It may take a whole generation of study to enable men to learn how to predict terrestrial upheavals. But the time element is not Professor Jaggar's first concern, eager as he is for results. Rather, he is determined to lay foundations that will abide—to carry on investigations so fearlessly and thoroughly that eventually mankind will better understand the mysteries of our changing earth. Many have passed by Professor Jaggar and his work and have failed to understand its significance, but in years to come his name will stand with many another pioneer of progress. He will, indeed, be counted as one whose life was given to blaze a trail beset with hardship, danger and sacrifice that some day men would learn how to detect a coming earthquake or eruption, as they now forecast a sunny day, a destructive frost, or a terrible hurricane.

Professor T. A. Jaggar watching drilling operations on the summit of Kilauea. He is making these drills to determine sub-lava temperatures with a view to utilizing volcano heat commercially.

Stories From the Woodland Trail

Esseepan, the Coon—By D. LANGE

BRER COON is one of our four-footed kindred that has appealed to the poetic fancy of the Negroes and whose fame has been told by Uncle Remus.

Indeed anyone, who has not lost all sympathy with the humble folk in fur and feathers, cannot help feeling some admiration for Brer Coon for the way he has fought and held his own in the battle for existence.

Before the World War, some 380,000 coon skins reached the fur trade annually, which means the killing of at least 400,000 annually.

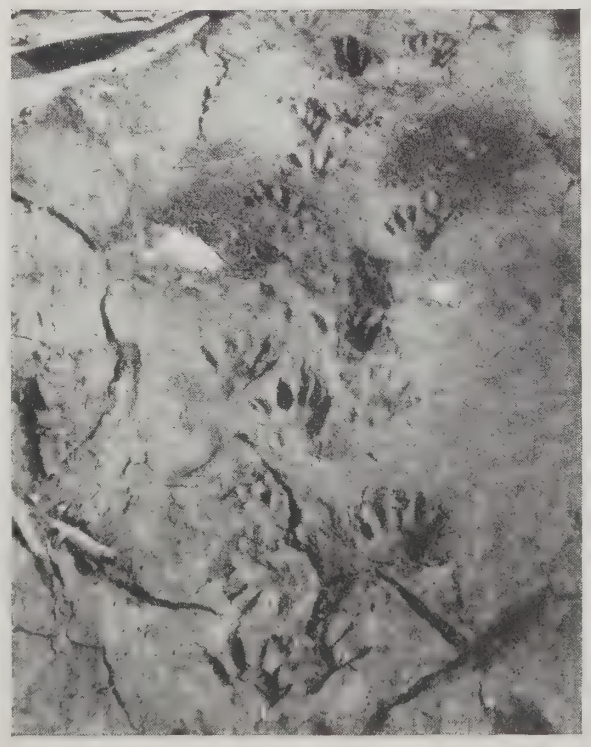
During the three years of fabulously high prices of fur immediately following the World War, the number of coon skins handled by the American fur trade reached the immense total of 1,713,700 for the years 1919 to 1921, an annual catch of 428,425. The total number of coons killed during these years of destruction must have come close to half a million a year.

An animal that can keep its hold on life in the face of such destruction deserves our admiration and protection

Indeed the time is here when all our fur-bearers must be given rational protection or the American fur trade will destroy itself.

It should be illegal to cut down a tree to catch a family of coons, and it should be illegal to drive them out by the use of fire. Hollow trees, the natural shelter for many forms of wild life, are getting scarce enough without intentional, ruthless destruction.

Fortunately the coon will make use of other shelter, if the regulation hollow tree of his ancestors cannot be found. He will accept a hollow log lying on the ground, or a crevice in a rocky cliff; in fact any kind of shelter, where he can sleep through the very cold season of winter. But Thompson Seton thinks that he will not use a hole in the ground.



Coon tracks on soft mud near a river in early spring.

The coon's favorite summer food is corn in the milk, and the species is moving northward with the spread of settlements into the northern pine regions.

Ten years ago coons were not known in the Itasca Forest at the headwaters of the Mississippi; but in the spring of 1921 a pair of them were found asleep in the hay in the manger of an unused barn at the forester's cabin of DeSoto Lake.

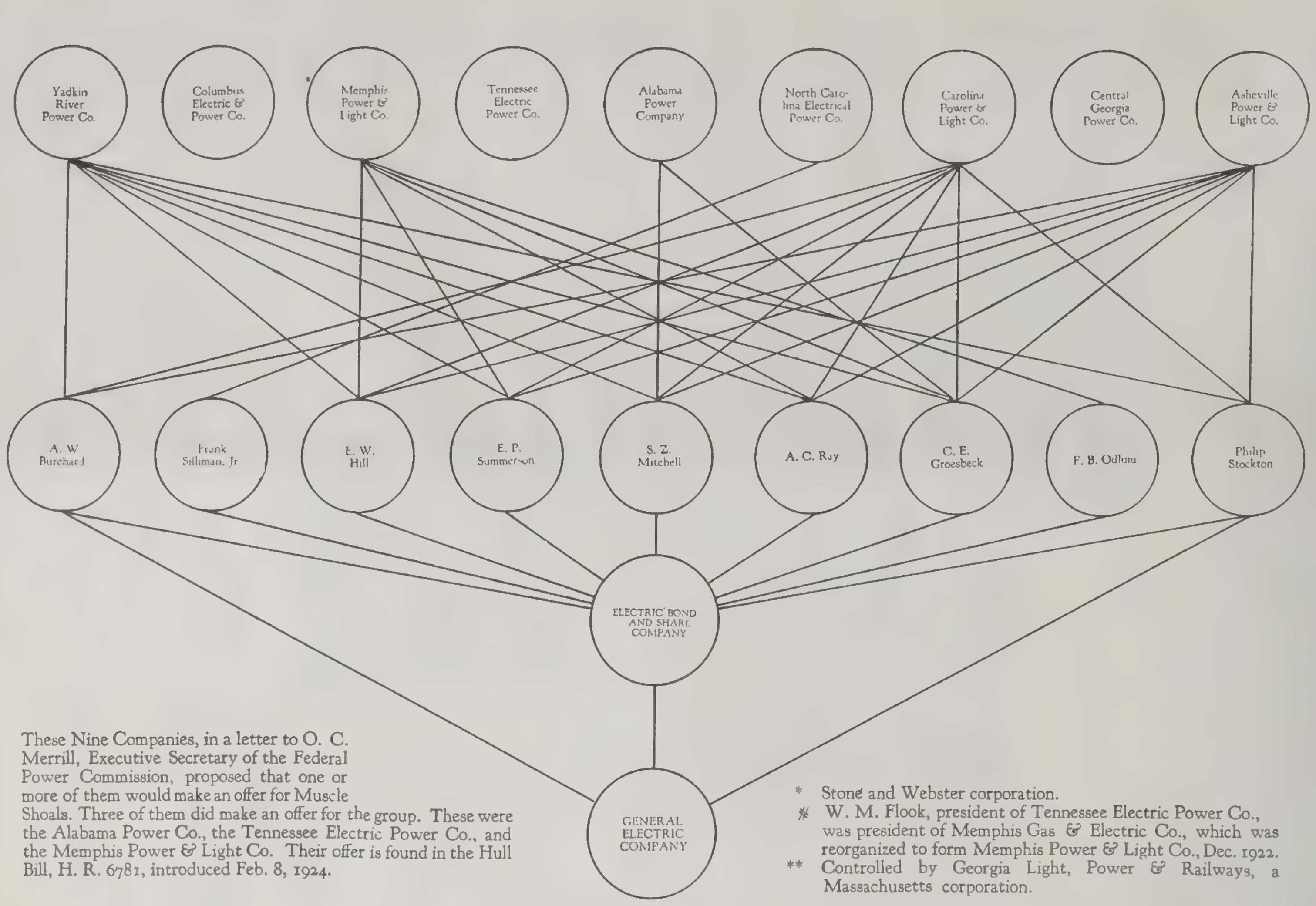
It is surprising how little is known of the life history of this common animal. According to Seton, it is not known when they mate, nor whether the parents ever carry food to the young. It is probable that a pair remains mated for life, but we have no absolute knowledge on this point.

In Germany the coon is called *Waschbaer,* in reference to his curious fixed habit of sousing his food in water before eating it. The coon gathers much of his food in shallow water, such as frogs, crawfish, stranded fish, and probably clams. Very likely he acquired the habit of rinsing the mud and sand off his aquatic prey before he ate it. This habit has become so fixed that a captive coon will souse a piece of meat, whether the meat needs washing or not.

Esseepan, as the Chippewa Indians call him, is not a very profound winter sleeper. In the South he is active all winter, and in this latitude his tracks may be found on the snow in March or on the mud along river banks and lake shores long before the ice has melted on the lakes.

The animals are naturally nocturnal, and are seldom seen in the daytime, and this habit has undoubtedly contributed to the preservation of the species.

Coons are still found over the larger part of the United States and Mexico, but they are dwellers of the forest and cannot live where there are no trees.


Yadkin River Power Co.
Columbus Electric & Power Co.
Memphis Power & Light Co.
Tennessee Electric Power Co.
Alabama Power Company
North Carolina Electrical Power Co.
Carolina Power & Light Co.
Central Georgia Power Co.
Asheville Power & Light Co.
A. W. Burchard
Frank Silliman, Jr
E. W. Hill
E. P. Summerson
S. Z. Mitchell
A. C. Ray
C. E. Groesbeck
F. B. Odlum
Philip Stockton
ELECTRIC BOND AND SHARE COMPANY
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

These Nine Companies, in a letter to O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission, proposed that one or more of them would make an offer for Muscle Shoals. Three of them did make an offer for the group. These were the Alabama Power Co., the Tennessee Electric Power Co., and the Memphis Power & Light Co. Their offer is found in the Hull Bill, H. R. 6781, introduced Feb. 8, 1924.

* Stone and Webster corporation.
⁑ W. M. Flook, president of Tennessee Electric Power Co., was president of Memphis Gas & Electric Co., which was reorganized to form Memphis Power & Light Co., Dec. 1922.
** Controlled by Georgia Light, Power & Railways, a Massachusetts corporation.

The Power Control Menace

By RAYMOND SMITH

THE first World Power Conference ever held met in London, England, June 30 to July 12. It serves as a sharp reminder that the people of the United States are in great danger of seeing their great water power facilities become a great foreign-controlled monopoly. A small group of international financiers already has a strong hold upon the water power privileges of the United States and Canada.

One has only to study a recent report of the United States Geological Survey to visualize the enormous proportions of the prize which this monopoly seeks. The Geological Survey is authority for the statement that there goes to waste annually in the United States and Canada *water power equivalent to the burning of a half-billion tons of coal*—which is three-fourths of the amount mined in this country annually for all purposes.

Without the building of a single dam, the water now pouring down mountain sides represents sufficient power to turn nearly every wheel of industry, light and heat every American home, operate every locomotive and drive ocean liners.

It is estimated that the water power resources of the United States alone can be increased to three hundred million horse power by building huge reservoirs to hold the water during the rainy seasons.

Three billion tons of coal would be required to provide a like amount of energy.

Just what can be expected from this group of international financiers, meeting at London, is best illustrated by what has transpired in recent years. Merger after merger has been quietly effected until at this time the control exercised by the General Electric Company includes:

Seven hundred and fifty lighting companies.

One hundred and twenty street railways corporations..

One hundred and thirty-five gas corporations.

Interlocks with twenty-four other corporations that operate more than fifty public service corporations.

Minor subsidiaries that operate twelve railroads.

On the board of directors of the General Electric Company are:

Dwight W. Morrow and E. R. Stettinius who are in turn partners of Morgan, Grenfell & Company *of London.*

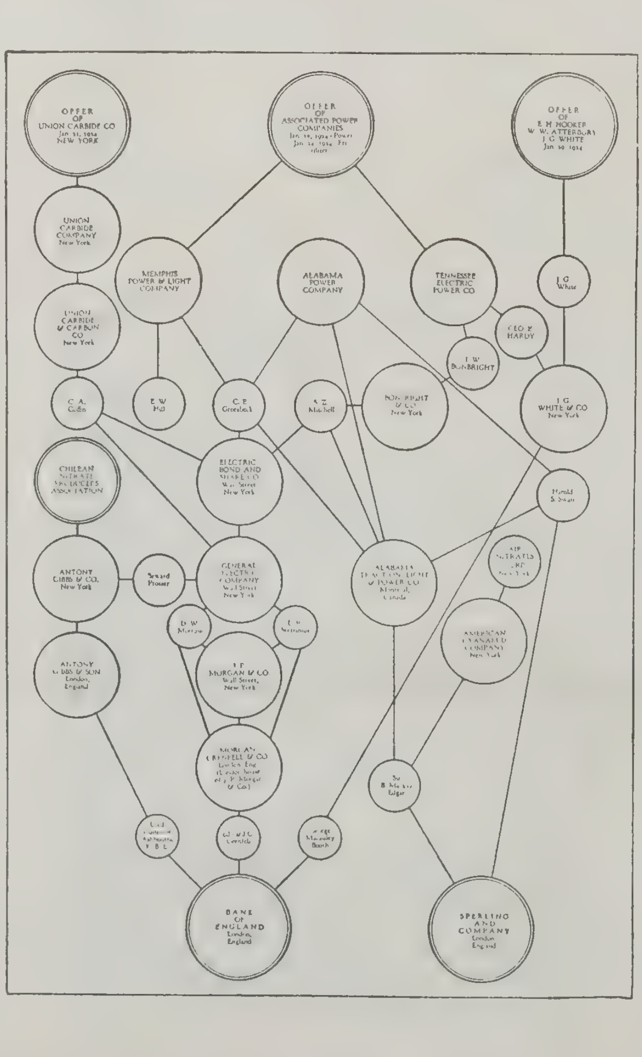
Seward Prosser, who is also a director of Anthony Gibbs & Company of New York, controlled by Anthony Gibbs & Sons *of London* who in turn *control Chilean Nitrates Producers Association.*

Edward C. Grenfell *of London,* a director of *the Bank of England,* is a partner of Morgan, Grenfell & Company.

In turn the General Electric Company controls the (a) Electric Bond & Share Company, which corporation, through interlocking directors, is represented upon the boards of (b) Union Carbide Company, (c) Union Carbide & Carbon Company, (d) Memphis Power & Light Company, (e) Alabama Power Company, (f) Tennessee Electric Power Company, and so forth.

The Alabama Power Company is controlled by Alabama Traction Light & Power Company, Limited, of Montreal, of which Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, *of London,* is chairman of the board of directors and also a director of Sperling & Company, the *London* bankers, and a director of the Mississippi River Power Company, of which Hugh L. Cooper, of the American Cyanamid Company is vice-president

In the *Congressional Record* of March 12, Congressman Finis J. Garrett has inserted a diagram which traces the activities of the Union Carbide Company, Associated Power Companies, E. H. Hooker, W. W. Atterbury and J. G. White step by step to the basic control of the Bank of England and Sperling & Company, bankers of London.


OFFER OF UNION CARBIDE CO Jan 31, 1924 NEW YORK
OFFER OF ASSOCIATED POWER COMPANIES
OFFER OF E H HOOKER W. W. ATTERBURY J G WHITE Jan 1924
UNION CARBIDE COMPANY New York
UNION CARBIDE & CARBON CO New York
MEMPHIS POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
ALABAMA POWER COMPANY
TENNESSEE ELECTRIC POWER CO
J. G. White
GEO R HARDY
F W BONBRIGHT
C. A. Coffin
E W Hill
C. E Groesbeck
S. Z. Mitchell
BONBRIGHT & CO New York
J. G. WHITE & CO New York
CHILEAN NITRATE PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION
ELECTRIC BOND AND SHARE CO Wall Street New York
Harold S. Swan
ANTONY GIBBS & CO. New York
Seward Prosser
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY Wall Street New York
ALABAMA TRACTION LIGHT & POWER CO Montreal, Canada
AIR NITRATES CORP New York
D. W. Morrow
E. R. Stettinius
AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY New York
ANTONY GIBBS & SON London, England
J. P. MORGAN & CO. Wall Street, New York
MORGAN GRENFELL & CO London Eng
Sir E. Mackay Edgar
E. C. Grenfell
George Macaulay Booth
BANK OF ENGLAND London, England
SPERLING AND COMPANY London England

It is a matter of significance that there is now before the Canadian Government a bill changing the existing Water Power Act to provide that long-term leases can be made, removing from the present law the proviso that the Canadian Government can revoke any franchise at one year's notice. In urging this change representatives of the international financiers have told the Canadian Government officials that such a concession will bring unlimited capital into Canada for water power development. The undeveloped horse power of Canada is estimated at from eighteen to twenty million horse power. On January 16 of this year the Canadian General Electric Company was merged with the General Electric Company and the Canadian water rights have passed into the control of the American company.

These facts and conditions may explain the logrolling at Washington to prevent unadulterated American control of Muscle Shoals. A study of the connections of all the opponents of the American offer will quickly show foreign entanglements of a very significant order.

	Turbine H. P. installed 1914-15	(Thousands of H. P.) 1922-23	Increase %
Canada	1,936	2,974	54
France...	800	2,100	163
Italy	1,000	1,650	65
Japan	590	1,500	154
Norway	530	1,654	211
Spain	281	580	106
Sweden	850	1,560	84
Switzerland	500	1,531	206
U. S. A.	8,609	9,540	11

Golf as a Molder of Men

"Royal and Ancient" Game Supplies Elements in the Scottish Character

By VICTOR MITCHELL

THE "royal and ancient" game of golf used to be regarded as the peculiar pastime of the Scottish people, and the place it still retains in their hearts and minds may be gauged by the number of players seen on the links at all hours and in all sorts of weather. It is said that there was once a minister who, when he "foozled" the ball at a critical moment and lost the game, exclaimed in his agony, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffers the loss of the last hole?" Whether this story be true or not it may be taken as symbolic of the earnestness with which the average Scot enters into the game. The cold east wind may be blowing from the North Sea, the sleet may be driving across the moor or the mist descending from the hills, but the golfing enthusiast pursues his way undisturbed. In the long twilight nights of the northern summer he carries on with club and ball until the eve of the "wee, sma' oors," and when the ground is covered with snow and the visibility of the little white sphere would become absorbed in the mantle of winter, *he colors it red* and goes on with his game without interruption. There is one golf club at least in the north of Scotland which numbers among its annual events a match which starts at twelve midnight on the twenty-first of June.

Once upon a time golfing, like deer hunting, was looked upon as the almost exclusive sport of kings and princes, and princes arrayed in "plus fours" pursue the game with zest at the present day, but it is now, more than any other game in Scotland, the game of the people. There is scarcely a town or village in the country that has not its nine-hole or its eighteen-hole course, and there is no doubt that the popularity of the game is in a large measure due to the manner in which it fits in with the Scottish nature. The game requires a great deal of cool calculation; and alertness, foresight and soundness of judgment are essential to the successful player; but these are the very qualities the game itself develops.

Treading Nature's Carpet

MOST of the golf courses in Scotland, and by far the best ones, are on the seacoast, such as those of North Berwick, St. Andrews, Cruden Bay and Lossiemouth on the east, and Troon and Turnberry on the west. Along these coasts there are miles of rolling turf, smooth as velvet and firm but elastic to the tread. This turf is made up of the fine grasses which find congenial soil only by the seashore, and have grown there for countless ages. With it are mingled multitudes of mosses and minute plants which are incorporated with the verdure and woven by nature into a carpet of wonderful richness and texture. It is here the fragrant wild thyme grows; the tiny blossoms of the "craw's beans" impart the crimson and gold of the sunset, and patches of speedwell and forget-me-not, the pure azure of the sea and sky.

It is over this glowing fabric of nature's own designing that the golf player pursues his way. Those wide stretches of fragrant turf beside the sea are the links. The links are for the most part the common heritage of the Scottish people, their public recreation ground from time immemorial, and although cricket and football are played on the more level stretches of the links, golf is the game with which they are more intimately associated. Hence, strangers speak of the "golf links," but to the natives they are merely "the links." Here and there these breezy downs are dotted with clumps of golden whin and patches of purple heather, and between the golf course and the sea the yellow sand dunes gleam in the sun, and from the shelter of the long grass the skylark shoots upward to pour forth its song at heaven's gate.

One of the advantages of golf is that it is not a game which, like cricket, bowling, or baseball, confines the player to a limited field of action. He ranges over a comparatively large area and imbibes a freedom of thought and of action which no other outdoor form of recreation is capable of giving. His energies are not cribbed, cabined or confined by boundary fences or chalk lines, and it may be that he almost unconsciously traverses several miles in making the round of the course.

Advancing to the first tee he drives off his ball with that swinging motion which brings almost every muscle of the body into play, and with a keen and calculating eye follows its course until, if he is fortunate, it alights on the greensward in the open, or sinks out of sight in the "rough." Perhaps the sphere may find a lodgment in one of the hazards—a sand bunker or a meandering stream—and it is in such a contingency that the player is called upon to exercise the virtue of patience in a manifold degree. His keenness of vision is also put to the test, and even when he finds the ball after an exhaustive search, it requires no end of judgment and skill to play it out of this awkward "lie." At length, with two or three well-calculated shots, the ball lands on the putting green within what seems easy distance of the hole which is its goal for the time being. But here again the player is called upon to supplement his skill in the use of the putter by the exercise of the virtues of forbearance and self-restraint. Over-confidence may cause him to strike the ball a little too sharply, with the result that it shoots past the desired goal without going in, or through timidity or a lack of decision his "putt" may be weak, and the globule of gutta-percha, after a feeble effort to reach its destination, comes to a dead stop a few inches therefrom, just sufficient for the player to lose the game. He who has attained sufficient mastery over himself to take this disappointment philosophically, and to take comfort to himself in the reflection that he may do better next time, has attained something that after all is of far greater value than the mere satisfaction of having won.

To the casual onlooker the game of golf appears somewhat monotonous, but it really has more variety than almost any other form of outdoor diversion. At the beginning of the round it is impossible even for the most experienced players to foretell how the game is likely to turn out or what unforeseen adventures may be met with before the round of the course is completed, and it is this glorious uncertainty that constitutes one of the charms of golf. The champion of today may have his laurels wrested from him by the obscure player of tomorrow. It is a game in which the race is not always to the swift nor the victory to the strong. No, there is nothing monotonous about golf. Apart from the hazards and unexpected happenings that await the player, he enters into a new world at almost every stage of the game, and gathers courage as he proceeds.

The Lure of the Uncertain

IT IS perhaps this element of uncertainty, and the obligation that is put upon the player of looking upon the game from every conceivable angle, that endow it with such a fascination. "Oh, but after all, it is only an old man's game," says the gay young fellow who loves the excitement of "rugger" or baseball; but the most eminent sportsmen, backed up by the medical faculty, deny this, and the thousands of our young and virile manhood who keenly enjoy a round of the golf course and derive benefit therefrom abundantly disprove it.

The breezy environment of the golf course not only delights the eye but braces the mind and brings out all that is best in a man—self-reliance, prudence, patience and perseverance: in a word, it provides the key to success both corporeal and spiritual, a healthy mind in a healthy body. There may not be the hectic excitement in a game of golf that some demand in outdoor sports, but it carries a man much further than some of the more violent forms of exercise. As a matter of fact, golf, instead of being an old man's game, is every man's game; it is the game of old and young alike, of rich and poor, of male and female. In Scotland it is essentially a democratic game, a game where class distinctions are forgotten or lost, where the players are all "John Tamson's bairns."

It has been found that in the interests of public health there is no better auxiliary than the game of golf, for it takes the people out of the crowded city to the pure air of the seaside or the country and provides them with a form of exercise that cannot be surpassed. Not only is it good for the body; but it is a builder of character, for it has a steadying influence that the more strenuous and exciting games do not possess. It also has the unique distinction of being a game in which those interested are not divided into two very unequal portions—players and spectators—but in which, except in the case of exhibition matches, all are players. Outdoor sport, if it is to become a real national asset, should not consist of ten thousand people sitting in cramped-up positions watching nine men handling a bat and a ball, but ought to be of such a nature as to allow the thousands themselves to become participants. A large proportion of our so-called sportsmen are mere shouters and noisemakers, and have no more claim to be regarded as exponents of any particular game than the Roman mob which attended the gladiatorial contests in the arena.

Always Looking Forward

IT IS generally conceded that sport and outdoor exercises of all kinds are builders of character, but none of them possesses the facilities for imparting such benefits to the community as a whole as does the game of golf. The social aspect of the game—not to mention its family aspect—is also more pronounced than in any other form of recreation. It is a game which in Scotland belongs to no particular class and is the especial privilege of none. This is as it ought to be; this is why golf ought to make, and is making, an especial appeal to freedom-loving America. It is a game which ought to be encouraged by every municipality in the country. It is a splendid investment for any city to provide a recreation ground of this kind for the people and to encourage them to play on it. Golf calls for no violent exertion on the part of the player, but it leads him into the open air and sunshine amid the scenes of nature, and furnishes just what is required in the shape of a tonic for mind and body. A community playing golf in its leisure moments should have no time for less edifying pursuits.

For the artisan who seeks for healthy recreation after a day, or night, in a busy factory, the game of golf is ideal, because it does not unduly fatigue the body like some more strenuous pastimes, and it has the advantage over bowling that it provides variety. Golf may be compared to a ramble in the country in which the joys of nature are unfolded in all their charm; in which there is a well-nigh perfect form of training both for the mind and body with just enough excitement in it to make it interesting, and just enough skill required to call forth the faculty of alertness, and the virtues of patience, forbearance, and good-fellowship. It has also been shown that the characteristics of foresight and perseverance are likewise developed. The golfer never looks backward; "Fore" is his slogan, and his aim is to drive his ball clear of all traps and pitfalls, just as a pilot navigates his ship to the desired haven by the shortest and safest course. To sum up, the game of golf and the game of life have very much in common.

Alcohol in History

FROM the earliest ages alcohol has taken a prominent place in the history of the world, and from time to time its use or abuse has become a problem. This is fully demonstrated in an article by William Little which appears in the *English Review* for June. The part that alcohol has played in the lives of nations from the time of the Deluge to the present day is most marked. It was the cause of Noah's terrible curse on Canaan, it figures in the destruction of the family of Job, and it was the direct cause of the overthrow of Babylon, as it was of nations and peoples for centuries after.

Wine was used in Egypt from the remotest ages, and two wine jars have been found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. In other Egyptian discoveries the processes of viticulture and vinification are depicted by carvings executed probably a century before the time of Joseph.

Such was the overindulgence in alcohol at certain periods of history that prohibition laws had to be passed to avert disaster. For example, Lycurgus, King of Thrace, found it necessary to pass a prohibition act long before the Christian Era to check the tide of drinking that was threatening to destroy his people. Not content with merely forbidding the consumption of wine, he caused all the grapevines in his kingdom to be torn up by the roots.

Some modern nations would do well to take a lesson from this drastic measure of the Grecian king, for, while discouraging or prohibiting the consumption of liquor, they permit its manufacture and distribution, under certain conditions, to go on unrestrained. Lycurgus literally went to the root of the matter.

The greatest weapon that Mahomet possessed in carrying on his propaganda was that of prohibition. He succeeded in putting a veto on all alcoholic drinks, and immediately his followers began to prove their strength against all opposing nations. If it had not been for the degeneracy caused in the Byzantine Empire by overindulgence in wine, the Turks would never have conquered Constantinople and gained a permanent foothold in Europe.

For nations that ignore the insidious effects of traffic in liquor, the handwriting on the wall which foretold to Belshazzar the destruction of his kingdom is not far to seek. While the Babylonian revels were at their height, Cyrus with his Medes and Persians was advancing on the doomed city.

One has only to examine the pages of history to see what a tremendous part the vice of drinking played in the downfall of nations. In its train has followed first the ruin of the individual, then the destruction of the community, and finally the collapse of the nation. If history is to be of any value, its lessons must be learned and learned well.

Famous Marriages at Gretna Green

THERE was recently sold at auction in London about a thousand certificates of marriages which were celebrated at Gretna Green in Scotland by John Linton, the famous border "priest," who used a blacksmith's anvil for an altar. Among John Linton's clients were numbered members of the highest families in the land. As a training for such a romantic way of earning his livelihood he had acted as valet and confidential servant to Sir James Graham, of Netherby Hall, rendered famous by the exploit of "Young Lochinvar."

Among the border marriages celebrated by Linton was that of Prince Charles Ferdinand Bourbon, brother of Ferdinand II of Sicily, and Miss Penelope Smith, a Devonshire heiress. In the course of an interesting article in the Glasgow *Weekly Herald*, by K. Patrick Fleming, it is related that Miss Smith, who was famed for her beauty and possessed of considerable wealth, was traveling abroad when she met the royal lover. As soon as the Sicilian royal family discovered the affection of the prince for the English girl they set about putting every possible obstacle in the way. The prince, however, renounced his rights to the succession and vowed to marry Penelope at all costs. At Rome they went through the ceremony of marriage, but this was nullified by a royal edict. They were again thwarted after a celebration at Madrid.

In spite of Sicilian intervention, a marriage was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, London; but in the end this also was declared void, not having the sanction of the King of Sicily. It was then, in 1836, that the pair discovered the laws of the church and of foreign potentates were nothing to the power of the blacksmith "priest" at Gretna Green, and there they were united.

Even more romantic than the royal match was the marriage of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, scoundrel and empire-builder, and Ellen Turner, sixteen-year-old daughter of a Cheshire gentleman. She was then finishing her education at a boarding school and had expectations of a considerable fortune. Wakefield at this time was thirty and had already buried one wife whom he had clandestinely married. Now he determined to woo Ellen Turner, although the girl had never seen him.

One day he presented himself to the headmistress of the school, saying that he had been sent by Mr. Turner to break some bad news to Ellen, and to take her home at once.

To Ellen he said that her father's wealth had gone, and that complete social and financial failure could be averted only by the girl's consenting to marry him. He suggested Gretna Green as the speediest method of union, and the girl at last consented. They were accordingly married, although Linton did not officiate, his assistant, a man named Lang, acting in his absence.

Wakefield was prepared for an outburst of parental wrath, but expected that when it died down they would be received with open arms. So he took his bride to France to await peace. But instead of a paternal blessing and reconciliation, he received a sentence of three years' imprisonment at Lancaster assizes for abduction. In spite of the crime, so firmly tied were Wakefield and his girl-bride that a special Act of Parliament had to be passed to annul the marriage.

The Rescue of the Greely Expedition

Brave Men Battle With Arctic Terrors to Reach Starving Explorers

By BURT M. McCONNELL

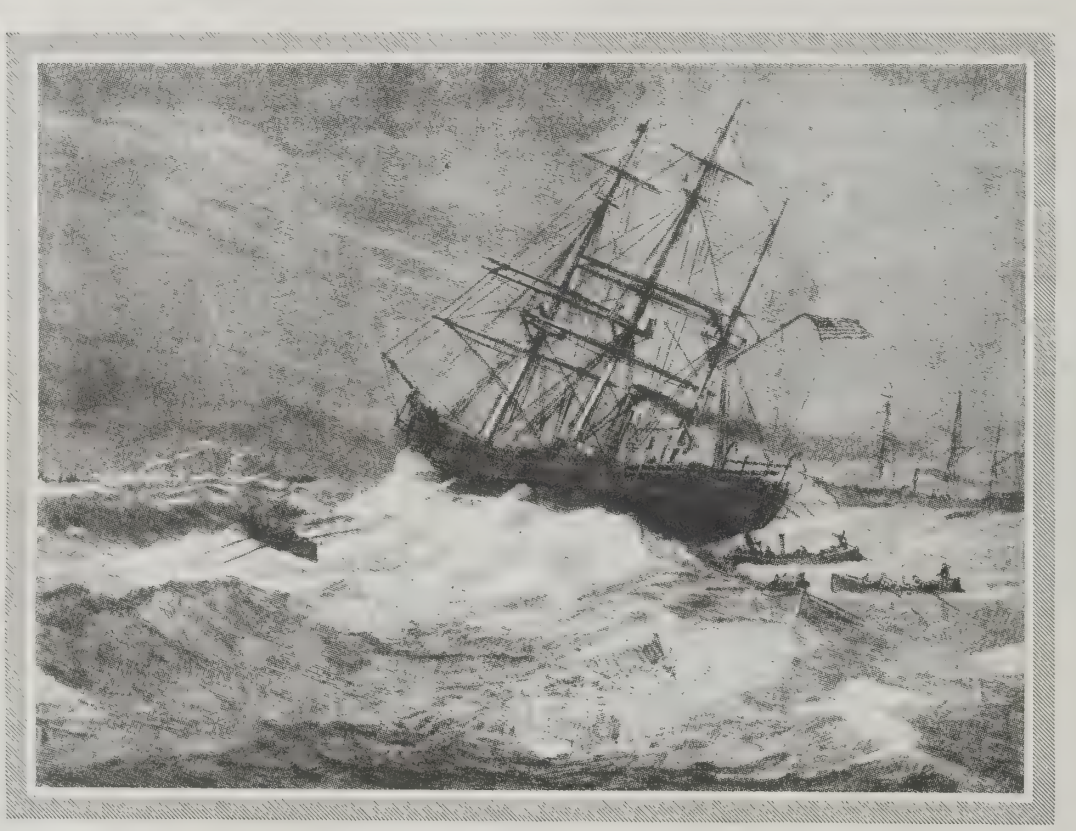
Meteorologist, Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1914.

THE midnight sun, a dull red ball of fire, looked down upon a squalid, flapping tent on the eastern coast of Grinnell Land. In it were lying the seven weak and emaciated survivors of the Greely expedition. Seven out of twenty-five! All of them were momentarily expecting death, but one in particular was a little nearer the Grim Reaper than the others; besides suffering from starvation and scurvy, he had lost both hands and feet from frostbites. And while there was precious little food to be conveyed to his mouth, his thoughtful companions had fastened a fork to one arm and a spoon to the other. Greely and his men, in a land of little game, with almost no food, were too exhausted to launch a boat when open water appeared between Grinnell Land and Greenland, and unable to retreat over the drifting ice fields because of open water and strong tides. The entire party appeared to be doomed.

They had penetrated this Arctic waste in the summer of 1881, and it was now June 22, 1884—forty years ago. Each year an expedition had been sent to rescue them, but without success.

After the return of the 1882 and 1883 relief expeditions, an indignant American people forced Congress to offer a reward of $25,000 for the first information of the Greely party, and to send out a third relief expedition of two government vessels, the *Thetis* and the *Bear*.

As these two vessels, with two whaling ships, fought their way through the ice-infested waters of Baffin's Bay, sometimes by the aid of torpedoes, the few enfeebled survivors of the Greely expedition lay in their dilapidated tent at Fort Conger, quietly awaiting death. This struggle, with the likelihood of being crushed by the ice always present, lasted three weeks. Sometimes the staunch vessels, when sent full speed into an ice floe, would slide clamberingly upon it, like a polar bear struggling up out of the water, and break it down with their sheer weight. For the honor of the United States Navy was at stake!



The rescue of the survivors of the Greely expedition.

High up on the foremast of each vessel, a hundred and ten feet above the water's edge, the lookout, standing in his barrel or "crow's nest," hour after hour, day after day, guided the ship through the ice fields, meanwhile anxiously scanning the shore for any trace of life. On deck a sledge, loaded with provisions and a first-aid kit, and a team of eager dogs were kept in readiness for a dash ashore over the ice. A launch, similarly equipped with rations and water, swung from the davits.

In addition to such perils as tides, currents, and drifting ice fields, a gale now threatened. The government ships were now headed toward Cape Sabine—to escape the gale and to look for traces of the Greely survivors. The whalers went their own way

Nearing Cape Sabine, a launch was dispatched from the *Bear*. Soon the crew discovered a tent, bellying and flapping in the fierce gusts, and partly blown down. But there was no sign of life. Then a pitiable object, which they soon realized was one of the survivors, raised a signal flag—of red and white underwear and blue bunting.

The relief party hurried ashore, where an appalling sight met their gaze. A row of more than a dozen graves lay along the top of a gravel knoll. Stretched out upon a snowdrift was one of the dead. Protruding from a shallow grave, the brass buttons of an officer's uniform shone like nuggets of gold in the early morning light.

Ripping open the tent with their knives, the rescuers found Greely and the others lying on the ground in their sleeping bags, their pinched and cadaverous faces, sunken eyes, scraggly beards and matted hair making a picture never to be forgotten. One of them was "dead to the waist"; all feeling had left him. None of the party had washed for nearly a year. All of them were so weak that they could barely swallow the hot milk and beef tea brought by the rescuers. They had been on a starvation diet for months; for the previous two days nothing in the way of "nourishment" except a few bits of sealskin had passed their lips.

The seven survivors were quickly brought out into the open and carefully wrapped in blankets. By this time the gale had increased to a hurricane. But the work of rescue went on. The bodies on the hill were disinterred, marked for identification, and taken aboard the ships, where they were placed on deck, each wrapped in an American flag. The survivors, their forms wasted to mere shadows, then were carried down to the water's edge on stretchers and rowed out to the ships, with water dashing over the bows at every lunge. Such was the dramatic rescue of the Greely survivors on June 22, 1884—forty years ago. The youthful commanding officer, now Major General Greely, retired, and his right-hand man, Sergeant Brainard, now Brigadier General Brainard, the two sole survivors at this late date, agree that if the rescuers had arrived forty-eight hours later they would have found nothing but corpses at Cape Sabine.

The Greely expedition, imbued with the spirit of exploration which has fascinated adventurers since the beginning of time, started out auspiciously enough. The twenty-four young men, who, in the interests of science voluntarily cut themselves off from civilization, were American soldiers. Their commander, Lieutenant Greely, had risen from the ranks. To officers and men alike Arctic exploration was as fascinating, and the call of the polar regions as alluring as it was in the ninth century when Eric the Red, in his travels into the frigid North, discovered Greenland. They knew that hundreds of Arctic adventurers had lost their lives since man first tried to find a northwest passage to China, yet that did not deter them.

They soon learned, as they plunged into the great unknown to fight a war against scurvy, starvation and the elements, that the Arctic was no place for weaklings. Much has been written of the heroism of the soldier who heedlessly flings himself into battle, the tumult of war, the beat of drums, and martial music urging him to victory or death; but what courage could be higher, what heroism more exalted, than that evinced by Greely's men? In the face of almost certain death by starvation; in spite of their absolute helplessness and the abortive plans of our government to rescue them, Greely and his men displayed a degree of fortitude and strength of character that will live in history.

The unparalleled disaster which overtook the expedition was in no way a reflection on its commander, who with two brother Army officers, twenty-two enlisted men, and two Greenland Eskimos eventually accomplished what he had set out to do. He gave to science a complete set of astronomical, meteorological, and other observations that has never been duplicated; his followers traversed an unknown shore hundreds of miles to the northward, and reached the "farthest north" ever attained up to that time. That the lives of most of them were sacrificed to exploration is due to the failure of other missions—the relief ships which never came. To quote Greely's own opinion:

> "The relief expeditions managed from Washington were ghastly failures. That nineteen out of twenty-five men perished was due to the incompetency and to the desertion of the commands—both military and naval."

This is one of the few blots on our Army and Navy records.

In August, 1881, the *Proteus*, a small vessel chartered by our government, carried the Greely party of twenty-five, with two Eskimo hunters, to Lady Franklin Bay on the east coast of Grinnell Land. This vessel was to have brought them back to the United States the following year. Here, on the shore of a sheltered cove where there was coal in abundance, they constructed comfortable quarters, and with the aid of the Eskimo hunters killed enough musk oxen to provide them with meat throughout the winter. Food depots were established for the sustenance of advance sledging parties the following spring.

During the first half of the winter small parties were sent out in various directions, mainly to prepare them for an attempt to exceed the "farthest north" record.

The men dragged their own sledges. At night they found their sleeping bags stiffened with frost. Their outer clothing and footgear upon being removed would freeze within five minutes. It was necessary to thaw out their sleeping bags by the scant warmth of their own bodies. In the morning they endured the same routine, thawing out frozen clothing and shoes. Lunch was found to be impracticable because its preparation took too long, and there were no thermos bottles in those days.

Early in the spring Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brainard, with a small party, set out on the hazardous attempt to reach the "farthest north." With dogs and sledges, they plodded along the trackless coast of Grinnell Land, crossed over the ice to Greenland, and continued northward along its western coast. Difficulties beset them at every turn. At one stage of the trip a raging blizzard kept them in their sleeping bags for some forty-eight hours. The wind blew so violently that men at headquarters were actually carried off their feet at times. Snow blindness and the breaking of a sledge added further to the trials of the Lockwood party. They struggled ahead, however, and when they were not halted by storms traveled about twenty miles daily. The reward of their courage and endurance was the attainment of the highest latitude ever reached by man—83°23′ N.—where the Stars and Stripes were triumphantly hoisted. After sixty days' absence, during which time they traveled more than a thousand miles in all sorts of weather, they returned to the winter base.

With the coming of spring and the breaking up of the ice fields between Grinnell Land and Greenland, the men scanned the horizon long and earnestly for a relief ship, but neither a sail nor a smudge of smoke was seen that year. Lieutenant Greely's instructions, in case no vessels reached him that summer, were to abandon his station—which he had named Fort Conger—not later than September 1 of the following year and retreat southward by boat, skirting the east coast of Grinnell Land. Meanwhile, however, the party must solve the immediate problem of getting through the intervening winter.

By the end of July everything was in readiness for departure. The party carried over forty days' full rations, and Greely had cached during the previous winter, at a point to the southward, rations for more than twenty days.

Time passed and still the ice did not open. On August 8, the date set, a heavy snowstorm came. The following day, however, the entire party (except the dogs, which were abandoned), distributed in a 27-foot navy launch, one whaleboat, and a couple of smaller boats, worked their way out into the strait through scattered ice fields, in imminent danger of being crushed to atoms. For two weeks they toiled through the drifting floes. By alternately fighting their way along the coast and drifting with the ice packs for some three hundred miles, they managed to reach late in August a point within fifty miles of Cape Sabine. At this juncture, with open water only a mile away, the party was beset; frozen in. The position was a precarious one; they did not know at what moment the ice might crumble beneath their feet and the sea swallow them up. Their provisions were dwindling rapidly.

Finally, on September 10, the travelers started ashore over the rough ice, dragging two of the boats and some twenty-three hundred pounds of food, clothing, and equipment. Struggling with this burden, they found after six hours of toil that they had progressed only a mile and a quarter. At night some of them slept upon the ice and others in the boats. The short dark days of winter were fast approaching, and numerous snowstorms delayed them. A violent northwest gale carried the ice on which they were camped out to sea. But after four hundred miles of travel by boat and a hundred miles by both sled and boat, occupying in all fifty-one days, Greely landed his party at Eskimo Point, near Cape Sabine.

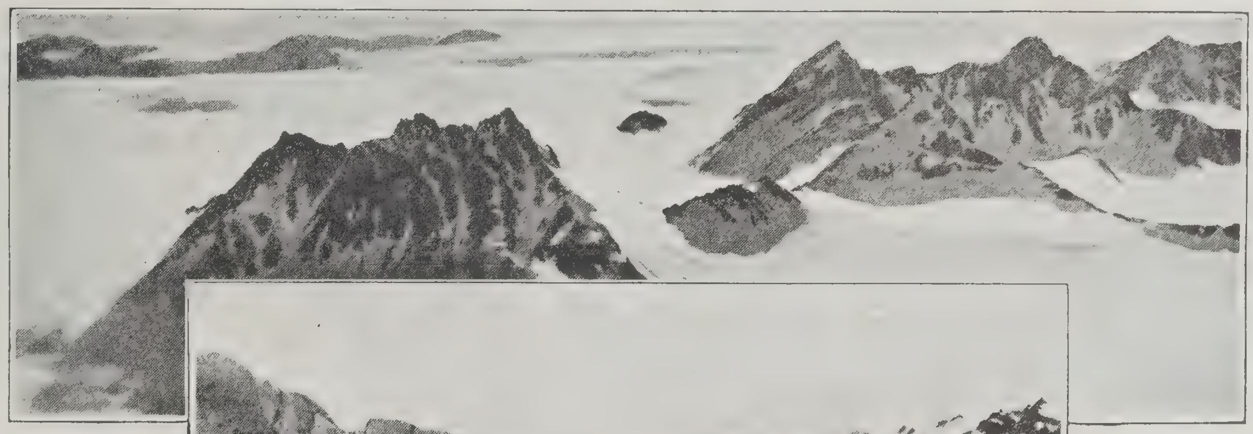
Greely now decided it would be impracticable to attempt a retreat to Greenland, where there were Eskimos, food, and shelter; their recent experience had proved that they could not average more than two miles a day across a moving ice field. It was therefore impossible to cross the twenty-five-mile channel when, for every two miles traveled east, they would drift four miles to the south. Then there was much rubble and slush ice in the drifting pack, making travel dangerous if not foolhardy; the tides were strong, rising and falling from ten to twelve feet every six hours and twisting the ice pack in all directions. New ice was constantly forming, but while this was strong enough to impede the passage of the party's boats, it was not thick enough to bear the weight of either boat or man. A retreat to Greenland, therefore, was out of the question.

Winter quarters were then established at Cape Sabine, where Greely hoped they could kill walrus and seal, and perhaps polar bears. Their quarters were constructed of stone and snow, with the old whaleboat for a roof, and here in this dingy hut, about twenty by thirty feet, were crowded the twenty-seven men with their sleeping bags, clothing and equipment. They had no stove, and their light, used upon rare occasions only, was a seal blubber lamp with a bit of rag for a wick. Starvation, however, gradually manifested itself. Some of the men grew delirious with hunger. Greely, by this time, was worn by mental anxiety and responsibility. There were several petty thefts of food; the men grew quarrelsome; the surgeon was insubordinate. But these incidents, when compared with the courage and acts of heroism of most of the members of the party, of which more will be told, were scarce worthy of mention.

It was now the first of November. By putting his men on one-fourth rations, Greely estimated that the provisions furnished by two caches would supply the party with food until March 1, when the men might be able to cross Smith Sound to Greenland by sledge. They brought in the other whaleboat and cut it up for fuel, although fuel could be used for cooking purposes only; it was too precious to use for heating the hut, which remained cold, damp and uncomfortable. The disappearance of the sun added to their discomfort and depression. The hunters went out daily for game, but found little.

In this desperate situation Greely decided to send a few volunteers forty miles to the southward to bring back one hundred and forty-four pounds of meat which had been cached there by an English expedition seven years before. Four of the stronger men—Rice, Elison, Frederick, and Lynn—were selected. After four days' exhausting traveling through rough ice and snow, they reached the cache, and packed the meat on their sledges. They had left their sleeping bags at a spot near the shore, fully expecting to return to them that night, but it required fourteen hours for the wearied men to reach the cache, load the meat on the sledge and return to their sleeping bags. On this difficult journey, Elison froze both his hands and feet. By placing his benumbed extremities next their own bodies, his companions were able to draw out the frost, but Elison was absolutely helpless the next morning. To save his life it became necessary to abandon the meat. A ten-hour struggle, encumbered with their helpless burden, brought them to an abandoned hut. Here they cut up the English boat for firewood. Elison's suffering, once his face, hands and feet commenced to thaw from the artificial heat, can better be imagined than described. The following day Elison had to make his way as best he could, led by a rope attached to the sledge. Hour after hour, a pitiable figure, he stumbled along. Finally when his feet were so numb that he could no longer stand, the party camped, and Rice bravely set forth alone in the face of a northwest gale to get help from their winter camp. This solitary journey of fifteen miles was made in absolute darkness across the newly formed ice, but he kept boldly on his way, heedless of danger, and at midnight staggered into camp and told with stiffening lips of the plight of his three companions.

Though they had been on reduced rations for months and were weak and half-starving, a small band of volunteers immediately set forth into the blizzard, risking their lives to go to the aid of a comrade whom they fully expected to find dead. The journey of the half-starved relief party was one of the most remarkable in Arctic history. They traveled forty miles in forty-four hours, most of the time in total darkness over very rough and heavy ice.



(C) U. & U.

(C) Ewing Galloway, N.Y.

Above—Queen Mountain, in the center of King Jacob's Land, Arctic, taken from 4,000 feet altitude on the Hammer-Junker aerial expedition organized to aid the Amundsen projected Polar dash. The Junker commercial plane from which this was taken made non-stop flights in the Arctic up to 700 miles, proving—according to the chief, Haakon Hammer, who has just arrived in the U.S.—that a flight to the Pole could be made with ease. Below—Wall of the Great Glacier, Bell Sound, Norway.

By the middle of November, nearly half of the party were unfit for duty by reason of frostbite or injuries received during their laborious autumn work. The roof and walls of the hut gathered frost and ice, as did every other article in the wretched place. Their sleeping bags and clothing froze to the ground. They were on rations declared by the surgeon to be insufficient to sustain life. They cut wood into pieces not much longer than matches to insure perfect combustion, and used it only for cooking. Except the hunters, the men remained from necessity or choice almost continually in their sleeping bags.

The Christmas menu of the party consisted of a stew made of seal blubber, preserved potatoes and bread, and flavored with pickled onions. For "dessert" they had a sort of rice pudding with raisins, seal blubber, and condensed milk.

Then came the New Year—and with it disaster. Cross, who had developed marked signs of scurvy, was released from his suffering. The funeral ceremony was a pathetic one. The men dug a shallow grave as best they could in the frozen soil, and tenderly laid in it the first victim of the dread disease of the Arctic. He was covered with the American flag. A salute was to have been fired, but Greely decided that their scanty supply of ammunition must be conserved.

Their one hope now lay in reaching Littleton Island, where some believed an American relief ship might have laid down stores for them. Early in February Rice and one of the Eskimos, who were stronger than the others, left for this bit of rock. But a day later they returned reporting open water to the northward as far as the eye could see.

By the first of March, when Greely had intended to cross on the ice to Greenland, the strait was wide open. At that time it would have been possible to cross in the open boats to Greenland, but the party did not have sufficient strength to remove the boat from the building and carry it down to the open water. Three weeks later everyone realized that the beginning of the end was at hand. They had long since given up hope of rescue, and were huddled together in damp and unsanitary quarters. In their enfeebled condition they could barely crawl around the camp, or attempt to catch shrimp or seaweed.

Starvation claimed Christiansen, an Eskimo hunter, and Lynn. The fates seemed to be against them.

Fort Conger, Grinnell Land, May 20, 1883.

Rice and Frederick now set out to find the cache of English beef which had been abandoned by them the previous November. During the first part of the journey they encountered a terrific gale. Without food or drink of any kind, exhausted and ill, they crawled into their sleeping bag. The drifting snow soon covered them, and they were held prisoners for almost twenty-four hours. When at last they freed themselves they were nearly frozen. After a warm meal they continued toward the point where the meat had been cached. There disappointment awaited them. Though they searched every foot of ice, not a trace was to be found.

Stunned by the realization that their struggle had been in vain, they started homeward, but Rice, who had been getting gradually weaker, soon found he could go no farther. Later in the day he suffered a hemorrhage, and died within a few minutes.

Starved for months, weakened by his severe and exhausting labors, chilled to numbness, alone on an extended ice field, Frederick felt that he could not go on. But he knew if he failed to return to the camp some of his companions, at the risk of their own lives, would venture out in search of him. So, summoning up every ounce of his waning strength, Frederick stumbled along for miles until he reached his sleeping bag. Here, weary and disheartened, he rested. Next morning, after having a little food and drink, Frederick went back to the spot where his dead companion lay and buried him in the snow. Trudging another six miles back to his sleeping bag, he loaded his belongings on the sledge and started for the hut. Dragging his sledge as far as his enfeebled condition would permit, he would take a little food, get into his sleeping bag, and sleep for a short time. In this way he managed to return to the hut.

Portrait of A. W. Greely.

Death was by this time a frequent visitor. Lieutenant Lockwood and others, including the doctor, passed away in May and June, and the remaining Eskimo hunter was drowned in an attempt to get food. It was necessary to have one man shot for his repeated and brazen thefts from their scanty store of provisions. (The Secretary of War wrote Greely after the return of the expedition saying that he entertained no doubt of the necessity and the entire propriety of this action in ordering the execution of this soldier under the circumstances.) Greely was sick and weak and the few of his men who had not already been laid in their last resting places, were feeble and wretched.

June opened with a howling gale and driving snow. For a day and a half the party had had nothing whatever to eat. Everybody was quite miserable, not only from lack of food, but from the cold, to which in their enfeebled condition they were very sensitive. Millions of ducks and geese flew past, but the hunters were unable to obtain any. By the twenty-first there were but seven men left of the twenty-five; and they calmly faced the inevitable. For almost two days nothing in the way of nutriment except a few bits of sealskin had passed their lips. The end of all was approaching. But help was speeding to them in their extremity in the person of Captain (later Rear Admiral) Schley. The long agony of waiting was over. Tenderly they were cared for and nursed back to health on board the *Thetis* and *Bear*. But it was too late to save poor Elison, who, sick and maimed since that first year in the Arctic, lived only long enough to reach the first Greenland port on the way home.

And so the tragedy of Cape Sabine went down into history, and nineteen more lives were added to the seven hundred or more that have been sacrificed in Arctic wastes. Their arduous labors, heroic endurance, and unflinching determination had advanced the American flag to an unparalleled latitude on both land and sea. The expedition had carried out the scientific program allotted to it; it had increased the world's knowledge of the physical characteristics of Grinnell Land. What is more remarkable, its members, in one of the most extraordinary and successful boat journeys of the age, had brought their records to a safe place at the price of great bodily suffering, through a dense polar ice pack, and to a point where they would eventually reach the world.

The victims of scurvy and starvation died in the interests of science, and this should not be forgotten. The blame for their loss rests, not upon Greely, but upon the commanders of American rescue vessels, who failed to rescue Greely and his men and to lay down food depots along the coast sufficient to sustain them until a vessel could force its way through the pack to either Cape Sabine or Fort Conger.

Through the long winter nights the aurora borealis blazons its challenge across the Arctic sky; but its beckoning lure no longer calls to the heroes who are sleeping their last long sleep in that icy waste. No poppies bloom above their heads; their names are not engraved upon tablets of bronze. But at that "farthest north," in solitary defiance to the elements, the remnants of an American flag may still flutter in the wind—an everlasting memorial to the men who died in its service.

Let Trees Play Godmother to America's Towns

Inspiration Comes to Many a Community From the Forest It Owns

By FRANZ A. AUST and HAZEL HANKINSON

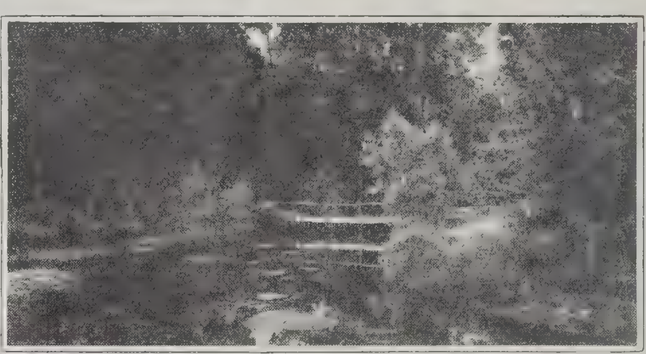
A FOREST of trees may indeed prove to be a community's fairy godmother!

Rightly managed, a forest owned by town, village or city can help to protect the community's health, as well as its general welfare. It can enter into its social, recreational, and workaday life. And last, but by no means least, such a woodland can be made to furnish "trunks filled with gold" to the community of which it is the valuable possession! In short, it has been known to pay the taxes! What more can one ask of a godmother?

Sounds like a tale of sprites and wood nymphs, doesn't it? It's a spicy thought, at least, when viewed from the standpoint of mere variety. For what man and what town have not been repeatedly directed and instructed and warned and entreated to watch over and to care for the trees of America? And rightly so. America's trees in woodland and forest and on roadway and street must be guarded, that their days of shade and beauty and value may be long in the land. America's future generations must not be allowed to go unsatisfied when they long wistfully for something to "whittle." But meanwhile it's pleasant to learn that trees can "take care of" many a city and village and town.

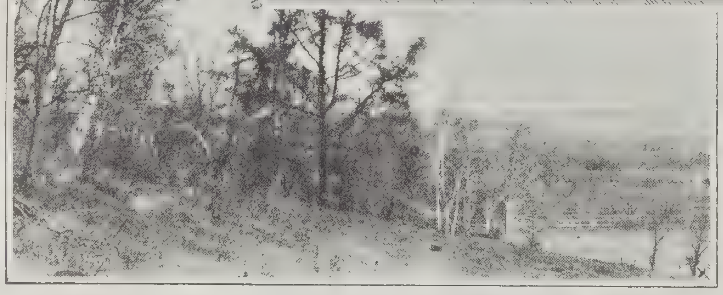
As a splendid example of what is actually being done, take the state of New York. Always one of the nation's important tree-growing sections, this state has more forests that are the property of cities and towns than any other state in the Union. More than 170 000 acres of forest land are owned by communities in New York. Troy possesses the most, for this city has 57,000 acres of trees; New York City is second with 48,450, and Rochester comes third with 39,863 acres. These woodlands are controlled according to the laws of each community. Johnstown, Syracuse, Utica, Saratoga Springs and many other well-known places also own community standing forests.

Then there are the lands newly planted to trees and owned in the same way by communities. New York City herself leads all the others in this, for she has 19,000 acres owned and reforested. She has been one of the pioneers in America in buying land for this purpose. And other smaller cities, too, have done remarkably well. Gloversville, a place of about 22 000, has 1 500 acres of reforested land, and Rochester, third on the list, owns 915 acres of trees which she has planted.



Rustic bridge.

A wonderful nurse crop for future second growth of timber which in time will be furnishing "trunks of gold" to the community possessing it.



Steep barren hillsides, tree-covered, prevent erosion and keep sediment from a community's water supply.

Now the communities of the state of New York have a number of reasons for these tree activities which bring the attention of citizens to such a broad co-operative owning and planting. Chief among these is the reforesting of watersheds that reservoirs and other sources of water supply may be kept intact. Syracuse, for instance, by means of her municipal forest, insures sanitary conditions to the city and thus a clean and pure water supply. Rochester not only accomplishes the same purpose, but plants the unsightly waste places on the outskirts of the city with the aim of developing them into beautiful forest parks for her citizens to enjoy. And for this she has already gained an admirable reputation. Then, in all the forests, city-owned, as the trees come to their maturity, much timber can be wisely cut and sold from time to time to fill the municipal coffers.

Outside the state of New York, Atlanta, Georgia, is one of the cities which is recently taking steps to reforest land which she owns outside the city limits. Many acres of trees will not only beautify the approaches to the city but will benefit the citizens in other ways, as those of the New York communities are doing.

Many a community, especially along river valleys in these days since natural forests have become the exception and not the rule, is vitally concerned with floods which descend from treeless mountains and hills. Within the last few years, the whole nation has suffered great loss of life and property on this account. Many thousands of dollars every year are lost by floods in the Missouri and Ohio valleys alone because of the treeless uplands. And the building of dikes and levees has not been sufficient safeguard.

There are scores of towns and villages of the smaller type in the United States situated on flat outwash plains with hills in the background. Where these hills are laid bare of trees, thawing takes place more rapidly in spring than where the space is covered with woodland. Sometimes whole sections are flooded; often the thawing, which goes on rapidly on hillsides where there are no trees, places a heavy strain on storm and drainage sewers with additional heavy expense to the community.

On the other hand, community woodlands on the hillsides bordering towns like this in a few years take care of the matter in an excellent way. Thawing takes place slowly in spring so that floods cannot have their way; heavy strains are not felt on storm and drainage sewers. Meanwhile, the surplus moisture is gradually thawing and seeping into the soil to benefit the farming land for miles around.

Land bought by a community for reforesting will naturally be non-agricultural land. Swamp ground may sometimes be cheaply purchased. Steep barren hillsides are seldom fertile for crops of any kind except trees and can often be bought for that purpose from private owners who are glad to sell. Massachusetts even goes so far as to define a town forest as a "permanent, self-supporting, valuable *gift* to a town or city." And some community-owned woodlands in that state, it is reported, have been secured in that way. Such a gift is indeed a worthy means by which a man may establish a lasting memorial to himself.

The state of California secures protection for the water power of cities and towns through the protection of national forests and other woodlands in the state. Los Angeles brings its city water 180 miles from the mountains where great trees cover the sides. For there is no doubt that in most cases the presence of trees clarifies and makes fit for use the water which is furnished to a water supply or power system, for the reservoirs are thus kept free from sediment.

On the other hand, in treeless areas where erosion takes place, many important power sites have been made worthless because of the large amounts of sediment taken into the streams feeding the reservoirs. A power reservoir in the southern part of the Appalachian region, for instance, to begin with, had a depth of twenty-eight feet, but within two years a large island had completely filled the center. Another large reservoir became three-quarters filled with sediment within four years from the time it was built. Not only do such occurrences cause great expense to communities or power companies; they are likely to bring about flood damage when storage capacity of reservoirs has been thus diminished.

Certain eastern foresters who have had fine experience among city-owned forests extending over ten years or more of time suggest that an unusually splendid opportunity awaits small towns and even rural communities for keeping up and reforesting their own woodlands. These community forests, they say, could serve as a common source of fuel supply. They could furnish products for wood-using industries which might be established in the community. They could supply work for men who would otherwise be idle during the winter months. They could by careful cutting and sale of timber become a source of revenue to the town so that taxes would become ancient history, all expenses would be paid, and more than that—a balance would remain in the treasury for improvements.

There is another reason for the great confidence felt in the possibilities of community-owned forests. They have been successfully tried for three or four hundred years in the countries of Switzerland and Germany. Zurich in Switzerland has had such a forest splendidly managed for 660 years.

Before the war, Baden and Freiburg and Heidelburg were reaping profits of $66,000 and $46,000 and $12,000, respectively, every year from their city-owned woodlands. The smaller towns, too, were coming in for their share. One town of 7,000, owning 8,822 acres of forest, had an income of $60,227, from which, after subtracting an outlay of $17,810, there remained a clear profit to the community of $42,417.

So much for the money side of the matter. A Chicago man, George H. Maxwell, a short time ago voiced his opinions as to what American towns and cities should do, based on the experience of the older countries. This is a part of this vision:

"In the smaller towns and villages the idea of a town forest should go beyond the mere supplying of wood and timber. It should be also a part of the educational equipment of the community to supplement the manual training and other practical studies.

"We have much to learn from other countries. When we have learned to maintain in every town and village a public school combining the French schools for gardening with the Swedish schools for cooking and the Austrian schools for woodworking; when we have located such a school in the midst of a growing forest plantation where every child will learn to plant and care for trees, as well as to garden and to cook what comes out of the garden; then may we feel that we have solved the problem of public education. We will have solved, too, the problem of keeping the boys and girls on the farms and in the country towns.

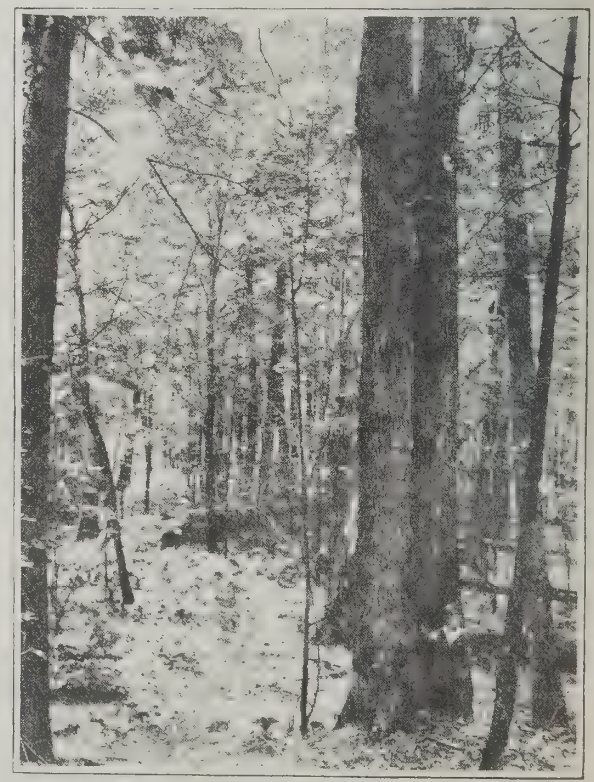
"Those who should be thinking the most about these questions are the farmers and the folks now living in such towns who want their children near them in their old age."

Then Mr. Maxwell continues: "What a transformation indeed will take place when the cut-over lands of Wisconsin and Michigan, for instance, have their original forest wealth restored by the creation of 'hand-made' forests, as has been done in the Old Country; when these re-created forests belong forever to the folks in the nearby towns and cities."

That at least a part of this dream may some day come true lies in the realization of such a plan as that of Raphael Zon, who is director of the Lake States Forest Experiment Station. His plan is concerned especially with the colonization of forest land and cut-overs in Minesota, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Each colonization project, consisting of several thou-

(*Concluded on page 15*)



A community woodland with its paths and drives and its opportunities for enjoyment and rest will lift that community to higher planes of thought and action.

The "Little Big" Man in High Places

How Industry and Ambition Gain Promotion

By ROBERT KENTON

SOME day public men may be rated and cataloged according to a scientific system, as are other animals and objects, and even the different sections of the human race.

These ratings will concern mainly three attributes:

1. Honesty.
2. Ability.
3. Energy.

Courage might be added, but when a man's rating in these three qualities is high, courage follows.

It is well known that there is no necessary relation between honesty and ability; a very able man may be wholly lacking in honesty and a scrupulously honest man may be lacking in ability.

A lawyer, for instance, once remarked that every judge should be honest and able.

"But the trouble with the judges around here," he added, "is that those who have ability are not honest and those who are honest have little ability."

Energy has much to do with a public man's worth, yet it is possible (as is not the case with honesty or ability) for public men to have too much as well as too little of this quality. A man can dissipate his mental powers by too great use of his physical energy; he may talk too much or run around too much. Again, a man's mental energy may drive him too far in advance of the people with whom (for the sake of service) he ought to be keeping pace.

Energy is a factor almost equally as important as ability or honesty. This quality is most difficult to estimate. The term "hard workers," applied either in public or private life, is regarded as a compliment. Sometimes, however, a public man who ordinarily would be reasonably safe and efficient is rendered dangerous and inefficient by being too industrious.

The Menace of "Little Big" Men

THE lawmaker who often achieves the greatest measure of harm is the dull, honest man who happens to be possessed of much energy. If he happens also to be ambitious he can become an influence for harm exceeding even the brilliant crook.

This type of public official might be called the little big man. That is, by reason of industry and ambition he frequently pushes himself into places calling for true bigness. The woods of public life are well populated with this type of public servant. Democracy (rather, what passes for it) peculiarly encourages the development of this type.

It is a very dangerous type. It is more dangerous in the making than in the administration of laws. It is more conspicuous in legislative than in executive positions. To it can be traced more pernicious legislation by far than was ever put over by deliberate malevolent intent.

In legislative bodies, the man of ordinary ability, though lacking in energy and without ambition to become a "noted statesman," often renders useful service. He attaches himself to a few leaders who have great ability and follows them. These leaders usually are honest and honesty seems to have the faculty of perceiving honesty. The result is that this kind of mediocre man, though a "me-too" type, generally acts wisely and safely.

In Congress there are introduced during each term from 15,000 to 17,000 separate and distinct measures; that is, proposed new laws. *If even half of them were enacted, the country probably would be wrecked.* If all of those calling for the expenditure of funds were to go through, there would not be enough money in all the country to meet the appropriations. Congress now passes only from 500 to 600 bills during a term. This is a great increase over previous records. But even so, only about one out of every twenty-five or thirty proposed measures is enacted into law by Congress, which means that the big work of real leaders is not in passing, but in preventing the passage of bills.

Some leaders are put in certain places chiefly for this purpose. The House Appropriations Committee, for example, always has had as chairman a man of the "Treasury watch dog" type—a man who could be trusted to deny rather than to grant appropriations.

For What Are Men Remembered?

MANY of the ablest men who have served in Congress are remembered best for legislation which they prevented rather than for what they accomplished. The member of the present United States Senate who probably ranks highest in the general esteem of the country rarely has been conspicuous in "fighting for" anything—except the defeat of measures he considered to be improper. This Senator, however, has great ability, is unimpeachably honest, intellectually and otherwise, and, when aroused, he is very energetic.

Few names that have been identified with outstanding laws enacted by Congress are associated even in popular estimation with the highest statesmanship. One needs not call names to prove this contention. All that is necessary is to ask the reader to review the "named" laws which have come forth in recent years. By "named" laws is meant those which are referred to as the Smith-Smith or the Jones-Jones acts of which there have been many during the last ten or fifteen years. With only a few exceptions the names thus preserved are forgotten or are unknown in all other connections.

This doubtful or spurious sort of fame fascinates the mediocre type of legislator. With some of them, to have one's name attached even to a bill that doesn't become a law, but attains notoriety, is a glorious end in itself, worth seeking regardless of the character of the law or the bill.

Aside from some measures which have to be passed, such as the recurring tariff acts, the proposals which endow their sponsors with this sort of fame fall into two classes: One class of bills would open wide the doors of the public exchequer for a wholesale distribution of funds in some new direction. The other would provide for an extension of governmental activity (which usually means government interference) in some new quarter. Frequently both are proposed by the same measure, for nearly all authorizations of new expenditures carry with them extensions or expansion of government.

Sentimental Legislation

SOMETIMES the second class involves a proposed amendment to the Constitution. Nearly always the proposal contains the emotional appeal, the sentimental equation. Frequently there is much elemental merit in claims made for the proposal. For all kinds of things are wrong with the world, and it is not easy to demonstrate the cold fact that these things cannot always be corrected by constitutional amendment, by increasing the already vast numbers of inspectors and investigators and regulators directed from bureaus in Washington, or by adding to the tax burden on the people who must meet the cost of all such things. Argument for these proposals usually can be put forth in emotional or sentimental way, which, of course, is the easy way. Argument against them must rest on cold logic, and therefore usually requires sound ability, cold intellectual honesty, and often superlative courage.

Legislative bills that propose to do something for mothers or children or war veterans, or to correct this or that moral wrong, or undo some glaring social injustice, or provide easy money out of public treasuries for large numbers of people, are easy to advocate; it doesn't require cold logic.

Hence the mediocre legislator who is energetic and wants to make his mark requires little inducement to sponsor such things for the prominence they will give him in return.

There will always be many people to help him. Large and powerful organizations are often behind these movements. Capable people are ready to supply him with facts, even write his speeches, which in Washington is often done. They see that he is given publicity, which he sometimes foolishly mistakes for public acclaim.

Virtually any proposal that has organized backing can get sponsorship in Congress, especially if the outside promoters will do the "brain work," collect the facts, prepare the speeches, and help with the generalship. Even the parliamentary maneuvering incident to the passage of many bills is directed from outside of Congress. Several men in Washington who have never sat in Congress have attained high prestige as parliamentary experts through their work in supplying with generalship the members who sponsor such measures as are here discussed. But the member gets the "credit" for the achievement, or he thinks he does.

To Save an Industry From Sapiro Hands

Concluded from page 4

they merely doubted the Sapiro brand of it, and time has proved them correct, just as it has proved other agriculturists correct. Here, with a valuable crop, producing as high as $500 an acre and in a limited area, with a comparatively small number of growers, under conditions which the co-operative promoters themselves declare to be ideal, and with no attempt to break up the co-operative associations, these organizations destroyed themselves through the methods of operation followed by their leaders. This is one of the clearest-cut, most interesting, and most decisive tests to which the co-operative movement—as sponsored by Aaron Sapiro—has been put in America. It resulted in complete failure for that form of the co-operative plan—the one sponsored by Jewish influence.

In connection with this, there is a lesson in the manner in which the hop-growers who refused Sapiro's overtures maintained their industry. When the members of the co-operative associations were receiving 16 and 17 cents for hops which cost them 18 cents a pound to produce, the independent growers were receiving 23 to 25 cents a pound.

As a matter of fact, *all the hops were selling at these higher figures* in the markets of the world.

But the high expense of distribution and selling under the Sapiro Plan *ate up one-third of the money which the members of the association should have received.*

The other growers, selling *direct to the consumers,* as they do today, estimated that their costs of distribution and sale, during the period of low prices, averaged one to one and one-quarter cents a pound; the costs of distribution and selling to the members of the Sapiro associations averaged *seven cents a pound!*

Jewish "direction" of the American farmer is expensive!

Let Trees Play Godmother to America's Towns

Concluded from page 14

sand acres, according to his plan, will be cleared wherever soil and location are good for farming. Whatever land is non-agricultural will be kept in woodland or reforested for future use, as the case may be. Each farmer, as he becomes a colonist, will be given a forty-acre share of woodland, either having the trees on his own farm or in a general forest. As community centers spring up, each citizen of the community will have a forty-acre ownership in a general forest. Thus will a large woodland become community-owned on each colonization project, to furnish protection and profit, wood and work. And it will, besides, in time, become playground and park—a peaceful haunt for men, women and children.

In addition to all the other ways in which a community forest "takes care" of town, city, village or rural community, there is always that silent influence of trees over folks—the happiest gift they can give.

Each community forest should be a park, kept as much like nature intended it as possible. Those of Rochester, New York, and of Washington, D. C., with their paths and drives, are delightful examples. There every citizen of the community can go for holiday pleasure; there they may camp for a time, if they wish, in the genuine out-of-doors. A community woodland, in fact, once owned and rightly managed, will be found to be that community's inspiration, lifting everyone to a higher plane of thought and action.

One of the greatest objections to starting private woodlands has been the fact that trees grow slowly. It seems to many the work of a lifetime from which the owner reaps but little benefit; but when developed by a community, the forest is to be kept permanently for the good of many for years to come. Thus the work never seems hopeless. Besides, care and attention often cause trees to mature more rapidly than when just growing wild.

A world of possibilities exists for communities in the owning of trees. Wealth, health and inspiration come as the coveted gifts of a godmother to each town or other community so fortunate.

There's another happy side to the story. Each community so blessed cannot keep that blessing for itself alone. That wealth of forests kept or revived must extend as a gift to the nation as a whole. And each town or city, village or rural community, owning a forest will in turn become "godmother" to America's tree-life which the nation so longs to protect.

Welding Together of the World's Peoples

Concluded from page 2

be built on memories, we have not had. Only in our western hemisphere has any other distinctive group of highly developed peoples lived so short a time. Our American nationalistic memories are only 150 years old, while one-third of our people have no American group memories, but have come to America from groups most of which, in Europe or Asia, are, roughly, 1,000 years old. America will have difficulty building strong nationalisms solely on her short memories. Also we must not expect that those numerous nationals among us can at will forget the emotionalisms of their age-long past.

Another of our difficulties is due to the fact that we are not a homogeneous people—either a single ethnic group or a well-amalgamated folk. We are heterogeneous to the extreme. Not even Argentina has so varied a population. We are not yet sure what the future physical American will be. All we know is that he is still being formed.

We have no indigenous American language. America, unlike most of the independent nationalistic groups in Europe or Asia, has a borrowed tongue. And this English language which we commonly speak is, as yet, not so common but that millions of our residents cannot use or understand it.

As to a nationalistic religion, we have none. The fundamental law of our land forever separates church and state. Undoubtedly, Mr. Justice Story spoke the belief of present-day Americans when he said that "half the calamities with which the human race has been scourged have arisen from the union of church and state." Granting this as true, the wise use of religion, as of democratic civil rights, seems to be a matter of slow understanding by persons who have long been herded by the power of an undemocratic government. When we consider the tremendous power religion has exerted in the civil life of peoples, the thoughtful man must ponder at the possible outcome of the irreligion of America today. Many Americans have failed to recognize that intelligent and motivating religious truths assist greatly in making individuals better citizens.

To offset our serious difficulties in the maturing of American nationalisms, we possess three dominant assets:

The first is our geographic isolation, fortunately far from the historic hatreds and fears of European groups.

The second is a gripping environment, which eventually will make us all Americans by breaking those who will not be made American.

The third is such vital, idealistic hope for a realizable future in America as no nation before has held out to individual men. It is this democratic hope to be a part of existing America which has lured virile men to our shores, and on the realization of this steady hope will America's nationalisms largely be developed.

As Americans we are interested in the development and maturity of American nationalisms; first, because we are confident that the ideals of our American nation hold a great wealth of unique blessing for her citizens; and, second, because we believe the constant attempt to perfect her democratic idealism is the surest step toward the longed-for future Brotherhood of Man.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Six of the fourteen provinces of Argentina have already adopted eight-hour-day legislation.

A fire in the Arapahoe National Forest in Colorado started from a camp fire left smoldering by careless motorists and burned 2,500 acres of excellent pine timber in a little more than three hours. This rapid destruction took place despite the fact that officers of the Forest Service, with a force of 250 men, began fighting the fire almost as soon as it started.

A remarkable flight of the painted butterfly in California has been followed by a serious outbreak of caterpillars, which are attacking garden plants of all kinds.

The United States could support a population of nearly 300,000,000 with no greater relative dependence on other countries for food and raw material than we have today. A population of that size would, however, have to go on a very different standard of living than we now hold and the productivity of farm and forest land would have to be held at a much higher level than at present.

Withdrawal of the water supply from the wild lands of South Africa by agriculturists has caused the death of many elephants. The animals raid the ranches and are shot by the settlers.

Old York and New York have been linked together by the unveiling of a tablet in the ancient city by the younger municipality, the Duke of York performing the ceremony.

The Order of St. Gregory the Great has been conferred by Pius XI on William C. Prout, leader of the United States Olympic forces in the games at Paris.

More than 4.300.000 illiterates will be entitled to vote in November for President of the United States.

In unveiling a war memorial recently General Sir Ian Hamilton said: "There is no getting over the fact that tragedies make good copy and that goodness makes bad copy. Therefore a feeling of hopelessness comes over the man who wishes to point out to his fellows the wonders and beauty of peace."

In the year 1907 China enacted the most spectacular moral reform in history. To free themselves of the opium slavery they plowed up the poppy on a million acres of land, closed up 500,000 opium dens, and old smokers stacked up their pipes in the market places and burned them.

At the recent sale of the Britwell Library, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of New York and Philadelphia, paid $9,300 for one of the five copies known of the seventh edition, 1632, of Shakespeare's "Rape of Lucrece."

A committee from the American Bar Association, after examining the law courses of twenty-five of the leading schools of the country, reports that in only nine of them is a study of the Constitution compulsory, and in two of these attention is given only to the purely commercial or legal value of it.

The old lighthouse of St. Agnes on the Scilly Islands has been converted into a holiday home.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Pneumonia promises to be deprived of its annual toll of 45,000 lives by the serum developed by Dr. Lloyd B. Feldon, of the Harvard Medical School. The substance is a white powder or antibody against pneumonia. It was discovered after five years of work following the influenza epidemic of 1918.

Ordinary glass windows keep out the healing and stimulating ultra-violet rays of sunshine, but panes made of quartz would let them through. Dr. Edward R. Berry, a director in the Thomson Laboratory of the General Electric Company, has perfected a method for making fused quartz which promises to be an incalculable boon to the medical profession.

News that a new automobile highway more than six hundred miles long, joining the Congo with the Nile, affords ample proof that complete seclusion from civilization becomes ever more difficult to find, even in darkest Africa.

It is claimed by scientists that the results of taking from the earth such vast quantities of oil, relieving as it must certain pressure from within the earth, may prove serious. The exact nature of such results is, of course, merely a matter for speculation.

"Everything in life should be taken earnestly, but nothing should be taken tragically."—*Edouard Herriot.*

"A Republican is a person who thinks a Democratic Administration is bad for business; a Democrat is a person who thinks a Republican Administration is bad for business; both are right."—Prize-winning definition in a competition held by the Baltimore *Sun.*

In that strange country the chief sound of life is a hiss, according to the fascinating report of William Beebe, the naturalist, in "Galapagos: World's End." Man has not penetrated Galapagos, which is on the equator, and the animals reign supreme—and peaceably. The fear of man is unknown to them.

The journal of Columbus during his first voyage to America, discovered in Madrid in 1820 and buried until recently in archives of learned societies, has recently come to light and been translated into English.

The Tower Bridge in London costs $165,000 a year to keep in repair.

Jugo-Slavia has the smallest navy in the world. It only possesses a few monitors for service on the Danube.

Shuddering is caused when the brain receives a sudden shock, and the heart momentarily ceases its function of pumping blood.

King Alfonso of Spain, who is corporal in the Italian Fascisti, is the only reigning sovereign who holds such rank in the irregular forces of another country.

Broad arrows are no longer used to mark the clothing of British convicts, and the authorities are considering a scheme for giving the prisoners lounge suits to wear.

A drove of "floating islands" was recently encountered by a steamer off the coast of Borneo. The largest was about seven acres in area, and contained palm trees more than a hundred feet high.

The brain of an ant is about the size of the head of a darning needle. These insects live from eight to ten years as a general rule, although specimens in captivity have been known to reach the age of fifteen.

Mail bags are now picked up by airplanes in full flight by means of a hook which seizes a rope to which the bags are attached.

The city of Paris is in debt to the extent of five million francs, but among its possessions are articles of furniture and art treasures worth 320,000,000 francs.

Bobbed hair has ruined the hair-net industry in China. With the cutting of the queues after the revolution of 1911 there was placed on the market in China enormous quantities of human hair which led to the development of the hair-net industry.

Eight and one-half per cent of the landowners in fifteen corn and wheat producing states in the upper Mississippi Valley lost their farms in 1923. The average price of plow land fell from $70 an acre in 1917 to $22 in 1923.

When asked by a fellow passenger why, after spending millions of dollars in advertising, he did not stop and add the money thus saved to his profit, Mr. Wrigley, of chewing gum fame, said, "We are traveling west at sixty miles an hour. Where would we be tomorrow at this time if we took the engine off the train?"

Crop and market reports sent out by radio from Washington have in many instances been the means of farmers literally picking dollars out of the air. Also use of the air mail in dispatching crop reports to the Department of Agriculture at Washington will be a tremendous advantage to agriculture and industry and means not only a great saving of time, but a shortening of the period between the receipt of the reports and the date of their release at Washington.

More than eighty-five per cent of the United States' corn crop is fed to livestock and somewhat less than ten per cent is used for human food. The hog is the largest consumer of corn, forty per cent being fed to swine on farms. Horses and cattle are next in order.

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Scotland's Struggle for Prohibition

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The Fight for Prohibition in Scotland

Influence of "the Trade" Is Bulwark of Wet Forces

By PAUL TYNER

PROHIBITION on a national scale will not come all at once in Britain, any more than it did in the United States. It will probably be preceded by many less drastic and radical attempts to deal with the drink evil; always with the idea of lessening rather than eradicating it and with an effort to reconcile prohibitive or regulative legislation with British ideas of "individual liberty." Scotland already has had local option for seven years, and although comparatively few districts have so far voted "dry," this is due largely to an ingeniously contrived wording of the Temperance Act of 1917 to make it ineffective—a contriving effected through the sinister influence of vested interests in the beer and whisky traffic.

When the Labor government came into power there was some expectation that it would favor the amendment of the existing local option law, for it is well known that Ramsay MacDonald is himself a Prohibitionist in principle and that Edwin Scrimegeour, member for Dundee, is only one of a number of men who are Prohibitionists in principle among the Scottish members. But it was soon officially made manifest that the present government is not particularly interested in real temperance legislation. Mr. Adamson, the secretary for Scotland, in reply to a question by Mr. Sturrock, a Scottish Liberal member, said that he had received and considered a number of representations regarding the Temperance Act of 1917 (the local option law already mentioned); but that he had not undertaken to institute any inquiry into the matter, and he was "not at present satisfied that such an inquiry was necessary."

The "wet" interests, of course, are too subtle to make a direct frontal attack in the shape of legislation for the annulment of the local option law. With most suave, not to say pious, assurances that they favor "real temperance" with all their hearts, they will endeavor to sidetrack the real issue by obtaining legislation in the shape of some compromise with the problem which, while satisfying the "Moderates," will really clinch more firmly the "wets'" hold on the country and retain their control on the two old parties. However strong Prohibition sentiment may be in the Labor party, it is not a plank in its platform; and even if it were, the introduction at this time of a Prohibition measure would be the signal for their overthrow from power, as surely as would the introduction of a capital levy or a land nationalization bill. Whether the liquor interests will manage to obtain the same control in the Labor organization that it now exercises in both the Conservative and the Liberal machines only the future can show. The test will come when the Laborites return to Parliament with a majority of the electorate behind them. Just now it is certain that the political and social forces identified with the liquor trade directly or indirectly are the traditional foes of Socialism: the Jewish financial and commercial powers, the aristocracy and the moneyed classes.

The Great Power of "the Trade"

IN THE House of Lords recently the cloven hoof was shown during the second reading of Lord Lamington's "Public House Improvement Bill." This measure provides that where licensed premises contained adequate provision for the supply of other refreshments than alcoholic liquors, were commodious and comfortable, had proper seating and sanitary accommodations, and contained provision for suitable recreation, the licensing boards should certify that the premises formed an "improved public house," and such premises should enjoy special privileges and exemptions. The certificate would be deemed to include licenses for music, dancing and entertainments; the presence of children was not prohibited, and the holder of a certificate would be entitled to a rebate of one-half the license duty. Lord Lamington said he wished, through this bill, to abolish the many dens and snuggeries which existed for merely drinking purposes.

The very bringing forward of this measure indicates that the "interests" are at least waking up to the fact that the public houses or, as we call them, "saloons," must be made "respectable," if the fight against their perpetuation is to be disarmed.

While there is certain evidence of a slow but steady rise in the tide of Prohibition sentiment in this country, it was not shown markedly in the last elections, so far as the count of votes goes. More districts went wet than went dry, thanks largely to the fact that the Local Veto Law (Temperance Act for Scotland) passed in 1917 is such a sham that many real Prohibitionists refrained from voting, while in several instances it proved so unjust and unworkable in districts where local option under it had been voted in three years ago that the electors voted against it this time. For one thing, elections held under it must be three years apart, and the exceptions and exemptions provided in it favoring hotels, clubs and restaurants practically nullify it and emphasize its nature as class legislation favoring the rich as against the poor. "No license" under it would not only "deprive the poor man of his beer," but most flagrantly leave to the rich man unrestricted indulgence. So unless the present act is amended by the Parliament now sitting or by the next Parliament, it will be three years hence before Scottish electors will have another opportunity to express their will on this issue. But Scotland is ahead of both England and Wales in having any local option law at all, and one of these days Scotland will surprise all Britain, as did Kentucky in the United States, by going dry—and that will be the beginning of the end of the long and mighty sway of the whisky trade in the British Isles.

It had been a picturesquely red-hot campaign. Striking features in a procession of the "dry" forces were floats showing the home of the drunkard with wife and children in rags, a bare room with empty larder and empty grate. In contrast with this was presented the cheerful, happy home of the temperate man with well fed and clothed wife and children smiling welcome to his homecoming. Still another float showed twelve shillings' worth of bread in a piled-up heap of loaves, and beside it a bottle of whisky, all topped by the legend:

> "TWELVE SHILLINGS WILL BUY THE
> BREAD OR THE BOTTLE. IF BREAD
> IS YOUR CHOICE, VOTE NO
> LICENSE."

Processions of the "NO CHANGE" (wet) party, on the other hand, depicted Scotland in chains with a lot of gloomy and cowed workers cruelly deprived of their beer by grim and saturnine fanatics who held the rod over them. Other posters of the "wets" that plastered the town made luridly pictured appeal to Scottish patriotism and love of freedom. "SCOTS WHA HAE" is the simple sentence on one poster, running across the Wallace tartan, an allusion to one of the most stirring and familiar of the songs of Burns.

The churches of Dundee were almost solidly for "No License," as far as the ministers and most of the "elders o' the Kirk" are concerned; but not one of the three daily newspapers were on that side. During the campaign there were meetings in nearly all the churches every night. In addition, open-air meetings, despite wintry weather, were often kept up until midnight, as many as a dozen going on simultaneously in various parts of the city. But the "wets," or as the people here denominate the element interested in fighting Prohibition, "the Trade," meaning the liquor and beer trade, had the heavy battalions on their side. Money was spent freely in publicity on the largest scale. They had organized workers among the publicans and their cohorts, and among the employes of breweries and distilleries. About 200 motor cars and dozens of autobusses and char-à-bancs were out on election day carrying voters to the polls from rendezvous near the closed "pubs." It seemed obvious that "the Trade" had planned on countering the work of the good women who have been working like beavers in their appeals to the public to vote "No License" to "save the children and the home." This counter-move took the shape of carrying to the polls in their autos thousands of the scum of the slums and the denizens of what in America used to be called the "red light" districts. To many of these women, a ride in a motor car is a tempting luxury. And it is whispered that, although the Corrupt Practices Law here is very strict, there is nothing in it to prevent a man from "treating" a friend to a *bottle* of whisky—even if the retail cost is twelve shillings—or more than double the pre-war price.

In a talk I had with a prominent "dry" worker one night, he told me that these poor alcohol-sodden creatures were far from being the most potential element they had to fight. "The influence of the Trade," he said, "is most subtle and widespread in its ramifications. The liquor interests are among the largest advertisers in the daily and weekly press. They are a power in the business and financial world, and they are the dominant power in politics. Whisky and brewery shares are a prime investment and widely held. The Trade dictates not only to retailers and wholesalers in their own line, but also in other lines only indirectly connected with the sale of liquors. These include the grocers, hotels, restaurants and theaters and other entertainment enterprises. No man in public life dares to antagonize the Trade. Consequently their chief strength in the election was not merely among the ignorant masses, or the slum women, but among the respectable and educated so-called "pillars of society."

Pointing the Finger at America

AS I have mentioned, the opposing forces in the election were lined up under the slogan of "no license," on the one hand and of "no change" on the other. This needs explanation. The ballot voted in November contains three options: "1. That there shall be *no change* in the existing regulations of the liquor traffic; 2. That the licensing authority shall limit the number of licenses issued hereafter to three-quarters of the existing number; 3. That *no licenses* shall be issued, except for inns and hotels or restaurants in special cases.

The nigger in this wood pile is very ill concealed; his wool is sticking out of one end and his feet at the other. What is the answer to the puzzle? Whv simply that the bill was drawn by Lord Younger (then Sir William Younger) one of the biggest millionaire brewers in Britain, chairman of the Conservative party and leader in the House of Commons of the "Die-hards" who opposed Lloyd George's settlement of the Irish question and who were active in bringing about the disruption of the Coalition government. On the return of Bonar Law to power, Younger was rewarded with a peerage in return for his "patriotic services"—a euphemism for big contributions to the party cash box and for shrewd and sharp management of the campaign that sent Lloyd George into the wilderness.

This Act of 1917 is, in fact, not even a compromise; but the merest of subterfuges shrewdly framed to hamper in every way possible the growth in Scotland of an anti-saloon sentiment, and to make practically impossible any real restriction of the liquor traffic, or amelioration of the evils produced by it. The bill was roundly denounced on the floor of the House of Commons as a sham by Edward Scrimegeour, the lone champion of Prohibition in the British Parliament. He carried his opposition to the whole business so far that he refused to take any part in the local campaign in his own town, although he arrived in Dundee three days before the election to address the electors in his own campaign for his re-election as senior member for Dundee in the snap general election for the new Parliament following shortly on the local wets' election. It will be remembered that Scrimegeour put Dundee on the map when at the general election of last May he was returned by an immense majority over Winston Churchill and went up to Westminster with a Prohibition bill in his pocket. True, he was not elected because he was a Prohibitionist, but went in on the tidal wave for the Labor party in his district, largely because of his personal popularity and the people's admiration for his pluck in standing again and again as a candidate against great odds. But his election gave great heart to the newly formed "No License party," and while some regret is expressed by local leaders that they should be divided from him for the time being by "a difference in tactics," there is no falling off in his popularity and no shadow of doubt as to his unfaltering allegiance to the Prohibition cause in its essential singleness and simplicity.

Conspicuous in the propaganda against "No License" is an insistent playing on the note of *"Prohibition has failed in America and Prohibition would fail here."* This legend in big black and red letters stared at one from the dead walls and perambulating barrow placards and on sandwich-men posters. The newspapers regaled their readers for months with lurid tales of wholesale violations of the law in America, of the poisoning of thousands of persons by the wood alcohol route; of the impunity with which the rich procure the wine, beer and whisky denied to the poor man by high prices. Scenes are portrayed in the viler purlieus of New York and Chicago, where it is alleged that liquors of the most poisonous sort are openly sold and scenes of utter depravity are common. Appalling statistics as to alleged increase in the number of opium and cocaine victims are furnished. Rarely are the facts as to the diminution of poverty, vice and crime given in the press. Even the carefully verified report of the special commission sent to the United States to examine and report on actual results of Prohibition has had to depend upon the circulation of a pamphlet got out by the Church of Scotland. In Dundee itself, the report of the Rev. Dr. Adam Ferguson of the United Free Church served as a sort of counterblast to the garbled and biased "wet" propaganda. The great trouble, of course, in any such controversy is bias of feeling and motive on either side.

Drink Dominates Dundee

IN NO city in the world that I know is the power of the liquor and brewery interests more brutally rampant and dominant than in Dundee, or the degradation of its victims among the masses more flagrant. Young women workers in the jute mills are often seen reeling through the streets, singing and shouting maudlin songs as late as two o'clock in the morning. Instances are quite common where the women are the bread earners and the men left at home to look after the house and the children—in sorry fashion certainly.

There are as many "pubs" as there are "kirks," which is saying a great deal, and they are much better patronized. Lines are in waiting for the opening up of these drinking places for three hours in the middle of the day and again for four hours beginning at 6 p. m., under the present restrictions initiated during the war and continued with some modifications. And they are filled with men and women using every available moment of the limited hours in greedily imbibing beer, gin, and whisky or bad port wine.

Like every other center in the British Isles then and today, Dundee had been suffering from acute unemployment and from the protracted idleness caused by the boiler makers' strike. In every "pub" strikers put in most of their time, spending in drink (that soddens brain and corrupts body) the strike pay received from the unions. In the same way the unemployed got rid of the "doles" received from the government while in many, many cases their wives and children went hungry and in rags. Over and over, social workers have found in the tenements women with children newly come into the world and no shred of clothing provided for them; "homes" without even a bit of coal to warm their cheerless cold and dampness, or a morsel of food in the house, while the husband and father had to be sent for to a neighboring "pub" and brought home in a hopelessly stupid and besotted condition.

Yet it must be said that there are a great many teetotalers among these workingmen and women, and even among their much abused leaders. The very extreme of sordid misery, so obvious and prevalent, has stirred the decent elements of the community to greater earnestness and fervor of protest against the drink evil—and to intensity of determination that it shall be wiped out. They are in a hopeless minority as yet; but they are waging a patient and plucky fight against overwhelming odds.

It should not be overlooked that there is a third movement under way. It is called the Moderate Movement and favors a "Reformed Public House." As a step in this direction, it urges the voters to cast their ballots for the middle option offered on the ballot calling for a cutting down of the number of public house licenses by one-fourth. When I was in Glasgow, during election week there, Bishop Weldon, of Manchester, and

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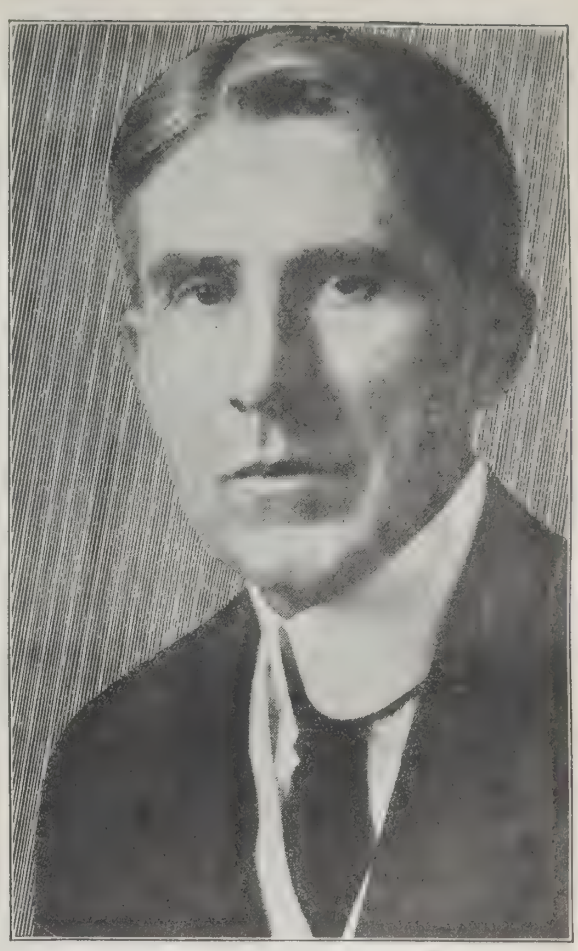
How Zane Grey Is Discovering Our America

Graphic Life Story of the Wizard of the Canyons

By FRED L. HOLMES



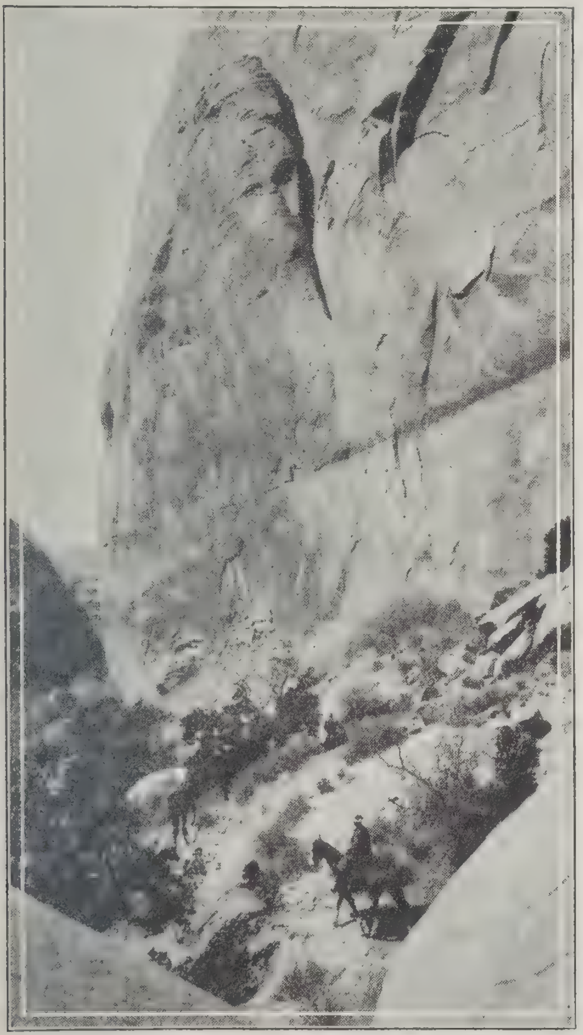
ZANE GREY

More than ten million copies of his books about America have been sold.

AT A corner of Pearl street in New York there stands a tall, iron lamp post. For a good many years it has been holding high a light to illumine the footsteps of passers. Aside from a black exterior, however, it has neither distinction nor individuality. But in the mind of Zane Grey, the noted author of outdoor romances, it has lifted a heavier burden. Against it Grey leaned, after a battle of seven years to become an author, when life was darkest. It gave him support to fight on.

"It seemed to tell me from its cold touch that those who had refused to publish my book were wrong," said Mr. Grey. "The tears in my dimmed eyes dried with the message. I took on a new courage. I went home and told the story of my failure to my wife. She refused to accept the mandate of the publishers as final. So I went to work again."

"You persisted and won," I interrupted, "after seven years of poverty and failure, because you felt that writing was your profession."



On the trail by the stone-walled canyons.

"Call it anything you want to," he said. "The moments that preceded my leaning against that lamp post were the most bitter in my life. I never go to New York, but I visit the spot and rest against the old support. To look back on those disappointments is one of the compensations of my life. I don't care now that I have won. That's the point—to persist and win."

Since the shadows have lifted, Zane Grey looks upon his years of failure as a training school. Through all his discouragements, confidence in his own abilities sustained him. He gave up a profession. He exhausted his own funds, and the savings of his wife. But in the end he has achieved. Ten million copies of his writings have been sold. Probably no author in America has had his books more screened. He has told the story of the deserts, the mining camps, the canyons, and the wild places of America. He has become the leader in portraying American romances with settings in faraway spots. To reach the eminences he has had to convince publishers of the demand for fiction about the out-of-doors. The public accepted him at first opportunity.

Zane Grey traces his ancestry to the first Zane who was exiled from Denmark and came to this country with William Penn. The founder of this family of Zanes in the New World married in Virginia. His four sons and a daughter became characters in frontier history and in the American Revolution.

There was a spirit of adventure in the blood. One of the sons crossed the Alleghanies and tramped over the fertile lands of the Ohio. He liked the country so well that he went back and got his brothers to join him. They bought Wheeling Island, West Virginia, from Cornplanter, an Indian chief. There they founded Fort Henry, defended it with their rifles against Indian forays and on this spot helped to fight the last battle of the Revolution—the siege of Fort Henry in 1782.

It was during this battle that Betty Zane performed her famous feat of carrying gunpowder in a sack over her shoulder to the besieged. This saved the fort. Likewise it furnished the theme of one of Zane Grey's early stories. The thrill in the writing of this tale about his own people determined him to become an author.

The first Zane to cross the Alleghanies was Ebenezer. George Washington came to visit him at Fort Henry and foreseeing the need of a road to communicate with the interior, commissioned the pioneer, already known as "colonel," to cut one through the wilderness from Wheeling across the Ohio to Kentucky. Pioneers who followed called it "Zane's Trace." It is now a national turnpike. For this service, the Zanes were given 10,000 acres of land in Ohio. One of the brothers, Jonathan, sought the interior and founded Zanesville, Ohio, in 1799.

It was in Zanesville that Zane Grey, a lineal descendant of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, was born in 1875. The mother desired that the child bear her family name. His father was agreeable. He was a backwoodsman, hunter, farmer, preacher and finally a doctor. In the city made famous by his ancestors, the boy was early schooled.

"Many of my readers think I am a woman," confided Mr. Grey, relating the story of his family. "Your men write me for photographs and sometimes I send one along as a surprise. I was named after my mother's people—who had Indian blood and were among the first settlers in the Ohio valley. There was a spirit of the pioneer on both sides of the family. Both families were pathfinders. I come naturally for my love of the great out-of-doors.

"Three years ago I went back to Zanesville for a visit. It seemed strange and somehow wonderful to have old women who knew me as a child tell me how I used to babble, 'I'm agonna kill bars and bufflers.' Also I was reminded by my school teachers how I hated to study.

"The woods and the streams and the waterfalls were still there. I had changed but they had not. Visiting these old streams, so strange and yet so vivid in my memory, taught me that it was here that I had learned to love the sight and sound of running water, all the finny inhabitants of the streams and the leafy, cathedral-like serenity of the woods. When I was a boy I wrote crude stories of hunting and fishing. I wanted to be a writer. With some of the boys of the neighborhood, we dug a cave back of the bushes in the back yard, and carried out boy exploits."

During young manhood, Zane Grey was a baseball star. Had he continued, he would doubtless have made a major league. His ability to throw a "crooked" ball attracted the attention of one of the graduates of the University of Pennsylvania who was witnessing a back-lot ball game. This man induced Grey to go to college. Those were the days when the alumni were on the lookout for lads who would score in athletics and place high the record of their Alma Mater.

"I hated the college lecture rooms," Grey went on. "I could not listen. My thoughts wandered afar, if not in green fields and quiet woods, then in dreams that might come true. I was a poor student. I was shy and diffident. I never came to notice at college until Arthur Irwin, the famous coach of baseball at the University of Pennsylvania, sought me out. He caught me throwing potatoes at some students who were trying to capture me in a hazing affair. I was hitting every pursuer as he advanced. Irwin saw in this feat athletic possibilities. So I got on in college in spite of the fact that I was out of my element.

"I shirked the quiz classes and the laboratories. But somehow I passed my examinations, perhaps through the grace of my professors. One of the old sages remarked to me, 'Well, Grey, you know a heap more about baseball than you do about chemistry.'

"The one place at Pennsylvania that I loved was the library. I used to go there and sit awhile in the subdued light of the domed edifice, feeling a strange and a deep force, inscrutable and perplexing, at work within me. I seldom read anything. I always slipped in there when I was depressed and unhappy; and seldom did I leave without having received some help, some hope, some subtle intimation of the future. But even then I did not realize that literature was my calling."

After he had graduated, he played professional baseball with the Newark Eastern team, the Findlay Tri-State League and the Jackson-Michigan League. Then he went to New York to practice dentistry. He entered the profession at the request of his father, but didn't like the work. R. C. Grey, his brother, the professional baseball player, helped him to get established. Patients began to come. Meantime he kept wanting to do other things. At his brother's suggestion, he wrote the story about Betty Zane, the famous sister of his grandfather.

"During a winter in New York, the book was written in a small flat," he explained in detailing his early difficulties. "Mice scampering about the floor were the first witnesses to the preparation of the copy for my first novel.

"The completed manuscript was refused by a dozen publishers—but I borrowed money and published it myself. The book is still selling."

About this time, two things happened to change the course of his life. He married. Then he gave up his profession. He decided that if he was to make a success, all of his energies must be dedicated to the task that he loved. His loyal wife agreed.

For two years he labored on two books of romance on early Ohio history. Publishers refused to buy them. "The Spirit of the Border" and "The Last Trail," he gave without recompense to A. L. Burt just to see them in print.

Borrowing money from his brother, he bought a cottage at Lackawaxen on the Delaware River. There he toiled and wrote. He saw the apple blossoms of spring fade and fall; the summer ripen the fruits and the winter come with all its rigors. Years following months, his labors through the changing seasons brought him no reward; no recognition from publishers.

At the end of six years his own resources were gone; most of the treasure of his wife had been spent uncom-

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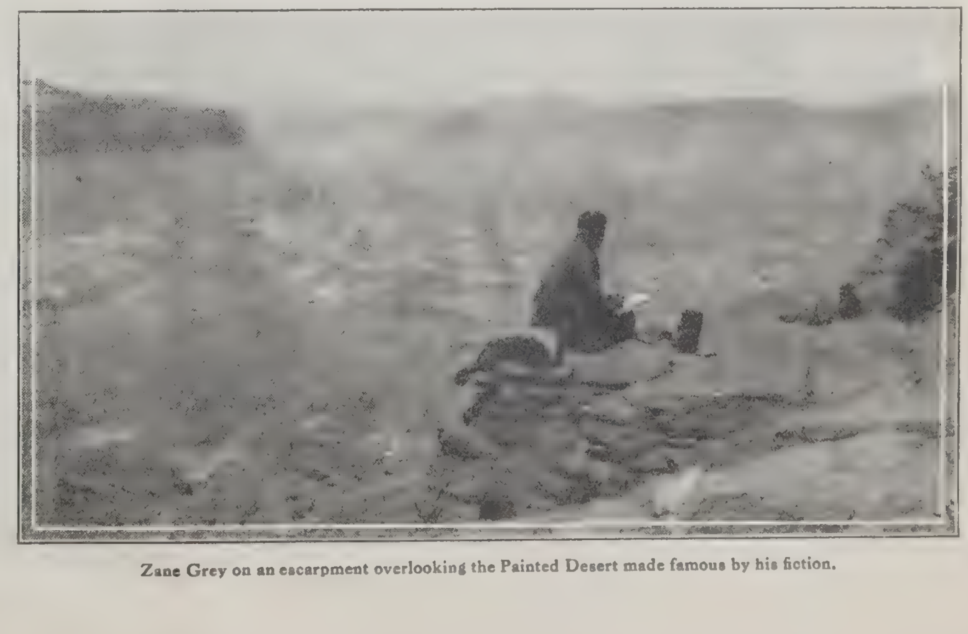


Zane Grey on an escarpment overlooking the Painted Desert made famous by his fiction.

Have You Ever Signed a "Myself" Note?

Let Them Sue You; the Courts Say You Don't Have to Pay It If Given for Worthless Stock; New High-Tension Salesmen's Device

By E. L. M'COLGIN

If you have bought stock from High-Power Salesmen—

If you have signed notes—

If the stock investment has turned out worthless—

Or even if you have not done any of these things—

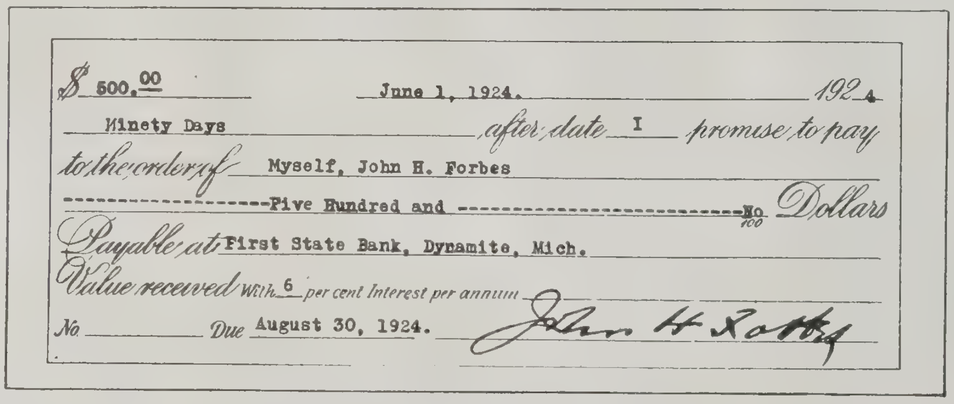
Read this for your protection.

HUNDREDS of country and small-town banks throughout the Mid-West have sustained heavy losses and many of them have been ruined through discounting or purchasing so-called "myself" notes, a definition of which is hereafter given. These notes had been obtained by high-tension salesmen from persons to whom they had sold stocks under misrepresentation.

Frequently these banks hesitated about dealing with the stock salesmen. Then they yielded to threats that should have provoked them to throw the rascals out of the bank.

These discount transactions were often rendered more harmful because some bankers betrayed confidential information about the worth of their depositors, which was used by the salesmen in selling stock to those people.

Briefly, the "myself" note is an unusual or bastard form of the ordinary promissory note. The essential difference is that instead of the maker filling in the name of another person to whom the note is payable, the words "I promise to pay to the order of" are followed by the word "myself" and then his own name. The maker of the note then endorses his own name on the back of the note he has made payable to himself, making it negotiable, and gives it to the stock salesman. The stock salesman can then collect the amount of the note when due or sell it to someone else by endorsing his own name on the back.


$ 500.00 June 1, 1924. 192 4

Ninety Days after date I promise to pay

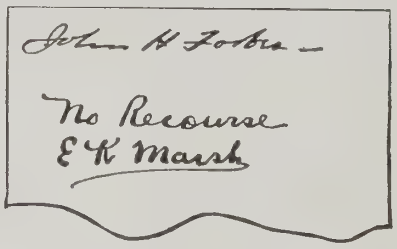
to the order of Myself, John H. Forbes

Five Hundred and No/100 Dollars

Payable at First State Bank, Dynamite, Mich.

Value received With 6 per cent Interest per annum

No. Due August 30, 1924. John H Forbes


John H Forbes

No Recourse

E K Marsh

However, in actual practice the stock salesman who gets a "myself" from an accommodating farmer, almost invariably sells it to a banker who knows the man who gave the note to be responsible and fully able to pay the bank when the note is due. Such banks are usually willing to permit the stock salesmen to shed their responsibility by including the words "No recourse" in their endorsements when they sign the note over to the bank.

However, recent decisions of Michigan courts have outlawed the "myself" note game.

It is highly important that people who have given notes for stocks make the banks or other holders sue for the money. The high-tension stock-selling crews, and people with whom and for whom they work, dread the publicity of such suits.

In the case of the Berlin State Bank versus Girow, the Kent County Circuit Court, Grand Rapids, decided that the bank, which had discounted the note Girow had given a salesman for Michigan Guaranty Company stock, had no cause for action. The bank did not appeal this decision.

It was charged that the bank had not observed good faith and was not an innocent purchaser. This bank with a capital of $25,000 is said to have discounted about $75,000 of these "myself" notes.

Thirty-seven other banks in the same section have been identified as having followed similar procedure, and this does not exhaust the list. Some of the banks failed, and others are carrying the stock in the hope of getting their money out of it some day.

The Michigan Supreme Court has gone still further in the case of George W. Miller and wife versus the Commercial State Savings Bank over a note given for Michigan Guaranty Company stock.

This decision makes it impossible for a bank which has discounted a "myself" note under the unusual plan the high-tension people have devised, to collect the note in cases where the securities were sold under misrepresentation. This destroys the plea that the bank is an innocent purchaser of such paper, even though the disloyalty of divulging the amount of depositors' wealth, as charged in the other case, is not present.

Michigan was one of the last states to be worked by "myself" note tricksters. Throughout the rest of the farm belt these notes have been taken for stocks in all kinds of promotions which have turned out to be failures and which have been discounted at the banks.

When western farmers became unable to pay these notes, and banks began to totter, the newspapers told the public that the banks involved had overstrained themselves *carrying crop loans!*

A description of the promotion that resulted in these Michigan decisions will make the whole "myself" note traffic clear:

The Michigan Guaranty Company of Grand Rapids was formed to lend money upon notes of borrowers secured by collateral or the endorsements of persons satisfactory to the company. Concerns in this field generally give the borrowers less money than what is shown on the face of their notes and charge them interest upon the full principal. Some companies make other additional charges. Where the management is capable and honest these companies can hardly fail to be profitable.

However, the stocks of these companies are generally sold by high-tension salesmen who represent them to be banking or trust companies and promise fantastic dividends. *The promotion expense is generally about thirty per cent* of the capital secured.

The Michigan Guaranty Company was first capitalized for $800,000. The organizing group subscribed for $400,000 of this stock, paying in $4,000 in cash and giving their notes for the balance.

Colfax Gibbs, a high-tension promoter, was engaged to sell the rest of this stock to the public. He peddled the stock in the country districts, avoiding the larger Michigan cities.

The Michigan Securities Commission restricts stock-selling commissions to fifteen per cent, but the company paid Gibbs an additional ten per cent as financial counsel, making his real fee twenty-five per cent.

Gibbs was provided with an ornate suite of offices in the fine building of a bank in which the organizers of the company were known to be influential. It was an impressive set-up and helped sell the stock.

A crew of hardened "dynamiters," as these high-tension salesmen are called, well trained in the "myself" note game, was mobilized by Gibbs. Many of them were imported from Iowa where they had sold $3,800,000 of stock in the defunct Associated Packing Company of Des Moines for the notorious Wolf Teitle who later became a sojourner in Grand Rapids. Gibbs was out in Des Moines when Teitle was taking the Iowa cornhuskers down the line.

Prospective purchasers of stock in the Michigan Guaranty Company were canvassed by Gibbs' dynamiters with the claims that it was a trust company, and that while it only promised eight per cent dividends the profits would be so enormous that the lucky stockholders would be still more highly rewarded. After the stock was sold the dividend was slashed to a nominal amount.

The purchaser was induced to make a cash down payment on the stock and to give the salesman a note made payable to "myself," the name of the maker of the note following this word. The drawer of the note would then endorse his name on the back of it and give it to the salesman. The salesman would point out that the big dividends would enable the purchaser under this plan to pay for the stock without using his other funds. The note would be reduced with dividend checks, and renewals were promised until the principal was paid off.

The Gibbs aggregation quickly sold the $400,000 to the public. The capital of the company was then increased to $1,600,000, then to $3,000,000, and finally to $5,000,000. Gibbs sold more than $4,000,000 of the stock, making the total outstanding about $4,500,000.

Gibbs' commission was at least a million dollars.

After getting the "myself" notes from the purchasers of the stock, the dynamiters then proceeded to debauch the smaller banks. They would first throw a scare into them by asserting that the Michigan Guaranty Company was organizing a trust company and was going to establish branches in the small towns in Western Michigan.

Bankers who gagged at the game would be met by the salesman's mock indignant threat: "What! your own depositor's note not good enough for you!"—and veiled threats of informing the depositors and thus create business for another bank. In far too many instances the threat worked and the banker who succumbed was led into the deeper secrets of this questionable game.

The salesmen would then endorse the notes they had secured from the stock purchaser, "no recourse," meaning the bank had no claim on them.

The pill was sweetened by showing the banker how he could profitably discount these "myself" notes without tying up a cent of his capital. Instead of asking for cash for the notes Gibbs would take the bank's certificates of deposit, bearing but three per cent interest and not payable until the note came due. Then the bank would pay Gibbs' certificate of deposit with money furnished by the farmer who had paid the note. Since the notes paid at least six per cent interest, the bank would make at least three per cent profit upon the notes of persons of good standing.

The "co-operating banks," as the euphonious phrase goes, were then asked to give the stock salesmen confidential information about depositors' accounts, always considered sacred by bankers. The bank officer divulging this data would usually be paid a personal commission of two and one-half per cent upon stock sales made with such assistance. When a dynamiter knows about a prospect's bank account and also what the banker thinks of the prospect, the rest is easy.

Some bankers who discounted the notes did not disclose their depositors' affairs to the dynamiters. However, the Supreme Court has decided that the banks had no right to discount these notes under an unusual plan without using due diligence to ascertain if they arose out of bona fide transactions.

During the trial of the suit of the Berlin State Bank against Girow, an officer of the bank denied on the witness stand that disclosures of depositors' affairs had been made and private commission received. After testimony to the contrary had been offered the banker asked permission to revise his testimony and, returning to the stand, he admitted the charges. This made it easy for the jury to relieve Mr. Girow of paying his note.

Some outraged persons who had become acquainted with these deals supplied Girow's attorney with the details of the damning facts. If people everywhere who get wind of like transactions would make use of it, and if victims like Girow would stand suit, in a short time all bankers would refuse to do any sort of business with high-tension stock promoters.

Notes given under these conditions and upon misrepresentation should never be paid. Let the aiders and abettors of the system sue, and thus be brought into the full glare of publicity.

Iowa farmers who gave "myself" notes for stock in the Associated Packing Company of Des Moines, promoted by Wolf Teitle, Sam Lanswick and Gerry Haines, and the luckless bankers who discounted the notes, will be interested in knowing many of their dynamiters went to Western Michigan to work under Colfax Gibbs.

Calot B. Morgenthaler, while not officially connected with Associated Packing, was a very close friend of the crowd and moved East when Colfax Gibbs introduced the Iowa crowd to Michigan.

Teitle, Lanswick and Haines, and their salesmen sold $3,800,000 of Associated Packing stock. Charges of conspiracy to defraud were brought but no convictions secured. The attorney-general's office in Des Moines did not cover itself with glory in dealing with this rotten case. But it is coming to be a common condition that where state and county attorneys fail, the Federal authorities usually win in stock-selling prosecutions. Why is it?

Morgenthaler became the fiscal agent of the Detroit Packing Company, for which he undertook to sell $2,400,000 worth of stock for a commission of approximately half a million dollars. The stock was sold to Eastern and Southern Michigan farmers on representations that their livestock would receive preference from the company.

"Myself" notes were taken from farmers in payment of stock subscriptions. Country bankers were coerced into discounting these notes by threats to have depositors change their accounts because of the implied reflections upon the goodness of their notes. Old stuff, but it always works!

Morgenthaler was compelled to end this because an

(*Concluded on page 15*)

How Chinese Quacks Wax Fat

Credulous Americans Qualify for Wreaths in "Doctors'" Palatial Consulting Rooms

By JOHN SLOAN

Hangs Out His Shingle and Thereby Becomes a Physician

TO BECOME A PHYSICIAN, a Chinese states to his friends and neighbors, "I am a physician." This is the limit of required preparation, although it usually is a development from a former apprenticeship. The Chinese doctor's diploma is the more or less handsome signboard which announces his determination to the neighborhood. The man whose father or uncle was a physician before him has the supposed advantage of inherited recipes and secret family remedies, and the farther back the medical ancestry, the better. . . . The Chinese physician writes a prescription of first, second or third rate medicine, according to the ability of the buyer to pay. His diagnosis begins and ends by feeling the various pulses of the patient, two at a time.—Extract from "Diseases of China," by Jeffereys and Maxwell.

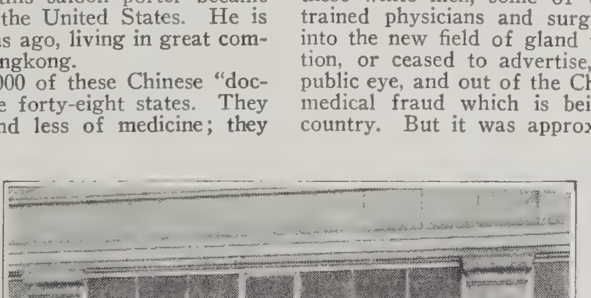
A GAMBLER by the name of Rosen, killing time one afternoon nearly thirty years ago, in a saloon in Denver, started a medical fraud which in the intervening three decades has invaded every state in the Union, larded the pockets of thousands of Orientals with millions of American dollars, and defrauded unknown numbers of white men and women not only out of their money, but out of their lives as well.

This man Rosen—masquerading at the time under the name of Mervin Carlyle—was the first to attain fortune as the result of the fraud the idea of which came to him that afternoon. He had been at a previous time the owner of an "Indian medicine show," at whose entertainments packages of dried leaves, grasses and twigs were sold as the original herbal remedies of the Indian tribes of the Western United States. As he leaned on the bar, an elderly Chinese porter came in to sweep the floor of the saloon. Rosen and the man behind the bar had been discussing tricks by which the public could be separated from its money, and the gambler, seized with a sudden crooked inspiration, said:

"Let's make that Chink a doctor! The Indian game's getting thin, but they ought to fall for the Chink."

That afternoon, Rosen retired from his place as dealer in one of the gambling houses of the city, and within a week, "Dr." Lo Hi Yet appeared in a finely furnished suite of offices in the heart of the city. Dressed in the gorgeous costume of the Chinese nobility —or what passed for that costume in the Occident—sporting the red button of the Mandarin and the peacock feather of the royal house, this saloon porter became the first Chinese "doctor" in the United States. He is still alive, or was a few months ago, living in great comfort in the British city of Hongkong.

Today there are nearly 2,000 of these Chinese "doctors" scattered through all the forty-eight states. They know nothing of anatomy and less of medicine; they have neither degrees nor diplomas; they lack experience in the treatment of disease; more than half of them are dealers in narcotics, and the majority of them make a practice of performing illegal operations on women whenever the fee is attractive enough to induce them to risk themselves in this, the one dangerous spot in their "medical practice." There are in California—the premier state for frauds, charlatans, and fakes in the medical field—more than 200 of these Oriental medicine men. They have not the slightest claim to the right to practice medicine; they are entitled to neither the confidence nor the toleration of the American people; they cure no disease which a five-cent dose of Epsom salts would not have cured, and the medical boards of a number of states estimate that as high as ninety-five per cent of the criminal operations performed by these fakers result in death to the woman involved. These men should not be confused with the legitimate Chinese physicians and surgeons, of whom there are probably one hundred in the United States. These latter either are born in this country, or come here as students from the medical schools established by foreigners in China; they complete the requisite years of study and hospital practice here; they pass the demanded examinations, and the majority of them are as capable, conscientious and honest physicians as any to be found anywhere in the world. They have their own associations in those few large cities in which there are many Chinese; their practice is confined largely to their own race, and they are a unit in aiding the authorities of the several states in running to earth and eliminating the fraudulent Chinese "doctor." They have made important medical discoveries, and there is the utmost accord between them and the legitimate, reputable white physicians and surgeons of their communities. This article does not in any word refer to the small group of Chinese physicians and surgeons, graduates of American medical colleges and universities who are now practicing in this country.



The most prominent streets and the best of business buildings are utilized by the Chinese "doctors" whenever and wherever they can persuade the white owners of these buildings to permit them to enter as tenants. In most instances, the Chinese pay two to three times the rental paid by their white neighbors. This "doctor" had his own drug store and prepared his own "prescriptions" until the medical board of the state in which he operated fell on him.

The 2,000 or more Chinese "quacks," whose practice is confined almost exclusively to white men and women, since the Chinese themselves will not patronize them, come from the ranks of American-born Chinese, almost without exception. Following Rosen's discovery and exploitation of the Chinese saloon porter as the first Oriental "doctor" in America, the notorious "men's specialists" took them up. They installed the Chinese, dressed in flowing golden or crimson robes in sumptuous offices, surrounded them with Oriental mummery, not unlike that affected by the followers of Albert Abrams, and announced that they had brought from the Orient new cures, drawn from the vegetable kingdom, for all the so-called "social diseases."

A Chinese street-corner letter-writer, who became one of the leading Chinese "doctors" in San Francisco. He was financed by one of the faking "men's specialists" who was afterward forced to flee from the city. This Chinese knew no more about medicine or anatomy than he did about aviation, but he made a fortune out of sick Americans.

When the state and Federal authorities began to make our cities too warm for the "men's specialists," these white men, some of whom once had been well-trained physicians and surgeons, either retired, turned into the new field of gland transplantation and medication, or ceased to advertise, thus dropping out of the public eye, and out of the Chinese part of the picture of medical fraud which is being slowly exposed in this country. But it was approximately twelve years after the Jew gambler in Denver started "Oriental medicine" on its way in this country, that the Chinese themselves took over this colossal fraud.

Today, there are few if any white men supporting, or establishing, either financially or otherwise, these Chinese doctors. When the American-born Chinese discovered that a gold mine lay beneath a thin packing of weed-leaves and dried snake-skins, he promptly took his brother Chinese into the game and gently but firmly eliminated the white man. The writer knows of fifteen Chinese organizations—not tongs or companies—which operate a total of about one-half of the Chinese "doctors'" offices in this country. The other half of them are operated by individuals, or by small organizations, owning two or three such offices, all in the same town, all run under different names, and each apparently a hated rival of the others. At least three of the larger organizations operate these medical swindle shops in cities from coast to coast. There is one which has offices in every city from Vancouver to San Diego on the Pacific Coast, with branches in many of the small towns. In fact, it is in the city of 10,000 to 50,000 that the Chinese "doctor" finds his greatest and most profitable field, just as the palmist, the medical metaphysician—if I may be permitted to coin that combination—the soothsayer, the crystal-gazer and other similar frauds thrive best in the smaller communities.

Pretentious offices, comparable with those of reputable American physicians and surgeons, are occupied by these Chinese "doctors," who are seldom if ever patronized by the Chinese, but depend for their clientele on the white people of the community in which they settle.

The larger of these organizations are incorporated, in many instances, as vendors of herbs, imported from the Orient, for sale, as stated in many of their incorporation papers, to members of their own race and to Chinese physicians in this country. It should be said here that the reputable Chinese physicians and surgeons use none of these herbs, nor any other of the weird, outlandish and utterly useless other "prescriptions" handed out to ailing Americans by these "doctors." After the main organization is formed, the offices are opened in the various towns, not in the Chinese sections of those towns, nor even in any foreign quarter, but in the heart of the American business section. In some of the larger cities, notably San Francisco, Denver, Salt Lake City and New York, the headquarters of these Chinese herb companies, as they are technically known, are maintained on the edge of the Chinese colony, because, amid the surroundings of Chinatown, it is easier to throw over the patient the glamour of Oriental mysticism which is a large part of the stock in trade of these pseudo-physicians.

The owners of these larger organizations never masquerade in the rôle of doctors; in fact, they seldom appear at the known headquarters of their organizations. It is almost out of the question to reach them by law, because of the virtual impossibility of identifying an Oriental once he passes the immigration gates to this country. More of the legal aspects of this medical menace will be told later, however. The parent organization of "herb importers," sometimes incorporated, sometimes merely held together by the pledges of the members, establishes its "herbalists" in various parts of the American sections of large cities, and as nearly as possible in the centers of the smaller towns. In the past, these branches were openly maintained as the offices of Chinese "doctors," but of late, since state and Federal authorities have been co-operating to eliminate these impostors, they have dropped the title, and are known as "herbalists," "herb experts," "herb healers," and even as Chinese "drug stores." In no case is it difficult to distinguish to which organization the branch belongs, since the name of the parent outfit is used uniformly throughout the country.

Usually three Chinese, each posing privately as a "doctor," are installed at each branch. Since the individual "doctors" operate in the same way as the branches of the larger organizations, one description will serve for both. Three Chinese, each of whom speaks English, occupy the offices. Occasionally there are only two such "doctors," and, in the larger centers of population, there may be four, but the usual number is three. These men will not speak English to the American "patient," but compel him to carry on conversation with them through an "interpreter."

As soon as the offices are opened, a campaign of advertising is carried on in the newspapers; money is spent wisely among the politicians, and, if possible, among the city officials, especially those who have charge of criminal prosecutions; and the community for miles around

(*Concluded on page 15*)

The Sapiro Burr in Oregon's Golden Fleece

Another Chapter on the Exploitation of the American Farmer

By ROBERT MORGAN

SPREAD over the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Northern California lies a warm and golden fleece of wool. In 1923 that fleece weighed nearly fifty million pounds, worth at a low average price of thirty cents a pound, fifteen million dollars. In Oregon, 1,750,000 sheep carried 13,200,000 pounds of this fleece on their backs; in Washington, 550,000 sheep bore 4,300,000 pounds; in Idaho, flocks totaling approximately 2,100,000 presented their owners with nearly 17,000,000 pounds, and in California, 1,775,000 of the "woolies" yielded a clip of 14,200,000 pounds.

In these states a new industry is being built up by the revival of a very old American industry—that of raising sheep for their wool, and the manufacturing of all manner of woolen goods from it. It appears to be, and is, a prosperous and a growing industry. The average annual production of wool in the United States is 300,000,000 pounds, but the consumption of wool and woolen manufactured goods in the United States is 600,000,000 pounds a year. Thus production in this country is only one-half of consumption, and thus also, demand is far greater than supply; that is to say, it requires no effort, no particular business acumen, no salesmanship, and little expense, to *sell* wool. The farmer who has wool for sale, whether he raises fifty or five thousand sheep, has the market brought to him; he does not have to go to the market. These distribution and sales conditions are particularly true west of the Mississippi River, and even more especially true in the Pacific Northwest. They should be remembered, for they have been forgotten by some of the farmers, and thereby the burr of Jewish exploitation has entered the wool industry.

Twenty-six hundred small herds of sheep in Oregon have been bound over by their owners to the California Plan of Marketing (Sapiro) as represented by the "Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers."

This payment of fifteen million dollars a year into the pockets of the farmers and sheep-raisers of four states could not long continue without attracting the attention of the ring which is attempting to exploit the American agriculturist. But it was not until early in 1921 that the Oregon Farm Bureau Federation, urged on by Aaron Sapiro, or agents of that clever gentleman, organized the Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers, with headquarters in Portland.

As in the California Prune and Apricot Association, whose disastrous history—to the fruit-grower—has been told in these columns, the wool-growers were induced to sign away their crops, their futures, their hopes, their prospects, and everything but their land, to the organization. Promises were made to them which have not and cannot be fulfilled; they were told that they would receive prices for their wool which they have not received and never will receive; they were promised costs of "orderly marketing" so low that they have not been approached, and cannot be attained, and, finally, selling power for the entire association, which now has 2,600 members, was vested in one man, R. A. Ward, himself not a wool-producer.

Fortunately, the larger wool-growers—in the same manner as did the larger wheat-producers in the same states—saw through the whole scheme. This organization, with all the power of the Sapiro crowd behind it, never has been able to handle or control more than 1,600,000 pounds of the 50,000,000 pounds of wool produced in the four states. This is to say that the managers, testers, buyers, agents and all the rest of the crowd of salary-drawers live on about three per cent of the wool produced in their territory. With only one-thirtieth of the annual crop under their control, with only some half a million dollars passing through their hands, the followers of Sapiro did not flock to the wool association as they did to other similar associations in the West. The smaller wool-producers, those who had from 50 to 500 sheep, came in; the larger producers, with their hundreds of thousands of sheep on the hills of the four states, remained out, thereby saving the wool industry of the Pacific Northwest, temporarily at least, from the Sapiro system.

Mr. Herman Steen, an untiring singer of the praises of Aaron Sapiro and his schemes, in his book of Sapiro propaganda, "Co-operative Marketing—The Golden Rule of Agriculture," which book is supported by Bernard M. Baruch and Samuel R. Gard, says:

"The chief differences between the Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers and the other western wool-marketing agencies may be expressed thus: (1) It is incorporated; (2) it is based on five-year contracts; (3) it grades the wool and sells it only by grade; (4) it has a sales manager, whose sole business it is to sell its wool, instead of delegating that to a committee or a commission merchant; (5) it has a definite merchandising or orderly marketing policy, as opposed to the organized dumping of most of the others."

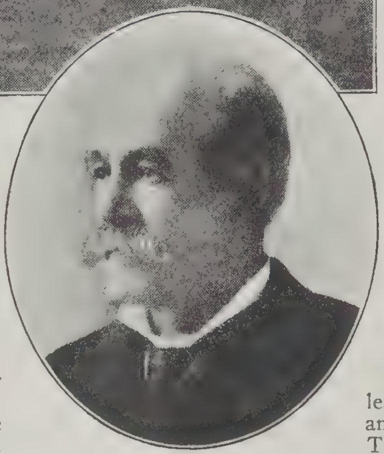
Remembering these statements, let us see how closely to the promises the theory works out:

The first advantage claimed to accrue to the farmer is that of the standard contract. This contract is uniform for all the associations, no matter what the commodity, organized by Sapiro and his associates. It binds no one except the farmer. On it the prune-growers of California, the wheat-producers of Washington, the hay-growers of Washington, the potato men of Colorado, the dairymen of Oregon, have been unable to collect a five-cent piece of *their own money*, received by the association for crops which were the products of their own labor.

This contract in brief binds the grower to turn over his crop, picked when and how the Sapiro system dictates; to take such pay as the association is able to obtain for him; and to refuse to sell one pound of his product outside the association. He is bound for five years to do this. One court in California has had the good judgment to throw this contract to the four winds, but even after this decision, the wool-producers and the wheat-growers and the potato-planters went right on and signed the same contract, except that the words "wool," "wheat" or "potatoes" were substituted for "prunes," according to the association Sapiro was forming.

There is nothing in this contract whereby the farmer who signs it can hold the association or any of its officials, including Sapiro, to market his crop at any fixed cost; to pay him even the current rate which the independent buyer is paying the independent producer; or to pay him at any given date, or within any given time after the product of that farmer's land and labor has been sold. There are men in these associations in the West who today have not been paid for the 1921 crop in full, nor for any part of their 1922 crop, and they cannot collect a cent. The banks, outside one in each large city, usually selected by Sapiro or his agents as a "repository" of the funds of the association of that section, *will not lend the farmer money on association contracts.*

Bankers who, prior to the Sapiro invasion of the northwestern farming communities, would lend the farmers reasonable amounts of money on the prospects of their crops, and, even more largely, on the word of the farmer, today will not lend that same farmer, if he is a member of one of the Sapiro-promoted associations, a dollar.


Thomas Kay

THOMAS KAY

One of the founders of the wool manufacturing industry of Oregon, and grandfather of the men who are leading in the expansion and improvement of the industry there today. Mr. Kay went to Oregon in 1863, and in 1864 became one of the owners of the early woolen mill at Brownsville.

The reason is obvious; no one knows, least of all the farmer, when he is going to be paid for his crop, yet he has to continue every year for five years to deliver that crop to a buyer (the Sapiro association) whose date of payment is never set, and very frequently never arrives.

The writer sat with an Idaho banker recently, when a wheat-grower came in. This wheat-grower leases his land, 2,000 acres, and has been growing wheat in that section for nearly ten years, during all of which time he has been doing his banking with the banker on whom he called.

"John," said the farmer to the banker, "I need a thousand dollars."

"Bill," said the banker, after some intermediate conversation, "have you been paid for your 1922 crop?"

"No, not all of it."

"Been paid for your 1923 crop?"

"No, none of it, but I want to get some money on my 1924 crop."

"What are you going to do with the 1924 crop, Bill?"

"I've got to turn it in to the association."

"Well, Bill, I'd like to let you have the money, and I will let you have five hundred dollars of my own money, but not a nickel from the bank."

That's the value of the Sapiro contract to the farmer in that section, and it is just as worthless in fruit, wool, milk, hay, potato or any other associations, as it is in wheat. The "stability" on which Mr. Sapiro and Mr. Steen dilate, as an asset of the association, is a stability which supports only the high-salaried executives of the associations, and binds to them the unfortunate farmers for five long, weary and disastrous years.

The incorporation which Mr. Steen mentions, and which Mr. Sapiro, in his come-on and organization speeches, stresses is an action essential so that the organization, this "co-operative" association, which is to deliver the farmer from all his ills, may go into court and sue that farmer, and collect damages from him, when the farmer refuses to pay further tribute to the Sapiro ring. It is of no value to the farmer, because, under his contract, *he has no legal claim against the association,* no matter what that association does with his goods or his money. The farmer can beat this contract in the courts, but he rarely undertakes to do so, for he fears court action, he fears the imposing legal array of Sapiro, Hatfield & Levy, and so forth, of San Francisco—and it is on this fear that Sapiro preys when the gullibility of his victims fails.

The third thing that Mr. Steen mentions is that the wool association "grades the wool and sells it only by grade." Every manufacturing plant in the woolen industry in the United States—where the demand for raw wool exceeds the supply by 100 per cent—grades the wool and *buys* it by grade. The wool-producer does not have to join an association to have his wool graded; he does not have to sell his wool, nor yet pay a Sapiro-selected sales-manager $5,000 to $10,000, and even $15,000, a year, to sell it for him. The world is waiting for wool. Ice in an American colony on the equator in midsummer never sold with the rapidity with which wool is selling today. As a matter of fact, by actual figures which need not be given here, the wool-growers in the co-operative association in the states under discussion, pay from one to three cents a pound more for the grading and sorting of their wool by the association, than the independent growers pay the independent buyers and factories for the same service. One and one-half cents a pound—a fair average of the excess paid to the association by the farmers for this grading and sorting—on 1,600,000 pounds of wool, the amount handled by the association every year, is $24,000 a year, or about nine dollars for each of the 2,600 members of the Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers. This is not a large sum to each grower, but it furnishes an aggregate which is of interest to the masters of 2,600 American farmers in four northwestern states. Nor is this $24,000 all.

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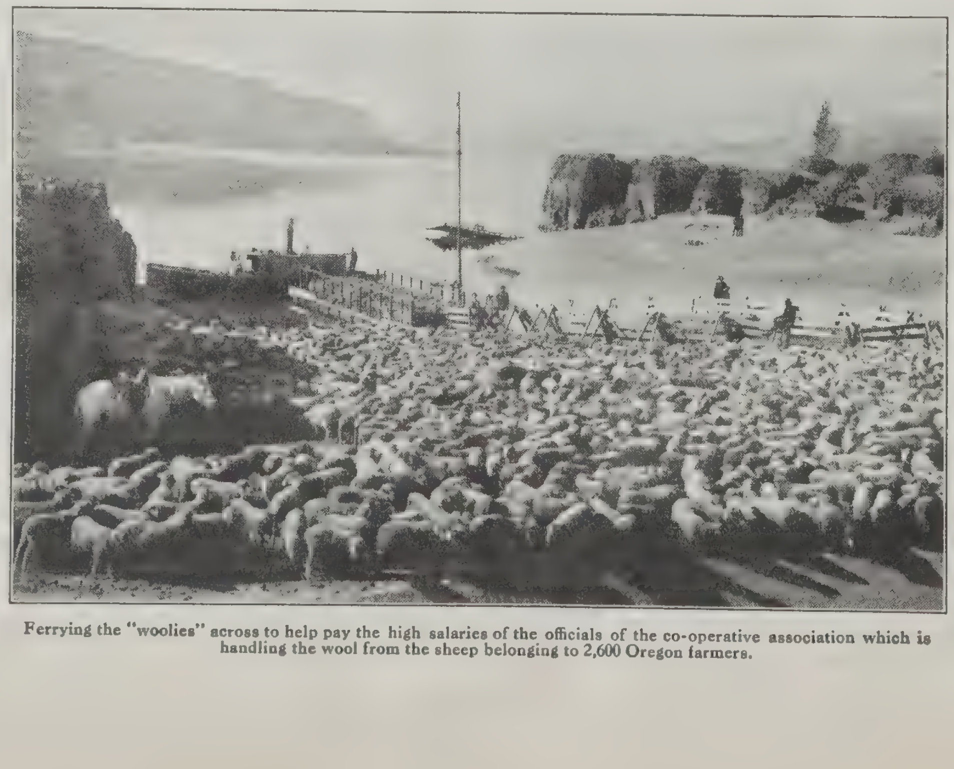
Ferrying the "woolies" across to help pay the high salaries of the officials of the co-operative association which is handling the wool from the sheep belonging to 2,600 Oregon farmers.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS instructive and balancing to consider from time to time what in Congress is called The State of the Union. Of recent years the habit of public thought has turned more and more toward the consideration of piecemeal questions. Programs of "bloc" importance have been the order of the day. Special interests have been pushed through quite regardless of how they fitted the interests of the nation as a whole.

If, to use an old illustration, a man is so set on having a large whistle on his engine that he secures it against all odds, he may discover that his whistle is bigger than his boiler and that he cannot generate steam enough to blow it. That is an example of piecemeal construction, to which modern politics has tended. In Russia, for instance, it became all whistle and no boiler.

So, to look at the state of the whole Union, in all its relations, foreign and domestic, is a profitable exercise in breadth of view. It may be that at the moment, here and there, the equal spread of the benefits of our common life is hindered. When the icemen are busy, the furnacemen are slack; when the farmers are having an uphill pull, the factories may be prosperous; there are always here and there spots where the best of conditions do not always obtain. But, what of the general state of all the people? What of the whole state of the Union?

We may say broadly that the present State of the Union is better than it has ever been before, and that there has been a steady betterment for years. The average, which includes everyone and everything, has been on the upgrade for the past quarter of a century. The general level of all vital conditions has been elevated. Take it wherever you please, in the dignity of personal and domestic life, in the vast increase of family sanitation, in the higher level of public opinion, in the greater and better diffusion of education, in the growth of wealth among all classes, in the enlargement of the plain man's stake in his country, in the growing importance of children, in the greater responsiveness of government to the needs of the people—regard it from whatever angle you choose, you are certain to reach the conclusion, if you have a sufficient background of experience, that the State of the Union is the best it has been in a quarter of a century.

> *NOTHING can stop the United States because it knows where it is going and its progress brings no loss to any worthy thing. Some gains are bought at cost of increased poverty among the people, or degradation of the common life. But American progress has decreased the sum of evil, and is so distributed that it touches every individual and family with its benefits. Sometimes carping criticism had better give way to computation of gain; sometimes we should make a survey of the Whole State of the Union. When we do we see that for a quarter of a century, in any region we may name, the trend of the nation has been steadily upward. The broader view, the combined account, shows every one of us to be profit-sharers in the most successful group experience in human history.*

Lately there has been talk of a slump in business. That is, there has been in some quarters a desire to make talk about a slump in business. The old pioneers driving West made twelve miles a day. (Not that their speed matters, but the fact that they were going somewhere to do something: the centuries wait for such men.) Then was achieved the unheard-of speed of sixteen miles an hour. Today we can cover six or seven hundred miles in twenty-four hours of automobile driving. The point is, we have attained such a speed that slowing down for economic crossings or curves doesn't mean anything. When the limited cuts down from sixty to thirty miles an hour while passing a crowded section, it doesn't mean that the train has stopped or even slumped.

That is about the simplest and truest way of describing what some people desired to herald as a "business slump." The whole State of the Union was excellent. People were working and building and buying. The crops were growing. Mills were grinding. Here and there were slower spots, but even the slow spots catch up when the whole country is moving—and we have seen that most complaining spot, agriculture, come to the front with amazing rapidity before the echo of the latest complaints had died away. It is always the whole State of the Union we have to consider.

In the economic field we are in more wholesome relations with the laws of nature than ever before. We have truer conceptions of what constitutes wealth. We have firmer bases for the material supplies of life. We have sounder views of the connection between Business and Money. The other day a banker said in a speech that "money was the lifeblood of business." It is one of those old sayings whose truth nobody challenges just because it is old and because it sounds wise. Business is the lifeblood of money. Let business stop and see how money stagnates. Let business halt in a moment of doubt or hesitation and see how money flees. No wonder that men of vision have always spoken of "the coward gold." Money takes no risks; it is business that does that. Money creates nothing; it is business and industry that do that. And in Europe the spirit of business has taught the world that business can invent its own money, because money is but the sign of the useful, needful, valuable and true wealth which business and industry create. So that on this score the State of the Union is better than it ever was before.

The position of the Union in international affairs is at the highest point ever attained. Far better than if we had followed the counsel which would make that position merely political. There was a time when to be an American citizen abroad did not mean much to other governments. It was of common repute that if British citizens were the best protected abroad, Americans were the worst protected. Our government was not internationally respected. But we have seen a great and significant change in that respect. The note to Persia indicates that men of strong intention have come into charge. Our words are now being taken as more than words: as the warrant of strong deeds should occasion require. If to have one's quarrel just is to be thrice armed, we have always been thrice armed, but often our government was flouted just the same.

It is no longer so. And why? Because we have shown two qualities which we had all the time but which we were never before called upon to exhibit internationally—power and generosity. This nation has shown its power, in its millions of men and in its unrivaled industrial equipment. It has shown its generosity in a hundred ways to nations which might technically have remained our foes. We have untangled their chaos. We have set their industries afoot again. We have made our nation's name the symbol of powerful fairness in all corners of the world.

And so, without intrigue, without secret treaties, without the dishonest services of false diplomats, without entangling ourselves as partners in the old errors of Europe, we have come to a point of international influence which if not the highest in the world is equal to the highest.

As a people we owe ourselves from time to time this all-round view of our position, if only to curb the carping spirit which thinks that progress is made by kicking. Neither a horse nor a nation makes progress that way. Europe raised whole races of kickers, races which complained for generations and centuries; yet where the spirit of protest has been most incessant, there the least progress has been made.

There is no danger in this country of our falling into complacent self-satisfaction on the one hand, nor into endless fault-finding on the other. When we take account of the State of the Union to date, it does not indicate that we have attained, it only indicates that we are moving and that our direction is right. We have attained no evil thing, but we have left some evil things behind. If what we have gained had been at the cost of greater poverty to the people, or greater degradation of common life, then we might well call a halt. But no such price has been paid. A national progress that enhances and increases the common good elements of life is plainly on the right road.

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2. Give both old and new address.
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Rabbi U. S. Minister

THE United States is now having a little trouble with Persia over the murder of a consular officer, and the facts are not all in although the crime is now several weeks old. The press tells us that "Mr. Kornfield, the United States Minister to Persia," has not yet sent in a detailed report.

Mr. Kornfeld, by the way, is worth recalling. His full title is *Rabbi Kornfeld*. He is a Hungarian Jew who came to Columbus, Ohio, in 1907 and was appointed United States Minister to Persia fourteen years later, in 1921. The dates are worth noticing.

Upon arrival at his post his first act was to call together the Jewish community and address them on "anti-Semitism." He pointed out that British public opinion had not stopped the appointment of Rufus Isaacs (Lord Reading) as viceroy of India, and that American anti-Semitism had not hindered his own appointment. With more regard for truth Rabbi Kornfeld might have said that President Harding appointed him almost stealthily and that there was no attempt made to prevent his appointment, and certainly no published protest against it.

But, consider England and India under the Jewish viceroy; consider England and Palestine under the Jewish governor of Palestine; and now consider Persia and the United States whose relations are under the control of Rabbi Kornfeld. Trouble seems to be a natural consequence in all these cases.

Rabbi Kornfeld may be an able man, but the United States insulted the proud Persians when it made them accept a Jewish ambassador. The Persians have their own notions about these matters. And even Americans, in moments of thoughtfulness, might be found considering how it comes that a Hungarian Jew represents our people. What did he want to go to Persia for? Who engineered his selection? Why was he sent?

The list of Mr. Harding's unfortunate appointments is not ended, it seems.

Nothing New

IT IS a trite saying that there is "nothing new under the sun," but from time to time discoveries are made that tend to prove its truth. In fact, instead of being a "discovery" it is often found that the unearthing of some long-buried thing is merely a "rediscovery." This applies to one at least of the numerous archeological finds made near Odessa by Professor Semenov Zusser, a distinguished Russian scientist.

These discoveries consist for the most part of large numbers of ancient Greek tombs of striking design, and among the articles found in the tombs was a small linen bag containing a mirror, a rouge-stick for the lips, and a charcoal pencil for the eyebrows. As the bag was found in a woman's grave with tufts of false hair and a number of silver bracelets, earrings, beads and other jewels, no other conclusion can be come to than that it is the forerunner of what the woman of today calls a "vanity case."

It is often said that the use of cosmetics and other supposed aids to beauty, or at least their excessive use, is peculiar of the modern feminine mind, but here we have the women of more than a thousand years ago resorting to the same artifices.

Looking at it from another angle, it may be that the find in the tomb of the woman of ancient Greece is but a proof that, as frequently asserted, modern woman is not modern at all but is only reverting to the manners and customs of pagan times. The difficulty about this hypothesis is that research has shown there is scarcely a period in the world's history when women did not seek to improve upon nature by the use of some nostrum of the beauty specialist.

However, at certain periods and in various countries, the women mainly relied on the plentiful use of pure water, sunshine and healthful exercise, and there are not a few at the present time who think that the most pleasing and permanent results can be secured by the employment of the same simple means.

A Base Use of Radio

COMMENDATION is due the American Radio Association for swinging its big stick upon certain theatrical interests for a new misuse of radio broadcasting.

The radio association has denounced as unethical an appeal repeatedly broadcast from Station WHN in Loews State Theater Building, 1540 Broadway, for 116 young women "with good figures, pretty faces and neat ankles" to be chorus girls in a new show on Broadway.

"Mr. Schubel denied the appeal was a paid advertisement, but offered no explanation of why the appeal had been permitted for five successive nights." He had been "explaining" how a producer had been granted permission to speak, saying "we are not usually aware of what they will say."

The country has just been digesting the statement of Y. W. C. A. leaders about the pernicious effects of beauty contests, which is another Broadway chorus feeder upon young women. The experiences of many girls who have been attracted to the chorus by this device for culling material has become a national scandal. Now comes this ugly intrusion upon the radio.

France's Recovery

IN SPITE of all her troubles, France is showing a power of recovery from the chaotic industrial conditions following the war that is truly astonishing. In the period covering the first six months of the present year France has, in comparison with the same period of 1923, converted an unfavorable balance of half a billion francs into a favorable balance of two and a half billion francs.

This is an achievement which any country may well regard with satisfaction, and shows what can be done when a sound economic policy is adopted and wisely persisted in. It is characteristic of the French people that in the past they have shown marvelous powers of recovery, even after cataclysmic conditions have overtaken the nation.

The Revolution had no sooner destroyed all that had stood for stability and law and order, than the people started all over again and quickly built up a fresh condition of things that marked the beginning of a new era of prosperity. When at the close of the Franco-Prussian War France lay bleeding at the feet of the newly constituted German empire, crushed by a huge war indemnity and bereft of Alsace-Lorraine, she sprang to her feet, shook the dust from her skirts, and set about organizing the huge industrial exposition that mainly contributed to releasing her of the burden.

In a modified form, history is now repeating itself, and torn and distracted as she was at the close of the World War, France has set her gaze forward and is gradually emerging from the gloom.

Comparing the present French foreign trade with that of before the war on a tonnage basis, it is found that for the first six months of 1924 France imported 6,000,000 tons merchandise more than in the first half of 1913, and exported 3,500,000 tons more. The country is now sending abroad fifty-five per cent more manufactured articles than before the war. Whatever blunders France may have made, or whatever false aspirations she may cherish, it cannot be denied that she is setting her house in order in a manner that is worthy of commendation.

It is too much the custom of nations stricken by years of warfare or by some other disintegrating calamity, to crouch in the dust in a helpless and shell-shocked attitude that invites the commiseration of friends and neighbors, their thoughts buried in the past and the future with no meaning and no hope for them. This mentality spells disaster not only to nations but to individuals. When hope is abandoned, all is lost. But the last gift that remained in Pandora's box has always been treasured in France. It may be that this is why the French have been called a "mercurial" people. In their case, however, the mercury is never allowed to remain very long at the bottom of the tube before there is sufficient energy to send it soaring again.

Mississippi Levee System Completed

THOSE indefatigable workers on behalf of civilization, the United States Army Engineer Corps, announce the Mississippi River is for the first time confined by proved flood-proof levees from Thebes, Illinois, to the Gulf of Mexico.

This ends the efforts to confine the Father of Waters begun in 1717 by De la Tour, the French engineer who laid out the city of New Orleans. He constructed the first levee along the river front.

The original dikes were called "elevees" by the old French inhabitants and this was corrupted into "levees," pronounced "levvies." Dictionaries fail to give this correct derivation, which the army engineers have run down.

The nature and tremendous extent of the problem the army engineers have been grappling with cannot be appreciated until the geological history of the Mississippi delta is considered.

Although the layman thinks of the Mississippi River delta as the present forked termini of the stream in the Gulf of Mexico quite a distance below New Orleans, geologists and engineers have had to deal with the true delta through which the stream meanders under difficult control conditions.

The delta of the Mississippi River started at Thebes, Illinois, above the junction with the Ohio, where the hills of the ancient continent met the Gulf of Mexico which covered much of what is now the central southern states.

As the muddy water poured into the Gulf at that point, sand and silt were deposited, gradually building up the sea bottom to the water level and extending the reach of the river farther south until its present location was made. It is encroaching still farther into the Gulf.

This process of landbuilding resulted in another feature that puzzles the average person. This is the fact that the Mississippi River below Thebes is higher than the adjoining land through which it passes, instead of being in a depression lower than any part of the so-called valley.

However, the people in the Imperial Valley in California will understand this, since the Colorado River, whose delta is analogous to that of the Mississippi, is also much higher than the adjacent country. These rivers flow on top of the "made" land and their mud rims have had to be strengthened by man-made works.

Furthermore, all the mouths of the Mississippi do not branch off far below New Orleans. The Atchafalaya River diverges from the Mississippi River 310 miles upstream from the Gulf. It has a one-third shorter route to the ocean than the main channel past New Orleans and frequently carries the larger volume of water.

Some other mouths of the Mississippi have been cut off from the main channel by dikes across their upper ends. Bayous Lafourche and Manchac are examples of this kind.

Bus Lines Or Not?

WORCESTER and Providence passenger bus lines have just been refused a license by the mayor of Boston to traverse the city's streets. The mayor claims the steam roads deserve "protection" from their upstart competitors.

King Canute commanded the sea to stand still without much more success than can be anticipated in this latest effort to stem progressive motion.

The stagecoach interests obtained some official support of their antagonism to the first railroads. Then the towns that were the junctions of the different gauged short lines bitterly opposed their consolidation into standard gauged systems. They felt it was unfair to create through-travel facilities that would deprive them of their enforced visitors.

Isn't Boston a bit inconsistent in spending public money upon a so-called airport for land and sea planes? Unquestionably the profitable long-haul passenger business and mail revenues of the trunk line railroads will be affected by airplanes. The reasoning of the mayor does not seem to go the whole hog.

Then the passenger boat lines between Boston and New York, Maine and Nova Scotia compete with the same railroad systems that are being "protected" by refusing entrance to the Worcester and Providence bus lines.

However, we fancy that despite the present ukase of the mayor, the Hub will finally be served by passenger motor bus lines.

Putting America's Art Museums to Work

Inspiration Found in Perfections of Artists and Craftsmen of Other Ages

Rodin's "Thinker" impresses a group of East Side youngsters.

By J. OLIN HOWE

WHETHER it be furniture or jewelry, service plates or talcum powder containers, car cards or the covers of advertising booklets, the art values which are giving added distinction to the product of American crafts and industries come mainly from museums of art. There the handiwork of days long gone may be copied or, what is more worthy, works of artists and craftsmen which have lived through the ages inspire the modern designer to fresh triumphs.

Our art museums in this country are no longer given up to the cultured initiate or the merely curious. Their priceless collections are put to practical uses which come home directly to the man in the street.

Imagination reaches across the centuries and an Athenian pyxis fashioned thousands of years ago becomes the long-sought inspiration for the cold cream jar on milady's dressing table. Or men's cravats of richest hue may, and do, owe their beautiful intricacies of pattern to Chinese vases upon which perhaps Confucius gazed.

From knightly armor of old to the modern sports skirt is indeed a far cry, but the American designer has compassed it and adapted for the tennis court and the golf links graven designs worn on the tournament field in the days when knights were bold.

Thus we put our art museums to work. Thus the rich collector shares the treasures his wealth brings together with the humblest artisan. Thus the matchless art of the ancients gives us to make American design more and more worth while as the years pass. We may even be trending toward an American style. At least, one glimpses the possibility of that in the dim distance. And meantime we are gaining a love of beauty and learning to appreciate the expression of it in everyday utilities.

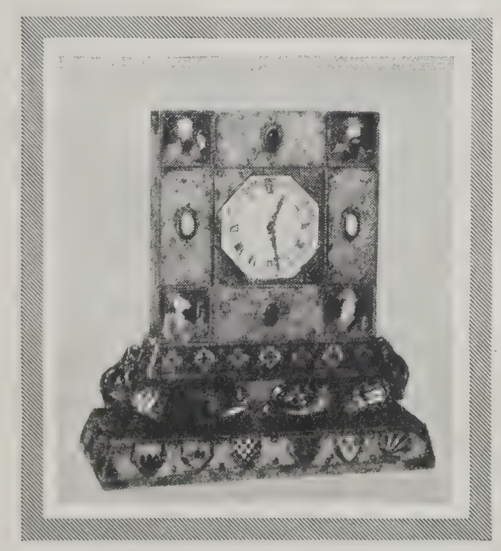
It is not so much that we copy what has stood time's test or, at any rate, that we go no further than that; though true it is that many a designer in industrial art follows the line of least resistance and permits the artist or craftsman of bygone centuries to do his thinking for him. But ever there are those choicer progressive spirits to whom the study of an old piece means inspiration.

Ideas, motives, color combinations spring at such a one from museum pieces of the greatest variety as to purpose, material and artistic background. And very likely the medium in which he works is utterly different from the object which suggests a new and beautiful design.

The museum motif has made its way into American industry to an astonishing extent. In numerous lines of business now a museum group of designs, patterns, styles makes the product noteworthy. From the workshop of far centuries to the clattering modern factory is truly a long road, but a mind alive to the sure principles of art makes little of that. If true values be there, does it matter whether a single specimen is made by hand, or machines turn them out by the thousands?

This New York designer of sports skirt materials, printed silks, sought mental quickening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In the collection of armor he found upon a backplate which may well have been worn in the crusades an incised pattern of great beauty. This he took as it was and found splendid for his purpose. And also the manner in which the armor was laced gave him a stitch of which he made good use.

Constantly this sort of thing goes on. Millefleurs tapestries are translated into rugs made in Massachusetts and Italian gesso-covered and painted picture frames into tapestries woven in New Jersey. The transition from old Persian lacquered book covers to gay sports ribbons for Palm Beach wear crosses a wider gap, but as easily.



Limoges enamels, ancient reliquaries and armorial bearings in the Morgan collection at the Metropolitan. Each played their part in the design of this highly ornate clock.

We have printed voiles which owe their dainty patterns to antique Florentine glass bottles and painted furniture made in Connecticut gets symmetry and proportion from oriental pottery. The delicate beauty of line and tracing in Russian laces of other centuries distinguishes American decorated porcelain.

To a casual view phonograph cabinets and Gothic chapels dating back hundreds of years may seem much farther apart than they are to the designer who seeks a spur for his imagination. Then we have wall paper made in Brooklyn whose model was found in ecclesiastical vestments dating from the struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline.

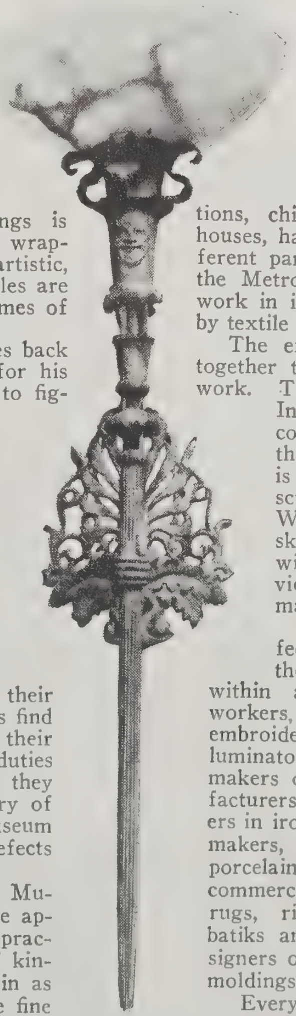
Rhode Island mills weave cotton blankets in patterns which have their origin in rugs of ancient India. And American silver owes no little to Turkish brass produced by artisans of long ago. In French wood carvings is found the inspiration to give us soap wrappers which merit that abused word, artistic, and labels for perfume and other bottles are in designs taken from Egyptian costumes of the day of Rameses.

A graver of chased metals centuries back little dreamed the time would come for his scrolls and curves to be transferred to figured cretonne in the America of the twentieth century. Nor could he who modeled Buddhist statuettes in an Asiatic monastery have imagined his fine figures would distinguish an advertising design many a hundred year later.

Others than manufacturers and designers are concerned in this, moreover; at least, in New York, where groups of department store buyers and salespeople go to the museum for special courses of lectures prepared to inform them about the goods on their shelves. Great merchandising concerns find it decidedly to their advantage to have their employes take time from their store duties to gain first-hand knowledge of what they sell in the light of art and the history of art. In the presence of standard museum pieces they consider the merits and defects of articles from current stock.

The charter of the Metropolitan Museum is a broad one. It includes "the application of arts to manufacture and practical life and advancing knowledge of kindred subjects." The institution goes in as strongly for decorative art as for the fine arts, and decorative art is industrial art.

It even has on its staff a liaison officer who makes the contact between industry and the museum's collections, who goes out into factory and workshop to find ways in which the museum can be of service and who says, "No figurehead is more hollow than the limited conception of the fine arts and never did man devise a more solemnly ridiculous ritual than that used in their worship."



A mirror of ancient Greece is here adapted for an American lighting fixture.

To its officials a museum is worth having only in the degree to which it is useful. It must be a demonstration laboratory. Its highest usefulness is to maintain a standard of design for the industrial arts.

Nor is the Metropolitan Museum alone in such effort. Of the 600 museums in this country about 60 are art museums and each does educational work. But the Metropolitan, which is one of the world's handful of great museums and really a national institution, has led the way.

This is largely due to one man, Henry W. Kent, its secretary, whose modesty would not permit him to take the credit he deserves and who for 17 years has been the genius of its educational department.

The war, or our entrance into it, which shut off European design and threw America on her own resources, gave this its great opportunity. For a dozen years Mr. Kent had been preparing for 1917. The point with him is that a museum whose collections are displayed solely for esthetic enjoyment is not worth the effort.

The phrase, "putting the galleries to work," is his. He acts on the belief that a museum of art, the repository of that work in all the centuries which persists because art is long, should be a living force in the lives of every one of us.

How far he has gone in bringing this about and how far others have followed him is indicated in earlier paragraphs. What American art museums owe this one man would make too long a tale to tell here. He has been curator, inspiration and counsellor of institutions which are doing a vast amount of good in this cultural work, in creating art sense among people generally, in building up an estimate of beauty for its own sake which leads to good taste.

What the New York institution is doing shows what can be done. Annually it holds an exhibition of work of designers and manufacturers which is the outcome of museum study. From a small affair in an obscure gallery, in which no designers exhibited and but 26 lenders with 73 items, this has grown in seven years to demand the largest of the museum's galleries, where scores of exhibitors show hundreds of examples of their skill.

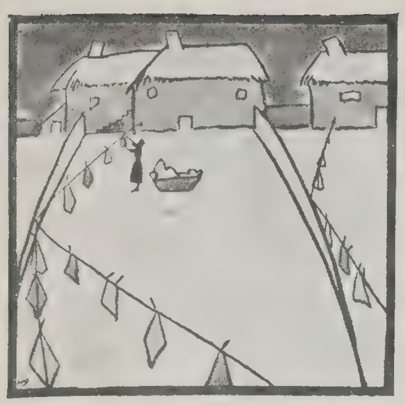
Once or twice the museum pieces copied or from which the idea came have been shown alongside the modern product. Exhibitions of industrial art are now held by a number of American museums, but the Metropolitan is the only one which limits the exhibits to articles whose design was born in the museum.

During one of these exhibitions, chiefs of leading American textile houses, hard-headed business men from different parts of the country, met in one of the Metropolitan's galleries to discuss their work in its relation to what has been done by textile workers in all the ages.

The exhibitions of industrial art bring together the tangible results of educational work. There are many intangible results. In the matter of permits to study or copy museum pieces, of which more than 20,000 were issued in 1922, there is no distinction between artists and sculptors and students and designers. Who wishes to make exact copies, sketches or notes in color or otherwise may do so and a room is provided for storing canvases and other materials.

How varied are the interests affected is indicated by this list of those who have used such permits within a twelvemonth: architects, bead workers, costumers for theaters and operas, embroiderers, makers of stained glass, illuminators, illustrators, interior decorators, makers of gold and silver jewelry, manufacturers of lace and of lamp shades; workers in iron, silver, lacquer and enamel; piano makers, designers of posters, makers of porcelain and pottery, printers, makers of commercial containers; textile workers on rugs, ribbons, silks, cottons, tapestries, batiks and neckwear for both sexes; designers of type, woodworkers on furniture, moldings and picture frames.

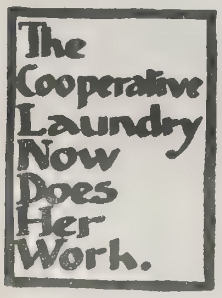
Everything in the galleries has been photographed and these photographs are available to him, or her, who can make use of them. A corps of experts is at the disposal of students.

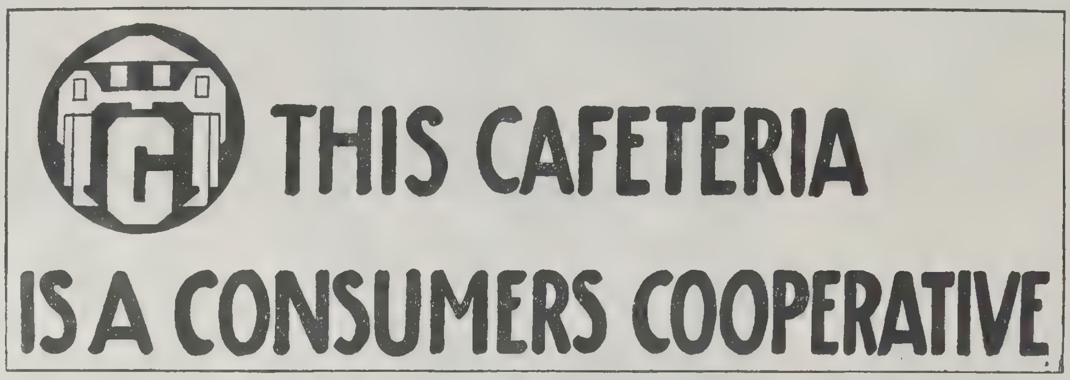


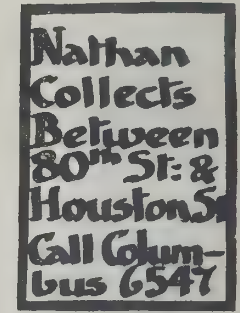
An Experiment in Buying From Yourself

The Healthy Child of Discontent

By MAX BENTLEY



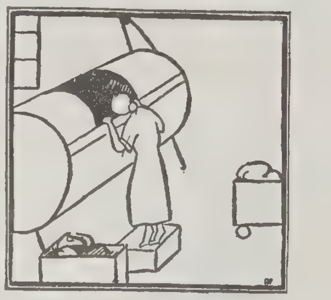




THE brightest spot in the silk district behind Madison Square, New York City, is Our Cafeteria. That statement is to be taken literally. Our Cafeteria used the paint bucket to make itself so. It is, as the name suggests, an eating place. It occupies a one-time private dwelling on East Twenty-fifth street: one of those brownstone fronts which contributed so richly, in days gone by, to the glory that was Gotham, when Gramercy Park was the haughty and high-toned abode of the Very Rich Families. Jewish and Italian silk dealers invaded the district and the wave of trade that followed them turned it into a hutch of twenty-story office buildings and twelve-story apartment houses, and the brownstone fronts have been all but crowded out of the picture.

So, to attract the passing throng, Our Cafeteria advertises itself in colors. The furtive and shrinking violet which was the brownstone front has been Burbanked into a chrysanthemum of many gay hues. It has been adorned with paint—broad bands of red, yellow and sky blue—and the sheer incongruity of it stops the passer-by with a gasp.

It is one thing to draw trade to your door. It is another thing to hold it, to make your first-time patron a regular customer. Paint won't do it, but service and a reason for paint will; and Our Cafeteria gives both. The success of this most interesting business experiment in the Greater City—it is nothing less than that—lies in service, a friendly explanation of "why we are here," and consumers' co-operation. The paint is simply the expression of an ideal that is working.



Our Cafeteria is a link in a chain of four eating houses operated by a group of 1,550 New Yorkers calling themselves Consumers' Co-operative Services, Inc. The cafeterias are owned by the people that patronize them, plus the drop-in trade which is always seeking, in New York, so often in vain, service and good food at fair prices. Last year—the fiscal year ending March 31, 1924—the four cafeterias served 750,000 meals. The drop-in trade contributed the larger part of the revenue, but it is significant that three hundred of this class took out five-dollar memberships and shared in the profits.

No, not profits. Consumers' co-operation knows no such word as profits. The return to the shareholder is nothing more than a limited fixed interest—six per cent—on his share holdings, and a rebate of about the same figure on the patronage that he himself, not others, contributed to the business. In the last fiscal year Our Cafeteria, Inc., (the new name, Consumers' Co-operative Services, Inc., was lately adopted) reported a gross business of $319,000 of which $4,600 was returned as a rebate to those among its 1,550 members who were, by reason of having patronized the enterprise, entitled to a return. Six per cent interest on capital is one thing, six per cent rebate on purchases is another thing. One's capital investment may be only ten dollars, but one's patronage may be $250. The idea behind Consumers' Co-operative Services, Inc., is to attempt to organize the purchasing power of the masses by voluntary pooling, rather than to enlist their capital. "For Use, Not For Profit," is the slogan.

The noteworthy thing about the success of Consumers' Co-operative Services, Inc., is the grouping into a cohesive *buying* unit of so-called hundred per cent Americans of the middle class: the clerks, office workers and professional men and women. This class has been notoriously weak in organization. They have been the shining marks among New York's million or so unorganized suckers. Our Cafeteria is consequently pioneering with a new group.

The New York experiment has a broad background to draw on. Consumers' co-operatives—group buying—date back to 1769. After every war, with its aftermath of inflation and economic pressure on the ill-to-do, the movement has accelerated enormously. It is a fantastic thought, that this healthy and normal and growing child sprang from the seeds of discontent.

The fathers of consumers' co-operation were the "poor weavers of Scotland" who, in the year 1769, formed a society for the pool purchase of "necessar victwals"—so ran the crude agreement of whose eleven parties thereto three signed with "X his mark." The next recorded experiment was at Hull, England, in 1795, when "We, the poor inhabitants of the said town," bound themselves to a group purchase of flour. In 1843, the famed twenty-eight weavers of Rochdale, in the north of England, subscribed a pound apiece in weekly installments of a few pennies until they had enough to open the famous Toad Lane co-operative store.

The then-revolutionary plan of the Rochdale weavers was to sell at regular market prices; divide the net earnings quarterly among the purchasing members, to each in proportion to the amount of his purchases, in the form of rebates; to pay only a fixed small rate of interest on the capital itself; and to give one member one vote irrespective of the amount of stock he had subscribed. Those four principles made the venture highly successful, and became the foundation of the now world-wide consumers' co-operative movement. It is precisely the plan followed by Consumers' Co-operative Services, Inc., of New York.

The movement had reached practically all countries of Europe before it was felt appreciably in the United States. In the same year that the Rochdale weavers opened their Toad Lane store, a Boston tailor started the first co-operative store in America, but the curious fact is that the land of the free, usually so ready to "take on" anything new, to "give the once-over" to any sporting proposition, has been tardiest among the nations of the world in developing consumers' co-operation. England, on the other hand, has been a leader. At the end of the first six months of the European War, the English co-operatives had a membership of 176,750, with a gross retail trade of $692,360,000.

New York City gave it a trial first in 1907. The Middle West and West took it on enthusiastically and hundreds of societies are flourishing out there today. The labor and foreign groups have usually managed to make it pay; it is the home-grown professional and clerk class which has been disposed to pass it by. And this is the class the founders of Our Cafeteria, Inc., had in mind trying to reach when they organized.

In October, 1919, Miss Mary Ellicott Arnold and Miss Mabel Reed took the first step. They were New York women thoroughly sold to consumers' co-operation but without restaurant experience. Their resources were small, and to do any sort of going business they needed a quick turnover. So they opened a restaurant—called it Our Cafeteria—as a private venture but with a determination to devote the net returns, if returns there should be, to public service. And they so informed a group of friends the night before they opened the place on East Twenty-fifth street.

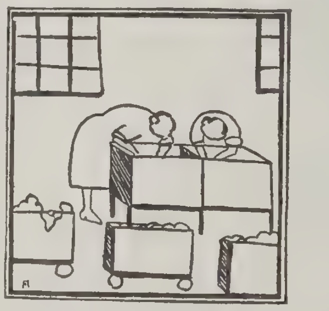
The venture boomed from the start. Besides revealing a quite uncanny estimate of what it took to satisfy the needs of the inner man, they learned how to advertise with point. Saying it piquantly, sending out gay little messages to their friends, brought substantial returns. After several months of successful experimentation with their ideal they made the project co-operative. A two-week stock-selling campaign was launched; the goal was $1,000 in five-dollar shares. They actually took in $2,100.

Incorporation was the next step, under New York's law on co-operatives limiting dividends on capital to six per cent and setting up the principle of one member, one vote. The authorized capital stock was $4,400. It was increased a year later to $50,000 and is now one-half subscribed. The share holding of one member was limited to five per cent of the amount of stock outstanding at the time of purchase. In April, 1920, Our Cafeteria, Inc., operated and owned by its members, was ready to start growing in the face of an already well-developed financial windstorm.

Sixty-six shareholders went into the corporation. Did it pay? The tabulated returns speak for themselves. (Figures given in round numbers only.)

April to April	Membership	Total Business	Net Earnings	Rebate	Outstanding Stock
1920-21	380	$ 96,000	$ 6,000	$1,800	$ 5,000
1921-22	750	190,000	12,500	2,750	10,000
1922-23	1,240	317,000	24,000	5,000	17,000
1923-24	1,550	319,000	20,000	4,600	24,000

Three more cafeterias have been opened. The locations were carefully selected. A brownstone front was found on Irving Place near enough to the residential neighborhood around Gramercy Park to attract a substantial night group for the evening meals. It was named Our Cafeteria No. 2. The third link in the chain was opened in a house adjoining the Curb Market in the edge of the financial district. No. 4, the baby of the family, took over the basement of the building vacated by the composing room staff of an absorbed New York morning newspaper, facing Park Row.



Each place carries the familiar hall marks: paint in fast colors and the quaintly-drawn welcome signs. Each is staffed by affable missionaries in the food-purveying line: affable because nearly every worker is a fellow-owner and fellow-sharer of the net return; affable because that sort of co-operation, besides being profitable, is a self-respect builder. It has made the *esprit de corps* not simply good, but perfect.

The printed material strikes a note that is positively jovial. "The Co-operative Crier" is the intermittently-published house organ. From a recent issue:

"Hear yez! Hear yez!

"With attention to what the Crier sayeth!

"For whom will you vote to go on to the Board of Directors? Why should you vote at all for that matter? You don't know anyone! And it's not your business anyhow!

"But that's the point. It is your business. It is an industry owned by those it serves. It depends for its safety on board and management jointly. Your big job is electing the Board."

The candidates for the board—five new members to be chosen—are then introduced. The staff artist presents them in quaint fashion: eight ridiculously drawn characters sitting around a sketchy table, representing men. The table is merely an elliptical flourish with two horizontal marks for legs. Then they are re-introduced photographically: a portrait of each and a complete biography, with special emphasis laid on technical training and co-operative experience. As a gentle nudge of what is expected from the incoming board in attention to business, the Crier turns the light on the old board with this significant chart:

	Armes	attended	17	out of	20	meetings.
a	Arnold	"	20	" "	20	"
b	Barnes	"	20	" "	20	"
c	Chase	"	9	" "	16	"
	Chenery	"	12	" "	20	"
	Collier	"	14	" "	20	"
	Harmon	"	18	" "	20	"
	Jones	"	10	" "	20	"
	Pettit	"	15	" "	20	"
d	Rappaport	"	2	" "	2	"

a General Manager. b Chairman. c Resigned February, 1924. d Elected February, 1924.

And on election night the membership was there in force. The candidates appeared in person, each with a

(*Concluded on page 11*)

Steal a Million and Become Respectable

Bobbed-Haired Bandit's Crime Versus That of Bucket Shop Keeper: A Striking Study in the Administration of Our Criminal Laws

By PETER SCHUYLER

ABOUT three months ago a girl scarcely out of her teens, whose only mark of identification was her bobbed hair, committed a series of brazen holdups in Brooklyn and Manhattan. The newspapers attracted attention to the crimes by labeling the perpetrator, "The Bobbed-Haired-Bandit." For weeks small shopkeepers in the City of Homes were panic-stricken every time the door of their establishments opened. The police and detective forces of Manhattan were successively perplexed, annoyed, and angered by their inability to lay hands upon the bold buccaneeress of Brooklyn. Bobbed hair was no easy clue to follow in this day of clipped tresses, but the press spared no sympathy in riding the guardians of the city's safety for their failure to apprehend the robber.

But all things have an end and the law of percentage eventually "turned up" Celia Cooney and her husband, the assistant in her illegal financial operations. The pair was arrested in Florida whither they had fled and where they became penniless. With a grand fanfare the dailies heralded the arrest. The progress of the offenders North was chronicled with faithfulness worthy of a better cause. Celia was interviewed by special "lady" correspondents every time her train halted to let the engine take on water. Even the intimate details of her bedraggled finery were played up at length. She was the "human interest" find of the moment and a front-page sensation.

Her trial, which was swift and unsentimental, disclosed that, instead of being a robber of romantic quality, she was a typical product of Manhattan's slums. She was born in degradation, reared in neglect and viciousness, turned loose on the streets of the waterfront at an appallingly early age, and the law of momentum did the rest. The need of money to buy cheap finery and a craving for ease prompted the robberies which she and her husband, a mental defective, committed. They took a chance and got caught. Manhattan, outraged in its sense of nightly security, demanded a victim. Justice had to be satisfied. The Crimes of the Cooneys had to be expiated and their punishment made stiff enough to deter prospective criminals. The Majesty of the Law had to be upheld.

To Auburn for Twenty Years

SO CELIA COONEY, who had offered no plea of adverse circumstance in her upbringing as grounds for clemency, was ordered confined to the limits of Auburn Prison from TEN to TWENTY YEARS. The gross amount stolen by Celia, the friendless street rat, and her mentally deficient husband, was LESS THAN ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

* * *

In September, 1923, the firm of Jules C. Rabiner failed for upward of $800,000. The sign over Mr. Rabiner's door announced that he was a broker. As a matter of fact he was a bucket shop keeper which means he ran a place where innocent financial sheep are skinned to the bone. But Mr. Rabiner's failure was the essence of discreetness. There was no newspaper outcry about it. The case had none of the "color" of the exploits of Celia Cooney and it received not an iota as much space. The district attorney who investigated the "failure" found out that Mr. Jules Rabiner had bucketed many of his customers' orders. But Mr. Rabiner promised to make restitution. He would do the right thing, and so forth.

He failed, however, to keep his promise and was arrested for stealing securities amounting to $3,600 from Thomas Millen, one of his victims. He paid $1.100 in restitution to Millen and then stopped.

His second arrest followed and he pleaded guilty. In addition to his gifts as a swindler Mr. Jules Rabiner must have had something of the clairvoyant in his make-up. He must have known what was going to happen to him in the future—part way at least.

But he begged the court for mercy just the same.

"I am involved in a big transaction from which I *expect* big returns *probably* in June," he said. "I *may* then be in a position to turn over to the trustees in bankruptcy sufficient money so that good dividends *may* be paid *if* I am given the opportunity."

His counsel, Jacob Goldstein, who had won *two postponements* of the case and the release of his client under $10,000 bail, also pleaded for clemency.

But in spite of Rabiner's speech from the dock, which reads like a come-on letter sent to a "sucker," Judge McIntyre, presiding at the trial, retained his composure.

"I don't like the looks of this case at all," he said. "There has been too much scandal connected with it and too much talk about it in the corridors of the Criminal Courts building. This man's firm operated bucket shops which were dens of thievery. Pitiable stories have been told me by customers. Some of them, widows, lost all they had."

Disposing of the prisoner and his lawyer's pleadings for mercy, the court further said:

"Hundreds have interceded for Rabiner and have even invaded my home and office."

Jules C. Rabiner was then sentenced to spend in the penitentiary on Welfare Island which is *a ten-minute ferry ride from the heart of Manhattan*, FROM SIX MONTHS TO THREE YEARS. The New York *Times* winds up its story of the trial with these pitiable words: "Rabiner was then led away to his cell in the Tombs. He will be taken to the penitentiary on Welfare Island this morning."

The Majesty of the Law was upheld. The demands of Justice were satisfied. Jules C. Rabiner who "failed" FOR ALMOST A MILLION DOLLARS pays the penalty for his crime against Society. On Welfare Island, ten minutes from the heart of Manhattan he will spend from six months to three years.

BUT DID HE?

* * *

On April 25, 1924, less than ninety days after he began his sentence of expiation, Jules C. Rabiner who "failed" for almost a million dollars and thereby largely cheated the widow and the orphan, was released from Welfare Island by the Parole Commission upon his promise to pay in monthly installments of $100 the sum which was still coming to his victim, Millen.

Such an exercise of credulity on the part of the Parole Commission raised an uproar that reached the august ears of Mayor Hylan, "friend of the peepul and foe of the interests."

Forthwith His Honor ordered Commissioner of Accounts David Hirshfield to "investigate" Rabiner's parole.

Mr. Hirshfield has been accused of starting during his term of office over twelve thousand investigations and making findings on two of them.

But he is always ready for just one more. He went at the Rabiner parole like a terrier to a rat hole.

Four witnesses, Dr. Edward Spitzer, who lost about $13.000 in the Rabiner failure, Dr. Spitzer's wife, and two friends of Dr. Spitzer and Dr. Spitzer's wife, namely Mrs. Bertha Shack and Louis Blumenthal, swore that they had seen Rabiner in a Childs restaurant on upper Broadway February 7, TWO WEEKS AFTER HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEGUN HIS SENTENCE ON WELFARE ISLAND.

That testimony brought out the fact that Judge McIntyre, who had sentenced the bucketeer, had issued a writ permitting Rabiner to remain in the Tombs until February 8, and to be absent in the custody of the sheriff from that institution daily between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, that he might wind up his business before being parked in the Welfare Island penitentiary.

But the Spitzers swore they saw Rabiner with other people in other restaurants on two other occasions after the February 7 incident. Once they said the meeting took place around midnight.

This statement of the Spitzers was rebutted by the guest they said they saw with Rabiner. He swore that he could not have been with Rabiner on the occasion specified because he was a sick man and had been forbidden to eat anything at midnight!! Dr. Spitzer, having lost $13,000 in Rabiner's bucket shop, insisted that he was familiar enough with the thief's face to identify it in any restaurant at any hour of the day or night.

The warden of the Welfare Island penitentiary and his attendants swore that Rabiner had never been away from their bailiwick from the hour he began his sentence until he was paroled.

Three Months as a Clerk

BUT they did give some illuminating testimony.

Rabiner, while in the prison supposedly suffering punishment for his crime, *was actually serving AS SECRETARY TO THE PAROLE COMMISSION; he assisted in the* examination of other prisoners seeking parole; he never wore the prison uniform, the prison shoes, nor the prison shirts; HE TOOK ALL HIS MEALS WITH THE CIVILIAN CLERKS; the guard in the room where he was "imprisoned" was so deaf he could not hear the telephone which Rabiner had within reach if he wanted to transact business in Manhattan by that means.

Among the special pleaders for Rabiner's release by the Parole Commission were I. W. Halperin, a probation officer who found out that after Rabiner's indictment and while he was awaiting sentence he had worked on a commission basis for a Wall Street firm.

Another intercessor was Mrs. Gussie Myers of the Jewish Probation Society who admitted she was a friend of Rabiner's family and had not told the Parole Commission anything about Rabiner's bucket shop activities when she was asked because "he was so charitable." Mrs. Myers also admitted that she had gone to Millen's attorney and suggested he write to the Parole Commission interceding for the "so charitable" thief. Two fellow convicts of Rabiner's told Commissioner Hirshfield that the accused could not have been away from the island as the whole place would have known about any favors he received.

One of them, a first offender, who had stolen THREE DOLLARS will be paroled after he has served TEN MONTHS.

Rabiner, who confessed he had stolen THREE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS, was paroled before he had served NINETY DAYS.

The other convict HAD ALREADY SERVED NINETEEN MONTHS OF A TWENTY-TWO MONTHS' SENTENCE for passing a bad check for TWELVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS. He had made restitution for the check BEFORE HE WAS ARRESTED but as it was a third offense on the same grounds he had to be made an example of! Rabiner "failed" for EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS and spent LESS THAN THREE MONTHS IN JAIL AS A CLERK!

As soon as Mayor Hylan learned the facts about the parole he ordered it canceled at once and Rabiner returned to Welfare Island. But Rabiner's lawyer got a writ of habeas corpus preventing his "re-incarceration." Once more the pleas for clemency rent the judicial heavens. This time the pleaders included the cashier of a Fifth Avenue bank, William D. Wolfert, secretary of the Daughters of Jacob, and Rabiner's physician, Dr. Jacob Glass. However, Justice McCook vacated the habeas corpus writ and Rabiner has taken an appeal. If he loses he will then go back to Welfare Island, a ten-minute ferry ride from the heart of Manhattan.

Judge McIntyre has been quoted as declaring he should spend at least two years there. Perhaps he will!

An Experiment in Buying From Yourself

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next friend verbally to reinforce his aspirations with a fuller description of his technical talents toward the management of a weighty undertaking like a co-operatively-owned cafeteria chain.

Miss Mary Ellicott Arnold still presides, now as the general manager, over this interesting experiment. From her office in Our Cafeteria in Irving Place she directs the activities of more than one hundred enthusiastic salaried owners-workers. Her staff has been lately augmented with the taking over of another enterprise, the former Village Laundry, now Our Laundry. It was co-operative, too, chartered as such by the little group of Greenwich Village housewives who organized it in 1920. The unique reason for its absorption by Consumers' Co-operative Services, Inc., was the growth of its business. It grew so rapidly that very soon the part-time volunteers who had brought it forth found it too big to handle. So it was absorbed—charter, machinery, liabilities and assets, goodwill, Nathan and all. Nathan is the Negro delivery man who writes friendly poems to his patrons on the theme of co-operation in having the wash ready, and who, when the bundle is not waiting, leaves this plaintive printed note: "I have been here for your wash, but couldn't find it. What shall I do now?"

The purpose back of Our Cafeteria is, says General Manager Arnold, to seek a form of industrial organization better than the present competitive one where individual profits are the main incentive to enterprise, and to try it on the poorly-organized middle American class. Her idea of a natural incentive is to set paramount value on one's patronage of one's own business. Non-member patrons, she explained, do not share in rebates, and members do not receive returns on non-members' patronage; their return being only on their own patronage.

A consumers' co-operative, she goes on to say, is like an ordinary business in the emphasis it puts on operating efficiency. Like any enterprise, its existence depends upon the service it gives to the public, as compared with the service given by private concerns in cost and quality. After setting up the principle that no profits are to be made, it fixes its prices at market rates. The average noon meal check in any of the four cafeterias is forty-seven cents; for the night meal, sixty cents. That is substantially in line with New York's prevailing cafeteria prices. The reason given is that it is impossible to budget in advance the exact cost of running a business. Our Cafeteria prices are therefore set somewhat higher than the probable costs; later, when the exact cost is known, the extra amount collected is returned to each member customer, as a rebate. The board of directors follows the operating cost to the last dime. Month by month the income, and every major item of expense, are examined in great detail and reported back to the membership: why fewer people ate in December and February, why the raw food cost fluctuated two per cent, what articles of food were in principal demand.

The membership at large is constantly urged to participate in the business sessions. "To have them know every detail of the business is our aim," says Miss Arnold, "because it is their business. You see, we have an idea to sell as well as goods. We are trying to sell the idea of skilled leadership answerable to the mass, the idea that group purchasing power *is* a power."

Consumers' co-operation, she added, as it induces the spirit of fellowship and substitutes mutual aid for wasteful competition, is but an expression of a true economic and social democracy.

New York's Stately Homes Quickly Vanishing

Business Progress Sweeping Away Mansions That Cost Millions

By A. R. PINCI

ALL sorts of things vanish in this world, but of the more permanent forms nothing is vanishing so fast as New York homes. The cause? Three-fifths of it is speculation; one-fifth is carelessness or indifference; the remaining fifth accounts for the victims of the so-called high cost of real estate.

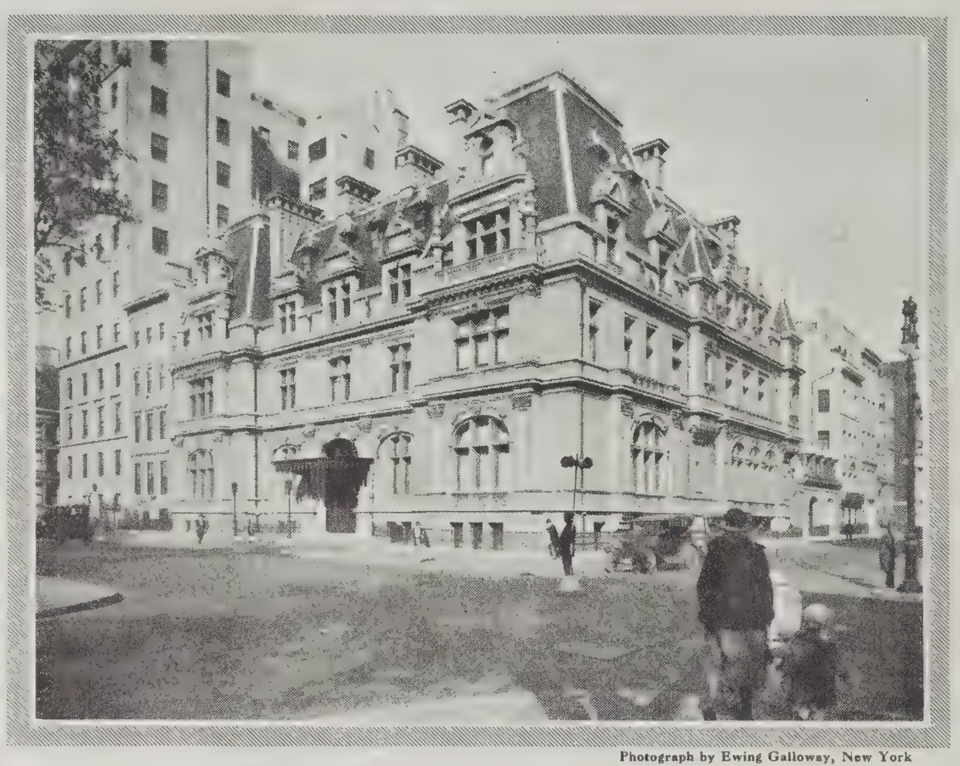
If one were to believe the highly glazed booklets and the exaggerated advertisements of real estate vendors, there is no longer obtainable an habitable foot of space in the metropolis. Yet New York abounds with empty spaces. As one rides on the Second or Ninth avenue elevated trains, one sees the dirty windowpanes, the exposed woodwork of doors and casements whose paint became dust eons ago, the crumbling brick walls, the stained "To Let" signs which still bravely and brazenly do their duty day in and year out.

It is perfectly good real estate all along these lateral thoroughfares, but absentee landlordism, estate exigencies, and unadorned fraud together operate to create an artificial scarcity of accommodations. If the dishonest increment of values of the inner city were spread to to these now forsaken neighborhoods, not only the municipality would gain, but fewer pestholes for criminals would exist, and the city would serve the compliments which are now directed at selected quarters and nothing more.

One hears a great deal abroad about the Great White Way, but no one hears anything about districts, culs-de-sac, wards and the like, which the spinal "growth" of New York invites and fosters. Every time a former downtown residential block is depleted because its denizens migrate uptown in the new co-operative apartments, New York loses. Apparently it is a gain, because on the assessment books values are jotted down with an ease and extravagance that would make the John Laws of old blush with rage. This "wealth" makes excellent reading in newspapers, but only superficially.

The true side of the story is revealed by the number of families who are starving on food and starving in soul to pay the rentals for the only living quarters to be found within reach. If the thousand of old and long since abandoned lofts, houses given over to dubious tenancies, and other quarters wholly uninhabited, were torn down to make way for new apartments, the shortage existing today would not exist.

Not that there are not honest realty experts and operators and builders. In fact, they are many, but they labor at a disadvantage. There are historic firms, whose names on a sale or rent sign means something, not unlike a bank certification on a check, but these have been obliged virtually to withdraw from the smaller operations. Overhead and competition forced them to handle only operations of magnitude and that lets the little fellow out. The man who wants to spend $100 a month rent or less has no chance.


Photograph by Ewing Galloway, New York
Astor mansion, 65th street and Fifth Avenue, New York, now occupied by Vincent Astor.

But let's trace the causes. The courts have been invoked to decide what was to become of the restricted neighborhood along Madison avenue of which the J. P. Morgan house is the hub. The only thing that has served to maintain that a residential neighborhood is not the court's decision so much as the fact that a prominent American family, and a rather cohesive group, are inhabiting it. If tomorrow the Morgans moved elsewhere the neighborhood would be doomed.

At Fifty-seventh street and Fifth Avenue the Vanderbilt residence, misnamed a chateau, has so far resisted business encroachments, but it is a matter of price. Meanwhile the city, through condemnation proceedings, has amputated that home of its protective lawn both on Fifth Avenue and on Fifty-seventh street. It is now flush with the building line except on the north. For residential purposes, however, what with the noises of traffic, the smoky atmosphere and the congestion either way when traffic is closed on the other, it compares with many humble tenement districts.

That the residence will soon go is an accepted fact. Other residences, hitherto considered impregnable, are going. The latest announcement is that the John Jacob Astor mansion will be replaced with co-operative apartments. The Hamilton Fish residence will suffer the same fate. That the Gerry mansion will not last long is forecast. The Stuyvesant Fish residence, famed in the social annals of a generation ago, has suffered its furnishings to go on the auction block and now is for sale or lease, desirable "for business purposes."

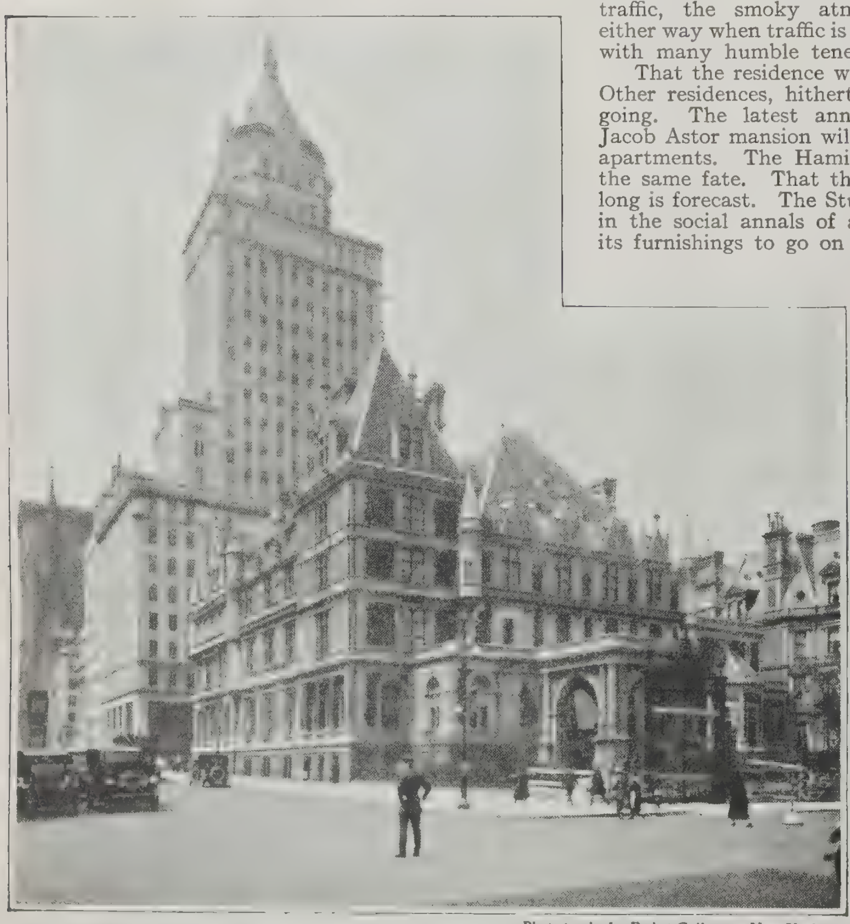
One asks: "Why?"

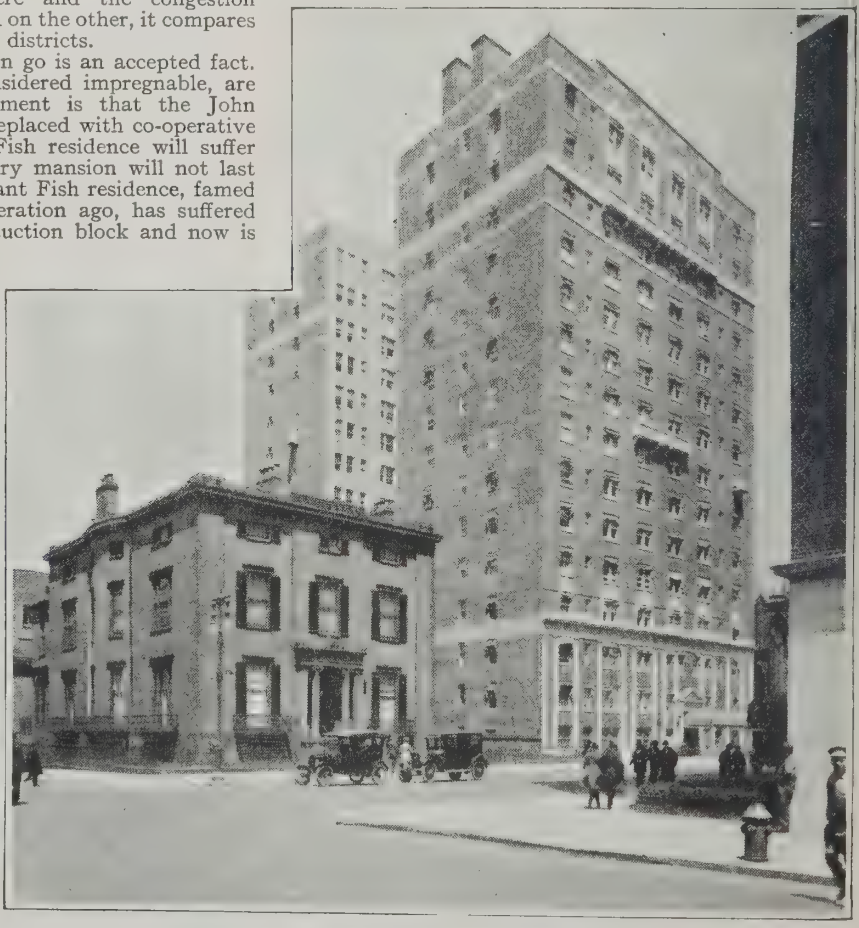
When $50,000 a year rental is spent by a New York family, which can afford a home, for an apartment which rises over a network of railroad tracks, as is the case in the Forties at Park avenue, it is time for sociologists to take a hand in analyzing the mystery. True, the tracks are not seen for a few blocks, but the noises below are railroad noises, and on the whole these denizens of supposedly fashionable buildings are little better off than the humble residents of homes abutting the railroad yard terminal of the average city and town. And farther out, north of Fiftieth street from the upper floors of apartments which cost $15,000 to $25,000—that is the annual rental of many—there is a beautiful vista of trains, about one every seventy seconds, from the Twentieth Century and the Wolverine to the suburban coach trains that make men sweat for their fresh air.

For this and sundry similar privileges New Yorkers have abandoned beautiful homes ten to thirty blocks away. The god of Fashion is thus appeased. A "park" avenue address is supposed to be the thing, even though it is a grassplot laid there to conceal a railroad that will not stay concealed.

But is that the story? Not all of it. One would not believe it, but a cursory inspection of the ash cans at the service exits—which a pedestrian cannot avoid, since they decorate at certain hours these exclusive sidewalks just as is the case at Avenue A—reveals a full quota of ten-cent soup cans, tin boxes that were the last habitat of fish often called sardines, and all the other package debris that is supposed to be associated with kitchenettes, gas-jet stoves, hurry and economy. The purchase of these foods is a story in itself, the details of which have been imparted to me by the managers of chain groceries and fancy shops after diligent inquiry and perhaps some persistent inquisitiveness on my part.

Early last April the newspapers devoted many columns to the announcement of the demolition of the Astor residence, together with brands of history made by the grandmother of the present occupant. As usual, the cause was stated as economy, or rather, the heavy overhead of maintenance. It was stated at the same time that Vincent Astor's present fortune, all in gilt-edge real estate, is $85,000,000. More than half of that consists of centrally located property which brings in the highest rental on record. Thus, even though the house is seldom used by its present owner, his income is more than ample to maintain one of the most beautiful


Photographs by Ewing Galloway, New York
Famous Vanderbilt mansion, which faces on the Plaza and runs back to 57th street, on Fifth Avenue. The Heckscher Building, new cut-back architecture, on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 57th street.


The old Brevoort mansion, Ninth street and Fifth Avenue, New York. Beyond is a big apartment house which has taken the site of the old Eno house.

Photographs by Ewing Galloway, New York

Above, left—Famous Fifth Avenue homes, north from 51st street: W. H. Vanderbilt house (left), W. D. Sloane place, Elliott and Shepard, W. K. Vanderbilt (next to church). Above, right—The J. P. Morgan residence at 36th and Madison avenue, with famous Morgan Library and Art Gallery in the rear. The late J. P. Morgan built the place. The son has it now. Below—The Gould house, 579 Fifth Avenue, now occupied by Mrs, Finley J. Shepard (Helen Gould) and her husband. At the 47th street corner, one of the most valuable pieces of ground in New York.

homes in America, which if nothing else ought to remain a monument to a family that has helped make New York history in its truest sense. There are certainly enough vacant plots on Fifth Avenue, and others surmounted by relatively cheap and unknown houses, which should first feel the jaws of Marion steam shovels and the echoes of riveting machines.

But the destructive fever is on. Buildings in centrally located spheres are being torn down, forcing many tenants mercilessly out, and they are being torn down ten and even thirty years before their structural usefulness has passed.

Every time a vacancy occurs in some of the old family homes along that most susceptible quarter, from Fiftieth to One Hundreth streets, from Lexington avenue to Fifth Avenue, one wonders what must have happened to alienate so many families from homes that though built twenty-five or fifty years ago are better in general than those put up today by commission-mad speculators. Personal circumstances may force changes in some cases; economic readjustments requiring economy may be responsible for others; but what of the rest? Are they sacrificing homes just for the dollars?

Is that what drives so many people to the hotels? For the hotels, especially those rated as non-commercial, are veritable hives of homeless people who have nothing but money. Hotels now figure as prominently in the social columns as do the individual hosts; sometimes more. The name of the hotel establishes a sort of social degree, and fashionableness is measured by the exclusiveness of its clientele. But no matter how exclusive, it is always a public place. It is never home.

And hotels change in this wise. The hotel that was the cynosure of attention ten years ago is forgotten today. In the same measure it is expected that the fashionable hotel of today will be unknown a dozen years hence.

What's the answer? None knows.

City officials are, nevertheless, disturbed by the general situation, even though they have paid no attention to the upper structure of the well-to-do and the rich and have dealt exclusively with the poor and the white-collared class. They predicate their analyses upon the wants and needs of these two classes, which are constantly added to by sinister realty speculation. The "operator" who in less than five years makes from $50,000 to $500,000 by using a shoestring capital and cleverly using his signature in options and "deals" does not worry, because he can retire, but the pity is that he considers himself one of the solid citizens of the community, "*one of its builders!*" In reality he undermines.

The New Yorker has heard so often the refrain that New York City belongs to the rich from other cities who gravitate hither to imbibe culture and refinement, that he actually believes it. He regards it a business proposition, pure and simple, and is not concerned, he imagines, with the human aspects of the problem. What is the result?

The line of demarcation between residents here is unmistakable. Brooklyn still retains the fame of being a city of baby carriages and churches, which is not empty fame for any community, and nearby Jersey towns and Staten Island are still good bulwarks of solid medium citizenship. But New York City has lost its heritage of homes

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Fight for Prohibition Proceeds in Scotland

Concluded from page 2

G. K. Chesterton spoke at a big meeting called in the interest of "Moderation." Both expatiated on the virtue of "moderation in all things," and had some cutting things to say about "intemperate temperance reformers." Education rather than legislation, they insisted, was the only solution of the drink problem. Chesterton was particularly witty in his picturing of a nation depriving itself of the geniality and joy of a "foaming tankard" or a "friendly glass," and of a misguided band of lugubrious reformers bending their saturnine energies to killing all the joy out of life. So far as I can see, nobody takes this third movement seriously. There are suspicions, indeed, that it receives encouragement, if not financial aid, from the *Trade*. The old imperial dictum, "Divide and rule," seems to be in favor at "No Change" headquarters.

Since coming to Edinburgh, Scotia's beautiful capital, where a hot local fight was waged, I have called on Mr. Ralph Earnshaw, the publicity manager for the No Change party—which means the liquor and brewery interests. All I wanted was a few specimen posters to illustrate this article and I made this request to one of his lieutenants on the ground floor of the splendid mansion in Melville Place, occupied by the publicity bureau. I was asked to wait, and I waited some ten minutes before the lieutenant returned and asked me to see Mr. Earnshaw in his own room upstairs. I found the famous manager a gentleman of quiet and charming manners.

"You know," he said, "there are a number of Americans hanging about this country trying to spy out information as to our activities. And I'm sorry to say that many of these gentry have betrayed our frankness and hospitality by going over to the other side and passing on information given in confidence, in some instances actually speaking at No License meetings and giving garbled and misleading statements in regard to my work and myself."

Mr. Earnshaw went on to report with particularity of detail an interview he had had with a certain American doctor of divinity prominently identified with the Anti-Saloon League's activities in the United States; one who had smoked Earnshaw's cigarets and left him with an expression of good will and the assurance that, as men of honor, although holding opposite views on the liquor question, they could rely on each regarding the conversation as confidential. But that very evening the reverend gentleman, Earnshaw said, had given a garbled and dishonest report of the interview at a public meeting.

Then I was informed of the activities of Mr. Earnshaw himself during a visit of several months to the United States last year, studying the effects of Prohibition. During that time, he visited a score of the principal cities between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Everywhere, he said, he had found that the enforcement of the Prohibition law was a sham and a delusion. Official statistics—and he had gathered a trunkful—proved that claims for the diminution of drunkenness, vice and crime were baseless. He had determined that he would not personally be a violator of the law and abstained wholly from intoxicating beverages during his stay, although this was made difficult by the kindness of people he met, who insisted on presenting him with *bon voyage* bottles of whisky as he traveled from place to place. At one millionaire's sumptuous home on the Hudson, his hostess, who had taken a conspicuous part in the fight for Prohibition, herself poured out a glass of whisky for him and one for herself before dinner. When he expressed some surprise, the lady declared that she was absolutely sincere and not inconsistent in her advocacy of Prohibition—for the working classes. Mr. Earnshaw declared that he found himself shadowed by emissaries of the Prohibition organization, not alone in America, but also in his own country. Nearly every man crossing on the ferryboats between Windsor and Walkerville and Detroit, he said, carried a bottle of whisky.

Going down to the shipping room we found a staff of packers very busy. Orders for 100,000 lots of each of the nineteen different election leaflets published by the committee were coming in from one town after another. He showed me specimens of bottle labels that had been issued by the million during the last six months. About two million grocer's paper bags carrying propaganda calculated to influence the woman voter had been distributed. This was regarded as a particularly fine stroke, as the housewife could not buy as much as half a dozen bananas at a licensed grocer's shop without carrying home propaganda along with the fruit. More than a million of the picturesque posters depicting William Wallace "Standing Fast for Freedom" on a thistle-clad Scotch hill, had been displayed. With pardonable pride, Mr. Earnshaw announced that he had himself drawn this poster. He had a hundred able speakers in the field, all in constant touch of his guiding hand. The expenditure on newspaper advertising ran up into the millions—and millions in Britain means millions of *pounds,* not dollars. A particularly neat small placard was called to my attention for its politeness and modesty. It ran:

> TO OUR CUSTOMERS:
> WILL THOSE WHO DO NOT DESIRE TO SEE OUR PLACE CLOSED UP BE KIND ENOUGH TO REMEMBER TO VOTE "NO CHANGE" AT THE POLLS ON ELECTION DAY?

This placard was hung up in thousands of "pubs" throughout the country.

The results in the voting in Dundee and other northern points were coming in during my visit and showed that NO LICENSE was being snowed under everywhere. Not only were the NO CHANGE majorities increased over those of three years ago, but there was an actual decrease of the NO LICENSE vote. Pointing this out to me, Mr. Earnshaw said: "These elections ought to show the Prohibitionists that they have not the ghost of a show in Britain. If they had any sense they would abandon the stupid fight. There is no possibility of Prohibition ever being adopted in this country. Even 'Pussyfoot' Johnson has been frank enough to see and admit that much in a signed interview given to the *Daily Mail* just before he left London. Scrimegeour's National Prohibition bill got just fourteen votes in a House of Commons of nearly seven hundred members; about two per cent! That certainly shows just how public sentiment in this country stands and how hopeless is the fight the Prohibitionists are waging!"

It is only fair that I should add that Mr. Earnshaw impressed me as a sincere man as well as an able propagandist. Moreover, he is undoubtedly a type of the great bulk of educated and thinking people in Britain. The Prohibitionists are far from giving up the fight and that fourteen votes in the House of Commons for the first national Prohibition bill may prove fecund seed. It will not be the last Prohibition bill.

How Zane Grey Is Discovering Our America

Concluded from page 3

plainingly. He knew that he was on the brink of failure.

A chance acquaintance turned the tide. On a trip to New York, only to be again rebuffed by publishers, he met Alvah D. James, who had just returned from a trip over the Andes. It was through James that he met Colonel C. J. "Buffalo" Jones, who was in New York showing motion pictures of wild life in Yellowstone Park. Jones wanted to get publicity back of his exploits.

"Take me out with you," said the eager Zane, who saw an opportunity. "Let me write your exploits. I'll prove that you can rope wild animals."

"How do I know you can write?" questioned the veteran. "Let me see something you have written."

A copy of "Betty Zane" was soon in his hands. For several days Zane stayed away in apprehension. Finally he summoned enough courage to make a call. He had been turned down so often, when he felt that he merited acknowledgment, that he had become fearful of every test.

"Where did you learn to write that way?" challenged "Buffalo" Jones, when he met him in the lobby. "You can go West with me."

"When the time came to start," admitted Mr. Grey, "I found that it would take the remaining savings of my wife. I didn't want to go that way. But she persisted. She said that she knew something would come out of this opportunity. So I went to Arizona with "Buffalo" Jones.

Out of that adventure, his visit at the Painted Desert, the head of the Grand Canyon, the ranches and wild-life experiences were to come a number of books.

When he returned to Lackawaxen, he wrote "The Last of the Plainsmen." Harper Brothers refused it as they had his previous works.

"We don't see anything in this to convince us that you can write either narrative or fiction," the publishers told him.

Crestfallen he returned to the elevator. His mind was confused. He groped to the street. The way became uncertain and he leaned against the iron lamp post at a corner of Pearl street. The cold touch of the iron seemed to give him a message. It was that he would win by persistence.

Work was immediately started on another book. It was to be a western romance. The winter was cold and he was compelled to stop every few moments to warm his numbed fingers. When he went back to Harper's, he asked Mr. Ripley Hitchcock to read "The Heritage of the Desert."

"My next visit to the House of Harper was different," he explained with a smile. "After seven years Mr. Hitchcock laid one of his famous blue contracts before me for approval. I signed it."

In spite of its tremendous sales,. the publishers hesitated when next he offered "Riders of the Purple Sage." Finally on the strength of his first novel they accepted it. Its sales have reached more than a million copies. Success had been achieved at the turn in a long and troublesome journey.

With the financial rewards came travel. He made more trips to the Utah canyon country; visited Southern New Mexico and Arizona and spent three winters in Yucatan, Cuba and Mexico. His permanent home is now at Altadena, California.

"Mr. Grey spends much of his time traveling in wild places and thus gets the inspiration and scenes for his books," Mrs. Grey told me, when I made inquiries in June for her husband. "His stories are stories of settings principally. As for writing, he does that wherever he happens to be."

Perhaps it is the things that he writes that makes him a success. He finds romance in the open spaces of America. Sex problems do not appeal to him. He strives to bring the story of American life to the reader set in places that the camera transforms into wonderful pictures. It is because he writes of America, its far-away spots where few have gone, that the screen men find his books so much in demand.

The Rainbow Bridge in Utah where Grey gets color for his books.

The vine-clad cottage at Altadena has in it a workshop where most of his books are written. The walls are bare. There are no pictures. There are no shelves crowded with inviting books to distract the attention. He sits in a Morris chair and writes with a pencil on a board across the arms.

"Sometimes I write six or eight hours a day," he recently explained. "I do my best work after I have been writing about six hours. My wife and I go over the text together and we make many alterations—many are her wise suggestions."

On the third floor of the cottage is a room given to books. There are the favorite volumes of Hugo, Stevenson, Poe, Kipling, Ruskin, Hudson and Darwin. There also is a row of his own volumes: "Betty Zane," 1904; "The Spirit of the Border," 1905; "The Last Trail," 1907; "The Last of the Plainsmen," 1908; "The Short Stop," 1909; "The Heritage of the Desert," 1910; "The Young Forester," 1910; "The Young Pitcher," 1911; "Riders of the Purple Sage," 1912; "Desert Gold," 1913; "Light of Western Stars," 1914; "The Lone Star Ranger," 1915; "Rainbow Trail," 1915; "The Border Legion," 1916; "Wildfire," 1917; "U. P. Trail," 1918; "Desert of Wheat," 1919; "Tales of Fishes," 1919; "Man of the Forest," 1920; "To the Last Man " 1921; and "The Call of the Canyon," 1922.

More than two million five hundred copies of his books were sold last year. His latest volume, "The Call of the Canyon," deals with the soldier problem. Upon this subject Zane Grey feels deeply. It carries with it an appeal to help the disabled soldiers of the World War. Its pages contain a scathing rebuke to the infidelity of those who would turn this responsibility aside.

While his wife and three children are spending this summer at Altadena, Zane Grey is out gathering the color for new writings. He has gone to Southern Utah to capture the beauties of the wild, abrupt slopes of the Wild Horse Mesa. No man has yet seen it except from the distance.

"That country is going to be the scene of my next novel," he told his family early this spring. "I shall make an effort to scale the heights and will write a story about the characters that I shall meet in that picturesque country."

Outdoor life invigorates him. When he comes home from his travels he is as brown as an Indian, his body as hard and lithe as an athlete. His thin-drawn face; his sparkling, deep-set, brown eyes; his crown of hair turning to silver at his approaching half-century birthday, make him a picture of action, determination and courage. He finds his interest in bringing America to the Americans; his purpose in life in attempting to arouse the people to the dangers which threaten with the vanishing wild life of the country.

"Places inspire me in some sense as they did Stevenson," he recently explained. "I love wild canyons—dry, fragrant, stone-walled, with their green-cloaked niches and gold-tipped ramparts. I love to get high on a promontory and gaze for hours out over a vast open-desert reach, lonely and grand, with its far-flung distances and its colors—I love the great pine and spruce forests, with their spicy tang and dreamy peace, and murmuring streams and wild creatures.

"The Grand Canyon appalled and depressed, yet exalted me. Never yet have I attemped to write of it as I hope to. The lonely, white, winding shore line at Long Key, a coral inlet in Florida, always inspired me to write. I have wandered there many profitable hours. Clemente Island in the Pacific calls and calls me to come again to its bleak, black bluffs; its tawny wild-oats slopes, its bare desert heights, its white-wreathed rocks and crawling curves of surf; its haunting sound of the restless and eternal sea; its lofty crags, where the eagles nest, and its almost inaccessible ledges, where wild goats sleep, its canyons of silence and loneliness.

"Death Valley is a place to face one's soul, aloof, terrible, desolate, the naked iron-riven earth showing its travail. The sage slopes of the Painted Desert is the place for the purple that is the most beautiful of all colors. Then the sand steppes and the rock walls, the mesas, escarpments, domes and peaks of the desert flame with wonderful colors. Among features of nature I love color best. All of which is to say that my romances are simply the expression of my feeling for places."

The Sapiro Burr in Oregon's Golden Fleece

Concluded from page 6

The fourth point of the Sapiro-Steen claim is that it has a sales manager to sell its wool. When the consumption of woolen goods and wool in the United States is 600,000,000 pounds, roughly, a year, and the production of raw wool in the same country is only 300,000,000 pounds in the same period, what in the name of good business can a sales manager do that the farmer or sheep-raiser cannot do, except draw the ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year which the kind farmer puts in the sales manager's hand?

As a matter of fact, the officials of several of the co-operative marketing associations, organized and directed by Aaron Sapiro, have refused to sell the farm and orchard products over which they had control, unless the buyer would give them a "bonus." Mysterious as it may seem, the farmer never saw this "bonus," and this is the first time that thousands of farmers in the West will know that the men to whom they intrusted their crops and their money took pay not only from the credulous, co-operating agriculturists, but also from the buyers to whom those crops were sold.

Aaron Sapiro may not know this; it would be contrary to his usual practice to allow such obvious trickery to be carried on. But The Dearborn Independent is prepared to deliver the facts upon demand, including the names of those who took the "bonuses," and the places and dates at which they were taken, as well as the crops for which these "bonuses" were paid.

The second industry of Oregon is the production of wool and its weaving into garments, blankets and other goods. Here is one of the large woolen mills in the heart of Portland.

Fifth and last, the Sapiro combination holds up the "orderly marketing" feature of the "Pacific Co-operative Wool Growers." Let us not get away from the wool-growers of the Northwest; there is plenty of time later to tell how the wheat and hay and potato and cotton and tobacco men were looted. You have observed already that, through the system of having a manager, a sales manager, agents, and so on, the control of the farmer over his own product is entirely taken away from him. He cannot have even a committee of his own fellow-farmers to supervise the disposal of his wool as ordered by this sales manager. He must submit without protest to sale, when, where, to whom and at what price the sales manager dictates. Wasn't there quite an important war fought some 148 years ago over a similar situation?

The "orderly marketing" scheme cost the prune-growers, not to mention their associates, the apricot-growers, of California, rather more than $1,280,000 on the 1920-21 crop. If you doubt this, read the article on the subject in these columns in the issue of April 26, 1924. That article never has been denied, or even contradicted. This is what "orderly marketing" did to the fruit-grower; it has done worse to other classes of farmers, as it is well set today to do to the wool-producers of Oregon, Idaho, Washington and California. Time—the greatest detective in the universe—is slowly, surely, inexorably, telling the truth about Baruch, Lasker, Sapiro, Myers and the rest of those gentlemen making up that unnamed organization which is so successfully "doing the farmer good."

Now, the Co-operatives have put in a plant at Portland to sort, grade and scour the wool. This is a co-operative invasion of the American manufacturing field, and, as we proceed with these articles, we shall see a marvelous similarity between the methods which have applied to Russia, and those of this co-operative marketing ring.

How Chinese Quacks Wax Fat

Concluded from page 5

is circularized with “come-on” letters, promising cures of every disease under the sun by the use of Chinese herbs. Sometimes an American, usually in the chiropractic or osteopathic field, or a mental or religious healer, is employed to “steer” men and women of prominence in the community to the offices of the Chinese. In the main, however, newspaper advertising and so-called “personal” letters, are relied upon to bring in the gullibles. Even to the man familiar with the inside of the newspaper business in the United States, the manner in which these supposedly American newspapers promote and defend the interests of these Oriental invaders of the physical welfare of the American people, is little less than astounding.

The letters sent to persons known to believe themselves to be ill, or to be actually ill, contain “personal diagnosis sheets.” The man or woman who answers the questions on one of these sheets will be in a frame of mind at the end to believe that he or she has any and every disease known to humanity, and the psychological effect of this autosuggestion blank is to send the person scurrying to the Chinese “doctor.” When the prospective “patient” enters the office of the Oriental, he first sees a sign, on which is printed, flanked by gaudy Chinese characters, the name used for the time being by the Chinese “doctor,” who, as likely as not, was a cook, a bell-boy, a stevedore, or an opium peddler before he assumed a degree in medicine.

Within the office, the “patient” finds black and gold or yellow and red hangings, massive teakwood chairs, carved elephants, jars of mysterious powders, leaves, roots, and dried animals and insects. He is allowed to sit and consider these various Oriental adjuncts to “health” for several minutes, until he is in a mood to believe whatever “Sing High Low,” or “One Lung Yet,” tells him about his own precious life. Then there appears, silently through the heavy curtains, a solemn-faced Chinese, dressed in American clothing. Asked if he is the doctor, this “capper” replies that he is not the doctor, merely a student, who, while he aspires to be one day as eminent as the Doctor, he is as yet only a novice sitting at the feet of wisdom’s father, or some other drivel of like import. He then offers to act as interpreter, and leads the patient into a room still more beclouded in mummery, where, dressed in an expensive mandarin coat, or yellow priest’s robe, the “doctor” sits.

A few years ago, the patient was permitted to see the “doctor,” but so many of these Chinese swindlers have been caught by clever investigators for the state governments that now the “physician” provides a screen behind which he seats himself. The patient passes his hand through a slit in this screen, and the interminable pulse-taking begins. Without using a watch, the “doctor” twice “takes the pulse” on each arm of the patient. This is the sheerest buncombe, because, first, it is impossible to obtain a record of the human pulse without comparison with the passage of time accurately told by a watch; and, second, there are a number of diseases, some of them extremely dangerous, which have no appreciable effect on the pulse.

Speaking through the interpreter, the “doctor” then requests the patient to tell all that he or she knows of his or her own “case.” While the interpreter is repeating all this to the “doctor,” the latter, with the regulation Chinese brush-pen and cuttlefish ink, is making marks on paper, supposedly writing down what the patient has told him. In one instance, where two operatives were working for the medical board of a western state, the “doctor” was found to be marking a ticket in a Chinese lottery in San Francisco. The conversation in this instance between the interpreter and the doctor was afterward declared by the former to have been a discussion of how best to mark this ticket, instead of a translation of the statements of the patient. Doubtless similar subjects are discussed by interpreter and “doctor” while the patient is placing his life in their hands, in the majority of the offices of these “herbalists.”

When this three-cornered diagnosis is completed, the “doctor” prepares a “prescription” for the patient. In the old, care-free days, before the authorities went on the hunt for the Chinese, such prescriptions were given to the patient, with instructions as to which Chinese drug store he should visit to have them filled. Nowadays, however, and especially in the smaller communities, where there are no drug stores operated by Chinese, the “herbalist” fills the prescription himself from his own stock of drugs, and never allows the patient to see it, much less carry it away with him.

From translations of some of the older prescriptions, however, the writer has obtained the following interesting collection of “remedies”:

Heart troubles of all kinds, hair of the tiger, chopped finely and mixed with the dried leaves of the tree under which the tiger was killed.

Diseases of the lungs, ground claws of the lion, mixed with the dried blades of the herbage on which he died. Doubtless the ability of the lion to roar is passed on to the lungs of the patient by the eating of the animal’s claws.

Diseases of the brain, pulverized thorn beetles, mixed with oil of a non-poisonous snake. Though this “prescription” called for “thorn beetles,” whatever they may be, the jar from which this particular “doctor” took the beetles for pulverizing, contained four different varieties of the insects, as well as the dessicated bodies of several large white moths, apparently caught in the office of the “doctor.”

Pains in the liver, spleen and pancreas, the general upper abdominal section, dried toads ground, and mixed with imported willow leaves.

Jars containing dried toads, beetles, dried snakes, and snakes preserved in what appeared to be some form of alcohol, as well as bamboo tubes containing animal hair finely ground, and a large number of packages of dried leaves from various trees, were taken from the office of this “doctor,” who, with two companions, was operating one of the branches of the largest of these “herb importing” organizations in the United States. Beyond a doubt, this collection of prescriptions and “drugs” is a fair sample of the highest grade of medication furnished by the Chinese “doctors.”

A demonstration of pulse diagnosis by Dr. Foo.

Identification of mixed plant extracts, ground leaves, pulverized vegetable or animal matter, especially those containing materials not readily isolated, is often impossible, and usually very difficult. In almost all instances, it is necessary to take the stuff found in Chinese “doctors’” offices and in Chinese drug stores, at its face value, and to accept as correct the label on each package. In view of this condition, the writer was much interested to learn, while in Los Angeles, not long ago, that a young American, who shall be nameless, was earning a good salary by catching and clipping stray dogs, thereby supplying the necessary “tiger and lion hair” to a set of Chinese “herbalists.” Probably the “claws” of the lions and tigers came from the feet of defunct house cats. Who knows?

The patient, once equipped with this marvelous mess, formerly was allowed to take it home with him, and there brew the “tea,” or take the powder dry, as directed by the “doctor.” In these days, when a little more effort is being made to protect Mr. Average American from the medical fraud, the majority of these “herbalists” compel the patient to take the medicine right there and then, in the office. As might be imagined, these decoctions have quinine, asafetida and ipecac backed into the ice-cream soda class as far as taste is concerned. The writer knows, for he has tried some of them, and got away with them, too, right in front of the moon-faced “doctor,” who, less than six months before, had been a dishwasher in a leading hotel in San Francisco. One clever investigator for the California State Board of Medical Examiners, who has to his credit more convictions of these Orientals than any other man in this country, carries in a specially constructed vest pocket a rubber ball, connected to a tube about eighteen inches long. When he goes to “take his medicine” from one of these dried-toad experts, he sticks the free end of the tube into the cup, squeezes and releases the rubber ball, and has a perfectly good sample of the “medicine.”

The prescriptions and the medicines dispensed by these Orientals are of three grades, depending on the ability of the patient to pay. The average price for the diagnosis is two dollars; for a dose of “first-grade” medicine, two dollars; second-grade, one dollar and a half, and, third-grade, one dollar. The length of treatment varies also with the ability of the patient to pay. Very poor men and women can be “cured” with twenty-five doses, costing them, with the “diagnosis,” twenty-seven dollars. Men and women who can afford to pay for “second-grade medicine,” never can be cured with twenty-five doses; no, indeed, their “cures” require from thirty to fifty doses. And there is no limit to the doses the “first-grade” patient will be required to swallow, so long as he pays. By the way, these “physicians” have one rule in common—the patient pays before the medicine enters him; no chances are taken on giving him credit until he has swallowed it. When the patient was sent to the Chinese drug store with the “prescription,” he paid both for the compounding of the remedy and for the writing of whatever it was that passed for a prescription; today, he pays for both at once.

The writer recently had himself “diagnosed” by five different Chinese “doctors,” in four cities. From them he was surprised to learn that he had:

Incipient tuberculosis, an involuted stomach, a “foreign insect” in the stomach, diluted blood, an “eating cancer” in the lung, not saying which lung, and several minor troubles, such as high blood pressure, deficient hearing soon to become complete deafness, and poor eyesight with danger of going blind.

This is almost as good as the mechanical diagnosis made profitable by the domestication of the Electronic Reactions of Abrams, and somewhat better than the illuminating statement of the itinerant Parsee, Ghadiali, that “the disease is where the pain is.” Friends of the writer need not be alarmed, nor his enemies overjoyed, by the discoveries of these “herbalists” for the X-ray and a whole flock of American physicians have declared him rather better than one hundred per cent pure.

When the patient comes back for his second dosage, he does not see the same “doctor” at whom he got a glimpse before the clever swindler stepped behind the screen at the first visit. At that first call, the visitor was told that he was to be treated by “Dr. Sam Slow,” let us say; on the second visit, he naturally calls for Doc Slow, and is taken to him, yet the Chinese this time is not the same whom the patient saw before. There is method in this changing of “doctors.” It makes identification, always difficult with Orientals, almost impossible, and unless you can identify your doctor, you have little chance of convincing a judge or a jury that the accused man ever treated you.

This hiding of identity is particularly valuable in cases in which some one of the three or more Chinese in each “office” is accused of criminal malpractice or of illegal operation. Another man than the one who committed the crime will appear in court, declare himself to be the only “doctor” at the given address. The victim cannot identify him, and the case falls to the ground. Similarly, the Federal investigators in the field of forbidden drugs have been confronted by the same kaleidoscopic changes of identity, with the result that convictions of these “doctors” as drug distributors are almost impossible to obtain.

Americans who patronize these Chinese “doctors,” “herbalists,” “medicators,” or “Oriental healers”—whatever they may call themselves—are not only throwing their money away with not even the remote possibility of help on the way back to health, but they are contributing to the support, within their community, of a class of men who, in the vast majority are criminals, and who, without exception, are defrauding the American people, both of their money, and of what is of more importance, the opportunity to be relieved of whatever illness, if any, they have.

(In a succeeding paper, Mr. Sloan will tell of what has been done to eliminate the Chinese medicine men, and how they evade the laws of the United States.)

Have You Ever Signed a “Myself” Note?

Concluded from page 4

honorable and courageous Detroit banker got wind of it and informed the country bankers of the risks and shadiness of such transactions.

Although stock in this packing company was sold to the extent of more than two and a quarter million dollars, it is now in a condition of such difficulty that the officers are asking the stockholders to deposit their stock as security for a big cash loan to the company. This is one of the many instances where honest and useful co-operative efforts on the part of the farmers has been shackled from the first by the financial methods adopted. Yet a Morgenthaler is always at hand to do the “organizing.”

At the very time the Des Moines and Detroit packing house stocks were being sold and the Midland Packing Company of Sioux City was spending $2,500,000 to get $6,272,000—and then failing—it was known that the big packers were in difficulties because of general conditions.

Morgenthaler then moved over to Cleveland, Ohio, where he attempted to use the same old gang of dynamiters to sell bonds of the Federal Collieries Company. Commissioner Beck, of the Ohio Blue-Sky Office, who has been mentioned in this publication, soon reprimanded Morgenthaler because his salesmen were “pounding” other securities. This meant they had secured lists of stockholders in other companies and were trying to get them to convert their holdings into the paper offered by the high-tension boys.

Commissioner Beck then canceled Morgenthaler’s license and made him close up his office.

The dynamiters were now out of a job and in danger of destitution. Colfax Gibbs came to the rescue by taking them down to Louisville, Kentucky.

Gibbs organized the Silica Asphalt Company, a Delaware corporation, claiming to own leases of about 18,000 acres of asphalt land in Kentucky.

Three politicians headed this new asphalt company, and the Kentucky Blue-Sky Office obligingly gave the license in spite of the information which outraged Michigan people began to send down South. Then the Michigan people informed Kentucky bankers, editors and business associations in every county seat of Gibbs’ record. This broke the game. The bank that had agreed to act as trustee for the stock issue withdrew, and a man of standing who had become an officer resigned at once.

In conclusion, it can be seen that this is the record of more than fifteen million dollars of stock sales that would not have been possible if bankers had not succumbed to the “myself” note game. Fortunately bankers in the large cities, better business bureaus, and the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, where this work centers, are making headway against this abuse of banking and of the public.

Country bankers who are approached by high-tension operators with “myself” notes or any other plan should not only repulse them but immediately send the details to their big city correspondent banks who will help to stamp out the pestilence. This should be done no matter how tempting the idea may be.

People who hear of high-tension stock-selling schemes or have purchased such stocks outright or given notes, should immediately write to the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, New York City, giving all the details. These schemes spring up so fast that it is only through such *volunteer action* that they can be dealt with.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live in it so that his place is proud of him."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The United States Patent Office has issued its 1,500,000th patent. It was taken out on a submarine designed to travel under ice and rise to the surface by breaking its way through the ice. The first patent was issued eighty-eight years ago.

The Post Office Department has equipped more than five thousand mail clerks with gas masks supplied by the army's chemical warfare service because of the recent mail-car robberies in which bombs of poison gas were used to force the guards to desert their posts.

With damaged hull and propeller broken the old coast guard cutter, *The Bear,* is wedged and stranded in the icy floes of Kotzebue Sound on the northwest coast of Alaska. For the first time in her half-century's history (she was making her fiftieth trip), the old vessel has been forced to abandon the annual cruise for the relief of natives and white settlers in the land of the midnight sun.

The late Mallory and Irvine of the Mt. Everest Expedition have at least established the world's record in mountain-climbing. They were within less than 800 feet of the summit of Mt. Everest when last seen—a height of 28,227 feet.

Sunlight develops an antiseptic in our blood which kills germs very quickly. People who live in darkness do not possess this "antiseptic" blood.

In making estimates on the cost of the air mail recently established between San Francisco and New York it appears that on the first eastward flight eight thousand pieces of mail were carried and $2,308.48 received. This netted a profit of more than forty per cent, or, to be exact, $539.68.

Grapefruit, entirely unknown to the average Britisher before the war, now forms a regular part of the early morning diet in thousands of households in Great Britain.

An American agent for a British company was murdered on the upper Yangtse by pirates operating from junks. The commander of a British gunboat executed a summary justice by insisting that the heads of the junkmen's guild which committed the outrage should be shot on the beach where the American was attacked. This was done.

The pearl diver in the Persian Gulf, wearing only an amulet for protection against the sharks and carrying a small net, is lowered over the side of the boat. A forty-pound stone and a rope is attached to him. He fills his lungs, clasps a clothespin on his nose and dives down. In about sixty or eighty seconds he reappears with his net filled with oysters.

Edward Fitzgerald sent 500 copies of his translated Omar Khayyam to a dealer in Hempstead, who tried to sell them at sixpence apiece. Failing to dispose of them he asked Fitzgerald to come for his books. Those first autographed volumes are selling today for anywhere from $300 to $1,000 each.

Unlike the tiger, the leopard is an expert tree climber.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

A glass fruit jar with a paper inside bearing his name is the only marker on the grave of James Bethel Gresham, first A. E. F. soldier killed in the World War.

The Tokio telephone bureau has issued detailed statistics that are very interesting. When a woman is talking to a woman, it is claimed, 26.4 per cent of the talk is idle and unnecessary; when a woman calls a man, the waste is 13.8 per cent; when a man calls a woman, it is only 9.7 per cent; when two men talk, 10.6 per cent.

The Avon River, made famous by Shakespeare, has become a "river of death" because of the sewage from the town of Coventry. Plant life has ceased to grow in it, fish have died and even the branches of the trees touching its waters have sickened and died.

Mexico has compiled a list of 350 isolated cases of Mexican citizens killed in our border states during the years 1915-21. Together with claims for damages, including losses to commerce and the killing of several hundred Mexicans during the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, this list will be presented to the Mexican-American Claims Commission which is about to meet in Washington.

Thirty years ago in a native hospital on the Portuguese island of Macao, off Southern China, Sun-Yat-Sen, the first president of China, performed operations that seemed to the natives like black magic, when he cut men's bodies open, applied the knife to their organs and then sewed their bodies up. At that time he was a successful surgeon.

Among the Menangkabaus tribes of the west coast of Sumatra the husbands have no property, no homes, no rights in their children. They are only visitors in the houses of their wives. The woman owns the property and the line of descent is through the mother.

At least forty per cent of our foreign trade is in American farm products. About ninety per cent of this trade is with European countries.

Twelve branches of science will be represented in the 1925 Asiatic Expedition conducted by Roy Chapman Andrews. It is believed that the life of the Nestorian Christians, who went east from Persia, may be further uncovered.

The canine population of France is 3,313,116.

This coming December two hundred camels will travel with the 1925 Asiatic Expedition. The camels, in thick, shaggy winter coats, will start in the dead of winter at forty degrees below zero. This fact is surprising to many who believe the camel to be a hot desert animal unused to severe low temperatures.

That Abraham lived near the brick tower of the Ziggurat of Ur and other discoveries closely related to Bible history are claimed in a report of C. Leonard Wooley, the noted archeologist in charge of scientists from the University of Pennsylvania, now exploring in Babylonia.

Celtic Christianity is said to have preceded the Roman faith in Iceland, being introduced from the British Isles where it lingered for several centuries after the followers of Columba were vanquished at the council of Whitby in 664.

It is estimated that eighty per cent of the narcotics entering the United States come in illicitly.

Discovered by Magellan in 1521, the Philippine Islands remained Spanish possessions, with the exception of brief seizures by the British, Japanese and Chinese, until their cession to the United States in 1898.

It is estimated that the Alaskan forests could supply enough pulpwood to make one-third of all the paper products used annually in the United States.

While Columbus is usually credited with the discovery of America, it is certain that Cabot, sailing out of Bristol, beat him to the mainland, and it has also been claimed that the Norsemen sailing via Greenland, had reached the American coast some centuries before that.

The late G. D. Smith of New York once paid $75,500 for the little quarto containing the fourth edition of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" and the first of "The Passionate Pilgrim." In the Capell corner of the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, is a nearly identical volume which cost the original owner three cents.

Charles Dickens' old home, Gadshill Place, is being transformed into a young ladies' boarding school.

California has three hundred centenarians.

Almost every industry in America shows that high wages lead to increased production and diminished costs. What a fatal policy we have pursued since the war.—*John Bull.*

So-called "Laziness" found among the inhabitants of tropical countries is due to disease, says an expert.

Robbers and man-eating animals are two of the dangers which India's native postmen have to face in lonely districts.

There are three golf courses on the Belgian coast.

According to *Collier's,* eighty per cent of the voters cast ballots in 1896; in 1900, seventy-three per cent; in 1908, sixty-six per cent; in 1912, sixty-two per cent; in 1920, less than fifty per cent.

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American Aviators Encircling the Globe

Rare Books Which Are Worth Fortunes

Manhattan Amazes the Theatrical World

Sapiro Activities in the Tobacco Field

Shandon, Ohio, Birthplace of Brilliant Men

Canada's Long Fight for Prohibition

James River's Place in American History

Canals as Cheap Transportation for Coal

Douglas Ideas for Social Regeneration

Grace E. Hall, The Scrap-Book Philosopher

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

They Are Blazing the Trail for Travelers by Air

American Aviators Greeted by Compatriots on Arrival in London;

Another Important Step in Realization of a Great Poet's Prophecy

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Why did U. S. Army aviators fly around the world? Was it a speed stunt, an endurance test, or a spectacular exhibition feat?

Far from it.

Those three flyers were on a scientific quest. They were not dare-devils but research workers.

In reply to a wire from THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Dwight F. Davis, the Acting Secretary of War, said: "Around the World Flight will demonstrate feasibility of aerial communication between continents, obtain information necessary to base future flights and furnish first-hand data necessary to the development of commercial planes for this purpose. The Army now blazes its way for air transportation as it did on land in the days of the covered wagon of the sturdy pioneers."

"THE Campbells are coming, hurrah! hurrah!" in London today has been changed to "The Americans are coming, hurrah! hurrah!" for at noon the three United States world-encircling aviators landed in this great city.

They started from California, March 17. Today several thousand of their fellow Americans greeted them and sent them off on the last lap of the most remarkable flying trip around the world that has ever been made. By a coincidence, the Advertising Association of the World is in session in London, with about two thousand Americans on hand to give a fitting welcome to these intrepid and valiant voyagers through the air.

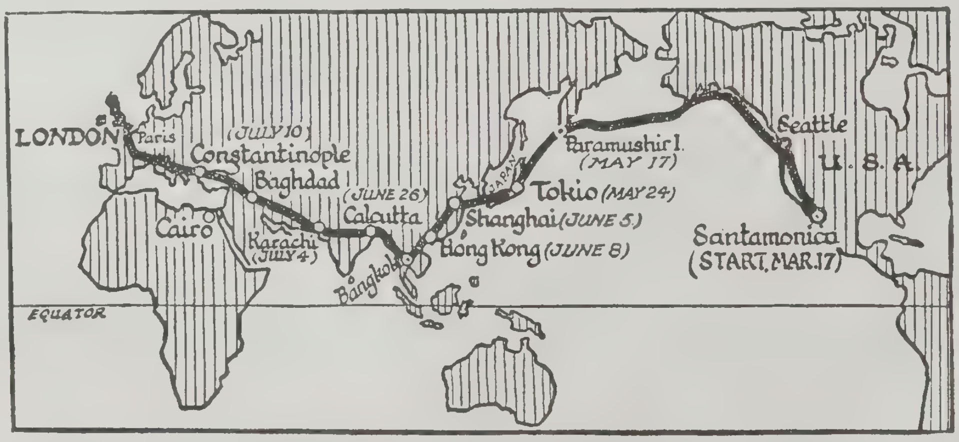
The American group was tense with expectancy this morning when the papers announced that the American aviators would take off from Paris at ten o'clock and arrive in London about one.

I had the honor with Mr. Le Roy Pelletier of being the first American to greet these world fliers. In the name of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, I had no difficulty in getting credentials through English pressmen, who allowed me within the field of landing, where only a few, comparatively, were permitted to be, mostly photographers, the reception committee, and officials. The aviators left Paris at eleven-five and landed in London, at Croydon Landing Field, about two o'clock, smiling and happy. They were escorted across the English Channel by the Handley-Paige machine which makes daily trips.

I talked with several of the passengers who flew over in the escorting plane and they reported that our men flew in formation all the way from Paris within a hundred yards of them.

We Americans who had arranged to meet our countrymen in this memorable landing arrived on the aviation grounds, after a strenuous trip from London by taxicab, a half hour before the three American ships came into sight as mere specks against the sky.

It had been a cloudy morning, but about fifteen minutes before the signal that the fliers were in sight was given, the clouds began to swing back, as if some invisible hands in the skies were lifting a huge curtain for our heroes to pass through. A great patch of blue sky, about the size of a house, appeared at first, growing larger and larger until a patch the size of an acre gradually widened. We watched anxiously, following the signal.



Route of the American aviators.

Then suddenly a shout went up. "There they are! There they are!" A thrill went through every American heart when he saw, far off in the distance, those tiny specks which looked like sparrows sailing toward us.

"There are five planes!" shouted an English officer who was with us. His keen eye had sighted five before we could see them. He was Major Blake, of the British Army, who was the first man to conceive of this idea of flying around the world. He got as far as Burma and his machine broke. He was a fascinated spectator and a good friend to us as we stood with him watching this conquest of the air by our kinsmen. Major Blake is a quiet, young appearing Englishman who welcomed our fliers with a good sportsmanship that was fine to behold.

He was right; there were five machines in formation. First there was the Handley-Paige escorting, then there was a commercial machine, taking photographs for a London newspaper; then came our three fliers in a triangular formation.

The wife of Squadron Leader MacLaren was with Major Blake to greet these American aviators. Her husband is now on his way around the world making the same trip, only going in the opposite direction, and by the time this article sees publication the United States will know whether or not MacLaren or our fliers have been the first to encircle the globe.

When I greeted Lieutenant Lowell Smith and his two comrades, their propellers were still whirling and a cloud of dust was flying all about us. It was a thrilling moment for them and for us.

But to go back to those five specks against the sky. As they grew larger and larger the crowd was still, and scarcely a sound could be heard save the far-off drumming of the propellers. Then, before we knew it, the commercial plane had disappeared, sailing off toward London with its precious photographs. But on came the Handley-Paige and the three Americans in their triangular formation until they flew above our heads. After circling the field three times they straightened out into single file, one following the other, and swooped down to the rather small landing field.

Lieutenant Smith brought his plane to earth first, as gently as a sea gull alights on the waves. It was a beautiful thing to see how gracefully he landed. An English aviation officer exclaimed, "Jolly well done! Jolly landing! Your Americans do it well!"

It was good to see the red, white and blue colors on our three ships. It was good to see these three pilots and their mechanics, young appearing, all of them, boyish in their enthusiasm, tanned as Hindus, smiling, bright-eyed, clean-looking. We Americans were proud of our representatives in the air.

When I spoke with Lieutenant Smith and expressed my delight at the marvelous achievement, he said, "It is nothing much."

Leaving Santa Monica, California, March 17, our men flew to Seattle and then across bleak Alaska. Major Martin ran into a mountain side and was compelled to make what is called a "pancake landing." He had hard luck from the beginning and had to give up his command and come back to the United States. Lieutenant Smith was then given command and it was he who led the three ships to London.

Crossing from Alaska to Paramushir, Japan, they landed on May 17. Then to Tokio, Japan, where they arrived May 24 amid great acclaim by the Japanese. The men told us today that their most enthusiastic reception was given them at Japan, in spite of the Exclusion Act and the feeling against the United States at that time. They sailed from Tokio to Shanghai, China, arriving June 5.

Leaving Shanghai, China, they sailed down to Hong Kong, which they reached June 8. This is a British port. From there to Calcutta via Bankok, Siam, took from June 8 to June 26. While at Bankok they were greeted by Siam's aviation squadron. The King of Siam is an enthusiastic aviator and, even though his country is small and far away, he has had in training since the war a large air navy. From Calcutta, India, the next jump was to Karachi which was reached on July Fourth, and then to Bagdad. From Bagdad to Constantinople, the trip was across desert land. They reached Constantinople July 10.

At Constantinople they were delayed an extra day, much to the disgust of the aviators who told us about it, because the Turks would not allow them to land unless they would remain long enough to permit the Turkish officers to inspect the American planes. From Constantinople the jump was direct to Paris.

They were greeted in Paris with great enthusiasm, the Olympic Games being in session and thousands of Americans being on hand to hail them. The Paris papers called it the greatest feat in aviation to date.

From London the three pilots will sail by way of the Orkneys to Greenland, thence to Labrador, and Newfoundland to the Atlantic Coast and then back to the Pacific Coast.

These fearless American voyagers of the sky have surely taken the high road to London town. They have crossed the highest mountains on earth, the widest seas, deserts, cities, two continents, and they do not seem to have felt the wear and tear greatly. The ceaseless round of entertainments is the chief object of complaint and when we greeted them at Croydon field the first thing we noticed was a coldness. But when Mr. Pelletier and I told them who we were they remarked, "We thought you were another committee inviting us to a banquet. We're off banquets."

These United States fliers were not sent out by the army to make a record in speed, but to study the air currents, and to map out the first trail through the air around the world. They have taken careful and exhaustive statistics, figures, and computations that will be of invaluable assistance to all other aviators who attempt this flight, which will be many, in the future.

Each of the three great planes had in it a Liberty-Ford motor. We asked especially about this just after the great birds had swooped to earth and the engines were still hot from the trip across the Channel.

It is a great epoch-making moment in aviation history.

These men are the Marco Polos, the Magellans of the air.

Magellan was the first man who ever circumnavigated the globe. Our Americans are the first group of planes ever to circle the world in the air. It is something to hand on to one's children; this privilege of greeting our fliers in London.

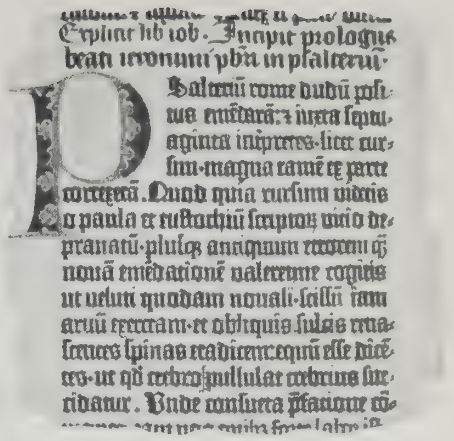
Curiously enough, these men, whom we have greeted this morning in London town, have fulfilled a great poet's prophecy, written in London a century ago:

"Then I looked into the future
Far as human eye could see
Saw the glory of the world
And all the wonders yet to be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
Argosies with golden sails;
Pilots of the purple twilight
Dropping down their costly bales;
From the skies an awful tumult
And there rained a ghastly dew;
From the nations airy navies
Grappling in the central blue."

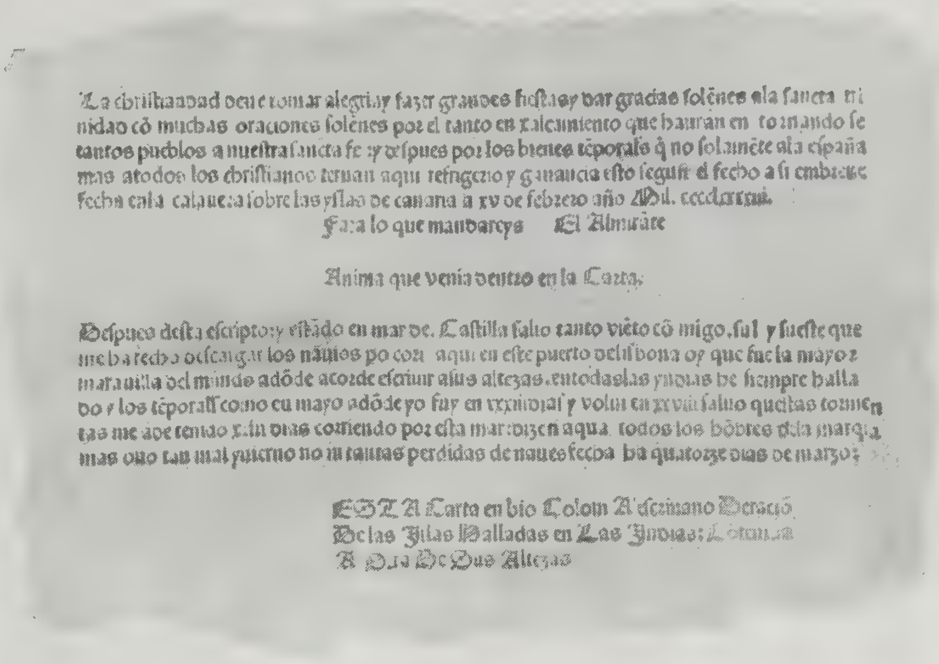
A Psalter Now Worth $75,000

Rare Books Which Pioneer Printers Produced

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



Psalter, printed by Fust, pupil of Gutenberg, about 1456. One of the most valuable books known.



The earliest Columbus letter, only one copy known. It is signed, above, El Almirate: the footnote states that this letter was sent by Columbus (Colom) to the Secretary "de Racion," et cetera.

NO PIECE of machinery that has been invented has so greatly influenced the history of the world as the printing press. By the device of movable type and a press, the labor over long years in copying books by more or less learned scribes became the work of a few hours. The printed page made possible education for larger groups of individuals through contact with the thoughts of the great thinkers of past ages. This connection with the past which distinguishes man from animal was heightened and given more bonds of contact by the printed book.

Small wonder, then, that the wonderful invention has been honored almost from the beginning. Small wonder, too, that the beautiful products of the early presses have since their production been prized as choicest treasures.

The early products of the printing press were indeed works of great beauty. Surprise is often expressed that printing should have sprung into being, like Athena from the head of Zeus, full-armed. The reason for the beauty and completeness of the early books lies in the fact that the early printers took as models for their type the artistically fine manuscript writing in use by the learned scribes who had been devoting their lives to the production of manuscript books. Not only the type but the form of page was copied from the manuscripts. Even the abbreviations used by the scribes were long used in print, where they were not necessary, and the large initial letters which were frequently illuminated with gold and colors in the manuscripts caused early printers to leave large blank spaces to be decorated by hand with fine initial letters.

The book which was most frequently copied was, of course, the Bible. With the discovery of printing the first monumental undertaking by Gutenberg was the Bible, and this first printed book has become, as a specimen of printing, one of the most famous books of the world. A copy of the Gutenberg Bible recently sold at $60,000 and were ten more copies to be discovered today buyers would be found to pay as much for each copy.

The Gutenberg Bible came into prominence first through the finding of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin of Paris. It is often called the Mazarin Bible. About thirty copies have been found and the finding of new copies has served only to increase the price at which the book sells. At least six copies are in American libraries; the J. P. Morgan Library has one copy on vellum and also a paper copy.

The Gutenberg 42-line Bible is properly called a rare book. However, in a strict sense the term "rare" would be confined to those books which are known in only one or two, possibly three, copies. However, the term is applied to books which are more common but which are much in demand for collectors and for libraries.

The Gutenberg Bible embraced 600 leaves. Probably one hundred copies were printed and of these about thirty were printed on vellum. The printing extended over a period of three to five years and during this time some sections were printed twice to take care of an increased demand during the printing.

Unfortunately the tremendous investment necessary to produce the Bible caused Gutenberg financial embarrassment. His pupil, Fust, acquired some of his type and undertook another monumental piece of work which was printed in a limited edition of about twenty copies. This famous Psalter was for use by the choirs. The Psalter is more rare than the Bible; there is no copy in America. A copy of the Psalter would bring today, it is safe to say, seventy-five thousand dollars. Even though printed in large type, the work embraces only the psalms commonly sung, about twenty-three. However, the price would depend upon the fact that the known copies are almost wholly confined to German libraries, as the book was printed particularly for the Cathedral at Mainz and certain church organizations connected therewith.

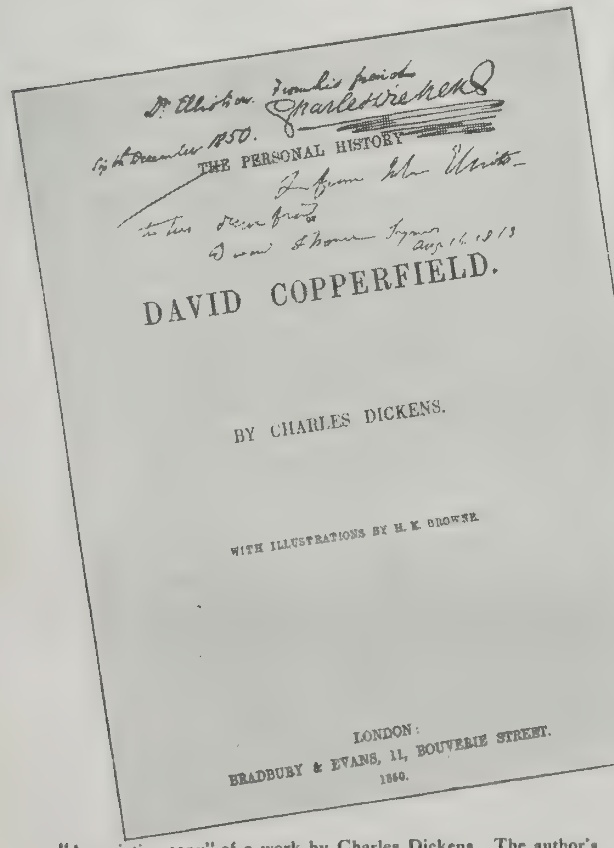
Any book printed before 1500 is an *incunabulum,* meaning from "the cradle" of printing. There were some twenty thousand books printed before 1500 and it is possible to secure copies as low as fifteen or twenty dollars.

As specimens of printing and valuable from that point of view, the works of the first English printer, William Caxton, are almost as precious as the first works of Gutenberg. There were on the Continent of Europe a score of printers who precede Caxton in time but the products of their presses can be bought for a song (figuratively speaking) compared with the prices brought by Caxton imprints. The first product of the English press was "The Game and Playe of Chesse."

One hundred and fifty years after Caxton began printing, the works of one William Shakespeare, a modest playwright of the sixteenth century, had attained sufficient fame to warrant a folio edition. Of this "first folio," 500 copies were printed to sell at one pound a copy. Of the five hundred copies, not fifty perfect copies survive, but each of these is worth from thirty to fifty thousand dollars, depending upon the condition and the "points." The second folio of 1632 is worth about $3.000, while the third folio (1663-1664) which is far more rare than the first is worth from $5,000 to $10,000. The fourth folio of 1685 is the most complete but it is also the most common and brings at book auctions about $1,000. The separate works of Shakespeare in the first editions are prized as among the greatest book treasures of the world. At a sale in London in April, 1924, a copy of "The Rayse of Lucrece" (London, 1632) brought £1,860 or approximately $9,000. The poor London playwright must feel a little envious of the men who happen to have these early editions of his works.

At the present time in the book auction rooms of New York and London, the two great centers of this business, early works of English literature have risen to unprecedented heights. At the Britwell Court sale, to which reference was made above, a work by Henry Constable, "Diana, The Praises of his Mistress," printed in London, 1592, sold for £2,700 or more than $11,000. This work is really rare in that it is the only copy known. Were three or four more copies of this to be found, the price would doubtless be adversely affected. However, a dozen Shakespeare first folios would be likely to sell as high or higher than ever before. A few years ago Henry E. Huntington, of California, paid more than $75,000 for a copy of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" bound with "The Passionate Pilgrim," both printed in

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Dr. Elliotson from his friend Charles Dickens
Eighth December 1850.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY

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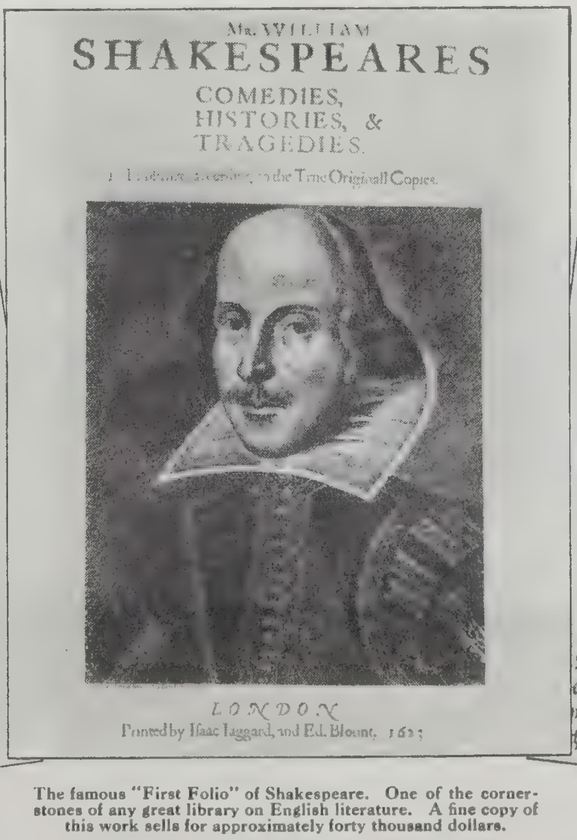
DAVID COPPERFIELD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON:
BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1850.

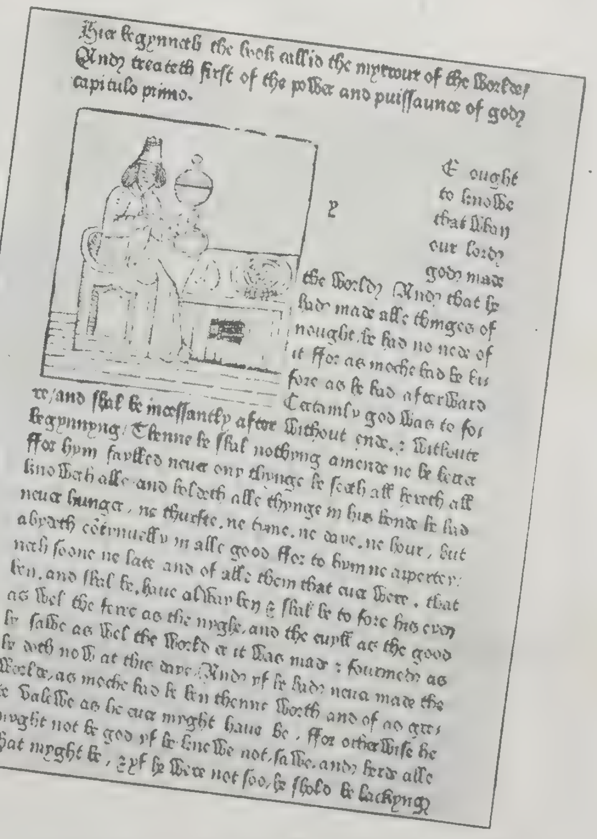
"Association copy" of a work by Charles Dickens. The author's name and inscription add materially to the value of the work were it to appear in the auction book market. The copy is in the Widener Library, Harvard University.



Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.
[illegible] according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623

The famous "First Folio" of Shakespeare. One of the cornerstones of any great library on English literature. A fine copy of this work sells for approximately forty thousand dollars.



A Caxton imprint, London, 1483. "The Myrrour of the Worlde"—one of the first books printed in England. The first line reads: "Hier begynneth the book callid the myrrour of the Worlde."

Manhattan Gets the Biggest Shock of Its Life

Weird Phenomenon in Theatrical World Meets Success in City's Slums; An Experiment in Popular Entertaining Which Tells Its Own Story

By PETER SCHUYLER

A WEIRD phenomenon has startled the theater world of Manhattan. In an out-of-the-way showhouse, in the thick of the city's slums, and unconnected with any press-agent ballyhoo, there is being given a show that is worth not only the admission charged for it, but a sum considerably in excess of that amount. The theater is the Neighborhood Playhouse, an adjunct of the Henry Street Settlement, situated on Grand street a few short blocks from East River. The show is called "The Grand Street Follies." The top price for the best orchestra seat is one dollar and fifty cents!

Anyone who has paid from five to fifteen dollars for witnessing Florenz Ziegfeld's "Follies," George White's "Scandals," or Earl Carroll's "Vanities" will have difficulty in accepting the statement that for one dollar and fifty cents it is possible to see a show in which there is more genuine merit, fun, and novelty than in all these combined. Nevertheless, it is an indubitable fact that such a unique situation exists. As if to prove that the gentleman was right who said, "If you built a better rat trap than anyone else in the world mankind would make a path to your door," the Neighborhood Playhouse is packed to suffocation at every performance, while uptown Manhattan's show-center theaters, offering entertainment of the same type as "The Grand Street Follies," are closing on account of poor business.

Must Be Some Good Reason

WHEN the inconvenience attending a visit to the settlement theater is taken into consideration, the fact that for the first time in its history the Neighborhood Playhouse is listed among the attractions in the ticket speculators' agencies, the most skeptical show-goer must realize there is some good reason for such a condition.

It involves a smelly, clothes-destroying, temper-ruining trip in the subway to reach Grand street, no matter what section of Manhattan one comes from. Then a haphazard trolley car carries you leisurely across town, picking its way through the pushcart market, banging its gong past the swarming tenements of Mulberry, Clinton and Essex streets, creeping by the crooked, tortuous alley labeled "Attorney Street," and landing you out at the once white door of the slum theater.

There was a time when inexperienced visitors to the Neighborhood Playhouse had to look sharply or they would be carried past the theater, so unattractive is its front. Not now! It has reached a position of such importance in the life of Grand street that it rivals the fame of the lady who once told fortunes in the heart of Brownsville's ghetto. So widespread grew the reputation of this seeress and so large her clientele that the conductor of the car which passed the street on which she resided automatically pulled the bell when he reached her corner. Instead of announcing the name of the street to his passengers he simply bawled "Fortune teller!" and everyone got out.

Where the People Get Off

IT IS just the same on the Grand street trolley cars going east these nights. When they arrive in front of the Neighborhood Playhouse the conductor stops and yells "The-ayter!" and everyone gets out. All the rancid odors of the street, the pushcarts, the crowded sidewalks, the peddlers of sliced watermelon, the noise and the discomfort of the theater itself cannot keep customers away from the Neighborhood. Manhattan has learned slowly but surely that here is to be found a real entertainment which can be enjoyed for just about what it costs to see a super-special motion picture monstrosity from the gallery of a film theater on The Great Shine Way. That accounts for the jam of taxicabs in front of the Neighborhood every night when "The Grand Street Follies" rings down.

It is a long distance for the gentry who keep the ticket speculators in business to go for amusement. A large proportion of those who consider it an honor to pay extortionate prices for the shows of Ziegfeld, White, Carroll and the Shuberts clawed their way to affluence from the malodorous slums which surround the Neighborhood Playhouse. It was not easy to get them back in the old environment even for an evening, but back they have gone, braving the terrors of memory, just to see a good show at one dollar and fifty cents a smash. Manhattan's "spenders" certainly like to get their money's worth.

One of the extraordinary features connected with "The Grand Street Follies" is that its success is in nowise due to uncleanness. "Artists and Models" made the biggest financial clean-up the Shuberts ever enjoyed; but even Manhattan gasped. Many other Broadway "hits" went the police limit in dialog, dressing, and dirt. None of that in the show at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Not only is there no appeal made to the degenerate appetite but, what is even more remarkable, the program is crammed full of cleverness, true burlesque, and intelligent satire. Even that combination cannot keep "The Grand Street Follies" from being an artistic, financial, and theatrical success.

A Laugh-Compelling Satire

IT IS a strange commentary on the condition of the Manhattan stage that the only worth-while musical entertainment in the city, the only show in town whose book and lyrics is even a degree above the gutter, and the solitary example of what brains and a true sense of fun can accomplish, should be born in a slum, and brought up by people whose connection with the theater world is essentially philanthropic. The hit of Manhattan's summer season presented in a settlement showhouse! The cleanest, brightest, funniest piece in Manhattan played by semi-professionals to packed houses for one dollar and fifty cents a ticket! No wonder uptown theater owners have been pleading with the Neighborhood company to come to Broadway. But the Neighborhood company replies in unison, "Not much! We'll stay here where we are among friends. We don't get a lot of money but we have a lot of fun!"

From beginning to end the review is a laugh-compelling satire on all the fakes of the show business; dramatic critics, money-mad producers, "little theater" poseurs, attitudinizing actors, and musical bunco-steerers. The only slow moments in the evening are contained in a burlesque of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" with Teapot Dome for its background. Even that has many excellent lines and the sense of weakness it leaves is due to the subject and comparison with the other numbers.

For unadulterated, hilarious burlesque played with the necessary touch of seriousness, keen as a razor edge in dialog, bright as a new coin in idea, and unspoiled by any coarseness, theatrical Manhattan will go a long way before it beats "Sinfonica Domestica Triangula" and "Who Killed the Ghost?" The first is a slam at the composers of impressionistic musical twaddle and is so broad in its treatment that anyone who has the slightest gift of humor can appreciate it.

The second is a little more difficult of complete enjoyment for those who do not follow closely the eccentricities of the local stage. It is a roaring burlesque on the school of Shakespearean interpretation as typified by Manhattan's two best-known exponents of modernism in the mechanics of play presentation—Arthur Hopkins and the Theater Guild. The former stages the plays of William Shakespeare as if they were the plays of Arthur Hopkins; the latter manages to crowd a long flight of stairs into almost everything it offers to the paying public. If the Guild ever produces "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it is a foregone conclusion that Little Eva will go to heaven by climbing a staircase of at least one hundred and fifty steps.

"Who Killed the Ghost?"

WHEN Mr. Hopkins two seasons ago produced "Hamlet," with John Barrymore in the title rôle, he established the brilliant precedent of having the ghost played by the spotlight instead of a flesh-and-blood actor. Agnes Morgan, who wrote the book and lyrics of the Grand street show, has hit up Mr. Hopkins' vagaries with a vigor that is most effective. She has taken the most celebrated characters in the Shakespearean gallery and put them all into one Hopkinsonian gumbo. On the battlements of Elsinore she piles all the nightmare contraptions of the Theater Guild's stairway madness and then trots out Shakespeare's characters, done after the Hopkins theory of making the Bard of Avon snappy.

Imitators of well-known performers play the parts. Gallagher and Shean are the two gravediggers from "Hamlet," Pola Negri and Valentino (at their vampiest) are the player king and queen from the same play, Fanny Brice is "Ophelia." Lady Macbeth, Shylock, and Juliet are inserted to make the plot. Manhattan has seen nothing approaching the perfect tomfoolery of "Who Killed the Ghost?" since the Weber and Fields. Even they had nothing half so cleverly written.

Two uncommonly entertaining single numbers are made part of the program. One is a straight imitation of Gertrude Lawrence, the lovely English comedienne in "Charlot's Revue," done by Aline MacMahon. The other is a comic copy of Elsie Janis in all the glory of her stage tricks done with skill as exact as Miss Janis' own, by Dan Walker. Playgoers have felt for a long time that Miss Janis had about played to the limit her services as an over-sea entertainer during the war. Mr. Waiker administers the finishing stroke to that silly and unworthy capitalization by showing Miss Janis doing her favorite cartwheels wearing a pair of red, white and blue knickers. Burlesque can go no further than that!

But if the Neighborhood Playhouse has departed from the established custom of Manhattan's "little theater" movement and giving a good show at such astonishing prices, the city's two remaining groups devoted to high art and low salaries still cling to the idea that native trash and imported muck are the only things worth doing.

Aided by a hullabaloo in the newspapers that resembled in every particular the "smoking up" of a fake prize fight, the Provincetown Players staged Eugene O'Neill's latest bid for notoriety, "All God's Chillun Got Wings." But nothing could keep the thing alive and it passed out while the Democratic National Convention was performing in Madison Square Garden.

Justified Their Existence

THE Theater Guild has produced "Fata Morgana," one of the few plays which has succeeded in lasting through the early summer. This "comedy" was first produced on the Guild's mother stage in the Garrick Theater, whence, having created a money-attracting odor, it was moved up into the Tenderloin so that its full flavor might reach a larger number of nostrils. Now it appears to have settled down for a very torrid stay at the Lyceum.

Those who still cling to the idea that the hope of the American stage lies in the "little theater movement" should see at once "The Grand Street Follies." It is the only effort made by any of the Manhattan theatrical uplifters in many a long day that is worth going across the street to see.

The Provincetown Players have done something for the native theater by giving Eugene O'Neill his chance. Whether he is the genius his admirers proclaim him is not under consideration. He is a dramatist of power, talent, and potentiality. Good or bad, the Provincetown Players gave him, a young, unknown American writer, an opportunity. They have brought out a Negro actor of ability in Charles Gilpin. The Neighborhood Playhouse has developed one or two promising youths, particularly Albert Carroll, who should go far. In these cases, at least, the Provincetown Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse have justified their existence.

The Theater Guild's Efforts

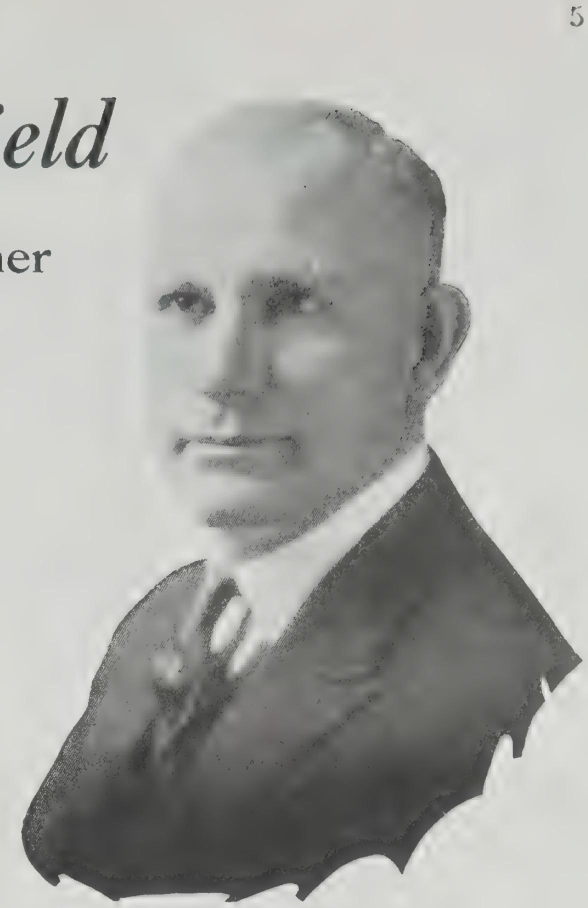
THE Theater Guild, which is the oldest, most press-agented and affluent of all the "little theater" bodies in Manhattan, has done nothing for anybody except the small group of Jewish "intellectuals" which runs it through the board of managers. As now constituted it cannot point to a single young American playwright whose genius it has brought to the light of public knowledge. It cannot produce the name of one young actor or actress in whom it has seen possibilities, to whom it has given a chance for development, whom it has trained and turned out a first-class handicraftsman. The American theater is not one whit better artistically, dramatically, or morally for its existence.

The native stage points with pride to the fact that it has staged two of G. Bernard Shaw's plays, as if that mattered. Two things it has done, however: It has accumulated enough money to build a new theater for itself, and it has given good jobs, either as actors, scenery designers, playwrights or stage directors, to the gentlemen and ladies who make up the board of managers. For which no one can blame anyone, least of all the board of managers.

Sapiro Invades the Tobacco Field

What Will-o'-the-Wisp Marketing Costs the Farmer

By ROBERT MORGAN



JOSEPH PASSONNEAU,
Colorado State Market Director, formerly organizer of the Kentucky Tobacco Growers' Co-operatives under Aaron Sapiro. When he learned Sapiro's methods, Passonneau resigned.

AS THE reader may have gathered from this series of articles, financial loss and often actual disaster come sooner or later to the American farmer who has allied himself with the Sapiro Plan of co-operative marketing. Except in such infrequent examples as that of the Colorado potato-growers, who saved themselves, and the Oregon hop-growers, who were rescued by their non-co-operative fellow-growers, the stories of the associations which have been based on the plan devised, introduced and imposed on the agriculturists by Aaron Sapiro, are uniformly disastrous to the non-Jewish member. The methods of organization and operation are virtually the same in principle, though sometimes camouflaged as to external appearances, in all the associations. These principles are fundamentally unsound because they are based on permanent price-fixing in defiance of the demands of the consumers, and because the associations are controlled and directed by men who in the majority of cases know nothing of the production of the particular agricultural product which they pretend to sell.

Burley Growers Paid in 1924 for Crop They Delivered Two Years Ago.

MEMBERS of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association of Cabell County, West Virginia, a Sapiro organized and controlled association, received, on April 26, 1924, the final payment on 36 of the 52 grades of tobacco they delivered to this Sapiro-Plan association in 1922.

On the other 16 grades of tobacco delivered from the 1922 crop, final payment will be made "when the tobacco still in the hands of the association has been sold."

Meanwhile, these growers have received nothing for their 1923 crop, which is filling the warehouses to overflowing, with the 1924 crop coming on this autumn.

Aaron Sapiro, who organized the tobacco growers, is at this writing in Europe with Judge Bingham, the man who called the Jewish attorney into the tobacco country. He has announced that he is in Europe to "find warehouse space for the storage of the American tobacco crop." And while the members of the co-operative associations wait for payment for their 1922 and 1923 crops, the growers outside the association have been paid in full, the majority of them receiving more net per pound than the members of the co-operatives.

But the particular operations by which the farmers within these associations fail to receive the pay for their labor differ with the different products which these organizations are supposed to market. It has been shown that the method applied to the California prune-growers was a combination of barefaced robbery and of incompetence. It has been told rather plainly in the story of the wheat-growers of the Pacific Northwest that ignorance of wheat-growing, wheat distribution and wheat marketing were responsible for the losses and failures. With the potato-growers of Colorado, it was trickery, thwarted by four Americans, which brought these agriculturists to the verge of ruin. In all these associations there is added to these factors of failure the tremendous operating costs which Sapiro, Rubinow and the rest of the Jewish ring impose on the farmer. It is stated here as a fact that there never has been a Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association in which the cost of collection, distribution and sale of the farmers' product was not, and is not, higher than the same costs outside these associations. A large part of this overhead goes to the originators and promoters of the scheme; the larger part, however, goes in the form of salaries to the sometimes misguided, often dishonest, and not infrequently ignorant, "Gentile fronts," who, in executive offices in these associations, maintain the Jews in positions of control over the farmer.

Farmers hauling tobacco crop to warehouses which are already bulging with the product of former seasons.

The Sapiro method of dominating a co-operative marketing association is by attaching to himself at excessively high salaries Gentiles whose nominal "leadership" of such an association will keep Sapiro and others of his kind in possession of control of the organization's affairs. Sapiro uses other methods to bind men to him, as well as financial reward, but the writer would prefer for the moment to leave these to another time. In following his method of rewarding the faithful Gentile until such time as that Gentile is of no further use to him, Sapiro makes the farmer pay the bills. Neither the Sapiro brothers, Baruch, Lasker, the Fleishhacker brothers, Steen, Rubinow, nor any of the other brighter or dimmer lights ever put their hands in their pockets to pay their Gentile henchmen a cent—but they permit these Gentiles to put their hands in the farmers' pockets and pull them out full of money.

In no one of the uniform failures of Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations throughout this country has this high cost of Gentile fronts for Jewish exploiters of the American farmer been more artfully, or more expensively, carried out than among the tobacco producers of Kentucky. To tell all the details of this exploitation of an industry so that it might become "nationalized" for the financial benefit of international Jewry would require several issues of this magazine The most that can be done here is to present the facts as to the result of the application of the Sapiro Plan to the tobacco-growers of the Blue-Grass and other states. The statements made hereinafter are accurate; the figures given exact, and the story told is a history which it would be well for the agriculturists of the United States to heed.

In 1921, Judge R. W. Bingham, publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the Louisville *Times*, launched the idea of the organization of an association among the growers of Burley tobacco. Somewhat later in the same year, the growers of dark tobacco were similarly organized. Thus these associations have been in operation among the growers of Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and Tennessee for approximately three years. In both associations there are now rather more than 140,000 tobacco growers. The exact number cannot be obtained, because there have been many withdrawals, some additions, while some growers who have been "on the fence" and claimed by the associations have stepped off permanently on the independent side.

Judge Bingham called from California the redoubtable and altruistic Aaron Sapiro, whose avowed purpose in life is to do the farmers good. It was necessary, as it has been in more than forty other states, first to pass a law authorizing the formation of these associations, legalizing the ridiculously one-sided contracts by which the farmer is first thrown, then hog-tied and afterward branded by his Jewish captors, and permitting the Sapiro Plan to "function" in each state. Now the series of events which followed the passage of this law in the five states above mentioned were most striking in Kentucky, largely because of the greater area devoted to tobacco of all varieties, and to the larger number of growers who were led into following the Jewish *fata morgana*.

It is stated by members of these two associations, and by one of the men who was the right hand of the Jewish ring until he learned what was going on, that Aaron Sapiro, for less than two months' work, received $55,845 from the Dark Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, and $52,000 from the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association as his fees. This sum would pay the salary of the President of the United States for approximately one and one-half years. The writer has studied Mr. Sapiro rather closely, and making all allowances for the cleverness of that gentleman, cannot argue himself into the belief that the astute Aaron is worth as much in two months to the farmers of five states as is the President of this nation in nine times that period. It is my belief that the tobacco-growers of Kentucky and the other states are coming to agree with me.

However, this $107,845, which Mr. Sapiro is reliably reported to have received as his fees for "organizing" the tobacco-growers of two associations, was merely the beginning. Incidentally, Mr. Sapiro is now in Europe, endeavoring to provide *his* tobacco associations with warehouses from which to distribute their crop, the warehouses in Kentucky and the other states being so filled with *unsold tobacco* that the crop must be taken somewhere out of sight of the producers. It may be that Mr. Sapiro will collect another fee when he returns.

When these associations had been "organized," they had to have executives. All Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations have lots of executives, supposedly to do the work which half a dozen competent salesmen, working on commission and earning as they produced results, could do with greater success and speed. There were twenty-seven of these executives, ranging from the general manager at $25,000 a year, to the statistician, at $3,600, and drawing a total in salaries from the dark tobacco association alone of $218,800 a year, or, roughly, $600 a day. Each of these executives had assistants drawing pay and doing the work. At one time, these assistants numbered 210, but at this writing, according to the best information obtainable by the writer, they have been reduced to 190. It is interesting to note that the statistician—who drew the lowest salary, a paltry $300 a month—was unknown to Mr. Sapiro until after he had been appointed. It costs the farmer money to know Mr. Sapiro; and it costs executives of farmers' co-operative associations money *not* to know him.

The selection of these executives was an operation full of interest to both the executives and the tobacco-growers, though the latter have just begun to learn how really interesting it was. Mr. W. F. Bradshaw, a banker, of Paducah, Kentucky, was made president of the Dark Tobacco Association, on the urgent recommendation of Mr. Sapiro and Judge Bingham. According to statements made by Judge Bingham, prior to the appointment of Mr. Bradshaw, the judge desired the banker to be governor of Kentucky and believed that, as president of the Dark Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, his election could be more easily obtained. Thus and here politics entered into the tobacco situation.

There were three candidates for the positions of secretary, treasurer and accountant. One of them was competent, trained, willing to do his full duty in return for his pay. He was made accountant at $7,200 a year, while one of the others was made secretary at $9,000, and the third treasurer at $8,000. (Names and dates given on application.) Once more, it pays a co-operative executive to know Mr. Sapiro, of San Francisco. Under delightful arrangements which have been made, neither the secretary nor the treasurer has any arduous duties to perform. The accountant has more than he can do.

The secretary was Mr. S. S. Stitt, of Henderson, Kentucky. The treasurer was Mr. R. D. Farmer, of Adams, Tennessee. During the first meeting of the board of directors of the Dark Tobacco Association, Mr. Sapiro presented his bill for $30,000—just a part of his "fee." Immediately, and, according to published statements, without the knowledge of the board of directors, Mr. Bradshaw, president; Mr. Stitt, secretary, and Mr. Farmer, treasurer, gave a note, in the name of the association, to Mr. Sapiro, for $30,000. Judge Bingham with equal celerity purchased this note, which thus passed into the hands of an innocent purchaser. When you have a little time, think over these two paragraphs you have just read. They illuminate the dark tobacco situation.

Among the other interesting appointments—and all twenty-seven of them are interesting, though there is neither time nor space to take up all of them—was that of Mr. Charles Rogers, as associate director of warehouses, at $10,000 a year. In most lines of endeavor,

(Concluded on page 14)

Two Editors Sprang From Same Ohio Town

Dr. Albert Shaw and Murat Halstead of Shandon; The "Garden of Eden" Where Genius Flourished

By EMERSON ROBINSON

MURAT HALSTEAD
Of the old line of editors whose newspaper was built about his personality.

CALLERS at Shandon House at Hastings-on-the-Hudson often wonder, no doubt, why Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, gave the house its name. And no doubt, too, Dr. Shaw has been called upon time and again to explain the name. And it's easy for him, for Shandon is the town in which he was born; it's the town now which holds a strong place in his affections and which, when time permits, he visits to renew old acquaintanceships and tread again the streets and fields over which he romped as a youngster.

Shandon is in Butler County, Ohio, and in one of the richest sections in that rich county. On a picture taken years ago but now so faded that the outline of the fields is barely visible, one of the older residents inscribed "The Garden of Eden," and surely Adam and Eve would not have asked a more delightful spot nor their descendants have sought a better one.

Shandon is proud of her sons who have gone to other cities to exercise the talents which the limits of her own boundaries and opportunities denied; and the "old home town" is like a magnet to them, for it draws them back again and again to get a glimpse of "Paddy's Run."

One of the products of Shandon is Dr. Mark Francis, of College Station, Texas, whose research in medicine for treatment of "cattle fever" has been the means of saving fortunes for Texans and caused Dr. W. O. Thompson, president of Ohio State University at Columbus, to say that "if O. S. U. had done nothing except give to the world Dr. Mark Francis" her mission was worth-while. Ohio State, by the way, is one of the largest universities in America and a tribute such as this for one among the multiple thousands who have attended there has been the latest source of pleasure for the Shandon-ites.

But to add to this came the announcement from Washington of important discoveries in the government laboratory of Dr. Edward Francis, a brother of Dr. Mark—and also a Shandon product.

There is one more whose tempestuous career would fill many pages in even a short history of Shandon—Murat Halstead, whose trenchant pen not only kept a city in an uproar but gave him such fame as few have held in American journalism.

Halstead was an editor when newspaper activities in all departments revolved about the personality of the editor. Success or failure depended on him, and Halstead tasted both. He was born in Shandon in 1829 and in his boyhood days wrote for the old *Intelligencer* at Hamilton, the county seat of Butler. He got his "higher education" at College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati, and in 1853 became a reporter on the *Commercial*. A few years later he became part owner and in 1865 editor-in-chief and two years later the sole proprietor.

He was a caustic and forceful writer and he used his arts to the fullest prior to and during the Civil War. He was intolerant and impatient and these characteristics were evident in his attacks on politicians and politics, individuals and rival newspapers.

Under his control the *Commercial* soon became the outstanding newspaper in Cincinnati and continued so for many years, even distancing the *Enquirer*, Democratic, under Washington McLean. But John R. McLean, a son of the owner, assumed charge of the *Enquirer* and almost at once made it an independent newspaper and went after subscribers of the *Commercial* and the *Gazette*, the latter a Republican newspaper owned by Richard Smith. Halstead had kept his *Commercial* independent and with advanced ideas on gathering and disseminating news, McLean soon began to make his competition felt by both newspapers.

His final stroke came when he threw open the classified columns of the *Enquirer* free and in a short time, when they found not only their finances but their subscription lists dwindling, the *Commercial* and *Gazette* were forced to consolidate.

Halstead was forced to borrow considerable money, giving stock as security. This came duly to the ears of McLean. When the bank officials felt they had gone the limit for Halstead, McLean agreed, it was reported, to underwrite further loans. Then when Halstead had put up sufficient stock as security the bank foreclosed and McLean took over the *Commercial-Gazette*.

Halstead after this became editor of the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*, a position he held for many years.

Before the war with Spain, he went to Cuba and syndicated letters which were called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" letters of the war with Spain, when they came on in book form under "The Story of Cuba."

With Halstead's great natural ability was a zeal for work and for his profession which made him the outstanding figure of his time in his field. It was said of him that he wrote more than 3,000 words of editorial matter daily for a hundred days, sometimes exceeding this to as much as 5,000 words. He never thought of an eight-hour day for himself; nor a ten-hour day; more often he worked sixteen and liked it.

Halstead spent the last few years of his life in Cincinnati writing a history and special articles and he died there in 1908.

Halstead never forgot the village of his birth although he never accustomed himself to the name of Shandon. To him it was Paddy's Run, the Paddy's Run of his boyhood, and the name he loved.

The house in which Halstead was born still is standing near Shandon. It is on the farm of Henry H. Robinson, whose wife is a niece of the famous editor and with whom he often visited. It is partly built on a small hill and is located in a beautiful sycamore grove. Every year, even at this late date, many go there to see the shrine and pay silent tribute to Halstead.

It is of interest to note that Dr. Shaw and Mr. Halstead were close friends and more, for they were related. Dr. Shaw's father, Dr. Griffin M. Shaw, was born in Shandon but studied medicine under Dr. Cyrus Falconer at Hamilton, after which he returned to the village. Dr. Shaw's paternal grandmother was Rebecca Halstead, sister to Colonel Griffin Halstead, who was the father of Murat.

Shandon, however, was not always Shandon; neither was it always Paddy's Run; and it was not always New London. For, in all, the village has had three names. Citizens in the pioneer days wanted to attach the name of New London but the postal authorities at Washington refused to permit this because there already was a town and post office by that name in Ohio.

Paddy's Run was the name originally given and the name that still is loved by many of the oldest residents now living there. It brings back pleasant memories of days long past, although they now accept with good grace the new and beautiful name of Shandon.

Above—DR. ALBERT SHAW, editor, *Review of Reviews*. Below—House in which Dr. Albert Shaw was born.

The story has circulated for more than a century that the village took its name from a winding little creek which flows on the outskirts, and the creek got its name from early settlers, because an Irishman drowned in it shortly after taking up his residence in the then almost unbroken wilderness.

This name clung to it until thirty-seven or thirty-eight years ago, when agitation was begun to change it to Shandon.

Girls and boys returning home from college were instigators of the movement. They reported that their fellows in college joshed them so much about Paddy's Run that they were mortified and embarrassed.

"And how would you," ask some of the prominent dwellers there today, "like to give the name of your town as Paddy's Run?" It was a hard question to answer and it took a long time for the voters there to do so. The town was divided into rival camps and the name changed back and forth from Shandon to Paddy's Run, and from Paddy's Run to Shandon until the latter finally won out and now everybody is glad that it did; or almost everybody; there may be a few who like Paddy's Run better than Shandon but most are ready to acknowledge the new name to be the better. So Shandon it shall be called.

In 1801 Edward Bebb bought a half-section of land in what is now Morgan Township, in which Shandon is located. He was one of many immigrants who landed in Philadelphia in 1796 from North Wales. Of the hardy type, he made his first trip on foot across the mountains and into the new land of promise. A few months after he had completed the purchase, Mr. Bebb returned to Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, and there married Mrs. Margaret Owens, formerly Roberts, whom he knew in North Wales, and took his bride down the Ohio to Cincinnati and thence to Morgan Township.

His first son, born on December 8, 1802, became governor of the state of Ohio forty-two years later. He was given the name of William. He was an industrious and studious youngster and learned rapidly. When he was twenty-five years old, after being duly married and having some experience as a teacher, he conceived the idea of opening a boarding school for boys. He obtained a good site on his father's farm and with the aid of his father and some friends in Cincinnati soon had the school going and as many students as he could handle.

But Bebb was ambitious politically and in 1832, he rode to Columbus, the state capital, on horseback, successfully passed the bar examination and returned to Hamilton to practice, abandoning his school.

In 1844 he was elected governor and served during the trying period of the Mexican War when sentiment was much divided as to the justice of the conflict. After his retirement he purchased 5;000 acres of land near Rockford, Illinois, and went there to live. A few years later, during a visit to England, he became interested in some emigrants who desired to come to America and assisted them in the purchase of 100,000 acres of land in Tennessee. The colony, however, did not last long after being established because of the slavery sentiment, and Bebb returned to Illinois.

When President Lincoln was inaugurated, Bebb was named as pension examiner and he held this office until 1869 when he returned again to Illinois. He died in 1873.

Those early settlers were God-fearing people and when "there were a few gathered together" there was a church formed. This was true of Shandon and the settlers formed their first church in 1833. Rev. John W. Browne, of Cincinnati, was chosen as minister and lacking the ecclesiastical formality of ordination, the settlers ordained him themselves. There was no church edifice and the congregation for twenty years met in the scattered cabins, in stores, or the school, or in pleasant weather under the great trees. In 1853 brick was burned for the first edifice; the following year it was inclosed and in 1855 the pulpit and seats or benches installed. This church gave way in later years to a larger one, so far as actual usage for worship was concerned, but the original structure is still standing, a community home, likely to remain standing for another century or more.

In this modern America one often wonders how many young men would walk fourteen miles on a Sunday to preach the Gospel. But in the early thirties there was a student filled with the Spirit, at Miami University, Oxford, and when he was asked to preach at Shandon, he went; it was his calling and it mattered not to him whether he walked or went horseback. He walked, and today Rev. B. W. Chidlaw is a name familiar to every one in Shandon. In 1836 he accepted the pastorate of the church and remained as such for seven years.

Some of the historic old homes are still standing in and near Shandon, but many have given way to the more modern home.

It is not growing in population; it has about 350 residents, probably less than some years ago but everyone in Shandon loves Shandon and those who have left love Shandon also.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS sometimes hard to understand the type of mind which succumbs to the fear of super-control in the material world. It is not so difficult to understand the purpose of those who plant that fear. These thrive on disorganization; they have a degenerate dislike for systematic progress; the only way they can exercise their leadership is negatively and destructively. It is bad for society when, as now, so large a part of the vocal leadership is devoted to rousing enmity to such method and order and success as mankind has been able to attain in providing itself with the elements of a living.

We shall deal with the matter of so-called super-control, but first consider the fear of it. What should we most fear?—(that is, if a man should fear anything, which he should not.) Should we fear mental or material control, most? Should we fear most the control of our ideas or the control of the commodities of life? Should we fear the possibility of rulership over our minds and our thoughts and our reason, or the possibility of rulership over lumber and coal and sugar?

> *THE sense of injustice, more than the unjust condition itself, is what wears on men's minds. Given this sense of injustice, even though no unjust condition exists, it is just as bad as if everything was wrong. In our day far too many are engaged in creating a sense of injustice in men's minds without stopping to prove that the unjust condition exists. Men are told that all the commodities of life are monopolized. Prove it! You cannot! Nature forbids monopoly and Human Nature destroys it. Money controls nothing: once it did, but no longer. Business controls nothing, but is absolutely controlled by popular reaction to the service it renders. Challenge the creators of fear and suspicion. Make them produce their facts, and line up their facts alongside daily life as you know it.*

Because, it is worth while knowing, there is ten thousand times more control exercised over what people think than over what they eat or wear or use. To an astonishingly large degree mankind has won economic freedom, that is, Nature has always been on the preventive side of economic freedom ever being seriously endangered or completely lost. But mankind is still at the mercy of gusts and storms of false thought which create for the mind false worlds and fill the heart of man with fears and suspicions that have no basis in natural and normal fact.

So that it doesn't really matter whether such super-control over the commodities of life as is charged exists or not; if men are told that it exists, if they believe that it exists, if they yield to the fears which the contemplation of it create, then the real super-control is in the idea thus planted, it is in the hands of the planter of such ideas, and nowhere else.

The only enslavement possible to man is the enslavement of his mind by false ideas. Every other avenue is open and free. The very laws of Nature and Human Nature make any other kind of enslavement impossible.

Twenty-five years ago we heard a great deal about Big Business. Well, as has been said before on this page, there was really no Big Business twenty-five years ago. What we had was our first mergers of money. Money is not business. Big Money cannot make Big Business. Men of money, foreseeing the approach of the Industrial Era, sought to seize and control it by means of their pooled capital. And for a time the country rang with their exploits, but the tale was mostly one of failures. Money brokers are seldom good business men. Speculators cannot create values. However, the idea got abroad that "money" had grabbed everything and that "money" controlled everything.

One has only to go back in mind twenty-five years and count the big businesses existing now which did not exist then, which Big Money did not bring into existence, and which Big Money does not now control, to see how faulty the assumption is we live under a super-control of all the more needful commodities of life.

That is, as regards the fact. It is equally true as regards the possibility for the future. There is, indeed, a money trust. That has been proved. For centuries, with marvelous forethought, certain hereditary groups have manipulated a large part of the gold of the world, not all of it, but the balance of power, especially in Europe, where they have used their power to make war or peace. Their power is not in their gold, because there is no power in gold; their power is in their control of people's ideas with regard to gold. It isn't the people's enslavement to gold that constitutes the fact, but their enslavement to a certain idea of gold, which idea was invented and is perpetuated by the principal owners of the world's gold. Control of the mind, again, you see. More than that, is this group's control of the methods of business. They have invented most of them. The methods of business constitute the rules of the game and give the inventor of those rules an advantage. Young business men, instead of studying the present rules of the game, should first study what is the main purpose of business and then study whether the present methods of business guarantee that purpose.

That kind of control does exist, money control. Not, please understand, the control of mankind by money, but the control of money by a group of money-brokers. And at one time this was very serious for the world. For at one time it meant the control of mankind by money. Not any longer however. For money is an inert thing. And when Industry came, and wealth began to find its true base and standard, money slowly receded to its proper place as one of the cogs in the wheel, not as *the* cog or *the* wheel itself. That is to say, the time came when even the money brokers found that their money was inert, dead, until the worker could be persuaded to use it. The worker made it necessary for so much more money to be made than all that the money brokers had, that today there are vast amounts of uncontrolled money, and the money trust with the money it controls is of consequence to speculators and gamblers only whose raw material, stock in trade and aim in life was money and money only.

The money trust does not control the worker, the creator, the man who with hand or brain serves society in a productive capacity.

But doesn't money control wheat, coal, and other essentials of life? How can it?—it doesn't create them. There are twice as many coal mines open as we can possibly use. Until a little while ago wheat was a drug on the market. Money doesn't own the coal in the United States. Money doesn't own the farms or the farmers. Money, following its traditional policy, would make coal scarce; here we have it too plentiful. Money would make wheat scarce; the world is piled with wheat.

What is the trouble then? Lack of business methods in coal and wheat. Coal is Big Business, but unorganized. So is wheat. Millers know how to organize their business so that flour can be supplied to all parts of the country, but coal operators apparently do not. They are learning, however. You can always go out and buy an automobile, but you cannot always go out and buy a ton of coal; yet proportionate to the need, the ready supply of coal is greater than the ready supply of automobiles. It isn't a matter of money control, it is a matter of wise method and system of business.

Super-control of commodities seems an impossibility among an enlightened and resourceful people. A people that would not stand a tax on tea—would they stand absolute, despotic control of the things they need for life? A people that freed their slaves —would they turn slaves themselves? The pin-maker is permitted to make pins as long as they are good pins. If not, someone else will make them. The real controller is the Public.

"But there is Big Business." Certainly. But it is *business.* It is something that goes along in response to a demand, and the demand is created by a service rendered. Stop the service, and the demand ceases; stop the demand, and where is your Big Business? All the money in the world could not stop competition among Americans. To do one thing well stimulates others to do it better. It is the genius of the race; who can control *that?*

Business grows big by public demand. But it never gets bigger than the demand. It cannot control or force the demand. There is no super-control save that of the people reacting in kind to the kind of service they get.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

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"Mobilization Day"

THE miscalled "Mobilization Day," set for September 12, has received much unexpected advertising. Governor Bryan, of Nebraska, went off at half-cock declaring he would do no such thing, and next day innocently inquired what thing. Others have trembled with terror at the horrific effect the day is likely to have on the nations of Europe. But millions—the greater part of the people—are asking what it is about.

Instead of exciting terror in the nations, we are more likely to excite their risibilities by what we try to do September 12. At the close of the war our Army authorities agreed to a reduction of the Army to 150,000 men and 13,000 officers. Congress reduced the Army to about 125,000. This force drills nearly every day of the week—think of it! The National Guard drills once a week or so—think of that! And the Navy mobilizes once a year—heavens! We have no military force whatever, as forces go. We have the merest skeleton organization, and it is that organization which is to be tried out on paper, September 12.

Of course, if testing the village fire department in a practice drill is likely to set the village on fire, let us keep the fire department under lock and key; but if practice is necessary to keep Dick Smith from entangling himself in the hose and to teach John Long his place at the ropes, let's practice.

Japan is at this moment holding actual army maneuvers, yet the world does not tremble. Last year France mobilized her whole disposable force on the Swiss frontier, yet Italy was not afraid. Today the British Empire holds a million armed men. France has a standing army of 720,000, and has trained 2,000,000 men under twenty-five years of age since the Armistice. Russia has a million and a half men constantly under arms. Opposed to this is the insignificant number of 125,000 men maintained by the United States. And yet there are those who say that for the citizen members of the skeleton military organization of the United States to assemble on September 12, is to rattle a sword in the face of the world.

And whence does much of this cry arise? From those whose spiritual mother is Russian Communism—and Russia today is the greatest militaristic state in the world. Russia, under Bolshevism, maintains a system of compulsory military training from sixteen to eighteen years of age; and a preconscription training from eighteen to twenty years of age; actual army service from twenty to twenty-four years of age; after which every man is transferred to the reserve for supplementary training.

It is the agents of this Russian militarism who will object most noisily to the American trying out their fire-lines on September 12. They ask us to recognize Russia and the largest army on earth, but they object to American volunteers marching down Main street.

The purpose of September 12 is the same as that of the training camps which have been going on all summer, without objection. The difference is that it is intended for citizens and lasts but one day. It is in effect to do some of the things which various committees would have to do in time of national danger. Our military machinery is so attenuated, we are on so complete a peace footing, that it is desirable to try out what we have and, important also, to explain to the people just what our military resources amount to. Of our 13,000 army officers, fully 6,000 have been engaged in citizen instruction, and September 12 is to be a test of the efficiency of their work.

There is no general call of citizens to leave their employment. It was the special wish of the Department not to call a general holiday so soon after Labor Day. There is no compulsion exerted anywhere, except upon the regular forces of the United States, the governors of the states being requested to summon the state military forces. Citizens are invited to observe or participate, to become informed as to the things that would be necessary for national defense—just as they are shown in public buildings the way of escape in case of fire. The expense has been minimized by the spirit of volunteer service which will actuate the reserve forces. Committees will meet to consider what they would have to do in case of national emergency. And we predict that all governors, including Governor Bryan, will do what the Government suggests, that millions of citizens will participate, and that Europe will smile to see how perfectly efficient we are in everything except peace-time soldiering.

Broadly, are we not setting an example to Europe? Are we not showing them, by the plans for September 12, that it is possible to be defended without being crushed under the burden of military establishments? Though militaristic Europe may smile, may she not also be led to think?

The Tribune Gets a Fast One

THE Chicago *Tribune* proposed to fill private homes, hospitals, hotels and offices with the complete details of the Loeb-Leopold murder trial, radioed from the courtroom. It put its proposal in the form of a printed ballot on which it invited its readers to indicate their opinion of the suggestion.

The answer was an uncompromising NO, to the very evident confusion of the Chicago *Tribune*.

About the only time the readers of that paper can show their disgust with its policies is at elections, when they vote squarely against *Tribune* counsel. But this time the *Tribune* handed them an opportunity to vote against an enterprising project of the paper itself, and they did.

When it is conceived what it would have meant to have a powerful broadcasting station pouring into the air and into tens of thousands of receivers the horrible details of a most loathsome crime, and all the methods which the state must use to reach approximate justice, then one must say that universal poison gas, promised for the next war, is already a reality: The Chicago *Tribune* was ready to deluge its whole territory through receivers in orphanages and nurseries and Boy Scout centers, with the poison gas of the new decadence.

After its defeat, which it attempted to mitigate in a one and a half column editorial, the *Tribune* argued that a trial is a public matter anyway and that it is only a matter of time when trials will be broadcast. Then our radio programs will doubtless carry schedules like this: "Station WGN: 7 a. m. Early Morning Police Court. 9 a. m. The Franks Murder Case. 11 a. m. Preliminary Testimony of the Mistress of Millionaire Lobelski of an Attack Made on Her. Noon: Crime reports from all cities in the United States. 2 p. m. Divorce Court proceedings. 4 p. m. Late Afternoon Third Degree at Police Headquarters. All Night—Bulletins from reporters on the crime beat."

A court trial is a public matter already. There is no secrecy about it. But the editor of the *Tribune* does not park his wife and family in courtrooms for an afternoon's diversion. What reason had he to suspect that other wives and families have lower tastes in this respect? It may be that he has listened so long to the common editorial excuse that "we fill our papers with crime and confusion because the public demand it," that he has come to believe it true.

The public don't have a chance to say by printed ballot every day what they want in their newspapers, but they did say what they wanted in radio—

And the result proved that the taste of its readers was higher than that of "the world's greatest newspaper."

There may be a lesson in that for all newspapers. Anyhow, we commend it to teachers in schools of journalism as a significant fact to be passed on to all fledgling reporters and editors.

The *Tribune* editorial will live long as a case of blind staggers. Criminal trials are public, it cries. So they are. Clinics in the city's hospital are public, too. Even around the article of birth the law throws its claims to publicity—but not by radio! If the Chicago *Tribune,* in its spirit of so-called enterprise, ever begins to pour into the homes of the Middle West what it proposed to do in the Loeb-Leopold murder trial, we predict that Station WGN will permanently sign off.

Since the decisive negative vote of its readers, however, it is not likely to attempt such a maneuver.

American Women, Attention!

IN THE Senate Chamber of the United States, on May 31, 1924, Senator King, speaking about the proposed so-called "Child Labor Amendment" to the Constitution, said:

"Every Bolshevik, every extreme Communist, and Socialist in the United States is back of this measure. The Bolsheviks of Russia were familiar with the scheme that was about to be launched to amend our Constitution. In conversation with one of the leading Bolsheviks in the city of Moscow, one of the educators, when I was there last September and October, I was remonstrating with him about the scheme of the Bolsheviks to have the state take charge of the children. 'Why,' said he, 'you are coming to that,' and he called my attention to the statutes in many of the states in regard to compulsory education. Then he said, 'A number of Socialists in the United States (and he mentioned a number of names, but I shall not mention them here) are back of the movement to amend your Constitution of the United States, and it will be amended, and you will transfer to the Federal Government the power which the Bolshevik government is asserting now over the young people of the state.'

"Of course, this is a Communistic Bolshevistic scheme, and a lot of good people, misled, are accepting it, not knowing the evil consequences which will result and the sinister purposes back of the measure."

About the only way to mislead an American is to appeal to his humanitarianism. It is the surest way to mislead the American woman.

But it is time for some one to arise in this land and speak a word for the Constitution of the United States, which has become the playground of all the faddists, and worse, in the country. When we amend the Constitution so much that half the people shall revolt against the amendments, we have created precisely the condition which the enemies of this country desire.

The Constitution should be amended only for the enlargement of liberty, not for the centralization of power in the hands of a body of Socialistic and Communistic women living at the Capitol at Washington.

It is stated in the *Congressional Record* of May 31, 1924, that the person who drafted the Constitutional Amendment now proposed to the people of the United States is Mrs. Florence Kelley (formerly Wischnewetsky), a professional Socialist; translator of Marx; editor of the *Archiv fur Sozialegesetzgebung,* at Berlin; president of the Intercollegiate Socialist League in the United States.

The women of the United States don't know these facts about Florence Kelley Wischnewetsky, yet they are being practically led by Florence Kelley in making another dent in the Constitution of the United States.

Why is it?

Because the women of the United States are homemaking, while with infinite ramifications from Germany and Russia, and with plenty of funds with which to operate, a group of hard experienced revolutionaries at the Capitol of the United States is using the humanitarian instinct of American women to work ulterior ends.

No wonder it is reported that President Coolidge would not come out against big campaign funds. He is reported as saying: "There are enemy agencies here in Washington who spend every six months more than all the parties spend in four years. If campaign funds are political educational funds, we certainly need the education."

At any rate, Americans are not going to have their Constitution amended from Moscow, if they know it.

One Year of Coolidge

AT THE beginning of August, Calvin Coolidge completed his first year as President. Suddenly elevated to his high office by the death of President Harding, he entered as a quantity almost unknown to the nation at large. His conduct as Vice-President had been meticulously modest. He knew his place and kept it. His new eminence did not change his nature but made his duties necessarily more public, the scrutiny of him more severe. Without noise or publicity-seeking activity, he took up his task, and his method of letting the country know him was to let hundreds upon hundreds of citizens meet him and form their own opinions. From these it soon spread abroad that Calvin Coolidge was a man of character and purpose, a strong, quiet personality, a President who could be depended on to steer a straight course. This opinion, first expressed by a few hundreds, has been confirmed by the nation's observation of the man. In a short year he has not only become known, he has become trusted. This in itself is no small achievement.

Canada's Long Fight for Prohibition

Question to Be Reopened by Ontario Government Plebiscite

By FREDERIC T. YEALLAND

The Ontario Government has decided that a plebiscite on prohibition is demanded by the people, and has fixed October 23 as the day of voting. It has not, however, announced the form of questions to be presented, but promises information on that point in September.

IT IS a matter of history, though a fact not generally known, that Canada was nearer to nation-wide prohibition seventy years ago than it has been at any time since. In 1854 a bill was introduced in the old Parliament of Canada—then composed of two provinces now known as Ontario and Quebec—giving to the country total prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors, and it came within a very few votes of adoption.

Those engaged in the traffic, realizing the narrow escape their trade had had, determined that never again should it be in such danger, and from that time until the beginning of the World War they were successful in combating the repeated attacks of the enemies of their business.

The efforts of the prohibition workers during all these years were not without some success, however. There has been prohibition in spots, in the form of local option.

First came the Dunkin Act in the early days of confederation. This enabled the people of a county to vote on the question of the abolition of the drink traffic therein. It, however, was not satisfactory to the temperance people, being far from workable. Then followed the Canada temperance act, which was more to their liking. But, although this measure was put into operation by the people of a number of districts, the temperance people wanted more; Dominion-wide prohibition was what they aimed at.

First Ontario Plebiscite

IT SHOULD be stated that there is a division of authority in Canada in the matter of liquor legislation; the Dominion Government has to do with manufacture and importation; the power of the Provincial Government is limited to the traffic within the limits of the provincial boundaries.

Finding that no more could be got from the federal authorities, the leaders of the prohibition movement finally turned to the provincial governments, and in Ontario and some of the other provinces a local option law was enacted. This measure enabled a municipality or group of them to vote on the question of prohibition within it or them. This was taken advantage of by many of the towns and townships of the province, in spite of the fact that to pass it required that two-thirds of the votes polled must be favorable. This feature was vigorously opposed by the temperance people, who claimed that a majority vote should be sufficient to carry. The answer given to this was that to insure its successful operation there must be a substantial public sentiment behind the measure.

But this local option was limited to a three-year period, at the end of which another vote, if demanded, must be taken. The result of the second appeal was repeal of the law in many places that had adopted it. The reason was apparent enough, for how could a local option community keep sober when surrounded by others where liquor was to be had in abundance? Not only did the thirsty of local option districts go to neighboring places to fill up, but they brought back with them a supply for the immediate future. The coming of the World War found very few districts under this local option.

Persistent agitation resulted in the taking of the first plebiscite on prohibition in Ontario in 1894, which, *in spite of a favorable vote of 92,000 majority, resulted in nothing,* some hidden influence preventing the government of the day—although its leader was a professed prohibitionist—from implementing the promise to abide by the result of the vote.

Weak Spots in Temperance Act

FOLLOWING this came the Dominion plebiscite in 1898, the government of the day having yielded to the popular demand. In this a tremendous majority was given, that of Ontario alone amounting to 108.000. However, Quebec Province gave a big contrary majority, which cut down the total materially, but still left a substantial favorable majority. *Here again nothing tangible came of the vote,* the government fearing, evidently, to antagonize Quebec Province, which was so strong against prohibition.

In 1902 the Liberal government of Ontario submitted a prohibition measure in a referendum, which *carried by a plurality of 96,000. Notwithstanding this, the measure was never put into force,* which was the greatest disappointment the temperance forces had yet met, the then prime minister, Hon. G. W. Ross, having always been regarded as one of the staunchest advocates of prohibition.

All the while the liquor interest was much disturbed. The men in the business viewed these big prohibition votes with no little alarm and they felt that defiance of the popular will could not continue forever, nor did the fact that cities were continually voting favorably for license reduction lessen their anxiety. Hence it was that they decided to make themselves an important political power.

The result of this was seen in the provincial election of 1911. The liberal party, under the leadership of Mr. Rowell, long known as a prohibition leader, entered the contest with "Abolish the bar" as its rallying cry. Of course there was only one side for the liquor people to take, and to their joining forces with the Conservatives was largely due the victory of that party at the polls.

There was, therefore, something like irony in the fact that it fell to the lot of a Conservative government, those supposed friends of the liquor trade, to introduce and secure the passage of a prohibition bill as a wartime measure. Sir James Whitney, the premier, a strong opponent of prohibition and author of the objectionable three-fifths clause of the local option bill, had died before the war came, and many people believe that if he had lived even war would not have induced him to propose such a course. Mr. Hearst, who succeeded Sir James as the government leader, was right in sympathy with the prohibition movement, but not so strongly as to cause him to compromise his party with it. It was not until after he had sounded his following in the legislature that he consented to the introduction as a government measure of the Ontario Temperance Act. He found the Liberal opposition ready to assist in the passage of the bill, which was a copy of the Manitoba Act, and the Ontario Temperance Act soon became a law of the province, the understanding being that as soon as the war ended and the Canadian soldiers came home the act would be submitted to the electorate of the province by referendum.

In 1916 the Ontario Temperance Act was passed, but it was not long before weak spots were discovered in it, the chief of which was what was known as "cross-circuiting." A man in want of a case or more of whisky, living, say, in Walkerville, would send by wire or mail to an agent at Montreal, Buffalo, or some other distant point, from whence the order would be dispatched to Walkerville and the goods would be speedily delivered at the home of the thirsty one. This plan was followed by people all over the province, and as far as they were concerned prohibition was a farce.

The provincial authority was powerless to prevent this, and appeal was made to federal government. The outcome was that a referendum prohibiting interprovincial traffic in liquor was submitted and indorsed by the people and the worse leak in the O. T. A. was stopped.

Farmers for Prohibition

IN 1919, the war having ended and the Canadian soldier survivors having returned home the promised provincial referendum on the O. T. A. was submitted and the act was sustained by the great majority of 407,000 votes, the electors at the same time rejecting by substantial pluralities government sale and bar and wine licenses. This is a most interesting sidelight on the charge that ex-service men would, on their return, vote liquor back into power.

The claim has been advanced that if prohibition can be kept out of politics it will be safe. Plebiscite and the referenda taken on the question certainly give strength to this claim. But to keep it out of politics is the difficulty. The fall of two governments since 1916 is ascribed to this very question.

When the Hearst Government appealed to the people in the next general election the fine hand of the anti-prohibitionist was seen in the result. The antis were determined to punish the Conservatives for what they called their betrayal of the liquor trade after the united support it had given them in the "abolish-the-bar" contest. The Liberals the trade regarded as its natural enemy, and the only way it could chasten the treacherous Conservatives without helping the Liberals was by throwing its united strength with the newly formed Farmers' party, which accounts in no small measure for the return of the latter to power, which they held for the full four-year term.

Again was the hand of the "moderation league," at first known as the "liberty league," seen in the general election of last year. The farmer Government had been more vigorous in its enforcement of prohibition than its predecessor and it held out no hope whatever of either repeal of the O. T. A. or another vote on it. The attitude of the Conservative leaders was that as the act had been endorsed by the people, if it is repealed it must be by the people. This gave the antis a ray of hope that the return of the Conservatives to power would mean another chance to place Ontario in the wet column. Anyway, the Conservatives had been well punished and they should be given another chance. That the antis viewed the matter in this way was shown by the return of the Conservatives to power by a majority over Liberals and Farmers of about forty.

Plebiscite in October

THAT there would be another vote on the question this year was considered certain, and not without reason. In the two last legislatures no member dared discuss the question. But in the new legislature private members, Conservatives, have not hesitated to speak out in condemnation of prohibition, one having declared his contempt for the law, saying if he wanted liquor he would get it and would "take it from a bootlegger if it was good stuff."

But the strongest evidence of the coming vote was the action of the present premier, G. H. Ferguson, during the recent session of the legislature. With his overwhelming majority he seems to have felt secure in asking anything, no matter how unreasonable. He could have kept his ante-election promise by simply taking a referendum on the O. T. A. Instead, he introduced and secured legislation enabling him to take a plebiscite if and whenever he felt there was a popular demand for it, and in addition secured a vote of the amount necessary to meet the cost of such an appeal. Not only was the premier given full authority and sufficient money to bring on a vote, but it is for him to say what form the questions on the ballot shall take. He may, if so disposed, confine himself to questions of which no prohibitionist could approve. It has now been decided that there is a popular demand for a plebiscite, and October 23 has been fixed for the vote. The form of questions to be asked has not yet, however, been arranged.

Ontario has had eight years of prohibition, but in all that time those who fought so hard for it have never felt secure. They see no reason for keeping the question open by the repeated taking of votes. The only way of meeting their great aim of permanent Dominion-wide prohibition, that will settle the question in Canada as effectually as the Eighteenth Amendment has disposed of it in the United States, is by federal legislation.

On the other hand the anti-prohibitionists have been waiting for such an opportunity as they expect Premier Ferguson will give them presently. Stocks in cellars are running low; some have been depleted and the owners, or many of them, dread being placed in a position of depending on illicit traffickers for their supply.

The Question in Other Provinces

THE O. T. A. is by no means a perfect measure and the antis have not neglected to stress its imperfections. They point to the ease with which a permit to buy may be obtained from a doctor, by which a quart of whisky is placed within reach; they tell of the "injustice" of a law under which a rich man need never be without a drink, while to a poorer man liquor is prohibited; they point to what they call the unfairness of a law under which a man found with a bottle of liquor in a place other than his home is fined two hundred dollars for first offense, while another who has poured the contents of a bottle down his throat and is picked up dead drunk escapes with a fine of ten dollars. All this and more do the antis speak of, not because they would have these faults remedied, but to condemn the law as a whole.

On the other hand, prohibitionists point to the wonderful social revolution that has been wrought since the coming of prohibition, the great improvement in industrial efficiency as testified to by large employers of labor, to happier homes, better clothed wives and children and the prospect, if prohibition is not interfered with, of boys and girls growing up without being exposed to the temptation that beset their fathers.

But Ontario is not the only Canadian province in which prohibition experiments have been made. Not long after the outbreak of war practically every one of the provinces was made dry by legislative enactment, the Yukon Territory being placed on the dry list by Order In Council. Quebec was the first to do away with the legislation which undoubtedly served a good purpose while war lasted, substituting therefor government liquor stores and sale of wine and beer in licensed houses, but not in bars, drinking rooms being considered an improvement on the old plan.

Drys Present United Front

THE Quebec Government boasts of a profit from the trade last year of four million dollars and prohibitionists declare that that is all that can be said in favor of the present law, adding that you must stretch the imagination to call it favorable. Next came British Columbia, where also prohibition gave place to government control, followed by Manitoba and Alberta, with changes of like nature. This leaves Ontario and the Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—still in the dry column, but in Saskatchewan the recent vote was overwhelmingly in favor of government liquor stores, while in the Maritimes it would seem that the people are satisfied to leave matters as they are.

The antis are heartened by the hope that the sympathy of the government is with them, by the evident revulsion of feeling in other provinces and by the belief that depletion of private stocks in cellars will add to their strength. Moreover, the opponents are supposed to have an abundance of funds with which to fight for the return of that which has been so greatly missed by them in recent years.

As for the prohibitionists, while they can see no reason for these frequent submissions of the question to the voters, they are prepared to present a united front whenever the vote comes and whatever the reading of the ballot papers. They feel their cause to be a righteous one and are filled with the hope that right will prevail. They gain confidence, too, by the recollection that every vote on the question in recent years, where party politics was not involved, as now, victory for prohibition has been overwhelming.

It may be stated as of some significance that no one is now to be found advocating the return of the open bar. The bar as it once was has gone for good; nobody wants it back. Eight years of prohibition has done that much good, if nothing more.

The James River—Where History Was Made

Scene of Pocahontas' Exploit and Cradle of America's Prosperity

By GEORGE H. DACY

NEAR the hill-bound heights of the tiny village of Hightown, Virginia, a cool spring gushes southward to feed Back Creek and join with Jackson River, Potts Creek, Cowpasture River and Bullpasture River to form the majestic James, a mighty stream which has helped to write American history.

Curving, twisting and meandering, the tortuous James flows 350 miles to the salt sea, divides the state of Virginia into almost equal parts and touches the soil of twenty-two different counties. Named after King James the First of England by Captains Christopher Newport and John Smith when they initially traveled its waters to Jamestown in 1607, the Virginia river has played an important part in the cradling and development of Uncle Sam's Republic. In early days, it was known commonly as "The King's River."

Today the James as a water boulevard winds its way through plantations and between many of the most famous mansions of America. For centuries the banks of the James have been centers of Old Dominion social life. From these plantations came the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and who fostered the Constitution of the United States. River packets, light freighters and excursion boats ply the James River. Annually the city fathers of Richmond petition Congress to straighten out the slants and crooks of the historical James and to deepen its channel so that the commerce of the seven seas may be brought by water to the very doors of Virginia's capital city. Potentially, Uncle Sam promises to heed these pleas to commercialize the inland waterway. Then the James River will write more new pages in America's history.

Shirley, built in 1642, is the oldest home on the James River. General Robert E. Lee's mother was born at Shirley. The estate is now one of the most productive in Virginia.

Jamestown Island on the north side of the James River about one hour's motor ride from its mouth is the site of the first permanent English settlement in America. For nine decades, Jamestown was the seat of government for the colony of Virginia. Then the colonial capital was removed to Williamsburg. The old ruins at Jamestown stood neglected for many years, mute testimonials of a vanished past. Latterly Virginia organizations and the Colonial Dames have restored the Old Tower and the Church. A statue of Pocahontas, the Algonquin princess, has been erected. The grounds have been beautified. Priceless relics have been unearthed from excavations amid the foundations of the historic buildings.

Nowhere on America's map is there a fount of history to equal the chronicles of Jamestown. There was held the first representative assembly of modern times; there took place the first jury trial in America; the first commercial tobacco was marketed there and the first marriage of English persons in the United States was celebrated. From Jamestown, the first turkeys and potatoes were exported to Europe. The first brick house in the New World was built at Jamestown as well as the initial ironworks in British America. The first written State Constitution was formulated there, while the city was also the birthplace of the "no taxation without representation" ideal.

The James River has been the scene of triumphs and tragedies. American liberty was cradled along its shores. Indian massacres, colonial famine and even acts of cannibalism have desecrated its course. A failure of the corn crop in 1609 reduced the ranks of the Jamestown pioneers from 500 to 60. Insatiable hunger and incomprehensible suffering forced the survivors to eat the bodies of their former associates. When finally succored, the few still alive determined to return to England, and but for the timely appearance of Lord Delaware with food and reinforcements Jamestown would have been abandoned. A dozen years later, following an Indian massacre of 400 white settlers, the colonists again considered returning to England. Thereafter, however, there occurred no more faltering.

The majestic James is rich, too, in Civil War experiences. More blood was shed along its banks in a few days during the efforts of General George McClellan to capture Richmond via the James entrance than resulted from the early centuries of struggle between the hostile redskins and Virginia's first white settlers. It is extremely unlikely that Richmond would have been rebuilt after its destruction by the Union army had it not been for the proximity of the James. The river waters that wash from Hightown to Hampton Roads have championed conquest, consoled defeat, erased errors, repaired the old and builded the new. They have carried away the debris of battle and have introduced the agencies of reconstruction.

The Algonquin Indians who peopled the James River country previous to the coming of the John Smith expedition used to call the upper James "Powhatan," while the lower part of the waterway was known as "Pasbaghe." Wahunsenacawh, seventy years old, husband of twelve wives and father of thirty-two children, was then king of the river and chief of the dominant tribe of red men. One of his daughters was the celebrated Pocahontas who saved the life of John Smith and, subsequently, married John Rolfe, an English colonist. Her real name was Matoaca (she who plays with something). Pocahontas was her nickname. It signified "little romp," "little wanton," or "little vixen." The hostility of Matoaca's father to the English was softened when his daughter married Rolfe. These nuptials established bonds of friendship between the white and red men.

A century previous to the Revolutionary War, Bacon's Rebellion was staged at Jamestown. The town was burned and when the ashes cooled, the ruined church tower was the only structure still standing. A score of years later, the remodeled state house was destroyed by fire. This led to the removal of the colonial government to Williamsburg where disease, mosquitoes and malaria were less malignant.

Strange to tell, in the years that followed Jamestown ceased even to be a village and became the property of a family named Travis. Notwithstanding, Jamestown retained its right to send one member to the House of Burgess for the next century. This was a political office of which members of the Travis family were always sure. A town which had ceased to exist thus gained political recognition for more than 100 years after its official demise. One of our national Senators, who recently visited Jamestown, when he was told this story immediately said, "I now understand why Jamestown Island is called 'Earth's only paradise.'"

Williamsburg, the seat of William and Mary College, although seven miles inland from the James River, has for centuries been intimately interwoven with the river's history. It is said of William and Mary College, established in 1693, and named after the English king and queen, that more illustrious men in proportion to the number educated there have gone out to make it and themselves famous than from any other educational institution in the country. George Washington was the first chancellor. Three Presidents of the United States—Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe and John Tyler—were educated at William and Mary. Chief Justice Marshall and Peyton Randolph, first president of the Continental Congress, were also alumni of the Virginia school situated near the James.

William and Mary was the first American college to institute the honor and elective systems. Its Phi Beta Kappa, an honorary scholarship society, was the first Greek-letter fraternity in the New World. The first college lectures in this country were delivered at William and Mary, a school which also boasts the pioneer departments of law, political economy, history and modern languages.

One of the curious rules at William and Mary was that no student should keep a race horse. Another regulation was that "drinking should be confined to that depictive of a prudent and industrious student." One old lady acted as stocking-mender for the entire college, being paid $60 a year for her services. She was obliged to provide her own "diet, lodging, fire and candles." The college remained in session during the Revolutionary War until the fighting became centralized in the James River peninsula. Then the college boys formed a company of volunteers and helped Washington defeat the British. Brafferton Hall, the initial Indian school of any consequence in the United States, was established at William and Mary College.

Westover, one of the most noted estates in Virginia and the South, fronts on the crooked pathway of the James. Rows of tulip poplars more than 160 years old underlaid by lawns as ancient adorn the homestead grounds. The mansion was built in 1730 by William Byrd, called popularly the "Black Swan of Virginia." Westover was a camping ground for Benedict Arnold and Lord Cornwallis during 1781, while McClellan's Union forces made headquarters there after the retreat from Richmond.

Berkeley, another famous plantation, adjoins Westover. The estate came into being in 1618 by special grant from the London Company. For five generations, Berkeley has been the home of the Harrison family in Virginia. It has been the birthplace of a governor of Virginia and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a Revolutionary general and a President of the United States. Rumor has it that every President of the United States from Washington to Buchanan was at some time a guest at Berkeley. It was in this house that General William Henry Harrison prepared his inaugural address.

The family history of both Shirley and Lower Brandon, other impressive examples of colonial architecture that overlook the James, is illustrated by splendid collections of old mahogany, portraits, brasses and silver. Neither of these estates has ever been placed on the market. They have descended from generation to generation in the same families. Brandon plantation was initially granted to John Martin, a colleague of Captain John Smith. He sold the plantation in time and, thereafter, it passed through many hands, finally being purchased by a branch of the Harrison family. The finest old-fashioned garden in Virginia is now an outstanding feature of this remarkable mansion. Colonel Edward Hill, a leading man in the Virginia colony, was the original owner of Shirley, securing the grant early in the seventeenth century.

Malvern Hill, a neighboring estate to Shirley, takes its name from a village in England. This old plantation has been the camp grounds of four flags. Lafayette held forth there during the Revolution. It was the rendezvous of the Virginia militia during the War of 1812, while the forces of Generals Lee and McClellan waged a bloody conflict there during the Civil War. Varina, the home of John Rolfe and Pocahontas, now specializes in the production of pedigreed seed corn which

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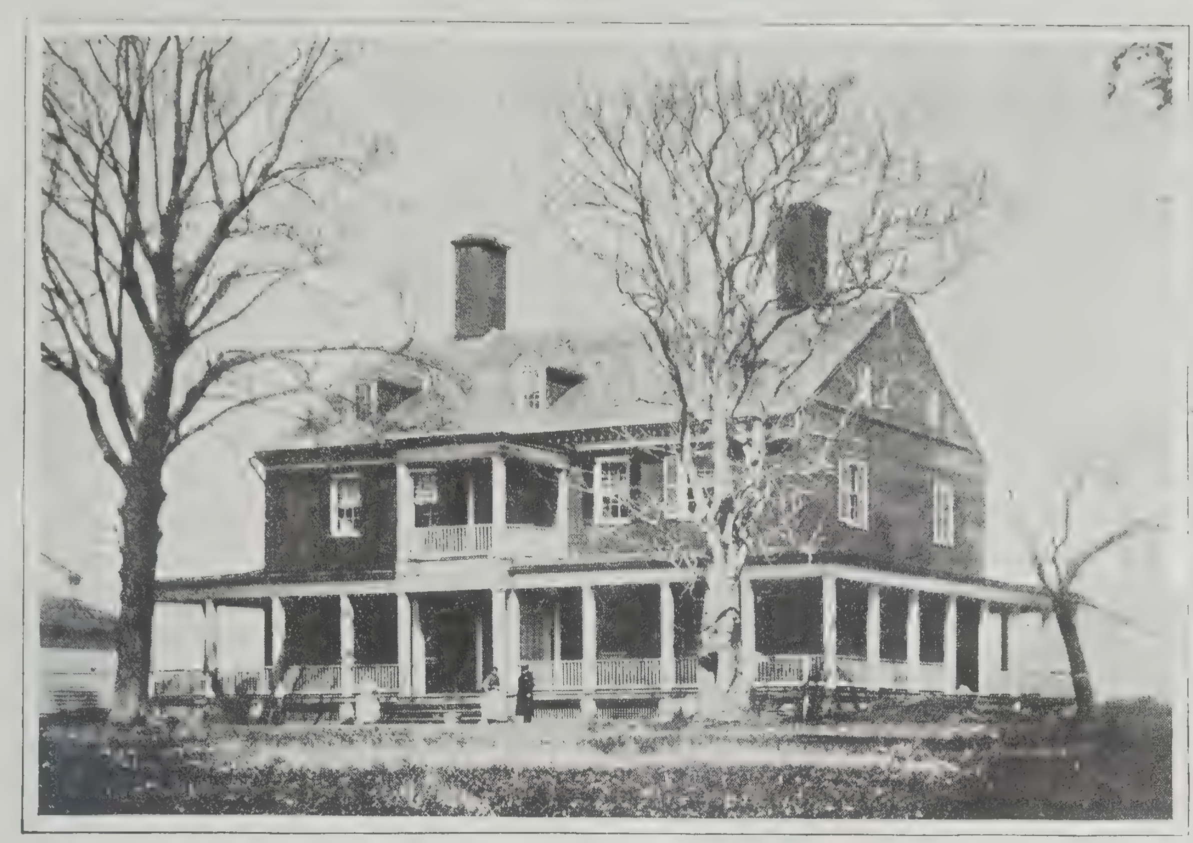
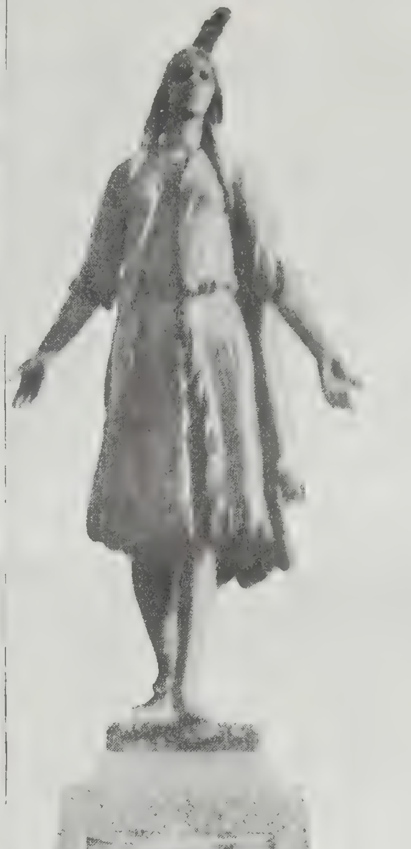
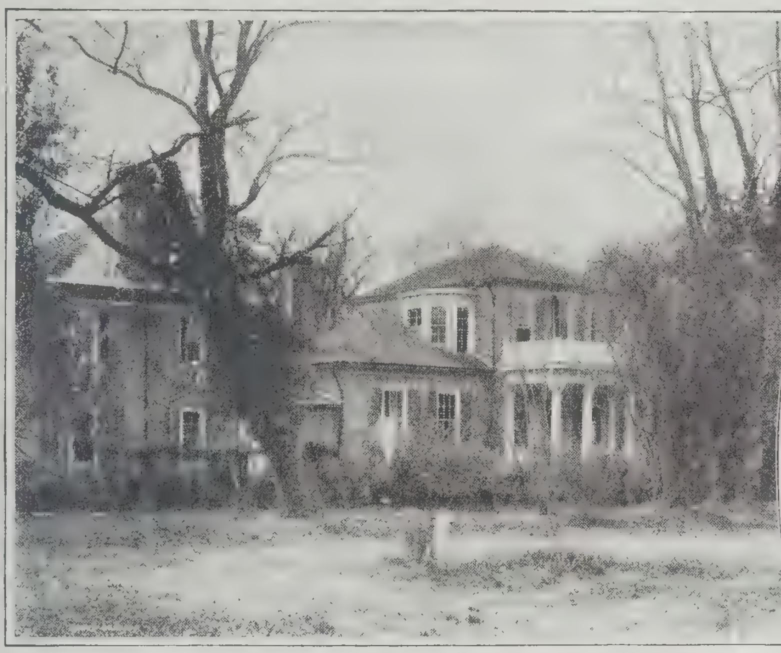


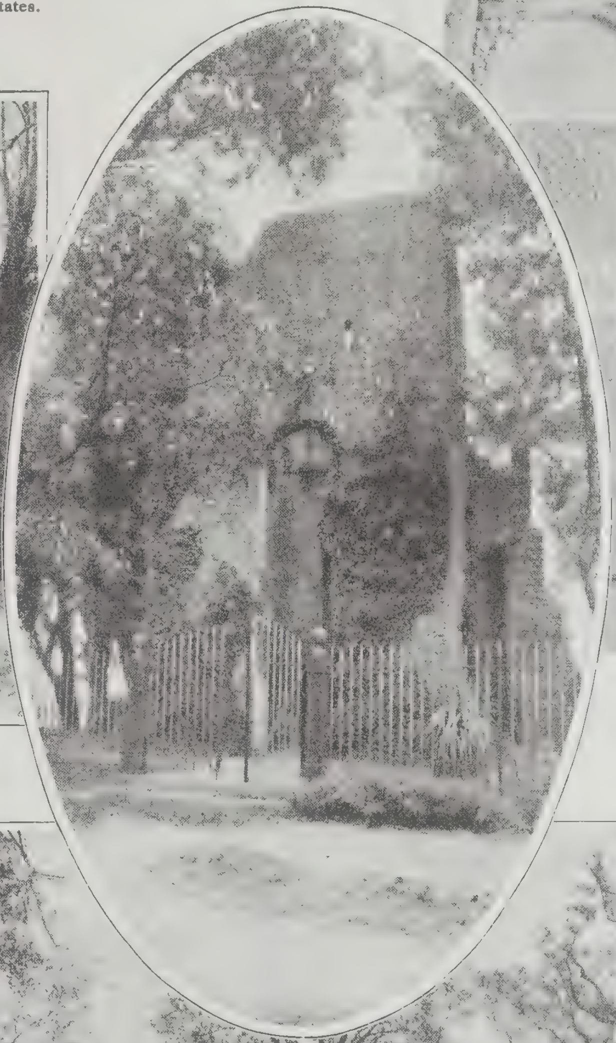
Berkeley, the James River, Virginia, estate of Benjamin Harrison, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and birthplace of William Henry Harrison, one of the Presidents of the United States.

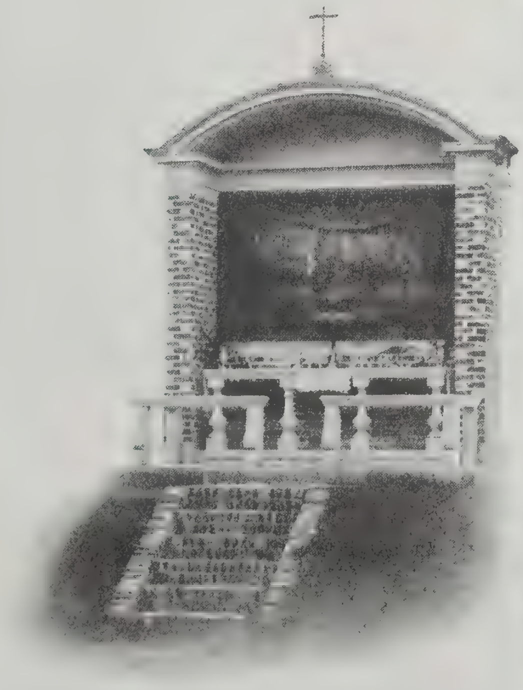


Above—This statue of Pocahontas is now one of the historical landmarks of Jamestown Island.

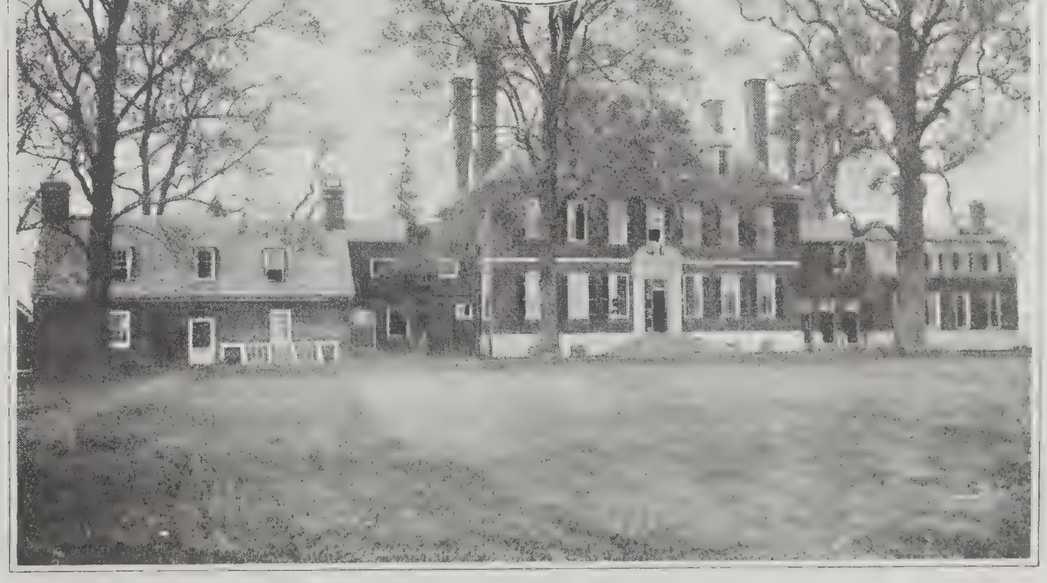


Lower Brandon, another Old Dominion estate whose patent papers were granted in 1635.





This shrine has been erected latterly at Jamestown Island to designate the spot where the Captain John Smith expedition held its first religious service.



Above in oval—The old ruins of the Jamestown Church have been restored and now are maintained by a Virginia society. Below—Westover, a famous James River estate, established in 1623. Brick used in house brought from England in 1737. Benedict Arnold landed at Westover in 1781 to march on Richmond.

Canalization as a Remedy for Dear Coal

Linking of Lakes to Ohio River May Revolutionize Transportation

By ROBERT EMERSON

THE great Northwest faces a crisis each winter over its coal supply. It has faced them for years and there is no reason to believe that it will not have a similar period of worry this year. Coal is high and complaint is continuous; and one of the greatest items in the price of coal is transportation—by rail.

A barge canal between the Ohio River and Lake Erie not only would lessen the likelihood of a coal famine in the Northwest and an "ore famine" for the industries of the Ohio Valley, but it would tend to cut the price of both and result in inestimable benefits for all concerned.

As long as the northwestern states must pay part-rail and part-water rates for the transportation of coal, they cannot secure fuel as cheaply as points on the Ohio, Mississippi and other navigable rivers which have the advantage of an all-water haul. At present there are many points having no waterway competition, but there are no points on lakes or rivers without rail competition.

Most of the coal for the Northwest comes from Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia and the railways make the same rate from those mines to the Great Lakes as from Ohio River points. In some instances where the railway has only one-fifth of the haul, it demands and gets four-fifths of the joint rate charged for a part-rail part-water haul.

The Dream of Business Men

THERE is at this present moment no way of getting from the Ohio or the Mississippi river to the Great Lakes except by rail. If the Great Lakes and navigable rivers were connected by a deep waterway, the all-water hauls on coal and ore would cause an industrial revolution.

That such a canal will be built some time under the supervision of the Federal Government is more than a possibility; it is a probability, and when it is completed there will be a new era of business in which many states and many cities will benefit.

This waterway has been the dream for years of business and civic leaders in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Toledo and other great industrial centers. Detroit has shown little interest in the project, but Detroit would be one of the chief beneficiaries; so would Chicago and Cleveland, and here is the reason:

It is the history of transportation, according to Samuel J. Flickinger, secretary of the Central Inland Waterways Association of Cincinnati, that the railroads seek to meet water rates, and water rates now are about one-sixth rail rates. It was true when the Panama Canal was built and the great transcontinental railroads reduced their charges to "meet competition."

The result has been, according to Mr. Flickinger, that it is cheaper to ship from New York to San Francisco by water than from New York to Denver and to points even farther east than Kansas City by rail.

Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland have become great cities largely because they have been able to get, and of course still do get, ore at water rates. Pittsburgh has become great because it is contiguous to the coal fields and gets coal at water rates.

Imagine the possible, nay, probable growth of these cities, and their rapid industrial development, were they able to get both coal and ore at water rates!

Many of the great coal mines are located along navigable streams, notably those along the Big Sandy and the Great Kanawha. Some operators own their own railroads from the mines to the Ohio or other rivers and fuel is dumped directly into the barges.

Boats, towing from four to ten barges filled with coal, constantly ply the Ohio from the mining districts to Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville, and other cities along the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, where the coal is transferred to cars and shipped to inland points by rail.

Story of the Canals

ONE mine owner recently declared that a barge canal to the lakes would be able to handle most of the shipments of coal to the Northwest, which requires many millions of tons every year.

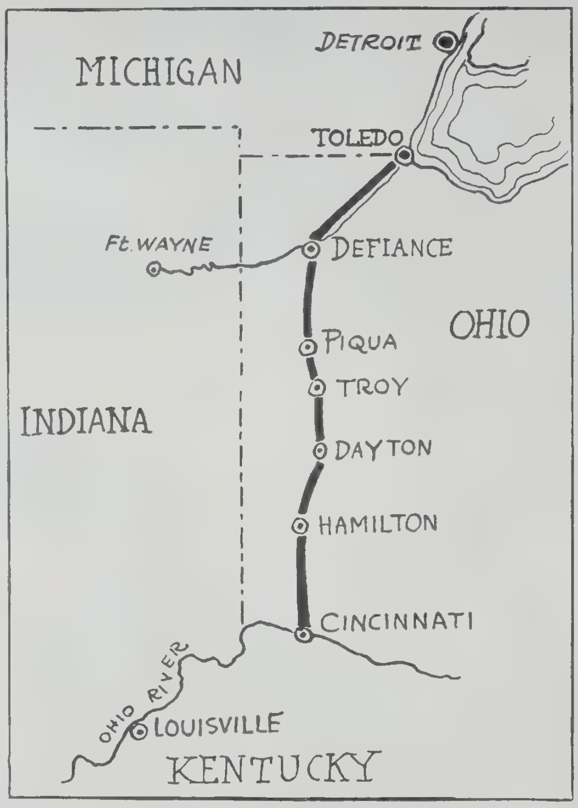
Advocates of the waterway believe that Government engineers, after a careful survey, will recommend that a barge canal be dug, and they visualize great fleets of barges carrying freight to and from the Lake States, the Ohio Valley and the South.

The value of water transportation is becoming more and more apparent to business men, especially the very large shippers. How many, though, are aware that perhaps within a year it will be really possible to ship from New York via the Great Lakes to St. Louis and New Orleans by water? Very few, for little public attention has been directed to the mammoth project of canalizing the Illinois River from the present Chicago drainage canal to the Mississippi. The work which has been going on for several years, Mr. Flickinger asserts, will cost when completed more than $20,000,000 and be the final connecting link in a chain beginning at New York, following the Hudson, the New York barge canal, the lakes and straits to Chicago and thence through the drainage canal and improved Illinois River to the Mississippi.

It is the hope of the proponents of the Ohio-Erie route to have a canal sufficiently large for barges with a capacity of 3,000 tons. When one figures that the average carrying capacity of the coal car is less than fifty tons, some idea of the magnitude of the size of the barge may be obtained. The canal would be at least twelve feet deep, and have a width of seventy-five feet at the bottom and 110 feet at the top. The banks would be of concrete to prevent erosion and the barges would be motor-propelled.

The government policy today, and it has been so for many years, is against the construction of canals that do not connect navigable lakes or streams.

In the early days of Ohio there were four canals leading from Erie to the river and many branches or laterals to the cities and villages off the main route. The larger cities had their basins or small lakes where the boats were loaded and unloaded, and the total tonnage which they carried was surprisingly large.



Boats for nearly a century were drawn by relays of horses and mules and progress was necessarily slow. Later the "electric mule" came into being, tracks being laid on the old driveway on the banks. There was the overhead trolley, of course, and the work car. This method proved expensive and was a failure. Still later the motor-driven boat was attempted, but this barely got out of the experimental stages.

The decline of the shallow canal began with the coming of the railroad and the demand for greater speed. Today the demand is for more canals because of excessive rates and congestion of railroads.

The old canals for the most part were built by the state and Federal governments, the state now controlling them, or, to be exact, what is left of them: for the property, worth untold millions, is lying useless and the banks are strewn with wrecks of boats that served the shipping needs of great populations a quarter of a century and more ago.

The property, too, is not quite useless in a few short stretches. Cities along the routes have converted the banks into beauty spots and at every session of the state legislature there is an attempt made to obtain leases so that the unsightly waterways may be converted into boulevards or parks; there has even been the suggestion that the entire Miami and Erie, running from Toledo to Cincinnati, be abandoned and converted into an automobile driveway; which is one of the pleasures to contemplate and anticipate, if the property ever is abandoned.

Surveying the Field

AGITATION for the deeper canal has been going on for several years, but it was not until five years ago that organizations began to be effected to promote the idea.

Four possible routes have been suggested:

Route No. 1—From Pittsburgh through Youngstown to Ashtabula.

Route No. 2—From Marietta through Zanesville to Cleveland.

Route No. 3—From Portsmouth through Columbus to Sandusky.

Route No. 4—From Cincinnati through Hamilton and Dayton to Toledo with a branch from Defiance to Lake Michigan and the Northwest.

In the preliminary investigations of army engineers, Route No. 2 was eliminated because it was found that sufficient water could not be obtained, since the rubber factories at Akron had appropriated the supply from the watershed.

Major General Lansing H. Beach, chief of the United States Engineers at Washington, assigned the field survey work to Colonel Charles W. Kutz in charge of the division, with headquarters at Cincinnati, and he in turn appointed C. I. Grim to be in charge of the field forces.

These forces are tabulating and making estimates from their field notes. The field work on Route No. 4 from Cincinnati to Toledo was completed in May of this year and field work on other routes will soon be done so that Colonel Kutz and Mr. Grim now expect to have the report of the survey of all the proposed routes ready to submit to the Board of United States Engineers at Washington, of which General Harry Taylor is chairman, by next October. Field work was not interrupted by the weather of last winter so that the engineers now expect to have this report ready for incorporation in the annual report of the Secretary of War to be submitted to Congress when it convenes in December.

Whatever may be the recommendations of Colonel Kutz, Mr. Grim and their assistants, the report must be concurred in by the board, of which General Taylor is the head, and then the chief of engineers and the Secretary of War with the final referendum up to Congress.

In event of the selection of a route next winter and the necessary appropriation, there are those who predict that construction may begin next spring and be completed within five years. More progress has been made in the last twelve months than in all the previous years.

Backing the Rival Routes

PITTSBURGH interests made a survey of several routes to Lake Erie on their own account and at their own expense and Professor C. E. Sherman with the engineering department of Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio, made one of Route No. 3. No survey of Route No. 4 had been made since that of General Chittenden of all canals in the state in 1894 until the one that is now practically completed.

The Columbus and Pittsburgh surveys by private interests are not considered official.

Each of the organizations listed, of course, maintains that the route it is backing is the best, but a canal over any of them would be acceptable to all who are interested in obtaining all-water-haul rates.

Friends of waterway transportation point out that a canal from the Ohio River to Lake Erie will make it possible to ship throughout the year with the single exception of a short period in some winters when the canal or river would be frozen. Canalization of the Ohio from Pittsburgh to below Cincinnati already has been completed at a cost of about $70,000,000. Some work already has been done far below Cincinnati, but there is considerable yet to do in the matter of building locks and dams. Until the river had been canalized there were many weeks during the summer when the water was too low for navigation; since the canalization traffic has increased tremendously.

Many of the packets are from Pittsburgh to Cairo but a majority of them are for shorter distances. Towboats, however, now run from Pittsburgh to New Orleans.

Whether any of the old ditches would be used in the construction of a new canal is doubtful. Many of them run through invaluable city property and this is a hindrance, so that it is considered more than likely that canalization of streams not now navigable will be suggested wherever possible.

A board of engineers at first reported adversely on the whole project but only after a not too exhaustive investigation. With the report the canal advocates became more active, so that the field survey was ordered. It is believed this report will show that a canal would be a profitable and a proper undertaking for the government.. The first report, by the way, favored the Pittsburgh route as the shortest and cheapest and estimated that a total tonnage of 20,000,000 a year would have to be carried to justify the work.

Any Route Will Do

AN argument advanced at that time was regarding the cost which the engineers reported as prohibitive but the estimates were made when prices were highest right after the war and were conceded not to be correct, or to fit in normal conditions. The recommendation carried a suggestion that state and local governments be required to pay seventy per cent of the original cost, the Federal Government to pay thirty per cent and to assume the maintenance and operating costs.

The estimated cost of the Pittsburgh route at that time was $120,000,000 and the investigators advanced the argument of obstructive bridges against its selection.

The Cincinnati-Toledo route was estimated to cost $195,000,000. With the branch from Defiance to Lake Michigan, the cost would run close to $400,000,000. The Portsmouth-Sandusky route was estimated at $175,000,000.

These figures are of course excessive and they do not frighten those who are advocating a canal. They have the confidence that tells them that a waterway such as they desire would be more than a local improvement; it would be an asset to the nation and result in greater prosperity and more rapid growth and cheaper fuel and cheaper ore for millions.

Then, too, they are confident that the new estimates will be much lower.

Here are the officers of the associations backing the canal:

W. H. Stephenson, president, and Burd S. Patterson, secretary, Pittsburgh, for the Pittsburgh-Ashtabula route; Henry Williams, president, and J. T. Daniels, secretary, Columbus, Ohio, for the Portsmouth-Sandusky route; Albert Krell, Cincinnati, and S. J. Flickinger, Hamilton, the Cincinnati-Toledo route.

But any route will do.

Consumer Is Industry's Dominating Factor

Further Analysis of the Douglas Idea for Maintaining Social Credit

By WILLIAM WILSON

The following is Mr. Wilson's second article on the Douglas idea, in which he arrives at further conclusions based on the writings of Major C. H. Douglas, and discusses remedies for the social and economic problems, particularly unemployment and industrial dislocation.

WE WILL first of all repeat the conclusions arrived at in our first article of this series:

1. The reason that the peoples of the world are suffering from poverty and unrest in ever-increasing numbers is *not* that nations are poor—nor that populations are too large.
2. The growing distress and unrest is *not* being caused by any moral failings in the people.
3. Neither any fault in production, nor in producers (masters or men), is responsible.
4. The real root of the problem rests in the plain fact that, although we can easily make all the goods we need, we are unable to distribute them effectively.
5. The machinery of distribution is money. It is money that is not fulfilling its proper function.
6. The control of the issue of money is in the hands of a very small minority who are, consciously or unconsciously, enslaving whole communities to a system that can only remain active so long as poverty, waste, work, *and war* exist.
7. By the automatic—and quite unchallenged—process by which all industrial costs are included in the prices of goods to consumers, we have the absurd result that no nation, taken as a whole, can purchase the goods it makes. The consequence is a growing struggle for export markets. This struggle leads to periodic wars—whether sentimentalists denounce them or not.
8. The solution of the problem can only be effected by some arrangement whereby consumption can proceed as quickly as does production. And this can only be brought about by the issue of money, or its equivalent, for *consumption as consumption*—money that will not be added to selling-price, and the sole function of which will be the delivery of goods and services to individuals. . . .

A Rigid Financial Machine

"IN CONSIDERING the design, either of a mechanism or of an undertaking, it is first of all necessary to have a specific and well-designed objective, and after that, a knowledge not only of the methods by which that objective can be obtained, but also of the nature and treatment of forces which will be involved, the materials available, and their reaction to those forces."

The objective—the "why"—of a certain mechanism or undertaking is the domain of policy. The carrying out of this policy—the "how"—is the domain of administration.

In this division between the why and the how of industry rests a vital fact; while society is falling into chaos fighting over the how, the why goes almost entirely unchallenged. Socialists, conservatives, masters, men, priests, revolutionaries, are all wrangling over the control of administration in its various departments—but they are all in perfect agreement on the policy that underlies the structure of society. They will all bring forward pet schemes to cure unemployment, or to balance budgets; but none of them pauses to question why every man *should* be employed, or why budgets *need* balance.

The reason behind this condition of affairs does not rest in any fault in the individuals comprising society. We all learn by looking around us, and what we don't see we don't suspect. It is one of the most vital characteristics of the orthodox system that what "pays" must be boosted—and what doesn't "pay" must be left severely alone. Since it doesn't pay the invisible government to allow questions of policy to be raised, questions of policy are *not* raised. The finance-controlled press keeps as silent as an oyster, and consequently John Smith goes about his work happily ignorant of the forces controlling his labors—his consumption-rate—and very often even the number of children he may have.

Anyone who replies, "the world *is* tolerating the financial system," has only to look around to see that it *isn't*. Britain today is seething with unrest. Labor disputes come, one after another, and the issue of each is more vague than that of the one before. Communist orators can be found in dozens about London—in public squares, in parks, at street corners. Instability can be seen everywhere—if one cares to observe. And, considering Britain is looked upon as the stable nation of Europe, the kind of "toleration" the industrial system is receiving in other European countries may be imagined.

In this world of ours, it is action that counts. Might always get the best of an argument, whether it be right or not. The only way in which right can be installed as a working policy is by making right mighty—and this means the acquiescence of the majority to a right objective. Is it possible to bring about this happy condition to settle our industrial problems? Let us consider a few of the points involved.

Altruistic Ideals

ALTRUISTIC action may be dispensed with at once. Altruism is a characteristic of an occasional individual, but it is never to be found in crowd-psychology. Ideals—like those the well-meaning Socialists or Communists foster—are pure fantasies, simply because they are based on mass-altruism, a human quality that doesn't exist.

Is it possible to get a parliamentary majority working along the right lines? Theoretically, it seems possible, but actually any hope in this direction is too distant to be practical. It is perfectly sound to infer that a majority, fully informed, might work political miracles. But, seeing that the only way of disbursing information is through the press, and that the press is almost completely controlled from high financial sources, we are drawn to the conclusion that the permission of finance must be obtained before finance can be attacked—which is absurd.

It needs no great penetration to see that, by bribes in various disguises, money power can raise parties to eminence, or send them to political perdition; or, what is worse, finance can keep two parties so nearly balanced that each defeats the purpose of the other, causing contempt and ridicule. This is the condition the British Parliament is in today.

We must conclude, then, that neither altruistic ideals, nor parliamentary action can be looked to for the wedding of right with might.

The Unemployment Problem

"LET us, therefore, return to the springs of action in individuals. There is doubtless a certain small number of individuals whose interests are indissolubly wedded to the present economic and social system. The essence of this attachment to it is the fact that it places them in positions of enormous, if frequently hidden, power, and this power, far more than any material reward, is the object of their concern. These individuals are not amenable to any argument other than *force majeure*."

Accordingly, it seems that nothing can be done to get mass action toward the right objective until after the strongholds of finance have been attacked, which brings our line of reasoning round in a "vicious circle"—"We can only defeat money power with money power."

As we find ourselves at the point from which we started, it is clear we must take our line of reasoning at a different angle.

Now, what force has the financial system used, up to now, to insure the co-operation of the units of society? What is the policy that can be depended on to get everyone working together toward a desired end?

A few seconds of thought will give the answer to this question. The one inducement that never fails is "a living." The system that makes provision for all will get the support of all.

Up to fairly recent times the Financial System had the confidence of the masses because it made a livelihood possible—though only *just* possible—for everybody who would "work." Now, however, a growing number of persons are finding that there isn't enough work to go round, *however* willing individuals may be, and, worse, that "work" doesn't necessarily mean an adequate livelihood.

Everybody knows that England has at present a million and a quarter unemployed, but few statisticians would like to count the millions who *are* employed, and yet are living at a semi-starvation level. And it is a fact which we must face sooner or later, that there is no way to make this situation any better if we are to keep within the rules of the orthodox system.

"Not only is it indisputable that the industrial system does not do this (provide adequate livings for all) at the present time, but it is not even publicly contended that this is its object. As a system, it is only considered to be open to criticism when it fails to find employment for everyone.

"So far as the generally accepted methods of democracy are adaptable to the situation, there is no shadow of doubt that the first and most important task for the majority is to vote on this single issue. And the first task for any executive, genuinely empowered by the majority to serve its best interests, is to devise means by which the desires of the majority can be given effective embodiment."

A Mistaken Theory

IT IS vital to recognize the importance of consumption in the industrial process. If it were not for consumption, it is obvious industry would have no meaning whatever. Yet, think of the mountains of paper and the seas of ink that are used yearly in discussing manufacture—its successes, its control, its efficiency, its salesmanship, its advertising—without so much as a passing word on consumption, *its* success or failure, *its* control, its insufficiency, its *lack of any means to advertise.*

The vast majority of persons have been schooled to believe that the act of consumption, past a point that is but a particle in excess of subsistence, is practically sinful. If you put the proposition to the average man, "Picture a community consuming goods—necessities *and luxuries*—as fast as modern machinery, working at full capacity, could produce them."

Notice his reaction—trepidation! Ah, the demoralization it would cause! The press-created psychology of almost every ordinary individual sees a poor man made comfortable inevitably turn into a bad man. Yet the idea is sheer nonsense to all who care to look about them and think it out.

"It is possible to remove every factor from the industrial system, except effective demand, and some sort of industrial system, however primitive in kind (to the extent of digging for roots and climbing for fruit), will remain; but take away the desire, the need, or the belief in the ability to consume, and not a seed will be planted, nor a tool employed.

"It is not for lack of technical ability, but for lack of effective demand, that civilization today stands on the brink of irremediable catastrophe." In short, at present the forces of human nature are being kept subservient to a rigid financial machine, whereas the only just way—the only practical way—is to make that machine flexible to human nature.

"We are in the position of a would-be engineer who refuses to accept the principles of thermodynamics, and, instead of endeavoring to improve his steam engine, tries to alter the properties of steam."

Money, to be effective, must be a true reflection of the real wealth of the community—it must reflect the actual ability of the people as a whole to make and deliver goods to individuals as they want them.

Production can be carried on only by means of this credit inherent in the community.

Therefore, the product rightly belongs neither to the master-producer nor to the laborer, his partner; it belongs to the community from which production has derived its financial energy. The only claim that master or man should have over the goods produced should be on the score of their being consumers.

"It is the business of the scientist, the designer, and the inventor, to place before the individuals who compose the public the achievements which are considered possible. It is the business of the public to say in what quantity and in what priority, it considers these achievements desirable. . . . That is practically what happens at present, with the vital exception that the order system which connects the individual with the producer does not function; whether by accident or design is largely immaterial."

Let us now consider this order system that is not functioning. At present a certain quantity of goods is produced over a certain period of time, and this production sets sums of new credit in motion. Some of the goods are for consumption; but the majority, these days, are sure to be capital goods, goods that are only a link in a new productive process.

Distribution of Credit

SUPPOSE that consumable goods represent one-quarter, and capital goods three-quarters of the total produced in the period under consideration (this is by no means an exaggerated ratio). At the end of the time the consuming public will have received one-quarter of the national production, although by the "law" (blessed word) of supply and demand, it will have paid *the whole of the issue of money* in prices for that quarter share. The pricing system, as it exists, makes this process automatic and, for that reason, it is the pricing system that must be criticized and attacked if there is to be any kind of democratic control of policy.

Before communal control can be hoped for, individuals must have control over a large bulk of spending power, which at present merely flows back to its financial source—the banks.

In the above instance the community needs to possess four times the spending power it actually receives and three-quarters of this must come not through wages (or it will only level up prices), but from that fund of real wealth which has been produced in the interval. It must, in short, come from the source that at present allows banks to lend more than they receive.

Exactly how this distribution of credit through prices could be made is a question for trained accountants. There can be little doubt that, were they set to the problem, *and paid for the labor*, the men clever enough to prepare balance sheets for banks and insurance companies could devise an adequate bookkeeping scheme for social distribution of credit.

It might be done by the issue of discount vouchers against all goods sold for actual consumption. At the supposed ratio of three-quarters the buyer of a pair of shoes at eight dollars would receive from the retailer a voucher for six dollars. That voucher would represent the consumer's share inherent in the manufacture of that particular pair of shoes, and would carry with it all the privileges that a check receives today.

Bearing in mind that everybody consumes, this system would satisfy everybody. Not a single individual would be worse off; there would be no need for confiscation, nationalization, or any other of the "ations" that spell death to enterprise. The only forfeiture that would be necessary would be that of *power* by a mere handful of financiers.

It Is Action That Counts

IN CONSIDERING how a change so far-reaching could be made, let us first emphasize one point: This is *not* a question of ideals, it is a question of real forces with which we of this generation have to contend.

"The break-up of the present financial and social system is certain. Nothing will stop it. 'Back to 1914' is sheer dreaming. . . . The only point at issue is the length of time which the break-up will take. . . . There will probably come, well within the lives of the present generation, a period at which the blind forces of destruction will appear to be in the ascendant. . . . There is, at the moment, no party, group, nor individual possessing at once the power, the knowledge, and the will which would transmute the growing social unrest and resentment into a constructive effort for the regeneration of society. . . . but it is difficult to believe that the whole world is so bereft of sanity that a pause for reflection is too much to hope for, pending a final resignation to utter catastrophe. . . . During that period a small impetus from a body of men who know what to do, and how to do it, may make the difference between yet one more retreat into the Dark Ages, or the emergence into the full light of a day of such splendor as we can at present only envisage dimly."

Sapiro Invades the Tobacco Field

Concluded from page 5

one can hire a man familiar with the line at this salary. Mr. Rogers was—and is, for his business has not been interfered with—a wholesale groceryman, and probably, for this reason, was believed to know all about tobacco, with which he had never had any connection, and with warehousing and warehouses, which he knew only from the outside.

However, in the Sapiro organization, the less a man knows about the work he is supposed to be employed to do, and the more he knows about Mr. Sapiro, the better qualified he is to exploit the American farmer. After all, there may be something to the now old song about the man who affirmed that he had no bananas.

Some Prices for Warehouses

AND, while we are discussing warehouses, let us not forget that the subsidiary corporation to operate warehouses is the first step taken by Mr. Sapiro after he has formed a co-operative marketing association in any branch of the industry. There seems to be a sort of financial attraction about the co-operative operation of warehouses which appeals to Mr. Sapiro. Following this plan, the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, also organized and controlled by Mr. Sapiro, has 119 warehouses. At the first meeting of this association, whose salary list for executives is comparable in top-heaviness with that of the dark tobacco group, Sapiro prepared the minutes in advance of the meeting. These minutes contained a resolution that James C. Stone be made general manager at $20,000 a year, and that R. M. Barker be made director of warehouses at $18,000 a year. Mr. Barker was given absolute authority to buy all the warehouse property he might deem necessary to the conduct of the association's business. In addition to this purchase and control of warehouses, Mr. Barker was given authority to make contracts with the dryers to re-dry the association's tobacco.

Now, several of the directors, as well as Mr. Stone, the general manager, and Mr. Barker, had warehouses which they wished to sell, and did sell, to the association.

In addition to this, Mr. Barker owned, and still owns, a re-drying plant.

Approximately $6,000,000 was expended by this Burley association in the purchase of warehouses, which should have cost rather less than $4,500,000. The writer has been unable to get the figures on all these warehouses; it is current belief in Kentucky and some of the other states that the records of these transactions have been "lost." But some such records remain, notably one which shows that Mr. Stone, general manager, sold for $250,000 to the association in 1921, two warehouses which he had purchased during the war, at the record high level of prices, for $165,000. Mr. Barker also sold his own warehouse to the association, but the record of this is among the missing.

Here is a table, necessarily brief, showing the profits taken from the farmers in the Burley tobacco association, by ten owners of warehouses who sold their plants, through Mr. Barker, to the association.

Name of Warehouse	Price paid in 1917-18.	Paid by association 1920-21.	Profit from farmers.
Independent	$ 80,000	$ 130,000	$ 50,000
Central & Planters	165 000	250 000	85,000
Headley	110,000	175,000	65;000
Growers Co.	70,000	118 000	48 000
Burley	225,000	295,000	70 000
Tattersalls'	200 000	260,000	60,000
Shelburne	70,000	140,000	70,000
Maxwell's	60,000	72 000	12 000
People's	25,000	45 000	20,000
Geary & Buckley	80,000	125,000	45,000
Totals	$1,085,000	$1,610,000	$ 525,000

These warehouses were sold by the Louisville Warehouse Company in 1917 and 1918 during a period of extremely high prices to the private owners named. These owners, in 1920 and 1921, during one of the worst economic slumps Kentucky ever experienced, sold them to the Sapiro-created, and Sapiro-directed Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, through a director of warehouses who was Sapiro's appointee, for an average of approximately fifty per cent more than they paid for them. The entire ten are in Lexington, Kentucky.

There is no evidence at present to show that Mr. Sapiro received any "commissions" on the sales of these warehouses, any more than there is to indicate the amount of commission he has received from Weyl & Zuckerman, if any, for the sale of vegetable, fruit and other products of western members of the Sapiro Plan co-operatives. But it has been reported, and never denied by Mr. Sapiro, that he did get $16,000 as "supervising legal counsellor" for the warehouse corporation which he formed subsidiary to the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association. Just how this was put over at a meeting of the directors of the subsidiary is a story now familiar throughout Kentucky.

According to the Lexington *Herald*, a newspaper which has been doing all that lies within its power to save the tobacco industry from the Jewish grip, the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, organized and directed by Sapiro, paid to that altruistic gentleman "between $45,000 and $50,000." Mr. Joseph Passonneau, now state director of markets in Colorado, but formerly organizing director for Sapiro in the tobacco fields of the five states mentioned, declares that Sapiro received $36,000 in fees from the Burley growers, and $16,000 more from the subsidiary warehouse corporation—a total of $52,000.

From the Dark Tobacco Growers' Association, Sapiro is reported to have received—and has never denied the report—$30,000 in the method described earlier in this article, and $22,845 for "legal services," apparently in addition to his regular fee as "supervising legal counsellor." More than this, the able Aaron not long ago presented an additional bill for $2,500, which at this writing had not been paid.

Co-operative farm marketing, as practiced under the Sapiro Plan, whether it be in the prune orchards of California, the wheat fields of the Northwest, or the tobacco plantations of the Southeast, merely means providing payment for a lot of swivel-chair sales experts, managers, directors and other executives; the opening of opportunity for sale to the associations of whatever equipment certain favored executives and directors may have, and, ultimately, the support by these overpaid Gentile officials of the associations of the Jewish ring which is seeking to exploit the American agriculturist. The farmer and his welfare are the last factors considered by any of these promoters in organizing, controlling and directing the Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations.

In the tobacco regions, as in other agricultural districts invaded by the Sapiro Plan, there are established under the general associations numbers of local associations or branches, each of which provides a number of executive positions at high salaries for the lieutenants of Sapiro and for their friends. One of these locals in Kentucky—the Christian County Local—at the request of its members, attempted to make an investigation of, and a report on, the condition of the Dark Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association. Though met with opposition, "office politics" and deception on every hand in the offices of the association, nevertheless this committee, headed by M. J. Boyd, persevered, and finally rendered a report which is one of the most interesting documents yet written in this effort to break the grip of organized Jewry on the American farmer. It cannot be reproduced in full here, but the report shows that the association produced for the 1922 crop approximately 175,000,000 pounds of dark tobacco, of which "all but about 30,000,000 pounds" had been marketed on May 5, 1924. That is to say, two years had been required to market 145,000,000 pounds of tobacco, whereas, prior to the organization of this association by Aaron Sapiro, the entire crop had been marketed within three or four months after it was ready for sale.

Who Owns the Association?

BUT the report also shows that to market this 145,000,000 pounds of tobacco, the costs to the association totaled $5,495,410. Now this dark tobacco brought a top average of thirteen cents a pound, or $18,850,000 for that part of the crop marketed. That is to say, the cost of marketing this tobacco through the Sapiro-directed association was almost one-third of the sale-price of the tobacco. For every thirteen cents the Kentucky tobacco-grower received for his crop, he paid out approximately four cents for the cost of marketing. Incidentally, this report figures that Mr. A. Sapiro, of San Francisco, received $58,068.90 in fees *for the year 1923 alone.* This is more than other investigators have given as Mr. Sapiro's fee, but the writer believes it is more nearly correct than any. How long could any private enterprise hope to survive if it spent one-third of the price of its product to sell that product? Not one-third of the cost-price, bear in mind, but one-third of the selling price.

In concluding its report this committee very naïvely says:

"The members of this committee have been under the impression that the association belongs to the farmers who are feeding it with their tobacco, raised on their lands by the sweat of their faces. Perhaps we are in error. It may be that the association is owned by the men who are drawing large salaries and being paid fat fees; that the farmer's only duty is to grow and deliver the tobacco; his only right to receive what is paid to him from time to time, with the positive understanding that if he should so far forget himself as to open his mouth, he will be spanked and put to bed.

The Summing-Up

"SURELY, surely, however, this cannot be true. Yet, when we come to think about it, we were in and out of the association headquarters for several weeks, and we did not see any farmers holding office in or drawing large salaries from the association, or in any other way showing ownership therein.

"The affairs of this association (The Sapiro Plan Dark Tobacco Growers' Association) have not been properly managed. The expense account shows gross and reckless waste and extravagance. Outrageous prices have been paid for warehouses; new warehouses are being erected at points over the district. The members are carrying the surplus tobacco, to the profit of the non-member. Politics play an important part in the policies of the association.

"Salaries paid by the association are far greater than salaries paid for similar services in other lines of business. The expenses of the association run into figûres so large as to stagger the imagination. As one official of the association said:

"'More money was spent last year than I thought was in all the world.'"

In spite of all this, in spite of the flamboyant promises made to the tobacco-growers of five states by Aaron Sapiro when he carried his disastrous plan of co-operative marketing to them three years ago, one-sixth of the 1922 dark tobacco crop is unsold at this writing; less than half of the 1923 tobacco crop has been disposed of, and, in the language of one of the largest co-operative growers in Kentucky, "the God of Isaac and of Jacob—and of Aaron—alone knows what we'll do with the 1924 crop." Possibly Aaron of San Francisco knows, but he is now flitting about in Europe, and has as yet given nothing by way of solution to the men who paid him more than one hundred thousand dollars to be their "supervising legal counsellor."

A Psalter Now Worth $75,000

Concluded from page 3

London in 1599; this is the only known copy of this edition of the "Venus and Adonis."

The two American libraries which contain the finest collections of early English printed works are the Henry E. Huntington Library, at San Gabriel, California, and the J. P. Morgan Library, recently presented to the City of New York. Only the most unusual circumstances have made possible these libraries which harbor treasures equal to any in the world. As far as early printing is concerned, Harvard College Library with its Widener Collection, the New York Public Library, the Newberry Library in Chicago, and the Ann Mary Brown Library in Providence, Rhode Island, enjoy wonderful collections. English writers have achieved a real "place in the sun" of the book market. In general the authors popular with the ordinary reader are the ones whose works have achieved the further fame of high prices. Burns and Byron and Shelley among the poets, with Dickens and Stevenson and Joseph Conrad among writers, are considered by the collector as assured of undying fame. In general the judgments of the auction block—for books are sold in this way—have been sound.

Shelley's "Queen Mab" with his own autograph corrections, published as late as 1813, brought $6,000. At a sale in New York of the manuscripts of the works of Joseph Conrad a grand total of more than $110,000 was reached. This distinguished author is one of the elect few to live to enjoy some direct participation in the extraordinary prices of his manuscripts and first editions of his works.

Dickens' works were largely published in a form something like dime novels or penny dreadfuls, issued in parts with yellow or blue covers and advertisements. The true Dickens' enthusiast must have all the blue covers and the "ads" and he is willing to pay up to a thousand dollars for such a copy, whereas without these strange embellishments a bound copy would bring only fifty or sixty dollars.

No discussion of rare books would be complete without mentioning Americana which name covers a multitude of books which touch more or less directly upon the New World discovered by Columbus. Any book published before 1550 which so much as mentions the New World comes within this category; all books published in America before 1800 are also included. Early books of voyages and travel are particularly valuable as Americana, especially when containing maps or illustrations.

It is almost useless to try to place values upon the precious documents of human history which we have mentioned. Such records are found in America in several great collections. John Carter Brown has his memorial in the library at Providence; Lenox and Astor, of New York, have their memorial in the great New York Public Library; Ayer, of Chicago, has his memorial in the Newberry Library of Chicago; Huntington has one of the wonders of the world in his library at San Gabriel; J. P. Morgan has perpetuated his memory in a treasure house in New York; William L. Clements, of Bay City, Michigan, has erected at Ann Arbor a shrine to which from now on competent students of American history will come; Detroit has a fine collection on the Great Lakes Region, a tribute to the life-long enthusiasm of Clarence M. Burton. These collections are priceless. Such collectors are benefactors of the American people, true patriots whose names will be cherished by future generations.

The James River—Where History Was Made

Concluded from page 10

is sold in all the corn-raising sections of the country.

Tuckahoe is the oldest of the James River mansions west of Richmond. Originally it was a frontier settlement, for during the era when the Indians terrorized the Virginia colony, the law required for every 500 acres, "one Christian man, perfect of limb, provided with a well-fixed musquett or fuzee, a good pistoll, sharp simeter and tomahawk to live upon the land." The house that stands there today is bordered by towering elms. A box-labyrinth with its twisting, winding walks is a unique feature. Tuckahoe is the estate of the Randolph family. The names of some of the members scratched with diamonds centuries ago on the windows are still discernible. The estate is famed for its hospitality. Like most of the other Old Dominion mansions, it also has its ghost stories—the spook of a murdered peddler haunts one room, so rumor says, while the ghost of a distressed bride paces the east walk during the dead of night.

The Curl's Neck plantation, where Nathaniel Bacon and William Randolph once lived and concocted the inglorious Bacon Rebellion, gets its name from the twisting bends of the James River in that neighborhood. It is one of the most notable stock farms of Virginia. C. K. G. Billings now owns the place. It has been the training grounds of hundreds of the best race horses that ever faced a starter's flag. Such champions as Lou Dillon, The Harvester and Uhlan have made track records and grazed on luxuriant fields of blue grass at Curl's Neck.

The Human Appeal in Scrap-Book Philosophy

Virile Verses of Grace E. Hall Attract Wide-Spread Recognition

By MRS. NORMAN DAVIS

ONE day, while seated at breakfast in one of the small hotels in Eastern Oregon, I fell into conversation with the young man who shared my table. During the earlier part of the meal, he had seemed quite absorbed in skimming the headlines of the newspaper which he had propped before him, but as I finished my grapefruit, and poked questioningly at the eggs, I noticed that he had taken his cigar-clipper from his pocket, and was cutting a paragraph from one of the inner pages. As he stirred his coffee, he read and re-read this clipping, until my curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Finally, he glanced up and handed me the slip of paper.

Banging his fist down on the table with a vehemence that fairly made the sirup jug dance, he said:

"She hit the nail on the head that time. Watch me go out and get that Johnson order today!"

The broad-shouldered, red-blooded young man across from me hardly seemed the type that would absorb verse with his pancakes, but I noted that the clipping was just that—a bit of verse, signed "Grace E. Hall."

As I read the quaint bit of philosophy which had been so cleverly worked into rhyme, the salesman opened his wallet, and extracted some dozen or so well-thumbed clippings, which he passed over to me.

"I've never met Grace E. Hall," he went on, "but she seems to know me and my kind well enough to give us a message every so often that sort of straightens out the mean kinks in us. She seems to get pretty close to you women-folks, too, for at home the little wife has a scrap-book in which she pastes the kind of things women love to save, and I'll warrant you that a good two-thirds of those pasted clippings are signed by this writer. That's why they call her 'The Scrap-Book Poet.'

"I'm with a bank-note concern, and do considerable traveling through the western states. We salesmen get pretty well acquainted as we go along, and I think a student of psychology would be interested in seeing what we carry in our bill-folders along with the home snapshots, the blank checks and the business-cards. In nine cases out of ten, I'll bet you'll find not one, but several, of the poems of Grace E. Hall. There isn't much she hasn't written about that isn't sensible, wholesome and inspiring, and it would take a weak-minded person who couldn't find some bit of cheer or helpfulness in her daily verse."

When I repeated this last sentence to the woman of whom we were speaking, she laughed, with the infectious, girlish laugh that is part of her charm. "During the past year," she confided, "I have found that even the weak-minded get something from my verse, although I could hardly state that it has been helpful to them—and it certainly has caused *me* a great deal of annoyance.

"Last winter when I was in California, I received a letter, written in a German-American script, from a man who told me he had enjoyed my verses, and who wanted to meet me. He asked for my address. Naturally, I have to use care in these cases, so I simply wrote him that such a thing was impossible, and that the only way in which he could reach me was through the newspaper which published my verse.

"Upon returning to Portland, I found a book in my mail-box, entitled "Jail-Birds vs. Game-Birds," written entirely by hand. It was a strange mixture of philosophy, anarchistic sentiments, information on various subjects; in fact, it rambled on about a little of everything. Inclosed with it were personal letters, and a man's prison discharge. Letters began to arrive, both by mail and delivered by person (since they were slipped under the door in the latter case, I never saw the writer or messenger). After he had proposed matrimony, seeming to have the idea that I was a divorceé, I handed the matter over to the police, who apprehended the man, and he was adjudged insane. Later he was sent to the state asylum. While he was still there, other mysterious letters, written in a different handwriting, began to arrive, which became very annoying in their tone.

"This writer seemed to feel that we were already married, and when the police caught him, after he had left two packages at the house one day, he was quite indignant about it, and insisted that I was double-crossing him. The packages proved to contain a worn-out pair of man's shoes, with a note saying that since I had spoken of 'golden sandals' in my poem, he feared my feet might become cold, so he was sending me something better. Besides the shoes, there was a rough stick, with the notation that I might find some of my subjects unruly, so he was giving me a scepter with which to rule them!

"The examining-board found him insane, and just after they had packed him off to the asylum, Writer No. 1 escaped from there, and immediately began his letters again, so the sleuthing began once more, and continued until he was caught and sent back to his proper place. It seemed that he had given my name and address to the second writer while they were both at the asylum, and Writer No. 2, after giving the first man directions to escape, made his own way out, and tried his hand at the game!

"However, these are the only unpleasant and unfortunate occurrences in connection with the appearance of my verses that I can remember. On the other hand, I have had so many pleasant things happen to me, because of my readers wanting to show their appreciation, that it would fill a volume to tell of them. Some of my dearest treasures are the books and pictures that have come to me in this connection.

"People have told me," the recipient of these gifts related, "that I have a remarkable personal response to my verse, and I think perhaps this must be so. Never a day passes that I do not receive letters, several phone calls, visits or packages from those who have read my verse, and feel that they want me to know how it affected them, or else desire a poem along certain lines which they feel would be helpful to them. Naturally, I enjoy this; one likes to feel that one's work is doing a bit toward giving happiness and lifting others along the road. I do not tell you of this because of what *I* have done, but because of what these others are doing for *me*. It is these messages—these letters that have been my excuse for going on. I would have stopped writing long ago were it not for the encouragement that I have received from my readers.

"Had anyone in all the world given me any encouragement when, as a child, I first began to give indications of 'writer's itch,' I might have become a real writer—might, years ago, have won a name worthwhile. No one can rise above his present condition, if he has failed to make good in his own estimation. All he needs is confidence in his own powers. No strength comes from any other source, but the honest encouragement of others is a wonderful help, and we owe it to our fellows to speak out, and tell them they can do what they are willing to attempt—that it is a matter of application and self-belief. I honestly believe that half of our down-and-outers are what they are, simply because of the lack of self-esteem, self-confidence; and that many failures are blamable to the parents and the friends, who have failed to say an encouraging word at the crucial moment in their lives. And, too, I believe there is a real comeback in nine-tenths of these same men and women, if human kindness and interest in them were shown by the rest of us—not in the form of charity, but in real heart-interest, true desire to help them to get back self-power.

GRACE E. HALL

The scrap-book philosopher: probably the only woman writer of newspaper verse who is under contract.

"There is nothing in all the world that so kills ambition, so chills and depresses a human being, as the stolid indifference of the people with whom they are thrown in contact. The feeling—'What does it matter? Who cares?' may be a weakling's excuse, but it carries a powerful indictment of mankind."

Grace E. Hall's parents were New Englanders, but she was born in Illinois. The family moved West early in her life, so the greater part of her time has been spent in the Willamette Valley, and the last thirteen years in Portland, Oregon.

She told me that her earliest recollection was of being a very lonely little girl on an Illinois farm, without playmates except two older brothers.

"I was possessed of an intense love of horses," she said, "but a heartless disinclination for dolls. I still love horses, and I still have a dislike of the make-believe. I think that is why I am still lonely, too; I have never been able to be satisfied with the small-talk and sham of the social world. I cannot endure the superficial. As soon as I meet anyone, I want to get beneath the surface to know the real man or woman underneath the conventional form shown the world.

"From my first memory I have had an intense desire to know the 'why' of everything, especially of people's conduct—the innermost motives of actions; not as they appear, but as they *are*. An analytical mind that has been able to grasp values with a fair degree of accuracy has not, perhaps, added to the sweetness of life. Sometimes it is better *not* to see!

"My loneliness found an outlet in writing; bits of verse and prose were readily accepted by small-town editors whenever I offered them, but the glory was not sufficient to inspire me to continued effort. About the time I would have entered college financial misfortune befell my father, and I sought employment in a country town newspaper office shortly after coming to the coast. I enjoyed the work and the atmosphere. I served in every department, except that of the job work, and did everything one does in a newspaper office, except hunt for 'type-lice'! Anyone who has ever been around such a place knows how the 'greenie' is always asked to bend closely over the saturated type-forms, to hunt for these mites—only to have the wet mass 'bunched,' which throws a perfect geyser of inky water into one's face. My analytical mind refused to see where any such pests could cling to wet metal, so I refused to 'bite'!

"Gradually I became a news writer and reporter, and the last two years of my employment I did all the writing except the editorials, and occasionally I did those, too. For five years I did the correspondence for a Portland daily from this same country town.

"About five years ago, disregarding the advice of all my friends, I sent in some verses to the Portland *Oregonian*—one of the ten largest newspapers in the United States. These were accepted, and after a time, I decided—still against the advice of friends—to ask for payment for my work. Since there is, so far as I know, no woman in the country who is paid, under contract, to write newspaper verse, I was suggesting an unheard-of thing, when I broached my idea to the *Oregonian*. I believe there is no other woman who does just the sort of thing that I am doing—which is that of having regular space on the editorial page of a large newspaper, for which she is paid. For my paper immediately began to pay me for my verse, and I have been under contract with them ever since."

Just as book-dealers consider Edgar Guest as the "best seller" among verse-makers, so is Grace E. Hall declared to be the best-paid woman who does this sort of work. A year ago, when her first volume appeared, information was obtained from book-sellers throughout Oregon and the western states to the effect that her book of verses had received an unprecedented welcome and sale.

"Homespun" is the name of the little collection, the name being a fitting one for the type of poems it contains—poems which in the aggregate make up the fabric of life. It has never been the author's ambition to break into the world of books, but from the time of the first appearance of her verse in the *Oregonian*, she has had requests for such a volume. There are qualities in her work—qualities hard to define, yet undeniably there. Her poems were regularly read over Oregon, over the western states; they trickled East, finding friends wherever they went. That is how Dodd, Mead & Company, New York publishers, arranged with her to print the collection. They have recently brought out her second book, "Patchwork."

There is nothing of the abnormal about Grace E. Hall. She lives in one of the prettiest suburbs of rose-gardened Portland, and has a normal, interested and interesting woman's program. Her home is a *real* home, with soft lights, restful colors, good pictures, books and music.

The stamina of this writer's verse seems to be a reflection from her own virile strength. She is aglow with health, and keenly interested in the world about her. She loves the out-of-doors, and expresses this in much of her verse. One cannot meet Grace E. Hall without feeling her whole-hearted friendliness, which reaches one in her firm, quick hand-clasp, and warm, radiant smile.

The letters that come to her by the hundreds express what these readers feel. There are those from invalids, others from prisoners; many from the growing girl and boy, uncertain of the way to go. Some of the letters are pitiful, some are brave. One of the most tragic that the writer has received was from a man whose home had been wrecked, and in his later years; he had written, begging her to write a protest against divorce.

"Perhaps the funniest one I ever received," she laughed, "was from a dear old man in Washington, who said he always thought of me as wearing wings! Considering my splendid state of health and substantial build, it gave me a good laugh—although I am quite sure that is farthest from what the man intended.

"People often write or phone me asking for a verse to fit some occasion—a birthday, an anniversary—even a little sentiment at the time of a death. I gladly respond. This morning, I had a request to have a sentiment, in verse, in the hands of the jeweler by four o'clock this afternoon, as it was intended to be engraved upon a child's silver cup! I had it there by noon. It is never a task to prepare a verse in a given time.

"Recently a welfare worker called me up, and asked me if I wouldn't write something that would appeal to a wayward girl. It seemed she could not be reached by the worker, or by her mother—she felt especially bitter toward the latter, because the mother was not able to afford the things the daughter felt so necessary for her happiness. She felt her mother did not understand. For some reason, in the past, my poems had appealed to the girl.

In the five years in which Grace E. Hall has been contributing verse to her home newspaper, she has had more than a thousand poems published. For one period of thirteen months, one a day appeared from her facile pen. While some of her lines may lack the music of those of more widely-known poets, they never lack the potent message, wherein her readers find the answer to their own questions.

She disclaims being a poet, but calls herself a writer of verse. She writes with a homely philosophy, putting common-sense thoughts into easy rhyme.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Brazil is an enormous country comprising every zone save the Arctic and capable of producing all the fruits of the earth. This country, nearly the size of the whole of Europe, has a population not more than one-fourth that of the United States.

Man lived in Florida twenty-five thousand years ago, according to evidence found by Dr. F. B. Loomis, professor of geology at Amherst College.

The famous old ship *Constitution* lies rotting away at a dock in the Boston Navy Yard. A bill appropriating money to repair and save this patriotic old relic was shelved in the rush of business as Congress closed.

President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is now visiting in Denmark in an attempt to divert flow of Danish emigrants to Canada from the United States. He offers special facilities and virtually free farm land in Canada.

Clemenceau is living in his garden, writing a book on political philosophy.

The district mounted patrol of the Krugersdorp (Transvaal) in Africa while destroying locusts on the boundary of the West Rand noticed one locust with a white body. He captured it and found tied round its body a piece of paper bearing the message "Farmers do your best—26-5-24, Christiania." The distance between Christiania and the place where the locust was captured is more than 200 miles, and the locust dispatch flyer must have covered the distance with a swarm about a mile long in twenty-four hours, which included a rest overnight.

Robert Raikes, a Gloucester (England) printer and publisher, in 1780 noticed some urchins playing in the street on a Sunday morning, gathered a number of them together and formed them into a class for private religious instruction. This was the beginning of Sunday schools.

A committee reporting to the American Bar Association brings to light the fact that in the examination of the law courses of twenty-five of the leading schools of this country they found that a study of the Constitution is compulsory in only nine of them, and in two of those attention is given to the purely commercial or legal value of it.

Less than two per cent of the total land of the United States is now irrigated, yet reclamation has reached the stage where future progress can be made only through the construction of extensive storage works or the use of underground waters made available by pumping.

The Mexican Government has decided that no military commander in any section of the republic shall remain in office permanently, but that all such commanders shall interchange offices frequently. This step is aimed at preventing the development of political machines, which are said to have been largely responsible for the last revolution.

Zane Grey, author, is credited with landing the largest swordfish of the season. On July 15 he caught a four-hundred-fifty-pound monster with rod and reel, after a battle of several hours in Catalina waters off the coast of California.

The maids and matrons of the Italian Young Women's Catholic Union are pledging themselves to modesty in dress both inside and outside the church in Italy.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Mrs. Grace Rogers, sister of Paul J. Rainey, the well-known hunter, has presented twenty-six thousand acres of land in Louisiana to the National Audubon Societies, together with a large endowment for the boarding of hundreds of millions of wild duck every winter. It is to be known as the Paul J. Rainey wild life sanctuary.

Speeding across Mica bay, on Coeur d'Alene Lake, Idaho, in a war canoe, a group of Campfire girls from Camp Sweyolakan prevented the spread of a raging forest fire which threatened several farms in the district. With shovels, hatchets, buckets and every available implement, the girls threw a trench 100 feet long by 20 feet wide about one end of the fire and brought it under control. An all-night vigil was kept over the fire area, the girls taking turns at standing guard while the others rolled up in blankets and slept.

Unoccupied fields in Marinette County, Wisconsin, will be sowed to buckwheat this summer and the crop fed to prairie chickens in the winter by members and officers of the Izaak Walton League at Marinette and the Marinette County conservation clubs.

Sixty per cent of the guests of the Clifton Hotel at Niagara Falls are honeymooners. The general manager says they don't eat much of *anything* and those who do eat don't care *what* they eat. They are the easiest people to please. All they want is to be let alone.

A division of fast destroyers of the British Government have been dispatched to co-operate with vessels of the French and Italian navies in curbing the slave-trading *dhows* that ply between Africa and Arabia.

It is said that 200.000,000 pieces of mail are yearly given "directory service," which means that postal employes must take time from the regular handling and dispatching of mail in the endeavor to provide correct addresses for this huge volume of misdirected matter. This service costs approximately five hundred dollars daily in the city of New York alone.

At a sale of early Chinese porcelain just recently held in London, two bottles of the Ming period were sold for the fabulous sum of $32,000. The bottles are turquoise blue and richly crackled.

The Federal Government has collected $589,000,000 since 1917 in taxes for motor vehicles and has paid out $264,000,000, or forty-five per cent of this, for Federal and state highway funds.

Washington aviators are buying powder puffs by the carton. They place a puff over each ear and then buckle on their helmets. Ordinarily when going into high altitudes they must stuff their ears with cotton and the powder puff is more comfortable.

The twentieth amendment to the Constitution, if it is ratified in time by the required number of states, will be that giving Congress the power to regulate the labor of children under eighteen years of age.

There are eight million more women than men in Europe.

From duties levied in Tarifa, a port city on the Strait of Gibraltar, on all merchandise in ships passing through the strait in Moslem days has come our word "tariff."

The United States Department of Agriculture is about to establish a forest experiment station in the Pacific Northwest to determine the best method for the restoration of the forest in the cut-over land of that region.

A journey from Haifa, Palestine, across the desert to Bagdad which two years ago took about two weeks, is now being made in four days. This is due to the operation of a motor bus service between the two points.

A murder a day for June and 177 since the first of the year is Chicago's record, according to the report of the Chicago Crime Commission. April, with thirty-three homicides, had the largest number.

The original Olympic games date back to 776 B. C., which is the accepted date of the first Olympiad. The Paris Olympic games this year were the eighth of the revived series which began in Athens in 1896.

The largest elevated water tank in the world is being erected in San Diego, California. It has a capacity of 1,200,000 gallons.

The lowest proportion of foreign stock in any section of the country is in the east south central states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi. Here only three per cent of the population is of foreign stock and but eight-tenths per cent foreign-born.

In proportion to the number of inhabitants, Alaska has the most intensive radio development of all lands. It seems to have been especially devised to fit the needs of these people, because while they are cut off from many settlements for six months of the year by the snow, the icy blasts are no obstacles to the electromagnetic waves.

The most important library in the world, according to the number of volumes, is the National Library in Paris which has 3,500,000 books.

The value of the products of all the states' prison industries during the past year was $69,000,000; of this prison-made work, clothing was valued at $19,000,000.

As a result of a terrific maritime convulsion a new island has sprung up in the Sea of Azov, an arm of the Black Sea. The island is a dangerous impediment to navigators and beacons have been erected to warn the approaching ships.

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Italian Race and Its Characteristics

Dental Sharks Who Prey on Public

Salvaging the Wreck of the Movie

Uncle Sam's Junior Farmers' Clubs

Quaint Nantucket Past and Present

Rehabilitation of Austria-Hungary

Appeal for Conservation of Forests

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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Various Aspects of Broadcasting

What Is Wrong With Our Colleges?

Sapiro Hand in the Wheat Pool

Chinese Quacks and Their Methods

Study in Race Appreciation—The Italians

A People Who Sprang From Many Stems

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota. *Copyright, 1924.*

Greek Temple at Paestum.

WE REALLY know so little about the Italian in America that our slang name for him is itself a misnomer. The name "Diego" or James is frequent among the Spaniards. The term was picked up by our mono-tongued fellow citizens, the Yankee sailors, in their voyages along the coast lands to the south of us, who used it to designate all those who spoke Spanish or Portuguese. Later it was used to include all dark-skinned, foreign-speaking people in the coastal cities of Latin-America. In the United States today it has come to apply largely to the Italians.

We commonly fail to differentiate the people who come to us from Italy, but all Italians are not simply short, dark-skinned men of a single type.

The earliest people in Italy whose identity is known were a branch of the great Mediterranean race—the same race who first settled Greece, and akin to the Iberians who early overran Spain, France, and the British Isles. They were an adventurous, seafaring folk, swarthy or with olive complexion, and black hair. They were dolichocephalic, or long-headed, and of relatively slight, short stature. This ancient type is still found in large proportion in Calabria and parts of Apulia in Southern Italy, and in Sardinia.

At a much later time, probably beginning about 4,000 years ago, there came into Italy, in succeeding periods, from the north and the east, pre-Celtic people of the Alpine race. Occupying at first the lake regions of Northern Italy, these broad-headed people gradually extended southward to the plains of the Po and across the Appenines into Tuscany as far south as the Tiber, blending with the earlier long-headed race. Their occupation of Northern Italy was broken some time about 1200 B. C. by the invasion of other peoples of long-disputed and still uncertain origin coming from the north and perhaps also from the east—the nucleus of whom was long-headed and probably proto-Teutonic.

Ruins of Roman Theater, Timgad, Africa, in desert on way south to the oasis of Biskra.

These new invaders spread over the valley of the Po and extended their conquest across the Appenines into Etruria and Umbria. Following this new invasion in the north at a date undetermined, but at about the year 1000 B. C., an original and distinctive civilization known as the Etruscan was built up.

The Etruscans thus were a mixed people among whom the early Mediterranean race formed a certain part, with a larger per cent of Alpines, and a considerable per cent of long-headed people of the later invasion. The Etruscans were a wealthy people dwelling in a league of twelve cities and having a very advanced culture—as inspection of Etruscan jewelry, bronze household utensils, pottery, terra cottas, and glass, in the museums of Italy and in our own Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York will abundantly prove.

While the Etruscans were flourishing in Northern Italy, in Southern and Central Italy Greek colonists were coming into the country. So widely did the Greeks settle in Southern Italy that it received the name of "Magna Graecia," and until an advanced period in the Christian Era Greek customs and language prevailed there in some districts.

In the Greek ruins in Italy one can still see with what art and beauty the Greeks permeated all life. Most notable, perhaps, are the ruins of the theater at Taormina, in Sicily, on the site of the ancient town of Tauromenium, dating from the fourth or fifth century B. C. The view today from the hill on which the ruins of the theater stand is one of the most beautiful in Italy. One sees not only the pyramidal Mount Etna, but half a dozen other towering peaks crowned with castles —truly "castles in the air"—while below is the city itself perched on a cliff overlooking the Mediterranean, which stretches far away in the distance southward.

The best known Greek ruins of Italy are the Temples of Paestum, close by the Mediterranean Sea, south of Naples on the site of the ancient city of Poseidonia, "City of Neptune," founded about 600 B. C. The three temples are the finest specimens of pure Greek architecture outside of Athens. Five hundred years before Christ lived those temples looked upon a thriving city and an advanced civilization.

Between the Etruscan culture on the north and the Greek colonies on the south, there developed other peoples in the central part of Italy—important among whom were the Sabines and the Latins. The Sabines seem to have been akin to the Etruscans in origin. By the fusion of the Sabines and the more homogeneous Latins and other kindred peoples of Central Italy the Rome of history emerged, the tongue of the Latins prevailing over other dialects. With this rising power of Rome, and new invasions of Alpines from the north, the Etruscan civilization was absorbed and overthrown.

What can we say of the glory of that Roman civilization? The history of the Roman Empire belongs not to Italy, but to the world. Its system of laws is the basis of the legal systems of the civilized world of today. Not only do we find marvelous Roman ruins in Italy, but scattered over Europe and along the shores of the Mediterranean.

Far down in the desert sands in Africa are the ruins of the great city of Timgad. The streets with worn and rutted pavements, with temples, market places, theaters and dwellings, attest the busy life that was once a part, even in this distant spot, of the great Roman Empire. In Spain, in France, off the busy Strand in London, out from the city of Budapest in Hungary, we find still the ruins which show what Rome once was. And still farther eastward Roman soldiers and colonists fixed their name, and, in part, their language on a Slavic people who are known today as the Rumanians.

What shall we say of the mixture of races in Italy when "all roads led to Rome"? Alien legionaries, immigrants and invaders, peoples from the ends of the known earth centered there: Greeks, Spaniards and Portuguese of the Mediterranean race; Egyptians, Moors and Negroes, bond and free, from Africa; Gauls and Celts and Slavs of the Alpine race; Goths, Vandals and Lombards of the Teutonic race; Huns, Jews and Syrians; Arabs and Saracens from Asia—all came to Italy when Italy was Rome. Until, as a Roman writer said, the Orient had emptied itself into the Tiber, and the Eternal City became a *cloaca maxima,* the universal sewer of the world.

Of the many reasons given for the fall of Rome, her diverse unassimilated aliens must be considered an important factor.

From the earliest time of Gothic legionaries and invaders, to the day when Genseric the Vandal sailed up the Tiber and Rome was sacked, and on to the present day, the Teutonic racial element has been strong among the Alpine Italians of the north.

In Southern Italy the mixture of races was not yet complete. From the ninth to the eleventh century Sicily was overrun and her cities conquered, one after another, by the Saracens or Mohammedans of North Africa, thus adding Arab blood, doubtless with dashes of Berber and Negro. And again during the first half of the eleventh century while William the Norman was leading his victorious forces into England, his cousin, Roger the Norman, was conquering Sicily.

Traces of those northern men are yet visible. Many times I saw persons on the streets of Palermo whose eyes were lighter than brown, and there was also striking co-ordination in individuals of taller stature and lesser pigment.

However, the period of Norman domination witnessed a new Latinization of Sicily. This was due to the conditions of toleration which openly permitted all peoples to come and to retain their culture, and to the fact that Latin peoples and culture, being the most numerous, survived.

In Palermo we find the most important monuments of Norman art—the palace of the Norman Kings, the Chapel of King Roger II, and the famous cathedral of Monreale built by William II.

Of the history of Italy during its brilliant renaissance and the centuries following, of the rise of the republics and the duchies, of the subjugation of various parts of Italy at different times by the Spaniard, the French, the German and the Austrian, it is not here our province to deal.

An intimate picture of the sixteenth century Italy in one of these duchies, that of Milan, may be seen in *the* great Italian novel, one of the world's great novels, Manzoni's "The Betrothed." The reader will there get a view of Italian peasant life in those days—of political, social and religious conditions. He will see famine, pestilence and armed foreign foes stalking through the land. And above it all and through it all he will find a psychological analysis of character and a presentation of eternal moral and religious truth unrivaled in any novel of which I know.

For many centuries the history of Italy was that of political instability and consequently of petty disunion. And so fixed did the differences of those centuries become that even today we have in the different provinces of Italy different dialects, different folk songs, different customs—almost different peoples. Piedmont, Venetia, Lombardy, Tuscany, Umbria, Abruzzi, Campania, Apulia, Calabria, Sicily—each produces its distinct type.

Today we find these provincial differences perpetuated in America, especially among the 700,000 Italians in New York City. In the heart of the city one finds in the Italian colonies a Sicilian, a Neapolitan, a Calabrian quarter, each with its peculiar traditions, manner of living and dialect.

"We Italians," says one of them, "like to live with people of our own province, who speak our own dialect." This suggests the extreme educational need of such broken groups before they can grasp and practice the American unified type of nation-wide representative government.

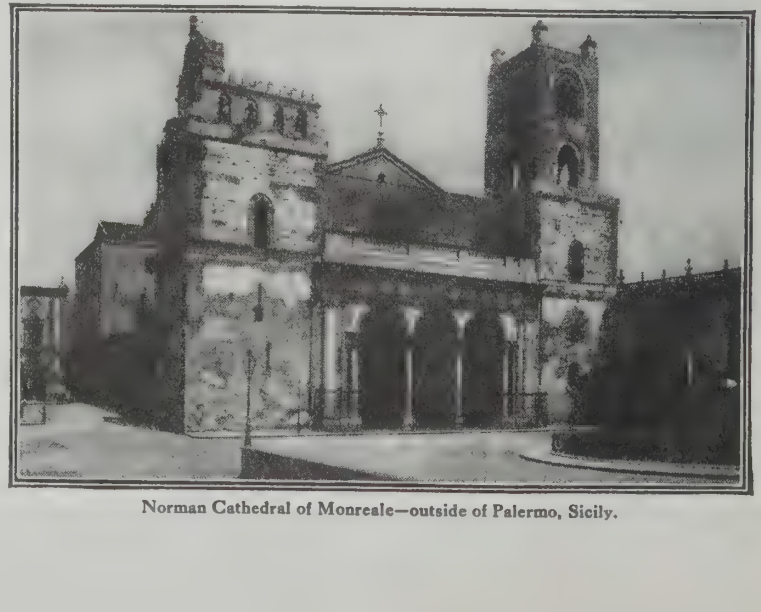
More than provincial differences, it is most important to note that the racial history of the north of Italy has been different from that of the Italy of the south. The race and conditions of the northland have produced a different Italian from those of the southland. So different are the two peoples that our government keeps the North Italian distinct from the South Italian in our immigration records; it classifies the South Italian as Mediterranean, and the North Italian as Alpine.

And it is anthropologically true that from the earliest time the largest single racial element of Southern Italy has been Mediterranean, and from the time of the prehistoric Alpine invasions Northern Italy has been predominantly Alpine. However, the northern culture has been somewhat modified by the long-headed invaders and especially by the almost constant historical inflow of the Teutonic tribes. The differences between the people of Northern and Southern Italy show not only biologically, but in all phases of their political, economic and social life.

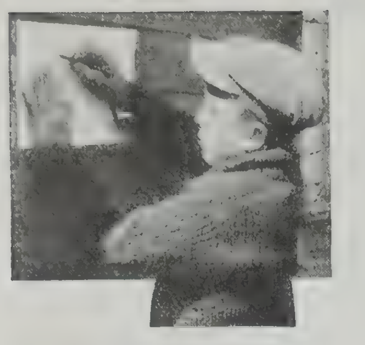
For those who wish to understand the Italians in America, a knowledge of the geography and something of the history of Italy is thus indispensable. Calabria, Lombardy, Abruzzi, should have a meaning for one in relation to its respective people and history. The recognition also by the Italian of one's knowledge of his particular province will be an open sesame to his heart.

One needs also to have a feel for the beauty of Italy itself—a near landscape of vineyards often hanging between earth and sky, of olive orchards and citrus groves against a mountain background. The Italian some-

(*Concluded on page 15*)



Norman Cathedral of Monreale—outside of Palermo, Sicily.


All club members keep accurate cost and production records.

Uncle Sam's Junior Farmers

Agricultural Club Boys and Girls Raise Crops and Livestock; Youngsters Using Scientific Methods Excel Their Parents

"Heh, boys, can you beat these for 'spuds'?"

By GEORGE H. DACY

AGRICULTURAL club boys and girls to the number of 457,904, representing every state, last year produced more than $8,300,000 worth of food products under the active leadership of the national Department of Agriculture.

None of these youthful farmers were more than eighteen years of age, yet they showed skill, sagacity and experience in tilling and tending their miniature crops which was far and above the ability displayed by the average good agriculturists of our best farming sections.

Uncle Sam has adopted the novel policy of teaching the old through the young. When a champion club boy of a certain section produces a remarkable crop of corn or potatoes, you will find the elders of that community stealing his thunder the following year by copying his system of planting and method of management. The club demonstrations of children in their teens have been more effective in revolutionizing the farming methods of a hidebound district than all the "isms" and dogmas of science.

The juvenile "spud" farmers of Garland County, Arkansas, latterly organized a co-operative marketing association and manipulated the successful sale of a large potato crop which they grew at profitable prices. Ninety-eight boys and girls planted one-eighth of an acre of potatoes apiece under the direction of the local county agent. They followed the planting, tillage and harvest methods recommended by Uncle Sam. The average yield was 220 bushels to the acre. The young farmers bulked their crops at marketing time, shipping one carload of choice "spuds" to Kansas City while the remainder was sold to the resort hotels at Hot Springs. A net profit of seventy-four cents a bushel was the cash turnover of each young grower. This demonstration was epochal in popularizing modern methods and co-operative marketing in Arkansas.

For scores of years, the farmers of the countryside contiguous to Brookston, Indiana, have raised corn by a cut-and-dried system which is as venerable as the settlements thereabout. Thirteen club boys decided it was time to root their community out of the rut. They banded together and rented a 102-acre cornfield on a main-traveled highway close to town. They purchased purebred seed and costly fertilizer. They prepared the land in ideal fashion. Their "dads" and their fathers' friends scoffed at the boys and called the cornfield "folly's acres."

Harvest time, however, put the laughter on the other side of the fence. The average corn yield of Indiana's fertile black soils is less than forty bushels to the acre. The junior farmers, following the best modern methods and taking advantage of every economical opportunity to increase their crop profits, produced an average corn crop of more than eighty bushels an acre. One of the club boys harvested an additional five-acre crop of corn on a neighboring field which produced 100 bushels to the acre. The corn-growing achievements of the Brookston youngsters have wholly reformed the ordinary methods of the neighborhood. "To see is to believe" with the average Hoosier farmer. The Brookstonians were of this type. They saw, believed and followed suit. Their locality is now being groomed as one of the pre-eminent corn-growing sections of the entire state.

Down in Spalding County, Georgia, cotton-growers were feeling rather glum because their fields were not yielding as well as formerly. It remained for some of Uncle Sam's champion junior farmers to show them the way out of the difficulty. These boys tested the soil and found what fertility elements were lacking They supplied these in commercial fertilizer. They used the best seed obtainable of a variety that was adapted to that district. When the plants were up, they dusted them regularly with a poisonous chemical which put the destructive boll weevil to flight. Briefly, thirty of the club boys raised thirty bales of cotton on thirty acres of land. The cotton was sold at auction for fifty cents a pound. This simple and practical demonstration has been the basis for remodeling the cotton-growing methods of the county and increasing profits.

These farm club girls make all their own clothes under the supervision of the local farm woman demonstrator.

Fred Crow, a pig club boy of Rocky Ford, Colorado, has been interested in hog raising for several years. First, he raised one purebred pig, then another. Last year, at the age of seventeen, he raised and fattened twenty-five purebred porkers. At the age of eight months, these fat swine averaged 270 pounds apiece. He exhibited the fat stock at the Denver Livestock Show, where he won two leading prizes for the best carload lot of porkers. Subsequently, young Crow sold the hogs to a Denver packing house at ten cents a pound. His farming enterprise yielded him a net profit of $270—a remarkable accomplishment for a high school boy and an immeasurably efficient inspiration to the farmers of Colorado.

In Harford County, Maryland, seven groups of agricultural club boys and girls imported 115 purebred dairy calves into the county in a three-year period. They paved the way for the extermination of the "star boarder" cows from Harford stables and the substitution of registered stock for "catch-as-catch-can" cows. For example, eighteen-year-old Roland Davis now owns nine purebred Jerseys which he has raised. In the showing at the county fair this boy's entries defeated those of his father in all the classes. Other junior farmers did as well. Their parents finally got together and purchased registered stock and adopted modern methods, convinced by the practical results of their children that the new ways were the most efficient.

Three of these crack juvenile farmers won the livestock judging honors of the United States at the National Dairy Show. As a result, all their expenses were paid to London, England, where they competed against the best boy judges of Great Britain—and won. During the current year, three Illinois boys are making the same trip, having been selected as the best young judges of America. The chances are that this trio also will show the British youngsters how to pick the winners.

As a direct consequence of the outstanding success of her junior farmers, Harford County has undergone an agricultural reformation which has entirely revamped her farming systems. At present, ninety-eight per cent of all the dairy herds in the county have been tested and certified by the Federal authorities as free of bovine tuberculosis. It used to be that the average dairy cow of that county ate twenty-five dollars worth of feed more each year than she returned in marketable dairy products. Now, praise be to the teachings of the agricultural club boys, the average Harford dairy cow returns a clear cash profit of more than $300 a year.

Louise Calloway, of Griffin, Georgia, is one of the enterprising club girls in Uncle Sam's result-getting army of youngsters who has hung up a wonderful record. From a small package of pimiento seeds which she received from the national Department of Agriculture, this slip of a lass established a specialized pimiento garden. Last season she sold in excess of $2,000 worth of pimiento pulp to a canning factory of her community, in addition to disposing of considerable seed. She will use the money to pay her expenses through the home economics course at the state university.

Ewart Brownell, of Brookfield, Connecticut, is one of the proficient poultry fanciers of the country. Latterly, twelve of his purebred Rhode Island Reds produced an average yield for one laying season of 206 eggs a bird. Young Brownell deposited in the savings bank a profit of $5.47 above feed cost per fowl—an outstanding record, as anyone familiar with poultry will immediately recognize.

The girls' sewing clubs and junior homemaker organizations are quite as efficient in their work. Approximately 150,000 young girls were members of these clubs during the last twelve months and made 493,376 new garments and repaired 16,000 old ones. The 33,000 agricultural boys and girls clubs under Uncle Sam's supervision scattered throughout the United States are the most potent factors that are making for the upbuilding and improvement of American agriculture.

One of Uncle Sam's agricultural minutemen—a county agent—shows club boys how to select seed corn.

A pig club boy; his two purebred Duroc Jersey sows and their pigs.

Any American boy might well be proud to own such baby beeves as these.

(C) Boston Photo News Co.

General view of the harbor, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Quaint Old Nantucket

Once Famous; Now Artists' Paradise

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

A PARADISE for artists is the quaint little island of Nantucket, thirty miles out at sea, off the Massachusetts coast. Not the Greenwich Village type of artist, with bobbed hair and bare knees, dabbling in batik, free verse and Turkish cigarets and holding "Bohemian" revel, nor the long-haired Bolshevik male poseur—but the real, honest-to-goodness artists, who paint real pictures that discriminating people buy for their art qualities.

Once the "Glory of the Seas," rich and prosperous from its far-flung whaling industry, known the world over for its hardy seamen and sturdy ships, Nantucket suffered many reverses from the decadence of its industries and the successive wars that took such toll of its manhood and wealth that the whaling ships were swept from the seas, while picturesque old fish houses, oil works, cooper shops and seamen's cottages were empty and neglected.

Today Nantucket's greatest assets include these same forsaken old shacks and low-roofed cottages, along with her splendid sunsets, her ever-shifting sand dunes, the changing color of her moods; her rocks and shoals and deep booming surf; her quiet and peaceful isolation; her balmy air, and her many relics of the past.

The artist colony is not so very big, as yet: not so big, perhaps, as those at Provincetown and Gloucester. But then the entire population is not very big, anyway. Only 1,200 or so in winter and at the most ten thousand in summer when the hotels, boarding houses and privately owned cottages are filled with visitors. Nevertheless the artist colony has become an important factor, and has attracted a very desirable class of people to the old town, along with some wealthy "off-islanders" who make the island their vacation home, and they give a new note of color to the always picturesque streets. In the streets, as along the beaches and dunes, on the moors or up on the cliffs, perched upon the rocks, may be seen any day the artists at work with brush and canvas or pencil and sketch block.

Almost in the gutters of the narrow, winding streets one may stumble against easel and stool of some artist busily at work, unmindful of passers-by. They find many a picturesque human subject in the old-timers, too, as well as the Portuguese fishermen who supply the hotels and townsfolk. They can find many families who still have the heirlooms inherited from their Quaker ancestors, queer bonnets, shawls and dresses, which they sometimes don for the painters. Then there are the plump little dark-eyed babies and olive-tinted girls of the fishermen, who are always willing models for the artists, many of whom dwell among them on Whale street in the studios remodeled from all sorts of old fish houses and shacks. Then there is the town crier, still an institution, and an important personage. Nantucket is one of only two towns in the country which still retain the town crier. His duties are manifold, for he has a multitude of announcements to make as he walks with measured tread through the town; rings the old Spanish bell three times a day, at seven, noon and nine at night, when the natives are supposed to put out the lights and go to bed; and acts as auctioneer and walking encyclopedia on occasion.

The daily auction market, too, furnishes much material for the artist and interests the visitor. A curious custom is the disposing of any surplus stock at the butcher shops by auction. The meats are displayed on a bench in front of the shop and after the town crier has gathered a good-sized crowd, the sale begins. Potatoes and other produce are auctioned off this way whenever there is a glut in the market. These auctions are a very ancient custom at Nantucket and are so successful that frequently a sale is held every evening.

Strictly speaking, there are two artist colonies; one of them over at Siasconset or "'Sconset" where the studios cost more, or the artists own their own property, and the newer one in the Whale street district of the town among the fishermen. This new colony is due particularly to the efforts of Mrs. Florence C. Lang, herself an artist, who realized the difficulty artists have in finding suitable quarters at anything like reasonable rental, where subjects for their work can be found at every turn. She has led in the remodeling and renovation of the many ancient buildings into studios with kitchenettes and modern conveniences which are rented to artists at as low as $50 and $70 for the season.

The biggest studio apartment is the Harbor View, and another noted one is the Candle House Studio. This is an old building where once the women dipped the candles that lighted the stately old mansions and the more humble cottages. The Anchor House is another, that has a huge anchor hanging on the outside. Among the artists foregathering on Nantucket are Alice Sands, A. F. Murgrave, Helen Whitney and F. X. Ludwig.

Few places in America have more, perhaps, to offer the artist. Everywhere that one turns in Nantucket there are visible reminders of the early settlers, the departed whalemen and seafaring generations long past, that considered $50,000 a fair profit for a single voyage. There are traces of their handiwork in doorknobs fashioned from whalebone, or shell pictures on the walls of some old cottage, with strange trinkets and souvenirs brought from distant savage islands where their ships had touched. There is the old windmill, one of the curiosities of the island, probably the only one of its kind in America, in that it has wooden gears. It was built in 1686 and ground corn as late as 1892.

On the roofs of many of the houses are still seen the "captains' walks," narrow platforms like the bridge of a ship, perched on the ridgepoles, from which the owner or his family searched the horizon for signs of island ships returning from distant cruises. Old costumes, queer, antique vehicles, now never driven, shearing carts used in more leisurely days to convey the villagers to the sheep-shearing festivals, are routed out and sketched. The sheep still pastured on the "sheep commons" afford many pastoral subjects for painters on the moors.

Indians called the island Mantuckes, and their tradition is that Mashope, a mighty warrior, formed the island by dumping his pipe into the ocean. The frequent fogs about the island were attributed to the smoke from Mashope's pipe.

Geologically speaking, the island is only about fifty million years old. They tell us that it was dropped by the great Labrador glacier into the ocean and the turbulent Atlantic has ever since been molding it, wave and current raising the sand cliffs at Sankaty Head, smoothing out beaches at either end and making ponds and lagoons by cutting bays and then filling up their mouths with sand; the while making dangerous shoals about the 88 miles of coast line.

Historically speaking, Nantucket is 282 years old. It was discovered by Bartholomew Gosnold in 1602 while cruising in the bark *Concord*, but the first authentic records date from 1641, when the island was deeded to Thomas Mayhew by the Earl of Sterling. It is only fourteen miles long and about three and one-half miles wide, and is only four hours sail across Vineyard Sound. It is now accessible the year round, by steamer, excepting in the severest weather. A telephone cable, laid in 1917, now connects it with the mainland, but in earlier years the island was often icebound for weeks at a time, and the inhabitants were often hard pressed for food.

In spite of its small size, the island is replete with quaintness, natural scenic beauty and ruggedness. Even with its isolation there is much to keep it in touch with the outside world, for it is directly in the path of that enormous north and south bound coastwise traffic and almost directly in the great ocean lanes frequented by the ocean liners bound to New York and Boston. As they pass Nantucket Lightship, off the Nantucket Shoals, the farthest from shore of any lightship in

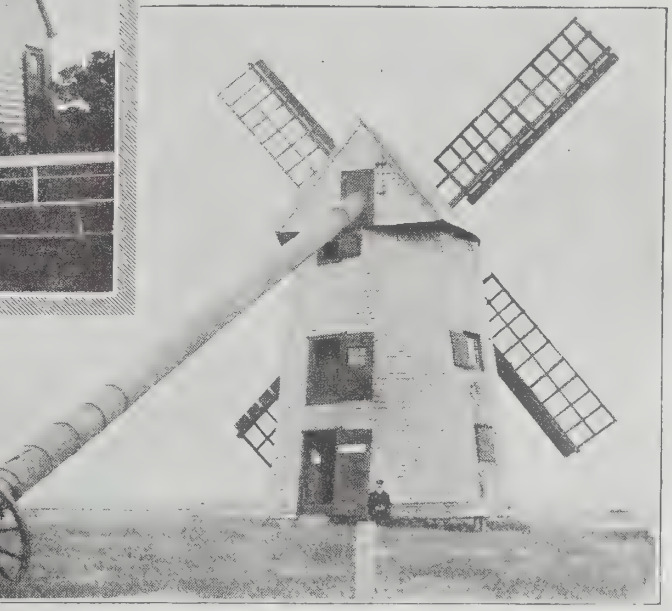
(C) Boston Photo News Co.
Above — Old Stone Lane, Nantucket.

Right—House with one of the "Captains' Walks," in the town, Nantucket.

The Town Square, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

The Custom House, built in 1772, Nantucket.

Quaint old Nantucket. The famous "Poet's Corner." Characteristic of the owner of the house was the plastering of his house with signs in verse.



The old windmill at Siasconset, Nantucket, Massachusetts. Built 1746, ground corn as late as 1892.

All photos
(C) Boston Photo News Co.

the world—42 miles—they exchange wireless messages, and report to New York when over 200 miles away from that port. Recently the radiophone was added to the wireless equipment, so that the lightship keepers can "listen-in" to broadcasts on the mainland and keep posted on all the latest news, as well as telephone or telegraph information ashore.

While the resident population has diminished by two-thirds since the palmy days of the whaling industry, the old town of Nantucket and the many scattered houses on the other parts of the island stand as they did, practically in those days, with the added modern conveniences of electric lights, town water and open plumbing. Many pretty summer cottages, bungalows and studios have also been built, as well as a few hotels. There are none of the great spraddling hotels of the usual summer resort type, however, and no one wants them. People come there for rest, quiet and a real vacation. For a number of years there was a little one-lunged railroad that ran across the island, the chief feature of which seemed to be to break down when the little train was halfway across, leaving the passengers to make their way on foot as best they might. Autos were fought tooth and nail by the townsfolk for years, but recently they have been permitted on the island under certain restrictions. The streets are so narrow, however, and the outside roads so rutted that there is small comfort in using them.

A sailor on one of the old Nantucket whaling ships, watching a California clipper ship pass his, while hove-to off Cape Horn, with her passengers, Philadelphia-bound, waving to the whaling crew, said mournfully: "Gol durn it. I wish't I was back in Nantucket." And thousands of other people, visitors to the island in years gone by, vacationists who had no opportunity to return, as well as the many Nantucketers who have gone to seek their fortunes elsewhere, have echoed the old whaleman's wish.

The old town, with its crooked streets, the shore with its dangerous shoals, rips and tides, its fine beaches; the rolling "commons" covered with wild roses and the balmy air where "nervous prostration melts away like lard on a hot pancake griddle," have etched themselves on the visitor's memory and found a soft spot in his heart.

Although Thomas Mayhew bought the island in 1641, he never settled there. Eighteen years later he sold to nine others equal portions of a part of the island for "thirty pounds and two beaver hats." These men were Quakers and took as partners, selling them shares, some other men, also Quakers. They were very rigid and strict in their rules, and always bitterly opposed to any improvements, greatly retarding commercial progress. During the Quaker domination life was almost unendurable, even the simplest forms of amusement being tabooed. This rule of bigotry continued for a century. But the hardy whalemen, after contact with the outside world, brooked less and less of this spirit, until it finally died out, except here and there in some few families.

When the island was first settled by these Quakers, that part of it not occupied by the Indians, or on which "sachem rights" had been purchased, was parcelled out by agreement, a part being reserved as common grazing land for sheep and cattle, and called "sheep commons." A sheep commons consisted of 1-19440th of all the land on the island, when it had all been acquired from the Indians, and was an undivided fractional part of a very uncertain something else. This system of holding lands in common for the benefit of the entire community was brought from Scotland, and, according to the Scottish system, five geese commons equaled one sheep common; eight sheep commons, one cow common; two cow commons, one horse common. A holder in commons could only pasture as much livestock as he had commons to correspond.

The sheep and farming industries declined and whaling had its rise and fall, first because of the many vessels lost during the Civil War and later owing to the discovery and development of the petroleum industry. The once big fleet of over 150 vessels, with 2,000 whalemen is now no more. Many Nantucketers left the island to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and the population dwindled from around 12,000 to a third of that. Nantucket, once the "Glory of the Seas," dropped behind in the race for power and place until its rebirth as a summer and health resort.

Today the largest vessel seen in the harbor is the steamer which brings passengers, mail and freight from Woods Hole and the sailing vessels are catboats, fishing sloops and small pleasure yachts. And in the five resort months the population is swelled to around ten thousand temporarily. Nantucket is prosperous again, but this prosperity comes to her year after year. The Middle West is largely represented in the vacation colony, and there are millionaires from New York, Boston and Washington who have summer homes there on which they pay considerable in taxes and which they spend much money to keep up. So Nantucket does not now feel the pinch of poverty, though there have been times in her history when she did.

The "Inventing" of Austria-Hungary

How the Latest Achievement of the League of Nations in Hungary Is Proving the Wisdom of a Century-old Saying

By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

This article is presented not only for its wealth of interesting information but to illustrate how human and readable foreign politics can be made. Read here how artificial economic boundaries, the consequence of artificial political boundaries, affect real people in real ways. And when you read ask yourself whether any literate person should be destitute of world opinions, when world facts can be so simply and clearly and humanly presented.—*Editor*

IT WAS Talleyrand who said, more than a century ago, that if Austria-Hungary did not exist it would have to be invented.

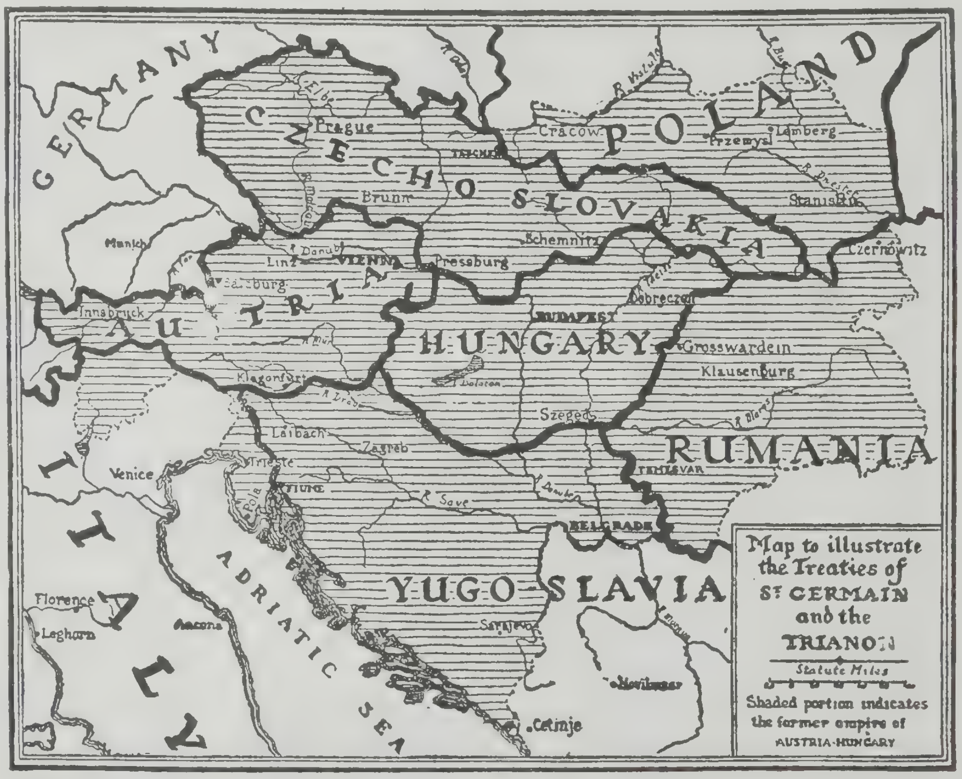
What, exactly, did he mean?

Talleyrand certainly had no particular faith in the excellency of government which emanated either from Budapest or from Vienna; but Talleyrand knew his Europe as few men of his day knew it. And he knew how, for centuries, in this part of Europe, all roads had led to Vienna. He recognized, even in those days, before railways had come to reinforce his view, that it would be impossible to throw a barrier across these roads without occasioning untold suffering to the peoples on either side of the bar. Now, it was just this great fact, so evident to Talleyrand, that the framers of the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon, which settled the fate of Austria-Hungary, left so largely out of account. And it was just this fatal defect in these treaties, this ruthless cutting athwart of old trade routes, this blocking up of rivers and turnpiking of roads—it was just these blunders, constituting a bad economic settlement, which a fierce economic pressure has been obliging the parties most concerned to remedy ever since.

Gradually the succession states, in other words, those states such as Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Hungary, which have, in whole or in part, been formed from the old dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary, have come to realize that to cut themselves off from Austria and each other was simply suicidal.

Such a realization was inevitable sooner or later. If there is one great fact which has been emphasized more than another in the realm of international settlement during the past few years, it is this: that, *while a bad political settlement may be made to last indefinitely, a bad economic settlement is bound to give way sooner or later* before the imperious economic demand which it outrages. It is for this reason that, among the achievements of the League of Nations, none is likely to be more far-reaching than the work which has been done toward the rehabilitation, first of Austria and now of Hungary, and the steady efforts that have been made to bring about *the removal of all economic barriers* as between the succession states.

And yet, the setting up of these much to be condemned barriers was, in the first instance, understandable enough. The position is soon stated. In relation to the rest of the dual monarchy, Austria, and particularly Vienna, stood in the nature of a great clearing house. Not only did all the threads of Austro-Hungarian finance, but all the threads of Balkan finance, center in Vienna. Vienna, in the fullest sense of that word, was the shopping center for this whole vast territory. It was to Vienna that the choicest goods were sent, not only from all the states of the monarchy, but from far beyond. It was here that buyers from all over Europe gathered, and it was here that all the great displays and exhibitions were arranged. Wealthy people from Prague would come down to Vienna to buy carpets made in their own country, because in Vienna they always had a better choice than anywhere else. It was to Vienna that wealthy people from America traveled to buy pianos made in America, because they had been tested and adjusted by Austrian musicians.



Map further shows the way in which the new boundaries cut across lines of communication in the form of the Danube tributaries.

And what was true of Vienna was, in a measure, true of many other cities in Austria. Austria proper, immediately before the war, had attained a position where her wealth depended almost entirely upon her activities as a middleman. Immersed in this work, she gave little thought or attention to developing those industries which would make her in a measure self-contained.

Then again, in addition to this perfectly legitimate activity as a middleman, Austria, through force of circumstances, had gradually drifted into the position of being the playground and the fashion center for the wealth of the old monarchy. In spite of the fact that the Czech, or the Hungarian, or the Slovak, or the Jugo-Slav, or the Croatian, was in bitter opposition to the government at Vienna, it was to Vienna that they traveled for its lights and its gaiety and its fashion. So enormous was the concentration of wealth in Vienna, that it was calculated that fully eighty per cent of the taxes of the old monarchy were paid by the great city on the banks of the Danube.

It was this last fact, above any others, which fired the imagination of the succession states immediately after the conclusion of the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon. Why, they asked themselves, should this wealth continue to drain out of their country into Austria? Why should their wealthy people travel to Vienna to spend their money? Were not the streets of Prague, or the streets of Belgrade, or the streets of Bucharest, better than all the streets of Vienna? Why should not some means be found of diverting the flow of wealth into their own coffers?

And so, whether the framers of these treaties anticipated it or not, one of the first acts of the succession states was to run up a succession of economic barriers between themselves and Austria. The effect was immediate. The terrible situation in Austria, like a reservoir cut off from its feeding streams, began to attract attention very soon after the Armistice, and it was not long before prominent economists in various countries were trying to arouse public thought to what rapidly came to be called "the Austrian danger."

"If Austria goes down," they insisted, "she will not go down alone."

Men like Sir George Paish, the British economist, declared roundly that the saving of Vienna alone would be worth untold treasure to the rest of the world. Austria was recognized as an essential part in the financial scheme of Europe, and many authorities went so far as to say that a loan to Austria, sufficient to place her on her feet, would be worth while many times over to the countries subscribing for it, even if it were never repaid. The trading activity resulting from such a loan, the throwing open of the doors of the great clearing houses in Vienna, the rehabilitation of the Viennese banking system, would, they insisted, more than repay the nations for the actual money expended.

The world, however, was not in a mood to listen. Then as now, moreover, there was far too great a tendency to view matters from a national standpoint, and for each nation to seek to use Austria's need as a lever to gain its own ends. In the great struggle for territorial and political adjustments, for strategic frontiers and military safeguards, the economic demand was again and again thrust aside, and the fact that the water was steadily rising behind the dam disregarded.

Ultimately, of course, after long months, even years, of debate, the loan was forthcoming; and through the efforts of the League of Nations, Austria began to be rehabilitated. It is, however, perfectly evident that money could never have brought about Austrian rehabilitation, and can never bring about the full rehabilitation of Hungary or any of the other succession states, unless all economic barriers between the countries are swept away. It is because the international loan to Austria was accompanied and quickly followed by understandings with her neighbors, that the rehabilitation work has gone so well. And if a similar beneficent work is to be carried out in Hungary, under the new League of Nations scheme for that country, it will, of course, have to be accompanied by a similar good understanding.

Take the case of the Carpathian Slovaks. The experience of these people is the experience, in a greater or lesser degree, of the peoples in all the succession states. The Slovaks are an agricultural people. The vast majority of them are quite primitive and simple, tilling a rather hungry mountain land as their fathers have tilled it for centuries. But while their harvest from the field is always diligently sought, what they depend most upon for sustenance are the great forests which clothe their hills and mountain sides.

Between these hills and mountains there flow down to the great river in the plain, the Danube, a number of tributaries set in parallel lines across the land, and for centuries it has been the custom of the Slovak peasant to use these streams as carriers of lumber. Two or three families would join together and, having felled some trees, would roll them down the steep sides of the hill to their particular river, and there, after poling them to a place where the waters broadened out, they would fashion them into rafts. When this was done, it was their way, with a small stock of provisions, to drift down with the current into the Danube, and then down the Danube as far south as they could, for the farther south they went through the treeless plains of Hungary, the better price they got for their lumber, and the greater the quantity of wheat they could take back with them to their native land.

All through the great war, this work continued in one way or another, but after the war came the treaty of Trianon. Overnight, a great "dam" was thrown across the mouths of these rivers. And when the Slovak lumberman came down with his raft, he found there was no passageway into the Danube because an economic barrier had been built up by some people in Paris, and to pass into the Danube would be to pass into the territory of a foreign country. Desperately he sold his lumber for almost nothing to dealers who crowded to take advantage of the situation, and returned home to his family, to straitened fare and bitter times. For his river, his beloved Waaz, or Neutra, or Gran, refused to flow in any other way but the way it had always done, simply because a certain number of men round a table in a distant country had thrown a bar across it at a certain point. Meanwhile, the Magyar peasant was deprived of his lumber, and had to find what market he could for his grain.

It was the same with the Austrian banker, the Hungarian grain dealer, the Jugo-Slavian peasant with his herds of swine. In all directions, in fact, in Central Europe, every effort at rehabilitation has brought men round full circle to the point where to succeed they have had to make the frontiers imposed by the peace treaties of no effect as far as trade was concerned. And so today, as these economic barriers are being steadily thrown into the discard, men are beginning to understand better what Talleyrand understood so well more than a century ago. In other words, Austria-Hungary, having ceased to exist, is in process of being invented.

And as it is with the old Austro-Hungarian empire, so it is with the rest of Europe. The removal of economic barriers is a process which almost more than any other will tend to the restoration of that understanding and good will among the nations which must form the basis of all future progress.

Many of the wars of past centuries, wars which drenched the Continent in blood, had their origin through economic wars, wars against imposts, tolls, tariffs, and tributes. Many of these impositions were legalized forms of robbery which may have enriched princes and potentates, but which pressed heavily on the people.

The removal of age-long causes of irritation such as these is a hopeful sign.

Mr. Ford's Page

ONE of the most hopeful facts of the time is the vastly increased interest of the people in what are commonly called economic matters. When their store of knowledge begins to equal their degree of interest, the material world is going to be absolutely safe for the plain man. The reason it is so easy to deceive people today with regard to these matters is that they are not in possession of enough facts to challenge and test the things that are told them.

They are deceived twice: once by professional financiers who tell them that we now have the best possible system, and once by professional reformers who declare that we all are slaves of designing men who with infinite malice and cunning contrived the shackles that bind us. Presently the people will learn that there are just two classes of teachers which they can afford to disregard, and these are the professional financiers and the professional reformers; neither class knows the a b c of economic principle; both are actuated by self-interest and class prejudice.

> *THE last stamping ground of the money power is in Europe. Its failure to fasten itself upon the American people has driven it again overseas. The chief danger to our people in this is that Europe may assume that it is the American people who are doing what inevitably the Money Power will do to helpless nations. The need of Europe is not money, but developed industry. This would free her from control by the Money Power. Industry has emancipated the United States. The embassy of liberty to Europe should not consist of financiers and politicians, but industrial leaders who can actually start to Make Needful Things, and introduce the blessing of steady work, sure earnings, and plentiful exchange among people who need these more than anything else. Governments may need loans, but nations need industry.*

But it is only a matter of time before the people get the facts, now that they see economics to be more than a college study, to be really their own daily business. Economics was once considered as a book subject, but now it is known to be a bread-and-butter subject. Economics is really a compound of knowledge and honest purpose in the task of feeding, clothing and housing the world, a task which is perfectly easy of accomplishment once this knowledge and honest purpose are brought to it.

In this country the people have just instinctively found their way into the path of economic freedom and success. Something in the genius of our people just naturally prevented them being made slaves. There are some races that can be subjugated, and others that cannot; ours cannot.

In this country the money power has never wholly controlled the people, and for a quarter of a century such control as it once possessed over the economic fortunes of our people has been steadily diminishing. This is one economic fact which our people should begin to realize.

The period and ratio of the decrease of the money power in this country corresponds exactly to the rise of Industry in this country.

There is still a certain class who rail at Industry; it was Industry that secured to this nation its economic freedom; it was Industry that made it impossible for any Money Power to gain control of the destiny of the American people.

Why? Because a people that has learned to produce the *things* that are needful for life can do business among themselves, and make their own money if necessary. America, for one thing, is the only country in the world whose working classes can buy what they make. England perishes without an outside market; her workingmen cannot buy what they make. Germany went to war for outside markets; the German manufacturer never dreams of the German workingman becoming a customer for what he makes. In this country, our people have something of everything that they make. For example, there are more motor cars owned by the workmen of one industry in one city of the United States, than can be found in all Germany or England.

It is perfectly clear that with capable people like ours, no money power has any chance at all. Industry has its own money, earned by service, rededicated to service, and in plentiful amount as long as service is given. When service ceases, the money simply gravitates back to the people to whom it belongs.

One has only to read the foreign news and know a thing or two of what transpires behind the scenes to understand that a Money Power is still in existence, but its only field of operation now is the backward countries of Europe, where Money still stands for wealth, and where Industry is still frowned upon as beneath the dignity of high-born folk. Many plans of international bankers have been laid these recent months to enslave by money whole nations in Europe. And they will succeed as long as the people lack industrial leadership, as long as such industry as there is bows the knee to speculative bankers. Industry will save Europe, not political loans which are dissipated in the affairs of bankrupt governments. This is the only field left to the Money Power.

Anyone who for a moment would compare conditions in Europe with conditions here, and argue that as Europe is controlled by money, so is the United States, would simply be talking wild. And this is a point which our people should have clearly in their mind. They should challenge the declaration of men (mostly aliens) who, coming from Europe, assume that the same conditions obtain here. Most of our Communists and subversive Socialists are newly arrived Europeans who have been so busy talking that they have not discovered that the United States really and fundamentally differs from the rest of the nations. It differs in this totally: it is not controlled by any money power.

We must learn to drive through all our thinking the profound distinction between finance and business. This is the country of Big Business, without a doubt. But as shown in a previous page, Big Business controls nothing, it is entirely at the mercy of public demand.

Still, the very bigness of Industry fills some minds with misgiving. It is amazing how few seem able to distinguish between industry and finance. In the violent period of the union labor movement, the *employer* was always referred to as the *capitalist.* The whole trouble was that the employer was not a capitalist, but was under the thumb of capitalists. In those years most businesses were conducted on borrowed capital, which gave the capitalist a super-control of the industry. The poor manufacturer, standing between hostile labor and rapacious capital, had a hard time getting anything done. Pressed from above for interest and dividends, pressed from beneath to grant more money for less work, he was in a strait betwixt two. And all the time he had to bear the abuse that was being heaped upon the capitalist.

But a change has come. Business has gradually been making its declaration of independence. It does not minimize the service which the world of finance could render, but it has declared itself free from domination by that world. When finance exists to serve industry, which is its proper function, then finance is recognized as part of the service instrument of humanity. But when finance assumes that the whole world works to produce profits for finance, and for finance only, then that assumption is not only denied but destroyed.

Business has freed itself from domineering finance by keeping within itself its earnings. Business that exists to feed profits to people who are not engaged, and never will be engaged in it, stands on a false basis. This is being so well understood that it has become a part of the creed of commerce that the service of business is wholly to the public and that the profits of business are due, first, to the business itself as a serviceable instrument of humanity, and then to the people whose labor and contributions of energy make the business a going concern.

But neither business nor finance has power to compel the public to buy here or buy there. The record of financiers in business affairs is full of disaster. If finance were all that the lurid alarmists say that it is, America would be filled with a race of ragged peasants today. But Industry has prevented that; Man Making Things, Man Thinking, Man the Believer in Real Wealth rather than in Sham Wealth—that is to say, Man in Possession of his Original Deed of Ownership of the Earth is not likely to become the bond-servant of non-creative money-changing system.

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Prohibition Wins Olympics

APOSTLES of "personal liberty" may regard it as merely a coincidence, but the fact remains that the honors of the Olympic games were carried off by athletes from prohibition countries.

Regard it from whatever angle one may, it is now a matter of history that Prohibition America and Prohibition Finland won the chief prizes in the Olympic contests at Paris. The figures of national standings have been given as follows: America, 255; Finland, 166; Great Britain, 85½; France, 26½.

The figures may mean nothing at all, but there they are.

Free Speech

LET us preserve free speech at all costs. Prejudice, ignorance, malice, never so surely evaporate as when expressed. When men growl and curse, these moods are dissipated into thin air. The most certain way to prepare for explosions is to suppress free speech. People who hear their religion, politics or principles denounced should listen with wise satisfaction, knowing that the very act of utterance is preventive of more serious antagonism. Free speech, coupled with an understanding of its value as a safety valve, will prove a solvent of many strained situations.

Too Much Machinery

THE common fault of many schemes for monetary reform is that their adoption involves complicated and unnecessary machinery for administration. Reform in the monetary system does not require any great alteration of present laws. The strength of the currency of the United States lies entirely in the faith and credit of the nation, based on its ability to redeem every form of issue in the metal designated as the standard. The weakness of the system lies in the fact that the chosen metal is not stable in value, but fluctuates. This variation in gold values is expressed in the changing prices of commodities, labor and land. With every change in the purchasing power of gold, one class or another of the people is injured.

This fact is recognized by financiers. Take an individual whose earning power is $3,000 a year. Suppose he could capitalize that earning power at $50,000, the amount which would return him the same income at six per cent. As a wage-earner, his income would not only secure less of a living for him if the dollar decreased in purchasing power, but even his wages would be proportionately reduced as expressed in dollars. As a capitalist, however, he would receive not only the benefit of reduced prices, but the increase represented in the increased purchasing power of his income.

This inequity is recognized by every economist of reputation, and many have made efforts to stabilize the dollar, so that it will represent at all times an average quantity of commodities. Such economists, if consistent, must agree that the gold standard is not equitable.

To return to the machinery required for monetary reform. Granting the claim that the evils charged to the Federal Reserve System are due to bad management and not to the plan itself, there would still lie against it the fact that it is a coarse, unnecessary machine, whose functions, even when properly managed, *could be more economically performed by the Treasury Department.*

The basic evil of the Federal Reserve System is the delegated authority to issue currency and the permission to make its volume rest upon commercial paper, denying to government obligations the currency privilege. Thus, while retaining the interest on commercial paper deposited, the system is permitted to extend the government credit in equal volume to member banks, to use which credit every political unit must pay tribute in the shape of interest. Even government itself pays from four to five and one-half per cent on its own credit, while, by monetizing its own obligations it might eliminate all interest, saving each year more than its running expenses.

This is a complicated and costly machinery, just installed within recent years. And machinery which increases the cost and reduces the measure of service can scarcely be called an improvement.

Is It Wasted Effort?

"THROUGH the sudden clearing of the misty atmosphere which left the whole ridge of the final peak of Everest unveiled, there were seen two tiny black spots silhouetted on the snow, steadily climbing upward toward the crest. Then the whole fascinating vision vanished, once more enveloped in cloud."

This was the last that was seen of A. C. Irvine and G. L. Mallory, two members of the Mount Everest Expedition, which has once more been abandoned.

Whether expeditions such as this are worth men's lives is a debatable point. All such enterprises must be judged by the benefit they are calculated to confer on the human race; and it is hard to see what good could come of reaching the summit of the highest mountain in the world, except to deter others from attempting a similar feat.

The spirit which impels men to make such efforts recalls Longfellow's lines on the ambitious youth who perished amid Alpine snows, and awakes one to the futility of wasted forces. Those who died may be called "martyrs to science," but is such martyrdom justifiable? The only test is the good which may follow.

Men have perished in trying to reach the poles; they have died in their endeavors to open up new pathways in the world of commerce; they have laid down their lives in blazing fresh trails for the advance of civilization, and by new resources uncovered, countries found, and colonies planted have earned the gratitude of posterity; but the energy, treasure and time expended in reaching the "roof of the world" appears strangely futile.

But, it is now said that every one of the surviving climbers of Everest has "shot his bolt"; there will be no question of a resumption of the struggle to conquer the mountain, for serious physical disabilities have supervened, and medical veto has been placed on further attempts as far as the present party is concerned.

The king of the Himalayas will sleep beneath his mantle of snow! But how soon will it be before the world will again be offering him the tribute of valuable human lives?

So This Is London!

INTERESTING reading, indeed, is the annual report of the Metropolitan Police of London, England, especially when compared with police conditions in American cities. The largest city in the world has a crime record that makes more modern and less impoverished cities appear as utterly abandoned to evil. Two items particularly attract attention—the number of "alleged murders" in 1923 was twenty-seven, as against twenty-eight the year before. Compared with the murder statistics of large American cities, this is mere amateurism. Most large American cities can beat that number any month. "No case of unsolved murder occurred during the year," is another brief line that shouts a comparison with our long record of unsolved and unpunished crimes.

So this is London! Surely its bigness is somewhere reflected in its crime record. Try automobile theft. "Thefts of motor cars and motorcycles were less numerous; 327 were reported stolen in 1922, and 251 in 1923, a decrease of 76. Of these 147 were recovered."

The number of motor cars stolen in Detroit alone in 1923 reached the high total of 4,428. But the percentage of recoveries was also very high, the total being 3,654.

More Efficiency, Please!

THE wave of specialization which has made for efficiency in the walks of commerce and industry has engulfed statecraft, the result being chaos.

The cobbler of a half-century ago graduated from his apprenticeship when he proved himself able to measure a pair of feet and make top boots or dainty kid slippers to fit. His successor of today caps a toe, pulls the lever of a stitching machine, or works the stamp which shapes soles.

The first automobile was constructed by versatile mechanics who commenced by hand-forging the parts, and ended their labors when the machine was running. Now a great, pulsating, roaring, grinding machine forges, lathes and assembles, while here and there about the plant stand humans, each giving a pull or a cuff to a certain part, and very few knowing anything about the workings of a car, aside from the particular tasks which have been assigned to them.

All of this spells efficiency, smooth, jarless coordination of effort.

Working in separate sheds, under different foremen, men contribute toward the building of a certain thing, each workman a master in his line.

One-idea men, to be sure, but one idea is enough for one task.

But when one-idea minds, even clean, sincere ones, mass in a legislative hall, instead of working toward a common end, they pull and haul in opposite directions.

Any radical innovation in government, good or bad, shunts into prominence a squad of specialists.

The successful suffrage movement came as a tidal wave, and on its crest rode Senatorial and Congressional candidates whose sole qualification was that they were ardent suffragists.

Prohibition propelled into office dozens of legislators of mediocre ability who garnered the votes because they were a little drier than their opponents—or pretended to be.

After-the-war hysteria, subtly abetted by organized propagandists, delivered another squad of statesmen, many of whom had no recommendation other than the fact that they were good trench fighters.

It is this pulling, hauling, shoving, yammering conglomerate which instructs the State Department in the intricacies of foreign affairs.

It is this potpourri of varied mentalities which selects guns for the army, and tells grizzled seadogs what sort of ship is most effective.

It is this hydra-headed composite which confidently draws plans for the edification of the Secretary of the Treasury.

And for all of this, the man in the street is to blame. The valid excuse of the legislator is that he was sent to Washington with but one message in his pack, and has spent his whole time endeavoring to deliver it.

Practically every man in Congress was sent there to sing the air of his province, and if the result is a discordant yowling guided by neither tone pipe nor metronome, the people, not the performers, are to blame.

The legislators were sent there to yell, and the most exacting of us must admit that they have done a good job of it.

All over the country there are counterparts of those grand figures who served the United States of America twenty years ago, and each of them served all of it. We may have here and there a hidden Douglas or an embryo Jefferson. If so, the breadth of their vision and the depth of their understanding is keeping them out of politics, for no statesman, with a proper sense of proportion, would stoop to exalt little things and smother big things at the behest of voters who have forgotten that the glorious conception which resulted in the birth of this country, took no account of cliques, classes, sects or organizations, but only visualized an America whose statesmen could see clear across the country, and work for the upbuilding of its every section and interest.

Here Is the Answer

A RENEWAL of the talk about throwing the election of President into Congress indicates a desire somewhere that such a situation occur. The idea is being planted in the public mind from every angle. It is an obsession with a certain class of writers. Were such a futility to occur in this country, it would seriously shake the world's confidence in our theory of self-government. But it need not occur. It can easily be prevented by the simple act of voting. When three-fourths of the voting population, or even more than half of them, actually vote, there will be a definite decision rendered as to whom the people desire to be their President. The answer to all this strange speculation of an election that will not elect, is—Vote.

"Bootlegger" Dentist a Menace to Public Health

Exorbitant Fees Are Collected for Worthless Operations

By E. L. M'COLGIN

"WHAT do I care whether a dentist is licensed? When I need a dentist I just walk down the street and enter the first office that displays a sign."

The secretary of a state administrative board was summarily dismissing the request that funds be made available for searching out unlicensed dentists and those operating "parlors" with unlicensed operators. However, one's health and length of life depend much more on who is your dentist than who is your political favorite.

Dr. Charles H. Mayo, the distinguished surgeon of Rochester, Minnesota, declared in 1913 that the "next great step in preventive medicine should come from the dental profession." Seventy-five per cent of the infections of the whole body have their origin above the collar, according to another authority. One cubic millimeter of saliva, sufficient to cover a pinhead, has been found to contain 385,000,000 bacteria. The loose tissues of the mouth and throat are ideal breeding grounds for disease.

America has the best dentists in the world, but we don't have enough of them. The public suffers from its ignorance and indifference to the value of preventive dentistry and the absolute need of having only high-grade ethical dentists. The cost can be reduced to almost nothing by merely going to the dentist before there is a history of pain. Incidentally it really costs much less to have the best dentist at the very outset.

Persons who will go to the Mayo clinic regardless of cost sometimes display the need for serious general surgery through having patronized a quack dentist at some earlier period in their lives.

It is just beginning to be appreciated that only the best in surgery is safe. Even the removal of tonsils is fraught with risk and people are willing to pay $50 to $150 for it.

While such a charge is seldom or never made, it is really worth $50 to have the nerve of a single tooth removed and the canals filled so that there will be no possibility of infection.

Dental bootleggers undermine the health of more people than do the gentry who purvey dubious liquors. They have the same reckless, callous viewpoint:

"For God's sake, don't let him die in the office. Get him out on the street and let him die there if that is going to happen." Deaths in the dentist's office have a bad effect on the public.

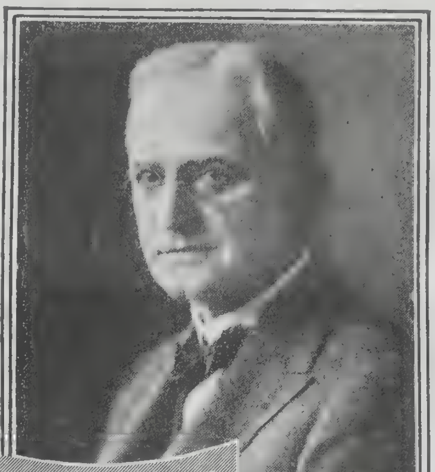
"We are after the money. Don't worry about those who may become dissatisfied and not return. Next Sunday's newspaper advertising will fill the office with new patients."

This is the way the bootlegger dentist exhorts his staff. His operators are often young fellows just out of dental college. Their incomes and the profits of the proprietor depend upon rushing the patients through the chairs. The operators usually work on commission or piece-work and can make from $100 to $150 a week.

Young dental graduates without capital often have to work in such offices to get money with which to practice for themselves. The tragedy of it is that they often succumb to the easy money and forego the development of an ethical practice of their own. They justify their lapse on the ground that the public doesn't want to pay for good dentistry and thus is richly deserving of being misused. The advertised plea of these quacks and the excuse of many governors, attorney-generals and district attorneys who do not enforce the law is that the masses of the "peepul" should have dentistry brought within their reach though it be somewhat less refined. Let us see what happens to these clients of the dental quack and the politicians:

The advertised low prices are just a lure to get the ignorant and selfish into the "parlors." The proprietors charge all the traffic will bear and give uniformly fake service, regardless of the price.

The "solid" gold crown that is offered for five dollars costs but thirty-five cents. It is known as a "tin can" and has just enough gold in it to take a high polish when new. Such crowns are simply clamped upon the teeth without any fitting to either the gums or to articulate with the opposite teeth so that biting and chewing can be done fairly well. Prosperous looking callers are given a selling talk that enables a good stiff charge to be made regardless of the fact that the same worthless material and methods are employed. They are told that while it's true the cheap advertised work is done, it is only intended for those who cannot afford anything better. Thus it is nothing uncommon for twenty dollars to be collected for about $1.50 worth of time and material.



Above—GEORGE EASTMAN, founder of Rochester Dental Dispensary. Below—Infirmary at Rochester Dental Dispensary, showing dentists and hygienists at work.

The grinding of teeth by unethical dentists is usually done with burrs that have just been used in the rottenest sort of cavities in another person's teeth.

Cocaine is frequently injected under the filthiest and most dangerous conditions. The needle is often thrust into the gum without having been cleaned since its previous use. Instead of using a new package of cocaine, money is saved by using bulk containers of it. The dirty needles are thrust into it and the bacteria from many mouths mixed together into a poisonous mess that is the cause of swollen jaws and sometimes serious or fatal infection of the luckless victims.

All the quacks now advertise the use of the X-Ray and some of them offer free examination with it. And well they may, because it assists the quack to sell the patient anything he can afford to have done.

One of the best known dental surgeons in the United States defines the place of the X-Ray in dental practice: It is just a valuable adjunct to a competent practitioner making a diagnosis.

A few typical and often pitiful experiences of the victims of incompetent dentists may be mentioned.

A young matron came to a dental consultant's office upon the advice of her physician who was baffled by her general poor health. Her knees were swollen to double size and the lymph glands of her throat were badly swollen. Her physician had frankly told her he feared tuberculosis and thought she would not live long.

This woman had spent $275 for crowning with an advertising dentist who had glibly assured her that this would end her troubles with her teeth. With tears in her eyes, the patient said to the consultant: "Doctor, if you think it is these teeth, take them out; I can't die, I have three children."

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The teeth were extracted and proper treatment given. After seven or eight days the swellings began to subside. Within a year careful attention resulted in the woman's health becoming about normal. In a letter reporting progress she said: "It must be wonderful for you to take people and make them well."

A wealthy man with seven nerveless teeth crowned by one of these practitioners became afflicted with a stiff leg. He could merely drag it around and was alarmed. He went to good physicians and made a long stay in Florida in the hope that outdoor life would help. Finally his physicians sent him to a dental surgeon. Three of these teeth were drawn and germ cultures made from them were injected into a rabbit. Within three days Brer Rabbit was dragging his hind legs as stiff and unresponding as those of the human patient. After all the offending teeth had been drawn and proper treatment given, it was not long before the man was playing golf.

Another man spent $125 for "gold" crowns, and after suffering for three years he went to a competent dentist. His finger joints were badly swollen and he was in an altogether unfit condition. Within a year, he, too, was restored to good health.

The advertising and practice of incompetent dentists do not deprive the legitimate practitioners of patients or profits. Ultimately every one of the victims has to seek a good dentist and have the work redone. Working girls, economical wives, and poor or thoughtless people generally, are mercilessly exploited.

The history of a type of these charlatans will disclose their average personality and also the way politicians evade their duty.

Dr. ——— is an advertising dentist that afflicts a certain large city. He loudly proclaims that he is the graduate of a certain dental college of national reputation. However, his alma mater recalls him with disfavor. During his undergraduate days he was notorious for his misconduct and for his indifference to his studies. Upon his final examination he only obtained "C," the lowest passing grade, because a charitable student permitted him to copy from his paper.

The state dental board discovered this man had unlicensed operators in his office and ordered his license revoked. He obtained an ordinary injunction to stay the cancellation of his license pending the trial of his appeal from the

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Sapiro Rust in the Northwestern Hay Crop

Thousands of Tons Lie Rotting in Fields Through Not Finding Buyers

By ROBERT MORGAN

IF A MAN will take a map of Idaho. Washington and Oregon, and. with a supply of red and white and blue pins set down a red pin wherever there has been an outbreak of Communism, Radicalism, or I. W. W.-ism; stick in a white pin wherever the Jewish farm-exploitation organization has founded one of its so-called California plan co-operative marketing associations; and put in a blue pin wherever one or more such associations have failed—he will find that he has a set of three pins at each point.

The writer knows, because, in company with an American who is devoting his life to fighting the curse of Bolshevism which has spread and is spreading like dry rot through Washington and Idaho, and less rapidly through Oregon, he performed this very experiment The result is the flat statement of fact given above. It is not a guess, it is not theory, it is not supposition; it is a very real condition, and a dangerous one, in agriculture and in all industry throughout these states.

Wherever the Jew appears, or his Gentile henchmen, promoting associations for the "benefit" of the American farmer in these states, under whatsoever name these associations may be organized, there appear as their lieutenants, the Radicals, the agents of the Industrial Workers of the World, even open adherents of Communism and Bolshevism, as the strong arm men to "put the work on" hesitant farmers. Wherever these associations fail, as they all fail, sooner or later, wherever the American farmers are left to bear the burden of disaster and debt put upon them by these promoters and organizers, there the Radicals, the Communists, and the other off-color workers in agriculture and industry of other kinds are revealed. They are never injured; they always have money; they have no permanent interest in either farms or industries, and they are the first to disappear as mysteriously as they appeared.

The Scribe, a Jewish weekly published in Portland, Oregon, complains that these articles insist too much on Aaron Sapiro being a Jew. "His work is totally unrelated to his Jewish origin except in the inherited love for humanity incidental to that type of ancestry," says *The Scribe*.

It may be so. It may be only a coincidence that the line of Agricultural Control in this country runs from Otto Kahn and Bernard M. Baruch down through Aaron Sapiro and lesser Jews.

But—here is an incident which may throw light on that:

Because Aaron Sapiro, when he organized the Colorado potato-growers, thought Erskine R. Myer, a prominent attorney of Denver, spelled his name M-e-y-e-r and was a Jew, the enterprising young promoter of co-operating marketing associations employed Mr. Myer as attorney for the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange.

When Mr. Sapiro came to Denver, he asked Mr. Myer, point-blank, "Are you a Jew?"

When the negative reply came back, Mr. Sapiro immediately brought in Morton David, a Jewish attorney, to take Mr. Myer's place. But the directors of the Exchange, three of them, refused to let Mr. Sapiro "fire" Mr. Myer, so Mr. David is still out of the potato job, but under the wing of the Jewish organization.

Then Mr. Myer and three directors took charge of the situation, wrested control of the $2,000,000 potato crop from Mr. Sapiro and his sales agents, Weyl & Zuckerman, collected payment for the crop, and paid the 2,000 farmers who produced the potatoes.

This was an expensive mistake for Mr. Sapiro.

Back of all this lies, of course, something vastly larger, and a great deal more important than the simple organizing of a lot of American farmers in co-operative marketing associations. It has not appeared in California, where the Jew-organized farm associations are most numerous, to the extent that it has appeared in other states, because in California the criminal syndicalism law stands guard over the farmer and over all other industries.

But behind the scenes in the great and undeveloped Northwest, potentially as productive an empire as the Mississippi Valley, and far richer in natural resources and hydroelectric power than all the other Pacific Slope states combined, those Americans who are fighting to keep this principality out of the hands of the same people that ruined Russia firmly believe there lies a well-organized plot to turn over the resources and the industries of these three states to the international race.

There has been a great migration of Jews to Seattle, Spokane, Portland, Astoria, and the cities of Idaho, starting in 1920-21, the date at which began the efforts of the Jewish ring to dominate and exploit the farmers of these three states. *Without exception, the newspapers in the larger cities of Washington, Oregon and Idaho will not publish a line about the failures of the co-operative marketing associations formed by these Jews.* When the Northwest Wheat Growers Associated failed, carrying with it millions of dollars of the farmers' losses, *the large newspapers, and ninety-nine per cent of the small ones, merely reported that the various associations in this organization "had suspended operations."* Not a word was said of the Jews who had brought about the ruin, nor yet of the Gentile "fronts" who had taken the glory for the association when it was put over on the farmers. The story of this loot of the wheat crop of three states is going to be told, but first there is an outstanding example of the combination of Jew and radicalism, a clear exposition of the hand-in-hand workings of the notorious Sapiro Plan of marketing and the principles of Bolshevism, which must be told.

In the state of Washington, one of the heavy crops is hay. As it comes from the fields it is worth an average of $37.000.000 a year to the farmers who produce it. Up to 1923, the farmers got this thirty-seven million dollars for their hay. They sold it to American dealers in hay and were paid for it when they delivered it, on the American principle of paying for wheat one buys. But in 1923, the vultures descended on that $37,000,000 crop, This article will show that those hay farmers received next to nothing for their hay, were prevented from selling their hay elsewhere, and today have thousands of tons of that hay rotting on the fields.

The hay crop of the entire state of Washington, and of such parts of Idaho and Oregon as produce hay, was invaded by these promoters of the welfare of the farmer, under the name of the Northwest Hay Growers Association, with headquarters at Yakima, Washington, where L. A. Hunt, apparently a Gentile, perfected the organization, and became and still is its nominal head. Prior to this "successful" job of organization, Hunt, in 1920, formed and headed a co-operative hay-marketing association at Hermiston, Oregon, which went to smash, carrying with it the money and the hay of the farmers who had joined it. Prior to this, Hunt had been involved in similar projects, the history of which it is not at this time necessary to trace.

The Northwest Hay Growers' Association started out to control all the hay produced in the states involved, particularly in Washington, where the hay crop is heavier than in the other states. It promised its members that it would control at least seventy-five per cent of the crop, but it never did attain control of more than thirty-five per cent, and probably not more than thirty per cent. It has never rendered a report, either on its operations or on its financial condition, as required by the state law, and the information contained in this article is obtained from reports given by the association to its members, supposedly secret, and on data obtained by independent hay-growers seeking to save their friends from the ruin with which this association finally overwhelmed them. Such information is more accurate than any of the official reports ever put out by any of the California Plan associations with which the writer has yet come in contact.

For the past year the local associations, called "districts," in this hay organization have been in deep trouble. It is impossible to tell the story of all of them, but we may consider as a fair example the districts of Yakima, headquarters of the whole northwest association; Walla Walla, heart of the hay-growing section of Washington, and to a lesser degree, Hermiston, over in Oregon. At Hermiston, the ill-fated Hunt association was "reorganized," as is usual with these organizations when they fail. The prosperity of one of the Walla Walla officers is due to the fact that he does not sell his hay through the association, but to independent dealers.

Now then, this Northwest Hay Growers' Association, when it started operations, borrowed $180,000 from the banks. If you have read the previous articles in this series, you know the banks from which this money was borrowed, and where the interest of about $13,000 a year went. This money was supposed to be needed to pay "advances" to the farmers on their hay crops, and to care for expenses of the association, such as salaries, overhead, marketing costs and so on. It cared for everything but the advances, and the farmer has found by sad experience that his "advances" have been converted to "arrears" while he is still paying the interest.

When the farmers had swallowed this fairy tale of debt, the management of the association slipped out and bought six carloads of bale ties, at a cost of approximately $5,000 a car, or $30,000, unless there were some "discounts" to the buyer, of which the farmer did not hear. This started off the Northwest Hay Growers' Association with a nice little debt of $210.000. But this is merely the regular method followed by the promoters of the Sapiro Plan (California plan) of co-operative marketing associations to plunge their members into *debt which these members have got to pay or lose their farms.*

Now, thus well started, the association management succeeded through its agents, several of whom are known to have been I. W. W. organizers, and others equally well known to have been members of other radical organizations in agriculture and out of it, in signing up about thirty-five per cent of the growers of hay in the Walla Walla district, representing some 10,000 tons of the 30,000-ton annual production there. I want to be very specific about this Walla Walla district, because it is the district in the Northwest Hay Growers' Association which is most often held up as ideal in operation and results by the propagandists for the Sapiro Plan. For every member that they enrolled—the exact number is not given out by the association—these "organizers" and "agents" took ten dollars, and took it out of the pocket of the farmer, not out of the $180,000 borrowed by the association.

The association's next step was to fix the price of baled hay at $15.80 a ton. The current market price was $13 a ton.

In between, the association sold the farmer his bale ties at about five per cent more than he would have had to pay for them on the open market.

And let us see, five per cent of $30,000, which the bale ties cost, is $1,500, isn't it? That is to say, the farmers growing 10,000 tons of hay, paid virtually the value of 100 tons, or one per cent of their crop, in excess costs for their bale ties.

And not one farmer knows what became of that $1,500.

The writer knows where it went; the independent hay-growers of Walla Walla know where it went, and they are all ready to tell when the state demands a financial accounting from this organization, so I am not going to tell it now.

Of the 10,000 tons of hay signed up by the association, about 2,800 tons, not more than 3,000 at the outside, were sold, supposedly at the fixed price of $15.80. f. o. b. cars, or $2.80 more than any one else could get for his hay. There having been no financial statements made by the association, and the farmers not having been paid for their hay, there is no means of knowing at what price the management of the association sold it. Some independent growers and many of the association members believe that the hay was sold for *less than $13 a ton which the independents got.* There are at this writing approximately 7,000 tons of hay on the hands of the association, out of the 1923 crop, with the 1924 crop coming on, and no prospects of sale. The 1923 crop standing in the fields has deteriorated at least thirty per cent, and that is the farmer's loss, not the association's; don't ever forget that.

Now then, the Reds and Radicals and Communists and I. W. W. agents who went out in gangs of three to eight and hammered the weak-kneed, radical, or dissatisfied hay-growers into joining this association, promised the members that their hay would be marketed at a total cost of not more than seventy-five cents a ton. The average cost of marketing hay to the independents is $1 a ton. But, when the membership was signed up, *on contracts which bind no one except the farmer who signs, the announcement was made that the cost of marketing would be two dollars a ton.* Those who read the writer's exposé of the loot of the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association will remember that that association promised a marketing cost of five per cent

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More than 7,000 tons of baled alfalfa hay, sold by the hay-growers to the co-operative marketing association, has been left to rot in the fields, near Walla Walla, Wash., when it could have been sold for $13 a ton, or $91,000. The management of the co-operative association refused to sell this hay at less than $15.80 per ton, the "fixed price."

Was Tilden or Hayes the People's Choice?

In 1876 the Presidential Election Again Resulted in a Contest

By J. V. NASH

IT IS a rather noteworthy fact that during the one hundred and thirty-five years since the election of our first President, George Washington, in only two instances (if we except the Jefferson-Burr controversy, which occurred before the method of presidential elections was changed by constitutional amendment) has the will of the people as expressed at the polls proved insufficiently clear to give a good title to the possession of the White House for the ensuing four years.

The first of these contests over a presidential election was that which arose in 1824, when none of the four candidates in the field—Jackson, Adams, Crawford and Clay—received a majority of the electoral votes. As related in a recent article published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the election of that year was thrown into the House of Representatives which, under the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, adopted in 1804, is in such cases empowered to select the President from among the three candidates who receive the highest number of votes in the regular November election.

In this instance, although Andrew Jackson had been given a plurality of votes, both popular and electoral, the House exercised its constitutional privileges by electing, not "Old Hickory," but John Quincy Adams. But the friends of Jackson maintained that inasmuch as their leader had won more votes than any other candidate when the people went to the polls, he was really the people's choice and was "morally entitled" to the presidency. This view seems to have appealed to the people, for in the next election Adams was retired from office and Jackson was swept in by an overwhelming tide of public sentiment.

For the next fifty-two years, through the most crucial era in our history—including, as it did, the long period of controversy leading up to the Civil War, the war years, and the reconstruction era of a decade following—there was never any contest arising out of the presidential election. To be sure, the election of Lincoln in 1860 precipitated the Civil War, but there was not the slightest question, either in the North or in the South, that Lincoln was the duly elected President. It was the very fact that Lincoln, the head of a new political party born in the North, had so decisively won the election, that brought the long slumbering controversy between the two sections to its tragic crisis.

It was not until the year 1876 that the second inconclusive presidential election in our history occurred. This resulted in the long-drawn-out Tilden-Hayes contest, a political quarrel which stands unique in our annals and which, but for the forbearance of one of the losers and the good sense of the people of the country, might have plunged the nation into factional warfare, à la Mexico.

In 1876 President Grant's two terms were just drawing to a close. Conditions in the South were still somewhat unsettled. Some of the Southern states were still suffering from the evils of the "Carpet Bag" régime, and from one or two the Federal troops were not yet withdrawn.

The nominee of the Democratic party in this year was Samuel Jones Tilden, who was born at New Lebanon, New York, February 9, 1814, attended Yale and New York University, was graduated from the latter in 1837, and admitted to the bar. He had been a member of the New York legislature and achieved early prominence in Democratic national politics. He had upheld the Union during the war and enjoyed the confidence of President Lincoln.

After the war, Tilden was active in overthrowing the notorious Tweed Ring in New York City. In 1874 he was elected governor of New York state and made a notable record by his fight against graft. On the strength of this fine reputation, Governor Tilden was enthusiastically nominated at the Democratic Convention in 1876 for President of the United States.

The outstanding figure in the Republican party at this time was James G. Blaine, then at the very height of his career. In the Republican Convention at Cincinnati he was the leading candidate, and it was confidently expected that he would be the choice of the party. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the greatest political orator of the day, had placed Blaine in nomination, in a speech of impassioned eloquence, in which he referred to the statesman from Maine as "the plumed knight." The speech temporarily swept the convention off its feet, but after the enthusiasm had cooled down and the balloting began, it become evident that Blaine could not be nominated.

Blaine, with all his forensic brilliance and personal magnetism, and his hosts of devoted admirers, had implacable private enemies in his own party. Chief among these was Roscoe Conkling, of New York, whose influence in that great state was far-reaching. Years before, when both were young men in Congress, Blaine had subjected Conkling to a severe verbal castigation on the floor of the House. Conkling had sat through this lashing unmoved, but he never forgot the humiliation—he would bide his time and wait. To this enmity, no doubt, is largely attributable the persistent ill luck that dogged Blaine's footsteps and deprived him again and again of the presidency—the goal of his ambition. Then, too, in 1876, there was the recent scandal of the "Mulligan letters," which, although Blaine had been exonerated of the railroad graft therein involved, had somewhat clouded his political reputation.

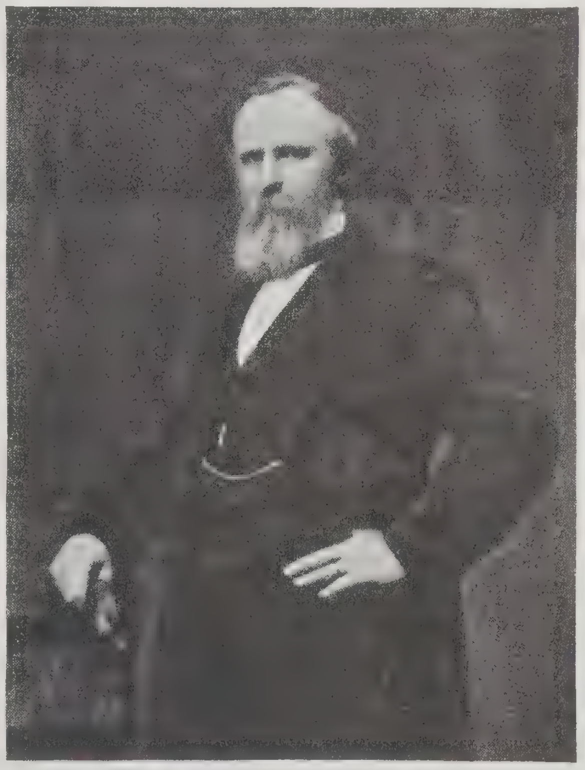
However all this may have affected the situation, the convention at Cincinnati became hopelessly deadlocked. The party of Blaine found itself confronting an obdurate stone wall. Finally, it became clear that the only solution would lie in agreement upon a "dark horse." This "dark horse" was found in the person of Rutherford B. Hayes, who was eventually given the nomination.

Mr. Hayes was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822. He studied at Kenyon College and at Harvard, and was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1845. His first public office was that of city solicitor of Cincinnati. He was a Whig in politics, and when that party fizzled out he joined the newly formed Republican party. He served as an officer of volunteers in the Civil War, with a creditable record, and was mustered out as a brigadier-general. He was then elected to Congress as a Republican, and was among those advocating the impeachment of President Johnson. In 1867 he was elected governor of Ohio and was re-elected in 1869. He reduced the state debt very materially and put through much commendable legislation. He then determined to retire from public life, but in 1875 was persuaded to accept another nomination for governor, following which he was duly elected.

In the elections of November, 1876, the result showed 184 undisputed electoral votes for Tilden, as against 163 for Hayes. However, there was a conflict in four states, with a total of twenty-three votes; namely, South Carolina, 7; Florida, 4; Louisiana, 8; Oregon, 3. These states sent in conflicting returns. The controversy in the Southern states was involved with the post-war conditions; that in Oregon was a local affair unconnected, except indirectly, with the trouble in the South.

The crux of the dispute concerned the votes of these Southern states, particularly those of Louisiana. It was in connection with the contest in Louisiana that the most sensational charges and counter-charges were flung to and fro. These states were normally Democratic, and the election officials had returned certificates in favor of Tilden electors. But the "Carpet Bag" régime which still controlled the governorships in these states set up independent "returning boards" which arbitrarily threw out the Tilden electors and substituted Hayes electors, on the alleged ground of irregularity in the elections.

Feeling, of course, ran high throughout the country. The controversy could not be settled by carrying the election into the House of Representatives, in accordance with the constitutional provision which had been invoked in the election of 1824, for this was not a case where no candidate had a majority of the votes. There were only two candidates in the field; one must have received a majority of the electoral votes—the question was, which of the two could rightfully claim the majority?



Rutherford B. Hayes

As there seemed to be no other way of settling the matter, Congress, consisting of both the Senate and the House, took it in hand by passing an act creating a special electoral commission. The act was approved January 29, 1877. This body was to consist of five Senators, five Representatives, and five associate justices of the Supreme Court.

When the commission began its work, it became very evident that party lines would be tightly drawn, and this proved to be the case. At every point—and there were many of them—in the long investigation, the commission divided eight to seven. They voted as Republicans and Democrats, not as impartial inquirers. The electoral vote, as determined by the commission on the 8-7 basis, was: Hayes, 185; Tilden, 184. The partisanship of the commission was a matter of such common notoriety, however, that it would be more correct to say that the commission itself elected the President by a vote of 8 to 7.

Samuel J. Tilden

Justice Bradley, the fifth member of the Supreme Court group, was especially condemned by public opinion for his display of partisanship; it was his deciding vote that gave the Republicans a majority of one at every point of the inquiry. The criticism directed against him on this account was so severe that he later wrote and published a defense of his conduct.

Never before nor since in our history has the vote of one man determined a presidential election.

The "court" finished its hearings and turned in its report on March 2, only two days before the date set for the inauguration of the incoming President. March 4 fell on Sunday, and on Monday, March 5, 1877, Rutherford B. Hayes became President of the United States.

Many books and pamphlets have been written on the pros and cons of the Hayes-Tilden controversy. The noted Judge Jeremiah Black, a former Attorney-General and Secretary of State of the United States, who had defended President Andrew Johnson in the famous impeachment proceedings, and who was counsel for Mr. Tilden before the Electoral Commission, published in 1877 an article in the *North American Review*, entitled "The Great Fraud," which opened with these words: "Since the first formation of what Washington called 'our happy system of government,' no event not accompanied with violence or war has excited a feeling so intense as the act of 'counting in Hayes.'" The judge went into considerable detail regarding the points at issue, with special reference to the dispute in Louisiana, where many flagrant circumstances were alleged, and vigorously condemned the commission for its seeming partisanship.

The political lines on which questions of fact and principle had been decided by a commission whose duty it was supposed to be to ascertain the impartial truth and render a decision based on justice alone, made a very unpleasant impression in many quarters.

The hot-heads among the supporters of Tilden were for refusing to accept the findings of the commission and for putting their chief into the White House by force. Thanks, however, largely to the efforts of Tilden himself, they were persuaded to acquiesce in the decision. The Speaker of the House, Randall, of Pennsylvania, a strong Tilden man, was also of great assistance in urging a peaceful acceptance of the situation. But it is freely admitted by historians that at this critical juncture Tilden could, by the lifting of his hand, have secured by force the office to which, on the face of the returns in the regular election, a seeming majority of the people of the United States had elected him.

It reflects unbounded credit upon the patriotism and self-restraint of the losers in this unfortunate controversy that they preferred to surrender the highest office in the land, which they firmly believed they had fairly won, rather than for selfish advantage to plunge the country into bloodshed and possible anarchy. In many other countries such a sacrifice of individual advantage to the common good would have been unthinkable.

Hayes' administration, be it said to its credit, was in every way honorable and acceptable, regardless of the equity or inequity of the means by which it had come into power. Civil service laws were initiated, and Mr. Hayes, in spite of some opposition, restored to the people of those Southern states who were still suffering disabilities growing out of the war, the full control of their own affairs; the last remnants of the Federal troops were withdrawn.

Yet there are many today who still maintain that during the four-year term from 1876 to 1880 the rightful chief executive of the country was President Samuel J. Tilden. Others maintain with equal sincerity that the commission could not, under a strict construction of the Constitution, have rendered any other decision than it did.

As in the case of John Quincy Adams, Rutherford B. Hayes, notwithstanding his excellent administration, did not win popularity. In fact, before his four years were up, he had fallen into such disfavor among the leaders of his own party that the compliment of renomination was flatly denied him; and so, again like Adams, he stepped out of office, a one-term President.

Athelstan, the First King of All England

Laid Foundations of the British Empire

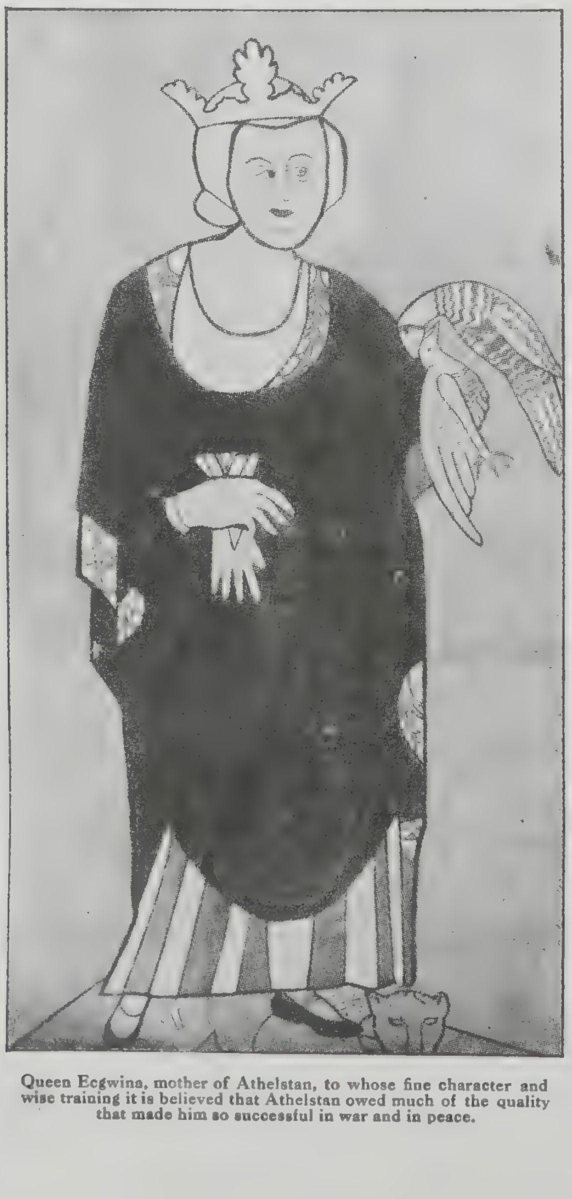
By PAUL TYNER

WHIT Monday is probably the most popular of English holidays. This year what was in many ways the most interesting and suggestive celebration of the day was one which yet has the tremendous distinction of marking with all possible fitness of historic pageantry the actual beginnings of all the glory and greatness of British power as symbolized on such a magnificent scale at Wembley.

The program began in the morning with a grand historical procession from Elmfield opposite the Grammar School to the Kingstonians' sports ground on Richmond Road. There were brief preliminaries in the shape of explanatory addresses by the Master of the Pageant, Dr. W. E. St. Lawrence Finny, five times a mayor of Kingston and now one of its aldermen. The special pageant play, "King Athelstan," was written for the occasion by Dr. Finney and admirably conveys the spirit and local color of the far-off time that marked the beginnings of the English royal sway that has since grown to such huge imperial dimensions. The play consisted of six acts or episodes: (1) Marriage of Edward the Elder, A. D., 893; (2) King Alfred Proclaims Athelstan, A. D., 901; (3) Athelstan's Coronation, Kingston, A. D., 924; (4) British King's Camp Near Penzance, A. D., 926; (5) Athelstan's Charter to Chertsey, A. D., 933; (6) King Athelstan's Court at Kingston.

Athelstan was the first King of ALL England. Up to his time, the tight little isle was split up into about a dozen rival kingdoms frequently warring with each other. Alfred the Great was simply King of Wessex (A. D., 871-901) until Mercia was added to his realm on the marriage of his daughter, Ethelfloeda, "The Lady of Mercia," to Ethelred, Alderman (or subregulus) of Mercia. But Athelstan, who was Edward's son and Alfred's grandson, and who is the king whose coronation was honored on its thousandth anniversary today, bettered his inheritance. By might of sword and cleverness of policy, he conquered and amalgamated all the remaining kingdoms under his own overlordship. The kingdom he founded has lasted for one thousand years and today exercises sway not only over the British Isles, but over nearly two-thirds of the whole land surface of the earth and about 400,000,000 persons.

During the sixteen years of his reign, King Athelstan distinguished himself no less in the wise statesmanship of peace than in victorious warfare. He had the good sense to turn every conquered enemy into a staunch friend, by letting him retain his title of king, exercising home rule within a territory whose boundaries Athelstan clearly defined, and subject to the laws of the Saxon Witenagemot, or Parliament. In return for the protection thus assured to his vassal, the latter was pledged to acknowledge Athelstan as his Overlord and to render him military service at call. It was only through this amalgamation of conflicting interests and forces that the Saxon kings were so long enabled to resist the repeated invasions of the Danes and practically to amalgamate the invaders when they did gain a foothold, so that it was not a Dane, but Harold, "the last of the Saxons," that fought William the Conqueror at Hastings.



Queen Ecgwina, mother of Athelstan, to whose fine character and wise training it is believed that Athelstan owed much of the quality that made him so successful in war and in peace.

We commonly call the composite race which today determines the destinies of mankind on this planet "Anglo-Saxon"; but it is really made up of Briton, Pict, Celt (of the Scottish, Welsh and Irish as well as Cornish varieties), Saxon, Angle, Norman and Dane, to say nothing of later admixtures of Italian, Huguenot-French, Spanish, Teuton. But the dominating element and spirit after all is the Saxon. And of the Saxon this doughty King Athelstan offers us a clear-cut type.

He was essentially democratic. The Witenagemot, which he established and built up into a truly representative legislature, could elect or depose kings. In Edwy's reign the members of this parliament deposed him and chose Edgar king in his stead. We are told that Athelstan lived a life of piety and rectitude. He was a keen soldier and a just judge and wise ruler. He set free a large number of slaves yearly with provision for their after care. He greatly modified the cruel and barbarous punishments that were characteristic of the age in which he lived, and prohibited altogether the capital punishment of youthful offenders.

He established a refuge for fugitive criminals, organized public markets, prevented profiteering, unified coinage. He translated the Scriptures into Saxon, the common tongue, and built many churches and abbeys—in those days the only "seats of learning" and benevolent institutions—liberally endowing them. That he was genuinely devoted to the good of his people is shown by the fact that he invariably shared the spoils of war between his soldiers and the great religious houses, keeping nothing for himself. He was as religious as Mahomet, always making baptism of the conquered kings and peoples a condition of peace.

One of his laws that showed much prescience was that under which any merchant making three voyages to foreign countries became a Thane and entitled to a seat in the Witenagemot. This practice was continued for hundreds of years under his successors and it needs no far stretch of the imagination to see in it a planting of seed from which has sprung Britain's marvelous mercantile marine and wide-flung naval power of today.

The Coronation Stone of Kingston bears a remarkable resemblance to the Scone or coronation stone in Westminster Abbey on which all the kings of Great Britain from James the First to the present king have been crowned.

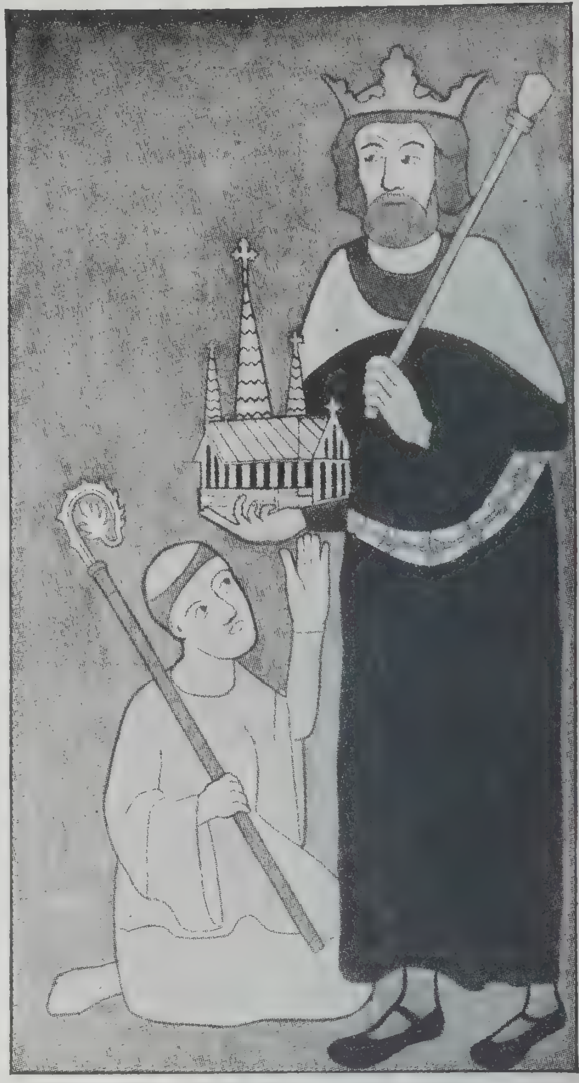
In his pageant play, Dr. Finney makes excellent use of the dramatic scene provided by King Alfred's ceremonial acknowledgment of the boy Athelstan as of the royal line. This is the culmination of a rather pretty romance in the life of Athelstan's father and mother. His mother, Ecgwina, was the daughter of a humble Saxon shepherd named Bercher, who lived in a forest village in Dorsetshire, probably the place known today as Athelhampton. She is described by old chroniclers as "a girl of transcendent beauty"—although one would hardly get this idea from the accompanying portrait. In the same village, lived Prince Edward's old nurse, and she and Ecgwina were fast friends. One day when the prince was hunting in the wood, he called to see his old nurse and there he met Ecgwina and fell in love with her. In a short time they were secretly married.

Of course, the secret got out and there were unlovely rumors afloat to the effect that the marriage was illegal, as a Saxon Prince was bound to marry only one of royal blood. At this time, Edward was not expected to inherit the throne, as his elder brother Edmund had been publicly acknowledged as the Atheling, or heir-apparent. Later, when Athelstan was seven years old, Edmund having died and Edward become Atheling, Alfred the Great heard of the boy's existence and, determined to refute the ugly gossip as to his legitimacy, publicly acknowledged him as a prince of the blood royal, greatly to the discomfiture of the villain in the play and to the joy of his father and mother.

Young Athelstan was well schooled in war as in letters. In one of his father's last battles, the youngster was given command of a division of the army; he routed the foe and having killed Leofric, the Danish leader, in single combat, he placed the head of the slain foe on the city gate at Chester. This made him popular with the army, of course, but aroused jealousy among the more indolent nobles.

Shortly after his own coronation, Athelstan married his sister Eadgitha to Sightric, King of Northumbria, the wedding being solemnized with great ceremony at Tamworth on January 30, 925. From any point of view, this was a very diplomatic move, as it attached to his cause a dangerous enemy. It turned out to be even luckier, from Athelstan's point of view, for about a year later King Sightric died and Athelstan took Northumbria into his own hands, driving out Sightric's two sons by a previous marriage. One of them, Anlaf, fled to Ireland, where he became King of the Danes in Dublin and a dangerous enemy to England. The other, Guthfrith, escaped to Scotland, where he received protection from Constantine.

Athelstan demanded of the Scottish king that he surrender Guthfrith into his hands. Constantine, fearing the results of a refusal—for despite his great repute for piety and humaneness, Athelstan did not seem to have any bowels of compassion when his purpose was crossed—brought Guthfrith south with him, but changed his mind on the way and let him escape. This seemed to infuriate the Saxon king, for he at once declared war on Scotland and marched north at the head of a strong force. Constantine of Scotland was subdued in short order and compelled to pay heavy tribute.



King Athelstan, the first King of All England, the one-thousandth anniversary of whose crowning was celebrated at Kingston near London. The portrait is copied from a painting preserved in Milton Abbey, Dorset.

Athelstan then marched against Owen, King of Wales, and that monarch had to pay a heavy tribute of gold and silver and of trained falcons before peace was signed at Hereford.

Then Athelstan "subdued" Eldred, the Prince of Bamborough. He next marched against the British in Devon and Cornwall, the country of the Celts known as the "West Welsh." Marching to Land's End, he crossed over to the Scilly Islands and there destroyed the naval base of the Danes. Returning to Cornwall, he built St. Buryan's Church on the first land he saw and granted it sanctuary rights and privileges. Later, he founded a Benedictine Monastery at Bodminton out of the spoils he had taken from the Danes. Here may be found a copy of the gospels in which is recorded the act of manumission made by Athelstan before the high altar and freeing forty-six slaves in thankfulness for his victories.

Athelstan's treatment of the conquered Britans evinced remarkable tact and foresight, as well as humanity, considering the savagery of the times. It had far-reaching consequences, for the Britons became his firm allies, so much that they turned against their former friends, the Danes, and fought with Athelstan against them. The consolidation, indeed, contributed indirectly to his crowning victory at Brunanburgh.

In the year 928, Athelstan held a Witenagemot at Exeter which was attended by King Huthol and the British Bishop and other British nobles, who were thus honored and recognized as allies, instead of being treated as subjugated foes. Saxon laws were enacted for Cornwall as for the remainder of England. Even a considerable number of those British who had at an earlier period fled before the invading Saxons and established the Kingdom of Armorica in Northwest France, hearing how well their cousins in Cornwall had been treated by Athelstan, began to return to their own country and range themselves under his banner.

As Athelstan's power and fame grew, so did the jealousy of his neighbors on the north. Suffering under the sting of one defeat and the heavy "reparations" exacted in consequence, Constantine, King of Scotland, prepared to avenge himself, bringing to his aid other disaffected princes who had scores of their own to settle.

In short course, a strong federation was formed for the purpose of destroying the Saxon overlordship in Britain. It included the Scots, Danes and Welsh already in the British Isles, together with Anlaf, the Danish King of Dublin whom Athelstan had driven out of his father's kingdom of Northumberland and who now sailed from Ireland with 615 ships. He was soon joined by the Danes and other Norsemen from Norway and the Baltic. Constantine was also joined by the Orkney men and the Picts, by Owen, King of Cumberland, the King of Wales and the Danes of Northumbria.

Athelstan, on his side, promptly set afoot preparations for the big fight. First, he visited Beverly Minster and placed the small gold sword that Alfred had given him on the high altar, promising to redeem it with rich

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Salvaging the Wreck of the Movie Film

How Motion Pictures May Be Made Potent Auxiliaries of Education

The following is an extract from a remarkable article on the cultural effects of the film, by Max Suberkrub, which appeared in *The Eucken Review*, the organ of the Eucken Society. It is an extremely concise analysis of the educational value or otherwise of motion pictures, and contains a wonderful amount of constructive criticism marked by incisiveness and directness.

BEFORE I begin to discuss the cultural effects of the Film, I may perhaps be permitted a few remarks on the spiritual aspect of mankind, more especially the world of apparitions:

Nature alone is the primal cause of this. In every direction it sends forth its vibrations. In the brain of every man these vibrations take form and shape according to the play of the visual, the auditory and the olfactory nerves, and of all the other senses.

The whole process is natural: as the influence, so the picture. If the initial idea is true, the image thereof will be true also. So much by way of necessary prolegomenon: I now proceed to discuss the Film itself.

What does the Film set out to effect? It aims at the creation of a picture of events which is entirely true to life. If the Film produces a real and true picture, it must perforce produce a real reflex in the mind of the people. But if the natural events are transformed by the action of the Film, the picture will not appear consonant with reality, and the judgment to be formed upon it will depend, to a large extent, upon the personal feeling of the individual spectator. From this point-of-view, the question is: Can the Film produce natural events in a manner entirely true to life?

As we have already said, man's apprehension is natural. Nature is the *causa*: the brain is the receiver. In the presence of an actual event, all the senses are at work. Let us take an instance. When looking upon a burning house, we not only see the flames, but we smell the fire, we hear the crackling, perhaps even shrieks. We stand in the throng, careless of the weather, hypnotically gripped by the event itself. Or we stand upon the seashore. We see not only the foaming of the waves, but the mere impression conveys to us the thundering break of the surge: it is for us also to battle against the storm; and, drenched to the skin, we feel the power of the ocean.

All these natural events are accompanied by a host of tiny details. But the Film must produce something for the eye alone. And whereas in actual life each sense is occupied to a greater or lesser degree, the Film is capable of providing a mere substitute, or counterfeit, of varying exactitude or inexactitude.

So far as the human senses are concerned, our conclusions must be as follows:

(1) The imagination of the spectator must supply for itself the missing parts of the picture. This necessarily results in an overstraining of the senses.

(2) No time-limit is exacted in the case of incidents thrown upon the screen. This is counter to nature and reality.

When a Film is reeled off in this unnaturally quick manner, our powers of apprehension are outrun, and we cannot properly follow the sequence: all our senses are confused, and we are thrown back for enlightenment upon the textual indications of the Film.

If the Film represents incidents and events in a manner true to nature, the imagination will not be too sorely strained. But if the Film represents the events of human life in a manner that is false to fact, the result may spell disaster for an entire nation. Excessive concentration upon pictures robs one of the ability to estimate and to criticise natural life: through false productions we form false conclusions, which lead inevitably to false opinions.

An Analysis of Films

HOW, then, from a practical viewpoint, stands the Film today? I regret today that I myself was unable to draw any comparison between the so-called good films and those that are worthless. And this for two excellent reasons: first, because the notices in the daily newspapers are not by any means luminous in this particular respect; second, because the Film enterprises are not inclined to publish the programs of their plays. I must therefore content myself with quoting the statements of Walther Konrad. Out of 250 film-plays, he counted 97 murders, 45 suicides, 51 cases of adultery, 19 cases of temptation, 22 cases of kidnapping and 176 cases of theft. In other words: murder, 39 per cent; suicide, 18 per cent; adultery, 20 per cent; temptation, 8 per cent; abduction, 9 per cent; theft, 70 per cent. This works out at 164 per cent in 250 film-dramas. The criminal statistics of 1919 voice their opinion in this matter: in the years past, there were only 8.5 convictions: in every 1,000 persons—that is thefts, 2 in every 1,000; murder and manslaughter, only 1.8 in every 1,000.

These figures show that natural events have been represented in an unnatural manner.

But, on the other hand, it may here be objected that other social factors are at hand to influence the populace. The objection is plausible; but the fact remains that the influence of the Film is paramount as a means of influencing—and enslaving—the people. For the Film, like Bengal fire, enlightens their hearts with incidents, motives, and passions, lucid, monstrous, inconceivable in actual life, whereas the result of all the great spectacles of Shakespeare, Schiller and other dramatists have the power to influence and to thrill people for months, for years, and sometimes even for a lifetime.

All the passions, such as love, hate, fear, faith, satire, must find their place in the Film, and appear in as concentrated a manner as possible. In from ten to fifteen minutes one can see what one cannot read about in several hours. It is easy to understand that such film-material as Konrad has described, and as is so often shown upon the screens today, is apt to corrupt the senses and the nerves of the inspectors: even to the extent of bringing about disorders of the nerves, and actually leading people astray, in the way we continually read about in the police news.

These figures collected by Konrad point to something still worse than all this: he asserts that the Film has robbed the majority of the people of the sense of true judgment; and, through the repeated reproduction of unreal events in life, it has put them entirely on the wrong track. The worst calamity of all is that the false imagery of the Motion Pictures has made people lose every notion of truth.

Should Be an Educator

THE full extent of the evil effects of the Film upon the population at large cannot as yet be gauged; for there are no certain statistics to hand. However, these are assuredly cultural facts which indicate how the Film reacts upon the nation.

The Film should be a public educator on the largest possible scale; but this is still utopian, for the first experiments in this direction are only now in course of being made. To go into this particular matter more fully is, for the moment, outside my province; but I wish to state and to explain the real value of the Film, and briefly to hint how that value may be enhanced.

The Film should become an organ of Public education for the following reasons:

(1) An educational organ of this kind is very necessary today; for education has ceased to be the privilege of a single class, and it is recognized that the happiness of mankind is ultimately based, to a very large extent, upon its education.

(2) The film is evidently the cheapest and easiest organ of education.

(3) From the viewpoint of a sane and true Socialism, it is the most efficient weapon for winning a more exalted happiness for the majority of the people.

To insure success in the foregoing points, and to restrict and obviate all danger of mischief to culture, it is necessary

(a) to reproduce upon the screen the events of life in a lifelike manner;

(b) to abide, proportionately, by the fundamental decencies of life.

Moreover, if the Film is to become an educator of public opinion, the following additional points must be carefully borne in mind:

(1) All lies must be ruled out.

(2) Beauty must be imparted to the people; and this, by the display of the marvels of natural scenery, and by films demonstrating the growth of plants in every detail.

(3) The manners of life prevailing in other nations should be shown.

(4) Health films.

(5) Films picturing famous men, and the pioneers of Truth.

(6) Sport films (athletic demonstrations).

(7) Scientific films, explaining all the factors of National Economy.

(8) Scientific films, proving and setting forth theories, and so forth.

Up to the present, the Film has wrought great harm to the nation; yet it is potentially a powerful factor in imparting education. This question needs to be seriously investigated; but I must for the present confine myself to the points indicated above.

We have now traced the connection that exists between National Economy and Culture; and, as the result of our investigations, we may set down the postulates following:

(1) National Economy must be the support of the entire nation, to the end that Culture may be developed.

(2) But this Culture must be genuine and authentic: it must avoid all tension and aim at equipoise; and by the fact of stripping away all base and degrading influences, it will react upon the National Economy and render it prosperous.

That is the ideal. Let us now consider how far the Film subserves this purpose.

And first we must clearly determine what constitutes economic success in general. Now, if the employes of a firm squandered the savings of the owner in rioting and in alcohol, this is not economic success, but a crime. But if these employes were to use the money to give their children a better education, or to build houses, then it might be considered that a measure of economic success had been attained. It is from this standpoint that we desire to examine the economic advantage of the Film.

The increase of national wealth, through export duties, state and local taxes, and the employment of workers, is manifestly an economic advantage.

On the other hand, the fact that the Film subverts the moral life of the community, leads logically to the conclusion that the 4-5 milliard marks pocketed by the proprietors of the Picture-Houses are in the wrong pockets—especially when one considers that the bulk of the money is contributed by the working-classes. This can be statistically proved by the figures of the seating-capacities of the theaters, the takings, and the number of inhabitants of the different towns.

What could be done with the money?

(1) A theater of medium size requires for a year the sum of 3-400,000 marks: that is to say, with this money about 16,000 theaters could be kept up.

(2) How many institutes of education could be built, if one takes into consideration that the public library in Berlin needed (in 1909) about 250,000 marks to keep it going? This means that 20,000 public libraries could be provided for with this money.

And would not this money suffice to support universities and high schools in their financial distress? How many public institutions might be built in more than one city, on the lives of the exemplary institute of Popular Instruction founded by Professor Harms in Kiel: how many children of the working-classes might be given a free education!

But there is yet another side light to be thrown upon the cultural aspect of the Film.

As we have established, the Kinema to a very large extent impresses upon the public a totally false impression of the world at large; it robs the masses of a sound criterion of life, and helps to increase the tension between the classes. But the aim of true Culture is to unite. From a cultural point-of-view, the Film undoubtedly works havoc in the public mind: for instance, it creates bad desires, and fosters bad habits. How far this havoc has already gone can hardly be expressed: it is impossible to estimate it in numbers.

No doubt the national wealth has been increased by the Film. But no doubt, also, these material riches are—and will be—nullified by the concomitant decrease of culture. And, notwithstanding the apparent pecuniary advantage derived from the Kinema, it may yet turn out to be a positive disadvantage to economic conditions.

These are the facts. We cannot retrace our steps. As we have pointed out, the power of the Film is tremendous: the Kinema is packed with several million spectators day by day.

Steps must be taken to fight the evil tendencies of the Film, and to encourage and develop the tendencies that are good. All who recognize the truth, and who are cognizant of their strength, must straightway do battle for the sake of that truth—else they will sin alike against the laws of their interior being, and the laws which govern the world.

(Translated by Professor Samuel F. Darwin-Fox.)

Athelstan, The First King of All England

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spoils of war, should he return alive. He was also intrusted with the sacred banner of St. John of Beverley.

On the night before the battle, Athelstan had a narrow escape. Anlaf, his bitter enemy, had obtained admittance to the camp in the disguise of a strolling harper. Athelstan, learning that a plot was hatching, rearranged his camp, moving his own tent to a considerable distance. It so happened that the Bishop of Sherborne, coming late that night with a force of the men of Malmesbury, pitched his tent where the king's had been. The Danes attacked in the night and the bishop was killed in mistake for Athelstan. In recognition of the bravery of the Malmesbury men in this scrimmage, Athelstan granted special privileges to their town, which it enjoys to this day, the Malmesbury burgesses holding an annual "Athelstan Feast" to preserve these valuable rights.

In this battle, Athelstan made use of his fine military training and skill as a strategist. He won a victory which was accompanied by the greatest slaughter ever known up to that time in English warfare; five kings, seven earls and Constantine's son being among the killed, which ran into the thousands. The Danish power was at last completely broken and Athelstan's rule as King of All England was securely established.

Athelstan founded Milton Abbey in A. D. 929. It was built in the woods near the village of his childhood and he devoted himself, when he was not busy fighting, to enriching and strengthening that religious house.

Athelstan's reign came to an end with his death on the 27th of October, 940, at Gloucester. He was buried at his own request in Malmesbury Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen.

Sapiro Rust in the Northwestern Hay Crop

Concluded from page 10

of the gross selling price of the crop, while, as a matter of fact, that cost was actually eighteen per cent.

> If all the 10,000 tons of hay controlled by this association in the district under discussion had been sold at $15.80 a ton, the farmer would have received $13.80 a ton net. But, the interest on the $210,000 which the association owed would have taken approximately $1.41 cents more from the price received by the farmer for every ton of his hay, leaving him $12.39 cents a ton, or sixty-one cents a ton less than the independent grower received. To a man raising an average crop of 500 tons of hay, this means a loss of $305, not a small item in his annual budget.

Then, along in December, 1923, when discontent began to spread through the membership, the association issued two statements. The first was that four dollars a ton would be advanced to the growers; the second was the flat order that all the hay grown by all the members of the association had passed definitely out of the farmers' ownership and control when he became a member, that it belonged to the association, and that the association would dispose of the hay as it saw fit, without reference to or consultation with the growers. The first statement was made in writing; the second was issued verbally through the district managers, agents and other employes of the association. For high-handed dictation to and domination of supposedly free American people, this second statement takes first prize; not even Koykendal and Sapiro's henchman, Levy, ever tried anything quite so bold as this on the prune-growers of California.

When the farmers went to get their four dollars a ton "advance" on their crop, an advance for which they had waited more or less patiently for nearly six months, a few of those who had been the first to join the association, and had used their influence to get others to join, received the money. The majority got nothing, and haven't got it yet. One man near Walla Walla, who had signed on to deliver 100 tons of hay to the association, went to get his money, and was passed from one to the other of five "officials" of the association before he was finally told that he was "too late, because the time limit on that four-dollar offer has expired."

But there was a little balm in Gilead, though Mr. Sapiro did not put that balm there. A farmer in the association, so sorely pressed for money that his bank was preparing to foreclose on his farm, and the tradesmen had refused him more credit, appealed to one of the independent growers. This grower took him to the independent dealer who handles more hay every year than the association. This dealer had his attorney look over the contract which the farmer had signed. Between them they discovered that this contract was predicated on the signing up, by the association, of seventy-five per cent of the acreage. The seventy-five per cent had not been signed, and the independent dealer bought the hay from the member of the association, paid him thirteen dollars a ton for it, and agreed to stand by him, if the association attempted to carry the contract into the courts. This the association never has attempted to do, and other farmers similarly involved have been selling their hay, though time and the elements have depreciated it in value, to the independent dealers. In an endeavor to stop this selling, the association agents have attempted to bulldoze the farmers, until some of the latter have brought out the old shotgun and literally "run the agents off the ranch."

The latest contribution to the condition of the hay-growers who are in this association is a letter from the management of the organization, saying that there will be no money available for payment for the 1923 hay crop until July 1, 1924. This is nearly one year after this hay was delivered to the association, and is almost the date for the delivery of the 1924 crop. If this association nets six dollars a ton to its members for their hay, provided that the hay is sold, it will be doing far better than there is any reason to expect. That is to say, the farmers in the association are paying seven dollars a ton on 10,000 tons of hay, or approximately $70,000, for the privilege of using Mr. Sapiro's California plan of "orderly marketing." And they will keep on paying it every year, just as long as they remain members of the Northwest Hay Growers' Association. This, remember, is entirely exclusive of the sums these same farmers have to pay for marketing their crop through the association, that is, two dollars a ton for a service which costs really one dollar, and, in addition, $1.41 a ton, interest on a debt which the farmers ultimately must pay. Neither Mr. Hunt, Mr. Sapiro, nor any of the other gentlemen, clear back to Mr. Otto Kahn, in New York, all faithful friends of the American farmer, will have to pay it. But the farmer will pay it, down to the last penny.

At least two young men in the association realize this, for they have sold their farm to their mother, and have gone to work for her for day wages. They live just outside Walla Walla. Another who had rented a farm for several years, producing annually 500 tons of hay, which he had sold at a cash price of $6,000 to $6,500 every year, joined the association last year. Today his hay is rotted in his fields, he is "broke" and working as a hired hand for an independent hay-grower, to support his wife and children. Yet the 3,000 tons of hay which this association is known to have sold, and which its agents claim was sold at $15.80 a ton, should have brought in $47,400. Where is the money? The farmer doesn't know, and the association which he thought belonged to him will not tell him, so we must add it to the $210,000 debt the association has wished on its members. That makes $257,400. There are approximately 10,000 acres of hay land, producing three and one-half tons an acre, in the Walla Walla district, while, in all Washington, there are about 82,000 acres, similarly productive. This land ranges in value from $150 to $200 an acre. As nearly as can be ascertained, about one-third of this acreage is signed up in the association, or, let us say, in round numbers 28,000 acres. On every acre of this signed-up land, there is a burden of debt, due to the association, of approximately ten dollars an acre, for to the total of $257,400 mentioned above, must be added the interest on $210,000.

What has become of the money involved in this transaction, no one—least of all the farmer—knows, but they are beginning to suspect.

One farmer, a prosperous hay-grower for years, signed a contract to deliver 100 tons of his annual crop of 600 tons, average, to the association. A few days after he had signed, an agent of the association came back to him with a new contract, saying that the old one had been destroyed in the filing process in the office of the association, but that the new one was the same as the old. The unsuspecting farmer signed, and has since found that the new contract turns over not 100 tons, but ALL his crop to the association for five years.

He has broken this contract, sold his hay to independent dealers, and is ready to go into court at any time.

The Northwest Hay Growers' Association, however, is not quite so ready.

"Bootlegger" Dentist a Menace to Public Health

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board's order. The attorney-general was sent a transcript of the dental board's findings many months ago and so far has not moved to try the appeal. He says it is the duty of the local district attorney to try the case, and that individual answers that it is up to the attorney-general to try appeal cases. Here is one of the reasons that lawyers in general are regarded as lacking in civic spirit. The public should be chiefly interested in the great central fact that the greatest responsibility of the dental profession is to prevent, not merely to restore. There are not nearly enough reliable dentists to serve the people.

There are about fifty thousand dentists in America; more than in any other country. There should be an average of one dentist to every thousand people if the people are to be well served. About 2,000,000 patients visit dentists' offices every day.

There is only one kind of economical dentistry. That is when the teeth are regularly examined and treated before there is a record of pain. It costs less, hurts less and better work can be done.

Neglect of childrens' milk teeth is just as serious as that of their mature ones. Some make the blunder of doing nothing until the children's first teeth are gone.

Many parents don't seem to realize the dental needs of their children. College dentists find many flappers wearing fur coats who are only interested in having nice looking front teeth. A little old-fashioned family discipline is needed in such cases.

Keeping one's teeth clean by use of the tooth brush and also by periodical cleaning by a good dentist who will remove calcified spots before decay can break down the enamel is essential to good teeth and low dentist's bills.

If one's tooth brush is dipped in alcohol after its use and cleansing under the faucet and then kept in a glass tube it will be clean and pleasant to use. The occasional brushing of the teeth with a little flavored chalk, procurable at the druggist's, will be worth more than all the widely advertised dentrifices, according to a dental surgeon whose endorsement is vainly sought by the makers of these trade-marked preparations.

The absurdity of the claims of some of these advertised dentrifices puts their makers on a level with the dental quack. One cream that is declared to contain a medicinal element that will kill decay has been tested with this result: It would require an application of thirty-eight minutes without any disturbance by the flow of saliva and the friction of the tongue and gums for the preparation to take effect to the slightest degree.

Some will be moved to inquire how they can select a good dentist. It should be borne in mind that there are non-advertising dentists with ornate offices in fine buildings who are just as worthless as the fellows with electric signs and big painted teeth.

One does not have to visit the fashionable, highest priced dentist to get good work. There is a group of fine, but moderate-priced dentists whose work is entirely reliable. Careful inquiry will enable them to be found. If one has a reliable physician he can usually refer you to a good dentist.

The worth-while dentist does not end his education with the completion of his formal college course. He is constantly attending clinics and lectures and maintaining contact with the helpful leaders of his profession through affiliation with his local, state and national societies. One authority has suggested the need of a public classification of practitioners according to the extent to which they supplement their college work by these means.

Several dental dispensaries in various cities have clearly demonstrated the value of preventive dentistry. A five-year test by the Bridgeport dispensary gave this remarkable record of the reduction of the most common fatal disease of children:

Diphtheria was reduced from 36.6 per cent to 18.7 per cent; measles from 20 per cent to 4.1 per cent and scarlet fever from 14.1 per cent to .5 per cent. There was also a decrease of 50 per cent in children retarded because of lack of mental efficiency. Bridgeport had a smaller percentage of children's deaths from influenza during the great epidemic than other cities of its class.

In Rochester the most advanced and useful dental dispensary in the world has been created through the leadership of William Bausch, a manufacturer, and the financial support of George Eastman.

The Rochester dental dispensary takes children up to the age of sixteen. In 1923 there were 67,530 visits of patients to the dispensary and 58,253 paid five cents each. The dispensary has squads of licensed dental hygienists who clean the teeth of school children in the school buildings under a contract with the board of education. These hygienists are provided with portable equipments consisting of chair, cabinet, engine, sterilizer, and so forth. In 1923 prophylactic treatments were administered to 92 202 school children.

Straightening crooked teeth is one of the most important features of the Rochester dispensary. Not only is the appearance and the comfort of the child greatly improved but there is also an improvement in speech. Not infrequently children below normal mentally have been greatly helped by the removal of the nerve pressure usually found in a crowded jaw.

Another department deals with the related field of tonsil and adenoid work, harelip, cleft palate and other surgical operations around the mouth. Since 1919 operations for tonsils and adenoids have been performed upon 7,171 children.

A simple, attractive building was erected and equipped by Mr. Eastman at an expense of $400,000. He has also provided an endowment of $1,800,000. Through these provisions the dental prevention work among the children of Rochester has been placed beyond the reach of politicians.

Flint, Michigan, has just provided an edifying illustration of what the aldermanic mind thinks of saving children's teeth. Through the co-operation of a splendid dentist and the then mayor, a well-known industrial executive, a dental dispensary was established. The many foreigners in Flint resented the clinic at first but soon became enthusiastic.

Dentists throughout the Middle West began to have hopes that the Flint dispensary would pave the way for other small cities adopting the plan, but were disappointed.

During the war American soldiers were struck with the poor condition of the teeth of British soldiers. Those quartered in England noticed that the population largely went without dental work. In fact all foreign countries, with the exception of some German districts, have neglected dentistry. The elaborate dental service of the American army was marveled at in Europe.

England has now sent to the Rochester dispensary for advice and suggestion for the purpose of framing dental legislation and also for plans for the establishment of dental clinics. Australia and New Zealand recently sent personal representatives to Rochester for the same purpose.

Italy's Symbol of Friendship

ON THE shore of the blue Mediterranean, near Carrara, Italy has decided to set up a marble statue of Prometheus which will be at once a lighthouse and a memorial of the poet Shelley, who was drowned off that coast a century ago.

The height of the figure will exceed 180 feet—greater than the figure of Liberty at the entrance to New York Harbor, and comparable with no statue of which there is any record, unless it be the celebrated Colossus which bestrode the harbor at Rhodes.

The sculptor will be Fontana, who has already executed works of great magnitude, notably the statue of Garibaldi at Sarzana, twenty-four feet high, and the great Quadriga at Rome.

In an interview with Signor Fontana, which appears in the Manchester *Guardian*, it is stated that the decision to erect the lighthouse-statue coincided with the hundredth anniversary of Shelley's death. The poet's body was cast up on the beach a few miles from the spot where the memorial will stand.

Shelley made the legend of Prometheus the groundwork of one of his greatest poems, and "Prometheus Unbound," bearing the torch of freedom, will send beneficent beams over the waters which became his grave. The mountains close at hand will furnish the marble.

Although the primary idea of the memorial is inspired by the fate of Shelley and his connection with Italy, it is also to be regarded as a symbol of the friendship between Italy and Great Britain, and their alliance during the World War.

In the model of the statue, which has just been completed and which is forty feet high, the figure of Prometheus is represented as carrying the stolen fire to the world of humanity. One hand clasps some of the flame to the breast, the other holds it aloft and lights the beacon. The figure will stand on a rough-hewn pillar of marble, with a rough-hewn base of the same material.

The lines of the countenance depict pain—but pain overcome by supreme effort, for the sake of carrying relief to "a world pining in pain."

Sentiment as Savior of Natural Resources

Eminent Novelists' Strong Appeal for Conservation of Woodlands

By T. M. VESEY

THE NATURAL resources of this continent have supplied North American writers—more especially novelists—not only with a large proportion of their settings, but with no inconsiderable percentage of their actual themes.

Stevenson once said that "some places speak distinctly—certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder, certain old houses demand to be haunted, certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck." And in support of his contention that one may first happen upon a setting and afterward get action and people to realize and express it, he cited the case of his own remarkable story, "The Merry Men." "There," he confessed of its genesis, "I began with the feeling of those islands off the West of Scotland, and gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which the coast affected me."

In how many hundred instances has a cataract, a stretch of "white water," a log-jamb, an oil-field, a mining camp or a timber limit supplied the inspirational impulse for an episode or even the *motif* of an entire story.

Sometimes the author has made use of the material at hand without any conscious knowledge of its significance other than as "local color," "atmosphere," "setting," "locale," "background," or whatever name he chooses to assign to those literary accessories which constitute the scenes amid which his characters move. His imagination simply seizes upon them on account of their value to him as an arena in which to set his drama. A classic instance of this use would be the environment in which Fennimore Cooper's Indians moved; while a contemporary illustration might be found in Cody's handling of New Brunswick woodland scenes.

In other cases the author has been deliberately and more acutely aware of the precise significance in life, as distinct from fiction, of these natural appurtenances; in which cases the settings themselves have usually formed an integral and essential part of the story—a scene in which no other kind of story could be plausibly enacted, and one without the aid of which the particular story could not have been written. Robinson Crusoe would be about as imaginable bereft of his island as the play of "Hamlet" minus the Prince of Denmark.

Harold Titus' "Timber" and Madge Macbeth's "The Patterson Limit," the first dealing with the Michigan pine woods and the second with Northern Quebec, are instances of plots actually developed out of the scenes and the industry which form the settings.

"Timber" was described—in the jacket-blurb, it is true, but not necessarily incorrectly because of that circumstance—as the first conservation novel; and Mrs. Macbeth's more recently published story can probably lay claim to being the first Canadian conservation novel.

It is not difficult to understand why, of all our natural resources, forests should for long have offered the brightest lure to the producer of fiction. Leaving aside the physical beauty of sylvan scenery, which clamors to be described, timber is one of the oldest of our resources. The natural features were, of course always there but they remained the rawest of raw materials until man's inventive faculty brought them into general use.

Canadian timber, as a case in point, definitely came into the category of natural resources when the woods of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were ravished to supply the king's frigates with masts on which to fly the Union Jack in defiance of all the Frenchmen on the high seas.

Ralph Connor's "The Man from Glengarry," the filming of which aroused so much interest in the Ottawa Valley and in Northern Ontario, is another example—a lumbering story in which the story rather than the lumber was the mainspring.

And this brings us—by, as Mark Twain said, "a natural and easy transition"—to the question of what positive propagandist value, in relation to conservation, there might be in fiction. The two conservation novels already alluded to were written with the definite object of attempting to reach "the great heart of the public" (and thereby imbuing it with a realization of the disaster involved in the disappearance of our timber resources) by means of educative dialogue and dramatic action, without lessening the appeal to the general reader. For after all, the primary purpose of a story is to interest, and if it fails in this particular it fails entirely.

The question that at once arises is: Are such stories likely to attain a sufficient degree of success in their twofold object to warrant their production? On the negative side it must be conceded at the outset that as a general thing the reading public does not take kindly to fiction having for an underlying object the uplift of the community. Still, there have been notable exceptions to this rule and that this indirect means of disseminating useful propaganda and expounding constructive ideas through the lips of imaginary characters has its tremendous advantages has often been made manifest.

Despite an increasing community desire for general enlightenment—evidenced by the earnestness with which many of the young people of to-day regard national problems—there is still far more fiction read than any other literature with the exception perhaps of daily newspapers. Propaganda, to be thoroughly effective, must reach those who are open to conviction. It does not require salesmanship to sell a man what he wants, the real science consisting in first convincing a man that he wants a thing and then in selling it to him. So the indirect method of educating via the channel of recreative reading cannot be without its value.

To give yet another classic instance (this time illustrating the driving force of fiction applied to readers who, when they commenced to read, had no idea of the lengths to which they would be driven) "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played no negligible part in defeating the Southern Confederacy. And to come down once more to modern times, Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" was responsible for the investigation resulting in the reformation of conditions in the Chicago packing houses.

Norway pine, "big timber," on Star Island, Minnesota National Forest, Minnesota.

Sinclair himself said that after aiming at the "great heart of the public" he had hit its stomach. Galsworthy's "Justice"—a play—was mainly if not wholly the impelling force toward prison reform in England. Its production resulted certainly in the appointment of the Royal Commission which inquired into the defects that existed in the penal system twenty years ago. The reason the average "novel with a purpose" fails is that it is so crudely executed that it does not interest.

In the cases of the two conservation novels already alluded to in neither of these stories was fictional interest sacrificed to conservation encouragement; yet the plots of both hinged wholly upon the fight for the forests. Readers having no knowledge of protective efforts could find no lack of absorption in the adventures of the characters, while the real significance of their motives could not fail to be appreciated. The following, for instance, from "Timber," is dramatic enough, and at the same time carries its own serious message:—

> "They're gone, the old Michigan stands, but there's a new forest coming on, here—we're in the heart of it. If I should sell to you and you should run twenty million a year, which was big those days but isn't now—Foraker's Folly wouldn't last long. But if we go through with my father's plan—you and I—we can cut four million and up a year—forever."
>
> "Moonshine! It's—"
>
> "No, it isn't a dream. It's real. It's as real as those trees outside my house. The last faller hasn't cried 'Timber!' for the last Michigan white pine. We haven't seen the last of it going down iced roads to the dumps; we haven't seen the Blueberry bank-full in the winter time with white pine logs for the last time! We haven't seen the last drive; we haven't heard the last pine log going against a saw here in Michigan; we haven't seen the last pond full of them, floating fine and high. . . ."

Reading a passage such as that, even the veriest tyro will be bitten by a salvaging enthusiasm, and will probably exclaim, mentally at least: "Well, I hope not, at all events!" And when next the conversation turns upon the subject of our vanishing resources he will be among those who agree that "we mustn't log off all our timber lands without doing some replanting to replace what we take away."

Or the subject may be approached by deftly holding up to ridicule those narrow, self-satisfied persons who fail to realize that the land might conceivably have some destiny other than that of providing a comfortable stamping ground for themselves. Madge Macbeth adopts this method in her delineation of the mental attitude of the typical small-town social circle:

> To them, a tree was merely a tree, set in a certain locality—heaven knew when or how—and distinguished from others of its class by names such as ash, larch, oak, pine. Trees grew conveniently or inconveniently. If inconveniently, they were ruthlessly cut down; otherwise they were unmolested and in the fulness of time, they died. Crewsbury would have been scandalized to be told that thousands of feet of timber are destroyed each year, not by the design of God, but by the ignorance, the carelessness of man, and any effort to prevent this destruction or repair this waste would have seemed like tampering with Nature, and tampering with Nature was synonymous with offering advice or a reproof to God!

The keenness of the thrust delivered by this style of writing is enhanced by the fact that it aims straight at the self-esteem of the reader, forcing him to retain his good opinion of his own common sense and broad-mindedness by dissociating himself from the views of those described. Hence he becomes, practically by mental necessity, a convert to right thinking. And he, too, when next the talk turns to the price or paucity of, say, newsprint, is one of those who urge his fellows to realize that a tree is not merely, and ultimately, a tree, but is in its wider signification a natural resource.

Desolation follows in the track of the lumberman if no steps are taken to replant. This picture gives a vivid impression of what cut-over land looks like when utterly neglected.

Study in Race Appreciation— The Italians

Concluded from page 2

times looks with unseeing eyes on his American surroundings, for his mind's eye sees only the eternal smoking of his own Vesuvius, the blue waters of the Bay of Naples and the azure sky of Italy. Our American poet, Thomas A. Daly, has caught with rare sympathy the homesickness of the beauty-loving Italian for his homeland. And the lure of Italy for its sons in America is shown by the fact that about one-third of them return to remain in Italy.

If those who are linguistically inclined will apply some of the first principles of teaching English to a few lessons for themselves in Italian, they will get an idea of the liquid beauty of a language which contains some of the world's masterpieces of literature.

The modern political development of Italy has been truly called "the awakening of a great race." Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour and Victor Emanuel were the seers and the makers of modern Italy as far as a national spirit is concerned.

It was in 1871 that Italy was made politically a union with Victor Emanuel II as king, but it must be said that in no true sense was there a union of the Italian people until during the past few years.

It was as Massimo d'Azebelio said: "We have made Italy; we must now make the Italians."

Though her founders had a spiritual vision, modern Italy has as yet not had time to utter a spiritual message.

Until the war she had only been able to enter the first stage of nationalism—namely, that of becoming a people united in unconscious feeling. The war did more than all else since the political union to make the Italians conscious of their unity. Today the Fascist movement under the dominant leadership of Mussolini, the organizer, has made modern Italy conscious.

It may be said that the Italian environment, history, and ideals have selected out from the heritages of all the diverse peoples in Italy until there is an Italian national feeling. The problem, not an easy one, of the makers of present-day Italy will be to construct a permanent political unit, with respect for minorities, out of the many existing diverse elements which survive the past centuries of racial and political instability.

(The second part of this article will appear in an early issue.)

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Some whales travel twice a year more than a quarter of the distance around the world. They will be in the Arctic regions in the summer and on the other side of the equator in the winter.

The highest telephone in the world is located on the summit of Pike's Peak in Colorado, at an elevation of 14,110 feet.

In South Africa the government has appropriated $1,500,000 to fight a plague of locusts, the worst on record. In one district near the Orange River a single swarm of locusts, which extended in an unbroken mass 150 miles in length, is reported to have devoured all vegetation.

The automobile industry uses fifty-four per cent of the upholstery leather supply of this country.

When John Milton died he left three thousand dollars to his wife, who, by the way, was his third wife. When she died, at her request, a tombstone was erected over her grave which bore the inscription: "Elizabeth, the third and best wife of John Milton, the poet."

Only one hundred of the four hundred twenty-five miles of railroad which would carry the products of the great northwestern grain-fields of Canada to salt water at Hudson Bay remains to be finished. However, due to the fact that it will cost approximately $22,500,000 to complete the railway, erect terminals and dredge the channel, it is doubtful if the work will be finished.

Prickly pear cactus, imported into Australia from America in 1788, has spread to such an extent that thousands of acres of land in that country is worthless for cultivation.

More than 4,000,000 illiterates will be entitled to vote in November for President and for members of our Congress. If organized they could control the balance of power in the United States.

The American aviators in the round-the-world trip are flying Douglas machines with 400 horse power engines. They weigh 4,300 pounds and in each case the lift is 2,615 pounds, counting men, food, equipment and fuel. The total weight is 6,915 pounds. The span of the machines port to starboard is fifty feet and they fly at about eighty miles an hour at normal speed.

The Filipino market woman squats on her heels beside her wares and rolls her betel nut with oyster shell lime in a bitter leaf before chewing it. The nut blackens the teeth and colors the mouth blood red, but the natives deem it a satisfying and healthful indulgence.

The Shuberts have canceled their plans to produce revues, and buy or build theaters in Germany. Many newspapers published warnings to actors and chorus girls that the Shuberts mistreated actresses, paid badly, did not pay for rehearsal time, and generally did not deal with artists as European managers, it is said. Several newspapers are said to have invited the Shuberts to remain away.

The first free library given by Andrew Carnegie is in Dumfermline, Scotland, and was dedicated on July 27, 1881.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

"Whether the road be long or short, the day must and will come when the nations of the world will submit themselves to definite rules of conduct, whose violation will receive the united condemnation of mankind."—*Hon. John W. Davis,* Presidential Nominee.

A mining engineer has estimated that it took ten thousand men one thousand years to perform the ancient mining work found in Isle Royale copper workings. Not less than one thousand tons of broken hammers alone have been found in the ancient diggings.

The Jewish press reports that when the strong K. K. K. delegation from Georgia arrived in New York for the Democratic Convention, it became a question who should greet them. So a Jew was sent to do this office.

The Black Stone at Mecca is the most kissed object in the world; even more kissed than the Irish Blarney Stone. No true Moslem, after having made a pilgrimage to Mecca, would think of leaving without first kissing this sacred stone.

The largest map in the world is being made in San Francisco. It is 600 feet long and eighteen feet wide, and shows all the natural as well as man-made features of California.

The idea of circumnavigating the globe in the air is 120 years old. In 1804 a Belgian aeronaut named Guillaume-Eugene Robertson proposed to scientific societies of Europe the construction of a huge aerostat for an aerial voyage which would circle the earth. The idea was received indifferently and the matter was dropped.

Weaving was practiced in China more than a thousand years before it was known in Europe.

A skeleton believed to be that of King Richard the Third, who was killed at the battle of Bosworth Field, in Leicestershire in 1485, has just been unearthed and handed over to the Leicester museum.

A determined drive on the behalf of the metric system will be made at the Pan-American Standardization Conference, which is to meet at Lima, Peru, in November.

According to a statistician of Munich, Germany, every thirteenth inhabitant of the world lives in a city of more than 100,000 population. In Europe alone the proportion is even greater than for the whole world, for every seventh person on European soil lives in as large a city.

The War of 1812 ended 169 years ago, but Uncle Sam still pays pensions to twoscore persons because of it. It is reported that one soldier's pension was not paid until ninety years after the last batle was fought.

Of 293,488 houses destroyed in the earthquake in Japan last September, 144,797 have been restored.

During the nineteenth century the population of the world grew from 640,000,000 to 1,600,000,000. It is increasing at the rate of 20,000,000 a year during this century.

Lewis B. Reed, who recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary in Los Angeles, California, is said to be the oldest college graduate in the country. He graduated from New York University in 1843.

An Inca mummy, believed to be about 2,000 years old, has been discovered near Arica in Chile by Max Uhle, an archeologist.

Bills providing for the construction of a national art gallery are being prepared for introduction into Congress should funds for the structure not be raised by gifts and bequests by this autumn. Charles Platt, of New York City, has been commissioned by a group of art patrons, who have subscribed $10,000 to design the building.

Gambling is a criminal offense under Japanese law.

America's annual loss through embezzlement by trusted employes has increased five times over since 1910, and is still increasing. E. A. St. John, president of the National Surety Company, estimated the country's present loss at $100,000,000 to $125,000,000 a year.

The establishment of a cotton mill in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, by Samuel Slater, in 1789, marked the introduction of the factory system in the United States. It did not gain a foothold, however, until the first protective tariff was passed in 1816.

American exportation of $75,000,000 worth of electrical machinery and apparatus in the fiscal year 1924, against $25.000,000 in 1914, and $10,000,000 in 1904, illustrates the rapid increase in the world use of electricity.

The world's oldest building still standing above ground has been discovered by an expedition from the British Museum, London, and the University Museum, Philadelphia, at Tell El Obeid, Babylonia, four miles from Ur. The building, which is more than 6,000 years old, moves the already ancient history of Babylonia back another 1,000 years.

Among the first records of paper-making in the American colonies was that of Leffingwell, of Connecticut, in 1768.

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Italians as an Asset to America

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Study in Race Values—Italians

Frugality Fostered on Twenty-five Cents a Week

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota.

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In this, the second part of the article, the writer deals with the adjustment of Italians to American conditions.

Photo by Jenks

Blond and brunette Italian sisters—born in Cleveland, Ohio.

SOME 4,500,000 Italians have come to the United States—of whom much the largest per cent were South Italians. In the first half of last century they began to be noticed among our immigrants, but not until after 1854 did we receive more than 1,000 in consecutive years. Twelve thousand came in 1880—from which date began a steady increase. In 1900, Italian immigration reached the 100,000 mark, and not until after the year 1914, the last normal year of immigration, did the annual inflow fall below that number.

From the year 1899 to 1923, inclusive, we received from Italy 3,761,777 immigrants. This means that 22.2 per cent of all our immigrants during that quarter of a century were Italians; this percentage is more than twice as high as the next lower group, the Hebrew.

The Italian migrates to other countries besides America. Italian sources of information show that for seventy years Italian emigrants have been going in increasing numbers to all the Continental countries of Europe, as well as to the British Islands, North America and South America. Immediately before the World War the number of emigrants was roughly 1,000,000 a year, of whom 300,000 or 400,000 returned annually. During the first ten years of this century more than 48,000 went to Canada.

To Argentina up to the year 1908 ten times as many Italians had migrated as any other people except the Spanish. In 1908 Argentina had 1,771,971 Italians, or more than twice as many as the Spaniards themselves, though the language of Argentina is Spanish. Into Brazil also the immigration of Italians is greater than of any other people. Their nearest numerical competitors are the Portuguese. Up to 1907 there were 1,213,167 Italians and 634 585 Portuguese in Brazil—yet we speak of Brazil as Portuguese, and its language is Portuguese. Italian migration to these countries still continues. In 1923 Argentina received 94,000, Brazil 15,000, while Canada's Italian immigration was 6,400.

What is the cause of this dispersion from Italy until it is even a world phenomenon?

Why do more people emigrate from Italy than from any other mother land?

The first cause is *overcrowding*. In 1881 there were 257 persons for each square mile in Italy; this means about ten times as many as in the United States. But in twenty years Italy's density increased from 257 to 294, and in 1918 it was 372 for each square mile.

Thoughtful Italians have deplored the loss of so many emigrants. A university professor said, "We must stop this hemorrhage—are we Italians breeders for the nations?"

But in spite of Italy's extreme emigration she is not emptying her home nest, and there is no indication that her emigration will soon decrease. I stood in the doorway of a farmhouse three miles from Agrapoli, not far from Naples, with an Italian youth who had returned from Pittsburgh to that farm birthplace of his. We looked out over the beauty and richness of the Italian landscape and I asked: "Why did you go to America?" With appreciation for the reason of my question, he said, indicating the vineyards before him, "There were eight of us brothers for this small piece of land."

The second cause of Italian emigration is *poverty*. Italy is impoverished because in this day of industrialism she possesses such scanty natural resources or raw material. Her agriculture and zooculture cannot be great because not only is her land poor but it is the most mountainous of all the large countries of Europe. Oranges, lemons, olives and grapes are valuable products, but they are not staple foods for the maintenance of life. Italy produces no "staff of life" for her people, except wheat. The Italians are hard workers, yet the scale of agricultural wages published by Italy for 1905 shows a maximum of forty-five cents a day with a minimum wage of twenty-six cents and a mean of only thirty-four. To this should be added about one-third for provisions furnished, making the highest wage sixty cents a day, and the mean forty-five cents.

We should mention *excessive taxation* as the third cause for Italian emigration. About one-fourth of the annual wage of her people is gathered by the government in various taxes.

From these three causes of Italian emigration may be deduced the lure which draws the Italian to America. It is almost one hundred per cent economic; it is higher wages.

In all four parts of Italy—Northern, Central, Southern, and Islands—the largest percentage of migrants are from those localities where the number of modern industrial plants is lowest.

Amalfi on the sea. Such scenes as this make "The Amalfi Drive" justly world-famed.

Since the Italians have come to America in such large numbers, it may be wise and reasonable for us to attempt to see what besides mere numbers they seem likely to contribute to America.

The anthropologist takes long visits of time into consideration when he thinks of the people of a nation, so he looks to see, first, *whether the race maintains its numbers*. No matter what splendid qualities a people possesses, it is of short life unless the group perpetuates itself by normal families of children.

We have already noted the numerical increase of the Italians, so we name as an important Italian characteristic, that biological and social fact, *fecundity*. A people whose births over deaths is annually about 400,000 or whose rate of annual increase is 1.176 per cent has a future. In America, the Italian women of the first generation have more children than any other group except the Canadian French. Whereas city life tends to decrease human fecundity, the Italians in American cities have more children than they have in the country. In other words, they have successfully made the adjustment to city life, while the old-line Americans have failed so far to make that adjustment. Our city families are smaller than our rural families.

Photo by Jenks

American-born Italian children, Cleveland, Ohio.

A second noteworthy characteristic of the Italian is *industry*. The Italian migrant, as we have seen, goes from Italy to other countries, not to seek liberty, education or adventure; he goes solely for work. Just as he has taken the place of the Irish immigrant in American construction work, in the building of roads, railways, irrigation, drainage, so he has gone to other European countries, and in the face of millions of unskilled native sons, has done the new construction work—especially the public undertakings. He goes by many thousands into machine industrial employment in the industrialized countries of Europe and the Americas.

In several places in Southern France agriculture is said to be dependent on him. His constant application and industry in cotton and tobacco growing in some of our own southern states have made him highly prized on plantations where he is known. In short, the characterization made of the Italian by the United States Immigration Commission seems to be universally acceptable: "His strength lies in his patience, unflagging industry, and capacity for hard monotonous toil."

Thrift and frugality is a third Italian characteristic. Savings in banks, and the owning of real estate proclaim thrift. In several American cities we find statistics showing that the North Italians are the largest depositors in banks of all our new immigrants, and that the Italians, unspecified as North or South, more largely than any other of the newer immigrant peoples, own their homes. It is the South Italian and not the North who so largely sends his money back to Italy—the one saves and sends to Italy, the other saves and deposits in American banks. But both buy American real estate.

In the days before the war when the average earnings of heads of Italian families in such American industries as the manufacture of shoes, gloves, women's clothing, the dyeing of silk, was less than $800 a year, Italians here annually sent to Italy some $70,000,000 known to and reported by our government agencies. Undoubtedly much also went to Italy in the pockets of returning Italians and in other ways of which the government has no knowledge. Such remittances mean for our Italians more than mere thrift; they mean what we must call "frugality."

From all Italian communities comes the report of merchants that Italians are "stingy." Very well! They are not spendthrifts; they are frugal. South Italians in New Jersey sometimes live on twenty-five cents a week, with Italian bread, macaroni and peppers. On the canning farms of New York the living cost is from fifty cents to a dollar a week. Dr. Antonio Stella says of his own people: "The vaunted remittances of money to their relatives in Italy . . . . almost invariably represents the most humiliating deprivation of the bare necessities of life."

This Italian characteristic of frugality, which is so marked, thus has another side which should grip the attention of all who are interested in Americanization, *because savings often mean that the Italian families live and bring up their children, if they survive, in disgraceful, un-American conditions, crowded, underfed, diseased, with wage-earning women and children.*

In many parts of Italy, due to ignorance and poverty, the standard of living is unbelievably low, with no regard for modern ideas of hygiene and sanitation. These standards are brought to the United States, and where persisted in in Italian large-city communities, produce the slums social workers deplore and almost despair of. Here there is a subversion of all the democratic ideas of the rights of womanhood and childhood. The problem of child labor in America is largely the problem of the children of the foreign-born. Florence Wilkinson has given us a true picture of New York City Italian children flower-makers in her poem, *"The Flower Factory,"* beginning—

"Lisabetta, Marianna, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—
Little children who have never learned to play."

It is easy, perhaps natural, for those peoples, whose women and children are out-of-door "bread-winners" in Europe, to put them into the wage-earning class in America—which with its unaccustomed indoor confinement here is so deadly. One of the most important practical problems for our nation is to help such immigrant groups to attain more healthful and wholesome standards of living.

But we must note that the industry and thrift of the Italian in America keeps him out of our dependent class. These are virtues from which the public gains, as does the frugal and thrifty person himself. The Italian is rarely a mendicant, and he has small representation in our institutions for dependents.

A fourth characteristic of the Italians is in the realm

(Concluded on page 14)

The Lure of the World's Aerial Theater

Radio Now the Most Popular of American Indoor Recreations

By A. R. PINCI

LIKE everyone else, I have seen a great deal of air. The biggest expanse I beheld at one time was through an observatory telescope, and between the retina and a star regarded as almost invisible my glance pierced more air than is commonly the case, at least as far as air reaches.

As Marconi had just been heard from, air in those days was principally something to breathe, not very safe at that, considering the unpronounceable microorganisms a new school of bacteriologists was beginning to identify. Otherwise at that time air was good for boys to exercise a kite, for women to dry Monday's wash, for many men "to be up in," and the biggest ocular thrill was when a balloon hove in sight. The only audible thrills were still limited to ghostly sounds.

Today all that has changed. The air provides a free theater for much of the world, and it is taken for granted. At least, it is taken for granted in the United States, where radio has made its greatest stride, where it has suddenly become a household necessity. The great American indoor pastime is to go after the things "that are in the air." If the growing army of dialticklers knew that the air contains argon, crypton, metargon and neon—names which sound like some of the performers occasionally advertised—it would at once try to tune them in.

Years ago Pasteur, Muntz, Sestini, Omeliansky, Koch and Metchnikoff, among others, were studiously examining the air for its microscopic life in behalf of health. Today Marconi, De Forest, Hazeltine, Squier, Goulden and others are intent upon making the air more healthful by utilizing it as a universal conductor of virtually free amusement. If at the same time a few hundred thousand quintillion trillions (it's easier to spell than jot down the figures) of microbes are electrocuted by the Hertzian waves, health will be the gainer.

Just now, however, the great problem of radio centers on broadcasting. This phase has been discussed for two years or so now, and those interested are no nearer a solution than when they began arguing.

It is much too late, of course, to erase radio as the latest on the list of the simple luxuries that in this country so swiftly make the transition to necessities. Hospitals have provided it for their patients, its use being permitted upon doctors' orders; many deaf persons are finding it a boon musically; a public subscription in New York to provide disabled veterans with sets reached in a few weeks the sum of $100,000; a Washington newspaper made a success with its "shut-in radio fund," intended to provide sets to invalids and others; and finally, a million persons have invested in radio parts and instruments on the supposition that their purchase was semi-permanent.

In general, the argument is settled on the part of the listeners with the plea that if there had not been any free broadcasting they would not have bought a set, or the parts of one, which is not exactly the same thing, so far as the implication of responsibility goes. But that answer does not answer. The sets which cost $100 or more, the price of a good phonograph, are the minority, experts saying there is one factory-built expensive set to every ten homemade ones.

From an impartial, independent standpoint, one may ask what is the right to claim a free concert on the part of one who has made an investment of $17.32 for parts, possibly not one manufactured by a broadcaster, and entirely apart, whether an investment of $10 or $500 for a set actually entitled purchaser to free broadcasting forever and ever, the manufacturer not covenanting so to do.

This argument, which is now of national proportion, and whose first whispers have already reached Congress, is herein set forth not as a radio analysis, but as a report of interest to the great majority of the people; that is, radio fans.

The Radio Corporation of America, of which General J. G. Harbord is president, has assumed the aggressive for free broadcasting. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, through H. B. Thayer, its president, takes the opposite viewpoint, both as a matter of record and as a question of principle.

The former company sells sets, although its chief sales item is tubes, and a very few parts. To maintain sales, free broadcasting would be a *quid pro quo* plus an advertisement. The other company, which is the parent company of telephone and telegraph subsidiaries, has no radio to sell, but judging by special wire leasing in distant control work it has profited by this extra service.

Should Broadcasting Be Free?

THE latter company takes an extremely practical business opinion of broadcasting, declaring that free broadcasting is no more natural than free phonograph records, free gasoline and oil, free typewriter paper and ribbons, and the like. It does not contest the right of anyone to broadcast free, but it wishes to go on record, apparently, that unless it is regarded as a distinct advertisement by and of broadcasting companies, it cannot be free, and the fan ought not to be permitted to go on expecting free private service of this kind indefinitely, particularly now that they have become exigent, critical and censorious.

Later this year its experiment with the $100,000 radio fund, made up of popular subscriptions, will be worked out and more can be told when it's all over. The idea is that good artists, good music, good entertainment, cost money, and the very entertainers that radio fans seem to want now are those who do not need advertising. Nearly half of that sum has been subscribed by wealthy donors, just to start the ball rolling, and those initiating the project count on ten-dollar contributions, of which thousands have been received. Briefly, this company wants to discover whether there are in the United States enough fans who will contribute three cents a day for the privilege of tuning in one excellent program, irrespective of the fact that children with homemade sets costing less than ten dollars cannot be expected, and will not contribute, any sum for any program.

Officials of the Radio Corporation of America do not believe that it is practical, as things stand, to make any kind of a charge for broadcasting that the average listener-in will pay. This not because they want something for nothing, but rather because impartiality cannot be enforced. In other words, as fans they do not object to a little philanthropy, since they have been accustomed to it, unsight unseen, but they object to becoming philanthropists.

Dismissing the possibility, as urged by some, that the government—Federal, state and municipal—shall go into broadcasting officially (the city of New York has just opened a costly station) from the viewpoint of welfare, education or other sociological requirement, the argument reduces itself to the very simple one of advertising.

Now, this question of advertising has been bandied back and forth rather carelessly of late. So it is well to explain the difference between advertising for self and being an advertising medium. This means that the fan must choose, to make his views known, between a station that advertises the broadcaster proper, and one that accepts radio advertising at so much for each broadcasting period.

Congress Takes Notice

HERE we come again to the original argument between two nationally known stations, WJZ and WEAF. The former is essentially part and parcel of the advertising fabric of the Radio Corporation of America, although to my knowledge it has never advertised a single product of the company. The other is an experiment in a new communicating medium on the part of a communications company, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. It is a company rich enough to spend $100,000 yearly for maintenance of its station, if it wishes, and could well charge it to advertising, but it has no such intention. What this company seeks is whether it can rent its broadcasting facilities to those who may find it advantageous to go on the air without the attendant expense of an own station.

Newspapers, department stores, hotels, industrial plants, and churches are the leading broadcasters today. They intend it as a public service, and the way it has been conducted so far it is a public service, but in reality it is an advertisement. Like all other kinds of advertising, it has its dead area, either because it does not reach all the people or because many listeners-in may never have a commercial or other contact with the broadcaster.

A very popular station in the East, not very far from New York City, has never advertised its wares; all the announcer says after calling the letters is "one of America's greatest stores." In the metropolis it made a hit recently through originality by broadcasting at seven o'clock in the morning the "daily dozen" music. Thus, while at seven o'clock in the evening it prepares for slumber the children by hanging out stars for each of them, called by name and located by address, twelve hours afterward it acts as a pleasant alarm clock for fit-as-a-fiddle workers. Its voice has been heard in Japan and France, which is a long breath, halfway across the globe.

A practical advertising man would deride the pulling power of that radio station as a direct merchandise seller, particularly because merchandise is not mentioned. But more people away from the city where WOR is located know the station than there are those who read its ordinary daily advertising. And acquaintanceship never hurts.

If I am not mistaken, the services at St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral were the first to be broadcast, so WWJ of Detroit scored heavily. But if it was not the very first it was such an important church that its example was soon followed by other churches. The fact that the Pope is now a listener-in is considered by many as precursor of radiocast services from some of Rome's churches.

One of Philadelphia's stations treated its auditors to a broadcast from the bottom of the sea, somewhere off the Steel Pier at Atlantic City. A special outfit had to be devised for the diver's use, who told of his descent fifty feet below the surface. Then he described the wreck of an old boat, which long ago had gone to Davy Jones' locker, the fish that swirled about, and effect of the sun's rays at that depth.

It seems strange that Washington, the seat of the government, where Uncle Sam maintains army and navy radio, the broadcasting work is done by the two private companies there, WCAP and WRC, branches of New York's WEAF and WJZ, respectively. Working alternately, and often being given the right of way throughout the nation from coast to coast, the Washington stations introduce the President of the United States, ex-presidents, and famous visitors, last year's notable examples being Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson.

Congress has recently sat up and taken notice; it has squabbled under the dome over the desirability of radiocasting its sessions. At this time the situation is this, 51-49, or some such ratio; it is a good thing; it is a bad thing. A roll call to settle it, *a la* national conventions method, is out of the question. It is urged by friends because it would expedite work and keep members constantly present, because constituents could check up on absenteeism and "talkism"; it is objected to by others because it would keep members declaiming indefinitely to prove their indefatigableness. Neither side seems to have thought of the possibility that listeners might have work to do at home.

A prediction is almost safe, however, that Congressional debates will be broadcast sooner or later, and no doubt the entire governmental output of radiocastable information will in due time be represented by a single official station. Its sphere ought to be essentially governmental; its output everything from a speech by the President of the United States to the hog quotations. The big problem—one which has been faced by private broadcasting directors—will be a censorship sufficiently mandatory to check ambitious officials from advertising themselves instead of their duties.

Newspapers have become enthusiastic users of radio; about fifty of them have their own stations in this country and Canada. But it is childish to hold that radio can take the place of the newspaper, even if it were practically possible to tune in on one's favorite news items. The newspaper can be read at one's convenience; it can be read to suit one's moods or interests, and selectivity therefore is at one's command. Radio's output must be caught at the hour it is scheduled, and if something goes wrong with the receiving set, or the auditor misses a few words, effectiveness is lost, because it is not possible to go back if a point is lost.

Hotels are now booming the broadcasting industry. Not many fans east of the Mississippi who can tune in New York but have heard the Waldorf-Astoria concerts, thus giving them a treat that only a few years ago was reserved for the ultra smart set.

Is that advertising? These are the hotels that are mentioned, photographed, and otherwise referred to by the newspapers, because they are a sort of national landmarks. Do they need, as such, advertising? How many prospective guests can any hotel deploy from the ranks of listeners-in? A hotel is not like a store; it cannot increase its number of rooms and other accommodations as a store can add to its stock of goods. Building additions is all very well; filling them is something else.

It is quite likely that in the case of both hotels and theaters the broadcasting is an entertainment chiefly intended for out-of-town listeners, after a certain number of the home-town folks have been catered to. After all, there are many residents of New York who have never been inside of a fashionable hotel and perhaps also of a big theater. In this respect said New Yorker is not a whit better off than the farm-bound youth, but radio serves and equalizes both.

Whether it be a church, a hotel, a theater, a newspaper, a manufacturing plant, its broadcasting service really becomes useful, in a specific sense, in ratio to the number of potential listeners served in addition to and beyond the number that would be directly served were there no radio. That, conclusively, is the final and only measure of radio's beneficial possibilities.

For example, take New York University, which has started a so-called University of the Air, one of many, serving definite localities. One week's curriculum included public affairs, by Professor R. D. Smith; history, by Professor Howard Driggs; philosophy, by Professor Herman Horne; social economy, by Professor H. P. Fairchild, and systematic psychology, by Dean Lowe.

Naturally, a program like that will not appeal to many listeners, not as many as would music or a prize fight or a Presidential speech, but an unseen classroom of 120,000 interested persons—not necessarily all students—which is the number estimated by the university officials, is a big school.

What Fans Are Fond of

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY held a series of ten lectures dealing with the works of Robert Browning, but a matriculation fee of five dollars was charged, according to an announcement in the newspapers, to pay for the printing of a syllabus which was provided to each student.

Unseverable from the question of broadcasting, particularly in extracting a fee therefor, is *what fans like.* A pleased fan may not be the best customer, but he may have the makings of one.

What do they like best?

That is not the sole question.

What do they like best, even to contribute a little something for it, as against the apparently perpetual competition of free broadcasting?

The Radio Music Fund, started last spring in New York, already referred to, attempted a poll, with the result that WEAF's tabulation shows symphonic music first; jazz, second; instrumental and vocal selections, third, obviously relegating miscellaneous features to last place.

A newspaper poll undertaken a few months ago showed the following vote:

Dance music,	2,527	Current plays,	686
Popular songs,	1,908	Vocal recitals,	539
Instrumental,	1,447	Banquet speeches,	537
Sports,	1,127	Church services,	498
Opera,	850	Bedtime stories,	248
Lectures,	710	Readings,	241

How final this tabulation is, no one knows; at best it is indicative. Yet it tells nothing of how the voters would line up if it were a case of "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe, catch a fan by the toe, but if he hollers against paying a coupla dollars, let him go."

Moreover, there enters the problem of copyrights.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

The Acropolis at Athens crowned by the majestic ruins of the Parthenon and other masterpieces of ancient architecture.

Where Grecian Culture Was Enthroned

Pilgrim to Palestine Visits the Haunts of Ancient Civilization

By HAL WALKER

In this part of the wonder voyage the writer gives a vivid impression of Athens and other places in the Near East.

OUT of Valetta Harbor in the early evening, the hour we left nearly every port on the entire trip so we had the most possible daylight ashore, we were heading eastward for the real Near East. As we cleared the bay the lights flashed on and formed a yellow frame for the harbor, where a few steamers were lying at anchor, and outlined the city itself much better than its slopes could be seen under the light of the sun.

Our next stop was to be Piraeus, the port of Athens, which bears the same relation to the ancient city of the Greeks as does San Pedro to Los Angeles. However, Piraeus has a natural harbor and is much nearer the center of Athens, only five miles, than is the California port to the center of the Angel City. From the time of passing between Crete and the Greek peninsula, land was always in sight, islands seeming to dot these waters as thickly as speckles on a turkey's egg. From a glance at the map after passing around and between these myriad isles, I think perhaps even the map makers left out a few.

Coming into Piraeus shortly after the noon hour, I was struck by the number of idle steamers swinging idly at their anchors and becoming more and more thickly coated with rust. In Naples I saw many vessels under the same condition, but thought then it might be wholly an Italian question, whereas it seems to be the same in all ports of the Near East, as I was to find later. The harbor of Piraeus seemed literally filled with these craft which should have been engaged in commerce on these Eastern seas but the disturbed conditions following the Great War and the later exploit of the Greeks in Asia Minor created a stagnation in business. The prolonged fighting of the Greeks with the Turks under Mustapha Kemal, which resulted in the Greeks being driven out of Asia Minor, did much to destroy the business between Greece and the nearby Asiatic coast. Agriculture was crippled and manufacturing almost at a standstill.

As in Naples, there were automobiles awaiting us in Piraeus after we landed from the *Pierre Loti* by small boats. First we were taken around Piraeus and the neighboring harbor, and then headed for Athens itself on a fine macadam road. Athens, in its downtown section, might be any modern city at home except for its sidewalk cafés. Everything else, buildings, paved streets, tramways, automobiles and other necessities of modern civilization, abound.

We think of Athens in terms of pictures we have seen of the Acropolis and ancient architecture, and are genuinely surprised at the modern Athens lying below the slopes of the ancient temples. In this modern Athens many of the inhabitants are occupied as their cousins or other relatives are in the States, running shoe-shining stands, cleaning hats, and running small restaurants.

Only a short time was spent in this modern Athens, nearly our whole afternoon was on the Acropolis which rises 200 feet from the plain below and is crowned by the ruins of those wonderful buildings whose construction and beauty of line have been the motif for many more modern constructions in our own land. Those buildings on the Acropolis, which represent a civilization old before the Christian Era, will be handed down to future generations of our own people by the genius of our own time and will be forever a monument to what we owe the ancients.

My first, and my last, view from the Acropolis over the surrounding country was disappointing. Where I had expected to see, I don't know why, flourishing groves of olives and other fruits, and highly cultivated land, there seemed nothing except barrenness. Huge rocks and long stretches of bare, brown earth parched in the sun, and punctuated only at long intervals by the green of trees, was the general vista. Dust clouds filled the air with every slight wind far out over the plain. The fertility that was Greece's in ancient days has departed.

It was this lack of vegetation and the clouds of dust driven before the breeze that caused my remark to one of the Frenchmen of the party after we were back aboard ship. He asked me what I thought of Athens, and I replied that it seemed mostly dust, referring to the surrounding country. This must have disappointed him greatly and confirmed the view of many foreigners that Americans have no appreciation of beauty in art and architecture, for later he wrote in a French publication: "It is true that the Parthenon leaves some indifferent, like the American who, asked to give his impressions on what he had seen at Athens, gave a resumé in a word, 'there was much dust.'" In case this comes under his eye he will understand the reason for my remark

Modern Athens dominated by the Acropolis.

There is a thrill in the Roman ruins at Nimes, in Southern France, the arena, and the great Ponte de la Garde, bridge and aqueduct combined, there are thrills in some of the Buddist temples in the Orient, in Mohammedan mosques, a supreme thrill in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, which latter I experienced later, but the thrill on that afternoon in Athens, standing on the Acropolis and gazing at the Parthenon, was like none of these others.

It was overpowering to gaze upon that ancient architecture, designed by the race which was the mother of western civilization, that pile which for so many centuries has defied the elements and wars alike. But just as the real feeling of awe for the work of those ancient artisans grips one the strongest, one notices ladders and scaffolding with workmen in ordinary American overalls working on restoration, and a hundred or more feet away a shack selling picture post cards and lemonade, so that the jolt back into the present century is rather severe.

The French Mission included, as I explained in telling of the personnel, mostly business and technical men, regular Main-streeters in our vernacular, but they took a stand that afternoon which gave me a new insight into their character, into one of the traits which makes the French nation what it is. We were scheduled to go to a tea, reception or something of that sort, arranged by the French consul general, I think, but these hard-headed business men in whom one would never have expected a trace of sentiment turned the invitation down there on the Acropolis, and for what? To see the sun set from this ancient stronghold of art and literature.

And so we remained as the air grew chill and the sun sank slowly in the west. With the shadows creeping through the valleys around and only the tops of the higher hills in the sunlight, the last beams of the god of day lingered caressingly on the Doric columns of the Parthenon turning them to a rich golden brown so that it seemed for a few moments as if they were pure gold, so richly did they absorb the lingering rays. With this picture stamped indelibly on our minds we slowly walked down to the waiting motor cars, but were silent all the way back to Piraeus, even in the rush of modern transport.

Another time we sailed in the gathering dusk, leaving Athens and its glory behind and bound for our first stop on the Asiatic coast, Smyrna. We seemed almost to dodge islands, so thick are they in the Aegean Sea, those islands which have been made famous by the ancient Greeks in song and story, and in the bright sunlight of another perfect morning we went in through the heads at Smyrna where the Star and Crescent flag was floating from the fortifications. As we dropped anchor in the roads, the Stars and Stripes was seen fluttering in the breeze across the harbor.

Smyrna has a large harbor, but it is without protection and even moderate winds kick up such a sea that landing in small boats is made almost impossible at times, and there are no real wharves in the port. With 500 acres in its business section burned in the great fire which swept the city about the time the last Greeks left in September, 1922, it is a problem as to when this prosperous port of Asia Minor, the gateway to an especially rich hinterland, will regain its commercial supremacy.

The main street along the water front, two-thirds of which was swept by the fire, is faced by modern business blocks and in many respects resembles the Bund of Kobe or Shanghai. There is a dinky street car service, horse-drawn, along the water front and to the suburbs along the bay in either direction, while other means of transportation is a fleet of "deep-sea" hacks drawn by skinny horses which are driven by Turks with much cracking of whips.

Smyrna is a good introduction to the Turk and his history on account of his long domination of the country, but the city itself is cosmopolitan, having quarters for Europeans, Greeks, Turks and Armenians. The Turks have failed in positions of responsibility on the railroad where they were placed at one time by the English manager in response to a special plea of the Turks themselves. Several Turk stationmasters allowed trains to come together and that was the end of the experiment, Greeks thereafter holding such positions. The traders are both Greek and Armenian while the farmers in the interior are nearly all Turks.

I was fortunate in having as fellow travelers on the *Pierre Loti* two men who had lived long in Smyrna. One

(*Concluded on page 5*)

Interviewing a Town—Lincoln, Nebraska

Seven Celebrities and What the Inhabitants Thought of Them

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

I WENT out to interview Lincoln, Nebraska. I have interviewed many men but I thought it would be good sport to interview a town.

Lincoln thinks well of itself.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Lincoln to me when I carelessly suggested to this Middle-West town what I had come from Detroit for the purpose of perpetrating.

"But why do you want to interview me?" said the town with that same camouflage modesty which the average celebrity assumes at the beginning of an interview—and then proceeds to talk his head off.

"Why? Well, there's Willa Cather. That's one reason. Then there's Dorothy Canfield. That's another reason. Then there's John Neihart. Then there's General John Pershing, and William Jennings Bryan, and young Fred Ballard, of "Believe Me, Zantippe" and "Young America" fame, and General Dawes—"

"That's enough. Go on with your interview!" said this young rascal of a Nebraska town with a grin.

No wonder Lincoln thinks well of itself. I doubt if there is another town in America that can call its very own a quartet of such present-day literary celebrities as Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, John Neihart and Fred Ballard; to say nothing of General John J. Pershing, William Jennings Bryan, General Dawes and a score of other lesser lights. Count 'em! Seven in all!

I hunted up every aunt, uncle, cousin, girl-friend, boy-lover, cat and dog in town who knew Willa Cather, and they were many.

There was a division of opinion about Miss Cather's books, but everybody was willing to admit that they are interesting and that the most of them are great novels.

As to whether they are true to life, "Some say she is and some say she ain't."

"One of Ours" brings down the wrath of two groups of old-timers who knew Miss Cather when she was in college in the University of Nebraska. One group is the Methodist group and one is the Baptist group. It seemed to be divided along church lines.

The Baptists don't like her picture of the Baptist parson in "One of Ours." They say that she is not fair with him. The Methodist group take exception to her picture of a small Methodist College, claiming that she is picturing Nebraska Wesleyan. It's a merry but a good-natured war that is on.

Dr. W. I. Elmore, who was in school at Nebraska University with Miss Cather, took the matter up publicly and called the roll of great preachers who have gone out from Nebraska Wesleyan to prove that Miss Cather's critical words against the student preachers are not such true indictments after all.

But on the whole, Willa Cather's old neighbors and distant relatives and school girl and boy friends in Lincoln and hereabouts like her and read her and are proud of her. Those who have got into her books are proud of the distinction—and they claim out here that they can trace all of her characters.

The Westerman family is in her books as the Erlings and proud of it. The friends who remain say that her characterization is true to life.

Willa Cather and Dorothy Canfield

ONE of her distant cousins said: "We all love her. She was out to visit us just a few weeks ago and sat and talked old times with us all evening just like she used to. She didn't talk about herself but talked about the neighbors and asked questions about the old folks who had died. She told us about her apartment in New York and her French cook. This cousin remembered Willa as a little girl very much different from the rest of the girls.

"In what way?" I asked.

"Oh, she always had her hair cropped short and she always was a Tomboy and wore stiff, mannish clothes and had lots of fun and stole fruit and—"

"Halt! I want nothing that will impeach Miss Cather's reputation. If she stole fruit let's keep those sordid things in the dark for the present. It would be a shame to ruin her thus early in her literary career."

In college her girl friends remember her as still boyish in dress and appearance. The cropped hair still in evidence and the boyish ways with stiff white collars, and tailored clothes.

One girl school friend said, "Once, when the style was to wear sailor hats, instead of getting a girl's sailor hat Willa got a boy's sailor. I have known her for years and I never have been sure which was the real Willa. But a few months ago when I had tea with her in New York I was surprised to see a great change in her."

"What was the change?" I asked.

"She is wearing her hair longer and she is wearing sweet feminine gowns and she seemed so changed."

They all remember Miss Cather as a remarkably alert, unusual, strikingly individual girl. They are proud of her in her old college town; they read her books and argue about the characters; and they have a distinct sense of ownership and pride in her.

Dorothy Canfield also is claimed by Lincoln.

Miss Canfield came here, so they say, as a vivid, flashing, little black-haired girl when her father became the chancellor of Nebraska University about 1890.

"The first time I ever saw her," said a beautiful Lincoln woman, "was one morning on the campus walking with Lieutenant John Pershing, who was in charge of our cadet batallion in the university. He was in his spanking uniform, straight shouldered, handsome, as he has always been, and, walking along at his side, looking up into his eyes, was this beautiful little, black-haired, vivacious girl, Dorothy Canfield, daughter of the new chancellor. I always did declare that Dorothy was in love with Lieutenant Pershing."

"Did Lieutenant Pershing know it?" I asked.

"I don't know. They used to be about together a good deal but land sakes, Dorothy was only a child then."

"Did she wear bobbed hair?"

"Yes, her hair was bobbed. She was the first girl who ever wore bobbed hair in Lincoln I guess. She had just come from France where she had spent a good deal of her girlhood days. She had beautiful French mixed up with her English. We loved to hear her talk. She had all of the vivacity of the French girl. She was animated and she was—beautiful. We all loved her."

"Yes, I have just read 'Rough Hewn' and nobody could have written that book who had not been steeped in the French atmosphere and life. Curiously enough, too, I read 'Rough Hewn' here in Lincoln where the author spent her early school days," I responded.

But it seems that Dorothy Canfield, too, has run afoul of local pride just as Willa Cather has in stepping on the toes of the Methodists and Baptists.

When she was writing the Red Cross articles she told about General Pershing when he first came to Nebraska and said "He found a crowd of Nebraska clodhoppers to deal with."

This aroused the indignation of a dear old lady in Lincoln and she spoke her mind frankly about such a caricature of local business men.

"The idea!" said this dear old defender of the public pride, "of calling fine men like Will Hardy, and Will Jones clodhoppers! It's a shame!"

General John Pershing

"BUT that's just what we were, all right!" says this same W. E. Hardy, now chairman of the commission that is building Nebraska's new $5,000,000 State House. And Will Jones, editor of the Nebraska *State Journal*, agrees with Hardy that Dorothy Canfield was right; that when Lieutenant Pershing came to Nebraska fresh from West Point all he found was a crowd of clodhoppers.

Dorothy Canfield, who took her prep work in Nebraska and later went with her father to Ohio State, still corresponds with her girl friends here and the translator of Papini's "Life of Christ" and the author of "Rough Hewn" has many proud girl and men friends who remember her as that little bobbed-haired, curly headed, vivacious "square jawed like her father" girl who suddenly dropped in on Lincoln.

John Neihart is Nebraska's own and Lincoln claims him because he is coming to Nebraska University this autumn to be the Professor of Poetry, following the example of Frost at the University of Michigan and Edwin Markham at the University of Syracuse.

Fred Ballard, who has become famous recently for his two plays which have run on Broadway, "Believe Me, Zantippe" and "Young America," Lincoln claims with enthusiasm. They remember him here and he has a host of loyal friends.

General John Pershing came from West Point as a young lieutenant to take charge of the cadet corps in the state university.

After young Pershing had got into the stride of things, Chancellor Canfield called him in and said, "Lieutenant Pershing, the mere job of looking after these cadets will not keep you very busy. Why don't you study law while you're here?"

"I will!" said Pershing with characteristic brevity and decision.

A little later the old chancellor called him in again and said, "You still don't seem to be very busy, Lieutenant Pershing, why don't you teach one or two mathematic classes?"

"I'll do it!" snapped Pershing, and he did.

He and little bobbed-haired Dorothy Canfield were great friends.

One gray-haired business man told me of his experience with Lieutenant Pershing. This young cadet came in one morning and remarked to one of the girls: "The Lieutenant is a little stewed this morning?" Lieutenant Pershing overheard the remark. He taught the class but after the hour was over asked the cadet who had made the remark to remain.

"He gave me the hardest call-down I ever got! He said 'That was a dirty remark to make about any man! No gentleman would do it! I want you to know that I am indignant about it! You may remain in my class but I'll flunk you if I have the slightest chance. If you make your grades, all right. I'll flunk you if I can!'"

"From that day on there was never a class that he didn't call on me! I got it hot and heavy. I sweat blood, but I passed. He was a good sport."

Another citizen of Lincoln told me this story on General Pershing. "One morning he came out to inspect the batallion. It was his custom to come from a certain math class just in time to receive the final salute after the drill. He timed his coming to the minute and never missed it. But that morning when he lifted his hand to receive the salute, instead of tipping the beak of his military cap he found to his amazement that he had grabbed his dicer hat instead of his military cap. He turned around, walked off of the parade ground without finishing the salute. Presently he came back with his military cap on, finished his return salute and dismissed the batallion. The funny thing about it was that nobody cracked a smile. They were afraid to!"

"I had my algebra under Lieutenant Pershing and I danced with him many a time," said a beautiful matron, with a blush of pride.

"Which did you enjoy the better?" I asked.

"Dancing with him. He was—splendid—we girls were all in love with him—but little Dorothy Canfield had him tight, we thought."

"Pershing left Lincoln to go to the Philippines. But he has always looked upon Lincoln as his home. After the terrible fire in San Francisco he sent young Warren here to live with his sister," said one of Lincoln's citizens to me. "When the World War was over General Pershing bought a permanent home here. He visits his sister and Warren twice a year regularly. We're proud of him."

General Dawes is one of Lincoln's prides. He and Pershing met in Lincoln in the days when General Pershing was Lieutenant Pershing. When the war came and he needed a business organizer he called his old Lincoln friend from a Chicago bank. Later President Harding called him to organize the first budget system for the nation.

William Jennings Bryan is an old story. Until recently he called Lincoln his home. It was here that he was notified of his nomination; here that he carried on his campaign; here that he has lived until he sold his farm to go to Florida.

Evolution?

The folks in Nebraska are divided as to Bryan's belated discovery of this now universally accepted scientific theory.

Like Willa Cather's novels, "Some say he will and some say he won't!"

It was in a recent eastern intelligence test—à la Binet—that a college funny paper got up one question which read:

"When was William Jennings Bryan born—and Why?"

I have not discovered in Lincoln when he was born, or why—but I have discovered that he still has a host of admiring friends here who love him as a man, even if they refuse to follow him as either a scientist or a political leader. But for all that, Lincoln is proud of her Bryan, as she is of her General Pershing, as she is of her Willa Cather, her Dorothy Canfield, her John Neihart, her Fred Ballard and her General Dawes.

It's a great town and willing to admit it, as I discovered in my interview.

Lincoln isn't exactly a New England. Neither is she a New York literary center. Nor is she a Chicago, nor a California, but if there is any literary center between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains Lincoln is going to stand up on her "clod-hoppers" and yell for it!

Where Grecian Culture Was Enthroned

Concluded from page 4

was an Englishman who had been pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Smyrna for more than forty years, and the other a Levantine whose ancestors were Austrian but who had obtained Portuguese citizenship during the war and who was born in Asia Minor. He was the director of a large exporting company. Both spoke Greek fluently, the Portuguese explaining that all white children have Greek nurses and they learn Greek under these circumstances even before they learn English.

While the country back of Smyrna is rich in natural resources, only little effort has been made to farm it on a large scale with American tractors and other large-scale machinery. The Turk prefers the horse method of farming. The principal products in which America takes an interest are tobacco and licorice; a large amount of each is shipped to the United States each year.

The Turk is a person of contrasts, and even those who have lived with him for years admit they can never fully comprehend the workings of his mind. The Portuguese citizen with whom I discussed the Turk for many days and at considerable length told me a number of interesting incidents of his experience, bringing out one special trait of the farmers.

"Money," said this man, "has a peculiar place in the Turk's scheme of things. For instance, I have traveled much during many years on buying expeditions in the country where all the travel had to be done on horseback, and many, many a time, far from a town, I have put up with the farmer. Never have I been allowed to pay for my lodging or nourishment. I always offer to pay when I leave but the invariable reply is, 'but there is nothing to pay. The food which you ate and the grain given your horse I raised myself, it cost me nothing.' And there is no argument against that.

"However, a year, perhaps two or three years later, a man with whom I have stayed will need some extra capital to buy a horse or something and will come to me in Smyrna and say he needs so many Turkish pounds. This is considered a loan, but he will wait until he gets it, coming back to my office day after day if I am unable to advance the sum when he first calls.

"This country Turk is invariably honest. As an incident of this, a boy eighteen or nineteen years of age came to see me once. I did not know him, but he informed me his father was dead and that he had owed me a certain sum of money for several years. As his father had left no liquid capital to settle this debt, the boy told me he had come to work for me until the money was paid by his services.

"And yet, a boy such as that, honest in paying the debts of his dead father, is just as likely to come to me one day and say, 'I am at peace with God today. I have just killed an Armenian.'

"The Turks have a saying which, literally translated, means, 'The Armenian is an insect created by God to annoy the Turk.'"

J. W. COVERDALE,
Executive Secretary, American Farm Bureau Federation, who prevented Sapiro getting control.

AARON SAPIRO,
Self-appointed apostle of co-operative marketing among farmers, whose activities are manifold.

SAMUEL R. GUARD,
Publicity Director of American Farm Bureau Federation, a constant supporter of Mr. Sapiro.

WALTON PETEET,
Involved in attempt to make Sapiro master of American Farm Bureau Federation.

Sapiro's Dream—An International Wheat Pool

How He Tried and Failed to Control American Farm Bureau Federation

Joseph's Grain-Control Advice to Pharaoh Repeated—With Variations

By ROBERT MORGAN

THIS is a story for those who believe that the self-appointed Jewish "leaders" of American agriculture are honestly working for the benefit of the farmer. It is a story also for those who believe that this group is working, honestly or dishonestly, merely to fill their own pockets. It is a story, last of all, for those who are beginning to see the truth behind the Jewish exploitation of the American farmer—the truth that this whole Kahn-Baruch-Lasker-Rosenwald-Sapiro program is carefully planned to turn over to an organized international interest the entire agricultural industry of this Republic.

This is the story of the effort by Aaron Sapiro to seize control of the American Farm Bureau Federation, take it completely away from the American farmer, clear it of American direction and operation, and use it as machinery by which Jewry could come into power over all the farmers and all the farms of the United States. It [illegible]ves, too, some nine or ten non-[illegible], who worked and voted to give Sapiro mastery of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

It proves that it was the power and the influence of Otto Kahn, New York banker and head of the international Jewish financial power in this country, which put Jewish representatives into the federation.

And this story further shows that one good American, looking through and beyond these plotters, saved the American Farm Bureau Federation from being today absolutely subservient to organized Jewry.

Between the lines one reads the story of the Jewish communistic movement in America, which seeks to make of these United States what it already has made of Russia. It bears out in detail the boast of Aaron Sapiro that he would first nationalize American agriculture, and then internationalize it. It is one of two sister stories, the other being the truth of the attempt of this same group to obtain control and direction of the boys and girls farm clubs of America, thereby bringing under the absolute domination of Jewish influence nearly three-quarters of a million coming men and women of America. This story will be told in all its details later; let us first see the manner in which these clever gentlemen worked their effort to get control of the American farmer:

The American Farm Bureau Federation is an organization intended to promote co-operation among agriculturists in all branches of the industry. It is essentially an American association, formed of Americans, by Americans and for the benefit of Americans. Its cornerstone is co-operation, that kind of co-operation which has been successful among the orange-growers of California, the dairymen of Wisconsin, and other producers.

The American Farm Bureau Federation has the machinery working whereby local, county, state and national co-operation is obtained among the producers of foodstuffs from the soil. With more than one million members, scattered through every state in the Union; with county and state branches functioning well; with state governments, state universities and the national government giving it aid and support, it is today the greatest and most effective farm organization in the world. Agriculture in the United States is a seventy-eight billion dollar business annually. After deducting all farm products consumed on farms, this industry has a gross annual income of approximately twelve billion dollars. It had, in 1920, the last year in which carefully corrected and closely correlated figures are obtainable, a gross income of $10,976,000,000, after taking out all the values of products consumed at home. Of this $7,018,000,000 was paid out for manufactured products; $1,103,000,000 for direct transportation; one billion dollars for interest on mortgages and bank loans, and $663,000,000 for taxes. These figures leave a balance of $1,192,000,000 in the hands of the approximately 31,500,000 farmers in the United States.

Aaron Sapiro plans to use the American Farm Bureau Federation in the formation of an international wheat pool. This has been hinted previously in these columns, but this is the first time Sapiro has admitted it to be his plan. In an interview published recently in the *Farm Journal*, Mr. Sapiro says:

> "The first step will be to get the whole wheat co-operative movement started with the approval of the farmers. We will get them to sign contracts and pool their wheat. Next, they will be incorporated under state laws, and the third step will be to federate the state organizations. In wheat-raising states, where the farm bureau is a dominating factor, such as Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the campaign will be put on through the farm bureau federation, having the farmers sign the usual five-year contracts, and organizing state pools.
>
> "The remedy" (for the wheat situation) "is to apply to the international wheat trade one of the vital principles which we propose for the domestic trade, pooling, an international wheat pool. . . . The next step will be to establish an international wheat board at Liverpool to handle the crop. The United States, Canada and Australia will be represented on this board, and perhaps Argentina, with other wheat-exporting countries as they are available."

In other words, Mr. Sapiro plans an international Sapiro Plan Co-operative Wheat Marketing Association, which will control the wheat crop of the world, and which, in turn, will be controlled by Mr. Sapiro and his Jewish backers.

Mr. Sapiro's statement is worthy of second, and even third thought.

This is a sum worth going after, worth even the time of the international Jewish bankers, and if these bankers, working behind their "Gentile fronts," could have obtained control of the American Farm Bureau Federation, they would have been in a fair way to get at least a share of this huge annual income.

Altogether aside from this financial side of the affair, yet nevertheless interesting to Mr. Kahn and others, is the factor of control over the activities, political and otherwise, of all the hundreds of thousands of farmers who are members of the Farm Bureau Federation.

With domination of the federation, the imposition of the Sapiro Plan of Co-operative Marketing on every branch of agriculture would have become easy. Without domination of this organization—for which, by the way, the Jews are still fighting—the Sapiro Plan is having a stormy career, as men come to learn more and more that its fundamental economics are unsound, and its methods of operation extravagant and wasteful to the highest degree.

The American Farm Bureau Federation believes that the major problems of present-day agriculture are organization, efficient production, capitalization of farm industry, transportation, and marketing. It believes that successful agriculture can be neither obtained nor maintained without the equal development of all these major elements. It believes, therefore, in co-operation, but in co-operation *of* the farmers, *by* the farmers and *for* the farmers. Its co-operative projects have been in the great majority successful, because it believes, and operates on that belief, that co-operative marketing cannot be successful unless it has membership by commodity, with the commodities united nationally; and that the true test of co-operative marketing is the *kind of service rendered the individual member by the smallest unit of his organization.* The function of the American Farm Bureau Federation, in brief, is to organize this smallest unit, and help it to become an integral, active, successful part of the larger organization.

This is the picture into which the Sapiro "friends" of the American farmer sought to step; this is the great co-operative machine they sought to control. As usual, they endeavored to inject themselves into this organization by the use of others. There is much to be said about the Gentiles who have camouflaged the Jews in this whole scheme for the exploitation of the American farmer. As much of the millions of dollars of losses which the farmers have sustained under the Sapiro Plan of Co-operative Marketing is due to the ignorance, incompetence and downright dishonesty of these Jew-serving Gentiles, as is due to the worthlessness of the plan itself or to the dishonesty of the Jews promoting it. The writer makes no defense of these Gentiles, nor will he in any instance hide them from the same light of truth he is endeavoring to shed on the whole Jewish combination to control American agriculture.

To explain fully the work of the Jewish ring in the American Farm Bureau Federation, it is necessary to tell the story chronologically:

In June, 1920, Aaron Sapiro—in the capacity of an attorney, and not in the rôle of savior of the American farmer—endeavored to open negotiations with J. R. Howard, then president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, looking to his becoming general counsel for the federation. These negotiations were unsuccessful. In less than a month, however, there appeared before the federation one Samuel R. Guard, armed with recommendations from the Illinois Agricultural Association, and with particularly strong recommendations from those members of that association who afterward supported the Sapiro Plan. Mr. Guard had been on the staff of the *Breeders' Gazette*, and this publication also recommended him, promising co-operation with him and with the federation, but signally failing to give that co-operation thereafter.

Mr. Guard, on the strength of these recommendations, was appointed, late in 1920, to the position of publicity director of the American Farm Bureau Federation. There was not at that time any apparent connection between Aaron Sapiro and Sam Guard, yet this appointment was the opening wedge by which it was sought to obtain control of the 1,250,000 farm families who are members of the federation. Mr. Guard is a very radical young man, pro-Jewish in his leanings, and at present a high-salaried employe of Sears, Roebuck & Company, of which Mr. Julius Rosenwald is president.

No sooner did Mr. Guard become publicity director than he started what now clearly appears as a campaign to obtain the support of the federation for Mr. Sapiro and his plans. During the development of the movement for the establishment of the United States Grain Growers, for example, Mr. Guard constantly and consistently supported Mr. Sapiro, who was fighting this organization, with the result that the Sapiro group ultimately was responsible for the failure of the United

(Concluded on page 14)

Mr. Ford's Page

BRAIN and brawn are inseparable and make up the world's motive power. The hand, no matter how dexterous, would be a useless piece of machinery were it not guided by the intellect. The partnership of mind and matter is one which has existed since the beginning of time and cannot be dissolved. If this dissolution took place we should have labor without utility, and intelligence divorced from toil. The result would be economic chaos. There must be harmony of intention in order to reach the common objective of accomplishment. The buyer of the product of this partnership, himself a worker, is also an essential unit in the scheme, and the disintegration of this trinity would bring disaster. True progress is only possible when mutual effort makes the highways smooth.

IT IS strange that the phrase "working man" is almost always used in its restricted sense, meaning a man who earns his living by some mechanical or manual occupation. But what is in reality a working man? Is he not a man who works? And if he is a man who works is it not equally true that he is a working man whether he works with his hands or with his brains, or both?

In the ordinary course of things, hand and brain must work together to accomplish any results; to divorce one from the other would be like depriving a ship of its navigator and allowing it to run wheresoever it listed. The result would be disaster.

The lack of appreciation of what a working man really is, is responsible for much of the misunderstanding that has retarded industrial progress. Too frequently men have imbibed the notion that mechanical employment is the only form of labor that is necessary for the common good.

An illustration of how futile manual labor would be were it not supplemented by other essential things is found in the vocation of the farmer. The farmer prepares the soil and sows the seed, but all this would be useless were it not for the refreshing rain and the genial sunshine. Even with the most propitious weather conditions the cultivation of the land and the planting of the seed would lead to poor results were it not for judicious selection and proper fertilization.

It is the same in the work of the engineer and builder. A steel girder may be a perfect piece of workmanship, but it takes the guiding hand of the engineer to place it where it belongs in the man's structure of the bridge; a pier or buttress may be a marvel of strength, but it is the architect who decides their position in the building so that it may be strengthened where most required. Both engineer and architect have made a study of these things and their judgment is relied upon.

This is merely the predominance of mind over matter, the existence of a state of things as old as the world. It is said that animals are guided by instinct, and are not endowed with intelligence like human beings; but if they do not attain this higher level they sometimes come surprisingly near it.

Take bees, for example; a lesson may be learned from the economies of the hive. There are the queen bee, the drones, and the workers, each fulfilling a distinct function in the daily life of the hive; but, broadly speaking, they are all workers, none of them could be spared without causing disaster to the colony and bringing about its ultimate extinction.

The worker bees are so called because their function coincides more or less with that of the artisan who has to use his hands, or with that of the toiler in the fields. They are also known as field bees. They fly abroad, collect the nectar, store it in the cells, and mature it until it becomes real honey; but if the queen were to die the whole of the colony would rapidly be transformed into drones, who, although essential in the general scheme of things, are non-producers, and the colony would starve during the winter. The efforts of the workers become worse than useless when the source which supplies the energy has been cut off.

This is but an example of misdirected energy. Work if properly directed is beneficial to all, if misguided becomes useless.

Give a man a spade and tell him to dig a hole and plant a tree. He may dig the hole and plant the tree, but it requires expert knowledge to tell him just what sort of a hole to dig, and the right kind of a tree to plant. He must dig the hole where the soil is suitable for the variety of tree he intends to plant, and if the tree is to be of any commercial value when it comes to maturity, it must be of a species which furnishes good timber.

There is also the danger of using the wrong tools. In addition to his spade the man might be given an axe, and in addition to his planting activities be told to cut down some of the mature trees for timber purposes. If it were not for the intelligence with which he is endowed and which directs him in his actions, there is a danger that he might apply the tools in the wrong way.

It is related that a gang of coolies in an Eastern country were once supplied with wheelbarrows to take away the dirt from an excavation. Now, it so happened that previously the dirt was put into baskets and carried away on their shoulders. The advent of the wheelbarrows completely puzzled them. They had never seen such things before, and to the coolies they were only so many containers in which they were meant to put the dirt instead of putting it in the baskets; but the barrows were too heavy to carry on their shoulders in the usual way; one man took hold of the shafts and another seized the wheel, and between them they lifted it bodily from the ground, with its load, and dumped it just as they had done the baskets.

This is a case of misdirected energy, an instance of the hand working without the brain. In addition to this there is the unskillful use of tools even when applied to their legitimate use, of which numerous instances could be given. The partnership of brain and brawn cannot be dissolved without inviting disaster.

Therefore, the man who uses his brains as well as his hands in the performance of a given task, or the man whose intelligence fits him for the guidance and direction of others in the carrying out of their work, is as much a working man as any of them. He is just as truly a man who works.

And so it is in any profession, whether that of law, medicine, or the ministry; all who perform their duty faithfully are working men in as true a sense as the toiler in the woods, the fields, or the factory. All who are engaged in legitimate labor, be it with the hands or with the brain, are working men; all who are not idle have the right to be included in this designation.

Much of the trouble and turmoil that have upset the world from time to time might have been saved if the proper relation of the intellect to the hand, of the director of a task to its performer, had been fully recognized. There would have been less talk about "capital" and "labor," about the "bosses" and the "workers," about employer and employe. For that matter men who work are all capitalists, all bosses, all employers, if they only fully understood it; all are equally essential to the general welfare.

The man who possesses health, strength and skill is a capitalist; if he can use this health, strength and skill to the best advantage he becomes their master and is therefore a "boss," and if he uses them as a means toward the betterment of his personal welfare and in promoting the happiness of those who depend upon him, he is an employer conscientiously fulfilling his destiny. He is assuming the functions to which he is legitimately entitled, he is taking his proper place in the order of things, he is the captain of his soul, not its slave.

Let every man remember that he is an essential unit in the great scheme of the Creator, that he has a place in the march of the world's progress, that his help is necessary in shaping the things that matter in their proper mold, that the greatest reward that can come to him is the feeling of duty well done. If he has this feeling he can have no regrets, for he has reached the goal of human ambition, he has attained *true success,* he has reached the end of his journey and awaits his reward. He has put in his working day, and the period of rest has come.

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The World's Sore Spot

THERE are persistent rumors that all is not well in the Balkan Peninsula. For many years this has been the volcanic region of European politics, ready to break into eruption at any time. Unfortunately the peoples who inhabit this unstable region do not appear to have taken a lesson from the great upheaval of the World War, nor to be satisfied with the readjustment of territory which followed that cataclysm.

There is news that there is persistent raiding on the Macedonian frontier on the part of the Bulgarians, not on the part of Bulgaria as a country, but on the part of a section of the inhabitants, numbering many thousands, in conjunction with a strong force of Macedonian guerillas, who have taken to the mountains along the border.

This, it is said, has alarmed the Greeks and the Jugo-Slavs, who now hold this territory, and Greek and Serbian forces are preparing to take active measures against the aggressors.

It is the old story of neighbors quarreling about their line fences and property rights, and unfortunately there seems to be no one sufficiently competent or sufficiently strong to act as judge in the matter.

There is the League of Nations. Yes, a year or two before the bomb was thrown at Sarajevo there was a good deal heard about the "Concert of Europe," but while the concert was vainly endeavoring to tune up, the direst discord broke out in the Balkans, and the turmoil only ceased when its authors became exhausted.

It was hoped by many that when the readjustment of the map of Europe took place at the close of the Great War, the various kindred races being formed into republics with territory of their own choosing, it would be a guaranty of peace; but this hope seems to be as vain as that which looks for the reconciliation of litigants who after years of quarreling think they have got the worst of the deal when judgment has been given.

To complicate matters, the army of Soviet Russia is said to be feeling the pulse of Turkey in regard to Rumania by means of armies concentrated along the banks of the Dniester and in the Caucasus, and that Bessarabia has become an armed camp where the Jews are being expelled on account of their Bolshevik sympathies.

Altogether it looks as if all the nations of the Balkans and the Near East were going about with chips on their shoulders, and giving still more direct cause for provocation by treading on each other's heels.

It would be a splendid thing for Europe, and for the world at large, if there was an international police force strong enough to seize upon the ringleaders in these disturbances and segregate them on some well-chosen island, where they could quarrel to their heart's content without disturbing the peace of the rest of the world.

But the pity of it is that each nation has its own police force widely differing as to what is right and wrong, controlled by conflicting governments, and directed by widely diverging interests.

There are peace nostrums galore, each one as worthless as the other. There is no recipe for peace although there are innumerable quack remedies. The elixir of life which is to bring about perpetual harmony, the philosopher's stone which is to bring out the pure gold from the dross in man, have yet to be discovered.

One cannot outlaw war any more than one can outlaw cancer. One can only explore every avenue where a remedy is likely to be found and this research, equipped with common sense and guided by sane methods, must continue. The fact that such remedies are being sought is a hopeful sign; but in the meantime all that apparently can be done is to make every effort to arrest the ravages of the disease.

Was It Shakespeare?

A CHALLENGE regarding the "Shakespeare" myth has been issued by Lord Sydenham of Combe and H. Crouch Batchelor, and appears in the August number of the *English Review.* It undoubtedly adds a notable and forceful chapter to the already voluminous pages of the Bacon versus Shakespeare controversy.

"This great myth," says the article, "is unique in the long and painful history of human credulity, because there is not a shade of valid evidence to connect the man from Stratford with the authorship of his immortal plays."

It is then pointed out that after the appearance of the two narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece,* the name "William Shakespeare" began to be attached to certain plays successively published as quartos; but these plays had been acted, for several years in some cases, before they were published, and nineteen of them, including *Richard II, Romeo and Juliet,* and *Richard III,* appeared anonymously. *Love's Labor Lost,* the most learned of all the plays, was acted in 1592, and is pronounced by competent authorities to have been written in 1588, three years after "the actor" left Stratford.

"It is absolutely inconceivable that this person could have composed a play of which the scene is laid in the court of Henry IV at Navarre, and which gives the names of the actual courtiers of the day and even supplies precise details of the payment of a sum as compensation for this monarch's claim on Acquitaine. On the other hand, Anthony Bacon lived three years at the Court of Navarre, and his brother Francis visited him there."

Among other striking evidence in support of their contention the writers mention that some years before the appearance of the First Folio of "Shakespeare's" plays, in a letter to his constant correspondent and intimate friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, Bacon wrote "this revealing sentence":

> I will return you Weight for Weight but "Measure for Measure". . . . of this, when you were here, I showed you some model, at what time methought you were more willing to hear "Julius Caesar" commended.

"Now, *Julius Caesar* appeared for the first time in the Folio of 1623, and it is impossible that the actor from Stratford could have written it."

In summing up the situation the article points out that the appearance of the "Shakespeare" plays exactly fits the known circumstances of Bacon's life. For many years, during which they were coming out, he was living at Gray's Inn working hard at something which his biographer could not fathom. It is pointed out that if Bacon had been known to have written the plays, he could never have become Lord Chancellor.

The *Merchant of Venice* was written when he was living in seclusion at Twickenham, having recently escaped from the clutches of a "hard Jew" with the assistance of his devoted brother Anthony. Antonio appears as the chivalrous surety in the play, and the name Antonio is repeated in the plays, where many characters bear those of Bacon's friends and associates, of whom the actor could never have heard.

In many respects the evidence now brought forward in support of the Baconian theory regarding the authorship of the plays hitherto attributed to "Shakespeare" is the most powerful and convincing yet produced, and were a jury of the most eminent literary authorities of the present day to be empaneled, there is very good reason for supposing that the verdict would go to the learned and philosophic Lord Chancellor.

One cannot get away from the circumstance that there is very little that is authentic known about the life of the actor of Stratford, and what is known is directly antagonistic to the theory that he was a literary genius, or that he even possessed enough learning to place him in the ranks of the balladmongers or cheap pamphleteers of the period. It is admitted that he was a plagiarist; was he also a smoke screen to hide the activities of the erudite Bacon?

What Is Liberty?

"GOVERNMENT of the people, for the people, by the people," apparently does not enter into the political ethics of Signor Mussolini. "Liberty," he laid down last year, "is not an end; it is a means. As a means it should be controlled and dominated." The truth or otherwise of this dictum of Signor Mussolini entirely depends upon what he means by "liberty." Liberty to some people means the right to do what they please irrespective of the rights of other people. This is the definition of liberty which appeals to the bootlegger, the burglar, and the Bolshevik, but it is not the form of liberty which will ever retain its hold on the friends of civilization and progress.

The abuse of liberty, it has been said, is far worse than no liberty at all. Some people have had more liberty than they ever bargained for; for example, the bourgeoisie of Russia. For them liberty has meant spoliation and persecution. The great mass of the people of Russia are weary of this kind of liberty; they have had an orgy of it; it has left them weakened and impoverished by its intoxicating effects. They lie in the gutter of wrecked prosperity without sufficient energy to rise.

It was to save Italy from liberty of this description that Mussolini founded the Fascisti. He succeeded. A wavering administration was succeeded by a firm and uncompromising dictatorship. Kerenski tried to do the same thing for Russia at the end of the Czarist regime, but failed because he was not such a strong man as the Italian. But there are those in Italy who are beginning to think that in abandoning constitutional government for a dictatorship they have raised up a political Frankenstein about the future actions of whom there hovers a mist of uncertainty. This has engendered a feeling of insecurity which is bound sooner or later to culminate in a revulsion of public feeling.

According to a large section of the European press, Italy is tottering on the verge of another upheaval. The kidnapping and murder of Signor Matteoti, a leading Socialist, has stirred Italy to her depths. There is nothing to connect Signor Mussolini with this outrage, although the whole affair is being used as a weapon by his enemies. The fact of the matter is that dictatorships are not and never were successful beyond a certain limit. At critical periods in the history of nations, a "strong man" as dictator has been "the savior of his country," but this has not and never will give him the right to impose his will on the people for an indefinite period. Napoleon made a very successful dictator—for a time—and rescued France from the wreckage of the Revolution, but the dictatorship of Napoleon was backed up by a powerful military organization which dominated not only France but the whole of Europe. A dictator must have the country behind him if he is to continue in power, and this Mussolini evidently has not.

Mussolini has also laid down in his political economy that all governments create discontent, and that the only way to prevent this discontent from spreading and becoming a menace to the state is to employ force. In this Mussolini is undoubtedly right: but would it not be well for all apostles of liberty to note just where he is right. One party shouts for liberty and becomes a menace to the state, therefore force must be employed to suppress it. Liberty and force have never been far apart and they are conflicting elements. This conflict will continue until the time comes for the realization of what true liberty means.

It is the desire that justice may be the portion of all that makes for true liberty. Mussolini is only partly right in his definition of the function of liberty. Liberty is not alone the means to an end; it is both the means and the end.

Municipal Finance

AN ADVERTISEMENT of the latest bond issue of Norfolk, Virginia, gives the net bonded debt as $28,121,848, which is more than 14.4 per cent of the assessed valuation for 1923, $194,723,925. The population in 1920 was 115,777.

The so-called seven per cent rule of New York State, the criterion for municipal financing, limits the investments of savings banks and some other supervised institutions to bonds issued not in excess of seven per cent of the city's assessed valuation.

Seven per cent is high enough in all conscience. It is refreshing to compare Indianapolis, whose bonded debt is but about one per cent, to Norfolk whose commitments are more than twice the usual limit of seven per cent.

A perusal of Poor Richard's Almanac would be more helpful to those responsible for Norfolk's distended debt than chronic visits to bankers eager to profit from commissions upon this business.

Stream of Patients Flows to Orientals

Wily "Herbalists" Reap Rich Harvest by the Sale of Weird Nostrums

By JOHN SLOAN

The dark and subtle methods of the Chinese quack doctors are further elucidated in Mr. Sloan's second article.

FROM evidence produced at trials of scores of Chinese "doctors" in various states of the Union, it is estimated that an average of eight persons place their health, and often their lives, in the hands of each of these so-called "physicians" every day in the year. There are approximately 2,000 of these Oriental medicine men in the United States, and their offices are open 365 days in the year, Christian Sundays, holidays or other vacations meaning nothing to them. A calculation based on these figures, which are under rather than over stated, shows that 5,840,000, nearly six million, white men and women call upon these fellows for medical attention every twelve months. Of these it is calculated by state and Federal authorities that three out of five "patients" visit the offices of the Chinese "herbalists," and the other two take treatment by mail, without ever seeing the "physician" who is treating them.

A few years ago, many of the newspapers of this country trembled with editorial fear of the "yellow peril," every time the tide rose on the Pacific Ocean. Today these same newspapers rush to get and publish the advertising and faked publicity of a real "yellow peril" already well grafted into our American cities, with a deluded following of nearly five per cent of the population of this land. There is one hundred times more actual menace to the American people today in the work of these 2,000 ignorant, unsanitary, careless, and often criminal Orientals in this country, than there is in all the yellow armies now enlisting, or in all the yellow fleets now building, on the other side of the Pacific.

In a preceding article, the writer has shown that the Chinese "doctors," "herbalists," "medicators," "herb experts," "herb specialists," or whatever they may call themselves, are open to indictment on the following counts:

Ignorance of anatomy and of medicine.

Frequent criminal practice.

Distribution of forbidden drugs.

Deception of sick humanity.

Interior of a Chinese drug store where everything in the form of "medicine" from ground-up lion's toenails to pulverized butterfly wings is sold.

These four charges are substantiated by the records of scores of state medical boards, by those of Federal narcotic squads, and of municipal police. These Chinese medicine men are operating every day in the year in violation of the laws of practically every state in which they maintain offices, and the writer has yet to find a state in which they do not operate. Outside the United States they are particularly abundant and active. In London there probably are more Chinese medical quacks than in any other city in the world. Within the past two years, they have begun an organized invasion of the larger cities of Latin-America, notably Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City. Doubtless in those countries, as in the United States, the operations of these Orientals are in violation of the national and state and city laws.

How, then, do these "physicians," unlicensed by any city, county, state or nation, escape the results of their activities? How do they evade the law?

It has been said that "every time a new law is made, a crook is born who is sharp enough to break it." The Chinese "doctor" protects himself from the medical laws of this country by six well-chosen pieces of technical armor:

First, he never *writes* the title "Doctor" in connection with his own name.

Second, he never gives a written diagnosis.

Third, he works in trios, as was described in the previous article, making identification almost impossible.

Fourth, he spends money freely where it will make him the strongest friends, politically and officially.

Fifth, he never permits his "medicines" to leave his offices, except in the stomachs of his "patients."

Sixth, the majority of the victims of his criminal operations die; those to whom he distributes narcotics will not reveal the source of their forbidden drugs; and the sick who have been bilked into taking his "treatments" rarely expose their own gullibility.

Out of the third of these factors of protection—the impossibility of establishing the identity of these Oriental fakers—comes another important aid to them in escaping the law, and that is the ease with which any individual one of them can lose himself in the Chinese colony of another city than the one in which he is wanted. Time after time, when convictions have been obtained by state medical boards, the convicted man has paid his fine, exchanged offices with another man of the same kind in another city, and resumed business under another name, with no "second conviction" shadow hanging over him.

The so-called medicines put out by these operators and by the almost equally guilty Chinese drug stores, escape the pure food and drug law by that same loophole through which so many worthless medicaments have before escaped. This law protects the customer against false statements on the label regarding the *composition of the contents* of the package; it does not protect him against falsehoods, printed on the label or elsewhere, concerning the *curative value* of the preparation. I can make pink lemonade with salt water, label it "Morgan's Malaria Master," state on the label that the mess will cure malaria without fail, and get away with it, so long as I state on the same label the exact components of that lemonade.

The Chinese "doctor," in the few instances in which he does sell his "medicines" by the package, states on each the composition of the contents. As long as there is no active poison in the mess, and the patient wants to take it, there is nothing between the dope and his stomach except the patient's own power to swallow. In the majority of cases, in which the Oriental medicine man keeps his dried reptiles, chopped hair, squashed bugs and dehydrated vegetation in his own office, he maintains a label on each package, telling what that package contains, or is supposed to contain. Since, as I have shown previously, it is almost impossible to identify mixed plant and animal products, it is likewise impossible to dispute legally or chemically the word of the Chinese "doctor" or druggist.

Thus, with the question of Chinese medicines gone, largely down the throats of some six million Americans every year, let us turn for a moment to the six methods by which the Oriental "herbalist" escapes American law, drops the bars of medical jurisprudence in the United States and wanders, a veritable two-legged wolf, at will among the unprotected people of this country. He obtains and maintains his reputation as being entitled to the title of "doctor," first by insinuation in his advertising, and second by persistent word of mouth among his patients. Yet he never uses the prefix "Dr." attached to his own name, or to the name of the imaginary person under whom he operates. If a man could be caught using the title of "Doctor," identified as the individual using it, further identified as the person who actually made the diagnosis and administered the treatment, he might be brought into court on a charge of fraudulently impersonating a physician and of practicing medicine without a license. If, when the impostor was so landed in court, his political defenses could be so overcome that his "influence" could be combated successfully, he might be convicted, provided further, that a jury could be obtained which would understand the efforts being made by state medical boards to save our people from swindlers in the field of medicine.

But, as has been said, the Chinese "doctor," though he obtains all the benefits of the title, never puts himself down definitely as a doctor. Second, he never puts a prescription in permanent form, if he can help it, and under no conditions does he permit the patient to get possession of such a prescription, even when written. Chinese drug stores give no copies of prescriptions turned in to them, and they cannot—or at least have not—been compelled to have their prescriptions written in English or in Latin. The third factor, that of confused identity, has been discussed, and it has been responsible for the failure of more cases against these medicine men in American courts than anything else.

There is a sort of brotherhood between these Oriental fakers, both those employed in the branches of the larger organizations and those operating independently, whereby the poorest of them is able to obtain all needful funds for advertising, for contributions to political campaigns among white men, and for the buying of witnesses. In at least three counties in one western state, it is almost impossible to obtain a conviction of a Chinese "doctor" unless the case can be carried into the Federal courts of these districts. It is interesting to note that, in each of these counties, a wealthy Chinese "herbalist," who operates in all three of them, contributes from $3,000 to $5,000 to the campaign fund of a certain official seeking the same post in each county. It is also interesting that, in each of these counties, all the newspapers carry heavy advertising of these Orientals, paid for at rates from twenty-five to fifty per cent higher than other advertisers pay for space on the same pages on which the advertisements of the "herbalists" appear.

The writer has endeavored previously to explain the difficulty of making either qualitative or quantitative analysis of the contents of the packages these fakers sell as medicines. Moreover, it is virtually impossible, today, to obtain such medicines, except by seizure under search warrant from the shelves of the "doctor." When the packages are obtained in such manner, it is difficult to convince the average jury that they are sold as medications to white men and women. The attitude of most juries in these cases is that it is no concern of theirs if the Chinese "doctor" sells this worthless stuff to the Chinese, and that the jurors are interested only in what is sold to whites. The Chinese takes advantage of this, and insists that he sells his medicines only to his own countrymen. There the case sags.

An example of the same thought is shown in the most commonly used "leader" in the advertising of these impostors. It reads:

"Did you ever see a sick Chinaman?"

"No, because all Chinamen take Chinese remedies."

As a matter of fact, few, if any, Chinese patronize these quacks; they have learned to prefer their own physicians and surgeons who have been properly and adequately trained in American medical schools and hospitals, of whom mention was made in the first of these articles. It is the white American men and women who support these Oriental fakers, and who put their lives in the hands of these Chinese coolies who have declared themselves to be "doctors."

Some of these self-styled physicians, one of the most successful of whom today was an errand boy for a brothel in San Francisco's tenderloin before the Eighteenth Amendment took effect, have a code of passwords, by which they identify patients, and without which they will not permit them to enter the inner offices of the "doctors." Some of these, and their meanings in English, taken from lists collected by investigators of the board of medical examiners of a state heavily infested with these swindlers, are as follows:

"Li yuen"—first-grade opium, equivalent to saying that the patient has money and is good for first-grade medicine.

"Yen pox"—opium pills cooked twice to take by mouth.

"Pin yen"—ordinary opium, indicating that the patient is not wealthy and should be given only third-grade medicine.

"Yen shee"—smoked opium, informing the "doctor" that this patient is a "wise bird" and may have anything he or she wants, particularly referring to narcotics.

"Hi moon"—open the door, indicating that the patient has been investigated and found safe for admission.

"Yen she Qay"—the speaker is a drug addict.

From packages of "medicine" obtained from the offices of several of these "herbalists" investigators have learned the names for the various grades of medicines, given, as previously stated, to patients, according to the ability of the latter to pay. A few of these are:

"Yen Loo," number one medicine; "Gee Loo," number two; "Slum Goy," number three; "Slee Goy," number four; "Ng Goy," number five; "Look Goy," number six; "Tit Goy," number seven, and so on up to fifteen.

At first, the investigators were puzzled, believing, from what interpreters had testified in court, that there were only three grades of these concoctions. It was developed, after some investigation, however, that all these grades referred to the diseases which the medicines are to cure, one number for each package for each disease. Thus, all the preparation needed to become a full-fledged Chinese "herbalist" is to learn the fifteen numbers, and the drugs and diseases to which they refer.

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Undergraduate Training—What Is Wrong?

Not Getting Best Results Although Program Is Comparatively Easy

By CHARLES R. BAGLEY

THERE is widespread dissatisfaction in educational circles with the undergraduate work of colleges and universities. It would be extremely difficult to find a college or university instructor who would not shake his head dubiously when asked if the majority of the graduating class were trained men and women. The more progressive institutions are already introducing radical reforms, and educators throughout the country are discussing plans for giving better training to the youth of the land.

The truth is that we are not getting the best results. Although our program is comparatively easy, we fail to make the most of it. The fact that our curriculum is low in comparison with that of the English or French colleges is not the gravest defect in our system. Both of these nations do in the high school work which we complete only at the end of the sophomore year in college, and their high school graduates are very little, if any, older than ours.

A young student from Paris, having had a little work beyond that shown by his high school diploma (*baccalauréat*), came to this country on a scholarship and completed the work for an A. B. degree at an A-grade college in one year's time. The English university college also is about two years higher than ours in the matter of curriculum. Most of the Rhodes scholars who go from the United States to Oxford have the A. B. degree, but they add two years of serious study to take the Oxford A. B. degree in the Honors course. This shows an unnecessary loss of time somewhere in the earlier stages of our training, due largely to the fact that out of a group of 1,000 young people, sixteen to twenty years old, America sends more than three times as many to college as compared with England and France. In Europe, in general, college education has been for the very select few who could pay for it.

The worst feature of our college work, the inexcusable feature which must be remedied, is that it does not train students to think. Whatever else different advocates may set as the goal of a liberal education, all agree that it should give the student a background of knowledge and train his mind to organize this knowledge and from it and subsequent knowledge to be able to produce new ideas, ideas of his own. It is in the second half of this fundamental requirement that our system breaks down for the majority of cases. Only too often we develop the memory at the expense of the natural intelligence. This statement is made only after careful consideration and comparisons, based upon five years' experience as a student in two colleges of the United States, one year in the universities of France, and three years in Oxford University, England, plus several years' experience as an instructor in high school, college and university.

Placing the Trouble

WHEN I entered Oxford University with the A. B. degree from an A-class American college, I found to my amazement and dismay that I was no better prepared for serious study than the high school graduates coming up from the English so-called "public schools," the great preparatory schools like Rugby. I realized then, for the first time, that my college training had not been thorough; I did not know how to think clearly or logically; and, worst of all, I did not know how to organize and use what facts I had retained from my earlier training—all these gaps in spite of the fact that I had averaged 94.8 during five years of college work back home. I possessed an enormous number of facts in bulk, but I was distressingly weak on original deductions and on well substantiated opinions of my own. This, I realize, is a severe indictment of our undergraduate system, but it is nevertheless true for our average college or university. Scores of Rhodes scholars from various states in the Union could testify to similar experience.

The enormous increase in numbers of college students from year to year has served only to aggravate these weaknesses of our system. It is high time to diagnose the trouble and to take steps toward something better. Unless something is done to remedy this old situation and also something more done to solve the new problems which the rapid increase in numbers has brought, our graduates will become more and more the innocent victims of a machine-like system which leaves them with little beyond the useless and empty title of bachelor of arts.

The graduate work in American universities is generally highly satisfactory. In our best universities the graduate work is as good or better than that of any other country. This success in the main has been due to the very features which distinguish it from undergraduate work, namely: comparatively small numbers of students who work individually, with original thinking and careful expression on the part of the students, and with frequent personal contact between students and their instructors.

The poor undergraduate work in college, where it exists, is traceable to three main causes: lack of thorough training in the high school; the large percentage of increase in numbers of students going to college, and the lack of supervision of the elementary courses, particularly those taken by students in the freshman year. From the standpoint of the college, the first two are external causes for which the college is not directly responsible, although it may protect itself against them somewhat by entrance requirements. The third cause is purely a problem for the college, a case of internal reform. It is with this supervision and direction of freshman courses that recent reforms are largely concerned.

Whenever the college accuses the high school of poor training, the latter retaliates by saying that it is the fault of the college for laying down hard and fast requirements. Whether or not this be true, the fact remains that a large percentage of the high school graduates entering college are very poorly prepared to follow the college courses. It is quite natural that the college at present requires preparation in some subjects which do not afford a primary interest for the high school student, as some students have no primary interest in any kind of study. However, practically any subject may be made into a live thing by a real teacher.

With the present almost inevitably low standard of the high school it is imperative for the colleges to require further general training. Public high schools very frequently send to college students who have not been well prepared in anything. This is unquestionably a handicap to the college as well as to the student himself, a handicap which often proves too great to overcome. Better high school teachers are urgently needed, particularly more men who will make of teaching a life work.

Suggested Remedies

THE increase in numbers of students out of proportion to the college facilities for accepting them is the fault of no one; it is a natural condition which must be dealt with. There are only two ways of treating this problem in the right manner. Either the institutions must increase their facilities fast enough to keep pace with the rapidly increasing student bodies, or else the number of students accepted for training should be restricted to a total which may be cared for by the more slowly growing facilities. The state universities must adopt the first alternative; private institutions ought to adopt the second. The trouble with the first plan is that the institutions which are growing rapidly increase the number of students first and prepare for them afterward. This leaves them always at least one year behind in equipment. In some of the largest universities today the sections are so large and so numerous that lower classmen get little more than mass training, and that very often from upper classmen who have been appointed temporary instructors. The larger the institution, the greater the tendency to handle the students *en masse*. A few of the private institutions are beginning to restrict their numbers to a workable total, but many of them still prefer to train a thousand poorly when they could really educate about five hundred. Notably Stanford and Vassar have limited their numbers and admit only the students who show the highest scholastic achievement.

Of course, many will rise up to say that it isn't democratic to restrict the number of students. *Intelligence isn't democratic either.* Since it is neither possible nor advisable to give a college education to all, it should be given to those who will profit most by the training. In this way real leaders will be developed to serve mankind.

So far, no infallible method has been found to determine who shall go to college. It is going to be very difficult, if not impossible, to find a method which does not fail now and then; but this is no reason why we should not try to find a working basis for selecting from the applicants a certain number who have the greatest possibilities for leadership and are capable of the highest development. A perfected intelligence test, a certified record of the student's studies and other activities throughout his high school course, a statement as to the circumstances under which he has worked, and a statement as to his qualities of character, such as ambition, industry, perseverance; this combination would probably reveal the caliber of the applicants far better than the present system of entrance examinations or the fifteen units of required work. Many colleges and universities are making changes along these lines in entrance requirements. In doubtful cases, all of these records might be supplemented by a personal interview before a committee of selection. A method of this sort would be of great service also in helping those with special endowments to find their way into special training. This is a very important matter, and the solution of it will affect undergraduate training greatly. *It is impossible to educate students in crowded classes by the lecture-quiz plan.* The future of first-class undergraduate training lies with those colleges which, first of all, are content to keep within reasonable bounds as to numbers.

An Inequitable Plan

WHILE the college may be the unfortunate victim of circumstances in the case of the student's poor preparation and the inordinate growth in numbers of students, it has no one but itself to blame for the present organization of college work.

Partly from stress of numbers and partly from a mistaken idea of efficiency in education, undergraduate work in our colleges has frequently been conducted on the wholesale plan. Large numbers of students of varying ability and preparation have been grouped together in the same class and have been given the same amount of work to do. This arrangement requires fewer instructors and enables colleges to carry larger student bodies, but it also gives rise to two of the worst features in our system.

When a class contains more than thirty students, or even more than twenty-five, it is very difficult for the instructor to have all of the students recite every day. The result is that some teachers get around the class once during the hour; others get a recitation from the entire class once every two or three meetings, while a good many go whole terms without recitations from all. A few despair of getting discussion from so great a number and gradually fall into the lecture-quiz plan. In the face of the generally accepted theory that a student gets no *im*pression without *ex*pression, our system has gradually, almost unconsciously, gravitated into one of *instruction* rather than *education*. Students need both expression and discussion. The present process is often largely one of memory, requiring very little thinking on the part of the student. Very little, or nothing, is done to stimulate initiative in the individual, to teach him how to weigh the ideas of others, or how to evolve ideas of his own. In short, the tendency is to "build in" (instruct) on him the ideas of others, instead of "drawing out" (educating) his own ideas and developing his natural intelligence. Initiative needs to be developed as far as possible, but today many attend college who have little native capacity upon which to build.

The second evil resulting from a large ungraded class is perhaps worse than the one I have just mentioned. First, second, third and even fourth class students, with different degrees of ability and preparation, all have the same work to do and are handled together in the same recitation. The progress of the class cannot be adjusted to suit the best students because this would swamp the lower half. Neither can it be regulated on the third-class students, as this would leave the upper portion unemployed. As a last resort, the poor instructor bases the class work on the ability of the average student and soon has the unpleasant realization that while about one-half of the class is well cared for, the lower fourth is dragging along and the upper fourth is marking time. Such organization tends to level the class. Instructors often leave the first-class students to shift for themselves just because they can, while they spend their time trying to get the lower part of the class up to the average. By so doing a golden opportunity is lost for making real students and well trained men out of those who are both capable and ambitious. If the main object be to get all up to the average, then the good students ought to be stopped when they finish high school and only the unintelligent ones sent on to college for further training.

The most just adverse criticism of our undergraduate organization is that it makes no provision for exceptional students to get maximum development. In the larger colleges, it should be added, some attempts are now being made to distribute the students in sections according to their preparation and ability as shown by "intelligence tests." In this way every student gets the type of work he needs.

Must Educate Themselves

IN THE work done there is a noticeable lack of thoroughness, which is due in a large measure to our system of credits. A student is promoted and graduated on the basis of the number of courses he has taken and "passed off," not on a basis of what he knows about the subjects taught in college. The process of graduation tends to be more quantitative than qualitative. After studying a subject for a few months and passing the examination, a student may put the whole thing out of his mind at will, except in so far as this subject is continued in another course. Thus, by an accumulation of credits a student may graduate without attaining real mastery of any field. Our standard for graduation ought to be: "What do you know in chemistry? or in mathematics? or in history? and how well do you know it?" and not merely: "What courses have you had?" Fortunately new examinations along this line are being attempted at Harvard, at Columbia, at Michigan and in many other colleges.

Education is primarily a social affair. Instruction may come from books and lectures, but a liberal education comes only when instruction has been supplemented by the additional factor of personal contact and the resulting opportunity for self-expression. This is proved by the fact that the college men who make the most useful citizens in after life are usually those who were leaders in college activities rather than those who simply made good grades.

In our present system of undergraduate training there is far too little personal contact between instructor and student. There is no provision for promoting informal associations between the professors and their students, and as far as I know the idea is not even generally approved. In the undergraduate work at Oxford University, where a large part of England's greatest men have been trained, students and teachers are constantly thrown together informally in games, at afternoon teas, in various clubs, and even in the individual meeting during tutorial hour. Nothing is more inspiring to a young student than the influence of a human, sociable instructor who isn't afraid to play games with the members of his class or too much impressed with his own dignity to take part in their clubs and other activities. These associations, however, must be judicious and in the spirit of student to student to encourage and not repress expression from the younger men. College instructors must "work with" students instead of trying to "work on" them. After all, students must educate themselves; teachers can only offer inspiration and direction. Herein lies the work of a real teacher.

College is not a factory where masses of raw boy material are made into new beings. The spreading of intelligence and the general perfection of the human race is the big problem of eugenics and not of education. The main function of the college and its greatest service lies in training that small but important minority who have within them the germs of intelligent leadership, that there may be enough clear thinking in the world to leaven the mass of groping humanity.

Over the Goodnight and Loving Trail in 1867

Romance and Adventure of Cattle Driving From Texas in the Old Days

By ANNIE DYER NUNN

IT WAS a strange funeral procession, that which followed the Goodnight and Loving trail in 1867 from Fort Sumner, New Mexico, to Weatherford, Texas, a distance of 700 miles. Oliver Loving, the first to find an outlet for Texas cattle, had made his last long drive; and the western frontier with its trackless wildernesses and featureless wastes of prairie would know him no more.

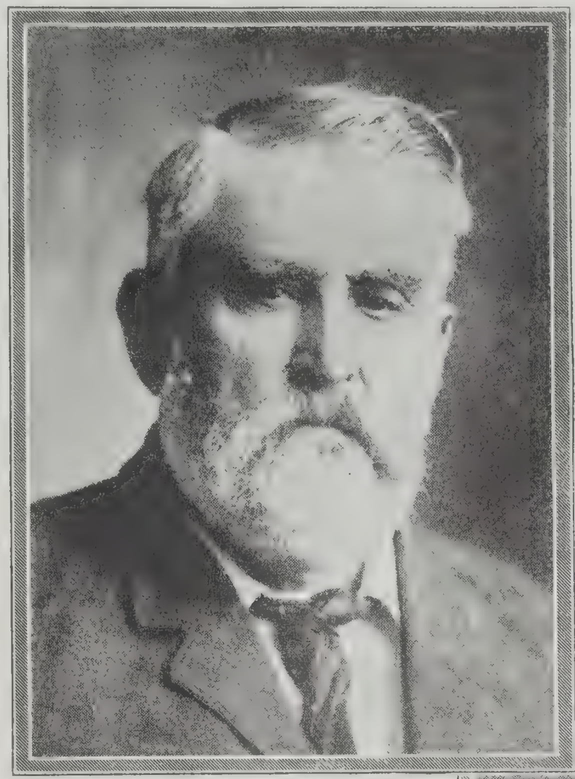
The casket, in which lay the remains of this great pioneer, was carried in a wagon drawn by a mule team. Nine cowboys on horseback rode in front of the wagon and nine behind; these were followed by the chuck wagon and remuda. This escort was the Goodnight and Loving outfit which had delivered 2,500 head of steers into Colorado and now were homeward bound. The sad journey was singularly peaceful; not an Indian was seen during the whole time.

The first trail over which Texas cattle were driven to northern markets was blazed by Mr. Loving in 1859. Beginning in Palo Pinto County, Texas, it extended through the western cross timbers, on through Northwestern Texas and into Colorado as far as Denver.

During the Civil War, Mr. Loving ceased to drive his cattle north, but resumed in 1866. His cattle, during the war, were sold to the Confederates, but they never paid the $150,000 due to him.

In regard to conditions at the close of the Civil War, Emerson Hough says:

"The Civil War stopped almost all plans to market the range cattle, and the close of the war found the vast grazing lands of Texas fairly covered with millions of cattle which had no actual value. They were sorted and branded and herded after a fashion, but neither they nor their increase could be converted into anything but more cattle. The demand for a market became imperative."



Colonel Charles Goodnight, the only one now living of the eighteen men who were in the drive of 1867.

In 1866 Charlie Goodnight, afterward one of the leading cow men of Texas, finding himself with plenty of cattle but no money, determined to push out to northern markets. Oliver Loving declared the project impossible. The Comanches and Kiawas, fierce nomadic tribes, were prowling through the western country. Loving pointed out that no trail herd could escape them. Of this Goodnight failed to be convinced, and in the end Loving decided to go with him, taking a herd of his own.

In New Mexico and Colorado there were no cattle. A man was fortunate to be able to rent a milch cow for $5 a month. At Fort Sumner, New Mexico, the government was feeding 9,000 Navaho and Apache Indians. Beef was needed. Goodnight and Loving proposed to supply it.

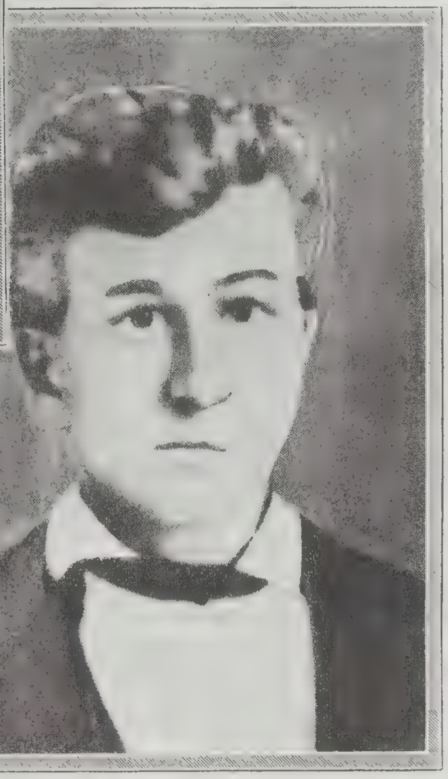
In 1866 they surveyed the Goodnight and Loving trail, perhaps the most famous of all the old cow trails. It began in Young County, Texas, and extended southwest to the Pecos River; here it turned northwest, following the general course of the river four hundred miles to Fort Sumner and beyond. It then crossed the divide between the Platt and the Arkansas rivers, seventy-five miles east of Denver. It ended at the mouth of Crow Creek.

The first part of the trail down to the Pecos was through good country with plenty of grass and water, but along the Pecos it was bleak and forbidding. There was little grass and the only semblance of tree life was the wild mesquite. In speaking of this country Colonel Goodnight recently said: "The Pecos country was the most desolate I had ever explored. The river was full of fish, but besides the fish there was scarcely a living thing, not even birds and coyotes." The country was again good along the upper Pecos and in Colorado.

Such was the trail over which Loving made his last drive. The events of this drive deserve a prominent place in the history of West Texas.

Loving and Goodnight had now entered partnership—an ideal one, since Loving knew the trail and its ways, and Goodnight knew men and cattle. Both were men of high honor and courage. Loving was fifty-five years old; Goodnight, thirty-five.

It was in June, 1867. The outfit consisted of twenty-five hundred head of steers and eighteen men. From the first the Indians were a constant menace. They attacked the outfit at the fork of the Brazos River, stampeding the herd and wounding one of the men. On the lower Pecos they again attacked and succeeded in getting away with three hundred and sixty head. An unsuccessful attempt was made to recover them.



Oliver Loving at the age of 55. This picture was taken just prior to his last drive in 1867 (at Weatherford, Texas).

The outfit had gone one hundred and fifty miles up the Pecos when Mr. Loving, having seen no further signs of Indians, decided to take one of the men and ride on ahead to secure the government contract for furnishing beef to New Mexico, which was to be let at Santa Fe. His partner did his best to dissuade him from this perilous venture, for two lone men would have little chance against the Indians, who might surprise them at any time. But Loving was determined. He asked Joe Wilson, a trailman, who having but a few head of cattle had attached them to the large herd, to go with him. Wilson agreed. Loving could not have selected a better man, for Wilson was a brave and genial man.

Promising Goodnight that they would travel entirely by night, resting and hiding in the daytime, they set forth. They rode good horses and each man was armed with two pistols and a rifle. They had traveled but two nights when they grew weary of these arrangements, especially as there were no signs of Indians; so, throwing caution to the winds, they continued the journey by daylight.

They had immediate cause to regret this decision, however, for on the afternoon of the first day they saw a large band of Indians loitering across the plain to the south of them, apparently shooting prairie dogs. The white men left the trail and dashed toward the breaks of the river, their only hope of protection. Even as they started the savages gave pursuit. A mad race followed, but the white men reached the river first. They tied their horses to some bushes and ran behind a sand dune on the bank of the river and into a spot which offered good protection. They had barely done so when about six hundred Comanches swarmed into the breaks.

A small arroya had cut a notch eight or ten feet from the edge of the water to the sand dune. By lying close to the bank at the dune, the men were safe from the arrows of the redskins. There was only one direction from which they could be reached and that was from across the river; but their guns kept this space clear. They were further fortified by a bend of the river above them and one below them. The Indians, perceiving that they could not reach the men without imminent danger to themselves, asked for a parley, and the men decided to grant it. It was arranged that Wilson, who could understand the Indians, should go out and talk to them while Loving stood guard to keep any who might be lurking in the brush on the river's bank from shooting his comrade in the back. The two men were several yards from their hiding place when Wilson thought he heard the snapping of a twig.

"There's an Indian in that brush now," he warned.

"No, there isn't," Loving replied. "You are just scared." As he said this he started toward the bushes. Across his left arm he had a holster with two pistols which he had been carrying over his saddle horn.

The main body of Indians was about 150 yards away at the foot of the sand dune. Wilson kept a keen eye on the bushes which Loving was approaching; for he knew that if there was a demonstration from that direction, the other Indians would charge. Loving had gone about twenty yards when an Indian rose from behind the brush and leveled his gun at Loving. Wilson's shot shattered the silence simultaneously with that of the Indian. The Indian dropped behind the brush and Loving staggered toward Wilson.

"I'm killed," he gasped. "Take my gun and do the best you can with it."

At that moment Wilson saw the Indians from the foot of the hill charging them. He emptied his own gun on them; then seized Loving's and emptied it. The savages were repulsed and the white men again got to cover.

Loving was badly wounded, but not dying, as he had thought. The bullet had passed through his wrist and into his side. He was already weak from loss of blood as Wilson assisted him to a clump of smartweeds, in which he was hidden from view of the enemy. With Loving's boot for a receptacle, Wilson brought water and washed his wounds. Meanwhile, the arrows fell thick and fast; the Indians shooting them up so they would fall into the ravine—this method was their only hope of reaching the men. In the same way they deluged them with rocks and clods of earth; but the men, who were lying against the bank, were not injured by them.

As Wilson lay beside Loving, waiting tensely for anything that might happen, he observed a slight movement of some tall weeds a few feet away. He knew that an Indian was creeping through them, parting them with his lance as he came—the Comanches always carried lances. The Indian came nearer and nearer. He was about to poke his head from the weeds, when a huge rattlesnake roused up right in front of him.

The reptile gave a loud warning and then glided off in the opposite direction which was toward Wilson. To his unspeakable horror it came to his side and quite chumily coiled itself. His life now hung by a thread. If he fired at the Indian, who, he knew, was even now leveling his gun at him, the noise would cause the snake to strike; but Wilson feared the snake more than he did the Indian, so he remained perfectly still. The Indian then fled from the uncanny scene, evidently frightened by the performance of the snake, for this was the sort of thing which aroused the superstition of the

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Texas longhorns, still famous as supplies of beef for the northern markets.

Bristol's Historic Glory Shown in Brilliant Pageant

Picturesque English City Claims Title of "Cradle of the British Empire" and Has Special Claims on Interest of Americans

By PAUL TYNER

Cabot Tower, erected in honor of the great navigators, and occupying a commanding site overlooking the city of Bristol.

LONDONERS speak of Bristol, the metropolis of the West of England, as "slow" and "the last thing in provincialism." Some go so far as to describe it in Goldsmith's line, "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow." With similar superior disparagement, it is mentioned by denizens of those bustling midland towns, Manchester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds and Bradford. All the same, Bristol has impressed me, in the course of a fortnight's sojourn, as the most English of English cities. What I mean is that it comes nearer than any other town in the kingdom to realizing the average American's expectations of what an English city should be. In remarkable degree, it fulfills the mental pictures derived from our reading of English history and English drama. It makes concrete and present to the eye old English tales of adventure and exploration. And it is very, very like the older parts of Boston—Boston, U. S. A.

Bristol certainly has peculiar claims on the interest of Americans. I was reminded of this on the day of my arrival: when crossing the St. Augustine Bridge my attention was attracted by a bronze tablet recording the fact that it was from the port of Bristol, in the Bristol ship *Matthew*, that John Cabot and his son, Sebastian, sailed in May, 1497, on the voyage during which they "discovered the continent of America" a year before Columbus sighted the mainland.

To Bristol the Cabots returned in the following August with the great news of a new world.

One is not long in Bristol before one gets sight of the splendid Cabot monument crowning one of the city's chief heights, Brandon Hill. The Bristol Art Gallery, too, is full of reminders of Bristol's claim to distinction in having sent out the intrepid Venetian who "first planted the flags of England and Venice on the northeastern seaboard of North America in June, 1497." Bristol for century after century, indeed, figured pre-eminently as the city of "merchant venturers." It was an important seaport and center of foreign trade and shipping long before London or Liverpool became conspicuous in maritime greatness.

On this first voyage of the Cabots and in the subsequent voyages and those of Richard Ward, Thomas Ashehurst, John Thomas, Robert Thorne, Martin Pring, Robert Aldworth and Richard Hakluyt, with other only less famous pioneers of exploration, discovery and conquest, it was Bristol men who furnished the ships and the money and the sailors—to say nothing of the spirit of faith, enterprise and enthusiasm with which they pushed their way across uncharted seas into strange lands. From Bristol the steamship *Great Western*, pioneer of Atlantic steamship traffic, sailed for New York, April 8, 1835.

Descent from John Cabot is proudly claimed today by many of the first families of Massachusetts. Senator, Henry Cabot Lodge is prominent among these; but banking and legal lights like George and William Cabot Ward are hardly less eminent. The last named, it may be remembered, also achieved some reputation as a writer, his essay on Lessing's "Laocoon" being famous in its day—the day of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell and Emerson.

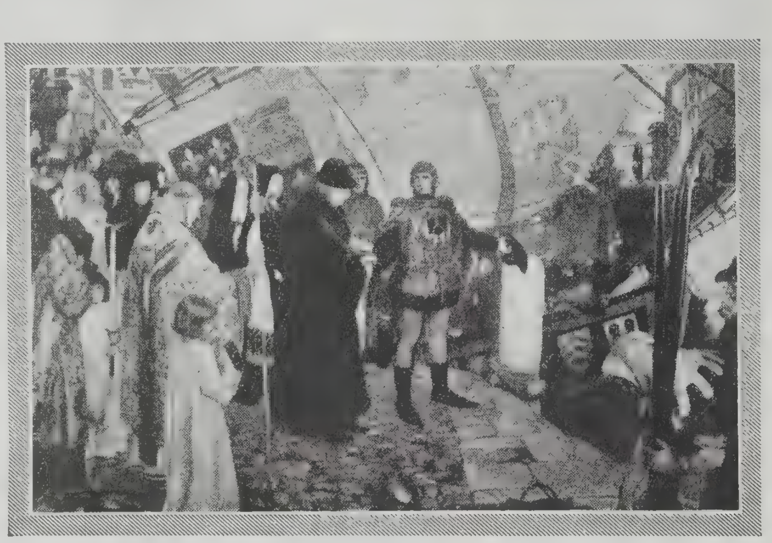
Bristol is most closely identified with the planting of an English colony in Newfoundland; but men of this town were also among the emigrants in the ships that followed in the wake of the *Mayflower* and who founded homes in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, was the descendant and namesake of one of the earliest of these daring merchant venturers.

Another link of America with Bristol is William Penn, to whose colonial enterprise the present state of Pennsylvania is a memorial. Penn was long a resident of this city and was married here. Other hardy mariners associated with Bristol were Alexander Selkirk, the filibuster and original of Robinson Crusoe, and William Dampier, the dauntless buccaneer who was the first Englishman to sight the Australian coast.

To the bold spirit of daring and adventure of these early seamen Bristol owes the proud title which it has long claimed of "Cradle of the British Empire." And today Bristol is waking up in marvelous fashion, as a direct outcome of the dramatic revival of the glories of her early history in a magnificent historical pageant which was given here every evening in the week following Empire Day and then transferred with all its scenery and 3,000 performers to the big British Empire Exhibition being held at Wembley Park in London.

The opening episode, following a fanfare of trumpets that carries the spectators back, not to the misty beginnings of Bristol's history, but to a very early era, that of the year 1216, marked by the re-signing of the Magna Charta by Henry III, is built more upon fanciful tradition than on veritable historic records; but it serves very well to bring before the mind a picture of that period far more vivid and impressive than any description in the books.

In a second episode, King Edward IV, having obtained the throne by a decisive victory over the Lancastrians in the snowstorm battle of Towton in Yorkshire, visits Bristol in the course of a progress through the land.



Departure of John and Sebastian Cabot from Bristol on their first voyage of discovery in May, 1497. This painting is one of the gems of the Bristol Art Gallery, and is the work of a Bristol artist, Ernest Board, R. W. A.

Episode three is the central picture of the pageant. It tells the story of Cabot's famous voyage. The news is spread that the good ship *Matthew* is in the Channel and a crowd of citizens, agog with excitement, assemble to give him welcome. They are joined by the mayor, sheriff, members of the town council and representatives of the king in procession to the High Cross. Watchers who have been stationed on the hillside hasten to the spot and report the arrival of John Cabot with his son, Sebastian, and their brave crew. A great cheer is raised as they appear. John is affectionately embraced by his wife and two younger sons, Lewis and Sancius. Happy reunions also take place between the members of the crew and their families.

The mayor accords Cabot and his men a hearty welcome home and the intrepid mariner asks a blessing on "us returned from the perils of the sea and in *newfound lands*." The Abbot of St. Augustine's Abbey bestows his blessing, and, at the request of the mayor, John relates his adventures to the astonished crowd. His recital is to this effect:

> "When we cast loose from Bristol we did sail many leagues, far beyond the western shores of Ireland and to the far north, until we did turn our sails to the westward. On the twenty-fourth day of June, we did see land arise above the ocean's surface. . . . Landing on the coast, I did set up the banners of this realm and of St. Mark, for the honor of England and of Venice, whence I came."

A member of the council asks Cabot if he saw aught of gold or other precious metals. To this he answers that he did not, but they held the opinion that if a man but trended a few leagues farther south he would find great store of gold and silver, which "would make the King's Majesty the mightiest Prince of all Christendom." Sebastian interrupts to declare that they were not coming home empty-handed, as there were many strange things aboard the ship and they would be shown marvels. He gives a signal and three terrified savages are dragged forward howling. They escape to the dire alarm of the townspeople, and it is some time before they are recaptured. The excitement subsiding, further proof positive is shown in the skeleton of a whale: "a wondrous great bone of Leviathan himself." The king's representative thereupon invests John with a gold chain and, in the name of the monarch, appoints him Great Admiral of England. Great is the shouting when Cabot kneels to receive the royal gift and again when the mayor, in prophetic vein, replies to the royal envoy's declaration that "the king delights to honor men who had brought honor to England and to this town of Bristol."

"Truly, sir, you speak wisely," says the mayor, "Great is the fame of Bristol, and greater still, I ween, shall be its fame by reason of this wondrous venture. Methinks I see ship after ship pass down Avon River in the path that the *Matthew* hath furrowed, and mighty nations speaking our tongue arising in the new-found lands, and, though this tall ship's timbers be decayed and we ourselves be dust, yet they shall remember the *Matthew* and the town that sent her forth."

The good old days of Merrie England in the golden reign of Queen Bess are brought into life, color and movement during the fourth episode with its contrasting moments of simple rusticity and of regal pomp and circumstance.

"Venturers and empire builders" are celebrated in episode five, which is divided into three parts, dealing with the events from 1610 to 1711. First we had the departure, in 1610, of John Guy, on his appointment as governor and commander of Newfoundland by James I, with the first party of emigrants for Newfoundland.

Episode III representing the triumphant return of the Cabots, and their reception by the city—Left to right—Sebastian Cabot (E. J. Harold); Mistress Cabot (Mrs. Darby); John Cabot (F. M. Gladwell); the Mayor (W. Bowrie); King's officer (C. Cavell).

There are amusing incidents in the roll call of the emigrants, their leave-takings and their grappling with their bundles and boxes. Of a more impressive and serious nature are the godspeed of the mayor, the blessing by the bishop and the chanting of a canticle by the choristers.

Next we have the reception in Bristol of Captain Thomas James, of Hudson's Bay fame, on his return from London where he had reported to the king how, in the name of the Merchant Adventurers of Bristol, possession had been taken "for the king's use" of the land they had found.

A brief interlude serves to bring in Admiral Sir William Penn, his son, William Penn, once a soldier of Cromwell's and later a Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania, along with Master Callowhill, whose daughter was married to Penn at the Friends' Meeting House in Bristol. The three pass across the arena discussing the plans of George Fox himself for the establishing of an American colony.

The third part of this episode is concerned with the return of Captain Woodes-Rogers from the most famous of all British privateering enterprises. The harbor master announces the arrival of the bold bucaneer in a schooner and reports the ships *Duke* and *Duchess* safely anchored in the Thames with many prizes. Woodes-Rogers appears and with him Will Dampier, "him that did explore the coast of the great territory that men call New Zealand, and also of that great island to its north (Australia)."

Figuring in this gallant company also are Captain Dover, "he that aforetime did physic us with powders," Alexander Selkirk, clothed in the traditional white skins of Robinson Crusoe, and Daniel Defoe himself. The harbor master, nudging Defoe, says, pointing to Selkirk, "There be a story for thy pen," and the author pushes through the excited crowd to talk with Selkirk while the procession passes on.

Many consider the sixth episode, portraying the women of Bristol in 1643, as the most thrilling of the seven. It enacts a vigorous story of Royalists and Roundheads, written by Charles F. Latham. Its central incident is the defense of the Froom Gate in Bristol by brave Dorothy Hazard and her plucky townswomen on the morning of July 26, 1643.

The last episode is in striking contrast to all that precedes and brings Bristol's history up to a very exciting epoch of comparatively modern date. It portrays the Burke election of 1774. Burke is one of the city's idols, a remarkably fine statue of the famous orator-statesman (who for many years represented the city in the House of Commons) still adorning the principal city square.

Episode II—King Edward IV (G. A. Widman), being entertained at the Rudde House by the Mayor, William Canynges (B. L. Hodges). This was one of the most striking of the scenes depicting the history of the city.

We are given an interesting, and in some respects amusing, picture of an old-time election in England. A seething crowd of varying political creeds gather around the hustings. They include Tories, Whigs "Americanists" and King's Men, sporting the respective colors and armed with staves and clubs. Warcries and snatches of election songs are heard. Becoming impatient, the crowd calls vociferously for the mayor. He appears at last with his officials and the candidates. Pandemonium ensues. When the uproar subsides a bit, the mayor seizes his opportunity to declare that the longest poll ever taken in the borough, one lasting twenty-eight days, has resulted in the return of Mr. Cruger and Mr. Edmund Burke.

So ends the pageant. There can be no doubt that it makes live appeal to historical interest, causing the best and most heroic in the city's past to breathe again and furnishing very real inspiration and stimulus to a deeper civic spirit. Not that the Bristolians of today are to rest on the laurels won by their ancestors and be content with the empty pride of ancestor worship; but that, in reviving memories of the pluck and enterprise of the old-time Bristol mariners that carried the fame of their city to the ends of the then known world, they are to hear a clarion call to emulate their dauntless spirit. To the point is a phrase from one of Burke's greatest speeches: "He who has no regard for his ancestry is likely to have little regard for his posterity."

It is in profiting by the experiences of the past that the stability of the future can be assured, and looking backward through the centuries Bristol has a long page of history to scan. If the citizens are animated by the spirit of their ancestors there is no fear of the degeneration of the race.

Over the Goodnight and Loving Trail in 1867

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old-time redskins. Wilson remained rigidly still and presently the snake glided into the bushes.

About dark the Indians led the horses away, and with them went all the provisions possessed by the trailmen. Night came on and their perilous vigil continued. What must have been Loving's thoughts in those terrible hours, as he lay facing death, separated from his friends by hundreds of miles of wild lands, inhabited only by Indians and herds of buffalo.

Believing that he could not last till morning, he insisted on Wilson's trying to escape before it was too late. Wilson decided to make the attempt.

"Tell Goodnight to get word to my family, telling them how and where I died," said Loving. "If I can, I will keep the Indians off until he gets here; but if I see that they are about to take me, I will commit suicide to escape their torture."

Wilson consented. When the moon went down, shortly after midnight, he divested himself of all his clothes except his undergarments and slipped into the river. Across his shoulder was one of Loving's guns, the only one in their outfit that fired a metallic cartridge. Loving had forced this gun upon him, knowing that the others would not shoot after being in the water, and his only hope was to swim down the river, but he was so handicapped with the gun that he almost drowned. Seeing that it was impossible to carry it any farther, Wilson left it sticking in the sand under the water where the Indians would not be apt to find it.

A hundred yards downstream he knew that he was surrounded by them, but they had not discovered his presence. One sat on horseback in the middle of the stream, splashing his foot in the water. So absorbed was he in this play that he did not see the white man, who, a few feet from him, was drifting by in the shadow of the smartweeds which drooped over the edge of the bank.

Farther downstream Wilson left the river and set out across country in the direction of the herd. The sandy soil seemed barren of growth save that of every variety of sand bur. These brought exquisite torture to the barefooted traveler. There followed a never-to-be-forgotten march of three days. Faint from hunger, going hours without water, for at times he was far from the curving river, he trudged on in the blistering heat of a July sun, which parched the bur-strewn sand beneath his bleeding feet. The second day he found the small end of a tepee pole and this he used as a cane.

By the third night he was almost exhausted, and barely able to drag one lacerated foot after the other. To add to his discouraging situation, a pack of wolves began to follow him. He was afraid to sleep because of them. Their skulking forms were ever near, and all Wilson's efforts to drive them away proved unavailable. No better idea of his plight can be gained than from his own words: "I would give out, just like a horse, lie down and drop off to sleep. When I woke up the wolves would be all around me, snapping and snarling. I would then take the tepee pole and drive them away, but when I resumed my journey they would drop in behind me. I kept this up until daylight, when they left me."

He struggled on until noon, when he reached a hill which he felt sure the herd of cattle would pass. Barely able to move, he crept into a sort of cave which had been whipped out by the play of the wind. In this he was protected from the burning sun. In a few hours the herd arrived, and Wilson staggered out of the cave. "He was the most terrible object I ever saw," Colonel Goodnight relates. "His underwear was stained with mud, his tongue was swollen by thirst, his eyes were wild and bloodshot; and every step he took left blood in the track."

Goodnight made immediate preparations to go to Loving's rescue. With six good men, mounted on the best trail horses, he set out. All that night it rained torrents and was so dark at times that the party was forced to halt until a streak of lightning would momentarily light the way. Only men trained to life on the frontier could have steered a true course. They rode all night and the next day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the place where Wilson said that Loving and he had left the trail.

On a mesquite bush close at hand was a small piece of paper pinned to a thorn. This was recognized as a leaf from Loving's notebook which he always carried in his saddlebag. On it was a drawing—a bit of Indian cynicism—of an Indian and a white man shaking hands. Oddly enough, the white man was wearing a silk hat, a thing at that time unknown in West Texas.

About two hundred yards north of the trail the party discovered the tracks of Loving and Wilson; whereupon they dashed across the prairie toward the river. Before reaching the bluffs they stopped for a few minutes to decide upon the best method of attack. It was agreed that they surprise the Indians and shoot their way to the bank of the river; but when they reached the bluff overlooking the river, not an Indian was in sight; and when they reached the bank no traces of Loving could be found.

The silent hills gave no clue to what had occurred. It was evident, however, that the Indians had been gone but a short time, for the bank of the river was still wet in places where they had climbed out of the stream. It looked as if they had not found Loving and were still in search of him.

It was unbelievable that he could have escaped from them in his weakened condition. His friends could arrive at but one conclusion: In a moment of imminent peril, he had shot and killed himself, as he had threatened to do, and his body had floated down the river, made swift by the recent heavy rains.

* * *

One afternoon, two weeks later, when the Goodnight and Loving herd was within seventy-five miles of Fort Sumner, Goodnight, as was his custom, was riding ahead to see whether there were Indians in the vicinity, when he saw a man riding toward him. Believing him to be an Indian, he maneuvered around a hill, keeping out of his sight, and came up behind him. Then he recognized him as a white man named Burleson, who had a herd just behind his own. Burleson had gone to Fort Sumner several weeks before, and was now coming out to meet his herd.

Goodnight informed him of Loving's death.

"Why, Loving is not dead!" Burleson replied. "He is at Fort Sumner, recovering from his wounds. He sent word to you to leave the herd and come to him."

All that night the faithful friend rode toward Fort Sumner and arrived there the next morning, making the distance of seventy-five miles in fourteen hours. He found Loving walking about with his arm in a sling and feeling confident of recovery. But his friend was apprehensive after examining his wound. It had been too long neglected.

The next morning after Wilson's departure, Loving discovered that he was much better. The wound in his side, which he had thought fatal, was not really serious. He began to watch for an opportunity to escape. Meantime the Indians continued to deluge the ravine with arrows and stones, none of which reached him. They dug tunnels through the sand dune to within five feet of where he lay; but they dared not put their heads over the bank to get an accurate shot at him. Repeated attempts were made to reach him from across the river, but after losing two of their men, they desisted. Two days and nights they kept him in the ravine. Then he escaped by way of the river, as Wilson had done.

Since the herd had had ample time to arrive and had not done so (this delay was due to the outfit's having halted to rest the cattle), Loving decided that it had been captured by the Indians. So instead of going down the river to meet the cattle, he went up it to a crossing in the faint hope that some passer-by might find him. He reached the crossing two miles upstream. Here a clump of chinaberries grew; and under these he lay, ill and exhausted. His water-soaked gun would not shoot; otherwise he could have killed some birds for food. He thought of searing his Mexican gloves to a crisp and devouring them, but his matches had been ruined in the water.

Many long hours passed with Loving growing constantly weaker; and with no cessation of his intense pain. The only way he could get water to drink was by dipping his handkerchief, which he had tied to a stick, into the stream two feet below. Three days and nights went by in this manner, when at last his indomitable courage failed him, and he was overcome by a heavy stupor.

At noon the third day he was aroused by someone standing over him. Thinking the person was an Indian he seized his gun and leveled it; then remembering that it would not shoot, laid it down again. When he became thoroughly awake he saw that the newcomer was a white boy. He was a German traveling from Fort Sumner with three Mexicans. He had come upon Loving while looking for firewood.

Loving was taken to the covered wagon, where the Mexicans fed him corn-meal gruel. The wagon was drawn by oxen. For $250 Loving hired the men to return with him to Fort Sumner.

When they were fifty miles from that place, they met Burleson, who was riding out for news of his herd. Upon being informed of the situation, he rode back to town as fast as his horse could carry him, sending the government ambulance and doctor to take care of the sick man.

Loving lived for some days after reaching Fort Sumner: but the care his wounds received was not of the best and blood poisoning resulted. "So passed as good a man as ever lived," in the words of Joe Wilson.

Oliver Loving, the first to find outlet for Texas cattle, had made his last long drive.

Sapiro's Dream—An International Wheat Pool

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States Grain Growers to function. With Guard and others of this element out of the federation, indications are that the grain growers' organization will be able to develop into a power for the good of the farmer.

There were many other instances illustrating the close connection between Mr. Guard and Mr. Sapiro, and the latter's Jewish backers, but space forbids their telling here. Thus matters went on, with Mr. Guard doing his best for the Sapiro interest, until early in 1923, when Mr. Walton Peteet was employed by the American Farm Bureau Federation as director of co-operative marketing. This was one of the most important posts in the federation, because the organization is pledged, as has been shown, to sane forms of co-operative distribution and sale of farm products. In a later paper, Mr. Peteet's activities will be more thoroughly discussed. Suffice it to say here that Sapiro picked him up in a tomato association in Texas, an association which had met disaster under the Sapiro Plan.

From telegrams and correspondence now in the possession of certain men, it is well established that Mr. Peteet was pledged to put over the Sapiro program, that is, to make Sapiro master of the federation. That the tracks of the Jewish attorney from San Francisco might be well covered, Mr. Guard brought Mr. Peteet into the farm bureau federation, introduced him as his own discovery, and succeeded in obtaining his appointment. Then began a constant campaign on the part of Mr. Guard and Mr. Peteet aimed at the executive committee of the farm bureau federation, to obtain, first, endorsement of the Sapiro Plan of co-operative marketing, and second, the employment of Aaron Sapiro as marketing director. Other telegrams and correspondence show that the scheme was to bring Sapiro in as director of marketing, and, as soon as possible, promote him to be secretary, whenever the Sapiro-Peteet-Guard combination could influence the executive committee to drop J. W. Coverdale, executive secretary.

Be it said here that Mr. Coverdale is still secretary, and that neither Sapiro, Guard nor Peteet are any longer with the American Farm Bureau Federation.

In this same scheme, Mr. Peteet was to have been promoted from director of co-operative marketing to the position of marketing director, vacated by Mr. Sapiro, and Mr. Guard was to remain in the very important post of publicity director.

In his work for his Jewish friends, Mr. Guard promoted a plan for a special train, bearing four or five hundred farmer members of the federation. This train was to tour all the Sapiro Plan co-operative organizations in the Middle West and East, "to observe the manner in which these associations are functioning, and to report on the same."

Now, on February 1, 1923, Mr. Peteet promised certain members of the executive committee, who saw through the Jewish plot, that he would not work to bring Mr. Sapiro into the federation. This first day of February was the date on which Mr. Peteet entered the American Farm Bureau Federation. In less than two weeks Mr. Peteet wrote a letter to O. E. Bradfute, then as now president of the federation, admitting that he (Peteet) had had conferences with Aaron Sapiro, looking to the employment of Sapiro by the federation.

The train which Mr. Guard promoted, then, had the support of Mr. Peteet also, but there suddenly rose up J. W. Coverdale, the executive secretary, for whom organized Jewry appears to have few if any terrors, and blocked this junket by refusing to use the funds of the federation for it, or to allow any of the employes of the federation to ride upon it.

Fearing for the safety of his agents in the federation, Sapiro gave them the word to drop the train plan, and it was dropped.

Had this train been sent out, packed with people friendly to the Sapiro Plan, the result in all probability would have been the turning over of the American Farm Bureau Federation to Aaron Sapiro.

The astute Mr. Peteet thought himself strong enough to "put over" the plan to employ Mr. Sapiro, but the farm bureau federation flatly refused to accept his recommendation. On March 1, 1923, a marketing conference was held in St. Paul. This conference was attended by Mr. Peteet, who there tendered his resignation. Mr. Coverdale also was there, and it is of record that Mr. Guard, from his offices in the headquarters of the federation in Chicago, wired Mr. Peteet certain timely advice regarding Mr. Coverdale. This advice appears to have arrived too late to save Mr. Peteet, but Mr. Coverdale, in his address to the executive committee, said something which is of particular interest to those who are members of the National Council of Co-operative Marketing Associations, of which Mr. Peteet is now secretary, and in which he is the directing and controlling power, with Aaron Sapiro back of him. Mr. Coverdale said:

> **"Believing that we (the American Farm Bureau Federation) had in Mr. Peteet a director of marketing who would carry on in the interest of the farmers themselves, we find him at once completely aligned with Mr. Sapiro and his followers, guided by their same prejudices, and outdoing them in his antipathies. And, gentlemen, I want to charge here and now that when Mr. Peteet came into this office, he came, not as a free agent, but *bounden to direction other than that of this federation.* I want to state that he had pledged to deliver this American Farm Bureau Federation to the leadership of Mr. Sapiro, and the evidence of this fact is unmistakable. Mr. Peteet's resignation was not his own free will act, but was demanded of him by Mr. Sapiro, who set a time limit in which to fulfill his pledge made to Mr. Sapiro, or else resign, and join with Mr. Sapiro in the latter's campaign to destroy the Farm Bureau and to set up an organization of their own."**

This is the whole situation in a nutshell—rule or ruin; either give up the American Farm Bureau Federation, with its more than one million and a quarter American farm families, to organize Jewry or stand a fight; surrender an American institution to Aaron Sapiro or let that institution perish!

And now comes the most interesting chapter of the entire effort of the Jews to exploit the American Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Peteet had failed to bring in Mr. Sapiro. Mr. Guard was in about the same position, though he still held his place with the federation. Their loyalty to Aaron Sapiro, whether racial, financial or merely because they believe in his theories, is commendable; but their actions toward the American farmer are hardly such as to inspire confidence on the part of the agriculturist in their present or future operations in his behalf.

Mr. Otto Kahn, international banker of New York, was a close personal friend of a certain official of the American Farm Bureau Federation. This official is a Gentile, and a man whom the writer has found to be so completely honest that he believes every other man, especially his friends, to be equally without guile. Mr. Kahn will be remembered as the man who gave a large and costly banquet to "American agriculturists" in New York a few years ago. This banquet was previously described by the writer in these columns. It had two interesting features, first, the absence from the banquet board of any man who could by any chance be called an American farmer; and, second, the endorsement of Mr. Sapiro and his plans by Mr. Kahn. After Mr. Peteet and Mr. Guard had been unable to introduce Mr. Sapiro in the farm bureau federation organization, *Mr. Kahn had a meeting with this official of the federation.*

Shortly after this conference, Aaron Sapiro was appointed legal counsel to the department of co-operative marketing of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

This official of the federation shall, for the present, remain nameless here. This man simply took Mr. Kahn's advice as to the character and abilities of Mr. Sapiro, and threw his influence toward a step which, in the opinion of his friend, the international banker, would be a good one for the federation to make. Beyond this there were eight members of the executive committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation who already had confidence—to say the least—in Mr. Sapiro and the Sapiro Plan. On April 6, 1923, Mr. Sapiro was employed at a salary of $8,400 a year and traveling expenses, in the position above mentioned. Mr. Peteet was out; Mr. Guard was still in; Mr. Sapiro came in.

As far as there is any record, Mr. Sapiro's services to the American Farm Bureau Federation, during the eleven months in which he was employed by it, consisted of:

> Three visits to his office in the headquarters at Chicago;
>
> An appearance before a committee of nine men who were forming an egg-marketing association, and the giving to them of a small amount of legal advice.

For this eleven months' work, Mr. Sapiro was paid $7.849.40 and then dropped, early in 1924, from the payroll of the federation. Many members of the federation believe that $1,962.35 is a high price to pay Mr. Sapiro for each of four casual visits to the offices of the organization. When one considers that the actual cash handled by the average American farmer each year totals less than $200, there does appear to be some logic in such a statement. On the other hand, there are a number of members of the federation who believe that the acquaintance with the methods of Messrs. Guard, Peteet and Sapiro, obtained during the past three years, is worth all that the federation paid for it.

Now, Mr. Peteet was gone; Mr. Sapiro was to go, but did not know it, and, in between these two great and good friends, the third friend, Mr. Samuel R. Guard, was on the job as director of publicity. It is probably not too much to say that the publicity issued by the American Farm Bureau Federation during Mr. Guard's tenure of office, was at least delicately flavored with pro-Sapiro Plan suggestion. But Mr. Guard is a very radical gentleman, who believes in doing things as they should be done for the benefit of an idea, not as they could be done for the benefit of the farmer. In October, 1923, President Bradfute, of the federation, suggested to Mr. Guard that he might be out of step with the organization. Mr. Guard replied, according to his own statement:

"The organization is out of step with me."

But Sam is modest, and his desire to keep step by himself was gratified. He was permitted to resign, which he did, afterward making a speech in which he said some very unkind things about the federation. Then, Mr. Peteet and Mr. Guard were gone; Mr. Sapiro remained, though it was at all times most difficult to find him around the headquarters of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

Came an election. One of the eight pro-Sapiro-Plan members of the executive committee had passed away; the other seven were not returned to office by the membership. Mr. Sapiro was dropped, early in 1924, and the American Farm Bureau Federation is now proceeding on its way honestly helping the agricultural industry of this country without the aid of Mr. Kahn, Mr. Sapiro, Mr. Guard, Mr. Peteet, or any of the other Jewish or Jew-controlled gentlemen who tried so earnestly to assist the American farmer through their work with the federation.

Mr. Sapiro was recently in Europe, accompanied by his good friend, Judge Bingham, of Louisville, endeavoring to find some place in which he could store the unsold 1922-23 crop of his Kentucky tobacco co-operatives—anywhere, just so the tobacco-grower could not see it.

Mr. Guard is on duty for Jewry endeavoring to set up private farm foundations, and junior farm clubs, *for Mr. Julius Rosenwald, of Sears, Roebuck & Company.*

Mr. Peteet is secretary of the National Council of Co-operative Marketing Associations, designed eventually to bind all the Sapiro-Plan co-operatives into one national organization, where they can be the more easily controlled and directed by Mr. Sapiro.

Thus, all the little pals are well taken care of—while the American farmer pays their bills.

Study in Race Values—Italians

Concluded from page 2

A fourth characteristic of the Italians is in the realm of temperament; they are naturally inclined to be *excitable.* The Italian historian, Ferraro, tells us that "even at the present day, the Sicilians throw so much passion into their political struggles that great circumspection is required in sifting the accusations hurled by one side against the other, when rivalry and party animosity come into play." Unfortunately the excitability of the Italian does not always satisfy itself in verbal argument.

The quick or hot temper of the Italian shows conclusively in criminal statistics in America. In New York county courts the percentage of Italian crimes of personal violence is more than twice as high as the next below it. That his record for crime is due much more to the inherent Italian quick temper is proved by the additional facts on crimes committed for gain, gathered from the same court records. The percentage of Italian impersonal gainful crimes, that is, theft, burglary, and so forth, is the lowest of all the foreign groups.

The Italian also has the fault of wife desertion, probably as a result of his quick temper, but he is not permanently a stay-away. He cools off and almost invariably returns to his home.

A fifth national characteristic, also in the realm of temperament, may be called that of the Italian *social charm,* expressing itself in manners gracious, gay and dramatic. Henry James speaks of "that profundity of Italian cleverness which enables people to appear more gracious in proportion as they are more acutely disappointed."

Says an Americanization Home Teacher, "It is so heartening, after a hard day's going, to meet with the instant warm response of the Italian child or adult. The warmth, the gayety, the flash of eye and smile in a glad welcome, the shrug of eloquent shoulders, the laughter always ready, these and more spell the charm of the Italian responsiveness. The innate grace and often startling beauty glow above all surrounding impedimenta. They are a brave, gay people, colorful, rhythmic, with a spontaneity of childhood."

Everybody sings in Italy, and some of the Italian boys on the streets of our American cities, we are told, can whistle whole operas, changing their voices to imitate the different instruments in the orchestra. Our Ambassador to Italy, who saw there the rise of the Fascisti, has just written of it: "I am more and more conscious of its lyric and epic character. Mussolini has the whole country singing."

In America the Italians demand their own kind of social environment to such an extent that it greatly determines the economic life of the family. The United States Immigration Commission says: "It may be asserted confidently that the primary reason for the Italian choice of trucking and vegetable gardening in preference to diversified farming is a social one."

Italian genius overtopped the world in at least three men: Dante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. But so common to Italians is exalted intellectual power that a score of names come to our minds of men who would be placed in the highest rank among other people: Petrarch, Boccaccio, Savonarola, Leonardo Di Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Columbus, Galileo, Manzoni, Garibaldi.

In Lanzis' "History of Painting," which was written more than a hundred years ago, there are presented 3,124 Italian painters "whose transcendent genius flooded the world with a glory hitherto undreamed and opened the very portals of paradise."

Of the musical talent of the Italian it is hardly necessary to speak. "I wonder what Italians have in their 'gosier' (throat) that we haven't," says Madam Waddington, "that gives such charm to their simplest song." "It seems unfair for me to give advice to girls along these lines," says Luisa Tetrazzini. "Ever since I was a child I have loved to sing. I knew both the words and music of several operas before I was even aware of the fact. When I presented myself (to the teacher), Signor Cecherini, who had taught my sister, turned to the examiners and said, 'But this is no little girl; she is an artist.' After hearing an opera for the first time I can sing almost anything in it."

What does this mean for America? Mangano tells us that American life robs his Italian brothers here of their inherent feel for things beautiful and spiritual, and that the materialism of our day deadens them and makes them sordid. Amiel's prophecy that in the epoch of democracy "the useful will take the place of the beautiful, industry of art, political economy of religion, and arithmetic of poetry," must not be allowed to come true in America.

I have endeavored to give a brief glimpse of the racial personality of the Italians in America. I would recommend personal acquaintance with our fellow-countrymen of Italian birth as the best way of understanding them. I may add that by this means we may not only help to profit America, but may make a good beginning in that racial understanding and appreciation without which the longed-for goal of world peace is impossible of attainment.

Stream of Patients Flows to Orientals

Concluded from page 9

Thereafter the new "doctor" takes the word of the patient for the cause of the disease the latter believes he has, and doses him with the powdered snake-skins, dried fig leaves, or whatever the correspondingly numbered package may contain. The first three numbers refer both to specific diseases, particular packages, and to the financial ability of the patient to pay. The entire fifteen refer to drugs and diseases, but there are only three grades of financial standing—good, better and best.

Liquor, consisting largely of a potent Chinese brandy, is to be found in virtually every office of a Chinese "physician." Under the name of "stimulator of the will to live," this stuff is sold as medicine to the patient, but sold only one drink at a time, to be drunk before leaving the premises. It is also true that toads, beetles, small snakes and pieces of meat, supposed to have come from the carcasses of wild animals, are pickled in this brandy, and the liquor used as a mixing fluid for certain herbs and powders. The mystery is that these Chinese "medicines" do not kill the patient quicker than his own disease. Elephant skin, to cite one example, pickled in this brandy, is a favorite remedy for eczema, scrofula, and other so-called "skin diseases." Heart of the leopard, preserved in brandy, is "prescribed" by these Oriental crooks as "a most efficacious stimulant of the heart and brain, making the former strong and the latter crafty."

When the writer went to obtain a diagnosis and treatment from a nationally known Chinese faker in San Francisco, he was met by the interpreter and ushered into the presence of a middle-aged Chinese, seated behind a table, with only the top of his head visible above a black cloth screen. There was a chair on the outer side of this table, opposite the "doctor," and a slit in the screen a few inches above the surface of the table.

With the interpreter standing beside me, I took the chair, and on instructions put my left hand through the slit in the screen. Another hand, presumably that of the "doctor," grasped my wrist and the pulse-taking was under way. I could hear no watch or other timepiece. After this, my other hand was put through the slit, the left hand having been withdrawn, and the "pulse" of this wrist also was taken. Then I was requested to put my face against the screen and stick out my tongue. I did so, and found that the slit was so carefully measured that I could not see through it to get a glimpse of the features of the "doctor." About a minute passed, nothing touched my tongue, and I was told that the diagnosis was completed.

I was then asked my age, character of my employment, how I felt in my right leg below the knee, my right leg above the knee, similar parts of my left leg, my arms, my abdomen, my thorax, my neck, my head, ears, eyes, nose, and so on. I was informed that I had not enough blood, bad circulation, and that I was "lacking in steam." To replace this "steam" would cost me seven dollars a week, payable in advance, after which I would receive a "treatment," and would come every other day until three "treatments" had been given, when I would have to put up another seven dollars.

This was agreeable to me, the seven dollars changed hands, and I was led out into the waiting room, and after about three minutes a small boy, evidently a Chinese-American halfbreed, appeared with a cup containing about half a pint of some sort of decoction, brown in color, with a number of leaves at the bottom. The boy stood waiting for the cup. Turning my back on him I walked toward the opposite corner, as if to look more closely at a bit of embroidery on the wall. While in this corner, I poured about half of the "tea" into a small flat bottle which I had brought in a coat pocket, and then walked back, drinking the remainder of the liquor from the cup.

The only effect of this medicine on me was that of a strong physic, while two chemists were unable to say with certainty what it contained, though each made two analyses of the mixture. One said he believed the composition to be senna leaves boiled with willow bark.

In taking up what amounts to a nation-wide investigation of these fraudulent "physicians" and "herbalists," the medical boards of the various states, at last stirred to action by the efforts of the California board, seek to prevent the ignorant from diagnosing illness and prescribing medicines. The majority of these boards, though they receive a percentage of the fines imposed on swindlers in their fields, are willing, even anxious, that these men be placed on probation, rather than fined, provided they will refrain from further activities as triflers with the health and lives of the people of this country. In California, where the number of Chinese "doctors" is the largest of any of the states, the State Board of Medical Examiners has reached the point in its crusade in which it does not ask for fines for these crooks, but merely that they be compelled to refrain from "practicing."

The convicted Chinese, on the other hand, virtually demands a fine, refuses to promise anything about his future activities, pays his fine and returns to his nefarious work, considering that fine merely as a sort of "white-devil tax," which has to be met every so often, and must, in turn, be taken from the pockets of other "white devils," with heavy interest added to pay for the inconvenience caused to the "doctor." Indeed, many of these Chinese, when arrested for practicing medicine without a license, and not from criminal operations or peddling narcotics, at once plead guilty and throw themselves on the mercy of the court, usually getting off with a fine of $100 or less. So profitable is this "herbalist" graft that the "doctors" in the larger cities are willing to meet the maximum fine once a month, if only they may remain in business.

The law limits the penalty for practicing medicine without a license, and this fine cannot be increased for repeated offenses. But judges in city, county and state courts are apt to make the fines for first offenses smaller than for second or third convictions. Many of the Chinese, then, change their names, after their first conviction, and, if convicted again, appear as first offenders under an entirely different name.

Under existing laws, the only sure way in which these dangerous fakers can be eliminated is through the refusal of the people to patronize them. As long, however, as the white man or woman is willing to take a chance with his or her life and health by putting them in the hands of men with no knowledge of either medicine or anatomy, operating in open violation of American laws, the Chinese "doctor" will flourish, literally on the lifeblood of his victims.

The Chinese medical system is founded on a book called "Pen T'sao" ("The Herbal"), completed by Li Shih-chen in 1578, after twenty-six years of work on it. Neither the book nor the medical system has been changed since then. On the erroneous, antiquated and largely ineffective medication prescribed in this book, and in careless copies of certain parts of it, the Chinese "doctors" fraudulently operating in the United States base their system of drugging their patients.

In this book 1,892 varieties of drugs—animal, vegetable and mineral—are listed under sixty-two classes in sixteen divisions, and with 8,160 fixed prescriptions, "from which the conscientious physician will not deviate for any disease." The fundamental number of recognized drugs, corresponding to the "elements" in modern chemistry, is 365, the same as the number of days in the year. Of these, 120 are called *sovereigns*, entirely beneficial, taken in any quantity, at any time, and for any number of days; 120 are called *ministers*, some of them declared to be poisonous, and all to be administered "with discretion"; while the remaining 125 are called *agents*, all poisonous, but effective in curing diseases, "if administered in proper doses." For 346 years Chinese "doctors" in China and abroad have followed this book, without changing their drugs, their compounds of those drugs, or their methods of medication.

The Lure of the World's Aerial Theater

Concluded from page 3

This has been a bitter one the past year, even reaching the courts. Radiocasting for profit would be sure to clash with Judge Smith Hickenlooper's decision that programs given in studios do not constitute a public performance within the intendment of Congress in enacting the copyright law. The petition, dismissed by the judge, was filed in the United States District Court in Cincinnati.

There enters, too, the performer proper.

In the early days of radiocasting, a matter of two or three years ago, it was opined that the microphone would be a godsend to ambitious composers, singers, players and monologists who otherwise might be doomed to go unheard by a hurrying world. In other words, the bulk of the performance was calculated to fall on the shoulders of the amateur class, with the possibility that this would yield forth some new genius.

Undoubtedly some very excellent amateur work has been presented, and none would have it otherwise. But the fact is that the listeners-in have, perhaps unintentionally, clamored for professional performing and famous names. To a great many radio will remain an outcast in their homes unless and until the Metropolitan Opera performances will be put on the air, for pay or otherwise. Stars are wanted; big names are a drawing card.

Such is the perversity of many of us, however, that no sooner a star happens along and performs, but does not strike us "just right," either as to selection or delivery, than off goes the dial. Applause cards are furnished by the millions; but what about the criticism cards that are thought rather than sent?

Once in a while a station comes along which draws fire. Such a one exists in New York. Last July a protest was made by the American Radio Association, and by many parents, too, against a broadcast call for chorus girls for a Broadway production. According to Arthur H. Lynch, chairman of its executive committee, the station broadcast the call for girls, with the stipulation that they "have good figures, pretty faces, and neat ankles," and that they exhibit themselves in bathing suits.

Said station has been the object of pros and cons for a year. In general, it is idolized by those who like jazz, vaudeville of the elementary class, and a little rough stuff; it has been execrated by those who like highbrow programs, read Byron and dislike comicality.

Of course, making of a broadcasting station, which has the entree to every home containing a receiving set within its radius, a theatrical employment bureau is decidedly outside limit, and the objections were not justified but also praiseworthy. Empty-pated girls who think they are destined to be famous dancing stars are thicker than peas in New York and environs, and it was not surprising that hundreds of them applied every day for the "position."

Whether mistake, misunderstanding, or deliberate, the incident is ended now, but it was a good proof of *what radio cannot be used for.* A few such incidents would be enough to force parents to put every radio set in the ash can.

The air is full of things, nice things, that it would be a pity to spoil all that has been accomplished by inventiveness and ingenuity by fostering the fear that there might be some unsafe programs or parts of programs in space at any time. It has taken some time and some salesmanship to make a radio cabinet part of the house furnishings in the families of the well-to-do especially, homemade sets made by the children being considered a sort of pastime and toy combined, and the way New York was aroused by the lapse demonstrated that nothing is taken for granted, which is as it should be.

Stories From the Woodland Trails

Some Troubles of Trees—By D. LANGE

A TREE apparently has nothing to do but to grow; while water, air, sunshine, and mineral food come through the operation of physical laws to its roots or its leaves.

In reality, however, the tree has no such easy time. It has to work for a living no less than birds and animals and man himself.

The roots search in the ground for moisture and food. The leaves may suffer from drought, or from an excess of moisture; they may receive too much light and heat or not enough. The living protoplasm in the cells of the tree is constantly trying to overcome or to endure all these unfavorable conditions.

A tree is, however, exposed to many other dangers, and it cannot run away from danger or choose to fight at some other time.

A storm can do little damage to brush saplings, but it will leave a path of destruction through a mature forest, and the bolt of heaven is nearly always hurled at the giants of the forest.

The big sequoias of California would live still longer if they were never struck by lightning. But their tops reach literally into the clouds and make the big trees natural lightning rods between the earth and the clouds.

How tall trees are exposed to danger from lightning can be well observed in the Itasca Forest of Minnesota. Here the old white pines overtop all the younger growth, and every summer the bolts from the clouds find some of the big trees.

As "Only God can make a tree," it always appears to me as acts of vandalism and sacrilege to see signs nailed to trees and fence wires fastened to them, or to find bushes, vines and trees slashed, torn down, and branches broken to secure a few flowers, a little wild fruit or a few nuts.

Flowers should be cut from bushes, not torn off; and fruit and nuts that cannot be gathered without vandalizing the vines or trees should be left where they grew.

The rosin of coniferous trees is a good prophylactic against insects and fungi, but it is certainly "bad medicine" in a forest fire.

The common bur-oak can resist more evil than any other tree in northern regions. It will recover from the effects of drought, it will live through the worst of tornadoes, and it will complacently embed several rings of barbed wire with no apparent inconvenience.

Trunk of a bur oak with five embedded rings of barbed wire.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A turquoise, regarded by collectors as the largest and most perfect in the world, has recently been presented to the Field Museum in Chicago by Hohannes Topakyan, grand vizier of Persia. The stone, which weighs about 400 carats, was an heirloom in his family and its history has crossed the lives of shahs and beys for generations.

The tallest race of people in the world are the Patagonians who inhabit the horn of South America. They average five feet ten and one-third inches. The shortest people are the Laplanders, who average only seven-tenths of an inch over five feet.

The American Federation of Labor lost 710,893 members in 1922, and 269,167 in 1923. The present membership is 2,926,468.

At Stoney Lake, New Hampshire, a summer resort, one may read the sign, "Cottagers tormented by mice take notice. Spencer Piper, of Limos Island, has cats for rent. Good mousers ten cents a week. Kind to children and do not scratch or bite." While he was pasting up his notice, the youthful business man rented two of his cats.

In parts of Turkey and Persia, rug making is carried on in a very primitive way with a loom made by driving two poles into the ground parallel to each other. The distance between the two determines the width of the rug and the weaving is done entirely by hand.

Athletes in the United States hold thirty-five of the ninety world's records for track and field events, recognized by the International Amateur Federation. Great Britain is next with twenty-five and Finland is third with twelve.

Ceylon is nearly the size of Ireland. It is a separate entity, possessing its own constitution, legislative council, and governor. The total of its merchandise trade for 1923 will be upward of $20,000,000.

Next to the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into more languages than any other book. The number now exceeds 107 languages and dialects.

There were 12,000 Indians in the American forces during the World War. Practically all were volunteers, as the draft law did not apply generally to Indians.

The state prohibition director of Louisiana has suggested to the Louisiana State Boy Scout Commissioner that his organization aid the cause of prohibition by acting as informants.

The burial grounds of China have always been held sacred, not to be disturbed under any circumstances. The result is that one-twentieth of the country is now occupied by graves. The problem is assuming serious proportions.

Ice cream was introduced into this country by a Philadelphia caterer named Bosio in 1800, but it did not become popular until Mrs. Dolly Madison, as mistress of the White House, had it served at state dinners over which she presided in 1817. Since that time consumption of this delicacy has risen until now an average of 2.66 gallons of ice cream are made annually for each inhabitant of the country.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Egypt's largest pyramid, that of Cheops of the Gizeh group, contains 89,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, and the total weight of the stones has been estimated at more than 6,000,000 tons.

Ishbel MacDonald is what Americans know as a college girl. She dresses in a simple fashion characteristic not of her alleged "working" class in society but of all British intellectuals.

Coin divers in the Philippine Islands have gone on strike because of the hunger of the sharks. Schools of small fish have been dynamited to provide meals for the sharks which have become ferocious, surrounding boats on all sides and flopping several feet in the air.

A Canadian explorer recently left Edmonton, Alberta, in company with two others for the purpose of taking photographs of the caribou migration across the barrens. This explorer has received permission to bring out a pair of wild muskox if possible.

The narrowest street in the United States is believed to be in St. Augustine, Florida, the first permanent settlement in the United States. This is Treasury street, measuring only seven feet in width. It was laid out by the Spanish in 1585.

An unknown airplane pilot dropped a note over Talladega, Alabama, recently, stating that there was a "fire near railroad station." An alarm was turned in and the fire in an unoccupied frame dwelling put out without much damage because of the timely warning.

American tourists will spend not less than $300,000,000 in Europe this year. This does not include the millions that will be left there by men and women who are mixing business with the pleasure of touring.

The streets of Seattle, Washington, if placed end to end would reach from that city to San Diego, California.

Twenty labor banks with resources of $50,000,000 were in operation at the beginning of 1924.

The error that edelweiss grows only in the haunts of the chamois among the Alps is quite a common one, says the London *Times*, but it grows in hidden nooks in Brompton Churchyard, and other places.

On September 17, 1923, a crippled German immigrant, his wife and two children landed in New York where they were immediately sent to Canby, Minnesota, to relatives. On July 21, 1924, this immigrant farmer, out of his wages as a farm hand, had paid the $450 borrowed from his brother for passage expenses. He owns four hundred dollars' worth of livestock and has $100 in cash. He has rented a quarter section of land in Fortier Township and will start farming for himself March 1, 1925.

Brewery workers have decreased from 45,000 to 16,000 in the United States.

The average life of men in the colder climates is 55.23 years, as compared with 57.41 for women.

This country once contained 822,000,000 acres of virgin forest. Now only 137,000,000 acres remain.

On the exact spot from which the Pilgrim Fathers took their departure from Immingham Creek in England, for Holland, in 1609, there has been set up and appropriately dedicated a memorial commemorating that event.

John W. Davis is a Presbyterian, but attends the Protestant Episcopal church with his wife, who is an Episcopal communicant.

"More than ever in our history, we want today a generation of young men actuated by high ideals—young men who will think more of service than of self, young men with the capacity and power which is born of knowledge."—*Sir W. L. Sleigh,* Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

A ridge of coral rising only twenty-two feet above high tide Coral Sea, off Queensland, Australia, has been fitted with a lookout station to warn shipping by wireless of approaching storms.

With further reference to a quotation made in the July twelfth issue of this paper, the incident referred to in the quotation "Submitting to the Law" took place in the Federal Convention of 1787. Franklin's motion that "prayers imploring the assistance of heaven . . . . be held in this assembly every morning" was not put to a vote.

Radiators painted white give twenty per cent more radiation than unpainted ones. Other colors in order of their radiation values are cream, red, green, yellow, black, aluminum and brown.

Measuring only three-quarters of an inch high, the smallest camera in the world has been presented to Queen Mary of Britain, for the Queen's Doll House.

The laws which permitted executions by the axe were not repealed until 1747.

The oldest shoe factory in the country has gone out of business. Since 1762 the shop founded by James Benedict has continued under ownership of his descendants to produce the celebrated New Canaan handmade shoe, which for a century enjoyed the largest sale of any factory footwear. It is said that the competition of machinery, which the House of Benedict refused to install, is responsible for the factory being closed.

There is a fortnightly airplane service between Palestine, Egypt and Bagdad.

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How the Bonus Is Financed

China's Submerged Millions

Preserving Western History

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Through World's Glass Eye

Intolerance and Immigration

Exploiting Young Americans

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Radio in the Home NEXT WEEK Sapiro in Cotton Field

How the Bonus Is "Granted" But Not "Paid"

The Superb Trickery of Financial Bookkeeping Never Better Illustrated

By AARON HARDY ULM

A MAN says that you owe him five hundred dollars. "All right," you say, after long hesitancy, "if you insist that I owe it I'll have to admit the obligation."

"How about paying it?" the man asks.

"Oh, that's quite a different matter," you reply. "If I were to pay it and be done with it, I'd have trouble with my wife, for I'd have to cut her allowance. Besides, payment now wouldn't be best for you."

"Well, then, what are you going to do about it?" the claimant demands to know.

"I'll give you a note calling for payment at the end of twenty years, or sooner in case of your death," you suggest.

"But you have owed this sum now for six years," retorts the claimant.

"If you will let me owe it for twenty years more, I'll add twenty-five per cent to the amount I agree to pay," you propose.

"How about interest?" he asks.

"That will be allowed, too, at the rate of four per cent compounded annually. Thus when you collect you will receive more than twice what you claim now. Meantime I'll be free to do a great deal more for you; perhaps I'll give you some cash as well as owe you this debt—you can never tell."

"Isn't that a rather involved and costly way of handling the matter?" he asks.

"Possibly, but you must not forget the wife. She has no great objection to my granting your claim but she probably would throw me out of the house if I undertook to pay it now!" you reply.

"So you have figured out a scheme whereby it is made to appear that I get much more than I ask for and at the same time your wife's allowance is not disturbed," he remarks.

"Exactly, and it is a beautiful scheme," you affirm. "Let me illustrate.

"Here's one book. At the beginning of each year I'll make an entry in it indicating that I have taken out of my left-hand pocket a sum of money to be put into my right-hand pocket and saved for the purpose of paying your claim.

"Here's another book. In it there will be an entry showing that this money was then taken out of my right-hand pocket and invested in interest-bearing notes which are kept in my inside coat pocket."

"Whose notes?"

"My own. They will be owned by me and payable to myself. As I collect interest on them—from myself—and pay it to myself I'll invest the earnings in more of my own notes. These earnings will amount to about one-third of the amount to be paid you in the end.

"These being my own notes, it will be apparent to you that by this method I can save the money and spend it, too: both the principal and the interest. So the carrying of this obligation need cost nobody anything—except for looking after the details."

"But at the end of twenty years," the man you owe says to you, "instead of owing me only $500 as claimed now you will owe me about $1 200. All that you will have to pay it with will be collection of your own beautifully engraved notes. Meantime, you probably will spend $500 or more on the bookkeeping."

"Again let me insist," you conclude, "that the wife's attitude be not overlooked. She doesn't see it that way."

"But in time she may," you are told.

"Oh, no; by that time there will be another wife," you declare.

Picture the claimant as the veterans of the World War, the claimee as Uncle Sam and the wife as the taxpaying public and you will have in fable form the settlement of the bonus question as arrived at recently by the United States Congress.

The genesis of the scheme may be stated as follows:

1. The present Congress was determined to *grant* the former soldiers a bonus.

2. The present Congress was equally afraid to *pay* the former soldiers a bonus.

What the Bonus Will Cost

HENCE was adopted a queer medley of red tape and bookkeeping jugglery by which it is made to appear that the veterans will get more than they asked for and in a way that will be all but costless to the taxpayers.

Nowhere in the statute is the grant called a *bonus;* it is defined as *"adjusted compensation."*

Thus the bonus bill which was passed over the President's veto is predicated on the contention that all, from the rank of captain downward, who served in the American forces during the war, were underpaid.

It is not pertinent here to discuss the merit of this contention. The only purpose is to state how the claims, now legally conceded, are to be met.

The claims are for $1 a day for home and $1.25 a day for overseas service per person, over and above what was or has been paid to them.

These claims *if paid off in cash* would entail a direct outlay of *less than $1,500,000,000.*

As ultimately to be paid they will entail outlays of not less than *four to five billions,* and probably considerably more than that. In fact, as shall be shown, to estimate more than a minimum of ultimate cost would be futile. For many reasons, the cost of such undertakings usually goes beyond all advance estimates.

The estimates of experts vary to the extent of a billion or more dollars.

There will be two prime elements of cost. One is that of administration, the payment of salaries and other expenses incident to taking care of the details of the operation. The other is the funds distributed among the veterans or their beneficiaries.

An indication of what the first cost will be is indictated by the perceptible stiffening of the long-taut housing situation in Washington. Some persons went so far as to predict that additions to the population there on account of the bonus measure will bring about congestion similar to that which all but caused Washington to break down during the war. These no doubt are exaggerations. However, it is admitted that the government will have to increase its forces by 3,000 or more on account of the bill. Appropriations for these, as carried in the deficiency bill which on account of a deadlock failed of passage at the close of the recent Congressional session, amounted to nearly $5.000,000 for the first year. Though no appropriations were made, the work is going ahead anyway.

Some estimate that the total administration cost will be $10.000,000 or more a year. Unless the law is changed, which is very probable, the cost of administration should be much less after the first year or two.

It is equally difficult to forecast the amount of funds that will be needed for paying off the veterans or their beneficiaries. One reason is that the scheme of payment is quite complicated, and the other is that in all probability it will be elaborated and expanded from time to time. Hardly was the ink on the present act dry before far-reaching amendments were proposed in both House and Senate.

Methods of Payment

THOSE who are to be paid off in cash will receive only the $1 a day for home and $1.25 a day for overseas service. These are the ones, some 300,000 or more, who are entitled to payment for only fifty days or less. They are the ones who served not more than 110 days, as deductions will be made in all cases for the $60 extra payment made on discharge.

The "short termers" will be paid off in cash early next year, not sooner than March 1, as they apply. With them the operation will cease on receipt in full of the money due.

The strict $1 and $1.25 a day rule will apply in the cases of those who have died. These also number 300.000 or more. The money will be paid, in ten annual installments beginning in March of next year, to dependents only.

These payments and those to the "short termers" will involve an outlay of about $100.000,000, most of it distributed over a period of two and a half years beginning with next March.

The bulk of the operation has to do with the approximately 3,600.000 veterans who served more than 110 days and still live, and won't be paid off now in cash.

To them "certificates" will be issued. These certificates will call for the payment to them in 1944, or sooner, to their designated beneficiaries in case of death, certain sums, the amount depending in each case on several variable factors.

The base factor is the allowance of $1 a day for home and $1.25 for overseas service, less the sixty days covered by extra payment made on discharge.

But to make the certificates, in lieu of cash, attractive, the base sum will be increased twenty-five per cent, but in no case may it be more than $500 for home or $625 for overseas service.

Then this sum is multiplied by factors governed by the ages of the certificate holders. These age factors will be based on the actuarial principles followed by standard life insurance companies.

Succinctly, the full sum in each case will be the amount of twenty-year endowment insurance which the base sum would buy on an earning basis of four per cent.

The base sum will average from $325 to $350 but the average payment stipulated in certificates will be between $850 and $900. The younger the man the greater the difference between the two, as the insurance risk is less.

Now the government doesn't take the money which Congress holds is due the veterans and go out and buy insurance for the claimants.

Instead, it sets up a great insurance operation of its own.

Each year it proposes to set aside the funds that would be needed to pay premiums if these millions of insurance policies were taken out with established companies.

The funds, after payments due to deaths are made, will be treated, supposedly, as "reserves" in the manner that such funds are handled by standard insurance companies. That is, they will be "invested" with the view of their earning a considerable proportion of the payments ultimately to be made to the certificate holders.

The appropriations needed for this sinking fund or reserve will range, according to the latest calculation by actuaries handling the matter, from $119,516,775 for the first to $97,363.617 for the last of the twenty years. The aggregate will be $2,180,324,056. This does not include cash payments to be made to those whose claims are for $50 or less or those to be made in installments to the dependents of deceased veterans. Nor does it include the cost of administration.

The certificates, outstanding against these appropriations of $2,180.324,056, will call for, according to the latest calculation, ultimate payments aggregating $3,139,395,200, or almost one billion dollars more than will be appropriated from year to year. This excess supposedly will be increment "earned" by the funds while in reserve.

Will the government go out and loan this money or buy stocks and bonds of states, municipalities or corporations as the insurance companies do? Not at all.

The "reserves" will be "invested" in its own bonds.

That is, when the "premium" money is appropriated each year, the Treasury will buy from itself any bonds which it may happen to have for sale. If it has none for sale, the Treasury may go out and buy them in the open market.

These government bonds then are to be stored away in a government vault and held as "assets" to the credit of the bonus fund. As interest coupons mature they will be clipped, then cashed at another office of the Treasury and the funds thus collected by the Treasury from itself will be "invested" in more bonds bought from itself.

Thus does Congress propose to let compound interest provide about one-third of the money needed ultimately for redeeming the bonus certificates.

If the reserve funds be used for buying up outstanding bonds which otherwise would not be redeemed at the time, some savings in interest will be achieved through the process.

But this isn't likely to, though it may happen at last to some extent.

"In the first place," a Treasury expert tells the writer, "at the present rate of redemption there won't be three billion dollars' worth of Federal bonds outstanding at the end of twenty years unless new ones are issued. That is, if these funds are invested in government bonds alone we may have to issue bonds for that purpose alone. This clearly would be a ridiculous and merely a dog-chasing-his-tail procedure."

No bonds are likely to be issued ostensibly for that purpose alone.

What will happen is that the "good market" thus provided will be an incentive for the issuing of new bonds ostensibly for other purposes.

In any event the result will be essentially the same. The government will accumulate reserves in the form of its own debt obligations. Funds for interest payments must be provided by the government itself. At the end of twenty years the government, instead of having a reserve of more than three billions in cash with which to meet the matured obligations due then to living veterans, will possess more than three billion dollars' worth of its own obligations, which, to realize from them real money to give to the veterans, will have to be sold. The government then will owe to others, the buyers of the bonds, what it pays in the end to the bulk of the veterans. Succinctly, the government will owe the money to itself for a period of twenty years and then to get the money it will have to borrow it from others, or raise the full amount at one time in taxes. Thus the wizardry of bookkeeping will cause the paying of the obligation to be *deferred*—and *more than doubled* in the process. And the cost of this bookkeeping jugglery will probably amount to more than the original obligation.

Meantime, the problem is left largely in the air, subject to more agitation and more playing of politics, leading very probably to elaborations and additions which may carry the ultimate cost beyond what anybody now would dare predict.

Endless Chain of Red Tape

WHAT will the claimants get out of it? That remains to be seen. Under the present arrangement the living claimants who are entitled to more than $50 can get nothing until they die or the expiration of twenty years—barring, of course, what they borrow from private agencies on the government certificates they will hold.

After two years the certificates will be legal collateral for private loans by banks. These loans must be limited to ninety per cent of the reserve worth of the certificates. On a $1,000 certificate $87.93 may be loaned by any obliging bank at the end of two years. The loan value of the certificate will increase at the rate of about $40 a year.

If the certificate holder does not take it up, the unpaid note given, with the certificate as collateral, for a loan, may be sent by the holding bank to Washington, where it will be paid. The loan then will be carried by the government at a flat interest charge of six per cent. Interest charged by the bank must be limited to two per cent above the Federal Reserve discount rate at the time, which means a gross rate of six to eight per cent.

The loan feature, like other parts of the arrangement, will involve immense detail, calling for the employment of a large number of persons.

Thus in order *to grant but not to pay,* the present Congress has set up an endless-chain scheme of red tape, figurative investments, figurative interest earnings and ramifying loans and borrowings, for passing on to the future, greatly augmented, a burden which it pretends to shoulder but does not.

With the Submerged Nine-tenths in China

Coolie's Smiling Tolerance of Adversity

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

CHINA, at first glimpse, seemed to us the mother country of the world's squalor and want. It was malodorous. Poverty whined and festered by the roadsides. Hunger staggered by in every street. The entire energy of the great visible population seemed bent upon averting momentarily the imminent clutch of starvation. The poor, the ragged, the desperate, were everywhere. Where, we wished to be told, were the silks, porcelains, the vast accumulated treasures with which the world's commercial imagination had always endowed this Queen of the East?

The riches were there, of course, though we did not see them at first. They were behind walls, hidden like jewels in the recesses of temples, amassed in fabulous pawnshops and warehouses, collected behind the towers and gates of forbidden inclosures. But the poverty was visible. The antithesis of wealth was all that was apparent. It seemed like a curse, like a racial disease, spread over a chastened populace.

Not one, but nine, were the tenths that appeared to be submerged here in China.

It was long before we discovered that, just as all that has glitter is not gold, so, in China, all that is devoid of ostentation and elegance is not poverty. Nevertheless, we could not escape the conviction that wealth was of the few, and that most of China's millions belonged, not to the more fortunate classes of scholars and merchants, but to the ranks of artisans and laborers. China, by law of average, was, per capita, a land of the poor.

But if the "submerged nine-tenths" of all Chinamen were without wealth, they most certainly were not to be called devoid of contentment. This was the most amazing of our Oriental discoveries. To be poor in America, we had been cynical enough to believe, was synonymous with unhappiness. At the very least it was a symptom of social unrest. The splendid old copy-book philosophy concerning the simple virtues of poverty had never seemed to us to be accepted with any great amount of sincerity. But here in China the poor smiled. Indigence appeared to consider itself a virtue: at any rate, it did not foment revolutions. And poverty caused no evident loss of caste, for it had plenty of company.

The gaunt rickshaw coolie who ran with us from the boat landing to our Shanghai hotel, leaving behind him a trail of mingled garlic and sweat, had the hardihood to smile at the end of his panting journey. His eyes were glassy with Central China's humid heat, his head was bald to the blistering sun. He ran barefoot, not with the easy swing of an athlete, but with his calloused soles thudding in a bone-shocking heel-and-toe fashion over the fiery pavements. He had but a tatter of clothing about his loins, and the skin of his uncovered bust was bronzed and leathery as a "varnished" duck swinging in the wind before a Chinese meat shop. The ribs rippled under its surface. He was evidently overworked, under-nourished, and without future, save for the certainty of an early physical decay and a miserable death. Nevertheless, he could smile.

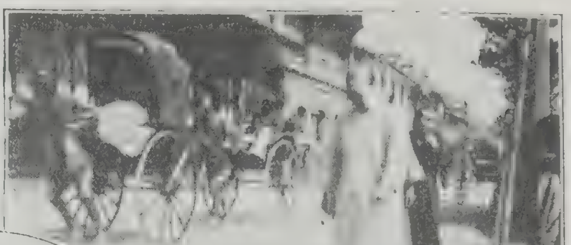
That first rickshaw excursion gave us a sense of monstrous complicity in an assault upon the dignity of man. We had pulled the *genus homo* backward a long step toward the place of beasts; had helped him to descend to such a position of humility as had not been his even in anthropological dawn when he was most like an animal.

This was a feeling, however, that could not survive in the Orient. Man, there, had subjected himself to a thousand indignities in the struggle for existence. There was nothing, short of crime or dishonesty—and there was little of either—that he would not do for a handful of rice. Compared with the Chinese coolie's status of economy, the American laborer was a veritable monarch. But in his philosophies of life, his smiling tolerance of adversity, it was the coolie who was king.

Life, to the downtrodden of China, seemed to appeal to them as some sort of game. Humor, somehow, had to be squeezed from the very dregs of it. Laughter appeared to us everywhere to be ready to spring to the drab surface of things. The Chinese coolie was responsive at all times to a twist of whimsicality. Unlike the serious, self-conscious, over-sensitive Japanese, he could laugh as readily at himself as at the predicament of another.

We heard it said, attested by *taipans*, those foreign merchants who have spent lifetimes in China, that there was one sure way to avoid threatened unpleasantness from a Celestial mob. Crack a joke, make yourself or an assailant ridiculous, and all would be well. The ignorant malice, the misunderstanding of the moment, would dissolve into laughter.

For this we could not vouch from any experience of our own, but we learned that a smile was always readier currency than a frown—in spite of the prevalent Anglo-Saxon theory that the whack of a walking stick and the attitude of solemn, unbending, lofty superiority were the only practical amenities in dealing with natives.

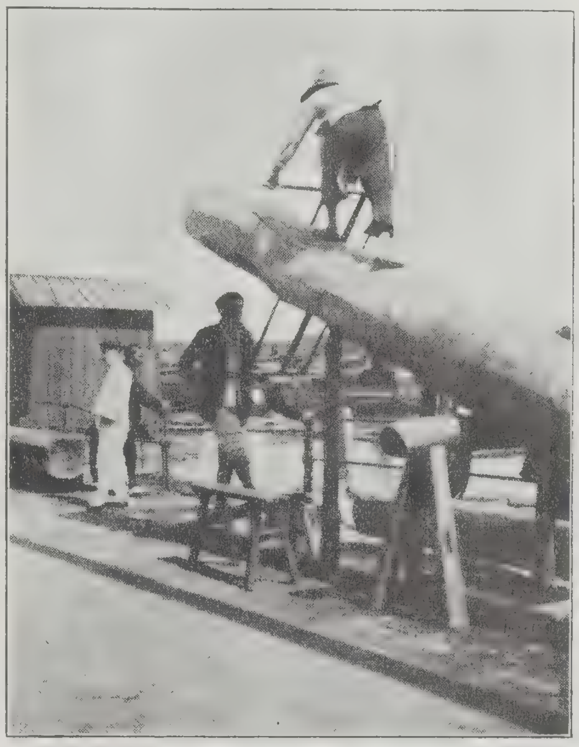


The endless stream of coolie traffic, Shanghai.

Laborers in the flood and drouth district of North China

We wandered through the rabbit-warrens of the cities; through noisome alleys that were none-the-less main thoroughfares, with shallow exposed sewers longitudinally bisecting them; through swarming boat cities that were anchored to "streets" of narrow planking upon bamboo supports; through temple courtyards alive with dogs, petty merchants, fortune tellers and beggars. The beggars were diseased and purulent, sometimes by design, for there is a beggars' guild which lifts the calling into a recognized profession and teaches the art of mendicant make-up. And there had been a recent period of consternation, we were solemnly assured, over a beggars' strike! Fortunately the cause was speedily removed, otherwise merchants in the quarter affected would have faced inevitable business depression owing to lack of the usual opportunity for attaining merit through alms.

Even the beggars were susceptible to humor. It was easier, we discovered, to escape the whining and fawning, the panting pursuit beside a rickshaw, the pawing of hands unspeakable with filth, the touch and odor of noisome rags, when the mendicant's attention was diverted momentarily from his "business" to some object of ridicule or mirth—most effectively himself.



A Chinese "lumber mill."

But aside from the beggars, we saw no hint of self-pity. The poor went their hard, uncomfortable, squalid way without self-derogation. These words of a sinalogue were confirmed for us wherever we strolled (1):

"To do him justice, the Celestial asks for none of our pity. Despite the ever-present specter of hunger—because perhaps of the very lessons it teaches him—there is in him little of the sorrowful countenance and nothing at all of the intolerable ennui wherewith the heirs of all the ages have purchased knowledge. It is a cheery soul, *bon enfant*, even where an unconscious race antipathy makes him wary; possessed, moreover, of a kindly and gentle humor, racy of the soil and wise with all the ghostly wisdom of his past. This humorous quality of the man is that which brings him nearest to our sympathies; no doubt it is also that which enables him to accept life with such *bonhommie* and good grace. No collar-grinning yokel humor his, but the precious faculty of seeing the incongruous in life and in himself, of hearing the Lohan's laugh amid all the growlings of the thunder-god. Few Chinese peasants are so cross-grained that they will not spare the time to crack a joke at your expense or their own: in the village elders and story-tellers you will often find the qualities of Scheherazade and Sancho Panza combining to produce a very pretty wit and nimbleness of repartee. And, withal, these people have certain things that we, with all our superiority, may well envy—the faculty of contented industry, of finding joy in simple household things. Let us not too greatly pity them."

And this from another of the great interpreters of the East (2): "Perhaps it is in time of sickness that the innate cheerfulness of the Chinese disposition shows to most advantage. As a rule, they take the most optimistic view, or, at all events, wish to seem to do so, both of their own condition and of that of others. Their cheery hopefulness often does not forsake them even in physical weakness and in extreme pain. We have known multitudes of cases where Chinese patients, suffering from every variety of disease, frequently in deep poverty, not always adequately nourished, at a distance from their homes, sometimes neglected or even abandoned by their relatives and with no ray of hope for the future visible, yet maintained a cheerful equanimity of temper, which was a constant albeit an unintentional rebuke to the nervous impatience which, under like circumstances, would be sure to characterize the Anglo-Saxon."

China is predominantly an agricultural nation. Four-fifths of its populace are said to be farmers. Though they are thrifty, wealth among them is rare. And yet, possibly because of fertile, productive environment, they do not suggest poverty; possibly, too, this is because of their unfailing, calm philosophy of life. It was in the cities, at any rate, that the poor seemed to us poorest. There, squalor was intensified, miasma was concentrated, the struggle for existence was most bitterly acute.

For us, the city of boats, just above Shanghai—a coolie suburb, so to say—came to be a symbol of China's indigence. But even this place lost, after a time, its less wholesome significance. The Chinese coolie inhabiting its cheerless environs did not appear greatly worried about himself. Why should we worry for him? It didn't matter so much about this life—there was another to come.

Thenceforth we were less conscious of the poverty, more of the salutary industry of China. That became the significant fact. In it lay the old economic bogey of the Yellow Peril. The Chinaman was the great worker of the world.

Celestial contentment, we were convinced, meant no lack of ambition. It inferred no slothful satisfaction with things as they were, and no absence of a desire to better the individual's condition. It was rather a reluctance to abandon the system under which China had become what it was.

Above all, it was fatalism. We had read much in the Chinese classics about the "decrees of heaven." And there appeared to be a great deal in popular speech echoing this notion. The friends of a coolie who went to sleep between the ties, with his head upon a steel rail—not wholly dissimilar, after all, from a Chinese pillow!—said philosophically after the express train had passed and they were viewing the remains, that this was "his fate." So,

(*Concluded on page C*)

A rickshaw coolie at home in the boat-city at Shanghai.

How One Man Preserved the History of the West

By FRED L. HOLMES

LONG rows of well-bound scrapbooks, with pages oversealed with coverings of the finest silk, preserved in the fireproof vaults of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin at Madison, tell the story of the rise of the West.

Hundreds of scholars come annually to examine these faded pages. So familiar has the collection become, that it is cited in the hundreds of volumes which have been written to show the rise and expansion of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as a social and political force in the development of the nation.

To this shrine as a scholar came Theodore Roosevelt to consult the great collection when he was preparing his now famous volumes, "The Winning of the West." Material gathered from these original documents helped to heighten the historical prestige of the late Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites and Professor Frederic Jackson Turner, of Yale, who is now generally recognized as the foremost scholar in this country on western history.

Emerson's statement that every great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a single man has a true application when the value of this great collection of original source material is considered. This archive is the result of the industry of Lyman C. Draper, after whom the collection is now named. In the days when he was gathering this material he was the friend of such eminent historians as Francis Parkman, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft and Benjamin Lossing, names to conjure with as scholars of their generation. They urged him on in his work and when he faltered under his heavy task, it was their kind advice and encouragements that stirred his weary spirit to renewed industry.

It was by natural instincts that the youthful Lyman Draper came to his love of the story of the borderland. Around his father's fireside in Lockport, New York, a century ago, gathered the participants of the Revolutionary War, all recounting stories of exploits and deeds of heroism. His paternal grandfather was a Revolutionary soldier and his closest relatives had served in the War of 1812. When he was a lad of ten, he saw Lafayette on his last visit to the United States in 1825 and the impression made upon his mind never faded from it. Upon this canvas as a background he was to paint his own career.

There early came to him a determination to save from oblivion the records of the many achievements which the fast disappearing generation about him had experienced.

Living on the Erie Canal, he came in contact with a panorama of important personages who traveled into and out of the West on this route of travel.

He came to know Lewis Cass, governor of Michigan and later a prominent figure in history; De Witt Clinton and many famous Indian chiefs, whose stories fired his youthful fancy. When he was nineteen years of age he went to Denison University at Granville, Ohio, but was early required to withdraw because of a lack of funds.

Soon he became obsessed with a single idea. He wanted to write the biographies of the famous personages of the West. The men of the borderland were his heroes of action. Books already published on these characters, when tested by his own knowledge, were found to be faulty in information and inaccurate in description. At once he began a correspondence with leaders all along the settlement fringe. These letters began in 1840 and continued until a few days before his death in 1889.

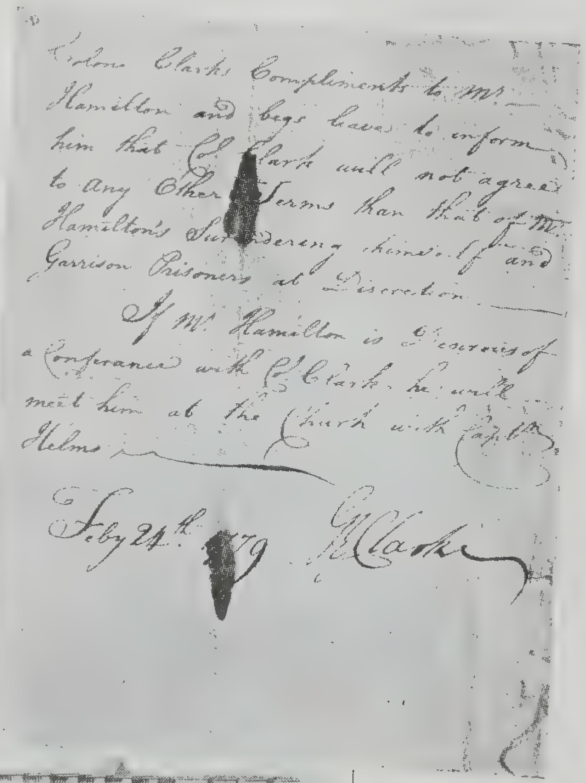
Answers came slowly. Years were passing. So a new plan was conceived. He began personal visits to the homes of pioneers, often staying weeks in a community, until all the information had been collected; all the old letters had been gathered; the reminiscences of every historical character written out.

Some of these trips were made on foot; some on horseback. There were few railroads. In all he traveled 60,000 miles "meeting with hundreds of curious adventures, and hairbreadth escapes by means of runaway horses, frightful storms, swollen streams, overturned stages, snagged steamboats, extremities of hunger and the like, yet never injured nor allowing any untoward circumstance to thwart the particular mission at the time in view."

On most of these trips he spent the nights at the humble homes of the pioneers. There were few taverns in those days, but the best were not so good as the worst of our own time. Around the fireside of his host the curtain of the past was lifted and the intimate story of struggles with Indians, hardships in the burned clearings were again revealed in true colors.

Out of these travels came a storehouse of invaluable historical information. Told that he was planning to write the story of the frontier, with the biographies of a more than a score of its participants, the pioneer homes were ransacked for documents which would aid him. Letters from participants in border skirmishes, stories of the achievements of others who had pushed the line of settlement a little farther into the Mississippi Valley; diaries of the old folks, account books and other family documents were all gathered.

After this original source material had all been garnered, days were still spent by the tall, thin-faced, inquisitive scholar, learning from the lips of his host all the bits of scattered information and recollections which might be of importance to him, when later he would start his task of writing. He copied baptismal, marriage and death reports from old church registers, made transcripts of old land deeds and only left the community when he felt that nothing of historical value remained for him to gather.



Colon Clarks Compliments to Mr Hamilton and begs leave to inform him that Col Clark will not agree to any Other Terms than that of Mr Hamilton's Surrendering himself and Garrison Prisoners at Discretion —

If Mr Hamilton is Desirous of a Conferance with Col Clark he will meet him at the Church with Captn Helms —

Feby 24th 1779 G R Clark

Above—Clark's letter to Hamilton.

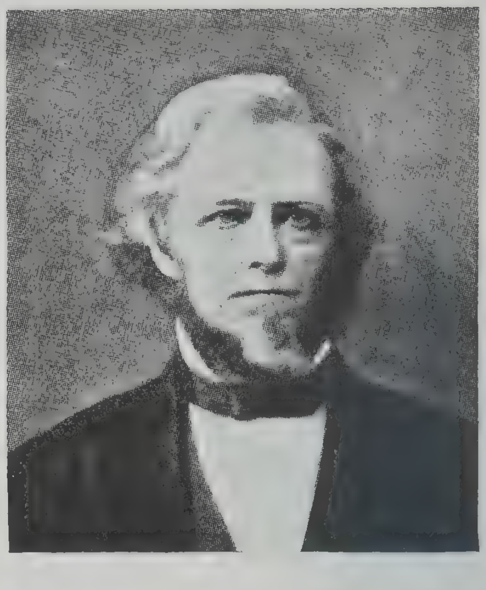
At left—The State Historical Library Building at Madison, Wisconsin, where the big manuscript collection of documents on the West are now housed.

Years followed and still his travels were continued. He held long interviews with the leaders under the daring Indian fighter and hero of the Northwest, George Rogers Clark; with George William Hall, a field officer under General Andrew Jackson in the Creek Indian war; with the associates and descendants of Boone, Kenton, Sumner, Sevier, Robertson, Pickens, Crawford, Shelby, Brady and scores of others who had played important rôles in the Indian forays of the Ohio Valley and the South.

From the Indian chiefs and their survivors he gathered material. His notebooks are replete with interviews with leaders of the Wyandots, Delawares, Tuscaroras, Senecas, Oneidas, Catawbas, Potawatomis, Chickasaws and Shawnees. So eager and persistent was he in the gathering of information that the descendants of the famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brandt, gave him an Indian cognomen signifying "The Inquirer." During Dr. Draper's lifetime, he saw Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and William Henry Harrison, although interviews were not obtained from them.

It was in the midst of these activities that through the influence of his friend and college classmate, Judge Charles Larabee, that he was invited to come to Wisconsin in 1852 to become secretary of the recently formed Wisconsin Historical Society and act as its secretary at a salary of $500 a year.

Still continuing his work of collecting valuable documents and old papers, Dr. Draper, early in 1854, made a contract with Mr. Lossing, the historian, to produce biographies of Boone, George Rogers Clark, Brady, Kenton, Martin Crawford, Harmar, St. Clair, Wayne and a number of others. Notice was given out that the material upon which he had spent years in collecting was about to be welded into readable form. Three years passed and there were still no books. Dr. Draper became a procrastinator.



LYMAN COPELAND DRAPER, LL.D.
First Secretary of the Society, 1854-1886.

For nearly twenty years Dr. Draper had been collecting manuscripts. But he was never able to set to his task of writing. Always he was waiting for another day. Some letter was out, which had not been answered and he feared that new information might turn up, which would change the course of his series. While he had gathered documentary evidence as a basis for the big broad outlines for the task before him, he now delayed for the gathering of details. By 1857 Dr. Draper computed that his material "comprised 10,000 foolscap pages of notes of the recollections of the warriors, pioneers, either written by themselves or taken down from their own lips; and well-nigh 5,000 pages more of original manuscript journals, memorandum books and other letters written by nearly all the leading border heroes of the West." As the years passed this collection was greatly increased in volume.

Little was published by this great manuscript collector. He completed some twenty chapters of a life of Daniel Boone; published a volume giving the detail of the battle of King's Mountain—the episode which saved the southern colonies from falling into the hands of the British in 1780—and a number of fragmentary historical articles.

Unique in the manuscript collection gathered by him are the many volumes of notes and papers on the "Mecklenberg declaration." This was the controversy that raged for many years over the true source of the Declaration of Independence. Scotch-Irish patriots in Mecklenberg County, North Carolina, at a meeting on May 31, 1776, asserted in formal action that the action of the English Parliament had "annulled and vacated all civil and military commissions granted by the crown and suspended the constitutions of the colonies" and that "the provisional congress of each province, under the direction of the Great Continental Congress, is vested with all the legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these colonies." These bold resolves were carried by the North Carolina delegates to the Continental Congress but were never presented.

About twenty years afterward a difference arose over the authorship of the Declaration of Independence. It was claimed that the document of July 4, 1776, preserved in the Washington government archives in the hand of Thomas Jefferson, was taken from the files and notes of the Mecklenberg meeting. Some there were who claimed that the famous declaration was drawn up and presented at a meeting as early as May 20 of that year. This controversy raged for years, and it was because of the intensity of the feeling over it that Dr. Draper made his famous collection of letters and documents from all persons who claimed to know anything about the subject.

Almost annually there comes to the Wisconsin Historical Library some person from the South to investigate these documents of years ago. When the dispute was at its height, the charge was openly made that Thomas Jefferson had practiced a plagiarism and that the Mecklenberg declaration was the basis and almost the exact working of the latter's historic document.

Within the past year, two North Carolina lawyers on their way to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association at Minneapolis stopped at Madison to spend a week in examining all of the Mecklenberg evidence. After days of search they came across a letter written by their grandfather, whose relatives were the lineal descendants of a participant in the North Carolina convention. The letter repeated the story. It voiced the opinion that there had been some mistake about the matter and declared that while the Mecklenberg farmers were the first formally to throw off the yoke of bondage, yet the final document, attributed to Mr. Jefferson, had never been presented to the Mecklenberg convention.

"My grandfather was mistaken," declared one of the lawyers. "I am sure about it. I am still convinced that the July 4th document was the original declaration of Mecklenberg."

John Fiske, the distinguished historian, discounts the

(Concluded on page 5)

How One Man Preserved the History of the West

Concluded from page 4

Mecklenberg idea. He reached the conclusion that "the Mecklenberg declaration is simply a legend based upon the distorted recollections of the real proceedings of May 31."

Moreover, this conclusion has been reached by other historical investigators who have examined the famous Draper collection. Nevertheless, North Carolina has never acquiesced and an annual celebration over the event is still held in Mecklenberg country.

All sorts of other material on the Declaration of Independence was gathered by Dr. Draper and he collected a mass of data including the signature and biographical information on every one of the signers of the July 4th document. Even with all this source material he delayed writing.

He was never ready to go to work on the evidence which he had collected. While acting as secretary of the State Historical Library, he built a brick study, still standing in a back dooryard of one of the principal streets of Madison, with an entrance at the rear of the building, where he kept his manuscripts. The out-of-sight entrance was to keep people from disturbing him in his work. In this building he stored his material, which upon his death became the property of the historical society.

"I have wasted my life in puttering," he would often declare to his successor at the library, "but I can see no help for it; I can write nothing so long as I fear there is a fact, no matter how small, as yet ungarnered."

While this collection of original documents was under way, he was gathering a rare collection of books for the State Historical Library. From its first collection of less than one hundred volumes, when started in 1849, the collection has now grown until it numbers more than 201,000 volumes and 209,000 pamphlets.

Home of Draper Collection

AFTER the death of Dr. Draper the state erected a State Historical Library building for the housing of the large collection of books and original manuscripts. This building was reared at a cost of nearly $1,000,000. Besides the historical collection it houses the library of the University of Wisconsin and other book collections making a total of 450,000 volumes and 261,000 pamphlets under one roof.

Without the Draper collections the true history of the West could never have been written. A score of volumes has been published with these documents as the basis. So far the material has only been partially utilized.

When Reuben Gold Thwaites came to write, a few years ago, his biography of Daniel Boone, he found much of his material gathered in the Draper collection. The Boone collection is most interesting. Not only are there many documents giving intimate details of the life of the trapper and brave pioneer, but letters are to be found in Boone's own handwriting.

Paging over these faded manuscripts recently, I came across one written by Boone from Missouri, October 17, 1816, to his sister in Kentucky in which he gave his religious beliefs. Coming from a grizzled woodsman, it is a curious document. Mr. Boone wrote:

> "Relating to our family and how we live in this world and what chance we shall have in the next, we know not. For my part I am as ignorant as a child; all the religion I have, to love and fear God, believe in Jesus Christ, help and trust in God's mercy and I believe God never made a man of my principles to be lost."

To the people who now live in the states which then were called the Northwest Territory, there is in the George Rogers Clark file of the Draper manuscript collection, a document of great importance. It tells how Clark saved the Northwest for the Revolutionary Cause. Clark was moving against Henry Hamilton, the British commander at Vincennes. After two hours of fighting on February 4, 1779, Hamilton sent a peace flag and requested a truce for three days. It was then that Clark sent his famous note demanding unconditional surrender. This document in the handwriting of Clark is in the Draper manuscripts:

> "Colonel Clark's Compliments to Mr. Hamilton and begs leave to inform him that Col. Clark will not agree to any Other Terms than that of Mr. Hamilton's Surrendering himself and Garrison. Prisoners at Discretion.
>
> "If Mr. Hamilton is Desirous of a Conference with Colonel Clark he will meet him at the Church with Captn. Helms.
>
> "Feby. 24th, 1779. G. R. Clark."

According to Dr. Thwaites the capture of Vincennes signalizes one of the most notable and heroic achievements in American history.

"Clark had conducted a forced march of about two hundred and thirty miles through almost unheard-of difficulties," declares Mr. Thwaites. "With a small party of ragged and half-famished militiamen, nearly half of whom were Creoles, he had captured, in the heart of a strange and hostile country, without the aid of his artillery, a heavy stockade mounted by cannons and swivels and manned by a trained garrison. It was a bold scheme, of his own planning, and skillfully carried out. At his back were some of the best fighting men on the border, but with him rests the principal credit."

Since the death of Dr. Draper in 1889, the true value of the collection made by him has come to be prized by historians.

The World's Glass Eye

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

When the author tells of looking through the world's eyeglass he speaks from experience, for he has peered through that glass. While Will Levington Comfort is best known for his novels, among them "Routledge Rides Alone" and "This Man's World," and short stories, it will be recalled that he served in the cavalry during the Spanish-American War; during the eventful year of 1899 was war correspondent in Japan and the Phillipine Islands, and during the Russo-Japanese War was correspondent in Russia and Japan.

TWENTY years ago, the world was a great dim place to most of us young newspaper folk. We looked about in vague confusing light. There were still dark continents and we sought them, followed remote "blood-streams," lingering over patches of sick tissue . . . . finally stepping ashore in London or New York or San Francisco with a handful of motionless photographs to sell, a story to tell, something the "big papers" had to have.

In the Imperial Hotel in Tokio, Japan, 1904, waiting to go out with the columns of the Japanese army to fight the Russians in Manchuria, were fifty great men—see-ers of the age, the American, English and Continental war correspondents and artists—several who had lived through a dozen or more campaigns. I remember the awe that took me at the thought of what their eyes had seen—Greek and Crimean fighting, Balkan, Levant, Sudan, South Africa and Peking. Our own Richard Harding Davis was there, and John Fox, Jr., Palmer, Bass, Little, and the English war-writer around whom Kipling made his memorable Torpenhow, in "The Light That Failed." Dwelling in the auras of these great men, listening to their stories, watching them eat and drink and laugh, I felt then that they had seen it all—that I unluckily had been born into a world hopelessly civilized and unromantic.

Even the few scattered bits of action of the Russo-Japanese War, which fell under my camera and naked eye in the following months, did not break the idea that the world was considerably toned down; but late years at home have changed all that.

Recently at a picture show I studied the agony of the Near East in close-up, middle distance and background—refugees running in all directions with their goods, fleeing from fiery towns, half-covering their dead on the way—the starving and panic-stricken of a modern man-made devastation, following the rumors of bread like the passionate Quest of the Grail—more action than I had ever seen in a year afield.

From an airplane the great city of Islam was flung out—palaces and mosques of Stamboul, St. Sophia, Golden Horn, Sea of Marmora; and swooping low over the shipping of Bosphorous, I peered down through the airman's lens upon a nest of gray eggs on the water—the British fleet sitting tight in that hatchery of doom. I was presently in the palace of the Sultan; in the throne-room of the palace, I watched a new Sultan replacing the old, taking his oath, saluting his officers. Outside afterward, still looking through the world's glass eye, I studied the pawns of the new Sultan, even the beggars of the street, the teeming humans stopping to pray at the muezzin's call—lords of life and death in Islam . . . .

Years ago, after hearing Marquis Ito of Japan answer a few questions that another man asked, I felt enhanced in myself and important to the public; years ago in a nipa shack of Luzon, up Tarlac way, I bushed down for the night in the same room with General Joe Wheeler. "Here she is," thought I, "fame at last." I hoped I wouldn't snore and spoil the little Confederate cavalryman's rest. Last night I saw Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, a group of Kermalists, some Japanese elder statesmen. Leisurely, so I'd know them again, they became my familiars through the glittering monacles of the world.

Also, within the same hour, I saw a little naked child, a thing of twisted bone, the color of dirty water. When he breathed there was a hideous bulge in his abdomen, his pitiful little chest seemed two-thirds dead—hips and knees filled with pus. No human horror from the African rivers, or the farthest Malayan Isle, but a child right here in America in advanced stages of tuberculosis—being shown by his doctors and nurses to stimulate the giving spirit in the matter of buying health-stamps.

The Spell of Jungle Film

NOBODY fainted in that black hall; nobody cried out. I sat wondering how they dared show such a picture; indeed I wondered if it could even be written about. Yet I suppose few even remember the little dying boy propped up by his nurse's hands . . . .

Was it because I have waited weary hours in a foreign port to have an invitation ratified to go aboard a battleship to interview an admiral, that I saw that British fleet from the airplane with different eyes than the blasé schoolboy at my side? Was it because I had seen the sick and naked and starving on the Pasig's banks and the shores of the Yellow Sea, that I felt soft as a coddled egg about that little specimen of the white plague?

There must be something to this, because the blasé schoolboy at my side started violently and a hiss of breath broke from him during the comedy, when an automobile went over the bank. That struck him where he lived, here at home, keyed to his father's car, perhaps. . . . So we must each pay a price for what we get out of a book or picture, not the net price on the wrapper alone, or the price of admission to the show, but the price of personal experience. It is perfectly lawful to buy a saddle-horse, but a man cannot really call it his, unless he's a horseman. So it's really true that one must have given himself to adventure, to travel, to mountain and desert and danger—thrust his life into the red-tipped forks of sensation—really to turn the pages of the modern picture book.

Years ago in Pittsburgh, I used to spend hours before the cages at the zoo; before that in Central Park, New York; after that in Lincoln Park, Chicago. One day in a sick revery, looking down upon the one-eyed crocodile in the pool of the Battery Aquarium, I became acutely aware of the ancient past of man and of foul nests of fear still tangled in my own psychic viscera. Another time I looked so deeply, saw so much, in the slow drama of rat and rattlesnake, that for a few days I hated life in a world that contained such grim enactments.

To one who found memorable life experiences in these small drab affairs, can you fancy the thrall of the African and Indian hunting and jungle pictures? Recently I fell under the spell of jungle film—daybreak, an African hunter's camp, two ghostlike zebra, mathematically alike, standing in a wet fog, on either side of a great tree, like two phantoms freshly emerged from a nether plane. Softly they limned before my eyes—an artistic fulfillment in photography like the best of the Puvis de Chavannes decorations . . . . and a dance of goat-like deer, as if the pipes of Pan were playing . . . . a life or death shot that saved the camera man from a charging rhino . . . . a battle to the death of lioness and dogs. Any one of these was enough to go out to Africa for in the old days; any one was enough formerly to make a man significant in his home town.

A hyena, in name and nature, means a horror of the dark, a creature veiled in the shadows of the pit, cloaked in the stenches of malignancy. And here—shadowy among the shadows—a hyena circling an African hunter's camp. He stopped to claw down a raw hide of antelope, hanging out to dry; he carried it off. Day was breaking. We followed with the dogs. We came to the lair underground. The beast was noosed. In the midst of the tearing hounds, he was dragged out into the light. There he crouched in the full day, in the strange steam of his own putrescence, in the desperate intimacy of close-up . . . . and out of the lair afterward, the same "chawed" hide of antelope.

People about me got up and went out while that picture was showing, but I didn't dare move. In a sort of trance I waited for the "continuous" to bring that bit of film around again. Another moment of life.

All that's veritable in philosophy and religion unites on one point that experience is what we're here in the world to get. As youths we set out, leaving the warmth of our safe habitat—for experience. Later it comes to us . . . .

The Leper's Touch

A WHITE man reached home in America after rough days afield in China. One day he discovered a curious softening soreness on his hand. As he regarded the patch, his mind shot back—months before, the bank of a yellow river, the touch of a leper's body upon his own flesh! The ghastly conclusion swept over him. He sat down and covered his eyes against the end that awaited in months or years.

In the five days following, this man lived in imagination through all the horrors of fear and revolt that a Chinese peasant could possibly experience in the slow death of years from the disease itself. On the sixth day, fighting it out within himself, he touched the bedrock of a new courage. He had been hoaxed by his own fears; the sore disappeared. But it was a different man who lived on, a man who in extremity had uncovered a new kind of stuff in himself. He had met the shadows, and whipped them back. Thereafter he had more poise to bring to life.

Whether we like it or not, life shoves lesson after lesson before us. We may fail, but we cannot run away. Grade after grade we pass through and at each grade our fears and suspicions shrink back, our courage and sympathies reach up. Old cruelties of ignorance become obsolete as experiences mass . . . .

Vivid days here in the ever-speeding Now of 1924! Everywhere, in our midst, even yet, and scattered over the world, are the changed young men, silent young men often, eyes tortured from having seen too much. Shocks of experience came too fast. They returned from France or Flanders like walking dead men; they shivered at sounds we didn't hear. For a while we wondered if they were really better off than the ones who didn't come back. The blithe and buoyant thing we had known seemed left afield, ". . . . *He was talking to me, nursie—when he went,*" or something like that, we heard them mutter in their sleep . . . .

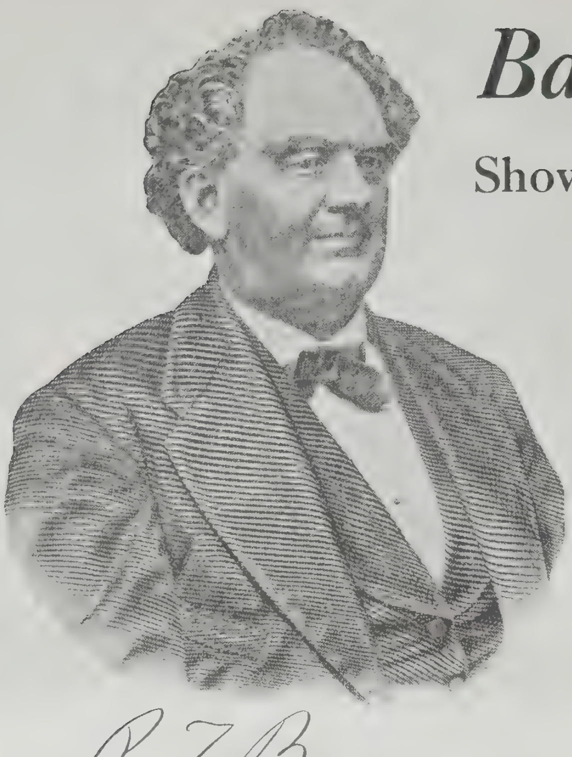
But all the time the assimilation of experience is going on; nature catching up, making substance out of shock, poise out of pain. And all the time we are being slowly forced to postulate a bigger unit of life than three-score-and-ten—to get it all straight.

I have nothing to say about screen drama in this—but in the gleanings of the black box in far fields, the very oil of intensive culture is contained for him who can see; all spread out for the eyes that already have seen much—the polished lens of progress penetrating purdah and death-cell, secret court and public square.

Barnum—"Prince of Humbugs"

Showman's Success Lay in Knowledge of Human Nature

By WALTER B. NORRIS



P. T. Barnum

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

P. T. BARNUM'S description of himself as "The Prince of Humbugs" must be understood in the meaning he intended. He defined a "humbug" in a rhymed speech he made in 1864 as

> "Your true humbug's he, who as a host
> For the least money entertains you most."

In other words, he gave the public not what it expected but something which was worth more. He advertised that his museum was exhibiting the animal called Behemoth in the Book of Job; in reality he exhibited a hippopotamus, which may or may not have been the same animal. Anyway it was as great a curiosity, as it had never been shown in America before.

But Barnum was not a humbug otherwise. He was one of the most successful business men of his time; he accumulated two fortunes; he built palatial homes for his family; he was acquainted with all the prominent men of his day, was received at the White House, the courts of Europe, and was a force to be depended on in any public movement which was for the good of the community. He was thus an example of a successful man whose success was due to real ability, keen insight into human nature, hard, conscientious work, and right principles of living.

Barnum did not believe in working for another man any longer than one has to. He early left wage-employment and embarked in business on his own account. He started a newspaper, and he all his lifetime showed a native ability in using effective English—lost his money, went to New York from his home in Connecticut, ran a boarding house and a grocery store until when opportunity offered he bought the famous Negress, Joice Heth, supposed to have been the nurse of George Washington and then 161 years old. To do this he invested his entire savings of $500, borrowed as much more, sold his grocery store, and started on the road with his curiosity. Although the previous owner had lost money exhibiting her, Barnum got all his money back in one week's showing in New York and made considerable more before she died in a year's time.

This illustrates only one of Barnum's success-making qualities. Another equally important was his superiority in moral tone to his competitors. At the time that Barnum opened his American Museum in New York City and added dramatic entertainments to the attractions of the curiosities, there was no theater in New York which pretended to the moral cleanliness that Barnum insisted on in his establishment. In many of the others the gallery was the resort of the most disreputable men and women, and in some no woman was allowed in the orchestra unaccompanied by an escort. But Barnum's so-called "moral dramas," which were partly tableaux, were accepted by the most respectable New Yorkers, even by those who were opposed to the theater itself.

Furthermore, there was no appeal to sex in the curiosities exhibited. What Barnum appealed to was ordinary human curiosity, at times a bit morbid, as in such cases as the Siamese twins, the Fejee Mermaid, and the dwarfs, but with nothing suggestive in it.

It was this understanding of the normal man of his time to which Barnum owed his fortune and his fame. Everyone likes the unusual and the curious, especially in the animal world. The average man also appreciates a practical joke, and Barnum was the king of practical jokers. His scheme of indicating the exit to the museum by the cryptic words "To the Egress" arose partly because he wished to clear the museum on a certain Fourth of July so that more people might come in and swell the gate receipts, but it also had its origin in his realization that those who saw the sign, thought it the way to some new kind of bird or animal, and when they found themselves on the outside would value the joke more than the privilege of seeing another roomful of curiosities.

Personal attention to his business was another outstanding cause of Barnum's success. He frequently occupied the box office, appeared on the stage in emergencies, introduced numbers on the program, and even in his later days when he was a rich man frequently appeared in the ring at the circus. In fact so important a figure did he become that persons who visited either the circus or the museum were not satisfied until they had seen Barnum, although few went so far as the small boy who asked his father, "What cage is Barnum in?"

Barnum's success also contradicts the claim that a man should have no eccentricities if he is to be successful. His views on temperance were as extreme as any person's of his time. In 1847, while visiting Saratoga, he saw so much drunkenness among even the better classes there that he thereupon pledged himself to abstain from spirits. Later he became impressed with the dangers of moderate drinking, and one night solemnly descended to his wine cellars, in which he had taken considerable pride, and smashed all the bottles. The next morning he signed the pledge of total abstinence and secured more than twenty signatures from his friends. He even advocated prohibition by law and lectured on temperance on many occasions. The American Museum exhibited a group called "The Intemperate Family," and the Moral Lecture Room presented "The Drunkard" and other plays which showed the evils of intemperance. At the box office of the museum there was a supply of pledges awaiting signatures, and when Barnum found that his patrons were leaving the museum—where there was no bar—to get a drink between the acts, he stopped issuing return checks.

The greatest factor in making Barnum a rich man was, however, his development of the art of advertising. Barnum's methods smacked of the crudeness of his time, when the art was very young, as when he plastered the walls of the museum on the outside with huge pictures of the attractions within. But his genius showed itself in his arranging to have all these huge posters prepared secretly and then put in position during a single night. Thus when New York walked down Broadway to the Battery the next morning it was astounded at the change that had occurred.

Barnum's chief effort seems to have been to get his business talked about, and he did not care much even if the comment was unfavorable so long as it was undeserved. He realized that a dispute is always interesting, and the frequent charges that his curiosities were not genuine, as that the white whales which he exhibited were made of India rubber and then inflated, pleased him as much as would a column of praise. People came just to have a chance to judge the controversy themselves.

Another method of securing attention is oddity or mystery, and here Barnum eclipsed all his contemporaries. The story goes that at Barnum's orders a man one day placed a brick at each corner of the city block on which the museum was located and then solemnly proceeded to retrace his steps and shift each brick to the next corner. Once an hour he entered the museum and passed through before continuing his task. Naturally a crowd soon followed him as he worked and even paid admissions to enter the museum with him to see if there the mystery could be properly solved.

So tremendous a hold did Barnum, the self-made Connecticut Yankee, have on his generation that a half million copies of his autobiography, "The Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself," later issued under the title "Struggles and Triumphs," were sold in his lifetime. Mark Twain got up before dawn to read its pages as the best revelation of human nature in his day, and Barnum's stories and observations are still interesting reading to any student of human nature. Neither Barnum's services in creating the modern circus which still bears his name, nor the Museum of Natural History which he established at Tufts College and in which he deposited the stuffed skin of "Jumbo," biggest and most famous of elephants, will last as long as this book which reveals, at times unintentionally, the eccentricities, but also the secrets of success, of the man who was about as typical of his time as was Abraham Lincoln himself.

BARNUM'S ART OF MONEY-GETTING

Don't mistake your vocation.

Select the right location for business.

Avoid debt.

Persevere.

Don't get above your business.

Depend upon your own personal exertions.

Use the best tools.

Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary.

Do not scatter your powers.

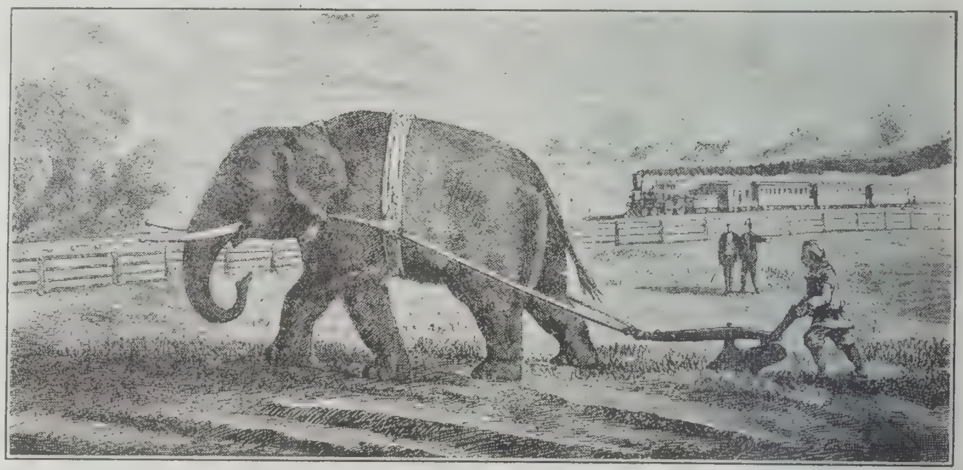
Don't indorse without security.

Advertise your business.

Be charitable.

Preserve your integrity.

From "Struggles and Triumphs."



Barnum advertising the circus—Barnum called this "Elephantine Agriculture." The elephant plowed only when trains were due to pass Barnum's residence at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

With the Submerged Nine-tenths in China

Concluded from page 3

also, was it "fate" that upset the rice bucket of the itinerant restaurant man upon an unwontedly filthy pavement, or loosed the flock of small devils that brought a motor car into violent conjunction with the strolling duck merchant's basket of eggs.

Certainly there was about this general cheerfulness over adversity no hint of the West's exaltation of poverty and humility, although it is true that we made the discovery of a hoary proverb of China echoing the sugary western sophism. "Better an earth-lined cave from which the stars are visible, than a golden pagoda roofed over with iniquity." This was the Orient's saw.

But if there was fatalism in the Chinese acceptance of whatever fortune came his way, there was no sitting slothfully waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. Even the beggars were industrious. We came to recognize one of this cult, a frightful spectacle, with bared legs seemingly shrivelled and gangrened with some unspeakable affliction. He was an artist at this sort of thing. The neighbors knew him, and grinned over him, when there was no good "customer" in sight. His sores were specious, and cost him much laborious preparation!

It was a surprise to find, upon the occasion of a "night out," that all China seemed awake to the day's work, though dawn was still distant and we were not yet abed. Countrymen were posted upon market corners, waiting for daylight, after a tramp of many miles from the source of their produce. Rickshaw men were abroad, coolie commerce was astir in the streets. Boat traffic moved like the tide.

Hours were long, and there was no punching of clocks. There was, in effect, little sense of the value of time. And this seemed to us a damaging modification of the Celestial's virtuous industry. He worked unremittingly with a paucity of results. His energy, properly directed, should have been vastly more productive. And further, though he was up before dawn and at work until late at night, he was of unhurrying, unchanging pace. This had been established by "olo" custom, and it was difficult to alter.

But there was modern industrialism to consider. It was evident that, in recent years, some inroad had been made upon this deliberate pace of the Chinese workman. An American factory manager in Shanghai was authority for the statement that within three or four years he had brought the efficiency of his Chinese employes, through the medium of modern factory methods and machinery, close to that of the American workman. He expected, in time, to surpass the American mark. This was his recipe:

"You've noticed the shape of the Chinese hand, the long tapering fingers? Then you'll agree that the hand couldn't have been better designed for speed in the handling of fine, delicate work. With such material as that, it's easy to get results in any line of factory production. To start with, operations should be put on a piece-work basis. Output will be slow, of course, if you don't stimulate it.

"A very successful way is to take the highest production per operator obtained in a single department—say 2,000 net per ten-hour day—and offer approximately a week's pay as bonus for the first operator reaching 2,200 net in ten hours. As soon as this figure is met, boost it another 200, and so on. I've known this method to increase efficiency fifty per cent in three months."

Another method was appealing to pride—or, as it was termed locally, "face." This, he said, was something new, for hitherto the zeal of the Chinese workman had not been due to anything like competitive ambition, but rather to the dull necessity of keeping the wolf from the door.

Mr. Ford's Page

BUSINESS needs no defense, because business is service. It is the organization of effort, of supply, of opportunity. Society tampers with it at its peril. As well obstruct the water-supply of a community as the commodity-supply. Yet, even at this day, one hears echoes of complaint and enmity against that which is one of the best and most humane things we do.

Assuming that previous articles on this page have made clear the fundamental difference between Industry and Finance, and clear also the fact that the manufacturer is not necessarily the capitalist, unless he has learned wisdom and kept his capital for the use of his business and his workmen, there remains to be made clear the sources of all the misunderstanding in which this matter is involved.

The antagonism may be grouped around the idea that the chief curse of life is to work for a living. Normal men know that work is the salvation of the race, morally, physically, socially. Men deprived of their work fall prey to all sorts of unnatural diversions, the reason therefor being this: the absence of wholesome occupation is usually the open door to all sorts of unwholesome preoccupations. Work does more than get us our living; it gets us our Life. It is the sea-tide that prevents the world from going stale. One naturally wonders about the old story that states the origin of Work to have been in a curse expressed by the Almighty. It seems impossible to relate with the facts of our common daily experience. Perhaps if we had the whole significance of that story we should learn that not Work itself, but the unnecessary ingredient of strain, anxiety, worry in work, is the disagreeable element which is condemned. Certainly not Work itself. Every normal fiber of personality proclaims useful and satisfying occupation a prime blessing.

There come to the earth from time to time managerial minds who not only enlarge the scope of work but systematize it and place it on a basis of security. In other and earlier times they came to use their faculties of organization for purposes other than the personal prosperity of the people whom they used. As political groups these latter sometimes obstructed their own liberties. As military groups they reddened and saddened the earth with inexpressible inhumanity. But always, and even in such futile ways, the people were obeying an instinct to follow strong leadership. It is one of the divine qualities of the people that they *will* follow a leader. This is the way they have learned to distinguish between good and bad leaders. They have learned that strength is not always goodness, and that the strong leader sometimes led them to a bad outcome. They learned also that they are right to admire strength, but that strength comes to its perfection only in the purpose to give general spread to some much needed benefit.

There is no use quarreling with the unfolding of history, any more than with the unfolding of the leaf. It is beyond our control. Our contemplation of the method leads us to respect it. If, at one time, leadership was military, let us agree that at that time military leadership was the most needed and the most useful. If at another time political leadership seemed to fill the unspoken need of the great masses of men, let us recognize the unnamed wisdom which brought that to pass in its own time. But now, now, in our own times, the quality of leadership is plainly changing. The man who would serve the race, on the leaping crest of the wave of service, is he who can help them adjust their efforts to their needs in a manner that shall make women content and children happy. We, as men, can afford to stand a good deal of rough handling ourselves, if we can only see our women-folk unworn by care and our children as God meant children to be.

"To make a fireside's happy clime
For weans and wife,
Is the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

The Plowman poet struck fire from the human heart when he said that.

It is plainly the duty of young men coming to the fore, the young men in colleges, in pulpits, in industries, the young men who see more in journalism than the routine excitement of the day, to challenge the whole trend of loose thinking that describes business as an imposition on men.

In our day the size to which industries grow disturbs some people. They are afraid of bigness. Well, as a matter of fact, every business, from the cobbler shop on the corner to the great manufactory, is either growing bigger or becoming smaller. "Holding your own" is merely the moment that intervenes between going up and coming down, like a bird poised motionless in the air. If your business is not getting larger, it is getting smaller. Perhaps you may not be in business; maybe you are just filling a job somewhere. The same principle works. You have made your job bigger, or you have not. It is really a remarkable experience to observe how, in the midst of a closely organized industry, ordinary men with honest purpose expand the corner where they are —elbow it out and make it bigger, until it becomes known that in that part of the shop there is a different degree of service. If one were not open to the suspicion of preaching an outworn "pep doctrine" (which never was any good anyway, and which no sensible employer ever encouraged) one would say with forthright force that there never was a great company or manufactory so well organized that individual quality could not make itself felt. But maybe not immediately. Not the first week or the first six months. A man with a reputation for stability for five years is already a winner. The "pep philosophy" did this damage: it encouraged a brief period of spectacular endeavor, and then it blew up and cooled off. That is not quality.

When we first discussed the ideas on this page, there were three ideas in mind. One was the matter just discussed. One other was the matter of the employer being the capitalist. The third was the new and modern idea of using business for service. But in between these occur certain questions, both of which should be defined now. There are people who think of big Business as dangerous because it is big. They believe that the old and inefficient way of each business being self-sufficient in its own town is the right idea. And one hundred years ago it *was* the right idea. Each cobbler in his little town made the shoes—and they were good shoes. The local wagon maker made his wagons for the townsfolk.

The point to be remembered about the establishment of industry is that while all these various new ideas were being developed the people who paid for them were the people who purchased the vehicles. No tractor, no thresher, no motor car, no locomotive, in fact no new industrial device has ever been developed except the people have paid the expenses.

There are people who think that perhaps it might have been better if we had more small businesses than a few great ones. Of course, such a statement is just pure mental conclusion. It surely is not based on the facts. Ride along any railroad, observe the industries of any small town, read the industrial signs that indicate individual ownership, and you will see with your own eyes that the engineering ability and the mechanical ambition, which made our present great serviceable concerns, is still being born in the young lads of our land.

> *THAT the necessity of working for a living is a curse and not a blessing is a fallacy that it is hard to kill. But work is not only the life of the body, but the builder up of the mind. Service is the big business of life; its fruit is more refreshing than any other. There must be strong leaders in business as well as in the command of armies, and an even wider range of skill is called for in directing industry than in conducting military campaigns. There is no marking time in the march of industry as there is in an army; no halting by the wayside. Industry must either advance or retreat; it can never remain still. The gaps in its ranks must at once be filled or mankind would perish. To fill these gaps ambition falls like a dew on the sprouting enterprise and so vivifies it that a robust plant takes the place of that which has wilted for want of nourishment.*

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Politics

THE speeches of acceptance have been made, the Vice-Presidential candidates have expressed themselves as oracularly as have the heads of the tickets, and the campaign has reached the period of challenge on the Ku Klux Klan! There, for the present, it sticks. Mr. Davis says that the Klan is not properly an issue in the campaign and asks President Coolidge so to declare it; but as Mr. Coolidge has never dragged the Klan into the campaign, it is doubtful if he shall feel obliged to drive it out. Mr. Dawes meets a Democratic challenge by denouncing the Klan in one breath and in the next breath giving plausible reason for its existence in some communities "where the regularly constituted officers of the law are cowards"; and then he outdoes the whole of Klandom in denouncing the LaFollette support, which as everybody by this time knows is socially, politically and financially Jewish. Mr. Dawes made himself perfectly eligible for Klan membership by his statement about the LaFollette organization. And there, with Brother Bryan showing that lucid thought and simple style do not go by kinship, the campaign sticks.

The impression is very strong that these men do not care to alienate the Klan vote, but want to keep the anti-Klan vote. Pure political hypocrisy.

First in order is Senator LaFollette's speech of—not acceptance but of terms. He laid down the law, as he always did, and the Hebrew Trades Unions, together with all the "red" elements that have killed every progressive movement since Roosevelt's time, took him up. That will prove both the pitifulness and the doom of the LaFollette movement. The American people will not elect as President the choice of New York's East Side. It is far too sad an end for Senator LaFollette's long career of honest and courageous usefulness and it is difficult to think of the type of political judgment that permitted him to ally himself with such doubtful forces. It no longer matters what the Senator promises, charges or proves: the support behind him is anti-American and cannot win, even through so respectable a "Gentile front" as he, the highest seat in the nation.

Mr. Davis made a graceful speech which did all that could be done under the circumstances. He is a gentleman and he knew that in the best regulated families regretful, unforeseen and uncontrollable things occur—to which rule the Republican party is no exception. If the Republican party had pursued the investigation of war frauds committed under the Democratic administration (though probably in no way directly attributable to it) instead of concentrating their energy in cleaning out their own Republican rascals, one wonders what would have been left for Mr. Davis to say. Take away these adventitious elements, and little is left for Mr. Davis to discuss in the way of future policy for the nation.

President Coolidge came through, as he always does, on the note of American common sense. He evaded no issue, not even the recent scandals (indeed, he never has evaded them) but took high ground in saying that one man's defection, or two men's defection, does not prove that the government of the United States is rotten. Every man, Democrat or Republican, who has ever had any experience in the government of the United States will endorse that attitude as justified by his own observation. No major issue is left undefined, and the President's attitude toward each is clearly stated. Other candidates and parties are left alone save for this paragraph which may be construed as the President's reference to other pleas that other candidates will make to the electorate:

> *"We are likely to hear a great deal of discussion about liberal thought and progressive action. It is well for the country to have liberality in thought and progress in action, but its greatest asset is common sense. In the commonplace things of life lies the strength of the nation. It is not in brilliant conceptions and strokes of genius that we shall find the chief reliance of our country, but in the home, in the school and in religion."*

That is normalcy with a definiteness and soundness never before achieved since normalcy became a common term. It is also Coolidge to the core. And it will carry farther, develop more power, influence more thinking than all the invectives of Mr. Davis and Governor Bryan or all the liberalism of Senator LaFollette.

But, as far as politics is concerned, the consensus of opinion seems to be that there isn't much in the national sense. There is a nimble scramble for local offices in various parts of the country. As far as the Presidency is concerned, however, that seems to have been pretty definitely settled since last December. It was regarded as a certainty then that Mr. Coolidge was approved by the nation, and his strength has increased in the meantime.

However, we shall see what we shall see. It is yet possible that the political magicians may be able to concoct some subtle fire which will produce the semblance of a heated contest.

What Have They to Fear?

THE publicity directed against the defense test to be held September 12 has not been quite fair. Mr. Davis and Governor Bryan probably realized this, for they have evidently learned that silence befits Democrats at this time much better than opposition could. *For the present Defense Act of the country is a Democratic measure.*

When Mr. Wilson returned from Europe after his treaty-making, he was alarmed by what he had seen, and proposed a standing army of 500,000 men for the United States. More than that, universal military training was proposed. This plan would have cost the country one billion dollars a year. The Democrats defeated it, and they were probably right in doing so. But what they did propose, and what they did pass, was the very method which is now about to be tried out. For three years the officials charged with the defense of the United States in time of danger have worked over these halfway plans, fitting them together, then getting them into workable shape, and finally asking that they be given a paper tryout.

It is a defense system which the Democrats and all pacifists approved that is being tried out.

Yet Governor Bryan, Democrat, and Mr. Davis, Democrat, opposed it—before they thought.

And, of course, the whole LaFollette force opposes it, for perfectly evident reasons.

It is their own bill.

Why do they fear to try it out?

A Neglected Scheme

THE English are not ready to transform their island into a Continental peninsula by means of the oft-discussed tunnel under the channel.

The latest suggestion that the project be seriously considered by the government has just been decisively rejected.

Premier Ramsay MacDonald expounding the subject in the House of Commons declared the Committee on Imperial Defense had found that all naval, military and air development during the last five years have without exception tended to make the channel tunnel not a less but a more dangerous experiment.

Engineers say the tunnel would stand or fall as a commercial undertaking solely by the passenger traffic it succeeded in attracting.

The rapid development of airplane passenger services between London and Paris would seem to diminish the traffic possibilities of the channel tunnel if it were built.

It is unlikely that people would care to be cooped up in a train underneath the English Channel for an hour or more when in little more than that time the entire journey from one metropolis to the other could be made by air.

Worlds Unknown

THE fact that the planet Mars has been nearer the earth than it has been for hundreds of years has afforded scientists a unique opportunity for making further explorations in that remote region of the unknown. Although nothing has been added to the theory that life in its higher forms may exist on the planet, data has been secured which will materially aid in arriving at a truer estimate of the physical features of this far-off world.

That there are other worlds and other scenes as yet undreamed of in our philosophy there is no reason to doubt, but that mankind exists on any other astral sphere, is purely hypothetical. What effect such a discovery would have on the established order of the universe, it is impossible to conjecture, but it is one before which all the discoveries that have been made by sages and seers since the world began would fade into insignificance.

There is a theory that Mars is in a much more advanced state of evolution than the earth, but this is based on the assumption that it is a much older planet. All this is purely speculative, and as Sir Oliver Lodge says, Mars may still be in the stage occupied by the earth millions of years before the appearance of man. The fact of the matter is that scientists do not know. They can only base fresh theories on the steadily increasing revealing power of giant telescopes, and the other instruments which modern advancement is making available.

The chances are that it will be many more years before anything of importance will be added to our knowledge of whether life in any form does or does not exist in these worlds unknown. Till then the old earth must remain the super planet.

America Pre-eminent

AMERICANS need not make long, expensive foreign journeys with attendant contact with unfamiliar languages and peoples who have come to believe American visitors were created for exploitation, to enjoy the world's most inspiring scenery.

James Bryce, one of the most discriminating world travelers in his posthumous work, "Memories of Travel," makes this impressive declaration:

"Neither Europe nor Asia nor South America has a prospect in which sea and woods and snow mountains are so united in a landscape as in the view from Puget Sound of the great peaks that rise like white towers above the dark green forests of the Cascade Range, nor any valley gorges wilder than those of the Rockies, more beautiful than those of the Sierra Nevada.

"In richness of colors whether we think of the autumn woods of Maine or the rocks of the Western Canyons, America is pre-eminent."

America is the only country where people of moderate means can visit by motor car so many places of wondrous beauty and lingering charm that have arrested the attention of world travelers.

Gun Prohibition

IT IS being suggested that the time is ripe for some form of prohibition in the use of firearms except for the use of the army and navy and police forces. Certainly the gun has become far too handy a weapon in the outfit of habitual criminals, and there is not the slightest doubt that crime would decrease if the teeth of the gunmen were effectively drawn.

The possession of a pistol renders arrant cowards for the moment bold. There are grounds for believing that were it not for the advantage gained by the possession of a gun the average ruffian would be afraid to show himself in the light of day, or to make his presence known within a mile of an honest man. This sinister advantage ought to be eliminated. Human wolves ought to be rendered powerless.

There are laws against the carrying of firearms by civilians, but these laws are so easy to evade that they are a standing jest. Gunmen laugh at them, and children defy them. The officers of the law are among the principal victims of this contempt. Were it not for the army of gunmen that prey and slay in this country, the police force could be cut in half.

The only way to put an end to such a thing is to check it at its source. Tab should be kept of every revolver or automatic that is turned out of the factory. There ought to be an identification number on every weapon by which it could be traced under any circumstances. All officials and responsible persons should be called upon to render a strict account as to whom such firearms are handed out or sold. Traffic in second-hand weapons should be made illegal, for to this traffic much of the evasion of the law can be traced. Bootlegging in death-dealing instruments must be blotted out if this country is to be made safe for its citizens. "Safety first" has a wide field here.

A Plea for "a Reasonable Intolerance"

By MORGAN D. E. HITE

IN THE present ebb and flow of opinion in America concerning immigration, assimilation of aliens, and the influence of aliens on American life, through all of which the question of "tolerance" rises as the paramount basis of the discussion, the precise meaning of "tolerance" and its effects becomes a timely subject for rigid examination.

In America practically all the people some generations ago were of one species. It was easy to speak of tolerance; it seemed the natural thing, but it never was a real question at all. It remained a more or less abstract proposition; it was an ideal, and as we are now in a position to judge, an impossible ideal. Nature's laws are against it except when kind meets kind. The problem of "intolerance" never arises except when unlikes come face to face. And it is surprising to note that some things which *appear* to be unlike, thrive together in the most generous harmony. Two such *apparently* differing races of people as the "old stock American" and the educated Chinese, for example, have a mutual respect for each other. The policy of the American nation toward China, of the utmost friendliness and helpfulness, is a case in point, formulated in the earlier days of the nation when the "old stock" dominated.

Uncle Sam's Indigestion

AND then we see the mutual intolerance and failure to live in fullest trust with each other, of what *appears* to be two peoples much more alike than those just cited, namely, the various European and American native stock and the Jewish people—that is to say, the undiluted Jewish, which yet fail to arouse that degree of mutual reciprocation which the *apparent* likeness to, say, the American national stock, would seem to justify. The truth is that the likeness is purely apparent, and apparent only to the sense of sight, and ofttimes not even then to those Americans who have the clearest vision.

This dissimilarity is important, when it is viewed in reference to the socio-biology involved in studies of this problem. It may account for many puzzling details that daily serve to complicate national relationships and that retard the assimilation of aliens, indeed, even make assimilation utterly impossible. Recognition of the scientific foundation of the problem in time may assist in digesting much of the hitherto indigestible matter which Uncle Sam has swallowed. *His pains are not growing pains at all, but indigestion.* The old-time and now discredited remedies of opium by-products—such as paregoric and laudanum—which have been regularly given to him as a curative, such as were common before more specific and less sporific remedies came into use—such as modern scientific diagnosticians now prescribe, are passing out of fashion. Uncle Sam is now taking small doses of facts instead and "may be better or well by and by."

In the forenoon of the last century, in the United States, tolerance was entirely lacking, totally absent. All people were of a kind, so to speak, and prior to the Civil War the conflicts of opposite parties and ideas were confined to the same strain of blood at least. The first great break in national unity was at base due to a question of race, as *all great breaks in the life of mankind have been racial in their ultimate causes.* The most serious of all conflicts are racial, and the changing destinies of this country are due to its changing shade of population as much as to any other single cause. Racial conflict always contains the seeds of destruction, due to one set of innate racial aims opposed to another set of innate racial ambitions and projects. These things are irreconciliable except perhaps at the root.

Man the Least Tolerant

IN A FOREST—were these people trees—the most tolerant would speedily and automatically be relegated to the domains or substratum of least light and sun, while towering over them and basking in the best light, sun and air, would rise the intolerant growths. There is a time when *a reasonable intolerance* means the better life and the better persistence of the race.

Among all the animal species, man is the least tolerant, hesitating not to destroy any or all other species with or without provocation. There is eternal war between opposite kinds among the animals, likewise between opposite kinds in the plant world, just as there is struggle going on for mastery between one kingdom as against the other, animals, plants, insects; as between the elements, which forever are at war, when they are of unlike or antipathetic nature but which coalesce and become unified when they have natures in affinity with one another. Among the races of man the most intolerant, when placed in juxtaposition to other races, wins out, conquers. The most thriving animals and plants are those that sweep mercilessly over contiguous animal or plant life, and this result is not always merely physical force or brutal conquest, but ofttimes is most insidious and creeping in its progress, but nonetheless merciless.

Tolerance as an ideal can exist only where a given racial unit retains its racial integralness or racial solidarity in a given geographical area: when opposed by the migration of other races, or by the descent upon it, insidiously or in one fell swoop, of aliens distinct from it, a race can survive only by the one means or the other, by subserviency, contentment to live in the shade of the alien breed, the doing of which attains for it the "virtue" of being a "tolerant" race; or by rising superior to the alien influence and by cleaving through its new environing pressure upward to a superior position, and thereby showing a preference for being classed as an "intolerant" race, and so "branded" by the lesser and slave race.

America is largely confronted with the beginnings of such a struggle at the present time. Tolerance heretofore has been deemed a virtue. But it has in reality been purely negative and an abstraction to Americans. In the case of the basic American race which laid the foundations of the republic, tolerance in the scientific sense elaborated on, can become a positive evil, and the time is here for Americans to assert *a reasonable intolerance.*

A thorough socio-biological survey and examination of the problem is in order, and immigration should be controlled by such facts as may tend to show the irreconcilability of certain aliens and the manifest impossibility of assimilation of such peoples into the American national life. Socio-biological evidence in favor of the admittance of any given race should act as the highest encouragement for persistence along that course. The contrary evidence should serve as the most rigid and intolerant barrier.

Of any given two races side by side, too, the rate of growth has an important bearing; that is to say, the increase in population of each is vital evidence of its future potential. For, as with trees in the forest, of two different species side by side, that one will survive which grows the faster. It will rise to the light quicker and thenceforward shade the laggard tree, which in turn must tolerate the shade of the other or perish. Racial numbers have a tremendous significance in the economy of society and react on all its activities. Whole kingdoms of vegetation can in a short time be erased from the earth by the swifter propagation of alien species, so it may be supposed that any given national stock will similarly suffer.

Intellect and Finance

DISPARITY of numbers, the quantitative factor, has several meanings, such as disparity of money possessions, money power; disparity of ideas, intellectual power; disparity of actual population numbers. It has been proved time and again in history that superiority of the first two can dominate superiority of numbers. America's vast numbers—even though they were a unit racially—might fall a prey to an alien group of relatively small numbers but who might be possessed of great financial and intellectual powers. But when it is evident that the vast population of America is not a racial unit, not perhaps more than one-third at best, the disparity tends to assume the nature of being a still graver menace. Superiority of the "old-stock Americans" in monetary and intellectual possessions, at the present time, however, serves to hold the balance in static control; that is to say, until the great absorptive power of the old stock can complete the process of assimilation. The saturation point is inevitable at some time or other, and then what? The disparity in birth rate between the old stock and the preponderant immigrant stock—preponderant partly because of its higher birth rate—promises to become a pivotal source of evil consequences in the *future*, and bodes ill for the old stock—the only *true*—Americans. But the *immediate* sources of concern rest in the swiftly growing financial and intellectual control exercised by alien stocks, resulting already in the "shading" and subserviency of a considerable fraction of basic Americans. The financial domination in such instances is very real, actual. But the intellectual domination or superiority is false—a fallacy—and is merely sustained by the power of money which in turn gives the power to make and color the reading matter and the educational elements of the nation through the control of means of publicity such as motion pictures, newspapers, news agencies, magazine and book distribution. The superior "tolerance" of the Americans, like the superior "tolerance" of the forest trees, leads to a form of survival for them, it is true, survival in an inferior and less healthful mode of life, where the future is dismal and creativeness is reduced to puerility, in subjection, because it is the life of a slave, certainly *subject* if not *abject.*

It is time, therefore, for a degree of reasonable intolerance to be considered by our "old stock"—and it must be remembered that the *best* of the alien stock of a century-long period is ofttimes incorporated in, and fully becomes an assimilated part of the "old stock" and that only the non-assimilable remains outside the pale as it forever will—and this reasonable intolerance, scientifically founded, should be formulated and made part of our national policy. The return of a form of Puritanism might work well for the nation.

In Nature's Haunts

AT NO season of the year is Nature so lavish in her treasures as at this time. The trees are clothed in their full regalia, the flowers rival one another in their beauty of form and color and in the variety of their perfume, and the birds are in full song as if rejoicing that the most bounteous time of the year is at hand.

One does not need to wander far in search of the things that delight the eye and elevate the mind. On the outskirts of the little town, beneath the shelter of a spreading elm, there is a tiny cottage with a few scattered outhouses attached. It is a farm in miniature, and all the living things around it seem to be in proportion. There appears to be nothing among the livestock so large as a cow. If there is, it is not in evidence; but a drowsy and contented grunting from a rough enclosure nearby indicates that the winter supply of bacon is on its way.

In a little pen a family of young ducklings are resting in the shade or reveling in a discarded kitchen utensil filled with water. By some means a gosling has attached itself to this family, and appears to have usurped the functions of the mother duck. It is apparently a deserter from a gosling family sheltering under some berry bushes not far off, jealously guarded by the mother goose.

There are red roses clinging to the trellised porch, there are Dutchman's pipe and purple clematis enveloping the gables, and over the rough boarded outhouses the Virginia creeper casts its rich mantle. In the little garden plot the esthetic and the utilitarian are judiciously blended. Cabbages are cheek for jowl with columbines, roses with radishes, cornflowers with carrots, and larkspurs with lettuces. It reminds one of the garden in the story of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

A colony of bees is snugly located under a lilac bush, the neighboring clover fields forming an unlimited source of nectar, apart from the homely flowers of the garden.

The Link of Town and Country

ALL this, however, is but the connecting link between the town and the country; the peaceful borderland between the haunts of men and those of the wild creatures of fur and feather that frequent the more distant woodlands. With the modern means of transportation at one's command, it is only a matter of minutes until one has left the urban atmosphere far behind, and the haunts of Nature in her most seductive moods are reached.

The heat of the day is past for the sun is declining; the clouds, resplendent in a multitude of glorious tints, float against a background of purest azure. From the overhanging boughs of the trees the feathered songsters rival each other in the volume and spontaneity of their melody, while in the long grass of the neighboring meadow the "Bob White" sounds its persistent and plaintive notes.

Squirrels gambol among the tree boles as if anticipating the delights of the nut harvest, chipmunks run along the tops of the fences or sit quite still gazing at one with their keen bead-like eyes, and the field mice are already sampling the ears of ripening grain. The robin has not yet ceased its song, the meadow lark still gives forth its mellow symphony, and the thrush peals forth its bravura from a swinging spray.

There is a brooklet, almost unseen, which winds its way among the raspberry bushes, and adds its tinkling murmuring melody to the harmony of the woods and fields. The whole forms Nature's perfect woodland symphony, music which the greatest geniuses in the world of music have tried to imitate from the dawn of time, and in so far as they have succeeded in incorporating those melodies in their compositions has been assigned the measure of their fame. Not only in the realm of art but in that of music is Nature the greatest teacher. Handel, Wagner and Chopin found their inspiration here. Neither pastoral symphony nor oratorio might have delighted the ears of succeeding generations had it not been for the myriad voices of forest and field.

After all, the whole wide, wide world is but one vast radio-casting station; Nature's children tune their voices, and through the celestial ether it is borne from field to field and from tree to tree, and caught up and carried on again and again, until from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, earth and sea and sky rejoice and are glad.

The Stone of Destiny

A BILL has passed its first reading in the British House of Commons which has for its object the restoration to Scotland of the Stone of Destiny which was carried off by Edward I during the war of independence.

This stone was taken to England and placed in the seat of the coronation chair of the English kings, and upon it all the sovereigns have been crowned for the past 600 years. Before its removal by Edward I, the Scottish monarchs had been crowned on the stone for a period of half a millennium.

This relic has from the earliest times been regarded with reverential awe, for, according to the tradition which was at one time firmly believed by the Scottish people, it was the stone on which the patriarch Jacob laid his head when he had the vision of the angels ascending and descending the celestial ladder at Bethel.

When Scotland lay bleeding at the feet of "Proud Edward," that monarch seized the opportunity of depriving the nation of what it regarded as its most precious treasure, thinking thereby that he would not only cause it the greatest possible humiliation, but deprive it of the divine help and prosperity which was supposed to remain in the kingdom as long as the Stone of Destiny was there.

Shall the Youth of America Be Exploited?

A Brand of Communism Which Aims at Control of Junior Farm Clubs

By ROBERT MORGAN

There are approximately 11,000,000 boys and girls on the nearly seven million farms of the United States. These are the men and women of America of tomorrow. About 700,000 of them are members of boys' and girls' farm clubs, organized control of which is now being sought as the first step in the exploitation of every boy and girl on every farm in the United States.

The international organization wants to teach them communism, under the guise of the Sapiro Plan of co-operation, that it may control, within the next ten years, every American farm, and handle every American crop, and that Jewish mail-order houses may become the retailers of the nation, thereby eliminating the American merchant and withdrawing all available money from the small town.

This story tells how this has been planned and what has been accomplished.

NOT SATISFIED with the ruination of the American stage, the degradation of the motion picture industry, and the spoliation of the thousands of American farmers who have been unwise enough to follow its leadership, the Jewish power in the United States is now seeking to control, "educate," and exploit, to its own present and future profit, every boy and girl on the nearly seven million farms of this country.

Working quietly, through every agency they find available to their hands, the Jews engaged in this undertaking, with their Gentile agents, employes and "friends," are moving along three major lines to obtain domination over the boys and girls of America. First, they are establishing private boys' and girls' farm clubs, cattle clubs, poultry clubs, dairy clubs, organizations of all kinds in which farm boys and girls can be interested. These clubs are in direct opposition to the already established boys' and girls' farm clubs supported by the United States Government and of whose national committee President Coolidge is national chairman.

Second, organized Jewry is establishing private foundations, from which go out gifts, awards, and prizes, to the boys and girls in a direct and well-financed effort to lure from the boys' and girls' farm clubs, already established by Americans on American principles for American children, over to the Jewish clubs.

Third, by constant and consistent broadcasting by radio, and by insistent floods of letters, the incessant presentation to every farm boy and girl in America of arguments favoring the private (Jewish) boys' and girls' clubs and foundations, as against the American organizations of similar nature. Just as the methods being used in this campaign are three, so its objectives are three:

At left—ELAINE HENDRICKS, of Colorado, member of the team which won second place in the national canning contest, and a trip to Europe, in 1923. Besides being a beautiful girl, Elaine is a leader in girls' club work in her state. All this leadership would be taken away from the boys and girls in these clubs, if exploitation of such organizations is allowed. Above—These coming men and women of America form a vast army which the Jews of this and other countries would like to train and control. The photograph shows a local boys' and girls' club in a middle-western community.

First, gradual attainment of control over every farmer and every farm in the United States. Approximately 400,000 American farms become vacant, and pass to new ownership, or into the hands of new managers each year. More than ninety per cent, or 360,000 of these new farm owners or operators or managers, are the sons and daughters of farmers. Trained to communistic ideas, these boys and girls, grown to manhood and womanhood, would be as modeler's clay in the hands of the internationalists.

Second, "education" of this great cross-section of America's youth to belief in and adherence to the Sapiro Plan of co-operative marketing, and the resultant placing—in a few years—of the control of all American farm products in Jewish hands. For the Sapiro Plan, uneconomic, and faulty as it is, is merely a cog in the great machine carefully designed to reduce the American farmer to a working automaton for the exploiting group.

G. L. NOBLE,

Executive secretary of the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work. He is one of the men who stand between the boys and girls of the United States and those who would exploit them.

Third, the collection from every farm boy and girl in the United States of one dollar a year "dues," netting, when all the boys and girls are so enrolled, *eleven million dollars*, to be collected, handled and paid out under Jewish direction. This plan is part of an official announcement, direct from the headquarters of this movement. Coupled with this collection is the further commercial and financial scheme of giving nation-wide advertising to Jewish mail-order houses, with the objective of ultimately eliminating the American small-town merchant, who not infrequently is the financial and commercial backbone of the community.

This movement for the exploitation of the youth of America was started by the Jews with an effort to get control of the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work, of which, as I have said, President Coolidge is honorary chairman. E. T. Meredith, former Secretary of Agriculture, is chairman; Thomas E. Wilson, president of Wilson and Company, Chicago, vice-chairman; Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, treasurer, and G. L. Noble, executive secretary. Though he will not admit it, the fact that the Jews are not now in complete control of this organization and of the 700,000 boys and girls who are members of its branches, is due almost entirely to the work of Mr. Noble. The national committee was organized by the present executive-secretary in 1921. Mr. Samuel R. Guard, true friend of the Sapiro Plan and other Jewish movements for the "benefit" of the American agriculturist, was then publicity director for the American Farm Bureau Federation. The National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work is closely affiliated with this federation; in fact, J. W. Coverdale, executive secretary of the federation, is a member of the board of directors of the committee. It will be further recalled that it was Mr. Coverdale who saved the American Farm Bureau Federation from domination by Mr. Aaron Sapiro.

Mr. Guard, immediately on learning of the centralization of boys' and girls' club work in the national committee above mentioned, proposed to Mr. Noble that a Junior Farm Bureau be organized, and that each of the boy and girl members of the Junior Farm Bureaus be called upon for one dollar a year as dues. This scheme was, of course, to put the boys and girls in junior farm bureaus directly under control of the American Farm Bureau Federation, of which Mr. Aaron Sapiro was to become master. This could not be done under the present arrangement of boys' and girls' club work and the Jewish gentlemen and their agents saw that the youth of America had to be so centralized that they could be controlled and directed by whatever Jew happened to be in control of the farm bureau. Due to Mr. Coverdale's work, no Jew came into control of the farm bureau; due to Mr. Noble's efforts, no Jew came into power among the boys and girls, though they are still fighting for control.

Mr. Noble's reply to Mr. Guard was a brief and final "No!" Thereafter the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work received no publicity from the publicity department of the American Farm Bureau Federation, of which department Mr. Guard was director. Now, lest Mr. Guard should deny the above statement regarding his activities, I quote from his address to the meeting of the Farm Bureau Federation, at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, in December, 1923. In giving advice to the federation—by which he already had been dropped—Mr. Guard said:

"I will put in another division, and call it the Social Service division, and in there I would include the first thing, the Junior Farm Bureau; and there is a matter which to me is a terrible thing, that we take our boys and girls and neglect to train them up in the way they should go into our very organization. It seems to me that our boys' and girls' club work has been turned over to other interests, and I, for one, am not very happy about it. . . . . Every year come these boys and girls in here, financed by the packers and the publishers and the other interests, and they go back home and say, 'Daddy, those fellows are not so bad, after all.' I don't think that is right.

"I would have organized a Junior Farm Bureau, and I would charge those little fellows a dollar a year to belong, and I would keep fifty cents in the treasury down there and send twenty-five up to the state and twenty-five up to the national.

"Then, when they went out in the wintertime down along the creek and caught the skunks and muskrats, instead of sending those hides to St. Louis, and getting nothing for them, *I would have a little co-operative fur pool organized for them, and I would train them up into the idea of that.*"

There we have the whole scheme expressed in the very words of Mr. Guard, advance agent of Mr. Sapiro and protagonist of the Sapiro Plan—catch them young, take their money, organize them into controlled associations, and educate them to the Sapiro Plan. This is

(*Concluded on page 14*)

(C) U. & U.

JULIUS ROSENWALD,

President of Sears, Roebuck and Company, a mail-order house in Chicago, with whom Samuel R. Guard is interested in establishing the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation, with Mr. Guard as director.

A Challenge to the Youth of America

Analysis of Interest and National Debts; Interest Contradicts All of Nature's Laws; Nations Pawn Cradles of Their Unborn

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

WITH the opening of our schools and colleges it is not inappropriate to take up the famous challenge to Professor Fawcett in which John Ruskin attacked the professor's defense of interest. For this was not only a challenge to all professors pledged to the defense of interest, it was also a challenge to the thousands of undergraduate students, to take up in all seriousness the subject of interest. If our American undergraduates will gently but firmly call the attention of their teachers to the fact that Ruskin's challenge is still awaiting an answer, progress may be made.

In Letter 18 of *Fors Clavigera* Ruskin writes:

At the 146th page of Professor Fawcett's "Manual of Political Economy" you will find it stated that the interest of money consists of three distinct parts:

1. Reward for abstinence.
2. Compensation for the risk of loss.
3. Wages for the labor of superintendence.

I will reverse this order in examining the statements; for the only real question is as to the first, and we had better at once clear the other two away from it.

3. Wages for the labor of superintendence.

Payment for Doing Nothing

BY GIVING the capitalist wages at all, we put him at once into the class of laborers, which in my November letter I showed you is partly right; but, by Mr. Fawcett's definition, and in the broad results of business, he is not a laborer. So far as he is one, of course, like any other, he is to be paid for his work. There is no question but that the partner who superintends any business should be paid for superintendence; but the question before us is only respecting payment for doing nothing. I have, for instance, at this moment fifteen thousand pounds of Bank Stock, and receive twelve hundred odd pounds a year, from the Bank, but I have never received the slightest intimation from the directors that they wished for my assistance in the superintendence of that establishment; (more shame for them.) But even in cases where the partners are active, it does not follow that the one who has most money in the business is either fittest to superintend it, or likely to do so; it is indeed probable that a man who has made money already will know how to make more; and it is necessary to attach some importance to property as the sign of sense: but your business is to choose and pay your superintendent for his sense, and not for his money. Which is exactly what Mr. Carlyle has been telling you for some time; and both he and all his disciples entirely approve of interest, if you are prepared to define that term as payment for the exercise of common sense spent in the service of the person who pays for it.

2. Compensation for risk.

Does Mr. Fawcett mean by compensation for risk, protection from it, or reward for running it? Every business involves a certain quantity of risk, which is properly covered by every prudent merchant, but he does not expect to make a profit out of his risks, nor calculate on a percentage on his insurance. If he prefers not to insure, does Professor Fawcett mean that his customers ought to compensate him for his anxiety; and that while the definition of the first part of interest is extra payment for prudence, the definition of the second part of interest is extra payment for *im*prudence? Or, does Professor Fawcett mean, what is indeed often the fact, that interest for money represents such reward for risk as people may get across the green cloth at Homburg or Monaco? Because so far as what used to be business is, in modern political economy, gambling, Professor Fawcett will please to observe that what one gamester gains another loses. You cannot get anything out of Nature, or from God, by gambling—only out of your neighbor: and to the quantity of interest of money thus gained, you are mathematically to oppose a precisely equal *dis*-interest of somebody else's money.

These second and third reasons for interest, then, assigned by Professor Fawcett, have evidently nothing whatever to do with the question. What I want to know is why the Bank of England is paying me twelve hundred pounds a year. It certainly does not pay me for superintendence. And so far from receiving my dividend as compensation for risk, I put my money into the bank because I thought it exactly the safest place to put it in. But nobody can be more anxious than I to find it proper that I should have twelve hundred pounds a year. Finding two of Mr. Fawcett's reasons fail me utterly, I cling with tenacity to the third, and hope the best from it.

The third, or first—and now too sorrowfully the last—of the Professor's reasons, is this, that my twelve hundred pounds are given me as "the reward of abstinence." It strikes me, upon this, that if I had not my fifteen thousand pounds of Bank Stock I should be a good deal more abstinent than I am, and that nobody would then talk of rewarding me for it. It might be possible to find even cases of very prolonged and painful abstinence, for which no reward has yet been adjudged by less abstinent England. Abstinence may, indeed, have its reward, nevertheless; but not by increase of what we abstain from, unless there be a law of growth for it, unconnected with our abstinence. "You cannot have your cake and eat it." Of course not; and if you don't eat it, you have your cake; but not a cake and a half! Imagine the complex trial of schoolboy minds, if the law of nature about cakes were, that if you ate none of your cake today, you would have ever so much bigger a cake tomorrow—which is Mr. Fawcett's notion of the law of nature about money; and, alas, many a man's besides—it being no law of nature whatever, but absolutely contrary to all her laws, and not to be enacted by the whole force of united mankind.

Not a cake and a quarter tomorrow, dunce, however abstinent you are—only the cake you have, if the mice don't get at it in the night.

Interest then, is not, it appears, payment for labor; it is not reward for risk; it is not reward for abstinence. What is it? One of two things it is—taxation, or luxury. Of which in my next letter.

Again and again Ruskin enforces the teaching that "National debts, paying interest, are simply the purchase by the rich of the power to tax the poor." The teaching fell on stony soil. As long as the debt-creators observed the "Rule of Reason in Robbery," the situation was safe and sane. But in permitting a world, in pawn, to run up 150 billions of interest-bearing debts, the debt-expanders have undoubtedly overplayed their hand and now, bled white to pay the interest on these debts, we begin to appreciate how well inspired Ruskin was in asserting that interest was a monster, which, if unchecked, would ultimately devour the race. In *Fors Clavigera* Ruskin repeatedly shows that interest is merely a form of taxation. We quote a few of his most striking passages:

Unjust Taxation

I VERY positively can inform you, the considerablest part of the misery of the world comes of the tricks of unjust taxation. All its evil passions—pride, lust, revenge, malice, and sloth—derive their main deadliness from the facilities of getting hold of other people's money open to the persons they influence. Pay every man for his work—pay nobody *but* for his work—and see that the work be sound; and you will find pride, lust, and sloth have little room left for themselves.

Fors Letter 16.

If the employes of all these different enterprises (roads, railways, banks, great joint stock companies, public charities, municipal corporations, and local boards) were appointed and paid by the government and looked to the government for every rise in life, not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name.—*John Stuart Mill.*

That government is best which governs least.—*Jefferson.*

It is not by the consolidation or concentration of power but by their distribution that good government is effected.—*Jefferson.*

Solon was the profoundest political genius of antiquity. Before Solon's time the only resource against political despotism that had been known was the concentration of power. Solon undertook to effect the same object by the distribution of power.—*Lord Acton* (Essay on Liberty).

There is not knowledge and wisdom enough in all the governments in the world, had they all its benevolence, to regulate the supply of the fruit and vegetable markets of one city, so well as it is regulated by free wagon roads and the observations of farmers, gardeners, and buyers, the producers increasing supplies to meet the demand and the buyers taking any overplus when it comes down to the price they can afford.—Galveston *News.*

The American Turns Up in German Drama and Movie

By HARBOR ALLEN

THERE is a wild scramble on the part of German movie producers to lay the scenes of their films in American cities and to stage sensational American society and underworld pictures. An American, however, can sit safely through any of these without being in the least aware that the United States of America is, as the German says, "passing in review before him."

Typical of this recent development in the German film is the successful and popular *Die Strasse, The Street*, by Leo Grune, which is taking Germany by storm as *The Birth of a Nation* once stormed America.

From *Die Strasse* one gets the impression that Americans spend most of their time drawing $100 bills out of their pockets and playing blackjack at $50 a draw. Typical German tile stoves, policemen dressed like Belgian bell boys, street scenes that resemble a cross between a cubist city and a Parisian boulevard, and cabarets in which a man risks his neck and his purse every time he checks his hat are sprinkled liberally throughout the German's cinema, "America."

These portrayals reflect pretty accurately the conception the average German has of America.

Die Strasse is also typical of the latest German movie in the important rôle it gives to several children actors. This is the influence of genuine American films on exhibit here. By far the most popular film star in Germany today is Jackie Coogan, the *Liebling* (darling) of Munich and Berlin.

In fact, so popular has the diminutive "Chakie" become, that practically every popular magazine and paper is filled with cartoons and pictures of him, and "Chakie" dolls are being sold in all the novelty shops. German critics declare that the simple, good-natured escapades of the Coogan films are weaning the German audiences away from the involved, emotional sex plays, which are their usual diet. One typical German love-story film, of the type crowding the large city theaters here, would set every anti-vice committee in America on its ear, not without cause.

False Impressions

BUT even the law recognizes the wholesomeness of the "Chakie" pictures, and lifts its ban against the admission of children under eighteen into "Kino" houses whenever one comes along.

The average run of German movie, despite the evidence of several notable exceptions which have reached America, is decidedly inferior to the American movie both in camera work and in production. The lighting is especially spotty and poor, often dazzling and disturbing to the eyes, as American movies were ten or fifteen years ago. While the American producer is working away from the excessive use of subtitles and close-ups, the German producer is just warming up to them.

Unfortunately, the average American movie imported into Germany is the cheapest and poorest America has to offer. "Fix and Fax," two unbelievably stupid and dull comedians of the prehistoric custard-pie school, advertised over here as "America's best," are absolutely unknown in the States. Many an insignificant bungler is held here as a "famous American star." People who know the better American film are hoping the stabilization of the mark and the rise of commodities to world prices will introduce Germany to America's first-raters.

American drama has also made its debut here in the translated works of Eugene O'Neill—"Eugen Mac O'Neill, the Irish-American playwright," as he was advertised on the opening night. The play was *Kaiser Jones,* as we know it—*Emperor Jones.* It will be followed by *Annie Christie* and *Der Haarige Affe* (*The Hairy Ape*).

Kaiser Jones was not a success. The translation was poor, and failed adequately to indicate the Negro dialect or the unusual circumstances of a Negro "emperor." Jones more nearly resembled Al Jolson than the blood-and-flesh character of O'Neill. Few Germans have any conception of the Negro or of the Negro problem in America, or of the American's conception of the Negro.

The critics felt that the "Irish-American Mac O'Neill" had learned to write dialogue from Bernard Shaw and had conceived his situation from Shakespeare. They called the play a Shaw-ization of *Macbeth*—"if you can imagine Macbeth fighting for three acts with the witches."

This is the verdict which should give hope to American critics of American critics! Incidentally, it is illuminating to know that Shakespeare, Shaw and Oscar Wilde are the only dramatists of the English language well known to German playgoers. Why the critics did not compare O'Neill to Oscar Wilde has yet to be explained.

With the translation of "Main Street" into *"Die Hauptstrasse,"* Sinclair Lewis introduces modern American literature into Central Europe. The only other modern American writer at all known here is Upton Sinclair. Boosters of the new American school, however, need not feel discouraged by this neglect, for practically none of the great living English writers, with the exception of Bernard Shaw, is ever mentioned. The war and the subsequent impoverishment of Germany's middle and lower classes have prevented Germans from importing foreign books.

What conception the average German has of the American's intelligence can be gauged by the queries of a group of professors' wives in Munich, who asked an American visitor if there were any legitimate theaters in New York and Chicago, if Americans ever read books, and whether American homes were not always "expensively but tastelessly decorated"!

"There Is No Such Thing as a Bad Boy"

By FRANK MINER

"UNCLE FLOYD" STARR

WHEN Floyd Starr was about four years old (and the accompanying recent photograph shows that that was not much more than a quarter of a century ago), he heard his parents discussing the great good a certain man of wealth was doing by adopting and educating a large number of poor boys and girls.

It gave Floyd an inspiration, and a few days later he announced that when he grew up he was going to establish and conduct a home and school for so-called "bad boys," and was going to help them to become good men.

His parents laughed at him, which caused him not to mention his ambition again, to any one, until he was in college. His second announcement was taken more seriously, for he was then beginning to lay his plans for his life's work.

Providence gave him the custody of three boys who needed a guiding hand. This happened shortly after he had invested his savings in a forty-acre farm bordering on a beautiful little lake, three miles west of Albion, Michigan.

On the evening of September 9, 1913, Mr. Starr and his three wards arrived at the farm, and they spent their first night in the barn, sleeping in the haymow.

A few weeks later, their first house was completed, and on October 3 they dedicated it as Gladsome Cottage.

Their number had increased to seven, and with this start Mr. Starr, on December 3, 1913, incorporated the Starr Commonwealth for Boys, an organization not for pecuniary profit. The farm became the property of the Commonwealth (without any consideration being paid Mr. Starr), and that which Floyd Starr had dreamed of by night and planned by day, almost constantly from the time of making his first declaration, became a reality.

Today the Starr Commonwealth represents an investment of more than $125,000. Its permanent buildings are composed of Gladsome Cottage, which furnishes a home for nine boys; Newton Hall, with a dormitory that accommodates thirty-one boys; Wilcox Cottage, with a dormitory for fifteen boys; the Emily Jewell Clarke school building, with a large auditorium; and a modern kitchen and laundry which is now under construction.

Between fifty and sixty boys, of ages ranging from five to nineteen years, are participating in the privileges of the Commonwealth.

This brief description of the conception and development of this most unusual and truly wonderful place is given that what follows regarding Floyd Starr and his work may be better enjoyed and understood.

Although a comparatively young man, he has succeeded in proving "beyond a shadow of doubt," as the judge would say it, that there is no such thing as a normal child being born a criminal, and that heredity has but little, if anything, to do with the molding of character.

"So you believe that there is no such thing as a bad boy?" I asked Mr. Starr, and I shall never forget the way he answered me. It was not so much what he said as the way he said,

"Ab—so—lute—ly," with an accent on every syllable.

I then asked, "What do you call the misconduct and even the criminal acts of boys?"

"Misdirected energy," was his prompt reply.

"Have you ever failed to prove your theories with any individual boy?"

"Not where I have been permitted to direct the boy without interference from the parents or the court. There have been cases in which boys have been taken out of the school by parents or by the court and returned to the old environment before the new habits had become so thoroughly fixed that the boy could withstand the temptations of the old life."

"Have you exercised any care in selecting your boys?"

"None whatever, except I must know that they are normal mentally, and free from any physical handicap. All boys must pass the Binet and the Wassermann tests."

"I had in mind other conditions, aside from mental and physical. For instance, do you avoid taking a boy with certain criminal tendencies, or one who has actually committed a series of criminal offenses? In other words, do you try to secure boys who have got beyond the control of their parents but have not committed a crime?"

"I do not like to discuss the mistakes my boys have made, and especially for publication. We forget the past as much as possible, and think only of the future; but I will say that, owing to our limitations as to the number of boys we can accommodate, I have tried to do the greatest good possible with the limited number and have endeavored to give a home to the boy that needed it most. The extent of the crime or crimes committed has never been considered. I have realized from the beginning that to succeed in my work I must prove my theories with extreme cases, and so I have always been glad to open our doors to the boy that others have said was beyond recall."

"Then you do not believe in the old theory that one bad apple in the barrel will spoil all the rest?" I asked.

"With apples, yes—but with boys, no. And especially when the good boys have learned from experience how much more fun there is in being good than in being bad."

"Well, tell me, Mr. Starr, if you will, just what is your secret of handling these boys?"

He looked at me for a few moments, and then replied, in a soft but clear tone—"Love, honor and confidence."

"I don't quite understand you," I said.

To which he replied, "You are to be our guest until tomorrow, and I am sure that you will understand before you leave."

Then he explained further by saying, "First, I am doing a work that my heart and soul are in. I love my work and I love my boys, and they in turn love me. Second, I work on the theory that every person gets more pleasure doing right than doing wrong, and I develop the spirit in my boys to want to do right because it is the honorable thing to do. And third, I prove to the boys that I have absolute confidence in them, and their love and honor cause them to want to do right at all times."

He then added, "Of course, I help the boys in many ways to meet their daily problems. I am their adviser and counselor at all times, and I enter into their work and their plans in such a way as to give them character and strength to fortify themselves against temptation.

"While the boys all call me Uncle Floyd, I am sure that the feeling that exists between us is more like that of father and son."

A pleasant interlude in the music room.

A young man entered the room, and I was formally introduced to him. He grasped my hand with a real handshake, as he looked me squarely in the eyes and assured me that he was pleased to have the pleasure of meeting me. It was a meeting of two men on an equal basis. No apologies were needed. I felt that I had clasped the hand of a young man of character who, while small in stature and young in years, was every inch a manly fellow, fully capable of fighting his battles through life and making the most of every opportunity.

As we seated ourselves, I looked him over carefully and thought, "Surely, this is not one of the so-called bad boys that I have come all this distance to see."

General view of the Commonwealth buildings from across the lake.

The Commonwealth estate is located on the bank of a beautiful little lake and skating forms a part of the winter sports and exercise.

After a few minutes of general discussion, Mr. Starr turned to the young man, whom we will call Frank, and said, "I am going to tell Mr. Miner something that happened today, which made me very happy and very proud of you."

Addressing me, he continued, "It was necessary for me to discipline one of the boys by causing him to go to the Wilcox Cottage and to sit quietly on a chair for two hours, which would give him an opportunity to reflect and to figure out just why he should not have done a certain thing. Very much to my surprise, Frank came to me a few minutes afterward and said, 'Uncle Floyd, I feel that I should tell you that I have done the same thing for which you are disciplining William.'"

He then turned to Frank and said, "It was a mighty manly thing for you to do, Frank, and I am very proud of you."

During the next few minutes I was introduced to six other boys who gave me the same kind of handshake and the same cordial greeting that I had received from Frank.

Two of the boys seated themselves on each side of Mr. Starr, who occupied a settee, and with their arms around him they sat watching him admiringly, as we discussed the general working plans of the Commonwealth.—I began to understand.

Not once did Mr. Starr refer to any of the past that might be in the least embarrassing to the boys present, or discrediting to any of the other boys.

A bell announced dinner, and soon the seven boys and I, with Mr. Starr as host, were seated in the dining room of Gladsome Cottage. The meal was a wholesome one, served in courses, but the thing that impressed me most was the perfect table etiquette of all the boys and the ease with which they handled themselves. And it was not being staged for my benefit, it was just their natural way—they had ceased to know any other way.

A merry load of energy capable of development.

I spent the greater part of the first evening with Mr. Starr and the seven boys who live at Gladsome Cottage, and I could not help noticing that with every word the boys uttered and every look they gave Mr. Starr, it was plainly evident that they recognized him as their true friend and benefactor.

I was fast coming to an understanding of what Mr. Starr meant when he told me that I would understand the secret of his success with his boys before I left.

It was a love that made it easier for them to do good than to do anything that would displease or grieve the man who had proved his faith in them by devoting his life to their individual interests.

It has always been Mr. Starr's policy to keep the boys from commitment to a state institution, and in most cases he has succeeded in having the boys placed in his care by the judge without sentence being passed upon them, so that the stigma of a criminal record is avoided whenever it is possible to do so.

To illustrate Mr. Starr's methods of handling the boys, I will tell of one case, without going too much into details. This particular lad had been known to commit several petty larceny offenses, and he was finally caught by a storekeeper and a night watch almost in the very act of emptying the money drawer. He was locked up over Sunday, during which time Mr. Starr heard of the case and upon arriving in the town, saw the judge and asked that the boy be turned over to him.

The judge remonstrated, "Mr. Starr, you do not know what you are asking. The boy is a natural-born criminal, and is headed for the state prison just as soon as he is old enough—the only place for him now is in the boys' state industrial school."

Mr. Starr could not persuade the judge to give him an opportunity to save the boy, but after the intervention of several influential citizens, the judge finally suggested that Mr. Starr hear the case against the boy, and that he would then consider the matter, if Mr. Starr still wanted him.

The hearing was held and seven business men appeared against the boy. They painted his past as black as it could be painted. After the evidence was all in, the judge turned to Mr. Starr and said, "Well, you have heard the evidence—do you still want him?"

To which Mr. Starr promptly replied, "I most certainly do, Your Honor."

The judge finally consented, and when Mr. Starr and the boy arrived at the Commonwealth, he took the lad into his office and gave him this talk:

"You of course know that I heard every word those men said about you—and they made you out to be a very bad boy that would steal anything and everything you could lay your hands on. Well, I want to tell you that I do not believe it. No one can make me believe that you are a bad boy at heart, and to prove that I have absolute confidence in you, I want to tell you that here in my desk is a drawer in which we keep the money of the Commonwealth family. Neither the desk nor the drawer is ever locked. You will sleep upstairs, and, if you want to, you can come down stairs any night, help yourself to the money and go out the front door and escape without any trouble. But I know you won't, because I know that you are honest and that you are going to prove it to all those men who testified against you today."

One year later that boy was given a loving cup by the State Sunday School Association for being the best Sunday school pupil entering a certain contest. He made good right from the start, and he has made good ever since.

The boy left the Commonwealth some time ago and became a worthy and valuable workman in a manufacturing plant.

Mr. Starr also told of the expression of gratitude of a father and mother whose son had been saved from a life of vice and crime, and while Mr. Starr could not permit the sacrifice they offered to make, it is so commendable that it bears repeating.

After their boy had returned home and they saw the wonderful change in him, they were so delighted that they wanted to do something to help the work along, and so they proposed to give five years of their time, without compensation, at farm work as arranged by Mr. Starr. They were poor people and had reached the shady side of life, and he told them that such a sacrifice would not be fair to them nor to the boy.

One of the most noticeable features of the Commonwealth is the absence of institutional discipline. Mr. Starr has always endeavored to keep away from every form of discipline that would cause the boys to feel that the Commonwealth was in any sense an institution. The home spirit prevails everywhere, and while there are rules and regulations, they become customs and daily habits rather than red tape.

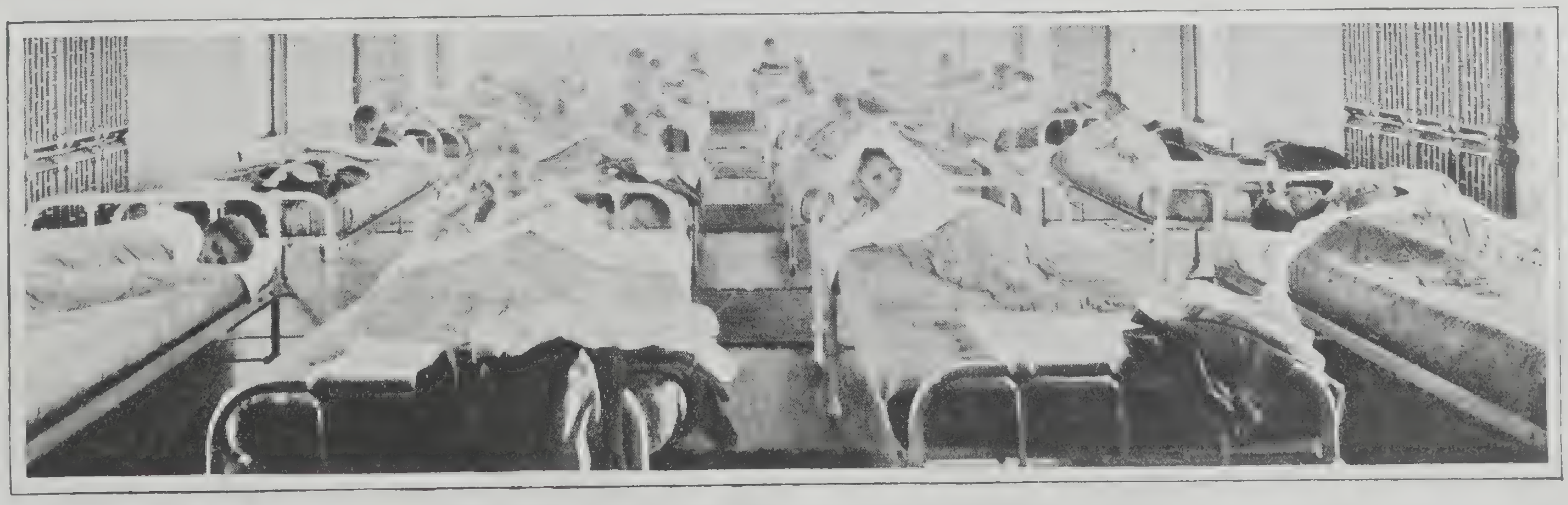
One cannot help noticing the perfect order in which the buildings are kept, and the work is mostly done by the boys.

I was particularly impressed with the condition of the furniture and the walls—not a scratch nor a mar could be noticed anywhere, and when you understand that Newton Hall has thirty-one boys, six to twelve years of age, you who have one or two real live youngsters in your homes will marvel when I tell you that Newton Hall is free from any signs of "wear and tear," such as one would naturally expect to find.

There is an atmosphere of refinement and culture everywhere, and not only does Mr. Starr give much attention to the boys' manners, but their taste for art and music and literature is being daily cultivated by bringing them in contact with nothing but the best.

Their library contains only standard and accepted works of the best authors. The pictures on the walls of the different buildings are either the originals of noted painters or reproductions of the world's masterpieces. The phonograph records and the rolls for the electric player, which is attached to their Baby Grand, are all classics.

(Concluded on page 15)



Individual beds, plenty of fresh air, no pillows, are the principal features of the dormitories.

Shall the Youth of America Be Exploited?

Concluded from page 10

what would have been done with the 700,000 American boys and girls in the farm clubs of this country if Mr. Guard and Mr. Sapiro had had their way about it.

But, neither Mr. Guard nor Mr. Sapiro were able to carry out their plans with the American Farm Bureau Federation, or the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work.

So, Mr. Guard went over to Mr. Julius Rosenwald, president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, a mail-order house in Chicago.

It is not of record that Mr. Rosenwald was or is particularly interested in the welfare of the boys and girls of America. But when it was pointed out to him that here was an opportunity to obtain and train as permanent customers of Sears, Roebuck and Company nearly three-quarters of a million of young Americans, who soon would be full-grown Americans, his interest was aroused.

The result of this was the establishment of the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation, with Mr. Samuel R. Guard as director.

Mr. Noble Says "No"

ONCE again, it was "rule or ruin." The Jews had learned they could not rule the American Farm Bureau Federation and the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work, and were determined to ruin both. In December, 1923, shortly after Mr. Guard took the idea to Mr. Rosenwald, a representative of the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation appeared before the committee on boys' and girls' club work and offered to pay all the expenses of the boys' and girls' club work—now borne by subscription among the "packers and publishers and other interests" above mentioned by Mr. Guard. The only return wanted for this financing was "complete control and direction of all the boys' and girls' clubs in America." The expenses of the committee amount to rather more than $40,000 a year, and Mr. Noble was informed that not only would this be paid, but that "no reasonable limit would be set on the funds expended to do the work."

That is to say, the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation endeavored to *buy* the organization of boys' and girls' clubs of these United States, an organization at whose head stands the President of the United States, and divert it to its own uses and to the uses of the ring which is now around the neck of the American farmer.

But once more Mr. Noble said "No," and the Sears, Roebuck representative went back. If Mr. Guard's memory is faulty as to this attempted transaction, he would do well to remember his own whereabouts on the day on which this offer was made.

Taking this refusal as final, however, the Sears, Roebuck Foundation set out, and, on March 13, 1924, a letter was sent to every member of the American Farm Bureau Federation and to every boy and girl in the Boys' and Girls' Farm Clubs of this country. This letter was written on the stationery of the foundation, and signed by Samuel R. Guard as director. In this letter, which is here made public for the first time, Mr. Guard said:

> "A little more than three months ago, I resigned as publicity director for the American Farm Bureau Federation and came here to organize a Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation. My instructions are to erect an organization which will render a real service to American agriculture. If we can measure up to this challenge, *there is no reasonable limit to the funds available for this purpose.*
>
> "Our research division is functioning preliminarily in correlating and interpreting basic agricultural data, *particularly such as bears upon the marketing problem.*
>
> "Our radio division is now building a radio broadcasting station on the roof of our Chicago store. Ours will be a 500-watt station with a wave length of 448 meters . . . . and we hope to perfect the best exclusively agricultural broadcasting station in America.
>
> "The next division to begin work will be the boys' and girls' club work. Here, we intend to enter the field as an organizing factor *to demonstrate what we believe to be the proper plan for organizing the junior farmers of America under a complete program for making farming a satisfactory life.* In addition to financial aid to counties which accept our plan of organization, we shall also offer individual prizes to boy and girl club members.
>
> "In addition to these, we have plans for five other divisions, though I prefer not to explain them until we have been able to organize them for work."

All these departments to which Mr. Guard refers in this interesting document—which, by the way, was not intended for publication—have been established. The research department is rendering favorable reports on the Sapiro Plan of Co-operative Marketing; the radio division has its plant working, broadcasting the propaganda of the Sapiro Plan, and *selling thousands of radio receiving sets for Sears, Roebuck;* while hundreds of cash and other prizes have been offered to boys and girls who will desert the already established clubs and join the Sears, Roebuck clubs, for their work and production from the farm.

It was announced at the time that Mr. Guard joined the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation that Mr. Julius Rosenwald had put up half a million dollars for the work of the foundation. To the best of the writer's information and belief, less than $100,000 has been so put up, and it is more than probable that *the profits on the radio receiving sets now being sold to the boys and girls of this country through the advertising given by the Sears, Roebuck station will return this sum in profit within the present year.*

In other words, the establishment of the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation was a good thing for the philanthropic Mr. Rosenwald, a good thing for Mr. Sapiro and his backers in the scheme to exploit American agriculture, and a good thing for Mr. Guard. It has not been of any benefit to the American boys and girls, and still less to their parents down on the farm. That, however, was to be expected. What we need to remember is, not that Mr. Rosenwald is profiting nor that Mr. Sapiro has found a new method of disseminating his fatuous plan of co-operative marketing, nor that Mr. Guard has a job.

> What we must remember is that here is a distinct, announced, well-financed effort to discredit and destroy two important, necessary and successful American institutions—the American Farm Bureau Federation, and the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work. We must remember that this effort is being made, not by other Americans because they think they have better methods of doing this work than have these American organizations, but by men of alien derivation to whom this country has been a haven of refuge; who have found in these United States a tolerance of their methods and a protection for their lives such as has been given them by no other nation on earth. The reason for this attack on two well-established American institutions is twofold: First, to make money for the individual Jew; and, second, to increase the grip of the national and international Jewish organizations on the farmers of America. These are the things to remember.

The Lure of Financial Aid

IN THE effort to establish the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation by the destruction of the American Farm Bureau Federation, and the Sears, Roebuck Junior Farm Bureaus by the elimination of the present Boys' and Girls' Farm Clubs, *the lure of the financial aid was dangled in front of the agricultural departments of every state, and before the eyes of the officials of all our state universities,* since it is in part through these universities that the National Committee on Boys' and Girls' Club Work has been able to function so successfully.

Up to June 30, 1924, only one state had accepted the Sears, Roebuck offer, insofar as the writer has been able to learn. This state was Arizona, and the University of Arizona, at Tucson, was the medium through which the plan was put into effect. To the press of Arizona was sent publicity as follows:

> "A full school year's expenses to the best club boy and also the best club girl in this state is the offer of the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation, as announced by S. R. Guard, its director, and B. H. Darrow, in charge of boys' and girls' work. As part of our program for the boys and girls of the nation, we wish to help some of the most alert and ambitious ones to prepare themselves for the leadership of the rural America of tomorrow.
>
> "We can conceive of no better way to do this than by helping the best 4-H club boy and girl in each state to get a college education. Accordingly, *we are offering every state extension leader these scholarships,* to be awarded by judges appointed by him, in counsel with a preceptor of scholarships appointed by the Foundation.
>
> "Inquiries may be addressed to the assistant state leader, A. B. Ballantyne, University of Arizona, Tucson, Ariz.; or to B. H. Darrow, boys' and girls' work department of the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation, Chicago, Illinois."

Throughout this discussion, and especially with reference to the effort to inject this private venture into the state universities of this country, it should be remembered that the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation *is a part of the advertising department of the* Sears, Roebuck and Company, and that *its expenses are charged to the account of that advertising department.*

These expenses are not charged to charity, nor to Mr. Julius Rosenwald's private account, but to advertising, because it is in the shape of advertising that Mr. Julius Rosenwald expects to get his money back.

Some Questions

TO THIS end, the monopolization of the farm radio broadcasting field by the Sears, Roebuck station in Chicago has been made an accomplished fact.

Except for this advertising scheme, it may not be clear just why a private merchandising establishment—which Sears, Roebuck and Company is—should be interested in the establishment of an agricultural foundation. Following this line of thought, it might be well for the American farmer, approached by one of the Gentile agents of this Jewish scheme, to ask a few questions. He might, for example, ask:

If the Sears, Roebuck Foundation duplicates the activities of the already established, government-supported farm organizations, what is its value, and if it does not duplicate them, what new service does it offer the American farmer?

Does the Sears, Roebuck Agricultural Foundation seek to substitute itself for existing state and national organizations of similar characters?

Why should a private corporation, such as Sears, Roebuck, add to its expenses those of such a foundation, unless it expects a return from such investment, and, what return does it expect?

How does Mr. Rosenwald, or the advertising department of Sears, Roebuck and Company, account, in its income tax statement, for funds so expended, and if it deducts such sum—placed by Mr. Guard at $500,000—does not the farmer ultimately have to make up this tax-loss to the Federal government?

Whence, and from whom, came the "demand" which Mr. Rosenwald, through Mr. Guard, declares influenced him to establish this foundation? Was it from the farmer, or from the Sapiro agents who have led so many farmers to disaster through their acceptance of the Sapiro Plan?

If anyone can persuade Mr. Rosenwald, Mr. Sapiro or Mr. Guard to answer these questions logically, and honestly, he will have conferred a definite favor on the agricultural industry of America.

Under the Flag of Black-and-White

—By D. LANGE

SHEEGAWK, the skunk, leads the life of a contented philosopher. He takes good and evil as it comes to him, and is not afraid of either man or beast.

He has three reasons for never running away from an enemy. He is not a good runner, he knows that most of his possible enemies are afraid of him, and his defensive smell-gun is always loaded and never misses fire.

Young skunks make interesting pets.

If either by design or by accident, sheegawk should enter your tent or camp, it is best to be polite to him and not press his departure too urgently. Being a philosopher, he loves deliberation, and dislikes to be hurried.

A skunk, who lived near a group of camps one summer, had entered my friend's kitchen by a hole made through the cheesecloth wall. My friend's wife, when she discovered the skunk, went calling on a neighbor and sent word to John that there was a visitor in the kitchen who wanted to see him.

John and I found the visitor in the kitchen as reported, where he was busy making a meal of some fresh fish lying on the floor.

"Get out of here!" said John, as he gently opened the door. Sheegawk turned his gun end toward us and raised his black-and-white flag. As neither the kitchen nor the visitor belonged to me, I felt justified in stepping behind John.

John did not advance any farther, but repeated his invitation: "You get out of here!"

Sheegawk took a good look at us, but did not seem to remember how he had entered the kitchen. However, when he had become convinced that we were not going to get rough, he began to look in earnest for the exit; and in a few minutes he slipped out of the hole through which he had entered, leaving no trace of his presence.

On a fine afternoon the same summer, I was sitting on a chair in front of my tent reading. My attention was attracted by a rustling in the leaves, and I saw sheegawk coming slowly toward me.

I closed my book and watched him. His tail almost touched my feet. He stopped and looked at me, and I looked at him. After scrutinizing me a moment, he decided that I was a safe and friendly neighbor, and he went on nosing for worms and grubs in the dead forest leaves.

I knew that sheegawk lived and foraged near my tent, and I took the precaution never to leave any food in my tent, but always hung it up in a tree, and thus we passed the summer as peaceful and friendly neighbors.

Skunks are, generally speaking, useful animals that live on insects, grubs and other small creatures, but they will eat birds and eggs, if they happen to find them. Every spring they dig out and eat thousands of turtle eggs.

The scent-glands are not developed in young skunks, and they make interesting and very affectionate pets.

Beats Women Rivals With Women's Votes

F. M. Wingate, Octogenarian, Believes That It Is Never Too Late to Win

By HARRY H. DUNN

"IF YOU want to defeat women candidates for office at the polls, appeal to the women's vote." This is the discovery of an eighty-four-year-old successful candidate for office in Mississippi, who by this method defeated not one, but two, lady rivals for the same office in the 1923 elections.

He is Captain F. M. Wingate, born eighty-four years ago in Covington County, Mississippi, and discharged from the Western Army of the Confederacy in 1864, with the rank of captain on the staff of Brigadier-General Scott. When he volunteered in the Twelfth Louisiana Regiment, at the beginning of the Civil War, Mr. Wingate was a school teacher, twenty years old. But of all his experiences as a school teacher in the little log schoolhouses of the backwoods of Mississippi, none equaled that of his campaign for court clerk and registrar and notary public in Montgomery County, with its population of less than 10,000. This campaign centered in the city of Winona, where live some 3,500 persons, and where politics—as, in fact, throughout Mississippi—is one of the businesses of life.

Captain Wingate waited until he was eighty-three years old before he "calculated" that he had had enough experience to warrant his going before the people with a request for public office. When he did so, in 1923, he found arrayed against him two prominent women of the community and one man. "I knew I could beat the man," said Captain Wingate to me the other day, "but women are always dangerous rivals, either in business or in politics. So I put some study on defeating these two ladies. First, I thought of retiring from the contest; then I figured some more and the total of my reckoning was that if I did that, I would merely give another man a chance, so I decided I might as well be the man, if a man could be elected.

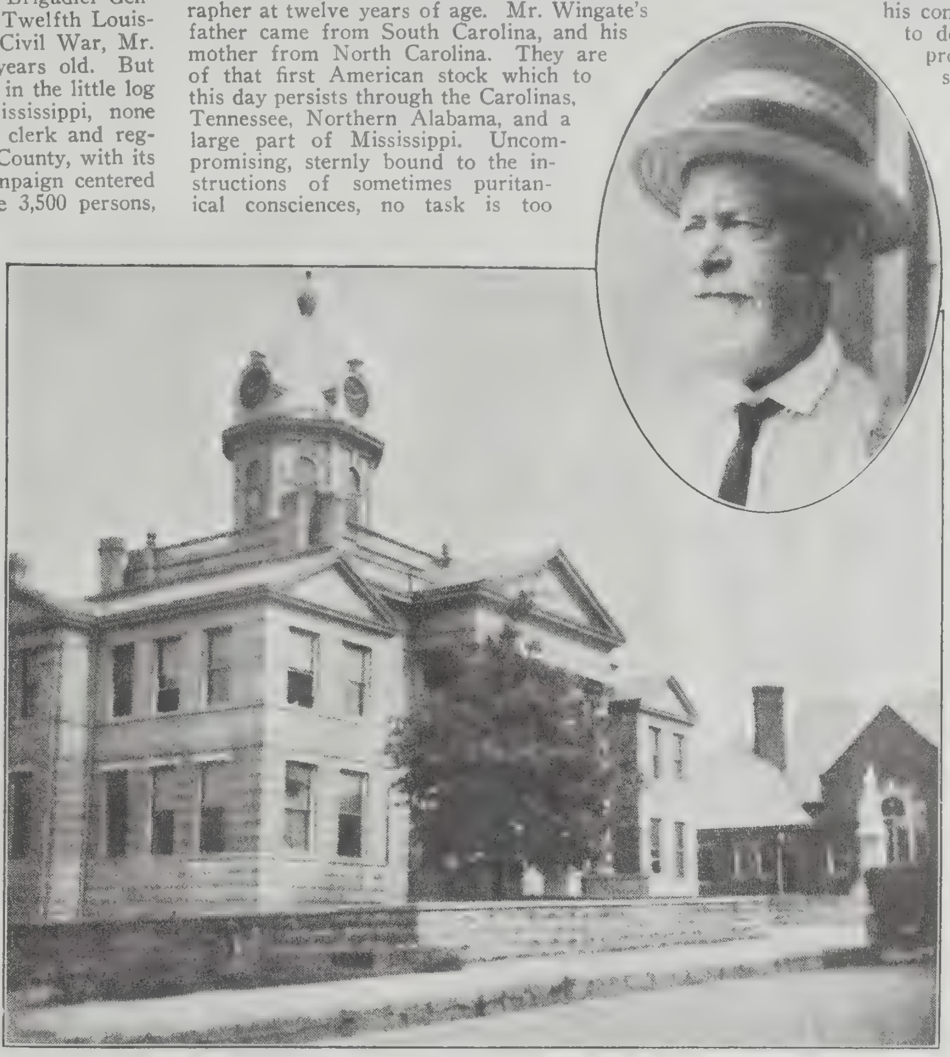
"Old Colonel Scott, before he became a general, used to say, 'If you want to defeat your enemy, organize him,' so I thought I would apply this to my lady opponents, and see if I couldn't organize the voters of their sex. Following this plan, I visited at least eighty per cent of the homes in Montgomery County. While I talked to the men, and asked them for their votes, it was the ladies of the homes to whom I gave the most attention. I organized them into a Wingate party, on the basis that if an old soldier had fought for the ladies of the country, as well as for the country in which the ladies lived, it was only fair return that the ladies should vote for him."

That the eighty-three-year-old Captain Wingate had not forgotten the southern gallantry which marked the young captain of sixty years ago in the Louisiana Volunteers is attested by the fact that he was elected at the first primary in which a candidate, to be victorious, must obtain a majority of all the votes cast, or go into the second primary. In this case, there was no need for a second primary. Even had there been such a need, the second primary would have been a greater victory for the veteran than was the first, because one of his lady rivals, immediately following the first primary, retired, calling upon all those who had voted for her to cast their votes for the captain, if a second primary should be needed.

Then Captain Wingate, not to be outdone by either the lady candidate or the lady voters, made another tour, thanking both of them for the office which had come to him long after he had passed the supposed limit of threescore and ten. "Another factor which helped to elect me," he said, "was that I taught school in Mississippi for a quarter of a century, and all the boys and girls who went to school to me, and thereafter remained in this county, voted for me. I have tried to keep in touch with the majority of them through all the years, and when they saw my name on the ballot they voted for me. Friendship is mighty strong in the South, and memory one of the most binding of ties."

When, in the spring of 1856, at the age of sixteen, he obtained the right to teach in Mississippi—young Wingate moved from Covington County over into Choctaw County, where, after the war, he married. The bride was Miss Fannie Colton, a cousin of Admiral George Dewey. The founder of this branch of the Colton family in America was George Colton, a quartermaster in the colonial troops in the Revolutionary War. The first of their children was born in Choctaw County. Montgomery County was then carved out of Choctaw, taking with it the home of the Wingates, and in this county the second baby was born. Thereafter, Carroll County was taken out of Montgomery County, carrying with it the home of the family, and the third baby was born in Carroll County.

These three boys are now prominent in the business life of Mississippi, where they have lived all their lives, as has their father, except for the period in which he was fighting with the Western Army of the Confederacy. One of them is an official of a railroad; one is cashier in a bank, and the third is a leading automobile dealer of the Magnolia State. The one who is now the banker was the youngest telegraph operator in the world, having held a position as railroad telegrapher at twelve years of age. Mr. Wingate's father came from South Carolina, and his mother from North Carolina. They are of that first American stock which to this day persists through the Carolinas, Tennessee, Northern Alabama, and a large part of Mississippi. Uncompromising, sternly bound to the instructions of sometimes puritanical consciences, no task is too great, no obstacle too difficult, no line of life too hard to follow, if these original Americans know that they are in the right.



Above—F. M. WINGATE, 84-year-old Confederate veteran, who, in his 83d year, defeated two women at the election for clerk of the circuit court, registrar of voters and notary public, of Montgomery County, Mississippi. He defeated his two feminine opponents by winning the votes of the women of the county. Below—Courthouse at Winona, Montgomery County, Mississippi, in which the veteran of the Western Army of the Confederacy still holds the fort which he won with his election to three public offices.

In the midst of the turmoil of the Civil War, Captain Wingate entered Masonry, having been initiated into Cooper Lodge No. 225, Smith County, Mississippi, in August, 1863. He has not returned to attend a meeting of that lodge for sixty years, but in the interim he has passed through a number of degrees, served as an official of the order, and has organized six lodges, becoming Master of each one of them in turn. Like most of the other undertakings in which he has engaged, Masonry has become a matter of deep and serious study to the veteran of the Western Army, and his connection with the order has had no little to do with the fact that Captain Wingate probably is better known, and known personally to more people, in Mississippi, than any other man who has never before held public office in the state.

The octogenarian court clerk, registrar and notary public carries all the work of his office on his own shoulders. He has no assistant, keeps all his records in the copperplate longhand writing of half a century or more ago; attends to all the correspondence of the superior court of the county in the same form of writing, though he uses a typewriter with speed and skill. "Seems to me," he says, "that you cannot keep friends with the people if you write with a typewriter to them, for then your letters are merely business; there is no human touch to them. I need my typewriter for business letters, sometimes, but I find the old pen is best for making and keeping friends."

In the days prior to the Civil War, Captain Wingate's father kept fine horses, as did almost every other plantation owner in the Old South, and the young son of the Wingate household was famous as a rider at every fox hunt and matched race in the state. With clear, keen memory Captain Wingate can tell of riding twenty-five miles to take part in a fox hunt and then riding all day on the trail of the fox; he recalls the men and women, whom, as boys and girls, he taught in his more than a quarter of a century behind the battered desks of Mississippi schoolhouses, and can tell where scores of them are, what they have done with their lives and how they are prospering.

"I have always kept my head cool and my feet warm. I have taken life easy mentally, though not always physically. I have let every day bring on its own joys or troubles, and I have eliminated, as much as possible, the useless striving after the things which are of no final value in life," he said to me, as we stood beneath the pillared entrance to the Montgomery County courthouse at Winona—"and that is why I am able to keep up the work of court clerk at eighty-four."

"There Is No Such Thing as a Bad Boy"

Concluded from page 13

At the Sunday morning meeting, which I attended in the school auditorium, the following piano selections were rendered: "Scherzo" by Chopin, "Rigoletto" by Liszt, "La Campannella" by Liszt.

Some time ago a lady with a musical education was visiting the Commonwealth and she excitedly exclaimed to Mr. Starr, "Where in the world did you get such and such a boy? He must have come from a very refined family, for I just heard him whistling a selection from Pagliacci."

Mr. Starr replied, "He may have come from a refined family, but all I know of him is that he was a waif on the streets of Detroit, and no one knows anything about his parents, his real name, or even his age. We had to give him a birthday."

"But where has he ever heard such classical music?"

"That is the only kind that any of our boys ever hear," was Mr. Starr's reply.

A boy from a well-to-do home had spent two and a half years at the Commonwealth. The lad had an unusually good voice, and Mr. Starr had arranged for him to take vocal culture under the direction of a very good instructor at Albion. Just before the boy was to return to his home, a recital was arranged and his parents were invited to be present. The young man appeared in full dress, and he made a wonderful impression upon the audience as he rendered, "Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone."

After the recital, the mother of the boy took Mr. Starr by the hand and said, as she crowded back the tears, "I was thinking, while Francis was singing, how true it was that you had taken from us our lad who had given us so much trouble, and now you return to us in his place a perfect man that I am so proud of."

All the boys are taught to work as well as to study constructively. Their work is planned with the view of giving them the correct physical development. Their school hours are the same as the public schools, and their course of study about the same. They get their first year of high school work at the Commonwealth, and are then sent to the Albion High School, and afterward given a college education if they remain with the Commonwealth and are desirous of a higher education. And it now looks as though every boy will want a college education.

The boys are permitted to earn money for themselves and they are adopting many ways of doing it. Some help nearby farmers, some trap, others make bird houses and furniture in their manual training department

The money they earn in this way, or any money that is sent to them by their relatives or friends, is kept in a separate account and they check against it whenever they want any amount from five cents up.

This account would not be complete without telling of a most remarkable record that the Commonwealth had up to the time of my visit—it had never been necessary to have a physician visit them. On a few occasions boys have been taken to Albion to the doctor's office, but they have never had a serious illness of any kind. A most phenomenal record, the secret of which is outdoor exercise, plenty of fresh air in the dormitories, wholesome food and proper eating.

If Mr. Starr has found the answer to one of our greatest economic problems (and there seems to be no doubt about it), then the results that he has obtained during his few years of experience should furnish a working basis for a similar commonwealth in every state of the Union.

His work will continue to grow and expand in Michigan until there will be room in one of the Starr Commonwealth homes for every boy who needs its guiding spirit and influence. And thus the penal institutions will be robbed of that damaging influence that too often is the means of pushing the boy farther on down the hill instead of giving him a place in the world as an honorable citizen.

BRIEFLY TOLD

With the completion of the new transcontinental road in Africa, from Buta, in the Belgian Congo, to Mongalla, in the Sudan, a person will be able to cross Africa in a little more than three weeks.

Since becoming President, Mr. Coolidge has done less traveling than any of his predecessors. Ex-President William Taft was the most traveled, having journeyed 114,558 miles during his term.

In the days of the Roman Empire, criminals were punished by drowning, and the Anglo-Saxon codes condemned women thieves to be drowned. While this form of punishment soon became obsolete it survived in Scotland until 1685 (the year of the drowning of the Wigtown martyrs), and in France was employed as late as 1793.

Bottles containing specimens of 2,800 different sands have been collected by a scientific institute in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Crabtree, of Dubuque, Iowa, are of different political faiths, so compromised by christening their infant son Calvin Woodrow. The boy thus labeled is too young to express his idea as to whether he is honored or not.

The sacred camels of Turkey which set off every year to Mecca laden with rich gifts carry their treasures very haughtily as they are relieved from any ordinary duties.

Excitement is running high in the little fruit town of Peachland, British Columbia. Indians reached Peachland with nearly one hundred dollars in placer gold, and since then parties of aborigines have left for the interior to return with well-filled pouches, but absolutely noncommittal as to the source of their wealth.

Farms absorb three-sevenths of all the steel and iron made.

Tammany is derived from Tamanend, an ancient Indian chief of noble quality. In the Revolutionary War Pennsylvania troops established him as the Patron Saint of America, under the name of St. Tamany.

"Visited a machine at Doctr Franklins (called a Mangle) for pressing, in place of Ironing, clothes from the wash—Which Machine from the facility with which it despatches business is well calculated for Table cloths & such articles as have not pleats & irregular foldings and would be very useful in all large families."—*George Washington's Diary,* Sept. 3, 1787.

The Turkish Government proposes to amend the marriage laws so as to allow only a second wife in exceptional cases; in all other cases polygamy would be considered a crime.

Twenty miles of sewing thread may be used in the making of a fur coat.

The official grave digger of Alken, Germany, has resigned his position because thirteen months have passed without a death in that city. He wrote to the city council declining to accept his salary when there was no work to be done.

In the Chinese language there are forty-thousand written characters which differ from each other.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

A serious condition is reported from the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and in sections of the state of Vera Cruz, owing to the appearance of a plague of grasshoppers. Several collisions on the railways in that area have been due to the insects, and the Department of Agriculture has sent out tanks filled with crude petroleum to halt the advance of the grasshopper army.

The United States produces about thirty-five per cent of the world's production of tobacco, which amounts to 4,000,000,000 pounds. Europe absorbs more than eighty-five per cent of the exports from this country.

According to old records, coal was worked in Scotland for the first time in the year 1200, but was not actually mined until 1243. It was not popular for household use, however, until 1591, when the use of chimneys began to increase.

A New York stamp collector has just negotiated for the purchase of two twelve-cent Canadian stamps at a cost of $4,000. The stamps are of the first Canadian issue, and the fact that they are attached, having been taken from the lower left-hand corner of the sheet, and show the printing margin, greatly enhances their value. Only one other set of these stamps is in existence.

The weather man is right eighty-eight times out of every one hundred of his predictions about the weather and temperature. This is claimed by James H. Scarr who has been in charge of New York City's weather bureau for fifteen years. He bases his claim on the forecast of his territory during that time.

The San Gabriel Dam, which will be America's largest dam when completed, will cost $25 000,000 dollars. It will be the first in a program of twelve which the county of Los Angeles will erect to prevent floods and conserve the water in that region.

Since the beginning of the year there have been forty-one thousand criminal cases involving the violation of the prohibition law. Thirty-five, thousand of these have been convicted.

Motion pictures can be made at the rate of twenty-five thousand a second by means of a new apparatus advertised by a subdirector of the Institute Marcy in Paris. The highest speed used in ordinary motion pictures is three hundred a second.

In 1923 the wheat output of this country was 781,737,000 bushels while in 1850 it was only 100,000,000 bushels. The greatest production of 967,979,000 bushels occurred in 1919, due to the pressure of war.

The famous Dogali monument, which was erected in Rome in honor of the first 500 Italian soldiers killed in the battle of Dogali during the Abyssinian War, is to be removed to another part of the city to make way for a street car line. The monument is a slender Egyptian obelisk, and has been admired by tourists for many years.

Eleven major forest fires were blazing in California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington at one time during the first of August. They were supposed to be caused by lightning, and the largest blaze was said to be in the Chelan national forest where more than 600 acres of virgin timber burned.

The Sibylline books were a set of oracular writings which contained the history of the Roman State. They were burned in 404 and 408 A. D. An air of mystery has surrounded them because they were only consulted by members of the senate on special occasions, and whether they contained directions received from the gods or only predictions will always be a matter of conjecture.

The first volume of a revised dictionary of the French language has recently been finished by the French Academy. The volume which contains the letters from A to H has taken forty-six years to complete, having been started in 1878. If an equal amount of time is required to complete the remaining seventeen letters it will take a century to finish the work.

The highest salary ever paid to any French actress, recorded in Paris, was received by Sarah Bernhardt, before the war, when she was paid 10,000 francs, then $2,000, for each of three performances.

The most disastrous earthquake on record occurred in China in 1556, when 830,000 persons were killed.

If an express train traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour were flung into the air it would reach the nearest star after seventy-five million years of continuous flight, with no stoppage or slowing down. This star is 276,000 times the distance that separates us from the sun, or twenty-five billion times from here.—*Dreams of an Astronomer,* by Camille Flammarion.

The cost of living in the United States is 61.7 per cent higher than it was in 1914, and rents are 85 per cent higher than they were at that date.

Despite the restrictive immigration law under which only 357,000 immigrants, theoretically, were to be received into the United States during the fiscal year just ended, the number of immigrants actually admitted to the country was 670,587. This excess is due to some extent to the fact that there are no quota limitations for Canada, Mexico, and Central or South America.

A first issue of the first edition of Dickens' "Pickwick" was sold in London for $7,000. A first of Gray's "Elegy," printed in 1751, sold for $7,750.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

What's in a Name—Sweetening the Rose

Change of Name Only Justified When for an Honest Purpose

But It Is Permitted and Practiced for Purposes of Deception

By C. C. DANIELS

Of the New York Bar

THE poet has said "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but there are people who do not agree with the statement. Aliases are not confined to the underworld. Many believe that there is commercial, social and political value in names, and the filching of good names goes on in various strata of society. It is said in the Bible—"a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," but there are perverted individuals who think they can buy good names and thereby increase their riches, acquire credit and secure for themselves position and influence that would be difficult, if not impossible, if they retained the names that they were endowed with at birth and are legally and morally entitled to use.

The "shrewd" and unscrupulous seek to get "something for nothing," and substitute sharp practice for service, endeavoring to "reap where they have not sown." To such nothing is sacred; "all is grist that comes to their mill"; the only question with them is can they "put it over" and "get away with it." The sacrifices of life and the expenditure of effort and energy for the good of others; the devotion of the unselfish ones to science, art and humanity, by which the race is made better and happiness more broadly diffused, speak to the self-seeking appropriator of the product of the brain and heart of others only in the language of the market place; they see only the opportunity to capitalize results and cash in either in money or vanity.

The slick ones are the spiritual reincarnation of Simon the sorcerer, who sought to buy from Christ the power to perform miracles, so that he could make money out of the exercise of this power.

The pages of history contain many names that carry their messages of integrity, patriotism and service to their fellowmen. These names belong not alone to the descendants of those who made them illustrious, but to the world, and they inspire coming generations to greater efforts and higher ideals.

Famous Men Change Names

AN INTERESTING case came up in the New York Court of Appeals in which the right to change a name was involved. (Smith vs. U. S. Casualty Co., 197 N. Y. Rep. 420.) The action was to determine liability on an accident insurance policy, the insured having given his name as the one to which he had changed it without court action, instead of the name received from his father. The court said: "The question presented by this appeal is whether at common law a man can change his name in *good faith* and for an *honest purpose,* by adopting a new one." A change of name by proceedings under the statute was not involved.

In discussing the question the court emphasized the statement that the change of name was "in good faith and for an honest purpose," and among other things said: "As the common law rests so largely upon the customs of the people, it is often necessary to search the history of remote periods both in England and in this country to learn its full scope and meaning. While the legal name of a person now consists of a given name, or one given by his parents, or a surname or one descending from them, history shows that this was not always the case. History of literature and art furnishes many examples of men who abandoned the name of their youth and chose the one made illustrious by their writings or paintings."

Rembrandt had the surname Gerretz, but the son, when his tastes broadened and his hand gained in cunning, changed it to Van Ryn.

A predecessor of Honoré de Balzac was born a Guez, which means beggar, and grew to manhood under that name. When he became conscious of his powers as a writer he selected the surname Balzac. The name afterward became famous.

Voltaire, Molière, Dante, Richelieu and Erasmus were assumed names.

General Grant's baptismal name was Hiram Ulysses, and he bore that name until he was appointed a cadet at West Point as Ulysses Simpson Grant. He entered the military school as U. S. Grant, after which he was known as U. S. Grant.

President Cleveland had the baptismal name of Stephen G. Cleveland. Afterward he omitted the name Stephen and was known throughout his distinguished career as Grover Cleveland.

The Encyclopedia and Law of Procedure says: "It is a custom for persons to bear the surname of their parents, but it is not obligatory. A man may lawfully change his name without resorting to legal proceedings, and for all purposes the name thus assumed will constitute his legal name just as much as if he had borne it from birth."

The American and English Encyclopedia of Law says: "At common law a man may lawfully change his name, or by general usage or habit acquire another name than that originally taken by him, and this without the intervention of either the Sovereign, the Court or Parliament; and the common law, unless changed by statute, of course, obtains in the United States."

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania says: "That a statute providing for change of name is simply an affirmance and aid of the common law; that it does not repeal the common law by implication or otherwise, but gives an additional method of effecting a change of name. In one respect, however, the statute may limit the common law right, in that it provides that on and after the day specified in the order of the court for the change to take effect, the applicant shall be known by the name which is thereby authorized to be assumed, and by no other name. It may well be, therefore, that after a man has acquired a name by judicial decree, he cannot acquire another without resorting to the courts."

This may possibly account for the persistent objection of those who often change their names, to a law making it obligatory to apply to the courts for change of name, since they might be bound by judicial action and could not thereafter legally go by more than one name.

It is a violation of the law fraudulently to misrepresent the character, quality or quantity of property which is the basis upon which stocks are issued and bonds sold for the purpose of deceiving investors—and the public endorses such laws.

If one desires to do business under a trade name or as a special partner, the law requires him to register that fact with the proper officer, if he is to secure benefits and escape liabilities provided for by the statute.

The list of the incorporators, directors and officers is usually required to be filed with the names of officers. It is well-nigh impossible, however, to ascertain *the owners of the stock that actually control corporations.* Many of the corporations that have names that sound like "100 per cent American" corporations are owned and controlled by those whose Americanism is only a business asset, expressed in broken English. The report of the Alien Property Custodian of the corporations taken over during the war makes this clear. It is doubtful if fifteen per cent of the real estate in New York City is owned or controlled by people who themselves or their forbears have resided in America two generations. Most of it is held in the name of corporations, and those who control these corporations have invested only a small portion of the value of the property for which they collect the rent. Their names read like the roster of the Anti-Defamation Society, but they know how to collect rents large enough to pay interest on all mortgages and other carrying charges, and leave a neat profit for themselves. If a slump comes, the insurance companies and those who purchase the securities can take the loss. Those who collect the rents are like Artemus Ward who, in speaking of the War of 1860 said that he was perfectly willing to "sacrifice all his wife's relations."

Lodges and Cabots

THE law protects trade names and trade-marks from infringement and appropriation by those who would steal the business of others. But the law makes no effort to protect honored personal names from being appropriated and exploited. Names that have become synonyms for honor and business integrity may be appropriated and exploited and the public deceived with impunity. If the name of a washing powder, a cigaret or a shoe polish is appropriated, the whole machinery of the courts is set in motion to protect "property rights," and the ever handy and overworked "injunction" dynamite bomb is thrown with judicial precision.

The larceny of a name, the appropriation of the reputation of a family built up by generations of service and sacrifice, may be accomplished without attracting so much as a shrug of the judicial shoulder; you can "get away" with this sort of larceny without fear of results; Simon the sorcerer is permitted to perform this sort of miracle and collect "all the traffic will bear."

In the *Saturday Evening Post* of March 29, 1924, appears an article by James Kerney, giving "Last Talks With Woodrow Wilson," in which he says that Mr. Wilson got a lot of fun out of repeating the revised version of the old Massachusetts limerick about where the "Lodges speak only to Cabots and the Cabots speak only to God." Mr. Wilson is credited with saying: "You recall how that family of Kabotskis in Philadelphia tried to change the name to Cabot, and how the Cabots went to court for an injunction, and so the limerick had to be made over," and with a twinkle in his eye repeated the revision:

> "Here's to Massachusetts,
> The land of the bean and the cod,
> Where the Lodges can't speak to the Cabots
> Because the Cabots speak Yiddish, begob."

No legal steps are necessary to change a name; the law is not violated by discarding the name by which the family has been known for generations, but, unless there is some unusual reason to the contrary, people whose forbears have lived such lives as to gain the respect and esteem of their fellows usually retain the names acquired at birth. Sometimes, however, persons prefer their mother's name to that of the father, and that accounts for change of name in a few cases. But often the motive back of a change of name is deception and financial advantage.

Those of the race who most often change their names, or go under two names, grow indignant when any suggestion is made that they are wanting in pride of race. A man who spent a great deal of time in Russia and China, during and immediately after the war, says that good old American names like Gordon and Marshall were the names borne by Russian Jews who could scarcely speak a word of English, and whose real names exhausted the alphabet. They had, however, spent enough time in America to be judicially declared American citizens, assume honored names, and go back across the water with the American flag wrapped around them and pose as representatives of "the land of the free and the home of the brave." One reason for the unpopularity of Americans abroad is that so large a proportion of "Americans" usurp the name.

The Shame of Race

IT WOULD be interesting to ascertain how much of the work of our diplomatic representatives in the "uttermost parts of the earth" is devoted to protecting the interests of "American" citizens whose names, like their citizenship, were acquired for purposes of trade.

An even more interesting inquiry would be to learn the number of old American names that have been appropriated and used for business purposes in this country. When one considers how few American names there are on the stores and places of business in the great cities, the natural inference is that those few represent native American stock, but when one ascertains that Mr. Worth was born Goldstein, that Mr. Scott was born Isaacs, and Mr. Harris was born Cohen, one is in doubt whether to condemn this essential shame of race or commend the new taste in American names. In any case the result is confusing and often intentionally deceptive.

An incident illustrating the fact that certain organizations are more or less governed by the names which people bear, and assume that all with names that sound Jewish are a part of their organization ready to contribute to maintain the solidarity of the race, was that of a man who had a name that sounded like a typical Jewish name. An appeal for funds by one of the Jewish societies was made to him by letter. He replied that he was not a Jew but an American of old American stock, and a Presbyterian, but that if the society would write Mr. Columbus Smith of that town, it could doubtless get a liberal contribution, as he was the leading Jew of that section.

A friend who was in the "oil game" told me that he had dealings by mail and wire of long duration with one who went by the name of (we will say) Pat McKenzie, and he, of course, expected to see either a canny Scotchman or a two-fisted Irishman. One day Pat came in his office and he proved to be an undersized Jew, wearing a plug hat and speaking broken English—and he said in substance, "You didn't expect to see a Jew, did you? I thought I could do better business if I took a name that did not show my race, but which made people think I was either Scotch or Irish."

If a name has commercial value, why may it not be appropriated? If the only thing in life worth having is that which is represented by money and business, why should not the Lodges learn to speak Yiddish, so that when the Kabotskis by court decree Americanize their names into Cabot, they may converse together and discuss the achievements of the old families of New England?

Frances E. Willard School, a Mother's Shrine

A Woman Who Stands Among the Immortals

By FRED L. HOLMES

ONLY one woman's statue stands in the crowded hall of immortals at the National Capitol. More than a thousand miles away in the rich, alluvial Rock River valley of the Upper Mississippi basin, the schoolhouse which she attended as a child has been transformed recently into a shrine. In a thousand cities and villages over the land her picture hangs on the walls of homes and women's club rooms.

Fifty years ago this autumn, Frances E. Willard gave up teaching to devote her life to the temperance cause. She planted the seeds of sobriety which twenty years after her death led to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. But recognition preceded this constitutional victory. Scanning the scroll of immortals, the legislature of Illinois, passed by its giants in the political and military arena and recommended this woman for the garland of fame. She was the first of her sex to stand in the chiseled marble of Statuary Hall at Washington.

The organization and building of the W. C. T. U. was her life's work. It has been a moral force of incalculable good in the world. Golden jubilees will be held this year all over the nation with the avowed aim of augmenting the membership to one million.

The nation's tribute is fitting as a worldly recognition. But the plain folk of the prairies, where she lived, sought out another. In the wide, free fields which were her playgrounds in childhood, traversed by the Rock River, which goes rushing to join the Mississippi, and surrounded by primeval woods, they found the little box country schoolhouse in which she received her early lessons. Recently where the "woods impressed her unfolding soul with their vastness and vital calmness," this building was dedicated. Probably more American mothers and daughters visit this spot than any other of the many hallowed grounds of the United States.

There is nothing singular about the old-fashioned, white country school. Sorrow-laden by the scenes of misfortune, resulting from a visit at the state institution for the care of the blind near Janesville, Wisconsin, one spring morning, an official party, with which I was traveling, started out for a view of the surrounding country. Scarcely a mile had been traversed when we came to the schoolhouse. Although it was early, the cars of tourists were already there for a visit. This was the scene where Nature had educated this inspiring woman leader. Here she had attended school after the age of fourteen years. Over there was the little pine desk where she dreamed of a bigger and broader field of work.

Around the doorway of the building stood three mothers. Each wore a delicate bow of white ribbon on her waist. It was the mothers of the land whom this apostle of women had inspired to co-operation.

"It was a beautiful little schoolhouse," was the comment of one, as we stood with the group examining the repainted building.

"I think it appropriate that the drab color has been covered with the purest white," responded another. "This was her color."

"She must have lived nearby," commented a third. "Let us find her old home while we are here."

Joining them in the walk to the Willard farm, we learned that these three families had come from Iowa and that it had long been the ambition of the mothers to visit this schoolhouse shrine.

Farm emergencies have destroyed the house. New owners occupy the home. A part of it has been moved away. The main section is now used as a chicken house and machine shed. Apple trees planted by the father of Frances were scattering their white, scented petals, like snow, about the relocated building. Down the road groups of others were now coming up.

Through her busy life, Miss Willard never forgot "Forest Home." To her the Rock River valley was a scene to be remembered. Shortly before her death she wrote these prayerful words referring to her farm residence near Janesville: "I thank Thee that wherever I may dwell, no place can be so dear, so completely embalmed in my heart, so truly the best beloved of all to me as 'Forest Home.'"

The Willards were among the first settlers in Rock County, Wisconsin. Frances was born on September 28, 1839, at Churchville, near Rochester, New York, but when she was two years old the immigrant "fever" had gripped her family and they journeyed to Oberlin, Ohio. Five years they paused. Then when Frances was seven years old they traveled 500 miles overland from Ohio to Wisconsin in prairie schooners. Her father drove the first wagon, her brother the second and her mother the third. Beside the mother, through all that jolting tedious journey, huddled Frances and her sister among the heap of pillows, on the father's old writing desk. They settled near the Rock River, one mile from the schoolhouse that has just been dedicated in her honor, and named their homestead "Forest Home."

What an impression this home was to make on her young life to be carried down to future years has been told by Miss Willard: "The bluffs rose about it on the right and left. Groves of oak and hickory were on either hand; a miniature forest of evergreens almost concealed the cottage from the view of passers-by. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers. Through the thick and luxuriant growth of shrubbery were paths which strayed off aimlessly, tempting the feet of the curious down their mysterious aisles." And all about stretched the vast, level, sun-drenched fields of prairie grain.

For twelve years Frances dwelt amid these surroundings, helping her brother and sister in the work of the farm and doing all the irksome tasks that fell to early pioneers in a new country.

Statue of Frances E. Willard, the only woman in Statuary Hall at Washington.

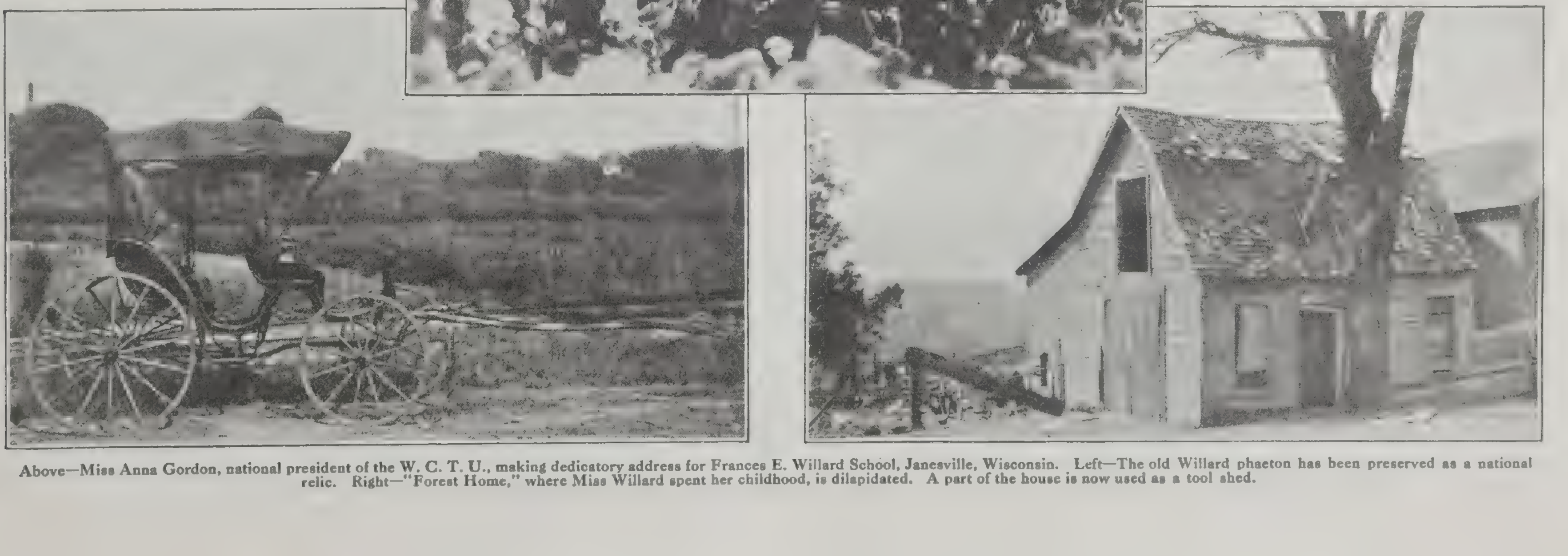
"Reared in the country, I was absolutely ignorant of tight shoes, corsets or extinguisher bonnets," said Miss Willard, describing these early days in Rock County. "Clad during three-fourths of the year in flannel suits, not unlike those worn at gymnastics now by lady collegians, I spent most of my time in the open air, the companion in work as well as in sport of my only brother. I knew much more about handling rake and hoe than I did of frying pan and needle; knew the name and use of every implement handled by carpenter and joiner; could herd the sheep all day and never tire; was an enthusiastic poultry raiser; and by means of this natural outdoor life, eight or nine hours of sleep in twenty-four, a sensible manner of dress, and a plain fare of bread and butter, vegetables, eggs, fruit and fowl, was enabled to store up electricity for the time to come."

When Frances was fourteen years old, her father and neighbors built a schoolhouse one mile from "Forest Home"—a plain little one-room building under the oak trees on the bank of the Rock River. The pine desks were arranged along the side of the wall, and the boys sat on one side and the girls on the other. Here Frances was sent to school in 1853, her first teacher being Nelson W. Hodge, whose children and grandchildren have since taken an important part as educators in Wisconsin and Massachusetts.

Additional schooling was given to Miss Willard at Northwestern Female College, now Northwestern University, and after graduation she was made professor of natural sciences in the institution. Scattered over the Mississippi Valley are women who studied under Miss Willard. When she took up her temperance work they were her first disciples.

While engaged in teaching she became interested in the temperance reform movement and, in 1874, fifty years ago, she became secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Five years later she was chosen president, a position she held until death. In later life she made her home at Evanston, Illinois. She was a great organizer and under her

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Above—Miss Anna Gordon, national president of the W. C. T. U., making dedicatory address for Frances E. Willard School, Janesville, Wisconsin. Left—The old Willard phaeton has been preserved as a national relic. Right—"Forest Home," where Miss Willard spent her childhood, is dilapidated. A part of the house is now used as a tool shed.

United States Not a Militaristic Nation

Countries Following Same System Would Reduce Army Expenditures

By TOM EVERRITT

> The statements made in this article are offered as authoritative facts. They throw into relief some points which arose during the discussion of "Defense Test Day." They prove at least that the United States is not a militaristic nation.

WITH greater wealth and responsibility than ever before, the United States maintains one of the smallest armies in the world.

Japan maintains one soldier per $90,000 of national wealth; Italy maintains one soldier per $120,000 of national wealth; France maintains one soldier per $133,000 of national wealth; Great Britain maintains one soldier per $250,000 of national wealth. In striking contrast, the United States maintains one soldier per $2,500,000 of national wealth.

Japan's Active Army numbers 250,000 men; her First Reserves consist of 615,000 men; her Second Reserves 749,000 men and her First National Army comprises 200,000 men—or a total of 1,814,000 soldiers. This immense army can be mobilized within six days; some divisions within five days.

In Japan, military service is compulsory upon the youth of that country. The number of men arriving at the age of twenty years is about 550,000 annually. The period of service with the colors is twenty-two months and twenty days. After this service in the Active Army, the Japanese enlisted man goes into the First or Second Reserves, where he remains until he reaches the retirement age.

Italy's Regular Army numbers 200,000 men; her Colonial Troops, 40,000; the Carabinieri, 65,000 (used chiefly for rural and, in some cases, city police. In war time, they act as mounted police and on lines of communication). The Fascisti, numbering approximately 350,000, are now under direct control of Italian military authorities. They occupy a status similar to that of the United States' National Guard. Italy's total soldiery is about 655,000.

The World's Fighting Men

AS IN Japan, conscription is the source of increment in the Italian army. Classes are called at the age of twenty. Service of eighteen months in the active army is required; but all military service in Italian colonies is by voluntary enlistment.

France's Regular Army with the colors (native Frenchmen) numbers 543,000; the North African Colonials 109,000; her other Colonials 100.000, giving a total active regular army military man-power of 752,000. The Active Reserves of France number 2,040,000; her Territorial Army 1,190,000; her Territorial Reserves 1,190,000, which make a total of 4,420.000 of Reservists and Territorials, which added to the 752,000 regular troops, gives a grand total of 5,172,000 trained soldiers.

In France, men are conscripted into active service at the age of twenty years. The young men of France serve one and one-half years in the Active Army, after which they serve sixteen and one-half years in the First Reserve, which is followed by eight years in the Second Reserve, at the end of which time their usefulness is considered to have expired.

The entire French fighting force can be mobilized and put into the field in from three to five days. Every French Reservist or Territorial (normally about seventy per cent of the males between twenty-two and forty-five) has at all times detailed directions for reporting, so that on telegraphic notification of mobilization, all units are assembled on schedule.

The strength of the British Regular Army at home and abroad (including Colonial and Indian troops in Iraq [Mesopotamia] and Palestine paid by the Air Ministry) is about 165,000 officers and men, who are included in the British Active Army together with the Indian Army composed of 310.000 men; the British Army in India, 77,000; the Egyptian Army, 17,000; the North Ireland Army, 20 000; the South Ireland Army, 45,000, and troops in smaller numbers in Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand sufficient to make a total of 654,750 officers and men in the Active Army of the British Empire.

Great Britain's Forces

GREAT BRITAIN'S Reserve Army numbers 390,000, comprised of 138,000 English Territorials, who are not supposed to leave England except under a special act of Parliament; 68,000 English Reserves; 75,000 Indian Reserves; 57,000 Canadian Militia; 7,000 South African Militia; 30,000 Australian Militia and 15,000 New Zealand Militia. This Reserve Army is comparable to the National Guard of the United States.

Great Britain does not have compulsory service; but her advantage, when compared to the United States, lies in having larger standing forces and more militia.

Germany's Regular Army has an authorized strength of 100,000; her Security Police (in barracks) 90,000; Security Police (not in barracks) 60,000, thus making a total military man-power of 250.000. The Regular Army of Germany is limited by the Versailles Treaty to 4,000 officers and military officials with officer rank, and 96,000 men. The same treaty forbids Germany from establishing a war organization. For this reason, there are no plans (unless secret) for the mobilization of the active divisions.

The statute of March 23, 1921, stipulates abolition of obligatory military training. The Security Police is militarized as regards command and training, and is well armed. The male population of Germany is about 30,000,000, of which approximately 11,800,000 are of military age (eighteen to forty-five years).

Russia has a total force of 700,000 soldiers under arms. The Regular Army is composed of 550,000 and the State Political Department troops number 150,000. This latter organization is the successor of the "Cheka," or secret police. It is largely composed of Communists. Its main functions are to guard all frontiers; the maintenance of internal order and the frustration of attempts at counter-revolution. It is the main reliance of the government and the Communist party. It uses 60,000 troops to guard the frontiers and 90,000 for duty in the interior.

Liability to call for military service extends to all male citizens, who, on January 1, have reached the age of sixteen years. Service is divided into four periods, followed by enrollment in the reserve. Youths between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years under compulsory preliminary physical and elementary military training not exceeding four weeks. This is followed by pre-conscription training for those between the ages of eighteen and twenty years not exceeding ten weeks. At twenty years of age, service in the Regular Army begins; at twenty-one, service in Territorial divisions which extends for four years commences. After this, the men are transferred to the Organized Reserve which now numbers about 235,000 men. Those showing efficiency, pass from the Organized Reserve into the Unorganized Reserve, which numbers 4,500,000.

The interesting feature of the Russian system lies in the formation of the territorial divisions, the creation of which seems to have been made with the idea of alleviating the burden of maintaining a large regular army. It will provide a huge trained military force and practically creates a nation in arms.

America's Military System

THE Army of the United States is composed of the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Reserves. The Regular Army has a strength of 136,776 officers and men; the National Guard has a strength of 165,179 officers and men, while the Reserve Officer strength is 72,132. These give a total of 374,087 trained and partially trained men.

The National Guard of the United States is fairly well equipped, and is in better military shape than ever before. Regular Army instructors, who, in reality, are military advisers to the National Guard, are on duty throughout the country.

In a major emergency, the Army of the United States would have to have fifty-four divisions, which would require the Regular Army to expand nine times its present size, and the National Guard to expand eight times its present strength. This indicates that the problem of the United States military forces is one of expansion.

American military experts base their army mobilization plans upon a formula that would place 2,000,000 fighting men in the field within nine months. It is absolutely impossible for the United States to reach the precision of the French military organization which can put a trained force of 2,000,000 men under twenty-five years of age into the field within three weeks. In the United States, the time required to train a like number of troops, and the time consumed in manufacturing and furnishing supplies and equipment, will amount to at least nine months.

How Other Nations Would Benefit

HOW to secure the adoption by other nations of the United States' army system, thus bringing them to the same level, is a problem that is confronting army experts, since it is believed the people of the United States will not, in peace times, consent to a tremendous standing army.

Amounts of expenditures per person for military purposes in various countries, converted into United States currency at par rate of exchange, show considerable divergence.

France heads the list, the estimated per capita cost of her military machine for 1924 being given at $22.33; Italy next with $9.50, followed by Great Britain with $6.40, in turn followed by Japan with $2.60, while the United States per capita expenditure during 1924 will be only $2.20, which is based upon a Congressional appropriation of $245,216,650 for the maintenance and upkeep of the United States Regular Army.

By adopting the system of the United States' military machine, the nations mentioned would greatly reduce their military expenditures.

Having compared the United States Army with other armies on the basis of national wealth, numerical strength per capita cost and along other lines, it is interesting to compare it on a basis of population.

France maintains 19.13 soldiers for each 1,000 of population; Russia, 7.05; Italy, 6.44; Great Britain, 5.43; Japan, 4.80; Germany, 1.64; and the United States maintains 1.24 soldiers for each 1,000 population.

The Neutrality of the Oneidas

By Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer

A FREE translation of the name "Oneida" is said to be "A Rock that Something Set Up," derived from a standing rock near the site of one of their ancient villages. The Oneidas were conservative Indians and not given to great activity; there were, nevertheless, indications of progress among them. They were the second tribe to enter the Indian League of Nations, proposed by Dekanamda and the far-famed Hiawatha, for purposes of security and welfare —a league both offensive and defensive.

The Oneidas retained that prehistoric right of woman chieftainship which gave to women chieftains approximately the same privileges and immunities enjoyed by men chieftains. A more modern tendency was evidenced by the fact that men were chosen by these women to perform governmental duties, except—here note the promise and prophecy for the future!—*except* when emergencies arose. Then the Indian woman, like her white sister, came forth from her wigwam and performed her part in public life.

It is obvious that the Oneidas were not so warlike as their neighbors. At any rate it is recorded of them that they sought to have part in concluding peace between the Hurons and the Senecas in 1635. And in 1775, at the beginning of the Revolution, we know that they declared their neutrality most emphatically, giving specific and—to us, today—remarkably sound reasons for so doing.

Their neutrality speech was directed to Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, to be communicated by him to the four New England provinces. It was dated from Kanonwarohare and declared a safe conduct for those of the tribe going into New England. This historic address is found in a rare volume, "The History of the American Revolution," by Bernard Hubley, printed for the author in 1805, by Andrew Kennedy, at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, and reads as follows:

As my younger brothers of the New England Indians, who have settled in this vicinity, are now going down to visit their friends and to move up parts of their families that were left behind—with this Belt by them I open the road wide, clearing it of all obstacles, that they may visit their friends and return to their settlements here in peace. We Oneidas are induced to this measure on account of the disagreeable situation of affairs that way; and we hope, by the help of God, they may return in peace. We earnestly recommend them to your charity through their long journey.

Now—we more immediately address you our brother, the governor and the chiefs of New England:

Brothers! We have heard of the unhappy differences and great contention between you and Old England. We wonder greatly and are troubled in our minds.

Brothers! Possess your minds in peace respecting us Indians. We cannot intermeddle in this dispute between two brothers. The quarrel seems to us unnatural. You are two brothers of one blood. We are unwilling to join on either side in such a contest, for we bear an equal affection to both you Old and New England. Should the great King of England apply to us for aid, we shall deny him. If the Colonies apply, we will refuse. The present situation of you two brothers is new and strange to us. We Indians cannot find nor recollect in the traditions of our ancestors, the like case of a similar instance.

Brothers! For these reasons possess your minds in peace, and take no umbrage, that we Indians refuse joining in the contest. We are for peace!

Brothers! Was it an alien, a foreign nation, who had struck you, we should look into the matter. We hope, through the wise government and good pleasure of God, your distresses may be soon removed and the dark clouds dispersed.

Brothers! As we have declared for peace, we desire that you will not apply to our Indian brothers in New England for assistance. Let us Indians be of one mind and live with one another; and you white people settle your disputes among yourselves.

Brothers! We have now declared our minds, please write us, that we may know yours.

We, the Sachems and Warriors and female governesses of Oneida, send our love to you, brother, governor, and to all the other chiefs in New England.

Signed:—by thirteen, long Indian names, four of which may be those of the "feamale Governesses," but of that we cannot be sure unless we understand Oneida.

This ancient tribe has left in New York only its Indian names. By 1846 the Oneidas had disposed of most of their lands in the state and removed to a large tract in Green Bay, Wisconsin; also, over the border into Canada, thereby again expressing their appreciation of a brotherhood without—to them—a boundary line.

Where the Turk First Stepped on Europe

Vivid Mosaics of Constantinople, Rhodes and Beyrouth

By HAL WALKER

A graphic description of Constantinople and the historic island of Rhodes are given in this section of the wonder voyage.

The steeds of Neptune patiently awaiting their riders at Rhodes.

THE war in the Near East, especially the ill-fated expeditions at Gallipoli, where so many Allied soldiers were killed in attempting the impossible feat of dislodging the Turks aided by German officers and material, was brought vividly home to us as we steamed through the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, bound for Constantinople. On every side were grim reminders of the struggle during the early years of the war, reminders which seemed much out of place in the peaceful picture of rolling hills and quiet waters.

As we passed wrecks of once powerful vessels sunk by submarines or mines with only part of their hulls visible, I thought of two of the anecdotes told me in Smyrna by a man who was there during the entire war and who knew much of the armies. The Turks, as Moslems, are forbidden by their religion to drink alcoholic beverages and, as a consequence, take to sweets. With the retreat of the Allied forces great stores were left behind, the British, among other things, leaving a huge quantity of jam. The Turkish soldiers recognized these cans, would stick a bayonet in one end of them and never take the can from their mouths until they had sucked out the last sweet morsel. Naturally they got sick with such a diet and when they reported to the Turkish doctors, who could not diagnose the trouble, the latter shrugged their shoulders and said: "Those cursed English have poisoned our soldiers again."

Another typical story is that of the Turk soldier and the donkey, this also occurring after the Allies had left Gallipoli. The soldier had a donkey heavily laden with army supplies and was beating the animal unmercifully. A German officer, passing with an officer of the Turkish army, called attention to the cruelty the soldier was displaying and the Turk called the soldier over.

"What do you mean, beating a poor donkey that way, don't you know it is cruel and you should be ashamed?" the officer asked.

This bird's-eye view of a Near-Eastern city affords an excellent idea of the beauty of architecture and of landscape effects.

"But, effendi," the soldier replied, "that is not one of our donkeys, it is an English donkey."

Although the wrecks half submerged along the European shore of the Dardanelles were grim reminders of the recent war, there were more touching ones farther away from the water route. On rolling hills, here and there, British flags snapped in the breeze, on guard over holy land below, where rest for eternity the bodies of those men who fought under the British flag and gave their lives to save the world from barbarism.

It was after steaming out of Smyrna and into the Aegean, passing Mytilene, ancient Lesbos, and then in sight of Lemnos that we came finally to the entrance of the Dardanelles, that narrow strip of water which divides, literally by a hand's breadth, the continents of Asia and Europe. Traffic through the strait is a strong reminder of automobiles passing along a crowded thoroughfare at home. There is a never-ending stream of vessels going in each direction with the flag of Greece the most prominent and that of Italy second. Only a few of these many craft were passenger vessels, most were freighters, of the two nations named, which do a big coasting trade in this part of the world.

A short distance beyond Gallipoli, the strait widens out into the Sea of Marmora and for hours we steamed along through waters which had never a ripple except for those made by the wakes of passing vessels. After hours of this, in the late afternoon came Constantinople. Bathed in the radiance of the setting sun and glowing almost golden, Constantinople lay before us, tier on tier of houses rising to the heights of Pera, the domes and minarets of countless mosques punctuating the sky line, with those of St. Sophia dominating all the others.

It is generally conceded that Naples and Constantinople are the two most beautifully situated ports in the world, with the former given the first place. It is my opinion that Constantinople has first place, as it rises majestically from the surrounding waters of the Sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. It has an indefinable something which Naples lacks; perhaps it is the mingling of two religions which have existed side by side for so many hundred years.

The "City of Constantine" was first a Dorian colony founded in the seventh century B. C. and was a Christian city long before Mohammed II took it many centuries later. The mosque of St. Sophia, which is the most beautiful outside of Mecca, was built by Justinian between A. D. 531 and 538 as a Christian church, and was converted into a mosque after the conquest by the Turks in 1453.

With automobiles at our disposal again, we saw all the minor sights of Constantinople before visiting St. Sophia, the greatest attraction of all. In the yard surrounding the mosque we were all searched for cameras, as they are not allowed inside, and then were allowed to enter. There was no crowd of worshipers present, but in various parts of the great edifice were single figures kneeling in prayer on the rich rugs which covered the entire floor, hundreds of square feet in extent, while bright sunlight streaming through stained-glass windows high above sent long shafts of colored light to the rugs below. It is of little use to describe St. Sophia; it has been done many times and well, but the aspect which most impressed me was the devotion manifest by the followers of Mohammed.

In the courtyard, around a sort of kiosk, there were a score or more faucets with running water, and here each worshiper is obliged to wash his hands and face before he enters the mosque for his devotions. It was near the noon hour when we visited St. Sophia, and beggars and laborers rubbed elbows with Turks immaculately dressed in European costume, all performing their cleansing rites before entering the mosque where all men are brothers. Among the worshipers were dapper Turks, some of them carrying brief-cases, evidently business and professional men, who displayed a great tolerance to their less fortunate brothers as they passed beneath the lofty minarets for communion with their God. A good Mohammedan must pray five times daily, facing Mecca.

Constantinople, as all travelers know, is divided into two distinct quarters or even cities, the foreign one which terminates at Pera, where the foreign embassies are located and the prosperous European residents live, and Stamboul which is the real Turkish town, and, in fact, is the Turkish name for all Constantinople. Pera has been spoiled by the influx of European armies which called for much amusement, and as a result cafés and beer gardens were built around the largest square, cheap wooden structures which give a false note to the surroundings of a more ancient time. I like to think of Constantinople from the Turkish side with its wide streets, quiet homes all in peace and darkness after ten o'clock at night, while on the heights of Pera blatant jazz music and bright lights pour fourth until early morning.

Of course, the most interesting part of Constantinople after its mosques are its souks, or great markets, in which there are hundreds of shops, the whole edifice being under a stone roof. One can wander for hours through the maze of narrow streets, really paths, in the most curious market of the world. A guide is necessary to prevent a stranger from getting lost, for the extent of this market and the intricacy of its streets baffle all but the experienced.

There are hundreds of little shops whose fronts are open to the narrow street, and the manufactures of nearly every country in the world are on display. Articles for sale vary from rare jewelry and inlaid weapons to English stockings and American shoes. Each street, or series of streets, is given over to one class of trade, shoes in one, silks in another, jewelry in a third, sewing machines in a fourth, and so on. I saw one street given over to American sewing machines and cheap cotton print goods.

Constantinople is a city of contrasts, the East meets West here even more than in Port Said or Hongkong, and the only aspect that could make it more cosmopolitan would be laden camels passing through its crowded and narrow streets. There are three Sundays in Constantinople, the Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian—coming in order, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—so that on three days in a week there is no general business done. This is vexatious, in banking especially, as the banks take all the holidays.

In two steam launches we spent one afternoon making a trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea along one of the most beautiful small bodies of water in the world, which in places runs like a millrace. Past the Sultan's palace, the headquarters of the Near East Relief, and one after another of the homes of rich residents of the city which are situated along the water in large gardens, each home with a water gate through which its boats are taken and then locked behind them, we went mile after mile. Here again were many idle steamers lying at anchor and, halfway to the Black Sea, I descried an American flag on a grassy knoll on the Asiatic side. Nearby were oil tanks, a steamer discharging and houses clustered under a group of trees.

In the narrowest part of the Bosphorus are two ancient forts which with their old-fashioned guns once could halt all traffic passing either up or down, the waterway here being only a few hundred yards wide. It was along this waterway that we noticed two ten-oared barges, such as are used by high Turkish dignitaries of official business, the rowers rising to their feet with the back-sweep of the oars and sitting down as they were brought forward, with the whole strength of the body in the pull, all in perfect rhythm.

Just in the dusk we approached Constantinople on our return, with the glow of the setting sun in the sky. Over the minarets of St. Sophia the new moon appeared.

(Concluded on page 14)

Imposing building along waterfront, whose beauty of line and material is enhanced by the background of trees.

Quaint sea craft and lighthouse, with splendid Eastern architecture of the city as background, cast a spell that charms the traveler in the Near East.

Is Intelligence the Be-All and End-All?

Some Methods of Piercing the "Abysmal Depths of Personality"

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

THERE seems to be a growing superstition to the effect that intelligence is the be-all and end-all of man. Our psychologists, following the lead of the French investigator, Alfred Binet, have devised tests of mental capabilities by which our children may be assigned to their several group levels.

Intelligence tests are fairly certain to be of no little importance in the future development of our civilized life. Whether we like them or not, they will probably be applied increasingly. Those of us who have achieved maturity may reasonably hope to escape them, but those who are to make that arrival some years from now cannot entertain that assurance. Many of them will be ticketed and their destinations will be known with a certitude very much greater than that of the friendly confidence or the malicious distrust with which we now look upon the young contenders for the prizes of life. Some of them will perhaps come to the doors of the college, will be asked a number of questions, will be told to do a number of more or less trifling things, and will then be informed that gravel pits and coal mines are just as interesting and are less subject to the depression consequent upon unemployment than are the activities for which we had come to make preparation.

It is not going far out of the way to say that man is chiefly brains and fingers. He thinks things and his fingers turn his thoughts into act and fact. Curiously enough the card-indexing of humanity is now dealing with us as brains and fingers. Our identities, unchangeable and inescapable, are being made matters of record through our fingerprints. If we are criminals we have that character fastened upon us officially by a very simple and sure process calling for nothing more than some white paper, some printer's ink, and the pressure of the hands. If we are honest men we can carry about with us a more convincing evidence of our identity than our signature, because, while a skilled penman may forge our names successfully, no one else can make our fingerprints. In all this there is, it must be confessed, just a prospect that life may become so regimented that it will lose all the glory of adventure with which it has hitherto lured us on. Whether that reflection makes us wish to turn back on the road, to be restored to our illusions and the happy possibilities shut up in an unrealized tomorrow, or not, it is perhaps futile to debate. The road has been opened and we will individually lose ourselves in the company of those who are following it to whatever end it leads.

Ruskin Brings Suspicion

OF THE various tests employed in arriving at what is known as the I. Q., that is, the Intelligence Quotient, of the child under examination, Professor Terman, of Stanford University, says that the "vocabulary test has a far higher value than any other single test of the scale." Reasons for that judgment are worth considering briefly. The possession of a relatively large vocabulary means several things with regard to the child's mentality. The retention of words that have found a place in the mind is, of course, a matter of memory. No bad memory will have at its disposal a large body of words. Again a mind incapable of somewhat close attention will not fasten a word to its signification with sufficient sharpness to make it into a mental possession without a number of repetitions. Further, some considerable alertness of observation is at least suggested by a large vocabulary. Such a vocabulary can be acquired only by those who come into contact with those whose conversation brings many words to their attention or by wide reading. In either case the acquisition of the vocabulary is the mark of mental liveliness and eager curiosity.

All these things, it is to be noted, *memory*, the self-control of *attention, mental alertness, curiosity*, are factors of the *mind working as a machine.* They are no doubt related to tastes and likings. Certainly they must be affected in some ways by personal inclinations. Mere volume of vocabulary cannot, however, be a measure of anything beyond the energy, precision, liveliness of the mental faculties as such. Ability to plan a course is a thing quite independent of those personal qualities through which a man becomes an agreeable or disagreeable member of society. It may enable him either to serve society or to prey upon it. It has very little to do with determining whether he shall employ his talents in one way or the other.

This is a matter of some immediate moment. In the stir of discussion relative to our immigrant problem I have again and again met the assertion that the Japanese, for instance, are as smart as we are, that the Hebrew is often a man of high ability, that there are great names and great achievements in the roll of history to which Italy can point. The army tests of intelligence have shown that those not of the older American stock are perhaps not the intellectual equals of those whom they have followed to the New World. That is a fact of importance, if it is a fact, but there are other things that should be more seriously weighed.

What I want to know about the man who is to live next door to me, who is to be part of my world, who is in some degree to determine its ends and purposes, is not the level of his abilities. I want to know *the nature of his social inclinations.* His code of manners is more important to me than the energy and certitude of his intellectual processes. If he thinks it an admirable thing to sit on his front porch with his feet affronting the street over the railing, even though he has been endowed with a brain approximately matching that of Napoleon, I should be grateful for any domestic or business upheaval that would take him to another street.

I have a feeling that to quote Ruskin in this first quarter of the twentieth century is only to become an object of suspicion. His name seems to have dropped out of current literary recognition almost completely. He was one of the Victorians, and to have belonged to that, with the possible exception of the Elizabethan, most affluent and wonderful age of literary creation is now for a time to be hounded into oblivion by all the execrators of excellence. When the fellowship of Tennyson and Thackeray and Carlyle and Arnold has gone so far into the background of our memories that we can have no jealousies of them as competitors we shall have a Victorian revival. In anticipation of the critical readjustment of more judicial years to come, I venture to bring a word of Ruskin's to mind.

"Tell me what you like and I'll tell you what you are," Ruskin said, perhaps in "Sesame and Lilies," not, I think, in "The Stones of Venice" or "Modern Painters." It belongs not to the youthful enthusiasm of his theorizing about art, but to the sober wisdom of his later years. Personality is a subtle thing, more subtle and evasive than our intellectual processes.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
  Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught."

So Christopher Pearse Cranch put the matter, and the lines seem to me memorable. If we are going to know about men and women genuinely, even about children, we must somehow pierce what Tennyson calls "the abysmal depths of personality."

As human beings we differ both quantitatively and qualitatively. Measurements of intelligence reveal in the gross only our *quantitative* differences. Such differences are those only that distinguish us in degree from our fellows, not in kind. They rate us in grades as the miller rates wheat. They do not separate us one group from another as the same miller separates corn and rye. No degree of excellence can change the corn to rye nor persuade the miller that it should be ground up for rye. They are eternally different things. They must grow and flourish in different ways. Woe be to the husbandman forever who scatters his corn broadcast as he scatters rye or who tries to cultivate rye in hills.

It is easier to distinguish rye from corn or wheat from either than it is to be sure about grades in wheat. The qualitative marks are here easier of determination than the quantitative. In making estimate of our human selves this difference in the two processes seems to be reversed. The fingerprints tell us nothing about a man's character. They give no hint of personality or human quality. They are quantitative only, or perhaps formal, if we care to place them in a species of which the quantitative is the genus.

Hardly more do intelligence tests as they have so far been developed reveal our inner selves. If we could all of us so train our intellects that we would observe with equal accuracy, think with equal certitude, and remember with equal clearness, we should so far be undifferentiated logic machines. A man is a man, in addition to being a part of the mechanism of the universe, to the extent in which he is distinguishable from other parts of the mechanism. What a man thinks, the degree in which his brain is an effective instrument for thought, is determined by the material for thought which experience provides him.

It is not probably man's chief glory and delight to be a thinking animal. Often enough, possibly too often, he finds his pleasure in flying in the face of his thoughts, in defying the counsel that they give him. It is a satisfaction to carry through a process of thinking and reach the end with some assurance that the conclusion is reasonably sound. Satisfaction is itself, however, not a matter of thinking, but of feeling. I may give myself an abundance of reasons for believing that I should be happy without really bringing myself to that state of mind. Happiness itself is not a mental state. It comes of the feeling that is deeper than all thought. We are happy when what we like, what our tastes establish in our minds as good, what we desire, exists and exists for us. We cannot reason ourselves into liking a thing at the dictate of our judgment. We may train our minds until in respect to some things they are almost logic comptometers. We cannot so train our inclinations and reduce them to uniformity.

Polishing an Apple

ALL this I should feel to be so fairly obvious as to be hardly worth saying, were it not that in conversation with men of active and well-stored minds I find it one of the things that they have not made a part of their mental furnishing. I am I, not because I could use logarithms in my mathematical calculations, if I chose, as the man passing by my window cannot, but because it is my way to say "How do you do?" or "Good morning," when he says "Hallo, there!" Such facility in the manipulation of numbers as I may have is an accident of my training and environment. My preference for what I think a courteous mode of address is integral to my nature. It comes to me in my blood.

In the same way it is my choice to wash the apple that I eat, not to spit on it before polishing it on the sleeve of my coat as does the Greek fruit vender at the corner.

Even if he were able to pass a higher intelligence test than I, I should still think him disqualified for acceptance among the elect of my fellowship. In fact, his method of making fruit appeal to my desire for something luscious in the mouth drives me to look elsewhere for that sort of sensation on the tongue. A simple American country boy coming along in a wagon, a boy with eyes less bright than the Greek's black ones, has much the better chance of receiving my dime. For me, and I think for all my kind, eating is a matter of gratifying a mental taste along with the physical. I was born so. When my mental taste is too little pleased, even the urge of hunger will not tempt me to bite the apple.

A most striking phenomenon of the last century has been the growth of nationalism. It has been accompanied by a great strengthening of racial feeling. While this has tended toward the isolation of peoples in their national interests, there has been a development of intercommunication so remarkable as to attract the attention of every one at all alive to what has been going on in the modern world. We have consequently been so pushed against one another that our racial and national feelings have suffered outrage. Some adjustment has become necessary, but for us to attempt that adjustment on the basis of intelligence alone is absurd.

In the narrower world of our immediate social relationships we establish group fellowships in recognition of some agreement in taste, in manners, in personal tendencies and inclinations. The comfort of the individual members of a national whole may not be so much dependent upon a certain homogeneity in the mass as it is in the case of a social gathering. The difference, however, is chiefly one of degree. A nation divided against itself may not be in so bad a way as a house so divided, but it is not in a hopeful condition. In states as in houses division comes from conflicting desires, conflicting personal and group tendencies, conflicting aspirations born of diverse inheritances out of the family, the tribal, the race history. We surrender those desires and submit to the dominance of the desires of others only when the social order of which we are a part subjects us to its more powerful collective will. We are not persuaded out of them through considerations addressed to our pure intelligence. We may be convinced against our will without submitting to any change in the real drive of our natures, without giving up our inner purposes or subjecting our motives to the determination of an outer reason. While we are doing that we who of necessity permit ourselves to be suppressed and those who suppress us may yield to the psychologist's examination the same intelligence quotient.

Modern Culture

IT IS not unreasonable to expect that the psychologists will go on from quantitative to qualitative tests. They are indeed already on that road and something has been done, but it is not enough to furnish a basis for racial or other group classification. We shall have to seek further if we are to discover who are of our kind and who are not.

At the present moment material available for the qualitative evaluation of different races seems to be most abundant in the field of comparative literature. We are accustomed to judge the past, its civilizations and the peoples who produced them, by the written records of what their productive minds have thought about life. We know that we may make mistakes in so doing because much of what they did has in all probability disappeared. That objection does not hold with relation to the work of contemporary peoples. We may know the Spaniard somewhat intimately from the revelation of himself that he is today putting into print. We may know something of the Scandinavian, if we have read Ibsen and Björnson, Bojer and Strindberg. Certainly Dumas and Balzac, Loti and Anatole France will give us some understanding of the French. When we have read Tolstoi and Turgenieff, Dostoyevsky and Chekhov we can judge measurably whether the Russian will contribute to the homogeneity of American life or not. If we know something of D'Annunzio and Fogazzaro, we can more or less know whether the Italian, if given the privilege of affecting materially our mode of life and our social order, will do so in ways contributory to the comfort and happiness of those already established in that order.

We live in a man-made world. It was and is not so with the savage. He takes the world that nature gives him. Through untold thousands of years we have been transforming the crude material of existence with which our early human ancestors made themselves more or less content. There are those who feel that it is the part of wisdom to accept any contribution to our common life that any one may make. The idea is alluring, but it is less sensible than would be the suggestion to a cook getting an apple pie ready for the oven that, since grapes are a desirable fruit, as are also peaches and gooseberries, she add indiscriminately to the filling such portions of each as she may have at hand. The making of a world in which to live, a world offering possibilities of happiness suited to our own individual needs, is a matter somewhat more serious than the making of any kind of pie whatever. The *laissez faire* method of attaining constructive results is no more futile in the kitchen than in society at large. It is no more advisable to bake pie in adaptation to the tastes of those who are to eat it than it is to shape a social order in agreement with the tastes of those who have made the world where it exists their home.

Briefly, it is important and indeed very important that the psychologists shall as promptly as possible tell us how races differ among themselves, not in intelligence so much, as in *tastes, likings, inclinations, tendencies, character, personality.* Then we shall have a basis on which to establish lines of separation. If we are then foolish enough not to establish such lines, we can blame only ourselves for plunging into chaos.

Mr. Ford's Page

AFTER the rather extended discussion which has been given the subject it should now be fairly clear to readers of this page that to confuse the idea of big business with the idea of a money power or with the idea of any actual control of the people's economic sources is to confuse things that fundamentally differ.

And yet it is true that Big Business exists. It is not the Money Power; it is not International Finance; it is not under control of banks which are mere speculative brokers. It exists in its own right, by its own merit, by virtue of its service being recognized by a vast public whom no power can compel to buy or use. Big Business exists, but it exists by the suffrage of the people who are able to value a dollar's worth of service against a dollar's worth of expenditure.

It is, of course, a question how far the bigness of business is economically justifiable. The question cannot be answered as yet, except to say that there are signs in some avenues of useful endeavor that bigness, and centralization, have their limit. The meat business may be taken as an example. It can hardly be said that the difficulties of that line of business—that is, the great national and centralized operations of it—are due to poor management. But there comes a time when even the best management is face to face with an economic fact and is not able, probably never will be able, to climb over it.

BUSINESS grows big through the service it renders, not through any "control" that it exercises over materials, money or people. It grows through the growth of transportation and manufacture. Once every town's shoes were made in that town; manufacturing was done where the immediate market was. With railways, manufacturing became centralized. Insofar as this is economically wrong, wasteful or too costly, it will correct itself. In some lines it is already correcting itself. When business becomes so big that its bigness is a tax upon the community, instead of a service to the community, the decreasing patronage of the people becomes an effective check. In some lines we are slowly treading the way back to community self-sustenance. In doing so we abolish unnecessary processes, and lift an enormous unnecessary load off our railroads.

To ship a hog from Oklahoma as hog, and ship it back five hundred or a thousand miles in its various forms of prepared food, and all for the sake of vast centralization, is such a wasteful act to begin with that no amount of good management can overcome it. And even if it be shipped, say, to New York or Boston where possibly larger prices may be gained for it, the ultimate economic waste and loss is not decreased. It is not *money*, in the last analysis, that keeps a business on its feet, but the *service* it renders. And it may be that the better price brought in New York for, say, bacon, is finally a factor in the ruinous process.

With grain the same principle holds. Why ship wheat five hundred miles and ship it back again five hundred miles as flour? Some may answer that it pays the locomotive and car builders, the coal operators, the almost innumerable kinds of employes engaged in the various elements of the process, that it builds great mills and supports almost unbelievable advertising accounts, while it contributes to the encouragement of many more or less useful industries. Admit all this, what does it do to the masses of the people on whom it constitutes a cost? In the past the country has had wide margins to work upon, but unless unexpected resources are developed these margins may be steadily narrowed. It is not wise, however, to sound a note of alarm as if we were always to continue along the road we now know; it is always possible that something may occur which may make our present "problems" the baseless fabric of a dream. To continue on the lines of the old era was to enter a blind alley. There has been a turning, however, and the New Era already holds the threshold.

But being within the present system it is worth our while to understand it and not develop false fears out of it. The power of money has always tended in dangerous directions, but Business has no power at all unless it tends in serviceable directions. It cannot be denied that Business (as distinct from Finance) has greatly served our people. Of course, when making such a statement it is always necessary to have in mind the fact that there could have been no Business, in the modern sense, had not our people recognized and approved its service.

Take the case of the farmers of Sudbury, Massachusetts, less than two hundred years ago. There is record of their meeting to approve the measures taken by the "merchants and other inhabitants of the town of Boston in order to reduce the exorbitant prices of the necessaries of life." Coffee was then counted reasonably priced at $20 a pound; men's shoes at $20 a pair (women's shoes are not mentioned, as perhaps being unnecessary); cotton cloth came high, and a bushel of salt cost a small fortune.

What accounts for the change in the price of those articles then and now? Business—which is the organization of supply.

Business began small and grew large. There is nothing mysterious about that. When transportation was difficult, and the community needed sap buckets, or hoes, it was easier to get them on the spot. They were not always the best buckets but they were the most easily procurable. That represents one of the big elements of business, having the commodity on the spot near the person who needs it. In earlier times the market spot was necessarily the manufacturing spot. Most of the stuff was made in the town. All the trades grew up around the post office. The blacksmith made most of the farming implements. The weaver made most of the textiles that the kitchen industries did not cover. A town was pretty near being a self-supporting community. No one thought of getting their favorite brand of laundry soap at a distance of hundreds and in some instances thousands of miles as people now do.

It did not follow, however, that all this service was the best or the cheapest. Any country grocer will tell you that "farm butter" doesn't mean anything, until you know what kind of buttermaker the farmer's wife is. The best butter and the worst come from homemade processes. The modern dairy perhaps approximates a good average of quality, certainly a higher average than the old "taken in exchange for groceries" was. And so it was natural that as the country expanded, as means of exchange between communities became more workable, and especially as transportation developed, the better type of suppliers obtained an increasingly wide range of territory to supply.

In this way many of the earliest of the biggest businesses grew up in the East, for there was the bulk of the increasing population. When Industry came into the field it grew to its greatest proportions in those parts of the country that supplied its basic materials, ore and fuel. As the great food supply concerns arose they took their stand in a part of the country between the food-producing and the food-consuming sections of the population. That is to say, these big serviceable organizations all came into existence on a perfectly natural and logical plan. The people made them. One or more men may have developed the idea, but it was the support of the people that gave the idea its big place in the life of the world.

All these things have come about in the course of time, and during their growth and service we have heard a great deal about the danger of Big Business. It used to be Standard Oil. Then it was the packers. Again it was the woolen makers. Wherever the leaders of these businesses have failed to put service first in their program, they have deserved all the opposition they received. Some of these businesses were built by men who had *a vision of the commodity*, but lacked *a vision of the people*. These men played their part. It was a big part, but it might have been bigger if their vision had been bigger.

Some lines of business tend to become too centralized. We are probably learning now that there is a limit to this. The limit, however, does not come by reason of such centralization being a menace to the people's liberty, but by becoming a menace to service. It is perhaps a bad thing to have food or fuel or any daily needful thing centralized. Communities ought to begin to get back as far as possible to the idea of self-support. There is no reason at all why wheat grown at home should not be ground at home, where much of it is to be used.

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The President Hits Hard

IT IS most refreshing, in the present welter of alienism and foreignism, to hear a President of the United States talk American.

"We do not need to import any foreign economic ideas or any foreign government," says the President.

Yet we have them both, and the people do not know whence they come or what their purpose is. Our alien population has come to these shores thinking that the American system is like the systems they left behind—something to be fought, crippled and destroyed. Moscow has crystalized the idea by preaching that "the capitalistic system" is the same the world over. If it is, why is it that the British workingman is, as the President says, "easily the aristocrat of Europe," while the American workingman is the aristocrat of the world? Why is it that in the two nations least touched with alienism in economic and political ideas, the common prosperity runs highest? What was German prosperity under Prussianism, but a kind of slavery? What is economic life under Moscow but an endless horror?

It is the idea underneath Prussia and Moscow that is being transplanted in America as a new and improved thing.

Here and there challenges have been made to this trend. Brave voices have been lifted in defense of the essential America. Alienism in all its harmful forms has been exposed. But with alienism strongly entrenched within the Capitol itself, whence it issues at regular periods for new assaults upon the Constitution of the United States, it was always a difficult task to teach the people how to distinguish between the vitality of true progress and the ferment of degeneration. By adding his voice to the voices of the watchmen on the walls, President Coolidge has rendered a great and much-needed service. It is earnestly hoped that upon proper occasion he will amplify his remarks until the people of this country fully understand just what he means.

When he does this, the nation will echo his common-sense counsel:

"We had better stick to the American brand of government, the American brand of equality, and the American brand of wages. *America had better stay American.*"

The Abrams Verdict

IN FEBRUARY, 1923, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT took up the study and exposure of the Abrams Electronic Reactions, the articles continuing until June of the same year.

In October, 1923, the *Scientific American* turned to the same study, and in the September, 1924, issue of that admirable publication, the verdict is announced.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S contention is sustained at every point, and one of the greatest medical fakes of the age is at last finally judged.

A curious experience common to both publications was the flood of letters which came from people who claimed they had been cured by the clumsy Abrams fake-boxes, and from others who charged that the whole matter was a discharge of jealousy on the part of the medical associations, and from others who hysterically begged us not to deprive humanity of so great a boon as Dr. Abrams had conferred upon it.

Needless to say, no medical association had anything to do with what THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT undertook and accomplished. Our opinion is that the medical profession itself did not have the slightest conception of the spread of the Abrams fake, and little if any knowledge of the facts behind the system itself, until the articles in this paper began to appear.

And as for the pathetic fear that humanity would have been in some way deprived of a great boon, it is needless to say that had our investigations proved the Abrams system to be such, we should have considered it our duty to herald the good news far and wide. However, as matters stand, the poor sick people of the world are more to be warned against medical robbers than informed of medical miracles.

And yet many said they were cured. These fall into two classes. The commonest diagnoses made by the Abrams method were two: cancer and syphilis. As the vast majority of the patients did not have and never had these diseases, it was perfectly easy to scare them to death and then make them endlessly grateful by announcing that at last the disease had been cured by the wondrous Abrams box. The other class claiming cures must be accounted for by the psychical effect of the box and its wires, accompanied by the hope-stirring talk of the operator. As in religion, so in medicine, ritual goes a long way. Many people feel better as soon as they see the doctor, without ever receiving medicine, just as many a toothache eases up the moment the sufferer enters the dentist's office. There are doubtless people for whom as much can be done through the psychical effect of impressive paraphernalia, as by scientific treatment. In any case, a contrivance that was no more potent than an empty cracker box was held by many people to have cured them, and the signatures on some of these letters would occasion more than mild surprise.

As the practice of medicine grows farther away from mere drug-giving, when the suggestion of "health in a bottle" grows less and less, when the physician rather than write a prescription begins to talk about diet and exercise and certain corrective ways of life, the question arises whether the field for medical fakes will not be enlarged. Large numbers of people want something impressive if not fantastic done for them; even the Latin words on the prescription will induce a sense of mystery and learning; whirring motors and clicking wheels serve to emphasize the importance and gravity of the consultation; the old skeleton which used to stand in the dusky corner of our grandfather's doctor's office, had its effect, no doubt. But with these absent; with a new race of physicians trying to tell us that health is not in a bottle but in our habits, refusing to drug us, or even give us bread pills, will the field of the medical faker increase?

Not if we all continue our efforts to educate the people into the truth that health is the natural state of all, and that it is impaired only by some unnaturalness in us. Air, water, natural exercise, natural sleep, natural food—these are health and medicine in one.

Home

"BE IT ever so humble, there's no place like home." Those simple words of John Howard Payne have stirred the world more profoundly than almost anything else that poets have sung or sages have written, and they are as true today as they were when Payne wrote them, "an exile from home." Whether we hear "Sweet Home" sung to a thronging audience by a diva, or played on a dime mouth organ by a small boy on the street, it touches the same chord.

Whatever may be the sweetness or otherwise prevailing within the home, there is no reason why it should not at least be beautiful outwardly, and it is almost invariably the case that when the home is beautiful outwardly, it is happy and sweet within.

Who has not seen a row of cottages with neatly clipped lawns, and a setting of flowering shrubs, clinging vines, and rambler roses, and near them another cottage, of exactly the same material and design, but a veritable "ugly duckling" of architecture with the ground overgrown with rank weeds, and here and there a starved shrub struggling for life! Who has not formed the conclusion, often correct, that within that home things are as desolate as they outwardly appear!

Just as the human face with its smile or its frown is a reflex of the soul within, so also is the environment of the home an indication of the spirit by which it is controlled.

To make home pleasant for those nurtured beneath its roof-tree is a duty which if faithfully fulfilled would keep many from flying away from the old nest. Sordid and unbeautiful surroundings have a deteriorating effect on the mentality of all within; but good thoughts lie on the green carpet of the grass, sweetness is exhaled from the climbing rose, and inspiration springs from the tender but tenacious vine. As a concomitant of all these is the joyous singing of the birds, for they make no distinction between palace or thatched cottage where dwells happiness and contentment.

Selective Education

THE fear is sometimes expressed that the selection of students at the great seats of learning will eventuate in higher education becoming a luxury to be enjoyed only by those who are chosen by university authorities. We hear already of colleges being overfull, of processes which eliminate more students than they pass, of fond fathers registering their new-born heirs for entrance at the traditional schools twenty years ahead.

No doubt, if this condition had existed fifty years ago, some of our best men would have been compelled to forego an education. And if this condition continues, no doubt some of our best men in the next fifty years will be compelled to forego academic training. For no one believes that any process of elimination or selection can possibly meet the situation.

There is, however, no cause for alarm. An aristocracy of education has never existed in any country for any length of time. Life pushes up through it and dwarfs it. All kinds of possible correctives exist for the situation which some fear is coming upon us. One is the Teacher Spirit. None who knows it would suppose for an instant that it could be caged forever in exclusive institutions. The cry of the outcasts, of those forbidden the fountain of learning, would draw that spirit out of the schools and into the woods, and there would be repeated the fact that "a university is a true educator on one end of a log and a student on the other."

That is, the private school would supplant the others. Our greatest schools, as a matter of fact, have always been private schools.

There is no fear of any boy who wants an education being refused one, if he desires it hard enough. The trouble today is that so many boys who do not want an education are forced to go through the motions of getting one. Sometimes a boy's purpose in life involves an academic training; sometimes it does not. Not that the boy is always the best judge of this matter; but in any case the door into learning should be left open for all who want to enter it. Any attempt to close it, to discriminate, to regiment education, would find itself balked. The genius of our people would burst up through it.

An Old Story

IN THE third of a series of articles entitled "When the Negro Comes North," which appears in the *World's Work*, Rollin Lynde Hartt says that "many white aliens live in close contact with Negroes and, never having recognized a color line in Europe, are slow to recognize the color line here." The writer apparently has in mind the polyglot population which is so characteristic of the Near Eastern part of Southern Europe and round about the Mediterranean: "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Capadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues . . . ."

It must be understood that today, as in the time of the Apostles, different races, many of them colored, and drawn from a large area, do business in the Levant and in the busy marts of commerce along both the northern and southern shores of the great sea. This commercial relationship of so many different races and existing for so many centuries has undoubtedly had a powerful influence in eliminating the color line in that part of the world. But north of the Balkans, or the Alps, or the Pyrenees, in fact the greater part of Europe, there is practically no color line to recognize.

Dealing further with the attitude of "white aliens" toward the color line the writer says:

"One whole class of aliens, or descendants of aliens, would seem inclined now and then to disregard it. Jewish tradesmen and pawnbrokers follow the migrants northward. A Jewish lawyer organized Marcus Garvey's Black Star Line. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has a Jewish publicity agent. It was a Jewish labor union that addressed Negroes as 'our persecuted comrades and brothers,' while many of the radicals who fraternize with Negroes are Jews. Enormous sums have been expended for Negro education by the Chicago merchant and philanthropist, Julius Rosenwald."

In regard to the relationship of the Jewish and colored races it must also be borne in mind that the royal house of Abyssinia, the male head of which has recently been paying a visit to King George of Great Britain, claims to be descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and is inordinately proud of the fact.

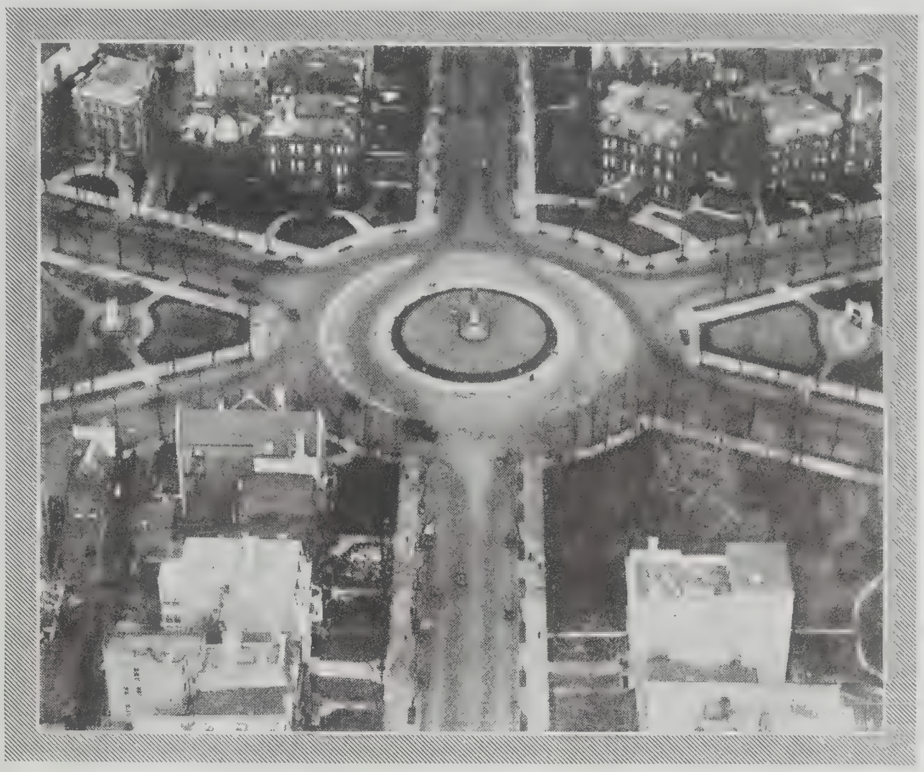
Thus does history keep on repeating itself, with a great many people in the world thinking that it is something new.

The City Beautiful—A Modern Development

How America Has Awakened to Advantages of Uniting Art and Utility

By HUGH C. MITCHELL

TODAY about fifty per cent of the people of America live in cities, yet it is only today that the people are beginning to think of building cities as places in which to live. With a very few notable exceptions, the cities of America started as small nuclei—formed usually by some economic condition—and each small nucleus just grew, like Topsy—yielding now to this force and now to that; stopped by obstructions—forced ahead by natural laws or by man's efforts—until the city of today is like a giant oak grown from a small acorn—its branches' forms influenced by wind and rain, cut by sleet, damaged by disease—one side often flourishing and beautiful to behold, but another side exposing only scarred limbs and lopped branches.



A park-like center from which six streets radiate, forming a feature which is striking in its simplicity and as beautiful as it is utilitarian.

But today all this is being changed; today the cities of America, literally hundreds of them, are taking stock of themselves, and *city planning*, a fad of yesterday, a cult for the esthetic, is today become a science, a great human science, utilizing many branches of applied science to serve its needs, and developing a technic of its own so rapidly that one man or woman can scarcely keep informed of its progress. Perhaps Theodora Kimball, librarian of the Harvard School of Landscape Architecture and honorary librarian of the American City Planning Institute, has done more—is doing more—to keep the technical world informed of the strides being made in this new-old science than is any one else. For this is both a *new* and an *old* science. The walled city of Jericho was certainly planned in part to resist its enemies, and just as the horns of its enemies set at naught the old plan of that walled city, so today the insistent "a-a-o-o-y-a-h" of the automobile horn is taking its place as a big influence in city planning.

But what is city planning? Many definitions can be found, any of which may remind one of the blind men and the elephant. I think it was in a third reader of long ago that we read of the blind men who were curious to know what an elephant might be like, and approaching one, each took hold of the beast; one touched his leg and exclaimed that the elephant was mighty like a tree; another swinging on to his trunk found the elephant like a rope, and so on. So it is in city planning; the definition given usually depends on the point of approach. But underneath the many definitions will be found a common ground, a universal purpose—the basis of all definitions, which may be simply expressed: "City Planning is making the city a better place in which to live." The landscape architect wants it more beautiful; the sanitary engineer more healthful; the economist more convenient; the sociologist more humane. City planning is making the city a better place in which to live—better for us morally; better for us physically; better for us intellectually.

Undoubtedly one of the greatest single problems which today confronts the city planner is congestion—compelling too many persons to live in rigidly bounded districts. Why do they do so? How can they be helped? Economic forces are their masters; social conditions are their guardians. Long hours required of poorly paid laborers demand that they either live near their work or else seek cheap homes so remote that the cost of transportation and the time lost more than offset the gain in rent. So, to live near his work the laborer must live on high-priced land and therefore have much less of it. How can the city planner help him? The answer is being sought by the engineer, the sociologist, the economist—in a word by the city planner, who may be an individual, but is more apt to be a group of individuals, each bringing expert service from a varied field to bear on the problem. One remedy suggested is the satellite city, taking from the congested district of the city those industries which will do as well or perhaps even better in smaller cities designed especially to accommodate them, close enough to the metropolitan center for all practical purposes as of transportation and trade, yet sufficiently remote therefrom to give its people the benefits of more land and open spaces. Sometimes the solution lies in more direct and economical transportation, permitting the worker to live on cheap land in the suburbs and yet ride to and from his work in the city.

Or take the case of the more prosperous citizen, driving his automobile to and from his office. Today this presents an important phase of possibly the greatest problem in city planning—the overcrowding of our streets. Overcrowding them with moving cars—overcrowding them with stored cars! For the parked car is a stored car, and the block which is filled with parked cars is but a warehouse while so used. And the answer? The city planner is seeking it with all the tools of his trade. It is a live and fast-growing question, and he must travel fast else it will elude him. He must provide more direct and easier routes of travel where needed, and limit the storing of cars to regions where most room is available. The day is not far distant when special provisions for parking in downtown districts will be made; possibly space will be provided in the interior of blocks, in sub-surface structures under parks and parking, and undoubtedly in basements of large buildings for the use of the tenants thereof. The city planner must make it easier and easier for automobiles to move along certain routes, harder and harder for them to stop. By widening a street he gives it greater capacity; by eliminating a left-hand turn he removes an obstacle. He makes streets in the congested district one-way streets, alternating the direction of travel on successive streets. He limits the period for parking on some streets, sometimes prohibiting it entirely between certain hours.

These things cannot be done in arbitrary fashion. Unless he makes a careful study of the area concerned, learns the habits of the persons using it, he cannot know where to apply his remedy. He may clap his mustard plaster on the wrong member, on a perfectly healthy part, leaving the diseased member to grow worse and worse. Or perhaps no mustard plaster is needed, but rather the knife of the surgeon, enlarging a much congested artery, or opening up an entirely new one.

If he be planning a new city, the planner must foresee such needs and so plan his streets that they may grow with the city. By providing the full width for the ultimate use of a street, he may arrange for a progressive system of paving to care for the growing needs of traffic, the unused portion of the street being left in parking until needed. He knows that *through traffic* will usually follow the lines of least resistance, and so in planning new cities provision must be made for such traffic by direct routes of easy grades. To do this intelligently the city planner must make a survey of the *through traffic*, must know its character and its amount. This will enable him to determine the width of roadway required, and the character of the pavement to be used.

In many ways it is desirable that a residence street not invite *through traffic* with its attendant noise and dust, and hazards to small children. For such streets the city planner may use steeper grades and curves, and sometimes with advantage such forms of streets as are called *places*, and *crescents*, and *cul-de-sacs*. He may achieve a certain isolation, but he must not do so through remoteness, for the dweller in such places must suffer no inconvenience in getting from his home to the thoroughfare or traction line which will take him to his place of employment. And the efficiency of the modern fire-fighting apparatus must not be reduced one whit by curves too sharp, streets too narrow, or places too inaccessible.

The time is not far past when the street was regarded by many as the legitimate playground for children. It has not been many years since a prominent member of the House of Representatives, objecting to an appropriation for playgrounds, defended the use of the street as a playground by his children—by all children. But the extreme hazard of such use of the street to those so using it has convinced the most skeptical that the street is no longer claimed as a legitimate play place for children, except in the logical cases in proximity to schools where police orders may close a block of traffic during the recess periods without working undue hardships.

But the street is surely something more than a thoroughfare; something more than a thing to be passed through, as one put it, "like sickness and trouble." The man who takes thirty minutes to go to his work in the morning, and the same time in the evening returning home, spends 300 hours—twelve and one-half days—a year in the street. Should not the street then be pleasant to be in, as well as comfortable to travel through? A few years ago an esthetic purpose in city planning was not recognized as a public use under the Constitution, and authorities desiring the elimination of such features as ugly billboards had to have recourse to the police power, and control such things as unsanitary, or as nuisances. Now an interpretation of the Constitution which is gaining ground is that in many cases the satisfaction of the esthetic sense is a public use, and when this principle shall have become well established, as it is hoped it will be ere long, the city planner will have another and much-needed tool with which to work.

The recognition that the street is not a proper place for children at once imposes on a city the necessity for providing proper play places, and this the cities are doing, often at a great cost, as where no reservations for parks are held in the built-up portion of the city, and suitable ground can be acquired only at a high cost. But even at a very high cost the playgrounds are worth it.

In the regional survey of New York City and its environs, now in progress, a survey covering some 5,533 square miles of territory, the main topics being considered, the major surveys being undertaken, are the physical survey, the economic and industrial survey, social and living conditions survey, and legal survey. These surveys are being made by way of securing adequate data on which to base comprehensive planning recommendations. These are in no way independent fields, nor just overlapping fields, but rather superimposed, and to some extent successive fields of endeavor.

Loading and unloading at the curb, thus reducing a 60-foot roadway by at least 25 per cent. Cars parked parallel to opposite curb make a further reduction of seven or eight feet, while the platform along the car tracks almost makes necessary a "No Thoroughfare" sign for this section of a main street.

One of the large department stores of Washington, D. C., has its loading platform *under* a corner of its building, thus removing from the street one of the greatest traffic obstacles, trucks being loaded and unloaded at the curb. Contrast this picture with that of a neighboring store where loading is done at the curb.

More Destructive Than the Boll Weevil

Sapiro Plan Causes Loss of $10,000,000 in Cotton Crop in Three Years

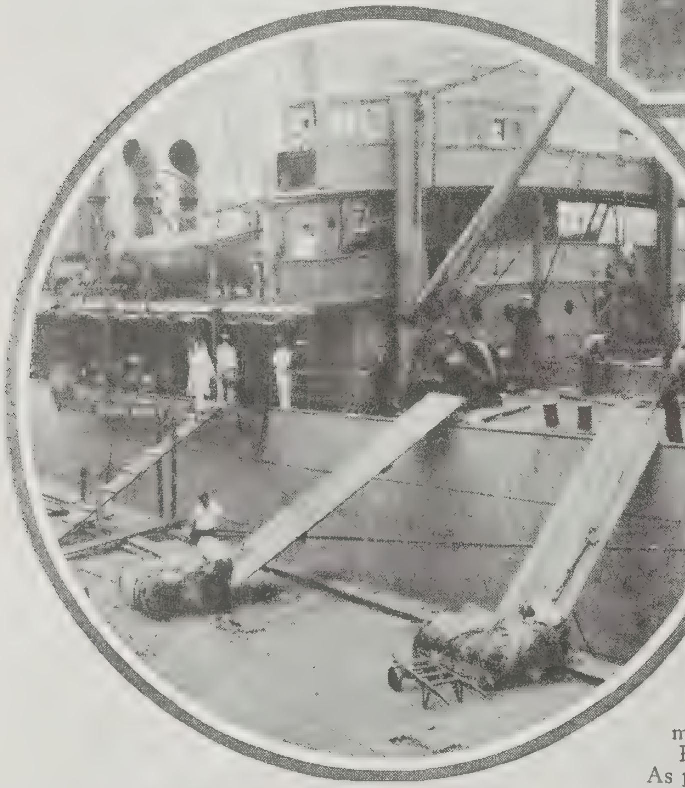
By ROBERT MORGAN

UP TO three years ago, the greatest and most destructive enemy of the cotton crop in the United States was the boll weevil. But within the years of 1921, 1922 and 1923, there developed in the cotton industry another destructive agency which has cost the cotton planters of the sections in which it has been allowed to develop a loss which is comparable to that caused by the boll weevil. This agency is the Sapiro Plan of co-operative marketing applied to cotton.

There are several of these organizations in the great cotton belt. There are other co-operative cotton associations, not based on the Sapiro Plan, which have had a reasonable amount of success.

Not one of the associations organized on the Sapiro Plan has been successful; not one today is not in the throes of internal strife, with its members trying to escape from the costly contracts they signed when the co-operative bodies were formed; and not one can show that, in any year, it sold its cotton to such advantage, or paid its members so well for their crops as other growers outside these associations were paid.

A clear-cut example of this condition is the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association, with headquarters at Greenwood, Mississippi. It operates largely among the long-staple cotton producers of the Yazoo River Delta. For the past three years it has handled an average of between 135,000 and 140,000 bales of cotton. Its scheme—the same as that of all the other Sapiro Plan co-operatives—of "orderly marketing" and price-fixing has failed so completely that the members of this association, about 1,600 in number, have received for their crops of 1921, 1922 and 1923, more than $10,000,000 less than the independent growers of the same amount of cotton of the same grade received for their cotton. That is to say, the cotton growers inside the association actually lost this huge sum, because, if it had not been for their membership in the association, and the contracts which they were compelled to keep, they would have sold to independent buyers at a price, for the three-years crops, totaling more than ten million dollars above what they received through the association.



Loading cotton on board ship for Europe, at the New Orleans cotton compress and warehouse. The Sapiro Plan ultimately would take control of all cotton out of the hands of the producers and put it under the direction of the Jewish organization now exploiting the American farmer.

Losses actually sustained ranged from $20 a bale to $60 a bale. A bale of cotton weighs 500 pounds, and this loss indicates a range of prices at which cotton was sold by this co-operative association of from four to twelve cents a pound less than the independents were paid. More growers lost $20 a bale than lost $60; more lost $20 than lost $40; about the same number lost $30 as lost $20. A conservative average of the loss a bale is $25. This loss probably was in reality closer to $30, but the men who lost this money through the association, and with a number of whom I have talked, are willing to accept $25 a bale as the average.

Giving the association the benefit of the lowest figures, and saying that it handled 135,000 bales a year for the three years—though it claims to have handled 140,000 bales—makes a total of 405,000 bales for the three years. The average loss on this cotton was $25 a bale, and the total loss was $10,125,000.

This is a minimum figure, and there are a number of cotton planters in the Yazoo River Delta who estimate it at more than $12,000,000 for the three years.

The reasons for this loss are the same fundamental economic faults which have appeared in all the Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations:

First—Extravagance and waste in operating costs.

Second—Impossibility of price-fixing.

Third—Complete failure of the "orderly marketing" scheme.

Fourth—Incompetent management.

As previous articles in this series have shown, the greatest loss to the agriculturist member of the Sapiro Plan co-operative association has been directly from the first of these causes, but the fundamental reasons which prevent successful operation of the Sapiro Plan in any crop are the second and third.

The first and fourth conditions can be remedied, if the farmers take hold of their own associations and operate them on an American business basis instead of on a Jewish "get-the-money" system.

But the second and third conditions cannot be remedied; they are parts of the inexorable economic law of merchandising, and when they meet the simple law of supply and demand, the Sapiro Plan comes crashing about the ears and through the pocketbooks of the farmers who are in the association.

It is the fault of the agriculturist if he does not take control of his own association, oust the incompetents and the wasters, and put in men who will do the work in the interests of the farmer. But the farmer cannot controvert the economic errors of "orderly marketing" and price-fixing which the Jewish exploiters of the American agricultural industry, and the Gentile fronts for these Jews, have fastened like a millstone around the neck of each one of these co-operative marketing associations.

"Orderly marketing" comprehends the division of each year's crop, in this case cotton, into twelve equal parts, one part to be sold each month, regardless of supply and demand or of price offered by independent buyers. Since, at some seasons of the year, the demand for cotton is much greater, and the price, accordingly, much higher, the co-operative loses the benefit of the high-price period, except on one-twelfth, or, sometimes, two or three twelfths, of his crop. Further than this, he is compelled at low-price periods to accept the low price, while he never reaches the high price the outside market offers the independent grower, except for a small fraction of his crop.

Saturday afternoon in the middle of the cotton season in Mississippi. The town of Winona, where many owners of cotton plantations in the delta of the Yazoo River live. In the past three years, these delta planters have lost more than $10,000,000 on their cotton crop through membership in a Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association.

Price-fixing, as promulgated in the Sapiro Plan, consists in the establishment of a price for each month's part of the annual crop as sold under the orderly marketing plan, such price being made regardless of prices in the world markets, demand of consumers, or other conditions.. Quite naturally, manufacturers will not buy cotton when the so-called fixed price is too high, and there has never been a single Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association which has been able to maintain the prices it fixed, except in the period of peak of demand for the commodity handled. The supply-and-demand factor is too strong even for the inventor and promulgators of the Sapiro Plan.

Results in the business world, however, are of more value than theories or arguments. Let us look for a moment at the record of the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association, of Greenwood, Mississippi, selected from the other Sapiro Plan cotton co-operatives because Mr. Sapiro's publicity brigade constantly holds up this particular association as a model of success in the cotton belt.

The Staple Cotton Co-operative Association was organized in 1920 by Aaron Sapiro, who was brought into the field by O. F. Bledsoe, Jr., present president of the association. Mr. Bledsoe is paid a salary, and has the direction of placing the insurance on cotton worth rather more than $20,000,000 a year. Mr. Bledsoe has a plantation of something like 40,000 acres of land in the delta, this delta being the territory covered by this particular association, which handles only the long-staple, high-grade cotton grown there.

The five-year contracts with the planters, written on

Sampling cotton for grading. Grades made by the "cotton experts" in the Sapiro Plan Co-operative Cotton Associations are uniformly lower than those given by the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, which is the recognized authority on cotton throughout the world. These lower gradings by the association result in lower prices to the members of the association than are received by independent growers.

the 1921 crop, were based on a minimum control by the association of 200,000 bales, but only a little more than 100,000 bales was signed up in the crop for that year, so notice was sent to all those who had signed up, that the 200,000-bale condition in the contracts would be reduced to 100,000 bales. This notice also contained the information that those members who failed to reply to this notice, announcing their withdrawal from the association because of it, would be considered as supporting the reduction. Without this reduction in bales to be signed up, the association would have disintegrated and the promoters of the organization would have been unhorsed. The majority of the members of the association who failed to read the second clause in the notice, or who did not reply to it, found themselves bound to an association which, to hold them to their contracts, had to handle only 100,000 bales of cotton a year.

This is merely one of several clever turns worked on the farmers of this country who have joined the Sapiro Plan co-operative associations, and now the farmers of the Yazoo River Delta have to endure, in addition to 1924, another year of loss on their cotton because they have to market it through the association, their contracts expiring at the end of 1925. In 1919, cotton from this delta sold for seventy-two cents to one dollar a pound; in 1920, due to the economic laws which the Sapiro Plan is endeavoring to overthrow, it fell to forty cents, on a crop which cost at least forty cents a pound to produce. One planter spent $75,000 in actual cash to produce a crop which he ultimately sold for $35,000. Mules which had sold for $1,000 a pair, fell to $150 a pair.

On this depressed condition, Aaron Sapiro appeared as the "savior" of the cotton planters of the Yazoo Delta.

Let us see how he has saved them:

As has been his custom, Mr. Sapiro first obtained the passage of an act through the Mississippi Legislature, enabling co-operative marketing associations built on the Sapiro Plan to function in that state. The directors of the association, all prominent planters of the Delta, elected the man who brought Sapiro into the Delta as president. This was and is O. F. Bledsoe, Jr. Then W. M. Garrard was made general manager, a position he still holds, at $40,000 a year salary, with twenty-five cents a bale commission on all bales sold above 200,000.

The utmost secrecy surrounds the operations of this association, but the actual cost of marketing a bale of cotton through it has been *between $5.90 and $6*. The cost to a grower, outside the association, for the same service *is around $2.50; never more than $3*. This is where part of the loss to the cotton growers goes, but it is only a fraction of the $20 to $60 a bale losses which they have sustained.

The Staple Cotton Co-operative Association, by its own statement, handled 157,000 bales of the 1921 crop. The average price received by the association members—bear in mind that this is not by the *association*, but by the *members*—was 24.84 cents a pound. The average price received by growers, outside the association, was 29.46 cents, while many sold their entire crop for as high as 31.40 cents. Taking the minimum figures—all of which are net to the farmer, after all expenses had been deducted—we find a difference in favor of the independent grower of cotton, and against "orderly marketing" and "price-fixing," of 4.62 cents a pound, or $23.10 for a 500-pound bale.

The 1922 crop—168,000 bales of it—was sold by the association at an average price of 27.09 cents a pound, or $135.45 a bale, less $5.90 costs of the association, or a net to the farmer of $129.55. The grower, outside the association, sold his cotton in 1922 for an average price of thirty-one cents a pound, or $155 a bale, less one per cent, or $1.55 costs of marketing, leaving him a net of $153.45 a bale, or $23.90 more than the man in the Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association received.

But these are merely averages. Three men living near Greenwood, and owning large plantations in the Delta, showed me their books, in which appeared clear and unrecoverable losses of from nine to twelve cents a pound, that is, from $45 to $60 a bale on their cotton. These losses were caused by the association "experts" grading this cotton lower than it should have been graded, thereby getting lower prices for it than the cotton actually was worth; and by the association's having held the cotton beyond the peak-price periods, through the monthly allotment system of the "orderly marketing" plan.

But it was the 1923 crop on which the fine work of the Sapiro Plan appeared in all its effectiveness. In 1923, the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association marketed 170,000 bales. The total production in the Yazoo River Delta was around 500,000 bales. Growers who were not signed up to the Sapiro Plan received net, for their cotton, from twenty-eight to forty cents a pound for the 1923 crop, an average of thirty-four cents, or $170 a bale. The association received an average of thirty-two cents, gross, for its cotton, or $160 a bale, less $5.90 costs of selling, or a net to the farmer of $154.10 a bale—$15.90 a bale less than the average received by non-Sapiro growers. But—and this is important, because it reveals the fault of "orderly marketing"—more than seventy per cent of the cotton sold by the other planters was sold at thirty-eight cents a pound or better, while only one-twelfth of the cotton handled by the association ever reached this price.

During 1923, one cotton grower in the Delta picked 300 bales of cotton, which, though he was a member of the Sapiro Plan association, he sold independently, at thirty-seven and one-half cents a pound. *He paid the association $2,250 penalty for so selling independently, and still made $9,000 net on his crop.*

PUBLIC COTTON WAREHOUSES
OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
OF THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS
THE LARGEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD

High density cotton compress in the huge municipally owned and operated cotton plant at New Orleans. Here baled cotton from the gin is so compressed that about thirty per cent more bales can be packed into the same space in a car or ship. One of the schemes of the Sapiro Plan is to have the farmers buy or build their own cotton compresses, borrowing money for this purpose from Jewish bankers,

One small grower made 122 bales, which he sold through the association at thirty cents a pound, or $150 a bale. He was offered thirty-seven cents a pound by the independent buyers, or $185 a bale, but feared court action by the association, and so continued delivery to the latter, thereby losing $35 a bale, or $4,270 on his crop.

Another grower found, by taking samples of his cotton and having it graded by the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, that he was losing an average of six cents a pound, through faulty grading by the "experts" of the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association. The New Orleans Cotton Exchange is the most widely known and respected authority on cotton in the world; its secretary, Henry G. Hester, is known in every country as the greatest expert on cotton the industry has ever known. The exchange and Mr. Hester are called upon scores of times each year to arbitrate gradings and other arguments in cotton production. Yet when the correct grades were shown, as made by this independent and uninfluenced authority, the Sapiro Plan association replied that it did not recognize the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, or Mr. Hester, but would make its own grades.

Quite naturally, the buyers of cotton are in no way displeased with the grades that the co-operatives make. But the planters are not so well pleased. Late in 1923 and early in 1924, a petition was drawn up and circulated by certain prominent planters in the Delta, asking for the dissolution of this association, and the abrogation of its contracts, which, as has been said, already had cost the planters of this region more than $10,000,000 on their three years of crops under the Sapiro Plan. Before this petition had been presented to the directors of the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association, that board called a meeting of the membership at Greenwood, Mississippi, on June 13, 1924. All the directors, including the president and general manager, were on the rostrum; the audience was filled with scattered groups of the employes of the association, all of whom would lose their jobs if it were dissolved. A petition for the continuance of the association was presented on the platform, by the directors. It was said to contain the names of 1,000 of the 1,600 members. The argument was made that the association had 25,000 bales of the crop still on hand, and that this would be a total loss if the association were disbanded. As a matter of fact, other growers at that moment were selling their cotton for four to six cents a pound more than the association was receiving for the crop of its members, and the 25,000 bales could have been sold in ten minutes for greater net return to the grower than he ever had received.

One of the leading members of the association questioned the petition, asked how the names were obtained and whether the funds of the association were used in forming the petition and getting signatures to it. He inquired how much money of the association funds was used for this purpose, and where the board of directors obtained the authority to use association moneys in this manner. He asked to see the petition and to have the names on it checked, so as to learn how many of the names were those of employes, and how many of cotton producers.

He was refused an answer by the board of directors and howled down by the employes planted through the audience.

This, of course, is merely one instance of the "strong-arm" methods used by these Sapiro Plan co-operatives to keep the association in power. It has been used before, from the prune-growers of California to the tobacco-producers of Kentucky, and will be used as long as the agriculturists of America submit.

Delayed payments for cotton, and the payment of interest on funds borrowed from banks to make what are known as "advances to the members," are also factors in the sad history of the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association. One man who received 29.06 cents a pound for his 1923 crop, or $145.30 a bale, less $5.90 for association expenses, or $139.40 net a bale, received his final payment for his crop at the end of July, 1924, seven months after the cotton had been delivered to the association. He could have sold all his crop, *for cash*, at the end of 1923, at thirty-six cents a pound, or $180 a bale, less one per cent, or $1.80 a bale, costs of marketing, leaving him with $178.20 a bale cash in his pocket, seven months before he finally received $139.40 a bale from the association. This is a difference of $38.80 a bale in price received, not counting the interest this man paid on the "advances" made to him by the association.

It is interesting to note that every member of every Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association in this country *pays interest on his own money* to the association, that the association may pay him for his own crop.

Jewish banking houses naturally have no objection to this method of doing business, but it does appear a trifle wasteful. The farmer, having handed over control of his crop and, in some instances, of his lands as well, can do nothing until his contracts expire.

The Staple Cotton Co-operative Association issued a statement of distribution of sales and expense to another cotton planter, as follows:

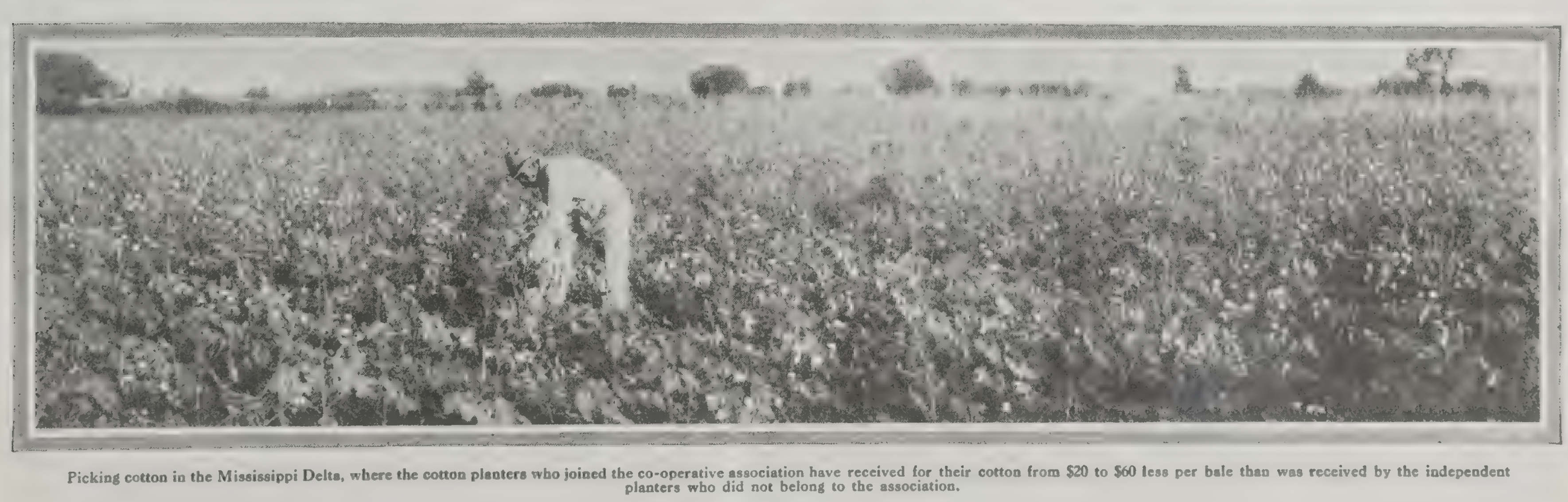
Total cotton sales		$ 41,128.71
Operating fund, 3 %	$ 1,233.86	
Advance, 2%	822.57	
Distribution checks to member	22,652.97	
Total loan	13,972.13	
Interest	287.41	
Miscellaneous charges	27.65	
Check, this distribution	2,132.12	$ 41,128.71

The cost to this cotton grower for the marketing of his cotton through the association was 5.8 per cent of its total value. The cost outside the association was one per cent, or *less than one-fifth of the cost of the Sapiro Plan.*

This ratio holds true for virtually all of the average of 135,000 to 140,000 bales of cotton marketed by this association each year.

There are always side issues to every Sapiro Plan

(Concluded on page 14)



Picking cotton in the Mississippi Delta, where the cotton planters who joined the co-operative association have received for their cotton from $20 to $60 less per bale than was received by the independent planters who did not belong to the association.

Drove Golf Balls Over Cathedral Spire

Some Stirring Tales of Royal and Ancient Game—Mostly Scottish

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

THE first mention of golf in the history of Scotland, its native land, comes in an act passed to prohibit it. In March, 1457, during the reign of James II of Scotland, a statute was passed by the Scotch Parliament, prohibiting the exercise of golf, because it might take the place of more practical training in archery. These were the days before gunpowder, Big Berthas and other wholesale means of inflicting death on the enemy had been invented and the bow was the principal instrument of war. The Scotch were accomplished bowmen and with the increasing popularity of golf, the king feared a lessening of their skill in archery. Therefore the above-mentioned act.

Evidently both the love of golf on the part of the Scots and the fear of parliament that they love it too much for their country's good, continued to grow. For in both the reign of James the Third and James the Fourth, in the middle and end of the fifteenth century, additional acts were passed to discourage golf. James the Third ordered that golf should be put aside, and that "the buttes be maid up and schutting be used, after the tenour of the Acte of Parliament maid thereupon," while during the reign of his successor a statute was passed to the effect that "in na place of the realme there be usit futte-ballis, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis, for the common gude of the realme, and defense thereof, and that bowis and schutting be hantit, and bowmarkes maid therefore ordained in ilk parochin, under the pain of fourtie shillinges, to be raised to the schireffe and baillies foresaid."

Kirk Bans Sunday Golf

BUT despite these patriotic edicts and arguments that golf was an unprofitable sport, even the canny Scot refused to put aside his clubs and to desert the green.

These restrictions fell into disuse, however, when gunpowder came into fashion and archery became passé. But new ones were a-budding. Golf was becoming much too popular in the eyes of the kirk, for the lure of the links was keeping many a lover of the game from his Sunday devotions. The dominies, when no attention was paid to their words from the pulpit, rushed to the law for action. Thereupon, in 1592, the Town Council of Edinburgh prohibited the game on Sundays. Two early enthusiasts were prosecuted for "playing the Gowff on the Links of Leith, every Sabbath, the time of the sermonses." In 1604, Robert Robertson and others were convicted of profaning the Lord's Sabbath, by playing at "Gowff" and Robertson was fined while the others had to appear the following Sabbath in the place of public repentance, in the presence of the whole congregation.

Similar prosecutions continued down to the time of James VI, in 1618, who met the golfers halfway in a proclamation "when (says he) with our owne eares wee heard the generall complaint of our people, that they were barred from all lawfull recreation and exercise upon the Sundayes afternoone, after the ending of all Divine service, for when sha the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundayes and holydayes, seeing they must apply their labour, and winne their living in all working dayes?"

And, continued this righteous King, "after the end of divine service, our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawfull recreation—such as dauncing, either men or women, archerie for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation." But prohibited "the said recreations to any that are not present in the church at the service of God before their going to the said recreations."

Goff, for the Scots spelled it as they pronounced it, continued on down through the seventeenth century into the eighteenth until even the historians in England remarked on the popularity of the sport.

Driving Over St. Giles

"HARD by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called Golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence," writes Smollett about 1766. "These they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together, in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness."

Strutt, toward the end of the century, has something more to say about the game itself and his description shows there has been little change in the last hundred and fifty years of golf.

"Goff," writes Strutt, "according to the present modification of the game, is performed with a bat; the handle of this instrument is straight, and usually made of ash, about four feet and a half in length; the curvature is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn, and backed with lead; the ball is a little one, but exceedingly hard, being made with leather, and stuffed with feathers. There are generally two players, who have each of them his bat and ball. The game consists in driving the ball into certain holes made in the ground, which he who achieves the soonest, or in the fewest number of strokes, obtains the victory. The Goff lengths, or the spaces between the first and last holes, are sometimes extended to the distance of two or three miles; the number of intervening holes appears to be optional, but the balls must be struck into the holes, and not beyond them; when four persons play, two of them are sometimes partners, and have but one ball which they strike alternately, but every man has his own bandy."

Though royalty occasionally took up golf, its most successful practitioners were the everyday folk. For when His Highness, the Duke of York, was residing at Holyrood Castle, he argued with two Englishmen that the Scots played the better golf. To settle the dispute, a wager was made, and for the consequent match against the Englishmen the Duke chose one John Patersone, a shoemaker, who was considered the best golf player in Edinburgh.

The match was won by the Duke and his partner and the latter received a very great reward for his assistance. The victorious shoemaker built himself a house on the Canongate of Edinburgh, with the proceeds of the wager. On the wall above the door of his house which he christened "Golfers Land," he had an inscription in Latin, which, translated, reads:

"In the year when Patersone won the prize in Golfing, a game peculiar to the Scots, and in which his ancestors had nine times won the same distinction, he raised this mansion to commemorate a victory more noble than all the rest."

And for a crest, this modest man adopted a hand dexter, grasping a club, with the motto, "Far and Sure."

The Scots became so proficient with the ball and club that many a stunt they put over to show off their skill. The St. Andrews' golfers tell of their club member who struck off three balls from one hole to another, a distance of about five hundred yards. With a uniform number of strokes to each ball, the three balls reached the hole so close together that the golfer could touch them all with his club.

They still tell in Edinburgh of the wager made that no two members of the Edinburgh Burgess Golf Club could drive their balls over the spire of St. Giles Cathedral. A Mr. Scales and a Mr. Smellie were chosen to represent the club and a stand was built for the judges level with the weathercock so they might have the best view obtainable of the balls. In case of need, each man might have six balls. The morning was bright and clear, and without any difficulty witnesses saw the balls soar considerably higher than the weathercock on the dome of the cathedral.

A later anecdote tells of two Scots who wagered that they could drive their balls from the golf house on Bruntsfields Links over Arthur's Seat in forty-five strokes. The distance is two miles and the Seat is more than 800 feet high. One man lost with a score of forty-six strokes, while the winner made it in forty-four.

The "Cock o' the Green'

ONE Alex McKellar, in golf history known as the "Cock o' the Green," often practiced "putting" at the "short hole" by lamplight. His golf-hating wife, so the story goes, one evening brought both his dinner and his nightcap to him on the links. But McKellar blandly rebuked her for interrupting and suggested that she "cou'd wait if she likit till the game was dune, but at present he had no time for refreshment."

On Sunday, when McKellar could not play his beloved golf, he acted as doorkeeper to a church in Edinburgh. A fellow club member jocularly put a golf ball in the plate when McKellar passed it before him. McKellar quickly took possession of it as more appropriate to his interests than to any religious objective.

Another nighttime golf story is too good to be overlooked. About half-past ten it was decided to play a match of three holes. No lights were allowed except one lantern placed at the hole and another carried by the caddies so they might see to whom the ball belonged. Boys were placed along the course who were so accustomed to the flight of balls that they could tell where the balls had fallen by the sound as they hit the ground. The match was won by one hole and the winner was the richer by five hundred.

The old competition between archers and golfers led to an odd match on the Luffness Links on October 15, 1874. The Rev. Mr. Tait, chaplain to the Royal Company of Archers (Queens Scotch Body Guard) played a match with a bow and arrow against the club and ball of the veteran golfer, "old Tom Morris." When the round of eighteen holes was ended, it was found the bow had beaten the club. Unfortunately there are no details, only the news that Mr. Tait had done the round in seventy-six shots, while Tom Morris had taken eighty-two strokes to finish. By holes the bow won by five.

Although golf has been the national game of the Scots for almost five hundred years, the cost of the early golf balls made it a very expensive sport. These balls were made of leather stuffed tightly with feathers and cost four shillings apiece. The maker pressed the feathers in with a wooden pin fastened in a piece of wood and then pressed the board against his chest to cram in the feathers. This handwork accounted for the high price.

At first these balls were imported from Holland where the Dutch used them in Kolf, but to protect home industry, James IV, by an act of parliament, forbade their use on the links. A letter, dated August 5, 1618, says that "whereas no small quantitie of gold and silver be transported yierlie out of his Hienes' kingdom of Scotland for bying of golf ballis, his Majestie confers a monopoly of ball manufacture on James Melvil for the space of twentie ane yeiris." It was also mentioned in the act that cost of each ball "exceid not the pryce of four shillingis money of this realm" and that a stamp be placed on each ball to show its native source for all others were to be "escheated" (confiscated).

Feather balls have long been succeeded by gutta-percha balls and balls of various compositions. When the gutta-percha balls were introduced, though costing only one-fourth as much as the others, they were not favorably received. Golfers said the "gutties" ducked. The reason why was soon found out. When the gutta-percha ball was first tried out, it was quite smooth. In a few days, marked by the clubs, it acted much better. Keen golfers decided that the balls needed slight indentations and roughnesses to match the slight ridges made on the feather balls by the seams. So the chisel end of a hammer was used to make crisscross marks all over the ball and ever afterward the ball behaved in a most satisfactory manner. Hand-hammered balls were advertised until a mold was invented by which the balls could be scored while in the making.

Golf came over the Tweed—with one exception—about the middle of the nineteenth century. The exception is Blackheath where James VI of Scotland first played the game in England, or, as it was then known, the Knuckle Club. Its minutes were "quite as convivial as sporting" and bets were often made of gallons of claret. This club became the Blackheath Golf Club about 1822. At Pau, across the Channel, the next non-Scottish golf club had an informal existence until 1857, when under the spur of a gold challenge medal, offered by the Duke of Hamilton, it quickened and grew until in 1874 it organized a Ladies' Club where be-crinolined ladies played a refined game.

Founding of Westward Ho

WESTWARD HO, founded in 1833, was named after Charles Kingsley's book, which was written in the neighborhood. The shores of Bideford Bay reminded an enthusiastic golfer, one General Moncrieff, who was visiting the Vicar of Northam, of the links of St. Andrews. In a few days, the general had rallied a few fellow fans to his support and they began to play golf on this open land, their enthusiasm making up for the primitive condition of the links.

These pioneers used the putting greens as they found them, for Nature and the local sheep had kept the turf short. The holes were made with pocket knives and were without flags to mark them. The first party on the links each day located the hole, if he could, and marked it with a feather picked up on the way. If the sheep had trodden out the hole, he made another and stuck his feather there.

A year later, 1864, the club was instituted. First it acquired a tent, then a clubhouse, and eventually, all the paraphernalia, indoors and out, of a well-ordered golf club.

About this period a heavy argument came up anent the pronunciation of the word "golf." Should the "l" be sounded or is it mute? The Scotch disowned the "l" and gave every variety of pronunciation possible to the vowel. But an occasional scholar north of the Tweed rose in defense of the consonant while England clamored for it. "Goff" was their national game, and only the illiterate, they said, paid any attention to the "l."

But the English denied Scotland the right to decide this issue on the ground of primogeniture and insisted that they would not give way to the north in the pronunciation of a word now as common south of the border as north of it.

"Should words be used as the experienced use them or as they are spelled?" queried Edinburgh.

The English evidently succumbed to numbers for today one speaks of goff, and a goffer goes goffing when he goes to the links.

Golf in America

ANOTHER controversy that shook the golfing world somewhat about this time was the problem of what to do with the ladies. As guests they were privileged to watch the game of their men or to wait for them at the clubhouse; but not satisfied with these privileges, a few insisted on playing. Several clubs allotted a small corner for ladies' links, about enough space for a few short holes. But so undesirable were these sections that Lord Wellwood referred to them as a sort of Jews' quarter, that is, like the old-fashioned ghetto where the Jews were restricted. The noble Lord adds that there is no reason against women playing golf but advises that links for ladies be provided on all the larger greens, on a smaller scale of the "long round," with short putting holes, a few long holes, with a drive or two of seventy or eighty yards and a few "suitable" hazards. The seventy-yard is recommended, not because, this gracious golfer adds, ladies cannot make a longer drive but because such a drive cannot be made without raising the club above the shoulder and this posture is not graceful!

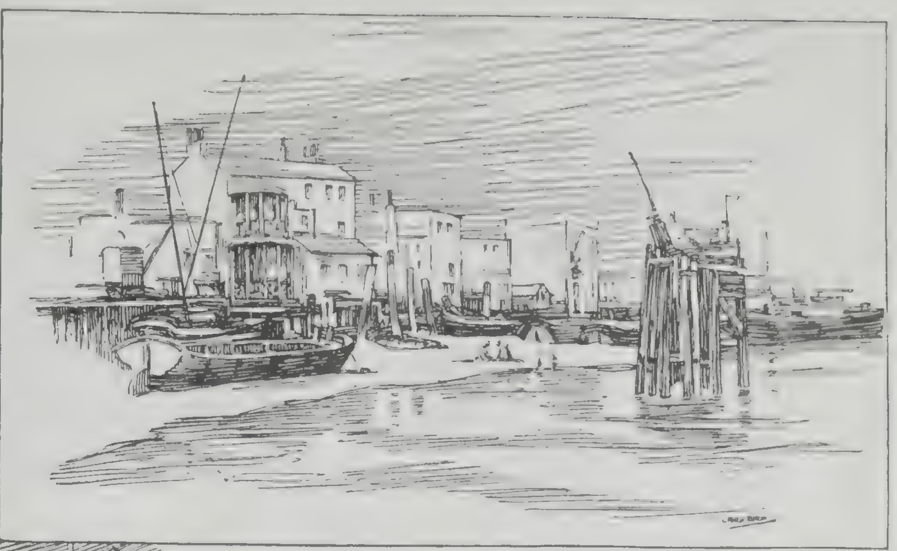
Very reluctantly did golfers admit ladies to their beloved links. Horace Hutchinson, in 1899, thought that women had better stay on their own grounds, best suited to their moderate length of driving, than to invade the longer links of the men. Until women develop a longer drive, this authority says, "it is no kindness either to them or to other players to let them loose on the longer links before their strength in driving has outgrown the shorter."

Five years ago, Mr. Hutchinson still thought ladies "would have been both better and happier on their own short putting greens" though he admits there are occasional players who appreciate longer courses and play them as well as men. But since it is inevitable that women use the same links as men, the resigned Mr. Hutchinson suggests the schedule used (*Concluded on page 14*)

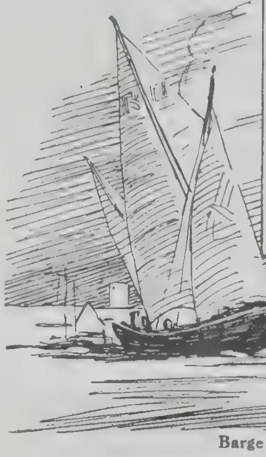
The Pool of London

Old Father Thames Tells a Story; Romance of a Famous Waterway

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE



Limehouse.



Barge under sail.

THE Pool of London is that part of the Thames River immediately below London Bridge. In the ordinary sense of the term it cannot be called beautiful; but it has a picturesqueness of its own for those who have eyes to see it. Indeed, what river can be really ugly, however much it is used by man? For me the river of London has always had fascination; by night when it mirrors the myriad lights on bridges and embankments; by day when it ripples sparkling in the sun, or heaves lethargically beneath leaden skies, or runs mysteriously under a pall of yellow fog. The last time I was upon it was a gray-white day: mingled sunshine and cold showers. I set forth in a wherry from Old Swan Stairs, close above London Bridge; was rowed by a somewhat taciturn Thames waterman. Not by such a jolly young waterman as was immortalized by Charles Dibdin:

> "And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
>   Who at Blackfriars Bridge used to ply?
> He feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
>   Winning each heart and delighting each eye."

Sure enough mine was a man of great skill and dexterity; a brawny, sturdy middle-aged fellow, who knew every eddy and swirl of the tricky currents and swift tides. But when I asked what was this place and that—though for the most part I knew them well—he gave me the names pat enough, but there his interest and his knowledge seemed to end. Probably familiarity had bred contempt. What was all alive with humanity to me was matter of business only to him.

Yet the Pool of London is replete with history and romance. At our starting place, these Old Swan Stairs, Shakespeare and his fellow players must often have embarked and disembarked; many other famous wights also. "Stairs" were—and are—steps leading down from the river bank to the water's edge, for the convenience of those taking boats.

Looking across the water, we see the dim, dingy outline of the wharves and warehouses upon Bankside, where in Elizabethan days were the Globe and Swan playhouses, the Bear Garden, where bears were cruelly maltreated by huge dogs and still more savage men, and other places of entertainment, seemly and otherwise. There, too, is the stalwart square tower of Saint Saviour's, Southwark, wherein sleep John Gower, poet and friend of Dan Chaucer, John Fletcher and Philip Massinger, playwrights, and Edmund Shakespeare, younger brother of William. There, also, is the Harvard Chapel, keeping green the memory of the founder of Harvard, who was born in this parish and baptized in this church in the year 1607; who knows but that Shakespeare was present at the ceremony?

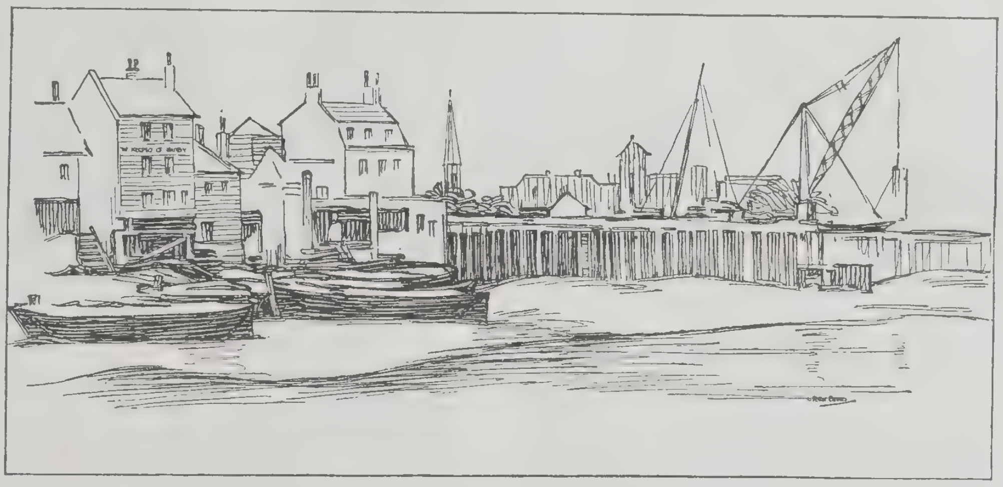
We pass beneath London Bridge: first built in stone between the years 1176 and 1209; rebuilt in 1825-1831. In olden days it was one of the wonders of the world, with its gallant rows of wooden houses on either side of the roadway, a chapel dedicated to Saint Thomas à Becket and a fortified gatehouse which was usually adorned with the moldering skulls of unsuccessful rebels and other rash persons. Today it is just a gray-stone bridge of no particular impressiveness, but always busy, day and night.

Now we are drifting downstream on the waters of the Pool. On our left hand is Billingsgate, the great fish market of London; known all the world over for the unsavoriness of the language said to be used by those who frequent it. For many centuries this wharf has been busy with fishing boats, English and foreign, including always at least one Dutch eel-ship. Then we float, for we go leisurely on our way, past the Custom House, a huge, cold, classic pile, of not much interest save from the merchants' point of view, and so to the Tower of London, next after Westminster Abbey the most historic building in London. The gray towers and walls seem to frown down on the river, fortress, prison, palace; innumerable are the bloody tales of cruelty and crime that its stones could tell! Is there any sadder spot on earth? Any more terrible memorial of the brutality of man? What fearful ghosts haunt its walks and dungeons!

> ". . . . London's lasting shame,
> With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

We will turn our backs upon history, looking across to a place made famous by fiction. That muddy, desolate inlet there leads up to Jacob's Island, where Bill Sikes met his end. It is thus described by Dickens: "Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists . . . . the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London . . . . Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in . . . ." As seen at low tide this inlet is shown in our picture: the massy bank of black, slimy mud looking strangely silver-toned under the white, sunlit clouds.

Some little way lower down is a more cheery spot, Cherry Garden Stairs, nearby which, in the days of merry King Charles II, was a well-known place of entertainment, visited among other gay folk by Master Samuel Pepys, who entered in his Diary under date June 15, 1664, this: "To the Cherry Garden, and then by water singing finely to the Bridge," meaning London Bridge. Fancy that! These gay companions, be-laced and be-plumed, singing as they were rowed homeward. In those days the Thames was the busiest highway in the city, and the brightest, and by a long way the cleanest; crowded with boats and galleys and often the scene of pompous pageantry. Now it is deserted by all save those who have business to do upon its waters.



The Prospect of Whitby Inn.

A little lower down, on the opposite shore, is Wapping; still "chiefly inhabited by seafaring men and tradesmen dealing in commodities for the supply of shipping and shipmen." It is not a neighborhood in which you would expect to fall on any trace of romance; nor would one so do but that songs have put its name upon the lips of thousands:

> "Your Molly has never been false she declares,
> Since last time we parted at Old Wapping Stairs,"

but we have only the lady's word for it. Dibdin sang of another Wapping beauty:

> "Your London girls, with all their airs,
> Must strike to Poll of Wapping Stairs,
>   No tighter lass is going
>   . . . .
> Her father, he's a hearty dog,
> Poll makes his flip, and serves his grog,
>   And never stints his measure;
> She minds full well the house affairs,
> She seldom drinks, and never swears;
>   And isn't that a pleasure?"

Surely so; but a sad slur is cast upon the manners of the other maidens of Wapping! Grog is usually rum and water, and was introduced into the British navy in the year 1745, or thereabouts, by Admiral Vernon, who was nicknamed "Old Grog" from his habit of wearing a *Grog*ram cloak! There are various kinds of "flips," into the compounding of which enter ale, spirits, eggs, butter, sugar and spices!

Hereabouts there are still some old, wooden, bow-windowed houses, leaning, apparently perilously, over the water; such, for example, as The Prospect of Whitby Inn. There are many of these quaint waterside taverns in this neighborhood: in Wapping, Shadwell and Limehouse. Best known of them is The Grapes at the last-named place, for it has been identified as The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters in "Our Mutual Friend," wherein Gaffer Hexam, Rogue Riderhood and others disported themselves under the stern eyes of Miss Abbey Potterson; indulging in such giddy drinks as Dog's Nose, Purl, and Flip, doubtless such as Poll made for her father.

We are told that The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters was a tavern "of a dropsical appearance . . . . a narrow lopsided wooden jumble of corpulent windows heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden veranda impending over the water." And "the bar . . . . was a bar to soften the human breast," and apparently to make jolly the hearts of porters and others fond of good fellowship. Those who know their way about this town can still find in this and in other parts old-fashioned taverns where there are softening bars; cozy places where there are good cheer and cheery faces to be enjoyed.

As all know, there is much about the Thames River to be found in Dickens, and about the riverside. What was there that he did not know and understand about London town?

It may not be out of place to mention that the Fellowship-Porters formed one of the London guilds or brotherhoods, the members claiming and until recent years retaining the right of unloading all vessels laden with grain that came into the port of London.

And what is Dog's Nose? It was a potent mixture made of beer and gin. There were—indeed are—two kinds of Purl, one concocted of beer or ale and wormwood, and the other of beer and hot spiced gin! No wonder the porters were jolly!

One of the busiest parts of the Pool of London is undoubtedly Limehouse. Here huge warehouses open wide their doors for the reception of merchandise from all over the world. Although the great majority of these warehouses are modern, there are still a number of the quaint old-fashioned buildings along the water front containing dark, poky little dens where in former years men lingered, like Dan Chaucer, "over bills of lading."

There was also at a much later period that strange conglomeration of ship wreckage and marine stores surrounding a dilapidated shed of an office, such as Dickens describes as Quilp's Wharf, in his story of the "Old Curiosity Shop." It was here that Quilp, that hideous hunchback, who was a sort of a shipbreaker and money-lender combined, used to resort to indulge in his orgies of rum drinking and spiteful railing against all that was good and wholesome in mankind.

It was at Limehouse that Lloyd George, in his palmy days before the World War, used to indulge in that other form of invective which added a new word to the English dictionary, namely, that of "limehousing." This is on a par with that other word, "billingsgate," which is used to designate language of a particularly lurid and abusive type, which was once heard in all its pristine forcefulness in that celebrated fish market to which reference has already been made. But the "limehousing" of Lloyd George was not abuse in the ordinary sense, it was rather a type of denunciatory rhetoric hurled at the heads of the dukes, and the marquises, and the earls, and the aristocracy in general, which was music in the ears of the denizens of that extremely radical part of London.

One of the most picturesque types of craft on the Pool of London is the barge. The Thames barge in its various forms has figured in the history of the river from time immemorial. It was in barges of a glorified type that royalty used to be conveyed in the days when the river was the main highway of the state processions of all descriptions.

Now we turn our wherry homeward. I sit lazily; smoking, dreaming. The sky is a pageant of gray and white clouds, sweeping across the blue; the sun shines bravely between the bitter showers of rain. All around is the turmoil of the busy seaport; but I heed it not, preferring to think of the days that are no more.

A barge, with huge tan-colored sail, goes slowly by; how much more dignity there than in the fussy motor boat that races past. When I was a tiny little boy it was always my ambition to live upon a barge, and indeed there are worse lives to be led! Even nowadays I have a hankering that way, believing that I could be very happy so, going placidly about the waterways of old England

But here I am again at Old Swan Stairs.

Frances E. Willard School, a Mother's Shrine

Concluded from page 3

presidency the national society grew rapidly. Following her death, February 18, 1898, the Hall of Immortals in New York University enshrined her memory, and seven years later, in 1905, the United States Senate and House of Representatives suspended business deliberations to receive with appropriate ceremony the marble figure sent to Statuary Hall by the legislature of her adopted state of Illinois.

Books which she read, garments which she wore, letters written by her, are now treasured and collected by historical societies. Even the old phaeton in which she rode has been reclaimed recently and stands on a platform near the famous carriage of Daniel Webster in the State Historical Museum at Madison, Wisconsin. Sold to a junk dealer for $5 after it had been unnoticed for fifteen years, the surrey which was used by Miss Willard was rescued from oblivion.

A phaeton and surrey have rested many years in the barn back of the home of the late Mrs. Joseph Emerson, cousin of Miss Willard, at Beloit, Wisconsin. They were disregarded by all but one neighbor who had heard Mrs. Emerson relate their history years ago. The Emerson property, which is now owned by Beloit College, included the two buggies. When a junk dealer offered Professor E. S. Haynes, business manager, $9.25 for the two vehicles and the harness which was with them, the bargain was made.

But the observing neighbor did not want to see the relics meet so ignominious an end. The president of the Beloit W. C. T. U. was notified, and all efforts of the association were bent on securing the venerable surrey and phaeton. When the president of Beloit College, Dr. M. A. Brannan, learned of the unfortunate disappearance of the relics, a search for the junk dealer was instituted. But, alas, the dealer had disposed of the phaeton for $15 and only the surrey could be located. In respect to the memory of the great temperance union founder, the surrey was bought by the college and presented by the Beloit W. C. T. U. association to the State Historical Museum where it was received in the autumn of 1923 with deliberate ceremonies.

Long before national prohibition was assured, however, her services to the nation were acknowledged. The dedication of her cenotaph in Statuary Hall was equaled only by the memorial honors accorded a President. Men of national reputation were the speakers. Senator Cullum, of Illinois, made the presentation for his state and addresses were delivered by the late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and Senator Albert B. Beveridge, of Indiana. At the exercises held in the House of Representatives, the speakers were Congressman Foss, of Illinois, and Mr. Littlefield, of Maine.

"I have witnessed at the Capitol today a scene the like of which has never taken place before—thousands of children covering a statue with flowers and thousands of women standing before it in silence and in tears," declared Senator Dolliver in an address recording the fleeting event. "We are met to put in place another pedestal; to accept another statue donated by the people of the nation. It is brought here by a state rich in the household treasures of its biography—the state which gave to American politics the leadership of Stephen A. Douglas; the state from which Abraham Lincoln set out on his triumphal journey to the Capitol; the state which signed the first commission of General Grant; the state in which John A. Logan was born, and from which he went forth to become the ideal volunteer soldier of the Republic. Yet the great commonwealth passes all of these by and brings here, with reverence and pride, a work of art so full of gentleness and grace that all the illustrious company about it seems to bow with stately ceremony before the white figure of this elect figure of Illinois—Frances E. Willard."

Statuary Hall in the Capitol, where Miss Willard stands as the only woman representative, is redolent with national memories. When the chambers now occupied by Congress were completed, the problem arose over the use to which the old rooms should be placed.

Schoolhouse of Frances E. Willard in the Rock River Valley has been dedicated as a shrine.

The Senate, where the debates of Webster and Hayne and scores of other controversies had been witnessed, was remodeled for the Supreme Court. Disposition of the historic meeting place of the Representatives was not so easy. It was Senator Morrill who made the suggestion, which was enacted into law, that it be set apart as a national memorial hall, and that each state be invited to provide two statues of its illustrious citizens to be placed on its floors.

Less than half a century before the sacred recesses of this chamber were resounding to the thrilling tones of Henry Clay; earlier they echoed to the chiding sarcasm of John Randolph of Roanoke and still later to debates over the troublesome idea of David Wilmot, who insisted that his "proviso" be attached to compromise legislation so as to check the spread of slavery.

More than twenty commonwealths have responded to the invitation. Sculptured forms of Robert Winthrop and Daniel Webster are there for Massachusetts; Roger Williams for Rhode Island; George Clinton and Robert Fulton for New York; Ethan Allen for Vermont; Roger Sherman for Connecticut; Oliver P. Morton for Indiana; James A. Garfield, the only man who has served as a President and to be recognized, stands there representing Ohio, with still other favorites of states.

Arranged in the space are statesmen and orators, with a smile on their lips as if they would speak; soldiers are there with sword in hand; inventors whose genius has given ideas to lift the burdens and labors of the world are reposed and priests stand poised to offer the benediction.

It is in this august chamber, where the political history of a nation marched majestically from the Jefferson Administration to the opening of the Civil War, that the white marble statue of Miss Willard has been ushered. There she is shown in the pose in which the millions of the earth knew her best. She is standing on a platform, resting one arm on a reading table, delivering one of her lectures for the cause of temperance.

On the base at her feet has been carved her tribute to the mission of women:

"It is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. By the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient waiting over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of ten-thousand prayers wafted from their gentle lips to heaven, I charge you to give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved."

The national remembrance of her meant more than the praise due a departed leader. She was lauded for her womanly Americanism. This was the first official recognition of the advance which had been taken by women in the new order of things. The changing era had begun about the time of her birth. Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1838, was the first institution to grant a diploma to women. The work and influence of Miss Willard sped the day for their enfranchisement, a cause which she championed; she urged legislation for a better protection of the home and she also demanded "courts of national and international arbitration which would banish war from all the world." She was a reformer, but of such a poise that she did not call down upon herself the animosities that are generally heaped on those who would side-track the old routine.

But above the cenotaphs that have been raised and tablets dedicated to her memory; over all the volumes written about her life, the scene of the little white school building in the Rock River Valley haunts memory most. By its dedication, the common school of America has been enshrined for its service; its high ideals glorifying the homes from which come the little children.

Miss Willard is buried near Evanston, the scene of her later labors. Yet the mothers of America ask not the way. They go direct to the place from which she drew her early inspiration. For them, the surroundings during her aspiring girlhood are more appropriate as a memorial. The Frances E. Willard school has become a shrine.

Where the Turk First Stepped on Europe

Concluded from page 5

a perfect crescent, and near it the evening star, in the relative positions they occupy on the red flag of Turkey, and I wondered if this was a good omen for the future of the regenerated country under the leadership of Mustapha Kemal. It seemed symbolic.

Another afternoon and we left Constantinople behind, the city which has stood more sieges than any other in the world since it was Byzantium, and it glowed in the soft radiance of the late afternoon as it had a few days before when we came, St. Sophia bidding us farewell as it was the first to greet our eyes when we arrived.

The seas were again kind and without a ripple except those we made ourselves as we retraced our course to Smyrna for a few hours and then headed for Rhodes, another mystery place, an island snuggling close to the mainland of Asia Minor. Never was water so blue as that which laves the shores of Rhodes and never was a town more quaint than this which was built by the Knights of St. John who made it a bulwark of Christianity against the Turks until it fell into their hands in 1552. Since the Great War it has been under Italian control and the uniforms of Italian soldiers are met on the streets.

Rhodes, the whole island, has a population of 40 000, and grapes, figs and olive oil are its principal products. The island is somewhat barren, but the city of Rhodes itself is flower-decked from its many gardens. There are ancient walls and forts built by the knights long before the days of the Turks, the gates of the walls being no longer used. There is not an automobile on the island and there are few carriages, but there is a bathing beach bright with the same sort of tents that shine on the sands of Deauville at the height of the season.

There is little wood on the island, the houses are built of stone and have the most curious floors imaginable. These floors are made from small, smooth stones taken from the beach and are set on end close together. By making use of different colored stones, red, black and white, the householder weaves a pattern for his floor as delicate and intricate as any rug, and much more interesting.

Leaving Rhodes and heading to the southeastward we made a short stop at Larnaka, the principal port of English Cyprus, where we heard the English language for the first time since leaving Malta, and then on to Beyrouth, chief seaport of Syria, and the end of our outward voyage. Here for the next two weeks our travels were to be by motor and train.

More Destructive Than the Boll Weevil

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association, such as the hop-driers, the wool-graders and washers, the grain elevators in the Pacific Northwest, and the tobacco warehouses in Kentucky. So there was a side issue to the Staple Cotton Co-operative Association of the Yazoo River Delta. This was and is the issuance of "cotton certificates" in denominations of $2,000 each, backed by cotton held in the warehouses of the association. These certificates bear six per cent, run five years and are tax exempt. They should sell at more than par, but, as a matter of fact, the banks throughout the South will allow only eighty per cent on them. This is a reduction of $200,000 on every $1,000,000 worth of the certificates issued, or about four times the cost of selling the cotton, even under the heavy expenses of the association, and twenty times the cost of its sale outside the association.

Aside from these factors of bad merchandising, *the cotton planters who formed the association have lost control of it*, that control having passed to the board of directors; cannot sell their own cotton when they wish to sell it, or direct the board to so sell it; and cannot accept the peak price, but must await the division and sale of the cotton, month by month, on the "orderly marketing" scheme. It is small wonder that many of the leading planters of the Yazoo River Delta are turning over their plantations to their wives, leasing them to their sons, and endeavoring by other expedients within the law to escape the situation into which they were lured by promises which never have been fulfilled, and which, under the Sapiro Plan, never can be fulfilled.

Drove Golf Balls Over Cathedral Spire

Concluded from page 12

in Biarritz. One afternoon in the week is set apart for ladies, but those whose handicap is four or under may play at any time and on equal terms with the men. This prevents cluttering the links by inexperienced players and would bring even more happiness to the golfer if the same limitations applied to masculine members of his club.

Golf in America has not much of a past. There is slight mention of it in Knickerbocker history, though it is said the Dutch were ardent golfers. In 1600 the Worshipful Commissary and Commissaries of Fort Orange and Village of Beverwyck (Albany), "having heard divers complaints from the Burghers of this place, against okaying golf along the streets, which causes great damage to the windows of the houses, and exposes people to the danger of being wounded, and is contrary to the freedom of the Public streets," did forbid all persons to play golf in the streets, "on pain of twenty-five florins fine for each person who shall be found doing so."

A few centuries pass until the Philadelphia *Times* on Sunday, February 24, 1889, takes up the subject of golf again. It says, "Up to this time golf has made little way in the United States." Though the *Times* adds it is far from being a "dude" game, it calls golf an aristocratic exercise and ends with "It is not a game which would induce men of elegant leisure to compete in, but those who have strong wind and good muscle may find in it a splendid exercise for their abilities, and plenty of chance to emulate each other in skill and physical endurance."

In the thirty-five years since the Philadelphia *Times* printed these words, golf has become the fashionable sport of the tired business man—and yea—girl, as well. The gradual opening of public links is helping to bring back to this royal and ancient game its early popularity with the general public.

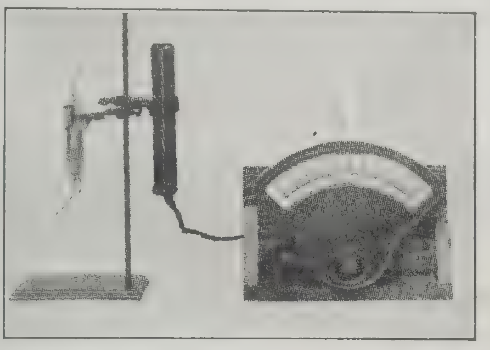
International Science Briefs

By DR. ARVID REUTERDAHL

President, Ramsey Institute of Technology, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Using the Vacuum

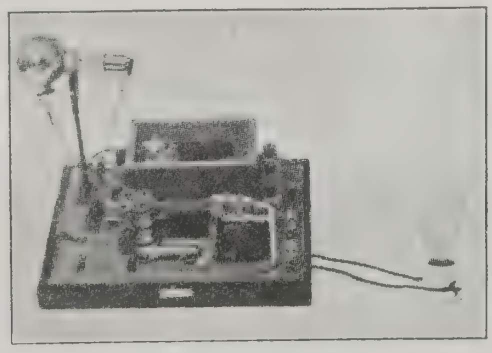
THE word *vacuum* literally means "empty," and signifies that a certain portion of space is entirely devoid of matter. Physical action is impossible without the presence of matter in space. How then may a *vacuum* which contains no matter be used? It is evident, of course, that while a certain space is free from matter no observable physical event can take place within it. Yet it is this very fact which permits a vacuum to be of great service in scientific investigations because definite types of matter, under prescribed conditions, can be introduced into such empty spaces and the behavior of these matter groups may be studied in isolation from those matter aggregates which constitute our atmosphere. In this sense, therefore, we can actually make use of a vacuum.



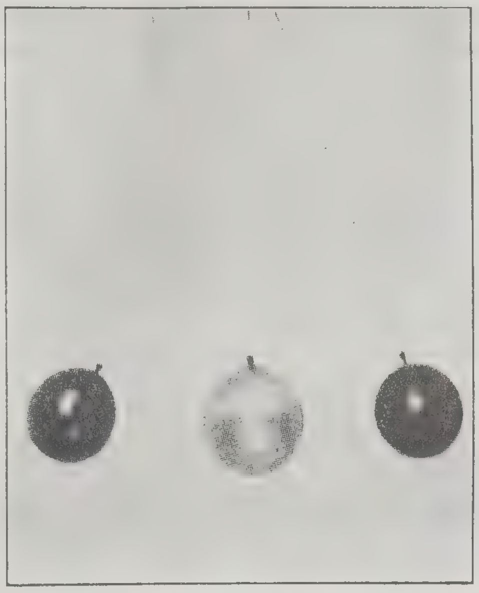
The magnetic field explorer.

When we speak of an *absolute* vacuum we refer only to an ideal limit. In such a vacuum *no* matter is present. Practically we deal only with *partial* vacuums. Evangelista Torricelli (1608-1647), the Italian physicist, invented the barometer in the year 1643. His assistant Viviani actually performed the experiment which led to this invention. At the suggestion of Torricelli, Viviani filled a glass tube, which was closed at one end, with mercury and then inverted it beneath the surface of a vessel containing mercury. It was found that the column of mercury in the tube would sink, finally coming to rest when its top surface was about thirty inches above the top surface of the mercury in the vessel. Torricelli reasoned that the weight of the mercury column in the tube was balanced by the pressure of the atmosphere on the mercury in the vessel. He also concluded that the space in the closed end of the tube above the top surface of the mercury column was practically free from air particles, thus constituting a vacuum. By means of this experiment, which underlies the principle of the barometer, Torricelli produced, for the first time, what is known as a *high* vacuum.

The Torricelli vacuum, however, actually contains a small residue of mercury vapor and traces of air. The Torricelli method of producing a vacuum in addition to being inefficient is not convenient. This fact led to the use of some form of pump which was used to exhaust the air, gas, or vapor in the space where the vacuum was desired. Otto von Guericke, about 1654, invented the mechanical air pump. Geissler in 1855 introduced the mercury vacuum pump. In the year 1865 Sprengel brought out his type of mercury pump. G. W. A. Kahlbaum in 1901 constructed an improved Sprengel pump by which he was able to obtain an exhaustion equivalent to a pressure of 0.0000018 millimeters of mercury. The molecular air pump of Dr. W. Gaede effects an exhaustion corresponding to 0.0000002 millimeters of mercury. Compared with the Gaede pump the water pump and the ordinary piston pump are very inefficient, the former producing an exhaustion corresponding to about ten millimeters of mercury, and the latter about one millimeter.

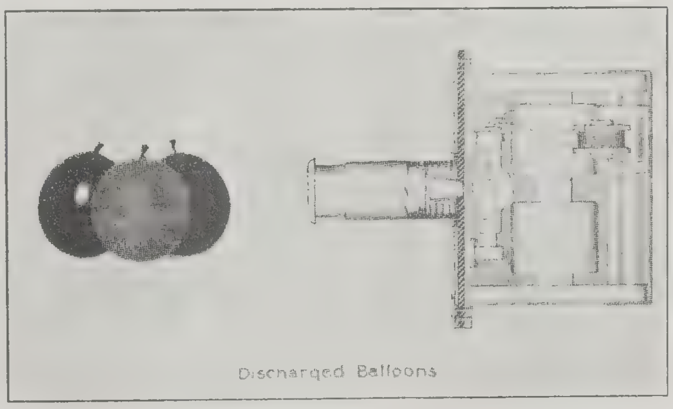


The photo-electric cell vacuum tube.

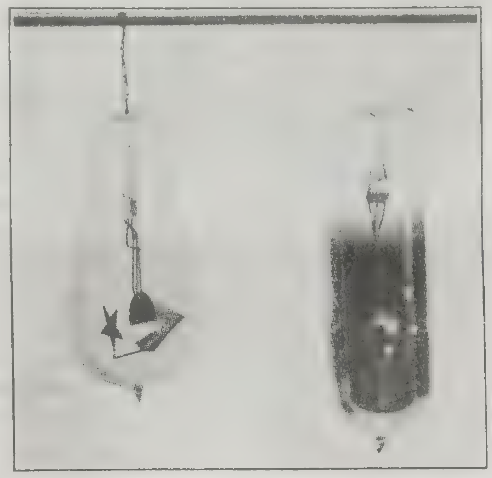


Electrically charged balloons.

Dr. W. R. Whitney, director of the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company, writing in the current number of the *Scientific Monthly,* states: "We all know that we see at night largely by the aid of vacuum lamps. Through other vacuum lamps, called X-ray tubes, we also see through opaque bodies. The light which illumines our microscope specimen has its analogue in the X-ray light which shows us the crystal structure of matter and the electrical formulae of chemical atoms. Our transcontinental wired telephony is possible through vacuum tubes which, in various forms, also permit our wireless broadcasting and wireless reception from the most remote stations. The workman who keeps his drink hot or cold in a thermos bottle is clearly indebted to Sir James Dewar's application of the vacuum, but the scientist is still more indebted to it. All our steam power plants, including turbines, owe their success to vacua." In an address delivered before the Cincinnati meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Whitney showed many uses of the vacuum by means of actual experiments. We are indebted to Dr. Whitney and the *Scientific Monthly* for the illustrations of the apparatus used during this lecture. His paper dealt more particularly with the effects produced by electric currents through *high* vacua. He stated, "After the work by which the individual and indivisible negative electrical charge or electron was defined, it seemed quite fitting though unexpected, to learn that these negative charges were exuded by hot bodies. The result of this disclosure formed the basis for most of the modern electrical phenomena in vacua. The activities of electrons are apparently the cause of most electrical and chemical processes. Their motions constitute electric currents and the currents are determined and controlled by voltage or potential difference."



Balloons discharged by X-rays.



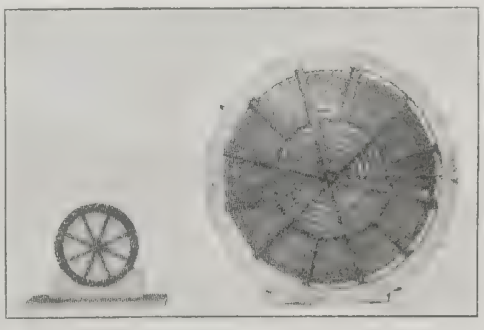
Distillation in a vacuum.

Dr. Whitney discussed the various grades of vacua. At one time, he states, the vacuum of the incandescent lamp was considered quite superior. Today the vacua of good thermos bottles, X-ray tubes, radiotrons and other wireless tubes are far better than that found in the ordinary incandescent lamp bulb. When filaments are distilled in vacua metal shadows of interior parts of the lamp are cast upon the walls. This proves that the distilled substance moves within the tube in *straight lines* from the heated source. In the illustration the shadow of a star is shown on the wall of the tube.

The vacuum tube is used in exploring the earth's magnetic field. The apparatus consists essentially of a cylindrical plate in a vacuum tube and a central filament within it. A coil of wire is wound around the outside of the glass. A magnetic field may be generated within the coil by a feeble current from a battery. "When the apparatus is moved about in space (thereby at one time adding to the earth's field, at others opposing it), the magnitude and direction of the earth's magnetic field can be disclosed by a meter which indicates the resultant current."

Dr. Whitney showed a photo-electric cell vacuum tube during his lecture. This tube was connected by a relay to an electric lamp. When the light shone upon the photo-electric cell the burning electric lamp was extinguished and was relighted when the light was prevented from acting upon the cell. As Dr. Whitney put it—"It turns on the lights when it is dark, and turns them off when it is light. Some metals like potassium emit electrons when light falls upon them. These in vacua constitute a current when they are made to move by the electrical impulse. Applying potential to a vacuum tube having a potassium electrode and another electrode for leading off the current causes current to flow as negative electrons from the illumined metal, and this current actuates the electrical switch which turns off the lighting current.

Charged balloons may be discharged by a feeble beam of X-rays proceeding from a vacuum tube. The Hewlett loud speaker depends upon vacuum devices for its faithful reproduction of sound.



The Hewlett loud speaker.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Paris is so generally taking up the English habit of daily baths that the water supply is feeling the strain.

The Dutch intend to erect a dike from the North Holland coast to Wieringen, thence to Friesland—a total length of eighteen and three-fourths miles, which will facilitate the reclamation of nearly 500,000 acres of good loamy soil.

Chinese housewives of Shanghai yearned for hot biscuits, so an enterprising German chemist has erected a plant for the production of compressed yeast in that city, and as it is the only plant of its kind in the Far East the product is being sold as far south as Singapore and as far north as Harbin.

The sandalwood tree of Burma is one of the most valuable and beautiful timbers in the world. Only the fragrant-scented heartwood has any commercial value. The trees are stripped of branches and the logs allowed to lie where they have fallen. Billions of ants devour the soft, sappy wood, which is useless in commerce, leaving the hard heartwood of the tree stripped of its worthless integument, thus saving labor for the owner of the timber.

One of the dogmas of the Arabian Akhwans is the sinfulness of tobacco smoking. Men have paid the supreme penalty for smoking in Wahabiland. Murder, adultery, and theft are trifles compared with tobacco smoking in the opinion of these people.

Due to hygienic conditions and the trades taught in Sing Sing prison, prisoners are showing a disinclination to escape. The superintendent of industries at the penitentiary has suggested a reduction in the number of guards and an increase in the number of instructors.

Three months and a half of daylight in the Alaska Territory make it possible to turn out the switch lamps on a part of the main line of the Alaska Railroad.

More than two billion dollars' worth of crops in the United States are destroyed annually by insect pests. There are more than one hundred different kinds of these pests, most of them being immigrants from foreign countries where control measures are not rigidly enforced.

"Coolie" is from the Hindu word "kuli," meaning laborer.

The Hungarian peasant woman believes in the "cave man" theory, and is disappointed if her husband fails to treat her rough. When a woman is dissatisfied with her husband she exclaims, "He did not even beat me once!"

Violators of traffic laws in Chicago henceforth must submit to a test of their eyes.

A living, beating heart has been transplanted from one living body into another. The experiments were on embryo salamanders.

In Arabia justice is swift and sure. A man robs a caravan, and in less than twenty-four hours his decapitated body will be lying in the dust of the public market place as an object lesson for the entire community. No time is wasted in long-drawn-out legal formalities.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Visitors to the British Empire Exhibition are warned to watch out for a giant magnet weighing some three tons which snatches umbrellas, pocketknives—anything made of steel or iron—from unsuspecting visitors as they pass by. Fifty tons is its pulling power.

The city of Portland, Oregon, will erect a statue of Joan of Arc in a public park in honor of the French pioneers that settled in that section. The statue will be a replica of the noted figure modeled by Fremiet, now standing in Paris.

Krupps, German gun manufacturers, are now making single and double rows of teeth of enameled steel.

One of the greatest diamond rushes in the history of the world has just taken place at Zeekoefontein, on the banks of the Vaal River in South Africa. The owner of a farm in that district discovered diamonds and has been making an average of two or three thousand pounds a week. Three thousand men and boys of all classes have rushed to stake claims.

The Arabian sheik exercises unlimited power. No legislature embarrasses him. No judiciary causes him trouble. He is the government and performs all its functions. The office is hereditary and is passed on to the oldest son.

Only one horse-drawn conveyance passed through the gates of the Seneca County, New York, fair this year, while the number of automobiles amounted to more than 1,000 daily. Two years ago about the same number of both kinds of vehicles passed through the gates, while five years ago the number of automobiles was greatly in the minority.

Telephone calls are numbered as they reach the exchanges in France. If a subscriber loses his temper and rattles the receiver-hook, his turn is placed at the end of the list.

"Jewish immigrants are flooding Mexico, from Poland, Russia, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Arabia, even Palestine. Yet all of them are called simply *extranjeros*—foreigners—or more specifically *Rusos, Alemanes, Turcos, Arabes."—Anita Brenner.*

In Northern Africa there is a large petrified forest similar to our petrified forest near Holbrook, Arizona.

There are about five hundred swans on the Thames River in England.

The dingo, or wild dog of Australia, is the sheepman's worst foe as it destroys many sheep in a single night's hunt.

France began systematic tree-planting along its national roads in the reign of Francis I, more than three hundred years ago. When a contract is let for a new state road in France the specifications include the trees to be set out, and the contractor is responsible for his trees for two years after he sets them out.

American population increased practically 2,000,000 in 1923. In the latter half of the year, we grew 1,122,000. Immigration contributed 505,000 and the excess of births over deaths 617,000. Without the immigration factor the United States is increasing to the extent of about 1,234,000 a year.

The original manuscript of Joseph Conrad's first novel sold at the John Quinn sale last year for $5,300. Thirty years ago, when it was first published, it attracted only a small group of admirers and was considered a complete failure. At the sale the first edition sold for $120.

In Japan there are two hundred thirty-six different associations working for temperance, with an aggregate membership of 117,982.

The National Museum is engaged in assembling an historical collection of radio devices which will place on permanent record a vivid exhibition of this rapidly expanding art of communication.

Corn with stalks so short that the ears appear to grow directly out of the earth and that mature in seventy days is now being grown at experiment stations in the United States.

Only five lynchings occurred in the first half of the current year in the United States.

"The truth is, a farm will not make an honest man rich in money. I do not know of a single instance in which a man has honestly got rich by farming alone. It cannot be done. The way in which men who have farms grow rich is either by other resources, or by trade, or by getting their labor for nothing, or by other methods of which I could tell you many sad anecdotes."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The Senussi, natives of the Libyan Desert in North Africa, have an immigration exclusion act of their own. They do not want *any* aliens to come into the country, for they say foreigners mean domination, domination means paying taxes, and they do not want to pay taxes.

The opium poppy was first known among the Greeks and Romans. It spread eastward, carried probably by Arab traders.

In the hills of Sicily mail is carried under armed guard on the backs of burros.

Premier MacDonald has the greatest private Socialist library in existence.

James Whitcomb Riley's "Old Swimmin' Hole" in Brandywine Creek is being made into a bathing beach for children of the eastern part of Greenfield, Indiana, by citizens of that part of the city.

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Cancer—Its Cause and Prevention

By Dr. J. C. Bloodgood

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Torchlight in Old-Time Campaigns

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Sapiroing of the Raisin Industry

Having the Law on Your Neighbor

NEXT WEEK—**England's Bloodless Revolution**

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Cancer—Its Cause and Prevention

(C) Pacific and Atlantic Photos, Inc.

DR. JOSEPH COLT BLOODGOOD

This interview with Dr. Bloodgood cannot have a better preface than the following incisive introduction by the eminent cancer specialist himself.

THOSE of us, in the medical profession, who have been studying cancer for a quarter of a century, agree that at the present time the only means of reducing the number of deaths from cancer rests upon the education of the public on the importance of examination and treatment in the preventive or earlier curable stages, and the education of the medical profession on the recognition and most effective treatment in these earlier stages.

The American Society for the Control of Cancer, a philanthropic organization, is attempting in every way to get before the public and the profession this correct information, and to expose all quack cancer cures and publications of incorrect information.

It is for this reason that we must embrace every legitimate means of getting the truth to the public. It is very important for the reader to know that this interview consists of two parts—one, that in quotation marks, is copied verbatim from my published articles, and that without quotation marks is what Mr. Anderson has written from the notes of our interview, or from my writings. I have made no corrections, but when his statements do not convey the information clearly from my point of view, I have restated it in parentheses.

This will show the reader some of the difficulties of one who knows about cancer to get the correct information to the public in such a way that it is clearly understood.

Here is an interviewer, of unusual intelligence and experience, who first reads all that the one to be interviewed has written for the public on cancer, and then asks him some thirty prepared questions, the answers to which are taken down by an expert stenographer.

It is surprising the small element of error; but some statements of mine are slightly misunderstood and a few statements which I gave, as coming from other authorities, have been credited to me. As far as I know, no interview has been published with corrections made in this way.

Disease in the Soap and Water Stage

Lumps—Some Are Harmless, Some Deadly

By JOHN D. ANDERSON

The article on cancer contained in the Encyclopedia Britannica (1910) says that—Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood in my interview with him at his office in Baltimore a few weeks ago did not let me get any further.

Anything which the encyclopedias say or which any writer on cancer has written within the last five or eight years can with safety be disregarded and thrown into the waste-paper basket. We have been making cancer cure history so rapidly that what this one or that one said or wrote ten or twelve years ago is of practically no value. (The article in the Encyclopedia Britannica was written in 1910. The education of the public as a possible control is not mentioned.)

From this point there was nothing to do but let Dr. Bloodgood direct, rather than for me to suggest, the scope of our interview. He anticipated at least ninety per cent of the questions which were in my mind and touched upon all of them.

It must be understood at the outset that cancer and its treatment is as old as the history of man. The ancients are known to have suffered from cancer.

We began to make some marked progress in the treatment of cancer and effecting cures in cancer cases in this country about 1890, largely due to the efforts and work of Dr. William S. Halsted (Chief Surgeon, Johns Hopkins Hospital). There is practically no difference in the treatment of cancer by operation from then down to the present moment. (Halsted, of Johns Hopkins, should be credited with the original conception and the correct account of the modern effective operation attack on cancer removal en bloc [1890]. The attack through the education of the public came later [1913].)

But I am talking about the cure of cancer, Dr. Bloodgood. What can you say to me about this?

"The cure of cancer at the present time is not a drug, nor a serum, nor a ray, nor a miracle, but simply the education of the people as to the signs of its beginning in local lesions, and the importance of an immediate examination which will lead to recognition and treatment in the most favorable stage for a cure."

To this he added: If, for example, you discover a lump anywhere on the body, or a sore, an ulcer or a patch (white patch in the mouth) which has not promptly healed, it is not wise to wait one moment; go to your doctor and be examined. There is very little chance, of course, that you are suffering from cancer, *but you may be;* and if it is cancer you probably can be quickly cured. If you wait just a little too long the chances may be very much against it. It is important to go to the doctor the very moment that you find any condition of the character which I have mentioned. This is what I call treating cancer in the soap and water stage.

You probably know that in England a hundred years (50 years) ago and even before, a most common sort of cancer was that of the skin and suffered by chimney sweeps. These people probably all died of cancer. Today a cake of soap, a bathtub and a bath would have cured all of them (provided they took the bath). It is, you see, largely a matter of keeping clean.

I have been treating cancer for about thirty years. I have never yet seen a beautiful or even a good-looking woman suffering from cancer which destroyed the appearance of the face. This type of woman has pride in her appearance and by keeping her skin clean keeps free from cancer.

Some of the anti-tobacco societies have tried in one way or another to induce me to say or make it appear that I have said that the use of tobacco causes cancer. There is not at present the slightest evidence that the use of tobacco (alone) does any such thing. The man who uses tobacco can be just as clean as the man who does not use it. We do find, however, that the man who uses tobacco in a dirty way and lets his teeth get all dirty and decayed frequently suffers from cancer of the tongue, lip or membrane of the mouth. This type of cancer is very common and if taken in its early stages can nearly always be (prevented or) cured, but it must be taken in time.

Is cancer, or any particular type of cancer, on the increase, Doctor Bloodgood?

No, I do not believe—there is certainly no indication—that cancer of any type or cancer confined to any particular part of the body is on the increase. Of course, more persons are being treated for cancer today simply because they have been educated up to the point of knowing the necessity for early treatment.

Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood, today perhaps the best-known cancer surgeon and specialist in the United States, was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on November 1, 1867, and is the son of Francis and Josephine Colt. He attended the University of Wisconsin and was graduated in 1888, and in 1891 completed his medical studies at the University of Pennsylvania. He became resident physician of the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia in 1891-2 and assistant resident surgeon of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, from June to November, 1892, where he attended the foreign clinics during that period and served as resident surgeon at Johns Hopkins until 1897. He then became associate surgeon at the same hospital, serving from 1897 to 1903; has been associate professor of surgery at Johns Hopkins University since 1903 and also associate surgeon of Johns Hopkins Hospital, chief surgeon of St. Agnes Hospital and likewise consulting surgeon in the Cecil County Hospital at Elkton, Maryland. He has served as surgeon at Washington Hospital, Hagerstown, Maryland. He is a Fellow of the American Association of Surgeons. Dr. Bloodgood is a member of the American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists, the Association for Cancer Research, the American Society for the Control of Cancer and many other organizations dealing with the subject of treatment and control of cancer. He has contributed chapters on "Surgery" in "Progressive Medicine and International Clinics, 1889 to 1917," "Diseases of the Female Breast"; "Kelly-Noble Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery"; "Binnie's Surgery"; "Diseases of the Jaws" is contained in Bryant and Buck's American Practice of Surgery. He also is one of the editors of the *Journal of Cancer Research.* His home is in Roland Park, Baltimore. He married Edith Holt, daughter of Henry Holt, on September 1, 1908.

With rarest exceptions we are all warned in time of threatening diseases, but we must be informed by the medical and dental profession how to act in time. The warnings of serious diseases do not differ from the warnings of "sicknesses" that are not serious; so that when warned in time one should act immediately and seek examination by one's medical advisor or family physician.

"Cancer is largely a disease of ignorance and sometimes, to express it boldly, largely a disease of dirt. Any irritation of the skin that makes it rough makes it more difficult to clean. The rough, dirty area itches, makes the human being as much of a scratching animal as the dog! The rough area, the dirty area, the area of bleeding from scratching is the soil in which cancer begins. In this very early stage cancer can be prevented by the frequent use of hot water and soap, followed by medicated alcohol, and then followed by white vaseline or petroleum."

"In this sense cancer of the skin is a preventable disease.

"Lumps are like mushrooms—some are harmless and some are deadly. Only an expert member of the medical profession can tell the difference between the harmful and harmless lump. The best time to examine or remove the harmful lump is the day after it is felt."

What do you believe, Doctor, will be the method by which cancer will be most successfully treated and perhaps finally eradicated?

If taken in time, cancer may be cured and the menace of it may at some future time be entirely eradicated. This is going to depend upon the individual and how rapid a progress we can make in the education of the individual. Here in the Baltimore area I think the people are about as well educated up to the speedy consultation with their physician and attendance at cancer clinics as in any part of the United States. The American Society for the Control of Cancer has done wonders in this work. Cancer Week has helped but there are still thousands who die of cancer, simply because they do not take advantage of what is offered them. Here at our clinics the poorest person can obtain the same treatment, the same high class of examination, regardless of his race, creed or color, that the millionaire can obtain for himself or a member of his family.

"The sooner cancer can be eradicated from a person the more likely it is that it will never return. In the average case where it is eradicated and does not return for a considerable period, say five or ten years, it is not likely to return."

Dr. Bloodgood then interestingly discussed certain statements which have frequently been made, as, for example, the assertion that cancer is a disease of civilization; that uncivilized peoples do not have cancer.

He is positive that there may be an error in such conclusion and that the claim that cancer rarely or never occurs among some of the tribesmen of Africa, India and the islands of the Pacific is not a fact. (A savage tribe in Africa chew and carry an irritating nut in their mouths. Many develop cancer in the mouth, just as the highly civilized man who uses tobacco and has ragged dirty teeth often suffers and dies of cancer of the oral cavity.)

People who eat meat in large quantities get cancer and people who eat no meat get cancer! This brings up the whole question of diet in cancer cases. Of course, most of us lead a pretty strenuous life; hasty eating; the formation of acids in the stomach, may have something to do with stomach cancer; perhaps it does, perhaps it does not. In the case of cancer in the stomach or in the intestines my (I was quoting Dr. William Mayo who suggested that the constant taking of very hot and ice-cold food might produce an irritation which in time might produce cancer of the stomach. But hot and cold food would not explain cancer of the colon and rectum.) rule is not to permit the patient to eat very warm or very highly seasoned food; otherwise I have found no particular advantage in control of diet. (The relation of cancer to food and diet has become a very popular subject in England and America. With few exceptions, students of the subject do not believe that at the present time anything is proved. All that is written is fancy rather than fact.)

Dr. Bloodgood touched at some length upon the records of Dr. Czerny who claimed that in fifty years he had observed only some four or five cases of cancer where there had been a spontaneous cure; that is, where the patient entirely recovered without any treatment whatsoever.

"In about thirty thousand records which I have there has been not one spontaneous cure," declared Dr. Bloodgood.

He likewise does not believe that if longevity greatly increased over its present rate and even if the average person lived to be eighty or one hundred years old that there would be any marked increase in the number of cancer cases—not if the education in its treatment progresses as he expects it will.

I asked Dr. Bloodgood if it was probable that a cure for cancer will be found before we know exactly what cancer is.

He said that it is not beyond the bounds of reason. He cited the case of malaria. Quinine was found to effect a cure before the cause of the disease was at all known.

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Oh, Where Are the Torchlight Processions?

Some Vivid Pictures of Uproarious Political Campaigns of the Past

By THOMAS J. MALONE

BETWEEN hard cider in 1840 and near-beer in 1924, much water has gone over the political dam. The apathy of the voters today contrasts strangely with the enthusiasm of elated Whigs for "Old Tippecanoe" which "set the prairies on fire." The color and the frolic have gone out of Presidential campaigns.

Log cabins on wheels heading endless processions, with live raccoons on the roofs, coon pelts stretched on the doors, marchers in coonskin caps, barrels of cider everywhere with generous tin cups; yes, and split rails, full dinner pails, hats in the ring—"grandfather's stovepipe," which proved not too large for "Bennie," and that other hat of beloved memory, soft, broad-brimmed, weathered, battle-worn—broomstick torches, party banners, party canes, party badges, party music, party songs! Where are they? What has become of the tumult and the shouting, yesterday's pomp of Presidential campaigns? Where are the endearing appellations denoting the popularity of party chieftains? "Old Hickory," "The Mill Boy of the Slashes," "Old Rough and Ready," "The Rail-splitter" and "Honest Abe," "Unconditional Surrender," belong to a day that is dead. Boy orators, whether from the Platte or either seaboard, fail to stir as of old.

Something departed from the zest of Presidential campaigns with the year 1912—with the last appearances in spectacular rôles of the two most colorful figures of the day in American politics, Theodore Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan. The drift had been noticeable before, but the campaign of 1916, important in its issues as have been few others in American history, failed to stir the voters to any marked demonstration of enthusiasm.

Efforts to revive the old-time political rally failed. Parades were few. Speakers set forth and decried, lauded and condemned, but found it hard to get the voters out to listen. Audiences were small everywhere, except when the candidates themselves appeared, or others of distinctly national note.

Here and there, serious-minded folk, students of American politics, wonder whether a much-to-be-desired change had come over the people. Was the day approaching, dreamed by scholars, when men should, in Senator Hoar's phrase, do their thinking "with their brains and not with their heels"?

With "strict accountability" and "America First" keynoting the 1916 campaign, with Europe at war and America on the verge of entrance, but not knowing it, that campaign was as mild and ladylike an affair as history records. The voters refused to see red.

Were they doing their own thinking? Were they demanding that speakers regard them as intelligent beings and give them, as such, not the usual guff, but facts, facts and all the material facts?

The electorate went to the polls and elected the Democratic ticket. Four years later, after a campaign fully as lacking in the spectacular and the picturesque, they went again and elected—the Republican ticket.

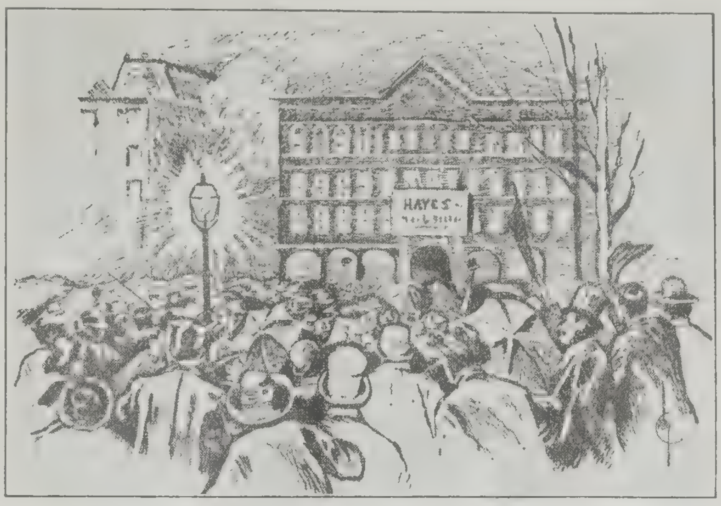
Now they are soon to make the same trip. Whatever the result, the winning party will hold that it was due to calm and deliberate judgment of the populace after a weighing of all the facts, and the losing party will hold it was due to an opaque perversity of the same. But, however that may be, the outlook is for a contest lacking in the one-time zest, punch and fun, the old relish, gusto, sportiveness, gaiety and whimsicality.

The Jackson campaign for re-election in 1832 marked the beginning of the kind of campaign that reached such perfection in 1840, of which more presently. There was the campaign of 1860, when the slavery issue split the Democratic party into two camps and made possible the victory of the newly organized Republican party with its "rail-splitter" candidate. The Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876 was of the gruelling kind, culminating in a deadlock that was broken by a resort unknown to the Constitution. There was the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884 when the idol of the Republican party, seemingly assured of victory up to a few days before the election, lost the battle because of an ill-advised remark of a "fool friend."

The achievement of young William Jennings Bryan, who went to the Chicago convention in 1896 with an "oration" in his hip pocket—or was it his coat-tail?—and with it hypnotized that convention into nominating him for the Presidency—ah, great days, neighbors; that *was* a campaign!

But none of the other campaigns in the history of the Presidency is held to have measured up, in country-wide enthusiasm and activity, to the Harrison-Tyler versus Van Buren campaign of 1840. Martin Van Buren was out for re-election, having succeeded Andrew Jackson as the latter's choice. The Democratic convention had not named anyone for the Vice-Presidency, deeming it wise to leave that to the states. Opposition to Van Buren was intense and widespread for various reasons, among them a feeling that the executive office, under him and Jackson, had been usurping powers not constitutionally warranted and a bitterness growing out of the panic of 1837. Many factions rallied to the call of "Anything to beat Van Buren."

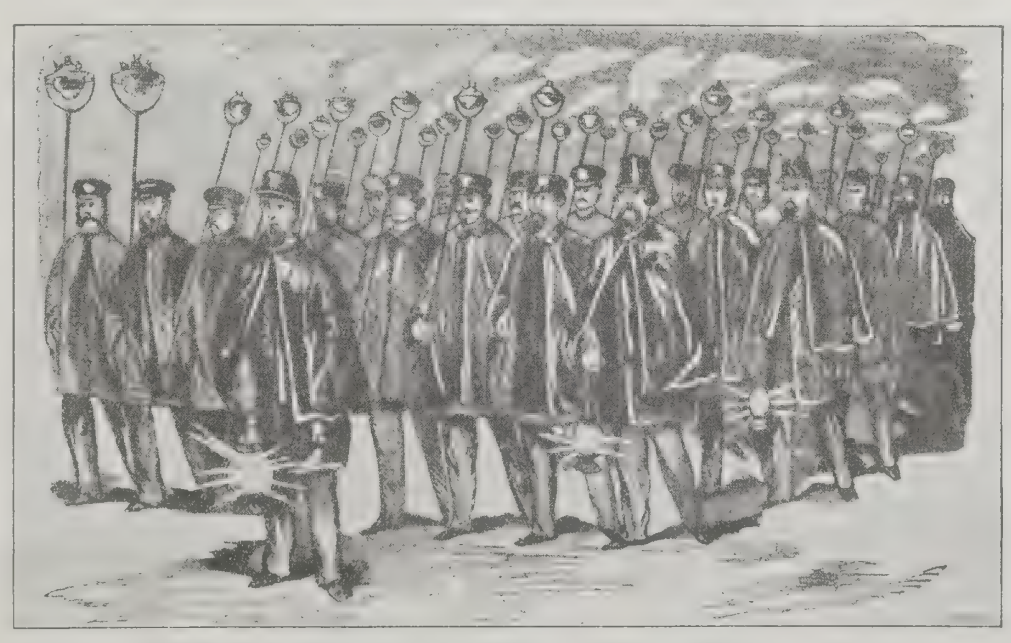
The Whigs nominated for the Presidency General William Henry Harrison, the hero of two famous battles, that at Tippecanoe, Indiana, in 1811, where he defeated an Indian force, and that at the Thames River, Ontario, in 1813, where he won over a combined force of British and Indians and where the Indian chief, Tecumseh, was killed. General Harrison had been governor of Indiana territory. He had served in both houses of Congress, from Ohio, and had been minister to Colombia. At the time of his nomination, he had retired, was living on his farm at North Bend, Ohio, and was clerk of a county court! He was in his sixty-eighth year.



Election excitement in New York City in 1876.

John Tyler, named for Vice-President, was a Democrat, or a so-called "State-Rights Whig," put up to win for the ticket the support of the "progressive wing" of his party. The first Vice-President to succeed to the chief magistracy of the United States through the death of the President, his conduct in that office was such as to put him at war with the Whig party. He serves as the "horrible example" of the unwisdom of nominating for the second place on the Presidential ticket a man not in full sympathy with the party advancing him.

As in the later Blaine contest, it was a "boner" on the part of Van Buren supporters that gave the Harrison men their cue, determined the nature of the campaign and indirectly contributed much to the defeat of the Democratic ticket. At the beginning of the campaign, a correspondent of the Baltimore *Republican* wrote of General Harrison, quoting an acquaintance of Clay's: "Give him a barrel of hard cider and settle a pension of $2,000 a year on him, and, my word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days in his log cabin by a 'sea-coal' fire and study moral philosophy"—in other words, would care no more about the Presidency.



Procession of the Wide-Awake Club of Hartford, Connecticut, on Thursday, July 26, 1860.
(From "Frank Leslie's Illustrated" Newspaper, Aug. 11, 1860.)

At once, Democratic speakers and press dubbed Harrison, contemptuously, the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" candidate. The supporters of Harrison, far from being incensed, accepted the designation joyously. It appealed to the many that lived or had lived in log cabins and that regarded cider as the drink of the plain people as against the more expensive wines of the rich. The eastern wing of General Harrison's house was built of logs covered with clapboards. The rank and file accepted the report that he lived in a log cabin; they liked to think, too, that cider rather than wine was regularly supplied at his table.

For the Democratic press made the appalling blunder of harping, at the outset, on Harrison's alleged poverty, on his being a farmer and a mere clerk of a county court. The Whig convention that had nominated Harrison had not adopted a platform nor issued a statement of principles, preferring to make the campaign on the personality of its candidate and on opposition to Van Buren. The move of the Democrats played into their hands.

Whig speakers and Whig newspapers gave it out that their candidate for President, besides being a military hero who had served his country with honor in various peace-time posts as well, was a plain man of the people—poor, modest, living in a log cabin, wearing homespun clothes, drinking hard cider—a practical "dirt" farmer who, in response to his country's call, had left the furrow to guide the nation as its chief executive. "Cincinnatus" Harrison!

The Whigs made the campaign a continuous festival, from February to November. Carl Schurz writes that it was "a popular frolic," that "crowds came to be amused, not to be instructed; they met, not to think and deliberate, but to laugh and shout and sing."

The log cabin became the emblem of the Whigs. Every community, however small, had a log cabin built as party headquarters. Processions miles long were headed by log cabins on wheels, drawn by as many as six or eight horses. Live coons disported on the roofs, the latchstring was always out, hard cider was dispensed free to the thirsty. Sad though it was, the "cider" was sometimes a strong brand of rum, and intemperance often resulted.

Enormous crowds gathered throughout the country to hear the Whig speakers—and such speakers!—Webster, Clay, Corwin, Everett, Choate, Clayton, Prentiss, and others of almost equal note. Writing to a friend in November, 1840, Corwin, elected that year governor of Ohio, said that he had "made more than one hundred regular orations to the people" that summer, and that he had "first and last, addressed at least seven hundred thousand people, men, women and children, dogs, Negroes and Democrats, inclusive."

"Every ardent Whig," writes John Bach McMaster, "carried a Tippecanoe handkerchief, wore a Tippecanoe badge or a Tippecanoe breastpin, and hung in some conspicuous place in his house a richly ornamented certificate of membership in a Tippecanoe club, and knew by heart the popular Tippecanoe songs."

Such songs! Here are stanzas from two of them:

"Make way for old Tip, turn out, turn out!
Make way for old Tip, turn out!
'Tis the people's decree,
Their choice he shall be;
So Martin Van Buren, turn out, turn out!
So Martin Van Buren, turn out!"

"Oh, know ye the farmer of Tippecanoe?
The gallant old farmer of Tippecanoe?
With an arm that is strong and a heart that is true,
The man of the people is Tippecanoe."

Tyler was not overlooked in the Whig propaganda, though his record and personality did not lend itself so well as Harrison's to that style of campaigning. "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" was a battle cry embodied in many a song:

"For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—
Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van.
Van is a used-up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van."

The Whigs represented that Van Buren was an aristocrat, lived in a palace, eating off silver plate and out of gold spoons, and drove a coach made in England. This picture was spread in such songs as these:

"No ruffled shirt, no silken hose,
No airs does Tip display;
But like 'the pith of worth' he goes
In homespun 'hoddin-gray.'
Upon his board there ne'er appeared

(*Concluded on page 13*)

This Is Radio-Casting Station "H-o-m-e"

Modern Science Provides Powerful New Factor in the Training of Youth

By A. R. PINCI

I WAS waiting for a purchase being wrapped, confronting a boy intent upon examining a vast array of radio sundries of metal, rubber, wood, composition, porcelain, most of which were Polynesian to me. It was a methodical inspection, decisive as that of the most blasé purchasing agent, yet his chosen articles went to make up a little pile which to him represented a technical and scientific result, an amusement as well as an experiment. He was on equality with a group of men, and for all I know, their superior, perhaps, as a critical and successful customer.

From that day I took radio seriously, from an intellectual standpoint. I regarded it seriously, because an unknown boy set the example, for up to that time I had resisted interest in every way. The first "set" I saw and heard, more "saw" than "heard," by the way, was a crystal set, consisting of galena, a piece of green soap (occasionally divested of its electrical insulation duties for use in a tub, judging by its diminishing size and obliteration of the trade-mark), endless wire to somewhere and something, and listening apparatus. By dint of politeness and fervid imagination I agreed that what "I heard" was wonderful, because one's hostess must be complimented, especially after she explained that it cost her $6.93, her son making it. I assumed that homemade radio was about as efficient as a homemade watch; as against the screeching, distorting, raucous horns in some shops, I believed that the best place for radio was where I had often seen it functioning—on board an ocean liner.

Yet I could not dismiss the boy's intentness and seriousness, because a boy's seriousness is more important than a man's.

"There has been a reduction of 41.7 per cent in Juvenile Court cases in the United States in the past year, due to the influence and the growing popularity of radio."—*Mansel Keith*, speaking before the Convention of the Associated Manufacturers of Electrical Supplies, held in Atlantic City.

The boy converted me, and just in time. I am not a fan; in fact, a long way from it, but his earnestness inspired me to make a study of the radio question, which led me to the executives of famous electric and manufacturing corporations. From the soap set, which had a negative influence upon me, I played with the latest superheterodyne with a virtually unlimited range. At the moment I am writing this, my ear is treated to the morning service of a famous Fifth Avenue church, which proves that even impious newspapermen do the unexpected, just as forty hours ago I heard President Coolidge. It is almost a matter of habit now to punctuate my space bar, as I typewrite, to whatever tempo radio sets for me.

As will be demonstrated, radio is doing the unusual, but before that is outlined another attending circumstance must be adverted to. Whether it is the novelty of the thing or the urge to get one's money's worth all at once or the failure which attends the race for station long records, too many persons bespeak either disappointment or satiety. Too many individuals, by some all-too-prevalent misconception, have saturated themselves with mediocre features, listened to on the wholesale plan during the first weeks or months of radio receiving, oblivious to the fact that the fullest enjoyment of radio, for any and every member of the family, depends upon knowing how to discriminate. This selective process ought not to be difficult now that the newspapers print daily complete programs.

Eighty-three broadcasting stations were abolished on June 30 last at the close of the fiscal year, to eliminate from bureaus the records of all stations for which licenses had expired and applications for renewal had not been received. This decrease should be spread over the months of April, May, and June, making an average of twenty-eight stations closed each month for the period named. Since June 30, six of these stations have submitted applications for renewal licenses. It is believed that very few of the others will reopen to offset the decrease. Seventy-five new stations were licensed during the same period.

The presence of a radio receiving set, whether it is a simple one-dollar set to the most refined costly instrument, is not sufficient reason that it must be constantly operated merely because broadcasting is in the air, any more than one must read every word of a newspaper just because it's printed. By discrimination a radio listener improves the set's possibilities a thousandfold, makes it a necessity instead of a habit, and adds the benefit of a late major invention at little or no expense and trouble.

It's like living over again three distinct eras which most readers know how to time and appreciate. First, that of the piano whose presence in the average parlor was as if a challenge to every heavy-fisted fellow and nervous-fingered woman to pound on a chord, or worse still, part of a chord, after peering underneath the shiny cover, which gave rise to the town colloquialisms of punishing the piano and punishing the neighbors.

Second, the phonograph, which seldom boasted a repertory of more than twenty records, thirteen of which were the classics of the hurdy-gurdy and therefore too much of a good thing. Count that moment lost that the needle did not screech. That led to another phrase of decidedly native piquancy—getting "their first payment's worth," until the impatient collector was told to take the machine away.

Third, the motor car. Opposition to the word "pleasure car" has almost severed two mismated words, in accordance with truth. A motor car is no more a pleasure instrument, as the word goes, than a fine watch. The advent of an automobile in a family meant, for many years, insensate riding anywhere at all times. A household chore around the block could not be undertaken without the vehicle. The idea of a delightful afternoon was to cruise up one side and down the other of a fashionable street. A motor party meant going "somewhere," which meant nowhere except that indeterminate point where return was imperative. Now the "let's go for a ride" idea is passing, and with it has entered a better understanding of a staple-like efficient locomotion.

I should like to add the movies as a fourth, but the movies are still crowded by too many who go there as a matter of habit. Discrimination on the part of the movie-going public is, despite advertisements of producers and showers to the contrary, a long way off. There has been a noticeable improvement in picture-making, but the crux is that there are yet too many vapid ones. They are now at that stage where conspicuousness of luxuriousness is prevalent in everything, which brings to mind a remark recently made by a member of the Vanderbilt family that she had never seen the interior of a millionaire's home which in any way resembled the directors' idea of it, judging by the pictures they authorize.

The movies, in particular, are still drawing heavily upon a contingent which has an hour of time to kill, and unfortunately they have killed no little individualism. A reaction is about to set in, inevitable reaction, and radio has contributed toward speeding it along. In the trade the effect of radio upon audiences has been discussed. It is next to impossible to determine even approximately the merits of this contention. Yet one need not concede more than the principle involved and recognized—that the movie interests have been alarmed by the possibilities of radio, and one or two farseeing ones have taken up "the air" as part of their business. There is no denying that radio has, in two years, absorbed many millions of dollars which otherwise would have gone to the film interests. Incidentally, there is the money which has gone to the hardware dealers. Making a simple set involves an investment of at least a dollar for an embryonic tool chest. It means carpentering, mechanical work, a rudimentary familiarity with electricity. Many a chap who was wont to telephone a plumber for help now knows how to tighten a union by his having learned how to tighten joints of a radio receiver.

No more need be said here than that the "make it yourself" idea has been overdone and that disappointment, extravagance, fraud and poor business have been the result of the radio craze from that standpoint. Just why the public was urged to "build your own" in radio, which is not done with automobiles, clocks, typewriters, lawn mowers, and the like, is neither here nor there.

To hundreds of thousands of boys, some of whom built their sets progressively, keeping pace with financial ability, the build-your-own has been a material advantage. Not only is there the educational side to consider, but there is, in radio, the welcome tendency to restore home-life, especially evenings. The family circle after dinner threatened to become extinct, between jazz dancing and the movies, but radio is knitting it together again.

The improvised shop of Tim Connor, who must use the kitchen table for a bench, and his ten-cent tools, vies to all intents and purposes with the diminutive model shop with a complement of fine tools in the fashionable home of Reginald Cashis; both "plants" are witnesses of industry, inspired by enthusiasm, and what is wrought by them *actually works!*

Tim hopes, of course, that "pop will fork over" enough to add another stage of amplification or some such nicety; Reginald thrills because his aristocratic mother (from one to three generations removed from laboring relatives) is proud of him—future banker or executive.

In a nearby electrical shop a boy, whose father has many more millions than Tim Connor has tubes to his set, bought many radio parts, jealously refusing the advice of the family chauffeur.

"I know my radio better than you know your car," he said pointedly, and the car outside is one of the finest produced in this country.

No one need deny, or can, that that is a much safer argument for a boy than that in vogue two or three years ago, as to who was the best villain in the movies. I am speaking, of course, of that happily short era of "bad men." Thus, taking Reginald and Tim as representing the very best cross section of boy's life in this country today, one must give radio a great deal of credit for the change.

We regard it as nothing unusual now to plug in and listen to the President of the United States on some public question. No thought at all is devoted to the privilege of plugging in and hearing a program from Carnegie Hall, for example, to which tickets may cost $3. About every public man and famous private individual has been heard. An exception, I believe, is John D. Rockefeller, senior, but there is the expectation that he will make his radio bow in the near future, perhaps in connection with the new fifty-three-bell carillon which he is donating to his church on Park avenue, the largest set of chimes in the world. Transoceanic radiophony is being experimented with and it is predicted that in due time it will be successful, although prior to that the enterprising broadcasters will arrange, no doubt, to retransmit in conjunction with wires. Foreign notables and features will be added to our domestic ones.

Maximum good influence must attach to the voices of individuals prominent in life, even though the things heard have no appeal or interest to every auditor, and in a formative way a greater influence upon boys than their elders. Oddly enough, it appears that girls have little use for radio, and that they are chiefly responsible for the jazz-overcharged programs featured by many stations. At first, in fact, the average woman was an enemy of radio. To begin with, she objected to it on the strength of added expense. Where expense might be no object, however, nearly every housekeeping daughter of Eve objected on the grounds of messiness. She resented the strewing about of tools, material, wire, and many a domestic feud has been staged on the strength of antennae and indoor wiring. Strategy won in many cases, although that day is passing now, with the advent of sensitive instruments which require no external wiring whatever, by erecting a set surreptitiously "when ma isn't looking," and letting her meet it for the first time in operation at a moment when an appealing feature might be on. That ma is no longer very particular is evident by the number of lead-in wires dangling in front of houses, and homemade lead-ins are often unattractively set, in point of looks as well as technical efficiency. Split wood, of the kind that comes from the grocer's, is used for arms and supports, and this unadornment is perceivable in front of beautiful residences as well as cheap tenements.

Beautiful cabinet sets are now available, so that they may grace the finest period rooms, or find a welcome corner in music room or library, but the cabinet itself is of no importance. Commercially, this is a broadside against the more finicky wealthy class, although the chances are that if any boys are in the family a radio of some kind must exist.

The average boy is just as happy with his own humble set as Calvin Coolidge is with his very fine receiver, though late reports have it that Pope Pius has not been very fortunate with the set recently installed for his benefit at the Vatican. T. H. Kenny, of Hull, Canada, recently completed a crystal set at a cost of eight cents, with which he has received Pittsburgh and New York, which, academically as well as practically, is getting a great deal for one's money, but lest that be too much, he suggests a single wave-length (one station only) set for three cents. Radio is not to be included, on these terms, in the high cost of living.

Naturally, there is a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment in twirling the dials of, say, the second-harmonic superheterodyne which represents the latest achievement. Scientifically, the superheterodyne represents, as of today, the ultimate in radio receiving, and an attempt to build it, from an amateur standpoint, is like determining the fourth dimension, since it involves a large number of rejections at final factory test, so rigid is inspection and so exacting its requirements.

But radio as radio, what more could be asked of it than the ease with which it brought home to millions of interested citizens the proceedings of the two national political conventions? I attended both of them personally, and I am sure that any good receiver yielded a better perspective, applied to the ear, than a personal visit. All the comforts of home—and all the wealth of what's going on in the world to boot! Nor is that all.

When the West End Presbyterian Church broadcast a holy communion service for the benefit of the shut-ins last Good Friday a special public service was performed. Rev. Dr. A. Edwin Keigwin conceived the idea and when the preliminary announcement was made there were not a few in New York City who had some doubts about it. It was not an objection so much as it was the feeling, probably, that radio was accomplishing too much

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Are the College Fraternities Dying Out?

Growth of the System Has Been Hampered by Abnormal Conditions

By ANDREW R. BOONE

WHAT of the college fraternity? Has the Greek-letter group increased its initiates proportionately to the growth of the student bodies in America's colleges and universities, or is the college fraternity dying out?

It seems at first blush as though that famous old institution, dear to the hearts of several hundred thousand "old grads" and present students, is passing slowly from the picture. Fraternity men, steeped in the traditions of their "house," will be the first to deny that their nationals and locals are losing their hold; but a consideration by some of their leaders has resulted in a somewhat different conclusion.

The war and attendant conditions caused an unprecedented increase in student numbers during and after 1920; total college enrollment jumped forty per cent during the two years prior to and including that period. Presidents and deans of men throughout the country have called attention to this fact repeatedly. As William M. Lewis, president of George Washington University, said when he was installed last year, "There is a larger percentage of our youth attending colleges this year than attended high schools thirty years ago—this is a century of education and therein lies a problem of stupendous difficulty for institution and individual. Because of the universal awakening of appreciation of the value of education there are flocking to the doors of universities countless thousands."

Judge William R. Bayes, national fraternity figure, recognizes the danger which threatens the fraternity system when he asks, "Has there been a proportionate increase in the number of men received into the chapters of the various national fraternities undertaking to serve those institutions?" Judge Bayes put that same question to the delegates at the Interfraternity Conference Convention in New York last November—men representing some fifty of the general, national fraternities, all of which have been established more than six years. And he answered his own query: "My personal belief is that there has not."

"It is apparent," Judge Bayes says, "that there is one method of meeting this unquestioned demand, and that by the organization of one or more new national fraternities. This I maintain, in the first place, would be in the interest of the local fraternities themselves. The vast increase of local fraternities in recent years is in a large measure due to the failure of the national fraternities to extend in proportion to the increased student enrollment. This may readily be confirmed by consultation with college presidents and deans who are familiar with campus activities. It is too clear for argument that the multiplication of segregated local groups without definite plans for nationalization adds to the confusion and interferes with the proper growth and development of the local fraternities themselves. Besides, belonging to a fraternity maintained on national lines with chapters and alumni throughout the country presents special advantages to the member who is looking beyond his four collegiate years.

"In the second place, I believe an increase in the number of national fraternities is to the best interest of the nationals as well. We who are gathered here of course have faith in the fraternity system. Close observers affirm, however, that the fraternities cannot permanently endure unless at least forty per cent to fifty per cent of the young men properly qualified in a given institution are admitted to membership. If some such proportion as that be assumed as substantially correct, although for my part I wish that every young man of good character and proper ideals might become a member of a national fraternity, then it is evident that the establishment and development of additional fraternities having national aims and aspirations is fundamentally and vitally in the interest of all existing nationals.

"But finally and paramount to every other consideration, this increase would be to the best interest of our institutions of learning. The fraternity as it exists in this country grew out of and is a part of the college itself. Our colleges, as we know, constitute the bulwark of this, our republican form of government. By their training of our young men they are rendering a service beyond measure. Because of that they are here to stay. So let our fraternities take service for their watchword—service, ever more service. The field of opportunity is without limit. Those of us who cherish our fraternities should unitedly strive to overcome and remove their defects, and upbuild and extend their elements of strength to the end that they may be in truth, as they were designed to be from the beginning, genuine instrumentalities of service."

Two dangers threaten the fraternity system which need recognition. Colleges may exclude the fraternities as Princeton does, or state legislatures may by enactment declare them illegal.

One may add that non-fraternity residence halls for men, approximating in elegance the fraternity houses, also greatly assist in placing the "barb" upon a somewhat equal footing with the fraternity brother.

Judge Bayes' frank admission concerning the democratization of fraternities may not be to the liking of impulsive young fraternity men who have been wearing their insignia of membership only a few years. More than a half-million of the some 700,000 initiated since the American fraternity system was founded 174 years ago are still alive, and the question is vital to all those living members. The truth of his statement must be admitted in the light of facts; and certainly the fraternities are taking steps to bolster up their waning numerical strength.

As a background for the story of how the fraternities are trying to fill up their ranks, let it be recounted that the fraternity system consists of approximately 200 societies with 4,500 chapters in 660 colleges. Of this number, approximately 1,000 chapters are members of honorary scholastic societies and make little effort, if any, to maintain active social groups.

Upper picture—Union Building, University of Michigan. Lower left—Delta Upsilon Fraternity House, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. This is one of the oldest fraternities in America. Lower right—Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity House, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. Insert, upper left—Phi Beta Kappa Key. Insert, upper right—Delta Xi.

Approximately 2,600 of the remaining 3,500 chapters live in college homes of their own provision. Some 1,100 of these are owned by their occupants and cost about $21,000,000. Furnishings of the homes that are leased, according to fraternity figures, have cost the chapters about $3,000,000 more. At present, about 60,000 college men and women live under their own roofs, and efforts are being made to increase the owned homes. Forty thousand freshmen, in round numbers, are initiated each year, while several thousand older boys are elected to honorary fraternities and societies as recognition for meritorious work in the classroom.

This really remarkable growth, even alongside a more rapidly increasing student body, had its inception in "The Flat Hat Club" at the College of William and Mary in 1750, a secret literary and social society which held regular meetings, had a secret hand clasp and issued to its members the first fraternity badge, circular in form, one and three-sixteenths inches in diameter, with plain, smooth edges. As the tradition is told, the first badge was worn by James Innes, distinguished as attorney-general of Virginia after Edmund Randolph. "The Flat Hat Club" lasted some twenty-five years, no definite record of its proceedings appearing after 1772. Thomas Jefferson, in a letter written to John D. Taylor, of Maryland, stated that he was a member of this club and that "out of it the Phi Beta Kappa, founded in 1776, might have arisen."

Phi Beta Kappa was organized by five students in William and Mary on December 5. John Heath was chosen its first president. This society, whose golden key is now so familiar among college graduates as evidence of scholastic achievement by its possessor among books, was the first society to adopt an Hellenic name and to use the Greek alphabet in naming its individual chapters. This society and Sigma Xi, the honorary scientific society, have now nothing except Greek letters in common with fraternities.

The next important society bearing Greek letters was formed at the University of North Carolina at about the beginning of the War of 1812, while in 1813 a local fraternity of short duration sprang into being at Yale. At Princeton in 1824, a Greek organization was started, but the faculty effectively put an end to it the following year and for all time at Princeton.

By the middle of the century, fifteen fraternities with many branches had been formed in several colleges; and during the following fifteen years, the number had increased to twenty-five. By 1865, 375 chapters had been organized, of which ninety-one had ceased their activities because of faculty displeasure. Only one new fraternity was added to the list between 1869 and 1890, but the number of active chapters increased to 762.

The number of fraternities had increased to thirty-seven by 1900, with 945 chapters actively participating in the work of the organization; and, in 1922, the records tell of 2,000 active chapters in fifty-five nationals, with 60,000 active members, to whom 20,000 new initiates are being added each year.

To arrive at their present strength, the college fraternities have passed through many vicissitudes, probably the most challenging of which have been the anti-fraternity crusades, waged periodically in many states. The true cause of opposition in the earlier days to student secret societies is ascribed by fraternity men as the "atmosphere of distrust and narrow sectarianism in which the faculty minds had been reared. When they had been students there had been no such thing as individual responsibility; and they still believed that the new generation should conform to the restricted conditions as they themselves had done a generation before."

As a result of the intense opposition, the fraternities passed through a state of extreme secrecy. So rigorous were some of the fraternity laws that a member dared not wear his pin on outer garments; nor could he declare that his fraternity had a chapter at another college without that chapter's permission. The secrecy with which the members regarded their oaths and information of each other's membership depended largely upon the degree of faculty opposition.

The government of the various chapters began to mend after 1870, and with that change opposition slowly withdrew, until today, while it is occasionally bitterly fought in some sections, opposition to college fraternities, not being efficiently organized, is generally of little import.

It is reported by a fraternity investigating committee that, of the approximately 900 institutions of collegiate rank in the United States and Canada, there are no restrictions in about 660 of them, and "the attitudes of the college authorities toward them (fraternities) ranged all the way from ignoring them entirely to full recognition and closest co-operation between the authorities and the fraternities."

The committee found that in 200 of the institutions there are neither fraternities nor sororities, and it declared that an impossible environment explained the absence of the units in many of these. In several of these institutions, the fraternities were absent even though no restrictions had been imposed.

Restrictions of various kinds—college regulations, sectarian objections, traditional opposition or legislative prohibitions—appeared in 117, while in ninety-six the absence was ascribed to "conditions inherent" in them. Administration rules and church inhibitions rule them out in twenty-two colleges.

The most recent skirmishes between fraternity leaders and the law have taken place in the South. A movement to repeal the anti-fraternity law, originating in the student body of the University of South Carolina in 1920, failed in that state, and a second attempt at the same result was halted by the fraternity people when they decided it was not the proper time to urge the measure. A similar agitation for repeal of an anti-fraternity measure in Mississippi has not yet borne fruit. Four anti-fraternity bills were prepared in Texas during late 1922 and early 1923, one of which had its inception in the student body of the University of Texas. A special fraternity committee was appointed to deal with the situation, and, as a result, none of them were introduced.

These clashes have not proved to be the best means of adding to the national fraternity strength, the fraternity leaders have discovered; and, as a result, new tactics are being tried. It is now urged that new national fraternities be formed by groups of local fraternities, groups having only one or very few chapters. By increasing the number of national fraternities and adding to the number of local fraternities, living facilities will be gradually provided for members of additional chapters. The fraternities, some of which guard their traditions jealously, and are exceedingly slow to join the scheme for expansion, are on the whole in sympathy with the newly suggested program of extending their charters to new houses and of forming one or more new national fraternities.

A significant step in this direction was taken last November at New York, when seventy of the 500 local fraternities, none of which has a national organization, met and formed the Interlocal Fraternity Conference. The interlocal conference functions along lines similar to those of the Interfraternity Conference, whose membership comprises national fraternities, and was formed

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'Getting the Drop With the Law'

Should the Law Be Used as a Pistol With Which to Shoot Your Adversary?

By C. C. DANIELS

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

THAT part of Oklahoma, formerly known as the "Cherokee Strip," was thrown open to settlement on the sixteenth day of September, 1893. I was appointed County Attorney of "L" (afterward Grant) County, and began to fill that office and prosecute the criminal docket before there was a house in the county seat.

Those who "made the run" and secured homesteads were of divers sorts and kinds from every section and of every grade of intelligence and the questions presented for solution were many and varied.

Some months after the "opening" a man came into my office (which was a tent) and, after stating his complaint against the man whose claim adjoined his, said, "Ain't I got the drop on him with the law?"

This occurred more than a quarter of a century ago and his question presented to my unsophisticated mind a new angle as to the ethics of the profession of law and the functions of a prosecuting attorney. Closer acquaintance with the customs of the "wild and woolly West" in those days when each man had buckled around his waist a six-shooter ready to get "the drop" on the fellow who showed any disposition to commit suicide by letting the other fellow get "the drop" on him, the question was natural and in keeping with the vernacular of the country.

The Line Fence Demon

THE man who wanted to know if he did not have "the drop on the other fellow with the law" complained that his neighbor had assaulted the wife of the complainant. On further inquiry it turned out that the alleged assault occurred months before, but feeling between the two men had been engendered only a few days before his visit to my office, and the occasion of the trouble was a line fence. I told the complainant that if an assault on his wife was not of sufficient importance for him to make complaint until after trouble arose about a line fence, he did not have "the drop" on his neighbor "with the law" so long as I was the public prosecutor in that county. He thereupon threatened to see to it that I was not returned to office at the coming election, but as I was a Democrat and only about ten per cent of the voters of that county were Democrats, his threat had no terror for me.

The law appears to be regarded in some quarters as having the characteristics and uses of a pistol, to be brought into action when you can get "the drop" on the other fellow. Only those familiar with the daily grind of the courts realize how general is this conception of the law and its functions. Many people think of the law and its administration in terms of securing the advantage of an adversary by the enforcement or refusal to enforce the law, and questions of right and justice become secondary.

I was talking with a jurist some time ago about the duty of the judge to make his personality felt in the courtroom to protect those required to attend court from injustice and the violation of their rights, whether those rights were invaded by officers or private persons. He expressed himself in such a way as to make me feel that in his judgment the judge occupied a position similar to that of a referee of a prize fight or an umpire of a baseball game and that the way to "hold the scales of justice even" was to decide in favor of the winner according to the "rules of the game" and when he had done that, no further responsibility rested on him—unless somebody attacked "the dignity of the court." In that event he was justified and expected to utilize all the power of the judiciary to "preserve the dignity of the court." It is gratifying that there are few judges who agree with him.

The average man wishes that a good part of this outraged dignity could be bottled up and brought forth and made effective when some plain, timid citizen is blackjacked into insensibility or some man accused of crime has been put through police examinations that outrage every element of the principles of human rights as defined by our civilization and our laws.

Getting the "drop with the law" and using it has been a favorite pastime for many years.

Some of the Victims

ANDERSON, the superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, is serving a term in Sing Sing on conviction for forgery. It seems that the jury found that he changed, or ordered changes made in, the books of the Anti-Saloon League. The directors and officers of the league made no complaint—in fact, they gave Anderson a "clean bill of health" so far as they could do so—but somebody had "the drop" on Anderson "with the law," and he is "doing time."

Incidentally, Anderson was a factor of great force in securing prohibition and in working for its enforcement. His conviction and imprisonment was a blow to the cause with which his name was linked but, great as the pain this must have caused to those who want to see New York "as wet as the Atlantic Ocean," the "dignity of the law" had to be upheld. An example had to be made of those who tamper with the records of corporations and organizations and where could a more conspicuous and shining example be found than Anderson! We are expected to believe that because of Mr. Anderson's experience every corporation in New York will henceforth keep honest books. For, of course, Mr. Anderson's prohibition connections could have had nothing to do with the zeal with which he was prosecuted!

Another case in which some people thought they had "the drop with the law" on a man was when those who did not want any investigation of the Department of Justice under the administration of Attorney-General Daugherty succeeded in having an indictment found against Senator Wheeler, of Montana, on the charge of representing a client before one of the departments after his election to the Senate. An investigation by a committee of the Senate, headed by Senator Borah, made it clear that the indictment was not justified and that it was sought for purposes and secured by means that reflected no credit on the Department of Justice. Instead of accomplishing the purpose evidently intended of stopping the investigation of Daugherty and his administration of the Department of Justice, it was found that Senator Wheeler was not easily frightened and instead of "calling off the dogs" the chase continued. The "best minds" who thought they had "the drop with the law" on Wheeler found that the gun "kicked back" and the only ones injured were those who stood back of the gun and not the one in front.

The professional bill-collecting attorneys in some jurisdictions get "the drop with the law" on impecunious debtors in ways that are of doubtful "ethics" although "within the law." One plan is to have a friendly assistant district attorney issue a subpena for the debtor to call at the district attorney's office with a view ostensibly of investigating a complaint lodged against the debtor. The debtor, of course, responds to the subpena and settles with the attorney who has the claim in hand; the complaint is thereupon withdrawn and no further action taken.

Such uses of the processes of the criminal law may add to the income of the professional bill collector but the seed of oppression and corruption are necessarily sown where only justice should be permitted to grow. The criminal law was not established as a means of collecting debts, though its enforcement may, and often should, have that effect and its use for the avowed purpose of acting as a club merely to enforce the collections of debts does not tend to make the people respect the law. The criminal law was not adopted nor is the office of the public prosecutor maintained for the purpose of enabling lawyers who "stand in" with some assistant to get "the drop" on a creditor "with the law." The forum for the litigation of claims for debt is the civil courts.

Cashing in on Contempt

THIS unjust use of the criminal processes of the courts in New York has been greatly reduced under the administrations of both District Attorneys Swann and Banton, and efforts completely to eliminate it are steadily made.

A large part of the work of the district attorney's office is devoted to ferreting out and punishing fraud, and there must necessarily be lodged large discretion in the district attorney's office. My experience of years as a prosecuting officer makes me realize that it is neither just nor accurate to judge a prosecutor by one or two cases nor without full knowledge as to the matters with which he must deal.

Another method of getting "the drop with the law" on a debtor is to get a judgment and then secure an order for examination in supplementary proceedings, to continue the examination from time to time, the purpose being to inconvenience the debtor who is unable to pay, catch him in default on some adjourned day when he fails to appear and then secure an order from the court to show cause why he should not be "attached for contempt." When this stage has been reached, the vigilant attorney has the "drop with the law" on the judgment debtor and the constitutional provision against imprisonment for debt has about as much practical effect as the Fourteenth Amendment has when a South Carolina Negro offers to vote. The court sentences the debtor to jail for contempt of court, which is, of course, remitted if he pays the judgment by a date fixed by the court whose "dignity" has been assailed.

This method of cashing in on contempt may add to the "dignity of the court" and make people feel deeper respect for the judiciary, but this impression is not sustained by actual contact with those who have suffered from it.

"There are more ways to kill a dog than to choke him to death with butter" is an old saw and the professional collector has found the "contempt" way fruitful of results.

As one reviews the "sporting" uses made of the law, he realizes the fact that there is no closed season for hunting "with the law." There seems to be wisdom in the advice of a wise old cow puncher to "so live every day that you can look any man in the face and tell him to go to."

Don't let the other fellow get "the drop on you with the law" for he may shoot.

The Passing of a Princess

By FRANCIS HOLBROOK PFEIFFER

OLD MARY was not really a squaw. She was a lady—in the best sense of that abused word—a princess of the blood, gentle, generous, unselfish and loyal.

The memory of her is entwined with the earliest recollections of childhood, from the days when she came to "chee house," scouring until the wood paled under her faithful hands. She acted, also, as a sort of nurse to us children, trying to keep us out of mischief, making us presentable after a hard day of play and giving us—when we rushed into her cabin and made demands—unforgettable pieces of wild berry pie with the top crust in strips.

Mary had a royal Indian name which has been forgotten. She was the "consort" of Tom Squiqui, the nominal chief of the Skagits who reflected the waning glory of a dying race—the head of a tribe drawing near to its pathetic end. Tom was not an ordinary Indian either in appearance or bearing. He wore a beard, which is remarkably unusual for one of his race, and he resembled a Spaniard rather than an Indian. No doubt the old Castilian blood of early voyagers on Puget Sound ran in his veins. He was a dark, brooding man but withal, gentle and kind.

Scaring Away the Evil One

FOLLOWING their natural nomadic impulses, Tom and Mary finally moved away from our ranch and on from one camping ground to another, until Mary became seriously ill and was taken to the great Potlatch House down the bay. Here a meeting was called of friends and relatives, to "momack Tumanimus" to heal her.

Out of regard to Mary and to witness this primitive ceremony, we entered, one night, the long, low smoke-filled house. The sides were lined with rush mats to keep out the wind; low bunks ran along the walls; a great driftwood fire burned on the ground in the center lighting the huge posts with their grotesque pictures and crowding the dim, far corners with fantastic shadows.

To my child eyes there seemed to be hundreds and hundreds of Indians huddled in there with the weird firelight playing on their dusky faces and hands, and glinting white lights from their eyes—just rows and rows of faces and hands, all swinging and swaying, as they hammered on cans and boxes, chanting a refrain as old, very likely, as the race itself. This hideous noise was "momacking Tumanimus"—their attempt to scare away the Evil One that caused sickness and was making poor old Mary ill.

Deep in my child heart something responded to that idea, and I was awesomely impressed when Tom left Mary—who was lying on a sort of dais near the fire calm and quite undisturbed by the racket—and went outside into the darkness with his rifle to shoot the devil! I remembered how I hoped Tom would take good aim and finish his Satanic Majesty, because I was very fond of old Mary and wanted her to live. But I was puzzled when told of Tom's untheological aim—shooting *up* toward the stars instead of into the ground!

For all the noise and shooting the devil eluded them. Mary did not improve so Tom took her back to their little log cabin and called a "Boston" doctor. Even then she grew worse, and knowing that the end was near, Tom sent us word that he was taking her back again to the Potlatch House, this time to quietness and peace.

On the shore in front of our house my mother and I stood watching the canoes come down the bay. A large one, black and somber, carried the family and its few possessions, followed by a light, small, graceful craft in which Mary reclined wearily. Tom kneeled in the stern paddling sorrowfully, gently.

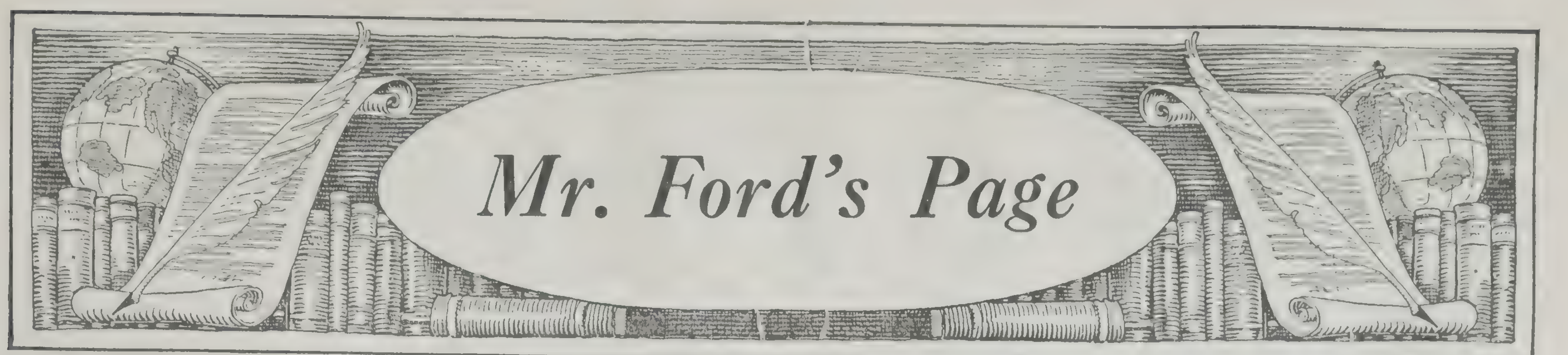
Over the Calm Sea

OLD MARY on her last terrestrial "progress" seemed in truth a princess lying in quiet state. Her face brightened when she saw my mother waiting on the shore. Tom turned the canoe and as the long, gondola-like prow grated on the gravel, mother reached over and clasped Mary's frail old hands—those good, faithful old Indian hands that had served us all so lovingly—and said "Goodby, goodby," chokingly.

After all the years I can still see old Mary's face as she looked that last day. She was only an Indian woman, a heathen. She may have been all wrong about God and the devil and the taking away of "sickness in the midst of them," but from the expression of that dusky, dying face; from the peace and joy glowing on it as she looked tenderly at my mother, whom she loved, and said "Goodby" so hopefully, the Great Spirit could not have been far from this old Indian woman.

Mother turned tearfully away from the shore, but I stood and watched the canoes as they crept along over the smooth water until they were only black, moving specks.

It was a still, summer evening, befitting the passing of the dear old princess.



Mr. Ford's Page

SOME people place a fictitious value on things that are of no importance. If they were very young children this would not be remarkable. In the age of innocence an illusory value is attached to the most trifling things: perhaps a smooth round pebble, a fragment of shell, or a piece of brightly tinted paper.

A little girl collects bits of cloth, broken crockery, and glass beads; a boy hoards up marbles, bits of string, and dilapidated penknives. In these things one sees the instincts of primitive man—the desire to possess that which is of a brilliant hue, which shines or sparkles, or which to the unsophisticated mind bears an exaggerated importance.

Of the intrinsic worthlessness or lack of utility of the objects thus accumulated the child has no conception, although by means of such trifles the little one derives an extraordinary amount of gratification. But this pleasure is innocuous, and parents look on indulgently, and say to themselves that the child will know better when it arrives at the age of reason.

But this does not always follow. The characteristic of extravagantly appraising things that are useless is not peculiar either to children or savages, and sometimes the motive that underlies this characteristic is of a more questionable kind. For example, a man may have a watch which he says he will not part with for "any amount of money." Of course he does not mean this; a roll of bills is sufficient to induce him to part with his treasure, and secretly he is very much pleased with the transaction, for he knows that he has put a false value on the watch that has brought him profit. He knows the watch will not go.

"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that dog," another man will declare, but if less than half that sum is forthcoming the dog is not long in finding a new master. It is in reality a worthless cur.

The experience of ages has shown that the only true test of value is usefulness, and by usefulness is meant the faculty of being of real service to mankind.

The setting up of false values when estimating men is even more common than in the appraisal of things. Sometimes one man will call attention to a passing citizen and in substance exclaim: "There is a splendid fellow; one of the most remarkable men in the country." Both assertions may be without foundation. The laudation may be mere sycophancy or the result of a desire to appear broad and generous-minded. In the majority of cases it means nothing at all.

THE circulation of spurious coin is very bad for a community, but the broadcasting of false values is still worse. To detect false currency is comparatively easy; but to search out and eliminate counterfeit values is a much more formidable task, for they lurk where they are least suspected, and possess a luster which hypnotizes reason. The only true test of values, either of men or of things, is that of their ability to make the world a better place in which to live. The only title worth having is that which is built upon merit. If that which has been extravagantly appraised does not assay a fair percentage when passed through the crucible of experience, it will be pronounced a failure. The satisfaction that arises from honest accomplishment is of far more value in the promotion of human happiness than the thrill that comes with the realization of materialistic aspirations.

Titles are sometimes tacked on to men just as labels are attached to goods for sale. A high-sounding designation gives an illusory value to men just as a tag often does to merchandise. So convinced of this have some countries become that they have passed laws forbidding the acceptance of "handles" to names, on the ground that it creates false values in the community which have a detrimental effect on the prosperity of the country.

If a man is not of the true metal, no amount of gilding will make him otherwise. If his standard of intelligence is low no flamboyant title can raise it. Much polishing may make pewter look like silver and brass like gold, but the false luster soon fades. The most skillful horticulturist has not yet succeeded in making grapes grow on thorns or figs on thistles.

Higher values cannot be imparted to men or things by superficial methods. One must go to the heart of things. Bluff is all too frequently the cloak of incompetence. Blunders are often hidden behind a screen of camouflage. There are thousands of "presidents" who never presided over anything, "captains" who know not how to command, and "professors" who are incapable of teaching anything that is good or useful.

But certain titles, whether falsely assumed or otherwise, undoubtedly exercise a fascination over the simple-minded. The more extravagant or fantastic the title, the greater its power over weak intellects. Since the beginning of time quacks and charlatans have been sustained by the very audacity of their pretensions until truth and justice tore aside their mask.

To arrive at true values a spade must always be called a spade and not an agricultural implement. No one can mistake the first designation, but the second is vague and ambiguous. If men and things are not assessed at their true value, social and economical chaos is bound to ensue. Confusion of thought and confusion of action will seriously retard the march of progress.

A practice which has become very popular these days is that known as "boosting." Some people go so far as to boost everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, merely for the sake of boosting. Whether it is the old home town, or its institutions, or its products, or the quality of the crops grown in the neighborhood, let them all be boosted because it is "good business." But is it good business to go in for indiscriminate boosting without regard to the distinction of value? To raise things up to the highest possible level regardless of merit? No sane person will say so, for the reaction when it comes is bound to be akin to the collapse of a house of cards.

Boosting is an excellent thing if the qualities that are claimed are there to justify it, but without this backing it is but a thing of shreds and patches; a fetish set up for the ignorant to worship. If no distinction were made between the true and the false, the good and the bad, the meritorious and the undeserving, civilization would collapse. It would be the glorification of false values and could only end in disaster. Let us boost by all means, but let the boosting be tempered by honesty and common sense.

The uninitiated have been deceived by the glittering yellow of iron pyrites on a lump of coal, or clinging to the pebbles at the bottom of a clear stream, and have rushed off to tell the world of their supposed discovery, only to find it pronounced "fool's gold." What has been found is nothing more valuable than some specks of iron disulphide. In like manner bits of quartz or rock crystal have been mistaken for diamonds, and fragments of white stone for opals.

The actual value, however, is in the coal, not in the glittering pyrites: it is the dull but flawless rock that the architect and builder selects, not the brittle and unworkable quartz.

Illusory aspirations must also be included in the category of false values. There are people who are still crying for the moon as they did in their childhood; who are chasing rainbows or pursuing gaudy creatures with painted wings that continually elude their grasp. This futility of purpose and misguided energy leads to nothing but disappointment and disillusionment.

The true road to happiness lies not in seeking those things that merely gratify the senses, but those which may serve as solid foundations upon which ideals may be built. True value lies in that which will endure, that which is useful, that which is real, but, above all things, that which will be most beneficial in promoting the happiness of the greatest number.

There is more true gratification in attaining the goal that has been steadily striven for for years, than there is in the accidental discovery of a gold or silver lode. In the one case success has been reached in the pursuit of something the value of which lies in the widespread benefits which it will confer, while in the other it is merely the discovery of something that has been hidden for countless centuries, and which brings into the service of mankind nothing that he did not formerly possess.

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Getting at the Source

"IF WE cannot devise a system of arbitration, do not let us fool ourselves that we are going to have peace." In these forceful and direct words the British prime minister, Ramsay MacDonald, the other day gave his opinion before the assembly of the League of Nations. His government, he said, had no faith that military alliances could bring security.

But what is meant by "security"? Mr. MacDonald himself cannot tell. All he is sure of is that it cannot be found in a combine of armaments. There is no doubt that entangling alliances if they are not actually the cause of war are very frequently provocative of it. No sooner do two or three powerful nations come to an understanding as to the pooling of their war resources than two or three other nations become alarmed and go and do likewise. Thus in place of two countries regarding each other with suspicion there may be half a dozen waiting and watching for some excuse to unlimber their guns or send their aircraft on a devastating flight.

There is something sinister about a military alliance. Let every nation take reasonable measures for its own defense—that is merely a precaution—but the piling up of armaments by different nations and then the pooling of the same is far more like defiance than defense. Defiance begets defiance. Mr. MacDonald is right.

The British premier predicted that one day America would enter the League of Nations, and that that day would be when Europe herself had given evidence of her desire for peace. The people of Europe desire peace right now. From the Mediterranean to the White Sea they desire peace; but there are certain troublemakers in every country in Europe who are of a different opinion.

If these troublemakers could be segregated on some international St. Helena it would be a good thing for the world. Napoleon was at one time the troublemaker par excellence, but now the Continent is dotted over with saber-rattling swashbucklers who would fain assume the gray coat and the cocked hat of Bonaparte, but who have not a tittle of his genius. Their only hope is in forming alliances. Every lover of peace must regard such a policy with profound suspicion. Too often the motive behind the instigators of such a policy is not the greatest good for the greatest number, but self-aggrandizement.

If there could be a general rounding up of these pinchbeck patriots the universe would rejoice. This ought to be the prime object of any international league that at present exists or that is likely to come into being in the future. In assigning the responsibility for aggression Ramsay MacDonald has this to say:

"Everybody knows that assigning the responsibility for aggression is the last thing done, and it is always done by historians who write fifty years after the aggression and never by politicians who live through the beginnings of the war."

It seems almost as difficult to get at the cause of war as it is to ascertain the reason for cancer. But unceasing research has shown that cancer can be prevented if certain symptoms are treated in time. It is the same with war.

Wrong Feeding

PROPER nourishment whether of plants or human beings is essential if healthy growth is to be secured. In the case of human beings, however, the mind has to be fed as well as the body, while all that is necessary in the plant is that its physical development be satisfactory. An unhealthy plant will not bear good fruit; neither will an unhealthy human being.

To get good results, it is essential that a plant be fed; but—and this is the important part—it must be fed with the right kind of food. If you feed nitrate of soda to rhubarb, for example, you will have fine big stalks, and if you feed phosphate to tomato plants you will increase their fruit yield; but if you reverse the process and feed the phosphate to the rhubarb and the nitrate to the tomato plant, the substance will be wasted on the rhubarb, while the tomato plant will develop a vigorous growth of stalks and leaves but very little fruit.

It is the same with human beings. It is not the quantity of food that they get that is of the greatest importance, it is getting the right kind of food. Malnutrition in children, and in grown-ups as well, but more particularly in children, is not the result of insufficient nourishment, but of getting the wrong kind of nourishment. Cases in which parents deliberately starve their offspring are fortunately rare, but the number of times they unwittingly give them food which through lack of sustaining qualities brings about the same results as starvation is beyond calculation.

It is not only the body that suffers from wrong feeding, it is the mind as well. The cases in which the mentality of children is irretrievably damaged by being falsely nourished are even greater than in connection with their bodily welfare. "A healthy mind in a healthy body" is the ideal which men have striven for since the beginning of time, and the greatest obstacle to the attainment of this ideal has been wrong feeding.

Leaving the question of *calories, carbohydrates, proteins,* and *vitamins* to doctors and dietitians, let us analyze for a moment the mental pabulum that is handed out to a large proportion of the young people of the present generation. This nourishment is mainly derived from books, oral instruction, and things that appeal to the intelligent through the sense of sight. It follows then if this mental food is to be beneficial that it must be of the right kind; that the books must be good books, that the instruction must be wholesome, and that there be nothing offensive in any form of entertainment.

It will be acknowledged that there is a vast amount of wrong feeding from all these sources. Poisonous literature is broadcast among the young; it is even found on the bookshelves of some of our schools and colleges, and thus tares are sown with the wheat to the destruction of the crop. One of the greatest mistakes is to confuse instruction with education. Instruction may be good or it may be bad, but education in its true sense is that which builds up character; in other words, it is the building up of the mind by using the right kind of food.

An even more sinister influence is found in pernicious picture shows, for these things appeal more directly to the mind than the most seductive books, and their influences are more lasting because they are better remembered. This is an alluring form of wrong feeding in which the effects are more swift and deadly than in almost any other.

Is it not time for a general checking up of all the sources of wrong feeding, and that mental dietitians get together and see what can be done to stop it? Research in this direction is even more urgent than tracing the cause and cure of malignant diseases of the body.

Poland's Timber Wealth

THE timber wealth of any nation may be regarded as the common heritage of mankind. Sooner or later it is distributed in the form of manufactured articles, or in its raw state is shipped from country to country in almost every quarter of the globe. The timber wealth of Poland, which is among the most valuable in Europe, is now to be shared by Great Britain.

According to the Warsaw correspondent of the *Times,* London, a contract was signed last spring by which the Polish Minister of Agriculture granted to an English syndicate a concession for the exploitation of extensive Polish Government forests. The agreement contemplates a period of ten years for felling, beginning in September, and provides for a yearly cut of 25,000,000 cubic feet. Representatives of six countries were negotiators in this deal, which includes "the right to cut the mighty oaks and giant pine trees over a stretch of country which generations of Royal preservation had maintained in a primeval luxuriance." The *Times* further remarks:

"The British success is notable and carries with it valuable consequential results, not the least important of which is the power to direct the exportation of the timber felled. This may well mean that Great Britain will have the preference when the destination of the selected wood of the forests has to be decided, and there is a further prospect that wherever the timber goes it will provide freights for British ships and earnings for British capital."

Chief of the four forests which are to be exploited is the forest of Bialowieza, which lies about 120 miles to the east of Warsaw and has an area of some 360,000 acres. It contains oak, ash, elm, alder, birch and pine.

M. Grabski, the present prime minister of Poland, has initiated a policy of disposing of the various industrial concerns owned by the government, and has coupled with this the acquisition of foreign credit which has aided in establishing a stable currency. To carry out the new system M. Grabski has been granted powers to arrange sales without consulting Parliament, and by the disposal of industrial assets to add to the gold reserve of the country.

Respectable Bootlegging

THERE is a feature of the problem of prohibitory enforcement which strikes one as being worth consideration. It is the enormous demand for proprietary concoctions carrying a large alcoholic content, which, pretending to be cure-alls for real or imaginary ills, are really intended to satisfy the cravings of a diseased appetite for intoxicants.

The liquor habit fed by these alleged remedies, strangely enough, is encouraged by persons who are also strong prohibitionists. It is a lamentable fact that many earnest individuals are the most ready to recommend a "patent medicine." There is little need to name these nostrums, but it is a fact that some newspapers advertise but few others. Imagining the "kick" to be evidence of a restoration of vitality, the dupe of the medicine man will sit down and pen a testimonial that the mixture has cured him after all other remedies have failed. It matters not if the dose has to be repeated in increasing quantity each day until the taker is a hopeless addict.

Carefully edited descriptions of the run-down condition of sufferers "before taking" find hundreds of others whose symptoms seem to them the same. They seek the specific and in the end find themselves enslaved, for it is on the alcoholic content such nostrums depend for any result at all, and such result can be but temporary.

Music Has Charms

THERE comes a story from Arkansas that a dairyman has been able to extract more milk from his cows by the simple device of serenading them with jazz music. Dances are held in the barn and besides affording enjoyment for the dairyman's guests it fills his milk pails in the morning.

That "music has charms" is a trite saying that has been proved from the time that Jubal became the father of those "that play on the harp and the organ." Music has been defined by some as a "series of pleasant sounds," but the idea of what is really "pleasant" in the way of sounds widely differs among the people of various nations, and there is no reason to doubt that taste in music as widely differs among animals. The great thing seems to be to gauge their tastes in this respect. Horses will prick up their ears and prance when a brass band plays, but dogs will howl as if in mortal agony at the same kind of music. It is therefore interesting to note that the cow loves jazz and generously responds.

There was once a poultry farmer in Ontario who discovered this same fondness of animals for certain kinds of music. After considerable research he found that his hens were particularly fond of bagpipe music, so having learned that instrument in his youth he thought he would try its effects in the chicken coop. The results were beyond his wildest expectations, and the egg basket was filled to overflowing every day. It was far better and cheaper than keeping the lights burning all night as some of his neighbors had done with the notion of making the hens work overtime.

The psychological effect of music in various directions is well worthy of scientific research, if only to ascertain its value as an adjunct to farm production.

How China's Submerged Millions Live PART II

Nation's Industrialization Is in Prospect; Awakening Along Western Lines of Effort

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

A member of the beggars' guild.

THE thoroughness of Chinese economy, the laboriousness of individual industry, were such as to oppress us at times with a sense of its futility. We had observed the painstaking thought and care of our friend Farmer Wen concerning each separate stalk of cabbage, from which he picked every microscopic insect. His own ceaseless perseverance seemed actually to have discouraged the swarming persistence of those pests, though at a labor cost that might have been rewarded with far greater return had it been directed toward more remunerative ends.

The opportunity for such increased return from labor was rarely, of course, at hand. China was still in the primitive period of industry that reduced multitudes to seemingly futile avenues of gain. Thousands of men, hale or decrepit, hobbling women, mere children, found a livelihood in retrieving the droppings from animals along the highways and byways. We knew of an aged couple who had earned sustenance for years by sifting coal from canal mud, laboriously brought up in buckets attached to long poles. Swarms of women and children, throughout China, furthered the country's deforestation, which has been going on for centuries, by gathering twigs and roots from the hillsides. Others collected leaves, straw and grass to be marketed as fuel, an entire day's efforts usually yielding but an insignificant fraction of a cent.

Chinese women, we knew, were rarely without some visible occupation; with needlework, the stitching of felt shoe-soles, or the spinning of a reel of cotton. And the indefatigable activity of the coolies in their accustomed business was abetted in whole communities, notably in Shantung, by the spare-time weaving of hair nets for women of Europe and America. There was no fortune to be made in this work, the pay being minute even for gross lots of the finished, inspected product, and an entire day's labor by the most skilled of manufacturers yielded not more than ten cents. But whole armies of clumsy coolies were at it, between regular jobs, while they rested from the burdensome handles of their wheelbarrows. Children had learned to tie the little knots, women in mission churches toiled away at them while they listened to sermons.

This, it occurred to us, was a forerunner of China's prospective industrialization. It was the beginning of mass production to supply the world market with a fabricated article, but still was based on what the economist would have called the "home" or "community" stage, rather than the "factory" stage. The stage of the factory had been reached, it was true, in such industries as iron working, cotton spinning and the milling of flour, but in general China was still in the primitive industrial position of laborious, uneconomical piecework done in the home.

That the nation's industrialization along Western lines would be slow seemed likely; but it would be inevitable. And it was possible that this process would be far more disturbing, far more dangerous to the national life of China, at least for a time, than any other change or chance that had been imposed upon the East by the hurrying West. It was, in fact, a "white peril," more specific and actual than the Orient's "yellow peril." China, without child labor laws, without either the will or the experience to protect itself against the evils of industrial development that go hand in hand with its benefits, had before it the inevitable human wastage and destruction that would come of the change from home to factory work, from village craftsmanship to mobilized industry.

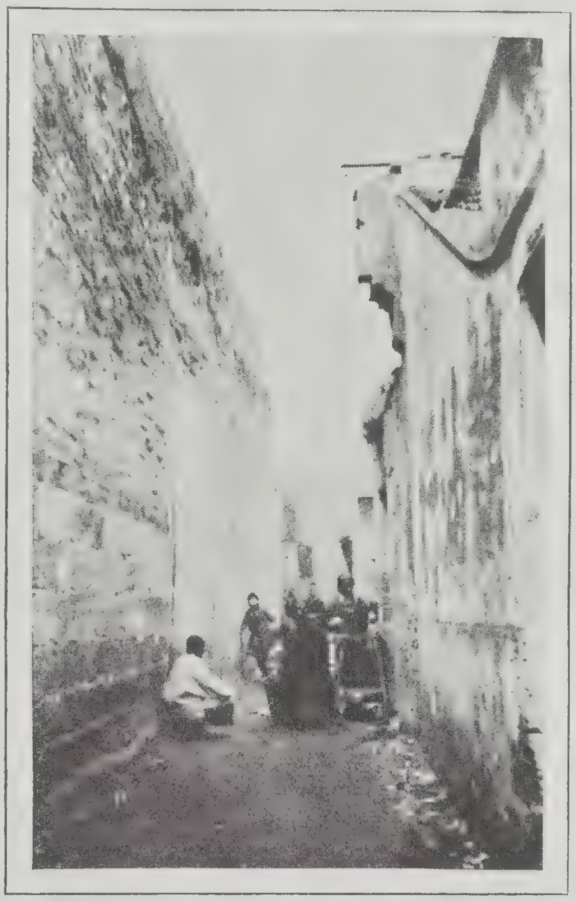
This impending process, we discovered, was being looked upon with an absorbing interest by those whose business it was to feel the pulse of the world's trade. Alexander Hume Ford, director of the Pan-Pacific Union, had been calling attention to it in both hemispheres, from Minneapolis to Sydney. He foresaw a revolution in the course of world trade within the great area between those points, as a result of China's industrialization. The predominance of the Atlantic was to be forever lost.

Not the imminence of great military power, great mercantile aggression, or great political sagacity on the part of the Chinese—it was none of these that constituted the "yellow peril." Immigration bars had stopped the flow of cheap labor westward, but had no jurisdiction over this even greater labor competition. The Chinese coolie, Dr. Ford implied, was still the "yellow peril," but with new and more amicable significance; for China's industrialized laborers would afford a great market both for raw and finished goods and add vastly to the world's productive wealth. Wages would rise to ten times the ten coppers or so that were the average earning of today, and the coolie's buying power, by simple arithmetical calculation, would become many hundreds of millions of dollars a day! Wages of unskilled labor were still miserably inadequate over China as a whole, but in coast cities they had already risen from five to about sixteen cents a day.

China is a country of laborious traffic. Canal and river boats at Shanghai.

Coincident with this industrial development, we had no doubt, would be the growth of a new "class consciousness" in the Orient. The Chinese laborer's place, at least theoretically, had always been high. At the top of the social scale stood the scholar, after him the farmer. Then came the artisan and laborer, with the merchant last. But actually, farmer and laborer had not enjoyed any such distinction as this rating implied. From every material point of view they were at the bottom of the scale.

Among the Chinese themselves, the laborer was held in the utmost contempt. History was silent about him. At best it was a biography of emperors and scholars. The coolie's position was well exemplified by the lowly bearer of burdens, sweating and chanting under the weight of his carrying-pole; and by the rickshaw puller who had sunk from the estate of a man to the status of a beast.



Outside the Old Walls.

But there was already in the air a hint of labor unions. A "strike" of beggars had been mentioned. Students were leaving their classrooms en masse because of real or fancied grievances against either faculty or government. The idea of organized protest was becoming established.

The "Union for the Improvement of Chinese Labor" had been formed in Shanghai, the members being carpenters, masons, brass-smiths and mechanics of various sorts. The object was mutual benefit and protection, including the betterment of labor conditions by placing all trades under the union's jurisdiction. For centuries, said the promoters of the movement, Chinese labor had had no organized body to which it might turn in times of stress, especially where disputes with the employers were involved, and it would be one of the aims of the organization to act as such a body. The main purpose, however, was connected with matters of mutual benefit and protection. Ample provision was to be made for the education of children of workmen by establishment of schools for their exclusive use. Hospitals would also be erected to which only laborers and their families might be admitted. The union would publish a newspaper in the interest of the laboring classes.

This unionizing movement, we were assured, had more than a little connection with the exploit of sending Chinese labor battalions to France during the late war. These men had come back with a new class consciousness, with new ideas and new trades. They had been drawn once more into the obliterating river of population from which they were enlisted, nevertheless theirs would be a leavening influence upon it.

But China had still another and far more fundamental tendency toward labor organization. This was the guild. Craft associations had existed since ancient times, and still flourished in modern China as they had in Europe during the Middle Ages. Every industry except farming, and every craft, appeared to have such an organization.

The origin, it appeared, was lost in the mists of antiquity, though there were semi-historic records during the great Chou Dynasty that flourished a thousand years or so before Christ. In general the guilds were of two varieties, craft guilds and merchant guilds, the former concerned with production, the latter with distribution.

As a rule, the craft guilds were limited to one trade in a single town. The carpenters' guild of Soochow, for example, had nothing to do with the carpenters' guild of Shanghai. There was neither a provincial nor a national association. Details of organization varied, but in general the membership included all followers of a particular craft, masters as well as workmen, within a given district. No craftsman could afford to remain outside the organization. He would certainly be ostracized, and might suffer as much bodily harm, upon occasion, as the "scab" laborer in the United States.

Curiously, the members of a guild were not always drawn from the community in which it was founded. The fishhook makers of Wenchow, for illustration, all hailed from Foochow. No man from elsewhere would be admitted. The needle makers of Wenchow were all from Taichow, in Chekiang, or from the province of Kiangsu. The goldbeaters of Wenchow came from the neighboring city of Ningpo.

Administration of the guilds appeared to be upon a most democratic basis. Committee government was most common. Some guilds went into matters religious and charitable. Most of them, in fact, were under the protection of some patron deity. The carpenters and masons looked to Lu Pan, a well-known artisan of the state of Lu during the halcyon days when both he and Confucius were in the flesh, as their particular saint. Others were under the spiritual tutelage of the god of war, the goddess of mercy, or the queen of heaven, which is to say the moon. The druggists of Wenchow pinned their mercantile faith to Huaton, god of medicine.

Some of the guilds were enormously wealthy, and most of them exerted a powerful influence upon officialdom. They fixed standards of weights and measures in defiance of government edict. The result was a chaotic variation as between one guild and another. They regulated wages and determined the number of apprentices a master might take. Manslaughter had been known to punish an infraction of some of these rules.

But flourishing as this survival of ancient times appeared to be, it was easy to see that in such growing industrial centers as Shanghai, Hankow and Tientsin some weakening of the old order was inevitable. Handicrafts were being injured by the introduction of modern machinery and consequent mass production. Large combinations of capital for investment in factories were separating the master from the workman, and thus disintegrating the guild organization. The

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Sapiro and Raisin-Growers

RALPH P. MERRITT,

President and general manager of the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association, who rescued that association from a debt of $18,000,000 and put it on its feet in less than 18 months, by abandoning the original plan of operation of the huge co-operative association.

Why Some Co-operatives Succeed Where Sapiro Plan Groups Failed

Every one of the co-operative marketing associations formerly organized on the Sapiro Plan in the United States either has failed completely, has been reorganized, or is now in a fight for its life against this scheme of exploitation of the American farmer. All have brought heavy losses to their members. The causes for the failure of the Sapiro Plan co-operative associations, broadly speaking, are five in number:

First—Price-fixing, an economic impossibility.
Second—"Orderly marketing," involving inadequate distribution and faulty merchandising.
Third—Bad, sometimes crooked, financing.
Fourth—Incompetence, ignorance and dishonesty of officials.
Fifth—Loss of authority in the management of the associations by their members.

Co-operative marketing associations which have avoided Aaron Sapiro and rejected his plan have succeeded in some instances. Here is the story of one very large association, founded on the plan from which Sapiro drew the details of the plan which he advances as his own, which was $18,000,000 in debt and on the verge of bankruptcy 18 months ago. By the installation of a method of operation diametrically opposite to the Sapiro Plan, this association was saved. This story tells how the job was done.

By ROBERT MORGAN

THE impression seems to have been gained by some readers of this series of articles that the writer believes all forms of co-operative marketing of agricultural products to be failures. Nothing could be further from the truth. While all co-operative marketing associations based on the Sapiro Plan have brought loss, and in most cases disaster, to their members, there are some co-operative associations which seem to have attained success. It is noteworthy, however, that every one of these apparently successful co-operatives is organized and conducted on methods diametrically opposed to those offered by the Jewish ring which is endeavoring to exploit the American farmer. It is further worth noting that such Sapiro Plan co-operative associations as have abandoned that plan, thrown out the managers and other officials installed by the Sapiro crowd, and adopted sane business principles in their distribution and merchandising departments, have attained what would appear to be a successful and sound basis of operation. With the exception of the co-operative *buying* associations, it is too early in the history of agricultural co-operatives in the United States for any investigator to state definitely whether they are or are not destined to have permanent success.

Bearing this last statement in mind, the career of one of the largest co-operative marketing organizations in the world—that of the raisin-growers of California—becomes an important example of the method by which a co-operative marketing association may be made of value to its members.

Women packing raisins in the largest raisin preparing and packing plant in the world, at Fresno, California. No small part of the success with which the product of the raisin growers' co-operative association has been marketed has been due to the attractive packages in which the raisins are offered for sale.

Virtually all of the details of the Sapiro Plan of co-operative marketing were first obtained by Mr. Sapiro from the California Associated Raisin Company, organized at Fresno, in the San Joaquin Valley, California, in December, 1912. Mr. Sapiro had nothing to do with the organization of this company, which, though called a co-operative, was in reality a stock corporation, many of whose shares were held by persons outside the raisin-producing industry. But, with few changes, the plan formulated, developed and used by this raisin-growers' organization furnished the details of the Sapiro Plan. The history of this association is the history—up to January 1, 1923—of the largest co-operative marketing association ever attempted on the plan which has now become known as the "Sapiro Plan."

The raisin-growers gave this plan—the original of the Sapiro Plan, bear in mind—an eleven-year test. At the end of this test, in December, 1922, *they found themselves eighteen million dollars in debt,* under investigation by the Federal Government *on charges of being a trust,* and facing *immediate bankruptcy.* It is not necessary here to go into the details of the reasons for this condition; they form the regular, uniform record of each and all of the Sapiro organizations. Tremendous expense, injudicious advertising, unwise borrowing of money to make advance payments to growers, attempts to fix prices—all the factors of failure which have been shown to exist in every Sapiro Plan organization—contributed to the disaster which overtook the associated raisin-growers of the San Joaquin Valley. These growers were producing nearly 150,000 tons of raisins a year; their product was at a high price in the markets of the world, and their industry was the industrial and financial backbone of the great San Joaquin Valley, yet such were the faults of the plan under which they operated that, though they changed their name, put one of the most prominent raisin-growers in as president, and took other steps, they could not make their association either a commercial or a financial success.

One of the great causes of disaster to the "Sun-Maid Raisin Growers," the organization which had been made out of the California Associated Raisin Company, was the contract with the grower. This contract, made in 1921 during a period of high prices, guaranteed to the grower an advance of four cents a pound on standard goods, and four and one-half cents on extra-standard, an average of about four and one-quarter cents a pound. With the price of raisins—as well as of other foodstuffs—rapidly returning to normal, or near normal, banks and other financial interests could not be induced to advance sufficient money on the current crop to make the payments guaranteed by these contracts. In other words, the association faced a condition in which the market would not finance the business. In addition to this, the management of the association had been such that the growers virtually had lost not only control but even participation in the affairs of the organization. Both these defects are found in every Sapiro Plan association, so that what follows is the story of an apparently successful remedy applied to a co-operative farm marketing association which had met with disaster.

In January, 1923, the directors of the association, elected from the various units or districts, decided to install a management to be conducted along business lines. Ralph P. Merritt, former food administrator for California, and the man who reorganized the all but defunct Rice Growers' Association of California, another Sapiro Plan failure, was chosen to rescue the raisin-growers from their $18,000,000 indebtedness and dispose of a total of 347,000 tons of raisins. Of this tonnage, 100,000 was left unsold from the 1922 crop, while the record tonnage of 247,000 was delivered by the growers in the 1923 crop. Complete reorganization of the entire Sun-Maid Association also was ordered.

The results of this throwing away of the ancestor of the Sapiro Plan, and the installation of a business management in which the growers at all times have the controlling and directing hand, have been a reduction of the debt to $4,500,000 from $18,000,000; sale of 280,000 tons of raisins, with 67,000 tons left on hand to be sold for conversion purposes, and the complete alteration of the methods by which this huge co-operative works. The crop of 1924, it should be said here, will be approximately 200,000 tons, possibly a little less than this amount, and the management of the association believes that with its new merchandising and distribution systems, it will be able to dispose not only of this year's crop, but of the 67,000-ton carry-over from last year. These things have been accomplished in the nineteen months beginning with January, 1923, and ending with August 1, 1924. A more striking example of the results of proper business management of a co-operative farm marketing association it would be hard to find.

Mr. Merritt, after obtaining the approval of the thirty directors, elected by the growers in the ratio of one director for each of the thirty units into which the association is divided, first canceled the contracts calling for advance payments to the growers, who are now paid as fast as the management of the association is paid by the buyers. He next knocked $1,500,000 from the budget for 1923, as compared with the budget of 1922, thereby cutting down at least a part of the high overhead expense. Then, he initiated a campaign to finance the association. After these matters had been attended to, he went through the operating personnel, reduced it nearly one-third, and maintained a standard of work accomplished in return for salaries paid which speedily weeded out still others from the old force.

The campaigns for new contracts with the growers, and for financing the organization required six weeks. The growers, seeing that they had come back into control of their own association, through their directors, readily accepted the sound business principle that they could not expect pay for their raisins until the association itself had been paid for them. The bankers of the communities involved accepted the reorganization plan offered, and have agreed to finance the association to the extent of $10,000,000, half of which is borrowed from the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank, and half from

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The first step in the preparation of raisins—picking the grapes and putting them to dry on wooden trays in the sun. Dehydration and other forms of drying have been tried, but none is so successful as the heat of the sun.

Benjamin Franklin as an Ideal Economist

How His Theory Regarding Interest on Money Worked Out in Practice

By J. V. NASH

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is deservedly regarded as a great man. His "Poor Richard's" philosophy contains many popular aphorisms on how to be healthy, happy, wealthy, and wise. Franklin was interested in many subjects, but there was perhaps no topic upon which he was fonder of expatiating than upon that of thrift, frugality, and saving.

Toward the end of his life, he decided upon a novel demonstration as an object lesson to teach future generations the truth of his precepts with reference to the miracles which might be achieved through saving money at interest. The story is told in a little clipping credited to "Exchange," and reading as follows:

"Benjamin Franklin is our ideal economist. In his will he bequeathed one thousand pounds, or $4870 each to the cities of Philadelphia and Boston.

"Franklin devised that this money, interest and principal, should not be touched for one hundred years. Franklin died in 1790. Consequently, the one hundred years were up in 1890. How much did the one thousand pounds amount to?

"Listen—

"The intent, Franklin explained, was to show the world how much one thousand pounds would amount to in one hundred years if placed at interest and left untouched.

"He calculated that at five per cent compounded annually it would amount to £131,000 or $637.970.

"The result of his bequests to Philadelphia and Boston was that after 100 years Philadelphia had not exceeding $100,000 and Boston had $391,168 68. What became of the balance of the interest? It would take a book as big as Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to tell. The money was loaned on mortgages; fires occurred; lawsuits followed; there were foreclosures. Courts took a hand all along the line. The miracle is that any of Benjamin Franklin's money was left at all.

"There is the experience of two trust funds, presumably under competent, conservative management. One hundred thousand instead of $637,970; $537,970 lost, somewhere."

The Right to Interest

EVEN so shrewd a man as Benjamin Franklin was unable to make the interest system do what it promised.

The great economic error in the interest system is that it is an attempt to get something for nothing through a misconception of the nature of money. The interest system treats money as wealth, *per se,* instead of that which it really is, that is, a medium of exchange, which, so far as practically all of it is concerned, has no physical existence whatever, being the purely mental concept called *credit.*

Aristotle, the father of classified knowledge, perceived the fallacy and injustice of interest. Money, he pointed out, is "naturally barren," and he declared that to make it "breed money" was both preposterous and a perversion of its real function as a medium of exchange.

In ancient times, although interest might be allowed by law in specific transactions, there was always a prejudice against it, and it was not allowed to become a great burden on the people as it is today. The law of Moses specifically forbade Israel to collect interest from persons of that race, although they were free to exact it from the Gentiles. Moreover, no debt could run more than seven years.

Under the Roman law, interest was known by the technical term *usury* (*usura*), which meant simply *payment for use* and had no unfavorable significance. It was the extortion of payment beyond the "use" that brought the word "usury" into disrepute. So dark and sinister a shadow gathered round it that those who practiced the business of usury were compelled to drop the word and adopt from the French an unspoiled word—*interest*—which is rapidly acquiring the same evil reputation as its predecessor.

The Christian church, following Aristotle and the spirit of the apostles, condemned usury or interest-taking as clearly sinful. Laws were promulgated in all Christian countries against the practice, and although in some cases the prohibition was evaded by subterfuges, usury was regarded with horror generally. The usurer became an outcast, and the business itself was relegated to the Jews.

It is significant that even to this day, and in the United States, the right to interest on money has never been recognized in principle by the law. Statutes have indeed been passed in all countries, including the United States, limiting the amount of interest which may lawfully be exacted, but that is all. "The right to interest," says the New International Encyclopedia, "exists only by virtue of such statutes or by agreement of parties, and does not follow necessarily as a legal right from the mere fact that one has another's money in his possession or owes him money by contract."

If interest had any natural basis, surely it would be possible to determine a rate of interest which should measure "use," but this has never been done.

"I am not skilled in accounts," said Martin Luther to the great Augsburg bankers, the Fuggers, "but I do not understand how 100 guldens can gain 20 in a year, or how one can gain another, and that not from the soil or cattle, where success depends not on wit of man, but on the blessing of God."

As Professor Frederick Soddy, of Oxford, has recently pointed out: "There is much making of money, but no making of wealth exchange . . . . The economists confound debt with wealth."

Some economists justify interest on the ground that "money" is productive capital, and the lender of the "money" is entitled to a share in the profits earned. But it is a significant fact that after all these years our friends the orthodox economists are still unable to agree among themselves upon the correct explanation of interest. Professor Carver, in the Encyclopedia Americana, frankly admits that economists "are divided among themselves as to the real explanation." After two thousand years and more, it still remains to be determined just what it is and what is its justification!

Perhaps the most generally held of the orthodox opinions is that interest is a reward to the owner of capital for postponing the enjoyment of it. To carry this explanation to its logical conclusion would be to bring about some ridiculous contradictions.

For instance, it is physically impossible for one individual to consume more than a very limited amount of food, clothing, shelter, or even luxuries. Lord Rothschild could not, if he would, eat $100,000,000 worth of beefsteak for dinner tomorrow or drink up the world's coffee supply. Would the theory apply to him?

Suppose that a man owns 10,000 head of cattle. If, instead of having them slaughtered and trying to eat them on the spot, he sells them and takes their value in money, he is able to obtain interest on the money which he could never have obtained on the cattle. If he had not sold them, he would have been put to the expense of feeding the cattle and sheltering them, and a large percentage would have died on his hands, of old age, long before he could have got round to eating them. Yet, according to the economists, he has, by selling his surplus cattle, practiced self-denial and is entitled to a tribute, in the shape of an interest payment, on the proceeds of his sale.

The great philosopher, Francis Bacon, probably the mightiest intellect of the English-speaking race, in his essay "Of Usury" (that is, interest) says:

"The discommodities of usury are, first, that it makes fewer merchants. For, were it not for this lazy trade of usury, money would not lie still, but would in great part be employed upon merchandising, which is the *vena porta* (entrance vein) of wealth in a state. The second, that it makes poor merchants. For, as a farmer cannot husband his ground so well if he sit at a great rent, so the merchant cannot drive his trade so well, if he sit at great usury. The third is incident to the other two, and that is the decay of customs of kings or states, which ebb or flow with merchandising. The fourth, that it bringeth the treasure of a realm or state into a few hands. For the usurer being at certainties, and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box; and ever a state flourisheth when wealth is most equally spread. The fifth, that it beats down the price of land, for the employment of money is chiefly either merchandising or purchasing, and usury waylays both. The sixth, that it doth dull and dam all industries, improvements, and new inventions, wherein money would be stirring, if it were not for this slug. The last, is that it is the canker and ruin of many men's estates; which in process of time breeds a public poverty."

There seems to be a widely accepted delusion that the more money the people "save," the *more money* there is in existence in the country. A moment's reflection should show the fallacy of such an assumption. If less money were put away, there would not be a dollar less in the total stock; it would simply be in circulation, functioning as a medium of exchange, and passing wealth from hand to hand, thus making everyone more prosperous. A dollar that is hoarded for a year might, during the same period, have passed through the cash registers of a thousand merchants, swelling the volume of business done by each.

No one ever earned a dollar that did not come through being *spent* by somebody else.

Money Is Not Wealth

A DOLLAR hoarded is diverted from trade and from the factory pay roll. The more money there is "saved" at interest, the less money there is available with which to pay interest. And paradoxically enough, saving encourages borrowing, because every dollar *saved* by one man must be *borrowed* by somebody else, if interest is to be paid upon the money "saved." Governments, municipalities, public utilities, business corporations and merchants are encouraged to go into debt to provide "investments" for these enormous "savings," and the investors themselves, through increased taxation and the rise in the cost of living, unconsciously have to contribute to the interest fund!

The ever-growing interest charge is one of the most important factors in the high cost of living. It is a huge tax upon all the wealth that is produced. A greater and greater share of the selling price of every commodity must be allocated to the payment of interest.

This factor in the high cost of living has been strangely overlooked by economists. Yet it is simplicity itself.

If it is once realized that money is not wealth, but merely a medium of exchange, it will be evident that the more freely it passes round, the more prosperous we shall all be, because the nation's money is then working faster and facilitating a greater number of exchanges of wealth, which means that every merchant is doing a bigger business, more persons' needs are being more amply supplied, and all the workers are finding employment because of the increased demand for products and services.

The interest system must from time to time break down, since within a certain period of time the entire income of a country would be absorbed by interest charges, for compound interest works night and day, and within a few generations a single dollar at compound interest would reach an utterly fantastic and incredible figure, if the process went on unchecked.

The interest system, in short, has never been profitable in the long run, because it is based on the quicksands of economic fallacy. As Professor Soddy points out, it places debt in the place of wealth. Modern money is merely a system of I O U's, the gold standard being, in the expressive words of John Maynard Keynes, "as dead as mutton." Money today is merely a claim on wealth, so that any attempt to set it up as wealth itself destroys its legitimate function as money.

Where does the interest system lead great nations? One has only to turn to Europe, and to think of the people who laboriously "saved" money before the war, in the fond belief that they were accumulating wealth. Where are their savings, where is their wealth, today? Both principal and interest have become annihilated through the collapse of the financial systems (based on the so-called "gold standard," be it remembered) in Russia and Central Europe. In France, Italy and other nations on the winning side of the war, money is worth today only a fraction of its pre-war value. Even before the war, money was depreciating in value at an alarming rate, through the rise in the cost of living.

In America the same phenomena, though on a smaller scale, are observable. The purchasing power of money "saved" twenty years ago has shrunk to a mere shadow of its former proportions, and efforts to stop this process by means of "deflation" bring still greater calamities in their train.

The interest system and the gold standard are the Siamese-twin evils of the modern industrial system, and neither is likely long to survive the death of the other.

This Is Radio-Casting Station "H-o-m-e"

Concluded from page 4

that two years before was undreamed of. And what was the result?

Dr. Keigwin received this letter:

"I am a cold-blooded woman and it is a long time since I have been to a Holy Communion service. But I listened in tonight, and I am uplifted and have determined to come back to the fold."

It was one of many messages of approval, encouragement and congratulation. The question in his mind was whether the service was binding, so to speak, but Dr. Keigwin said that ecclesiastical authorities assured him that those persons who listened in were as legally present as those bodily in the church.

Only a few days ago a Kansas newspaper reported that the Sunday radio service was so real to one Hiawatha man that when the announcement came that the offering would be taken he wrote a check and mailed it to the pastor that day. On the other hand, a Canadian boy wrote to an important broadcasting station that his father is Scotch, "and takes the headphones off when the minister announces the offering."

Radio is opening new worlds to invalids, the sick and the deaf. That is demonstrated every day now. The more advanced hospitals have already provided radio facilities, and their benefits are subject, it was learned upon investigation, to the attending doctor's prescription. In other words, no listening in is permitted except under expert direction.

It is a paradise for the deaf, according to their own admission, and persons who had not heard a sermon, a speech or a bit of music for many years are now "hearing" again.

Colonel Coolidge last April walked half a mile to the home of a neighbor to hear his son, the President of the United States, make his address at the Associated Press luncheon. The matron at Teller, Alaska, reported to the broadcasting station KGO of the General Electric Company that she found several Eskimo girls out of bed "with their ears just above the loud speaker, enjoying the program."

The *Bowdoin,* a few hundred miles from the North Pole, with Captain Donald B. McMillan on board, had the advantage of the "big night," lasting several months, during which he heard many amateur stations, setting once what is considered a world's record for short-wave stations when Hawaii was picked up.

An elephant refused to recognize his master's voice. The experiment was carried on last year at the London Zoo, but Indarini, the elephant, paid no attention to the voice of Syed Ali, whose voice the animal had learned to recognize in baby days in India. Dogs apparently are more sensitive in this wise, it is said.

In the animal world the treat comes when song birds join unannounced and unheralded.

Big cities, scattered farmhouses, small towns and tiny villages, but lately linked together by good roads and the motor car, now are further bound together by the comradeship of the human voice and of music.

As one traverses the country, sails rivers or the main coast, one sees networks of aerials, and in most cases in this country every such aerial represents a set which was a labor of love on the part of some man of the house—whether little man or big man. Nor does an antenna-less roof mean lack of a set.

H-O-M-E is a good station for boys to steer by, therefore, and with radio keeping them there parents and guardians cannot give them too much encouragement.

The Metamorphosis of the Country Fair

Emerging From Its Midway Period of Fakers, Freaks and Fat Females

By E. I. FARRINGTON

Entrance to Ohio State Fair Grounds at Columbus.

THERE are country fairs which have never needed a reformation, but they are few and far between. Here and there one finds a fair which has kept itself free from midways, fakers and gamblers. It has made annual exhibitions of livestock and produce which have in themselves been sufficient to draw the crowds. For the most part, though, agricultural fairs in all parts of the country have had a long era of debauchery from which they are now emerging.

A book might be written on the devious methods by which fair patrons have been despoiled. For years bands of tricksters, thieves and sharpers of all kinds have made a happy hunting ground of the country fairs. Until recently the so-called midway, with its fat women, living skeletons, dog-faced boys, snake charmers, artful dodgers and oriental dancers, has been considered an indispensable part of most fairs. Managers believed that they could not draw the crowds without attractions of this kind. It came to be a common practice to make concessions to gamblers and swindlers, although, of course, their real purposes were concealed under names which indicated ordinary games of chance. It came to be the custom, too, for the advance agents of questionable attractions to make financial arrangements which those in charge of the fairs found to their advantage. In time there grew a well-organized system which made it possible for gamblers and confidence men to lay out a circuit covering the whole season, with such details as a specified amount of graft for the local constables and pecuniary tokens to the officials who guaranteed protection.

While the motive tone of the country's agricultural fairs was being impaired as a result of this system, its sanitary features were becoming a common scandal. Hardly a pretense was made of cleanliness in serving the so-called lemonade, ginger beer and other decoctions ladled out from wooden tubs in which a few cakes of ice floated about. For the most part these drinks were synthetic preparations containing practically no fruit. It is true that a few slices of lemon were to be seen floating around in the tubs. Oftentimes indeed a slice of lemon was placed in a glass, but it was invariably fished out again as soon as the glass had been placed back on the table and restored to the tub. By this practice one slice of lemon would suffice for several dozen glasses, being used over and over again. Pink lemonade came into existence largely because some coloring was needed to disguise the fact that fruit was absent.

It was a common thing for the farmer who attended a local fair to be robbed, either by pickpockets or, in more roundabout ways, by the bland, eloquent gentlemen who operated the many games of chance. It was not difficult to single out the farmer with a roll. He would be steered to a nearby stand and would watch eagerly while his newly made friend made repeated winnings, perhaps with the rolling balls or with an adaptation of the roulette wheel. He would take a chance, become emboldened by one or two successes to plunge more deeply, and then realize suddenly that he had been effectively plucked. It sometimes happened that the victim would then be induced to serve as a "come-on" man, on the promise that part of his money would be returned.

Occasionally a young farmer with spirit would start in to clean up an outfit which had victimized him, and it is recorded that on occasions certain sharpers have been obliged to climb the board fence around the inclosure to escape with a whole skin. As a rule, though, the local policemen were friendly to the sharpers and summarily removed any obstreperous visitor.

Naturally a condition of this sort could not last indefinitely. Some years ago it became apparent that the country fair was doomed unless it could be purged of its objectionable features. The better class of farmers was refusing to attend and rowdyism was becoming rampant. Managers declared that the fairs could not be made a success without some form of amusement. This claim has not been admitted by all fairs, but for the most part an effort has been made to introduce clean entertainments as a substitute for the dancing girls and for the wild man of Borneo who ate nothing but raw meat, and who appeared as a very tired colored man when the show was over. There are but few fairs today where the old-time midway, with all its garish wickedness, remains. The gambler has been obliged to seek new fields; the beverages which are served are reasonably innocuous and are offered in clean receptacles. "Hot dogs" and similar dainties are still served in tents and booths, but under supervision.

Horse racing which has always been a feature of the country fair had its period of dishonest and crooked dealings, but is being brought to a higher level. Horse racing as carried on at most fairs today is on the square.

The better class of fairs puts on a series of vaudeville entertainments similar to those which are seen in the theaters, and there has been no falling off in attendance. Indeed, the agricultural fair is as firmly fixed in the life of the people as it has ever been. Some of the great fairs of the country have assumed remarkable proportions. Such fairs as those at Brockton, Massachusetts, Elkhorn, Wisconsin, and Syracuse, New York, have grounds and buildings worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and hire paid secretaries who maintain offices the year round. One fair is no sooner over than preparations are started for the one which will come a year later.

The University of Chicago has recently held a school for fair management, the first in the country. The meeting was attended by secretaries and committeemen from all over the United States. The titles of the lectures indicate the businesslike basis on which the fairs are now being conducted. Frank Fuller, of Memphis, spoke on "Simplified Fair Accounting," while R. I. Pearce, of Des Moines, talked on "Planning the Physical Equipment," and R. T. Hemphill, of Oklahoma, discussed "The Budgeting of a Fair." Although the matter was not taken up under the head of reformation, those present emphasized the changes which have come over the great fairs of the country. John G. Kent, managing director of the Canadian National Exhibition, said in his remarks:

"The day of the synthetic drink of certain kinds, the decayed hamburger, the unsanitary hash house and the filthy utensil is rapidly passing. Fair officials should see that they never return. Refuse space to the man who will not run a clean establishment."

Eating is one of the big problems in connection with an agricultural fair. Every effort is made to feed the people on the grounds, even though restaurant privileges have to be made free for a year or two. Any marked exodus of visitors at mealtimes is certain to affect the balance sheet detrimentally.

The purpose of the men in charge of the best of the present-day fairs to do away with objectionable features is further indicated by some of Mr. Kent's remarks at the Chicago school. He said:

"Don't hesitate to pull down a man's curtains if he refuses to live up to the strict letter of the law.

"Don't forget that most crowds know that Barnum and his methods are dead.

"Don't forget that the festival spirit makes the public easy prey on fair grounds, and that you are under obligations to protect everyone who comes through your gates against extortion and unfair treatment.

"Don't forget that the strange concessionaire who has no stake in your community will bear watching until he has proved his worth.

"Don't forget that the public holds you responsible for happenings on your grounds; you cannot pass the buck to the concessionaire."

The pageant is one of the newer features of the country fair. Usually it is acted and presented by the people of the community where the fair is held. It conforms to the fundamental purposes of the fair, allowing the community as a whole to have something "on exhibit" in addition to farm products and the like. The great fair at Syracuse, New York, has introduced a rural theater with much success. The acting is done by local talent, and the fact is brought home to the visitors that such theaters can be established in any farm community, even though a barn must be used.

Music has come to be an exceedingly important factor in the development of agricultural fairs. Reports show that last year forty-three fairs spent $250,000 for music alone. Bands and other music at the great Eastern States Fair in Springfield, Massachusetts, cost $8,000.

It is very interesting to note that some of the fairs are again featuring events which were the backbone of such exhibitions many years ago. Plowing matches are attracting much attention. At some of the shows drawing matches by ox teams as well as by horses are also emphasized. The oxen are attached to old-fashioned stone boats, loaded with stone or sand, and the size of the load is increased until only one team is able to pull it.

Most agricultural fairs have been built around the

Firemen's muster at a New England fair. A sane and sensible interlude in the program of "attractions."

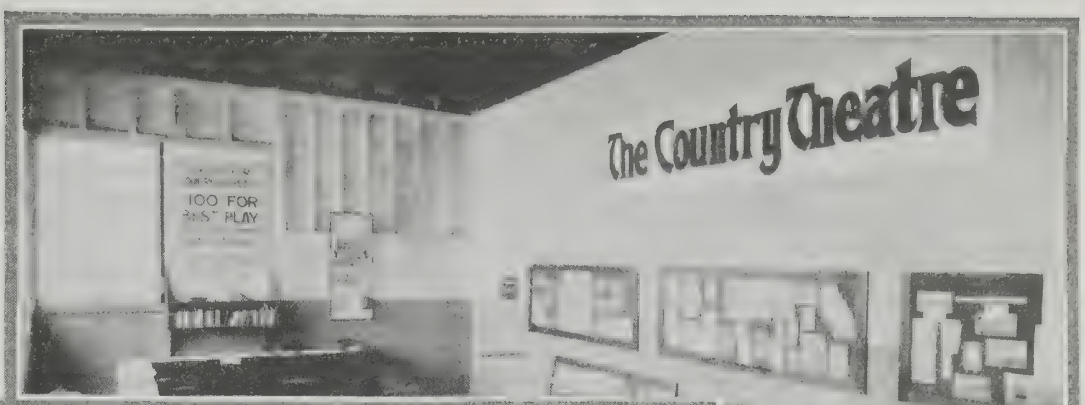
livestock exhibitions, and cattle of the finest breed are to be seen even at fairs which are held in large cities. A well-conducted fair offers an unusual opportunity to farmers to become acquainted with the best herds and to buy blue-blooded animals. High-class livestock never fails to draw a crowd.

Agricultural fairs have been woven into the very fabric of American civilization. Washington urged the inauguration of such fairs as early as 1796. The country's first fair was held in the city of Washington in 1804, and lasted three days. Elkanah Watson, who lived in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, has been called the father of agricultural fairs. He secured a petition of twenty-six farmers for a cattle show which was held in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1810. The incorporation of the Berkshire Agricultural Society followed, and this society became the first permanent fair association in the United States. Mr. Watson became so enthusiastic over this success that he was instrumental in organizing other societies, not only in New England but in nine or ten other states. Probably the first state aid for agricultural fairs was an appropriation of $20,000 by the legislature of New York in 1819.

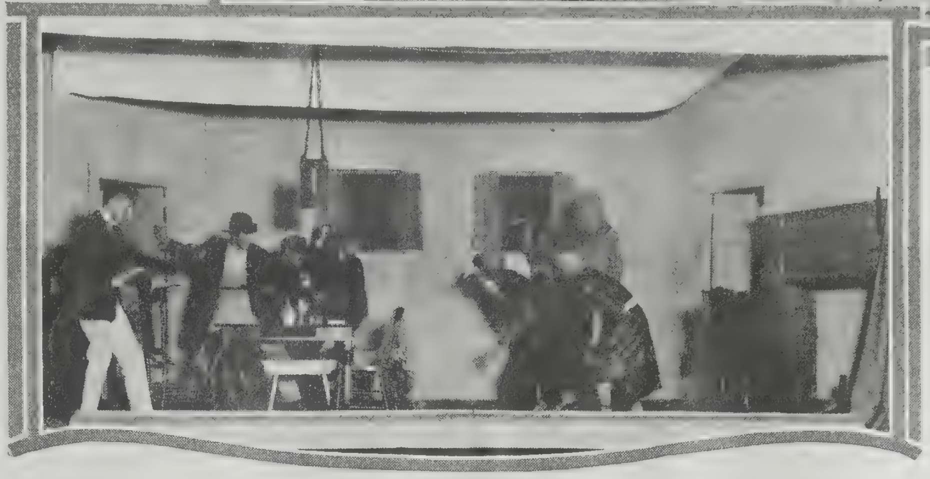
The early fairs were always visited by many prominent men, especially politicians, who took the unusual opportunity offered to address large numbers of farmers. Daniel Webster was a popular orator at fairs in his and neighboring states.

For many years the agricultural fair was one of the most potent influences for diffusing new ideas and in creating an atmosphere of social unity, as well as in introducing better methods of farming and a wider acquaintanceship with blooded stock. The agricultural fair of today serves to some extent the same purpose, although, of course, it has many rivals in the dissemination of such information as farmers require. The agricultural fair has changed greatly in character, but it still serves a useful purpose. For a time it seemed likely to disappear, as a result of disintegrating forces within itself. But with the reformations of recent years, it has taken a new lease of life, and bids fair to retain its hold upon the public for many years to come.

The original purpose of the fair was to encourage the farmers to raise better crops and cattle, and to promote the farming industry generally. This is again their object.



Country Theater at Syracuse Fair.



Scene at the Country Theater, Syracuse, New York, Fair.

How China's Submerged Millions Live PART II

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logical outcome would be, no doubt, a closer association of the latter—in other words, a union of laborers like those of Western lands.

Meantime, China went on with its patient toil—"bound to the wheel" of economic necessity. We grew accustomed to the gruelling labor of the rickshaw coolie, the painful, cheerful struggle of the bearer of burdens, but we could never rid ourselves of the admiration with which we viewed his heroic industry. He had his faults, we knew. These were equally apparent. He was essentially a gambler, a waster of his bitterly gained substance. The Chinese, it seemed to us, was the most inherent, persistent gambler in the world.

This trait surprised us, for we had drawn previous estimates of John Chinaman from those frugal creatures we had known "at home." In the United States those with whom we had come in contact were unobtrusive laundrymen, spitting on collars, and spending their leisure in solemn loafing before their doors. They appeared to have no amusements whatever save tinny phonograph music, no solace beyond tobacco. But this and most other estimates of China, formed with the American Chinaman as a basis, had to be generally revised. The Cantonese coolies of the United States, lifted to new economic dignity behind the counters of laundries and chow mein restaurants, were too Americanized to be any criterion of the real Orient.

From the anterooms and coolie quarters of business houses and residences throughout China there came to our ears the perpetual music of mah jongg. Legal bans and penalties against this and others of the legion of gambling devices appeared to be wholly ineffective. On pay day the adventuresome Wong would possess nothing at all or would have been made temporarily the richer by the pay of his mates.

There was still opium in China, in spite of international treaties and government pledges. Cigarets, through British-American enterprise, had come in unbelievable quantities, and at such prices and in such packets as to make them available to all but the meanest of beggars.

Disease, too, took its toll from the national energy. It would be long, apparently, before China learned the value of man power and was willing to invest in sanitary measures for its increase and protection. It would be long, as well, before labor laws rescued the children of the poor, toiling before their time, from the slavery, actual and economic, that held them in its grip. The slave trade still flourished. It was not uncommon for a parent to take his child to the market, when famine overwhelmed the fundamental humanities. And apprenticeship, even in the legitimate trades, began notoriously too soon. Kindness to children was unquestionably a national characteristic, but work was a child's lot from the time of learning to walk until he faltered at the grave. We were distressed, more than once, at the sight of a child between the shafts of a rickshaw, and another behind it, already on the road to the swift dissolution of cruel overwork.

But these national enervations appeared to effect no great lessening of vitality and enterprise, certainly no diminution of the willingness to work. Labor was the common lot. There were few who evaded it. Even the rich and the powerful went on, under the influence of racial instinct, in the pursuit of more wealth and added power.

We never ceased to find interest and admiration for the shops of artisans and craftsmen. They were everywhere about us, often peripatetic. The barber, with his melodious gong, went by at all hours of the day, as his ilk had been doing, no doubt, since Confucius, with basin slung from one end of his pole and stool at the other. There was the bearded fruit vendor, immobile as a Buddah upon one end of his barrow. The knife-and-scissors sharpener was abroad upon the streets, clashing a bundle of steel pieces to advertise his craft. The vendor of sugar cane and sweets chanted, not unmelodiously, to attract the ear of childhood.

These were but a few of the notes of color and sound in the Chinese street symphony. There was also the squeaking wheelbarrow of the coolie who trundled gangrenous-looking pork from one godown to another; the hoarse shout of the noisome carrier of night-soil; the whining plea of the beggar, with his flattering "Old gentleman lady!" or "Great old excellency!" or the familiar "yang kwei" of the children of the poor, who let no foreigner pass without this request for a bit of money; the loud self-recommendation of the riveter of china, who could make shattered dishes "better than new." Each one of the multitude of street merchants had his own particular cry, many in the singing falsetto that was outgrown in the Western world before the Middle Ages were old.

But there was greater fascination in the streets of the crafts. These were almost invariably huddled together—a street of coffin makers, a quarter of furniture makers, a bird fanciers' alley; streets of goldsmiths, silk shops, jade carvers, lantern shops, tea houses; streets of violin makers, of idol carvers, of bathtub manufacturers, of "spirit-money" coiners whose wares must pay the way of those who have gone to walk with their ancestors beside the Yellow Springs.

There was no limit to this ceaseless, swarming industry; no minuteness and thoroughness for which it would not pause. Lightening the labor, leavening the bitterness of the want that spurred all effort, was the race cheerfulness that made adversity tolerable.

We found the key to this philosophy over the door of a Shanghai guild:

"It is not granted to bewail heaven and earth because of the pain of life; nor to complain when the weather becomes a hindrance unto trade."

Oh, Where Are the Torchlight Processions?

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The costly 'sparkling wine,'
But plain hard cider, such as cheered
In days of old lang syne."

With such pleasantries did our great-grandfathers go about the business of electing a President.

Too late in the game the Democrats realized what they had done and sought to undo it. To no avail, they insisted that the talk of poverty, log-cabin residence, hard-cider restriction, was all hokum.

The judgment of history seems to be that Van Buren was an honest, cultured, intelligent and patriotic man, who made a record as President rather better than the average; but, in the light of such "reasoning" as the Whigs used, the result was certain. Harrison, who had taken little part in the campaign, was elected handsomely. His electoral vote was 234 as against 60 for Van Buren, though the popular votes of 1,275.016 and 1,129.102, respectively, indicated the Democrats had put up a fight, anyhow.

The voters may be substituting reasoning for the playthings of politics or they may be just making more these days of comparisons between pre-election promises and post-election performances. The electorate may be contemplating the possibility that an election, whoever is chosen to office, means to it, in the words of Hosea Biglow, only one thing for certain—"their annooal soft-sodder an' taxes." Mr. Biglow's philosophy will be recalled, as phrased by Lowell:

"So they march in percession, an' git
up Hooraws,
An' tramp through the mud fer the
good o' the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' ful-
fillin' the prophecies
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the
holders of offices;
Ware A sot afore, B's comf'tably
seated,
One humbug's victor'ous an'
tother defeated.
Each honnable doughface gits jest
wut he axes
An' the people—their annooal soft-
sodder an' taxes."

From log cabins to teapot domes, from homespun and coonskin to million-dollar fees, from rum euphemized as hard cider to "light wines and beer," how have the voters changed and what are they thinking about?

Are the College Fraternities Dying Out?

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in response to an invitation from the Committee on Expansion of the Interfraternity Conference.

Both the conferences are purely advisory and are said to be in no way "super-fraternities." They have no binding authority over any of the national or local fraternities; they do not try to speak "for the college fraternities, only to them." They did draw up certain resolutions looking toward general betterment of conditions.

To the lone local fraternity, the interlocal conference, which will meet annually at New York at the same time delegates to the Interfraternity Conference exchange griefs and experiences, comes as a saving grace. It has been a serious problem the local has faced in the fraternity survival-of-the-fittest race, for it has been no secret that houses belonging to a national chain bid and receive the cream of such college undergraduates as choose to "go fraternity."

To fraternity men in general, the annual conferences spell a new era and the leaders of the nationals look with much favor upon the expansion programs and nationalization of the locals. Interfraternity conferences are comparatively new, the first successful attempt having been made in 1909. As early as 1883 an endeavor was made to get the bodies together in some sort of serious annual meeting, but in 1884 it was impossible to get representatives of ten together in New York. In 1893, at the Chicago World's Fair, a second effort to meet was made. Twenty-five or twenty-six fraternities and sororities met, but did nothing. The matter rested then until 1909.

Fraternities, which, by the way, are indigenous in the United States, are too firmly rooted to be *driven* out of American colleges and universities. They are less secret now than they were when first formed. Too many prominent public men, including such representatives as President Calvin Coolidge, Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, and Chief Justice William Howard Taft, have spent their college days in fraternity houses, to permit attacks to be successfully launched against the system.

The fraternities "see the light" in the matter of telling the world what the fraternity means. The Interfraternity Conference committee on publicity sets forth three aims for which they strive, the two most important of which are keeping the college authorities informed of fraternity happenings, and trying to educate the general public to a "fuller appreciation of the fraternity ideals and accomplishments."

Sapiro and Raisin-Growers

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a syndicate of California banks, including the Pacific-Southwest Trust and Savings Bank, the Bank of Italy, and the Anglo and London-Paris National Bank.

Membership in the association was increased from 14,000 to 16,500, with 17,000 as the ultimate goal, and the reorganized association now handles ninety per cent of the raisins of California, and sixty-seven per cent of the production of this fruit in the world. At the middle of August of this year, the new management announced the payment to the growers of one-half cent a pound on the 1923 crop, a total of $2,500,000, the second payment made this year. Other payments will be forthcoming soon. The merchandising system of the association has been extended to cover all of the United States, Europe, and much of Asia, where, for example, the Chinese are being taught to eat raisins, and are rapidly accepting them in large quantities as a regular article of diet.

In May, 1923, the most important step in the saving of the raisin-growers was taken. To comply with all the state and Federal statutes, and thus be entitled to the rights accorded by law to agricultural marketing organizations, and also the more readily to attract capital through greater economies of distribution and greater stability of organization, the Sun-Maid raisin-growers were organized into two corporations, each distinct from the other but both functioning together, *under direction of the growers who produce the commodity sold.* The first of these corporations, the "Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California," organized under the laws of that state, is a non-profit, growers' co-operative association, in which every grower-member holds one vote regardless of the amount of his acreage. The second of these is a Delaware corporation, the "Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association," a strictly commercial manufacturing company, functioning under policies and directions defined by the California co-operative corporation. A third, but none-the-less important organization is the "Sunland Sales Co-operative Association," a non-profit organization especially formed for merchandising co-operative products. That is to say, it is the distributing and merchandising department of the "Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California."

The non-profit organization first mentioned above, at the closing of each crop-pool, prorates the proceeds, less any advances should any such be made, back to the growers, according to the amount, kind and quality of their deliveries. The expenses of the business are first deducted, these expenses amounting to not more than five per cent of the selling price of the crop, as compared with twelve to as high as thirty per cent in the Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations previously discussed in these columns. Under a provision of the association's contract with its members, the association has the option of making part payment to the grower in the capital stock of the Delaware corporation, at not to exceed four dollars a ton. By this provision, it is possible to provide for future financial needs by making this small fractional part of the total payment in capital stock. If, for example, raisins net the grower $100 a ton, the four dollars withheld in cash and paid in stock is negligible to the grower, though it is of vital importance to the association in building up a reserve. When the total crop averages, as it now does, 200,000 tons a year, a reserve of $800,000 can be laid aside annually, if necessary. Meanwhile, the growers draw dividends on their stock in the Delaware corporation, one dividend having been declared at the middle of August to the amount of $350,000.

The "Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association," the Delaware corporation, was organized to perform, on behalf of the "Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California," the manufacturing and commercial functions incident to the marketing of the raisin crop. It neither owns nor holds title to a single raisin; therefore, it makes no advances on raisins to the grower. It serves the California co-operative association of growers under a contract, which provides, in general, that the duties of warehousing, processing, advertising and selling of raisins *shall be performed under the policies and directions defined and issued by the California co-operative association, that is to say, by the growers themselves.* The contract provides that this Delaware corporation shall receive from the California organization as compensation the cost of these operations, and the dividends on its outstanding seven per cent cumulative, non-assessable, preferred stock. In actual practice, after the costs of operations and dividends have been taken out of the proceeds of sales, the balance is remitted to the California corporation for distribution to the growers. The common stock of the Delaware corporation is held by the California co-operative association, that is to say, by the growers of the raisins.

Something About Organization

THE old California corporation—prior to the time when the present modern business management was installed—was a commercial, profit-taking organization, *with its stock held by both growers and outsiders.* In the reorganization process, the new California co-operative corporation is a legally constituted co-operative association, composed solely of growers, each of whom has one vote, regardless of the acreage he may own. The functions of the California corporation, in general, consist of maintaining contacts and relationships with the growers; containing contracts and deliveries of raisins; arranging for and making such advances to the growers as may be necessitated by delivery of the raisins in sweat boxes fresh from the drying trays in the vineyards; supervising the efficient and economical fulfillment of the service contract with the Delaware corporation, and receiving from the latter the net proceeds of sales and distributing them to the growers. These functions are administered through departments assigned to the controller and to a growers' service division. The growers indicate their wishes and express their ideas through a system of thirty locals or district organizations, each of which has a representative on the board of directors. The president and managing director, one and the same person, is directly under this board of directors, a system which makes the raisin-grower supreme in his own association, a position he never occupies in any of the Sapiro Plan co-operative associations.

To revert for a moment to the Delaware corporation—the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association:

This organization exists solely for the purpose of performing for the California corporation various purely commercial functions, with maximum economy and efficiency. It acts for the account of the growers' organization, which stands responsible for the cost of the operations of the Delaware corporation, and for the dividends on its seven per cent cumulative, preferred stock. The Delaware corporation, in its legal aspects, embodies the most modern and best approved practices utilized by commercial corporations of large size.

To preserve for the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California the rights guaranteed to co-operatives in the selling of their products, and for further reasons of economy, the actual merchandising of Sun-Maid raisins is done by the Sunland Sales Co-operative Association, a purely co-operative selling agency. Its relationship with the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California is maintained by a contract with the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers' Association (the Delaware corporation) under the terms of which Sunland has taken over Sun-Maid's world-wide selling organization, and now performs the merchandising functions incident to the distribution of Sun-Maid products, under policies defined by the California corporation, that is to say, again, *by the growers.*

A Plan With a Difference

TO COMPLETE this history of the reorganization, and to clear all sections of the field for action, the new management requested the Federal Court to appoint a trustee for the purpose of formally and officially closing out the business of the old organization which had plunged itself into bankruptcy, meeting its obligations, and distributing its assets. Milo L. Rowell was appointed as trustee, on December 26, 1923. The general result of the reorganization of this group of more than 16.000 agriculturists is the creation of a legally sound, non-profit, co-operative farmers' organization, with all the rights of such an association, *which is really controlled and directed by the growers themselves.* It has further created an apparently efficient commercial corporation, equal, legally, financially and in administrative management, to any business competition it may meet, with the added factor of a sales agency equipped to do business in all parts of the world at what seems to be a minimum of expense and a maximum of efficiency.

Men who are familiar with the production, processing, distributing and merchandising of raisins are in executive positions in all three associations, or corporations, and the entire establishment is under the control of the men who produce the raisins. Once a year, at least, the head of the association, Mr. Merritt, makes a tour of all thirty of the district locals, meeting all the members, reporting to them, and explaining the report to them.

The difference between this plan of operation of a co-operative farm marketing association and the Sapiro Plan, whose disastrous history has been described in previous articles, is explained by the president of the Sun-Maid organization as follows:

"The old idea, prevalent in co-operative farm marketing circles, that the grower could charge any price, plant any acreage, distribute his product when, where and to whom he pleased, and violate any laws, either state or Federal, must be eliminated, if the co-operative is to succeed. The co-operative farm marketing organization must be put on a sound, modern, capable, business basis. When I came into this organization I found that no one knew the facts concerning its inside operation; no one knew what it would be to operate the association on a business basis, because the price of its product always had been on the up-grade, and the whole organization had three vital errors:

"First, the error of the contracts with the growers, guaranteeing a fixed amount of money in advance.

"Second, the lack of adequate capital, so that it could not work to maximum capacity; I found that while the total investment was $6,000,000, it did not have this much capital, so that the money of the growers was literally 'frozen' much of the time.

"Third, the association was operating in violation of the law because it was a corporation with stock, and therefore was not a growers' co-operative organization. In fact, it had slipped away from the growers because of the voting power of the stock held by outsiders.

"Added to these was the further fault that the association, during the period of high prices for raisins, never had kept its contract with the growers, who had little or no voice in its management.

"The plan on which it has been reorganized in brief is:

"First, reformation into a real co-operative association, complying with the law, and giving the growers back their control.

"Second, the doing away with the old contract with the growers.

"Third, the provision of adequate capital. This capital has a maximum of $20,000.000, but in actual practice only about $9,000,000 is being used.

"We have changed our method of approach to the public. Wasteful and resultless advertising methods have been altered, and we have built up confidence on the part of the public in the grower, and on the part of both public and grower in the association. *Price-fixing has been made incidental to the merchandising of the product.* We have found it necessary to set a price, after long study of the supply and the demand, not because the grower wants a fixed price, but because the buyer wants to be assured that the price will not be lowered until he has had a fair opportunity to sell the raisins he has bought at an honest profit to himself. There are three factors which work at all times against price-fixing, and which make it inoperative:

"First, the competitive levels of any one commodity, and the relations of these levels with general commodity levels in the markets of the world.

"Second, the variation in buying power of the consuming public.

"Third, the volume of the commodity which either producer or association of producers has to dispose of. A heavy surplus and a heavy carry-over are *prima facie* indictments of the management of an association.

"These are the points on which the price of any agricultural commodity must rest.

On a Business Basis

"WE HEAR a great deal about 'orderly marketing.' Distribution is the largest factor in this, as it is in other merchandising, and, technically, the only actual 'orderly marketing' is the sale of a product at a reasonable price where there is a demand for it. There are, indeed, two points which I would emphasize in regard to any co-operative farm marketing association. One of them is the fact that a co-operative marketing organization, in practical operation, cannot always get for its members more money than the producer of the same commodity outside the association, because the outsider often, in fact frequently, gets the benefit, without cost to himself, of co-operative advertising of the product. If an association controls ninety per cent of a crop, the remaining ten per cent may get a better price than the ninety. Yet, this year, without the association, the raisin-growers of California would be getting half a cent a pound for their raisins.

"The second fact I would like to impress on all co-operatives and on all students of co-operative marketing is that no co-operative association can be built from the top down. It must get its power either direct from the members, out of contracts with the members, or by superior force of the management and the outside owners of stock in it. The value of a co-operative marketing association arises solely from the willingness of the membership to work together on a common problem for the common good. It is no place for enforced management, no place for politics; it must be operated purely and honestly as a business, on a business basis.

"Some idea of the size of the business involved in handling ninety per cent of the raisin crop of California, and sixty-seven per cent of the raisin crop of the world may be gained from the facts that the total grape area within the association is 300.000 acres, valued at $200,000,000, with approximately 200,000 persons dependent, in part at least, on the industry. The properties owned by the association are valued at $6,000,000 and it employs more than 4,000 workers."

Cancer Prevention: A Warning

Concluded from page 2

We conclude this article by the following important warning by Dr. Bloodgood on a form of cancer which is all too common at the present day.

Down will go the death rate from cancer of the breast in women, as recorded by the U. S. Bureau of Census, as soon as women learn the lesson of quick action.

More than 75 per cent of women with lumps in their breasts will find that they don't have cancer at all, when they consult their family physician immediately on discovering the lump, one large clinic reports. If the lump does prove to be cancer, more than 70 per cent of them, when early attention is given their trouble, will have a chance for a permanent cure.

Nature warns women of this great danger in time, but they need special instruction to act in time. The danger of a lump in the breast, if the lump is cancer, is delay. If it is not cancer, there is no danger, but one never knows, without medical advice, whether the lump is cancer.

When a woman feels a lump in her breast, she should go at once to a good doctor. It is likely that the lump she feels is not a definite tumor; very probably it is only a part of a lumpy breast, and she will be told that it is harmless and that no treatment is necessary.

But if the doctor finds that the lump is a real tumor, he will seek at once the advice of a surgeon, and an operation, which will in no way endanger life, will be performed. If, on the operating table, the surgeon finds that the lump is not a cancer, he will remove the lump only and the breast will be saved.

On the other hand, if the lump is cancer or is even suspicious of cancer, the entire breast and some of the surrounding tissue must be removed. This saves the life of the patient.

Nor is the lump the only evidence of trouble in the breast. A woman had better seek her doctor's advice for any unusual condition, such as an irritated nipple, a discharge from the nipple, a pain, hardness or fullness of the breast, a dimple or an area of redness in the skin of the breast.

This is preventive medicine and, if it does not prevent, it will lead to a chance of cure.

Sunday School Teacher—Secretary of Navy

Judge Curtis D. Wilbur's Wonderful Social Welfare Work in San Francisco

By WILL B. LINDER

“‘THE Chief Justice of California's Supreme Court,’” (We are quoting from the *Literary Digest* of March 29, 1924), “said the Sacramento *Bee*, concerning the appointment of Judge Curtis D. Wilbur as Secretary of the Navy, ‘is a well-meaning but intensely narrow and prejudiced individual who has divided his attention between teaching a Sunday school and writing Supreme Court Decisions. His fitness for any Cabinet position is practically nil.’”

That seems rather severe against our “Sunday school teacher Secretary of the Navy.” But the Springfield *Republican* states a somewhat different view:

“Everything one reads about Judge Wilbur tends to deepen the impression that he is an exceptionally able man of loftiest integrity who will strengthen the Cabinet both intellectually and morally. A jurist does not necessarily make an outstanding executive, but at just this time Judge Wilbur's high standing as Chief Justice and *also as a churchman* (the italics are ours), in the communion of Congregationalists will count as an asset in his favor. His long experience on the bench will add to the legal strength of the Administration which, aside from Secretary Hughes, is singularly lacking in legal training.”

Judge Curtis D. Wilbur bidding goodby to his San Francisco Sunday school's “Executive Chairman,” the Sunday immediately following his appointment as Secretary of the Navy. The stars in the background are part of Admiral Simpson's Navy Jack, loaned to Mrs. Swain for that last Sunday school meeting. It was a surprise for the judge.

As chairman of our own country's Near East Relief Committee, Judge Wilbur certainly has his “hands stretched across the seas,” in a very material way. But it does not seem inconsistent that a *churchman,* as a man of peace, should have approved of President Harding's Peace Conference. A corner policeman is a peace officer, not a peace disturber, and why should not the Chief of Police of the Seas also be a man of peace?

Standing at the head of his Sunday school class the Sunday following that already historic message calling him for the Navy portfolio, Judge Wilbur did not tell us the Navy should be paraded around the world with a chip on its shoulder; no. In his simple, almost boy-like talk—his talks are always heart-to-heart talks—this big, six-foot-three man of wonderful physique, youthful at fifty-seven, said:

“Already I have been asked many times to state my policy as to the Navy. You know I got my education at Annapolis, that I know the Navy. Though it is a good place for our boys it can be made better; and if I may here state a policy to you, it is that I pledge myself to try and make the Navy a better place for our boys.”

As the churchman, of course, Judge Wilbur was speaking particularly of the moral and spiritual atmosphere of the Navy.

It does not require much acumen to surmise that there must have been good blood, as well as ideal American training, behind such a man as Wilbur. We put the query to Secretary Wilbur's brother, Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford University. He replied:

“My father and mother settled in Iowa during pioneer days, father having graduated from the law school of the University of Michigan after his return from the war. The new community was mostly made up of excellent people from Ohio. The family grew up in the life of the small town of Boonsboro. My mother, who was a graduate of Lake Erie Seminary, was a woman of fine religious strain. When Curtis was of high school age, we moved to Jamestown, North Dakota, where the Northern Pacific had opened up that part of the United States. He was dependable and had a definite religious turn. He always took an interest in Sunday school and Bible study, and had the greatest interest in wholesome themes.”

So that this man's rise to fame may be compared to the long, circling swing of a pioneer's drover whip, culminating in a final pistol-shot snap—Boonsboro, Jamestown, Annapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington!—Washington! that final snap that whipped him across the continent and into the President's Cabinet.

Said an old San Franciscan to the writer, not long since: “Before I came to this country I was a wandering sailor. All European shores and their people were familiar to me; I knew their traits, their various characteristics; but when I landed in this country, here I found a very different class of people, a people of higher moral and religious character, of loftier ideals. I found them all the way as I slowly worked from farm to farm and village to village across the continent. And I found the Bible occupying a conspicuous place in the ‘parlor’ of practically every one of those homes. But now it is seldom seen in any home, and we are breeding a nation of *rats!*”

That is harsh, but it pictures well the kind of people and community from which the new Secretary of the Navy sprang.

Of how Curtis D. Wilbur passed through the Naval Academy with high honors, came to Los Angeles and there taught school, took up the study of law, became lawyer, Judge, Superior Judge, then Chief Justice of the California Supreme Court, which high position he was fulfilling when he was called to become Secretary of the Navy, much has already been written. The main object of this article is to aid in fulfilling an ardent wish he often expressed, and of which he again spoke on that last memorable Sunday morning in class. But we will come to that later.

Curtis D. Wilbur has always been somehow connected with Sunday schools, and politics has never made any difference. When he was called from the Superior Judgeship to Los Angeles County to be Associate Judge of the State Supreme Court in San Francisco, it meant leaving his Young Men's Sunday school class of the southern city. Nothing was more natural than that he should soon establish another class in San Francisco. And this he did in the First Congregational Church at Post and Mason streets, right downtown.

But Judge Wilbur's new Sunday school class was founded on an idea growing out of his own life observations. A jurist early learns to see through the outside veneer of things. That is why he eliminated all sectarian bars to his public welfare class in which people of all beliefs and no belief meet together for the common good. The executive chairman, Mrs. Minerva Swain, tells us there is not at present another such a class in the world.

Here he was, a busy judge, spending precious spare week-day hours preparing his Sunday school lesson, or lecture, coming to the classroom early each Sunday morning, bearing with him a load of reference matter to be greeted for a time with staring empty seats. The average of class attendance later became more than a hundred. But “two or three gathered together” never daunted Judge Wilbur; promptly on the minute he would begin his lesson, or lecture, with apparent full faith in the “two or three.”

But the judge's connection with the State Supreme Court soon began to call him to other parts of the state. So he must needs have some one to manage the class and secure speakers in his absence. For this position an excellent woman, Mrs. Minerva Swain, was found.

During the World War Mrs. Swain wore captain's insignia in the United States service. And now, aside from her office duties as notary public, she devotes so much time to the church itself and Judge Wilbur's class that she is called the “Mother Superior of the First Congregational Church.”

Thus Judge Wilbur's Sunday school class goes right on as he wished, though he is no longer able to attend. It is still to continue under the name he chose for it, and why not? It is his own plan, his own idea.

Every week the Church Bulletin continues to carry a card similar to the following:

> “Judge Wilbur's Public Welfare Class
> Meets in the Ladies' Parlor every Sunday morning at 9:45. Devoted to Community Welfare on the broadest lines. Visitors cordially invited. On Sunday, April 27, Captain H. W. Cochrane will speak on ‘The Advancement of Americanization in the Far East.’ Captain Cochrane is returning to the Orient after a brief stay in this country.”

“But *is* Judge Wilbur *really* a Christian?” we were asked.

The first Sunday after his election as Chief Justice of the State of California, our Sunday school teacher judge, standing before his class, in a voice of deep emotion, said:

“I thank you all, for whatever your part in helping to elect me Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. But I thank God for the trust—for the good I may be able to do.”

One of the good things, so thinks the writer, that Judge Wilbur was able to do while holding that trust was in assisting a decision by his court to the effect that it is not unlawful for California school trustees to purchase a Bible for use in their public school library, thus reversing all other former decisions of the state courts.

That decision, by the way, was another matter concerning which the Sacramento *Bee* bitterly condemned Judge Wilbur.

Judge Wilbur, it may be said truly, has a strong leaning toward the humanities of life. He is the very opposite of “narrow,” as evidenced by the nature of his Sunday school class, as well as by his over-sea charity connections. Perhaps his Near East relief work has been brought closer to him by the loss of near and dear friends over there, in that service.

As to the judge's charity work here in San Francisco, there is one little incident that will give the reader a peep right down into his big heart:

Think of the Chief Justice of a great state, his wife in his car with him, hurrying on his way to an important committee meeting. He is intercepted by Mrs. Swain, a charity worker; she tells him of a certain soldier, sick almost to death in a distant hospital of the city, and in need of immediate help to execute a certain legal document, which is vital to him—to his peace of mind. But this soldier is penniless, utterly unable to pay, and he may pass to the beyond before another day dawns!

The busy Chief Justice hesitates: it is already evening and he is thinking of his impatient, waiting committee; but his decision is quickly made: taking up the charity worker, Mrs. Swain, in his car, he wheels about and speeds miles in the direction opposite the meeting place of his waiting committee.

At the hospital, after attending to the dying soldier's paper, and with the grateful sufferer's hand still clasped in Mrs. Swain's, this big, kindly man kneels there in the bare hospital ward and asks Divine guidance for the sufferer.

Speakers and other workers for the welfare class give their services free. It might not work so in every place, but here not even a collection is taken, except, rarely, for some special purpose.

And thus Judge Wilbur's Sunday school class continues. On Easter Sunday morning his little class was in session here in San Francisco at the same hour that its organizer was addressing a sunrise audience of thousands at our nation's capital.

The judge often expressed the wish that his Public Welfare Class idea would spread throughout the land, for the good it might do, this Sunday class in which people of all creeds and no creeds, and rich and poor rub shoulders together in the interest of the common good. Though his class was composed of individual members of all isms and creeds and sects, and of rich and poor, he knew none of these, recognizing no distinctions; or does the class profess any political faith. All these artificialities create dissensions in the class; they prevent and disrupt natural friendships. A near ideal was approached in our community team work during the World War.

The object of the Public Welfare Class is this teamwork, in the interest of community and general public good. It may be expressed in art, in scientific studies, in literature, on all questions both material and spiritual. It impartially hears all sides of any or all questions but insists that each individual, without prejudice, be allowed to form his or her own conscientious conclusions.

Judge Wilbur himself, among his various other lectures, followed up a series on Jesus: “Jesus the Lawyer; Jesus the Judge; Jesus the Citizen,” and so on.

But of all our speakers—and I believe the Wilbur class, as a whole, will concur in this—we loved best to listen to its founder. And there was a reason for that, outside of the fact that the judge, being well learned, discoursed well on most any subject: he spoke as a friend, a brother. And in his going we each felt a great personal loss.

There, before us at the close of class on that last day our teacher stood. He was Secretary of the Navy now. His tone was touched a little with emotion as he said:

“I see here before me this morning many of the same earnest faces that I have seen here Sunday after Sunday during the months and years since first our little class was formed. You have come here, rich and poor, week after week, rubbing shoulders together, seeking truth in the interest of the common good, of the public welfare.

“I don't know whether I am speaking the exact truth when I say, ‘I love you all’; but that is the way I feel about it.”

As always was his custom he dismissed us thus:

“Now let us close with the Mispah Benediction: ‘May the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from the other.’”

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BRIEFLY TOLD

United States Controller-General McCarl has ruled that a married woman employed by the government must use the surname of her husband when she signs the payroll. "The law of this country that a wife take the surname of the husband," he says, "is as well settled as that the domicile of the wife merges in the domicile of the husband. She may have an assumed name, but she has only one legal name."

Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes was born in Marietta, Ohio, in 1865.

An eighteen-year-old speeder in Los Angeles was sentenced by the judge to read every newspaper in the city each day for six months and rewrite in his own handwriting the traffic-accident stories in them.

Registration cards are handed to tourists availing themselves of the free tourist camp at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, with the request that they set down the number of nights spent at the camp and the amount of money they expended in the city. Figures for July show that the encamped tourists left an average of $166.80 a day or $4,060.70 for the month with the business men of the city.

Elephants are fond of the water and swim with ease and skill.

Archeologists claim there is a striking resemblance in the face of the modern native of Guatemala and those stone faces found on the ancient monoliths of that country.

Kentville, Nova Scotia, plans to erect a monument to Longfellow, who immortalized the Acadian country by his poem, "Evangeline." The movement is to be a joint effort of the people of the New England States and the Maritime Provinces.

The common larkspur, growing in the mountains from Colorado westward, is very poisonous to cattle, particularly just before blossoming time. Only cattle die from larkspur poisoning. Horses do not touch it when left to themselves, and sheep seem to thrive on it.

A wealthy citizen of Milan has purchased the famous Borso d'Este Bible which was produced in the fifteenth century. The parchment for this Bible was made at Bologna, and the artists were employed seven years. The ornamental borders are a fantastic mixture of animals and flowers in color.

More than forty thousand miles of hard-surfaced road were built in 1923 in the United States.

On next New Year's Day, the name of Christiania, capital of Norway, will be changed to "Oslo." There is now a suburb of Christiania called Oslo which was founded by Harald Haardraade in 1050.

A secret ink has been invented in Italy which makes it possible to print advertisements on bread without affecting its edibility.

Half a billion dollars is being spent every year on foreign travel by Americans.

Great Lakes freight boats have lost one-seventh of their carrying capacity because they cannot load so deeply as formerly. Something has lowered the lake levels.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The common desk telephone is made up of two hundred and one parts.

The milk companies of Cincinnati lose 5,000,000 milk bottles annually.

Mexico claims the world's largest tree, a huge cypress at Tule, in the state of Oaxaca. This tree measures 154 feet in circumference. The California big trees grow higher, however.

A heavy blast fired in a stone quarry in Central Pennsylvania blew a hole in the bottom of the rock and struck a spring, which in twenty-four hours made a lake approximately four hundred feet wide and from five to seventy feet deep.

Crabs, lobsters, shrimp, oysters, clams, and other crustaceans and mollusks are both a preventive and a cure for goiter, according to the executive secretary of the United States Fisheries Association. High iodine content in these classes of marine inhabitants renders them particularly valuable for this treatment.

Oriental rugs, woven in a score of refugee camps on native wooden looms, are now on their way to New York from Armenian and Greek child refugees in Palestine and Greece. They are for exhibition in New York City during the Christmas season and are an expression of gratitude from these children.

The Kimberly diamond fields are well guarded. Each mine is fenced in and the inclosure is roofed with fine wire to prevent the native laborers from throwing diamonds over the fence to confederates on the outside. No boots, shoes or other hard materials may be taken out—only clothing which has been minutely searched.

Licenses to build power dams on the Klamath River in California are granted only on condition that the Bureau of Fisheries approves the plans.

Rum boats operating in Puget Sound on the Pacific Coast are now equipped with seaplanes with radio outfits for observing the location of Federal agents and revenue cutters.

"Corn on the cob" has appeared in Paris.

One hundred and thirty busy streets of the city of New York have been closed to traffic this year to provide informal playgrounds for the children of the neighborhood.

The proper method to estimate the range of a radio receiving set is to see how far the set can receive signals in the daytime, between 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Stations that can be picked up regularly between these hours are the ones upon which the receiving range should be based.

A salmon caught at sea off the coast of Alaska and tagged with an aluminum tag by the United States Bureau of Fisheries was later recaptured as it entered the river in Kamchatka in which it was hatched. It is two thousand miles from Alaska to Kamchatka in Asia.

Fashionable long, heavy pendant earrings are drawing women's ears out of shape, according to a noted Paris specialist.

Officials of the Bank of Millstadt, in Millstadt, Illinois, are said to have taken unusual precautions, inaugurating a "safety-before-business" policy. Persons having business in the bank are required to rap for admission. After the cashier has satisfied himself as to the identity of a patron he is permitted to enter.

A school for prison officials is to be opened in Peking as part of a general preparation for the coming of the judicial commission to investigate China's fitness for assuming authority over foreigners now vested in foreign consular courts.

A German diver in a new diving apparatus went down to a depth of 459 feet. At this depth he could see about eighteen inches, a further sixty feet resulting in total darkness.

The Soviet authorities have prohibited the importation into Russia of books about ants and bees in which "queens" are mentioned. They object to the description of colonies of these insects as helpless when lacking the ruling power of their queens.

Human hair is being used in London by some women to decorate their coat collars, cuffs, and blouses, according to a dispatch from that city.

The "Circuit Rider" is represented in a statue recently placed on the capitol grounds in Salem, Oregon. It was presented to the state of Oregon by a prominent business man of that state in memory of Oregon's early itinerant preachers, among whom was the donor's own father.

A counterfeit dollar bill, a rug reproducing a silver certificate, with finely woven portraits of Lincoln and Grant, was seized by Secret Service agents when it arrived in New York City from Greece where it was made. The rug is six feet by four and carries out the color scheme of United States currency. It is illegal to reproduce currency in any manner.

An abandoned boat lettered "Dauntless, Honolulu," was found on the coast of Zamboango without trace of the owner, Ira Sparks, of Peru, Indiana. Sparks' objective was the Holy Land, where he wished to "seek the true word of God." He shipped from the United States to Hawaii in a packing box.

The village of Allraht near Cologne, Germany, boasts the first church bells made of an alloy of aluminum and copper. They will not burst nor rust, and may be made at one-third the weight of bronze bells.

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Why Britain Is Jobless

By Allan L. Benson

Harris Dickson and the South

Georgetown—Home of Heroes

Sororities and Their Function

Children's Bureau—Its Work

China's First Woman Physician

When the West Was Still Wild

Testing "Bootleg" at Washington

NEXT WEEK

Germany Under the Microscope

By Walter M. Wolff

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

A Country That Has Lost Its Job

England, Tired and Bewildered, in Throes of Bloodless Revolution

By ALLAN L. BENSON

ENGLAND has lost her job, which, for a century, was to man and operate the world's workshop. The first to turn to steam and factory production, her goods went everywhere. The profits from her trade, gathered from the four quarters of the globe, rolled in upon London like a golden flood. Great families became greater. Smaller families were gold-plated. Stately marble mansions, now grown green and somber, mark the high-tide of the flood.

England became enormously wealthy because the rest of the world, industrially speaking, was but a babe in arms, unable to minister to its own wants. Her workingmen were not prosperous, but they were employed. They were not prosperous because, in economic understanding, they, too, were babes. They knew how to produce wealth, but they did not know how to obtain their rightful share of it. Their ignorance added to the flood of gold that gilded the best families.

But all babes that do not die grow up; the rest of the world, speaking broadly and generally, can now do its own manufacturing. It no longer needs to employ England. The rest of the world was bound to become self-sufficient, sooner or later, but the war and the German submarine blockade hastened its development by causing the dominions and other overseas customers to erect plants and do their own manufacturing. And these plants, once built, will never come down. Instead, they will grow greater.

Plant Is Overmanned

SO THE English workshops, which were made larger than ever to meet the needs of the war, are now chiefly devoted to the task of supplying the needs of England. That task is not great enough to keep busy what was once the world's workshop. The shop is larger than ever but the demand for its goods is smaller than ever. In other words, the plant is too big and overmanned. That is why unemployment in England is not only great but chronic. Englishmen still talk about bringing back the old times, but men and women always talk—for a while—of bringing back what can never be brought back. The Moors talked of returning to Granada!

England has lost her job. A nation without a job feels just as would an individual in the same circumstances. England is unhappy, somewhat bewildered, and so puzzled with her problems and burdens that it would be easy to make the mistake of assuming that she is discouraged. Under great pressure she is doing what all peoples do when the strains of life become too great to bear. She is changing the basis of her economic and political existence.

England is passing through a revolution. Her revolution is as real as Russia's—probably more real. It does not get so many headlines in the newspapers because it is not spectacular. Russia's revolution was a cyclone. England's is a glacier. But the means by which revolution is accomplished are never so important as the end. The means are always the expression of past pressure, present resistance and national temperament. The end is all that is important. If Washington had been able to secure the independence of the American colonies without fighting, the result would have been the same.

Not a Socialist Government

ENGLAND is having a revolution without fighting. The people of the British Isles have already dropped their pilot and put a new hand at the wheel.

It is plain, for instance, that the present government of England is not a Socialist government, in the sense that we understand Socialism in America. Americans, who read in their newspapers, day after day, that England is governed by Socialists, should understand this. Neither Ramsay MacDonald nor anybody else has a right to trifle with the definition of Socialism. In its fundamentals, it is a definite, precise thing, all statements to the contrary notwithstanding. It stands for the public ownership and democratic management of industry, to the end that the material things we need may be manufactured for use instead of for profit. Whoever disputes this does not know what Socialism is. Whoever rejects this doctrine, yet calls himself a Socialist, is either fooling himself or trying to fool others.

Since Mr. MacDonald became Premier, only a very few can see him to find out what he thinks about anything. A member of his cabinet told this writer that he—the cabinet minister—could not see him. The statement was so astonishing that it seemed incredible that it was meant to be taken literally. But a day or two later I was told by one of the pillars of the Labor party that nothing could be more literally true; that MacDonald has denied himself to everybody to such an extent that he has no time for even a certain member of his own cabinet, without whom the Labor party hardly could have existed.

Getting Tired of MacDonald

THE men who led the movement that put MacDonald into office are, so far as I could learn, becoming tired of him. One of them, who edits an influential weekly, told me that it was only with the greatest difficulty that he could continue to support the Labor government. One of the greatest writers in England told me that the Labor government, under MacDonald, was not a Labor government at all, but only the trades union section of the Liberal party.

The complaint everywhere among MacDonald's intellectual supporters is that he has done and is doing very little to carry out the program of his party. This feeling is beginning to seep down into the masses. Such dissatisfaction can be understood. In the first place, all politicians promise too much when they are candidates for office. One of the most important members of the Labor government promised, when he was a candidate for membership in the House of Commons, that, if elected, he would move to put rents back where they were before the war. Of course, he might as well have moved to make the moon shine every night, and he has done no such foolish thing; but his constituents are now criticizing him. MacDonald is beginning to feel the criticism of the masses.

A sympathetic outsider instinctively feels, anyway, that the Premier is undoubtedly proceeding slowly to avoid shocking the country too much. But a member of the Labor government told me that such is not the case. "I doubt," said he, "if MacDonald would do more than he is doing if he had full power. What he is doing is all that he believes needs to be done."

"What has he done?" I asked.

"Oh, he has taken the 'gap' out of the pension law," he replied, "or rather removed the hiatus between payment periods during which pensioners suffered, and a few things like that."

"What is the rest of his program?"

"He would socialize the coal and iron mines."

"What about the rest of industry—would he socialize that, too?"

"No, I think not. He would leave the rest of industry to voluntary co-operation."

And, as Mr. Dooley says, "There you are."

Terrific Criticism

THE criticism of Mr. MacDonald from the left wing of his party is terrific. The left wing is chiefly composed of Clyde shipworkers and a few intellectuals. England calls them "Bolsheviks." They want MacDonald to move. Of course, he is moving. He has a housing program under way. It hasn't passed Parliament yet, but he is doing his best to pass it. What it will do, nobody knows. One of MacDonald's chief supporters told me that not so many houses would be built under it as the Tories built. The Tories, too, built houses. That is one of the interesting things about England. Conditions there are so bad, and private enterprise, in some instances, has so lamentably failed, that all parties have been forced to recognize the necessity of socializing certain undertakings. But they don't call it "socializing." They call it "subsidizing." Words don't matter. The point is that when necessity presses about so hard, people move!

That makes more trouble for Mr. MacDonald. Critics within his own party say he is doing nothing that in principle differs from what the old parties have already done; that he has broken and apparently intends to break no new ground; that he is not a sincere radical nor even a democrat at all. My own feeling is that such criticism goes too far. One may safely assume that Mr. MacDonald is doing what he believes to be best.

But the London intellectuals do not stop. An Oxford man who has suffered for his humanitarian convictions told me that he knew to a certainty that MacDonald broke the "unauthorized" underground and tram strikes by threatening to place technical men from the navy in the power houses.

"You watch that man," he said. "He will do something like this some day and that will be the end of him. The Labor party will then know him for what he is and turn upon him."

Nor does criticism stop there nor does it end with the "Bolsheviks." Everybody in the Labor party, as far as I could discover, is disgusted because the ministers of the Labor government have fallen for the court stuff. MacDonald they can understand. But to see an old-timer like Sidney Webb don knee breeches and lash on a sword makes them angry. It was suggested that perhaps this was all a mere matter of strategy born of a desire not to slap anybody's feelings in the face. This suggestion was accepted only in part. I was told that there are members of the Labor government—particularly those who have risen from the ranks—who simply eat this stuff alive because they like it. And their wives—I was told—how they do fall! But not much harder, I was informed, than their husbands. One of the horny sons of toil who now sits in the cabinet is frequently seen motoring with the Prince of Wales. When the Prince wants to take a little air and wonders who, of all his friends, would be the most delightful motoring companion, he has somebody phone to this Labor minister and out they go.

"Our royal family is very subtle," one of them said to me.

At Buckingham Palace

YOU read of a garden party at Buckingham Palace, the king's town residence, or at Windsor, a few miles out of London. The king walks about conversing nonchalantly with a gentleman who, a few years ago, was perhaps driving a truck or clerking in a store. One of the chief members of the cabinet formerly conducted a little stationery store in Glasgow. And the queen? With whom is she talking as she threads her way over the lawn? Why to no one else than the wife of some Labor minister who, day before yesterday, as it seems, was boiling potatoes with their jackets on and frying fish for her future Labor minister.

What will come of the present Labor government, the best informed do not know. The only thing that seems certain is that it will stay until its opponents believe it is in bad shape to go to the country for another election.

The judgment of this writer is that whatever Mr. MacDonald may or may not do with regard to the domestic affairs of the British Isles, he represents an improvement upon all recent prime ministers in what seems likely to be his foreign policies. He is something of a pacifier—a distributor of oil upon troubled waters. He may well be worth while for this quality if for no other. And he cannot be as bad as men in his own party paint him. Nobody could be.

It is an odd fact, but one hears more praise of the Labor government outside of the Labor party than in it. The Conservatives, Unionists and Liberals do not praise the Labor party as a whole, but piecemeal. I do not know how many times opposition members in the House of Commons said to me, speaking of this or that Labor minister: "He is the only honest one in the whole lot." Different individuals, at different times, thus praised practically the whole Labor government. Some Conservatives think well of MacDonald because he moves so slowly, but practically all are strong for Phillip Snowden, the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer. Snowden's budget made him solid in the financial district of London. Everybody in "the city," as the financial district is called, feared him when he took office, but nobody there fears him now. Maybe he is all right. Time will tell. But members of the Labor party wish he were not praised quite so much by their political enemies.

Must Till the Land

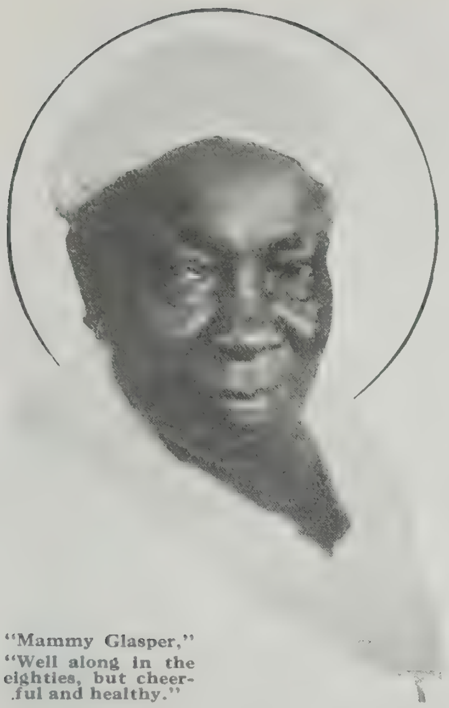
WHETHER England wants to or not, she will have to till her land. She has lost her job as the operator of the world's workshop. She has more people than can ever again find employment in industry. She has more than can be employed anywhere in England, for that matter. The British Isles are over-populated. Factory production, with its flood of wealth, increased the population in little more than a century from about 11,000,000 to 44,000,000. There are a million more women in England than men.

England is a sorely pressed country, out of work and passing through a revolution. As stated before, she will have to learn how to till her land and reduce her population before she can be happy, which is but another way of saying that England has a hard fifty years or more ahead of her.

Away Down South With Harris Dickson

A True Interpreter of the Negro

By HARRY E. BARNET



"Mammy Glasper," "Well along in the eighties, but cheerful and healthy."

Holt Collier, veteran bear hunter.

"If I ever got in trouble, and needed a man to stand beside me, I could count on Holt Collier."—*Harris Dickson*

A COLD snap had the South by an ear, and tweaked it. Also, it set Harris Dickson to pulling chunks of smoldering wood out of the capacious maw of the fireplace in the library of his Vicksburg home.

"Before we can sit here and talk with very much comfort," he said, "I'll have to rebuild the fire, because, whoever built the blamed thing this morning, did it flat on the hearth."

He added the while he worked: "Unless there's air under a wood fire, it never all day long will be a lively blaze, and when my servants forget this, why, I attend to the matter myself."

That was the start of a little journey behind the printed pages, so to speak, to get acquainted with Harris Dickson. But at the start of setting down the results of the journey, you're up a stump, if you want to hold the atmosphere surrounding the man. How to mention him in print is the question.

"Mister Dickson" is out of the running, because in his home state you find but two styles of reference to him. "The Judge," in Vicksburg, a title he earned. For not only is he one of the persistently characteristic southern writers and lecturers, but he also is a lawyer—though he doesn't practice law—and he served a hitch as city judge in Vicksburg. Elsewhere in Mississippi, "Harris" has the call, nine times out of ten. The tenth time it's "Harris Dickson."

He is, in other words, an honored prophet in his own country. A just judge, whose fairness while he was on the bench still is bright in Vicksburg. And apparently he is on first-name terms with every man and woman worth knowing throughout the state. As closely as a stranger can figure it, he is a combination Mississippi institution. Particularly, an intellectual leaning post—a reference library in human form. Winnowing the state for facts about this and that, "You better see Harris, too," is the prevailing advice. "He can tell you more of what you want to know than anyone else."

Not to be aware of the status of "Harris," if you're thus ranging the state, is taken by a good many Mississippians to be an unseemly gap in your education. Witnesseth: the red-pepperiness of the up-to-then charming woman in a small town. She was the first person to hand out the prevailing advice. And she peeved at the natural question: "Who is Mr. Harris?"

"Mister Harris!" she exclaimed.

The tone of *"Mister Harris!"* was heavy with desolation. To boot, it wizened, as one imagines an all-over souse in a tub filled with the juice of unripe persimmons would shrivel his flesh—

"Why, Harris Dickson, down in Vicksburg," came in the nick of time. "You're going there to talk with *him*, aren't you?"

Otherwise, no talk with "Harris!" This could mean but one thing to her—half-baked information, whatever the subject.

Before Vicksburg is reached, you begin to smell a mouse about this "Harris" business. Too many people, and too many varieties of them, speak of Harris Dickson as if he belongs to the family. Several somebodies, you think, are trying to pose as intimates, when, as a matter of fact, they're not even on bowing terms with "Harris." An assorted list was made of the names of people here and there who thus spoke in a cheek-by-jowl sort of way. These names were casually mentioned while Harris Dickson cleared the fireplace.

"Oh, yes, I know them very well," was the equally casual reply.

So, you're up against a choice: "the Judge," or "Harris," when it comes to mentioning him in print. But to end the perplexity, personal selection is "the Judge."

He fitted a backlog in the fireplace. On a pair of massive andirons, and over and around a crumpled newspaper, he built an unchinked-log-cabin-like structure of oak slats, and quarter sections of logs, each nearly long enough to serve as a mountain climber's staff, had they been thinner.

"There's one of the reasons why we're so poor down here in Mississippi," he stopped to say, and he held up a quarter section of log.

"That piece of wood is clear oak, and it's as sound as a dollar," he went on. "As a piece of firewood, it's worth probably two or three cents. But if somebody turned it into wheel spokes, or into any one of a dozen things it should be turned into, think of its value!

"Waste!" exclaimed the Judge. "Down here, we like wood fires, and we continuously turn one of our best resources into ashes."

The crumpled paper was fired with a safety match.

"Not many safety matches used in this section of the country, Judge," was the remark. "It's almost impossible to buy them in Jackson. The friction kind has the run there."

"I know," he replied. "But I won't have a friction match in the house. Imagine the loss I'd have if a fire started here!"

If the library alone were gutted by a blaze, leaving the remainder of his home untouched, the loss would run far up into dollars, yet dollars would be the least part of the loss.

Travel trophies are scattered about. Among them, weapons of fierce African tribes visited by the Judge. Original drawings, that illustrated the Judge's stories, fill one place and another. Volumes of photographs lie here and there—

"I take photographs, and preserve them, as much for use as memoranda in preparing my articles as I do for use as illustrations," he explained.

Plunder, also, of the very old South is much in evidence.

"There never was a country with more romance and mystery, and all sorts of queer adventures connected with it than this country you're in," the Judge said, "and I accumulate mysterious and romantic stuff all the time."

Books upon shelves that are built nearly to the ceiling hide the greater part of the walls of the library. Uncommon books—rare books, whose titles give promise of strange reading. But no idling books. All of them show use. A full half-dozen of them lay open at particular passages upon a long table in the center of the room. Three or four books were open upon a small table nearer the fireplace.

"I've been looking through a lot of these books this afternoon," he said, "hunting for all the possible meanings of a French word I want to use."

There is the reason why Harris Dickson is considered a sort of Mississippi reference library in human form. He earns the distinction. His library isn't a show place, nor the playroom of a literary dilettante. It's the workshop of a busy man, a student, and the atmosphere of calm, effective work is there. A great amount of material in it never could be replaced.

Above—HARRIS DICKSON. Below—Modern types of Harris Dickson Negroes in their conventional setting.

"If there is one thing on earth I know all about, it is building a wood fire," remarked the Judge, seating himself in a big chair, and stretching out comfortably—not lazily, but as a man lithe with reserve power in an attitude of quietness. We were in comfort.

But—one thing was missing. A dog! An open, cheerful fireplace without a dog lying on the hearth! The situation raised a remark.

"I have no dogs," said the Judge, "though I love them, and my children are crazy about them.

"At one time, I had two of the most royally bred collies that ever were, but those dogs would lie out here in the yard, and they would watch the cattle off yonder, and they wanted something to do. I just looked at them, and I kept looking at them—my animal friends—they were so very unhappy, like people in jail. So I packed them up, and gave them away to some people who have a lot of cattle, so the dogs would have something to do.

"I think the most pitiful thing is the city dog who has nothing to do," he continued. "I know in New York City a perfectly gorgeous Russian wolfhound—he is a thing of power, and I see a little girl with spectacles leading that dog in leash. It's just a pity.

"Don't you see it that way?" he queried, and turned squarely toward his listener. "Why, I could no more keep those collies that we all were crazy about than during school term I could keep my children in a room on Saturday when they want to play."

Talk was rangy, inasmuch as getting acquainted did not mean an interview. Conversation hopped about over the earth—Paris, New York, Natchez, London, Africa . . . .

"People say the world is small," the Judge remarked, "but we merely think it is, because people of the same type frequent the same places. When I go to Paris, I naturally go to places where I find people of my type. People I meet there know me, and I know them, because we are of the same type. These people are bound to know other people that I know—and we say the world is small. The same way in New York."

Writing, of course, came up as a subject, and as part of the talk, the varieties of dialect one sees used in southern stories.

"There is no dialect of Southerners," said the Judge. "It isn't dialect at all. It's a softening of the tones of the voice. Margaret Anglin laughed at me one time when we were talking about it. 'Don't you say that is dialect, Harris?' she said. Take myself, for instance. I have been out of the South a great deal, and I don't think I have what you call a dialect. Yet, what Margaret Anglin says may be perfectly true—I don't know.

"But it is curious about the Negro dialect," he went on. "The Negro uses a great many words that are the best English, but they have passed out of use."

Here the Judge got up, and unerringly placed his hands upon several books on a shelf in the far corner of the room.

"For instance," he said when he was again seated in his chair, and had the books opened upon a small table near his elbow, "the Negro says 'ax' for ask, and 'ax' was the usual form—a perfectly good English word. The Negro says, 'unpossible,' which is a perfectly good word, but obsolete and rare, the book says.

"Then there's 'tote,' to carry. That's a perfectly good word. I think you'll find it in the King James Bible. A good many of the words the Negro uses he probably got from his early association with the poorer white class, who were descendants of the English servant class brought over here. They brought with them the language of middle-class England of that time, and those words probably endured in the Negro dialect."

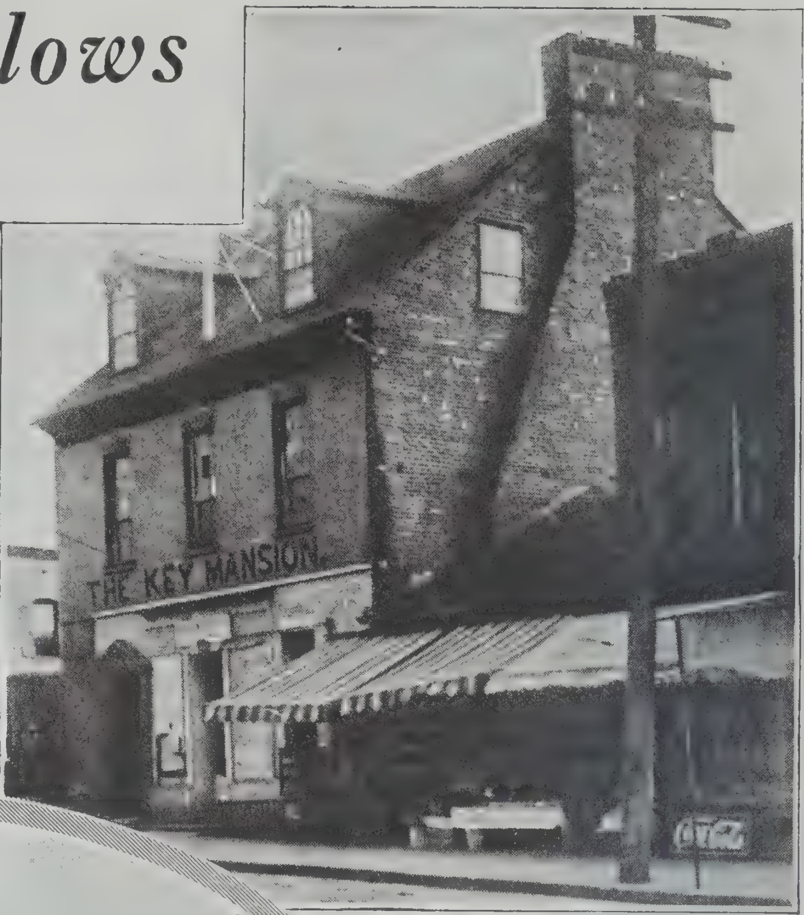
That brought up the subject of Negroes. Harris Dickson has written a world of copy about them—his series of "Old Reliable" stories, for instance; and the

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Where the Potomac Flows

Georgetown—Home of Heroes and the Cradle of Culture

By WILLIAM JOHNSON MADDOX


The old home of Francis Scott Key as it appeared shortly before it was torn down a few years ago. Here his eleven children were born, and from here he started out on his mission to Fort McHenry to seek the release of a friend held by the British. It was on this occasion he wrote the Star Spangled Banner. On this site now rests the north end of the Key Memorial Bridge erected by the government.

"'DEED, I'se a Southerner—I wuz born in Georgetown," says the comedian for the benefit of a Washington audience, and never fails to draw a laugh. Passing over the delicate shade of sectionalism involved, the time was when the mirth would have been on the other side of the mouth. Or rather on the other side of Rock Creek, the picturesque little watercourse that separates this drowsy, quaint old section from the rest of Washington. For the present-day butt of neighborly ridicule was a teeming, prosperous port of world commerce when the National Capital was in reality a "city of magnificent distances"—and not in the sense in which we use the epithet today. The Pennsylvania Avenue of inaugural splendor was a good long mile of deep morass covered with elder bushes. A path had to be cut through them to the Executive Mansion.

Living in the White House in those days was something of a patriotic test. A "wilderness city," Mrs. Adams, the first mistress of the unfinished structure, called the new home of the Federal Government—and for want of a better use to put it to dried the family wash in the East Room, now famous for its elegant state functions. We can imagine this democratic housewife looking forth ruefully upon the encompassing brakes and tangles.

No sooner had the government moved into its "city of streets without houses" than a chorus of dismal complaints went up. One wing of the Capitol had been completed, six rooms of the White House finished off, and several small buildings thrown up to house the different offices. The rest of the city was on paper. Its ardent promoter and namesake had died the year before at his beautiful home, Mount Vernon, a little farther down the Potomac. Plenty of sarcasm was spilled over the infant city. "A mudhole almost equal to the great Serbonian bog," one critic termed it. After their agreeable life in Philadelphia, where the government had been located for ten years after leaving New York, officials turned to "Washington's city on the Potomac" with disgust, and gave free vent to their feelings in caustic letters to the newspapers of the prominent cities.

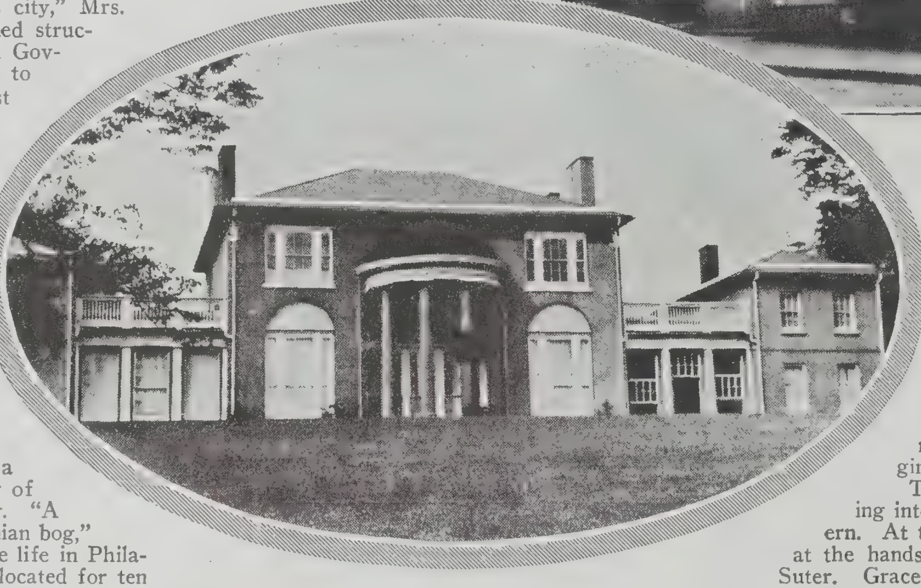
The distasteful pill, though, was of their own concocting, and it remained for Georgetown to give the sugar coating.

At the time the Federal Government moved to its new home—October, 1800—Georgetown was rounding out its first half-century. A gay and agreeable society had grown up there. Trade had prospered, wealth had accumulated, and there had come an ease and culture in its life that attracted men of fashion and distinction. The society-loving Jefferson, at the time he was chosen Secretary of State (1792), resided in a brick house in what is now Jefferson street—west side, south of the canal—a neighborhood which has long since deteriorated.

The new city thus found a society awaiting it, ready made. Just across Rock Creek was an ordered, polished life, with spacious homes and a traditional hospitality—all within the distance of a mile or two. It was not strange that official life from the President down fell in with it. The President, during at least part of the year, had to reside in the Executive Mansion. Not so the other members of the government. They were free to go and come as they pleased, and could flee the woods and marshes for the gentler environments.

In this way Georgetown took the National Capital under its wing and became the center of official and diplomatic society. It was well into the nineteenth century before Washington had a society of its own and the prestige of its mentor began to wane. For the first decade of the century members of Congress preferred to reside in Georgetown, making their daily trips to the Capitol through the mud of K street. Many foreign ministers kept their residence in Georgetown far into the thirties.

Among the famous stopping places for members of Congress was the old Union Hotel, known also as the Union Tavern, in M street. The original building was erected in 1796. It was destroyed by fire in 1832, and was rebuilt in 1836. Here Murray, the first British minister to the new Republic, made his residence. Talleyrand was another of its notable guests, as was also Louis Philippe, Count Volney, Baron von Humbolt, Jerome Bonaparte, Washington Irving, and John Randolph of Roanoke.


An old Georgetown home of the Custis family. It had passed out of their hands, though, by the time George Washington married the "wealthy widow Custis." However, he and Lafayette were frequent guests there.

Our English visitors of the early days each looked upon it as a sacred duty to record somewhere—in letters, diaries, even books—their impressions of American life. A casual inspection of these quickly reveals the rarity of bouquets, even of the most faded kind. It is refreshing then to come upon such a nosegay as that presented by Sir Augustus Foster, one of Minister Murray's attachés in 1805.

"There is no lack," wrote this amiable sojourner some years later, "of handsome ladies for the balls of Georgetown, drawn from the families of the members and others who come for the season. I never saw prettier, more lovely, or better-tempered girls anywhere—mostly from Virginia and Maryland. As there are but few of them, however, in proportion to the great number of men who frequent places of amusement, it is one of the most marrying places on the whole continent; a truth which was beginning to be found out and became by and by the cause of vast numbers flocking thither, all around from the four points of the compass."

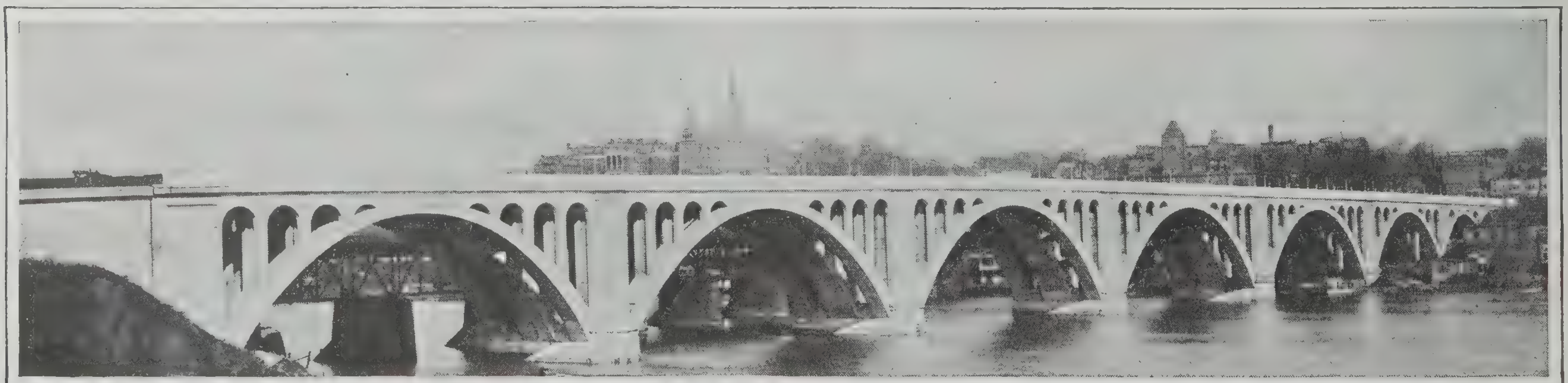
Nor were balls the only diversion of that society. The wealthy planters of the surrounding country kept alive the traditional love of their English forebears for hounds and blooded horses. Fox hunts and horse races were notable events; the latter were always, rain or shine, well and fashionably attended. Many a time Congress let some important measure go over so that it could get away early. The track was two miles away, and on an allowance of six dollars a day a good many members were obliged to walk it. If rain overtook them at the track, they made the best they could of what they could get in the way of food, thinking, no doubt, of the capital dinner going begging at the boarding house.

Toward nightfall they would begin drifting into the Union Tavern and into Suter's Tavern. At the latter they found cheery entertainment at the hands of that honest, genial Scotchman, John Suter. Grace Church (Episcopal) today stands very nearly on the exact spot occupied by this noted resort. Here a good meal was always to be had, and it was here that the commissioners appointed by Congress met and arranged for the founding of the National Capital. In those days, General Washington, on a spirited horse pegging it up to Suter's from Mount Vernon, was a familiar sight on the old Alexandria turnpike.

Not far from Suter's began Cherry Alley with its narrow, winding streets. Washington was called the "city of streets without houses"; Georgetown was the "city of houses without streets." This was the court end of town. Here beauty and wit reigned. In many ways Georgetown's decay of business has dealt kindly with the old landmarks. A generous number of its two-story houses built of brick brought over as ballast from England remain. Sloping slate roofs were popular in this section, and queer-shaped gables with dormer windows. Any summer's day rows of preserves and pickles might have been seen sunning on the sills—a temptation to the boys of the neighborhood. The young Francis Scott Key, so tradition says, was no exception to his sweet-toothed generation. Cherry Alley still survives but as a squalid picture of its former self.

A memorial bridge to Francis Scott Key now spans the Potomac at the foot of Thirty-fifth street. It was authorized by Congress in 1916 and was built at a cost of $2,300,000. With its coming, the famous old Key mansion passed out of existence. On its site now rests the north end of the magnificent structure that furnishes a highway between Georgetown and Arlington.

Like many other pre-Revolutionary towns in the United States, Georgetown is supposed to have taken its name from English royalty—George II, then Prince of Wales, and by far the best of the four. It was this plucky but ludicrous George who leaped from his un-


The Key Memorial Bridge from the Virginia side of the Potomac. It cost $2,300,000. The far end rests on the site of the old Key Mansion, the home of Francis Scott Key. In the background is Georgetown. Through the arches may be seen the old Aqueduct Bridge, formerly used to carry the C. & O. Canal across the river.

A quaint corner of old Georgetown. The fence is a local curiosity and is known as the "gun-barrel fence." At the close of the Mexican War the government found itself in debt to the owner of the house, a Mr. Darr, who took a lot of old guns as part payment. He used some of them to build himself a fence.

manageable steed at the battle of Dettingen and swore that now that he was on his own feet there would be no running away.

As a monument of its former greatness when it vied with Philadelphia as a site for the National Capital—and won—still stands the old customhouse. Before the advent of steam transportation, Georgetown was considered especially well situated. Its position at the head of a river that was navigable a great distance inland was very advantageous. Its problem was to connect with the rivers of what was then the western country.

The men of Georgetown were enterprising. They saw the possibilities of a canal across the watershed. George Washington took an active interest in the project. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the Chesapeake and Ohio canal was actually built. But he lived to see its forerunner, a sort of makeshift, built at a cost of $750,000, all subscribed by the business men of Georgetown. By means of this, trade was extended as far as Fort Osage on the Missouri, to Lake Erie, and to Mobile.

During the time it was in use, 1,211,903 barrels of flour and 42,456 barrels of whisky were brought to tidewater, realizing $238,117.66 in tolls. The value of the merchandise was about $9,935,964. Fifteen thousand boats of 179,554 tons were engaged in the trade.

In 1789, Congress made Georgetown the sole port of entry for that territory and appointed a collector to reside there. From 1801 to 1821, duties aggregating $520,000 were collected upon foreign merchandise; and from 1790 to 1801, about $100,000.

Records of the customhouse give the names of an imposing array of vessels owned in the town during the early days of the last century. Three and four hundred tons burden was not exceptional. There is one entry of the *Calcdonia,* built in 1828, that carried 647 and a fraction tons.

It was not until 1895 that Georgetown, by an act of Congress, lost its civic identity and became a part of Washington. At that late day even, a hoopskirt or two still made its appearance on the streets. Their wearers were familiar characters, eccentric old ladies who clung fondly to the habits of a fading past. Children stopped their play to giggle and pass comments, not always well guarded, on these objects of curiosity.

In old Oak Hill Cemetery, with its quiet, green slope to Rock Creek, is the grave of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Not far away is the grave of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, whose old home, Prospect Cottage, still stands, weather-beaten and decayed. Here, too, is buried E. M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, who very nearly shared assassination with his chief. In a newer part of the cemetery is the grave of John A. Joyce, poet, soldier, and philosopher.

As already stated, there is a generally accepted tradition that Georgetown was named for George II of England, but according to good authority it was another George, also an Englishman, who gave his name to the new settlement, this being no other than George Boone, grandfather of Daniel Boone, the famous pioneer.

George Boone and Mary, his wife, emigrated to America with their family of eleven children, and arrived in Philadelphia on October 10, 1717. They were natives of Bradwich, near the city of Exeter, in Devonshire, England, and soon after he landed in America, George Boone purchased a large tract of land in what is now Berks County, Pennsylvania, which he settled and named Exeter.

Boone subsequently purchased other tracts of land situated in Maryland and Virginia; among them the ground upon which Georgetown now stands, which he laid out and named after himself. He was a member of the Society of Friends. Thus, if this version of the founding of Georgetown is accepted, we find a co-religionist of William Penn displaying something of the same spirit of pioneering enterprise.

George Boone had a son, Squire Boone, who married Sarah Morgan and became the father of Daniel Boone. About 1748, when Daniel was in his fourteenth year, his father removed to North Carolina, where he settled at Holman's Ford on the Yadkin, and engaged in farming in which he was assisted by his son.

The tract of land on which Georgetown was founded formerly belonged to Colonel Ninian Beall, a native of Scotland, who called the site of the future town the "Rock of Dumbarton." He was one of the early settlers of Maryland and became a noted man in the early history of that state.

Oddly enough, the social pendulum is swinging back to Georgetown. The last few years have seen a number of changes in this quiet old town. In New York, society folk have begun moving back to old Avenue A, under the lead of Mrs. Vanderbilt. In Washington, they are buying and remodeling the handsome old residences of Georgetown and a new social life is being created there.

The towers of Georgetown University overlook the river and are familiar features of the sky line. The school was founded by John Carroll, bishop of Maryland, in 1789, and became a university in 1815. It is one of the largest Catholic educational institutions in the United States.

Yes, We Have No Cafeterias in Germany

By WALTER M. WOLFF

THE average German seldom patronizes a café or restaurant unless he is his own timekeeper and does not mind consuming at least an hour for breakfast, at least two hours for dinner and not less than two hours for supper. If he must hurry he usually belongs to the lunch-basket brigade and munches his sandwiches at the office à la go-right-on-with-your-work. What every German would sincerely welcome, and what he really needs, is a genuine American cafeteria, conducted in true American style, with American prices, American quality, and, above all, American service.

Berlin, which is the pulse of the German Reich and third largest city in the world, boasts of magnificent buildings, palaces, and shady boulevards but it cannot muster up a single eating establishment which in any way resembles a small-town American cafeteria. One American restaurant where it was possible to secure American dishes, such as pork and beans, fritters, or fried chicken, did business for a time but it no longer exists today. Had the proprietors of the establishment opened up as a live American cafeteria in a prominent location, we might have something quite the contrary to report.

We find, however, in Berlin, a chain of some thirty little beer shops controlled by a large concern which also owns the Leipziger Hof and Rheingold restaurants near the Potsdamer Platz. These shops go through some of the motions of a cafeteria but specialize chiefly in light and dark beers (also bock and porter when in season) for the benefit of thirsty pedestrians who pass by and see the glistening, prominently conspicuous beer fountain in the window. Aside from alcoholic beverages, potato salad and wieners with free mustard are served (mainly to whet the desire for more beer).

If one prefers there is cold ham or sardines in the offing and a bun or two may be ordered to touch off the meal. In the center of every beer hall are small round tables about which the visitor may *stand,* drink his Patzenhofer, eat his sausages, and proceed on his way a sadder Budweiser man. The fact that he must stand obviously does away with the need for chairs of which each hall has but a few or none for the benefit of the few or no ladies present.

For the man or woman who desires something in the way of a quick, warm meal, say, at lunch time, Berlin has what it thinks are cafeterias in some of the large department stores in the downtown shopping district. We shall take, for example, the "cafeteria" in the big Wertheim department store on the Leipziger strasse. Here meals are served near-cafeteria style or on the help-yourself plan without the help-yourself.

Upon entering a large hall called the "Tee Raum" or Tea Room, one sees upon looking around either many other rooms and tables or few tables and a great many guests. Off to one side and all out of proportion to the size of the place is the food counter with but very little food in sight. Instead, a multitude of small-price placards crane their necks and crowd one another off the glass showcase as if fighting for recognition or supremacy. The main bill of fare looms up somewhere in the rear, much as a mother hen among her chicks and chickens, and may be studied quite at leisure for "no one bothers to wait on you."

The guest (and uninitiated newcomer), after scanning the various signs and selecting what he thinks to order, now steps up to the counter and says, "Soup, roast beef, vegetables, apple s—". . . . "Just a minute, sir, haven't you a slip? Right over there, sir, please give your order to the cashier."—And he, you or any one else steps over to the cashier and begins again: "Soup, roast beef, vegetables, apple sauce". . . . She writes them down in order as quickly as she can and then greets you with, "And your table number is—?"

Of course, you hadn't thought about a table yet and less about a table number, so you sputter out, "I—I don't . . . . I—I'll have to go and see. Wait a minute!" Looking hastily about, you fail to find a single table unoccupied but away back at the far end of one of the large rooms is a table where you can sit all alone and eat in peace and comfort. Oh, yes, the number. You hurry back to the cashier only to find to your utter chagrin that a large crowd has gathered about her booth and that you must wait your turn.

Finally, however, you may inform the cashier where you are sitting, pay your bill, and learn that you can go back to your table and sit down; your order will be brought to you by the waitress. "Don't forget your knife, fork and spoons!" calls a young lady next to the cashier as you are about to go. Of course, you want and need these utensils and learn that you may have the same upon payment of a deposit of one mark for each piece. So together with a free paper napkin you finally arrive at your table very much relieved at the prospect of sitting down at last.

All around you are people who are eating, who have eaten, or who have yet to eat like yourself. At not too frequent intervals comes a waitress with her tray of food but somehow she always manages to avoid your table in passing. She invariably deposits her order at some table with a different number than your own. It suddenly dawns upon you . . . . could you have made a mistake? No wonder your order doesn't arrive; but no! you are sure you said "83" and not "38" and that was right. What a relief! You won't have to go back to reorder again.

Hungry and more or less out of sorts by this time, you fail to connect anything funny with the fact that after nearly fifteen minutes of patient waiting your food hasn't arrived yet. You recall that someone once said something about "Patience on trial" and it occurs to you that "Everything comes to him who waits," and similar stimulating bromides cross your brain but it is all of no avail. People around you get up and leave and others take their places. Here and there someone chafes like yourself and pounds the table, angrily demanding his food immediately or he'll . . . . and so forth.

By this time fifteen minutes have fully elapsed and even you are about to explode when behold, the waitress stops at *your* table with the much-longed-for victuals. She mumbles something about being *so* busy and departs leaving you to enjoy the lunch—if you can! Has she forgotten anything? Yes, confound it, the apple sauce! but never mind; you don't intend to spend the entire afternoon in the Wertheim Tea Room without at least a struggle. It strikes you that perhaps, after all, they want you to stay for supper (which is not served here as the "cafeteria" closes at 3 p. m).

Your meal is finished! Slipping on hat and coat you make your way around to the entrance feeling as if you had forgotten something. As a matter of fact you really have, ah, the knife, fork and spoons. Of course, you want that deposit back and return in haste only to find that the waitress is just in the act of clearing your table and has already removed the desired articles. Yes, she gives them back to you upon explanation but they had been tucked away somewhere among the greasy dishes and are naturally unfit to be handled until after the usual immersion in a hot water and soda solution. But you don't mind this a bit and finally arrive in time to reclaim your deposit and to wash your fingers at the first opportunity. "What a life!" you gasp as you emerge from the store and wonder whether you still have time to take in a restaurant before bedtime.

The Worst Bureaucratic Tendency of All

Inception and Growth of the United States Children's Bureau; Notions of Some Leaders in the Movement Revolving Around It

By ROBERT KENTON

When the establishment of the United States Children's Bureau was proposed as a fact-finding agency a majority of the people looked upon the move with the friendliness that flows from humane interest in the welfare of children. Some thoughtful persons opposed it on the ground that it would not long continue to be only a fact-finding agency but would be made the basis for dangerous encroachments by busybodies, bureaucrats and revolutionary theorists on the rights of the states, local communities, parents and even the children of the country. That was more than a dozen years ago, What is the subsequent history of the undertaking and of the movement revolving largely around this Federal Government establishment of such innocent and beneficent appearance? It, together with the story of the bureau's inception and the promises made by its Congressional sponsors, is set forth in this article.

ABOUT the middle of the first decade of the century someone, whose name the record doesn't disclose, invented a powerful phrase, to wit:

"Pigs versus Children."

Some say the phrase came out of the National Socialist Party Convention of 1908. It first came prominently before the public in 1909, in connection with a proposal that Congress establish a Federal bureau to collect and distribute information having to do with the children of the country.

Miss Lillian D. Wald, superintendent of the Henry Street Settlement, New York, appears to have originated the bureau proposal. The idea was taken up by Miss Florence Kelley, a resident of the settlement and then as now secretary of the National Consumers' League, and was elaborated into a workable plan.

The proposal made no progress in Congress until three years later, when Senator William E. Borah took it in hand in the Senate and brought about its adoption by that body. The House of Representatives concurred, and in 1913 the bureau became a fact.

Chief argument for the establishment of the bureau was based on the "Pigs versus Children" slogan.

"The government is spending large sums of money on the development of better pigs and other animals but not a cent for better babies," the bureau's proponents argued with much effect. "Aren't children as important as pigs?"

Despite this ingenious argument and that carried by the name of the establishment to be set up, the proposal met with opposition in Congress, not from large numbers but from some of the ablest members of the body at that time.

Organization and Personnel

OPPOSITION was based on several grounds. One of these was that the undertaking was beyond the constitutional powers of the Federal Government.

This was met by the claim that the establishment would be given no sumptuary or regulatory power but would be authorized only to gather and distribute information that would be helpful to other agencies, state, local and private, in shaping and carrying out child-welfare programs.

The Senate Committee which recommended the passage of the bill said in its report:

"The bill is not designed to encroach on the rights nor relieve the states from the duty of dealing with the subject but to furnish information to enable them more successfully to deal with it. It was the opinion of the committee that the duty devolved primarily upon the states to legislate upon this most important subject and the states can more effectively deal with it. But it seemed to the committee that there was a duty upon the part of the national government to aid in getting such information and data with a view of assisting in the work, and that the national government could get such information and data more effectively than the respective states."

The bill, as passed, limited the bureau to making investigations and reporting "upon all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life among all classes of our people, and shall especially investigate the questions of infant mortality, the birth rate, orphanages, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents, diseases of children, employment and legislation affecting children in the several states and territories."

There was further objection to the venture on the ground that it would be but an entering wedge toward more far-reaching undertakings.

"Men who are familiar with the course of legislation," declared Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, "know that these matters come first in the shape of requests for statistics and they invariably are followed by legislation. Another six years will find some Senator asking this body to enact legislation intended to cover some phase of child life in the country."

In fact, demand began almost immediately for addiional legislation in the premises; and in less than five years the Children's Bureau was given power to exercise very positive authority over a phase of the country's child life.

Immediately after Congress passed the act establishing the Children's Bureau the *Woman's Journal*, now the *Woman's Citizen*, official feminist organ, said:

"Congress which appropriates $3.000.000 to promote the health of pigs and other animals has at last appropriated the meager sum of $30,000 for a Children's Bureau."

A month later, the same publication said:

"We shall not be willing to let the establishment of the Children's Bureau mean simply investigation—it must mean power to change things."

This publication represented better than any other the groups which sponsored the establishment of the bureau. Many women's organizations endorsed the proposal but it was put over chiefly by women leaders of the type which has become prominent and powerful in national affairs.

The outstanding one was Mrs. Kelley, in her youth the translator of the writings of Karl Marx and Frederich Engel, founders of modern socialistic and communistic movements. Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, also was a prominent advocate of the venture, and from her establishment have come both women who have served as chiefs of the bureau to date. Another promoter was Dr. Anna Louise Strong, for some time connected with the bureau and lately the eulogist of Lenin and Trotsky, whom she knew in Russia, where she has been for the last several years. Dr. Owen Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee and rated in some quarters as a Socialist, and Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver Juvenile Court fame, also were active advocates of the bureau's establishment.

Miss Julia Lathrop, its first chief, organized the bureau, with a working force of fifteen persons. The bureau's work, from the start, has partaken, in general, of two kinds—investigation and propaganda, though the law in the beginning and at present makes no provision for the latter.

The first investigation has to do with the registration of births, then required by law in only a few states and still not required in some. Propaganda for more and better birth registration laws and facilities followed.

Then came investigations of infant mortality in various communities and of other subjects mentioned in the law. These investigations as a rule have been well conducted and have developed a great deal of valuable information.

Along with them, however, there has been carried on two lines of propaganda. The first of these has to do directly with child care, partaking of the nature of exhibits and pamphlets relating to such things as the feeding, clothing and general care of children and mothers. The second has had to do with legislation.

On its formation the bureau became a center of propaganda for Federal laws relating to child labor. In 1916 Congress passed what is known as the first child-labor act and its enforcement was intrusted to the Children's Bureau. This act, passed under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, was annulled by the Supreme Court. The enforcement of the second child-labor act, passed under the taxing power, was put in the hands of the Treasury Department. It also was annulled. Since then the Children's Bureau has been a leading advocate of a constitutional amendment empowering Congress to prohibit or regulate the labor of all persons under eighteen years old—a proposal that is at least quite far-reaching.

Rapid Expansion

IN 1917 the Children's Bureau put forward the first proposal that the Federal Government take more than investigatory action with regard to maternity and infancy.

Its investigations of infant mortality had disclosed what seemed to be a high rate of death from childbirth as well as a high infant mortality rate for the country as a whole. Experiments in New Zealand and Australia and Great Britain led the officials of the bureau to the conclusion that the most effective way to attack both these problems was through what it termed Federal aid.

"Especial precedent exists," said Miss Lathrop in her 1917 report, "in the United States for creating a method of affording public protection for maternity and infancy with Federal aid." The precedent referred to was that of the appropriations made to the states for such things as agricultural extension and road building, these being on a "fifty-fifty" plan whereby the benefiting states match Federal funds, the Federal Government retaining the power to pass on plans and otherwise supervise expenditures.

Persons in those circles wherein the idea of a Federal Children's Bureau originated and was promoted immediately took up this proposal, and urged it chiefly with the "Pigs versus Children" slogan.

Some members of Congress who supported the establishment of the bureau revolted against this suggestion of expansion. Even Senator Borah voted against the so-called maternity bill when it came up for passage and was passed. Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, who was a strong advocate of the Children's Bureau in 1912, was probably the sternest opponent of the maternity bill.

Senator Reed declared that the measure's title should have been "A bill to authorize a board of spinsters to control maternity and teach the mothers of the United States how to raise babies."

He charged that every woman, with one exception, in executive position in the bureau which was to administer this big project was unmarried and that the chief promoters of the scheme were in the main childless.

The original bill proposed annual expenditure out of the Federal Treasury of more than $4,000,000 on the project. As finally passed, $1,250,000 was allowed. Five per cent of the funds or about $50,000 is for the expenses of administration by the bureau in Washington. The remainder is divided among those states which put up equal sums and submit plans of operations to the Children's Bureau for approval.

While this bill was pending it was charged that "During the delay by Congress approximately 625,000 babies have died from causes (chiefly preventable) prenatal or connected with childbirth and infancy," the inference being that these would have been saved had the bill been promptly enacted into law.

The law has been in effect now for more than two years, a period much longer than the one of "delay" but in no report on its operations is the claim made that anything like that number of infants have been saved. In fact, no report that could be discovered by the writer made claim of the lives of any mothers or infants having been saved by reason of this new Federal Government activity. Several states, resenting the encroachment of bureaucratic meddling thus envisaged, have refused the funds thus proffered and will have nothing to do with that part of the Children's Bureau work.

Thus in a dozen years a tiny bureau set up as a clearing house for information has grown, step by step, not only in the matter of funds but in that of authority.

In the bureau's second annual report, the first to cover a full year's operations, request was made that its appropriation be increased from slightly more than $25,000 to $104,000, to make possible an increase of its staff from fifteen to seventy-six persons.

In 1916, the bureau asked for $187.520 increase in its appropriation, to make possible a doubling of its staff. Congress granted it for the succeeding year an increase of $109.120, or a total of $273,760, with $150,000 additional for the enforcement of the first child-labor law.

"The Power to Change Things"

AFTER the child-labor law was annulled, the appropriation for that work was no longer made, but the bureau now has for direct expenditure more than $300,000, with power to distribute and supervise the spending of more than $1,000,000 more through agencies operated jointly with the states.

From the purely investigatory its authority steadily was elaborated into the regulatory and supervisory.

In 1919 in addition to urging "Federal Aid" for maternal and infant welfare, Miss Lathrop, then chief of the bureau, recommended the following venture:

"Federal aid to the states for universal elementary education for the prompt and immediate abolition of illiteracy and of child labor."

This last proposal is now embodied in what is known as the National Education Bill, which its opponents declare would mean, if passed, the ultimate federalization of the public schools.

Miss Lathrop, and her present successor, Miss Grace Abbott, were not conspicuous among those who promoted the establishment of the Children's Bureau. Each has made a profession of social service work under the tutelage of Miss Jane Addams; both are former residents of Miss Addams' famous Hull House. They were appointed, presumably, on the recommendation of others who were more active in the movement.

The movement, being accelerated by woman suffrage, has become much bigger and more inclusive than when it sponsored the setting up of a small bureau in Washington to collect admittedly needful information. It is now promoted by an active lobby, sometimes called "the most powerful lobby in the country," which is sustained chiefly by the League of Women Voters. This lobby has supported all the proposals for elaborating the Children's Bureau into something that "would mean the power to change things." These proposals invariably partake of extensions of the power and activities of the Federal Government, even as to most intimate and delicate matters of society and the home, some of them verging, or definitely leading, toward ventures clearly socialistic, if not communistic.

"Child welfare is a national, even an international problem, of the first magnitude and the economic aspects of the problem are the most urgent," the former chief of the Children's Bureau declared in one of her reports.

"The final purpose of the bureau," it is stated in another report, "is to serve all the children of the country, to try to work out standards of care and protection which will give every child its fair chance in life."

Yet the law authorizing this work had said nothing about working out standards or promoting their adoption, beyond supplying authentic facts.

"None of the studies made by the bureau," it is stated in another report, "attempt to approach infant mortality as a medical question. They are concerned with the economic, social, civic and family conditions surrounding young babies."

Yet, obviously, infant mortality is first of all a medical question.

In its comments on infant mortality, the subject to which it has given greatest investigatory attention, there is frequent reference to the "influence of economic pressure" and numerous statements like the following: "This study shows clearly the marked influence which ade-

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Mr. Ford's Page

THE chief satisfaction one can take in the coming political campaign, as it outlines itself in the earliest utterances of the three main contestants, is that through one set of utterances there is promise of a way out of the conditions which all have deplored.

Of course, all will not be agreed as to which set of utterances fills this description. The vote of the American people at large—all save officeholders, prospective officeholders and professional or self-seeking politicians in general—will be given, for whatever party or candidate, because the voter believes that therein lies the country's hope.

There is that much to say about the American vote. Insofar as it is intelligent, it is cast for the country's good, by people who really believe in their hearts, or at least have hope, that such and such a political promise may be, like the divine promises, capable of successful fulfillment and incapable of being broken.

So that at present we have three main lines of promise or attack lined up for the people's favor. An equal sincerity may be granted each of them. Whatever may be the designs for "vote-getting," there is no reason to assume that one candidate is a hero and all the rest rascals. Fortunately the time long since came in this country when even the most rascally set of politicians dared not set up a rascal for their standard-bearer. Neither is the country any longer saved or lost by one man being elected and another defeated. The country is too big for that, too strongly set upon its destined way. But it is true nonetheless that the country *is advanced* or *retarded* according as one or another set of ideas is given governance.

There has practically been the same general and developing ideas governing this nation since its beginning. These ideas are not partisan but American. When one party forgot them, the opposing party, in the challenge of an election, carried them forward. That party is most successful that most closely follows the American idea. Elections that become contests for offices, and not great inventories of how men and parties have kept the faith, are not worth holding. The hope of ever introducing into this nation ideas foreign to its genius and destiny, is futile. On such an effort no party can ever hope to win an election. The best platform is always a clearer definition of why we are here as a nation and what part we can play in keeping civilization on an upward course among our own people and throughout the world.

THE present political campaign offers three distinct attitudes for the people's thought. One is an attack on industry and every form of success, on the theory that Big Business means the Money Power. Of course it does not. Another attitude attacks a dead administration, but not the present one, and raises the slogan of "Honesty in Government," as if all the rascals were in one party and all the saints in the other. Of course they are not. The third attitude is that of continuing straight along the common-sense road of American progress, extending the usefulness and prosperity of the American shop, enlarging the advantages of the American home, holding fast the established ideals of American liberties. This third attitude will win. Though it happens to bear a partisan name Republican, Calvin Coolidge is really the leader of the true third party, which is the American party.

Among the two older parties we have, first, the familiar attack upon the party which happens to be in office. It is a custom in American politics to attack the group that is "in." The substance of the present attack, however, is not delivered against the administration which is now in, but against one which was in, and which now is defunct. Even Mr. Davis knows that certain men, whose acts are now under question, did not comprise any part of a party, did not represent any section of the people, did not stand for any political principle whatsoever, were by the accident of political manipulation appointed to office.

Yet knowing this it seems politically necessary to charge the majority of politically minded people of the United States with wilfully supporting dishonesty in government, and to make this charge indirectly by the sounding slogan "Honesty in Government." Is there any party in the United States that does not believe in "honesty in government" and strive for it? Yes, there may be. Some obscure parties, moved by alien and anti-American spirit, seeking support among those who have not yet felt the emancipating influences of the English language, may be ready to loot and discredit and disrupt our institutions (as they did in Russia) if opportunity offers. Granting that, is there any party that has ever gained power, or that has any prospect of gaining power, that has not believed in and acted upon the principle of honesty in government? Not one. So, the issue is not there.

A set of utterances based upon the assumption that all the dishonesty is to be found in the party in power, and all the honesty is to be found in the party seeking power, is far too shallow to convince the American public. Individuals may fail in respect of duty; great aggregates of individuals seldom do. Furthermore, to base a campaign upon a dead administration, whether it be that of Grant or Harding, is singularly to miss the demand of the people that a constructive program be offered for their consideration.

That, then, represents one attitude toward the popular intelligence in this campaign; the attitude of attacking the Harding appointments—not the Coolidge administration. This, by the way, is the old-fashioned standardized and outworn mode of campaign.

Then there is the second set of utterances, that which pretends to champion the people as against Big Business. This also is an old standby among campaign practices. Big Business happens to signify the means by which the people of the United States make their living. All business in the United States, into however many pieces it may be broken, is inevitably big. This is a big country, with a big population, having big needs, and calling for big production and big supply. Even the toothpick industry in this country is a big one; you cannot name the most trivial commodity that is not in this country an enormously big industry. Even more bicycles are being made than at the height of the bicycle craze. How any political campaign against business can hope to succeed is beyond the understanding of an ordinary mind. It is the old confusion that Big Business means the Money Power—an illusion which has been dispelled on this page before. Such a set of utterances is not constructive; it is not even intelligent, except as it is contrived to catch the votes of people who do not reason.

A third set of utterances gives distinct attention to the proposition that America should continue straight along her course. Not novelty nor innovation but commonsense progress is the keynote of this attitude. It is not a conservative utterance in the sense of desiring to hold by political means the old unfair and undemocratic privileges of the so-called "conservative" class; nor is it a "liberal" utterance in the sense that it promises economic impossibilities, such as those attempted in Russia. But it is conservative in that it looks to the conservation of all the good which the nation holds, with a further vision of extending and enlarging that good in all safe and possible directions. It is indeed the voice of the new conservatism which proposes to bring to the public service the brains, the vision, the loyalty which not so very long ago were commanded solely in the interests of private gain.

Is this also only a promise, or has it given proof of its ability to perform the thing? We have seen what the new conservatism can do to stabilize the agricultural situation in the country. And even when politicians were talking about "America's timid foreign policy," we have seen Americans guiding several European countries out of their financial chaos. After all the test of everything is the ability to do and the quality of the deed. The new conservatism is not a movement of speeches nor a market for slogans; it is instinct with the ability to do big things and let the deeds certify to the world whether they were done for the benefit of all the peoples.

You have here, then, a party that is against the party in power. You have also a party that is against the party in power and against everything that savors of successful industry and employment. You have also a man—not to mention party—who is leading out of all the parties the progressive conservatives who want to see progress safely made. The true "third party" is that which Calvin Coolidge is leading—the party of the new conservatism.

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Circumaviated

MAGELLANS of the air have been truly named, the Americans who were first to circumaviate the globe. We had previously crossed the continent between morning and night. Notable flights of various degrees of importance in the news, but all contributing their degree of knowledge to the art and science of aviation, have been made. And now the supreme feat has been accomplished—the earth has been girdled. Across uninhabited northern spaces and through seething tropics our men have flown. The people of many nations and of practically all the races have been their hosts. Orient and Occident have met them face to face. Their reception in Japan was as cordial as their reception in England. For they were not nationals so much as they were a new kind of *natural—the flying man who has accomplished more than any bird has dared.*

Men of other nations have made earnest endeavors and have achieved notably, but without the unfailing—shall we modestly say—"luck" which attended our men. MacLaren of Britain wrought nobly, but his endurance outwore that of his planes. So that, if the flyers themselves were to talk of nationalism in this matter, they would say that of course they are extremely happy that the first honors should come to the United States, but that after all the air is international, and all flying men rejoice in all other flying men's achievements.

As was explained in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT several weeks ago, this feat of putting an airline around the top of the globe was not a daredevil stunt, but an exploring expedition. Our flyers were charting the air, so to speak, gathering data for future use. As the United States Army charted the plains and made the maps and measured the rivers of the West, so the Army is now mapping the air. While it is a great spectacle and an ineffaceable historical record, the feat just accomplished was also a piece of scientific research.

To Hang at Nineteen

COMPLICATIONS have already arisen in the Loeb-Leopold case, as far as it affects public opinion. A boy from "back of the yards," poor and friendless and not a "super-intellect," who has not even pleaded guilty as Loeb and Leopold did but who strenuously asserts his innocence and who has been exculpated by the criminal who first implicated his name—this boy is sentenced to hang in October.

Every argument made in behalf of mercy for the Leopold-Loeb duet applies with manifold force to Bernard Grant. The sons of the two richest Jews in Chicago confessed they were guilty; this son of a Christian mother "back of the yards," who has supported his family since he was fourteen, has always protested his innocence. Yet the rich men's sons go to prison and to eventual parole, while the poor woman's son goes "into the night," to quote Clarence Darrow.

Leopold and Loeb will be paroled as surely as the sun shines. Any governor of Illinois can pardon them. In the not distant future a man will be made governor of Illinois on the specific promise to pardon them. By that time the public will have forgotten. But, if October's sentence is executed, Bernard Grant will be beyond the reach of human mercy.

Where are the alienists at this juncture? Where is Clarence Darrow with his long and moving pleas for mercy? Where are the millions of the Loeb and Leopold families? Where is the judicial decision that set forth the points in Bernard Grant's case?

All three boys are of the same age—nineteen; but Loeb and Leopold were too young for hanging!

This is no plea for hanging anybody. Hanging is far too final a thing for man to take in his hands; far too horrible a thing for anyone to plead for.

But who will plead for Bernard Grant? Again, *where is Clarence Darrow?* He has defended poor men before, but for rich retainers from unions and other organizations. What can he do, for the sake of the public conscience, in Bernard Grant's case, without a fee?

It is a queer turn of fate that the whole stability of the Loeb-Leopold sentence in the public mind is going to turn upon the fate of a poor boy from "back of the yards."

Religious Prejudice

THERE is no place in the United States for religious enmities. There is a very large place for religious differences, religious activities and religious temper. The truly religious person is usually glad that another person has any religion at all, in these days of thoughtlessness and license; but people who are readiest to fight about religion have least of it. What is meant by the term "religious prejudice" is not always clear. Every person has a prejudice in favor of his own religion, which privilege he ought not to begrudge to others in favor of their own. It is difficult to see how anyone can be prejudiced against another's religion, since so seldom does he know what it is. The whole matter usually resolves itself into plain ignorance and suspicion. Ignorance can be dispelled by knowledge, and by that means suspicion disappears also.

What we need in these days is the religious temper of charity and forbearance. Even churchmen can sometimes show very little of this. Some think that religious bitterness exists only between the Klan and some Catholic organizations, but if they have ever seen into the inter-church fight between the Fundamentalists and the Liberals in Protestantism they would speedily learn that "religious prejudice" is a term of very wide application. Some of the Fundamentalists forget so fundamental a thing as brotherly love, and some of the Liberals belie everything they say by the narrowness of their attitude. A Fundamentalist is one who stays by the foundation spirit, and a Liberal is a man who believes *more,* not less.

There is no kind of Christian activity anywhere, under whatever name, that clashes with another kind of Christian activity. And the Christian spirit is the same in every age and clime.

History

A correspondent sends us this interesting observation:

"IT IS probably too late to deal with the 'Defense' or 'Mobilization' Day question from any new angle but I have just read Major Ganoe's 'History of the U. S. Army,' written, of course, without any premonition that such an event would become a controversial issue and although I lean to the pacifist side the fact obtrudes that after every conflict the United States 'junked' its army.

"Between the Revolution and the War of 1812 the military establishment of the country was allowed to degenerate till the second struggle with Great Britain found us unprepared, nor did the land forces of the United States attain even creditable efficiency at any time during the war. Our salvation from annihilation was either an interposition of Providence or the good fortune attending Britain's entanglements in other directions.

"The war with Mexico revealed the fact that the army and its equipment and training had again practically ceased to be and had to be created anew.

"The early successes of the Confederate armies in the Civil War were, according to this writer, due to the superior attainments of Jefferson Davis, himself a graduate of West Point, and his appreciation of the factors underlying the struggle.

"The War with Spain is still recalled as an episode in American history of which we have no right to be proud, especially of the manner in which it was conducted and the antiquated machinery and equipment with which it was fought.

"Nowhere in the volume does the author pause to moralize on this tendency to hasten the abandonment of all armies and war preparations after every conflict but the facts are glaring as revealed in his dispassionate review of legislative enactments which affected the armed forces of the country, land and water."

John J. Pershing

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING has retired at the age of sixty-four years. As yet a man unscathed by the storms of life, and vigorous as an oak, army regulations have made it necessary for him to throw off the khaki of the soldier and don the everyday clothes of the private citizen. But no matter what his outward aspect may be, to Americans he will remain a man *sans peur et sans reproche.*

The code of ethics of John Pershing may be summed up under three heads—In the first place, Discipline; second, Training; third, Preparedness. The logical sequence of these three things in the making of men will be observed at a glance, for there can be no training without discipline, and no preparedness without training.

With him conscientiousness was almost a fetish, and thoroughness was his motto. He has followed the dictum of another great soldier, Wellington, who said: "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." General Pershing, above all things, has been a plodder. His career as a soldier could not by any flight of the imagination be called "meteoric," but his has been a record of work well done and obstacles overcome.

Though a soldier he was not a militarist. But he has never wilfully shut his eyes to impending trouble. "Be prepared" has been his slogan, and *defense,* not *defiance,* his ultimate aim.

Though General Pershing retires into private life through the exigencies of military discipline, the country will feel that "he is there" to aid by his example and wise council those upon whom the responsibility must now fall. It is for him not "Taps" that is sounded, but the "Retreat" which rings forth in the placid atmosphere of a glowing sunset.

Old New Things

PITY the poor "man in the street." Associations of nations, jazz, modern conventions, all jam at him, each sponsored by a sweating enthusiast who hysterically urges instant adoption of his special brand of novelty.

All these modern things are new only to the generation. Other generations embraced them once in their upward climb, only to discard them and pass on.

Perhaps we have swung our culture on past the point where we can endure it in comfort, and are about to return a little way toward ease and freedom of intercourse.

Possibly our music, the best of it, was too heavy for popular consumption, the product of refined taste, built artificially.

It may be that nationalisms everywhere have been case hardened and governments grown cold and cynical. Crude peoples like the Sioux and the Pawnees were able to make treaties and keep them; Germany and France and England could not.

When we have reached and passed the point where government and social forms cease to be blessings and become burdens, it may be as well to seek improvement without revolution, injecting what appears good into our social system, without discarding anything old simply because it is old.

Let's jazz a little, flap moderately, give Paderewski a hearing, remember grandmother's advice to the girls, and observe defense day by mobilizing vehemently, notwithstanding peace conferences.

That's pert Progress, with a gyroscope attached.

Far Too Much!

CANDIDATE DAVIS continues to play in hard luck. His latest piece of misfortune is that Aaron Sapiro has come out in his favor. According to the New York *World,* which prints a dispatch from Knoxville, Tennessee, Mr. Sapiro stated that, after a lifetime of Republicanism, he was going to do everything in his power to help elect Mr. Davis.

True to his method, Mr. Sapiro denounces Charles G. Dawes as a bluffer—whether because Mr. Dawes has at some time or other refused to finance one of the flimsy Sapiro farmer co-operatives is not, of course, disclosed. If Mr. Dawes has at any time outbluffed Aaron, he is indeed some bluffer. One would just hazard the guess that Mr. Dawes has never found time to swap bluffs with the "farmer's savior" from the West.

The fact is, this burden of support is almost too much for Mr. Davis to bear at this time. He should ask that in kindness Mr. Sapiro desist. Woodrow Wilson set a famous precedent by asking a certain gentleman not to support him.

The Place of Sororities in College Life

Are They Worth All the Prominence and Expense?—A Candid Criticism

By JANE FLEMING

The institution of women's Greek-letter societies, known as sororities, has become a vital part of the life of nearly all coeducational universities and also of many colleges for women. The institution has a great effect upon American life and so is worthy the thoughtful consideration first of parents of college women, and also of all citizens interested in education.

THE selection of sorority and fraternity members is the annual picking of the supposed aristocracy of the university and, when it is over, a certain percentage of the students—it is between one-third and one-fourth here at B——— are set apart forever from the mass. They are "Greeks"; the others are "barbs."

The principles of selection are the same for the men's organizations, or fraternities, as for the women's, the sororities; they differ only in detail. The "men"—I know two who "made" a fraternity at the ripe age of sixteen this year—are presumably more able to take care of themselves than the girls. Comparatively few rules are imposed by the university and each crowd is out to cut the others' throats. All want the biggest catches, but failing to get these they take what they can get and make the most of it.

Pin of Sorosis Sorority.

The big catches are of every description. There is always the football hero who never stood a chance until he made his famous touchdown; there are the rich and the socially correct; and then there are always those who must be taken on account of their ability to bolster up a failing scholastic average. It is a rare thing to find a prospect who combines all the prerequisites of money, looks, and brains.

The same standards prevail among the young women Let us examine one of their typical rushing seasons. Here at B——— there are eighteen sororities on the campus with a membership of more than 500. For some strange reason they are as bound by rules as the men are free from them. Back in the days when everything was free-for-all and the devil take the hindmost, "active" girls (that is, in college) with money or wealthy alumnae employed all sorts of means to dazzle new girls into membership in their particular sorority. This, while not unlawful, was not considered strictly ethical even then and the organization of a national council put a stop to most of it. Very specific rules cover these situations such as:

"Automobiles shall not be used to transport rushees.

"No sorority girl shall meet at trains, entertain or help register a new student, or appear with her on the campus until rushing season closes."

Pan-Hellenic, the national council, is a body composed of a representation from each sorority. It has many rules and penalties and every member of each sorority is a deadly female detective watching all other sororities for the least misstep. Penalties are so severe and so sure to be imposed if the offense is proved that there is very little infringement of rules.

Sorority-rushing at B——— lasts ten days and embraces eight set affairs. The first is a huge afternoon tea and all the eighteen organizations are obliged by Pan-Hellenic to entertain on the same day and in exactly the same way. However, with sororities as with individuals, some do the same thing with more of an air than others: there is no fine for that.

As this tea takes place about a week before the autumn semester opens, one may wonder how it happens that the guests are in town, for they decidedly are. Fathers may have objected to the useless expense of an extra week in B——— but no matter. The mothers are determined allies so here they are, nervously ready to "snap into it." Their clothes are as near the last word as they were able to manage and every girl has a well-rehearsed line.

Delta Gamma House.

Their names have been secured by devious routes but chiefly by a sort of intelligence system that covers the secondary schools practically all over the United States. B——— draws students from every state in the Union and the alumnae keep their ears to the ground.

Though this tea does not take place until September, many of the invitations are sent out as early as the preceding June; in fact, the list is usually in preparation for a year or two in advance. Some of the larger sororities invite as many as 250 to this first event, though they may not intend to take in more than twenty new members. They have to "look 'em over."

A well-advertised girl will be asked to every one of the eighteen houses and no matter how loftily she may look down upon the small fry among them, she accepts them all and arranges her time accordingly. It is the way it is done at B———. Around five o'clock the Big Four are a jam as everyone wants to be seen there at the most auspicious time.

The night after the tea a kimono-clad roomful of members dissects the list and reduces the guests by at least one-half for the next party. Pigtails and cold cream prevail early in the evening, for men know that for once in their lives they are neither expected nor wanted as callers until the "rushing season" is over.

"We don't want her. There's just something about her—you know what I mean," is often as lucid a reason as is needed for a girl to be dropped.

Others go into the discard because in the crush of a big tea no one seems to be able to remember anything about them.

Martha Cook Dormitory, University of Michigan, fine residence hall for women, of a type now found in a number of large universities. This type of hall has done much to give the independent woman a place of equality in the university with sorority members.

Gamma Phi Beta Sorority House, University of Michigan. Frequently the top story is used as a dormitory in these houses, having in the upper story twenty or thirty beds.

Alpha Chi Omega Sorority House, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington. Type of sorority residence found in many large universities.

"How about Alice Jones?" says the rushing chairman reading from her list. "We sent her an invitation. Was she here?" No answer.

"Didn't any of you see her?" Another silence.

"What did she look like?" ventures some one finally.

"Gee whiz, how do you suppose I know? I never saw her," snaps the chairman who, during these hectic days and sleepless nights, is a person to be handled with care. "O, well, let's drop her. We've got loads of marvelous girls to pick from anyway. Let's see who's next," and they go on leaving Alice Jones to wonder all through college what it was they didn't like about her.

A beautiful and animated girl is sure to survive this first event and have further inspection because she will have made a pleasant impression on everyone. Also the daughter of a distinguished family will be sure to register because she will have had much advance consideration. Other girls may or may not. Chance plays a big part here.

The day following the tea, invitations are sent out for the next four events, two luncheons and two dinners. A popular girl may be invited by all eighteen to all of these and every girl is notified in her invitation that she is expected to pay for all the affairs she attends. It may seem an odd form of hospitality to some, but they gladly drop the fee in the little box at the door.

The most popular girls will probably not give to any one sorority more than one, or at the most two, of these engagements nor will a less popular girl who "knows her stuff." The former is too rushed and the latter does not wish to appear overanxious. Many a girl has cast the die in her own favor by knowing just the diplomatic mean between indifference and eagerness.

Another drastic cut is made after these parties and still another after the tea which follows them. There remain now only two affairs, an informal and a formal dinner, and any girl who is asked to these may be sure she is being seriously considered for membership.

The last party is a gorgeous one. Every girl has on her best gown, new and fashionable; the shaded lights are "adorable"; the dinner is "wonderful"; and the orchestra, while it might not appeal to older ears, is "simply marvelous" to these.

Dancing lasts until ten minutes to eleven, which is the lawful time limit, and the hegira begins as suddenly as the flight of Cinderella. Self-government associations, deans, and other horrors have a way of finding out things. Then, too, the iron hand of Pan-Hellenic may be just around the corner with its ever-raised ax ready to cut off all privileges for infringement of rules. This is the greatest horror of them all.

The fight is on as soon as the last guest has been taken home and more often than not it lasts till daybreak. Some names "go through" without a protest. Others who are just as acceptable are held out on by Nancy Brown, let us say, because they happen to be protégées of Sally Smith, who in turn is holding out on Nancy Brown's plain-looking sister, friend, or forty-second cousin.

There are floods of angry tears and biting little words, but a trade is usually effected in the course of time so that the next name can come up.

Sally Smith may have stopped holding out on Nancy Brown's plain offering, but deep in her little heart she is already consigning her to the "cellar gang." This is the group which either stays away from parties or else makes up the personnel of the wallflowers. They are "in" by virtue of their grades or their relatives but there is no thrill for them inside their own walls where their position is on a level with that of the furniture.

Back home and outside among the "barbs" it is a different story, of course. The little gold pin so carefully-carelessly pinned to the sweater front proclaims their achievement, and anyone who has been to college and was "in" will not mistake it for the emblem of a literary society.

The real anxiety only begins when the list for bidding is complete. There is sufficient chance for crooked work so all bidding at B——— is done through the office of the dean of women. The two days following the formal party are days of silence during which all intercourse between sorority and non-sorority women is strictly forbidden.

Everyone from university president to butcher's boy knows these days when the air is electric with waiting and half the university seems to be turning round and round on the spit of suspense.

On the first day each sorority sends to the dean's office a list of the girls it wishes to bid. From all of these lists, one list is made up containing the name of every girl desired by any sorority and a preference slip is made out and taken by special messenger to each of them. A receipt is given to the messenger by the rushee who then writes on her slip the names of the organizations she would be willing to join, in order of her choice.

The day following, these preference slips are checked and lists of acceptances are made out for each sorority. A formal invitation to join is then written for each name on the list and delivered immediately into the girl's hand. Pledging ceremonies take place a few hours later.

In the fraternities the agony is long since over. Having few set rules they proceed on the slap-dash method of "rush 'em off their feet, pull 'em in and pledge 'em" and it is all over before you can wink an eye.

Inside the house there is a mad orgy of hugging, kissing, weeping, and singing. Not everyone is suited with the new girls but an outsider could never tell it nor can the girls themselves, and they emerge a few hours later wearing little knots of colored ribbon and with their bosoms swelling with pride. They have made the grade!

And how about those who were entertained, flattered, and invited to everything and then on bidding day saw the big square envelopes going to other girls' doors but never to theirs? If they are philosophical they realize that the future can hold no terrors for them in the way of social rebuff. They have touched bottom.

There is a dash and brilliance to the doings of the "Greeks" that is sadly lacking in the open student mixers and they all want to be part of it, the men just as desperately as the girls.

Many every autumn go back home unable to stay and

(Concluded on page 14)

The First Woman Physician in China

How a "Venerable Devil" Was Transformed Into a Ministering Angel

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

WHEN one is young and pretty and has been made much of, one would naturally feel somewhat aggrieved to be greeted with some such greeting as this: "Kuei tze lao yeh hao?" and especially if one were a young woman who had deliberately closed her eyes to a possible brilliant future back home, to devote her life to the medical care of a foreign people. That is the way Miss Minnie E. Sinclair felt back in the late eighties when she went to China as a medical missionary, for she was young and pretty, and, translated, the greeting is "Is the venerable devil well?"

Miss Sinclair was one of the prettiest girls ever graduated from the medical school of the University of Michigan, and she had pledged her life to the work of a medical missionary in foreign service. It so happened that she was sent to China where she remained for twenty-five years, during all this time being stationed in Pekin. There, after a time, she met Professor Isaac Headland of the faculty of the University of Pekin, and they were married. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story. For the rest of the article, we will speak of her as Dr. Headland.

Dr. Headland and Princess Yu, the best informed lady in court matters of these higher classes. Princess Yu is seated in the center of the picture next to Dr. Headland.

Dr. Headland was the first woman physician in China. Today she laughs at her early chagrin, and at the tears of anger and hurt pride she shed, feeling that such a title—"venerable devil"—was but poor return for all she was trying to do for this alien people. Later on she was to learn that the title thus bestowed was one of admiration and high respect rather than one of dislike. But when she remonstrated with them over the name they had called her, they plaintively asked, "Then what can we call you?"

Dr. Headland had literally to cure her way into the hearts of the Chinese people, but she won her spurs, and later became physician to the women of the nobility, for in those days China was an empire.

This intrepid woman had her own hospital, located in Duck Alley. To Occidental ears "Duck Alley" smacks of the slums. Not so in the Orient and especially in China, for it happened to be located in the most aristocratic section of Pekin, not a stone's throw from the palace of the father of the Emperor, Prince Chun, and but a square away from the famous Drum and Bell Tower, in which hangs one of the largest bells of the city, and around which is woven the tragic story of a beautiful young girl's devotion and sacrifice—which is still another story to be told later on in this article.

Speaking of those first months in China, Dr. Headland frankly admits it was just a little bit awful, but she later grew to love it, and would still be in China had not Professor Headland's health made imperative their return to America a few years ago. At first only the very poor women came to Dr. Headland's hospital for treatment. In those days the Chinese physicians were not surgeons, and Chinese women were never operated on by a man surgeon, whatever his nationality. There was great need for surgery, Dr. Headland found, and especially among the women of the poorer classes. "There were tumors by the hundreds coming to my attention, and cases of decaying bone and cancers without number, it seemed," said she. "There was need for all I could do and my first work was largely surgery and the treatment of affected eyes."

The surgical work appealed to the people—they could see the results. The first surgical case she had, made a fine recovery, and that brought her other cases, and finally people of the better classes began to send for her.

Shortly after she arrived in China, a man came running to the hospital, and falling before her he touched his head three times to the floor, crying, "Shin ming!" (Save life.) She found that a poor woman had attempted to kill herself at the "yamen," a place somewhat like our police station, where the officials of the town are housed. Dr. Headland took her emergency case and rushed to the "yamen," but a short distance away, where she found the woman lying in a pool of blood, at the feet of an officer. She had fainted and the officials, thinking her dead, were ringing their hands and crying to Dr. Headland to save her. When the doctor ordered them to remove her to the interior of the house, that she might operate on the gaping wound in the neck where the poor woman had cut her throat, there was objection. No one was willing to touch her for fear her spirit would enter their bodies. Dr. Headland had to pledge her word that the woman was alive and would not die while they were lifting her before they would touch her. The doctor dressed the wound and started to sew it up, when they set up a mighty protest: she was not cloth to be sewed, they said. In those days a Chinese doctor never sewed up a wound; instead he would fill it with a mixture of alum, ground rhinoceros horn and incense ashes. If the patient died from blood poisoning, they wondered why.

"I wanted to take the woman to the hospital where she could be properly cared for, but was met with refusal unless I would go security for her recovery. I could only promise that I would go security that she would die if I did not take her, and met with no further difficulty in getting her removed. She recovered and brought me many patients from the families of those men occupying political positions in the city," said Dr. Headland.

Some time later, Dr. Headland learned the occasion for the great interest taken by these particular officials in the woman she was called to treat. It seemed the Chinese woman owned a small parcel of land. Surrounding it on all but one side was land owned by a wealthy Chinese who wanted to buy the woman's land. While she was willing to sell, she was unwilling to do so at the price the rich man offered, so the man of wealth trumped up a charge against her and took it to the officials who decided in the man's favor. In China, if you can't get redress for a real or a fancied wrong, you can commit suicide at the feet of the official whose ruling has kept you from your rights. Such an act will start an investigation into the life of the official. Of course, in many instances the official is made to suffer, but in the meantime you are dead. However, in China, if you have an enemy you can always get even with him by committing suicide on his doorstep.

But there was a happy ending to this particular woman's story. She recovered and in due time received from the official at fault more than the amount of money she had asked for her land and she was happy. The morning the patient was to be discharged from the hospital, Dr. Headland heard the sound of music approaching. It was a band preceding a high official, who was coming to the hospital. One of the official's outriders carried a lacquered tablet, with a lauditory message written on it in gold, reading, "To the foreign doctor who could raise the dead to life."

The gentleman was dressed in his official robes, and his servant carried a red satin cushion, which he placed at Dr. Headland's feet. Upon this cushion the official knelt and struck his head three times to the ground, and then departed, leaving the tablet with the doctor.

After that experience Dr. Headland was more and more frequently invited to the homes of the local magistrates. In many of these homes she was the first American woman the Chinese women had seen, and it was here they greeted her with, "Kuei tze lao yeh hao?" Their social recognition brought with it a certain professional recognition, but they received her with some fear when her call was professional and many a time when she was called to see a patient of the better class, the Chinese woman would keep her eyes tightly closed all the time she was in the sick room. That was because she feared, if she opened them, she would "swallow her breath"—the Chinese term for dying.

About five years after she went to China, came Dr. Headland's entrée into one of the great houses of Pekin. She was returning to her hospital one day when her house boy ran out to tell her that a "tajen," a great man, had been to see her and wanted her to come to his house right away. He was a member of the central government, and she went in state. The man, garbed in his official robes, met her at his office, and, according to Dr. Headland, there was no more imposing sight in the world than a gentleman of China, thirty years back, dressed in his official robes. He seemed to radiate a dignity and a greatness that no official robes of any other country could bring. He told her that his wife had been dying for five days, despite the fact that the best midwives of China had been brought to her. They had all given her up. In a splendid cart, upholstered in satin, they drove rapidly to the man's home.

There they found the suffering woman, in beautifully embroidered graveclothes, laid out on the death couch, waiting for the breath to leave her body. She was not allowed to lie in a Chinese bed, as then her spirit might stay there. Instead, she was placed on the death couch, her feet toward the door, for the spirits like to be near the door so that they can make a straight line out of it.

She was a beautiful young woman and Dr. Headland was determined to save her life, and did. Because she had no one trained to act as nurse in such a case, the doctor was nurse also. Today in Pekin there are training schools for nurses in connection with the mission hospitals, where the most capable and devoted nurses in the world are trained. Today, also, in connection with the hospital of which Dr. Headland was head for so many years—1887 to 1912, when she returned to this country—there is a woman's medical school.

From that time on Dr. Headland was called to the homes of the princes of China to attend their wives and children, and the last dozen years she spent there she was in constant demand at the homes of both the imperial and the hereditary princes in the capital. Once she was called to treat the late Emperor's father, Prince Chun. He was very ill and sent for Dr. Headland, but the mission feared it would cause unfavorable comment and withheld its permission, and so Dr. Headland did not treat the venerable man.

"I found the ladies of these princely homes very delightful," said Dr. Headland. "They opened their homes to me, and they came to mine. Princess Shum, a sister of the Dowager Empress, Princess Yu, and the Mongolian Princess, Ka-la-chin, were among my dearest friends there."

Some of Dr. Headland's experiences in giving chloroform in cases where the necessity arose were very amusing, and also very serious. The Chinese looked upon the drug as something to fear greatly, and the administration of it was considered an act of magic. The patients never submitted to an anesthetic nor an operation till after the "necromancers"—spirit doctors—had taken a trip to the "underworld" to investigate.

Dr. Headland had hard work to save the patient, so great was the Chinese fear that the demons and the spirit doctors had told the truth, and very often patients demanded of her that she should go security for their recovery.

The hospital was situated in Duck Alley, as has been said, amid beautiful surroundings. On one side it looked out upon a small lake, the waters of which in certain seasons were fairly covered with lotus flowers. The famous Drum and Bell Tower, in which a great bell hung, overshadowed it.

This is the tradition of the Drum and Bell Tower's deep, perfect-toned bell, and in China an interesting story surrounds every bell tower, and every bell of note:

At the time of the Emperor Yung La, in the fifteenth century, the emperor gave a command to cast a great bell. The bell was not perfect and the emperor refused it. Again a day was set for the casting, again there was great feasting, and again the bell was found to be imperfect. Then the emperor became very angered and ordered a third bell cast, a third feast prepared, but this time he said if the bell turned out imperfect, he would order a certain high official beheaded.

This certain high official had a daughter, a beautiful girl, devoted to her father. She went to a Chinese soothsayer and asked what she could do to save her father's life. The old woman told her that unless the blood of a virgin be mixed with the molten metal when the bell was cast, the third bell would be no more perfect than the other two.

So the feast day drew on apace, and preparations were made for casting the third bell. The great caldron was placed in position, and seats, like grand stands, built overlooking it. On these seats the nobility were to be seated. The daughter of the threatened official sat overlooking the great pot. When the bell was about to be cast, the maiden threw herself into the seething mass of metal and gave her life that her father's might be spared. The blood of a virgin had been mixed with the molten metal, and the bell was perfect, with a rich, mellow tone.

But as the maid threw herself into the caldron an old woman grabbed at her feet. She clutched the maiden's shoe, and the shoe came off in the old woman's hand. So, each evening, as the bells ring out the hour to close the great gates of Pekin, the old women of Pekin cry out, "Hsieh, Hsieh."—"She calls for her shoe. She calls for her shoe."

This Rancher Once Ran a Rattlesnake Store

Old-Timer Tells of the Hell-Roaring Days When the West Was Wild and Woolly and Adeptness With a Six-Shooter Was a Most Valuable Asset

By
GEORGE
H. DACY

Diamond Back rattler ready for a battle.

IN THE days when Arizona and New Mexico were the practice grounds for ranching, prospecting, stock-running and outlawry, two important articles were found among the equipment of most every horseman who rode the plains and highlands.

A well-oiled six-shooter strapped in a holster to the belt of the cowman, rancher or prospector was his chief means of defense against human enemies. A rope about thirty feet long made of horse and cow hair was carried coiled on his saddle and used as a lariat and source of protection against rattlesnakes at night.

Now do not make the mistake and think that the homespun lariat was used for lassoing poisonous snakes, for it has been but rarely that a rope has been devoted to such a purpose in the West. A century-old tradition of the range country is the belief that one of these hair ropes looped around the spot where the westerner sleeps rolled in his blankets is an efficient safeguard against rattlesnakes.

Thousands and thousands of cowboys, packers, trailers, trappers, Indian scouts and soldiers have availed themselves of this precaution during the countless nights that they have slept stretched out on the ground with the stars in the sky as the illuminators of their outdoor bedchambers. The supposition has been that the rattlesnake would never pass over a hair rope. Like the origin of many another superstition, the birthplace of this one has never been found.

Will C. Barnes, of Washington, who has charge of the grazing of 10,000,000 head of livestock on the 110,000,000 acres of range in our national forests, is the first man to test out and disprove this theory. This man Barnes at one time or another has experienced every thrill and danger which the Far West has to offer. Forty four years ago, he was military telegraph operator at Fort Apache in the heart of the most dangerous Indian territory in Arizona. Soldier Barnes was awarded the Congressional medal of honor for running the Indian lines on one hazardous occasion and bringing back succor to the garrison which was surrounded by bloodthirsty savages.

Thereafter, Barnes served as a cowboy and made the mighty leap from cowpuncher to wealthy rancher. His 7,000 head of cattle ranged a territory of 200 square miles. He served in the Arizona state legislature for one term. A terrible drought ruined his herd and the influx of sheep ranchers forced Barnes to migrate to New Mexico. In those days, New Mexico was the wildest and woolliest part of our western frontier. The territory was a dumping grounds for outlaws and outcasts of civilization. The Texas Rangers drove the riffraff of the Lone Star State into New Mexico. The sheriffs in Arizona chased their criminals and bandits over the state line. It was under these turbulent conditions of hell-roaring ranch life that Barnes lived, won success and was elevated to the position of assemblyman in the New Mexico legislature.

Will Barnes was once a member of a posse that pursued some of the most desperate gangsters of the notorious "Al" Jennings band. On this search for four hours one day an outlaw kept his rifle pointed at Barnes' heart, waiting for the rancher to step over a certain mark. Barnes knew nothing of the hidden cave in which the criminals were concealed. He passed close to their ambush but did not step over the imaginary line which the leader of the gang had specified. That was the closest call to death which Barnes ever experienced. It was not until years after when the outlaws were finally rounded up that Barnes learned of the unseen danger that had threatened him.

It was while living in Arizona that Will Barnes, well-acquainted with the friendly Hopi, Navajo and Apache Indians of that region, opened an extraordinary curio shop. He specialized in the sale of Indian basketry, blankets, moccasins and other art work. One day an Indian brought in a couple of rattlesnakes. Barnes had no use for the reptiles but being afraid to offend the red man he finally purchased the rattlers at twenty-five cents apiece. This Indian told all his friends about the sale. Soon Barnes was overrun with rattlers. He was literally forced into the rattlesnake business as a side line.

There was but one possible outlet for the profitable marketing of the dangerous reptiles—to advertise in some eastern magazine. That is what Barnes did. As a result, he sold thousands of rattlesnakes to scientists and showmen in all parts of America and in most of the foreign countries. He capitalized on a novel opportunity and made a successful go of the snake-selling enterprise. In time, he added Gila monsters to his market menagerie. It was seldom that the Barnes store had less than a dozen Gila monsters and a half-hundred adult rattlers on hand.

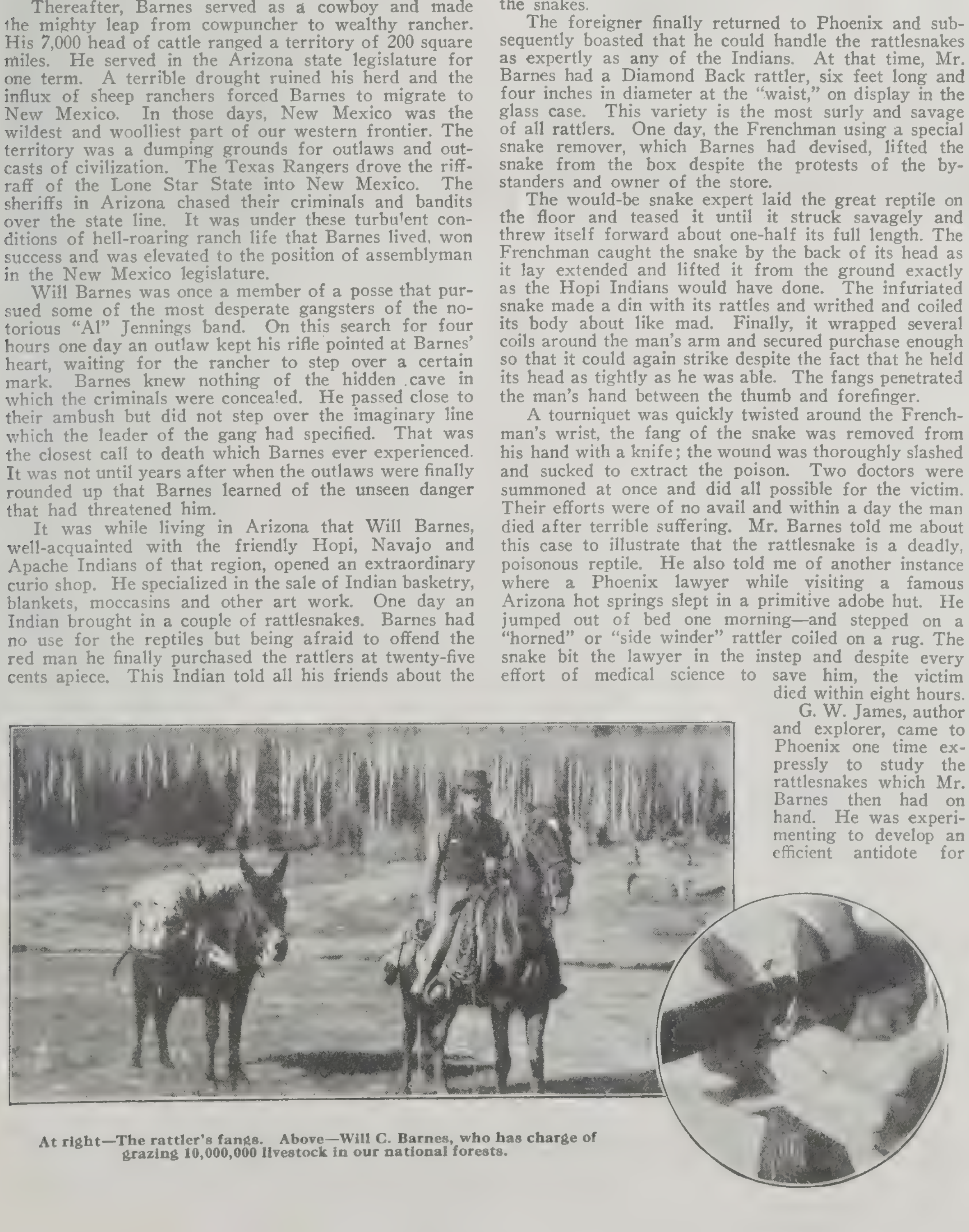
A half-dozen of the largest and finest rattlers were displayed in a glass case in the front of the store, the balance of the reptiles being kept out of sight in secure cages. Will Barnes latterly told the writer about a Frenchman, an amateur naturalist and scientist, who came regularly to the shop. The Frenchman visited the Hopi Indian Reservation during their celebrated snake-dance ceremonies and there carefully studied the methods which the redskins used in handling and charming the snakes.

The foreigner finally returned to Phoenix and subsequently boasted that he could handle the rattlesnakes as expertly as any of the Indians. At that time, Mr. Barnes had a Diamond Back rattler, six feet long and four inches in diameter at the "waist," on display in the glass case. This variety is the most surly and savage of all rattlers. One day, the Frenchman using a special snake remover, which Barnes had devised, lifted the snake from the box despite the protests of the bystanders and owner of the store.

The would-be snake expert laid the great reptile on the floor and teased it until it struck savagely and threw itself forward about one-half its full length. The Frenchman caught the snake by the back of its head as it lay extended and lifted it from the ground exactly as the Hopi Indians would have done. The infuriated snake made a din with its rattles and writhed and coiled its body about like mad. Finally, it wrapped several coils around the man's arm and secured purchase enough so that it could again strike despite the fact that he held its head as tightly as he was able. The fangs penetrated the man's hand between the thumb and forefinger.

A tourniquet was quickly twisted around the Frenchman's wrist, the fang of the snake was removed from his hand with a knife; the wound was thoroughly slashed and sucked to extract the poison. Two doctors were summoned at once and did all possible for the victim. Their efforts were of no avail and within a day the man died after terrible suffering. Mr. Barnes told me about this case to illustrate that the rattlesnake is a deadly, poisonous reptile. He also told me of another instance where a Phoenix lawyer while visiting a famous Arizona hot springs slept in a primitive adobe hut. He jumped out of bed one morning—and stepped on a "horned" or "side winder" rattler coiled on a rug. The snake bit the lawyer in the instep and despite every effort of medical science to save him, the victim died within eight hours.

G. W. James, author and explorer, came to Phoenix one time expressly to study the rattlesnakes which Mr. Barnes then had on hand. He was experimenting to develop an efficient antidote for rattlesnake poison. Finally, Mr. Barnes consented to allow the scientist to extract some poison from the reptiles. The snake owner tells what followed:


At right—The rattler's fangs. Above—Will C. Barnes, who has charge of grazing 10,000,000 livestock in our national forests.

"Mr. James grabbed an active Diamond Back rattler five and one-half feet in length from the cage. The snake showed fight. It opened its mouth to the uttermost extent, the jaws almost at right angles to the body, the ugly fangs unhinged and erect, the enveloping sheath slowly receding from them. Meantime, the snake apparently was slipping slightly through the scientist's thumb and finger which encircled its head. Suddenly, with lightning-like rapidity, the rattler gave its head a peculiar twist which threw the upper jaw into such a position as to allow it to make a sideswipe at the lower part of Mr. James' thumb. Only one fang touched the flesh but so strong was the stroke that the needle-like weapon tore a sliding gash an inch long and three-quarters of an inch deep in the member.

"James did not lose his nerve but retained his tight grip on the snake's head which he manipulated in such a manner as to enable him to secure one-half a teaspoonful of poison from one fang. This poison he placed in a tiny vial. His thumb and wrist were drenched with the poison but he showed the spectators that it had come entirely from the fang that caused the wound. He pried the snake's mouth open and pointed to the empty poison sack on the one side and the full one on the other. Previously the common belief had been that the ejection of the poison had been involuntary so far as the rattler was concerned—that every time the rattler struck and sank its fangs the poison streamed into the wound. Scientist James contends, however, that the snake absolutely controls the ejection of poison.

"Wounded though he was, the scientist in James was stronger than the fear of a fatal result. It was not until he finished his scientific inspection that he tossed aside the rattler and submitted to having the wound dressed. A tourniquet was placed above the elbow. Liberal applications of permanganate of potash and very hot water were then flooded over the wound. Bluish discoloration soon set in accompanied by terrific pains and soreness. For several days James was very ill and it was two months before he regained full use of his hand and arm. The after-results were singular. For the next eighteen months, James' stomach swelled and solidified every sixty to ninety days. For several days the scientist would suffer great agony and then the pain would cease. It was only after taking a course of mud baths at a famous mud springs that the attacks ceased."

Another strange case of the after-effects of snake poison is recorded in the records of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. One of Uncle Sam's employes was bitten on the finger by a small coral snake. The man suffered great pain for several days and then seemed to recover. For the next twelve years, however, on the date of the original snake bite, the pains returned, a sore formed and burst on his finger and the nail finally came off. Ultimately the scientist tried out a Brazilian snake cure—an infusion of the leaves and stems of a certain herb being taken internally before the anniversary of the injury. This stopped the sores and loss of the nail but the pains still continued until the man died.

There is a case on record in Arizona where a rattler bit a Mexican boy. The lad lost his power of speech as a result. Each year on the date of the original bite, he would wander away to the desert where he would play with bugs, toads and lizards. For a day or so the boy seemed to lose his mind and forget all humanity. It is quite likely while in his subnormal condition he handled and played with dangerous snakes.

Mr. Barnes' familiarity with rattlesnakes has made him an amateur authority on those reptiles. He says that the fangs of the rattlers are sharp as needles and are hollow. The poison is forced from the storage sac through the thread-like opening into the wound made by the fang. Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, an eminent expert on rattlers, reports that the snakes usually carry eight to ten reserve fangs. The hiss of the rattler is caused by the air expelled from its body due to the violent muscular movement it makes in casting its body

(Concluded on page 14)

Gambling With Death—What 'Bootleg' Means

Washington Discloses Some of the Horrors That Lurk in the "Moonshine"

By DEL MARQUIS

A 2,700-gallon still captured in Tennessee. Note the location of the still, the ramshackle shed in the backwoods.

ARE you fond of taking a chance—one with long odds? Drink some bootleg liquor. The odds are ninety-nine to one against you, for out of every one hundred bottles of liquor sold as real whisky or gin, only one has any legitimate relationship to real liquor. The other ninety-nine are noxious, unwholesome, semi-poisonous synthetic stuff.

Would you drink from one of a hundred bottles, if you even suspected that one of them contained a violent poison? You would not. But you will pay a bootlegger an outrageous price for the privilege of drinking his poisonous concoctions which may ruin your eyesight, destroy your health and possibly cause your death.

These are not the ravings of a fanatic. They are substantiated by facts, chronicled in the daily press, recorded in the coroner's records, and evidenced by analyses of seized liquors in government laboratories. During the last fiscal year out of approximately 90,000 samples analyzed by the government laboratory at Washington and its nine branch laboratories in Buffalo, Chicago, Columbus, Little Rock, New York, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Providence and San Francisco, only one per cent was found to be genuine.

The traditional toast, "to your health!" has a subtle irony when pledged in the liquor available in the United States today. "One drink—you're drunk. Two drinks—you're blind. Three drinks—call an undertaker," is the way one well-known magistrate characterized it. In the Washington laboratory, which occupies a large portion of the fourth floor of the main Treasury Building, is a large room with shelves reaching to the ceiling. Row on row of evil-looking concoctions bear mute testimony to the perfidy of the bootlegger. Here and there will be seen a dusty, moldy, long-necked bottle wrapped in tinfoil, bearing the label of a well-known brand, and containing the "real stuff," although William V. Linder, the chemist in charge, assured me that a label is no criterion to go by as almost every brand of label known in the United States, whether domestic or foreign make, has been imitated and sold by the tens of thousands. There were many other bottles and jars filled with a darkish, cloudy liquid, with several inches of sediment in the bottom. Upon removing the lid of one of the jars, a sickening odor permeated the room, which Mr. Linder said is characteristic of present-day liquors. The sediment, he explained, was simply filth carried over from the mash during the distilling process, because the moonshiner, usually an ignorant, unskilled tradesman, lacks the technical knowledge of distilling. He lets his mash ferment in unclean barrels, washtubs, and other similar receptacles, in dark, musty cellars, or in the open backwoods. Under such conditions, the development of wild yeasts or unwholesome fermentations are inevitable. Dirt and vermin feed upon unprotected mash, but as long as foreign and filthy matter can be camouflaged by adding a tasty flavoring the stuff will bring its price. Many moonshine mashes show evidence of actual putrefaction, he said, and the samples amply bear out the assertion.

R. A. HAYNES,

Federal Prohibition Commissioner.

"The moonshiner and home distiller have no scruples regarding the health and life of their customers, neither do they have the facilities with which to work or the necessary time to produce a drinkable product," said Mr. Linder. "Orders are taken one day, the stuff made during the night, and delivered the next day. The illicit manufacturer wastes no time in aging his product, which helps to eliminate poisonous products of fermentation. Stills are hastily set up, often in swamps under most insanitary conditions, far from the source of water supply and practically inaccessible in many cases. The modern moonshiner possesses none of the good qualities of the moonshiner of old, but has all the vices of his predecessor plus a lot of city-bred vices which the old-timer would have considered illegal and unmoral, to say the least.

"Even pre-prohibition whisky, when first made, was colorless, nauseating and deleterious, in spite of the extreme care which was taken by professional distillers to make a pure product and the delicate tests which were performed to make certain that the liquor contained no extraneous substances which would bar it from receiving the government label under the Federal Health Law. However, following the aging, it became mellow and palatable and fit to be used as a beverage.

"The generally recognized knock-out constituents of moonshine whisky, such as fusel oil, aldehydes and other products of fermentation other than ethyl alcohol, remain in the whisky because it is not aged. It is made one day and drunk the next, while to make good whisky aging from four to eight years is required, as the longer it is aged, up to a certain point, the less organically harmful it is. These poisons are cumulative and remain permanently in the system, frequently producing a condition of stupor which resembles drunkenness, but without the exhilarating effect for which the liquor is taken. Other results are depression of respiration, tetanic convulsions, muscular relaxation, destruction of tissues, action on the central nerve system, and finally death if taken frequently.

"Moonshine liquor often contains metallic poisons, due to the practice of bootleggers of peddling it in fruit jars which have zinc lids. The acids in the liquor form what is known as zinc salts, the drinking of which causes acute gastritis and other serious ailments. The presence of these salts cannot be detected by taste alone, but a thorough chemical analysis is necessary, which the average drinker can neither afford nor considers essential.

"The almost inconceivable conditions under which moonshine whisky is manufactured lend further elements of danger in its consumption. The illicit still by its very nature must be clandestine. It hides itself in thickets, fields and barns. The containers consist of old barrels, rusty ice-cream cans, galvanized oil cans, milk cans, wash boilers, and other metal vessels, unspeakably filthy and ill-smelling after repeated use without cleaning. The unprotected fermenting mixture attracts animal life of every description which feeds upon the material and often drowns in it. The materials used are of the worst, and even though it were possible to procure a pure yeast culture, the contamination produced by wild yeasts and bacteria would result in poor fermentation. The principal ingredients of one batch of liquor mash confiscated by raiding agents were lemon and orange peelings and watermelon rinds which had been taken from garbage cans, the water used being pumped from a pool into which the garbage had been dumped. Concentrated lye is sometimes put in the mash, thus reducing the period of fermentation six or seven days, and increasing the number of deaths from poisoning alarmingly. Hydrofluoric acid is sometimes used to stop fermentation at a given point. Illicit wine makers have been known to add permanganate of potash, a deadly poison, to freshly made wine to give it the appearance of age. With these deadly poisons put into the mash, who can wonder at the strange burning sensation or at the deaths which occur after the use of whisky thus made by unscrupulous persons?"

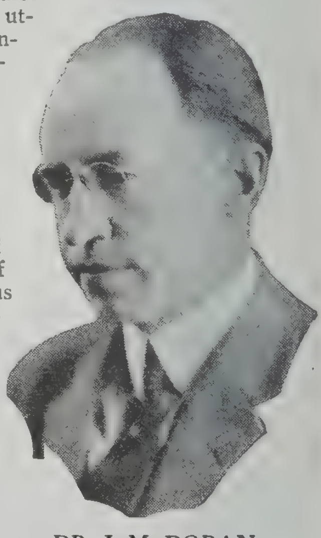
Illustrating the filthy and revolting conditions which agents have found, the case was cited of a still located in a foul cave, dirt and trash covering the earthen floor, wherein were seventy barrels of mash, the tops laden with flies, insects and vermin of various natures. To reach the cave it was necessary for the officers to climb on pack horses, up a large hill heavily covered with brush and timber, while buried in shallow graves beneath the brush were many dead animals, placed there so that their odor would counteract the heavy fumes of mash and whisky. There was no entrance to the cave sufficiently large to permit the entrance of a good-sized man, unless timber and brush were first removed.

The simplest expression of a still ever reported to prohibition officials consisted of a common boiler covered with a filthy blanket, the alcoholic vapors rising from the boiling liquid being retained in the blanket and then wrung out of it into a bottle, doubtless bearing a label declaring it to be "bottled-in-bond." In another instance a torn-up mattress furnished the necessary cotton for straining the finished product.

"The man who puts poisons in perfumes and hair tonics" is the way Dr. J. M. Doran, head of the Industrial Alcohol and Chemical Division of the Prohibition Unit, was once described by a would-be interviewer. Dr. Doran is the man who develops the formulas under which grain alcohol is denatured and rendered unfit for beverage use. Next to moonshine, he says, the liquor most commonly dealt in by the bootlegger is made from redistilled denatured alcohol, a non-beverage liquor intended for industrial uses, consisting of pure grain alcohol to which has been added various poisons rendering it unfit for beverage purposes.

Two-thirds of the alcohol produced in the United States, which in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1923, was more than 121,000,000 proof gallons, is denatured and used mainly for technical purposes. The redistillation of this denatured alcohol and the dilution, flavoring and coloring of the resultant product is a continual menace to the nation, Dr. Doran said, for the reason that it is impossible to remove the poisonous denaturants. Theoretically it is possible to recover pure grain alcohol from the denatured product, which is what the bootlegger attempts to do, either by redistillation or by neutralizing the poisons. Almost without exception the bootlegger is without chemical knowledge or training and the delicate and complicated process by which pure grain alcohol may be recovered is beyond his powers. Although he may succeed in removing most of the foul taste, so that when it is combined with flavoring and coloring substances the buyer will accept it as a beverage, it still contains quantities of the poisonous denaturants. This class of liquor is found to constitute a large portion of the illicit supply, and accounts in a large measure for the alarming number of deaths from poison liquor.

There are two classes of denatured alcohols, for the regulation of the use of which seventy-six formulas have been evolved. The first class is known as completely denatured alcohol and is prepared according to seven special formulas for sale to the general public without permit. This denatured alcohol, which is rendered utterly unfit to be taken internally in any form, constitutes the bulk of the denatured alcohol used in industry. It is used commercially in alcohol lamps, toy engines and various heating and lighting devices, automobile radiators, and in the manufacture of formaldehyde and various dyes. Some of the denaturants used are wood alcohol, benzol, pyridine, kerosene, ether, nitrobenzol, pine oil and aniline. Wood alcohol, the most commonly used, is an exceedingly poisonous denaturant, and being practically odorless and colorless its presence in any intoxicating liquor could not be detected by the sense of sight, taste or smell. Any quick test such as the addition of powders or vials of liquid for the purpose of determining the presence or absence of wood alcohol is practically useless, Dr. Doran said, detection being possible only through chemical analysis by a skilled chemist in a well-equipped laboratory. It intoxicates the consumer rapidly, and, in addition, seriously affects the optic nerve, causing paralysis and atrophy with consequent total blindness which, as far as is known, is incurable, inflammation of the kidneys and bladder, nephritis and cystitis, and frequently death. Death has been caused by as little as three ounces, it is recorded.



DR. J. M. DORAN,

Head of the Industrial Alcohol and Chemical Division of the Prohibition Unit.

The second class, known as specially denatured alcohol, is prepared by the use of hundreds of specific denaturants, according to seventy different formulas. It is not so thoroughly denatured and protected as to permit its general sale without permit, and can be obtained only under a heavy bond for use in manufacturing processes, such as in the manufacture of toilet preparations, rubbing compounds, and many industrial products. Although not so thoroughly denatured, the formulas are so constituted as to prevent the use of the product internally, although the redistillation of rubbing compounds is one of the grave problems with which prohibition officials have to deal.

"It will be readily seen that much of the whisky and kindred drinks peddled by bootleggers have as their basis either the filthy moonshine with its attendant poison, or one of the two classes of denatured alcohol, all of which are absolutely dangerous to health and life," said Dr. Doran.

"The only source of good liquor is that illegally withdrawn from bonded warehouses, and that which is smuggled in. Even these very rarely reach the consumer in their original state, for no bootlegger is going to overlook the chance of making large profits by selling good liquor, when he can dilute it with redistilled denatured alcohol, wood alcohol, filthy moonshine, add a little coloring and flavoring, and make four or five times the original amount."

Every precaution has been exercised to prevent illegal withdrawals of liquor from bonded warehouses, in which effort the Federal permit system has been very effective. Prior to prohibition there was an approximate annual consumption of 130,000,000 gallons of whisky in the United States. In 1920—the first year of the operation of the Volstead Act—there were liberated ostensibly for medicinal purposes 12,500,000 gallons of whisky, while in 1921, through the new methods of control and regulations, withdrawals were reduced to 3,500,000 gallons; in 1922, to 1,800,000 gallons; in 1923, to 1,754,893 gallons; while withdrawals from July 1, 1923, to March 31, 1924, indicate that the total for 1924 fiscal year will be about the same as for 1923.

A Federal permit is required to withdraw liquor from bonded warehouses, and to prevent counterfeit permits being used they are printed from an engraved plate on especially designed sensitized paper, by the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. These are issued to Federal prohibition directors in each state upon requisition, who, for further protection, employ an ingenious machine, resembling a check-writer, by which an impress is made on each withdrawal permit showing the amount of liquor authorized to be withdrawn. This machine is designed to prevent the raising of withdrawal permits after issuance, which was not uncommon in the past. In addition, permits to purchase covering interstate shipments of intoxicating liquor, including alcohol, must be countersigned by the prohibition director of the state in which the distillery or warehouse is located, thus furnishing a director full knowledge of all liquor transactions within his state.

The papers are full of stories to the effect that thousands of cases of liquor are being smuggled into the United States every month. These are branded as utterly false and absurd by Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes. "It is impossible," he says, "to obtain official figures on the amount of liquor that is being smuggled into this country, for if it were possible to check up accurately on the number of cases smuggled in, the government would know where, when and by whom it was being smuggled and it would immediately be stopped. The amount is and has been very greatly exaggerated. Such stories are of value to no one but the bootlegger, who relies almost solely on this method of advertising. Such reports are invariably followed by other stories of deaths from liquor poisoning, a gullible public immediately taking it for granted that it is getting genuine liquor right off the boat, although the bootlegger may have made it the night before in a shed behind his house out of filthy moonshine, redistilled denatured alcohol, and other ingredients. It is not denied that liquor is being smuggled in along our borders, bounded as we are by Canada on the north, Mexico on the south, and on the east and west by coasts which by their very natures provide excellent opportunity for the bootlegger to ply his trade, but there is nothing to be gained by exaggerating.

"In my opinion the bootleg business is in a fair way to solve the problem which it itself has created. It is not only threatening to take its own life, but it is inflicting upon itself serious injury which is bound to sap its strength and go a long way toward suicide. It is taking rope enough to hang itself—it is making poison with which it will effect its own destruction. No moral suasion exerted to deter men from drinking the stuff, no preachments on temperance, no arguments against excess, no pleadings of moral and religious impulsion will have as salutary effect as the authenticated, generally distributed facts regarding poison liquor."

That the people are gradually becoming cognizant of the danger which lurks in the drinking of bootleg liquor is revealed by the filing by a certain Building Trades Council of a petition prohibiting the carrying of liquor of any kind into meetings or on the premises of the plaintiff's property, it being alleged that great misfortune and suffering have been caused by death or disability of many of the workmen who are engaged in hazardous duties, due to the influence of vile and poisonous liquors "masquerading under the name of whisky." A larger number than usual of death and sick benefits have been paid, it is claimed, threatening to deplete the funds of the labor unions.

So alarming has the manufacture and sale of poisonous liquor become that several states have adopted legislation making the sale, giving away, or furnishing of any liquor for beverage purposes, upon the drinking of which death results, murder. Among the states adopting such legislation are Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Minnesota, Missouri, Rhode Island, and Virginia.

The poison bootleg question is one over which the public should be greatly concerned. You can't shut your eyes to the fact that there is scarcely a drop of liquor being bootlegged in this country today that is fit to drink. Even exorbitant prices paid by wealthy drinkers bring them nothing but poison. Bootleggers claim it is real stuff but chemical analysis and death certificates prove it isn't.

William V. Linder, chemist in charge of the Washington laboratory, with samples of seized liquors, ranging from "real stuff" to the vilest of concoctions. Only one out of a hundred samples is found to be genuine liquor.

Left—A display of counterfeit labels, liquors, strip stamps, et cetera, captured by prohibition agents in Michigan. Every label tells a story, and every bottle and container harbors the elements of untold trouble.

Blindness, insanity and death walk in the wake of the cup that cheers, and for a momentary thrill men flirt with death and darkness, paying stupendous prices for that which may destroy.

The Worst Bureaucratic Tendency of All

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quate family income has upon the infant mortality rate."

While the bureau has not positively advocated an economic readjustment whereby the government would guarantee adequate incomes for all families, many of its conclusions imply that such, or something similar, is desirable.

In urging the adoption of Federal laws regulating child labor, Miss Grace Abbott, present chief of the bureau, said in a Congressional hearing:

"When you undertake to get rid of child labor, then you must make some provision for the care of those children."

This implies government maintenance, which in the end would mean the nationalization of childhood.

Miss Florence Kelley, probably the ablest leader in the movement which revolves around the Children's Bureau, has said:

"It is unsafe to leave children to the tender mercies of the pressure of ignorant parents."

Miss Alice Paul, leader of the Woman's Party which represents the ultra-feminists, was quoted in a Washington newspaper a few years ago as saying:

"We intend to insist also that the state assume entire responsibility for the maintenance and education of children until they become of age."

While she was chief of the Children's Bureau, Miss Julia Lathrop went to Europe to advise the new government of Czecho-Slovakia in the matter of child welfare. In the subsequent report of the Children's Bureau some of the recommendations she made are repeated. They begin with the following statement of principle:

"The government through the ministry is responsible for the welfare of the children of the Republic."

Among her recommendations were the following:

That all new philanthropic associations and institutions for children be subject to licenses issued by the government.

That a staff of inspectors be maintained for reporting on the conduct of such associations and institutions.

That the government allow subventions to those it approved.

That for these there be formulated by-laws as to standards of child welfare to be maintained.

That the Children's Bureau, under the Ministry of Public Welfare, be permitted to take over and carry on the work of any found to be unsatisfactory.

In 1919 there was held under the auspices of the United States Children's Bureau a more or less international conference (persons from several other countries took part in it) on standards of child welfare. The proceedings later were circulated by the bureau as Children's Bureau Publication No. 60.

In them was a recommendation that the laws require all expectant mothers to register their condition to the health authorities, so that, among other beneficences, they could certainly be reached directly by the Children's Bureau.

In another bureau publication, the statement is made that,

"The most comprehensive study of maternity benefits and insurance which has yet appeared in any language is the volume by Madame A. Kollontai, 'Society and Motherhood.'"

Madame Kollontai was the first commissar of public welfare in the Soviet government of Russia and lately has been Soviet minister to Norway. Among several other claims to distinction, among them a book in which she violently attacked the institution of marriage, Madame Kollontai is credited with having had eight husbands.

When the Children's Bureau Bill was before the Senate in 1912, Senator Borah, its sponsor there, said, in reply to statements that its establishment would be followed by demands for more far-reaching Federal legislation:

"We will leave it to the states to enact the law, because the Federal Government of the United States has so arranged that it must be done by the states, and we are perfectly content that it shall be done by the states."

In reply to this, Senator Heyburn, who then was Senator Borah's colleague, stated that he had written to many of the leaders who had urged him to support the measure.

"I asked them what their object was . . . . Their answer, if not in uniform speech, in spirit is," he said, "that they hope to be in position to exercise jurisdiction over children who in their judgment are not being properly cared for. They want to become substitutes for parents. They are anxious to secure opportunity of becoming parents in fact of other people's children."

Speaking of the laws that later would be demanded, the Senator added:

"That kind of law would have taken Abraham Lincoln from his parents' care and custody and have had him educated by these theorists and interferers with the domestic economy and system of mankind."

Virtually that kind of operation is threatened or envisaged in measures which have sprouted from the tiny seed planted fourteen years ago in the form of the Children's Bureau.

Moreover, these measures presume that the states, local communities and parents cannot be trusted with the protection and care of children, no matter how much information may be supplied them by the Federal Government and otherwise.

Of one of them, Bishop Warren A. Candler, of the Methodist Church, South, has said:

"It proceeds on the absurd assumption that Congress will be more tenderly concerned for children than their own parents, and that from the distant Capital Congressional tenderness and wisdom will do better for them than their affectionate fathers and mothers, watching over them in their homes. This assumption appraises Congressional government far above its worth *and puts home government far below its value.*"

Congress, however, only would legislate; *administration would be in the hands of bureaus operated by or governed from the outside by coteries dominated in large part by extremists;* bureaus that invariably stretch their powers to the limit and, by reason of propaganda facilities at their command, would be almost beyond disestablishment.

Away Down South With Harris Dickson

Concluded from page 3

adventures of "Sunlover Sam," as another instance, not to mention the exploits of "Baltimore Criddle". . . . And the locale of his writings is everywhere in the South—cotton plantations, plantation "big houses," cane fields, steamboats—wherever Negroes are employed.

"I have been sufficiently interested in Negroes to read everything about them that I could find to read, and I know all types of them by personal contact. I've been among them in Africa. And it roiles me when somebody from the North comes down here and tells me that I know nothing about them," he said.

"Just now the Negro is attracting a lot of attention in the United States," the Judge continued, "but nobody knows what is going to happen to him. Race problems have been solved in three different ways, history says. One is suppression; one is amalgamation, and the third is annihilation, deliberately done. But we cannot conceive of any of these things happening now. The high-class Southerner least of all wouldn't conceive of anything like deliberate annihilation, for a reason outside of morality. He doesn't want to harm the Negro. Although he never owned slaves, the high-class Southerner is a residuary legatee of the patriarchal system, and he looks out for Negroes. He feels responsibility for them.

"But there are two classes of people who never will try to understand the Negro question, because they brush aside every fact which tends to upset a prejudice. One of these classes condemns all Negroes indiscriminately for the crimes of a few, and derides the idea that a black man may possess a single good quality.

"These partisans," and here the Judge became serious indeed, "point to the Negro who commits the unspeakable crime in the South; the Negro crapshooter and vagrant, the yellow nuisance on street cars, for instance, in many northern cities, as if they were the only Negroes in the world. Well, if you pin them down, these partisans will admit knowing good Negro carpenters and bricklayers, hard working draymen, farmers—hundreds of good Negroes of whom they are personally fond, and to whom they would do no injury. These antis are more noisy than numerous. A small class in the South, yet its activity creates a false impression of the whole southern attitude.

"And a considerable number of men are ready to adopt any course which would prevent the exceptional crime. When the sudden shock and horror is upon them, they do and say many things which would be impossible to conceive in calmer moments. But every man who has felt the terror of such a hideous crime can understand the circumstances under which he himself might become a blind and vengeful savage. These men go wrong in their extreme view as applied to all Negroes. By intemperate denunciation they alienate sympathy, and postpone a practical remedy.

"The other class is composed largely of pro-Negro visionaries. They have never rubbed elbows with a real Negro. They ignore his fixed hereditary instincts and insist on misfitting to him certain beautiful theories which have elevated the white race. These men imagine the Negro to be a white man unluckily born black, and attribute to him the same ideals, traditions and modes of thought as the Caucasian. Their theory is that with a few undiluted doses of book learning the Negro is capable of entering at once upon all those complicated rights and responsibilities to which the white man has been struggling upward for many ages. These men are wrong; just as wrong as the antis.

"The pro-Negro enthusiast, and the Negro-hater are running neck and neck to see which can do the black man the greater injury. It is difficult to determine who is more unjust—the man who says there is no good in any Negro, or the philanthropic man who boosts all Negroes into a false position where they cannot maintain themselves.

"To often in judging a Negro the Caucasian applies his own logic to certain external phenomena. He reaches a conclusion as to what these acts would mean, and where they would lead, had they been performed by white men. Therein he errs, for the black mind does not run in a white grove. A white man's logic does not apply to the black man's motives. But the white man must know, else he can never be just, either to the Negro or to his own kind. First of all, the Negro must be understood. Nobody knows the Negro, not even those people of the South who come in daily contact with him. To them he is a good-natured, irresponsible mystery.

"Negroes know the minutest details in the lives of better-class Southerners," the Judge continued, "because, servants change like drops in a flowing stream. There is little, if any, ante-bellum fidelity left. They swap information about white folks. They hear family conversations and race discussions, and learn the white man's point of view. The white man doesn't learn the Negro point of view. Negroes talk freely among themselves, but they shut up like clams if a white man comes around.

"People take the Negroes with whom they come in contact. If they're educated they get one view, the Negro as highly educated, apparently refined, and quite a capable man. But the system cannot be successfully followed. The Negro must be studied *en bloc*. The Negro question cannot be confined to a section, nor even to a country.

"There is also the matter of Negro health. It may be that the question will bury itself. The Negro is not the strong healthy man that he was. You will notice that in the good health of old Negroes you see. It is the result of regular lives in their youth. Drunkenness, cocaine, dissipation, immorality, are at work upon younger Negroes, social diseases are cutting down the birth rate. Tuberculosis is playing havoc—and yet not so long before war between the states, a doctor exhibited a Negro with consumption as a curiosity before a medical meeting in Cincinnati. The disease was rarely found then among the race. They were out-of-doors people. But the Negro will not take care of himself. He lives in the present. If it is nothing that will kill him today, why, he does nothing about it. Tomorrow is something else.

"But you asked me when you came if my stories are historically correct," said the Judge, when I was preparing to leave. "And what about the smell of fried catfish that permeates my Vicksburg stories?

"I have always had the ambition that years after I'm gone," he went on, "and people look back at that period of which I write, and want authentic data on it, they can turn to what I did, and they can see what people actually did, and thought, in those times. I never sacrifice the truth to gain dramatic effect.

"As for the catfish locale, and the characters," he said at the door, "you'll find the entire layout, if you just go down toward the river from Washington street, and follow the smell."

When you do this, you step into a queer maze. This-minute-jazz, for instance, rubs elbows with voodoo beliefs. No white man can hope to get head nor tail of it—he only can look at it . . . . Harris Dickson has a better idea of what it all means than any other man, because he came in contact with the life of the maze when he was on the bench. Then, too, he's the friend of these folk; he writes about them, and mingles with them.

They are an odd lot. The old woman, for instance, who never is without her "nation bag," which contains bits of lodestone, and what not—sure preventive of voodoo spells. Her greatest fear is that some evil one will catch her without the bag—and straightway change her into a monkey. Her fears keep her in constant hot water. If you stand upon her sidewalk, and sprinkle a pinch or two of cornmeal, or powder, anywhere between the curb and her front door, she attempts to rout out all the police in the city to put a stop to your voodooistic antics. The police do their best by her, but people are always doing this to torment the old woman.

But when your camera is open, and ready for business, you're alone. Old Negroes, sunning themselves, hobble for the obscurity of their homes at sight of you. They do not want their pictures taken. By way of illustration:

She stood, an aged Negress, upon the sidewalk, a "head handkerchief" adding to her picturesqueness, and with a pipe in her mouth. At sight of the camera, she turned and fled. She stood peering from her half-opened door, and was not to be persuaded into having her picture taken.

"Honey chile," she finally said, "White fo'ks up Nawth read dese nigger stories, an' dat's all right when dey don' see me, but if dey see me wif mah haid rag, an' mah pipe, an' they 'Whuf! Whuf! Whuf!'—laffin' at an ol' nigger ooman—honey baby, Ah jes' doan' want mah picture took."

The smell of frying catfish isn't always present in Negro restaurants, though the fish are favorite Negro food. At times, when the river is at flood stage, there's a scarcity of the fish.

"Then this hyah street, hit's stew street," explained the owner of a catfish stand. "They all goes to stews—an' when hit's hahd times, they do, too.

"Hit was hahd times last Christmas," she went on, "an' Ah cooked a big goose. Well, these niggers come in. an' they asked me to sell 'em a nickel's wuff of goose. They say a nigger won't faint, but Ah like to fainted then."

This Rancher Once Ran a Rattlesnake Store

Concluded from page 11

toward its victim. Like flies, rattlesnakes are viviparous and bring forth their young alive. The first button or rattle is present when the snake is born. Captive rattlesnakes at the age of sixteen months have been found to have six rattles. Subsequently, one or two rattles fall off each time the snake sheds its skin. They are easily injured or broken from the body. The rattles bear no relation whatsoever to the age of the snake.

An amateur hunter has recently perfected a novel puttee which is now the most effective leg armor against rattlers, aside from high leather boots. The interior of this legging is made up of a great number of aluminum links which cover the entire calf of the wearer up above the knee. The exterior of the puttee is heavy canvas. The rattler-armored leggings are light in weight and cool to wear. The writer threw a sharp knife at the leg of the man who was wearing these protective puttees. The knife point struck the armor and bounded back five feet in the direction from which it had come.

A Texas farmer had a crop of valuable wheat on some cutover land which was infested by rattlers. He was afraid to cut the wheat by hand for fear of poisonous snake bites. The stumps prohibited the use of machinery. A professional hunter and trapper chanced to pass that way, heard of the grain grower's predicament and offered his assistance. The farmer gave the hunter the job of clearing the field of rattlers. Around his legs from ankle to thigh, the hunter wrapped the skins of sheep that had not been sheared before being killed. Then armed with two large and razor-edged knives, he entered the grain field. When the rattlers would strike at his legs, their fangs would catch in the dense woollen leggings. It was then easy for him to kill the poisonous snakes with the knives. In a few days, he had cleared the field of rattlesnakes and the farmer was able to save all his seed wheat crop.

Canary Birds Are "Undesirable Immigrants" If They Don't Sing

By S. R. WINTERS

IF YOU own a canary or are contemplating the purchase of one of these song birds, it is of interest to know that during this last fiscal year 182,000 canaries were imported into the United States. This represents an increase of approximately 28,500 more than the number shipped into this country during the previous fiscal year.

Of greater significance than mere numbers is the manner of transporting these song birds and how the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture makes certain that only real singers have their "immigration papers" approved. Canaries, for the most part, are imported from Bremen, Germany, where they are assembled after having been raised by peasants in the Harz Mountains. These are famous for their song. Permits for as many as 17,000 canary birds in different consignments have been issued in one day, and single shipments of more than 3,000 canaries are not uncommon.

Selecting cage birds.

In the Harz Mountains, Germany, or other points where these birds are collected, each bird is placed by itself in a cage. These cages are arranged in tiers comprised of three cages one way and seven cages the other. Then the tiers are placed one above the other, in a crating five feet high secured by strips of wood and protected by canvas. This is the way these birds leave Bremen, Germany, for America, and during the journey across the Atlantic Ocean they are fed and watered daily.

Once the canaries have reached port, an inspector—a representative of the Biological Survey, in this instance—examines the shipment, having the crating taken apart to be positive that only canaries, and healthy ones at that, are being distributed in this country. Then, too, the inspector of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture determines whether or not each canary is true to its representation. That is to say, each cage is placed in a sunny window in the establishment of the importer and if the bird responds immediately by singing it is marked for sale. The birds that are silent when thus treated are reserved for a time until their singing tendencies are made known.

The Place of Sororities in College Life

Concluded from page 9

face the condescending graciousness of their fellow townspeople who have got in. Many others slip quietly into much the same groove that would have claimed them had they made the Promised Land. The really big ones among the relict set out to be somebody in spite of the "Greeks." A few do this hoping for a belated bid but more do it because good, much-maligned pride has come to their rescue.

"It takes more real stuff to be somebody on the campus outside a frat than in one," was the way a senior put it to me the other day. He had been rushed and dropped as a freshman but by the time he was a junior he might, had he wished, have joined any fraternity on the campus.

"If you're in, your crowd backs you but if you're out you've got to go it alone. Gee, it almost knocked me out when I didn't make it. I'd figured so sure on dad's old crowd, you see. I wouldn't go back home but I was about all in when one day the prof gave us a little spiel about a quotation from Montaigne and the thing got to me somehow, by gad. This is all it was: 'A wise man loses nothing if he but save himself.' I knew after that that I could go it alone."

Possibly colleges like Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Chicago, where sororities do not exist, are fortunate and undoubtedly more democratic. A Vassar graduate, the young wife of a professor here at B———, said recently, "There is more real democracy to the square foot at my alma mater than there is on this whole campus." In truth at Vassar and Bryn Mawr and many other women's colleges where sororities are not found, wealth and social position of parents do not count in the social activities and the life of the college.

At great coeducational institutions like Cornell and Michigan the fine residence halls for women have introduced a new and wholesome element into the social life. Residence in these endowed halls is based upon scholarship and personality and admission is considered an honor. Prominent visitors are entertained frequently and these organizations are in intimate contact with the finest things a college affords. The cause of democracy among women in these universities has been greatly furthered by these large groups of superior women; selected on an absolutely democratic basis and recognized as independent groups in all university activities.

Some Modes of the Moment

Paris Couturiers and Mannequins Make a Supreme Effort to Cajole Americans to Buy

By LEONORA RAINES

PARIS, August—Again has the mountain been in travail, had a very "bad time," and—brought forth a mouse! In other words, Paris has put it over once more on an innocent and unsuspecting public by holding all sorts of conferences, employing all sorts of schemes to mystify, keeping women and men at bay while she was preparing her autumn styles. She needn't have gone to such trouble, for the few new ideas are not worth it. But goods are so lovely, the pictures the mannequins make as they float in and out of rooms so pretty, that only the experienced eye notes the same old fashions greeting her. Another case of old wine in new bottles.

The mannequin clad in the rich things does all she can to throw sand in the eyes of her employer's patrons, which just now are the American commissioners, since all Paris is on a vacation and no one left in the city, save those who cross the ocean to buy new clothes for their houses, wants to be reminded of winter things. The number of United States merchants runs high this year, but for some reason or other not as high as usual. For the next fortnight the establishments here will be occupied with orders for overseas, then the whole firm will relax and take a breath of air before the real autumn patrons return from villégiature (the country).

The *couturier* (ladies' tailor) has invested, all told, about $40,000 in his new layout. He generally gets this back from the foreign commissioners, then his autumn and winter trade makes his margin for him. Of the 250 models, at the end of another month, perhaps, the number will simmer down to seventy-five. All the dressmakers want to make a great blow-out, and if each did not have a dazzling number, then it would look like a lack of prosperity in the place. A large per cent of the dresses are no earthly good except to awaken the drowsy spectators and get them ready for what is coming.

Some Extremes in Style

THE parade this year is not unlike that of other years. Twice a day the mannequins are the center of attraction, and to one uninitiated in the psychology of reserved seaters, it would appear that many of the commissioners look more at mannequins than what the mannequins wear. And the young women would satisfy the eye of the average person, surely. In the old days, mannequins were chosen for height and grace. Now, most of them are petite. *Couturiers* know that their cuts are not for the dignified, sedate person, so they pick their builds in accordance with their styles.

There is not even a new wrinkle as to headdress. The "hair tower" used to be part of the show, but the dab of hair fashionable could not be anything but funny and childish. The late-lamented Margot used to be famous for the pile of hair on top of her head. It reached a foot above the brow and lay in a mass of gold waves, though everyone knew that both the waves and the gold were false. At present, and for some time to come, shorn and shaven heads are and will be *en règle* (in order).

In some cases the hair is cut so close and the front smoothed back so flat that we are reminded of a "scared cat." Geraldine Farrar was the one who introduced the plain, straight-back style, and now all Paris is mad over it. To those who can wear the *garçon* (boyish) effect and so do away with the once-considered "crown of glory," the shingle and severity are fascinating. In many cases, the small head, which is the smart head, goes well with the short, narrow, schoolgirl effect of the silhouette. The mannequin, of course, is sweet in the razored head, just as young things are sweet in almost any style, but I may state that an army of middle-aged women have adopted the shingle and it is very flattering.

The big houses—Drecoll, Worth, Martial and Armand, Patou, Doucet, Bernard, Callot—all show more or less the same ideas. Detail marks the only difference. All vie with each other in sumptuousness and richness, and after a spectator has visited, say, a dozen houses in a week, his head is reeling.

Really, of the houses mentioned and a dozen more, I see little difference in their wares. All are exclusive, beautiful, wonderful in coloring, simple to a fault, yet a simplicity that calls for a master hand. I think the very factor of no new ideas is in favor of the *couturier,* and speaks for his sincerity and good sense. Women like the styles that have prevailed the past year, so why should they change? A big change means a radical one, and with the expense of material, the public at large would balk at this.

Sometimes we are led to believe designers and *couturiers* are indifferent to or make fun of the public in the cuts they introduce. Such is not the case. The public wants a change, it cannot speak its mind, and the powers that be try to make suggestions. Often they fall down desperately, as we all know, but generally they are right. Incongruous as present-day dress is, it is only a reflection of the public mind. Women adore short skirts; they will have nothing else than loose blouses and corsetless lines; a wide skirt would be in their way; they like the air to waft about neck and arms. *Voilà!*

Since almost everyone is calling for abbreviated skirts, I have seen nothing else at openings. Skirts now escape the ground by twelve or fourteen inches, and in many cases play about the hollow of the knee. They are so narrow that an opening must come in the way of a slit at the side or back, or the opening must be made under a plait. The folding skirt gives room for the proverbial short step, for these days women do not walk. They mince and squint when they put one foot before another. When a woman gets in earnest, however, as she does when running for a car or to get out of the line of a motor, by instinct she pulls up the garment called skirt and away she goes, indifferent to what curious eyes may say.

The waistline is sane in most cases, but when there is a swathed belt it is well over the hips. These belts are often in soft red leather, or of metal, and come together in a motif which may be mother-of-pearl or enamel. The belt never interferes with the long line which looks as though it meant to stay with us, since every woman yearns to be tall, lean, and lank, and the elongated line helps things mightily. The queer idea is that while skirts are tube-like and skin-tight, from hips up the effect is loose and almost untidy.

Many of the evening frocks, which seem destined for the stage, are trimmed elaborately in ostrich feathers, in jeweled effects, such as bunches of *paillettes* (spangles) or iridescent pearls and beads. Long loops and pendants of white beads hang like a fringe, and one dress seen at the house of Bernard looked like a snow scene, in its spangles, bugles, and bead fringe over chiffon—all pure white. To relieve the white or delicate colors, a colored scarf is often used, and this same scarf idea is carried out in wraps, in street and afternoon dresses and frequently is the only trimming a dress shows.

Was there ever a *couturier* collection that did not exploit navy, black or brown? We see these everywhere. Black-and-white combinations are popular, but they are always in the autumn, and as for black, it is beloved in Paris in and out of season. This year black is seen in dresses, but not in coats. Last spring the best wraps were black, but no more. Prevailing dress tints are browns and reds—modifications of both. In the latter we have flame, ruby, fuschia, orchid, brick. In the former, there is a still wider range in buff, beige, chaudron, amber, and dense brown. The brown most popular is that known as *noisette* which is a soft, lovely tone, universally becoming.

As for materials, the soft, alluring, velvety ones are best in wool. The seductive duvetyne is still here, also its cousin *velour de pêche.* Cloth will again have followers. For afternoon and evening, the most *recherche* (sought after) is ottoman, not only the fine rep but the very coarse. *Couturiers* seem to favor the ottoman, and they are right, for it is wonderful in any dye and makes any robe rich and luxuriant. Crepe de chine, crepe Georgette, a few taffetas, these lead, with chiffon to trim. Much fur is put on everything, and is dyed salmon, red, pink, brown—indeed no shade escapes it.

A peculiarity in trimming noticeable in all large houses is a fine line running down in front or back—often nothing but a tiny cord of *soutache,* finishing at the waistline in an embroidered medallion or one in the jeweled medallions mentioned. Frequently, one side of a dress is quite unlike the other side. Gold metal has become a craze. It is made into laces, into pockets, into entire blouses. At Martial's and Armand's, at Drecoll's, at Callot's, in fact in various places, I saw blouses almost reaching to the hem of skirt in the gold metal, sometimes with no trimming save a dab of color.

Hats and Gloves

SURELY there is nothing to the present Paris hat, and whether it will stand the winter through is a problem. There is simply nothing to the little excuse of headgear, and yet women will have nothing else. Can it be that the sartorial world is lazy, tired of dressing up and pleasing the public? We all realize that a well-dressed woman is a hard-worked woman, and maybe the feminine portion of a community demands a vacation. Milliners in Paris wring their hands over it all when customers throw a big, trimmed hat in their faces, but nothing is to be done.

No veils, no plumes, no flowers, no nothing, save a silly little ribbon fastened across or around the crown. The bell shape is even smaller than it was months ago, and is falling farther over the eyes. The black is best, in soft felt, though surely when autumn really appears, shades of brown will be ordered. I go from milliner to milliner, and see absolutely nothing to write of, for everywhere are the tiny felt shapes with only a suggestion of trimming.

The jeweled craze has struck gloves, and I am shown gloves that are all gauntlet, the latter finished in coarse white embroidery with tassels, and I have noticed mother-of-pearl worked into the gauntlet. The black kid is the thing, embroidered in white or cream, or in black with colored threads.

As for shoes, America is the place for shoes—shoes and hose. Shoes in Paris look very pretty, but those not made in American factories here are rough on the feet. The best we see are *décolleté*—cut low across instep and ankle, in many cases nothing but glorified sandals. Only the narrow leather bands keep them on the feet. Black shoes and flesh-colored hose have been very *chic* all summer, but just now it is the bronze shoe with pink hose.

An International Congress of Mathematicians

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE popular idea that the college professor enjoys long vacations undisturbed by any work connected with his profession is a delusion. In fact, during the vacation period the scientists are largely making the most of the opportunity to advance the cause of learning.

Another type of professional activity is involved in the congresses and associations which meet during the vacation periods. The American Association for the Advancement of Science regularly meets during the Christmas holidays, and so do national societies of mathematicians, philologists, historians, and chemists. For international gatherings the summer is chosen, as it enables the participation of widely separated groups of scholars.

During the week August 11 to August 16 just past, an International Congress of Mathematicians met for the first time in America at Toronto. The name "international" was in this case slightly a misnomer, as Germans and Austrians were excluded. However, to the credit of the mathematicians, be it said that arrangements were concluded at the meeting to insure the participation of Germans and Austrians in the next congress, four years hence. Two great American universities declined to participate in this congress because of the exclusion. Mathematics and science are truly international and advance has been due to the co-operative efforts of Europeans and Americans, to Orientals and Occidentals, to intelligence without respect to clime or time.

Wide Field of Activities

THIS congress devoted particular attention to the engineering and practical application of mathematics, and was subdivided into sections whose designations are somewhat technical. The sections were:

1. Algebra, Theory of Numbers, Analysis
2. Geometry
3. (a) Mechanics, Mathematical Physics
    (b) Astronomy, Geophysics
4. (a) Electrical, and so forth, Engineering
    (b) Aeronautics, Naval Architecture, Ballistics, Radiotelegraphy
5. Statistics, Actuarial Science, Economics
6. History, Philosophy, Didactics

At a real mathematical conference when one man reads a paper, as a rule, out of fifty men present one or two really know what it is about. However, all look wise and await the printed paper to really examine carefully the contribution. During an international congress the situation is further complicated by the language problem. Practically all scientists read French and German but few Americans speak either with ease or understand the rapid-fire French of the native Frenchman. Occasionally one can see a distinguished mathematician taking a nap during some paper, quite as people do in church during a long sermon.

At the Toronto conference, in deference to the presence of engineers and physicists, more attention was paid to popular exposition. The theory of relativity occupied a prominent place on the program of the congress as well as of the British Association for the Advancement of Science which met simultaneously in Toronto. The application of mathematics to the development of naval architecture and to aeronautical problems was extensively discussed. From the mathematical standpoint the movements of a body in water or in the air are analogous problems In consequence, the theory of ship construction, of submarines and of airplanes have much in common. In fact, the problems of the projectile, the flight of a bullet, are also mathematically connected with the submarine and airplane. Real advance is now being made in all of these fields by the consideration of the equations and formulas involved in the movements of such bodies.

Similarly sound and light and electricity are fundamentally connected from the mathematical standpoint. One of the most striking papers of the conference was concerned with the aurora borealis. The author, Sturmer of Norway, began with certain simple (?) equations connected with a magnetic field. The results of the mathematical consideration demonstrated that with a given type of magnetic field strange lights would be concentrated in certain areas about the magnetic poles, corresponding to the northern lights. Then the experimental verification consisted in taking a magnetic globe and producing with it beautiful phenomena entirely similar to the northern lights. By observation stations in Northern Norway, the height of the northern lights was established as commonly about 100 kilometers (162 miles) above the earth's surface, rarely lower.

Insurance, economics and statistics were also the subject of extensive discussion in this mathematical congress. Strange to say the premium which one pays for a life insurance policy is the subject of most elaborate computations. More than that, one can truly say that the price of a street-car fare hinges on mathematical formulas. In modern industry replacement of machinery constitutes a major difficulty in estimating costs. It is perfectly evident that to take a ride on the street car it is not necessary for the passenger to pay for the car. Nor indeed must it be paid in one year. However, out of the humble nickel (Detroit, six cents) some money must be set aside to pay for a new street car after twenty or thirty years. Here the mathematician enters and tells how much money must be put aside each year to accumulate at compound interest to replace the car.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Eight mountains in British Columbia have been discovered and ascended by a University of Chicago professor and a New York engineer. One of the peaks, yet unnamed, ranks among the highest in the Canadian Northwest.

A fifty-foot waterspout near the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor traveled along from the south end of Governors Island to the north end, where it sheered off toward the United States Barge Office and broke up with a dull boom near Castle Williams. A steam lighter in the path of the waterspout lost the greater part of her deckload of lumber when the waterspout hit.

Canned whale meat has become an established commodity among the Negroes of the West Coast of Africa, where the entire 1923 pack of British Columbia was sold.

Beavers repaired a dam near Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, that was two hundred feet wide and from four to ten feet deep. Farmers and fishermen had considered repairing it but had been deterred because of the expense involved.

When the discontinuance of the Fox & Illinois Union Electric Railway threatened the prosperity of the farmers in Kendall and Grundy counties, Illinois, the farmers bought the railway at junk prices to market their produce.

In China the doctor receives his fee for keeping the patient well. When the patient gets sick, the physician's fees stop until the patient is on his feet again.

Herds of muskox are reported within a day's run of the north shore of Great Slave Lake.

It is believed that within a few years the northern part of Alberta will be stocked with an animal which is a cross breed between the buffalo and the domestic cow, these animals, upon which extensive experiments have already been made, proving well adapted to the northern winter.

On the top floor of the New York Cotton Exchange Building in the Cotton Board room is a large map of the United States on which current weather conditions are kept posted. News of storms, hot and cold spells and rainfall are marked on the map which influences the cotton trading.

Galvanized steel sheets are being used as barriers to stop the ravages of locusts in the agricultural regions of Argentina. The sheets are erected by farmers who dig ditches in front of the barriers, into which the marching locusts accumulate and are destroyed.

A grove of giant redwood trees in Kettintelbe, California, was dedicated to the memory of the late Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior and an advocate of forest conservation.

The silk worm demands that the mulberry leaves on which it feeds shall contain the exact amount of moisture which its system requires, plus the amount which it disposes of through the pores of its skin. The leaf should contain about sixty-five per cent moisture.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

The statue of George Rogers Clark, the cut of which appeared in our July 19 issue, was given to the University of Virginia, by an alumnus, Paul Goodloe McIntire.

Citizens of Australia who do not vote at federal elections must pay a ten-dollar fine for their negligence.

Because of the chestnut blight now prevalent throughout the country it is feared that within ten years the chestnuts will vanish from America. The United States Bureau of Foreign Plant Introduction is endeavoring to acclimate certain blight-resisting species of chestnut from China and Japan to replace our native trees.

In Sweden, before telephone poles are planted they are drilled longitudinally with a small center hole, and then the opening at the bottom is plugged. The hole runs to a point about one foot above ground. A small side hole is drilled aslant to meet the center hole and creosote oil is poured in the center hole every two or three years.

Certain kinds of flowers are affected by music. Where there is a steady volume of sound for long periods during the day certain sensitive blossoms develop a leaning tendency away from the direction from which the music comes.

The smallest fish in the world are the gobies of Lake Buhi in the Philippine Islands. They are only half an inch long when mature. They are eaten fried when freshly caught and pressed into cakes and dried when the market is overstocked.

Spider webs are used for the cross hairs on surveyors' telescopes. The web is taken from the insects by allowing them to drop from a loom. As they drop the web is wound on the spool and stored for future use.

Ts'ai-lun, a Chinese, made the first paper from the bark of a mulberry tree in A. D. 75.

No rain has fallen in Central Australia for a period of three years.

Imitation pearls are being made in America from fish scales.

Papyrus, the plant reed that more than two thousand years ago supplied the world with its principal writing materials, is again being used in the manufacture of paper. Mills are being built in Africa and the pith of the papyrus will be treated in somewhat the same manner as the modern wood pulp.

In talking over the telephone if one talks with the lips six inches from the transmitter it is equivalent to inserting another two hundred miles of line between the speaker and the listener.

The Maharajah of Alwar has replaced his royal coach with a modern luxurious automobile mounted on a chassis that has a wheel base of one hundred seventy-eight inches.

Experts in the United States Army have invented a method of vulcanizing rubber which makes it three times lighter than cork. Aviation life preserving suits are being made of this material, according to an article in *Popular Mechanics.*

Pythons and boa constrictors are purchased by the yard by museums.

Oxford and Cambridge universities are embarrassed by the great number of wealthy young Americans who are applying for admission in October. For the most part these young graduates are sons of wealthy parents who desire to spend a few months in Europe and have no serious intentions of studying. However, these universities welcome gladly those Americans who wish to follow the regular degree courses and who will study hard to win their degrees.

When a United States District Attorney came out of a New York City judge's chambers recently a woman seized him by the arm, saying, "Now, come along with me and get your flag and a copy of the Constitution." The woman was connected with some Americanization organization and had been sent to court to help along the work of making new citizens good citizens.

Government pigeons are being taught to fly at night. Flocks of these birds find their way home to their electrically lighted loft on the darkest night as speedily as in the daytime. Ships and aircraft are being equipped with pigeons.

A group of Armenians plan to erect a funicular railway up the slopes of Mount Ararat, the mighty snow-clad summit of which at an altitude of 17,055 feet marks the dividing line between Armenia, Turkey and Persia. They plan to make it a sort of "Pike's Peak" pleasure resort and will charge a small fee for making the ascent to the summit from which an excellent view can be had of the entire Caucasus region.

"No man can produce great things unless he is thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself."—*Lowell.*

A motorcycle engine in a glider traveled ninety miles without a mishap in England.

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Who Spilled the Beans at Lompoc?

Dabbling in the Supernatural
Where the Prince of Wales Lives
Black Africa's Unifying Force
Former Home of Edgar Allan Poe
Vermont and Its Marble Quarries
A Blind Doctor of Philosophy

OF THE
OCT 6 1924
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

NEXT WEEK

Tobacco and the Human Body

By Professor Irving Fisher

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Viewing Germany Under a Microscope

Unbiased Discussion of the Financial Situation for the "Fed-Up" Public; How the Mark Was Headed Down and Where It Finally Landed

By WALTER M. WOLFF

BERLIN, July 23—So much has been said and written during the last few years about post-war Germany, and so little real explanation has been offered concerning her problems, her people, and her thoughts about herself and others, that the people of the United States are justifiably tired of the whole business

"What really is true and what is not concerning German problems?" they ask. "What actually is the matter with Germany or is there anything the matter with her?"

The American people have indeed been told a great many things about Germany. Very few of the multitude of statements have emanated from German spokesmen. France has repeatedly told us what Germany is and is not supposed to do. England has tried to tell us what is wrong with the Teutons and what should be done to remedy matters. Innumerable American and foreign correspondents have told us that this, that, or the other thing is right or wrong but strange as it may seem, these individuals rarely agree on any particular point in their statements concerning German problems. Hence the nonplussed attitude manifested throughout the United States by Mr. Average Reader.

The Dawes Plan

THE biggest and perhaps the most popular of the world's politico-economic attractions of the present day is the Dawes Plan. On one particular concerning it we may consider the atmosphere as clarified. Germany has accepted the Dawes Plan and has signified her intentions of carrying out as far as possible its many stipulations.

But does Germany *favor* the Dawes Plan?

Would she have accepted it had there been some other alternative?

No. Germany accepted the Dawes program because it offered a way out of the hopeless economic muddle into which she had got herself. In the eyes of Germany, the Dawes Plan is nothing more nor less than a sugar-coated quinine pill.

Ambassador Houghton has likened the plan to a new suit of clothes containing some excellent material but requiring many alterations before it will fit the customer.

Dr. Marx compares the new program unfavorably to the Treaty of Versailles in many respects. Official Germany is inclined to regard the refusal to allow the German delegates to take part in the entire negotiations as a return to Versailles methods.

It was easy enough for the German Reichstag to vote acceptance of the plan after considerable preliminary argument and harangue. The real fun will begin when the Reichstag begins to pass the necessary laws that shall put the new program into effect. The German Communists, who are the majority of the working class, are absolutely opposed to it because they foresee that the burden of the taxes and obligations which are placed upon Germany under the Dawes Plan will fall principally on their backs.

The Nationalists of the Reich, who compose to a large extent the manufacturers, industrial barons, and landowners, are morally opposed to it because they see in its stipulations the complete "fleecing" of their country by the foreign powers—hair, skin, and all. The industrialists, of course, are also materially against the plan because they already see the clear road of financial burdens leading directly into their own personal pockets.

One of the most interesting and perplexing problems of recent years—one which has never been clearly explained to the American people and which is still a veritable mystery to the world at large—is the gigantic German inflation graft. Every American citizen, no doubt, has been sufficiently well informed by this time concerning Germany's "financial embarrassment"—her lack of working capital.

"A Fraudulent Bankrupt"

GERMAN business men are combing the globe for funds with which to stave off, as they allege, sheer bankruptcy.

Well and good, *but who profited scarcely a year ago by the unparalleled game played with Germany's money?* Somebody certainly did. Money itself is, of course, not wealth in the true sense, but the extraordinary manipulation of it has resulted in a transference of wealth—*to somebody.*

Are the Germans really rich or are they poor and who are these "rich" Germans we so often read and hear about, who can afford to splurge in foreign climes while the world is led to believe most Germans are poor as the familiar church mice? Were the German industrialists to blame? And were the profiteers German in race or heart?

Dr. Marx says, "Our industrialists are German, love Germany, and serve Germany *according to their light.* What motive or interest could they have in dishonoring her; in despoiling her; in spreading misery and desperation among her people? They have their ideas about government and policy, as have the rest of us. But they are not seditionists and they are not trying to establish an industrial tyranny."

The good doctor, bless his heart, must not be taken too seriously in these matters. He undoubtedly has good intentions and it is not easy to be German chancellor or head spokesman in these "poverty-stricken" days. But quite unintentionally, perhaps, he speaks the absolute truth in his first sentence. The German industrialists certainly served Germany "according to *their* light" during the inflation period! And a most delightful period it was, to be sure. Too bad it couldn't last indefinitely.

The great German inflation mystery will now be unraveled and the causes and effects of the big swindle will be fully explained and discussed. Meanwhile, Germany is looking for some "kind friend" with considerable ready cash who may condescend to part with some of the latter so that she (Germany) may keep going, commercially. If several kind friends apply—why, the more the merrier! Her position is much like the man who wills his "earthly property" to his wife and who then goes around, hat in hand and with pockets empty, seeking loans from the would-be good Samaritans of the world. The chief difficulty just now seems to be the incredible lack all over the world of "good" Samaritans.

Without stretching the elastic band of truth to the snapping point, we may make the following definite statement:

"Guilty of depreciation of currency by means of inflation and guilty of repudiation, Germany actually stands before the world a fraudulent bankrupt after having perpetrated the greatest swindle in the history of man and money."

The blowing up of the German mark and the unparalleled manipulation of wealth in Germany during the inflation period is not new to the American people. They know something was "pulled over" that smacked very much of the almost unbelievable—the impossible. What they do not know sufficiently and what they would really like to know is: How was this alleged enormous wealth created in Germany with an ever-depreciating medium of exchange? *Who really profited?*

Those Responsible

IN ANSWERING directly the question, "Who profited?" we may say, frankly, the fraud was engineered by certain officials, industrialists, bankers, and politicians in Germany, and through the dishonesty they have practiced since the revolution in 1918 they have enriched themselves and a horde of speculators and profiteers by wholesale defrauding of governments and individuals. The German industrialists, therefore, together with the bankers, politicians, public officials, and other equally guilty culprits, are directly responsible for stripping the German people of the last few pennies still in their possession after the defeat of war.

It is truly remarkable how little of the real story of the inflation-repudiation swindle gets beyond the borders of the German Reich. German bankers, industrialists, officials, and so on, vehemently deny all guilt in bringing on the depreciation of the mark. They protest vigorously against having derived enormous profits from the inflation of the national currency. The knaves, on the contrary, actually believe they have been grossly wronged because they were accused by the German people at large of being on par with criminals. The people of Germany's middle class, especially, although today too poor and too weak to make their grievances heard much above a faint whisper, feverishly point the finger of accusation at one and the same clique—Jews and Gentiles alike: the human bloodsuckers of Germany, the selfsame crowd of industrialists, political leaders, and others to whom we have made reference before.

But Chancellor Marx, sincere, philosophically inclined statesman that he may be otherwise, says to the world at large:

"Our industrialists are German, love Germany, and serve Germany *according to their light . . . .*"

"Ha!" thinks the German profiteer, "I've gone and done something pretty clever now, and nobody really knows how I did it. Well, of course, I'm "flat" now . . . ., outside of my estate, my automobiles, my factory equipment, my dollar account in America, my franc account in Switzerland, and so on, but I presume the less said about the latter, the better."

Spilling the Beans

SOMEHOW, however, the foreign newspapers spilled the worthy gentlemen's beans by very impolitely publishing such "shocking" reports as: "The waves of Teutonic tourists which have spread over France, Spain, and Italy in recent months have now begun to touch the shores of England . . . . With the Rentenmark worth more than a shilling it is no surprise to Londoners to see the visitors from beyond the Rhine lifting their glasses of champagne in the most expensive night clubs, tripping the light fantastic in the ballrooms of the big hotels or having their ample anatomies measured in the famous tailoring establishments along Savile Row and Sackville street, where German customers have been few and far between since the early summer of 1914."

But how do they do it? Where do they get the "necessary wherewith"? That is the question. Now for the answer.

Back in 1920, when the inflation period in Germany first began to assume importance and the German mark slowly but surely slipped an additional cog from day to day, the "wise Alecs" among the German business interests immediately began to desert the paper mark and to determine their prices on a stable basis. They clung to the old gold mark as a standard of value or basis of computation and adjusted their prices accordingly. In other words, they were careful never to lose sight of the "gold" value of their merchandise, despite the fluctuations of the paper currency or the inflated value of their goods in terms of paper marks.

At the outset of the inflation period, the "wise ones" referred to above were the exception rather than the rule, but their ranks soon swelled to enormous proportions, chiefly among the well-informed, major business and financial circles who at all times keep in close touch with the government and so influence the latter that they are always sure of receiving special dispensation and consideration. But to continue.

Where the Mark Went

WHILE the German mark was heading down the incline, the German merchant, particularly the exporter and manufacturer, was very careful to take payments for his wares *only* in foreign currency—dollars preferred, but English pounds, Dutch gulden, lire, and francs acceptable. The time finally came, as the world at large knows, when a dollar in Germany would buy almost anything the heart desired. The small merchants of the country and the people themselves, unschooled in sound business ethics as well as in financial trickery, were remarkably slow in waking up to the true situation—the fact that their old marks had lost all semblance of their former prestige and value and were doomed to certain disaster.

Even when German marks were still being quoted at 1,000 for a dollar, the average German confidently believed that "now then, it *can't* go any farther!" The consensus of opinion among the German people was that the high-water mark had certainly been reached and soon the recession would begin and their venerable "Reichsmark" would be deflated back to normalcy once more. But German "Big Finance"? Get the mark back to normalcy, did we say? Nothing was farther remote from the minds of the "wise ones" than just this. Not while they saw in the further depreciation of the national currency the opportunity of milking some real cream!

The mark continued to slip and slide—nay, it literally drowned itself, and our friends, the Preferred Class, soon basked in the warm sunshine of prosperity and a fountain of wealth gushed forth refreshingly right under their noses. But what did they do with this easily got gain? A goodly part of it went immediately into new buildings, canals, ships, electric and steam lines, mansions, factories, industrial equipment of every sort, and so forth, with the result that German industry today is, materially, second to none in the world.

The building trade was, of course, at a standstill in Germany during the inflation period, but one can easily understand how the German profiteer, the world market at his feet due to matchless prices and real money flowing into his coffers all the while, could afford to set up expensive edifices faster than pup tents in spite of all. Boiled down to the brine, the get-rich-quick plan in Teutonia worked something like this:

"Getting Wise"

WE WILL say, for example, a German exporter suddenly finds himself doing an enormous business; he has orders enough in advance to last him for the next twelve or twenty-four months. He decides to quote his prices only in terms of *stable* marks reconverted into the prevailing official quotation, at the time of a particular transaction, for paper marks. Of course, he is very careful to take final payment only in foreign currency inasmuch as he is given to understand that he must pay for his raw products with actual, "hard" money also. If the "Ausland" refused to take depreciating German marks, well and good; he would give and take—foreign currency, to the complete satisfaction of both parties concerned.

Finally, the German people, too, began to "get wise" and they bought foreign exchange whenever they could, as well as investing a considerable portion of their savings on the stock market. German manufacturers soon found they could secure capital almost at will; money began to flow on the stock market like water in the river and the German commercial world rejoiced in the sudden boom. The paper mark, however, remained the legal tender of the country much to the sorrow and disadvantage of the great multitude of the German people who were not "in" on the fat end of the nation's purse. German industrialists took advantage of the situation and paid their employes in paper marks, *being very careful not to pay too much*: that is, advancing very slowly with wage increases although the purchasing power of the mark decreased rapidly.

As time wore on, the German "Preferred Class" found they needed more and more capital; their appetite for profits grew almost insatiable. The necessary funds were by no means lacking. By rewatering his stock at frequent intervals, the German industrialist had already received credit to overflowing; now the Reichsbank came to his aid and what happened then will be explained in a concluding article.

Looking Beyond the Veil in Spiritland

How Materializing "Mediums" Bamboozle Their Credulous Clients

By JOHN SLOAN

SOME rather ironical philosopher, I think his name was Voltaire, has said that the supernatural is merely the natural that men do not understand. A large and growing number of persons who live by their wits have capitalized this lack of understanding on the part of the majority of the people of the world, shrouded their schemes in mystery, and are daily mulcting the public of thousands of dollars, giving nothing except baseless hopes and worthless promises in return. These swindlers in the supernatural are the horde of mediums, clairvoyants, palmists, crystal gazers, and fortune tellers of a dozen varieties who infest our cities, keep our police busy with their trickery, and, not infrequently, furnish the traps by which wealthy men and women are lured into the hands of confidence men and other sharpers.

There are, according to the best figures obtainable in 1924, approximately 120.000 of these dealers in mystery in the United States. That is to say that, for every thousand of population in this country, there is at least one person claiming in some form or another to be able to reveal the secrets of worlds other than this to mortal men. It is further estimated that each one of these 120.000 is making a living—that is to say, at least $1.000 a year—from the people of the United States. This means that Americans are paying a minimum of $120,000,000 annually for nothing. In all probability, according to figures supplied to the writer by a number of police departments, welfare organizations, psychological societies, and so on, the actual sum is twice or three times this amount.

On the opposite side of the ledger it may be stated as a fact that the only thing we know about the spirit world is that we *KNOW* nothing about it. We may *think*, and *believe*, and have all the *faith* in the world, but when all the evidence has been analyzed, the most intelligent, the best-trained, and the most accurate students of spiritual affairs admit that they *know* nothing. Of all the persons —usually called "mediums"—who claim to have knowledge of the spiritual or the supernatural, or who have delivered messages from the spiritual world to the physical world in which we live, there is not one who at some time or another has not been caught in fraud. The discovery of dishonesty in one action of a person pretending to have received and transmitted communications from the spirit world, opens all the actions of such a person to the suspicion of fraud, with the general result that all such communications or messages are today under a cloud of deception, due to previous instances of dishonesty on the part of the mediums receiving them, and are of doubtful value.

One of the greatest "magicians," or conjurers of modern times, who is now touring the United States, has had deposited with one of the largest banks of New York City for more than ten years the sum of $1,000, gold, to be given to the clairvoyant, medium, crystal gazer, or other worker in the supernatural, who can do anything by supernatural or spiritual aid, so called, which the conjurer cannot duplicate by material means. The only condition attached to this offer is that the conjurer shall be allowed to see the medium make the materialization, or do whatever other act that medium selects as a test, in such light and under such conditions as the medium may dictate; and that, after the medium has completed his or her demonstration, the conjurer be allowed to duplicate the materialization or whatever the work may be, first under the same conditions, and then again in broad daylight. The object of the daylight provision is, of course, the complete exposure of the medium.

In all the decade that this offer has been standing—and the writer knows that it is bona fide—not one medium or clairvoyant ever has come forward to attempt to win the prize. The writer has seen this magician duplicate, in the dark or in subdued light, the materializations, the table tappings, the slate writings, the spirit pictures, produced by one of the most widely known mediums in this country. Immediately after duplicating these supposedly supernatural productions of this medium, in the dark, the conjurer turned up the lights, and did all the work over again in the light, exposing trick by trick as mere legerdemain, not all of it so clever as the work of the average sleight-of-hand performer behind the footlights.

The deceptions by which the American people are looted of millions of dollars every year by these tricksters may be divided, roughly, into four classes: Fortune telling, including palmistry and crystal gazing; slate writing, and communications from the spirit world through the mouth of a trance-medium; reading and answering of sealed letters written by the gullible; and the materialization from the spirit world of men, women and children who have passed out of this world.

Above—Faked photography as an aid to spiritualistic jugglery. Below—Two exponents of the cult of the supernatural who came in conflict with the law. Left—Madam May Eberwein; right—Madam M. A. Hendrickson.

Though their fees are the lowest, it is probable that the fortune tellers get the lion's share of the money paid for this chicanery by the people of the United States. It is one of the wise provisions of Nature, God, Destiny, or whatever we may wish to call that power which rules the Universe, that no man knows his own future. The desire to know something which no one else knows prompts men and women to pay their money to be deceived by tricksters who claim to be able to tell what lies beyond the curtain of tomorrow. Playing cards, palm reading, and crystal gazing are the three most popular means of "searching the future." Obviously, the fixed figures of a deck of playing cards can know nothing of the past and less of the future, unless it be when properly played in a poker game. Yet for hundreds of years men and women have believed in the augury of the cards, handled and "read" by persons of such apparent ignorance that their advice would not be taken except on the authority of the turn of a card, whose face neither the fortune teller, nor the one whose fortune is being told, could see. This method of separating the public from its money is rapidly going out, except in the foreign quarters of our large cities.

Palmistry is based on the position, depth, length, and configuration of the lines in the palm of the hand, and on the size and shape of the so-called "mountains" between these lines, and the raised portions of the fingers between the joints. Monkeys have similar lines and raised areas in their paws, and the future of a monkey can be as accurately foretold from his paw as from the hand of a human being. The real purpose of the lines in the hand is to increase the sense of touch by making little valleys and ridges which enlarge the area of the surface of the palm, thereby augmenting the amount of skin, filled with tiny nerve terminals, which comes in contact with anything the hand touches. By going in different directions, these lines help us to feel the character of the surface of anything that we touch. The delicate termini of the tactual nerves are placed to the greatest advantage in the so-called "mounts" of Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, and so on. Since even Omnipotence never has been able to make two mountains without a valley between them, Nature found it necessary to make the creases in the palm which the palmists call the "head, heart and life lines." These lines also assist in the folding of the skin when the hand grasps an object.

The writer recently discovered that by careful working with an ivory paper-cutter, he could deepen, lengthen and broaden the lines in the palm of his hand, and that by gentle massage, he could raise the mountains on that hand considerably above their normal level. This seemed like altering the future, or changing predestination, or trifling with fate, or something unnatural in the supernatural like that, so, clasping a silver dollar in my left hand, I went to a celebrated palmist, offering her the hand and the dollar. I received in return an elaborate future, involving an approaching marriage—to which my good wife of twenty years objected most strenuously —and the amount of money which I would earn in the next twelve months. It was an alluring sum, and I immediately felt favorably inclined toward the glassy-eyed dame of uncertain age and antecedents who so cast my manual horoscope. This was the future as outlined by my hand in its pristine condition, merely well washed, a precaution which I learned from the palmist was unnecessary, since "no effort of man could conceal the facts which the palm reveals."

Thereafter I went home and devoted much of the next three days to working on my "life lines" with the paper cutter, and to elevating the mountains of the planets by massage with the other and still innocent hand. When I had added to each line and to each mountain enough of depth and length and width and height to change my future as much as I believed it should be altered, I took another dollar from the family purse and went to another palmist. My work was a perfect success, and I received another and entirely different fortune. Thus, I had two futures before me, without the ability to choose either one. I determined to have a third, and, giving the hand a week's rest, I worked up only one hillock, the "Mount of Venus," just at the base of the thumb, and altered one line, that of "life." This won for me a third and still different future fortune from a third and different palmist. It seems to me that this simple experiment, which any one can perform, shows the value of palmistry as a key to the future.

Fortune telling by crystal gazing —staring fixedly into a clear glass globe, a bowl filled with water, a pan of mercury, or at some other clear and smooth surface, on which images are supposed to appear—requires a little more paraphernalia, and, consequently, demands a higher fee. One can have his fortune told by the cards for fifty cents, by palm reading for one dollar, and by crystal gazing for two to two and one-half dollars. The Oriental humbugs, the Swami This and the Swami That, and their sort are very fond of the crystal globe. This is a form of autohypnosis, when honestly carried out; but as done by the average fortune teller it amounts to nothing but a matter of staring fixedly into the crystal for a few moments, the muttering of a forecast of the customer's future, and the collection of the fee. The writer, though able to put himself to sleep by gazing at a pin-point of light reflected in a mirror, and to perform other similar tricks of self-hypnosis, has never been able to obtain anything but a stiff neck from gazing into the crystal ball.

Scientific investigators, who have made long tests with the crystal ball, the mirror, the mercury pan and similar equipment, have informed me that they never have been able to conjure up images of anything except scenes and persons that they had viewed in this world. This probably is the extent of the value of the crystal ball—merely a concentration point for the operation of the subconscious mind, or whatever mind it is that serves as a filing cabinet for human thought and memories.

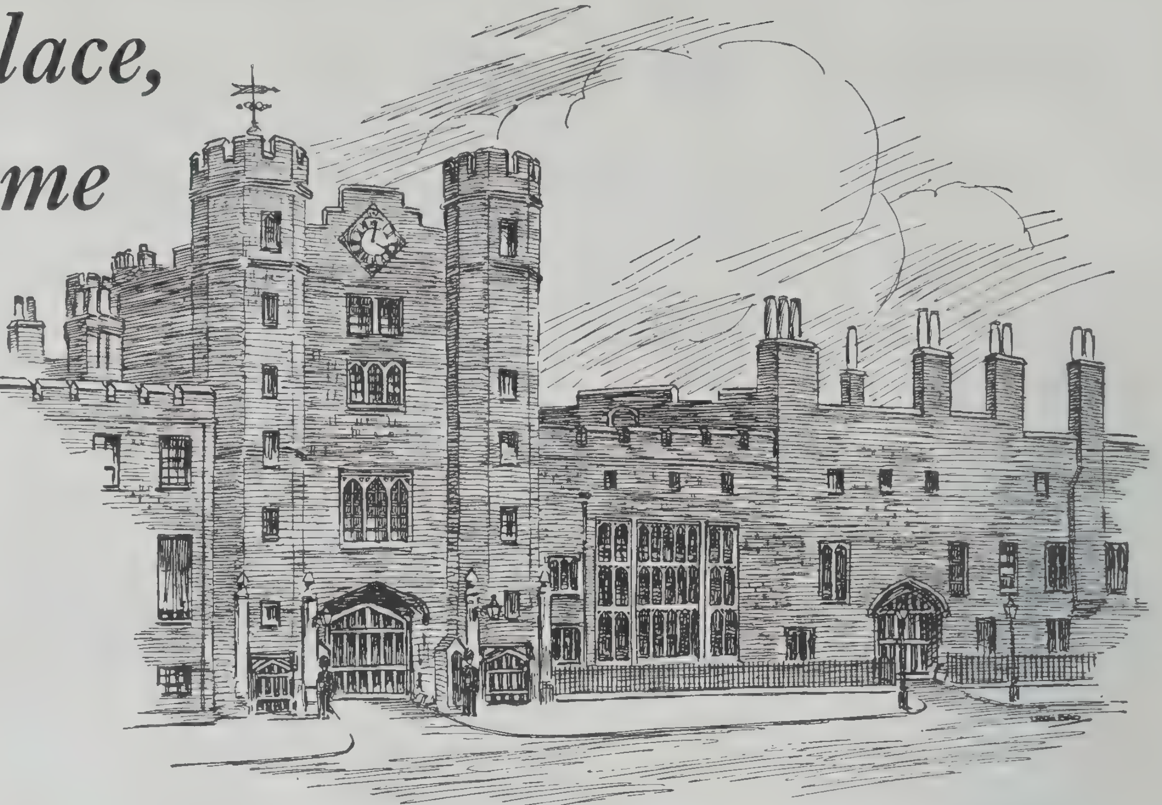
Slate writing, one of the most effective tricks of the modern conjurer and sleight-of-hand performer on the stage, and for many years one of the best money-getters of the fake mediums and other pretended communicants with the spirit world, can be done in twenty-seven different ways. The writer has attended seances in which he has seen thirteen of these methods used, and was able to detect ten of them, being told of the remaining three by the "medium," who believed that the writer was also in "the profession." The writer has received "spirit messages" on slates furnished by the medium, and on

(Concluded on page 14)

St. James's Palace, the Prince's Home

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

Drawings by L. Pern Bird



The beautiful gateway on St. James's street, supposed to have been built from the designs of Hans Holbein.

I DON'T think I should like to be a king and have to live in a palace! It must be very trying to be shackled with ceremonies and straight-waistcoated with state; and palaces seem to be rather inhuman, ice-housey, too formal dwelling-places. If I were a king, or a prince, I'm certain sure I'd often kick over the traces, get up and shout highly undignified shouts, and be shocking just to shock. But, there, probably if I were born and bred to a throne I'd feel quite different about it!

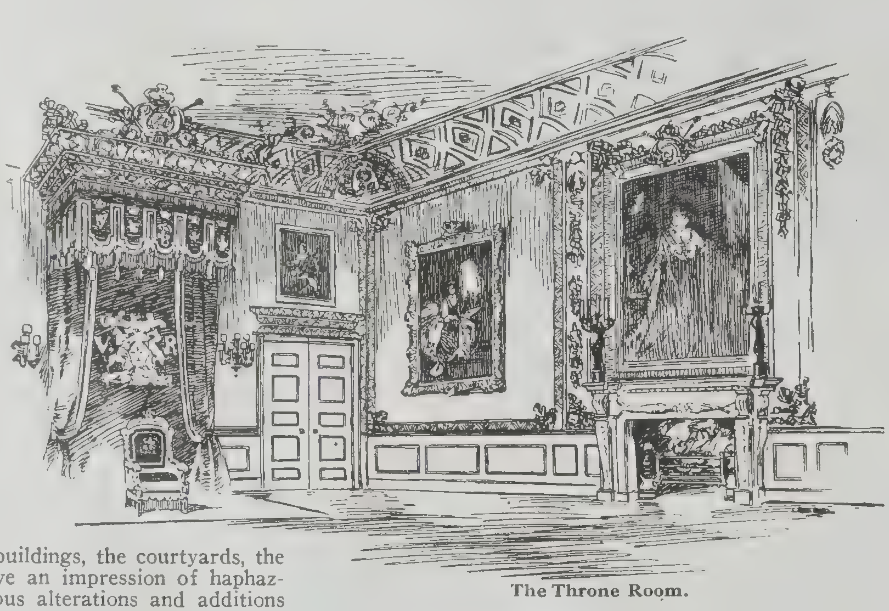
Such feelings, however, did come upon me the other day when I spent an hour and more in Saint James's Palace—a quiet, Old World spot amid the roaring life of London. Quiet on one side because it looks over Saint James's Park; and also on the other despite the fact that it faces Saint James's street, the center thoroughfare of Clubland.

This palace is not imposing outwardly. Looking at it from the Processional road in the park, it is a demure red-brick frontage, with ranges of unenterprising windows; quite homely. Long ago it was known as the House in the Fields; on the verge of the country outside the town; and on this site stood a spital, or hospital as we now should call it, dedicated to Saint James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem. Therein a refuge was provided "for fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous, living chastely and honestly in divine service." But that burly ruffian Henry VIII did not hold chaste maidens in any great respect; he cast his thievish eyes on this desirable spot, close by his Palace of Whitehall, and in the year 1532, the twenty-third of his reign, he compounded, without their permission, with the "mayden lepers," granting them pensions for the terms of their lives and entering into possession of this Naboth's vineyard. He built himself a goodly manor house and inclosed the adjoining fields as a park with a wall of brick.

It is better to approach from St. James's street, for we then come face to face with the most important survival of Henry's building, the beautiful gateway, with the octagonal towers, and carvings exhibiting the initials of Henry VIII; e whole may be from e designs of Hans Holbein. Whoever's conception it was, it is one of the most interesting bits of Old London. The buildings, the courtyards, the passages of the palace, leave an impression of haphazardness, the result of various alterations and additions and repairings made by Charles I, Queen Anne, and the Georges. Irregularity in an old building is always more interesting than formality; it proves that there has been growth with the passage of time and the passing of those who dwelt therein. The lack of regularity is not quite so obtrusive within doors. Despite the splendor of the state apartments, many of which look over the park, there was something chill and somber as I walked through them one cold, April day. I felt as if in a house that was deserted; though bright fires blazed on broad hearths there was no warmth in the air; the chairs, sofas, settees, looked as though no one could sit comfortably on them; from heavy picture frames the eyes of the dead looked out rather dolefully. But, lights, gentleman, lights! The chandeliers and sconces shed a brilliance that dispersed all shadows; ladies and gentlemen in courtly array, princes, princesses, statesmen, soldiers, ecclesiastics; the wise, the weak, the wicked, pass from room to room, hushing their chatter when they bend low before the throne of king or queen. Henry aforesaid has held his court here; also William III; Mary of Bloody memory liked this palace well; and some of the Georges; and others have walked these floors.

Up the broad lonely stairs, we go, almost afraid to speak in this abode of silence, so filled with mingled memories. Through the Guard room, hung with shining weapons; anon we pause in the Tapestry room, once known as the Presence Chamber. The walls are draped with tapestry worked at Mortlake on Thames for Charles I, depicting the amours of Venus and Mars. This room is additionally noteworthy as being at any rate in part a remainder of Henry VIII's manor house; there on the handsome old fireplace are carved the initials H. and A.—Henry and Anne Boleyn—united by a true-lover's knot! The irony of it! If one were here in the dead hour of night, what spirits might there not be, visiting the glimpses of the moon? Heartless Henry and heedless, headless Anne; Charles I, who too lost his head, and many another monarch dead and gone. Here from a window looking over the Friary Court, on the morning following the day of death of a monarch is announced the accession of his successor. *"Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!"* So wags the world away!

We pass through the lofty, gorgeous chambers, which echo to our footsteps and from which it is almost a relief to look out on the park, where the roadway is alive with an increasing stream of traffic—to look out through the half-shut eyes of this ancient house at the eager life outside. On through Queen Anne's Drawing Room; through the Great Council Chamber; so into the Throne Room. Then suddenly it is as if the sun had broken through the clouds, and there blazes forth the splendor that is England, in this gorgeous apartment, where stands the Throne of England beneath its fine canopy. Here the King holds his Levees, when ambassadors and ministers of state throng to be presented to him, the ruler of the widest empire the world has yet seen. In our mind's eye we see it, brilliant with light, resplendent with magnificent robes and uniforms, crowded with great names! The kings that are dead, let them lie in peace—Long Live the King!

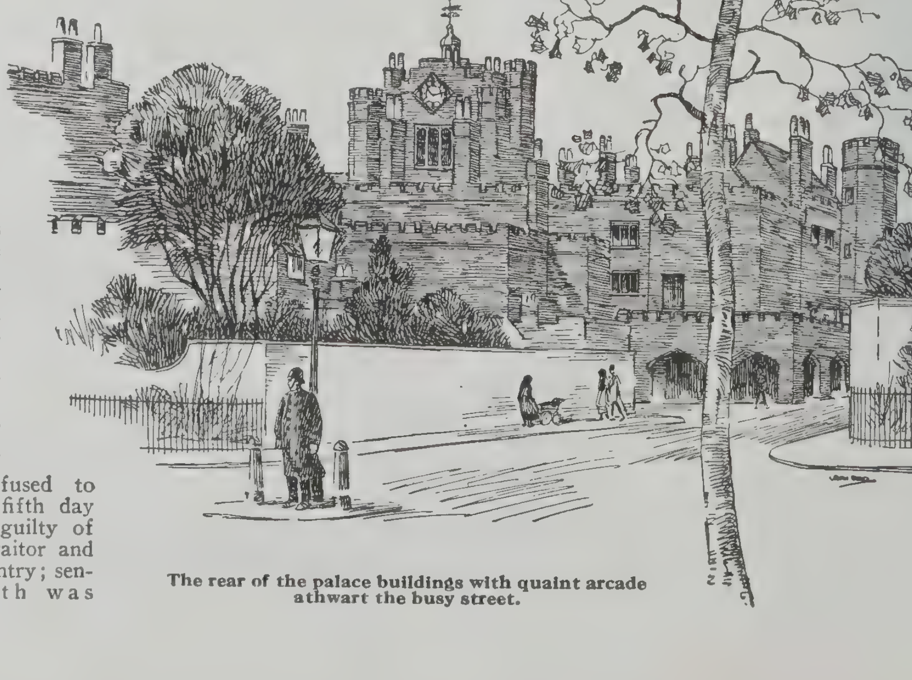


The Throne Room.

Beyond this the Royal Closet, the King's private room; and the Boudoir of the Queen; the Picture Gallery, hung with the portraits of English kings and queens, King Hal at one end facing Queen Victoria at the other, quaint opposites in all save strength of will! And the Banqueting Hall, dim and forlorn by day, ablaze with pomp and circumstance when the King presides over a stately company and welcomes them to good cheer.

How much of the history of England has marched through these chambers! We can look at but two memorable incidents—one of pure tragedy, one tragicomical.

In his palace of Saint James, King Charles I passed his last days on earth, a king without a throne, yet not without loyal subjects still. He was brought here from Windsor on the morning of January 19, 1649, for his trial which began at Westminster the succeeding day. He denied the competency of the court; refused to plead; on the fifth day was adjudged guilty of being tyrant, traitor and a foe to his country; sentence of death was passed. On January 29, he bade farewell here to his children, the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester; they weeping bitterly and lamentably crying as they looked their last on the grave, melancholy, sweet face, the countenance of a king who was hallowed by his death, which he met with more manliness than he had faced life. This last night he slept well until two hours before the wintry dawn, when he awoke and said to his attendant: "I will get up, having a great work to do this day." So, forth, guarded by a regiment of soldiers, into the white frostiness of the bitter morning, to the scaffold set up before the Banqueting House of his Palace of Whitehall. And there—the end.



The rear of the palace buildings with quaint arcade athwart the busy street.

Fifteen minutes before ten o'clock on Trinity Sunday, June 10, 1688, a son was born in this palace to James II and his Queen, Mary Beatrice of Modena, a man but poorly known to fame as the Chevalier de Saint George, the Old Pretender. Better for him had he never entered a world he did not adorn and which did not treat him respectfully. Even his birth was surrounded by that ill fortune which dogged him to the tomb. For it was said by many that he was not in truth the offspring of the queen, but an infant of humble parentage smuggled into the royal bed in a warming-pan! Wherein is laughter, dashed with lamentation!

Other princes have been born, have died here: Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I, died in 1612; had he lived the history of England and of the House of Stuart would have run very differently. Charles II was born here in May, 1630, and James II some three years later. George IV was born here, the first and least gentleman of Europe.

Better now turn away from a past of sunshine and shadows to a present that is all the former. On July first, 1919, Edward—known in his family as "David"—Prince of Wales, took up his residence in Saint James's, in his twenty-fifth year. The portion of the palace which he occupies is known as York House, overlooking on one side Cleveland Row which opens off Saint James's street, and on the other, Ambassadors' Court. Here some of his early years were spent, when his father, now King George, then Duke of York, resided in the same apartments. By the way, it may be noted that his grandfather, King Edward, asserted that his grandson was "infernally bumptious"! But that was some years ago!

The Prince's rooms and the life he leads are those of a typical well-born, well-endowed English gentleman, and indeed a big portion of his great popularity is due to his being "one of us." The entrance is through a square hall, wherein may be noted some souvenirs of the Great War, among them the bass drum, two side drums, and two bugles of the Prince's regiment, the Grenadier Guards, to which he was gazetted as Second

(Concluded on page 14)

Black Africa Being Unified by Strange Force

Ethiopian Church Binding the Negro Peoples by Racial Consciousness; Rapidly Increasing Native Population a Problem for Future Statesmen

By THOMAS C. TAYLOR

OF THE many movements of political and social importance which are claiming attention at the present time, one of the most interesting has been accorded somewhat less of notice than its position seems to entitle it to. Throughout all the squabblings of Europe's vociferous national groups, and the commotion brought about by the development in Russia of that new and uncompromising imperialism which claims no less than the whole world for the Bolshevik brand of *kultur,* a great force bearing upon the future of all Africa has progressed steadily.

Looking at its record of the past twenty years, one finds in it a force characterized by *vigor without aggression.* It has not burdened the wires of the world with its propaganda. There is no evidence that it has struck at liberty of thought a single blow. It has not cleared a way for itself over the bodies of men slain. Its function has been not to scatter and crush but to gather and bind; and it is binding the Negro peoples of Africa to a purpose and a racial consciousness of much moment. It is the Ethiopian Church: Ethiopian, for the Ethiopian.

In its name there is the measure of its aims and the range of its outlook. It uses the title "Ethiopian" in its widest and historic sense. This church is not a growth of that so-called Ethiopia on the borders of the territory of Abyssinia's ruler; and that is not its field. When imperial Egypt stood among the mighty of the earth, there lay far to the southward beyond the great S bend of the sacred river a black, unknown and dreaded land—Ethiopia. The imperial emissaries roved its fringes only, taking thence ivory, precious metals, and wild men.

The Gift of the White Man

THE centuries passed, and imperial Egypt went down before the hosts of Persia's great Median empire; but to the conquerors, as to their victims, *world's-end* was on the border of the southern wilderness known vaguely as Ethiopia. Then Macedonian Alexander had his day, and the empire of Greece stretched from India to the heel of Italy, with Egypt a vassal kingdom, and "Ethiopia" still but a name or the unknown land whence came the Nile.

Alexander "abode his little hour or two, and went his way," and the thrusting Romans came to fringe the whole Mediterranean with a deep broidery of conquered territory. They held Aegyptus, but to them also the designation "Ethiopia" signified all that vast continent of Africa bordering upon and south of the Equator.

To the Ethiopian Church, "Ethiopia" has that meaning still. Its field is all Africa wheresoever Ethiopians have need of it: 5,000,000 square miles of territory in which it will not encounter predominant Mohammedan interests, and 70,000,000 people not Mohammedanized.

In its origin, this great factor in the future of Africa is the gift of the white man to the black. It is essentially a product of the Christian mission. To spread the broad teachings of Christianity, to educate and train native teachers and preachers, devoted white missionaries suffered and toiled, gladly.

The processes which in the course of years have brought about the withdrawal of many such mission-trained black people to a line and organization of their own are invested with a certain measure of inevitability. Those processes have their parallel in the history of the contact of every white people with native races to which they have brought a deep draught of the ideal—"Children of one Father, we"—and a small dose of education.

There must be further frankness, however. If, under the impulse of the new ideal and a limited education, there came an over-deepening of racial consciousness here and there, with its tendency to racial assertion, account must be taken of the concurrent effect upon the native mind of the differences he experienced between the teaching that "all men are brethren" and the status in which he found himself under the whites. There was much that mystified him; much that he could not reconcile. Out of these things the opinion grew that a church organized by black men for black men was necessary. At the least, black men would be brethren there, *and equals.*

The First White Nurse

OF THE multitude of mystifying things presented to the native mind in his contact with the whites who came on the trail of the early missionaries, one may be given as an example, from the personal experience of the writer. Through the fever-laden bush country of a district on the east coast of Africa, a score of white men had pushed up to the ranges to found a town. A great white missionary had once passed that way, and his repute and his teachings lingered. The pioneer group, alike in type and purpose, worked as brothers, and the town was established. The district opened, the town grew, and a hospital became necessary. The first white nurse came to reign and the tone of the little community brightened. Later on, government officials appeared with their wives, and in due course a church was erected. It was then that class distinctions, social circles and inner circles came into being to break the hearts of the pioneer brotherhood. One of the hardy founders died. He had been a grand fellow, clean of life and purpose, and he bore in his body the marks of conflict with wild beasts and of much suffering in the planting of that outpost of his race. He had belonged to a Christian church; but it was not the kind of church which he had helped to build in the new town. The incumbent on the spot decided that the pioneer could not be buried in consecrated ground, and, as the community's little cemetery had become the monopoly of the new ecclesiastical institution, a grave was dug outside the walls of the cemetery and the gallant crusader of a wider faith was laid there. The news spread, and within a few hours the pioneer group were at the spot with native helpers. They tore down the wall of the cemetery and rebuilt it to inclose the grave. They called the startled and outraged representative of the Christian religion to the scene of their operations, and warned him that any interference with the alteration would mean the tearing down of the church building itself. The natives were amazed at it all. In fact, it was found utterly impossible to explain the whole business to "the heathen in his blindness."

Haven for the Disillusioned

THE conditions which drew together the varied elements of native feeling, and consolidated them into this ministry by Ethiopians to Ethiopians, contributed so freely to its growth that the extension of the organization seems to have taken place almost without deliberate and designed effort. Examining the wide and remarkable development of the movement, one inclines to the view that had it not emerged to meet the needs of the time, some other movement of kindred character must have taken shape in South Africa. The field was favorable. Everywhere, under the impact of the white advance, the native mind was stirring. Ideas planted by the missionaries took healthy root, only to be uprooted without much ceremony by the general body of the whites who followed, and there came a deal of surprise, and disillusionment and bitterness. Education progressed, and with the increase of knowledge there arose questionings and dim aspirations, and resentment of barriers. With the coming of the native press the forces leading to general awakening were greatly strengthened, and aspirations became more definite and articulate. In the midst of it all, the Ethiopian Church lived and grew.

A haven for the disillusioned seeking expression and sympathy, people turned to it and found what they desired; a place of understanding to which those awakened to independence of feeling and consciousness of old-time power could bring their ideas without fear, it held all who came. Like a great magnet, seemingly inert, it lay there in South Africa and drew to itself everywhere the particles of the ore of native spirit, and intellectual enlargement, and educational development, as these were laid bare by experience and contact with the changing order. Of itself, the Ethiopian Church does not appear to have been concerned with the rôle of awakener. Operating to its enlargement were mighty forces over which it could not hope to exert influence. As a refuge of the awakened, its function was large enough. And it held its arms wide, instant to the ingathering.

Center of Sympathy

THERE is not a Christian mission in Africa south of the Equator which has not at some time or other contributed to the numbers and efficiency of the Ethiopian Church. It has been a wide experience that sooner or later the call of color and race comes with great insistence to the product of mission station and school.

Hearing once some converted boys of rival denominations in a considerable South African town slanging each other whole-heartedly across the breadth of a street, a white visitor laughed and ventured the view that if that sort of thing went on it could be expected that denominational differences would ultimately take the place of the old tribal differences, and might even prove as troublesome.

"You are mistaken," said an old Dutch colonial; "at this time those youngsters are ardent supporters of their particular denominations; but they will meet later on as brethren in the Ethiopian Church."

Yet the Ethiopian Church did more than act as a center of sympathy and a refuge of the intellectually and racially awakened. Turning to the "raw material" of the mission sphere, it found, as the white missionaries had done, "broad lands strangely ready for the plow." South Africa, from the point of view of the missionary, was a simple problem as compared with the Far East. There was no code-drift or creed-drift of the ages heaped high upon human life; no towering walls of faiths older than the Christian confronted the missionary; no barriers of caste obstructed the path to a conception of brotherhood. The pride of Africa's fighting tribes had been humbled though by no means eradicated, and wars with the whites had brought a new conception of what war meant and a changing attitude on the part of the tribes toward each other—a turn toward unity. When the Matabele and the Mashonas united in war against the whites, the lesson was no less amazing to the whites than to the tribes in general, for the Matabele had regarded the Mashona as something of a jackal, a person not to be associated with, least of all in the "honorable enterprise of war." To the Ethiopian Church, the impulse toward native unity, thus indicated, became a source of strength. *War between the whites afforded a spectacle which added to that strength, in the education of the native.*

Following upon the British war with the Boers came one of the most important points in the history of the Ethiopian Church, when there met at Aliwal North in the Cape Colony a great convention of the representatives of the movement to shape a policy of more active and positive character. The convention revealed that, almost without effort on its own part, the Ethiopian Church had cast a light net over all South Africa from Cape Town to the Zambezi, and was reaching northward toward the lands on the Equator. It was found that even then it could claim influence over many hundreds of thousands of persons in all parts of the country, and gave promise of being the greatest unifying force in Black Africa.

The realization of its unexpected greatness and power came upon that convention with tremendous effect, and one of its most important results was an outburst of missionary enthusiasm which since then has carried the Ethiopian Church into practically all of that five million square miles of "non-Mohammedan" country, and placed it at the service of the bulk of the seventy million persons who may need such service as the church has rendered in the gradual awakening of the South. Testimony to its vitality is afforded by the large number of men who have gone out from it as unpaid and even unofficial missionaries to remote and uncomfortable places. The writer found one such working independently on the banks of a remote river three thousand miles away from his native village; drawing neither sustenance nor pay nor instruction from the church, but proud to explain—"I am of the Ethiopian Church, sir, and hope some day to report that we have a branch here." Thus is explained in part that in membership and adherents and in numbers under its influence the Ethiopian Church at this time can claim that under its banner there are native millions. It does not advance the claim, however. It says nothing and saws wood.

What of the Banner?

WHAT, then, of the banner of the Ethiopian Church? It has been accused of political rather than religious aims. Utterances of isolated members have contributed to the statement that its aim is "Africa for the Africans" rather than the spiritual welfare of its people. Some observers regard the whole movement as something of sinister purpose, silently gathering its powers and directing its operations toward the supremacy of the black. Others recall with significant emphasis that one of the greatest fighting peoples of India—the Sikhs of the Punjab—arose from a religious body such as the Ethiopian Church. For much of such suspicion the loose talk of the church members is to blame; but considering the varied elements which have been drawn to the church and have entered into its composition, and the readiness with which loose talk assumes importance in a land where the black majority ranges from 3 to 1 to 400 to 1, suspicious interest is understandable.

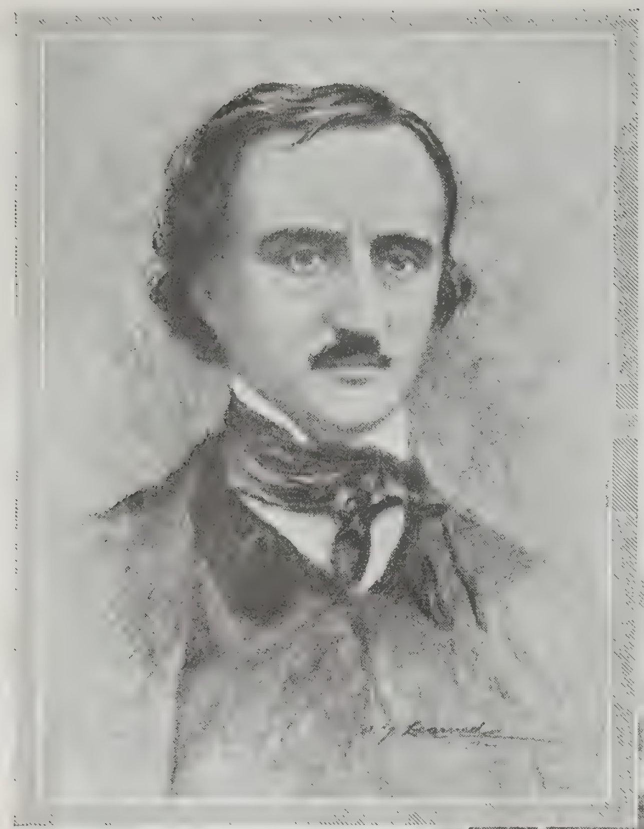
From the talk of individuals under the urge of their particular fad—from the buzz of the individual bee under the entirely personal headgear—one may turn to the record of the Ethiopian Church in seeking that which it desires to do from the history of what it has done. It proves to be a record of the achievement of power without aggression. The church grew because it was in being at a time when a great race, awakening to a realization of purposeless existence in a subordinate position, was stirring vaguely; and it gave direction to the stirrings. That it has given peaceful direction is undeniable. That it has moved with a dignity that has been an example and an inspiration to all the elements composing it—and something of a lesson to some of the elements criticizing it—is a conclusion in accordance with the available facts. It has fulfilled all the functions of a church, shown the black the value and the power of unity, and been a disseminator and conservator of Negro self-respect.

Great Potentialities

THE great potentialities of this widespread organization, for good or ill, have been deeply impressed upon South Africa. The danger of some new impulse capturing and sweeping this, the greatest body of united blacks ever built up in South Africa, cannot be lightly dismissed, and in the minds of the responsible whites, in the midst of their political differences and scramblings, that danger is seldom obscure. The Union seems to have turned of late to a keener interest in the future of South Africa rather than in the past and present of Europe. That seems to be a useful change, for among South Africa's problems none looms larger now than that of the vital and rapidly increasing native population, and the day seems to be nearing when Africa will need not politicians but statesmen.

Where the Poet Poe Lived and Suffered

By AARON HARDY ULM



EDGAR ALLAN POE

From "Edgar Allan Poe, The Man," by Mary E. Phillips.

ONE might paraphrase the great line in Kipling's "The Light That Failed" and say that Edgar Allan Poe's ill luck pursues its object still.

Not until 1921, after numerous other writers had been admitted, did the Fates that contend against his memory as they did his fortunes during his lifetime permit his entry into the Hall of Fame.

More than seventy-five years had passed before the city of Richmond, Virginia, which is most associated with his life and work, did anything toward perpetuating any outstanding memorial of him there.

In Baltimore, the ancestral city of Poe's family and where the poet died, Poe's body was permitted to lie in a neglected and but feebly marked grave until recently. Then when a modest monument was erected on the spot, it was marked with a quotation muddled by an error from one of his poems.

Recently, in Poe Park, named for the poet, in New York City, the writer noticed in a corner of the small inclosure a boxed-up object that suggests a fire-fighting apparatus housed securely in the open.

"It holds the pedestal," the writer was told, "on which used to sit a bronze bust of Poe."

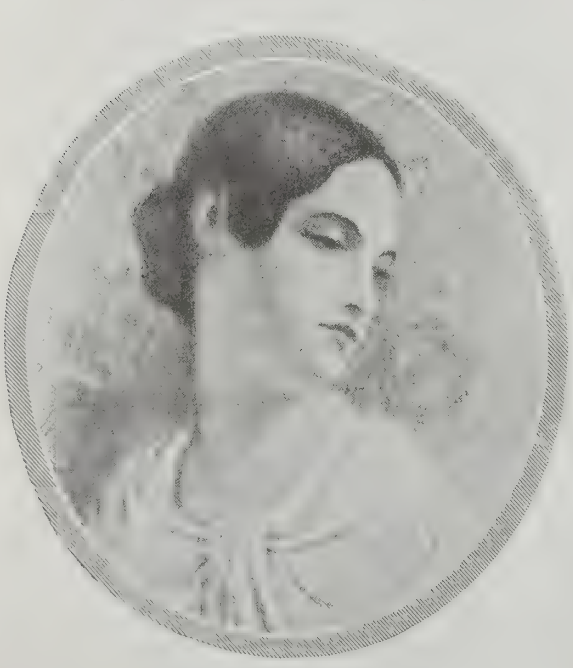
"Then why is it housed from view in this crude manner?"

The informant then told a story which could have supplied Poe a clue for a yarn as weird and mysterious as "The Gold Bug" or "The Murders of the Rue Morgue."

"One morning," the informant went on, "the caretakers of the park found the bust missing from the pedestal. A search was made far and wide but no trace of it could be found. Some time later in another part of the city, a crew of Italian laborers in cleaning out a sewer brought to view a curious object. It was the Poe bust! Somebody actually had torn the bust from its place in the park, carried it away and then thrown it into a sewer."

Imagine the story which Poe might have built from an incident like that!

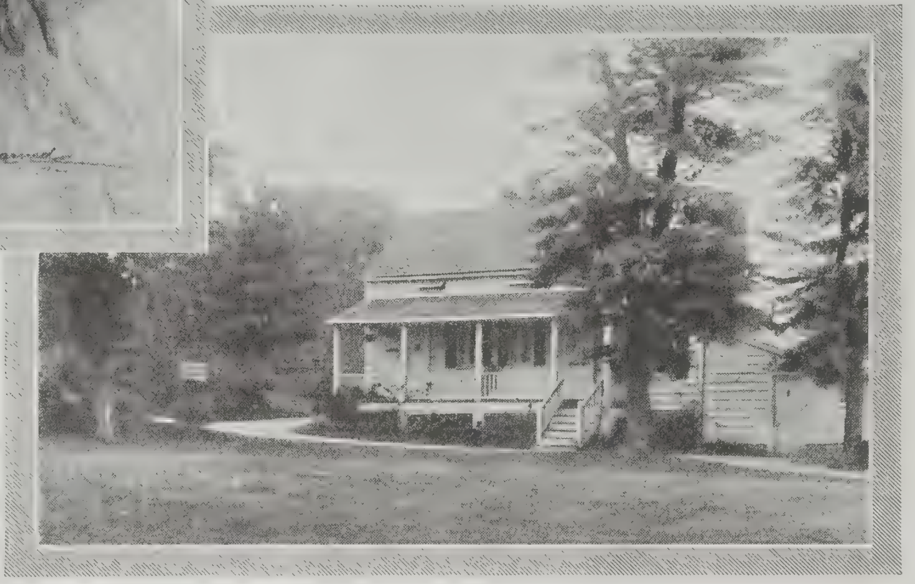
No one yet knows who did it or why. Since then the bust has not been placed in the open but in a house that is locked and barred every night.



VIRGINIA CLEMM POE

From the photograph of water color sketch.

That the removal of the bust was not the work of some idle vandal or a person drunk and irresponsible is indicated by the sequel—for not long thereafter, the caretakers of Poe Park discovered one morning that during the night some one had entered the park and with an ax or heavy hammer had apparently tried to break the pedestal into pieces. The stone pillar was badly chipped and marked from the blows which had fallen upon it.



Poe Cottage in Poe Park, New York City. The home of Edgar Allan Poe, 1846-9, built about 1800, moved from original site across Kingsbridge road to Poe Park 1913.

Now it is housed from view—and access.

Poe Park is a small, square-shaped spot in the center of the boulevard known as the Grand Concourse in that part of New York called the Bronx. It constitutes a memorial of Poe's last and best recollected home. The tiny house in which the poet lived during the last three years of his life now sits in a corner of the park and is open to visitors.

This house is the most memorable relic of Poe's life which survives. Its history since he occupied it has been fitful like that of the man whose occupancy caused it to be preserved.

When it was rented at a cost of only $100 a year by Poe, the house, which was a modest one for even that time, stood by what still is known as Kingbridge road, a rural thoroughfare out of the village of Fordham about a dozen miles from New York City. The district then was a farming community as it remained until recent years. Now it is a fully developed part of the great city, being filled with big apartment houses and pierced by subway and elevated railroad lines.

The Poe cottage was preserved largely through accident. Long ago it was moved from its original site on which an apartment house now stands. For many years it was owned by Dr. E. Chauvet, a Fordham dentist who took an interest in literary lore, who preserved it largely for reasons sentimental.

Admirers of Poe knowing that the sweep of progress ultimately would destroy the cottage unless steps were taken to preserve it permanently began, more than thirty years ago, a movement looking to its acquisition and dedication to the public. The Shakespeare Society of New York City took a leading part in the early movement.

The cottage was shunted from back lot to back lot in making way for apartment houses, now occupied largely by immigrants, until in 1914 it was moved into Poe Park and given a permanent site. This site is public ground, being supplied by the city, which also provides light and heat for the cottage which is owned and kept up by the Bronx Society of Arts, Sciences and History. Upon contributions made by visitors, its maintenance chiefly depends.

Through the efforts chiefly of Mrs. Charles D. Dickey and Mrs. John Jay Chapman the cottage was restored and is now, with minor additions, just as it was when occupied by the Poes in the late forties of the last century.

The little cottage is visited daily by admirers of the great American writer. Conspicuous among the visitors are foreigners, among whom Poe attained high rank and by whom, particularly the French, he is probably more widely read and admired today than by Americans. Scarcely a noted man or woman of letters from Europe ever visits New York without making a trip to Fordham to see the house where Poe wrote several of his greatest productions.

"The thing that astonished me beyond all else in my tours around New York," said Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the famous Spanish novelist, speaking at the Poe cottage recently, "was the fact that nowhere could be seen a statue or memorial of any kind to that great American, Edgar Allan Poe."

The Poes—the poet, his child-wife, Virginia, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm—took up their residence in the Fordham cottage in 1846. Prior to that and following periods in Richmond and Philadelphia they lived in New York City. The Poes moved into the country largely because of Virginia's health, though economical reasons probably had something to do with the change. Poe's wife was then in the last stages of consumption from which she died a year later.

Poe himself suffered much but not constantly from ill health during the same period. Though when he went to Fordham he had established national recognition as a literary man, the three last years of his life spent there were, like most of the others, marked by pecuniary difficulties which at times were so harsh that neither he nor his family could afford all of even the barest creature comforts. His necessities even reached the point that his friend, Nathaniel P. Willis, felt constrained to make a published bid for charity for the man who not long before had penned "The Raven," generally regarded as the greatest poem ever written by an American.

Yet while at Fordham Poe did some of his best-known writing. Among his stories, "The Gold Bug" was put forth from Fordham. The three poems which next to "The Raven" are best known were written there. These are "The Bells," "Ulalume" and "Annabelle Lee," his last and many believe his greatest production.

And it was there that he wrote the prose work upon which he proposed to rest his fame but which is rarely read now. It is entitled "Eureka," in which he undertook to solve the riddle of the universe. For a long time this unique product of Poe's strange brain was regarded largely as a reflection of the touch of insanity which at times clearly affected him. Yet he gave visions therein of monumental discoveries since made by science, such as the subtle power which adheres to atoms and, though only vaguely, the electronic make-up of the atom itself.

Now and then the cottage is visited by an old woman, Mrs. S. W. Fairchild, who still lives not far from there. Occasionally, also, an old man—Hugh Conner is his name—comes to look upon it.

These probably are the only living persons who knew Edgar Allan Poe, for Dr. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, who was acquainted with him, died recently.

Mrs. Fairchild lived as a child in the neighborhood during the days of the Poes. Mr. Conner as a youth was a coachman for a wealthy family of the neighborhood and tells how he drove his mistress to the Poe cottage with flowers and tidbits for the dying Virginia.

Though Poe often yielded to temptation while at Fordham, many who knew him well at that time left evidence which shows that he was by no means the dissipated man posterity still believes him to have been. Willis, who knew him best of all and worked with him for a long period, said that he never once saw Poe under the influence of stimulants.

After Poe's death, Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law, to whom he had been much devoted, continued to live in the cottage until she was forced by necessity to take refuge in a benevolent institution where she died. Returns from the books he left proved insufficient for her support, yet single copies of first editions of several of them now often bring enough to have met her expenses for a number of years.

MRS. MARIA CLEMM

From a Daguerreotype

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS fundamental that we should cease to confuse Big Business with the Money Power. They have nothing in common. They represent two tendencies. They have always been at enmity with each other. In this country they have had their supreme struggle, until now Industry or Business emerges as the superior of Finance.

The difference between them, on the plane of money, can be best indicated by the difference which exists between "live" and "dead" money. The money that takes no risks in an industry, but demands its toll whether there is profit or loss, is not "live" money. It is not whole-heartedly in the business, as a part of it; it is a burden and a debt upon the business; it is a dead weight, and the sooner the business is quit of it, the better. "Dead" money is not a working partner but an idle charge, and oftener becomes a liability than an asset. In other words, it is a debt and not an investment.

"Live" money is just the opposite. It goes into the business to work and to share all that befalls the business. It is there to be used to its last ounce of utility and to be sacrificed at the last ditch, if need be, to save the business. It shares whatever losses there may be. It is a whole-hearted partner, for the service of any plan deemed wise. It is asset to the last penny, and never a liability. It buoys up the business, instead of pulling it down. It does not represent an element which some day must be wrenched loose, and which constitutes a drain while it remains; its service is continuous, and when it grows, the increase is gladly dedicated to the same purpose as the original capital.

MAKE it very clear to yourself, the difference between Business and the Money Power. Business begins by itself, grows because it fills a need, extends and becomes big by reason of the people's patronage. No great business today was started or fostered by any Money Power. Only when Industry shows promise of big dividends does the Money Power seek to fasten sucker-plants to its prosperous flanks. So that the danger point in business is success: then the question arises, Whom will it serve?—the people who gave it its start, or the Money Power that waited for it to succeed? One way means debt and absentee dividends and decreased service; the other way means sharing the values of the business with the people. The latter is "good business." But how far this divides Big Business from the Money Power can be seen at once.

"Live" money in a business is usually accompanied by the active labor of the man or men who put it there. "Dead" money is a sucker-plant for those who never intend to work in the business.

Now it is plain that when Industry operates wholly by the permission of "dead" money, its main purpose becomes the production of dividends for the owners of that money. The service of the public becomes secondary. If quality of goods jeopardizes dividends, then the quality is cut down. If full service cuts into dividends, then service is curtailed. This is the way the "Money Power" affects business. *It does not serve business, but seeks to make business serve it.*

It becomes plainer, therefore, that to confuse Business with the Money Power is to make one thing of two, and to unite elements which naturally oppose each other. A business cannot serve the public and the Money Power too; and, as a matter of fact, the Money Power has always lived more by exploiting or wrecking Business, than by the serviceable and successful management of it.

There is another difference between Big Business and the Money Power which should not be overlooked, namely, that Business begins in itself, is born of its own idea, grows of its own initiative, flourishes on the support of the people, and is not created by any Money Power. Think if you can of a single great industry operative today that was deliberately created and fostered by the Money Power. You cannot think of one. Every business began lowly, grew because it filled a want, and if it attracted the attention of the Money Power at all, it was only after growth had been attained, when it promised to be a fruitful field for unearned dividends obtained by means of loans of "dead" money.

It is always regrettable to see a useful business succumb to the lure of those who wish to affix financial sucker-plants to its prosperous flanks. A business which can bring itself to the point where it attracts the attention of "dead" money should be able to continue on its own feet without taking on this useless and dangerous burden.

The regret deepens into a sense of the injustice which this works toward the public. It has just been said that the Money Power has developed no great industry from the bottom; it has always been the spirit of Business that has done that. But, if it is only when an industry has grown large and prosperous that it attracts attention from the Money Power, who then finances the industry in its earlier years? Who pays for the experiments, the improvements, the expansion?

Answer that question and you define something worth knowing, worth thinking about.

The answer is—The People. No one else. There is none else to do it. They are the financial supporters of all new Industry, and to them, not to a Money Power, does Industry owe its service when it succeeds.

If we have good steel today, it is because the public bought steel when it was faulty, and thus helped the steel masters to perfect their science and production. If we have comfortable transportation today, it is because the people were willing to pay for uncomfortable transportation and let the system grow up. If we have swift, durable and dependable motor cars today, it is because the people bought motor cars when they were largely in the experimental stage, when to use a car was to be something of an innovator, and it was this early and courageous patronage that enabled the motor industry to develop and improve its product and bring production to such perfection that the whole public could be served. If we have the varied products of petroleum today, it is because the people bought and burned "coal oil" and by their confidence and patronage set the oil industry on its way to worldwide service.

Every great industry thus grew because the people recognized that here was a useful service. And for this reason it is the people who should most profit by the economies and perfections which their faith and patronage made possible.

It is just when an Industry becomes widely useful that its strongest testing comes. It is led up into the mountain to be tempted. The Money Power will point it the way of large stock issues, of profits made out of paper instead of production, of easy gains by mixing "water" with true material worth. This is a temptation to which many concerns succumb under the delusion that it is "business." But when once the bait is swallowed, the concern discovers that henceforth it cannot fully perform its duty to the vast public that created it, for now its duty is to the power that caught it in the mesh of debt.

The true course of business is to follow the fortunes and pursue the service of those who had faith in it from the beginning—the public. If there is any saving in manufacturing cost, let it go to the public. If there is any increase in profits, let it be shared with the public in lowered prices. If there is any improvement in the commodity, let it be made without question, for whatever the capital cost, it was first the public that supplied the capital. That is the true course for good business to steer, and it is *good business,* for there is no better partnership a business can enter than a partnership of service with the people. It is far safer, far more durable and more profitable than partnership with a Money Power.

It is now perhaps entirely clear how far from the truth it is to confuse Business with a Money Power, and to attack Business on the theory that thereby the grip of a Money Power can be loosened. The best defense any people can have against their control by mere Money is a Business system that is strong and healthy through rendering wholesome service to the community. Where Business languishes or is ill-managed, there you will find the Money Power in control. Business as a national defense against economic over-lordship—think it over.

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Senator LaFollette

SENATOR LAFOLLETTE has opened his campaign, well cheered on by the Socialists and Bolshevists of New York, ably abetted by the Hebrew Clothing Trades. More than ever did his speech reveal the paucity of issues in this campaign. If anyone should have a fight to make and proposals to espouse, it should be the battling Senator from Wisconsin. But the dead hand of futility seems to rest upon him also. Aside from reminding the country that he was the man who started the Teapot Dome investigation, and damning the Republican party (he really means the Harding Administration) for the loose sense of public responsibility therein revealed, and loudly promising to do what he cannot do, namely, revise the Treaty of Versailles, he said little to the point and diminished, if anything, any impression that might have remained of his being of Presidential caliber. His reference to "the tidal wave of democracy that knows no national boundaries," which is now sweeping the world, was plainly a sop to his Bolshevized New York audience. And his reference was wrong: the thing he misnames "democracy" *does know* national boundaries, for it has discovered itself unable to cross the boundaries reared by the northern white man's Christian civilization. Let the Senator inquire at Moscow (he can do it easily through his supporters) whether this is not true.

In many ways it is a sad spectacle. Here is a Senator whose services have been undoubtedly valuable in many ways, who has wilfully marred his career at several points by lack of judgment, but who at the end of his days has succumbed to his presidential ambition so eagerly as to care nothing at whose hands it was satisfied. A Candidate is known by the Company he Keeps. And Senator LaFollette is in extremely bad company.

We do not agree with General Dawes that Senator LaFollette has any designs against the Constitution. We believe that Senator LaFollette's main contention is against the abuses which are permitted under the Constitution. But there is no doubt whatever that the main body of Senator LaFollette's support would rejoice to see the Constitution of the United States, and all the distinctive institutions of the United States, blown sky high.

Their Trump Card

THE Soviet seizure of Russia is likely to be given a new lease of life, if Grand Duke Cyril can make his czaristic ambitions felt in that unhappy country. A trump card always held in reserve by the alien rulers of Russia has been to induce various royalties to contest for the crown of All the Russias, and in this way divide the Russian people on lines of political preference. "Divide and Rule" is the tactic always employed by these rulers. If the Grand Duke Cyril can be pitted against the Grand Duke Nicholas, and these with their supporters permitted to divide the Russian people into parties and camps, the path of the Soviets will be that much smoother. The whole system employed in Russia has always been to maintain a core of orderly purpose at the heart of the riot.

Investigate

THE minister hammered the desk with his fist and said, "We must teach the people *Peace;* we must teach them that war is *Wrong.*"

"Which people?" the editor asked. "You are just back from Europe—which people? Your own people? Do they need to be taught that war is wrong? But before I say another word to you, tell me this: the general conference of your church passed a resolution which means that those who voted for it will not defend their country in time of war. Do you subscribe to that?"

"Every one of them will defend the country. I fought in the last war. There's a lot of mere talk in this Peace discussion," he said, curiously inconsistent with the vehemence of his former cry for *PEACE.*

"Now," said the editor, "let me ask you another question: do you know whence this cry 'outlaw war' arose?"

"No," said the minister, "but I suppose it came out of the spiritual consciousness of the Christian church."

"It did not come up from the church itself at all," said the editor. "It was injected into the church, and the very words of the slogan given, from outside sources, and those sources anti-Christian. They picked out you fellows as the easiest to fall for sentimental stuff. Get it clearly in your mind—what your great national conferences have been putting over is a program supplied to you from sources that you would despise. I can give you the name of the man who started the whole thing in this country."

"Well, how are we to know these things?" said the minister, with troubled tone.

"Investigate! investigate! Your religious and ministerial organizations are the most easily handled of all. Your church federation is a central distributing agency for a crowd you don't know. You are formed on the plan of swallowing everything, instead of testing everything. 'Try the spirits.' I should say that one of the sanest things every ministerial organization in the country could do would be to appoint one keen member as official challenger and investigator of every bit of propaganda offered you. I'll bet you a necktie you don't even know who supplied the peace proposals which were sent around to you ministers before conference. I'd tell you a few things, but you haven't enough background yet. Go out and look around. Follow these one or two clues I give you. And don't fall so easily next time."

It is good advice for any clergyman. It is good advice for Pastors' Unions. Cut out the propaganda and begin the investigation. The result will be less slush in the pulpit and less bewilderment in the pew.

Fair One Way—Fair the Other

A WESTERN minister is receiving much abuse from paragraphers because he resented having his little daughter told in a public school that she was descended from a monkey. If the little girl had been given the Biblical account of creation, namely that the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, objection would have been made that sectarian religious instruction was being given in a public school. An increasing number of people are beginning to ask why one theory of man's origin is barred from the schools, and another theory pushed to the front on every possible occasion. If school children are fitted to receive one theory, they are fitted to receive both. One has as much "science" back of it as the other has. Incidentally, the statement of the teacher above referred to should warn evolutionists that if school teachers are to be permitted to refer to this subject, they should be better instructed than to make statements which even evolutionists reject.

Village Became a Music Center

FLEMINGTON, NEW JERSEY, is a place with no more than 2,600 inhabitants. But what Flemington has accomplished in the way of making music an integral part of the community is not an ordinary achievement, but something quite out of the common run.

For instance, when Miss Elizabeth Van Fleet Vosseler conceived the idea some twenty-five years ago of gathering together the children of the place to train them thoroughly during the week as choir singers and then having them, when qualified, contribute on Sundays their musical attainments to their respective churches, she really started a movement of encompassing importance to just such a community. Four children constituted her entire group at the start, whereas at the graduating exercises, held recently, 160 surpliced undergraduates, representing five congregations, marched in a body into one of the churches, rendering beautifully some of the finest ecclesiastical music.

Music in Flemington has not only proved a delight in itself but has developed a community spirit that above all else makes for harmony.

The Danger of Headlines

ONE vast injury worked by newspaper headlines is to make the reading public sick of subjects on which they have sought in vain for information. In a series of articles on the Shipping Board published some months ago in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the name of the Shipping Board was not used in the headlines because it was felt that the very name would drive readers away from what was really valuable information. After people have seen the name Shipping Board in newspaper headlines for five years, and have found no coherent information under it, they simply begin to skip anything pertaining to the Shipping Board. They come to feel that somehow they are victims of a news hoax.

The Housing Problem is a similar matter. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has in possession an article that fairly vibrates with living facts on the Housing Problem which now confronts Ramsay MacDonald, Premier of Great Britain. But will it be wise to mention "housing problem" in the headlines? Have not the newspapers sickened the public of the whole subject? Will not our own readers be driven away from this very valuable article if the term "housing" is used?

It is a problem. Our readers may be interested to watch for that article and see how the headline question is met.

Now It Is Britain

"THE intrusion of Jewry into the affairs of the Empire" is now attracting some attention in Great Britain. In a section of a new book, "Secret Societies," the author, Nesta Webster, deals with "The Real Jewish Peril." In this she finds a cause for the defeat of the Conservative government at the last general election, and the accession to power of the Socialists. She says:

> "The causes of the recent debacle of the Conservative Government are still obscure; but the fact remains that it was precisely at a moment when the Conservative organization had passed largely into Jewish hands that Conservatism met with the most astounding disaster in the whole of its history."

To this *The Patriot*, commenting on the matter, says: "The selection of the first Jewish Secretary of State for India led quickly to disorders on a scale previously unknown, to a greater loss of life than had occurred in all the previous years since the great mutiny, and to a situation now beginning to be realized as fraught with great danger to the Indian peoples and to the Empire."

The influence of the Jewish element in European politics in general is well-known. Russia is an outstanding example of what that influence has accomplished, Germany is in control of the same hand, and now, it would seem, it is Britain.

Norway Sets a Worthy Example

WHAT the government of Norway has just done with regard to putting the welfare of the country above the question of national revenue should be shouted from the housetops as worthy of emulation. In opening parliamentary debate on the subject of liquor and its control Premier Mowinckel announced that the new cabinet intends to stabilize the nation's finances without reliance on any possible revenue from liquor sales and that men will be placed in charge of prohibition enforcement who can be relied on to do their duty.

For once, at least, political changes resulted in bringing about a result that should have far-reaching effect. The previous government, although advocating governmental control of liquor, had expected to realize some 30,000,000 kroner from that traffic. The very fact that the people of the country refused to uphold that cabinet was the best evidence that they preferred to be taxed otherwise than to make liquor revenue the basis for a filled treasury. There is little doubt that Norway will find the money with which to carry on business and the readiness with which a recent loan was absorbed in the United States reflects the confidence of Americans in all things Norwegian.

The present is an instance in governmental activity that speaks volumes for the new order of things when the people work hand in hand with those duly elected to lead them on to better living. Threatened with trade reprisals by wine-producing countries in case it did not admit a certain quantity of their products, Norway, which at first succumbed to this threat, now wisely follows its own course, as evidenced by the action of the new cabinet with Premier Mowinckel at its head.

And Now, Who Spilled the Beans at Lompoc?

Where Heavy Loss and Even Bankruptcy for the Farmer Followed the Application of the Sapiro Plan of Co-operative Marketing

By ROBERT MORGAN

IT HAS been charged by the proponents of the Sapiro Plan of Co-operative Marketing that in these articles the writer has obtained his information exclusively from independent buyers of and dealers in agricultural products, and from farmers who are not members of the associations. It has also been charged that the independent dealers are trying to disrupt and wreck the co-operative associations, and that the non-co-operative farmers know nothing of the operations of the associations.

In the main, these statements are untrue.

The information contained in these articles has been obtained,

First, from the offices of the Sapiro Plan co-operatives themselves, and to some extent from the offices of Sapiro, Levy, Hatfield & Hayes, the headquarters of this particular co-operative movement;

Second, from members of the Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations;

Third, from farmers who are not members of any associations; and,

Fourth, from the markets to which the Sapiro Plan co-operatives sell the products of their members.

From the first of these sources, the information obtained has been uniformly misleading, and very little of it capable of being published as the truth. From the second source—the members of the Sapiro Plan co-operative associations—the sad story of failure and loss has come voluntarily and truthfully, because the farmer, though he often deceives himself into *thinking* that he has made a profit, when, as a matter of fact, he has barely made expenses, usually *knows* when he has suffered a loss. The third source—farmers who are not members of any Sapiro Plan association—has been used for comparative purposes, to learn just how independent producers of the same crop fared in their sales as compared with those made by the association for its members. These farmers have not been called on for information on the internal operations of these disastrous associations; that information has been obtained from the associations and their members.

The fourth source of information has been the independent buyers of dried fruits, wheat, hay, potatoes, tobacco, and other agricultural products which the Jewish ring is seeking to control and exploit.

Without exception, these independent buyers, though criticized severely by promoters of the co-operative associations, *are anxious to have the co-operatives succeed.* This statement is paradoxical, but it is true, and back of this attitude of the independent buyers of farm products in this country lie three reasons:

> First, the Sapiro Plan co-operative associations ultimately sell virtually all of their product to the independent buyers, and *seldom, if ever, direct to the consumer.*
>
> Second, the Sapiro Plan co-operatives thus furnish the independent buyers of, and dealers and brokers in, agricultural products, *a machine for the collection of these products, at no cost to the independents.*
>
> Third, in the long run, year after year, *the independent dealer can buy agricultural products of all kinds at a lower price from the Sapiro Plan co-operatives* than he can either from the *farmer* who is not a member of any association, or from *associations operating differently from the Sapiro Plan.*

The second of these reasons is the most important to the independent buyer. Without the Sapiro Plan association, the independent dealer in agricultural products must maintain a costly system of inspection of crops, estimate of their condition and value throughout the growing season, and, finally, bring together these crops at the proper moment to obtain the highest price in the market, so that his own profit may be larger, and so that the farmer may obtain a price sufficiently satisfactory to induce him to sell his crop to the same dealer next year. The Sapiro Plan co-operative association does all these things for the independent dealer, and the sad joke is that, instead of the dealer paying for it, as he used to do, *the farmer member of the Sapiro Plan association pays the bill.* This is something for the farmer to remember when he goes into a Sapiro Plan co-operative association.

If the associations operated under the Sapiro Plan would sell direct to the retailer, or, even better, direct to the consumer—as do the Sun-Maid Raisin Growers and the citrus-fruit association of Southern California—this added charge on the farmer would not be eliminated, but it would be to some extent written off by the simultaneous elimination of the profits of the independent dealer. Likewise, it would eliminate some of the "profits" of the Sapiro Plan co-operative association, and, because it would eliminate these "profits," the Jewish ring refuses to allow its co-operatives to become what they should be—*direct links between the producer and the consumer.*

In Washington and Oregon and Idaho, independent dealers bought wheat from the Sapiro Plan associations at from ten to twenty-three cents a bushel *less* than they paid non-association wheat-growers. In Washington, independent buyers bought Sapiro Plan association hay at 75 cents to $1.50 a ton *less* than they were paying the non-association farmers. Prunes and apricots, dumped on the market by a western Sapiro Plan co-operative fruit association, were bought by dealers at seven to eleven cents *less* a pound than they could buy the same fruits from the producers outside the association. Similar examples could be cited for every agricultural product with whose merchandising the Sapiro scheme has interfered. Small wonder that the much-cursed buyers and dealers and brokers in American agricultural products are hoping that the Sapiro Plan co-operatives will continue to flourish!

One of the most flagrant instances of disaster brought to the farmer by a Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association occurred in the Lompoc Valley, in California. There are about 12,000 acres of arable land in this valley, surrounding the city of Lompoc, and some 3,000 acres more tributary to it in smaller valleys in the hills. It lies in Santa Barbara County, rather more than 300 miles south of San Francisco. On the average, eighty per cent of these 15,000 acres are planted to beans of several varieties. The bean crop of this valley for the past seven years is of interest, because quantity of production has a direct bearing on the operation of the Sapiro Plan co-operative association. In 1917, Lompoc Valley produced 29,091,100 pounds; 1918, the record year, 34,908,000; 1919 showed 23,416,400; while 1920 fell to the lowest of any of the seven, due to the disastrous activities of the Sapiro Plan association in the two preceding crops, with only 9,585,800 pounds. In 1921, the crop was 131,500 bags of 100 pounds each, or 13,150,000 pounds. The following year, 1922, produced 17,026,500 pounds of beans in the valley, and last year, the crop dropped off to 13,597,000 pounds, largely due to drought. This year's crop has not been closely estimated.

The production of beans in the entire state of California for the four years in which the Sapiro Plan co-operative was active in the Lompoc Valley was as follows, the amounts being in pounds: 1918, 487,587,000; 1919, 298,775,000; 1920, 171,000,000; and in 1921, 337,500,000.

While the Sapiro Plan co-operative association has now been virtually eliminated in the Lompoc Valley, where it had a fair field and a non-perishable crop with which to demonstrate its real worth, it is still operating in the Sacramento Valley and in the large bean-producing territory around Ventura, California. Members are dropping away rapidly in the Ventura district, and there is great dissatisfaction with the results achieved in the Sacramento Valley. From all indications it is merely a question of time until the whole California Bean Growers' Association, as this Sapiro organization is called, will go the way of its Lompoc local branch, whose history is told herein.

The California Bean Growers' Association was formed in the autumn of 1918. There was no occasion for the organization of this association, because the growers had received twelve to thirteen cents a pound, a record price, for their 1917 crop; there was an open market seeking beans in 1918, and the crop in the Lompoc Valley, to which this article applies exclusively, was the largest yet grown there. But, with the assistance of William Cooper, N. D. Hall, Lawrence Smith, and H. M. Hawkins, who afterward became manager of the Lompoc district, Aaron Sapiro was brought into the valley. Behind him came the usual squad of "dynamite boys," previously described in these pages. They rushed the farmers into membership and succeeded in obtaining, in the Lompoc district alone, 200 bean farmers as members of the organization. These represented approximately ninety per cent of the bean-growers of the valley, producing a trifle more than ninety per cent of the crop in that territory.

> Of these 200 who made deliveries of their 1918 crop to the Lompoc district of the California Bean Growers' Association, only five made deliveries of their 1923 crop to the same organization, and, as far as the writer has been able to learn, only two will make such deliveries of their 1924 crop. Ten members of the Lompoc district were prosperous farmers when they went into the association; today they are bankrupts and have left the valley. Sixteen others who either owned or leased farms when they went into the association are today working for wages, having lost their leases and their titles to the land they occupied, and are endeavoring as honest men to pay off the debts piled on them by the association. Thirty-five others were able to sustain their losses, but refused to deliver their beans to the association in 1921. The remainder, with the exception of the five noted, made no deliveries to the association in 1923, and all the bean-growers of the valley, with the exception of the five, are selling their product to the independent buyers.

Incidentally, the California Bean Growers' Association, whose headquarters are in San Francisco, *is suing some twenty farmers in this valley* in an effort to collect a cent a pound on these farmers' bean crops, which they sold outside the association to get money on which to live and pay their debts. As one of these defendant farmers said to me:

"These suits make me wonder whether this association belongs or ever did belong to us farmers, or whether it belongs to an outside gang of exploiters, who came in here to make money out of us."

So far in this investigation, the writer has failed to find a single Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association which actually belongs to or is controlled or directed by the farmers who make up its membership. The "outside gang" theory held by the farmer who is being sued for money paid to him for a crop which he

(*Concluded on page 11*)

(C) Barcaler Photo

The town of Lompoc, and the heart of the Lompoc Valley, where 200 bean growers lost $1,750,000 in three years, due to the operations of a Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing association.

The Premier of France—Edouard Herriot

Frugal and Essentially a Man of the People; Ardent Connoisseur and Lover of Rare Books

By ANNE LEE and MARGUERITE SCHULZ

THE visitor to Paris who hopes for a fleeting glimpse of M. Edouard Herriot, whose successful rise to the dizzy heights of the Premiership of the Republic recently astounded the world, would probably be inclined to lurk about the vicinity of the Quai D'Orsay or perhaps his residence. Very likely, not one would expect to find the gentleman calmly browsing over a first edition in an out-of-the-way bookstall, yet that is exactly where he is most apt to be found during his leisure moments.

In a tiny shop nestled in one corner of a rather dingy building in the Place Loban, not far from the Hotel de Ville, we found the statesman shortly after he became premier. In the atmosphere of books—books new, old, common and rare—it was not difficult to approach him and renew acquaintances (since we had had the pleasure of meeting the Premier during his American tour last autumn). About his snappy, black eyes, there was the expression of the guilty schoolboy whose teacher has just discovered that, instead of studying his geography, the pupil is reading a detective story concealed inside the textbook, and when we took occasion to recall another similar incident which occurred in New York City, the Premier laughed heartily and admitted his weakness amounted to an obsession.

M. Herriot as a lover and connoisseur of books possesses an interesting collection of first editions as well as old and rare volumes of various kinds. The incident alluded to which occurred during his brief stay in New York was this: One day he became separated from the rest of the party and when, after a few hours, the principal member of the expedition failed to put in his appearance, his secretary decided that a bookstore was probably the cause of the disturbance. He recalled someone having pointed out Brentano's to M. Herriot and it was there that the astute secretary found his employer in a most enthusiastic frame of mind over a lucky discovery which was at that moment being wrapped up.

Unlike most Frenchmen, M. Herriot is a man of large stature. He is more than six feet in height and weighs considerably in excess of two hundred pounds. In bearing, he gives one the impression of importance, but it requires only a glance at the kindly face to recognize the true personality of the man. Generous and big-hearted he is, and about the large eyes there is an expression of unmistakable compassion, whereas the square-set jaws betoken the will power and fighting proclivities of the tenacious statesman.

Of Humble Origin

IN MANNERISMS he is typically a product of France, being effusive and demonstrative, and gesticulating with his hands a great deal while he talks. He likes to get away from politics, and his brief visits to the bookshops are like carefree recesses in days that are crowded with affairs of state. After graciously bowing in acknowledgment of our congratulations, the Premier made it clear that he considered political conversation taboo and almost sacrilegious in the presence of his beloved books.

Herriot's heavy head of dark, curly hair defies the rule of brush or comb. The Mayor of Lyons is careless about his appearance, and, in a state of absent-mindedness, he is apt to go outdoors without his hat or without his cravat if he is not watched. During his American tour, it required the watchful eyes of both his secretary and the friend who accompanied him to see to it that he was properly garbed. The question of clothes is a matter of little concern to the leader of the Left.

Born at Troyes in 1872, of humble parents, M. Herriot has never known affluence. He is by no means a man of wealth today, and the possession of wealth holds no appeal for him. Having been orphaned at an early age, it was through steadfast, diligent work at school that he won recognition for his keen intellect. At fifteen he was awarded a scholarship to the College of Sainte-Barbe, Paris, and later he received the distinction of being appointed to the Ecole Normale Superieure, Paris, where only a limited number of the highest-ranking honor pupils are sent to be trained as university professors.

From there he went to the University of Lyons to teach, and it was as a professor that this dominant leader first acquired his enviable reputation as an eloquent speaker who "always talks on his feet," as the French refer to an extemporaneous speaker. Although his public utterances are inclined to be flowery and moving as well as fluent, M. Herriot is not much given to small talk.

He is in reality a very unpretentious, simple, home-loving man; a very fatherly type, although he has no children of his own. In Lyons he is loved by young and old, and no matter how preoccupied he is with affairs of state, it is his custom to stop along the streets and talk to a group of children; pat some little fellow on the head or lift a rosy-cheeked little girl to his six-foot height and kiss her on the cheeks before he resumes his journey.

Ever since he went there to teach, Herriot has made his home in Lyons. His wife was the daughter of a Lyons manufacturer. He has done more than anyone else toward bringing this thriving city in the south of France, located in the center of the silk industry, to the attention of the world, and, indeed, of Paris as well; and, by way of appreciation, Lyons has elected her favorite son mayor for twelve successive terms.

"Father of Rehabilitation"

IN 1916, Herriot was a member of the French Cabinet as Minister of Public Works. Later, he served as Senator, but resigned his seat to run for office in the French Chamber of Deputies, and in 1921 he was elected deputy from the Department of the Rhone, the district in which Lyons is situated.

The same hard work and powerful vitality which characterized him in his early years at school have marked M. Herriot's political efforts. He works hard because he enjoys work, and he has a seemingly never-ending store of energy and ambition. He is always on the move and never seems to tire of being so. His friends marvel at the apparent ease with which he constantly travels back and forth between Paris and Lyons.

Even the rigors of his American tour, with a program crowded to capacity with banquets, lectures, entertainments, and the like, interspersed with continual train connections and travels, failed to test the strength of M. Herriot. He was the only member of his party who withstood the strain of the hurried tour, and he seemed to enjoy it all immensely.

It is not generally known that Premier Herriot is considered the "father of rehabilitation" in France. During the war, he started the first school for the rehabilitation of French soldiers. The school was situated in Lyons and called "L'Ecole Joffre" after the beloved French soldier. It was from this school, where Herriot's own ideas were worked out, that the American Red Cross got its inspiration for rehabilitation work in America.

"L'Ecole Joffre" served as a model for several schools later established throughout France, and it was largely due to the inspiration of the work conducted there that the American Red Cross founded its own rehabilitation program. It was this rehabilitation department of the Red Cross, which later became known as the Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, from which the government's rehabilitation work was afterward copied.

The Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men is still carrying on its work at Twenty-third street and Lexington avenue, New York, and his visit to the school last autumn was considered by M. Herriot one of the outstanding features of his American tour. Even away off in the Paris bookshop where we met the now-famous Premier, he spoke of his sincere interest in rehabilitation work.

Although he understands and reads English perfectly, M. Herriot is very timid about carrying on a conversation in our language, and, inasmuch as our French was considerably more imperfect than the statesman's English, a prolonged conversation was impossible. Bowing graciously over our hands, the Premier was most solicitous as we made our adieus, and we had reason to feel that our casual visit to the little bookshop had indeed been worth while.

The Taxgatherers Abroad

By R. L. OUTHWAITE

IN THE British House of Lords recently, some of our great capitalists pronounced the impending doom of British industry at the hands of the taxgatherer. Outside these august ranks the argument was reinforced by "captains of industry" such as W. L. Hichens, chairman of the great engineering firm of Cammell, Laird and Company, who declared: "Trade is bad, and there is every likelihood of its getting worse."

As like results derive from like causes, and as bad trade in Britain denotes bad trade elsewhere, its root cause in Britain conveys lessons for others than her own people. The determining factor is taxation levied upon industry. Estimates of the taxation per head in various countries generally tell less than the truth for they omit subsidiary state or municipal taxation from the account. In Britain this is particularly the case. It has become the custom of governments to enforce schemes of national, as distinct from local, concern and leave their administration to the local governments, the boroughs and county councils. The cost in part is also cast on these authorities, who are left to raise the revenue by way of rates.

How Rates Are Leviea

THESE rates are levied upon the rental value of land and buildings within each rating area assessed on rent actually received. When the land lies vacant, no rates are payable though its value may be enormous. When a dwelling is not occupied it is not rated. The rates, therefore, fall as a penalty upon the use of land, and operate as a discouragement to enterprise. It is on taxpayers so mulcted that governments have cast a great share of the provision of funds for such services as education, relief of the poor, the cost of health legislation, and on whom it is now proposed to throw, in part, the responsibility for the provision of houses which over a term of years is estimated to cost upward of two thousand million pounds (£2,000,000,000).

So it will be seen that when the taxation of Britain is set down at approximately £800,000,000, this does not tell the whole tale. When municipal taxation is taken into account the sum total would not be far short of a round £1,000,000,000 a year. Nor does this tell the whole story. As the industrial centers of Britain are those where the burden of education and poor relief is heaviest it is there that rates are highest. Where the rich live the burden of these services is the least and rates are the lowest. What these imposts mean in relation to industrial enterprise and the condition of the workers may be gauged from the case of Sheffield, the great engineering center of England. The following news item was recently circulated:

"About 32,000 people in Sheffield have not paid the rates in the latter half of 1923, and summonses have been issued against most of them. Another 10,000 people, who have only paid a portion of the rates, are paying the balance in weekly installments. There are 30,000 unemployed in Sheffield and the Poor Law Guardians are in debt to the extent of a million pounds (£1,000,000)."

This brief paragraph is an epitome of the plight of the workers in those "devastated areas" of Britain that war has ruined through the destruction of trade, and that taxation is keeping in the dust and ashes of former greatness.

An examination as to the incident of the rates shows that one-third of the assessable value of Sheffield is furnished by the cottages of the workers of a less ratable value than fifteen pounds a year. Which is to say that the occupant of such a cottage, subsisting in many cases on the unemployment dole, and supplemented by poor relief, pays seven pounds ten shillings a year to the poor rate (ten shillings in the pound) alone and in total rates (twenty-two shillings in the pound) sixteen pounds ten shillings. Such is the burden cast upon the citizen in addition to national taxation which is set down at fifteen pounds eighteen shillings a head.

Labor Government's Impotence

WHEN it is realized that £1,000,000,000 a year is taken from the people in national and local taxation it can be understood how profound a bearing taxation has on trade which Mr. Hichens tells us "is bad and likely to continue bad." It signifies a vast reduction in the consuming capacity of the masses, which means a lessened demand for goods, a lessened demand for workers to produce goods, a constant widening of the area of unemployment, further reduction in consumption—all of which makes for "bad trade."

Furthermore the local taxation as levied penalizes all enterprise and in one district where the rates are higher than in Sheffield the head of a great local engineering works has complained that the rates alone equal a dividend of five and one-fourth per cent on the company's ordinary shares.

The great Pitt once declared in relation to indirect taxation, "There is a means by which you can tax the last rag from a man's back and the last bite from his lips without causing a murmur. The grumbling will be against hard times. The people have yet to learn that hard times are caused by taxation."

That fact the peoples of all nations have yet to learn and apply the remedy.

In Britain there is a Labor government which secured its votes at the last election mainly on two pledges:

(1) That the Labor party alone had a "positive remedy" for unemployment.
(2) That by way of a capital levy it would raise £3,000,000,000 to reduce the national debt.

The Labor government has already acknowledged its impotence to solve the problem of unemployment and has estimated the permanent number of the unemployed at 800,000. At the same time it has scrapped the capital levy. The reason is probably to be found in a statement made by Ramsay MacDonald in which he stated that the service of our debt to America compelled the government to walk warily.

And Now, Who Spilled the Beans at Lompoc?

Concluded from page 9

produced, owned and sold, is as true of other Sapiro Plan co-operative marketing associations as it is of the Lompoc district branch of the California Bean Growers' Association.

The Lompoc Valley produces as the main part of its crop small white (navy) beans and "pinks." As has been said, the growers received *twelve to thirteen cents a pound for their 1917 crop.* For the 1918 crop, the independent buyers and brokers offered *ten to ten and one-half to eleven cents* a pound. The promoters of the Sapiro Plan association promised the farmers who joined a minimum of twelve cents a pound. As a matter of fact, the 1918 crop netted the growers in the association from *five to eight cents a pound,* as compared with *the ten to eleven cents which the growers outside the association received from the independent buyers.* Some of the growers in the association received as low as three and one-quarter cents a pound for their beans, while a few sacks were sold at eight cents. The great majority of the crop was given "orderly marketing" by the Sapiro Plan association in such a clever way that they netted five and one-half to six cents a pound to the farmer. The beans grown by the members of the association were identical in quality and kind with those grown by the independent outside farmer, yet the latter received in some instances *twice as much,* and in all instances at least *forty per cent more* than the association member.

The California Bean Growers' Association never has deigned to explain this loss to the farmers of the Lompoc Valley, but the whole deal looked so bad that Herman Steen, recorder of the "successes" of the Sapiro Plan, offers this palliative, in his book, "Co-operative Marketing":

> "Before the association had an opportunity to sell many of its beans, the Oriental beans crashed the market from ten cents a pound to less than five. Right there, the manager blundered badly; *he decided to hold for a price fixed as a fair return.* He sat down on the 1,300,000 bags of beans and waited and waited for the price that never came. There was no good reason to expect any material advance over the five-cent level, but the 1,300,000 bags were held for sixteen months, during which only a few were sold. Then a change in management occurred, and the stored beans, to which had been added the 1919 crop, were slowly merchandised at the best available prices. The holding policy of the California Bean Growers' Association was probably the worst blunder in merchandising ever committed by a co-operative marketing association."

The italics in the above quotation are my own, and the whole bad affair bears out my statement, repeated frequently in these articles, that one of the greatest factors of disaster in the Sapiro Plan is the policy of price-fixing.

Suits Against Members

THE Lompoc district was organized for three years, with the regulation Sapiro Plan contracts, depriving the producer of all control over his product, written for that period. Though these contracts involved the 1918 crop, they technically covered the 1919, 1920 and 1921 crop also, and the interpretation of them as governing the disposal of the 1921 crop is one of the features of the suits the association is now bringing against its own members. Agents of the association—presumably with the approval of the headquarters in San Francisco and of the "supervising legal counsel," Mr. Aaron Sapiro, also of San Francisco—attempted to enforce these contracts in 1922, but failed signally.

In common with the investigations of other Sapiro Plan co-operative associations, the writer called on and had correspondence with more than forty members of the Lompoc Valley branch of this association. Here are a few brief histories of the disasters this association brought to bona fide farmers of that district:

One large bean-grower sold his 1918 bean crop to the independent buyers for ten cents. He was persuaded to join the association in the autumn of 1918, and the association collected from him one-half cent a pound, or fifty cents a bag on the crop he already had sold, *as a "merchandising fee,"* though the association had no more to do with merchandising those beans than did the writer. This man's bean crop brought him in $10,000, paid to him on the day that he sold the beans to the independent buyer. He did not need money to carry him over the next year's (1919) crop, yet he had to pay what was equivalent to interest on a loan—called an "advance" by the Sapiro Plan promoters—which he never obtained or used.

Another man had his 1918 crop sold to an independent buyer at ten cents, but had not signed a contract. A gang of association agents got hold of this grower and "persuaded" him to join the organization. He received three cents a pound for his beans.

A grower who had 1,500 sacks, or 150,000 pounds, worth at a low price $13,000, had in the lot 100 sacks which were below grade. He was informed by the association "experts" that all his beans would have to be hand-picked. Without consulting him further, these beans were shipped to Michigan, supposedly to be so hand-picked. *The only return this man ever received for his beans was a bill for $600 charges for hand-picking,* and this he had to pay and did pay. He never has been able to learn what became of his beans, why they were not sold at a profit, and why he could not get a statement.

The bank which had been carrying the two last-mentioned growers from year to year, was compelled to foreclose its mortgages, and both lost their farms. This, however, is not unusual among the victims of these Sapiro Plan associations.

Another man, at one time a director in the association, sold his crop for $80,000 less than he was offered for it by independent buyers. A Japanese grower, with 350,000 pounds, received three and one-quarter cents a pound from the association, after he had been offered six cents by the independent buyers. That is to say, he got $11,375 for a crop for which he could have obtained $21,000. More than this, he, like other members of the Sapiro Plan co-operatives, waited from six months to a year to get his reduced payment, when he could have had the larger sum immediately on delivery of the beans.

Four other men, producing from 3,000 to 5,000 bags each, were compelled to sell their farms to get money to pay their debts. All four are now working as foremen on other farms in an effort to clear themselves of still other debts into which they were plunged by the "price-fixing" and "orderly marketing" methods of this Sapiro Plan association.

Still another, one of the most prosperous and successful farmers of the Lompoc Valley, with a farm conservatively valued at $100,000, sold his 1919 crop of beans to outside buyers while he was a member of the association, and was compelled to pay approximately $15,000 into the association for doing so.

Still another had 900 sacks or 90,000 pounds of beans. Needing money to meet his bank loans, he asked the association to sell his beans immediately. The association officials curtly informed him that he had nothing to say about the time when his beans were sold, or the price at which they were disposed of. He, therefore, sold the beans to an outside buyer for six cents a pound, receiving $5,400 in cash immediately. The association is now suing him for $1,600 penalty for selling his own product when and to whom he chose.

As matters stand—though this man is fighting the suit—he can afford to pay the $1,600 and still have more for his beans than the association paid other members at the same time, when the net return to the grower in the association was two and three-quarters to three cents a pound. Had he sold through the association at three cents, he would have received $2,700, or just half the amount he did get from the outside buyer, and, if he pays the $1,600 demanded by the association, he still will be $1,100 to the good.

Another man, who was out of debt, had money in the bank, and owned 300,000 pounds of beans when he went into the association. Outside buyers offered him six to seven cents cash a pound. The association actually paid him, after some eight months, 3.28 cents a pound. He is today $20,000 in debt, has mortgaged his crops for the next two years to banks, with the endorsements of the independent buyers who are trying to save him from bankruptcy, and does not expect to get out of debt for five years.

These are fair examples of just what the Sapiro Plan of Co-operative Marketing does for the American farmer. There are scores of others among the 200 bean-growers of the little Lompoc Valley. There are a few, just a beginning of the day of doom, among the bean-growers at Ventura and in the Sacramento Valley, where the California Bean Growers' Association is still operating. Time is all that is required to bring heavy loss, often bankruptcy, to the farmer who allows a Sapiro Plan co-operative association to get his name on the dotted line. The California association has as its members approximately eighty per cent of the bean-growers of California, with the exception of the lima-bean growers, who have their own association, and the Lompoc farmers, who have learned their lesson, and are now paying the teacher.

A cloud of mystery covers the operations of this Lompoc branch of the California Bean Growers' Association. No one knows, least of all the members of the defunct branch, what became of either beans or money. The writer rather doubts whether the one-time officials of this branch know what became of them. Of all the members whom the writer interviewed, not one ever saw a report of the operations or expenditures or income of the office at Lompoc. The best corner office in the town was rented, lavishly fitted up, and provided with a large force of clerks, bookkeepers, assistant managers, salesmen, bean experts, and the like. The consent of the farmer-members, who were supposed to own, control and direct the association, was never asked for these expenditures, nor were they ever informed as to what their association was costing them. The Lompoc branch had no warehouse of its own—though the state association has a large and costly one at Pittsburgh, about as far from the bean production centers as it could be placed—and the beans belonging to the association members were stored in private warehouses at Lompoc. There, in spite of the large clerical force kept at the Lompoc branch headquarters, the owners of these warehouses had to do all the bookkeeping and clerical work on the taking in and shipping out of the millions of pounds of beans from the 1918, 1919 and 1920 crops. The warehousemen claim, apparently truthfully, that they never received any pay for this work. What then was the staff of the Lompoc branch doing to earn the thousands of dollars of the farmers' money paid to it?

Look at the Figures

IN ADDITION to this waste, the Lompoc branch never had a competent selling organization; its members were not allowed to say when, to whom or at what price their beans should be sold; the producer had no voice in the control of expenditures or the direction of operations, and, finally, the Lompoc branch was compelled, through the incompetence of its sales force, to dispose of a great part of its product to the independent buyers, who thereby obtained the bean crop, all collected and prepared for them, at approximately one-half the price they would have had to pay, and are paying today, to the grower outside the association. But the inner workings of this branch association, who got the money, how he got it, or where and how it was wasted, as the case may be, probably never will be told.

And, if anyone doubts that those 200 members of the Lompoc branch of the California Bean Growers' Association did suffer heavy loss, let him look at these figures:

The years of 1918, 1919 and 1920 were those in which the association had the Lompoc Valley bean-growers under control. The total bean crop in this valley for those three years was 679,102 bags of 100 pounds each. Of this crop, the association handled ninety per cent, or 611,192 bags. In those years, the independent growers received an immediate cash price for their beans of seven to eleven cents a pound; the growers in the association received from 2.75 to 8 cents a pound. The average of the independent prices was 9 cents; that of the association 5.375 cents. The association then brought into the Lompoc Valley and distributed among its members $3,285,157, when the same amount of beans, sold independently, would have brought $5,490,728, to the same number of men in the same valley. This is a dead loss of more than $2,000,000, sustained by 200 men in three years.

The majority of the bean-growers in the Lompoc Valley, no matter how great their losses, have charged them off and gone to work to try to retrieve their fallen fortunes. They do not seem to be particularly "put out" with the directors of the association—in fact, some of these directors still live in Lompoc—and *the majority of the losers believe that the fault was in the system, in the Sapiro Plan,* and not in the men who tried to administer it. The writer does not entirely agree with these bean-growers, but that is neither here nor there. Out of the disaster which the Sapiro Plan brought to Lompoc has grown one very valuable result, that no promoter of private schemes for mulcting the farmer, or for any co-operative trap, ever will get another hearing in Lompoc.

The First Oil Well

By JOHN KAISER

THE gigantic growth and development of the oil industry serves to call attention to the small beginnings of that industry. Ohio has played a prominent part in this growth, and it may be of interest to know that Southeastern Ohio was the first to attract attention.

Petroleum was first found in Ohio, and perhaps in the world, in what is now Noble County, within one mile of Caldwell, the county seat. Noble County was the last county to be formed in Ohio.

The first well was drilled in 1814 by Robert McKee, who, in 1796, came to Marietta from McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, in a flatboat. The well was drilled for salt brine, and the work was done in rather primitive manner, a spring pole being used, and the tools allowed to drop down into the hole when the pole was released.

When oil was struck they did not know what it was and so covered up the well and abandoned it. A hollow sycamore log did service as casing and it may be seen today in good condition, still casing the well.

First oil well, drilled at Caldwell, Ohio, in 1814.
Mr. and Mrs. Chris McKee standing at the well.

A nephew, Chris McKee, lives at Belle Valley, not far from the well, and serves to keep alive the traditions of the family.

Chris McKee has been engaged in the oil business for many years, but before he turned to the oil business he made two trips to the western country in search of gold.

His first trip was in 1862 and for more than three years he prospected in Idaho and returned with a neat sum of money. Again the lure of gold took him to the West, and, in 1877, he went to Deadwood, South Dakota. He was obliged to travel by stage the last 350 miles from Cheyenne to Deadwood.

He saw Red Cloud after the famous battle known as Custer's Massacre. He also got to see Spotted Tail, Sitting Bull, and other noted Indian chiefs. He says that Sitting Bull was not very pleasant looking, but he is quite complimentary of the others.

Mr. McKee has been extensively engaged in the coal business, and was one of the builders of the railway from Marietta to Caldwell.

Oil first went by the name of Seneca oil. Peddlers used to gather the oil by soaking blankets in springs where it was found, wringing out the oil, and then traveling over the country on horseback, selling it to farmers' wives for rheumatism, sprains and bruises.

From such use it has developed until it enters into the manufacture of about all products used in shop or home.

Vermont and Its Beautiful Marble

Green Mountain State Supplies Material Solomon Might Have Envied

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

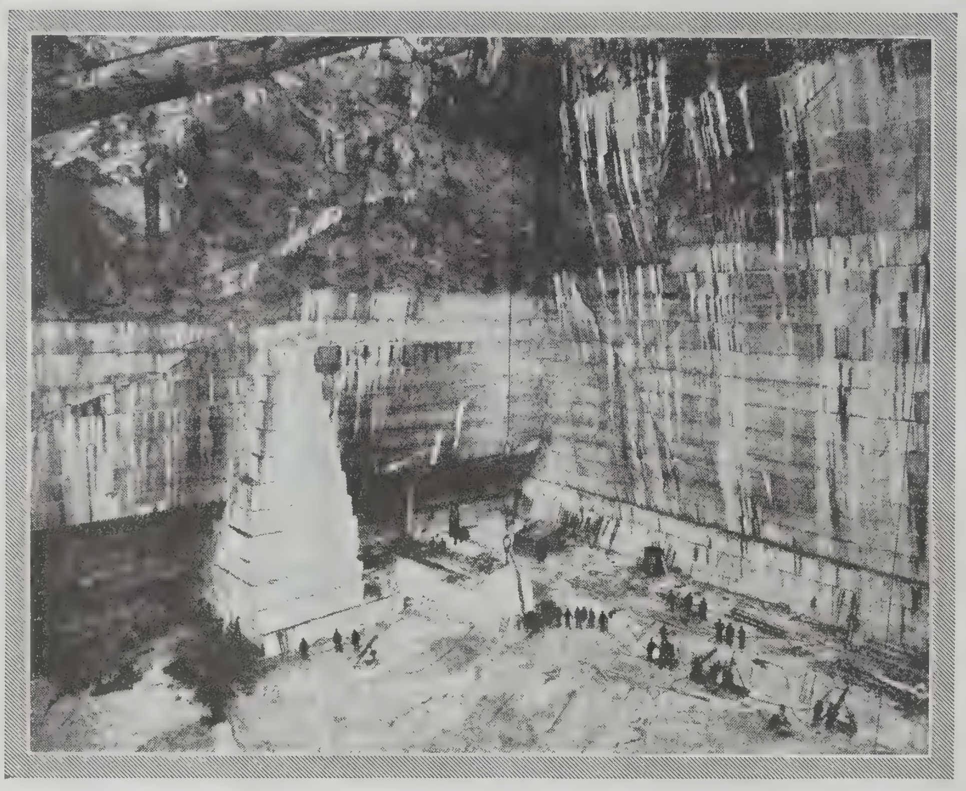
MARBLE is as old as the oldest history. In fact some of the earliest history ever written was inscribed on marble tablets. Among the ancient marbles collected at Oxford, England, is one example, known as the Parian Chronicle, supposed to have been made on the island of Paros. Inscribed upon it are some of the great events of Grecian history, going back to the reign of the first king of Athens, 1582 B. C., and covering a period of 1,300 years.

In Bible times marble was regarded as a choice product. Numerous references to it may be found in the Bible, and for the famous city of Babylon, the palaces of the kings of Persia and the Temple of Solomon, it was regarded as a precious stone. If Solomon could only have had access to the marbles of Vermont, the glories of his temple would have been manyfold greater. For Vermont has at least fifty grades and varieties of marble, all of great beauty; and a supply that is almost inexhaustible. In fact, only a comparatively few deposits have yet been touched. Underlying practically the whole of the Green Mountain range are believed to lie other great beds, and possibly varieties of even greater beauty than those now quarried, if that is possible.

Marble quarrying is one of the basic industries of the state, dating back to 1785, when the first quarry was opened at Dorset, and no one seems to know just when Vermont marble became a salable product. Some time before the Revolution blocks of it were being cut and hauled around in oxcarts to the farmhouses for fireplace stones. Vermonters had learned that it stood the heat without cracking and they liked its bright, glistening surface. And so Vermont marble made its debut in the form of fire slabs; then it began to be used for tablets and markers in the cemeteries. Here again dates are lacking, but in the old church burying ground at Bennington is a little slab split apparently from the neighboring ledges and set in place in 1759. Within this same inclosure are many more marble slabs erected between 1770 and 1780, and up and down the hills and in the valleys are countless other cemeteries with records fully as old. Jonas Stewart was a pioneer in this tombstone industry.

For nearly a hundred years many different men tried in vain to place the Vermont marble industry on a stable and paying basis, but something always seemed to stand in the way—chiefly lack of facilities for quarrying and working it and then for shipment of the finished product.

The first real advance came about forty years ago, and under the guidance of able, farsighted business men, chief among whom was the late Senator Redfield Proctor, the business fought its way to an era of prosperity. It was through Proctor that the industry received its great development. Gradually, but with unalterable determination, he pushed Vermont marble out over the country. At that time there was only one quarry in operation, and all the blocks were hauled to the mills by ox teams, a few scattered houses standing where the town of Proctor now stands. Today the site of that old mill is marked by a huge group of modern structures, and the business is now the largest marble manufacturing district in the world. The one quarry has increased to seventy-five or more, with a combined yearly output of 1,000,000 cubic feet. There are shops and mills in Proctor 1,500 feet long, with other plants at Center Rutland, West Rutland, Florence, Brandon, and eight other points, besides one just over the line in New York State.



The Sutherland Falls quarry, in many respects the most wonderful quarry in the world. The depth may be gauged by the comparative size of the men at work on the floor of the quarry. More than 1,000,000 cubic feet of marble are produced annually in the Vermont quarries and shipped all over the world.

This incline is much steeper than the picture would indicate. A three-rail track, on which loaded cars pass up and down, one coming down with marble while one goes up with supplies. They automatically take sidings to pass each other at regular points. Thus a three-rail track is sufficient.

Marble from the Green Mountain State is being shipped over the whole world, and some of America's greatest memorials, notably the Arlington Memorial at Washington, which cost $1,000.000, are constructed of this beautiful stone, which, in Vermont, seems to be of never-ending variety. It seems almost unbelievable that one small state could produce so many wondrously blended varieties. No two of them are alike and each has an individuality of its own. The delicate markings and shades of color are arranged by Nature in manifold combinations.

One company alone in the state employs more than 4,000 men. This one concern has twenty-seven acres of shop and mill space, and more than fifty traveling salesmen are kept busy securing orders, from the front and interior of a magnificent bank building or great city memorial, down to simple tablets and tombstones later cut by some local monument dealer.

At West Rutland there are no less than a dozen hillside quarries, with a maximum depth of more than 300 feet. As a result of tunneling operations, all these openings have been merged into one, with an underground floor space of seventeen acres—as big as a city park. There is a lime plant, too, at West Rutland, of concrete and steel, equipped with crushers that will reduce marble blocks to pieces no larger than walnuts, and supplementing these is a gas-heated rotary kiln, 125 feet long and 8 feet in diameter which turns marble refuse into lime at the rate of 75 tons a day, under a temperature of around 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. This is an important by-product.

In the town of Proctor we find an aerial tramway which extends for two and a quarter miles up the mountain, connecting the shops and mills with an unfailing supply of sand. Sand is necessary for the polishing of the marble, and a bucket weighing 300 pounds, carrying a quarter ton of sand in one load, moves along this cable every forty seconds. In ten years approximately 1,500,000 tons of sand have passed in and out of these buckets to the polishing mills, and a deposit of sand covering seventeen acres has been lowered sixty feet.

Stretching from the highest quarry on Danby Mountain to the track of the Rutland Railroad, 900 feet below, is a mile of cable railroad.

People who have never visited a modern quarry have but little conception of the huge scale on which everything is handled. To begin with, the industry uses some 10,000 horsepower on a circuit extending from Huntington Falls to Manchester. One plant has a score of turning lathes, one of which will turn a column 32 feet long; more than 100 rubbing beds for rubbing down the surface of the marble; some 300 big pneumatic tools and more than 400 gang saws running day and night. The yearly output is 21,000 blocks, and by blocks is not meant those of cobblestone size. The average weight of a quarry block is fifteen tons and the largest block ever quarried was sixty-three tons. There are traveling cranes to lift these, carrying up to fifty tons.

Those who have a taste for mathematics can do some nice little sums in arithmetic by juggling the above figures. A flat car, for example, runs somewhere about forty feet in length, and can take two of these fifteen-ton blocks handily. How many flat cars would be required to take them all at one time, and how long would the train be? Go further, if you like, and figure the number of locomotives required to haul the train, and the amount of horsepower. What a chance for the mathematical shark! And more than that, 6,500,000 square feet of lumber are used every year to box the marble product and for building purposes. Something like a quarter of a million monuments and tombstones are shipped out of this little Vermont district in a year, to all parts of the world.

One company uses 250 quarrying machines and 107 polishing machines day and night, the quarries being lighted by electricity. There are carborundum machines, planers, channelers, drills—in fact a machine wherever a machine can be used. Far different from the old methods when it was a work of days to get out one block that could be hauled by a team of oxen to the little mill where it was chipped, smoothed and polished by hand.

On a Vermont farm stands a slab of marble that marks the grave of a Continental officer who died while returning from a Canadian expedition. In respect to his memory a tombstone was wedged apart from one of the nearby marble ledges and hammered into form. Rough and crude, perhaps, but it shows the enduring qualities of Vermont marble when exposed to the elements, as this has been, since it was erected in 1776. Then we turn to the Arlington Memorial—the largest cemetery monument in the world, and the costliest—a masterpiece of designing and a fitting memorial. While the one was made by untrained hands, the latter was produced by faultless workmanship; but both will still endure for centuries to come.

The Arlington Memorial, by the way, built entirely of Vermont marble, is the largest structure built wholly of marble in the world. It is 260 feet long and 236 feet wide, covering 60,000 square feet of space and having seats inside the colonnade for 5,000 persons. About 450 carloads were quarried and finished for this work.

Marble is quarried first by the use of a channeling machine, which runs on a movable track along the floor of the quarry. The underground quarries at West Rutland are 2,000 feet long and 700 feet wide, with an electric road which operates on the floor 300 feet below the surface, and stretching for 800 feet out into the tunnel. Connecting with this railway, and leading up to the ground level is a cable track 500 feet long, rising at an angle of 45 degrees.

The channeling machine, by continual pounding on

Looking down into a section of the West Rutland quarry. Depth from 200 feet on the front edge to 300 at the back. The floor space at the bottom is 2,000 feet long, extending 400 feet under the hill.

the marble, sinks a narrow groove several feet deep, making it possible to take out blocks of a uniform size. The cutting by the channeling machine is done with five chisel-pointed drills, clamped together in a row and attached to the end of a steel bar.

After the quarry block has been drilled and wedged at the bottom, it is tipped down in such a way that a giant chain can be slung around it and it is hoisted by means of a derrick, placed hundreds of feet above.

The modern marble mill is constructed of steel and is divided into stalls or compartments, any one of which will accommodate a fifteen-ton quarry block. The sawing is done by smooth iron bands, set in a moving horizontal frame, acting in conjunction with sand and water. While the soft strips of iron are dragged to and fro across the marble, water is pouring down over the top, bringing the particles of sand which serve as teeth for the saws.

Next comes the rubbing bed, a large, horizontal cast-iron disk, made to revolve in a frame and so constructed as to allow sand and water to play over its surface. After the blocks have been reduced to the required size, they are placed on the rubbing beds, where they are held in a fixed position until the surface and corners are smooth.

Polishing is all done by a small, whirling disk, which is moved about over the watered surface of the stone. The first plate used is coated with carborundum, the second with aloxite and the third with hone. To complete the process, the plate is covered with felt and applied with polishing putty smeared over it.

Diamonds are harder than marble, and they are used in sawing it. When the pieces are too large, embedded in a steel disk are 125 of them, and a saw of this kind, if given plenty of water, will cut its way through the hardest marb'e. By far the greater part of the ornamental work on tombstones and the cornice work for buildings, and so forth, is produced by means of pneumatic tools. These chisels, driven by compressed air, do a tremendous amount of work in a short time, and enable the marble workers to get out the ornamental work for great structures in a tenth the time that would be required for hand chisel and mallet.

To keep up with the steady demand and to be prepared for any big contract that may come in unexpectedly, the quarries have to keep a large amount of the quarried blocks on hand. One such pile contains 22,000 blocks constantly. The industry is growing rapidly from year to year and is adding great wealth to the state. More than $5 000,000 worth of the product is sold annually. This was very nearly half of all the marble quarried in the United States. Nor is the end in sight. The search for new quarries still goes on, though nearly fifty distinct types have already been discovered.

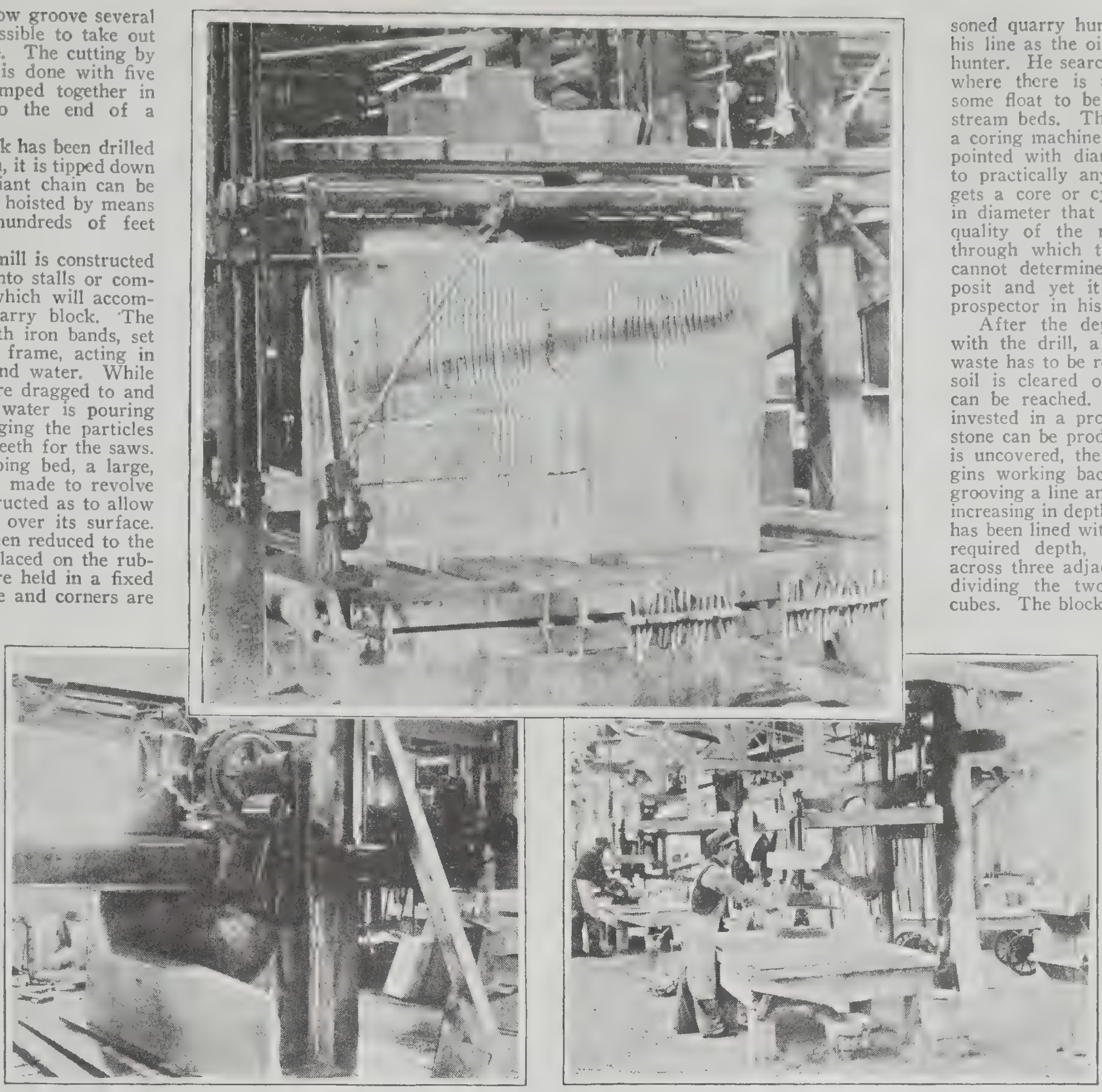
It might be thought easy to locate a new quarry, since there is so much marble already uncovered, but the seasoned quarry hunter is as experienced in his line as the oil prospector or the gold-hunter. He searches for a promising spot, where there is an outcrop, perhaps, or some float to be found washed down to stream beds. Then he sets to work with a coring machine, having a revolving drill pointed with diamonds, that he can sink to practically any depth he desires. He gets a core or cylinder about two inches in diameter that shows the structure and quality of the marble and other stone through which the drill has passed. It cannot determine the nature of the deposit and yet it is worth much to the prospector in his preliminary work.

After the deposit has been disclosed with the drill, a considerable amount of waste has to be removed after the surface soil is cleared off, before sound marble can be reached. Often $50,000 must be invested in a prospect before any salable stone can be produced. When the marble is uncovered, the channeling machine begins working back and forth on a track grooving a line an inch wide and gradually increasing in depth. As soon as the quarry has been lined with paral'el grooves of the required depth, the channelers are run across three adjacent cuts at right angles, dividing the two strips of marble into cubes. The blocks thus formed, known as "key" blocks, are broken off at the bottom by drilling and wedging. After the key courses have been cleared away, the remaining blocks in the floor are split out, both at the sides and the base, by the same process. This drill is commonly called a "gadder."

There are several ways of getting the blocks out of the quarries. At Danby Mountain, they are brought down over a mile of cable track, a drop of about 900 feet. At the West Rutland quarries part is raised by derricks and part is drawn up over an inclined cable track, everything being operated by electricity.

On leaving the mills, some of the product goes directly to the monumental shops and some for building stone.

By far the larger part of the stone that comes to the shops is delivered to the rubbing beds. Much of the work moves directly from the polishing beds to the boxers for shipment or storage. In the monument shops there is frequently another stop before the stone reaches the boxing room, during which it has to be lettered or a design traced. Tracing and lettering are separate trades and each has its own set of apprentices and journeymen.



Above—Sawing fifty-two s'abs from a marble block with a gang saw. The sawing is done by smooth iron bands, set in a moving horizontal frame, and acting in conjunction with sand and water. While the strips of soft iron are dragged to and fro across the marble, the water is pouring down over the top of the block, bringing the particles of sand which serve as teeth for the saws. At left—Cutting marble with diamonds. The rim of this saw contains 125 diamonds, imbedded in the steel. When an exposed corner becomes dull, the diamond is broken out and given a new setting. A saw of this kind, given plenty of water, will cut its way through the hardest marble. When a block of marble is too large it is cut down with this diamond disk saw. At right—Polishing a slab of marble. The work of polishing is all done by a small whirling disk which is moved about over the watered surface of the stone. The first plate used is coated with carborundum, the second with aloxite and the third with hone. To complete the process the plate is covered with felt and applied in conjunction with polishing putty.

Wooden Railroad Bridges

THE master carpenters of past generations did remarkably well in fabricating big, staunch railroad bridges from giant white pine timbers, which, like the builders, are things of the past.

A couple of fifty-year-old wooden railroad bridges of great size have just been replaced by steel viaducts, not because of the veterans failing, but to obviate the fire risk and also to anticipate the constant increase in train loads.

One of them was the 648-foot bridge of the Chicago & Alton over the Auxvasse Creek in Missouri and the other was the 480-foot Southern Railway bridge at Toms Creek in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

Both of them were so-called Howe truss bridges, inclosed in sheathing which the engineers said were helpful in prolonging their years. Their honestly built masonry piers and abutments were so strong and sound that they were used to support the new steel spans.

The Auxvasse bridge had six spans, each 108 feet long, and the Toms Creek bridge had four 120-foot spans. The floor beams of the latter bridge were ten by fourteen, and it contained 300,000 board measure of lumber which was so good it was salvaged for repair work around stations.

However, the brothers, Ulric and John Grubenmann, eighteenth century Swiss carpenters, were the world's greatest builders of wooden bridges. Their designs have been copied throughout the world.

In 1758 the Grubenmann brothers designed and built the 390-foot white pine bridge across the Limmat River near Baden, which engineers concede to be the longest span and most daring project of its kind ever undertaken. Ulric Grubenmann built a famous 364-foot wooden bridge across the Rhine at Schauffhausen. It was a single span, too, but the aldermen lacked courage and put a center pier under it which seldom was subjected to load. Napoleon's armies burned both of these bridges.

One of the best stories about wooden bridges has to do with a 150-200-foot bridge built in 1850 over Pine Creek in Warren County, Indiana. It was made of solid black walnut and later many offers were made to replace it with a steel span merely in return for the then valuable wood.

Natives Still Living in the Stone Age

THE Adelaide correspondent of the *Times* says that the Australian black while in his element is a wonderful personality; out of it he is a tragic, and often degraded, figure.

"It is a matter for deep regret," says this authority, "that these amazing people are fast disappearing. Efforts to reclaim them have been so belated and spasmodic, so lacking in real and sustained earnestness, so sadly inadequate that on'y in the narrowing spheres of their fenceless domains can this noble and intensely interesting tribe be said to be holding their own numerically. Even there the shrinking is only too apparent, but the natives are true to type, with their splendid powers of physical endurance, unrivaled strategy in hunting, and fine skill in the primitive arts.

"There is litt'e doubt that the Australian aboriginal is a living representative of the fossil man of the Stone Age; most scientists are agreed upon that. He uses an ordinary fragment of stone, just as nature made it, for pounding, cracking, and cutting purposes, like an Archeolithic man. He chips the edge of other chosen fragments, much like a Paleolithic man, and he grinds and polishes other implements and weapons he makes much like a Neolithic man. He embodies in one, therefore, all the stages defined in the classification of the fossil men of Europe.

"The aboriginal of Australia is a born hunter. His sole desire and object of existence is to hunt. Most of his time is in consequence spent on the march. He has no permanent abode, and yet it would not be quite correct to call him a nomad, because he confines his wanderings strictly to the boundaries of the hereditary tribal haunts. Only when on mischief bent, or when on the warpath, is he guilty of trespassing. His favorite weapon is the spear, either plain or barbed, with which he approaches both animal and man. He projects this missile with a spear-thrower, a flat or cylindrical stick with a hook at one end to receive the end of the spear. The greater leverage thus obtained gives him every advantage in hurling the weapon for a considerable distance.

Manufacturing Gold

GOLD may soon become a cheap product of the electric furnace, no more uncommon or precious than aluminum and carborundum which are made by that means.

Newspaper reports have given such distorted impressions of recent investigations that the following notes will be of interest.

Briefly, Professor Miethe, director of the photochemical laboratory at Charlottenburg High School, Berlin, states he has succeeded in obtaining minute quantities of gold from mercury by the prolonged action of a high tension electric current.

Eminent German scientific authorities are now saying that Professor Miethe is probably wrong in supposing that transmutation could not be effected except at stupendous cost which would make the product more expensive than natural gold.

It appears that just prior to the outbreak of the war Professor Lohmann, who succeeded in obtaining with his new type of electric furnace temperatures of 4,000 degrees Centigrade or more than 7,000 degrees Fahrenheit, carried out many researches which were not published because of the war and what followed.

If Professor Miethe's experiment were repeated with Professor Lohmann's furnace instead of with vapor lamps, it is asserted that there is no reason for disbelieving the correc'ness of the calculation that three kilogrammes of mercury could be decomposed in ten minutes into gold and helium or hydrogen.

Steps are being taken to put this to the test. Should the experiment succeed the result would be cataclysmic for the whole of human society since the possibi'ities of limitless quantities of gold at a negligible fraction of the present current value would destroy all the bases on which modern monetary systems rest, and consequently on which our present conception and measures of material values depend.

Besides volatilizing such refractory elements as tungsten, uranium and carbon to form industrially important carbides, Professor Lohmann succeeded, he declares, in volatilizing and decomposing iron, obtaining a whole series of other elements though he was unable to control the rate of reaction and determine what should be the ultimate products. This remains for further research.

Looking Beyond the Veil in Spiritland

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slates furnished by himself, but he has never yet received a message at a seance at which he kept his own slate or the medium's slate, *at all times in his own hands.* There have been instances, however, in which writings have been "received" on slates furnished by the medium and held at all times in the sitter's hands, but these writings were prepared beforehand in ink which disappears when written, but appears again a certain length of time thereafter. All the other twenty-six ways of slate writing depend on interchange of slates, the writing being done by a confederate of the medium while the sitter *thinks* he is still holding his own slate. This is another demonstration of the world-wide difference between *thinking* and *knowing.*

The conjurer mentioned above as having offered to duplicate any act performed by any medium anywhere at any time has a slate-writing trick in which the pencil can be *heard writing,* apparently between the closed leaves of the slate, but it would be unfair to this clever and honest magician to reveal the secret of this trick, which, as far as the writer knows, no medium has ever been able to duplicate, even with the supernatural aid these fakers pretend to possess. Slate writing has deceived many men of wide intelligence and broad education, but there never yet has been a slate-writing medium before the public who has not at one time or another been caught in trickery. It is the belief of all the unbiased investigators of psychological phenomena with whom the writer has come in contact that there never has been a slate writing which was not done by human agency. As entertaining tricks on the stage, these clever deceptions are worth the price of the ticket but as deliberate attempts to delude men and women by attributing them to supernatural or spiritual sources, they are criminal.

The reading of sealed letters, and the answering of questions contained in them, is done by twelve separate methods, all having for a foundation the substitution of other sealed envelopes for those containing the real letters for a space of time long enough to enable a confederate of the medium to copy the questions and formulate replies to them. The thirteenth and cleverest method is that known as the "extra letter system." In this, the medium or magician distributes among his audience small envelopes containing cards; usually these envelopes are about one and one-half by two inches, or smaller, of a size easily concealed in the hand, or "palmed," in the language of sleight-of-hand performers. The sitters for the medium, or the audience for the magician, write their questions on these cards, being commonly limited to one question, "owing to lack of time and the mental strain on the medium." Each question-writer then seals his card in the envelope and all are placed on a table in front of the medium.

The latter has, either palmed or hidden behind some ornament on the table, an exactly similar card, on which a question has been written by a confederate "planted" in the audience. This card is in an envelope exactly like all the others, with the exception that one end of the envelope is torn open. With this card in its envelope concealed in his right hand, the medium picks up the first envelope from the pile on the table, holds it in his left hand against his forehead for a moment of apparent deep concentration, and speaks aloud, without unsealing the envelope, the question prearranged with the confederate, and written on the palmed card. After he has obtained a confirmation of this question from the confederate, he opens the envelope held in his *left* hand, and apparently sends it out into the audience to the confederate. As a matter of fact, the card he really sends out is the previously prepared one which, opened, he had held palmed in his *right* hand all the time.

The confederate receives this card, confirms it, and passes it about among the audience, or among the sitters at the seance. The medium now has the first of the *genuine* cards opened and palmed in his *right* hand and *knows* what is written upon it. With his left hand he picks up another of the genuine cards from the table, presses it against his forehead, goes through the concentration process, and speaks aloud the question on the card which he already has open in his right hand. After the question is read and recognized, and the second envelope opened and swiftly exchanged for the first card, the latter is sent out to its writer in the audience, while the medium has the second card, open, and with its contents known to him, palmed in his right hand. Thus, he goes through the pile until, say a half-dozen cards remain, when he suddenly announces that the hour is growing late, and his time limited, so that he will have to defer reading the remainder of the cards until the next meeting. He must do this, or he will be left with an extra card which he is unable to read, palmed in his right hand, when the table has been emptied of all the cards.

Trance-Mediumship

THIS whole trick, which is so clever that it has fooled many experienced investigators, depends entirely upon the ability of the medium or the magician at sleight-of-hand in the changing of the cards from hand to hand. This brings up the fact that, if you will watch a medium, or a stage magician do the same trick a number of times, you will find that he goes through exactly the same succession of exactly the same movements, done at exactly the same moment, in the performance of each trick. This has led to the undoing of many mediums, because the moment an investigator finds a medium doing the same thing the same way over and over again, he is certain that only human agency is involved, for if supernatural, or spirit, aid were involved, the operations would not necessarily be the same every time. A celebrated Italian medium, who, a few years ago, set all Europe by the ears, psychologically speaking, was caught by a British investigator by this very method. When he had learned the method by which the trick was done, through watching her perform the same trick some twenty times, this investigator described it to her. The woman then broke down and confessed.

The answering of questions written, as heretofore described, is more difficult than the reading of them. By careful tabulation, however, stage magicians have found that the range of questions which men and women are apt to ask is 120 in number. Of these there are seventy-five which include all those that nine persons out of ten will ask. General answers can be provided—and have been worked out—for seventy-three of these seventy-five questions. Of these seventy-five questions there are seventeen which eight of every ten persons ask on the average. To all of these seventeen, general replies can be made which will win the immediate affirmative approval of the questioner, whose mind is already bent in that direction, and whose will is functioning along the same lines as the will of the medium or the magician. As my previously mentioned conjurer friend has said to me, "The greatest aid to the success of my tricks—all of which, understand me, are entirely man-made—is the *willingness* of my audiences to be deceived. With the mediums, the greatest help to them in putting over their deceptions is the *desire* of those who attend their seances, to hear what the medium wants to tell them." In other words, the longing to hear what we want to hear, from a source supposedly beyond this mortal world, enables a crowd of swindlers to loot the people of the United States. In all truth, "the supernatural is merely the natural which we do not understand."

Trance-mediumship is probably less understood than any other form of so-called communication between the spirit world and this, yet it is by this method that the largest individual sums of money have been obtained from wealthy men in this country and in Europe. The original idea that the person "entranced" has permitted his soul to pass out of his body, and that, hence, that wandering soul could have a wider range of vision, and could communicate through the vocal organs of its abandoned body with other human beings on earth, remains to this day. Sometimes the person in the trance communicates the "messages" supposed to come from the spirit world by word of mouth, and sometimes by writing. In either case, though continuous studies of this form of automatic speech and writing have been made since about 1900, nothing has been developed to show that any communications have been received containing any material, either thought or fact, which is not known to some person connected with the test. It is true, however, that critical observers have noted instances in which the medium undergoing the trance made statements of fact, knowledge of which apparently could not have reached her in any normal manner.

Trance-mediumship has been known for centuries, devils are recorded in the Bible as having been cast out of men and women, and the early theory of trances, as well as the present idea among savage tribes, is that the person subject to such periods of catalepsy is "possessed" of an evil spirit. Some psychologists today are returning to this theory, to the extent that they think it possible for some mental control outside the body of the trance-medium to take possession of that body when the medium, by the act of going into the trance, removes her own usual mental control from authority. The whole subject is one which is believed to be closely related to telepathy. Trance-mediumship is not so frequently resorted to by those mediums who are selling their services for money as it is by believers in spiritualism, spiritism, and similar creeds, and by investigators into psychological phenomena. The few so-called "commercial" mediums, who are able to throw themselves into trances, and so impress their supernatural powers on intelligent men and women are the ones who have profited most largely by their "spiritual" operations. They are not numerous enough, however, to become any considerable factor in the separating of the general public from its money. A number of fake trance-mediums, whose trances were assumed and put through by clever acting, with the aid of make-up, have been arrested since the World War. In fact, all forms of trickery dealing with the spirit world have been reaping a rich harvest since that conflict.

A Potent Recipe

THE cleverest of all the swindlers in the supernatural, however, are the "materializing mediums," that is to say, those who claim to produce—for a fee—the materialized "spirit" of any person who has passed out of this world. There is nothing to show that any one of these materializing mediums is not a fraud, and there are thousands of records of such mediums being caught in the midst of acts of deception. So well organized is this industry of bringing back the dead for an interview with the living, that the composition of the best, most compact, and most easily handled of the materializations staged by these mediums has been carefully worked out, and the writer is in possession of the formula. That is to say, if you pay your fee, and sit in darkness while the materializing medium produces your beloved "Bill" or "Susie," you presently will see a filmy cloud of light, gradually expanding and growing in size, until you behold a luminous body, and a glowing face, which you are prepared to swear is that of your dear departed. Here is what the materialized spirit is made of, in nine out of ten cases:

Twenty-one yards of French bridal veiling, two yards wide, so fine that it can be contained in a pint cup.
One jar of luminous paint.
One half-pint of pure white transparent varnish.
One pint of odorless benzine.
Fifty drops of oil of lavender.

The bridal veiling is first washed carefully, by hand through seven to ten waters, and, while damp after each washing, is worked also by hand through a solution made of the luminous paint, the varnish, the benzine and the lavender oil, all thoroughly mixed, and kept agitated while in use. After the veiling has been put through this solution for the last time, it is put on spreaders, similar to those used for drying lace curtains and left to dry for three days to a week. It is then washed with a naphtha soap until all the odor has been washed out. This leaves the fabric soft and pliable, and still retaining the paint. The veiling so treated, if exposed to the light for two or three hours, will remain luminous in the dark for two or three hours more. When billowed up from the floor, or waved in the air, it appears as a luminous vapor, of about the same consistency as wood smoke. It constitutes the body of the "dear departed" whom the medium calls from the spirit world in return for your fee.

The medium operates this luminous, vaporous cloth either on a long bamboo or steel rod, at the end of which is attached the head of the figure, also made luminous with paint, or with his hands, covered with black gloves, which reach well up his arms, over the ends of the sleeves of a close-fitting black garment which covers him completely, including his face. The medium either sits inside the cabinet, putting his arms or the rods out through the curtains, or moves about in front of the ring of sitters. All such materializing seances are, of course, held in the darkness, so that the black clothing of the medium completely hides him from view and the "materialized spirit" appears to be floating about in the air.

Other means of materialization are by the use of a group of men and women, made up to represent different characters, clothed in the luminous material previously described, and with their faces painted with the luminous paint. One medium in San Francisco at one time had twelve such "characters" in his repertoire for materializations. Business was good with him, and he has since retired to a splendid country estate farther south on the California coast, where he takes great delight in telling his friends of the various methods by which he deluded gullible sitters into believing that their dead loved ones had returned. Such use of confederates in materializing seances, however, has two drawbacks—the danger of one of the "actors" talking too much, and the high expense, for such animated "spirits" demand minimum salaries of ten to twenty-five dollars a seance for their services.

There are at least seven other methods of "materialization," and scores of other ways of making unobservant and credulous people believe that they are in communication with the spirit world. These "systems," as the mediums call their schemes, are too numerous to be told here, but it is worth remembering as a fact that wherever a person has set himself or herself up as a medium of communication with the "other side," as they call the spirit world, and offers such services for hire, investigation has shown, without exception, that such a person is practicing fraud. There is no record of communication with the departed which will bear scientific investigation.

St. James's Palace

Concluded from page 4

Lieutenant in 1914. His disappointment at not being permitted to go with his battalion to France was bitter.

"What does it matter if I am shot?" he asked, "I have four brothers."

"If I were certain you would be *shot,*" replied Lord Kitchener, "I do not know if I should be right to restrain you. What I cannot permit is the chance of the enemy securing you as a prisoner." Just like the Prince! Just like Kitchener! It will be remembered that later he was *aide-de-camp* to Lord French and was more than once under hot fire. On one occasion he was a few minutes away from his car; came back to find that it had been smashed to smithereens. But we must retire to St. James's!

On the same floor as the hall are two rooms which are very busy secretarial offices, and next to them a quietly furnished dining room. Passing up the white-paneled staircase, the Prince's private apartments looking on Cleveland Row are reached. The sitting room is "restful," the prevailing color being the green of carpet, curtains and furniture. There is a big and always busy desk, for the Prince's "job" is not a sinecure. When he overheard a workman calling him "one of the idle rich," he promptly said: "Rich perhaps, but, hang it all, not idle!" He is usually up very early for a walk or for a gallop in the park, or for a run in the beautiful gardens of Buckingham Palace, close by. Then breakfast; then hard work, he and his secretaries dealing with the huge mass of letters, private and public, which is his "daily ration." It is his strict rule—one which all business men would do well to observe!—that every letter receives a reply. Then perhaps there may be a speech to compose, a duty which the Prince never shirks, being "thorough" in this as in everything else to which he puts his hand. And so from hour to hour most days are busily occupied, and not till every public call is answered does the Prince turn to his private pleasures.

The Prince's bedroom is an amply roomy chamber, but—he doesn't sleep there! Doing so, by preference, in the small dressing room that opens off it.

In short, the Prince is quite a natural sort of a man! For it is possible, though not too usual, to be every inch a man as well as every inch a king! He meets men and women with a stout grip of the hand and a straight look from keen blue eyes; a kindly smile is not often far away, for he loves fun and good humor. He talks well and, what is much more rare, is a good listener.

And so, farewell to Saint James's Palace, with a passing peep into the Chapel Royal, which is interesting almost solely for its memories, for therein were married Mary, daughter of Charles I and mother of William III; there the latter himself was married to his Queen Mary; Queen Anne, George IV, Queen Victoria and the present King; and the Princess Royal, daughter of Queen Victoria and mother of the ex-Emperor of Germany! Mixed memories, indeed!

And so, out of the quiet palace into the noisy street, after a visit that will linger long in mind, for there are few more historically interesting buildings in the world, and today when most European thrones have tottered to the ground, none more closely bound up with the future.

He Is Blind, But a Doctor of Philosophy

Donald W. Wheaton Extinguishes Handicap by Dogged Determination

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON

SILENCE settled over the giant crowd of 25,000 persons gathered in the University of California stadium. The last man who was to receive a degree arose in his seat. On the platform where sat the governor, judges, public officials, educators and distinguished diplomats and statesmen, the president of the university faced the direction from which the last applicant for a degree was to come. In an impressive ceremony the university had conferred degrees upon 2,154 men and women. Among those so honored was the richest man in the state, internationally known as a railroad financier, Henry E. Huntington, nephew of Collis P. Huntington of Central Pacific fame, and Dr. George Henry Falkiner Nuttal, famous Cambridge University biologist.

Expectantly the crowd awaited the 2,155th scholar.

He stepped forward, a rather stooped young man, wearing a cap and gown.

A roar of applause burst from the multitude. It shook the stadium and reverberated from its walls. Students jumped up from their seats and cheered. Even the grave and dignified functionaries on the stage clapped their hands.

Bewildered, uncertain, the object of all this approbation stood stock still. He seemed as much dumfounded over his reception as was the large number of visitors who did not know him. There was nothing distinguished in his appearance. He did not seem to be anyone in particular, and yet the applause had far surpassed that accorded to any other applicant. The only outstanding thing about him was the splash of color on the shoulder of his black gown which marked him as a Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.), one of the highest honors conferred by the institution. It signified that he not only had been graduated from the university but that he had accomplished three years of postgraduate work.

Then a strange thing happened. Another student stepped up and took his arm. Together they advanced to where President W. W. Campbell stood. The president extended the parchment, official recognition of Donald Whitney Wheaton's attainment of his Ph.D. degree.

But instead of reaching out and taking the sheepskin, Wheaton's hand went feeling about through the air. His fingers had to be guided. He could not see. He was blind. A blind student had attained one of the highest honors of the school, an award that thousands of "seeing" men and women had failed to achieve. That was the reason for the applause.

Donald Whitney Wheaton, blinded at birth, unable to see more than a bright smudge of light by looking directly at the sun, had conquered his disability and at the age of thirty stood there, smiling modestly as he received the applaudits of his fellow men and women.

Just how California's blind Doctor of Philosophy managed to achieve such success while living in continual darkness, he himself did not attempt to explain fully. He refused to take credit for the consuming thirst for knowledge with which he was endowed, or the intense desire to achieve something for the benefit of humanity which he has harbored since first he could reason. At eighteen he had been graduated from high school; at twenty-five he took his A. B. at the University of California; when only twenty-seven years old he secured his Master's degree, and then at thirty, his Ph.D.

The "eyes" of Donald Whitney Wheaton, A.B., M.A., Ph.D. are his strong sensitive fingers. They are seen above "reading" a United States history in Braille raised letters, while they are equally useful, as shown below, at the typewriter.

For twenty-two years he has attended school and college without being able to see one line of type. He studied geography although unable to see the maps. He played football, despite the black void that hid the pigskin from him. Botany became one of his hobbies, yet the plants which passed through his fingers were invisible to him. To accomplish his work better, he learned to operate a typewriter.

How could a blind man accomplish it?

It was to learn this that I called at his home and waited for him. Presently he came striding along the sidewalk, with his head up, just as if he could see. He carried no cane, yet he magically turned aside to escape running into a tree, which a nature-lover had permitted to grow in the parking, and deftly avoided a pedestrian.

In the garden in front of the house, he stooped, picked a flower and inhaled its fragrance avidly, like one in love with earth's manifold beauties.

As he entered the room, I stood perfectly still, and yet he came toward me and looked directly at me, inquiring: "Is this Mr. Henderson?"

"Oh, then you can see me?" I asked. "I made no noise, so you could not have heard me."

He laughed easily.

"Noises which escape the untrained ear reach those whose blindness forces them to develop other senses," he replied. "Although your breathing was slight, I could detect it."

"But how did you know it was not the maid who admitted me?" I insisted.

"Well, the maid does not smoke," he retorted quickly. "You gave off a very distinct odor of tobacco smoke. Not a cigaret, rather a cigar or pipe."

"It was a cigar," I admitted.

Wheaton was born in Alameda, California, in 1894 and a few days after his birth he became blind "through legislative negligence," as he phrased it. "If the 'prevention of blindness' bill, providing that the eyes of all infants must be washed with nitrate of silver at birth, had been passed in 1893 instead of 1897 by the state legislature, I would be able to see as well as you," he declared. "I suppose it is an irony of fate that I should discuss in my Ph.D. thesis the fight made against this bill by legislators who ridiculed it as the 'red eye' bill."

When eight years old Wheaton entered the California School for the Blind at Berkeley and studied there for six years. He learned to read "Braille," the raised-letter system of writing and printing. Laboriously he "felt" his way through geography, reading, arithmetic, United States history, and writing on the Braille machine.

Although the raised-letter system enables the blind to read by feeling the letters, it is at best a slow and cumbersome process. It takes twice as long to read as by sight, and one volume in ordinary type requires six big volumes of Braille to reproduce it.

Besides reading, he listened to lectures on various grammar-school subjects, and it was in memorizing what he heard that he developed an acute memory which stood him in good stead.

The building of a memory Wheaton considers his outstanding accomplishment. At first he had great difficulty in remembering the lectures that he heard. He set to work trying to find some remedy for it, and in the end, although only a youngster, he arrived at the same conclusion that psychologists reached later—memory is an association of ideas.

"My memory system was elementary," he explained. "For instance, I had difficulty in remembering the period during which Napoleon III ruled France, until I associated his rule with the fact that he aided England against us in the Civil War and that during this time of strife he tried to establish an American empire in Mexico with Maximilian. This fixed the Napoleonic period in my mind vividly as being almost parallel to our Civil War time.

"I applied this system to everything. I never learned a fact without trying to associate it with some other fact that was more familiar, if possible. In this way I worked out a memory system that became automatic, because it was not artificial."

It was while attending the Berkeley school that Wheaton was inoculated with his love for sport, which now causes him to attend baseball games, track meets and football battles, even though he cannot see the players nor the plays.

At the age of fourteen, his parents took him to Boston to attend Perkins Institute and from that institution he was graduated with high school credits four years later. He had developed a deep interest in history and this led him to enter Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts (not a school for the blind), as a special student in history.

Everyone marveled at his daring in attending a school for "seeing" people, but he secured the textbooks in Braille or had people read to him those that he could not get in the blind language and by bringing his highly developed memory into play at lectures, he astounded students and professors alike. Wheaton's interest in athletics of all kinds was a source of profound wonder to men and women who could see. He became a member of the Glee Club and he attended track meets, ball games and mass meetings, where he cheered as loud and as long as any of them.

In 1916 he returned to California and entered the state university to try for his A.B. degree. He was immediately impressed by the difference between a large university and a small college. At Tufts everyone knew him and consequently lent a helping hand. At the University of California he encountered scores of people who did not even know he was blind and who were dumfounded when he removed his glasses to prove it to them.

With full confidence in his ability he took on a heavy course of study, including logic, botany, astronomy, German, Latin, history, political science and education. In astronomy, while other students could look through a great telescope and see the stars, he had to visualize them from descriptions and then remember those descriptions. In spite of this handicap, he took high honors in his class. In German and Latin he found especial application of his "association of ideas" memory system, since he could trace the roots of hundreds of words and phrases of the English language to the older tongues.

In 1919 he took a course in historiography, under Professor Henry Morse Stephens, in which he traced the development of history from Herodotus to the moderns, and in the same year was awarded his A.B. degree. Next he took up postgraduate work in political science and historical methodology, and in 1921 was awarded his Master's degree. By this time he was so much interested in California history that he decided to specialize in this field with the intention of writing it from the place where Bancroft left off in 1890, while working off the requirements for a Ph.D. He took a seminar in political science, improved his reading knowledge of French and German and plunged into the big task of writing a history at the same time.

It was with high elation that he received word to choose his doctoral committee and submit it to the dean of the graduate division. He chose Professors Bolton, L. J. Paetow, Eugene McCormick, John Van Austrin, Edward Sait, Dr. E. T. Williams and Dr. Russell.

It was with considerable trepidation that he submitted the completed thesis to the committee. He had written something which he could not even see. He could not read his own thesis and yet he had given it to a critical group of men, who had the power to refuse him his coveted degree. After ten days of suspense, he was notified that his thesis had been accepted.

But he had not yet secured his degree. He must appear before the doctoral committee and later take a public examination.

Before the doctoral committee he sat in a chair and answered questions shot at him by the men whom he had chosen. For two solid hours he stood up under the test. Then he was ushered out into a hall and told to wait. The fifteen minutes that elapsed seemed like fifteen hours. Presently the door opened and the professors came out to grasp his hand in congratulation. He had passed.

"I suggest that all applicants enter this test blindfolded," Professor Paetow proposed, "if blindness can produce such a scholar as Dr. Wheaton."

The two hours' public examination was perfunctory.

Donald Whitney Wheaton, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., at thirty years of age, is just starting his career. Only history will tell to what heights the blind historian may rise.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

On the day of an eclipse of the sun the Hindu follows a strict schedule to purify himself and his belongings. He takes no nourishment of any kind during the eclipse and throws away any cooked food or drinking water he may have on hand. Brass vessels are scoured and earthen pots destroyed. Personal purification must be achieved by a bath in some stream, preferably one of the holy rivers of India.

Cocoa was discovered four hundred years ago by Spanish sailors under Columbus, who reported that it was widely relished in Mexico under the name of *chocolatl*.

The hissing Iguana, a giant marine lizard four feet long, exists only on the Galapagos Archipelago off the coast of Ecuador. It lives about the seashore and feeds on seaweeds, sleeping in a burrow of the earth or in a lava crevice at night.

Two eider ducks mounted by a Greenland Eskimo were pronounced the best-mounted birds in the academy collection by Dr. Witmer Stone, curator of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Washington.

Oil is extracted from the bodies of locusts in Germany. This oil is used in airplane motors, because it congeals at a very low temperature. The refuse from the hoppers is used as fertilizer.

The *Lusitania* cannot be salvaged as the weight of the water has long ago crushed the vessel flat and though the ship's thirty-ton safe may be strong enough to resist the pressure the chance of raising it is not worth the risk.

Despite the difficulties that beset the new government of Ireland the Dail last year set out 4,000,000 trees on more than one thousand acres of land. This year one thousand acres more will be reforested.

M. Mege-Mourees, a French scientist, invented margarine as a substitute for butter, by churning beef fat with milk. This was in the year 1868.

There are today 3,500,000 radio receiving sets in the United States.

An almanac that is three thousand years old is in the British Museum. It is written on papyrus and was found on the mummy of an Egyptian.

"One thing that stamps a man as being really among the uneducated is the fact that he has a contempt for the illiterate."—*G. K. Chesterton.*

The high price of vanilla has brought much money to Tahiti, and Papeete has acquired its first traffic cop. The number of motor cars has increased to such an extent due to the wealth of the inhabitants that the highways of the town are congested.

Huge spiders in the forests of the Amazon are capable of capturing small birds with their webs. These they kill and devour.

Pure, white flawless diamonds, cut on American standards, can be purchased in Russia at $100 a carat. The difficulty lies in getting them out of Russia on account of the Soviet ban.

There are 4,300,000 illiterates in this country entitled to vote next November.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes:

"The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Natives of India who preach righteousness by the mortification of the flesh have various methods. One method consists in the subject rolling over and over for a journey of a couple of hundred miles; another will have himself buried alive in a cramped but not entirely fill-in pit, up to the nostrils where he will remain for a long period. Another will hold his arm up for years at a stretch until the member withers, gaunt and horrible, like the dead arm of a mummy.

Officials of the United States Forest Service are planning to plug up with concrete holes in the bottom of Duck Lake in the Dixie National Forest in Southern Utah. It gathers much water in the spring but the water filters through cracks and holes in the bottom of the lake bed before it can be used in summer.

The Turkish Government has decided to sell the famous palace of the Sultan at Constantinople, according to reports. It will be auctioned, with a reserve price of about a million dollars.

A giant mushroom found near Boston weighs forty-five pounds and measures thirty-two by forty-one inches. It is on display at Horticultural Hall, Boston, and is known as *Polyporus Berkeleyi.*

Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the Court of General Sessions in New York City, while inducting into office a new jurist said, "One of the things that you will come to learn is that you have come on the bench of the greatest criminal court in the world, and the oldest court of any kind in the United States, at a time when this country is suffering under an indictment which proclaims it to be the most lawless on earth. You will find that the United States must plead guilty to that indictment. Most of the desperate criminals are mere boys. You will be heartbroken at discovering that the vast majority of defendants are under nineteen or twenty years old. That is going to be your most distressing problem."

The United States Department of Agriculture estimates there will be 12,787,000 bales of cotton produced in the United States this season.

Guatemala ranges in altitude all the way from sea level to about 14,000 feet, or nearly as high as Pike's Peak, with an average elevation of probably 5,000 feet. The temperature varies from 50 to 85, with cool nights all the year round in the temperate altitudes.

A deckman on the sixteen-thousand-ton liner *Arabic* was swept from one deck of the ship by the onrushing water in a heavy storm. He was landed by another sea on the deck below uninjured except for minor bruises.

What is said to be a record yield of strawberries for Pennsylvania has been reported from Schuylkill County where Elsie Artz, a thirteen-year-old girl member of a strawberry-growing club, raised 812 quarts of berries on one-twentieth of an acre. This is the equivalent of more than sixteen thousand quarts an acre.

Military traditions in China provide for suspension of hostilities when the weather becomes bad. A terrific rainstorm, which continued several hours, recently halted fighting between the Che-Kiang and Kiang-Su armies west of Shanghai.

A plant native to India called the carrion plant recently bloomed in Kew Gardens, England. The flower has a strong smell as of tainted meat which attracts flies to it.

Georges Clemenceau is now living in a tiny house in Vendee, France, and does his own marketing. He engages in literary work and passes his days in his garden among his flowers and trees. He will not discuss politics.

"Remember that talking is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important and the most difficult—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The city of Cohoes, New York, is building houses for sale to its citizens.

In an effort to protect its Eskimo subjects from drink and disease, the Danish Government has kept such close watch over most of Greenland that very little is known of its topography.

At the bottom of a lake in the Alban Hills of Italy lie two galleys which were fitted out as floating palaces of pleasure for the Roman Emperor Caligula. They were incrusted with marble, ornamented with precious metals and painted woods and were adorned with statuary. At the emperor's death his successor took no interest in the vessels and allowed them to rot until they finally sank. The water may be drawn off the lake until the vessels are exposed to view.

A Boston judge has ruled that the next motorist who goes before him on the charge of operating without adequate brakes must memorize chapter ninety of the Laws of Massachusetts in its entirety and recite it in the Public Square.

The Chinese celebrate New Year's Day by paying their debts.

Prinz August Wilhelm, son of the former German Kaiser, holds a clerical position in a Berlin bank and daily rides to and from work in a second-class railway coach.

One man out of every twenty-eight is still needed to meet the varied transportation problems of Japan.

This country suffers an industrial loss each year of $1,500 000,000, because of preventable illness and curable defects of its citizens.

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Does Tobacco Injure the Human Body?

The Thrills of Swordfish Hunting

China Under Its Military Banditry

Cry of Britain's Houseless Millions

How Safety Valves Insure the World

The Resurrection of Dead Cities

Beggars Who Collect Big Fortunes

Germany's Finances at Close Range

NEXT WEEK

What Tom Masson Thinks About Newspapers

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Seductive Wiles of My Lady Nicotine

Authorities Discuss Effects of Tobacco on the Body

By IRVING FISHER
PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, YALE UNIVERSITY

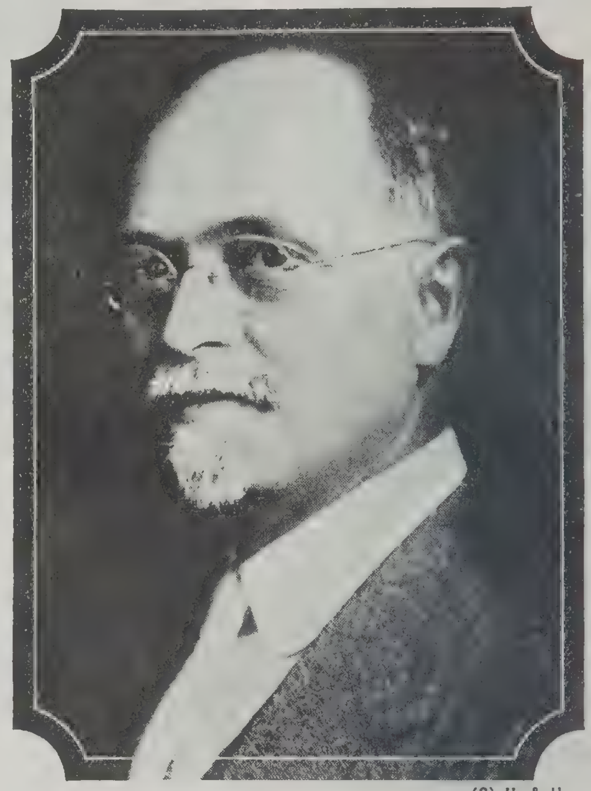
Copyright, 1924, by Irving Fisher.

Last year, when THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT published an article by Luther Burbank on tobacco, certain parties charged that here was the beginning of a new prohibition crusade. Nothing was further from our mind.

Now, however, comes one who is perhaps the best-known economist in the country, Irving Fisher, professor of political economy at Yale University, whose work, "Stabilizing the Dollar," marks a great advance in economic thought—and he also has ideas on tobacco. It is at least interesting to know what a great political economist thinks of tobacco.

This and the succeeding articles have been submitted to authorities in the various fields involved, and have been approved by them.

Irving Fisher has been professor of political economy at Yale since 1898. He has also served the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality. Among the many books he has written are: "The Purchasing Power of Money" (1911); "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?" (1914); "Stabilizing the Dollar" (1919).



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PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER

Introduction

THERE was a time when the economist felt it no concern of his how beneficial were the things that people bought with their money. He believed he should merely record the facts. It made no difference to him whether the money was spent in healthful or unhealthful ways, in moral or immoral, constructive or destructive ways.

To assess values, we must, however, inquire not only as to what people do buy, but as to what they should buy for their own best good—that is, what they would buy if they were more enlightened. Values depend, in the last analysis, on other than commercial factors. There is a vast difference in the value to society of capital spent in dark-roomed tenements, unclean dairies, adulterated food, gilded saloons, bucket shops, obscene literature and houses of prostitution, and capital invested in purifying the water supply, safeguarding milk against infection, cleaning streets, building sewers, controlling undesirable immigration and building schools and hospitals. There is a vast difference in the value to a diabetic patient of a fake patent medicine which costs him $100 and a course of genuine and efficient insulin costing the same sum.

Our first task, then, is to discover the essential nature of tobacco. Is it wholesome like food, medicinal like quinine, noxious like opium, or harmless like chewing gum? It has been thought to be each of these four things at different times and by different people.

Fortunately, we now have sufficient information regarding the effect of tobacco on the human body to answer these questions with confidence.

The Heart

"Toxic anginas are most frequently brought on by tobacco," is the statement of Dr. Alexander Lambert, writing in Tice's "Practice of Medicine." "There are a large number of persons in whom tobacco causes a *precordial* pain," Dr. Lambert states, "but this pain does not go to the severity of an *anginal* attack, nor does it become *substernal* or radiate in the usual way. Patients who suffer real angina, however, increase the number of their severe attacks by the use of tobacco." He cites instances of patients with this trouble who gave up tobacco with benefit, and of some who later took it up again with fatal results. The most frequent effect of tobacco on the heart is to cause extra systoles—that is, skipped beats—in Dr. Lambert's observation. Sir William Osler cited the cases of three friends of his, apparently strong, healthy men, all of whom died suddenly, and it would seem from the effects of tobacco on the nerves of the heart.

In an investigation made by Dr. George J. Fisher, of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Elmer Berry, professor of physiology of the Young Men's Christian Association at Springfield, Massachusetts, it was found that smoking raises the heart rate and the blood pressure, and that it markedly delays the return of the heart rate to normal after exercise. These effects were caused by *moderate* smoking, and were produced in healthy, vigorous young men in prime condition.

Effect on Circulation

M. ABEL GY, of Paris, who made a special and very extensive research, found that tobacco gives rise to a series of functional disturbances in different organs, especially the heart.

A survey of the evidence that tobacco affects the heart was made by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, superintendent of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, and the results reported in a book, entitled "Tobaccoism." All of the important experiments were reviewed by him. He found that every authority agrees that tobacco is a heart poison.

Blood Pressure

A great authority on blood pressure, the late Dr. Janeway, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, stated: "Tobacco, or its alkaloid nicotine, has a powerful action on the circulation. Nicotine, in less than overwhelming dose, produces an immense augmentation of blood pressure in animals. Cook and Briggs have called attention to the temporary elevation of arterial tension during smoking. They found it most marked when a strong cigar or an old pipe was used, and continuing an hour or more after the smoke was ended.

Blood pressure, as affected by smoking, was also investigated by Dr. Sheldon, of Cornell University Medical College Clinic, in a group of fifty-eight persons of middle or advanced life, all of whom presented hardening of the arteries with high blood pressure. In hardening of the arteries any influence modifying the blood pressure becomes a very important matter. The studies lasted more than a period of three years. The aim was to find out whether or not the use of tobacco gave rise to lasting ill effects, and whether or not those effects were uniform in different patients. It was found that the effects were not uniform. The report of the experiments states that "whereas the risk from any elevation in blood pressure increases greatly the higher the initial pressure in the patient, it is undesirable for anyone having a constant systolic pressure much above 200 millimeters to smoke, and smoking is equally undesirable for anyone having a constant initial pressure above 160 millimeters when the use of tobacco is found uniformly to produce a considerable rise in blood pressure."

Writing on the effects of cigar and cigaret smoking on certain psychological and physiological functions, Robert Lee Bates, of the Psychological Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University, summarizes as follows the results of an investigation: "The effects on healthy adult reactors, of smoking a cigar or three cigarets, are to produce a rise in systolic and diastolic blood pressure, and in heart rate. This rise varies in amount and in rapidity from reactor to reactor, and from day to day for the same reactor."

References to the effect of tobacco on the raising of blood pressure should be very cautious, in the opinion of Dr. Eugene L. Fisk, medical director of the Life Extension Institute. He says, "Recent testimony would indicate that high blood pressure as a rule is not one of the large effects of tobacco indulgence, although in individual cases it might have a distinctly unfavorable influence on high blood pressure. My observation is that tobacco is likely to cause depression of the circulation and disturb the nervous mechanism of the heart and circulation, rather than to produce high blood pressure. Tests made by Dublin indicate that, following the smoking of a cigar or three cigarets, there is a rise in systolic and diastolic blood pressure and in the heart rate. The rise usually amounts, however, to only a few millimeters, and is hardly greater than the normal variations which occur in the blood pressure from various causes.

Depresses the Nerves

"IN A group showing high blood pressure, the proportion of excessive tobacco users was not greater than in the general group of policyholders. Similarly, in a group of excessive tobacco users, the proportion of high blood pressure cases was not greater than in the average group of policyholders. The following differences were shown, however, in the group of excessive tobacco users: There were ten per cent more cases of advanced and serious organic affections, six per cent more cases showing arterial changes, fifteen per cent more cases showing over-rapid pulse, fifteen per cent more cases showing caries of the teeth, thirteen per cent more showing recession of the gums and twenty-seven per cent more showing pyorrhea. These unfavorable mouth conditions are very commonly noted among tobacco users, and are a matter of general observation."

Arterial changes from tobacco have been noted in various experiments on animals. Gy's experiments showed that tobacco is a poison to the arterial coats, but his observation was that it acts slowly and through hypertension. From clinical observations, some of the world's best medical authorities claim that the same conditions are brought about in man by heavy smoking.

The Nervous System

The effects of tobacco upon the nervous system were investigated by L. Pierce Clark, M. D., visiting neurologist to the Randall's Island Hospitals and Schools, and consulting neurologist at the Manhattan State Hospital in New York. "Tobacco is primarily a cardiovascular poison," he concludes. "Its acute toxic effects on the neuromuscular apparatus are, first, as an excitant and mild convulsant; second, a motor nerve depressant, and finally a paralysant of the central and peripheral nerves of the heart and lungs. Its chronic effect on the nervous system, as yet so inaccurately studied, appeared to induce toxic congestion of the brain, spinal cord and peripheral nerves, inducing finally in the latter a mild degenerative neuritis."

Precision of muscular motions, as demonstrated by drawing a line between two closely parallel lines or lunging at a target with a fencing foil, was shown by the Fisher and Berry experiment to be definitely decreased after each smoking of a single cigar. It was also found that there was an average decrease of twelve per cent in accuracy of pitching a baseball after smoking one cigar, and a loss of 14.5 per cent after smoking two cigars. Given thirty minutes to rest after smoking their cigars, the increase in accuracy caused by this rest averaged nine per cent. The real loss due to smoking while resting was, therefore, twelve plus nine per cent, or twenty-one per cent for one cigar, and 14.5 per cent plus 9, or 23.5 per cent for two cigars. The writers concluded that clear eyes, steady nerves and muscles capable of accurate response do not go with smoking.

Tuberculosis and Tobacco

BECAUSE of the fact that smoking is so widespread among soldiers, Dr. Fisher and Professor Berry investigated the effect of smoking on rifle shooting. They found that the men increased in efficiency after resting without smoking, and decreased in efficiency after smoking; and that the greater the amount of smoking, the greater the decrease. Comparing regular smokers with non-smokers, the smokers were found to be slightly better marksmen, but the per cent loss or gain showed the effect of resting, in the first place, and the effect of smoking, in the second case. The smokers were affected the least, in either case, the non-smokers being more efficient after resting, and losing more in efficiency after smoking.

The Eyes

Among the nicotine affections of the nerves of the brain observed by L. von Frankl-Hochwart, university lecturer on neuropathology, Vienna, the most interesting is that of the nerves of sight. Heavy smokers not seldom complain of specks before the eyes, with which symptom often, but not always, a sense of pressure in the head is associated.

Optical disorders due to a combination of tobacco and alcohol have been observed by Dr. Kellogg, but he claims that there is also a dimness of vision due purely to nicotine. Color vision for red and green is also often impaired by tobacco, he finds, as well as changes in the pupil.

Impairment of eyesight by tobacco was studied by Dr. Francis Dowling, who examined men in a tobacco factory. Their ages ranged from thirty-five to sixty-eight years. They were among the heaviest consumers in a factory. He found a gradual progressive failure of vision in both eyes, persistent contraction of both pupils generally present, and the papilla of the optic nerve more usually red in the early part of the affection. Nicotine was the cause of the mischief, in his belief.

An irritation of the mucous membrane of the eyes is also a common affection in smoking, and caused directly by the smoke.

Tuberculosis, Cancer and Other Affections

The death rate from tuberculosis is higher in the tobacco industry than in any other of 500 occupations except marble and stone cutting, says Professor Roman. Dr. Huber's observations at Columbia University led him to the conviction that unquestionably tobacco predisposes to pulmonary tuberculosis, and that when diseases of respiration have developed, the tobacco habit certainly aggravates them.

The histories of 100 cases of mouth cancer were studied by Dr. Robert Abbe, of New York, who found that there were ten women and ninety men, and that almost every man had been an inveterate smoker. In one of the worst cases of cancer of the tongue in a woman, inquiry showed that the cancer began from a

(Concluded on page 12)

"Out of Portland" in Pursuit of Swordfish

How the Hardy Toilers of the Sea Drag Delicacies From the Deep; Sailors Old and Young Lured by the Thrill of Their Avocation

By MAY B. WHITING

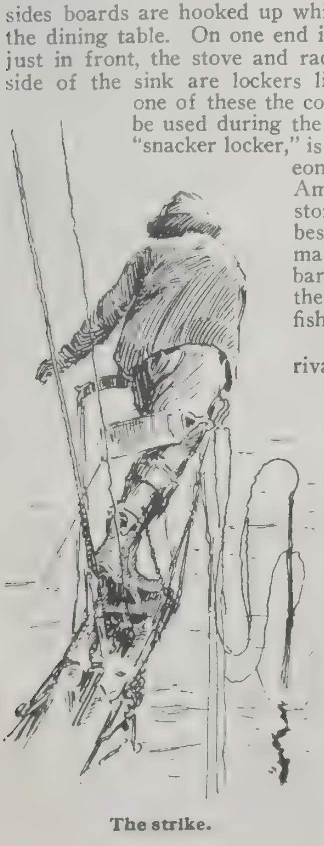
"PORT," cries the lookout from his station high above the masthead. "Port, port," repeats the topmastman with sweeping gesture, and with a crash the boom swings over and the boat is off toward the two black fins that rise above the water. The "striker" grasps his pole with both hands and leans hard against the iron frame above the bowsprit, and a man on deck makes ready to heave over the barrel. "Stiddy," cries the topmastman, and the vessel veers about, straight ahead this time, until the bowsprit and the tense figure at its end are almost above the dark-blue shadow just beneath the waves. With a little hiss the iron shank from the pole and "lily iron" strike the water, the barrel buoy splashes overboard, and the most exciting fishing on the Atlantic Coast is on.

Every year, about the tenth of June, the swordfishing fleet starts out of Portland—the *Sunapee*, the *New Dawn*, the *Alice M. Doughty*, the *Lochinvar*, the *Benjamin Thompson*, the *Bessie and Bernie*, and half a dozen others. Since the middle of May there has been a general cleaning up from stem to stern, decks scraped and painted, the "doghole" varnished, sails mended, engine overhauled, and down below well "smoked out" until everything is trim and shipshape. There is all the excitement of a brand-new venture among the crews, husky lads from the islands and bronzed and grizzled sailors who inwardly growl against the urge that leads them year after year into the dangers and discomforts of fishing on the Banks. Along the waterfront the decrepit old fishermen feel again the thrill of youth as they watch the preparations. Then they enviously bid the departing ships Godspeed and wag their heads and speculate as to who will be "high line" this year.

The first run out of Portland is usually down the coast toward Boothbay, to "ice up" at some fishing hamlet where ice is cheap, as at Cundy's Harbor or Horse Island. Then off for George's Banks, a thirty-six hours' run southeast by south from Portland lightship, or the longer Cape Shore trip to Cape Sable and eastward along the western bank of Cape Breton Island, a gay voyage in a spick-and-span vessel, hearts light in anticipation of the sport and good luck at its close.

The swordfishing boat is a two-masted schooner about eighty feet long, and drawing ten feet of water. Its mainmast is from sixty to seventy feet high and the lookout is built up twenty feet above. On the end of the bowsprit is rigged the "pulpit." At the tip beyond the jibstay an iron bar rises about three feet high. At its top a rod of iron is bent backward in a semicircle, with a swinging seat suspended from its two ends to accommodate the striker when not in action, while a platform about two feet square gives him a firm footing. About the deck, near the rail, are barrels on which the name of the ship is painted and a hundred fathom of line is coiled about each one. On one side of the deck five dories are piled one within the other, and amidships, tied up in bundles, are the boards which make the pens in which the fish are to be packed.

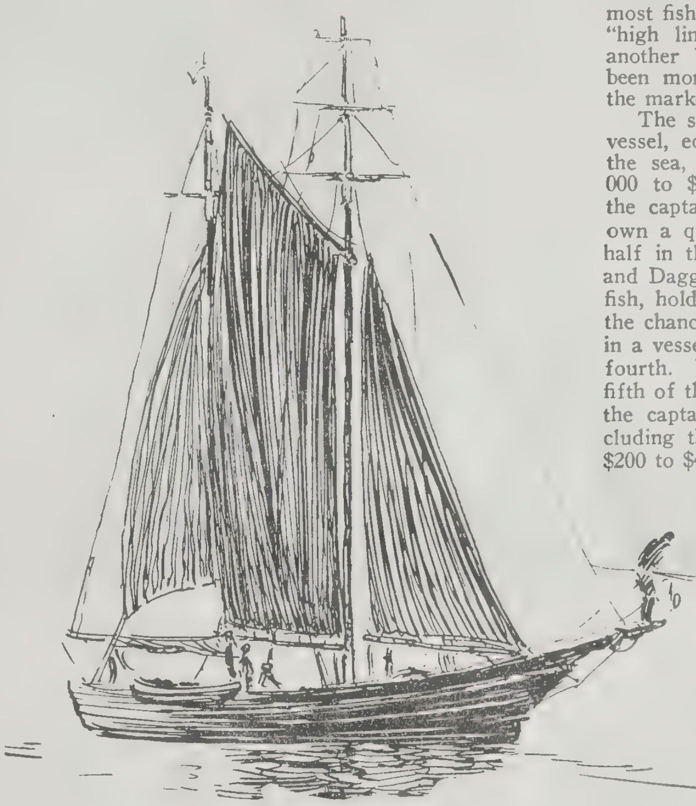
The swordfisher is equipped to carry twelve or fourteen men, but seven or nine as a usual thing make up the crew. There are bunks for four aft, the captain, the engineer, and two others, and from their "doghole" the engine room opens. Toward the bow of the boat are the remaining bunks like long shelves against the sloping walls. The mainmast runs up between them and on its sides boards are hooked up which, when let down, form the dining table. On one end is the sink and pump and just in front, the stove and racks for dishes. On each side of the sink are lockers like small cupboards. In one of these the cook puts the provisions to be used during the day, while the other, the "snacker locker," is open for frequent luncheons or "mugging up." Amidships are the ship's stores, and she carries the best of everything on the market, the ice, twenty-five barrels of fresh water, and the hold to be filled with fish.


The strike.

The morning of their arrival on the Banks, as soon as the sun has warmed the water enough to lure the big fish to the surface, work begins. The striker, "oiled up," that is, with his oilskins on, for the lurch of the vessel may plunge him in the waves, makes his way along the bowsprit to the pulpit, and takes his pole and fastens a line to it, securing it to the vessel.

The pole is about fourteen feet long, of hardwood, with an iron shank to which is fastened the "swordfish dart" or "lily iron." This is a two-pointed piece of metal about four inches long, having in the center a socket into which is inserted the end of the shank, and to it is attached also the harpoon line. When the dart enters the side of the fish and is released from the pole, it at once turns at right angles to the line, so that it is impossible to pull it out.

The topmastman, who organizes the work, climbs to the dizzy, swaying loft for a long day of ten or twelve hours. Four men mount to positions below him on the lookout, and those on deck stand ready to tend the barrels or put overboard the dories. When a man on the lookout spies a fish he "sings out" to the topmastman who lays the course for the skipper at the wheel, shouting "starboard" if the vessel should veer to the right, "port" to the left, and "steady" if straight ahead. When the bowsprit is nearly over the fish, the striker throws his pole, the weight of the iron shank driving the dart, with harpoon line attached, into the body. The fish immediately dives, playing out the line on the barrel which is heaved overboard and towed hither and yon, marking the spot where the prey is struggling.

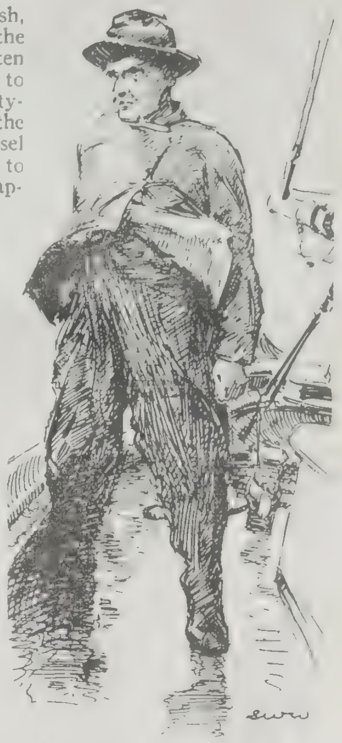

The striker in the pulpit.

At once a dory is lowered from the deck and a man jumps into it and rows to the barrel, playing the fish. This must be done with care, for if the line is too taut, the fish is likely to follow it and run his sword through the dory. The idea is to tire him out until his power of resistance is slight. Then the fisherman rows alongside and "bleeds him" by plunging a sharp lance into the gills. Sometimes, then, the fisherman can take the sword under his arm, and, by tipping the dory, roll the fish inside, but usually the vessel sails alongside, a rope is passed around the small of the body near the tail, and the fish hoisted aboard by a tackle. In the meantime, a line from another barrel has been passed to the striker who has rigged his pole for another catch.

Sometimes, if the fishing is especially good, all twenty-five barrels will be out, but five to ten fish is a good day's work, and twenty-five to thirty is rare good luck. At sunset the fish leave the surface, and, on shipboard, the work of cleaning begins. A couple of blows with the axe removes the sword, the head and inwards are thrown away, and the fish is carefully washed and packed in ice. Anything less than a hundred pounds is a "baby" and the usual run is from two hundred to three hundred and fifty, although five hundred pounders are occasionally caught, and they have been known to run as high as nine hundred.

In very rough weather swordfish will not come to the surface, so there is no fishing. Fog is always more or less prevalent on the Banks and it is one of the greatest dangers to the swordfisher, for besides the liability of collision with other small craft, the boats lie directly in the path of the ocean liners. Besides that, there is almost invariably a "blow" in August which may cause disaster to the fleet. During their days of enforced leisure the sailors, especially the old-timers, help pass away the time by scraping with glass and carving into ornaments the swords, which are about four feet long and white, streaked with dark at the smaller end.

It usually takes a vessel about three weeks to complete a trip of swordfish, although, if lucky, the hold may be filled in ten or twelve days. Fifty to a hundred and twenty-five fish make up the catch and the vessel "stocks" from $1,500 to $4,000 a trip. The captain must use his judgment in regard to the return to get the best price for his fish. He may think that the last of the week is a poor time to put his catch on the market and so "lay by" for a day or so. If it happens that two or three other captains have the same idea all will be the losers. Sometimes the vessel that brings in the most fish fails to be "high line" because another boat has been more lucky in the market.

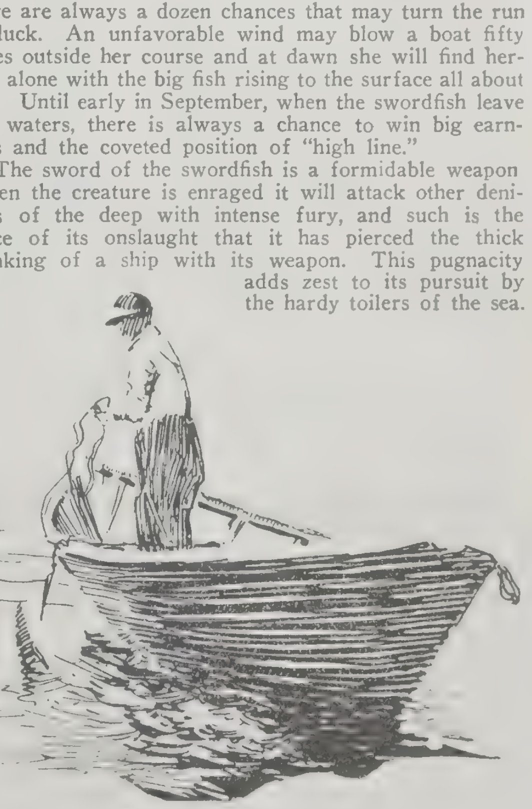


Keeping a weather eye open.

The swordfishing vessel, equipped for the sea, costs $10,000 to $16,000 and the captains usually own a quarter to a half in their boats. In Portland, the firm of Willard and Daggett, who handle the largest per cent of swordfish, hold an interest in the fleet, and others, who love the chances and the excitement of the sea, like to invest in a vessel, the basis of division being always one-sixty-fourth. When a trip of swordfish is brought in, one-fifth of the proceeds goes to the vessel, then, except that the captain has a certain per cent over, all hands, including the cook, share alike. The fisherman receives $200 to $450 for his trip and $900 to $1,200 for his season's work. And the dealer takes his share in the fisherman's gamble. Ordinarily the flesh of the swordfish is firm and hard and of a delicate salmon color, the best fish on the market to keep. But once in a while the dealer gets a "jelly fish," one in which, for some unknown reason, the flesh is soft and pulpy, and it is only when the steaks are cut that this condition is discovered. Such fish are always caught late in August and the theory is that an overabundance of food has caused too much fatty substance in the body.

Alongshore, the old fishermen eagerly await the return of each schooner. The news of the amount of fish caught and the price received flies along the waterfront and is compared with previous trips of the vessel. No baseball fans keep closer watch of their favorite stars. And it is a game that never loses its zest for there are always a dozen chances that may turn the run of luck. An unfavorable wind may blow a boat fifty miles outside her course and at dawn she will find herself alone with the big fish rising to the surface all about her. Until early in September, when the swordfish leave our waters, there is always a chance to win big earnings and the coveted position of "high line."

The sword of the swordfish is a formidable weapon When the creature is enraged it will attack other denizens of the deep with intense fury, and such is the force of its onslaught that it has pierced the thick planking of a ship with its weapon. This pugnacity adds zest to its pursuit by the hardy toilers of the sea.


Ready to "bleed" the fish.

China's "Stooping Soldiers" and Their Ways

Revolution and Counter-Revolution Breed Banditry in Land of Bugaboo

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

WE HORRIFIED our relatives at home in the "States" with the news that, owing to having acquired certain contagious bacteriological organisms from a germ-laden coolie in a Shanghai print shop, we were doomed to incarceration for six weeks in an isolation hospital. Without assurances and qualifications this was alarming information. The home-folk idea of doctors and hospitals in China, it appeared later, was based upon the general understanding that Chinese medical practice hinged upon the use of such nostrums as toads' lungs, fried beetles, powdered stag horn and red-hot needles.

Such materia medica still persists in China, it is true, but there are enough modern hospitals, and doctors trained to the Western science of medicine, so that, unless particularly desired, dried, red-spotted lizard skins need not be taken internally to cure a cold, or heated brass coins pressed to the bare shoulders to allay a fever.

China's sanitary reputation, nevertheless, is exceedingly bad. Its reputation in nearly every respect is bad. It is still, for most of us, a "heathen" land. We are supposed to differ from the Chinese as white does from black. Their manners, customs and beliefs are understood to be in exact antithesis to ours. They are assumed—and popular fiction has done much to cement this belief—to be inscrutable and oblique, beyond all hope of Western conception.

China, in fact, is to us a land of bugaboo. Our careless and fragmentary knowledge of it puts the nation under a dark, mysterious, prejudicial cloud. It is understood to have achieved a great civilization, centuries ago, but at present to have emerged only a halting step or two out of a long intervening period of barbarism. Its reputation today is for atavism, more, probably, than for culture.

It is a rare person with any knowledge of China who fears the Chinese. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, one of the greatest of the Sinologues, has written: "We must confess to a decided conviction that human life is safer in a Chinese city than in an American city—safer in Pekin than in New York. We believe it to be safer for a foreigner to traverse the interior of China than for a Chinese to traverse the interior of the United States. It [illegible] remembered that the [illegible]s a whole are quite as ignorant as any body of immigrants in the United States, and not less prejudiced. They are, as we constantly see, ideal material for mobs. The wonder is not that such outbreaks take place, but that they have not occurred more frequently, and have not been more fatal to the lives of foreigners."

It is possible that, inheriting the white man's prejudice against yellow men, we were a little apprehensive of China as we passed, in the turbid estuary of the Yangtze River, the first outposts of the ancient East—idling, lateen-sailed junks. We thought, quite naturally, of pirates, pigtails and bloody clipper-ship days of the tea-trading era. But when we came to reflect upon it, even the Chinese pirate was a poor sort, mild in barbarity and blood thirst by comparison with the terrible Morgan and Teach and a multitude of other European and American pirates who spread ghastly terror over the Spanish Main.

Wicked as China was supposed to be, we found the old virago, in this respect, something of a disappointment. The more we saw of the Chinese people the more we were inclined to agree with the Sinologues that John Chinaman, on the whole, was a peaceful, law-abiding, mild-mannered creature, given to compromise and mutual adjustment rather than to abrupt, homicidal violence.

We went alone into the highways and byways of China, adventuring ignorantly, sometimes, where it was an impoliteness to go. We walked singly and unescorted through Chinese cities and villages, by day and by night, jostling among crowds or listening to the echo of our footsteps in empty midnight streets, without ever the suggestion of danger. We were not conscious of insult, though there was the occasional half-playful cry of "foreign devil" from some tagging urchin.

Banditry, perhaps, is not taken so seriously in China as in America. It is an old disease—far older than lynching, of which America is apparently so complacent. China has developed, as far as its own feelings are concerned, a sort of immunity to brigandage. Every province is afflicted with it. This has been so for hundreds of years. Walls and ramparts of both cities and hamlets, not always gone to decay, still attest it.

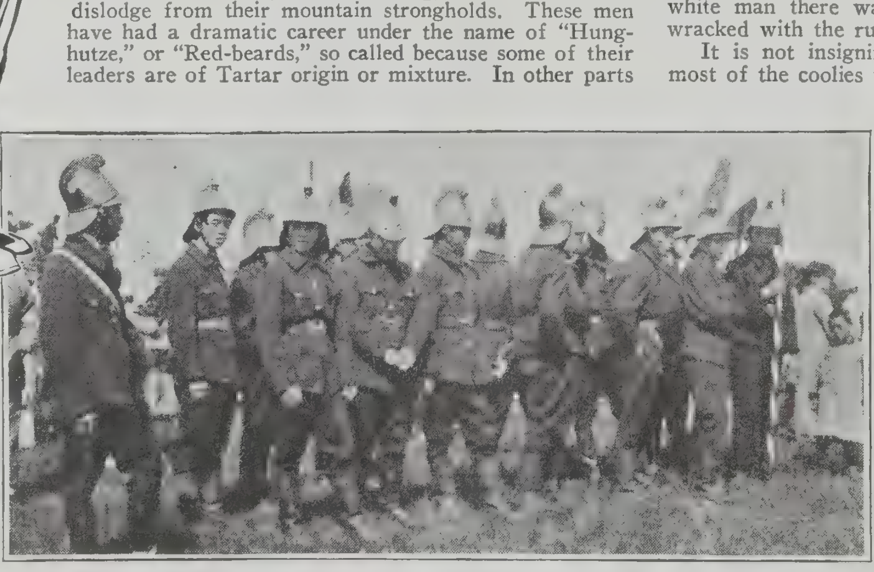
Chinese history, in fact, is full of bandits. Without them popular legends would be exceedingly dull. Some of the greatest Celestial heroes both of fiction and of fact have been outlaws very much like the leaders of the Lincheng affair, somewhat glorified in perspective. There are few plays upon the Chinese stage, either of ancient or modern vintage, that do not have a plot angle bearing upon the ever-present danger of falling into the hands of bandits. More than one Chinese dynasty, indeed, has been founded by a powerful outlaw who succeeded in gathering to himself armies that could outfight the troops of the reigning monarch. There is a modern example of this sort of hero in General Chang Tso-ling, leader of the revolutionary faction that controls Manchuria. It was as a bandit that he began his career.

Entrance to the yamen, or official residence, of a tuchun, one of China's military governors.

Chinese cavalrymen of the new school.

The Lincheng outbreak of brigandage, which came so dramatically to the attention of the outside world—precisely as it was intended—was the culminating episode in a series of operations by the patriotically styled "People's Self-Deliverance Army of Shantung." The enterprises of this fairly well-organized body were confined to parts of the provinces of Shantung, Honan, Anhwei and Kiangsu. There is hardly a province in all China, however, that has not similar affliction. Some districts seem to have been perpetually in bandit hands.

Parts of Manchuria are ruled by outlaws whom even the erstwhile bandit, General Chang, has been unable to dislodge from their mountain strongholds. These men have had a dramatic career under the name of "Hunghutze," or "Red-beards," so called because some of their leaders are of Tartar origin or mixture. In other parts of China bandits are usually less theatrical and romantic, a more or less floating population recruited from unemployed laborers and demobilized soldiers. Banditry, in fact, is essentially a problem of unemployment. Work to do, with a living wage for it, is probably the only cure.



The fire brigade, native city of Shanghai.

Perpetual as banditry has been in China, the people have never found it sufficiently irksome or perilous to general safety to warrant heroic measures of suppression. They seem to have been negligent of it, partly because of inherent peaceful inertia, and partly through toleration. The institution has always seemed to them something of a necessary evil, like famine or plague. It was a natural manifestation, and they understood it as such. People—often their neighbors, and potentially themselves—were driven to it by necessity, just as large numbers of them became periodically or permanently beggars.

The current prevalence of banditry has been aggravated, of course, by other than these general causes. Militarism has China in its grasp. Revolution and counter-revolution have bred outlawry where industrious peace otherwise would have been sustained. Unpaid, mutinous or disbanded armies have recruited the brigand ranks.

The epidemic of militarism is something of a paradox, though it is no less actual for the matter of that. Much as warfare has figured in their long history and abundant legend, the Chinese are essentially unwarlike. Many of their "bloodiest" battles have been fought without the loss of a single life. The soldier, in China, has always stood at the very bottom of the social scale. He was both feared and despised. The Chinese proverb that best characterizes him says: "You don't make nails out of good iron; you don't make soldiers out of good men." And, incidentally, there is a bit of spice in the wording of the saw, outside of its meaning, because of a pun upon the word *ting,* which signifies both "soldier" and "nail." This traditional disrepute of the soldier must be considered in grasping the full opprobrium of the colloquial term for bandits, who go by the name of the "stooping soldiers."

It would be idle to attempt an estimate of how much of China's militarism and consequent political chaos is attributable to the war in Europe. This was, nevertheless, an undoubted factor. First, there is the example of it to be considered. The thing was contagious, a disease sweeping over the world. Then there was China's actual participation in the war. She was coaxed into it, practically forced into it, by the Allies. Armies were recruited, war materials were poured into the country, principally from Japan. This played into the hands of the *tuchuns,* China's military tyrants, and prepared the way for internal wars, of which there had already been enough since the struggle for independence.

But one of the most potent, though less apparent influences toward the state of lawlessness that lies behind the recent aggravation of banditry was the coolie invasion of Europe. This episode was one of the most dramatic gestures of the war. It carried more than two hundred thousand of China's best laborers to the shops, fields and even the battle grounds of France. These men were victims of a great disillusionment. They had been accustomed, in China, to accept the white man at his own valuation. His conduct among them had always been that of a superior being, incapable of descending to a menial task. His social life was a thing apart and unapproachable. But in Europe all was different. The white man there was as miserable as he, bowed and wracked with the ruin of war.

It is not insignificant that the region from which most of the coolies who went to France were recruited comprises roughly the bandit region in North China to which the eyes of the world were directed by the kidnapings at Lincheng.

The Chinese, in fact, have risen in self-esteem. Their attitude toward men of the Western world has undergone a radical change from that which actuated the Boxer Rebellion. The animus then was mingled ignorance and fear. Today it is supplanted by familiarity and contempt.

The great spectacle of the Western world destroying itself in Europe did not strengthen China's idea of the white man's invincibility. Still it is to be doubted if the apparent breaking down of both fear and respect for Europeans has brought with it the slightest danger of another revolt of violence against the white man. The Boxers were fanatics, and their followers were filled with fear and misunderstanding of the foreigners. Today all China knows the foreigners better, and fears them little, if at all. The foreigner is far safer in China, therefore, than ever before, and he was never in great danger, if the old foreign residents there are to be believed. The Chinese, peace-loving and kindly as a people, have no longer the old, superstitious mob impulse to kill.

The great and growing jealousy of the white man

(Concluded on page 14)

Homes by the Million—MacDonald's Problem

Nine Million Toilers Approaching Slumdom Issue an Urgent Ultimatum; Demand Fulfillment of Pledge When Premier Promised Better Homes

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WE READ that Ramsay MacDonald is here, there, everywhere—making speeches to the League of Nations; concluding a treaty with the Russian Soviets; fixing things up with France; playing the rôle of high statesmanship with great success—

But can he build houses?

If he can, he may remain Prime Minister of Great Britain for a long while. If he cannot, he will have to go.

The Labor government of England must stand or fall upon its ability to grapple with the housing problem.

We have a housing problem in the United States that was created by the war. England's is not that kind. It was made worse by the war, but it began a very long while ago and has an interesting story behind it. *The British Isles were short of houses as far back as 1801.*

The British Isles are short of houses because they have had too much prosperity. This sounds like nonsense, but it isn't. Countries that have never had a prosperous day always have enough houses. That is because their birth rate is low in comparison with their death rate. One never hears of a housing shortage in Iceland or Siberia. One does hear of them in England and America. America, however, never had any problem until the war.

Shortage of 2,000,000 Houses

ENGLAND'S housing problem is so serious and has existed so long that everybody concedes that private enterprise cannot solve it. Everybody concedes that the government must build houses. *Every political party in England, when it has been in power, has built houses.*

The Shaftesbury Act, passed in 1851, required local authorities to build lodging houses for the working classes.

The Torrens Act, in 1863, required local authorities to demolish or repair unfit houses.

The Cross Act, in 1875, put a little more pressure upon local authorities.

The Finance Act, of 1909, empowered local authorities to undertake extensive building and town-planning schemes.

The Addison Act, of 1919, directed local authorities to draw up housing schemes, submit them to the ministry of health for approval, and proceed to construction.

Under these various acts, about 400.000 houses were built that are still habitable. England would now have enough houses were it not for the fact that population has increased more rapidly than houses were provided. Builders came nearer to meeting the birth rate a hundred years ago than they are now. During one of the decades between 1801 and 1841, building rose to 188 houses to each 1,000 houses that existed. Between 1841 and 1891, it sank as low as 116 to the thousand. There was a little recovery between 1891 and 1911—the rate rose to 149 to each 1,000—but from 1911 to 1914 it fell and during the war it stopped.

The British Isles are now short 2,000,000 houses. This shortage is steadily increasing. The Labor government estimates that it will have to build 2,500,000 houses during the life of its building program to give every family a home of its own. Some British families are now crowded together like cattle in a car.

Appalling Infantile Death Rate

YOU do not wonder when you realize how rapidly population is increasing. In 1901, England and Wales had a population of 32,527,843. In 1921 they had 37,885,242. During the ten years from 1891 to 1901 they had 2,394,195 marriages. From 1911 to 1921 they had 3,075,903 marriages.

The full weight of the housing shortage has fallen upon the working class. There has been not only discomfort but death. Children have a poor chance to live. In Bradford, England, houses so poor that each is taxed only 6 pounds a year, the infantile death rate is 163 to each 1,000 born. In houses good enough to be taxed 8 pounds each a year, the death rate drops to 128; a 12-pound tax means a 123 death rate, a 15-pound tax, a death rate of 88. You realize what these figures mean when you are told that among the prosperous, the infantile death rate is only 44 to each 1,000.

The Addison scheme was the most pretentious project that had been suggested by any government until the Labor party came in. It was directed by Dr. C. Addison, minister of health in Lloyd George's coalition government who resigned and joined the Labor party after the project was halted by parsimonious politicians in the summer of 1922.

Under the Addison plan, the national government bore the cost of building houses, though local authorities participated and local property was taxed a penny to the pound.

The Addison plan produced, up to December, 1921, 102,369 houses and when work was stopped in the summer of 1922, 74,000 houses were in process of construction. Building was stopped because the business interests contended that the revival of trade was being prevented by excessive taxation. Sir Eric Geddes was appointed to cut off all "unnecessary" expenses. Geddes apparently considered houses unnecessary.

> The weakness of the Addison plan lay in the fact that building rings found it possible to take advantage of it. Dealers in materials doubled their prices. There were actually built fewer than a fifth of the houses that the plan contemplated and these cost so much that workingmen could not afford to rent them. Each Addison house cost 1,000 pounds to build. A few months after building ceased, the cost had dropped to 500 pounds.

The Chamberlain housing scheme of 1923 was wrecked on the same rock. Profiteers did it to death. Bricks went up 228 per cent; firebrick, 327 per cent; scantling, 226 per cent; lead pipe, 155 per cent, and all other materials to a greater or lesser extent. Construction was carried on through the local authorities who were required to use private builders. The houses erected were poor and small. Each house cost 375 pounds of which 6 per cent went for land, 40 per cent for materials, 26 per cent for labor, 13 per cent for roads and sewers, and 10 per cent for the builder's profit.

The Labor plan, which is known as the Wheatley scheme, inasmuch as it comes under the minister of health, strikes hard at the evil that has either wrecked or impaired the efficiency of all other housing measures. *Profiteering is made punishable by a fine of 100 pounds or three months in jail—or both. If it be a corporation that is convicted of profiteering, the chairman of the board and every officer connected with the company's management is to be sent to jail unless he can prove that he had nothing to do with the attempt to fleece the government.* The burden of proof is thus placed upon the accused who is assumed to be guilty. The bill also seeks to give the government power to take over and operate plants in which building materials are produced until such time as it shall consider that profiteering will not be continued by private owners.

Must Build or Resign

THE Wheatley plan provides that the government shall appropriate 500 pounds for each house built. The money is to be paid in during a 40-year period at the rate of a little more than nine pounds a year. Critics of the plan say that its weakness lies in the fact that no houses at all can be built unless private bankers are willing to advance money on government paper. Builders and workingmen must be paid on the spot. The Labor government believes the bankers will come across.

The bill is not yet a law but the Labor government is making a determined effort to put it over. Moreover, MacDonald will not stand serious interference. If the bill be emasculated in the Commons, he will resign. Resignation means going to the country for a new election. MacDonald's opponents do not want him to go to the country for a new election on anything so dangerous to property interests as a housing problem. They fear he might come back, not with a minority government such as he now has, but with a clear majority over all.

So the tactics of the opposition are cautious and crafty. Last summer they voted that the bill should be considered by a committee of the whole house instead of by the committee of fifty or sixty members that would ordinarily have threshed it over. The Labor government resisted, but had to yield. It lacked the votes to work its will and the issue was not serious enough to justify resignation. But the housing bill will be passed, substantially, in its present form, before the end of the year or the Labor government will resign and there will be another election.

Mr. Wheatley, the Labor minister of health, whose duty it is to jam the measure through the House of Commons, has been a great deal of a surprise to the old-school politicians and the vested interests of England. Until he went into politics, he ran a stationery store in Glasgow. Nobody who did not know him ever dreamed that he could keep up his end in a debate in the House of Commons. But he can.

A Vicious Howl

A FEW paragraphs from a speech that he recently made in the Commons show what he can do.

"It is unnecessary," he said, "to emphasize the fact that if the great toiling multitude of this country is getting down to a condition of greater and greater slumdom, it is an alarming situation. I remember that on a former occasion when I was addressing the house, and I was moved to refer sympathetically and pathetically to the conditions of these people, my speech was referred to as 'sob stuff.' Therefore, today I will not indulge in sob stuff. I will not be guilty of what was an offense then of assuming that conservatives have souls as well as pockets."

This brought a vicious howl from the Tory benches. Wheatley went on:

"This afternoon I am going to talk to them pocket politics. I am going to remind them as the representatives in this house of the great industrialists of the country, dependent for their supply, in the main, on the people who live under these poor housing conditions, that they have entered upon the keenest industrial competition in the history of this country, and that their success in the competitive markets of the world depends to a large extent upon the maintenance of an efficient British working class, and to urge them, for the sake of their pockets, to recognize that it is impossible to produce, in the housing conditions of today, workers who can successfully compete in the world's markets of tomorrow."

Here the Labor members interrupted Wheatley with cheers.

A feature of Wheatley's plan that has received a great deal of consideration is its cost. To build 2,500,000 houses at 500 pounds each would seem to mean an expenditure of 1,250,000,000 pounds, or, expressed in dollars at the current rate of exchange, about $6,625,000,000. The Tories say the Wheatley plan would cost 2,000,000,000 pounds. Wheatley does not seem to be much concerned about cost—he wants the houses. Replying to criticism one day he said:

Intelligent Selfishness

"I NOTICE that statistical maniacs have been totaling up the sum that will be required to give us 2,500,000 houses at 500 pounds each and they say the nation cannot afford all that money. May I remind these financiers that whoever builds the houses will have to expend the same amount of capital, while it may cost the government considerably less if they are erected under the control system that we have proposed?

"As to the annual expenditure which I believe at the peak will be 34,000,000 pounds, it seems, when you work it out, to be a terrible sum, but *it is just one per cent of our national income,* and if we cannot afford one per cent of our national income to remove what is really a cancer in the heart of our community, then we are not worthy of the income that the blessings of modern society are placing at our disposal. *This sum, even at its peak, is equal only to ten per cent of the national drink bill."*

Even if the Labor government should get its housing program through Parliament, as it expects to, it will have no rosy pathway ahead. The building trades of England have languished so long, for lack of work, that tens of thousands of skilled mechanics have flown to other shores—particularly to the United States. *In 1901, there were in the building trades of England and Wales, 720,229 skilled workingmen. Now there are only 365,596. Apprenticeship has disappeared in masonry and is disappearing in bricklaying.* Young men do not care to take up a trade that means a little work one year, not so much the next and emigration the third.

The building trades, however, have confidence in the Labor government and have agreed, if fifteen years' of steady work are pledged, to recruit their forces to whatever figures may be required to put up the houses. Moreover, they have promised to keep wages where they are, provided the cost of living remains where it is. They say there will be no profiteering on the part of labor. Wheatley believes that intelligent selfishness, if nothing else, will cause the building trades unions to keep their word. He purposes to hold over labor, throughout the building program, the club of a suspension of all activities if wages be increased. A breach of faith on the part of labor would mean no wages at all, because there would be no work.

Weary of Slumdom

THE Labor government is in a position where, if it be authorized by Parliament to proceed, it must prevent profiteering, both by capital and labor, or fail utterly. It would do no good to build houses that workingmen could not afford to rent. Costs must be kept down. Wages in the British Isles are low. Workingmen must live in houses within their means. That is what is the matter with the houses built by former British governments. Owing to profiteering, they cost too much. Most workingmen cannot afford to live in them.

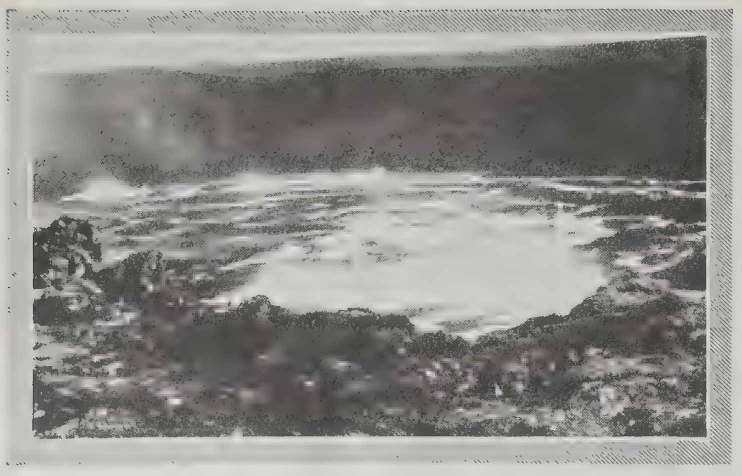
It is, therefore, difficult to exaggerate the importance of the Labor government's housing problem, not only to the British Isles, but to the rest of the world. If the plan shall be given a chance, and shall succeed, the prestige of Labor will be so enhanced that it will remain in power a long time. The rest of the world should be interested in that. As long as Labor controls England, peace will have a better chance throughout the world. English workingmen will not attack anybody or play a game of high politics that might lead them to the slaughter. Nobody would be as safe if MacDonald were out of office and, say, Curzon or Churchill were in his place.

But MacDonald must build houses if he is to remain in office. The working classes of the islands are tired of being packed into crowded quarters. They are weary of seeing their children die because they cannot have fit places in which to live.

Safety Valves of the World

Globe Would Explode Like an Over-Charged Boiler Without Volcanoes

By HARRY H. DUNN



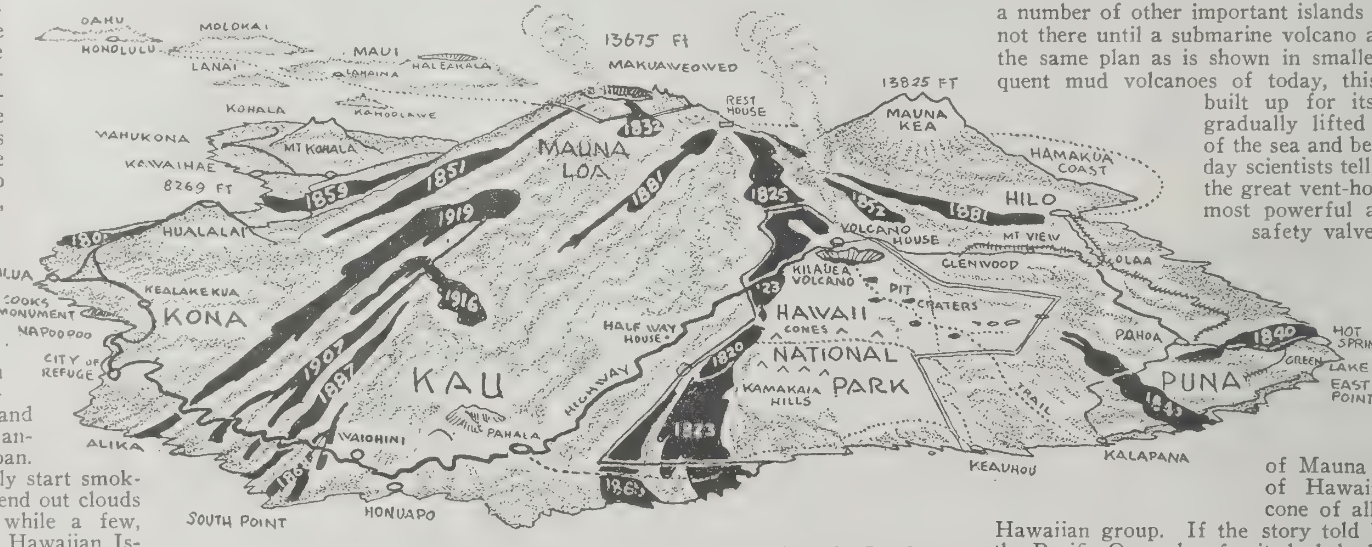
Halemaumau, the central vent of the safety valve of the world, 500 feet across and 65 miles deep (estimated), an immense natural pot of molten lava, kept boiling by the intense heat of the interior of the earth. This photograph was made late in the evening, and shows the cauldron of flame which prevents the globe from exploding.

VOLCANOES, regarded since prehistoric days as useless destroyers of man and his works, really are the safety valves of the world. Every time they burst into eruption, they save a part, possibly all, of this old earth from blowing itself into dust, carrying with its fragments all of its burden of cosmically microscopic humanity.

This is the latest idea of science, as worked out by geologists, seismologists and volcanologists, regarding volcanoes, the fireplaces of the god Vulcan, of the ancients. First glimmerings of the theory, which is now being accepted by many scientists and tested out by observation by others, among them geographers and astronomers interested in the career of this planet, came when the records of a number of years showed that when one volcano begins an eruption, virtually all the others, in all parts of the earth's surface, show signs of similar activity within a short period of time.

Thus, when Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, or any of the other peaks of flame in the Mediterranean group commence to erupt, the disturbance spreads to craters along the Aegean; then to Colima in Mexico, Bogoslof in the bleak Aleutian Islands, Kilauea in the Hawaiian Islands, mighty Chimborazo in South America, Popocatepetl in Mexico, and even some of the ancient craters of Japan. Many of these merely start smoking, some of them send out clouds of gas and ashes, while a few, notably those in the Hawaiian Islands, send lava boiling over their crater walls. The layman's idea of these volcanoes is that they are deadly to life, destructive to property, and should be plugged, even though, like the mice who sought to bell the cat, it might be difficult to find the man to put in the plug. Science, however, replies that, though the eruptions may kill a few thousands of persons and destroy a few towns, if there were no volcanic vents, and no eruptions from these craters, very soon there would be no world. Man, and all his works, say the scientists, is riding on a huge globular tank, filled with superheated steam at undreamed-of pressures and highly compressed and deadly gases. The walls of this tank are approximately sixty-five miles in thickness, and the molten "magma," or interior, not only is held rigid at the pressure forced on it by this sixty-five mile shell of earth and stone, but is maintained at a constant heat of 1,000 to 2,000 degrees Centigrade. The earth is shrinking, as it cools, and, as it shrinks, the pressure on this superheated interior increases. Like an overblown toy balloon, it would burst, were it not for the pin pricks in its shell which we call volcanoes.

Geologists of several western universities, with their special opportunities for studying at first-hand the far-flung ring of volcanoes which girdles the Pacific Ocean, have developed this idea to its present status. Professor T. J. J. See, captain of nearly a quarter of a century's service in the astronomical and mathematical departments of the United States Navy, and now in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island, California, has shown that the tremendous pressure at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean—more than six miles deep in some places—is sufficient to force the water through all the intervening earth and rock, into the incandescent heat of the interior of the earth, thus adding fuel to the already almost inconceivable pressure and power restrained there. Indeed, some scientists now believe that, if all the other volcanoes were to cease operation, those on the Hawaiian Islands, including the most persistently active craters known, would release sufficient water vapor, gases and lava to prevent the pressure within the earth going beyond the power of the earth's crust to restrain. If this be true, it means that the Hawaiian volcanoes are the real safety valves of the world; the "pops," as engineers call such valves, which, when the pressure prepares to blow us all up, let go with a roar heard round the world, and save the globe from explosion, just as the safety valve on a boiler releases the steam when the pressure rises beyond the retaining capacity of the boiler walls.



Relief map showing the "safety valve" of the Pacific with its several vent-holes, on the large island of Hawaii, with the other islands and their respective craters and cones in the distance. The dates at which fiery streams of molten lava have flowed out of these safety valves, and the extent to which these streams of fire fresh from the interior of the earth have flowed down the volcanic cones, is shown in this map.

The great Pacific Basin—as scientists call the ocean of that name—is the largest and most numerously cratered volcanic field in the world. There are hundreds of active, and thousands of inactive, volcanic cones around its shores, and more than 2,500 volcanic islands in its waters. But nearly all the mainland volcanoes, from Australia up through the Philippine Islands, along the coast of Asia, through the Aleutian Islands and down the west coast of both Americas, have gone out of business in favor of the huge craters on the Hawaiian Islands. It is a mistake to call any volcano "dead" or "extinct," even though all its vents are plugged and its cone caved in so as to fill the crater. For no volcano known today is definitely dead, or out of such condition that, at any moment, it may start an eruption, its activity or inactivity depending entirely on the ability of the other volcanoes to discharge the excess pressure from the heated interior of the earth.

Geology shows that from the Cambrian to and through the Paleozoic ages, the surface of the earth was dotted with volcanoes as thickly as the rind of an orange is covered with pores. At that time the heat in the interior of the globe was greater than now, but the pressure was not so great, contraction had not proceeded to its present point, and the crust or "skin" of the earth was considerably thinner, so that volcanic vents were more easily formed. And, by the way, the exact method of formation of a volcano is not known, except in the cases of the fissure volcanoes, notably in Iceland, where lava has poured from cracks in the rocks even within historic times. It is supposed, however, that volcanoes appear where the crust of the earth is relatively less solid than in other sections, so that the pressure, seeking as always, the weakest point in the force which restrains it, breaks forth at that spot.

This accounts for the formation of the world's safety valve in the Hawaiian Islands, or, to be geologically correct, for the formation of the Hawaiian Islands, and many other islands in the Pacific, by the action of submarine volcanoes. The shell of the earth beneath the Pacific Ocean is relatively thinner than it is in any other part of the world. The Nero Deep, for example, near the Island of Guam, also known as part of the Marianne Trench, is 5,269 fathoms, or approximately six miles, deep. Mount Everest, the highest projection above the surface of the earth, could be upended in this pit and still have nearly a mile of water over its base. The area of the Pacific Ocean, roughly stated, is forty million square miles. Of this, at least thirty million square miles are covered with water from 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms (12,000 to 18,000 feet) deep. There are 2,250,000 square miles which are covered with water to a depth of more than 18,000 feet or, roughly, three and one-half miles. There are half a dozen "deeps" and "trenches" now charted in the Pacific whose depths exceed 4,000 fathoms, or 24,000 feet, nearly four miles.

This depth of water, of course, reduces the thickness of the earth's crust by just so many miles as the water is deep. This condition has two results: first, it enables the water, driven by the tremendous pressure above it, to penetrate to the highly heated interior of the earth; and, second, it presents a comparatively thin spot in the crust of the earth for the escape of the gases and molten metallic substances from the tremendous pressure which keeps them rigid in the magma. It is estimated, though how accurately cannot be stated, that the pressure sixty-five miles below the surface of this globe is approximately 176,000 pounds a square inch. When it is remembered that 180 pounds is high pressure for the best steam boiler, the tremendous force which creates volcanoes and maintains them in eruption may be better understood.

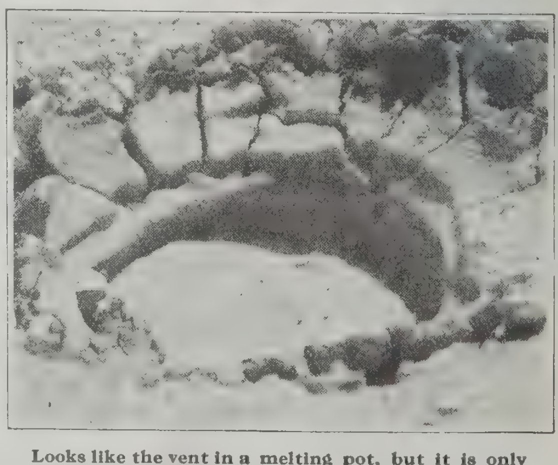
The Hawaiian Islands, some of the Philippines, and a number of other important islands in the Pacific were not there until a submarine volcano appeared. Then, on the same plan as is shown in smaller scale by the frequent mud volcanoes of today, this submarine crater built up for itself a cone, which gradually lifted above the surface of the sea and became an island. Today scientists tell us they have found the great vent-hole of the world, the most powerful and most necessary safety valve of which man has knowledge, in the always boiling, smoking, erupting, molten lava pit of Kilauea, on the slopes of the gigantic volcano of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, largest volcanic cone of all the islands of the Hawaiian group. If the story told by geology is true, the Pacific Ocean has for its bed the lid of a tremendous melting pot, a pot which is this world, filled with gases under such great pressure that they are rigid, and with solids held at such terrible heat that, like the gases, they are ready for expansion and explosion at a rate almost unimaginable.

So gigantic is this melting pot, and so powerful the forces held within it that, in times past, no single vent could relieve the pressure from within. Thus, the Pacific Ocean has been ringed all round its borders with a vast irregular chain of the largest volcanoes in the world. Beginning with the newest volcanoes in the Aleutian Islands, the chain runs through Alaska, British Columbia, the Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges in Washington, Oregon and California; the Sierra Madre of Mexico, the Cordillera of Central America, the Andes of South America, and, probably on down into the "dead" peaks of the Antarctic continent, such as the mountains Erebus and Terror. Then back up the western shore of the Pacific, through Java, Sumatra, the Philippines, Formosa, Japan, the Kuriles, the Kamchatkan Peninsula, and around to the lonely Aleutians.

But even these were not enough to save the world from destruction, and, out in the middle of the vast Pacific Basin, where the water at that time probably was at least 30,000 feet in depth, the great power re-

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The largest boiling lake in the world, near Drakesbad, California. This is the crater of an old volcano, and the water is boiling hot at all seasons of the year.



Looks like the vent in a melting pot, but it is only one of several million "mud pots" scattered over the face of the earth, each helping to save the globe on which we live from destroying itself by internal combustion.

Mr. Ford's Page

INDIFFERENTISM is responsible for more harm in the world today than almost any other factor. There are some who do not hesitate to say that it is the principal obstacle to progress of all kinds. What is indifferentism? The dictionary defines it as a "systematic want of interest or earnestness, especially regarding what is true or false." This is a fairly good definition.

A systematic lack of interest or earnestness cannot fail to be destructive; it is bound to kill all laudable ambition, all faith, all hope, all charity. Interest is necessary if the human intellect is to take hold of anything; earnestness is just as essential if the intellect is to be employed to the fullest extent.

A man who is not in earnest carries no weight. Neither his words nor his actions attain any value. He is merely beating the air and plowing the sand. But if he is in earnest, in other words, if his actions are sincere, he will at least command attention. If his actions are built upon a good foundation, his success is certain, and even when his judgment is at fault his shortcomings will be overlooked owing to his manifest sincerity, so that even his most hostile critics will respect him.

> *INDIFFERENTISM is probably responsible for more of the troubles that afflict the world today than any other factor. It is at the root of all failure and of all that is lacking in good citizenship. It is indifferentism in regard to the welfare of the nation that keeps so many voters away from the polls at an election time; it is indifferentism as to the administration of good government that encourages lawlessness. Indifferentism is intellectual anarchy. Its opposite is earnestness, the greatest asset of Lincoln and other men who have made this country great. It is earnestness and sincerity of purpose that imparts the driving power to any enterprise, large or small; it is indifferentism that clogs the wheels. It is the greatest enemy of progress, a more powerful and insidious foe than open hostility, because it appears under so many disguises that it frequently passes unrecognized.*

The man who is not in earnest is like a paper boat which a child has launched upon a pond or stream. On the pond the frail craft, without sail or rudder, will drift with every wind that blows, while on the stream it will be carried along by the current without power to keep itself from being stranded or wrecked.

Lincoln's greatest strength as an orator lay in his intense earnestness. The people knew that he was sincere, and he swayed them accordingly. The people knew that he meant every word of what he said, and that his actions were guided by the same honesty of purpose.

On the other hand, take a man who is not in earnest. No matter how flowery his language may be or how many "gems of oratory" he may flash in the faces of his hearers, his words will not carry conviction.

There is a subtle psychological something by which the average man or woman can tell when a person is really sincere and when he is not. The speaker may possess the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the learning of a Cicero, or the forensic ability of a Mark Antony, but this will avail him nothing if his words do not bear the stamp of truth.

But there are times when the purveyor of words, the mere peddler in flowery phrases, obtains an ascendance over his audience, and that is when the listeners have been smitten by indifferentism. They have come there not to search out truths or to weigh words, but to be entertained. The subject matter does not interest them in the least, but they have heard that So-and-so is a great speaker, and they want to be able to tell their friends that they have heard him; that is all.

Indifferentism degrades a man. By it he is sometimes reduced to the level of something inanimate or invertebrate. But even a clod gives forth its substance to nourish plant life, a jellyfish will navigate its way through rough water and smooth, and an oyster at least knows how to take care of itself.

Some of the lower animals display an earnestness and singleness of purpose that is a lesson to human beings. Take birds, for example. Their yearly cycle of duties is performed with a full measure of conscious responsibility. There is no indifferentism in their daily routine. If there was they would perish.

Indifferentism often begins early in life. It usually becomes firmly fixed in the "I don't care" type of mentality. This reiteration of "I don't care" in youth is a sort of perverted Coueism which has a most destructive effect in after years; for the person who is continually using this expression unconsciously becomes inoculated with the microbe of indifferentism. It is a malignant disease not only for the person directly concerned, but for the world at large.

Another form of this malady is embodied in the oft-repeated phrase "Never mind." You may venture to point out to a man that he is taking the wrong means to accomplish his end, and he will say, "Never mind"; you may warn him that there is a storm coming when he is starting on a canoe trip and he will answer, "Never mind": and so the storm comes and there is one more victim of indifferentism.

One thing about the "Don't care" type of man is that he deceives no one; he does not even deceive himself. It is a piece of bravado that will not pass. It is a flimsy bit of counterfeit; a pitiful piece of bluff.

It has often been said that the bravest man is he that fears a danger but faces it. He confronts peril without flinching because he knows it is his duty; because he is in earnest. The bluffer may approach the trouble with an outward show of confidence, but he is more liable to panic should anything unexpected happen.

Indifferentism is the bane of the world today, and shows itself in a multitude of ways. A gigantic wave of indifferentism is the main obstacle to the efforts of those who are trying to make prohibition an impregnable bulwark in this country. Look at the indifferentism of those who are called upon to put their strength into some movement for the public welfare. They will stave it off by remarking, "This is none of my business; this matter does not concern me," ignoring the fact that all that is for the good of their fellow men is for the good of themselves.

Indifferentism is, therefore, another name for selfishness. Were selfishness once to get a firm hold of the world, it would mean the end of Christianity, and with Christianity would perish the precious quality of unselfishness. Indifferentism predisposes a man to "pass by on the other side," but unselfishness makes him the "neighbor" of those who lie bruised by the wayside.

Crowds stand by while fellow creatures are drowning, but unselfishness is ever ready to attempt a rescue. Indifference leads to sordid incapacity, earnestness to efficiency and service.

The most fertile cause of accidents is indifferentism. Through it buildings collapse, trains are wrecked, lives are lost. Careless workmanship, neglect of duty, the "let-it-go" sort of attitude form the foundation for all kinds of trouble. Wherever indifferentism prevails in regard to ethics it almost always exists in regard to things material. Carelessness dulls the intellect, paralyses the energies, and clogs the actions. "A sound mind in a sound body" is an age-long axiom. That which we call stupidity arises from indifferentism as much as it does from sloth or lack of intellect.

Ideas which if put into practice would have played an important part in the welfare of mankind have been lost through indifference. Inversely, many of those things that have been of the greatest benefit have been rooted in alertness.

A farmer passing one morning through a field of grain that had been devastated by a storm saw, amid the acres that had been laid low, one stalk which stood upright amid the general ruin. Had indifferentism prevailed that farmer might have gone on his way without a second glance at the stalk of grain, if he had noticed it at all. But a keen vision was wedded to a sound imagination, the apparently trifling circumstance was noted and from that single stalk of grain was originated an entirely new variety which left all others behind in its vigor and quality.

Big things arise from little things, but indifferentism kills both.

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China and the League

JAPAN and Persia urge that China be given a seat on the council of the League of Nations on the ground that Asia is the largest country in the world, and contains half the human race. According to Holy Writ, Asia was the cradle of the human race, and it was in Asia that all the great developments of the human race had their origin.

The representative of Japan at the assembly of the League of Nations, Viscount Ishii, was most emphatic in his insistence that the time had come for the due recognition of the Asiatic races. He also made the following significant declaration: "In order to facilitate peace and insure the progress of the world it is necessary that the peoples should respect one another. The question of the equitable treatment of foreign nations is a gauge of the evolution of the League of Nations. In the last month the dawn of a new era of peace and mutual understanding has been rising in Europe."

The first thought that arises in connection with this demand is that the East is undoubtedly awakening to the fact that hitherto it has not taken its due share in the progress of civilization. The second is that China is in itself a vast country which is divided into factions and will be kept busy enough endeavoring to acquire unity within its own borders without devoting too much attention to wider issues. It is essential that China should show some semblance of unity before any representative that might be appointed to a seat in the council of the league could be accepted as the mouthpiece of the Chinese nation.

So long as there are Dr. Suns and Marshal Changs and other leaders fomenting civil strife and carrying on their own petty wars or encouraging others to do so, there will be dissension in China. To the request for the admission of China to the council the assembly might well be given the answer which America has given to the European powers who urge her to join the league: "As soon as Europe settles her own differences we shall consider the matter." Internal strife in China is not a recommendation for a seat in a body which has the task of adjusting the disorders of other nations.

Some Things Necessary

THAT time-honored slogan, "Back to the land," is once more making itself heard in England. R. O. Wilson, in the *Nineteenth Century,* thus comments on the circumstance:

"From the country places a tide of humanity flows steadily toward the cities, to some extent, perhaps, drawn on by the arc-lamp moons that rule the night of the latter, but certainly set in motion and partly sustained by economic forces. We profess alarm. 'For strategic reasons England must produce its own food supplies,' says one. 'The physical fitness of our race is endangered,' exclaims another. Most of us concur in bidding the tide draw back, but our efforts to stem it seem to have resulted, hitherto, in little more than the popularizing of a few catch-phrases.

"If rural depopulation threatened nothing but our national security and physical welfare, then perhaps we need not worry about it overmuch. We might let the countryman go—let him build greater factories instead of greater barns. Athletics, personal hygiene, and the healthier conditions resulting from town-planning and modern sanitation should suffice to keep the race physically fit."

But the writer points out that man cannot live by bread alone—or even by bread and gymnastics, because in these modern times the tendency is to misuse our emotions rather than our muscles—and he asks: "Will they ever be able to synthesize transitory excitements and ephemeral pleasures into abiding joy?"

It is to be feared that the precious jewel of contentment cannot be produced in the manner thus indicated. Improved highways and the great advance in transportation facilities have certainly brought the town and the country closer to one another, and this has undoubtedly begotten a better understanding between the two; but the cities are very much what the people make them, and the same applies to the country.

On the one hand we have those who cry: "Let us go to the city, the country is too slow," and on the other there are those who shout just as loudly: "Let us get out of the hurry and bustle of the big town, and go where the pastures grow green and the birds sing." But neither England nor any other country will find its redemption in either direction if the desire for that which is for the moment unattainable—the longing for things that are incompatible—engenders that feeling of discontent which makes its poor victim a mere Mr. Facing-both-ways, without faith in the present or hope in the future. Adaptability to the conditions under which one is placed—the making the most of things—must be concomitants if the desired end is to be reached.

The Outpost of Prohibition

THE outpost of prohibition is undoubtedly to be found in the Faroe Islands thrust out into the Atlantic off the north coast of Scotland. The Faroese have, among other excellent laws, decreed that the public sale and retailing of alcoholic drinks are prohibited. Only light beer and soda water are obtainable.

Without intention of appearing flippant, it may be remarked that in view of the fact that the staple food of the Faroe Islanders is salt fish, a commodity which they also export in large quantities, there is something heroic in their abstinence from liquors which their forefathers considered indispensable to their well-being. Even salt fish fails to provoke a brand of thirst which some other peoples in other parts of the world find no difficulty in accumulating under less trying circumstances.

It is not that the Faroese could not procure liquor if they wished. Numerous steam trawlers from the big seaports touch at these islands in pursuit of the fishing industry, and trading steamers from far and near amply supplied with "wet goods" of all descriptions put in from time to time. But the men of Faroe, once having adopted prohibition as the best policy even on an isolated group of gray rocks many miles from anywhere, are conscientiously resolved to abide by their decision. The main reason is this: they have found that their health and prosperity have increased with their abstinence.

Work Well Done

NOW that the world-encircling flight is over, airmen are discussing the project of establishing a round-the-world speed record. This appears at first sight to be quite a logical outcome of the splendid results obtained by the intrepid aviators who have brought honor on this country, but it is a project which requires grave consideration.

The perils and hardships which were borne by the early pioneers of travel by land and sea pale before those which the pathfinders of the air have had to endure, and which others will have to endure until conditions are more advanced. The progress made in aerial navigation during the past decade has truly been astounding, but, after all, air travel is still in its initial stages, and much has yet to be done before it takes its proper place in the scheme of things.

Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith, who has been approached as to his opinion on the establishment of a speed record, feels that, although the trip might prove an easier one than he and his companions have just finished, he would not care to engage in such another nerve-wracking enterprise for some time.

No one can be surprised at this. These men have just completed a journey which stands alone in the history of the world, have encountered dangers and distresses such as the pioneers of the past never dreamed of; dangers by mountain and flood, from scorching heat and from biting cold, from wild beasts and wild men, from the elements in all their moods. They want a rest.

The value of the work they have accomplished cannot be estimated. The experience they have acquired and the knowledge they have accumulated will be of the greatest service to those that follow. They have added another and a most notable chapter to the world's history. Their deeds will be spoken of with reverence and gratitude by generations yet to come.

Neutrality All Round

THE Assembly of the League of Nations would have done well to have vetoed any attempt on the part of the countries within its scope to form entangling alliances. The forming of these alliances implies aggression in one direction or another, and is invariably regarded with suspicion by those who are not parties to them. Jealousy and suspicion lie at the bottom of all the bloody wars that have ever afflicted Europe.

The League assembly is already experiencing some of the fruits of its complaisance in the matter of international alliances of this description, more particularly in regard to what is known as "the little entente"—Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia and Poland. Germany and Russia have formed a pact by which the status of a neutral nation is sought by Germany in the event of her joining the League of Nations.

A glance at the map of Europe will show that in the case of any conflict arising, this grant of neutrality would guarantee Germany from any attack and from any troops of other nations passing through her territory. More than this it would be a protection for Russia along the whole of the German frontier. It also would protect these two countries from France.

The League undoubtedly has its limitations, and one of its limitations is that in its deliberations it is not always a free agent. It is a body the members of which regard one another with a certain amount of distrust, and this undoubtedly reacts in the forming of its decisions. The head and front, the soul and body, the object above all objects of the league is to bring about conditions which will insure the world against war. If it is not working toward this object it is not functioning as it ought.

But let us look upon this neutrality idea on its brightest side. Why not carry it to its logical conclusion? Why cannot the League of Nations pass a series of resolutions guaranteeing one another neutrality? If it can be done in the case of one country, why can it not be done in the case of another? Let a pledge of neutrality be forthcoming for every country belonging to the League. Neutrality all round would be a practical step toward peace, and a mightily effective one.

A Mystery Solved

THE tales told by those who go down to the sea in ships are many and varied but perhaps there has never been a more fascinating story than that of the mysterious disappearance of the crew of the brig *Marie Celeste.* The *Marie Celeste* sailed from New York to Genoa in the year 1872, and after having been spoken by a passing vessel the previous day, she was found drifting in the Mediterranean abandoned by every living creature. The captain had his wife and child on board, and in the dining saloon the table was fully set for a morning meal. There was no confusion in the appearance of anything on the ship; it just looked as if the captain and crew had vanished into the ether.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the strange case of the *Marie Celeste,* and a few years ago several eminent authors had a shot at elucidating the mystery in the pages of a popular magazine. But if the story which has just come to light can be accepted, they were all wide of the mark. After 42 years there has just come a disclosure from a Captain H. Lucy, who is well known all over the Mediterranean, who states that he has the true story of the *Marie Celeste* from a man whom he met in Australia, who was formerly the bo'sun of the ill-fated vessel.

The tale told by the bo'sun, in brief, is that on the day before the *Marie Celeste* expected to reach port, there was sighted a derelict vessel. On this vessel a large sum of money in gold and silver was found, and immediately a scheme was formed, participated in by the captain and the whole of the crew, that the money should be divided in certain proportions, and the *Marie Celeste* abandoned. The crew arrived at the port of Cadiz in boats borrowed from the derelict, the names on which they had changed, and after reporting the loss of their fictitious vessel they scattered to various parts of the world.

The old saying that the truth will out sooner or later seems exemplified in this case. Captain Lucy apparently has no reason to doubt the veracity of the ex-bo'sun. The disclosure completes the last chapter of a story that has taken well-nigh a half-century in the telling.

Resuscitation of Apparently Dead Cities

Beautiful Parks and Stately Streets Appear at Command of City Planner

By HUGH C. MITCHELL

"IS YOUR city dead?" Can you imagine the looks of indignation and surprise with which officials and residents of *any* of our cities would greet this question?

"Far from it!" they would exclaim. "It is alive and growing."

Yes, but how is it growing? Are its streets and alleys—those arteries and veins through which move its very lifeblood—pulsating with even, steady, moving streams? Or are they here and there so constricted as to produce congestion and all its attendant evils? Are its sewers flowing smoothly to the disposal plant? Or are complaints of foul odors and flooded cellars part of its daily life? Do its very poorest inhabitants have plenty of pure water, though they live in tenements marked with the stamp of poverty? Do its areas of recent growth—as its suburban additions—look as if they came there by natural growth? Or do they look as if some unskilled surgeon had fastened them on with ligaments of concrete and steel, careless of all else save that the ligaments hold?

Is your city dead? Or is it growing, sweetly, smoothly, uniformly? Most likely you who think before answering, and are frank, will answer "No" to both these questions, and we will know that it is growing in unhappy fashion, correcting its mistakes *after* they are made, and paying full price therefor, rather than preventing them and thereby avoiding tremendous civic waste.

(C) Fairchild Aerial Camera Corp.

A good example of the city beautiful with streets converging to a common center, which is laid out with ornamental plots and planted with trees.

Only by having carefully prepared plans to control all growth can a city hope to avoid mistakes which affect both the health and the pocketbooks of its people. The foundations on which any comprehensive city plan must rest are briefly described. There must be complete knowledge of the city already existent, and a like knowledge of the territory over which the city may grow.

An architect, to plan additions to a building already in existence, must have that building's plan and elevations, otherwise not only architectural discord may result, but also structural weakness. Few men would think of going ahead with an addition to any building of pretense without first carefully considering the relation of the old to the new—the harmony of outward appearance, the convenience and unity of interior arrangement. Yet, in the vastly larger work of building a city, how often do we see an utter disregard of both these fundamentals.

Unfortunately, in the past, this question of the city plan has been left for the pages of the technical and semi-technical journals, and, in those cities where active work has been done looking toward such development, to a small committee or group of men. While perhaps the actual making of the plan as well as its execution is a matter for the technical man, the question of securing a plan concerns most intimately every man, woman and child in the city.

We may easily see that city planning can be divided into two major parts, or classes, replanning the old, planning the new. There are also other methods of dividing the subject, according to the particular elements being considered, as transportation, housing, and so on.

A permanent street car loading platform, showing street light, car directory board, and red bull's eyes for danger lights.

Of the two classes first named, replanning the old city undoubtedly presents the greatest difficulties, and is the larger problem. Not that planning a new city is not a large problem, for it is a *very* large problem, but in such planning, one may, to use a homely figure of speech, cut his garment to the cloth, while in replanning the cloth is found already cut. And through the growth that comes with age, and through unforeseen development, the city is no longer comfortable in the garment, which is too short here, too tight there, perhaps threadbare and ragged in places. Can it be recut and altered to fit? It is not enough to know of the misfit, nor to have exact knowledge of its size and location, but as one writer puts it, in a memorandum relating to the planning of our largest city: "Before attempting in any large way to exercise deliberate control over *what* New York is physically to become, we ought to have as clear an understanding as we can reasonably get of the answer to the question, never completely to be answered, '*Why* is New York?'"

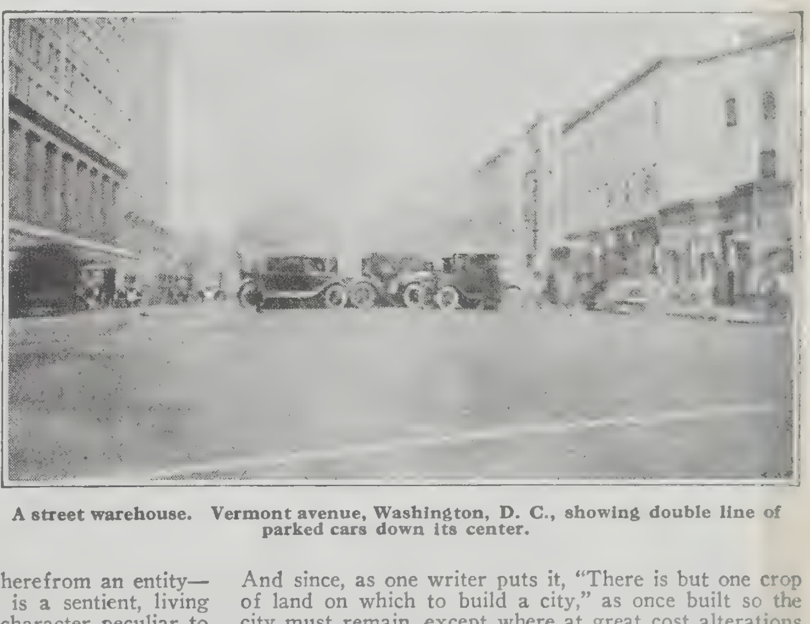
The city planner must know the *Why* as well as the *Is*, and to do this he must go back to the beginning of the city—to its *cosmos*—its *why*, and then step by step trace its growth to its present unwieldiness. He must know its spirit, absorb its greatnesses, analyze its littlenesses—until he feels that he can idealize it, and then applying the technic of his profession to this ideal, evolve therefrom an entity—a practical workable plan. A city is a sentient, living thing, with an individuality and a character peculiar to itself. It has a charm which is all its own, which must not be denied it nor be taken from it.

He who attempts to replan a city, equipped only with a technical mind and mechanical data, must fail to achieve the best results—it will be an accident only if he does not take from it some of its individuality. True, he may relieve congested traffic, plan beautiful parks, or ameliorate unsanitary conditions, and thereby accomplish much good, but if he fails to recognize the spirit which gives the city character, personality, he may hamper the free growth of that spirit, and in the long run destroy it. And so the city planner must ever have this spirit before him, and strive to strengthen it in beauty and grace, as he at the same time studies its traffic problems and analyzes its water supply.

If we go back to its beginning we will find a reason for starting a city in a given place. It may not always be a good reason, nor necessarily a bad one, often just a *raison d'etre*. But back of even that is a big human reason—the community spirit of man—and that is the reason to seek. Men have gathered together for purposes of defense, of barter, of convenience, of society. They have built their homes near each other in a spirit of pure brotherliness—they need the fellowship of others of their kind, and in seeking this fellowship they have selected sites for their homes controlled by a thousand different reasons, and as the city has grown from a crossroads or a river landing it has attracted its people from elsewhere for an equal number of reasons. From such small beginnings have our most complicated cities grown.

It is indeed rare that the planner has the whole cloth from which to work, the planning of an unbuilt city, with full data as to ground and purpose. Our capital city of Washington is a notable case of a city planned in advance of its building, and even its builder failed to foresee sixscore years ahead, and provide adequately for the city of today. Another city which in time may become a classic example in city planning is Canberra, the capital city of the commonwealth of Australia. Here, by act of government in 1908, a commission, with all Australia from which to select a site, placed the unbuilt capital, invited the world to submit competitive plans for the city, selected what it desired from the plans submitted, and proceeded with the building of the city. Here precise surveys were made before even plans were asked for, and the framework of the city as carefully designed and as rigidly constructed as is the framework of our largest skyscrapers. With such data have the builders of this new city planned its streets and boulevards, its parks and parkways, its water features, its transportation lines, its sewers and its water supply. Here, they have said, will be the government administration buildings, and here the legislative group; here are residential districts, and here retail stores. The railway gateway will be placed where it will best serve its purpose, and the wholesale houses have convenient connection with the loading and unloading tracks.

Just as the skyscraper is dependent on the unity and strength of its steel framework for its existence, so the city depends on its framework of streets and boulevards, of transit lines and parkways for its successful being.


A street warehouse. Vermont avenue, Washington, D. C., showing double line of parked cars down its center.

And since, as one writer puts it, "There is but one crop of land on which to build a city," as once built so the city must remain, except where at great cost alterations are made, it is certainly the part of wisdom to plan it not only for present needs, but also for future possible needs, even for future hopes.

Who knows what the future may uncover? Who, in the past, foresaw the needs of today in traffic lanes, required to accommodate thousands of moving vehicles an hour, or of the street space required for storing these vehicles during the working day? Perhaps with prophetic vision born of the mistakes and failures of the past, the city planners of today are seeing the future more clearly. Already they have begun to cease thinking of city planning as such, and are talking of regional planning, even of national planning. They are endeavoring to find room for the ever-increasing numbers of automobiles, and at the same time are thinking of landing places for aircraft. But are they foreseeing everything? I think not. What are they overlooking? Only time can tell, and it won't be bashful in so doing.

Many problems of the city and community we will have always with us. We are continually solving them, to be continually met by new conditions and a call for new solutions. Undoubtedly, the most important prob-

(*Concluded on page 14*)

The Marvelous Manipulation of the Mark

How the Goose That Laid the Golden Egg Was Gradually Starved to Death

By WALTER M. WOLFF

This second article of the series explains the results attained by the juggling of German currency.

IN JUNE, 1923, there were 9,300,000.000,000 paper marks in circulation in Germany. By the end of the year this "insignificant" sum had increased to more than 500,000,000,000.000,000,000 bits of nothingness.

Nothingness? Not quite. At all times the vast ocean of paper *was still worth many millions of good American dollars;* in fact, at times the amount of "money" in circulation in Germany amounted to as much as $150,000,000 in real, negotiable value!

The printing presses of the nation were kept clicking at breakneck speed in the race to prevent the production of paper marks from falling behind the mark depreciation on the international exchange. With dozens of paper mills turning out hundreds of carloads of paper for the multitudes of printing presses, the government's policy of depreciating the mark to 0.00 was all but achieved, *apparently.*

Five or six quintillions of paper marks looks as if it ought to include everything, but it doesn't. It ignores some quadrillions of marks issued by German states, cities, towns, villages, banks, firms, and individuals, in many cases without security or limitation. This private money was called "Notgeld," or emergency currency, and ranged in denominations from one pfennig to several marks before the avalanche had arrived. With the sky and astronomical figures the limit, however, "Notgeld" makers found they could add ciphers just as easily as the Reichsbank.

But now we come to the most interesting phase of all. Here is really the key to the entire problem and the explanation in a nutshell for the alleged enormous manipulation of wealth in Germany at the time. Of course, the Reichsbank did not give out credit to German firms promiscuously. Not quite. She took a pittance now and then and raised her discount rates repeatedly until finally she actually charged something like 30 per cent. But the mark depreciated so rapidly that an accurate check on the doings of German industry was rendered wholly ineffective.

Some marvelous results came to the surface—so marvelous, in fact, that if they were not actually true they would sound absolutely "fishy" and absurd.

The Magic of the Mark

FOR example, *a firm which on January 1, 1922, borrowed $50.000 worth of marks, was able to pay them back on December 31 with $1,000!*

But now to the incredible. In 1923, credit amounting to *five hundred million dollars on January 1 could be paid back on December 1 with one dollar's worth of paper marks!* It doesn't sound possible, nevertheless every word of it is absolutely true. Furthermore, it explains why there are so many alleged rich Germans—if not today, then yesterday.

Thus it was that the German industrialists, bankers, public officials, and other "fortunates" came into possession of untold riches. Every person in those days who had a foreign bank account or a reasonable amount of foreign currency in his possession was a made man. And why shouldn't he be? The bank fiat money didn't cost the Reichsbank a great deal and the idea—while it lasted—of extracting real wealth out of the sky and milking the German common people was superb. Like most schemes of a financial nature, it was too good to be shared with the "common fry"—Mr. German Average Citizen. And it all happened so smoothly, so quietly, and so quickly, that the German common people to this day have failed to realize what actually took place entirely before their very eyes.

But "all which goes up must come down," or, in similar American parlance, "the higher they go the harder they fall." One fine day something radical happened; the German inflation stopped. It could go no further. For a long time nobody had been paying any more attention to the ciphers—twelve or more of them on the paper notes—and, therefore, there was really nothing further to be gained from the inflation. The latter was dead from this time on, never again to return.

Where the Profits Went

BUT the German profiteers! how their hearts (if they had any) must have ached when they awoke from their dreams and found that humdrum, normal times had arrived once more. Profits that only yesterday had dropped into their laps like raindrops, now would require weeks and months, yes, *years* of real, *honest,* hard work if they were to be realized even to a very modest degree. The proverbial goose that laid the golden eggs had not, to be sure, been greedily slaughtered; it had been ruthlessly starved to death, which probably accounts for the fact that the "eggs" had been growing smaller and smaller until, finally, the "bird" itself succumbed to the inevitable.

Today we are told with unmistakable clearness and earnestness that Germany has no capital. German merchants and manufacturers are piteously begging for a loan, credit, cash—anything to keep the mills moving. "If we don't get a loan soon, we're lost!" is the universal sentiment.

But where are the enormous profits of yesterday? What has become of them? As has been said before, *the greater part of that wealth is now to be found in the form of substantial factory buildings and equipment, in improved agricultural machinery, in land holdings, in merchant vessels, in canals, in power plants, and, last but not least, in private villas and mansions and parks of the "new-rich."*

Not a little of the results of the incredible manipulation may be traced to neat *private* fortunes in the form of huge foreign holdings of stocks, bonds, property, bank accounts, and the like. If the guilty parties might be made to confess, some beautiful facts and figures would, without a particle of doubt, come to light. The scandal would be so outrageous and shocking that the gossiping material ensuing therefrom would last for years and years—yes, even unto the third and fourth generations!

And now German business men have no ready capital and what they are able to obtain from the banks (which are still in a position to loan them something) is too expensive. But why should these newly rich splurge at the most select watering places of Europe at a time when the heyday for gain in Germany had definitely passed? That's just it; prices in Germany suddenly became ridiculously exorbitant due to the direct reaction from the inflation. Commodities had to be paid for in "dollars and cents," literally and figuratively, instead of in worthless money.

Germany suddenly found herself high above the world market in her prices for almost everything; only yesterday she had been the world's Jersey cow. Stories of the fall of the French franc and the cheapness of living in Luxemburg, Belgium, Italy, Hungary, and elsewhere, drew the German "Inflationsgewinnler," or inflation profiteer, away to sojourn in foreign lands. Of course, German baths and resorts complained of lack of patronage, a condition that was all very natural.

When our German profiteer found that he could get only about fifty cents' worth of value for his dollars in Germany at the beginning of the stabilization period, he preferred to part with them in countries where he was sure of receiving a dollar's worth of value *and possibly more* for every dollar he spent there.

The question has, no doubt, arisen in the minds of many students of international finance: "Why didn't the Allies—France particularly—step in and put a definite stop to this inflation fraud?" Somebody, surely, must have known that fortunes were being made illegally. Where was the Allied control at the time?

If the truth is told, the Allies—in fact, every nation in Europe—were participating heavily in the fruits of the inflation period.

There were never so many "visitors" from all over the world in Germany as were there during the years 1921 to 1923, inclusive. And many an American today will have pleasant memories of the little sojourn among the Teutons when he "lived in the finest hotel for thirty cents a day and sat in the kaiser's box at the opera for less than a dime," et cetera. And then there were the hundred and one reparations, control, military, and other commissions, each with a goodly membership whose chief interest and concern was, perhaps, "How much do you pay for a dollar today?" No, the Allies and their representatives in Germany let well enough alone. "The less said about the matter, the better!" was the sentiment.

But we must say a word about German repudiation of internal debts, in conclusion. The government passed a law just after the adjournment of the old Reichstag which is being fought today far more stubbornly than has ever any other single piece of legislation in the history of the German nation. This law is called the "Drittesteuernotverordnung," or Third Emergency Tax Law, and provides that all public or private pre-war debts—bonds, mortgages, and what not—contracted prior to January 1, 1919, shall be paid *not in full* as they should be, ultimately, but with only 15 per cent of the face value.

Debts contracted after January 1, 1919, must first be converted into the gold value prevailing on the particular day of the contract. Fifteen per cent of the ensuing sum is then considered payment in full of the post-war obligation. Does the creditor obtain his money soon? Yes, in the year 1932, he can collect his debt with interest; that is, he can collect up to *15 per cent* of the original amount; no more.

It seemed such a trifle to the German Government (influenced, of course, by German finance and industry—our aforementioned "Preferred Class") to repudiate the entire indebtedness of the nation with one stroke of the pen, that they simply declared bygones were bygones and 1,000 gold marks were now only worth 150; just like that. Of course, the German people at large, the countless thousands of thrifty investors of yore, got busy and raised a mighty "howl" with the result that today there is a likelihood of the ominous swindle, the Third Emergency Tax Law, being summarily repealed—*if* German promises can be trusted. No doubt, a revaluation of all German internal debts and obligations will, out of sheer necessity, have to take place sooner or later.

The German lawmakers have pretty good eyes; they can see the handwriting on the wall. They know, or are beginning to learn, that no sane German will ever again invest a pfennig in German securities, public or private, unless old bills are squared up and paid in full; that much is certain. No wonder money is tight in Germany today! The people have been robbed of their savings and credit, and the profiteer has his money—his ill-gotten inflation gains—tied up in non-negotiable wealth; that is, in wealth on which he is unable to secure cash due to the poverty of the people.

Repudiation of Debts

BUT it is no secret to the world at large that inasmuch as Germany has practically wiped out her internal debt, she can, therefore, pay considerable reparations. German legislators also know this, and watch them try to make amends by showing that, *after all,* Germany has large internal obligations which must be promptly paid (so that she, Germany, will not lose the last bit of the world's respect which may still be due her).

But the greatest inflation period the world has ever seen is now a thing of the past. Its ill effects will be felt for years but there will never again be another inflation. When the second "great manipulation of national wealth" takes place, the *people* will be on the ground floor when the game starts. There will be no "head start" for the moneyed men, the politicians, and the arch-grafters the next time. When Ramsay MacDonald became British Prime Minister, one of the first things he said in speaking on the reduction of the national debt was, *"I regard two means as dishonest: repudiation and inflation."* When the "next time" comes, the *people* will remember these words.

Illusory Terms in the Diamond Trade

FLAGRANT misrepresentations are being made in diamond advertising, especially by those dealers who appeal to the masses of the people. The high-grade, conservative jewelers, of whom there is at least one in every community, disdain to make impossible claims for their diamonds and other wares. They sell on honor, and that is the only kind of jeweler the diamond buyer can afford to patronize.

The National Jewelers Board of Trade has analyzed and denounced the misrepresentations of certain diamond sellers, the most objectionable of which it lists as follows:

a. Use of the term "perfect (or perfectly) cut."

b. Statements claiming definite percentage savings to the consumer, sometimes up to forty per cent.

c. Use of obsolete fractional weights using minus signs.

d. Use of term "blue white."

The most important of the confusing terms used by advertisers are the words "perfect cut" and "perfectly cut," which create in the mind of the reader (and are used for the purpose of so creating) the idea that the stone advertised is actually perfect, leaving the advertiser a loophole as to the quality of the stone by contending that he referred to the cutting only.

The diamonds offered by certain advertisers are in no way "perfectly cut," the term being used as a catch phrase and not intended to be complied with. The word "perfect" in the diamond trade is used only in connection with the quality of the stone, denoting that it is free from all flaws and blemishes. The words "perfectly cut" and "perfect cut" are not used among diamond cutters, wholesalers or legitimate retailers because a stone that is technically "perfectly cut" is very rarely met with and few honorable people in the trade would certify their stones were "perfectly cut," even if they so regarded them.

The metric carat has been universally adopted throughout the trade for a number of years. Some retail dealers still persist, however, in using the old obsolete factions employing a "minus" sign.

Oxford Dictionary Will Be Great Work

THE so-called Oxford Dictionary, which will be completed either this year or next, will be the realization of an appeal made by Archbishop Trench, Dean of Westminster, to the Philological Society in 1857.

The archbishop urged the society "to undertake the collection of materials to complete the work done by Bailey, Johnson, Todd, Webster, Richardson and others, and to prepare a supplement to all the dictionaries which would register all omitted words and sense and supply all the historical information in which these works were lacking, and above all, should give quotations illustrating the first and last appearance and every notable point in the life history of every word."

Dr. James Murray, later knighted for his labor and scholarship, was the most illustrious worker upon this dictionary. It was his enthusiasm that enlisted the support of the Oxford University Press, which required that he give his personal attention to the compilation. Herbert Coleridge, Frederick J. Furnivall, Dr. Henry J. Bradley were also in charge of the work until they in turn died. Dr. William A. Craigie, who joined in 1907, is completing the dictionary.

There will be ten volumes in all, which will contain more than 425,000 words. The total cost will be in the neighborhood of $6,250,000. The University Press has been helped by many generous donations.

The work now nearing completion is a permanent work; it will never need to be done again no matter how long the language endures. It covers the entire middle and new English periods from 1150 to date, dealing with thousands of words that were in use before printing was discovered, thus vastly complicating its labors though making them of value to the philologist.

The new dictionary will far surpass any dictionary in any language. Grimm's German dictionary, which is yet unfinished though it was begun in 1854, limits itself to words which have been incorporated into the German language since the middle of the fifteenth century. Litres' great French dictionary confines itself to words that have entered the French language since the seventeenth century.

When Four Banks Closed Their Doors

Lewistown, Montana, Experienced Financial Chaos Until Better Times Came

By L. M. WESTON

A farmer's wife tells a moving story of what befell her town, and incidentally shows the value of well-conducted banks.

Lewistown, Montana, was, in 1919, at the height of a boom. The effect of the deflation of money and credit in 1920 was perhaps more disastrous than in most communities. It left Lewistown paralyzed. The article was written before the reopening, June 4, 1924, of one of the defunct banks under a new name. The writer has maintained her faith in the future of the little community throughout its dark days.

SOME years ago, Lewistown, Montana, boasted four flourishing banks; now it has none—the banks committed suicide. In rural communities, bankers usually have unbounded influence, as their advice is generally sought and taken, and their example followed. The small town is fortunate whose bankers are wise and conservative, for they have the power to bring prosperity or adversity to the people they lead.

This little city, without a bank, is ideally located on a swift-flowing creek or river from which the land rises in natural terraces, making wonderful sites for dwelling houses. Within its territory are illimitable stretches of farm lands, whose fertile soil brings forth grains and vegetables unsurpassed by any in the world. Gold, silver and gems are mined from the nearby mountains, while coal mines and oil wells abound in its immediate vicinity. The inhabitants of this favored locality laugh at railroad strikes, or coal strikes, for they raise and produce their own cattle, sheep, coal, pork, grain, vegetables, dairy products and oil, and, therefore, are virtually self-supporting and independent.

After the big wheat yield of 1915, Lewistown had the name of being the biggest little city in the Northwest. Its schools were the best, business was booming, and credit unlimited. The banks vied with one another for patronage. Of course, they did not actually ask people to borrow, but the letters they sent out, soliciting accounts, stated that they were amply able to furnish money to the extent of their customers' needs. The banks could borrow at four or four and one-half per cent, and get ten per cent for loaning their funds. The old buildings were not good enough to house such high finance, so beautiful new ones were built, and the officials received fabulous salaries, entertained lavishly, drove high-powered cars, and—everyone followed the example set by the financiers. Even the city fathers were caught in the mad rush of jazz and display, and spent county and city funds in improvements that would have done honor to a place ten times the size of the modest little town whose destiny they were directing. Cluster arc lights, boulevards, graded roads, new schoolhouses, swimming pools, gymnasium—"Oh! them were the good old times," as the hoary-headed lady said, when recounting the pleasures of her youth.

Then came crop failures. The ranchers borrowed more money. Then came a drought. Some of the ranchers wanted to sell their cattle but were advised by the bankers to borrow money to buy hay instead of allowing the fine herds to go out of the state. "Cattle was sure to be high in the fall," they said, forgetting that the cattle market would not be controlled by the small territory affected by the drought. Credit was still easy, so easy that many confounded it with cash.

Then came the oil boom. There was oil, but not enough to offset the depreciation in prices of cattle, wheat and farm products. After all, the little city was dependent on agriculture, and between drought, extravagance, and market manipulations, the majority of the ranchers were ruined.

The banks soon consolidated, so there were only two for the community to support. Possibly these might have pulled through if the ranchers could have met even the interest on their notes, but that, too, was impossible. They had paid the highest prices for labor and equipment, yet had no power to set a price on their own products, commensurate with their cost. Auction sales were common, and well attended, but those who bought paid with more paper, which was of little use to the banks. Cash sales were held, but were not profitable, as the country people lacked money to buy necessities, and though the debtor's belongings were sold for a tithe of their value, his neighbors were not benefited, but some outsider, who bought for speculation, to sell at a profit when times should be better. Frequently the ranchers were allowed to keep their stock and lands in the hope that they would earn at least the interest on their indebtedness.

A story is told of a man who, before the drought, mortgaged his horses. As the winter progressed and feed became scarcer and more expensive, he went to the bank for a hundred-dollar loan. It was refused. The bank had no more money to give ranchers.

"All right," said the countryman, "the horses are yours as I can't pay the mortgage on them. I was just going to winter them for you, but if you won't buy the feed, I'm not going to stay and see them starve. I'll move off the place, and you can look after them yourself."

The banker paid. He knew the horses were not worth their keep that winter, but thought their value might rise in the spring. He was doomed to disappointment, however.

It was the same story with land and cattle. Both needed care, and if the rightful, debt-laden owners were sent adrift, who would do the work? The farmers had borrowed to increase their herds and their wheat acreage, and the price for their commodities had gone below the cost of production, not to mention the unfavorable weather conditions that had depleted the herds and lessened the yield of grain. They felt the sharp edge of poverty and failure long before the banks realized their predicament. Their city cousins were entertaining lavishly and spending freely while they were wrestling with the problem of buying sufficient clothing to protect themselves from the fierce blasts of winter.

Lewistown proudly called herself the Gem of the Judith Basin (widely known as "Montana's Breadbasket"), but it took her citizens some time to learn that a gem is often lost if the setting becomes insecure. The townspeople did not care if their country cousins were fighting, desperately, debt, low prices, scarcity of labor, and adverse weather conditions—until the banks closed. They thought that country people should be contented to live without twentieth-century luxuries and conveniences, and, like peasants of the Old World, should be satisfied with the same life and hardships endured by their ancestors. They could not understand that country people might enjoy high-powered automobiles, wintering in Florida or California, or feel it a duty to keep their families in town that the children might enjoy better educational advantages. There are many cities, the size of Lewistown, and larger, where these same ideas prevail, but they will eventually awaken, as did Lewistown, to the realization that the prosperity of city and country are interwoven. During the oil boom, the banks in the little western city thought "the country hicks" were scarcely worth considering. One young rancher, after vainly endeavoring to get the attention of the cashier, went home in a blaze of indignation, announcing that he was going to "chuck ranching and peddle oil stocks," as people seemed to consider it such a superior business to "raising grub." Then, the oil bubble burst.

The failure of these financial institutions, with their important personnel and palatial fittings, created a distrust of banks among the adjacent ranchers. They looked askance at the creamery checks, drawn on a bank a hundred miles away, and cashed them as quickly as possible. A hog buyer thought he ought to pay less for the swine on account of the expressage on currency he was obliged to ship in before the country people would sell him their pigs. Most of the ranchers now think that checks and promissory notes are in the same category.

The situation in town is tragic or comic, according to one's point of view. People accustomed to paying by check forget to ask for receipts when paying cash, and, sometimes, are obliged to pay twice.

"I bet I get a receipt for every dollar I pay out in future," remarks one irate gentleman who had settled with his wife's hired girl, only to have her demand her wages again, when she wanted money. There was no check stub to adduce as evidence, so the maid received double for her labor.

"Pretty stiff to pay thirty cents on a hundred-dollar postal order when you want to send cash to headquarters," remarked a fire insurance agent, who felt his profits were being greatly reduced.

The stores are quite deserted as many who had money in the bank to pay their bills are forced to let them run. Besides, the storekeepers cannot afford to "carry" people any longer as they, too, owe bills that must be paid, and there is no money to be had at the banks. It takes a wonderful motion picture to draw a paying crowd, and jewelers, florists, and ice cream parlors rarely find a customer.

But the school-teachers are the most to be pitied. City and county funds are tied up, and they cannot cash their warrants. Many of them are strangers here and board bills must be paid. There is talk of closing some of the fine, new school buildings until the taxes come in.

People say that Lewistown is dead, but it isn't. It is only stunned and half-buried in the mud of adversity.

Passing of the Corn-Husking Bee—By S. R. WINTERS

IS THE corn-husking bee passing, soon to be only a tradition? Modern methods of husking corn in the field, as practiced in the Corn Belt, has doomed the time-consuming method of gathering the corn, hauling it to the barnyard, and then inviting the farmer's neighbors to take off the husks at a popularly termed husking bee. Old-time fiddling, dancing the Virginia reel, and the drinking of cider from jugs are the usual festivities attending such farmers' gatherings.

Above—Finding a red ear entitles the possessor to kiss a girl. Center—Drinking cider from the jug is a custom at corn-husking bees. Below—"Virginia Reel" dance at corn-husking bee.

The United States Department of Agriculture evidently believes that the husking bee will soon be only a memory. This government bureau has staged one of these old-time festivities at its experimental farm, Arlington, Virginia, in which the scenes were preserved for posterity by means of a motion picture film. The fiddle, jew's-harp, and harmonica were in evidence, and to such stirring tunes as "Virginia Reel," "Turkey in the Straw," and "Mississippi Sawyer," a breakdown or barn dance was enacted. The jug of cider, usually found at husking bees, was passed around to the huskers. The first man to find a red ear of corn, according to tradition, is entitled to kiss a girl, and this scene, too, was faithfully reproduced at the government experimental farm.

The passing of the corn-husking bee likewise spells the doom of the old-fashioned bone peg used for taking the husks off of corn. A metal ring or peg, invented by a man who lost one hand in a threshing machine, is taking the place of the make-shift bone peg. By means of the latter, a corn-grower in Iowa or other state in the Corn Belt is enabled to husk 247 bushels of corn in nine hours. The corn is taken from the standing stalks in the field and livestock is then turned into the field to eat the fodder, stalks and loose grain.

So, according to the title of a motion picture film of the United States Department of Agriculture; the "Corn Belt Derby" is destined to displace the popularity of the corn-husking bee. The former, too, has its popular features. Notably among these is the contest between huskers who demonstrate their skill and rapidity in harvesting corn. These contests may develop into state and even intra-state rivalry. The Motion Picture Division of the United States Department of Agriculture made a motion picture of one of these contests near Des Moines, Iowa.

It is estimated that one-third of the labor used on farms in the Corn Belt section or Middle West is necessary by reason of the old practice of harvesting corn in the shocks. The "Corn Belt Derby" and similar contests are encouraged by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Seductive Wiles of My Lady Nicotine

Concluded from page 2

bad tooth which had been extracted, but that she had used snuff on that side of the tongue. In thirteen cases that showed cancer of the cheek, it had been the habit of the patients to hold a quid of tobacco at the spot diseased.

Nose, throat and ear affections are promoted by smoking, according to the claims of a number of clinicians.

Acid dyspepsia is common in habitual smokers. In some cases there is a destruction of the capacity to feel hunger. Anemia is often found among excessive smokers, apparently due to the disastrous results of the tobacco poison upon the digestive system.

The truth is, tobacco lowers the whole tone of the body and decreases its vital power and resistance. This is well shown by the fact that, in surgical emergencies, patients accustomed to smoking have been observed to suffer a great handicap in their chances for recovery. This is doubtless because the poisons of tobacco tax the vital resistance and require the expenditure of power by the liver, kidneys and other organs to neutralize and eliminate the poison.

Physique

Physical measurements of students at Yale and at Amherst brought out the fact that those not using tobacco during the college course gained over the users of tobacco in weight, height, growth of chest, and lung capacity. Doctor Seaver made the tests at Yale University. He found that smokers, though averaging fifteen months older than non-smokers at entering, averaged only 1.4 kilograms heavier than the younger non-smokers, that they were 7 millimeters shorter, and also averaged 80 cubic centimeters less in lung capacity. He found non-smokers to gain during college life 10 per cent more than habitual smokers in weight, 24 per cent more in height, 26.7 per cent more in chest measurements, and 77 per cent more in lung capacity.

Dr. Hitchcock made a similar study at Amherst, and found that non-smokers increased in weight 24 per cent more than the smokers increased; that in height the non-smokers surpassed the smokers 37 per cent in their gain, and in chest girth 42 per cent. In lung capacity there was a difference of 8.36 cubic inches (that is, about 75 per cent) in favor of non-smokers, which was 3 per cent of the total average lung capacity of the class.

The influence of tobacco upon the physical and mental characteristics of 223 college students was studied by Dr. George L. Meylan, of Columbia University, who found that there was a slight advantage in the average measurements of the smokers—due, he believed, to the fact that they were eight months older—but that the average scholarship was lower.

Athletics

Professor Pack, of the University of Utah, found that tobacco-using athletes were decidedly inferior to abstainers. The following points were brought out by his investigations: (1) Only half as many smokers as non-smokers were successful in the "tryouts" for football squads. (2) In the case of able-bodied men, smoking was associated with loss in lung capacity amounting to practically ten per cent. (3) Smoking was invariably associated with low scholarship.

Smokers Versus Non-Smokers

A DIFFERENCE between smokers and non-smokers in athletics was also brought out in a study made by Dr. Meylan, who found that 41 per cent of smokers, and only 34 per cent of non-smokers achieved success in varsity athletics; but that of varsity athletes 56 per cent were smokers, as against 52 per cent of the student body; also that smokers and athletes had lower scholarship records than other students.

Smokers were only half as successful as non-smokers in athletic honors, according to studies made by Professor E. L. Clarke at Clark College.

Connie Mack, the famous baseball hero, made it a rule not to sign up baseball league men who smoked.

Clark Griffiths, as manager of the Washington Nationals, said that "any player who insists on smoking cigarets is through."

The fact that most conscientious athletes do not smoke when "in training" shows that they realize that tobacco is injurious. They little realize, however, how great and how lasting the injury is.

Industrial Output, Business Efficiency

Muscular power begins to diminish 5 to 10 minutes after beginning of smoking, according to a study made by Professor W. P. Lombard, professor of physiology, of the University of Michigan. In an hour, when the cigar was burned, muscular power had fallen to about 25 per cent of its initial value. The total work of the time of depression, compared with a similar normal period, was 24.2 compared with 44.8.

An output study of users and non-users of tobacco in a strenuous physical occupation was made by J. P. Baumberger, Edna E. Perry and E. G. Martin, of the Laboratory of Physiology in Stanford University. The study was made in a large glass-bottle manufacturing plant, which operates 35 bottle-making machines and employs more than 500 persons. It was found that workers who chewed tobacco had a much lower output than those who only smoked, or who did not use tobacco in any form.

That working efficiency is lowered by cigaret smoking in the young is attested to by the fact that in Chicago, according to a bulletin of the Health Education League of Boston, there is a large organization of business men pledged not to employ any cigaret-smoking boys. Business men in many other parts of the country are following their examples, the league states.

Tobacco Leads to Alcohol

The drug effects of tobacco apparently lead to a craving for other drugs, including alcohol. Dr. Alexander Lambert, one of the best authorities in the world on drug addiction, writes that many heavy drinkers who are endeavoring hopelessly to cease their periodic sprees are really cases of chronic tobacco poisoning. This is seen, he says, more frequently among the incessant cigaret smokers than among those who usually smoke a pipe or cigars, and most frequently among those who always inhale their tobacco smoke.

"You cannot break them from their periodic sprees unless you stop their smoking," Dr. Lambert asserts. "They are much poisoned by tobacco, being sensitive to nicotine, and alcohol is the quickest diffusile narcotic they can get hold of to ease their discomfort."

Longevity and Death Rate

A recent study by Dr. Albert H. Burr, on the relation of longevity to sex, is reported by him as indicating that the tobacco habit is "one of the very significant reasons why fewer men than women attain old age."

The New England Life Insurance Company published in 1911 the following data from 180.000 policyholders, covering 60 years: Where the maximum of expected deaths was 100, of tobacco abstainers only 59 died, of rare users only 71 died, of temperate users only 84 died, and of moderate users 93 died. Excessive users were not accepted by the company. We must remember, however, that tobacco users commonly use alcohol also and have other life-shortening habits.

Summary

We see then that tobacco is injurious to the human body. It injures the heart, it disturbs the blood pressure, it poisons the nerves, it hurts the eyes, it lessens resistance to tuberculosis and other diseases, its use sometimes induces cancer, it often leads to the use of alcohol, it reduces muscular power and accuracy, it impairs working efficiency, earning power and athletic power, it stunts the growth of the young, it probably shortens life, it probably reduces fertility, it probably reduces appreciably the vigor of the offspring of the heavy smoker.

In short, tobacco acts as a narcotic poison, like opium and like alcohol, though usually in a less degree.

No question seems to exist as to the harmful effects of the "excessive" use of tobacco. Habitual smokers will generally admit this fact. As to the "moderate" use, it cannot be truthfully said that such use will do more than moderate damage.

Because of individual variations, the line separating "excessive" from "moderate" is an elusive boundary, and there is always a tendency toward increasing the use; "moderate" use seldom stays moderate. From every indication, it behooves the man who wishes to keep physically fit to omit tobacco from his daily schedule.

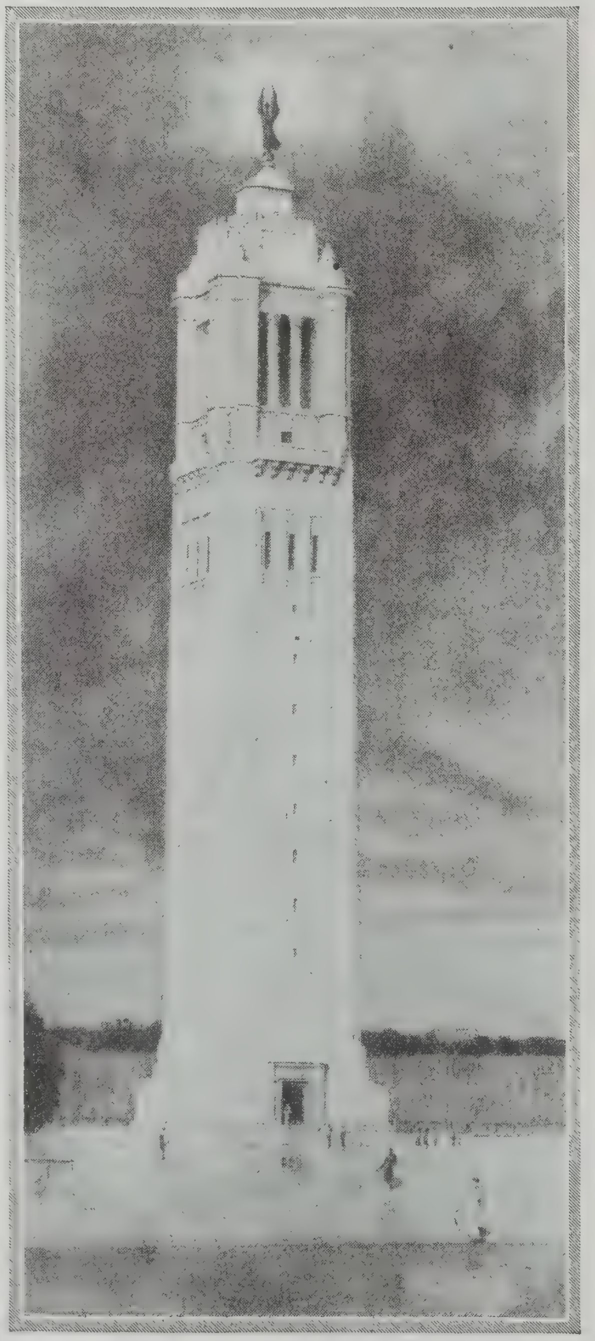
(The mental effects of smoking, and a review of the reasons why men smoke, will be presented in the next article.)

A National Peace Carillon for America

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

BELLS have long been associated with mystery and have even acquired a kind of sacred character. In olden times, and even now in some countries of Europe, the new bell is consecrated by appropriate ceremonial. Many believe that the ringing of these consecrated bells helps to disperse storms and pestilence, drive away enemies and bring good influences.

Plans are now completed which recognize the place of the bell in the national life of this nation. These plans will give to America a great carillon far surpassing the great carillons of the Old World. It will be erected at Washington. As is usual when this country accepts an idea, be it new or old. it will immediately plan to make the reality either the biggest or the greatest or the most gorgeous. America wants the best.



National Campanile was designed by Paul P. Cret who also designed the famous Pan-American Building.

The design of the National Campanile is typical of the nation. It consists of a great tower 360 feet high, rising from a 60-foot base. It will be built of white marble with colored stone for contrast effect. The whole is designed by Paul P. Cret who created the famous Pan-American Building that many aver is the most beautiful public building in the United States. He also designed the granite arch at Valley Forge.

This great shaft of white and colored marble, while simple in design, will be a thing of beauty and pleasure to the eye. The playing of the bells will make it an equal pleasure to the ear. Equipped with fifty-four musically perfect bells, it will be capable of playing any sort of music from simple hymns to Chopin or opera. It will lend itself to great holidays and the expression of the feelings of the nation in the times of public rejoicing and national sorrow.

This great carillon is to be a memorial, dedicated to peace among men and to the ideals of liberty and justice. That it may be truly national in scope there will be a bell for each state and special bells for other memorials. The state bells will be dedicated and inscribed with the coat of arms of the state.

The largest bell will weigh ten tons, and will be called the Bell of the Allies in honor of the nations recently associated with America. This great bell will be tuned to E flat. When men from these nations visit Washington, symphonies in this key and played on this bell will be given.

Ascending in the chromatic scale will be the bells of the states. The smallest bell will weigh under twenty pounds and be pitched to A flat. With the fifty-four bells there will be a range of four and one-half octaves. Each bell will be carefully cast, tuned to a single vibration, and will have five tones—the main tone, three overtones and one undertone. Thus with 54 bells there will be 270 tones that are perfectly matched.

To most Americans unused to bell music the first reaction is to protest that bells are all right but that it is just a bit childish to expect much from the ringing of bells. Yet in Europe, in such countries as England, Belgium and Holland, carillons are fairly common, and it is not unusual for 60,000 persons to hear operas and concerts played by the great bell masters. There are such men as Professor Brees, who climbs 450 steps of the great tower of Antwerp Cathedral each day to play the bells to which thousands reverently listen, and Sir Edward Elgar, the noted musician, who has composed many famous carillon pieces.

There are an almost endless number of changes that can be rung on a peal. Such a carillon would hardly have been possible in early times when the casting of bells and the obtaining of definite tones were left more nearly to chance. Bell makers of today regulate the pitch by the thickness of the striking part in proportion to the diameter. Working by such mathematical rules, perfect instruments of music are now produced.

On such a national occasion as Lincoln's birthday it will be possible to have some master carillon player reproduce the favorite hymns of the great President. Not only will the residents of the capital be able to hear such music, but, by means of the radio, a whole nation will have the opportunity of listening.

As a national memorial the carillon will also be democratic, for each day at morning, noon and night it will, by means of an automatic arrangement, render selections from the world's masterpieces. It will thus contribute to that ideal wherein good music shall be popular and popular music good.

The cost of the National Peace Carillon is estimated at $3,000,000.

Beggars Collect Fortunes From the Public

Stories of Organized Mendicancy That Rival the Thousand and One Nights

Member of the Profession Who Owns a Car, a Farm and Five Bank Books

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, some on nags,
And some in velvet gown.
—*Old rhyme.*

A DETECTIVE of the city's mendicancy squad walked along a crowded street one evening, and noticed a legless man who presented a most pathetic appearance, a man who, ill-clad against the rawness of the night, stretched forth eager hands that offered for sale gaudy-colored lead pencils.

It was really a clutch of sympathy that made the detective stop, for the man looked as if he might actually need food. In a couple of minutes, however, the detective's attitude had changed. He stood and watched with wide-eyed wonder as a stream of small change poured into the beggar's hands, and he noted that not once was a pencil taken in exchange for the coin.

And what a lot of coin it was! The detective edged still closer, where he could watch the operations of the man, and in the twenty-odd minutes that followed the man of the law made a rough count of more than nine dollars as the sum collected by the beggar. Then he arrested the man.

"What do you mean, you're going to arrest me?" the beggar shouted when he felt the touch of the law on his shoulder.

"Come on, you've picked up enough for one night," the detective told him.

"You let me alone. You can't frighten me. I can't be persecuted by you grafters," the beggar shouted, thinking to arouse the sympathy of the crowd that gathered.

But the crowd was not sympathetic. The night was too raw to stand around and champion the rights of a beggar. So when the detective said that he was going to call a policeman and have him ring for a patrol wagon, the beggar changed his tune.

"Don't send for the wagon. Come on with me. We'll ride."

The detective wondered. It seemed like a new trick. He was armed and interested, so he followed the legless man and his "skate," as they call the little wheel platform on which beggars ride. Down a block, and round the corner into a side street they went, and then the man stopped. A chauffeur jumped out of a handsome sedan car, and started to help the legless man to the back seat.

"What's this?" the detective was amazed.

"My car, come on. You tell the fellow where to drive."

Then, without any fuss, the beggar allowed himself to be driven to the police station where he calmly told the story of his existence. His name, so he said, was Frederick Hammill. He was born in the South, lost his legs in infancy, and had taken up begging as a profession. Once he had amassed more than $20,000 which he had begged through the South and Middle West, and this sum he had invested in a North Dakota ranch. A season or so of bad crops had wiped out his money, and he had gone back to begging. At present he owned a farm in Massachusetts, his sedan, which cost him $3,000, and he had deposits in five different banks. He traveled from town to town in his car, begging first along one main street and then the next. Also, he offered to leave the city at once if the magistrate would let him go.

And the magistrate did let him go, for, after all, he had been offering his pencils for sale, though, of course, he never urged anyone to take a portion of his stock.

Such is the remarkable story of one man's profession, a story that rivals in its way the tales of the thousand and one nights. A legless beggar, riding in a sedan car, and boasting of five bank books and a farm! No wonder there is a saying in the underworld that any man who works for his living is a fool! Not that beggary and crime are closely allied, but there is a bond between them, for statistics show that about ninety-eight per cent of the beggars are working under false pretenses, and extracting at least $100,000.000 a year from the American public. The police and charity authorities of such cities as New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, all the larger metropolises, figure that the inhabitants of each city pays out from $5,000,000 to $15,000,000 a year to those who ask for alms.

Quite a sum, isn't it?

The real, underlying reason for this tremendous expenditure is as interesting as the expenditure itself, and while there may be something startlingly wrong in the fact that the public gives away such a sum each year, the public does get something in return, and that is a feeling of self-elation. Every time a man drops a few pennies into the hat of a crippled or blind beggar he has not only softened his heart through his sympathy for an unfortunate, but he also feels a sense of having performed a duty. With women there is a small note of psychology in their giving—they think that it is lucky to give to the poor, but the truer motive comes through the quick stab of pity that fills them at the sight of what they consider suffering.

Beggars, of course, know all this. They know also the small tricks of the trade. The majority of beggars look as miserable as possible, even using theatrical make-up to appear pale and haggard. They are always careful not to show too much profit from their begging, the proper psychology being to leave two or three pennies in the hat or cup, quickly removing all the excess coins, for fifteen or twenty-five cents can buy a meal, and the public gives largely because of thoughts of hunger. Beggars also know that the most profitable form of begging is to offer something for sale. For this it is necessary to have a license in all the larger cities, and most of the smaller, but the license seldom costs more than a dollar, and is a form of police protection, for the detectives are not apt to bother a licensed beggar, and the magistrate will usually discharge him with a warning to find a real job, even though it is realized that the goods offered for sale are only a blind.

"I can't help it if they don't take my chewing gum and it gets stale," was the shouted defense of a woman beggar who had been literally hauled into court.

On duty at his usual post.

And the judge had to admit that she was right.

This particular woman was arrested in the Central Park district of New York City, where she had been begging for weeks. She was a deplorable looking creature, admitting fifty years, and looking older. The matron at the police station hardly dared to touch her clothing, it was so filthy, but as the woman was disrobed to be searched it was discovered that underneath her two skirts and two coats she wore decent, clean underclothing. In the pocket of one of these skirts was found more than forty dollars in bills. Another pocket held five dollars in dimes, and two dollars in smaller coins. A third pocket harbored ten dollars' worth of five and ten cent pieces, while a fourth had nearly four dollars' worth of pennies. About the woman's neck hung a bag containing bank books, which the police did not insist be examined. The woman admitted that she had begged all the silver in a couple of hours, depending on her deplorable appearance and a box containing three packages of stale chewing gum to gain her the money.

Twenty-one dollars for two hours' work! Not so bad, considering the fact that a good woman clerk seldom gets more than five or six dollars a day for a working period of from eight to ten hours a day! No wonder that the beggars, like the criminals, feel that the man who works for his living is a fool!

And the two incidents related are not unusual cases. Begging has become so profitable during the past five years, especially since the close of the war, that there has come a cry from the police of the towns throughout the country that the beggars are increasing, and growing more bold in their efforts to obtain wealth. Also that the vast majority of the beggars would be at work if it were not for the fact that they have discovered that the American public is quite willing to support them in a manner actually approaching luxury.

It is not very long ago that the National Committee on Vagrancy and Begging came into existence, yet within a year this committee has been able to pile up so much data that it is necessary to deal with mendicancy as a nation-wide menace.

The chief intention of this National Committee is to plan for the redemption and education of beggars by teaching them useful trades. It will also attempt to show the smaller cities and towns how to check the increasing army of beggars which has been estimated at 1,000,000 for the whole country. Blind and crippled beggars are placed in a class by themselves, but nearly all types of "panhandlers" can be taught a trade. Most beggars are frauds, and statistics show, time after time, that what is apparently a case of poverty, often of starvation, is only a pose, and that the beggar has money, often in large sums, about his ragged clothing.

"I'm starving, please give me ten cents for something to eat," cried an old man to passers-by. One of those who came to his aid was a detective who, after he had given the man a dime, watched to see what he would do. There was no dash for food, only a quick dive into a pocket where the money was dropped. Then the detective arrested the man and a search showed that he had $1,517 hidden in his clothes. An even wealthier beggar was revealed through the arrest in Albany, New York, of a man who said he was James Tolson, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. When searched he was found to be carrying $15,000 in bills, Liberty bonds and Industrial bonds.

The boldness of the beggars is colossal. One night a man walked into the police station at White Plains, New York, and asked for shelter. The man was middle-aged and had a wooden leg. Feeling sorry for him, the desk sergeant gave him accommodations for the night. In the morning the sergeant noticed the man apparently fixing his wooden leg. He also thought he saw a wallet. He asked the beggar to show him the wallet, and he reluctantly agreed. The wallet contained ninety dollars. The sergeant questioned the man further and searched his clothing. In one pocket was found an old tin cup. This cup and the wooden leg was the man's stock in trade, and he had begged the money in a short time—changing it to bills because it was easier to carry. He also admitted that he always slept at police stations in towns where he begged. It was so much easier than having to look for a rooming house.

Such cases as these are common among the police throughout the country, but an unusual incident was when the wife of the magistrate of an eastern city uncovered a syndicate of beggars. This woman started to do her marketing early one day, and she noticed a very prosperous-looking man piloting a blind beggar to a busy street corner. She spoke to a policeman who arrested the well-dressed man, and took him to the station house for questioning. There the man gave his name and address, and admitted that he had started a begging trust. He hired cripples and blind men for three dollars a day, and took their earnings which often amounted to thirty or forty dollars a day. He had four persons working for him at that time, two women, and a blind boy, as well as the man he had been taking to his "post" when arrested.

The end of the war gave the clever beggar a new angle on how to get money from the public, for the returned soldier was known to be jobless, and often in very distressing circumstances. Therefore, a man in uniform who was begging for enough money to get a meal, or a place to sleep, found that coin rolled into his pockets in a silver stream. In the six or eight months following the end of the conflict there were so many beggars in uniform that city after city passed laws forbidding begging in uniform. One smart beggar who worked among the theater crowds of Broadway in New York admitted that he made at least sixty dollars in the hour before and after the theater. He was dressed in the uniform of a private, wore two medals supposed to have been won for service, and showed an arm cut off at the wrist. When he was arrested he gave his name as Thomas Campbell, said that he had never been in the army, and that he had lost his hand while acting as a strike-breaker in the Middle West.

In Chicago they started a crusade against beggars in uniform and in one day arrested a gang of five men who had purchased second-hand uniforms, and who rode from their lodging place to the downtown section of the city in taxicabs. Not one of these men had ever served in the army, but each made from forty to seventy dollars a day through the aid of the sympathy aroused by the uniform they wore.

Another Chicago round-up of beggars was directed toward a gang of small boys and girls, all of whom were hardly old enough to be brought into court. These youngsters had been taught by a man who escaped the police net to stand in front of the theaters and hotels and beg. The exposure came about in an unusual manner. A man saw a nine-year-old lad begging before a motion picture theater, thinly clad, eyes blackened, one sleeve empty. The man's heart gave a quick throb of sympathy but he could not stop to do any real good for the boy as he had to catch a train. So he went up to the first policeman, gave him a bill, and told him to see that the boy was given a good meal, and that with the change from the bill he was sent to his home in a cab. The policeman did as he was asked, but in the clear light of the restaurant it seemed that the boy's

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Safety Valves of the World

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strained in the heart of the globe fashioned for itself a vent greater than all of them, in which the subterranean fires throb eternally, and through which, in times of stress, the excess pressure which otherwise would hurl our world into the dust of a comet's tail, finds relief. Thus the Hawaiian Islands were formed, and there, in Halemaumau, "House of Everlasting Fire," the liquid rock bubbles forever over the flames that warm the heart of the world. This greatest of all earth's fumaroles is merely a fire pit in the center of Kilauea, a crater more than 3,000 acres in extent, composed of black-crusted lava, through the cracks in whose hardened crust, the fires of the middle of the earth glow constantly. This crater is surrounded by cliffs more than 500 feet in height, while the "House of Everlasting Fire" is itself a vent, a tube of stone more than 500 feet in diameter and at least sixty-five miles deep.

Kilauea, the great crater which holds this safety valve of the world, is 4,040 feet up on the side of Mauna Loa, a still mightier volcano, 13,675 feet in height, and active. On the same island are two other safety valves, Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet, and Hualalai, 8,273 feet. All these were built up from the bottom of the sea, creating their own cones as they rose. On the island of Maui, northwest of the island of Hawaii, stands the largest known volcanic crater, Haleakala, "House of the Sun," nearly 30 miles in circumference and 2,000 to 3,000 feet deep. It is not active, though by no means dead, merely sleeping, with enough weight on the safety valve to hold it closed until such time as the "House of Everlasting Fire" cannot alone handle the excess of the subterranean forces.

But if the "House of the Sun" is quiescent, the crater of Kilauea and its fire pit, Halemaumau, make up in perpetual "blowing off" what all the other volcanoes lack. Within this crater, the scientists believe they have found the valve that keeps below the danger point the slumbering forces beneath all the other volcanoes in the world, and particularly the scores of sleeping cones and craters which surround the Pacific Ocean. When subterranean pressure becomes too strong, and Vesuvius, Etna, Colima, Stromboli, and the others become restless, the great pit of Halemaumau becomes agitated, the lava pillar rises, fills the crater and, when the rim of the latter is reached, flows over and down and into the sea, eternally building up the island it created in ages before men came to this part of the world. And, when Halemaumau lets go, the other volcanoes subside. The explosions within this fire pit and within the surrounding crater of Kilauea are the most powerful in the world, far in excess in violence and power even of those in Vesuvius and Etna, for it is upon this vent that the globe depends for that relief which will save it from sudden dissolution into cosmic dust.

The "valve" in this safety valve of the world is, of course, a plug of lava, more or less solid, weighing hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of tons, and raised or lowered by temperature and pressure. In the central vent of Halemaumau, this plug is always molten, boiling, liquid lava over which play continuously eerie sheets of flaming gases. But surrounding this 500-foot safety valve, which has never been closed, and which is still "popping off," as engineers say, there is the greater valve of the whole 3,000-acre crater of Kilauea. The floor of this vent, three or four times as wide as Halemaumau, is a plug of semi-solid lava, with a cooler crust over the top. At present, neither heat nor pressure in the interior of the earth is sufficient to lift this valve—Halemaumau's valve is sufficient to relieve the world's subterranean troubles just now. But the time has been, in the not far distant past, when the whole 3,000-acre plug was melted and raised and poured over the summit of the surrounding cliffs—more than 500 feet above the present floor—to flow away into the sea, increasing the size of the island, and saving our globe for us. Whenever the internal heat and the pressure again exceed the resistance of the great column of lava, this valve will "pop" once more.

Mount Shasta the Beautiful

NOT all the volcanoes around the Pacific are idle; there are other and minor safety valves, many of which are contributing, in a small way, to the safety of the earth by blowing off steam, ashes, crushed rocks, sand, cinders and similar by-products of the tremendous forces ceaselessly at work beneath the crust of the globe. In the Aleutian Islands alone there are forty-eight craters, twenty-five of which are still active. In Southeastern Alaska, there is Mount Edgecombe; Mount Wrangel is still steaming on the Copper River; Mount Redoubt and Mount Iliamna, on Cook's Inlet, also are smoking. Farther south, there is Mount Baker, whose last eruption occurred in 1843; Mount Tacoma (Rainier), still with a halo of steam around its head; Mount St. Helen's, Mount Adams, Mount Hood, whose fumaroles still smoke, and Mount Jefferson, as well as the Three Sisters, all in the Cascades, and all likely, at any time, to renew their activities if anything should happen to plug up, even briefly, the vents on the Hawaiian Islands, or should the heat and the pressure in the interior of the earth become too great to find relief through the 500-foot safety valve on Mauna Loa's flank.

In California, is Mount Shasta, down whose sides vast volumes of flaming lava have rolled since the glacial epoch, and whose subsidiary crater, "Shastina," still steams and smokes. This is supposed to be the most beautiful volcanic cone in the world. Mount Lassen, still farther south, was in eruption late in 1923, and, before that, was active in 1915 and 1921. Flat craters, many of them filled with saline lakes, such as Mono, dot the western deserts of the United States, and there also are large groups of mud volcanoes, all doing their bit to relieve that tremendous interior pressure and heat. In Lower California, the Three Virgins were in eruption as recently as 1857—and seventy-five years is a mere trifle in volcanic history—while in Mexico, out of a dozen smoking or quiescent cones, Colima is in continuous activity.

A volcanic ridge whose peaks are crowned with numerous active craters runs through Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. In Guatemala alone there are two active, four quiescent and fifteen so-called "extinct" volcanoes; in San Salvador, five active, three quiescent, and three "dead"; in Honduras, two smoking and three quiescent; in Nicaragua, four active, eight temporarily quiet and five "extinct," while in Costa Rica, there is one active, with two quiet, and six "dead." The chain runs on down through South America, paralleling the coast and following closely the line of the submarine trench of 2,000 fathoms or more, which continues southward along that shore. Here are some of the highest and most magnificent volcanoes in the world, towering Aconcagua, 22,867 feet; lordly Chimborazo, 20,498 feet, and symmetrical Cotopaxi, 19,619 feet above sea level. The craters and cones of Erebus and Terror mark the site of volcanic activity on the Antarctic continent, while the volcanoes which make up 2,650 islands of the Pacific, as well as those which border the western shores of that ocean, are virtually numberless. Probably not all of them have been named or described, but they range from Bogoslof, a "young" volcano in the Aleutian chain, to ancient Asosan, a crater containing more than 100 square miles of floor area, on one of the Japanese islands.

It is probable that Asosan was once the safety valve of the world, just as Halemaumau now is, but that must have been long ago, possibly about halfway down that hundred million years which scientists estimate to be the age of this earth. Today, man is able to live on the slopes of all these myriad volcanoes; in fact, he owes his existence on any part of this rolling globe of silicon and water largely to the fact that out in the middle of the Pacific there is a safety valve, through which the pent-up forces of unmeasured heat and uncalculated compression may vent themselves with safety.

Resuscitation of Apparently Dead Cities

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lem in our cities today relates to their condition of health, the conservation of human life. The wealth and strength of a nation rest on its men and women. The city is but a subdivision of the state, and its biggest asset should be its condition of health. Foremost among the things which promote health in any community is good drainage. This does not mean that sewers must merely carry their contents beyond the confines of the neighborhood, there to be caught and held in some noxious backwater, while myriads of malignant germs mature and swarm forth as from some Pandora's box. Today we realize more than ever before that the world is one big neighborhood; that people living in the same city—be it ever so vast and mighty a city—are neighbors: Nay! More than neighbors, brothers! And the sewer which does not keep its contents moving till they are carried to where they can be a menace to *no one* fails in its function.

So, too, does the storm water sewer which receives the water from the streets and walks, from the house tops and the open places—fair water when it fell from the heavens, but now fouled with every disease germ which might linger in the air or settle in the dust—if it but carry this polluted water to some low place in the ground or to some stream so sluggish in its movement that it forms a cesspool covered with a foul scum of sickening pestilence.

Good drainage, the first and greatest requisite of the healthful city, is obtainable only by intelligent planning based on a full knowledge of the territory covered. And equal to good drainage in all things is the requirement for good water. Put either of these first, it matters not which, the other will be found alongside it. And close behind these two comes a third—*good streets*. These three—*drainage*, complete and adequate; *water*, pure and plentiful; and *streets*, well planned and well built, form the backbone of the city healthful; and have you never considered how the *city healthful* is parent to the *city beautiful?*

There are many offshoots from these three great requirements: parks and playgrounds, car lines, fire protection, stream improvement, public parking places, and many others. None of these can be economically obtained without a suitable foundation—the complete knowledge as far as is practicable of the ground on which the city is being built. Without this good drainage cannot be obtained, good streets be planned and built, or good water distributed.

We have briefly considered the city plan with reference to the public health. Let us now consider its relation to public economy—the conservation of money paid in for taxes. No one doubts that sickness costs money, that public health makes for economy, but there is another economy produced by the city plan which should appeal directly to every property owner. It is the economy of greatest efficiency at least cost, the economy of having the *one best plan*. In doing a given thing, though there be many ways of doing it, most of them good, there is one way which is better than the others, giving greatest results for effort expended.

In building a road through a given territory how does the engineer proceed? He endeavors to place the roadway close to the desired location, yet have no excessive grades and at the same time keep nearly equal the amount of dirt and rock which must be taken from the hillsides to make place for the roadway and the amount which must be dumped in the low places to elevate it. With a thorough knowledge of the ground, its hills and valleys, he can consider many possible routes and select the one which is best. When he plans a system of streets his problem becomes more complex, for not only must each street preserve in itself its economical qualities, but it must be in harmony with all intersecting streets. At the same time the blocks and lots must be well shaped and economically proportioned. An almost endless variety of plans is possible in such a case, and only careful study will determine which one is the best.

China's "Stooping Soldiers" and Their Ways

Concluded from page 4

in China is another matter. There is a consolidating movement of "China for the Chinese." But this is a bloodless uprising. China wishes to be let alone. She has been too much bossed by the Occidental. She has attained considerable confidence in her own capacities. The young Chinese yearn for control of things. They and the revolution have introduced a ferment into the social order. Old institutions are being destroyed, and new ones or none are being set up in their places. License holds forth in the name of liberty. And this is another, less direct cause of the social disorder of which the increased virulence of the old disease of banditry is a symptom.

A sort of Bolshevism, not the Russian kind, has seized upon China. It is the political and mental aftermath of revolution. Something commensurate with the thirteen years of chaos that followed the signing of the Declaration of Independence in America is taking place in the East. But the difficulties there are greater, the problems infinitely more complex. The United States had no incubus of old custom. Unlike China, it had a long tradition of democracy and was schooled in the theory and practice of self-government. Above all it was devoid of the spirit of militarism that is China's chief present obstacle to the establishment of stable government and social order.

At first glimpse of John Chinaman in uniform—this was before the Great War and shortly after China's revolution against the Manchus—we took delight, and some amusement, in his German goose step. But it was no laughing matter, after all. With his lax discipline, his tendency toward grinning inattention, and his somewhat laggard response to the cadence of *ee, erh, san, sze*—one, two, three, four—he was nevertheless a good soldier. He had won his spurs in the revolution of 1911, during which a few battles of really heroic character had been fought. And his status, though it remained imperfect, was a far cry removed from the time of the later Manchus, when no more than an undisciplined and archaically armed rabble met the trained legions of Japan.

To a considerable extent the Chinese army of those days existed largely on paper only. Inspectors about to visit a camp politely sent word beforehand, so that the commanding officer might have time to send out into the alleys and highways of his district and hire for the day enough idlers to fill his roster. After inspection was over these rear-rank supernumeraries would be relieved of their military jackets and muskets, and pay for the remainder of the year would go into the commanding officer's pocket.

The Chinese Government has a standing army of 1,335 835 men—in theory. Probably there are actually more than a million men under arms throughout the republic, but their allegiance is various, anything but national. President Tsao, who is reputed to have won his election through the aid of both monetary and military influence, has at his command his own troops, those of the province of Chihli, and in time of need might have under his standard the provincial forces of half a dozen *tuchuns*, depending entirely upon either their momentary favor or his own momentary strength of authority. But various provinces appear to be at all times in a state of potential if not actual rebellion against Pekin, and the entire south has been at war with the northern government for more than ten years.

Soldiers Turn Bandits

SOME of the more farseeing governors have found money for their pay rolls in legitimate directions, and some of the less rapacious have not only kept their men satisfied by almost, if not quite, paying them in full, but have given them training and rudimentary industrial education. Others, however, have been content too often to line only their own pockets with the fruits of taxation and extortion, leaving their men to shift for themselves.

The Chinese press, we noted, had long been complaining of this condition of affairs. But the press, which on the whole represents vigorously the views of Young China, seemed pathetically devoid of effective influence. "The Chinese newspapers of Pekin," was the comment of the *Far Eastern Review*, "have given prominence to the result of an investigation concerning the wealth of the super-*tuchuns*, ordinary *tuchuns*, simple governors and statesmen, and everyday grafters in high position, disclosing that seventy-one such embezzlers are worth more than a million dollars, the total of their wealth coming to the huge sums of $631,000,000."

The resolution of the Washington Conference, designed to give profound and fatherly advice to China—an infant among nations admonishing a hoary patriarch—called for a reduction of the forces under the quarreling *tuchuns*. This, to the Chinese, must have seemed a bit ludicrous. Various Pekin governments had attempted, without avail, to control the *tuchuns*. Proclamations, of which the Washington resolution was only an echo, had already been made. Demobilization had been tried, and had been found to be no more than a step in the vicious circle. Disbanded soldiers invariably became bandits, and the only cure for a bandit appeared to be reconverting him into a soldier. This was a common practice, of which there was no better example than adjustment of the Lincheng affair. A large part of the bandit rabble that held up the Pekin express train was eventually incorporated, just as the outlaws had demanded, into the regular army.

Hope of eliminating either militarism or banditry, it seemed to us, could hardly be entertained until there was some more lucrative alternative for either. The million men in China's armies, and the few odd thousands engaged in brigandage represented, approximately, the country's surplus of labor. Given jobs that would provide even a pittance, industrious China would have no problem of unemployment, peaceful China would have no inclination for the life of the "stooping soldier," and the *tuchun* business would go into an inevitable, unlamented decline.

Veteran Fights His Battles Over Again

William Harman, Aged Ninety-one, Whose Career Has Been Full of Thrills

By STEPHEN POOLE

TO BE the only veteran of the Mexican War in the United States Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C., is the distinction belonging to William Harman, a fine old gentleman of ninety-one years of age. A man does not live fourscore and ten years, and then some, without having had many rich experiences. Harman has had his, and what is more, he still possesses a vigorous intellect and the ability to relate those experiences.

He was born in the town of Tarbert, County Kerry, Ireland, on January 2, 1831, and came to America when he was about twelve years of age. His father's people were of German extraction while those of his mother were English. This, coupled with his touch of Irish, made him a good candidate for American citizenship.

On October 20, 1847, Harman enlisted for the Mexican War. He was assigned to the Eleventh Infantry and was sent to Governors Island. There he was soon promoted to corporal. Upon being promoted to corporal he called at the commanding officer's quarters and advised the colonel that he did not wish to be a corporal. The colonel, very much surprised, wished to know his objections. He told him that if he was made a corporal it would mean that he would have to stay at Governors Island and help drill recruits, and that he wanted to go to Mexico. The colonel said, "Well, if you feel that way about it I will send you along next week with a bunch of recruits that are going in the Seventh Infantry." So Harman went to Mexico and did his "bit" in helping General Scott to victory.

A Civil War Adventure

WHEN the Civil War came it found Harman a lieutenant on the side of the Union. He tells a very interesting incident that happened during the fighting in Tennessee. Due to the capture of a small force of Confederates by a few Union soldiers under the leadership of Harman, the general appointed him to command a company of sixty scouts, with headquarters at La Grange. These scouts were picked men and furnished with the best of equipment. They proved very effective in the elimination of guerrilla warfare.

One day, when Harman had his company out south of La Grange, he saw a cloud of smoke in the direction of the little village of Ripley. He immediately headed his men toward the town. When they reached the main street they saw that a whole business block was on fire. The courthouse was just across the street from the burning block, and had an iron fence around it. Harman commanded his men to tie their horses to the fence and form a line. He called for buckets, and put part of his men to work at the courthouse well, passing the buckets along the line to the fire. They soon had the fire under control, when some one shouted, "The rebels are coming."

Immediately the soldiers gave up fire-fighting. Harman saw that they could not escape on their horses, so he ordered his company into the courthouse and locked the doors. He posted his men at the windows. Very soon a Confederate officer approached with a flag of truce. Harman hailed him and asked what he wanted. The demand came to surrender. Harman refused and told the officer that his men were ready to defend themselves. The officer withdrew and Harman noticed the women of the village draw around him, expostulating and apparently making some very emphatic demands. Very soon the officer again approached with his flag of truce. This time he advised Harman that the women would not let them fight, that they declared the Union scouts had saved the town from destruction, and that he would withdraw his forces from the town for three hours and give the scouts ample time to retreat.

About five years ago Harman wrote to an official in Ripley, and inquired if there were any people living in the town who remembered the incident described. He received a reply to the effect that there were several and that Ripley would be highly pleased to have William Harman return and pay them a visit.

Some years after Harman came to America and was at school in Philadelphia, several of his schoolmates decided to make a trip to New York for the purpose of seeing Barnum's museum. William went along. There was the mermaid, and the big gorilla. William was especially impressed by these two. He felt that the mermaid was a fraud. He did not believe there could be such a creature. As for the gorilla, he was a terrible looking monster and all the visitors kept out of arm's reach of the cage.

His Old Friend, the Gorilla

HOWEVER, William was to know more about this particular animal. Greatly interested in the exhibit he was straggling along behind the crowd, and was the last to start down the steps when he heard his name called, "William!" He turned and looked, but could see no one there, so decided that it must have been a trick of the imagination. He again started to leave when clear and strong came the call, "William Harman!" He about-faced with a start, and there was a strange sensation about the roots of his hair when he beheld a friendly paw protruding from the cage of the gorilla, and that monster began to speak in perfectly human tones, "William, don't you know me?"

William could not remember having met any person of this description, and if he had stalked through the wilds of Africa it must have been in his sleep. But the plaintive voice induced him to go nearer. Behold, it was one of his former schoolfellows in Ireland.

After Harman left the service he opened up a little store in Kansas. He did very well for a while, but eventually he experienced trouble in obtaining merchandise. One day a man came along with a team of mules and a wagon and offered to trade with Harman. The deal finally resulted in Harman becoming the possessor of the mules and wagon, with enough merchandise to stock the wagon. With this he set out to trade with the Potawatomie Indians. The venture did not prove satisfactory, and he finally gave it up in disgust.

There was one valley, however, into which he had not gone owing to the dangerous crossing of a river. He finally decided to venture across. He had not gone very far before he came in view of a hut and sitting on a rail fence nearby was a light-haired man with blue eyes. Harman inquired of him what he was doing there, and the man said he was an Indian.

"Well," said Harman, "you have not always been an Indian. Where did you come from before you became an Indian?"

"I was born in Ireland," said the sandy-haired one, with a decided Irish brogue.

"In Ireland?" ejaculated William, "and what part of Ireland, may I ask?"

"In County Kerry," was the response.

"County Kerry, and what town?"

"Tarbert," was the answer!

It was his old schoolfellow.

Here he was out in the wilderness of Kansas, with a full-blooded Indian squaw for a wife, and a bunch of straight-haired, blue-eyed children flocking at his heels. This was the last that Harman ever saw of his boyhood friend.

Harman describes as the hardest experience of his life a night spent in the woods of Tennessee during the Civil War. His regiment was under light marching orders, and they had to ford the Tennessee River. They had no blankets, no tents, and had to sleep on the cold ground in their wet clothes the whole of the bitter winter night. They were forbidden to build a fire for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy. This night had an important effect on Harman's future as it resulted in a severe attack of rheumatism which afflicted him, more or less, for the remainder of his life. It was finally the cause of the loss of his eyesight.

Success as a Song-Writer

SINCE coming to the Soldiers' Home, having experienced the trials of blindness, he has interested himself in the poor blind people of Washington. Harman is not entirely without means himself, and his ingenuity is also a valuable asset in devising ways and means. One of his injunctions to the writer was: "If you are going to write anything about me please do not forget to say some good word for the poor blind people of Washington."

He now has a new plan for giving them aid. He is a bit of a musician and author. He wrote a splendid World War song, "The Starry Banner." It was set to music by C. Harold Lowden. The words bristle with the patriotism of the old warrior. He has also written a beautiful tribute entitled, "Mother, Dear." The writer was accorded the privilege of hearing both rendered by the little graphophone in the veterans' room.

Harman has arranged an attractive little pamphlet which gives something of the history of the Soldiers' Home, and includes his song and some of his poems.

(C) Harris & Ewing

WILLIAM HARMAN,

Mexican War veteran at United States Soldiers' Home, Washington, D. C.

Notwithstanding his blindness, Harman does not have to depend upon his friends to keep up his correspondence for him. He is the possessor of a small typewriter, a curious-looking machine, upon which he pounds out his words. It is not the neatest writing in the world, neither are the words always correctly spelled, but it is far better than the effort of many a novice with two perfectly good eyes.

Harman is a splendid old man of character and refinement, whose ninety-odd years do not prevent him from feeling that he still has a work to perform.

Beggars Collect Fortunes From Public

Concluded from page 13

eyes were too bright for one who was blind. His suspicions were aroused, and he felt for the stump of the missing arm. Instead he found a perfectly good arm and hand strapped to the boy's body.

At the station house the boy told that his name was Harry Goodman, and that he was one of a gang. His parents were sent for, and given their first knowledge of their son playing the part of a beggar. When the whole gang was rounded up the lads told that they begged because the man gave them money for candy, movies, and such things. Also Harry said that he could get seven or eight dollars in a few minutes any night he cared to work.

One of the remarkable facts disclosed in regard to the beggars is the fact that while the majority of them appear ill-clad, there are several who wear neat clothes, and appear prosperous. These are generally beggars who disguise their trade as vendors, selling pencils, and so on. Another startling fact brought out by a careful examination of the men caught is that those who do wear ragged outside clothing invariably have good warm underwear, and the added protection of a chamois vest. Other interesting data is that there are comparatively few women beggars, and that in a great many instances the men who are begging are capable of holding really worth-while positions in other walks of life. One "panhandler" caught in a recent round-up admitted that he had been an expert stenographer, and a translator of foreign languages. He served at the Disarmament Conference, having been appointed to the post by Secretary of State Hughes. His excuse for turning beggar was that he could earn just as much money that way, and it was less work.

While begging seems a shiftless, unorganized sort of a profession, the men who really make it profitable show a certain shrewdness that makes it evident that they might easily become capable business men. They study what to wear, and where to stand. They take care of themselves so that the exposure to bad weather does them no bodily harm. They map out routes which take them from city to city. County or state fairs, city celebrations, political meetings of importance, beaches during the summer, the shops at Christmas and Easter time, and the churches on Sundays—they all spell money to the beggar. He may be "working" a small city during the week, and leave on Saturday for a nearby town, knowing that Saturday night in a small town is even more remunerative than a city street. Routes are laid out with the same care that a traveling salesman uses, and the money is generally deposited in the postal savings banks because it can be deposited in any post office. Sometimes the beggar travels with his family, generally not, but time after time the slick beggar carries a dog with him, knowing the tremendous appeal that a dog can have.

And so the beggars come to town, to your town and mine, and they grow comfortably rich to the tune of from $10,000 to $15,000 a year, often more. It may never be possible to stop beggars from plying their profession, but what the National Committee hopes to accomplish is to awaken the public to the fact that they are giving away $100,000,000 a year to men who are mentally and physically quite able to be self-supporting.

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, some on nags,
And some in velvet gown.

That is the way the old verse told it—but a modern version would mention their automobiles, and the fur coats they wore when not at work.

And are you going to buy the gasoline for their cars? Think before you drop the next handful of change into a beggar's hat. And if you have any doubts as to whether a man is really hungry offer to take him and feed him. His actions and attitude will tell you the truth.

Also, if people would take the pencils, chewing gum, and so on, that they pay for, the majority of the beggars would soon be looking around for more profitable labors.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A stingless bee has been discovered in Panama by a member of the American Museum of Natural History, according to reports. It is as harmless as a butterfly.

In China there are streets given over exclusively to silk and fur shops. Other streets specialize in lanterns, fans or pictures. There are lacquer streets, silver streets, pewter streets and basket streets.

Switzerland is the first country to establish government insurance for school children. It was introduced in 1922 in the Canton of Basil which insured all the pupils in the public schools against accident and sickness. While it is not compulsory throughout the country other cantons and municipalities have taken steps in the same direction.

Japan is the victim of a new epidemic, resembling spinal meningitis, which is said to have caused 900 deaths in her western provinces. The death rate is placed at sixty-five per cent.

Two airplanes dusting calcium arsenate over 5,000 acres of cotton in the southern part of Texas completely eradicated the boll weevil from that area.

The United States is using her war-time explosives for building roads and clearing lands. When the war closed she owned 100,000 000 pounds of T.N.T. and "pyrotol" explosive, which she has been giving free to the states building highways and the settlers who need it to clear their land.

The slang expression, "I'll tell the world," which is so commonly used today, is not new but had its origin in one of Shakespeare's plays. It was first uttered by Isabella in "Measure for Measure." She says, "With outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud, What kind of man thou art."

The officials of Venice have ordered that in the future all the gondolas of that city must be driven by a gasoline motor instead of having a man stand in the stern and use a single oar. This will no doubt increase the efficiency of the city but it will destroy the gondola which for centuries has been the town's claim to uniqueness and charm.

The United States consumes three out of every five tons of the world's output of tin.

The British Air Ministry will soon establish passenger, mail and freight service with India by air with a fleet of Zeppelins similar to the American "Shenandoah." The schedule for the trip will cut the time for the journey two-thirds, as the fastest ship from Bombay through the Suez Canal takes fourteen or fifteen days.

Annual expenditures for billboard advertising in this country have increased from $5,000,000 to $60,000,000 in the past ten years.

A Buddhist temple of Boro-Budur in Java is being restored and preserved by the Dutch Government. The temple is supposed to have been erected in that country during the eighth or ninth century when the Buddhist kings were in power. Mohammedan rule was established there during the tenth century and since that time the temple has been in a process of decay.

Paper requirements have nearly quadrupled since 1889.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

Statistics show that the world's consumption of timber is doubling every fifty years. Even in countries where wood is scarce it is increasing because the people are learning new uses for wood and becoming acquainted with those known in other countries.

In twenty-five years, according to estimates, the population of the United States will be 150,000,000.

According to a report issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, 42,919,000 acres of land will be sown to winter wheat this autumn. This will be an increase of 2,800,000 acres over last year.

Although the Armistice was signed only six years ago there are fifty World War veterans in Congress, including five in the Senate. There are also twenty veterans of other wars in Congress.

"God's Acre," a plot of land which received its name because its products will be sold and the proceeds used for the advancement of religion, is without a boll weevil on it. The same is true of the remainder of the ten-acre plot which was planted by Robert Blackwell, of Albany, Georgia, who decided that he would reserve one acre for God.

The making of paper with wood pulp first appeared on the census report of 1869. It revolutionized the paper industry of this country and since that time our output has increased eighteen times.

Sandstone soaked in melted sulphur, and then allowed to cool, has its crushing strength increased from 200 to 300 per cent making it in this respect equal to granite.

Premier Herriot proposes to abolish the Devil's Isle Prison, the notorious penal colony of French Guiana and known as a "man-made hell."

Australia is slightly larger than the United States in size and has a population of five and one-half million.

The liner *Berengaria* on a recent transatlantic voyage ran into a school of whales in midocean, cutting one squarely in two with her huge stem.

Rats, parked in a fire hose of the Schaumberg, Illinois, fire department, checked the water to such an extent that a fire destroyed $40,000 worth of property.

The Virgin Islands take their name from St. Ursula and her virgins.

Four new islands were born last year. Two appeared off the coast of Cochin, China; one off the Japanese coast, and the fourth, 1,000 feet long and thirty feet high, in the Bay of Bengal.

The Imperial Aviation Society has announced plans for flights by Japanese aviators across the Pacific Ocean, and also from Japan to London, for next year.

Forty per cent of the Swedish farms now run their household, dairy and agricultural machinery by electricity and 50 per cent of the houses in the country districts are lighted by electricity.

A steamboat captain on the Mississippi years ago curtained off his passengers' sleeping quarters in much the same manner as now prevails in Pullman cars. Each curtained room was named for a state. The rooms became known as staterooms and the name spread all over the world.

Paul G. Redington, United States district forester in San Francisco, has declared that there would have been practically no fire hazard in the California national forests, even during this summer's drought, if human carelessness had been eliminated. He stated that 657 out of 839 fires in California this year were caused by negligence.

Citizens of Pasadena, California, have subscribed to a fund for the building and equipment of a community playhouse to be opened soon.

An inscription placed below the picture of a rooster in a tavern room recently excavated at Pompeii, Italy, reads as follows: "When this rooster crows we'll give credit."

In France the export duty of 10 per cent on edible snails has been removed by Presidential Decree.

Gold is being mined in a marshy field at Caio, Wales, on a site said to have been worked nearly seventeen hundred years ago by the Romans.

"Radio is without question the most valuable item of equipment ever taken into the north by an Arctic explorer. It has enabled us to correct our chronometers daily within one-tenth of a second. Without correct time new lands cannot be placed accurately upon the map."—*Captain Donald B. MacMillan.*

"Just as we now give a harmless anesthetic to an individual for a surgical operation, so we may be able in the future to put a whole nation to sleep for 48 hours by a combination of new chemical discoveries with radio-controlled, manless airplanes."—*Major General Squier,* signal corps expert, United States Army.

Though the Zeppelin Company has built the ZR-3 for the United States, the German Government is footing the bills. Plans exist for a super-rigid which will fly around the earth in the latitude of New York City in seventeen days, carrying one hundred passengers, baggage, and fuel, without stopping.

As a means of relieving the shortage of pastors in Norway admission of women to the clergy is being advocated by many.

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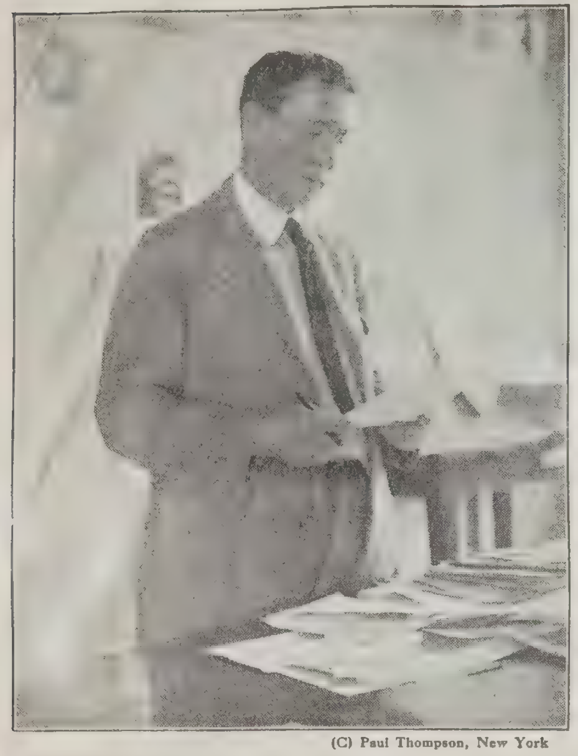
By THOMAS L. MASSON

Thomas L. Masson is one of America's leading critics and editors. He is a writer for the *Saturday Evening Post* and conducts the *Red Letter Book Guide* for the *World's Work*. In addition, he is a reviewer of wide note, his reviews appearing in the New York *Times, International Book Review*, and other magazines. For many years he was editor of *Life*. His book, "That Silver Lining," issued last year, has commanded a large number of readers in this country.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THOMAS L. MASSON

SO MANY experts and insiders have lately been writing about the newspapers that one is inclined to paraphrase Mark Twain's well-known observation on the weather, when he remarked that everybody was talking about the weather, but nobody was doing anything about it.

In this article I intend to give some honest-to-goodness facts about the newspapers, or what is termed in guidebooks "dull but useful information."

A Self-Conscious People

WHAT is the reason so many have been writing so lately about our newspapers? It is due to what newspapermen call the "underground." The machinery of public expression is so finely organized in these days that where there is a widespread curiosity even felt on any subject, this demand is almost immediately followed by a flood of published material. For a long period, foreign critics have almost all been contemptuous, if, indeed, not violent, in their denunciation of our newspapers. Among these might be cited Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling, and many others more recent. Matthew Arnold said of them long ago: "The characteristics of the American journalist consist in an open and coarse appeal to the passions of the populace." Since this observation was made, in some respects, the standard of our journalism has been undoubtedly raised to a much higher plane. Vitriolic personal attacks are no longer indulged in. There is a widespread feeling of friendliness and co-operation among newspaper editors. Responsibility, accuracy, impartiality, fair play and decency are stressed in the "Code of Newspaper Ethics," adopted in 1923 by the American Society of Newspapers. That these desirable ideals are not always attained, and that there has continued to develop, along with them, the things which Matthew Arnold indicated, is, of course, the thing which makes us most concerned. The underground discloses it. Indeed, the underground is what may almost be termed a psychic means of communication. If I make a chance remark to an "inside" newspaperman today in New York, next Monday it will be repeated to me in Chicago. What people are asking for everywhere is felt by writers in tune with the underground. Similarly, people all over this country are harboring the same kind of thought at the same time. During the height of the bobbed-hair excitement (apparently still on) I received, within a few weeks, and from practically every state in the Union, burlesques on Hamlet's soliloquy, each one beginning with, "To bob or not to bob." The real reason why we Americans are so concerned about our newspapers is because the chronic nervous habit of reading them has made us the most self-conscious people in the world. We see ourselves in our newspapers, and the constant contemplation of all our exaggerated traits, as revealed to us in all the lights and shades of the typographical mirror we are looking into, gives us a guilty, uncomfortable feeling. We *are* our newspapers. I do not intend to bore my readers with technical terms, but it does happen that the psychologists have succeeded in uncovering a human frailty which is practically universal, and to which they have given a definite name: the "reverie," or, as some term it, the "daydream." Now this reverie, thus specified, is nothing but the habit of making heroes and heroines out of ourselves. It differs absolutely from creative work, which is very hard work, indeed, and involves intense concentration along definite and constructive lines. For instance, one of our leading authors, whose novels are almost the high-water mark in literary execution, passed three months, day and night, in thinking out in detail his last work. This involved the most rigid self-discipline, the inventive faculties working overtime, much as a factory will work overtime. At the end of this period my friend began his writing and finished his book in twenty-eight days, with practically no changes. That is what may be termed the scientific cultivation of the imagination. It is common to all great minds, scientists, poets and dramatists alike.

But the reverie is a species of mental *drifting*, in which the unhappy victim allows himself to think he is a great conqueror. All of us, if we stop to think, know what this is, and if we are fairly normal and sane, indulge in it very sparingly, much as one eats chocolate caramels. We are aware, by sad experience, of the fact that it gets us nowhere at all, and that when the dream is over, we land on ourselves with a dull, sickening thud. That is to say, we wake up with a jolt to discover that things are not at all what we hoped, and that we have a real job on hand, full of trials and experiments before we make good. That is when we feel secretly guilty.

Now this human and universal reverie trait is a thing which a great many people have learned can be catered to for good money. It is a gold mine which yields the largest returns known in history. Thus we have all those things in motion pictures, in fiction, in the drama, and particularly in the newspapers which, with brutal frankness, are designed and advertised to "take people out of themselves" and which constitute the most dangerous tendency of the times—along with another, which I shall mention later.

But on the other hand, it must never be forgotten that, because of this tendency I have briefly sketched, we are by no means a lost people. As Bryce said of us—to paraphrase his remarks—just as everybody despairs of the United States, and the referee is counting ten over us, we suddenly rise up in our majesty, and reveal the fact that we are the white hope of the world.

The real truth about the newspapers has not yet been disclosed by any of those able men writing about them; first, because very few writers are capable of looking at both sides; second, because most of them derive their support, either directly or indirectly, from the papers, and third, because the subject is too complicated to throttle down into a definite picture.

At least one indictment, in what follows, can be drawn against the newspapers, and, at this time, when we are trying to discover some way of conserving our material power, this indictment concerns itself exclusively with wastage. The newspapers, in visible form, falling upon us as the leaves in the forest fell upon the babes in the wood (whose unfortunate fate it is well for us to remember) furnish us with a constant example in waste such as the world has never before seen. Viewed in this manner, what irony it is for any editor to decry the extravagances of an extravagant government, or to deplore the lamentable attrition of our natural resources, when he himself stands, the symbolic head and front of all our offending? It is not fair to fasten the blame upon him. The facts speak for themselves.

All the News Fit to Print

A SINGLE, daily (not Sunday) average issue of our most representative—at least our cleanest and most high-minded—newspaper, namely, the New York *Times*, contains forty-four pages. There are eight columns to the page, making in all 352 columns. Of these, approximately 231 columns are devoted to advertising, and the rest to reading matter. This reading matter is as follows:

	Words
48 columns to general news, roughly	48,000
24 columns to sport	24.000
2 columns to society	2,000
4 birth and death notices	4,000
1 column to drama	1,200
8 columns to editorial (including letters, and so on)	9,600
3 columns to real estate	3,600
31 columns to finance (including tables)	31,000
Total	123,400

A solid column of type will run about 1.200 words (as on the editorial page) but will average about 1,000 words throughout, allowing for heads and subheads. A comparison of the *Times* with other papers of similar patronage, for instance, the Chicago *News* of the same week, shows about the same total result. The *News* runs forty-four pages, has forty-four columns of general news, only two columns of editorials, and many popular features such as the *Times* does not run—serial stories, syndicate material, and so on.

In the main, and omitting all pictures, we may say that your daily morning paper, published in any one of six of the largest American cities, contains from 125,000 to 150,000 words of solid reading matter, grouped under various heads and departments, according to locality and the nature of the public clientele.

It will be found that the general news of the day, foreign, domestic, speeches, all important material that is classed as news for that day, will run on the average from 40,000 to 50,000 words. This is what we are assumed to consider it our duty to read, but which nobody ever does.

How fast can you read? A test shows that the fastest record made in public, where the reader was reading material unfamiliar, and was obliged to tell what he had read, is about 450 words a minute. This is very exceptional, very fast, and so far as I have been able to discover, has been made only once. The rate goes down to 100 words a minute. Tests show that the eye of the reader does not take in individual words, but leaps from group to group, in a series of mental pictures, much as films are taken. Phillips Brooks, the famous Boston preacher, was one of the fastest speakers in the world. I once heard him deliver a sermon and was told afterward the rate was very close to 200 words a minute. I have heard Woodrow Wilson a great many times, and as nearly as the test could be made, he spoke about 120 words a minute, the rate naturally varying with his thought. My own test at reading shows that the rate varies with the material. I read Hamlet through easily in one hour and forty-five minutes. Hamlet is about 30,000 words and my rate was therefore 300 words a minute. But I had read it often before. I have read a 60,000-word novel easily in three hours. My own rate, which is admittedly very fast, runs from 200 words to 300 words a minute. If you will test yourself, however, I think you will find that in reading a newspaper rather closely and intelligently, the rate will run about 200 words a minute. Therefore, to read 40.000 words of general news every morning would take 200 minutes, or more than three hours. To read a newspaper through, word for word, any weekday, at the rate mentioned (120,000 words at 200 words a minute) would take ten hours.

When we come to the Sunday papers, we have immediately an enormous expansion. The Book Review section of the *Times* contains from fifty to sixty solid columns of type, averaging 1,200 words to the column, not including pictures. Here are at least 60,000 words, written by the best writers in America, every Sunday, which would require 300 minutes, or five hours of reading alone. The magazine section contains at least 40,000 words, which would require another three or four hours. A single Sunday issue of a large, important paper like the *Times*, which has probably come nearer to printing "all the news that's fit to print" than any other, contains more than 500,000 words of solid reading matter. If you started to read it through, word for word, it would take five days reading steadily eight hours a day.

What is the answer?

The answer is that nobody does.

Anybody can make the test. What actual part of your daily paper do you conscientiously read every day?

President Coolidge has acquired the reputation of being a very terse man. His speeches are not noted for length. Ask half a dozen, or a dozen people you know, how many of Mr. Coolidge's speeches they can conscientiously say they have read through.

In reply to this, it may be stated that this is no argument against printing all of the so-called news, and that if the papers went to the other extreme and printed only summaries, we would be worse off. My reply lies in an experience.

Disentangling the Dawes Plan

BEFORE the Dawes Committee made its report (this report was about 20,000 words. Did you read it or any part of it?) I was asked to take part in a debate, the question being whether Germany should be made to pay or not. To prime myself on my subject, I spent two weeks in securing, from all the newspapers I could reach, news reports from Berlin and London, covering the ground. Besides this, I collected all of the magazine articles I could lay my hands upon. But I found that the actual cables from Germany and England were the most essential part of the affair, as they contained a vast amount of material gathered constantly on the spot by a horde of correspondents.

In this way, I collected in one week more than two million words from newspapers. I then started in to read, and read continuously for more than a week, making notes as I went along.

When the evening arrived for the debate, I saw by the bundles of clippings displayed that my fellow debaters had not been idle. The first man got up and presented a long line of figures. The next man had a similar line but they varied from the other's. I had tried to get some sort of connected argument, but at the apex of my speech, I got tangled up, and pausing suddenly, indeed, almost bursting into tears, I exclaimed, "Gentle-

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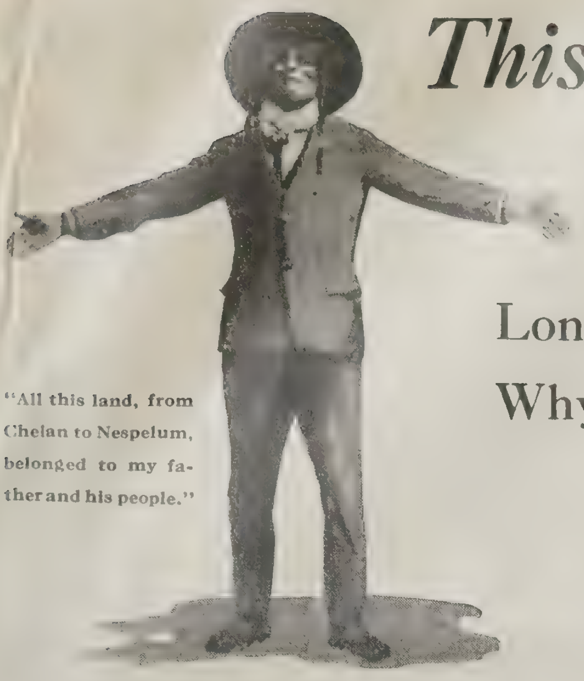


"All this land, from Chelan to Nespelum, belonged to my father and his people."

This Is My Own, My Native Land! Say the Sons of the Forest

Long Jim, the Siwash, Speaks of Vanished Glories; Why Indians Cling to the Wide Rolling Wilderness

By F. J. CLIFFORD

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

WHAT a strong appeal the above words of the great poet, Sir Walter Scott, have for the heart of the individual, no matter what land he may call his own. To me, the expression received a fullness of meaning that I had not dreamed of before, through the investigation of the following item which appeared in the Wenatchee *Daily World* as follows:

Washington, May 27.—In protest against the breaking up of their allotted lands by the white man, sixteen Indians on the Colville Reservation in Washington state have refused to accept checks forwarded them by the Federal Government as per capita payments in the allotment of their tribal funds. The individual amounts ranged from $30 to $180 each and totaled $1,260.

The checks were referred to President Coolidge who returned them to the Indian bureau with a petition by the sixteen Indians asking that their reservation be held intact.

Indian Commissioner Burke announced that the returned checks would be canceled and the money deposited to the credit of the assignees for payment on demand.

The average person in reading this article would naturally think it quite foolish of the Indians to refuse the money. I thought so myself, although I had known for some time that certain of the reservation Indians had refused the checks.

Just what good it would do them to refuse the proffered money I did not know. A storekeeper at Monse, Washington, a small frontier town on the Okanogan River where the Indians trade, told me that Long Jim, one of the sixteen Indians, was the most bitterly opposed to the payments.

Now I have known Long Jim for a long time, nearly twenty years. We have had many wa-was (talks) together, he speaking Chinook and a little English, and I speaking English and a little Chinook; and with that and much waving of hands, backing up and coming again with an added word or two, we have managed to exchange views on a variety of subjects.

So to get at the reason of it all I made a trip up the Columbia River to see Long Jim, who lives near where the Okanogan empties its warm waters into the larger stream.

Beaching my skiff on the first good landing place, I climbed the forty-foot bank, stopped a moment to speculate at the deep pits where the Indians had their winter abodes in the long ago, then a short distance farther to the home of Long Jim, the Siwash; a home consisting of the usual pole corrals, a shacky barn or two, a very good frame house and the inevitable wikiup (tepee).

The old smoke-stained wikiup is mostly sentiment, for Long Jim and his family use it but little. I believe that they, in a secret way, love to keep it in sight as a symbol of the long ago—a kind of tie that the presence of the white man cannot dispel, for the Indian has far more genuine sentiment than the average white, though, like the Scotsman, he'd rather die than show it.

His mind is wonderfully imaginative. He has clothed each mountain, hill, river, landmark of any prominence at all, with a fanciful name back of which is always a story. The funny, highly entertaining Negro stories of the South are nothing more nor less than old Indian legends told by them to the Negroes in the early slave days.

Long Jim was away when I arrived at his house. His daughter, a girl of some seventeen summers, told me he was out looking up the cows. While talking with the girl and her mother who had just come in from the corrals, Long Jim came into view. Seated on his favorite white horse, a wide black sombrero atop his braided graying hair, and riding very straight and easy, he presented a picture, typically Indian.

"Klahowya Jim" (hello), I greeted when he rode up. "Kanta mika tum-tum kopa alta." (How you feel today).

"Oh—mebbe skookum (good)," he answered.

After putting the horse away, he returned to the house. In the meantime, I was cudgeling my brain for some line of conversation that would lead to the subject I had come to discuss. Through long years of mistreatment and deception at the hands of the white man, the Indian has become exceedingly suspicious. Should I broach my subject too suddenly or give Long Jim any reason to think I had any ulterior motives, he would close up like a clam, and no matter what I might say or do, my Indian friend would "halo cumtux" (not understand) a thing.

As we seated ourselves in the shade of the porch, the sight of the slow-flowing Okanogan gave me an inspiration.

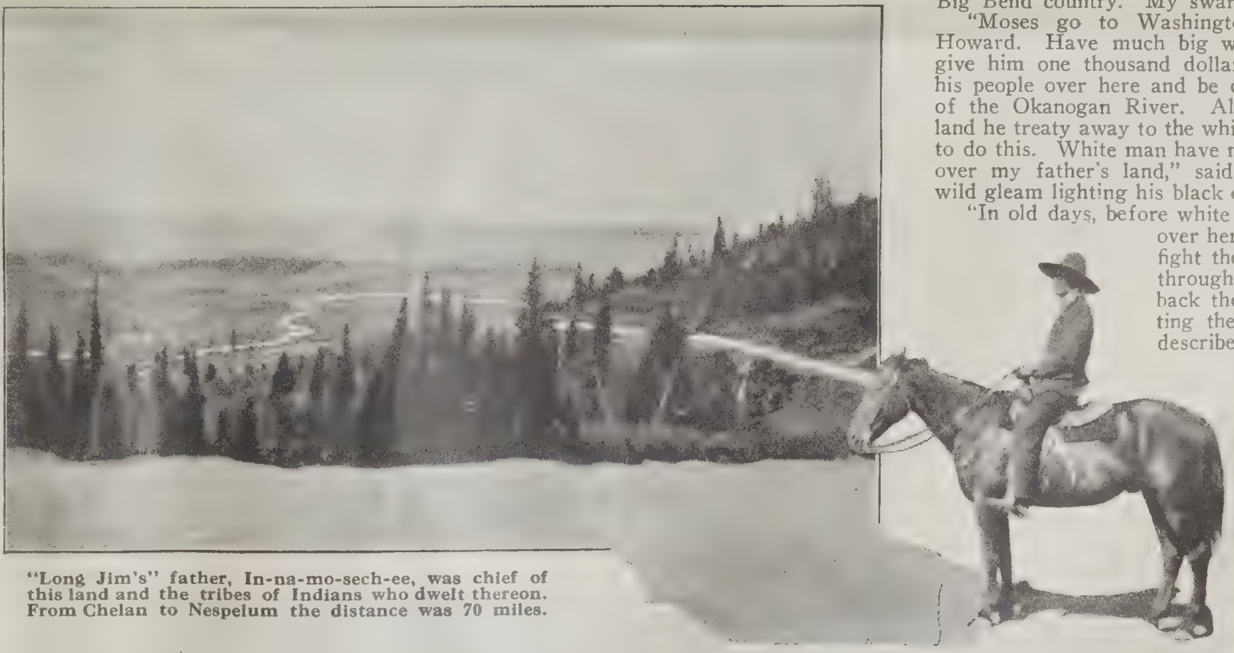
"Long Jim," I said, "has salmon come now, salmon come up Okanogan?"

"Halo salmon now," he answered. "Salmon come maybe, July. Come little salmon—come hi-u big salmon, this long," indicating the length of his arm.

"Salmon swim around mouth of Okanogan," he continued, "maybe one day. maybe two day to rest before start up river. Jump all around like this." Pointing his hand upward he indicated the jumping of the salmon by long curves up and down. The Indian is an adept at pantomime. A few gestures of hands and body, accompanied by three or four words and the red man conveys a picture, most wonderfully clear.

"Lots salmon, come July?" I asked.

"Halo lots now," he answered. "Ahnkuttie (long ago), lots salmon. Ahnkuttie, salmon come up river—make big wave in water like this," indicating by the spread of his hands the wave of water the salmon pushed ahead as they forged up stream.



"Long Jim's" father, In-na-mo-sech-ee, was chief of this land and the tribes of Indians who dwelt thereon. From Chelan to Nespelum the distance was 70 miles.

As the plains Indians looked on the buffalo as their property, a vital food supply, so the Pacific Coast Indians look on the salmon. They obtained their fish with a loose-point spear. The point was made of bone and slipped over the point of the shaft, the two being connected with a short piece of sinew. The Indian did his spearing at the falls over which jumped the salmon, or he might take a canoe and paddle quietly along the banks of the stream under which the salmon would often stop to rest. He always tried to thrust the bone point completely through the fish so that when the shaft was withdrawn, the point would remain on the opposite side. In this way, despite the great strength and fighting qualities of the fish, he could be dragged from the water.

The fish were cleaned, split in two and placed in the sun on drying racks, generally willow, over smoke fires. In a few days they were cured sufficiently for winter use.

The Indians watched over the fish in a primitive way, as shown by a remark Long Jim made to me as follows:

"Ahnkuttie, Indian go up close to mountains, eat berries. Salmon come up river. All sore all tired. Lay in tenas water (riffles). Indian boys wade out and help salmon up into deep water. Make 'um hyas muck-a-muck (lots of food)." Meaning, of course, that the salmon would go on up to spawn and thereby produce more salmon and more food.

"When Injun rule all this illahe (land)," Long Jim continued, "lots salmon, lots deer, lots beaver."

"When white man come long ago," I asked, "what he give you for beaver skin?"

"White man bring fire gun," the Indian answered. "Stand fire gun straight up. Indian lay dry beaver skin on ground beside fire gun. Lay another on that one. Then lay another on, and another and another till pile of beaver skin same level as fire gun.

"Indian sell 'um skins, sell 'um cayuses, sell 'um cow, sell 'um lots things but halo (not) sell 'um illahee (land)."

The last remark was the very one for which I had been waiting so I quickly followed with the question:

"Why not sell land?"

The Indian sprang to his feet. Extended his arms up and down the course of the Columbia and in the most poignant, forceful oratory I have ever heard, he said:

"A-a-a-ahnkuttie, Great Spirit gave all this land from Chelan to Nespelum to my people. Gave them this land to use. Great Spirit told them not to sell it, but to keep it for themselves and their children, and their children's children as long as the sun shone and the waters ran.

"My father, In-na-mo-sech-ee, was chief of this land and the tribes of many Indians who dwelt thereon. Many times he tell me that the white man try to persuade him to treaty this land away, and as many times, he refuse to do so. Then Chief Moses come across Columbia River over here. Chief Moses is a thief and a fool. He treaty all his land away over there on other side of Columbia," pointing to what is known as the Big Bend country. My swarthy informant continued:

"Moses go to Washington, D. C., with Colonel Howard. Have much big wa-wa (talk) there. They give him one thousand dollars, and the right to bring his people over here and be chief of the land this side of the Okanogan River. All the rest of my father's land he treaty away to the white man. He have no right to do this. White man have no right to make him chief over my father's land," said Long Jim vehemently, a wild gleam lighting his black eyes, as he continued:

"In old days, before white man come, if Moses come over here as he did—Ah-h-h-h, big fight then," describing it by going through the motions of pulling back the string of a bow and letting the arrow fly. Its action he described by sticking the point of his finger into his chest, a convulsive heave of his body and the one uttered word, "mamaloose" (die), gave eloquent testimony of what would have happened to Moses and his followers.

"But," Long Jim continued, "they could not fight then. White soldiers were there. Then so few of my father's people were left. Chelan tribe nearly all dead. Methow tribe dead. Just few Okanogans left." This was said as dispassionately as though he were talking of his cattle.

"Long Jim," I asked, "why so many of your people die then?"

He turned his black eyes on me in a baleful way.

"My father and mother tell me," he answered, "that white man bring sick peoples' blankets and give to Indians who were holding hi-u hee-hee (jubilee picnic) at Rock Island. Pretty soon Indians get hi-u sick. Die—die everywhere. Some run away into hills. Women gather herbs, make medicine. No use. Indian can't get away from bad sickness. All same when weasel grab rabbit by throat, rabbit jump, jump all round, run into bushes, no use, can't get away. Pretty soon die. All same Indian die. Mebbe father, mother die. Little children eat grass, berries, anything. Some live, some die when winter come."

It was strange indeed to hear the Indian relate such a terrible tragedy in such a calm manner. The emotion he displayed was as negligible as if speaking of the wild horses on the hills above us. But that is typical of the

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Does Tobacco Injure Mental Efficiency?

Colleges Are Confronted by the Problem of the Nicotine Habit in Students

By IRVING FISHER

Professor of Political Economy, Yale University.

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In the preceding article Professor Fisher showed that there are irreparable losses, from tobacco using, in deleterious effects upon the heart, blood pressure, arteries, nervous system, eyes, physique, upon industrial output and business efficiency and probably upon longevity and death rate, and the increase of such affections as tuberculosis and cancer.

The Present Problem

THE smoker who has followed the first article may be inclined to say, "I suppose you are right in claiming that tobacco injures the body. But I believe that, taken in moderation, it is only slightly injurious and that its benefits to the mind are great enough to outweigh the small injury done."

Our next task, therefore, is to find the mental effects of tobacco.

Tobacco and Mental Efficiency

An exhaustive study of this subject was made by Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. He found that tobacco does not seem to be detrimental to the mental efficiency of some individuals, but that it is definitely so for others. He points out, however, that it is necessary to determine whether or not capable men and women who smoke would achieve by abstinence more, and on a higher plane, than they do now.

The fatigue and efficiency of smokers in a strenuous mental occupation were studied in 1920 by J. P. Baumberger and E. G. Martin, on a group of Morse-code telegraph operators. The heavy smokers showed a higher output rate at the beginning of the day than the light smokers, but their rate fell off more markedly in the later hours, and their production for the whole day was definitely less than that of the light smokers. The heavy smokers also showed less ability than the light smokers to respond to an increasing pressure of work in the late hours of the day.

The effect of tobacco smoking on mental efficiency was also studied by Arthur Dermont Bush, M. D., instructor of physiology in the University of Vermont. A series of 120 tests were made in several different psychic fields of each of fifteen men. These tests showed that tobacco smoking produced a 10.5 per cent decrease in mental efficiency.

Effect on College Students and Schoolboys

The tobacco problem in colleges and universities was very thoroughly studied by Professor Bruce Fink, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. The following comparative records of smokers and non-smokers were found: Non-smokers, 108.2; light smokers, 103.3; medium smokers, 99.7; heavy smokers, 77.7.

Only about 5 per cent of the high-stand men at Yale University used tobacco, according to a study made by Dr. Seaver through a period of years. He also found that the smokers who entered Yale averaged fifteen months older than the non-smokers.

Careful studies by Dean Hornell, for two years, of men attending Ohio Wesleyan University showed that non-smokers succeeded in obtaining 84 per cent of the high grades, while smokers obtained only 16 per cent of them.

At Columbia University, Dr. Meylan found that 115 smokers, during two years, averaged 62 in scholarship, while 109 non-smokers averaged 69.

At Clark University, Professor Clarke found that in [illegible] years about one and one-half times as many smokers as non-smokers dropped out of college, or took an extra year to finish, and that students who began smoking after entering college were 10 per cent lower in scholarship than those who remained non-smokers.

Much Smoking, Little Learning

ANOTHER study at Clark University, by Cora Frances Stoddard, showed that even athletics did not give the smokers a lead in lung capacity, which with them was less. Smokers had a higher scholarship on entering, but the final records showed that the non-smokers gained 2 per cent in scholarship, pushing up above the mark the smokers originally reached, while the smokers lost 8 per cent in scholarship, making a contrast or divergence of 10 per cent.

Dr. George Lewis stated that in fifty years no tobacco user had taken first honors at Harvard. An investigator at Bowdoin College reports that excessive smokers are uniformly poor scholars.

In Professor O'Shea's study, school records, examined over a long period of time, showed that tobacco was a detriment to scholarship.

In a high school investigation by Richard L. Sandwick, 77 boys who had never smoked had an average grade of 84.5; 24 boys who had quit smoking had an average grade of 80.5; 55 habitual smokers then in school had an average grade of 76; and 45 habitual smokers who had recently quit school had an average grade of 69.

The relation of the tobacco habit to the character of school work was shown by H. L. Smith, superintendent of schools, Bloomington, Indiana, by a study of 950 pupils. He found that smokers were distinctly older than non-smokers, having failed in their work much more frequently; that smokers were doing distinctly poorer work than non-smokers; and that smokers were disciplined much more frequently and for more serious offenses.

Other factors, in addition to tobacco poisoning, clearly enter into these lowered scholarships of tobacco users. In this connection Professor O'Shea says: "The probabilities are that in the case of high school boys there is a direct drug effect of tobacco which slows down the mental processes. But granting that the drug effect is negligible, if tobacco induces habits of intellectual relaxation or lassitude, the outcome is just as disastrous to efficiency in school tasks as if it directly impeded mental work."

In a study by Dr. Meylan at Columbia University, a close relation was found between smoking and membership in fraternities. The scholarships of fraternity members were investigated and found to be below the average of the college as a whole.

Pleasure from Tobacco Using

Whatever may be the financial and physiological losses to be recorded against tobacco, its users testify to a "mental solace," or "psychic income." Professor Farnam designates this mental satisfaction, obtained from the use of tobacco, by the medical term of euphoria, a feeling of well-being.

Boys Trying to Be "Manly"

THE contention of Dr. S. Dana Hubbard, of the New York City Health Department, is that "the genesis of the tobacco habit is scientifically rational, and, like all things in nature which persist, must rest upon a valid basis."

The Tobacco Habit and Advertising

But let us consider what are the forces that are making the tobacco habit "persist." One force is the money profit which the smoking habit brings to the pockets of a few men. For this profit, they spend vast sums in advertising, to keep the public in a constant state of stimulation with the idea of smoking.

Anyone doubting that selfish commercial interest is at the bottom of the great spread of the tobacco habit should read an article written by the managing editor of one of the tobacco journals, in which article he tells how the tobacco industry within ten years increased the sale of its products by 300 per cent. He says: "That the force of advertising has been the greatest factor in developing and controlling cigaret sales is not only admitted by every responsible man concerned with their production and distribution, but also should be apparent to the routine observer . . . . Most of the big gain has been scored since 1917, when something over thirty billion cigarets were made. Most of the biggest advertising has been done since that year . . . . The jolly old patriarchs who made a total of nineteen million cigarets in the year 1865, when the first 'tarnation' cigaret tax was enforced, must do some grand and lofty tumbling in the cosy National caskets every time they hear of present figures."

The Force of Example

The force of social limitation appears to be a strong factor working for the profit of those who campaign for smoking. Dr. Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College, in a pamphlet entitled, "Why I Am Opposed to Compulsory Smoking at Oberlin," states: "The non-smoker is in various ways, some subtle and unconscious, and some rather forcible, made to feel that he is taking a pharisaic attitude, is unsympathetically puritanic, standing apart from his fellows, distinctly unsocial, and hardly welcome in intimate gatherings. Even when unvoiced, there is pressure on the non-smoking student, especially the new younger man, to 'be a good fellow,' to come in with the rest, to give up this difference which marks him, and definitely to join the ranks of the smokers."

As an example of the force of imitation, we have the phenomenon of women imitating the smoking habits of men. The tobacco journalist, referred to above, estimates the extent of the female consumption to be as large as was the total consumption by men twenty years ago. He states, with apparent gratification, that this amount added to the industry "from other sources" (as the income tax blanks say) is not a trifling business!

Smoking is also kept alive very largely by the force of example in the home. The boy apes his elders, to be "manly." Through imitation and through advertising the tobacco habit spreads from one generation to the next and from country to country. Once implanted, it becomes fixed through drug addiction.

President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, tells of his experience in China when the British American Tobacco Company was giving away cigarets "by the million," wherever its wagons or its porters carried them. He states that the company was thus very successful in introducing the new habit among the Chinese, and adds, "Thus the Christian nations confer the benefits of civilization on the Orient!"

"The Little White Slaver"

The spectacle of a country held firm in the grip of tobacco interests, and enslaved by the drug craving which is created by the tobacco, to produce financial profit for a few, is offered by Spain, where cigaret smoking is almost universal among the men. Professor Roman made a special investigation of smoking in that country. "The waiter in the hotel, while serving you, is smoking," he says. "The conductor on the train is smoking while collecting the tickets. The agent selling the tickets is smoking. The man carrying your baggage sets it down on his way to the hotel to relight his cigaret. Your guide among the city monuments smokes all the time. It is safe to say that a majority of the priests whom you meet coming from and going to the churches and cathedrals are smoking cigarets. Priests smoke in the sacristy, and in inside rooms of the cathedrals and churches. I saw ashes and ash trays everywhere . . . . In the famous cathedral of Toledo I saw a priest smoking, dressed in the beautiful white vestments for celebrating mass. A priest will sometimes use the same fire with which he lights the candles on the high altar to light his cigaret.

"The Spanish Tobacco Company is a group of inside politicians," Professor Roman also states, "a favored rich class, growing still richer at the expense of the whole people . . . . Civilization is greatly retarded in Spain. Taxes are still farmed out. The collector collects all he can, and turns in some of it to the government. Beggars are numerous everywhere."

Forces Against Tobacco

The force of scientific evidence, the force of commercial interests, desiring efficient employes, the force of self-interest and the force of parental affection are all against the "little white slaver," as are educational influences in schools and colleges, and in life insurance companies to whose interest is the maintenance of good health among policyholders.

Legislative Condemnation

That the use of tobacco is regarded as a loss to the youth of our country is substantiated by the fact that every state in the Union has definite legislation protesting against the use of tobacco, according to information given me by Professor Roman. Two states have placed the sale to, and use of, tobacco by minors under "offenses against morality and decency," ten states under offenses against public health, five under offenses against children. In Louisiana and New Mexico the legislation thus far deals only with protection against fires from smoking, but in all other states the sale to, and use of, tobacco by children is considered a "misdemeanor."

State Legislation

"WHAT does this national protest, indicated by the vast amount of state legislation, signify?" Professor Roman asks. "It is especially striking when we note that most of the legislation against tobacco has been enacted during the last ten or fifteen years—that is, during the period when the increased advertising and sale of tobacco is supposed to have been sweeping the whole country.

"It is also worthy of note that within the last few years systematic campaigns against the use of tobacco are being conducted in some of the high schools of our large cities, such as Kansas City and Los Angeles. These are typical. In Kentucky and West Virginia the legislation provides that there shall be no smoking at all in school buildings, on school grounds, or in any buildings or parts thereof that may be used for school purposes. Both the states of Kansas and Utah prohibit by law the advertising of cigarets or cigaret papers on any street sign, placard or billboard, or in any package of merchandise, store window, show cases, or any other public place within the state. In Iowa, 'No bills, posters, or other matter used to advertise the sales of intoxicating liquors or tobacco shall be distributed, posted, painted or maintained within four hundred feet of premises occupied by a public school or used for school purposes.'

"As to whether tobacco is con-

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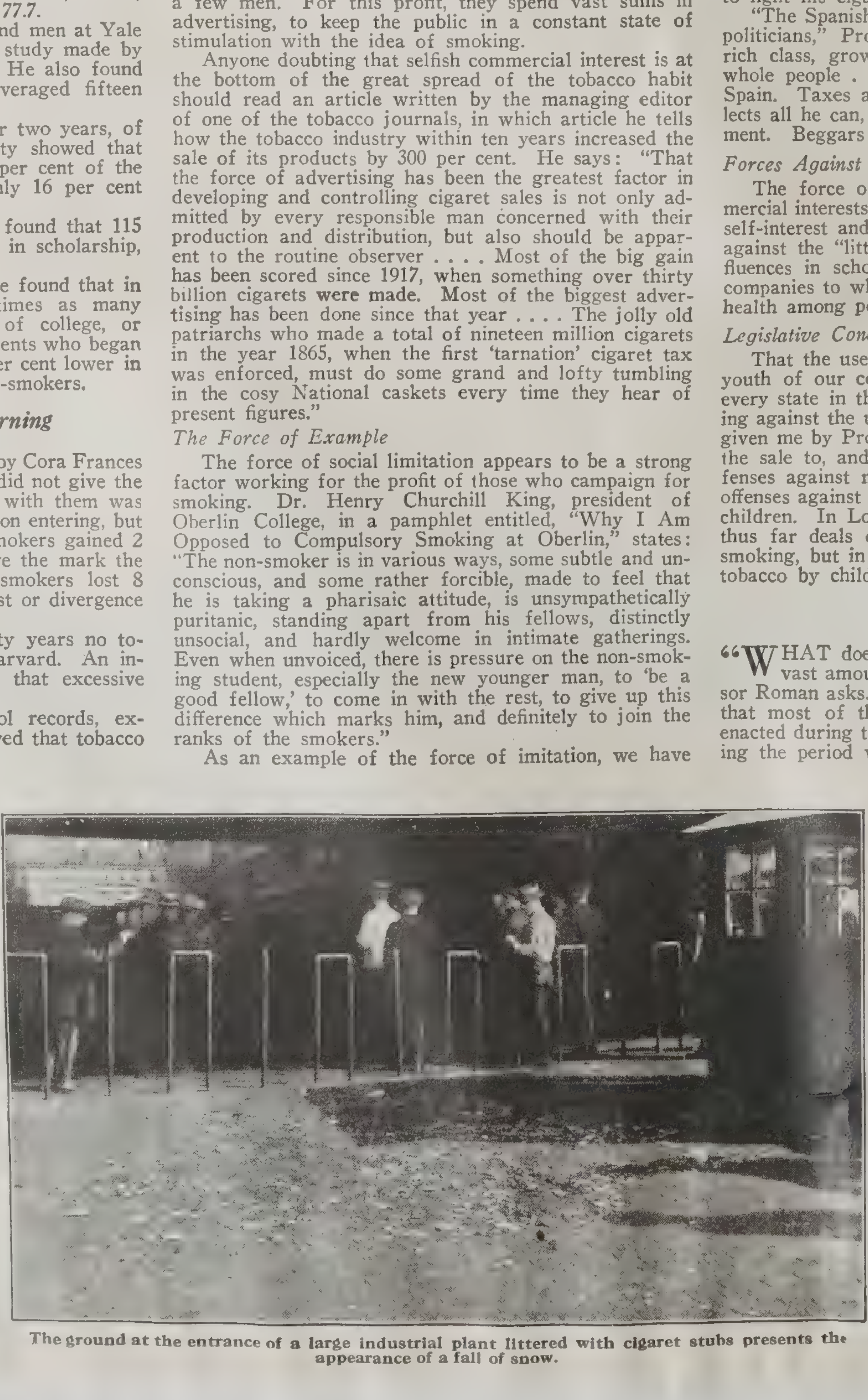


The ground at the entrance of a large industrial plant littered with cigaret stubs presents the appearance of a fall of snow.

Some Ups and Downs on the Atlantic

Life on the Ocean Wave Has Its Thrills as Well as Touches of Comedy

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WHAT is life aboard an Atlantic liner? What does it mean to spend a week at sea?

Come along and you shall have all of your questions answered. You have got your passport and your steamship ticket. You walk up the gangplank and are shown to your stateroom. You notice a little railing at the head of your bed. You wonder what that is for. You think a minute. It looks like the railing of a child's bed. You know children are railed in to keep them from falling out. The answer comes to you. You are railed n to keep you from falling out, because the ship is going to do some rolling before you reach the other side. In a flash, you think what a scoundrel the man was who old you that all of those big Atlantic liners are as steady as the Brooklyn Bridge.

You think you will walk out on deck and see what s going on. On your way out of your stateroom you rip over the threshold of the door. For the first time you notice that the threshold is about eight inches high. What a way to make a threshold! You wonder why ship's carpenters are so stupid. But they are not stupid. Then or a little later the answer comes to you that hresholds are built high so that if waves come on deck the water will not come into your room.

You plod your way along a hall until you come to the place where passengers are still coming up the gangplank. On and on they come—passengers, visitors and messenger boys. Most of the messenger boys are carrying great green baskets of fruit. You might think these baskets cost $2 or $3 each, but they cost from $25 to $50 each, depending on the size of the basket and the quality and variety of its contents. If you are lucky, when you go back to your stateroom you will find one of these baskets with your name on and the card of a friend.

While the big electric cranes are lowering carloads of runks into the hold, you watch the people who are standng around. Your eyes soon settle upon a matronly ady and a young woman who is apparently her daughter. Every little while the matronly lady convulsively throws her arms around the girl's shoulders and kisses her on one cheek and then the other, again and again. After his has taken place about six times you wonder what t is all about—but it is about nothing. The girl is imply going abroad and is glad of it. She hasn't a ear in her eye and will evidently be able to do quite well without her mother for the next few weeks.

A six days' spell of reading.

You tire of looking at these two and your eyes turn o another couple—a young woman and a young man. They are very serious and very quiet. They walk around, utterly unmindful that anybody else is aboard. You wonder why one of them is not sad, too, and finally conclude that it is because they are both sailing. You make a mental note of your intention to keep an eye open to ee if they are both aboard during the voyage. Then you forget all about them until weeks later. A ship is o large that you cannot keep track of all the passengers.

Now you are going to see somebody! She is coming up the gangplank. All of the women around are pointing her out. She is a celebrated actress who has played all winter in New York. You have heard about her and perhaps seen her in the theater. But as she draws nearer, you see that she is not so much. Nobody would ever send her to a beauty show. She hasn't much of a face and all of her beauty comes from a box. You wonder where she got her reputation as a good-looker. While you are wondering you forget all about her, because the trunks are all in the hold and visitors are being ordered ashore. The ship is going to sail!

When a ship sails, everybody aboard probably has a different feeling. If it be your first trip abroad you will have a feeling that you never had before and can never have again. When you first notice that the ship is actually backing out of the dock you will probably feel as f you were a tooth, America a jawbone and you were being extracted. It is an awful feeling. Perhaps most persons never had it. I know I had it and it was one of the most unpleasant experiences of my life.

Your ship backs out into the river, reverses its engines and heads down the bay. One by one you pass the buildings on Manhattan that you know so well. On the other side of the ship you see the Statue of Liberty, but get no kick out of it because you know you are going to leave it. As you proceed, the land is farther and farther away on each side, but you can still see it. While you are passing Sandy Hook you recall that you are now where the great international yacht races are held. When you are out about twenty miles, you see the Ambrose Channel lightship. This is important because it is the point from which the Atlantic journey is reckoned. At sea, they don't speak of the distance between Cherbourg and New York, but of the distance between the Cherbourg breakwater and Ambrose Channel lightship. The lightship is also the place where pilots are taken on and let off. Your ship slackens to let the man who has piloted you out of the harbor get off. In a minute or two you see a fast motor boat speeding from your ship toward the pilot boat. That motor boat is carrying your pilot and from now on your captain will run his own boat.

It is soon time for luncheon. A bugle tells you when it is mealtime on shipboard. For breakfast he blows a certain kind of blast—over and over again. For luncheon he blows another kind; for dinner still a different kind. You never know one blast from another, but you know from the time of day what it is all about. You go down to the dining room and the steward assigns you to a certain seat at a certain table where you are to take your meals for the voyage. You may be placed at a table for four, or, if you are lucky, at the captain's table where there are a dozen others. Wherever you are, you will get acquainted with the others. You may like them and you may not.

On one voyage I was placed at a table with three men. One of them stayed two meals and disappeared. The next day I met him on deck and he spoke to me. Almost the first thing he said was that he had asked to be moved to another table. I asked him what was the matter.

He replied: "I could not stand those Englishmen."

As they were both very nice men I was a little amazed. Pretty soon I fished for his nationality with the remark: "I suppose you are from New York."

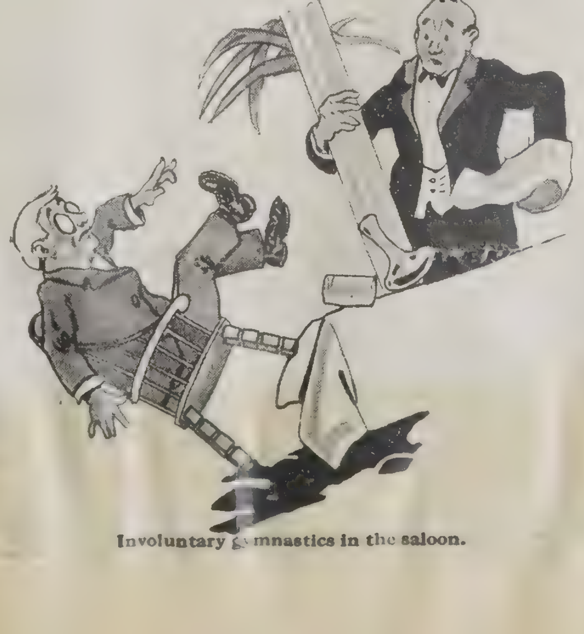
"No," he replied, "I am from London; I am an Englishman."

I laughed in his face. One Englishman who could not stand two others! Then he told me all about it. The other two Englishmen were "in trade." They were manufacturers. Such cattle were not for him. All during the voyage I saw him sitting in a deck chair, reading a book and smoking his pipe in solitary grandeur.

After luncheon you may choose from a variety of activities. You may go to the reading room, take books from the ship's library and read. You may go to the smoking room and smoke, drink, play cards with friends or gamble at poker or whist with cutthroats. Or at 4 o'clock you may go to the lounge and hear a concert by the ship's orchestra while tea is served. Each of these rooms is large and splendidly furnished. Wherever you are you will be comfortable—unless the gamblers get you. Not that anybody need gamble if he doesn't want to.

After dinner almost everybody goes out on deck and walks half an hour or so for exercise. While on deck, you may see a beautiful sunset. The best sunsets come before or after a rain. If the clouds are banked just right and are of the right texture, the display is gorgeous. The sky is shot with every shade of red, yellow and blue. The sun may get behind a cloud that turns the sun a dark red and changes its shape. During five minutes, I have seen the sun look like a balloon, a parachute and an old-fashioned silk lampshade.

The sun drops below the water line and night steals on. Soon it is dark. With darkness, a man goes to the prow of the ship and takes up his lonely vigil. It is his business to peer forward into the darkness and see that your craft does not run down another ship—or an iceberg. Nobody crosses the ocean any more without thinking of the *Titanic*. Sailors think of it, too. Ships have changed their course since the *Titanic* went down. They no longer go up along the Grand Banks of New Foundland and then dart over to the other side. They sail from New York on a course that is a little south of east. They hold to this course for three days, then take a sharp up-shoot to their European destination. On the westward voyage, the course is reversed. This brings them far south of where the *Titanic* went down. Yet it is not far enough south to eliminate all danger. An iceberg occasionally gets away, although America and Great Britain each keeps a craft in the iceberg region to look out and notify shipping by wireless. Sometimes one of these ships will hook on to an iceberg and tow it out of the steamship lane. But notwithstanding all of these precautions, ocean steamships look out for themselves. When they are in the region where icebergs may be, the temperature of the water is taken every hour and at night two lookouts instead of one are in the ship's prow. A sailor drops a leather bucket overboard, draws up some water and puts a thermometer into it. An iceberg cools the water for miles around. This seems strange, but sailors say it is true. Sailors say they can even smell icebergs.



Involuntary gymnastics in the saloon.

You take a final look at the surrounding blackness before you go inside. You hear the swish of the waves and the steady purring of the ship's turbines as you drive through the water. By the scanty light that streams from the portholes you see a little of the white-capped waters that are curling around you. All else is black.

After dinner some passengers dance, or listen to music in the lounge where the orchestra plays, while others gamble. The big event on a liner in the evening is the selling of pools on the ship's 24-hour run that will end at noon the next day. This takes place in the smoking room. The room is full, some of whom come to gamble and the others to see the show. There are as many women as men, though men do most of the betting. You see them all sitting around at tables, drinking and smoking. Some are drinking after-dinner coffee and some after-dinner booze. Most of them are in evening dress.

Intimate confidences.

About 9 o'clock a sporty gentleman hops aboard a chair and announces that he has been asked to perform as auctioneer. He then explains what selling pools means. It is this: Twenty persons form the pool, which means that each night he pays into the pool five pounds, or about $90, and is allowed to draw a slip of paper bearing his name. These papers are all put into a hat each night and drawn out by a blindfolded man. The first slip that is drawn is given the lowest number of miles that the members of the pool have voted to be the low-range of what they believe the ship will run the next day. For instance, if they have agreed that the pool shall range from 580 to 600, the first slip will be numbered 581.

After these slips have been numbered, they are auctioned off, one at a time. The man whose name is on the slip may or may not buy it, depending upon whether, in his opinion, the number is or is not likely to represent the mileage that the ship will make. On a big ship, pools sell at prices ranging from $60 to $125 each. Also, they bet on "high field" and "low field." Betting on low field means that the bettor wagers the ship will run fewer miles than the 581 to 600 mile range that has been agreed upon. High field means that if the ship runs more than the range agreed upon, whoever took high field will get all the money.

The selling of the pools takes about an hour. On a big ship the pot amounts to $2,000, or more. Usually there is at least one really interesting character in the group. I recall one on our eastward trip. He was a titled Englishman about 40 years old who had a commission in the army, citations for distinguished services in the war, an American wife with money and apparently about everything one might need to be happy. But the best thing about this Englishman was not what he had but what he was. Obviously he had never done a day's work in his life. Plainly he was a member of the parasitical class. But he was such an exceedingly good fellow that one forgot all such things. Always in motion, always smiling, he radiated happiness wherever he went. In the evening he was always in the smoking room betting on the ship's run. One evening he bought eight pools for which he must have paid in the neighborhood of $1,000. He had peppered the range that seemed likely to include the winning mile until it seemed as if nothing could beat him—but the next forenoon we ran through fog for four hours and a man who had put up only $60 won the whole business. But this did not interfere with the happiness of the Englishman. He continued to smile, to play pranks and to make everybody around him like him. I saw him pitching quoits on the deck the next afternoon. With the short stub of a cigar in his mouth he pitched one after another, none of which went on the peg. Then in mock exasperation, he slammed the last one down hard, as if in a rage—and burst out laughing.

Ordinary persons sometimes do very strange things at sea. For instance, an Englishman one day sat down beside me in the smoking room, started a conversation, and within fifteen minutes was telling me all about his troubles with his wife. What he wanted to know was if I did not think it would be a good thing for a man 50 years old to marry a young woman and raise a new family for the purpose of keeping himself young. If you can beat that for a question, go to it! A day or two later, another smoking room companion told me, fifteen minutes after we met, of a novel method he had adopted to cure his wife's nervousness. He sent her to the country and had her devote a certain number of hours each day to driving nails in a block of wood. He figured that her trouble arose from the fact that she had had too much leisure and too little responsibility.

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Engineers Were Great Pioneers of Progress

Country's Big Debt to Pathfinders Who Blazed the Trail From Coast to Coast

By HARRY PENCE

NO ONE wants to waste time speculating on who won the war. It is worse than waste of time. It is mischievous. No single straw ever broke a camel's back. The final crushing overload was crushing only because of previously accumulated burdens. The opening game of the season, won or lost, is as much the deciding game as the narrowly won victory in the so-called crucial series.

Hence no one nation, no one commander, no one arm of the service, won the war. It was a case of nobody in particular, everybody in general.

One thing, however, is certain. Whatever factors might have been dispensed with without change in the final result the absence of the engineers would have been fatal.

The engineers are not clamoring for recognition—nor are they getting very much of it.

Had George Washington not been a competent engineer the Continental Army might have made a different record in the American Revolution.

What is not understood, nor even suspected, is that the upbuilding of this country, the extension of its western frontier, the development of its commerce and much of its industry are due in a large measure to the labors of United States Army engineers or to men trained to be military as well as civil engineers who, upon the completion of their education, found no place in the army and were forced into civil life.

What Washington Said

WASHINGTON knew, perhaps better than most of his contemporaries, that the new nation could achieve coherence at home and command respect abroad only by developing a government capable of enforcing its laws and a potential military strength to withstand encroachments. Encroachments of the strong upon the weak was even more the spirit of that age than of this.

He was a preparedness advocate more strenuous than most of his successors. Abolishing warfare by outlawing it or by any other process was not seriously considered in his day.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace," he told Congress.

And Congress responded by scrapping the army and making no provisions for the possible recruiting of another one till the threat of trouble with France eight years later.

Washington recommended the establishment of a training school for army officers. Not till nearly two years after his death was this done. In 1802 the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army was organized on a permanent basis and the act of Congress creating the corps authorized the establishment of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

But West Point was not popular with Congress, nor did the War Department pay much attention to it.

When, however, Congress realized that the war was imminent apathy gave way to feverish haste. The management of the academy was reorganized, a maximum of 250 cadets was authorized, the courses of instruction prescribed and age, mental and physical requirements fixed for admission.

This was done too late to provide capable officers for the second war with Great Britain but of the eighty-eight graduates of the academy sixty-four took honorable part in the conflict. Ten were killed in action, a similar number were wounded or died of other causes and a round dozen won official citations for efficient service as well as bravery.

The "Old National Pike"

THE war with Mexico in 1848 was the first in which the graduates of West Point took an important part. After the conflict General Winfield Scott, who was not himself a West Pointer, said, "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might and probably would have lasted four or five years with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

But long before the outbreak of the Mexican War the United States Military Academy had made signal contributions to the upbuilding of the country. The graduates of West Point constituted the only class of "home grown talent" possessing engineering knowledge and skill. The same principles underlie both military and civil engineering, and instructions at West Point included thorough training in these sciences.

As Congress pursued a policy of holding the army to the irreducible, minimum vacancies in the regular line were not sufficient to give places to all the graduated cadets. Many of them were assigned to such pioneering work as the exploration of the western frontiers and the reconstruction of our obsolete coast defenses. This naturally led to road building and the erection of lighthouses at dangerous points on the coasts and Great Lakes.

The earliest major accomplishment of the Corps of Army Engineers was the projection and construction of the "Old National Pike," a highway famous in the early days for its unusually excellent surface, its width, its celebrated taverns. It began at Cumberland, Maryland, the western end of the older Braddock's Road from Washington, and penetrated the great West to St. Louis. It was the main line of travel from the Middle West to the National Capital. It ran through and became a considerable factor in the early growth of Uniontown and Washington, Pennsylvania; Wheeling, West Virginia; Zanesville and Columbus, Ohio; Richmond and Indianapolis, Indiana; Marshall and Vandalia, Illinois and St. Louis, Missouri. This old road, built entirely at government expense, was begun in 1806, primarily as a means of transporting troops quickly to Mississippi River points and farther westward, but under the care of United States Army engineers it served better the cause of peace and progress than that of war. In 1837, it was turned over to the various states and many stretches of it fell into bad repair. The advent of the automobile has brought about its reconstruction and it is now one of the country's most celebrated, popular and useful motor highways.

Explorations of the comparatively unknown West, map making of all sections of the country and the discovery of the natural resources of the nation proved so important that a corps of Topographical Engineers was organized and served till its amalgamation with the regular Corps of Engineers at the outbreak of the Civil War.

A sizable volume could be written upon the work of this special corps, commanded by army engineers and composed of army and navy men and such civilian aids as were necessary to keep the work up to the highest standard possible within the appropriations for its maintenance.

John C. Fremont, the famous "Pathfinder," did his best work as a member of this corps and other topographical engineers braved the hardships and dangers of the frontier to explore and make maps which greatly aided the army in conflict with the western Indians.

Waterway Construction

THIS work, with that of the geodetic and hydrographic surveys, have, since the establishment of civil, technical and scientific school training in those lines, passed out of the hands of the army engineers, but all owe their origin and development to army men.

The United States Army engineers brought the lighthouse service to a high degree of development before it was transferred from their care. Their original surveys determined the locations of lighthouses and they planned, directed the construction of and disbursed the appropriations for practically all the famous lights on the coasts and lakes, many of which were engineering feats of the first magnitude.

The United States Engineers were, in fact, the only class of men possessing the knowledge and skill necessary for such vitally important work.

Many roads of great importance to the early settlers, with all the bridges necessary to carry them across streams that would otherwise have blocked the immigrants' path, were located and built by army engineers, and their next signal contribution to the expansion of the country was their part in canal building.

The celebrated Erie Canal, the original of the New York Barge Canal, was projected, surveyed, planned and, in part, constructed by army engineers although the waterway was entirely an enterprise of the state of New York. It connected Lake Erie with the Hudson River and through it the Atlantic Ocean.

Under Secretary of War John C. Calhoun, not only were army engineers assigned to a wider range of public works, many of them entirely civil, but soldiers were also given small extra pay and extra allowances of whisky—a universal custom in those days—for their work as laborers under the direction of officer engineers.

The construction of the Erie Canal and the application of steam to boats stimulated navigation on the Great Lakes. The Lake Survey of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army was begun in 1841 and by 1885, at an expense of $3,000,000, all the lakes had been surveyed, mapped and charted and there was placed at the disposal of the masters and pilots of vessels navigating these waters information indispensable to their safety.

The surveys revealed the shoals, submerged reefs and rocks and other danger places and means to protect navigation from them became the work of these engineers.

Only the more important features of this great work can be outlined, and these very sketchily.

Originally, navigation on the Great Lakes was restricted and its development impeded by the shallowness of the waters in the rivers connecting the lakes. Canada had endeavored to open Lake Superior by means of a set of small locks in the St. Mary's River. These permitted the passage of boats of nine feet draft but these locks were destroyed by United States troops in the War of 1812. As their chief value was maintaining communication with fur traders in the Hudson Bay district, demands for their reconstruction were not insistent. In 1837 the State of Michigan undertook surveys for a canal and locks at this point and a contract for their construction was let the following year. This waterway was to have a depth of ten feet and was estimated to cost $112,544, but little work was done upon it because the state and the national authorities came into conflict and the Federal military ejected the workmen.

This is one of the very few instances of United States Army obstruction of state public works and while regrettable was probably not, in the long run, unfortunate, for copper had been found in the Lake Superior region and the proposed undertaking was soon found to be entirely inadequate.

Improvements at Sault Ste. Marie

MICHIGAN persisted and sought Federal cooperation and financial aid. This was obtained in 1852 when a grant of public lands was made to defray the expenses and army engineers made plans for a canal and locks eleven and one-half feet deep. A private corporation of builders and bankers undertook the work for the land and completed it in 1855 at a cost, to them, of a little less than one million dollars.

This canal and its locks remained under the control of the State of Michigan until 1872, when increasing traffic and the need for larger boats to transport it made the waterway again unequal to requirements and the folly of the State of Michigan undertaking their reconstruction on enlarged scale became manifest. The government took them over and they passed to the control of the United States Army Corps of Engineers.

General G. C. Weitzel planned and constructed a new canal and locks of seventeen feet depth at a cost of approximately $3,000,000. These were put into commission in 1881 and used jointly with the original Michigan locks, which were demolished in 1888 to make way for the later and larger Poe locks, the work of General O. M. Poe, of the Corps of Engineers. The Poe locks provide a depth of twenty-two feet, cost more than $4,000,000 and were completed in 1896.

The American improvements at Sault Ste. Marie have cost approximately $15.000,000 and of them a recent writer has said, "No similar expenditure of capital by any state or nation has conferred such vast benefits to so wide an area and so extensive a population."

But the enterprise required brains as well as money and the engineering knowledge and skill were provided by members of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army.

Lake navigation improvements which began early are still in charge of United States engineers. Other lines of work have been transferred to other departments. The army men were the first explorers, map makers, lighthouse, highway and canal builders.

Army Engineers in Railroading

ARMY engineers were also pioneers in railroad projection, planning, construction and even operation.

Two West Pointers planned and built the Baltimore and Ohio, the first railroad in the United States, and after its completion successfully operated it. One of them designed and built the best locomotive in use in his day and acquired such reputation at home and abroad that he was called to Russia by the Czar to direct the construction of the government railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

In other railroad enterprises army engineers were not usually so prominent, but they planned or were consulted in the planning of nearly all the undertakings in the era before the Civil War.

Their part in the construction of the great transcontinental railroads is squarely set forth by General Grenville M. Dodge, builder of the Union Pacific, the first of these gigantic undertakings.

General Dodge was a graduate of West Point who, like many of his fellows, found no place for his highly developed talents in the army or its civilian occupations and went from the academy to practice as a civil engineer. He won a place for himself in the industrial world but laid aside all else to enter the Union Army at the outbreak of the Civil War. He served with distinction not only in strictly military operations but also in such exploits as the rapid reconstruction of destroyed rail lines and bridges which facilitated the movements of troops.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN art is divorced from utility there is something wrong. The ancient Greeks understood this and kept it in view in all their works. This is the secret of the chasteness and beauty of their architecture.

In their great temples and other monuments, the remains of which excite the wonder and admiration of the world today, and that serve as models for the modern designer, the massive columns and other features were proportioned so that strength and beauty should go hand in hand. These columns always act as supports; they are not erected merely for the sake of display; cornices and entablatures are always an essential part of the structure, and brackets invariably hold up something. Every detail is constructive, and where carving is used it is generally to fill up the bare space in a frieze or to be enlisted as a component part of the edifice, as in the case of the statues called caryatids, which take the place of pillars.

Ruskin stresses this point, and strongly condemns the overloading of a building with meaningless ornament. It was in this that the Romans, in their love of display, fell short of the Greeks. The beauty of the design was lost in a meaningless mass of ostentatious embellishment, and in the contour of their moldings they employed arcs of circles in place of graceful flowing curves derived from conic sections.

> *BECAUSE a thing is useful is no reason why it should be ugly. Nevertheless, in this utilitarian age an opinion exists that just because a thing is useful it is quite superfluous to make it ornamental as well. This is a mistake, for when any object is pleasing to the eye its usefulness is increased, and the satisfaction which its usefulness gives is supplemented by the pleasure which its appearance imparts. The trend of modern thought in the creative field, whether it be the designing of a dress, the building of a factory, or the planning of a new town, is to introduce, as far as is compatible with utility, those characteristics which delight the intellect by their grace and beauty as well as by their fitness. To render anything "a joy forever" it is essential that the elements which are in opposition to good taste be eliminated.*

Utility sometimes overshadows or obliterates art, but there is no reason why this should be so. Even the plainest design can be chastely conceived. Art when allied with good taste is always pleasing and has a refining influence which cannot be overestimated.

For years it has been recognized by modern employers that suitable environment has an important bearing on the efficiency and general welfare of their workers. A man will accomplish more in pleasant surroundings than if hemmed in by hideousness.

In the Middle Ages all workmen were artists and designers. The grand old cathedrals of Europe, which today excite the wonder and admiration of travelers from the New World, were erected by handicraftsmen of this type. They were imbued with high ideals, and they went direct to nature for the models which they reproduced in wood and in stone.

Full-sized drawings and details which had to be copied without deviation were not furnished the craftsman in those days; he took his ideas direct from the plants and trees that grew near the job and applied them with surpassing skill to a base, a shaft, a capital, or a cornice. In this way those medieval buildings acquired a character and distinction which has never been excelled.

There is no reason why any true workman should not be a true artist as well, for art is not foreign to even the most humble occupation. Without perhaps being aware of it, every man who takes a pride in his work is more or less of an artist.

There was once a street sweeper who was asked his opinion of a new hand. "He's all right for plain jobs," replied the expert, "but when it comes to sweeping around lamp posts and fancy work like that—he has a lot to learn."

If a job is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. This sounds like a platitude, but it is as true today as it was when the Parthenon was set on the Acropolis at Athens. The man who takes a conscientious view of his work is an artist just as much as the sculptor who by the aid of his chisel uncovers the angel which Michelangelo said was concealed in every block of marble. The fact that Michelangelo was a painter, a sculptor, a poet, an architect, and an engineer combined, is abundant proof that art and utility are not only compatible, but are inseparable.

If form and color are carefully studied in their application to the things of everyday use, much may be accomplished in making life more pleasant. Even in the serving and dishing of the things we eat, fine art is a factor.

Primitive man had that instinctive craving for things beautiful that has come down to us through all the centuries, but in his dark cave or hut of wattles his ideas were necessarily cramped and obscure. The rude pottery which with infinite labor he fashioned for domestic use was frequently decorated with incised lines wrought into various patterns; the crude pictures which he scratched upon the rocks or on the bones of wild animals, comprised his art gallery. This is what counts today—the happy blending of the artistic and the useful.

An object of utility which is also a work of art is treasured even after its usefulness is gone, or rather when it has ceased to perform the function for which it was originally intended. It may be only the carved keystone of an arch, a brass door-knocker, or a piece of old China full of cracks and mendings; but its power to delight the eye has not vanished with its lack of utility, and so it is treasured still. True art is like radium, its luster cannot be destroyed.

No one loves ugliness for its own sake, but things beautiful, whether in nature or art, are pleasing even to the dullest mind. Of course, tastes in what is really beautiful differ widely, but so do tastes in almost everything else. It is well that this is so or everything would be reduced to a common standard in which strength and character would be lost.

It may be asked: "Is it not better to sacrifice the artistic to the utilitarian than the utilitarian to the artistic?" What, for instance, would be the use of a teapot that would not pour because of the ornate design of its spout, or what would be the good of a spade which lacerated the hands because the part that had to be grasped was richly carved? This could not be called applied art; it would be misapplied art. As soon as the decoration on an object of utility interferes with its functioning it ceases to be an object of art and is better to be discarded as a nuisance, for it is neither ornamental nor useful.

Perhaps nature is the surest guide in the choosing of color and design. No matter how multitudinous the tints of autumn, or how varied the rich mantle of summer, the colors never clash; bole and branch and leaf present an endless variety of form, but they form one harmonious whole. There are such things as "freaks of nature," but these are the exceptions that prove the rule.

It has been said that trade and industry are fatal to art; but this is a fallacy. The great lakes and the sea, aided by the magic of cloud and sky, form never-ending pictures which artists love to paint, but life and motion are imparted to these subjects by the ships of commerce passing to and fro. The fields never look more beautiful than when the harvester is at work, and at no season of the year are the orchards more lovely than when the ripe fruit is being gathered and put away.

Industry and art are, therefore, not incompatible, but sound judgment is necessary in preserving the true balance between one and the other.

The craftsmen of Egypt, who designed artistic pottery and beautiful textile fabrics thousands of years ago, never dreamed that a people so different in their civilization as the people of today would be imitating these designs in the production of modern articles of wear, and that the devotees of fashion would be calling them "the very latest thing." But the ancient Egyptians knew what they were about. They knew how to blend line and color in such a manner that it would be pleasing to the eye and in perfect harmony with the nature of the object for which it was intended. This is the combination which we seek today.

A volume of 452 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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2. Give both old and new address.
3. Write clearly.

Why Not Vote!

IN THE year 1920 only about half of the qualified voters of the United States voted. Various reasons have been advanced for this, none of them very satisfactory. But there is no doubt that some voters take the attitude that there is little to choose between the different parties and their policies. Many are undoubtedly of the opinion that the candidates have been "hand-picked" and therefore not the choice of the citizens as a whole. This is bad for the country, and, therefore, bad for themselves, but in the absence of immediate effects it is difficult to convince them of this.

There are some who would make this wilful abstention a crime, and inflict severe penalties, but this is a drastic measure which would not appeal to the people at large. It would be too much like an interference with personal liberty. It is suggestive of the old saying that "You may drive a horse to the water, but you can't force him to drink." In the event of voters being driven to the poll by the power of the law, they may be compelled to vote, but they are free to vote for whomsoever they please. There is no one who can control any resentment they may harbor. They may blame someone for undue inter[illegible] with what they may consider their rights, and act accordingly.

It must also be considered that a large proportion of those who fail to put in an appearance at the polls are too ignorant to grasp the questions at issue and when compelled to exercise their privilege are apt to vote with the same blind indifference that impelled them to stay at home.

The only reasonable remedy seems to be the education of the people in the duties of citizenship and in taking a laudable pride in their country's welfare. But who is to do the educating; where are the impartial instructors who will undertake the task of directing those defaulting citizens along the right path? Free lectures might be invoked, with educative movies as part of the program. But here again there might be trouble. Who is to choose the program?

This is a matter which must right itself in due time. Nothing can be gained by coercion. It must be remembered that a large proportion of the citizens have not yet had time to absorb the atmosphere of this country, and until they do, this trouble will remain.

Italy and the League

ITALY, rather than Japan, would seem to be the motivating agency in maneuvers to have the League of Nations committed to the principle that a nation should be compelled to submit to arbitration foreign objections to its immigration laws.

Immigration, like the tariff, has always been considered purely the domestic business of countries involved. They could decree who could and who could not enter.

Japan's notes to Washington and discussions before the League of Nations on the immigration question are largely meant for home political effect.

However, American emigration is a matter of life and death to modern Italy as long as her present exceedingly high birth rate is maintained. The export of its surplus population to America and the profit therefrom have been big items in the maintenance of modern Italy. The emigrants' remittances to relatives in Italy were once the largest inflow of new money to the nation. Now all is changed.

Mussolini will be considered a failure unless he reopens Ellis Island to his people. The strange thing about the question is that the Italians consider America no longer has the right to limit immigration. They are intensely serious in their belief that we have done a high-handed and indefensible thing.

Consequently, Italy has put forth every lobbying agency at the command of her government to get the League of Nations to consider compulsory arbitration of any nation's immigration laws that are objectionable to another country.

America has come to be regarded throughout the world as a sort of profitable boarding house and is not credited with the nationalistic claims that other countries proudly maintain.

The Awakening of China

EVER since China shed its imperial robes it has been the theater of civil strife of a more or less sporadic nature. Undoubtedly the country wants a strong man; but where is he to come from? When the Manchu dynasty bade farewell to all the ancient splendor of the palace at Pekin, it was to Dr. Sun Yat Sen that it turned for a lead. Dr. Sun did his best; he probably did more in his endeavor to set China on its feet than any other man. But he was attempting the impossible.

China is a giant that has slumbered for many centuries. Giants are notoriously stupid when aroused from a prolonged debauch of sleep. China is no exception. It is still in the stage of rubbing its eyes and wondering what it is going to do next.

The vastness of the country and the lack of facilities for communication which exist in the greater part of it are important factors in the confusion and lack of understanding that exists between one part of the country and another. The giant is incoherent; he does not know what he wants. The sun of modern progress dazzles his eyes, and his actions are apt to be blind and irresponsible if no one is forthcoming to lead and direct him.

Thousands of years ago the Chinese led civilization, but they made the mistake of concluding that they had reached the summit, and so they halted and marked time, and they have been smoothly marking time ever since. But there has arisen in their ranks for the past decade or so a desire to move forward that has been taking tangible form, and the tendency has been Occidental.

The recrudescence of civil strife that has taken place during the past few weeks is nothing to be wondered at. It was inevitable. There is a suggestion that Bolshevik influences have been the cause of the present trouble. This is not at all improbable. The same thing is seen behind troubles in other parts of the world; but this is but a passing phase of the whole situation. No solution of China's difficulties can be reached until the giant is fully awake and qualifies himself for a place in the march of progress. It is then and then only that order may be expected to emerge from the present chaos.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1924, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1924.

[SEAL] J. EMMET HALL.
(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

Disarmament

A SEMI-AUTOMATIC rifle is being perfected for use as a shoulder weapon, a .50 caliber machine gun is being got ready to replace the war-time .30 caliber, new trench mortars of great accuracy are nearing perfection, high-speed tanks with gun turrets are under way, and a 75 mm. field gun of 15,000 yards range, as well as other inventions, will be ready in the near future.

This is the substance of what Major General C. C. Williams told a meeting of the world's savants gathered at Philadelphia the other day. It goes without saying that efficiency in war, as long as war exists, is just as essential as efficiency in peace. There are those who go still further and assert that if the weapons of war are made terrible enough, war will cease, for its very deadliness will lead to its own destruction.

All this may be true, but it is deplorable that the necessity for the invention and use of instruments of any kind for the destruction of human life should exist. The time seems yet distant when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

But, strange as it may seem, it is not alone during the time of war that enmity exists in the world. The seeking of human life for the punishment of wrongs, real or imaginary, is not confined to the battlefield. Men who never stood up against a foreign foe in a cause good or bad follow in the path of Cain, and while certain organizations, doubtless with the best intentions, are continually crying out for disarmament, there is not a word about taking measures to stem the torrent of capital crime that is gathering volume on this continent.

The reports of cold-blooded crime that fill the columns of the newspapers day after day cause one "furiously to think," but there is no one who suggests that to put a stop to it the police ought to be disarmed. It is those who are the disturbers of the peace, those who are a continual menace to the lives and property of the community who ought to be disarmed. This is even truer of individuals than of nations. It is a form of disarmament that is still more urgent.

Mussolini's Masterpiece

WAS it not the Emperor Augustus of whom it was said that he found Rome built of brick and left it of marble? Mussolini the dictator's mind is evidently running in the same direction; not regarding a transition from brick to marble, but a transformation of the Eternal City into a city of skyscrapers such as Augustus never dreamed of, and that would make New York's biggest and tallest buildings look like bungalows.

Mussolini Caesar has engaged the services of one Mario Palanti, who has already erected several colossal buildings in various parts of the world, and he proposes to erect in Rome a building with 88 floors and 1,500 feet in height, having a frontage of 1,000 feet.

Doubtless this projected structure looks very fine on paper, but there it is likely to remain, mainly owing to two things; namely, the lack of a suitable site in the heart of Rome, and the difficulty of finding the necessary funds.

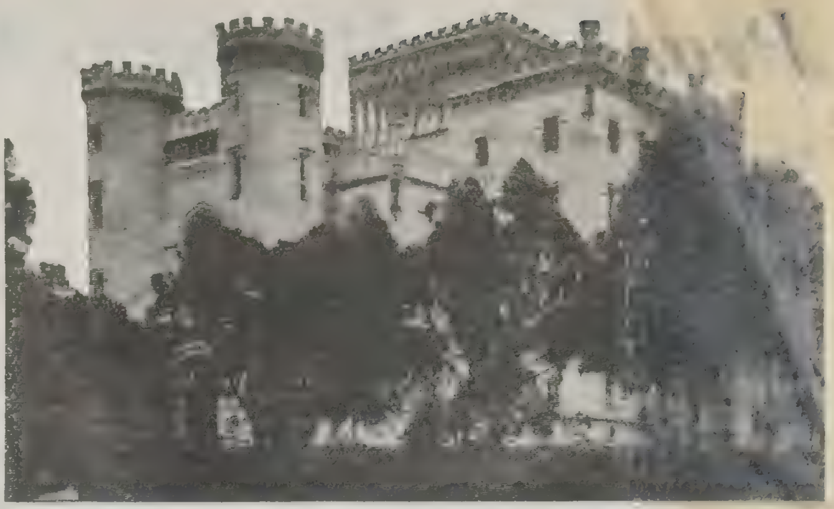
Gone are the days when the Caesars were able to command cheap labor in the shape of an unlimited supply of slaves of all nations, who were fed on radishes and garlic and clothed not at all; gone are the days when they could commandeer marble quarries and whole forests of timber trees. Mussolini must figure on what has come to be known as a living wage for all the workmen; and the standard of living has considerably risen since the days of old Rome.

The trouble of finding a site in the center of the city without demolishing St. Peter's, or the Vatican, or the Castle of St. Angelo, or some of the other historic structures, is a formidable one, for it must be remembered that Mussolini has no desire to have such an architectural record-beater relegated to some vacant lot in the outskirts.

This building contains (on paper) 4,500 rooms, 100 large assembly halls, a theater, a gymnasium for the training of Olympic athletes, and a huge concert hall. The dictator proposes to call it the "Lictoria" as a memorial of the Fascist regime. It is designed to be a sort of Coliseum, Circus Maximus, Baths of Diocletian, and super-Capitol, all rolled into one. But Mussolini would do well to remember the Tower of Babel and the fate that overtook its ambitious projectors.

The Metamorphosis of an Ancient City

By KATHLEEN READ COONTZ

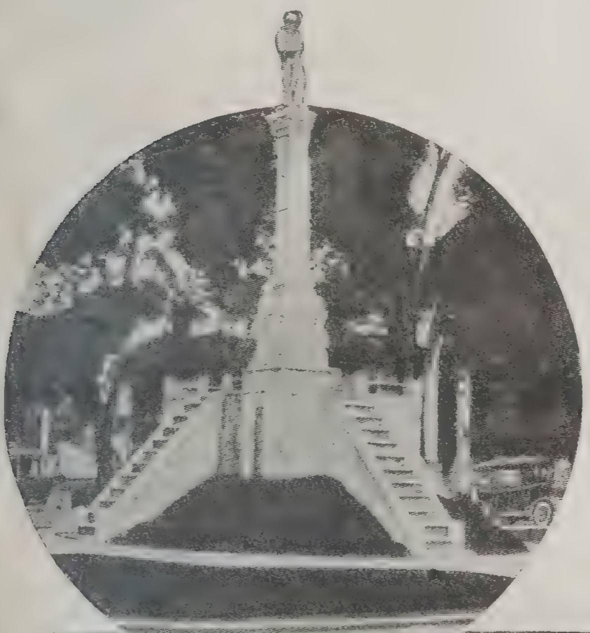


State Capitol of Louisiana.

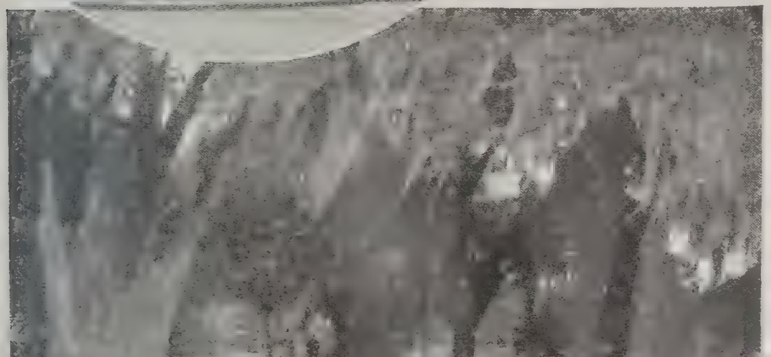
TWELVE years is but a dot in the history of any established city, and to the ancient capital of the State of Louisiana the period of twelve years in an earlier stage of her existence would have marked little change, but 1911 registered an epoch which was not only to double the population of the town of Baton Rouge, but so to change the features that one returning to a childhood home could scarcely find the century-old landmarks.

Twelve years ago the writer left this city of "Poetry in the State of Romance," high on the banks of the Mississippi, dreaming away in her sunshine, her flowers and her moss. One had the feeling that because Baton Rouge had held this unhurried charm for almost a century and a half that she possessed some magic that would hide her from the onslaught of the typical American city, and that wherever one might wander she would never cease to be as memory visioned her—quaint, drowsy, and redolent of that strange charm that had lured visitors from all quarters.

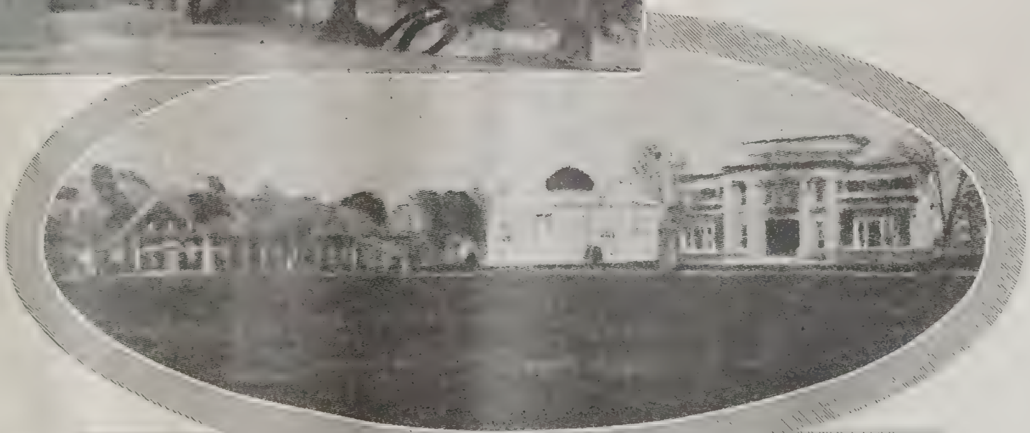
But the inevitable march of commerce and enterprise which seeks the most vulnerable spots for activity and expansion has not spared the brush of modernity on the quaint old capital of the state. The entire aspect of the ancient town has undergone a change, which, although it brings satisfaction to the heart of the industrial promotor, has nevertheless disturbed the poetical soul of Louisiana.



Above—Confederate Monument.



Below—By the bayou.



Louisiana State University Campus.

Dormitory and Agricultural Hall, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

As a feeble answer to this spirit of the times, let us turn back the pages of Louisiana history and tenderly gaze on the former bewitching likeness of Baton Rouge.

Baton Rouge was settled by the French about 1718. Opinion is divided as to the origin of the name, which is the French for Red Stick. One historian has it that the French coming up the river discovered a pole bearing a bloody head, placed there by the Indians on the prominence which was the location of the settlement.

Another and more poetic version of the name, and one which is the favorite of all native Louisianians, is the story of how the tall red trunks of the cypress trees which were seen afar off by the French sailing up the river were mistaken for poles of blood, and were thus exclaimed over as "Baton Rouge."

However, the name clung to the settlement and a unique history distinguished the little town that began to grow, for it has had the honor, enjoyed perhaps by no other city of the United States, of having served under six flags, the most characteristic of which was that of the Republic of Baton Rouge.

As part of the Florida parishes the history of this city follows a somewhat different course from that of the rest of the Louisiana Purchase. It was not included in the purchase made by Jefferson in 1803, and before this had a stormy career in which it set itself up as a separate republic with a flag distinct from all the rest of the world.

The town became a British possession in 1763 as part of West Florida, and fell under the Spanish Government in 1779.

From 1849 to 1862 it was the state capital, when Shreveport was chosen for the Confederate seat of government, but in 1864 the Unionists made New Orleans the capital. The Louisiana Ordinance of Secession was adopted in Baton Rouge in 1861, and the city was the scene of much fighting during the Civil War, and was captured and held by the Union forces until the end of the campaign, when it was again made the capital of Louisiana, an honor it has retained.

Thus Baton Rouge has struggled for two hundred years, during which time the flags of France, Spain, Baton Rouge Republic, Britain, the Confederate flag and the Stars and Stripes of the United States have waved from her ramparts.

This is her history, as told in unadorned facts, but the romance, the seductive beauty, and absorbing interest of Baton Rouge is only known to those who have walked the cobblestone pavements, and dreamed under the ancient moss-draped oaks ringing with the fantastic music of the mocking birds, or stood by the orange trees, the fragrance of the waxen petals filling the soul, or sat at the feet of an old-timer and heard stories handed down from generations now dust in the placid, old Magnolia Cemetery.

A separation between this old burying ground and the adjoining National Cemetery, with its rows of white, unnamed stones and mounted cannon balls, does not loom so great today—Flanders Field has forever erased a boundary line of North and South—but time was when this seemed an alien plot to the little southern town, which each year decorated the graves of the boys in gray who lay sleeping in home soil. The soldier monument on the Square, raised in proud and undying loyalty to the southern lad, which so short a time ago towered above the quiet gardens nestled around, today appears squat and gray between tall office buildings.

The State University crowning the point overlooking the river and noticed by the visitor through the quaint architecture of the buildings on the Pentagon, has a past extending to the days of Spanish occupation when these buildings were occupied by the garrison and when the moss-covered armory contained implements of war which put to rout the poor natives. The haunts of those Indians today are marred by the many mounds, and children of the new civilization continue to find arrowheads and other ancient relics.

Roam over the grounds where the ancient gray buildings frown upon massive modern structures and one will come across a little stone that bears this inscription: "Loose the latchet from thy shoe for the ground thou treadest on is holy ground." If one has been fortunate enough to have heard a grandmother tell of the long ago, as has the writer, the sight of the shoe buckle, which Zachary Taylor wore when he lived on this spot, would bring a thrill, as would the stories related of that gallant gentleman.

The old lady's cheeks never failed to glow when she spoke of the wonderful night "When I danced with General Taylor, and when the ladies all surrounded him, he threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'General Taylor surrenders.'"

Today, with plans to remove the State University to a point farther down the river where the agricultural department may have room to expand, the question is being asked, "What will become of the old Spanish fort?" It is to be hoped that Baton Rouge citizens will not be too occupied with the progressiveness so recently acquired that they will neglect the opportunity to preserve for future generations this mute witness of an individuality that is fast disappearing.

The statehouse today stands unchanged, unique among the capitols of the United States. Presenting the appearance of an old Spanish palace from whose towers waves the American flag, it stands high on a terrace overlooking the Father of Waters, with the white petals of the magnolia dropping sôftly around its battle-scarred façades.

But it is on Lafayette street that the vandal seems to have been at work most ardently, in the past twelve years since commercial interests discovered Baton Rouge and that dear narrow old street which so proudly numbered among its houses the one that sheltered the great general, and which today is only a memory.

The old cotton gin in the east part of the town where happy-hearted Negroes toiled, crooning their weird chants, has given way to a modern factory; the little cabins on the bayou, where the last remnant of the Negro of the old South caught the crawfish for the gumbo, have been supplanted by stucco dwellings, and the bayou itself, its vagaries checked and no longer allowed to flirt with the river, presents itself as University Lake, and is a pretty setting for the groups of students in canoe and on shore who come from all parts, drawn by the magic spell of Louisiana.

Occasionally some landmark will loom up, tenaciously holding its own, in spite of the boarding house invading the town. One of these is the old Dougherty homestead, which served as a hospital during the Civil War, and where splendid southern women nursed Union and Confederate soldier alike. Behind its quiet garden it stands, its wide galleries extending on every side, its broad halls filled with that hushed air which tells of glories fled. This, the capitol, and the old Spanish fort are the three sturdy links which the present retains to connect Baton Rouge with its proud history of the past.

As the train moves out, a large sign, "Baton Rouge, A Good Place To Live In" greets the eye, glaring against a background of smoke and tall chimney stacks.

The writer will confess to closing lids over eyes suspiciously damp, while Memory, that witch Memory, soothed her heart by rearranging the scene in all its former loveliness. A whiff of jasmine was wafted from some neglected garden on the outskirts of the town upon which the dusk was fast descending.

Province of Ontario May Abandon Prohibition

If So, the Bootlegger Will Be Put Out of Business, But Not the Rum-Runner

By FREDERIC T. YEALLAND

TO THE people of the United States the result of the pending vote in Ontario, Canada, on the question of prohibition is of no small consequence. On it depends whether the oasis in the great North American desert shall be still further extended, whether the Republic shall have a liquor-drinking neighbor along its entire northern boundary, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or whether there shall continue to be one dry spot extending north of the international boundary from the Detroit to the Ottawa rivers. If Ontario votes "wet" officers intrusted with the enforcement of the United States "dry" laws may find it more difficult than ever to carry out their already arduous duties.

Of special interest to the American people, particularly those of the border states, is the question: If Ontario votes wet, what effect will repeal of the Ontario Temperance Act have on the rum-running activities between the two countries? The answer to this depends to a considerable extent on the nature of the legislation substituted for the existing law. It would be only natural that the rum-runner would cling to his highly profitable business as long as he could. The manufacture of whisky and beer for export would continue under any law the province might pass, and it would be from the distilleries and breweries, under a government control law, that the government stores would be stocked. It is as "exporter" that the rum-runner obtains his supplies other than "moonshine," and the provincial authority might be able to check his activities to some extent by including in any new legislation provisions which would make it costly for him if "caught with the goods." Only federal enactment, however, can be expected effectually to cope with the rum-runner, and as with a wet Ontario thirsty ones would have no further use for him the government at Ottawa would have no cause to fear public hostility if it legislated to put him out of business.

Effect on the Border Cities

THUS far Quebec province's abandonment of prohibition has tended to increase rather than check rum-running as reports from the eastern parts of both countries from time to time clearly show. The West is too newly back into the liquor business to be able to determine whether the illegal international traffic out there has been lessened, the votes in two of the provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, not having yet been put into effect. So far as Manitoba and British Columbia are concerned the illegal traffic still goes on. Under the circumstances, no matter what the result of the vote in Ontario may be it is not asking too much that the Dominion government, if only as an act of neighborly courtesy, pass a law putting down rum-running. The people of each country have a right to prohibit the liquor traffic within its own borders—no one disputes that—and it ill becomes a country professing friendship to permit its citizens to set a law of a neighboring nation at defiance As it is, even while Ontario's decision is yet to be made, there are thousands of miles of international boundary over which liquor is being taken from Canada into a country which prohibits, and it is reasonable to hope that Canadian public opinion will force the federal government to proper action and thus give to over-sea countries, through whose indifference and inaction the disgraceful "rum row" off the American Atlantic Coast is made possible, a lesson in international courtesy. Such a law would have the effect of checking a new-rich class, a Canadian aristocracy in the making from whom is collected annually tens of thousands of dollars in federal income tax, thus giving official approval of a traffic that is a disgrace to the Dominion and tends to debauch the people of a neighboring country. Whatever the result of the vote in Ontario, on October 23, may be, whether it be in favor of giving the Ontario Temperance Act further trial or the repeal of that measure, the plain duty of the federal government is to do its part toward freeing itself of the scandal of the rum-runner, of permitting its citizens systematically to assist those of a friendly nation in setting at defiance an established law of that nation. Otherwise there is certain to be a spread of international lawlessness along a border thousands of miles in length detrimental to the best interests of both countries.

As far as bootlegging is concerned, both it and the blind pig will in all probability be put out of business if Ontario votes wet, for nobody will have use for either if the beer and liquor to which they once were accustomed can be obtained without police interference and without running the risk of drinking poisonous moonshine.

But *will* Ontario vote wet? *Will* the rich and great province go back to conditions such as existed before war came to the world?

A stranger in the province mixing among its people and listening to their expressions of opinion cannot but come to an affirmative conclusion. Popular opinion seems to be based on the votes in the four western provinces, all of which are now in the wet column. The feeling is abroad, apparently, that Ontario cannot afford to be the only Canadian province west of the Maritimes under prohibition. Moreover, the immense American summer tourist traffic in Quebec province is looked upon with envious eyes by the sordid-minded, who believe that with prohibition gone Ontario would get a far larger share of this traffic, which means millions of dollars annually to store and hotel keepers and others of Canada. Then, too, the trade of the thirsty of United States cities bordering on Canada would certainly mean the spending of much United States money on the Canadian side. For whatever system of government sale supersedes the Ontario Temperance Act in the event of the defeat of that measure it will be open to visitors from other countries as well as Canadians. The result will be that Windsor, Sarnia and Niagara Falls, Ontario, will have a new interest to the thirsty of Detroit, Port Huron, Buffalo and the nearby communities of each of those cities, who may be expected to bring home that which is so difficult to procure, if not in flat bottles tucked away in hip and inside breast pockets, certainly on their breath. This would mean still further trouble for prohibition enforcement officers on the south side of the border.

Prohibition workers, when asked, take an optimistic view of the outlook. They cannot, they declare, believe that the premier province of the Dominion will join with its sister provinces in undoing what took so many years to accomplish. Ontario is the best-behaved of provinces, they boast, is a leader rather than a follower, and can be relied on to stand firmly by a legislative enactment, more than once endorsed by the electorate, and which has been of such great benefit to the people. Dry leaders, moreover, have the utmost faith in the women voters, the chief beneficiaries of prohibition, and argue that it is impossible to turn the tremendous dry majorities given in previous votes into a dry minority. Of the five votes taken on the liquor question in Ontario since 1894 every one has been most emphatically in favor of prohibition, the majority in the most recent referendum in 1919 being 407,289 in favor of retention of the Ontario Temperance Act. In the turnover in the western provinces, prohibitionists see the fine hand of the voter from European countries, where people are not so well educated on this question as are the native Canadians.

On their part opponents of prohibition, as represented by the Moderation League, appear to be quite satisfied as to the prospects. It is their claim that as prohibition was an outgrowth of war people have come to the belief that peace-time readjustment cannot be effected until the country gets back to peace-time conditions, or near them, and that those conditions cannot be reached so long as any of the provinces are under prohibition. A great revulsion of popular sentiment has set in, they argue—a revulsion such as is seen in all countries where a once-popular government, backed by a large majority in parliament, is hurled from office by a dissatisfied electorate on the first opportunity. This revulsion first manifested itself in Quebec province, next in British Columbia, then in Manitoba and finally Alberta and Saskatchewan in that order until today (leaving the Maritime Provinces out of consideration), there remains only Ontario to mar a wholly wet Canada, and Ontario, they further claim, is going to complete the job on October 23. The fact that Saskatchewan, which voted dry a few years ago by a tremendous affirmative vote, recently went wet by a majority of 38,956, in the opinion of the antis, only shows there is little in these votes to encourage Ontario prohibitionists. The further claim is made by the wets that thousands of voters who indorsed prohibition as a war measure have sickened of it as it has operated in time of peace.

That the sympathies of the Ontario government, or a majority of the cabinet ministers at least, are with the opponents of prohibition is a claim of the drys. Hon. W. E. Raney, who, while Attorney-General in the late Farmer-Labor government, had to do with the administration of the Ontario Temperance Act, in an open letter recently charged the present holder of the office, Hon. W. F. Nickle, with grave laxity in the inforcement of that law with the object of bringing it into contempt. Mr. Nickle, it is only fair to say, vigorously denies this, but it is an undeniable fact that in recent months it has been no difficult matter to obtain beer or liquor in Toronto hotels, and similar stories are told of Windsor. This has been particularly noticeable during the holding of conventions in those and other cities, and it is no secret that at picnics at popular resorts beer has been openly drunk and no one has been prosecuted. There may be no truth in Mr. Raney's charge against Mr. Nickle, but there is too much evidence of laxity somewhere.

Government Sympathy With "Wets"

GOVERNMENT sympathy is also alleged in the premier's withholding of public announcement of its decision to take a plebiscite and his still further delay in giving to the public the form of ballot to be used. While the general public was kept in ignorance on these points for months, the Moderation League, it is alleged, was in the government's confidence, and it is claimed that the anti-prohibition cause is no mean gainer as a result.

The decision as to the form of question to be answered in the coming plebiscite was not given out until about two months after the date of voting was made public, and it is common talk that men prominent in the Moderation League had something to do with the forming of the questions. However that may be it is certain that on the day the long-looked-for announcement was made the government went through the form of calling leading men of both sides into conference.

The questions to be answered are:

1. Are you in favor of the continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act?

2. Are you in favor of sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under government control?

It is to question No. 1 that dry leaders offer chief objection. They would have preferred the straight question, "Are you in favor of prohibition?" The fear is that prohibitionists who are not satisfied with the Ontario Temperance Act as it is—and there are no doubt many of them—may be induced to vote "No" to the first question, while if they were required to say whether or not they favor prohibition they would unhesitatingly answer "Yes." As the vote will be a plebiscite, all that is really necessary, drys claim, is the one question as to prohibition. If the second question is affirmatively answered, it is pointed out, the government will be able to claim authority to give the public the "hardest" whisky, as well as beer and wine.

On the other hand, Premier Ferguson explains that "government control," in the view of the government, does not mean a system of sale as in operation in Quebec and British Columbia, but that the government will make all sales and that the people will be given opportunity as expressed by their votes at the polls in purchasing beer and liquors under strict regulations.

The object of the anti-prohibition leaders evidently is to get the liquor question back into politics, experience having encouraged their belief that once it is there again they need have no further fear of the enactment of another such law as the Ontario Temperance Act. But the old "liquor interest" as it was before the war has disappeared, and without the licensed bar as it was in former days, which few care to assert will ever come back, that interest is certain to remain away. The only real liquor interest today is that composed of the brewers and distillers, with the Moderationists thrown in. The two first named are influenced solely for gain, which the abandonment of prohibition would return to them in large measure; the other by a strong objection to any interference with what they shall eat or drink, or, as they express it, their "liberty." But the brewers, distillers and Moderationists all together could never form a combination so influential in politics as existed when the licensed hotel keepers were a big factor in elections. With the latter out of the reckoning it is difficult to see how either political party is to be forced to commit itself to liquor license as a policy.

Stubborn Struggle Impending

NEVERTHELESS experience of the last two provincial elections has taught that the anti-prohibition vote—solid, though without organization—is a power in provincial political affairs. First it punished the Conservative party by assisting, in 1919, in the overthrow of the government that introduced the Ontario Temperance Act, and in the election of 1923, influenced by the belief that after all more in the way of liquor was to be expected from a Conservative government than from any other, threw its weight with that party and helped bring it back to office. No one realizes more fully than the present government the true strength of the anti-prohibition vote in Ontario, but even that knowledge is hardly likely to be sufficient to induce that government or any other to make "return of the bar" a plank in its platform. For years before the war the hotel keeper's political ardor was prompted by the most selfish object. From time to time municipalities would vote on the question of license reduction, and almost invariably the verdict would be favorable, the result being that in one city the number of licenses was eventually reduced from more than one hundred to between twenty and thirty, while other cities told a similar story. The hotel man realized that only by the best of election service to the government of the day could he hope to retain his license and remain in business; hence his ardor during election campaigns. It was fear of offending the liquor men, who had helped keep one party in power in the province for upward of thirty years, that prevented the carrying out of the popular demand for prohibition as expressed in the plebiscite of 1894.

In the coming contest, therefore, it will be pretty safe to omit the old liquor interest from the reckoning, leaving the struggle between those whose cellars are going dry, with those who couldn't afford to put by for a dry day, and those who rejoice in the fact that within the last few years tens of thousands have grown from boyhood to man's estate in a barless Ontario and are prepared to strain every effort to the end that other generations shall grow up under like conditions. Not even the bitterest opponent of prohibition, however he may wish to the contrary, sees any hope of the bar coming back.

A wet majority on October 23 will mean the undoing of all that has been achieved by the prohibition forces of Ontario after decades of strenuous effort. It would mean conditions in Canada's premier province similar to those which have existed in Quebec since the close of the war, the putting of alcoholic beverages within the reach of old and young. Such a state of affairs would, of course, be highly discouraging to prohibitionists; but it would do this much good—it would teach them the lesson that instead of devoting their energies to obtaining temporary prohibition in province by province they should aspire to something of a permanent character—a law after the pattern of the Volstead Act, which applies to the whole country. It may be that a stubborn opponent would be found in an unsympathetic senate, which has to pass on all legislation coming from the popular house of parliament; but it may be that, after another taste of a legalized liquor traffic, public feeling will become so aroused that the irresponsible upper house would think twice before resorting to obstructive tactics. Dry leaders cannot be blind to the fact that making Canada dry by installments is uphill and unsatisfactory work, that there is no knowing how long a province which gets into the dry column will remain there, and it seems only reasonable that they change their policy and reach out for something more enduring and more far-reaching. It will be a tremendous job, take years to bring it to fruition, but the end sought would be well worth every effort. If prohibition fails in the coming plebiscite its advocates may be expected to make a fresh start in a work involving, first of all the education of government and parliament.

Meantime, both sides are preparing for a stubborn struggle. Since the nature of the questions to be answered on the ballot has been made known, each party has given evidence of a determination to win.

The Floating Mansion of the Presi

Combines Sumptuousness With Comforts of His New England Hom

By S. R. WINTERS

REPORTS appearing at frequent intervals in the newspapers that President Coolidge and family are entertaining a group of friends on the *Mayflower* convey little real information, with the exception that the public is informed of the movements of the Chief Executive. The kind of vessel in which the President is carried on these short cruises down the Potomac River, the environments surrounding the Presidential party on these week-end excursions, and the subjects that engage the attention of the titular head of our government while aboard the *Mayflower*, are the things that stimulate the popular imagination.

This patrol yacht, reserved for the exclusive use of the Chief Executive of the Nation, is in a measure a mansion afloat. The comforts and conveniences of the White House are to be found on this time-honored craft, with the added pleasures attendant upon cruising through the water. A spacious dining room, sleeping quarters for the President and his wife and as many as fourteen guests, reception room, smoking room, library, and a motion-picture theater on deck, are among the facilities at the command of the President and his family when they sail the Potomac River. The boat itself, rich in appointments, has a valuation approximating $1,500,000.

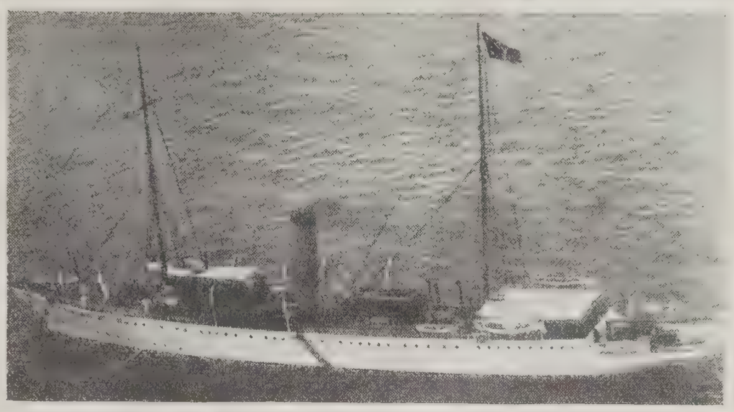
The observances and customs on this handsome yacht vary, of course, with the different Chief Executives at whose commands it is placed. For instance, President Coolidge has introduced the departure of having religious exercises conducted on board the *Mayflower* during Sunday cruises. In keeping with this evidence of spiritual devotion, a chaplain of the United States Navy is included among the personnel of this patrol yacht, just as a chaplain is present on a man-of-war. This permits President and Mrs. Coolidge to attend religious services on board a vessel with quite the regularity with which they are accustomed to visit a Washington church when occupying the White House over Sunday.

The entertainment facilities on board the *Mayflower* include the United States Navy band, a radio receiving set, a motion-picture outfit, a piano, and a victrola. Motion pictures, for instance, are exhibited on the fantail of the vessel. The Presidential party, together with the officers and enlisted personnel of the U. S. S. *Mayflower*, assemble on the main deck to witness the pictures shown on the screen. The President of the United States and the sailor, who may be assigned the humble task of scrubbing the deck of this graceful yacht, meet on a common ground to view these cinema productions. The officers cite this an instance of the informality that characterizes the attitude of President and Mrs. Coolidge when on board their private yacht. Of course, they receive honors and courtesies that are justly theirs, but such endowments are shared with "common sense," which phrase has become a campaign slogan with the Coolidge Administration.

As the writer visited the various compartments on the *Mayflower* he was impressed with the homelike atmosphere with which the officers sought to surround the Chief Executive. True, the appointments are palatial in appearance but many of the things that you would find in a New England home are faithfully preserved in this floating mansion. Of course, the rooms are heated by steam, and naturally you would not expect to find an old-fashioned fireplace. The latter is provided, artificially, by means of that obedient servant, electricity. This make-believe fireplace involves the placing of two electric light bulbs in the midst of red bunting, which in turn is shielded from the heat, and then they are surrounded by blocks of crystals. When the electric current is turned on, the old-fashioned fireplace is simulated so that the eye is not likely to detect the deception.

The dining room on the *Mayflower* is decidedly pleasing to the eye, and judging by the predominant color tone it may be described as the "Blue Room." The "Harding Blue" not only prevails since the death of former President Harding and the retirement of Mrs. Harding to her Ohio home, but Mrs. Coolidge has contributed to the prevalence of this color. She has placed several blue vases and candlesticks in the dining room. The soft atmosphere which these blue furnishings afford is inviting to the most critical eye. A table occupies the center of this room and when this is extended a group of twenty-four persons may be seated comfortably for dinner or other meal-time engagement. There is a cook on board this vessel whose duties are devoted to the preparation of meals for the Presidential party.

The President and his wife each have separate bedrooms. All told, there are seven bedrooms for guests on the *Mayflower*, affording sleeping quarters for fourteen visitors. A bathroom is accessible for occupants of each of these guest rooms; and, oddly enough, there are two solid metal bathtubs adjoining these rooms. However, they constitute original fittings of this yacht and were not installed because of any special latter-day requirements. One guest room, although equipped with two beds and other furnishings in common with the six other bedrooms for guests, is distinctive by reason of a metal plate tacked on the footboards of each bed. The inscription on each of these plates reads as follows: "From the U. S. S. *George Washington* and the suite occupied in 1918-1919 by President and Mrs. Wilson on their trips to and from the Peace Conference at Paris. The same suite was occupied by the King and Queen of the Belgians on their visit to the United States."


"Official photograph United States Navy."
The *Mayflower* with steam up ready for a cruise on the Potomac.

That the comfort of the Chief Executive of the Nation is sought after to the fullest extent while he is aboard this patrol yacht is attested by an incident occurring during the administration of President Woodrow Wilson. When the latter was stricken with illness after the Peace Conference in Paris, an elevator was installed on the *Mayflower* that he might go from deck to deck with the minimum physical exertion. This elevator was never used and has been removed altogether. Another incident which has gained currency, but which is not verified by the United States Navy Department, is that during the illness of President Wilson, Thomas R. Marshall, then Vice-President, accompanied the King and Queen of the Belgians to Mount Vernon under a special flag flown from the President's yacht. The Bureau of Repair and Construction of the Navy Department doubts the authenticity of this reported incident, stating that the Vice-President has no flag and that naval regulations would not permit the making of such a flag.

The reception room on the *Mayflower* is provided with a victrola, a piano, and a loud-speaking device. The latter is connected by wire with the radio shack or room on the upper deck and entertainment by radio is thus furnished the Chief Executive and his guests. President Coolidge, for instance, listened t proceedings of the conventions of the two major litical parties when cruising during these sessions. library is on board, the books consisting of discussio of constitutional law and military and naval histories a home and abroad. If, however, the President desires to read a special book he brings such published volume on board the ship, since this small library contains only a few standard books.

A ward room is reserved for the officers of the *Mayflower*, hanging on the walls of which are portraits and autographed signatures of the five Presidents who have had the privileges of a private yacht—Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge.

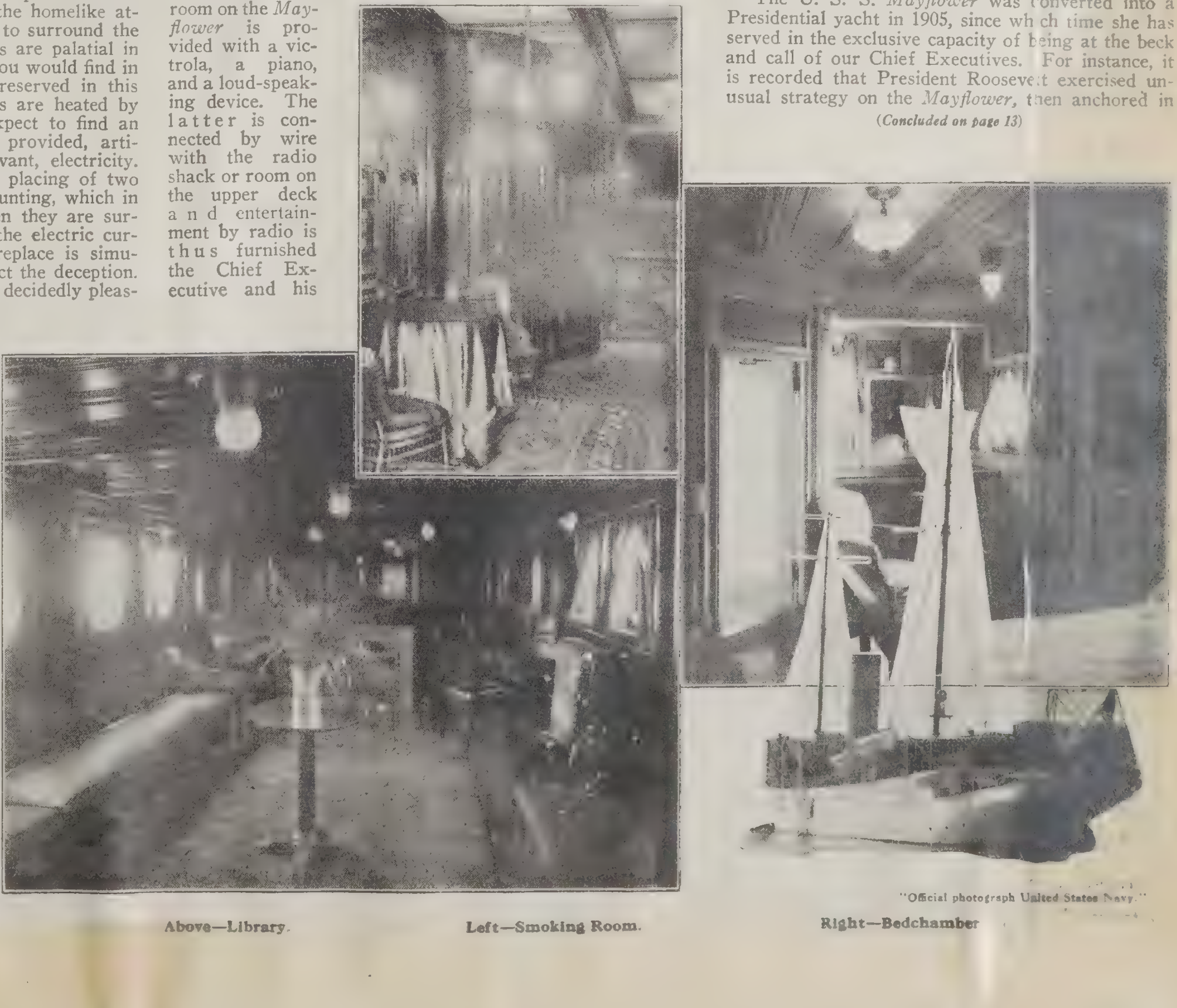
Captain Adolphus Andrews is the commanding officer of the *Mayflower*, and Lieutenant Commander John F. Meigs is ranking commanding officer. These officers and other members of the staff occupy the singular position of being aides to the President and yet they are subject to the regulations of the Navy Department.

The courtesies and pleasantries exchanged between the officers of this vessel and naval representatives of other countries is one of the many fine things to the credit of the executive staff of the *Mayflower*. A token appreciation of this friendly relation was expressed by the Russian delegates to the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments in the presentation of a solid silver punch bowl to the officers of the *Mayflower*. This bowl is one and one-half feet in diameter and one foot deep, with the emblem of a knight in full armor standing alongside the bowl. The knight is studded with semi-precious stones, some of which have fallen out but are now being replaced. The inscription of esteem is carved in the Russian language.

The U. S. S. *Mayflower* is rich in historic lore. Built by a British firm, J. & G. Thompson, of Clydebank, Scotland, she was purchased by the United States Navy Department on March 19, 1898, at a stipulated price of $430,000. She was designed by George L. Watson, who also designed the *Thistle*, competitor for the American yacht racing cup in 1887, but she was defeated by an American yacht *Volunteer*. The *Mayflower* was purchased from the estate of Ogden Goelet, who died aboard the vessel on his first cruise. Before being set aside for the exclusive use of our Presidents, the *Mayflower* had a varied service. She served in the blockade off Havana in 1898, during the Spanish-American War, and in 1900 was detailed for special service in offering succor to destitute Americans in San Juan, Porto Rico, sufferers of a typhoon. For two years she cruised the Porto Rican waters, when during the latter part of 1902 she was designated as the flagship of Admiral Dewey. At intervals during her twenty-six years of service in this country she was placed out of commission only soon to be restored to active duty.

The U. S. S. *Mayflower* was converted into a Presidential yacht in 1905, since which time she has served in the exclusive capacity of being at the beck and call of our Chief Executives. For instance, it is recorded that President Roosevelt exercised unusual strategy on the *Mayflower*, then anchored in

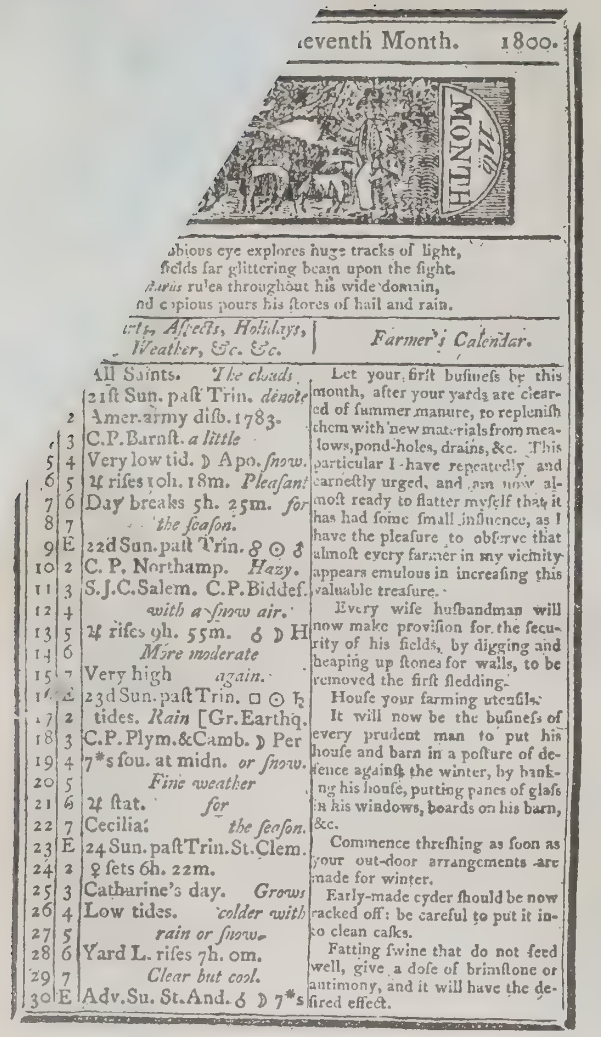
(Concluded on page 13)


"Official photograph United States Navy."
Above—Library. Left—Smoking Room. Right—Bedchamber

Almanacks of Our Forefathers

Some of "Poor Richard's" Prognostications

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



eventh Month. 1800.

bious eye explores huge tracks of light,
fields far glittering beam upon the ſight.
ſtarius rules throughout his wide domain,
nd copious pours his ſtores of hail and rain.

		rts, Aſpects, Holidays, Weather, &c. &c.
		All Saints. *The clouds*
		21ſt Sun. paſt Trin. *denote*
	2	Amer. army diſb. 1783.
	3	C.P. Barnſt. *a little*
5	4	Very low tid. ☽ Apo. *ſnow.*
6	5	♃ riſes 10h. 18m. *Pleaſant*
7	6	Day breaks 5h. 25m. *for*
8	7	*the ſeaſon.*
9	E	22d Sun. paſt Trin. ☍ ☉ ♂
10	2	C. P. Northamp. *Hazy.*
11	3	S.J.C. Salem. C.P. Biddef.
12	4	*with a ſnow air.*
13	5	♃ riſes 9h. 55m. ☌ ☽ H
14	6	*More moderate*
15	7	Very high *again.*
16	E	23d Sun. paſt Trin. □ ☉ ♄
17	2	tides. *Rain* [Gr. Earthq.
18	3	C.P. Plym. & Camb. ☽ Per
19	4	7*s ſou. at midn. *or ſnow.*
20	5	*Fine weather*
21	6	♃ ſtat. *for*
22	7	Cecilia. *the ſeaſon.*
23	E	24 Sun. paſt Trin. St. Clem.
24	2	♀ ſets 6h. 22m.
25	3	Catharine's day. *Grows*
26	4	Low tides. *colder with*
27	5	*rain or ſnow.*
28	6	Yard L. riſes 7h. 0m.
29	7	*Clear but cool.*
30	E	Adv. Su. St. And. ☌ ☽ 7*s

Farmer's Calendar.

Let your firſt buſineſs be this month, after your yards are cleared of ſummer manure, to repleniſh them with new materials from meadows, pond-holes, drains, &c. This particular I have repeatedly and earneſtly urged, and am now almoſt ready to flatter myſelf that it has had ſome ſmall influence, as I have the pleaſure to obſerve that almoſt every farmer in my vicinity appears emulous in increaſing this valuable treaſure.

Every wiſe huſbandman will now make proviſion for the ſecurity of his fields, by digging and heaping up ſtones for walls, to be removed the firſt ſledding.

Houſe your farming utenſils.

It will now be the buſineſs of every prudent man to put his houſe and barn in a poſture of defence againſt the winter, by banking his houſe, putting panes of glaſs in his windows, boards on his barn, &c.

Commence threſhing as ſoon as your out-door arrangements are made for winter.

Early-made cyder ſhould be now racked off: be careful to put it into clean caſks.

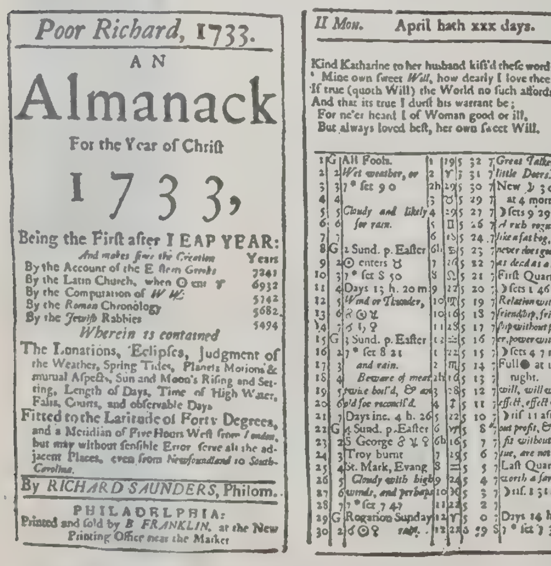
Fatting ſwine that do not feed well, give a doſe of brimſtone or antimony, and it will have the deſired effect.

Farmer's Almanack for 1800 by Robt. B. Thomas. Note that November began on Saturday as it does this year.

THE most popular and at the same time most widely read book in all the world is the humble almanac. No family is too poor to have the book, because Lydia E. Pinkham furnishes free copies. In colonial America every farmer had the almanac hanging by the fireplace, convenient to consult by the light of the fire.

In Europe and in America almanacs were among the first printed books. Long before the invention of printing, scribes made up the calendar in almanac form with a list of the holydays and with the position of the planets. In this way the demands of science (astrology) and religion were both satisfied. It is worthy of note that in Europe a child is named commonly after that saint upon whose day the child's birth occurs. In any event, the pious son or daughter of the church celebrates not the birthday but the "name-day" or day in the calendar corresponding to the given name. One would be unlucky to be born on January 20, for example, for that is the day of Saints Fabianus and Senus and one might be named Sebastian or Fabian. one in the northern hemisphere can study the calendar without noticing that winter comes in December and spring in April. From such simple beginnings it was easy to try to calculate the weather more in detail in advance. Certain seasons seem to bring rheumatism and other ailments. It was not unnatural to connect these ailments with the weather and with the stars. What more natural to suppose than that these heavenly bodies control human destiny and this reasoning once begun even the toothache was likely to be blamed to some unfortunate star.

The Early English almanacs listed the "dayes good to sett and sowe, to take medicines, to lett bloude, to cut heares and fortunate and unfortunate dayes," together with "the daily disposition of the weather, with the juste (exact) hower and minute of the chaunge." Eclipses were great favorites in the almanacs. Under March 3, 1569, one Joachim Hubrighe, "Doctour of Physicke and Astronomie" set down: "Eclipse of the Moone, which bringeth with it verie pestiferous fevers, and other diseases, whyche the Lorde dothe sende among us onely for synne, except we speedyly repente."



Poor Richard, 1733.
AN
Almanack
For the Year of Chriſt
1733,
Being the Firſt after LEAP YEAR:

And makes ſince the Creation	Years
By the Account of the Eaſtern Greeks	7241
By the Latin Church, when ☉ ent. ♈	6932
By the Computation of *W. W.*	5742
By the *Roman* Chronology	5682
By the *Jewiſh* Rabbies	5494

Wherein is contained
The Lunations, Eclipſes, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Aſpects, Sun and Moon's Riſing and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and obſervable Days.
Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours Weſt from *London*, but may without ſenſible Error ſerve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South-Carolina.*
By *RICHARD SAUNDERS*, Philom.
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and ſold by *B. FRANKLIN,* at the New Printing-Office near the Market.

II Mon. April hath xxx days.

Kind Katharine to her husband kiſs'd theſe words,
'Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly I love thee!'
If true (quoth Will) the World no ſuch affords.
And that its true I durſt his warrant be;
For ne'er heard I of Woman good or ill,
But always loved beſt, her own ſweet Will.

Title-page Poor Richard's Almanack, 1733. If you can find a nice copy of this Almanack of 1733 (in your attic) it would be worth a thousand dollars. Benjamin Franklin was the author and printer.

The whole circuit of the heavens is divided into twelve parts of 30° each, making the twelve signs of the zodiac. In addition, each wandering star or planet had its symbol and these combined with the others give a mystic effect to the calendar.

Symbols

Later each sign of the zodiac was associated with some part of the human body. This is the fearful figure of a man which ornaments, so to speak, the front page of many a modern patent medicine almanac. Richord Allestree in 1625 wrote as follows: "When you would purge any part of man's body, let not the Planet which is significator of the part of the strong or fortunate in the Heaven (if you can tell when it is). For example, purge not the gall, Mars being fortified. You shall have the parts of man's body, which the Planets are attributed unto set downe for your better knowledge in the fifth page within my almanacke. Stop humours, fluxes or rheumes, the Moone in Tauro, Virgine or Capricorno. Observe that medicines are better to be given in the decrease or wane of the Moone than in her increase or spring . . . .

"An unguent or plaister is best applied when the Moone is in the imaginary signe attributed to the member whereunto it is applyed. But above all remember where the Physitian is not paid the disease goeth backward."

Aside from a single page published in 1739 the first American book was "An Almanack, calculated for New England by Mr. Pierce, Mariner." The printer was Stephen Daye, of Boston. No copy is preserved. The earliest American almanac that has survived the ravages of time is one of 1646 by Samuel Danforth, preserved in the Massachusetts Historical Society.

In 1692 the "Boston Almanack" introduced into America the rubricated calendar, with the title-page in red and black and "red-letter days" are known from this use of red ink.

German almanacs and calendars were long popular in Pennsylvania and are found there even today; their appearance here began with "Der Teutsche Pilgrim Auf das Jahr 1731."

The first "Farmers' Almanac" appeared at Boston for 1713. In 1793, Robert B. Thomas began "The Farmer's Almanack" which continues under the same name even to the present year, now with the title, "The Old Farmer's Almanac." It probably does not have a large circulation as it is not free.

The "Ladies' Diary" with mathematical questions was an English venture of 1704 which became more popular with the introduction of recipes for cooking and preserving instead of arithmetic. In 1741 the "Gentleman's Diary" made its appearance and 100 years later the two, having arrived at the age of discretion, were married by the proprietors and this "Gentleman's and Ladies' Diary" for 1924 can be bought in England.

The humorous almanac began with "An Almanack after a New Fashion, 1664," written by Poor Robin, "Knight of the Burnt Island, a well-wisher to the Mathematicks," which ridiculed the astrologers and stargazers. This name accounts for the use of "Poor Richard" in the most famous of all almanacs, that by Benjamin Franklin, first published in 1733.

Maxims and poetry for each month, with scattered sage observations, made the sayings of Poor Richard household words.

Maxims—"Poor Richard," 1733.

The favour of the great is no inheritance.

Beware of the young doctor and the old barber.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, a woman.

Men and melons are hard to know.

Maxims—1734.

Better slip with foot than tongue.

Teach your child to hold his tongue, he'll learn fast enough to speak.

An egg today is better than a hen tomorrow.

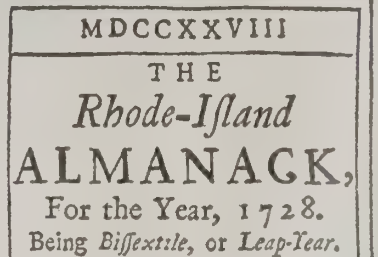
Poetry for May, 1734.

"Wedlock, as old men note, hath likened been,
Unto a public crowd or common rout;
Where those that are without would fain get in,
And those that are within, would fain get out."

Maxims

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Creditors are a superstitious sect,
Great observers of set days and times.

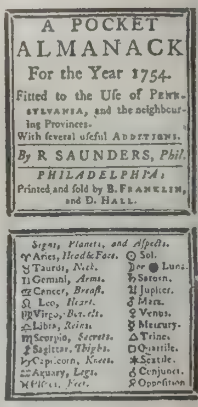


MDCCXXVIII
THE
Rhode-Iſland
ALMANACK,
For the Year, 1728.
Being *Biſſextile*, or *Leap-Year.*
Carefully fitted, and exactly calculated to the Meridian of *NEWPORT* on *Rhode-Iſland*; Whoſe Latitude North is 41 *gr.* 30 *m.* Longitude from *London*, 72 *grs.*
But may without ſenſible Error, ſerve all Parts of *NEW-ENGLAND.*
Being the firſt ever publiſhed for that Meridian
By *Poor ROBIN.*
NEWPORT. Printed and Sold by *J. Franklin*, at his Printing-Houſe on *Tillinghaſt's* Wharf, near the *Union-Flag* Tavern 1728.

The first Rhode Island Almanack by James Franklin, 1728.

The following verses concerning the months were found in an old English calendar:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one;
Save February which alone
Has twenty-eight and one day
more
We add to it one year in four.



A POCKET
ALMANACK
For the Year 1754.
Fitted to the Uſe of PENNSYLVANIA, and the neighbouring Provinces.
With ſeveral uſeful ADDITIONS.
By R SAUNDERS, *Phil.*
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and ſold by B. FRANKLIN, and D. HALL.

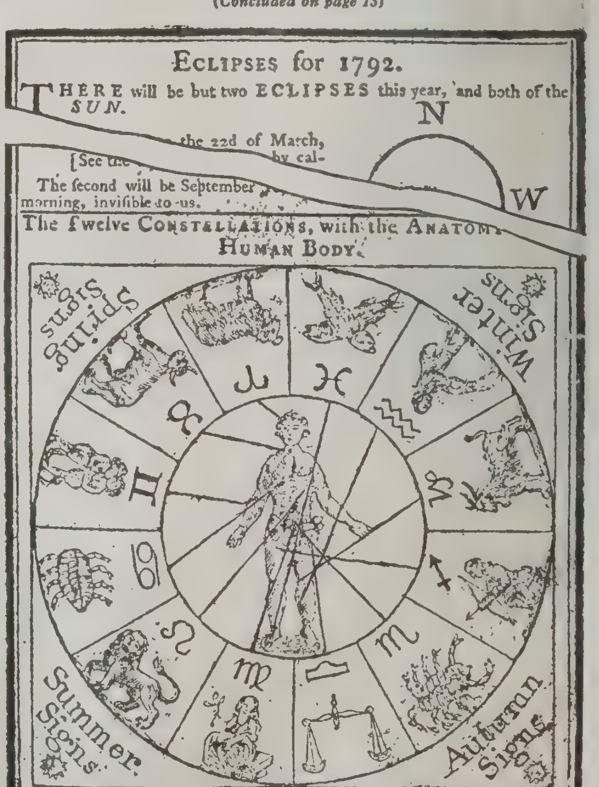
Signs, Planets, and Aſpects.	
♈ Aries, *Head & Face.*	☉ Sol.
♉ Taurus, *Neck.*	☽ or ● Luna.
♊ Gemini, *Arms.*	♄ Saturn.
♋ Cancer, *Breaſt.*	♃ Jupiter.
♌ Leo, *Heart.*	♂ Mars.
♍ Virgo, *Bowels.*	♀ Venus.
♎ Libra, *Reins.*	☿ Mercury.
♏ Scorpio, *Secrets.*	△ Trine.
♐ Sagittar. *Thighs.*	□ Quartile.
♑ Capricorn, *Knees.*	✱ Sextile.
♒ Aquary, *Legs.*	☌ Conjunct.
♓ Piſces, *Feet.*	☍ Oppoſition

A pocket Almanack for the year 1754. "Fitted for use of Pennsylvania and neighboring provinces. Printed by B. Franklin."

Benjamin Franklin published his almanac under the name of "Richard Saunders, Philomath," or lover of mathematics. Franklin spoke with justifiable pride concerning it: "I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I, therefore, filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.' These proverbs which contain the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse, prefixed to the almanac of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the continent (that is, the American continent); reprinted in Britain on a broadside, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication."

Franklin was particularly popular in France and the

(Concluded on page 13)



ECLIPSES for 1792.
THERE will be but two ECLIPSES this year, and both of the *SUN.*
the 22d of March,
[See the by cal-
The ſecond will be September
morning, inviſible to us.
The Twelve CONSTELLATIONS, with the ANATOMY
HUMAN BODY.

The body and the signs of the zodiac from "An Astronomical Diary or an Almanack, for the year of our Lord, 1792," by Osgood Carleton, teacher of mathematics.

First Iron Bridge Still Carries National Pike Traffic

THE first iron bridge built in America, the eighty-foot single arch across Dunlap's Creek in Brownsville, Pennsylvania, between Uniontown and Wheeling, still carries the traffic of the famous National Pike.

This historic structure was completed July 4, 1839, more than eighty-five years ago. During the palmy days of the old Cumberland Road, stagecoaches and Conestoga wagons passed over this bridge in a constant stream.

For more than half a century after the coming of the railroads, the National Pike, the first improved highway between the seaboard and interior, was little used except for local horse-drawn travel.

Now an endless procession of automobiles and motor trucks race across the Dunlap's Creek bridge at high speeds and carry greater loads than were dreamed of by its bold, able designer.

In addition, the staunch, well-proportioned structure is being subjected to a further dead load, not contemplated when it was built, consisting of two concrete sidewalks each about six feet wide, together with the beams and brackets supporting them without any reinforcement of the arches or the abutments.

Captain Richard Delafield, U. S. Army Engineer Corps, designed and erected this bridge. His principal assistant was Lieutenant G. W. Cass. The brilliant careers of these men explain the worth of the first iron bridge erected in the New World.

Captain Delafield later was twice superintendent of West Point; our observer at the siege of Sebastopol, and, finally, chief engineer of the U. S. Army and regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

Liutenant Cass entered civil life and helped organize the Adams Express Company, of which he became president. He was subsequently president of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, part of the Pennsylvania System, and lastly president of the Northern Pacific.

In a letter to General Charles Gratiot, chief engineer of the U. S. Army, dated March 21, 1836, Captain Delafield describes the plan of this bridge as "different in its principes of construction from any of which I could find a notice by either English or French engineers."

The eighty-foot arch of the Dunlap's Creek bridge is composed of five large, round, cast-iron ribs, termed voussoirs. Each voussoir is made of nine hollow pieces or segments. The five voussoirs parallel each other.

The arch rises eight feet from the points where the voussoirs spring from the abutments to the center of the bridge. The level roadway is built on top of this arched framework, the bones of the bridge.

The abutments are of sandstone masonry, each 25 feet wide, 14 feet thick and 42 feet high. They are faced with so-called springing plates of cast iron, each 28 feet 8 inches long and 2½ inches thick, upon which the ends of the 5 ribs of the arches rest.

The iron work in the bridge was constructed in the establishment now known as the Herbertson Foundry, in Brownsville. Doubtless it was the location of the foundry in Brownsville and the availability of Pittsburgh pig iron via the Monongahela River, which connects the two places, that emboldened the army engineers to embark upon the adventure of building this country's first iron bridge.

In the letter to General Gratiot, previously quoted, Captain Delafield also said that he had ordered Lieutenant Cass to go to the Pittsburgh furnaces and purchase the "pig metal of a quality similar to that used there for Gun Metal." One hundred and fifty-nine tons was used.

Captain Delafield rented the foundry and its staff stating, "By this course I can secure a choice of metal and can control the mode of casting in any way it may be found desirable." He took no chances upon inferior material or workmanship and time has proved his wisdom.

There are two hundred and fifty castings in the bridge as well as the wrought-iron railings. Although cast iron strongly resists rust, Captain Delafield took the precaution, after the superstructure had been erected, immediately to cover it with a coat of gas tar and then three coats of white lead paint.

The construction of the bridge was started late in 1836 and while it was so far advanced that its use commenced about July, 1838, its completion and formal opening did not take place until Independence Day, 1839. The cost was $39,901.63.

The Dunlap's Creek bridge was built as a part of the reconstruction of the National Pike undertaken by the Federal Government preparatory to turning it over to the respective states through which it passed.

George Washington personally located much of the route of the National Pike, first known as the Cumberland Road, across the mountains. However, it was not until 1818 that construction was undertaken in earnest. It was a project of the Federal Government and, with the possible exception of the famous Richardson Highway in Alaska, the only important roadbuilding of its kind. It is said to be the longest continuous paved road in the world.

The eighty-foot single arch across Dunlap's Creek, Brownsville, Pennsylvania.

Does Tobacco Injure Mental Efficiency?

Concluded from page 4

sidered a profit or a loss may be gleaned from the state legislation of Virginia, where we find that the articles prohibited to children include pistols, bowie knives, dirks and tobacco. The classification ought to be significant. A more striking fact is presented by the legislation that obtains in Washington. Here the sale of pistols and revolvers is prohibited to children under the age of sixteen, but tobacco under the age of twenty-one.

"Those who maintain that tobacco is a profit are asked to explain the legislation of the State of Maine, which puts tobacco in a class with poisons and narcotic drugs; and that of the State of West Virginia, which places tobacco in a class with opium."

Japan has a law prohibiting smoking by all persons under twenty years of age. There has been talk of national prohibition of tobacco in Sweden. England has just passed legislation prohibiting the sale of tobacco to all minors under the age of sixteen. The German Republic shows active interest against the further expansion of the tobacco habit. In some of the German cities, the boards of education have appointed teachers to lecture in the schools against the use of alcoholic liquors and tobacco.

Other Condemnation

Boys' schools in America have generally tried to prevent the use of tobacco, as have some colleges—notably Oberlin, the North Dakota Agricultural College and the Agricultural College of Utah. Certain colleges and academies have tabooed the use of tobacco among their faculty members. Among the heads of colleges who have taken a strong stand on this subject are the presidents of the University of Wisconsin, the University of Illinois, the University of Cincinnati, Lehigh University and Bowdoin College. The use of tobacco, although not entirely forbidden in our National Military and Naval academies at West Point and Annapolis, is nevertheless very largely restricted. Officers of McMinnville College, in Oregon, in 1917, placed a ban on the use of tobacco in all its forms. A number of big western newspapers commented favorably on the action.

The general policy of the Young Men's Christian Association throughout the country has been against tobacco, and I understand that few of its secretaries use it. The Boy Scouts make it one of their chief aims to fight the cigaret. The Salvation Army does not permit any of its officers to use tobacco in any form.

Summary

We find, then, that tobacco injures the mind as well as the body. It reduces mental efficiency and accuracy, and reduces the power and inclination to study. In short, it dulls the razor edge of the human mind, in all its functions, thinking, feeling and willing.

The most that can be said for tobacco is that it gives pleasure. This is true in the same sense that opium, or alcohol, or any other narcotic gives pleasure. But such pleasures are elusive; for they are short-lived and self-defeating. In the end poisoned nerves necessarily yield less pleasure than healthy nerves. The smoker, deprived of his tobacco, is in distress in exactly the same way as, even if in less degree than, the opium user or alcohol user. He is really a drug addict. He calls for more tobacco to drown the distress which tobacco itself has caused. The net pleasure from all drug addiction is presumably less than zero, even without counting the indirect pains, or losses of pleasure, which come from the bodily and mental injuries and ailments described—impairment of heart or eyes, incapacity to resist tuberculosis, decrease of earning power, beclouding of the mind.

In short, tobacco as a "pleasure" is a delusion and a snare.

The average smoker thinks of his indulgence as in the same class as harmless amusements or pastimes, like the movies or chewing gum. He has a right to know that it is really to be classed with harmful habit-forming drug addictions.

Legitimate recreation is not only permissible but essential as a part of human life. But there is always a tendency for self-indulgence to pass over the indefinite boundary line between legitimate *recreation* and illegitimate *dissipation*, the line which separates wholesome from unwholesome drama, the line which separates an ice cream soda from a brandy-and-soda, or separates a card party from a gambling joint, or separates normal and moral from abnormal and immoral sex life.

We cannot classify human conduct, as a child does, as simply wholly good and wholly bad. Often it is hard to draw the line at all and moderate tobacco using is close to the border line. But we can readily see that it is a step on the wrong side of the line.

(The next and concluding article will treat of the money costs of tobacco.)

Floating Mansion of the President

Concluded from page 11

Oyster Bay, when he effected peace between Russia and Japan. President Roosevelt directed that the Russians be held aboard their ship and that the Japanese be brought on the *Mayflower*. He greeted the ambassadors of the two countries in his cordial manner and after a twenty minutes' conference in the library of the *Mayflower* all was well. The President's yacht carried the House Naval Committee to the Panama Canal in 1912; conveyed Admiral Togo and party to West Point and Mount Vernon in 1911; and has been the means of conveyance of many other notables in her cruises along the Potomac River. In fact, she is equipped to go anywhere at the direction of the President.

Structurally, the *Mayflower* is built of wood, for the most part, and is semi-water-tight. She is 273 feet long, has a beam of 36 feet, a mean draft of 17 feet 4 inches, and has a displacement of 2,690 tons. She is manned by a crew of 165 men, and she has a capacity of 16 4/10 knots. Last year, the *Mayflower* power plant was converted from a coal to an oil burning unit, thus eliminating the smoke and cinders common to ships that consume coal. During the administration of President Harding she was damaged by a fire but repairs were soon effected. She is provided with a barge, operated by a high powered gasoline engine, which is a means of [illegible] veyance of the Presidential party from the *Mayflower* [illegible] dock. This motor boat, which is said to be the [illegible] type in the world, is equipped with a bell, [illegible] light, and compass, and is capable of going [illegible] water at 20 knots, but this speed has never [illegible]

[illegible] gton, of course, is the home port of the [illegible] Off duty, she may be seen on the Anacostia River, docked alongside the Washington Navy Yard. Aircraft constantly soar above this venerable yacht, and the breezes that fan her upper deck make it inviting during sultry days. During the past summer not infrequently Mrs. Coolidge retreated from the White House to this deck to escape the heat wave. Occasionally, she would be accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Frank W. Stearns, and the two would sit on deck and partake of the sea breezes and quietude which are rare elsewhere in the National Capital. The *Mayflower* not only bespeaks the privacy of a mansion and the peaceful environment of a home, but there is a total absence of a military spirit—only four 6-pounder saluting guns on board.

Almanacks of Our Forefathers

Concluded from page 12

Bonhomme Richard, presented by France to John Paul Jones, was named "Clever Richard" in honor of Franklin and his "Poor Richard."

Great works of literature and art are characterized by enduring qualities being powerful in appeal after centuries. Take it in industry the following maxims of Franklin are as good today as they were two hundred years ago:

"If you would have your business done, go; if not, send."

"The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands."

"Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open."

Industry and frugality were virtues much extolled by Franklin. "Necessary Hints to Those That Would Be Rich," written in 1736, was followed 20 years later in "Poor Richard" by a "Plan for Saving One Hundred Thousand Pounds." These are attractive ideas and the suggestions are as valid today as when written by the great American philosopher and scientist, journalist and statesman.

In the preface to his first almanac Franklin perpetrated a somewhat questionable joke upon another almanac producer named Titan Leeds. Franklin announced: "He dies, by my calculation, made at his request, on October 17, 1733, 3 hours, 29 min. P. M., at the very instant of the conjunction of the sun and mercury: By his own calculation he will survive till the 26th of the same month." In the next issue, despite the frantic disavowal by Leeds, Franklin announced the death as predicted, ridiculing the foolish assertions of Leeds that he was still living. After the actual death of Leeds a few years later Franklin published a spirit letter as received from Leeds in which the latter confirms Franklin's prophecy of his death as taking place in 1733. Parenthetically we may remark that the great Swift in 1708 to 1710 played a similar prediction joke upon an Englishman, Partridge, following it up with "An Elegy Upon the Supposed Death of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker," and finally an epitaph for the naturally irate Partridge.

Examine the little almanac with care. Observe the days and the seasons. Observe the signs. Above all do not be enticed into enjoying all the symptoms so delightfully described in the free almanacs as so easily cured by pills and sirups and compounds. Let the mystic symbols tempt you rather to look to the open heavens and the great outdoors. As "Poor Richard" said:

"Many dishes, many diseases.
Many medicines, few cures."

and "He is the best physician that knows the worthlessness of the most medicines."

Some Ups and Downs on the Atlantic

Co

What could be more logical, asked he, than to put her in a place where she would have less leisure and more responsibility? Driving nails would cut down her leisure and taking care not to smash her fingers would increase her responsibility.

"Do you realize," he asked me, "that when one is driving nails he can think of nothing else in the world? He has got to watch that hammer and his fingers all of the time."

Another gentleman eased over toward me in the smoking room began to talk and as rapidly as he could do so, sketched his business career, up to his retirement at the age of 65, taking care to specify each occasion when his sagacity had prevented him from investing in ventures that afterward went wrong. Finally, he accumulated all the money he wanted and decided to retire from business and spend the rest of his life traveling.

"I deeded over to my wife," he said, "a lot of property and when I handed her the deeds said: 'Now here is enough property to keep you going all of your life and as long as you live I don't want you to ask me for another cent.'"

I assumed, of course, that here was another gentleman who had had trouble with his wife, but a few moments later I heard a woman's voice behind us.

"So here is where you are," she said to him. "I [illegible] not know but you had got off the ship."

I looked around and saw a woman about seventy years old. She was his wife. On shore none of these men would have talked to a stranger about his wife or business. On the sea they blabbed like magpies. I [illegible] sure I did nothing to encourage them to talk.

[illegible] thing that may happen to you on the Atlantic, any month of the year, is to run into a storm. On the eastward trip, we ran into one in early June. Or rather, it ran into us. It came up behind us in what was described on the ship's log the next day as a "full gale." Waves 60 feet high struck us between the center and the stern of the ship. The old boat, though it is one of the five largest in the world, went over with each smash until sometimes it seemed as if it would go clear over. [illegible] stayed on deck, clinging to a post, all day, watching [illegible] storm. One had to cling to something to stand. The decks were tilted so that all the furniture in the smoking room and lounge slid across the floor and piled up against the wall. Men and women, thrown off their feet, tried to climb up the floor as they might have tried to climb the roof of a house. Many women had bloody noses and some sprained arms. After the big spill in the lounge, the leader of the orchestra announced that the worst of the storm was over and there would be some music. In less than five minutes he and all of his players were sprawled over the floor with their legs tangled up in their instruments. The storm was at its height for a day, but seven hours after it began to recede I was in the smoking room when this happened: The ship gave a terrific roll. A man who was sitting at a table near me with two women went over backward, turned a complete somersault and came down on his hands and knees—with his chin on the floor—and a heavy chair on top of him. It seemed as if he might have been severely injured, but he got up, rubbed his bald head a moment, ordered another drink and went on talking.

Speaking of drink reminds me to say this: There is a general belief that when American men go abroad they begin drinking as soon as they are beyond the twelve-mile limit and keep it up until they reach home. So far as I know, this is not so. There was plenty to drink, going across and coming back, but no immoderate drinking. I saw nobody who was drunk or even noticeably under the influence of liquor.

Most passengers find their amusement, not in drinking but in walking around the deck, playing shuffleboard and other similar games, and reading. To tell the truth, one fails to see anybody getting much pleasure out of an ocean voyage. People go aboard believing that they are to have a glorious week of idyllic enjoyment. In about twenty-four hours, most of them seem to realize that they are becoming weary of it. The restlessness of the land takes hold of them. They have nothing to do and too much time in which to do it. They begin to count the days until the trip will be over. What else can they do? One cannot enjoy looking at a lot of water forever. It is not worth $300 or $400 to sit around and read magazines six days. Some are always seasick and can't do anything, though if one will look at the sky instead of the water there is no reason why anyone should be seasick. In a little while, he can even look at the water when the ship rolls or pitches.

But something may happen at any moment on the ocean to give one a thrill. One beautiful morning I had breakfasted and gone to the smoking room where in my favorite seat on the top deck at the front of the boat I could get a splendid view of what seemed to be the whole ocean. I was smoking away, thinking of nothing in particular, when suddenly the whistle began to blow. It was unusual for the whistle to blow except at noon, but I supposed it was blowing as a signal to a passing vessel. Almost immediately, however, the ship, which had been sailing a straight course, began to turn sharply to the left. The whistle, too, instead of blowing a continuous blast, blew several blasts. Looking over to where two stewards were standing I knew from their faces that something unusual had happened. I walked over to them and asked them what the blowing of the whistle meant. They said it was an emergency signal, the meaning of which they did not yet know. Descending to a lower deck I met many other passengers who, like myself, wanted to know what the emergency whistle meant. A steward said he understood that somebody had fallen overboard. A half-minute later another member of the crew said he had been informed that somebody had jumped overboard. It turned out that one of the cooks had leaped from his quarters, near the stern. Meanwhile, the big ship continued to swerve to the left until she had described a complete circle when she stopped near the point where the unhappy cook jumped into the sea. The ship remained there half an hour. Then we went on, leaving the poor youth who had traveled with us 1,500 miles in the middle and at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

It was interesting to see how different individuals reacted to the tragedy. One man, whom I had never seen before, rushed up to me while the meaning of the ship's whistle was still unknown and, with his face wreathed in smiles, said: "This will give the low field a chance." Nothing but gambling apparently interested him. Another man, after the ship resumed its journey, expressed sympathy for the cook and said they would make the ship a gloomy place that day. The captain's comment the next morning at breakfast was this: "I should have thought that cook might have been a little more considerate. He might have dropped overboard at night and not spoiled everybody's day."

Sometimes it is a fog that brings everybody to attention. Sailors fear fog more than anything else. It is true that radio and a device by means of which the propeller of a nearby ship can be heard offer much protection, but there is still danger that signals may be misunderstood. When a heavy fog closes down on a ship, most captains cut their speed to half during the day and less than that during the night, and sound the whistle at intervals of a minute. An extra lookout is also sent into the prow. Everybody is glad when a fog is over.

After the rising of a fog, along toward sunset, beautiful cloud views are often presented. I have seen what appeared to be five or six transparent drop curtains of fog, each fashioned in fantastic form, all hanging motionless over the sea. You looked through the six fog curtains as you might have looked through so many transparent curtains of scenery in a theater.

The last night of the trip differs from all the others. There is no selling of pools. The halls are full of trunks. Everybody is preparing to go ashore and is glad of it. The next morning you may see a fishing boat perhaps the first ship you have seen since you left New York. A little later, if your ship is to call at Cherbourg on its way to Southampton, you sight the northern coast of France. You note the quaint homes on the hills of Cherbourg and get your first view of the great breakwater that extends about four miles into the English Channel.

Your ship drops anchor near the breakwater. A French tender comes alongside. You see the French captain at the wheel of the tender—perhaps a short spare, snappy man with black mustache and chin whiskers. Very seriously he takes his job of maneuvering his little craft up to the big one—as well he may. When ropes from the big ship have made the little one fast, passengers and baggage are transferred. You see the young girls go down the plank, eager to get to Paris. For the moment, at any rate, London does not interest them. They want to see the styles.

After an hour or so, you are again off on your journey. You proceed up the English Channel and, in a short time, sight the Isle of Wight. Somebody points out to you Osborne House, which used to be the favorite castle of Queen Victoria, a beautiful palace nesting on a hillside surrounded by shrubbery.

After five hours on the Channel, you sail up the river and are soon at the dock at Southampton. You find the English customs house intelligently organized and effective. You pass through it with no confusion or inconvenience. French customs houses are very different. They are madhouses.

You take a train at Southampton, and after a ride of ninety miles through beautiful country, stop at the Waterloo Station in London. You look at your watch, which you set ahead approximately an hour each night on shipboard, and realize that while it is 7 o'clock in the evening in London—according to "Big Ben" which is just striking—it is only 2 o'clock in the afternoon in New York.

This Is My Own, My Native Land!

Concluded from page 3

red man. His emotions are ever hid behind a stolid face.

So the refusal of this simple native to violate a trust [illegible] him by his father was the reason back of it all. [illegible] some line of reasoning, Long Jim and a few of his faithful followers really believe in their simple way that their ancient land—at least the present south half of the reservation—can be won back to them, by refusing to accept any of the treaty money. They seem to attach considerable importance to the continued drought that has had this land in its grip since the very year it was thrown open to the white settler, back in 1915.

From what I can gather, there are some of them that look on it as an act of Providence in driving the whites from the drought-stricken land, for, although they have suffered along with the rest, out of the hundreds of white people that made their homes on the reservation there is but a mere handful left.

Little occurrences which had to do with the Indians of this vicinity that I had wondered over in the years I had been here were suddenly made plain. Chief among them was the controversy over the property of Long Jim that he had inherited from In-na-mo-sech-ee Jim, his father. Located along the north side of the townsite of Chelan, it soon became valuable when that place developed into a mecca for the tourist, camper, and fisher folk, bound for the snow-capped Lake Chelan country beyond, the Switzerland of America.

For years this land was the bone of contention between a company of real estate men, the Indian Department, and Long Jim. It is reported that he (Long Jim) could at one time have received some forty thousand dollars for his interests; but he refused it.

The controversy dragged along, punctuated with lawsuits that ate into its vitals. Taxes accumulated until Long Jim had to borrow three or four thousand dollars from his people with which to pay them.

Today, his interests in the pretty city at the foot of the lake have disappeared, save for a long winding grade that leads away from Chelan to the north. It is called Long Jim Hill.

During all this time there were other incidents in which the Indian took a vital interest, which proved his spirit was in no wise broken, and that he was holding inviolate the pledge he had made his father. One of them was the act of the state of Washington in deeding to the State Historical Society a ten-acre tract of land at the mouth of the Okanogan to commemorate the place where the Stars and Stripes were first flown in the state.

Long Jim contested this, fearing that it would be the forerunner of further donations and that improvements being made would rob him of the free land that stretches unfenced, away in the distance.

Though the deed was made the land remains very much the same as it was, save for a 112-foot flag pole that Dan Gamble brought from the top of the mountain with his six-horse team, and a monument of boulders erected by the people of Brewster when they held a centennial celebration there in 1911.

When the present south half was opened, Long Jim fought it with every means at his disposal. His efforts were in vain. The whites came in with a rush, but some of Long Jim's people had taken up allotments to the north of him, and the government laid out a great governmental townsite to the east, and surveyed it into streets, boulevards, alleys and sites for wharves on the broad banks of the Columbia River.

Long Jim viewed this with much concern. The building of a city there would mean his moving away from the mouth of the Okanogan, one of the cherished meeting places of his father's people. But he did not have to worry long. A shack or two was built, the owners held out until they had eaten up their initial stock of provisions, then they moved on, abandoning their embryo establishments to the inevitable pack rat.

With the untillable, tumbled hills stretching to the eastern horizon, the Columbia to the south, the Okanogan on the west, Long Jim rests fairly secure in his ancient domain, made doubly so by blocking the attempt of the city of Brewster to span the Okanogan with a bridge.

The only available site was one that encroached on his land. No amount of argument or bribery could shake the stand taken by Long Jim. Let anyone appear along the newly built road leading to the proposed bridge si and the first object to appear across the river wou the watchful Indian, generally on a horse. Sho cross the stream, Long Jim would meet water's edge. That is as far as they got The road is nearly effaced by the pas

I suppose my Indian friend has vi satisfaction more than once.

Life has been full of misfortune Long Jim. His two sons were taken a of the red man—tuberculosis. A fe last son was going to school in Brews stopped. I asked Jim the reason why. ever he replied:

"Sick now; by-by mamaloose (die).

It was not long until the potlach (funeral) was announced. It is an ancient custom of the Indians to give away all the belongings of the deceased to their personal friends. Cyril Gamble, a white boy, was one of the invited guests. His gift, if I remember, was a pair of beaded moccasins.

The only surviving offspring of Long Jim is his seventeen-year-old daughter, a healthy, fine-looking girl who this autumn will enter her first year in high school. She bridges the gap between the long ago of the Indian and the present day, and may adjust herself to changing conditions and preserve her race from extinction.

Well, What's All This About the Newspapers?

Concluded from page 2

men, I don't believe anybody here knows anything about this."

The meeting broke up in laughter and song. We all agreed that it was more or less hopeless. The newspapers had failed us. Every mental carburetor was flooded.

Who is to blame for this appalling literary waste, which, if allowed to go on, will eventually swallow us all up?

I do not know. I am not a sociologist, a psychologist nor political economist. The facts I have given are indisputable, and easily verified out of our common experience.

As I see it, the besetting sin of our age is lack of restraint, and this bears the same relationship to our national mentality that waste does to our material affairs. When we put no restraint on our minds, the result is shown in material extravagance.

To overcome the complex machinery of modern life, constantly growing more exacting and bewildering, we need clear heads, and clear heads require wholesome recreation and entertainment of the right kind. We dope ourselves with headlines, revel in the unrealities of sensationalism, all the time not realizing that, if we restrained our mental adventures and sought within ourselves the spiritual release which comes from proper moderation and self-discipline, we would then shortly become what our forefathers intended us to be—a really free people.

The Motor-Car Ramp in Great Britain

English Publicist Analyses Mr. Snowden's Recent Free Trade Victory

By R. L. OUTHWAITE

THERE recently fell to the lot of the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer, of Great Britain, a task, in itself a test of political courage, but peculiarly so in the case of a Labor Finance Minister. During the war a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer had imposed duties of 33 1/3 per cent on a range of "luxury" imports to retard their importation. In doing so he breached the Free Trade policy of Great Britain. The 33 1/3 per cent duty on imported private motor cars afforded Protection to the manufacturers. They claimed that the increased output of their factories was due to the duty and that removal would mean the discharge of a large percentage of their workers to join the ranks of the unemployed who already number more than 1,000,000 persons.

The Protectionists can never hope again to have so favorable a battleground as this. An industry expanding from natural causes, operating under Protection withheld from those producing its raw material and the latter thus obtainable in a Free Trade market, together with vast unemployment exploited by the Conservative Protectionist party and press. The duties were due to lapse on last May 1. The Chancellor of the Exchequer provided in his budget statement for their extension until August 1. The leader of the Conservative party moved a vote of censure condemning their abolition and this was defeated on May 13, by a Labor and Liberal vote of 317 to a Conservative Protectionist vote of 252, a Free Trade majority of 65.

The result of the raging propaganda of the British motor manufacturers has been to expose to the public gaze the inherent inefficiency of their methods of production. The *Economist* pointed out that a [illegible] was coming in the motor-car trade and wrote:

"The fact of the matter is that a number of small cars today are being sold at actual cost price, or only very slightly above it . . . . The idea is to try to squeeze out many of the other makers so as to leave the small car market in the hands of only a few makers . . . . Some of the firms are in a very precarious position, and nothing but a miracle can save a good many from closing down within the next few months."

The *Daily Herald*, Labor, noted the slump in the shares of motor-car concerns between the end of 1919 and the beginning of this year.

"Harper and Bean's ordinary shares during this period declined from 21s 6d to 1s 3d, and their Preference shares from 18s to 1s 9d. Together these reductions represent a loss of £4,107,551. Austin Motors have lost upon debentures and shares £3.638,880. Crossley Motors Ordinary stood at 32s 6d four years ago. At the beginning of this year they were 5s. Loss to shareholders, £1,515,195. Other such losses are: Leyland Motors, £1,457,500; Wolseley Motors, £1,433.395; Vauxhall Motors, £619,401.

So much for the motor car industry under Protection of 33 1/3 per cent and producing cars at a price that only the few can afford to pay.

The Protectionists have throughout been hampered because they could not claim that the motor-car industry was threatened by the importation of foreign cars, the product of cheaper labor—their stock-in-trade argument. The common knowledge that the cheapest car in the world is made by highest paid labor robbed them of this appeal. It is not too much to say that this fact largely contributed to the maintenance of the Free Trade policy of Great Britain by having shown that cheap production is not a matter of cheap labor.

As one Free Trade member asked: "How is it that the honorable members opposite are afraid of competition from the United States of America, because in that country the wages paid by the motor industry are very much higher than the wages paid in this country." There was no reply.

The Path of Protection

CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN, D. S. O., a Liberal Free Trader, referred to a sinister aspect of the agitation for Protection with convincing candor:

"I am speaking about the lobbies of this House, and I am referring to the change that has come over our political campaigns in connection with this sort of debate and this sort of duty. We are constantly being pressed by people who come here not for grievances to be redressed, not for some public interest to be attended to, but because they want something done which will put money in their pockets. Men who in the old days thought of nothing but their customers and pleasing their customers think now of nothing but wheedling members of Parliament and nobbling Ministers. People, who in the old days thought that the secret of success was to give better value for money, say today, 'If we can get a tariff, better value is of no account.' Their object is not to promote the public interest but to manipulate divisions in the House of Commons.

"That is a complete change, and a very evil feature. I cannot summarize this point better than in the words of a Tory of Tories, the Noble Lord who sits for the University of Oxford (Lord Hugh Cecil), who said: 'Protection will lead to the corruption of our public life as it has led to the corruption of the life of other countries. The purity of our public life is the lifeblood of Europe. If Conservatives go in for Protection, I will have nothing to do with such an apostate party. If they determine to travel down the path of dishonor and Imperial ruin, I will wash my hands clean of so great a crime.'"

Mr. Snowden, in his speech in reply to Mr. Baldwin, referred to the tactics of the Protectionist manufacturers who were getting petitions signed by their workers, largely girls and boys, for the retention of the duties under virtual duress. He referred in scorn to the arguments used to create the belief that vast unemployment would result from the abolition of the duty. He said: "One employer in the motor industry has virtually made himself leader of this campaign against the repeal of the duties. He has made himself responsible for the statement that if these duties were repealed, a million men will be thrown out of employment and four million more will be indirectly affected."

Mr. Snowden then proceeded to point out that this employer claimed to have turned out 30,000 cars last year or half the British output. He had claimed to employ "directly and indirectly, 40,000 men. The British Motor Car Manufacturers' Association has given me the number of men actually employed by this man. It is not 40,000. It is 4,949."

Mr. Snowden then pointed out that: "The wages bill of the whole car production of this country last year was £13,000,000" and, says the employer already mentioned, "there are 4,000,000 men employed in the production of this output. Therefore, their average wages are £3 a year! . . . . The Board of Trade inform me that it would be a full figure to take 200,000 men as the total number employed in the motor-car industry and allied trades of this country, that is, those who are directly employed in the production of private motor cars. It takes that number to produce 62,000 cars."

Mr. Snowden concluded this examination with the remark: "I will now pass from all this agitation, which one of the leading motor-car manufacturers referred to as 'the colossal humbug of the press campaign.'"

After having had a period of Protection which Mr. Snowden showed had taken £30,000,000 out of the pockets of the British taxpayers at the customs, the net result has been that in "1913 we exported more motor cars from this country than we did in 1923."

It is now to be anticipated that the British motor-car producers, after this exposure of their "colossal humbug," will be compelled to reorganize their methods and produce a car at a price that local millions who want cars can afford to pay, and which like other British products will be able to find a place in the markets of the world.

The Silo That Looks Like a Medieval Tower

ON THE old Green Bay Road, in the country not far from Milwaukee, there stands a unique landmark in the form of a silo which has been converted into a medieval tower. The tower is modeled after those of Chartres in France, and it stands at the entrance to the farm belonging to Clarence R. Falk, known as "Ye Old Apple Tree Farm."

The tower has just been recently completed, and that no detail may be lacking ivy is being planted at its base. Entrance to the tower is gained by a massive hand-hewn oak door, bound in wrought iron, and the semicircular arched doorway is surmounted by a keystone inscribed with the date in the manner of the Middle Ages. A wrought-iron lantern of quaint design is hung on the wall on the left side of the entrance.

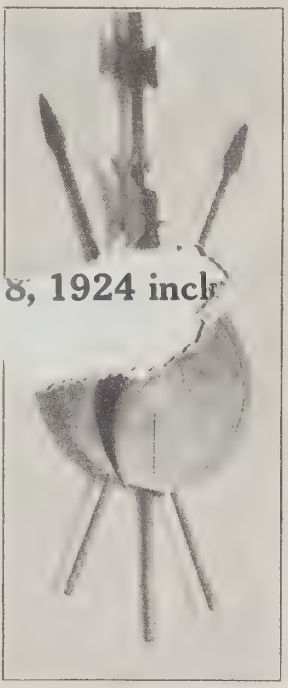
Nothing is omitted to give the touch of authenticity to the structure, and so a leaded glass window has been inserted in the lower part of the tower. On this window there is a representation of the coat of arms of the city of Nuremberg, and suspended near it is a lamp of antique pattern which was designed and executed by Cyril Colnik, of Milwaukee.

Just within the entrance are oak benches of massive construction, one of which was made by Mr. Falk himself of lumber taken from the old barn that stood on the same spot. The impression gained on entering is distinctly that of the days of old when knights were bold and ladies were gay as well as beautiful. Part of the furniture consists of hand-hewn stools and a table. In the back wall is a window which Mr. Falk brought all the way from Nuremberg.

But above all the walls of the tower are hung with armor and relics of the chase. No medieval tower or castle or keep would be complete without these trophies suspended here and there along the interior of the massive walls. One of these, which is typical of the rest, is a shield with spears and horn that, as has been observed, might have been used in the time of Siegfried and the Nibelungen.

The whole effect, both without and within, is pleasing in the extreme, and the idea is one well worthy of imitation, for there is no reason why many objects, which are in themselves unsightly, should not be converted into something more pleasing to the eye and educative to the mind. Some landscapes, in some respects very beautiful, sadly lack that picturesque touch which artists love so well, and if silo towers, now so thickly scattered over some parts of the country, can be made to look like something not quite so uncompromising as a receptacle for cattle feed, there is no reason why this should not be done.

There is no reason why any particular design should be adhered to in the planning of such converted structures, or that any two of them should be alike. They may conform in their main features to what a silo tower should be and still possess that touch of Old World beauty which redeems them from being mere objects of utility on the farm, but something that will give character to the landscape, and individuality to the farm itself. A farmer endowed with the spirit of reverence and admiration for the handicrafts of the Middle Ages is something more than a tiller of the soil.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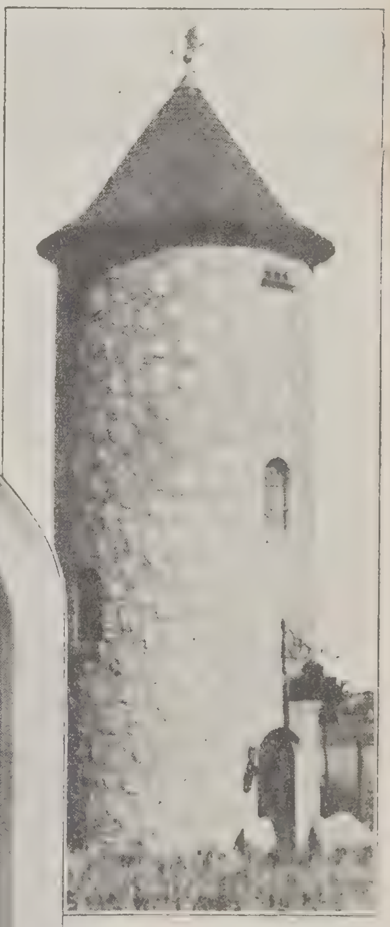

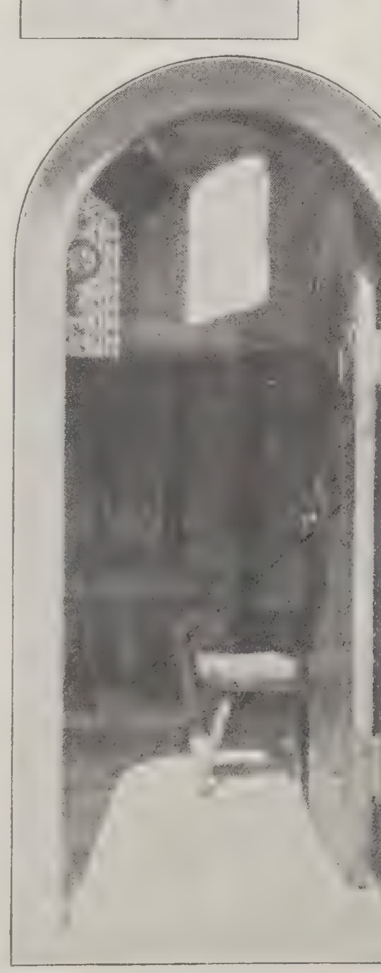

Photos (C) Milwaukee Journal.

Above—Modeled after the towers of Chartres, France, this rebuilt farm silo at the entrance to Clarence R. Falk's Ye Old Apple Tree Farm forms a unique landmark on the Green Bay Road. Recently completed, the tower will present a different appearance in the next few years, as ivy will be planted at its base and trained to climb the walls.

At left—Glimpse through the open door, showing the hand-hewn stools and table. In the back wall is seen a window which Mr. Falk brought from Nuremberg.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Even though retired, John J. Pershing remains "General of the Armies." He leaves the active list without curtailment of the pay he last drew and in case of an emergency the general could be, and no doubt would be, immediately called up for active service, thereby automatically resuming his rank as general of the armies.

A Dominion government geologist is sinking a deep shaft in the Athabasca tar sands of Alberta to ascertain the extent to which the oils penetrate the sands and also the depth at which evaporation ceases. It is believed deeper tar sands are more valuable.

Canada has one mile of railway to every two hundred and twenty persons, a larger mileage in proportion to population than any other country.

Warren Pershing, son of John J. Pershing, is attending a school at Rolle, Switzerland, on the shores of Lake Geneva, conducted by a Swiss headmaster. He has been sent abroad to ground him in foreign languages.

In a western town there is a sign reading as follows:

4076 people died last year of gas.
39 inhaled it;
37 put a lighted match to it;
4000 stepped on it.

There are 5,000 orphans and semi-orphans of veterans of the World War in the United States.

The color of the Red Sea is due to the great number of minute warm-water plant animals that live in it.

The world's largest Bible, every word of which was written by hand, has just been completed by the Maine Bible Society. The volume, which weighs eighty-eight and one-half pounds, was produced to attract wider attention to the Scriptures. It is the result of the combined efforts of 1,607 persons during the past year.

Three men in the west end of London, formerly of a high station in life, but now in reduced circumstances, have opened a school that has for sole purpose the teaching of men to dress well.

America has a property loss of $1,400,000 and a record of 40 deaths caused by fire daily.

A cement road for automobiles only, and without a speed limit, has been officially inaugurated by the King of Italy. The road extends thirty miles from Milanvarese, and later will be extended to Lago Maggiore near the Swiss border.

Life is cheap in America where we have seventeen murders for one in England.

Tailors of London are up in arms because they see "badly dressed husbands accompanied by extravagantly dressed wives, while shabby business men dictate letters to stenographers wearing the latest thing from Paris." Their theory is that the woman spends so much of the family income that there is nothing left to dress the man.

The new edition of the Almanac de Gotha carries one line referring to the Romanoffs, the former reigning family of Russia. Before the war, six finely printed pages did not suffice for the annals of this family.

"The International Jew," a four-volume series on the Jewish Question, may be obtained from The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan. This set includes: "The International Jew," Vol. 1, 235 pages; "Jewish Activities in the United States," Vol. II, 256 pages; "Jewish Influence on American Life," Vol. III, 256 pages; "Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Vol. IV, 246 pages. The price of these volumes is twenty-five cents each; the complete set, four volumes, one dollar.

As a means of stimulating Sunday school attendance and as a convenience to late risers, the Highland Men's Bible Class, of the Highland Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, has Sunday morning breakfast served in the church basement prior to the opening of the class meeting. Hot ham and eggs are on the menu.

A plague greatly resembling the dreaded hoof-and-mouth disease has been discovered among deer in Klamath County, Oregon, near the California line.

Ten thousand Jews, bearing American consular visas and tickets calling for transatlantic transportation, are stranded in Cuban, German, English, Dutch and Rumanian ports, an emergency committee headed by Louis Marshall and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise asserts, in appealing for a $500,000 fund for the relief of the "refugees."

The radiocast peddler in Berlin permits the customer to clamp on a headset from his portable radio operated from a pushcart.

Grace Darling, the heroine of the Farne Islands shipwreck, has one of the most beautiful tombs [illegible] North England. It is in the churchyard of [illegible]urch, Bamburgh, well placed in the [illegible] the home in which she lived nor [illegible] which she died has any mark upon its association with the heroine.

There are no saloons in Labrador.

Despite the belief that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, the Eiffel Tower in Paris has been struck many times without damage.

The termite, or "white ant," forms the basis of various kinds of food in tropical countries. Pounded into a thick paste, these insects taste not unlike almond icing, and are regarded as a great delicacy.

"I wish that we could send to Russia, for a cure, every Red in America, and make him live there until he could learn by actual experience what Emma Goldman and Bill Haywood have learned about the relative blessings of Bolshevism and personal liberty under the Constitution of the United States."—*Henry J. Allen,* former governor of Kansas.

The people of Australia are ninety-seven per cent British.

French engineers plan windmills to relieve the country of its heavy burden of payment for imported coal. They would have the windmills generate electric power.

The Training Committee of Boston University insists that all girls who go in for sports this year must not smoke and must get at least eight hours' sleep each night. Six infractions of the sleeping rule will be punishable, but there must be no backsliding where tobacco is concerned.

Bright Angel Trail, at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona, will be offered for sale at public auction in Flagstaff, Arizona, on October 20. The United States Government will be a bidder, with an offer of $100,000.

Roger Bacon, who lived and wrote seven centuries ago, predicted "machines for navigation without rowers, cars without draft animals, flying machines." Because of this statement he was adjudged a sorcerer and thrown into jail.

South Africa wants to cut its own diamonds, instead of sending them to Rotterdam and Belgian cities.

In making shark fin soup, the Chinese boil the fins and otherwise treat them until they take on the appearance of fan-like flakes and filaments of pure gelatine. The eyes of the shark, after they are boil[illegible] lose their outer covering, and the residue becomes quite hard and has a sort of shifting light in its texture. These shark eyes are then mounted on pins or other forms of jewelry and present an unusual appearance.

A glacial mud flow, originating on the southeast side of Mt. Shasta in Northern California, was caused by the exceptionally dry season of 1923-24. There was very little snow deposited on Shasta last winter; the sun melted the glacier to such an extent that the water came down in torrents from high above timber line, bringing down great quantities of boulders, mud and debris, twenty feet deep and a quarter of a mile wide. It finally emptied into the McCloud River and on into the Sacramento River, coloring the water for more than 100 miles below the confluence of the streams.

A bill was passed at the last session of legislature in Maryland which gives the women the right in that state to say merely that she is "over twenty-one" when registering to vote. She will not be compelled to give her correct age unless she chooses.

More than 3,700 books have been written on the Einstein theory of relativity, according to Professor Maviece Lewt, of the Louva New University. Germany holds the record with 1.435 publications, followed by France, Italy, Holland and America, the last numbering 128. This does not include newspaper and magazine articles on the subject.

America's tax burden in the year 1923 was $755 000,000 heavier than the year preceding, and in ten years taxation has increased more than $5,500.000,000. Total taxes in 1923 were $7,716,000,000 against $6,961,000,000 in 1922.

There are two separate languages in China—the written and the spoken—and only a few of the inhabitants can read. Consequently, there are no half-educated people in China. The Chinaman is either a scholar or a coolie.

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